



VOLUME 5, NUMBER 11

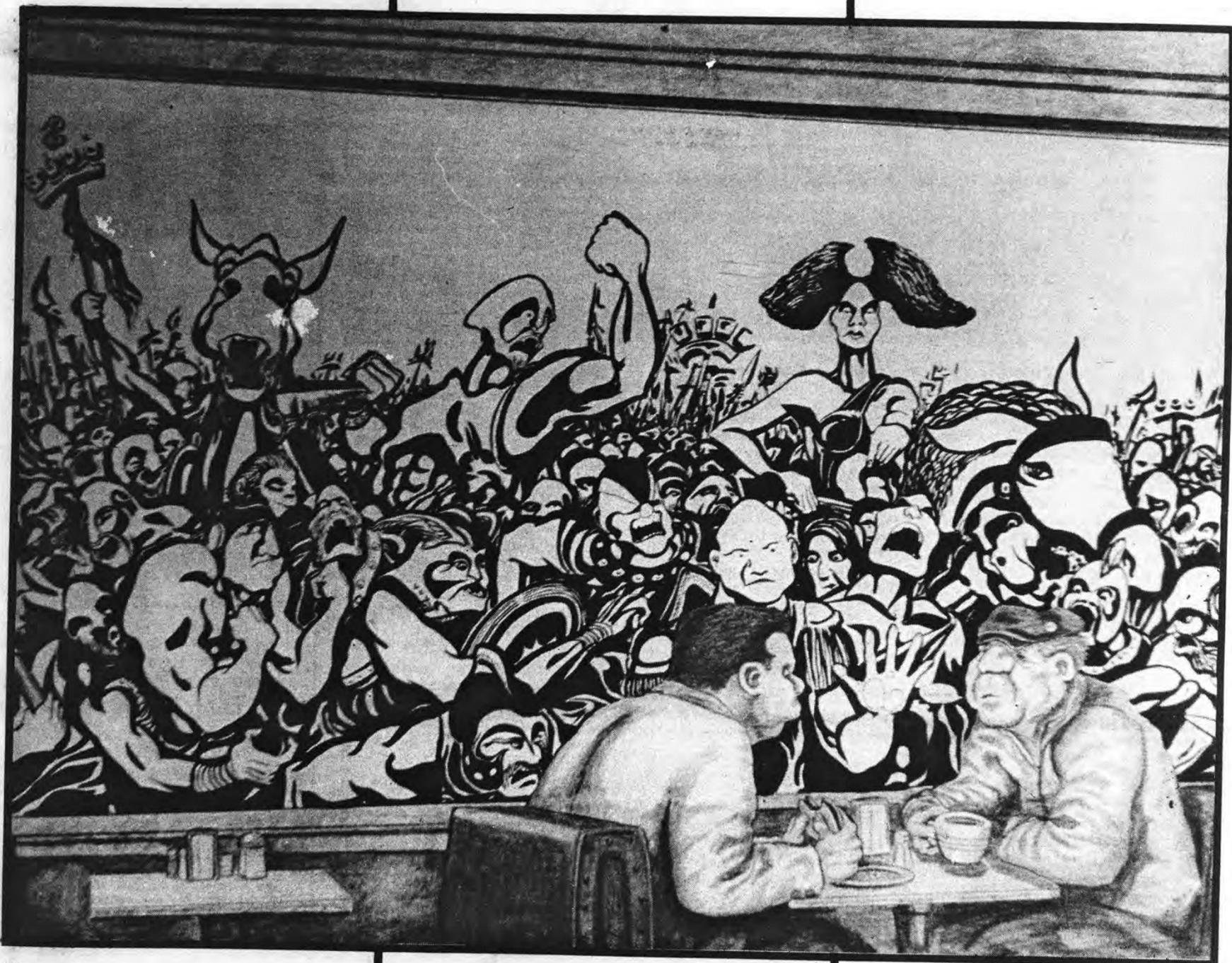
NORTHWEST ASPECT

BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON

25¢



SEPT. 27-OCT. 10, 1971



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Letters

TO THE EDITOR.....

OOPS!

Dear Ms.

Being myself one of a few involved in the establishment of the H.E.R.B. Complete Recycling Center (the only one of its kind at Huxley College), I have what must appear to be a naive question, namely who is Bob Bailey? According to Roxanne Park of the Passage, "he is responsible for getting the recycling center started at Huxley." If Mr. Bailey had actually started this center, I should hope that I might have at some time met, or at least SEEN, him, but alas to my recollection, a mug shot in the Bellingham Herald has been my only introduction.

Perhaps Mr. Bailey was some sort of invisible executive director, but I surely don't recall having seen him relocate any of those heavy barrels, break any bottles, or haul any loads of wet newspaper to GP. If, by chance however, he is not elected to the councilman - at - large seat, we certainly could use some help in the lower echelons of the operation.

We would appreciate some clarification of this statement by Ms. Park, or Mr. Bailey, if he's not too busy.

Thanks.

Hank Cunningham
H.E.R.B.

Be Yourself

Dear NWP:

I am writing in regard to a letter or article in your last issue. Written by Rohander. It was about Fairhaven, and how he thinks everyone should get together and be a community, and (buy at Fairhaven). He used a lot of words and phrases but to me it was just that, a lot of words to simply advertise for the Fairhaven shops. He sounded super paranoid and in need of help and support to keep his shit together.

I think the best way for any group of people to be a community and to be it with a certain amount of success is for every person, individually, to get his shit together. If every person could take care of himself and his belongings then the group as a whole would be functioning with efficiency. How can people bitch and complain about the system and how screwed they are and then live on food stamps or welfare? They are in total dependence on the system! With all the people who are unhappy with the way things are and want to get out of it or change it, I say be as independent as possible. Get them where it hurts. Don't use them, patronize them, and most of all ignore their existence as much as possible. As for me and my old man, we cut our own wood, do all our own repairs on cars, etc., make our own clothes, and don't ask anybody for any help. Sometimes we will go for weeks eating potatoes, for lack of anything else, but I would much rather do that than to go and get food stamps from people who hate me, and know I dislike them. I don't need them, and you don't either. If we were all trying our hardest to be independent from all the bullshit we are screaming about, wouldn't we be better off?

I have heard many times, in many different places, about helping your brother, and reaching out to reach for a better community, and I feel the best way to do that is to let him, on his

own, get his self going. To learn for himself how to take care of himself. Usually when there is a community or even just a group of people trying to work together, there is always, always people who do nothing but mooch off the labor and efforts of the others. And I think that way of thinking breeds this. If every person could sustain himself on what he knew, then there would be nothing to slow them down, nothing to stop them.

We need food, clothing, and shelter. And that is not so hard to provide for yourself. If you can make your own food, clothing, and shelter, there is nothing that can hinder you. You've got it knocked. You don't need anybody. Just think if you lived with 20 families who could provide for themselves, you could all live together in harmony, 'cause nobody would infringe on anyone else. You could do unnumbered things with your talents.

I say get your own shit together and be as independent as possible and you're doing the most good!

Kathy Lesher
1412 Noon Rd.
County

HITCHIN'

Dear Brothers and Sisters:

Since I don't have much transportation in Seattle I usually have to hitchhike. It seems to me that in my travels out of Seattle my best luck travelling NORTH was on the 50th Street entrance to I-5. When I travelled SOUTH I would go down to 45th Street entrance to I-5 and hitch there. The reason that they are good places is that they both have BUS STOPS where you can stand and not get busted!

If you could print this little bit of information it would encourage hip drivers to enter the freeway on these entrances and turn our brothers and sisters on to a good place to hitch. Also maybe you could add on where to hitch in Bellingham.

Peace & Love,
Brad

MORE ON CHICKENS

Dear Bill Corr, Sr.:

Your article "On Chickens" was excellent. It's the best I've read in a long time. But you failed to mention anything about chicken diseases such as coccidioides and molting. Molting was the biggest problem I've had raising chickens. I had "Red-Rocks" (Rhode Island Reds and New Hampshire Rocks). Also, if you have a thick concrete floor to your coop the rats won't burrow into it as fast, and keep the grain in metal garbage cans with lids. I had a wooden barrel which I kept the feed in, but the rats gnawed through it.

Everyone should have at least one chicken.

Love,
Bill

U.S. Air Farce

Dear NWP:

To all: you do such a really great job. Your paper coming to me each time is an experience I could never put into words. I am in the U.S. Air Farce, being held a political prisoner. They took me away from the most beautiful place in the U.S., the Northwest, and sent me to the plastic fantastic capital of the world - Las Vegas, Nevada. The desert is really beautiful - truly as natural as the forests, mountains, or rivers, but it does lack something essential - GREEN!!! No lush growies are to be found in a 115-degree, 3% humidity climate. However, a full moon over the desert is a truly magnificent experience. Now, just up the road are those ever - so - popular ripoff machines and tables infecting greedy minds. Unfortunately, that is all Las Vegas has to offer - the casinos are the culture. No art appreciation - movies are the only "normal" activity (churches also).

Anyway, your paper is my biggest link to life, love, and any sort of true meaning. People here get papers from all over and the NW Passage is on top. I love it - need it.

Kirk Hackler



Sally Flux,
International Tango Instructor

"In 1929, my daddy sold off all his shares in General Motors and put the proceeds into North Bend Flexible Buggy Whip Stock. In 1930, Daddy sold Mommy to his broker to cover his margins. In a short space of time we were on the bread - line, until Daddy sold me to a South American Ballroom Corporation where I learned to tango. However, with this stake, Daddy in 1940 began to see the light of day again in investments, until he began to take a short position in The Imperial Japanese Aircraft Works in November 1941.

"Daddy then had his mental breakdown, and spent the rest of the war years attempting to sell German War Bonds through ads in Russian language newspapers. So, while I can really tango, I know what depression means, and that's why the Farmhand's Giant Depression Night feed means a lot to me, and to you, too, Buster!"

THE FARMHAND SALUTES THE NEW ECONOMICS

BROTHER CAN YOU SPARE A DIME?

Yes, your first and last chance this year to experience genuine poverty and its residual effects on the restaurant business, without having to actually go bankrupt. All prices are lifted from 1929 menus. One night only, tonight, September 27, 1971. First Cum - First Served, no reservations, etc. Hog-up on our bountiful and very cheap selection of great food.

GIANT DEPRESSION NIGHT MENU

COMPLETE SPAGHETTI DINNER consists of a great big bunch of pasta, covered with tangy meat and mushroom sauce, served on a clean, but fancy paper plate with a fork. Lots of grated cheese, too.36 cents

MEATBALLS: Yes, sir, big ones. 45 cents each

HOMEMADE NEW MEXICO RANCH STYLE CHILI: Hot, with Bermuda Onions chopped up on the side18 cents

GARLIC BREAD05 per hunk (big)

THREE BEAN SALAD WITH OIL AND VINEGAR DRESSING: Served on a snappy lettuce leaf10 per bowl

HOMEMADE SOUP:10 per bowl

SIX OUNCE BOTTLE OF COKE.....05 cents

A GRANNY SMITH APPLE FROM NEW ZEALAND One per customer05 cents

A CHUNK OF SHARP CHEESE05 cents

THE HERBERT HOOVER MEMORIAL BUTCHER PAPER BANG-OFF OUR TABLES WILL BE COVERED WITH CHEAP BUTCHER PAPER ON DEPRESSION NIGHT. Prizes will be awarded for the best crayon drawing or decoration collected by the farmhands during the evening. Please sign your table cloth with name and phone number.

1st PRIZE Dinner for Two at the Farmhand for the next six weeks, one night per week

2nd PRIZE 100 inches of Hero Sandwich 25 inches per week

3rd PRIZE A Pair of Big Mac Over-alls.

Prizes 4 thru 15 A Steak and Eggs brunch on Sunday, at the Farmhand

Tonight, September 27 Only, Giant Depression Party from 5:00 - 11:00 . . . Surprises . . . We want your money.

FARM HAND RESTAURANT
3414 W. Maplewood at
B'ham Int. Airport Exit
from Freeway

CLASSES IN PHYSICAL AND SPIRITUAL CONDITIONING

JUDO Adult - Mon. & Wed. 7-9:00 p.m.
Youth - Mon & Wed. 4-5:30 p.m.

KARATE Adult - Tues. & Thurs. 6-8:00 p.m.
Saturday 3-5:00 p.m.
Youth - Tues. & Thurs. 4-5:30 p.m.

KENDO Thurs. 7:30-9:30 p.m.
Sat. 4:00-5:00 p.m.

YOGA Tuesday 8:00-10:00 p.m.

AIKIDO Mon. 7:00-9:00 p.m.

SELF-DEFENSE
-Wed. 7:00-8:00 p.m.

135 W. HOLLY

TWO LESSONS FREE or come and watch.

733-2550

TEN WEEK COURSES

HOW IT ALL HAPPENS

We received the following letter from one of our Seattle readers the other day:
 "I have been reading the Passage for some time and it appears to be a ray of light in a cloudy sky.

"Since money seems to be of some importance on this spaceship and since one of the pieces of info the NWP does not seem to publish is where from & how to the money goes?

"All I'm trying to say is I'd like to know how it all happens. Maybe others would like to know also

"I'd like to see you publish on page 3 a simple financial statement for my peace.

"Skip"

Perhaps the best answer for Skip and anyone else who cares is the following letter sent by our business head to a doctor in New York who had asked if the Passage were for sale:

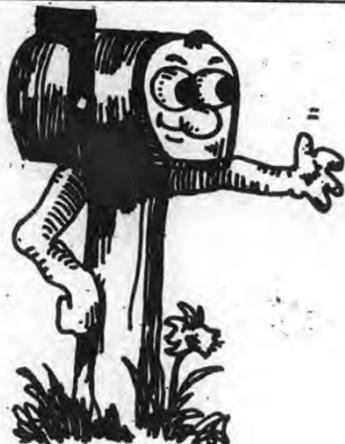
" . . . the Passage has been a borderline financial case ever since it was started over two years ago. However, we manage [currently] to meet our printing and distribution expenses each issue with revenues from advertising and sales. No one on the staff has ever received any salary, and probably no one ever will. If we got any money, it would go to good use, however - paying old debts, purchasing office and layout supplies and equipment, replacing burned-out light bulbs, and the like.

"The Passage is not for sale, partly because there is nothing to sell, and partly because we wouldn't want anybody owning it. Gifts are always welcome. \$100 would buy us a photographic print stabilizer, making much more original photography possible. Or it could buy light - boxes for the layout room (most newspapermen would say you can't lay out a paper without them). Or it could repair our non-functioning office typewriter"

It costs about \$500 to put out an issue of the Passage, and \$500 is about what we usually manage to take in. That money comes from our advertisers, subscribers, those who plunk down their quarters each issue, and rich uncles. That's about the most simple financial statement we can come up with.

Somehow, it keeps on happening . . . because people care, because people believe in the process of change that can make our earth into a more beautiful space, because people are learning that they can learn . . . learn how to publish a newspaper, learn how to keep their heads straight in the midst of chaos, learn how to plant an organic garden, learn how to make caring an active rather than a passive process.

And that's "how it all happens"



Northwest Passage, Vol. 5, No. 11

Published every other Monday, 26 times each year. Offices located at 1000 Harris St., Bellingham, Wash. 98225. Frank Kathman, publisher. Price 25 cents per copy, \$6.00 per year (add 75 cents Canadian, \$1.50 foreign). Second class postage paid at Bellingham, Washington. Postmaster: Please send form 3579 to P.O. Box 105, South Bellingham Station, Bellingham, Wash. 98225.

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.

The Northwest Passage office at 1000 Harris Ave. will be staffed regularly from now on between one and four p.m., Monday through Friday. If you want to get in touch with us, please try to do it at that time. Our phone is 733-9672.

Members of the community who put the Passage out this time are:

Forest Cooper - Our Southern Hemisphere Correspondent	Chris Corrinne Servais Rohander	Steve Brown Cadillac
Buck Meloy	Jeff & Lynn Fine	Suzie Appletree
Teri Dixon	Roger Downey	Elizabeth Jarrett
Mary Kay Becker	Loren Livsay	David Donovan
Marga	Campbell	Patrushka
Lynn Shoffner	Joseph Prunier	Ann Nugent
Ken Sherman	Nely Gillette	Dave & Nita Fraser
Billie of the Woods	Cindy Green	Maryanne DeVoe
Roxanne Park	Bob Andersen	Bigfoot
Peter Gittien	Chris Kowalczewski	Sven Hoyt
Kay Lee	Frank Kathman	Mike Karn
Karin Ronay	Bernard Weiner - Our San Francisco Correspondent	Russ & Carol Music
David Wolf	John Servais	Tom Begnal
Cheryl Douglas	Melissa Queen	Ed Monk - on the road
Jim McConnell	Curt Rowell	Rick Kimball
Dorothy Bird		Joan Bird
Karen Stern		Bill Servais

Cover Artwork By George Jartos

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.



CLIMBING THE WALL

Couldn't help but chuckle last week when I learned about the Passage's 'midnight ramblers' who were pulled in by the local gendarmes for climbing the wall of the Kulshan Tavern. Seems like a lot of folks are 'climbing the wall' these days, either in the throes of anger - as in the case of the Cordova fishermen, in a frustrated show of force - as in the case of the Attica prisoners, or in a drunken midnight lark.

"May you live in interesting times," is an ancient Chinese curse. And lord knows, we do. If they get any more interesting, we're all going to be in serious trouble.

A curious thing appears to be happening in the counter-culture, however. It looks like some people are learning how to avoid the curse of interesting times as well as the climbing - the - wall syndrome. And it looks like they are also learning how to stay high all the time without the continuous aid of ingested chemicals.

Have you ever, in one of your stonier moods, considered that when you're high, the world hasn't changed? It's only your perspective on the world that determines whether everything is moving, flowing, glowing on high, or is uptight, paranoid and frustrated. (Now we both know that's not quite accurate, cause when the man comes around to bust you, it's hard to glow on high. But it's possible; I know folks who've done it.)

Anyway, your own head-space is where it's at, for me, today, here and now. You know for yourself that when you're high, whether on marijuana, Jesus, acid, love, yoga, or music, the world moves right, in the Tao, the river just flows on endlessly. And I've been wondering lately if it isn't possible to maintain the high without being dependent on the chemicals. For me, the key is paying attention, paying close attention to the here and now, to the actual people, situations, events, energies that are flowing in / past / through me at the moment. That's how I've been getting off.

With this issue the Passage is beginning to explore some of the mystical / spiritual / magical trips that help people learn how to keep their head-space high. For some, it's yoga. For some, it's politics. For some, it's astrology. For some, it's buddha. These are the ones we explore this issue. In future issues, we'll delve into the I Ching, meditation, gestalt therapy, who knows? We'll be learning a lot from you our readers.

It has to do with cosmic consciousness, folks, and how to attain it, and how to use it once attained. It has to do with moving your mind out of the petty, competitive, jealous, angry, misery trips that we were programmed with so many years ago. It has to do with learning to love the good, the bad, and the ugly. And how to express that love through our life activities. How to stay high, all the time, just by looking into another person's eyes and exchanging / sharing / blending energy.

Seems to be where a lot of people are at these days, at least the ones I've been running with. Just looking at each other, we smile and feel good and stay high. Sometimes we'll be together for hours with no words spoken, but simply sensing the other's presence, the other's energy, the other's being.

We're typesetting the paper at the moment (never have I been known to finish anything ahead of time), and just being here, I can sense the energy of the five others who are with me, working, learning, creating, energized and loving. Feels good. Like life these days - for all the changes, all the turmoil, and all the confusions, there's good energy about. Hope you're gettin' your share, and sharin' what you get.

Amen.

-S.A.



Satsop was (is) the first rock festival I ever went to; that seems to make it necessary to record some of my impressions.

Impressions seems too mild a word; it implies the status of an observer, and I am FEELING this thing. I was IN it, not watching it. I still am in it. It turned me around. To say it was one of the most powerful experiences of my life seems, still, like just so many words. We all read so many words, and words are so far removed from experience. But I'll try.

THE FIRST NIGHT

When I first went in, I was an observer. I remember standing against a truck up near the stage, wondering what the hell I was doing here, what I had in common with all these people, why we all came out here to stand around in the cold and listen to this music. It was just music, after all; why did people come from hundreds of miles away to do this? I felt then the way I used to feel at high school dances; alone, alienated, an outsider. So I just stood there, the spectator, feeling not very much of anything because I didn't want to open myself to what was going on before me. I felt an occasional slight contempt or disgust for a particularly repulsive drunk now and then; but mostly it was nothing, mostly I just watched. Just dig it, babies, it's all right there between the lines.

My first strong emotion came when Gary Friedman (one of the promoters) took the mike. Nobody was too happy about that. (There were a lot of illusions then about how much money he was making, and a lot of negative feelings about how hard it was to get in free. That all changed later.) Anyway, as he started talking, there was something in his manner and the type of reaction he was causing (or at least getting) that made me curious, and I started walking, pressing deeper into the crowd and closer to the stage. As he kept on talking I began to get angrier and angrier about what he was saying, and people around me were shouting and booing. He was talking about how this was the very first LEGAL rock festival, and how we had better all be cool and obey all the rules and regulations or we weren't going to get any more candy ever.

I looked at him up there on the stage behind the big wall, the master and the masses; he surrounded by this marvel of technology and cold cash, we shivering in the mud at his feet, and many of us having paid \$24 a head for the 'privilege' in the bargain. He telling us to tone it down, cool it out, keep them dollars coming in and maybe we could enjoy this again sometime, we standing there wretched and perturbed, just wanting to hear these goddamn superstars we all read about in the papers and not getting to, standing there surrounded by a fence, enclosed, shut off from society in a camp we paid to get into, and overhead, like a cold wind from the future out of the night sky, an army helicopter, a huge black lethal insect with red and white blinking eyes passed menacingly across the full moon. Right at that moment something rose in my throat, a cry of anger and defiance and outrage. No! I wanted to shout, Don't Obey! Don't be Passive! This is Ours! Get Off that Stage! But I didn't. I swallowed it, and that was the first big change I went through at Satsop, or at least the start of it.

The second was more personal and not so intense, but I'll throw it out here anyway and maybe it'll strike somebody's fuzzybone. It had to do with

desire, going there to get something rather than to give. This was a recurrent theme and popped up in all kinds of places; it was happening to be there without my young old lady and the way that caused me to view the women there for awhile, it was taking pictures with a camera and what I found my body and mind not doing during that time, it was standing there listening to music while somebody's body got carried past me to the clinic.

I finally had to realize that the way to enjoy this was to cool out, to be just hanging out, not hunting, just standing still and seeing what came to me, and to react spontaneously to what came right at the moment it arrived. This was the first step to my opening up. I had to get rid of my expectations, my thoughts of what I thought I wanted, my desire to capture the event and contain it; this list could go on and on and I don't want to dwell on it overlong. The point is to get loose, and friends, I got loose. I might add that it wasn't through meditation, but it most certainly was organic.

THE SECOND DAY

I walked down toward the river, passing through a little tent settlement spread out over the old dry riverbed, then coming to a throng of people sitting and standing along the shore. A lot of people were wading and splashing naked in the water, and it was really beautiful. I just wanted to stand there and watch it, but then that feeling of ripping something off, of taking without giving came over me again. I knew then that I would have to be out there naked myself before this could be mine. This involved a tremendous conflict, because to do that would have made me completely vulnerable, and for years I have spent almost all of my energymaking myself invulnerable.

If you have grown up in America, you know how that process works, and I don't need to explain it. Suffice it to say that I grew up with TV creating my insecurities and then selling me products to get rid of them, surrounded by friends educated in a competitive school system, which trained us to believe that to get ahead you had to put somebody else down. And to never, never trust strangers. I learned well; when I pull down the face plate, my armor is nearly impenetrable. To go in the river would have meant throwing it all off; to compound this, I've never liked to go into cold water, and this river was cold. And to compound that, I never liked to get my head wet, I guess because I've been primarily a head tripper, a thinker, an observer, alienated from my body.

All this would've been at stake for me to go in that river, and right then I couldn't do it. I walked away feeling that nothing in my life was ever going to be right again until I got over this particular hurdle. Just then, a young man with burn scars and skin grafts over more than 70% of his body walked past me, and I was totally, thoroughly shamed.

Shortly after than I ran into a friend who said he was going swimming, and invited me to come. I wondered, Is This a Teacher? I decided to follow him, partially because I usually have to be the leader, and I was desperately trying to find some way, any way, to make myself vulnerable. By this time he was on his way off down the road, and I went running after him yelling, "Wait! Wait for me!"

SATSOP

"You're Fine,

We went backstage, back through another camp, over a fence and along the bank until we came to a small beach perhaps a half-mile downstream from the main one. There were several people there, and I stopped near a mixed cluster of men and women. I guess it was the women I was really afraid of, because something told me this is it, this is this, trying not to shut off my emotions at my face, trying to be as open and vulnerable as I could to this moment, I took off my clothes, took off my armor, and stepped into the river. It was colder and deeper here, but I didn't care because I was winning now. I got out to the edge of the main current, then slowly started to submerge until I was squatting on my heels, with the water around my neck, wondering where my body had gone; all I could feel from the neck down was this arctic wind, which seemed to be blowing right through me. After I'd been there for what seemed to be long enough, I started back. As I approached shore, I remembered: Hey! I've still got my helmet on! But by this time I was laughing inside, and outside too, I think.

I took my time dressing, just to make sure, letting a brisk breeze dry me off. Then (do I even need to say it?) I made my way straight back to that other beach, did it all again, only this time got it ALL wet, looking straight up at the sun as the water closed over my face. Dear God, will I ever forget that? It was like being baptized in the Ganges, there in the dirt of all those people, there among them, there with them at last. Right then, I think, was when I finally arrived.

THE THIRD DAY

The third day was the day it all reached critical mass. It had rained the night before, thousands of sleeping bags were soaking wet, and probably many of us were thinking, Oh, no, What if it Rains Again Tonight? People were up and about early, wringing out their soggy clothing and drying it around the fires, while the sun sucked mist from the ground. There seemed to be a lot of determination to really get it on today, to get right down in that mud and BOOGIE. (The term "boogie" apparently means many things to many people. I'm still not quite sure what it means myself, but I boogied just the same.)

This was the day I really began to relate to that strange group of creatures which modern civilization calls "hippies," as a true, authentic social class. Up till now I'd thought of them as just people like all other people; with different costumes and trappings perhaps, but with the same neuroses and the same illusions as everybody else. When I came to Satsop I



BOOGIE: How Am I?"

by richard of the west

was just a white middle-class alienated youth myself, with a beard and beads and all that, but still alone, with no group I could truly relate to, still feeling powerless. Slowly, during the course of the festival that changed. I saw that I did have some things in common with these people after all; such things as the suffering we were willing to go through in pursuit of the nebulous something which brought us all here in the first place, and the intensity of living, of being alive and more alive, of stimulating and sensitizing and driving our minds and bodies to be more and more and more open to the sheer existence of the moment we were sharing. It's no fun to stand in line for an hour to get into a reeking toilet with shit piled over the top after all. It's no fun to sleep in the freezing mud in a wet sleeping bag, but hundreds of us did it.

Why? Well, maybe it's the shared experience. One can go to a county fair and share certain experiences, such as spending money, riding the ferris wheel or whatever, getting a thrill and then driving home, but the rock festival (listen to him talking like a veteran) goes beyond that. There is an element of filth and discomfort and risk and danger which is intolerable to the American mentality here; why, you might get shot, or get some bad dope, or get run over by a truck or something, and who would want to take a chance on that? Who would want to slosh around in all that mud, just to hear some music? Well, sixty thousand people would, most recently. But it's not the music. It's the living there together, I think, going through it all together, the good and the bad; sharing all those things that make it a real experience, and not artificial entertainment.

But I could never explain it to those of you who want it analyzed, made safe, and fed to you like pabulum. This analysis is all wrong, this idea of trying to understand something by reading about it in the papers is all wrong. If you want to find out why people go to rock festivals, do what I did, go and see for yourself. I wish I'd done it years ago. See what it's like to slosh up to someone all bleary-eyed and blasted, standing in line at the Sanican at 6 a.m., never saying a word except with the eyes saying, Well brother, Well sister, Here we are, aren't we? Them that know what I mean'll know what I mean, and them that don't won't.

That third day the mud became an entity. It was the matrix and the placenta for all the rest. It was, it is, gloriously tactile and sensual and resilient and alive. Most of it was about the texture of kneaded clay, and when you'd walk on it, it would receive your foot and hold its imprint until someone else came along and changed its shape again. If you turn

that into a gigantic sex act, with the mud undulating ecstatically under a hundred and twenty thousand feet, you're getting the idea. Who would want to hold a rock festival in a parking lot?

The heaviest thing that happened that day was when the truck drove through the crowd. It was early in the day, during one of the first few live sets, and perhaps twenty or thirty thousand people were sitting or standing in a solid mass covering maybe half of the field. He drove right through the middle of that. He'd been sitting and honking his horn up near the stage, trying to get out. That made people mad and they started yelling at him to shut up, and then the music stopped. On his end, people were ripping off watermelons and passing them out among the crowd, and he started honking some more. This drew a huge cloud of attention from this massive crowd, and when it settled down upon him the energy must've freaked him out. He started driving diagonally toward the main gate, right through the middle of the crowd, honking loudly. This was met with a murmur of surprise and then a roar of anger, and soon he was being pelted with hunks of watermelon and started going faster. The rain of watermelon grew into a barrage, a fusillade that obliterated the front of the truck and covered the windows, and now he's picking up speed and really beginning to plow through the people, and the guy on stage is yelling Slow Down! SLOW DOWN! More and more energy is zeroing in, people are leaping out of the way and flying through the air, the truck is careening and lurching and bouncing through the crowd like a mad elephant, blinded and enraged, terrified, wanting only to get out, escape. The crowd is screaming and roaring, horrified. Some guy is up on the running board, riding it like a runaway stagecoach, flailing at the driver through the open door. The truck emerges from the far side of the crowd. A horse rears and a big tent goes down. The truck fishtails around a slippery corner and disappears up over the hill toward the gate.

Now the Clinic bursts into frantic but calculated activity. Volunteers are everywhere, setting up cots, carrying stretchers out into the swath, holding the path open. By some miracle, some miraculous grace which hung over that event, only two people were injured. As the excitement died down, you could look into people's eyes and they seemed to be saying Oh no, We blew it. We blew it. The music started up again, and I was outraged by that at first, but as I thought about it I realized that there was nothing else that they could do. At that time, the music was all there was.

THE THIRD NIGHT

That night the big wish magic came to pass. The music had been great all day, the big energy cloud out over the stage and the crowd felt so good that people were having to stoke up to the very brim on high octane fuel before they were able to tell whether they were even getting off or not. It wasn't like people were working for this, it was just flowing and building. People were taking all these chemicals, all these fermentations and distillations and crystallizations and byproducts, all these things we say are holding us down and holding us back, and man, that scene was just so high and so fine. Let me give an illustration:

I was hanging out near the Open Door Clinic, which had become a periodic focal point for several

groups of people I knew who were there, a place where a familiar face could be found if one was wanted or needed. It was also a sort of razor's edge, a vortex where all the various energies of the place seemed to converge. It was near the stage, so on one hand you'd have, well, maybe I'd better explain about that stage.

It was like a cliff. It was the biggest sound system ever assembled. When the music came out of that cliff, it went right through you. The sound was huge, it just swallowed up everyone for several hundred yards out. There was no possibility of getting on top of that trip; if you went out in it, you was IN it. Whenever a group would put out a paranoid or chaotic sound, acid heads would freak out in droves, and come crawling in to the Clinic from all directions. There was an element of cosmic humor to this, and at the same time it was horrifying and terrible. This was one of the elements that made the festival such a shattering, overpowering experience, this jumbling and mixing and cross-connecting of powerful emotions.

You'd have people come by screaming, bleeding, being drug in comatose, carried in naked and trembling and crying on stretchers, you'd jump down to help get them inside, and inside see a lovely nurse hauling a man twice her size over her shoulder, while over here this guy is sitting bolt upright in his bunk, stark naked and wild-eyed, raving the innermost secrets of the universe which nobody could understand and periodically demanding to have his pants returned, and over there a girl sitting motionless and rapt in the bliss of nirvana, and over and through it all this ocean of sound blasting and crashing and throbbing and pulsing, frequently punctuated with numerous, loud, heartfelt cries of "Wheee! Get it On! BOOOOOGIE!!!"

At one point I was sitting out there feeling like I wanted to help out again, only it didn't seem like there was anything I could do just then. I reached in my pocket and pulled out a nectarine, and it occurred to me that I could give this to someone who was just at the right stage of their trip and it might help them get back to a good place. Just about then a nurse came walking out slowly, helping along a girl with radiant eyes and streaming hair and an aura fourteen feet in diameter. She had a quilt pulled tight around her shoulders, and was stepping along very cautiously and questioningly. Aha! I thought, This is the One, and I walked up to her with my nectarine. The nurse jumps between us protectively, and I says I thought she might like a nectarine. She's not very verbal just now, says the nurse, and steps back out of the way. Okay, I thought, So I won't talk. I held up the nectarine, and asked her with my eyes if she might like some. She looked at me for a moment, and then, with a series of imperceptible gestures, maybe with her eyes or with her mind, indicated that I should bring it up near her mouth. I did, and then, looking directly into my eyes, she leaned over slightly and planted an indescribably beautiful kiss on it. Well, I don't know who was helping who there, but that's the kind of energy that was going around.

Late at night, the place looked like Heironymous Bosch's scenes of hell; a chilling fog was up by one or two a.m., and mixed with it was the smoke of hundred of fires, and thousands of cigarettes and joints and pipes, so much smoke that it made the eyes burn. This haze was illuminated by the numerous fires burning glowing orange holes in the ground, and

continued on page 13

The Race is On... Again

by jerry burns

I had thought that I would come to a time where I could look back and recall what happened when, and how I got there, etc. But my campaigning for Mayor of Bellingham has not been a very linear affair; there have been several layers of reality I've passed through. Like: you think you're walking down an aisle, but every now and then it turns out to be a spastic escalator.

After I find myself on this evolved reality-level, memory of the preceding becomes faint. Not that I can't recall the specific issues I was working on, but I can't reconstruct how I then felt, or understood the vectors. Perhaps when it's all over with, I can sit down and try to arrange this massive disarray of a carton of notes. . .

What am I saying? My God, what if its never over with!? I don't see the other side now. . . what if there isn't one? . . . prepare to bounce to another unimagined level.

Well anyway, it's still happening. Now, I'm back in the race for Mayor of Bellingham on a new track, with a fresh horse.

Yes friends & neighbors, like the man said: it's all a game. The same game over and over — only the rules keep changing. . . from the most pessimistic viewpoint. Most optimistic eye sees, from over the side of one horizon to the other, an infinite labyrinth of cultural, social, spiritual, physical, and economic deprivations.

But if you can find the sure steps through this maze, without being devoured by the minotaurs of fear, greed, etc., you come to a room where it all connects and becomes one. And All is One, and it's All. But, of course Right. But neither right nor wrong; just IS. And It IS alive and growing and being and becoming One.

If I were to describe my new activity and interest in "politics" simply, I would center around: 1) it is essential to my individual and societal well-being; 2) its fascinating as hell, and 3) I don't know how to stop it anyway.

But enough of embryonic political philosophy. Here's the score at the moment: Sept. 21st saw 6, 689 voters at the polls, out of a voting population of 19,970 — which includes approx. 1,000 newly-enfranchised voters. So: 34% voted. Ridiculously low, but still the highest in the State.

Everyone who voted, voted on the office of Mayor. (Somewhat unusual that at least one person, out of all those who voted, didn't skip making a choice for that office.) The results were: Williams: 3080; Wight: 2599; me: 891; Stiller: 119.

My votes trickled in fairly evenly from all 24 precincts. The increase from the 5th & 6th Wards (the Southside) was, surprisingly, barely apparent. So: no upsurge of phreague or student voters.

By virtue of the close tally of the two runners-off, my support in either direction became significant. And I didn't know which of the two were the best — or worst.

Given that I couldn't, in good faith, just say to hell with it all and stop — because I believed the issues I was facing were critical, and I was the most qualified of the choices available to accomplish these 12 objectives (platform is below), I had to either try and educate the other candidates by forcing their awareness of the problems and how one might go about finding solutions to some of them — or I just had to seek the job by the improbable route of a write-in candidate.

And in so doing, since the length of my hair was becoming more of a focal point than the real issues, I chose to cut it. It cannot be that the length of my hair is more important than stopping the pollution of Bellingham Bay, than providing more low-income family housing, than creating more employment opportunities, than, in short, making Bellingham a better place to Live.

So here's where I'm at, since the haircut: increased attention to what I've been saying (new speaking engage-



ments, more mass-media coverage, etc); a few phone calls from new supporters; a few new very helpful suggestions on how to research and/or solve some specific problems; and a growing conviction that I really made the right choice to stay in the race.

I have just begun to figure out how to fight. I am broke, so I'll have to work and campaign at the same time — with no margin for waste of time or energy or money. I need dependable and competent help. But I know one thing: if we all try, we can make it.

**LET'S COME TOGETHER
AND BUILD THE GOVERNMENT
WE NEED.**

* NEXT WEEK

Voter Registration

Ends

Oct. 2

Voter registration has been reopened following last Tuesday's general election in Bellingham. Persons wishing to vote in November 2nd's general election should register in the City Comptroller's Office before October 2. His office is located in City Hall, first door on the right.

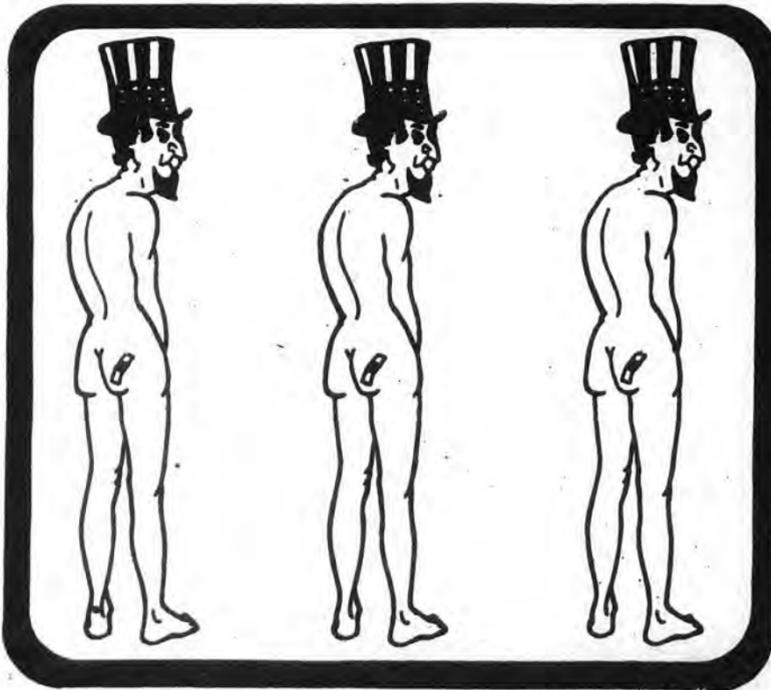
Residency requirements are as follows: one year in the state, 60 days in the county, and 30 days in the city. This means that at the time of the election you must have resided in those regions for that length of time.

Students must be allowed to register if they meet the residency requirement. There have been a few cases of students being denied the opportunity to register, but there is legal basis for such a stand. Insist on your rights if you should be hassled. DO IT NOW! You have nothing to lose but your apathy.

Glass Houses

by bigfoot

CHICKEN POLITICS



Once, there was a very nice chicken yard where lived a flock of chickens. There was a nice house where all the chickens roosted at night. And it so happened that there was one roosting place which was higher than all the others. Some of the chickens envied the high roost, but in general, the chicken yard was so pleasant that no one really gave a damn who squatted on the high roost, so hardly anyone squawked when Rhode Island Reg came along and called it his own. Besides, he never did much of anything but squat there.

Now this particular chicken yard was so nice, as I said before, that pretty soon lots of other chickens came to live there too. And pretty soon after that, the yard became so crowded that they could hardly breathe, and do you know what? All the chickens started pecking at each other. Suddenly, the high roost became very important, because whoever was sitting there couldn't be pecked at.

So along came Wight Leghorn and said he was going to take away the high roost from Rhode Island Reg. Now Reg pretended that he wasn't very excited about Wight Leghorn's challenge, but really he was, because a lot of the other chickens thought that it was a pretty good idea, and everyone knows that no chicken can sit on the high roost for very long unless most of the other chickens want him to.

Then something happened that hardly any of the chickens had expected. Along came Jerry Gander, saying that he was going to capture the high roost from both Rhode Island Reg and Wight Leghorn. Reg and Wight both laughed at Jerry Gander and pointed at him for all the other chickens to see, because, after all, he was a gander, which is quite a bit different from a chicken. But Jerry Gander, being, after all, a gander, made a lot more noise than either of the others, and pretty soon all the chickens who had been sitting on the very bottom roost decided that they were tired, not only of being pecked at, but also of being shit on by all the other chickens. So they wanted Jerry Gander to sit on the high roost.

The only trouble was that most of the chickens didn't understand Jerry Gander's language, least of all Rhode Island Reg and Wight Leghorn. But even so, Wight Leghorn began getting very worried because he'd been expecting all the Chickens on the bottom roost to help him oust Rhode Island Reg from the high roost. And Reg was worried because, even though he had all the chickens behind him who were too lazy to make a change, that was just the trouble — his chickens were the laziest ones and didn't even make up a majority. Besides, if Wight Leghorn and Jerry Gander ever teamed up, it would be the end for Reg.

Then to make things even more confusing, Jerry Gander decided to trim his beak so that he'd sound more like a chicken. Pretty soon, Wight Leghorn began saying that Jerry, after all, wasn't really a gander, and that, after all, he had a lot of good ideas, and, after all, how could so many chickens be wrong about Jerry Gander? And besides, all he, Wight Leghorn, ever really wanted to do was to make it so that there was "A chicken in every pot," oops, "Pot in every chicken," oops, "Cock—a—doodle—doooooo!...."

AMCHITKA

The forthcoming planned Amchitka nuclear test has received widespread criticism most particularly from Canadians. The dangers involved in the test are multiple: it could trigger an earthquake along the sensitive Pacific Coast fault, it could send nuclear radiation into the atmosphere to further poison the whole globe, and it could produce a raising of the temperature of the ocean in the area, affecting thereby the ecological balance of the seas.

Canadians have financed and outfitted a ship, "THE GREEN PEACE," which will ply the waters of the area from now until the time of the blast. And last Friday they effectively closed the American-Canadian border in a demonstration of their anger and frustration with the American government.

The test must receive the go-ahead from President Nixon. It will not take place automatically. Your letter to Nixon could help change his mind. Write to him, care of the White House, soon. There is still time to stop it.



International Peace and Harmony

by buck meloy

I have just returned from witnessing an American truck driver deliberately run his large, heavily-loaded vehicle into and through a group of young Canadians, completely passing over the body of at least one of them.

The justification for this hit-and-run, if there can really be any, was the driver's impatience at the delay he encountered at the blockaded American-Canadian border during today's (September 24) protest against the planned Amchitka nuclear bomb test next month.

For me, this startling recklessness was the caper to a day of surprises. One minute earlier, I had received a lecture from a Washington State Patrol sergeant on respect for the law; one minute after the apparent slaughter, I witnessed the State Patrol, including the sergeant still seated at the wheel of his squad car, make no apparent attempt to interfere with the rapidly departing truck. On entering the U.S. Customs Office, I overheard the Royal Canadian Mounted Police's radioed request for identification on the truck and driver. Only then, as far as I could tell, was an order put out to stop him.

I might have been able to dismiss this incident as isolated and unrepresentative if it had not mirrored so perfectly, at least in my mind, the low priority assigned to human life by our political and military leaders. By those who, like President Nixon, apparently value jobs, the economy, image, and votes more than human life. By those who want the Amchitka bomb test. By those who condone massacres like the recent one at Attica State Prison. By those who like another (more patient) truck driver delayed at the border want the Viet Nam war won, "even if it means killing every fucking Commie there." By those who approve of police brutality and murder when committed in the name of domestic peace and tranquility.

Unlike their American counterparts, the RCMP were generally sympathetic with the demonstrators. In spite of their presence in considerable numbers, they acted reasonably and with restraint, occasionally debating with the border-blockers the merits of this

form of demonstration. Some Canadian Customs authorities, untroubled with responsibility for enforcement of civil law, were even more direct in their approval, going so far as to express delight at the news that enough demonstrators would be arriving to effectively seal off the border at all the smaller crossings in the area. This contrasted sharply with the prevailing U.S. attitude, perhaps best summed up by one police official's remark: "Let's call the RCMP and break the goddamn thing up." This attitude was also apparent in the often repeated police and customs officials' admonition: "You Canadians should

mind your own business!" I was surprised that of the hundreds of law officers assigned to the demonstrations, only the Americans evidenced general hostility towards the demonstrators. I was surprised by the general, though far from unanimous, patience of the motorists, many of whom had to wait as long as four hours before being permitted passage. I was even surprised, though I probably should not have been, to learn that a great many of Nixon's bomb-test supporters were fully familiar with the Amchitka plans, and that their support of his actions was reasoned and even reasonable. I was surprised to hear a middle-aged man delayed two hours



Photos by Buck Meloy

at the border say on behalf of the demonstrators: "The young have a lot of years to live. They got a right to take care of the world." I was not surprised, however, to find myself being subjected to a thorough search (including a check of my boot heels for hollowness) and grilling by U.S. Customs officials upon returning to my car, even though I had never strayed more than 20 feet past the imaginary line on the road designating the border.

It was a Canadian demonstration, conducted seriously and responsibly by university and highschool students, workers, mothers, church people. It was an "expression of deep-felt disapproval and anger" over a decision that could affect the lives of millions of Canadians perhaps more than any other people, Canadians who have no voice in the decision. The demonstration was implicitly condoned by Canadian officials. And it was successful in demonstrating the depth of growing anti-American feeling stemming from American actions affecting our northern neighbors.

The demonstrators themselves best summed up their general attitude with a printed quote from an American citizen who now lives in Canada:

"I see people I love (the U.S.) harming a people I love.

"Years ago, I used to ride dusty roads of Korea in M-40 tanks and wonder what it must feel like to be a pedestrian walking along the edge of the same road. Now that I live in Canada feeling the force of American culture, I am learning."

Miraculously, the run-over demonstrators apparently escaped serious injury when the truck plowed through them. Hopefully, we will be as lucky if and when the superbomb goes off on earthquake-prone Amchitka.

EASY WORDS HERE AND NOW TOOLKIT

by ride

This little word expedition is meant to be a foundation for a series of articles on how to experiment with/free yourself. The essence of these can't be separated from myself, for they're dependent on my motives and expectations. How I go about all this is the actualization of what I'm talking about - about being Here and Now, or Liberation, or Enlightenment, or Moska, or any of a thousand names that state of being is called, or never named. It's not just the content, it's the context. Like if we are talking live face-to-face it'd be the vibe and not the words: If we're getting it on, the words would be straight - no games - no trying to impress, overwhelm, defend, offend - that would be Truth: accurate information. So what I'm doing is speaking Truth to you, the info in the articles as it is dependent on motive, purpose, expectations and limitations.

Well, I'm a real head tripper, that's my particular burden. Sometimes my ole noggin feels like a large garbage dump - you know - eating a lot and not giving it a chance to digest. Been letting a lot of it sit around for a while, kind of turning the garbage dump into a compost pile. This compost has begun to start yelling "shovel me out and use me, you creep."

If you want to (like if you're really nosy like me) you can check out the universe's comment on my head when I was deciding to write all this or not: Hexagram 27, The Corners of the Mouth (Providing Nourishment) with a 9 in the 6th place changing it to Hexagram 24, Return (The Turning Point). It seemed a mirror of the struggles and awareness of the difficulties that had been making a hard decision. Back at the ranch: it's all a strange mixture of ego, my attachment to playing with words and their results, and love, my feeling about helping people help themselves.

There are a lot of dangers in this whole trip. First I'm not Enlightened (sigh), at least as far as I know - my perception and experience is definitely limited by my not having experienced the Absolute upon which all this is based. So I can't talk about Enlightenment, Samadhi, etc., with any truth; when I deal with things I haven't experienced, they will be in exactly those terms, as things I haven't experienced, but which Harvey Kirshner says he has. What I can speak

Truth for is what I've experienced; and you don't have to accept it, for if it is the Truth, there will be accurate info within the pattern of words allowing you to do something to check it out. Like the info I'm relating in this article is not specific, but a way of relating that is within the "style" of the words. So what I want to do is to help you turn you on to your Self (as well as yourselves). I can't do it for you, no one can, not a Guru, a Christ, a Buddha. It's all on your desire/effort. But the paradox is you can't make it happen. You really can't force yourself. When you're ready to learn something is when you'll understand it. When you're ready to do something is when you feel (can you make feelings happen?) that that's what you want to do. Anyway, the way I do this for you is to share, as an act of love, my experience and the info I've gathered along the way as to how to go about being free. You can try them out and see if they work for you - some may, some won't.

A danger of it all is that we could be led away from the Truth, and hence, Reality, if I deal in things I haven't lived, and you could at best be distracted or at worst hurt by certain practices. This could also be bad ecology. A real waste of trees. So much is written that probably just doesn't have to be said if it means cutting a tree down. It seems as though there is a need for this info (in spite of the hundreds of books on it) in this area that makes it valuable enough to enlist the support of mother nature. On top of this is the whole karma for teaching, it's really heavy. They say if you lead someone the wrong way on that old

allegorical spiritual path, you come back as a cockroach. And there's the vibe multiplication of a newspaper, you just don't make one vibe, or one error; it's reproduced in thousands of people's heads that read it. I don't particularly want that all hanging on my cosmic karma counter. One of the ways to get out of it is to do it without ego - for no gain, out of love, and none of my identity tied up in all this - to see the process as the universe helping one part of itSelf with another part, rather than me helping you. So I am not going to make any promise either, like "if you do this asana you'll develop two-inch ear lobes." It's up to you to check things out and stay on top of them. I can't say what is going to happen because I simply don't know. I can have some good ideas of what will come down and those I'll share. The universe is too diverse and flexible to say what will work for you will work for me.



Whew, this all seems rather fussy. I once was determined to say nothing until I was enlightened, for what could I say that would not be grounded in ignorance? It seems that dealing with all this, Truth, experience and words is my practice of enlightenment, my karma yoga. So, as one just started on the process of committing his being to the realization of itSelf, may I show you where I've stepped?

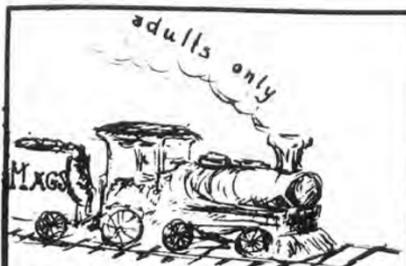
WHY LIBERATION, OR, WHAT'S IT TO YA?

There seem to be two kinds of people in this world - actually not two kinds, only two different phases of the same process. In the first part of the process are those that are immersed in the world; they're into experiencing, wanting more and more, and are content with continuing the trip. They don't see anything wrong enough, such as the violence in the world around them, to not connect to their lives. They may hate war, but not enough to take the anger out of the sometimes necessary trip of yelling at the kids. They see nothing inimical to their enjoyment by wanting things; by fulfilling roles and playing out games.

The second phase of the process are those people that are seeing that their wantings, their violence, their desire for experience is the source of their, and the world's, pain. They want to do something, they don't want to exist at their present level of consciousness. Obviously, there is a continuum of this, as it is an evolving process. Some people call the first group "material" and the second "spiritual" by way of names; and other cosmic viewpoints call it spiritual, as part of the inscrutable play of the universe in a process of knowing its Self.

You are where you are (on all sorts of levels) because that's where you want to be. There may be parts of you that don't want to be there, but there's a good enough hunk of you, subconsciously perhaps, that has energy invested in wanting to be that somewhere. As an example, the use of the info in these articles is totally dependent on your desire to do something about yourSelf. If you say

Continued on next page



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BIG K

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Continued from preceding page

you want to, but don't do anything, then you really don't want to. Not wanting to is cool, but not being honest about it can hang you up. And what I'm talking about is problem solving on a grand scale, the problem of our lives. The problem exists out of my definition, it's a problem for me, but maybe not for you. Like life is a problem to me, that's the way I feel, and if I went to a Zen master, he would trick me into seeing that life (the universe, its flow) isn't the problem, it does just fine, it's just that somehow I make it a hassle.

The problem is, I'm tired of suffering, tired of seeing others suffer and my adding to their suffering. That's Buddha's First Noble Truth — all life is suffering, that is to say, there is a sense of unfulfilledness, a lack of conscious wholeness. That's that alienation — cosmic separation. Then there was discovering that all that unfulfillment, that sense of lack that leads to anxiety, pain frustration, anger, and eventually hatred, came out of desire. Desire is the fundamental act of dividing Reality, the wholeness. It separates the present into the present — future: I want; or the past / present / future: I want again (um, wasn't it good?).

What that does is focus our energy off what is, we cut our perception of what is happening, allocating a portion of ourselves to something that was or might be. Then we're not all here. Well, that was the Second Noble Truth — desire is the source of all suffering.

So I realized that it would be worth it to stop all that. That's the Third Noble one. These perceptions just didn't happen, they grew out of my life, over a period of years. I learned about the Four Noble Truths after the fact — which is why they made sense, it was a confirmation of my experience. I think the most books ever do is crystalize things that we have assimilated into our being but which we have not become wholly conscious of. So what I discovered was that I could change the way I experienced the world as it happened to me (one of the ways of doing the Fourth Noble Truth: there's a way of doing it.) That was discovering that I was living a conditioned existence. All my senses were programmed, and if they could be programmed, where was I in all this?

I found the nature of the universe about me to be ceaseless change, endless duality. But I don't have to let it throw me. That's reversing the process of identification, of thinking that you are those conditioned portions of your existence. It and desire are facets of one another to me, for it's only when you identify yourself with parts that

change is there a chance to have desires. The parts are trips like the role / games we play, and your senses (that's a hard one to see). And yet, somehow, there is a desire to identify — so you just can't separate them. Like all this is just an explanation and it's cool if it gets you where you want to be, otherwise dump it and pick up one that makes more sense (there's lots around).

I wasn't gonna let the ups and downs throw me, if I could see the connections — to be grounded in the Absolute, the whole that all the changes are happening in. All this time the trip has had both negative and positive aspects. Buddha pushed more of the negative, Christ the positive, both dealing with the same thing, illuminating different facets according to the environment (like you don't even have to believe they existed, only dig on what got took down).

I developed this positive hypothesis, an act of faith: the universe is a whole, comprised of interdependent parts manifesting the same basic wholeness. It's all one, y'know. This is my working hypothesis for the experiment that is my life. It's a hypothesis because I haven't totally experienced it, but I've collected enough info to make it sure enough to base work on. That info is just feeling that I am a whole, that systematizing energy that makes it all work. If you disassembled all my parts, I couldn't work; the Gestalt trip: the whole is greater than the sum of its parts.

There's that feeling of manifesting that wholeness, love; touching the hems of it at rare moments. It's also taking the input from that weirdest of all sense organs (yes, it is), the brain, that tool that can see parts enough to infer that they're parts of a whole, but not able to see the whole itself. I feel as though I were a leaf on a tree that for a long time could just say, "Look at me, I'm a leaf," forgetting that he was on a tree. Yes, I am different, if for no other reason than I'm in a different time / space coordinate than you, yet we are both leaves.

The negative aspect of the hypothesis is the search for the answer to "Who am I?" All the changes keep showing me that everything I call myself is dependent on an external conditioning factor. Cultural anthro really turned me on to it, seeing that everything society stuffed into us wasn't a Hard Core Reality. And I really want to be FREE; I've felt freedom a little, breaking the chains of a false being. It's being free of all conditionings, all those trips laid on me through society, culture, and language. Where am "I" in all that? Is there even an "I"? So it's more or less boiled

down to a desire (which ends all desires) for the Absolute. I don't know where it leads. It's not the desire for a nullification of experience, but rather for the totality of experience (the Absolute) within the changing relative existence. You know, not getting hung up on the changes. The parts are real and the whole is real and what doesn't seem real to me is thinking that one is the other, or that one doesn't contain the other. The essence of Maya — illusion — mistaking something for what it is not, the part for the whole.

The proof of the hypothesis is in experiencing the oneness that underlies everything. There are a million ways of doing it, or should I say a way to go about it for every person. And if you're into it, you'll keep on truckin' til you find those trips that feel right, that work. I don't feel competent in describing most of the trips, not having lived them, but I can turn you on to the people (books and groups) that are into them.

Everyone goes at different speeds, too. Like I got into bits and pieces and, as time went on, I saw that it'd be cool to commit my life to this trip. And later I saw that it had to be more than my life, it had to be every moment of my life.

This has all been so serious that it's blowing my mind. How's that for Here and Now? Think I'm gonna have some nettle tea. Yum. The rest of this series will trip into a deeper view of the processes and extrication techniques. Meanwhile, here are four good books to check out by people who are. Baba Ram Das, **Remember, Be Here Now**, Krishnamurti, **Freedom From the Known**, Steve Gaskin, **Monday Night Class**, and Prabhavananda, **How to Know God**.

May peace be with you.

SOMEBODY SOMEPLACE



by richard

Somebody someplace is thinking of starting a newspaper column in the universe. The tentative format will be something like this:

Boy Scout Sergeant Cullpepper is sitting in the crapper, thumbing through his favorite poet. He comes across a passage and is greatly moved, so to speak. He thinks, "Oh! If only everyone in the whole world could see this, how happy we would all be!"

Now at last, the world has come up with an answer to Sergeant Cullpepper. What we're after is ultimate truth, friends. Nothing else will do. All of us for years have been gleaning our little nuts of wisdom, and now somebody's proposing that we throw 'em in a heap. That's what this column is going to be about. If you've just read something that seems to say to you, "this is it," send it in. If you've got your own conclusions that you didn't read anyplace, send 'em in. Send in truths that have crossed your path. Spread the word.

If you're an astrologer and you think everyone should be aware of what Pluto in Libra may bring, let us know. If you're a Reichian biologist and have just discovered that embryos and eggplants and flower petals and flea kidneys all have the same shape and all are doing the same thing, tell us about it. If you're a magician or mathematician or astrophysicist or even a pentagon statistician, a young Yogi or an old fogey or just somebody who's discovered why loungers get logey, lay it on us. I'm just going to be here to piece this thing together, make the cross connections. If you're not involved, get it on. Start here. You know something, I know you do. Why ain't you talking? You want to get up on the hill? Help us build the ladder.

Okay, once more: If you run across some words of wisdom, pass it on. This is the easiest way. You won't wear out your tongue. And if you've coined your own words of wisdom, utter them here. This is a community venture, and it won't work without your participation. Just think about it; wouldn't it be far out to see all this specialized knowledge from all these divergent areas coming together and merging? This community I'm talking about is everyone who reads this paper. Right now you readers don't really know how strong you are, how much mind energy is throbbing out there. Right now you're just feeding off the energy of the handful of people who put out this paper. But there are thousands of us! Start feeding it back! Just imagine all that mind energy throbbing together, interconnecting, getting aware of itself and growing stronger. Can you feel it out there, huge and alive and pulsating with potential? Make manifest, brothers and sisters. Come out. You must've learned something in all these years. How about it?

The name of the column, if all of you out there decide to make it happen, will be **Somebody Someplace Is**. Don't ask me why; it was your idea.

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THE ANANDA MARGA YOGA SOCIETY

by rajendra

"Just as the advent of the purple dawn is inevitable at the end of the cimmerian darkness of the interlunar night exactly in the same way I know that a gloriously brilliant chapter will also come after the endless reproach and humiliation of the neglected humanity of today. Those who love humanity, those who desire the welfare of all living beings, should be vigorously active from this very moment after shaking off all lethargy and sloth so that the most auspicious hour arrives at the earliest." — Shrii Shrii Anandamurti (Babaji) un10m., Neither the author of the preceding quote nor the organization he has founded treat these words as being mere rhetoric. Shrii Shrii Anandamurti (Babaji) is a great spiritual master and the founder of Ananda Marga Yoga Society.

Yoga philosophy maintains that everything is the manifestation of Brahma (God) and that the ultimate goal of the individual is to fully realize his fundamental identity with all of Creation. The primary process for achieving this "supreme stance," as Babaji calls it, is through meditation techniques which act to divest the individual of his/her ego and to awaken an intuitive feeling of identity with the Total Existence.

All great religious traditions and spiritual masters of the past have had this goal at the core of their philosophy. However these various spiritual paths have virtually left unattended the very necessary material and social progress of humanity. Insufficient attention has been given to the interdependence of collective spiritual progress and harmonious social conditions. India is the classic example of a culture with a very rich spiritual tradition on one hand and material poverty and social chaos on the other.

Ananda Marga Yoga Society is a socio-spiritual organization which is intensively working to bring about a total upliftment of humanity in all aspects: material, social, intellectual, and spiritual.

Ananda Marga philosophy maintains that becoming effectively involved in the progress of humanity at all levels is essential for the spiritual aspirant. "The aim of every meditator, therefore, is not only liberation of Self but also the welfare of human; for self-liberation without mankind's liberation is an egotistic desire and any trace of ego prevents one from reaching the Self." (Ananda Marga: Path of Bliss).

Ananda Marga further contends that it is the spiritualists who can most effectively bring about the very needed total upliftment of mankind. "Service without meditation takes no precaution for keeping our limited egos in perspective." (Ananda Marga: Path of Bliss). Those who have overcome the illusion of themselves as separate egos are in the best position to serve selflessly and with the necessary moral courage.

It is Man's innate nature (Dharma) to develop physically, intellectually, and spiritually. Intellectual and spiritual growth cannot take place until fundamental physical needs are met. If a man/woman without food tries to meditate all that he/she will think of is the feeling of hunger in the stomach.

Buddha himself discovered the truth of this when he unsuccessfully tried to follow the path of strict asceticism. Peace, social harmony, and justice will result from a universal understanding of humanity's oneness. Therefore the basic requirements of life must be guaranteed to all before such a common spiritual understanding can evolve.

Babaji has decided that "intuitive science" should at this time be made freely available to all. Intuitive science is an experimentally verifiable technique for achieving a mental stance where perception is wholistic—where there is "a total and immediate identification of subject and object; all distinctions between self and non-self disappearing." (Ananda Marga: Path of

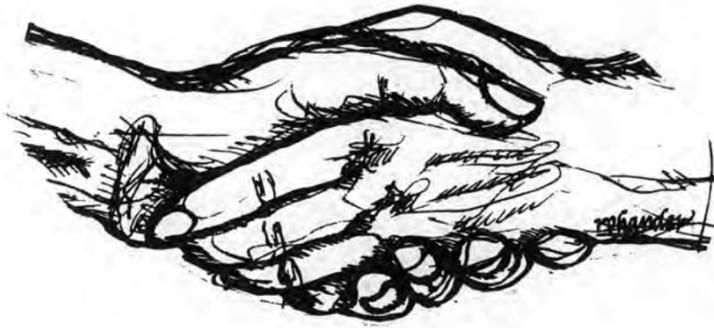
PROGRESSIVE UTILIZATION THEORY

At the collective level Ananda Marga has a comprehensive program for progressive development and equitable distribution of material goods and benefits. Termed "Progressive Utilization Theory" (PROUT). The basic principles are: the individual should not be allowed to accumulate physical wealth without the approval of the collective body; there should be maximum utilization and rational distribution of all physical, metaphysical, and spiritual potentialities; there should be proper use made of these potentialities; and the method of utilization should vary in accordance with changes in time, place, and person and the utilization should be progressive in nature.

During its two years in North America, Ananda Marga has focused mainly on propagation of spiritual philosophy and meditative techniques. However, with the arrival of a new yogi from India who possesses organizational genius and with the impending visit of Babaji himself to this country, social projects have been rapidly getting underway. Food co-ops, cheap kitchens, day-care centers, emergency relief teams, musicians and artists' groups, and many other projects are being organized.

In Seattle a planned day-care center is nearing operational stage, Red Cross First Aid Courses are being taken as a step towards establishing Ananda Marga Universal Relief Teams (AMURT), and musicians are getting together some far out music. In Bellingham Red Cross training has also begun. Other projects being considered here are: doing volunteer work with the Community Action Center in the area of low income housing, and visitations with elderly people.

"The fact that the fortune of every individual, not only of this earth but of the entire cosmos, has been wreathed together will have to be admitted one day by men. A spiritual aspirant has to fetch that auspicious moment sooner by his pauseless effort, service and propagation of the great ideology. This alone is the Supreme task for the present man." (Shrii Shrii Anandamurti)



ANANDA MARGA IN ACTION

In the 17 years of its existence Ananda Marga has been moving strategically and relentlessly towards implementation of its philosophy. Over 600 primary schools and a university have been established. The Society operates numerous children's homes, student hostels, academies for deaf, blind, and crippled children, and homes for the old and invalid. It has organized food cooperatives, cheap kitchens serving nourishing food, day-care centers, tribal cooperatives, free medical clinics, hospitals, and educational institutions to train women for positions in professional and technical fields. Relief teams have been formed to give immediate aid in event of disaster. Scientists, philosophers, and professional people are being mobilized to provide the needed help in the intellectual realm. Artists, writers, journalists, dramatists, musicians, and film makers are being brought together to create a cultural milieu to inspire a total renaissance in the physical, intellectual, and spiritual spheres.

The backbone of this undertaking is provided by over 1,000 highly advanced yogis. Babaji has called many of them from their caves, jungles, and universities to serve in the society wherever they are needed. He has trained them to teach the advanced scientific psycho-spiritual techniques of yoga necessary for spiritual growth and mental and physical harmony. This growth in turn enables the individual to develop his/her full potential for selfless service in the society. Through the benefits of meditation and glandular exercises (hatha yoga) it becomes possible to go with a minimum of sleep and food and to operate with a calm and concentrated mental flow.

INTUITIVE SCIENCE

Babaji has said that the collective human psyche is undergoing an intense repulsion toward religious dogma and the hollowness of materialistic goals. Because Man's longing for truth has been left so unsatisfied by these paths,

Bliss). Such understanding transcends intellect.

Meditation is the core of intuitive science. Initiation into meditation involves being given a mantra and techniques for concentration. The mantra given (directly or indirectly by Babaji) is individual, due basically to differences in mental and emotional tendencies. During initiation the kundalini (a spiritual force which lies dormant at the base of the spine) is awakened by a special power. Mental repetition of the mantra has a further stimulating effect on the kundalini force. Eventually this force rises up the spine to the pineal gland. This is the physical state which accompanies samadhi — the mental state where understanding is transcendent.

Before such subtle states of consciousness can be realized the individual must be physically and mentally healthy. Thus Ananda Marga philosophy contends that spiritual development cannot be separated from growth on more mundane levels. At the individual level the effects of such things as proper diet, glandular exercises, and selfless moral behavior are seen to be important.

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ASTROLOGY

by Jill

A working model imprint of the position of the planets is engraved in your consciousness at the moment of your birth and like an electric receptor responds and causes you to respond to the changing position of the planets for the rest of your life. Your personal astrological chart can be drawn from this configuration in the heavens. It is called your natal chart. To calculate your natal chart, you need to know the exact time and place of your birth. This involves a good bit of simple math and is much too lengthy to go into here.

"Anything that happens at a given moment is characteristic of that moment." From the seeming chaos of incoherent changes, there is a constantly discernable coherence which meets the eye that knows where to look. This is the position of the planets in change; a change which must be acknowledged as significant because of its obviously cyclical (mathematically calculable) nature; because of its duration (since time immemorial); and because from here we receive light (sun, moon, stars, intelligence). It is not important whether you feel that the planets wield influences on your life or whether you feel they are to be read as a graph.

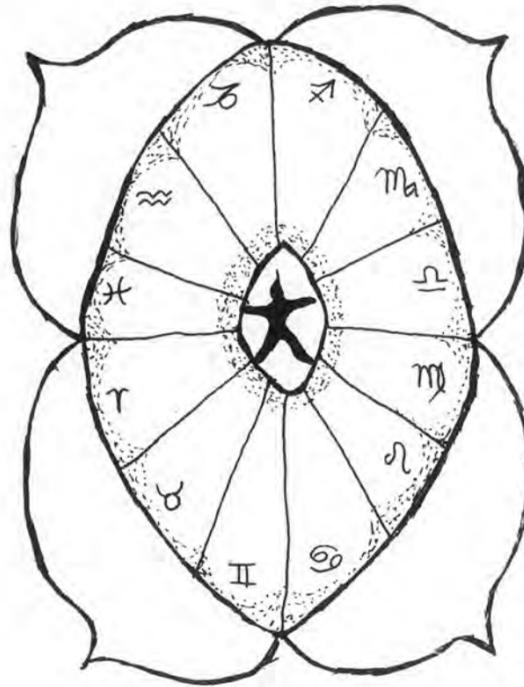
Astrology can give us an eye with which to view the rhythmic pulse of reality and an understanding of the constant inter-play between the conscious and the unconscious, and an understanding of the inter-penetration of the strictly individual experience and the collective or social experience. When considering our lives in the light of this rhythmic flux, we are relieved of many tensions of a more static polarized view. For example, when seen, a person's individual life is constantly interpenetrated with the social whole and where the conscious is in play with the unconscious, many goals of the past come to be but a millstone around the neck.

Many people are skeptical of astrology because the manner in which it was first presented to them did not accord with their individual reality. Skepticism is the insurance of the unadventurous or non-thinking persons against learning anything not handed down through the proper or standard channels that might invade his cocoon of comfortable habits. Astrology has been categorized by many with the sciences that are bizarre and is therefore uncomfortable. Compare astrology with anything occult and it's bullshit. Compare it with the atomic structure and it gets a nodding maybe. It's a little disappointing that so many must start from the result rather than the source.

From day to day we live out the drama of our life. An awareness of just what we're doing is something that everyone wants. Astrology is a science or art that most successfully achieves a sort of balance between a profound yearning for self-realization and the need for the intellect to find a semblance of ordered sanity. And so, it doesn't matter whether you consider the stars to be governing you or as just a graph of what's going on. Each planet reveals its own character, and its affect on you is determined by the relationship of your natal chart to the transiting planets. The sun and its position above cannot, contrary to popular belief, be a very reliable guide, and the daily astrological readings for the sun signs are usually very misleading. Just as you would not take one aspect of your personality to be you, you can't expect the sun's position to tell you very much about yourself.

The four elements — fire, air, earth and water — are prominent factors to consider in astrology. The twelve signs are divided into the four elements. Each sign is ruled by one of the planets.

Aries	Fire	Mars
Taurus	Earth	Venus
Gemini	Air	Mercury
Cancer	Water	Moon
Leo	Fire	Sun
Virgo	Earth	Mercury
Libra	Air	Venus
Scorpio	Water	Pluto
Sagittarius	Fire	Jupiter
Capricorn	Earth	Saturn
Aquarius	Air	Uranus
Pisces	Water	Neptune



The symbols used to represent the signs were not picked by chance. C. G. Jung has said that "astrology represents the summation of all the psychological knowledge of antiquity." The essence of all truth is first given to man in symbols from his own unconscious, which is rooted in the collective unconscious linking the minds of all humanity to an external pulse of life. I like to think of these symbols as personifying the deepest feelings of mankind.

- Aries — the horns of the ram. Thrusting, aggressive leader of the flock, always ready to accept a challenge.
- Taurus — the head of the bull. Unflinching in attack when enraged.
- Gemini — The twins. Roman numeral II, duality and "never two minds are alike" nature.
- Cancer — the crab. Resembles the human breasts. A desire to nourish and protect. Also suggests the crab's claws, clinging to nature. Hard outer crust, soft interior. An ability to move sideways.
- Leo — the lion. Resembles the lion's mane and tail. Power, regal bearing.
- Virgo — the virgin. This is the symbol of fertility, the Earth goddess.
- Libra — the scales. A balance, weighing life in the balance; bringing people together and comparing them.
- Scorpio — The scorpion and the eagle. The scorpion is a creature of darkness, secretive, hiding in the shadows. The eagle is strong, regal and beautiful. The spear is the connection with Mars.
- Sagittarius — The centaur with bow and arrow. Upper part man, lower part horse. Expansive of nature, breath of vision.
- Capricorn — the goat, with a fish's tail. This symbolizes the unconscious, to teach man the ways of civilization.
- Aquarius — the water-carrier. Two ripples of water or the conducting waves of light or electricity.
- Pisces — the fishes. Two fish joined and pulling in opposite directions.

The creator within each man realizes his essential unity with 'others.' From this position he has looked down on himself through the ages and watched his stumbling pitiful half-conscious state as he strives to

be re-united with himself, his maker. We are perhaps an empty courtyard circumscribed by doors, each door a zodiacal sign representing a facet of the whole self. From time to time we seem to be locked in different areas or even eras of reality, sometimes brutal, sometimes gentle, at times knowing and then in total ignorance. We are constantly like an electric receptor receiving and reacting from the currents pulsing from the planets.

Man's life on earth began in an aggressive animal-like struggle for existence. He sought power, not in order to satisfy himself but to demonstrate himself to himself. This was the door marked Aries, the first sign in the first house of the zodiac. Later, primitive man became aware of an organic life around him, of sounds, of beauty, and love. This was the door of Taurus. Then man became analytical, invented language, categorized good and evil, and gained his illusory freedom against the ancestral collectivity. Here opens the door of Gemini. And then came a complete reversal of motion in the age of Cancer and man was faced with the need to participate in human society. This was a highly upsetting and emotional period. He was forced to focus and limit his energies. And then came that second phase of the social process and the door of Leo was opened. Time began to lay its weight upon the individual's consciousness, a new order of integration was opened up: the integration of parents to children, of older to younger generations and new responsibilities were realized. Social responsibilities became a strain and so in the door marked Virgo, man was faced with the problem of how to go on working, producing, teaching, inventing and creating with strength and faith vanishing.

Work without strain is strived for and it could lead to true illumination as the door of Libra is opened. Here man has traveled half way through the Zodiac and has just suffered through the disciplines learned during the Virgo period. Here he is faced with the urge to make all men become participants in the total organism of humanity, working for the triumph of the universal will over the narrow power of particular egos. Ahead the goal is clear — a permanent structure of a community is envisioned and through the doors of Scorpio this reality must be vitalized, made poignant and dramatic, inescapable. It must transform itself into a driving force. That force is sex, sex as builder of civilization, sex as a gate to "cosmic consciousness." And then man steps through the door of adventures. The sign Sagittarius brings into play vast uncharted realms of generalizations, of religion and philosophy, of abstraction and metaphysics. It is the time of the Crusaders burning with the intensity of the quest for God, a quest for absolutes. It is a time of martyrdom and intolerance, when men lose the sense of the earth. And when there is total darkness, there is no way to go but back to the light, and through the door of Capricorn the promise of day spreads over the earth like a mystic fire to tell men that new life has begun to win over arrested death. This was the time when Christ was born. Now man has moved through the door of Aquarius, the age of stabilizing the dreams of the past, the age of inventions and social improvements. It may also mean revolution and a complete upheaval of state and civilization by a new type of human being. The last door, the last stage of the sun's zodiacal journey is reached in Pisces. This is a time of storms and change and any who resist change do not last long. Pisces is an era of often sharp and violent repolarization. It is the era of purgation and cleansing. Here man must learn to cling to no stability, no security, no past greatness. He must follow nothing, not even the innocent trees.

[Ed. note: Jill and Max have recently settled in Bellingham after traveling throughout the U.S. during the past year and a half. They are very interested in getting response from Passage readers about matters astrological. You can help by writing to them, c/o the Passage and letting them know what you'd like to know about astrology.]

Herbal Trips

by jeff fine

NEW WORLD PSYCHOACTIVE BOTANICALS

Exploration of the subconscious has proceeded in man since the dawn of time. The quest to understand our existence has taken us into the inner realm of the mind. We turn inward centering our bodies so that we may better see the images from inner space. The tools of the search have varied with traditions, each probing, churning, twisting, turning, and changing man's consciousness. If the heavy burden of ego consciousness is removed, ultimately each pathway converges into the other providing a tao of liberation.

One very pronounced psychic exploratory tool has been the use of psychoactive drugs. It is no accident that psychedelic chemicals have become so widespread. The use of mind-altering botanicals has roots far into the past. The fact that the synthetic varieties known in our culture are full of impurities is not a surprise for American culture deals in synthetics. The question, of course arises, can people achieve liberation through a synthetic pathway?

Most of the synthetic psychedelics are also naturally occurring, and have been used for centuries among tribes in Central and South America. Today there is an ongoing frantic search by ethnobotanists for new hallucinogens and medicinal plants. Tragically, as technology spreads and devastates the last pristine areas of our earth household, the botanical knowledge of these people will disappear.

Three powerful botanicals, among many others, have widespread magical usage in Central and South America. For those of you who have read the *Yage Letters* of Burroughs and Ginsberg, you may be familiar with yaje, or *Banisteriopsis Caapi*.

Yaje contains the powerful psychotropic alkaloids, harmine and harmaline, which are related in a broad sense to lysergic acid amides (LSD). The plant, which is a vine, is used extensively by native populations in Peru, Columbia and Ecuador. To the Tukano people in the Northwest Amazon, the drinking of yaje represents a return to the maternal womb, to the source and origin of all things. Mythical visions accompany the trip profoundly, connecting the people into the infinite flow of the universe. Yaje is also called ayahuasca which means, "vine of the spirits," and has also been used by certain brujos (witches) in healing practices in Peru. The brujo ingests the ayahuasca and through his visionary travels is able to understand and heal a particular psychic problem. Yaje has also apparently been used in black magic. Certain evil brujos it is believed are apparently able to control certain spirits peculiar to the ayahuasca, and utilize them for evil ends.

The seeds of *Rivea corymbosa* of the morning glory family have been used by the Zapotecs of Mexico for divinatory purposes. The morning glory family is rich in hallucinogenic alkaloids. Many people are familiar with the psychedelic effects of Heavenly Blue and Pearly Gates morning glory seeds. Lysergic acid amides are responsible for their psychotropic properties. The ritual employed in utilizing

Rivea corymbosa is heavily symbolic. The number 13 is recurrent. Thirteen stones, 13 seeds, or 13 pairs of seeds are employed in a ritual around the revered Badoh plant. Upon obtaining the divinatory seeds, a girl of twelve is responsible to grind them into a liquid which is then ingested. *Rivea* or *ololuhqui*, was employed by Aztec physicians who under the effects of hallucinations would receive insight into the origin of a particular disease.

Also found up in the Northwest Amazon is the plant *Virola theiodora* a hallucinatory snuff containing an abundant amount of dimethyltryptamines commonly referred to in this country as DMT. For the people in this region, the snuff is employed in two ways. The witch doctor utilizes it for healing purposes by going into a trance before treating a patient. The snuff is also used in ceremony



following the death of a tribal member. The tribe gathers into a great ceremony which lasts for several days. The prelude consists of drinking and feasting and finally snuff taking begins, being usually administered by having someone blow it into the nose through a blow-pipe. The whole group gathers and begins a frenzied dancing and shouting followed by a chest hitting ceremony. Pairs of men offer their chests as targets, and begin hitting each other until one or the other has enough. The trip is violent, with blood being drawn. The group regathers and puts their arms around each other and begin shouting to a deafening pitch. When they peak on shouting, the bone ashes of the dead man are poured into the fire and the ritual is over. *DMT* has always been a heavy trip.

By the beginning of the next century extensive timber harvesting and road building will have all but removed the people of the Amazon. Herding them into reservations and smashing their culture. The loss will be great indeed for in so many ways we are indebted to these people.



FOOD FOR THOUGHT

by namascor

"Bhojanam Brahma." Translated, this means food is God, that gives us all kinds of energies: physical, mental and spiritual. Yogic philosophy divides food into three basic categories according to their effect on the mind as well as the body: sattvic, rajasic, and tamasic. Sattvic, or sentient food, is highly recommended for the meditator (sadhaka), for such food is good for both the mind and the body. Foods in this category include nuts, grains, cereals, dairy products, fresh fruits, and vegetables and their juices, honey and certain spices. These foods promote harmonious and spiritual thoughts and aid the mind in concentration.

Rajasic, or mutative foods, are neither good nor bad for the mind. Such foods give the sadhaka energy to work. They should not take up more than about 25% of one's diet, however, for they feed the mind's tendency to hop from one object to another. Rajasic foods include chocolate, coffee, tea, peanuts and spices.

Tamasic, or static foods, should be avoided as they are bad for the mind and neither good nor bad for the body.

They promote inertia and dullness of the mind, excite the lower passions, and leave the mind open to low thoughts and desires. All stale or rotten food (including delicacy cheeses), meat (venison and non-carnivorous seafood considered rajasic). Or, if one's existence depended solely on meat, then meat could become sattvic. Also, if one is sick, certain rajasic foods can become sattvic.

The effects of these different classifications of food on the body and the mind are empirically verified by many yogis over thousands of years. According to them, onions and garlic stimulate the lower chakras (psychic centers) of the body, which relate to the animal nature of the person. On the other hand, sattvic foods tend to stimulate the upper chakras, thus aiding meditation.

Rather than suddenly giving up meat, it is best to gradually substitute high protein grain and rice dishes to allow the body to adjust to the change. Even better, instead of giving up meat, wait until the meat gives up you. After some time, as the mind reaches subtler depths during meditation, the bad

are considered the least tamasic), mushrooms (they live on decayed material), onions, garlic, and eggs are generally considered to be tamasic food by yogis.

These classifications may vary according to time, place and condition. For instance, when the weather gets cold in the winter, everything moves up, i.e., tamasic food is now effects of the more tamasic foods will be felt more and more and thus avoided.

In conclusion, food can be used to help one's spiritual growth according to one's own individual progress,

climate and terrain. There are no hard and fast rules. To quote from Philip Kapleau in "The Zen Bow:" "The minute one proclaims THE perfect diet beside which all others pale, he enslaves himself to it. Every 'ism' - whether it be vegetarianism, meat-ism, brown rice-ism or even Buddhism - is a hang-up, a limitation on our inborn freedom.... (The sadhaka) will find that as his subconscious fears evaporate and his compulsive habits disappear, his built-in body wisdom will naturally select the kind of food necessary for his physical mental and spiritual growth."

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ORGANIC GARDENING

A letter to the Good Humus Woman



Once the vegetables are harvested, you can revitalize the garden soil for next season's planting. One way to do this is to plant a nitrogen-fixing cover crop, such as soybeans, vetch, clover, spring wheat, or any number of others, and spade it under in the spring.

Another way is to sheet compost; that is, compost in thin layers over the garden area: a layer of manure, one of hay, grass, or leaf mold, and a sprinkling of lime. The advantages of sheet composting are that the build-up on the garden space helps keep down weeds which otherwise would be waist high by spring; the minerals from the composted materials leech through into the soil; by spring you have a rough but very rich soil which you can turn under; you can dig into a garden thus composted kitchen garbage, which will decompose fairly rapidly.

Instead of, or perhaps in addition to sheet composting, you may want to build a compost pile. You may be planting a winter garden, in which case you won't be sheet composting, but will want some rich humus to turn into the garden in the spring. Your ideas for your own garden may vary from these, but chances are that at some point you'll be needing some compost or the raw materials.

I have a truck and am available to haul materials — manure, hay, lime, etc. — to your garden. Also, I'd be willing to build piles and spread the layers, if for some reason you can't do it yourself. The job cost will include the price of materials, mileage, and something for my time. If interested, call 676-0879.

Mary Wilgress

Dear Mary,
Great! I need some manure. Hay, too. I'll call you this week.

A.N., the Good Humus Woman.

SATSOP BOOGIE Cont.,

continued from page 5

shot through with the swirling red and white columns of light from the ambulances, and punctuated with the yelping wail of sirens, and the sizzling burst of fireworks and blinking helicopters overhead. The whole scene looking very weird to me; not ominous, but just very strange. While I was pondering this, a group came on called High Voltage, a very hyped flashy group from Las Vegas, with costumes and steam issuing from their nostrils and eyes like brand new chrome-plated ball bearings. When they hit their very first note, I ran like hell for the Open Door Clinic. My body by this time was lagging far behind my brain; this group's music was the music of cataclysm and armageddon, and my system simply refused to accept it. You've got to let me in here, I yelled. Sure, sure, they said, come on in, what's wrong? I pointed at the stage and shouted That! That's evil! That's death! Yeah, right, sure it is, they said, looking very condescending. After all, everyone who comes in here is always right. I looked at the way they were looking at me, and then I thought, Yeah, Man, Here I am, Alright, Ain't I? So I just asked them if they could give me some earplugs. They didn't have any earplugs, so I stuck some toilet paper in my ears and sat down on a cot just outside the front door.

So in sitting there with toilet paper hanging out of my ears, and I'm the patient, and just inside the door is this other guy sitting there sipping coffee, and he's the doctor. Just then this guy walks up to the front door, obviously freaked out, and I see immediately where's he's at, and tell the doctor to let him sit here beside me. So they sit him down beside me, and he

thinks I'm the doctor, and he starts telling me about what he's feeling. So I start explaining to him about the vibration this particular group is putting off, and how it's affecting the energy field engulfing the crowd. This seems to satisfy him perfectly, his face brightens, and he gets up and wanders off into it again.

Shortly after this I see a guy fall about thirty feet out of a mike tower and land in a mound of broken wine bottles and beer cans. I go running inside the tent yelling for a stretcher and we gallop out there with it to pick him up. He looks dead, but as soon as they get him back into the light, he jumps up and wants to start fighting. Not a scratch. I sit back down on the cot outside the door, and presently the doctor and I resume our conversation. I ask him, Do you work at the Clinic? And he says, Yeah. There is a short pause, and then he says, Do you? No, I say, and we both have a small quiet little laugh that goes ringing out across the galaxy. That's the way it was.

Shortly after that, Gail came to fetch me. Gail is this girl/woman I met there who was down from Vancouver. We stayed up all night tripping around from campfire to campfire, sloshing through the mud together, softly stepping into and out of various people's lives which were gathered around them and shared during that long, cold night. What we did, what exactly we said are unimportant here; I'm sure the story was repeated a thousand times in a thousand different ways, and what it means is birth, and growth. When people say Woodstock Lives, Sky River Lives, Satsop Lives, this is what they're talking

about. It lives on in the new relationships that were born from it, and in the lives of the babies who were born during it, and in the hearts and minds of those who lived through it and shared it together.

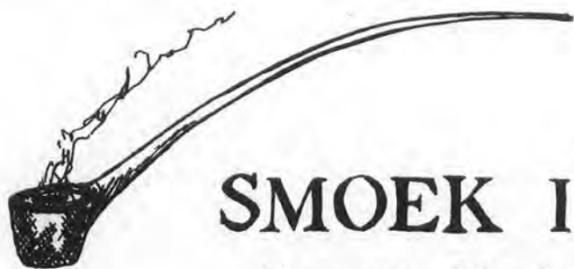
Little else remains to be said. There is much more I could talk about; I could talk about 20,000 matches being lit at once in the darkness. I could mention how magnificent and stirring it was to hear Thus Spake Zarathustra (theme from 2001) leap from the sound system when they fired it up each day. It was mighty, it towered over us. It would make an excellent national anthem; no words. And I could talk about the courage of women, which I witnessed and realized at the river one day. There they were out there naked and free just the same, even though they'd been pinched and poked and patted and hustled by strange men on the make in the crowd, even though boatloads of country boys with outboard motors made their noisy, gaping, gawking way upstream to ogle them, even though planes were circling and helicopters were making passes thirty feet above the water, even though nervous men in dark glasses and bermuda shorts were approaching as close as three feet to take closeup pictures of their breasts, in spite of all that they were out there just the same saying, Look, look around you, it's all here and it's all free, you don't have to steal it. "But it's all right, I'm o.k., how are you? For what it's worth, I must say I loved you as you are."

There's more that could be said, but what's the use? There are no words.

Satsop Lives.

God Bless You All. Amen.

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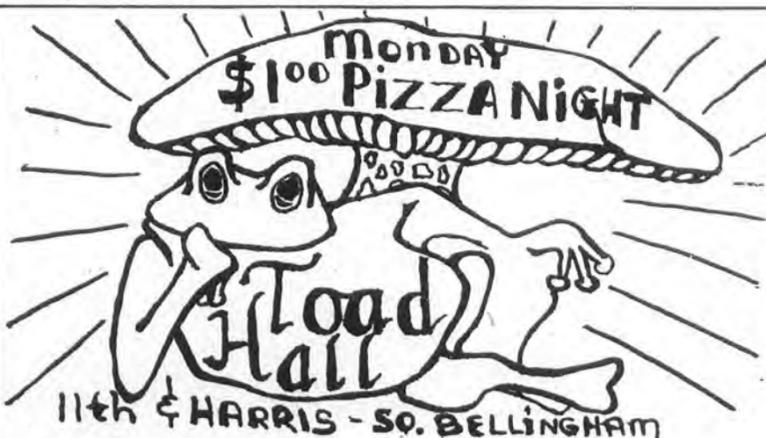
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HUMAN MEDICINE

by joyce

We just came to Seattle from Berkeley. One of the main reasons why Paul and Kalon and I wanted to settle up here is the Country Doctor Free Clinic. There's a Free Clinic in Berkeley, but (except on women's night) it's pretty chaotic, and the doctors and other people aren't very open-minded.

The Country Doc in Seattle (the name comes from a song by Dylan) is anxious to set up a section where we can deal with herbs and vitamins and other forms of self-healing. Herb classes will be starting soon, and we'll have at least one night a week when people who want to get advice can come in and talk to someone about herbs and vitamins and such.

Some folks who live around Bellingham are already bringing in lots of dried herbs for us to give to those who need them. We're trying to learn all we can about these herbs, so we can use them predominantly. But in cases where these aren't strong enough, we hope to have on hand a supply of herbs and vitamins which we may have to buy, if we can't get them donated. Then we'll ask people to give us what they cost; probably between 10 and 25 cents for enough to handle one case of something.

The other thing we're anxious to set up is a Central Clearing House. Every time we use an herbal, vitamin, yoga, or other home cure, we're experimenting with our bodies. Sometimes it works and sometimes it doesn't. Why shouldn't we have the benefit of each other's experiences? If it worked for you, it might work for me. And if it works for 100 people, that means something. All the more reason to think it might work for you. Maybe statistics will force doctors and other people to sit up and take notice. And people can stop being so oppressed by doctors who are too rich, and drugs that cost only 1/3 of what you pay (the other 2/3 are profit and advertising).

Let this column be YOUR tool for communicating your experience and knowledge, as well as mine. Please write to us at:

Country Doctor
"Human Medicine"
402 - 15th Ave. East
Seattle, Wash.
EA 2-6698

I call this column "Human Medicine" because I want it to be about the kind of medicine that helps people, rather than the drug industry or the AMA or some other school of dogmatism. It hurts too much to see people being neglected or abused simply because of inhumane limitations; a lack of money, or a lack of caring, or a plain lack of knowledge masquerading under papal dictums meaning nothing.

Sometimes we have to admit that we don't know. Or to be modest, or careful, about what we think we do know. That's what I keep telling myself.

I keep seeing how one school of medicine excels in a certain area, but is sadly deficient in another. Western medicine insists on marching blindly ahead, refusing to admit that there's anything they don't know. But China, with its ancient tradition of humility, has proved itself to be wondrously enlightened in this area. Years ago, hospitals were already offering patients a choice between Eastern and Western

medicine. Nowadays, they're combining the best of both. A vacuum abortion can be performed in 10 minutes, painlessly, with the patient fully awake and conscious. Anaesthesia of the womb is accomplished by inserting two acupuncture needles into the correct parts of the earlobe. Western medicine still views such accomplishments with fear, superstition, and superciliousness. I guess some of that kind of super silly stuff rubs off on us Western drop-outs, when we stubbornly refuse vitamins, or penicillin, when they would really help more than herbs. Or when people who are heavy into vitamins refuse to try herb teas.

I find that each time I open myself to a new method of curing, it seems like a miracle when it works. When I first got into vitamins, and actually dissolved a gallstone by following Adelle Davis' advice in *Let's Get Well*, I could hardly believe I had done it without surgery! And then, when I moved to the country five years ago, and began to get into herbs, it was so hard to believe that it worked. Like when my friend had trouble with congested lungs and asked me what to do, and I looked it up in *Back To Eden*, and then suggested that she drink some slippery elm tea; it actually brought up the mucous and gave her relief, far beyond that offered by the pills the doctor had given her.

Even more recently, after doing herbs to some extent for years now, I find it hard to believe that I can relieve the itching in my vagina (at least temporarily) just by drinking a cup of motherwort tea. But it works!

One time I had a bad head cold and went to the Yoga Institute in Berkeley. After an hour and a half of doing very peaceful exercises, my head cold was almost gone.

That's why I call it Human Medicine. Any kind of medicine that works to make human beings feel better and be healthy is a part of human medicine. Including penicillin, when circumstances demand it. After all, penicillin is derived from a mold.

But for people who can't afford penicillin, or don't want to use it in synthetic form, or if you just want some form that you can carry around with you in your first aid travelling kit ... there is a good Chinese alternative. The Chinese make something they call Ancient Eggs, which are duck eggs that have been buried in bat dung for at least six months. They are considered a delicacy, and we really like them with soy sauce and garlic and ginger and lemon juice. One egg can be eaten over the course of the day, 1/3 at each meal. I've cured several cases of tonsillitis and strep throat with this method, in three days.

Also, garlic-and-lemon tea is very good for sore throats and colds and to relieve strep throat and tonsillitis. You can hardly taste the garlic. I don't like garlic too much, but for some reason, in the tea, it tastes okay. Chop up one clove of garlic real fine, put it in a cup, crush with a spoon to get out the oils; add juice of about 1/4 lemon; add your favorite tea (mint or ginseng or mu is good) and steep for three minutes with a saucer over the cup. Add honey if you like, and drink it down. Garlic is another antibiotic which has finally been recognized as such by the medical profession, which pooh-poohed it for so long.

In the future I'll probably deal with cures relating to one organ, or one kind of illness at a time. I took a course in Berkeley called Women and Their Bodies, and they asked me to talk about herbal and non-Western cures. So I got together a lot of information about curing women's discharges. That'll probably be the topic of my next column in the *Passage*, so if there's anything you'd like me to mention, just write to the Country Doc.

Also, please write to share your experiences in curing yourselves. Tell us exactly what was wrong with you — what were the symptoms — whether you saw a doctor — how it was diagnosed — and what you did to cure yourself, including amounts. For instance, if you used chamomile tea to cure a stomach ache, how much did you use (like, one tsp. per cup, three cups a day), and for how long (like, for one whole day), and were you completely cured?

Let's help each other, as well as ourselves.

[Copyright by the author. If you want to reprint it, just write to the Country Doc.]

CONCEPTION AND THE MOON



Most of us are already aware that the moon's cycle has an effect on impregnation. We've been taught on a very broad basis that the middle of a woman's 28-day cycle (corresponding to the moon's) is her fertile period each month. Many of us can testify to the fact that this method doesn't always hold true as well as we'd like it to. Looking into it a bit further and prompted by a long-time astrologer known as Ramana Anada, I am presenting you with a newer theory; hopefully so we all may become a little better acquainted with our natural cycles and maybe to gain a little more control over our impregnations.

In astrology, each planet (this includes the sun and moon) influences a particular portion of our beings. The key influence the moon has on us is fecundation. Accordingly, Webster says that "fecundate" means "to make fruitful or prolific; impregnate". Each of us has his own "chart" or makeup, and it seems likely that we would each have our own fertile period. (I'm referring to a woman's cycle. If a man has a similar cycle, I'm unaware of it.)

For some time now in Czechoslovakia the method of basing the fertile period on the individual's moon position in relation to the same's sun has been tried and tested. A minimum amount of testing has gone on through a small circle of my friends and acquaintances here in the Northwest. We've checked the time of birth of several children and traced back to the probably conception date. In each case, that date and the date of the mother's astrological fertile period are the same. I'd like to remind you that this was a small number of people for research and am not asking you to accept this as the one truth. I AM saying that this seems to be a definite avenue for more attention and energy.

If you dabble in astrology yourself, or know of someone who does, I'll

explain the process in which you may find your particular dates to watch for.

Basically, you need to find out the number of degrees between the sun and moon at the time of your birth. Example: suppose your sun is at 10-degree Leo and your moon is at 21 degree Libra; this is 71 degrees between them. (There are 30 degrees in each sign.) So, in this year's Ephemeris, suppose it is September and the sun is in Virgo; you'll be looking for the moon to be 71 degrees AHEAD of the sun (not behind, unless you also calculated the number of degree's interval in your natal chart in this way.) For the month of September, this number of degrees interval occurred on September 25th, when the sun has moved into Libra (2 degrees) and the moon is in Sagittarius (13 degrees). Add a day on either side of this and you come up with your most fertile period of that month.

If you don't have a nearby astrologer to help you (but if you ask around, there are plenty), then I'll try to figure your cycle for you. (I'd appreciate a donation to cover energy and mailing, if this is the case.)

If you've had children in the last few years and want to check this out in relation to them, look back in an Ephemeris nine months previous to the child's date of birth. The number of degrees between the sun and moon at that time should correspond to the number of degrees between them in YOUR natal chart. It's proved accurate in each observation so far. I would be interested in a note with the results of your findings. The more information we can get together on this method is perhaps bringing us closer to a new physical liberation.

Send any questions or information to:

Pamela McCollum
Rt. 3, Box 193
Monroe, Washington 98272

GRAPES OF WRATH REVISITED

by keith jeffrey

I spent two weeks learning the life style of the migrant laborer, working and living in the camp as one of them. I lived my days in the field, through dewy morning chill and noontime heat, back aching, bored mind screaming. Evenings I loafed in the rural slum, my only entertainment the void, respite from toiling down endless rows. I saw the life Steinbeck's Okies knew, though that was not my goal. I was out of a room and out of money, and even \$5 or sometimes \$8 for a day's hard work seemed good. It got me by.

I was in Seattle with a crew of travelling magazine salesmen when my conscience caught up with me. The gimmick was to pose as a college student in an exciting, nation-wide contest for a scholarship. I was chosen for merit, of course, but also because I really needed financial assistance, since my parents, though honest and hard working, barely managed to scrape by. All I asked was that the kind prospect vote for me. I was always only one or two votes away from winning. It was only after I was firmly stationed in their living room that I added that the only way to vote was by subscribing to any second rate publication I offered. Sometimes they actually got what they paid for.

THE MAGAZINE GIG

You can only accept for so long the line that people want to be taken. You can glow with self importance over the praise of the perpetually soused (so he could stand his life?) sales manager for only so long. It was the little old lady on Social Security that finally made me see what I was doing.

All she and her husband had to call home was a couple of rooms in the once proud house on Beacon Hill that had been cut into eight parts for higher profits. She could no longer get around like she once could, and was lonely enough to listen sympathetically to the smiling young man in the contest.

She wanted to help, but couldn't afford any extra expenses. I immediately went to a modest book shelf and picked up some magazines, demanding to know what they were. Well, her husband read some. Great! A present would brighten up his day. But he already subscribed to those he wanted. That's okay, we'll send a renewal.

By this time I had my order book out. Asking her name and address seemed to throw her, so she answered while I scribbled furiously. But she still had doubts; she knew I was leading her along. Her husband didn't want her to buy anything behind his back, she told me, and he got so mad when she disobeyed. Not that he would hit her, but she worried about his heart condition. That's okay, I brushed her off, he can't object to a present for himself.

Let's see, that's seven dollars. But I don't have it, fumbling through her purse. No problem, just three now and we'll bill you later. But even that's too much. She showed me her handbag, finances down to loose change. I agreed to take her check.

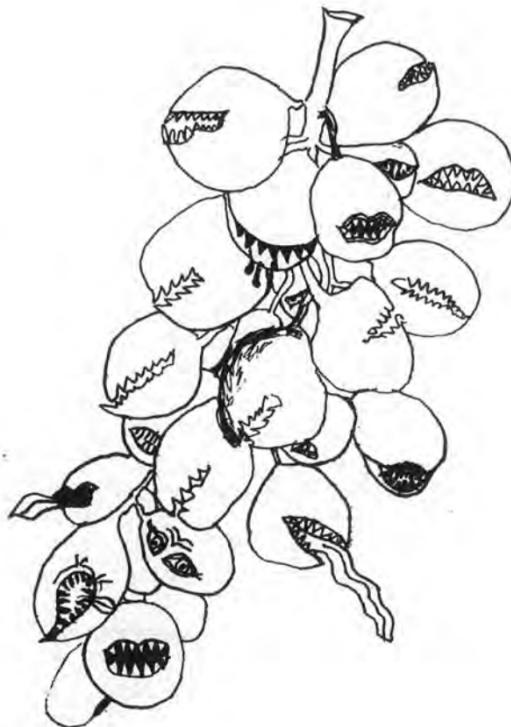
Noise from the bedroom, I'd ruined her husband's nap. He's waking up, she pleaded, a last attempt to escape the pressuring she could not afford. Hurry, I demanded, making her a conspirator in my crime.

The only comment my crew boss had was how come I didn't get an expensive, long term subscription? I'd already been toying with the idea, but suddenly I couldn't wait to quit. When he let me out and outlined the next area I was to scavenge I simply found a bus to take me back to the motel they provided for us. The LOL's of the world would no longer have to support me in a style they couldn't afford themselves. I tore up the check.

ON THE STREET

Being on the street did my conscience good, but my body had other demands. Though the boss man had promised a handsome commission for all sales, I knew early in the game that I'd never see more than the \$5/day provided for restaurant and laundry bills. Since I'd lied to make that, it was somehow fair.

Carrying a suitcase around downtown is the ultimate drag, but even a quarter for a bus station



locker might mean starving. When I saw the "Help Wanted" sign, I knew I'd done my karma good. Strawberry pickers, \$.75/flat, report five ayem. I celebrated with coffee and a candy bar.

There was a hotel across the street on Yesler. They couldn't give beds away, but if you could doze off sitting in a lobby chair you were welcome. It was a good place to be; I got in the line when it began to form. Even for \$.75/flat, hungry people start coming around bar closing. They know latecomers get turned away.

I was lucky and got a seat on the bus; others made the ninety minute run to Conway in the back of a truck. It was a beautiful place, especially with the rare blessing of the warm sun and blue skies. Out from the fields the green spread to the foothills, framed by the rugged Cascade Range and crowned by snow-capped Mt. Baker. The only scar in that part of creation was the actual camp, my immediate home.

Rows of plywood shacks were crowded together, begrudged every inch they took from the profitable, fertile soil. A section at the far end was reserved for the two families who worked there, the rest given over to winos, Indians, and confused youths such as myself. A concrete box housed the toilets, showers, and two old style washing machines, the kind with a ringer run by a hand crank. If one wanted to shave, the sinks were here. There was no individual, inside, running water, but an outside faucet was placed to serve each block of four cabins, for washing dishes and red-stained hands. Meals were cooked on wood stoves (no doubt valuable as antiques), but at least kerosene lamps had been replaced by modern Edison light bulbs, which hung unshaded from the ceiling. The room proved uncomfortably cold at night, even I slept fully dressed under a thin army blanket, the only linen available.

The blanket wasn't handed out, but loaned against a dollar from the company store. A deposit was also demanded for dishes and the key for the door. I suppose the lock reflected some notion of property rights, though none of the workers had anything worth stealing. Food was also sold out of the company store.

The owners didn't make the pickers buy from them, but the closest alternative was seven miles down the road in Conway. Part of the fields we serviced lay adjacent to the community, but our living quarters were on the opposite edge of the property. The difference in prices must have made a difference, because one of the families who owned a car (a vintage station wagon that bore the marks of a long, rough road) used it to shop away from the camp. I'm sure they subtracted cost of gas and oil before counting the pennies saved.

IN THE FIELDS

The owners of the field could be found in the fields every day. They didn't stoop to working shoulder to shoulder with the migrants; they restricted their efforts to managerial details. They counted the flats each individual carried to them, checked on fullness and ripeness, and punched the appropriate number of holes in the ticket pinned to the picker. The box of berries you buy at the market represents six cents paid to the man who filled it.

If I were to return to a strawberry patch, I'd rather punch cards in the shade than crawl around on my hands and knees searching through bushes. Since pay is based on output, no one drives you to any particular pace, but overseers do watch to make sure you leave nothing hanging wasted to rot. The farm does a good business, and members of the owners' family can't check everything brought in. Extra help is needed for these plush jobs, but only one chicano qualified. The other checkers were local high school students.

Since the chicano families kept to themselves, I didn't see much of them except in the fields. There they proved to be the most able workers, speeding down a row in half the time it took me. Some were even quick enough to make minimum wage, unless you count overtime. We were out in the fields ten hours daily, for a week and half, before rain made it Sunday.

A bus came by in the morning to take those interested to school. By the time they reached the age for junior high, every kid there had dropped out. They saw a bigger percentage in \$.75/flat than in trying to follow business taught in a foreign language. I don't blame them for dropping out; I don't see how they could learn while changing schools every month. I felt deprived because my father got transferred every three to five years.

The older children worked the whole day, so it wasn't laziness that brought their decision. Even preschoolers were brought to the fields, but the only fruit they picked was to eat. Their mothers didn't scold them for tasting unwashed strawberries. If they breathe cropduster spray, why not eat it? Mostly the youngsters ran around the perimeter. The only toy I even saw them with was a discarded tractor tire.

TRAMPS AND HOBOS

Most of the pickers in the camp were Skid Road alcoholics. I'd never been thrown in with that group of people before, and their lack of ignorance surprised my prejudiced assumptions. There is a difference between a tramp and a hobo. To make it these days without a steady job requires knowledge, some of it hard to come by. They compared Spokane missions with those in Seattle, but also explained where to catch a freight for the North Dakota wheat harvest.

Bachelors without a steady income these men had learned to live adequately on a marginal amount of cash. Helpful, they showed me how to prepare dishes more complicated than the canned spaghetti I was into.

They joked about their condition. More than one told me he had not come for money, but to escape the bottle and dry out. Yet, when inclement weather brought work to a temporary halt, everyone I know of took a draw and went to town to secure wine. Even though I bought no booze, I was invited to share their supply at the party they held. Different bottles were passed around: apple wine, tokay, logey, port, more than I'd tasted before or hope to taste again. One Indian asked if I had any "hish-hash", but wine was the only solution most of them believed in. It was that night, or more precisely the morning after, that convinced me to move on. My \$25 stake was creeping up only very slowly.

Looking back, I can't say the migrant camp was entirely oppressive. It was at least honest work. I only sold my time and energy; being a magazine salesman would have demanded my soul.

Besides, I got all the strawberries I could eat, no charge. I O.D.'ed. To this day I don't enjoy a bowl of strawberries. Even with sugar.

OUT OF THE

MOLASSES JUG



Carob Fudge

MIX TOGETHER:

- 1 CUP CAROB POWDER
- 1/2 CUP SOY GRITS
- 1 CUP LECITHIN GRANULES
- 1 CUP SUNFLOWER SEED MEAL
- 1/2 CUP SESAME SEEDS
- 1/2 CUP TOASTED SUNFLOWER SEEDS.
- 2 tsp. VANILLA
- 2 to 3 TBSP. WHEAT GERM OIL (OR OTHER OIL)

DATE SUGAR TO TASTE. ADD WATER AND KNEAD UNTIL IT FORMS A SOLID MASS. START WITH 1/4 CUP WATER AND ADD MORE AS NEEDED. CAREFUL... IT GETS TOO STICKY REAL EASILY. FORM IT INTO A ROLL 1/2 IN. THICK. CUT OFF SLICES AS NEEDED. STORE IN REFRIGERATOR.

THIS STUFF CAN BE PLAYED WITH A LOT. ADD RAISINS, COCONUT, CHOPPED DATES, HONEY, OR ANY OF THAT OTHER GOOD STUFF YOU NEVER KNOW QUITE WHAT TO DO WITH.

Easy Carob Fudge

- 1/4 CUP VEGETABLE BUTTER
- 1/2 CUP HONEY
- 1/2 CUP CAROB POWDER
- 1/2 CUP NUTS
- 3/4 TO 1 CUP SOY MILK POWDER (OR COW MILK POWDER)
- 1 TSP. VANILLA
- CEREAL CRUMBS OR CHOPPED NUTS

CREAM HONEY AND BUTTER, AND ADD OTHER INGREDIENTS. SHAPE INTO LOGS ABOUT 6" LONG. ROLL IN CRUMBS OR CHOPPED NUTS. REFRIGERATE. SLICE AS NEEDED.

Mince-meat Bars

- 3 CUPS OATMEAL
- 2 1/2 CUPS FLOUR
- 1 TEASP. SALT
- 1/2 CUP BROWN SUGAR
- 3/4 TEASP. SODA
- 1/2 CUP BUTTER
- 2 CUPS MINCEMEAT

MIX OATMEAL, FLOUR, SALT, SODA, & SUGAR. CUT IN BUTTER & SHORTENING. PACK 1/2 MIXTURE IN BOTTOM OF LARGE BAKING-DISH. SPREAD MINCEMEAT OVER & COVER WITH REMAINING DRY MIXTURE. BAKE 40 MIN. @ 350°

THIS STUFF CAN BE CALLED DESSERT, DRINK, APPETIZER, SIDEDISH, SNACK, ETC. WE CALL IT!

Great Green Goo

- YOU'LL NEED A BLENDER.
- 1 LARGE RAW ZUCCHINI, PEELED & DICED
- 1/2 LARGE SWEET APPLE - PEELED, CORED, DICED.
- 1/2 BANANA - DICED
- 5 PITTED DATES - CHOPPED
- 1/4 CUP ORANGE JUICE CONCENTRATE.
- 2 FRESH MINT LEAVES

THROW ALL OF THIS IN THE BLENDER. ADD ENOUGH WATER TO GET IT MOVING, ABOUT 1/3 CUP, AND LIQUIFY. DON'T LET THE STRANGE COMBINATIONS PUT YOU OFF, ITS REALLY GREAT!

Love
-bb-

IN ORDER TO COOK, YOU NEED GOOD VESSELS, POTS, PANS, BOWLS, ETC., RIGHT? SO YOU SPEED ON DOWN TO YOUR LOCAL ST. VINCENTS OR SALVATION ARMY TO SCARE UP SOME OLDIES BUT STILL GOODIES... AND SURE ENOUGH, THERES A READY SUPPLY OF UTENSILS TO DELIGHT ANY NOT-TOO-FUSSY COOK. BUT OFTEN YOUR FINDS NEED SPECIAL ATTENTION TO RECLAIM & PRESERVE THEIR USEFULNESS. HERES HOW:

IRON - SOAK BADLY RUSTED ARTICLES IN KEROSENE 24 HOURS. RUB OFF LOOSENED RUST WITH STEEL WOOL PAD. WIRE BRUSH DESIGNS. SCRUB WITH A STIFF BRUSH, USE HOT SUDSY WATER AND A FEW DROPS OF DISINFECTANT. RINSE AND DRY THOROUGHLY. COAT WITH SALAD OIL. **SEASONING**: COAT WITH VEGETABLE OIL, LINSEED OR OLIVE OR FAT OIL. HEAT TO 250° IN OVEN 2 HRS. APPLY MORE OIL AS IT BECOMES ABSORBED. ALLOW TO COOL, WIRE WITH PAPER TUNEL. STORE WITH LIDS OFF. TINES ON OLD FORKS, BLADES OF IRON MINCING KNIVES MAY NEED TO BE SHARPENED... KEEP LIGHTLY OILED. IF THERES BLACK SPECKS IN FOOD, ITS NOT THOROUGHLY SEASONED...

HERES WHAT YOU'LL NEED TO KEEP ON COOKIN' ~

- FINE STEEL WOOL
- SCOURING POWDER
- BAKING SODA
- AMMONIA
- SALAD OIL
- SOFT BRUSH
- STIFF BRUSH
- WIRE BRUSH
- ELBOW GREASE.

WOOD - SCRUB WITH A BRAISTLE BRUSH IN SUDSY WATER. DON'T SOAK. BE QUICK BUT THOROUGH. POUR BOILING WATER OVER. DRY QUICKLY ON IRON RACKS IN THE SUN AND AIR. OIL WHEN ABSOLUTELY DRY, SAND IF NECESSARY. ALLOW OIL TO PENETRATE 10 MINUTES, THEN APPLY A SECOND COAT AND LET THAT SOAK IN. POLISH EXCESS OIL AWAY WITH A CLEAN CLOTH. COAT BOWLS & TRENCHERS WITH A THIN COAT OF HARMLESS PARAFFIN. TO ELIMINATE ODORS IN YOUR WOOD BOWLS, ETC., WASH QUICKLY IN BAKING SODA AND WARM WATER.

PORCELAIN - DON'T CHIP

TO REMOVE BURNED FOOD, USE 1 TSP. BAKING SODA & WATER ON BOIL FOR 15 MINUTES. RUB THE BOTTOM OF PORCELAIN PANS WITH SOAP BEFORE USING OVER STOVE. **SOAPSTONE** - CLEAN BY RUBBING WITH SALT & A COARSE CLOTH. LIGHT SANDING RESTORES COLOR. **GLASS & POTTERY** - ALWAYS USE COOL WATER TO RINSE OFF GLASSES THAT HAVE HAD MILK IN THEM. TO REMOVE STAINS, USE 2 TSP. AMMONIA IN WARM WATER. SOAK SEVERAL HOURS, THEN WASH. FOR STAINS IN POTTERY ~ 2 T. CHLORINE BLEACH, 1 CUP WATER. SOAK 30 MIN, WASH.

Mince-meat

- 6 LARGE LEMONS
- 12 LARGE APPLES
- 2# RAISINS
- 1# CURRANTS
- 4# SUGAR (4 2/3 CUPS, APPROX.)
- 2 oz. CITRON
- 2 oz. ORANGE PEEL } CANDIED
- 2 oz. LEMON PEEL
- 4 T. MARMALADE
- 2 CUPS BRANDY - OPTIONAL

GRATE LEMON RINDS; SQUEEZE OUT JUICE & STRAIN; BOIL LEMON PEEL UNTIL TENDER & CHOP FINE. CHOP APPLES, RAISINS, CITRONS, ORANGE, & LEMON PEEL. MIX, ADD LEMON JUICE, CHOPPED RINDS AND ALL REMAINING INGREDIENTS. PACK IN STERILE CONTAINERS, ABOUT 3/4 FULL. LEAVE EXTRA ROOM FOR EXPANSION. SEAL TIGHT, BUT NOT AIRTIGHT. LEAVE TO FERMENT AT LEAST 2 WEEKS, THE LONGER, THE BETTER. MAKES 5 1/2 QTS. MAY BE HALVED, DOUBLED, TRIPLED, ETC. AT YOUR PLEASURE.

"IF TEA BE GROUND LIKE COFFEE OR CRUSHED IMMEDIATELY BEFORE HOT WATER IS Poured OVER IT, IT WILL YIELD NEARLY TWICE THE AMOUNT OF ITS EXHILARATING QUALITIES"



resist to exist

red star news collective



New York State Correction Commissioner, Russel Oswald, in prison yard after battle.

Inside Attica

Excerpts from Tom Wicker of the New York Times who was a member of the observer group during the Attica Prison uprising.

NEW YORK — Late Sunday afternoon at the last meeting between inmates in rebellion at Attica correctional facility, a prisoner seized the microphone.

"To oppressed people all over the world," he shouted. "We got the solution! The only solution is unity!"

With 30 of the rebels dead in Monday's bloody recapture of the prison, that statement may seem bombastic or pathetic. But for those of the observers' committee who had a chance to see the unusual society of the Attica prison yard during its four brief days of existence, there is no doubt that the prisoners did achieve remarkable unity — even if it proved no solution to their problems.

The black inmate's impassioned cry also suggests several other aspects of that strange society — its strikingly effective organization, its fierce political radicalism, its submergence of racial animosity in class solidarity.

Their organization was most evident in excellent security arrangements. Although in a Friday morning negotiating session in the prisoner stronghold, Oswald felt himself threatened with seizure, the leaders prevented it and no serious threat to the observer group appeared in five subsequent trips into the stronghold.

Human chains of men with linked arms maintained effective crowd control. In one session, Blyden staged a mock alarm to show how quickly the prisoners' "first line of defense" could man their outpost on the surrounding walls.

That kind of organization, not to mention the unity displayed by the prisoners, would have been impossible if there had been racial discord in Block D. None was apparent to the observers. The human security chains were interracial; the leadership committee featured at least three white men, although the rebelling inmates must have been at least 85 per cent black and Puerto Rican.

Racial harmony, evident as it was, was not so prominent in Block D as were radical class and political views. Every orator pictured the rebelling prisoners as political victims, men at the bottom of the heap for whom society cared nothing, to whom it gave the worst of treatment and offered no redress of grievance.

The prisoners referred to themselves constantly as "brothers" and stressed again and again their determination to stand together.

One prisoner, in one of his few moments of passion, shouted that the hostages were being well cared for. "They're sleeping on mattresses, but I ain't sleeping on no mattress. They treat us like animals, we take care of them. Well, I ask you, does animals take care of people or does people take care of animals?"

George Jackson Brigade

We, the twenty-seven slave-convicts, Black, Brown and White alike — of San Quentin State Prison Adjustment Center — stand victimized through a plot of conspiracy to murder. Just as our comrade George L. Jackson was murdered August 21, 1971. The scene was made to look as an escape attempt, but it was a conspiracy to murder the Soledad Brothers and Ruchell Magee in particular and the rest of the freedom fighters in general. Since the state failure to murder the remaining (two) Soledad Brothers and Magee, they are attempting to project them as leaders, in order to bias the minds of the people. The state knows that the Soledad Brothers have world wide support and their present case will not stand up in court, due to the power of the people to mete out their own justice when they see victims are unjustly accused. The state also knows that Magee has been held in slavery illegally for seven years on known

fraud evidence. This whole mass murder conspiracy was the state's desperate but feeble attempt to alleviate prominent political prisoners and save court costs.

August 21, 1971, twenty-seven of us experienced fascism in its rawest form. We were subjected to all types of physical brutality, i.e. beaten with clubs, kicked, tortured with lighted cigarettes, cursed at, spit on, dragged, stuck with pins, etc., etc. All this was going on while we were chained like animals lying naked upon the grass. The hand-cuffs and leg-chains were put on so tight that our blood stopped circulating and our limbs went numb. This is the same position (chained down) Al Mancino was in when a fascist pig (approximately three feet away) shot him. One pig said he was shot because he moved and another one (pig) stated he was shot because he associated with "dirty niggers and greasers." Mancino was wrapped up with a rag — without being unshackled — and was thrown on a cart and was carried away. We were made to lie in this inhuman and antagonizing position approximately six hours. Then we were dragged in the building to have our heads and eyebrows shaven. From there we were kicked and beaten and made to crawl on our knees to our cells. Our lives are threatened daily, such as, we will be poisoned, we will be gassed, we will never leave the Adjustment Center alive, there will be no court for us, lawyers cannot help us because they (lawyers) will be killed along with us, etc., etc. The chains and hand-cuffs are always put on tight when we go on our visits and we're ALWAYS beaten and spit on. This type of treatment goes on every day and they're trying to reduce us to the lowest term. We realize that we're at their mercy, but as proud slaves, there is so much we will stand in order to maintain our dignity as men. In this type of atmosphere, there will be more conflict. As you know we are up against the greatest odds, and will come out on the short end. We have reached the point where the people must understand that we're not dealing with creeping fascism, but fascism proceeding in leaps and bounds. Fascism allows no positive mobilization of the masses without the bitterness of resistance and we (SQ 27) will resist until the bitter end!

Pamoja Venceremos Freedom
George Jackson Brigade

Smoke Steal Blues

To the people:

I guess to begin at the beginning...John, like many other resourceful members of our community, started seedlings in the spring and planted them in the earth when the weather broke. We watched those little scrawny plants, 12 of them to be exact, grow into the finest leafy green bushes I'd ever seen.

We had a lot of dreams. "Wouldn't it be nice to have a stash for the winter, wouldn't it be nice if everyone had their own stash, some day, and it would become a tradition to gather friends and family for harvest day—and have a picnic and smoke—and smoke—and... Everyone could have their own variety and for a change trades would take place. There would be no hassle about money!

There are a lot of dreams in my head. I've dreamt of a place where people were honest and open friends. A place where respect for your brother took the place of stepping on him. When I moved to Bellingham I thought that I'd found a place that came close to my ideal...

Today was our harvest day but we didn't get to smoke. In place of the 12 plants were 12 holes in the ground. Somebody stole our pleasure. It was a safe place. Friends owned the land. But people I do not consider my friends trespassed on that land. Those plants are gone. Our dreams are gone.

I ain't so naive anymore, but WHY?

Love, Connie



Peace

Editor, the Star:

While serving as a member of the Ft. Huachuca detachment which was sent to help fight the forest fire at San Carlos last week, I had the privilege of meeting several draft resistors who are federal prisoners at Safford, who were also fighting the fire. I learned that there are approximately ——— draft resistors at Safford, most of them serving 18 months in jail.



TO THE EDITOR....

Laws Before Morals?

Dear NWP:

A man named Karl Meyer is serving a 2 year sentence for W-4 form violation at Sandstone Federal Prison. Karl refused to help pay for the immorality of the U.S. war effort in Indochina. His judge, Judge Napoli, stated at the trial: "While all of us have moral values, we must set these aside when it comes to obeying the laws of the country."

—The Peacemaker, Vol. 24 (no. 9), July 17, 1971; p.2

— G. K. Fox



Words About...

Dear Sirs; Madames; Mr.'s; Mrs.'s; Miss's; Ms; and Ms. Goodhumorless Woman:

Since I have covered all possible ground, I guess that I won't offend anybody with the customary salutation.

RE Ms. Forever: Don't it seem a little silly to care what other people choose to call themselves, and don't it seem a little silly for the Passage to dictate to its readers how they call themselves. WHUDDAFUK? Over ...

RE Rototillers and compost shredders & esp. rototillers (or "how grampa got it together"). There is a viable alternative, a long handled implement with a broad pointy blade operated by foot power and wrist action — the process is called "spading" and creates a feeling of oneness with the soil besides a strong back and educated spading foot. A couple of acres needs only two or three days of loving labor and if the spader misses the sounds of the rototiller he

After the American people have finally realized that the war in Vietnam has killed close to a million people without justification, it seems disgraceful that these men, who refused to take part in the destruction of Vietnam, are still punished as felons. Instead of being punished as criminals, I believe that these men in Safford should be honored, for they have helped to keep the conscience of America alive.

Sp/5 Paul Aurovell
Meddac Co., RWBAH
Ft. Huachuca

—from the Arizona Daily Star, Tucson, Arizona
— G. K. Fox

Another Friend

Peace!

Greetings to you, the men in the front lines of the war against social injustices!

Having just completed your publication I can't help feeling elated in the satisfaction that it was time well spent!

Being presently "interned" in the above named "camp" [State Correctional Institution at Huntingdon, Pennsylvania], I am unable at this time to join you in confronting the criminals running rampant through the "Halls of Justice" throughout our once fine country.

I have read other pseudo-concerned publications and although they fired a few shells at our mutual enemy, they fell short of really coming to grips with the monster of Law and Order that seems to have this American population in a state of panic.

I have been informed through friends that you make available your publication to inmates. If this is so, I would consider it a privilege to be placed on your mailing list.

I hope to be able to pass more of my stagnant time in the useful reading of your efforts. Thank you again, Brothers and Sisters, and

Peace to you and yours,
Joseph Mitchell
Drawer R, Huntingdon, Pennsylvania
16652

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may eat beans and fart along the furrows. As regards shredders for the compost; me ole mudder kept three piles going and never bothered to shred the stuff. When she gets out of the hospital, Kirie Pederson can tell you the bennies of starfish on zucchini.

RE the Guinea Woman. I would add only that the pill should be undiscovered. The most desirable alternative for the pill is diaphragm, jelly and foam. As a first step, prepare for a year of yoghurt, brewer's yeast and lotsa vitamin B pills since it takes about that long to flush the B gobblers out of your system (at least that's how long it took my wife to recover). She was so depressed that she cried over the Whole Earth Catalogue and sunrises. Diaphragms and attendant stuff are fitted and given free along with instruction at Planned Parenthood. Now for the MCP's out there, it don't interfere in any way with sex, you can't feel it; if the time delay disturbs you, just lie back and fantasize until she gets the stuff in — with practice, Godzilla can look like Sophia Loren as she walks through the door. Foam can be inserted as part of foreplay. Attention women, for the sake of spontaneity, the diaphragm and jelly can be inserted some hours before using the foam just before. Repeated applications of foam can give you good protection during repeated applications of him. If you feel particularly fertile, you can also use rhythm along with the rest. The D. J. and F. method is a combination that gives as good odds as pills and with rhythm included you got little to worry about. As a safeguard, no matter what method you use, keep \$300 in the bank for abortions. For men, Planned Parenthood can turn you on the cheap vasectomies — lets you lead a normal sex life without fear of babies. Anyway the greatest bennie of DJF method is that you aren't paranoid, depressed, suicidal, etc., and that affords more pleasure for both parties. And ferchrisakes stay away from IUD's, from all I've heard, they hurt like hell and you can bleed for months afterward.

LEGAL SMOKE: Get out your botany books and look for kinickinick. The stuff grows all over the ground and one species can mildly turn you on. The Indians out here used to do it.

RE ACLU: what I want to know is what have those shit liberals done about gun-control legislation. I don't recall them going to bat over that. Perhaps it should be the American Some Civil Liberties Union. Mike Rosen won't you please come home?

Cedric the Saxon
5509 20th N.E.
Seattle, Washington 98105

ECO-

compiled by nely gillette

A radiology professor has testified that the infant mortality rate has increased in an area surrounding a nuclear power reactor near Morris, Ill. Dr. Ernest J. Sternglass, professor of radiation physics at the University of Pittsburgh School of Medicine, spoke before a Pennsylvania Senate Committee studying nuclear power plants. The professor said he was presenting results of a study he and a group of students made on the child mortality rate near the plant. The Dresden operation has been generating electricity since 1959 and is located 50 miles southwest of Chicago. The professor said the Dresden plant uses a boiling water reactor, which is not in use at all nuclear power plants. He said a pressurized water reactor used in a nuclear plant at Shippingport, Pa., for example, is not nearly as dangerous as the Dresden operation. Sternglass said two-thirds of Illinois' population, about 6.6 million people, live within 50 miles of the reactor. The infant mortality rates increased and decreased according to the rise and decline of the gaseous activity released into the air from the plant, he said. A similar correlation, he said, existed for death rates for all age groups. The Washington Post, 8/27/71.

A Pentagon study on toothpaste concludes certain leading brands cause inflammation of the mouth and gums. The report, which was made public yesterday by Sen. Claiborne Pell (D-R.I.) showed users of Macleans, Ultra-Brite, Gleem, Plus White, and Vote dentifrices had more irritation than those brushing with Crest and Colgate. Preliminary analysis in the Pentagon paper indicated the brands shown to cause the most irritation had the highest presence of organic solvents such as chloroform. However, the Army doctors, due to lack of information, were not able to cite any single ingredient as the cause of dentifrice stomatitis. The Washington Post, 8/6/71.

The Dow Chemical Company, which was fined \$500 in District Court following a July 27 kill of 2,000 to 3,000 fish in the Tittabawassee River, now has contributed \$20,000 to the Michigan Department of Natural Resources to improve sport fishing in that river basin. The kill occurred when a caustic evaporator overflowed and spilled its contents into the river. The money, according to Dow, is intended "for the most appropriate use by (the Department of Natural Resources) in the long-term realization of our mutual interest in developing this river basin as a sport fishery." The company reports it also has asked permission from the Department to restock the Tittabawassee with 3,000 game fish.



Fish and other aquatic life were destroyed along a four-mile stretch of Mill Creek near Kent following the spill of 15,000 gallons of methyl alcohol recently. All forms of fish, including cutthroat trout, were killed as a result of the accidental spill. Harry Tracy said the Ecology Department is preparing a damage claim against Borden Chemical Company of Kent. But he said the claim would not be presented for two or three weeks.

The methyl alcohol escaped from a Borden storage tank after an employee failed to close three check valves. The highly flammable material overflowed into a storm drain which has its outfall on Mill Creek.

Stew Messman of the Ecology Department said it takes very high quantities of methyl alcohol to kill fish—over 8,000 parts per million. The amount of alcohol that reached the river was apparently sufficient to kill aquatic life along a four-mile span. Fish and insects were not affected below that point, the department said.

An Ecology Department spokesman said high concentrations of methyl alcohol coagulate protein in fish tissue. The affect is similar to pouring raw egg yolk into boiling water. Seattle Post Intelligencer, 9/11/71.

Working Within The System Dep't: LOCAL GOVERNMENT

One of the hotter issues in North Puget Sound has been the question of oil spills, refineries and supertankers. In the last session of the legislature, Rep. Dan Van Dyk and several Seattle legislators including Douthwaite Charnley, sponsored and got passed a resolution HCR-12 calling for a study of the entire oil picture by the Legislative Council between sessions, to prepare needed legislation for 1972 and 1973. The Legislative Council consists of a group of state representatives and senators, and uses hearings and meetings to gather its testimony.

The hearing began at 7:30 p.m., September 9 at Miller Hall. The Legislative Council handled the publicity in a most unusual way. First the meeting was announced for Sept. 19. Then, the night of the 8th, a microscopic item appeared in the Herald. The announcement gave no indication of what the meeting was about, or even whether the public was allowed to attend or speak. Nevertheless, those citizens who did show up noted that the oil industry had apparently had no such communication problem. The room was filled with representatives of the oil and barge industries, all decked out neatly in suits, ties, and frowns.

Rep. Hal Wolf, the committee chairman and a long-time opponent of environmental laws, had set up the program. It began with a statement by the Department of Ecology about spill readiness—long and boring. The audience was not permitted to ask questions, this privilege being reserved for legislators. Rep. Van Dyk began asking embarrassing questions about how many minutes, hours, etc. it would take to begin cleaning up a spill. "Well, that's hard to say. . . . In what ways were we better off since the Anacortes spill? More hedging. . . talk of contingency plans.

Next speaker, Edgar Weymouth, Northwest representative of the Western Oil and Gas Association, a public relations man who suffers from an unfortunate disability; everything he says comes out in a \$3-billish manner—even when it is true. He goes for expansive gestures punctuating the stories he tells. This evening he outdid himself. Reps. Van Dyk and Douthwaite had gamely been trying to uncover the truth at this hearing. But even Van Dyk, a dairy farmer by trade, was clearly unequal to the job of digging out the truth from under Weymouth's mountain of manure.

"The petroleum industry has always been concerned about oil spills" (arms extended out and downward, palms up). He stated that Puget Sound would receive "only one or two additional tankers a week to supply our own refineries for our northwest needs." Those who have been following the oil industry projections for Puget Sound in the Passage will have noted a steady shrinkage in the volume of oil which the industry has in store for us. Weymouth regularly contradicts information released by other oil industry spokesmen.

But that's his job.

Several commercial fishermen in the audience were growing steadily angrier at being unable to rebut Weymouth's tales. The final straw came when Weymouth made his proclamation about the Rosario Strait in the San Juan Islands, the strait which is supposed to handle the supertanker traffic. "Many statements have been made concerning Rosario Straits. . . It is not a restricted dangerous passage, as all Puget Sound boat owners know." At this point the fishermen spontaneously began booing. These men, most of whom fish in Rosario Strait, know of the intensive small boat traffic, the commercial fishing gear and the hazards of the area. One of them later testified that his fishing boat had nearly been run down by a tanker a few weeks earlier. Rep. Wold reprimanded them for their interruption and Weymouth proceeded. He related the steps the industry had taken to combat oil spills—a variety of insignificant items such as inventorying the nearly non-existent equipment and supplies, forming contingency plans (one of which led to the Anacortes spill "clean-up" fiasco), etc. He then laid the oil industry's position right on the line. "The remaining area of concern, although the chance is minimal as already mentioned, is the large spill. A large spill entails heavy, expensive cleanup equipment and material not practical for individual company purchase. To have everyone spend thousands of dollars on equipment which may never be used just doesn't make economic sense."

DISCUSSES OIL

by cato

So there you have it kiddies. If we have a big oil spill, you can be consoled by several thoughts as you watch Puget Sound die. The chance was minimal and the oil industry was behaving in an economically sensible manner.

This is not to say that nothing has been done. Weymouth mentioned that 1000 feet of floating booms and a \$70,000 skimmer boat have been purchased and that two (count 'em) full time people have been assigned to planning.

At this point Rep. Douthwaite began questioning Weymouth sharply. Hadn't the industry talked the Legislature out of an oil tax to build up a \$500,000 oil spill cleanup fund, on the basis that the industry would spend that much voluntarily? How many dollars had the industry spent; Weymouth faltered—"Well, in spill cleanup it's not really the dollars that count." "But how many dollars are available?" "Why, you have the resources of the entire oil industry behind you. . . the sky's the limit." (arms thrown upwards towards the heavens)

Suddenly out in the audience, up jumped Vern Lindskog, interrupting Weymouth. Lindskog, an oily slick lawyer who is the oil lobbyist in Olympia, is a powerful man. Rep. Wolf who had sternly reprimanded the fishermen earlier sat silent. "Mr. Chairman, I'd like to clarify the point Mr. Weymouth is making. What Mr. Weymouth means is that blah, blah, yakity, blah. . . soothing, balming words, proving a smooth veneer to Weymouth's coarse presentation. When it was all over, Lindskog had explained that the industry wasn't making all its resources available and that Weymouth didn't know what he was saying.

Next witness: an elderly man from the Tow Boat Association who gave an angry presentation designed to prove the exceptional safety of tug and barge operations. He pointed out that only 3 spills had taken place in barge operations this year (one of them the 230,000 gallon Anacortes spill). He gave figures on barge traffic twice those which Weymouth had presented. He concluded with this memorable quote: "Gentlemen, there are presently 42 bills pending in Congress which could affect our industry, so you can see why we're beginning to feel like General Custer at the Battle of Bunker Hill."

By this time, the industry having finished its presentation, it was getting late. The remaining witnesses were told to cut their remarks to a few minutes. Juris Vagners, an engineering professor at the University of Washington, Wally Heath, of the Lummi Aquaculture Project and Paul Tholfsen of the WWSC Physics Department tried to get into the question of oil spill cleanup preparedness. Despite the limited time, some headway was made.

Tholfsen described the unbelievable sequence of events at a San Diego spill last month. A navy tanker loading accident spilled 180,000 gallons of oil. The navy spent the next 9 days building a skimmer boat. Once the boat was ready, the slick had grown to 900 square miles [recall Weymouth's proud announcement of 1000 feet of floating boom] at which time the navy switched to a "bucket boat"—a boat on which a man heaved out a porous bucket on a rope and reeled it back in picking up a little oil. The total absurdity of the situation broke up everyone—even the phalanx of industry men, including Jack Racine, the Arco Manager who hasn't been seen to smile since moving to Whatcom County.

And so, the stacked hearing drew to a close. Just one more example of why the legislative process is usually so ineffective. The entire public was once again treated as just one more special interest to be given equal time with the oil men, the tug owners, etc.

The committee spent 5 hours the next day on a tour of the Shell Oil Refinery. A Washington Environmental Council representative who tried to attend was kicked out by Rep. Hal Wolf. But that's understandable—having people around who know the truth makes the oil industry, as well as their Olympia representatives, uncomfortable.

"WITH ODDS LIKE THAT, HOW CAN WE LOSE?"

by mary kay becker

What are the odds that the fishermen of Cordova, Alaska, will win their suit against the trans-Alaska pipeline?

"Against us are several departments of the federal administration, the state of Alaska, and the oil industry," said Dell Goeres, executive secretary of the Cordova District Fishermen's Union (CDFU). "On our side are 500 good tough hard-headed fishermen that won't change their stand. With odds like that, how can we lose?"

Ms. Goeres was in Bellingham and Seattle earlier this month on a flying mission to spread the word: contrary to official propaganda, not everyone in Alaska is in favor of the trans-Alaska pipeline route! She was accompanied here by Chet Cheshier, a fisherman and union member who thought the issue important enough to leave Alaska for the first time in 22 years.



They came from Cordova, a small fishing village of 1100 chiselled out of a hill above Prince William Sound. Valdez, the proposed pipeline terminus, is only 65 nautical miles away. The fishermen have become very concerned about the threat to their own source of income. "It could be an oil spill, it could be everyday low-level pollution," Cheshier said. "Either way, it would put us out of business." The CDFU suit, if successful, would force Alyeska Pipeline Company to find another route bypassing the coastal fishing grounds.

Having read the Woods Hole Study (which shows oil to be extremely damaging to marine life), the aroused board of directors of CDFU voted to take "any and all action necessary to protect the environment and our livelihood." During Cordova's leisurely wintertime, they circulated the Woods Hole reports and then called a public meeting in Cordova, to which came oil industry representatives, the Coast Guard, and half the adult population of Cordova. "Studies are being done," said the oil men in response to worried questions. But when the fishermen asked them, "What studies?", they hemmed and hawed and had no answers. "This meeting really stiffened our backbone," said Ms. Goeres. "We were mad!" They sent out a referendum ballot to all 476 union members, and when the votes came back, only seven members disagreed with their stand against the pipeline route.

ONE CENT PER FISH

The next question, said Ms. Goeres, was, "How in hell would we get the money to do it?" An estimated \$50,000 was needed. Three fishermen put up \$10,000 as an initial loan. At the general meeting the union membership agreed to assess themselves one cent per fish of the coming year's catch. Last year the fish taken by the union totaled over four million; this year the total will be at least that much and will thus bring in another \$40,000 for the costs of the lawsuit.

CDFU's suit was filed in May of this year by their lawyers in Washington, D.C. It has two parts. One is to enjoin the Department of Interior from permitting the pipeline to end at Valdez. "We are not against a pipeline *per se*," Ms. Goeres said emphatically. "We are not against progress and employment and money for Alaska and all the rest of it. It's just that oil and

fish are not compatible. That's our basic point." The other part of the suit is against the Department of Agriculture, specifically the Forest Service, which leased 802 acres of land near Valdez to Alyeska for tank storage. In doing this the Forest Service knowingly violated a federal land law limiting such leases to 80 acres.

The CDFU suit is similar to others being brought by the Wilderness Society and other conservation organizations. But the fishermen may carry more weight in court since their individual economic interests are at stake. An oil spill could mean the end for their salmon runs, for crab, shrimp, for razor and butter clams, for cod, for a herring spawn industry. "And what would we do then?" said Cheshier. He and his fellow union members have \$12 million invested in equipment. The figures of the Department of Fish and Game show that \$20 million worth of fish came from Prince William Sound alone in 1968 and 1969 (it's about the size of Puget Sound.) "And fish is a resource that can be projected 200 years into the future," said Ms. Goeres. "Why sacrifice a renewable resource for one that will run out?"

The CDFU suit against the Interior Department will be tested in court only if and when the permit for the pipeline is granted. Meanwhile, Alyeska and the state of Alaska have intervened in the suit. They will be allowed as third parties to call their own witnesses in protection of their interests. Already they requested — unsuccessfully — a change of venue for the suit from Washington to Anchorage, Alaska. So this is what CDFU is up against. In anticipation of

the permit, there has been much land speculation around Valdez; brush is being cleared for the pipeline, and in general, said Cheshier, "they're trying to get as much money invested in it as possible so it will be harder to get them out."

Whatever the outcome of their suit, the Cordova fishermen are determined to see it through to the end. They have already turned away what Cheshier referred to as a "blackmail attempt." They were informed that Alyeska was planning to go out of its way to use the Cordova city dock to unload their pipe. This was supposed to be good news, an employment opportunity for Cordova men. "At first we were enraged," said Ms. Goeres. Then, they decided to issue a press release welcoming Alyeska to the town. "We told the company it was no concern of ours what they did with their pipe — they could boil it up for spaghetti if they wanted to — just don't send it up to Prudhoe Bay and send oil through it!" They heard nothing more about it after that.

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NOTES

Cancer-Causing asbestos is much more widely distributed throughout the environment than previously suspected two scientists in the Canadian Food and Drug Directorate, Ottawa, have discovered. "Twelve brands of Canadian beer, wine, sherry and port, six of American beer, six of European wine, vermouth and sherry, and two of South African sherry were examined and all were found to contain asbestos fibres," reported H. M. Cunningham and R. Pontefract. And, they added, the fibres are so incredibly tiny (visible only through an electron microscope) that "such material may find its way through filtering systems into city drinking water supplies, and this we have been able to confirm." Where is the asbestos coming from? Major asbestos mines are located in Quebec, but atmospheric pollution from industry seems a more likely source: The scientists found high levels of asbestos fibres in melted snow in the Ottawa area. While orally ingested asbestos is believed to cause gastrointestinal cancer, the pair stressed that more research is needed to determine "the extent to which the fibres penetrate the walls of the digestive tract, the degree to which they may be transported to other organs of the body and the biological effects of their residence in various tissues." *Rodale's Health Bulletin.*

The Greening of Ruppert — A few years ago, New York City demolished the last of Manhattan's great breweries, and in doing so created a 12-acre vacant lot: The Ruppert Brewery Urban Renewal Site. While the City and the local community have disputed its future, the Site has remained unused — a wasteland of garbage. Adverse financial conditions coupled with continuing community opposition to high-rise, high rent housing schemes suggest that further planning is desirable to satisfy community needs. In light of this delay, a team of local architects proposed and received private funding for greening over a three-acre portion of the tract, reclaiming it for interim use as a neighborhood park. The greening of Ruppert is underway. Design features include such things as individual allotment gardens, a grassy meadow, sculpture garden/workshop, and spaces for events and activities. Ruppert Green will become the center for a community-wide drive to recycle all aluminum cans. Organic wastes are being returned to the soil. Ninetieth Street, between Second and Third Avenues (where the park is located) should be closed as a summer play street; ultimately the entire length, from Central Park to the East River, could become a pedestrian greenway linking the three parks together.

Mrs. Amanda Ramos, who claimed in a lawsuit that air pollution was so bad in her neighborhood it made her six children mentally retarded and damaged kidneys in three of them, said yesterday she has settled out of court for \$175,000. Mrs. Ramos, 40, filed the suit against Lead Products Co., Inc., asking \$5.29 million. All her children, ranging from 10 to 15, are mentally retarded. Lead Products' smokestacks and smelter furnaces were just across the family's north fence and Mrs. Ramos said the plant released untreated lead residues while reclaiming lead from old car batteries. Mrs. Ramos said the company's forced air-and-water spray system pumped the pollutants out of the factory to protect employees. *Seattle Post Intelligencer, 9/10/71.*

Florida real estate developer, Dick Bonds, was already knee-deep in a new housing development outside Orlando when company architects told him they'd sighted a family of bald eagles in some woods next to what would soon be a golf course fairway. So Bonds designated 32 acres of would-be housing lots around the nest as a sanctuary. One hundred homes, housing 350 people, had been planned for the wooded area whose potential value was put at \$620,000. Bonds admits that he didn't arrive at the decision without enduring some agony: "It was a tough decision to make in that there is a lot of money tied up in it." But then he recalls the first time he went out to see the eagles. "I saw them from a distance, it was late in the afternoon. The sun was setting and they were wheeling around a lake. They were beautiful, just beautiful." *Conservation News.*

THE CONFORMIST

by bernard weiner

As do the other arts, films — be they good or bad — tell us much about the society in which they are produced. One film on a particular theme may be nothing more than the result of one artist's eccentricities, but when several films appear centered around the same theme, we would do well to pause and reflect.

Lately, a number of films have appeared which deal with the subject of fascism. They are mainly of European leftist directors — Costa Gravas' "Z" and "The Confession," Petri's "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion," Visconti's "The Damned," and the film I wish to discuss here, Bernardo Bertolucci's "The Conformist." (One could also point to certain American movies which deal with what we might call cultural fascism rather than the more political brand in the European films — "Joe," "Easy Rider," and "WUSA.")

It matters not that several of these films focus their attention in the period of European inter-war fascism. What is important is that, regardless of whether the period is contemporary or historical, these films are being produced now and are being viewed today by millions. This in an age which, in its fast-changing turmoil, is coming more and more to invest itself with the features of incipient fascism, both in America and abroad.

Having experienced the actual abominations of political and military fascism, French and Italian directors are fairly blatant in treating the subject in their films, whereas outright fascism is a treat relatively few white Americans have had the opportunity to experience firsthand, thus American fascist themes in the cinema are more subtly rendered.

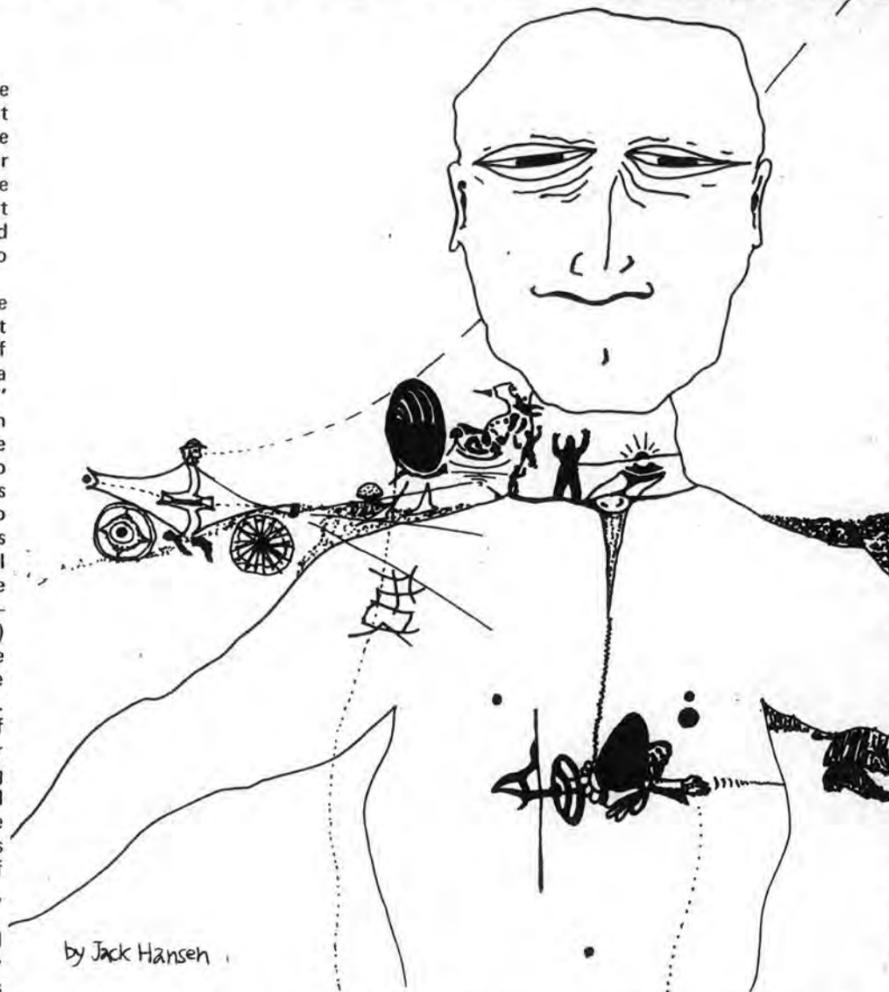
THE FASCIST MENTALITY

However, regardless of these differences in emphasis, one hypothesis remains constant in both American and European film investigations of fascism: that, somehow, the key to understand the fascist mentality can be found locked within the recesses of the sexual universe.

Males repressing feelings of homosexuality, or males insecure in their own sense of masculinity, or males repressed by overly dominant mothers who thus seek out strong authoritarian father-figures, or "machismo" which must be acted out in the form of brutality and the exercise of sadistic power — these psychosexual explanations show up repeatedly in these films, just as they have been demonstrated clinically by behavioral research.

"The Conformist" is no exception. The film is based on the famed novel of the same title by Alberto Moravia, which delves deeply into the psychological maelstrom of one Marcello Clerici, and emerges from those murky depths with the stuff of sexual maladjustment.

In brief, the film plot is this: Marcello joins Mussolini's fascists in order his childhood crime or murder with the generalized social murders of fascism. (A chauffeur attempted to seduce the handsome young Marcello, and the boy shot him with a revolver.) He is assigned to kill an anti-fascist former professor of his, now directing activities from Parisian exile. Marcello accomplishes this during his honeymoon, having married to further enhance his own sense of "normality." He performs his marital functions —



by Jack Hansen

"performs" is right, since he has little interest in the matter, or in his silly wife — but seems capable of erotic enthrallment only with the Lesbian wife of the professor.

On the night that Mussolini's government falls, Marcello learns that he did not in fact murder his would-be seducer, and that his whole life has thus been based on a lie. As the film ends, with the well-ordered world of fascism crumbling apart, Marcello is about to bed with a young street boy, having come to accept his "true" sexual nature.

In the novel, several key facts are different: 1) Marcello is not asked to kill the professor himself; indeed, he only learns of the murder of the professor and his wife by seeing the news report in a magazine (the same way he confirmed his own act of murder of the chauffeur); 2) The professor's wife hates Marcello and uses him only to get to his pretty wife; 3) There are other reasons why Marcello desires to blend into the facelessness of fascism in addition to his guilt feelings and his repressed homosexuality; and 4) After he learns that he is not, and never has been, a murderer, Marcello feels somewhat cleansed and he and his wife escape Rome for the country, presumably there to attempt to begin over again. However, on the way, they are killed by a strafing plane.

FROM A NOVEL TO A FILM

There is no inherent reason why a film director should feel compelled to stick to each detail of a novel. After all, the media are radically different, and a film artist must "translate." However, in that process, he must not distort intent and nuance of meaning. And, in this sense, Bertolucci at least partially has failed in his attempt to cinematize the Moravia novel.

For example, instead of telling the story in a straight time-line, Bertolucci chooses to display his credentials of

the careful building of a mood and story-line, these sequences usually detract by their distinctiveness — and in their imitation of Fellini forms — and in a story with the delicacy of Moravia's, this is sometimes almost disastrous.

Visually, the film is a beautiful work of art. At times, one feels like saying, almost a bit too beautiful, as Bertolucci seems unable to frame a simple shot devoid of artistic complexities. But mostly, I was delighted by the color photography, and particularly by the lighting.

Bertolucci constantly uses shadow, darkness, and striped lighting, which fits in perfectly with one of the major themes: the allegory of Plato's Cave, where men are fooled by the lighting and set-up of the cave so that they misinterpret illusion for reality and vice versa. (Indeed, in one key scene, Bertolucci makes this theme manifest with lighting: Marcello speaks from the darkness, the professor is in half-light, then the professor opens the window and Marcello is forced to look upon his walled shadow as he speaks of the Platonic allegory.)

There are many things about the film which I do not particularly appreciate — some of which are hinted at above — but, on the whole, I find it a truly remarkable piece of work, in quality miles above Bertolucci's first impressive film, "Before the Revolution," also about a young man whose sexual longings become enmeshed in his political confusions.

In addition to the artistic framing and lighting, the acting in the film is superb. Jean-Louis Trintignant as Marcello lends more depth to the role, even in his usual facial immobility, than Bertolucci's direction requires. Dominique Sanda as the professor's wife radiates a ravishing mysteriousness. But top acting honors must go to Stefania Sandrelli as Marcello's petit-bourgeois wife, a tough role to carry out without slipping over into parody.

"The Conformist" on film is different in significant ways from "The Conformist" on the page — too much Freudian exploitation of key scenes and not enough straight character development — yet it reveals much, in both character and social truth, that we need to know today. I recommend it highly.

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THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY, Ingmar Bergman	Friday, Dec. 3 L-4, 7 and 9:00 p.m.

by john d. lambert

LOVE IS NO PLACE TO BE LOST IN ALONE

Responsibility is the ability to
fulfill one's needs and to do so in
a way that does not deprive others of
the ability to fulfill their needs.

--William Glasser, Reality Therapy

So I lay there flat on my back
The blanket center-poled around us:
Her head on my cushioned shoulder,
Her ear pressing my garrulous heart
For the only secret that ever matters,
The whole world enclosed and foresworn
In the arc of my encircling arm:

And I worried because everywhere
I looked I saw Peter Max sunrises
And the birds were singing up the sun
As if Mozart were their exclusive arranger
While I drifted in scudding clouds of drowse,
Content to float without dipping an oar--
Which is something I can do at forty-two
That I couldn't do at twenty;

And I wondered if I was about to use her
Or help her with her Icarian wings,
Feeling that it had to be one or the other
Unaware that it could be both with no bother,
Or something else; but there's no way of knowing
Once you're that close to the stars
And you've bought all the wrong charts.

AFTERMATH

I move slowly this morning,
Between two worlds again:
A spider in a crock of oil.

With too many legs in the first place
And too far into the richness,
I begin to look for ways out
Rather than ways in:
The oil becomes too much--

Oh, I know all about Elijah
And the widow's loving trust
And the endless supply of oil,

And I'm trying to love the world
Right out of its celestial mind
Regardless of the terrestrial cost;
But I can't help wondering, sometimes,
If that bereft Hebrew woman's jar

Might not yet turn out to be
A crock with a spider in it.

AN ANTI-ALBA ALBA

AN ANTI-ALBA ALBA: or How to Put Grandma, Grandpa,
Ben Franklin, and Jean Paul Sartre All in the Same Poem
Without Trying, Hardly

11:30

A.M.

And the daylight ruffling
The scalloping drape overhead
Tells me that most of the shank of the day,
As Grandma used to say,
Is already gone.

Being a great admirer of shanks
And other parts,
I get up guilty at having let
All the health, wealth and wisdom
That almanac printer
Used to talk about
Escape me.

He was right of course:
There is something
Of Melvin Maxwell's Magic Exlixir,
As Grandpa used to call it,
In that first early lifting
That stirs the birds and the breeze
And the brain and the loins;

But let's face it,
Even though I regret losing
The best time of the day for listening
And living and loving,
Nobody should ever be expected
To put doing
Before being--

I don't care if to be is to belong to somebody,
As that French anti-christ used to say--
Especially nobody who, rebellious,
Backwards, was breech-born like me
In the
A.M.
5:30.



photo by Bob Anderson

ALASKA OIL TO JAPAN

by dale jones

In campaigning for the trans-Alaska pipeline, officials of the Nixon Administration and representatives of the oil interests have argued that Alaska's oil is important to the national security of the U.S. An Alyeska brochure, "Questions and Answers," states:

We import crude oil from overseas sources — primarily the Middle East. We have the choice of increasing our dependency on other nations or developing our domestic reserves.

Putting aside the inaccuracy of this statement (four-fifths of U.S. oil imports come from the Western Hemisphere, mainly from Venezuela and Canada), it is hard to reconcile this "supposed national" security concern with certain indications that the companies that make up Alyeska may be interested in selling Alaska oil to Japan.

In an interview with *National Journal* on July 20, Edward L. Patton, president of Alyeska Pipeline Service Company, indicated that as of 1980, 25% of North Slope oil is targeted for sale beyond the U.S. West Coast, which is the major market for Alaska oil under present plans. This 25% diversion is necessary because the West Coast is not expected to be able to absorb all of the North Slope oil until 1985, according to Patton. (Absorption rates are predicated on an assumed oil output of 2 million barrels a day by 1980. However, some sources — including officials of the National Petroleum Council — have estimated that output might reach 3 or even 4 million barrels a day.)

Patton's figures are quoted from confidential estimates submitted to the Department of the Interior by the seven oil companies which participate in Alyeska. In these documents, he said, the 25% surplus — 500,000 barrels a day — is lumped under the heading "Panama," which is a catchall listing for oil to be marketed outside the West Coast. According to *National Journal*, "Patton estimated that sales to Japan might amount to 100,000 barrels a day in 1980 . . . A 100,000 - barrel - a - day business with Japan would account for only 5% of North Slope production, Patton noted."

As a basis of comparison, figures from the Oil Import Administration, Interior Department, indicate that no single nation in the Middle East or Africa sold more than 50,000 barrels of oil a day to the U.S. during 1970. Total imports from twelve Middle East and African nations averaged about 300,000 barrels daily.

Granting the fact that oil sales to Japan are at present only a possibility and not a known commitment (there is no question that the Japanese are interested), these figures make it rather difficult to believe in the oil companies' "concern" with U.S. security. The companies know perfectly well that there are several potential sources of more oil to meet increased demand. (Some of these are discussed in a report by an Alaskan official, Harold T. Jorgenson, Bureau of Land Management, to the Department of the Interior: see the *Congressional Record*, February 19, 1971.) That is why they can traffic with the idea of sending Alaskan oil to Japan, while publicly arguing that the immediate opening of the North Slope reserves is vital to U.S. security. Of course, the whole national security argument has always been a double-edged sword: if you use the oil now, you won't have it in the future, when the need for it might be much greater.

[Dale Jones is Northwest Coordinator for Friends of the Earth, an international Conservation Organization.]

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ONE MAN'S FAMILY

by jude the obscure

Tales of economic woe are not uncommon in Washington this summer.

I want to briefly introduce you to just one family. I want you to meet an infinitesimally small fraction of James Agee's "poor naked wretches that bide the pelting of this pitiless storm. These are incommunicably tender lives, wounded in every breath and almost as hardly killed as easily wounded, sustaining for a while, without defense, the enormous assaults of the universe." They are alive and not well in Cumberland.

Pete heads the family. He is a short, stocky, bearded man with twinkling eyes. Until a few months ago he worked for the forest service as a surveyor. Government employees are not notably well paid, but the Olliviers were holding on. Pete was dragging himself around a demanding job, but he worked until he collapsed once too often. His doctor ordered him to quit. He is not supposed to be on his feet very much, but then there is Jackie.

Once in a while I meet someone whose very presence reminds me that the value of good health cannot be measured. These are the bare medical facts: in Jackie's life she has suffered from bronchitis, rheumatic fever, epilepsy and has gone through eleven pregnancies to have three children. Three weeks ago doctors performed exploratory surgery and discovered that she was filled with cancer. I look for the bitterness, but except for resentment toward certain cold, indifferent people and agencies, I find none.

And then there are the children. Sunsets cannot be painted in black and white; so just imagine three beautiful mud-splattered, barefoot ragamuffins running through the house with flowers for their sick mom. However, they are not without their problems.

Jim was born blind and deaf, but surgery seems to have corrected these defects and he is responding well to treatment. John seems to be the least troubled and

is the most affectionate and outgoing. He wants to be an auctioneer. Jan is repeating the first grade for the second time. Her mother says that no matter how hard she tries she never seems to do anything right. Her problem may be hearing as well as impatient teachers. Hopefully she will be tested at Childrens Orthopedic Hospital soon. She is a shy, sensitive child who enjoys working with animals and with her hands.

There are also 2 kittens, a dog, geese, hens, roosters regularly around the yard. Plus whatever stray animals the kids bring home.

Shelter is adequate in the sense that it provides a roof over their heads. With a little money, ingenuity, tender loving care and a cooperative landlord, the house could be made into a comfortable home for three people. There is not adequate living space for five. Worn out clothes are scattered everywhere. Closet and shelf space is sorely lacking. The furniture is all in poor condition. There is a fine old wood stove in the kitchen, but how many times have you had to cook a meal or heat water on one when the temperature is pushing 100 degrees? Pete tries, but he is supposed to be taking it easy. Real easy.

From what I have observed the food situation is better than one might expect. Jackie has done a lot of canning. They shop intelligently and buy in quantities at places like the Prairie Market. The shelves are stocked with canned goods and there is fresh meat and fruit in the refrigerator.

At this time of the year the clothing situation is becoming critical. There are practically no decent school clothes for eight year old Janet and five year old John. There is a desperate need for fall and winter clothes that are in good condition. If you can provide something, then please either send it to the Ollivier Family, Cumberland, Washington 98015, or send a letter. Something can be worked out from there. *Camus told us that perhaps we cannot stop suffering in the world, but we can at least help to reduce the number of suffering people.*

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I am embarking on a new voyage
 but I keep stumbling
 through the old hand signals
 and my seamen
 all lined across the deck
 do not respond
 don't quite remember.
 As for myself
 the new sign has not come clear.
 I can see them down there
 some are disheveled
 few fall to their chores
 they are weary, waiting.
 and still the signal
 has not appeared.
 As if they left me back on shore,
 they cannot hear me.
 I curse them from the bridge.

Patrushka McKinnon
 February 1971

DRAWING
 by
 JACK
 HANSEN

How I won the war
 over a peacock feather

Next line
 is hiding
 behind a peacock feather
 Upon a sailboat
 bound for the Northwest winds
 I stuck in my thumb
 And pulled out a fucking turnip.
 And the rhyme and reason
 of all this
 (if it must be expressed)
 is to wait for the falling moon...
 till nothing, my dear.
 (Let's get undressed.)

L&L expressions, Int.
 August 20, 1971



CENTER PROPOSAL

by rick pathman

I would like to present a proposal here; it is a product of my hopes/fantasies/experiences and I present it not as a crystalized form, but rather as an offering to you to build around, over, or through with. It is not an end in itself, only a beginning for which to focus energy and commitment. I would like to meet with people who would be interested in involving themselves, to whatever degree they want to, in whatever capacity, whether it be a professional person offering time and knowledge, to those who want to learn how to help others, to those that can offer money or their services in other ways. The meeting will be on Monday, October 4, at 7:30 p.m. at the N.W. Passage office.

THE PROPOSAL: To create a center in Bellingham through which the following needs can be fulfilled:

1. Where people with immediate crisis problems, drug and non-drug, can go.
2. Where people who just want to rap, to be with other people, can go.
3. Where people who feel they have problems can go to resolve those problems.
4. Where people who want to learn/expand/grow can go.

The Center would fulfill these needs by offering:

1. Counseling/therapy, person-to-person.
2. Referral to other sources if the person's needs cannot be met.
3. Trained emergency crisis people for drug and non-drug freakouts.
4. People who are willing to rap, listen, and make contact with others.

5. Encounter groups, sensitivity training, lectures, classes; any form of participation in learning how to grow/develop.

6. Training for people wanting to know how to counsel and lead groups.

7. Sending personnel to outside groups for teaching/helping.

Suggested Principles of Operation:

1. The Center would be a place where people can help others on their own terms, and where members of the community can be helped on their own terms.

2. Caring about the person you help is the essence of the healing/helping process. You as the living process of love, are the media, whose message is love.

3. Helping others is often a very good way of helping yourself.

4. The essential knowledge level transmission is turning people on to themselves, to give them the tools to make themselves what they want to be.

5. The help given is on the subject's terms, the problems are those of his own definition, and the only solutions are those that he wants.

6. The recognition of a wide and diverse range of approaches to the solving of the problems of life.

7. A range of human condition as a continuum from "insane" to "normal" to more than well, or from deep separation/alienation to passable alienation to total wholeness/enlightenment.

8. The way the community of people who operate the center relate to each other determines the functioning of those people as individuals within the Center.

9. The techniques of groups should be applied to the group that applies them to other people.

10. The Center is run by the consensus of those that are its community of workers and participants.

If you would like to contact me: Rick Pathman, Box 248, RR2, Sedro Woolley, Wash.

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Did you realize that there are well over 90,000,000 dogs and cats in the United States already? That puppies and kittens are born at the rate of 10,000 per hour? This is a staggering 36,000,000 puppies and 52,000,000 kittens annually.

There are many, many dogs and cats right here in the Bellingham area and my reason for wanting to begin this column is to help those of us who really love our animals know more about diet and proper care.

Before you stop reading and say to yourself, "I know everything there is to know about my dog or cat," let me tell you that when I began my job I felt the same way. I've learned differently and I am still learning some very important things, and, of course, I would like to pass them on to you.

For instance, those of you who may be interested in going to school to study as a veterinarian assistant, this is now possible. A two-year course is being offered in Tacoma. For more information: Washington State Veterinary Medical Association, c/o Mr. Loren D. Ford, P.O. Box 962, Bellevue, Washington 98004.

Also, there is a catalogue you can get for free. It contains health products for dogs and cats. Most of the items listed are wholesale and they are very prompt in their delivery. One example, 500 VMP Theralin Tabs \$8.00 and I've seen them here for \$10.60. In most cases there is a considerable saving. If you would like a catalogue write: ANIMAL VETERINARY PRODUCTS, INC., P.O. Box 1491, Springfield, Ill. 62705.

They carry Canine vaccines, Feline products, Worming preparations, Ear remedies, Eye preparations, Diarrhea remedies, Vitamins, Minerals, Feeding supplements and remedies, Antibiotics, Skin preparations, etc., just to name a few.

I also have many good pamphlets here at the house that are free to you for the asking. One pamphlet that I feel everyone should see is entitled **From Cause To Effect**. The pictures are not pleasant, but they stress the need for controlled breeding and making ABSOLUTELY sure that your puppy or kitten has been placed in a good home. Do you ever stop and wonder after a year as to whether all the kittens or puppies are still alive or are you busy trying to "give" away more? In the long run it will cost you more to let them have their babies than to have them spayed and in the case of the males (it takes two) neutered. Sure it's costly, but before getting any animal you should consider the idea of having him or her altered if they are to be kept as pets. An altered animal makes a much better pet and contrary to an "old wives tale," the operation will not change their personality. The spaying should be done between 6-9 months in both dogs and cats. The same for neutering. The price of spaying goes up if the female has been through a heat period or has had babies. Some people say "but my cat or dog has such beautiful babies" — every puppy or kitten should be beautiful, it is a living, breathing, feeling creature. You are still adding to the surplus! Each baby animal should be priceless, but have you looked at the paper lately? Free kittens, free puppies. FREE! FREE! FREE! It should be enough to turn everyone's stomach but apparently it doesn't because they keep on allowing their animals to produce litter after umpteen litter.

Usually in six weeks the kittens or puppies your pet has had may be unwanted, most of all by you. Puppies and kittens at six weeks of age are much too young to be placed in homes, they are only beginning to learn to eat and by the time they reach 10-12 weeks they should be ready to go. NOT BEFORE!

One of the common arguments I hear against altering an animal is the one about teaching the children about nature's wonders and that it will improve her temperament. To begin with, you are not furthering your child's biological education, instead, you are demonstrating how cruelly man can tamper with ecology. Much emphasis has been placed on conserving our environment by population control — we must begin regulating the dogs and cats. If the population of dogs and cats keeps rising cranks and other chronic complainers will require the city council to make laws. They may limit one dog or one cat per family in town or perhaps if it is not confined it will be shot or captured and turned over to a laboratory.

If this happens you have only yourselves to blame. Begin now, tell others that now is the time to begin. Keep your females confined when in season, its rough but well worth it.

One more thing, never let anyone tell you there is something dreadfully wrong with dog or cat people. CONTRARY, many of us unknowingly are preparing human minds and souls for an era when unless there is full understanding of life, all men and all animals will perish.

LOOK FOR THIS COLUMN IN THE NEXT PASSAGE' IF THERE ARE OTHER THINGS YOU WOULD LIKE TO SEE IN THE COLUMN' OR IF YOU WOULD LIKE SOME OF THE PAMPHLETS THAT I HAVE ON HAND' PLEASE CALL ME AT 733-3795.

FREE U AGAIN

The Northwest Free University begins another year of operation this month. A long established institution on the Bellingham scene, the Free U offers courses not normally available elsewhere in town. This quarter's offering includes:

- Macrame
- Chess
- Magical Massage
- Dress Design
- Knitting
- Crocheting
- Growing Indoor Plants
- Mushroom Hunting
- Leather Working
- Auto Repair
- Theatre
- How to Build a House
- Parapsychology
- Canadian Canoeing
- Batik and Tie-dye
- Jewish Cooking
- Great Books
- Radical Economics
- Weaving
- Japanese Conversation
- French Conversation
- Wood Carving
- Health Food Cooking,

Registration will take place at the College or through the mails, from September 27 through October 7. You may phone 733-8733 for a copy of the catalogue. Most classes begin during the week of October 11th.

See you at the Free U!

HERE I SIT

*Here I sit as one may say,
On top of the world,
But it's really only a little hill like place and
Peacefully, quietly meditate
As I write all this shit very freely.*

*At the bottom is like a little valley
Stone naturally I can see lots of lovelys,
The eyes can see when others blindly don't see.*

*Dogs with me sitting very freely as me.
Number 3 is how many are with me.
Sky, the highest,
Bear, the strongest,
& a black bitch that I call Blacky,
And all 3 are big but very lovey
Not fighting or I'll shitcan all 3.*

*Daisies I see & beautiful trees
Standing high motionlessly.
Clovers aplenty mixing all over with dandelions.
Many varieties of greens & flowers & beautiful weeds
Whose names I know not cuz it matters not
As long as I can see how
Beautiful it all can be and should be.*



*Bellingham Bay also I see,
Very polluted I was told but still beautiful to see
Looks to me the water is slowly moving from southerly
to northerly,*

But then it only appears to be.

*Birds I see very far from me.
But one variety came pretty close to me
Sailing very gracefully.*

*The sky is gray more than blue.
Clouds more gray than white.
As for the sun, it seems to be
Playing games hiding again.*

*Also I see small mountains
Behind all this scenery
And here I sit admiring all this beautiful scenery.
Free as can be from any worries*

*Or any bodies
But as in love as love makes me
With a beautiful lady.*

Amen

Cadillac

I've spent a lot of time on long-distance busses, mainly in the United States and Mexico, but also in Turkey, Iran and points east, and the bus trip from Kabul, Afghanistan, down through the Kabul Gorge and the Khyber Pass to Peshawar, Pakistan, is one of the best I've ever taken. I made the trip last year with my wife in the dead of winter. Kabul in the winter is cold and muddy and, because there's very little modern plumbing and people, shall we say, defecate along the river bank, behind walls and beside buildings, it sometimes resembles a privy with 450,000 inhabitants, but it's still a pretty interesting place.

For one thing, Kabul is the only city I know that smells like hash. New York in the winter smells like roasting chestnuts or cheap fry food, and Mexico City, smells like tortillas. Other cities smell like diesel fumes or spices or salt water or things cooking in olive oil or horse shit or faulty sewer systems. Well, Kabul smells like hashish. You walk down a street and all of a sudden, there it is.

The city is full of American, British and Western European hippies in embroidered sheep skin jackets, who must have known about the hash before they came, and of course Afghans, who must have known about the hash long before the hippies did.

You see very few women in the streets, and most those you do see are veiled, dressed in head-to-ankles tents of solid-colored cloth with little mesh windows to see through. There's a sprinkling of younger women, though, who don't wear veils and who even wear fashionably short skirts. Until ten years ago the law said women had to wear veils, but in 1959 the law was changed, and now there's a regular sexual revolution going on in Afghanistan, or at least in Kabul. Boys and girls even sit in the same classes at the university.

Most of the men wear flat white turbans. Below the turban they may wear Western-style business suits and overcoats, or white robes, or long, quilted coats, or garments made of sewn-together rags, or they may simply wrap themselves in blankets or even table cloths. Most of the more raggedly dressed men are those with Mongol faces; they're called Hazaras. They live mostly in the mountains in central Afghanistan, but some go to Kabul to seek their fortunes.

In Kabul, the Hazara is the standard means of transportation. If you have one big sack or box to move somewhere, you lash it to the back of a Hazara and let him carry it. If you have a lot of boxes or sacks or cauliflower or whatever, you pile them on a two-wheeled cart and let one, two or more Hazaras pull them. Not all the men who carry sacks and pull carts are Hazaras, but most seem to be. Hazaras aren't the only means of transportation, though. Donkeys carry saddlebags full of vegetables and fruit. Big old trucks painted with bright, intricate floral patterns haul people and goods. There are some cars in Kabul, mainly little Russian-made taxis and big black Chevrolets and Mercedes Benzes that belong to the foreign embassies.

Before the bus left Kabul the porter, a short, wizened, middle-aged man with a Mongol face, his body bulky with ragged clothing, a flat turban wound around his head, moved up the aisle collecting "baksheesh" for loading people's luggage. (A word about the dignity of labor in Afghanistan: An Afghan may be poor and he may do work that in many places is reserved for beasts of burden, but he doesn't grovel. An American foreign service officer who had recently moved to Kabul from Pakistan told me that the difference between his

Travels with Chasan = Kabul and Beyond

by dan chasan



servants in the two places had been striking. In Pakistan, his servants had bowed and fawned on him. In Kabul, when he arrived at his new house, each of his servants came forward, looked him straight in the eye and firmly shook his hand -- and he found later that those direct looks and firm handshakes had defined his servants' relationship with him. Now you may object that it's grotesque for an American foreign service officer to have a house full of servants, and you may even be right, but that's not the point; the point is that Afghans can be servants without being servile.)

We drove from the city into flat, snow-covered fields that spread into the distance from both sides of the road. Behind the fields on both sides rose high, rugged, snow-covered mountains. The bus plunged from a fog bank into the mountains, following the gray-green Kabul River through a narrow gorge. The slopes on both sides of us were steep, almost free of snow, just dark rock. Then suddenly the river was far below us and the slopes on both sides had grown even steeper. Looking down toward the water, we could see the road winding back toward Kabul, then away again. The

bus began winding down toward the river, skirting the edges of steep drop-offs, rounding bends so that we kept getting distant views of the steep, narrow, rocky gorge snaking through the mountains. This was the Kabul Gorge.

After a while, we saw a herd of goats crossing the river toward us on a low wooden bridge with stone pilings at either end. The goats walked single file across the bridge, then fanned out when they reached the river bank. Beyond the goats lay a little village of mud houses, and beyond the village the gorge opened out and the river became a lake that was mostly bright blue.

As we skirted the edge of the lake, we passed through our first town since Kabul. All the buildings had flat roofs and all except a few, which were made of flat stones joined with thick cement, were mud-walled. Straw mats supported by wooden poles and frames served all the shops as awnings.

The slopes closed in on us again. A big concrete dam and power station stood at the head of the lake. A little way downriver we passed another power station and dam, and then the gorge opened again, this time not into a lake but into a plain studded with

green fields and palm trees, and we were in the city of Jalalabad. Cement and stucco villas with walled gardens and orange trees in front lined the road on both sides.

In the center of town, we saw multi-story concrete buildings already standing and new concrete buildings going up. Men walked by, stooped under big bundles of cut sugar cane. The bus stopped to give us a twenty-minute break and we got out.

The air was warmer than in Kabul, the people were more shabbily dressed, and there were more beggars.

After somewhat more than twenty minutes, the bus left Jalalabad, rolling past more green fields and some very barren areas on its way out.

Finally, we saw signs that warned people to drive on the left after crossing the border, and we arrived at the Pakistani border checkpoint of Torqam.

The bus stopped, and we went into a high, bare, crowded, dimly-lit room to have our pass ports checked. While we were waiting our turn, a very tough-looking, erect, turbaned tribesman with a rifle slung on his shoulder entered, followed single-file by five men who looked as if they were holding hands as they snaked through the crowd. Then I saw that the first two pairs of them were shackled together. A Pakistani explained that the five were Pashtoon tribesmen from Afghanistan who had crossed the border illegally and were being sent back whence they had come. The mountains in which they lived had become very cold and snowy in the winter, he said, and these men had had neither adequate shelter for themselves

nor adequate feed for their animals, so they had gone to their ancestral winter pasture lands (the tribes were there long before the present border). The Pakistani said that tribesmen crossed the border illegally and were shipped back in this fashion quite often.

Once our passports had been checked, we went to sit in one of the teahouses until the bus was ready to leave. We sat on one of the low couches and ordered a pot of tea. A waiter brought us a remarkably grimy tea pot and two equally grimy cups. When the bus was ready we climbed back aboard and rode off, past concrete tank traps, with fortified observation posts looking down on us from every hilltop. In a few minutes we were obviously in the Khyber Pass. It was everything it should have been: rocky, rugged, winding eastward like a snake. The road clung to a steep slope on our left. More high slopes rose some distance to our right. In between lay a string of smaller, craggy hills. Almost every hilltop was fortified. We passed through a town, and beyond the town, we saw people living in caves.

The Pass narrowed for the last time, and again we were riding between steep slopes with a fort on every hilltop. Then the mountains started to peter out in rapidly diminishing hills. In the distance, spreading flat and hazy before us, lay the plains of India. (Pakistan, if you want to be technical.)

Soon the Pass and the mountains had disappeared, and we entered our first town. A big fort loomed above the road on our left. Tribesmen were walking among little shops and squatting in groups, talking. All of them carried rifles. We rode on past the town, and by about four in the afternoon, we were driving through the tree-lined streets of Peshawar. We were saddle-sore and thoroughly chilled, but for 100 Afghans, it had been a damn good ride.

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gimel beth

(B) Bellingham
 (S) Seattle
 (V) Vancouver

Sept. 27 (B) WWSC, registration - returning students

Sept. 27 thru Oct. 1 (V) Ray Price at The Cave. Reservations, Vancouver 682-3677.

Sept. 27 - Oct. 7 (B) Free U Registration at WWSC

Through Oct. 2 (S) "You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown" at ACT, 709 - 1st W. (at Roy), 8:30 p.m., except Sunday 7:30 p.m., also Saturday matinee 2:30. Tickets, ACT, AT 4-7392.

Through Oct. 8 (S) P-I staff artists' exhibit, Harris Gallery, 11-5 weekdays, 1-5 Sundays.

Through Oct. 9 Bremerton, "Mary, Mary," play by Jean Kerr, every Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, 8:30 p.m. at Community Theatre. Reservations, ES 3-9329.

Through Oct. 24 Tacoma, "Picasso, Master Printmaker," an exhibit organized by New York Museum of Modern Art, 10 - 4 weekdays and noon to 5 Sundays at Tacoma Art Museum.

Sept. 28 (B) WWSC, last day for evening college pre-registration

Sept. 29 (B) WWSC, classes begin. Night registration for Continuing Studies Classes begins in College Hall, 6:30 - 7:30 p.m. Continues on specified days through October 12.

Sept. 30 (V) Verdi's "Il Travatore," presented by Vancouver Opera Association, 8 p.m., Queen E Theatre. Tickets, Eaton's Main Store in Vancouver, 2nd floor (684-4464).

(B) Last day to purchase season tickets, WWSC Art Film Series Fall 1971.

Oct. 1 (B) "The Seven Samurai," Kurosawa film, LH-4, 7 and 9 p.m.

Oct. 1 & 2 (S) "Play it Again, Sam," play by Woody Allen, Cirque dinner theatre at the Olympic; also every Friday and Saturday through October 30. Reservations, \$8.50, MU2-7700.

Oct. 2 (B) KVOS TV, Channel 12, CBS Children's Film Festival, "Flash, the Sheepdog" (Scottish, 1967).

Oct. 3 (S) Dionne Warwick, 8 p.m., Seattle Arena. Tickets, Bon Marche and suburban outlets.

Oct. 4 & 5 (S) Seattle Symphony Orchestra concert with Milton Katims conducting, 8 p.m., Seattle Center Opera House. Tickets, Seattle Symphony Orchestra, Box 9187, Seattle 98109.

Oct. 5 (B) Note the new location of the Gallery, 1302 Cornwall, basement floor of Bellingham National Bank. Gallery 217, opening of exhibit of R. Allen Jensen, drawings.

Oct. 5 & 6 (S) "Jesus Christ Superstar," rock opera, Seattle Center Arena, 7 and 9:30 p.m., Oct. 5; 9:30 p.m., Oct. 6. Tickets, Bon Marche and outlets.

Oct. 6 (S) Rod McKuen in concert, Seattle Center Opera House, 8 p.m. Tickets, Fidelity Lane.

Oct. 8 (B) "Eve Wants to Sleep," (Polish film), LH-4, 7 and 9 p.m.

(B) KVOS TV, Channel 12, Tom Smothers Organic Prime Time Space Ride, 7 p.m.

Oct. 9 (B) Whatcom Museum of History and Art opens for season.

(B) KVOS TV, Channel 12, CBS Children's Film Festival, "For Boys Only is For Girls Too," 1 p.m. (B) KVOS TV, Channel 12, "Alfie," (1966) with Michael Caine, Shelley Winters, 9 p.m.

Oct. 11 (S) Hal Holbrook, "Mark Twain Tonight," Opera House, 8:30 p.m. Tickets Fidelity Lane and outlets.

Nixon Again

Dear Editor:
 Nixon's change of game plan is a disaster for people living on transfer payments such as Social Security and scholarship programs. Consider the following:

1. Elimination of the seven percent excise tax on new autos does not aid those with insufficient income to buy a new car but it does aid the auto industry and its workers, who are already earning four or five times as those on those on fixed incomes.
 2. Cheap foreign imports will be eliminated in the short - term by a ten percent import tax on imports, forcing the consumer to subsidize the American workmen whose excessive wage demands have made American goods non-competitive in the first place. Consumers will be forced to pay higher prices on foreign goods. This is a protective tariff to make American goods more desirable to the consumer because foreign goods have been made artificially less desirable. In the words of the Deputy Chief General Manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia this tariff is the equivalent of "economic nuclear warfare".
 3. Refusal to redeem American dollars in gold forces devaluation of our dollar. This makes our dollar less valuable in relation to foreign currency and will make all imports more expensive in the long run. If you were planning to visit or live in the "old country" you have been aced by Nixon.
 4. Nixon's ten percent investment tax write-off will cause businesses planning to invest in the next five years or so to invest now. This will give the appearance of a flourishing economy when in actuality such borrowing from future investment could set up a boom and bust cycle as future investments will already have been made. Nixon will get the boom, the next president will get the bust. A boom-bust cycle will involve tinkering with the economy, and such tinkering generally accrues to the disadvantage of the powerless, i.e. fixed-income people.
- I have pointed out the most obvious failures of Nixon's new game plan. There are other failures which time does not permit to be examined. The point is that Nixon's revised game plan is an outrage against fixed-income people. Organized labor, business, and professional people are represented by powerful lobbies. It is politically expedient to ignore the needs of the powerless when these needs conflict with the interests of the powerful. Such is the state into which our formerly democratic republic has sunk, and so things shall remain until the citizens reassert control over a political system run amok.

Yours truly,
 Stuart L. Hanson
 2051 Yew Street Road

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Organic Alfalfa seeds - for sprouting at 75¢ lb,
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AND MUCH MORE

Open 12-6 Monday - Saturday

FRESH: AIR
 (Note cloud of ominous color)

IS DOOMED

"TIME HAS COME TODAY."

(Actually, we're going out of business and having a sale, but,

A CAT, having no hands, experiences much of its world right in front of its face. This may be what explains cats getting into less trouble than men.



Connexions



CONNECTIONS are run free of charge as a community service to individuals who have something to offer the community or something for the common good and general enlightenment. Rates for businesses are 12 cents a word, 10 words minimum. All ad copy submitted is subject to approval of the PASSAGE staff. Send ads and money to **NORTHWEST PASSAGE, Box 105, South Bellingham Station, Bellingham, Washington 98225.**

HELPIN' OUT

BREAD MADE TO ORDER: Hot out of the oven: organic flours, grains, seeds, etc. Cold press oils, sea salt, honey, etc. Health breads, hotbreads, quickbreads, sourdough. Call Dorothy at 676-0335 for list and prices between 4 - 6 p.m. Barbers invited. Piano lessons? Also breadbaking lessons given.

IN THE COUNTY, it's Barr's Camera for all your photographic needs, amateur or professional. See coupon color specials in the display ad in this issue. 108 E. Magnolia.

ORGANIC GARDENERS: Have truck. Will deliver to your garden raw materials for composting. 676-0879.

SHAKLEE STUFF: Joan, 733-7212.

SCRIBBLERS: Poems and experimental writing wanted. **BLUE WATER BOOK PROJECT** Rt. 4, Box 276, Traverse City, Michigan.

HELP WANTED: Free Store must have new daily helper or close. See Patty at 1000 Harris.

ADDITIONAL HELP WANTED: Repair and decorating work on Passage office needs helpers. See Bill at 1000 Harris.

BE A SHAKLEE DISTRIBUTOR: Organic Food Supplements and cleaners. Call 734-7191.

NUTRITION CONSCIOUS PEOPLE: Learn about Shaklee's organic plan for what to feed your body. Call 734-7191.

HI THERE! I'm attempting to set up a pick-up / dump-off point for recyclable cans, bottles, newspapers, etc. in Lynden. At this time there is no such facility serving northern Whatcom County. I would appreciate any names of people with a like interest who live in that area or any ideas you have regarding people to talk to or sites to investigate. Thanks. May an inner peace walk in your footsteps. Roger Shelton, 354-3859, 1601 Front, Lynden.

PIANO LESSONS: I can teach you how to play rock, folk, country, classical, whatever. \$3.50 per hour if you come to my home, \$4.50 if yours. If interested phone 595-8492 and leave your name and address.

HOME FOR UNWED MOTHER: Live in our home, help with housework and adjoining office. Doctor care and hospital paid. Call 734-7333 evenings.

LEARN HOW TO PUBLISH AN UNDERGROUND NEWSPAPER: The Northwest Passage's unique training program teaches practice, not theory. Join us on the 2nd floor at 1000 Harris on the south side for our 7:30 p.m. Tuesday meetings. Lots of part or full-time work available for anyone willing to work without pay.

LA LECHE LEAGUE of Bellingham meets Tuesday, September 28, 7:30 p.m. at 438 21st (just off WWSC Campus). Everyone interested in breastfeeding (past, present, future) is welcome - bring your baby! The main discussion topic will be "The Art of Breastfeeding and Overcoming Difficulties." For further info, call Rosemary, 733-9071.

RAP ON: Tell us what you know about Bellingham and Whatcom County: where to go, who to know, what to see, what to do and how to get what you need. For a guide to Whatcom County in a future issue of the Passage. Free publicity for craftsmen. Write "Guide," c/o the Passage.

GEODESIC DOMES AND FUNKY STRUCTURES interest me. Have visited Eugene, Portland, and Seattle and helped people with dome-designing, skinning, insulation and sealing. Will turn you on to recycling free waste material into your own dome and you can turn me on to what's happening in domes here and in Vancouver, my next stop. Come by 601 E. North and rap, or leave your name and address and the

nature of your building problem or where a dome sits with Michael Brennan at the Good Earth Pottery, 1000 Harris. Lee Johnson, Walla Walla.

SEMINAL SEMINARS: The Presbyterian Counseling Service is sponsoring a series of marriage enrichment seminars this fall. Topics will include Improving Communication, Managing Conflict, Intimacy, and Making Marriage Creative. The seminars will be held Monday evenings, beginning October 4, from 7:30 to 9:15 p.m. at the St. James Presbyterian Church, 910 14th Street. Contact the church at 733-1325 for more information.

GETTING JT TOGETHER: We are looking for more people to start a farm commune (possibly associated with an alternative school) on South Whidbey Island, a good place. Have some money, lots of ideas, and the maturity and commitment to make it work. Let's share our thoughts and feelings and try to get it together for spring planting. All letters answered. Kelly Dodge, P. O. Box 98, Clinton, Washington 98236.

PLACES TO LIVE

LOOKIN' FOR A HOME: I am looking for some land to buy. It must have a spring or creek, many trees and some meadows. It shouldn't be flat, and shouldn't be too "developed", if at all. 20 acres or over. Contact Arthur at 30th and Donovan. P.S. the closer to National Forest, the better. A premium if it borders same.

ANANDA MARGA YOGA SOCIETY is looking for a large house to rent or lease in Bellingham area. Contact Rajendra, 3201 18th St., or Chuck, 734-5835.

TRADE: Would like to trade my house for one further from town. Located on Southside, down from Kulshan, 800 McKenzie. No phone, so stop by. 6:00 to 8:00. Meg.

BUILDING SITE: Site wanted to build 32' ferro-cement sailboat. Access to water and electricity. Danny and Nancy Thatcher, Rt. 3, Box 3044, Oak Harbor, Washington 98277.

SHARE ALIKE: We would like to share our large apartment with another student. Please see David and Jude, 2809 Eldridge, B'ham.

SHARE: One person needs house to share in Bellingham area. Write to Lou Eberle, 2010 30th St., Bellingham.

ANY SPACE? Artist needs a place to live and/or work. Something alone line of a large garage or big room. 1123 Lenora Court, or SH6-4090 collect.

ANY MORE SPACE? Want room in house in town or preferably in country. Please write or call Him Miller in Issaquah, Rt. 2 Box 5404, EX2-6813.

NOTES TO FOLKS

PAUL DOORMAT Please come get your black and white Fiat or it will go to the Free Store.

GOODBYE FRESH AIR and Thanx.

PEGGY Welcome to B'ham. Hope you are happy here. May your pear tree always be prolific. Don't let the rain get you down.

JIM: The typewriter will get a new ribbon, the exacto knives are now sharp, and our readers in prison are assured of receiving the Passage for some time to come. Thanks, and peace to you. Aum.

TO ALL FRIENDS WHO ARE LEAVING, GODSPEED! For all which is decomposing and re-energizing, sorrow and hope. To those I have offended with my hypocrisy and self-righteousness, sincere apology. Because of you, I will get better. R. Prior.

ATTENTION: GO PLAYERS! I am a 3-Kyu Go Player who can't find anyone in Bellingham that plays (so far). If you play Go, please come to 30th and Donovan and ask for Arthur.

TO ALL: Thanks for a really nice evening and to all those that helped. My welding shop should be ready in a few weeks. Come by 4518 Northwest Rd. (orange mailbox). Mayriah Wind Welding.

DENNY LEVINE: Are you still going to New York? I can help with driving and expenses. Call 733-5765, ask for Loke.

MARYANNE & MARCUS: Strawberry has a whole lot of clothes, blankets, and such at 809 MacKenzie. See you then. Big S and Little S.

WOULDN'T IT BE GREAT if all this country needed was a good five-cent cigar?

WORK WANTED

REGISTERED NURSE looking for work in Bellingham area. Jan Dusel, 1154 Raymond St., B'ham.

FREEBIES!

FREE! OLD tires, old jars, insulation, an old brass bed and stove (wood, in need of repair. Old rug too. 809 MacKenzie. Also large crib.

SHIT: Free horse fertilizer. 733-8503.

ALSO: Two free puppies from Spanky. 733-7212.

FREE LOVABLE KITTENS Beautiful grey, white, black markings. 733-1233.

FOR SALE AND TRADE

WHEELS: Boy's single speed spider bike. \$16. 733-8503.

TWO-SPEED Schwinn bicycle for sale. Excellent condition. See at 1154 Raymond St., B'ham.

TEN-SPEED Eagle bike, 3 mo. old. \$80. 733-3510. Extras galore!

1952 Pontiac for sale \$50 or 10-speed bike. Tom Begnal, 1807 I St.

WET AND WILD: Heavy-duty wet suit for scuba diving or snorkeling. Stitched seams. Will fit average to large man or woman. Call 676-0703.

WILL TRADE 210 cm. Head competition skis with Marker bindings, buckle boots (9 1/2) and poles for 10 or 15 speed bicycle in good condition. Bill Smith, 676-0752.

MUSIC TO YOUR EARS: For Sale: Custom high fidelity speaker systems; "Vega" public address and sound reinforcement equipment; Farfisa "Combo" organ. Call Richard Laidman 592-2811.

NOT MUSIC TO YOUR EARS: Homelite Chainsaw. Two bars, six chains. Very good condition. \$90. 966-7965.

LAY: For Sale: two good laying hens. Brown eggs. \$1.50 each. Men's 3-speed Schwinn, \$20. Phone 734-9941.

WOOD INSTRUMENTS: We need old furniture that is not usable for furniture but is usable for musical instruments. Will take free or trade or even buy. Call David Glanville or come to Toad Hall.

WATERBED: A veritable oceanic slumbered with wood frame connected with hinges. Liner and ten year guarantee, also foam pad (it's kingsize). For sale? It cost about \$50 altogether but I will trade for a washing machine that works (appearance isn't important) or refrigerator that the freezer compartment isn't in the Ice Age. Or forty dollars. Pax S and S, 809 MacKenzie.

BEAT GOES ON: Conga drum in excellent condition. Make offer. Ask for Ernie at 1817 19th St.

WILLING TO TRADE reliable old \$150 pick-up for baby things or carpentry tools or washing machine or dollars. 2809 Eldridge Ave., Apt. 1.

GOOGLES: Pair Omega binoculars, 7 X 50 mm. \$18. 733-7295.

SPINNING REELS: Tape recorder, Akai: M-9. Excellent condition. \$200?? Bill, 1117 Franklin.

WATER WINGS: For Sale: Sailboat, San Francisco Pelican. Ideal for sailing in Puget Sound, needs a mast and sail. Cheap at \$350. The Pelican is a full weather boat that was featured in the Puget Sound Access Catalog. Boat can be seen at 1012 Wilson, or phone 734-8271.

HAPPENINGS

HARVEST FESTIVAL: Sunday, Oct. 3, noon. Ravenna Park Picnic Area. N.E. 58th and 20th N.E., Seattle. Harvest moon on Oct. 4. Come join the celebration! An afternoon of appreciation for our loving mother the Earth; with home grown food and music. Bring food, maybe something special from the garden - a little extra to share. Water and firewood are available. See you there - Love the Growing Family. ME2-1987.

FREAK FOOTBALL GAME will happen at Fairhaven Park on Sunday afternoon, October 3rd. Bring your footballs, helmets, jerseys, shoulder pads? knee guards, etc.

PLEASE HELP FIND

LOST: Black and white female Shepherd, named Becky, vicinity of Broadway and Girard over a week ago. Tom, 1807 I St.

LOST ONE MONTH: Black and white husky "Buck". Young and good natured, from South side. Reward. Dave at 734-4937 or Toad Hall.

GOIN' PLACES

NEED RIDE: to Wisconsin. See board in Co-op.

MEXICAN TRIP? Long and lazy. Interested? Bill, 1117 Franklin.

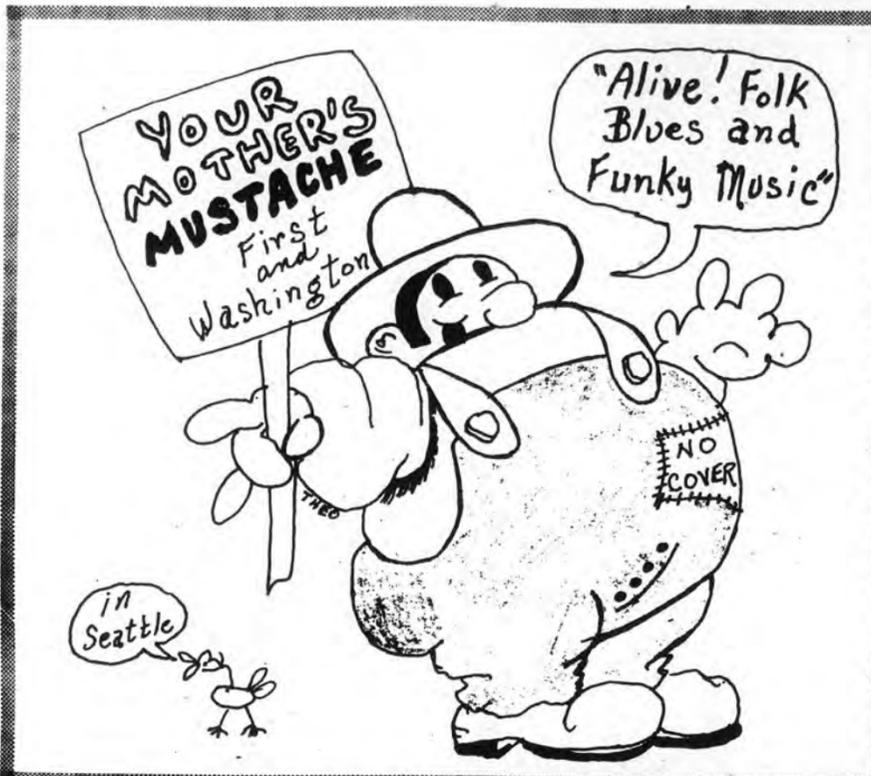
RIDE TO L.A.: Need ride to there or some other terrible place near there. Not sure when, but probably very soon. If you're goin' that way call Dave at 676-0703 and we'll try to arrange something. If you're not, call anyway and we'll arrange something else.

BAYBOUND: I need a ride to S.F. around 28 September. Help with gas. Thomas Hadley, 9055 N.E. 21st, Bellevue, Washington.

GYPSY WAGON FOR SALE

'62 Dodge Mail Step Van. Sky light, new tires, batteries, Reconditioned engine, 3/4 ton, Automatic transmission - makes rent cheap. Call David, the goatman, leave message... 734-0083.

TWISTY'S ANNEX:
coming soon



The Fairhaven

BEER WINE

MUSIC PEOPLE

1310-12th ST. BELLINGHAM

PHONES

BELLINGHAM	SEATTLE
N.W. Passage.....733-9672	Open Door Clinic.....LA4-7404
Planned Parenthood.....734-9095	Sierra Club.....ME2-6157
Food Stamps.....733-1870	Seattle Draft Counseling Center.....SU0-0252
Community Food Co-Op.....734-0083	Methadone Treatment Center.....MA2-9073
Draft Counseling.....676-3732	Washington State Board Against Discrimination.....4-3252
Toad Hall.....733-9804	Ballinger Rd. Medical Center.....EM4-3122
Unemployment.....734-7200	Planned Parenthood.....EA4-9948
St. Luke's Hospital.....734-8300	Free Abortion Referra...ME4-3460
St. Joseph's Hospital.....734-5400	Puget Consumer Co-op...LA2-2120
Tenant's Union.....676-3964	Capitol Hill Co-Op.....Ea5-1524
Humane Society.....733-2080	Poison Information.....LA4-4300
Whatcom County Mental Health Service.....734-3550	
ACLU.....734-8022	
Northwest Free U.....733-8733	
or.....733-5095	
Community School.....734-0083	
Headstart.....734-8396	
To Report Pollution.....733-8750	
(if no satisfaction).....336-5705	
Consumer Protection Service (toll free).....1-800-552-0700	
Dog Pound.....734-3133	
Police-Business.....734-3133	
Weather.....734-8557	
Public Library.....733-4041	
Crisis Clinic.....734-7271	
	EVERETT
	Karma Clinic.....259-5194
	Planned Parenthood.....259-0098
	Providence Hospital.....252-2171
	Headstart Day Care.....258-1665
	Dept. of Public Assistance.....259-8484
	Mental Health.....259-2494
	Rescue Mission (food and shelter)-over 18.....252-4776



That's why the ruling class rules...

The struggle in this country has taken so many twists and bends that many people (people who should know better) have concluded that it's going around in circles. That's one reason why the ruling class still rules.

The lessons of the past have indicated that commitment and action must be coupled with a profound awareness and clear analysis of the real issues at hand. Rather than trying to piece together an accurate picture of the movement both nationally and internationally by reading the bourgeois press why not try the Guardian, an independent radical newsweekly with an independent line. The Guardian's long-standing dedication to people's struggles and opposition to ruling class exploitation have made it the largest (some consider it the best) movement weekly in the country.

Stop reading between the lies.

Read the Guardian.

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