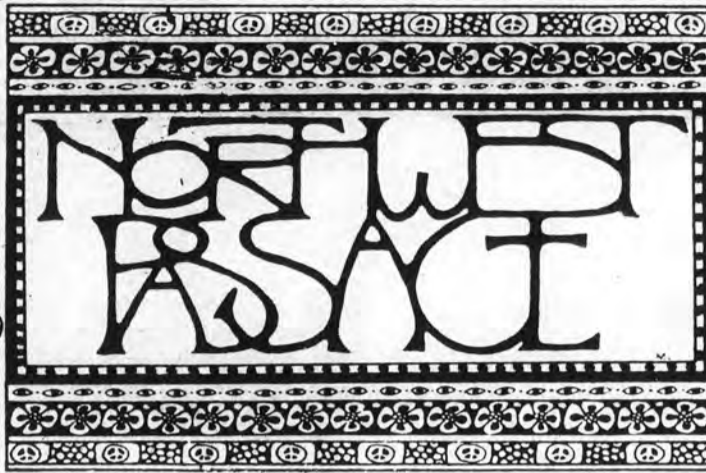




VOLUME 4 Number II

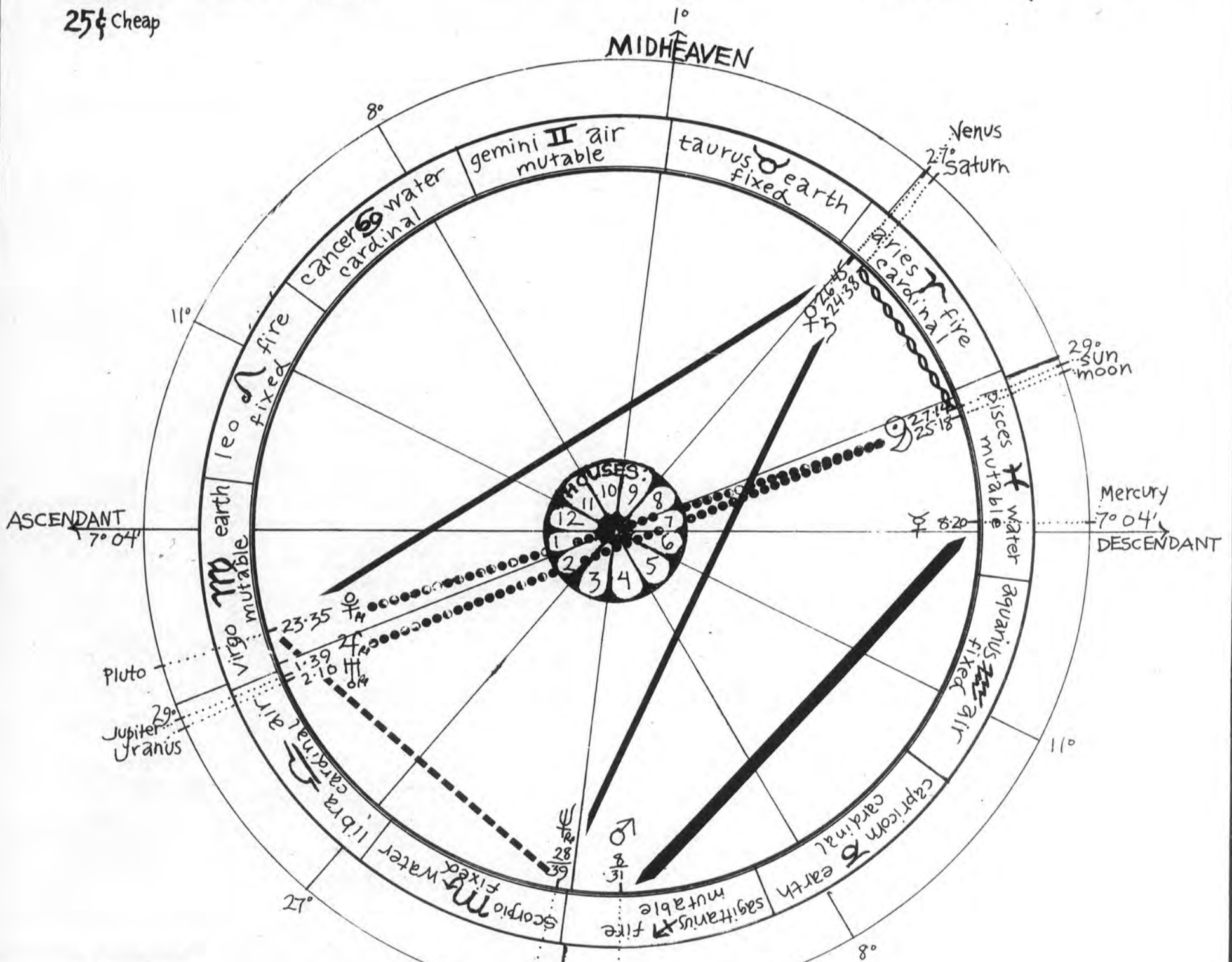
25¢ Cheap



March 15-March 28, 1971



Bellingham, Washington



Elements:
 Fire (CREATIVE): ♀ ♂
 Air (INTELLECTUAL): ♃ ♆
 Water (EMOTIONAL): ♉ ♊ ♋ ♌
 Earth (PRACTICAL): ♋ ASC.

Forces:
 Cardinal (INITIATING): ♃ ♆ ♀ ♂
 Fixed (STABLE): ♋
 Mutable (VARIABLE): ♉ ♊ ♋ ♌ ASC.

natal chart for The Northwest Passage
 born: March 17, 1969
 4:20 P.M. P.S.T.
 Lynden, Wh.
 49 N. Lat. 122 W. Long.

Some interpretations appear on page eleven.

Letters

TO THE EDITOR....

Keep on Truckin'

Dear NWP:

An important facet of our people as an alternative culture is our mobility. Many of us have travelled and continue to travel over this continent experiencing and developing a new life style. Many modes of transportation have been used by us in our trampings, i.e. hitchhiking, freight hopping, motorcycles, feet and hands, etc. One of the most striking is the travelling environment, particularly school buses and large trucks. These vehicles enable us to travel in large numbers, bringing not only our family and friends, but also our work. School buses are being used throughout the United States and Canada as moving stores, workshops, music caravans and churches.

The concept of self-made mobile homes is a new and exciting part of our culture. As with all areas of growth, I think it important that we keep all communication channels open, and spread our learnings and experiences to as many other people as possible. In hopes of making as much information as I can gather available, I am putting together a book on school buses. It will be a guidebook on how to build and assemble a working environment inside a school bus or truck. In order to do this I will be travelling around America this coming summer, meeting, interviewing, and photographing as many bus people as I can. . . .

I'm writing to you in hopes that your readers will respond with ideas and criticisms.

Sincerely,

Howie Roman
c/o P. Snow
3990 Marguirite St.
Vancouver 9, B.C.

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Nettle Mettle

Dear NWP:

Young nettles do sting! I have picked them for years, but always the "older" ones (May - June); dried them and used them for tea all year round (1 tsp. per cup). Since I never experienced the psychic tea of young nettles, I went out this morning to pick some. (Glooves? No.) As soon as I put them into my hand, I felt this tingling sensation!

Whoever goes out to pick them might wear gloves, unless you like this sensation.

Inge

Ecolitical?

Dear NWP Sisters and Brothers:

I'm glad to be able to write you and say something nice. [We are too. -Ed.] Since I've been up here (6 months) the times I saw NWP, I was never impressed by its almost total eco-trip. Being from Bezerkly, I tend toward the revolutionary essence of contemporary life.

Now you're getting into some of the political realities and that's a healthy sign. The letter you printed from Prior about the "movement" struck a responsive chord in me. You see, I'm into what we call "People's Yoga" which on a theoretical level is a fusing of the subjective - internal - personal consciousness and the objective - external revolution.

On a practical level, we are organizing a rural collective farm in N.E. Washington which will be into producing organic soybeans, goat's cheese, and other useful products. We view this venture not as the only way, but as a supplement / complement to the urban struggle. We plan to get a house in the city to function as a center for yoga sessions, a food co-op, and yogic childcare facility.

The farm will serve as a place for the urban sisters and brothers to get their soul / batteries "charged" so they can better function in the heavy, hostile city.

The hope of the future indeed is in establishing rural, communal, collective alternatives, not just for the enlightened offspring of middle-muddle Amerika, but for all the people who need physical and mental health: the blacks, browns, native American tribes and poor whites.

But the other aspect of today's reality is the fact that the struggle for political power, so necessary to stop this cancerous system of eco-rape capitalism, resides in the cities.

By fusing the movement for liberation, rather than fragmenting it, we have a chance to be victorious. Both the stale rhetoric and trashing of the sunshine politicians and the vagueness of dreamland metaphysics lead to dead ends in terms of substantial and effective social change. What is necessary is to utilize the best tactics and principles of both paths and to revolutionize our way of life in a fundamental way. If you're just into grooving, then groove on! But if you

want to become wholly warriors and get something accomplished, then live the positive alternative as we tear down the old system. (Right on! -Ed.)

We publish a FREE booklet on People's Yoga which is available for 10 cents postage from the Natural Liberation Front, P. O. Box 12664, Seattle, Wash. 98111.

Please mention this as a community service, not as a business. It is a good book filled with recipes [off the pig, off the pork!], yoga exercises and political innovations.

Armed with love,

Sid

Drum Thumped

Dear NWP:

I object to the tone of Ryan Drum's supercilious article entitled "Babying the Old Folks - Adopt Them!"

Mr. Drum announces that older people "thrive on attention, play and love" and he gratuitously tells us to "permit them to enhance our lives." He in his wisdom and maturity advises the young to be kind to old "folks" - sort of like "take an old person to lunch" approach during National Old Folks Week. So Drum says about himself "some of my best friends are old" and shows us a photo of himself "implimenting [sic] what he postulates."

I agree that we have much to learn from older persons, but not just because they are old. They can be delightful, vital, bigoted, cantankerous, healthy, selfish, 'hip,' ecologically aware or unaware, as are all of us, and they should be cherished for themselves.

By the way, the unidentified man in the photo was Mr. Keith Ahrens of Bellingham. Older people have names, too.

Sincerely,

Kathleen A. Keller
Age 36
Bellingham

Pharmacognosyst Speaks

Dear NWP:

I have just finished reading Vol. 4, No. 9 of your paper and once again my faith in (some of) humanity has been restored. Keep up the good work. The article about the "Bellingham Bust" was a shock to me, I was under the impression that the local constabulary were rather 'loose' about being the keepers of the public morals and were more concerned about maintaining peace in the community. Live and learn.

Yesterday I had the pleasure of meeting Cesar Chavez, a wonderful man, his face is beautiful. After all the troubles that have been heaped upon him, the vile names, the abuse he has been subjected to, he still has enough faith in people to say that there is some good in everybody and that included the growers. "In some cases it is necessary to bring this inherent goodness to their attention, they are

not aware that they have this quality." He was referring to the growers. Keep up the support. It aids the cause.

Sincerely yours,

John K. Brown,
alias the Herbalist
Assoc. Prof., Pharmacognosy
U of the Pacific, Stockton

Socialist Brainfood

Dear NWP:

The Soup and Salad Commune announces a weekly series of discussion to explore the many theoretical and practical problems entailed in building a mass socialist consciousness.

The lack of communication between the diverse groups and individuals who are working to build a socialist America cuts deeply into the potential solidarity of any mass revolutionary base in America. These discussions will hopefully alleviate some of these divisions.

The discussions are being held Sunday nights, 7:30 p.m. at the Soup and Salad Restaurant in the Pike Place Market. (Hint: do not park on the west side of Pike Place.) Following are some of the discussion topics for the next few weeks:

March 21: Revolutionary commitment - what does it imply in terms of conventional marriage and child rearing?

March 28: Creating a life style consistent with our notion of revolutionary commitment.

April 4: Alternatives in child rearing and education.

April 11: Alternatives in sexual practice.

April 18: Communal enterprise as guerilla warfare.

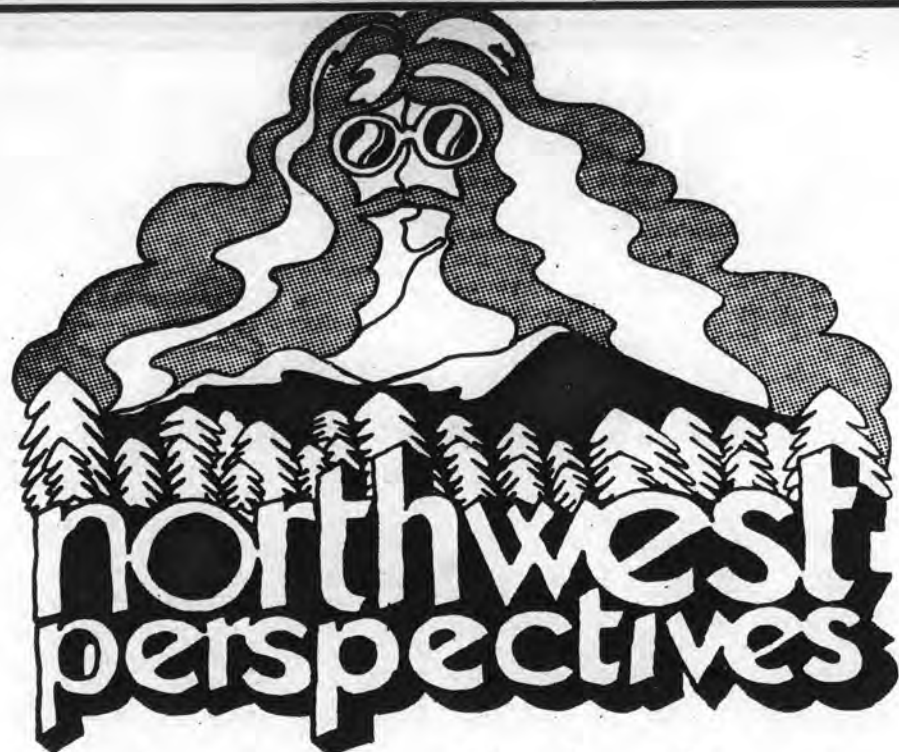
April 25: Communes as a means of struggle against oppression, e.g. women's lib communes, gay lib communes.

Thanks for publicizing these. Hope you'll join us.

Sincerely,

Soup and Salad Commune
Seattle

Does your mother
think you have
brain cellular
disease from all
the stuff she
popped trying to
get rid of you?
Then come on down
to TOAD HALL
4th & Harris
for we love you
just the same!
5-10
dinners nightly!!



happy birthday to us

The **Passage** has survived for two years now. The many fluctuations that a paper experiences have been broad and numerous for us. But the **Passage** has somehow weathered the low spots and even flowered at times.

Which is somewhat unusual for an underground enterprise, born of spontaneity and nurtured on an atmosphere of transition.

Here at the **Passage** it is a time of retrospect and nostalgia. A time for evaluation of what we have accomplished and of where we go from here. Part of our celebration are the articles included in this issue which attempt to tell where the amorphous thing called the **Passage** has been and where it is now.

Part of our celebration is our growing subscription list. And our new office. And a volatile and very active staff. Perhaps even the nearness of Spring has influenced our celebration.

In tune with a recent trend at the **Passage** to focus each issue on a definite social or environmental problem, we have chosen this time to analyze prisons and jails, oftentimes seen as anachronisms from the Dark Ages. We look at Federal Penitentiaries and jails on the local level from a perspective frequently neglected elsewhere. Look with us as we hunt for an understanding of, and a solution to various problems. Tell us when we are right, or wrong, or narrow. Lend us your perspective.

And help us celebrate.

--d.w.

STAFF

Northwest Passage - the fortnightly journal of ecology, politics, the arts, and good healthy livin' - is published in Bellingham, Washington. Mail address: Box 105, So. Bellingham Station, Bellingham, Washington, 98225. Phone 733-9672. If no answer, try 734-1531. Advertising and business number, 734-1755.

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

Ed Monk	Cadillac	Buck Meloy
John Servais	Bob Hicks	Jefferson Baer
Steve Kowalczewski	David Wolf	Michael Kerwick
Bill & C. T. Servais	Christina Kowalczewski	David Frazer
J. Prunier	Bernard Weiner	Laura Hultgren
Nely Gillette	David Donovan	Melissa Queen
Allen Gibbs	Roxanne Park	Jeff Fine
Lee & Marcie Greff	Patrushka	Jerry Burns
John Woolley	Kay Lee	Candice Close
Donni Kennedy	Ruth Felver	Steve Overstreet
Cindy Green	Jan Van Wyk	Jim McConnell
Rod Pruitt	Steve Friedman	Frank Kathman
Bob Andersen	Ann Nugent	Mary K. Becker

cover by *patrushka mckinnon*

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 1000 Harris St. and are open to all. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope for return.

The **Passage** notes with regret the passing of Charles Finzel, postmaster of the South Bellingham Station, who died on March 8, 1971. He was a good friend of the community and we will miss his warm greetings and his helpful encouragement.

Ecotage Contest

eco-tage (e'-ko-tazh or e'-ko-tazh), n. [MnE. ecology and sabotage, from Gr. oikos, a house, and logy, to study; and saboter, to damage machinery with wooden shoes], the branch of tactical biology that deals with the relationship between living organisms and their technology. It usually refers to tactics which can be executed without injury to life systems.

Environmental Action is conducting a contest for activists. We want to know what tactics can be used by concerned citizens to stop corporations or institutions from polluting, exploiting and otherwise threatening the survival of the earth and its inhabitants.

The first place winner will be given a trip to Washington, D.C., to receive the "Golden Fox" award, named in honor of the fox of Kane County, Illinois who has been harassing polluters. His actions have included hanging on a railroad bridge a 60-foot banner that said, "We're involved - in killing Lake Michigan - U.S. Steel." He has also blocked industrial drainage systems, sealed off polluting smokestacks, and dumped the effluent of a corporation in the lobby of its headquarters.

Entries may range from simple ideas which embarrass corporations to more complex plans for stopping corporate irresponsibility. Tactics will be judged on creativity and feasibility by a panel of ecotage experts. Contest entries should be mailed to Ecotage, Environmental Action, Room 731, 1346 Connecticut Avenue N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036. Northwest Passage would be interested in receiving a copy of all entries for possible publication in future issues. Send to Box 105, S. Bellingham Station, Bellingham, Wash. 98225.

Rules

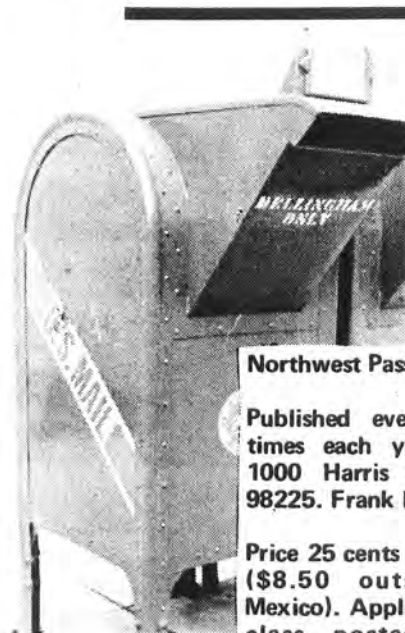
- entrants may submit more than one idea
- all entries must be typewritten, double-spaced
- more than one person may work on an entry, but only one representative can receive the award
- length should be limited to 100 pages
- only tactics received by April 20, 1971 will be judged
- all submissions become the property of Environmental Action and may be reproduced by the organization
- contest void where prohibited by law

Prizes

First Prize: a trip to Washington, D. C. to receive the "Golden Fox" trophy

Second Prize: an ecology library

Third Prize: ten winners will receive copies of 'Profiles in Corporate Irresponsibility' and 'Earth Tool Kit.'



Northwest Passage Vol. 4, No. 11

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HANGUP ON WAR

by joseph prunier

"To sin by silence when we should protest makes cowards of men."
—Abraham Lincoln


Though we will engage in the April and May demonstrations, and write protest letters and send People's Peace Treaty petitions to our elected representatives, and maybe even block a freeway or two, in our frustration, Nixon ignores us, ignores the Congress which attempts to restrict his madness, and continues daily to expand the war in Indochina. Rumors and speculations abound, especially given his secretiveness and irrational military moves in the past year or so: Will the U.S. use tactical nuclear weapons along the DMZ and Ho Chi Minh trails? (The army is moving the entire population out of the five northwestern provinces of South Vietnam; Nixon immediately denies any suggestion of use of atomic weapons — thus increasing the suspicion!) Will the Saigon regime invade North Vietnam as President Thieu is threatening? (Shades of Syngman Rhee and the start of the Korean War!) If South Vietnam does invade the North, will Nixon order U.S. air support? (He immediately denies any such suggestion — hence the suspicion increases! Would you buy a used war from this man?) Can the Congress do anything to stop the military machine?

So we'll agitate and demonstrate, but what about something more tangible, more practically effective that we as individuals can do? One of the most interesting, and most irritating to the government, is War-Tax Resistance. That is to say, you simply withdraw your financial support for militarism and the war. No War Taxation Without (or even with) Representation! Seventy-three percent of the American people in a recent Gallup Poll say they want total withdrawal of ALL U.S. forces by the end of the year at the latest — yet the war expands. Senator Mondale is introducing a bill to deny Nixon funds for any support of an invasion of North Vietnam. The same principle works on an individual level: simply don't pay any taxes that are supportive of the war.

TELEPHONE EXCISE TAX


Now obviously some are more brave and more committed to the cause of peace than others. How far you go in war-tax resistance is up to you and your conscience.

Let's start with the easiest. The 10% excise tax listed at the bottom of your phone bill was re-instituted in 1966 explicitly to help finance the Vietnam War. Simply subtract that amount from your phone bill and pay the rest, including a little note saying why your sense of conscience and the international laws established at the Nuremberg Tribunals prohibit your paying the war-tax. (At Nuremberg, the principle was established that each citizen is morally culpable for war-acts



WAR TAX RESISTANCE

Date _____



BECAUSE OF THE BRUTAL AND AGGRESSIVE WAR the United States government is conducting against Vietnam, the amount of the federal excise tax, \$....., has been deducted from my payment of this bill. I have opposed this war and protested against it in many ways. Now I must testify to my opposition by refusing to pay this tax.

The telephone excise tax was raised in April, 1966, only in order to help pay for the war in Vietnam. Paying the tax means helping to pay for outright atrocities, for the murder of innocent women and children. It means helping to pay for the indiscriminate bombing and napalming of defenseless villages. It means helping to finance the shipping of American boys half way around the world to die defending an unpopular, totalitarian and corrupt regime.

I am sorry for any inconvenience my tax refusal may cause your office and hope you will understand that this protest is not directed against the telephone company. I hope also that you will soon join me and the many others who have decided that it is now necessary to oppose the war by refusing to pay the telephone excise tax that helps finance it.

Sincerely in peace,

committed by the government in his name; he must resist or face judgment as a war-criminal.) You need not worry about having your phone service disrupted; the telephone company could care less since they get paid. It's the Internal Revenue Service that will attempt to collect the \$1.10 or whatever. Nobody has been arrested for phone-tax resistance.

Many of us have been doing this little phone-tax number for years now in the Pacific Northwest — as have tens of thousands across the country — and it is an extremely effective method for throwing sand in the wheels of government. The message gets through to the power wielders and politicians that the citizenry feels so strongly that they are willing to break the law and physically gum up the work. It also forces other citizens to examine their own lack of action in opposing the war, and may help build support for the McGovern-Hatfield Amendment to End the War.

What happens is that the IRS writes you several letters months later asking you to pay. You either ignore their letters or write them back asking all sorts of legitimate, or foolish, questions. (I usually write back and plead with them to resign from their immoral bag-work.) Some months later, they attempt to get the money

by placing a lien for that amount on your bank account, or garnish that amount from your paycheck. If you don't mind, fine; if you do, you either don't use a bank or you keep your money in a bank far removed from your home or business so they have trouble locating it. If they can't get the money any other way, they'll grab your car or some other possession and auction it off, giving you any amount over the sum they claim you owe them. You can outfox them by not owning anything valuable, but if you do, make sure you own an old car, get together with some friends and have them buy the car at auction. (This was done recently in Seattle.

INCOME TAX RESISTANCE

Among other possible courses of action:

- 1) File your tax return, but refuse to pay all or part of the amount due; simply don't pay, say \$5 or \$10. (Always include a note saying why you can't pay.)
- 2) On the 1040 form, Line 17 called "Less Adjustments," take off that percentage that went for the war (say, around 10%) or that amount that was withheld from your salary during the year.
- 3) Do the same on Line 22 called "Total Credits."
- 4) Don't file a return.

5) Claim so many dependents on your W-4 form that no tax is withheld, then file and don't pay, or file and show no tax due. (This is an increasingly popular form of tax-resistance; many claim Vietnamese as their "dependents," or claim "mankind," or 10 social activists that they occasionally feed at their home.)

6) Instead of the W-4, file the W-4E, which will enable you to have no federal taxes withheld.

7) Don't pay the 2½% income tax surcharge, which was imposed explicitly to help pay for the Vietnam war.

According to the latest information from War-Tax Resistance, "The number of war tax resisters arrested has been small compared with the numbers resisting. Also, arrests have been confined to three categories — refusing to file form 1040, refusing to reveal financial assets, and W-4 resistance. There have been NO arrests for refusing to pay the 10% telephone excise tax, for 'falsifying' the 1040 form or refusing to pay all or part of the amount due on the 1040 form." Most times, the government deliberately chooses not to bother with you, since they don't want to help advertise the widespread resistance around the country. (There are now over 100 War-Tax Resistance Centers.)

The most constructive part of the war-tax resistance movement has been the founding of Alternative Funds. Take that part of your taxes you're not sending for death and, through the Alternative Fund in your community, donate that money to some worthy local life-project: for example, day-care centers for poor families, food stamps for the poor, Panther Breakfast Programs, anti-war candidates, etc. Perhaps the local People's Coalition can start the Fund.

All this is rather new to people, and I've merely sketched out some of the rationale and alternatives available. If you want to join War-Tax Resistance nationally, and receive Tax Talk and other informative publications, write 339 Lafayette Street, New York, N. Y. 10012. For information locally, call the following people in Bellingham: Bob Carlton, 733-6032; Howard Harris, 733-9071; Bernie Weiner, 734-9881. In Seattle, write or call Ira Kalet, 5618 Keystone Place N., Me 2-8007.

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BLOCKS

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SEATTLE**

The Real P.O.W.s

PRISON PROBLEM

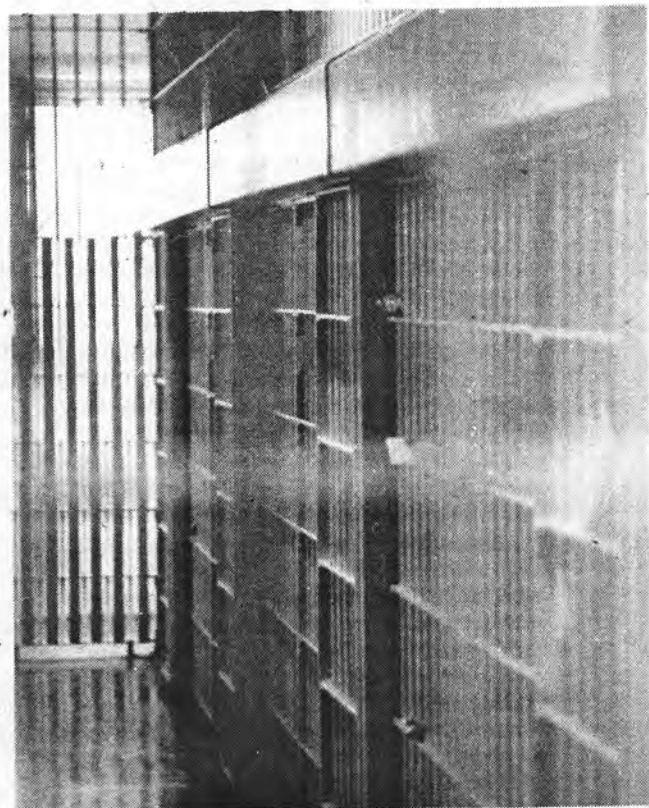
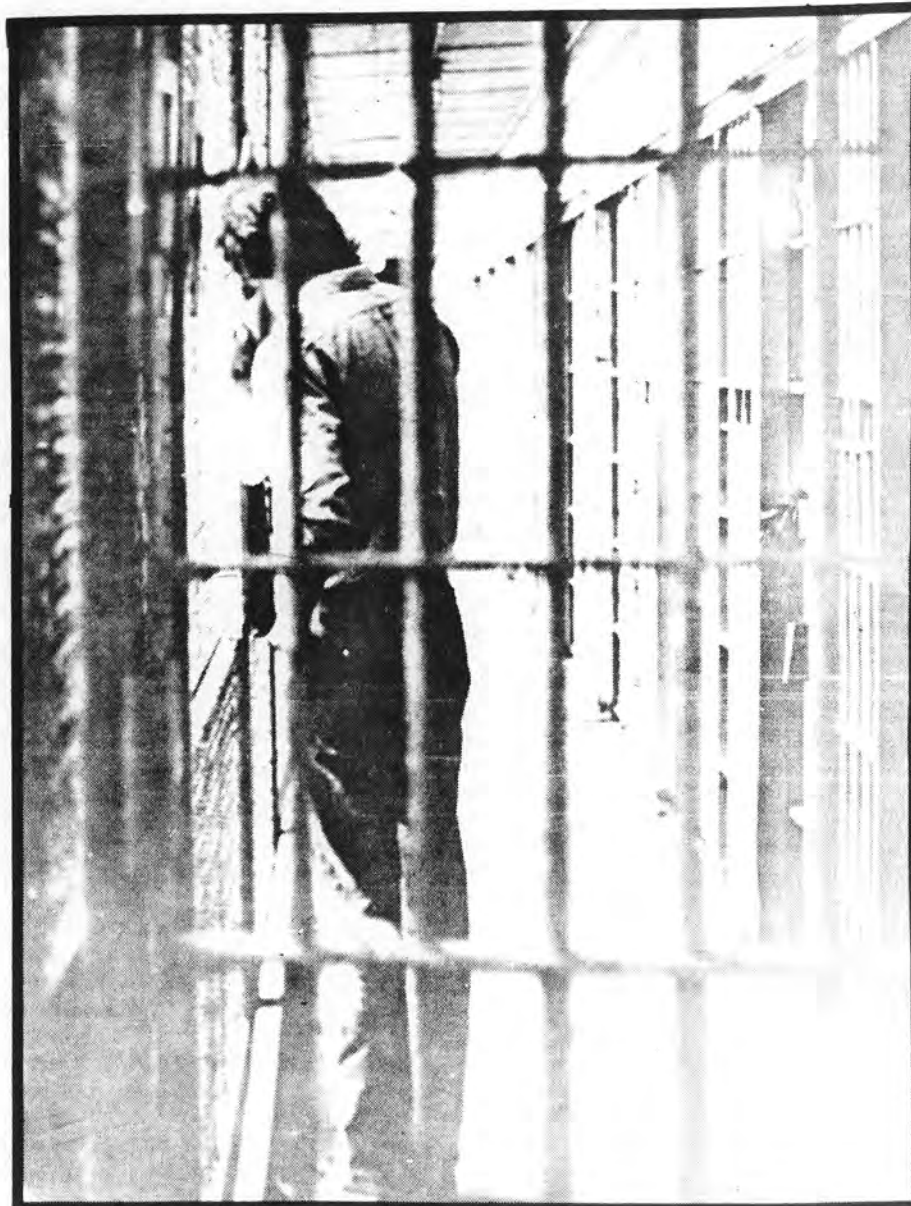
McNeil Island

WallaWalla Racism

Bellingham Jail

Prison Poet

Prison Journal



The men listed below are inmates at McNeil Island who have requested the *Passage* and letters of support from concerned citizens. With this issue they will begin to receive the *Passage* regularly, but only as long as our readers help us meet the postage costs. If you can help, send what you can to "Prison Fund", Northwest Passage, Box 105, South Bellingham Station, Bellingham, Wash. 98225. And if you can, write a couple of the men at Box 1000, Steilacoom, Wash. 98388.

Stephen Stephens, no. 14528
Jesse Dearing, no. 32063
David Paul Sutton, no. 34032
John J. Ching, no. 33931
Donald D. Buck, no. 34044
Tony Cordova, no. 33433

John Van Veenendaal, No. 34117
Charles Armsbury, no. 34038
Elbert Gaunt, no. 31746
Richard Smock, no. 32665
Jimmy Martinez, no. 9833
Jimmy Eames, no. 32867
George Sing Louie, no. 33134
Edward Allen Mead, no. 32036
Haywood Erwing, Jr., no. 33435
Edwin James Dohert, no. 33900
James R. Shelton, no. 33598
Richard Woodring, no. 33851
Howard Grieshaber, no. 31738
John Jordan, no. 33703
David Potter, no. 33229
Armando Vargas, no. 8516-116
Larry Crews, no. 32147

Ed. Note--Inmates of McNeil Island Federal Penitentiary recently participated in an 11-day strike by refusing to perform any of their daily routine work. Communications were severed and the press was denied access to the prisoners. The resulting snarl of "demands" and allegations confused just about everyone and left only one thing clear; the inmates want and need channels through which they can communicate directly to the public without manipulation, interference, or coercion. The inmates are otherwise beyond reach.

Recognizing an abundance of bias and hesitation in the coverage of the strike by other media, the *Passage* sought out the opinions and accusations of former McNeil inmates as well as the story of friends and relatives of current inmates. It is their opinions, their argument that we present here: often closed and blind, often filthy and unbelievable, but nonetheless always drastically different from the story of the warden.

MCNEIL ISLAND

Innocent Until Proven Poor

by dave wolf

McNeil Island Federal Penitentiary lies a few miles off the coast of Washington's Olympia Peninsula. The island is just large enough for the concrete prison of 1200 inmates, the 47 guards and families, the rest of the administrative staff, the farm area, and the landing docks. Everything else is water...for miles.

It is here in this microcosm that the contempt, the racism, the bigotry, the hatred and the repression of "free America" are mirrored. It is here, also, that America's social psychoses are more intense, further developed and better hidden than anywhere else. Many of us are aware of the persecution, the racism, the suffocation that inmates endure in all of our jails and prisons--conditions that continue primarily because of the apathy under which they are hidden. But to anyone who has not experienced incarceration, the mundane day-to-day prison situation would be insufferable.

Prisons, more than any other branch of the American social system, have remained unchanged--unquestioned, really--since the Dark Ages. They continue to enjoy total isolation and an almost complete immunity from reform. As long as they perform their function of removing undesirables from the face of society, they are allowed and often encouraged to perpetuate the last traces of unchecked slavery in the Western World.

McNeil Island is typical of our federal penal institutions. A prison economy exists here, dependent upon an ever-increasing slave labor supply and the failure of human conscience to object.

The economy of slavery begins with the conviction. Most inmates are undeniably poor--the blacks, chicanos, Indians and poor whites who can't afford the protection of the law. A vast majority are convicted of economic crimes (e.b. bank robbery, fraud, embezzlement, theft). And once a prisoner finds himself facing several years in a penitentiary the situation intensifies into a desperate fight for survival that may very well linger and haunt a "con" for the rest of his life.

Most of the almost 30,000 prisoners currently in federal institutions work in war-related industries six days a week for the entire duration of their sentence. About 17 cents per hour is credited to a working inmate's "book" to be spent only in the prison commissary, or amassed for "collection upon release". Most prisons that house felons and long-term prisoners have some form of industry to entertain the men, as well as provide revenues for the operation of the facility. Manufacture of highway signs, license plates and most of the prison's food supply is common at nearly every state and federal prison. However, at McNeil industry contributes to the war effort. Army and navy uniforms are manufactured. Furnishings for federal offices are built there, and several military-related items like wire, cable and instruments for missiles are in full-scale production.

Administrators often argue that such industry provides a learning opportunity, a chance to learn a skill in prison to be used on the outside. Inmates complain, however, that putting a screw in the left rear leg of assembly line desks is not learning a skill but is instead contributing greatly to the monotony and frustration that surrounds them.

An inmate's personal finances center around packs of cigarettes as a unit of exchange, more often than money. Cigarettes can buy the dope, the food, the loans from other prisoners, the prostitutes and sometimes even the guards at McNeil. Cigarettes are used to buy clean clothes or an extra shower, a new lightbulb, or certain "arrangements" of cell partners.

During his stay at McNeil an inmate will be subject to the Inmate Welfare Fund. The uses to which the fund is put are far from those the name leads one to expect. The profits from the commissary (after salaries to clerks and other expenses) create the fund. Provisions of such a program might hopefully include a law library, movies and other entertainment, funeral expenses, educational, legal and psychological services, and a placement or re-assimilation program for those lucky enough to gain release. Instead, the fund is often used for other things including redecoration of the warden's residence, free entertainment for families of the staff, and expenses for the four-day vacations sometimes enjoyed by guards and their wives who accompany an inmate home to attend the funeral of a close relative. Should a disturbance happen within the prison which requires overtime from the guards, the overtime pay is drawn from the Welfare Fund.

Guards work a five-day week in contrast to the six-day inmate work week. Guards earn between \$5 and \$6 per hour in contrast to the 17 cents per hour

starting pay for inmates. Extra income for guards--gathered from bribes and "collections"--is incalculable.

The inmates run the bakeries, kitchen, hospital, clothing and shoe factories, ranches, laundries, fire fighting camps, shoe-shine stands, maintenance operations, office machines, printing presses, photography labs; moreover, they even fingerprint, test, classify and close the bars on each other...all for pennies a day.

Altogether, the economy of McNeil Island approaches \$50,000 per day, and the prison operations finished the 1970 fiscal year with a \$1.5 million excess. And still the prisoners buy their own legal reference materials, their own recreation, their own rights.

Even these situations can be accepted and lived with over the years of droning monotony in prison. But things hardly improve for the inmate when release finally comes. An inmate's wife cannot qualify for welfare while her husband serves his time, unless she has children. Neither he nor she will qualify for welfare or unemployment when he is released. A convicted felon is expected to pay taxes when he re-enters society, just like everyone else. He will not, however, be allowed to vote in any election ever again, unless he fights the expensive and seldom successful battle for a Presidential pardon. The problem of "cons" trying to find a job, "another chance", are notorious. Only the over-worked parole officers can even begin to help find work for an ex-con. No government agency exists to help men fit back into the work-force. When a man is released from prison today, he is given \$34 in cash, a new set of "street clothes", and nowhere to go, nothing to find, except the same selfish mistrust he had come to know "inside". Only in prison it was easier, more stable, and at the very least openly acknowledged.

If he has been released "early" on parole, an inmate cannot vote, work, get married, establish credit, open accounts, travel, go to school, associate with "undesirable persons" even if they happen to be a brother or a father, without permission from his parole officer. Without permission he may not drink, own a gun, buy a car, or declare bankruptcy. So he falls into an economic climate often worse than the one he knew before prison. He may face huge legal bills and costs his wife built up while visiting him. He may even have one more child than before. Little wonder so many become immediately lost and rush back to the "easy" economy of the prison.

It's a frightening cycle that traps more men every year. It is a routine fostered by a callous public, concerned only for their own safety and comfort. It is a system that feeds on men's lives and gluts itself with victim that the rest of the system refuses to recognize. It is a pattern that is often broken only by the last entry in an inmate's file which reads, "release due to death."



photo by David Wolf

Racism at Washington State Penitentiary

by john freeburg

The Washington State Penitentiary is at Walla Walla about 400 miles southeast of Seattle. It houses nearly 1300 inmates serving minimum sentences of one year. Controlling and punishing these prisoners are walls, guns, iron bars, isolation cells, informers, enforced homosexuality, rape, assassinations and 230 "correctional officers", including one psychologist and psychiatrist. The prison is supported by its own public works (license plate and traffic sign production and the prison farm) in addition to funds delegated by the Washington State Legislature. Of the nearly 1300 inmates there are at least 194 blacks (15%) and of the 230 prison employees, one is black. (Note: the black population of Washington State is 2.3% of the total population.)

Formerly among the prisoners and currently on parole is a black man, John Charles Thomas, whom I visited during the weekend of February 19-20, 1970. I also talked with a prison employee-- at least he was at that time. This story relates what I was told by the employee.

After leaving John on Saturday, I walked in the rain along the paved roadway leading out of the prison. A car pulled up with one man driving. He rolled down the window and we said "hi" to each other. He asked me if I wanted a ride. I guessed he must be a prison employee since five minutes ago I had seen him moving freely about the prison. He acknowledged that he did work at the prison, which led to a discussion about the Penitentiary. When we arrived downtown we carried on our conversation in a restaurant. Drinking coffee, he softly talked and answered my questions about the prison. At first I was nervous and distrustful, as with John, for I realized that a man working in such desperate conditions may do anything, including lie.

Homosexuality is a widespread practice among the prisoners. A man may be compelled to participate in homosexual acts to pay gambling debts, or if he is young or if he does not pay his cell bill in the form of cigarettes. (Note: each cell is "owned" by a prisoner who must be paid rent. These are inmate practices.)

This prison also attempts to break a person's character through control and punishment. Many are in serious need of mental treatment. For example, one man sits on a rocking chair from morning until evening staring at a wall. True, there are some concerned and conscientious prison officials--but as one officer said, it will take a great deal of outside pressure to alter the character of the prison.

It is hard to choose the good officers from the bad. John told me a certain officer was "pro-John Thomas" and could be trusted. The employee told me the same officer was not to be trusted. Corrupt and cruel practices overshadow most of the beneficial prison activities.

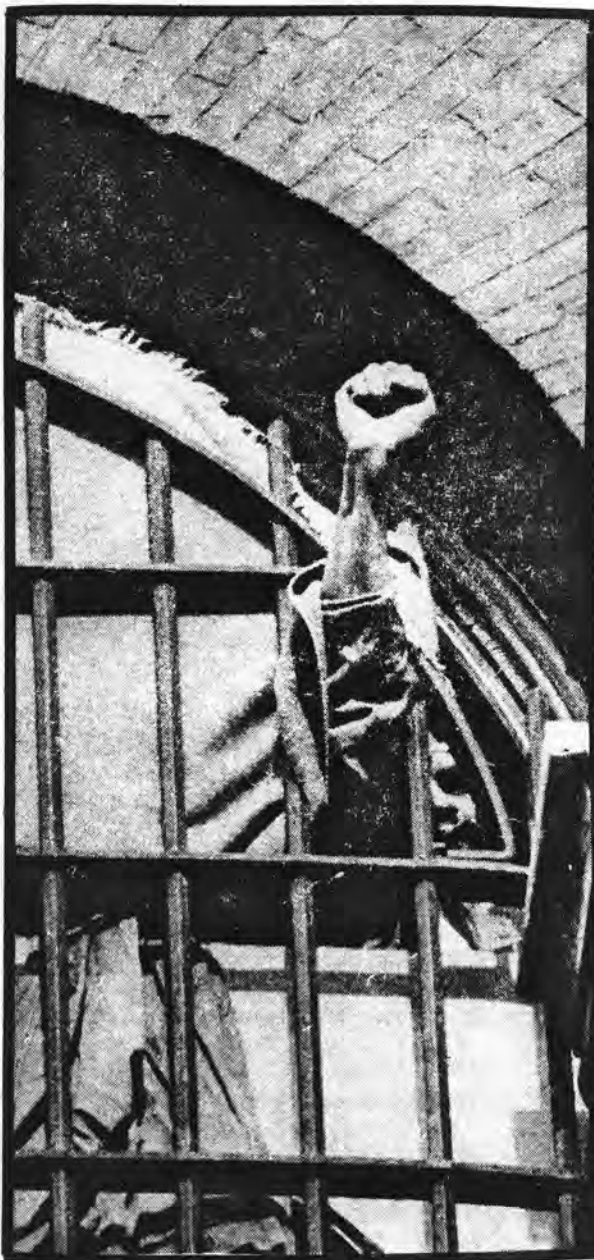
I was told that some prison officers steal prisoner and prison funds. Prison officers are to provide each outbound inmate with forty dollars plus any funds credited to his account. Upon receipt of the funds due, the outbound inmate signs a statement acknowledging receipt of these funds. However, the employee and a white civilian informed me that while prisoners sign the receipt, under the threat of further imprisonment, they only actually receive one dollar.

Prison officials induce prisoners and sometimes their friends and relatives to perform acts through other means as well. According to the officer some employees bribe prisoners or their guests into letting them "lay" or "shack up with" or seduce the prisoner's wife or girl friend. The officer informs the inmate or his girl friend that he will do the prisoner a "favor" if she cooperates.

One type of "favor" may consist of the "correctional officer" promising not to assign "tags" or seeing that "tags" are removed from the prisoner's record. "Tags" are assigned to the prisoner's record as

punishment for upsetting a prison official or officer, which may be in a variety of ways such as breaking a law, rule, giving an unpopular opinion, smirking, being late or not shaving close enough. If a prisoner receives too many "tags", which officially represent undesirable behavior but are arbitrarily assigned by prison employees, then the parole board will not grant parole.

Prisoners are also threatened with solitary confinement in the "strip cell" (reportedly phased out during November, 1970) or regular isolation. Strip cell and regular isolation encompass the following: 1. Being stripped (strip cell only), 2. Being placed in a small concrete cell, alone, 3. Using a toilet consisting of a screen over a hole in the floor thus forcing the prisoner to shove his shit through



with his bare hands, and, 4. Washing and drinking water from a hose.

While under strip cell confinement one prisoner attempted suicide. His neck became swollen. He asked a guard for some water. The guard sprayed him with water, the force of which pushed him against the wall.

Prisoners may be kept in isolation for twenty-nine continuous days. This does not prevent the penitentiary from releasing the prisoner on day twenty-nine and returning him to isolation two days later. Again, prisoners are persuaded to perform favors under the threat of isolation.

Through the threat of a "tag", or isolation, the prisoners are forced into squealing on others'

activities, whether they be their thoughts, gambling, homosexual acts, fighting or stealing. One man cannot trust another in the slave and prison systems. Blacks inform on and are betrayed by other blacks; few can be trusted. And like the American slave system, there is overt racism in the Washington State Penitentiary. According to John and the employee the prison practices the following racist acts against black inmates:

1. The best prison basketball team usually is allowed to play off-grounds. Recently the best team was all black and the officials refused to let them off-grounds. The all-white western folk song singers are permitted to tour off-grounds, but the all-black combo may not.

2. Racist remarks by prison officers.

3. Hiring--a few years ago Warden Rhay remarked that as long as he was warden no black would be employed by the prison. To date not more than two have been hired.

4. Parole Board sentences. The number of blacks within the prison exceeds the proportion of blacks in Washington State by about 12.7%. This contrast may be due to socio-economic conditions which may cause criminal behavior, or to excessive court and parole board sentences. In an attempt to investigate this high black inmate population, I wrote last spring to the Director of Research for the Department of Adult Corrections. He has yet to respond to my request for advice and/or access to prison records, to determine whether parole sentences have been uniformly harsher on blacks.

5. Unfair punishment. Blacks are reported to be confined in isolation in a greater proportion than whites, and John was once told that if the blacks met as planned on a Friday evening, he would be placed in isolation. John asked what would result if they met without him. The administrator replied that that would not matter since his name would come up.

6. Medical treatment. Sometimes blacks are not given proper medical treatment. One black prisoner had a two-year case of gonorrhea and had appealed for medical treatment numerous times but to no avail. One prison doctor was not allowed to keep his medical books.

7. Group discrimination. Last year about 15 black inmates formed "The Central Area Discussion Group". In April the group was summarily disbanded by prison officials. About a month later, in the face of growing black inmate frustration and anger over discrimination and the threat of riot, John Thomas submitted a constitution which in part provided for an Ethnic Studies program. John was called to the Superintendent's office and told the constitution was unacceptable.

8. Job discrimination. Jobs for inmates are available within the penitentiary. Black people are sometimes not given jobs they are skilled in. On one occasion a black man requested such a job and was placed on the waiting list. On the following day a white inmate applied for and secured the same job.

9. Cell discrimination. Blacks and whites are forbidden to live in the same cells.

THREATS

The final and most violent danger of living within the penitentiary is the threat of murder by officials or prisoners. Nearly a year ago John heard rumors that a sniper was out for him. Consequently, some time thereafter John never went any place without informing someone of his whereabouts or being covered by other inmates. After the rumors stopped a dying inmate told John that he had attempted to shoot him and that he had never succeeded because John was always covered.

John Freeburg is a student at
Fair Haven and chairman of the
local ACLU sponsored Jail
Reform Movement

Bellingham Bastion: City Hole

by karen thompson

While riding his bike out to Lake Whatcom for a swim last September, he was honked at by a following car. Without looking, he flipped the bird. Two minutes later he was pulled over by a police car and charged with disorderly conduct. Upon calling in, the police found that he hadn't served time or paid a fine for hitchhiking last spring. They hauled him in and jailed him. Because he was too upset to make his phone call then, he asked to do it later. The jailer went off duty at 5:00. It was not until 8:30 that an officer who happened to be passing thru the cell block let him make his phone call. Three days later — after he was tried, found guilty and sentenced to 3 days in jail — his hair was cut. "Sanitation reasons. And if you don't cooperate, your haircut will look alot worse."

This is one example of the complaints that the American Civil Liberties Union of Whatcom County has received over the past several years against the Bellingham police. There have been other charges of unequal treatment and use of excessive force by police. Early last November, the ACLU formed a committee headed by John Freeburg of Fairhaven College to investigate this and similar complaints, to see how prevalent they are and to make recommendations for police reform, if necessary. The committee is also interested in the good aspects of the police.

The committee, composed of 20 Fairhaven College students, began by getting the names and addresses of all

those who, in the past year, have been tried and jailed in Bellingham's jail. To these people they sent police information questionnaires with such questions as: length of hair at time of arrest; allowed to make a phone call; length of time held in jail; any force used on your body; with what weapons; did you know the arresting officers from before; did the court provide an attorney.

One of the difficulties the committee is encountering is getting returns on questionnaires. Many of the people arrested are transients and give incomplete addresses. The results of the questionnaires will be tabulated by computer.

The committee also arranged a tour of the Bellingham jail with Sgt. Geleynse. The first thing that hits you about the jail is the closeness of it — the small cramped cells, the high windows admitting little light, the colorlessness of the walls. The jail spends 45 cents a day for food on each prisoner. It gets most of its meat from the State Game Department through confiscated game.

Prisoners serve a maximum of 90 days and those serving longer sentences often become trustees where they work in the kitchen or the city garage. They get one day off their sentence for every two days served. This is the only kind of work release program the city jail has — if it can be called that. Most of the prisoners are in jail for public intoxication or other offenses linked with drunkenness. A few are in for

shoplifting. There are no city ordinances against drugs, hence persons charged with offenses relating to drugs become county prisoners. The city is presently rewriting its ordinances to include drug offenses.

Sgt. Geleynse has served for 17 years on the Bellingham police force and in the course of that time, has seen the town change from a small provincial town into a more metropolitan city. In the old days Bellingham was "our town" and was isolated. The police knew who the local "bad ones" were, who was doing what. They would stop strange cars driving through Bellingham and make out field contact cards "policemen were obliged to find out what people were doing." That began to change about 10 years ago and now there has to be stronger grounds for stopping cars, there are certain court decisions to contend with. "Policemen don't have rights, they have obligations."

When one begins studying the jail, two things become readily apparent. The first is that the jail does not have a jailer on duty 24 hours a day. There is a jailer there from 7:30 to 3:30, five days a week and that is all. That means that over 2/3 of the time, there is no jailer. During that time supervision is through a closed circuit TV, but this doesn't catch all of what happens in the cell and the set is known to have been broken by prisoners. The police say that an officer walks through the cellblock every half hour or so. But the lack of an everpresent jailer is serious —

what if a prisoner were to get sick or a fight to break out? The police realize the necessity for additional jailers, but are unable to hire more, as they are not given enough funds by the city council.

The other real lack is that of a probation officer. A probation officer could supervise work-release programs which the county jail has. These programs have worked with remarkable success. In the county jail, since the program was initiated two years ago, 195 men have been on and only 6 have been re-arrested. (For 1969, the city jail had 1700 prisoners and 990 were re-arrests.)

Under the work release program, a man is released from his cell early in the day, goes to work and is given an hour or two at the end of the day to spend with his family before going back to jail. The city does not have enough funds to begin such a program. It is estimated that it would cost over \$40,000 per year. The city's entire budget for the jail is \$19,000. (This is in contrast to a \$88,000 allotment for the golf course.) Under the work release program also, men could go to training school and be in a better position to stay out of jail when they are finally released.

Karen Thompson is a student at Fairhaven College who is active in the jail reform movement.

Prison Journal

[Editor's note: All of the following is excerpted from the diary of a Bellingham resident who wrote it while a prisoner in a county jail. It is published here under the assumption that it will provide some insight into what imprisonment is like.]

...same routine again and I very nearly cracked under the stress but thanks to all the prisoners in here who care, I didn't. Today I used my little brain and thought of love all day, thereby saving me from a cracked-up day. Oh yes, the dope scene is here as elsewhere for our medical pig came as usual to hand out pills. It helps to pass the time away and makes a person sleep. But again with our . . . laws we do it lawfully and under care of a beautiful woman doctor who I admire and would not mind loving. Of course I must admit, I have been here quite a while and a screw is a screw after a while even if there is no love involved, your mind, that machine and tool or jewel you have sure is ready for just that. What a shame to be unable to use it once in a while except to piss.

...The pigs almost had my brain for a while cuz I almost freaked out after 40 days — of no female visitors especially and one slipped-in letter from one chick who cares. I'm not made for celibacy and the [pigs] know so. Now the loneliness sets in, real loneliness stealing thru the nite another Saturday nite. What can I do, what can I do? One more lousy . . . day going by. Can I keep the faith? Cool it? These are, to me, some of the most important questions going thru my mind. When will I get out? Ahead of time or right on time? Today I completed all my chances on paper work, preparing, just preparing for the day I get out. First I'm trying school, then work as a last resort. That claustrophobiz is coming back to me. Wow, wow, wow. Maybe next week I will get an answer or see the judge on what they will decide on this evaluation given me from the nut house. I'm really hep tonight, nothing here in this. . . jail except

card playing, chess playing, and lots of bullshit from cage to cage. It's all a bummer, but what can I do? I need love, lots of love so as to have hope and keep the faith. Soon the pig will come and say "lock up" then the loneliness really sets in. As one caged dude here said, "no dope, no hope." But it's love I'm craving for more than anything right now. . .

...During the course of the day I climbed the bars in my cell and look out to watch the chicks by chance I might see who I know, also I looked at people and then everyday happenings, so busy, so busy some don't even know how they stand. This helps me sometimes to again throw away some days of my useless days in this. . . cage locked up like an animal where people outside don't usually care whether you live or die.

...A little black coffee snuck in once in a while perks some life in me to let me know I'm still alive. There are lots of little tricks like this. . . Can you imagine what a treat for this day, at my request the pigs let me see and talk to that beautiful woman doctor and let her know what some of my problems were. At the same time it was quite a trip to be able to smell her flowery perfume and see her beautiful body, the first decent chick I've had a chance to see in over 70 days — wow, wow, wow.

...Another. . . jail routine day. Really, I don't know what's happening and don't have much use for living so long as I'm jailed this way. Why do they let all these possession of grass charges go, yet they won't give me a break. Where is the justice, what's the difference what you did yesterdays. If three or four or ten did the same, the sentence should be the same.

...One hope and prayer is that God or Supreme Being I'm praying to now will get me out of here soon or I may never make the rest of this stupid



sentence. Enough suffering for me and it's all for nothing, they cannot change my world or get my brain or soul. Wow, wow, wow, another wasted day. Got another system on the way to waste the day away, eat part of the sloppy. . . breakfast, brush my teeth and lie down the rest of the morn floating thought elsewhere but jail. But it's not an answer to my time left cuz this is only temporary relief. Wow, wow, wow, what a lousy noon slop, mostly everybody threw it away. I really miss the sun, wind, snow, cold, and even the moon. They really got me locked up in a cage. Why? When will they learn of love and of grass which we love?

by cadillac

The Real P.O.W.s - American War Resisters

by bernard weiner

In the Service of Their Country: War Resisters in Prison by Willard Gaylin, M.D., The Universal Library: Grosset & Dunlap, 1970, \$2.50

Several year ago, when the draft was blowing on my neck harder than it is now, I was deeply impressed by both the moral and tactical arguments of Draft Resistance and was prepared to go to prison, if necessary, rather than raise my hand against a Vietnamese who wanted little more than to farm his rice in peace. The moral arguments were obvious; the tactical argument rested on the assumption that if enough young men of conscience refused to participate in the government's death game called warfare, we would pack the prisons with war-resisters, slow down the death machinery, have a tremendous impact on public opinion, and eventually grind the war to a halt. (There has been some publicity for the cause--most notably, involving David Harris--but as it turned out, only about 500 men chose that tough route.)

In personal terms of unbelievable naivete and rationalization, I conceived of prison in terms of virtual ennoblement: a chance to finish my long-postponed novel, a place to practice guitar, to meditate, to do yoga asanas, to study and read, etc. On top of everything else I've learned since then about prison life, Dr. Willard Gaylin's recent book served to totally de-romanticize my picture of life on the inside for convicts, as well as stimulating some serious second-thoughts on jail-packing as a viable anti-war tactic. (It remains a possibility but--as with many of the prisoners interviewed by Gaylin--going underground or into exile are now much more thinkable alternatives.)

Gaylin is a psychiatrist who became interested in war-resisters in prison for several reasons: 1) These young men made a conscious choice to accept two-to-five year prison terms; why? How had they psychologically arrived at their political and moral decision? Were there characteristics common to them all?; 2) There was absolutely no research done on this subject, and how prison life affected their psyche and political beliefs; indeed, few on the outside knew about them at all; and 3) The traditional psychiatric view was that these men were in prison, hence they must be 'psychopathological' in some way: 'anti-social' misfits perhaps, or suffering a 'masochistic martyr' complex, or some other jargonized diagnosis which would obviate the necessity for thinking of them as thinking political beings.

Gaylin spent part of the late-60s interviewing in depth a selected sample of war-resisters in two unnamed federal penitentiaries. (He interviewed about 25 who, on moral and political grounds, chose to accept prison; he did not interview any Jehovah's Witnesses, the bulk of the non-cooperators in prison, since he felt that they had accepted prison as a consequence of their religious allegiance.) The results of this research make up the meat of Gaylin's book, most of which consists of taped sessions with the prisoners. It is a sad, maddening, angering, enlightening, totally fascinating volume.

For example, Gaylin's research shattered his own, as well as the common, stereotype of the 'war-resister.' He writes: 'Politically they subscribe to no clear-cut dogma. Only two of them are professed Marxists, and even that in the modern sense of the word. Two of them were conservative, Goldwater Republicans. Most do not even think in political terms. . . There are only two who by any stretch of the imagination would be called 'hippie' types, unless one wants to include the Catholic Worker group (four members) who in dress and manner of living might be misinterpreted as such, but who in intention and action are entirely different.'

He also discovered some curious similarities. 1) Most were handsome young men, black and white; Gaylin is mystified by what this might mean, but felt that it is somehow worth noting. (Good looks and the generally passive manner of the war-resisters left them wide open to the everpresent homosexual overtures and attacks in prison; only one was raped, the others quickly learned how to avoid such contact.); and, 2) Oddly enough, most tended to be first sons, in many cases the eldest child of exceptional fathers who were, somehow bitterly defeated in later life.

The six who are presented at length in the book are extremely articulate about their beliefs, and perceptive about their psychological states and motivations--all of which intelligence we expect from these heroic and intelligent young men. Yet, though predictable, their monologues are never boring, always insightful, many times dramatic. Where the book comes even more alive and valuable is in being able to observe the gradual radicalization of the prisoners--and, even more significantly, of Dr. Gaylin--as time passes in these degrading and dehumanizing institutions.

Many of the young men who were so sure of their moral and tactical stand when they went in are now questioning their original position and have moved on to become latent or actual revolutionaries. Their experience



with American 'justice'--in the courts, in the jails, with officials at all levels--has left them with nowhere to go but further left into resistance and revolution. This is significant, since by their very act of 'civil disobedience' in choosing jail over conscription, they implicitly expressed a belief in the essential perfectability of the system, however wrong it might be at the time. Now, however, after several years within the bowels of that system, they are quoted as believing that the traditional system is 'basically unjust.' It is no longer a question of the laws and prisons and courts and government being somehow 'off course' or 'in error' but rather that the whole system is wholly 'illegitimate.' Many who had been brought to their decision by liberal Christian pacifism now were expressing the belief that there is something radically wrong 'in the very structure of society.' They now express reservations about the tactical nature of their decision, and many talked about underground organizing, selective sabotage, or even Swedish or Canadian exile if things got too bad.

But even more fascinating is watching the good, liberal doctor shift leftwards in his political orientation as

he comes into intimate contact with the American judicial and penal system in his research -- what it is and what it represents. Though Gaylin began his study by focusing on war-resisters in prison, he soon came to realize that he could not help focusing on the prison system itself and its social and psychological effects on not just these several hundred war-resisters but on the entire prison population as well, regular cons as well as guards and prison administrators.

And what he learned--as a result of direct experience, not from a Criminology textbook--was that no matter how society dresses up its prisons with euphemisms ('correctional' institutions, 'rehabilitation' centers etc.) American 'justice' is vengeful, punitive, cruel, and psychologically destructive to everyone concerned. Only now, when middle class whites are coming more and more into contact with that judicial system, is any real attention being paid to what goes on inside America's courts, jails, prisons. Prisoners-- mostly poor, white and non-white--have been rioting and complaining about the bestiality of the penal system for centuries, but bourgeois society has preferred and continues to prefer not to be bothered by it. Gaylin's book is both a symbol of, and a catalyst to, a growing interest in the basic faults in the American social and economic system in general.

One particularly interesting chapter deals with the war-resisters' reaction to an intolerable situation within the prison. Here they were in jail because of their resistance to the system outside and yet they were acquiescing to the same repression inside; after much soul-searching discussion, they chose to organize a strike. The political and psychological consequences of that action were manifold. (There are so many clever ways the system has for manipulating prisoners and for preventing any action in their own behalf: 'indeterminate sentences'--one-to-five years, for example, depending upon behavior--or threatening to revoke 'good time' days served.)

But in the main, Gaylin concentrates on the young men themselves and why they chose to undergo this punishment in the service of both their consciences and, yes, their country, since most of them are patriots of the highest sort.

prisoners for peace

One of the most depressing aspects of prison life for war-resisters or any other convicts is the isolation from the outside world: the belief that nobody really cares. What follows is a partial list of war-resisters in West Coast prisons; they'd appreciate a card or a letter, perhaps to one on the list for all of them.

Federal Prison, McNeil Island, Steilacoom, Wash. 98388: Tony Cowan, Bob Barret, H. Davidson, Arthur Hart, John Kangas, Wallis McReynold, David Ritchy, Ron Wagner, Richard Kokotan.

Ft. Lewis Stockade, Ft. Lewis, Washin. 98433: James B. Allen, Mr. Bright, Wade Carson, Jon Creek, Carl Dix, Roy Easterday, Paul A. Forrest, George Garcia, Thomas Holte, Patrik Johnson, Russ Lake, Robert Markovitch, Joe Parisi, Doug Patton,

Manuel Perez, Mr. Stallings, William Thompson III, Mike Vogel.

Federal Prison, Lompoc, Calif. 94336: Ron Appling, Jonathan Bell, Alan Como, Buck Dubois, Bill Gartz, Mike Lester, Morris Lipson, Randy Milliken, Eric Parker, Ernest Price, Mike Schwartz, Robert Shunk, Walt Skinner, Martin Torigian, Ray Williams.

Federal Prison, Terminal Island, San Pedro, Calif. 90731: Jay Bergman, Vince O'Connor, Walter Smith.

U.S. Naval Hospital, Ward 5N, B735 428, Oakland, Calif. 94614: John Veal.

Letterman Hospital, U. S. Public Health Service, San Francisco, Calif. 94118: Ron Bolden, Carl Chochran, Fred Cralle, Dan Malone, William Rettalick.

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Cadillac

SONNY'S SNACK SHACK

From Behind the Walls

by frank brown

[Editor's note: The following prose poem was written by Frank Brown, presently imprisoned in the State Penitentiary at Walla Walla.]

What do you seek, my countrymen? Do you desire that I build for you gorgeous palaces, decorated with words of empty meaning, or do you command me to destroy what the liars and tyrants have built? Shall I uproot with my fingers what the wicked have built and the hypocrites have implanted? Speak your insane wish!

What is it you would have me do, my countrymen? Shall I purr like a kitten to satisfy you, or roar like a lion to please myself? I have sung for you, but you did not dance; I have wept for you, but you did not cry. Shall I sing and weep at the same time?

Your souls are suffering the pangs of hunger, and yet the fruit of knowledge is more plentiful than the valley's stones. Your hearts are withering from thirst, and yet the springs of life are streaming about your home. Why do you not drink?

The sea has its ebb and flows, the moon has its fullness and crescents, and the ages have their winters and summers, and all things vary, like the shadow of an unborn god moving between earth and sun. But Truth cannot be changed, nor will it pass away. Why, then, do you endeavor to change its countenance?

I have loved you, my countrymen, but my love for you is painful to me and useless to you. And today I hate you, and hatred is a flood that sweeps away the dry branches and quivering houses.

I have pitied your weakness, my countrymen, but my pity has but increased your feebleness which is vain to life, and today I see your infirmity which my soul both fears and loathes.

What do you desire my countrymen? Do you wish for me to show you the ghost of your countenance on the face of still waters? Come, envision your ugliness.

Look and meditate! Fear has turned your hair grey as ashes, and dissipation has grown over your eyes and made them into obscured hollows, and cowardice has touched your cheeks that now appear as dismal



photo by David Wolf

pits in the valley, and Death has kissed your lips and left them yellow as the Autumn leaves.

Your souls are freezing in the clutches of the priests and sorcerers, and your bodies tremble between the paws of the despots and shedders of blood, and your country quakes under the marching feet of the conquering enemy. What may you expect, even though you stand proudly before the sun? Your swords are sheathed with rust and your shields are laden with gaps. Why, then, do you stand in the field of battle?

Hypocrisy is your religion and falsehood is your life and nothingness is your ending. Why, then, do you live? Is not Death the sole comfort of the miserable?

You, my countrymen, were born old and weak, your skins withered and your heads shrunk, whereupon you became as children, running into the mire and casting stones upon each other.

You, my countrymen, seek out darkness and flee the light, awaiting the coming of water from the rock, and your nation's misery is your crime. I do not forgive your sins, for you know what you do.

Fear not the phantom of death, my countrymen, for his greatness and mercy will refuse to approach

your smallness; and dread not the dagger, for it will decline to be lodged in your shallow heart.

You crucified Jesus and stood below him, blaspheming and mocking him; but at last he came back and overcame the generations and walked among you as a hero, filling the universe with glory and beauty. You poisoned Socrates and stoned Paul and destroyed Ali Talif, and yet these immortals are with us forever before the face of Eternity.

But you live in the memory of man like corpses upon the face of the earth; and you cannot find a friend who will bury you in the obscurity of non-existence and oblivion which you sought on earth.

We are the sons of sorrow, and sorrow is a rich cloud, showering the multitudes with knowledge and truth. You are the sons of joy and as high as your joy may reach.

We cry and sympathize with the miserable wanderer and distressed widow, but you rejoice and smile at gold.

We cry, for we listen to the moaning of the poor and the grieving of the oppressed weak; but you laugh for you hear naught but the happy sound of the wine goblet.

We cry, for our spirits are at the moment separated from God; but you laugh, for your bodies cling with unconcern to earth.

You lie down with Lust, whose tempest has swept one thousand processions of the souls of women away, and into the pits of shame and horror. But we embrace solitude, in whose shadows the beauties of Spinoza and Dante arose.

We spread your path with roses, and you cover our beds with thorns. But between the roses and thorns, truth slumbers fitfully. We seek the company of truth and the hands of truth have brought down knowledge from the great Circle of Light.

Hitchhike Help



photo by David Wolf

A bill has been introduced in the State Legislature which, if passed, would legalize hitchhiking in the state of Washington. Anyone interested in furthering the chances of this bill's passage should collect signatures and addresses on a piece of paper containing the following statement:

"We, the undersigned, support a bill, HB 296, introduced by G.K. Jeff Douthwaite, which would amend the current Washington State anti-hitchhiking law to read as follows:

1) No person shall stand in a roadway for the purpose of soliciting a ride, employment, or business from the occupant of any vehicle.

2) Nothing in subsection 1) shall be construed to prevent any counties or municipal subdivisions of the State in which State penal institutions are located, from prohibiting the soliciting of rides by any means, or giving rides to persons who solicit rides, within three miles of the State penal institutions."

This law would allow hitchhiking from the curb.

Completed petitions should be returned to the U. District Center, 5525 University Way NE, Seattle, Wash. 98107.



The natal chart for the Northwest Passage, though straightforward enough, reveals some surprising contradictions in the inner life of the paper not at all obvious on the surface. The time used for calculation is the time the first NWP came off the press according to Frank Kathman, the Old Man of the Passage.

THE ELEMENTS

The Northwest Passage is overwhelmingly a water being. Both the sun and moon are in watery Pisces. They're also aspected to Neptune, God of the sea and ruler of Pisces; who is in Scorpio, another water sign.

Three planets are in fire signs: Venus, Saturn and Mars. However Venus and Saturn due to their position are inhibited (low firepower), and Mars in Sagittarius shows its "martial" action to be excessively exaggerated. Few planets are either earthy or airy by sign.

Such an emphasis on water indicates changeability and emotionalness, an intensely subjective nature. This gives the NWP a tendency to reflect all manner of feelings and emotional states — a real changeling.

However such moodiness may not be readily visible because the ascendent which governs the appearance, mannerism, and first impressions, is in earthy, technical Virgo. A whole passle of high flying feelings are wrapped up in a good-looking package.

THE FORCES (cardinal, Fixed, Mutable)

The Passage has four planets in cardinal signs, the signs indicating beginnings, initiative, action, "getting it on." But all four (Venus, Saturn, Jupiter, and Uranus) have diminished power and cardinality due to their positions.

Fixed signs relate to stability, endurance, getting things completed. Here there is but one fixed planet: Neptune, the planet of mystics and poets, of idealism and romanticism. It suggests hopeful possibilities: high hopes. (Pipe dreams?) That's stability?

The major forces are mutable — five planets including sun and moon plus the ascendant are in mutable signs. Mutable, variability, transformation — you never know what's going to happen next to the Passage, but whatever it is, it'll be a change. But mutable signs also suggest the reconciler, the arbitrator, the ability to accept incredible differences, and by absorbing... end them?

THE ASPECTS

The aspect that Dane Rudhyar calls the "finger of god" is the central aspect in the Passage's chart. It is formed of the planets Venus and Saturn in conjunction in the eighth



INTERPRETATIONS OF THE NATAL ASTROLOGICAL CHART OF N.W.P.
(see cover)

house, Pluto in the first house, and Neptune in the third. The "finger of god" aspect can be seen in the chart as a triangle thus:



A powerfully fateful tie, this aspect relates directly to the ecological bent of the NWP.

The finger of god points right to our elemental inheritance: an earth planet in the process of being burnt out. Not too surprisingly it shows the Passage to be radically critical of this quandry and to come down hard on the "forces that be." The natural reaction of the paper and the people who are the paper is manifest in the strong desire to purify, make holy, the close surroundings — the physical and psychic environment. This is pursued in the Passage through idealistic communications and attempts at community education. However there are three difficulties that arise with these aims. First there is indicated an unfortunate lack of the correct education and knowledge to pursue these aims and a lack of long range vision and the endurance needed to realize these aims. Furthermore, the Passage lacks sufficient resources to engage people with the "needed education," perspectives and clarity to carry further the idealistic beginnings.

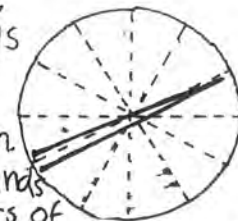
Paradoxically, the NWP presents a rather somber



-Mary Alice - Clifford Perry -
-Patrushka-

look at the immediate environment from a very hopeful, though somewhat naive, stand point.

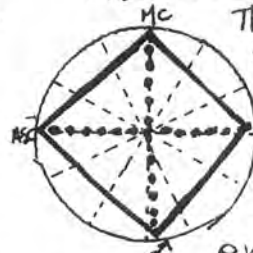
A second aspect is closely connected to the finger of god. It consists of the conjunction of the sun and the moon in the seventh house tied across the chart to Jupiter conjunct Uranus in the second house and similarly to Pluto in the first. It looks like this:



One thing it says is that the NWP could never be the creation of one person. Its publication demands the concerted efforts of a group of people — a communal enterprise. The Passage depends entirely upon and directly reflects the psychic condition of the people actively engaged in it and through them the psychic condition of the community in which they live.

This aspect also shows that money will come and go rapidly and that the money trips will be full of surprises. NWP will never be a money maker, but will be dependent on the support of individuals, and unexpected gifts and contributions. Unfortunately aspects are not good for reaching people who could afford to contribute, hence the difficulty in sustaining itself financially. All ideas for ways of obtaining support will be exaggerated wild notions.

A third aspect is the grand cross formed between Mars, Mercury, the Midheaven and The ascendant. While it is not fully drawn in the cover chart — the grand cross looks like this:



This aspect tells that the first approach by NWP to working out the environmental problems will be one critical exposure of the situation — criticizing persistently the abuses unleashed on the environment by whoever is in range; even you and me, friends. The Passage shows its face to the world as a critical Virginian, discriminating fine points, struggling erratically for perfection. However the world, through its eyes sees the Passage as a verbal/mental gadfly, more irritating, than threatening. But criticism of politics, the ecological situation, American industry, films, books and records, ourselves, the foods we eat & the way we shit will continue.

There is a lack of stability due to fluctuating personnel. Enthusiasms are brilliant though short-lived. Continuous rapid changes. But these factors "allow" the NWP the freedom to move, making it more reflective of the community and more interesting than if it were more solidly grounded.

Anniversary

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A year later, everyone in The City was angry. Police repression, escalation of the war, poverty, overcrowding, and mounting racial tensions had electrified everyone's nerves to the breaking point. One day I stood on a hill above a park and watched two cops manhandle and throw a couple of hippies out of the place. Within a week, I had loaded everything I had into my VW bus and headed straight for Bellingham.

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Soon, enough of us had our heads into it so that it started to happen. We talked about it and planned for months. One day Laurence Kee and Michael Carlson came over to my house. "Let's put out an issue," they said. Laurence had the money and a house to use as an office. So we turned one bedroom into a layout room, and the editorial office was Laurence's bedroom.

Every day I'd go to work to find the office strewn with vaseline bottles and kleenex, but with Michael and Kenn Fredericks putting together the graphics and Laurence managing the production and editing and doing some writing, and myself scrambling around for copy, pretty soon we had a newspaper.

At first, it was almost totally political. Imagine that, thinking that politics would ever get us anything but lies! I had just finished up a Peace and Freedom Party organizing bit in San Francisco. Even when the PFP became factionalized full of bitterness, I didn't see the world in a new framework and continued to view the future mainly in terms of politics. It was only two years later that I realized that power politics is a particular mode of behavior, which, from the days of Caesar through Machiavellian intrigues and up to the present could hardly hope to represent the interests of the people, much less the Earth, the animals, trees, grasses. . .

It's our birthday. Well, almost. Two years adds up to a lot of time, a lot of work, a lot of energy, and a lot of satisfaction. The expectations and the people. The long weekends and so many people. The confusion, the disappointments, the cooperation, the arguments, the frustration, the love, and oh, so many people.

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OUT O' THE MOLASSES JUG

Ratwiper Molly's Grandfather Tales

NOW LISSEN, IT AINT JUST ANOTHER HIPPIE RUMOR, THIS THING ABOUT PLANTING BY THE SIGNS. THEY ALL DO IT. ALL THEM OLD FARMERS. IT SEEMS TO MAKE THIS VERY DETECTABLE DIFFERENCE, ESPECIALLY THE MOON PHASES, BUT THE MOON SIGNS, TOO.

WHY DO YOU ALL THINK WE PUT THESE HERE MOON SIGNS IN EVERY MONTH? SO EVERYBODY CAN GO AROUND SAYIN' WOW THE MOONS IN SCORPIO, NO WONDER ITS SO HEAVY? WELL, THAT TOO, BUT MAINLY TO PLANT YOUR GARDEN BY. THERES DENTISTS IN THE SOUTH WONT PULL TEETH WHEN THE SIGN IS IN THE HEART* (WHEN THE MOON'S IN LEO) THE NOMENCLATURE, Y SEE IS DIFFERENT. EACH SIGN CORRESPONDS TO A BODY PART. (SEE DRAWING). EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BLEED MORE & HEAL SLOWER WHEN THE SIGN IS IN THE HEART. PEOPLE & PLANTS, TOO. SO THATS WHEN CUT WEEDS R MOST LIKELY TO WITHER & DIE & NOT SPROUT AGAIN. THE LAST QUARTER OF THE MOON IS BARREN, TOO. & IF Y CAN HIT IT SOS THE MOONS IN LEO & THE LAST QUARTER, TOO, YER DOUBLE-DAMN SURE, NOTHIN WONT SPROUT AGAIN. A GOOD TIME TO TURN SOD.

BUT WHY GO ON. HERES WHAT THE BUMS FARMERS ALMANAC (PUBLISHED & SOLD BY BUMS ALMANAC SYNDICATE, WINSTON-SALEM, N.C., PRICE BY MAIL 50¢, 113rd YR OF PUBLICATION) SAYS FOR 1971.

in **ARIES**, which is a Moveable Fire Sign, governed by the Sun, make rapid growth and abundance of straw & tops, according as the Moon is old or new.

in **TAURUS**, which is a Fixed Earthly Sign, governed by mercury, will do good for all root crops of quick growth.

in **GEMINI**, which is a Barren sign, will not make a good growth. This is a good time to stir the soil & subdue all noxious weeds.

in **CANCER**, which is a Watery, Fruitful Moveable sign, germinate quickly. It is favorable to growth and insures an abundant yield.

in **LEO**, which is a Barren, Fiery Sign, will die, as it is only favorable to the destruction of noxious growth. Trim no trees or vines when the Moon or Earth is in Leo, for they will surely die.

in **VIRGO**, which is also a Barren Sign, as it is unfavorable to growth of seed or transplanting in **LIBRA**, which is a Strong Moveable sign, does well, it is next after cancer for good effect. Seed planted in Libra produce vigorous pulp growth and roots and a reasonable amount of grain.

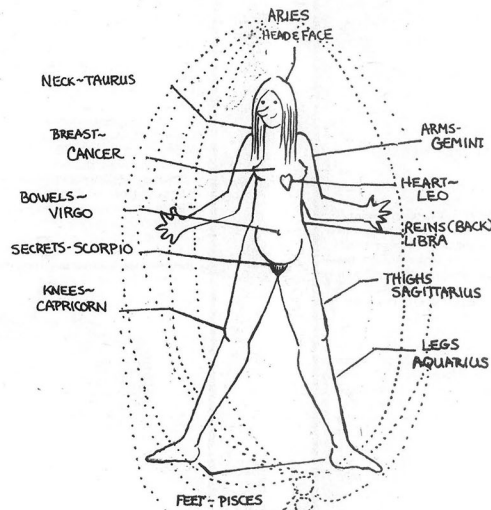
in **SCORPIO**, which is a fruitful, producing Watery effects.

in **SAGITTARIUS**, which is a Fiery, Masculine sign, does not do well.

in **CAPRICORN**, which is a Moist, Moveable sign, will produce a rapid growth of pulp, stalks or roots, but not much grain.

in **AQUARIUS**, which is an Aky, Masculine sign, is only thrown away, as it will not grow well.

in **PISCES**, which is Fruitful Watery Feminine sign, will produce excellent results, and is the third best sign for producing the fruits of the earth.



THE AIR SIGNS ARE THE BEST TO HARVEST IN. THE FIRE SIGNS ARE SECOND BEST. NEVER GATHER FRUIT, GRAIN, OR VEGETABLES IN THE WATERY SIGNS OR NEW OF THE MOON, AS THEY WILL SURELY DECAY OR SPROUT. JUST BEFORE FULL MOON IS THE BEST TIME TO GATHER FOR SHIPPING.

ALL PLANTS, TREES AND VEGETABLES PLANTED IN THE NEW OF THE MOON WILL GROW VIGOROUSLY. ALL CROPS THAT PRODUCE THEIR YIELD ABOVE THE GROUND SHOULD BE PLANTED IN THE NEW OF THE MOON. THOSE THAT PRODUCE THEIR YIELD IN THE GROUND SHOULD BE PLANTED IN THE OLD OF THE MOON.

ARIES, TAURUS, LIBRA & CAPRICORN ARE GOOD, FRUITFUL SIGNS. CANCER, SCORPIO, AND PISCES ARE THE BEST & MOST PRODUCTIVE. IN THE ORDER NAMED, BEING WATERY THEY ASSIST VEGETATION TO WITHSTAND DROUGHT, AND PRODUCE MUCH FRUIT & GRAINS. SAGITTARIUS AND AQUARIUS ARE POOR SIGNS. LEO, GEMINI AND VIRGO ARE BARREN, THE STRONGEST IN THE ORDER NAMED, AND ARE BEST TO DESTROY WEEDS AND ALL NOXIOUS GROWTH. THE FIRST DAY THE MOON IS IN A SIGN IS BETTER THAN THE SECOND, AND THE SECOND IS BETTER THAN THE THIRD.



NEW MOON, INCREASING

During this moon, plant the following: Asparagus, Broccoli, Brussel Sprouts, Cabbage, Cauliflower, Celery, Corn, Wheat, Cucumbers, Endive, Kohlrabi, Leeks, Lettuce, Spinach, Barley, oats, rye.



1ST QUARTER, MOON INCREASING

During this quarter plant the following: Beans, Eggplant, Melons, Peas, Peppers, Pumpkins, Squash, Tomatoes, flowers, cereals.



FULL MOON, DECREASING

During this quarter plant the following: Beets, Carrots, Chickory, Potatoes, Radishes, Rutabagas, Onions, Turnips, Tubers.



LAST QUARTER, MOON DECREASING

In this quarter, turn sod, pull weeds, and destroy noxious growths, especially when the moon is in Barren signs, Gemini, Leo, Virgo or Aquarius.

ECO-

compiled by nely gillette

Ross Dam Revisited--Important hearings are being held this week in Seattle and Mt. Vernon on Seattle City Light's plans to raise Ross Dam on the upper Skagit River. The State Ecology Commission, apparently quite receptive to the environmentalist viewpoint, invites any interested person to testify. The first hearing is this Tuesday, March 16, in Seattle (Science Center, Eames Theatre). The Mt. Vernon hearing is this Wednesday, March 17, at 9 a.m. in the Moose Hall. Many bodies are needed. If you are not able to testify, you may write a letter--deadline March 22--and send it to the Ecology Commission asking that it be made a part of the record. Address: 909 Capitol Center Building, Olympia. RUN OUT SKAGIT SPOILERS!

* * * *

Spirit of St. Louis Dept.--Charles Lindbergh's letter to Congressman Yates of the House Appropriations Committee. "Replying to your letter of January 20th, my impression is that the supersonic transport is within the state of the art technically but not economically or environmentally. Seat-mile costs are too high, and the pollution of the upper atmosphere too dangerous on the basis of present knowledge. I believe it would be a mistake to become committed to a multi-billion dollar supersonic transport program without reasonable certainty that the SST will be practical economically and acceptable environmentally. "I do not now see any practical way to avoid the disturbance that would be caused by regular sonic booms. As a citizen, I feel we are already subjected to more than enough technological noises, and my vote will be against adding to the present noise level in any unnecessary way. I do not accept as practical or lasting the idea that supersonic transports would be flown at supersonic speeds only over water..."



Don't forget the Congress will vote on more funds for the Super Sonic Trasher before March 30. Write to someone who doesn't represent Boeing and say you're against it

* * * *

Eastern Airlines has rehired the pilot they fired when he refused to continue dumping excess jet fuel in the air after takeoff. The pilot, William L. Guthrie, said the fuel contributed to air pollution and made runways unnecessarily slick. Instead, he had the fuel drained by ground crews before takeoff. The airlines contended the practice delayed the flights he commanded. Fired October 16, two years before mandatory retirement, Guthrie has been rehired with back pay and given an assignment as environmental and ecology consultant in addition to his job as senior pilot.

* * * *

Glaser Beverage Company in Seattle is now buying back all types of "food glass". Cosmetic and window glass is not accepted. The glass must be sorted into amber, green, and clear. Delivery may be made at Glaser's Seattle Plant next to Sick's Stadium, 2300 26th Ave. So. any Monday, Wednesday or Friday from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. Payment is one cent per pound. The recycling program is a new approach in that the bottling company will accept glass products other than its own. IT is also the first facility in the greater Seattle area to accommodate smaller deliveries of glass products for use in recycling. Their number is EA3-2932.

Northwest Passage March 15-28, 1971



photo by Buck Meloy

Hang Onto Your Chuckanuts !

by john woolley

Immediately south of Bellingham lie the Chuckanut Mountains, a singularly distinct small range that parallels the rugged sandstone cliffs of Bellingham Bay. A unique geologic phenomenon, the terrain of this semi-wilderness area is very rugged, with many rock faces hidden under the dense cover of lush lowland forest.

Several pleasant lakes are scattered throughout the range, products of the gouging of Ice Age glaciers, and provide inspiring settings for contrasting the vivid hues of the dense conifer and deciduous forests. Bald eagles, great blue herons, and the pileated woodpecker, as well as numerous other birds and mammals find a welcome home in this informal wildlife refuge.

Highpoints in the Chuckanuts offer commanding views of the full extent of the San Juan Islands, the Olympics, the broad expanses of the Skagit and Nooksack valleys, as well as intriguing glimpses over the Cascade foothills into the jagged snow-covered expanses of the Twin Sisters Range and Mt. Baker. [Ed. note: On one particularly clear day, we were even able to see Mt. Rainier and Mt. Baker at the same time.]

Within the Chuckanuts themselves are splendid views of mountain slopes and valleys, blanketed by maturing conifer forests interspersed with the colors of deciduous trees. Streams and waterfalls amidst this dense growth provide an ever fascinating study of complex drainage networks.

Though certain areas of the Chuckanuts are partially preserved from development and exploitation by the State Park system, by far the majority of these beautifully forested slopes are vulnerable to nearly any type of land use. Bloedel, Georgia Pacific, and Scott logging companies represent the major private ownership, and are to a limited extent carrying on logging operations now. Other State administration handles a sizeable portion of the area and also depends on these holdings as a revenue source from timber harvesting. Most of this area was last logged about 30 to 60 years ago.

John Woolley, a devoted hiker of the Chuckanuts, is a first class wilderness freak.

In addition, land development companies have acquired parts of the foothill area. In the northern part of the Chuckanuts, that in Whatcom County, portions of section have been subdivided and sold in lots years ago, and not just along the fringes on roads and above Samish Lake, but also higher up on the ridges at the head of drainage systems. It appears all too evident that parts of the Chuckanuts are vulnerable to housing development before the public will even have time to consider their loss.

And just what is the loss? An opportunity for the public to visit a sizeable natural area that is very accessible from a growing urban area. Natural lowland areas in Washington are not common, and the Chuckanuts have the added appeal of being more rugged than most, of special geologic interest, with many lakes and streams, and bordering the magnificent Chuckanut coast and the expanses of Samish Lake, as well as being of particular value as a wildlife refuge merging the life zones of the mountains and the saltwater periphery of the Chuckanut coast.

The time to get these values in our minds is now -- let's not always be caught by surprise! Though preserving the Chuckanuts as a near-wilderness area may just be the pipe-dream of a wilderness naturalist, there is room for a broader appeal to assure that this unique mountain range is not exploited to the exclusion of high levels of aesthetic appreciation and recreational value. Logging practices can be carried out under specifications minimizing eyesore clearcuts and land devastation; and certainly the development of private housing on the pleasant, forested slopes that overlook Bellingham is not going to be a nice eye sensation. The responsibility is ours to keep on the alert.

To encourage state attention to the Chuckanuts as a recreation area, please write:

Terry Patton
Recreation Planner
Washington State Department of Natural Resources
Sedro Woolley, Washington 98284

SABRE

Hebrew has a warm sound
round and firm in the throat
sabre cactus fruit
beyond the hide of thorn
tongue rolls sweet flesh

There is nothing new under the sun
you quote and again in Hebrew
and dance the courtly lead
loose spine spilling improvization
you have made paintings
blood poppies on green mountain

JERUSALEM, WAILING WALL

Sandstone gold almond flower spring
gorges deep in shadow
thorns flower tree and bush.
Stones of David's temple wall
heart of the old city
between mosque and gothic arch
backdrop to genocide.
Every unbelieving sabre
hears the wailing wall.
Hassidim rock
forward and back.
The wall and ritual commemoration
lie open to the living
shrouded closes lurk taboo.
Meanwhile in galilee
first wave anemones
burst like blood against the green.

JERUSALEM WINDOW

Through the window's open throat
tongues of sound
hollow ringing sheep bells
lap the inner ear
almost asleep. Waking
air crunches with eating
sharp teeth cut close
the short dry grass
the stunted hillside clover.

Rise to look out.
Like after image of dream
they stand. Across the valley
golden domed old city
shivers like hallucination.
A bearded desert shepherd
eyes black caftan white
stark against spire and shadows.
Shaggy herd jostling my fence.

In his opaque nomad stare
I become a woman crouched cooking
black tent, fire between three stones
pungent sheep bedding near.
Dark man sharp from the desert.
By day he herds them
in long spirals of return
to my hot fire
enters with wind at his back.

The orange window grows cold.
Close the enameled sash
draw the colored curtain near
light a fire for tea.
Leaving my bushes nibbled
my fence disturbed
they tack for home.
The ear echoes still
slip stream of their jingling.



Ready, Set, Grow!

by ann nugent, the good humus woman



After our week of March snow melted, I ventured out again into the garden to see what was happening. It was one of the few dry days we've had all Winter. Carrying a rake, spade, pitchfork, trowel, hoe, and seed packets, I marched to the vegetable bed that was plowed and prepared last fall, and tromped around in it. Kneeling, I dug deeply into the soil with my hands to see whether the soil was dry enough. If the soil fell loosely through my fingers, then it would be seed-planting time. However, if the soil was sticky, its consistency would suffocate and rot these first pre-Spring

seeds. At that time the soil was gluey, so I've been waiting and waiting.

But when the soil is ready (and a bit of warm, dry air would help), then beets, peas, radishes and mustard greens seeds can go into the ground. Beets, radishes and mustard greens are an excellent trio to begin with, because they're the easiest and fastest growing of the vegetables. In a little over a month, they'll be ready to harvest. We love to eat beet greens so much that we pull them up before the red root swells. Keep planting these seeds at weekly intervals for continued good eating.

FEED THE SOIL, NOT THE PLANTS

Working in a garden is primarily an attitude rather than technique. And it begins with the soil. A gardener must respect the soil and give to it primary attention. Strong, healthy plants will arise automatically. If instead one gives primary concern to the plants by force-feeding them with commercial fertilizers, he will neglect the soil and upset the natural life processes.

The pride of the organic gardeners and the natural food farmers is that they concentrate upon feeding their soil. They do not feed their plants. The soil feeds the plants in its own miraculous way. Commercial fertilizers destroy this natural process. The gardener should do all he can to keep the soil activated. He does this by adding matter which will decay naturally, for decay activates the soil's organisms. The chief time to add natural matter is before seed planting time or after the fall harvest. But the gardener can also add natural matter to his soil all the time. Regard the soil as a pet that needs feeding. During the growing season, sprinkle grass clippings on top. Hoe weeds under. Decaying matter keeps the soil activated.

COMPOSTING

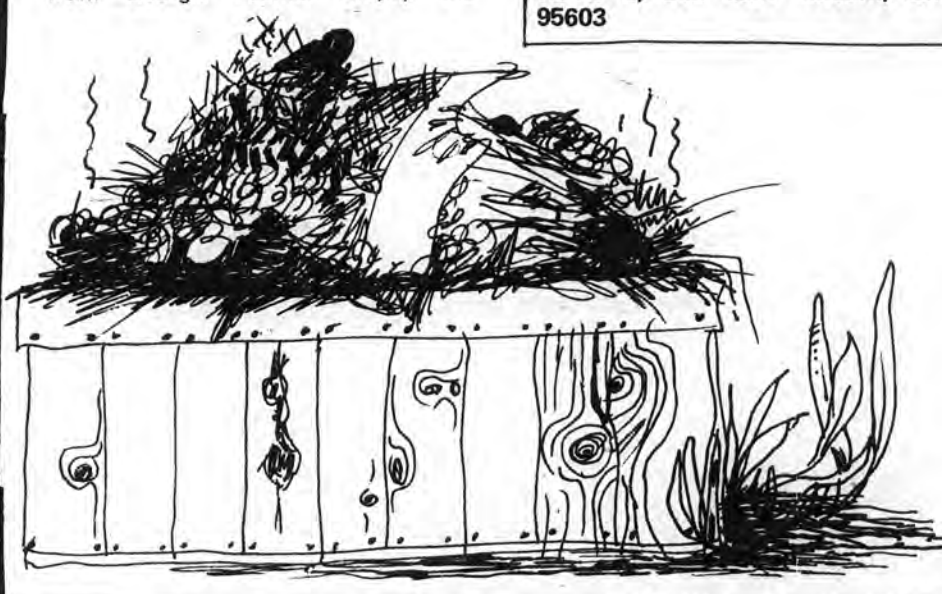
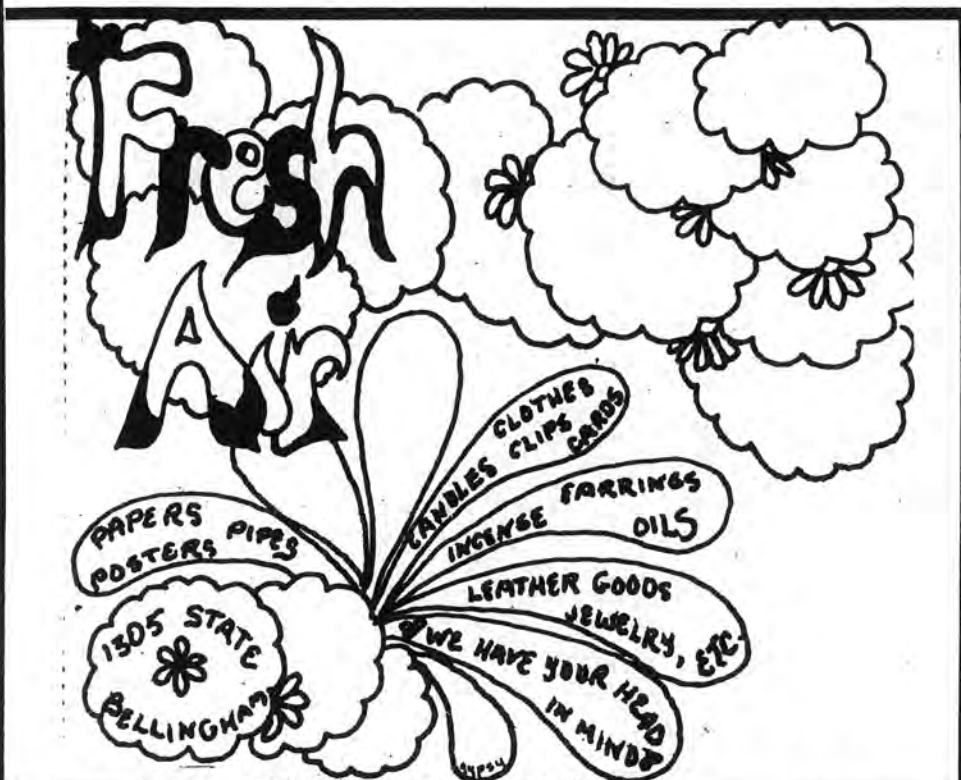
Compost piles can be started now or anytime, and one can add to them the year around. I am always making two or three of them; when one gets too big, I start another one. I keep my composting simple. Techniques of composting can get complicated, but all a beginner needs to do at first is save all the organic matter around for the compost heap. The kitchen is the best place to begin. Save the kitchen discards: orange peels, wilted lettuce and celery, apple cores, coffee grounds. Place them in a container to be laid to rest later in the compost heap. I accumulate several containers a week; their heady odor deodorizes the stench from Georgia Pacific. Empty the

decaying fruits and vegetables upon your compost heap. Spread them out, and then cover all with a layer of dirt. Finally, sprinkle earthworms on top. Earthworms are your best garden friends. Their tunnels keep the compost heap aerated. Also, their eating and digesting of the soil and decaying matter is a beneficial and necessary process towards the making of humus.

STARTING TRANSPLANTS

I mentioned in an earlier issue that Joe Bertero will be selling transplants at Joe's Garden, but have discovered that the soil that he puts in his flats to start his seed is first sterilized with a poisonous chemical called Methyl Bromide. I talked with Richard Haard, Assistant Professor of Biology at W.W.S.C., about the effects of Methyl Bromide upon the seeds. He explained that this has been a common practice for years everywhere, and that there is no other way that is as effective, efficient and least poisonous as this to prepare the soil for starting seeds in flats. He does not know, however, what poisonous effect this has on the seeds, but will do some research and will issue a report to the *Passage* later. If anyone else has information regarding the effects of Methyl Bromide upon the seeds, contact us. In the meantime, if you are wary of buying these transplants from Joe, there are seed-starter kits you can buy. Clark's Feed and Seed store has some without the seeds. Everybody's Store in VanZandt has them with seeds. We do not know if the stuff in these kits is sterilized or not, but we are searching it out. The hot weather vegetables such as cucumber, peppers and tomatoes, need a head start indoors in the Pacific Northwest. Start them now.

live Ladybugs: 1/2 pint, \$4.00; quart, \$6.00. Praying Mantis Egg Cases: 3 for \$2.00, 8 for \$4.00 Airmail paid; instructions Bio-Control Co. Route 2, Box 2397 Auburn, Calif. 95603



Natural Food Associates is a non-profit educational organization, (Motto: 'Better Foods From Living Soil.') This group publishes a small monthly magazine 'devoted to the preservation of soil, water and health.' The January, 1971 issue has an article called, 'Sick Soil, a Basic Cause of Poor Health.' \$5.00 a year; includes the monthly magazine. Write to: Magazine Subscriptions, Circulation Manager, P.O. Box 210, Atlanta, Texas 75551. Also, Natural Food Associates has just issued a new publication: FACTS ABOUT ORGANIC GARDENING, about eight pages, in newspaper form. Send \$1.00 for four issues a year. Above address.

Shituation in the City: Nueva York

or, This City Needs A Revolution

by our special correspondent

...I think increasingly that the state is not ever going to be made irrelevant, at least in our cities. This city needs a revolution, because as far as I can see every one of its problems is a direct result of some inhuman action of the part of the state. Until this trip back, I was never so aware of that fact. We don't have a problem with heroin here, we have a housing problem. Unsafe streets are no more or less than the product of the dehumanizing effects of heroin, which is a product of a dehumanized environment of currently unemployed slaves. We don't need drug programs, we need a revolution. Addict rehabilitation could best be termed hypocritical mindfuck therapy. When one is in the provinces, the need for revolution is essentially intellectual; here the need transcends ideologies and dogmas. We may well have a revolution over housing and junk, not unlike that of Mexico: a revolution over land distribution.

One other aside: the ecology issue is really the middle class response to a

society coming apart. When and if America is saved, the type of saving the ecology freaks are talking about is basically the lily white place that existed only in myth anyway, and only existed for its lily white citizens. Somehow the use of detergent seems not at all a problem when one is standing ass deep in trash.

Notwithstanding all of the above, it's good to be back in old imperial city USA. People uptown seem sinfully rich, everyone is keeping up with the Rothschilds, they consume the best of European objects; have even set up a recycling place at 315 E. 61st St., to recycle Shalimar bottles and caviar tins, while 1,800,000 of the City's residents are on welfare; as I said, it is good to be back.

Am going into designing furniture for the former, while hopefully employing some of the latter, and scorning all those in between. 'Tis good to find one's place in America.

Our special correspondent recently returned to take up residence in New York after a spell in the "provinces."

NEW YORK - CITY OF SERVICES and FREQUENTLY CALLED NUMBERS

AMBULANCE 911
ADDICT ASSISTANCE 787-7900
AIR POLLUTION COMPLAINTS 566-2730
BIRTH RECORDS 247-0130
BOROUGH PRESIDENT'S OFFICE 643-2054
BUILDING COMPLAINTS 964-3000
CONSUMER COMPLAINTS 964-7777
DEATH RECORDS 247-0130
DISTRICT ATTORNEY—
Kings County 643-5100
FIRE "0" [OPERATOR]
FOOD BUYING TIPS 964-2525
GOLF INFO 736-4020
HEALTH DEPT.—Bklyn 643-8934
HEAT COMPLAINTS 964-3000
HOUSING AUTHORITY—
Apt. Applications 233-8878
Housing Police Assistance 831-2777
INCOME TAX—CITY Info 964-5900
Requests For City Tax Forms 966-3025
JOBS
Information 566-8700
Applications 566-8720
MARRIAGE LICENSE—BUR—Info 944-7200
MAYOR'S OFFICE 566-5700
MEDICAID INFORMATION 594-3050
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART—
Special Exhibition Info 736-2211
NEW YORK CITY REPORT 999-1234
PARKS—Special Events—Info
Brooklyn-Queens-Staten Island 691-5858
Manhattan-Bronx 755-4100

POISON CONTROL 340-4494
POLICE DEPT.—
EMERGENCIES ONLY—
POLICE 911
AMBULANCE 911
PRECINCTS AND OTHER POLICE BUSINESS
SEE LISTING BELOW
(If Not Listed Below Dial ... 577-7000)
PRISONS—CITY
See Correction Dept. Listings Below
RENT CONTROL 643-7570
SALES TAX—Call New York State 834-7770
SANITATION BULK COLLECTION 643-4960
SCHOOLS PUBLIC—Info 596-5030
SEWER COMPLAINTS 227-1400
SKATING INFORMATION 736-4020
SKY INFORMATION
Hayden Planetarium 873-0404
SMALL BUSINESS HELP 759-8055
SUICIDE PREVENTION 462-3322
SUPREME COURT—Info 643-8076
TOWAWAYS 757-1533
TRAFFIC COURT 345-9898
TRANSIT AUTHORITY—
Lost Property Office 625-6200
Administrative Office 852-5000
V.D. INFO 269-5300
WATER COMPLAINTS 227-1400
WELFARE INFORMATION
See Social Service Dept. Listing Below

For an insider's view of the urban environment in the Age of Technology, this excerpt from the New York City telephone directory — frequently-called numbers of departments and agencies — is unexcelled.

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11 Different Titles on Edgar Cayce

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718
E. Holly
at top of hill
off Lakeway
676-0506

Northwest Passage March 15-28, 1971

HERBAL TRIPS

by jeff fine

WOW! The list of far-out home spun herbal remedies continues to grow and grow. It is a good idea to begin watching the land. Maybe hiking around a little to orient your head towards potential places to do your gathering. Although winter still has some energy, you can at least get an idea as to where you might find some choice herbs. My apologies to anyone stung by nettles due to my advice. I guess my hands are calloused. — so be careful! These plants have been on my mind as of late.

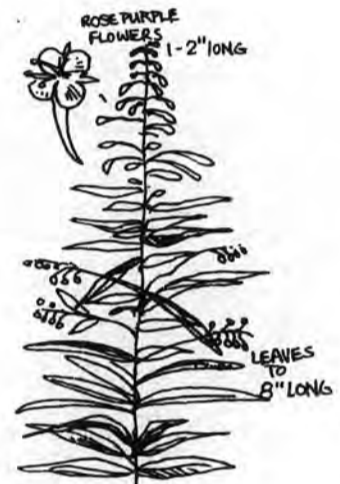
Ledum groenlandicum— Labrador Tea, Swamp Tea. This is a low evergreen shrub with alternate oblong leaves covered on the underside with a dense rust colored hair. The flowers are white and borne in umbrella-shaped groupings. Ledum loves to grow in bogs, swamps and very wet woods. This plant makes an excellent tea and will if brewed strongly do a number on your head.

LABRADOR TEA



Epilobium angustifolium— Fire weed. This beautiful plant grows to six feet in height. The leaves are long and lance-shaped up to seven inches. The flowers are pink or rose-purple and are found abundantly in branchlets along the plant. Fireweed will be found on burns, logged areas and clearings in the forest. The leaves are useful as salad greens. Dried they make an excellent tea and the stalk when peeled and eaten is a good source of natural sugars. *E. alpinum* is smaller and will be found in the high country and *E. latifolium* will be found along river banks.

FIREWEED



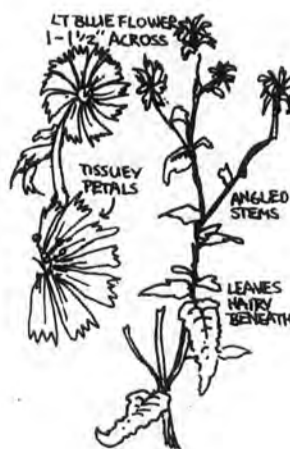
Arctium minus— Common Burdock. If you ever had to pick burrs out of your pants, this is the plant that gave them to you. Burdock is a biennial. It has large leaves about the size of rhubarb with a woolly undersurface. Commonly found abundantly along roadsides and in fields. The root is utilized as a tea and should be dug in the early spring or fall. An herbal ascribed the following properties to Burdock root tea: It is a diaphoretic, diuretic, alterative, etc. That means it is good for you. Prepare the root by drying and powdering. Utilize a teaspoon of the powdered root to a cup of boiling water.

COMMON BURDOCK



Chichorium intybus— Chicory, Blue Sailors. This plant got its name from a legend of a sailor's sweetheart whose old man was lost or had deserted her. The gods took pity on the lass who kept a faithful watch for her man. They turned her into a plant so she could watch forever. If you harvest and dry the taproot of this plant it will make an excellent coffee substitute that will soothe anyone's stomach. The leaves may be eaten like cooked spinach, but remember to boil the leaves in several changes of water. The taproot of dandelion, *Taraxacum* sp. if roasted and dried and ground serves the same function. Look for Blue Sailors along the roadside and in waste places. It will be in bloom in late June.

BLUE SAILORS



Jeff Fine is doing graduate work in Biology at W.W.S.C., and is mushroom correspondent for the Passage.

The Belching Monster-God

a children's story

Once upon a time in the old town of bellywash, there lived a belching monster-god, that everybody worshiped.

When the belching god was small, people would scurry about picking up sticks and branches to feed him.



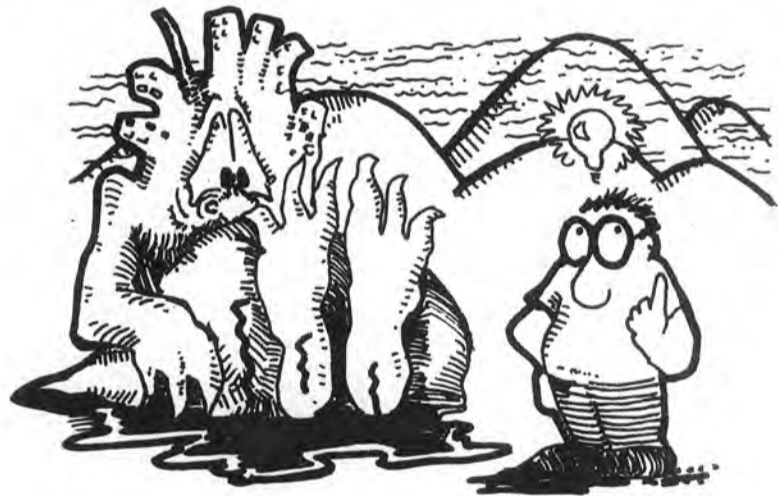
But the monster grew and grew and got hungrier and hungrier, so the people started feeding him whole trees, and soon the hillsides were bare.

The monster was always having indigestion problems. When he poo-pooed, great clouds of smoke would belch forth from his eyes, and poison murk would spew from his behind to pollute the water so's no fish could live in it.



The people were afraid to stop feeding him for fear they'd have nothing to do, and besides, he gave them money to buy food, and toilet paper so's they could wipe their behinds.

One day a little man named Mr. Cowry came to bellywash. He didn't like all the smoky skies and the stinky water, but most of all he didn't like not having woods with big trees to walk in.



So Mr. Cowry decided to feed the belching monster-god some paper instead of trees. Much to the people's surprise, the monster liked to eat paper better than trees. And what's more, he didn't have to poop so much!

Soon the skies cleared, fish swam in the water, and big trees grew on the hillsides, and everybody in bellywash including the belching monster-god lived happily ever after.



Tearing Down the Walls

by lisa garrigues

As a woman, I have been conditioned to think, feel, and respond within a certain set of confines: my role. I was born free; my spirit and mind were one. Little did I know that as the years wore on I would slowly be shoved, tickled, and maneuvered into a tiny space marked FEMALE and expected to perform the rituals within that space.

Some women try to deny that it exists, and loudly proclaim themselves "liberated." You can't be—you are not free to choose after twenty, forty, or eighty years of conditioning. Remember being given a doll every Christmas when you wanted a chemistry set? Remember finally wanting to be a nurse or teacher and never a doctor or lawyer? Remember being advised to take typing by your high school counselor?

Your walls are already made for you. You have no choice but to step into them. Some women like the comfort and protection of their walls. That's true—it's pretty scary to walk out of something familiar into a whole new alternative. But would you be scared if you had been faced with the alternative from the very beginning?

Those walls cut you off from the world outside your kitchen. They cut you off from yourself, from the beautiful, whole person that you could become. It cuts you off from your sisters by molding you into a competitive, catty person.

I am still inside the walls but I'm trying hard to get out of them. As long as the culture we live in continues to fabricate these closed-in-spaces for men and women, I shall never be able to tear down my own walls. That's why women's liberation. We are attacking both our own inhibitions and the machine that produces them, and helping each other to create a new alternative.

Woman is:

Woman Is...

Kicking strongly in your mother's womb, upon which she is told, "It must be a boy, if it's so active!"

Being confined to the Doll Corner in nursery school when you are really fascinated by Tinker Toys.

Seeing grownups chuckle when you say you want to be an engineer or doctor when you grow up—and learning to say you want to be a mommy or a nurse, instead.

Swinging down the street feeling good and smiling at people and being hassled like a piece of meat in return.

Having your first real human talk with your father and being told about all his hopes and lost ambitions, and how women really have it easier, and "what a man really wants in a woman,"—and loving him and hating him for having been beaten down—and for beating down your mother in turn.

Having your first real human talk with your mother and being told about all her old hopes and lost ambitions, and how you can't fight it, and that's the way it is: life, sex, men, the works—and loving her and hating her for having been so beaten down.

Not getting married, just living together in "free love," and finding out it's just the same as marriage anyway, and you're the one who pays for the "free."

"Dropping out" together to a "hip, groovy" commune—and cooking brown rice instead of Betty Crocker.

Feeling guilty for not having an orgasm—what is wrong with you?

Coming home from work, and starting in to work: unpack the groceries, fix supper, wash the dishes, rinse out some laundry, etc. etc.



Woman Is... continued

Trying desperately not to repeat the pattern, and catching yourself telling your daughter one day that she "isn't acting like a lady," or warning your son "not to be a sissy."

Being patronized and smirked over by your own children during the agonizing ritual of widowhood dating.

Getting older, getting lonelier, getting ready to die—and knowing it wouldn't have had to be this way, after all.

--Reprinted from *Sisterhood is Powerful*.

Ed. Note--I cannot personally respond to any of the "Woman Is..." definitions listed on this page. The experiences sound familiar, but only as gross stereotypes. There is a Charlie Brown cuteness about the list that belies the complexity of a human being who is coincidentally female. And what I like even less is the self-pity and self-hatred I read between the lines. Work, kitchen drudgery, exploitative sex, disappointment--if this is what "women is," none of us would have made it past puberty without being beaten to a neurotic pulp.

As it is, however, many of us are not entirely subdued; and what we need from the fem-lib groups is not so much a rehashing of the obstacles women face but rather some vision of what lies beyond the obstacles. The old facts of women's subjugation--domestic chores, numerous babies, discriminatory laws--are now half-truths, scabs of old sores that don't hurt as much as they used to. There must be more positive statements that can be made by women about women, a more constructive orientation. You can only grow insofar as you are aware of new directions to go.--m.k.b

On Self-Defense

by joyce czasak

Very few women feel confident walking alone at night. We can be beaten, attacked and raped without knowing how to put up any resistance. That knowledge is frightening and infuriating. Frightening because rape is a nightmarish ordeal, whether it be from a total stranger or psychological rape from a male friend. Infuriating, because I know the chances of being attacked are greatly diminished if I am accompanied by a male friend. The whole dependency trip on men is once again reinforced.

In the past I did not go places because the fear of being attacked was greater than my desire to attend social happenings. If a man had been with me all those times I of course would have gone without any hesitation. It's not advantageous for women to be programmed from childhood to be weak, passive and unresisting.

The fear I have, I know is not my personal problem, but a social problem experienced by almost all women. It's a social problem because it is this society that perpetrates the degenerative, masculine/feminine roles assigned to us as men and women.

I realized how weak I was once again at my first karate class. Immediately I noticed the passivity of all my sisters. Also, how most of us (women's class) were afraid to let go because we were afraid of being too masculine. All that socialization, it's hard to overcome. Women continually vie for male approval because for some mythical reason male approval is more important than our own.

Week by week, I can see in myself and my sisters a new strength and confidence growing. It was all there before but now it's real and flowing. To feel strong when once I felt weak is liberating in itself. All of us in our class are feeling a collective strength mental as well as physical. Simone de Beauvoir says, "Not to have confidence in one's body is to lose confidence in one'sself." (*The Second Sex*.)

The responses I received from men when I told them I took karate were typically a reflection of this society's rigid masculine/feminine definitions. One response was that to get strong (meaning masculine) in karate was to be unnatural, or dykish, and unfitting for a woman. Again, I realized people are chained in oppressive roles, both men and women. Another response was one of insecurity. A man asked if we could still be friends knowing I could beat him up. Being strong in this culture means using that strength to oppress people.

For oppressed peoples, such as Third Worlds peoples and all women, becoming strong means being capable of self-defense. Third world people and women, as cultural minority groups, have never been oppressors in this country; they have always been the oppressed.

Women are getting together because only through unity will we be strong. Divided we are insecure and helpless. Any interested women who want the physical exercise, time away from household chores and obligations, and practice in self-defense should come to the Women's Liberation karate class, located at Fairhaven Dorm Lounge One, 3-5 p.m. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.



Women's Lib is alive in Bellingham. This page of commentary was submitted by members of the Women's Freedom Brigade. Women's Liberation meetings here are Tuesday nights at 7:30, at 1426 N. Garden.



In an attempt to cover the Muhammad Ali — Joe Frazier fight, *NWP* reporters were denied press passes to closed circuit television viewing of the contest, a common courtesy extended to members of the press. Request was denied on the grounds that we were not a bonafide newspaper. Those in charge took this position because they had never seen sports covered in the *Passage*. We indicated that the fight has deeper political and sociological implications, but the point was brushed aside, and into our pockets we dug.

At this time we would like to dispel any reservations as to our bonafideness, hence we take pleasure in presenting you with this special added feature.

Howard Koolsell recently rejoined the *Passage* after covering the Sumai Wrestling World Championship for Watchtower.



THE SPORTS PAGE

by howard koolsell

Two of the greatest boxers the world has seen overshadowed International Woman's Day when they paired off in what was truly the fight of the century. Women's Liberation was seemingly successful in its unconscious boycott of the event when in most crowds males outnumbered females 20 to 1. But the women were just making space for the men, for the match was generally a sellout. The fighters themselves were handsomely embraced, and the promoters ran off with a bundle. As for their secretaries? Well, they got their usual piddlings of \$1.60 an hour. Perhaps the gals should step up to the bigtime and stage a colossus of their own. It could even be billed as the Barebreasted Championship of the World.

Muhammad Ali lost the fight to the U. S. Government, not to Joe Frazier, and the decision was made three and a half years ago, not last week. Our champion who refuses to murder Vietnamese may have been the real champion had it not been for our government's pigheadedness. A three and a half year layoff can take a lot out of an athlete, and in Ali's own words, 'trees grow old, and so do people.'



Spring is just around the corner and so is baseball. Would you believe — baseball players wore long hair in the good old days? These marcelled sports played for the House of David 'They were good,' says John G. Stailing, who sent us this card. 'They look clean and scrubbed in contrast to today's long hairs.'
—reprinted from the Good Old Days.

The question is now, what will defeat do to the great Ali? Imaginably he will be a lot less verbal. Ego replaced shrewdness when our dancing hero didn't dance, and, instead, fought Frazier's game. He definitely underestimated his opponent.

Some say Ali wasn't ready, including himself. Archi Moore amply put it when he said Ali was in shape but not fighting trim. Each fighter hit his opponent with everything he had. Frazier, obviously more vulnerable in the beginning rounds, refused to falter, and boiled through to control the latter part of the fight. Ali showed great strength in coming back at the end to take the 14th, and was on his way to winning the 15th until Frazier threw all he had into his last punch and sent Ali reeling.

I got my money's worth, but I'd rather had a press pass. Amid the shouts and screams that filled the ring, I can now understand why Bobby Dylan once asked, 'who killed Davy Moore?' As for an alternative to all this frivolity, *NWP* staffer Cadillac has the answer. He made love during the fight.

resist to exist

red star news collective

PANTHERS

In early February, Huey Newton and David Hilliard announced at a New York press conference that the Panthers now on trial in New York on conspiracy charges were expelled from the Party. At the same time Panthers Connie Matthews Tabor, Michael (Cetewayo) Tabor and Richard (Dharuba) Moore were denounced as enemies of the people. Connie Matthews had been Huey Newton's personal secretary and an international representative of the Black Panther Party. Tabor, a leading spokesman for the Party, had delivered the keynote address at the Philadelphia Plenary session of the People's Constitutional Convention.

On Feb. 27, Huey Newton expelled the entire inter-communal section of The Party in Algiers, including Eldridge Cleaver, Minister of Information; Donald Cox, Field Marshall; and Kathleen Cleaver, Communications Secretary, after they had publicly called for the removal of David Hilliard as Chief of Staff of the Black Panther Party.

The following is the statement released at the press conference:

The Black Panther Party has always existed to serve, protect and lead the struggle of all Black and oppressed people. We are strongly dedicated in our revolutionary commitment and we have suffered many forms of repression by the police, sometimes resulting in the death of many brothers and sisters.

We find at this time that we owe an apology to our people and the many groups who have worked with and supported us since the inception of the Party for the mistakes we've made. These serious mistakes have had a detrimental effect on the struggle.

Because of the opportunistic nature prevalent in some members of the leading body of the party we see that many statements, practices and positions that the Party has taken on various issues have begun to alienate us from our community and the people whom we serve.

For these and other reasons, the N.Y. Chapter of the B.P.P. denounces David Hilliard as Chief of Staff and considers him purged from the Black Panther Party for life.

In the words of Antonio Maceo--A Black Cuban Revolutionary. IF I GO FORWARD -- FOLLOW ME; IF I SHOULD HESITATE -- PUSH ME; IF I SHOULD STOP -- KILL ME.

The Central Committee as we recognize it is as follows: Chairman Bobby Seale; Minister of Information Eldridge Cleaver; Field Marshall Don Cox; Communication Secretary Kathleen Cleaver.

The Panthers emphasized that this step did not constitute a split within the Party, and that "there is only one Black Panther Party." They told the press that those Panthers who had been expelled unjustly would be reinstated in the Party.



Northwest Passage March 15-28, 1971

MESSAGE TO THE U.S. ANTIWAR MOVEMENT

"Facing the serious situation now presented, I call upon the progressive American people and all antiwar organizations in the United States to unite closely, to associate all forces and strata of the population irrespective of their skin color, religion and political trend, thus making a wide and strong movement so as to curb in-time new military adventures by the U.S. Administration, to demand an end to their war of aggression in South Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia, to demand the withdrawal of all American troops from Indochina, and let the Indochinese people settle their own internal affairs. Such is the beneficial to the peoples of Vietnam and Indochina, beneficial to the American people, beneficial to peace in the world."

Xuan Thuy, DRV (Democratic Republic of Vietnam) delegation in Paris
(from the Mar. 6 Guardian)



Spring Anti-war Calendar

March 21: Nationwide actions in Puerto Rican communities are being called by the Young Lords Party to commemorate the 1937 massacre of Puerto Rican patriots in Ponce.

April 2-4: Nationwide local actions against hunger, war and repression led by SCLC and NWRO. Both NPAC and the People's Coalition are sponsoring joint actions and rallies in many cities in commemoration of the King assassination. Abernathy plans to drive SCLC's "poor peoples mule train" into New York City's Wall Street financial district for April 4 protests. NPAC and SMC will also encourage the organization of "black moratoriums" in local areas during this period.

April 10: Women's action at the Pentagon organized by a coalition of radical feminist groups.
April 15: Many tax resistance groups around the country will publicly refuse to pay taxes going to the military, giving funds instead to local organizations fighting racism, poverty and repression.

April 19-23: Plans have been announced for 5000 veterans of the Vietnam war to organize protests in Washington during this week sponsored by the Vietnam Veterans Against the War. Relatives of prisoners of war and dead GIs will be invited to join in a march and ceremonies at Arlington National Cemetery. Other activities include a war crimes tribunal on the Capitol steps, a 24-hour White House vigil and a ceremonial returning of medals.

April 24: A mammoth assembly near the White House and march on the Capitol, now a united action of the entire antiwar movement. Both coalitions will focus on the demand for immediate withdrawal but the Peoples Coalition will also present demands for a \$5500 minimum income for a family of four and the freeing of all political prisoners. A parallel action on the west coast will be held in San Francisco. The action will be legal and peaceful in character, with no planned civil disobedience on that day.

April 26-30: Mass lobbying of all government institutions related to militarism and social welfare, along with nonviolent direct action organized by the Peoples Coalition.

May 1: Youth festival in Washington and mass rally to present the Peoples Peace Treaty to the government called by the Ann Arbor Student and Youth Conference. Local and regional support actions.

May 2: Mass inspirational rally to prepare for intensified mass civil disobedience, called by the Peoples Coalition.

May 3-4: Intensified civil disobedience and disruption in Washington.

May 5: National moratorium in all cities and campuses, called by NPAC, Peoples Coalition and SMC, commemorating the Cambodia invasion and the slaying of the Kent and Jackson State students, hopefully exceeding the scope of the Oct. 15, 1969 Moratorium.

May 16: Solidarity Day with the GI movement, with actions in support of protests by GIs on Armed Forces Day at military bases around the country.

(from the Mar. 6 Guardian)



If and when the U.S. invasion of Laos fails, Nixon will be forced again to decide to escalate or de-escalate. Nixon could resume the full-scale bombing of North Vietnam. Past experience indicates that this would be militarily ineffective, and politically costly. The North Vietnamese, for the first time in the history of the war, have publicly indicated their apprehension that Nixon is planning to invade North Vietnam--an escalation that seems even more suicidal for the U.S. than the Laos venture. An ominous alternative at that point would be for Nixon to resort to the use of nuclear weapons. He could, for example, use tactical nuclear weapons on the Trail and under the DMZ to isolate the NLF permanently with a radioactive barrier. Burchett suggests that the recently announced (New York Times January 11) Saigon plan to move 200,000 to 1,000,000 peasants (some of the most recalcitrant NLF peasants) from Northernmost South Vietnam to the south could be to create an "evacuated" zone for nuclear contamination beneath the DMZ (Guardian, January 23). Such an escalation would be consistent with the Vietnamization-urbanization strategy. Recently there have been a number of indications that this is in fact an alternative increasingly likely to be tried as the U.S. political foothold in Vietnam becomes smaller and smaller and its military options fewer and fewer.

A recent article in the New York Times may be a "trial balloon" to test reaction and to prepare the way for public acceptance of tactical nuclear weapons. C.L. Sulzberger, chief correspondent for the Times, wrote on November 15--a week before the raids on North Vietnam--that "limited commitment to conventional defense are seen as increasingly outmoded and yet total warfare is a dreadful absurdity. . . . Consequently, the search focuses on a third solution--between impossible nuclear disaster and unsuccessful conventional warfare. The answer may well lie in the field of truly tactical atomic weapons." (See Sulzberger's more recent discussion of nuclear weapons, New York Times, 3 February).

Two weeks before Sulzberger's advocacy of a "third solution," the Times ran an article on atomic land mines (recently developed for NATO) whose uses seem rather more appropriate for severing North from South Vietnam: "The atomic land mines could block a mountain pass against attacking forces by contaminating the areas with nuclear fallout and by caving in earth and rocks from the heights. . . . in sparsely populated areas with relatively few avenues of invasion, atomic land mines could be an effective weapon." (October 28, 1970.)

That the United States is now on the brink of using nuclear weapons in Vietnam is no more an occasion for wonder than that it has already crossed the threshold of systematic war crimes as defined by its own Nuremberg Tribunal. Imperial war tends by nature to become genocidal war because it lacks the popular base and *raison d'etre* of more conventional conflicts. Powerless to win support among the Vietnamese and unable to garner the necessary troops from their own increasingly disaffected people, the captains of the American empire must inevitably resort to ever more powerful technologies of destruction to stave off equally inevitable defeat.--February 9, 1971

Called Operation Total Victory: February, 1971. From a carefully documented article by Banning Garret of the Pacific Studies Center, 1963 University Avenue, East Palo Alto, California 94303. Copies may be obtained from them.

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I've received three (3) incredibly enthusiastic responses so far which have convinced me that this is of tremendous redeemable value to our readership, so.....

FOOD COOP: Hey, I don't know if everyone out there has realized it yet but the Bellingham Food Coop is creating a new (oldie but Goodie) consumer reality over here in the South-side. It has something to do with realpower to the people instead of blah-blah type. Everyone that walks in the door takes part in the reality and everyone is welcome to do so. So, whether it is to buy, look, sell, talk, sit around the wood stove or just to marvel (Web. Mar/vel; n. to become full of wonder: be astonished.) go on over. 1000 Harris.

TIRES: At repair shops like Ray's Frame and Axle (on Unity by Food Stamp office), you can get tires that more affluent folks have cast aside, for two dollars or less (a friend used to get get em for 50 cents apiece). Have them mounted for no more than a dollar at a gas station. Three bucks total per tire ain't bad.

EATING OUT Pauline's Cafe (133 Holly and Railroad); breakfast for 60 cents includes a stack of hotcakes, 2 eggs, and milk or coffee. Lunch or dinner is 85 cents, includes soup, potatoes, vegetables, bread and butter, desert, milk or coffee. Also, Mat and Milly's on North Holly (really fine, folks).

AUCTIONS: Would like to hear some good cheapo experiences from auctions in the area. I've heard the Blaine auction is the place to go and pick up furniture, glass odds and ends, etc. An auction would probably be a pretty exciting trip.

INCENSE: Indian Ocean has the best selection of incense in town—from the very expensive to dirt cheap. 25 sticks for 30 cents; even less if you ask for the Cheapo's special. Do it.

NATURAL STONE: (of the week): Smile on your brother. The idea is based on action equals reaction, input equals outcome and has something to do with sunshine.

JUNK STORES: In Seattle, Value Village; Renton, Buriem and North Aurora. Clean and fair prices — 20% off on Sundays! Good baby clothes for 10 or 15 cents a piece. Probably got something for everyone in the world. The money goes for helping retarded children.

Bellingham's are located on North Holly and there is a raft of 'em. I know you can dikker at the Salvation Army, but use your head in B'ham's junk stores because they can be more of a burn than Department stores. I bought a new washboard at B'ham Hardware for a lot cheaper than any of the used ones I saw down there. Can anybody tell me where the fairest junk store around B'ham? Everett? Vancouver? anytown? is?

INTERIOR DECORATION: Buy a used dirty faded carpet (Value Village for \$5 or \$10) and some RIT dye and have a good old art festival in the yard. Designs, different colors, psychedelic stuff, spray with the hose and let it dry. Probably works, too.

PETS: Cats, dogs and hamsters are the present residents of the County pound (out by the airport). For about \$4 you can get your pick. Also you could check the board at Fountain Veterinary for some fine buys on super-breeds or for freebies on neopolitan breeds.

ADS: Cheapest way to get you need in front of a half a million eager readers is to put your self an ad in Free Connections in N.W.P. See the back page for information.

TOBACCO: In case you smokers are too dumb to notice, 45 or 50 cents a day for 20 smokes is killing you economically as well as physiologically. Roll your own. It'll help put the squeeze on you know whoooooo, instead of you.

(Thanks to Tom, Laura, and Glen. It's growing.)



IS THE SOUND
OF GOOD VIBES
COPPEES TEAS MUSIC ETC ~
1207 CORNWALL

Living Lit

by jerry burns

It has been suggested that I interrupt my reviewing of Littlemags long enough to tell you what Littlemags are. I don't know how many issues it will take to describe them, but it might be interesting to try.

One way of thinking about them: Littlemags are to literature as Little Theatre is to drama. Okay? But what's wrong with my nice cliché is that it might lead you to believe Littlemags are literary in-groups of elitists, interested primarily in ego-preening and performing the most recent Word from the East. That's rarely true of Littlemags (as a primary motivation). The flow is the other way. Littlemags break new ground and it takes several light years to illumine the moneymen in New York.

The Small Press guy begins it, working with whatever time and money and energy he can steal from himself. Littlemags Discover. Many of them, and there are hundreds, are content with recognizing (their idea of) the best "literature" per an established style or subject, etc. Sometimes these magazines are quite interesting and/or valuable, but they tend to hold to traditional values and eschew change. Some editors are more interested in new voices, new forces — the What that Will Be — or, at worst, change for the sake of change. You would call these people avant-gardists, I guess. But they all, no matter their locus along this line or any other (sounds nice, doesn't it?) Discover.

The genre of publication, Littlemags, has at least two faces. Littlemag editors have been arguing since the beginning about what is a Littlemag. Many contend that university - sponsored publications are not true "Littlemags," but "Literary Quarterlies." The distinction seems to lie in how the publication is funded. If it is the love-labor of one man, navigating by the seat of his pants, it is considered a truly independent Littlemag. If the school pays for it, and it has an office on campus, etc., it tends to be more conservative and traditional and safe, and thus, a Literary Quarterly. Or so they say. Some people draw the fine line between the two with a different knife. Some say there is no difference at all. I don't know that it matters one way or the other. Most littlemaggers bitch that the bread always goes to the wrong man. Most say they fight fiercely for their independence, and I guess some do, but at least one important reason that a lot of editors and poets never "sold out" to the Federal Trough, is that they never got an offer. I don't know. I'm just trying to say that just because a school pays for a mag doesn't necessarily mean that it's bland / dull / dead. And just because its roared out on some wildman's mimeo in the dead of night on stolen paper doesn't mean it's great litterchoor. (Unfortunately, you have to read one helluva lot of tonnage to find the goodie you need.) All these freaky magazines, each in its own way, Discover. Among other things.

All of which goes to illustrate another characteristic of Littlemags: they are often noteworthy, in spite of their editor. Call it inconsistency or Divine Intervention, few issues of any mag are completely and totally worthless. (Though I can name a few.) On the other hand, few issues of any mag are 100% relevant — to even the editor's own designs. Nobody's perfect. Right? Write on.

A Littlemag is born something like this, sometimes: some young poet (and an overwhelming percentage of littlemag editors are also poets) wearies of all his nice love poems being rejected by the New Yorker, or Sat. Review (which doesn't come out on Saturday), or Atlantic, and he might accumulate, as I did, several shoe boxes of reject slips before he gets tired of re-typing his poesies because the last editor, the bastard, after a year's wait, misfolded and mangled the page when he returned it — thus necessitating retyping prior to resubmission. It's all the more evil since it was of course a Great Poem and the cretin ought to have accepted it. So. He corners the ditto machine at work when nobody's looking and runs off dozens of copies of his things to save all this retyping. (The current trip is xerox. Xerox Corp. must love poets, because they put a lot of use on their machines.)

Pretty soon he begins to feel rich with extra copies and begins laying them on friends — and slow strangers. Thus can be sewn the seeds. So one night he's sitting around, popping tabtops with another great poet who lives down the block. It occurs to him he already knows about publishing because he figured out how to work the ditto machine. (In my case it was the Parish mimeo when the Rector was away.) It is a very small step from there to repeating the process, including the work of all your friends, thinking up a title (the hardest part), and mailing your magazine out to everybody you can think of and can afford postage for.

Some mags are born less dramatic. I once knew an Associate Professor in an English Department who had been passed over for promotion three times. The axe was coming down because the man said that ole hen don't lay. Quickly the prof cranked up the old school mimeo, redistributed a few reams of paper, dreamed up a rather unimaginative title which included the name of the school, and became 1) a published poet, 2) secure in his job, and 3) in a little while, an integral part of What's Happening.

There are all kinds of ways people back into publishing. Almost everybody has a unique reason for doing it, and way of going about it.

Next issue we'll try to continue the story. Or review some current titles. If you have anything for review here, send it to me at 3515 18th Street, Bellingham, Wash. Not to the Passage. My car is broken and I don't get around very well, and it may take me months to catch up with whatever you send. If then. Cheers.

MEXICAN POTTERY
CLOTHING

1300 BAY ST.
11AM-9PM MON-SAT.

PINATA

Northwest Passage March 15-28, 1971



More Connections



CONNECTIONS are now being run free of charge to individuals as a community service. Rates for businesses are 12 cents a word, 10 word minimum. Send ad and money to Northwest Passage, Box 105 - South Bellingham Station, Bellingham 98225.

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

Museum Pottery Studio offers Pottery Classes starting April 1st. Sign up at Whatcom Museum on March 25th and 26th. \$35 for 10 weeks. Saturday childrens classes also offered (\$20.)

World of Art has some amazing things. Go to 1409 Cornwall (across from the Bon). Password: "I saw your ad."

For arc and gas welding jobs done at a reasonable rate come to Mayriah Wind Welding, 703 21st St., Bellingham.

Bank Book Store, 11th and Harris: Basic Book of Organic Gardening; The Tassajara Bread Book; The Complete Book of Composting; The Natural Foods Cookbook.

Help: Need hot plate, file cabinets - anything you can contribute - help etc. 733-9672 or P.O. Box 105 So. B'ham Station.

Wanted: VW bus in good condition, w/seats. Kate - EA9-1609 after 4.

Cooperative Nursery - has started in Bellingham. Free. Mothers take turns. Children ages 1 to 3 approx. 10 to 12 daily, but open to accomodate needs. Not just babysitting, but learning, creative use of time, trips planned to parks and beaches, etc. Call Mauri Finley, 734-6870.

"Now is the time for war tax resistance. The most powerful acts against the war have been those of the young men of the Resistance who have been paying for the war in Vietnam to say NO to taxes for war. JOIN US! War Tax Resistance. 339 Lafayette St., N.Y., N.Y., 10012. Write and ask for information. Phone (212) 477-2970."

Live off the land in Okanogan Valley. 20 acres for \$2950. \$20 down, \$20 a month. No interest. Write Bob Merryman, Rm. 114, 1818 Westlake Ave. N., Seattle Wn., 98109.

Friends, POLE ☆ STAR CONSTRUCTION now swings into Equilibrium. We build with Craft and Love. Free estimates, of course, and no job too small from boxes to barns. 733-1935

COTTON PEASANT SHIRTS and embroidered dresses. Available now at Pinata, 1300 Bay. Ask for Pete or Melany.

WANT TO BUY 2 or 3 acres, cleared, good down payment. No agents. 733-8503.

Dear Paul Dorpat, Please return my films at your earliest convenience. Love, Leonard from Langley.

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

To THE Paulsbo Flash
& the Girl from Gotebo
a handshake & a Kiss
Bob

DO IT YOURSELF East African Safari. For college age people. Experience another part of the world. Vehicle, camping gear, airfare included. Non-profit. StudyTravel, Friends World College, Westbury, N.Y. 11590.

Everybody's Store would like a top notch 3/4 ton truck; regular supply of whole grain bread, crafts, and someone to paint front window

WANTED - November 1970 issue of Ramparts Magazine with Scanlan's coupon still attached. 25 cents reward. 721 Gladstone or 733-4825.

GREAT NORTHERN BOOKS - 1306 Railroad. Opening Soon. Esoteric - Erotica.

RECYCLE NEWSPAPERS - Drop them by 'The Garage.' 1021 North Forest. Love, Peter.

Color PRINT Film - including processing and jumbo prints - 12 exposures only \$3.49. And it's Agfa's new honest-color film, in 35 mm as well as instamatic sizes. Barr's Camera 108 East Magnolia.

Lost. Blue tip Siamese kitten near So. State answer to "hear kitty kitty" - If you know something. Please call 733-7344

FOR SALE: 1950 Dodge Pickup. Has wood canopy on back. Runs nicely. Good old truck. \$200.00. Contact Steve Brown at 2712 Franklin.

NEED EXPERIENCED HORSE LOVER to ride and exercise spirited race horse. Must be very dependable and love horses. 733-8503.

FOR SALE OR TRADE: 4-man tent in good condition. 2 years old, used seldom. \$40.00 with poles or trade for light weight 2 man back-packing tent, possibly other gear. Call 733-4825 or 734-9419, or see at 721 Gladstone.

FOR SALE - '69 VW Bus. Needs new loving home. Call Kevin Longwell, Woodinville, Wash., or write 17755 204th N.E., Woodinville, 98772.

HAULING, MOVING and lots of etc. Kelly, 1017 Newell St. Let's barter.

NIKKOR LENS - 85 to 250 mm. f4-f4.5. Sell for rent money, or trade for other photo equipment. David Wolf, 734-1531. Also need good down bag.

FOR SALE - '60 Rambler, good running condition. \$99.00 or best offer. Inquire 2801 1/2 Donovan.

TREES, 60 feet of lake frontage, 3 ducks, garden, house with three bedrooms, fireplace, workshop, large shingled combination living-dining room, outhouse, \$15,950 or trade \$3500 equity for liveable boat. Call Jan or Mike, 733-0146.

FOR SALE - '42 Power wagon, needs a little work. \$175.00 or trade for Volkswagen. 733-0146.

CUSTOM MADE MEN'S SHIRTS. very reasonable call kym at 734-9285

FOR SALE: '56 Dodge Panel Truck, six cylinder, 3 speed, \$250.00. 734-9873.

VOLKSWAGEN REPAIR - valve jobs, tune ups to fit budget. Located on the South Side. Call Barry, 733-8802.

FOR SALE - TV, \$35; Bedroom, living room, kitchen furniture. All new except TV. Call 734-8997 after 5:00.

BRAINWAVE FEEDBACK electro encephalophone. Send 10 cents, J&J Enterprises, 8102 N in Bainbridge, Washington 98110.

PSST! 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.

BUG WORKS V-W REPAIR •••

ZAP! All underground and antique comix plus esoteric adult-type publications and trips at Underground Arts Unlimited, 1023 First Avenue, Seattle.

THE ORGANIC TRAVELER is a guidebook to the entire Pacific Coast for freaks and folks who get behind natural foods, handmade goods and, people services. Travel the natural way from Seattle to San Diego. \$2.00 from P. Lion and Co., Box 416-NP, N. Hollywood, CA 91603. Dealers inquire. Calif. Residents add 5% tax.

WASH. STATE LIQUOR ID photos: 2 - \$1.50 at Barr's Camera, 108 East Magnolia. Tell 'em who sent you.

Workshop Wanted for English artist with possible living accommodations. Cannot pay more than \$40.00 per month, unless some or all utilities are included. North Seattle preferred, 2614 1/2 42nd S.W. Seattle. Wah. 98116

WANTED: VW 1500 Engine parts. Crank, cam, pistons, etc. Cheap. Call Rick, 676-0392.

NEIL - About Bus. Call Kate, EA 9-1609, Seattle. Or other buses.

I LOST MY DOG, Lothar. He is a 8-month-old Brown and white?, with white feet and color with two-tone brown rings around his eyes. If found, please release in vicinity of Lakeway and Humboldt (1225). Thank you. Gary.

There are many others to be so true like you. I hope that my love will follow you thru. You'll come back again. Please do. I'm missing the one that I knew. Amen, Cadillac.

Moose the dog, Shaggy, red & loveable, needs a home. He's 1 yr. old kind of clumsy, but trainable. to Gentle days for the person who knows dog ways. Call Carlana at 733/935

ANSCO COLOR SLIDE FILM 4 rolls plus developing kit, \$8.75. Barr Camera, 108 E. Magnolia.

Pole Star Construction is the real thing...



TEAR ALONG THIS LINE AND PIN UP IN OBVIOUS PLACES

MARCH 1970

Start HERE

March 16
Tuesday
*FUNKIE 50¢
MOVIES Toad Hall
9:00 PM

ST. PATRICK'S DAY
GIVE A yell for
WEDNESDAY 17

the 19 too!
JAMES TAYLOR
in Seattle

GIME BETH

PLANNED PARENT-
HOOD. 7:30 AT
ST. Joseph's Hosp.
Every-Tuesday

Friday
the 19
Passage People
Dinner at
Toad Hall

Court "C"
TACOMA
8-11:30
WEEKLY
JAM \$1.00

Tuesday
23
Toad Hall
Movies *
PLANNED
PARENT
HOOD
PASSAGE
MEETING

SATURDAY
20
Good day to Sleep

SUNDAY
21
TOAD HALL
DANCE
EVERY SUNDAY
NIGHT FREE

THURSDAY
18
JEFFREY
sleeps in
EVERYBODY'S
CLOSED

MONDAY
22



HAVE
YOUR
OWN
PARTY!
THIS
TOWN NEEDS
SOMETHING
going on
to ANNOUNCE
on THIS
Colourfull
Page!

ALL YOU NEED
25 IS LOVE
THURSDAY

WHATCOM
MUSEUM
12 NOON - 6 PM Tues-Thru SAT.
1 PM - 5 PM SUNDAY
CLOSED MONDAY
I Forgot
the 'E'

FRIDAY
26

SATURDAY
27
Dog Trials
Seattle
Arena
9AM - 6pm
NO CATS
PLEASE

28
Sunday
Folk Dancing
Toad Hall
Exercises let
out your soul!

APPLESAUCE

29
Monday
Weather
Forecast = Wind
Go Fly A Kite
Glenn Does!

30
TUESDAY
Passage
meeting
Toad Hall's Funky Movies
Planned Parent Hood
HAVE A Good DAY!
SMILE

31 WEDNESDAY
Court "C"
happens
on
toad what
have you?
got going!

Hi → I'm
MARCIE-JO
I NEED YOUR HELP
PLEASE SEND ME YOUR
INFORMATION ON WHAT'S HAPPENING
please send it to me, 90 the N.W. Passage, 1000
I'll print all I can!
PS. → Look for word to an April Fool!

—Switchboard—

BELLINGHAM

Crisis Clinic.....734-7271
 Toad Hall.....733-9804
 Community Food Co-op...734-0083
 Northwest Free U.....733-8733
 or.....733-5095
 Tenant's Union.....676-3964
 to report Pollution.....733-8750
 if no satisfaction.....336-5705
 Consumer Protection Service
 (toll free).....1-800-552-0700

Selective Service
 Board no. 21.....734-5454

Whatcom Museum of History
 and Art.....734-5791
 NW PASSAGE.....733-9672

A.C.L.U.....734-0063
 Community School.....734-0083
 Dog Pound.....734-3133
 Weather.....734-8557
 Draft Counseling.....676-3732
 Family Planning Clinic...734-9201
 Food Stamps.....733-1870
 St. Luke's Hospital.....734-8300
 St. Joseph's Hospital...734-5400

Police - emergencies.....734-3131
 business.....734-3133
 Head Start.....734-8396

Bellingham Public Library
 733-4041
 Humane Society.....733-2080
 Unemployment.....734-7200
 Whatcom County Mental
 Health Service.....734-3550

SEATTLE

Open Door Clinic.....La4-7404
 Sierra Club.....Me2-6157
 Draft Resistance.....Me2-2463
 Seattle Draft Counseling
 Center.....Su9-0252

Washington State Board
 Against Discrimination..Ma4-3272
 Planned Parenthood.....Ea4-9948
 Poison Information.....La4-4300
 Puget Consumers Co-op.La2-2120

EVERETT

Karma Clinic.....259-5194
 Snohomish County Domestic Relations
 Marital Problems/Family Court
 259-6065
 Department of Public Assistance
 259-8484
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 over 18).....252-4776
 Methadone Treatment Center
 Seattle.....Ma2-9073
 Bellingham Rd. Clinic...Em4-2122



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