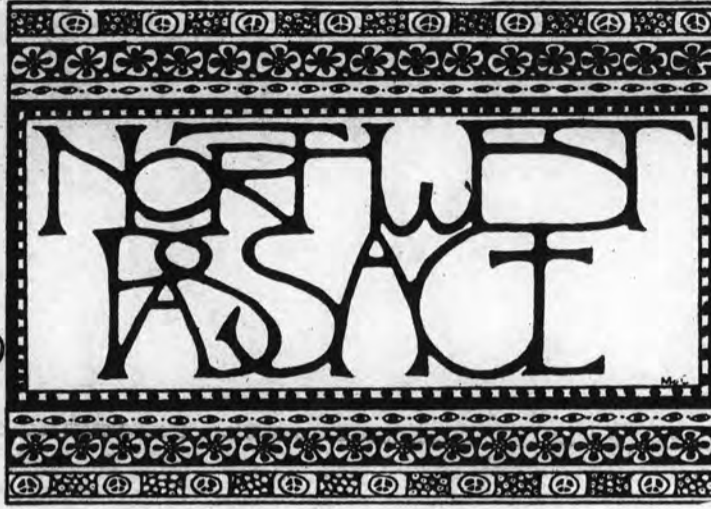




Volume 4, Number 4



November 23 - December 6, 1970



Bellingham, Washington



Heid-and-go-Seek at City Hall

—see page 4

Friday Nov. 20: U.S. resumes bombing of North Vietnam

bombs fall
and people die
but we can't seem to CARE ENOUGH
BECAUSE THE WAR'S OVER THERE;
but wait
until the bombs come home

America the bomb-blown Vietnamese
flesh bleeds and rots and smells
in Hanoi and Washington.

America you murder -- savagely,
mindlessly, corruptly.

America it has all been said.
But you don't listen, and you die
and die again with each
Vietnamese death.

OUR HEADS ARE WEARY.
NOTHING NEW TO THINK OR SAY -
BUT WE MUST REALIZE
WHAT IS HAPPENING.
WE MUST - WHEN WEARY - CONTINUE
TO STRUGGLE EVEN MORE.
THE VIETNAMESE CANNOT IGNORE
THIS THIRD OFFENSIVE BOMBING
OF THEIR CHILDREN, HOMES, TOWNS -
- AND WE MUST NOT IGNORE IT.

Janet Gross wrote a poem
entitled, "powerless, with a
guitar." "There's no guitar
here today. And I just
feel paralyzed."

The struggle is between the
grin of love and life, and
the unlit caves of death.
Join together, brothers +
sisters - or there won't
be anything worth saving.



Letters

Be Kind to Safeway

To the editors:

When Initiative 256 is re-written, and presented to the taxpayers in 1972, don't you think it would be a good idea to incorporate a clause that would make it more acceptable to the big chains? One can hardly blame Safeway, for instance, for not wanting to be the fall guy in the returnable bottles play.

I suggest that the state (the people) handle the returnable bottles thru service agencies such as the Salvation Army, local church women who want to make a little money, etc. The state, of course, should make it worth their while.

Sincerely yours,

Ian Others
Blaine, Wash.

43 Skidoo

Dear NORTHWEST PASSAGE:

Thomas Wimmer of the Washington Environmental Council has announced that Dr. Ryle Radke will be chairman of the signature drive for Initiative 43, the Shorelines Protection Act, in Snohomish County.

At least 8000 signatures are needed from Snohomish County residents based on the population density of the area in order for the state wide patition to be successful. Person helping in the signature drive are urged to send in completed petitions as soon as possible as signatures are counted and verified.

NORTHWEST PASSAGE welcomes letters from readers — reacting to the issues of the day, to articles which have appeared in previous issues, to argue with points of view, or whatever. Obviously, the shorter they are, the easier it is to find space to print them. Names will be withheld upon request.

Cover Photo by David Wolf

Petitions may be folded and mailed in an envelope with a six cent stamp but are invalid if the back half of the petition has been removed.

Submitted by,
Mrs. Virginia C. Burger
22910 102nd Place West
Edmonds, Wash., 98020
776-4896

Persons interested in obtaining summaries of the bill, question and answer pamphlets, instructions for volunteers, and in helping the Snohomish County chapter of the Washington Environmental Council obtain signatures on their petitions may write or call the following people.

In Everett and north county contact

Dr. Ryle Radke, 4600 Baker Drive,
Everett, al9-7255

Mike Bachofer, 3430 Tulalip,
Everett, 252-9686

Patricia H. Johnson, 3411 Oakes,
Everett, 259-9322

Marge Juchau, 6617 Beverly Blvd.,
Everett, 353-2068

In south county contact:

Gerald Geschke, 18514 82nd W.,
Edmonds, 776-0635

Don McNeese,
Eco-Action Committee,
Edmonds Community College,
23200 100th W., Edmonds,
776-3167, ext. 52

Burt Reese, 17614 Larch Way,
Lynnwood, 743-0360

George Yount, 21625 92nd Ave. W.,
Edmonds, 776-0726



Ironing Out the Political Kinks

For graphic evidence that the protection of the environment is a viable political issue, and that public pressure is an equally viable political force, take optimistic note of the defeat of Dick Kink for the State Legislature, and the decision by State Land Commissioner Bert Cole to prohibit oil drilling in Puget Sound waters.

Cole, who had salivated earlier at the economic impact of oil drilling in Washington waters, same to realize belatedly that the people of the state are more interested in preserving the natural beauty and ecological stability of our great Northwest. If we will have industry on Puget Sound, it will not be oil drilling but rather aquaculture, such as that practiced by the Lummi Indians. Now that the question of oil drilling is answered, the next question is: can we, and if so how can we, prohibit oil supertankers from traversing the tricky waters of Puget Sound? Inevitably, the super-accident will occur and, if past performance in other localities is any indication, the oil will turn the beautiful waters and shorelines of Puget Sound into a sappy goo — all to benefit giant oil corporations such as Atlantic-Richfield.

ARCO, as you may have noticed, has spent millions of dollars on a massive advertising campaign just to acquaint us all with the fact that Richfield service stations are now ARCO service stations. What fantastic benefits that same money might have yielded had it been spent on research to discover a substitute for the earth's fast-fading oil supplies, or to invent a pollution-free car engine, or other people oriented endeavors.

Kink, it so happens, voted against the Oil Spills Bill in the State Legislature, one of the few who did. As the Passage revealed last year, Kink's turnabout on environment measures paralleled very closely his employment as a "safety engineer" with the construction company that is building the giant ARCO refinery north of Bellingham. Whatcom County voters, particularly sensitive about environmental issues, put two and two together and booted Kink out, preferring environmentally-oriented Republican Don Hansey. (The same voters also threw out do-nothing Republican Fred Veroske, and replaced him with environmentally-oriented Democrat Dan Van Dyk.)

The moral of the story is: there is muscle, and plenty of it, in environmental action politics. Keep up the pressure.

— b.w.

Heroin Warning

There is increasing talk of hard drugs such as heroin moving into the Northwest Washington area from Seattle. At this time, we of the staff are alerting all actual or would-be pushers: if we find out who you are, we will give you a little free publicity on our front page — a full-page face shot on the cover of the Passage. The Bellingham head community has a nice laid-back drug scene, and pushing addicting drugs, with the resulting social problems that accompany it, is something we can do without. So heroin pushers beware: keep you own trip to yourself or get ready to come on a little trip with us.

Heid-and-go-Seek at City Hall

or, the Good Earth is Up in the Air

by jersey benz

Municipal Court Judge Jack Kurtz has taken "the Heid matter" under advisement, and will issue a decision shortly as to the nature, if any, of Bill's heinous crime. Those happy-looking freaks on this issue's cover are just some of Bill's family who were there offering spiritual support to this insane criminal as he appeared to face his fate in Municipal Court.

For those unfamiliar with the history of the case, let us briefly summarize before slipping along to the tense courtroom drama: Dr. William Heid, psychology professor at Fairhaven College (the liberal-arts cluster college of Western Washington State College) signed a contract last year to purchase the three-story brick-faced building at 1000 Harris Avenue in south Bellingham. Under the title of the Good Earth Community Center, he envisioned the building as a center where many of the following (now functioning) projects could be implemented: a pottery and crafts studio, a food cooperative, a newspaper, a music studio, a counseling center, a photographic darkroom, and so on.

The building is located on the eastern fringe of an area zoned for light manufacturing. The specific charge against Bill Heid is for "misuse of property", i.e. allowing the premises (the third floor of the building) to be used for residential purposes. Bill, in an effort to avoid problems, petitioned the Planning Commission last April for a rezoning of the last half block of the Light Manufacturing Area. The Planning Commission approved the request and the matter was referred to the City Council for approval. The Council "unanimously approved" the request at the first reading. Assuming the rezoning was now assured, Bill did not attend the second reading at which the Council reversed its previous decision and denied the request.

Nevertheless, work continued at the Center, and several persons involved in the various projects resided there. When people began registering to vote, and giving 1000 Harris Avenue as their residence address, the authorities sent out a Housing Inspector. Shortly thereafter, Bill received a summons in the mail, ordering him to court. The trial was November 13, a Friday.

In the courtroom packed with the faithful, Judge Kurtz opened proceedings on "the Heid matter." The cast of characters as the trial begins:

Judge Kurtz: quick, fair, goes to the heart of the Matter swiftly.

Prosecutor: City Attorney Richard Busse, uptight and expecting an easy conviction.

Heid: long haired but clean-shaven; a bit nervous.

Stafford Smith: a California attorney, now residing in Bellingham; wearing hiking boots, pants with holes in them; he is sitting next to Bill, to advise him on how to proceed.

The first witness is City Housing Inspector Robert Nonhoff, a pleasant man but somewhat selective in his

investigation, for he revealed that he had not even been interested in checking out the other old brick buildings on Harris Avenue to see if they were being used for light manufacturing or had people living there also. And it was shown that the area is repleat with residence violations.

He reported that the 1000 Harris building had been unoccupied for between 2 and 5 years, and had been an apartment house previously. At one point, he began to give hearsay testimony. Instinctually, Smith rose to object; equally quickly, Prosecutor Busse rose to challenge Smith's right to object, saying he was not a member of the Washington State Bar.

Kurtz seemed a bit put out, and reminded Busse that there was a "courtesy agreement" in this state which permits an out-of-state lawyer to

represent a client if both sides agree; he asked Busse if there was any objection. Busse hedged around some more; Kurtz insisted on an unequivocal answer. Finally, Busse agreed, but then asked to see Stafford's California Bar membership card; Smith explained that it had been stolen this summer along with his wallet, but that he certainly would not misrepresent himself as an attorney if in fact he were not one; he said he would swear on oath that he was. With a dark look at Busse, Kurtz told Smith to consider himself sworn and to go on with his questioning.

Under cross-examination, Nonhoff said that he had been assigned to investigate 1000 Harris after several "complaints" had reached city officials. He did not say who complained or who assigned him the task. A letter was introduced as evidence from Eunice Wolf, City

Planning Director, asserting that Heid and his immediate family were entitled to live at the building as managers of the property.

At this point, Kurtz asked whether the opposing attorneys might not agree on certain facts of the case (called "stipulations"), and submit briefs later on the legal questions involved. This was agreeable to both; among the stipulations agreed to were that the building used to be a rooming house, that it had been vacant for from 2 to five years, that Bill had agreed to purchase the building, and that several people were living at the building in addition to the Heid blood-family. The one point in contention was the intent of the owner of the building when he operated and then agreed to sell the building.

So Fred Smith was called to the stand. He related the history of his connection with the building since he bought it in 1960; he operated it as an apartment house until 1963, when he gave it up because he couldn't afford to hire a resident manager. He explained that the place was designed for two-room apartments, and that a residential use was what the two top floors of the building were best suited for. A sign, reading "Furnished Apts", hung over the door, and still hangs there today.

Bill Heid took the stand next, told the court of his plans for the building and the Good Earth Community, said that he considered the few workers living at the building as "guests in my home," asserted that the fire marshal had told him that the building was suitable for occupancy and related the strange history of the denial of the zoning variance by the City Council.

As the trial came to a close, Kurtz sought to lighten the tension between Busse and Smith by observing that it might turn out that they went to the same California law school. Busse grinned at the spectators, looked over at Stafford and said, "He didn't look like that." Laughter and hissing from the spectators.

Busse and Smith were to have submitted briefs this week, and a decision is expected from Judge Kurtz shortly thereafter.

Meanwhile, selective enforcement of the law continues, as does the construction of the alternative culture projects at 1000 Harris and elsewhere.



Photo by David Wolf

Legal hassles — win, lose or draw — require time and money. Very likely, more of both will be required before the problems facing the Community Center are resolved. Anyone wishing to make a financial contribution to support the defense of the Community Center should send a check or money order to:

Good Earth Community Center Defense Fund
1000 Harris Avenue
Bellingham, Washington 98225

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SEATTLE**

Mention the Passage, it identifies you.

Laura Fannon spent part of this summer hitching home to Chicago. The trip took her through Montana & "parts unknown," where she was the first black chick some people saw. She is now somewhere between here and Mexico-hitching again.

Off on a trip--separating myth from reality. . .well, that was the plan.

I set out from a North Bend, Washington truck stop with a driver who kept telling me how wronged he'd been by negros, propositioning me every other breath, eyeing my braless bosom all the way to Spokane. Needless to say, I didn't even think about stopping for the night when he did. So there I was, 1 a.m., walking down a dark freeway. Far Out. The next ride was with four kids; two boys, and two girls, all under age in a stolen car. I could tell right then, though there'd been little enough doubt, that this was going to be one helluva trip. That ride lasted about ten minutes, wondering what good thing I'd done to deserve not getting stopped by the cops in that suspicious and freaky situation.

I wandered down the road towards Idaho. Just as I got to the "Idaho border, 1/2 mile" sign a car came up and stopped. A young man's face with a scar below the right ear and a half day's growth peered at me (trying, I imagined, to figure out if I was a girl or a boy). When I got in the car he turned on the lights and looked again. Not believing in a personified god I had nothing to pray to. All I could do was put my faith in "the nature of things", and sometimes I have my doubts as to just how benevolent that might be.

Anyway, the dude turned out to be a nice guy. He'd just gotten home from the Nam/Guam circuit that very day. He was taking a midnight drive to feel the changes, let them settle and soak. For him Nam had been a real awakening on many levels--educational at least. Politically, we had a really good conversation for about a hundred miles. In the end he provided a place for me to sleep, breakfast, some money and a ride 265 miles into Montana.

Montana "knocked me down and robbed my boots and I was on the road again." It was heavy afternoon suntime and the dirt detour was spitting a proper amount of dust at me. I could hear people in the slowly passing cars; "Look at THAT! There's one!" (point, point) kids flashing peace sign when their parents weren't looking. I laughed and sang and felt good and outrageous. Dylan lines kept running through my mind and private puns and sometimes a visual flash of my physical appearance as outlined against those "big sky country" mountains. Flashing the peace sign was easy--such a joke, not sarcastic, not even really ironic/incongruous--just absurdly communicationless. My first flash of guerilla theatre in reverse--finding myself, as so often implied by the script, the unwitting player in an unstoppable theatre of the absurd skit.

Separating myth from reality department: Reality No. 1. One is more likely to get a ride from a 47 Ford with people with weird hair than a Volkswagon bus with people with equally weird hair. Reality No. 2. Most people in North Dakota have never seen a real live Negro in their lives. I must have been the first for at least ninety people (90% of all the people I saw in the whole damn deserted state.) The only rides I got were from out-of-state people. (WHAT REVOLUTION!)

In the border town of Fargo, North Dakota (which on the state line overflows into Minnesota) I had the real hairy high point (joke) of my journey--two drunk teenagers, who couldn't get it together about what they wanted me to think they were, decided to ball me. See, in Fargo, North Dakota/Minnesota the interstate stops for construction. I asked at a gas station the best way to get to Minneapolis and the kid said follow the interstate, so I started walking in the direction the detour arrow pointed. What he'd neglected to tell me was that the detour lasted for 45 miles. So I was walking along when these two kids drove up and told me the best way to get where I was going was to take highway 10. What they told me was true but they didn't take me to highway 10, but to the middle of a corn field. However, all the way there the kid driving had tried to convince me of how hip he was (he'd lived in California repossessing cars for six months). I tried with some success to make him see that rape was uncool, that is, how can such a reciprocal action be enjoyed when the girl doesn't want to. 2ndly, can you imagine what it's like to be physically forced to do something--having been in a few uneven fights, the last argument struck a sympathetic chord. They left me on a dirt road between two cornfields. In St. Cloud, Minnesota, I caught a bus and slept through most of Minnesota and all of Wisconsin in the vague hope that it would

Thumb Trippin' : A Black Journey

by laura fannon



"all be better in the morning."

Chicago greeted me with a storm. The rain came in vibrational waves. Walking through the city system of land use, I could only see the sky directly above me giving the buildings a ceilingless but very high tunnel effect. The sky was layered with heavy clouds, dark hues of blue and gray with wafty low white pollution streaks which disintegrated or integrated quickly into the deep tapestry of blues and grays.

In Montana I had experienced a full moon in an arid land but this storm was madness. I needed a place to stay, so I started looking for a copy of the Seed, as it was 9 p.m. and raining there were no street sellers. I began asking people if they had a copy of the paper--the second person I asked said he had a place I could stay. WELCOME HOME' BABY. Good ol' big bad city comin' thru again. He was in a band and they were just starting their gig, so after getting stamped (a peace symbol glowing green only under blacklight.) and listening to the first set, I went out to walk in the rain. I saw the absurdity of black people spending six dollars per couple to see a Hollywood quickie about being black in Harlem--if there'd been an orange crate around I would have gotten busted--and I fell in love with my hair. I must have been in the rain for over an hour and my scalp never got wet, every time my head got heavy I just shook it out.

Most of the revolutionaries I met just weren't all that revolutionary but then that depends on where you started and what your priorities are, and I don't have a clear enough picture of what old--style--middleclassdom is to say that with complete impunity. But the killer of the self--defense thing is that though the rhetoric is strong, most of the people involved really don't want to kill anybody and I'd be surprised if one in ten actually owns a gun. Meanwhile, back in the state , the cops kill a person a week... Arrests are constant but nobody ever goes to court--the dockets are full--you are busted! Pay the city \$500! Your case comes up in four years, now don't leave town! There is daily constant harassment and that's why more people are getting political. Yes, boys and girls, that egg certainly did come before the chicken. While I was there for two weeks there was a

riot both weeks in the neighborhood and one every day if you count the suburbs. Here is part of the first paragraph of a letter I received since my return home:

"The house was ripped off a few days after you split. Two stereos, two guitars, a radio, \$15 in cash and the old t.v. A 'Risin Up Angry' kid was almost shot by an off duty pig. . .after he dared to hit his car with a deadly watermelon rind. The two local precincts want to shoot it out with us and angry, and the latest rock concert blew up into a riot which has resulted in rock 'n' roll being outlawed in Chicago. Oh, and there's the Panther bomb factory and the two cops gunned down in Cabrini Green (not by Panthers, but allegedly by four kids, one of whom managed to get to 14 before being driven to murder)."

As a matter of history, 'Risin Up Angry' is a greaser group that got radicalized (remember when greaser used to beat up longhairs?) the "us" of the shoot out threat is the Seed people and white Panthers, and Cabrini Green is a high-rise tenement that had rats before it had a roof.

On the other hand, the neighborhood I stayed in was a joy. It had ricans and spades and armenians and gypsies and brave white folks and hippies. The block was incredible, all rican except the house I stayed at -- hippies. If I'd stayed in the neighborhood for 2 months I could have spoken Spanish fluently: The corner drug store was a harmonious intersection and sold platanos. The day I left a guy from across the street brought me a joint for a going away gift. We were talking about things we enjoy when his older brother yelled something to him in Spanish. He turned to me smiling and proudly said, "That's my brother, he looks like a spade don't he?!" In that neighborhood there are many international faces and one world attitudes. (WHAT IS REVOLUTIONARY?!)

Myth vs. reality dept.: Reality No. 3. This whole country suffers from an overdose of paranoia. Reality No. 4. Conditioning, though truly of considerable consequence, is the most widely used cop-out of the month.

WOMEN WOMEN WOMEN

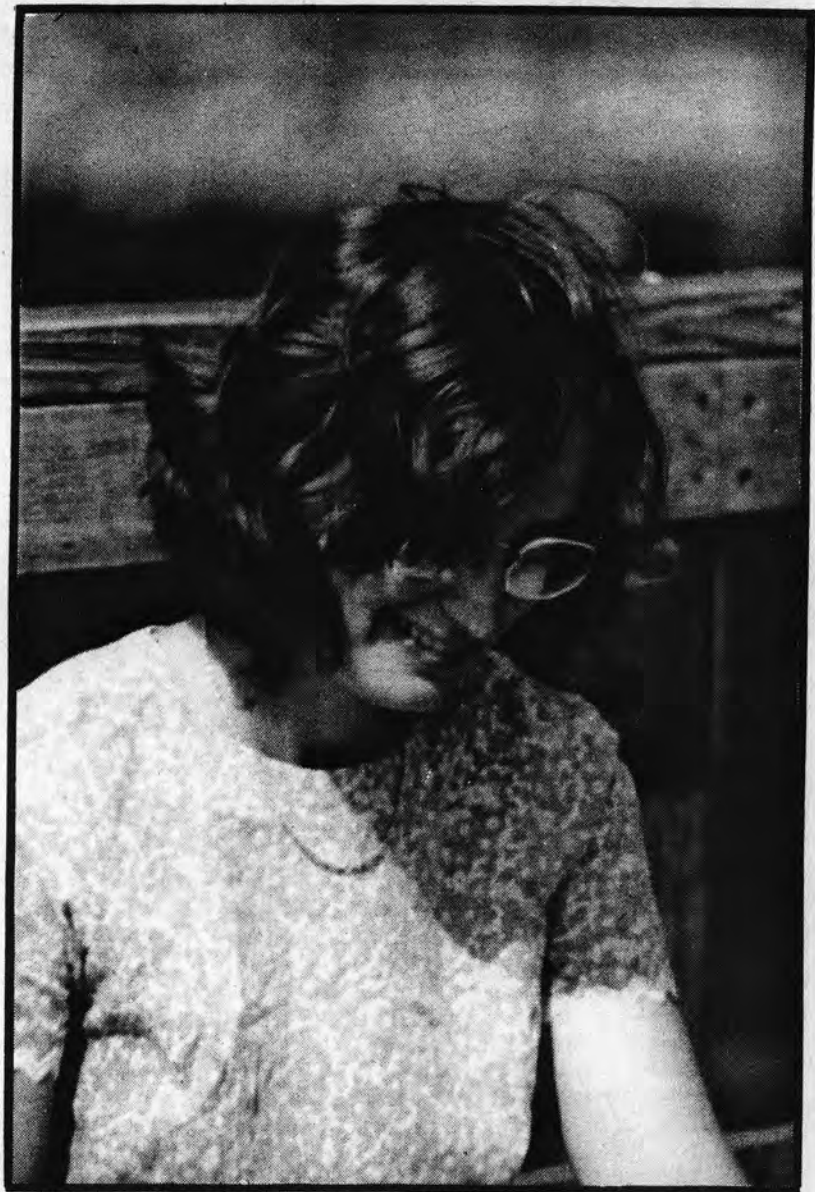


"The female of the species is more deadly than the male."

Rudyard Kipling

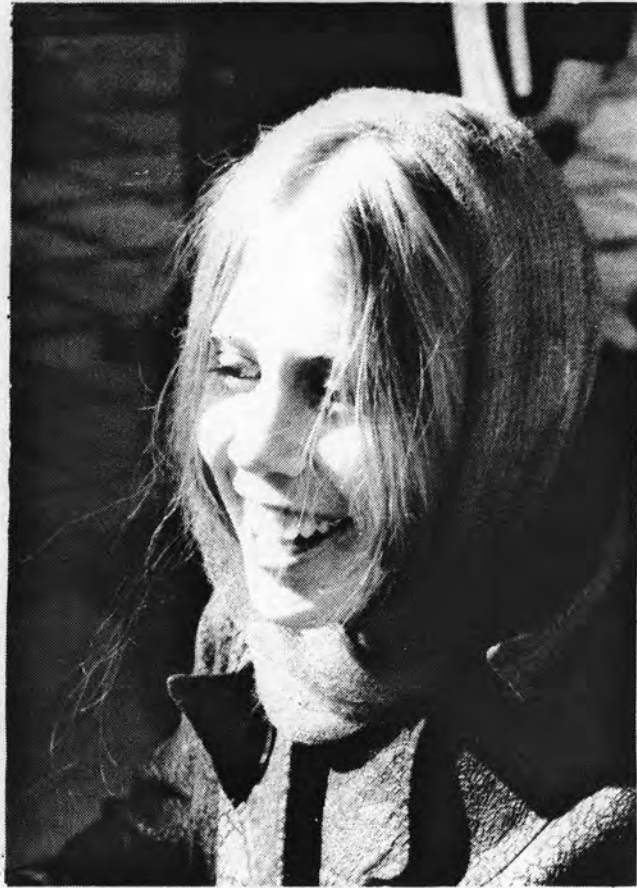
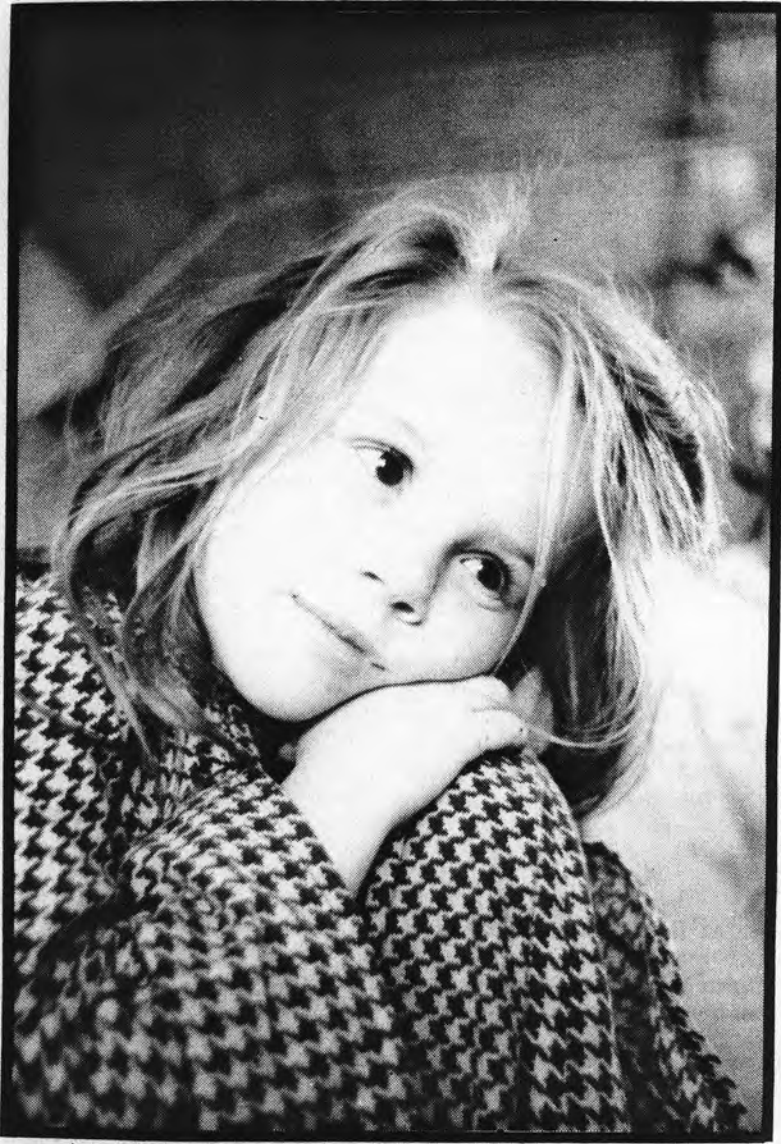


PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID WOLF



"Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks, shall win my love."

Shakespeare



"Being a woman is a terribly difficult task, since it consists principally in dealing with men."

Joseph Conrad



Migrant Camp Journal:

Brown-Eyed Children of the Sun

by gary e. hall

My background is strictly "middle class plastic ass" as a friend of mine puts it, but for various reasons I put some shit in a co-op backpack and went to live in a migrant camp in the midwest for part of the summer. I didn't do any soapboxing nor did I liberate anyone though I wish it had been in my power to do these things. I met some people in the camps that were the most loving, yet the most exploited of any people I had ever known. My summer taught me much about oppression. I began to understand why it was that our family was able to live so well. . . we were living off the sweat of about 40 million of our brothers and sisters. Exploitation of a class has made our affluence possible and our mental oppression inevitable. As James Baldwin put it, "No man can enslave another without becoming a slave himself."

Because of all this I feel I must share my experiences with the Bellingham community so that perhaps some of you will someday want to meet the "brown-eyed children of the sun."

JUNE 14:

We were awakened to get ready for work at 4 a.m. We had no breakfast, as we had no stove yet. We jumped up onto the back of the crew truck at 5 a.m. with about 15 Chicanos. Many drive their own cars to the fields. We drove about two miles in the cold air to the strawberry patch. There was much laughter and joking on the way out. These are beautiful and loving people. I especially admire migrant children who go to pick with their folks. We picked from 5:30 a.m. to 6 p.m. with an hour for lunch. The lady that took our carriers was a bitch to say the least. She was constantly yelling at the children for bruising berries, and at me for not filling my carrier to overflowing. By the time we quit, I was near death. We woke early the next day.

JUNE 17

I would now like to introduce Clyde Skyrme, owner of the farm and our employer. We met him one day as we were learning to hoe. . . in 90 degree heat. He had the gall to come and tell us we were doing it all wrong. "You won't see me around here next year. I'm leaving the farming business for good. I just can't get my money's worth from my workers any more. Yep, I'm selling the farm." I suppose he expected us to all cry in sympathy at his story. Clyde shows up whenever we are working a couple of times a day. He follows Sam, the foreman - crew leader, around the field jabbering about how bad we are. Sam, a Chicano, is like a puppy being scolded - meek and subservient. This attitude is common among most of the migrants in our camp. There is one exception, however. The most out-spoken opponent of Clyde is a 70 year old wino who lives alone. I admire him for that reason alone.

JUNE 22

The migrants have a great attitude towards the work. . . they don't let it get them down. They're usually joking and laughing. They ignore the fact that this work is dirty, sweaty, and sometimes dangerous because of the pesticides. They probably agree that no human should have to do this kind of shit work, but what good does it do to think about things like that

JUNE 26

Today is payday. . . I made \$34.43 for just over 43 hours of work. Migrants' wages are subject to such primary, arbitrary and unpredictable things such as weather, crop prices at the market, size of crop, size of the work force, the farmer's whims, etc. Why is it that so many accept this way of life and exploitation without asking or even wondering whether it must necessarily be this way? Even when a few ask "why" or work to bring reform, many of the rest reject their efforts as useless. Some are even angry that any Chicano would dare to stir up trouble. I suppose many are comparing their life to the way things were in Mexico. Some, like Cesar Chavez, have begun to compare migrant life to the way white America lives.

JUNE 28

Camp life can be extremely boring when there's no work to fill the hours. So, I started to take an informal census of our camp. I arrived at 40 adults and 70 children. There is an average of 7 people per shack. When you consider that some of the cabins are only 8 x 15 feet, you come to realize how crowded the camp is. The license is for a total of 55 individuals. For 110 people, there are 4 toilets, 6 showers and 2 water spikets

Health regulations seldom seem to be enforced in regard to migrant camps. The same goes for government regulations on wages. Under Michigan law (where this camp is located), a migrant has his choice of working for piece rates or \$1.30 an hour. Our farmer has decided that we want the piece rate. The piece rates are so low that one seldom earns more than \$1.15 per hour even though you work your butt off. Any migrant that would dare to ask for the \$1.30 per hour would immediately be asked to leave the camp. No one in public office really seems to give a damn; after all, these people don't pay much in taxes.

JUNE 30

Today I got into a discussion with Eloy Salinas, one of our new friends from the camp. I told him I didn't think it was fair that Chicano families had to take their children out into the fields with them, so they could make enough to live decently, while other people's families had only one or two members working. He said it wasn't so bad because Mexicans are used to that kind of work. He also said that Mexicans didn't mind working so hard for so little pay because they'd been doing that kind of work for a long time. They've been told "you're used to it" so many times they've come to believe it.

JULY 3

The longer I live in these insect and rat - infested surroundings, the more I consider beginning the legal proceedings to have this camp closed down, or suing the health department for not enforcing their regulations. I'm having second thoughts about closing down the camp, however, because the people who will suffer most will be the migrants. The only other place they have to go is Texas, where they spend their winters. However, there is no work in Texas for migrants during the summer.

JULY 6

Today we picked cherries again. The thing I hate most about cherries is the insecticide they use on them. It smells terrible and makes you want to vomit if you get any in your mouth. The atmosphere in the fields is usually gay, or at least not sad. But today is different. One of the mothers began beating her kid of around 6 years old to make him pick faster. The wailing could be heard all over the field. Most people became sullen and stopped talking. I tried to think what I would have been doing at age 6 on a summer day. I know for sure that I wasn't working full time picking fruit.

JULY 7

It's interesting to watch the unwritten field manners that migrants respect. For example, it is the custom for Chicano migrants to give any extra berries they have left over at the end of a day to their neighbor, as the farmers usually don't pay them anything for a partially filled container of cherries. Twice in the past at the end of the day I have found myself without enough cherries to complete a box. On both occasions people came over and helped me out even though I said nothing. It's just the natural and expected thing to do.

The Chicano family next door asked tonight if my roommate and I liked Mexican food. We said we did. About 30 minutes later, they brought over a big plate of mole and corn tortillas (chicken fried in chile sauce). I had never tasted anything quite so delicious.

JULY 8

Today I met an older Chicano man of about 60 years old. He's what I'd call an example of someone who has been broken and robbed of his self - pride by an exploitative system. Our conversation went something like this:

Me: "Don't you think it's unfair that the Chicanos almost always have to pick while the farms are always owned by whites?"

El Senor: "Well, I'm thankful to this country for opening its doors to Mexicans. Otherwise I'd still be in Mexico. I couldn't ask for more."

Me: "Yes, but that doesn't mean that you're any less entitled to the things most Americans have."

El Senor: "Well, we don't mind. . . Mexicans like farm work, whites like business. Someday we'll be able to

work in business too and maybe even be leaders. . ."

Fortunately, not too many of the younger Chicanos are buying this logic. The saddest thing about this older man, however, was his attitude towards the Chicano culture. He was actually proud of the fact that his kids were forgetting Spanish, and were finally beginning to talk and act like white Americans.

JULY 10

I decided to report the conditions here at Skyrme's camp to the Health Department just to see that they'd do. I understand that they usually wait until October or so to investigate which is when there are no migrants left in the camps so that no one is fined or prosecuted. If it causes trouble for Clyde, and makes him realize that what he's doing isn't going unnoticed, it will be worth the trouble.

JULY 11

I'm finding this kind of work much too menial and mentally unstimulating to do anything but think about things far removed from the field. I find myself doing some very heavy thinking. . . I often try to imagine what the other people are thinking about. The only way to describe the nature of the work is inhumane, especially since these people have no stake in what they are picking and all the profits go to the farmer.

JULY 13

It appears that my days as a migrant are numbered. . . in this camp anyway. The foreman told me that Clyde got a call from the Health Department. Evidently they told him who filed the complaint. It's only a matter of time before I'm asked to leave. I was somewhat apprehensive about going to the fields this morning as I would just as soon avoid Clyde (who weighs in around 250 lbs.) for health reasons. As I picked down the raspberry rows that day, I was careful to avoid Clyde. When I returned to camp after work, Sam - the foreman - told me that Clyde wanted me out of the camp by tomorrow.

JULY 14

We didn't go out to the fields today, but stayed behind to get ready to leave. My partner took a last few pictures of our shack. By the time our ride came to get us, the people had come back from the fields. We sadly said goodbye to the friends we had made. I am thinking that my getting fired may serve a practical purpose. Perhaps it will cause a few of these people to start asking questions of Clyde. . . for we were being fired unjustly. Our being evicted could have been much worse. I was told that a neighboring farmer beat up a person that had come onto his land just to take a migrant to the doctor. His logic was that the person was obviously an outside agitator, there to stir up his happy migrants.



by god

Photo: by David Wolf

Apple-Picking: The Migrant's Life

by john dodge

Picking an apple is a simple act. Repeating that act thousands of times a day adds other dimensions to the act. Apple-picking muscles slowly formed on my atrophied frame. Legs strengthened from walking up and down a twelve-foot ladder nine hours a day. Arms grew accustomed to the rapid-fire motion of picking apples: putting them in the bag strapped around my neck and shoulders.

The mornings were cool and clear with each new day. The sunrise was mine to see from the top of my ladder. Sherry and I worked hard in the morning—from 7:00 'til noon. Then we ate lunch and drank beer, barely able to force ourselves out in the midday sun. The mental exercises Sherry and I devised to transform apples into money made the routine bearable.

The economics of apple picking are basic farm labor economics: pay according to production. One person can pick anywhere from zero to ten bins (25 apple boxes) a day. The pay depends upon the type of apple: \$5.00-\$6.00 for Red Delicious, \$6.00-\$7.00 for Golden Delicious. Winesaps and Romes vary between these figures. Two key factors in determining production were the size of the tree and the size of the apple. We averaged seven to eight bins a day.

All the "healthy" trees in our orchard were covered with "wooly Aphids"—sticky, white wooly creatures that smeared into a bloody mess when brushed against. Next to falling off the ladder, the "wooly Aphids" were the

most gruesome distraction.

Part of the time we were picking, we drove a jeep from tree to tree, (the Golden were scattered throughout the 25 acres). There was a sled with two bins on it, attached to the jeep; mobile, independent unit which came equipped with an arthritic fifteen-year old collie who followed the jeep wherever it went.

Ecology in the Apple Orchard

The most obvious and disturbing feature of apple orchard ecology is its controlled, ordered state.

The orchard owner manipulates his apple trees. Natural systems are replaced by spraying schedules, limb props, grafts and chemicals. The real-ness of the tree is confronted by the totality of control. The apples themselves have the same aura of superficial existence. They are sprayed with so many insecticides, pesticides, and herbicides, the orchard owner feels obligated to place "Poison - Dangerous - Keep Out" signs around their orchards.

The orchard owner we worked for would have liked nothing better than to have an organic orchard. The chemicals he used were his biggest expense. He swore it couldn't be done and still provide him with a living;

recalling the crop of 1947 which was all culls (rejects) due to a tree moth epidemic. The next year DDT was first introduced to the apple industry. (Take it from there). The fruit industry is dependent upon chemicals to an absurd degree.

The tree spraying syndrome is so extensive that "Stop - Drop" is sprayed on the trees to keep the apples from falling when ripe. A ghastly thought: external interruption of the tree's life system to the point of tampering with gravitational laws.

There are experiments going on in the fruit industry to move toward organic methods, but they are slow in coming and slowly accepted by growers. (The ever present \$ sign hanging over everybody's head.) The trees in production now are true mutants, leached with alien chemicals, producing mutant apples.

The Migrant Laborer

Migrant Laborers' lives have been analyzed and theorized about in academic circles, not to mention becoming stereotyped images we all carry in our heads. He is, according to popular thought, transient, dirty, lacking in possessions, unreliable, etc.

etc. . . . Forget the labels and meet the people, talk to them, live with them. That was my approach.

At my first pear job I worked with Chicanos who were not paid with the rest of us. Due to a cultural difference (language), the Chicanos did not comprehend the direction to keep track of their own bins. I also noted an ethnocentric reluctance on the part of the orchard owners to hire chicanos.

I met fruit circuit riders: cherries in Montana, citrus fruit in California, Arizona, and Florida, pears and apples in Washington, jumping on and off the ride as the situation dictates. It sounded like a rough ride - pushed off freight trains—"Why'd he push you off?" "No reason, he just pushed me off."— thrown in jail for not having a place to sleep—standing around countless Farm Labor Employment Offices— always waiting for the next break, the next job.

The migrant labor life is one of choice for some folks and one of necessity for others. The bad times are real bad. A fellow picker told of being rolled for his last \$5 during a four day alcohol trip in L.A. The \$5 was received for donating blood (to keep his binge going), one of 150 donations he had made in 40 years. Blood for wine?

John Dodge, a resident of Bellingham, recently returned from several months of apple-picking in Cashmere, east of the mountains.

eco- notes

Radioactivity at high altitudes resulting from recent Chinese and French nuclear tests is contaminating jet engine turbines to such a degree that mechanics working on them have to wear special radioactivity-level badges. Because of the radiation, BOAC has had to institute special procedures for overhauling jet engines.

Madison, Wisconsin's city council has passed a resolution banning the SST from using the municipal airport, and urged the U.S. Senate to strike all funds for the SST's development from the budget. The resolution terms the SST "a classic case of misplaced national priorities" and labels the super airplane an "environmental monster." The resolution passed with full knowledge that the action threatens federal funding for future airport development, including \$10-million in construction already planned. In spite of these and other arguments, the Senate is expected to narrowly approve federal underwriting of SST research and construction because national pride and thousands of jobs are at stake.



It becomes increasingly clear that as long as the automobile manufacturers continue their love-affair with the internal combustion engine, all the movement towards non-leaded and low-leaded gasolines is a giant shuck. Two writers in **THE NEW REPUBLIC** report that the more people buy non-leaded and low-leaded gasoline, the higher the level of lead pollution in the atmosphere because gas companies use lead to up the octane-level in most gasolines used for most American cars. The same thing can be done chemically (such as Amoco uses), but this conversion process will take at least two years and cost up to \$10-billion, and will pose another danger: a serious increase in hydrocarbon pollution with its cancer-causing potential. The answer is some kind of substitute for the infernal combustion engine (since the tack-on devices simply don't work well enough), but American manufacturers keep hoping they can somehow patch it up enough to pass by. It probably won't work.

One new type engine that will work is now being produced by a Japanese company for its 1972 engines. It is a kerosene-burning, Freon-powered engine designed by American Wallace Minto. (As we reported earlier, Minto offered the design to Ford six years ago, but they said they didn't think air pollution was a problem, so turned it down.) The engine gets 25-30 miles per gallon, and produces a breathable exhaust, according to Minto. He also estimates that his engine will last as long as 50 conventional American-made engines. The steam-engine-like car will be marketed by the Nissan Motor Company, maker of the Datsun.



by John Lear

Samples of tissue taken from bodies of persons killed by heart attacks tend to be deficient in the chemical element chromium. And when experimental animals are deprived of chromium in their diet, the inner walls of their blood vessels pock with fatty deposits like those that gradually clog the arteries and ultimately cause heart attacks in humans.

When the diet of experimental animals and chickens is deficient in manganese, neither the fowl nor the animals grow properly, and both become sexually sterile.

When rats and chickens don't eat enough selenium, their livers undergo deterioration.

Addition of zinc to the diet of wounded persons speeds the healing of their wounds. A sufficiently great lack of zinc in the diet has been known to produce dwarfs.

Yet 50 per cent of the chromium, 86 per cent of the manganese, 16 per cent of the selenium, and 78 per cent of the zinc in grains of wheat are removed during the processing of wheat into the flour from which white bread is made here in America.

Iron is the principal of life-bearing oxygen in all warm-blooded mammals, including humans. Cobalt is vital to the maturing of the red blood cells that carry the iron.

Yet 76 per cent of the iron and 89 per cent of the cobalt in wheat grains are removed during the processing of the flour from which white bread is made here in America.

Calcium is necessary to the formation of bone. Without sodium to bathe in, the cells of the body will either dry up or swell to the bursting point. Potassium within the cells is essential to balance the sodium outside them. Magnesium activates exchanges of energy within cells. Phosphorus mediates all the energy exchanges throughout the body that enable us to move and to think.

Yet 60 per cent of the calcium, 78 per cent of the sodium, 77 per cent of the potassium, 85 per cent of the magnesium, and 71 per cent of the phosphorus in wheat grains are removed during the processing of the flour from which white bread is made here in America.

Normal manufacture of DNA and RNA, the chemicals that pass the genetic code along from one generation to the next, depends in part on an adequate supply of Vitamin B1, Vitamin B12, and folic acid.

Yet 77 per cent of the Vitamin B1 and 67 per cent of the folic acid in wheat grains are removed during the processing of the flour from which white bread is made here in America.

Vitamin A is important in the maintenance of good vision. Vitamin B2 is important in the maintenance of mucous membranes of the eyes, mouth, and tongue. Vitamin B3 is an important safeguard against pellagra. Vitamin B6 is an important element in the metabolism of the amino acids from which are built the proteins that make up most of our bodies. Vitamin D is an important intermediary in utilization of calcium and phosphorus to strengthen our bones. Vitamin E is an important factor in the structural integrity of cell membranes.

The Flimsy Staff of Life

Yet most of the Vitamin A, 80 per cent of the Vitamin B2, 81 per cent of the Vitamin B3, 72 per cent of the Vitamin B6, most of the Vitamin D, and 86 per cent of the Vitamin E are removed from wheat grains during the processing of the flour from which white bread is made here in America.

The human body cannot make steroid hormones without pantothenic acid, cannot build sound cell walls without choline.

Yet half of the pantothenic acid and 30 per cent of the choline in wheat grains are removed during the processing of the flour from which white bread is made here in America.

This disconcerting report on the internal environment of the American citizen comes from Dr. Henry Schroeder, director of the Trace Elements Laboratory at Dartmouth Medical School.

The chemical element cadmium has been reserved here for special consideration. Cadmium competes with and displaces zinc in human metabolic processes. Excess cadmium provokes high blood pressure. In whole wheat flour the ratio between cadmium and zinc is 1 to 120. In white bread flour, the ratio is 1 to 6 — six times as great a threat.

Dr. Schroeder sums up the facts on white bread by saying that it may contain an adequate number of calories for a healthy diet and still lack the chemicals that would put those calories to work properly in the body.

The shortcomings of bleached flour have been warned against repeatedly by students of human nutrition since the days when the late Dr. Harvey W. Wiley began crusading for adoption of a federal food and drug law early in this century. One of the latest cautions appears in the Nader's Raiders book *The Chemical Feast*, James S. Turner's study of the U. S. Food and Drug Administration (FDA). The book says,

President Nixon's French-born nutrition advisor, Dr. Jean Mayer, thinks that America's white bleached dough products would not even be called bread in his native land. Their food value is almost zero. White flour is preferred by food industry executives because it keeps on the shelf longer than the more nutritious whole wheat bread and because insects avoid it — it doesn't have enough food value to keep them alive.

Bakers and other defenders of flour bleaching speak of the "enrichment" process that follows the bleaching. But *The Chemical Feast* says, and Dr. Schroeder confirms, that of the approximately two dozen nutrients removed from wheat in the processing of white flour, only four are later restored. These are vitamins B1, B2, B3, and iron. The value of the iron is questionable because it is in ferric form, which the body does not absorb well; it is ferrous iron that readily fits the chemistry of the human animal.

So much for the nutrients that are removed from the wheat in the milling of wheat flour. That is only part of the tragedy of white bread. What further is there to say? *The Chemical Feast* puts it in these words:

Currently the FDA food standards for bakery products permit ninety-three different ingredients — few of them nutrients — to be added to bread products at the discretion of the processors.

None of these added chemicals (it should be emphasized that few of them have any nutritional value) must be mentioned on the label that wary consumers rely on for protection.

CONDENSED AND
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SATURDAY REVIEW

Editors' Note: We would like to publish helpful, healthful food tips regularly. If you have some, like the following story on growing sprouts, send them in to the PASSAGE, 1000 Harris Ave. (Incidentally, Everybody's Store in Van Zandt is featuring mung beans this week, good for sprouting; see their ad.) Florence Weiner is a housewife in West Palm Beach, a longtime health-foods adherent, and mother of the young whippersnapper who writes for the PASSAGE.

Sprouts, the "wonder living food," can be grown in any climate, planted all year, without soil, or worry about weather conditions, bugs, or dangerous sprays. It is easy, fun, highly nutritional, and economical. It will mature in 3 to 5 days. It might take a little longer in cold weather. The sprouts are very easy to digest (the easiest known protein to digest) and are equal to meat as a complete protein that will sustain life. Sprouts are very rich in the B vitamins, C and E, also the enzyme action increases as they mature.

The most nutritional seeds, grains and legumes can be sprouted but never use potato sprouts. The most nutritious and delicate and very tasty is alfalfa sprouts which is also very rich in chlorophyll and all known vitamins plus vitamin K. I favor the El Molino Alfalfa Seed (from the health store). The mung bean is next on my list and I have had great success with the lentil. I expect to experiment with all kinds of seeds, such as: sesame, parsley, soybeans, oats, rye, wheat, radish, sunflower, fenugreek and peas.

Make sure the seeds are a new crop. All it needs are moisture, air, and light, but not in the direct sunlight. Give it

TLC and enjoy the fruits of your labor. After trying a few different methods I find the widemouth jar the best.

Use 2 tablespoons of sprouts in a widemouth jar (quart), wash them well, cover with 1 cup warm water, and let stand over-night. Place a cheese cloth and rubber band over it (or perforate the cover so the seeds won't escape when you wash it). Next morning, drain off the water (may be used in soups, etc.) and rinse the seeds with fresh, warm water but not too warm, nor too cold. Turn it upside down and shake off the excess water or it will rot. Place jar on side to air at window sill or on porch, not in direct sun. The first day I rinse Alfalfa seeds from 5-7 times. Then after the first day, 2-3 rerinsings will be sufficient. Keep the cheese cloth moist, and shake after rinsing so it won't mat. After the 4th, or 5th day when the leaves turn a bright green and they become rich in chlorophyll they are ready to eat either in a salad, put in blender, or in a sandwich instead of lettuce. Try it in a tuna salad, or avocado: 1 can tuna, 2 or more hard-boiled eggs, chopped fine minced parsley, chopped garlic, dill, chives or onion, 1/2 cup cut alfalfa sprouts, mayonnaise.

Ode to a Sprout

by florence weiner

A (Food) Co-Operative Transition

by ron sorensen

Good People:

The time is nearing that I must leave Bellingham, so others will have to carry on the work with the Food Co-op. I had hoped to complete the renovation by now, but very little interest or assistance has come from the members toward this end. On the other hand, I am very grateful to a number of people (mostly non-members) who have shared in the vision of a co-operative effort.



The store is almost completed, with only a small number of preparations needed before we can slap on the paint and throw open the doors. For those of us who started the work, it's an exciting point to be at, still remembering the rotten plaster, sagging ceiling and rotted studs and floor joists—so much has gone before. Now the plaster-board is securely clinging to the walls and ceiling—just waiting for someone to come by and tape it; the floor needs sanding; the front and rear windows need to be installed; a little plumbing and wiring; new sky-light glass; and then the paint. It would really be far-out to see it completed before I leave.

I just wanted to remind all you folk that this may be your last chance to work on a real "genuine hippy project." Just think, it doesn't cost you anything to rub elbows with the elite of hippiedom; you may even be so lucky as to witness us participating in a subversive activity such as painting or building shelves; and if you're really perspicacious you may hear us "conspiring" to have a good time. Well, the possibilities are infinite, all we need are people like you, who have a little extra time on your hands and want to lend your minds and bodies to an authentic down-home barn-building. Such a radical way to spend a day.

We've been working every day and will continue to do so until the store is completed. The place of this "outrageous happening" is 1000 Harris Avenue, South Bellingham and the phone number is 734-0083. We dig people so it can't help but be out-of-sight.

eco- notes

An Assistant Attorney-General in the U.S. Justice Department says that public pressure against mercury pollutants like Georgie-Pacific which resulted in federal lawsuits, helped prevent another disaster like the 1953 Minamata incident where 40 died and hundred were injured after eating mercury-contaminated fish. "It's difficult to realize what we have done for the public unless you know the details of the Minamata disaster," said Shiro Kashiwa, head of the Land and Natural Resources Division.



Winter Warning Department: State and local authorities seeking out pollutants are, almost without exception, missing one of the most insidious: calcium chloride or the "salt" that highway crews use on ice- and snow-covered roads. In addition to eating away the roadbed, infiltrating the soil and killing trees and shrubs, polluting streams, rusting out car bodies, and covering windshields with a dangerously opaque film, the effects of calcium chloride on health are worth noting.

Even a little sulphur dioxide (a major air pollutant) in combination with calcium chloride is extremely dangerous, especially to the very young, the sick and the feeble. Finally, salt spread on roadways increases the dangers, since the laws of physics state that ice and snow are slicker at their melting point than at lower temperatures. Experts recommend a return to plain mixtures of cinders or sand.

On the air pollution scene, the same argument holds. FORTUNE magazine recently reported that the estimated 21 million tons of particulate matter that will pour into the air over the U.S. this year could be cut down dramatically to 13 million tons by 1980 if currently available control devices were installed on all sources.

The Lucky Brewery is paying \$.25 for a 24-bottle case of empties in a massive recycling campaign. If anybody is interested in organizing a way to collect and get the empties to Lucky, call the PASSAGE at 734-0083 and let us know. Once we get the campaign organized, we'll widely publicize the recycling campaign. Remember if your church or organization wants to get into this, let us know.

PLEDGE - RESIST THE DRAFT

The National Draft Opposition has been formed to provide support and power for those individuals who oppose the draft. The pledge below can be signed and mailed in by those of you who agree to its action. Caution: Conspiracy to resist the draft is subject to federal prosecution.

THIS IS A PLEDGE NOT A PETITION
—UNDERSTAND THAT BEFORE YOU SIGN

A. I feel that the present draft system in America is in violation of my constitutional rights and/or immoral.

B. I pledge, that when a hundred thousand draftable men have signed pledges like this, I will return my draft cards to my local or national resistance headquarters where they will be forwarded with the other returned cards to the proper authorities. I pledge that after that time I will cease to cooperate with any type of draft system in any way.

C. I recognize that I am in no way immune from federal prosecution either for resisting the draft or conspiring to resist the draft.


Name:

Present address:
Permanent address:

Please return to:
128 Chancellor St.
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Virginia, 22903
or:
Draft Resistance
923 Fairhaven College
Bellingham, WA 98225

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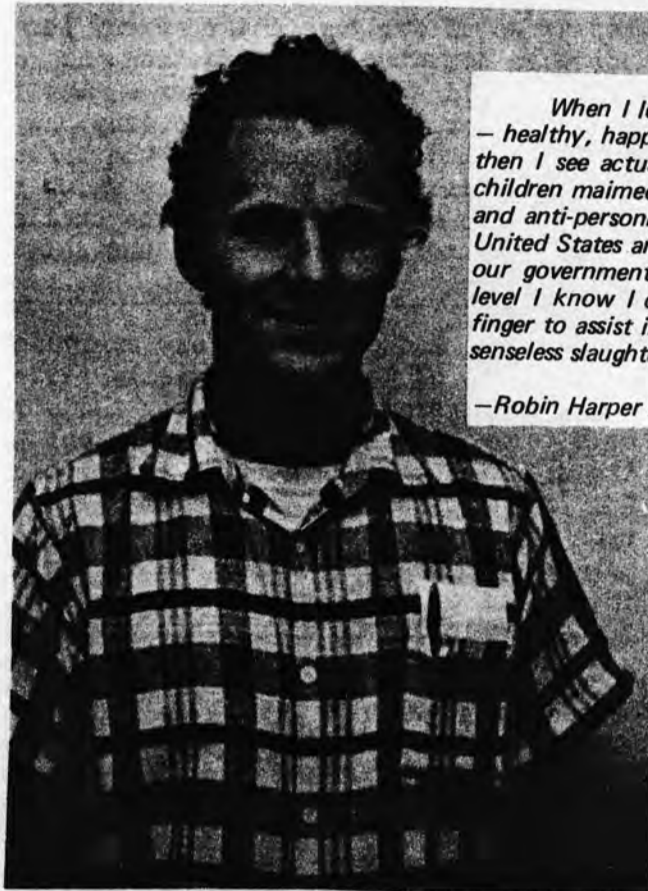


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War-Tax Refuser Resists IRS Demands



When I look at my own children — healthy, happy and unharmed — and then I see actual films of Vietnamese children maimed and killed by napalm and anti-personnel bombs made in the United States and dropped by order of our government, on a very elemental level I know I cannot willingly raise a finger to assist in such inexcusable and senseless slaughter.

—Robin Harper in a 1/30/68 statement

Robin Harper, 41, father of three, Quaker, carpenter and builder, and war tax resister for 12 years, has received a 56-page document from IRS demanding \$32,500 in back taxes, penalties and accumulated interest. He plans to legally contest the demand. Robin received his first IRS summons in 1968 and has met several times with IRS officials to discuss his phone and income tax refusal. He has donated the equivalent of the unpaid taxes to constructive programs such as CARE, Operation Freedom, and medical supplies for Vietnamese civilians. Robin has set forth his reasons for war tax refusal in several eloquent documents which can be obtained by writing him at Box 421, R.D. 3, Coatesville, Pa. 19320. Excerpts from his letter of reply to the IRS document follow:

"Tragically, too many Americans labor under the illusion that their country is the most righteous one on earth, when in fact this nation has been pulling off the most sensational crimes of our times — with a little help from several of its enemies...and friends!"

"A ringleader among the major industrial/military powers, the United States, through its government and corporate structures, has hijacked Spaceship Earth, wired it for destruction with thousands of hydrogen bombs, and is holding more than two billion earth passengers hostage to a perverted order of values. We find ourselves feverishly proliferating the Spaceship's destruct mechanism, setting fires in the service module, and bickering over the shape of the couches in the command module — while the entire Mission faces impending disaster."

"We desperately need to throw our scientific resources into a crash program to purify our Spaceship's now-poisoned air, water and soil — combined with universal re-education on the wise use of our environment. We should be mounting a massive campaign to share our food surpluses and medical know-how to combat hunger and disease at home and throughout the Spaceship — in conjunction with family planning for all. We must commit ourselves to establish and utilize workable systems for resolving all disputes in the Spaceship without war — along with implementing total, universal disarmament by irreversible stages."

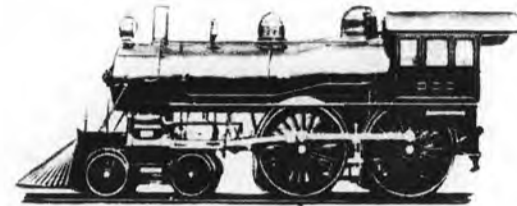
"But, Mr. Buononno [the IRS Examining Officer], you and I and all Americans now live in a warfare state, where most of the federal budget is used to buy today's wars, to pay for yesterday's wars, and to make down payments on tomorrow's wars. There isn't enough left over to mount the emergency economic, social, environmental and educational programs necessary for our survival."

"So long as the priorities of war commandeer the policies, and hence the budget and resources of our government, every person devoted to domestic reconstruction and world peace should be a war resister. And the essence of war resistance is to deny the warfare state the bodies of our sons, the brains of our scientists, and the dollars which train our sons to kill and procure the skills of our scientists to build the hard- and software of war."

"Peace — and survival — are everyone's business. All of us, and especially those who work for government and for war industry, must come to understand that if we are not part of the solution, we are part of the problem. Does not our survival depend at the very least upon each of us discovering a constructive task we can do well (surely collecting taxes for a warfare state is not one of them) and then pursuing it as if we were waging all-out peace."

Write a book about life on an island with the celebrity of your choice; publish it!
CREATIVE WAITING:

they're getting away with murder



Editors' note: There have been numerous car-train collisions and resulting deaths at unlighted crossings in Whatcom and Skagit Counties. The author of the following piece, Jeffrey Margolis, witnessed one right outside his general store, Everybody's, in Van Zandt. Margolis, a political scientist by education, here talks about some of the deeper social and economic implications of the dangerous situation.

Nothing constructive, such as warning signals, seems to be arising out of the train-car accident that occurred at the Van Zandt railroad crossing on the afternoon of November 9th. The Herald featured a page one article a week after the incident and as far as I can guess from that, it will be a long time until anyone sees any safety signals around here.

Perhaps the lack of official action will lead to a political awakening on the part of citizens and especially high school students, but I doubt it. I must honestly say that Everybody's Store is not a conduit for full information out here. Therefore much of what I have to say is purely a matter of speculation.

In the past week there has been some talk about holding a public meeting somewhere at someplace to somehow do something about safeguarding the railroad crossings. In the countryside, hesitation is endemic. Nevertheless many people are disgruntled. Daily they reiterate a liturgy or history of accidents — atrocities — that have occurred along this track from Sedro Woolley to the Canadian border. Even I, a forainer to

these parts, am acquainted with the circumstances surrounding the death of nine, now ex-residents, of Whatcom County.

Though this most recent accident was inevitable, there is no rhyme or reason to why it happened the way it did. It involved Mrs. Ila Crape, a very vocal humanist in the area. It happened in front of the store (wherein I am supposed to be abandoning confrontation politics), while I was communing with a *Passage* personage — talking about the depth of the opposition to absurdity and foolishness and politics in general. If anything the crash was a sign. Either that, or malfeasance is so pervasive in Amerika that it is absolutely impossible to escape it. In spite of the fact that the train crosses this twisting road from behind any driver's line of vision, Mrs. Crape received a citation for negligent driving.

The local people have, in response to past accidents, gone through the hanky panky of petitions. Others are now reported to be interested in writing letters. I am fairly sure that if they do not choose to act directly that

the issue will be forgotten because of interminable delays created by or arising between the railroad company, the Transportation and Utilities Commission, and the Highway Department.

The most disconcerting thing that I have heard is that some people find the railroad in no way culpable. It just blows my mind. Folks who feel that we humans have no claim against this machine seem to harbor a latent and sordid view of survival of the fittest. This is actually making a lot out of what is no more than blind obedience to the Amerikan way of life — property rights before human rights — but I suspect that explaining it in this socio-religious context will help to break them out of their own rut.

Out here in the pseudo-wilderness, it's as if the train is the devil's emissary, the rushing spirit of evil that chafes away at the lives of those who are disobedient — those who allegedly do not stop, look, and listen. The train, taking its annual toll of life, is regarded as a supernatural phenomenon which wails while charging across the brackish countryside. The train, the train, the train — who will challenge training, the straight and narrow path and most of all the pride of Amerika's 19th century mentality? The train is an entity unto itself in which men labor, actually ride, only to slow it down or let it go. Men ride but do not control the juggernaut.

Yet what we must all take heed of is that the train like our training is not

omniscient. The train is not a vehicle of God's wrath. It is no more than the reification and organization of thought! Trains are just piles of steel that come off railroad company drawing boards. The train barrels through Acme, Clipper, Van Zandt, Smith Road without signals because specific corporate executives and government officials permit it. These people obviously do not give a thought to the dignity of men outside of their own class. Everyone out here knows this and the real problem is that they do not know how to bring themselves to do what they have to do. If folks out here begin to focus on them — officials and executives — rather than on it — the train — then the railroad company might as well put up the signals now before the fuss (direct action) begins.

Incidentally, I have heard some men in the valley speak of using their guns. Funny how they differ from some of the young newcomers who speculate about halting transit until assurance comes that signals are on the way. Pity the poor workers riding the beast. They dislike the conditions as much as automobile drivers. The railroad company remains intransigent.

by jeffrey margolis



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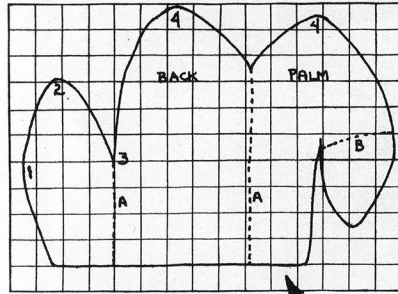
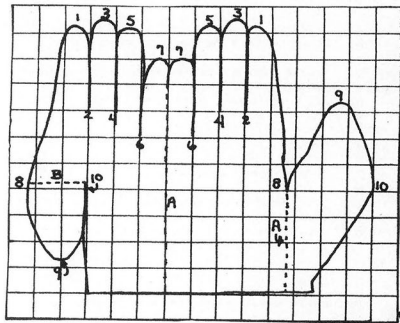
Mung Beans 36¢/lb
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Organic Rice 25¢ "
Organic Rolled wheat 26¢ "
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Organic Millet 26¢ "
Organic Sunflower Seeds 71¢/lb.

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and white Rice flours, Dried fruit, nuts,
bulk beans & pasta.
Peanut oil and butter, Raw
Honey, spices, Tamarind, & other
everyday products.

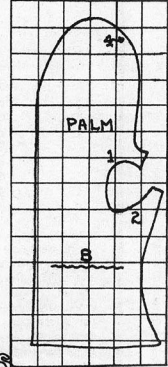
— BRING YOUR OWN CONTAINER —

OUT O' THE MOLASSES JUG

Here's some patterns for you backwoods do-it-yourselfers. You ought to be able to turn out some real funky gloves & mittens for the winter. They will fit anyone... just enlarge the pattern by tracing the hand to be fitted and adjust the units to the hand. Maybe you can make some use of yer college edgycashion. Or you can take apart an old pair of gloves that fit good and go by them. They say woolen gloves are better for warmth than leather. Suit yourself. If you want to be real fancy, you can make a slit in the palm of your master hand so that you can slip it in and out and not take off the whole mitten... sew a flap over (like a fly) so that crud and snow don't leak in and your hand-heat doesn't leak out.



MITTENS B

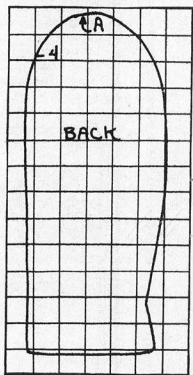
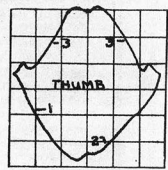


CLUBS & MITTENS

Key for Patterns

- Mittens A - 3 pieces. join the numbers - sew point a. when joining, pucker to fit point b. sew in stretchad elastic or a drawstring to afford a means of tightening.
- Mittens B - one piece match the numbers point a. fold under point b. fold up
- Gloves C - two pieces match numbers points a. fold under points b. fold up piece c. Glove gusset (fit inbetween fingers to allow freedom of action).

GLOVES C



BACK

While you're thawing out yr fanny in front of the wood stove, you can thaw out yr insides with these cold weather drinks. & Don't forget good old popcorn & cookies.

COCOA

Ever made Cocoa from scratch? It was usually a big item in Jr. High Home-Ec. classes. But if your teacher neglected this very important part of your education and you've never made Cocoa except from a Nestles Qui can, try this...

- 6 T. cocoa
 - 6 T. honey
 - Few grains salt
 - 1 1/2 cups water
 - 4 1/2 cups milk - or 2 1/4 cups evap. milk and 2 1/4 cups water
 - Few drops vanilla extract
- In saucepan, mix cocoa, honey, salt & water. Bring to boil over low heat; boil gently 2 min., stirring. Add milk; heat thoroughly, but do not boil. Just before serving, beat with egg beater until smooth and foamy; add vanilla.

HOT MULLED WINE

- 4 cups water or fruit juice (cider, pineapple, orange)
 - 2/3 cup honey (if you use water)
 - Peel of 1/2 lemon
 - 18 cloves
 - 2-5th Burgundy wine
- Heat up everything except the wine together. When hot, add the wine - heat again slowly but don't BOIL it. Serve in mugs with a cinnamon stick to stir. Serves 1 to 20 depending on how drunk you want to get.
- Also - you can stick in some raisins & keep the pot full for the whole holiday season. Come New Years, you'll have some of the best wine-soaked raisins around!

- Honey eggnog
 - 3 cups milk
 - 4 eggs
 - 4 Tbsp. honey
 - 2/3 cup milk powder
- Blend all ingredients. Pour into glasses - Dust lightly with nutmeg.

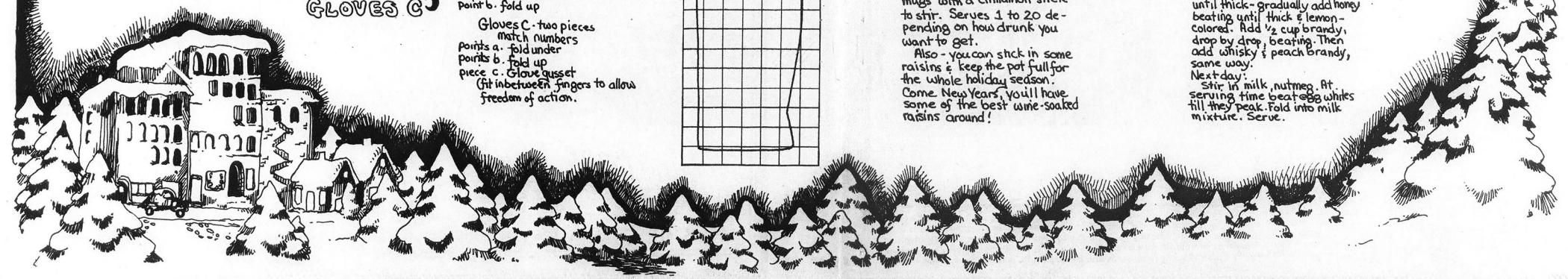


Cinnamon Tea. Put 2 nice thick cinnamon sticks in a pot. Cover with 4 large cups of water. Boil 15 or 20 min. or until it tastes good and cinnamony. Honey to taste.

GRANDMOTHER RAYMONDS KILLER EGNOG

Here's an eggnog that'll curl your ears. We know its expensive - but maybe you can experiment with the liquor and find the best combination for your own pocketbook.

- 12 eggs, separated
 - 2/3 cup honey
 - 1/2 cup brandy
 - 1/2 cup whisky
 - 1/4 cup peach brandy
 - 1 1/2 qt. milk
 - 1/4 tsp. nutmeg
- Day before: In large bowl, beat egg yolks until thick - gradually add honey - beating until thick & lemon-colored. Add 1/2 cup brandy, drop by drop, beating. Then add whisky & peach brandy, same way.
- Next day: Stir in milk, nutmeg. At serving time beat egg whites till they peak. Fold into milk mixture. Serve.



Letters from the Deeper South

Teaching in a Mexican Orphanage

by kirie christine pedersen

Sin saberlo yo, fue declarada.
Sin saberlo yo, fue declarada.
due declarada la guerra en que
Tzocotzontla resulto vencida,
sin saberlo yo, fue declarada.

*Some of the flower children went to Mexico.
Ran, fled, flew.
And so?*

Didn't we say we are all brothers and sisters; that the United States is a machine so entangled in the limbs of every poor nation: one way, and every rich: another, that it does not really exist? That the lines they drew, the Pope or someone, mean nothing to the Indians?

And we emulate the Indian: we are warriors or artists or priests.

*Do we or do we not?
Are we brothers and sisters?
Says a friend,
So god-damned wasted, our brothers and sisters.*

We do cross a line someone drew and it takes us here. We live in the Hacienda of Huejotitan, a high-ceiling castle around a garden, facing the town in memory of days when the patron faced his slaves. An English - American socialist, once delegate to the Asia-Pacific Peace Conference in Peking, bought the Hacienda to create a home for orphaned and impoverished boys. It is backed by parcelas clutched to the foot of a mountain range. Parcelas, the plots of land ripped from the rich landowners to be re-distributed equally by Cardenas, hero of the peasant.

*But he is dead,
our chief.
Say the newspapers,
This week the peasants weep all over Mexico.*

But some years the rain never comes or the Dragon of the Devil does and sucks the life from the cobs. Then we sell our parcela, sell ourselves again as slaves. We work from six to six, as the flags this week are lowered from six to six for Cardenas, for twenty cents a day.

In the mornings we leave the Hacienda to teach Kinder to a hundred children aged three to eight in a lightless room, forty feet high, twelve feet wide and 200 feet long, simultaneously serving as granery, workshop, library and classroom. The children have neither shoes or more than one ragged shirt or dress; some are covered with granos, a pus and blood filled boil; from the layers of dirt and the sudden changes from heat to storm.

*Heat that beats all to dust.
Storms that tremble the Hacienda, streak-light
the plaza; rains that tear flesh and drive the burros
screaming through the streets.*

Teach? And what does one teach these starving children? They sit listless; some will not eat until tomorrow. They lie on the floor, eyes staring and rolling. They know passive resistance; the life of the peasant is passive resistance.

*Accepting God's will;
the god that never hears,
never answers the prayers or the sueno:
dream, sleep, exhaustion,
of the people.*

Accepting the will of the padre who rules the town with his rignings: at six we shall rise for mass; at three sit under a tree to eat our cold tortillas and beans. We shall deem the Profe, director of the Hacienda and village school, a colorado, Communist. And because of our sermons in the church across the plaza from the Hacienda, three men in Huejotitan shall be hired to shoot the Profe.

A tower has daily risen brick by brick to protect the church bell; today it is completed. Topped by

*a green neon cross with a red
bleeding heart.*

A neon cross over the adobe homes that face the streets of stone; side by side the houses face the burros, the cows, the chickens, the horses and the pigs that live in this walled village. Streets filled too with the children:

We are angry and we say something typically American: How will you ever by Maestros if you do not learn to read and write?

Suddenly the Kinder is silent. The children turn; laugh their embarrassed laugh. Then all begin talking of what they will Be.

Only the fantasies of your children: doctors, pilots, teachers, could be real. Our children are printed with a curse; the curse says you shall be as your parents:

*The girls will marry at fourteen
when they are women, can bear children,
(the same, isn't it?)
and for ten or fourteen years
will yearly bear a child.*

*The men will go to the parcelas
and return to the village in the evenings
to emborracharse. What else is there
to come home to but drunkenness?*

They will grow old and tired and one day, die: There will be a funeral in the church where they were once baptized, once married.

Some of the flower children fled to Mexico.

Did we go to flee our whiteness that shines in this brown land? Our white identity printed in our eyes, our hair, our loins?

We carry it; it is us.

*Did we go to flee our whiteness that
shines in this brown land? Our white
identity printed in our eyes, our hair,
our loins?*

We carry it; it is us.

Without my knowing, it was declared.
Without my knowing, it was declared.
Was declared the war in which
Tzocotzontlan was defeated,
without my knowing, it was declared.



Kirie Pedersen is a student at Fairhaven College. There are a group of Fairhaven students in Mexico this year, engaged in travel/work/study programs. Kirie is in Huejotitan, Jalisco, teaching at an orphanage with 100 children (kindergarten). From time to time we shall be printing some of her expressions of this experience. Poetry Editor Annette Gerlinger is also heading south, and will be reporting back occasionally on what she runs into.

news briefs * * *

Gregory's Not Laughing

Monday night Dick Gregory had given his Cowboys and Indians speech, his Kent State Memorial speech, to the banquet of the Association of College Unions International conference at Tech and then rested briefly while the waiter lads cleared off the tables and set up the chairs and then he played the speech over again to a thousand - odd Tech students from 9:30 until . . .

"See, all you have to do is read the papers. Everybody knew Janis was a juicehead; and everybody knows that no entertainer is gonna track up the arms. Because you can make them from the audience. So here she has tracks up the arms. Bullshit. Them tracks was put on her arm.

"And like Jimi: Hell, they couldn't agree on where he DIED! In the hotel, in the ambulance, in the hospital. And then it took TEN DAYS for an autopsy: and then it turned out he didn't die of drugs after all. Well now. . ."

How about Canada, Mr. Gregory?

"There's things that may or may not have significance; like two days after Canada recognized Red China, then the shit jumped off. See Canada was very into the death of Dr. King; and when James Earl Ray was discovered in London, he had \$400,000 in small bills on him and not an American paper would



print it. And when the hippy papers began to leak the news why then all of a sudden the FBI began to discover how many banks Ray had robbed. And then Canada recognized Red China, because she realized she was gonna need a new friend: because Canada believes this country's gonna be overthrown by the CIA, and so do I."

Angela, Mr. Gregory?

"The FBI release said the man with her was a wealthy Black American from Chicago. You know the FBI never calls a Negro a Black man unless he's a friend of theirs. And I know every rich Black cat in Chicago and I never HEARD of that nigger: and then some of the brothers met me on a campus and said that the Panthers had run his picture two years ago in their paper as an agent. And now he's out on bond and they say his mama paid it.

Short Takes

NARITA, JAPAN — Farmers armed with bamboo spears fought police and hurled bags of shit at surveyors who were measuring land that the government had seized to build an airport.

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK — Police used tear gas and clubs to disperse a rock - throwing mob at Syracuse University. The crowd was picketing a football game because eight blacks, who were suspended last spring and later reinstated, were still not allowed to play.

COLUMBO, CEYLON — The new revolutionary government has succeeded in supplying every person over five years old with four pounds of rice per week, more than double the amount people used to be forced to live on.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA — Riots in the Mexican - American community of L.A. on August 29 and September 16 cost the county \$1,644,870, according to the chief administrative officer. But it cost the Mexican - American community the life of Ruben Salazar, a major spokesman for the community.

AMSTERDAM, NETHERLANDS — More than 300 rebel Roman Catholic priests from 31 countries agreed to establish an international secretariat to build a "people's church."

FULLERTON, CALIFORNIA — Over 1000 persons battled with police in the downtown area October 25 after a park was closed by the City Council. Thirteen policemen were injured and 19 youths were arrested during the bottle and rock - throwing melee.



"MY, IT LOOKS PEACEFUL AND SAFE IN THERE."

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Army Freaks Out Over Smack

SAIGON (LNS) — In an official memorandum the Army reported that more hospital cases and fatalities were caused by drugs so far during 1970 than in all of last year. Of the deaths reported through October 18, the Army said the autopsies confirmed that 25 were caused by drugs and doctors suspected drugs to have caused the 64 others, although the autopsies did not confirm this.

In response to this spreading maladdiction, the Army has set up an "amnesty" program which attempts to help soldiers shake the habit through medical treatment and rehabilitation. However the Army has made no attempt to explain the increase in drugs and has never released the results of surveys concerning how many soldiers in Vietnam take drugs. Only 2 months ago, the Army claimed the increase in drugs was slight.

Polluters Police Selves

Last spring, Nixon appointed 53 industrial magnates to a National Industrial Pollution Control Council to "coordinate industrial input into solving the nation's environmental crisis." Montana Senator Metcalf observed that Council members are "leaders of the industries which contribute most to environmental pollution" and cited the historic influence of similar business advisory committees in inhibiting pollution cleanup. This summer, Nixon sent Congress a proposed budget amendment for \$475,000 in salaries and expenses to carry out the Council's function. —from the Rag.

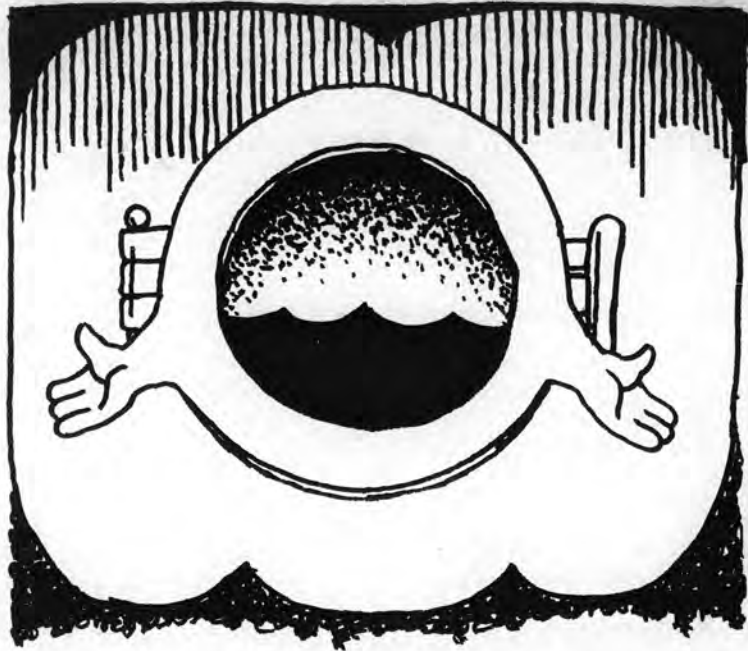
One of the Brothers

LNS — George Jackson is one of the Soledad brothers. When a Soledad guard was found dead last January, a few days after a tower guard opened fire on a group of Black prisoners and murdered three of them, Soledad Prison officials chose Fleeta Drungo, George Jackson, and John Clutchette to try for the killing. The three are now joined by seven others, young Black men who are being charged for the killing of a second prison guard, and face the same mandatory death penalty. The guard was killed on July 22, and since the three were safely locked away, the officials had to find another conspiracy.

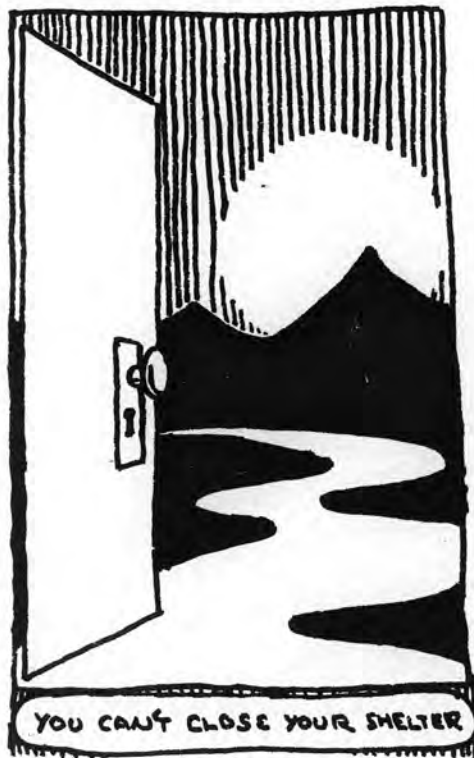
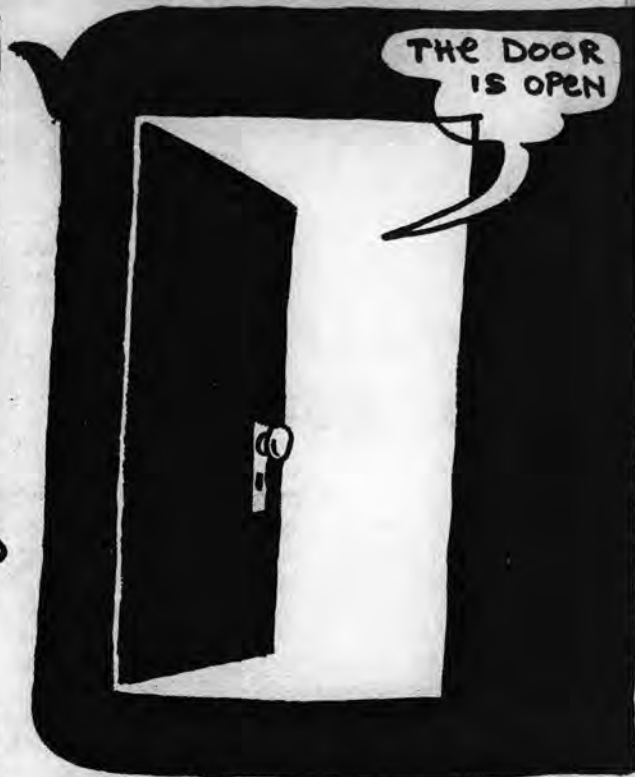
The following was taken from an interview done by Wildcat, a worker's paper on the West Coast:

"If people are afraid of repression they have to get away from us, because we are going to bring down repression. Repression is a necessary stage in what we are trying to accomplish. If we accept revolution, we have to accept all that revolution implies. Revolution definitely implies funerals, violence, blood. We can control the level but we can only do so by being aggressive and by supporting the Marin action." (In the Marin County shoot-out Jonathan Jackson (George's brother), James McLain and William Christmas were killed in an attempt to free the Soledad 3 during a session of their trial.)





HAVE THIS HAND,
A PORT-HOLE ON WATER,
THROUGH WAVES COLD.
HIS MUSIC IS SO,
BUT MUST COME ALSO,
TO HIS HAND.

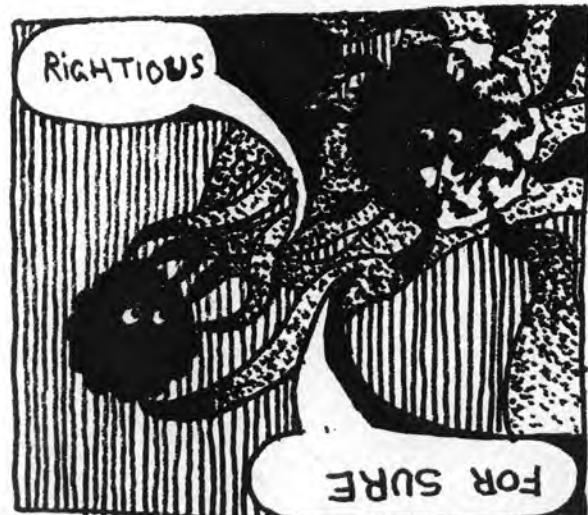


SO ARMED WITH THAT
REALIZATION, HERO
SET OUT INTO THE WORLD,
AND FOR SEVEN WHOLE
DAYS HE TRAVELED,
EVEN UNTO THE VERY
HEART OF THE MYSTERIOUS
FORREE.
WHERE, ON THE SEVENTH
DAY, AS HE PREPARED TO
TAKE HIS EVEN FEAST, HE
CHANCED OPEN A RARE
ACQUAINTANCE.



HERO, BEING MOST
GLAD OF THE COMPANY
AND THE FINDING OF THIS
NEW FRIEND...
GIVE THE RACCOON...
ALL HIS FOOD...
WOULD HAVE BEEN MORE...

THIS, THE RACCOON DECLINED,
KNOWING HIS FRIEND WAS
ALSO HUNGRY. SO THEY ATE
AND AFTERWARDS THEY
SMOKED...
AND RAPPED...



FIL

by roxa



He doesn't
of these is
executive law

Invitation
Fine wine
Which clothes
And a

(Isn't she
doesn't her
bit too skin
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and directe
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and Lisa.")

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1981-2302 DWG 2001-1000000000

FILM

by roxanne park

Diary of a

Mad Housewife



Pollution.
Overpopulation.
Napalm.
Nerve gas. And
Agnew.

He doesn't have to worry about any of these issues. He is a corporate executive lawyer and his problems are:

Invitations to the "right" party.
Fine wines (is '64 a good year?)
Which clothes to wear on a business trip.
And most of all, his wife.

(Isn't she smoking too much, doesn't her hair look ragged, isn't she a bit too skinny, why is she so tired even when she is getting up, why doesn't she respond to my requests to have a "little ole roll in the hay?") Ad infinitum. Ad nauseum.

Enter Jonathan lecturing his wife Tina on all these subjects, forcibly voicing his disapproval. She makes no sign of hearing him at all, in fact she makes little sign of being alive. Quiet, "controlled", listless, bored.

But mad?

The "Diary of a Mad Housewife" is adapted from Sue Kaufman's novel and directed by the Perrys ("Last Summer", "The Swimmer", "David and Lisa."). It is the movie of that New York world about which most people have stereotyped impressions and in which a good number of people live their stereotyped lives. The film isn't anywhere near as boring or banal as the lives it portrays. Thank God.

Tina Baldwin serves her husband's social and sexual needs—with as little feeling and depth as the "job" requires. He expects her to respond immediately to his whims and desires, believing that the wife's role is to make her husband's life as comfortable as possible. There should be no question about the way he is leading their lives; he knows best. And after all, he is a "Very Creative Person."

She, of course, is the perfect candidate for Women's Lib. Maybe if the film was made next year, the last shot would be of her participation in Women's Lib instead of group therapy.

What does she do in a case like this—to find added dimension to her social existence and her quasi "mothering" of two bratty children? She takes a lover. A fantastically obnoxious, "brilliant writer" who is brutally honest and egotistical. Frank Langella portrays the writer with a great deal of subtlety; the movie is well-worth his performance alone. He is a sort of Norman Mailer type (I'd

imagine) who reams of confidence and caustic humor.

He offers Tina "fantastic sex" and demands no emotional involvement. So she ends up participating in the quintessential relationship of the corporate executive world she is fleeing: ideal appearance (physical satisfaction) with strict barriers from any sort of spiritual, person-to-person communication or commitment.

But she really isn't "that sort of person". And neither, supposedly, is Jonathan, who confesses to also having had an affair. He just doesn't like the lying and the games! When he speaks about his lost idealism he seems for a moment even human. He has blown everything; his job, his investments, perhaps his marriage. Can they put it together and make it work?

That's where the group therapy comes in and the audience is left,

laughing, probably hoping they can work it out.

The film is not pretentious, and I appreciated it mostly because of that quality. It treats a serious subject humorously, while making its point. I prefer this treatment by far to the films which take themselves so seriously and cannot handle the depth of their topic, producing the glossiness of films like "The Graduate."

Carrie Snodgrass plays the sympathetic role of the housewife with a remarkable degree of sensitive acting talent. She underplays, which sets off Benjamin and Langella perfectly.

Richard Benjamin ("Goodbye Columbus") is Jonathan; he manages to caricature the part more than anything else. He speaks his lines deliberately-stiffly, sort of like a high school actor in the senior class production of a melodrama.

The Virgin and the Gypsy

D.H. Lawrence has become recognized as "movie material" with both "The Fox" and "Women in Love" having been produced recently. Playing in Seattle now is Christopher Miles' adaptation of his short story, "The Virgin and the Gypsy."

The story concerns a young woman (Joanna Shimkus) who has come back from school to her home in a small English village during the turn of the century. She resents the mundane life at home; quiet afternoons spent listening to her old grandmother work on crossword puzzles. She believes there must be more to life ("Higgelty Piggelty Pop" style). "Nothing ever happens here, only silly things." For the first time in her life she understands why her mother escaped so many years before, divorcing her father and leaving him with the two children. She feels sterility around her and seems hopelessly resigned to her existence.

Then she meets the gypsy. A man who makes her feel "quite, quite different." Franco Nero is the gypsy, portraying him with all the fullness of that archetypal image. Firm masculinity, piercing blue eyes, decisive existence. And she's the virgin—beautiful, quiet, intelligent; waiting to be awakened to life.

Lawrence's story deals with types and essences and the film captures these qualities without marring their fullness. Lawrence believed that the symbol is a "complex of emotional experience. And the power of the symbol is to arouse the deep emotional self... beyond comprehension." The symbols of the gypsy and the virgin being awakened are beautifully captured.

The film is extremely romantic in the total depth of the word. The soft "rained" colors of the English countryside add a true mystical touch to the photography.

Your Mother's Mustache

in Seattle

BEER  **WINE**

First & Washington MA3-9172

If you know a girl considering an **ABORTION** this message might even save her life!

It is no longer necessary for unfortunate girls to be ruthlessly exploited for profit by quacks and inept butchers. Now they can have perfectly legal abortions under strict hospital care. The new California Therapeutic Abortion Act provides that all services be performed by physicians in accredited hospitals.

Last year it is estimated some 700,000 illegal abortions were performed in the United States. Almost without exception exorbitant prices were charged, hospital facilities were not available and a complete medical staff was not present to cope with emergencies.

Some of those girls died unnecessarily. Others suffered severe infections. Still others will never again be able to bear a child due to incompetent treatment.

The National Abortion Council for Therapeutic Abortions and Family Planning wants to make sure that all girls receive humane and sanitary treatment. **YOU CAN HELP.**

If you know of a pregnant girl who is considering sneaking off to have her abortion in a germ-infected apartment or office tell her to call us. Our counseling service is free.

We recommend only:
the most reputable physicians; doctors offering fair and reasonable prices; services which will be completely within the law; services performed at accredited hospitals.

PHYSICIANS WITH A GENUINE
AND HUMANE INTEREST

Phone: (213)
464-4177

NATIONAL ABORTION COUNCIL
for Therapeutic Abortions and
Family Planning
1717 North Highland Avenue
Hollywood, California 90028

"Liberation"

Appetite-eyes then:
candlelight, incense,
rushing talk,
soft caresses,
then hot handling,
hot blood,
clothes floating to the floor,
bed knocking the history of the wall--
Exploring our newness, our boundaries.

Later, after months of yes
And hurt
I go to Spain
To serve my American time.

When I return,
I learn my postcards reached you at a hippie commune, late.
So I travel out, eager in memory's mouth,
For our reunion
In the pure, greentipped air.

You're galloping your horse into the yard.
We merge with a slow-motion hug,
Slightly off-track,
Then talk of separate summers:
Chronologies, names, places.
Something is wrong.

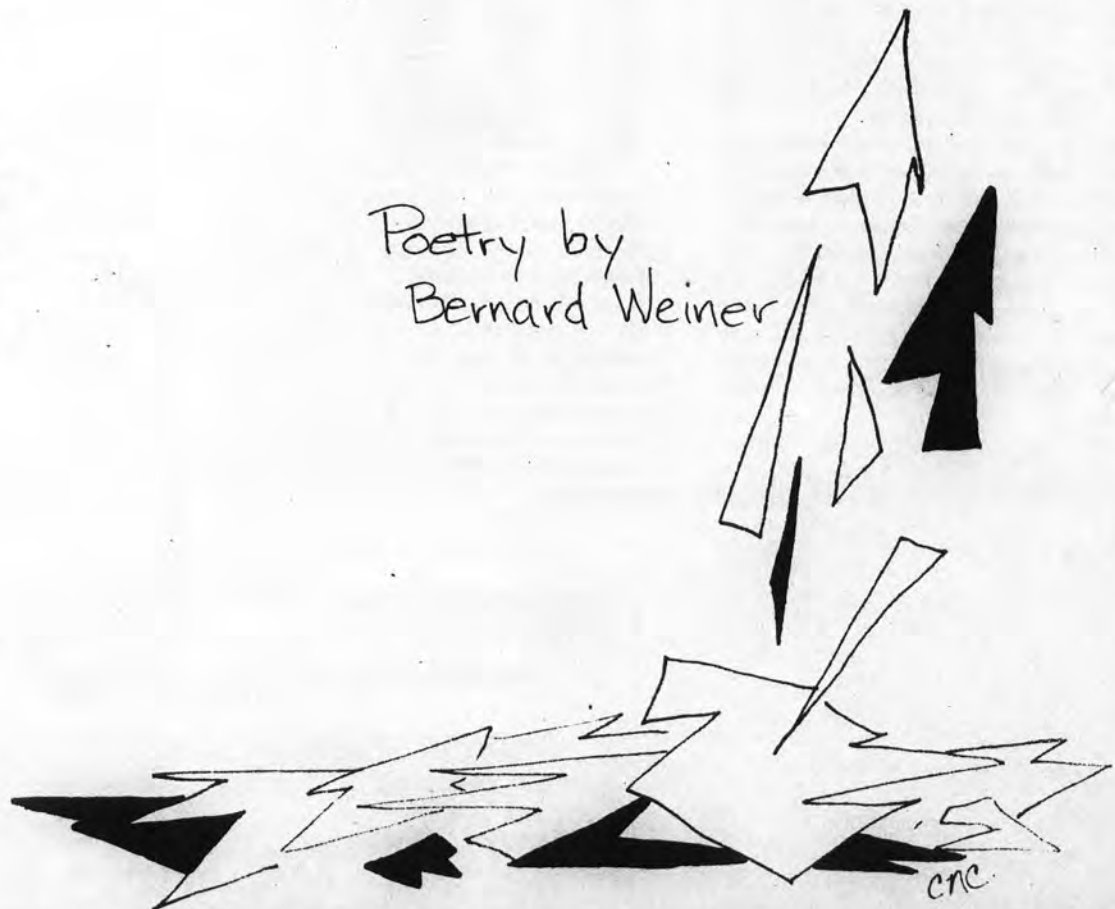
We walk to your unheated room
(in this house that has no hot water),
Passing jam-printed guitars
Lying half-loved on the stairs,
And I ask if you'd like to visit some friends.
You say yes, but you want to change first.

Shall I leave? turn my back? pretend to look out the window? simply stand?
There's no need to wonder:
You undress casually before me
Your breasts as uninterested as the flaking grey wall.

(Maple Falls, Wash.: November 1969)



Poetry by
Bernard Weiner



Steph

It seem
group of
working
developing
and themse
again, like
shrapnal. In
stand alone
they had to
a whole. It
musical ma
they began
Rumors
Stills, Nash
circulating
Deja-Vu. St
first solo s
some of roc
The recor
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lengthy, bea
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Nash, Eric C
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DISC-COVERERY

by dave wolf

Stephen Stills

(Atlantic SD-7202)

It seems that no sooner does a group of musicians come together; working, rehearsing, writing, developing a style, finding each other and themselves; than they spray apart again, like so many figments of shrapnel. In such cases, their ability to stand alone depends on what strength they had to contribute to the group as a whole. It was obvious who was the musical mainstay of the Beatles after they began releasing individual music.

Rumors of the demise of Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young have been circulating since before the release of DeJa-Vu. Steve Stills has now taken his first solo stand, after participating in some of rock's most productive groups. The record is dedicated to James Marshall Hendrix.

Copeland. Even the album's cover is, you guessed it, a self-portrait.

The record begins with a wistful and gorgeous poem read over a lush orchestration, leading the listener to

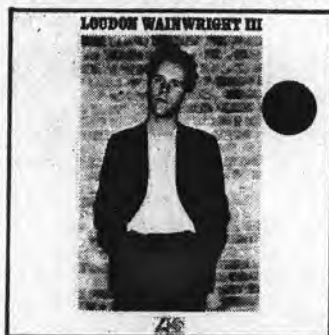


believe he's in for a delightful hour of penetrating music. The thrill is short-lived, however, as the remainder of the 10 cuts drag on and on through the trite canyons of shallow, inane, superficial bubblegum-rock. Our recommendation is that Miss Copeland pursue her athletic and artistic prowess and leave the making of music to others.

Loudon Wainwright

(Atlantic SD-8260)

Hampered only by its very undistinguished cover, this record could be one of this year's best surprises. The casual but pungent lyrics of Wainwright's music seem out of place on a record. They are the kind of sensitive and vital poems you expect to hear in a smoke-stung coffee shop or during a walk with a friend down a favorite trail. The lack of liner notes or



lyric sheets is almost painful, as these eleven songs become more a part of you with each listening. From the melancholy "Hospital Lady" to the up-tempo things like "Bruno's Place" or "Glad to See You've Got Religion", Wainwright's high-pitched vocals and adequate guitar spin a very pleasing variation. It's young and urban and unpretentious. Hardly a Top 40 candidate, but neither was Dylan in the beginning.

Led Zeppelin III

(Atlantic SD-7201)

In Britain, Led Zeppelin has replaced the Beatles and the Stones as the most popular contributors to the rock-idiom. Little wonder. The Zeppelin keeps coming, bigger and stronger and more refined all the time. If you dug their first two albums, the

third will drive you out of your earphones.



It's been available for a couple weeks, and already some of these cuts are "standards", being performed and recorded by others eager to participate in the Zeppelin phenomenon. The bizarre, surreal lead vocal has mellowed into something you can comfortably endure for several consecutive listenings. The heavy, rock-solid bass is still there and the lead, in as much as he determines most of the Zeppelin's style, is still as prolific, melodic, and psychedelic as ever. "Gallows Pole" and "Friends" and probably "Since I've Been Loving You" are destined to become essential to anyone dedicated to British rock. Zeppelin also enjoys some of the best engineering/mixing to be found anywhere, an attribute they use sparingly with great effect.

Adament Zeppelin fans have here something to really rave about. Casually leave it out in full sight, next to the turntable say, so you can slap it on and rattle the walls when someone notices its weird cover and asks to hear it. Those of us who have held out this far cannot any longer.

Maury Muehleisen

(Capitol ST-644)

Weird. Really weird. Something you've never seen or heard before. This is something hidden back in the shadows of this record that gets you excited about how good Muehleisen will be someday. But he isn't right now.

Trivial, unnecessary use of double tracking, echo-embellishment and stark naked, chunky rhythms establish an image of mindless, meaningless music that good ol' Maury is going to play hell shaking off. If he can. Everything is so lax, so loose, so limber



that the listener is left with 45 or so anxious minutes of waiting for the whole thing to fracture, crumble, and slide away into oblivion. It never goes that far towards fragmentation, but music this casual is incredibly difficult to put across. Maury can't yet.

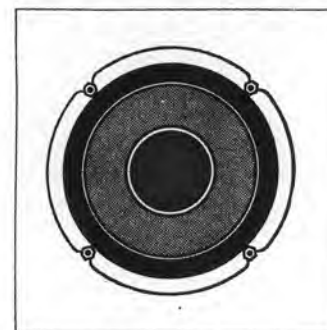
Bloodrock 2

(Capitol ST-491z)

The only real reason to produce a bundle like this is to placate contract obligations with a record company. I really think Bloodrock has digressed from their first LP and they weren't so good that they could afford to back-slide. The sound is raspy, ragged and often times very clumsy - all in the name of funk. Six Texans banging out eight boringly similar songs adds up to very little. There just isn't anything there.



Notes



Be on the look out for a three-record bonanza-bundle from the Beatles, to be released in early December. Harrison, McCartney and Lennon have each finished mastering their own complete LP and will probably release them in a package. Harrison produced it all and hopes to hold the price down to about \$10 a set.

Grand Funk Railroad's latest album, their fourth, isn't available yet, but has already sold a million copies in advance sales. It hasn't hit the racks yet and already earned a gold record.

Didja hear about the Jim Morrison watch? At six-thirty, it gets busted.



Most people can't help digging anything Stills writes, and here are nine lengthy, beautiful examples.

Stills can caress the music with guitar, organ, piano, or his own distinctive vocals. And just look at the list of friends that are backing him up for a change: John Sebastian, Graham Nash, Eric Clapton, David Crosby, Jimi Hendrix, Cass Eliot, and Dallas Taylor! The list of personnel alone makes this a collector's item.

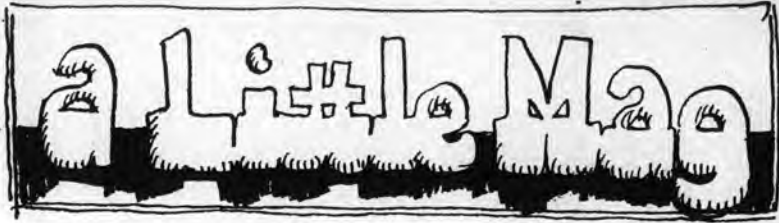
But the music, oh the music. Stills' lyrics are agile, nubile, alert. "Old Times, Good Times" and "Love the One You're With" are probably the best cuts, but the flood of really good music in this album makes such a selection almost meaningless. Definitely recommended as among the cream of the recent crop.

Self Portrait

RUTH COPELAND
(Invictus Records ST-73030)

Perhaps she does run two miles a day. Maybe she is a potential Olympic swimming champion. It may very well be true that she was the youngest student, at 16, to ever enter Kings College of Art in Newcastle, England. What she can't do, however, is write and sing songs.

I think what we have here is an excess of the Puritan ethic, a glut of the drive to achieve and achieve and finally over-achieve. Credits for guitar, all vocals, writing, arrangement, and production all read Ruth



by jerry burns

If you're interested in poetry, one magazine in particular you ought to know about is **POET AND CRITIC** (210 Pearson Hall, Iowa State University, Ames, Iowa 50010). As the title states, this is a quarterly of the poet and critic — as the same man. And that's the uniqueness here. It's often amusing, often thoughtful, but always interesting. Here's how it works: you submit a poem for the mag. Assuming you're lucky enough to get accepted (and if you're the best poem in the issue, you get \$30.00), your poem is then sent, prior to publication, to two other poets who have work in the same issue. Their job is to write a short critique of your poem. And you, in turn, get two poems from two other people to digest. Then, when the issue is published, you will find — along with your poem — a comment on it by two other people.

Now, poets are generally notorious as critics (literary). The people who excel in each of these psychic fields come each from his own world. Therefore, odds are that the more creative a poet becomes, the poorer the critic. It doesn't really detract from his value as a critic, though, if you can dig that he is not the final judge. Sometimes what is not said is more important.

But accurate or not, the magazine is, as its subtitle: a gallery of verse — a workshop in print — a studio of thought. A buck will bring you a sample copy.

* * * * *

Under the direction of Diane Kruchkow, the students of a University of New Hampshire creative writing class (English Department, Hamilton Smith Hall, Durham, N. H. 03824) edit a fine little mag called **ZAHIR**. In addition to a few of their local people, they publish quite a number of poets — at — large.

Their editorial interest seems more on the side of artistic merit than in poems of social criticism or sensory assaults. And, they have some collective taste and ability to produce a mag worth reading. A buck a copy.

* * * * *

If you are interested in the branch of metaphysics dealing with the nature of being or reality, as I am, I invite your attention to the Journal of the Ontological Society, **ONTOLOGICAL THOUGHT** (Eden Valley Press, P. O. Box 328, Loveland, Colorado 80537). This little monthly costs 30 cents a copy, or better, \$3.00 a year. A very, very fine reading experience.

* * * * *

You might also turn onto the newest title from Goliards Press, c/o me, P. O. Box 1292, Bellingham. Carlin Aden's first volume of poetry, **AMONG THE DRUM TUNERS** has just been released, for \$2.00 each. If I didn't think the poetry was excellent, I wouldn't have published it. But I can add that it is also a good printing and perfect — binding job. Try one and see. Try two or three. . .

* * * * *

Since this column is concerned with matters of contemporary poetry, it is important for me to be the first to tell you that Mr. Willis Barnstone, noted author, editor, poet, will be reading his poetry in Bellingham on November 25th. Wednesday night, 8 p.m., at the Web, 530 North Garden Street. Do plan to come and listen.

I might also tell you that, finally, the little mag from the students of Fairhaven is available. At least in the campus bookstores and the snack bar at Fairhaven. Or by mail from me. Or someone approaching you on the street. I can hardly review the magazine in this column (since I'm involved in its production), but I can objectively tell you that it is pretty, distinctive in format, contains some quite good poetry, prose, art, and photography, and sells for \$2.00 a copy. You ought to look into it.

And I might add, the issue for this year is beginning to be put together and the editors are soliciting manuscripts from the entire student population of Bellingham. Call Rod Burton at Fairhaven and ask him where to submit your poems.

* * * * *

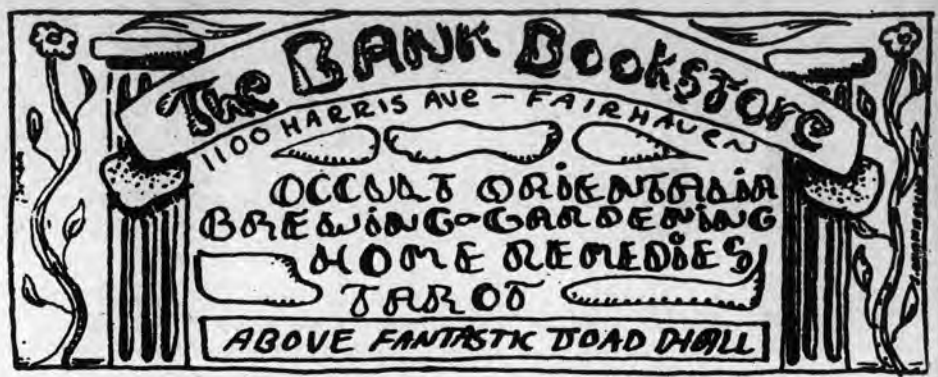
Books and magazines for possible review in this column should be sent to me, P. O. Box 1292, Bellingham 98225. Not to the paper. Things get lost in the shuffle of existing and it might be a long time before I catch up with it. If then. . .

Poetry & Short Fiction

If you write them, Send them in to **Literary Editor, NWP**
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[Editors' implementation 49th with know very Furthermore surprisingly leftist political

"The New by Dimitric published by 'Our Genera Like most s this one gi plateaus. T which are e brush filled Jim Haro Left in undoubtedly He attempt had hopes wide, and ha area and Instead of e of being a deep, his ess for a scar centimeter in

A C

The fault 'New Left in was that it rather than commentary she had too for her hellis Unfortunate than tanzaliz the initial revolutionary front of us, aspirations a connections Mlle. Lau subject with short, tight, distillate of of fact, her which faces and working a country sp and regional heaviest bu Canadian improvement analysis and

The rest c well controll Richard Pric was good. N and Philip P both seminal strange that not mention elected the socialist hemisphere Saskatchewan certainly mor to hold offic It was voted rural populac remark on book itself. I — for reas explained in Thompson a paragraph of wrote on one Jim Hardin Columbia and Quebec. The except in

The New Left in Canada: a Review

[Editors' note: The current social upheaval in Canada, brought to a head by the implementation of the War Measures Act, caught many people on both sides of the 49th with their pants down. On our side, we have suddenly discovered that we know very little about our northern neighbors and their political structures. Furthermore, published information on Canadian social and political thought is surprisingly scant. Below, *Passage* writer Steve Overstreet reviews one of the few leftist political analyses of Canada.]

"The New Left in Canada" is edited by Dimitrios J. Roussopoulos, and is published by the Montreal Cooperative 'Our Generation - Black Rose Books.' Like most such experimental ventures, this one gives us views from lofty plateaus. There are also other views which are disappointingly marred by brush-filled gulches.

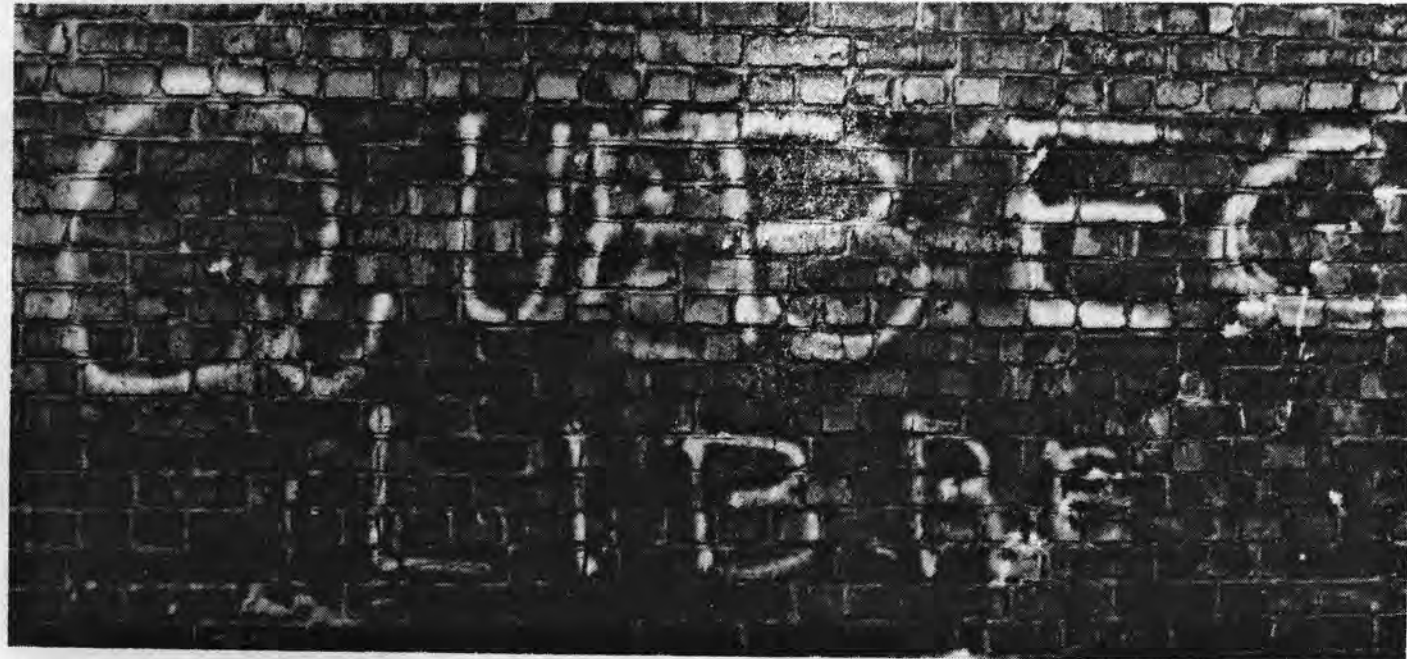
Jim Harding's essay on the 'New Left in British Columbia' is undoubtedly the most disappointing. He attempted too much. Perhaps he had hopes of doing something high, wide, and handsome with his very large area and complex subject matter. Instead of enjoying the relative success of being a mile wide if only an inch deep, his essay drew only enough water for a scant forty yards and a centimeter in depth.

A COUNTRY SPLIT

The fault with the essay on the 'New Left in Quebec' by Adele Lauzon was that it was mostly a catalogue rather than a particularly enlightening commentary. Her only problem is that she had too little space at her disposal for her hellishly large and fluid subject. Unfortunately, she could do little more than tantalize our curiosity by flashing the initials of some of the revolutionary French organizations in front of us, and mention some of their aspirations and occasional interlocking connections of personnel and motives.

Mlle. Lauzon did not approach her subject with a lack of competence. Her short, tight, crisp paragraphs were the distillate of much thought. As a matter of fact, her problem encapsulates that which faces the entire nation; living and working toward the betterment of a country split by language, custom, and regionalism. It is obvious that the heaviest burden falling onto the Canadian Left involves an improvement in necessary self-analysis and communication.

The rest of the writing was relevant, well controlled, and a pleasure to read. Richard Price's treatment of Alberta was good. Nick Ternette on Manitoba and Philip Resnick on Ontario were both seminal and analytical. I found it strange that Richard Thompson did not mention that Saskatchewan had elected the first (if only nominal) socialist government in this hemisphere. The government in Saskatchewan, elected in a tough, yet certainly more innocent time, managed to hold office for about twenty years. It was voted in by an overwhelmingly rural populace. It would be well to remark on the organization of the book itself. In typical Canadian fashion — for reasons which the editor explained in the Preface, and Richard Thompson also stated in the first paragraph of his essay — each author wrote on one and only one province. Jim Harding began with British Columbia and Adele Lauzon ended in Quebec. There was no mention — except in the Preface — of the



backward, impoverished Maritime provinces, or of the island province of Newfoundland.

To oversimplify on my part, it might be said that the region east of Quebec really does exist. It has a poor, a socially tight, and an anti-intellectual populace closely resembling Maine and Vermont in manner and life style. It is also true that many of the young radicals now forming the New Left in Canada have come to this intellectual home from the Maritimes, and now reside principally in Ontario, Alberta, and British Columbia. Like the American mid-west, the principle export of the regions of Newfoundland and the Maritimes has become its best young people, who leave home in search of locally unavailable freedoms and opportunities.

REGIONALISM

The treatment of anything Canadian, by the New Left or not, is first and foremost done on a regional basis. I feel that the New Left, in contrast to the rest of the population, is much more conscious of being Canadian first and provincial dwellers second. Of necessity they are going to delve deeper into the past history of their fragmented, divided - to - be - conquered nation. I should like to see a New Left policy of extended comment on the settlement and monetary policies of some of the Royal charter companies, and especially the Canadian Pacific Railroad. Adding that onto Philip Resnick's description of the Canadian bourgeoisie might enable us to understand why these influences, more than any others, have carved the deepest scars on the land and psyche of the country. Because of this social fact of life, Canada is to this day a nation remarkably provincial in both the literal and figurative sense.

But, as some of the writers pointed out, being regional and provincially centered is not entirely a handicap. After all, both here and in Canada the New Left is coming more and more to

consider the advantages of decentralized and thus more manageable social and political units. The young people in both nations realize that in order to do this, multinational — and supranational — corporate capitalism must be caponized if not annihilated. However, due to the nature of absentee ownership in Canada and the U.S., each group of young people must effect the needed changes in their separate but equal ways.

NEW LEFT THEORETICIANS

Whatever of the various ways of social change are chosen, one thing is certain — the successful won't be the easiest. Philip Resnick, Nick Ternette, and Richard Thompson will probably be recognized as among the forefront of Canadian new left theoreticians. The work of the latter two presents some interesting sidelights and insights on problems faced by the left in the rural areas of the industrialized North American continent.

The importance of this might be stated in two ways. For one, the U.S. itself has very few socialist theoreticians from, or interested in, the rural fabric of our society. This theoretical shortcoming might be quite serious. We must recall that the successful Third World socialist revolutions succeeded only because the revolutionary leadership departed from orthodox Marxism - Leninism and made the problems of the rural populace assume the *raison de vie* for the revolution itself.

THE LAND AND ITS USE

By extrapolation, the land and its use will shortly become THE revolutionary question, and we shall see this shift of interest only when the urban - dwelling left begins to pick up on the environmentalists' more frequent and frantic *Leitmotifs*.

The Canadian Left is fortunate in having at least two maturing

theoreticians who have seen the problems of single - crop agribusiness, and what is more they have been fortunate in seeing it on a regional, rather than amorphous and diffuse national basis. I suggest that lines of communication be established between Nick Ternette and Richard Thompson by serious U.S. theoreticians. I think Black Rose Books would be glad to help.

Efforts are being initiated in this region, especially northwestern Washington, to begin both interdisciplinary and interinstitutional studies of Canada - U.S. relations. I would strongly suggest to some of my friends and acquaintances wishing to undertake this to add "The New Left in Canada" to their informational, if not philosophical, repertoire. Some of the academics wishing to become involved (and certainly their students) will soon be dealing with people made somewhat aware by the writers of these Canadian essays. The address is:

BLACK ROSE BOOKS
3934 rue St. Urbain,
Montreal 131,
Province de Quebec
CANADA.

Since Canadian and U.S. money is now on par, the cost of this book is easy to compute. The soft cover is \$1.95, the hardcover is \$3.95. I think that you will be more likely to get your money's worth with the softcover edition, at least until the spelling, punctuation and format improve. The printing and proofreading of this book is a wasteland. (The seriousness of this might be conveyed by remarking that I have seen better spelling and punctuation in pamphlets and papers put out by Billy James Hargis and Carl McIntire.)

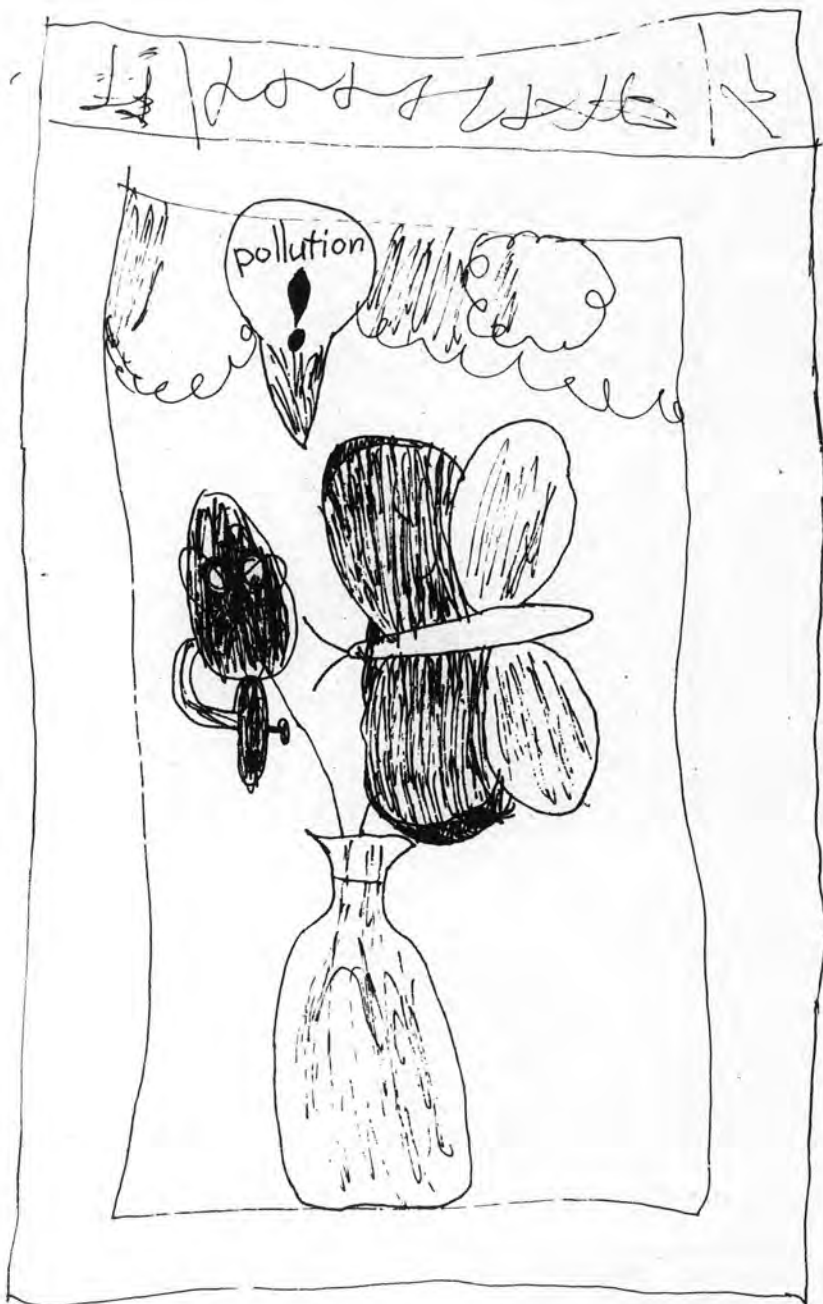
Expository writing exposing sloppy craftsmanship is not persuasive. I should hope future efforts by Black Rose Books will eliminate the basis for such criticism.

by steve overstreet

funnies and that et al

(P&Mushka's page)

"PEACE NOW, OR FOREVER HOLD YOUR SPEAK" (MORNING AFTERISM OR GRAFFITI TO GO)



"flower with a gas mask on" Lea Queen

The Cosmic Egg

Upon a rock, yet uncreate,
 Amid a chaos inchoate,
 An uncreated being sate;
 Beneath him, rock,
 Above him, cloud.
 And the cloud was rock,
 And the rock was cloud.
 The rock then growing soft and warm,
 The cloud began to take form,
 A form inchoate, vast and vague,
 Which issued in the cosmic egg.
 Then the Being uncreate
 On the egg did incubate,
 And thus became the incubator;
 And the egg did allegate,
 And thus became the alligator;
 And the incubator was potentate,
 But the alligator was potentator.

(R)

The leaves are hurrying down our hill
 Winter is waiting at the end of the block.
 They're late. cp



TADDLING A BENCH,
 a plump man with a beard,
 poached-egg eyes
 gazing, lonely to the wall,
 thin cigar poised in pudgy fingers
 offering benediction
 on the assembled company
 of PIZZA-eaters.

Beside him
 the delivery boy,
 dark-haired,
 lost, somewhere in a pocket-novel,
 his chin resting on a fist,
 legs crossed,
 jeans tight across his thighs.

And leaning on the counter,
 balding, surgeonlike
 in a white apron,
 a knife dangling at his side,
 his pale face smiling
 at his INNER VISIONS.

(Just like this)
 three people waiting in a pizza shop
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Panic at Sehome:

by kim feringer

It's an Open Question

Most people who read the Bellingham Herald probably have at least a vague notion of the stirrings at Sehome High School regarding open campus. Briefly, what happened is that Sehome General Assembly (the main representative body in our student "government") passed unanimously a resolution allowing students free movement on and off campus.

Brian Barker, Sehome's principal, indicated he wanted parent reaction before he made a decision (remember, anything the students do is subject to his approval). So some other members of our "government" and I organized an open forum to discuss with the community the implications of the proposal.

When the night arrived we were rather surprised to see over 400 parents present. The first action of the forum was to turn down the idea of small group discussions—they hadn't come to discuss, they had come to make speeches. The conservatives—I won't say Birchers—were there in force and the first speeches set the tone for the entire evening.

Mr. Belka of the City Council began with "a few notes" (a few pages). His speech (perhaps in a bid for mayoralship?) had nothing to do with the subject at hand. In a voice full of emotion he proceeded to denounce the entire student body and faculty of Western for subversive activities and philosophies which could only be instilled in the minds of the impressionable young. He received a standing ovation. Our mouths dropped in horror.

From here on in it was a night of conservatives—no matter how inarticulate and ridiculous, being greeted by thunderous applause.

Anything even remotely liberal received support from only students and a few parents. People who didn't fit the image of a conservative straight were shut out before they even spoke. In one instance I observed members of the Parent's Committee snickering and laughing at a student who had long hair before he could even walk to the microphone.

The whole attitude of the majority of the parents was one of complete closed mindedness. They didn't want to talk with us, they wanted to talk at us.

The discussion (if it can be called that) rarely touched upon the issue. It had more of the tone of a Spiro Agnew rally with most of the attention on the college and its terrible influence on our innocent highschool students. In all fairness, some very valid and intelligent arguments, both for and against the proposal were brought forth. They were, however, few and far between.

I went to the forum knowing that the students were at last unified behind something and with the naive idea that this could be an intelligent exchange of ideas. I went home that night angry and disillusioned. I'm horrified at the bigotry and self righteousness of some of the people in our community. Let us hope that this was not an accurate cross section. If it was, God help us.

Kim Feringer is a student at Sehome High School.



by donald

DR. DOOLITTLE

Dog overpopulation is becoming a problem around town.

I think dogs are badly pollutive to the environment, though I like dogs. They are noisy, they shit a lot, and they help us humans overconsume our resources.

Some hippie bitches, allowed untethered sexual freedom like their owners, have produced a super-abundance of puppies. If we don't start planning their families we will have to consider eating their puppies.

Spaying still seems the best method of birth control, although there are rumblings of pills to come. Spaying can be done at any age, preferably when not in heat. Side effects are minimal and I don't believe they miss balling. They just don't think about it.

Neutering male dogs is simple at any age, but does little to help the population problem. Neutered and spayed cats lead longer and healthier lives than intact cats.

[Editors' note: Bellingham's own Planned Parenthood Clinic happens every Tuesday evening from 6:30 to 9:00 at St. Luke's Hospital. They are busy, so call 734-9210 ahead of time for an appointment.]



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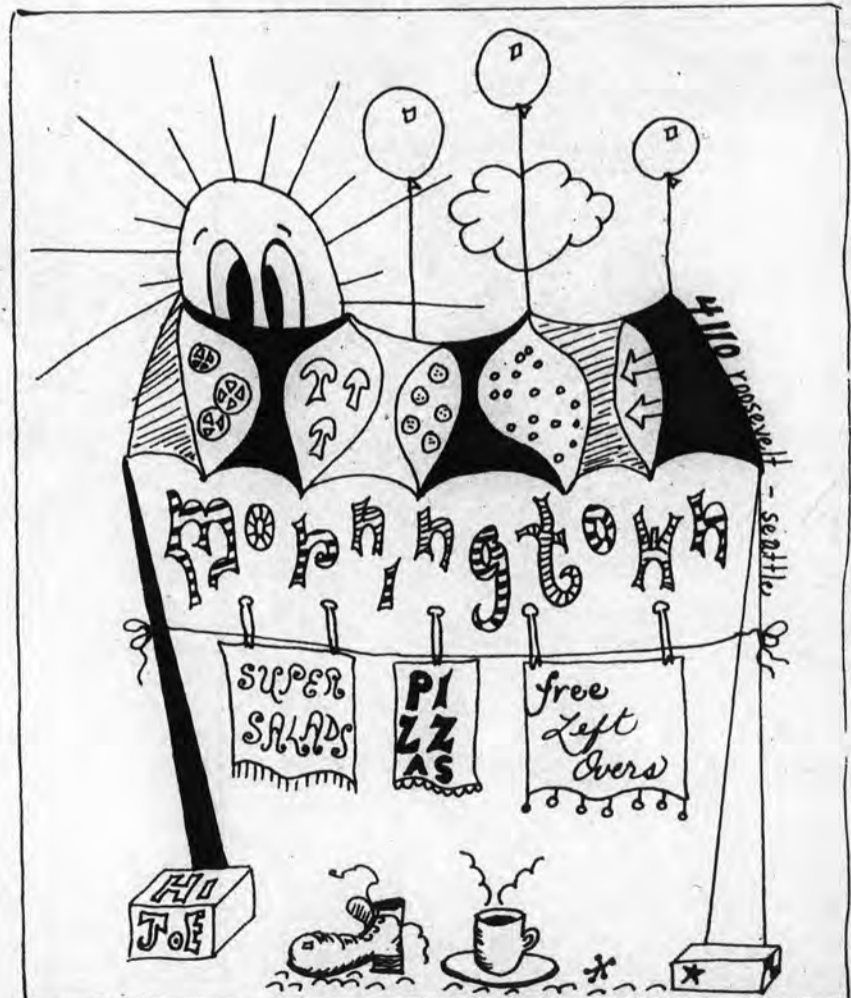
Vanguard Books on Granville St.

Northwest Passage—the fortnightly journal of ecology, politics and the arts—is published in Bellingham, Washington, with offices at 1000 Harris Ave. Our phone number is 734-0083.

Those members of the community who help put out the Passage are:

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Bob Hicks	Mary K. Becker
David Wolf	Bob & Jeanne Ray
Christina Koel	Ron Sorenson
Christina Kowalczewski	Ike Timm
Bernard Weiner	Ed Monk
David Donovan	Stafford Smith
Roxanne Park	Jeff Hammarlund
Cindy Green	Laura Fannon
Patrushka McKinnon	Kim Feringer
Clifford Perry II	Jerry Burns
Jeff Lovelace	Jeffery Margolis
Kay Lee	Jersey Benz
Joy Ritchie	John Lear
Joel Connelly	Gary E. Hall
John Keeney	Kirie Christine Pedersen
Ruth Felver	Candice Close
Jan Van Wyk	Ed & Sally
Steve Overstreet	Elizabeth Jarrett

We always welcome new people who want to help out—with reporting, writing, editing, layout, selling ads, doing circulation and distribution work, or whatever. Staff meetings are held Tuesday evenings at 7:30 at the office, and are open. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope for return.





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.

All ad copy submitted to Free Connections is subject to approval by The Staff. Ads which we feel cannot be run will be returned.



TIM (AQUARIUS) — Remember all the free wine at Sky River and Libra chick? I need your HELP!! Write Jackie, 3418 S. W. Corbett, Portland. I'm freaking out! H—E—L—P!!

LOST — FEMALE IRISH SETTER. She's been gone for 10 days and I fear she's been stolen. Chestnut red with a white mark on chest. Haps is her name. One year old. REWARD. Bring to 2221 James or Call 354-2008 after 4:00 p.m.

THE GOOD EARTH POTTERY, 1000 Harris, Bellingham, now has several regularly scheduled afternoon and evening classes in hand-built and wheel pottery, and some unplotted ones, too. A class for kids is just beginning, Monday evenings at 7 p.m., and might happen Saturdays, too. Join a class any time — the dollar-fifty fee covers instruction, materials and firing. Schedule yourself if you want to try the potter's wheel, as we only have four so far, but drop ins are welcome at the Wednesday and Thursday evening classes at 7 p.m., the Tuesday and Thursday afternoon classes at 1:30, and maybe more by the time you read this. Call us at 734-9671 for full details.

FOUR YEAR OLD Guernsey Cow (yellow fat) — 50 cents per pound. Two year old Guernsey Cow — 50 cents per pound. Must be sold by the quarter, no less. Call Golden Rich Dairy.

PHOTOGRAPHY by Dave Wolf of the Passage. Very reasonable. Candid, passports, weddings, births, etc. Call 734-1531.

GOOD CHEESE — GOOD GRIEF! It's at Viking Foods, 1518 Pike Place in Seattle's Public Market. Talk to Tommy. Mention the Passage — it identifies you.

VOLKSWAGEN REPAIR — Reasonable. tune-ups, valve jobs, also welding and cutting to fit budget. Call Barry at 733-8802 — located in the South Side.

DRESSMAKING, hems and alterations. Reasonably priced. Call Kym at 734-9825.

ANY PASSAGE PHOTOS with a Dave Wolf byline — printed for you. 8 x 10, 11 x 14, 5 x 7. Call 734-1531. Reasonable. Two-day service.

NEED ANY FIXIN' done by an old-time handyman? Plumbin', wirin', carpentry, et cetera. Call Frank Bowen, 2701 South 30th Street, Bellingham, 733-1869.

JACK HANSEN is open for new pupils now in the art and fun of banjo, guitar, mandolin, etc. Call 734-4665 at 1428 Franklin Street. Reasonable.

FOR SALE: '45 Ford School Bus. No windows. Needs work. \$110. See Turk at 703 21st St.

Found: 3 weeks ago near the college a brown female puppy with a black nose. Call Nancy 734-9189

Want a business of your own? We need 20 people part or full-time. No investment. 676-0621

Couple wants work on farm for room & board. The cities no place for us. Want to feel the earth. Call Lynn or Leslie at EM 41958 - Seattle

Drummer wants to join group - 676-0621

Rent-a Freak



For:
Parties
Arguments
Personal Gratification
Etcetera

Reasonable Rates
call Melissa
676-3460



will trade - even skphen
54 BMW, 500cc
Magic flying bike for
70 Power wagon or older
pickup truck.
Contact Dorpat - 676-4186

FRESH: AIR

WE HAVE YOUR HEAD IN MIND

PAPERS

POSTERS

INCENSE

LEATHER & GOODS

EARRINGS

PIPES

CANDLES

CLOTHES

PILLOWS

OILS

PAINTS

CARDS

JEWELRY

BELLINGHAM 1305 STATE

We are in need of, and have a strong craving for used records and consignment items.

**aardvark
books
and
arts**

1222 North State
(3 doors south of Shakey's)
Open week nights until 9 p.m.
734-4043

I have a variety of European Foto Calendars for 1971.

Also Sierra Club & color Zodiac posters.

Won't you come in & look them over?

Open Week Nites 'Til 9 p.m.

little box

At eight in the evening, on December 1, 2, and 3, William Shakespeare's *THE TEMPEST* will begin to blow in the Auditorium of Fairhaven College. Admission is fifty cents, and tickets can be got at the door. Come early; the auditorium is small (you'll sit on the floor), and we don't want to let anyone in after it all starts. We think—we hope—it will be a good show. It all comes out of a class on *THE TEMPEST*; students designed and built the set, made the costumes, made—out of bits and pieces—the whole lighting system, and composed the music.

You know the story: Duke Prospero cast out of Milan with his daughter Miranda by his evil brother Antonio arrives on a magic island where he is served for twelve years air spirit. Lo, the dastardly brother and his confederates are ship-wrecked on the island, and Prospero uses all his powers calls up all his spirits, to work his revenge. A happy ending is guaranteed for all. Except dastardly brothers. **COME SEE US!**



WOW!

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER

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get as many \$3 gift subscriptions
as you like**

Send subscription orders to Northwest Passage
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With the first issue of each dynamite packed gift subscription we'll send a real hip card indicating who it's from unless you want to remain anonymous

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