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Volume 7, Number 9

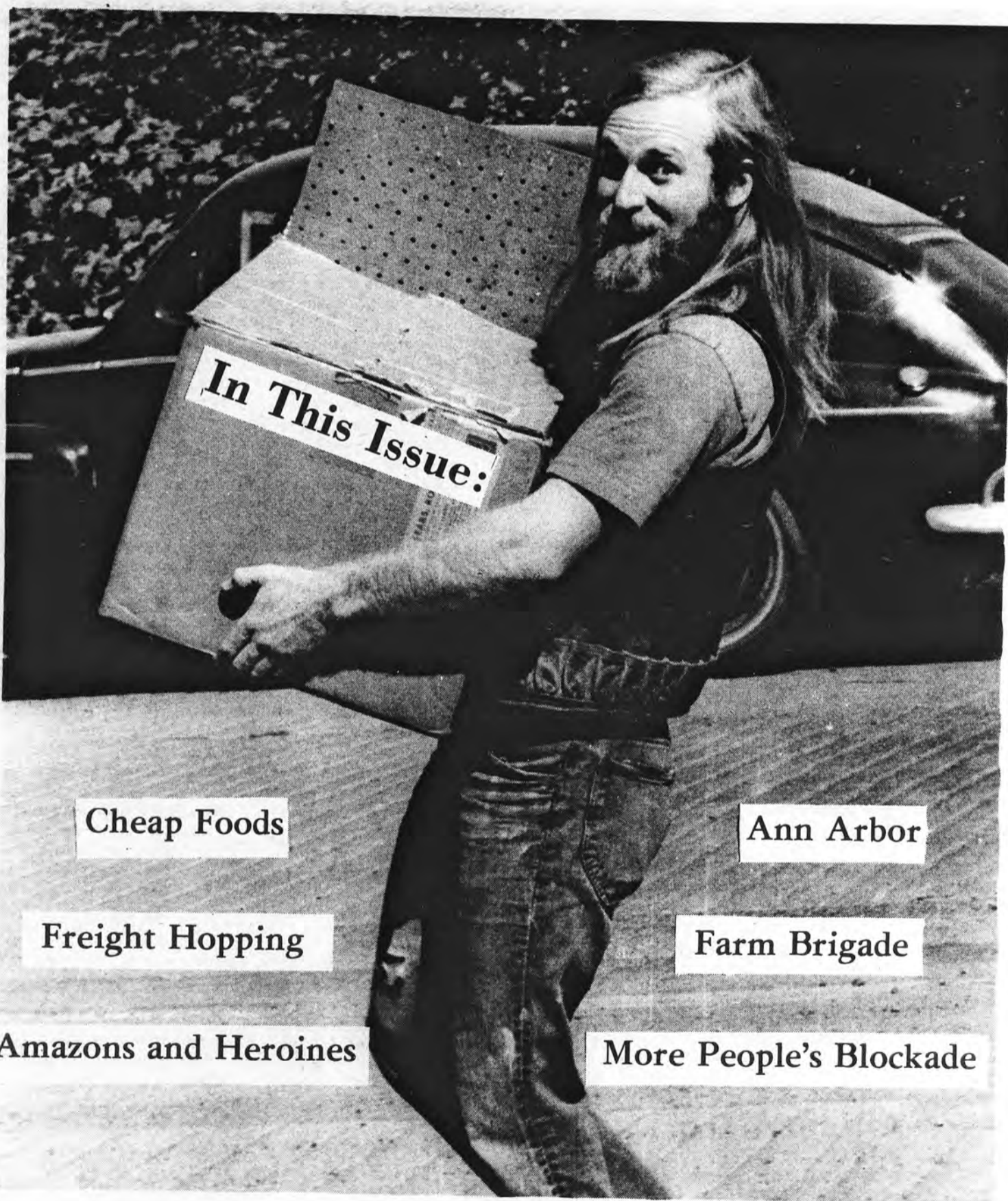
NO FUTURE IN A FACT

BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON



August 28-September 10, 1972

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Cheap Foods

Ann Arbor

Freight Hopping

Farm Brigade

Amazons and Heroines

More People's Blockade

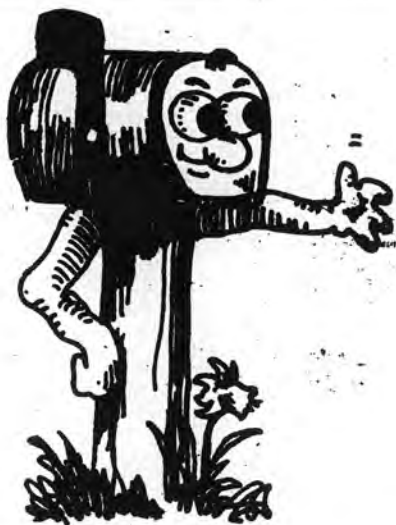
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Northwest Passage — the fortnightly journal of ecology, politics, the arts, and good healthy livin' — welcomes new people who want to help. Come to our staff meetings, held each Tuesday evening at 7:30 at 1000 Harris Avenue, and let us know what your interests are.

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Volume 7, Number 9

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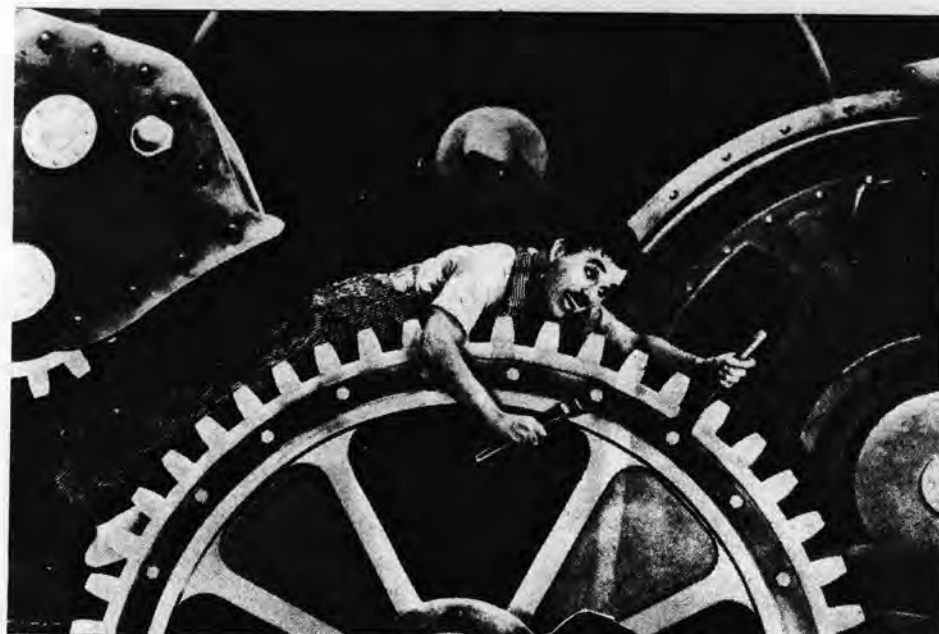
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northwest perspectives

It Aint Easy

When we began putting this issue together we had absolutely no idea for its theme. It was not until the last moment that it became clear there was some connection between the disparate articles. In our last issue we concerned ourselves with non-violent resistance. If one had to label this issue, it would possibly be appropriate to entitle it with a reactive theme; something like "Responses."

The articles concern themselves with activities on many fronts. From food co-ops and farm brigades to electoral politics; from planning commissions to battling chainsaws — in each of these there is evidence of people responding to their environments and attempting to etch out an activity which challenges the status quo. Some of these efforts fail (Black Bear Commune) and sometimes one ends up with a place like Ann Arbor, considered by some to be a "liberated zone." Determining the reasons for individual success or failure is a perpetual challenge.

One has to begin to consider elements such as style, politics, timing, environment — and perhaps most of all, will. Juxtaposed with the incredible optimism of the movement with its visions of the Paris Commune on every street corner, is the deeply-rooted despair which gnaws at the corners of the background. Everywhere one turns, there is screaming evidence to conclude there is absolutely no chance of change; witness Nixon's acceptance speech last week and the forecasts of his re-election. Trying to separate a realistic attitude from self-fulfilling despair and justified inaction is a challenge which demands perpetual self-judgment. Nothing is easier — and more deadly — than to conclude that we can do nothing.

Our next issue will be a guide to the primaries. Anyone who can help write for this issue is encouraged to contact us and let us know. We will be publishing every two weeks from now on. All our friends who are travelling around the country — we hope you are enjoying yourselves — and that you'll be back soon to help us put together another year of papers.

—R.L.P.

cover photo by teri dixon

Dear Northwest Passage:

I would hate to miss an issue. Please send me the PASSAGE regularly. My payment is enclosed. Rates: \$6.00 per year; \$11.00 for two years; \$125.00 lifetime; free to prisoners (add \$.75 per year for Canadian address, \$1.50 for foreign)

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Box 105, So. Bellingham Station, Bellingham, Washington 98225.

NWP:

Your newspaper is increasingly good journalism. Your article on the oil clean up service verifies the report of the Bellingham Metropolitan. We live on the west side of Lummi Island - on the Straits of Georgia - and during the winter the waves are usually over six feet during a storm. We have many storms. During the summer we have west winds often. They are unpredictably rough and the waves are six feet or over during some of those westerlies. An oil spill cannot be planned for a calm day. The Arco spill took place on a calm day and the mess was not cleaned up. We do not understand the delay in calling up the Bennet Boom. We hear on the radio or TV of so many efficient ways to clean up oil - there must be a better way to do it.

Sincerely yours

Jean M. Soley

Lummi Island

More on Living

A note to Rod Del Pozo and any one else who got a bad impression of the people who were in the parking lot in Granby, Colorado. I was one of those people and it was my impression that the people there were just as beautiful as those who went up before the roadblock came down.

The weird ones converged on us the evening before July 1 also. The Parking Lot became complete chaos. Many of them went immediately up the mountain after learning where it was and that the roadblock was gone. The rest went the next morning. The Parking Lot People prior to that night were there because of reasons such as women with children & we heard about the Brother who was shot. There was also a lot of confusion as to the way there, etc., and we had faith that the block was coming down. I personally was very sick and with a child.

On the first night, I hiked the 2 miles up the mountain with a 103.5 degree fever. Half way up a Brother from the Rainbow Family set his packages of food by the side of the trail and offered to carry my baby. I don't think I could have made it without his help.

The Strawberry Lake Festival was the most fantastic and beautiful thing to ever happen to me. Your articles and pictures were very good and I cried again when I read them. It just bothered me that you thought the Parking Lot People were a bunch of ignorant assholes. Thank you for listening.

Love & Peace to you

Lini
Bellingham

Organic Appeal

Dear Northwest Passage Staff:

Thanks for being the best underground newspaper I have ever seen!

That isn't to say anyone can "be" an underground newspaper, but when several people get together and appear to be as together as you (not too common in the counterculture) it's far out. I give you my love and admiration.

Maybe it's just me, with a journalism background and a bias for good layout and photography, but the NWP is the kind of paper I would like to see in every medium- or large-sized



city. I don't know the history of your editorial practice (having only picked up a copy of No. 7 for the first time) but your idea - and deft execution - of a given theme (co-operatives) for each issue is commendable. And even though this must take much energy, your other sections are not detracted from.

I thought your "Gathering of the Tribes" was excellent and "Sven" poignant. The latter gave me a feeling for this movement Gandhi that no other paper has been ever able to convey about its own local martyr/hero.

Here's hoping you'll send me a copy of your "hip capitalist" issue mentioned in your editorial.

I wish I could say more, but I'm afraid you'll just have to suffer, as I do on occasion, the fate of silent approval. But don't ever tell anybody - such as advertisers - tell you you're not needed. It's a crock!

If you're ever down this way please stop in. (Call Switchboard for latest location.) One of the things I hope to do in Eugene, in addition to continuing free magazine, is to start a resource collective for turning people on to solid alternatives. Sounds like we got something in common.

Peace,
William Seavey
Eugene, Oregon

[Editor's Note: If you are interested in a resource collective for alternatives, you should contact Cascade Collective, 309 W. 15th, Vancouver, Washington. They have published one, and are about to publish a second resource catalogue. Maybe you could help each other. -KCP]

Deeper and Deeper

Dear Passage:

Have you heard about Bellingham's newest Shopping Center? Probably not, since the whole deal has been kept very quiet - only two small articles in the Herald, reporting Planning Commission actions relating to the area involved.

The new center will be located at the old Lakeway Golf course, one of the last remaining sections of open space close to downtown B'ham. In order to build, the developers must also buy all the houses along Lakeway Drive that edge the golf course property - something that held up the deal initially as some of the property owners didn't want to give up their homes for a parking lot. But it seems to be only a matter of time and money until they are "convinced" to sell.

Also, from the bits of information available, it appears that building on the site will require the filling of a wooded ravine and beautiful stream so that a connecting road can be put through the whole length of the golf course.

The plans are drawn and the test holes have already been drilled, yet the community at large still has not been made aware of the new shopping center about to be built. The area has so much potential for other uses and is so near Valu-Mart/Mall and downtown it seems a poor use of the land to develop it for shopping. The nearby public schools have used the area several times this year for nature study and outings and many neighborhood people enjoy the area for its recreation value. It seems the area would better serve the interests of more people if it could be developed for something other than commerce or manufacturing.

Concerned Citizen
Bellingham

Write On!

Dear NWP:

Hurrah for your recent Cooperation and Resistance issues. You continue to do a fine job; those of us who are, alas, only spectators surely do not praise you enough for it.

I found the interviews with David Harris & Joffre Stewart of great interest, since their vision is also mine. However, for the same reason, I am opinionated about these topics, and so I would like to get in my own two bits worth - which incidentally, provides the occasion for the above, overdue praise.

Anarchists are to political dogma as atheists are to theological dogma - that is, anarchists do not advocate the overthrow of government, any more than atheists advocate the overthrow of God. Rather, anarchists are persuaded that "government" does not exist. Paradox? Explanation: The word "government" as it is commonly used, has two simultaneous meanings: 1) certain groups of bullies who levy taxes, conduct wars, and otherwise make a public nuisance of themselves under circumstances that some people

regard as being ceremonially pure; 2) a morally and politically neutral instrument for the control of human behavior, a sort of social machine which might be programmed to crank out justice or injustice, progress or retrogression or stagnation, or even a maximum of liberty. Now, government-1 clearly does exist. We have daily experience of these groups of bullies. However, government-2 does not exist at all, and it never has nor will, because any "instrument for the control of human behavior" which relies on the threat of violence must be systematically unjust and illiberal, to an increasing degree over time; and is also pathologically static, unable to respond to real human needs. Perhaps there are such things as nonviolent "instruments for the control of human behavior," in a very broad sense, but since "government" carries both meanings, "government" does not exist.

This may sound like logic-chopping, but it has important practical implications for liberals and radicals who aspire to a better future. The implication is that any hope for improvement of society through changing the governors is a misplaced hope. Other means must be found. I don't think that anarchism requires one to "renounce citizenship," refuse to vote, and so forth; but it does imply that voting can only be a conservative act. The only difference between sides is what they hope to conserve: the minimal humanity and liberty we now have, or the power and privilege of the bosses. To make any progress whatever, we must find nonpolitical means. (Joffre Stewart, like many anarchists, is a moral perfectionist. The late Paul Goodman was not, nor am I).

Another point, from the Stewart interview: "Why is it that people seem to submit voluntarily to authority?" There are, of course, many answers, as people have different reasons for the accession to the state. I think the most common reason is that each person believes that he or she has no choice. This belief in the absence of choice is a myth of the kind pointed out by Georges Sorel. The myth leads people to act in certain ways, and their action makes the myth come true. Example: suppose that each one of us believes that he or she must obey King Henry or die. Then, when King Henry orders me to pay my taxes, I will reason as follows: "Even if I do not believe the myth, others do. Thus, if I disobey King Henry, King Henry will have no trouble getting some people to arm themselves and come and do me violence, for they will all obey him. Thus I had better pay my taxes." It is not my belief in the myth which makes me powerless, but the undeniable fact that everyone else believes the myth makes me powerless. On the other hand, my belief in the myth (or in everyone else's belief in the myth) leads me to pay taxes with which King H can hire mercenaries, and so contributes to the enslavement of everyone else.

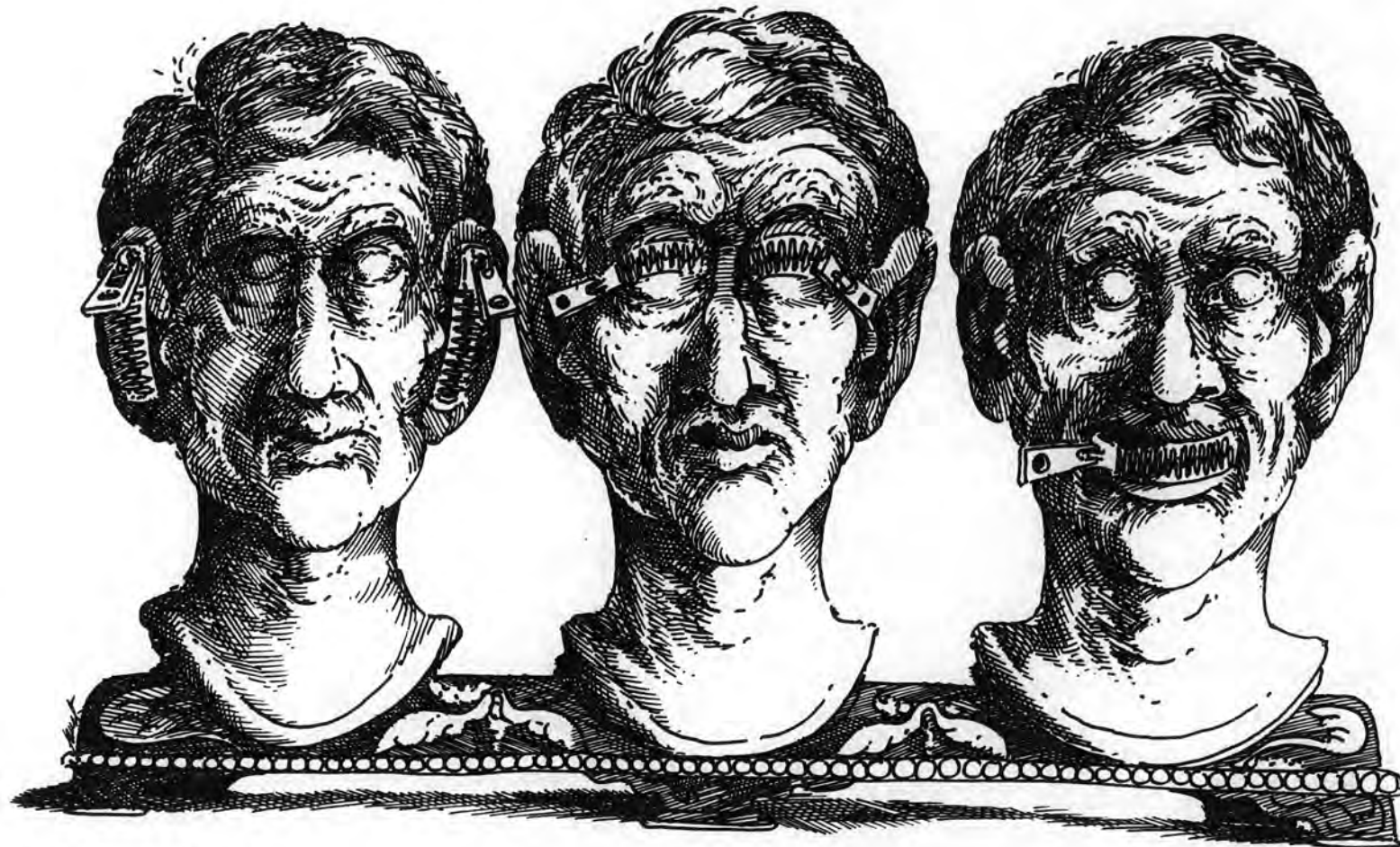
The problem for anarchists and anarchopacifists is: how may we undermine belief in this myth?

Obviously I could go on at some length. If any Passage readers are interested in rapping on these matters, give me a ring. I'll close with words, slightly amended, of the late Paul Goodman: "No person is good enough to rule another."

Roger A. McCain

(734-9005; 676-3908)

See Martin, Jim &



by patricia coburn

State Senator Martin Durkan, State Representative Jim McDermott and former governor Albert Rosellini all appeared before the 1972 Young Democrats Endorsement Convention on Saturday, July 29, in Seattle. Although the Convention ultimately declined to endorse one of the three gubernatorial candidates, Durkan was the winner of a straw vote taken after the three men had participated in a "debate" before the assembled delegates.

The format of the debate was as follows: each candidate gave a brief speech; then a four-man panel asked questions of the three; then there was twenty-five minutes of questioning from the floor; then a brief closing comment by each candidate.

Because Senator Durkan, during his opening remarks, brought up the question of oil pollution, I approached him after the debate to learn more of his position on this issue. The Senator expressed the following thoughts. The old, small, leaky tankers should be banned. The larger tankers should be convoyed in - "like we did in the war." If this won't be good enough (somewhere in here I tried to suggest that it wouldn't be), we should "get rid of them." Senator Durkan said he had not heard all the "testimony" on this issue. He mentioned the possibility of locating oil facilities outside Puget Sound and commented that the Sound is tricky to navigate. When I asked if his position was that he would be open to more information, he said yes, but he wanted to stress that he was "for the Sound." Readers might like to share good information on this issue with the Senator.

Initial Speeches of the Debate

McDermott: Said he got into politics because of the Vietnam war. Attacked the present state tax structure for driving the elderly from their homes (high property taxes) and hitting the poor with taxes on food and drugs. Criticized lack of mental health facilities in the state's penal system. Said that no humane system of government would allow a man to be fired because of a beard (reference to State Ferry System employee earlier this year). Said that candidates tied to private interest groups could not

bring needed changes. "Why should the people go one more day without power?"

Durkan: Quoted JFK: "Are we doing as much as we can do?" We can do better. Agrees with Senator McGovern that there is "unfinished business" before us and supports McGovern. Attacked Governor Evans for talking to British Columbia while not enforcing our laws on oil spills (apparently a reference to the fact that fines imposed for past large spills are being challenged in court and are unpaid to date). Attacked Evans for veto on money for day care centers, for ignoring treaties with Indian nations, and for approving additional money for tourism but not for mental health care.

Rosellini: Said that the two previous speakers had taken all they said from his book. Said that the Governor of Washington should use his office to speak to the White House about ending the war. Said that the state is spending money as if it's going out of style. Washington has taxes which are among the highest in the nation. This in turn has led to economic stagnation and unemployment. We must diversify our economy and we must have industry which is "compatible with the environment and the ecology."

At this point the male (well-known liberal) moderator reminded the audience that someone's definition of a good speech was that it resembled a woman's skirt: long enough to cover the subject, short enough to be interesting. A loud female voice: CHAUVINIST. Noise, groans, laughter, after which McDermott commented on the speeches of his opponents that, while they had all the answers, they never did anything. Durkan commented that the tax reform favored by Governor Evans and supported by McDermott would shift \$144 million to the wrong taxpayers (the less well-off) and would leave several loopholes still intact. Said that while McDermott may talk against the State Highway Department, it was he (Durkan) who stopped the highway between Lake Washington and Lake Sammamish. Said he had brought Neighbors in Need "down" (presumably, down to Olympia) and offered to help them get financed and his offer had been rejected. Rosellini commented that the legislature should be cut in half

and that its members should be full-time legislators. This would improve the quality of state government.

Responses to Questions from the Four-Man Panel

Durkan said that Rosellini's proposal to cut \$100 million from the state budget was "unrealistic." McDermott said that the \$100 million was about 2% of the state budget of \$4-5 billion and that he was sure he could save 5%. Rosellini defended himself against charges that his Administration was hard on teachers salaries and the poor. McDermott was asked about his relative inexperience in government and cited his experiences among troubled people in schools, hospitals, and the Army. Implying that it is this kind of human contact that matters, McDermott said his opponents should be asked what kind of experience they've had.

McDermott accused Durkan of an incomplete disclosure of his financial assets. When Durkan claimed that he could not list a piece of property he did not have title to, McDermott handed him photostats of deeds to the Renton retirement home property, supposedly proving that he did have title. McDermott accused Durkan of duplicity on the issue of financial disclosures by candidates for public office, saying that Durkan claims to support the Coalition on Open Government ballot initiative while also supporting an alternative measure in the State Legislature which is a fraud. "You can't be for both." McDermott said that Durkan once told a political gathering in Yakima that the state did not need a disclosure law and that "the politicians can take care of it."

Rosellini denied that he is against a state income tax, saying that his position was that the electorate did not favor such a tax at the present time. McDermott defended himself against charges that while attacking others for associations with private interest groups, he would vote pro-doctor. McDermott said he had opposed SB 298, a health

Albert Run

care bill, because it would have increased medical costs. Durkan said the reverse was the case.

Questions from the Floor

A young delegate asked McDermott why he had owned 100 shares in Tenneco Corporation, a company with a bad record on land development, farm laborers, and war. Some of McDermott's other stock ownerships were read. McDermott replied that between 1970 and 1971 he had sold "a whole lot." He also said: "I will go through those and get rid of lots."

The three candidates were asked for their thoughts on exclusionary social clubs and the state liquor discount to such clubs. Rosellini said that the clubs provided some good things to their members and did some valuable charity work and that most had eliminated exclusion. I belong to several, he said, and have worked from within to change the policy. Durkan said that he belonged only to the Eagles, which has eliminated exclusion. He referred to the recent Supreme Court decision upholding exclusion. He said that the state liquor discount is wrong. McDermott said he opposes exclusion and the discount.

Calling McDermott "Jim Joe McCarthy," a delegate asked him why he would not endorse the Register for Peace convention and why, in an April speech, he had said that we should not withdraw from Vietnam until we have our prisoners back. The

delegate asked McDermott to explain how his war policy differed from Nixon's. The delegate asserted that \$835 of dividends from Tenneco stock was money drawn from the suffering of others. McDermott: "I'm getting rid of that stuff as fast as I can." Getting angry, McDermott said that his two opponents hadn't said a peep while Nixon escalated the war by mining Haiphong harbor. He asserted: "I didn't know everything when I started but man, I'm convinced of what I'm saying now."

Positions on bussing were requested. Rosellini: I'm against forced mandatory bussing. Durkan: I support the Supreme Court decisions. I realize this is unpopular. McDermott: With proper political leadership we wouldn't need bussing. "As a last resort, I will support it." We should look to Tacoma as a model. The magnet school idea has worked there. We should build our schools in the boundary areas between white and minority neighborhoods.

On the death penalty: Durkan said that he supported the Supreme Court's recent decision. But he said he felt that the death penalty is a deterrent to crime, and that as governor he would not veto state legislation providing the death penalty for killing a policeman or a prison guard. Rosellini: I'm for capital punishment if it is allowed by the Supreme Court in certain cases. McDermott: I'm opposed to capital punishment. It implies that some men can't change.

Durkan and Rosellini both pledged to support the eventual Democratic gubernatorial nominee.

McDermott said that he would support McDermott.

And there you have most of it. McDermott supporters were probably bitter that Durkan was not asked how many anti-war speeches he's ever given ("I've changed my position on the war - ten years ago I was a first-class hawk"), or questioned about his dealings on behalf of big business (such as the recent change in the method of taxing the timber industry). Durkan could justly complain that the long account of the debate printed afterwards in the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer* contained not a word on the Tenneco business.

Primary voting is on September 19. Since the books close thirty days before an election, you must be registered by August 19 (best a week earlier) to help choose the men who will challenge Governor Evans in November. Meanwhile, don't forget the One That Matters Most. Have you been down to McGovern headquarters lately? How many people will die or be injured or made homeless in Southeast Asia in the next four years if Nixon is not defeated? The Presidential race is, so terribly literally, a matter of life and death.

**Among the subsidiaries of Tenneco: the Kern County Land Co. - an agribusiness firm which bitterly opposed Chavez, and the Tenneco Oil Co. - which produces and engages in exploration for oil in over a dozen countries.*

I Will Not Sit Back Quietly

Will Knedlick:

by roxanne park

Anyone who has a mild interest in politics is aware of the fact that there are numerous candidates, issues, and initiatives. Keeping everything straight requires a fair amount of concentration. So what do you do if you're running for office and do not have thousands of dollars to spend on a campaign?

You walk a lot.

"Walking Will" Knedlick, a candidate for Lt. Governor, walked 1,633 miles around the state in his attempt to meet people, gain publicity, and prove that he is willing to work hard. The teacher/lawyer is running for the democratic nomination against John Cherberg, a 16 year incumbent who is termed "unbeatable."

Knedlick was first exposed to Cherberg in 1968 when he observed him at the state convention. Knedlick was appalled by the way Cherberg "railroaded" the affair and consequently spent all last summer looking for someone to challenge Cherberg. When no one else was willing, Knedlick decided to do it himself.

Knedlick has numerous complaints about Cherberg's performance in office. Cherberg is employed as a troubleshooter by KIRO television, a Mormon-owned station in Seattle. Mormons are infamous for refusing to be interested in blacks, and this sentiment shows up in KIRO's lack of coverage of inner-city news, according to Knedlick. FCC has apparently complained about this "oversight," but Cherberg's elected position very conveniently protects the station. Knedlick would like to see KIRO's \$25 million license revoked (a precedent for this act already exists with WHTV in Boston). In 1968 KIRO refused to sell ads to Cherberg's opponent, Fletcher. Knedlick states that Cherberg has the most "grotesque conflict of interest" of any official in the United States. One of the contributors to Cherberg's campaign is a big name in Washington's gambling industry.



Knedlick would like to expand the position of Lt. Governor beyond its current part-time status as President of the Senate and Chairperson of the Rules Committee. He would like to serve as an "ombudsman." In using this term, the candidate means that he would work full time as an advocate for the people of the state, keeping both his doors and ears open. He intends to search out solutions to problems and actively engage in several efforts to improve conditions for senior citizens and other minorities. Concerned about national as well as state affairs, Knedlick proposed to take stands on national affairs: "I will not sit back quietly. It will be my responsibility to insist that priorities be changed."

The campaign Knedlick is conducting is worth mention. Going one step further than revealing campaign contributions, he will not accept contributions which are on corporation checks or whose amount exceeds \$20. Knedlick stated that he "didn't want to be a puppet on somebody's string because I've accepted a large check." The 26-year-old sees the answer to this country's political problems through an election of people who aren't tied to the vested interests.

Since he is not accepting substantial contributions, Knedlick had to seek another means of gaining publicity - and so, he walked around the state. Someone estimated that he received \$70,000 free publicity through this technique. He managed to get on the ballot as "Walking Will" Knedlick so people could connect his name with this publicity.

Knedlick's stands on the issues include a major concern for senior citizens. He claims a 13 year interest in the elderly and is a member of the National Council on Senior Citizens. Following his walk he drove around the state visiting facilities and focusing attention on the needs of the elderly. He cites this informational tour as a forerunner of the kind of thing his office will do.

While speaking to Knedlick, one can be quickly impressed by his zeal, determination, and the innocent naivete only a freshperson politician could have. He prefaces statements with, "as an idealist, I . . ." There is no doubt that he would expend an enormous amount of energy as Lt. Governor and that he would function as a troubleshooter for the people of this state.

The most telling comment Knedlick made was his mentioning that he intended to put a shower into the bathroom of his office because he will "expend a little sweat" doing his job.

Goltz, McKay

Politics

by roxanne park

There are few offices in this upcoming primary which involve any real choice of candidates. Most elections narrow themselves into being another Humphrey/Nixon decision. One either supports a reactionary mountebank or — votes for the only alternative.

There is at least one race in this primary which supercedes a one-dimension decision. The ticket for 42nd District Representative has three contenders for Cass Farr's position.

Jim McKay and Barney Goltz are vying for the nomination — along with Mame Hamner. Hamner, a 19-year-old woman, is excluded from any serious consideration because of the impetus for her campaign. Her husband states that he put her up to the race so he could receive publicity so as to run for county commissioner in two years. He figures the \$36 filing fee was an easy means to familiarize people with his name. It is unfortunate that this young woman's purpose in the race does such a discredit to both her age and sex.

The other two candidates are both reasonable, fairly articulate men whose motivations, background, and age offer a certain amount of contrast.

Jim McKay, a 26 year-old student of ethnic studies, is the son of the Lummi tribes' hereditary chief. This campaign is his first extended experience with politics. Barney Goltz is a 48-year-old campus planner at WWSC. He has two degrees and years of political experience. Goltz helped elect Humphrey Mayor in Minneapolis. He has been active in the local Democratic party for several years.

The following responses were given in interviews with these men:

Why are you running for this office?

McKay is concerned that there are no Native Americans in elected positions in this state. McKay figures that his participation in this kind of race is a statement for the Native Americans that political participation is a realizable and worthwhile goal.

While he was a medic in Vietnam, McKay witnessed the real brutalization of day-by-day war. Through the ordeal he became convinced that the U.S. was perpetuating human misery to everyone. When he saw a Vietnamese mother holding her dead child, he realized that this pain was the penalty to pay for not caring. He decided "enough is enough" and that he personally needed to participate in changing this society.

Goltz: His belief in the political process provides the motivation for Goltz's campaign. His experiences with Humphrey as a teacher at McAllister ("he was a wonderful teacher") and Humphrey's successful Mayoral campaign endowed him with a profound respect for the political processes and the ability for people to decide things. He believes that the "system works amazingly well" and is deeply disturbed by what he considers the present crisis in the way people view government officials. He referred to a Harris Poll where American people rated the occupations in terms of the trust they had for them. Politicians were rated 19th out of 20; only less trusted were used car salesmen.

Goltz is convinced that this response indicates a very serious crisis in American life. Without a resolution, this crisis will extend to diminish people's respect for law as a whole and the ability to solve problems through channels. The crisis can be solved if we eliminate elected officials' opportunities to use their offices for financial gains.



H. A. "BARNEY" GOLTZ



JIM MCKAY

What is your stand on industrial expansion in Whatcom County?

McKay: He believes that it is our responsibility to determine the growth rate. He referred to the State laws meant to control pollution but which are not enforced, such as the one that allowed the extensions given to the Tacoma Smelter.

Goltz: Environmental impact statements should be required with every expansion permit, in Goltz's view. He takes a stand similar to labor's: that the pollution requirements should be clear to an industry before it locates here so as to eliminate plants' closing down later and workers being forced out of work. Goltz does not view expansion as a complete gain — but neither is it necessarily evil. "We must conserve and protect the things which make this area so attractive and consider long-term economic gains and environmental quality as more important than short-term benefits." Goltz is concerned about the effects that increased population will have on the area.

What about the problems of oil refineries, oil spills, and supertankers?

McKay: He is interested in finding out what the refineries would term a "major oil spill" after seeing what a "minor spill" is like. Before any more oil refineries or industries of any sort come into this county, McKay believes there should be a study to

determine what is compatible with the natural environment. He would like to advocate the recreational values of this area.

Goltz: Goltz is concerned with prevention of oil spills instead of clean up. He supports the Magnuson/Meeds bill on this subject. Goltz is not convinced that prohibiting supertankers on the Sound would be the most viable solution to oil spills. Instead, he would envision telling the company that they could not operate until their procedures and equipment were safe and correct.

Both candidates support the proposals of Initiative 271 for tax reform.

For their particular campaigns, the candidates are also centering around these issues:

Goltz:

- 1) national health insurance program;
- 2) health facilities for everyone;
- 3) improved law enforcement agencies and police to spend more time reducing crimes of violence rather than "policing peoples' morals"
- 4) no-fault insurance

McKay:

- 1) providing a full funding of state education;
- 2) offering career education programs in schools;
- 3) instituting a Washington Conservation Corps which would be funded by tax on oil barrels;
- 4) providing special Indian legislation.

Goltz defines himself as being a very rational, flexible candidate who can have a broad appeal to voters. He stated that he is probably the only candidate in the United States who is a member of the Chamber of Commerce and the A.C.L.U. Whereas some might define these two identifications as an indication of "schizophrenia," Goltz sees them as "broad."

McKay was billed as a "conservative Democrat" in the *Herald's* political column. This label originated with McKay's comment that he had a conservative stand on the amnesty issue in comparison with the county's platform. McKay believes that it is premature to talk about amnesty until the war is over and the P.O.W.'s are returned.

Goltz and McKay are both good candidates — and there is no doubt that they would be 1000x better than Cass Farr. Although their stands on the issues are similar, there is a difference between these candidates which was very obvious during the interviews. Goltz is a very amiable man who fits the politician's role with obvious grace and ease. However, Goltz's "broadness" merges with both sides for several issues — a red letter warning signal for me.

McKay, on the other hand, could not be as easily suited into compromise and opaque positions. Although he is inexperienced, somewhat naive — and cautious in unfamiliar territory, he strikes me as having the ability to make judgments, act on his decisions — and to maintain a solid perimeter. He is not as radical a candidate as I hope for, but neither was I disappointed by his politics.

At any rate, it's a primary vote worth your attention. Whatcom County very clearly needs to have one of these men and their viewpoints elected into office.

Strange Hat in the Ring

by john brockhaus



I first learned of Gary De Lorenzo's candidacy for County Commissioner from a Herald article announcing candidate filings. Though the article was supposed to be a straight news story, the reporter couldn't quite hide a twinge of outrage as he or she reported that Gary is an owner of Great Northern Books — Bellingham's only adult book store. Soon after, the Herald ran an editorial entitled "Some Strange Hats in the Ring." Among the "strange hats" was Gary De Lorenzo's — one whose business happens to be dirty books." The editorial ended with the sentence, "And they said Tom Eagleton wasn't fit to run for Vice President."

Offhand, I can't think of an occupation more abhorrent to the voters of Whatcom County. To compound his unacceptability to straight voters, Gary has shoulder-length hair and a beard. Knowing these factors led me to wonder about the seriousness of his candidacy. Maybe an advertising gimmick for his store? A joke? If so, a pretty expensive one — the filing fee for commissioner is \$135. I decided to go to Great Northern for an interview.

When Jersey Benz and I walked into the store a few days later, a slick-looking businessman was in the midst of delivering a sales pitch to Gary, so we began browsing through some of the magazines: *More Than 7 Inches — A study of Youths with Unusually Long Penises. . . Hogtie . . . More Than 8 Inches . . .* The business man then switched on a cassette recorder which began with the sound of crickets and birds

chirping and then erupted into a cacophony of jackhammers, bulldozers and cars; followed by a voice intoning, "Don't wake up screaming. Vote Gary De Lorenzo County Commissioner, First District, Democrat." The salesman (later revealed to be the ad manager for KGMI) extolled the virtues of the tape ("This'll really grab 'em, Gary!"), and laughed about how "uptight" the town is; apparently forgetting the monumental furor KGMI raised when Great Northern first opened.

When he finally left, Gary took Jersey and I over to the Sandpiper Tavern for the interview. As the talk progressed, it became apparent that Gary's candidacy is in fact quite serious. Though he quite honestly admits that at present his incomplete knowledge of

the workings of County government prevents him from taking anything more than general stands on most of the issues, his basic positions and inclinations strike me as the soundest and purest of all the local candidates. And he and his campaign manager, Skip Richards, are presently engaged in research to formulate a more specific platform.

Gary stated that he is running because of a "lack of leadership in the County organization." He regards the present body of Commissioners as "a rubber stamp for incoming industry." He doesn't believe that new industry should be allowed to locate in Whatcom County "until industry knows how to clean itself up," but feels that he is "anti-industry only insofar as they don't know how to regulate themselves." As

alternatives to a heavily industrial economy he stresses the recreational and agricultural value of the area.

His campaign centers on the ecology and quality of life issues. "The most important issue is what the direction of this county is going to be. Do we want Whatcom County to be primarily a place for industry or a place for people. If it's to be a place for people, we need to limit industry coming in, regulate commerce, shopping centers, roads. . ."

Other issues Gary intends to stress are: mental health and welfare, an alcohol abuse program, county funding for day care centers, and funding for Rising Sun and other community projects.

Gary regards his candidacy as a chance to "give these views a forum," and hopefully, "challenge the other candidates and show them that my views have an audience." Noting that many of his ideas have never been seriously presented to the voters of Whatcom County, he spoke of the need to "wake people up." A primary win would enable him to state his ideas to a wider audience, and in more detail.

His chances? Zero against the Republican incumbent Mallory. However, he does have some chance of beating his three Democratic opponents in the September 19th primary. His commissioner district includes both the "student ghetto" and the Southside. An extremely low percentage of the general electorate votes in the primaries, so if those who support him turn out in large numbers. . .

Reg Williams and the Great Conspiracy

Two years ago, when I read *The Tale of Hoffman*, the selected transcripts from the "conspiracy" trial of the Chicago 7, I was still able to laugh at the absurdity of that court. Then, it seemed more a dream than a gaveling away of freedom. Two weeks ago, when I read Jason Epstein's analysis of the same trial, I found myself incapable of laughter. In the same way, the August 21 public hearing on the Happy Valley truck route brought home what it has taken me two years to realize. As person after person stood to voice their objections to the truck route - although the Authorities insisted on calling it instead a "city arterial" or even better, the "Happy Valley Parkway" - I was once again pulled back to the vision of that other "hearing" in 1969. Though on Monday I watched the face of Mayor Williams of Bellingham, I also saw Judge Hoffman sentencing the seven Chicago defendants, as well as their two attorneys, on charges of contempt. And I saw Richard Nixon: these men whose smiles have twisted into grimaces, whose pounding gavels drown out the voices of the young, slice through valleys, and in their final extensions slice out entire countrysides in Southeast Asia. I grow increasingly convinced, as Jason Epstein summarized the philosophy of the Chicago defendants, that the evils of America cannot be seen as "correctible flaws within a generally healthy and benign culture, but as symptoms of a deep and perhaps incurable illness - as a kind of cultural insanity."

The 1968-69 "conspiracy" trial of the Chicago 7 was the first of a series of such trials, used by the government in an attempt to silence radicals, or at least to remove them from the political arena for the duration of the long, complex, and mentally anguishing proceedings. The first book to emerge from the trial, *The Tale of Hoffman*, is recommended reading both as good drama and as political ammunition. Published a year later, *The Great Conspiracy Trial* uses the trial as a vantage point from which to analyze both the legal system and the political system of America as a whole. Epstein's book in places reads much like a good horror novel:

Tuesday, August 27, was an uncommonly sparkling day for Chicago in late summer. A lively breeze blew in from Lake Michigan. The temperature was in the fifties. A stranger to the city would have seen little to suggest that in Lincoln Park the night before the police had clubbed and gassed some 3,000 angry demonstrators...

Near the end of the book, Epstein refers the reader to Lincoln's speech of 1848, when he protested President Polk's invasion of Mexico. Lincoln then urged "that people anywhere being inclined and having the power have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government and form a new one that suits them better." Epstein observes that in the ensuing years Lincoln would have had to watch it become next to impossible for Americans to criticize or try to change America's increasingly powerful institutions

The August 21 public hearing on the truck route was a small re-creation of Judge Hoffman's trial of the Chicago defendants. As in the Chicago trial, what emerged was that the Established had already determined what the outcome was to be; the proceedings were but a circus-like formality. The scene was once again the "young" standing up for what they have come to believe in - in this case that a stream and a once-lovely valley should be preserved and that fish, dogs and children must be protected - while the "old" sat back to continue their grim march

by kirie pedersen



Jan Faust

toward the goal of paving America with gray asphalt. The hearing commenced with Jeff Kronenberg's presentation of a well-made and rather impressionistic slide-show of the truck route construction, accompanied by taped interviews with persons living near the route. Though for me a slide juxtaposing a flower with a huge machine expresses precisely the argument against destruction, I knew that a person lacking the basic assumption that a flower has more value than a speedway would be baffled or even contemptuous. This intuition was supported when the slide show began and the corps of gray-suited men representing the state highway commission walked outside to smoke and crack jokes in the hallway. They returned to answer questions only when the slide show was over, and the last words of the song "We Shall Be Released" had faded away.

In the same way the complaints voiced by Happy Valley residents were one by one either gavelled down or passed off with a joke or a patronizing rationalization couched in "officialese." The persons opposing the truck route are only too well aware that the wound through Happy Valley is here to stay, yet they felt it important to educate the audience as to the implications of such projects, and wanted to push for protective measure for Padden Creek, for children and against noise pollution. Thus

they asked whether trees would be planted along the route as a screen against the roar of cars and trucks. "Not unless some ladies' or citizen's group wants to undertake it on their own," they were informed by Ed Henken, the City Engineer. Several members of the audience asked about provisions to keep children and animals from wandering out onto the route. "The state highway commission is concerned only with the area from curb to curb," said the public relations man. "Building roads costs money, tax-payers' money, and we can't afford to be concerned with extras." A man asked if there were any provision for run-off into the adjoining Padden Creek, and invited the audience and Council to envision the result of a heavy rain when the creek would fill with oil, cigarette butts and Herfyburger wrappings. The Mayor told him "to start worrying about the oil running off the roads you hitchhike along."

The only light moment in the proceedings came when an older man in the audience stood up and accused the Mayor of being a hippy. "I define a hippy as someone who tears down what is good to put up something bad," he told the mayor. "And you, Mayor Williams, are doing just that!" But stronger in my memory than this respite of humor were the Mayor's words to one of the "impertinent" young protestors of this route, identical to those used with the Chicago defendants. "I'll take care of you later," said the mayor.

The Barcis and the Board

this time it's taxes.....

by mary kay becker

As if a fluoride-poisoned farm and crippled cattle weren't enough trouble - the Paul Barcis, father and son, are down at the courthouse again, this time because their taxes have been doubled.

Paul N. Barci, the younger, owns a parcel of land amounting to about 60 acres in Ferndale near the Intalco Aluminum Plant. In early June, he received a notice from County Assessor Lewis Turner that this land had been revalued, and that the new taxes were nearly twice as high. Barci - who feels that his land should be devalued, if anything, due to fluoride pollution from Intalco - protested the raise, and aired his complaint on July 21 before the Board of Equalization.

At this hearing, one Board Member, Milt Clothier, proposed a reduction of 8-10% equal to the reduction given another farmer, David Anderson, when he appealed a similar case to the State Board of Tax Appeals. Board Chairman Art Osgood voted with Clothier. But the other three members - Follis, Baird and McGillivray - voted to uphold the new valuation as proposed by Assessor Turner, who testified that all the rest of the land in the west part of the county had been revalued in 1971, and that Barci's land had been left alone at that time only because of the pending lawsuit against Intalco.

Barci is appealing the Board's decision to Olympia. Meanwhile, the larger part of the farm belonging to Barci, Sr., has also been reassessed upward, again to a figure about twice as high. (Turner claims that this parcel, along with a couple of others, was "overlooked" during previous revaluations.) A second

hearing took place on August 7 regarding the elder Barci's property.

At this second hearing, Barci Jr. presented an affidavit based on tax records in the Assessor's office, comparing tax rates on ten parcels of land in the Intalco area. His figures indicated that landowners who have settled with, or have otherwise "made their peace with" Intalco, were assessed at an average rate considerably lower than those who, like the Barcis, have resisted and fought Intalco. In the first five parcels, for instance, the assessed value of improved land ranged from \$100-127 per acre, whereas the assessed value of parcels whose owners still have lawsuits pending against Intalco ranged from \$138 to \$150 per acre.

After much discussion - lasting five hours - the Board decided to postpone their decision on Barci, Sr.'s parcel until another hearing scheduled for August 25. During this hearing the board heard testimony regarding the effects of fluorides on cattle, the discrepancies between the assessments of Barci's and others property, and soil conservation classes. During Barci's cross-examination the assessor finally admitted he had no explanation for the discrepancy between Barci Sr.'s and another property's taxes. Later checking caused the assessor to report that the other property owner's statements had been mis-read (a "C-4" was interpreted as a "5"). This hearing was a vignette version of the trial earlier this year. One board member even provided the audience with a patriotic speech on how he "couldn't believe they are

going to let this pollution deal go on. They will clean it up or they'll close it down."

If there is any logic behind the doubling of taxes, so far it has been difficult to discern. The basic problem - the damage done to Barcis' property by fluoride pollution - is a matter some Board members are unwilling to consider. Last spring, after a lengthy trial, a jury awarded the Barcis \$83,060 in damages done by Intalco. But at the second hearing Board Member William Follis said "more sufficient evidence" was needed to prove there had been any damage. Anyway, he said, if the Board devalued the Barci assessment, in order to be fair "We'd have to re-evaluate everybody!" But so far, only the Barcis and a few others have complained, not enough to warrant a full-scale re-evaluation.

This argument was termed "absolutely preposterous" by Barci's attorney, who remarked, "You're saying that because we're the only ones who've asked for a devaluation, we can't get a change."

At this point Board Member Floyd Baird suggested Barci could sell his land to industry. Despite Barci's repeated avowals that his land "wasn't, isn't and won't be for sale," and that he wants to continue to live on it as a farmer, the suggestion to sell out to industry keeps coming up. It's an obvious wish-fantasy for the county bureaucrats who would like to get the Barci thorn out of their sides so that the process of industrializing Ferndale will seem less untidy.

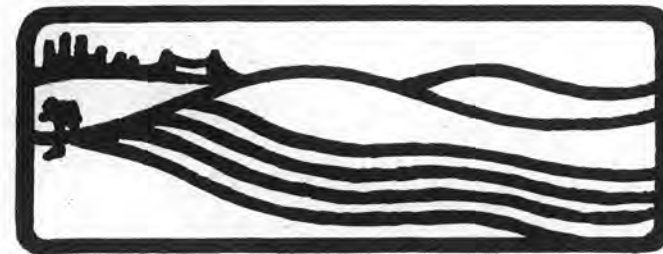
Cementing the Future

The Bellingham Planning Commission public hearing on August 14th received so much citizen input that it took two evenings to complete the testimony. Encroaching apartment complexes, truck routes and shopping centers are awakening Bellingham citizens to the importance of land use planning - and consequently more and more people are coming to the biweekly Wednesday night planning meetings. Over the last few months public attendance and participation have increased dramatically. The bulk of those attending come to speak for a style of planning which preserves wild areas and quiet neighborhoods. There were sixteen proposed rezones, platting and street vacations on this particular meeting's agenda, so I'll only cover a few of the more vigorously-contested ones.

House of Values and Safeway wants to install yet another shopping center (this time out on Meridian). There was strong sentiment that we had too many shopping centers. Campbell Kintz pointed out that a company like Safeway which exploits farm labor and tries to block unionization of farm labor was already over-represented in this community. The Bellingham country club sent a representative to say that the upper middle-class did not want a shopping center across the street from their playground, the Lakeway Golf Course. Despite public opposition and the city planner's recommendation not to pass it, the necessary zone change was voted in.

Perhaps the hottest issue was Joel (Plastic Pipe) Douglas' application for a rezone to a medium density of a portion of 32nd, including one of the co-op garden sites. A couple of land owners spoke in favor of the change. One, an older man, said that he wanted to "clean up the area so it will be more than a weed patch. At my age, I want to see the area developed so it will amount to something." There also were several residents and landowners who liked the area as it is and didn't want to see the planned condominiums in the area. One woman was so upset she could barely maintain control: "The idea is a bunch of rot! All they are are a bunch of parasite people who sell off land to stinking apartments so

by jim hansen



they can get rich and leave us here... sitting and looking at the rot." During the testimony, Board Member Beard repeatedly dozed off, causing some to wonder if he were very concerned with his responsibility as a planning commissioner. He woke up to vote, though. The board recommended denial of the rezone (thank God!).

Later on, Henry Schwan pointed out what looked to him like a conflict of interest in board member John MacLean's position. MacLean is a surveyor who does numerous projects. As a member of the commission, the projects he is involved with come under consideration. At this time, he excuses himself from the vote. However, he continued to present the case for his employer. During this meeting he presented the information for a platting proposal for Benson Construction. When Henry brought this conflict out, MacLean marched over to Henry and told him that he was officially not in attendance that evening. The question of how MacLean can present a case to his fellow board members without biasing them was obscured and left unanswered.

The board had announced that it would adjourn at eleven p.m. As that hour approached and most of the citizenry departed, the board decided that perhaps they could now in short order whip through the rest of their agenda. Vigorous protest by ever-vigilant Henry and Sharon Choisser forced them to recess before dealing with the item concerning Fairhaven rezoning and the 8th and McKenzie evictions.

The following Wednesday about thirty people filled an otherwise empty hall to discuss this very

matter. The board showed itself unable to help the four evicted families and was unsympathetic to the idea of rezoning the area West of 10th for residential purposes. Several people testified about the natural beauty of the area and were met with a less than empathetic audience: just where is all this beauty? the board asked. Ron Sorenson asked for a moratorium on construction until the contracted Fairhaven planning study is completed. The board would not recommend such a moratorium and pointed out that one does not need a permit to bulldoze trees and fill in marshes. These meetings outline some basic issues of land use planning: 1. Are further industrial residential and commercial developments really in the public interest? 2. Should people who dwell on land have some say in its future, regardless of ownership rights? 3. Should planning be conducted with the idea that some areas need to be sacrificed for the welfare of the entire municipality or can there be more consideration for neighborhood sentiment? 4. Will city planners realize that our options are either for a no-growth future or not future at all? 5. Should municipal control be extended to protect land and lifeforms from alteration and destruction?

These issues are basic to the quality of life in this area and will be under discussion regularly at every planning commission and city council meeting. The next planning commission meeting is scheduled for Sept. 20th. The Human Rights Action Coalition invites you to attend and begin to combat the Voice of Money with many voices of reason and respect for the land and each other.

Ann Arbor

a future for Bellingham

text and photos by Curt Rowell



'In every great revolution there have been such 'liberated zones' where radicalism was most deeply rooted, where people tried to meet their own needs while fighting off the official governing power. If there is revolutionary change inside the Mother Country, it will originate..... where people are similarly rooted and where we are defending ourselves against constantly growing aggression.'

Tom Hayden, The Trial, 1970



Ann Arbor, at first, looks like the town where My Three Sons, Dobie Gillis, and Beaver Cleaver all grew up. The streets are tree-lined and the air is clear. Ann Arbor is an oasis amidst the Industrial Wastelands of Amerika, a resting spot between Chicago and Detroit.

But several things have made Ann Arbor radically different from the Hometown, U.S.A. it appears to be. One of these differences is a recent influx of thousands of freak-kids, children of the cities escaping from the belly of the monster to more pleasant

environs. Robin, a worker at Ann Arbor's Washington Street Community Center, suggested that Ann Arbor's population has doubled during the last six years largely because of this immigration of young people. Accompanying the growth of the youth population has been the growth of the rip-off pinball and drug industry. There are some seven pin-ball alleys in Ann Arbor (Tommy's Holiday Camp) and downers galore. Michigan is becoming the Downer Capitol of the Midwest — but kids in Ann Arbor are doing a lot of other things this summer besides downers and pinball.

For lots of kids arriving in Ann Arbor, their first stop is the Washington Street Community Center. Here are gathered the Free People's Clinic, Drug Help, Ozone House, a crash and counseling service, Network, an information service, and the soon to be completed 600 person People's



Ballroom (presently being used as a distribution center for one of Ann Arbor's three food co-ops). The Center is housed in an old Cadillac showroom and garage that the city had intended to destroy. Through hard work, much public appeal, and HEW funding, they succeeded in saving the building for their collective use. With open houses and art sales, the center has generated further interest from hundreds of local people and additional city funding has been secured.

These services and other community activities are coordinated through the Ann Arbor Tribal Council. Feasts, films, and regular free concerts have been organized by the council and they have mobilized thousands from Ann Arbor's youth community.



Much of the council's success must be attributed to the energy and organizational skills of the Rainbow People's Party. The Rainbow People's Party had its roots in Detroit with the White Panther Party. A couple of years ago, when many White Panthers found themselves doing time for various political offenses and being de-energized by Mitchellism, they realized that the Seventies had brought a New Morning and Changing Weather. Employing rock music and grass as their organizational tools, the newly formed Rainbow People's Party grew very quickly in Ann Arbor. Since RPP Chairman John Sinclair was released from prison last December (where, as everyone knows, he served 28 months of a marijuana sentence laid upon him for possession of two joints), the RPP has diversified, bringing more folks to the Party and bringing itself closer to the Ann Arbor community. Great quantities of RPP energy went towards Voter Registration this Spring, and the Party has provided much of the direction within the Tribal Council. The Party also published The Ann

Arbor Sun, "a community news service and voice of the Rainbow People." It is presently distributing 15,000 copies every issue. Formerly it was free; street dealers now charge a dime as their personal profit.

The Central Committee of the RPP has made its headquarters in three large Ann Arbor houses with their children and rock and roll band, the UP. They are presently painting and remodeling their houses and organizing a giant blues and jazz festival. International issues maintain their presence in their front yards; there lies a 12-foot bomb crater, green with marijuana shoots, the remainder of spring anti-war protests.



Recently, Rainbow People's Party O.D. (Officer of the Day), David Fenton explained that only through commitment had the RPP succeeded. They had come to Ann Arbor after years of frustration elsewhere and were determined to stay for the next ten years, working to make a Rainbow Nation. By keeping high and serving the people, the RPP is convinced that they can do it.

The Ann Arbor Human Rights Party is another organization that has collected energy from previously divergent sources and through electoral politics has gained power and influence. Their success this spring in



downtown Ann Arbor, suggests that dope and rock music and elections will never provide Amerika with the urgently needed death of capitalism. Others with less Marxian perspectives are also bothered by the approach taken by the Tribal Council and RPP.

winning two of five available city council seats has been well publicized. The new city council has since levied a mere \$5.00 fine for possession of weed, and attempted to restrict services to local war-related industries, but most importantly they have provided a podium for many issues previously ignored by the former council.

Some feel that these new changes in Ann Arbor will never fundamentally alter the basic distribution of power. Glen, a worker at Polis, a small radical bookstore and organizing front in



Annie, an 18-year-old street person and maker of whole wheat subs, said that she was tired of "street jive and the way they make heroes out of everyone." Despite a certain amount of personal and organizational disagreement, energy levels remain high, and there is an incredible optimism present, the lack of which afflicts the rest of the Movement.

Obviously, the Ann Arbor example possesses much hope for the future, and particularly for Bellingham. Bellingham is unconsciously and spontaneously following the same organizational paths taken by the Ann Arbor community just one or two years previous. The amount of long term commitment observable in Ann Arbor is perhaps what is most badly needed in Bellingham. A real futurist perspective must continue to be developed in the youth community if Bellingham can join with Ann Arbor, ten years from now, as two of what will hopefully be many liberated zones within the Mother County.

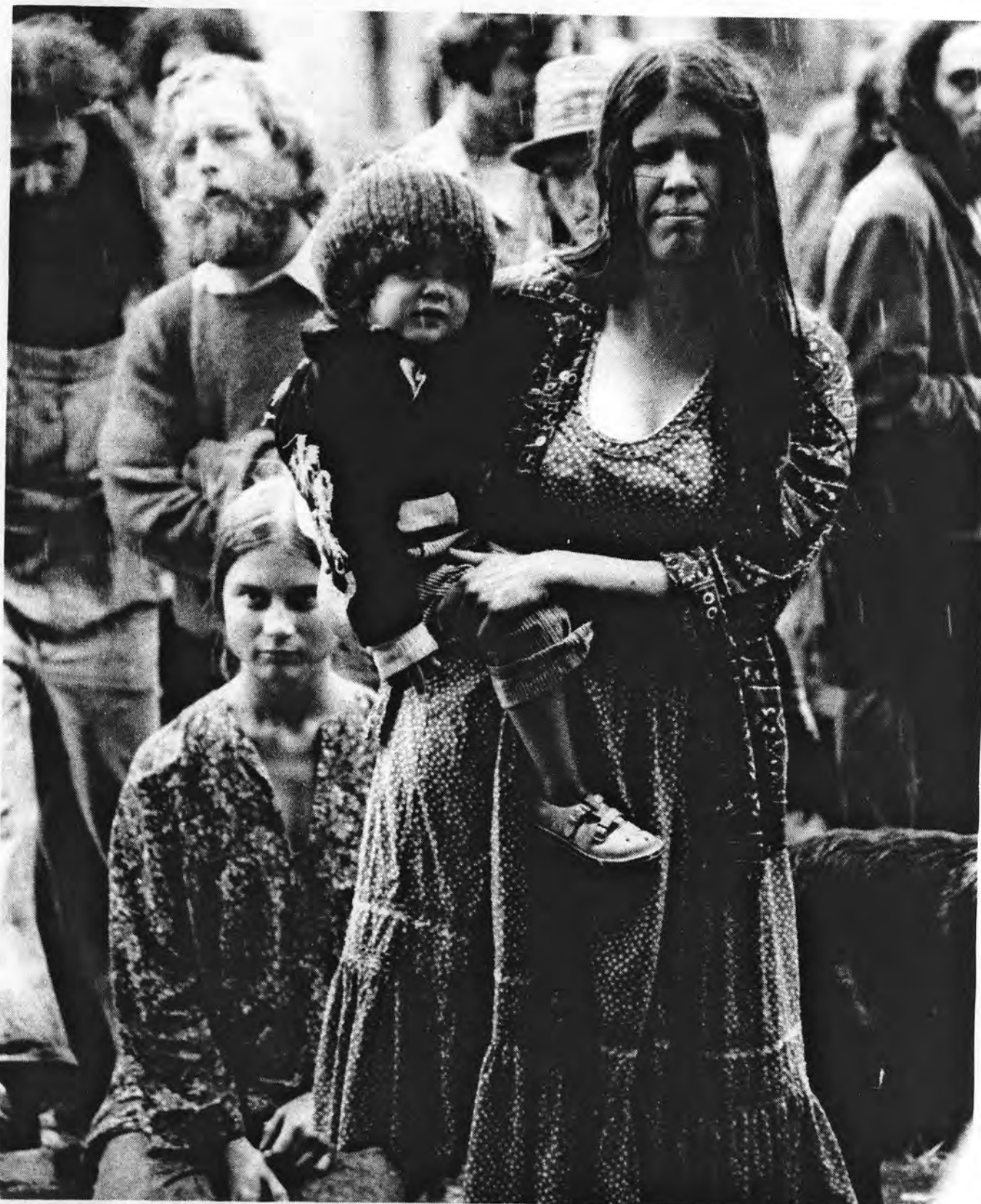


PHOTO BY
TERI DIXON

The News...

by karen engstrom

AUGUST 5

BANGOR, WASHINGTON - Peoples' Blockade members in kayaks and canoes tried to stop the USS Sacramento with a rope as it passed through the 600 foot span of the Hood Canal Floating Bridge en route to Vietnam. Five Blockaders in two rowboats with a nylon line stretched between them were pulled through a wall of spray like water skiers pinned against the hull of the 792 foot ammunition ship for nearly a mile before the ship stopped. The delay was momentary; the ship waiting only until a coast guard escort cutter could overtake them and capsize one rowboat, freeing the line around the bow.

Forty-five demonstrators in twenty-six boats were joined in the blockade attempt by two sailors who did not depart with the Sacramento. Though still unverified by the Navy, crew members assert at least thirty of the five hundred men had not reported for the departure of the Sacramento, now on its eighth Vietnam tour.

The Sacramento was scheduled to depart at 12 noon, thereby reaching the bridge at 1. It did not arrive until 3:30. The flotilla struggled against a stiff breeze to maintain its position near the bridge, watching the ship's stationary silhouette on the horizon, singing, and banging their paddles on their small craft. Four coast guard cutters periodically threatened the Blockaders with arrest, citing their violations and penalties over bullhorns. The Blockaders drowned them out for two hours, shouting back the violations the U.S. is guilty of in Southeast Asia.

Asked what it was like being wrapped around the huge ship loaded with bombs and nuclear weapons, Curtis Chapel, who was capsized by the coast guard, responded by saying, "It was like riding alongside a deathship that won't even stop for a second to pull you off the side; like realizing this country will let you (if you're white and right) speak against this war, but there still isn't a fucking thing you can do to stop it. It was like looking up at a wall that never ends, the bow went all the way up to the horizon; it was huge; it was the whole world - you knew if you went under - that was it. It was like you didn't exist because you were so small. That's what it was like."

The Peoples' Blockade is determined to continue their efforts "until the bombing stops."



People's

August 11

BANGOR, WASHINGTON - 500 people met for a rally at Bangor Naval Resupply Depot, 30 miles west of Seattle, to commemorate Hiroshima Day and to support the Peoples' Blockade actions. People from Seattle, Tacoma, Bellingham, Portland and other surrounding communities arrived in a 150 car caravan. They assembled at the railroad tracks leading into the naval base.

The Blockade will begin actively blocking the rail line that carries much of the munitions into Bangor (including the 2000 lb. 'smart' bombs now used against North Vietnam.)

Speakers at the rally included representatives of the Peoples' Blockade, AFSC, VVAW, and the (Seattle-based) Thai-Binh Coalition. Also addressing the group was David Harris, whose detailed description of the expansion of the air war accentuated the need for such direct actions as a peoples' blockade: to prevent those bombs from reaching their destination and to "begin again to educate Americans about this war."

The Blockade this week has concentrated on the USS Sacramento, the Navy's flagship for the resupply fleet. The Blockade flotilla has demonstrated on five occasions around the Sacramento (which is twice the size of the previous arms freighters here) as it moved from one loading site in Puget Sound to another.

"In addition to preventing the bombs from going out, we are concerned with the rights and moral conscience of the crew of the Sacramento," a spokesman for the Blockade said on a radio interview with two Sacramento crewmen. The recent demonstrations have in several ways said 'join us' to the more than 600 men on board the Sacramento. They have responded. It is reported that up to 30 men have defected since the Blockade's first evening encirclement with candles and singing in canoes and kayaks. The Navy responded by confining the men below deck during each demonstration and cancelling all liberty for the weekend Hiroshima rallies and vigils.

One of the many sailors in contact with the Blockade said, "the Blockade had a great effect on the already low morale of the Sacramento. Realizing someone cares about the crew's predicament gave them the courage to defy the Navy. Now, as the departure date gets closer, more and more men are leaving." Two crewmen interviewed by the author described the morale as low, also because the commander of the ship, Captain Dennim, is a promotion conscious, war-minded zealot; already loaded down with ribbons and medals, he is out for glory and rank at their expense. The presence of the Blockade has caused an even further alienation between those officers who are pro-war and the rest of the crew.

.. Reflections

by marie

It was very early morning and our bodies were dug into sleeping bags inside the larger of our two tents. Don't know how many people heard the car-wheels come down the hill, or heard the motor running, as she parked in front of the tent, but surely all must have heard her breathlessly ask for someone to come up and confirm the big white thing she had just seen in the water off Bangor.

Being new to the Blockade I was up and out of the bag and tent, and outside, into the car in a moment. Off we went to peer through the glasses at the "thing." It was the ever present destroyer, but in a different position as it shifted about at its mooring, looking a strange white. Old hands at this were probably muttering in their sleeping bags, waiting for someone to come and tell them to go back to sleep. They had probably seen or imagined some similar sinister new object off the point at least once on every watch.

Watch hour has its tension of responsibility and release from camp pressure, so is viewed in different ways by different people. Sometimes you hour seems like five on a hot sunny day and you hope that someone will come up to keep you company, or just to keep you awake. Then sometimes you wish those one or two companions would go back to camp so that you could be alone for awhile and again sometimes it was like having a party alone or with others. You can see clearly or at other times a fog settles over the water like white milk, which makes me apprehensive for fear that suddenly a huge ship will break through and zoom down on us. The freighters are loaded and then come around the point to head for the bridge which crosses Hood Canal at this point. Timing is important because, depending upon the wind, it takes a while to get by our boats from the camp to the bridge-span.

"Watch" is also a time to be with the outside

world. At this point people stop to rest before crossing the bridge-span. They stop to take pictures, to pee in the bushes, or to litter the ground with cookie boxes after a snack. Some people come over to talk. They ask what you are looking for. Others pretend that you are not there. Once or twice a carload of people have stopped to make the "watch" uncomfortable by expressing great hostility towards the Blockade action. At the same time, when a carload of people do bother to drive out to tell you that you are an ass, it means that people are learning about the action and this is very important education.

Back in camp someone will be chopping wood gathered earlier on the beach and someone else will have been harassed (or volunteered) to wash the dishes and pans in the salt water. Rubbing with sand usually gets most of the scrambled eggs off. Food assumes importance, either as a way of passing time while waiting for ships, or more probably as a source of extra energy for climbing hills and paddling in rough water - which is real exhausting. One person often talks someone into going for an oyster hunt, and they return with enough for a splendid meal. Another person may spend time digging for horse clams, which we cut up for bait for fishing later in the day.

Ten minutes of being able to watch the deer grazing around on the hillside, before they leap off through the bushes, can make a whole year of living back in the city seem unimportant. Peanut butter and jelly on bread or graham crackers is a stable item. They were lunch to me for years of grade school, high school and college. And I swore that I would never again eat peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. But out here, I suddenly found myself eating it by the spoonful and not choking.

Soup at home is soup, but soup in camp is a

gourmet feast. A ring of people clutching assorted dishes and spoons having waited impatiently more than once for her to tell us that the beans and vegetables were done, was thrilling to be a part of.

At the camp, one is free to come and go as you please, yet we have a way of announcing to others when we are going, before taking off. One morning I went down the beach for the ritual of a naked swim bath in the water. When I wandered back, I found the camp deserted, but there was one pram left out on the beach for me to row out to the span. Would this be a real exercise or a false alarm? Each person has a preference for a particular craft or paddle and sometimes we had to juggle for that certain paddle, or life-jacket. But among the adults for the times that I was there, never was there quarreling or bickering or harsh words. The children fought less out here than at home.

They were typically petulant about an occasional something, but were careful not to say or do anything to irritate those of us who felt the tension mounting as we anticipated the need to line up the boats and dig in.

Once in the water you were off, hoping that the Coast Guard would not drown us with their water hoses, as it was cold. One woman suggested that we should file a complaint against them for dousing us hours before the freighter came, leaving us to suffer exposure. I readily agreed that it was a grand idea, because for the last hour my legs had been trembling violently. Strangely enough, when the speck at Bangor which we knew to be the ship began to give off puffs of smoke, the leg trembling stopped. This was what we had been waiting for. As the ship comes down, everyone breaks from the comfort of visiting and seeks a position - some singing, some shouting, and some quiet like the gentle young woman who patiently rowed out in the pram and back many times, never complaining about the water or man. She was just always there and it was a great comfort to see the gray pram bobbing up and down in the water. Once a freighter's engine did a sudden turn over and the quick water movement tipped her into the cold water. We all paddled quickly over to her. She looked so patient floating around in the orange life-jacket clutching the kayak with one hand.

There were written rules and unwritten rules, and you learned them as days of waiting went by. You were never anxious to do anything which could divide the camp and you were sorry if some thoughtlessness of yours called down on you some reproach. It was a strange, tight family - yet fluid - with different names, and faces, and adjustments to be made, for you recognized that basic to all, there flowed a generally supportive harmony of purpose.

One day while we were on the water watching the freighter approach, someone called out for us to see that the camp's last boat was approaching. We knew that someone was on watch with the children and could not recognize this man rowing toward us. Our watch near the bridge had been asked by a passer-by if our group out in the boats were the ones who were against the war. Being told that we were, this man hurried down the hill, dumped his pack and rowed out to join us. We shouted welcomes to him, some were asking his name, and marvelled that here was a new face. And then - the freighter was upon us. Later, back at camp the man beached his boat, exchanged a few words, changed to dry pants, shouldered his pack and was off up the hill.

What more can one say? No words can give adequate expression to how and why we work together, but we do, and it has been a rich, full experience of being close together in God's world of rain, sun, oysters, clams, mountains and sunsets. And seeing a submarine! It was not in World War II or a magazine picture, but right in front of my eyes - defiling those blue waters.

Blockade



[Editors' Note: The following story was sent to us by a member of the Black Bear commune in California. The article concerns their fight with clearcutting. Its interest lies not only in its description of the effects of this activity had on the commune — but even more significant is its comment on political will. The clearcutting spirit takes many forms — and we face it every day. Just what the hell do we do? Lou Ling's experience provides a taking-off point because it centers around what one group did not do.]



by lou ling

Clearcutters and the

The sun was just spearing long shafts of light thru the dense forest canopy as the chug-clanging of steel tracks of a caterpillar slowly rounds the bend in the dirt road. A large pot of coffee sets atop a blazing fire in the middle of the road, blocking the cat's way. We stand warming our hands over the fire. The cat driver slams back the brake lever and stops just in front of us. A yellow truck carrying the logging crew jerks to a halt behind the caterpillar. For a full minute we are motionless, staring intently at each other. The air is tense as the cat purrs its steady roar. We wonder if the logging crew will jump out of the truck and start swinging. The cat driver grabs a lever, and we all brace ourselves as he suddenly swings the cat to the side of the road, turns off the engine and jumps down, extending a hand in friendship. We sigh a breath of relief.

It wasn't until four hours later that the black and white sheriff's cars rolled to a halt on the same road. Twelve deputies jumped out of their cars dressed in full riot gear with their clubs ready, looking for the stereotype long haired, sandled hippies carrying picket signs. Instead they found a group of about 20 loggers and long hairs talking and eating lunch underneath the virgin trees. Finding no laws broken, they climbed back into their cars and went home. Thus began the action against clear cut logging by a small commune called Black Bear Ranch situated in the northern most part of California between the Marble Mts. and the Trinity Alps.

Last summer, Black Bear Ranch began its struggle to save its watershed by reversing a Forest Service clear cut logging operation which would remove every 200 year old douglas fir and ponderosa pine tree on 56 acres. The logging was delayed by two confrontations on the road, winning the support from local people, a legal suit and the actions of a friendly cat driver. But the trees were finally cut with the fatalistic consent of the people who lived at Black Bear. Rather than providing an example of how to wage a struggle against the corporate lumber giants, the whole experience can be examined for clues to the failure to mount a public campaign, and hopefully can provide insights for other people in similar circumstances.

People first moved to the desolate abandoned gold mine 4 years ago to escape the inevitable dilemma of committing either homicide or suicide in the city. Refugees of the digger-free city trip in San Francisco moved to Black Bear because, they said, "we are free here to make all of our fantasies and visions come true." Everyone shared all their money and possessions with everyone else. People spent most of their time together expressing, "we want to get closer to each other and be high more of the time." People worked because they enjoyed it. Celebrations were real experiences marking the seasonal changes and communal accomplishments. All of the forms from the city were open to question and experimentation as there was a conscious rejection of the old forms.

When the 40 to 60 members (plus occasional invited guests) moved onto the land 4 years ago the revolution was just around the corner. We slowly began building terraces and putting in irrigation for gardens, building up a goat herd, composting, building houses, learning to gather and grow essential foodstuffs and learning that our survival was dependent upon each other. Black Bear was seen as a liberated territory which would become a fortress as soon as the government started losing its grip of control. As time progressed and the revolution didn't materialize, we realized we were not a liberated territory but were left alone because we were so inaccessible and didn't "bother anybody." The clanging of the caterpillars and the shrill whining of chain saws finally dispelled any notions we had about escaping the effects of the hungry drive for profit and control by the imperial society.

Black Bear is surrounded by national forest wilderness and its fate, is tied to what is happening to the whole national forest. The forest service states, "What we are running is a tree farm. It's just like corn, we cut them down and then plant'em again so we can cut them down when they get big enough. We plan to cut down the whole forest in 125 years and have to start cutting it down again."

125 years may not be long for the forest service, but it will dramatically set back all the work which has been done to build up Black Bear to a level of survival for the people who live there. The clear cut lies less than 1000 yards above the ranch on one of the major sources of water. Heavy siltation will last for 5 to 8 years and will silt up 3 acres of irrigated and terraced vegetable gardens. The summer drinking water will be muddied. Drinking water for goats, chickens and hogs will be muddied. There is a real danger that cutting on such steep slopes will cause landslides. Topsoil will be washed into the Salmon River, one of the last wild rivers in California, endangering the dwindling spawning grounds of steel head and salmon. The road which winds into the cut will be an access road to log more and more forest from the watershed leaving the land, after 2 or 3 cuttings, looking like present day Palestinian desert or denuded parts of China.

Besides direct physical effects on the land, one of nature's storehouses will be destroyed. No longer can we go there to gather acorns for acorn flour, get dead wood for fires, pick wild mushrooms, collect herbs and wild plants for medicine and forage for lush wild greens and watercress salads in the early spring before the gardens come in. The forest which inspired a feeling of awe and an essence of a spiritual presence was sacrificed - sold to Japan to become wood panels on Sony record players.

Coming from the city 5 years ago, we asked, "What is clear cutting?" The stark description settled into our heads as we looked out on the huge bare swathes cut from the mountainsides leaving them as big, vacant, brown sores. Last winter, our road was washed out when part of a mountain side below a clear cut slid down over two sections of our road. The new road takes 3 times longer to travel and is snowed in for periods as long as 3 weeks in the winter. A year ago last fall, one of our members was killed when he was thrown from a truck which was rear-ended by a logging truck. This past spring a gasoline truck was driven off a narrow local road by a logging truck and 2 men fell to their fiery deaths. Local residents remind us how the river used to be black with salmon instead of mud. All of us know the local Karok Indian who was paralyzed when a tree was felled on his truck. Everytime we travel the local roads we pass landslid clear cuts and fields of waste. Our neighbors tell us how their water level dropped when their watershed was clear cut. With this experience and a forest service report which said there would be "moderate" damage and siltation of our water supply, we began to explore ways to stop the cut.

When we first began talking to the Forest Service they told us "the best thing you can do is cooperate." As we began voicing our misgivings and doubts about having our watershed cut, they slowly made small changes to accommodate us. The logging road would be narrowed from 18 to 12 feet. Dirt from the road would be hauled away rather than the usual procedure of pushing it into the creek. The cut would only come within 150 feet of the creek rather than bordering it. They assured us that poisonous spray would be discontinued as a method of killing brush before replanting. All of the oak and madrona trees which were knocked down while they were taking the valuable softwood logs out would be hauled away rather than being left as a fire hazard. The forest service admitted that our irrigation and drinking water would be damaged, but assured us that it was for the "national interest" of economic and housing needs of the country.

Ignoring private suggestions from the forest service personnel that we should "move somewhere else where you won't have these kinds of problems," we obtained Gary Near, Tim Brown and Peter Tague of San Francisco to donate their legal services. They rejected the forest service lawyers' rebuff that "It's ridiculous for anyone in this day and age to think they can take clean drinking water out of a stream in a bucket." After being pressed by our lawyers, the forest service agreed to stop all work on the roads until they could study the situation.

But the logging companies denied they were party to the agreement and brought their bulldozers in to widen the road. The coffee pot in the middle of the road only delayed them. Cal-Pacific, a small local lumber company partially owned and controlled by

Crown-Zellerbach, sent their boss, Don Scuckup, to call the sheriffs. Rather than cool our heels in jail we chose to win the logging crew to our side.

We overcame local warnings about having a "bunch of beer drinking loggers hanging around" by drinking beer with them and talking about our common problems. They sympathized with our problems and went out of their way to cut winter fire wood for us, bring us venison and share our communal dinners. They didn't necessarily like their logging jobs, thought the country was being destroyed by crooked politicians, and opposed the war and the draft, but ultimately they had large families to support. Logging was the only work available in these mountains and they asked, "What is a poor man to do?"

The majority of the people at the ranch felt that any involvement by the mass media would harm the ranch by focusing attention on ourselves and bringing in a flood of unwanted visitors. As an alternative, it was decided to hold an open house for local people to explain our dilemma and to solicit their support. Open house day brought some 50 people, many of whom traveled 3 hours over back roads, to hear our side of the story. One of the secretaries of the logging company came to

The heat of the summer wore on with the ever present hum of mosquitoes and the sounds of the 72 ton caterpillar scrapping at the earth to clear a road for the logging trucks. The sound of the cat hung in the back of our minds as fall came and we began harvesting our gardens and going into the forest to gather elderberries, black berries, currants, acorns and herbs. Then one day the sound miraculously ceased. A little later the cat driver came down to tell us he was shutting down saying, "there's no way I can keep from rolling boulders from the road down on top of you. I'll quit before I'll hurt any of you."

Failing to find a way to cut thru the solid granite, the forest service issued a "work stoppage" order and shut the operation down for the rest of the year. Snow would soon fall and we turned our energies to getting firewood in, fixing houses for winter and planning a sawmill-hydro-electric-furniture shop complex.

Winter time at Black Bear is, as it is traditionally, a time to turn inward, become introspective and focus on interpersonal relationships. The winter brought continued experimentation. We felt the kids should be getting more attention so a "kids' collective" was set up which lasted until interest waned and several

Why had a conscious, aware group of persons done so little to stop an act which had such a direct effect upon their lives? Ultimately we were just as powerless

The trip to the lawyers returned saying we should have gotten the legal case together back during winter. Early one morning we heard the caterpillars fired up and the whine of chain saws lashing thru the virgin forest. The boom of falling trees exploded across the valley, echoing between the steep narrow ridges.

and out of control of our lives as people in the city. It had been suggested we stop the logging by merely going out and stopping it. But neither the local nor the national political mood was ripe for such drastic action. Besides, what would it accomplish? None of us able to show our faces anywhere. And the logging would have happened anyway, because the government has more force than we did.

Offers of mass media coverage were rejected because some felt "we tried that trip in the city when we were trying to end the war and look at the war now." Leaflets and organizing the county were rejected because "when you've seen one leaflet you've seen them all" and there were no bridges to the outside communities anyway. Suggestion of direct action against Crown-Zellerbach in the ecologyconscious Bay area were rejected. Mr. Zellerbach had seen some drawings by a woman who lives at Black Bear and pledged, "I'll do what I can do to stop this cut." This led to people saying, "let's not mention Crown-Zellerbach until after they fuck us over." But all of these suggestions were rejected not because they weren't the "proper" method, but more because the ingredient of will was missing.

There were several reasons for this. First, the traditional communal problem of group vs. individual action kept any individuals from acting on their own without the full consent of the group. This problem had come up before with other questions, and it was accepted that there should be unity and agreement before action affecting the whole group should be taken. One person in strong opposition to an idea was often enough to kill it. The second major problem was our immersion in interpersonal relationships. When the revolution didn't happen in the outside world, Black Bear focused more and more on subjective and personal revolutionary goals. This led to a retreat from the world and an attitude that all that was important was for all of us to work out our sexual relationships. These attitudes led to a retirement community isolated from the outside world and oblivious to any of its effects.

It is obvious that if other groups of people replicate the experience of Black Bear, the earth will be paved over in the next 40 years. The logic of the system requires more clear cutting to meet nuclear family housing needs and an always expanding economy. The only way to escape Black Bear's fate is to throw out the current stacked deck method of decision making and make our own decisions.

Commune

"straighten all of you out about some of your crazy notions about clear cutting." She left pledging fier support and taking a piece of acorn pie home to her 108 year-old Indian grandmother who hadn't had anything made from acorns since she was a young woman. White haired miners ambled around looking over our gardens and encouraging us to stop the cut, "before your whole watershed is cut off like ours was." Visiting children hooped and hollered with our kids. The theory was to work "from the bottom up" but it didn't help much when we went to court.

Last July, the case of Black Bear Ranch vs. the U.S. of America, Cal-Pacific & Crown-Zellerbach went before Judge Conti of the U.S. district court in San Francisco. Judge Conti was a recent Nixon appointee, to give selective service violators stiffer sentences. Crown-Zellerbach lawyers showed up in their shiny shark skin suits, short hair cuts and nylon socks to plead that they had "no interest in the case."

The judge denied their plea to be released from the suit, but listened to the logging company's plea that "we will lose in excess of \$100,000, and we'll have to lay off workers at our mills if we don't get this lumber." (The mill had been closed the proceeding two winters and workers laid off.) Judge Conti ruled that "the law applies to people in a generic sense and not in a specific sense" or in other words the law applied to people generally and not to us at Black Bear specifically because we weren't large enough. Our lives were outweighed by the good of the economy. With our legal case thwarted we headed home to the hills to figure out what to try next.

people took their winter vacations. Desiring a tighter and smaller group, a group split off to live together. Dissatisfaction with couples as a form of relationship led all the couples to break up and reform into a "men's" and a "women's" house. The logging was mentioned but soon forgotten in the long winter nights as we struggled to maintain our emotional stability, tried to figure out what was happening in our personal lives and searched for newer, more fulfilling ways of living. A trip planned to S.F. to confer with lawyers and prepare a new legal battle for the spring was postponed several times.

Before we realized it, the snow was melting, the trees were budding and spring was blooming around us. A top level forest service meeting was held with the loggers and it was decided that loggers we didn't know would be brought in and they would move quickly. Word came to us that the logging would begin in two weeks. We rushed to S.F. to prepare a legal case. Not knowing what could be done, energy was consumed with the everyday tasks of planting an orchard, the gardens, caring for the kids and working out "interpersonal relationships."

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Frances Lappe's book, *Diet for a Small Planet* (Ballantine Books, \$1.25), is about protein, primarily about the most efficient way for people to obtain those essential elements (amino acids) which form protein. She is concerned with efficiency both in terms of the nutritional values of foods people eat to supply themselves with protein, and also in terms of the available sources of protein on earth, and how population affects it.

The first section of her book deals with meat, and here the author emphasizes the wastefulness and irrationalities which are built into the production of meat for America. Lappe is not a vegetarian, yet she feels that for physical, ethical and even political reasons it is best to break our almost total dependence on meat as a source of protein. Here are some of her reasons:

1. The inefficiency in which cows convert feed to protein: a cow must eat 21 pounds of grain protein to produce 1 pound of meat. An acre of cereals can produce five times more protein than one which is devoted to meat production. An acre of legumes can produce 10 times more and an acre of leafy vegetables, 15 times more.

2. That growers for the most part do not graze livestock on rangeland where animals eat food unfit for humans, and then turn it into meat. Rather meat animals are given enormous quantities of food which people need! Ms. Lappe has discovered that in the U.S. one-half of the harvested agricultural land is planted with crops which go directly for feed for meat producers, 75% of all our grain is fed to animals. In this manner 18 million tons of protein becomes unavailable to us in just a year. And this amount is equivalent to 90% of the yearly world protein deficit!

3. American cattle are fed high protein food in such vast quantities not so they will produce maximum amounts of protein, but to fatten them up — Americans enjoy tasting the fat in meat and that is why choice grade beef has about 63% more fat than standard grade.* Of course one main reason the cattle owner uses high protein food as opposed to rangeland is that the latter is too expensive these days.

*In 1968 Peru and Chile shipped about 700,000 tons of high protein fish products to the U.S. These were fed to animals. And the U.S. exported to Peru 26,000 pounds of inedible tallow and grease.

5. The U.S. imports meat from Latin and Central America, thus encouraging those countries, many of which have large populations of protein starved and undernourished citizens, to imitate our own wasteful practices. The inhabitants of those countries lose out on protein-rich grains, and meat.

6. We are depleting our soil, with its heavy use, and ranchers are not taking the time to use sound agricultural practice. 7. Although meat, fish, dairy products and poultry are not directly contaminated by pesticides, tests have shown that they do contain them — thus the pesticides must enter through indirect sources. Meat, fish and poultry contain 2½ times more chlorinated pesticides than dairy products and about 13 times more than vegetables, fruits and grains. And those dairy products mentioned, having 2½ times more chlorinated pesticides than meat products, have 8 to 13 percent fat content. Since all the pesticides are accumulated in the fat, by eating low fat dairy products — cottage cheese, low fat milk, yogurt — you could considerably reduce your pesticide intake.

The alternative to eating meat is to eat dairy products and eggs, which are extremely high in protein — also grains, nuts, cereals and vegetables. But there is a method to eating these foods based upon the chemical nature of protein. Ms. Lappe explains it this way:

There are 22 amino acids needed by our bodies to manufacture protein. Eight of these acids cannot be made by the body, they must come from outside sources, from the food we eat.

In order for these acids to be used by the body, all eight of them must be present at the same time.

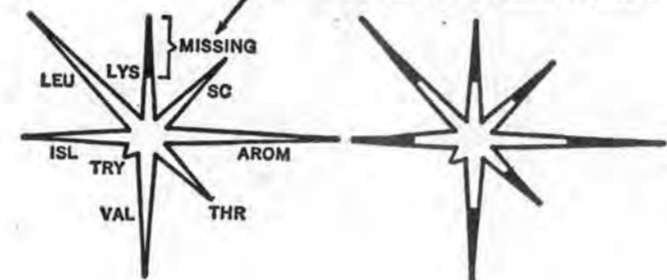
And they must be present in the right proportion. This is called "complete protein."

Combinations of various grains, legumes, nuts, and dairy products can be included in meals to provide complete protein, using the method of "complementary proteins."

Complementary Proteins

The Eight Essential Amino Acids are: *tryptophan, leucine, isoleucine, lysine, valine, sulphur-containing, and aromatic.*

If even ONE essential amino acid is partially missing... The result is that ALL amino acids are reduced in the same proportion.



This amount of protein in the food... Becomes... This amount of protein for your body to use.



Some examples of food that complement each other are rice and beans, wheat, soy and sesame, cornmeal and beans, or peanuts and sunflower seeds. By figuring proteins in terms of completeness and balance, complete amino acid patterns, we are able to figure not only amounts of protein we consume, but amounts of usable protein. Since this is a much more accurate figure, the actual quantity for our minimum daily requirement is considerably less. The recommended daily protein allowance based on usable protein is 0.28 grams per pound of body weight, or 35.8 grams of usable protein a day for a person weighing 128 pounds, and 43.1 grams for a person weighing 154 pounds. Of course, different people have different demands for protein requirements. Physical and psychological stress can increase protein needs considerably.

It is best to develop "body wisdom" which involves more than just being aware of how you feel — your energy level, general health and temperament. Certain nutritional deficiencies have been shown to negatively affect one's appetite and choice of foods; so feeling "satisfied" is not enough. Part of "body wisdom" involves being a wise observer of your body's condition. Because nails, hair and skin require newly synthesized protein for growth and health, their condition is usually a good indicator of whether or not you're getting enough protein. Similarly, notice whether or not your abrasions heal quickly. If they don't, you may be seriously lacking protein in your diet.

Complementary Foods

Rice and Legumes: proportions: 1 cup beans - 2 2/3 cups rice equal about 40½ grams of usable protein, or the equivalent of 19 oz. of steak. There are several good recipes in "Diet for a Small Planet," using these and following combinations. **Rice and Soy:** proportions: ½ cup soybeans or 1 cup soy flour - 5 cups rice equal 39½ grams of usable protein or the equivalent of 18½ oz. steak. Ms. Lappe includes a recipe for curried rice among those using these

ingredients. **Rice and Wheat and Soy:** proportions: 1 cup rice to 1 cup whole wheat flour to 1 cup soy flour (or 3/4 cup bulgar wheat to 1 cup rice to 2/3 cup soy grits) equal 24½ grams usable protein or 11 3/4 oz. steak. See recipe at end for Rice-Wheat "Kasha."

Cornmeal and Beans: proportions: ½ cup beans to 2 cups cornmeal (or 12 tortillas) equals 11 grams or 5¼ oz. steak. This combination includes the mainstay of Mexican cooking and Ms. Lappe includes recipes for tostadas and enchiladas. **Soy and Sesame Seeds and Peanuts:** proportions: 1 cup soy flour to 1½ cup sesame seeds to 1½ cup raw peanuts (or 2/3 cup soybeans to 7/8 cup sesame seeds to 1½ cup peanut butter) equals 45½ grams protein or 2½ oz. steak. (Sunflower seeds may be substituted for sesame). See recipe for Nutty Noodle Casserole at end. Other complimentary combinations include Rice and Nutritional Yeast, Rice and Sesame Seeds, Rice and Milk (Rice Pudding!), Wheat and Milk or Cheese (Wine, Bread, Cheese and Thou is one of her recipes), Wheat and Beans, Wheat and Soy, Cornmeal and Soy and Milk, Beans and Milk, Beans and Sesame Seed, Soy, Wheat, Rice and Nuts, Peanuts and Sunflower Seeds (including a recipe for chocolate chip cookies that contain 1½ grams of protein each, Peanuts, Milk and Wheat, Sesame Seeds and Milk (crunchy granola), and, finally, Potatoes and Milk. The correct proportions, including amounts of protein they provide, along with excellent recipes, are given for each of these combinations in "Diet for a Small Planet."

Lappe's book proves, without a doubt, that we can feed ourselves and our families good, nutritious and delicious meals that are inexpensive. The following chart shows what the cost would be to fill all of a day's protein requirement from a single food source eaten alone. The chart figures the cost of usable protein for the average American male weighing 154 pounds: The prices are her estimates. We compared them with Food Co-op prices and found that the costs would consistently be lower if the items were bought at the Co-op. (All Co-op prices are listed on the price list on the wall, any member is free to inquire about wholesale prices, costs, etc., and to make suggestions about items to carry.)

4. LIVESTOCK DO NOT HAVE TO EAT PROTEIN IN ORDER TO PRODUCE IT — tests have proven that. Grains are available for feed because of their low demand — the public is educated to eat meat instead.



PROTEIN COST CHART

Cost of Getting One Day's Protein Allowance	Dairy Products	Legumes	Grains & Flour	Seafood	Nutritional Additives	Nuts & Seeds
0	dried non-fat milk	soy beans	whole wheat flour			
10¢	cottage cheese	blackeye peas	blackeye peas			
20¢	buttermilk	split peas	rye flour (dark)	turbot	wheat germ	
30¢	whole egg	chick peas	Roman meal	herring		
40¢	whole milk	kidney beans	oatmeal	sword fish		
50¢	hamburger	lentils	spaghetti	perch		
60¢	Swiss cheese	black beans	brown rice	canned tuna	Tiger's milk	peanut butter
70¢	cheddar cheese		gluten flour	catfish	Brewer's yeast	raw peanuts
80¢	chicken ricotta cheese		wheat bran	sardines		sunflower seeds
90¢	blue mold cheese		egg noodles	salmon		roasted peanuts
1.00	parmesan cheese		millet	oysters	Baker's yeast	
1.15	pork		cornmeal	crab (in shell)		pumpkin seeds
1.50	yogurt		whole wheat bread	clams (in shell)		raw cashews
2.00	steak		rye bread	shrimp (canned)		Brazil nuts
2.50	lamb chops		"super-cereal"			black walnuts
3.00						cashew nuts
						pignolia nuts

Rice-Wheat "Kasha" - 5 servings

average serving = approx. 15 g usable protein
35 to 42% of daily protein allowance

1 cup raw brown rice
¾ cup bulgar wheat
¾ cup soy grits

3 eggs, beaten
1 quart stock, boiling
½ cup butter

Toast grains and soy grits in a dry pan on top of stove, stirring often (or toast in a 250°F oven on a cookie sheet). When the mixture is cool, spread it on the bottom of a cold heavy skillet. Add eggs one at a time, stirring to coat every grain. Put the pan over medium heat and cook the grains until they're dry, stirring constantly to break up lumps. Add the boiling stock and butter. Cover and simmer until the grains are tender. Goes beautifully with steamed greens, or a sweet and sour steamed cabbage dish.

This article by Dorothy Hage, which was printed in the most recent issue of *Aphra*, a feminist journal, could not have appeared at a more propitious time for those of us on the *Passage* who were growing increasingly frustrated with the superficiality of the "he/she" debate. I personally felt frustrated because the discussion tended to focus on one aspect of the issue — editorial license to change language — rather than on the sexist attitudes which lie behind the language. To talk about "he/she" in isolation is just to scratch one of the more obvious surfaces of our sexist heritage; there are many, many more pervasive distortions which the language will be rid of only when society as a whole has confronted and exorcised its sexism. Hage's insightful series of examples should prove very useful to that end.

— m.k.b.

There's Glory for You

by dorothea hage

"There's glory for you!"
"I don't know what you mean by 'glory,'" Alice said.
Humpty Dumpty smiled contemptuously. "Of course you don't — till I tell you. I mean 'there's a nice knock-down argument for you!'"

"But 'glory' doesn't mean 'a nice knock-down argument,'" Alice objected.

"When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said, in rather a scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean — neither more nor less."
"The question is," said Alice, "whether you can make words mean so many different things."

"The questions is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master — that's all."

— Lewis Carroll

Recently many women have become acutely aware of the fact that they are being left out of the English language. Such phrases as "the winner may claim his prize," "to each his own," and so on, do not seem to apply to women. The use of "his or her" instead of "his" in such sentences may be all right for income tax forms, but it is unwieldy for everyday use. Some women have proposed that we begin using a new pronoun in English, one that does not specify whether the person being discussed is male or female. As early as 1945, Buwei Yang Chao invented the pronoun "hse," which she used in her cookbook, *How to Cook and Eat in Chinese*, to refer to an individual of either sex. (Interestingly, this innovation was omitted from later editions of her book.) Today, many women are aware that such a change is needed. The most recent suggestion along these lines is "tey," proposed in an article in the first issue of *Ms.* Other suggestions have been "co," "one," "heris," "hiser," etc. While it seems obvious that such a change would help to include women in our language, it seems equally obvious that it is a far cry from a solution to the problem of sexism in the English language. In fact, I feel that those who try to revise the language are missing the point.

So long as society is sexist, its language will reflect that sexism. I agree that pointing out the inequities in language is a useful tool for discovering how society views women; however, I think that we must concentrate on society's attitudes toward us, not on its use of language.

If we aim to correct the way society speaks about us, we will gain lip service. On the other hand, if we attack society's view of us, we may succeed in changing its attitudes, and then the words will take care of themselves.

A detailed examination of sexism in language will show us just how pervasive the problem is, and how impossible a patch-up job would be. The way in which people use language reflects their unconscious assumptions. For example, that men may unconsciously see the women they love as children or as pet animals is shown in the terms "girl," "baby," and "chick," "bunny," applied to women. "Girl" applies as easily to a woman of forty as to a child of ten. The use of these diminutive terms for women results from two attitudes of society: first, that women are habitually considered only in terms of their sex; and second, that women are not taken seriously. The latter has become quite evident in men's discussion of the women's liberation movement. Our momentous struggle becomes, in the newsman's slogan, "Women's Lib," or even the absurd "Fem-Lib," though few who use these terms would dare to take Huey Newton so lightly as to ask him to speak on "Black Lib" or perhaps "Nig-Lib!" The women who are struggling for their rights are not called feminists, which is the proper term for them, but "the Women's Lib gals" (or "ladies") or "Women's Libbers."

Varda One was one of the earliest to investigate sexism in the English. In her column, "Manglish," in the newspaper *Everywoman*, she discusses dictionary entries which evince sexism. Particular interesting are those from the *Oxford English Dictionary*, showing the history of sexism in our language. Did you know that "minx," "a pert, saucy girl," once also meant "a female puppy?" That "minion," "a servile follower," once meant "a mistress?" That "whore" was once simply "a lover, of either sex?"

As for sexism in modern English, Varda One has this to say (August 20, 1971):

Flash on these words. Which sex leaps to mind? Youth, sergeant, wooer, wizard, thief, traveler, principal, juvenile, murderer, officer, writer, knave, comrade, president, worker, scoundrel, chief, slave, fellow, demon, citizen, manufacturer . . . This is what is disheartening. In the eyes of both sexes, women are invisible.



Suzanne Dahlquist

Casey Miller and Kate Swift, in "One Small Step for Genkind" (*The New York Times Magazine*, April 16, 1972), say:

Except for words that refer to females by definition (mother, actress, Congresswoman), and words for occupations traditionally held by females (nurse, secretary, prostitute), the English language defines everyone as male.

Speaking of women's attempts to correct the language, they add that "It is as though, in the nick of time, women had seen that the language itself could destroy them." The difference in interpretation is interesting. While for Varda One the language shows how women appear "in the eyes of both sexes," for Miller and Swift it is the language itself that is the cause of the oppression of women. It is not surprising that Miller and Swift have published their findings in the mass media, where blaming sexism on language is permitted, but blaming it on society is not. Varda One, on the other hand, writes for movement publications.

I think that an examination of the language will shed more light on which came first, oppression or oppressive language. The fact that most words refer to men either by definition or by tradition has given rise to phrases like "woman writer," "lady president," and "female jockey." The phrases are often used in a derogatory way. For example, "lady truck driver" implies that this is no ordinary, proper truck driver. There is intended irony in the speaker's juxtaposition of the chivalrous "lady" with the earthy "truck driver." In cases where there already exists a term for a woman who is expert at some task, such as "cook," men who enter that sphere feel that they must coin a new word for the "real" expert, the man on the job. Hence, "chef" (and chefs' schools which exclude women). The resulting language seems to imply that when a job is done by a woman it is not done well, or it is not naturally hers to do.

A perfect case in point is the -ess suffix. This so-called feminine ending, when added to words, changes their meaning radically. Sometimes it is just a diminutive, having the same effect as calling a woman "girl," as in *sculptress*, *poetess*. Serious female artists are offended by these terms, since they are used as ways of not taking women seriously.

One of the most obvious examples of the invisibility of women in the language is the word that supposedly represents all humanity: *Man*. The word *man* has two meanings: an abstract, generic meaning, and a specific, gendered meaning. This pairing of meanings may seem natural within a sexist way of thinking, but it is unnatural to feminists. It reflects a long history of thinking of people as being only men, with women and children as the men's possessions. (Overheard at a party: "There were sixteen people there, including women.")

The two meanings of the word *man* are often used interchangeably, reinforcing the notion that the only significant people are men. For example, few today realize that when the Declaration of Independence stated that "all men are created equal," it was not referring to non-whites and non-males. Likewise, when the Fifteenth Amendment gave blacks the right to vote, it did not apply to black women. It took another, separate amendment to give women the right to vote, and Goddess only knows what it will take to give them equality . . .

Lest we think only words which have an explicit gender can be used to make women invisible, consider the following examples:

It's been falsely said that the Greeks mistreated their women.

The pioneers and their families moved westward.

The King of France sent over wives for the settlers.

Clearly here the Greeks, the pioneers, the settlers in question were all men. The Westside Women's Committee of Los Angeles, in a memorandum protesting sex stereotypes in textbooks, noted that "this kind of language prevents students from perceiving women as real participants in the events being described and implies that women took no initiative, but existed only as part of the men's luggage."

Sometimes it almost seems that men deliberately set out to make their names ever-present, and those of women invisible. Pamela Howard, in "Watch Your Language, Men" ([*MORE*], *A Journalism Review*, February, 1972) pointed out that no matter what job a woman has chosen, she is always described as a housewife

or mother or grandmother who has "taken up" politics or umpiring or whatever. Newspapers so often center their reports on women around a description of the woman's appearance and marital status that one reporter has labeled this sexist language "The Shapely - Blond - Divorcee - Former - Cocktail - Waitress - and - Secretary Syndrome," Howard reports. She also asks, "Why are Bella Abzug, Indira Gandhi, Golda Meir, and Shirley Chisholm so often called Bella, Golda, Indira, and Shirley in headlines while John, Dick, Gene, George and Henry are always Lindsay, Nixon, McCarthy, McGovern and Kissinger?"

Language can be confining simply because it reflects a long history of oppressive roles, customs, and laws in society. However, there is another way that language confines us - by denying us the terminology with which to discuss our problems. Adam supposedly named everything; since man has taken for himself the prerogative of naming things, he often feels that if he hasn't made a name for something, that thing doesn't exist. One can trace the acceptance of the concept "sexism" by the treatment of the word itself. In 1970, *Newsweek* printed the headline *Women's Lib: The War on "Sexism,"* the editors obviously doubting that there was such a thing as sexism. The word has just been invented by women, since there was no word in existence (think of it!) to describe thousands of years of male supremacy. Today, male editors have conceded that sexism exists and have removed the quotation marks.

The lack of a word for a concept, or the existence of misleading names for it, can fog our thinking. For example, the word *feminine* has always been taken as implying weakness, so that the concept "strong and feminine" implies a contradiction. That is why one so often hears "strong BUT feminine." This use of the word *feminine* forces us as women to define ourselves in society's terms. Let's examine the words *feminine* and *masculine* and the roles that they define.

feminine: 1. female; of women or girls. 2. having qualities regarded as characteristic of women and girls, as gentleness, weakness, delicacy, modesty, etc. . . . 4. effeminate; womanish; said of men.

masculine: 1. male; of men or boys. 2. having qualities regarded as characteristic of men and boys, as strength, vigor, etc. . . . 4. mannish; said of women.

For clarification, the dictionary adds that "womanish . . . suggests the weaknesses and faults that are regarded as characteristic of women; *effeminate*, used chiefly in reference to a man, implies delicacy, softness, or lack of virility." How convenient to say that certain faults are women's, and when they occur in men those men are acting unlike their true selves, acting "womanish!"

So strong are these definitions of the male and female roles in society that when women strive to redefine the term "feminine" to allow it to include strength, courage, vigor, etc., it is the women themselves who end up being redefined. No matter how many women and girls are aggressive, strong, and independent, they will all be called unfeminine - and hence, for lack of a better term, perhaps, masculine. Sometimes this is a compliment - "You have a masculine brain." More often it is an insult used to punish the person who has overstepped the bounds of "femininity." Variations of the accusation of being "masculine" are the statements that a woman who

does not follow the stereotype of "feminine" is either "frigid" (i.e., not sexually feminine) or a lesbian (also, by some strange distortion, considered not feminine). It is this confusion of definition, in which the person is defined by the terminology, that makes possible statements like this one by David Susskind: "I have a theory that the militants are overwrought and undersexed ladies . . . None of these goddam women have had a healthy orgasm in a long time." (Note the "healthy.")

Turning to the word *frigid*, and its counterpart, *impotent*, we find these definitions:

frigid: 1. extremely cold, without heat or warmth. . . . 3. sexually cold; habitually failing to become sexually aroused; said of women.

impotent: 1. lacking physical strength . . . 3. unable to engage in sexual intercourse; said of males.

Note here that the female has "failed" while the male is simply "unable." (Calling frigidity a failure of the female excludes the possibility that she may have a clumsy or uncaring partner. Frequently women are also blamed for men's impotence, thus excusing men from all responsibility for sexual troubles.) Ruth Herschberger notes the same disparity in biologists' descriptions of infertility: "In place of a lack of sperm cells, one finds in the female a failure to produce eggs.

"Frigid" implies a passive state, while "impotent" simply means lack of normal potency. While the opposite of "impotent" is "potent," there is no opposite for "frigid," no term for normal sexual power in women. The word "frigid" also implies an emotional state ("sexually cold"), while "impotent" is simply a physical fact. Again, the dice are loaded.

Now we come to one of the most telling words in the English language, *potent*:

potent: 1. able to control or influence; having authority or power; mighty . . . 4. able to perform sexual intercourse; said of a male.

Elizabeth Fisher has this to say about "potent" and related words:

. . . potency - a word I hesitate to use because, like power, procreation, generation, beget, etc., it is so thoroughly rooted in the self-aggrandizing male principle, so distortingly inaccurate about the female role in biology. All these words are used as if only the male creates a child; the female is the passive recipient of his seed. The whole mother-earth comparison is an extension of this reasoning: man, the active principle, deposits his seed in woman - synonym, earth - all of which ignores the female egg. . . . Take the word "fuck," from the old Anglo-Saxon word for plow - the farmer fucks his field. It is a thoroughly inaccurate metaphor. The field is a largely inorganic medium . . . and it is merely a propitious environment for the seed, whereas woman is alive and contributes the egg, shelter and nourishment. Plant biology is not an exact analogue for human biology, so that the word "seed" is also an inaccurate metaphor.

If in the beginning primitive man did not know he played a part in conception, by the time our language was shaping he seems to have willfully magnified his part and ignored the woman's.

"Potent" has two meanings, one of which refers to social power and another which refers to male sexual power. In practice and in fact, however, both sexual and social potency apply only to men. These restrictions of terminology have narrowed our spheres of thought, forcing us to catalog human experience into gendered pigeonholes. There is no reason why we can't call a man frigid and a woman impotent - it might help us to think in non-sexist terms if we did . . .

To be a woman is to be submissive, passive, receptive, and to be submissive, passive, and receptive is to be a woman. What makes me furious about this is that it is a self-fulfilling prophecy. The way that language use has been set down by society influences the development of women's egos. Miller and Swift pointed out that a *tomboy* is defined as "a girl who acts like a spirited boy," not as a "spirited girl." They add that by denying that she can be the person that she is and still be a girl, the word surreptitiously undermines the girl's sense of identity and says that she is unnatural. George Orwell, in his book 1984, presented another case of a society that used language to oppress. Their language was so full of inherent contradictions that it could only express thoughts in "Doublethink." Slogans like "Freedom is Slavery" prevented people from dealing with the issues of freedom and slavery and clearly separating one from the other. In the same way, the mind is bogged by today's contradiction in terms: "A woman who tries to act strong is unfeminine." It is exceedingly difficult for a woman to hold in mind a self-image of a strong, effective, competent, independent human being and still feel she is a woman.

In the process of freeing ourselves and redefining our role in society, we must make sure that society does not redefine us. When our activities are called "unwomanly," let us insist on the fact that, by definition, nothing done by women is unwomanly. Rather

than rejecting the label "feminine," with its connotations of perfume and lace, let us redefine it to include all aspects of human existence. We must free ourselves of the limiting concept that we may be acting "masculine" - if we happen to act as men do, then such activity cannot be theirs alone, cannot be inherently masculine . . .

I think it is clear that the problems I have been discussing cannot be solved simply by eliminating all references to gender in the language - "desexing" it. We should not set out to change the language at all. Instead, we may take people to task for what they say, not because the language itself is sexist, but because those people are continuing to think in sexist ways without being conscious of it, and they should be made aware of their attitudes. So often men seem to interpret the message as "Watch your tongue," because it is easier to do that than it is to examine one's bigoted thinking. Women, too, must examine the way they use language, especially in thinking about themselves. The noted linguist Edward Sapir held the opinion that thought is not possible without language. In thinking over the history of the word "sexism," one is tempted to agree - it was very difficult to think about that concept until a word for it was invented. All of us fact the problem of trying to think creative, innovative thoughts while confined to a constricting language. Sapir might almost have been thinking of feminism when in 1921 (in his book *Language*) he gave this warning:

The birth of a new concept is invariably foreshadowed by a more or less strained or extended use of old linguistic material; the concept does not attain to individual and independent life until it has found a distinctive linguistic embodiment. In most cases the new symbol is but a thing wrought from linguistic material already in existence in ways mapped out by crushingly despotic precedents . . . the word, as we know, is not only a key; it also may be a fetter.



Estelle Grey

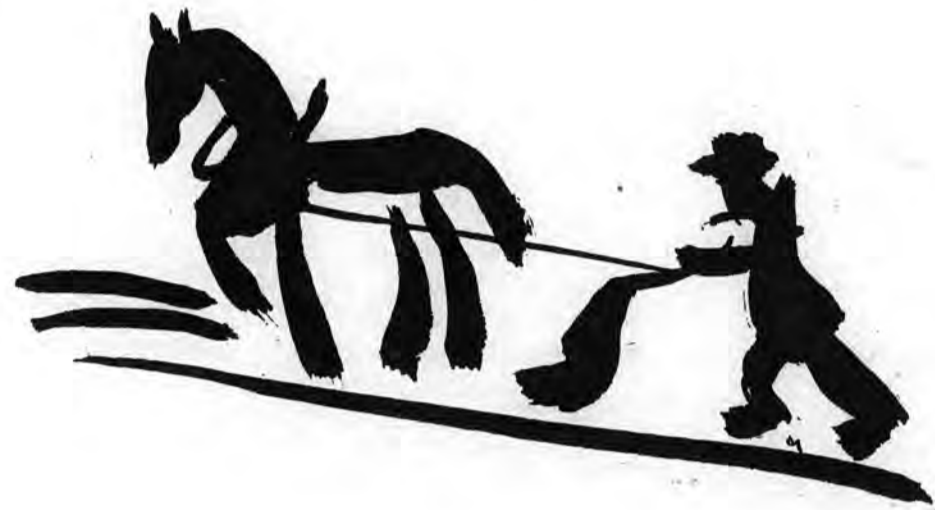
The Farm Brigade

by skeeter

As I am writing this it is a very hot day in the Yakima Valley. But if you ride past a certain 10 acre field on Brooks Road you will see about ten tanned or sunburned people mowing down the hated enemies: cockleburrs, potato bugs, squash bugs, weeds and more weeds. For a long time it looked like the weeds would beat us. But the field is finally beginning to look like a vegetable farm. By mid-August we should have most of the weeding done and some of the mulching. Then for the first time the neighbors will realize that underneath that sea of weeds we have actually been growing some crops. Get out a pen and paper. Hmmm. Two acres of squash at 10 tons an acre makes 20 tons of squash. WOW!! One acre of tomatoes at 3 tons to the acre means 6,000 pounds of tomatoes. And watermelon, cantaloupes, carrots, cucumbers, beans, sweet corn, sweet and hot peppers. HURRAH!! The Farm Brigade is going to have a crop this year! But there is still a lot of work to do so we work till the sun goes down and the dinner bell rings.

We cook our food on a wood burning stove. Everyone takes turns cooking and we have lots of good cooks. Meal time is one of the few times we all get together and talk and there are always many things to be decided. What are we going to do tomorrow? Is it more important to weed the back slope or mulch the tomatoes? How are we going to divide up the work? Who wants to do research on how to pickle our cucumbers or how to can our tomatoes? Who wants to go work on other farms? We need three people to go out to Bill's Farm and weed carrots and build fence to keep out the hungry range cattle. Someone has to go out to the dairy farm in Okanagon. Do we have enough people to send someone up to Moses Lake and help Roy and Frances with the haying?

One of the main purposes of the Farm Brigade is to help out small farmers, and we help out as many small farmers as we can. But there are never enough farm brigaders to do all the work. We usually have five people working on other farms but we need about 15. We also have to send someone back to the city to work on marketing and distribution. We have to hurry or we will get caught flatfooted with tons and tons of good organic food and nowhere to sell them. It would really be a pity to have to sell them to some big money company and have Safeway make a profit on them. We are trying to set up a vegetable stand near Pike's Place Market in Seattle. We are also in the process of setting up an organization to get as much cheap organic food as possible to the people. We would have farmers, food processors, distributors, and food outlets all working together instead of being separated. We would especially like to sell to small, non-profit businesses such as Co-ops, small restaurants, health food stores, juiceries, etc. If you know of anyone wanting to buy good organic food drop us a line.



How did all this get started? It continually amazes us when we sit back and see what we have done. Even more amazing is what remains to be done. There were some meetings in Seattle last winter and a field trip to the Yakima Valley in April. Then in May three people came to the Yakima Valley to start working. We had lots of ideas and the hope that other people would join us. We set up a tent on an old farm site that looked like a cross between a garbage dump and a goat manure pile. We now have 4 tents and you wouldn't recognize the place. We started out with 3 people, went down to 2, then up to 5, 7, 9, 13.

By now over 80 different people have gone through the brigade. Some stay for only a few days, some for a few weeks but by now we have a group of people who considers themselves part of the farm brigade and who work to keep it growing. We have had people from high school and college, teachers, health workers, electricians (we still need a mechanic). Men and women of many skills cooperating to create new structures in the countryside. We work well together most of the time, and we work hard (most of the time). A farm is not a place to lay around in the sun and take it easy. There have been arguments, hassles, and problems, but we talk things over, solve our problems and move forward. There are ups and downs and the road is sometimes rough, but there is never a dull moment.

Why did we come here? People are always asking us why we are doing this. We sure aren't getting rich, since we work for free. If we just wanted to have fun we wouldn't be farming, since it is such hard work. We think there needs to be a lot of changes in this

country to make it a better place to live. We are trying to make these changes happen in the rural areas. The farm brigade is having an effect on what is happening in the countryside. Not very big but it is growing as we grow. So far this first summer we have directly helped over 10 farmers, some a little, some a lot. They also help us in return. A goat for milking, vegetables, tools, advice, and good times. We all end up surviving a little better and a little longer. We are trying to get the different people we know to cooperate and work together more. Because if the people in any area, whether in city or country, work together, they can generate enough power to solve any problem. The problems people in the city and the country face are sometimes different but they are all interrelated. The cities are too crowded and polluted because of the policies of big business; but land is too expensive to buy in rural areas because land speculators are driving land prices higher and higher. The link between city and country at this point is agribusiness - Safeway. They exploit this link to the detriment of both sides. We need a system of mutual benefit trade between city and country. How do we solve these problems? How do we build a better world? We don't know how it is all going to happen; but we have met a lot of fine people out here, who we are going to work hard with to build a better world.

If you are interested in working in the countryside but haven't found the right place or people, come visit us. If anyone is interested in finding out more about the Farm Brigade or wants to help in any way, contact us at the Capital Hill Co-op, 1835 12th Ave., Seattle, Wash., 98102.

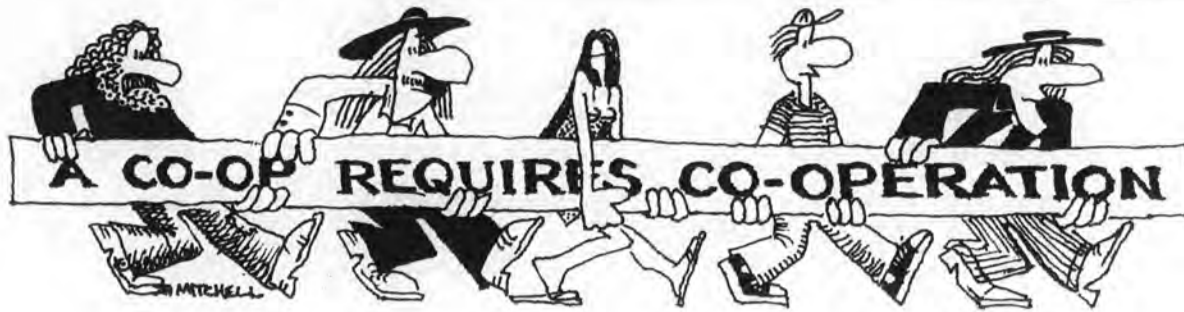
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by polly mebus

With seventeen months of growth and change behind us the Capitol Hill Co-op has worked through several layers of problems common to all co-ops. Many of our problems will sound familiar; many are juxtaposed in a familiar pattern or pairing which other co-ops will recognize. Preceding months may have shown a more "interesting" scene but this is where we are now.

The Capitol Hill Co-op (CHC) has a manager system that invites - and defies - problems, i.e., we have a built-in problem and go about solving it every day. The volunteer managers number 8 to 10 and each works in the store for a day or two per week. However, summer trips have caused a manager shortage; a lot of pressure is on managers to work more; some days we have been open with only one manager on. This invites mistakes in our unmechanized, uncomputerized way of doing things - and eventually chaos. This is an imbalance of effort in a co-operative, purportedly joining together to cooperate for mutually shared gains; some are working and others are not. Since the manager's job is relatively easy-in, easy-out, it is a puzzle why more CHC members aren't joining up. In our Thursday morning training sessions the managers hassle this question quite a bit. Can it be lack of incentive? Managers putting in 25-30 hours per month have no mark-up on the wholesale price of food (their wages would be about 35 cents an hour). The hours are flexible and trade-able. Skills and processes learned in the job are valuable. Perhaps the answer lies in the age, occupation and mobility of Capitol Hill residents. Ideas?

Related to the manager shortage is the worker shortage. Whereas early in our life workers were hard to keep supplied with tasks, now not enough members come in to do the work. Members either buy a \$5 common stock certificate purchased each

month or work 5 hours; both types pay a 15% markup on the wholesale total. On resigning paying members receive all their investment in common stock certificates back and working members receive money remuneration for the work time they've put in. But even this is not motivating members to work. Possibly the Co-op looks kind of finished, the challenge gone. There are revolutionary opportunities inherent in our basic agreements with one another in CHC; we hope that more people will grasp this and take hold of the work.

Our monthly inventory is made and tallied in a state of anxiety because of two major losses, one last Fall and one in May of this year. After cross-checking all the possible mechanical mistakes, the managers took the latest loss to a membership meeting to get some feeling and preference from the members. A room-full of people contemplating the reality of the "the Ripoff" is a sad, angry and frustrated group. Basically the picture seems to be that within our Coop and peripheral to it are people who will take and not return even with the Coop's goal of cooperation, growth and experimentation. We reduced the problem to some solutions for the managers to apply; now the Co-op starts to tighten up security.

Members have tried to use and share more ecologically sound methods of consuming. We encourage the dairy and the buyers to use glass bottles for milk and just do the hassle of returns and deposits. (One manager contemplated boycotting a local dairy when they switched to paper milk cartons). Paper bags are reused, also plastic containers and bottles with caps are stored in strategic spots for reuse for honey, oil and all bulk items. People keep bringing them in. Bulk food such as seeds, nuts, lentils and grain are dispensed from bins invented and

built by a board member. These polished wooden structures have glass fronts and let down the desired amount through an ingenious fixture underneath each slot. Members with trucks can work their 5 hours in pick-up and delivery errands, eliminating the need for a store truck. In many ways we are living the method.

Overlapping concerns of the nine board members, the membership and the managers made a tangle of meetings - and no progress. Our Co-op of 100 members is small and a few people occupy several positions and carry problems of different types around in their heads.

A small core was going from one meeting to the next and not grasping the proper job to be accomplished in each. The managers have the most central position in the Co-op and are in touch with daily problems. Being unpaid, and working one or two days per week, they do not suffer the perennial myopia of the up-front

paid manager. The usual task of the board is to set goals and see problems whole; this was preempted by the managers for a while. Some very recent long and emergency meetings forced definition of the role of each group.

A community was created with Country Doc and CHC a year ago. We saw the good works and directions of the people at Earthstation and wanted to help and to share. So the 10 Country Doctor workers and their houses buy food for no markup at the Co-op. We donate \$100 per month for the program and in turn we have meeting space at Earthstation and a small part of the progress through the programs underway.

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CRAZY RICHARD'S
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freight hopping:

In Search of the Holy Rail

by tom begnal

Summer is a beautiful time to spend in Bellingham. Whether your pleasure involves a cool dip in the Sound, a clear mountain stream, or just a cold beer, satisfaction is near at hand. To those people the thought of leaving at this time is incomprehensible. But summer is also a time for travel and for many the temptation of new vistas is too great to ignore. I hitch-hiked to northern California earlier this summer and encountered hundreds of others doing the same. Partly because of this I decided to stay off the blacktop as much as possible during my trip to Connecticut. Instead I traveled one of the first roads to span our continent, a road romanticized in song and story since its beginning: the railroad.

Though I started out with a minimum amount of dated information and more than my share of trepidation, I finished convinced that the railroad is superior to hitching in many ways. To find a starting point I consulted Mack, who made a journey to Chicago two years ago. He directed me to a junction of the Milwaukee Road rails in Renton. Beacon Coal Mine Rd., which parallels Empire Way So., crosses the tracks just before it turns into Monster Rd. Since then I learned that all one really needs to begin is a

phone book and a city map. Hustle down to the nearest freight yard, question the first worker you meet and you're on your way.

The sunset that night filled the sky with such incomparable beauty that I hesitate to attempt to describe it. We decided to move up to the second level to get a better view of the vast expanses of plains we were crossing. Waiting until the sun was well into its descent we cracked the seal on the bottle of dark red wine. As the first hints of color began to bathe the western horizon, the long, low hills of South Dakota arose in the east. The flat surfaces of these buttes were soon reflecting the altering rays of the sun to paint the wispy cirrus clouds in glorious shades of crimson and violet. A large mass of cumulus cotton metamorphosed into an orange-plumed eagle soaring in the blue. Though we were rolling directly away from the descending globe of light, its last haunting rays seemed to linger for hours. Our nearest star finally gave way to its far flung fellows as I gave way to the sandman and darkness filled the night.

Aberdeen, S.D. was our next stop and it was there that we came face to face with the dread railroad bull. We were making another morning stopover and were

warned to stay out of sight by a couple of yardmen, but we were restless as well as low on food. We tried not to pass too close to the station house as we left the yard, but once on city streets we felt no need to lurk in the shadows. We ambled into a likely looking restaurant where we ordered three green salads. All the while sitting in the next booth were two railroad detectives. I flashed on them as they entered but my authoritarian sensors failed me. We finished our meal, stopped at the grocery store to stock up on bread and fruit and wandered back to our train. We sat around for fifteen or twenty minutes till the train began to pull out. Just before our car reached the station house I saw the figure in suit and tie walking toward us along the line of cars. If there had only been one of us it would have been possible to dive off the opposite side of the train and slip along hidden by the cars in between. Three of us didn't have a prayer. "End of the line, boys," a voice intoned as the train pulled to a stop and the second bull pulled up in a blue sedan.

I sat, trying to ignore the situation, but the voice sounded sterner the second time so I acquiesced. They checked our identification, made brief notations in their notebooks and escorted us to the edge of railroad property. They told us where the highway was and that being caught a second time would result in our arrest. Hating to lose our transportation, we headed for the bridge that spanned the yards, hoping to make it to the east end of the depot before the train left, but the blue sedan passed us halfway across the bridge and informed us that we were headed in the wrong direction. We acquired a roadmap at the nearest gas station and decided to hitch to St. Paul, Minnesota and pick up another train there. This was the only encounter we had with the law. In fact we asked about cops at every stop and many workers were surprised that we worried about it. The bull's job, they told us, is to protect the cargo from theft. They don't sneak around looking for hobos. The most they do is drive up and down the gravel or dirt road which parallels the tracks in every yard. Keep out of sight and you'll keep off the highway.

Two rides and four hours later we were dropped off in Minneapolis, St. Paul's twin city. Finding the right yard in a large city proved to be an arduous, yet uncomplicated, task. We walked a number of miles that night, following the tracks before we finally found our departure point. Thoroughly exhausted, we climbed aboard another empty auto carrier in the middle of a string of cars we were told would be leaving in the morning and dropped immediately into a deep sleep. Our string of cars missed the early train but was incorporated into the 10:30 departure. We rode it straight through to Chicago where we spent the night walking the streets before setting off by road to Toledo.

After sitting for many long, hot hours in front of a toll booth near Gary, Indiana, we caught the ride that brought us into Toledo. We hiked a number of miles around the city till we found the Penn Central terminal. There was a small train leaving for Albany, New York, via Cleveland, and we began discussing alternative routes, but to our surprise there was not one square foot of riding space on the train. Loaded boxes and tankers were all that it carried. We learned from the dispatcher that the next train would leave at 7:00 in the morning which afforded an evening to wash our clothes and our bodies and re-evaluate our plans.

We were learning that rail travel east of the Mississippi was slower and much less enjoyable than it was out west. The trains made shorter runs and longer layovers and schedules were still fouled up because of bridges being knocked out by the Pennsylvania floods. Therefore John and Jeff, who were pressed for time, opted to spend the night in the Toledo bus station and start off by highway in the morning. I remembered the ordeal that the Chicago bus station/Ohio freeway entailed and decided that I was too fatigued to make another night stand and stay awake to hitch the next day. So we said farewell and



Earth Rhythms



Many of us have, in varying degrees, felt the need to get back to more of a basic kind of living... to gain an increased awareness of what is naturally happening around us. In this column we'll be trying to deal with some of the fundamental progressions... the 'Earth rhythms'... that all of us are a part of.

History

We'll just start by giving a brief historical rundown of Almanacs. For thousands of years people, and probably all other life forms, had lived by the sun and moon, stars and planets. One day, in Egypt, around 3,000 b.c., the astronomers and astrologers got together and decided to make themselves a calendar of the heavens. Almanacs also found early beginnings in Latin America and the South Seas. Since those times, they have taken many forms; at one point they were square sticks which could be

held up to the sun to determine dates of church and royal feasts. The early settlers of this country brought almanacs with them and were soon (1639) printing them upon America's first presses. They were considered even more important than the Bible. Almanacs have traditionally consisted of calendars, tables of astronomical data, weather and farming predictions based on past history and astrology, and numerous other helpful hints and recommendations.



I trudged back to the Penn Central yard, where I laid out my sleeping bag and collapsed.

I awoke the next morning feeling well rested and hopeful. I had barely enough time to gather up my gear, cross the tracks, and find another auto tri-level before the train lurched forward. The bulk of that day was spent passing through "the heart of the industrial east," the ugliest stretch of land I have ever seen. We laid over a couple of hours in Pittsburgh and finally pulled into Harrisburg just before sundown. There I encountered the largest freight yard and the friendliest yardmen of the trip. The next train for Philly should leave around midnight and smack in the middle of it was an empty caboose complete with a padded bunk, they told me. After jawing awhile I slipped out of the yards to get a bite to eat. I returned after dark, was met by one of my new found friends, escorted to my private car and bid goodnight and good luck.

I had actually had my fill of freight trains by that time, but after a week's rest, I'm looking forward to the return trip. This time I'll bring more water (a half-gallon per person is ample) and plenty of insect repellent. If I can talk someone into it I'll take a friend. If you're planning a trip you should try it. For women the dangers seemed no greater than those faced in hitching. In spite of stories of desperados we saw only three other travelers, none of whom seemed threatening. Just remember: there are plenty of people just waiting to help you. All you have to do is ask.

The Earth

The shape of the earth is that of an oblate spheroid whose meridian sections are ellipses not differing much from circles, while the sections at right angles are circles. The length of the equatorial axis is about 7927 miles, and that of the polar axis is 7900 miles. The mean density of the Earth is 5.5 times that of water, although that of the surface layer is less. The Earth and Moon revolve around their common center of gravity in a lunar month; this center in turn revolves around the Sun in a plane known as the ecliptic, that passes through the sun's center. The Earth's equator is inclined to this plane at an angle of 23½ degrees. This tilt is the cause of the seasons. In mid-latitudes, and when the sun is high above the equator, not only does the high noon altitude make the days longer, but the Sun's rays fall more directly on the Earth's surface; these effects combine to produce summer. In equatorial regions, the noon altitude is large throughout the year, and there is little variation in the length of day. In higher latitudes, the noon altitude is lower and the days in summer are appreciably longer than those in winter. The average velocity of the Earth in its orbit is 18½ miles a second. It makes a complete rotation on its axis in about 23 h 56m of mean time, which is the sidereal day. Because of its annual revolution around the sun, the rotation with respect to the Sun, the solar day, exceeds this by about four minutes. The extremity of the axis of rotation, the North Pole of the Earth, is not rigidly fixed, but wanders over an area roughly 60 miles in diameter.

The sun itself rotates about the hub of the galaxy at 250 kilometers per second.

The Moon

The Moon moves through all the twelve signs in one lunar cycle. A lunar cycle is usually 28-29 days in length. The Moon moves approximately 1 degree every two hours and each sign has 30 degrees (remember this is from a geocentric point of view). Each sign in the zodiac is classified as either a fire, earth (or fixed), air or water sign. Being first, Aries is a fire sign; Taurus is

AUGUST					
DAY	RISE	SET	SIGN	ELE.	
28 M	6:12	7:49	♈	♈	F
29 Tu	6:13	7:46	♈	♈	E
30 W	6:15	7:45	♈	♈	E
31 Th	6:16	7:43	♈	♈	A
SEPTEMBER					
1 F	6:18	7:41	♈	♈	A
2 Sa	6:19	7:39	♈	♈	W
3 S	6:20	7:38	♈	♈	W
4 M	6:22	7:36	♈	♈	F
5 Tu	6:23	7:33	♈	♈	F
6 W	6:24	7:31	♈	♈	E
7 Th	6:26	7:29	♈	♈	E
8 F	6:27	7:28	♈	♈	E
9 Sa	6:29	7:26	♈	♈	A
10 S	6:30	7:24	♈	♈	A

♈ = BEST FISHING ♈ = FAIR FISHING ♈ = LAST QUARTER 29th ♈ = NEW MOON 7th

an earth sign; Gemini, air; Cancer, water, Leo, fire and so on to Pisces, a water sign. So the Moon goes through a succession of fire, earth, air, and water signs as it waxes and wanes, creating more rhythms for us to observe.

Canning Preserving and Harvesting

For those of you who are into canning fruits and vegetables, it is best to can when the Moon is in either the third or fourth quarter and when it is in one of the water signs, Cancer, Scorpio, or Pisces. For preserves and jellies, use the same quarters but see that the Moon is in one of the Earth signs: Taurus, Virgo or Capricorn. For harvesting, root crops keep better and longer when the Moon is old, i.e., third or fourth quarter. Also, harvest fruits and vegetables when the Moon is in a dry (fire) sign, i.e., Aries, Leo, or Sagittarius. Never dig potatoes when the Moon is in a water sign, for will become soggy and sprout.

community food co-op
1000 harris

One doesn't use good iron to make nails,
Nor good men to make soldiers.

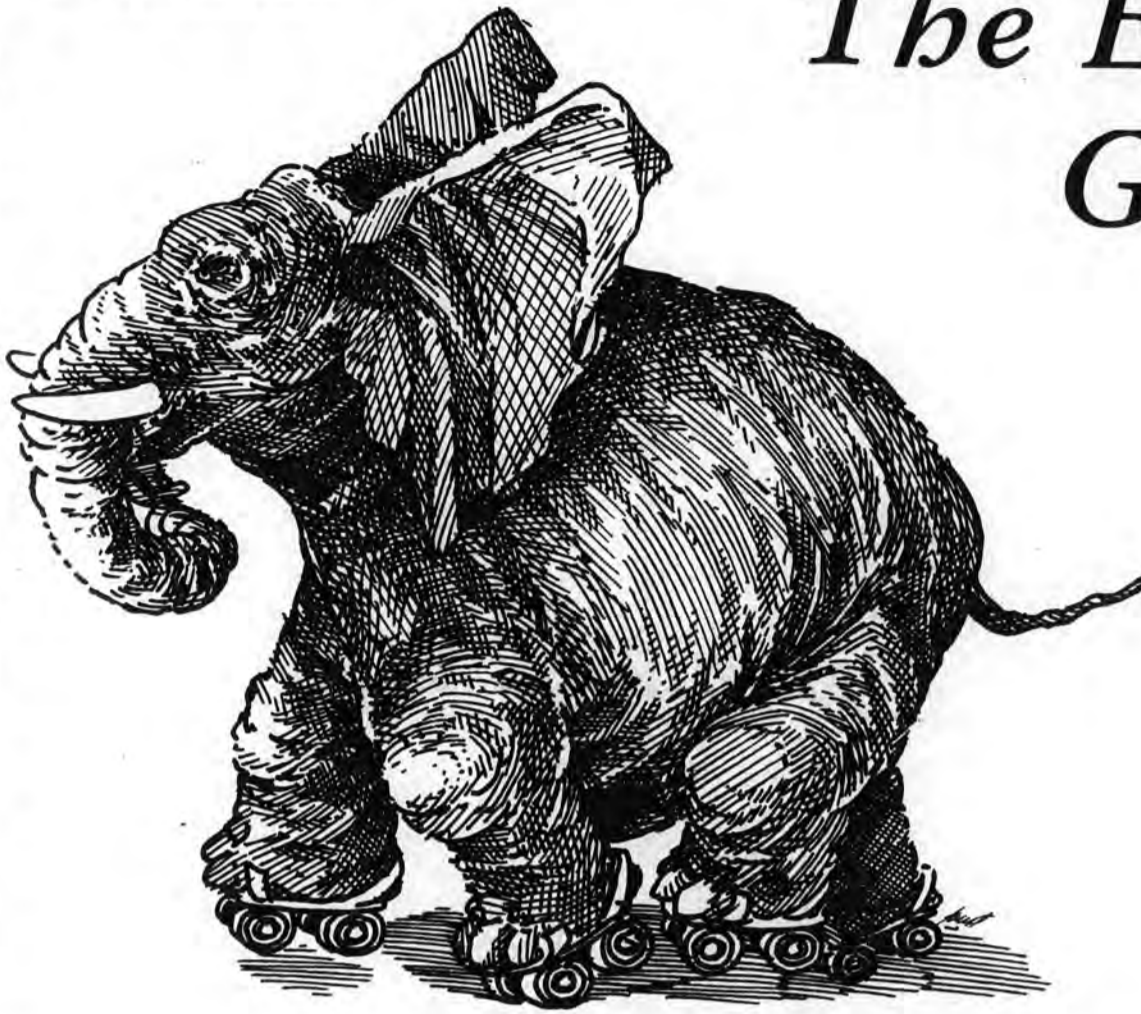
Chinese Proverb

TOAD HALL
11th & Harris, 733-9809.

'Twas quite a rude shock to discover in the last Passage that Mr. Imus did not buy up the South Side because he likes Toad Hall pizzas. But in deference to his wishes we've done the place over in clear ½" plexiglass and have hung great art. Total asepsis. Visit the sarcophagus of the Toad now open for lunch daily 11:30 till 11 p.m. Xceptin Sundays and maybe Mondays for a while, and remember: Stay Clean and Healthy.

The Exploitation Generation

by bernard weiner



Four entertainment movies which contain nuggets of good film-making, but which just don't make it as satisfying wholes: "Kansas City Bomber," "The New Centurions," "Everything You Wanted to Know About Sex But Were Afraid to Ask," and "The Man." Each is an exploitation film in its own way.

"Kansas City Bomber" exploits Raquel Welch. I have the funny feeling that given a good role she could be less the star and more the actress. (Remember all the jokes about Tuesday Weld many years ago? Today she's one of the finer young actresses.) But Welch continues to allow herself to be cast in films which exploit her as a sex object.

In "Kansas City Bomber," she is a divorcee with two kids who skates in the roller derby for unknown reasons. Her Character has little background, a confused present, and a complete lack of motivations.

But all that is unimportant. The film is aimed at audiences who either dig the roller derby (and there are more than you might think; it's a tremendously popular sport — little-reported because it tends to be a lower - middle - class passion), or who want to look down their noses at the roller derby and its fans, or who get their rocks off watching Raquel Welch whipping around the oval skating track with her jacket zipped down to her navel. (Oddly enough in this ultraviolent sport, the women never seem to worry about getting their breasts smashed in the action. Nor is there any intimation of locker-room lesbianism. Strange for a film which otherwise pretends to realism.)

The script is so unbelievably awful that one wishes that director Jerold Freedman had taken it just a bit further into Camp. (Kevin McCarthy as the roller-derby boss has some of the choicer lines, which he delivers with an embarrassed leer.) There is plenty of fine action - footage; much of it is staged by the film-maker in a manner even more obvious than by the derby bosses and skaters themselves.

There's even a hokey scene where Welch and her nemesis (played by Helen as if she's Method - acting, a wound-up spring) have a hair-pulling fist fight on a railroad track at night -- with, you guessed it, the train heading toward them out of the dark.

"Kansas City Bomber" does have a redeeming virtue, though: it reminds one of two other films. Good ones.

"They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" used the image of a circular marathon dance track for its analogy to the American capitalist - competitive rat race, as does "Kansas City Bomber" with the roller derby track. (In case the red - white - and- blue bunting and costumes don't tip you off, McCarthy drives the

point home with a line about the viciousness and theatrics of the derby being "your American pie.")

"Derby," Robert Kaylor's excellent first-film made several years ago, was a kind of semi-documentary of a young Ohio factory worker named Mike Snell who decides to hit the big time through the roller derby. After the movie was out, Snell did in fact become a top roller derby skater. Of course, "Derby" didn't star anyone with a big name — or big chest — so it went nowhere. "Kansas City Bomber" is raking in the receipts.

* * * * *

"Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex But Were Afraid to Ask" exploits the title of the book by Dr. David Ruben. It's Woody Allen's latest film and once again it demonstrates his great talents and weaknesses..

It is in seven episodes, one or two of which are consistently hilarious, some of which are intermittently so, and a few of which bomb. What makes them funny, for the most part, is not anything visual or cinematic that is happening, but rather Allen's wacky sense of humor in devising totally screwball situations and one-line gags.

The film is better than that other recent loser of a sex-spoof movie, "Is There Sex After Death?," but not all that much better. Two of the episodes drag terribly: the transvestite bit and the shaggy-lamb story of the doctor who falls in love with a sheep. But other episodes are truly comic: the giant tit that emerges from a demented sexologist's laboratory to wreck mammary havoc on the world, and the detailed view from inside the human body (a la "Fantastic Voyage") of what happens during an ejaculation.

But as a unified comic effort, forget it. Once again, it's a series of skits and comic situations — rather than great comedy that builds — that are almost more funny thinking about than watching.

* * * * *

"The Man" isn't so much exploitative as just plain dumb. How anyone could expect Rod Serling's screenplay (from Irving Wallace's novel) to be the least bit believable is beyond me.

The good things about "The Man" begin and end with its clever situation: a black politician, president pro tempore of the U.S. Senate, becomes President of the United States when the President and Speaker of the House die in an accident and the Vice President is physically unable to assume the post.

As bad as "The Candidate" — that other contemporary political film — is, at least director Michael Ritchie is able to convey the verisimilitude of behind - the - scenes political reality. But, though the situation at the heart of "The Man" is possible — Senator Edward Brooke of Massachusetts or another black senator could someday be in such a position of power — Serling's script and Joseph Sargeant's direction do everything possible to rob the film of any believability whatsoever.

The whole thing looks like and sounds like a bad stage play: it all seems to take place on a few sets, the speeches are rhetorical and not how people talk, and the machinery of government simply bears no relationship to known realities.

The only thing that makes the film worthwhile is watching one of America's better actors, James Earl Jones, struggle to give depth not contained in the script to his character of Douglas Dillman, the first black President. And he very nearly succeeds.

"The New Centurions" exploits police. "Dirty Harry" and other such tough-cop movies gave police departments a fascistic image which many people were quite willing to believe. "Fuzz," on the other hand, portrayed cops as a bunch of well-meaning but totally ineffectual clowns. Now comes "The New Centurions," written by Los Angeles cop Joseph Wambaugh, designed to show us policemen as human beings.

In Wambaugh's view, there is no such thing as police brutality, racism, corruption, or any of those other minor faults which make the front pages every day — just cops trying to do a good job, caught up in their family problems, maybe drinking too much, but basically decent fellows trying to maintain law and order.

What kind of law and order? Most of the busts in the film are against minorities of one sort or another involved in what are called "victimless crimes": prostitution, doping, homosexuality, drinking, etc. — i.e., activities engaged in by people voluntarily, either because they enjoy it or because there's nothing else for them to do.

The point of the movie, and of Wambaugh's book, is to justify the existence of laws against such "crimes." So we have a scene where veteran cop George C. Scott tells rookie Stacy Keach that society is falling apart because "it's getting rid of its don'ts." Scott then says that if you let people use dope, then you have to let people rob banks. Perfect logic. (This scene is photographed with a topless dancer in the soft-focus background; apparently director Richard Fleischer wants to drive home the point of the decay of Western civilization. If so, why the hell are Scott and Keach relaxing in this den of iniquity? Their presence completely negates the point of the speech: they came in of their own free will, just as prostitutes and customers make a mutual agreeable arrangement or as a patron to a dirty movie pays his money voluntarily.)

There are some well-done scenes which do give you a sense of what it really must be like to be a cop on the street, but nothing you didn't know or sense before. Scott and Keach fill trite roles; Scott comes across by virtue of his great acting personality, Keach sort of fizzles. Jane Alexander is good as Keach's wife.

* * * * *

We Are Not Trying

by marga

"The Trial of the Catonsville Nine," playing at ACT until September 2, was prepared by Saul Levitt from the 4-day court proceedings of the trial of the brothers Berrigan and 7 others for burning with home-made napalm some 1-A draft files at Catonsville, Maryland on May 17, 1968.

The trial was hardly a breakthrough for anyone; the Nine were found guilty, later their appeal and they fled the "justice" of jailing.

Though they admitted freely that they had actually done the burning, the Nine pled "not guilty" on the strength of a moral law higher than any statute. Their testimony, considered "argument" by the court, involved long chronicling of their individual courses leading to their decision to break the letter of the law. Each one of the Nine (7 men, 2 women) tried to explain the development of the moral imperative, the realizable conscience, through his or her own confrontation with brutal American imperialism and its physical, moral, military, and economic cruelties in various parts of the world. The inevitable reply of the court was a rap of the gavel and the impatient rejoinder, "We are not trying the actions of the U.S. military in Guatemala," "We are not trying the injustices to the American Blacks," "We are not trying . . ."

After the long testimony, the jury was instructed by the prosecuting and the defense lawyer on their obligations during deliberation. When the defense lawyer, himself moved by the extra-legal considerations in the trial, tried to inject the idea of conscience into this instruction, he was sharply cut off by the judge.

While the jury was in recess, a discussion took place between the Nine and the Judge. The Judge stepped down from his podium, and as a person expressed his sympathy for their attempt to protest the war. Still divided, though, between his personal and official roles, he could not countenance their breaking of the law to prove/make heard their point. The Nine expressed the horror that we know too well, that one can be heard only by civil disobedience. As there was no adequate response, the sentence was read.

Drama within drama within drama . . . *ad infinitum*. The grand scope of American paranoia is symbolized by the Pentagon; the Pentagon acts out the aggressions on Vietnam, Cuba, everywhere; the war's human payoff to death is in paper currency: draft files; the Nine burn the symbolic paper with symbolic napalm; the courtroom judges this symbolic act only on face value, refusing to pass judgment on the issues that limn the drama. Finally, the piece of theatre at ACT will, by most of the audience, unfortunately be judged by the standard critical methods: the acting was self-conscious and awkward in contrast to the selfless and graceful act it sought to portray, the choreography simple-minded rather than wonderfully simple, the lighting bald, the direction slow, the set unimaginative, etc.

Since we are the judges, the jury of the audience, we must avoid the same failing as the judge who refused to judge what was truly important in the case before him. Are our critical systems as insensitive to "real meanings," as hung up in "proper formats," as the sterile, antique judicial system of this country? Can I say without rending the delicate tissue of idea that "The Trial of the Catonsville Nine" is not in its "proper form" as a play?

If you see this play, you must really see it; its trappings will distract you — because the medium is NOT the message. Your expectations about what a play is must not limit you. The important thing is that you should see through layers of drama — know completely the conviction and the courage of the Nine, the Seven, the Twelve, Angela, Bobby — and any one, two, or three of the growing number of us who are able to render transparent the pettifoggery of the law, the penumbra of show.



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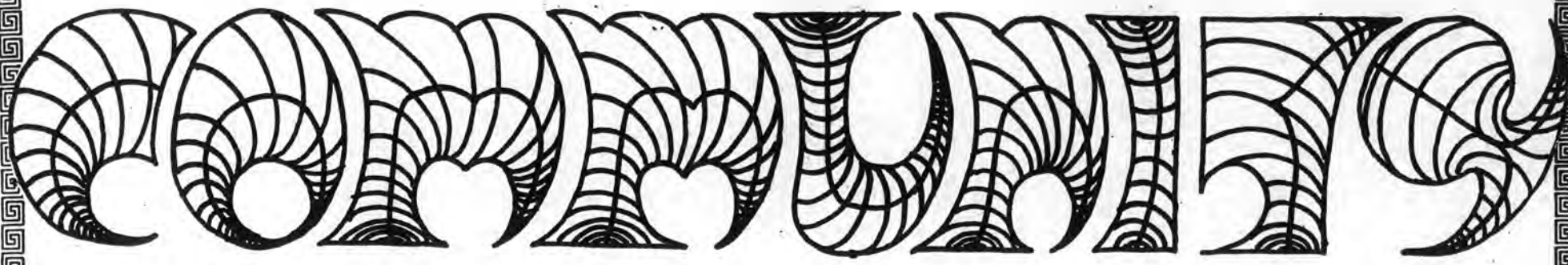
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—Northwest Passage



Food Co - oping

Dear People:

The informal research group of the Capitol Hill Cooperative would like to work with people who are interested in the following areas:

1. The merits and demerits of various kinds of cooking utensils, glass, stainless, enamel, cast iron, teflon; any type of information, 'hard research,' folklore, personal experience. For example, in the old days some people having a mineral free water source would put nails in the water bucket. Is there merit in the belief that iron can be absorbed in this manner? If so, what about using plain cast iron frying pans? The teflon people claim to have overcome the earlier objections to their product. Who knows anything about it? Adel Davis is gung ho on aluminum and is down on stainless. What information is there about on stainless?

2. We are building a file on fluoridated water. Any leads would be appreciated.

3. Lappe's 'Diet for a Small Planet' has been around now for a while. It is one of the regular sellers in the Coop. While Lappe certainly did not invent the concept of complementary proteins, she certainly made a basic contribution to popularizing it. Recognizing some of the far reaching implications of her work, we are interested in finding out how it has actually affected people. Such as: still on the meat diet, some change, total change, etc. Why? Habit? Difficulty of getting enough proteins in other forms, alternates take more time, etc. What we are interested in above all is personal experience involving change. What has worked for you.

4. Everything we can find out about honey. Sources, processing, folklore, health, effect of pesticides, etc.

5. In the Raw Milk article questions were raised about the effects of cooking on the nutritional values of food. Contrary to beliefs commonly held in the food reform movement, Canadian health authorities were quoted as saying that "raw" or "freshness" were not much of a factor. Once in the stomach, it all got knocked down to the basic components anyway. On the other hand, the recognized treatment of some types of anemia emphasizes fresh fruits and vegetables. Again the treatment of scurvy is classic. Note the term 'Limejuicer,' Steffanson copying the Eskimos and eating the whole animal, again in the recent issue of 'Beaver,' the magazine of the Hudson Bay Company, there is a story of a doctor aboard an ice bound ship, catching the rats and feeding them to the crew raw and thus reversing the outbreak of scurvy. Send us what you know about eating raw foods.

6. However short and simple the annals of the poor may be, they

certainly contain volumes on the austere life. We would like to bring together all the information we can on houses, stoves, furnaces, fuel patterns of life, etc. that would bear on the question of fuel conservation. For instance, in fuel poor areas, newspapers would be soaked, twisted into a roll and dried for fuel. This we now know adds lead and maybe mercury contamination to the air. Does one value offset the other?

7. And to lighten the above with a little vision. Does anyone have any ideas on a quick and not necessarily painless way to deal with Standard Oil, the common enemy of mankind, the highway robber of the world?

Affectionately,

Shelley Anderson
Bill Corr, Sr.
Capitol Hill Co-op.
1835 - 12th Avenue
Seattle, Washington

Editor's Note: In connection with the last comment, we would like to forewarn our Bellinghamsters: Standard owns property in Ferndale. They have been planning to move in for quite awhile - and are only waiting for the pipeline decision. What can we do?

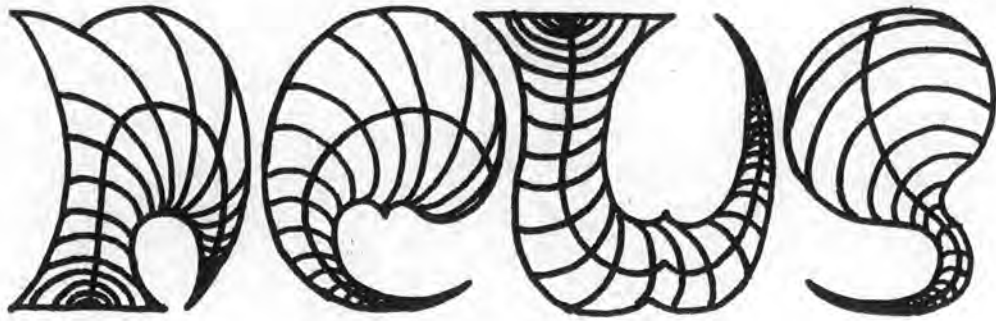


For Kids

A group of parents and teachers are interested in putting together a free middle school (grades 6-9 approximately) in this community. We are planning a meeting on September 5 at 7:30 p.m. in the Bellingham Public Library (basement meeting room).

If you have some energy to donate to such a venture, as a parent, teacher, or student, please come and help us plan, discuss and energize. For more information, phone Melissa at 734-2923.





*What, without asking, hither hurried whence?
And, without asking, whither hurried hence.
Another and another cup to drown
the memory of this impertinence!*

- Arabic drinking proverb

Wine!

The Easy Way to Make Good Wine
Cheap (40 cents/gallon)

Collect fruit (berries), use 2-5 pound/gal.; Boil mashed fruit for 10 min. (to sterilize, kill strange microbes); Add boiled fruit to cold water with sugar in it (2½ lbs sugar, corn or dextrose, which is better than cane/beet sugar, but the latter is ok after fermentation as ethanol for dry wine, and 3lb/gal for sweet wine; 12.5 lbs for 5 gals dry, 15 lbs for 5 gals sweet).

When mixture is cooled to room temperature, add Andovin Wine Yeast (from Wine Arts) as per instructions. After 5-7 days in a tightly covered container, pour thru strainer into a narrow topped gallon or 5-gallon jug

for secondary fermentation, using either a fermentation lock or a balloon. Ferment in a quiet, shady corner for 30-60 days until it begins to clear by settling; the wine can be siphoned off at any time into another container to reduce the amount of sediments (improves the flavour and speeds settling) before it is actually ready to bottle. Wine can be drunk anytime during the process!

This recipe is especially good for blackberry, salal, oregon grape, and plum; it is no good for apple or pear. Don't buy expensive additives, they are unnecessary; use Boone's Farm bottles to store wine. Simple wine is one of the joys of nature, farming in a bottle.

The writer is available for advice and convincing samples of this process.

Intalco: More Transgressions

[Editors' Note: The following letter was sent to William Agee of the Environmental Protection Agency in regard to Intalco.]

Dear Mr. Agee:

At your conference to review the political shambles of the federal water quality standards in Puget Sound next month, I hope you don't overlook the Intalco Aluminum plant, whose transgressions generally have been overshadowed by the pulp mills. The five years it took for the state to squeeze out of Intalco any water treatment system whatsoever coincided almost perfectly with the degradation of water quality in the vicinity of the Intalco plant. Last December 3 the Washington Department of Fisheries reported deteriorating water quality over an area in excess of four square miles near the Intalco outfall. The study "disclosed the presence of water toxic to the embryonic development of both clam and oyster larvae at both surface and subsurface levels in August and October. . . these results tend to confirm the concerns expressed by the salmon and crab fishermen." "In our view," according to Mr. Tollefson, "the condition is contrary to the water-quality criteria for the area."

These findings were a clear affirmation of a failing policy and a distinct embarrassment to both state and federal water pollution control officials. Only a few months earlier, of course, Mr. Pitkin asked your office

whether he should proceed against Intalco under the Refuse Act. He was advised to refrain from acting, and he did so. I am aware of no enforcement rationale, even among the most niggardly embraced by the current administration, that would counsel restraint in the face of documented violations of water quality criteria.

The predictable response of the Washington Department of Fisheries to the findings of its initial study was to make plans for another study: "The nature and cause of this toxicity were not determined by the study. For this reason and to further evaluate variations in toxicity according to water depth and time of year, an additional study is being planned to start within the next several months."

I hope that the findings of this Department of Fisheries study of the Intalco environs (whatever they are) get appropriate recognition on the agenda of your conference meeting. It would be encouraging if Intalco's long-delayed treatment commitments have put a halt to the decline in water quality. But I cannot understand why the Department of Fisheries findings of last year have not put a federal noose irrevocably around Intalco's neck. You might ask the salmon and crab fishermen about that one.

Yours very truly,
/s/ William H. Rodgers, Jr.
Professor of Law

Moonchildren

"Moonchildren," by Michale Weller, opens September 5 at A Contemporary Theatre. An American play originally done in London under the title "Cancer," it had its American premiere last Fall at Arena Stage in Washington, D.C., then moved to Broadway.

The play opens at ACT on September 5 and runs through September 16. Tickets are on sale at the theatre box office, 709 First W., the Bon Marche and suburban ticket agencies. Curtain is at 8:30 p.m., except Sunday - 7:30 p.m. For information and reservations, phone AT 4-7392.

Street Academy

The Bellingham Street Academy is looking for volunteers to teach its students. The Academy is accepting applications through August 31 from those interested in volunteering their time and skills.

The Street Academy has been functioning for one quarter already. The students are 14 to 20 year old persons who for one reason or another have dropped out of high school. It is supported by agencies and individuals in the community. John Jonkovsky, a teacher in the school, commented that the Academy is not a free school or a traditional school, but a combination of the elements of both. He defined the efforts of the school as "making an effort to get kids back into society; whether it be straight or otherwise."

Volunteers will be chosen following the four-day training session to be held September 5-8. The selection of volunteers will be based upon individual ability to work with kids. Those interested should contact the O.E.O. office on Holly (734-5121) and make application.

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poetry

Rites of Spring

*The goddess of the bill
Plunges through damp and
Green of early morning.*

*The goddess of the bill
Gasps and makes worship to
A whispering tree.*

*The goddess of the bill
Takes water from the
Crotch of a hollow log*

*Then I plunged once again
And fell, impinioned
On broken beer bottles.*



Cleo Hartwig

For Kathy, Twenty Years Later

*Sending out webs sticky and viscous
To trap people with crabeyes
Peering sideways and across*

*Like Kathy', crosseyed Kathy.
The children feared and bated her.
Once I gave her a little book,*

*Then no one would talk to me;
They threw balls at her that day
On the playground, but she never cried.*

*I shall throw their balls back at them,
Now, so long later. I shall
Send out webs and trap them too.*



Ruth Gikow

Cicatrix

*"A scar or scarlike mark, especially one caused
by the previous attachment of a part or organ."*

*Just give me a dream
And I will ride green
Voids and valleys,
Just give it to me
And I will fuck with it,
Make love with the cbasm,
The empty leap that made me.
Just give me the voices
Of the dead children,
Torn from the mirror
Of the womb.*

*Give me your bate, your passion,
My love; your empty, ugly
Passion is all I dream.
Ob let me kiss you now.
"What are you doing?"
Ob, watching my dreams
Pass by, so shaped and molded;
I watch my dreams pass by.
I enter another vast terrain
On horseback, manes, arms, crotches
Flying in the wind. Suddenly
I am thrown. A scream, then
"It's all right," I say,
Laughing.*

*And now I again make love
Alone, on my back
With the river,
the man,
The sea,
The sea that tries to kill me!
Throws me battered
On rocks while the sun paints me
False; never will I tan
Darker than my birth
Though I make love with black men
And brown:
Black Bernard,
Brown Miquel,
Burning sea,
Roaring sun,
Wind, a hurricane!*

*Though the black woman, Eliza,
Also crossed this river.*

by kirie pedersen

I want everyone to know that I love lean, but he wouldn't never give me none.

by pederpark

Jack Spratt's wife, Letter, 1972, *Aphra*.

Until recently, the only place we could read about the feeling of women involved in changing their lives on a day to day basis was in underground publications. As with women themselves, what before were only subterranean emotions are now groping out into words and thus into consciousness. In the past few years, an expanding number of books, magazines and newspapers have emerged that are by or about women. Feminism has left its incubator to enter the big world. Two such recently born publications are *Aphra*, "the feminist literary magazine" and *Ms.* Each, with its own unique purpose and format, awakens me to excitement, anger, and a reminder of who I am, and, best of all, reminds me that I am not alone. Of the eight publications to which I have subscriptions, these are the only ones I can read cover to cover the day they arrive (though *Ms.* takes me six hours) and carry the ideas around inside me as fuel to kindle the days. They are also excellent take-off points for discussions with family, friends and lovers, the sorts of publications one wants and needs to share.

But when any idea emerges from the underground, there is the danger of co-option by the straight press. One fears that entry and acceptance into the straight world means an idea will lose its lifeblood and its loins, and we will be left only with milquetoast pastiche one finds on the television screen. A comedy show about a women's liberationist to appear on television this fall illustrates only too clearly that the woman's movement is a prime target for this sort of distortion. For this reason, when I first heard about an upcoming publication of a

"slick" women's magazine to be called *Ms.*, I was dubious. This carried through to a degree when I read the first issue, with its sexist ads and its articles by media hotshots of the women's movement.

By the next issue I learned that the ads had been arranged by *New York* magazine who subsidized the first issue. With the continuation of superb articles not only by famous women but by unknowns just learning to voice their thoughts, I now feel that *Ms.* is easily one of the finest statements of all aspects of the woman's movement in the country. *Ms.* has a seriousness and direction, but most of all, a soul-searching honesty in its analysis of women and the women's movement. Some articles touch such sensitive ground that it amazes me that any journalism can be so intimate without verging into the realm of the confessional. Reading *Ms.*, one is suddenly aware that women can take themselves seriously, have pride in their sex and in themselves. Most of all, *Ms.* is a testimony that there have been some significant changes in the way this society will have to deal with women, and in the way women have come to view themselves.

The latest issue of *Ms.* includes a superb article by Kate Millet describing her reactions to the trial of Angela Davis, an article by Davis about black women, a short story by Doris Lessing, and feminist book and movie reviews. The letters column alone, the best I have ever read, is enough to provide a vignette on how the liberation of women is influencing every level of society. Perhaps we should judge publications by their readers.

As a "little mag" *Aphra* faces neither the problem of slickness or advertisement. Its stories, literary criticism, poems and plays are not always of the stylistic form we have been taught to memorize and respect, and yet they express a new consciousness a new use of language, and a new form of mythical search. As Virginia Woolf suggests in *A Room of One's Own*, women are perhaps best equipped for the journey society has pushed us toward, the journey inside minds, bodies and souls. For the most part, the contents of *Aphra* explore a hitherto taboo region of emotions and relationships between human beings. One of the stories in this issue of *Aphra*, for example, has almost no plot, but rather concerns entirely the feelings and relationships of two women and a man who hangs in the belly of one and the fantasies of the other. The other story, "There are No More Candlemakers in Peru," by Susan Griffith, is one of the finest I have read for a long time. My sole regret about *Aphra* is that it is so short, and that it only comes out four times a year. I recommend that everyone borrow or buy a copy of *Ms.* or *Aphra* and discover what a powerful statement the women's movement has become.

Aphra, 4 Jones Street, New York, N.Y. 10014.
Single issue, \$1.50, subscription \$4.50.
Ms., Subscription Dept., 123 Garden St.,
Marion, Ohio 43302.

Amazons and Other Heroines

NZINGHA (ANN ZINGHA): 1582-1663. Nzingha grew up during the time the Portuguese were attempting to colonize Angola, West Africa, and succeeding beyond their wildest dreams. Nzingha declared them her enemy and organized and trained an army of women warriors, Amazons, whom she led in battle against the colonial oppressors. They matched spears and bows and arrows to the Portuguese rifles and pistols. In the end they lost, though this was but the first of many battles. In 1622 she was sent by her brother, a King, to arrange a peace treaty with the Portuguese viceroy at Loanda. She proved a shrewd, unbribable diplomat and engineered an agreement that did NOT create an alliance, and which refused to pay tribute to the King of Portugal — all to the satisfaction of the viceroy. About this time she adopted Christianity and some European customs, which she maintained for several years. When her brother died, she took the throne, for which by some accounts she had to kill her nephew. When she became ruler, the Portuguese decided not to honor the treaty she had helped negotiate. Fearing her intractability, they plotted to remove her from the throne. When they sent an army, she in turn sent her Amazons, allied herself with the Dutch and other chiefs in the area, and fought a war which lasted for years. Though the Portuguese again won, they agreed to leave her on the throne if she would pay tribute to the King. She refused, fled into the jungle, and with her army fought the invaders for the next eighteen years.

During this time of total disillusionment with the Europeans, she dropped Christianity and killed all followers who did not do the same. At 70, with most of the wars over, she again adopted the church, abolished the sacrifice of captives and criminals, and prohibited polygamy. Even then, however, she refused to pay tribute to the Portuguese King. When

she died at 81, her body was put on display in her royal robes, bow and arrow in her hand, but when she was buried she was dressed, according to her deathbed request, in the habit of a nun with rosary and crucifix. After Nzingha's death, Angola fell totally Portuguese, although liberating armies have survived in the jungles for so long that the U.S. lends airplanes and napalm to the Portuguese to keep the armies Angola's oil in line.

A NOTE ON THE AMAZONS OF WEST AFRICA: 19th Century. A great deal of emotional brouhaha surrounds the questions of Amazons — real of imaginary; myth or fact — no one seems to know. There are, however, some facts: in 19th century Dahomey, the king's army was composed of 2200 female warriors, out of a total army of 3000. In European terminology, they were called Amazons. They had their own separate organizations within the larger army, with their own female officers; they were responsible only to the king. The two main divisions were the standing army and the reserves. The latter served as palace and city guards, especially in wartime. The standing army was divided into three groups: the Left Wing, the Right Wing, and the Fanti. The Fanti were the royal bodyguards, the *corps elite* consisting of the elephant huntresses, allegedly the boldest and toughest of all. All Amazons wore a variation of male garb: blue-and-white striped sleeveless tunics and baggy pants held in at the waist with a cartridge belt. Those who were members of the king's bodyguard wore headbands of white ribbon embroidered with a blue crocodile. Individual companies within the general structure were distinguished by the arms they carried: bayonets, muskets, or bows and arrows (the latter carried by the youngest recruits.) The king recruited the



All excerpts taken from *Generations of Denial* by Kathryn Taylor. Copies may be purchased by sending \$1.20 to Times Change Press, 1023 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10018. Graphics are from *In Woman's Soul*, the 1972 Peace Calendar published by the War Resister's League.

gimel beth

Monday, August 28

(S) "The Trial of the Catonsville Nine," until Sept. 2, A Contemporary Theatre, 709 First Ave. W., Curtain 8:30, except Sunday (7:30 pm).

(B) Michael Davenport showing at Whatcom Museum (until Sept. 20).

(B) Meet 'em all the candidates: Rome Grange, Mt. Baker Hwy. - 8 pm.

(S) Grand Galleria Art Show - Seattle Center - 1 pm to 5 pm, Cascade Gallery.

Tuesday, August 29

(S) Nordic Dancers - Seattle Center, Food Circus, 7 pm.

(B) PASSAGE Meeting - 7:30 pm, 1000 Harris.

Thursday, August 31

Nothing happens today

Friday, September 1

(B) PASSAGE baseball game 6:00 pm Fairhaven Park.

(S) Nordic Dancer, Seattle Center Food Circus, 7-9 pm.

Saturday, September 2

(S) "Faces" concerts west; Coliseum, fidelity lane.

(S) Saturday Jazz, Seattle Center's Mural Amphitheatre. Free. 4-6pm.

Sunday, September 3

(B) "Life of Leonardo DaVinci" - Ch. 12 - 5 pm.

(B) Women's Dinner: For sure! 7 pm; all welcome; bring food 2914 South Street - 734-5332.

(S) Perymplezak - Food Circus, Seattle Center. 4-6pm.

(S) Old Hat Band & Medicine Show, Seattle Food Circus, 4-6pm;

(S) Participation Dancing, Seattle Center Food Circus. Free. 6:30-9:30 pm.

Monday, September 4

(B) Documentary on migrant children, Ch. 12, 10:30 am by a famous & beloved local filmmaker - Steve Giordano.

(S) Family Picnics - all day at Seattle Center grounds.

(S) Labor Day Band Concert Plaza of the States, Seattle Center. Free. 2-4pm.

(S) Rainpipe Players/Puppet show, mural amphitheatre, Seattle Center. Free. 2&3pm.

Tuesday, September 5

(B) "The Sandpiper" - Ch. 12, 11:30

(B) Alternative Middle School! (See Connexions for details), 7:30 pm in B'ham Public Library basement meeting room.

September 6-8

Nothing happens these days either.

Saturday, September 9

(B) "Life of DaVinci" Ch. 12, 5.

TODAY IS ROSH HASHONAH
(B) Passage baseball game: Fairhaven Park. 6 pm.



NORTHEAST RESERVATION LINES

Northeast Reservation lines are busy. As soon as an agent becomes available we will connect you. Thank you for waiting. This message will be repeated.

Northeast Reservation lines are busy. As soon as an agent becomes available we will connect you. Thank you for waiting. This message will be repeated.

Northeast Reservation lines are busy. As soon as an agent becomes available we will connect you. Thank you for waiting. This message will be repeated.

Northeast Reservation lines are busy. As soon as a sargent becomes assailable we will correct you. Thank you for waiting. This message needs repeating.

Northeast Resurrection lines are dizzy. As soon as an urgent becomes invisible we will inject you. Thank you for raping. This mess will be repeated.

Northeast Insurrection lines are lizards. As soon as a virgin becomes unbearable we will inspect you. Thank you for eating. This wreckage will be repeated.

Northeast Masturbation lions are itchy. As soon as an urchin becomes inflatable we will infect you. Thank you for mating. This sewage will be completed.

Jane Shore in Audience, July-August 1972

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Connexions



Connections are published as a public service. They are free of charge to individuals and to groups offering information for the common good or general enlightenment. Rates to businesses are 12 cents per word. Send ads (and money) to: Connections, Box 105, South Bellingham Station, Bellingham, Wash. 98115. If not received by the Friday prior to an issue, they will be held over until the next issue. Connections containing language deemed by the editors to be offensive to a substantial portion of our readers may be refused or reworded without notice.

FOR SALE

SEE BARR'S SUPER VALUE COUPON in this issue. G.A.F.-Super 8, color movie film with processing. Was \$5.45; now \$2.24.

THINK COZY: Homemade warm quilts for winter. You can choose from several of my own designs or suggest one yourself. \$25 and up (depending on size, materials and amount of handwork). Also, quilt kits, including pre-cut materials plus pattern. Also, handmade wall hangings, patchwork skirts, wool caps, sweaters — you name it! Please write and give me an idea of what you want and a number or address where you can be reached and I will contact you. Write to Trisha Sullivan, Rt. 1, Box 49, Granite Falls, Washington 98252.

AMY WAS ON HER WAY TO THE POINT when she came into my hands, and now I am looking for a home for her. She is a purebred Australian shepherd, about 8 months old, with nice markings, in good health and with a very mellow disposition. She relates well to children, cats and other dogs. She will make someone an exceptionally fine pet. If you can give her a home, please call 733-0239.

RECORD FREAKS: Used records are now being bought and sold at Puget Sound, 1226 N. State, B'ham.

ATTENTION BACKPACKERS: New waterproof nylon packs, magnesium frame, waistbelt and padded shoulder straps, regularly a \$28 to \$38 pack, for only \$19.95. 3 lb. nylon tent, complete for \$11.50 and \$13.95. Also \$30 and \$40 nylon sleeping bags \$11.50, \$14.50 and \$15.95; also 216 goose down bag only \$39.95. All these items over table at Mountain Outpost exchange, located next door to Col. Sim's Sumas Auction halfway between Bellingham and Lynden on the Guide Meridian. Open Mon.-Sat. 10-5:30.

FREEEEEEEE

WHILE IT LASTS: Our hosue is getting 'dozed over soon, but we have household things to sell and give away first. Largest items: free Maytag Wringer-washer, and free stuffed rocker needing wall support. See 'em at 809 MacKenzie, Southside.

KITTY KITTY KITTY: Free, beautiful long-haired grey tiger female kitten. Call 734-0117.

HAIRY KRISHNA'S: Our beautiful long-haired Krishna gave birth to seven fine all-American puppies last July. You can take one away by September first. They're out playing at 809 MacKenzie, Southside.

WANTED

GOOD HEADS HEAD GOODS: Small bottles, etc. Glass pipes, custom made; your own price or design it yourself! Dan, 733-9954.

CHEAP FUNK: '55 Plymouth runs good, \$99. 733-2231.

TELEGRAPH MUSIC WORKS is now open. We repair and make stringed instruments like guitars, banjos, and dulcimers. We're at 1000 Harris, 2nd floor, above the Food Co-op; or call Jack Hansen, 733-4706.

EdCentric MAGAZINE is a journal of educational and social change. It carries articles from well-known writers, students, organizers, teachers, educational researchers and people who have been involved in the educational and social change movement. Each issue of EdCentric also features a "movement section" which lists and describes various tools for change such as publications, organizations, alternative

schools films, books, etc. A subscription costs \$5.00 for 10 issues (about one year) and a sample copy is available for \$.50. Subscription or sample copy: EdCentric, 2115 "S" St., N. W. Washington, D. C. 20008. Manuscripts or information for the "movement section" should be sent to our editorial office at P.O. Box 1802, Eugene, Oregon 97401.

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DEED FOR THE DAY BY CALLING
BILL TODAY OR TONITE. 758-2438

WE NEED A PLACE IN SOW BELLY:
man - woman - baby boy - dog. We are willing to pay up to \$64 to share a house with natural folk, or as close as possible (no one is perfect, yet!). Write Tom Gasparotti, 5113 Creston St. S., Seattle 98178. (We've been in this city 4 months and it is making us nutty.)

WIND MACHINE: Wanted, 18'+ sloop-rigged sailboat in good condition. Call 733-9804 or 734-9310, ask for John.

RECYCLED FRUIT CAKE?: Wanted, recipes for glazed citrus fruit rinds, particularly orange, and recipes of other uses of rinds. Joel Melville, 915 E. Harrison, Apt. 406, Seattle, EA9-6863.

MACRAME CRAFTSPEOPLE: We are in need of some hand-made macrame plant hangers for consignment or possibly trade something natural to add to the loveliness of our plants. Stop in and talk to Chris or Fos at THE GREENHOUSE, 1226 No. State — in the door at Puget Sound Records.

WINTER IS A-CUMMIN IN: I'm looking for a small wood stove with an oven to bake in and burners to cook on. If you know of any, call Jim at 734-1428 or leave word at the Passage.

BACKSIDE BROILER: Wanted, Ashley Wood Heater, Peace (in that order?), 676-0335.

MUTUAL BENEFIT: Young, responsible architect would like to be caretaker in your rural cabin, no matter how primitive. 733-0239, message for John.

SCREAMERS TAKE NOTE: Man interested in undergoing primal therapy without professional help would like to contact others of like mind. John Coelho, P.O. Box 911, Seattle 98111

WANTED TO RENT: 2 or 3 bedroom house with space for a horse. Can pay up to \$100 per month. Would love to have a quiet location, with room for a garden. Phon 734-2923. Love, Melissa, Lea, and Aurora. OM SHANTI.

WILL BE SNOWED IN: Need snow shoes. Write Rt. 1 Box 296B, Oroville, Washington 98844. Chris.

NOTES TO FOLKS

NICE BLACK MALE, 35, would like to correspond with nice female 21 to 50 any race. Duke Walker, P.O. Box 1756, Seattle, Washington 98111.

MARY MAGNUSON: Have you seen Marilyn Jones recently? How is she doing? I don't have her parents' address to write to her, but would like to write. Congratulations on your single showing. Are you still doing things similar to three years ago? Gary.

DEAR LONELY 30-YEAR OLD MAN whose notice was printed in last issues' Connexions: a person responded to your note, but we neglected to include your address. Could you write to us again so we could send your letter? Sorry.

LA LECHE LEAGUE meets on Monday, September 4 at 7:30 p.m. at the Congregational Church, Cornwall Avenue and "D." The topic for this month is Nutrition and Weaning. All interested women are invited — nursing babies welcome! Call 733-4805 or 734-8143 for further information or if you have any questions on nursing.

LOST — RALPH THE DOG: in Bellingham near the docks last Saturday. He's part Husky and part German Shepherd with a big head and lotsa husky fur. Call 354-4696 collect, or if no answer call AT3-4913 in Seattle collect. He's pretty important to us so there's a REWARD!!

Anyone interested in forming a baby sitting coop (day or night) call Marianne 676-0973

NOTES FROM PRISONERS

INSIDE TRACK: I am an inmate here at Monroe, and would like to correspond with people from 19 to 35. I have brown hair and eyes, stand 6 foot tall and weigh 165 lbs. I am 25 years old and white. Please write soon, thank you all. Peter T. Meyer, no. 528316, P.O. Box 777, Monroe, Washington 98272.

A LIVELY CORRESPONDENT: I could dig corresponding with any brothers or sisters in the free world. I'm 26 and a Sagittarius. Peace/Love: Michael Lively, 354992-C-1-17, P.O. Box 777, Monroe, Washington 98272.

PEN PAL: I am a 22-year-old Gemini pulling time for sale of drugs (speed) and am at present very lonely and heartbroken. I have no family, and would enjoy some correspondence from anyone who cares enough to write. I never realized what loneliness was until I came up here. Anyone writing could you please enclose a stamp so I can answer you back as I only get 3 stamps per week from the State. Rick Zollinger, 229709, Box 777, Monroe, Washington 98272.

LAW CO-OP IN COOP: Inmate confined in the Washington State Penitentiary is studying civil and criminal law. Need law books to further his study and to help other inmates with their cases. All donations will be appreciated. Charles O. Conklin, no. 623103, P.O. Box 777, Monroe, Washington 98272.

REVOLUTIONARY GREETINGS TO ALL MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN THE PIG EMPIRE: I'm serving time in McNeil Island Prison for robbery. I would like to write a revolutionary sister so I can keep myself informed about what's happening on Broadway. Charles McEvoy, no. 34330-136, P.O. Box 1000, Steilacoom, Washington 98388.

STUCK IN LONDON: I would like to correspond with women from age 18 to 41. Timothy Gaines, no. 128706, Box 69, London, Ohio 43140.

HIGH AND INSIDE: Would like women between the ages of 18 to 30 to write to a lonely and destitute male at Monroe Reformatory who are willing to write and make a good and lasting friend. I don't have any money at all and I dig getting high, so if you can spare the bread, please send money orders to J.P. Halpin, Box 777, Monroe, Washington 98272.

HELP WANTED

COTYLEDON, the POETRY PAPER, is looking for street vendors. If you are interested contact MOOK at Rt. 4, Box 276, Traverse City, Michigan 49684.

The Bank Bookstore
open 7 days a week
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George Jantos