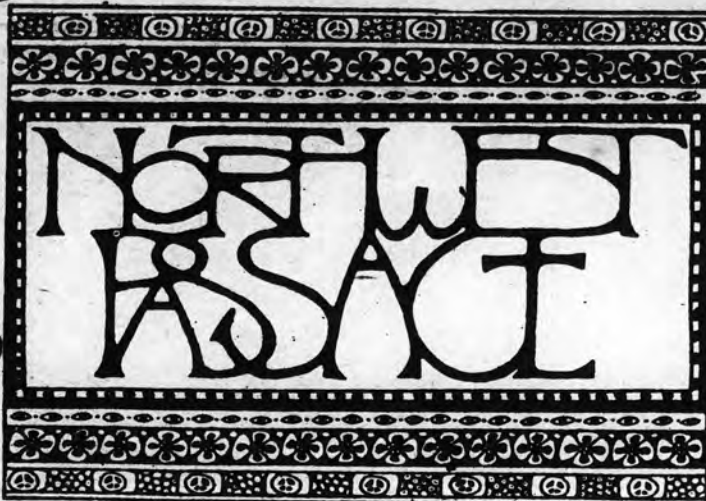




Volume 8. Number 12



April 2 - April 16, 1973



Bellingham, Washington

Binding



**Gala 4th
Anniversary Issue**

Herbal Hinter

**Interview with
John McLaughlin**

“Wounded Knee is not bended knee”

LETTERS



Maybe someone on your staff can answer all or some of these questions for us. If not, perhaps you can help us get in touch with someone who can give us these answers.

Very sincerely,
Ms. C. Spellman

Ed. Note: Watch out for warts.

intimacy of one

Dear Friends,

I've thought of writing before because NWP makes me feel so good, but I didn't know what part of me would best return the nourishment and stimulation. Here I will try to embrace some feelings after reading your beautiful COUPLES issue.

Except for last summer a very high, very free, O Danny - who brought me - god! - I have been single for the past two years. Single though not celibate; it feels like a long time, but I'm increasingly grateful for all of it. All relationships are educational, but in the time alone I have learned incredibly about myself, my sexuality, and what I have to offer to other beings. I have been free to dream, to wake in privacy and explore my dreams and visions and wishes; to consider bisexuality without threatening anyone; to get acquainted on my own time with my body in all its (her?!) looks, likes, and moods. Sharing this intimacy becomes a more, special, conscious act; I think I am also learning not to take for granted someone else's nakedness.

I'm not saying these things can't happen within a couple, but maybe the point of this writing is: to others who are in a place of singleness, rather than part of a being of two, whether this is by choice, by accident, or by sorrow: trust it and love it. Sharing with yourself can be very right; there is a richness of one. I do feel ready now for the challenge of a pairing, but it is not from feeling incomplete in my present life (well, not often...)

Maybe the embodiment of your dreams is around the next corner; mine was recently and I was world-shaken and whirled away from him into a clearer mind and someday a new dream. . . Or maybe some of us have energies that are needed to do other things than fill one individual's heart; that possibility helps me to relax away from The Search. I hope that if this space-moment turns and finds me in a dyad, I will not have lost my current freedom and hesitant - but - freedom - and growing - peace. I could use words like "cost" and "price" but that implies that coupleness is more valuable, more desired than singleness. No - they're just different forms, different dances. And of course the only perfect person you'll ever find is yourself (which at that point will be everybody). Don't worry about keeping the faith, dear brothers and sisters; just remember and remember and the faith will keep you. Love,

Nirmala
Seattle

fishing whites

Dear Passage,

I have heard a lot of grumbling and "I don't have anything against Indians, but..." by racist longhairs lately.

It seems they feel that the special fishing rights reluctantly given to Indians are unfair. Here are some statistics that will refute a lot of that bullshit.

77% of the salmon caught in this state are caught by sportsmen, 13% are caught, by non-tribal commercial fishermen, and only 10% by Indians. On the Columbia River, the Department of fisheries spends \$2000 for very salmon caught, just to keep the sports-tourist industry going.

The bureaucracy has singled out the Indian as a scapegoat, using all kinds of fallacious conservation arguments. Urban interests in sewage and power, commercial fishermen, and tourists have too much power over the state government to be criticized, but the Red man is helpless.

I got the information in this letter from a book called *Our Brother's Keeper: The Indian in White America*. It's really worth reading if you want to know how whites are still ripping off our red friends.

Injun lover,
Virginia

southside sexist store

Editor, Northwest Passage,

On Wednesday, March 7, I was confronted with an example of job discrimination against women that I find impossible to ignore. I was told that the Quik-E Mart at 1208 - 13th in south Bellingham was looking for one or two people to work. When I inquired about the job, the manager, Nick Muljat, informed me that he would not hire women because they were incapable of the work there. Even to the most patronizing, I thought such work was considered within the capabilities of a woman. He would not tell me the nature of the work that made it unsuitable for women, but only that he had hired a woman once (!) who did not work out.

I suggested to Mr. Muljat that maybe women should not buy in his store. Maybe someone concerned with human rights should consider not buying at his store and letting Mr. Muljat know that his discriminatory hiring practices, no matter how small his establishment may be, are not taken lightly nor are they appreciated.

Sharon Wilsey

1118 West Smith Road

BASIC Health

Dear Friends,

I have just discovered vinegar! A vinegar rinse (lemon juice should work too) after hair-washing really does work wonders. I have been putting vinegar-water on my face after washing, too - really makes the skin feel like skin again. The reason is that skin is normally acid, while almost all soaps and cosmetics are alkaline. Ivory soap and Dr. Bronners, for example, both test alkaline.

Skin is a very delicately balanced organ, and changing its balance can lead to infections like acne and herpes and various vaginal infections. Doctors recommend vinegar sitz baths for vaginal infections in children, and it seems to work. (Another good way to get rid of vaginal infections is to stop taking the Pill.)

Have any of you folks really quit using toilet paper? I'd love to, but I've run into some problems. If I just skip using it when I pee, I end up with smelly pants in no time. The wash-with-water-and-left-hand method works well, but requires some kind of blotter. At home, this is readily available, in the form of a wash-cloth or towel, but at a friend's house - back to TP! Or in the woods, where there isn't any water anyway, it's either moss or wet pants. I have even started wearing underpants (cotton, of course) again, to prolong the wearing life of my pants. Of course, when I wear skirts and no underwear, I don't have any of these problems. Maybe that's why pants are not traditionally considered proper clothing for women, but skirts are. "The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man..." (Deuteronomy 22.5).

Underwear does come in handy during periods, though. I use grandmother's old standby, rags, pinned in place. I think that tampons are obscene, and anyway, they and "sanitary napkins" are just wasteful throwaways like TP. Old t-shirts work really well, sheets not very effectively. I would think diapers, old or new, would be pretty good. I imagine that linen would be really good, since it's so absorbent. I've never had the good fortune to have linen rags, though, so I haven't tried it.

I hope this letter inspires others to share their ideas and discoveries.

"Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you. Greet one another with a holy kiss. . . The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen." (2 Corinthians 13:11-14)

Jeanne
Colville

walking the toad

Dear Staff,

After reading your article on gardening 3-5-19 I was greatly interested in obtaining a "Pet Toad." However, after a trip to the local library and bookstore I came back with still quite a few unanswered questions. After inquiring around I only got more people interested in getting them other than going to the local pet store and paying money for them. 1. How many different species live in King County area? 2. Which type would make the best pet (from a gardening standpoint)? 3. How do you provide proper environment, so they will remain and live happy long lives? (I understand they have been known to live at least 36 years.) 4. Are there any possible drawbacks to having one? 5. What natural enemies in city life other than cats, dogs, and kids? I understand mass migrations take place at certain times of the year around all the lakes and ponds hereabouts. However, what time of the year would it take place around the slough in Bothell and Vasa Park in Redmond? 6. How long are they down in fresh water during mating season?

Seaweed for your garden

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buy it USED

Lighthouse Mission Thrift Store - Used clothing and 9000 volumes of books. 733-5120 504 West Holly.

Mountain Outpost Exchange - Top quality furniture, appliances, miscellaneous. Lowest prices in the Northwest. Also, backpacks, bicycle packs, inflatable boats, and sleeping bags. Next door to Col. Jim's Auction, halfway between Bellingham and Lynden on the Guide. 398-7831.

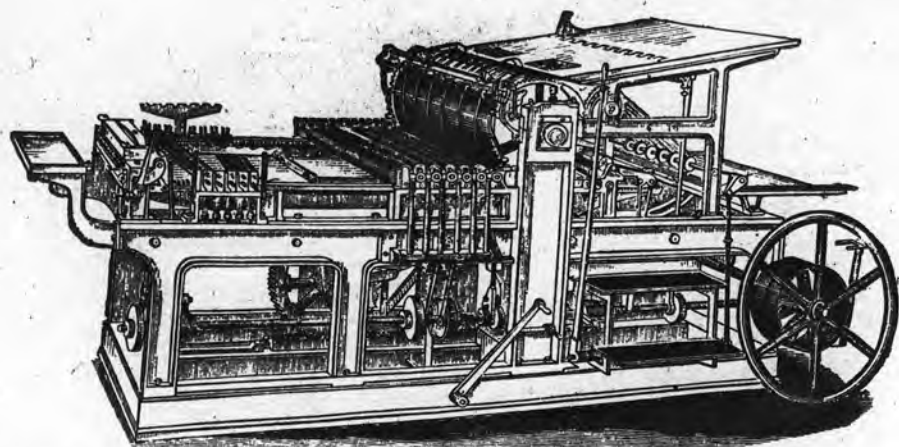
Puget Sound Records - Used records. We buy oldies for \$1.00 and sell for \$1.75. 1226 North State Street.

Griffith Furniture - New and used furniture, hardware, and appliances. Trade your old for new. 734-3730 - 2501 Meridian.

Wholesale Auto Parts Wrecking - A complete line of recycled auto parts. 734-1850 - 1100 Iowa Street

Lighthouse Mission Surplus Store - Used everything: utensils, hardware, appliances, etc., etc. An arm of the Church downtown. 733-2390 - 909 West Holly.

Happy Anniversary



STEAM LITHOGRAPHIC PRESS

On March 17th of this year the *Northwest Passage* was four years old. We wanted to celebrate this event in some fashion and decided to put out an "anniversary" issue to discuss our experiences with the present state of the paper.

Celebrating our fourth birthday this way requires some assumptions on our part: that we are proud of our work these past years, that we are confident of our existence, along with our future. Not wanting to bombard this issue with too many words about ourselves, we decided to hold off the more tenuous question of the paper's future for the next issue.

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Nils Von Veh
Richard Prior
Henry Schwan
Sharma
Chris Rhinehart
Bill Mitchell
Lawrence Kee
Frank Kathman
Dick Fiddler
Cornplanter
(legally, officially!)

Tom Mash
Stan Smith
Auntie Lope
Dave & Nita Fraser
St. Patrick
Ed Pickkola

COVER PHOTO BY KAREN ENGSTROM

There are more and more reasons for you to make sure you read the *Passage*! In our next issues we will have an interview with a transexual, a special issue on high schools, an interview with Father Philip Berrigan, coverage of two Gay Symposiums, an interview with William Kunstler. All this plus our regular features of news, free Connections. Molasses Jug, et al.

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The Northwest Passage is at 1000 Harris. It is staffed regularly from 10 to 1 Monday through Friday. If you want to get in touch with us please do it at that time. Our phone is 733-9672. Business and advertising should be referred to 734-1535.

Sir/ Ms./ He/ She/ We?

[Editors' note: When we receive letters at the *Passage*, we cannot help but notice the ones addressed to "Dear Sir." Being as not all of us are "sirs," we are frequently disturbed by this incorrect (and sexist) situation. Ever so often we write back to these people and explain why "Dear Sir" is not appropriate. People respond in different ways to these explanations. Here are two responses we recently received:

Dear men, women, children, dogs, cats, goats, and various other appendages of miscellaneous denomination and stature:

Thank you for your kind, informative, chastising letter. Consider me kind, informed, and chastised. I did not mean to rush anyone; my caffeine-laden mind sometimes gets carried away. I like your magazine-cum-newspaper...

All in all, that's about all I want to say. Thank you, John Brockhaus, sir. And thanks to all your friends and colleagues whether sir or no.

Yours truly, fondly,
sincerely, with best wishes,
Mz. Emily Phillips

P.S. If you ever need any news about Rochester, New York (ski reports, weather conditions, hockey scores, Xerox stock reports, the price of tomatoes) just drop me a line.

Hello Friends!

We didn't know who Roxanne is or what his/her hangups are. Only we know we're tired of feministic emphasis in NWP.

The NWP is still the best access to the freak community. But we are interested in survival, not polemics, nor politics!

Women are free, so are all of us. The NWP stance is merely Dagwood translated into New Culture idiom. In fact, dear sirs/mams, you've near nagged us into being anti-feminist.

Most things of creation can't be nagged uphill. Maybe Roxanne can bent his/her spleen on someone/thing who likes getting shat upon. But let's go! **REBUILDING IT ALL** takes time, love goodwill. **VITRIOCS (sic) DO NO GOOD!**

Love to all
Dancing Bear Clan
Seattle

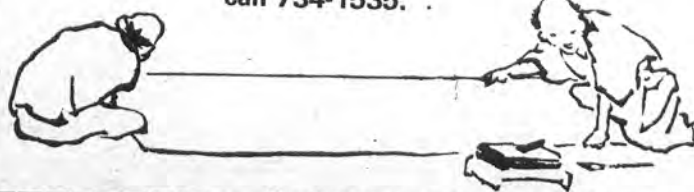
cc: fuck thee



Craftspeople

Several people have suggested that we offer advertising space at very low rates to craftsmen and women. Starting soon we will have a special Crafts Directory in the *Passage*. We are charging 30% of our usual rates (22 cents per square inch). For information,

call 734-1535.



*They made us many promises,
more than I can remember,
but they never kept but one;
they promised to take our land,
and they took it!*

- Mahpiua Luta (Red Cloud)

As soon as members of the Oglala Sioux, along with supporters from the American Indian Movement, took over the small town of Wounded Knee in late February, Native Americans from all over the country began to show their support. Hundreds have travelled to the Oglala's Pine Ridge Reservation to give physical support.

And other Native Americans have been active in their own communities. In Chicago, forty people dressed in blankets and headdresses demonstrated in front of the office of Senator Adlai Stevenson III. In Lumberton, N.C., Indians in a 40-car caravan drove through the downtown district for three nights, breaking windows. And in Pleasant Point, Maine, Passamaquoddy Indians blockaded the state highway with burning tires, carrying signs saying "Remember Wounded Knee."

[The following statement of solidarity is excerpted from the speech to the Wounded Knee occupants given by Orin Lyons for the Six Nations Council of Chiefs of the Iroquois Confederacy.]



"Wounded Knee is not Bended Knee!"

Why are the Indians at Wounded Knee? We find it deplorable that the Native Americans have to risk their very lives to focus attention on the terrible conditions of our people in this country. We cite the poor health conditions, education, welfare, illegal drafting of our people in utter disregard for the treaties that we have paid for with our lives, as example of these conditions.

The people at Wounded Knee are making a statement. That statement is not what damage or destruction of property has occurred, but why it becomes necessary for our people to have to resort to such extremes to gain some recognition of our desperate situation.

We are honorable people—can you say the same? You are concerned for the destruction of property at the BIA building and Wounded Knee. Where is your concern for the destruction of our people? Thousands of Pequots, Narragansetts, Mohegans; thousands of Cherokees on the Trail of Tears, Black Hawk's people, Chief Joseph's people, Captain Jack's people; the Navaho, the Apaches, the Sand Creek Massacre; huddled under the American flag, seeking the protection of a promise, Big Foot's people at Wounded Knee.

When will you cease your violence against our people? Where is your concern for us?

What about the destruction of our property? The thousands of square acres of land inundated by dams built on our property. The raping of the Hopi and Navaho territory by the Peabody stripmining operation. Timber cutting and power companies, water pollution, and on and on.

We ask for justice, and not from the muzzle of an M-16 rifle.

Now what is to occur? Call off the marshalls and the FBI men. They are hostile and eager to exercise the sanctions of the U.S. to subjugate the Indian people. Don't prosecute the Indians for the methods used to gain your attention, for the fault actually lies with the government of the United States for ignoring the Indians for so long.

We have not asked you to give up your religion and beliefs for ours. We have not asked you to give up your language for ours. We have not asked you to give up your ways of life for ours. We have not asked you to give up your government for ours, and we have not asked that you give up your territory to us.

Why can you not accord us the same respect? For your children learn from watching their elders and if you want your children to do what is right, then it is up to you to set the example.

Six Nations Council of Chiefs,
Iroquois Confederacy

Twice in one week Seattle people of all ethnic backgrounds gathered together, once at the Indian Center and the Federal Courthouse, and once in the shadow of the totem pole at Pioneer Square. Both times the message was the same: at Wounded Knee something new and powerful is happening.

As part of nationwide protest and support activities, native American speakers told of their first-hand experiences at Wounded Knee, took the newspapers and TV coverage to task, expressed their support and unity with the freedom fighters, and asked for organized community support on a continuing basis.

Like the trail of broken treaties caravan that climaxed in the occupation of Bureau of Indian Affairs offices across America, the Wounded Knee occupation is both the symbol and the substance of a turning point in the history of Native Americans. As a Native American speaker exclaimed, "Wounded Knee is not Bended Knee!"

Contrary to press reports, the men and women of AIM, the American Indian Movement, went into Pine Ridge Reservation at the invitation of the Pine Ridge Civil Rights Association, a local Oglala Sioux group. Steve Gunnyon, an Ojibwa-Yakima from Toppenish who just returned from Wounded Knee, cleared up several other media distortions about the situation at Pine Ridge. "The papers said that there was factionalism, and that we were unwelcome there, but what I saw at Wounded Knee was a well disciplined group of people, who had the full support from local people there." AIM activists stated that over 500 Sioux from the neighboring Rosebud Reservation, armed with "hunting equipment" and carrying medicine and food, would try to march through federal lines that Sunday.

After the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) refused the Oglala Sioux of the Civil Rights Association a hearing for their long-standing grievances, the Association, who tried unsuccessfully to impeach tribal chairman Richard Wilson, called on AIM leaders for help. Wilson, who the local Lakota Coalition has charged with "blatantly violating the 1968 Indian Civil Rights Act," is an example of the BIA's "divide and conquer" strategy which, speakers insisted, will not succeed.

Just as the US government used mercenary Vietnamese to fight their fellow Vietnamese for the government's benefit, in their "Vietnamization" campaign, the government is now using mercenary Indians to fight the people at Wounded Knee. Vernon Bellecourt, speaking at a United Nations news conference, said that federal Indian police are "converging on Wounded Knee." These Indian police are from "several points in this country", the Seattle P-I reported, and include members of the Navajo tribe.

Gunnyon told us that 65% of the Wounded Knee fighters are Oglala Sioux, not "outside agitators" as the media reported. He was especially concerned about how long food and medical supplies will be able to reach Wounded Knee. People suspected of bringing supplies are being arrested and held without charges in states bordering South Dakota, he reported. A trail from nearby Porcupine Ridge is the present supply route for Wounded Knee. The people are struggling to keep the trail open, and people can still go into Wounded Knee, he added.

The one theme many speakers emphasized repeatedly was that each ethnic community must organize to meet its needs and to determine its own destiny, and must act together with other groups whenever one group is threatened by our common enemy. Larry Gossett, a Black community worker, pointed out that "not everybody has to pick up the gun. Some people must, and that's beautiful, but there must be other people doing things to support those that do. There are many ways to help: write your senators, donate food, money, or clothing, discover what's right for you, but the point is, do something!"

If the government crushes our brothers and sisters at Wounded Knee, he continued, he hoped every ghetto and barrio in the nation would explode, so that the meaning and impact of Wounded Knee would not be lost.

It's vitally important that we become aware of the events developing at Wounded Knee and share what we know and understand with the people we meet in our days' activities, he concluded.

Donations of food, clothing, money, and medical supplies are being collected at the Indian Center (2nd & Cherry, downtown), the Open Door Clinic (in the University District), and at Earth Station 7 (on 15th Street, on Capitol Hill), speakers added.

If the food and medical supplies are stopped, the men and women at Wounded Knee are ready to fight to the end, "to show their grandchildren how to die," because they know there is no turning back, one speaker said. As many speakers noted, the Native American people and their allies at Wounded Knee love life, but they are willing to give up their lives not only for their own rights, but also for the human rights and dignity of Native Americans and other oppressed people everywhere, now and in generations to come.

by Tom Speer

[Author's Note: This article was written after the Saturday rally, March 24th. Later events at Wounded Knee are covered elsewhere in this issue.]

AIM - "Their Business Is Hope"

Activism on the Pine Ridge Reservation can be traced back to about a year ago when Raymond Yellow Thunder, a 51 year old Oglala Sioux was found dead in a car in a used car lot in Gordon, Nebraska, just over the border from Pine Ridge. He died of a cerebral hemorrhage from beatings on the head. The week before he had been taunted, stripped of his pants, made to dance and then beat up by some whites in a bar. Five whites were charged with manslaughter and false imprisonment, NOT first degree murder.

Although incidents like this happen frequently with little response from the Indian community, this time many of the Oglala from the Pine Ridge and Rosebud reservations reacted. Thirteen hundred came down from the reservation, demonstrated and took over the town hall. At a People's Grand Jury, sponsored by AIM, they testified not only about Raymond Yellow Thunder, but about the conditions that they have had to live under. They made seven demands ranging from an autopsy to the suspension of a particularly racist policeman to an investigation of Raymond Yellow Thunder's death. All seven were granted.

In November over 1,000 Indians from over 250 tribes across the country seized the BIA building in Washington after a cross country caravan called "Trail of the Broken Treaties". The Indians presented the government with a list of 20 demands: the abolition of the BIA by 1976 the creation of a new "Office of Federal and Indian Relations and Community Reconstruction", the establishment of a Commission to review treaty commitments and violations, to name a few.

President Nixon appointed a special task force on Indian grievances and Congress appointed a special task force of its own. Neither group had met by the time Wounded Knee was taken over.

On January 21, Wesley Bad Heart Bull, a 20 year old Sioux, was stabbed to death by a white man near Buffalo Gap, S.D. As with the murder of Raymond Yellow Thunder, the white was only charged with second degree manslaughter and soon freed on \$5,000 bond. A demonstration was called for February 6 and 200 Indians from Rapid City and the surrounding area traveled 60 miles to the Custer, S.D. courthouse.

As Russell Means of AIM was negotiating with officials, he was jumped by cops and in the process Wesley Bad Heart Bull's mother was roughed up. The ensuing battle between 150 Indians and police lasted for hours. The Chamber of Commerce was burned to the ground and two police cars and the courthouse were damaged by smoke and fire. Thirty-eight Indians were arrested.

Custer became an armed camp—National Guardsmen arrived, roads leading to the area were blockaded and telephone communications cut. Vigilantes with rifles were stationed on every roof top. A fight at a bar between whites and Indians landed 42 more Indians (and NO whites) into jail. Tensions remained high.

And then on February 27—Wounded Knee.



DO YOU READ ME ?

Let me tell you

I know you have heard all about My Lai

*And the atrocities of Calley and his command
Massacred were women, old men and babies
Why?*

Leave us alone, was their only demand

Greed took Custer by the hand

Kill the Sioux

He rode for glory and for gold

Trespassing on sacred land

Into hell I'm told

Wounded Knee and My Lai

Parallel in history

Both are among the county's shame

Medals of honor were issued the calvary

Do you read me Calley and Uncle Sam?

(Dated April, 1970, this poem was written on the church wall at Wounded Knee, S. Dakota.)

[Sources for this information were Wounded Knee Bulletin No. 1 from the Independent Oglala Nation, and Liberation News Service.]

The Meaning of A.I.M.

Things won't ever quite be the same again, and that's what the American Indian Movement is all about.

They are respected by many and hated by some, but they are never ignored.

They are the shock troops of Indian Sovereignty.

They intend to raise questions in the minds of all, questions which have gone to sleep in the minds of Indians and non-Indians alike.

From the outside AIM people are tough people. They had to be. AIM was born out of the dark violence of police brutality and voiceless despair of injustice in the courts of Minneapolis. AIM was born because of a few who know that it was enough, enough to endure for themselves and others like them who were people without power or rights. All people have known the insides of jails, the long wait, the "no appeal" of the courts for Indians because many of them were there.

The AIM idea spread rapidly into the Great Lakes cities because other Indians knew the power of local Indian police watchmen, of local legal aid, of a "place to stay" where you could hold up your head and joke.

And from the inside, AIM people are cleansing themselves. Many have returned to the old religions of their tribes, away from the confused notions of a society which has made them slaves of their own unguided lives. AIM is first a spiritual movement, a religion's rebirth, and then a rebirth of Indian dignity. AIM succeeds because it has beliefs to act on. AIM is attempting to connect the realities of the past with the promises of tomorrow.

They are people in a hurry because they know the dignity of a person can be finally broken or snuffed by despair and a belt in a cell in a city jail. They know the deepest hopes of the old people could die with them, they know the "the Indian way" is not tolerated in America because it is not acknowledged as a decent way to be.

Sovereignty, land and culture cannot endure if a person is not left in peace.

AIM is then a new warrior class of this century, bound by the bond of the drum, who vote with their bodies instead of their mouths.

Their business is hope.

Kills Straight
Oglala Sioux
Pine Ridge, South Dakota



AIM ADDRESSES

Blackhill Brotherhood (MONEY)
Box 788
Rapid City, South Dakota 57701
c/o C.P. Jordan

Lakota Coalition (SUPPLIES)
208 11th St.
Rapid City, South Dakota 57701

Indian Fishing Rights

OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON—Two decades of struggle by a handful of Indian people for treaty guaranteed fishing rights continues throughout the Puget Sound area with escalated reprisals by state authorities.

Arrests and confiscation of boats, motors and nets occur continually in spite of growing support from whites, blacks, Chicanos, and Indians of distant tribes who travel many miles to help guard nets on the Nisqually River. Their presence also serves as protection from more frequent and brutal reprisals, as Indians contest their right to fish off reservation where they have fished for centuries.

'The right of taking fish at all usual and accustomed grounds and stations is further secured to said Indians in common with all citizens of the Territory...' reads Art. III of the Medicine Creek Treaty of 1854 between the U.S. and many tribes in the Puget Sound area (including the Nisqually and Puyallup). The treaty also ceded 2,240,000 acres of their land to the U.S. for \$32,500 and the right to continue their way of life—fishing.

Fishing rights guaranteed by treaty have long been eliminated for some tribes because the mouths of the rivers they once fished are now part of metropolitan Seattle and nothing but conduits for industrial waste. The fishing people of the Northwest still contesting that right and dependent on fishing number between 5 and 10,000 of Washington State's total native population of 32,000 (including Nisqually, Puyallup, Muckleshoot, Squaxin, Umatilla, Nez Perce, Quinault, Quileute, and Makah tribes). Under Art. III they maintain they have the right to fish as well as hunt by their own tribal regulations. The Washington State Game Dept. says they are breaking state conservation laws and they will 'maintain law and order no matter what it takes'.

Of all fish taken—not including those allowed to escape for spawning—only four to eight percent are caught by Indian people.

'The U.S. Supreme Court has confirmed the treaty-protected right of Indians to fish off reservation,' said Michael Taylor, defense attorney in several cases in the past three years involving fishing rights. 'The court also said the state had the right to regulate fishing but only when the regulation was 'reasonable and necessary for conservation of the fish'.

'The state does not regulate for conservation purposes. It regulates to allocate fish amongst different users. They allocate fish to the more politically powerful users in the state. The equation includes the



Photos by Karen Engstrom

commercial fishermen (who purse-seine in Puget Sound or in the Pacific), sportsfishermen, and the Indian fishing people. The Washington State Game Dept. is trying to wipe the Indian out of this equation.'

The main struggle at present takes place at Frank's Landing, a six acre piece of land 10 miles from Olympia which supports eight Indian families on the Nisqually River. Their Nisqually Reservation land was taken from them in 1919 to build Fort Lewis and they were isolated on this patch of government trust land two miles west of the remainder of the reservation. Numerous fishing and game rights confrontations occur at various times each year between state law enforcement agencies and Puyallup and Muckleshoot tribes as well as with other Northwest tribes.

Recent Arrests

There have been 14 arrests in the last month on the Nisqually River of people from Frank's Landing for net fishing the three mile stretch between the reservation and the mouth of the river. The river is under surveillance by Game Dept. aircraft day and night. They make arrests only when support, at times numbering 100 people, has dwindled. The nets are checked two or three times a day, one gill net on each side of the river which is about 100 feet across. As the salmon rest in the eddies where the nets stretch out about 15 feet, they are ensnared.

Thirty to sixty men from the Game Dept. in tactical squad gear (sidearms, M-1's, shotguns, mace and 4 foot riot sticks) swoop down on shore and in four jet boats to nab four Indians pulling in nets. The Game Dept. is supported by Thurston County sheriffs and Fort Lewis military police who guard their side of the river. Boats, motors and nets are confiscated and put into a warehouse overflowing with 20 years worth of confiscated gear, kept as evidence, though many arrests over the years never get to arraignment.

'Fishing is our source of life, not just fun as with the sportsfishermen,' said Suzette Bridges Mills. 'When they continually attack us we consider it an attack on Indian people, an attack on our culture, our way of life, our religion and a form of genocide.' She has seen both her parents, Al and Maiselle Bridges arrested again and again for nearly 20 years. Her three-year-old son now watches her and her husband, Sid, dragged away in handcuffs.

'The term 'conservation' is used against us in court,' said Sid Mills, arrested and held on \$350 bail three times this month and arraigned only once. 'The state and federal governments are using the Indian people as scapegoats—saying that we are depleting the fish, that we are not practicing conservation, yet out in Puget Sound one commercial fishing boat catches in one day what we can catch in a year.

'The commercial fishing industry in the Northwest is a billion dollar business. Even if we quit fishing, all eight of us at Frank's Landing, the fish would still be depleting. We are dealing with a mighty

As Long as

treacherous government, one that's willing to do anything for money." "It's really the department of the sportsmen," Michael Taylor said describing the Game Dept. "It's an organ of state government but the board of commissioners in control of the Game Dept. is elected from the sportsmen's organizations of the state and it's entirely supported directly by the fees sportsmen pay to catch fish."

In early February, Frank's Landing Indians and supporters broke into and occupied the Game Dept. building in Olympia refusing to leave until the Game Dept. agreed to discuss the fishing rights issue with them. Carl N. Crouse, Game Dept. Director agreed after three hours deliberation and the Indian people left.

The next morning, riot police present the day before were not visible but several sharp shooters with high powered rifles in civilian clothes made themselves obvious on rooftops nearby. Crouse began the meeting by breaking his signed agreement which said that all representatives of the Indian community could enter, and forced all but 20 representatives to remain outside in freezing weather. Representing the state in the discussion were Carl Crouse, Walt



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Newbrech, the head of the Game Dept. law enforcement arm who had been responsible for enforcing restrictions on the Indians for 20 years, a BIA person, someone from the Governor's office, and State Representative Douthwaite.

'What we ask is that the State Game Dept. stop their interference in federal law,' Sid Mills began. From that point on it was apparent that the state had no plans to respond or even discuss the matter. Crouse, et al chose to ignore questions concerning the state's right to confiscate equipment, its brutality of arrests, raids and harassment, and the Game Dept.'s arsenal and source of funding for arms. To these questions and the question of fundamental rights of Indian people, Crouse repeated several things: 'We are only a creature of the state. Our power comes from the state legislature and the state has the power in our democracy to regulate all people.... We can't make determinations but we will follow the determinations (sic) of the courts and work within these parameters whether they are in your favor or in our favor.'

The state legislator present insisted that the legislature was the place where all would be resolved. The solons have a bill before them now which would guarantee Indians the right to regulate their own fishing-hunting rights. He directed that all parties should be willing to abide by the legislature's decisions; even though there are no Indian representatives.

The question of why gear was confiscated and never returned became impossible for Crouse to ignore. There was no regulation allowing the Game Dept. to hold fishing gear and since the legislator found it irregular, the Game Dept. admitted their 'error' of 20 years and released the most recently taken boats, motors and nets. It was a victory, though the talks took two and a half days of vital fishing time during the steelhead run. In three days the Game Dept. made a new series of arrests including Roberto Maestes, Chicano leader who, with several other Chicanos, remained at Frank's Landing in solidarity with the fishing people.

Any resolution?

'The possibility of resolving the fishing rights issue is bleak,' was Michael Taylor's assessment. 'First, because the resource is 'going away'. The fish are dying out for many reasons, none of them having anything whatsoever to do with Indian people. The dams, flood control wipe out the large fish as they come up river and the small fish heading for the ocean. The growing commercial fishing in the Sound and the Pacific, and the increased pollution are responsible, and when the oil begins to be shipped into this area from Alaska the situation will be much worse.'

'Secondly, the Indian people have no power in the state. In spite of federal courts saying they retain the

right to fish, the sportsmen lobbies and commercial fishing lobbies and tourists interests have the upper hand in the state legislature. The fishing rights bill before the legislature hasn't a chance of passing.'

On March 6, eleven Seattle area sportsfishermen filed a suit against the State Game Dept. The complaint alleges that the fee from their fishing licenses is being used to interfere illegally with Indians' treaty rights to fish with nets on the rivers in Washington. The money they said was intended for the purpose of propagating fish and helping to improve conservation, rather than harassing Indians.

A caravan of people from Frank's Landing and other northwest people are en route to Wounded Knee with supplies and their determination to help those demonstrating there for Indian rights.

The steelhead run is nearly over but the fishing people say they will 'continue their way of life by whatever means necessary.'

by Karen Engstrom

the Rivers Run . . .



Just like the posters said, the United Farm Workers' workshop was held at 10 o'clock Saturday, March 10 at Earth Station 7 on Capitol Hill. Only, at 10 o'clock, I was the only one there who wasn't a UFW organizer, a KING-TV Newsmen, or a Young Socialist Alliance/ Socialist Workers Party activist.

While we waited for more people to arrive, I met Sarah Welch and John Sorenson, UFW activists who are organizing the 'Friends of the Farmworkers.' John told me that the UFW had good news that morning. A Washington state judge had lifted the injunction against the UFW in Yakima Valley. The owner of Yakima Chief Ranch had gotten the injunction against the UFW in an effort to start his own company-dominated union, which would disenfranchise migrant workers. Sarah said she had just heard the news that Caesar Chavez had initiated an 11 million dollar lawsuit against Safeway Corporation for selling poisoned lettuce to American consumers. This suit could have a decisive effect on the lettuce strike.

As more men and women came in, John opened the workshop with explanations that 'Friends of the Farmworkers' 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 added, 'we want to start a core group of people in the 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 then ran down a brief history of the Chicano people's experience as field laborers in America. 'Farmworkers have consistently been excluded from

worker safety legislation. These Chicano people have been denied basic workers' rights and were excluded from prohibition of secondary boycotts as a result,' Sarah stated. 'The farmworkers were excluded from the National Labor Relations Act in the late forties, and so they were free to use the secondary boycott to achieve their demands. As a consequence, the secondary boycott has become a creative tactic of the United Farm Workers.'

'When the grape boycott ended,' she went on, 'there was supposed to be a ban on organic phosphate pesticides, which are highly toxic when sprayed on the fields and working people. These pesticides are a form of nerve gas, and the UFW opposed the use of these poisons in the lettuce fields. To avoid the UFW, the growers went to the Teamsters, who have no people in the fields, and offered them a union contract. The Teamsters agreed to pretend to represent the farm workers, giving 50,000 workers in the Salinas Valley no right to vote for their own representatives.' The Teamsters' narrow self-interest led to the massive strike in the Salinas Valley. Because the Teamster contract offered the field workers no health provisions or medical benefits, in the midst of regular exposure to poisonous spraying, 7,000 workers walked off the job.

'Tortuga'

Someone then asked about conditions where the workers won UFW contracts. Sarah said that even after signing contracts, growers were negligent on several contract provisions, especially health and safety. Often growers would try to use banned pesticides to save money, regardless of the danger

UNITED FARM WORKERS

to field workers. When this happened, the field workers used the 'Tortuga' plan to settle their grievances. 'Tortuga' is Spanish for turtle, and the people in the fields worked like turtles to slow down harvest production. If this didn't prod the growers to respect the contracts, the workers would be forced to strike. But UFW doesn't strike unless it has to, because migrant workers are paid so poorly that they seldom have extra money in the bank to use during a strike. 'Union contracts politicize the Chicano workers,' Sarah added, 'because they learn to rely on themselves to make the contract provide the protection and benefits they need and deserve.'

What about labor contractors, someone asked. 'The labor contractor is actually a slave trader,' Sarah replied. 'His job is to round up workers and sell their labor to large grower companies. Actually, the labor contractor is unnecessary, except to keep workers exploited.'

A Fighting Union

Olga went on to explain that the agri-business corporations set the Teamsters against the United Farm Workers in the classic strategy of 'divide and conquer', worker against worker, Chicanos against whites, and then pretend to the public that it's a squabble between the unions, so the growers can continue to dominate the workers. The UFW, however, has always fought against the growers' deceptions and worked for the rights of agricultural laborers; this is why the UFW is called a 'fighting union.'

Sarah then explained what people in Western Washington can do to support the lettuce boycott and UFW struggles in Eastern Washington. 'Nationally, Safeway Corporation is the biggest buyer of non-Union lettuce. The majority of Safeway lettuce tested was found to be poisoned. 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, in one test, Safeway's extra lean, lean, and hamburger all had the same high fat content! Maggots have even been found in Safeway's cookies. And Safeway has made a point of attacking United Farm Workers every way it can: through deceptive speeches to employees, misleading notices in their stores, and counter-pickets. In Seattle, the Young Americans for Freedom have picketed against the Farmworkers at

Safeway stores. What we have to do is not only boycott lettuce, but People have to be informed that Safeway is a menace to consumers and farm workers alike.'

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 phone 822 7649
UFWOC
6501 106th NE
Kirkland

Sarah Welch phone EA3 5105
UFWOC
808 36th Ave.
Seattle 98122

by Tom Speer

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memories of former glories

by Bernie Weiner



photo by David Wolf

Nearly every "underground" paper has folded here in the San Francisco Bay area in recent years. There have been similar disappearances in Seattle, Portland, New York and other big cities. Yet the *Northwest Passage* keeps on keeping on—for about four years now. Now to explain this. Of course, my perspective at this point is a long-distance one, having been out of daily contact with the paper for nearly two years. But based on my earlier very intimate experience with the *Passage* it seems to me that one has to credit the longevity and quality of the paper to several key factors: 1) lack of journalistic experience; 2) lack of stability; 3) lack of money; and, 4) the weird people on the staff.

Each of these reasons, in normal journalism, would be enough to sink a budding paper before it really got off the ground. But somehow with the *Passage* they work in just the opposite manner and the combination provides a strange kind of alchemical energy to keep the paper going.

Let's take these ingredients one at a time.

JOURNALISTIC EXPERIENCE

The first time I met Frank Kathman, the originator of the NWP, in 1968, he seemed so utterly naive when explaining his ideas and plans for a new newspaper in Bellingham that I couldn't help but be impressed by his innocence and energy.

What Frank did was to borrow \$50 (from Fred Ellis, I think) to publish a nicely-rendered poster advertising that the *Passage* was going to start coming out shortly, and asking for help and workers and money. The poster was an art-work in itself—created by Michael Carlson, Frank's art-director associate—but not too many folk really believed the paper would actually happen. But Frank was smart enough to know that one gets the ball rolling by rolling the ball, not by talking about some hypothetical ballgame—so, some months later, Volume 1, Number 1 appeared in Bellingham. The rest is history.

When Frank first mentioned it in '68, I was still hanging on to my teaching job at WWSC and didn't have the time to do much more with and for the paper than to help out with some money and to contribute film critiques. Besides, I didn't much like the paper and its direction at the time.

That is to say, I enjoyed the paper and got a kick out of it, but I felt it was consciously publishing in such a way as to reach nobody but the already converted. It was, in my eyes, little more than a typical hippie rag—very insular, very naughty and rhetorical, very stony and heady. Several thousand of us late-'60s "hippies" read it, but nobody else did. It was a plaything, a countercultural toy, which wasn't taken seriously, and didn't deserve to be. Then, as now, my main concern was turning people on who weren't already turned on, and I felt the *Passage* was content merely to play to the concerns and prejudices of its hip staff and readership. (This was a necessary reason for its existence, I later came to see, helping immeasurably in bringing the hip community together in Bellingham in those first early days, but it wasn't a sufficient reason for its existence.)

Somewhere around that time, I think some of those same thoughts were beginning to affect Frank and Michael and Laurence Kee and the rest of the early crew. They began to open the paper up a bit more to opinions from outside the staff. They began publishing more serious, well-researched articles about the Bellingham power structure (Joel Connelly did a few, I recall, and David Mason's first expose' of Georgia-Pacific's mercury-dumping appeared as early as September of 1969), and this was good—but, again, it seemed to be a partial waste of time if nobody outside the hip community was reading the paper because of its early reputation.

I don't really know how it happened, since I was tied up with getting the Free U going and still wasn't all that connected with the paper except for my film column, but in December of 1969, the *Passage* produced an entire issue devoted to a serious examination of the environmental crisis. As a result of this emphasis, the circulation of the paper took off, both in terms of numbers and geographically: from the Southside hip community to all of Bellingham and then beyond to Skagit Valley, Seattle, all over Puget Sound and the state, down to Portland and California and up to Vancouver, B.C., and beyond. Things were hopping, and in many ways the *Passage* was at the center as a generating force in the environmental fights shaping up about a year before the term "ecology" was even being mentioned nationwide.

The paper went overboard for a while on a really heavy ecology trip—and, in the process, pissed off a lot of its former hip readers who thought their concerns and laid-back trips were being ignored and even ridiculed in this newfound rush into the environmental battlefields. But, gradually, the paper established a balanced format, the circulation grew once again, and more people became involved.

Before I got carried away in the rich humus of history, I started to talk about the lack of journalistic experience and how this has helped the paper rather than hurt it. The point of all these shifts in the paper's history is that very few knew anything about putting out a newspaper. Certainly Frank didn't when he started the paper. It was done by doing it. That naivete led to all sorts of experiments in layout, graphics, design, writing styles, etc., and while the paper looked sloppy at times, it also looked. (Every so often, when it got too messy, it seems that

someone with a little bit of journalistic or design experience would come along—like Melissa Queen, Bob Hicks, myself, Bob Urso, and so on—and help stabilize it.) Those who worked on a particular aspect of the paper—editing, layout, advertising, distribution, or whatever—taught those who came along after them.

The key thing is that, in professional terms, we really didn't know what we were doing. In that sense, we epitomized the cultural revolution sweeping the young people of America: we simply did it, mostly by instinct, and mostly by knowing what we didn't want to become. Our offices were completely disorganized, our layout sessions a classic exercise in chaos, our graphics files were a total mess, our account books a mysterious realm where few entered. But we did it, and it worked, and it was fun and it was beautiful.

LACK OF STABILITY

Well, eventually there came a time when the founders of the paper just blew themselves out. They simply couldn't do it any more. Frank and Mike, joined by Chris Condon, decided to leave the paper and head elsewhere, presumably after some rest, to start a national environmental magazine out of San Francisco. That meant that either somebody else picked up the editing ball, or that the paper got dropped. If the latter, it would mean that the *Passage* was not the voice of the "new community" in Bellingham but rather reflected only the effort of a few people who were now leaving.

There were several meetings to decide what to do before the three left. Word was received that a group of Seattle journalists wanted to "buy" the paper (which meant really to buy the name, since there was little or no equipment to speak of, and several thousand dollars in back debts) and "professionalize" it, meaning to organize it and slick it up. That stirred up a lot of adrenalin in Bellingham, but still nobody really wanted to take over the demanding editorial responsibilities of the paper. Then Joel Connelly said he'd agree to edit the paper. This announcement stirred up even more adrenalin, since few really knew Joel (though a Bellinghamster, he was in grad school at the UW in Seattle) and those who did, for the most part, couldn't stand him.

The staff decided to tell the Seattle city-slickers "no," and to include Joel in a body of editors who collegially would edit the paper. This board of editors consisted of Melissa Queen, Michael Kerwick, myself, Bob Hicks, Joel Connelly, Skip Richards and Steve Dugert. As might have been expected, this consensus-type editing didn't work very well; it lasted that way for a few months, at least in theory, but eventually the two who knew most about putting out the paper (Melissa and I) got stuck with the most work. In effect, then, though the collegial body was still listed on the masthead, Melissa and I were the editors. And it was then that I came to love Melissa. She was always there with her laid-back smile and her easy-going confidence as I huffed and puffed wondering how we could possibly put out another issue. But somehow, just like Melissa said, things would fall into place at the last minute, copy would come in 30 seconds before we were to leave for typesetting in Seattle, people would show up to type, and another issue would hit the presses.

"We were all weirdos in some way- - -"

Finally, Melissa moved on to other things, mainly organizing the Food Co-Op and there I was, in effect the editor—with lots of help behind me, but still the one person who had to pull together the many frazzled ends of this amorphous entity called the *Northwest Passage*. I had worked in journalism previously, but almost always as a contributor, not as a decision-maker, and I certainly knew very little about graphics and layout. But things seemed to work out, even as I was getting more and more involved (even obsessed) with it. During one point, when the *Helix* folded in Seattle, the *Passage* moved into the vacuum, and for a while there we were printing about 8000 copies about one-third what the Bellingham Herald was putting out.

Around this same time, some journalistic instinct for survival convinced us that we couldn't last long as simply a newspaper. We didn't have the staff to cover all the news, and our biweekly status often meant that we were publishing old news. So we began to move into a more magazine-type format, with a central theme for each issue. Early theme-issues revolved around composting, communes, alternative education, politics, oil in Puget Sound, the women's movement, and it worked and circulation grew. More people outside the staff were willing to contribute articles, artwork, ideas.

After about a year and a half, another interesting intersection occurred. I was beginning to burn out under the staggering load about the same time that some people on the staff began to feel that the paper was becoming too much my personal ego-trip. The solution was for the person editing the paper to be more or less the coordinator, with basic editorial decisions being made by the staff as a whole. This worked beautifully for a while, but I still wanted to get out from under even that burden, and there still was some resentment about my key role. So, finally, I announced that I simply was pulling out. Again, another typical *Passage* crisis: since I (and Melissa) had shouldered the editorial burdens for so long, there weren't many who felt they were qualified to step into the editor's shoes immediately. What to do? David Wolf saved the day with a bunch of suggestions for streamlining the operation, thus taking some of the major burdens off the editor. He said he'd edit the next issue if someone else would edit the one after that.

And out of that crisis-solution emerged what I take to be the present format of the paper: a revolving type of editorship, with maybe half-a-dozen people as fairly regular editors but always open to new people coming in and trying their hand at it.

This lack of stability of the paper, this lurching from crisis to crisis, helped it grow organically from the bottom up rather than receiving orders from the top down. If a "veteran" pulled out, a relative "newcomer" stepped in and helped stabilize things. There always seemed to be new energy which could be fed into the operations of the paper as the old energy became exhausted.

The paper's lack of stability, this constantly shifting staff, had a direct connection to the eternally shaky financial condition so let's talk about that.



LACK OF MONEY

With one brief exception, nobody on the paper has ever been paid, and that has been one of the main salvations of the *Passage*. (The exception was for a few months back in '70, when Bob Urso was given \$100 per issue for his layout crew; there was resentment about this from some quarters and after Bob quit, it was never tried again.)

What this lack of payment meant was that working on the *Passage* was not A Job. It was done because it was fun doing it, or it was important to do it, or one gained friends doing it—whatever the reason people worked on the paper, it was certainly not for money.

Nobody had to support herself or himself through working on the paper, so nobody felt forced to quit when there was a financially bleak period, as happened on so many other "underground" papers.

In fact, the only times when I can remember any disagreements about financial matters were in those rare periods when it would appear that we were about to go out of debt. Then we'd sit around and argue about what to spend the expected profits on, and these sessions got quite heated as various priorities were pushed.

Being poor, then, was a blessing in disguise, since it eliminated major bones of contention which could have split the staff along monetary lines.

In fact, the whole money question split the staff anyway, even though we didn't have much money to play with. What I'm referring to is the division between the editorial side of the staff and the business side. There's always that slit on any paper, underground, aboveground or at ground level. But in a supposedly countercultural organ, the split took on even more absurd proportions since according to the "hip ethic," one isn't supposed to concern oneself with such mundane matters as money.

This tended to translate into: those who had some expertise in money matters and thus handled the business side of the paper were never fully trusted, accepted and totally welcomed by many of the other members of the staff. The business managers were considered by some as somehow morally unclear, and they generally had to prove themselves in other ways before winning total acceptability as members of the *New Culture*.

Since none of the rest of us knew anything about the business end of the paper, I think it's safe to say that were it not for these few dedicated individuals—willing to suffer the slings and arrows of distrust from their sisters and brothers on the rest of the staff—the *Northwest Passage* would have died many years ago.

WEIRD PEOPLE

As I said at the outset, any of these other major problems—lack of experience, lack of stability, and lack of money—would have been enough to sink a budding newspaper. It was the strange types who made up the *Passage* staff that somehow overcame all the other obstacles.

We were all weirdos in some way, and we often rubbed each other in abrasive ways. Yet somehow we managed not only to put out a biweekly newspaper but also to become comrades and friends. Putting out the paper means an enormous amount of hard labor, but it also means a relaxing comradeship playing softball, picnicking, soaking in Baker Hot Springs, sitting around a stove in mid-winter grooving on some sounds, talking, eating, sharing...

One of the things I like most about the *Passage* is its openness for new energy, new people, new ideas. Sometimes people in the community would complain that we would be neglecting a certain aspect of the community; within a few weeks, the people who complained would sometimes find themselves working on the paper, filling us in on what we had previously ignored.

If twenty people, say, in the John Birch Society had wanted to "take over" the paper, they could have done so fairly easily just by walking into one of the weekly meetings of the paper's staff. Anyone who had something to say could say it, or write it, or design it. (Sometimes they would have to hang around for a few weeks before they got the hang of things.) Being open to their fresh ideas didn't always mean we were as warm and polite to the newcomers as we should have been. Some very shy people probably dropped out of the paper because of this cliquey-type atmosphere, but not too many.



melissa

Once the paper move away from the dominant-editor syndrome into the staff making major decisions, some lively discussions sometimes took place about the direction of the paper and various policies. One I can recall involved the question of whether advertising should be accepted, and if so, what kind. And, as a corollary, whether we could feel free to alter the copy submitted to *Connexions*. (This involved the issue of sexual exploitation. I had sent back a pre-paid ad for an aphrodisiac that was advertised as something you dropped in a woman's drink. The staff agreed with that move and extended it to ban ads that exploited people in any way, especially in a sexist way.) I gather there have been many discussions about male chauvinism on the staff in the past year or two—and, of course, the now famous "he/she" controversy came up and was resolved over the weeks by the staff in interaction with the community.

The *Passage* is, was and always has been people of different ages and backgrounds and dreams. One can measure the shift in the paper's emphasis simply by the people whose energy is going into it. Without those people, with their unique talents and concerns (and their peculiar idiosyncrasies), the paper would have folded long ago, like many of its counterparts across the country. But the commitment to building a new way, the desire to help publish a voice of the community, the longing for an energy-receptacle, and many other reasons—all these led, and continue to lead, to the continuation of one of the rarest and most beautiful such journals in the country. It's no wonder that *Mother Earth News* and other national publications constantly reprint from and often mention the *Passage*. There are few like it anywhere. Certainly few which operate on such a shoestring—without salaried employees, with the final product looking so professional. My memories of the *Passage* are really those of the people I worked with and came to love and understand. I have a complex set of the papers and sometimes I go through them from beginning to end, and a warm glow results from remembering the people concerned in the production of each issue. Those ties of love and friendship remain strong even today—which, perhaps, is the best explanation of all why the *Northwest Passage* keeps publishing, and keeps getting better. When the fun departs, when the love and friendship are no longer that important, when Success and Money and Progress become the key concepts for the paper, we won't be surprised if it simply folds up and disappears. But, as long as there's a Bellingham community in search of ways to build new levels of social interaction among friends, they'll be a *Northwest Passage*. Write on!

the Subterranean Homesick News

by Richard Prior

The process of creating this artifact called the Northwest Passage is without a doubt a collective effort; yet whenever I try to think of it as though that word "collective" actually meant something, in terms of a type of consciousness or a sense of unity or solidarity, I find that there is very little I can say about "us", or in the name of us. The ever-changing group of people who put the paper together all have personalities and egos, and most of us want to keep and develop them; yet whenever I think of a truly efficient collective, (which is what collectives are about on one level), I think of an anthill, or a beehive, or my liver. It's hard to think about the cells which are working together to do the things my liver does as though each of them had a personality, but maybe it's true. Maybe each cell doesn't like to think of itself as meaningless and purposeless and alone, maybe each has a strong devotion to unity as a holy path toward liberation. Each cell is selflessly devoted to the function of the liver, realizing that the functioning of the whole body depends on it. In this type of body/society, there's no room for ego trips; cancer in this sense is an ego trip. Before the cells are ready to build a liver and a body/society, they have to have worked through their ego trips and be ready for selfless devotion; we are talking now, for humans, about maybe a million years in the future. The anthill and the beehive have been around for at least three-hundred times that long, but we're just starting.

So from there, about all I can say about working with the Passage is that it's a way I work on myself. When I started, I thought I knew something, and it seemed like putting what I knew in print would be a good way to avoid having to repeat it verbally, over and over, to the large numbers of people that one encounters almost everywhere in this day and age. But as time went by, I found this strange thing happening to me more and more frequently: an issue would come out, and I'd check myself out to see how I looked in print, and suddenly I'd be gaping, incredulous, amazed at the total absurdity of what, only two weeks before, had been absolute truth to me. Or I'd find that my article had been butchered by an editor or typesetter or layout person, and I'd get a lot of good anger to work on out of that.

Back in the old days, before I started going to typesetting and found out what the drudgery end of the Passage is like, I used to send somebody a nasty note when they botched my article; that was before I found out that those errors usually occur after the thirty-seventh cup of coffee, at three in the morning with eyeballs crossed and calcified joints. So now I send them good-natured nasty notes, and slowly, slowly, things are changing. It's not so much that I'm learning to repress my anger in these situations, nor is that what I'm trying to do. What I'm

trying to do is to learn to see myself with a little more humor, to not be so attached to my plans and my desires and the way I want things to be; to be able to accept, first of all, the way in which things actually transpire, even when my plans didn't cover it, and secondly, to be able to accept the possibility that maybe even greater plans than mine, greater than I can see or even conceive of, may be at work. You know, like it seems weird to me that my article was printed upside down, but who knows, maybe somebody in an iron lung someplace is going to get off on it, maybe it's going to trigger some faraway chain of events that I know nothing of. That's where I want to get to in this realm of anger in the collectives; to still lay my plans, still act on my plans, but not get so freaked when they don't pan out. That Meher Baba phrase, "Don't worry, be happy", that used to be the height of absurdity to me. But the further I go, the more I realize that often, it's not nearly so absurd as I am.

"Wow, what's he talking about, that doesn't have anything to do with the Passage." It has everything to do with the Passage. Even within the ranks of people who work on the Passage, let alone its readership, there would be nearly as many different reactions to this as there are people. There is no common agreement of what the Passage is or should be; it's a bunch of individuals working through their hangups, caught in their hangups, creating their hangups, being made aware of their hangups. I'm a cell with these other cells, and all of us are at best only dimly aware of the full scope of what we're doing.

One thing I've always liked about the Passage is the variety of animals that compose it. People may think they're writing about vegetables or music or politics, but usually all they're writing about is themselves. The Passage at present is, in part, an organ for people who feel insignificant to get their name in the papers; either alone, or by association with a group, or a field, or an idea. It's an organ we use to play us back to ourselves. We write long-winded defenses of the oppressed, epic poems to vegetables, and all they really are are justifications, self-justifications for the things we attach ourselves to and identify ourselves with, and want other people to do also.

Behind all that, the cells of a new society lie dormant. Behind the words of each writer, between the lines, feelings or vibrations emanate, conveying information about the health and state of consciousness of the author, and that's what the readers pick up on.

One reason people like the Passage is because, consciously or not, it's saying to everyone okay, you can be in the spotlight now; it's letting us go through what we need to go through, in person or vicariously,



photo by Gordon Davison

the author as Abraham Lincoln

without repressing it. The Western journalistic tradition is just the opposite; until you get a column, you are a reporter, a journalist, and your job is to put forth unfeeling, mechanistic information, without the slightest touch of character, personality, or opinion. That is a newspaper, designed to make people feel weird if they don't feel like a machine, or to feel comfortable if they do. Only the editor gets to spew it all out. The Passage tries hard to act as a newspaper's supposed to, but it's an unruly crowd. The people put together the pieces, whatever comes from themselves and the void at a given time, and that's an issue; it's usually based on a theme, which someone imagines him/her self to be the source of. It almost makes itself.

At this point, some of us are saying, "Wait a minute, hold on now, I'm in control of this situation, I know what I'm doing. I'm making this newspaper, and it's going to be like this, and the next one is going to be like this, and after that my life is going to go off in this direction, and thirty years from now I'm going to be in such-and-such a place, and so on. Right now, I've got these opinions that I know are right, the world is actually in total danger, I know what has to happen to save the world, and the purpose of the Passage is to print the truth that will set everybody free." Okay, so we're going to save humanity, or we're going to save the rest of the life on earth from humanity. Very noble. But who are we doing this noble act for? For ourselves. It keeps coming back down to making things the way we personally want them to be. Our ideals are all very self-centered, not selfless; and there's nothing wrong with that so long as we see it for what it really is, and can stay away from hanging all of these nobility medals on ourselves. We can go through our ego trips consciously, over and over until there's no desire left, until we see that it doesn't satisfy, that it only produces more and more hunger. When we begin to see that, the energy in that channel is spent, and we can start to talk about other possibilities. As long as there is still energy there, and especially if it's there unconsciously, we don't go past that point.

The Passage at present isn't a liver. I'd venture it's safe to say that not one of the cells which compose it has transcended selfishness and ego-desire. It's a pre-natal organ, an organ of (and) in-formation. The cells are in a state of transition, unsure whether to follow the demands of the self or of higher collective functioning, and so they do a bit of both. That's where we are, that's what we have to work through, and that's what we are working through, so everything's okay, don't worry, be happy. That's how I see it for this issue; by next issue, I may have changed my mind again, but if you can get off on it today, far out.

Divine Revelations

by Mortley Durb

[Ed. Note: Many Passage workers are students who receive college or high school credit for their work. The following is a self-evaluation of one student's six-month internship on the paper.]

I started working for the Passage in October of 1972. I went to my first typesetting session and I soon became familiar with such machines as the composer, headliner, and just about everything else that has anything to do with putting out the paper. I consider myself a journeyman on the waxer and the paper cutter.

I've spent hours and hours hawking the paper on campus and I've made the Seattle Distribution circle. I made the Whidbey Island run and, being regardless of risk to myself and disregarding my personal safety, crossed the the frontier into Canada to distribute the Passage to those not fortunate enough to live in America on at least 2 occasions, colliding with an enemy vehicle once. I managed to bring my craft safely back across the border, however.

On at least one occasion I attempted to secure an advertisement from an obscure printing operation in town. I failed miserably.

I think sometime in January I was promoted to Chief Newscaster. Since then I have had to wade through reams of Zodiac and LNS releases looking for news which would, if printed, make a difference in

The Revolution. Sometimes I can't find anything.

A couple of weeks ago I was promoted to the position of ad-setter-upper. That is not to be confused with the ad-go-out-and-getter, which I am not qualified to do. I had been laying out ads for a long time but I still had the salary of a Chief Newscaster. The only difference is that now I get to sit down more at typesetting because I get to work at my desk more.

I think I have done just about every kind of thing that it takes to put out the paper except being editor.

Working for the Passage has also been spiritually rewarding. When a person stays awake for days at a time, visions usually accompany. If these visions are interpreted accurately, divine revelations may come out of it. I haven't had any divine revelations yet, but I think I'm getting close. I stay awake a lot anyway.

I have become attached to the paper and I even feel somewhat committed to staying with it till the end. I will probably be remaining in Bellingham this summer to work on the Passage.

I can't think of anything else I could write to justify my humble request for credit except that I would do it all again if my number was called.

7140752

5 credits requested

On Sunday morning February 25th, 1973, two people were killed in a shootout at a house on Capitol Hill in Seattle. One of the two was an 18 year old, David McMahon. The other was a policeman, Fred Carr. The police had been called because of an argument that began when McMahon lost two dollars in a small stakes card game. McMahon left the house and later returned with a shotgun. The police were summoned, and very shortly after their arrival at the house, McMahon and Carr were dead.

Early accounts in Seattle daily newspapers, radio, and TV stated that McMahon had opened fire and shot Carr as the police entered the house, and that Carr, though wounded, managed to return fire. Two other officers were also said to have fired shots.

Several days later, after autopsies were performed, the press revealed that both men had been killed by police bullets — that Carr had been shot by one of the other policemen and not by David McMahon. It was never confirmed publicly whether David ever actually fired his shotgun.

Many people in the Capitol Hill community were shocked not only by what seemed an avoidable tragedy — the shootout and the deaths of two people, but also by what seemed to be inaccuracies and distortions of the story as it was reported by the news media.

I was an eyewitness to many of the events of that night. I have also talked with other people who were in the house that night. From these conversations and from what I saw and heard myself, I feel that there is important information about the events leading up to the two deaths which have not yet been made available to the public.

I was sitting in my livingroom about 3 a.m. Sunday morning, February 25, when I noticed spotlights shining in the front and back windows of my house. I turned out the lights in the room, looked out the windows, and saw three police cars in front of the house and one in the alley behind. They were shining spotlights on my house and on the house next door. After a few minutes, all the police cars left. After they had left, I went over to the neighboring house to find out whether they knew



why so many police cars had been in the area. There were about a dozen fellows in the house and I was told that they had summoned the police because of an argument.

As I was standing on their porch talking to them David McMahon walked up the sidewalk toward the house carrying a shotgun. Someone pulled me into the house and everyone ran frantically about looking for places to hide. I hurried into the back room of the house and stood near a closet doorway.

David McMahon came into the front room with his shotgun pointed at the floor. Only one other fellow was standing out in the open in the middle room. The man who remained in the middle room was calm and talked to McMahon in a reasonable, nonthreatening, calming way. He told McMahon that it was foolish to threaten people with a gun, to put the gun on safety, and told McMahon that if he wanted to kill someone to kill him first. McMahon said "It's cool" and said that he was upset over something (I didn't catch why).

I told McMahon that I was a neighbor and that I didn't know what was going on and didn't want to be a part of it. McMahon said "It's cool" and acted as if he wasn't intending to use the gun on me or the other man, or on anyone else. He was *not* acting berserk. He listened to us and replied that he foolishly wanted to scare people, but that he actually had no intention of using the gun.

McMahon then went down into the basement and I hurried back to my own house next door. The fellow in the dining room had told me to call the police again, but I hesitated. In a few minutes, another fellow from next door came over to call the

police.

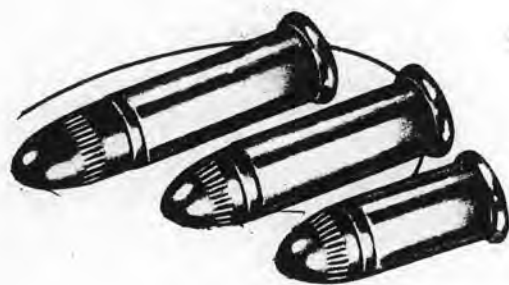
I went out and stood on my front porch. The police pulled up in a few minutes. Four black policemen came toward the neighboring house with weapons in their hands. One or two had 12 gauge sawed off shotguns and the rest had either .357 or .44 magnum revolvers.

Everyone was still in the house except for one fellow on the front lawn when the police spread out in front of the house. They were informed that there was only one armed person in the house, but that the house was full of people who might be injured if they went in shooting. They were also told to identify themselves to McMahon, which they did. At this time, about half of the people who had been in the house managed to get out through the basement door.

Without allowing any more people to get out of the house; without giving McMahon more than a minute to come out; without questioning anyone about McMahon's state of mind or why he was angry; without giving him any alternatives or trying to reason with him; without thinking of anyone's safety including their own, the police entered the house.

From my position on the porch of my house, I saw a policeman enter the house with a magnum type revolver in his outstretched hand. Behind him entered a policeman with a shotgun who chambered a round as he crossed the front porch. At this time I went back into my house and lay down on the floor.

After a long five seconds, I heard three shots ring



Capitol Hill Shoot-In

out almost simultaneously. Shortly after the shooting, the original black policemen left the scene. All the police who showed up thereafter were white. After a period of confusion, police confirmed that David McMahon and Officer Carr had both been shot, and later it was confirmed that they were both dead.

In the year and a half that I have lived on Capitol Hill, I've only once or twice seen black policemen patrolling the area where I live. If it is almost always white policemen patrolling this area, why had black policemen been sent, and why did they leave afterwards?

Another fact about the event that has never come out in the media is that the people remaining in the basement shouted to the police through the door not to shoot McMahon, and one of the police replied to the effect that they would not shoot, but then the other police panicked and opened fire — shooting and killing both McMahon and Carr.

This tragic happening has raised many questions. Why had two people been killed? Why hadn't they stayed outside and engaged him in conversation, through a bullhorn, if necessary? Why hadn't they summoned a friend or family member to talk to him? Why hadn't they tried to get the other people out of the house before firing? Why didn't they stay outside and shoot tear gas into the house instead of going in and swiftly and violently using their weapons? If they felt that firearms would have to be used, why didn't they evacuate the neighboring houses?

When will these violent, dangerous, and heavily armed men — policemen — leave our community, and when will they be replaced by a democratically elected, community controlled, community based police force?

* * * *

(author's name withheld by request)

Since my first article was written there has been an inquest into the deaths of David McMahon and police officer Carr. The inquest took place on March 14 and 15, 1973, in the King County courthouse in downtown Seattle. The presiding officer was J. E. Quigley. There were attorneys representing the prosecutor's office, the police insurance company, and two lawyers representing the McMahon family. The six jurors were all white people, from professional, managerial, and upper working class backgrounds. The jurors were definitely not the peers of David McMahon who was a young Filipino high school student. The judge was white, elderly, dictatorial, prejudiced (in favor of the prosecutor) and old fashioned to say the least. He wanted the inquest to be a quick, quiet, "open and shut" case.

The jury deliberated a mere 75 minutes and found David McMahon's death justifiable homicide and Fred Carr's death excusable homicide. The jury confirmed that both had been shot and killed by police on the scene that night.

The courtroom experience itself seemed an ugly travesty of justice. Most blatantly, Judge Quigley refused to allow any questions about standard police procedure in dealing with a "man with a gun" situation. The judge would not allow any questioning of this kind of the policemen who testified. He would not allow questions about how they had been trained to handle weapons. They were not allowed to say what were the standard procedures that they were expected by their superiors to follow. During the entire ordeal, it seemed that the individual policemen who had been involved in the shootout were receiving all the pressure, and that the administrators and higher officials of the Seattle Police Department, those who actually decide police procedures and policies, never had to answer a question, let alone appear.

Geof Wilson, the McMahon family's attorney, was not allowed to discuss or question many of the events that took place before, during, and after the shootings. He was repeatedly cut off in mid-sentence



by Judge Quigley who would tell him that his questions were not "relevant," beyond the scope of an inquest, "repetitive," "without foundation," "previously objected to." Judge Quigley repeatedly sustained all objections by the prosecutor and the insurance attorney, and several times went even beyond them, to the point of saying "I'll sustain the objection before it's even raised." Judge Quigley's final act of deceit and injustice involved the questions and interrogatories that the jury was given to use as a basis for their deliberations into the deaths of McMahon and Carr. The questions seemed slanted to lead up to the final yes or no answers to the questions of whether the death of McMahon was justifiable homicide and whether the death of Carr was excusable homicide. None of the interrogatories or questions made any mention of standard police procedure or policies, or how the situation had been handled.

The jury was given the interrogatories and questions and dismissed before Geof Wilson could raise his objections. He asked that it be officially recorded that he objected to the content of the list given to the jury and he stated that he had submitted a series of other questions and interrogatories, and that Judge Quigley had refused them to be included in the list, submitted to the jury. The jury, unfortunately, was unaware of this, having already been dismissed.

So the judge controlled not only the words, but also the very ideas and thoughts that witnesses, attorneys, and concerned people attempted to raise — the ultimate questions were never raised, never answered: Why did this avoidable tragedy happen? Why were lives lost?

The McMahon family, the Filipino community, the Capitol Hill community have not been answered.



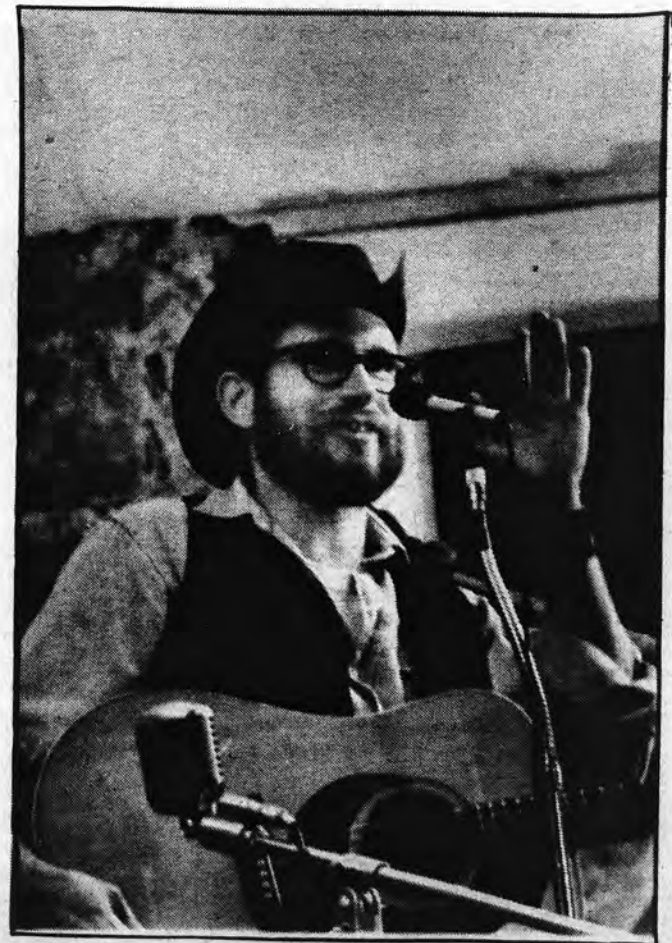
The Southfork Bluegrass Band picking farewell to Toad Hall. From left: Paul Anastasio, Cliff Perry, Jack Hansen, Gordy Brackett, and Steve Radcliffe.



Eat your heart out, Earl Scruggs!

Southfork

Photos by
Michael Brennan



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"It's only in the last few months that I've felt we've really become a band" says Gordy Brackett, bassist for the Southfork Bluegrass Band. "We can put on an evenings performance and get paid for it."

Since its inception three years ago as The HungerBrothers, the five member group has played countless benefits and free concerts. They've played for senior citizens, counter-culture people, college students, straights, and even grade school students. And only rarely have they received payment.

They were, and still are, Fairhaven's community band. These days, though, their playing is earning them a meagre living. They have two regular tavern jobs: Saturday nights at Seattle's Inside Passage Tavern and Sunday nights at Ferndale's Pioneer Tavern. These two performances earn about \$100-\$150 per month for each member of the band.

The Southfork Bluegrass Band consists of Jack Hansen (banjo and mandolin); Gordy Brackett (bass); Cliff Perry, (dobro and vocals); Steve Radcliffe, (vocals and guitar); and Paul Anastasio, (fiddle). Southfork began in the fall of '70. Gordy, Cliff, and Jack lived in the same house and their living room sessions soon evolved into a performing band. They took the name Hunger Brothers, and began holding practice sessions nightly onstage at Toad Hall. They also performed frequently at Pluto's and WWSC, and always in a funky and beautifully loose style. In the days of the "laid-back", pre-Imus days of the Fairhaven community, the Hunger Brothers were the most laid-back of all.

Since then, they've gradually changed to a tighter, stricter bluegrass style. The catalyst of this change has been the addition of Steve Radcliffe on guitar and vocals. Steve and the Hunger Brothers first met a

Bluegrass Band

short while before the Brothers were to play a benefit at Toad in the Fall of '71. They cajoled him into filling in for a departed guitar player. "We couldn't find any songs to play at first," says Steve. "I knew the standards and they knew only obscure bluegrass tunes. I'd suggest a traditional bluegrass song and they'd say, 'I think I heard that once...'"

This lack of communication was due largely to geography. Steve was raised in Pennsylvania bluegrass country, while Gordy, Jack, and Cliff, all from the Northwest, grew up on folk music. (Each admits to taking up his instrument to be able to play "just like the Kingston Trio"). Later, Jack turned to rock, and his band, "Fat Jack," became one of the heavies on the Seattle Teen-age Dance Circuit. But when Jack, Gordy, and Cliff came together to play bluegrass in Bellingham a while later, the Northwest's almost non-existent Bluegrass scene hindered their growth.

Southfork (a name they took last summer while riding home from a fiddler's tourney in Weiser, Idaho) gained another valuable musician recently when they added fiddler Paul Anastasio. Paul, a member of Western Washington State College's orchestra, is classically trained on violin. Though a newcomer to bluegrass, his fiddle solos are already crowd-pleasers.

The result of these changes is a tight style which Steve describes as "more like the traditional East



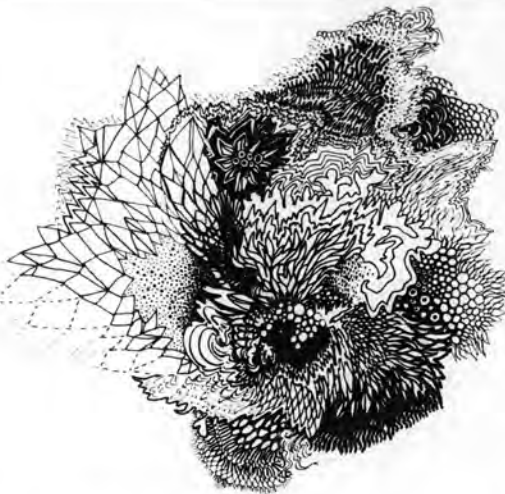
"There's one less Philadelphia lawyerin old Philadelphia tonight."

Coast bands than West Coast." But, with the exception of the Southside, the band has had to build an audience almost from scratch. Their tavern appearances have helped to diversify their audiences considerably. Asked if the funky appearance of the band caused any conflicts with the more conservative element of the taverns' clientele, Jack recounted the story of a Canadian couple who entered the Pioneer Tavern, reluctantly, took a table, saying, "well, we can always leave", and later invited the whole band to dinner. "If there is a natural barrier between hip and straight people, it is broken instantly when we start playing."

Their plans for the future? "Well, we're not

moving to Nashville...we'd like to play more in the Southside—there's just no place to play...maybe we can play a benefit in Fairhaven Park this summer—an outdoor sock-hop...we're just makin' plans for Saturday night...we'd just like to be a tight bluegrass band...we make a studious effort to play this time now...we're right busy learnin' bluegrass..."

by John Brockhaus



Even those people who are not prone to reading an interview with a musician will probably find the following very interesting. It is an interview with guitarist John McLaughlin, the guiding light of the ever more renowned Mahavishnu Orchestra. The interview took place following a particularly inspired performance at Seattle's Paramount Northwest. For those who missed it, a video-tape of at least a part of that performance will be shown on KING (Channel 5) on April 6th at 10 p.m. (or so they told me).

We spoke with John on the morning after the concert in the coffee shop of the Edgewater Inn. Providing an apt paradoxical juxtaposition to our conversation with McLaughlin was a background of Muzak, clanking dishes, and a multitude of seemingly inane early morning conversations. Neophyte music connoisseur Richard Prior joined me in my conversation with John McLaughlin.

Nils/Von Veh

RICHARD: There's a whole lot of discussion in some circles lately about whether or not music is relevant. There's so much going on in the world...

JOHN: Who's saying this?

RICHARD: Mostly political activists.

JOHN: I'm sorry to say they are fools. Where would they be without music? They don't know just how much music has played a role in their lives, or how much it is playing, or how much it is going to play. They don't know that there is only music. They open their mouth and they think they are talking—they are singing. They are either coming from this consciousness (pointing to his head), or they are coming from here (pointing to his heart). You walk over there and you are dancing, really, you're dancing to your inner music. They open their mouth and they're talking. What does talking mean? They open their mouth and what talks and what listens? They call out a sound and project it to you. They could sing it—it's still the same thing. What's a singer? He calls out a sound and projects his feelings. Physical sound—you comprehend it behind—the spirit. The spirit that talks, it's all the same spirit. Those people—they really don't know. They are missing the entire point of music. They are missing the entire point of life, too. They miss out on the beauty. I know these political activists, in Europe there's a lot of them, many more than in America. "Music is irrelevant," (laughing quietly), that ranks as one of the most absurd comments I have ever heard.

RICHARD: There has been a conflict in using up



parts of the paper to do music reviews.

JOHN: So you want to talk about Vietnam, great, so you want to talk about Nicaragua or whatever, Cambodia, China or Russia. That's just a little aspect of man, man's being. What about the beautiful side, the side that is universal. What about inspiration? You realize that they are dead without inspiration, and so is everybody. Their words are like so much dust on the floor. And inspiration comes from here (pointing to his heart), it doesn't come from here (pointing to his mouth), or from there (pointing to his head). Intellectualization is next to death. Mental concepts come straight from the heart—inspiration, utter conviction comes right from here (pointing to his heart), intuition also. And without it they are worthless, as I am Worthless without it. I work for the source of that. God is the giver of inspiration. Love is inspiration also. And that is what is real. You can discuss until eternity and it will be so much dust, it doesn't inspire—does it give you any joy? That's the criterion. If it doesn't give you any joy, it is worthless. If there is no love, it is worthless. If there is no inspiration, it is worthless. I'm not just saying this from a metaphysical point of view, I'm talking about everyone—because everyone relates to joy, everyone relates to love, everyone relates to inspiration. That is their true nature, because everyone knows what it is. Your true nature is inspired loving and joy. Even intellectuals, only they are removed from it. There is a big barrier between their true nature and their divine nature.

NILS: One thing that has intrigued just about

the situation, which means being totally in tune with whoever is playing. You have to be—if you're not, then see you later, because you are a mile behind. It demands concentration and discipline from the musician. But for me that's liberation—discipline is liberation. Liberation extends only so far as my control extends. Without control there is no liberation.

RICHARD: I don't understand that.

JOHN: I am free only insofar as I have self-control.

RICHARD: Now this is one thing I was wondering, too, when you get into really technical perfection which is control, aren't you necessarily going to hit a limit to that?

JOHN: Now that's what you might think, but music doesn't come from the spiritual body—it comes from the soul. It's like sitting in the lotus position, it's like meditating. You have pain, you have difficulty sitting in the lotus position, but the moment you accomplish that, you forget your physical body and you are, you are free, you're free to expand. You've transcended the physical limitations of your body, the same thing with playing. Once you've transcended the physical limitations then you are. In our music we are only actually just being, we are only just expressing the joy of being, the longing of being, the love of being, the intensity of being. The "suffering" unquote, because there is no real suffering in being, but there is longing. The light, the bliss, the courage, the daring, all kinds of things are there in the music. It's just being, you



interview

"There

everyone I know who has heard the Orchestra's music, how is it that five separate individuals are able to come together and make such a beautiful statement about what you have just said. Was it coincidence?

JOHN: What does that mean?

NILS: Was there a conscious design then? What did you set out to do? Did you have in mind the sound that the band now has?

JOHN: Sort of.

NILS: Amazing!

JOHN: Not really. I mean, it's new—that's all. About a year and eleven months ago I started conceiving the idea. It took several months to get a band together. We had been together three weeks when the first album was recorded.

NILS: By what process did the five people in the band get so attuned to each other?

JOHN: The music makes it. To participate in the music you have to be on a certain level of consciousness 'cause it is moving all the time. It is moving from composition to improvisation, and these two are shifting all the time, they're interpenetrating, they're interdependent too. Music is like a tapestry of composition and improvisation. The two are constantly interpenetrating. Now take the time signatures, sometimes they are very complex. Now the only way to stay on top of it, there's only one thing you can do and that's to be totally in control of

know what I mean? In ways like we are being right now, we're communicating lots, we're just singing right now. We're using different modes, we're using different forms, but it's essentially the same. It's how much light, how much joy, how much love, how much daring, how much courage do you have? That's your real nature. In music it's easy to manifest, well, it's easy to manifest it anyway if you want to. Once you have control, then you are, and what you feel is just coming straight through. What you sense and what is actually here, what has always been here you have access to, to manifest on a physical plane.

NILS: Do you set out to consciously create your music or does it just flow through you?

JOHN: That's the ideal. The music is there, it's just a matter of being in the right consciousness.

RICHARD: That's what I'm having a hard time with—control and just letting the music flow through—they seem like opposites to me.

JOHN: Well they're not, they're not at all. You have to be able to lose yourself 'cause then you find your self in whatever you're aspiring towards. Be it music, be it God, be it love, whatever. It's like learning to read—you learn to read only to forget how to read. If you're reading a book and you're conscious of reading that book, you're only going to get this much from the book (indicating a small amount). But the moment you forget about reading, there is only the book: There is not you and the book,

there is only the book. If you listen to music and you are consciously listening to the music, you get nothing from it. But if there is only music you will get everything from it. So you have to transcend body consciousness as far as physical limitations are concerned. Your body has to be in tune, that's why yoga is great—development of the mind, body, heart and creative energies. You have to be in tune, because otherwise every song you sing is going to be out of tune.

NILS: All of this is in your consciousness now. When did you start playing guitar?

JOHN: Twenty years ago.

NILS: You obviously didn't have all this in mind when you started.

JOHN: Of course not. I just love it. Love is it. Whatever you love, that's what you'll do the best. If you love it, there is joy. Are you familiar with Teilhard de Chardin? One of his quotes is—"An infallible sign of the presence of God is joy." If there is no joy, there is no love, there is no God, there is only mind. Better still, be devoted. The path I'm on is love, devotion and surrender. Surrender is a great achievement. To surrender your soul constantly. Your soul knows the truth, because your soul is the truth. That's what you are, that's what everyone is. We're not the mind or the body. We're just the soul, the soul is inseparable from the Supreme Being. That's where ignorance comes in, because people ignore the soul. If people didn't ignore the soul do you think there would be wars? Just look at the world. If people didn't ignore the soul do you think

NILS: What you are trying to get across with your music?

JOHN: The only way you can really relate to people is to inspire them. For me it's my duty and joy and role on earth to inspire people. Not just musicians, but people, I'm here for people. I want them to feel the way I do. I'm on the path to perfection, and my realization is inevitable. My master is the highest, and he's taking me to where I belong. The music I'm working on will embody this divine consciousness and the listeners will experience their own divinity when they listen to this music. It is my eternal duty to inspire. It's easy to tell people, words are so cheap, you can just talk, talk, talk and talk, but can you really relate people to themselves, to their really deep feelings and inspire them? 'Cause that's all I want, if I'm going to go listen to someone talk, or do whatever, if they can make me weep—that's great, because then they are really relating to me, then they're relating to my heart. I'm not interested in the mind, the mind leaves me dissatisfied, mental tickling or whatever, mental games, they just leave me dissatisfied. What's fulfilling is being moved. I want to move people. And this is what my role is on earth.

NILS: There is one thing that is unique about your group, and that is that other people who have tried to inspire people in this way often don't come off because they are...I really haven't come up with a good word yet, but I guess the best way to describe it is "preachy."

JOHN: You mean didactic?



John McLaughlin

able to communicate that to people who have never thought and probably still don't think that you've connected with them on that level. Quite a few of them are very devout agnostics, or whatever.

JOHN: That's great, that's great! For years I was an agnostic.

RICHARD: There are people who are made very uncomfortable by your music.

JOHN: Possibly, yes, because there is no in between. You either come or you don't.

RICHARD: I really think it has something to do with dancing. It's such an internalized kind of music. It's so totally new to many people.

JOHN: But we're out there dancing. We're just dancing, dancing with joy. There are different aspects and dimensions that I mentioned before, the fact that music is and will embody even more divine aspects, divine qualities. But it's all dancing. The thing is, if you're loose and not tight, if you can flow then you can come right with us. Otherwise you have to leave. But fortunately many people like to dance in the way we dance. The music itself is the union. Sound is physical, even if it's invisible it's physical, and so we become one in the physicality of it. It all depends on your consciousness and your aspirations. The reason we're all like we are is because of aspiration, really. The key is aspiration. I'm aspiring spiritually and musically, but spiritually first. The other people in the band are aspiring musically, but very intensely also, and that's why we're able to make music together. Because we aspire to a new level, a new level of communication, and that's what's necessary—to aspire to communicate on a deeper level. Thank you.

with John McLaughlin



is only music"

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those terrible things would go down? Ignorance is ignoring itself.

RICHARD: Do you think that groups of musicians, playing together, really being in tune with each other, having to really pay attention to each other, and really work together, has any political implications?

JOHN: Sure, but it's way beyond that. It's political in that it is a reflection of how people can be together. In politics they are trying to come from the same old place—using the mind to solve things with the same old hackneyed methods with political and intellectual concepts which are totally barren. People put their faith in them because they want to have something to put their faith in. Musicians reflect an aspect of society, reflect how people can be together in harmony. If politicians were soulful, if politicians prayed and meditated every day, and saw the Divine in each other, saw the child in each other, their souls would just be unshadowed fun. And that's all there is. That's why we're here, is to supremely enjoy each other. Because it is not us enjoying, it is actually God enjoying Himself.

NILS: Or Himself, better watch that.

JOHN: Sure, Himself. I'm not a chauvinist. The mother is, the Divine Mother is, I know that. But politicians don't see themselves in relation to that. What I'm saying is that a vast majority of them ignore their souls.

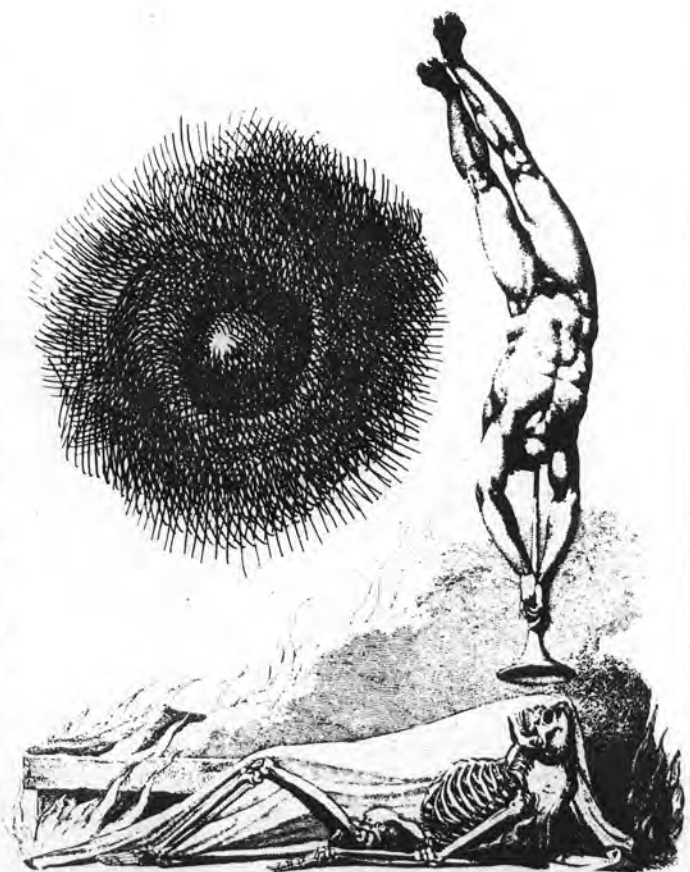
NILS: Yes. Which you don't do when you perform. Which is unique about performers who try to inspire people. You manage to make people see something in themselves they haven't seen. How is it that you've been able to succeed so well where others have failed? You don't come off like a pedagogue.

JOHN: I'm not. I don't want to be. I want to embody humility, because in humility I find real liberation, 'cause who do I have to compare myself with?

NILS: How do you relate then to all the fame?

JOHN: For me, success is not mine, success is my master's, success is God's. I put my life in His hands. And He wants me to experience success—wonderful! If He wants me to experience failure, that's great! I don't mind because I have a personal relationship with Him, His world is all that matters to me. Because in His world I can find total joy. If for some reason the band started bombing tomorrow, I'm not going to stop playing music. I surrender my music to my master, if he told me to stop playing music—I'd stop, right now. Because he can fulfill me in infinite ways. There's only music. I don't have to play an instrument to be musical. Whether I'm playing or not, I'm singing, I'm singing the eternal song, there is only one song to sing, whether I'm talking or walking or working or playing—there is only one song and that is the glory of God.

NILS: What is amazing about that is that you are



Outa the Molasses

Alaska Sourdough Recipes

Thanks to Bill Fadden

Sourdough recipes have been around since the early days of the west, but really came into prominence at the turn of the century during the Alaska goldrush era. These recipes are from the old ways, they work - they are good, simple & natural - and with a bit of imagination who can imagine what results may be forthcoming? Ever try a sourdough angel food turnover?

1 cup flour
 1 cup cold water
 1 cup warm water
 1 cake yeast (or pkg dry yeast)
 1 large glass or pottery bowl
 (metal containers or timers won't work)
 mix flour & water together until mixture is smooth. mix in the warm water to bring temp. to around 100°. mix yeast according to directions on pkg. and work in well with flour & water mixture. Cover bowl with a cloth and place in warm (around 85°) area & let stand 24 hours

STARTER

Jug

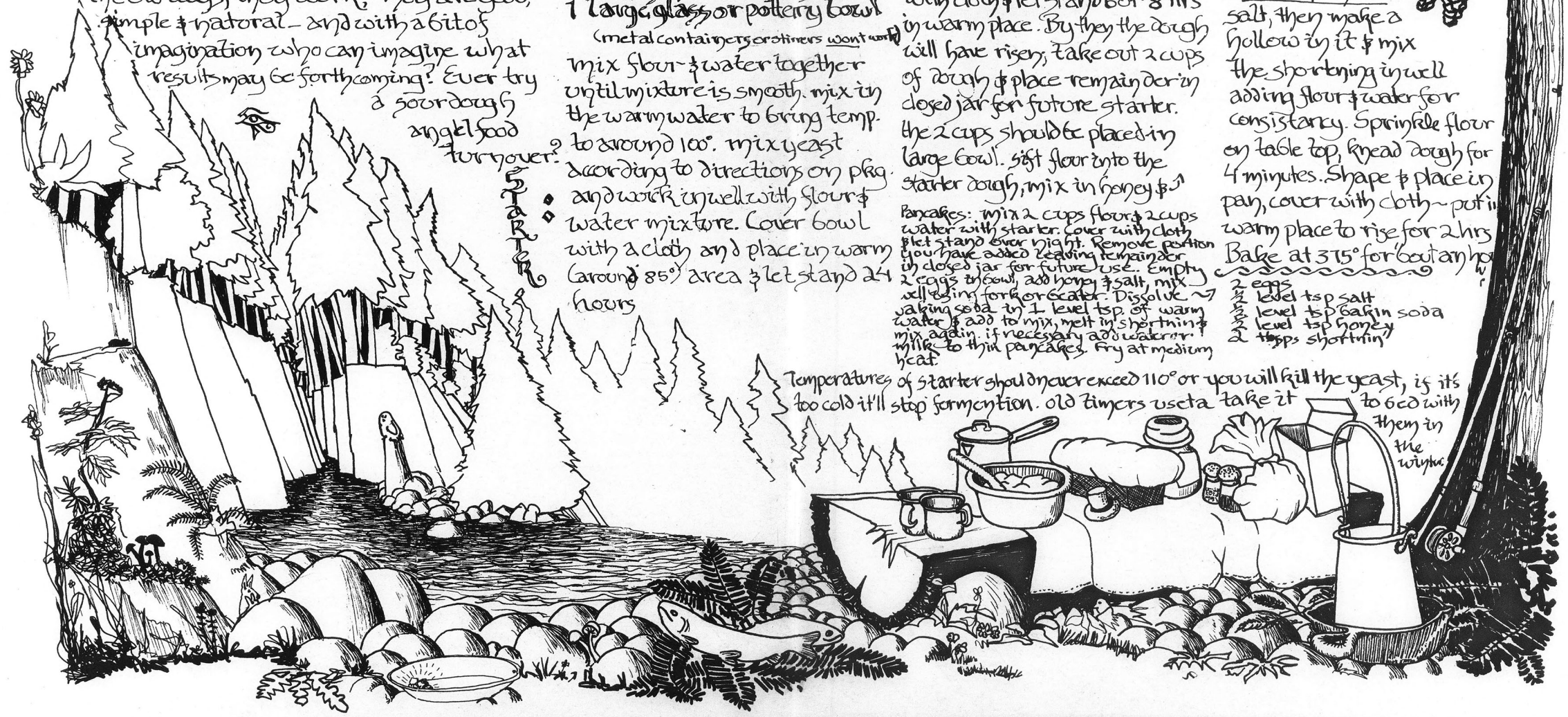
use the starter mix as a base, add enough flour & water to make 3 cups dough. put in bowl, cover with cloth & let stand 6 or 8 hrs in warm place. By then the dough will have risen, take out 2 cups of dough & place remainder in closed jar for future starter. the 2 cups should be placed in large bowl. sift flour into the starter dough, mix in honey & salt.

4 cups flour
 2 tbsps honey
 1 tsp salt
 2 tbsps shortening
 salt, then make a hollow in it & mix the shortening in well adding flour & water for consistency. Sprinkle flour on table top, knead dough for 4 minutes. Shape & place in pan, cover with cloth - put in warm place to rise for 2 hrs. Bake at 375° for about an hr.

Pancakes: mix 2 cups flour & 2 cups water with starter. cover with cloth & let stand over night. Remove portion you have added leaving remainder in closed jar for future use. Empty 2 eggs in bowl, add honey & salt, mix well using fork or beater. Dissolve baking soda in 1 level tsp of warm water & add to mix, melt in shortening & mix again. if necessary add water or milk to thin pancakes. Fry at medium heat.

2 eggs
 1/2 level tsp salt
 1/2 level tsp baking soda
 1/2 level tsp honey
 2 tbsps shortening

Temperatures of starter should never exceed 110° or you will kill the yeast, if it's too cold it'll stop fermentation. old timers use a take it to bed with them in the winter.



SPRING

The Spring leaves are coming,
There's the Oregon grapes.
And all the little buds are peeking
from their little capes.
All the flowers are blooming
Coming from their little houses,
And peeping into the world
like new little mice.
All the people are happy
They do the Highland Fling.
The big surprise has already come,
The big surprise is Spring!

Robin Denise Hull, 8 years,
Sloth Farm, Redmond



LNS

Thinking Of Dreams

I sit here pondering over these thoughts
Not knowing what I'm thinking
Oh, the bad things in life, I'm sure
And dreaming of the good
That shall come some day
But for now I'll just dream.

Brynne Pedersen, 11 years
Des Moines, Wash.

A PRAYER

*the phoenix rises where it fell
the phoenix knows it does not tell
the phoenix needs no golden eggs
to come again returning
to come again returning*

*father to itself
mother to itself*

friend of a friend of a feather

*to cure the curse of dying
gift of joy and thief of grief
stealing away the sorrow
you thought was the core of your being*

*loss and gain are part of pain
the dust of time may crush the mind*

*so small a wing
so great a thing
can be*

*circle of warmth do not exclude, circle of warmth open
circle of warmth do not exclude, circle of warmth open
open*

*Marina deBellagente Bostedt,
Seattle*



Reprinted from Jeopardy

poetry

ALREADY OUR

**Lief but death circled out
casting for some morning light**

**Hemp circled lacing the belfry
already Lazarus calling**

**A few pieces of pumpernickel turned God
if our bent is to keep it going**

**They gave us a goard and said
you can use it for drowning**

**With my fractured conception of flying
her's sprained and in a cast**

**Our ceremony was thought to be comforting
the lights were so lovely and dim**

**Judson Crews,
Chillicothe, Missouri**

Bagel Boogie:

by Lara Mac

Twist and Shout

Now that I'm nearing production of my 2000th bagel for the Soup coop in Langley, Wn. (S. Whidbey Island), I look back with interest at the struggle and my dubious triumph.

There are still people saying, 'What's a bagel?' and I'm not sure I can answer. I only know I held some charismatic feeling for those globs of dough after seeing what they meant to people in New York and reading some bagel nostalgia over the years in Harry Golden's *Carolina Israelite*.

South Whidbey people aren't exactly the 'lox and bagel' type, but they are accepting, more and more frequently enjoying, a fresh, crunchy, chewy bagel. The ingredients: flour, yeast, water, oil, sugar and salt, evoke no ecstasy, but take these prosaic materials, mix them in a strange way, shape them and plunge them in simmering water, then glaze, sprinkle with poppy or sesame seeds, bake, and you are the possessor of a historical delicacy.

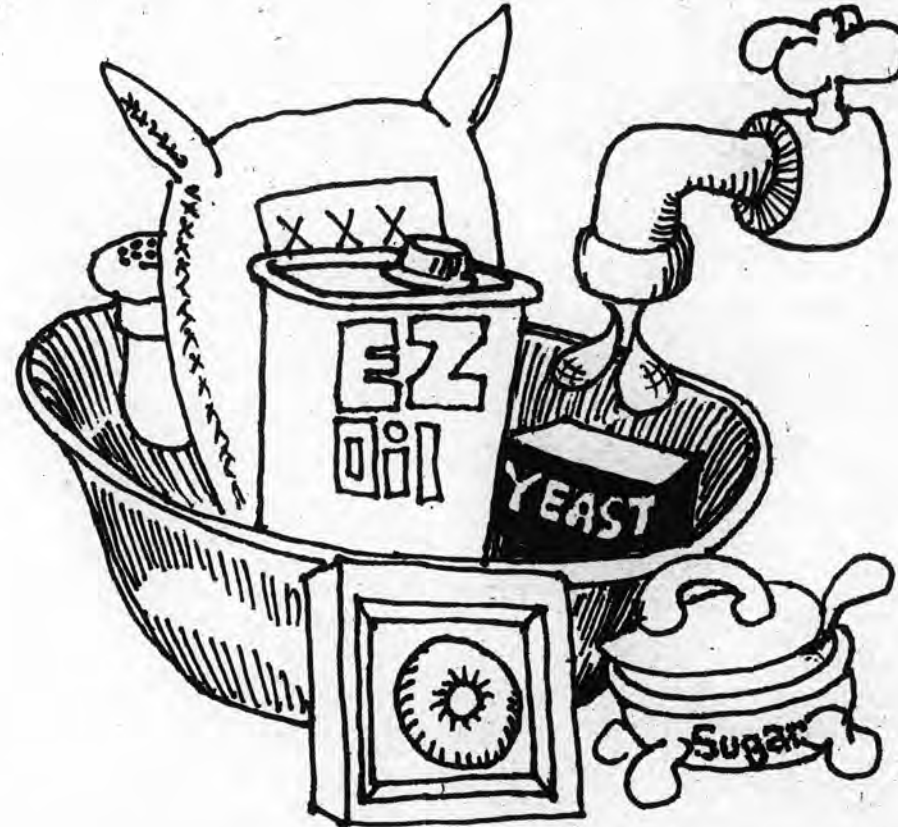
Some like them plain 'O' shape, but many prefer to bite into a knot. I make both shapes. Either way, all kinds of people think they're the best thing you can put in a backpack or take fishing—they wear well. All that moist chewy bread encased in a glorious crunchy crust. I make 'em big and insist on my bagels being served fresh.

I tried five recipes and at least fifty hundred suggestions on how to make the best bagels and I still try for improvements. My greatest problem was their soggy bottoms, but I conquered that.

I'm happy with my bagels and I get compliments galore. Many folks say they are better than any in Seattle.

I feel good about my bagels.

Lara mac, S. Whidbey



Want to try making a bagel? I would advise using 'tough' yeast and unbleached white flour. We get ours from Manna Milling in Seattle.

Put 4 rounded tablespoons of yeast and 3½ tablespoons of granulated sugar in a large mixing bowl; set aside until it foams. Add to the yeast mixture 3 tablespoons of salt and 4 tablespoons of oil. Sprinkle 3 cups of flour over this mixture, to form a sort of blanket. (this is why you need 'tough' yeast.) Add four cups of the hottest tap water. Immediately, mix well with hand beater or electric mixer. Promptly, so the yeast and hot water aren't alone together too long, add more flour and mix well with a large spoon. Add 5 to 6 cups in this last addition, or just enough to make a stiff dough. Turn out and knead very well. Place dough in oiled bowl turn dough in bowl to oil top and let rise until about double in bulk before forming into bagels. At this point, instead of allowing it to rise, you have the option of storing the dough in the refrigerator to use at a later time, within a time lapse of about 24 to 36 hours. This is a durable dough.

To form bagels, roll into ropes about 7" long and 1" in diameter and tie ends into a firmly held knot, or form into balls and push a hole in the center, stretching it to form a better hole. Size of bagels is optional. Drop them in a pan of nearly boiling water (depth about 2½ inches) to which has been added 1 tablespoon sugar. Keep the water at a high simmer or low boil. Cook for about 5 minutes, until they have increased in size nicely. With a slotted spoon or spatula, lift the bagels carefully and set them on a double layer of paper towels. Have a heated, well-oiled cooky sheet ready. Transfer the bagels to the sheet when they are well drained. Brush them well with beaten egg white to which a little water has been added, after which you can, optionally, sprinkle on sesame or poppy seeds, or leave plain. Bake about 25 minutes until the crust is crunchy and well-browned and the interior moist and chewy.

...Ain't she a woman? (Or does the make-up and mockery de-sex her? I doubt it.) STATED: women should not be used to sell products. ESPECIALLY products that cater largely to men. No woman in her right mind would buy a dildo anyway, which only goes to show Great Northern Books hasn't passed puberty either. Go inside someday and watch the giggles and hard-ons. Look at their sexist books. You'll see what I mean.

I don't find the ad for Great Northern Books sexist but I think the ad on the next page for PINATA is racist. All you need is more complications.

The Great Ad Controversy

Two issues ago one of our advertisers, Great Northern Books, had submitted a new ad which some staff members thought was sexist and should not be run. The staff could not reach a consensus on the question and decided to ask for input. Both ads (the new one and the old one) were run. Many letters were received on this subject — responses which clearly illustrate the complex aspects of this kind of question. Below are excerpts from these responses.

As for our decision about which ad to run? We must confess we are not sure. One staff member offered this solution: "So many individual approaches involving the ad controversy served to heighten any arousal of interest in either particular piece of advertisement, while not facilitating at all continuous focus on this controversial matter. Therefore, our somewhat hastily born hesitancy to stand either firmly for or against any such off-color humor, intermeshed with sexist vagaries, only advanced a negativist assessment of a problem, at once demanding an honest evaluation."

... Do not accept any ads from Great Northern Books!! The books and magazines sold there are the ultimate in their degrading portrayal of women as cheap, painted sex toys...

... The pornographer's attitude towards women is no better than the Puritan's — both are fucked!

... Now you're demanding 100% non-sexist from a porn shop. There's a place for you in Food Stamp and welfare administration, Nixon style.

To me both ads are somewhat sexist, but basically comic. I don't know why a man in a pop/Superman Tarzan suit is less offensive to your raised consciousness than a Flapper girl.

Is that really the question?

I wonder how much further the Passage is going to move towards being an elitist rag for those sharing a narrow spectrum of political views...

... Both Great Northern Books ads are sexist. I think both should be published in the Passage. They are graphically good, not at all offensive with their sexuality...

... Of course, women, as a "minority," must be more sensitive to female-degrading sexism. Men, as a "majority" are in a safer position. But not really: we are all in need of increasing openness and liberation. Both also have a humor which is what really sells: not sex but a generous humor sells pornography...

... If you take it upon yourselves to deny Great Northern Books, or anyone else, their right to advertise in whatever way they want, whether sexist, or racist, or fascist, or otherwise exploitative, you'll never sell me another paper.

... Don't go around, as many seem to be doing, inflicting your recent enlightenment on those of a different persuasion...

... I like both advertisements, the portraits of Disgruntled Determination and Impatient Ardor, but I prefer the former. In any contest between will and desire, will will win. And besides, the qualification "Adults Only" throws the entire matter into a questionable framework. You sort of get the feeling that without an abundance of will, financial exhaustion is the overwhelming probability for the unwary patron of Great Northern Books. For those who operate within a religious framework, one glance at the Invitation of Open-ended Activity is enough to remind one forcibly of Buddha's comment on the wheel of rebirth.

Yours for high-class advertisements (for adults only).

... Because she is of a different era, I do not think her picture exploits today's women.

... Maybe it was an exploitative picture in 1920, but I don't think it is today.

Midwifery: Around the World

by Marion James



From time immemorial, babies have been brought into the world by their grandmothers, aunts, tribal wise women, fathers, their mothers, alone. Undoubtedly the infant and maternal mortality rates varied widely according to the health of the people and their knowledge of safe birth practices. Sometimes it was extremely high, evidenced by the fact that the world held a stable population for many thousands of years despite the well-known productive ability of the human female and the lack of knowledge (at least among our immediate ancestors) of birth control.

The Thai delegate to an international conference on the Training and Responsibilities of the Midwife, held in 1966 in Lake Como, Italy, estimated that in 1916 one third of the babies born died within their first year. (The rate in Thailand had dropped to 50.8 per 1000 in 1961.) One reason for this high rate of fetal mortality lies in the strange custom found widely among primitive people of anointing the newly severed umbilical cord with cow dung or dirt, causing a high incidence of tetanus among newborns.

Up until the early 20th century most babies in this country were delivered by traditional midwives of varying degrees of skill who had learned their trade by apprenticeship. I could find no statistics on their degree of success. The main charges leveled against them by the U.S. medical doctors as they began a campaign of eradication was that their lack of cleanliness caused infections, and that their failure to treat the eyes of infants whose mothers had gonorrhea caused blindness. This was shortly after Pasteur made his revolutionary discoveries in germ theory, and in many parts of the world training programs were developed to teach the midwives the things they needed to know. In this country the effort was to replace the midwives with doctors, although this change was not completely made among those social classes with less ability to pay the doctor's fee. In 1935, for example, in Virginia there were at least 6,000 licensed midwives; in 1968 there were 500. "Licensed" means that these midwives register their births and follow medical treatment for infants' eyes. Very rarely in this country have they received any instruction.

There are various patterns of education and practice of midwifery throughout the world. Length of education varies from one to four years; the longer training courses may take students at the completion of seventh or eighth grade and include midwifery training with other subjects on a high school level. A midwife may or may not be a nurse. This varies from country to country. She may practice mainly in the home or she may work in the hospital.

In the Netherlands, which enjoys one of the world's lowest rates of maternal and infant mortality (13.2 per 1000), midwives train for three years, two if they are registered nurses. Changes are underway to require nursing of their midwifery students. Seventy per cent of the babies are born at home. The midwives work closely with obstetricians and, in this urban, densely populated country, emergency hospitalization is readily available. Notice the Netherlands' position on the table of infant mortality rates.

Denmark has a similar pattern of midwifery to the Netherlands. Percent of home confinements in 1968 was 41.

Norway, Sweden, and Finland have similar midwifery training and regulations to the Netherlands and Denmark. In these large, sparsely populated countries almost 100 per cent of births take place in hospitals.

In England, where many women still have home deliveries, nurses may complete midwifery training in one year. It is encouraged there for midwives to be nurses, and most are. A non-nurse may complete midwifery training in two years.

Traditional China had rather unenlightened childbirth customs, resulting among other unpleasant problems a high incidence of tetanus neonatorum. After the liberation one of the first things to be established were several one-year courses in different health fields, including midwifery. Graduates returned to the villages as new practitioners and educators of the people and traditional midwives.

In all of the above countries with the possible exception of mainland China a midwife is allowed to be a private practitioner. She works with a doctor and in any variation from the normal she follows his orders, but she doesn't necessarily work for him.

In Soviet Russia and the Communist countries of Eastern Europe the midwife has little independence. Nearly all babies are born in hospitals. The midwife does normal deliveries and assigned, but the majority of her work is in clinics, parturition wards and newborn nurseries, and assisting the doctor in surgery and delivery. These are the countries where a girl is routed on the "midwifery track" at a young age and at the completion of her education is a midwife and eligible to enter the university.

A glance at a list of maternal or infant mortality will show that the United States (19.8 per 1000), with deliveries presided over almost entirely by doctors in hospitals, does not rate as well as many countries where the babies are delivered by midwives, and often at home. Some people say this may be due to widespread poverty and other social problems in the United States. Others point to the "interventionist" tendencies of American obstetricians. Impatient with a natural process, they resort to inducing or speeding up labor, using analgesics and anaesthetics which lower the level of oxygen available to the fetus, hurrying the baby's entry into the world with forceps, even using the Caesarian section, a life-saving technique when necessary, at a higher rate than most countries.

Perhaps, increased training of paramedics such as midwives would increase the availability and quality of medical care in the U.S., so that we might approach the low infant mortality rates of other countries.

Though less than 1% of the babies born in the United States are delivered by midwives, there are now 27 states with laws permitting certified nurse-midwives to practice. Nine of these have come around in the last few years. They do not include Washington. They do include California, Idaho, Oregon, and New Mexico. Nowhere in this country

can the midwife operate as an independent practitioner as she does in other parts of the world. Maybe Washington, with its liberal initiative and referendum policies, can be the first state to allow independent practice of nurse-midwives, after the fashion of the Netherlands or Great Britain.

If you are interested in professional midwifery in this country you must begin with nurse's training. There are eight basic midwifery schools in the United States. Four are masters degree programs, requiring a bachelor of science in nursing; three offer a "basic certificate" in midwifery and are open to all registered nurses. One offers both. The courses vary in length from six months to two years. One requires a knowledge of Spanish. All are presently flooded with applications. I have been told there are two new schools which were not on the list I got from the American College of Nurse-Midwives (50 E. 92nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10028); one is said to be in Loma Linda California, and the other in Mississippi. Besides the eight basic schools there are two offering only internship programs to graduate nurse-midwives. Below is a list of addresses of places offering training in professional midwifery, to write to for further information.

Midwifery Program
University District Hospital
Caparra Heights,
Puerto Rico 00731.

The Maternity Center Association
State University of New York
Downstate Medical Center
450 Clarkston Avenue
Brooklyn, New York 11203.

The University of Mississippi Medical Center
2500 North State Street
Jackson, Mississippi 39216.

The Yale University School of Nursing
38 South Street
New Haven, Connecticut 06510.

University of Utah College of Nursing
25 South Medical Drive
Salt Lake City, Utah 84112.

The Department of Nursing of the Faculty of Medicine
Columbia University
630 West 168th Street
New York, New York 10032.

Frontier Nursing Service
Wendover, Leslie County
Leslie County, Kentucky 41755

Fairhaven Bicycle

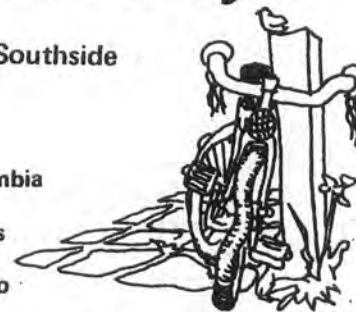
1103 Harris Southside

We sell:

Gitane Columbia

Legnamo Frejus

Crescent Chimo



Fully guaranteed service, parts, & accessories.
(Let us fix your bike before we're busy with Spring.)

Welcome to the...

PAPER RADIO!



20th Century Fox

A mysterious ecology phantom—known only as "the Fox"—has struck again in Illinois.

Over the past two years, the Fox has been running a one-person "terrorist" campaign against large companies which he believes have been dumping wastes into the environment. The Fox has struck literally dozens of corporate offices in the middle of the night, often throwing the company's own waste products all about its offices. His activities have been described as "ecotage"—which is "sabotage" on behalf of ecology.

The Fox struck again last Saturday when he eluded guards and a security camera system at the Allsteel Equipment Plant in Montgomery, Illinois, during pre-dawn hours. The phantom threw a thick paint thinner all over the marble entrance to the Allsteel headquarters building—and left a message behind. The phantom charged that the thinner had been dumped into nearby Gillette Creek by Allsteel company drains. Wrote the Fox: (quote) "Congratulations, Allsteel. Because of your murder of Gillette Creek, you have won—absolutely free—delivery of your very own pollutants back to our very own doorstep." The Fox, as usual, signed his message with his customary "F-O-X" signature. The "O" in "FOX" was a little fox head.

ZODIAC

Her 41¢ Worth



The Bureau of the Census reports that the salaries paid to working women is steadily declining when compared to male salaries.

According to the Census Department, the average full-time woman worker in 1955 was paid 64 percent of what the average full-time man worker was paid; by 1960, the figure had declined from 64 percent to 61 percent; in 1965, it was down to 60 percent; and by 1970, the last period for which figures are available, the typical woman received wages equalling only 59 percent of the wages paid to the working man. This means that, for every dollar earned by the average man, the average woman was paid 59 cents. ZODIAC

Do You Believe in Pilots?

A team of U.F.O. investigators is carefully exploring cemeteries in the area of Aurora, Texas, in attempts to recover the body of a U.F.O. pilot who reportedly was killed there in 1897.

Hayden Hewes, the head of the U.F.O. bureau in Oklahoma City, has confirmed that the strange investigation is in progress. According to Hewes, the hunt for the extra-terrestrial remains was launched after old newspaper accounts of a U.F.O. crash were discovered by the Dallas Times-Herald. According to a number of Texas newspapers published on April 20th, 1897, a cigar-shaped U.F.O. collided with a windmill near Aurora the previous morning and exploded.

The various news accounts all state that rescuers who searched the wreckage found the remains of a single being, thought to be the pilot. According to one account, the remains were (quote) "Not those of an inhabitant of this world." The newspapers go on to explain that the mysterious pilot was given (quote) "a Christian burial."

The crash of the U.F.O. came in the midst of a rash of sightings of U.F.O.'s throughout the northern part of the state of Texas. Newspapers during April of 1897 were filled with stories and descriptions of cigar-shaped objects which reportedly hovered over the area.

Hewes reports that his investigation team has already located the remains of the windmill—said to have belonged to a Judge J.S. Proctor—and the cemetery where the body reportedly was buried. Hewes adds that, once the grave itself is identified, his group will seek permission from the state to exhume the remains and examine them.

ZODIAC

Busted Flat in San Jose

A 26-year-old draft resister returned from exile in Sweden to win a victory—of sorts—in court.

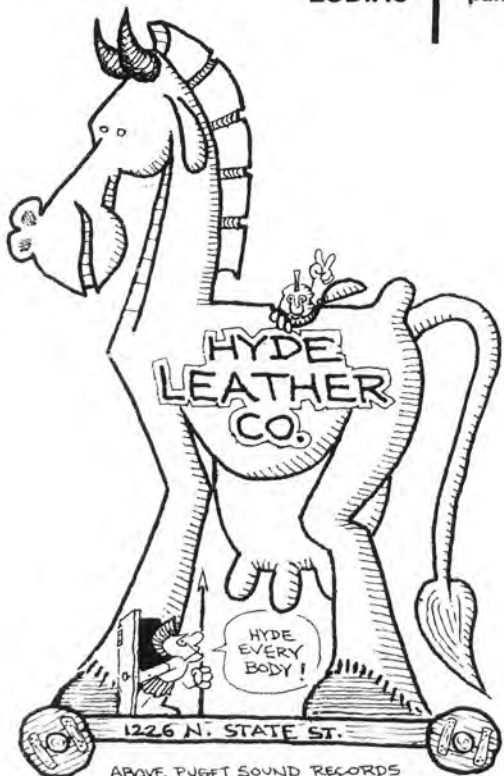
Kenneth Rutledge of San Jose, California, returned home last month after spending a year abroad to avoid the draft. Rutledge had announced that he was coming home because the Vietnam War had ended—and he hoped that all would be forgiven.

In Federal Court, Rutledge pleaded his case and won: U.S. District Judge Robert Peckham ruled that Rutledge may not have received the proper draft notices sent to him, and dismissed all the charges against him.

However, Rutledge's victory was short-lived: as he walked from court a free man, he was handed a piece of paper by a federal agent. The paper ordered Rutledge to report next Wednesday (March 21st) for his induction into the U.S. Army.

ZODIAC

I WANT TO APPEAL
MY 1-A CLASSIFICATION.
I HAVENT ANY ARMS.



ABOVE: PUGET SOUND RECORDS

EVERYBODY'S ENGINE SHOP

1405 Dupont

conscientious lower prices	valve grinding short blocks	general work 734-9687
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For Your Own Sake

The American Friends Service Committee has initiated a million dollar campaign to double its aid to civilian sufferers in Vietnam and to help bring about a lasting peace in Indochina.

"It is urgent," said Wallace Collett, board chairman of AFSC, "that Americans keep well-informed about the role of the United States in Vietnam. Many involvements have taken place and are still taking place with the American people unaware of the sweeping and tragic nature of those involvements."

Such involvements include the replacement of U.S. military personnel in Vietnam by 10,000 U.S. civilians and the continued U.S. aid to the Saigon regime's national police and prison systems which now hold an estimated 200,000 civilian opponents of President Thieu's policies, many of them arrested and held for favoring peace and neutrality.

The AFSC operates a prosthetics and rehabilitation center at Quang Ngai, north of Saigon, which fits maimed civilian victims of the war with artificial arms and legs. Medical and surgical supplies have been provided to North and to South Vietnam by AFSC over a period of several years. The AFSC's spokesmen have been prominent in efforts to convince the United States to end the war, having conferred in Hanoi, Paris, Saigon, and Washington, D.C. with representatives of all warring factions.

Send your contribution to: North/South Vietnam Fund for War Relief and Peace Action, American Friends Service Committee, 160 N. 15th Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 19102 or: AFSC, 814 N.E. 40th Street, Seattle, Wn. 98105

Bombs

The American Friends Service Committee is asking, "What would the Air Force do without Laos and Cambodia?"

The Committee cites statistics released last month by the Pentagon: In December, when U.S. B-52's were bombing Hanoi, munitions dropped on Southeast Asia totaled 95,490 tons; in January, however, after virtually all of North Vietnam was declared off-limits, the U.S. dropped 101,391 tons of bombs--most of it on Laos and Cambodia.

ZODIAC



Sukoff, Mac!

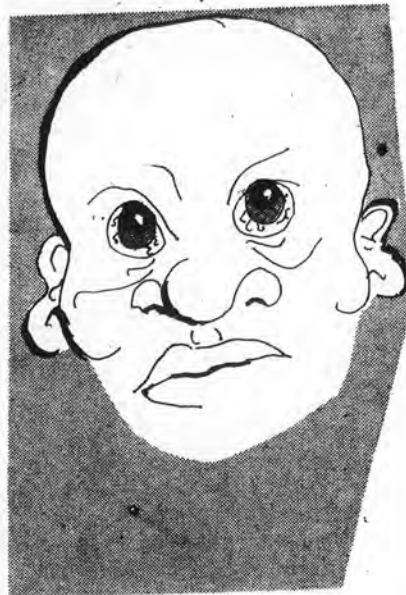


The McDonald's burger chain boasts that it has sold ten billion hamburgers--but do people really appreciate what 10 billion hamburgers means?

Urban planner Albert Sukoff has translated the 10 billion burgers into figures most people can appreciate. Sukoff estimates that the typical hamburger is about one-and-three quarters inches thick, and four inches in diameter. This means, he calculates, that if you laid all 10 billion burgers side by side, they would form an eight-and-a-half-foot wide belt extending completely around the world.

Sukoff adds that if you stacked all of McDonald's burgers on top of a city block 90 feet long and 90 feet wide, you'd end up with a pile of burgers nearly four miles high.

ZODIAC



Zippies in Need



Thomas Forcade and Cindy Ornsteen have been arrested and charged with "possession of firebombs". The charge carries twenty years each, and \$50,000 bail each. The firebombs were supposedly found when a stake truck fitted out as a mobile rock and roll platform was stopped two blocks from the Convention Hall in Miami Beach, on Wednesday evening, August 23, 1972. Witnesses are DESPERATELY needed. If you saw this bust, or were part of the 1st Zippie Shock Battalion aboard the truck, please write immediately to: Forcade-Ornsteen Defense Committee, c/o YIP, Box 384, Staten Island, NY. Or call collect to: (212) 242-3888.

Disgusting



Long-time anti-war activist Rennie Davis has quit the peace movement to become a follower of the 15-year-old guru, Maharaj Ji.

Davis, in a bizarre interview with college press service, says that he has decided to devote full-time energies to the Sat guru movement, as a result of a recent trip to India. Davis reports that he was on his way to Paris last January to meet with Madame Binh, when he met some old friends of his on the airplane. Instead of stopping in Paris, he continued to India, and went to Preme De Gar, a city built by the followers of the 15-year-old guru.

According to Davis, his experiences in the presence of the guru were the most moving and striking in his entire life. He states that the first time he saw Maharaj Ji, the guru came out wearing a pin-striped suit and zipper-type boots. He said the religious leader then wheeled out a motorcycle and started racing around amongst his followers who were standing in a dirt yard. Davis said the guru dragged out an old wooden bed, tied it to his motorcycle, and pulled it rapidly around the field with a 60-year-old follower sitting atop the bed. Said Davis: (quote) "I was in utter confusion. I was reduced to the state of a child playing with his father...I felt waves of joy coming up in me and tears in my eyes."

The Sat guru movement has been growing in popularity in the United States during the past several years--and claims thousands of American followers. Davis said that he will help in the movement's efforts to build a city in the U.S., to develop a nationwide chain of Divine Light Sales stores and to help buy an airplane and a house in Los Angeles for the guru.

ZODIAC



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\$CC Notes\$

Roger Kelem

The Cooperating Community is starting an experimental project designed to raise the capital necessary to establish the existing CC enterprises and also to initiate new ones. The idea is to operate an enterprise staffed by people from many if not all the different CC member groups. The net income will go to a general fund controlled by the Cooperating Community.

Ploughshare Collective has agreed to turn over the Soup 'n' Salad restaurant located in the Public Market to the Cooperating Community for this purpose. This will be done on a trial basis for the next two months. Ploughshare will ultimately want to resume operation of the restaurant at a time when CC does not need so much capital and when the collective has enough members to operate both Little Bread Company and Soup 'n' Salad without outside help. Continuation of the capital raising project will be contingent on whether the members of

Ploughshare can support themselves from the bakery alone and whether the irregular labor force at the restaurant can maintain business at an adequate level. Hopefully the restaurant will bring into the CC fund between \$300 and \$500 per week.

For the next 6 weeks the workers in the restaurant will consist of a 'worry group' which will oversee the operation, one member each day from Ploughshare (to add continuity during the transition period), and one or two members from other working groups in CC. The later will be supported for their work by their own member organizations. Others who do not receive such support, will receive compensation at the Labor Exchange Rate of \$1.00 per hour.



To help inform the public about CC a booth will be established across from Soup 'n' Salad. Initially someone will be there on Wednesdays from 1 pm to 3 pm.



CC Produce has finally moved upstairs in the market. It is now located on Pike Place near the corner of Pike Street across from the market area. Also, CC Produce will be offering CC Notes starting this week. People can purchase the notes in \$20 lots. They will provide CC Produce with short term capital. People can use the notes to purchase produce at CC or to buy items at some of the other CC member groups. Come by and check out the new location and all the wonderful produce and invest your food money in the community.



The New School for Children needs to raise about \$600 to pay the teachers' salaries. Therefore the school is going to hold a crafts sale at the University Village all day, Saturday, April 14. Some of the items for sale will include home baked goods, jewelry, and children's crafts. The New School, located at 70th and Greenwood, is providing the community with an alternative to the horrors of traditional schools. Right now it needs the community's support.

Seattle

Subterranean Theatre

Movies for the People

The Subterranean Theatre is a nonprofit organization that we originally organized around 'getting a grant'. The idea was simple: rent a cheap good spot for a tiny theatre—to fit 150 people; have the funds to make it beautiful; and buy the equipment, licenses, old theatre seats, etc. The foyer was to be a gallery where painters, potters, sculptors and photographers (and more) could show their work free of charge. The main

proposal was the showing of underground experimental films...those made locally as well as the big time filmworks of New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto. Also, depending on the space, the theatre could have poetry readings, dance, music, drama and multimedia presentations.

The grant would have allowed us to pay for the rental of every film and for the other performing arts. It also

would mean that it could be cheap for the people to go to. This is very important because art is usually only a rich man's pleasure...and business.

Eventually the dreams faded out, as it became evident that we were too big a risk to be financed. They carried us along until the last minute, then getting nervous, they turned down our proposal. As I look back on it all, I am probably glad we don't have their money or their problems.

It finally struck me that if there were even 100 people in Seattle interested enough in seeing what others are doing with film, then it could work. Everyone would have to be willing to put in whatever it takes to order a few films every couple of weeks.

Our first show was on Feb. 10, 1973. Since it was free, EARTHSTATION 7 was completely full. At the next show two weeks later when we began asking for donations, only about 20 people came. Up until then only locally-made films have been shown, with the exception of one Canadian Film Board film.

On March 10, there were two films I ordered from the Museum of Modern Art. They were fairly well-known films: Oh Dem Watermelons by Robert Nelson and Offon by Scott Bartlett. The response was better, more people came and there was greater interest. This trend of mixing well-known imported films with locally made ones will continue.

next week...

The next showing, Saturday, April 7, will feature As Long as the River Runs an hour long movie by Carol Burns. This moving picture is a documentary of the Nisqually Indians' struggle over fishing rights at Frank's Landing, and shows a side to the events that one often doesn't get the chance to see. There will also be a number of shorter films shown. The movies start at 8:30 pm. Donations are \$.75.

Filmmaking is a horribly expensive art form. It is not free for the artist to make a film. Neither, then, can it necessarily be free to see them. We tried very hard to panhandle from the system so that 'the people' could have cheap entertainment...but in the end, I think that it is not the way. I hope the community will want to be responsible to its artists and that we can be strong without outside help.

If anyone has special favorite films, knows local filmmakers or has access to catalogues of the underground, you can reach me at EA 3 1427, or maybe at the Earthstation 7.

Laurie

Hours
11am-7pm
Mon-Sat

Ploughshare Collective

8050 15th NE
Seattle WA 98145

Little Bread Co. EA 55400

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STRICTLY VEGETARIAN

News

Farm Brigades

Winter in rural Washington. Most of us will make out one way or another. But every year, needed work goes undone because resources are lacking, more farmers lost their farms, the cost of living goes up, and life gets harder. Good people having a hard time of it. Hate to see it.

We are all neighbors, and most of us are in need of something once in a while. All we have to do is broaden our area of neighbors. This is where RCR and I comes in. People all over the state can be in touch with each other, asking and offering help of all sorts. We can help each other find things, share information and ideas, sell or trade things with each other. How about skills? People in one area going to help out a neighbor in another area who has a big job to do.

The Rural-City Resources and Information is a newspaper, a bulletin board, an answering service, and a bargain sheet. It is connected with other groups all over the state, like Jaybird in Carnation, to link together neighbors in need who don't know each other yet. RCR and I is also connected with the Cooperating Community, a cooperative of alternative institutions in Seattle, such as food co-ops and community clinics, institutions in Seattle, such as food co-ops and community clinics. City folks need things and can offer things to rural folks, rural folks can do the same for the city.

Farm Brigades

For folks interested in learning organic farming, farm-related skills, or simply would enjoy going to the country to work in the sun for a couple of days, becoming part of a farm brigade is a way. People in different rural communities have labor needs, and are interested in meeting and working with folks. Following are specific situations that folks can respond to.

Old Day Creek Road Free School Sedro Wooley, Wash.

Our Community is composed of two communes and several families. We could use farm brigade help this summer to help build a community garage, and work in our gardens. We don't have extra living space, except for the land, so we would like to set up a camp for 5-7 people for a two-week period. Then, if it works out well, we would like to continue the camp through the summer.

We are operating on a subsistence level, but will provide farm brigaders with basic foods, grains and vegetables. We would like farm brigade help starting around June 8th, after school is over for us and our children.

New Cascadian Farm Concrete, Wash.

New Cascadian Farm is located in the upper Skagit Valley, with 10 acres of farmable land. It's in an extremely beautiful location—a small 10 acre 'valley' surrounded by mountains, trees, glaciers, fog...A collective of

three people, two women and one man. They will be farming 4 and one-half acres of various vegetables, and need help with planting, transplanting, mulching and other related farm work. They have given us the following timetable for when they'll need folks: April 8-10 transplanting and planting, two folks are needed approximately around June 1, harvesting snow peas, 2-4 folks needed June 10, 11, 12, mulching cucumbers and squash, 4 folks needed

Iocwat

Rt. 1 Box 389
Olympia, Wn. 98502

This 40-acre farm is mostly woods, some fields and a small farmstead with buildings. Owner Mingo (46) and two small children share it with a changing group of young people, some of whom are Evergreen students. We share all responsibilities, including financial ones. We need an experienced person to help in planning the construction of buildings.

If you are a city or rural person and would like to work within one of these situations, or within one yet to come up, contact Kathy Stone at C.C. Produce (MU2 1119), write, or come to a meeting (what! another?) on Monday, April 2, 1:30 at the Capital Hill Co-op, 12th and Denny.

If you are a farmer, or some kind of rural person/group and could use help, contact us (write, come visit). Be very specific about your situation - what the labor needs are, how many folks you would want, what housing/food needs you could fill, when you would want folks and for how long—write to us: Farm Brigade, c/o C.C. Produce, 80 Lower Pike Place, Seattle, Wash.

Gay Women's Benefit

Phyllis Lyon and Del Martin, authors of *Lesbian/Woman* and founders of the country's first organization for lesbian women, Daughters of Bilitis, will be in Seattle on Thursday, April 5.

The two women will speak at 8 p.m. in the HUB ballroom on the University of Washington campus. The evening is a benefit for the Gay Women's Resource Center program at the University of Washington YWCA.

Advance tickets will be on sale as of Thursday, March 15, at the YWCA, 4224 University Way NE, Seattle, 98105. Prices are \$1.50 for students; \$2 for non-students. Send a stamped self-addressed envelope with ticket money if you cannot get to the YWCA.

For info: Karen West
(206) ME 4-3090 days
EA 4-0127 evs

Chicana Feminist At UFW Workshop

Olga Rodriguez, a young Chicana feminist, was a guest speaker at the workshop sponsored by the United Farm Workers and held at Capitol Hill's Earth Station 7 on Saturday, March 10.

Ms. Rodriguez, who is the Socialist Workers Party candidate for Mayor of Los Angeles, spoke briefly to the 'Friends of the Farmworkers' first gathering on the current Chicano struggles in the Southwest.

The first subject she mentioned was the recent success of La Raza Unida Party in their struggle against Delmonte, a large agri-business corporation, in Chrystal City, Texas. La Raza Unida Party, she said, was very active throughout the Southwest, in not only Texas but New Mexico, Arizona, and California, especially in Los Angeles, which has the largest Chicano population outside Mexico City. La Raza Unida is leading the fight in Los Angeles to save Model Cities and Head Start programs in the Chicano communities, which are now threatened by Nixon's cutbacks.

One struggle that concerns the Chicano people, and La Raza Unida, is the Farah pants strike. Workers at Farah, 94% of whom are Chicano, have been striking since 1970. Farah Corporation, based in New Mexico, oppresses its workers, the majority of whom are women, in several major ways. Farah allows no maternity leaves or benefits, so when a Chicana must leave work to have her child, she and her family lose not only her regular pay for the lost time but also her seniority with the company, and the corresponding pay scale, when she returns. Another way Farah puts the screw to its workers is through work speed-ups. Workers are suddenly expected to turn out more work than before in the same given amount of time. Production quotas are also used to exploit Farah workers. They are

told that they can't get raises unless they meet production quotas, which are set by management and increased without notice. To deal with the oppressive situation at Farah, La Raza Unida is using a secondary boycott of stores selling Farah pants. In Seattle, the Bon Marche stores have already stopped selling Farah products. Ms. Rodriguez stated that Nordstrom Best's is next!

Another struggle involving Chicanos is the incident at the 'Casa Carnalismo'. The 'Casa Carnalismo', The House of Brotherhood, is a drug education project started by Chicano activists in Los Angeles. Recently, 3 Chicano young men active in the project were approached by an undercover federal agent. The undercover agent attempted to entrap them by urging them to sell narcotics he offered them. When the young men refused, explaining their opposition to drug use, the agent drew a gun on them. At that moment the young men also drew their guns and shot him, only wounding the undercover agent. The young Chicanos were 'railroaded' to jail and are now scattered in three separate prisons across the country. The Committee To Free Los Tres is defending these young activists, on the grounds that they are not guilty of assaulting a federal officer because the agent willfully concealed his identity.

Chicanas are taking a leadership role in the defense of Los Tres, as well as in the Farah pants strike/boycott and the efforts of La Raza Unida Party. Feminist Liberation is becoming a very important issue for Chicana women, Ms. Rodriguez concluded.

For more information on La Raza Unida Party and the political defense of Los Tres, contact Sr. Raul Ruiz, La Raza Unida Party, P.O. Box 31004, Los Angeles, Calif. 90031.

—Tom Speer

Morningtown Pizza & Subs serves Seattle pizza.



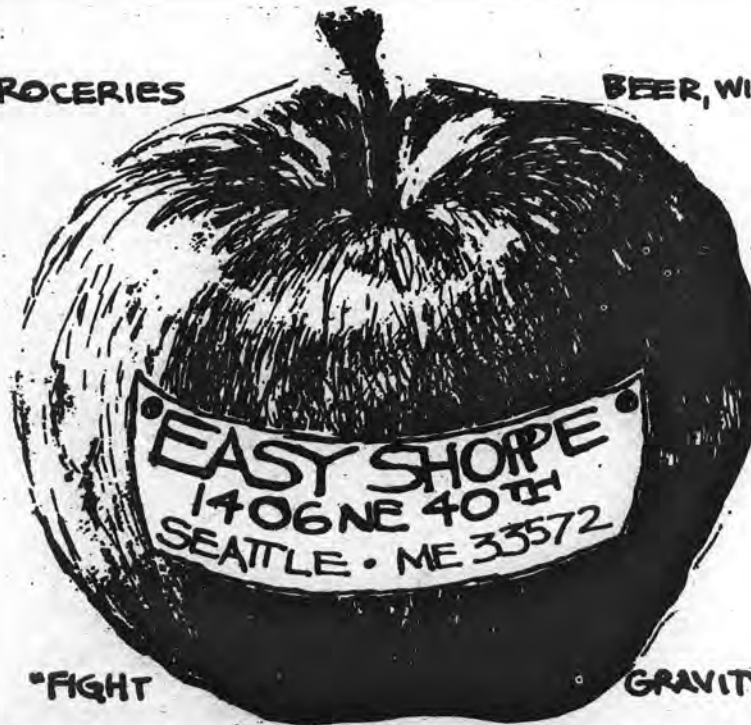
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ME2-6317

open 11-1am, 2am Fridays

GROCERIES

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"FIGHT

"GRAVITY"

Co — ops and Conspiracies

There will be a meeting of anyone interested in forming food conspiracies to save packaging and store mark-ups. Meeting Monday, April 2, 5:00, 1900 - 34th Street (wilderness Collective). Potluck.

Lately the Food Co-op has been open Thursday evenings, 6-8. Please take advantage of these extra hours. Also sign up to work Thursdays and Tuesdays for the evening shifts.

A candidate for national Vice-President and Texas Governor, will be speaking at the VU Lounge, W.W.S.C., at 3 p.m., Wednesday, April 4th. Farenthold certainly is a speaker worth taking the time to see. We hope to have an article on her appearance in our next issue.

The new Co-op with the same co-operative hassles. You know, folks, not enough co-operation, but with many thanks going out to the olders folks using and enjoying the Co-op. Their weekly meetings are at 8:30 p.m., Sunday evenings, located at the church across from the county courthouse in Mount Vernon, and a potluck supper for each third Sunday of the month following March 25 at 4:30 p.m.

Musicians, bring your music, boxes, bodies, heads, spoons (anybody got a washtub bass?). Good Time Charlie's in town again.

Banks really have a hold on us. If you have some money you don't want to spend right away, what can you do with it? Put it in a bank? Invest it? Either way you are giving up control over your money to someone else. Banks and corporations tend to think of making a profit more than meeting human needs when they decide what to do with your money. You are likely to end up financing some crackerbox housing development or some exploitive overseas venture.

The question arises, what can we do to keep our money in our community, under our control? There must be something better to do with it than hiding it under the mattress. A credit union is an answer to some of these problems. The money in the food Co-op has helped the community by providing perhaps better. With a credit union, there are very simple procedures by which any member can take out



MILL MEETING, Tuesday, April 3, HRAC Meeting Room, 3rd floor, GOOD EARTH BUILDING. 10:00 a.m.

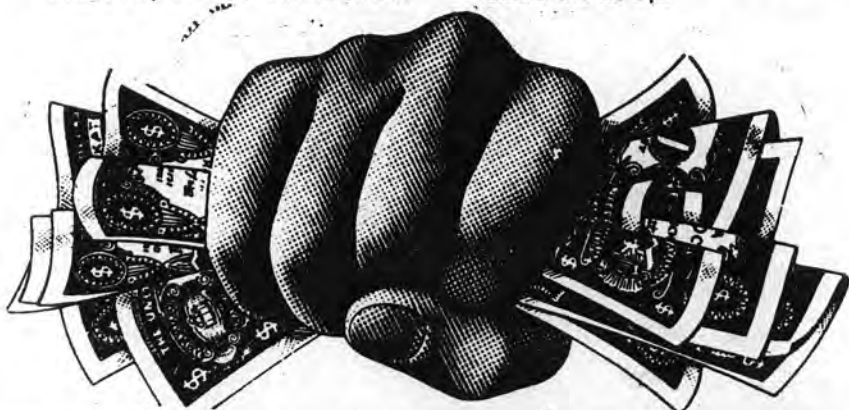
Because of lack of volunteers the food Co-op has decided to buy milled flour and packaged goods (health requirements require the packaging of anything that goes into your mouth having to do with something to eat, wash, heat, boil, etc.) So we'll need to have some folks, probably two or three, to do the milling and packaging: \$1.00 an hour milling, \$1.50 an hour milling and packaging. Also, to do milling for Northside and possibly packaging.

We are also in the process of building a sifter which will allow us to make all the kinds of flour we need except probably soy. We and The Little Bread Company have also put in an order to purchase 5000 pounds of organic wheat each.

So if you're interested come on down to the meeting on Tuesday, April 3rd, and let's get the show on the road. We also have to do our articles of incorporation. Join us.

a loan. Those of you who have savings can put them in the credit union by buying refundable shares. It is sort of like having a bank account. You will be paid interest and your money will be safely insured by the government up to \$20,000.00 The difference is that as a member you are an equal owner along with all other members and you have an equal voice in the control and operation of the credit union.

We are well on the way to having a credit union. One of the things that you can do that would be helpful is to sign a list saying you would like to join the credit union when it gets started. That list will be posted in the food Co-op so that you can sign it the next time you come in for food. If you have questions or would like to help, please call David at 734-4937 or come to the HRAC office next Sunday at 7:00 p.m. It's on the third floor, above the Co-op.



Community

Who's to Say -

Straight, Bi, Gay?

A Gay Awareness Symposium, presented by the Gay People's Alliance of W.W.S.C. will be held in the Viking Union Main Lounge April 5 and 6.

"We want people to see that the gay person is just a human being like anyone else, not the stereotype," says symposium co-ordinator Carleen Cochran.

"We hope that the symposium will clear up some misconceptions about the homosexual, and generally educate the community on the necessity of understanding the homophile (love between persons of the same sex) movement, instead of judgment."

The public is invited to the lectures Thursday and Friday, which will run from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., and workshops on Saturday.

The opening address on Thursday at 10 a.m. will be given by Freda Smith, assistant Pastor of the Sacramento Metropolitan Church. Reverend Bob Sirico of Seattle's Metropolitan Church will follow at 10:15 with "Christianity and the Homosexual." Smith will lead discussions of the Homophile movement at 2:30.



Keynote speakers on Friday include Phyllis Lyon and Del Marin, co-authors of *Lesbian Women*, who will talk on their book about love between women. Jim Foster of the San Francisco Society for Individual Rights will speak at 1:00 Friday. Beck and Val Valrejean will also be speaking.

The speakers will also lead small discussion groups in the Saturday workshops, the times of which will be announced at the Symposium. Peter Willis, a counselor from the Seattle Homosexual Center, will lead a workshop strictly for counselors and those planning to go into the psychological counseling field. For more information on the symposium, contact Eugenie Johnson 676-5687.

How does your garden grow?



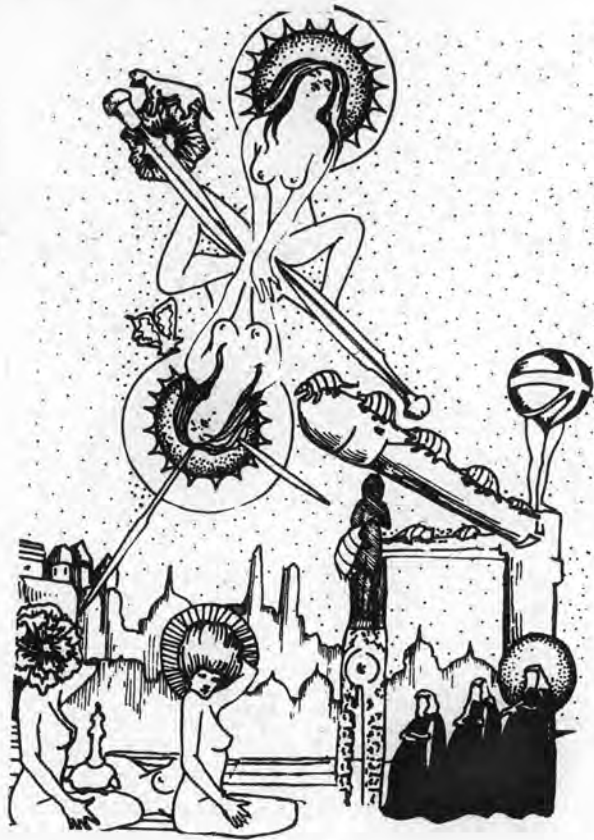
Festival of Fools

Good things are happening in the garden. At the last meeting it was discussed how things are coming along. The composting is cooking up, the tool shed is getting a good tin roof, there is enough hay for a while, the starts are spreading their leaves, and the hot beds and cold frames are nearly completed. We also need a few things such as a barrel with a screen on top for folks to recycle their potash and fence posts for more composting bins. The roto-tiller has finally come and it was decided that it would be used in the Co-op garden before we risk the chance of it getting broken in private gardens. Also if there are fruit trees the co-op could prune and get a portion of the harvest, let Jim know at 676-8616. Come and co-operate Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

A colorful week of activities, coined the "Festival of Fools," will mark the opening of the new Campus Christian Ministry House at Western Washington State College. The ministry house which has been under construction over the last year replaces the old home at 530 North Garden Street.

The festival begins on April 1, with a procession, religious services, and entertainment, and lasts through a day-long Life Goals Workshop on Saturday, April 7. Father Phil Berrigan will be speaking. The public is invited to take part in all activities of the festival, as well as in all CCM religious services. For more information call 733-3400.

News



NEITHER SIN NOR CRIME

Co-authors of *Lesbian Women*, Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon, will be speaking about their book, an honest look at the lives and feelings of women who love women, Friday, April 6, at the Gay Awareness Symposium on campus at W.W.S.C.

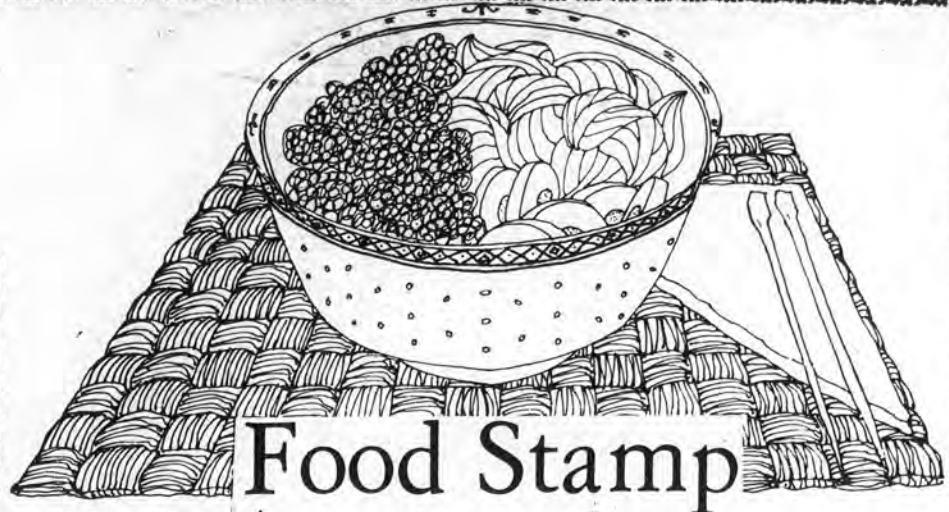
They can be heard at 10:00 a.m. in the Viking Union Main Lounge. They will be trying to convey to the community how the Lesbian "shares the same day-to-day problems and special concerns as all women do. As people, their individual needs, desires, and lifestyles are as diverse as humanity..."

They argue that Lesbianism is neither sin nor crime nor sickness, but rather a natural and viable lifestyle.

Their comprehensive account of the Lesbian world provides a wealth of concrete data, which serves to open people's minds for future discussion of femal sexuality and female lifestyles.

Ms. Martin and Ms. Lyon are the founders of the Daughters of Bilitis, a Lesbian organization which began in San Francisco in 1955. Both have served on the council on Religion and the Homosexual. Ms. Martin was chairwoman of Citizen's Alert, a group involved in police-community relations. Ms. Lyon is Associate Director of the National Sex Forum of the Glide Foundation.

For more information on the Symposium, contact Eugenie Johnson 676-5687.



Food Stamp Discrimination

A month ago the state administrators of the Federal Food Stamp Program began to enforce a section of their regulations that in effect is designed to restrict eligibility. A couple of quotes from their manual will help expose the problem.

Eligibility and participation in the program are determined on a household basis. "Household" means all related and non-related persons... who live together as one economic unit sharing common cooking facilities and who customarily purchase and prepare food in common... **Economic Unit** means that the common living expenses are shared from the income and resources of all members and that the basic needs of all members are provided for without regard to their ability or willingness to contribute. The regulations further specify that if **people share rent or utilities** they are considered an economic unit, and are required to apply together. Moreover, a household is not allowed to modify its circumstances to accommodate the regulation.

Under analysis some insidious traps become obvious. Previous to the institution of these regulations, non-related persons equally sharing house-hold expenses (rent and utilities) were eligible for food stamps on an individual basis, if they could prove that they purchased and prepared food separately. The new regulations patently contradicts the old one by making the hard and fast assumption that people who live together automatically purchase and prepare food in common, even though investigative evidence has proven the contrary.

However, proving that you do not purchase or prepare food in common helps little, since through the definition of **economic unit**, one runs against an insurmountable obstacle, i.e., the assumption that since all individuals share expenses for rent and

utilities, then, ipso facto, they pool their income and resources in support of each other. This assumption leads to the requirement that as one economic unit the income of all individuals will be considered as one, or collectively. This is simply not the reality with most communal living situations.

Given the situation where one or more individuals in a household have incomes that disqualify them from food stampeligibility, then **others in the house who were previously eligible no longer qualify**. It can be argued that there is no pooling of income or resources **beyond** equal onturbation toward rent and utilities, but the argument will fail on the basis of the economic unit definition. This is truly a graphic example of Catch-22. Not only that, it is an insidious example of an unconstitutional regulation that effectively discriminates against the poorest class of persons who are forced to live together and share common expenses because they are unable to survive individually.

In addition, even if all members of a household are eligible for food stamps, the adding of their individually modest or subsistence incomes easily results in a **decrease** in the amount of food stamps with an **increase** in the amount that has to be paid for them. This comes at a terribly critical inflationary period with food prices making unprecedented increases.

The Whatcom County American Civil Liberties Union is in the process of finding willing people to challenge the legality of this regulation. Those who are affected, please come forward soon, so the poor won't have to suffer another month of bureaucratic degradation. Contact the ACLU immediately at 734-8022.

Ron Sorensenn

Development of Human Potential

The Communiversity, an institute for the development of human potential, is beginning its spring quarter. Some of the courses offered this time are the following: Transactional Analysis, a four-day residential encounter workshop, a couples growth series, Orthopedics, Massage, Zone Therapy, Macrobiotic Cooking, C. G. Jung Workshop, Astrology, Hypnosis and Psychic Phenomenon, and Yoga. Brochures are free upon request by writing us or can be picked up at the Co-op, Ardvark Books, Oxewitch Books, Vitality Health Foods, Nature's Health Mart in Bellingham. In Ferndale, at Whatcom Community College office and in Mount Vernon at Skagit Valley Community College. Registration can be made at W.W.S.C. VU Plaza until April 6th (10 a.m. - 3 p.m.) or by mail seven days prior to any workshop or course. Communiversity P.O. Box 1318 Bellingham, WA 98225 Or phone 733-6786.

WOMEN: WHAT ARE YOUR CHOICES??

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

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, runner-up for the Democratic vice-presidential nomination last year.

The symposium is sponsored by the Women's Commission of Western Washington State College.



WWSC
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presents

Hamlet

The play on which "My Fair Lady" is based. Starring
Leslie Howard and Wendy Hiller.

Thursday, April 5

7:00 p.m., Music Auditorium

Admission: \$.75 Students

\$1.25 General Admission

Pygmalion

With Sir Laurence Olivier.

Thursday, April 12

7:00 p.m., Music Auditorium

Admission: \$.75 Students

\$1.25 General Admission

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article & graphic by Phil Jenkins



Ach...shrew!

Shrews are everywhere in the Northwest. There's a lot more of them than you'd think. If you have a cat that likes to catch things, you probably see that it catches more shrews than anything, which is a good indication of their population.

A shrew's life is one short speed trip, as they rarely live much more than 18 months and the rest periods are short. By comparison they live several days in each day. If they did not they would starve to death and it is true that they will consume more than their own weight in food every 24 hours.

Heat conservation and oxygen consumption ratios are other major problems for shrews. The smaller a warmblooded animal is, the higher its metabolic rate is. A 10 gram shrew consumes 5cc. of oxygen per hour, a 7 gram shrew consumes 7cc. of oxygen, and a 4 gram shrew needs 11cc. of oxygen per hour. If you wish to figure it out, you'll find that a shrew weighing less than 2 grams requires an infinite amount of oxygen and could never get enough. This then is the lower limit for the size of an adult mammal (one which has to hunt its own food).

Therefore, shrews do not hibernates. Due to the imbalanced ratio between body volume and surface area, colder weather requires them to be even more active.

You may also notice (perhaps after the first

time) that your cat won't eat the shrews it catches. That's because all shrews taste bad and some are down right poisonous. The saliva of most species is poisonous, also, for the purpose of anesthetizing or paralyzing its prey. Shrews eat insects, spiders and other athropoda almost exclusively. Only desperation will drive a shrew to eat any part of a plant.

Of the six species of shrews around northwestern Washington (the small ones are not young ones) probably the most interesting is the shrew who lives around, on and in the water. Its fur will not allow water to penetrate to the skin, so when the water shrew swims to the bottom of a pool it looks like a silver bubble and has to work like hell to beat the buoyancy of all that trapped air. It also has a habit of holding a bubble between its front feet and using its back foot to run across the surface of the water. Trout, it seems, are one of the three things that find shrews palatable, and they are one of the water shrew's preoccupations in life. The other two are Steller's Jays and owls.

Shrews, with moles, belong to order Insectivora and are nowhere nearly related to the more advanced rodents. In fact, Insectivora's nearest relatives are we primates, both considered primitive mammalian forms just above the marsupials (opposums).

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The Herbal Hint



by John McCabe

Most all herb books and catalogs have one thing in common. They tell how easy it is to grow herbs. Most of the annuals and a few of the perennials are easy to grow provided the seed is planted where it can remain, and the seedling can be recognized after it is up. Most seedlings are very small and spindly especially when they are surrounded by grass and weeds whose roots are inches long and wrapped around each herb so that you can not pull one without pulling the other. Don't be discouraged though, by starting the seed inside a box or flat or pot you can give them more than an equal chance with the weeds.

Starting your seed in peat pellets or peat pots (faithfully watered and cared for) should produce nice healthy plants with roots growing through the sides and bottom of the pot or pellet. Then all you have to do is place your plant, pot and all, in a small hole in your garden lightly placing the soil around the roots so that you do not bruise them. Do not press the soil down with your hand by wash it around the roots with a small stream of water. Be sure and cover or tear away any part of the peat pot that extends above the surface after settling the earth around the seedling.

The success you have in transplanting tiny seedlings depends on many things. First, have your seed bed thoroughly moist. I like to water heavily the day before I intend to transplant and lightly before (making sure I do not knock the seedlings over and plaster them to the soil). Another very important thing to remember is not to break or bruise the stem or roots. When handling small plants I find it best to hold the seedlings by a leaf (not the stem) and with a finger of the other hand or a small trowel placed gently under the roots of the seedling. Lift it out leaving as much of the soil clinging to the roots as you possibly can and carefully place it into a hole in the pot or ground, whichever you are going to grow it in.

If you have more than one plant growing side by side I find it best to pinch off all but the strongest rather than separate them. I would much rather have one good healthy plant than three or four spindly plants with broken and bruised roots.

The number of plants you raise to maturity is what counts and not the number of seeds that you get to sprout. There are many things that can happen between the planting of the tiny seed and the stew pot or vinegar bottle. The young tender herb seedlings need constant careful watering and handling. Some of the things not to do: First, do not use too much sand in your seed bed. Too much sand causes the soil to crumble and fall off the roots when you left them up. Second, do not try to pull or separate closely growing plants but pinch, or better yet, snip them off at ground level. Do not waste your time trying to save plants that have all the fine hair roots broken off. They may live for weeks but most of them die in the end. If you intend to grow your

herbs in a pot or planter make sure there are plenty of drainage holes in the bottom, covered by a layer of gravel or broken up clay pots to prevent plugging. If you are using clay pots be sure to place them on a type of material, such as a layer of fine gravel, that allows for drainage. I have had clay pots sitting on a concrete sidewalk which held water as if they had no drainage hole at all.

Herbs that are grown inside in pots need much more care than they would outside in the garden. They must be in a sunny window and turned daily so that they get sun on all sides. The window should be opened on mild days.

The tips of the shoot, not the side leaves, should be pinched off and used. If you pull off all the side leaves, as most everyone wants to do, you are not only ruining the looks of your plant, but it will soon be so tall and spindly that it will droop and die. If you pinch off the tips of the shoots you will have a nice thick bushy plant. Never let a potted herb flower if you intend to use it for seasoning.

A sunny kitchen window is best for growing herbs if there is no cooking gas in the air. The high humidity of the kitchen, due to the steam, is essential to any herb grown inside.

If you have started your seeds inside or in a hot bed they must be conditioned by gradually lowering the temperature before moving them outside.

After they have been conditioned, when outside, they will need some protection from the sun (if it is too hot) for the first day or so, and also will need to be covered at night if it is cold. Be sure the ground does not get too dry until the herb is well established.

THYME (Thymus)

Most of the Thymes (and there are many) are showy and easy to grow, either inside or outside, in planters or in pots in the garden.

Thyme is used, both fresh and dried, on meats, fowl, and fish and in salads, soups, vinegars, and stuffings. It is used alone or in combination with other herbs in most any kind of food.

Some of the many types of thyme are English Thyme, French Thyme, Golden Thyme, Silver Thyme, Woolly Thyme, and Mother of Thyme, all of which can be used for seasoning.

The way the late Jethro Kloss describes thyme in the book "Back to Eden" gives some idea of the importance of this herb in the earlier days and why it was included in every herb garden. He said, "One can use it freely with benefit. Excellent taken as a hot tonic for obstructed or suppressed menstruation. Good in fevers will produce profuse perspiration. A reliable nervine and excellent for nightmares. Valuable in whooping cough, asthma, and lung trouble."

There are many other things it was used for but this should give you some idea of the value of this herb. Thyme, trailing or creeping, is also used as a ground cover, in rock gardens and between stepping stones.

If there is anything in the article you do not understand or any other questions I can help you with, please feel free to drop in and see me at the Garden Street Gardens, 1408 N. Garden.

In the next issue, I will try to answer the questions most frequently asked me. How much should I water the plant and how often?

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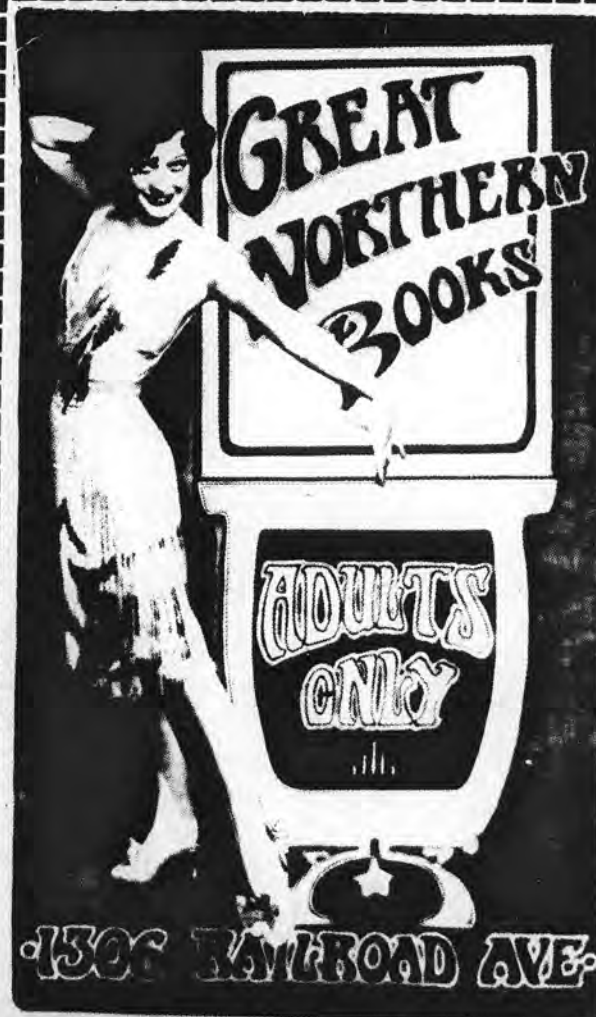


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Cheapos

compiled by Elmer & Mabel Groatt

It was just the other day when the mystic frog said to us, "how unlikely that we should find each other at this unique moment in time, but how fine..." and I said, "ya, but I sure wish ed were here too."

Ya see, folks, ed was the feller who gave birth to this column back in the winter of '70-'71 as an attempt to publicize anything to help people get their economic survival games together and to create one big happy family of molasses-jugged folks doin-it-yerself with others by livin on your wits and being freed from the solve-all crutch of money by sharing yer cheapos.

As we were ridin' on a train goin' north we thot we ought to tell ya that there's no finer way to travel then by rail, it's cheap (\$4.90 from Portland to Seattle) but more than that it's a genuine energy saviour. Busses make more eco-sense than cars of course, but train travel boarders on the mystical. Ya really feel the beauty of the country and a sense of wholeness with it. We passed close to farm houses where folks were sittin' down to dinner, watched the towns drift slowly by...

While yer waitin' fer things to start sproutin' in yer gardens remember there's always free food to be gathered, right now the morel mushrooms are up---look for them under cottonwood or alder trees in

moist areas. For more outdoor lore write the provincial museum in Victoria for "field guides to flora and fauna of B.C." or dig up old NWP's and check the herbal trip columns for this time of year.

Should be some good clam diggin' out by the railroad tressel in Chuckanut Bay or out by the boundary marker at Blaine. Get yerself a free tide book at Yeager's or the Standard Oil Fuel dock.

There was a government auction of used vehicles and equipment (lots of pick-up trucks) last weekend, sorry we didn't know in advance, but you can find out when these auctions are to be held and get a catalogue by writing to the Government Services Administration, 909 1st Avenue, Seattle, 98104.

All you can eat---free potatoes---yes, friends, and a rubber mat to sleep on---that's the latest cheapo flash from Peru. Buck reports a belly full of potatoes and a horde of intestinal critters free for working in a Peruvian orphanage.

If yer looking for a cheaper place to purchase recreational equipment, try the recreational co-op store in Seattle.

Well, it's gettin' late, so goodnite, but do remember we're here together and we need each others love so share yer cheapo's. love et magic---groatts

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	Journey to Ixtlan 6.95

Anyone have any baby chickens they would like to donate to our household? Please call 676-8616 or come by 808 25th Street.

Sale or Trade

'52 CHEV. 1/2 P.U. for parts. Good head with cracked block. 4 speed. Good tires. Offer. 734-2496.

10 x 14 ORIENTAL RUG. I would like to trade for a smaller one. Has worn places. Or will sell. 734-2496.

TRUCKIN': Truck for Sale! 1946 Ford Flat Bed/Stack Bed, 1 1/2 tons, new master cylinder, new fuel pump, new carburetor, current license (good for all year), OK tires, runs good, has good vibes. \$350 or best offer. Call or write: Steelman, 5602-21st S.W., Seattle, 98106, Ro2-6835.

GOOD USED McCULLOCH CHAIN SAW, 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.

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 Tavern. 11:30-3 & 5-8 (til 10 on Friday).

A.K.C. IRISH SETTER PUPS, champion sire, excellent lines, gentle with children. \$100.00 and up. 734-1431.

SUPPLIES FOR GETTIN' HOOKED: Things for Knitting, spinning, weaving, crocheting. Fleece, carders, yarn from Mexico, Canada, Scotland, Finnish linens; 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.

TURN, TURN, TURN: Garrard SL95 turntable (5 years old) with base and Shure V15 cartridge (unused stylus) for \$95 or \$75 with old stylus. Custom made bass reflex speakers—a good buy for \$80. Call Jim 676-8616 or stop at 900 25th.

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For Free

KEEP THAT CIRCLE UNBROKEN! The Recycling (Free) Store is now in operation on the third floor of the Good Earth Building. Come by! Please leave donations so we can pay the rent.

CRUSADIN': To my dear friends and teachers who encouraged me every step of the way, to the system for supporting me through school, and to my employer for giving me a chance, I humbly thank you all for making a long-time dream very much a reality that has touched the core of me. Much love, Joan (of Arc).

Connexions

Hey, You Out There—Yeah, You!

JOHN, in the midst of the fire I forgot about your connexion and lost it. Sorry.

ANY GUITAR PLAYERS (lead and/or bass) interested in starting a professional rock band please contact me at: 2015 Young Street, Apt. No. 3, Bellingham.

ORFF-ORFF-ORFF: Is there anybody, anywhere who knows something about Orff-Schulwerk or knows where I can get some information? I'm mainly interested in therapeutic applications of it especially in the field of handicapped and/or exceptional children. Please contact: Pat Toth, 1406 H Street, Bellingham, Washington, 98225; 734-5988. Thanks.

WOMEN: Anyone with news, graphics, photos, articles concerning women, please send c/o Roxanne Park or Kirie Pedersen, NWP.

MARILYN MOM PEDERSEN: HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!! George, Roxanne & Kirie.

Wanted, Needed, Desired...

WHO IS IT in this area that makes jewelry in silver? Would like several custom made rings for whatever the price. If you do or know someone, call 676-8187.

LOVESICK ROOSTER: Our rooster, after having been celibate for four months, recently met and fell in love with a wonderful hen. However, his wild sexual desires are burning her out quickly. Please, if you can spare a hen, no matter how old or run-down, please liberate her from sexual oppression. Call 734-5332 and ask for John or Roxanne.

KITTEN WANTED: Must be first-rate top quality kitten with decided radical bent; and free. Call 734-5332.

ARE THERE ANY GOOD DOCTORS IN TOWN? If you know of any write Jim c/o Northwest Passage.

FENCES AND BARRICADES: We need free or cheap chicken wire, posts and other fencing materials to protect our baby (goat) from vicious dogs. Contact Kirie or George, 734-5332 evenings after 6pm.

Connections are published as a public service. They are free of charge to individuals and to groups offering information for the common good or general enlightenment. Rates to businesses are 12 cents per word. Send ads (and money) to: Connections, Box 105, South Bellingham Station, Bellingham, Wash. 98225. If not received by the Friday prior to an issue, they will be held over until the next issue. Connections containing language deemed by the editors to be offensive to a substantial portion of our readers may be refused or reworded without notice.

WOOD YOU HELP? Skillful cabinet maker with appropriate equipment and tools NEEDED to build completely airtight speaker cabinets. Contact David at 734-0083 or at Outrageous Audio Workshop, 1000 Harris, or at 913 Wilson.

JELLY-ROLL: Jam session at the Fine Frolicsome Fairhaven Tavern Sunday nights. All musicians and tired old groupies welcome.

Notes to Folks

LA LECHE LEAGUE MEETS on Monday, April 2, at 7:30 pm at the Congregational Church, Cornwall Avenue and "D". The topic for this month is Baby Arrives: The Family & The Breastfed Baby. All interested women are invited—nursing babies welcome. Call 733-4805 or 734-8143 for further information or if you have any questions on nursing.

TURK, KING TURTLE, and Shiela. I lost your addresses and want to get in touch. Drop a card to: Joe Truck, New Jerusalem Meadows, Tonasket, Washington, 98855.

ANNE, MALCOLM, BELLA, L.C., BLOKIE, ZOEY, GRAYSON, FRED, ALFONSE, HAROLD, etc. Wishing you daily doses of Okanogan sunshine soon; hugs too.

HEADED SOUTH: Wanted! Any information on South & Central America, i.e. traveling, cost of living, housing, etc. We are planning on going in the fall and would appreciate any help. Kathy & Debbie, 1301 Taylor, B'ham, 98225.

UPCOMING MADNESS: Two upcoming issues will concern Mental Health, especially the topic of madness in a mad world, and Physical Health, or Medicine. Any graphics, photo-essays, articles, poetry, personal experiences, or reports on doctors & shrinks good & bad in Bellingham will be considered. Send c/o Kirie Pedersen, NWP.

DAUGHTERS INC., publishers of Books by Women, need fiction to publish or reissue in paperback. Contact Parke Bownan or June Arnold in Plainfield, Vermont, 05667, 802-454-7141. High School women are encouraged to submit writing and art work for DAUGHTERS IN HIGH SCHOOL to Frieda Singer, Central Commercial High School, 314 E. 42nd Street, NYC, N.Y., 10017. Share the Royalties—send with self-addressed, stamped envelope before June 1, 1973.

REMEMBER TO BOYCOTT: head lettuce, Farah pants, Shell, Safeway, and sexism.

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

DREAMHOUSE: Small Family of Dream Bar Makers is looking for 2 bedroom house; if you know of one please contact Ladi or Faye at 500 32nd Street.

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 c/o Box 105 S. B'ham Station, B'ham Wash 98225

POETS AND WE KNOW IT: Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with poetry, articles, etc. Better yet, don't send any more poetry, as we are over-stocked, & have enough to last until June. We are interested in good short stories (up to 5 double-spaced pages). Send c/o Kirie Pedersen, NWP.

LAW-DE-DAW: People's Law School is a chapter of the National Lawyers Guild in Seattle. Classes starting in April. For information call Ea 4-8378 or write to P.O. Box 263, Seattle, Washington, 98111.

FLOPPIN': There is an urgent need for temporary overnite housing in Bellingham. If you can put up any people for a night or two, please call the Rising Sun at 733-9212 or stop by the Rising Sun at 1020 N. Forest Street near the YWCA.

PET PIEVE: Would be interested in readin' some articles on pet health & care—is there any cure for a dog named Beaugard who loves garbage and rolls in fresh horse manure? Patti, Edinboro, Pennsylvania.

MAYBE SOMEONE COULD do something on making your own pet food for those of us who are in the country but don't know exactly what the animal requires. Is cereal in dog food really that bad?

FREE PACKET OF SEEDS (probably carrot) with this ad (or unreasonable facsimile) at BACK TO NATURE the community grocery and health nut store, 2116 200th Ave. West, Oak Harbor. (Vendors pick up Passage here if you don't vend more than ten copies).

ROPE FOR THE COMING REVOLUTION. All sizes hangman's nooses, guillotines, gas chambers, thoughts of Kissinger (for torture). Stockpile now while economy allows. Soon our stock will be confiscated, according to our spies, so close-out prices on all items. Our catalogue comes in plain wrapper. Ignatz's Revolutionary Supply, Box 1179, Bellevue, 98009. "Destroying Capitalism is our Business" (Hurry, revolution may start in six months.)

COHESIVES: Your Co-op needs a push lawnmower (to make a manure shredder), pitchforks, pipe hose, sprinklers, valves, rakes, hoes, garden trowels, beer, a manure spreader, 15 inch tires for Big Mac.

GETTIN' TOGETHER: The Passage meeting this Tuesday will be at 2100 34th around 6:30 pm. Potluck: please bring food and hope. If you need a ride, call 733-9672 between 10 and 1.

SCALING THE WALLS: At present, I am an inmate at London Correctional Institution which is in London, Ohio. My reason in writing you is I am trying to find someone who might like to write someone in prison like myself. This is my first time trying to contact someone on a letter-to-letter basis. William Seigers, 135-135, London, Ohio, P.O. Box 69.

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(WC)-Whatcom County
(S)-Seattle

(V)-Vancouver
(WWSC)-Western Washington State College

Monday, April 2

(All over) - This is National Boycott Your Supermarket Week!!

(S) - Intercity Repertory Dance Theater. 8 p.m. Opera House.

(B) - Whatcom County Museum of History and Art opens. (B) - Seminar: Environmental and Human Reconciliation. CCM House, 2:00 p.m., 102 Highland Drive.

(S) - Weekly Collective Meeting, Capitol Hill Co-op. 9:00 a.m.

(B) sun 8m. - City Council Meeting, 8:00 p.m., City Hall.

(WWSC) - Careers for Women Symposium begins today, a four-day, all-day series of workshops on vocations new and old, and how work relates to the lives of women. To be held in the Viking Union. Call Mary Robinson's office for information.

(B) - Food Conspiracy meeting, 5:00, 1900-34th Street. Potluck.

1919 - Jeanette Raskin takes seat as First Congresswoman.

Tuesday, April 3

(S) - Third World Films: "Sigaboy-Oppression in the Philippines," "Pagan Land of the proud," and "Circle of the Sun." U. of W. Ethnic Cultural Center Theater, 3940 Brooklyn Ave. N.E. This series plays every Tuesday. Phone 543-4635 or 543-4327 for more information.

(B) - Phillip Berrigan at W.W.S.C. Music Auditorium, 3:30 p.m. Also at CCM House for informal chat afterwards. Watch for exclusive Passage interview next issue!

(B) - Passage meeting, 7:30 p.m., 2100-34th. Potluck.

(WWSC) - Gay Women's Rap Session. VU 224. Call 676-3120 for time.

(WWSC) - Women's Careers Symposium. Arts, Science and Medicine Vocations for Social Change Panels will take place today from 10 - 3.

Wednesday, April 4

(B) - Southfork Bluegrass Band and Bergman's "Eleventh Seal" at CCM House, 102 Highland Drive.

(B) - Food Co-op meeting.

(WWSC) - Women's Careers Symposium. Keynote speaker Sissy Farenthold, 3:00 p.m., Main Lounge of VU. Also, 10:00 a.m., a men's workshop, "Getting It All Together," and a discussion of Women in Politics.

(S) - Co-operating Community information booth opens in Public Market across from Soup 'n' Salad, 1 p.m.

1968 - Martin Luther King assassinated in Memphis, Tennessee.



Thursday, April 5

(S) Phyllis Lyon and Del Martin, authors of Lesbian/Woman and founders of the country's first organization for Lesbian women, Daughters of Belittis, U. of W. HUB Ballroom, 8:00 p.m., \$1.50 students, \$2.00 general. Tickets available at YWCA.

(B) - Good Earth Building meeting, 3:00 p.m., The Building, 1000 Harris.

(WWSC) - "Hamlet" showing at 7:00 p.m. in Music Auditorium. Students \$.75, general \$1.25.

(B) - Community Meeting and perpetual potluck. Beginning 6:30 pm. 1012 Wilson Ave

Friday, April 6

(TV) - "Art/Islam: Iranian World 10th-20th Century 5:50 p.m., channel 12.

(TV) - "Grapes of Wrath" with Henry Fonda, Jane Darwell 11:50 p.m. channel 12.

(B) De. Martin and Phyllis Lyon, authors of Lesbian/Woman, etc. (See above and Community News) VU Lounge, 10 a.m.

(TV) "Telerode," featuring a video-taped program filmed at Seattle's Paramount Northwest featuring John McLaughlin and the Mahavishnu Orchestra, Taj Mahal and It's A Beautiful Day. On KING, Channel 5. Free!

HAPPY BIRTHDAY BABA RAM DASS-WHEREVER YOU ARE.

Saturday, April 7

(S) - James Brown, 8:30 p.m., Arena.

(S) - South Fork Bluegrass Band plays at Inside Passage, 200 1st Avenue So., 9:30 p.m., \$1.00. Get there early.

(T) - Shelter Half open mike - music. 1902 Tacoma Avenue. 8:00 p.m., free.

(S) - Subterranean Theater - "As Long as the River Runs," 8:30 p.m., Earthstation 7, donations \$.75.

Sunday, April 8

(WWSC) - "Crowds and Faces," Dr. Thomas Schlotterback, art historian, shows and tells faces in paintings through the ages. 3:00 p.m. in Library Presentation Room.

(B) - Bellingham Chess Club meets every Sunday. YMCA, 2:00 p.m.

(B-radio) - Jack Hansen of South Fork Bluegrass Band. KBFW (930) 4-6 p.m.

(Ferndale) - South Fork at Pioneer Tavern. 7-11 p.m., \$1.00.

563 B.C. - Buddha's birthday.

Monday, April 9

(S) Weekly Collective meeting, Capitol Hill Co-op. 9:00 a.m.

(B) - City Council meeting, 8:00 p.m., City Hall.

Tuesday, April 10

(B) - Passage meeting, 7:30 p.m., 1000 Harris.

(WWSC) - Gay Women's Rap Session, VU 224. Call 676-3720 for time.

1955 - Death of Jesse Wallace Hughan, WRL founder.

Wednesday, April 11

(B) - Food Co-op meeting, 10:00 a.m. in the Co-op.

(B) - Today is the best day in the world to volunteer to work on the Passage!

(S) - Co-operating Community information booth at Public Market across from Soup 'n' Salad, 1:00 p.m. to 3:00 p.m.

Thursday, April 12

(S) - Gordon Lightfoot, 7 and 10 p.m., Opera House.

(TV) - "The Haunted West," National Geographic Society Special, 8:00 p.m., Channel 12.

(B) - Passage editing meeting.

(WWSC) - "Pygmalion" showing at WWSC, 7:00, Music Auditorium, \$.75 students, \$1.25 general.

Friday, April 13

(All Over) - This is it folks! Watch out for ladders!

1934 - More than 20,000 American students in one-day anti-war strike.

Saturday, April 14

(B) - Technocracy presents "Our Vanishing Resources," public lecture by John Darvill, 8:00 p.m., 1315 State Street.

(TV) - "The City in Crisis," What is the stewardship responsibility of a Christian toward deterioration of large cities? 9:00 p.m., Channel 12.

(S) - South Fork Bluegrass Band at Inside Passage, 200 1st Avenue South, 9:30 p.m., \$1.00.

(T) - Shelter Half open mike-music, 8:00 p.m., 1902 Tacoma Avenue, free.

1968 - Police Sgt. Richard Burgess, San Francisco, defies law by smoking of marijuana.

Sunday, April 15,

(WWSC) - "The Goode Companie," recorder music in the classical tradition. 3:00 p.m. in Library Presentation Room.

(S) - Duke Ellington, Heritage House Restaurant, 7:00 p.m.

(B) - Bellingham Chess Club, YMCA, 2:00 p.m.

(Radio) - Jack Hansen of South Fork on KBFW (930), 4-6 p.m.

(Ferndale) - South Fork at Pioneer Tavern, 7-11 p.m., \$1.00.

(All over) - Palm Sunday.

1967 - First mass burning of draft cards as 200,000 march in New York and 80,000 in San Francisco.

Monday, April 16

(S) - Weekly Collective meeting. Capitol Hill Co-op, 9:00 a.m.

(B & S) - Your favorite paper is out again.

