

VOLUME 4 NUMBER 6

JANUARY 4 - JANUARY 17

BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON



NORTHWEST ASSET



25¢

Aluminum Corp. of America (Alcoa)
Alcoa Wrap
Wear Ever utensils
Cutco cutlery and buffet service

Avco Corporation
Avco Delta
Seaboard loaning service
Paul Revere insurance & mutual funds
Avco savings and loan
Carte Blanche credit services
Avco Embassy movies & records
Grand Lodge mobile homes

D. H. Baldwin Company
Baldwin & Gretsch musical instruments
Central Bank and Trust Company
Empire Savings (Denver, Colo.)

Alco Standard Corporation
Minerva waxed paper
Capco, Monarch, Binghamton & Universal papers
Custom Coaches & Land Cruiser campers
Claus cutlery
Walker China
Cleveland kitchen equipment

A. T. O. Inc.
Rawlings Sports equipment
Mascont home & auto fire extinguishers
Compact vacuum cleaners
Vanguard fire alarms
Sherwood tent trailers
American La France fire extinguishers

Brunswick Corporation
Burke & High Action furniture
Macgregor, Zebco &
Brunswick sports equipment
Flagship & Own
Flagship & Owens yachts
Mercury marine products
Quicksilver marine products
Blizzard skis and accessories
Anba ski clothing
San Marco ski boot

Bulova Watch Co., Inc.
Bulova, Accutron, Caravelle, &
Empress clocks, radios, clock-radios
and watches

City Investing Company
Roberts tape recorders
Rheem water heaters
Ruud water heaters

Dow Chemical Company
Dow household products

E. I. DuPont De Nemours & Co.
Dupont paints
Zerone anti-freeze
Zerez anti-freeze
Telar anti-freeze

Fairchild Camera & Instrument Co.
Dumont electron tubes
Fairchild aerial cameras

FMC Corporation
Bolens tractors, lawnmowers &
snowmobiles
Link Belt construction equipment
Feuatan insecticides
Tandex weed killer
CDB-63 swimming pool sanitizer

General Motors
Chevrolet,
Cadillac,
Buick,
Oldsmobile &
Pontiac autos
GMC trucks and buses
AC spark plugs and accessories
Delco-Frigidare appliances

Hayes Albion
Palm-N-Turn containers
Airmaster fans

Hoffman Electronics Corp.
Mark IV audio/visual system

Honeywell, Inc.
Pentax, Rollei, & Strobolar cameras
and photographic equipment
Minneapolis-Honeywell control
devices
Takumar lenses
Elmo cameras and projectors

Norris Industries, Inc.
Fyr-Fyter-Pyrene fire extinguishers
Thermador ovens
Waste-King home appliances
Weiser locks

Reynolds Metals Co.
Reynolds Wrap
Rubbermaid Inc.
Rubbermaid household articles

Republic Company
Republic mini-bikes
Mar-Vel welcome mats, electric
fireplaces & plastic giftware

Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey)
Esso, Enco, and Humble
petroleum products

Teledyne Company
Packard Bell TV sets

Uniroyal, Inc.
Uniroyal-Fisk tires
Royal golf equipment
Keds shoes
Sunfish-Eskiloos clothing
Naugahyde

Victor Comptometer Corp.
Heddon fishing equipment
Daisy rifles
Bear archery equipment
Worthington, PGA, CPGA golf
balls and golf equipment
Victor office machines
Volley billiard equipment

Westinghouse Electric Co.
Westinghouse appliances

Whirlpool Corporation
Whirlpool appliances
Kenmore home appliances
Coldspot appliances
Thomas organs

Whittaker Corporation
Columbia yachts
Coronado yachts
Bertram yachts
Trojan yachts
Kettenberg yachts
Courier-Fanon CB radios
Universal gym equipment
Bunting furniture

General Time Corporation
Lasalle,
Westclox,
Big Ben,
Baby Ben, &
Seth Thomas watches and clocks

Hoover Ball and Bearing Co.
Draw-Tite trailer hitches
Omni furniture
Hoover chrome-plated
household fixtures

General Tire and Rubber Company
Penn tennis equipment
General tires
RKO theatres & radio stations

Household Finance Co.
Thermos consumer products
Structo toys
Structo charcoal grills
Halsey Taylor drinking fountains
Scotsman products
National E-Z rentals
Chef-o-matic
Almco
Ropaco
Dinex

Hamilton Watch Inc.
Vantage, Hamilton &
Buren timepieces
Wallace-Tuttle silver products

Kelsey Hayes Co.
Kelsey custom automobile wheels

Motorola, Inc.
Motorola TV, radio, phonographs
and components

Hammond Corporation
Wells Lamont gloves
Gibbs auto tape player
Hammond organs
Everett & Cable-Nelson pianos
Condor sound modulators

National Lead Company
Dutch Boy paints

Havard Industries
Selectile ceramic tile

National Union Electric Co.
Modul-Air air conditioner
Kompact air conditioner
Quiet Kool air conditioner
Emerson, DuMont, and Bilat
home entertainment products
Eureka vacuum cleaners

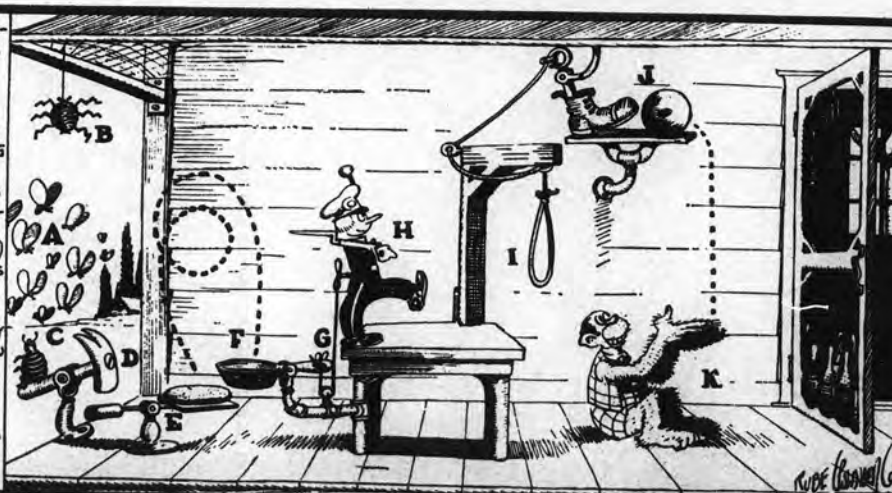
Hercules
Red Dot rifle power
Herban herbicide
Hercules Wear Tape
Nitroform fertilizer
Wookweld adhesive
Haskon plastic bottles

War Toys

The following list of major war contractors was compiled by the War Resisters League, 339 Lafayette Street, New York 10012. In choosing not to purchase the consumer products of these companies, you can express to them your concern about the on-going conflict in Vietnam. A card or letter to the company outlining your feelings would not be inappropriate.

Northwest Passage Jan. 4 - 17

PROFESSOR BUTTS MAKES A PARACHUTE JUMP, FORGETS TO PULL THE STRING AND WAKES UP THREE WEEKS LATER WITH AN AUTOMATIC DEVICE FOR KEEPING SCREEN DOORS CLOSED.
HOUSEFLIES (A) SEEING OPEN DOOR, FLY ON PORCH. SPIDER (B) DESCENDS TO CATCH THEM AND FRIGHTENS POTATO-BUG (C) WHICH JUMPS FROM HAMMER (D) ALLOWING IT TO DROP ON PANCAKE TURNER (E) WHICH TOSSES PANCAKE INTO PAN (F). WEIGHT OF PANCAKE CAUSES PAN TO TILT AND PULL CORD WHICH STARTS MECHANICAL SOLDIER (H) WALKING. SOLDIER WALKS TO EDGE OF TABLE AND CATCHES HIS HEAD IN NOOSE (I) THEREBY HANGING HIMSELF. WEIGHT IN NOOSE CAUSES STRING TO PULL LEVER AND PUSH SHOE AGAINST BOWLING BALL (J) THROWING IT INTO HANDS OF CIRCUS MONKEY (K) WHO IS EXPERT BOWLER. MONKEY THROWS BALL AT BOWLING PINS PAINTED ON SCREEN DOOR THEREBY CLOSING IT WITH A BANG.
THE MONKEY IS LIABLE TO GET SORE WHEN HE DISCOVERS THAT THE BOWLING PINS ARE PHONEY SO IT IS A GOOD IDEA TO TAKE HIM TO A REAL BOWLING ALLEY ONCE IN A WHILE JUST TO KEEP HIS GOOD WILL.





All men by nature delight in knowing. — Aristotle



Northwest Passage
 Editorial.....734-9881
 or.....734-1531
 Business.....734-1755

WHERE TO GET IT

Bellingham Distribution:

Newsstands

Vitality Food Center Bay St.
 W.W.S.C. Viking Union
 Bus Station State and Magnolia
 Al's Savewell Maple and Newell
 A&P Market Discount City Cornwall St.

Other

Aardvark 1222 State St.
 Fresh Air State and Holly
 W.W.S.C. Smoke Shop
 Puget Sound Records
 Fairhaven Coffee Shop
 Indian Ocean Trading Co. 211 E. Holly
 Bank Books on Harris

Seattle Distribution:

Puget Sound Co-op 2261 65th N.E.
 American Dream 4743 Brooklyn
 Easy Shop 1410 N.E. 40th
 Environmental Works 1401 40th N.E.
 Id Bookstore 1408 N.E. 42nd St.
 Campus Music 4208 University Way
 Discout Records 4302 University Way
 Pillow Power 616 Pike St.
 Sultans 1313 1st Ave.
 Underground Arts 1023 1st Ave.
 Your Mother's Mustache 200 1st Ave.
 Morningtown 410 Roosevelt

Van Zandt

Everybody's Store
 Mount Vernon
 Omnibus 606 1st St.

Vancouver

Vanguard Books on Granville St.

subscriptions

Send subscription orders to Northwest Passage

\$5.00 subscription

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State _____
 Zip _____

South Bellingham Station
 Box 105
 Bellingham, Washington
 98225

Northwest Passage — the fortnightly journal of ecology, politics, the arts, and good healthy livin' — is published in Bellingham, Washington, with offices at 1000 Harris Avenue. Call 734-9881, or 734-1531; if no luck there, try the Kulshan. Advertising and business number, 734-1755.

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

John Servais
 Billie Hargadine
 Melissa Queen
 Bob Hicks
 David Wolf
 Christina Kowalczewski
 Bernard Weiner
 David Donovan
 Roxanne Park
 Cindy Green
 Patrushka McKinnon
 Clifford Perry
 Kay Lee
 Joy Ritchie
 Joel Connelly
 John Keeney
 Ruth Falver
 Jan Van Wyk

Steve Overstreet
 Larry Oliverson
 Tom Koch (on the road)
 Frank Kathman
 Annette Gerlinger (on the road)
 Mary K. Becker
 Bob & Jeanne Ray
 Ron Sorenson
 Ike Timm
 Ed Monk
 Stafford Smith
 Jerry Burns
 Candice Close
 Ed & Sally
 Elizabeth Jarrett
 Joseph Prunier
 Jack Hansen
 Joseph Kaye

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 to all. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope for return.

Education in America

Most of the Passage 'staffers' are involved in education — as students at Western, as teachers at Fairhaven, as students at large, or as teachers in the Community School. And all of us, as members of the staff, are involved in helping to educate you — our readers.

And we are also involved in learning. Learning how to put out a paper — or a better paper — how to write, edit, typeset, lay-out, do graphics, and distribute the paper. We are also involved in learning about ourselves and each other, for in this kind of a cooperative enterprise, we work together out of choice, not because it provides us our daily bread. So we learn each other's best skills, as well as each other's limits. Thus our decision to produce an 'education issue' — one which focuses on the whole area of education (or learning, if you prefer). Most of the issue is devoted to some new trends in education — trends that seem more humanistic, more open, and more flexible than the public school instruction to which most of us were exposed for 12 to 18 years.

Peter Marin explores some possibilities for today's and tomorrow's children that could create greater meaning and variety in human life. Margaret Stark tells of some of her learning and teaching experiences. Mary Kay Becker poses some questions about Huxley College of Environmental Sciences — Western's newest cluster college. Reports from two of Bellingham's private schools describe some of the alternatives currently available for children in our own community. John Servais suggest some opportunities for self-education. And Charles Manson's testimony is a learning experience in itself.

During the past ten years, the United States has increased its public educational costs by 160% -- from \$27 million to \$70 million. And there are currently more than 62 million Americans not counting those attending 'free schools' and 'free universities' in school; as students, teachers or administrators. Nearly one-third of our population is engaged in institutional learning.

But our schools are currently the subject of bitter criticism from many sides. The public school classroom is "intolerable, oppressive, and joyless" according to a recent Carnegie Corporation commission report, which added that "it is not the children who are disruptive, it is the formal classroom itself that is disruptive — of childhood itself."

Another study, conducted by the Center for Research and Education in American Liberties at Columbia University, concludes: "The great majority of students are angry, frustrated, increasingly alienated by school. Our schools are now educating millions of students who are not forming an allegiance to the democratic political system simply because they do not experience such a democratic system in their daily lives in school."

One of the major concerns in educational circles today is devising ways to take learning out of the classroom. There is no cosmic rule which decrees that all learning must occur within the confines of a square building with a playground around it. Many educators have come to feel that children must explore fields and ponds in order to learn biology, visit port facilities in order to learn about shipping, and climb mountains to learn about geography and the capabilities of their own bodies.

For learning is ideally a life-long process — one that begins when the child takes his first gasp of air and does not end until his last breath. If that is so, learning can occur at any time and any place. Too often, what children learn best in school is that school is the only place for learning and as a result, when they leave school, they leave learning behind. Which is a shame, for learning can be one of life's greatest joys.

So think for a bit about schools and learning and education. In future issues, we hope to bring you additional learning alternatives, such as the Sedro Woolley Environmental Education Project, the Clear Lake Free School, and reviews of Ivan Illich's and Peter Marin's forthcoming books. Learn on!

—M. Q.

Cover Photo by David Wolf

CHILDREN OF THE APOCALYPSE

by peter marin

To oppose Fascism, we need neither heavy armaments nor bureaucratic apparatuses. What we need above all is a different way of looking at life and human beings. My dear friends, without this different way of looking at life and human beings, we shall ourselves become Fascists.

—Silone

I am not really interested in "education" as a subject. What moves me more are the problems of the young. At best, questions about education should be treated topically: as a way of living with the present, of *making do*. But there is something beyond that too, a way of looking at men and women, a visionary expectation, that keeps us seeking the most human ways of making do. But the most human ways of making do these days have little to do with our rhetoric about the public schools, and we forget in the midst of it what we really owe the young.

And knowing what we owe them means knowing what is going on, and it is hard to get a fix on that. Whatever happens is shrouded in folds of propaganda and rhetoric, abstraction and fantasy. *Revolution, Repression, The Age of Aquarius, the Counter-Culture, Law and Order, The Great Society, The Death of Reason, The Psychedelic Revolution. . . . It goes on and on — a vast illusion comprised of banners and winking neon meanings that fog the frantic soup in which we swim: the mixture of innocent yearning and savagery, despair and exhilaration, the grasping for paradise lost, paradise now, the reaching for a sanity that becomes, in frustration, a new kind of madness.*

If this is not the kingdom of apocalypse, it is at least an

Peter Marin has been a fellow at the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions and director of Pacific High School. He is co-author with Dr. Allan Cohen of *Understanding Drug Use*, to be published this month by Harper and Row. This article appeared originally in the September 19, 1970 issue of *Saturday Review*.
page 4

apocalyptic condition of the soul. We want the most simple human decencies, but in our anguish we are driven to extremes to find them. We reach blindly for whatever offers solace. We yearn more than ever for some kind of human touch and seem steadily less able to provide it. We drift in our own confusion, chattering about the future: at once more free and more corrupt, more liberated and more bound, than any others on the face of the earth.

BEAUTIFUL BUT MAIMED

In the midst of it, adrift, the young more than ever seem beautiful but maimed, trying against all odds to salvage something from the mess. With daring and luck many seem to survive, and some few thrive, but too many others— more than we imagine— already seemed destined to spend their lives wrestling with something very close to psychosis. Despite all our talk, we have not adequately gauged their suffering. There is a condition of the soul that marks the dead end of the beginnings of America— a dreadful anomy in which one loses all access to others and the self: a liberation that is simultaneously the most voluptuous kind of freedom and an awful form of terror.

Merely to touch in that condition, or to see one another, or to speak honestly is to reach across an immense distance. One struggles with the remnants of a world-view so pervasive, so perverse, that everyone must doubt whether it is possible to see anything clearly, say it honestly, or enter it innocently. The tag ends of two dozen different transplanted foreign cultures have begun to die within us, have already died, and the young have been released into what is perhaps the first true "American" reality— one marked, above all, by the absence of any coherent culture.

The problem is not merely that the 'system' is brutal and corrupt, nor that the war has revealed how savage and cynical a people we are. It is, put simply, that 'social reality' seems to have vanished altogether. One finds among the young a profound and befuddled sense of loss— as if they had been traumatized and betrayed by an

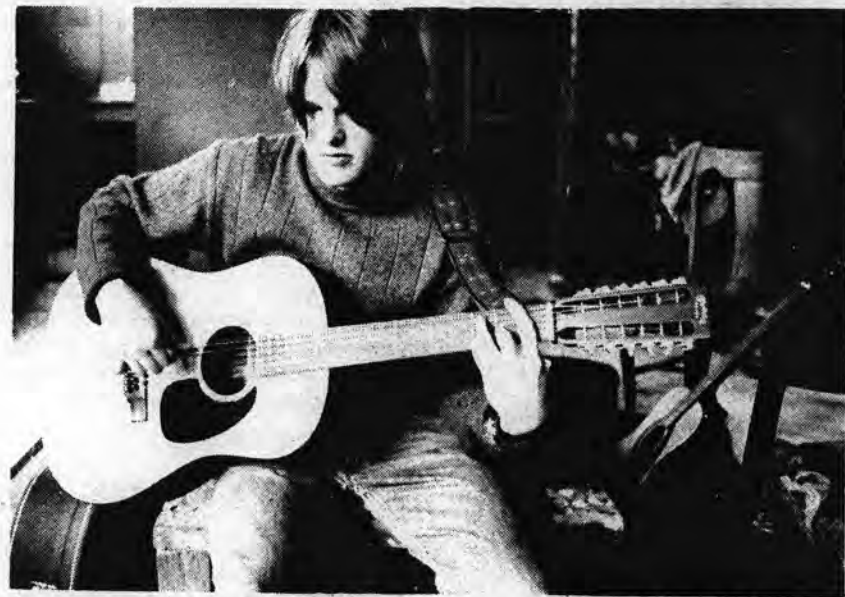
entire world. What is release and space for some is for the others a constant sense of separation and vertigo— a void in which the self can float or soar but in which one can also drift unmoored and fall; and when one falls, it is forever, for there is nothing underneath, no culture, no net of meaning, nobody else.

NOTHING MAKES MUCH SENSE

That is, of course, what we have talked about for a century: the empty existential universe of self-creation. It is a condition of the soul, an absolute loss and yearning for the world. One can become anything— but nothing makes much sense. Adults have managed to evade it, have hesitated on its edges, have clung to one another and to institutions, to beliefs in 'the system,' to law and order. But now none of that cohere, and the young seem unprotected by it all, and what we have evaded and even celebrated in metaphor has become, for a whole generation, a kind of daily emotional life.

The paradox, of course, is that the dissolution of culture has set us free to create almost anything— but it also deprived us of the abilities to do it. Strength, wholeness, and sanity seem to be functions of relation, and relation, I think, is a function of culture, part of its intricate web of approved connection and experience, a network of persons and moments that simultaneously offer us release and bind us to the lives of others. One "belongs" to and in a culture in a way that goes beyond mere politics or participation, for belonging is both simpler and more complex than that: an immersion in the substance of community and tradition, which is itself a net beneath us, a kind of element in which men seem to float, protected.

That is, I suppose, what the young have lost. Every personal truth or experience puts them at odds with the "official" version of things. There is no connection at all between inner truth and what they are expected to be; every gesture



demanding and rewarded is a kind of absolute lie, a denial of their confusion and need. The "drifting free" is the sense of distance; it is distance— not a "generation" gap, but the huge gulf between the truth of one's own pain and possibilities and the world's empty forms. Nothing supports or acknowledges them, and they are trapped in that gulf, making the best of things, making everything up as they go along.

But that is the most basic and awful task of all, for it is so lonely, so dangerous, so easily distracted

and subverted, so easily swayed. The further along one gets the more alone one is, the more fragile and worried, the deeper into the dark. It is there, of course, that one may need help from adults, but adults have no talent for that at all; we do not admit to being in the dark— how then can we be of any use?

SCHOOL AS MICROCOSM

If all this is so, what sense can one make of the public schools? They are stiff, unyielding, microcosmic versions of a world that has already disappeared. They are, after all, the state's schools, they do the state's work, and their purpose is the preservation of things as they were. Their means are the isolation of ego and deflection of energy. Their main structural function is to produce in the young a self-delusive independence— a system of false consciousness and need that actually renders them dependent on institutions and the state. Their corrosive role-playing and demand systems are so extensive, so profound, that nothing really human shows through— and when it does, it appears only as frustration, exhaustion, and anger.

That, of course, is the real outrage of the schools: their systematic corruption of the relations among persons. Where they should be comrades, allies, equals, and even lovers, the public schools make them 'teacher' and 'student'— replaceable units in a mechanistic ritual that passes on, in the name of education, an 'emotional plague,' a kind of ego and personality that has been so weakened, so often denied the experience of community or solitude, that we no longer understand quite what these things are or how to achieve them.

Whatever one's hopes or loves, each teacher is engaged daily in that same conspiracy to maim the young. But I am talking here about more than the surface stupidities of attendance requirements, grades, or curriculum. Those can be changed and updated. But what seems truly untouchable is what lies behind and

beneath them: the basic irredeemable assumptions about what is necessary, human, or good; the treatment of the person, time, choice, energy, work, community, and pleasure. It is a world-view so monolithic and murderous that it becomes a part of us even while we protest against it.

I remember returning one fall to a state college in California after a summer in the Mexican mountains. I had been with my friends, writing, walking, making love— all with a sense of freedom and quietude.

That first day back I felt as I always did on campus, like a sly, still undiscovered spy. After all, what was it all to me? I walked into my first class and began my usual pitch: They would grade themselves, read what they wanted or not at all, come to class or stay home. It was all theirs to choose— their learning, their time, their space. But they were perplexed by that. Was it some kind of trick? They began to question me, and finally one of them asked, exasperated: "But what can we do if we don't know what you want?"

It was a minimal satori. I could not speak. What ran through my mind was not only the absolute absurdity of the question but the lunacy of our whole charade: the roles we played, the place we met, the state's mazelike building, the state's gigantesque campus, and, beyond all that, what we mean by 'schooling,' how we had been possessed by it. I knew that whatever I answered would be senseless and oppressive, for no matter how I disclaimed my role, whatever I said would restore it. So I stood there instead in silence, aware that what I had taken lightly to be mad was indeed mad, and that one could never, while there, break through those roles into anything real.

THE CAMARADERIE OF LIBERATION

Well, almost never. The most human acts I have ever found in our colleges and high schools are the ones most discouraged, the surreptitious sexuality between teachers and students. Although they were almost always cramped and totally exploitive, they were at least some kind of private touch. I used to imagine that one fine afternoon the doors of all the offices would open wide with a trumpet blast, and teachers and students would emerge to dance hand in hand in total golden nakedness on the campus lawns in a paroxysm of truth.

In a sense, what I imagined then is close to what sometimes happens more realistically in the student strikes and demonstration. One finds in the participants a sense of exhilaration and release, a regained potency and a genuine transformation of feeling: the erotic camaraderie of liberation. There is an immense and immediate relief at the cessation of pretense. It is one's role, as well as the rules, which is transgressed and one somehow becomes stronger, more real — and suddenly at home.

But that doesn't happen often, and usually only in the colleges, and the young are left elsewhere and almost always to suffer in silence the most destructive effect of the schools — not their external rules and structure, but the ways in which we internalize them and falsify ourselves in order to live with them. The state creeps in and gradually occupies us; we act and think within its forms; we see through its eyes and it speaks through our mouths — and how, in that situation, can the young learn to be alive or free?

We try. We open the classroom a bit and loosen the bonds. Students use a teacher's first name, or roam the small room, or go ungraded, or choose their own texts. It is all very nice; better, of course, than nothing at all. But what has it got to do with the needs of the young? We try again. We devise new models, new programs, new plans. We innovate

and renovate, and beneath it all our schemes always contain the same vacancies, the same smells of death, as the schools. One speaks to planners, designers, teachers, and administrators; one hears about schedules and modules and curricular innovation — new systems. It is always 'materials' and 'technique,' the chronic American technological vice, the cure that murders as it saves.

THE LIVING TISSUE OF COMMUNITY

It is all so smug, so progressively right — and yet so useless, so far off the track. One knows there is something else altogether: a way of feeling, access to the soul, a way of speaking and embracing, that lies at the heart of all yearning or wisdom or real revolution. It is that, precisely, that has been left out. It is something the planners cannot remember: the living tissue of community. Without it, of course, we shrivel and die, but who can speak convincingly about that to those who have never felt it?

I remember talking to one planner about what one wants from others.

"Respect," he said. "And their utmost effort."

"But all I want," I said, "is love and a sense of humor."

His eyes lit up. "I see," he said. "You mean positive feedback."

Positive feedback. So we debauch our own sweet nature. I don't want positive feedback, nor do the young. What they need is so much more important and profound — not 'skills' but qualities of the soul; daring, warmth, wit, imagination, honesty, loyalty, grace, and resilience. But one cannot be taught those things; they cannot be programed into a machine. They seem to be learned, instead, in activity and community — in the adventurous presence of other real persons.

But there is no room in the schools for that. There is no real hope of making room there. Those who want to aid the young must find some other way to do it. Yes, I know, that is where most of the young still are. I can hear the murmurs protesting that only the demented, delinquent, or rich can go elsewhere. But that is just the point. This is the monolithic system of control that must be broken. We have wasted too much time and energy on the state's schools, and we have failed to consider or create alternatives. Now it is time to cut loose from the myth. We must realize once and for all that, given the real inner condition of the young, the state's schools are no place to try to help them.

PSYCHIC SURVIVAL

But if that is the case, my friends ask, what do you do? I have no easy answers. There are cultural conditions for which there are no solution, turnings of the soul so profound and complex that no system can absorb or contain them. How would one have 'solved' the Reformation? Or first-century Rome? One makes accommodations and adjustments, one dreams about the future and makes plans to save us all, but in spite of all that, because of it, what seems more important are the private independent acts that become more necessary every day: the ways we find as *private persons* to restore to

one another the strengths we should have now — whether to make the kind of revolution we need or to survive the repression that seems likely.

What I am talking about here is a kind of psychic survival: our ability to live decently beyond institutional limits and provide for our comrades enough help to sustain them. What saves us as men and women is always a kind of witness: the

pain save to embrace it, to heal it with warmth, with one's own two hands. One comes to believe that what each of us needs is an absolute kind of lover — not for the raw sex, but for what is sometimes beneath and intrinsic to it: a devoted open presence to perceive, acknowledge, and embrace what we are.

That is the legitimacy which comes neither from the ballot nor the gun, a potency, resilience, and



quality of our own acts and lives. This is the knowledge, of course, that institutions bribe us to forget, the need and talent for what Kropotkin called "mutual aid" — the private assumption of responsibility for others.

I remember talking one evening with a student who was arguing the need for burning things down. Her face was a stiff, resisting mask of anger and grief.

"But what else," she said, "can I do?"

I wasn't sure. "Try to get to the bottom of things. Try to see clearly what we need."

"But when I see clearly," she said, "I freak out."

"That's why we need friends," I said.

"But I have no friends."

And she began to cry. That is it precisely. How does one really survive it? There is nothing for such

courage that one can learn only by feeling at home in the world. But how can the young feel that? There are few such lovers, and the other old ways are gone. Once upon a time one had a lived relation to culture, or place, or the absolute. But God has vanished and the culture is tattered and savage and 'place' has become the raw, empty suburb or the ghetto.

What else is left? Not much. Only others: those adrift in the same dark, one's brothers and sisters, comrades and lovers — the broken isolate bits of a movable kingdom, an invisible 'community' that shares, inside, a particular fate. It is only in their eyes and arms, in their presence and affection, that one becomes real, is given back, and discovers the extent of one's being.

What we are talking about here are really acts of love, the gestures

continued on page 30



Northwest Passage Jan. 4 - 17

children and the joy of discovery

by margaret stark

Home was my early school. I recall an eager willingness on the part of the adults to allow children to make their own discoveries and rejoice with them in the resulting excitement. Education was never imposed. It was a hand in hand seeking of understanding of ourselves and the world we live in. How the conventional tools of learning were introduced I don't actually remember. I only remember the excitement as vista after vista opened up with the acquisition of new tools. I do remember wanting most terribly to learn to read before anyone undertook the training.

So I know what education can be.

What is learning?

For a baby or a very small child, there is a kind of totality about learning. It is hard to sort out the development of concepts from the acquisition of skills. A child learns through his senses, kinesthetic experience, and always through his relationships with others. He is very sensitive to his relationship with others and the acceptance, restrictiveness or freedom created by the human atmosphere around him. If he feels free, and is encouraged to explore he will do so and he will learn.

Mrs. Stark is a teacher in the Lake Washington School District. A grandmother herself, she works with both parents and children in the cooperative nursery school.
page 6

But he will learn far more if in addition to freedom he has around him open, honest and excited people, who care about him. It is a lucky child whose teacher is aware of the learning potentials in his environment and is sensitively attentive to the reactions of the child. There are times to enrich the environment by a bringing in or a going forth, but not so overwhelmingly that what is experienced cannot be explored in depth.

"I'm playing with a pretend sewing machine," said a four year old in a nursery school.

"What is pretend?" asked the teacher.

"When you can't see it, it's pretend."

"Yes, but I can see the sewing machine. How else is it pretend?"

An exploration of pretend and real is a profound consideration for a four year old who is genuinely not sure of the border line. How many of his elders have established the difference? The teacher did not presume to answer for him, she just led him to think more about it.

THE TEACHER AS LEARNER

The teacher must be forever learning from the pupil, endlessly seeking feedback in order to retain his skill in opening doors, for children are so different from each other. We can extend knowledge only when the child can receive it.

I tried playing a game with two five-year-olds. It was a game with numbered spaces. The players drew cards telling them how many spaces to move. Both children could read the numbers and one of them moved ahead happily whenever he drew a card. The other one always went back to the beginning so that his card read the same number as the space he landed on. I tried to explain to him how he could count the spaces instead of matching the number, but it was only when he finally recognized that his opponent was moving ahead and he wasn't, that he was ready to understand that there was a different way to do it. Then he really did understand and was so overjoyed at this new way of doing things he didn't even mind that the other child won the game. He was rich in his new concept -- but, and this is important -- he couldn't be told that concept until something in his own mind clicked first.

THE SATURATION APPROACH

Sometimes I set the stage for concept development by what I call the "saturate the environment" approach. Somebody balanced a graham cracker on the stem of a pumpkin one day. By the end of the week we had filled the schoolroom with balance scales, beams, teeter totters and a bongo board. Most everyone was balancing something or other at some time. But if no one had bothered it wouldn't have mattered. They would have been learning something else they were interested in. The trick is for the teacher to follow the cues the children give.

One teacher started out to do an evaporation demonstration one day. Somehow the conversation got off to what made the water hot and if you could light water with a match. The teacher was alive enough to say "Let's try it." They did. Then a child raised the question as to whether the match would go out in cold water as well as hot water. This was tried and the discussion and experiment went on as to what other things put out fire. What had started out as a demonstration changed to a genuine experiment.

This kind of learning needs no classroom. The best learning often takes place out of doors where there is no need to remember rules and there is room enough for everybody and loud noises. A memorable morning of my childhood came about when my cousin, who happened to be our teacher at the time, decided that a melting pond across the road had more to offer than the class room. Six of us,

ranging in age from six to thirteen, donned hip boots, took toy boats, and literally immersed in our learning environment we found out about wind, water, ice, floatation and the interaction of the forces of nature, each child on his own level.

PLAYING IS LEARNING

Better yet are the natural materials children find for themselves. Mud puddles are endlessly fascinating, piles of dirt and brush or leaf piles. Children will play for hours or days with such material, exploring, manipulating, dramatizing, setting up their own hierarchies and developing a teamwork that try as I might, I have never been able to set the stage for.

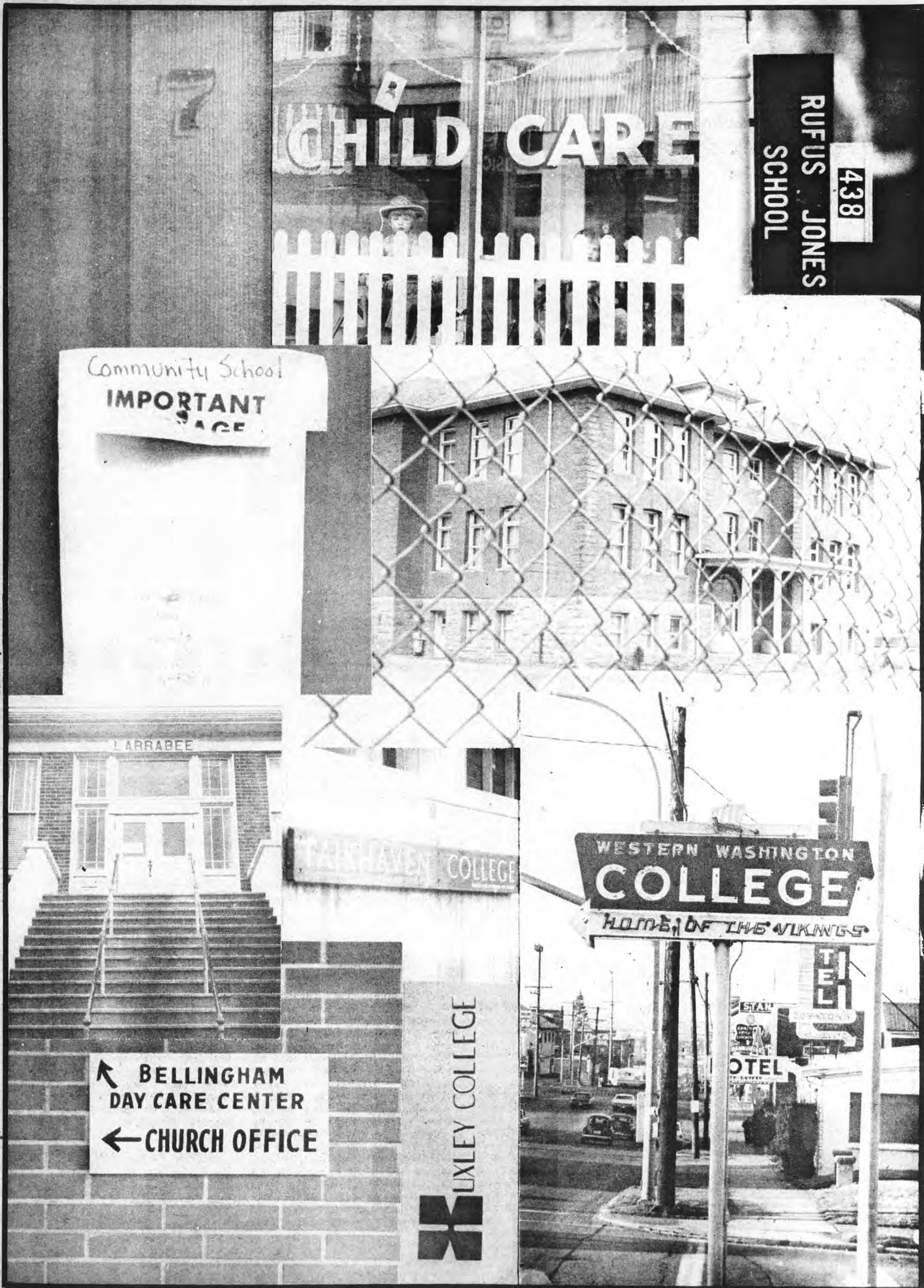
The above is play, necessary and rich play for fostering Man's creative spirit. But children also love work, real, meaningful, relevant work. In one small school I went to when I was eleven, a classmate and I not only cooked lunch for the rest, but grocery shopped for it as well.

Children will learn unless the joy of it is killed by regimentation, restrictiveness or overdirection. The holy task of the teacher, and that means any adult who is with the child, is to keep the excitement of learning alive. The will to live goes hand in hand with the will to learn and man has never needed that will more than he does now.

Photos by David Wolf

CH
for
call
ment"
d a
of a
f the
room
eeter
Most
g or
had
ered.
ning
d in.
llow
o an
day.
ff to
you
The
Let's
aised
atch
ell as
the
on as
What
ition
no
ften
re is
re is
oud
my
my
our
at a
nore
f us,
Y
een,
and
ning
ind,
the
ure,
als
ud
les
en
ch
ng,
vn
rk
en
nd
ve
al,
ne
as
ly
ry
of
n,
ne
at
d,
ng
nd
as
ne

Photos by David Wolf



CHILD CARE

RUFUS JONES
SCHOOL

438

Community School
IMPORTANT
PAGE

LARRABEE

LUXLEY COLLEGE

← BELLINGHAM
DAY CARE CENTER
← CHURCH OFFICE

LUXLEY COLLEGE

WESTERN WASHINGTON
COLLEGE
HOME OF THE VIKINGS

HOTEL

HUXLEY COLLEGE

THE UNCERTAIN

VENTURE



Northwest Passage Jan. 4 - 17

by mary kay becker

It's Huxley College of Environmental Sciences. It was thought up back in pre-crusade 1966 by a group of administrators and faculty at Western, and was one of the first of its kind in the nation.

From the outside the objective seems clear enough: train people to save us.

And indeed, in the first quarter of operation Huxley's first sixty students have been exposed to an array of rescuing forces. The faculty brings to bear on all different technical facets of environmental concern: there are biologists, ecologists, planners and engineers; there are courses on economics, law, air pollution and nutrition. Class formats also vary from the formal lecture to the small seminar to the independent project.

Still, it seems that something is missing — some quirk or emphasis in the underlying philosophy — and that the eventual success of Western's second cluster college will depend on whether that something can be defined and implanted.

Right now Huxley is new. Two old buildings house, tentatively, the offices and lounge. Classes are held in miscellaneous locations like Fairhaven and Bond Hall. So there is a sense of ambiguity about Huxley's location, and in talking to faculty and students I found a similar sense of ambiguity about its goals. This is not to say that everyone should be doing the same thing — Huxley already has, as one faculty member put it, an atmosphere derived from the mixture of approaches. It's more a problem of balance. I can express it by asking three questions.

POLITICS VS. TECHNOLOGY

The first is, how important is technical knowledge? Obviously we are never going to solve environmental problems by having everyone go off half-cocked to make changes. That's what's been wrong: natural systems carelessly altered with no thought to the consequences. At Huxley, a number of students without basic scientific backgrounds are finding themselves handicapped as they get into the problems, and are returning to Western to pick up basic skills in math, chemistry, etc.

But on another level, scientific knowledge is not enough. Once you know what's wrong, you must get it across to a public whose whole way of life is based on a spiral of damage. And to do this you must be

able to explain to them how their day-to-day life will be altered by the changes you envision. You must have a new philosophy ready to replace worship of progress and convenience. On one hand there is the overwhelming necessity for change. On the other is the overwhelming intricacy of the natural, social and human value systems which must be understood if we want to do more than tinker around. Intricacy of systems is what academia has always dealt with, and feels most comfortable with. The ability to bring about change is harder to reach.

In a paper on the Ross Dam controversy, Huxley student Joe Cox concluded that environmentalists have two choices when it comes to making the changes that are so badly needed. (1) We tailor our education and backgrounds to meet the demands of a job in environmental politics, or (2) we somehow persuade the populace to keep their noses out and leave the decision-making to the environmental experts. There you have it. Huxley must train politicians as well as experts, or else forfeit the democratic ideal.

EDUCATION FOR WHAT?

A second question is: what occupations will Huxley students have when they get out? "Environmental scientist" or "environmental planner" already has a nice expensive ring to it. Every industry will have to have one. It's a booming field, and an obvious source of income for Huxley grads, and I would not be one to call this necessarily a sell-out. In talking to Western's Dean of Research, Herbert Taylor, I raised this question. He responded that Huxley training might well be of utility to industry, but "the dream that we can get rid of all industry — and have civilization survive — is quite unrealistic."

True, and yet not all Huxley students are eager to become "pollution controllers." Said one student, "That's the traditional route, and it's the easy way out. Take a high-paying job monitoring industrial waste, or designing a way to collect mercury, then go home to the suburbs in your car. That's fitting right in to the industrial society. It's the technocratic answer: technology got us into this mess; new technological marvels will get us out. I think it will take big social changes to get us out. Huxley ought to be training people for the type of jobs that don't

necessarily exist now; for instance, we need people who know how to preach the unpopular message of lowering the standard of living. We ought to be committing ourselves to less costly lifestyles. So I'd like to see a greater emphasis here on communications and media and public education."

Huxley does have a program in environmental education, which so far is limited in extent to a pilot program in Sedro Wooley schools. In John Miles' concept, laboratory scientific probing takes a back seat to the naturalist approach of being and living and observing in natural habitats. Which brings me to my third question regarding the Huxley focus:

A 'GENTLE' SCIENCE

What is science? Basically it's a method of finding out about the natural universe, ourselves included. We have used it as a tool to subdue our environment and to separate ourselves from it. "Technology," said Max Frisch, "is the knack of so arranging the world that we don't have to experience it." But science and technology are not synonymous; science is not a magic show; it can be the touchstone of a worldview that emphasizes how we fit into the natural world, not how to exploit it. Perhaps among its faculty Huxley needs more scientist-humanists like Ryan Drum (now teaching at Fairhaven) who, among other things, is trying to discover "gentle" ways of studying algae which do not involve scraping them off rocks and embalming them on slides.

Bert Webber, a biologist on Huxley's faculty who is working on a brochure for the college, found appropriate words not from scientist Thomas Huxley (for whom the college was named) but from his grandson Julian: "Sooner rather than later we will be forced to get away from a system based on artificially increasing the number of human wants, and set about constructing one aimed at the qualitative satisfaction of real human needs, spiritual and mental as well as material anphysiological."

The brochure will list three objectives for Huxley: "To have concerned students obtain the information essential to making responsible decisions and predictions concerning environmental problems; to identify alternative options open to our society, and to define the common elements of the kind of life to which our society aspire; and to provide, in certain areas, intensive instruction that may be incorporated into the student's vocational plans." The second objective is the one which so far is most in need of development.

The Huxley structure is by no means too rigid to accommodate changes. College affairs are handled informally by student-faculty committees. The faculty is generous with time and willing to experiment. Teaching methods have been imaginative. For instance, one option for the midterm in Jim Newman's course on "ecological awareness" was to go out and sit down in a field, describe and relate the different ecological concepts, and then compare it with a woods.

Evaluations of Huxley's program have been sought to the point where students got sick of writing them. Some are complaining of an overemphasis on grades and credits. Some were displeased with the first quarter's course offerings, which were mostly general surveys.

INDEPENDENT STUDY

Opportunities for independent study are great — much greater, in fact, than students know how to take advantage of. It appears that one of the problems hovering in the background is the grade-oriented school system which has not prepared students to work on their own. In the view of one faculty member, students give a lot of lip service to independent study and community involvement, but still wait for direction and pushing from the formal courses they profess to dislike.

Indeed, if Huxley fails to contribute to social change, it would not be for want of lip service. Activism is supposedly built in through the name of Thomas Huxley, a scientist who was known as "Darwin's bulldog" for his fervor in expounding evolution. The curriculum is to some extent project-oriented. At present students who are signed up for the yearly six-credit problem series are coming up with design proposals for landscaping Fairhaven College and for reviving the Whatcom Creek Waterway in downtown Bellingham. One group is working on a handbook about the home as an

eco-system, with suggestions on how to eliminate waste in the household routine. Credit is offered for writing articles for the Northwest Passage on local environmental problems, a possibility we eagerly await.

So when I asked if Huxley students were encouraged to get involved in changing the local scene — G.P., Bellingham transit, etc. — yes, of course, said virtually everyone I talked to, as long as any stand taken is based on sound scientific knowledge. "Thomas Huxley was not afraid of outraging public opinion," said Dean Taylor.

RESEARCH CONTRACTS

There is, however, one qualifier to Huxley activism, which is all tied up in the question of research contracts. From all evidence a graduate program is only a couple of years away. Already there are rumblings about the ethics of accepting contracts from industry. Should they be accepted? If so, under what conditions?

Huxley's position in regard to environmental research could be compared to the position of universities in regard to military research. A war is going on. One side is heavily financed, colonial, and reliant on technology. The other side is sustained more by a sort of idealism about the quality of life; their cause is protection of a ravaged homeland. Both sides would like to recruit the university. Industry would enlist researchers to justify the industrial society, expand technology, and supply a stream of "experts" who have access to "information" and therefore, like the generals, should be ones to make the decisions. The naturalist side would have the university refuse absolutely to co-operate with industry, in any shape or form.

Unhappily for clear-cut moral principles, the analogy is not totally sound. For one thing, defense contracts are often classified. Huxley contracts would not be. For another, we know we can live without weapons of war, but we are not sure can live without the products of industry.

In explaining some of the considerations that will go in to the Huxley policy on research, Dr. Webber said that some types of contracts would be rejected outright. Example: a housing development which might want to involve Huxley for publicity purposes.

A contract for real and independent research, however, could contribute two valuable things to Huxley; money and information. To cite an example: suppose Intalco contracted with Huxley to study its effluent in relation to the ecology of the Bay. This means income and experience for students, and facts which are available through no other means. To Intalco, the information would also be valuable; and another advantage in having an independent "audit" of its effluent is so that no one could accuse it in future years of being responsible for some new horror.

Now it is not likely that Intalco would contract with Huxley if Huxley personnel had already stated in public that Intalco was a pimple on the face of the earth or had otherwise made unscientific statements about Intalco. Moreover, this would run counter to scientific method's basic tenet: Don't Prejudice Your Findings. And so, until Huxley has established an image as a reliable researcher, or until all the facts are in on one topic or another, there will be no overt choosing of sides.

"We would like to see co-operation among all interest groups," Webber said. "Yes, there's a risk involved: maybe industry will not co-operate — but there's a greater risk of polarization if we try to do things without them."

In any case, he said, the contracts would have to contain a condition that there would be a terminal report and that it would be public. Also, any valid and complete information uncovered in the process of the study could be printed in scientific journals.

None of this has been worked out firmly as yet. It's far too early to assign a value to Huxley College as an educational institution. With such undeniably important work at hand it will be of interest to everyone to see Huxley eventually define itself

Like many intelligent men, Stone took a rather suspicious attitude toward his own brain, which he saw as a precise and skilled but temperamental machine. He was never surprised when the machine failed to perform, though he feared those moments, and hated them. In his blackest hours, Stone doubted the utility of all thought, and all intelligence. There were times when he envied the laboratory rats he worked with; their brains were so simple. Certainly they did not have the intelligence to destroy themselves; that was a peculiar invention of man.

He often argued that human intelligence was more trouble than it was worth. It was more destructive than creative, more confusing than revealing, more discouraging than satisfying, more spiteful than charitable.

There were times when he saw man, with his giant brain, as equivalent to dinosaurs. Every schoolboy knew that dinosaurs had outgrown themselves, had become too large and ponderous to be viable. No one ever thought to consider whether the human brain, the most complex structure in the known universe, making fantastic demands on the human body in terms of nourishment and blood, was not analagous. Perhaps the human brain had become a kind of dinosaur for man and perhaps, in the end, would prove his downfall.

Already, the brain consumed one quarter of the body's blood supply. A fourth of all blood pumped from the heart went to the brain, an organ accounting for only a small percentage of body mass. If brains grew larger, and better, then perhaps they would consume more — perhaps so much that, like an infection, they would overrun their hosts and kill the bodies that transported them.

Or perhaps, in their infinite cleverness, they would find a way to destroy themselves and each other. There were times when, as he sat at State Department or Defense Department meetings, and looked around the table, he saw nothing more than a dozen gray, convoluted brains sitting on the table. No flesh and blood, no hands, no eyes, no fingers. No mouths, no sex organs — all these were superfluous.

Just brains. Sitting around, trying to decide how to outwit other brains, at other conference tables.

Idiotic.

—Michael Crichton
The Andromeda Strain

Seattle Public Schools Seek 'Alternative Approach'

The free school movement finally seems to be making itself felt within the public school system, at least in Seattle. Superintendent Forbes Bottomly recently announced "the formation of a planning group to create an alternative approach to high school education."

The planning committee consists of 26 student members and 14 adult members (ranging from engineers to a representative of the Seattle Opera Association). They are currently working together to research, plan, and organize the new alternative program. Each of the students has an individual arrangement with his high school, allowing him to meet academic requirements while he works full time on the project.

As planned now, the 'alternative school' will consider the entire city as its classroom in order to provide resources for a variety of educational needs which some students feel are not being met by present public school programs. "The prime responsibility of public education is to meet the changing requirements of the community," Bottomly said. "This project is designed toward that end."

The planning committee will present its final proposal to the Seattle School Board about the end of January. Stay tuned for the exciting details on this new scheme for freedom within the system.



The following list of books was compiled by the staff on a purely subjective basis. It is by no means inclusive and simply includes those that we have found to be most exciting and thought-provoking on the subject of schools, children and learning.

- George Leonard, *Education and Ecstasy*
 Carl Rogers, *Freedom to Learn*
 John Holt, *The Underachieving School*
 How Children Learn
 How Children Fail
 What Shall We Do Monday?
 Postman & Weingartner, *Teaching as a Subversive Activity*
 Herbert Kohl, *36 Children*
 Krishnamurti, *Education & the Significance of Life*
 A. S. Neill, *Summerhill*
 Freedom
 James Herndon, *The Way It Spozed To Be*
 Jonathan Kozol, *Death at an Early Age*
 Paul Goodman, *Growing Up Absurd*
 Jerome Bruner, *Toward a Theory of Instruction*
 On Knowing
 Gilbert Highet, *The Art of Teaching*
 George Dennison, *The Lives of Children*
 Sylvia Ashton-Warner, *Teacher*
 Spinster
 Elwyn Richardson, *In the Early World*
 John & Evelyn Dewey, *Schools of Tomorrow*
 Callegno, *What we Owe Our Children*
 Silverman, *Crisis in the Classroom*
 Nat Hentoff, *'Mind Altering Drugs in the Classroom,'*
 Evergreen Review, December 1970.

"Look, you don't discover who you are. Other people discover who you are, and you discover who they are. I don't know where this vocabulary comes from. You see it all the time in proposals for free schools, 'creating a climate of freedom so you can discover who you are.' Did you ever meet someone who has discovered who he is? It happens occasionally. They'll sit down beside you and tell you in a very sincere voice who they really are. And you see immediately that most of what they say is utterly false. You see, too, that perhaps what they're talking about, to some small extent is the future. When someone says, 'I want to know who I am,' what he really means is that he hasn't found the activities, the friends and the loyalties that he can give himself to. These are not inside the self. They're all outside. And when you find them, you don't feel that you've discovered your self, you feel that you've discovered friends, activities, loyalties. This is what a free school should facilitate—the going out, not the turning in."— George Dennison in a conversation with free school teachers.

"Most learning is not the result of instruction. It is rather the result of unhampered participation in a meaningful setting. Most people learn best by being 'with it,' yet school makes them identify their personal, cognitive growth with elaborate planning and manipulation."— Ivan Illich, in "Schooling: The Ritual of Progress," *The New York Review of Books*, Dec. 3, 1970.

"As long as we operate by a linear standard (bright, average, slow, or whatever) the system would, by definition, have to fail at least some kids. Every race has a loser. Failure is structured into the American system of public education. Losers are essential to the success of the winners."— Peter Schrag in "End of the Impossible Dream," *Saturday Review*, September 19, 1970.

"Those who are high up in the existing order are driven to compete by fear and contempt for those below; those lower down are driven by envy of those above. School is a means to an end: the child must better himself, or consolidate an established position. Only a tiny minority thinks of education as a means by which individuals are given human interests and values so that they can fit together into the total jigsaw of society; for most of us education is an instrument of war, a weapon by which the individual beats down his competitors and defends himself against adversity. . . The more 'successful' your education, the more likely you are to feel alone, because the process of segregation has been more complete."— Edmund Leach, British anthropologist, quoted by Nat Hentoff in "The Schools We Want," *Saturday Review*, September 19, 1970.

Other useful publications include the following:

EDCENTRIC
 Center for Educational Reform
 2115 'S' Street N.W.
 Washington, D. C. 20008

Vocations for Social Change
 Canyon, CA 94516

New Schools Exchange Newsletter
 301 East Canon Perdido
 Santa Barbara, CA 93101

The Teacher Drop-out Center
 P. O. Box 521
 Amherst, Mass. 01002
 provides information for disillusioned teachers on free, community, and innovative Schools.

Raspberry Exercises (or how to start your own school and write a book)
 Freestone Publishing Company
 (available thru New Schools Exchange)

The following is a list of alternative schools in the Bellingham area. Feel free to contact any of them for information and illumination.

Saturna Island Free School
 Saturna Island,
 British Columbia
 British Columbia

Rufus Jones School
 438 21st Street
 Bellingham

The Community School
 1000 Harris Avenue
 Bellingham

Summerhill School
 c/o A. S. Neill
 Leiston, Suffolk
 England

The Cooperative School
 c/o John Dancy
 Bellingham

Clear Lake Free School
 c/o Claude Allen
 Route 3, Box 360
 Sedro Woolley

Children's Home Community School
 1238 Crest Drive
 Eugene, Oregon

Community Free School of Seattle
 Route 3, Box 746
 Monroe, Wash. 98272

Rufus Jones School: 'A Natural Process'

(Howard L. Harris teaches in the Sociology-Anthropology Department of WWSC and is co-founder of the Rufus Jones School.)

by howard l. harris

Education is viewed as a natural process at the Rufus Jones School—the constant imitation and learning by which the baby incorporates the patterns of perception, thought and behavior of his culture. Education need not be motivated by others. Every child has a burning desire to become a self-respecting adult. In order to do this he inevitably incorporates within his growing self the ways of perceiving and thinking, the interests and skills, the attitudes and values, the respect for or disregard of others, the aggressiveness or gentleness, the self-discipline or lack of it that he experiences in and from the individuals that mean most to him in his daily life. All that adults can do is to provide the setting in which the needed and desirable cultural elements are present, and to either facilitate or retard the learning process.

SELF-DIRECTED ACTIVITY

Learning is facilitated when the child is engaged in self-motivated and self-directed activity in a non-threatening situation in which adults who have developed cooperative relationships among themselves and rapport with the child are enthusiastically engaging in a variety of activities. It is retarded when the child is forced into threatening situations, where the possibility of failure exists, and when he is required to follow meaningless and boring routines in preparation for some alleged future need which he does not feel nor desire at the time. It is most severely retarded when the child's feelings are not respected, when he is shamed, ridiculed, humiliated, punished, or in any way made to feel inadequate. The child who is punished learns that it is good to hurt people who are defenseless if you can maintain a self-righteous attitude while doing it. Few of us who were punished ever unlearn the lesson.

Rufus Jones School is designed to create for the child a cooperative, creative setting. A wide variety of arts, crafts, and areas for exploration are available. The faculty and staff are chosen most carefully so that the child will be surrounded by people who are self-disciplined, cooperative, enthusiastic, loving individuals, with enough inner security to absorb the hostilities of others without being

retaliative, to guide children into cooperative relationships without being punitive.

LEARNING PATTERNS

At Rufus Jones School learning may or may not follow somewhat traditionally structured patterns. No one is required to follow them, but both children and adults often find them the most satisfactory way to work together when they are free from outer pressures. Activities may at times appear confusing, though usually one can perceive the inner order of satisfaction and growth through the confusion. Life, whatever shape its outer activities may take, is always disciplined in the deepest and most meaningful sense of that term—the constant attention to the feelings and needs of others. In this sense Rufus Jones School is not a "free school" where everyone "does his own thing." It is a religious school where reverence for life and respect for persons are the most obvious outward aspects of reverence for God, and where a relationship with the spiritual dimension on a personal basis is assumed to be the natural state of man and the privilege of each individual, whether the manner of his perception and expression be Quaker, Catholic, Jewish, Bahá'í, Buddhist, or any other.

This kind of personalized education is expensive, and it is possible at Rufus Jones School only because of the generous giving of time and effort by many persons through the years. Tuition is set at \$1000 a year for each child, which is about what it actually costs. In practice, however, no one who really fits into the spirit of the school is turned away because of lack of money. Through the generosity of those who serve without pay, and through doing without items which would enrich the program, all have been cared for. Gifts from those who can contribute, both from within and without the group of school participants have in the past and will continue in the future to make possible this pilot project in what education can be like. To one who remembers the bewilderment and hostility with which these ideas were received a decade ago, it is most gratifying to experience the present widespread acceptance and approval, and to see several public schools in the state established on an almost identical pattern.

MEXICAN POTTERY CLOTHING 1300 BAY ST. 11AM-9PM MON-SAT.

PINATA

PILLOW POWER

Pillow Furniture Custom Designed to your comfort, choose from 100's most Luxurious Fabrics

616 PIKE ST. Downtown Seattle MA3-7588

WESTERN WASHINGTON STATE COLLEGE ART FILM SERIES presents

Jean Cocteau's **ORPHEUS** Akira Kurosawa's **STRAY DOG**

JAN 8 7:00 & 9:15pm in L-4 Jan 15 7:00 & 9:15pm in L-4

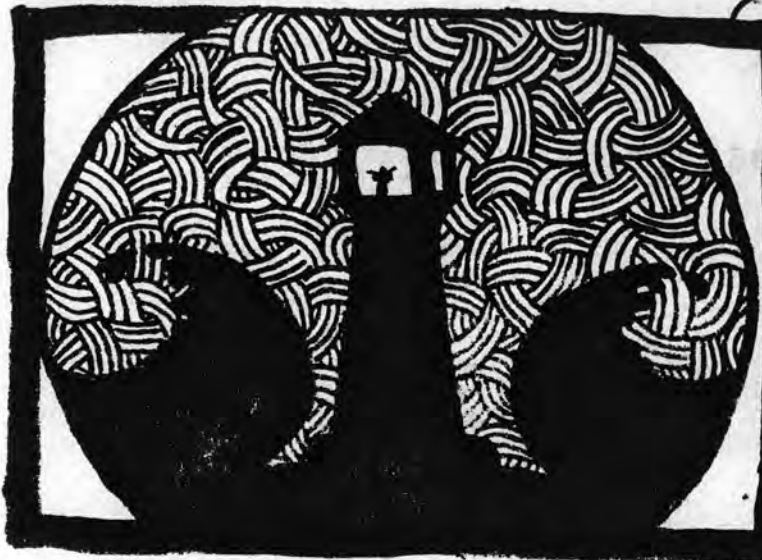
Students 75¢ General \$1.25

FRESH AIR

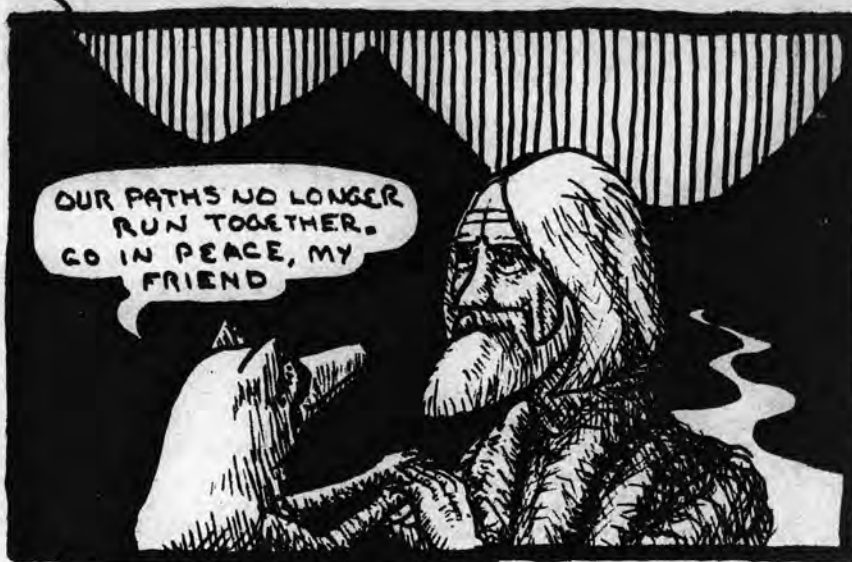
WE HAVE YOUR HEAD IN MIND

POSTERS LEATHER GOODS EARRINGS PIPES
CANDLES CLOTHES PILLOWS OILS PAINTS CARDS
PAPERS INCENSE CLIPS BELLINGHAM 1305 STATE

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



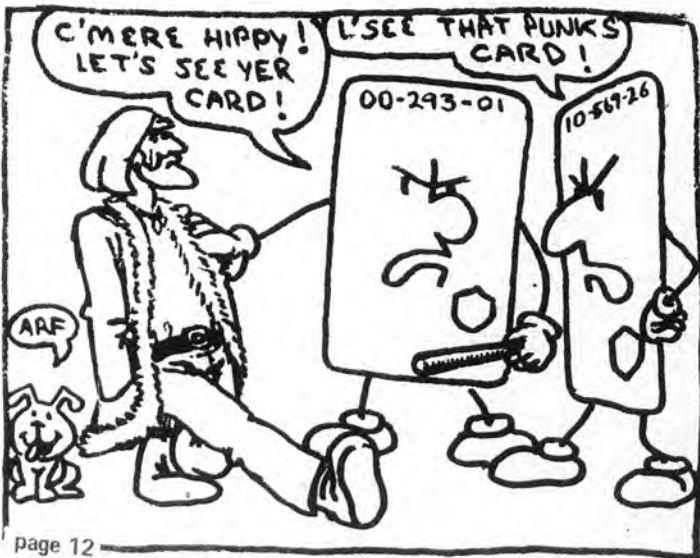
AFTER THEY LEFT THE TORRACOON, HERO'S MIND WAS FILLED WITH WHAT HE HAD HEARD. HE GAVE NO THOUGHT TO THE WAY THEY WENT BEING CONTENT TO FOLLOW HIS FRIEND... WHEN THEY WERE BUT A DAYS MARCH FROM A LARGE CITY THE RACCOON TOLD HIM THAT THE TIME HAD COME FOR THEIR PARTING...



HERO SAW MANY THINGS LIKE THESE, AND THE SORROW OF THEM MIGHT SOON HAVE OVERCOME HIM, BUT HE SAW OTHER THINGS: HE SAW GRASS GROWING THROUGH CRACKS IN THE SIDE WALKS, CROWS FEASTING ON NEW SEEDED LAWNS, HORNETS NESTING IN OLD HOUSES, TREE ROOTS BREAKING CONCRETE AND ASPHALT. HE KNEW THIS MEANT THAT THE PLANTS WERE STILL ALIVE, SWALLOWING THE CITY TO MAKE A HOME FOR THE LIVING, BUT HE THOUGHT IT SAID SOMETHING MORE - SOMETHING DEEPER, BUT HE DID NOT KNOW WHAT YET.



SOON HE WOULD HAVE LEFT THE CITY ANYWAY, STILL, ONE DAY AS HE WAS WALKING...



Bushwacker's Do-It-Yourself Education and Fun Kit

Dear Gentle Reader,

You enjoy (I'm sure) reading articles in the *Passage* which tell you all about pollution, ecology, environment, population problems and the good life in general. And we on the *Passage* certainly enjoy writing for you. After all, we are so qualified!

But this issue of the *Passage* is an education issue, and this article, hopefully, will give you some ideas for articles you can write (for the *Passage*, of course). In this manner you can research, learn, write, get published and educate us teeming masses, thereby making your life worthwhile.

Of course, into each article appearing in our noteworthy publication goes innumerable hours of research and study. So we have endeavored to supply you with sufficient information on each article idea to get you started in your research.

These story ideas are simply that. We know a few facts, have heard a few reports and can see that a lot of work would be involved in getting a full story. (Work, of course, is good for you). We think these potential stories are important, and we (one or more of us) will probably soon get it on and dig into one or more of these ideas ourselves. But you, (a. fearless; b. gentle; c. aggressive; d. forthright; e. combination of the preceding; f. other) reader, can scoop us. You can take an embryonic idea and, through diligent effort, write an article and have it published in the *Passage*.

And God (if there be a god), do we wish you would scoop us, 'cause it's a lot of work for us literary types to keep you informed on our environmental problems. So read our ideas, pick one that interests you, and get it on. Good luck.

John Servais
Bushwacker-in-Residence
Fairhaven College

I COOL, CLEAR WATER

Ugly Georgia-Pacific pours poisons into Bellingham's air and water through a dozen or more pipes. We look at those pipes every day and shudder — hoping something too potent isn't coming out any of them — hoping the government agencies are getting it on regulating G-P's discharges.

One pipe may be being missed, however. It pours what we think are very strong sulfite liquors into the Bay. G-P even has water sprayers placed above the outflow, spraying the area in order to keep down foaming. Local commercial fishermen know they can clean the hulls of their boats of barnacles and marine growth by simply motoring over near this pipe and letting their boats sit for twenty minutes. Barnacles, grass and all drop off. Strong stuff, whatever it is. The pipe empties into the Whatcom Waterway straight across the channel from Chrysler Pete's Marine Engine Repair Shop.

To collect a bottle of this strong discharge should be easy, but to get it analysed by a chemist may be very difficult, and expensive. Only the most sophisticated and expensive analysing equipment is not contaminated by sulphides when giving an analysis.

This pipe may also be pouring out some of that well-known mercury.

II MERCURY RE-RUN

In September of 1969, the *Passage* revealed Georgia-Pacific was losing about 36 pounds of mercury a day into the air and Bay. In early summer of 1970, the Government brought suit against G-P, charging that 41.5 pounds per day were being released. Subsequently, G-P claimed it had reduced emission to 5 ppd, although they never said what the pre-reduction rate was. G-P says it plans to reduce the amount lost still further, and the federal government has dropped its suit against them. Now, here's the problem.

Workers at G-P have said the mercury is still being lost at the old rate (over 30 ppd) but that it is coming out of another pipe now and thus

escapes detection by pollution-checking teams.

If you can scrape up \$10,000, you can buy a spectro...and start collecting samples from different pipes. You need a boat. And one pipe empties onto the floor of the Bay a quarter-mile out (the better for the tides and currents to carry poisons out to the ocean). Use of the spectro...is the only way a chemist can check for mercury in water. Sorry, WWSC doesn't have one.

III COPPER VS. WILDERNESS

Remember Miners' Ridge? It's in the North Cascades near Glacier Peak. There is copper in it. Not much, but enough to give a profit.

However, conservationists fought to save the ridge — and won. (If mined, the ridge would have disappeared and been replaced by a scar.)

Now, the Duval Corporation of Vancouver, a mining exploration company, has found copper in another ridge — a little south of Miners'. This one is more profitable to mine. Of course, this is all a corporate secret, and you won't know anything til it is too late to stop them.

Suggestions for finding out more: call state and federal officials responsible for land use. Write Duval and ask what's up. Find out what legal steps the company has to go through before it can exploit our scenic Northwest.

IV CASE OF THE CRUMBLING COWS

Perhaps more difficult: find out about Intalco's (or, rather, our) fluoride pollution problem. [Intalco=International Aluminum Company, French owned, with one of the world's largest aluminum reduction plants in the world just north of Bellingham (brought here by cheap electricity).] Intalco doesn't talk. But fluoride compounds go into the air, then into the plants, then (and most obviously) into the cattle, deforming their bones.

However, the scientists have not yet studied this chain of tragedy enough to know exactly what is happening.

Huxley College (a cluster college of

WWSC, devoted to solving environmental problems) is studying the effects of fluorides on living organisms.

A research scientist at Huxley was planning to write an article for the *Passage*, telling the story of fluorides — what we know, what the problems are — but since then Intalco has offered to foot the bill for research into fluorides (they are curious as to how much they are deforming living things in the area) with no strings attached...and suddenly the Dean of Huxley doesn't want any publicity on the fluoride problem.

But you, Gentle Reader, can do some research of your own. Intalco owns its own herd of cattle and pastures it near the plant. Simply go hike through the pasture and walk up to the cattle. (Be careful not to breathe too deeply.) They won't run too much 'cause their joints hurt. Look at their legs — they are gruesomely curved inward in an unnatural way. Better yet, get a vet. He may be better able to identify the defects in these cattle.

V WHATCOM INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

What industries own land around Bellingham? We know ARCO quietly bought its land and we the public only found out after all the land was safely in ARCO's hands. But what other industries have interests in the land north of Bellingham? What companies now own land there? We think STANDARD OIL also owns a good hunk of land. What are their plans?

A story on this would be interesting to us all. Research for it is time-consuming, but easy. The County Court House has records of who owns what land. Many hours of studying land ownership books is necessary.

Just why are industries interested in these farms north of Bellingham? Well, you might call the Whatcom County Development Council at 733-8221 or visit them at their office down at the boat harbor and ask them why they think industries should locate on good farm land. They helped ARCO and are helping other companies now.

Let's look at the general picture. It starts in Alaska where oil is piped from

the North Slope, south to Valdez. Supertankers will carry it to Bellingham. Huge refineries here produce useable petroleum which are piped through the Cascades to the midwest markets and south to California.

Along with the refineries, petro-chemical industries will be built, till the whole area from Bellingham to the Canadian border is an industrial jungle resembling present-day northern New Jersey.

VI INTALCO'S GREEN PIPE

Intalco has a green pipe that runs out its dock and into the Strait of Georgia, where it dumps its liquid into the water.

The pipe must be replaced every six months or so because it keeps corroding — falling apart. This would seem to indicate that a highly corrosive liquid, such as a fluoride, is being pumped into the water. What is in this waste and what are its effects on marine life? It's about time somebody found out what's going on at Intalco.

Jacques Cousteau has named Georgia Strait as one of the richest areas of the oceans in marine life. That life, however, is being very rapidly destroyed by pollution. Cousteau estimates that 40% of the marine life here has been destroyed in the past twenty years. Are we all going to wait another twenty years to check that pipe?

Anyone with a boat and a polyethylene bottle can go collect a couple of samples from the pipe and have them analysed. One word of caution: don't get it on your hands. If it contains fluorides it can be very corrosive to epithelial (that's your skin) tissue.

FREE

Free in my thoughts
Free in my mind
Free of all man kind

By Stacia Snapp
Copied by Lea Queen

FRANZ GABL'S SKI SHOP

1515 Cornwall, Bellingham open eve 'till nine

CROSS COUNTRY TOURING SKI PACKET

Bonna skis (Norway).....	\$28.50
Poles.....	4.95
Bindings.....	9.00
Mountings.....	5.00
total.....	\$57.50
package price.....	\$39.95

Lake placid boot (Norway) reg. \$21.00
or \$18 with package

We have the largest selection of used equipment in the Northwest. We rent- skis(all types)- boots- poles- snow shoes by day, week, or season

Mention the NORTHWEST PASSAGE, it identifies you.

KING OF CHARLIE MANSON'S WORLD

Charles Manson's testimony appeared originally in an issue of the Los Angeles Free Press.



We learn also from Charles Manson. We learn of one man's response to the world in which he lives. We hear him on November 20, 1970 in a Los Angeles courtroom, talking about his life, his visions, his reflections. We may never have a chance to live in Charlie's world, but it is nonetheless real. It may not be a good world in which he lives, but it is as real for Charles Manson as your life is for you.

And that's what makes his statements valid and important. Regardless of whether he is deemed crazy, murderous, or the trashbarrel of humanity, he is a real person, and his words transmit that reality.

MANSON: ...so help me God.

THE CLERK: Be seated please.

MANSON: Hello God.

THE CLERK: Would you please state your name.

THE WITNESS: Charles Manson, M-A-N-S-O-N.

THE COURT: Let's proceed. Do you have anything you wish to say?

There has been a lot of charges and a lot of things said about me and brought against me and brought against the co-defendants in this case, of which a lot could be cleared up and clarified to where everyone could understand exactly what the Family was supposed to have been, what the philosophies in regards to the Family, and whether or not there was any conspiracy to commit a murder, to commit crimes and to explain to you who think with your minds.

It is hard for you to conceive a philosophy of someone that may not think.

I have spent my life in jail, and without parents.

I have looked up to the strongest father figure, and I have always looked to the people in the free world as being the good people, and the people in the inside of the jail as being the bad people.

I never went to school, so I never grew up in the respect to learn to read and write so good, so I have stayed in jail and I have stayed stupid, and I have stayed a child while I have watched your world grow up, and then I look at the things that you do and I don't understand.

I don't understand the courts, and I don't understand a lot of the things that are brought against me.

You write things about my mother in the newspaper that hasn't got anything to do with anything in particular.

You invent stories, and everybody thinks what they would do, and then they project it from the witness stand on the defendant as if that is what he did.

For an example, with Danny DeCarlo's testimony. He said that I hate black men, and he said that we thought alike, that him and I was a lot alike in our thinking.

But actually all I ever did with Danny DeCarlo or any other human being was reflect himself back at himself.

If he said he did not like the black man I would say "Okay." I had better sense than tell him I did not dislike the black man. I just listened to him and I would react to his statement.

So consequently he would drink another beer and walk off and he would pat me on the back and say "Charlie thinks like I do."

But actually he does not know how Charlie thinks because Charlie has never projected himself.

But maybe the girls and women in your world outside, being by yourself for such a long time when you do get out, you appreciate things that you people

don't even see, you walk over them every day.

Like in jail you have a whole new attitude, or a whole different way of thinking.

I don't think like you people. You people put importance on your lives.

Well, my life has never been important to anyone, not even in the understanding of the way you fear the things you fear and the things that you do.

I cannot understand you, but I don't try. I don't try to judge nobody.

I know that the only person I can judge is me.

I judge what I have done and I judge what I do and I look and live with myself every day.

I am content with myself.

If you put me in the penitentiary, that means nothing because you kick me out of the last one.

I didn't ask to get released. I liked it in there because I like myself.

I like being with myself.

But in your world it's hard because your understanding and your values are different.

These children that come at you with knives, they are your children. You taught them. I didn't teach them. I just tried to help them stand up.

Most of the people at the ranch that you call the Family were just people that you did not want, people that were alongside the road, that their parents had kicked them out or they did not want to go to Juvenile Hall; so I did the best I could and I took them up on my garbage dump and I told them this, that in love there is no wrong.

I don't care. I have one law I live by and I learned it when I was a kid in reform school; it's don't snitch, and I have never snitched, and I told them that anything they do for their brothers and sisters is good, if they do it with a good thought.

It is not my responsibility. It is your responsibility. It is the responsibility you have towards your own children that you are neglecting, and then you want to put the blame on me again and again and again.

Over and over again you put me in your penitentiary. I did not build the penitentiary and I would not lock one of you up. I could not see locking another human being up.

You eat meat with your teeth and you kill things that are better than you are, and in the same respect you say how bad and even killers that your children are. You make your children what they are. I am just a reflection of every one of you.

I have never learned anything wrong. In the penitentiary I have never found a bad man. Every man in the penitentiary has always showed me his good side, and circumstances put him where he was. He would not be there; he is good; human, just like the policeman that arrested him is a good human.

I have nothing against none of you. I can't judge any of you. But I think it is high time that you all started looking at yourselves, and judging the lie that you live in.

I sit and I watch you from nowhere, and I have nothing in my mind, no malice against you and no ribbons for you.

But you stand and you play the game of money. As long as you can sell a newspaper, some sensationalism, and you can laugh at someone and joke at someone and look down at someone, you know.

You just sell those newspapers for public opinion, just like you all are hung on public opinion, and none of you have any idea what you are doing.

You are just doing what you are doing for the money, for a little bit of attention from someone.

I can't dislike you, but I will say this to you: You haven't got long before you are all going to kill yourselves because you are all crazy.

And you can project it back at men, and you can say that it's me that cannot communicate, and you can say that it's me that don't have any understanding, and you can say that when I am dead your world will be better, and you can lock me up in your penitentiary and you can forget about me.

But I'm only what lives inside of you, each and every one of you.

These children, they take a lot of narcotics because you tell them not to.

Any child you put in a room and you tell them, "Don't go through that door," he never thought of going through that door until you told him not to go through the door.

You go to the high schools and you show them pills and you show them what not to take. How else would they know what it was unless you tell them?

And then you tell them what you don't want them to do in the hopes they will go out and do it and then you can play your game with them and then you can give attention to them, because you don't give them any of your love.



You only give them your frustration; you only give them your anger; you only give them the bad part of you rather than give them the good part of you.

You should all turn around and face your children and start following them and listening to them.

The music speaks to you every day, but you are too deaf, dumb and blind to even listen to the music. You are too deaf, dumb and blind to stop what you are doing. You point and you ridicule.

But it's okay, it's all okay. It doesn't really make any difference because we are all going to the same place anyway. It's all perfect. There is a God; he sits right over here beside me; that is your God. This is your God.

But let me tell you something; there is another Father and he has much more might than you imagine.

If I could get angry at you I would try to kill every one of you. If that's guilt, I accept it.

These children, everything they have done, they done for love of their brother.

Had you not arrested Robert Beausoleil for something he did not do -

MR. BUGLIOSI: Your Honor, I am going to object.

This is not proper testimony in or outside the presence of the jury.

You are stating a legal conclusion as to the guilt or innocence of another defendant in another case.

KANAREK: Your Honor, if we are to have equal protection of the law understood, Mr. Manson was going to make a statement over my objection, of course, and he is speaking.

Now Mr. - he is entitled - he has not finished his narrative.

Now, if there is to be equal protection of the law under the Fourteenth Amendment, Mr. Bugliosi should not interrupt him. Then we are going to do our - whatever we are going to do, because he is stating things which Mr. Bugliosi doesn't like, Mr. Bugliosi is interrupting and I would ask the protection of the Court, your Honor, to order Mr. Bugliosi to obey the Court's order.

MR. BUGLIOSI: There hasn't been any order from the Court that Mr. Manson can just ramble on discursively, Your Honor, as to inadmissible matters.

That is the whole point of this proceeding now, to determine what his testimony is going to be.

COURT: I have heard enough.

Do you have anything else to say, Mr. Manson?
THE WITNESS: I have killed no one and I have ordered no one to be killed.

I don't place myself in the seat of judgment. I may have implied on several occasions to several different people that I may have been Jesus Christ, but I haven't decided yet what I am or who I am.

I was given a name and a number and I was put in a cell, and I have lived in a cell with a name and a number.

I don't know who I am. I am whoever you make me, but what you want is a fiend; you want a sadistic fiend because that is what you are.

You only reflect on me what you are inside of yourselves, because I don't care anything about any of you.

I can stand here in front of this court and smile at you, and you can do anything you want to do with me, but you cannot touch me because I am only my love, and it is all for me, and I give it to myself for me, because I look out for me first and I like me and you can live with yourselves and your opinion of yourselves. I know what I have done.

If I showed someone that I would do anything for my brother, include giving my life for my brother in the battlefield, or give where else that I may want to do that, then he picks his banner up and he goes off and does what he does.

That is not my responsibility. I don't tell people what to do.

If we enter into an agreement to build a house, I will help you build the house, but I won't put myself on you because that is what made you weak, because your parents have offered themselves on you.

You are not you, you are just reflections, you are reflections of everything that you think that you know, everything that you think that you know, everything that you have been taught.

Your parents have told you what you are; they made you before you were six years old, and when you stood in school and you crossed your heart and



pledged allegiance to the flag, they trapped you in truth because at that age you didn't know any lie until the lie was reflected on you.

No, I am not responsible for you. Your karma is not mine.

My father is the jail house. My father is your system, and each one of you, each one of you are just a reflection of each one of you, you are just a reflection of each one of you, and you all live by yourselves, no matter how crowded you may think that you are in a room with a lot of people, you are still by yourselves, and you have to live with that self forever and ever and ever and ever.

To some people this would be hell; to some people it would be heaven.

I have mine, and each one of you will have to work out yours, and you cannot work out by pointing your fingers at people.

I have ate out of your garbage cans to stay out of jail.

I have wore your second-hand clothes.

I have given everything I have away, everthing.

I have accepted things and given them away the next second.

I have done my best to get along in your world, and now you want to kill me, and I look at you, and I look how incompetent you all are, and then I say to myself, "You want to kill me, ha, I'm already dead, have been all my life."

"I've lived in your tomb that you built."

I did seven years for a \$37 check. I did 12 years because I didn't have any parents, and how many sons in there, many, many sons in there, most of them are black and they are angry; they are mad and they are mad at me.

And I look and I say, "Why are you mad at me?" He said, "I am mad at you because of what your father did."

He said, "I want to take your head because of what your fathers did."

And I look at him and I say, "Well," and I look at my fathers, and I say, "If there was ever a devil on the face of this earth I am him."

And he's got my head anytime he wants it, as all of you do, too, anytime you want it.

Sometimes I think about giving it to you; sometimes I'm thinking about just jumping on you and let you shoot me. Sometimes I think it would be easier than sitting here and facing you in the contempt that you have for yourself, the hate that you have for yourself, it's only the anger you reflect at me, is the anger that have got for you.

I don't dislike you, I cannot dislike you; I am you. You are my blood. You are my brother. That is why I can't fight you.

If I could I would jerk this microphone off and beat your brains out with it because that is what you deserve, that is what you deserve.

Every morning you eat that meat with your teeth. You are all killers; you kill things better than you, and what can I say to you that you don't already know?

And I have known that there is nothing I can say to you; there is nothing I can say to any of you. It is you that has to say it to you, and that's my whole philosophy, you say it to you and I will say it to me.

I live in my world, and I am my own king in my world, whether it be in a garbage dump or if it be in the desert or wherever it be, I am my own human being.

You may restrain my body and you may tear my guts out, do anything you wish, but I am still me and you can't take that.

You can kill the ego; you can kill the pride: you can kill the want, the desire of a human being.

You can lock him in a cell and you can knock his teeth out and smash his brain, but you cannot kill the soul.

You never could kill the soul. It's always there, the beginning and the end. You cannot stop it, it's bigger than me. I'm just looking into it and it frightens me sometimes.

The truth is now, the truth is right here: the truth is this minute, and this minute we exist.

Yesterday - you cannot prove yesterday happened today, it would take you all day and then it would be tomorrow, and you can't prove last week happened. You can't prove anything except to yourself.

My reality is my reality, and I stand within myself on my reality.

Yours is yours and I don't care what it is. Whatever you do is up to you, and it's the same thing with anybody in my family and anybody in my family is a white human being, because my family is of the white family.

There is a black family, the yellow family, the red family, a cow family and a mule family. There is all kinds of different families.



I have done the best I know how, and I have given all I can give and I haven't got any guilt about anything because I have never been able to see any wrong.

I never found any wrong. I looked at wrong, and it is all relative. Wrong is if you haven't got any money.

Wrong is if your car payment is overdue. Wrong is if the TV breaks.

Wrong is if President Kennedy gets killed. Wrong is, wrong is, wrong is - you keep on; you pile it in your mind. You become belabored with it, and in your confusion...

I make up my own mind, I think for myself. I look at you and I say, "Okay, you make up your own mind, you think for yourself, then you see your mothers and your fathers and your teachers and your preachers and your politicians and your presidents lays in your brain with your opinions, considerations, conclusions, and I look at you and I say, "Okay, if

you are real to you it's okay with me, but you don't look real to me. You only look like a composite of what someone told you you are. You live for each other's opinion and you have pain on your face and you are not sure what you look like, and you wonder if you look okay.

And I look at you and I say, "Well, you look all right to me," you know, and you look at me and you say, well, I don't look all right to you.

Well, I don't care what I look like to you. I don't care what you think about me and I don't care what you do with me.

I have always been yours anyway. I have always been in your cell.

When you were out riding your bicycle I was sitting in your cell looking out the window and looking at pictures in magazines and wishing I could go to high school and go to the proms, wishing I could go to the things you could do, but oh so glad, oh so glad, brothers and sisters, that I am what I am. Because when it does come down around your ears and none of you know what you are doing, you better believe I will be on top of my thought.

I will know what I am doing. I will know exactly what I am doing.

If you ever let me go, before you kill me, and then I don't really particularly care anyway, because I still will be there and I will still know what I'm doing. In my mind I live forever; in my mind I live forever, and in my mind I have always lived forever. Truth is relative to the way you want to think. You can think it anyway you want, but I have still not broken your rule.

I have not broken your rule because I learned a lesson a long time ago, this man is God.

If you don't believe he is God, you stand up in the courtroom and he will show you.

And if the deputies aren't enough, he will go out and get the Army and that is enough. He is the most powerful thing on the face of this earth, and I accept his power because I have no power greater than his. We have to find ourselves first, God second and kind, k-i-n-d, comes next, and that is all I was doing, I was working on cleaning up my house, something Nixon should have been doing. He should have been on the side of the road picking up his children, but he wasn't. He was in the White House, sending them off to war.

I don't know the different people that have got on the stand - one friend said I put a knife to his throat. I did. I put a knife to his throat.

And he said that I was responsible for all of these killings.

I do feel some of a responsibility. I feel a responsibility for the pollution; I feel a responsibility for the whole thing.

I feel a responsibility for you. I feel a responsibility for my reflection. I feel a responsibility for my love of my brother as much as my love of my brother will let me have a responsibility.

And I did put a knife to his throat, and here is what I said to him.

"Why do you lie to me? Can't you tell me the truth?"

I said, "Don't you know in the penitentiary if you lie to somebody, someone in the penitentiary, they can just as easily kill you, cut your throat," I said, "If you lie to someone, it gives them an excuse to kill you," I said, "If you never lie to anyone you never have anyone to kill you because you never have given them an excuse.

have no call to come and hit you."


"If you always treat people right they have no call to come and hit you."

I survived 23 years in every torture chamber you have in this country, and I survived by bringing the good out in each human being I meet. You can call it fear; I am afraid I am a coward and I am brave; I am neither one. It don't make any difference.



OUT OF THE MOLASSES JUG

Mmmm...
aluu



Dear Jug
Just to let you know that we, even here in Tundra Towne, still are able to get the "passage" and still enjoy the Molasses Jug. I have several hints that might be of some use... & some recipes:

1) sometimes its difficult to comb out long hair after washing. Dont spend yr. cash on fancy "creme rinses" - use good old vinegar. It takes out tangles and is cheaper. Besides, you can use vinegar for other things as well.

Ed. Note... Rinse out with water after if ye dont want to go around smellin like a salad all day! - Also - seen as how its winter & the vinegar sits around in yr cold kitchen; its not a bad idea to dilute some with hot water so you dont freeze yr little bad with a sudden dash of icy vinegar.



2) To sharpen scissors, cut thru sandpaper several times.

Ed. Note #2... you can keep yr pins & needles sharp by jabbing them in & out of a little cloth bag stuffed tight with clean sand.

ALASKAN ROCKS
2 eggs
1 c. oleo
1 cup sour milk
1 tsp. soda
1 tsp. cloves
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup honey
1 tsp. vanilla
1 tsp. cinnamon
1/2 c. nuts
1 c. raisins
enough flour to make a thick batter...
bake @ 350°
10 → 12 min.

Home Stead Honey
10 c. sugar
1 tsp. alum
2 1/2 c. boiling water } boil 10 min.

30 white clover blossoms
18 red clover blossoms
18 fireweed blossoms
Add flowers to first stuff & set aside for 10 min. strain & put into clean jars.

Hope you can use some of these things... we enjoy these items very much.

Peace - Liz Hansen
Anchorage, Alaska

Handy household hint for the month:
LADIES, does losing yr. place in the cookbook (opened there on the table with sacks of flour & forks being thrown around) bug you?
WE HAVE A SOLUTION! (hell yes)
attach an alligator roach clip to the page & yr place is secure.
--- this handy hint courtesy of
Trinia Cooper of the community school.

DRINKS

Hot
Teady
a cold preventative ...

Brandy
Lemon
Honey
Tea
Cinnamon-
Cloves...
Put 2 oz. brandy in cup (8oz.)
Add tsp. or so lemon juice
Stir in 2 tsp. Honey
Add Hot tea to dissolve honey
Fill up yr. cup & enjoy

Irish Coffee

2 oz. good booze
Coffee. HOT
1 or 2 tsp. Honey
Whipped Cream

In 8oz. cup put booze.
(Irish whiskey is "correct")
Fill up with coffee -
Stir in Honey
Float a big dollop of
Whipped Cream on top
Start yr. day with about
4 of these & you won't
even notice the cold!!!

Wassail - one variation

In a huge vessel on stove mix
up half cider & half water.
Float in it whole oranges,
lemons, apple, pear, etc. You
can stick cloves in them -
Put in some cinnamon sticks.
Simmer for 2 days (or shorter
if you cant stand it - drink some
Irish coffee & Hot Teady if you
just cant stand waiting.) Mix
with liquor just before serving.
Can be left on stove - just keep
adding as it hits the dregs.

Kasha Balls

PART I

1/2 cups buckwheat groats
1 cup millet
5 cups fresh water
1 cup finely chopped onion
1/2 cup finely chopped celery
1/2 cup finely chopped green peppers
1/2 cup finely chopped mushrooms
1/2 cup finely chopped carrots
1 tsp. sea salt
1 clove garlic
1 to 2 T. herbs - yr. choice
2 T. milk powder
3 eggs

1/2 cup bread crumbs
3 vegie, beef, or chicken cubes
if ya like... and some cheese
in cubes

Cook up grains, separate pans, 2
cups water in each until tender.
Sauté onions in oil; add herbs &
such, milk powder, & assorted
'vegies' - now add last cup of
water & simmer 10 minutes. Place
grains - cooked - in bowl, add
eggs & sautéed vegies, add crumbs
& mix well.

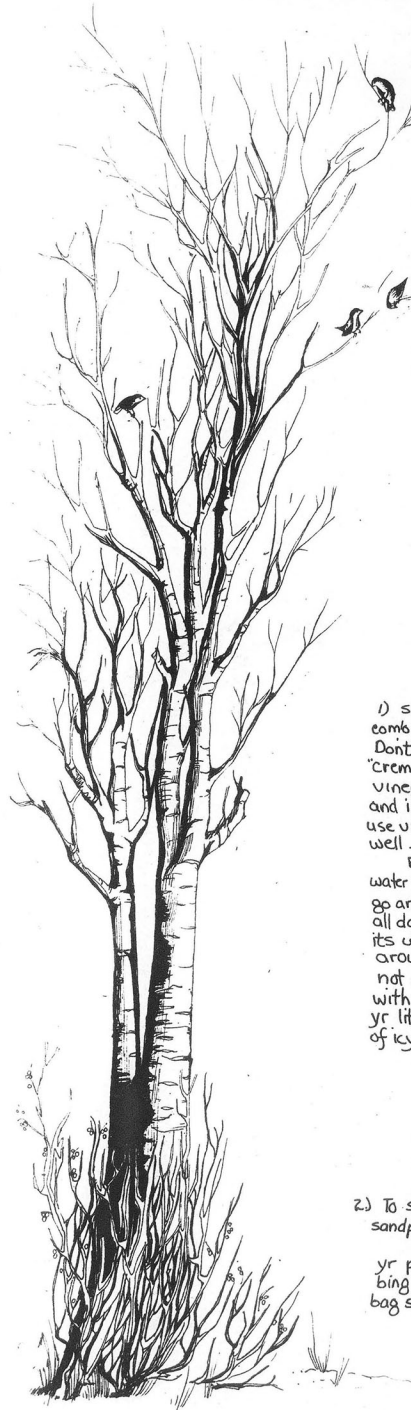
PART II

Beat eggs in bowl. Place crumbs
and meal in bowl & mix (separate bowl)
Place cheese cube in center
of Kasha Ball - dip in egg,
roll in crumbs - Fry in hot
oil until golden brown.
This is really righteous food &
should be served with country
gravy - which is to your like in,
Am sure!

Sauté in lots of butter & oil, chopped
onions, mushrooms, parsley, herbs &
salt. (1 tsp. of nutmeg is truly
fine.) add whole wheat flour to
make paste, then add liquid (water,
milk, or sweet cream) until a
proper gravy consistency is
acquired. Again vegie, beef, or
chicken cubes are up to you -



From our house on
"North Forest"





Abeles, Marshall, Lippman, Dowd, Lerner, Kelly, Stern: Conspiracy?

scared in tacoma: the seattle conspiracy trial

[Editors' Note: Passage writer Bernard Weiner found himself in the middle of the fist-swinging brawl which broke up the Seattle Seven "conspiracy" trial and contempt proceedings; "I was scared shitless," he reports. Still, he was able to view the melee by standing on a neutral bench -- and was able to construct an overall assessment of the trial by interviewing various lawyers, newsmen and movement activists in the Seattle area. His report follows; a more detailed analysis of the meaning of the trial will appear in a forthcoming issue of The Nation.]

by bernard weiner

of the rain-drenched spectators ("Those kind of people can stand in the rain," he is alleged to have said.), and declared Dowd in contempt for causing this hallway disturbance which he said the jury could overhear.

When the other defendants heard of Dowd's contempt citation, they had one more item to discuss: they wanted an immediate hearing on the charge Boldt sent the bailiff down to tell them to get to court; they asked for five minutes more, which was granted. When the five minutes were up, the judge himself marched down the hall. The defendants maintain that they were just about to exit when the judge's face appeared in the doorway to declare "I order you to court!" They attempted to explain that they were on their way anyhow, but the judge turned his back and strode down the hallway.

In a gay, shouting mood, two of the defendants started running down the hallway in an effort to beat the judge to the courtroom. Hearing noises from behind him, the judge freaked, thinking he was about to be attacked; the U.S. marshals thought likewise, grabbing the pair and roughing them up against the walls. ("You ain't seen nothin' yet," one of the marshals is reported to have said. The judge later was to characterize the defendants' behavior as "tumultuous and near-riotous.")

Defendant Chip Marshall entered the courtroom first and found, to his and everyone else's surprise, that the jury was already in the box, a clear break with precedent: heretofore, the bailiff asked both sides if they were ready before alerting the judge and the jury to enter the courtroom. Marshall began addressing the jury directly, telling them that the defendants were sorry for the delay, but didn't realize that the jury was ready to go; just as he was explaining the rain-situation, Boldt entered, freaked completely, said that by their actions that morning the defendants had prejudiced their case before the jury and, for their own benefit, he was declaring a mistrial.

He made no effort to poll the jury to see if they were indeed prejudiced. Newspaper reporters did their own poll and found only one juror who admitted possible prejudice against the Seven; on the contrary, many were sympathetic.

The following Monday, Boldt read his contempt citation against the six male defendants (Susan Stern had been excused for illness and was not present for the Thursday scene); he cited them for contempt for the "totality" of their behavior during the 11 days, rather than just for the Thursday incident. He then allowed 20 minutes each for the defense lawyers and the defendants to respond.

The four attorneys delivered variously structured judicial/political statements; then the defendants began their remarks, which were exceedingly more political and more insulting. Most of the defendants, with the exception of Michael Lerner (the former philosophy prof, who wore a suit and tie to court), represented themselves as the vanguard of a youth revolution which would sweep Boldt and all he represented out of power in the world. Lerner's speech was a well-organized recitation of the facts of the Thursday incident, of how poor communication on all sides had led to over-hasty reactions by the judge and the defendants. (However, even Lerner couldn't restrain himself from making insulting personal remarks to the judge, characterizing him as "berserk" and "loony" for calling the mistrial so emotionally and swiftly without bothering to poll the jurors.)

Dowd, at the conclusion of his statement, objected to the daily ritual where Boldt would stand facing the American flag while the bailiff, sounding like an auctioneer, intoned the words opening the session. "This is the flag that deserves to be up there," he said, and presented the judge with a large red Nazi flag emblazoned with a black swastika. Boldt was shaken, and the tension-level in the courtroom rose even higher.

When the male defendants were finished with their statements, Susan Stern rose to speak. Boldt said there was no reason for her to speak since she had not been cited; she said she wished to speak anyway. He told her to sit down; she persisted. Finally, he warned her that if she did speak, she might be subject to contempt charges because of what she said; she said she realized that but still wished to speak. Amid shouts from the gallery and defense table of "Let her speak!", Boldt told her to go ahead.

Mrs. Stern delivered the most dramatic speech of the day in this courtroom that was literally at the bursting point of tension and bad vibrations. In a calm and deliberate manner, she explained why she and the majority of the defendants and the majority of the spectators and the majority of the Third World had utter contempt for the proceedings of this court and what it represented and

protected: American imperialism, racism, militarism, inequality, poverty and so on.

Mrs. Stern had spoken for about 20 minutes when Boldt told her that her time was up. She said she had a few more minutes of material; the judge ordered her to sit down. Amid shouts of "Let her finish!" from the galleries and defense table, Boldt said she would be permitted to finish if she would bring her remarks to a conclusion. After a minute or two, Boldt ordered her to stop; she again asked if she might continue her concluding remarks. He ordered her to stop and be seated and when she continued to argue the point with him, he found her in contempt of court.

A spectator seated behind me suddenly shouted, "It's you, judge, who are in contempt of this court, justice and the American people!" Two burly marshals ordered him to come with them. He refused. At this same time, marshals surrounded Susan Stern; at this same time, Chip Marshal said, "I'm not going to take any more of this bullshit" and began walking out. Boldt, in a rising voice amidst the growing confusion, ordered him not to leave; marshals surrounded him.

At three points in the courtroom, marshals were now beginning to lay hands on two of the defendants and one spectator. As the marshals began struggling with tiny Susan Stern, Defense Attorney Michael Tigar took two steps in her direction to come to her aid when at least two marshals grabbed him and threw him against the wall about a dozen feet away; while they held him down, a chemical agent was squirted in his eyes and he screamed out in pain. (If I heard right, I think he also shouted to the men on top of him, "You fascist pigs!")

By this time, all Hell had broken loose in the courtroom, and the place was filled with 40 to 50 U.S. marshals and FBI agents struggling with defendants and spectators. Boldt had exited at the first sign of the trouble, and a marshal with his hand always in his bulging coat pocket stood guard at the door to the judge's chambers. Four of the defendants were hauled out forcibly by the marshals. For the most part, the marshals were rough but not unduly so; a few were emotionally unable to control themselves and became brutal. (Defense Attorney Lee Holley was heard to call one of the worst ones "You goon!")

After the brawl was over, the courtroom was cleared of all but the lawyers, two law students helping the defense, and the press. Later, the handcuffed defendants were brought back in, and heard Boldt cite all of

S

So what I would like to do here is to fill in the background of these events, the reporting by the Establishment media being severely deficient and misleading.

THE DECLARATION OF MISTRIAL

Most media reports have Federal Judge George Boldt declaring a mistrial because the defendants refused to come to court. Here are the facts as I know them: Only 64 people could be admitted into the small courtroom gallery the Thursday of the mistrial declaration; about 30 remained outside in the driving rain. The defendants were meeting in the special defendants' room to try to figure out how to get those 30 persons out of the rain. They had suggested to the court that the unused room next to the courtroom be made available, with sound piped in (they offered to pay the cost); request denied. They next suggested that the 30 be allowed into the vestibule of the building, three floors below; request denied.

Judge Boldt, meanwhile, entered the courtroom and saw that the defendants were not present. He asked the defense lawyers to seek out their clients, and he retired to his chambers. The attorneys told the defendants to get a move on, but they were still arguing, negotiating tactics amongst themselves. While the argument continued, defendant Jeff Dowd walked down the hallway and loudly pounded on the judge's door. Boldt didn't want to listen to Dowd's story page 18

them with the exception of Lerner with contempt of court for their participation in the brawl; he said that proved his declaration of mistrial had been well-founded. He sentenced them to six months maximum, as he also did for the six male defendants on the earlier contempt charge. Five -- Dowd, Marshall, Joe Kelly, Mike Abeles, and Roger Lippman -- will serve a total of one year; Lerner and Stern, six months each.

Their sentences, Boldt said, will be served before any new trial begins, in the hope they might "reconsider" their courtroom behavior and learn a lesson. If they behaved the same way next time, he suggested, the same pattern no doubt would be repeated: a mistrial and long contempt sentences.



JUDGE BOLDT

SOME CONCLUSIONS

1) The defendants made a mistake in their emphasis on, and degree of, political theatre in the courtroom. They did this in an attempt to reach the jurors by being nothing other than themselves, by exposing their humanity and beliefs to the jury and (through the media) to the outside world. It didn't work. They went much too far inside the courtroom -- constantly interrupting proceedings in a rude way, making personal insulting remarks, playing to the packed gallery of their supporters. The newspapers and electronic media tended in the headlines, drawings and opening paragraphs to sensationally exploit the physical acts of the defendants rather than the political points they were attempting to make. In short, they were probably coming across to the general public -- certainly to the middle-class American, and maybe even to potentially sympathetic lib/rads -- as little more than egomaniacal revolutionary rowdies, with no deep commitment to enhancing the overall movement.

2) At the moment, there is no longer a recognizable movement in Seattle. Partially as a result of the aforementioned mistakes of the Seven, partially as a result of the repressively harsh indictments handed down by the federal government in this and other cases, partially as a result of the political malaise and confusion that seems to be striking the entire movement in America right now -- for these, and no doubt other reasons, the left in the Seattle-area is back to its bickering, fragmented, confused stage.

3) As hard as Judge Boldt may have tried to bend over backwards to appear dispassionate and impartial, the personality and behavior patterns of 66

years do not alter easily. He is known for running one of the tightest federal courts in the nation; however benevolent a despot he may appear to be, he is not used to being challenged, implicitly or explicitly. He couldn't keep himself from exploding.

4) The defense argues that far from being prejudiced against the defendants, the jurors had seen through the government's weak case and were beginning to show sympathy for the Seven. Some even suggest that the federal government was pleased at the mistrial, not wanting to carry on what was obviously a losing case. After the mistrial was declared, several jurors came over to the defense table and told the defendants of their sympathetic feelings; one said that after the FBI informer admitted under cross-examination that he would lie to get a conviction of the defendants, that he would never believe the government again and would have voted for acquittal even if it meant hanging up the jury for two weeks or more.

5) One can't help but feel some sort of empathy for a judge trying a political case in America today, where the defendants cannot be controlled by their lawyers.

But even as one can understand the perplexity facing judges in such cases, one can still hold that Judge Boldt in this case handled himself badly. Instead of warning the defendants that he might cite them for contempt, or threatening to cite them for contempt at some future time, he probably should have clapped them in the clink overnight and on weekends, and observed what difference, if any, this would make on their behavior. Instead, he threatened but never acted on those threats, and then when the going got rough, panicked in his emotional state and declared a mistrial; later, again acting out of emotional stubbornness, he ordered them to jail for six months because he thought they were five minutes late to court; later, again acting out of stubbornness, he refused to allow Mrs. Stern a few more minutes in which to wind up her talk, and thus helped precipitate the near-riot that broke out in the courtroom. Further, acting out of emotional heat, he neglected to poll the jury on the nature, if any, of their prejudice toward the defendants after Thursday's incident. He is not the right judge for this case; yet he says that if and when it does come to court again, he will once again preside.

6) The case may not come to trial again ever; or, if it does, it may be as much as two to four years away. Various appeals will take years to wind their way up to the U.S. Supreme Court. If it is held that Boldt erred in declaring a mistrial, the Seven probably cannot be tried again under the "double jeopardy" clause of the Constitution. If Boldt did not err, and after all the appeals have been exhausted, the defendants still must serve out their year in jail before the new trial can begin.

continue J on page 29

...and a rebuttal

The *Passage* is a strange amalgam of political opinion. It includes radicals, liberal-reformists and the fervently non-political. Generally, we get along. But sometimes we disagree. This may be considered a brief radical response to Bernie Weiner's liberal-reformist article on the Seattle trial.

The one issue of the Seattle trial is authority, and the basis of that authority is fear of punishment. While there are legal questions of some interest, there are no trial issues. The legal issue is simply whether the "Rap Brown Act" and the indictment based thereon is constitutional under the First Amendment as interpreted by recent Supreme Court decisions.

This issue is (and was in fact) properly raised by a pre-trial motion to dismiss. In other words, the legal issue is simply a question of law and requires no evidential hearing whatever for its disposition. Therefore, had the Seattle defendants been solely or principally interested in testing the constitutional issue, they would have, upon denial of their motion to dismiss, simply rested their case and offered no other defense.

The decision to go to trial was, then, a political decision, an existential challenge aimed at the very basis of governmental authority. One understands this decision in the light of Kafka and Sartre, or one fails to understand it at all. The defendants were saying (or trying to say): we refuse to submit to the game, the process; we refuse to acknowledge the court's authority over us.

That the defendants were in fact successful in reaching the jury only confuses the essential issue. What if the defendants had been co-operative, had concentrated on disproving the charges of conspiracy, and at the outcome had been acquitted by the jury? Would this have been a real victory?

I think not, because such an outcome would have, in the public mind, legitimized political trials as a proper activity of government. All the frightened liberals would have been able to point to the Seattle trial and say: look, the judicial system works; if you give up six months of your life and spend thousands of dollars in presenting a legal defense and submit meekly to the trauma of the accusatory process, you too, if you're lucky, might be acquitted.

The defendants correctly chose to join the issue on the fundamental contemporary problem of fear of authority. Their goal was to liberate themselves and perhaps others from fear of government repression. One may question their success or argue their tactics, but they were clearly trying to do the right thing.

How Bernie Weiner could have failed to see the basic issue is quite beyond me. Certainly, the government has made no secret of it. The "Rap

Brown Act" was passed by Congress amid a hailstorm of totalitarian rhetoric. The political trials commenced thus far have been initiated directly by Mitchell from Washington, in this case despite the initial opposition of the ambitious U.S. Attorney in Seattle, Mr. Pitkin.

If one had any doubts as to the government's purpose, the circumstances surrounding the contempt citations and the declaration of mistrial surely ought to have dispelled them. The conditions of the citations -- that the contempt sentences should be served out before any retrial and that pending appeal the defendants should be held without bail -- clearly bely a purpose to intimidate the expression of political opinion. The danger inherent in allowing the defendants to be released on bail is that they will return to the Seattle community and proceed with their task of political organizing. The purpose of requiring service of the contempt sentences prior to retrial is the same: to keep the defendants politically immobilized.

And what indeed is one to make of the circumstances surrounding the declaration of mistrial? It was no accident that the jurors were seated prior to the entry of the defendants into court. In an important trial a juror may not take a piss or get a drink of water without the permission of the superintending federal marshal, who receives his instructions directly from the judge.

I submit that the jurors were prematurely seated precisely in order to allow the defendants an opportunity to make extra-judicial statements to the jury and thereby justify a termination of the embarrassing trial proceedings. It was a clever move, obviously no "accident".

There are many more things that might be said about the Seattle trial. The entire issue of radical tactics must be constantly re-examined in the light of repressive governmental response.

I believe, for example, that confrontation tactics are presently ill-advised and that we should do our work more quietly. I also believe that the tactics of the defendants ought to have been more systematically thought out in advance. Clearly, they were caught by surprise and were confused. However, they did the best they knew how, according to their understanding.

Bernie Weiner's criticisms are out of order and reflect more his own subjective fears than anything that went down in the courtroom in Tacoma.

by stafford smith



ECO-

The Carnation Co. disclosed last month that it would be sending 60,000 cases of its diet drink, "Carnation Slender," to alleviate the suffering of war refugees in Laos. A company spokesman said that the gift was being made for "humanitarian reasons."

The reason for this generosity becomes clear when it is known that "Carnation Slender" is sweetened with cyclamates and has therefore been banned from domestic markets since last February. Representative Charles A. Vanik, Ohio Democrat, commented that it was "absolutely absurd to send a low-calorie diet food or beverage to a starving people." He also suspects that "this gift is designed to provide a gift-tax deduction for the producer of a product declared to be unfit."

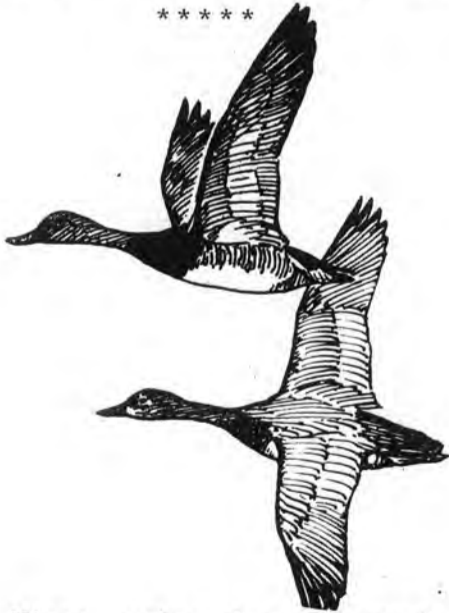
There is a certain inconsistency apparent in the U.S. Government's position on cigarettes. Congress requires that cigarette packages contain a warning about possible health hazards. At the same time, tobacco growers are being subsidized to the amount of hundreds of millions of dollars a year out of public funds and tobacco products are promoted by the government abroad.

It is not likely that the government will ever ban the production of tobacco (though it did not hesitate to put a ban on marihuana, which may or may not be more dangerous than cigarette smoking) but they could at least be consistent enough not to pay farmers to grow it.

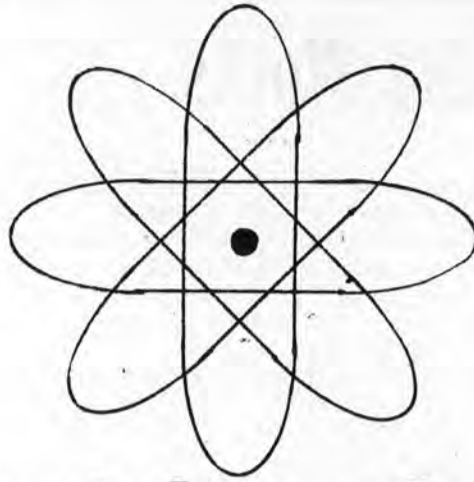
The Motorcycle Industry Council has been spending thousands of dollars in the last few months in an effort to stimulate a deeper environmental awareness among motorcyclists. Advertising in several nation-wide publications, the Council attacks bike riders who litter, pollute, deface, and disrupt our environment. Management must be realizing that it is time to clean up their industry's pollution before some environmental crusader forces them to.

A recent study at four unidentified medical schools revealed some interesting statistics. Of the 1,063 students who answered the study's questionnaire more than half said that they had used marihuana at some time in the past. More than 30% said they were still using it.

The doctors conducting the study said that most of the medical students who participated do not argue with the opinion that marihuana is a dangerous drug. But, said one doctor, "Either medical schools aren't doing the teaching or students aren't listening."



The Nixon regime has announced the consolidation of the Government's environmentally related activities in a new agency, to be known as the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration of the Department of Commerce. Its acronym, NOAA, is ironically pronounced Noah. One doubts, however, whether the notoriously pollution-soft nixonites will be able to provide much of a refuge from the catastrophe.



fast breeders & EXPLOSIONS

by dan chasan

(Daniel Chasan is a free lance writer and frequent contributor to The New Yorker.)

A breeder reactor is a nuclear reactor that produces more fuel than it consumes. (This isn't magic. A breeder converts thorium 232 or uranium 238, which can't be burned in reactors, to uranium 233 or plutonium 239, which can. All reactors produce some fuel in this way, and in fact the Hanford Atomic Works was set up specifically as a place in which reactors could produce plutonium for nuclear bombs. However, producing more fuel than you use is technologically tricky.)

Since 1965, the development of an efficient, economical breeder has been the AEC's top-priority civilian project, and has also been an important goal of the governments of England, France, Italy, Belgium, West Germany, The Netherlands, Japan and the USSR. After 1973, when Westinghouse engineers finish building an \$87.5 million facility for testing breeder fuels called the Fast Flux Test Facility (FFTF), in the bleak, fenced desert of Hanford, Washington will be one of the most important breeder research sites in the world.

Depending on whom you listen to, breeders may be either the greatest thing to come down the pike since agriculture, or the second-greatest menace to mankind since the plague. The controversy over breeders centers on two major questions: (1) are they safe? and (2) are they necessary?

In general, the people who criticize non-breeding reactors as prohibitively dangerous think breeders are even worse. They observe that the kind of breeder on which the AEC is lavishing most of its funds, something called a liquid metal cooled fast breeder reactor (LMFBR) will both burn and produce plutonium, and that the kind of breeder economy the AEC envisions will keep at least thirty tons of plutonium in constant use and circulation. They then argue that (a) the plutonium will be present in the reactors in such large quantities and such dense concentrations that accidentally getting enough together for a full-fledged nuclear explosion might be no great trick; and (b) since even one-millionth of a gram of plutonium is a sure-fire cause of lung cancer, and since it takes 24,000 years for plutonium to lose even half its radioactivity, even a small accident could have disastrous, long-lasting effects. They also note that two of the three breeders built in the United States, the EBR-I and the Enrico Fermi reactor, were shut down by serious accidents — the Fermi's within spitting distance of Detroit — and that although no one was visibly hurt either time, the next breeder accident might well obliterate the local population.

The people who believe in LMFBRs argue that the plutonium would never come together in the proper configuration for a nuclear blast, that extensive safety precautions are taken to prevent plutonium getting out among the public, and that the EBR-I and Fermi accidents proved not that breeders can have accidents but that breeders can have accidents without hurting anyone. You pays your money and you takes your choice.

The FFTF being built at Hanford has relatively little to do with the argument over safety. It has a great deal to do with the argument over necessity. Everyone acknowledges that the supply of fossil fuels in the contiguous United States is limited. Eco-freaks argue that therefore we'd better stop burning fossil fuels. The oil industry argues that therefore we'd better start bringing in oil from the North Slope. And the AEC argues that therefore we'd better start building nuclear reactors. The AEC carries its argument one step further. It says that just as our supply of fossil fuels is limited, our supply of low-cost uranium 235, the only reactor fuel found in nature, is limited, too, and therefore we'd better start building breeder reactors, which can convert cheap, plentiful uranium 238 to plutonium and so preserve all our fuel supplies. Since the United States doubles its use of power every ten years, the AEC wants a breeder that will double its original fuel supply, and thereby produce enough fuel to start a second reactor of equal size, in ten years or less.

And that's where the FFTF comes in. Although breeders may eventually burn pure plutonium, now and for the foreseeable future they'll rely on plutonium alloys — oxides, carbides or something else — and the plutonium mixture that will breed new fuel most rapidly and stand up best under bombardment by high-energy neutrons hasn't yet been found. Eugene Astley, a very articulate nuclear engineer who supervised the design and early construction of the FFTF, explains that although the first fuels tested at the FFTF will be oxides, "There's evidence that you can't run an efficient breeder on oxides. You can build an oxide reactor that's economical, but the doubling time" — i.e., the time required to double the original amount of fuel — "won't be short enough. If you build fast breeder reactors with oxide fuels, you'll just be burning up the fuel you're supposed to be conserving. Other fuels will have to be developed. But General Electric and the other private companies are all working on oxides. G.E. is convinced that oxides will be economical. If G.E. can convince the utility companies that oxides are economical, then G.E. can sell oxide reactors to them, which is all G.E. is interested in. That's why you need a government facility such as the FFTF to develop new fuels."

Actually, General Electric hasn't just been "working on oxides." It was General Electric that in 1959 first interested the AEC in oxide fuels. And Karl Cohen, the man in charge of GE's nuclear research, has said publicly many times that economics is his main concern. He isn't much concerned with conserving uranium, he told me in 1968, because "we're not sure we have any problem" with the uranium supply. We may, but we may just as well not, and "I don't think we should hang our whole breeder program as insurance against something that may never happen." What is sure, he said, is that the current "generation" of reactors will produce plutonium; that plutonium is inferior to U-235 as a fuel for them but superior as a fuel for fast reactors (most reactors contain a substance called a

How the Damned Thing Works

Nuclear reactors are, we suspect, not completely familiar to some of our more down-home readers who have specializ'd in the physics of the wood stove; wherefore we append the following attempted explanation:

Most elements have atoms which are in every way identical except for their atomic weight. These atoms differing in weight are called isotopes of the element. Certain heavy metals have isotopes called fissionable isotopes which spontaneously emit neutrons from time to time. If joggled by an outside neutron, they emit them more freely. The release of a neutron is accompanied by a release of energy, some of which is available as heat.

Putting a whole pile of these atoms together will allow you to boil water. With this steam, you could turn a turbine and generate electricity; in practice, it is cheaper and safer to use the steam to boil more water, which you can then use to drive a turbine. Other working fluids than water/steam are possible: inert gases and liquid metals, e.g.

A breeder reactor, in addition to heating up, adds neutrons to fertile isotopes, which by an indirect alchemical process taking from three days to a month become fissionable isotopes (see above).

By adjusting the neutron flux, it is possible to produce fissionable isotopes faster than you use them, using up, of course, lots of fertile isotopes in the process. In this way, you can make fuel while making electricity.

"moderator," which slows down the neutrons in the chain reaction. A "fast" reactor contains no moderator and therefore has its neutrons moving at higher speeds; that therefore it makes sense to build fast reactors to use the plutonium. From this point of view the considerations are all economic, and Mr. Cohen thinks that, to start with, economic considerations are at least as good as any others. "I think we should develop an economical reactor first," he said, "and then we can improve it in any direction we like."

Ironically, although Astley honestly believes we do need breeders to conserve our fuel supply, the AEC itself is pushing breeder development ahead as fast as it can for reasons that are strictly economic — so that foreign countries will buy breeders from the United States, and not vice versa. (And also, as in the case of the SST, so that the United States can maintain its "technological superiority.") Sheldon Novick made this particular fact public in 1969, in his book *The Careless Atom*. It may be possible to dismiss Sheldon Novick as partisan and probably not privy to certain trade secrets. But how, then, does one dismiss Meyer Novick, the man in charge of America's only functioning breeder, the EBR-II, who told me exactly the same thing in 1968, a year before *The Careless Atom* appeared?

A lot of people who work around nuclear reactors acknowledge that the AEC's talk about fuel reserves is speculative at best, a deliberate con at worst. This doesn't mean that they think breeders are bad or should be stopped. Fred Thallgot, the head physicist on the EBR-II, believes that, "The business of using up our fuel reserves is all highly speculative," but he is still "glad the AEC has finally decided to develop breeders," because "the physics of fast reactors is interesting." Other nuclear physicists and engineers who don't believe we need breeders still wish the AEC would hurry up and build some big ones, so that they can use them for interesting experiments and not waste its time and money on the less interesting FFTF.

There's nothing necessarily inconsistent in all this. It's possible to consider the AEC a dishonest, self-seeking bureaucratic vested-interest group and still believe that breeders may be not only interesting but even useful. Some people have advanced very plausible arguments in their favor. Alvin Weinberg, the director of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory, who is intensely interested in a breeder very different from the LMFBR, argues that, "The development of breeders is perhaps the greatest technological enterprise man has ever undertaken. Energy is the basic raw material. With an unlimited supply of cheap electrical energy, it would be economical to desalinate sea water and to irrigate the desert. We could wipe out poverty and end the difference between rich nations and poor nations. If we did that, we'd eliminate the main source of international tensions."

Weinberg is a visionary. And his vision should probably be a part of the current debate over breeders. It might not even make a bad replacement for the vision of landing on the moon. But unfortunately, for now, the vision behind the American breeder program is of a different kind. It's the kind of vision that built empires for GE, GM and U.S. Steel — and perhaps the kind that was described very nicely in 1968 by W.B. Lewis, the chairman of Atomic Energy of Canada Ltd., the Canadian version of the AEC, when he said, "What I would call the 'optimism' about breeders is based on insufficient thought. It's so easy for all of us to be greedy. To get more fuel while you get your power — it so appeals to human nature."

OF FAST BREEDERS & POLITICS

by c. r. hale

The lead article in last November's *Scientific American* is a piece on fast breeder reactors by Glenn T. Seaborg, Chairman of the USAEC, and Mr. Justin L. Bloom, his staff assistant. In this well written and marvelously illustrated article, ostensibly a progress report on the boot-strap generating process, several interesting things are said, deserving of more notice than their rather peripheral position in the article will get them.

"The Federal Power Commission has estimated that during the next 30 years the American power industry will have to add some 1,600 million kilowatts of electric generating capacity."

Why will this have to be done? Because American power use is increasing. Why is it increasing? Because the use of electric power is being pushed by power company brochures, even here in the Pacific Northwest, where the same FPC considers generating capacity inadequate to meet possible peaks of demand.

"...permanent control of fission products...is routinely achieved...The standard procedure in...reactors is to ensure the confinement of all potentially hazardous substances under all foreseeable conditions, including earthquakes."

In rather marked contrast to the rest of the article, no details are considered under this head; only Dr. Seaborg's categorical assertions inform us in this critical area. Many people will not find this sufficient in view of the release of plutonium dust from the Rocky Flats facility, the fission products leakage at Hanford, and the fact of the latter's being sited astraddle an active fault zone.

The lack of cultural sophistication implicit in the first quote, the narrowness and devotion to the cowboy economy, would be quite difficult to deal with by itself. The disregard for the well-publicized shortcomings of the Commission's activities in the second quote is frighteningly self-serving. The system does not work, even in its own terms.



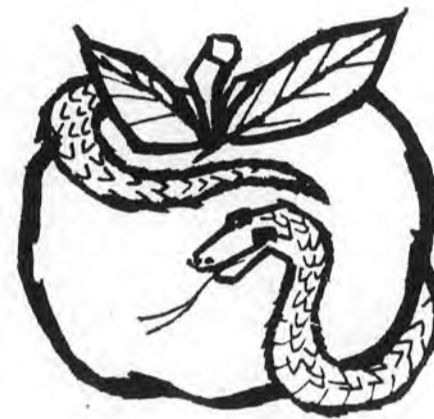
NOTES

In what was announced to be a "landmark case for the whole state of Oregon," a Dalles orchardist was awarded \$485,000 in damages for willful fluoride trespass by the Harvey Aluminum Company's Dalles reduction plant.

Wilson J. Meyer had asked for more than \$200,000 in damages for loss of his fruit trees and crops. He was awarded \$161,459.85 of this amount and this figure was then tripled since the jury considered the damage done by the reduction plant to be willful.

This is the first time an individual has fought a large company for willful pollution damage, in Oregon, and won.

For some reason the Bellingham Herald did not carry this story.



Breathe Easier Department: Lester Machta of the Environmental Science Services Administration reports that samplings of atmospheric oxygen taken at sea during the last three years show no decrease; moreover, samplings as far back as 1910, when allowances are made for differences in measuring techniques, show no decrease in that period of time. Consumption of all fossil fuels in the world, he and his associates calculate, would only decrease the oxygen in the atmosphere to the point that the sea-level concentration would be equivalent to the present concentration at 250 feet. ESSA is a branch of the U.S. Govt.

It is predicted by USDA officials that *Helminthosporium maydis* will slurp up about 9% of this year's corn crop. Resistant strains may be developed, but not before 1973 at the earliest. Meanwhile, meat prices, as well as corn, will go up.

Bellingham's Georgia-Pacific and eight other Puget Sound pollution factories were pointed out by Seattle conservationist Marvin Durning as having been allowed by the State of Washington to ignore joint federal state pollution abatement schedules, in one case Scott, in Everett, for six years. State authorities contend that the schedules were guidelines not binding dates; the feds say they will be pleased to work with the State Ecology Dept. in changing the schedules "in a proper case." You lose.

Defoliation Proceeds Apace Dep't: In a study undertaken for the American Association for the Advancement of Science, some remarkable findings appear: a rise in cleft palates and spinal deformities in Saigon babies since 1966 when the heavy spraying started; 240,000 acres of mangrove forests utterly destroyed (and no re-growth appearing); the inland jungle devastated and unable to recover its nutrients because they are stored in the vegetation, not in the ground; and evidence of spraying of food crops in heavily populated areas. "When will we ever learn...?"

A Dum-Dum by Any Other Name...

by natty bumpo

The last issue of the *Passage* carried an article concerning the use of "Dum-Dum" type bullets by the Bellingham and Seattle Police Departments, which provided a cue for a writer for the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* a stodgy but well-entrenched newspaper from Seattle which circulates into Bellingham. His well-written but poorly organized and researched article contained various law-enforcement opinions of what constituted a dum-dum but ignored such a standard source as Webster's and the definitive Hague Conference description.

Webster's says a dum-dum is a "soft-nosed bullet that expands when it hits, inflicting a large jagged wound."

put
Super Vel
in
its
place!



What you put into the cylinder or magazine of your handgun is going to be a determining factor in your success or failure in the field or on the range.

Super Vel gives you the edge on success.

We want every shooter to have a perfect round . . . unexcelled in quality and accuracy. Super Vel's innovations have proven that high velocity and a light expanding bullet design are key factors in performance. With Super Vel's Jacketed Soft points or Hollow Points you get maximum expansion for the greatest shocking power.

It does take more than just a Super Vel, but with a Super Vel in the chamber and your own hand-gunning experience, you do have the edge on success.

Super Vel — in all popular handgun calibers.

Super Vel . . . your assurance to make a mark in handgunning.

SUPER VEL CARTRIDGE CORP.
P. O. Box 40,
Shelbyville, Indiana 46176

The Hague Conference holds it to be a bullet which expands or flattens easily in the human body, such as bullets with a hard envelope which does not entirely cover the core or is pierced with incisions.

The Super Vel ammunition in question falls easily within both definitions.

The Seattle Chief of Police, the King County Sheriff's Department and the State Patrol all admitted to the P-I's Rick Anderson that they were using Super Vel and that their bullets expanded on contact, but denied that they were dum-dums, Chief Tielsh saying "...they are not dum-dum bullets, not by any stretch of the imagination."

We will grant the Chief that historically speaking it is not the same as the original dum-dum. These were made and used by the British in India against the locals there. They made them by simply seating the bullets backwards into the cartridge case, with the flat lead base out front. The result

was a bullet that flattened and expanded rapidly on contact, with a tremendous increase in tissue destruction.

It was outlawed two years later at the Hague Conference because it inflicted such inhumane wounds.

Why is this type of ammunition around, if it is illegal for warfare? The idea of the expanding bullet was picked up for sporting ammunition: a good sportsman wants a quick clean kill. Animals not wounded so badly as to die quickly are usually lost to the hunter, and usually die slow agonized deaths.

The quick-kill-if-hit principle works for people, too: a person hit in the thigh by Super Vel .38 soft point will lose his leg if he gets immediate first aid. If he does NOT get immediate first aid, he will quickly die from shock and massive hemorrhage.

If it is a State Patrolman firing Super Vel hollow points from a .357 magnum, it will take a while to find most of the leg. This weapon will shoot

through a V-8 engine block. It's great for shooting wheels off cars, or for shooting through the trunk, backseat, frontseat and into the driver of a fleeing vehicle. Make sure you're not around when a shaky gendarme starts plinking with one. The bullet goes a long way.

Which brings up another question. Why are Bellingham's and Seattle's finest using the highest velocity ammunition available to reduce ricochets; If they are worried about ricochets they should be using a slower, not a faster bullet.

The argument for it is that the higher velocity causes it to shatter rather than ricochet. A very high velocity bullet does in fact shatter rather than ricochet; unfortunately the Super Vel travels 1,000 ft. per second too slow to do this. It just ricochets a lot faster than the old ammo.

What they started using last year is a bullet which travels much faster and farther, kills rather than disables and is much more dangerous for all but the person doing the shooting.

The Latest on Food Stamps

The recently-enacted food stamp "emergency regulations" have not fulfilled the expectations of public assistance administrators, journalists and concerned citizens who feared that the new restrictions would eliminate many students and young people from the food stamp program. The new regulations are likely to make only minor changes in the present food stamp program, although they do open the door to further interpretations which could eliminate many people who are presently eligible.

As it stands, no one should lose his eligibility under the new regulations. The procedure for obtaining food stamps will be roughly the same as it was during the month of November with the addition of a few more bureaucratic hassles.

As before, everyone living in the same house will be assumed to be sharing food unless they can prove otherwise. In order to prove otherwise a welfare inspector must visit the house to determine that all food (down to the salt and pepper) is kept separate. Moreover, under a DPA interpretation of the new regulations, the applicant must furnish some initial proof that he is eating separately before the home visit can be made. The local DPA office has not yet determined what will be required for such proof. It is likely that an applicant's sworn testimony, under which he can be prosecuted for fraud if he makes a misstatement, will not be sufficient for the DPA. The applicant may have to furnish grocery receipts from each resident of the house showing that they bought food separately on the same day.

Administrators in the local DPA admit that not only the furnished

grocery receipts but also the home inspection itself is meaningless in that it does not prove at all whether or not people are sharing food. Nevertheless, the home inspection policy will be continued.

Food stamp applicants under the age of 21 will be required to have their parents fill out a form verifying that they are supporting their child as much as they are able. The form is almost identical to that presently in use. Income from parents is treated the same as income from other sources.

That the new food stamp regulations do not eliminate otherwise eligible students and young people from the program is surprisingly good news. It is not, however, likely to be the end of changes to the regulations or the policies applied by the local DPA offices. Certainly this is not a time for anyone concerned with the program to be complacent about its content and direction. Over two months ago I was told by an administrator in the DPA that it was the intent of officials at the federal and state levels to eventually limit all students and most young people from eligibility in the program. I have no doubt that this intent remains.

The federal review of the Whatcom County food stamp program, the sixteenth of an undetermined number of Department of Agriculture investigations of college communities across the country, did not review the program as a whole, but looked only at student applications. The review disclosed only that the statements on many applications were not properly verified by the department. The review did not, therefore, disclose that any fraud was taking place, since discovery

of fraud was not within its scope.

Local DPA officials have failed to clarify to the public the true nature of the investigation. They have failed to clarify that for almost all young people, food stamps are the only form of public assistance available, and moreover that this assistance is only \$27.50 per person per month, maximum.

In Bellingham, a volunteer and a professional worker have been transferred from or asked to leave the food stamp program because they allegedly asked questions or made statements that indicated a sympathy for the food stamp applicant.

In anticipation of the new regulations District Administrator Carl Hagberg ordered the local DPA to stop home investigations in early December. All people living in the same house or apartment were then required to apply as a single group for food stamps, even though there was no sharing food or resources among them. Thus if a person who needed assistance happened to share an apartment with someone who had a fair income, he was ineligible for food stamps during this time. As a result, many students and young people went through December without food stamp assistance even though they were eligible for it. This policy was not according to the food stamp regulations that existed at the time, nor is it according to the new regulations. The policy was made only in anticipation of regulations. DPA officials were mistaken in their anticipation. Many low income people, mostly young, were made to bear the effects of that mistake.

continued on page 27

funnies (there is an elephant in the garden)



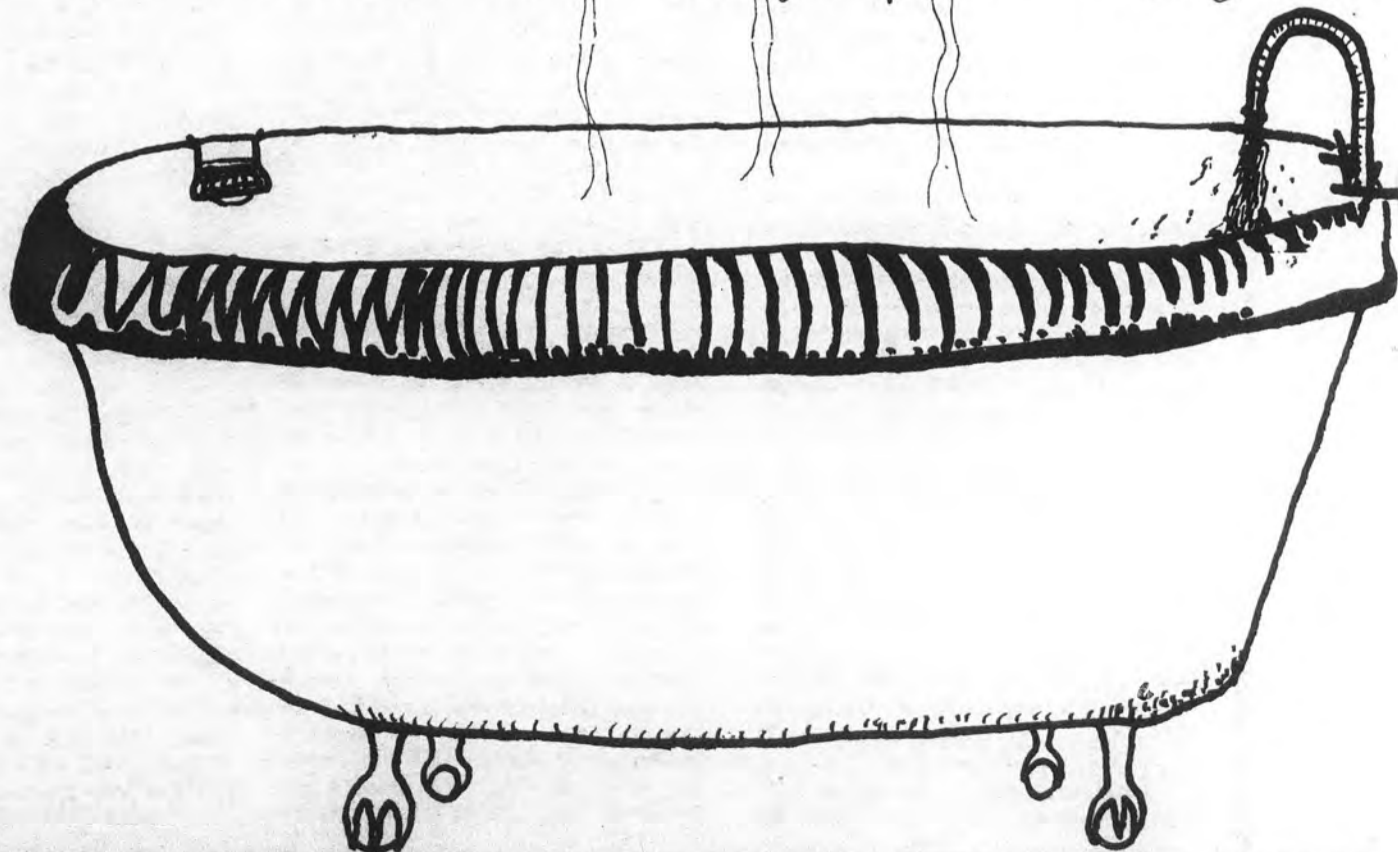
DRAWN BY JACK HANSEN

Our bathtub
perches sadly on a cold windy floor
with his balled eagle talons
looking just like a lonely galumph bird
frozen to an iceberg.

But late at night
when everybody's sleeping
I thaw him out with hot water and jump in.

Then me and the tub,
both of us,
go flying around the room
together,
laughing and splashing
water everywhere
as we go galumphing
through the heavy air.

cp



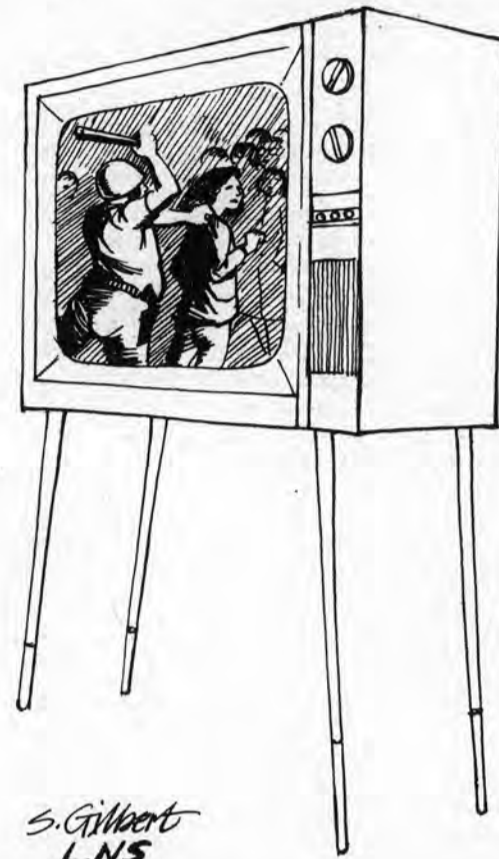
FARTING IN THE
BATHTUB IS
WONDERFUL.

(JH & PM)

Northwest Passage Jan. 4 - 17

THE NEWS PAGE

compiled by john peter zinger



Northwest Passage Jan. 4 - 17

seattle 8

Dec. 15, Monday, Seattle 8 defendants, after they were told Friday they were in contempt, were ordered to court for sentencing. They expected to get two weeks. They got there Monday morning to find 40 marshals and almost as many FBI agents guarding the judge. The judge read the sentences -- six months for all of them except Sue Stern -- and the defendants and their supporters exploded. Defendants tore up their contempt citations, and the pigs proceeded to mace and teargas the entire courtroom. All defendants except Mike Lerner got another six months. Chief Prosecutor Pitkin vacuously stated that they had made threats on Judge Boldt's life, and also said that the courthouse would be bombed, referring to denial of bail for defendants.

general - ford

GM & Ford -- "A General Motors executive said yesterday bumpers on GM cars provide provide 100 per cent protection from any damage, provided the speed of the car does not exceed 2.8 miles per hour." (Associated Press) While advising a redirection of efforts in behalf of public safety, Martin Wohl of Ford Motor Company said: "It is not clear that reducing highway carnage is a necessary goal or definitely in the public interest. Moreover, it is hardly sensible to adopt a policy that lives and limbs are priceless." (Products Engineer)

weather underground

Weather Underground -- Demonstrations in support of prison revolts are a major responsibility of the movement, but someone must call for them, put out the leaflets, convince people that it is a priority. We are so used to feeling powerless that we believe pig propaganda about the death of the movement, or some bad politics about rallies being obsolete and bullshit. A year ago, when Bobby Seale was ripped off in Chicago and the movement didn't respond, it made it easier for the pigs to murder Fred Hampton. Now two Puerto Ricans have been killed by the pigs in the New York jails; in retaliation for the prison rebellions. What we do or don't do makes a difference. Bernardine Dohrn

page 24

gay guevara

"Gay" Guevara -- The Gay Liberation Front, which wants to take over mountainous Alpine County, Calif., announced that it now has 1179 people signed up to move into the High Sierra fortress. The remote county has only 384 registered voters. The homosexuals' strategy is to outvote the locals in order to elect Gay Supervisors, Gay Judges, a Gay Sheriff, etc. For Gay women, there will be employment in law enforcement and in the high paid construction jobs that are closed to women elsewhere. For Gay heads, there will be a sort of "reservation" without rent, taxes, building codes or morals and drug law enforcement.

new haven trial

New Haven -- The trial of Bobby Seale and Erika Huggins, making jury history already, has taken five weeks and over 500 prospective jurors to find four who have been acceptable to the state and the defense. The reason: Anyone opposed to the death sentence is automatically dismissed. Among black people, only one in five approve of the death penalty; and although New Haven has a thirty per cent black population, only three black people out of the last 200 prospective jurors were eligible for selection. Anyone under twenty-five is also automatically excluded. It will be a very select jury of "peers" that settles the fate of Erika and Bobby. LA Freep

guerillas freak army

Fort Lewis -- Threat of "guerilla-type terrorism" has forced the Army to tighten security on this big basic training post. Post commander, Major General Pearson said the move is due to theft of weapons, and arson attempts at the fort. He credits Weathermen and the Black Panthers for this. But those in closer touch with reality give all the credit to the GIs themselves. "Fed Up", the local underground GI paper, put it this way: "Anyone with half an ounce of intelligence knows that these so-called acts of 'vandalism' are being committed not by 'outside agitators, radicals, and self-styled revolutionaries', but by the General's own angry privates."

"fear for their lives"

Brothers & Sisters -- We have been denied bail on the basis of an FBI report declaring that we are "as dangerous as Eldridge Cleaver and Angela Davis." The judge, the D.A., the chief FBI agent, and the head U.S. marshal all signed affidavits claiming they "fear for their lives" if we are let out of jail. We are appealing the denial of bail, but in or out of jail we continue to struggle. We have already gotten together with other prisoners and tomorrow there will be a strike. 100% of the people in my block have signed a list of 10 demands at great risk to themselves. --Seattle 8 Defendant Chip Marshall

Aretha & Angela

Aretha & Angela -- Aretha Franklin has pledged to put up bond for 26-year old Black revolutionary Angela Davis. Aretha has said: "Whatever the price of the legal ransom, whether \$100,000 or \$250,000, I will use the money given me by Black people for their freedom and justice. Angela Davis must go free. Black people will be free." Aretha said she made the pledge, "not because I believe in communism, but Angela is a Black woman and she wants freedom for Black people. I have the money. I got it from Black people." Angela is charged with murder in the Marin County Courthouse shoot out August 7.

fire-arms & self-defense

Firearms & Self Defense -- The .38 Special cartridge is used by 75 per cent of U.S. police agencies. It has about 375 footpounds of energy and the load is widely available. C Caliber is actually .357. The .357 Magnum has a case 1/8 inch longer and is loaded to almost twice the energy of the .38 Special. A .38 Special cartridge can be fired in a .357 Magnum revolver, but cannot be done vice versa. This makes .357 guns desirable. For .38 Special Colt, Smith & Wesson, and Charter Arms cost is \$75 to \$100. The cheapest .357 Magnum is the Colt Trooper, which retails for \$135. Other models go up in price, for example, the Colt Python .357 which sells for \$175.

reviews

Black Elk's Vision

Black Elk Speaks by John G. Neihardt
John Dodge

Within the Oglala Sioux culture, there was a place for the holy-man/visionary. Black Elk was a holy man and a warrior, engaged in acting out symbology of Plains Indian culture. He was driven by the vision pulse of his culture — the ceremonial imagery, the structure of the buffalo hunt, the vision quest, and the ecstasy of being a "Human Being" in battle.

His life was also ordered by his place in time. Time before white man and time after white man are both mirrored in Black Elk's life. Fighting the white man and manifesting his visions into ceremonial form, realizing in defeat that his vision-dream was fading.

The language of Black Elk is the language of nature. A language that deals with the placement of events in time by synchronizing personal experiences, (birth, first hunt, first battle), with the seasons and the weather (Moon of the Changing Season, Moon of the Snowblind). This same natural categorization is used when explaining directions, distances; seemingly all mental ordering of events, space and time.

Black Elk is a man of the earth, "a two-legged creature" whose tongue utters no abstractions, theories or criticisms. While others talk in circles, Black Elk weaves a holy story of life on a Tao-like loom.

The acting out of Black Elk's vision (the Great Vision) in the Horse Dance form strikes me as necessary both for Black Elk's self-fulfillment and the culture's destiny. The man blessed with the vision becomes the receiver of spiritual content, acted out in the structure of the culture through ceremony.

Thoughts on the Sun Dance:

The Sun Dance can be perceived as an energy bond-producing occurrence. An act which unites the people with the Spirit of the Sun which in turn assures them of their sacred place in the cosmos. It is a time of fasting, purifying and overall emotional and sensual awareness. People push themselves over psychic edges. The pole dancers unite their flesh with the holy pole through a rawhide medium. The men dance, the flesh rips off their bodies. The physical is given to the spiritual in the cultural and personal quest for harmony.

The "waga chun" or holy tree, which acts as the focal point of the Sun Dance, reminds me a great deal of what Mircea Eliade calls the cosmic pillar or axis mundi which supports the heavens and opens the road to the Gods. The sacredness of the pole extends out into the surrounding area, defying a sacred space. The sacred space is in sacred time, a timeless, non-linear moment which is removed from the historical now.

Black Elk speaks of the power inherent in the circle and the lack of power in the square or any angular spatial area. One sees very little in nature that is box-like. The clouds, the sun and moon, the circular motion of the seasons, the input-output regularity of ecological systems — all lend their support to a circular flowing conception of the environment.

by john dodge

Linus Lays It Down

Vitamin C and the Common Cold
by Linus Pauling, W.H. Freeman & Co.,
San Francisco, 1970, 122 pp, \$1.95.

This book is probably going to cause a flap. The author, winner of two Nobel Prizes and author of numerous textbooks, makes a steadily paced, non-technical case for the use of vitamin C to correct deficiencies in present diets and prevention, alleviation, or cure of numerous diseases. This use of substances normally found in the body to treat is called orthomolecular medicine, deserves careful attention. In connection with this, he mentions Osmond's niacinamide therapy for aberrant mental states (including drug psychoses). Ever notice how hard it is to buy niacinamide??

On to the cold: The Minimum Daily Requirement of vitamin C is 60 mg. This will keep you from dying of scurvy. Unless you eat a lot more green vegetables than most of us can afford at this season, you probably need to be dropping lots of C, as individual requirements seem to vary between 3 and 5 gm per day. No ill effects have been noticed in laboratory animals at doses equivalent to 350 gm/day; in contrast, 20 to 30 gm of aspirin will kill an adult, and far less a child, while 1/2 to 5 gm of the patent cold remedies cause death.

If a cold starts, 4 gm/day for four days, 3 gm/d for the next four, tapering from 3 to your normal dose will suppress symptoms and secondary infection while the viral infection runs its course.

Co-ops and large chains should be able to supply you with Ascorbic Acid USP at \$7.50-10.00/kg. This is synthetic vitamin C, which is

indistinguishable from organic C by every test, including long-term usage. Rose hip vitamin C nets the canny entrepreneur up to \$1250 a kilo.

The Food and Drug Administration has proposed regulations which would prevent sale of bulk C, as well as tabs of more than 100 mg, except on that good old doctor's prescription. The same set of proposed regulations would forbid the publishing of information that

...dietary deficiency or threatened dietary deficiency of vitamins and/or minerals is or may be due to the loss of nutritive value of food by reason of the soil on which the food is grown, or the storage, transportation, processing or cooking of food.

It is thoroughly and non-controversially established that all four activities reduce nutritive value of foods; why does the FDA want to make it illegal to say so?

The same regulations would make it illegal to make the following statement:

...significant segments of the population of the United States are suffering or are in danger of suffering from a dietary deficiency of vitamins or minerals.

The statement, however, is true of approximately one-third of the U.S.'s populace. What the fuck's going on here??

by j. k. murphey o'flynn

"Some years are more inexorable than others." - C.P., Sr.

The Rod Stewart Album—Mercury No. SR61237
First Step/Small Faces—Warner Bros.No. 1851
Gasoline Alley—Mercury No. SR61264
(Listed in chronological order)

This could be subtitled "The Rod Stewart Trilogy" (or even "Small Faces Trilogy") for the same people keep popping up on the credits. Namely, Mr. Stewart, Ron Wood, Ian McLagan (organ & piano). When added to Kenny Jones (drums) and Ronnie Lane (bass) they become Small Faces. But the hardest thing of all is to choose the best of these three. When played back to back, a definite musical unit is established, blending blues, electricity and a country laid-back feelings.

The first has unmistakably established Rod Stewart as a vocalist to be reckoned with; if there were any doubts from his performances with the Jeff Beck group. Both here and on *Gasoline Alley* his vocals have the power to overpower, which they do, dominating the whole band to the point that it's definitely Stewart's show.

This is not so on *First Step* where the final analysis is that of a band with a singer, doing the best balancing act since the Flying Wallendas fell off the wire. Stewart's banjo picking on "Stone" and Ron Wood's great bottlenecking on "Around the Plynth" are a few highlights, added to an electric version of Dyland's "Wicked Messenger" and an outstanding Faces original, "Flying." Coupled to these and ending the record are two rock-out items, "Looking Out the Window" and "Three Bottom Hand Me Down" making this one of the most enjoyable English records in a while. But make no mistake, any one of these three is well worth the money spent.

RECORDS

Manse Lipscomb—*Trouble in Mind*—Reprise No. 6404

Just the kind of recording that blues freaks hope for; you generally get these on the average of two or so a year. This old (1961) representation of the master sharecropper could have been recorded in his kitchen in Navasota for all the special effects. No violins or many-throated cherubims for old Mance, no sir...

"Johnnie Take a-One on Me" is another version of "Take a Whiff on Me" (or "Take a Drink on Me" or "Cocaine Bill & Morphine Sue", depending), a few other riffs sneak in here and there and it's blues Texas style all the way. Manse plays both his "Church Songs" ("Run, Sinner, Run" and "Motherless Children") in open tuning: they are delightful.

"Ballad of Boll Weevil" is as different from Brook Benton's "hit" as can be imagined. Rounding out this record is the fact that neither voice nor guitar dominate, each complementing the other. A little autobiographical work on "Captain, Captain" some excellent tear-jerking on "Careless Love," a traditional version of "Night Time is the Right Time" and a back-porch instrumental "Buck Dance" just about wrap it up.

Backerloo
Black Sabbath —*Vertigo* (no number),
also Warner Bros. No. 1871

If you believe, like good ol' Barry Goldwater, that mediocracy in the pursuit of a hit record is no vice, then you'll probably like either of these. Many of the same things apply to both: they are heavy on electricity, both are blues based, each borrow excessively from Cream, constantly swiping licks from past heavies. And almost unfailingly, the first thought that will pop into your head is that neither of them is as good as Mountain or Led Zepplin, which isn't all that fair when you stop to think about it. Anyhow, both are redeeming otherwise and each have at least one outstanding cut—Backerloo, "Don't Drink Moonshine" and Black Sabbath, "The Wizard," and "Evil Woman" (a toss-up) plus a half minute display of rock bottom bass lines on the beginning of "N.I.B." If you want to check the bottom end response of your set, well I've never quite heard the equal. Bubblegummers they ain't.

by rob klein

SPACE OUT

BY JEFFERSON BAER

I watched the 1966 acid hearings on the telly with a friend of mine who was then doing time in the USA&F. He's fond of trying to understand history, as am I, and he hypothesized that Amerika would fall because too many people would be spaced out on acid — or some other species of dope — to defend the country, keep the economy running, etc. The emotional intensity with which he said this kept me from saying so at the time, but my immediate reaction was that the Fall would occur because of strait Amerika's mesmerization with telly and shopping centers, which would bind them to a selfish course and keep them from doing anything "effective" about third world discontent, either in the geographic third world or in the enclaves at home, which were growing both in size and number.

Those who are interested in radical research might amuse themselves by following up these informers of the people to their MIC sources; it could make a worthwhile story.

On another level, it is interesting to see how thoroughly these "men" are split off from reality — interestingly, a common charge against drug users. They write what their informants tell them is inside stuff on the issues of the day, with no check against the external world. Their worship of the priestly monopoly of information strikes one as better suited to Chaldean times... though indeed, epistemic styles do not die with an age, they merely vary in popularity and efficacy.

These men seem so thoroughly immersed in a social milieu that it apparently does not occur to them that there are external laws that may not be violated with impunity — a consequence, perhaps, of life in the permissive temperate zone.

A couple of years ago, I spent some time in study and discussion with a good friend who had, in the early part of his life been on the periphery of a Camelot-like world of the rich, famous and powerful, and who later on had to

flee to Canada to escape involuntary servitude.

He told me an interesting thing, a propos of William Burroughs: the rich and powerful are convinced that, no matter how bad things get, there is always a way out for them; they can always find a life-boat, even if they have to board it in drag.

The Task Force on Pornography has reported its findings, which were what everyone who'd thought about it or made less exhaustive studies already knew; there is no positive correlation between exposure to pornography and commission of sexual crimes; there is, indeed, a slight negative one. In plain English, dirty books prevent rape.

The Congress has rejected the study, saying the group did not do its job. I was surprised at the overt rejection; I had thought they'd just ignore it. Reaction is running stronger than I had thought.

Incidentally, the British Army's Indian Hemp Commission Report, the U.S. Army's study of cannabis conducted by Walter Reed, and the LaGuardia Report, conducted at the time Anslinger's original hysteria, as well as a recent statement signed by 96 officers and other employees of the Public Health Service found hemp to be harmless at worst, and yet...

Nixon's Dope Act will punish drug users according to how much trouble their drug causes the authorities (frequency of misuse). Pot and heroin thus are lumped together as requiring the most discouragement, and speed and downers, mostly abused by straighter types, often abusefully prescribed by doctors, are only lightly penalized.

Such scheduling shows a total lack of interest in the causes of crime; the acts being clearly defined as criminal, one must strive to maximize punishment, obviously...

On that basis, we should obviously have the death penalty for overtime parking and other vehicular offenses. Say, maybe that's not such a poor line of reasoning after all...



A BUNCH OF NEW POSTERS AND ALBUMS AS USUALx
AND THOSE WATERBEDSx
WE STILL HAVE THE LOWEST PRICES IN TOWNx

Say Man -
You been whupped with the ugly stick lately?
Mamma's here to help you.
An advice column for the sufferers from anxiety, neuralgia, quandrancies, and indecision.

Send your letters to:



Northwest Passage
1000 Harris St.
Bellingham, Wn. 98225

arts and lectures winter '71

jan 12

Harro Maskow & the canadian mime troupe

performing on an unadorned stage using the eloquent language of silence

8:15 music aud. WWSC
students, faculty — free
general — \$1.50
high school — \$.75

MORNINGTOWN

THE SAGA OF THE GREAT N.W. PASSAGE *RIPOFF!!



Poetry

IN A ROOM,
RUGGED,
RADIOED,
WAITING ANCHORED TO A COUCH.
I WAS TIRED OF MOTORS,
LEATHER CATALOGS (BOOTS AND BELTS),
SLEEPING BAGS, SUPPLIES,
THE SAME BROAD BACKS
AND BEARDS BENT OVER APPLES;
THE SAME PAIR OF DIRTY JEANS.
I NEEDED A WOMAN TO HOLD,
LAUGH AT
AND LEARN TO LOVE AGAIN.
NOW MY LIFE IS A CHEERFUL RACKET,
LYING ALONE AND ALIVE
SO CLOSE TO SOMEONE ELSE.
HER GREAT SOFT TIDES TURN
AND TURN AGAIN TOWARDS ME.

YESTERDAY CHANTERELL HUNTING
DOWN DARK LOGGING ROADS,
ON OVERGROWN TRAILS,
UNDER HUGE DAMP CEDER STUMPS,
THE SUN SHAFTING IN BETWEEN THE FIR AND PINE.

TO RID THE WORLD OF OLD RUBBISH
THE BUDDHA DIED A NATURAL DEATH
OF MUSHROOM POISONING IN THE FALL,
SEASON OF DESTRUCTION.

I FOUND THE FIRST ONES,
LIKE WRINKLED ORANGE TRUMPETS,
GROWING UP A HILL.

"HEY MAN, HERE THEY ARE!"

I PICKED AND PUT THEM INTO A BASKET
UNTIL THE HANDLE BROKE.
THEY ALL DROPPED OUT,
SPRINGING UP AFTER EACH SOFT FOOTSTEP
ON THE FOREST FLOOR
LIKE LOTUSES
FOLLOWING SAKYAMUNI OFF THE MOUNTAIN.

HUNGER MOVES MY LEGS,
HUNGER MOVES MY HANDS.
HUNGER IN THSES AWKWARD HOURS
OF THE FLESH
CARRIES ME.
HUNGER AWOKE THIS MORNING
TO NAME THE ELEMENTS OF THE DAY,
"HELLO EARTH,
HELLO AIR,
HELLO FIRE,
HELLO WATER,
HELLO ETHER,
PASS ME THE PLANETS PLEASE."
AND WHEN HUNGER FINALLY
CAME TO REST IN HIS NEED,
LOVE TOUCHED HIM
IN FIVE DIFFERENT WAYS.
THEN HUNGER WAS ASHAMED AND SILENT
BECAUSE HUNGER'S FACE
REFLECTED IN LOVE'S MIRROR
PLEASED HIM SO.

POEMS BY CHARLES KRAFFT

Krafft



by the food freaks

Too Many Vitamins, Not Enough Milk

Nutrition is a young science; the first important discoveries were made around the turn of the century and most of what we know today has been discovered in the last 20 years. Theories about the healthful qualities of food, however, have been around probably as long as food has. Cato, the famous Roman statesman, believed that cabbage contained the cure for all man's ills. During the Middle Ages garlic was used to keep away evil spirits. Those are just two isolated examples but practically every food has been declared to have magical properties at one time or another. Nutritionists are finding some of these beliefs to be true: such as carrots giving you bright eyes. Carrots have been found to contain carotene which is

converted by the body into Vitamin A, necessary for good eye health. But for the most part, nutritionists are not interested in studying "old wives tales."

This is an unfortunate attitude since today there are so many people who believe in "health foods" and so little scientific information about the special foods and diets they eat. Establishment nutritionists tend to dismiss those who eat health foods as "faddists" and "nuts" while those "faddists" refuse to have anything to do with traditional nutritionists who won't admit the possibility that the usual American diet might be inadequate. Both sides have valid points to make and as soon as nutritionists are able to investigate, open-mindedly, the claims of special health foods and as soon as health food believers can accept the findings of these trained scientists, we will have the start of a decent nutritional service.

Meanwhile there are a few food theories going around that I would like to comment on.

Several people have told me that milk is bad for you because it causes mucous. As far as I know, mucous is necessary for health since it fights infections in our bodies so I suppose the objection here is to the amount of mucous formed by milk. The studies I have read about on this subject indicate that this is a problem for some people, especially those who are being tube-fed. The problem was solved by switching the patient to skim or soy milk. Strangely enough, once they were cured, they could return to drinking whole milk and not be bothered by the mucous again.

I have also heard that adults do not need milk, that we can get all the nutrients we need from other food sources. This is true. The recommended daily allowance for calcium, for instance, which can be supplied by less than 3 cups of milk a day can also be supplied by approximately 3 1/2 cups of cabbage, 2 loaves of whole wheat bread, or 6 tablespoons of blackstrap molasses. However, these foods do not contain the ideal balance of calcium, phosphorus, and vitamin D found in milk and necessary for good utilization of these nutrients. Nor do they provide the 27 grams of high quality protein found in 3 glasses of milk. So though there is nothing special about milk which would make it necessary in our diet, it is a good idea to include it since it is such a convenient, and inexpensive, source of important nutrients.

Another area of controversy between nutritionists and health food writers is that of vitamin allowances. The government publishes tables of recommended and minimum daily allowances for most nutrients based upon extensive research. These tables are revised every few years as new information is available so it can't be said that they are the last word on how much of a vitamin we need, though

they probably come close.

Certain health food "authorities" seem to go overboard in recommending large intakes of vitamins daily. Their philosophy seems to be that if one is good and two is better then ten must be the best. For the water soluble vitamins (C and the B complex) this is probably just a waste of nutrients, since excess amounts are excreted by the body. Vitamin C, for instance, can normally be absorbed by the body in amounts of 100 milligrams at a time. With the fat soluble vitamins the situation becomes more dangerous. Vitamins A, D and E are stored in the body. This means that if you take in an excess of vitamin A today it will remain in your liver until the day when you do not take enough in and it will then be released to the rest of the body. The normal, healthy liver contains about 500,000 i.u. of vitamin A and the recommended daily intake is about 5000 i.u. For various reasons, some people decide to take more than this, some taking 50,000, some taking 200,000 i.u. a day. Since our body uses only a fraction of this amount the excess is stored in the liver. It has been found that after taking such large amounts for several months people begin to develop such symptoms as nausea, loss of hair, diarrhea and headaches. These symptoms disappear within a few days if the high vitamin doses are discontinued.

Another result of taking more vitamins than your body needs is that we become conditioned to the larger amounts and may suffer from deficiency symptoms when returning to the previously adequate levels.

Recommending greater intakes of vitamins than nutrition research has found necessary is irresponsible and dangerous. Under some conditions large doses can be beneficial but the average man should not be taught to think that miraculous cures can be achieved by swallowing extra vitamins.

Northwest Passage Jan. 4 - 17

ALASKA TAVERN
POOL BY THE HOUR
 DEEP FRIED CHICKEN
 1.30
 FISH AND CHIPS
 85¢
 209 W. HOLLY.

GENUINE DENIM & WHITE NAVY BELL BOTTOMS PEA COATS
LEATHER HATS, VESTS & JACKETS
BLOCKS
ARMY & NAVY CORNER FIRST & PIKE SEATTLE

OUT OF HAND
 - CUSTOM LEATHER -
 handmade clothes
 belts and bags
 • 1408 N.E. 40th in Seattle Wn. •

EVERYBODY'S STORE

on Rt. 9
 in Van Zandt 1 1/2 miles South of Deming

Our own whole grain Breads.

Organic Whole Wheat Flour 25¢/lb
 Organic Hard Red Wheat 20¢/lb - you can mill it here if you want
 Organic Sesame 70¢/lb
 Organic Corn Meal 29¢/lb
 Mung Beans 36¢/lb
 Organic Barley 23¢/lb
 Organic Rice 25¢/lb
 Organic Rolled Wheat 26¢/lb
 Organic Steel Cut Oats 20¢/lb
 Organic Millet 26¢/lb
 Organic Sunflower Seeds 71¢/lb.
 ALSO: Non-fat non instant dry milk, rye, white, barley, 2 whole wheat and white rice flours, dried fruit, nuts, bulk beans & pasta.
 Peanut oil and butter, Raw Honey, spices, Tamari, & other everyday products.

— BRING YOUR OWN CONTAINER —



continued from page 19

7)As a result of the mistrial, the constitutionality of the so-called "Rap Brown" anti-riot act, under which five of the Seven were being prosecuted, has yet to be tested. Appeals will be based on technicalities and procedural questions. The conduct of the defendants leads the media, and the public, to focus on courtroom theatre rather than on the substantive political and legal issues at stake, such as the repressive attempt by the government through the use of the "Rap Brown" law to crush organized dissent in America.

Regardless of what we think of them personally, the Seven must be supported in their bail-fight, in their legal battle with the awesome power of the government. But in this trial, which began in rancor and ended in violence, and where everyone and every institution was to be judged, everybody lost.



by donald

DR. DOOLITTLE

Vaccination is very important right now, as always.

Cats need at least one distemper shot (different virus from dog distemper) which is usually given at 8 weeks old, but can be given at any age.

Dogs all need to be done, and if in doubt, do it again. No harm will come from unneeded doses. Begin at 7-8 weeks old, go see a veterinarian. Be worried about them catching distemper until they have been protected. Keep them away from other dogs — often a difficult task in our dog-crowded households.

Rabies shots are something else altogether. If you want to take a dog to Canada it has to have a valid certificate of rabies vaccination within the preceding 12 months.

Vaccination, immunization, inoculation, shots, all mean the same thing.

Ear Mites affect mainly cats, and can spread to dogs. They cause headshaking, ear scratching, and the formation of brown wax in the ear canal. Frequently smelly secondary infections of pus-forming bacteria ensue. A sample of ear wax examined under a magnifying glass will often reveal one or two tiny white mites.

Treatment is simple and effective if you persevere. Pet counter preparations are effective, but are often unnecessarily expensive shotgun mixtures of antibiotics, antiseptics, insecticides and local anesthetics. Mineral oil with or without a little flea powder mixed in will work too if there is no bacterial infection.

The ears should be dressed every two days. The eggs are resistant but hatch in ten days, so if you treat religiously for three weeks you will destroy the population. Of course all the dog and cat ears in the household have to be treated to insure eradication.

Pus-filled or badly inflamed ears may contain foreign bodies or tumors or resistant infections, and are best seen by a veterinarian. In an emergency you can try the little tubes of antibiotic/cortisone mixture sold in feeds stores for treatment of cows' udders.

Road accidents kill and maim too many pets each year. Since we dog owners can't eliminate motor cars, it behooves us to take defensive measures.

Untrained dogs can be penned or chained quite comfortably — anathema to unfettered youth, but preferable to a grisly death. Leash-walking on busy streets will gradually impart road-sense to most dogs.

Many dogs get hit once, recover, and take more care, but many don't recover from the once. The compulsive car or motor-bike chaser should be scientifically thumped until he desists. I have never found a satisfactory alternative.

Cats and small dogs sleep under hoods or wheels of parked cars, and get minced. Look before you drive.

Global Imports

2025 James St., Bellingham

Winter Jackets — \$6.95 and up

Rain Gear — \$2.95 and up.

G-I Mummy Sleeping Bags — \$19.85 (limited supply)

Monday thru Saturday: 9 to 6:30 p.m.
Sunday: 12 to 6 p.m. Wednesday: closed.

Promotions

&

Enterprises

&

Surplus Goods

Mention the Passage and get a 5% discount.

THE BANK
BOOK STORE

ASTROLOGICAL FORECASTING
OCCULT GARDENING

ORIENTALIA
HOME REMEDIES
BRIDGING
TAROT ETC.

1100 HARRIS

— RIGHT ABOVE FANTASTIC TONDALL —

THE FAIRHAVEN

BEER & WINE
GOOD MUSIC
FINE FRIENDLY FOLK

1310 12th

FOOD STAMPS

continued from page 22

Although the local DPA expects the new regulations to remain relatively unchanged for some time, there are many ways open for changes to be made. Under the new regulations a person who lives with others but applies separately for food stamps must share neither food nor "household facilities." Taken literally, this would mean that he would need a separate stove, refrigerator, etc. The administrator of the Bellingham DPA office has said it would be "ridiculous" to apply such a requirement; however it is part of the regulations and it could be applied at any time.

Congress has very recently extended the food stamp program for another three years. The bill by which the Food Stamp Act was extended contains numerous provisions concerning food stamp administration and eligibility. Just what effects these changes may have is yet to be determined.

The directorate of the Washington Department of Public Assistance has the power to make new regulations which can stand for up to ninety days before being formally adopted at or after a public hearing. The present new regulations have yet to be formally adopted. The public hearing prior to their adoption will be held this Friday, January 8, in Olympia.

If low-income students, young people or any other group of people are not to be arbitrarily denied the assistance of the food stamp program, it must be made clear to the Department of Public Assistance and to politicians at all levels that they are operating under the watchful scrutiny of a concerned public that demands that public assistance programs be responsible and just.

Dave Berrian

page 29

Your Mother's Mustache

BEER WINE

First & Washington MA3-9172

APOCALYPSE

continued from page 5

by which one shares with others the true dimension and depth of the world. Those gestures are a form of revelation, for they restore to others a sense of what is shared. But one can only make them when one feels free, when the space we inhabit is our own, an open environment, a 'field' in which we can begin to see clearly, act freely — and be real.

BEING IN THE WORLD.

...THAT IS ALL

I know that this is shaky ground. How can one explain what one means by real? It is experiential and subjective: a quality and condition of some kind of deeply inhabited moment. We talk about ecstasy and ego - death and peak experience, but those seem equally imperfect ways of describing the experience of *being in the world*. One *is*. That is all. Our chronic sense of isolation dissolves; there is a correspondence, an identity, between inner and outer, world and world. It is a making whole; it knits together the self at the same time that the self is felt to be a part, the heart, of what surrounds it.

What it is, always, is a reclamation of our proper place in the world — and those who want to help the young must realize that it cannot happen in the schools. Perhaps, after all, it doesn't really matter whether we transgress their limits by leaving them or while staying within them, so long as we learn to ignore them wherever we are. Can one do that while still in the state's schools? I don't think so.

But perhaps some teachers want to try — and why not? Perhaps it is worth the effort and anguish — as long as one always remembers that one's primary obligation is not to the system, not the state, but to the young — and not as a teacher, but as an equal and ally. That obligation — like a doctor's or lawyer's — is absolute, more important than our own comfort or job, and it can be satisfied only when one is willing to refuse, point blank, to do anything that really damages the young — no matter who programs or asks for it. One must be willing to suspend the rules, refuse one's role, reject the system — and live instead with the young — wherever you find them — as the persons we really are. If that is impossible in the schools, then one must be willing to leave the schools and take the young, too — into the street, into one's home — wherever we can live sensibly together.

Perhaps what schools need are 'escape committees' of resistance devoted, like the draft resistance, to discovering alternatives for the young. We have plenty of working models, places such as the First Street School in New York or Berkeley's Other Ways; the "free schools" scattered on either coast; community day care centers and ghetto storefront schools; female liberation groups; communes of all kinds; free clinics; therapeutic centers like Synanon; experimental colleges; the hard-edged courage of the Panthers and Young Lords. All of these function in different ways as an education in liberation: the attempts of people to move past institutions and do for themselves what the state does not.

Not everyone can do it, of course. It is a scary idea. Our heads

are heavy with a fear of 'dropping out.' The institutional propaganda convinces too many of us that there is one world here and another there, and that there is some kind of illegitimate limbo where our actions dissolve in the air. But there is simple private life, the life of the street, the free relations between persons, and it is only there, these days, that one can be free or real enough to serve the young. But if it is dangerous out there, it is also incredibly lovely at times, full of learning, full of freedom, and only those who have lived or traveled with the young in those open fields know just how exhilarating, if exhausting, it is.

...IF SHE AWOKE IN PARADISE

But what about the future? When I talk with my friends these days the sugarplum visions dance in their heads, and they tell me about their systems and salvations, or the dawning age of Aquarius and the new consciousness. Well, I want to believe it. But these days there is also the cop at the door with his gun, and the new mechanical men, and also something in me, the old Adam, the old father, whispering *not yet, not yet*. I remember a man I knew in New York who ate nothing but bologna and cheese sandwiches, and when he broke his jaw and had to sip through a straw he dumped bologna and cheese and bread in his blender, added milk, and had his usual sandwich.

Which is to say, the future changes, but we may not. Whatever there is on the other side of this confusion will be, at best, not so different from what we already have now, on occasion, in our best moments. No new senses, no third sexes, no cosmic orgasms, no karmic rebirths. No, if we are daring and lucky, what will be 'revolutionary' will simply be that more of us, all of us, will have more of a chance for a decent human life — good comrades and lovers, a few touches of ecstasy, some solitude and space, a sense of self-determination.

I once asked a student what she would do if she awoke in paradise. "Walk around," she said. "Get something to eat."

I don't have any other answer. We will do what we do now — but we will do it better. We will sit talking with friends around a table, do some decent work, hold one another guiltlessly in our arms, touch a bit more softly, more knowingly. We will understand a bit more and dance a bit more and breathe a bit more and even think a little more — and all, perhaps, a bit more intelligently, more bravely.

That isn't much, but it is also almost everything, and what we are forced to do now is learn how to do all that for ourselves. There is no one to show us how — no program, no system. One can only have such lives by trying to live them, and that is what the young are trying to do these days, all on their own, whether we help them or not. The few real teachers I know, those really serving the young, are simply those who try to live such lives in their company, as freely and humanly as they can. The rest of 'education' is almost always rhetoric and nonsense.

Be a Northwest Passage Vendor

and make
12 cents
per
copy.



GET YOUR PAPERS AT

FRESH AIR — 1305 State Street in Bellingham

OUT OF HAND LEATHERS — 1408 N. E. 40th
(off University Way) in Seattle

THE GALLERY — 3114 Colby, Everett

PILLOW POWER — 616 Pike Street, in Seattle

OMNIBUS — 606 1st Street, Mt. Vernon

Pluto's 1211 11th st. southside "LIVE" MUSIC NITELY

Jan. 6 - 10 13 - 17

sun brother
'good rock'

Jan. 4 - 5 11 - 12

hunger bros.
'bluegrass music'





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



SMOKERS SYNONOMOUS— Care to join us in a group effort to cut down on the evil weed? We're trying to form a mutual benefit society to stop smoking cigarettes. If you're interested, call Don Alford at 734-2905.

JOHNSON HAULING SERVICE Rubbish* or light/heavy hauling (Want Your ashes hauled...?) Bellingham call 676-0413 (after 5 p.m.)

HAULING, MOVING, ETC. Kelly & Dave 734-1531

THE LATEST FOLK FAD is taking red pepper in gelatine caps to off set the bad effects of taking birthcontrol pills. This seems likely to be a bit hard on the stomach; does anyone know how or why pepper improves the situation? Write "Pepper", c/o the Passage.

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.

GOOD GRIEF — GOOD CHEESE! 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 734-9285.

CHICKS — for used fur coats, jackets, capes in excellent condition and at reasonable prices, see the people at Northwestern Fur Shop on Commercial Street across from the B'ham Arcade. For sure. Tell 'em who sent you.

DRUMMER wants to join interested group. Ph. 676-06

PEOPLE'S GUITAR TEACHER — Cliff Perry needs students. Weekly lessons. Call 734-4665, and we can talk it over.

SPECIAL THANKS TO MARK for making one more typesetter possible this issue.

LEON, THE POTTER, is looking for a house (the bigger the better) in the Country or South Bellingham. 734-0083.

WANTED: 2-BEDROOM HOUSE in country or on a farm. Call Sue Thomas, 734-9158.

VW BUS: 7 PASS. '65 w/ '67 engine, very good shape. \$1,495. Ph. 595-8684 evenings

WE ARE LOOKING for a run down (?) farm or house with some land to rent, lease with option to buy, or to buy. Prefer within one hour drive of Bellingham. Contact Don Somerville, P.O. Box 5166, Seattle, Wn.

10 acre abandoned homestead in a quiet country area. Orchard, well, old fruit cellar and shed. Good acreage for pasture or gardening. \$8,500. Good Terms. United Town & Country, 1256 Guide Meridian. 4 miles north of Bellingham. 398-7766

HAIRCUTTING — Reasonable rates. Phone Janus at 734-4665 for details.

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

BATIKS made. Reasonable. Will make to order. Call 734-9851, Ask for Ted

PHOTOGRAPHY by Dave Wolf, Candid, Portraits, Passports (\$4) Reasonable. 734-1531 Anytime

HAVE PICK-UP & WOOD BURNING stoves but no wood. If you have a chain saw we'd like to use it. We'd be more than happy to split our take with you. Contact Dickson, 2014 24th st.

FOR SALE: 8 TRACK TAPES and players. Craig home player, walnut, \$35. Craig 3201 car player, \$25. Variety of 60 tapes, mostly rock, \$1.50 each. 734-1531

WANT A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN? Part or full time, no investment. Ph. 676-0621

WOOD FOR SALE
\$20.00 a cord/del.
\$18.00 otherwise
phone 366-4385
Bob & Barb Hensley

FREE
2 female siamese cats
LOVING & GENTLE
call Jerry Burns
734-4935

PSST! We're here, but not many know it yet. Be the first one in your neighborhood. Tune into some fine threads... clothes that feel good. Jay Jacobs, 1411 Cornwall, 10 to 9:30 and 12 to 5 on Sunday. Mention the Passage — it identifies you.

BARR'S CAMERA SHOP. Bellingham's complete photography store. Special limited supply Russian SLR - \$54.40. The Zenit B. Mention the Passage — it identifies you.

ALASKA TAVERN does it daily at 209 West Holly. Deep Fried Chicken - \$1.30. Fish & Chips - \$.85. Be sure to tell Loretta that you saw this in the Northwest Passage. She's our friend.

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

SUPER FOOD AT THE LOAD!
try some today.

cardvark books and arts Open week nights til 9 p.m. 734-4043

1222 North State (3 doors south of Shakey's)

Write Your Own Horoscope 95¢
Zen Macrobiotic Cooking \$1.25
Natural Food Cook Book 95¢
Child's Garden of Grass 95¢



gimel beth



Jan. 4 — Louis Braille born 1809, Issac Pitman 1813

Jan. 7 — Galileo Galilei discovers Jovian satellites, 1610; Millard Filmore born, 1800

(S) "Hay Fever" at the Seattle Center Playhouse 'til Jan. 16

(S) "A' Thousand Clowns" Movie House Jan. 4

(V) Neil Young in Concert at Queen Elizabeth Theatre, 8:30 Jan. 6

B=Bellingham, V=Vancouver, S=Seattle, P=Portland, T-Tacoma

(V) — "Yukon Safari" & "Sasquatch" - Wildlife Films, Queen Elizabeth Theatre, 8:00

Jan. 9 — 1913 b. Richard M. Nixon, Vice-President of the U. S., 1953-61.

(S) Neil Young will be in the Opera House. Jan. 9

Jan. 10 — Ethan Allen born, 1739.

(S) "Billy Budd", Movie House, Jan. 5-11.

(S) Northwest Pigeon Show — SC Display Hall, J 6-10; free.

(V) 'Othello' at Queen E Playhouse all month.

(B) 'Catch 22' soon at the Grand.

(S) Boat show in the SC Coliseum, J 9-11.

(S) James Brothers Circus, SC Arena J 10-11.

(P) The Romeros :: a guitar family in the Civic Auditorium.

(S) 'President's Analyst', Movie House; J 12-14.

(V) La Salle Quarter at Q. E. Playhouse, 8:30, Jan. 12.

Jan. 14 — Fundamental Orders of Connecticut adopted, 1639: "...the foundation of authority is in the free consent of the people."

(S) 'Death & Dying', a UW symposium in Eames Theatre J. 14 & 15.

(T) Dan Mckinstay with good blues sounds at Court 'C', 10:30, Jan 15.

(V) "Enter a Free Man" at the Metro Theatre J. 14 on.

(S) Steve Miller at the Opera House J. 15.

Jan. 16 — Capt. Jas. Cook, R.N., discovers Sandwich Islands.

(T) 101 Frogs play folk-jazz at Court 'C', 10:30, J. 16.

(S) 'The 400 Blows', Movie House, Jan 15-18.

(P) Dog Show — see all breeds at the Exposition Center, J. 16.

Jan. 17 — Benj. Franklin born, 1706.



BELLINGHAM FOOD CO-OP

NEWS FROM THE FOOD CO-OP: We're getting it on. The Aquarian energy of the last dayooof 1970 got the first coat of paint on the walls. A wood stove has been installed and John is working on the skylight. At the current rate of energy generation, we could conceivably be ready to... than that.

MONEY, MONEY, MONEY: The perennial philosophy, er, problem is of course money. There is enough in the bank account to finish the renovation of the store and have about \$400 left over to purchase the initial inventory. Informed estimates suggest we should have \$2000 to \$2500 to start. Needless to say, we'll start with less — \$1000 if we're lucky. Which means we need to raise \$600. Which means 75 new members or various fund raising projects, on the order of benefits.

HOW TO JOIN THE CO-OP: Fill in the blanks at the bottom of this page, including with your blank a check for \$8.00. \$3.00 of this is a non-refundable membership fee (a good faith donation if you wish). \$5.00 of this purchase a refundable share in the operation of the Co-op.



HOW TO ATTEND THE BENEFIT OF YOUR CHOICE: Benefit ideas are floating about in great abundance at the moment. They include the prospect of the Hunger Bros. appearance at Mojo's Coffee Shop in the Viking Union. This may occur next Saturday, January 9, Richard Nixon's birthday. Or it may occur later.

Another idea is an auction. We have access to two of the world's finest auctioneers and they are anxious to display their talents in a fund-raising bash benefit. Details on these prospective events will circulate prior to their occurrence, so keep your ear to the wind, and you will hear of them.

HOW TO MAKE A TAX DEDUCTIBLE CONTRIBUTION: Pull out your checkbook, fill in the blanks, and send it along with a kiss to the Bellingham Food Co-operative, 1000 Harris Avenue, Bellingham, WA 98225. (If you back date it, you could even make it count on 1970's return.)

Well, that's about all for today, folks. Stop by sometime and see our beautiful new paint job (or help paint the shelves). It's now or never....

Name.....
Address.....
City.....
Phone.....

Herewith find enclosed my check or money order in the amount of \$8.00 to cover membership in the Bellingham Food Coop. I look forward to receiving a receipt by return mail.



MUSIC IS NEWS

Tell the stories: sing the songs.
Civilization is upon us, we insist.

Happy and Artie Traum: Brothers to self and each, of Woodstock. "... music thrives on our energy, draws our hope, purges and soothes us. It is our life, but not our solution. A small part, maybe."

Jaime Brockett: Always coming, always gone, yet always with us. "I'm Jaime Brockett, I'm Gen. Custer, I'm P. T. Barnum, I'm a mind drift pervert from Denver who just plays music."

Maury Muehleisen — Gingerbreadd: Traveler west through imagination. Opaque and lucid thought/feeling; nostalgia. "Right now we're all experiencing the ever since."

Don Nix — In God We Trust: "with special thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Greene, John Fry, Denny Cordell, Leon Russell, Jim Stewart." Open the door and see all the people.

McGuinness — Flint: Top of British charts now to further and Furthur Bergmanesque/ mysterious fame fortune on sunny American machinations. Welcome.



on Capitol
and
Shelter



Third in a series of drawings
commissioned by Capitol from John Van Hammersveld.