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Volume 8, Number 11

NORTHERN ASACT

March 19 - April 1, 1973



Bellingham, Washington

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In this Issue:

Baba Ram Dass
on Couples

Allen Ginsberg
on Sexuality

Love among
the Sowbugs

The
Co-op Gardens
Trial

Recipes for Love

and Mao

LETTERS

The World Is Not Your Oyster

Dear NWP:

I was very distressed to see in the freebie list accompanying the "Garbage in your Garden" article the mention of "free" oyster shells. Your research/writer is misinformed and I would highly appreciate it if you would correct the error in the next issue. The oyster beds there are private property and so too is the pile of shells across the road. Oyster shell is used in replanting the beds: adult spawning oysters attach oyster larvae to the shells. I also believe that it is against state law to remove oyster shell from the beaches where it has been harvested by the public. Anyone who carries away oyster shell is only helping to deprive others of the joys of this increasingly rare bivalve.

So: don't rip off private property and don't rip off yourself! I would imagine that surmounting the problem of reducing the shell to a usable consistency would not be worth the risk nor the effort.

Thank you,
C. T. Servais

Shuckin' and jivin'

Dear Editor(s):

I am writing concerning the classical record review by Gerry Wolfe in the February 19 - March 23 issue.

I was upset by the tone the reviewer took. It was a self-deprecating attitude, a "shucks, folks, I listen to all this intellectual stuff but I'm just one of you" attitude. Self-deprecation is almost always a shame, and in this instance I felt that it was condescending to both the reader and the writer. Writing or talking about classical music, or anything else, in such a manner tends to lessen the information/communication.

I find this attitude not only mildly offensive, but dangerous as well. Anti-intellectualism has long been an unhealthy streak in American life, and I hate to see it crop up in such an innocuous context.

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Mr. Wolfe realizes full well that he is no expert in classical music, that he felt a need (and I think that there certainly is) for writing about classical music. Surely there must be someone in our community who is both knowledgeable and willing to write!

Obviously, the intent was good, and I think that the idea is excellent. I greatly appreciate the effort that has been made so far. I also thought that the suggestion about listening to the radio to learn more was great. However, a writer should never have to apologize to his/her audience.

Sincerely,
Adam P. Raskin Woog

Consumer blahs

Northwest Passage:

I have a suggestion for a consumer protection item.

Would it be of interest if each issue, in the food pages or somewhere, you printed the ingredients of one or several commercial foods?

I thought of this the other day when I opened a quart of cheap mayonnaise. I am mighty curious what they put in it to make it stand so tall.

Now I suppose it would take some sophisticated sleuthing but I would sure like to see a little item:

Blah Blah Mayonnaise —
glucose
glackamose
isopropyl phenobarbitol
polybenzy itchyscratchy
salt
artificial colors
gelatin
glyceryn
cotton seed oil
reused egg . . .

I understand there is one soft (?) drink on the market having 13 chemical and one natural ingredient, none of which appear on the bottle.

How about the items manufactured locally?

Thought for Food,
South Burn

Ed. Note: Good idea. Would any Passage readers like to undertake this project?

Profuse apologies from the Passage staff go to R. L. Van Winkel of Bellingham whose literary piece "Cold Wind" was mistakenly printed as a letter to the editor in the last issue. Not only did this misplacement give an entirely inappropriate setting to the article, but also numerous typographical errors — wrong words, wrong letters, and a sentence left out — butchered the meaning.

Ice Age

Friends:

I reread the article of Ann Nugent printed in April 1972, on "Organic Gardening and Farming."

Very much enjoyed it.

One of the true treasures of our northwest lies in the glacier-fed rivers which replenish the land, especially around Bellingham. The glacier melt contains quite a bit of minerals and such.

Here at Walla Walla the state prison has just completed a good (?) job of poisoning the sparrows. Seems like their policies on ecology are just as backwards as their ideas on penology.

Keep up the N.W. Passage —
Stanley Rose, no. 118073
P.O. Box 520, Walla Walla 99362

Midwifery

People:

I'm a working R.N. disgusted and discouraged behind the AMA and all its bullshit trips. Midwifery has been on my mind for months and the letter in your Vol. 8, Number 7 issue was like the beckoning light . . .

And to discover that the art of midwifery is actually illegal in 32-33 states blows my mind. It's O.K. to have the baby in your home but not O.K. to have someone qualified nearby to encourage you on and assure you all is going well and natural?!? I don't know ANY doctors who will come to your house. And particularly your cabin up or out in the quiet country.

A referendum might be able to make it legal?? Is that true? I'm not up on politics. Perhaps there are some Bellingham or Seattle groups that would dig on making this issue one to add to their project list. Who?

I'm a good nurse but should be a better midwife — natural childbirth type. But I sure love the Okanagon Country. It's so beautiful here. I'll have to leave to learn the trade I suppose, but what a burn not to be able to come "home" and help my people when their very magic time comes.

I'll make a deal. I'll go and learn midwifery; you folks get it legalized and I'll come home and be at your service for a reasonable fee — I take foodstamps too!

Sent with Gentle Intentions.

Sharon Lee Slusher
Lazy J Ranch,
Wanconda, Washington 98859

Ex libris

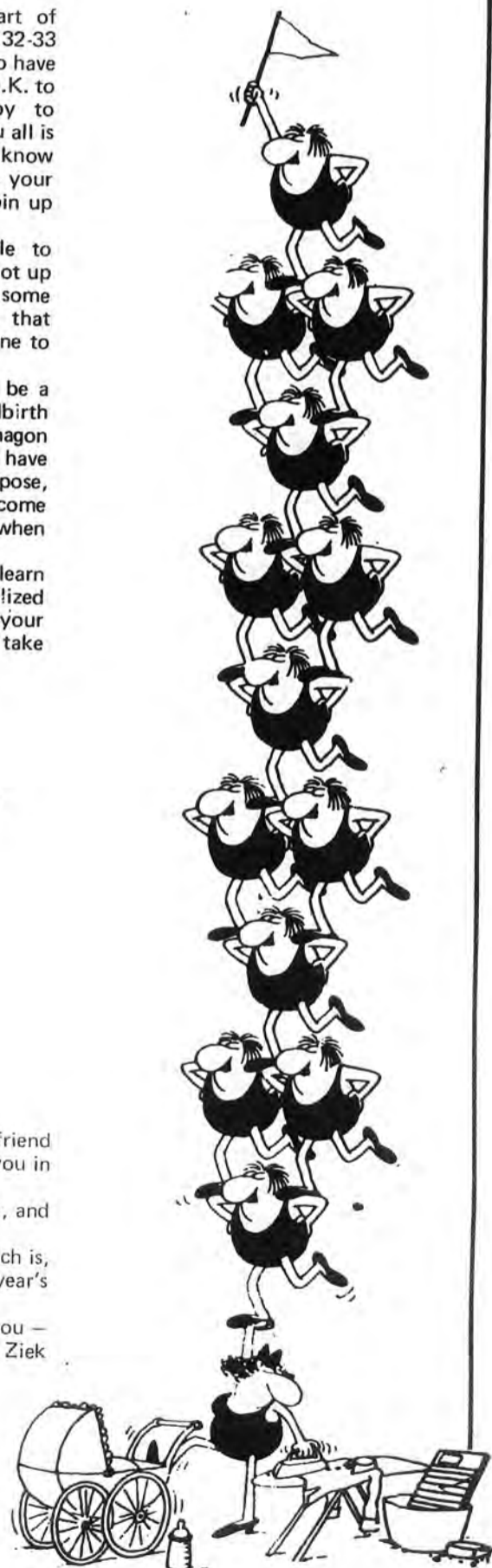
Dear Northwest Passage:

You are a great paper. My boyfriend and I have been eagerly reading you in the library.

But tomorrow is our birthday, and we've decided to treat ourselves.

I include a check for \$6.00 which is, I think, the price for a year's subscription.

Thank you —
Robin D. Ziek



northwest perspectives



One, Two, Infinity

For upwards of a year now, a curious phenomenon has been sweeping the nation, or at least the little corner of it that most of our readers inhabit; it's seemed at times as though great waves were sweeping through the population, leaving in their wake the wreckage of homes, families, love affairs, and bitter, traumatized individuals. For many of us — especially those of us who have little to lose in an economic revolution— this has come unexpectedly, and marks the point where, for the first time, the revolution started getting really, personally painful.

A year ago, on a blustery beach near La Push, three of us gathered around a fire and began again with what was already a much-belabored topic of conversation between us. Pairing: was it a good idea any more? Had it ever been? Could one actually look for the ideal mate, or should one expect nothing and hope only occasionally to bump into love while walking backwards through the woods? Was monogamy a cop-out? The idea for a *Passage* issue on this topic was born then, and we began to search for accurate and deeply-founded descriptions of the conflicts we were going through.

Originally, the problem with an issue devoted to "coupling" was the obverse of the classic comment about the weather: everyone did something about it, but no one talked about it. But as time wore on, it seemed that more and more points of view—mostly in the form of more or less elaborate defenses for individual decisions about what in "coupling" was right for various individuals — began to come out.

For months now, several of us at the *Passage*, and many of you also, have been deeply involved in these changes, have stayed up nights collecting shopping bags full of obscure notations, trying to figure it all out. We have suffered, laid our plans, and suffered again. In the end, for one of us at least, it took a random event, an exquisitely timed random event, to bring things into focus; one week before we were set to go to press, Baba Ram Dass decided to pass through our neighborhood. What he brought was a message not about history or revolution or society, but about how to love. His may or may not be a

message for everyone; if not, we have done our best to assemble other ingredients within these pages too—have tried to find something for everyone. (You will notice in reading many of the articles presented in this issue that it has been very difficult to eliminate the dement of self-defense from notes on coupling.) A communitarian committed to the group process objects to couples because, he says, they tend to form islands of exclusiveness which are a divisive influence. An erotic zealot critiques coupling from the opposite end of the spectrum — she fears that to be part of a couple is to surrender one's individuality. Allen Ginsberg prophesies an egoless, universal marriage. Several personal letters reflect the difficulties of caring far more intimately than more formal journalism would.

Perhaps your own response, comparing your position with one or another of those herein, will also be defensive. One of the things we all have to work into our programs is less identification with our sexual habits, and more acceptance of ourselves and others without reactionary justification.

There are many facets of pairing which we did not even approach in this issue. The world is almost as full of strange and beautiful couplings as it is of philosophy thereupon. In order that future issues can carry on the discussion and telling of tales, we invite and encourage responses from our readers to this issue.

Richard, Mary Kay and Marga

* * * *

LATE BREAKING NEWS: When the *Passage* typesetting crew interrupted its delirium for a Chinese dinner, we received the following message from the pastry manufacturer who contributed to our delightful meal:

"You are doomed to be happy in wedlock."

We are reminded as we seek to assimilate our fate of the words of the master Ferlinghetti: "It's a good thing fortune has its cookies." And best returns of the season to you all.

Subscribe

Dear Northwest Passage:

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

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COVER DRAWING BY DON BARRIE
COVER PHOTO BY CURT ROWELL

Interview with Baba Ram Dass

when I was busy being Baba Ram Dass in 1967, '8, and '9. That is, that everybody I met, it was a sexual take at some level or other. I don't mean I was thinking sexuality every minute, but my relationships with people were all sexually toned. I remember wanting to get rid of that, because I could feel that it was blocking me...it was creating a very subtle form of paranoia between me and everybody around me. I kept trying to give it up in India, give it up, give it up; and I couldn't give it up. It holds. In the past six months I've noticed that there are whole long periods of time when my relationships to people are just not sexually toned. They're very open and very loving, but they do not have that sexual coloring or shading to them. Right? Now I don't know what that means yet...I'm just sharing with you. And when I do get into a sexual scene with somebody, whether its a boy or a girl, I feel almost as if...sort of, oh, this again. It's a little bit like, um, it's not enough. It's not enough. And I don't know what I mean by that, I'm just expressing it. It's as if I'm sort of a little bored that we're taking so seriously the running off of a melodrama. It's as if I'm already in such a space with each person, do we have to go thru the translation? You've known everybody all your life and you're going to shake hands, somehow, it seems to me it's a little like, ah... you know what I'm saying? Okay.

Bystander: Is it sort of like what you're saying, that you don't really have to ball someone to love them?
BRD: It's true, yes.

RP: You can meet on that energy level in some other way?

BRD: Exactly. See what happens is, like I noticed that a number of married couples would come to me and they'd say, "you know, a far out thing is as we've gotten deeper into the spiritual trip, our sex is bringing us down." And I thought, wow, that's weird, and I thought well, they've got old habits that they think about sex in, and that when they get into sex they go into their fantasies and thought projections; they're not really here in their sex. They're just in their thoughts.

The way I experience it at the moment or perceive it is that sex is a vehicle, it's a method. It's a method in the same way that drugs are a method, in the same way that meditation is a method, in the same way that guru is a method. These are all methods for coming to a certain space - a unitive space. When you're just in the unitive space, if you were stuck there, you'd still be stuck.

MAKING COUPLES WORK

s: A question in the minds of many people that I'm around is, how to live in a couple relationship, in an egalitarian way...you know, without dominating each other, being happy with each other. Most people want to be with another person; they want to raise children, they want to work together, but it always seems to come down to one person dominating the other person.

BRD: Right.

S: Like one feminist said there's room in a marriage for one-and-a-half people, and so you can be half a person, a whole person, or three-fourths of a person.

BRD: As you get on in your journey, you begin, you recognize individual differences in dharma, or path or practice or method or your way. For most people, I would say, their way is going to involve partnership. Travelling with another being, all right? To the extent that you are conscious, you recognize that the reason you are with another human being is to come to god; it is to become conscious. That's what it's about. Now, the coming together with another person, there are a number of dramas involved in that one, in terms of why you're coming together with the other person. What is the vehicle for the coming together? It could be a marriage, it could be a working relationship...I mean, rock and roll bands are into relationships; why, they're together for more time than husbands and wives are ever together, and they have to work out all these same things. Communes are larger numbers of people, right? These are the recognition that your work is through other people, that is your vehicle. Now, you can't have that and, say, a vehicle that involves monastic celibacy as well. You've got to hear

what your vehicle is and then honor it. That is, if you are married, then your work is through your partner; it isn't in spite of your partner, see? So that a conscious married person can't say...like, a couple will come to me and the guy will say look, I want to be celibate, or continent, but my wife still want sex...as if "still wants", like she's going to get over it, right? He's failing to recognize that, when he took on the marriage, that the unit is husband/wife; the unit isn't him anymore. He can't sit around saying "this is what I want for MY trip"; because when you take on a partnership, that is the trip. And in fact, if she's not getting off on it, neither are you. So there is a process that comes with the full recognition of what that method is about, which is that you start having to listen to yourself within the body corpus of the two of you, not the one of you; that is, you've got to listen to the inner forces in each of the people, not just in yourself. As you do that, you begin to hear what forces are coming through that part of me which is woman, and that part of me which is man...that is of the couple, and that part in each one which is man and woman. As that gets clearer, or more clear, then the social dance evolves that needs to evolve out of that. I don't think it's at all healthy ever to define a set of ground rules, saying that, you know, the best couple is one where the woman washes the dishes so many nights and the man washes...I mean, that level of rule is totally Mickey Mouse as far as I'm concerned; that's a substitute for consciousness. Because a conscious group of beings...like for example it may turn out that my thing in life is speaking, and that my woman's thing in life is taking care of me. And she may groove in that and I may groove in speaking and that may be the dance we do. And that's a harmonious dance. It may be another one where it turns out that her thing is promoting and developing and social things, and mine is staying at home and taking care of things; that's ok too as far as I'm concerned. I don't have any role rules about what dance I can play because I'm a man or I'm a woman. There are certain things like the bearing of a child that by definition comes thru a woman, and the procreation thru the combination. But now even more and more it seems to me that the husband is being present at the time of birth, delivering the baby, and they're recognizing that the baby is a great part of their karmic unfolding that feels really good. All that one, one and a half, I don't hear that. I think there's one; there's one with two sides.

ROLE EXPECTATION

s: You said earlier, during your talk, that if 99% of the people around you think you're crazy, then you start to think you're crazy. I think this is the situation that women are in; that 99% of the people around them say, "this is woman, this is feminine", and that it's very hard to transcend that role expectation.

BRD: Exactly. In the same way, for me, for example, all the years that I was involved primarily in homosexual behavior, I was what would be known as a closet queen; that is I kept a whole straight life going at the same moment, because I was a Harvard professor and all that stuff. In all that time, the culture was such that I had to define myself as a perverse, neurotic being. And I could only see this as horrible and dirty and rotten and an obsession and why did god do this to me and so on. Then, when along came gay liberation and all these things...I at first said, like I don't know anything about them, I don't want anything to do with them, you know, like I'm not part of that. But slowly I recognized that this change in the culture was creating a space where I could allow myself to be. The minute I allowed myself to be, it all started to change. But a lot of what was holding me locked into the neurotic patterns of my sexuality, whether it's homosexual or heterosexual, were the cultural forces acting upon me. So I share that understanding. And I am perfectly supportive of the part of women's liberation that is allowing women to be anything; the part of women's liberation that defines what woman has to be, that part is very suspect to me, okay?

s: In the book *Be Here Now*, the first time I read it, I

considered it as probably the most significant book of my life, it just really changed my life; and yet the second time I read it, the thing that I noticed is that all the men in it were mentioned by name, and had their pictures in the book, and things like this, and there were no women mentioned by name...that it was very sexist, that it was men can come to god, and women can sort of be groupies and trail along.

BRD: I think that you're right to bring that to consciousness. I think that in some ways, *Be Here Now* is sexist. I think you're right, I think it's because I haven't worked out all my problems with women. And therefore when the stuff comes thru me, it comes thru me representing those places in me that I...because my first great love affair, my mother, I practically never got over, and it practically emasculated me completely...I had to live with that from a psychological point of view. That subtly worked, and since all that book comes thru my mouth, I'm sure it's affected by that. There were levels in that book which were not sexist, but it's funny, I got these incredibly fierce letters from women's lib people, in New York particularly, who said for example, "what kind of thing is that you said, 'We went up the mountain in the land rover, and I sat in the back with the women and the luggage'."

Well, now it was true, I did sit in the back with the women and luggage, and the women weren't upset, and I wasn't upset and the luggage wasn't upset, and nobody else was upset (laughter), and I was sitting there with them...

s: Yeah, but still it was assumed that the women should sit in the back.

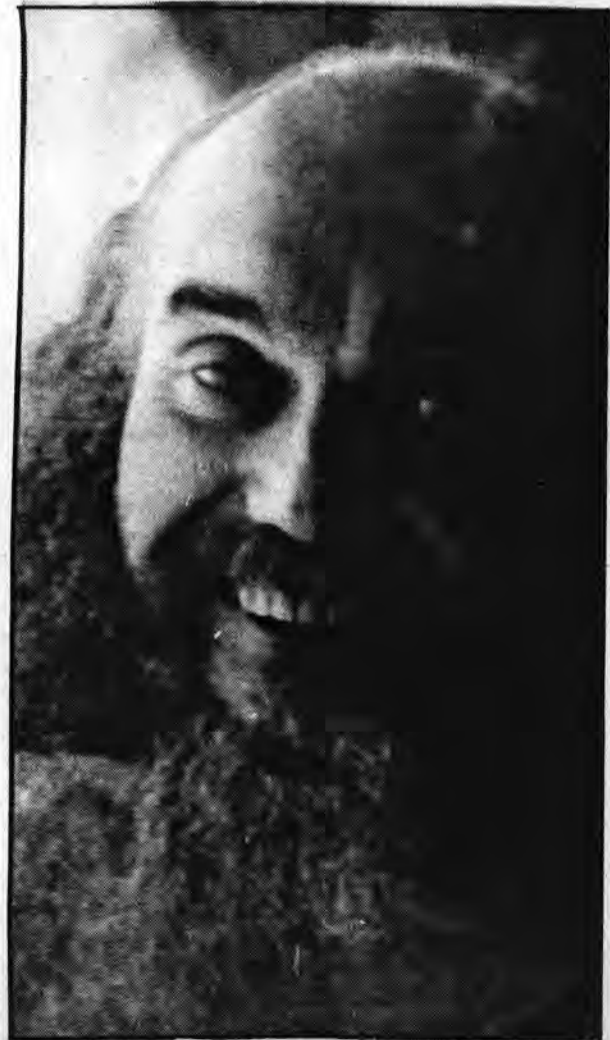
SEXISM

BRD: Yeah, but that's where I'm saying, you're not hearing clearly, because you can't hear the point I'm making. That there are plenty of times when it is assumed...that wasn't an assumption, I was merely stating the way it was. I wasn't assuming anything. That was not a sexist statement.

s: No, I'm not saying that you assumed it, but why did all the women get in the back with the luggage?

BRD: Look, go fight India! That is not what the criticism was. The criticism is why do you say things

continued on page 23



Becoming An Environment: An

The following is an interview of Baba Ram Dass done by Richard Prior and sharma on March 8th in the Skagit Valley Community College cafeteria.

WOMEN IN RELIGION

I have a lot of questions about religion in relation to women, because the vast, vast majority of religious leaders are men and almost all organized religions have been very contemptuous of women; you know -- called them the vessels of evil, said that they are unclean, that they are either angels or devils; people don't take them seriously. I don't understand how a person who considers himself a realized being could consider that half the people in the world have no possibility of evolving this far.

BRD: Most of the traditions have been based on men becoming the holy men, and the holy men holders of the holy role. That has been based, I think, on a feeling that the endocrinology of woman is such--now I'm putting this in western terms--that two things are true: one is that she is closer to light, and the other, further away. There are in woman two conflicting forces, very strong. One is that on the least provocation she can transcend; and she does, over and over again--thru her periods she transcends, thru poetry, thru the emotional qualities of life. On the same level, there is a tremendously powerful nesting and earth force in a woman. Those two forces, that force is what keeps the species going actually, that force, the force of the mother, that role, and the sexual forces in man are two of the deepest--that plus staying alive, surviving-- those are the deepest forces that I know of in the species. Those are species forces. They are not necessarily forces of consciousness. They are forces that keep the species going, so that there are always "things" to incarnate into, if you will. Okay? Now the predicament with most women, and the reason that there are so few women who have quote gone off into the mountain, is because their culture says they shouldn't, but also because it is very hard for a woman often to do it alone, because of these conflicting forces. And they are in some ways more requiring of satsang (a spiritual community), of that kind of consciousness environment, to keep them from getting lost into the kind of earth force which is very strong in a woman, very strong. That isn't bad or good, it is merely an individual difference, right? It's like a man, as I watch it, is much more likely to get caught in his head, in his intellect, and take it seriously and real, and create disaster for the rest of the human race out of his hangup, right? The thing is, when he extricates himself from that, there are less forces of those other kind that keep bringing him back in. So once he gets out, he can maintain it a little better than a woman can maintain it. The woman can get out easier, but once the man gets out he can hold on to it better...by himself, right? So that if you just would see a social structure built up around that, you would understand a lot of what went down. Because now in most systems the relationships is seen that the man and the woman relate to one another in such a way that the woman becomes the energy source. It's the shakti or the force in the system. In India the tradition is, of course, that the husband and wife are in a sense the guru for each other. They become the vehicle for each one, thru which each one comes to god. The woman takes care of her husband and worships him and kneels at his feet...that's not a sex inadequacy thing or it's not a put down; it's merely a role differentiation, of honoring differences.

DIFFERENCES

s: But it works out as a put down.

BRD: It may or may not, depending on the heads it runs thru. In the little village I live in in India, the women don't feel put down. Now when a western woman comes along and says "Don't you realize how put down you are?", that's in the western woman's head. It is not in their head, and they can sit squatting by their kitchen stove, raising their babies

and cooking the food and the men are out galavanting around -- and the woman doesn't feel repressed. But we have a hard time with that. We say they shouldn't be that way. We say, well they haven't begun to awaken yet. But maybe they are even more civilized than we are. Because a fully conscious being accepts their individual difference...

...In a way, as you get more conscious, you start to recognize the karmic function of individual differences more. And there are different functions for women and men.

s: But the role models for men and women are not individual differences.

BRD: No, but individual difference includes the fact that the sexual form, a woman or a man, is part of the individual difference. Now there are exceptions of course, to the rule...like Ananda Mai Ma, who I mentioned the other day. Ananda Mai is an incredibly high woman. She is the same as Maharaji, my guru, as far as I can see, except that she is a woman in this case. I mean it's the same being as far as I know. She is a woman in her seventies and for 30 years or so she's been just floating around India just being worshiped by everybody as the divine mother, as the statement. She runs ashrams...she's tough in her ashrams. I mean she's really fierce about the food...holy sadhus come into the ashram and she wants to protect them. She's the hostess after all of the ashram and they're doing very delicate sadhanas and what they eat is very critical. She won't even let the eyes of other people fall on the food because their thoughts would contaminate it. She's very careful about who cooks the food and how it's served to her guests, because she is fulfilling that role. Right? And in a way, there's some way in which just being with her I begin to understand the depth of what a woman is, in an incredibly whole other space, just thru her presence as a being; because very few times do I meet any beings whether men or women who are fully fully in their manness or womanness, in all of its implications. Most of the time they are head tripping about what they think a man is or a woman is...

RP: Most of my questions have been blown away in the last couple of days, but something else that has happened is that I have been watching the way that a lot of people look at you, and who they seem to think you are and where they seem to think you are; and so I would like to kind of demystify you in a way -- not put you down -- but put you in a more human context. So I'm wondering if you might want to talk about any of your own experiences in relating to women or relating to men, in intimate relationships and how you feel about it now and about those relationships now.

DICK'S HANGUPS

BRD: Well, let me give you a situation I'm in now with a woman I've been involved with for some years, whose Indian name now is Rukhmini, whose name is Caroline; she's an English girl, and I met her at the Fillmore Auditorium at a concert, when the Grateful Dead and the Jefferson Airplane were both playing and Joanie Baez was singing and it was one of those incredible nights. Owsley, a friend of mine who was making acid at the time, since been in prison for it an all, he stuck a tab of acid in my mouth and one in her mouth and then introduced us. (Laughter) She and I met and started to dance together because I was very much into rock and dancing then, and of course the thing just happened then, very incredibly at that moment. That evening was a very far out evening because Maynard Ferguson, who is a jazz trumpeter, he and his orchestra were playing at the Playboy Club in SF and he had asked me to come by. I, of course, was very stoned because this was very good acid. Allen Ginsberg was also at the Fillmore and I asked Allen if he wanted to go to the Playboy Club. So Allen and I and this girl went to the Playboy Club. I was driving this huge limousine I had, a 1938 limousine, which was like a huge cruiser going thru San Francisco in the state of consciousness I was in. We went to the Playboy Club, where Allen of course went thru his drama of having all the waiters sit on his lap, the bunnies. That was the beginning of our relationship. We then lived together for a winter, first

on a big school bus that I had, and then in NYC in an apartment. And it was groovy hell is all I can say. We could feel the power of our relationship, and still, at the same moment, we got locked into the most ugly personality places, where we just kept undercutting each other very deeply; just old melodrama, old ego melodrama. The fact that I wasn't yet finished with my homosexual feelings, that she was still acting out in a certain way...the lover she had before me was a trinidadian in London, that she lived with for a long time, who used to really beat her, he was really fierce with her. We were both working out a lot of heavy stuff together. We travelled together for a long time and lived in NY, and then I remember we ended up in a bathtub in Austin, Texas. We were in the bathtub together and we suddenly recognized and acknowledged that at this point we just couldn't cut it physically. We couldn't make it on this plane. We knew where we were but we couldn't get there. At that moment, within an hour, we split. She went off



on a plane somewhere and I...she then payed my way to India. This was when I went to India the first time. Each time I've seen her since then, we come back for a couple of weeks together, in London or wherever; the whole thing has evolved a little more, a little more, a little more, and we get just a little closer. Then suddenly we're at this space again -- where our old habits -- where the intimacy, the psychological intimacy, catches us, and we can't get into the spiritual intimacy fully, because we're caught in our psychological old stuff still. Now there are two strategies: one is you can beat the walls down, you can go into a confrontation, just work it thru -- but I haven't felt impelled to do that, I don't know how it's supposed to come out. Nor does she. She's just spent the winter in India with my guru and he calls her Mrs. Ram Dass. He kids her all the time about...is she married to me, is she my loved one or what is her relationship? He calls her my mother, my sister, my wife. I don't know whether in a month I'm going to be married to her, or I'm never going to see her again. As far as I'm concerned, it doesn't seem to matter to me, because it seems all right; she's evolving beautifully, I'm evolving, we honor each other, we've been married for eternity...whether or not the physical plane drama works out, I don't know. I mean, that's as straight as I can say it about that relationship. My sexual patterns have changed a lot of recent time...in the past year I'd say...because before a year ago in India, I was pretty much totally obsessed with lust. And I had been all my life. Even

Unbecoming a Man

This is a letter to a woman—and to women—about me, a man. I was going to write something analytical, "from a counselor's point of view", but found that this came out a lot easier; I feel better about being me. Counselor sounds too much like Father.

Dear

It's a Wednesday afternoon and warm for February. It's been a nice winter. Thoughts today come to me warmly and I feel like writing them down, because it's the only way they can be born—talking to you in the warm solitude. I don't suppose I can begin any other way except by letting the feelings come down deep inside, where there's a strange mixture of pain and joy. You are a woman and beautifully sensitive to the textures and colors of life and living.

I feel pain because I know I've treated those gifts from you roughly and sometimes blocked them into distorted figures—ones that more easily fit into the linear and rational conceptions that I thought I needed. I guess I don't see myself as feelings sometime—feelings are someone else, someone I'm always fighting with for control of my life. I have a fantasy of myself as a very thick-hided ball bumping around into yours and others' soft feelings, then turning to say excuse me, and walking off only aware of what's ahead of me.

Ahead of me—you used to say, and correctly—is a man's world. That's where I live, out there where the myths are created by Hugh Hefner and Henry Kissinger. I've become a man, somewhat cold and calculating. When I need softness, I can reach for a woman's body. I can ask for pleasure, but it's really hard to ask for caring and affection. It's very hard to UNBECOME a man...the plaster in the mold is so thick and hard and the craftspeople were all so adept. Parents, the Church, the American Myth—all dedicated to the proposition that men are equal, at least in our final product. We men are a lot the same, anyway. Letting the plaster crack away scares the hell out of me, and there was a lot of it put into me. Maybe I'm afraid that when all my manly exterior falls down around my ankles, there will really be nothing there, not even a penis.

In counseling situations, especially with couples, I'm more and more aware of how afraid men are; because as women change and become independent, our position becomes less and less stable. We feel secure as long as women are oppressed and kept in their place. Very often our feelings of self-worth come not from a valid awareness of who we are as weak/strong growing humans, but from a knowledge that we always win; we are always one-up men. The more a woman tries to break through our manly shells, the more we withdraw and try to bully and manipulate the relationship back into a safe and unequal place. It's always been easier for me to do that. In relating to you I've always been father, or counselor, or stronger and less emotional. And I never knew what to do with your anger, except maybe seduce you into saying it wasn't real. Or maybe let you apologize for your feelings. I did a lot of those things.

Now you're a long way off and I suppose you're wondering why I'm telling you all these things. Probably because I feel good about becoming more aware of them, and that I struggled into this awareness with you; and because I know you care—I know you love me. And I love you too. That's a heavy word for me to use. It's mixed up with a lot of painful experiences. For a long time it meant possessing forever and a lot of security—often security at the expense of real feeling and growth. Now I feel I can say it to you openly, without a lot of expectations, or demands of what you have to do to be worthy of it. It's yours; it's the way I feel. When you had to leave, I understood; even though it hurt for a long time and still does. I still understand; people grow at different paces, sometimes the timing is wrong, or at least different. It wasn't working because you needed your own space to do what you wanted. I'm beginning to see that I can demand this space when I need it—not at the expense of loving—but for myself.

I feel like I've talked long enough. I know you can share in the joy of new-found feelings. It often occurs to me that it would be good to share these feelings with other men. Somehow that seems really important...to learn to feel with other men and touch them freely and openly; to show caring and break down the manly barriers and the plaster. Maybe it's my Freudian training, but whenever I think of caring for me, I think of my father, and there's a real unfinished feeling. I could never really share things with him or touch him; perhaps that's why intimacy with other men would be important and hard. I can remember a lot of things about my father. Most of them are happy memories. He was a bricklayer and grew up on a farm. His wisdom was a kind of country philosophy passed on by his father before him. He used to tell me how important it was to keep women in their place, to never "cater" to them.

What he meant was that to be a man, you could never let your guard down; you could never feel or be weak, especially in dealing with women. That's what men in our family have done for a long time. I have memories of my brother relating to his wife in the same way. With knowledge and memories comes the awareness that I don't want to be a chip off the same block; that in thinking about my father some of the memories become unpleasant, and I don't want to be like that. Right now it's easy to visualize his face; it's the tough, leathery face of a workingman (he worked long and hard in the sun) but it's a face that's afraid and lonely. I don't want to be afraid and lonely like that. I'd rather keep trying to be open to loving and being loved. I suppose that's what all of us really want. Anyway, I'm glad I could say these things to you. I know you'll handle them gently.

Love,
Peter



After the fact, OR *Postcoitum anima triste*

once more, old love:

I am becoming weary of this business of our repeatedly laying the cards on the table — all the same stale and dusty kings and queens and foolish jacks — when there is no real game, nothing but two sets of elaborate and formal self-defense. I should practice what I believe your other old love's final tactic was, in *your* Vietnam: withdrawal and silence. I feel that I have become for you another old love, if only in the way of having become for you a safe, sad altar on which to lay your sacrificed love, ennobled by its probable hopelessness. I can't sponsor such a use of my image.

It is with great humility and best wishes for your renewed happiness in matters of the heart that I acknowledge that you may very well have changed, learned, profited by the upheavals of our togetherness and apartness; I too have become wiser, I like to think. If I know anything, it is that our styles can hardly — no, I don't want to leave any room for what I am sure must be false hope — can NOT NOW be anything other than mutually thwarting. You may blame my stubbornness and call it my refusing to accept the change in you if you wish, but do me the favor of allowing me to believe what I do. It only hurts us both when you press against my beliefs

about myself — and likewise when I press against yours. [If this had not been so, we might yet be together and growing.] I believe in the ability to change; but the fact is that I have changed out of loving you and have not changed back or into a new love of you — so I cannot view your change with any selfish joy. I know you will love better, but the object can't be me. All else besides this is mere wrangle, and doesn't help either one of us.

It may be true that I was not able to listen to you when you were here, and I am sorry for that — but can't you see that my inability to hear you combines with your hesitations to speak for fear of ridicule in the same old dreadful deadlock? Our mutual inability/unwillingness to be made fools of for each other is at once what keeps us apart and what keeps us sane and whole. The cost of our togetherness is entirely too much sacrifice for either of us to make. No one should expect that of anyone. I want you to know that and take it to heart — because you've got to get out of the pit you're in where I'm concerned.

As far as my "wasting my potential on a series of transient relationships with men," I cannot see that there is more waste there that isn't inherent in "taking the love-gamble with one." It is quite comfortable for me, seems to suit my lusts and needs and life-style requirements. I don't need any chains, and there are real supports from good friends male and female — more, my dear (I use this example not to hurt but because it is the one we both know best), than we ever gave each other. I begin to think that friendship is what I most love. Love-games make for stimulating sprints, but they don't make it in the long run. I rather snort these days at "romance," though I have deep, valuable, and affectionate attachments.

Your love is a great thing, but it truly is lost on me. The most that I can honestly own is that I am honored as much as bewildered by it, but I do not accept or return it. You must understand, as I do of you, that I also have changed. My ears are not tuned to you.

I am saying that I know what I want, and that for you to be what I want, if not completely impossible, would involve such bone-breaking contortion for you that you would not be yourself — which is what, for better or worse as far as I/we are concerned, you MUST be.

I can hardly beg you to stop "loving" me (I do not denigrate your feeling for me by " " — I only say that there are elements of your "love" for me which relate not to me but to the very element of hopelessness in the feeling itself) — but I try to indicate that this is one case where *eros* is more than anagrammatically related to *sore*.

I appreciate your heroic delicacy in writing these things to me about how you feel, that I am sure we both know very well. I believe I understand you. However, I do not respond to your feelings as they should be responded to, and it is my real wish that you find someone who does welcome them and cherishes you as you deserve to be cherished.

We've both changed too much for the old love to maintain, and yet are not so completely new that it doesn't still have hooks and hurts. I do not absolutely preclude any relationship we may ever have again, but we cannot have one based on the way it was then or is now. If another cycle brings us on some complementary path, I will judge it on its merits then. For now, though, there is nothing, and it's best for both of us if you don't keep me even in the back of your mind — it's you, not me, that gets slowed down by that.

Do not say I am cold or that I do not understand because this letter is precise and exacting. I would hardly wring myself to write this if that were the case.

I am myself. You are yourself. That is the state of the union, as seen by your well-wishing but hardly consoling

"old gal"



"A basic thing I think about men is that they leave..."

DEAR...

There's a specific thing I want to try to write about. A lot of thoughts about men and women — changes I've been going through.

I wrote to you before about some ways I'd been getting in touch with some of my fears — some dreams, my idea of The Man, thoughts, memories of my father and stepfather, etc. All of this had to do with the other half of the acid trip in which I accepted my mother — it was my Father and MEN, how I see men, how I am afraid of men, what I really think of them.

I've spent a lot of time on this, and I think I've really changed, and changed also the way I think of you. A lot of my day alone on the Mountain was about this, asking myself if I really wanted to live with John or not. Also, I've talked a lot to Anna about it.

I've realized that a basic thing I think about men is that they leave. Even when I have left men, it was because I felt that they had already left me psychologically or emotionally or were about to. I used to say this to you — you knew I always believed underneath that you would leave me. I saw men as capable of closing off their feelings and capable of rejecting and leaving. I thought that men could never change this and that women, myself, I would be "alone" or with other women only as I got older. You know all this. Then when we left each other I thought that had happened and that I had now joined the women's world — and kid's world. I didn't expect to be with another man.

But I discovered that I am heterosexual, or bi-sexual, that I am able, I know at least partly because of my socialization, to feel a potential for closeness and connection to men that is much harder for me with women (but which I am fighting for with Anna). But as this relationship with John has progressed, I am even more conscious of what is happening than I was 4 years ago because I'm 4 years wiser and so is John. I started to realize that my fears and assumptions about men are, and to struggle to change them. To even see that I needed to change my perceptions and stereotypes of men was a big insight. I had preconceptions that made it very hard for you to keep changing. The main one was that I believed so firmly that you were going to leave me that I *selected out* especially the times when you felt so subsumed to me that you needed to separate yourself — in other words, times that I perceived you as rejecting — and these incidents confirmed all my suspicions and I wiped out all of your intervening tender and loving behavior, ceased to believe in it in an instant. Nothing you could ever do could even convince me that you loved me. I could never really hear you saying that. This of course rooted in my lack of self-acceptance but it is especially true of me in relationships with men.

I also perceived men as feelingless, cold, impervious to hurts, emotionless, and I reinforced my own perceptions. I didn't help you to get in touch with feelings. I saw you as a sounding board for MY emotions, but I resented your venting YOUR emotions on me, and saw times you did as male power trips — as if men cannot have legitimate anger or resentments. And yet I know that my own emotions are very powerful and overwhelming to the few people with whom I feel safe enough to show them. On the last acid trip, one among 1000 flashes was a little vision in which I said I saw men as grey, upright automatons, robots rolling along on a track — all alike, unchanging, static, controlled and controlling, forbidding, feelingless; while I saw women as flashes of brilliant changing rainbow iridescent colors dancing fervently all around men, ever changing changing changing responsive to the whole universe and also creating it.

This is an incredible wipe-out of half the human race's feelings. I've never known a man like that. My daddy, even Jack, showed me their fears and tears at times, certainly they loved me sometimes and showed it. And I've known you better than any man in many ways and I know you have feelings, but I also know I helped you to repress them. I think I did that in two

main related ways: one was a way you tried to tell me about a number of times — that I simply distorted you and wouldn't see or hear you. I saw you as a woman-chasing lecher or something when you were nothing of the kind, etc. But I understand why you never could make me understand your anger at how I was fucking you over with these distortions — you and I got caught together in a phase of the women's (and men's) movement in which men were very passive to women. You wanted to say that my anger was righteous and that my suspicions of you were well justified from everybody's past experiences; and also, they might very well be true of you, ultimately — because you had no reason to trust yourself.

To stop my fucking you over you would have had to have *struggled* with me very hard, and we didn't know how men could really struggle with women. I think that I knew you were passive to me and I disrespected you for it. I also think I stopped your attempts at struggle by the way that I totally flip out when I think I'm being rejected. I've recognized lately that it is very hard for people to criticize me because they learn that I really really trash myself and get pushed easily off my own brink into an abyss of very painful self-hatred. Since people who basically love me don't want to hurt me that way, they start avoiding criticism of me. This is the second way I helped you to repress your feelings — how could you show a lot of them if they might make me really insane?

I realize that so much of our emotional life together centered around ME — my feelings, my freakouts, my fears — while your feelings remained repressed.

When I set out to try to figure out how I felt about men, no clear path presented itself at first. I thought it was all about the Past and that I would need to deal with my stepfather a lot. I considered visiting the church where I got married and that his funeral was in. I thought of visiting his grave. I wanted to make myself get in touch with feelings about him and about men, not just describe what has happened to me. I tried meditating about it a lot. And then one path opened up: that is to simply experience men differently — let myself see them other ways. It seems too simple to work, but it IS changing me. I've just been trying to really see the men around me without *blocking* out all of their behavior I classify as female. I was blocking this before. I really really objectified men before, and only perceived their "male" behavior, just as men don't hear what women say. I have been able to really experience John as a sister, as a little boy, as a baby girl, as an old man, an old woman. This is a teaching of *Seven Arrows* which I am slowly reading and learning from, and this teaching has really happened to me. Now that I have seen this I can never again see men (you) completely as male. Also, this more positive view is not only a matter of recognizing the female parts of a man and therefore seeing him as good, but I want to discover what parts of male socialization in our culture are/could be good traits; that is, forces for progress in the world like some possible creative drives that wouldn't be controlling. This is more difficult. Anyway, I think that one thing that can be important about men meeting together would be to help each other out of that passivity, to learn to express feelings, especially negative feelings like anger; and very important, to recognize in each other ways that you have already changed, have truly and really changed for the better, really aren't very male chauvanist, and to congratulate each other for that and to help each other trust each other. This is necessary for me to see, partly to trust myself, too, that I am really stronger as a woman. We've made progress. We've changed. (And we have a long way to go.)

I am very happy that as I change in my relationship with John my relationship with you is seeming to loosen up in some ways and a possibility for making more real progress together can open up.

I cannot fathom, after two days of thinking — no, feeling — it over, any desire to have sex with any of my very intimate women friends. It's not squeamishness, I think, but rather knowing that the intimacy sex brings, with it has with these people long been bypassed. Perhaps this indicates my whole expectation from sex, the coinage into which I press it — it is the relatively smaller measure of physical attunement, with only occasional hearkenings to — ummm — "spiritual" intimacy, to which sex with men has led me (you?). It has made — or fit into — a circumstance in which men are romantic objects of some large, but largely distracting, importance, and women the close, comfortable and comforting companions with whom realities are shared and made tolerable, if not as immensely exciting as the delightful but vain (so far) discoveries of romantic tandem quests. In the end I cannot say which is the truer bond, whose the greater claim to my "realness;" but it seems clear that men and women are for me of two distinct races, of separate stuffs, of which two parts (not halves) a balance is necessary. Mommy and Daddy continue their quarrel in my psyche — Pa mysterious but inefficient in his mad intelligence, Ma practical, plebian of mind, but an expert at organization and its particular kind of sanity-preservation. They are my man and my woman.

1. I am a romantic, and expect perfection — or if as I half-expect there is no perfection, I want to spend as much energy as possible exploring things where they at least suggest the ideal.

2. I am a romantic about romance, and feel that it nears its perfection in passion and intensity.

3. Passion is short; the divine sense of mutual close attention changes and requires work when one attempts to move a relationship from passion to a "workable partnership." There is no logic to support the contention that love and marriage go together like a horse and carriage — or perhaps that can be seen as a proper simile if one recognizes that a horse and carriage are always tremendously distinct from one another, that the horse is energy and the carriage is matter, and that their proximity is incidental, that the horse does not take on the character of the carriage nor vice versa.

4. One can live independently, but one can not have passion by himself. "Living" is an intransitive act, but "to love" is a transitive verb, since loving has an object (living has an "objective").

Therefore promiscuity, with an affair to live only its natural life span, not to be prodded into a false "maturity" as some kind of marriage arrangement. Life functions are performed by oneself with the aid and support sometimes of friends where they can are willing to serve. Illusions may be followed to their logical extremes, but should be backed in the coinage of fantasy, whose realm romance is. One may not stake one's life savings of self on such a crack-brained, beautiful scheme.

How does it work out? I am willing to accept the ups and downs, the draughts and floods of my chosen course (or un-course?!). This might be more problematic for you, since you always did have goals and a concern for the ultimate consequences of an undertaking of any sort — you have morals (as distinct from hang-ups) and I really have none. I care for myself, but not so much as I might, or you might, in the long run — perhaps I do not make provision for myself at 40, though I'm reasonably confident that means will present themselves. I am constantly amazed (and sometimes forget when depressed) at the resourcefulness of the universe in presenting opportunities for passionate encounters (with men as well as women, houseplants, recipes, books, ideas, and beauties of every sort) — and all I must do is recognize these opportunities and begin the flow of caring and enjoyment that is natural.

Maybe in all this I am confusing "passion" with the dizziness of courting danger and masochism in wild flings with men, but I must hold that for me with my weaknesses such dizziness will always be beautiful and compellingly attractive.

Psychiatry left me with a certain receptivity to immediate lusts, and it may be perverse that I have not developed beyond a simple desire — to — gratification mode. But I don't see anything immediate that finds fault with that methodology. Short-term live.

* * * * *

I must more frequently remember my resolve not to spend time wastefully with folks who don't care. I am not safe from my impulse to wish to "instruct" men in the ways of caring — but then there are some who don't want to learn those ways.

* * * * *

Men have options presented to them by their modeling; women not so many. Therefore, men can make a choice and a continuing series of choices FOR a relationship, but to a woman this opportunity to choose is more frequently denied. After all, it is the making of choices FOR something that enriches its reality to one.

* * * * *

"I bet nobody's ever told you you loved her before."

He loves me in his defenseless sleep — yet he so studiously avoids his urges sometimes — and then perhaps I might not love him if this were not so.

He can't distinguish my vices from my virtues — and doesn't care. He must be in love with me (word play: "note the amoral implications").

* * * * *

Women love men because of their bodies; men love women for their bodies.

Women love men for what they can get; men love women for what they have (or don't have: minds).

Happiness with L. = no illusions, but a great trust. I will count my games with men, and proceed on the assumption that each is playing a similar number with me. Fair, and do we all get what we want? Answer this one later.

I swear sometimes the examined life is a fucking headache — which is why I so often let my critically uninformed glands deliver me to the altar of sexual and romantic oblivion — for is not being in love after all the grandest exercise in the suspension of disbelief and judgment?

I love men as animals and the way they bring out particular beauties in me, strange bits of me that only a man can see — but which no man has been able to hold. A woman's range with me is smaller in one sense, and not so frightening — I can be loved by a woman for the best of reasons and for a long time, but with a man love is relish of the strange, the illusive, the obscured instinctual. Yet I can only very rarely be friends with a man, since with them the storm is the thing; with women comes peace and renewal. Always the alternation.

* * * * *

I haven't been surprised by a woman in a long time — I guess I expect less of men.

The fool moon tugs in no particular direction. ("She jumped on her horse and rode off in every direction.")

My sensuality campaign frees me to more freely consider homosexuality — but just another way of seeking dominion over another? I am fascinated with sexual slavery, from both sides of the power scale — but then, who holds the power in that situation?



Notes on Erotic Zeal

by marga

Apologia pro matrimonia nostra

Dear Friend,

I find it difficult to verbalize, and slightly embarrassing, to be put in the position of being "pro-marriage." Somehow the whole thing puts me on the defensive — after all, marriage as an institution is definitely "out." Nevertheless, here I sit, in my happy home, with a set of heirloom diamonds on my left hand literally radiating marriagehood!

I like being married. Admitting this is easy, but not without a good deal of self-justification.

I am addicted to sensuality — or beauty — or decadence, as some might say — however you want to describe it. Basically, I think that living is style and style is living. So does my husband, and that is probably our greatest bond.

Of course it is impossible to separate the fact of marriage from the relationship between man and wife. Marriage cannot be good in a bad relationship, and vice versa. Although some might claim there is such a thing as a bad marriage and a good relationship; many couples become hung up in the institution, allowing it to take over the relationship. If that danger cannot be worked out, however, I would seriously question the ultimate relationship.

My husband and I have been married for three years. During that time we spent seven months separated. It was a separation which was entirely mutual, based on diverging interests and personal discontent. Although we never discussed divorce, it was as open-ended and mutual as our subsequent decision to live together again. The open-ended attitude which we share toward marriage is probably our second-strongest bond. Neither one of us can bear the feeling of being trapped.

Now that I have established the idea that marriage cannot be separated from the relationship, I will proceed to do just that: it strikes me that there are two aspects of marriage — the institution, and the relationship. I consider myself to be married in two ways: politically and personally. I dig both.

Politically, the institution of marriage has class. (Oh, I can hear the New Left screaming!) Maybe I had better not say "class," but instead "style." I like the "style" of marriage.

I hate being hustled. I hate feeling emotional and sexual demands (whether subtly or blatantly articulated) made on me by men when I do not have the honest desire to meet them. Perhaps that is my hang-up; perhaps that is the hang-up of the fucked-up male victims of our chauvinistic society. I do not want to go into the psychological makeup of my guilt and withdrawal, and the ego-libido-loneliness of so many single and married men. The facts are that as a married woman, it is easy for me to cultivate friendships which have limits — albeit limits which are artificial and political — but for me they are uncomfortable, and men can enjoy me from a safe distance which does not involve entanglements, sense of obligations and sexual prowess. In short, I feel as a married woman, freer to make friends with the opposite sex. I can be personable and personal with a man without ending up either in bed or in a hassle.

Oh what a frigid woman I am — but damn it, that is my prerogative. Fucking, like everything else, is a question of style — and I find no enjoyment in a styleless fuck. To share a style right down to that last, intimate act requires a lot of time, relaxation and honesty. There is no room for egos in my style of lovemaking — and show me a male-female game which is egoless. So marriage protects me from the sexual and emotional (the two are usually the same) intrusion of other men, leaving us to monogamous satisfaction. I won't say that I do not occasionally lust for a bit of diversion, or another type of body (a different style?) but in general, the hassle of "infidelity" does not look to be worth the rewards.

So now that I have described the political end of marriage, I will proceed to the personal. Basically, the difference between being married and not being married comes when I wake up in the morning. As a single woman, I ask myself, "what am I going to do today?" and as a married woman, I ask "what are we going to do today?" — an important but subtle difference. For now, the "we" ranges to more activities, many more possibilities, a greater range of projects. Companionship seems to expand me.

Maybe, again, we are talking about my insecurities, my inability to take individual initiative — but again, I do not have time to examine personal speculations — I'll stick to the personal facts. It is a fact that I have a hard time waking up in the morning and getting enthusiastic about going on a long hike by myself. But with the comfortable companionship of my husband, I get very enthusiastic. Not every morning grows into a "we" day; I often reject the "we" in favor of the "I" and so does my husband — but the alternatives remain greater, my thinking expanded and my world less limited. As I said before, companionship seems to expand me. It develops my style. And it is our mutual style which sets me up for the individual, as well as shared projects which I undertake.

Marriage is the stylistic framework from which I conduct my personal life. It gives me time, space, and energy to do the things which are the most important to me. I do not waste time seeking ultimately incomplete relationships. I do not direct frustrated energies toward thwarting or promoting sexual and emotional ties with other men. And I have the comfortable space to make jewelry, read, listen to music, talk politics, give parties, ski, hike, swim and earn a living. It is a convenience, a respite, and outlet — a freedom, and in some way, the limitation from which all style emerges. It suits me . . .

Well, probably I am the voice of fucked-up 20th-century, all-American female copout. Many will say that, I am sure.

Love,
Mrs. N.

Couplets



photo by Chuck Espey

"Life is one big *coitus interruptus*." — R. G. D.

"I am a gregarious loner." — S. H.

"When I'm sick, I think about missing California, and wishing I were married." — M. R.

"Sexuality should be confined to one's lifetime." — Adrian America

"I'm a sucker for sexual foppery." — M. R.

"Artifice is the goddess of the hunt and forest and protectress of virginity." — S.W.

"Guys are so definite." — M.E.R.

"Taurus fall in love early and keep it up late."

"Here's metaphysics for you: when people leave me, I always take off my glasses so they disappear more quickly." — M.R.

"Party Games: prepare the person on your left for mounting." — M.R.

"Joe just left and I'm STILL waiting for Joe." — S.W.

"Speak not to a lady of love when she's shopping for a . . . salad." — Ira

"Fate is just the filling in of the blanks." — M.R.

"One man's meat is another girl's *poisson*." — B.W.

"An there'll always be a space in my parking lot when you need a little coke and sympathy." — Mick

"I desire from my soul that you be riveted in my heart, but I would not want to have you always at my elbow (though at this moment I did not mind if you were . . .)." — Mary Wollstonecraft, from a letter to William Godwin, her lover and husband.

" . . . Now I have read of course that educated women have problems, that education and marriage and motherhood are incompatible. That men, being brutes, must dominate, but I just wonder. There is no formula for happiness in marriage, but if women must quit thinking — or acting — or must live to satisfy man's ego — then methinks the gal has the wrong man A happy marriage is an acknowledgement of character, admiration — and, as the saying goes — are made in heaven — therein lies the mystery — and the natural product, of course, is children, and love, love, love. So you see don't give up too easily and have fun as you grow — up. O.K.?"

—(from a letter from my father when I was 17)

PRIVATE SEX PRIVATE SPACE PRIVATE PEOPLE

by peter of powell river

This morning, the woman with whom I have slept more nights than not in the last four months, left here for a couple of days in town. She went in with the one other man who lives here, leaving me with the fourth, a woman, who shares life on this farm. "This farm" is 80 acres of land, largely bush, inaccessible by road. In order for them to get to town, they walked a mile down to the shore, drove the boat 12 miles to the end of the lake, and then found their way into town, a couple of minutes away by paved road. Anyone desiring to get from town to here, needless to say, must follow the same path, in reverse, with the added problem of finding a ride up the lake. On the average, one of us has been going in to town once in every week or two. All this is to say that we are comparatively isolated. Anyone staying here is forced (especially during these winter months) to share his or her physical and psychological space with all the others here.

I, and one other of the four of us, have been here for two and a half years. During that time, maybe twenty-five people have spent more than a month, most of them with the idea of an "open-ended" stay: without attaching any temporal significance to the word, they would see if they could "settle" here. And we who were staying here over longer periods of time, I think it is fair to say, welcomed with greater or less enthusiasm those who came and went in that frame of mind. Thus a flow of population; ideally, an end to ownership-attachment to the land in the traditional form. There are no children living here now.

I have not, until these last four months, slept regularly with one woman. (I spent three months with one man last Spring — more of that below.) In fact, from the time we arrived here, I have consistently argued an "anti-couples" line. In the rest of this article, I would like to trace some of the sexual comings and goings of this place (and me), and along with that, analyze the meaning of heterosexual couples in a communal setting. (For "analyze the meaning of," you might read "figure out my feelings about.")

In August and September, two and a half years ago, five of us made the first stabs at transforming this abandoned homestead into a working farm: two couples and me. In my memories, the first winter was colored with an interpersonal coldness. I remember the disappointment I felt at the persistence of the old "couple" form. What warmth and love there was, it seemed to me, was vibrated back and forth between each man-woman pair, thus creating, in effect, three

private spaces (one for each couple and one for me) — spaces engulfed, however, by a sinky coldness.

Maybe this was not so bad for those involved in the couples relationships, as there was no guarantee that the absence of love between those pairs would have created more among the five of us — a little love is better than none at all. Following this line of thought, I had a lot of self-doubts through the first winter: maybe I was the only person who was fucked up; maybe what we needed to make life better here was to make sure there were an equal number of men and women, paired up and sleeping together — a high school make-out party, several years later (sends shivers down my spine). Or further along — a rural, hippie mimicking of our suburban mommies and daddies (for which roles the make-out parties were training). Big problem was, I felt in such a world, I was pretty well doomed to unhappiness, not exactly sure why. I wasn't going to make it as part of a couple: I hadn't in high school, nor really in college, nor since. As with almost all hassles I've been through in the last several years, I vacillated between considering the problems as the results of an oppressive society, and being swept by waves of self-doubt.

O.K., so I saw some love going on between these couples and I was left out, and I was unhappy. But I was also very aware of how the couple structure was, if not the cause of subordination and oppression of the women here, part of the same system of sexist patterns which all five of us, verbally at least, were committed to escape and/or destroy. It was not uncommon for one of the men here to undertake some work project, and then call "his" woman in as a second, as a helper. Very seldom would a woman call a man to fulfill the same role. More likely, if a woman asked "her" man for aid, it was a request for an instructor. Since asking for help and cooperation in general was much easier to deal with within the familiar and traditional couple units, the old patterns were reinforced, rather than challenged, by the new work-living situation. Thus, in spite of everyone's taking turns cooking, doing dishes, etc., and in spite of everyone's working on the various carpentry and fire-weed gathering tasks, a whole lot of our sexist conditioning lingered on.

An alternative scenario which became more possible after the breakdown of couples would have included women cooperating together on such things as construction projects, rather than always working under men. (Of course, I am aware that women are

oppressed by men other than their mates. In this situation, though, traditional sexist oppression seemed to be reinforced by a traditional "couples" mode of interaction.) The existence of couples seemed undesirable in this living situation insofar as it drew energy from the group as a whole, and insofar as, at best, it did nothing to challenge the traditional, oppressive sex roles.

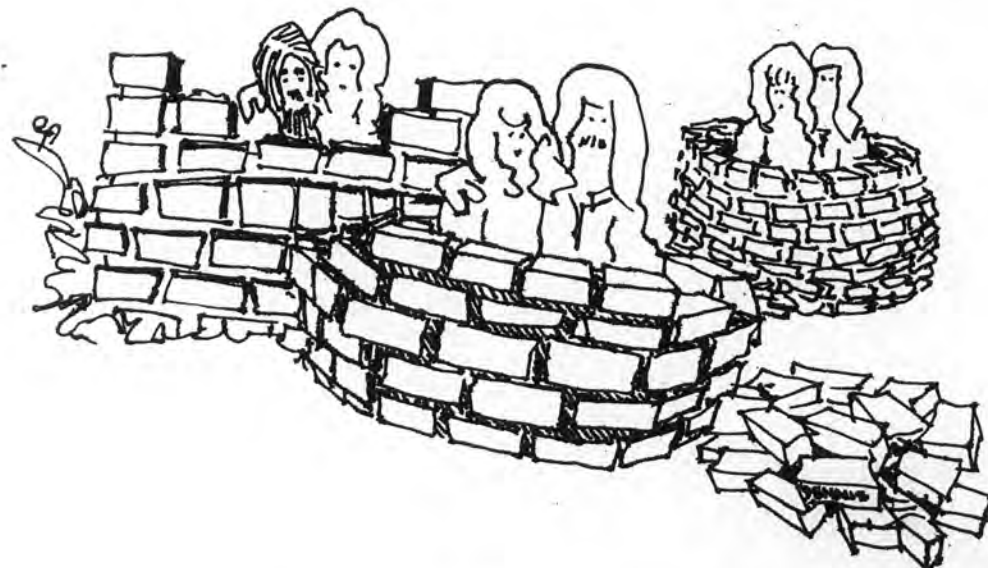
There's been a lot of water over the dam, since then. By early Spring of the first year, there were some major modifications in the two couples, to the point where I no longer felt that the "couple" was the characteristic mode of relationship here. By now, neither of the two original couples exists; and only two of the five original people remain. Between the first Spring and now, a number of people have come to stay as couples, and each time it has aroused some of the same familiar feelings in me. I have seen the members of the couple use each other as psychological supports when general farm spirits were down, thus delaying and hindering the working out of problems among the whole group. And repeatedly flashing through me is the image of the little woman walking out to the fields, or into the bush, or down to the lake, to assist her man in "his" project.

Last Spring, for a month and a half, I found myself in a kind of couple relationship; that is, sleeping every night with one person, who was another man, and carrying on a different type of relationship with him than I was carrying on with the rest of the group. He related to others here primarily through me. Examination of this relationships throws light on a number of the things I have said above.

First of all, I felt schizophrenic during the whole period: either I was directing my energies toward the farm as a whole (there were five others, including one heterosexual couple here during most of that time) or I was relating to this one person. It was exceedingly difficult to bring the two together. For anyone who had less of an organic link with the Farm, over a long period of time, I'm sure the couple relationship would have superceded any efforts to work things out with the group. As it was, the two of us spent the following month and a half together in Vancouver where I worked on a new boat for the lake. My time worked itself out beautifully, but it was a rare set of circumstances which allowed it to be so. I could live away from the other people and fully explore a two-person relationship while maintaining my commitment to the Farm through daily work on the new boat, work which could not have been done up the lake. The only limit was time (as soon as the boat was finished, I would go back to the Farm), which both of us readily accepted.

The striking difference between this and most couples I have been talking about is, of course, that it involved two men. Thus, while we all suffered from the element of exclusiveness which it imposed, it did not involve the sexism which man-woman relationships so often fall prey to (us fucked up and fucked over people being what we are).

Personally I felt freed by the experience of sleeping with another man, to the point of being overly smug and self-satisfied about it at times. It broke a lot of my conditioning about what a "man" is and how he is supposed to act, especially toward his bed-partner. Somewhere, during high school or junior high school, I had been taught that sleeping with someone was a game of scoring points; something about counting up the women you had fucked, which turned women into sex objects, and the whole sexual scene into an exploitative competition. Try as I might



to overcome this, there had always been that element in my sex. Sleeping with a man flushed it right out. Being with a person in bed is simply a more intimate contact with another person. So since then I have been able to feel very different about sleeping with women, which, in some roundabout way, brings us to the present. (The things I have said in the last paragraph might be misconstrued to mean that this gay relationship was undertaken as a means to straighten out my latent heterosexuality. Nothing of the sort. It was valid in itself, engaged in because of real feelings between the two of us.)

Since early August, there have been four of us, two men and two women, living here steadily. During perhaps half of that period, there have one or two others staying here on a more temporary basis. We have slept mainly as two heterosexual pairs, in a large room divided by some cloth partitions. We have four beds made, however, which allows any one of us to sleep alone, which happens not infrequently, though this is the only variation from the pair pattern that has occurred so far. Insofar as we are four sharing space, and not two, we are not couples.

It is easy to see the differences between our patterns of interaction and those of most firmly bonded couples. Yet, I have been afraid of rigidifying, of falling into the traps in which I have seen others ensnared. Given that we do share all our space, given that either pair can feel the rhythms of the others' love-making through the swaying of the hand-split cedar house, given that we are all committed to total openness with each other, to growing through each other, what does it mean that we sleep predominantly in heterosexual pairs? At what point do we become couples? And what, exactly, are the dangers which I, and we, are so anxious to avoid?

In its most pernicious form, a couple is an exclusive pair of people — one man and one woman. In a group situation, the exclusiveness drains energy from the group, sets the closeness of the couple at odds with the closeness and thus perhaps the survival of the larger group. In such a pair, the checks on sexist behavior are at a minimum. It seems to me that sleeping monogamously on a regular basis is a major element of being a couple. Exclusiveness is reinforced if the couple appropriates a private space for themselves. (There is one room in this house toward which established couples gravitate, and make "theirs." I watch it warily.) A man and woman who define themselves as an economic unit are prey to still further dangers of couple-dem. Private sex is linked to private space is linked to private property: all part of the institutional nexus of the couple.

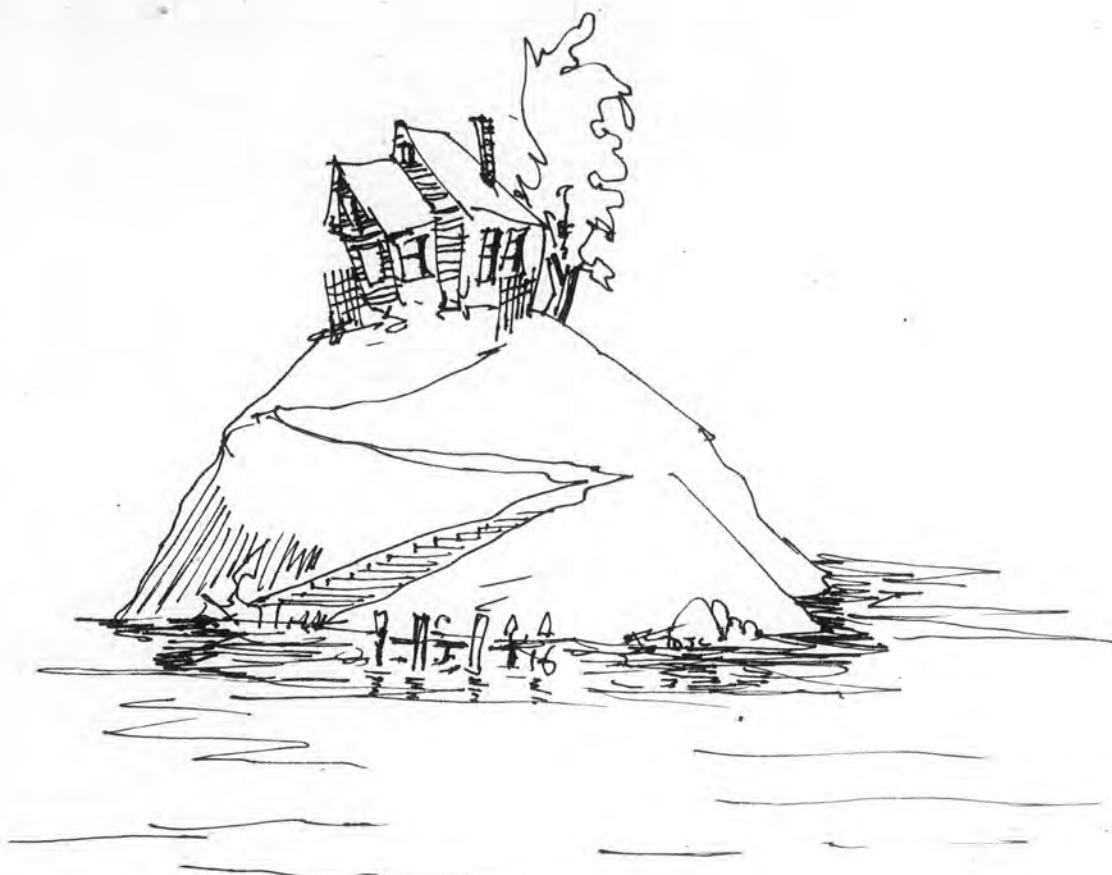
All four of us have voiced some kinds of dissatisfaction with our sleeping arrangements as they are. First, in the mere act of ending up each day with the same one other person, I exclude the other two from a lot of end-of-the-day type intimacies. Second, it isolates sex in a way in which sex can't really be isolated — to say "I will share my living fully with three other people, but my sex with only one." This kind of division makes sex special in a way that it shouldn't be at its healthiest. On the other hand there must be reasons for our finding ourselves continuing to sleep in this pattern.

Bourgeois culture gave us the couple as the institution to meet many of our sexual, social and economic needs. So, in some ways, for some needs, it's an easy route: to take what was given to us, especially when we find ourselves without any stable alternative institution. How are four people (or five or six or ten) over a period of time supposed to (a) satisfy their sexual needs, (b) in a way which is not threatening, (c) in a pattern that is stable enough in fulfillment of expectations that concerns of sex don't sap an absurd amount of energy, and (d) which is at the same time liberating, opening, sharing, and non-sexist?

Well, anyway, that's the problem. Tonight we'll continue to try to work it out.

"Why did your wife leave you?"

"I don't know! She said we didn't have anything to talk about — but what couples do?"



No Couple Is an Island

From:

Kanter, Rosabeth Mass: *Commitment and Community*

Harvard University Press,
Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1972, pp. 86-89.

The Couple

Groups with any degree of identity or stability face the issue of intimacy and exclusive attachments and set limits on how much and what kinds are permissible or desirable. Exclusive two-person bonds within a larger group, particularly sexual attachments, represent competition for members' emotional energy and loyalty. The cement of solidarity must extend throughout the group. It is also one tenet of community life that as little as possible should belong exclusively to any one person; instead, everything should be shared, affection as well as material possessions. Many nineteenth century utopias, in fact, anticipated the current Women's Liberation movement in declaring that a person had no right to "ownership" of another, notably that a man did not have the right to exclusive possession and domination of a wife. At the same time, an intense, private two-person relationship, where neither person is tied into the community in other strong ways, is the sort of unit that can potentially withdraw from involvement with the group. Philip Slater phrased the problem of "dyadic withdrawal" in the following manner: "An intimate dyadic relationship always threatens to short circuit the libidinal network of the community and drain off its source of sustenance . . ."

Stable communities, then, set policies on the issue of exclusive intimacy or institute practices designed to cope with potential dyadic withdrawal. Successful nineteenth-century groups often discouraged couples

in one of two extreme and experientially opposite ways — either through free love, including group marriage, in which every member was expected to have intimate sexual relations with all others, or through celibacy, in which no member could have sexual relation with any other. In both cases, private ties were structurally minimized, and cohesiveness of the total group was thereby emphasized . . . All but one of the successful nineteenth-century groups practiced either celibacy or free love at some time in their history, as opposed to only five of the twenty-one unsuccessful communities.

. . . the functions of both free love and celibacy with respect to renunciation were underscored by the fact that both of these practices tended to be highly controlled in the successful communities and subject to a large number of rules, whereas in unsuccessful groups, such as Modern Times, free love was symptomatic of anarchy, of a general lack of rules and group decision about any relationships, rather than of a prohibition against couples. The free love instituted at Oneida was highly regulated. . . Oneida controlled the quantity of sexual relations and determined who could have intercourse with whom . . . Every member had sexual access to every other with his or her consent, while fidelity was negatively sanctioned . . . When two members of the community showed a marked preference for one another, they were asked to mate with two others. In the community's view, "Exclusive attachment, or the selfish possession of another, unfitted the person aspiring to perfection from practicing a cardinal social-religious ideal, loving his neighbors without discrimination." What is even more striking, and at the same time supports the argument that free love and celibacy are functional alternatives, is the fact that John Humphrey Noyes, the founder of Oneida, contemplated celibacy before turning to free love. That these practices, experientially the most extreme opposites, should be equated in his mind as means to "spiritual improvement" is suggestive. In any case, Noyes regarded conventional marriage as a form of "spiritual tyranny."

These excerpts are from a long, many-faceted interview which was printed in the most recent issue of "Gay Sunshine".

It has a lot of good stuff on Cuba and the Venceremos Brigade, Jack Kerouac, Burroughs, Cassidy, etc. and we recommend reading the whole thing. It's the first time Ginsberg has been interviewed as a homosexual person rather than poet, beatnik, etc.



VISIONARIES' TERMS

The key thing was when we decided on the terms of our marriage — I think it was in Fosters' Cafeteria downtown about three in the morning. We were sitting and talking about each other, with each other, trying to figure out what we were going to do, who we were to each other, and what we wanted out of each other, how much I loved him, and how much did he love me. We arrived at what we both really desired.

I'd already had visionary experience: an illumined audition of Blake's voice and a sense of epiphany about the universe. He had had an experience, weeping and lonesome, walking up the hill to his college, and having a sense of an apparition of the trees bowing to him. So we both had some kind of psychodeleic, transcendental, mystical image in our brains and hearts.

We made a vow to each other that he could own me, my mind and everything I knew, and my body, and I could own him and all he knew and all his body; and that we would give each other ourselves, so that we possessed each other as property, to do everything we wanted to, sexually or intellectually, and in a sense explore each other until we reached the mystical "X" together, emerging two merged souls. We had the understanding that when our (my particularly) erotic desire was ultimately satisfied by being satiated (rather than denied), there would be a lessening of desire, grasp, holding on, craving and attachment; and that ultimately we would both be delivered free in heaven together. And so the vow was that neither of us would go into heaven unless we could get the other one in — like a mutual bodhisattva's vow.

That's actually the bodhisattva's vow — "Sentient beings are numberless, I vow to enlighten them all. Passions are numberless, I vow to quench them all, cut them all down. The nature of the dharma, the doors of nature are endless, I vow to enter every single one of them. Buddha path very high and long and endless — vow to follow through all the way — Buddha path, infinite, limitless, vow to go all the way through." Sentient beings, numberless, unnumbered — countless, vow to count every one, enlighten every single one of them. Basically a vow to be reborn as everybody, one after another, every stone, every leaf blade, vow to be every individual part of the universe at one time or another, and accept the fate of that particle, so to speak.

Well, this is like a limited version of that, almost intuitive, the vow to stay with each other to whatever eternal consciousness: him with his trees bowing, me with Blake's eternity vision. I was more intellectual, so I was offering my mind, my intellect; he was more athletic and physical and was offering his body. So we held hands, took a vow: I do, I do, you promise? yes, I do. At that instant we looked in each other's eyes and there was a kind of celestial cold fire that crept over us and blazed up and illuminated the entire cafeteria and made it an eternal place.

INTERBERG

I found somebody who'd accept my devotion, and he found somebody who'd accept his devotion and who was devoted to him. It was really a fulfillment of fantasy, to a point where fantasy and reality finally merged. Desire illuminated the room, because it was a fulfillment of all my fantasies since I was nine, when I began to have erotic love fantasies. And that vow has stuck as the primary core of our relationship. That's the mutual consciousness; it's the celestial social contract, valid because it was an expression of the desire of that time, and it was workable. It's really the basic human relationship — you give yourself to each other, help each other and don't go to heaven without each other.

There's this mythology of Arjuna, from the *Baghavad-Gita*, getting to the door of heaven. He's got this little dog following him, and they say, you can come in but you can't bring your dog. And he says, well, no, if I can't go in with my dog, I won't go. And then they say, oh, come on, you can go in, just leave him behind, it's only a dog. And he says, no, I love my dog, and I trust that love, and if I can't bring that trust in, then what kind of heaven is this? And the third time, he says, no, no, no, I'll stay out and put the dog in heaven but I won't go in without the dog. I vowed to tears with my dog, I can't leave my dog alone. And so, finally, after the third time, the dog turns out to be Krishna, the supreme lord of the universe and heaven itself. He was only trying to get heaven into heaven. And his instinct was right. And our instinct was right. It was enough to bring us through very difficult times — all through the change of status, beat generation and fame, the alteration of social identity that fame entails.

CHANGES

Our relationship has lasted from 1954 to 1972. The terms have changed tremendously. Peter's gone through a lot of changes, and we've separated for a year at a time. And always come back. We've gone through a lot of phases of sleeping with people together, doing orgies together, sleeping alone together. Now Peter sleeps with a girl. I very rarely sleep with him. But the origin of our relationship is a fond affection. I wouldn't want to go to heaven and leave Peter alone on earth; and he wouldn't leave me alone on earth; and he wouldn't leave me alone if I were sick in bed, dying, gray-haired, wormy, rheumatic. He'd have pity on me. We've maintained our relationship so long that at this point we could separate and it would be all right. I think the karma has resolved and worn out.

The original premise was to have each other and possess each other until the karma was worn out, until the desire, the neurotic attachment, was satisfied by satiation. And there's been satiation, disappointment and madness, because he went through a long period of speed freakery in the mid sixties which really strained things. We had times of hostile screaming at each other as happens in the worst of homo- and heterosexual marriages, where people have murder in their hearts toward each other. That burned out a lot of the false emotion of youth, and the unrealistic graspings, cravings, attachments and dependencies. So he's now independent, and I'm independent of him. And yet there's an independent curiosity between us. GINSBERG: Everybody has dreams that have some homo-erotic content. So the problem is to make it safe for "straights" to feel the whole spectrum of feelings instead of single level feelings, just as it's important for gay people to feel a whole spectrum of feelings. The politics of challenge in that sense doesn't seem to make too much sense. You don't woo somebody by challenging them. You woo them by giving them a place where they're comfortable, making it safe for them to get a hard-on

... YOUNG: I think there are definitely tensions in the movement now between the people who say having lots of blow jobs is liberation, and those who say that we are trapped in a meat-meets-meat approach and have to get out of that and relate to each other as people.



Peter Orlovsky

"When you get to be my age, that's

WITH GINSVIEW

HUNK OF MEAT

GINSBERG: It's an important human experience to relate to yourself and others as a hunk of meat sometimes. That's one way of losing ego, one holy divine yoga of losing ego: getting involved in an orgy and being reduced to an anonymous piece of meat, coming, and recognizing your own orgiastic anonymity. It's not a place where you want to live all your life, but it's certainly a place where you want to see and experience as a lesson, experience of consciousness that's valid for a certain level, an experience of great, divine beast consciousness. That's what they used to have the Dionysian orgy for; it's an ancient ritual; I don't think there's anything wrong with relating to people on the level of pure meat, as long as you don't get trapped into that all the time as a single level of consciousness — as some queens do.

I dig baths and orgies. I think orgies should be institutionalized: impersonal meat orgies, with no question of personality or character or relating to people as people.

YOUNG: The problem with that approach is that as long as your meat is young and attractive, you're doing o.k. But if that doesn't meet the standards . . .

GINSBERG: When you get to be my age, that's when you really appreciate orgies, in the dark when nobody sees anybody and doesn't give a shit who they're being screwed by. The paranoia in Turkish baths, are you acceptable or not, is another problem. But orgy is one way for people to equalize — for fat people, thin people, handsome people and ugly people, hunchbacks and one-legged people and rachitics all together in the dark.

Peter and I used to get into scenes in San Francisco with girls and boys together, very nice. He liked girls, and that situation would set up a nice vibration when other men would come in. Since Peter and I were already close and making it, that opened the door to anybody. He'd make out with girls and I'd make out with boys. Sometimes I'd make out with girls too. Or we'd make out with each other. We had a two year period in San Francisco where almost every party we went to we took off our clothes and wound up in bed with one or two people. We didn't try to start orgies; we just took off our clothes, wandered around the party, had a good time and didn't make a big scene out of it.

FLOATING LOVE OBJECTS

I got freaked out at the whole idea of bodies and sex, in fact. That was one of my first lessons in chastity. There's a line in Yeats: "Old loves yet may have all the time denied / grave is heaped on grave that they be satisfied." I found actually in the course of time that everybody I really loved and wanted to go to bed with, I finally did. It may have taken twenty or thirty years, and we may have both fallen into ruins and baldness and all our teeth fallen out, but desire always found its way, even if it took decades. There's a lesson there. Once you become a little detached, once you lose neurotic, obsessive attachment, when things are floating lightly, then you find love objects that you once worshipped drifting in on the tide, back to you, more than you can deal with; in fact, horrifyingly rottened up from the sea.

An element in the gay lib struggle and metaphysics that I don't think has yet been taken up is that of disillusionment with the body. I'm not trying to be provocative in that — just the age-old realization of over-40, over-50, over-60, over-70 and over-80. Finally, the age old grinning skeleton, with the spiritual lesson behind it, of detachment from neurotic desire. I think there's a genuine eros between men that isn't dependent on neurotic attachment and obsession, that's free and light and holy and lambent — which is more or less what we all get during our first fantasies, loves and devotions. Some of us are lucky enough to be able to act out and receive back and forth. But it can only come in like the tide when you're free to float in it. If there's too much of a neurotic grasping to gaiety, to gayness, even to gay lib, then it makes everything too tense, and the lightness of the love is lost. So the gay lib movement will have to come to terms sooner or later with the limitations of sex.

If you consider sex from a Hindu, Buddhist, Hare Krishna, even Christian fundamentalist viewpoint — a warning about the body and a warning about attachment itself — it becomes interesting. Burroughs has actually written about it at length in a way which hip people and even radicals have found very interesting: the sex "habit" — sex as another form of junk, a commodity, the consumption of which is encouraged by the state to keep people enslaved to their bodies. As long as they're enslaved to their bodies, they can be filled with fear and shock and pain and threat so they can be kept in place. The road of that, he said, leads to the great palace of green goo, the garden of green goo . . .

I find, as I'm growing older, no less flutterings of delightful desire in my belly and abdomen. But also I'm becoming more tolerant of other resolutions between people besides sex. When I was in Australia, I had a crush on a beautiful young dobro player who traveled around with me. He sought me out and waited all day at my hotel and put himself at my service to play music with me. He wanted to play mantras and then turned out to be a great blues player, and he taught me blues. And he went to bed with me the first night, when I really got entranced by his servility, availability, generosity, stress and duty. And then he didn't want to go to bed with me after that, but he loved me. I was the first man he had ever been to bed with. How am I going to deal with somebody who really loves me but doesn't want to play with my cock and doesn't necessarily want me to blow him?

PLATONIC RELATIONSHIP

So I finally got into a scene which was like the old 19th century thing recommended by Edward Carpenter and Whitman — people sleeping together. It's called "carezza," a platonic friendship in which people sleep together naked, caressing each other, but don't come, saving their seed for yogic or other reasons. So I did that with this kid.

continued on page 22



when you really appreciate orgies..."

With a little help from your Friends

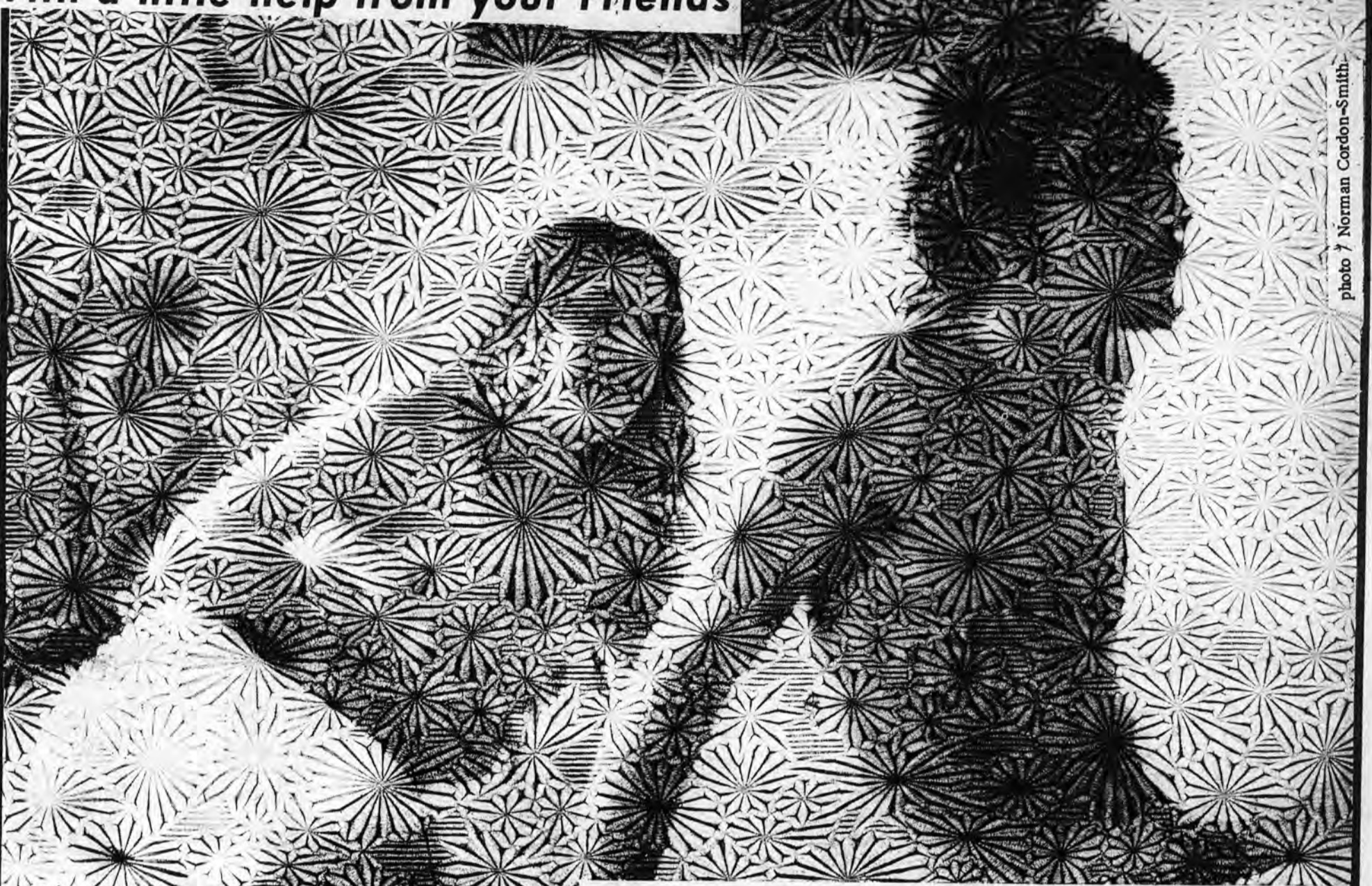


photo by Norman Gordon-Smith

by bob marx

Getting through it

The last several years have truly been a period of continuing change in sexual identities of young people in America. Five years ago eyebrows were still being raised if an unmarried couple were sleeping together. Today friends wonder what is wrong if they are not. It is not so uncommon to see a man cry when he feels weak now, or to cook, sew and care for children without feeling threatened in his self-concept. More noticeably, women have sought independence from the subservient roles they have been taught. Ideally, these social changes have broadened the range of behaviors that are socially acceptable for all persons.

Unfortunately, these changes have caught some couples by surprise. A most typical example is the married couple with young baby and new house. Five years ago, it still seemed like a good deal for a young woman to trade away her rights to personal growth and education for the financial and social "security" of marriage. So, in good faith, the agreement was made. A couple of years later, while hubby tries to move in the company, wife tries out a college course "just for fun". Here she meets women with different ideas. All of a sudden the "deal" doesn't look so good. The man, threatened by the prospect of having to watch his children or help with housework, "lays down the law." He feels cheated. The contract entered in good faith has been broken. Even if he himself is in agreement, the boys at work just wouldn't understand. The conflict for the woman is tremendous: whether to relinquish her newly found individuality for the family's sake; or to leave (usually with the kid) and hassle the financial and other problems; or to try to compromise. Such crises are often good tests of the strength of a relationship and one's commitment to his/her own life goals. When couples are communicating regularly about their changing ideas and behaviors, the chaotic differences in changes are reduced. Often it is change itself that is frightening to either party. As Alvin Toffler pointed out in *Future Shock*, there is a need for stability in a world where so many things are disposable and temporary.

This may explain the reason that so many couples stay together despite the lack of any significant

excitement with one another. The same old arguments, differences in lifestyles and goals, prevail; but to many the predictability of the same old misery or boredom is preferable to the mysteries of a new person or the frightening prospects of loneliness.

In order for a couple to flourish as a couple, it is necessary that both individuals be able to function comfortably alone; that they are aware of their own needs, and that their dependencies on their partners are minimal. Both members of the relationship may then add to each other's life experiences rather than living vicariously off the lives of one another. It is amazing that a married couple in this county may spend their entire lives together: without spending as much as a weekend alone without their spouse or family, to think over who they are. Couples who cling together for "security" often fear self-appraisal and understanding. They believe that if they can't make it with the current partner, there will be no one else, although invariable a discussion of their earlier relationships reveals similar unfounded worries in previous pairings.

As we enter into a period of greater psychological enlightenment it is not uncommon for a bored or angry couple to open themselves up to outside help. A more objective observer in the role of counselor, group member or friend may offer observations that are helpful and difficult for either partner to come by alone. It is important that the "helper" not be aligned with either party, nor have any predetermined opinions as to whether the relationship should continue or terminate.

Frequently, couple troubles emanate from inability to fight constructively (see George Bach, *The Intimate Enemy*); or from sexual dysfunction; or from inability to express emotions both positive and negative. With a basic commitment to each other and self-acceptance, most of these problems can be explored and dealt with at an early stage by a competent and sensitive therapist.

For others, therapy may suggest that the needs of the two individuals are so different that continuing their relationship would deprive both partners of their individuality. For some, compromise may work. A close, deeper look at many relationships reveals individuals who once met each other's needs growing

in very different directions and "existing" together to avoid embarrassment and loneliness. To them, the hollow security of a partnership is a high price to pay for the sentence of becoming an emotional zombie.

It is refreshing to see more and more individuals no longer satisfied with this sort of "compatible" relationship. Many have said that there are many persons they can be compatible with—but that that is not enough. It takes a special person with whom ecstasy and despair can be shared. Those who can allow themselves to experience the pain which often accompanies the termination of a relationship, frequently find new self-awareness and direction.

For many who have already endured these experience, these ideas may seem self-evident. For others, they may be a warning sign to seek greater communication with each other or to get outside help. For still others, for whom the mysteries of partnership are still in the future, it is an invitation to overcome fear and inertia and try intimacy. Most importantly it should be remembered that while a partnership may help the individual grow, it is more likely that two aware and self-accepting individuals can make the couple flourish.

A closing thought: *"The insanity in holding back my anger is that I am evidently more willing to risk destroying me than destroying a relationship."* (I Touch the Earth, The Earth Touches Me by Hugh Prather.)

Editor's Note: Bob Marx is a member of the psychology department at Western Washington State College and works also at the campus counseling center there, where he is involved, among other things, in counseling couples both individually and in group sessions. This service is available to any couples, married or unmarried, of which at least one person is a WWSC student. Couple counseling in Bellingham is also available through the Whatcom County Community Health Clinic, on a sliding fee scale according to ability to pay; and through several private psychologists. Couples workshops are often held through the Rising Sun Center, the Community, and the Free U.)

We Call Home

for Rob Stothart

*The baby being clothed in
rabbit skin, brown pelts with
softest white belly fur turned in,
dozes in his crib: Aaron.
His father, a hand-made man,
talks with me over his son's sleep.
He rocks the cradle I watched
him fashion, cutting and smoothing
wood blocks to this design, while
his quiet wife grew stout: Margot.
We drink coffee and speak with care
as if handling a fragile cloth between us,
following its patterns into the night:
the look of words and letters,
hometown stories, a piece of music,
calligraphy, some secrets and
poems we hope to write.
The baby's mother sleeps,
alone for now, upstairs.
Our voices drifting up to her
might sound, call and answer,
like crickets in the grass.*

*A thousand miles away
in my mind, a woman climbs
the stairs to an upper room;
she stops once to look back;
I follow, climbing behind her
to the single room
we call home,*

— Steve Lewandowski
Bellingham

On the Trail

1
*Make for me
the song that hollows
its own spot —
turning and turning
in place like
our setter dog
treading out a bed
for the night.*

2.
*I was most happy
when you sang
your child's voice
tunes for lying down
and rising up;
a brush parts
the black hair
you unbind
the night.*

— Steve Lewandowski
Bellingham

Poetry

SHRIMP LADY

*You are someones wife, you
with rotten teeth and your persistence.
Nosing into our car you show us
shrimp under chips of ice.
And your eyes are
seeking another buyer as your words
tell me the price.
This strong husband of yours has
risen early to throw his nets and
you are spending the hot day in the
city finding people to buy what he
has caught.
What do you have with him?
A hut? Growing children who
sell Chiclets to tourists? Some
closeness at night?
Long days away spent selling the
tiny shrimp from his nets.*

— Polly Mebus
Seattle



Photo by Rod del Pozo

RECIPES OUT OF THE

MO

CLOUD SOUP

1 medium onion
sunflower oil
2 sprigs parsley
½ tsp thyme
a few peppercorns
a 1-inch piece of ginger root
1 tsp miso
1 stalk celery thinly sliced
2 carrots thinly sliced
½ small cabbage finely shredded
soy sauce, sea salt & pepper to taste

Chop onion & brown in sunflower oil in large pot. Add remaining ingredients & at least 2 quarts of water. Soup will be thin but strong-flavored. Cook just long enough for vegetables to become tender (20-30 minutes). Season to taste and let stand so flavor can ripen.

CLOUDS

2 fresh eggs
1 tsp. salt
cold water
whole wheat flour

Mix together, adding enough flour to make batter drop by spoonful. Thin with cold water if necessary. Cook a few at a time in simmering soup for 15 minutes.

BENJAMIN'S EXTRACT

3pts. Pernod
6pts. White Creme de Cocoa
4pts. Cream

Blend together with ice; serve in martini glass sprinkled with nutmeg.



FROM THE WHOLE WHEAT HEART OF YASHA AGINSKY

BY CARRIE ROSE and MELINDA PETERSON DUTTON 1971.

WITH THE EXCEPTION OF *

MUSHROOM & PEPPER SALAD

½ lb. fresh mushrooms
1 green pepper
1 small onion
1 tsp. hot paprika
⅓ cup sunflower oil
1 tsp grated orange peel
juice of 1 lemon
sea salt
pepper to taste

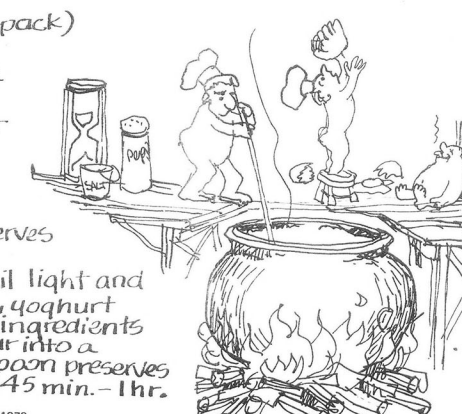
Slice mushrooms, pepper & onion; Marinate in remaining ingredients for at least 1 hour.

JUG

B.B. KING'S SWEET DOWN-HOME LOVING CHOCOLATE CAKE BLUES.

1 cup soft sweet butter
1 cup raw sugar (do not pack)
2 eggs
1 cup natural dutch cocoa
1 cup live yoghurt
¾ cup whole wheat flour
¼ cup wheat germ
1 tsp. salt
2 tsp baking powder
½ cup stoned cherry preserves

Cream butter & sugar 'til light and fluffy. Add eggs, cocoa, yoghurt and beat well. Add dry ingredients and again beat well. Pour into a well-buttered pan and spoon preserves over top. Bake at 350° 45 min. - 1 hr.

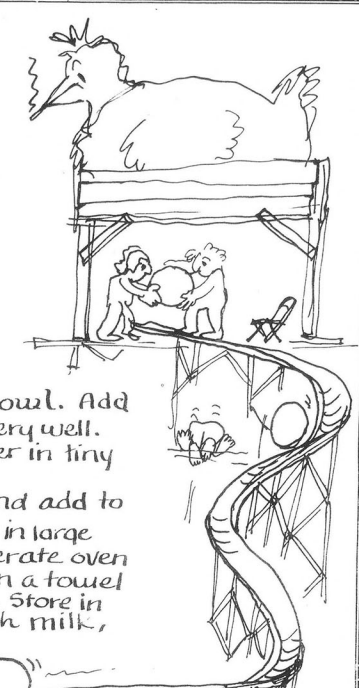


TON OF JOY

1 lb. oat flakes
wheat flakes
rye flakes
brown rice flakes
2 cups wheat germ
1-1½ cups sunflower oil
1 cup warmed dark honey
8 oz. almonds
8 oz. walnuts
8 oz. sesame seeds
4 oz. dried apricots
4 oz. dark raisins

Combine grains in huge bowl. Add oil, then honey and blend very well. Mixture should hold together in tiny pieces.

Chop nuts in large pieces and add to mixture. Pack ½ inch deep in large shallow pan. Toast in moderate oven until evenly browned. Cool on a towel and add chopped dried fruit. Store in large plastic bag. Serve with milk, yoghurt and fresh fruit.



GET Y'ALL SMASHED

¼ lb. soft sweet butter
⅓ oz. hash
½ cup raw honey
1 farm fresh egg
½ cup live yoghurt
4 bananas
2 cups whole wheat flour
½ tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. nutmeg
handful of walnuts

Cream butter with wooden spoon until light and fluffy. Grind or grate hashish to a powder. Mix into butter and let stand for as long as possible (a day or two). Add honey & blend until creamy. Add everything else (smash bananas and chop walnuts) and beat well. Pour into a buttered baking dish, decorate w/ walnuts (halves) and bake in moderate oven for 1 hour.



ONE MORE LOVE POEM

In days when
we were
very young
" catholic, yet somehow
" nearly daily finding
ways for exploration, you

went to
confession. Said
the priest, "Young
Lady, his
body is
a Temple! When
you touch him you
throw paint
on the walls
of the house
of GOD!"

Tonight,
after three
years six months of being
Married, my very skin
seems to scream 'Jackson
Pollock has been
here!' I breathe rain-
bows and sing
"Alleluia!"

Gerald Fleming
San Francisco



AFTER THE OUTPOURING

Like tongue and groove,
our presences, too, must fit.
I knew that, yet
late this Sunday night
let myself nail my
self to you. You've
been hurt: what
can I say? I only
use embarassment
to wrench this wretch my
self away.

Gerald Fleming
San Francisco

poetry

NIGHT WATCH

Sleep holds her in the night,
as her hopes hold her next to me;
and I hear our measured breathing.
It is three o'clock and the double bed
is held in winter darkness by the moon
that slants its light
past but not in the casement.

I lie folded in the warmth
of sleep-filled sheets;
but I am awake now.
Was it the cry of a child,
an owl, or a seeking cat I heard?

I move softly down the tunnelled black
of the hall toward the eye of light
that keeps fright crouched
at the edge of the darkness
for my older daughter, eight.
She sleeps with lips parted,
one hand under her cheek.

My two sons, aliens, men-to-be, myself,
lie in rumpled blankets.
If they cried out, it was from a dream
of growing; they settle back
against the comforting pillows of sleep.

The youngest fourth sprawls cribbed,
growing girlish hair baby-fine against her forehead,
her form blanketed by thick fleeced pajamas
and languageless dreams of warm milk.

I follow my sleep back to the partnered bed
and the now cooled sheets of my half.
She sleeps still, restlessly now,
toward the alarm call of morning hunger
and school-edged children.

I fall away into the fading moon
of the briefly dying night
next to this woman
where usual accident has grown to purpose
and some sun will open like a bud
upon the stalk of morning.

O. Howard Winn
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

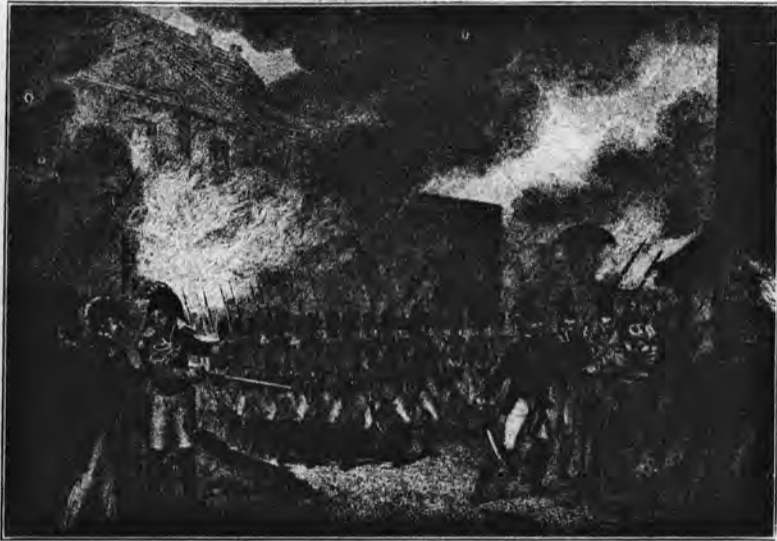


Photo by Rod del Pozo

Two-in-One Review:

Tolstoi/Bondarchuk

WAR AND PEACE



NAPOLEON IN 1814



by richard prior

It has often been said that Count Lev Tolstoi's *War and Peace* is the greatest novel ever written; Sergei Bondarchuk's cinematic interpretation may well be the greatest film ever made. It is a magnificent visual and emotional panorama, a tale of many lives caught and transformed in a great upheaval of social and historical events; the characters are compelled by forces which they can neither understand nor control, which overlap and intertwine, leaving the mind dazed and reeling. The viewer is left to ponder the same questions Tolstoi and his characters do: why do we kill each other, why are we slaves to our passions and ideals, why do we pursue folly after folly with the same blind, mad, uncomprehending determination and longing?

The story revolves around three families of the Russian aristocracy; it spans approximately a decade surrounding the year 1812, a year when the armies of Napoleon, gathered from nations all over Europe, invaded Russia. For the Russian people it was a holy war, with the leaders invoking God to smite the invaders and drive them from mother Russia. Processions of gold-robed monks march solemnly across the battlefield, carrying arks and icons and leading the men in fervent hymns; invoking in each that being who fears death, seeks meaning, and wishes to do God's will.

Thus religion becomes a tool of the state, while the cosmic religious sense remains a powerful force in humanity: the force of growth, the "meaning" of suffering and a reason to endure it, to grow toward the light as the oak tree grows. The dying soldier falls on his back, looks up at the sky through the oak tree and realized that he and that are one, that he is life, godlike, eternal. He wants to manifest it, celebrate it . . . He doesn't know why people want to stab him, shoot bullets into him, blow him up, kill him. Not knowing for sure why this is happening to him, why he is here, what his "duty" truly is, in fear, he fights for his life. This is how it is for most of them.

The Russian army meets the forces of Napoleon at the climactic battle of Borodino, a fantastic 40-minute sequence in the film, seen through the eyes of Pierre. Pierre is one of the main characters, the bastard son of a nobleman, who ascends to the circles of aristocracy via unexpected inheritance. He feels inferior, alienated, not at all brave, aghast at the vanity and barbarity and meaninglessness of life around him. As a civilian, he is drawn to Borodino almost out of a sense of curiosity, a desperate attempt to try to understand the forces at work; he wants to "become a new man", to grasp some sense of meaning in his life, which has been building through a series of painful events almost to a state of shock.

Pierre, (played by Bondarchuk), is in love with Natasha Rostov, a teenage girl who seems to represent the flower of youth; she is beauty and innocence, (which all men desire), emerging from her teens into a woman as the war comes.

Natasha feels close to Pierre in a brotherly sort of way, but her great love is reserved for Andrei, Prince Andrei Bolkonsky, Pierre's best friend. Andrei, whose young wife has recently died in childbirth, loves Natasha too, but is afraid of her emotional dependence. The death of his wife has taught him not to have faith in his own dependability; he purges himself again and again in battle, where the men depend on his courage. His emotions are repressed and he does his duty, just like his father. All of the characters bear the mark of their parents, who also play large parts in the story.

In the long months while Andrei is gone, the betrothed (and bored and anxious) Natasha has an unexpected and disastrous affair with a dashing young officer, Anatole Kuragin. Anatole (the brother of Pierre's wife), is married, but decides to try to elope with Natasha anyway. The attempt is foiled, and the next time you see handsome young Anatole is when he's having his leg blown off at Borodino.

Andrei is crushed by news of the affair; he's had such a hard time regaining his will to live since his wife's death, such a hard time making himself care about emotional contact with others, and now this, right on top of the death of his father. All roads lead to death; he goes into battle feeling that he has learned the ultimate and terrible truth and that he will now die, that he is in fact already dead inside, just awaiting the event. Pierre, meanwhile, confounded by the passion which drives even children to glorify and desire war, slouches toward Borodino to be born. In his aristocratic dress, he is laughed at by the peasant soldiers; "Twenty thousand of them about to die," he muses, "and they wonder at my hat."

The battle itself, the looting and burning of Moscow, and the subsequent defeat of the conquering army by the bitter Russian winter are the visual highlights of the film, and in these the greatest fidelity is achieved. If the story calls for ten thousand men to charge across a field, Bondarchuk sends ten thousand men out there to trample it to hell. He's constantly doing things like zooming out of the thick of battle and shooting the scene from a thousand feet in the air, and the screen is still filled with motion and activity; the cavalry charging like so many ants, the flash of explosions, pillars and clouds of drifting smoke. On the ground, the camera sees it through Pierre's eyes, making 360 degree sweeps as he reels in shock and horror, and everywhere is chaos, death, deafening explosions, clouds of fire, thundering cavalry charges, cannon fusillades, screaming mutilation, terrified horses leaping through clouds of smoke. The effect is stunning, overwhelming (and, the presence of the Moscow Symphony Orchestra notwithstanding), the nearest thing I can imagine to war and history as it really was and really is.

As for the years of peace, they are spent in struggle with passions and desires, in pursuit of happiness at balls and parties, in sorrow and longing and jealous enmity. Everyone tries to keep themselves busy, to avoid asking themselves those big questions at all costs and by any means; no one seems to find truth until faced with death or overwhelming crisis. Old people on their death beds struggle through their failing flesh to transmit the truth that they have seen; young men dying in the trampled grass find truth in the clouds parting to reveal the sky. "For nearly three acres surrounding the dressing stations, the grass and the ground were soaked with blood." From the sky, it is a small dark spot in one field, among many. We see the truth in the green, rolling hills, in the sunsets, in the warmth of the light in a lover's eyes. The dead bride's voice echoes from the oak tree to haunt us: "I loved you all, I never harmed anyone; what have you done to me?"

The film is six hours long, and is usually shown in two parts on successive days. This helps bring the characters to life, as their fortunes pervade the viewer's "normal" consciousness during the interval; another thing that helps bring them to life is that they're all played by Russians, with marvelous Russian faces that are new to most of us, associated only with the characters.

Historical events and epochs have direct effects on the lives of nearly all who live through them; history is (not?) waiting to both mold and be molded by all of us, whatever we do. Right now, all over the world, forces roughly similar in their opposing class nature are massing, and appear to be on a collision course. Each of us exists both in and not in history; we're born at some social level within a given time period, with its unique and special demands and conditions; but at the same time we live instant by instant outside of time, in the simple self-aware place of life just realizing that it is alive, with eternity stretching away in all directions. The trick is to get a grasp on the historical perspective and see what part we play in that, while at the same time, somehow, trying to live our lives as we want them to be, finding the personal truth and meaning which transcends history. Personally, I think/feel *War and Peace* can be a means toward that end. I'd give it about a 98 point 6.

EAST IS EAST?

Pitching Woo

The following excerpts are from a 1967 book entitled *China in the Throes of the Cultural Revolution* by Louis Barcata. Mr. Barcata is a journalist on the editorial staff of the Austrian newspaper *Die Presse*; he visited China in 1958, 1963 and 1967, and has authored five books on the Asian political situation.

The reader should beware of drawing conclusions about contemporary China from these excerpts from an interview with a woman from the Red Guard. They are included because they may have something to do with what's happening in many of our relationships now (and because, when read with humor and compassion, they are a tragic comedy of youth and age).

A beautiful, slim girl presses her way toward me. She pushes the boys aside and asks, "How was it, really, that in 1956 the Soviet Union could attack Hungary from the back and bombard a friendly country to pieces?"

... She had the temperament of a volcano just about to erupt. She displayed an excitingly quick comprehension. Her home had been in Yungning, a medium-sized city near the Sino-Vietnamese border. She had studied in Peking and Shanghai. Three months before our meeting, she had joined the Red Guards on their travels throughout the country

... Her name was Li, and she was twenty. Her father, she said, was an official in a tractor company. "A bourgeois milieu, then?" I asked.

She smiled wanly. Yes, prior to the Revolution, the enterprise had belonged to her family.

"Bourgeois longings, perhaps?"

On the contrary. "If you took me apart, you would find that I consist of nothing but revolutionary élan. I hate injustice."

"Yes. I am on the side of the Hungarians, when they are being suppressed. It is permissible to eliminate individuals and even certain sections of a population in the name of the Revolution, but not to destroy nations whose majority wants to go their own way."

"What do you think of the Cultural Revolution?"

"It was necessary."

"Why?"

"Because the Mandarin system is beginning to re-emerge. This is the basic evil of the Chinese mentality. It seems we are incapable of living in an era of radical change, of coping with the currents that characterize our epoch. We are not 'swimmers.' We always want to hold on to something, to stand on safe ground and to settle there. Only a continuous revolution that will turn our people inside out can help us get rid of this mentality which will — again and again — throw us into a bourgeois situation."

... The group showed little interest in the life of the people in the Free World. They asked no questions about how Western women live, about what Western youth is doing. When I made a cautious attempt to find out details of Miss Li's personal life, she raised her head in astonishment about my hesitancy and ventured, "Ask whatever you like. Don't be shy." To begin with, I wanted to learn something about Li's family. She said, "I respect my parents and wish them well."

"Do you love them?"

"Not really. I don't miss them. I am not sad when they don't write to me. Nor do I have the desire to tell them what I am doing and how I am getting along."

"Wouldn't you like to return to your parents if you fell ill?"

"No. I would rather go to a good hospital. Nowhere in China is one better cared for than in a good hospital. After all, at home no one has the time to bother about you. Everyone is working, and they are tired when they get home."

"What about emotional problems? Wouldn't you want to talk them over with your parents?"

"Emotional problems? I have none."

人

"Have you never failed an exam?"

"Oh, yes. It was tough. But in this matter, no one can help me but I myself."

"Have you every been engaged?"

"No. What for?"

"Don't you want to get married then?"

"Oh yes. Perhaps. Probably. I really don't know. It isn't important at the moment."

"No love affairs?"

She laughed heartily. "No, no love affairs. Men are not nearly so interesting as politics."

"Not even any flirtations?"

She stiffened a bit. "You mean, to smooch around with young men, without letting matters reach their proper conclusion? We don't think about such things. If there are common intellectual and political interests between two people, why should they introduce physical complications that can lead to no good? Or if there is no intellectual basis for a relationship, why should I mess around with a man who only wants to hold my hand and doesn't even know why and for what we live?"

"Do love affairs play no part in the lives of young Chinese people?"

"I believe they do to some extent. There are even a few atypical individuals who consider physical relations important. But this is not the general rule. Here, of course, we can do what we want and act as we wish. There are no social taboos for young people."

I permitted myself to express some doubts. I asked her where she lived. She said she was quartered in a former Party office, which at the moment was vacant. Did she have a room to herself? Again, she laughed in a certain way, as though she wanted to clap her hands above her head, but felt it would be impolite to do so.

"I believe," she said, serious again, "that at the moment only a very few young people in China have rooms to themselves."

"You have sexually segregated dormitories?"

"Oh yes, if only for practical reasons."

"Are there illegitimate children?"

Miss Li paused to consider. "I think probably now and again. On the other hand, while we were traveling all over the country during the Cultural Revolution, we girls often enough had to spend a night in the same room with a man. Yet, I have rarely heard of incidents."

"Rarely?"

"Well, yes. When millions of people are on the move, there are bound to be a few undisciplined individuals among them. But I doubt that any of them repeated their offense."

"Has anything ever happened to you?"

"No. But my group is particularly effective in indirect, wordless condemnation. Those who do not conform slink away after a few days like many dogs."

"By European standards, you are very beautiful, Miss Li. Surely, you must be aware of the fact that you appeal to your male comrades."

Miss Li put down her chopsticks, wiped her mouth with her sleeve, loudly sucked some moisture up her delicate nose, rocked on her chair, and then said calmly, "You see, I am just not interested in this matter. It would only create problems. I am still too young to marry. Once I am ready, I would like most of all to marry a man with whom I can entertain myself seriously the way I am now doing with you. Naturally, I would have children but they would follow."

"You do not hanker after passion, after a great love?"

"My great love is already promised."

"But you have asserted that you had not yet met anyone...?"

Now this long-legged, proud, self-possessed creature, who believed in nothing but the power of the "gray matter" in her head, became shy, like a very young girl.

"Do you love Mao?" I asked in consternation.

"Yes, I do love Mao."

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WEST IS WEST?

The following excerpts are from a late-60's book entitled *Monday Night Class* by Stephen Gaskin. Mr. Gaskin is a vintage Haight-Ashbury acid freak sidewalk guru, who appears (at least verbally) to be even more of a sexist than Mr. Barcata. In spite of this, some five hundred "cats and chicks" follow him as their personal and spiritual master. About half of them are married couples, and marriage is encouraged. They all live on a self-sufficient, 100-acre rural commune in Tennessee.

TANTRIC YOGA

Following are some of Mr. Gaskin's views on sex, marriage (he has three spouses), and relationships.

It's really neat, tantric lovemaking, tantric yoga. How many people are hip to that? Yeah. Tantric yoga is the yoga of the nervous system, and as a sub-heading of that is the yoga of sex. Because sex . . . I don't know what we think sex is, some of it is for babies, some of it is for manipulating your nervous system. For being able to do to your nervous system what you want done . . . and you need somebody to help you.

So like tantric loving is, instead of being two people in a rush to feel good . . . you know, I'm gonna feel good off you and you're gonna feel good off me . . . is two people sorting out their energy until they're both on.

You want to feel each other's field, and know how to feel your way to get right into it, to be one with it, to be right there. And so while you're doing that your attention will try to wander. Because your attention is not impressed by anything . . . much. It'll try to wander from anywhere, until you get it trained. So while you're doing that thing and your attention wanders, you'll be there and one minute you'll be making love and you'll be all involved in that and the next minute you'll be thinking about that cat who said that funny thing to you yesterday. And then you'll say, what in hell am I doing thinking about that thing now? What am I thinking about that now for, this is much more exciting than that was. And then you'll come back to the here and now, so you come back to here and now . . . bang! Aahhh, that's good, so here you are . . . and you find yourself thinking about your mother-in-law. Mother-in-law! Far out! What am I doing out there? So you grab your attention. . .

Look around and see which part of your relationship in the here and now is not getting enough attention. Where are you shorting out, where are you touching someone and not knowing it . . . see? And take that thing and say, well, my-my, here are a couple of knee bones that are together that I hadn't noticed were together. And pay attention to those two knee-bones, man, and turn them on. And hang on behind that because pretty soon you'll find your attention wandering again.

In time you get all of your wandering attention tentacles grabbed and fastened back into the system that you're working on. Right there . . . when you get all of your tentacles plugged back into the system, you got the holes plugged in your bucket, and you and her is going to get off. Well, that's one good way to learn about plugging holes in your bucket, because most holes in your bucket is your attention wandering. That's a real good way, because you can assume that anything else you're paying attention to is secondary, when you're in that situation.

Getting straight

LOVING MEDITATION

(Q) I make love because I want to get my energy together. It's my meditation, it's what I do instead of sitting in a lotus position. It's really neat. I got three other people who I'm married to, all of whom are interested in my being straight and I'm interested in them being straight. And so we all work at it all the time. We keep each other pretty well ripped off as far as attachments and stuff go. Like if somebody gets out of line and starts getting on an attachment trip somebody says, Hey, man, you're attached. We stay as high as we can all the time, and if we aren't high we're finding out why not.

(Q) What about excluding vibes. Here's the thing about vibes, the vibes are going to happen anyway. Because the vibes are going to behave according to the normal laws of field behavior. No matter what any of you say about that. See? In the old frontier colonies, the square-dance trip, they had the Virginia Reel. That's all the men in the community lined up in a line and all the women in the community lined up in a line. And the dance took as long as it took for each member of the community to do a little dance with each member of the opposite sex in the entire community . . . you know, swing your partner in front of you and swing the one next to you, then you go down the line and swing every lady down the line, and your old lady comes back, and all that jazz. Well, look, in the Sufi trip for instance a lot of the transmission of magic or baraka or vital energy or life forces is done through dance. And the way it's done is the dance doesn't have to be fancy, all you gotta do is get several people together, stand there together, and go through the same motion at the same time. The dance neither has to be pretty nor graceful nor anything else, all it's gotta be done in is unison. See? And if you do something at the same time as somebody a few times you pick up their vibe a little bit. Your field meshes with theirs because you're both varying at the same kind of variable at the same kind of time . . . right?

Well dig about a square dance then, like the Virginia Reel kind especially, where you got two lines with everybody there. You go out and you run through a real magical riff, man, and dance dance dance, both do the same dances together, whang - whang - whang, wind it up with each member, man, you vibe with everybody, all the way down the line.


The early Puritan communities and the early Western communities were so small they couldn't afford a lot of shopping around and stuff, because the karma was too thick and too heavy, you got bad feeling trips . . . so they worked out a little ceremony, man, a little ceremony to stir up everybody's vibes, soak 'em all around together, then everybody could be cool about it. Also this thing right here is tantric lovemaking . . . to be really accurate. Because we're sitting here splitting fields and relaxing together, you know, and it feels better and better as we sit and do it. We get really stoned.

LIFETIME TRIP


(Q) I think you should be able to do a lifetime trip with somebody, and you can. You know. And it's really neat to do it. Like it's really neat to get with somebody and say, Okay, if I ain't straight with you I'm gonna get straight with you. And that's really important. Cause, if you do a thing like that, when you do get straight, you know how come you got that way, and you're really tight, and you're on for the cruise. But both people gotta want that to happen, if you're gonna have that happen. I was married a couple of times before . . . I feel very settled now, I really feel lifetime, I just feel solid as a rock, this trip, it's the best thing I ever had going, I really dig it. The major things about my earlier marriages was that we weren't agreed on anything at all about getting straight or being straight or what straight was, and what makes a marriage of any number of people stay together is to want to be straight . . . and then put the energy in it, put it on the rock, man, put it on the rock and you can do it. And if you make it with a lifetime mate you're really on for a good thing, because you can get more and more subtle, and heavier and heavier, and closer and closer, and more and more telepathic, and it's really lovely. You know, it's a good thing to work out. The nice thing about the particular four thing I do is . . . wow, you gotta change everything and say, whole new electrical system, you know . . . cut loose everything you know, no expectations, look and see what's here and now really in front of you. No expectations. You dig? That's what's really real. Find out what's in front of you and get straight with that. We really love each other a lot, we really groove. A tantric marriage is a spiritual marriage. Everything about it is a magical ceremony. Okay . . . I'll tell you how we got married. It happened to us, it fell on us one night, we were like really stoned and suddenly found ourselves all out of our bodies together and swapping around . . . And I knew what I got back was twenty-five per cent of what I put out and twenty-five per cent of everybody else. And we didn't talk about it, at all, at that time. And it blew all our minds. And the telepathy was perfect. And then we sat around and got afraid to cop to it. You know? And we separated temporarily. And then, soon as I was alone with Margaret, I say, Hey, there's something really telepathic and really heavy went down in that last twenty minutes in there, and I want to find out what it was, and I don't want to be prejudiced by any of my information, so I'm not gonna tell you what it was. You tell me what it was. And if it's the same thing I thought it was, then we got something else to do. And she says, Well, yeah, and she copped that she felt that too. I said, If you felt that and I felt that, I betcha Michael and Ina May felt that too, how about that? She says, We better go ask. And they were there, and they'd been saying, Hey, how about that far out thing that happened . . . Then we saw each other and said, Hey, how about that? And we got so stoned in copping to the communication, so ripped on that, and it was so fine and so real that we said, This thing is so real and that communication is so real that we'll stay together, to commemorate it . . . forever. It's kinda late, and we can come again next week. Good night and God bless you.

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Ginsberg Interview...(cont.)

For the next couple of weeks we were running around Australia. I found the intensity of my devotion to him in the heart area — a warm, aching feeling in the heart, growing and growing and growing, and becoming more and more desirous and narcotic-like, and more and more satisfactory to carry around with me. And I found him responding in a very similar way to me. I realized that that same warmth was growing in his breast to me, and that what was building it was the naked chastity that we were practicing together. When we got on the stage and played together — I was singing mantras, blues and playing harmonium and he playing dobro — and the erotic communication between us got ecstatic and delirious. It couldn't be withheld. We'd keep bursting out in song and eye glances which turned the audience on completely, and turned me on, and turned him on. So I was feeling another kind of very subtle, ethereal orgasm that seemed to occupy the upper portions of the body rather than the genital area.

Though I've always been prejudiced against that kind of sublimation, thinking of it as some sort of sublimation of primary, holy sex drives, the experience was so delicious that I can't really put it down for any moral reason at all. I recommend it; everyone should have that experience, too. You could have a total relation.

I know lots of men who are thinking along those lines. They may not want to sleep naked together, but they have a love thrill in the breast for each other and yet are completely heterosexual genitally. And I wouldn't be surprised if that is, among the mass of men, a universal experience, completely accepted, completely common, completely shared.

The idea of a buddy is just the vulgarization of it. The tradition of comradeship, of companionship, spoken of in the Bible between David and Jonathan — all the way to the body relationships as we love them — all these are probably intense love relationships which the gay lib movement, in its political phase, has not yet accepted and integrated as delightful manifestations of human communication, satisfactory to everybody. In other words, there's a lot of political and communal development open to the gay lib movement as it includes more and more varieties of love, besides genital. It may be that the bridge between gay liberation and men's liberation is in the mutual recognition of the masculine tenderness that was denied both groups for so long.

YOUNG: In your development as a yoga person, have you come across the somewhat anti-homosexual writings of certain yoga masters?

GINSBERG: No, I've never seen any of those. A couple of months ago I got into a conversation with the teacher I'm working with now, Chogyam Trungpa Tulku, incarnate lama, and asked him what he thought about homosexuality. He said he thought it was interesting. I asked him if he thought it was negative or bad. He said, "No, it doesn't make any difference what forms the bodies are; the important thing is the communication." This is very sensible, clear and really important. With communication overt, homosexual lovemaking is obviously terrific and charming. Without communication it's a drag. . . .

So, that's really the direction, I think, for gay lib, for men's lib, the release of emotions, finally a release of tenderness that's being suppressed. . . .

Whitman was saying that emotional giving between men, acceptance between men, has not been developed in America. One would say nowadays that it's been repressed by the spirit of competition and rivalry characteristic of capitalist home economics. A concomitant potential of a communal, fraternity would be brotherly tenderness at least. That tenderness has been denied to the southern redneck and is responsible for his disrelation both with men and women. We don't yet know what the result would be of men forming closer emotional ties, or of the making conscious of those emotional ties and the acceptance of them as a political significance.

What's the alternative? You can bring up the spectre of Greek love and its anti-feminist concomitant and point out aspects of that in behavior of the beatniks — a fear of women, at least with me. But you would also have to see it as a real, heart-felt, native development, out of the fear and restrictiveness of the situation that we were brought up with: distrust, hatred, paranoia and competition between men rather than cooperation; and the same also between men and women.

Whitman was most sensitive of that because of his blocked love for men, because he couldn't make it with men openly and publicly. He had to find a way of expressing his adhesiveness, as he calls it.

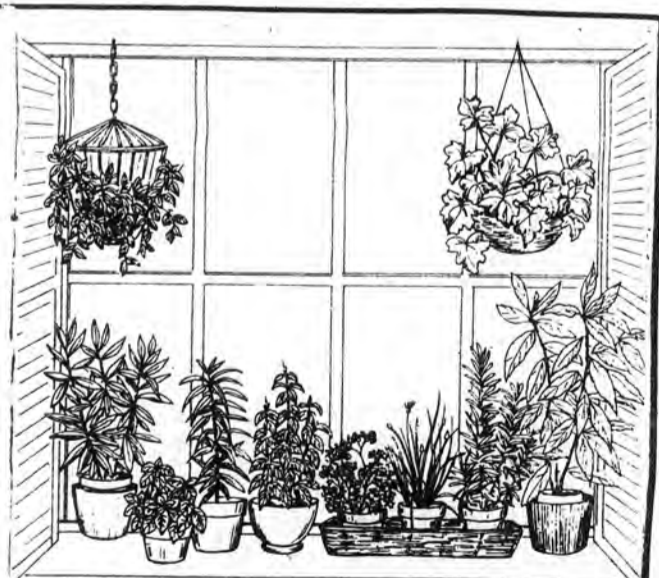
I think a liberation of emotion between men would also lead to a liberation or straightening out of relations between men and women, because men would no longer have to be men in relation to women in the sense of hard and conquistador. They might have a much more relaxed relationship in which they weren't continuously obliged to be sexualized but could be just friends, or fond. Men's non-sexual friendship with women is now considered unmanly. So the development of frankly emotional, non-genital friendships with men might mean also the development, the opening up of frankly emotional non-genital friendships with women.

FRANK EMOTIONAL TENDERNESS

I'm saying and Whitman is saying that the antidote to the Hemingway and military macho scene is the development of frank, emotional tenderness and an acknowledgement of tenderness as the basis of genital or non-genital emotion. It may resolve itself in more men friendships, a democratization of friendships, so that it's not exclusively friendships between men and women on a sexual basis. I think it would resolve a lot of the macho conflict and contradictions.

Your own heart is your guru. The main slogan, instruction, teaching, compass and fidelity of the whole love situation is the heart which must always be followed because there's no otherplace to go. And that will dissolve perplexities of ideology, or complexities of the political fix we're into. Following the heart a little more — there's a way of avoiding the pitfalls of hyper-intellectual, ideological dead-ends, which both homosexuals and radicals have gotten into.

Rely on your feelings and trust your feelings. I think a lot of homosexual conflict comes from internalizing society's distrust of your loves, finally doubting your own loves, and therefore not being able to act on them. I think it's important to accept rejection. The more you have to accept rejection, the more you leave yourself vulnerable to be rejected, the more you have a chance of getting laid, of scoring, both for heart and for cock. The more you open yourself up and give yourself, continuously without rancor, and accept rejection from people who are either too timid or who don't want you, the more open you'll be to your feelings, the more you'll communicate, the more likely you'll just connect.



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Baba Ram Dass

...(cont.)

continued from page 5

like that. Well I said them because that's the way it was. And that's not sexist, that's the way it is. There are subtler places in there which are indeed sexist. And slowly...like I talk on the radio, and when I talk about guru or god, I talk about he; because it's a cultural tradition, alright? I get so many calls about she, and the divine mother or goddess, that now I am so hypersensitive on the radio, the minute I say h-I say she or it...half the time I say she and he...I don't know how to deal with it. I mean I don't know what to do except to get terribly ponderous at this point to keep everybody happy. So everytime I say guru I call it "it"... I mean I'm doing the best I can, because it's culturally ponderous. Person, chairperson, is not a comfortable term for me at this moment.

s: Well, but it may become...

BRD: It may be.

s: Although it's working out that people are called chairman, and chairperson, you know, meaning woman.

BRD: Yeah, right. I think that some of the stuff is sexist, and some of it isn't, and it takes somebody who is secure in their own sexuality to hear the difference. Somebody who is not secure in their sexuality hits everything...just out, everything. I'm not feeling that the major thrust of women's liberation is in things like labels. I think it's part of it but not it's key thrust.

s: Don't you think labels really condition the way people think about the world and deal with it?

BRD: No doubt about it.

s: Your know, we're raised in the society of mankind...and the wise men, and...

BRD: Yeah, but I'll tell you something -- if you change all the conditioning, you're still going to have...I mean, I think that most American women are really on very...I think they are still very much out of tune with their biological beings. I'm not debating it, I'm just telling you how I see it, okay?

s: That's because women are raised with such contradictory expectations.

BRD: The women...listen, as far as I'm concerned it's a very momistic society. The women are creating the universe as far as I'm concerned in America. I think it's much more momism than a paternalistic society.

s: The men get to control it.

BRD: Only indirectly; behind every man is his mother. (laughter) It's very, very subtle as to who's getting the men to achieve and do it all.

s: Do you think that your studies of Freud and things like that influenced your feelings about women a lot?

BRD: Freud was really in a very unfortunate place about women. I'm sure they did influence me. I think it's alright to point up all this stuff, as long as you see it as stuff, and not the essence of the matter. The essence of the matter is your own comfort as a woman, and your own feeling in harmony with not only your womanness, but the understanding that you are a woman *also*. But behind it, here we are, right? When you recognize that in yourself, then all your work for women's liberation does indeed liberate women. When you are caught in your identity as a woman, first -- and that's an attachment -- then, no matter how nice the thing is you're doing for women's liberation, it's really entrapping everybody.

s: It's hard not to be caught in either being a woman or a man; that's the first question anyone asks about a baby.

BRD: Nobody asks me that.

s: Sure, but everyone knows that you're a boy, because you have a beard. People find it very disturbing when they can't tell whether a person is male or female.

BRD: Look, I don't question that people get attached, to all things...I mean, if you meet somebody that has any kind of noticeable physical characteristics, they become the dominant theme; whether it's color, or one eye in the middle of the

head or whatever it is... There are a lot of things in society like that...like being poor, it's hard not to get caught in being poor, because about the second question asked is how much money you have, in this society, or how affluent or how mobile you are, or whether you're on welfare or whatever...While it's hard not to get caught in these things, we're talking about becoming conscious. If it's hard, that just means you work harder to not get caught in that stuff. That isn't an apology for myself, nor for you. We may explain why many people do get caught, but once we see it, we've got to work on that.

s: Do you feel that without wanting sex and security that people will still want to be part of couples?

BRD: Yes, because for many of us, being part of couples is the way to come to god.

RIGHT HERE, NOW WHAT

Bystander: Can I ask you just one question?

BRD: Sure.

B: Okay...um, it's sort of an advice thing. My boyfriend is very frustrated; he wants a job, yet he doesn't know if he does, and he's very, very twisted, really frustrated. What I was wondering was, should I say something to him, or should I be there if he wants to talk to me, or, how can I help him to find out what he wants? He has his bike, I told you, but should I open my mouth and start saying things, or should I be quiet?

BRD: A lot of people come to me seeking advice, just like now. My first reaction is to make sure that who it is I'm talking to is us. I'm not telling you what to do...we are sharing the predicament together. I'm telling you the method now, I'm sharing with you the method. The method is, first of all, sharing the recognition that here we are...you and your boyfriend, here we are. The loving of the being behind the person who is in that dilemma...See, like your true boyfriend isn't the guy with the motorcycle who doesn't have the job and is frustrated; that's his story line. That's the melodrama he's living out at this moment. Behind motorcycleness and no job and frustration and all that, here we are. And to the extent that you meet him in the place of here we are, that gives him the strength, from that place, to start to change the dance. The minute you label him as a motorcyclist, or as this person without a job, -- see

and that's the thing about labeling people as a woman, or labeling them as a man -- the minute you label somebody, you define, you start to define. The minute you define, you start to limit the possibilities, and you start to lock a person into an identity. I honestly, inside myself, I neither feel like a man nor a woman, nor do I feel white nor black, nor do I feel old nor young, nor any polarity you can name. I don't feel it... I *can*, I'm not out of contact with reality, with *this* reality; I can look and say well, there's a 42 year old body, and yes it's a male, and yes it's bald, and yes it's this and I can see all that. But what my identity is isn't with that; that's the packaging, but that isn't the identity. It's the same thing in almost all these situations; it's the same thing between a parent and a child. It's like do you say this is my child, like my wife, or my husband? In the possessive sense? Or is it like here's another being, and we are in this dance, in which you are this time the child and I am this time the mother, or you are this time the woman, and I am this time the man, and this is the dance we do. But behind it here we are, and that's the essence of it; that we keep finding in ourselves the place behind all our social roles, and thus allow other people to find theirs thru us. So you become an environment for every human being you meet, in terms of the nature of your own being. Can you hear that? So that's really all you can do for another person; all the rest of it is your opinions and their opinions. The thing you can do for another person is just be right here with them, and say right, okay, we've all got our problems, and here we are, now what.

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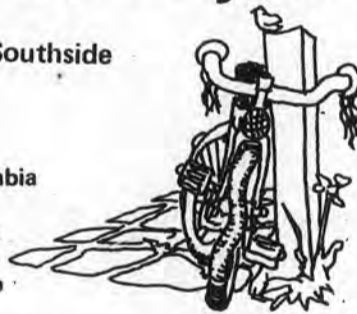
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EGO NOTES

Sex and the Single Sowbug

Sowbugs

P. I. Marikovskij, Doctor of Biological Sciences, has spent several years on the investigation of the family life and habits of desert sow bugs and has made some interesting observations which recently were published in the Soviet journal *Priroda* (Nature). Sow bugs start to dig their burrows in the spring and simultaneously begins the complex mating period which is subjected to numerous "regulations." When a female sow bug begins to dig a burrow, she is surrounded by many willing sex partners. First she refuses all offers and the "eligible bachelors" stage prolonged duels in front of the burrow. These duels, however, never result in bloodshed but consist of the bugs shoving each other away from the entrance to the burrow, while the female owner of the burrow pushes away all the undesirable aspirants with the front portion of her body until the most suitable one is allowed to enter.

A similar ceremony, only in reverse, may occur when the male digs the burrow. When one of the pair leaves to look for food, the other conducts a strict watch and blocks the entrance to any intruders. Only after careful identification with the feelers is the returning mate admitted back home. Sow bugs often pair off at an early age, much before reproduction can take place. This is said to be the most unusual trait in their biology. Their eggs are carefully guarded by both parents and the newly hatched babies are closely watched by the older sow bugs.

When the young sow bugs are allowed to leave the burrow for the surface, they are accompanied by their parents, but if one of them wanders beyond the allowed limits, it is immediately driven back into the burrow. If a young sow bug strays away accidentally, it is freely allowed to enter any other burrow. This friendliness indicates the concern sow bugs have for their own offsprings as well as those of other bugs. As soon as the offspring grow up, the old sow bugs die and their bodies are eaten by the offspring. This is done almost as a ritual, since sow bugs never eat other insects and are completely herbivorous.

Scientists report that sow bugs are not only harmless, since they thrive on slightly faded or damaged leaves, but also beneficial by contributing to the cultivation of soil. Recent reports indicate that an abundance of sow bugs results in better crops.

— Science Digest, February 1973

ZZZZZAM! . . . a frenzied brown bee crashed into the flower, and tumbles from the blossom. Again and again the attack goes on. The flower's alluring fragrance entices the insect, but a more powerful come-on is at work here. The "brown bee orchid" (*ophrys*) being ravaged by the male bee is a remarkable replica of the insect, which identifies it as a female of his species and tries to mate with it. Alas, a mistake. As he lands on the lip of the orchid, the bee skids down the waxy surface, sliding past a clump of pollen. When the bee enters another *ophrys* orchid, the sexual process of cross-pollination is consummated as the bee deposits his golden burden of male pollen on the female stigma of that flower.

— Science Digest, January, 1973



Have you ever been puzzled by the uncomfortable feeling that you disliked somebody you just met? You're introduced to a stranger and before he has a chance to open his mouth you know you won't like him. There's no apparent reason, you just know.

This happens to all of us. Ten years ago psychoanalysts would have said your unconscious was at work: The new acquaintance reminded you of Uncle Larry whom you've hated for a dozen years. Today, another explanation might be offered, and its key is a group of chemicals known collectively as pheromones.

Pheromones are the vital link in a different and more subtle system of communication than provided by our normal senses of smell, touch, etc. They are complex organic molecules released by animals and insects in trace amounts to influence the behavior of others of the same species. Oddly, the recipient may not consciously be aware of the message, yet he will respond to it. The clout of these chemical messengers is just short of supernatural. An example: One virgin female sawfly releases enough pheromone to attract over 11,000 males....

Pheromones differ from hormones in an important respect. While hormones are released internally and affect an individual's body mechanism directly, pheromones are secreted externally and influence other members of the species with whom one associates.

Knowledge of the information transmitted by pheromones is based largely on insect life...Most messages are mating calls and the chemicals transmitting them often are called sex lures. The sex attractant of the female sawfly is one of them; others are released by female ticks, cockroaches and common houseflies. One of the most potent is that of the female gypsy moth, which cannot fly. The male, a strong flyer, searches for her from as far away as half a mile, using her pheromonal emission as a guide to her side.

With some insects the roles are reversed, and there are even species where both sexes produce distinct pheromones of their own. Some female beetles emit a pheromone to attract males, while the latter release their own to lure females. The males not only woo the ladies, but also produce an anti-aphrodisiac to prevent other males from responding to female scent....

The most thoroughly investigated instance of chemical communication among mammals involves mice. Scientists of the National Institute for Medical Research in London, England found that when a strange male is put in a cage with a recently impregnated female, all signs of her pregnancy disappear. This suppression of pregnancy, which doesn't occur when the female is deprived of her olfactory sense or when the male has been castrated, is accompanied by simultaneous restoration of the normal sexual cycle in the female, making her available for mating with the new male. This bizarre state of affairs has been traced to a pheromone in the male's urine. Male mice also produce a pheromone that makes other males more aggressive; submissive animals produce less than their more plucky cousins, while castrated ones make none.

The sexual cycle in female mice also is affected by other females, which release a pheromone that acts as an estrus suppressant and reduces sexual receptivity....

Do humans use chemical messengers as part of their communication systems? No human pheromone has been identified and synthesized yet, but many researchers are convinced they exist. Dr. Harry Wiener of New York Medical College suggested in a recent issue of the *New York State Journal of Medicine* ways they may influence social conduct. Other scientists cite unusual observations to buttress their case. For instance, J. Le Magnen, a French biologist, has found that a chemical called Exaltolide is perceived clearly by mature women, and most sharply at the time of ovulation. Men and young girls are relatively insensitive to it, although men are more aware of it after injections of the female hormone estrogen. Another observation: when groups of women live together, their menstrual cycles at first vary in a random fashion. But after living together several months they all have similarly times periods. In both instances, scientists believe pheromones are at work.

— Science Digest, February, 1973

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Weeding the Garden

by anne

A few months ago, I got pregnant, and decided to have an abortion.

Planned Parenthood here in Bellingham gave me a list of several doctors able to perform the operation. I picked a name, made the necessary arrangements by phone, and found myself early onemorning in a fancy, modernistic building in the neighborhood of the Seattle airport. Long, sloping ramps through cement tunnels led to anonymous doors. I finally found mine.

In the waiting room, thick carpets muffled the sounds of the outside life, soothing music languidly bathed the locked-up faces. Among plastic vases filled with plastic flowers, the receptionist and the nurses flapped their false eyelashes like reassuring angels out of science fiction. Their understanding flowed out of them mechanically. Whatever remained of the pain experienced in the last few days (the days before the decision was made) began to fly away from me like a released balloon escaping from a room. I, too, grew light, but slightly uneasy.

I didn't see the doctor until I was stretched on the operating table, my legs in stirrups, in a position hardly favorable to self-assertion. He finally rushed in, gave a hasty look at my face, and proceeded with local anesthesia. I broke the ice by asking:

"Doctor, can you put the foetus aside for me to take home?"

Both he and the nurse nearly jumped out of their uniforms and muttered in horror:

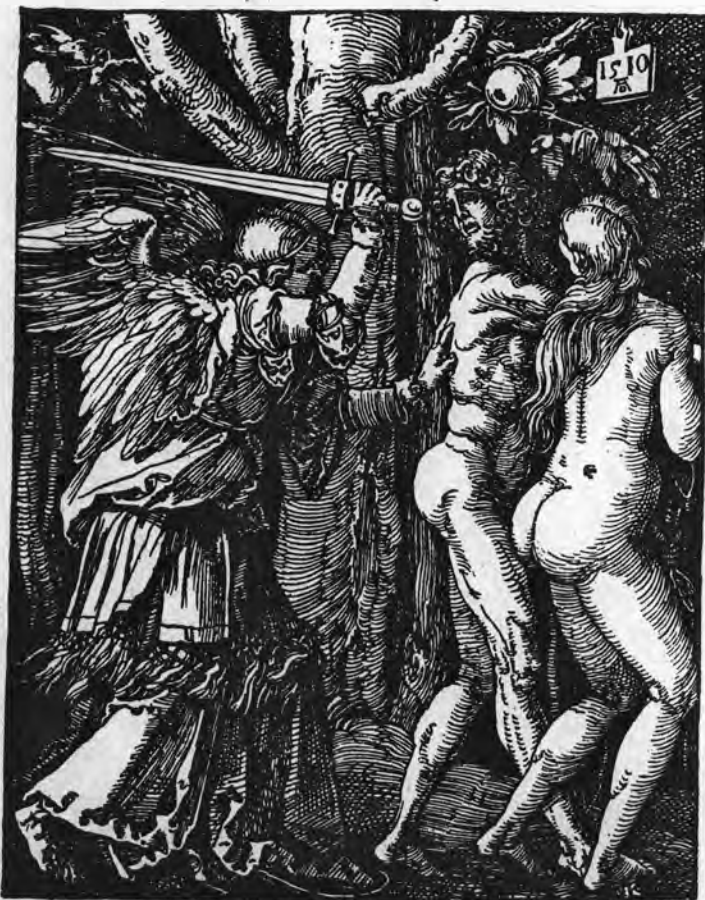
"You can't have THAT. . . . Besides, there is nothing you can see at that stage."

Me, naively:

"But it's mine, Doctor! Is there a law that . . .?"

No verbal reply, just stern looks. Then I quietly explained:

"I know it may sound strange to you, but my husband and I would like to bury this creature in our garden. We do not want it thrown into your sterilized garbage can like something we are ashamed or afraid of, like something that never had anything to do with us. We do not wish to deceive ourselves about what we are doing: it is called conscious killing. We do not want our awareness to be blurred by any protection. Protection in this case means what you are used to providing: abstraction, immediate removal from the parents' eyes of the disturbing little being whom they mysteriously made and then voluntarily killed."



The doctor kept his lips tight as he proceeded with his work, and the nurse fidgetted about. After a while, I was asked to step down and get dressed. I did as I was told, angry beyond expression at what I believed to be the doctor's complete indifference to my demand. I scribbled a note and left it in the bathroom: "This place is nothing but a new kind of factory. It is because of people like you that it becomes impossible to bring children into the world."

I was ready to go out when the doctor called me into his office and handed me my money back: "Mrs. S., you are just as pregnant as you were when you walked in! I am not going to operate on you."

"But why?" I exclaimed. The explanation came out, clumsy but resolute.

The doctor had me all figured out. As he later stated to Planned Parenthood in Bellingham, whom he called, I was apparently very neurotic. My incredible wish proved that I was not ready for an abortion. Had I been granted what I wanted, I would most likely have indulged in an unhealthy cult of IT, erected a monument to IT, watered flowers around IT, and cried over IT for years. What I really wanted, it was obvious, was to keep that child. And what was all this humbug about 'abstraction,' about American medicine and American society unduly protecting people from themselves, from their own bodies and consciences?

Nothing I could say at that stage convinced the doctor, obviously freaked out by the implications of the whole matter. When I jumped one step and stated that Vietnam was tolerated by the American people only because of a mechanism of abstraction similar to that which he was using towards his patients, he concluded the interview.

Fortunately, I found another doctor (the cheapest on the list), who, due perhaps to his non-American background, was freer than the first to deal with my demand respectfully. The operating room was not sterile this time, and the windows opened on to the real world outside. Instead of numbing music, I listened to the news about Vietnam and discussed it during the operation with the little nurse who held my hand with genuine and unforgettable tenderness. And it seemed lots of strong plants were blooming around me, sending out the fragrance of choices calmly made and fully-faced consequences.

Live flowers and vegetables, I trust, will soon grow from the garden where we 'planted' the little foetus, somehow rescued from the horror of American-style death.

Old Town Traders Quad Corner

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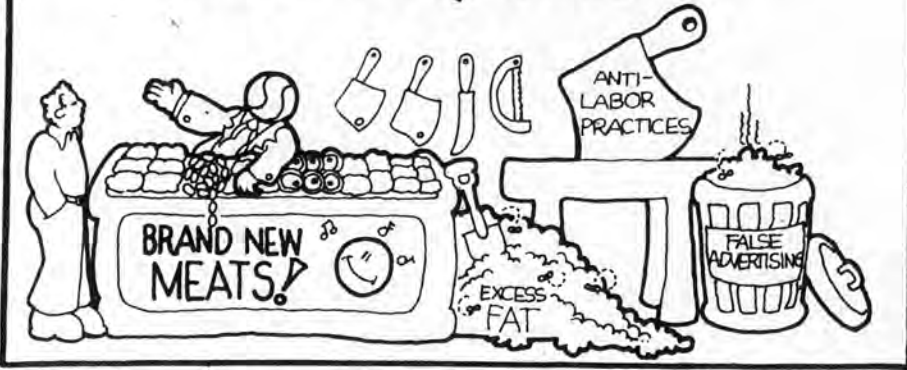
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SEATTLE AFFAIRS

**Since We're Neighbors
Let's Be Friends**



Boycott Safeway!

The United Farm Workers started organizing the lettuce boycott in the Seattle area with a workshop at Earth Station 7 on Saturday, March 10th. John Sorenson, a UFW activist, opened the workshop by explaining that "Friends of the Farmworkers", as boycott participants will be known, is the UFW's first attempt at organizing community support groups. "Because the pesticides used by growers poison the consumers in the cities just as easily as they poison the farm workers in the fields," John stated "we want to start a core group of people in Seattle and other cities to raise public concern for this dangerous threat to consumer health. Right now, Safeway stores are the greatest buyers of contaminated lettuce. If we can stop Safeway, we can stop the others."

Sarah Welch, another UFW activist, told the story of the sprayer operator who noticed that every seventh row of lettuce in the fields was physically burned and turning brown. When he asked about it, he found out that he was spraying the highly toxic "Monitor 4" pesticide, which is supposed to disappear after 4 days. Federal USDA inspectors seized lettuce in Safeway distribution centers in California for containing a dangerously high residue of "Monitor 4" pesticide. This pesticide is a form of nerve gas, an organic phosphate chemical. 2,896 crates of Safeway lettuce were seized in the distribution warehouse in Richmond, California on January 4th. Two days later, all this lettuce was quietly buried in the Richmond dump. Thousands of crates of lettuce were confiscated at Safeway plants in Los Angeles and St. Louis also.

Since the federal confiscations, "Monitor 4" pesticide has been withdrawn from the market by its manufacturer, Chevron Chemical Company, because of its deadly residual toxicity when used on lettuce. Chevron's action, however, came after large quantities of poisoned Safeway lettuce were distributed and consumed all over the country. And "Monitor 4" is still being sprayed on other food crops.

Safeway stores has not seen fit to warn its customers about the dangers of pesticide poisoning. Safeway corporation employs chemists, but Safeway claims it hasn't tested the food it sells to the public. Instead of warning its customers about the contaminated lettuce it sells, Safeway makes a point of attacking the United Farm Workers every way it can. Sarah reported that Safeway manipulates public opinion through deceitful speeches to its employees, misleading notices in its stores, and counter-pickets. In Seattle, the YAF (Young Americans for Freedom) have picketed against the United Farm Workers at several Safeway stores.

The United Farm Workers Union, AFL-CIO, is seeking union contracts for 50,000 lettuce workers in California. One of the UFW contract demands is a complete ban on all organic phosphate pesticides such as "Monitor 4." If the UFW succeeds in obtaining union contracts with lettuce growers, the consumer public would be protected from contaminated lettuce. If a strong boycott of Safeway stores denies growers a market outlet for their poisoned lettuce, the growers will be forced to sign a union contract with UFW that will protect consumers and farm workers both. As Sarah stated, "what we have to do is not only boycott lettuce, but boycott Safeway entirely!"

John then gave a brief review of Safeway Corporation's history. Safeway's anti-farmworker practice goes back to the 1930's. Safeway helped finance the Associated Farmers, a vigilante group that terrorized and killed striking farmworkers in California. Forty years later, Safeway is still backing the growers' anti-farmworker policies, including their attempt to crush the Farmworkers Union, by being the largest buyer of contaminated, non-Union head lettuce.

In the Seattle area, Safeway has the 4th largest number of stores in its nation-wide chain, over 60 of them. It is a corporation of chain stores with a reputation of being unresponsive to its customers, as well as to the Farmworkers.

Lawsuits have been brought against Safeway for having excess fat in its extra lean beef - in fact, tests confirmed by USDA chemists revealed that Safeway's extra lean, lean, and regular ground beef had no significant difference in fat content, yet Safeway sold the lean for 20-30 cents more, and the extra lean for 30-50 cents more. The 7.5 million dollar suit, filed in California by a consumer group, is on behalf of diabetics, heart patients, weight watchers, and people with high blood pressure. On the 29th of January, the Seattle Times reported that Seattle-area Safeway stores were again charged with putting excess fat into their Safeway ground beef. Seattle-King County Health Department filed the complaint. Safeway had already been fined for excessive fat content earlier in 1973 and again in 1971.

Safeway is now the biggest food store corporation in America, with over \$5 billion in annual sales. In Seattle, Safeway takes in almost 30% of all food sales in the area, and has announced the opening of 9 new stores in 1973. This means more Seattle residents will be squeezed out of their homes and more "Mom and Pop" small groceries will go broke as Safeway tightens its grip on the Northwest food

CC Town Hall Celebration

Roger Kelem

The latest news from the cooperating community, CC, set such an optimistic note I knew it must be Spring. Here is what happened at the meeting Wed., March 14, 1973.

First, the Board of PCC decided to provide the funding necessary for CC Produce to move upstairs in the Pike Place Market. This will allow for more retailing of produce, which is necessary to support the members of the produce collective and the wholesaling operation. The Board decided to

market.

In the face of all this opposition from growers, large corporations and the federal government (who through the Defense Department is buying up non-Union lettuce), the UFW strategy is to help the farmworkers in Eastern Washington and elsewhere by denying the growers a market for their contaminated lettuce, and to help the Western Washington consumers by maintaining an intensive boycott of the biggest outlet for contaminated lettuce, Safeway Corporation. The "Friends of the Farmworkers" are the key to the success of the lettuce boycott, John concluded.

Cesar Chavez, UFW founder, has said, "For the farmworkers' Union to survive, the grape growers must be forced to renew the Union contracts this Fall. The success of the lettuce boycott this year will force the growers to negotiate in good faith. The lettuce boycott is the key to the survival of the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee."

Passage readers interested in supporting the United Farm Workers through the "Friends of the Farmworkers" should write or phone Sarah or John at the following addresses:

John Sorenson 822-7649
UFWOC
6501 106th N.E.
Kirkland
Sarah Welch EA3-5105
UFWOC 808 36th Ave.
Seattle 98122

[Seattle Editors' Note: More on the Safeway Boycott and UFW struggles next issue!]

provide A) the expenditure of up to \$4,000 plus the necessary closing costs to purchase the merchandise, equipment and 'the key' to the Pike Place Market space now occupied by the M & M Produce Co. B) the loan of up to \$2,000 to CC Produce to be secured by CC Produce Inventory. Repayment terms to be determined by PCC Finance Committee and CC Produce. Final approval to be given by the PCC Board. C) the purchase of membership certificates in CC at the rate of \$1,340 for March, 1973, and \$1,040 each for April and May, 1973. The latter two purchases will be made unless revoked by the Board. D) sections B & C will not be implemented until completion of section A.

The liaison group decided to give Don the go ahead to print up \$12,000 in CC notes. These can be purchased at CC Produce in the Market in \$20 sums—they are expected to provide working capital for CC Produce. They can be redeemed for goods at CC Produce and perhaps other participating CC members and for U.S. currency at CC Produce. (For more information see the article in the previous issue of the PASSAGE.)

April First will mark the first town hall meeting, held every six months, where all the people involved in the member groups of CC get together. A committee was formed to decide where to hold the event, and to set up an agenda. Some ideas include: a general feast and celebration including a breakfast and dinner, reports on current CC projects, gathering of energies for new CC projects, and a discussion of how we would be relating to each other, the by-laws and the outside world.

CC Grains desperately needs a stone mill 12 to 16 inches. If they can't find a used one in the next few weeks, they will buy a new one which would require at least \$600. The hammer mill will be set up by the time this comes out so that pastry flour and soy flour should be available. The stone mill at Cerealia, however, has a hard time keeping up with the demand for medium fine whole wheat flour.

Most CC enterprises need more capital. What is needed is some way of raising capital to finance these projects. All felt it was a poor policy to depend on one organization to always provide the necessary capital. Some joint effort to set up a capital raising enterprise was discussed. This will probably be a topic for discussion for some time to come.

That's all. See you at the general meeting on April 1, or munching on some organic apples at CC Produce in the Market.

Hours
11am-7pm
Mon-Sat

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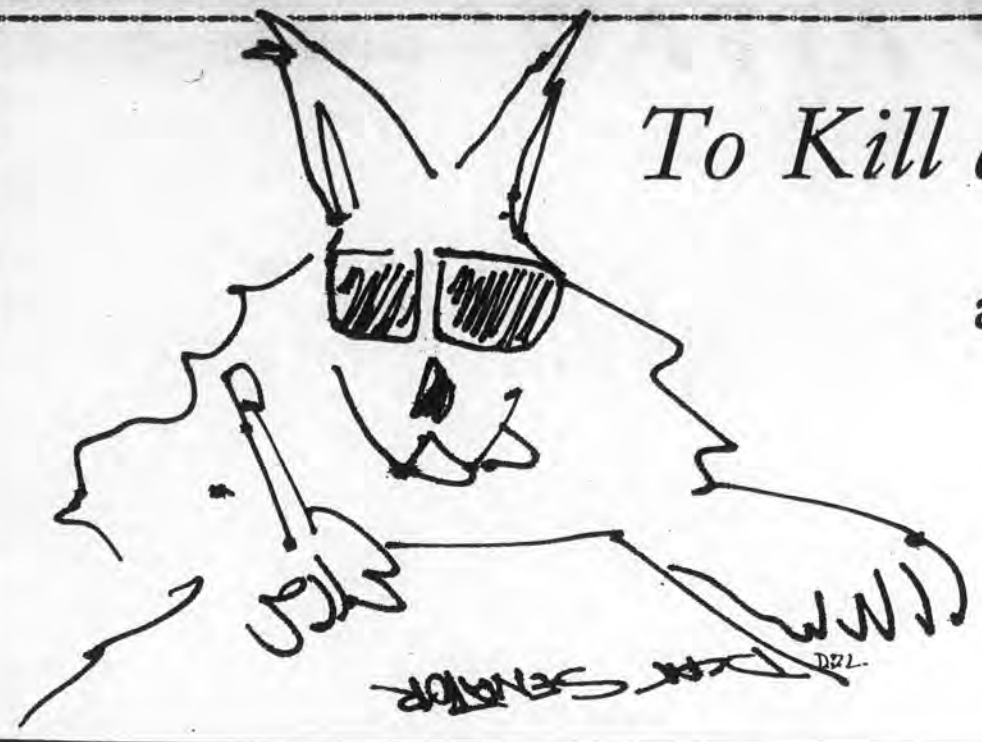
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To Kill a Coyote-

and other wild animals

Once again the sought after coyote comes under attack...this time in the State of North Dakota. Currently a bill calling for "coyote control" has been passed by the North Dakota House of Representatives, appropriating \$6,000 for an "emergency" program. The "emergency" nature of the bill refers to a need to "reduce the population before the lambing season begins". The bill's sponsor, Representative Opedahl (D-Tioga), gives the following rationale for the need to kill coyotes: "I think livestock people are a big industry in North Dakota and deserve this protection".

Another unfortunate idea introduced as a resolution called for opening the aerial season on coyotes "so that basically private enterprise, the aerial hunters, could hunt for pelts at no cost to the state". However, Rep. Dean Winkjer (R-Williston), sponsor of the resolution, was not prepared for the opposition to aerial hunting. It turned out that lobbying hunters opposed the resolution saying they have trouble finding the excess coyotes. Further, they stated that they would do the job for the state at no cost if someone would tell them where the excess coyotes are. Winkjer's reply to this criticism was that he began to wonder for awhile "who the predator was -- I or the coyotes".

For a land rich in wild animals, North Dakota takes the pie for gutter ecology. The local flora and fauna is looked on more often than not in terms of monetary value rather than as organisms occupying their special niches in the Great Plains ecosystem.

An article entitled "Fur Prices High", found in **North Dakota Outdoors**, the official publication of the State Game and Fish Department of N.D., further exemplifies these attitudes. The author explains... "There is no question that foxes, raccoons, coyotes, and many other wild animals in our state need a harvest. They are abundant. The surplus of these animals should be taken. If not, they are going to further increase until they cause problems, eventually reaching the point where nature will step in and reduce them through disease or famine".

In a land where only Indians once roamed, the North Dakota Fur Takers (a chapter of Fur Takers of America, Inc.) strongly state their **new ecology**. The taking of furbearing animals is under attack by certain groups in our society who say it is inhuman to take an animal for its pelt. These same people who claim this great heresy are great believers in the use of leather shoes. They wear leather belts. They wear felt hats. They eat the flesh of animals. Yet they condemn us for taking game animals.

"The education of persons in the ways of nature is necessary. The person understanding the laws of nature will know that furbearing animals cannot be stockpiled or left alone to increase at will. The furbearing animals in the United States have just as much of an annual crop as the fruit trees. Wouldn't it be foolish to let the fallen fruit of the tree lie rotting because you do not want to hurt the supply?"

Jeff Kronenberg

Earth Daze

On March 21 last year soldiers from an American base in Germany participated in a tree planting ceremony; high school students spent part of the day cleaning up a beach on Long Island; peace gongs and bells were rung at 11 o'clock in churches and in TV stations from New York to Los Angeles; a group of bicycle enthusiasts pedaled to the nuclear power plant in San Onofre wearing signs on their backs which read: **SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL PLANET; THE WORLD IS MY HOMELAND; ONE EARTH/WHAT IT WORTH?**; and servicemen in Korea held a special Earth Day celebration.

This modern revival of an age-old observance was begun in San Francisco because that was the birthplace of the United Nations.

The idea was immediately taken up by the University of California at Davis which held an Earth Week festival, March 17 to 21 and by other schools and universities throughout the country.

In 1971, March 21st became a world-wide observance. That year, U Thant, Secretary-General of the United Nations proclaimed the first day of Spring as Earth Day, and his proclamation was translated into 34 languages. The peace gong at the U.N. headquarters was sounded at 11 o'clock and the sound was carried by church bells and gongs around the world.

The U.N. Secretariat News for February 29, 1972 carried a picture of the Earth flag on its cover, and an inside cover story about the flag, which depicts the planet centered on a field of blue as photographed by Apollo 11, 250,000 miles in space. According to John McConnell, who designed the flag, it is "to remind us that each person has a basic right to use the Earth and equal responsibility to build the Earth."

"The Earth has been divided and broken up in our minds--and until it becomes whole there, it cannot

serve mankind. When we see it whole and recognize it as our homeland, we can begin to heal the fractures which have separated people from people and cause war and the manifold tragedies which follow from war."

— Survival Research

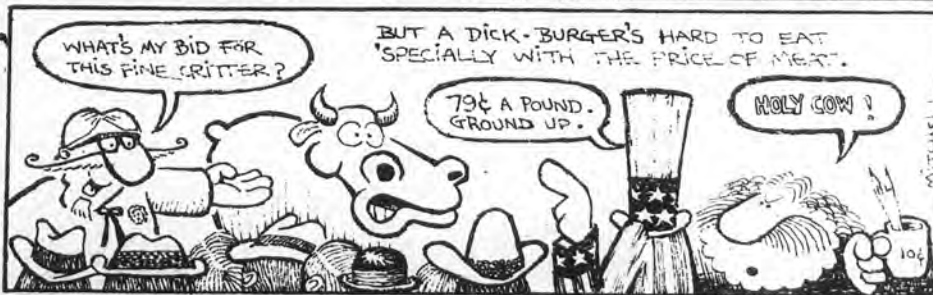
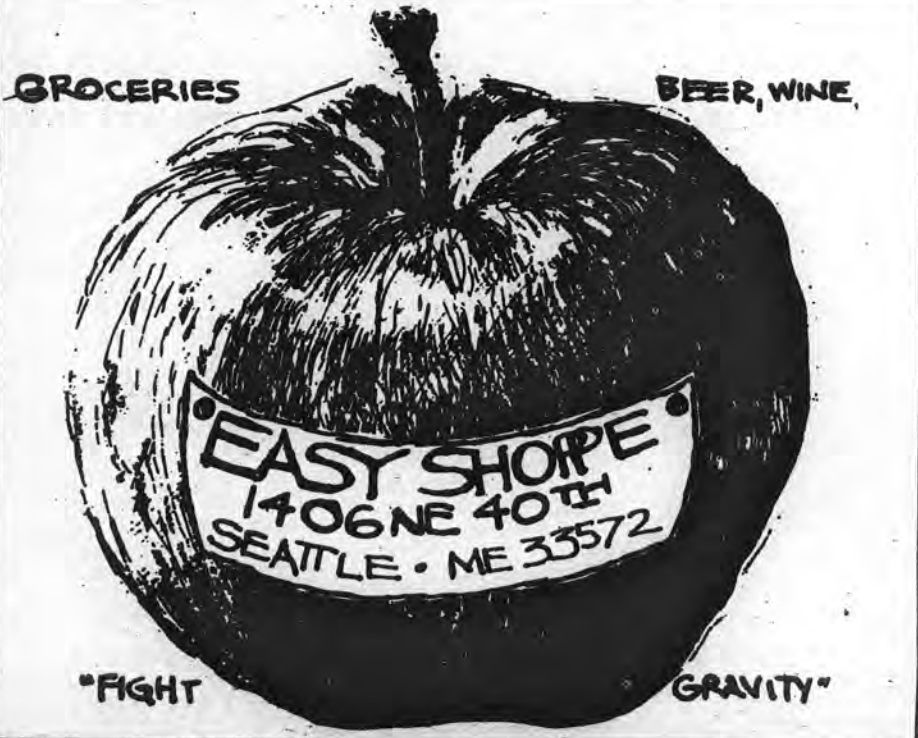
NOTE: The above article tells all of us what Earth day was meant to be. Its goals and its potentials are presented. It is now up to each one of us to move one step closer toward the realization of those goals, to the development of the potential energies that will make unification possible. Decide right now that on March 21, you will do something good and positive for our home, the Earth. The benefits will be universal and through universality we become one.

With love from your eco-note finder and nature newsperson,

Auntie Lope

Land Use

Last issue of the Passage discussed some much-needed changes which have been proposed in the so-called "U" classification in the Whatcom County comprehensive plan. ("Paving the Future, by Jay Nelson.") Hearings on this are scheduled for this Wednesday and next. The March 21 hearing will be at 8 p.m. in Meridian High School; on March 28 the hearing will be at 8 p.m. at the Everson City Hall. Those who will not be able to attend the hearing should write letters of support for the amendment which would substantially restrict industrial and residential development in the vast wide rural spaces of the county. Letters should go to the Whatcom County Commissioners, Frank Roberts, Larry McIntyre, and Corky Johnson, with a request that it be added to the records of the Planning Commission hearings.



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community news

Co-op Potluckers

Due to that old hobgoblin of the journalistic world — space limitation — we can't give full coverage to the community meeting in this issue. The complete minutes of the meeting, which was held on March 8 in the Long House in Bellingham, will be on the food Co-op bulletin board. But just so you won't think nothing happens at these gatherings — read on...

CO-OP GARDENS

Compost, fenceposts, raspberry and blueberry cuttings needed. Work parties Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. Garden potluck at 6:30 p.m. Wednesday the 21st at 1000 Harris.



THE MILL

An interest free \$500 loan for the mill will be used to purchase its own grain. This will give greater versatility and autonomy for the mill. A warehouse for grain storage will be built behind 1000 Harris. Many advantages accrue from this.

The mill to continue to operate thru the bylaws, at least till next month. Meeting on this subject 10 a.m. this Tuesday at 1207 Donovan.

FOOD CO-OP

Membership policy not yet resolved. Volunteers needed! Otherwise prices have to go up. A new all-volunteer day manager system was discussed. People needed for all positions.

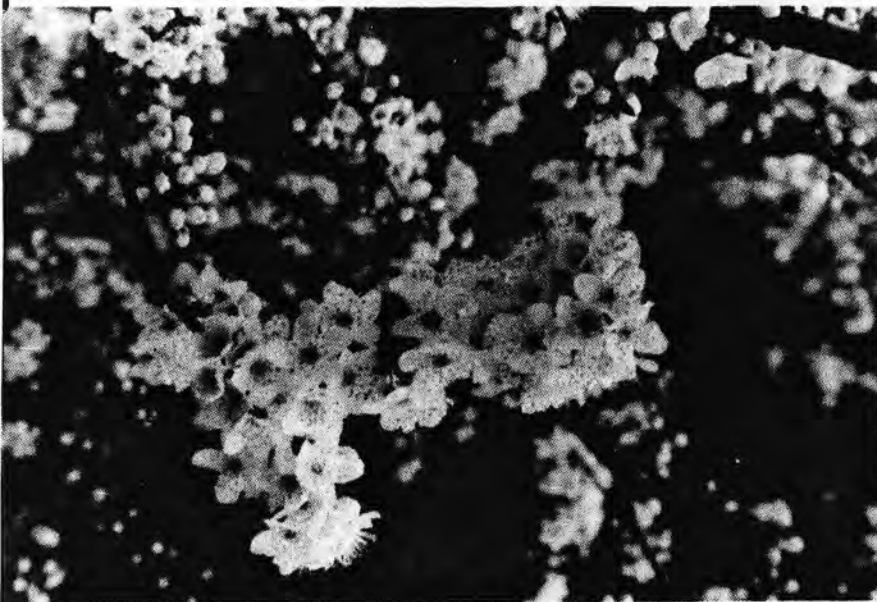


Photo: Chuck ESPEY

Fairhaven student

Fairhaven College, a division of Western Washington State College, invites the residents of Bellingham and Whatcom County to participate in courses.

This may be done for credit toward an eventual degree or as an auditor for the pure pleasure of learning. The course selections remain the same, except that anyone taking the course for credit is obliged to do all of the assigned work in the course. There is no charge for auditing; but arrangements to audit must be made with the instructor some time before the first class meeting.

Up to 45 total units of credit may be received on an extended day class basis for \$15 per credit. Registration for credit should be arranged through the Fairhaven Registrar. For Spring Quarter, this should be done at Fairhaven the week of March 23-30.

For a complete list of courses, and for more extensive descriptions of the courses, see the *Course Schedule* available in the main office on the third floor of Fairhaven's Administration Building, or call 676-3680. Some are: Magazine Feature Writing; Environmental Law; Psychic Phenomena; The Rise of Liberalism. And many more!

Coming!

Farenthold

A symposium to help women plan new directions in careers, families and lifestyles will be held at Western Washington State College in the Viking Union, April 2 to 4.

The symposium, which is titled "Women: What are Your Choices?" will include speakers, panels and group discussions, culminating in a speech by Frances "Sissy" Farenthold, who was the runner-up for the Democratic vice-presidential nomination last year and is now the chairperson for the National Women's Political Caucus.

The schedule of events for the symposium will be in the next issue of the Passage.

Festival of Fools

Comming to WWSC April 1 — Fr. Philip Berrigan and Sam Keen. Full schedule of events in next issue, or contact Campus Christian Ministry, 733-3400. Workshops, speeches, films, music, joyous processions. DON'T MISS IT!

Other Places to Get Food Stamps

Project Outreach is an organized effort to help low-income people to get and make good use of food stamps. The Bellingham office of the Department of Social and Health Services has a number of trained and authorized volunteer representatives within the following organizations who will be happy to talk with interested people about the food stamp program

and assist them in applying for food stamps. If interested, people may contact these organizations as indicated below:

For additional information, you may contact Project Outreach Coordinator Joe Kirkman at the Bellingham Office of the Department of Social and Health Services, 222 Unity Street, or phone 733-1870.

Bellingham Area	SERVICE HOURS	PEOPLE SERVED
Bellingham Food Bank 406 Gladstone Street 676-0392	MWF 12 - 3 T Th 10-12	All low-income people
Whatcom Co. Opportunity Council 314 E. Holly (2nd floor) 734-5121 or 384-1470	Mon.— Fri. 9 - 4	All low-income people (Call for an appointment)
Bellingham Sr. Activity Center 314 E. Holly (1st floor) 733-4030	Monday and Thursday 9 a.m. to 11:30 a.m.	People 55 years or older (Call for appointment for other times.)
American Red Cross 400 N. Commercial 733-3290	Monday to Friday 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.	Servicemen's families, Senior Citizens and handicapped people by appt.
Whatcom Co. Veterans Outreach 314 E. Holly (2nd Floor) 734-5121 X 5, or 384-1470	Monday to Friday 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.	Veterans by appointment
American Legion, Post No. 7 203 W. Chestnut Street 734-3110	Monday to Friday 8:30 to 4:30 p.m.	Veterans by appointment
Vet. of Foreign Wars, Post 1585 625 N. State 734-5520 or 734-1185	Monday to Friday	Veterans by appointment with Bob Richardson
Cul. & Bev. Workers +529 209 Mason Bldg., W. Holly St. 734-3440	Monday to Friday 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.	Union members (AFL-CIO) by appointment
Int. Bro. Elect. Workers No. 191 Labor Temple, 1700 N. State 733-0190	Monday to Friday 9 - 10 a.m. and 4 - 5 p.m.	Union members (AFL-CIO) by appointment with Joe Bernard
WHATCOM COUNTY AREA		
Project Concern United church of Ferndale 420 Washington Street 384-1506	Monday to Friday 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.	All low-income people (Call for appointment)
Hope Office Lynden Laymen's League 605 Front Street 354-2787	Monday to Friday 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.	All low-income people (Call for appointment)
Lynden Migrant Center 320 Main Street 354-2281	Monday to Friday 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.	All migrant workers and Chicano ethnic group people by appointment
Lynden Community Center 504 Front Street	Monday to Friday 9 a.m. to 4 p.m.	All low-income people (Call for appointment)

"You Can't Gavel Down a Radish"

Trial of the Green Gardeners

by tom begnal

"What happened this Thursday shows a few things. We have made a statement about our stakes in the community and the necessity to defend them. Our community is here and our voice cannot be ignored."
— NWP, Vol. 8, No. 4

Thursday, November 30, 1972 the community gardens at 10th and Harris were razed by a rich man's bulldozer. That Thursday members of the southside community coalesced into an emotionally charged and resolute group determined to assert human rights over property rights. That Thursday peaceable men and women were beaten to the ground and ten men were arrested. That Thursday their voices were ignored.

Friday, March 16, 1973 their voices, as well as the rudiments of logic and a few points of law, were again ignored. Eight of the ten "green gardeners" were found guilty of various offenses, given a fine of \$25, a 10-day suspended sentence, and told that they didn't exist. The prosecuting attorney repeatedly asserted that the defense had not shown the Fairhaven Garden Co-op to be an authoritarian-oriented, linear organization; therefore It Didn't Exist. From the testimony of the defense's only witness the prosecutor concluded that, "They have no leaders. They have no dues-paying membership. They have no regular meetings. They make no contracts . . . why anyone who goes down and scratches in the dirt can call themselves a member, anyone!!" In Judge Lee's final remarks before sentencing he concurred. "I don't believe it's anything," he stated. "It's less than a club."

Failure to recognize the existence of a co-operative, self-generating, self-directing organism may be expected of a high-ranking functionary of a profit-oriented, competitive society, but the judge's refutation of counsel Dean Brett's detailed and spirited defense was inexcusable. The defense's major contention was that the gardeners were not trespassers, that this was a civil dispute between themselves and Ken Imus. Imus had the legal recourse to file an unlawful detainer suit and give notice of

eviction, allowing the co-op three days to remove their property. Instead Imus called the Bellingham Police Department who illegally forced the legal occupants to leave.

Resorting to fine legal distinctions, citing many precedents setting cases, Brett spent much time arguing that his clients were "tenants of sufferance" which, in fact, they were. The co-op's agreement with the prior owner, Ms. Finstead, should have protected them from being treated as criminals. For reasons undisclosed no statement mentioning the agreement was entered into evidence. The judge was legally bound to consider only "the facts." Reality did not exist.

The defense went on to argue that even if they didn't establish "proof of possession," the burden of proof rested on the city. The city did not establish the three conditions necessary to prove trespass. Here the judge ruled that the cases cited to establish the pertinent points all related to "civil trespass suits." Since this was a case of "criminal trespass" the same conditions didn't necessarily apply. After peering into a law book and reading aloud several wordy and confusing sections and sub-sections,

Judge Lee admitted that he couldn't say what the necessary elements of "criminal trespass" were. Then he found the individuals charged guilty of a crime he couldn't define.

Two major defenses were given to the charges of obstructing an officer. The first contended that orders given by the police were unlawful orders. The second argument held that the defendants obeyed police orders to the letter. Police officers testified that in both individual and group situations, the protestors were given the alternative "leave the property or go to jail." Since they complied with the latter request their quietly waiting to be arrested did not constitute "obstructing an officer in the performance of his [sic] duty." While the judge ceded the validity of this argument in absolving David May and Jay Tabor of the charge, he inexplicably neglected to apply the same logic in the other defendant's cases.

In regard to the "obstructing the sidewalk" charge, police testimony admitted that neither pedestrians nor passing vehicles were obstructed. When the defense showed that it was illegal for a bulldozer, or any vehicle, to cross



a curb without a permit, the prosecutor cited that police officers could lawfully direct vehicle operators to disregard traffic laws "in an emergency, in case of fire, to facilitate traffic" or "to protect pedestrians." There was no traffic. There was no fire. The judge didn't reply when defense attorney insisted that there was no emergency, but somehow concluded that Officer Burley could order the bulldozer to advance to "protect pedestrians" in danger of being run down by that same bulldozer.

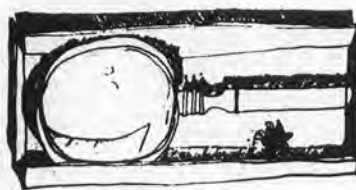
During the passing of sentence both prosecutor and judge appeared conciliatory. The prosecutor assured us all that the city "did not want a pound of flesh." The judge complimented both attorneys, the defendants, the spectators, and everyone involved. He conceded that the defendants didn't do any grievous harm and what they did was done in good faith. In determining sentence, however, he concluded he must take into consideration what this affair cost the city; many extra police-hours; three days of involved testimony . . .

At this point, Dean Brett forcefully objected to the amount of time and energy expended in their defense being held against the defendants. "Are you going to object to me? I'll put that in the record," the judge intoned and proceeded to pass sentence.

To the cursory observer the sentences might appear as a patronizing tap on the wrist. To the defendants and to many individuals in the community it stung like a slap in the face. The decision to appeal in Superior Court was made and announced to the court immediately. There the defendants will be given the jury trial they were denied in this round. There the spirit of the community will be revealed and judged. They may or may not win, but I bet they'll be heard. As one defendant remarked, "You can't gavel down a radish."

POETRY
8:30 P.M.
SATURDAY
MARCH 31, 1973

**tim leffler
stephan lewandowski
pegeen white**




OXEWITCH BOOKSTORE
1402 COMMERCIAL

*"A Foolish Consistency is the hobgoblin
of little minds"*
Emerson

Featuring an enormous assortment of fine
cheeses, sausage, fancy wines, and basic
organic foods.

Visit Everybody's Store, the place where you never
know what's going to happen next.
Now Open all week (except Monday)



**Everybody's
Store**
Hwy 9
Van Zandt



PLEASE BE PATIENT—
WE'RE REMODELING FOR SPRING
P.S.—We're still open!

**base
camp inc.**

1308 E Street Open 12-8
733-5461 Mon-Sat

gimel beth

B=Bellingham
S=Seattle
V=Vancouver
T=Tacoma
O=Other

MARCH 19 - Monday
S: Weekly Collective meeting, Capitol Hill Co-op, 9 am

V: "PILLAR OF SAND" at the Queen Elizabeth Playhouse, 8:30 pm. Tickets available at Famous Artist's Boxoffice, in the Bay, Fourth Floor (681-3351) plus all Bay stores. Cont. until Saturday.

B: 10 pm - KVOs presents CBS News Special "The Congress and the President" in color. Will examine question: "Has Nixon become too powerful?"

V: "SEA WALL SERIES" - an exhibition of recent painting & prints by Gordon Smith. Bau-xi Gallery, 3003 Granville St., daily except Sun. thru the 23rd. 10:30-5:30.

MARCH 20 - Tuesday

B: Passage meeting 7:30 pm, 1000 Harris
B: CBS late movie, 11:30 pm, "The Old Man & the Sea". (color)

V: "Genesis & Apocalypse" - exhibit of contemporary abstract, multi-media, functional art by Enrique Fernandez Iglesias. Exposition Gallery, 151 Water St. thru the 24th.

V: British Columbia Photographers. Exhibit at Simon Fraser Gallery, SFU Campus, room AQ3035, thru March 30th.

V: Julian Bream. Guitar and Lute. Queen Elizabeth Theatre, 8:30 pm. Further info - 683-3255.

MARCH 21 - Wednesday

B: 8 pm - Planning Commission Hearing on change of "U" classification in Whatcom County Comprehensive Plan. Meridian High School.

1949: 4 pacifists began 30-day sentences on North Carolina chain gangs for challenging Jim Crow bus laws.

MARCH 23 - Friday

S: Special program on Pornography at the Speakeasy, a Dialog Coffeehouse on Capitol Hill, 1821 E. Aloha, at 8 pm. Free coffee will be served.

1958: "Golden Rule" sails in Pacific bomb test protest.

1965: Nonviolent invasion of Oakland, Calif. army terminal; many arrests.

MARCH 24 - Saturday

S: Southfork Bluegrass Band plays at Inside Passage, 200 1st Ave. S., 9:30 pm, \$1. Get there early.

V: "Narinder Biban Show" - East Indian Singers & dancers. Queen Elizabeth Theatre, 1:30 pm. Shows tomorrow, too.

V: "Great Composers Series" Vancouver Symphony Orchestra. Ko Iwasaki, cellist, 8:30 pm. Queen Elizabeth Theatre.

T: Shelter Half open mike music. 8 pm, free. 1902 Tacoma Ave., Tacoma.

S: "Two Men and a Wardrobe" by Roman Polanski; "FFFTCM" by Will Hindle; "Dream of the Wild Horses" by Denys Colomb and "21-87" by Arthur Lipsett - Subterranean Theatre movies at Earthstation 7, 8:30 pm, donation 75c.

MARCH 25 - Sunday

B: B'ham Chess Club meets every Sunday at the YWCA (2:00) Bring set if you have one, but there are usually plenty.

B: Jack Hanson of South Fork Bluegrass Band fame has a show on KBFV (930) radio 4-6 pm. Also, band plays in Ferndale at Pioneer Tavern. 7-11. \$1.00. Proceeds to South Fork.

B: KVOs (channel 12) 4:30 pm. Tom Sawyer (color)

V: Everyly Brothers. Queen Elizabeth Theatre, 8:30 pm.

1965: Viola Liuzzo, Civil Rights worker, murdered in Alabama.

MARCH 26 - Monday

S: Weekly Collective meeting, Capitol Hill Co-op, 9 am.

B: KVOs, 10:30 pm - "Do You Think the Rain Will Hurt the Rhubarb". Visual music, developed in B'ham.

B: Town meeting on health care. Make your feelings known. Sponsored by Comprehensive Health Planning Council. 7:30 pm, Lynden High School.

MARCH 27 - Tuesday

B: Passage meeting, 7:30 pm, 1000 Harris. Discussion of next issue.

V: "Pillar of Sand" at Queen Elizabeth Playhouse, 8:30 pm. Cont. until Saturday.

1967: Alice Herz dies after immolating herself March 16 to protest Vietnam.

MARCH 28 - Wednesday

V: "A Man's a Man", comedy with songs by Bertolt Brecht, German Communist playwright, 8 pm. Center for Communications & the Arts. SFU Campus. Ph 291-3514. \$1.00 general, \$.50 student. Plays thru Saturday.

B: Planning Commission Hearing at 8 pm on change of "U" classification in Whatcom County Comprehensive Plan. Everson City Hall.

MARCH 29 - Thursday

B: Passage editing meeting.

V: Victor Borge, 8:30 pm, Queen Elizabeth Theatre.

B: Another meeting on health care. 7:30 pm, Sehome High School.

1923: Founding of War Resister's League. (Don't pay that war tax; the war is far from over)

MARCH 30 - Friday

V: Miles Davis. Queen E Theatre, 8:30 pm. Further info 683-2311.

T: Shelter Half film series "Behind the Lines-Hanoi". 1902 Tacoma Ave. Tacoma. Free - 8 pm.

MARCH 31 - Saturday

S: Southfork Bluegrass Band at Inside Passage, 200 1st Ave. S., 9:30 pm, \$1.00.

B: 6:30 "The Lorax" - Ecology show? 7:00 - Oscar Wilde's "The Selfish Giant". Animated film.

T: Shelter Half open mike - music. 8 pm free. 1902 Tacoma Ave. Tacoma



APRIL 1 - Sunday

B: B'ham Chess Club YMCA 2 pm

B: Jack Hanson on KBFV (930) 4-6 pm.

F: Ferndale stars Southfork at Pioneer Tavern, 7 pm, \$1.00

S: 8 pm, Seattle Center, Victor Borge - Opera House.

B: 3 pm, Sundays at three, Music of North India: Tabla Drum with Zakir Hussein and Sitar with Krishna Sanijal. Wilson Library, WWSC.

1963: Treaty banning atmospheric nuclear testing signed after long, world-wide protest.

WWSC Center for Continuing Studies
presents

Sundays at Three

The Music of North India

April 1 Tabla Drum: Zakir Hussein
Sitar: Krishna Sanyal
Ram Das Chakravarty

Crowds and Faces

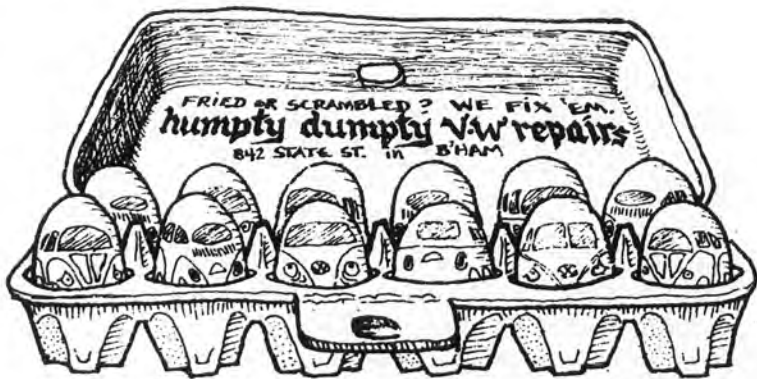
April 8 Dr. Thomas Schlotterback, art historian and artist

The Goode Companie

April 15 Recorder Group

Admission: \$1.50 General Admission Series Tickets: \$3.00 General Admission
.50 Children under 12 1.00 Children under 12

All performances will be at 3:00 p.m. in the Library Presentation Room, WWSC.



Northwest Passage, March 19 - April 1, 1973

WWSC SPRING ART FILM SERIES

PRESENTS

March 29 *Playboy of the Western World*

April 5 *Hamlet*

April 12 *Pygmalion*

April 19 *Long Day's Journey Into Night*

April 26 *Major Barbara*

May 3 *Streetcar Named Desire*

Admission: \$.75 Students
\$1.25 General Admission

All films shown on Thursday evenings in the Music Auditorium.
Series tickets and a descriptive brochure are available through
the Center for Continuing Studies.

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& 5-8 (til 10 o

FAT JACK
Brown Rice

FREE

FAST BUCK: We are giving away our buck kids this year to responsible people who want to raise them for meat. They will not be given away for pets. Please call and ask for one, 734-3398. Also cheap female kids. Papa buck is a purebred Nubian, and mamas are excellent milkers.

WANTED

STONE MILL wanted by the cooperating community in Seattle, preferably a 12" or 16". Please contact the mill people at LA 5-5400 or SU 4-7259 on 8050 Lake City Way.

WELL-BEEING: Crick Hollow farm needs some bees and a well pump (the hand Picture type). Anyone having either that they wish to sell or donate please drop us a card or come by. Crick Hollow, 4300 Mosquito Lake Road, Bellingham. Jon' Cris, Bob, Terry, Terri. We also need someone with a tractor and harrow. Will pay or barter for labor.

REFRIGERATOR NEEDED for the Bakery Co-op in Bellingham. Clean and working. Richard or Davelynn or Jim, 676-8616.

FARM SOUGHT: couple wants small rental on farm or in woods. Man is welder, so must be in work area. Needed by April 10. Call Elaine, 734-8039.

PASSAGE staffmember desperately needs a paying job, part or full time. I have experience in many fields; clerical, organizational, farm, factory and construction. If you have an open position or know of a way I can legally and morally make money, contact Tom Begnal, Box 105, So. B'ham Station, B'ham, Wash. 98225.

WANTED: somebody to help me understand a book about lace-knitting. (Being a foreigner I do not know the basic terms. Anne Seltz, 1023 15th St.)

I AM A FISHERMAN, sailor, who needs a female cook and companion 18-35 years aboard a new sailboat 35' to fish in Alaska in the summer, South Sea cruising in the winter. Call or come to Riverside Marina, Seattle, Washington, on the Duwamish River. See John aboard Boat "Williwaw". WE 2-9980.

MULTIPLIERS: Our male rabbit needs a good time with a female rabbit. Borrow or buy (cheap). Call 336-3304 or Write Sandy Meyer, 1409 Virginia St., Mt. Vernon, WA 98273.

NEED VERY DESPERATELY lotsa antler. ANY KIND. Will trade, pay cash, or whatever. If you don't have antler, but know where i could get some, i would appreciate a call. phone 733-8478 any time, or 592-2423 evenings. Leave a message for JOHN.

SUPPLIES FOR KNITTING, spinning, weaving, crocheting. Fleece, carders, yarn from Mexico, Canada, Scotland, Finnish lins; Indian-style sweater yarns. Natural dyes and mordants. CIBA wool dyes. Handmade buttons. Books on textile arts. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10-5 p.m. TAPESTRY, 4176 Meridian, Bellingham. 733-7498.

GOOD FOOD: SANDWICHES like 'ham/pineapple/cream cheese' and '3 decker cranks' soups like 'mushroom/potato/wine' and 'fresh asparagus' also STEW, CHILI, HOT ROLLS & CAROB FUDGE. CRAZY RICHARD'S in the Fairhaven Tav, 11:30-3 & 5-8 (til 10 on Friday)



FAT JACK'S SPECIAL OF THE WEEK:
Brown Rice Omelette-25c off w/this ad

FAIRHAVEN TAVERN needs an old upright piano in good condition. Leave message at bar or call 733-9796.

WANTED: jointer and/or bandsaw. If you have either contact Ken Fredericks, 1325 22nd St., Bellingham.

USED DATSUN or Toyota P.U. wanted. Failing that, an older American P.U. in good condition. Tomm EA5-9824, Seattle.

SHELTER

I NEED a female roommate to share a two-bedroom house. \$65 a month, utilities included. Room for a garden. Meg, 2522 Xenia, 733-3312.

SOUTHSIDER: Roommate wanted to share a fairly small southside house. You must like children. See David at Outrageous Audio, 1000 Harris, or come to 913 Wilson Ave.

NON-SOUTHSIDER: Need people to share house in Bellingham (male and/or female). Rent is low, but it's not on the south side. 676-0131.

SERVICES

SMALL METAL Fabrication. Welding, brazing, cutting. Reasonable. You bust, we fix it. Jon or Kenn, 1325 22nd St. Bellingham, Washington

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS: \$2.00. Sample must be written on an average-sized sheet of unlined paper. Please write at least six lines and include your signature. Send sample and \$2.00 to Christie Brown, 3830 Marvin Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, 44109.

NOTES TO COMMUNITY

HI! Is there someone in Bellingham or the area selling any of the following? Cottonseed meal, granite dust, fishmeal, kelpmeal or seaweed meal, greensand. Could you please tell me the price on both 50 and 100 lb. bags of the above available. Doug Paton, 3505 West 37th Ave., Vancouver 13, B.C.

PRISONERS would appreciate hearing from militant groups or individuals. Floyd A. Ross, (0628, Drawer R, Huntingdon, Pa, 16652.

GOOD RECIPES for vegetarian entrees needed for an upcoming molasses jug. Send them to the passage.

SALLY SWEDINE says: fine nylon twine for macrame can be obtained by special order from Nordby Supply Co., 2600 W. Commodore Way, Seattle, at Fisherman's Wharf. AT4-4000.

JAM SESSION at the Fine Frolicsome Fairhaven tavern Sunday nights. All musicians and tired old groupies welcome.

LOST AT THE LAUNDROMAT: 1 pair blue dyed coveralls - Smith coin-op at State St. please call Ron at 734-8022.

Need ride to S.F. by 3/29.
See Rick the Baker.

Connexions

A.K.C. Irish Setter Pups, champion sire, excellent lines, gentle with children. \$100.00 and up. 734-1431.

TELEGRAPH MUSIC WORKS-We make and repair stringed instruments like concert dulcimers and five-string banjos. Good work for less. 1000 Harris Avenue, 2nd floor. 734-0083

WE ARE A Men's consciousness raising group with ten members. We would like to be able to contact other men's groups throughout the Northwest. Maybe we could get together for a weekend. Maybe we can help each other with group problems. Regardless, please Let Us Know That you're Out There. Write to us c/o Gordy Hoke, 513 NW 30th, Corvallis, Oregon 97330.

ANY COMMUNES in Oregon, Washington or N. California? I'm trying to gather information on location, type, size, address, etc. of the community. Would they receive a visit, or? Also, I'm looking for an old copy of any Cascade, a now defunct magazine. And information (how to make, where to get) a quilting hoop. J. Miller, 500 S.E. Melody, Corvallis, Oregon 97330

YOUNG MAN to be released from federal prison soon. Wish letters from anyone in Washington area who is willing to help me stay out. Write Gene Mitchell, Box 1000, 1534, Steilacoom, Wash. 98388.

RAW MILK CONSPIRATORS, Achtung! The raw milk conspiracy now resides at 1613 Wilson St. (Wilson runs parallel to Donovan). The refrigerator is located in the garage in the back. Bring your own wide mouth gallon jar and money, no foodstamps. The system works because of co-operation. So all those who have a vehicle should sign up to drive once every month or two. Also milk prices have been raised, because of the rising cost of feed. So the milk costs 80 cents a gallon, with ten cents per gallon ordered going to the driver as gas money.

Folks -- don't forget the Great Northern ad from last issue. Please write us and let us know your opinion. As soon as you finish reading tis, sit down and write us -- won't take but 10 minutes. Mail letters to:

Ad Controversy So. B'ham Station
Box 105 B'ham, Wn 98225

INSTANT FAME!

Passage staff and Passage community -- you know who you are -- You're gonna get your pitcher taken! It's for our anniversary issue. While we're at it, we might as well make it a potluck picnic -- so bring your people, music and grits. At the Longhouse, 507 Willow Road, Wednesday, March 28. High noon! The more the merrier! Let's make it a big picture.

NOTES TO FOLKS

THE TRUCKING CO: Have 3/4 truck that can move your things. Will consider almost anything for small payment. Contact Chris at 325-5481, Seattle.

PRISONER- Ex Maitre D', lifer will be out soon, desires correspondence with females interested in Far Eastern sexual relationships. Etc. Richard D. Ceniceros, Box 608 4-8, Tehachapi, California 95361. See last issue for rest of this connection.

OM SHANTI, robbi-you have relocated. Cannot get mail your way to say our house is always cozy and warm for you and yours. Whidbey Island farm, Route 1, Box 414, Oak Harbor.

I AM an aspiring poet in prison. I love the beautiful, gentle joys of living. If you'd care to share some moments with me perhaps we can both grow from the relationship. Interested women write to Don Anderson, Jr. Box 777 B-1-34. Monroe, Wash. 98272.

A BEAUTIFUL leather jacket and I were separated the night of the Thanksgiving celebration at Earthstation 7 in Seattle. If you know about it, please call me. Tom, EA 5-9824, Seattle.

TO MCCOys in Seattle area. Greetings from sunshine. Have been out of touch (out of state) and I'm in jail now. Please get in touch so I can get in touch with you when I'm free. Crystal Atwell, Whatcom Co. Courthouse, 6th floor, Bellingham, Wa. 98225. LOVE!

Greetings to friends in Bellingham and area. Got back from Florida the 3rd of Feb. Arrested the 7th of Feb. December's mistakes. Will see you when I get out. Special hi to Karen, Tom, Mike and Lyn and Dave, Terry, Bobbie, St. Academy, State St. House, Billy, George. Trying to smile, Crystal.

FOR SALE

ALADDIN LAMP for sale. Old and made of glass. \$20. See at 1713 4 St.

C.C. Grains has one 30 lb. Hobart scale for sale. Good scale, good price. LA5-5400, Seattle.

FOR SALE, Garrard turntable (SL-95) 5 years old with SHURE V15 cartridge. \$95.00 with new stylus and \$75.00 with old stylus. Jim at 676-8616.

GOOD USED McCULLOCH ChainSaw 27" bar, \$25 with shot chain or \$45 with new chain. Come or write to Route 2, Box 245, Sedro Woolley, on park road between Park and Wickersham, south of Lake Whatcom, anytime.

WE'VE GOT cars, trucks, and a motorcycle to sell or swap. No more cars. 64 pont. 2d, 54 olds, 59 chev, 66 bug, 48 chev PU, 70 Honda, 750, 51 chev, 1 ton. p.u. some run great others need a little work. To make an offer just write to Tom Allen, 15905 SE 8th, Bellevue, WA 98008 or Vern Pederson, Rt. 1, Box 414, Oak Harbor, Wash. 98277.

Seaweed fer yer garden:
\$1.25/burlap sack full. Call
734-2496 or 676-0087.
(recommended by Mother bird.)

Center for Continuing Studies

presents

Ken Jacobs

Independent Film Maker and Director of Cinema at New York State University

Ken Jacobs is the subtle manipulator of light and shadow ...in the entire multi-media area, and as a lyricist, hardly surpassable

Tuesday, April 3, 1973

8:00 p.m., L-3

Admission: -\$.50

Bus & Bug Repair

VW's & Imports
676-8187
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LOVE SONG

*I will step-like heron down the white
Beach of your soul.*

*My heart chanting all along the way.
I will offer you my dance, a necklace
of roses that open with twilight.
O woman who sees me naked;*

*Your beauty is good medicine for my song
You will see me chanting all along the way*

*Duane Niatum
Klallam Tribe*