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NORTHWEST PASSAGE

BELLINGHAM, WASHINGTON



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Fiction, Poetry, Art, Photos

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Tenants' Rights



Heavily Vibed Dude

Dear People,

Just returned from Stephen and the Farm Band's gig at Fairhaven, and I'd like to do one man's view.

I first saw Stephen in San Francisco in early 1970. Since then I've read his books and been kinda keeping in contact with him through people and vibrations. I went to his gig in Seattle the day before B'ham, and I have to say the vibes were higher there (for me). I don't think Bellingham got off on Stephen's gig as good as we could.

Stephen's a fine compassionate man who really digs getting high with people, and seeing them straight and true. Those are my vibes, and I can see it's real, 'cause his people are honest and pretty, and they dig each other and they have a together thing going with 600 people. That's a pretty heavy thing.

Some folks didn't dig Stephen cause he's a leader and that ain't cool. Well, he can lead me any time, cause he's already led 600 people, and they're doing pretty good. Some folks don't dig him cause he ain't into Women's Liberation. Well, the women on the farm got free will, and they sure seem to like where they're at. And there's quite a few folks that don't cop to wasting energy, space, economy, etc. by going to school (those few exceptions noted), and being lazy. Well, pay attention to what's happening.

I don't think B'ham got off cause we don't cotton to some foreign dude (out of B'ham) telling us where we are at, cause we already know we're cool. There's a whole lot of good people into good things. Sure, but they're excluding other folks, ain't sharing the wisdom, and wasting energy. It makes for some pretty chilly vibes, sometimes. The "community" (sometimes seems to be a myth) ain't a whole integrated thing, which we gotta have, cause we're all in this together. Why this here Bellingham has even got to pay people to work in their Food Co-operative.

Sure hope we can get cool enough to pay attention to people who're willing to share their love and wisdom with us, and not get hung-up on attachment to our egos. There are many paths, and we're all gonna get there together.

Peace and love,
Dan
Bellingham

Guest Review by a Cool Reader

Dear Passage:

In Bellingham, man, we're cool and into it, man, you know what we mean, we really got off on Stephen and the Farm Band cause he's a heavy dude and a real leader. We're cool enough to understand the whole integrated thing and how all men gotta get moving on our own wavelenghts together. Stephen did it to us, and we (those of us who saw him) are really into his vibes. Peace and Love, Om shanti and brotherhood.

John F. Kennedy Brown

Equal Rights

Letter to the Editor:

While working on the HJR 61 campaign (Equal Rights Amendment), I have found a great concern for the rights of the working woman and the effect the ERA will have on her in terms of Protective Labor Laws.

First, it is important to point out that Protective Labor Laws are already in conflict with federal and state regulations. On the federal level, Title VII of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 makes it illegal for employers, labor unions and employment agencies that deal with over 25 employees to discriminate on the basis of sex, e.g., lack of equal pay for equal work, rest periods allowed to only one sex.

On the state level, the 1971 Washington State Law Against Discrimination makes it illegal for employers, labor unions and employment agencies that deal with over eight employees to discriminate on the basis of sex. HJR 61 will make it unconstitutional for any laws to discriminate on the basis of sex. This would render protective labor legislation which singles out one sex invalid, and would necessitate the Washington State Legislature to bring these laws into accordance with the ERA. According to the Official Voter's Pamphlet, "Laws which render benefits to one sex could in most cases be retained, and extended to everyone. Laws which restrict and deny rights to one sex would be eliminated. Special

LETTERS to the EDITOR

labor laws originally enacted to protect women, but which now have the effect of handicapping them when they compete in the labor force would be dropped. Regulations now reserved only for women, which are determined to be of general human benefit, could be extended to everyone."

In the example of rest periods, the choice will be that either rest periods are beneficial to human beings or they are not. In the example of lifting heavy weights, a determination can be made by finding out what every individual can lift safely rather than fitting men and women into sexual stereotypes.

Opponents have given the impression that there will be serious problems if the Equal Rights Amendment passes. But evidence from three other states, Pennsylvania, Illinois, and Virginia, indicates that no legal havoc has been created. HJR 61 is not a women's rights amendment, it is a human rights amendment and will benefit all individuals. Therefore, I urge everyone to vote for HJR 61 on November 7.

Carole Botkin
University Year for Action
Bellingham



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Chiding Jive Part II

Dear NWP and Readers:

Readers of the *Passage* should be aware that Salami Jive's attack on the credibility of Ananda Marga's revolutionary social-spiritual sentiment couldn't possibly have been written by one who has familiarity with Ananda Marga, as he claimed in his letter to the *Passage*, but his facts on Ananda Marga's stance are completely wrong. With his perspective analysis of the needed strategies for progressive change, we feel that, if he were at all acquainted with Ananda Marga's comprehensive analysis of the causes and cures of human exploitation and of its actual programs, he would be among the first to express solidarity.

In India, Ananda Marga's approach follows closely the current strategy of America's Black Panther Party of focusing energy on serving the people in a manner that allows people to clearly contrast a revolutionary model of a cooperatively based society with that of the existing dominant culture's ethos of profit and status. How is it evident that Ananda Marga's programs in fact have a true liberationist intent behind them? It is clear because Ananda Marga has been subjected to political busts, special legislation, press attacks, police harassment, etc., similar to the political repression happening in America.

Events in India are moving fast, without the awareness of most movement people in America. Ananda Marga's guru, Anandamurti, has been in prison for 10 months without bail on charges of conspiracy. His current hearing is probably the most publicized trial in Indian history. There are reliable reports of his maltreatment and of police torture of many other Ananda Marga workers now in jail. In August a World Defense Committee was formed to create political pressure on behalf of these political prisoners. The World Defense Committee is also attempting to appeal to the United Nations to protect the civil liberties of people working through Ananda Marga.

We must also reject as unfounded Salami Jive's claim that Ananda Marga is a "Hierarchical organization" following a "Supreme leader." In America, the people we have seen attracted to Ananda Marga yoga are

typically those repulsed by the cultural authoritarianism that buttresses a materially and psychically exploitive society.

The very effect of spiritual ideation (meditation) is to develop each individual as a strong center. The role of the guru is to awaken the deep intuitive understandings and compassionate attitudes which must precede effective action. For the most part, we can say that the guru directs only inasmuch as it is inspiration spawned in the depth of our meditation that more and more is guiding the use of our bodies and minds.

Anandamurti has gone to great lengths to discourage superficial attraction toward himself. People's attraction to him comes from his exemplary expression of all the qualities he maintains are necessary for the courageous creators of a new age on this now denigrated planet. As with all historical examples of harbingers of change, it is the force of his example that inspires great determination in those who desire to see humanity's full potential expressed; and it is this same example that instills fear in those who seek to destroy him and his work. Just prior to his arrest last December he said to an American brother: "They have tried to destroy the organization from the outside, but weren't able to do it. Now they may try to kill me also. But they cannot stop this movement, because the human heart is stronger than all of their hydrogen bombs."

We'd also like to notify *Passage* readers that an Ananda Marga "Dadajii" (an elevated yogi) will be in the Viking Union Lounge at 1:00 p.m., Wednesday, November 15, for open discussion with people about spiritual growth through yoga practices and the relevance of this individual growth to the collective progress. Tuesday at 7:30 p.m. he will be giving a more formal talk in Room 361 of the Viking Union. The rest of his two days in Bellingham will be devoted to giving free personal instruction in meditation.

All power to those with the awareness to use it justly and lovingly. Human beings of the world -- unite!

Ananda Marga Collective of Bellingham
2316 C Street

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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, at 1000 Harris Avenue, and let us know what your interests are. Sometimes phone number: 733-9672. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope for return or acknowledgement.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF CHANGE OF MEETING

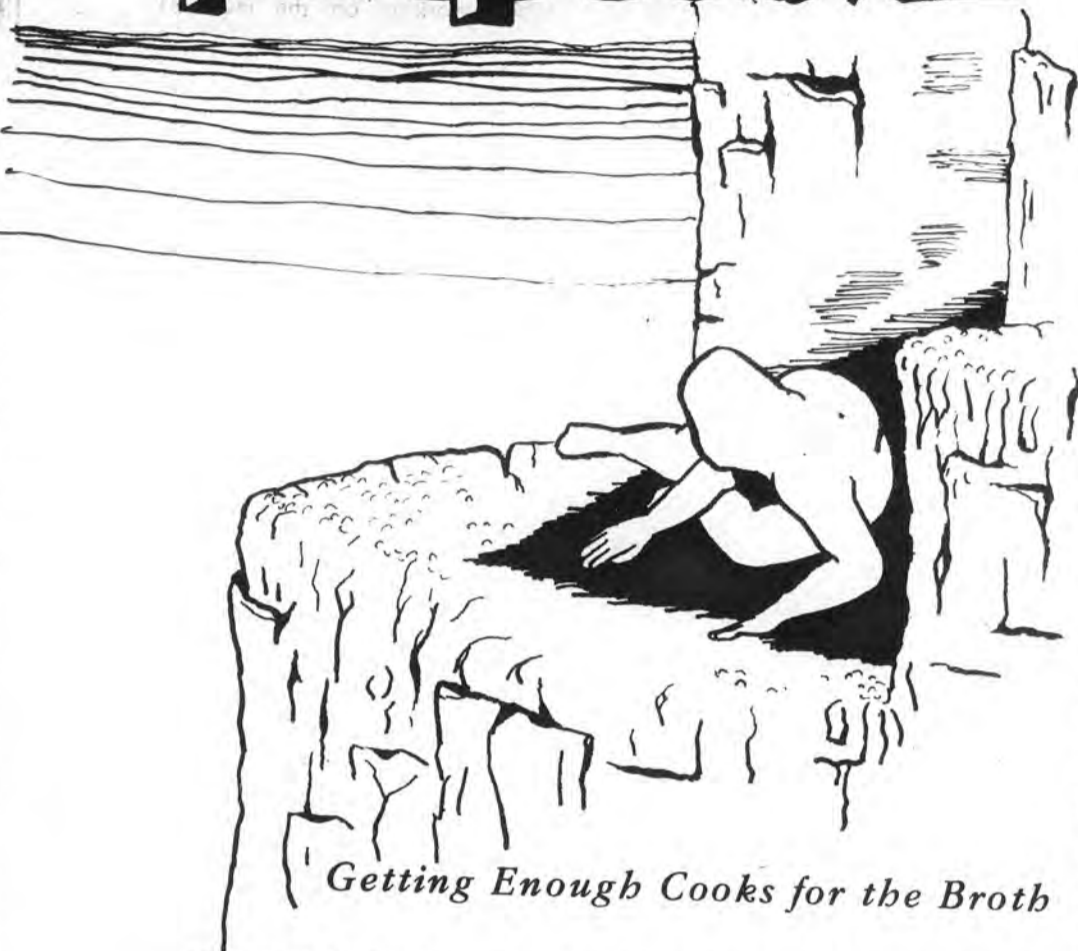
Because of the election this Tuesday, the regular **Passage** meeting will be held on Monday evening, after mailing. Return to the regular schedule after this week.

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northwest perspectives



Getting Enough Cooks for the Broth

This issue of the *Passage* has been one of the most expensive ever in terms of hours of toil and numbers of persons involved. The idea of a literary supplement was first discussed over a year ago. Since then, scores of literary hopefuls from all over the United States and points abroad have submitted hundreds of stories, essays and poems. The final selections are the result of a great deal of spirited debate among the dozen or so of us involved in the editorial process.

Somewhere along the line the notion of a purely literary issue quietly evaporated. The resulting precipitate is an "art" issue. Originally intending to use graphics and photographs to accent the literary material, we found that much of the fine work here refuses to accept the role of decorating printed words. It stands, strong, commanding us to rivet our attention to its own unique visual vocabulary. Our paper, *your* paper, a "fortnightly journal of ecology, politics, the arts, and good healthy living," is alive only insofar as it is a community endeavor. Sometimes we on the "staff" forget to remind you, the community, that it is your newspaper. The turnout of new minds, bodies, and souls for this issue has been heartening. We invite the community to continue to share *your* art and ideas so that we may keep growing.

And don't forget to vote this Tuesday!!!

GMK



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I am a white-haired invalid in a wheel chair. My niece takes care of me. She is a strong girl, and I am light as cork. During a recent century I visited St. Peter's Basilica. In a glass case the fathers had preserved the body of John-not gospel John first to the broken tomb and not mad John of Patmos crucified upside down, but some very old John nevertheless, a saint. His flesh was amber and his bones were shafts of light. You made a donation and said a prayer. The priest lowered your rosary until it touched the body. That was a plenary indulgence. Plenary indulgence! What delicious notions Catholics have. The priest was dark. "I am a Protestant, father." "Deus omnes amat," he said. "Vous have plenary indulgence." Plenary indulgence! It filled my body with warm oils, extreme unction. My legs failed. The priest held me. He thought it was the corpse. But I'll tell you what it was like: the calcium shots when I had bed sores. After the needle goes in, heat swarms in your anus dances up to your nipples and arm pits and fills your mouth like a bridegroom's tongue. Then it does it again. "Don't you dare smile, doctor, you young pipplewhip." I hadn't felt anything like that in a hundred years.

Plenary indulgence, calcium shots, excess of years. My body is like old John's-flesh

clever old owl that perches in the highest crotch of the apple tree like a forked scab of dead trunk. Every night it drops across the face of the moon. A tiny scream. My heart thumps. Rabbit or mouse, I could save you, have niece hang a pie pan in the tree top but I need the company.

They have begun to kiss. The firelight runs in her hair like a spring storm behind poplars turning the bright side of the leaves. I know what it will come to. Flesh is hot. Should I change my window? No. Owls and lovers stir old blood.

Niece comes from the farm smelling of curd and carrying a goose-wing duster. I give her lotion with a wicked French name. It turns her hands to cream. She wears black shoes, black dress, and a high white collar. My baby brother, a God-drunk fool who passed through religions like Sherman in Georgia, settled in his infinite perversity on this-Amish, Mennonite, Hutterite, God knows what, I won't have it mentioned in my house. And I have all the money and a secret will. They'll mention what I want mentioned. The mother tells the girl to butter up, but the girl loves me anyway, God bless her. Everything goes to the girl, but I'll give the mother a scare tomorrow that'll bleach her bones.

Niece takes my clothes off and then hers, to bathe me. It makes her blush right down to the brimming little cup of flesh under her neck. She

stooping owl. It heated my bowels, but I was afraid of it. After hallucinations comes darkness, old woman. Do your work.

So Mother Martha came and sat in my love seat with the little heart-shaped velvet back, black on pink, Death and Cupid. "Tell me, Mother Martha, what kind of rut was baby Brother Billy?"

"Strong, doing God's bidding." She's a potent woman, give the witch her due-married an old man, sex all turning now to biceps and tenacity.

"What kid of rut was Ben?"

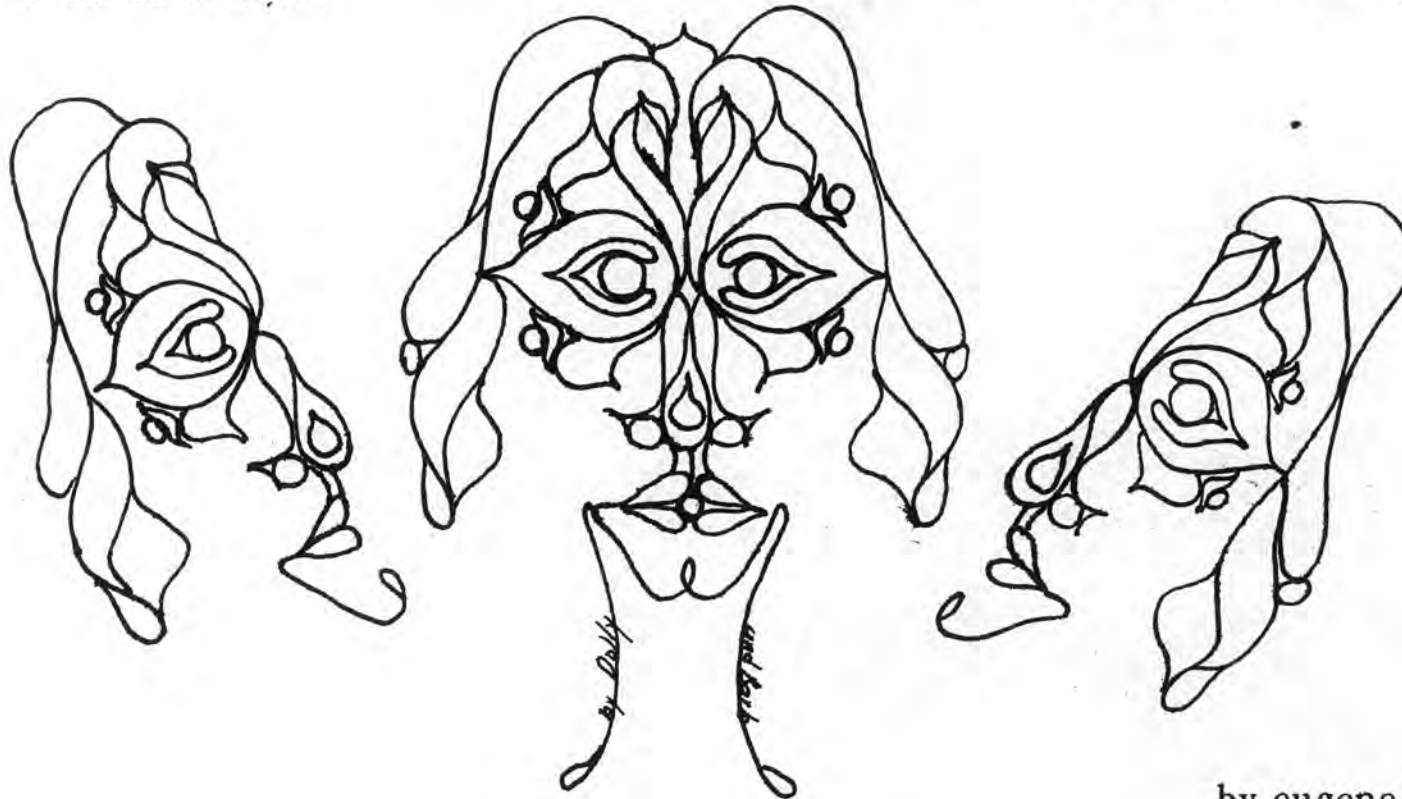
"The best kind, Mother Martha, lickish, stinking as a goat. Left me mouldering deliciously like a ripe old cheese."

We got down to business. Either the girl married Dan Hackett or my money went to buy me a perpetual candle in St. Peter's Basilica. "The lawyer and the notary are coming this afternoon."

"They say your will changes with the wind." Shrewd. She wanted part payment immediately. I couldn't get around that, but I beat the figure down to a mere fifty thousand. She's no idea what I've got. It all goes to the girl. "The contract will provide for payment twenty-four hours after the marriage."

"Our law sets forth a one-year waiting period after betrothal"

"Tell the elders, Mother Martha,



by eugene k. garber

The Old Woman

translucent, veins frozen, viscera out of business. Niece says, "Goodness, Auntie, you drink tea and tea comes out."

"I don't care. It tastes good. And the tannic acid is doing its work. You'll have valuable innards when I die, suitable for mail pouches, chaps, and all manner of tack."

"Don't talk like that, Auntie."

But I do and worse, constantly, because I'm that girl's window on the world. The mother comes tomorrow. I'll tell you about that, but first you must understand the curse of paralysis. I have to look at whatever is in front of me. Niece fixes my hair and holds up the mirror. There am I, toothless, chicken-throated, crowned with that little puff of white the girl is so proud of. I say, "Du Barry is shrieking with jealousy from the vestibule of Hell."

"Auntie!"

Same with the parlor window. After supper niece sets me there. I won't let her come back until midnight to put me to bed. I don't sleep to first light as it is. That's how I saw the love affair start, early in February. The window looks under the apple tree and down across the box hedge into the basement playroom. The boy appears from nowhere, like a cat. Until then all I had was a

gives me life, like the sun. She has a bronze bush that would inflame a saint, and nipples so wakeful that a wayward drop of water fires the aureolas rich amber.

"Child, how old are you?"

"Eighteen, Auntie."

"Then you have a boy?"

"That's for Mother Martha and the elders to decide, Auntie."

Yes, that obscene abomination. I'll fix that. "Won't Mother Martha ask you who you favor?" She cried, so I knew. I made her tell--Dan Hackett. That's all I needed.

II

Yesterday Mother Martha came. I knew I'd better get my business done, because my eyes tricked me the night before. I saw the girl drop her blouse by the fire. That I'm sure of. But then I thought I saw the little erect teat heave up huge in the window. I thought I saw his lips, like a salmon rose in the firelight, close over the aureola. His mouth blossomed wide as night and hid the

that a sweet dying heavenward-looking old lady's last wish is news of the consummation, let's say next Saturday. When the money-changers are in the temple the canons grow pliant. Besides, it poisons a marriage at the wellspring for the fiance to wait long periods with a hard on."

"I'll see what can be done."

"And one thing more, Mother Martha. My lawyer will see that the couple has a civil marriage as well, just in case the state loses patience with your wicked practices and declares all your institutions void."

III

Yesterday was Easter. Palm Sunday the honeymooners visited me, from their cabin on the church campgrounds near Des Moines. Imagine. By winter they'll be rich, but they don't know it. She blushed and threw her arms around me. Everything is perfect, she whispered. She doesn't know anything about the deal. And Dan Hackett is a joy to see, a flaming redhead. I could see him prowling around inside his black suit like a hot cat, waiting to get her alone again. They've gone to set

up house in South Dakota on his uncle's spread. Amen.

And who do you suppose takes care of me now? Mother Martha. Here's what we do. Every morning comes the scrubbing, fierce and exhaustive, every limb and organ buffed and burnished. "Put some elbow grease in it, Mother Martha. Satan slipped into bed with me again last night and licked me all over." Then comes the Bible reading. We started at the beginning-creation, temptation, expulsion, flood, exile, exodus. Sinners beware. At the Ark of the Covenant she skipped ahead to Matthew twenty-one, to get me ready for Holy Week. "Slow down, Mother Martha." Wisdom and parables come too thick. Crucifixion and resurrection rushed toward us. I got confused. And then I just listened. Blighted fig tree, foolish virgins, the supper, the garden. I let it run its way. And Easter came sunny, after a black week. But there was a shock for me.

I was sitting at my window half dozing, bemused by the rich leafing of the old apple tree which heaved gently, like a lover's sigh, in every breeze. Mother Martha was off to her devotions. "Jesus Christ is risen today, Alleluia." Yes, even among those black stiff.

Then the people next door came out. The father had a camera. The mother wore sky-blue linen and a white hat wide as a beach parasol. She was big enough to bring it off, a handsome woman. But she wouldn't pose, skittered away from the camera like an unbroke filly. And there was the girl, shameless little minx, in white from head to toe. She was younger than I thought, fourteen maybe, daddy's virginal little model. I



had to laugh. But not for long. Out came the boy. I recognized him immediately. I don't know how. Maybe by the lips, a little puffy and over ripe, like the girl's, like the mother's. Maybe by the way he carried his face forward a little, like a sly fox testing every wind for danger. They held hands for the picture, both brown-haired and blue-eyed, both with the full blown cheeks of the mother. Twins.

IV

We're to the last prophecies now, but I can't listen to much of it. Christ in a golden brassiere vomiting the luke warm, the winged beasts and the blood-drunk whore of Babylon. And everything in sevens-hills, tribes, trumpets, God knows what-a heaven for crap-shooters. I'll be glad when we come to the lamb's wife. That's a comforting part.

"What kind of God is it, Mother Martha, that picks a mad man for his final prophet?"

"I am the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last...."

That helps.

I have begun to fail, finally this time, especially my eyes. Ever since I recognized the twins. That morning the skies wheeled and the old apple tree lurched like a drunk, or I was. Now it must be in blossom. I see a pink flame scorching the box hedge and threatening to gulf my window. God knows where my old owl is. The tree's too full to hunt from. The moon's too big to hide from. Maybe he's starved. I can't hear a scream in the night.

"Mother Martha, I wish that the Powers had decided to take me all at once instead of inchmeal. You suppose it's some quarrel about the division of

the spoils?"

"You are saved," she says.

"Saved? What on earth makes you say so?"

"Elder Peter and the whole congregation are praying for you."

"Well, I may be outnumbered, but I'll pit the piled wickedness of my life against Elder Peter, all your black brothers and ten thousand more like 'em. War in heaven!"

"Calm down, sister. You're not as strong as Jacob."

"Why are they all praying for me anyway? Don't tell me you gave my good money into that wicked communism."

"According to the law."

"What a disappointment you are, Mother Martha. I had high hopes that money would liberate you. I could see those big breasts in a tight knit. You could go to Chicago and play the horses at Arlington and put up at the Sheraton in a bridal suite and run the bell boys panting through like a shelalagh line."

I couldn't see her expression. That's another burden of my failing. All the lines are gone from her face and the gray from her hair-creamy skin and dark tresses. And the silly rimless glasses are now a fine glistening that haunts about her eyes. She could be a beautiful Mater Dolorosa and I the limp body that lies in her lap. And though I know it's only the feeling receding from my flesh, shrinking from the coming of cold earth, it seems she handles me ever so gently. No more slapping and scrubbing.

The weather is too warm for a fire in their playroom now. I wish I could see them. Incest be damned, they were beautiful lovers. I won't deny them. Listen, Mother Martha and all you religious fanatics. I want a world of fleshly lovers. When my eyes go black, I'll dream them. To redeem the world once, you say, God took flesh. I say flesh will redeem it again. Amen.

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Revel Is Watching

Jean-Francois Revel, author of *Without Marx or Jesus*, and lately a visitor to Bellingham, comes to America now at an auspicious time, much as his predecessor, de Toqueville, also arrived auspiciously in 1831. With more than a century's distance between them, and for remarkably similar reasons, both Frenchmen think America to be a "going concern" compared to the rest of the world. Thus they love us a little more, and in Revel's case especially are critical of us a little less than the enlightened among us are probably comfortable with. The primary effect of Revel's book for the American reader must be simply a reaffirmation of our democratic process, its built-in provisions for peaceful change, at a time when that process is under fire as never before for being, variously, corrupted by big business, ineffectual at the national political level, and just generally wearied by life in the Seventies in America.

And on the eve of perhaps the most profoundly ramified presidential election in twenty years, Americans do seem mired down in a torpor that's difficult to accept. The Watergate Affair, and wheat sales scandal, to say nothing of daily "imminent" peace in Vietnam, rank high in the history of dirty deals — yet the American public mostly sits dumb to it all. There are but muted protests in the press, the liberal establishment and youth movement twiddle their thumbs, and thus chicanery prevails, as it has and presumably will. It therefore takes no leap of faith for some to conclude that we are experiencing a lackluster intellectual regression in this country, the signal of which is the tired expression, "Four more years . . ." — not only of Nixon but also of the cancerous growth of every grotesquery in the national archive.

Into this gathering dusk, then, comes Revel, personally an indubitable French intellectual — charming, urbane, witty, and very convincing. He takes pains to remind us that we are the vanguard revolution in the world today because of the changes proceeding apace at every level of our society. And these changes, in our mores and values particularly, are what qualitatively separate us from Europe, the communist countries and the Third World, all of which, according to Revel, are stagnant political and cultural entities. America is the only country capable of beginning to effect what Revel most cherishes: a world state devoid of nationalism which alone is able to handle the huge problems that now face humankind. Can we take him seriously? One only wishes that Revel were as persuasive in print as he is in person.



photo by stanley smith

Without Marx or Jesus remains a problem for the pragmatic among enlightened American readers. This may be a function of the fact that the book wasn't written for Americans at all, but for those in other lands who insist upon believing that America is the home of "fascism" and "conformity." But perhaps especially it was penned for French intellectuals, Leftists, friends of Revel's whom he quotes at length because he finds them typically myopic. Thus, because he seems constitutionally to be a "teacher," Revel's work is an odd dialectic, waxing now schoolmarmish ("We might ask ourselves if anti-Americanism . . . is really a fear of revolution?"), now sententious (" . . . the American Left is probably the world's only hope for a revolution that will save it from destruction."), now maudlin ("Revolutionaries should always choose strategy over tragedy."). What emerge from all of this are two principal points: "The American revolution is, without doubt, the first revolution in history in which disagreement on values and goals is more pronounced than disagreement on the means of existence," which places it outside Marxist revolutionary tradition; and, "The American revolution is the first to go forward according to models which don't yet exist . . . ; It is . . . actually creating a revolution in place of, and prior to, visualising a revolution," thus it is not mere "imitation" of the past, but a "settling of accounts . . . with the future."

To the myopic French intellectual, such statements may verge on heresy, but to enlightened Americans they are so much ho-hum. Many of us have heard something like them so often that we're

virtually anesthetized to the impact Revel claims they have on the rest of the world. When compared to anyplace else, of course the United States seems revolutionary — or so the argument might go. But is America the revolution for all the world? Some of us are not so sure. Yet this, replies Revel, is only an example of the curious complacency inherent in our rapid change: what we Americans take for granted now didn't even seem within the realm of possibility five years ago. And here he has a valid point. The thing to remember, he concludes, is that to the rest of humanity, when they see us in the proper (his?) light, we are Armageddon incarnate.

Yet in generalizing for his own largely ignorant audience, Revel misses some subtleties of the American scene which, if he were more careful, he should not. Here's one (coming at the end of Revel's long rap about American television and freedom of information in general): "The important point is that no American in the public eye . . . can refuse to appear on television to debate with his adversaries or to answer the questions of an interviewer, without almost wholly discrediting himself." Not at all true, Mr. Revel. Smarting from televised encounters with John F. Kennedy in 1960, Richard Nixon has steadfastly refused to debate George McGovern on t.v. in 1972, and the fact that he won't probably adds to his stature among those who will vote him back into the White House. As a matter of fact, Richard Nixon has made finer propagandistic use of television in and out of office than any known politician in our recent history. (And the irony of Nixon's refusal to debate McGovern on the probable grounds that he thinks McGovern to be more "charismatic" than

by gary b. macdonald

himself is that neither of them is charismatic — on television a debate between them would have the effect of an algebraic equation in which each cancels the other out.)

So perhaps, perhaps — perhaps America is the world's only hope. I must remain skeptical. It is not finally enough for me to be informed, even persuaded that, compared to all other nations and their every conceivable potential, it is. As an American, I know my country in many respects too well. I know, for example, that these changes in values and mores that Revel exalts are out of control — that is, change itself is proceeding we know not where. I don't mean to imply here that all changes must be coherent — by definition it rarely is — but there comes a time when, if change isn't forced to conform to a systematized plan, it becomes merely chaotic and thus ineffectual. And I sometimes despair that already change in America has become a force unto itself. Because we are culturally insecure, with not much of a past to hang on to, to learn from, and which past we merrily destroy anyway: as we go along, this business of

change becoming uncontrollable is a very dangerous proposition indeed — as I'm certain Revel, with his concern for the survival of civilization, would concur.

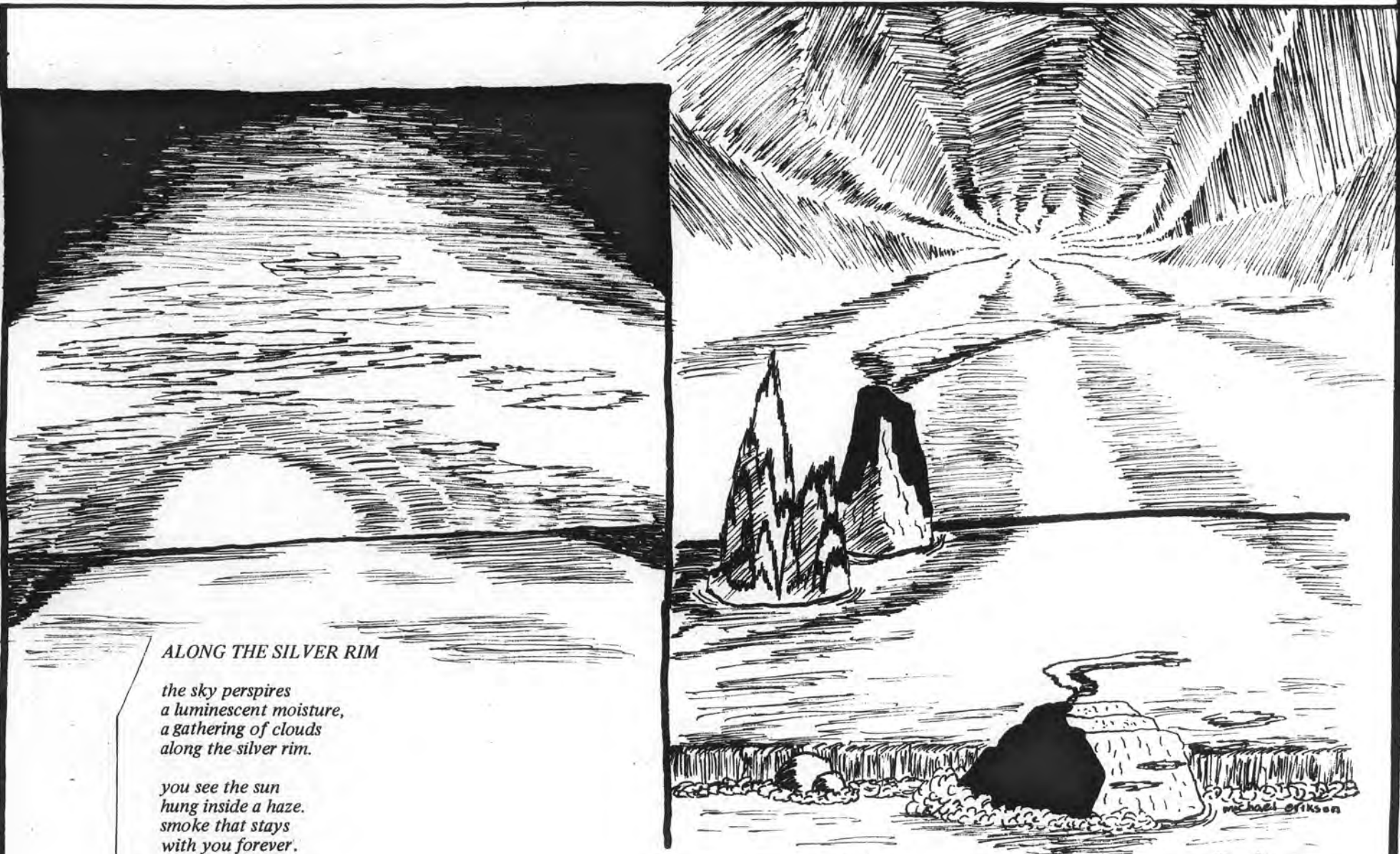
Maybe I'm only concerned here with the victims of rapid change, those cropping up daily who have been incapable of adapting to the "future shock" already apparent in our increasingly out-of-control society. I want to ask Revel (and am sorry I didn't get a chance to): if America cannot seem to find within itself the means with which to solve its own problems, how then is it, *can it* be a valid model for all humankind? To accept more or less *a priori* that in the long run America will naturally find those solutions is simply beyond my powers of optimism at this time. There is a point, after all, when trust in our mythical American ingenuity runs dry — in the end, we are only humans, and not, though we have a penchant for hubris, gods.

Thus I rather doubly resent an outsider like Revel going even as far as to admonish us that we may fail: "It is possible . . . that the movement of dissent will

become bogged down in intellectual mediocrity . . . and degenerate into . . . a refuge for social deviants." This seems almost cheeky of him, given his huzzas for us otherwise. Could he be setting America up as an ideal that exists largely still in potential, and then leaving the hatch-door open for a speedy retreat?

Well, whatever. In 1831 de Toqueville thought that, while "the mass of those possessing . . . a feeling for the best interests of the nation, and the faculty of understanding them, is greater, in America than in any place else in the world, still, on the whole, in the "New World . . . man has no other enemy than himself." It's a pity to me that, one hundred plus years hence, Revel didn't come a little closer to this peculiarly French wisdom. But all in all, it's comforting to know that, across the wide seas, in addition to the whole world watching, we now have an honestly curious and fine mind like Revel's watching.

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ALONG THE SILVER RIM

*the sky perspires
a luminescent moisture,
a gathering of clouds
along the silver rim.*

*you see the sun
hung inside a haze.
smoke that stays
with you forever,
you are conceived
inside that veil,*

*a whirling spore
flung into the fertile womb
of some seething vast migration.*

*the eternal voice is speaking.
you are not listening.
blindness scales your eyes
your sun your wheel your earth.*

by fay brank

*only the thread
of a dream I smiled
it's not a derrigible
or a storm
it cannot fill the sky*

*fully awake
it departs
this thing I make in sleep
and the space
the hot empty space
somebody's flesh
abandons in a chair*

by paul vangelisti

UNTITLED

*In the arboretum
the maroon-stemmed autumn |crocus
speaks*

unconvincingly

of hope.

by patricia coburn



CHILDREN

*My five-year-old son lies in bed
chanting songs of original composition.
My two-year-old son jumps up and down in the kitchen
landing first on one foot
then on the other
looking to me intently for approval.*

*I do I do approve
and I delight in the singing.
But I think I should do these things
even more than I do.
For it isn't enough the singing and jumping.
This is what warms the heart
but it isn't enough.*

*Some people live in their children more than others I suppose.
As for me, there are few things more rewarding than this
to have healthy and interesting children.
But it isn't enough.*

by knute skinner

ROOTS

*When I was having
symptoms
of withdrawal
from the earth,
I shivered at my past self-confidence,
stomping my ego
like a lumberjack
grinding out his cigar butt;
just planting seeds
for next season's harvest.*

by john m. findlay

Notes on "the New Novel"

In his introduction to *Anti-Story*, Philip Stevick discusses a concern that is rapidly becoming vital to contemporary artists. "Audiences for art have often been caught between the feeling, on the one hand, that the old forms are inadequate to their own contemporary reality and that they must open themselves to the possibility of the new in art, and the feeling on the other hand, that their own particular new art is perverse, bizarre, subversive, at the very least an extraordinarily difficult exercise in adaptation."

Perverse, Bizarre, Subversive. These are terms which have become familiar to us in association with the critical comments directed against the work of a group of writers in France which have been unfortunately labeled the New Novelists. Perverse, bizarre, subversive.... I have a kind of affection for these words....

It is important first to clear up misconceptions about the "New Novelists." It is true that the explorations of these writers converge in the rejection of certain traditional forms in fiction. Furthermore, they share a concern for the expression of a particular individual reality. From this point, however, their work diverges and it would be erroneous to believe that, because they share the same refusals, they are pursuing the same ends. Nathalie Sarraute's work is wholly different from Robbe-Grillet's, as is Butor's work different from Claude Simon's. It is important, then, to remember that the "New Novel" is a convenient term only in that it refers neither to a school nor a movement.

Now, let's concern ourselves with their common refusal of certain forms for the novel. Realism is a convenient name for a set of literary conventions that claim to represent the reality of human experience. It is this claim to the representation of the reality of human experience with which the New Novelists take issue. They are all in some degree skeptical about the nature of "reality." For the moment, let us suffice to say that "reality" is a mental construct imposed upon sensory data by the innate structure of the mind. A novel must at least be honest about itself within this framework. Claude Mauriac and Raymond Queneau sometimes enter their novels in their own persons to keep readers on their guard, to remind them that they are, in fact, reading a novel only.

It is this concern with placing the novel within a phenomenological context that leads to the rejection

of certain standard components of the novel. For many of the New Novelists the use of description, character, plot, and chronology become radically transmuted. In some cases they are discarded altogether in favor of important experiments and quests.

Experiments/Quests. I see experiment in fiction as a kind of quest. I believe with Michel Butor when he says that "new forms will reveal new things, new relationships, within reality." Experiment with new forms and new techniques is an essential part of the novelist's task. I would like to go further and say that it is, in fact, his or her primary responsibility, but some of my compadres may call me to task on this. There are realms of experience which so far have eluded adequate written expression. Nathalie Sarraute's work is an important example of explorations within some of these realms.

The reasons for fiction's incapacity for certain kinds of expression is due to limitations which have been placed on it: FICTION MUST HAVE PLOT. One of the criticisms levelled against the New Novel is that it has no plot. Let's consider this more closely. In *Aspects of the Novel*, E. M. Forster says that "The king died and then the queen died" is a story, while "The king died and then the queen died of grief, is a plot. In the former, one event happens after another, while the latter presupposes that one event happens because of another."

In this context, certain New Novels have very carefully constructed plots. But as Vivian Mercier points out, these plots tend to destroy themselves. In most of the New Novels, however, there is in fact an absence of a plot. This indicates, I believe, a deep skepticism about the possibility of establishing, with any degree of certainty, the causes of any particular event. And so, with the rejection of a plot, with the rejection of certain seemingly fallacious assumptions, the author is freed to explorations which otherwise would have been impossible.

Nathalie Sarraute, for example, is concerned with the movements within people. This she explores in her first book, *Tropisms*. She is concerned with the removal of individual boundaries, with the concept of personal identities which, after all, are only personal constructs which we create in our minds to facilitate our relations; interactions with others. Characters, as such, would incur her work.

Alain Robbe-Grillet, another new novelist, has become notorious for his particular use of description. Here is an example of a radical (revolutionary?) transmutation of an old convention in fiction. In reference to *Waiting for Godot*, Robbe-Grillet quotes Heidegger's remark that "the human condition is to be there" and this remark is exactly applicable to his own writing. The purpose (one of the purposes) of Robbe-Grillet's writing is to confer upon an object its "being there" rather than its being something. In an essay entitled "Time and Description In Fiction Today," he says that description "... once claimed to reproduce a pre-existing reality, it now asserts its creative function...it once made us see things, now it seems to destroy them...." It becomes obvious why he has been called subversive.

But let's consider these comments more carefully. Description once made us see things; now it seems to destroy them. Robbe-Grillet shares, I think, the contention that it is impossible to determine the causes of events, thus his mistrust of a comprehensible plot in fiction. He goes one step further, however, and maintains that events cannot be isolated from the continuum of experience. To read his writing becomes an experience within one's own continuum of experience. Once the reader has come to the end of a piece, it has ended finally. Nothing lingers. His novels have no depth, no resonance, no associations, allegories, ambiguities. There are no secrets concealed in the deeper levels of his writing. There are no deeper levels.

For Robbe-Grillet the function of language is "... a progression of names over a surface, a patient unfolding that will gradually 'paint' the object, caress it, and along its whole extant deposit a patina of tentative identifications..." In his essay, "Objective Literature: Alain Robbe-Grillet," Roland Barthes continues "... he establishes the existence of an object so that once its appearance is described it will be quite drained, consumed, used up." This is the sense in which Robbe-Grillet's description destroys. And this destruction is what so upsets those writers, critics, and readers who cry out for organic symbolism.

by ladislav brank

POETRY

IN WHICH THE LITTLE PRINCE TRAVELS BY JET

you, they said,--o faceless nameless they!
are you a jet-set ter
and
which do you like
better
Japan or America?

and
shall I tell them about
the 84 year old grandmother lady who lives in her Victorian
world where the ghost of her lover sleeps beside her under
the cozy coverlet of her pink flowers wall papered bedroom?

and baby
it's neither exotic Japan nor hippied America--
it's that flowered bedroom and that corridor
and those faded tenements and old family mansions and college
cubby holes and tents on the beach at 4 AM

you go on having your love affairs with
national boundaries.

by joie fukumoto



LNS

THE AFFLICTION

the sun is growing dim
this headache has been
with me for three days
i walk in cool
dry places
the soft throb
in my skull
speaks to me of fall
when trees dry up
and lose their hair

this place reminds me
of mortality
of turning
on an easy axis
in the skillful hands
of some pale surgeon
and renewal comes
after the death

by fay brank

OUR WOOD BODIES

Floor runs as chessboard.
Pushed by some alien giant,
our figurines flow apart.
Love deflowers.

Floor runs as chessboard.
Hate is a yellow poppy
blooming in our defense.
Our bodies, stale and wood,
slide in two; no sun
curls gold shavings into
our windowless rooms.

by reinhold johannes kaebitzsch

NOT THE VIRGIN MARY

See his strong wide arm
He holds firm
The woman pleads
"I do not want this fate."
"But daughter you are to try,
The Lord has chosen."
"Ah - The Lord chooses,
And am I not to choose?"

"See his strong wide arm,
It's beauty binds me,
I am not to move from right to left,
My husband is a leper,
He is left,
And I see it only through these eyes,
Trained to beauty.
There is no justice here.

"I wish to be a whore,
And let me live rightly
by this devil.
I do not comprehend the sun, the night,
I do not comprehend your golden altar and your priest.
You see your priest,
He knows not his God.
I know not my sin.

"See his strong wide arm,
It binds me,
Though my Christ is only a puppet,
My Christ steals money to visit the whores,
My Christ is shining,
Though I beat him,
Though I sit in dirty, stinking streets,
My Christ is shining.

"You see,
His strong wide arm,
It binds me."

by pegeen white



LNS

its really themselves that white men hate.
they pretend its us.
they try to destroy us.
theyd feel so much better if they just destroyed themselves.
we'd feel better, too.
i got an idea.

by alta

Jerry twisted and turned, slamming his body, large and ungainly for a fifteen-year-old, against the seat. The upholstery yielded, then snapped back. He jerked at his T shirt, wound around him like a bandage. His face, with its unformed look, turned this way and that: to his folks up front, to his twelve-year-old sister, curled up in her corner, lazily tracing the muffled designs through the heavy plastic seat cover. Looking out of the car, he tried to catch glimpses of the rumbling Pacific or of the Olympics through the late morning haze.

Suddenly, he lurched over and spilled his sister's stack of magazines on the floor. They half covered his own collection of Sports, Outdoors and comics. Jerry kicked them towards his sister, brightening a little when some picture caught his attention. The pile became a shambles around the girl.

The boy scowled at the back of his father's head, then at his mother's profile. He studied his fingernails; smiled with satisfaction when he found a scrap to bite. He looked at his sister, the magazine forming a quarter circle around her. "Be care," he growled, "you're crowding me."

The girl turned a little away from him. She glanced down at her green cashmere and tartan bermudas before closing her eyes.

"Please, Jerry," his mother said, "Don't be so trying." Her voice matched her looks: warm and friendly, yet concerned.

The boy let out a little blast of air through his nose and spit fragments of nail.

"And please, please don't bit your fingernails!" Much less sharply, she added, "Dad will stop at a nice place for lunch."

"That'll help a lot, won't it? Half an hour at some place that you like and then another year in this pot." Jerry rolled a magazine into a club and beat his knee fiercely. "Why did you make me go on this trip, anyway? The whole stinking summer. First that camp full of rats and dopes and now driving around in the fog." He looked directly at his parents and muttered, "Stupes."

His father shook his head sharply, coughed lightly, and smoothed his brown hair with a tanned, clean hand. The boy's eyes followed the hand as it moved unhurriedly. By the time his father had finished clearing his throat, his mother and sister were watching him, too.

Jerry shook himself convulsively. He dug out a stick of gum, bit off the wrappings and spit them towards the front seat.

"Now, son," his father said, "We just had to come up north this summer to see your grandmother." He glanced at his wife and she nodded agreement. "It wasn't exactly what any of us wanted but it was best for the family. Would you have preferred staying on in the boys camp?" He gave the rear view mirror a puzzled look. "You did enjoy the Seafair."

"I know. But now the Seafair is over." Jerry beat the seat with his hand and more magazines slithered to the floor. "What is there to do?" His voice rose. "This is going on forever."

"Why can't you be reasonable?" His father tried to catch his eye in the mirror. "I did buy that transistor for you. The first of its kind here. Swedish. Not one of your friends - Oh, well." He touched the button and the window opened. The sound of the surf came into the car above the wet hum of the tires. The offshore wind, cold and misty, penetrated the car. His mother picked up a scarf from her



by william j. corr

The Boy

lap. "It's uncomfortable, Greg," she said, "Please close it."

His father pushed the button again. He looked at Jerry through the rear view mirror. "Remember me warning you about the shoulder strap?"

"Now you're on that dumb business again. It was hooked. I didn't lose it." Jerry

groaned and flung himself against the back cushion. "You're insured, anyway."

"Greg," his mother broke in, "We all agreed not to mention the transistor again on this trip."

"Please," his father said, "I'm not finished. We are insured. But there is a twenty-five dollar deductible on theft. I don't know what the coverage is on simple loss." He looked at his wife. "But you're right. We should drop it. I shouldn't get upset before lunch."

"There's a nice place just before we get to the nice town," his wife answered, giving the guide book a little wave. "Gets three stars. He especially mentions the prime rib. Good cocktails." She frowned at the broken walls of mist on either side of the car. "You never know up here."

"Oh, my God! Here we go again," Jerry groaned. "Change your T shirt, straighten your jeans. Comb your hair."

His sister sat up in her corner and arranged the folds of her cashmere. "Sounds pretty dreamy."

His father glanced back at Jerry. "We'll see, we'll see. But there is something I wanted to say about grandmother. Everybody noticed how your cousins treated her when she came down for Christmas. Theodore going to church. That business about the knitting." He touched his mouth with his handkerchief. "Jerry, you must stop your foolishness while we're there. How would you like to visit your cousins once a year?"

Signs nailed to trees caught his eye. He gave his wife behind the guide book a sly look. "Well," he said, winking at Jerry, "Here's a place where we can stop and get a bite."

The mother looked up quickly. She covered her mouth with the guidebook. "Oh, Greg," she murmured, "What are you thinking of?" When her husband just frowned, she added, "I did so hope we would have a nice lunch."

On the ocean side of the road, homemade signs read SMELT, CRAB, HAMBURGER, GAS AND CURIOS. The slowing down made no change in the feel of the car, but the mist along the road became individual trees. The car shook just a little as it left the pavement and made a brisk noise on the crushed rock in front of the stand. As soon as the car stopped all four doors opened.

With lunging, half-coordinated movements the boy got himself clear of the car, threw a quick baleful look at the family, now tableaued against the car, and ran in the one direction free of people, the wooded cliff above the ocean and away from the roadside.

"Wait for a hamburger," his mother yelled and her words were followed by the confident voice of his father.

"Come back when I blow the horn."

"I'll save three with a shake," his sister yelled.

Once inside the line of dripping trees, Jerry stopped and filled his lungs. He

looked back at the wall of fir and hemlock that cut his view of the highway and grinned. His body relaxed as he ran his thumbs around inside his belt, freeing his T shirt.

Then he heard the voices on the beach. The inshore wind brought them over the cliff and with them the smell of smoke and fish. They reached him in swells and waves: no distinct words, but sometimes separate sounds like the cry of a child.

The boy pushed through the salal and sword fern and looked over the edge. Groups of Indians were scattered along a half mile of beach closed in by the cliff and the ocean with a big rock to the north and a headland to the south. Above the headland, a great silver glow in the haze showed where the sun would break through.

Directly below were a dozen tents and canvas lean-tos. Square racks of smelt hung over the fires and wisps of smoke drifted up through them. Children raced like flocks of shorebirds from one group to another. Two old men walked along the beach as if patrolling it.

Jerry tensed and inched forward to watch a group of men casting. With his whole body, the boy followed their motions as the men, with powerful thrusts, sent sinker, line, and lure far out into the surf.

A strong rip tide swept past the cover outside the breakers and pulled the lines towards the big rock. Jerry smiled, watched the current carry a driftwood log and its seagull passenger around the rock and out of sight.

A young Indian with a bucket hanging from his belt walked over to a deserted section of the beach near the rock. He began drawing a line out of the bucket and arranging it in long loops on his right arm. He wore no shirt, and the awkward way in which he worked left-handed brought into play the large muscles of his arms and shoulders. Jerry looked at his own nails. He spit out his gum. "Well, he's older than I am," he mumbled aloud.

Jerry watched the spent waves boil around the Indian's ankles as he transferred the loops to his left arm. He began to swing the sinker and lure around his head. Feeding out from the loops on his left arm, the line formed wider and wider circles. Jerry held his breath as the young man raced down to the surf, following a retreating wave.

He timed his release to make the final great swing. Jerry watched the last of the loops slick off the brown arm and then more line came out of the bucket. Beyond the breakers, the sinker and lure was still rising in a low arc until it was almost lost against the dark water. There was a final tiny splash.

A wave loomed up over the youth's head. Jerry's mouth opened and closed soundlessly. Holding his line high, the Indian ran backwards up the beach until the wave had spent itself. Now he stood, knee deep in the wash, keeping his line moving with long pulling motions.

Jerry noticed that the haze had lifted. He moved over into a patch of pale sunlight and pulled off his T shirt.

The cries of the gulls soaring out beyond the breakers became more shrill and then the shrilling spread to the ones that had been roosting on the rocks and driftwood. Above the cries of the gulls, the boy could hear the squeals of excitement from the camp. The gulls had announced a new run of smelt.

Men, women and girls formed a line at the water's edge. Each held a large triangular dipnet allowing the streaming white mesh bag to fall down over the back and shoulders. The bare brown legs of the girls made them look like delicate wading birds among the henlike figures of the older women. As the line moved back from an advancing wave, the nets formed white clouds above the dark heads.

The line tensed as a big comber rose out of the sea, arched and crashed in a sweeping curved cascade. As it raced towards the dippers, the women waving their nets chased the children back up the beach. Jerry smiled, watching the kids scramble out of the reach of the women and the waves.

The water receded and the dippers moved after it in a flowing line. Jerry could hear the squeals of the girls as they ran into the water, brown legs flashing, nets streaming behind them. The water made flower-like splashes around their legs.

Even as the next mounting wall of water rose, the dippers swept the nets into the swirls. The older dippers started to back up first. Clusters of gray and silver smelt pulled the nets into long straight lines. Jerry groaned a little as one girl stayed to take a final swipe at the dark water before turning and running back with the others.

A dozen children ran down the beach past the lone fisherman and towards the rock. Jerry laughed, watching them as they raced just outside the reach of the turbulent water. But suddenly one child slipped and fell.

A spent wave half covered the body, rolling it, pipstem arms wildly grasping, towards the deep water. Jerry stopped breathing and bit his knuckle. The children began to yell in high, piercing voices. The groups on the beach stopped their work and looked up.

The young fisherman dropped his line and kicked off his jeans. He ran towards the rock where the child had disappeared. The whole camp began to heave and move around and then follow him.

Racing along the surf's edge, the fisherman waited until a wave had arched. Then turning sharply, he ran straight towards the wave and dived in under the curving crest. He came up swimming in the tide rip. The light caught his wet dark hair and moving arms.

Some of the men running up the beach towards the rock carried ropes and paddles. An older Indian stood high on the rock and waved them on urgently. Another old man picked up the abandoned fishing line and began to coil it in. The knot of people on the beach grew larger.

Behind Jerry, a horn blew three times. Jerry jumped to his feet, not taking his eyes off the beach. He watched the Indians clamber over the rock and out of sight. The horn blew again. Now he hesitated, taking in the whole sweep: the camp, the cliff, finally the ocean itself. Then he turned, his face twisted into a knot, and ran towards the highway, through the patches of pale sunlight, whacking violently at the wet brush with his T shirt.

AT TWENTY-FIVE: STEPS

*Haircut: specially for the Army.
Face: drawn, gaunt as it might be.
Ordeals: they slowly clamber past me
one by one,
succeed in casting shadows under
sun, each sun.
I only climb these flaming ladders
rung-by-rung,
yet somehow feel that I shall tumble
young: quite young.*

by gerald fleming



WHAT IF THE WORLD

*What if the World
Was up-side down?
There'd never, ever
Be a ground*

*There would be
A sky of green
And brown
And a
Ground
Of blue
And white*

*The green would be the greenery
Of all living things
The brown would be the Earth
On which
All living things grow*

*The blue would be the sky
So blue, so blue
The white would be the clouds
Predicting
Rain*

by brynne pedersen, age 10

THE SUN MOVES ACROSS THE SKY IN A SERIES OF DAYS

*& it may not care
it has seen everything i do
somewhere before & since &
does not flinch at slavery/
it was shining when Mercedes
cut her wrists: careless sun.
i heard once it hid from us in anger
but that's a myth: crucifixions
are constant: still we warm
our bodies in its light.
everymorning we see it, scientists say.
as if this will go on forever go on
forever the sun moves across the sky in a series of days . . .*

by alta

I SIT SORROWING

*i sit sorrowing.
her whining pricks my nerves.

she doesn't understand shutup.
i spit it out to slap against her face.

sadness crawls across my stomach.

i was once a child.*

by fay brank

YOU BRING IN THE WIND WHEN YOU ENTER MY ROOM

*it's not only
the wind either
it's more than that.*

by john robinson

STONE-STERN SILENCE IS BROKEN BY THE RATTLE OF WILLOWS

Stone-stern silence is broken by the rattle of willows and time falls back on itself. Grey clouds have stolen the snow-streaked mountains from the west edge of the meadow, removing thin pine trees and logging camp equipment from the cold, wind-sly afternoon. Barn-lost and beyond even the low wooden fence that reaches out from a small ranch almost hidden behind yellow aspen leaves, three horses move in saddle-free frolic across the muddy shore of a shallow stream. A fast rain is filling their hoof prints.

by james magorian



Photo by Rod del Pozo

Yesterday in Dubrovnik

Yesterday in Dubrovnik I shared a kilo of cherries with an old man. (The old man was there, all right, but he really didn't want any. It was my wanting, not his.) Earlier that morning (it was May, and I had hiked down the coast of Yugoslavia) I had climbed up the stairs to see what the 14th C. castle looked like from up there. My observation was that I was in some sort of Eliot scene, like the beginnings of *Quartets* or something.

Here I was in this wonderful place, this very old medieval castle, and on the high walls which looked out to the Adriatic, I saw below the Monday morning wash and lots of electric lines. That was all very disappointing, because I was in Europe for the first time, and that was not what I wanted to see.

But later in the walk and in the morning, things settled better, for the orchestra was practicing (it may have only been the town band) and I heard violins and baritones tune. That brought me back. Even later, coming down from the walk, I paid more money and walked through the museum. There were lots of modeled boats, anchors, carpenters' tools and early flags, but most of all I sensed a lot of sea men's hearts. At least I thought I did.

But the point of the day, yesterday, in Dubrovnik, on my way to Pec, and later to Thessaloniki; later to Delphi, later to Athens, later to Vai, Crete, was the old lady's smile. She was one of the hundreds of tourist ladies in the crowds that walked the streets, but she was at least 60, and the thing I noticed most was that her breasts swayed nicely. (Her husband didn't know any of this. I suppose he was the serious tourist, not caring a shit about cherries, or breasts, or pigeons, for that matter.)

by d. clinton

Europe uses the metric system so she was about 15 or 20 meters from me. The wind caught her skirt, then I noticed her for the bandana on her graying head, then her breasts. I knew I was happy then, for whether she was some Hollywood fraud, or some cheese lady from Wisconsin, or some awful-speaking subway lady from the Bronx, I liked her. And that was basically it. Until she saw me. Then we really got to moving with each other, still at the pace of 15 or 20 meters, of course. ("Hello, you must be a happy person. You have nice breasts. Does your husband get antsy when you do things you like to do? How many boys have you made? You know, not to embarrass you or anything, you look a lot like Mae West, except she would have a lot of dogs behind her. But you don't. Your husband? Is he nice to you?" Her: "Hi there. Yes, your eyes give you away. I never was much for undergarments and things. Do they sway nicely for you? My husband put up an awful stew in the lobby this morning. Sometimes he treats me just like he does his hunting dogs when they perform terribly, not getting any quail or something. I bet you're a wonderful boy." I enjoyed wondering what she thought. I thought her body told me all sorts of things. The husband's eye caught me, still at a pace of 15 or 20 meters. I looked at him and remembered seeing an old Greek warship, modeled, reduced, and in glass. That made me feel better. All this happened by the make-believe old man, you see. Anyway, the cherries were the blackest red I had ever seen or tasted. As they passed by finally, I noticed something about Dubrovnik which was even better than the Eliot feelings, or the nice lady, or the glassed man.

Every thirty minutes, all the cathedrals announced their presence and the time by the ringing of the clarion bells. This had a stunning effect on the tourists, for the whole city of old Dubrovnik was enclosed by medieval walls which created a phenomenal sense of echoed music. To top this, all the pigeons which bobbed for the photographers and the tourists in one square of the city would instantly take flight hearing the bells, swarm, fill up the narrow street where I was sharing the cherries, and fly to another square where the townsmen sold cherries. I figured the priests had something to do with it.

AFTERMATH

*you tore my eyelids open
and didn't care about a thing
except the dead man on the ceiling.
i saw him too.
bloodied brains blown out
apparition of your guilt.*

*he held you in a trance
his eyes and yours
down on the bed
my arms around you
shaking fiercely
stop it stop it stop.*

*the man who lived upstairs
almost drove you mad.
there was no rocking
no incessant nodding of a chair.
he was just a harmless shell shocked soldier
from some other war.*

by fay brank

poetry

PIER 70: BACKSTAGE

*fountains of wood powder
cascading down
taut muscles fragrant with sweat
fraught with flesh excitement,
energy*

*as faceless planks
forced out of cocoon complacency
relent to metamorphosis
bursting into resplendent flight,
furniture*

*framing daily minutes
like good underwear
with dignity confers comfort
next to skin compatibility,
intimacy:*

*teak (virile legs
(massaging) wood
(proud breasts, surrendering) birch
hem (filigree fingers
caressing, softly stimulating
infinite fields of fine grain swaying with electric motion)
lock
(hard, unyielding, desperately tender with the moment of penetration)
ash*

by joie fukumoto

ALICE AND THE FAWN

*When
Alice
and the fawn
forgot their names,*

they learned to walk together; he

*remembered hers
was human
and he
fled.*

by diane stein

THE BRICKLAYER

*I tell her
Everything.
All I feel.
Always.
Show her how
I mask life.
Tell her when
They hurt me.
Expose how I am
Nothing.
I hope she don't
Believe me
And take a man who's
Something.*

by gerald fleming

JOURNEYS

*Millions are heading for death,
But the Indochinese will get there first.
The American conscience has left home.
There is no forwarding address.*

by patricia coburn

PRAYER

*domine non sum dignus
dirty elbows unmown grass
domine non sum
stained underwear baby drool
domine non
scabs sins sores sobs
domine
lord why bother*

by lynda lesowski



LNS

PULALI

*Indians named this point Pulali
The restless gull.
In the autumn ceremony
Elders beat leather full
In the frenzy of the dance.
As the evening cools
The water, a girl must dance
Until cry becomes song,
Song becomes name, her chance
To join the elders who throng
That dancing circle.
When she falls, the elders hang
Her sweat with black paint, symbol
Of naming-by-ordeal. The girl,
Flayed with rods, rises to call
Her womanhood Pulali, Restless Gull*

*The tides quicken, and the people come
To Pulali by bridge and boat,
Moving toward the sun.
Now on the point a red light
Beckons Naval destroyers
From Bangor through the night.
The men who bought this land
With white dollars build
Seawalls to trap the hillside, hands
United against the tides.
In sweating masculinity,
They mix gravel and mud to slide
Down to wooden forms. The girl
Stands apart in awe
Of their curses and machines;
She seeks a different law.*

*When the wall stands drying,
White in the noonday sun,
The girl pads curving
Deer paths, faint along
The cliff to Pulali Point.
From here she knows everything:
The seabirds and their sea,
The gulls that scream and hide
Among logs kidnapped by the tide.*

by kirie pedersen



KAI BROWN

Garlic kills bugs and vampires. A string of garlic bulbs, according to legend, will keep a house free of vampires.

Now scientists have found that a little garlic oil will kill several larva species, reports *The Sciences*.

Two Bombay scientists, Drs. S. V. Amonkar and A. Banerji of the Bhaba Atomic Research Centre, isolated two components, diallyl disulfide and diallyl trisulfide, fatal to mosquito larvae at concentrations of five parts per million. These same components were also found to be effective against potato tuber moth, red cotton bug, red palm weevil, and houseflies.

Since DDT and other pesticides have lost their effectiveness in some cases, the researchers suggest that garlic oil or its active ingredients might be a potential substitute.

ECO-

Do flowers have feelings? When a leaf trembles, it may really be frightened, according to a New York lie-detector expert.

Cleve Backster believes plants have emotions and possibly even a way of reading people's minds. He attached his polygraph to a dracaena's leaves to see if they would register any neutral response when the roots were watered. Medical World News reports that Backster's polygraph emitted a pattern from the just-watered dracaena similar to that of a person under emotional stimulation. To see if the plant would react to a threat of trauma, he decided to burn a leaf. As the idea crossed his mind, he contends, "the recording pen bounded right off the chart."

Other polygraph experiments show that plants can "faint" when a human who has "killed" a neighbor plant comes near. Eggs also faint when picked up to be broken and get nervous when other eggs are broken.

Although research in the field of pathetic fallacy is new, many scientists wonder whether there is really communication between living cells or whether the experiments simply show some strange characteristic of the lie detector machine.



The air is cleaner, but the water is dirtier. That's the word from the third annual report of the Council on Environmental Quality. Samplings showed that carbon monoxide and particulate emissions dropped between 1969 and 1970, primarily through controls on smokestacks. But our waterways are heading for worse trouble due to land run-off from farms and construction sites. The council estimated it would cost at least \$287.1 billion to solve the major pollution problems over the next decade.



A Pentagon order for wolf-fur parka hoods would have meant killing 25,000 wolves, nearly half of the estimated wolf population in North America, says the National Wildlife Federation. The Pentagon had ordered more than a quarter million parka hoods lined with the fur of one of the government's known endangered species. The order was cancelled, however, and the Army now plans to develop a synthetic substitute that would have similar frost-resistant properties, reports the New York Times. Representative William Whitehurst (Rep.-Va.) says the use of synthetic fur would reduce the cost of each hood by \$4, resulting in a net savings of \$1.1 billion.

Senator McGovern also reports that the Pentagon recently spent \$350,000 researching the possible military uses of the frisbee.

For Want of a Nail

Work to be done

by schwartz waelder

Bringing the war home. One of the lessons that we have learned from the bombing of Vietnam is that shrapnel, embedded in trees, has destroyed the forest industry there. Shrapnel (small bits of hardened metal) ruins the saw blades when the logs come to the mills.

Bombs aren't needed here in the Northwest to get the same result. A few nails, spikes, etc., driven into the tree during a quiet hike in the forest, will do.

Driving nails into fallen logs in the lumber yards at night to sabotage the saw blades was an old Wobbly tactic. It can find a new application as a protest against the environmental degradation of clearcutting. Since nails driven into a living tree don't harm the tree, a whole standing forest can be protected against the ravages of the lies of G.P., Weyerhaeuser, Rayonier, Crown Zellerbach, and MacMillan-Bloedel. When the cost of sharpening and replacing those giant saw blades at the mills exceeds the profit value of the lumber, the industry stops.

The people of the Black Bear Commune used all legitimate means of protest. They carried signs, they sat in front of bulldozers, they sent fancy lawyers to San Francisco with their "petitions." Nevertheless, good intentions to the contrary, their watershed was destroyed, their creek muddied and silted, and now come the mudslides.

They must now be tired of pleading and making demands that cannot be met.

A few lumber corporations profit from all this, eco-imperialist Japan in particular. The lumberjack only makes a living, not profit. He'd be better off in a steady state economy, cutting no more trees than grow. The present system of raping one massive area and then moving on to another subjects him to insecurity, "mobile home mentality," and the resulting social and political irresponsibility.

The arguments of the forestry people for clearcutting seems to have overwhelmed even well-studied ecologists. They say that clearcutting is necessary to produce Douglas Fir. (They've given up this argument for other species.) They say Doug Fir won't reproduce otherwise. Could be Doug Fir has the highest market value? After they clearcut, you know, they spray with that stuff called 2,4-D and 2,4,5-T, which is considered too dangerous to be used in Vietnam. But that is monoculture, and experience in the Black Forest of Germany for three generations (of trees, that is) has shown it doesn't work. The soil becomes unbalanced, and therefore unproductive. There, they have returned to polyculture, of necessity.

Must we wait until we get to the stage of the "romantic" Mediterranean, the Greek Isles, southern Italy, southern France, North Africa? Life is pretty there, so long as you have imported money. The cedars of Lebanon are gone, their roots are gone. So is all the top soil. Nothing grows there now. We seem incapable of stopping our own country's imperialism. But in this once case at least, in the Northwest, U.S. corporate ecocide can be stopped.

The action requires no technique, no organization, no tools (except a hammer—though a stone will do—and a handful of 6-penny nails. If you are too incompetent to drive a nail, you should stay home and starve slowly.). A quiet stroll through your favorite forest will complete the work; posting the accompanying sign will inform the appropriate lumber company of their new boundaries. (The sign should be coated with varnish for weather-proofing.)



They, in turn, will have to respect your work, as they will not think of subjecting their equipment to the ravages of your tempered steel. A metal detector can detect you "implants," but, if they "have to destroy the tree in order to save it..."

Finally, "they" do not have the manpower to guard all the forest area you wish to preserve. And this is the essence of guerilla warfare. I would like to back this up with a quote from Mao, but I don't read him. Instead I will quote from Edward Abbey:

"I would like to introduce here an entirely new argument in what has now become a stylized debate: the wilderness should be preserved for political reasons. We may need it some day not only as a refuge from excessive industrialism but also as a refuge from authoritarian government, from political repression. . . The High Sierras may be required to function as bases for guerilla warfare against tyranny."



P.S. Nails don't hurt trees, but they kill chainsaws. And chainsaws kill trees!

Ed. Note: This tactic obviously is at its best in a forest in imminent danger of clearcutting, where logs are destined for lumber, not pulp. Research is necessary. Watch Connections for further bulletins from our Brothers and Sisters in the Trees.

a Forest Was Lost

Ecotage Tactics

from our Brothers and Sisters

in the Trees

Is money really dangerous? Money is indeed "filthy lucre." Two University of Louisville surgeons cultured a sampling of coins and paper money and found six different kinds of potential pathogens (disease-producing bacteria).

"A significant number of coins (13.3 per cent) and a greater amount of paper money (43 per cent) were contaminated with potential pathogens," said Drs. Berel L. Abrams and Morton C. Waterman. "Pennies and nickels had a higher rate of pathogens than dimes and quarters. This was even more true with denominations of paper money. It can be explained by the rapid turnover and frequent exchange of small coins and small bills."

Is money dangerous to handle? "I'm not at all concerned about handling it," said Dr. Abrams. "I'd like to get my hands on more."

NOTES

Headaches from hot dogs? One might expect some people to get a stomach ache from eating hot dogs, but a headache? According to a medical research team at the University of California, the ailment is showing up more and more often. According to Dr. Neil H. Raskin, assistant professor in the Department of Neurology, and William R. Henderson, a medical student, these people are more sensitive than most to sodium nitrate, a chemical added in the curing process to make the wieners, as well as bacon, ham and salami, uniformly red.

The study of the medical oddity began last year with a single patient, reports *The National Observer*. Since then, the researchers have discovered dozens of cases.

"We suspect that in the past, people were afraid they would be called nuts if they said they got headaches from eating hot dogs," Raskin explains. "But when reports of our findings began to get around, people began coming in to tell us about it."

In a report to the American Academy of Neurology, the researchers said, "It has been recognized for some time that numerous foods are capable of inducing vascular headaches in certain patients. Chocolate, cheese, citrus fruits and alcohol are the commonest offenders. Food-induced headaches or 'dietary migraine' has been ascribed to allergy in the past, but no compelling evidence to support this has yet appeared."

Monosodium glutamate, used to enhance flavor, is associated with what is called the Chinese-restaurant syndrome, in which a person sensitive to this chemical experiences burning sensations in the fingertips, abdominal pains, and headaches.



Robin Hood's hideout is vanishing. Sherwood Forest, the hideout of Robin Hood and his band of generous outlaws, still stands near Nottingham, England.

But Robin and his men would have a hard time finding cover there today. The forest, which once covered about 200 square miles, has been reduced to less than 200 acres, harboring only 400 ancient oaks. The elderly trees are dying of old age, thirst and pollution. Nottingham itself, a city of 750,000, is one of the main threats because of its increasing use of the forest's underground reservoir. And three nearby factories manufacturing smokeless fuel belch clouds of choking dust into the historic trees, reports a Penn State publication, "Only One Earth." County planners are trying to tackle the area's ecological problems and save the forest, to which the English are emotionally and historically attached.

NOTICE

NATIONAL LIBERATED FOREST ASSOCIATION

BOUNDARY LINE

PROTECTED FOREST

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN to all persons concerned:

That the use of timber in this area for commerce or export is

PROHIBITED

This area is bounded by:

-----to the north

-----to the east

-----to the south

-----to the west

DANGER

The trees in the above described area contain metal — steel-jacketed bullets, railroad spikes, hardened nails and other forms of shrapnel.

WARNING

Violators of this Protected Area subject their saw blades to costly sharpening and/or replacement.

THIS INJUNCTION PROHIBITING FURTHER CUTTING OF

TIMBER WITHIN THE ABOVE DESCRIBED AREA

WILL BE EFFECTIVE ON:

(date)-----

(local representative)-----

PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE THIS SIGN

N.L.F. Association

Form No. XJM 252 184

Notice of Location

Photo Essay

How do you know when the corn is ready to pick? You watch the hair. When the hair is dry and dark, that's ready to pick. If the hair is still green, it's not ready to pick. It has to stay longer in the cornstalk.

When you see cabbage with a head on it and the top leaves in the head start to crack a little bit, that means it's ready to pick. If they don't crack and the top leaves turn a little brown, that's ready to pick, too. But if the cabbage is dark green, it is still growing.

—Chico's Organic Gardening and Natural Living

Winter squash and pumpkin should be well patured on the vine. Skin should be hard and not easily punctured by the thumbnail. Cut fruit off vine with a portion of stem attached. Harvest before heavy frost.

—The Basic Book of Organic Gardening

PHOTO BY STANLEY SMITH

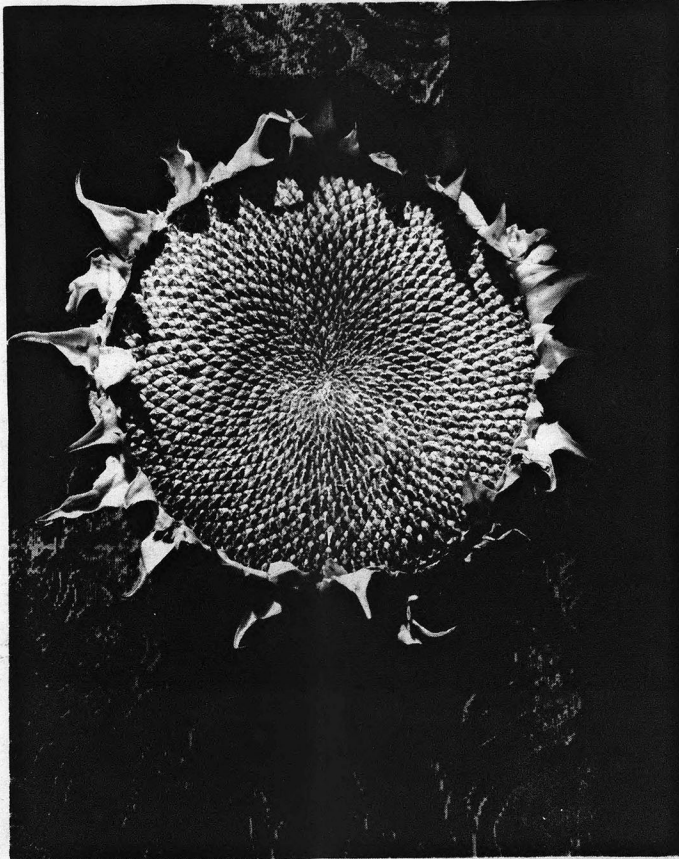
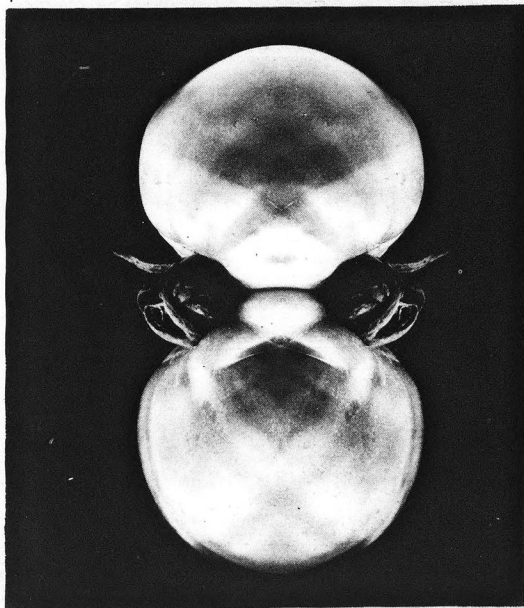
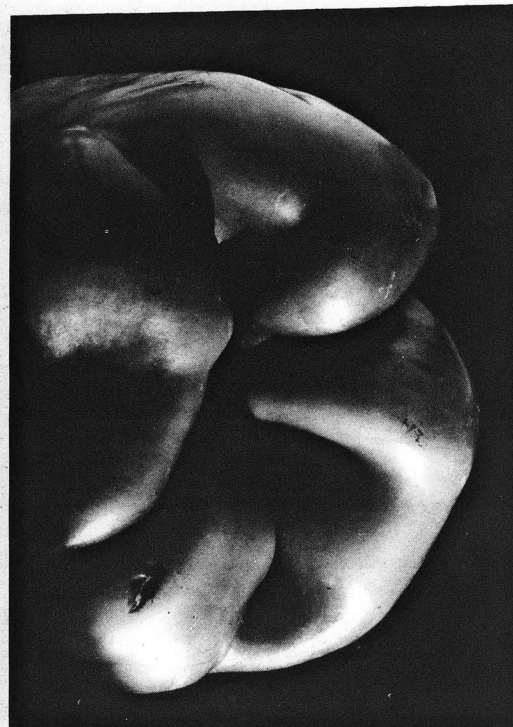
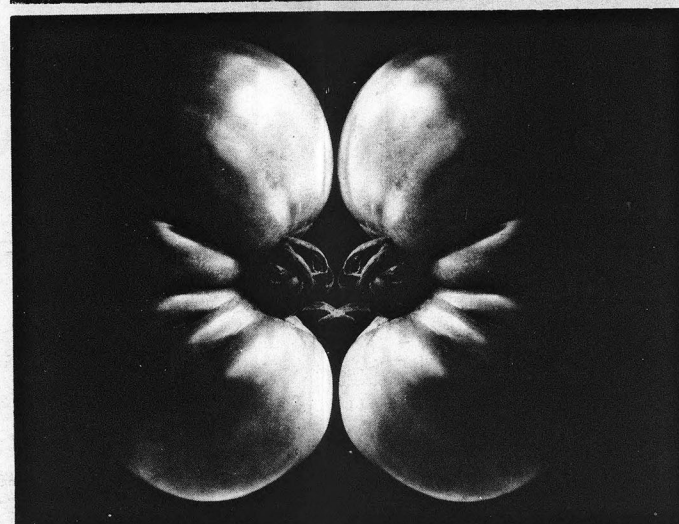


PHOTO BY ROD DEL POZO



PHOTOS BY STANLEY SMITH

Harvesting: Onions. As the plants mature, the tops will fall to the ground. Those still standing should be broken down with a rake to allow the bulbs to mature. After a day or two, pull the bulbs and spread out on the ground in the sun and allow them to remain there for two days. Then cut off the tops and inch above the bulbs.

—The Basic Book of Organic Gardening

Storage: Peppers are used in the making of pickles and condiments. A very old method was to fill a narrow-mouth jar almost full of a good grade of vinegar. Into this was dropped, one by one, peppers of the hot, cayenne, type, after each pepper had been punctured several times with a needle. The mixture was capped and allowed to stand for some time after which it was used as a hot chili sauce.

—The Basic Book of Organic Gardening

Ralph Nader

by patricia coburn

"Your public servants serve you right."

--Adlai Stevenson

As all of you "products" of the public schools know, Congress is, theoretically, the branch of government closest to the people of this country. Does it legislate in their interest? Who legislates? Why has the Congress become so weak a branch (Nader calls it the "puny twig") in relation to the executive?

To answer such questions, Nader took on his biggest project to date: a massive study of the U.S. Congress. When the Congress Project is (temporarily?) completed, all of the following will have been published.

(1) **Who Runs Congress?** by Mark Green, James Fallows and David Zwick (Grossman-Tantam paperback, \$1.95). An overview of Congress written for a mass popular audience. Released in early October, sales were in the region of 400,000 copies within two weeks. More on this book later.

(2) Individual profiles of most U. S. Senators and Representatives (omitted are those retiring this year or defeated in primary elections). See separate **Passage** (3) A series of eleven "topic" studies on the Congressional process, recommending specific reforms. Scheduled for release after the first of the year. Topics include: a national survey of redistricting inequities, a study of factors strengthening incumbents, campaign finance, conflict of interest, information sources and the legislature, the committee process, the folkways of Washington, D. C., and a few more. These studies will be produced in multilith at a cost of \$5 to \$15 each, with possible paperback publication to follow. They are the work of eleven research teams, led mostly by young professors, graduate students, and law students.

(4) A series of thirteen studies of individual House and Senate committees. Same printing and publication plans as above.

(5) A paperback, **You and Your Congress: A Citizens Handbook**. How to influence or work to defeat your representatives.

(6) A paperback, **Handbook for Members**, telling new members of Congress what tools are available to them for accomplishing something in a body dominated most by the old timers.

(7) A vast array of computer printouts of data collected for all of these projects, to be made available to political scientists and to the general public upon request.

This gigantic outpouring has been readied in an amazingly short time, for The Congress Project was begun as recently as the summer of 1971. That summer, Nader, some aides, and some volunteers decided what research was to be done and how it was to be conducted. In the autumn, recruitment began of a staff of more than a thousand field volunteers who would work in their home states gathering data on Senators and Representatives. To guard against bias, field volunteers were screened to weed out political activists or persons who had given more than \$50 to a political campaign. By the summer of 1972, profile writers were assembled back in Washington, D. C., to put this material together.

The decisions to produce and release **Who Runs Congress?** and to release the profiles of individual congress members prior to the release of "topics" and committee studies were not made until The Congress Project was well underway. Although these Nader decisions were unpopular with some members of the study teams (problems of academic territoriality), Nader was certainly right.

Who Runs Congress? is an interesting, informative, well written, and even funny book. Did you know, for instance, that your tax monies pay the salaries of two Congressional employees who go to work each morning running American flags up and down the Capitol flagpole? This interesting form of public service employment is carried out so that Congressmen can mail the flags to constituents as genuine U.S. flags "flown over the Capitol." In 1971, the two employees worked hard enough to get 27,649 flags up and down. Direct observation on August 9, 1972, showed that 86 flags flew over the Capitol for an average of seven seconds each.

There are more crucial items here, however. Read

Studies the Puny Twig

"I try not to be ashamed to be a member of Congress. I must confront the fact, however, that history will conclude that the House of Representatives in the 92d Congress acquiesced in the most brutal war in all of history.... I am still stunned, numbed, and dismayed."

Congressman Robert Drinan
in the New York Times,
quoted in *Who Runs Congress?*

what election campaigns cost these days, learn where the money comes from (overwhelmingly from businessmen), and discover why public financing of campaigns may be the single most important reform we could have. Learn about lobbyists -- there are five thousand or more full-time in D.C., about ten for each member of Congress, and only a small number represent public interest, consumer or environmental groups. (You recall that profit-making corporations can deduct their lobbying costs as a business expense, but environmental organizations cannot lobby without losing their tax-deductible status.)

Find out which are the most important committees of Congress, and discover the tremendous discretionary powers of the heads of the Committees. Note that the seniority custom (for the seniority system for choosing this position is "enshrined neither in law nor in written rules") has been with us absolutely only since World War II -- from 1910 until 1945, seniority determined only three or four House chairships. Now, "in a country whose population is young, urban, and geographically dispersed," the seniority system turns over most positions of power in Congress to "representatives" who are old, rural, and Southern. Old: for "while Congress mandates retirement for federal employees at 70, half the 38 congressional committee chairpeople are 70 or over, including three House patriarchs in their eighties." Southern: for Southerners "still chair nine of seventeen committees in the Senate and eight of Twenty-one in the House. But they retain all the most important committees: Appropriations, Armed Services, House Ways and Means, and House Rules." (It would appear that the best way to deal with what Jack Anderson calls the senility system is to limit all elected officials to two terms in office.)

Why does the executive branch of the federal government so greatly overshadow the Congress? Few things illustrate the decline of the status of Congress from its early days as well as the fact that John Quincy Adams, after retiring from the Presidency in 1829, ran for a seat in the House of Representatives. Who can imagine a President doing that today?

Who Runs Congress? says that the legislative branch has too few sources of information on the many complex subjects which come before it. It is lacking in both personnel and in technology. Nixon's staff, for example, numbered over two thousand persons at the time of writing, while "in all, the Congressional committees have 1,600 staff members,

and half of them are secretaries or clerks." The Congress "has only three or four computers, and those computers operate in large measure on payrolls and housekeeping matters.... Contrast the executive branch, which now has some four thousand computers working almost entirely on substantive policy issues...." (Given the policies, what a waste of electricity.) Congress fails to adequately utilize the tools which it does have, such as the investigatory powers of the General Accounting Office (which could probably use more people and funds if it got more requests).

The executive can easily thwart Congress' will on legislative and budget priorities. A clause in the 1950 Budget Act, for example, permits the President to impound (refuse to spend) money which Congress has authorized and appropriated. Nixon's impoundments totalled twelve billion dollars in 1971. His impoundments have been in such areas as improvements for veterans' hospitals, mass transit, food stamps, rural improvements, cancer research, and air and water pollution. Impoundments were in addition to outright Presidential vetoes and are not the only device the executive can use. Congress could repeal the 1950 clause. (I would also think there might be some sort of lawsuit possible in this area, since reference to the clause in question as justification for some impoundments seems clearly contrary to original legislative intent.)

Well, there's lots more here. Learn how a person who manages to get elected tends to stay elected. (Some Congress members like to send messages of congratulations or condolence to their constituents. There is the funny story of a man in east Texas who shot-gunned his wife to death and said he was glad he did it. While in prison he received a condolence card from his Representative.) Read about lawmakers as lawbreakers -- about votes to violate international law (as when the U.S. Senate passed a provision requiring the President to break the U.N. embargo against Rhodesia by buying Rhodesian chrome). Find out about the pervasive conflicts of interest that run through the Congress. A classic statement on this last subject was made by Senator Russell Long, millionaire oilman sitting on Senate Finance (which has jurisdiction over the oil depletion allowance). Said Long: "If you have financial interests completely parallel to [those] your state, then you have no problem."

The last chapter of *Who Runs Congress?* is a

condensation of the handbook to come on how citizens can change things. I must confess that I read this chapter with a considerable sense of letdown. Apparently I was hoping for some Great New Tools for fighting all the blight of the previous pages. Turns out, though, that most techniques suggested for "taking on Congress" are old news to the initiated. However, this book was not really written for the initiated. It's supposed to go to citizens who couldn't give the name of their representatives in Washington, let alone a list of their activities (come to think of it, that might include some of the initiated). The book mentions a not atypical survey which found 80 to 100 percent of persons surveyed did not know how their representative had voted on some key issues that had drawn national attention. On one (the SST), the 15 per cent who *thought* they knew were wrong about half of the time.

Will the book have any impact? Do people care? These questions seemed to interest newsmen who came to a press conference on The Congress Project held in Seattle a few weeks ago by a Nader aide. The questions would seem to imply that Nader's burning, driving liberal heart is out of date. Maybe it is. But if Nader is naive, I, for one, am still grateful for naivete.

Attribution: Some of the material here is based on an article by Paul L. Leventhal in the September 23, 1972, issue of *National Journal*.

The Nader Profiles



Also:

You can help the work of Ralph Nader and associates by joining his non-profit citizens' corporation, Public Citizen. To become a member, send \$15 (check payable to Public Citizen, Inc.), to: Public Citizen, Inc., P. O. Box 19404, Washington, D.C. 20036. You will not receive a thank you note. Once a year, you will receive a report on new strategies which are proving successful and how you might apply them in the areas of your own commitment to action.

Within the past two years, young professionals and students associated with Ralph Nader have produced the following studies (either already published or soon to be released):

Vanishing Air: A study of national air pollution problems.

The Federal Trade Commission: A report on the FTC.

The Chemical Feast: A report on the regulation of food quality by the Food and Drug Administration.

The Interstate Commerce Commission: A report on

the ICC.

Sowing the Wind: A report on pesticides, rural poverty and food quality as affected by the Department of Agriculture.

What to Do With Your Bad Car: An action manual for people with bad cars.

One Life - One Physician: A report on self-regulation in the medical profession.

The Water Lords: A study of pollution of the Savannah River.

Old Age: The Last Segregation: A study of nursing homes.

The Closed Enterprise System: A study of antitrust enforcement.

Citibank: A study of the First National City Bank of New York.

Water Wasteland: A study of the causes and deterioration of U.S. bodies of water.

Politics of Land: A study of California land usage.

The Company State: A study of the duPont Company in Delaware.

Damming the West: A study of the Bureau of Reclamation.

The Nader profiles of Senators and Representatives are probably the first place you would want to look to get some background information on a particular Congressman. (Complete sets of the profiles will be available at key public libraries across the country, including the Seattle Public Library.)

In a profile, you will find general biographical data, some information about the economy and population of a particular state or area, major interests and committees of the person you're looking into, voting ratings as compiled by ten different groups ranging across the political spectrum, several pages of specific votes on key issues, some (if scant) information on campaign finances, votes cast for the person and against the person in recent campaigns, and other data.

If you are expecting to be shocked, or to see some great personal revelations, forget it. Most of the material is already on the public record, although you'd have to spend lots of time chasing it down. Most of the profiles (all of them I've read, at least) manage to say some good things about their subject. (Probably for this reason, there is a note in the front of each profile saying that "no permission is or will

be granted for reproduction of this publication or parts thereof in connection with any political campaign."). Some people who worked on the profiles became (or were) admirers of the people they worked on; others were skeptical. Readers have to dig into the profile, find the material that is important to them and make their own evaluation of the subject.

Overall voting ratings by different groups didn't turn out to be of much use. Washington State's delegation, for example, is amazingly consistent throughout in the report cards given it by Americans for Democratic Action, a "liberal" group, and Americans for Constitutional Action, a "conservative" group. Looking at the cumulative scores (rather than scores for a particular year, which are another story), no Washington State Senator or Congressman profiled* fell below a score of 75% on the ADA ratings and none got above 16% on the ACA ratings.

This conveys the image of a pretty "progressive" state delegation. Looking at individual votes on individual issues, however, is far more revealing. You can watch our "liberals" fade in and out. In greater and lesser degrees, of course. It should be public knowledge that both of Washington's Senators -- each one entered Congress before some of us entered kindergarten -- have voted against reform of the seniority system.

I was particularly interested in votes and other data on the war in Indochina. Information in this area could be more complete than it is. With the possible exception of Congressman Brock Adams, there is no one in the Washington delegation who can be called a leader in the fight to end the Vietnam war. Senator Magnuson's profile suggests that his close personal friendship with Lyndon Johnson was a factor that inhibited him from speaking out on the war until LBJ's "voluntary" retirement.

As for Senator Jackson, his profile contains part of an interview which William Prochnau, a former reporter and Jackson's biographer, had with the Senator. Jackson told Prochnau that he had attended a gory bullfight in Mexico. The killing of the bull caused him to become physically ill. Prochnau then changed the subject to Vietnam. Jackson had been there, at the front lines, "and shrapnel and human appendages littered the area around him." Prochnau asked him if the sight made him sick. After a pause, Jackson said no. Prochnau then asked why the bull's death, but not the soldiers' was sickening. Because, said Jackson, killing the bull was not necessary.

*Profiles for Washington State include Senators Magnuson and Jackson and Representatives Adams, Foley, Hicks, Meeds, McCormack and Hansen. Rep. Tom Pelly, retiring this year, was not profiled.

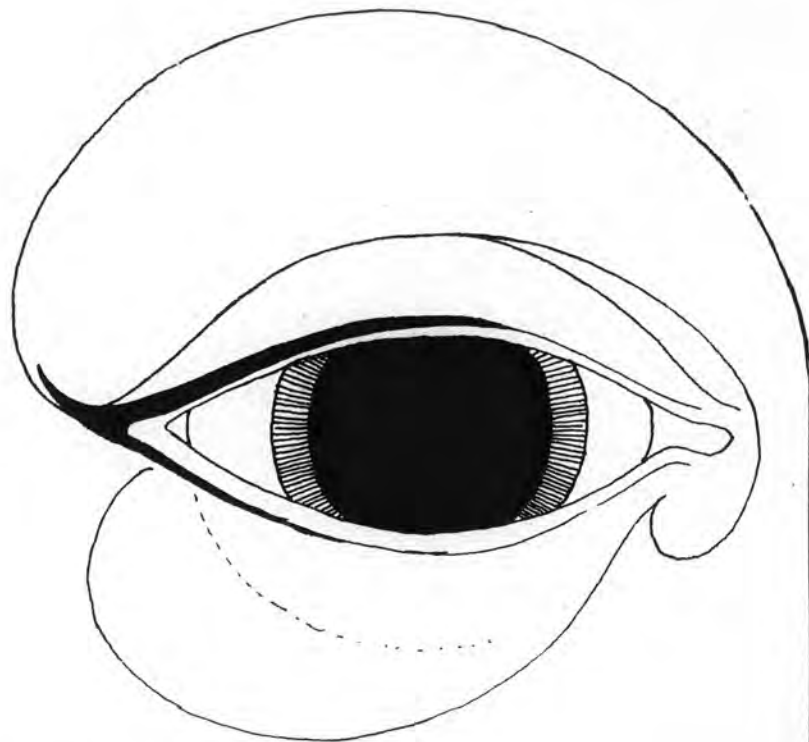
To obtain a copy of the profile of a particular Senator or Representative, send \$1.00 to: Grossman Publishers, Box 19281, Washington, D. C. 20036. Bulk rates available. You MUST give the name of the person whose profile you want. The profiles range in length from 20 to 30 pages.

Poetry

DRUNK IN THE ELEANOR CLUB WASHROOM

Lying
 Half-in half-out
 The privy door
 Sandy
 Half-corpse
 Death
 Buried in her alcoholic skin
 Childish face
 Staring drunk at nothing on
 The milky ceiling
 Women of the residence club gathered
 Matrix
 Of curiosity and fear
 "Did she hit her head?"
 asks the matron
 "She had a stroke"
 whimpers the young student
 "Don't move her"
 cautions the nurse
 The vodka bottle hiding
 Behind the bowl
 Dripping
 Poison on
 The urine-splattered floor
 Dripping
 From her lips
 Dripping
 Careless
 Through her hollow yawn

by fritz hamilton



KENNEL

He's howling again, he
 whom I keep hidden in the shed,
 howling for food or attention,
 more water, perhaps. He never
 pauses in his shrill litany,
 not even when I bring him out
 something special, something ground-up
 and rich, or raw and bloody.
 His opaque pupils stare
 without light into mine, under
 his lowering brow, his jaw
 pulls back; his pointed teeth
 glisten in his dripping maw.

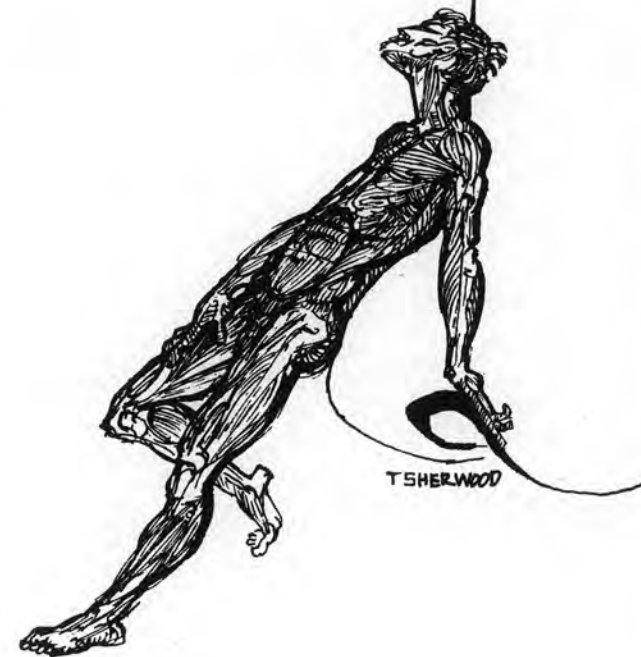
It is all I can do to hand him
 his greasy plate, and run;
 he makes no move, almost
 as if it isn't the food he wants.
 I've left the door unlatched
 at night, but he doesn't escape:
 I can hear his trot trot trot,
 back and forth, back and forth,
 until my own heart trots
 keeping time with his footfall.

Sometimes it seems I've heard
 him howling all my life.
 If I don't feed him, show him
 my presence, he'll do something bad,
 something they'll blame me for.

Lately, I've given him bits
 of food from my plate to appease him,
 pieces of bread and meat, my milk.
 He does not grow sleek.
 It's I who am getting lean,
 hair dry, skin coarse, eyes dull
 and sunken. I peer at myself
 in the looking-glass, and growl.

Last night I spent hours in the shed
 with him to keep him still.
 I could no longer distinguish
 his smell from my smell, his panting
 from my breaths which came fast.
 Hot and rank we lay
 in the dark, muzzle to muzzle,
 shuddering at the scent
 of a passing stranger. When lightning
 flared and thunder crashed
 we moaned in unison, one voice,
 one consubstantial flesh.

by Beth Bentley



THE POET AT SEVEN

She watched her hand flicker, flash out,
 recoil, whiter than lightning,
 thin as a snake's tongue, tensile;

and then the stain spreading
 on the other child's cheek, a live thing
 that transferred itself to her, her face.

Can the body have a life its own,
 apart from the mind? Does it work
 that way, swiftly, without intention?

Anger. Anger like her mother's. But
 she felt no anger seeing her friend's
 red face, only wonder at what she'd done.

And wonder as she learned her mind
 was a hidden place, deep as grass,
 thick as the scent of peach-blossom,

quieter than sky seen through leaves;
 a quiet into which she moved, swimming
 down, down, down through dark water,

toward trees, beasts, changing weather;
 the place her self lived. It waited for her,
 the country of resemblances.

by beth bentley

"The Poet at Seven" will appear in
In My Head a Moon, published by
 the University of Washington Women's
 Commission.

ed. note:

Kennel and *The Poet at Seven* were misprinted
 on the poetry page of the last issue. Here are the
 poems as they should be read. we apologize to
 Beth Bentley for the original error.

ONE TO ANOTHER

If you were my lover
 I would have to
 shave my legs,
 improve my pajamas,
 use cosmetics, and
 pierce my ears?

If I were your lover
 You would discover
 I can't hold liquor,
 follow birds,
 and patronize flicks
 for the popcorn?

If you were my lover
 I would have to admit
 that I still pay my taxes,
 while adoring Thoreau,
 and I am seriously
 lacking in character.

You can see that it's clearly not worth it.
 Let us remain as we are.

by patricia coburn

GENTLEMEN, WITH MC GOVERN IN THE UNITED STATES, WE ARE WATCHING THE RISE OF A NEW KIND OF POLITICIAN, THE KIND WE CAN EXPECT TO SEE IN FRANCE SOON.



THIS KIND OF MAN, IF HE IS AS HONEST, FRANK AND SINCERE AS HE LOOKS, IS LIKELY TO BE OF CONSIDERABLE HARM TO US.



WE ARE LIVING AT A TIME WHEN ANYTHING NEW BECOMES A SUCCESS, AND THE VOTERS ARE IN DANGER OF BEING SEDUCED BY A MAN WHO IS SINCERELY CONCERNED BY THEIR REAL PROBLEMS.



GENTLEMEN, IT IS THE DUTY OF THE MAJORITY TO BE AHEAD OF THE OPPOSITION AND TO FIND A FRENCH MC GOVERN BEFORE THEY DO. THIS IS WHY WE ARE GATHERED HERE TODAY.



IN ORDER FOR THIS MAN TO BE CREDIBLE, IT IS NECESSARY THAT HIS PLATFORM GO AGAINST OUR INTERESTS. THEREFORE, I SHALL ASK YOU ALL WHAT WOULD DISPLEASE YOU MOST.



MONSIEUR MINISTER OF DEFENSE?



THE SUPPRESSION OF THE ATTACK FORCES.

MONSIEUR MINISTER OF FINANCES?



IF THE SYSTEM DIDN'T FAVOR BIG BUSINESS ANYMORE.

MONSIEUR REPRESENTATIVE OF THE FRENCH CORPORATIONS?



THAT INDUSTRIAL GROWTH BE LIMITED!

MONSIEUR CHAIRMAN OF FAMILY ASSOCIATIONS?



FREE ABORTIONS!

GENTLEMEN I BELIEVE THAT WE NOW HAVE THE OUTLINE OF A PERFECTLY CONVINCING PLATFORM. AS FOR THE MAN WHO WILL STAND FOR IT, NO PROBLEM! ANY HONEST MAN WILL DO.



ANY QUESTIONS?

WHAT IF IT WORKS?



WE KILL HIM, OF COURSE!



Wlinski

REPRINTED FROM THE FRENCH UNDERGROUND "CANALIE HEBDO"

Council Capers

The October 23rd City Council meeting was interesting but not riotous. Their most important action involved the turning down of a request by McDermott Associates to spot zone Meridian Street and put in a Safeway and House of Values. Residents of the area were out in force with those who would make a profit by the sale of their land speaking for the rezoning, and those residents who would have to live with it against. Meridian Street will have to wait for its blanket of blacktop thanks to a bit of good judgment on the part of councilpersons Knibbs, Campbell, Kink, and Litzinger.

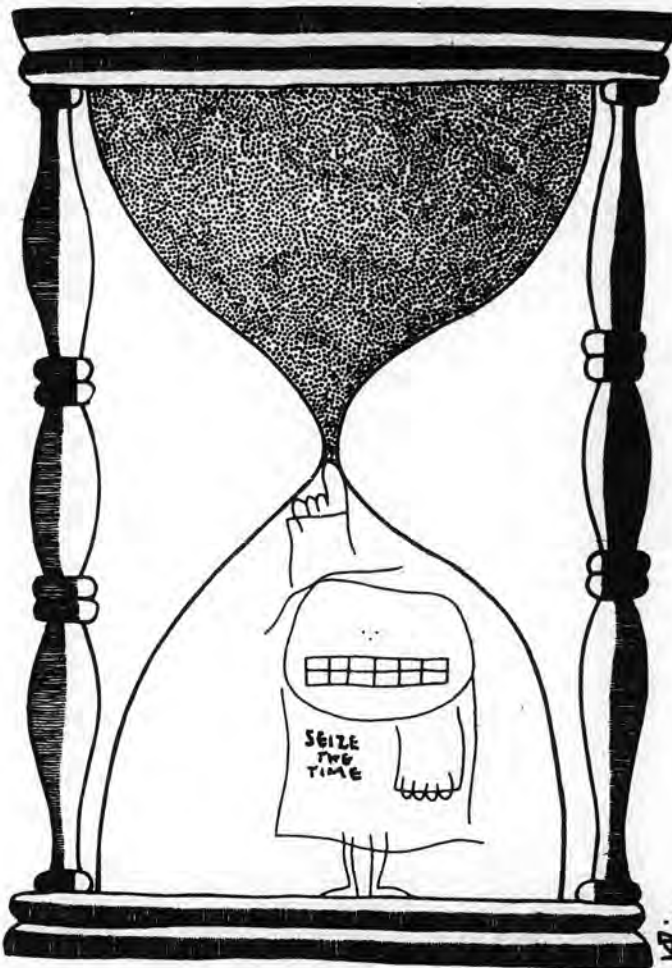
In other action the council decided to put off till the committee of the whole meeting the discussion of the no-sleeping-on-the-streets ordinance. On October 30, Chief Klein spoke to the issue. Saying only 10% of burglars are caught and transients are the cause of it, he claimed we need a law so we can talk to these people and bring them in. The committee took a bold position and sent the ordinance to the parks committee, planning committee and planning commission to check on the possibility of a camping park in the middle of Bellingham.

There is another City Council meeting Monday, November 6, and every other Monday (except holidays) after that.

Come and give your views to the council.



COMMUNITY



Ploughed Again

As fall flows into winter and life slows down, gardens are being prepared for their nearing sleep. After a fine harvest from the Co-op gardens, we are now putting energy into getting the 32nd Street garden plowed, disced, and planted with winter rye. It is a pleasure to watch the rich sod fold back over like a green carpet as the plow slices its furrow.

Although things have slowed down for the Co-op Gardens, there still are projects necessary to the success of gardens. Seeds need to be ordered, gardens planned, tool sheds and cold frames built, and hopefully a tractor will be found. Lots of time to warm by the fire studying your plants and companion gardening too.

In order to discuss the future, present progression, and goals of the Bellingham Co-op gardens, there will be a general meeting and pot luck dinner 4:00 Wednesday, November 8, at 808 25th Street. Bring your ideas, a smile, and lets be high together once again. For information call 734-9980 or 676-8610.

Jeff Kronenberg

The Co-operative

Dear Editor:

Here are some notes looking forward to the next community meeting of the Co-op, 7:30 PM, Thursday Nov. 16 at Toad Hall. Could you please publish them in your next issue.

The Cooperating Community is an association which is comprised of most of the Co-ops and Collectives involved in food production processing or sales in the Northwest part of Washington. As such, they have established relations with farmers and processors in the Yakima and Okanogan areas. The future of this association promises to provide for our region a real alternative to the exploitative system now being perpetrated upon us under the name of "agro-business". The cooperative movement is taking on a new character. Some changes can be made in the economy, some of which can be termed in the very best sense of the word "revolutionary". The Cooperating Community makes it pointedly the policy that the consumer be charged no more for any good than the materials and labor required to collect or produce those goods are worth.

There are no profits save the efficiency or convenience derived by the parties to the relationship. Member groups in turn are directed by this principle of co-op: Every exchange is an interchange between individuals who have chosen first to cooperate.

The character of the Fairhaven Cooperative is undergoing change in response to new possibilities too. And in order to give it not an ideal at least a logical direction to these developments we must provide a structure that will now and in the future assure competence as well as fairness.

The Co-op food store has provided a basis for the organization of other cooperative enterprises, namely, the

gardens and the Mill. Whereas the originating idea may have been less expensive food, it would be an extreme oversimplification to attribute our concern now to the satisfaction of this goal alone. It is clear to most of us that meaningful employment, work towards a system of mutual support in which every party's concern is the concern of all, can be made albeit with difficulty.

The Fairhaven Cooperative is seeking assistance in the way of funds and personnel from local state and federal institutions to plan the development of our community especially its economic development. There is some likelihood that as soon as April 1973 we may be the recipients of a grant which would in conjunction with certain state programs allow us to fund a greater amount of work within the various cooperative enterprises. This does not mean that we are not going to still depend upon many to give freely of their time, but as jobs are made by a volunteer initiative they create their own value which deserves support in kind. To the greatest extent possible then, we should try to fund those who would thereby be freed to pursue interests which would lead to greater productivity within our cooperative community.

There is an obvious need to form an organization that will be in the spirit of our ideals and yet not hinder the actualization of our plan. It can not be overstressed how despairingly practical we must be. For it is a necessary part of our project, to participate in the creation of a model which must be suitable to wide application. It is the first requirement of that organization to be able to translate and synthesize the values that are the consequences of our principle of cooperation into practical action. This requires individuals who understand that to be liberated requires a commitment to

liberation and that freedom is the voluntary assumption of the duties to struggle for the liberation of all.

A second requirement is the necessity of the organization to be capable of entering into cooperative relationships within the existing economy. This will necessitate competence. One lesson has been clearly taught us at the Co-op food store and that is as enterprises we must respond to very typical business demands, and, in order to create a basis for new developments, respond to these demands in if not typical at least comprehensible ways. This competence had never been forthcoming until regularity was achieved in fulfilling the responsibilities which arose. By this regularity is meant the continuity which arose from individuals taking continued responsibility for certain duties.

This continuity of planning and action has been the key to the cooperative food store's success in Bellingham. We are beginning yet another stage in the development of cooperatives. If we do not press our principle further, what we have accomplished is naught. To further these ends and satisfy these requirements of organization the community will be called on to ratify the Fairhaven Cooperatives structuring along the following lines:

First, in order that the best decisions be made, decisions shall to the greatest extent be made by those who realize the consequences of the choices best. This is not to make the decision making process inaccessible, but while a complete openness would obtain, the decisions would rest with those whose interests were most directly affected. Any enterprise within the cooperating community would be directed by its regular staff and its regular volunteers. Furthermore each enterprise would be

represented in a congress of producers. This body would coordinate planning and investment for development within the member enterprises. It would establish funding policy and decide all policy which affected the collection of enterprises just as each enterprise would decide all policy which affected their enterprise, more or less exclusively. The general members would also have a directive body, a consumers council, which would guarantee the interests of the general member be served by the policies and plans of the congress of producers, and provide the political education and organization. If grievances needed resolution it would be this council who would bring it up for discussion. If agreement were not reached between the two groups, the congress of producers would be empowered to decide. If the grievance were with the congress of producers or if their decision were not popular with 50% of the membership a general vote could be called to decide the matter finally. It should be noted that it is not prohibited that the same person might be a member of an enterprise, the Congress of Producers and also the consumer's representatives Committee of Consumers because it is eminently possible that one person would have the interests of all three. This situation is in fact desirable since it would lead to a greater understanding of the concerns of all for the individuals who facilitate the process.

Hopefully at the general membership meeting these proposals will receive a discussion suitable to meaningful ratification based on the understanding of the concerned members of the community.

Cooperation is the strength of the nation.

Greg Kirsch
Co-op Bookkeeper

NEWS

Observe the Court

The Northwest Regional Office of the American Friends Service Committee and the Whatcom County Chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union are coordinating their efforts to document the use of discretionary power by police, prosecutors, judges, and juries. Our general purpose is to collect the necessary facts and figures to understand and objectively assess the overall quality of legal representation, the competence of judges, the fairness and effectiveness of law enforcement agencies in protecting citizens and the general quality of justice in the community. We need volunteers to observe the courts in Bellingham. It's fascinating and important work. Those of you interested, kindly phone Margaret Lerner, 734-8233 for further details. We recommend those interested in this subject to read, **Struggle for Justice**, the publication of the AFSC working party on criminal justice to understand where AFSC sees the major problems of the criminal justice system to be. Also we suggest the **ACLU Newsletter**, both state and national.

FLASH!!

There were some important resolutions passed at the October 31 meeting of the Bellingham Housing Authority, indicating a new policy that will be detrimental to the poorest of the elderly seeking apartments in Bellingham's low-income high-rises. Briefly:

1) In compliance with a federal court order, the Housing Authority abolished the local residency requirement. (Now you need not live in Bellingham to be eligible.)

2) The maximum income level was raised due to the recent 20% Social Security increase.

3) Because federal subsidies are not available (President Nixon has refused to release funds appropriated by Congress), the Housing Authority will have to take people at the maximum income level in preference to those well below the maximum level in order to make the Housing Authority solvent. Rent at the low-income high-rise units is set at 1/4 of income, so it is more economically sound to have people at the \$4000 level rather than those at the \$2000 level, even though this is contrary to the purpose of low-income housing.

As to future low-income housing, Bellingham has applied for 150 new units, Whatcom County for 400, but new from HUD indicates that only 150 will be funded—to be divided among Washington, Oregon, Idaho, and Montana. The need for low-income family units is not being met at all in the Whatcom County area. The waiting list for Bellingham's three low-income high-rises is now 375 eligible senior citizens and disabled persons, more than the total number of units in all three.

The Bellingham Housing Authority meets every six weeks.

Jean Graham



Organic Interviews With Floyd ALLEN

Floyd Allen, the West Coast Editor of **Organic Gardening and Farming** magazine, visited Puget Sound this week listening for the organic pulse of the area, and dispensing advice freely to people who sought him out.

Allen makes it clear that his opinions on marketing organic food are based on a long association with both farmers and retailers, and are not influenced by various political "lines." His advice for organic marketing is geared toward making small farmers self-supporting, independent, and able to withstand the pressures of fertilizer salesmen and market-manipulating buyers.

Successful farming means the farmer must know his farm. Allen stated emphatically that the "farmers must be their own land's best expert," that farmers "must know their own land better than anyone else" so they can make their own decisions about what kinds of fertilizers to buy.

Organic farming, according to Allen, is a two-sided system. On the negative, you don't use harmful or poisonous chemicals on your land. But the positive side is just as important, and that is building up the soil fertility, and taking positive measures against insects. Organic farmers do need to have their soil tested to find out what nutrients need to be added, but

farmers need to be able to interpret the results themselves so that they aren't economically trapped into buying worthless "organic" fertilizers that are good additives at times, but probably not necessary.

Allen also believes that organic farmers must have some control over their own markets. And farmers need to sell to three or more buyers, so they can refuse to sell their crops to buyers when they cut their prices.

Many things need to be worked out, but Allen maintains that farmers should band together into organic associations and take care of themselves. There is no reason for farmers to sit back on their land and let the fruits of their labor be manipulated to force them out of business. All experience points to the necessity of farmers taking an active role in the determination of the use of their crops, all the way to the sale to the consumer. At this point, your **Passage** reporter tried to call Allen's attention to his organic paraphrasing of "workers must control the means of production" but political awareness of Floyd Allen's organic advice remains locked beneath his unswerving desire to promote organic farming and no politics.

Cornplanter

Feminist Health Care

One of the largest interest groups at the Women's Resource Center is "Feminist Health Care." About twenty women attended the first meeting on that topic on October 26th.

Dolly Joern, a nurse at the Northwest Women's Clinic, answered questions about contraception, sterilization, pregnancy, yeast infections and abortion.

Most women felt that they generally receive hurried, impersonal, inadequate and patronizing treatment from male doctors. Thus, a need has been felt for a women's clinic in Bellingham which would provide (initially): counseling, referrals to sympathetic doctors, if necessary, and educational programs to teach women such skills as self-examination, astrological birth-control, becoming para-medics and anything furthering the right to knowledge of one's own body.

We are still in the initial stages of planning a women's health center and we need all interested women's ideas and support about which areas they would like to see become part of a women's clinic.

We have the opportunity of using the facilities of the Free Clinic and there are plans being made for women from the Fremont Women's Clinic in Seattle to talk with us about setting up a free clinic and learning self-examination.

If you are interested in any of these areas contact the Women's Resource Center (734-5848), Sally at 676-0197, or Sue at 676-5472. We are planning another meeting to discuss ideas for a feminist health center within ten days and new energy is welcome!

Skagit Co-op

All persons interested in forming a food co-op serving the Skagit valley area are urged to attend an organizational meeting Thursday, November 9, at 8:30 PM, in the basement of the La Conner Methodist Church, located on 2nd Street in La Conner. With this meeting we hope to be able to formulate a specific plan for opening a co-op and to obtain volunteers to do the various jobs involved. If you're interested in the co-op but can't make the meeting, phone 466-3277 in La Conner.

Pleasure

On Saturday night, November 11, there will be a down-home old fashioned barn dance, complete with cider, donuts and ice cream at the Acme Elementary School in Acme. The dance is being sponsored by the Community Resources Committee which has been providing talent and assistance for the elementary school for the past year and a half. The proceeds from this dance are to be used for purchasing art supplies, books, and other equipment that the school district has not been able to afford.

The Barn Dance should be lots of fun. The caller will be Joe Briggs, an old timer in the Wickersham Valley. He will be accompanied by the famous South Fork Blue Grass Band (formerly the Hunger Bros.). Additional entertainment will be provided by Northwest favorites: Truman Price on fiddle, and Charlie Berg on banjo. Tickets are cheap at a buck and a quarter and they can be bought either at the door or many stores in Bellingham and the county.

Jeffrey Margolis

IN CONCERT

The Princess

&
The Frog

Monday, November 13

8 p.m. \$1.50

V.U. Lounge, WWSC

Whatcom ACLU Benefit

Legal Self Defense: *Tenants' Rights*

This is the first in a series of four articles in which tenants' rights under Washington's archaic Landlord-Tenant laws will be explained. This article will deal with the problems which occur when a tenant leaves a deposit with a landlord and the landlord refuses to return the deposit. Landlords may retain deposits only under specific situations.

Later articles will deal with eviction procedures, rent increases, repairs, unauthorized entries, seizure of personal property and house rules.

There are four types of deposits, and each can be retained by a landlord only when the specific requirements governing that type of deposit are met.

HOLDING DEPOSITS

Generally, if a tenant makes a deposit to hold an apartment, the tenant is not entitled to a refund if he or she later decides not to take the apartment. However, specific deposit agreements may provide otherwise. Read the deposit agreement carefully. It should state that if the tenant decides to rent the apartment the deposit becomes part of the first month's rent.

DEPOSITS TO GUARANTEE OCCUPANCY

If the lease is for a specific period of time, a landlord may require tenants to pay a sum in advance (generally equal to the last month's rent) in order to protect him or herself against tenants who move out prior to the termination of the lease. A specific provision must be included in the lease before this type of deposit is enforceable. The tenant must have specifically agreed that his or her deposit was to be used for this purpose. A landlord cannot withhold repayment of a damage deposit, for example, because the tenant has moved out prior to the end of the lease period.

DEPOSIT TO INSURE PAYMENT

A deposit agreement may provide that the landlord may retain the deposit if the tenant vacates without paying all of the rent due. The retention of the deposit by the landlord does not mean that the tenant need not pay past due rents over and above the amount of the deposit. If a long-term lease is involved, the landlord may retain a deposit and demand rent only for the time between the date the tenant left and the date that the landlord re-rents the apartment and starts collecting from the new tenant. The landlord cannot collect double rent.

CLEANING AND DAMAGE DEPOSITS

Cleaning and damage deposits are a frequent problem due to the individual judgments which must be made concerning condition of the apartment at the time of rental and at the time of leaving, as well as individual interpretations of the phrase "reasonable wear and tear" which occurs in many agreements.

The conditions governing refunds will appear in the lease -- read it. If the lease is silent, the tenant is entitled to a refund if the apartment is left in the same condition it was when he or she took possession, reasonable wear and tear excepted.

In order to insure refund of the deposit, follow these procedures: When moving in, inspect the entire place for defects. Note especially the conditions of the walls (are they freshly painted, or are they noticeably stained)? Check the rugs and curtains (are they freshly laundered)? Furniture and appliances should be carefully scrutinized. (What about the insides of the oven, cupboards, ice box?). All unclean portions of the apartment and defects should be called to the attention of the landlord or manager and a list with acknowledgement in writing should be secured.

When moving out, clean the apartment to the standards mentioned in the lease, or if there is no lease, to the condition the apartment was in when the tenant entered. After the cleaning has been completed, let the manager inspect the job and get a written statement as to the condition of the apartment. Do it now, later is too late. If there has been damage, specify what was damaged and what was not damaged.

Hassles with cleaning and damage deposits are best avoided by carefully drawn written agreements.

Note also that money deposited for "damages" cannot be used for "cleaning," and vice versa.

The tenant may not legally deduct the amount of the deposit from the last month's rent in order to insure getting it refunded.

The key thing to remember is that each type of deposit is different and has different requirements for refund. Read the lease carefully and know the purpose of your deposit. A deposit cannot be withheld due to infractions not specifically stated in the deposit agreement.

by dean brett

Dean Brett is a lawyer who recently set up practice in Bellingham. He wrote the "How to Get Food Stamps" article in a recent issue.



paid political advertisement

Ralph Nader Confirms What We Knew Already

Nader Study Gives Meeds Good Grade

By PETER J. WALSH
Gannett News Service

WASHINGTON—"The slogan, 'Lloyd Meeds listens,' is not an idle one," according to a profile prepared on the Second District Congressman by Ralph Nader's congressional study group.

"Meeds has maintained an image of the li man fighting big government," and 'accomplishments ... seem to carry out campaign promise to make government work for the people,' the report said.

Meeds got high marks for being representative of and responsive to the needs of his district, with spokesmen of various community groups saying he was in frequent contact and listened to their suggestions, as well as making broad use of voter preference surveys.

The profile also noted that Meeds has not been afraid to vote against apparent constituent preferences, and cites his vote against revenue sharing.

"He candidly admitted that although most of his mail urged him to vote for revenue sharing, he couldn't because he feels that separating taxes from spending is unwise," according to the Nader researchers.

RECORD MIXED

Meeds' record on environmental issues is listed as mixed, with votes against a moratorium on building stream channels, for the underground Alaska nuclear test, and for increased logging in National Forests, but tempered by his efforts on behalf of North Cascades National Park.

The profile goes on to note that most of his votes that environmentalists take issue with are conditioned by what he sees as the needs of his district. "I've voted against environmentalists, and business on occasion," Meeds is quoted as saying: "Both interest groups can go too far."

The report adds that "even though he is not especially pro-business," Meeds agreed "significant corporate subsidy votes" including the 7 per cent tax credit for business investments, repeal of the auto excise tax, tax

incentives to sports, the Lockheed loan guarantee, and money to airlines to recover their supersonic transport investment after Congress voted to kill the program.

Meeds' attention to education matters and social problems, including drug control, is noted in the profile, with mention of his 1968 vocational education bill, the 1971 Indian Education Act on behalf of the Tulalip, Snohomish, Lummi and Makah tribes in his district, and his work on the 1970 National Drug Abuse Education Act.

"The most pressing problem in the field of education is desperately needed help for minorities and for disadvantaged students," Meeds is quoted as saying.

In general, Meeds is classed as "hard-line" in favor of appropriations for education health, and welfare, but mostly against the Vietnam war appropriations and increased defense spending.

"Representative Meeds has achieved a reasonably good legislative record for a member of low seniority," the report concludes.

Reprint from Bellingham Herald, Sunday, October 22nd

Lloyd Meeds is a Darned Good Congressman

Citizens for Lloyd Meeds, Henry Templeman, Chairman

Ask for HERB

by jay nelson

Due to the arduous and tedious groundwork of some Huxley College students and faculty members over the past year and a half, the Huxley Environmental Reference Bureau is ready to fulfill the goals established for it as a "coordinating agency whose purpose is to maximize the quality and quantity of cross-communication between and among environmentally concerned community elements." H.E.R.B., a student originated and operated organization, is now prepared to increase greatly its services of providing information and environmental action.

As you know, for quite some time, a Recycling Center has been operated on WWSC property at 635-21st Street. With reliable workers and transportation the Center is now able to keep up with the increasing amount of recyclables being left there. In fact, enough so that shortly a city and county wide poster and media saturation campaign will be conducted in hopes of increasing the volumes of glass, paper, and cardboard. Such a visibility will undoubtedly increase the Center's volume. In future months this will be followed up in various ways with instructional information about what is recyclable, how to prepare these, where outlets that recycle are located, and how to live without consuming as much as at present and inflating levels.

Continuing on the area of direct action, it is an ultimate and primary objective of H.E.R.B. to serve as an environmental storehouse, disseminating information to anyone who wants it. H.E.R.B. resources are being computer indexed, and now with an inexhaustible index filing system, we can have printed material and know of knowledgeable people, on many subject areas, within a few minutes. In the future, tools, materials in other libraries, peoples' names, the knowledge they have and subjects they are pursuing, and how to contact them can all be indexed information. As of now we are formally accepting calls from anyone on any question to do with the environment—from curious information-seekers to those wanting advice, research done, and help with presentations having to do with specific matters. If not direct action, at least knowledge of where and to whom to refer those with specific problems. The answering service will operate between 10am and 2pm weekdays. Call 676-3978. Ask for HERB.

Also being compiled now is a list of speakers. College faculty members, students, community people, public agency representatives, and industry representatives are consenting to be available to speak to groups and assist the Reference Bureau with information. Speakers are available on a vast number of topics, including: nutrition, water resources, environmental education, and the history of Whatcom County.

The Huxley Humus is a newsletter published once a week. It contains articles written by students, a "letters to the editor" section, news of importance to the Huxley community, and shorts similar to those of Eco Notes. Only 250 are being printed at the present time. Hopefully the circulation will be increased, the quality improved, and a larger community perspective assumed in the near future. The prospect of mailing the Humus to those interested individuals and groups and to federal,

state and local agencies is an exciting broadening of the Reference Bureau's capabilities.

A great deal of researching, information gathering, paraphrasing, corresponding, up-dating, learning, crushing cans, and general shit work needs to be done, so as well as announcing what is available, this article hopefully relates that people are needed to help.

For the benefit of those who can learn from you, we'd like to know who you are, what you know, and what you are learning. Can you pass on written or experiential information to us?

To be most useful the Reference Bureau needs to follow the dictates of those who benefit from information gathered. Suggestions are needed to determine what subjects to research and collect material on—what magazines to subscribe to.

News from and about Huxley College has been lacking in the past. We hope to remedy this and at the same time blossom full bloom to the community. We feel our services can be of great value to people. As well, we learn more and are able to transmit more. The "we" is all-encompassing and includes anyone willing to jump in and help.

paid political advertisement



For Sound Judgment

& Leadership
In County Government

Corky has worked for
the county and knows
its problems

Corky will work for zoning, flood control,
comprehensive plan to preserve our environment

ELECT

C. J. CORKY JOHNSON

County Commissioner

2nd District Democrat

paid political advertisement

We Support Craig Hayes

- Tom Brose
- Amos Matory
- Terry Brainard
- Carlene Lange
- Andrew W. Jackson
- Emily Ericson
- Forrest Adkins
- Kris Ericson
- John Arnold
- Jerry Burns
- Knute Skinner

Won't You?



Craig Hayes for State Legislature

42nd Dist. - Rep.

"At least he will listen."



Seen on a Bellingham street one day

photo by thom schultz

Bad Drugs in B'ham

If you are thinking about taking a trip, this information may help you decide. It is a composite of drugs and their quality in the Bellingham area. All information was received through the Drug Information Center, VU room 221 at W.W.S.C. This information is based on reports from individuals. The drugs listed have not been scientifically analyzed due to legal technicalities.

COCAINE

- a) .crystals in fine powder cut with an unknown substance, several reports of very bad reactions—beware!
- b) .in white crystal form, reports indicate it is fairly pure, no powder.

"An overdose of cocaine causes massive blood vein ruptures and cardiac arrest. There is no need to increase dosage, since the body does not develop a tolerance to coke," said Chris Wright, co-ordinator of the drug center.

MESCALINE

- a) .red capsule form, reported to be very mild—"might" be mescaline but combinations of DMT and MDA produce about the same effects.
- b) .Orange capsules, being sold as mescaline but is probably bad LSD. The caps are excessively large; this indicates adulteration.
- c) .called synthetic mescaline, most likely LSD, comes in large caps containing blue powder, no bad body effects and not speedy.
- d) .yellow tablets, reliable sources



report that it is actually a poorly made batch of LSD, cut with some other chemical, possibly PCP.

ORGANIC PSILOCYBIN

- a) .brown caps, definitely not psilocybin—most likely ground woodrose seeds which produce a mild LSD type high, cost of making woodrose derivative is about 15 cents a hit—this is selling at \$2 to \$3 a cap. Ripoff!

IF this information has helped you decide that the trip you wanted to take is not worth the risk, pass the word around.

If you have any information concerning drugs, contact Wright or one of the staff members at the drug information center.

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MUSIC

by nils von veh



Working one's way down the pathway, at last coming to know all you can understand is the sensation of time passing. Picking up from the dying chords of "The Song is Over" Peter Townshend's solo album poses that recurring hall of mirrors dilemma—WHO CAME FIRST?!

Pete has been through changes all the way down the line, and haven't we all? Going from primitive rites of destruction at the end of their set, the Who kept on getting better and better, until they outgrew the need for gimmicky theatrics and proceeded to change the course of rock n' roll with a neat little opus called "Tommy." Then last year the group once again proved its versatility as they came back at us from "Tommy" with "Who's Next." That album incorporated rock's raunch with a more subtle sound which laced intricacy all the way through the "beat." Once again Townshend and the Who had enriched and enlivened people's relationships to the music. Since then the Who have been keeping themselves out of trouble with various projects, one of which has now surfaced right within our reach. Pete Townshend's solo album to and for Meher Baba is best explained in Pete's own pithy, objective description:

"I find that when I try to talk about Meher Baba and being in a group and trying to sort the two things out, I can't put it into words. So I thought maybe I should use my talent—with a small 't'—as a musician and try to put the feeling and the mood across that way, instead of continually talking.

"There's one song that's and old Jim Reeves number, the sort of thing I'd never do, though I really enjoyed doing it. It was one of Baba's favorite songs. He heard someone playing it outside where all the disciples were, and he said that song, that guy's voice, are really amazing. He listened to the record, and he always used to like it. It's called 'There's a Heartache Following Me.' He said that the words of it were very much the words that the Messiah would sing.

"There are three songs that the Who have actually done; like 'Let's See Action.' I included that because I felt that when the Who did it, it felt as if it was about politics or the revolution or something, whereas when I did it, I felt it had more to do with spiritual revolution. Then there's 'Time is Passing,' which is another track the Who recorded for "Who's Next" that was rejected. There's also two songs by other people on the album. One called 'Evolution' by Ronnie Lane, also a follower of Baba, and one by Billy Nichols, another guy who used to be on Immediate Records. On his track I didn't play, I just engineered, and on Ronnie's track I just played acoustic guitar along with him.

"There's even a prayer on the album called 'Parvardigar.' One of the managers of the group, Chris Stamp, tried to get me to take that track off because he said, 'People aren't going to be able to take it from you,' so I said, 'Well, they are going to have to fucking live with it.' I don't actually say this prayer, I just happened to put it to music, but a lot of other people do say it. I think it's an important one, which Baba dictated; it's



like the replacement for the Lord's Prayer that he had dictated as the New Messiah. Preposterous as it may sound, I thought that by putting it to music a lot of people would just be saying it without thinking about it. It's an amazing piece of music, and the words are pretty amazing—as a prayer, it is the most unbigoted, unbiased prayer, it is praising everything in a very abstract way, so that anybody can get off on it. Even if you're an atheist you could still dig this, because it's in praise of life."

Just as there were many very subtle things about "religion" on "Who's Next," so it is with "Who Came First." This album can stand on its own, without any religious qualifications. YET, the message is there waiting for you, once you get past tappin' your feet and snappin' your fingers. I've played this album over and over since I got it and with every playing I find myself getting more peaceful, the notes laying my innards bare. Don't get left behind...

The flood of new releases is upon me in full swing. Just before we went to press a whole flock of noteworthy albums appeared, which I'll give you capsule comments about.

Jesse Winchester's truly incredible second release is called **Third Down and 110 to Go**. Winchester moved to Canada back in the days when it was the best way to avoid doing one's bloody duty. If Nixon has his way it may be a good while till we get to hear Jesse do it for us live in the States, but his new album should provide us with many beautiful hours in its place. "Third Down, 110 to Go" is one of the most beautiful and exciting "rock-country-?" albums to cross my path since, well, since J.J. Cale's knocked me off my feet last winter. Jesse's music is as sweet as can be.

Miles Davis has come up with a new one, which manages to display the funky, gritty side of the man with great clarity and force. Miles may well have finally gotten down to it, after meeting with relative unenthusiasm for his past few releases. He has at last gotten a large chunk of excitement and a big bit of inventiveness back in his music, and the result is over-whelming. When Miles is at work playing his horn, ain't many on this planet who quite compare. The album is entitled **On the Corner**.

And as predictably as the leaves falling off the trees we have now been

blessed with that annual fall flower of derision—a new Firesign Theatre album. This time is our bozo's last as they've gotten off the bus and aren't waiting for the electrician anymore, since they've all graduated from More Science High and are going on to bigger and better things. So you can expect them to be more than two places at once now, since the Firesign Theatre has disbanded, I'm sorry to say. Reports have it that the new album is a killer, and so we'll have to make do with it, it being their last will and testament and all. The prognosis, surprisingly enough, is **NOT INSANE**.

Concert Notes

Speaking of laying your innards bare it gives me great pleasure to announce what in my humble opinion may turn out to be the most incredible concert of the year or who knows what?! What I mean is this—Mahavishnu John McLaughlin and his proverbial Orchestra will be pouring out streams of shining sound to light up our minds and spirits. The Day is Saturday, November 11, the city is Seattle, the place is Paramount Northwest, the time is 8 p.m., the price is \$3 in advance and tickets are available in Bellingham for this and all Paramount concerts at the Indoor Sun Shoppe, and in Seattle at regular outlets. On the same bill with McLaughlin is Joe Walsh, formerly of

the James Gang.

Local concerts are far and few between as always, but the South Fork Bluegrass Band has a little number slated for Friday, November 10th, at Toad Hall at 8 p.m., and don't forget about Mama Sundays every Saturday night at W.W.S.C. Further in the future we find Dan Hicks and his ever-present Hot Licks slated for W.W.S.C. early in December. Although nothing has yet been signed it's still looking very certain that the Grateful Dead will make it here late in January or early February.

In other concert news Stephen Stills and Manassas will be in Vancouver Nov. 12, advance tickets at Puget Sound. More distant dates show the Hollies, Danny O'Keefe and Raspberries at the Paramount on Nov. 15. Sha Na Na will be at the Paramount on the 19th and John Denver will appear there on the 25th. The Elvin Bishop Group is scheduled to appear in Vancouver at the Gardens Auditorium on November 24th.

Also noteworthy this week is the film "Performance" playing at Fairhaven College this Wednesday evening, Nov. 8. The film stars Mick Jagger and James Fox. Don't send me no dead flowers if you miss this!

That's all for now, but remember, if you know what's good for you—don't miss McLaughlin!!



How Gross

Many cooperatives are falling into a trap which has destroyed most of those which preceded them in American history. That trap is the myth of bigness. The economics of scale which are supposed to somehow magically appear as a group grows larger. It is often obvious that one hundred people can accomplish more than one. That does not mean that this continues forever and that one thousand can do more than one hundred and one million more than a thousand in satisfying the needs of an individual small group. It breaks down with people because we must relate to, and communicate with, one another.

It is not seen that these so-called economics are predicted on a mechanistic scale and not a human scale and that most of the apparent advantages and efficiencies of size are actually only political manipulations of taxes and subsidies to give an advantage to those who are already larger and richer, nor is it seen that "efficiency" is not necessarily good for the people involved. There is no immutable law of Nature which says bigger is better; only a myth which we have created.

If coops and other sharing groups expect to be viable they are going to have to base their thinking on human values and human abilities and on a human scale and this has not been the case. They begin with grand ideas and love and energy and as they begin to grow and add others their strength grows. This is seen as good and so they grow more, and yet more, and then one day it is realized that problems are straining the coop to the breaking point. Some members are stealing, many won't work, outsiders are causing problems, people do not relate to one another and a series of crisis meetings are held with much wailing and emotion and missing of the point. Eventually the coop either collapses or adopts a corporate form of operation with hired help and becomes indistinguishable from all the other corporations except for its name. When that happens there is no longer any justification for its existence as it offers nothing unique or humane.

The problem is that when institutions grow too large for people to know one another and to relate to

one another and to feel that their contribution is important, they begin to react to those institutions in just the way they have learned to react to all depersonalized, dehumanized systems. When a group grows to more than 200 or 250 people it is impossible to relate to one another, it is impossible to involve everyone in the operation and if they are not involved then they will not feel responsibility for the group's success and will mentally and emotionally withdraw, becoming merely parasites on the other members. Some claim that large size is necessary in such things as food coops for purchasing and warehousing efficiencies but these can be done by a number of coops working together in these areas. It is possible that hired help might be needed in these larger units, but this is risky, and the coops themselves should still continue to be independently operated by their members in their own areas and these coops should participate in the purchasing, warehousing, manufacturing, etc., wherever possible. Some claim that size is needed to attract new



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is Growth?

members, but which is more likely to attract members, a large organization in a remote part of town run by strangers or a small, local organization run by neighbors? Which is more convenient for the poor, the elderly, the handicapped, and others of limited funds or mobility? Which is more convenient for those attempting to relate to one another, to share daily life and operate the organization? Which appeals to the mechanistic and which to the humane?

There is no reason why business buildings and other large structures should be required for many types of coops. To use food coops as an example, it would be far better to have twenty to fifty families using portions of their own homes, garages or other buildings to hold the food and arrange the hours and work to suit themselves rather than attempting to copy food chains with "customer" hours. Some groups might prefer regular hours each day, some prefer one day a week and others prefer no set hours.

Some groups might place their food in one building, others might share the responsibility among many buildings and people. Problems with inspectors are not as likely to occur with small neighborhood groups either, as they are not seen as the threats that large groups are.

For purchasing, processing, warehousing, etc., groups of coops could form and handle these in their own way. It is neither necessary nor desirable for all coops to form only one purchasing-warehousing function. There should be several, operated in various ways, so that the small coops can choose which is most suitable for their members and can change if they become dissatisfied. Variety, not monopoly, should be a goal.

Many of these basic concepts can be applied, with some modifications to other types of coops, but it is important to understand the need for involvement and variety to fulfill many different kinds of needs.

It can be claimed that people won't work, that they haven't the time or energy, or that only two or three individuals will be able to master the needed knowledge, but if the people will not become involved in their own lives then there is no place or need for coops as the people obviously place other things higher on their list of priorities. If a coop is not important enough to its members to survive then it has no reason for existence and to attempt to prop it up by artificial means is ridiculous.

NO matter what kind of coop is considered, be it food, housing, clothing, manufacturing, credit union, nursery, retailing or other, it can succeed only if it sets limits to its growth and helps new groups form as it reaches its full size and is then willing to work with other coops in those areas where larger amounts of money are required.

by lee doughty

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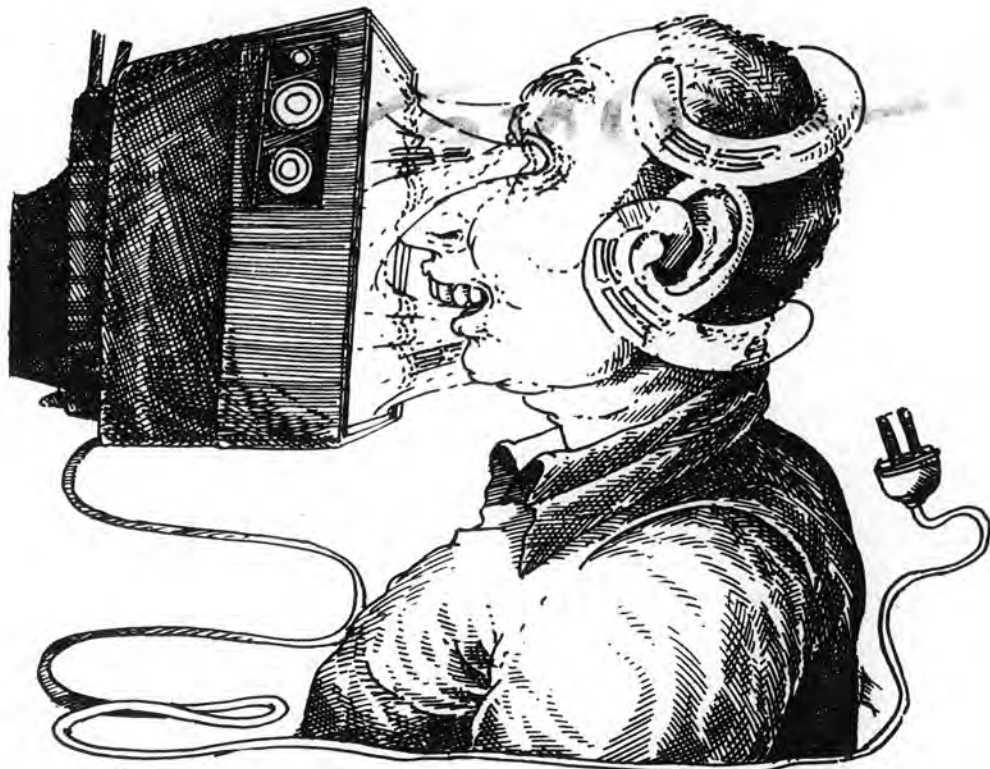


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Cable:



The People's TV

The cable wiring of Bellingham has already proved to be a boon to the community. Where previously only three channels existed, there are now eleven. This was the original purpose of cable television, and Bellingham was obviously a good location. Almost every house in this town is now connected to the cable. But this is only the beginning. New F.C.C. rules, together with the development of inexpensive portable video equipment, have opened a whole new concept in cable television—locally originated talk shows that deal directly with the concerns of the people of Bellingham.

The F.C.C. rules state that "we will require that there be one free, dedicated, non-commercial, public access channel available at all times on a non-discriminatory basis." That means that anyone who has something to say on the local cable can do it for free—right?

Wrong! The expenses for ½ hour are approximately as follows: Video tape \$40, Video Tape Recorder \$1500 to \$4000, editing equipment \$500, cost of engineer to play your tape over the cable \$30. Total: from \$2070 to \$5000 for a half hour. That isn't as bad as a \$200,000 half-hour show on CBS. On the other hand, it sure ain't free.

Now, suppose someone lent you the video tape recorder and the editing equipment for nothing. And since video tape is reusable suppose you reused one. Now we're down to \$30 for the half hour and we're talking about real public access television.

It's important to understand exactly what public access channels are. You'll be hearing a lot about them in the next few years. At its best, public access T.V. allows any person, group, or organization in the community to either just talk or to put on a program about whatever they feel about anything. It's television's answer to freedom of speech, because up until now the only people on television were those that did something outrageous enough to be covered, or those that had enough money to buy time. Now, however, you, your friends and your grandmother can be on T.V., and the whole television mystique is going to dry up and blow away. In some communities that already have this system, high school kids have been taping shows regularly and with excellent results. Elderly groups produce their own shows. Housewives, farmers, hippies, blue collar workers, business people, and minority groups all tape their own shows and then play them for the community over the cable.

Some quotes on public access T.V. form a book you should read: Cable Television: A Guide for Citizen Action.

"It can promote mutual understanding of differing points of view by developing lines of communication among disparate groups. If used wisely, it can soften the differences between people and help bring people in the community together to seek solutions to their common problems."

"A lot of small businesses have been forced to the wall because they could not compete in the world of television advertising. Cable can provide some redress to this trend. To the extent that cable T.V. is inexpensive local T.V., local merchants will have an opportunity to use the medium to advertise."

"All participants are amateurs with only a little training. They are making tapes that interest their communities. The productions are not always 'programs' that come in neat 30-minute packages. Sometimes they are grainy, sometimes the editing is not perfect, sometimes there is roughness in the image. But they communicate."

"Cable...can help us recognize the diversity of American society and introduce us to the richness of our pluralistic culture."

As you can see, the present possibilities of cable are as rich and diverse as the future possibilities. But to hell with the possibilities. Here is the key—WE HAVE NOTHING NOW. For example, I wanted to put a city council meetin on channel 10. The city government was cooperative, as was the manager of Telecable. But the problem was, I didn't have \$3000 to buy the equipment, and neither does anybody else. Sure, there are some VTR's around town, but it's a sure bet that you average citizen ain't going to get hold of one. And yet it's only when average people can say their piece over the tube that we've got real public access television.

Now, this is the work being done and to be done. A non-profit corporation called Whatcom Community Television has been formed. WCT will purchase video tape recorders, editing equipment, and video tapes for the community. These will be held in an office. Any person, group, or organization who wants to tape something of interest to the community can come in and borrow the equipment. People will be on hand to help them and teach them about the equipment, but basically the ideas and methods will be up to the borrower. Hopefully this can all be done free of charge, and we can have true public television in Bellingham.

It all depends on how many people want to get involved. Anyone who is interested is strongly encouraged to write to Whatcom Community Television, 2316 E Street, Bellingham, Washington.

by scott walker



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STEP ONE...STEP TWO...1964 Chevy Step Van Camper. Cozy. And in good running condition. Susan Parsons 676-4520.

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HONEYCYCLE WANTED Need cheap bicycle—3-speed ladies' if possible (bar gets in the way). Leave message for Honey 733-9211.

ELECTION DAY JOB Tuesday Nov. 7, 4-8 p.m. at my apt. 821 Indian, Apt. 3. (a) furnish car and driver or (b) answer the phone. Kay Lee 734-9227 (p.m. and weekends).

SELL THE PASSAGE! IF YOU'D LIKE TO SELL THE PASSAGE AND EARN MONEY WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PICK UP YOUR PAPERS AT HTDE LEATHER 1226 STATE ST, B'HAM OR THE EAST SHOPPE 1406 NE 40TH IN SEATTLE. OR WRITE AND WE'LL MAIL THEM TO YOU. NO CAPITAL INVESTMENT, NO OVERHEAD, AND YOU EARN A BIG 12¢ ON EVERY PAPER YOU SELL!

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EXCHANGE! Got a tape deck? Would you like to exchange albums to record and return to each other? If so, my number is 676-0592.

CRAFTSPEOPLE: We're looking for good craft work to sell on consignment (i.e. you get 70% of whatever sells.) Macrame, beads, ceramic, leather, metal, antler, etc...Also suggestions and advice on other places to sell your wares. Trades and bartering are sometimes possible. Hyde Leather, 1226 No. State St. above Puget Sound REcords, 734-6081.

COMMUNITY DECORATION COMMITTEE NEEDS PAINT. LEAVE IT AT THE COOP. ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLES DECORATORS

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COMMUNITY NOTES AND OTHER FOLKS

DIRECT FROM PHILADELPHIA: Theresa, you are a crazy wabbit and I love you. Mr. B.

RIDERS? Riders south to New Mexico-Arizona (Tucson) California. I have a school bus. Just need companions able to drive, with a little money. Write Bob Geerts, P.O. Box 526, Deming, Washington.

WORK AND LAND! We are planning to do an issue on work and society, especially along the lines of vocations for social change, alternative vocations and so forth. So interview interesting persons, write about your experiences, take photos of people at work, or write book reviews. This is the theme—take it away! Tentative deadline: sometime in December or January. (Also the issue after this is on LAND. Send in that copy...)

LEAGUE NEWS: The League of Women Voters will hold a membership orientation meeting on Tuesday, November 14, at 8:00 p.m. in the Garden Street Methodist Church. This will be an opportunity for members to choose the area in the league which is most interesting and meaningful to them, according to Harriet Spanel, president of the Bellingham LWV. Committees on Environmental Quality, Human Resources, International Affairs, Washington State Legislature and Public Schools in Whatcom County offer an opportunity to help plan the direction for the local league.

A SEMINAR "ESP-CAUSALITY OR CHANGE" 4PM, ROOM 340, FAIRHAVEN ADMIN BLDG. THUR NOV 9. SPEAKER IS PH.D. COSMIC RAY & ELEMENTARY PARTICLE PHYSICIST, DR. PETER KOTZER. HE IS IN RESIDENCE AT FAIRHAVEN.

HELP At present the Olympia Food Coop is doing well. Sales are increasing each month and our debts are slowly shrinking. Right now we are in immediate need of a new location, preferably on the west side of Oly, near Evergreen, in a zone that would allow us to sell both wholesale and retail (to members and to non-members). Our present location is zoned wrong, so we've found, since the city would like to build a parking lot where we're at. If anyone might know of a shelter for our pressing need, please call or come by the Oly Food Coop, 5th and Jefferson, 943-9440. Open from 11-7, Monday through Saturday.

OVERPOPULATED Black and black-and-white half-Siamese kittens, 8 weeks old, housebroken. Call Donna at 733-0821 after 6.

ED. NOTE: GET THAT CAT SPAYED! LA LECHE LEAGUE meets on Monday, November 6, at 7:30 p.m. at the congregational church, Cornwall avenue and D. The topic for this month is "The Art of Breastfeeding and Overcoming Difficulties." 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.

SCREECH-OUT FREAK-OUT IN SEATTLE Man would like to communicate with those interested in trying primal therapy without professional help. John Coello, P.O. Box 911, Seattle, Washington, 98111.

ONE MORE TIME Whither the Albatross? My kazoo's all wet an' mama's upset. Love, Bo-Bo Zorsky. Drivers and Phoners are needed to get out the Vote for McGovern. Volunteer at democratic headquarters at Magnolia and Railroad. Every little bit of work helps. See you Tuesday.

SERVICES

WELDING Mayriah Wind Welding Shop is now open in the county. Go left at Wichersham store to 474 Innis Creek Rd. Gas and Arc-welding. Also metal crafts for sale. Reasonable or trade.

NOISE POLLUTION "Omsly" rock music for hire. Reasonable rates and auditions. 734-0192, 734-5245.

ALMOST FREE Horoscope \$1.00. Send birthdate, time, place to The Aquarian, c/o 3830 Marvin, Cleveland, Ohio.

ALMOST FREE AGAIN! Natal horoscope with interpretation for \$ or trade. Sharma, 502 Bellevue East, Apt. 101, Seattle. EA 9-1060.

ATTENTION BACKPACKERS: Mountain Outpost Exchange on the Guide Meridian has the best buys in the Northwest on waterproof Nylon backpacks with magnesium frames (\$19.95). 3-lb nylon tent (\$11.50 to \$14.00). Sleeping bags (\$11.50-\$14.50-\$15.00). Best quality furniture, both new and used (no other place even close to bargain prices). Lots of pots, pans, dishes, and silverware. Some tools. (Where in hell is this Mountain Outpost Exchange? Never heard of it!!) It's right next door to Col. Jim's Sumas Auction, 6520 Guide-Meridian (halfway between Bellingham and Lynden). We buy-sell-trade. 398-7831, open Monday through Saturday 10-5:30.

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FEATURING

PETER ALBIN, bass
DAVID GETZ (big brother) drums
ANNA RITZO (grootna) drums
SEBASTIAN NICHOLSON (gold) Conga
DOROTHY MIS (U.S.A.) piano
PHIL MARSH electric guitar
TUCKY BAILY flute & sax

\$2.00

NOV 9TH 7:30PM

VIKING UNION LOUNGE
WESTERN WASH. STATE COLLEGE



THE WOUND WILL HEAL US

the wound will heal us.
the wound of double vision.
what is, superimposed upon what could be.
the pain of that wound attacked as illness.
locked up visionaries are first asked,
do you hear voices? do
you have visions?
& always, superimposed, the reality of green
hospital walls & arms with needle tracks. the
reality of clean/cut doctors wearing
spectacles of ourselves so they can see us clearer.
scrubbing our spirits until we bleed.
our bleeding spirits are wounds &
the wound will heal us.

the wound of homesickness.
of purges & not fitting in. the wound of
not having a home. the pain of that wound
as we are shoved on our bumpy places. -stop
reaching for that: it doesn't exist! -
& they push our hands back at us. our hands
are bloody stumps, fingers bitten off in
self-destructive rages or pulled off by police
people with no bumps.
our hands, our bumps are wounds.
our wounds will heal us.

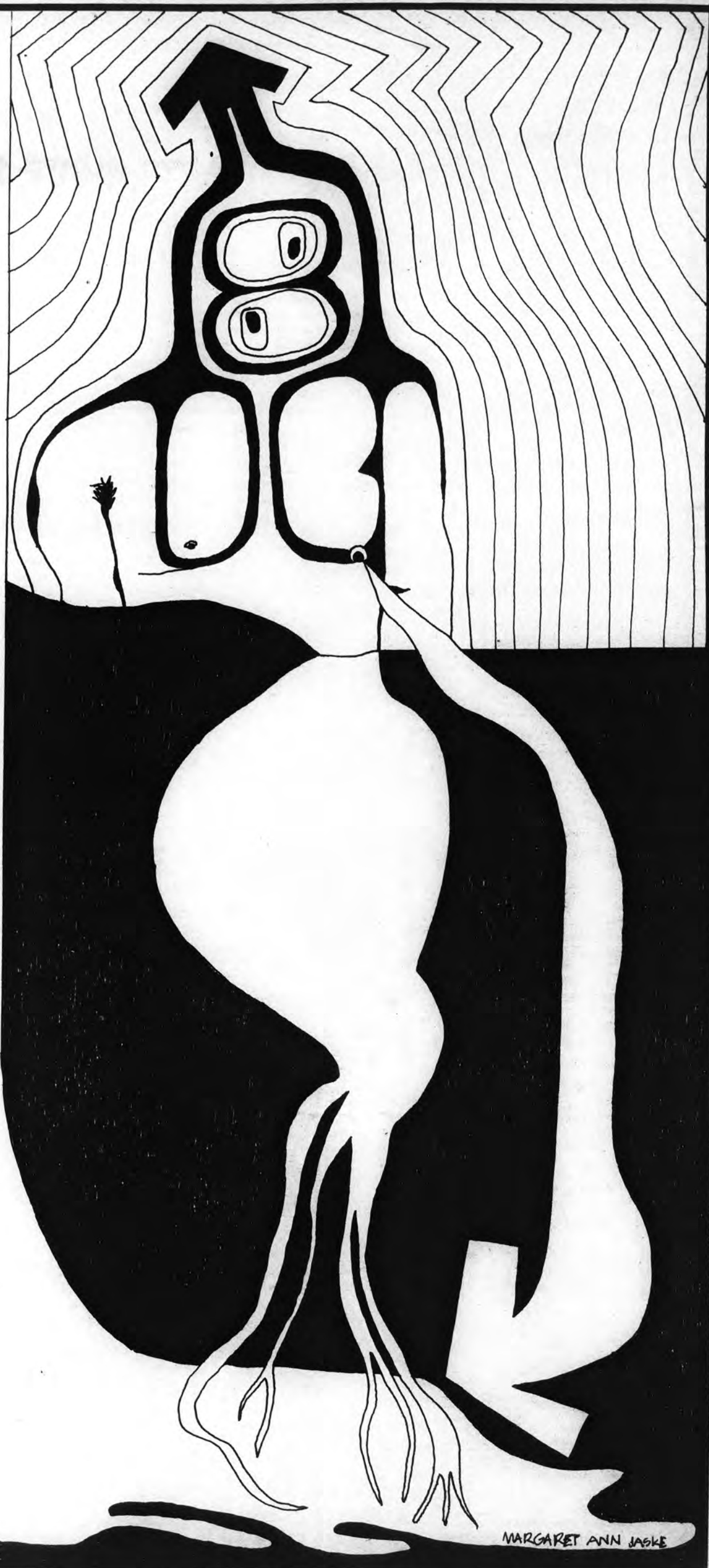
the wound of deprivation.
they tell us deprivation prepares us
(for further deprivation) -hang this out,
it smells & it needs to be cleaned -
& we are sprayed with arid, pristine, mum.
they want us dry
they want us superdry & when we come,
we come talcum, they will not have
our kids to contend with.
our odors are body odors.
we have bodies & they are wounded &
the wound will heal us.

the wound of mother earth dying.
her air bearing death forces.
her water bearing death forces,
her children nurse & sicken with her milk.
our mother, o the pain of it, our mother
writhing in agony, fewer trees, fewer birds,
fewer fish in her seas, more humans killing &
the pain of it,
if we throw our tranquilizers back at the
doctors & the mafia, the pain of it will echo
intolerably in our chests &
our hearts will be living wounds &
the wounds will heal us.

the wound of crying alone.
of being the voice that fits no ear.
no shelled ear catching the screech
of this wound, the wound of hearing our own
screams uninterrupted,
bouncing back from concrete & glass
& our ears ache & our throats crack dry &
only the other screams that sometime bounce
back from other concrete walls interrupt
our pain/ & the double pain easier because
another spirit wants out, another
person in pain wants to care &
the wounded recognize each other.
our wounds will heal us.

i am a sore, a splotch of menstrual blood
on white lace skirts, dogs sniff my ass.
you can genocide me (but it never works)
or you can fester, can pick your scabs & wonder
at the cell growth, watch life in action,
carry earth's wound
like an oiled bird carry it in yr hands & don't
hide the litter of their destruction, don't help them
destroy.
be a wound & terrify them, for our wounds,
our wounds, loved ones, will heal us.

by alta



MARGARET ANN JASKE