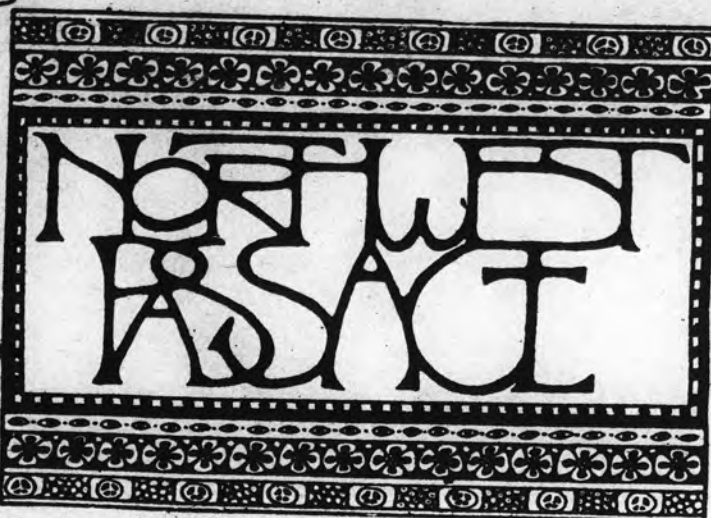


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Dorothy Stanger



LETTERS TO

FROM OUR ROVING LADI

dear folks,

this morning
I ate powdered eggs
scrambled in a Berkeley apartment
while they changed the locks
and delivered a passport
before catching the bus
in Oakland.

this evening
I had strawberries
and Mexican sweetrolls
for dinner in pajaro
sitting by the river.

on the wharf

the setting sun
a young boy
catches blue cod
a Japanese woman
a crab
seagulls
wail in the distance

this morning I awoke
with the first light
before the mist
on the beach of the great ocean
a homeless brother
waking by the dying
embers of a carefully tended
fire through the night
abandoned by others
walking through the days
along ocean waves
sea gulls
sandpipers
a rotting seal
washed onto the shore
again I sleep
in safe keeping
of giant redwoods
through the night
I wake
with the first light
and again
as the sun's light
filters through the forest.

In the morning I arise with the first light to work in lettuce fields in Castroville. I do not speak 'spanola and so am received incredulously with laughter and scorn. People teach me about lettuce in different ways. The boss checks to see if I know about broken ribs, one man says what I cut is no good, it is junk. . . . testing my reactions.

(Most of those working the fields are camped together at the edge of the desert. They work by bulk rather than by the hour. They cut well, work fast, they are experienced. Few among them speak English. They wear straw hats bought in Mexicali and Oaxaca.)

The camp leader, a short powerful man, shows me how he cuts the lettuce flashing his knife, slipping it with a sharp quick motion cutting the head clean, he turns it in his wide hands, shows me the lettuce. . . . no broken ribs, it is firm, no rust, clean in his powerful hands. and so I walk the long rows through the fields, fumble with the knife provided me, learn gradually which lettuce is good to cut and which is no good, no bueno.

In mid-morning I am assigned to loading. The tractor is driven by a man named Red. he is the only other white man in the field, long and lean with red eyes. We walk along with the tractor, pulling six large wood crates through the rows, throw the heads into the crates. we work until evening, the sun low in the sky. The day cools. The cutters finish the field and join the leaders, throwing the heads into the crates. It is the end of the day. The pace quickens. everyone follows the tractor, everyone throwing lettuce into the crates until the field is clean. The day's work finished, we board the bus, share cigarettes, a quart of beer. They leave me off in town. I scurry to my place secluded by trees along the river . . . to sleep.

Peace, Ladislav

LETTER FROM STEVE GASKIN

I expected walls — barbed wire, bars, short hair, guards, standing in line, even shirts made out of bed ticking. After all, it ain't the Holiday Inn, it's the joint. But the place I can't take is the idea that people don't change. About the third time a civilian employee told us "Well, actually there's no such thing as rehabilitation," I began to get a little suspicious. More and more as I look around I see that this place is built on the idea that people can't change. Well, that's not true. People can change, and I see it all the time.

Now the right name of this here zoo is the "penitentiary." That comes from the word "penitent," which means to realize that you have been on a bad trip and to want to do better. That looks like someone a long time ago had the idea that people did change, but it got lost in the shuffle over the years.

Now the thing about being "penitent" is that that's actually a religious term and properly falls into the province of the prison ministry — the trouble with that is that the prison ministry has no real power and no one takes it very seriously. Modern religion is no more prepared than Modern Psychology to detect real change. Besides, the chaplains are paid by the State, which limits their moral authority.

Along with the idea that people can't change came the information from several people that "This place is full of crooks; don't trust anybody." Well, since that was said by another prisoner, I took it with a laugh, but when it came down to cases, the general policy of the place was that everyone was thought to be on the make. Now I know that the staff must get hit on a lot, but to assume that everyone is a liar is to leave small chance for growth and change.

The parole system, the good time, honor time, and Incentive Time System are chances in case someone does become penitent, but what's to be said when someone has been given fifty or sixty years to change in and has changed in five or six years. They could wait twenty or so for parole, but in that time they could "change back" too, especially in a system where people are cynical about the capacity for change.

Part of this problem is caused by the psychological assumptions of the penal system. Square psychology is such a fake that no accurate determination can be made with the psychological tools at hand. In other words no one is brave enough or has enough knowledge or power to say, "This man has changed," so he must wait, maybe many years, for his number to come up in an arbitrary system. This is to protect the staff from the possibility and responsibility of making a mistake.

Well, that's a laugh. With the return rate being what it is, it's obvious that mistakes are made all the time and it's also equally plain that there are many men here who have changed and are doing as good as "dead time." None of this is really a secret, many of the young men on the counseling staff would be the first to say that college psychology

did not prepare them for the job at hand. Also, it's known that most of the information about men on the inside that ever gets out to the parole board is in the form of write-ups.

This is a place of great violence and great compassion. One of the best things to hear in here is one con to inquire of another, "Say, Homey, you doing all right?" But all the compassion is not just between convicts. Some of the old man guards who have seen a lot of stuff go down are men of great compassion.

It seems to me that the job of finding out who is ready to go home could be greatly helped by an inside advisory parole board made up of senior guards, not just senior in rank but senior in age and experience. Those men see us every day and could make much more accurate determinations than the present system. If they had the power to implement their vision, they might be able to send a lot of men home.

Well, I guess that's all I have to say right now. Be good to each other.

Stephen Gaskin 73290

Note: the prison term "homey" first meant someone from your own part of the country, but now is just anyone toward whom you are kindly disposed. It sounds real good to hear it.

ALASKA-YUKON BORDER HASSLE

Dear NWP:

Just a note to let you all know that the Alaska-Yukon Territory border is one of the heaviest borders I've ever been through. Much more uptight than Mexicali Tijuana and Blaine. A few years ago, there wasn't even a checkpoint. But right now there is a brand-new expensive building with a huge glass case full of marijuana paraphernalia and an impound lot full of unfortunate cars.


Guards checked the linings of our coats and generally harassed all of us on the Whitehorse-Fairbanks bus, hassling an old lady about some 222's. A real mind-blower considering any dealer-type would fly into Alaska from Seattle hassle-free anyway. So if you're driving to Alaska, clean up your act and enjoy the rush.

Bill Savage
Fairbanks, AK

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T H E E D I T O R S

SALMONBERRY WINE

Dear NW Passage —

Though like last Spring the sun seems to filter through a hazy gauze of wet mist to reach the earth, it will be a good summer for berries. Here at the Kountry Club on Hwy 99, tucked away in the woods, we anticipate a healthy crop of salmonberries, thistleberries, and huckleberries. Last summer a goodly amount of wine was stomped and stored from salmon and thistleberries. These two species grow right together, so it seemed a waste of time to separate the two.

Before we really got down to picking, though, I learned how to make natural yeast. Pick some of the berries a few days before the day of mass picking and stomping. Seal them in a mason jar with some scalded milk and leave in a warm spot. When all your berries are stomped and strained and maybe sweetened and sitting in the crock, spread some of your yeast-culture on a slice of toast and drop it in there.

As for huckleberries, well, if you can get it together for some freezer-jam and keep it a secret for a while, just think how your friends and family will appreciate a taste during the deep doldrums of next winter. As for you city-folks, the vacant lots will be teeming with blackberries too, so don't delay when they're ripe.

Yours,

Chuck

ONLY THE MIND CAN BE LIBERATED

Dear Passagers:

Having been out in the woods for sometime, I was quite surprised to pick up a copy of the Passage (a one-time B'hammer myself) & find a lot of talk of women's rights and liberation.

Sister, I find this sad, as I know many of you are high ladies. You do realize, don't you, that women cannot be liberated, that only the mind can be liberated? You are familiar with the positive and negative aspects of nature, the Creative and the Receptive? Women, be receptive, and the gates shall open. Serve humbly, and the flower within your breast shall unfold. Be at peace with yourselves in whatever task you are performing. Be at peace when you are baking your bread. Om Shanti Om. Be at peace when scrubbing the floors. Om mane padme Om. Be at peace when you stand facing the back of your old man, as he leads. For peace is always with you, for you to have, if only you would quit searching for it. It all begins in your mind and heart, not in your materialistic deeds.

Women, you are the flowers blooming in the meadows, and the stars in the sky.

You are the Mother, and if you would see the words of this page, Praise the Lord Sisters, let your light shine within!

A peaceful toilet scrubber,

Susy

Petersburg, AK



SON OF "BABA RAM DAS EATS SHIT"

Dear Northwest Passage readers and staffers:

Aaron White's anti-guru letter in the last Passage (headed "Baba Ram Das Eats Shit"), critical of my recent review, reminded me of a joke that went around when Lyndon Johnson was president. It was said that Mr. Johnson was heard addressing God: "Come, let us reason together."

It seems to me that to say the exploration of a person's mind and the search for the divine must be subject to the scrutiny of an investigation based on a political matrix is, for one thing, putting the cart before the horse. And I think any philosophy that seeks to restrict the expression of our inner journeys is oppressive and tyrannical. Are there those among us who would "examine closely" the laws of physics in the light of socialism? Would they still demand Copernicus say the sun moves around the earth? Would they outlaw microscopes to prevent seeing beneath the surface? and would gurus and other spiritual leaders be rounded up and made political prisoners?

There is a great deal more than determinism that is worth relating to on the spiritual path, and that Ram Dass discusses; but it is a focus in his life and it was the focal point of the evening he appeared in Bellingham. It should be emphasized that when Ram Dass (or anyone) speaks of determinism, he speaks of a view of reality far deeper than any political theory. It is a reality that has been demonstrated to him by a being who obviously perceives the world from a different place than most of us do (most of the time).

But the reality of the view from that plane hardly restricts the practice of anarchy on ours. In fact, the easily-missed paradox is that the recognition of an omniscient presence (of space and time) is a liberating experience. It allows individual initiative without compulsion. It allows us to do our thing while we allow others to do their thing.

As not everyone is (or needs to be) into political organizing, picketing, or making a study of socialism or anarchy, not everyone needs or seeks a spiritual teacher or guru at any given time. Ram Dass feels the best thing he can do for the world is to work on himself — to work on raising his level of consciousness — and report to those interested what he discovered along the journey. To do otherwise, he says, would contribute to perpetuating the illusion of separateness in the world. It is that feeling of separateness which seems to be at the root of mankind's disputes. "As a person up-levels their own consciousness, they see more creative solutions to the problems that they're confronting."

MISCELLANEOUS PLAUDITS

Dear NW Passage —

After many years of reading your paper haphazardly, I've got to admit I'm hooked — especially like your gardening information and Paper Radio.

Got to have you every month. You're the only source of relevant political information. Wish there could be more coverage of city council activities and state legislature shenanigans.

Your gardening people may be interested in more information on companion planting. I was after reading your article. Found a book by Helen Philbuck and Richard Gregg, "Companion Plants and How to Use Them." Devin-Adair Co. Publishers. The book suggests that more people experiment with growing certain plants together and reporting their results so as to increase knowledge for us all.

Perhaps NW Passage could collect the same sort of information from their readers for the benefit of us all.

Will be looking forward to your issue on fishing as my husband is a commercial salmon troller. We could use more public support for an hatcheries program, legislation to protect American fishermen in international disputes, etc. etc. As you said, a complicated problem.

A question — do you know of a plastic recycling station in Seattle? (Ed. note: anybody know of one? We have no leads at the moment?) Speaking of recycling, I want to give a plug for Seattle Diaper Service who is doing a fantastic job of recycling cotton diapers rather than disposables, as well as much information on ecologically sound living. They have a toy and clothing recycling operation going for their customers.

Phew — all I was going to do was say 'hooray for your paper' and look at me go — blah blah.

Thanks for being here,

Kathy Dickerson

To think the only important changes are external is to court frustration as well as to deny the divine in man's nature. The real revolution has been going on for a long time. It comes from a seed deep in the mind (or beyond it). It goes hand in hand with evolution of consciousness or it has very little real value. The substitution of one social system for another without a corresponding increase in consciousness doesn't solve the real problems, as history shows.

Perhaps the argument over determinism versus free will isn't the most productive place to focus attention. On the other hand, if there is energy tied up there it might be useful to liberate it. It could help free us from one of our heaviest dualities. It might help bring a closer unity of the material and spiritual in our consciousness. Anyway, it seems clear enough to me that a view of reality is determined by the vantage point — or, perhaps more accurately, the point of IDENTIFICATION — and that implicit in that view is who is the doer of what is done (and, indeed, even if anything is ever really done at all!).

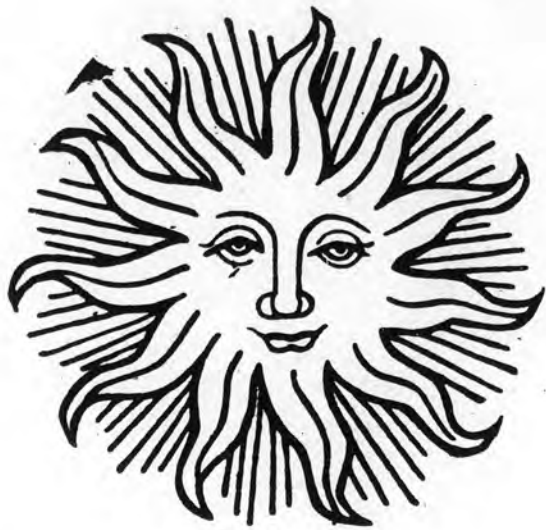
Still, if much of this sounds like astral bullshit to you (which in a sense it surely is), perhaps a thought from Albert Einstein will strike a practical chord. In his recent book, Ram Dass quotes the scientific genius: "The world that we have made as a result of the level of thinking we have done thus far creates problems that we cannot solve at the same level we created them at." That is, the only way we can solve them is by creating a new level of thinking. In other words, we have to break the set." And that is what gurus are really for.

Of course, behind all these words about where it's at and how to get there (tee-hee!), here we are!

Love,

Chuck Schultz





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Editorial

Welcome to our no-thème issue. A few months back when someone suggested it, Chris and I decided we'd give it a try. It's been a loose one to work on. We just kept our ears and eyes open for what folks were up to and in to, and chose the things that turned us on for one reason or another. Hope they'll turn you on, too.

As you've probably noticed, summer has finally arrived in the Northwest, as sunburned backs and rumps will attest. Since no one has signed up to edit any of the upcoming issues, it looks as if most of the staff has decided to lay back for the season. Or else, hit the road.

Heard an interesting fantasy recently. Suppose all you folks just dropped by the office once in a while with articles, pictures, quotable quotes, and photos. We could show you how to type them up, lay them out and hang them on the wall. Then when we've accumulated 32 pages, we could take an issue to the printer. That seems a bit loose for some of us however, so we'll probably be back in three weeks with more tidbits for you.

A women's issue is in the wind, and a men's issue too. Anyone interested in working on either of those is more than welcome to come by and inject a little energy. Or if you have any other ideas for future issues, feel free to turn us on to them. Collective fantasies manifest, you know, so be sure to pass along your favorites.

Have a lovely solstice. Hope you'll be able to stay up all night one of these clear nights and enjoy the midsummer doldrums.

Shalom.

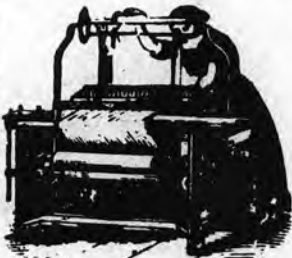
— Melissa

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[Ed. note: Tom Robbins is a primitive story-teller of the mid-sixties and early-seventies who hasn't fully adjusted to these modern times. We hope you will overlook his references to "man" when he really means "people."]

One man may dream with a lung full of cannabis, another may dream with a snout full of booze, but whatever the inducement to dream, the dreams come from the same place.

A fundamentally constant mythic consciousness is what all "hip" have in common with all "straight" — and the myths of the one are only superficially different from the myths of the other, just as the stories told around the fires of the Pygmy differ only culturally from the stories told around the fires of the Eskimo. Man defines himself by the stories he tells, and the stories told by "early" or "primitive" men are especially definitive because the tellers were intimate with the story source.

LENNON'S ERROR

Myths allow us to perceive reality. Which is why the biggest mistake John Lennon ever made was in assuming that the tawdry little truths about the everyday Beatles were more important — or more real — than the Fab Four Myth. The myth of the Beatles may have been the most glorious thing to happen to the 20th Century; the uninspiring "reality" of backstage Beatle behavior is just more dreary data from the existential casebook.

Lennon's error — a failure in story-telling — would never have been committed by an Aztec equivalent.

"Unfortunately, most primitive prose has been recorded in European language only . . . but even when available in the original text . . . it does not reach the standard of native narrative." So wrote Franz Boas, author of "Primitive Art", an anthropologist who dedicated the bulk of his life to understanding people whom most of us have passed by.

(People whom we have fictionized away; that is, whom we have glorified in fiction and forgotten in reality.)

However, if we should succeed against huge odds in putting technology to proper use, — if we should liberate humankind with our tools rather than digging with them a world-sized grave — a time may be coming when we possess the leisure and wisdom to reacquire ourselves with "unessential" knowledge, with pursuits just goofy and wild enough to be singed by the smokes of the holy. (Holy smoke.)

There is a relatively large trickle of precedent. From kindly grandfathers to scoundrels, certain men — noblemen, hereditary millionaires, self-made men, clubfoots, lunatics, hoboes, monks, ranchers and convicts, among others — have dedicated the best in their lives to the contemplation of, say, Latin, Pig Latin (it is not true that Pig Latin was spoken by the policemen of ancient Rome), Greek, Aramaic and pre-biblical Hebrew, Erse, Sanskrit, Blackfoot, Pidgin, Yeti, Sasquatch, Rococo and Chinook (not to mention nails, bottle caps, matchbooks, picture postcards, French picture postcards, rocks, saws, etc., which have their own poetry and prose). Some of these men have been genuine pioneers and adventurers, folk of strong will and constitution who have chosen to carve out an identity in the vast domain of the mind without carving it out of someone else's flesh. Others have been heroes of a meeker sort. As the Tslmshian say, "Even the deer, though toothless, may accomplish something."

I myself have studied German, Spanish, Japanese, and Hindi, at one time or another. I can ask for sex in Guamanian should the need arise. Moreover, a fellow patient at Bellevue (Oh, the terrible winter of '65!) taught me something of the silent language of cats. A lady friend of mine can whistle in duck.

THE PURSUIT OF ESOTERICA

Such para-ethnological capers are not necessarily

Be Here Now



than a highly developed art with true hypnotic effects. It was used also to cure sickness, as a weapon in occult combat, and as a sort of mental chess game. Stories were spoken, delivered in pantomime of several varieties, sometimes "told" in absolute stillness. Rhythmic complexity was commonplace. Breath control was important. Even the work-a-day pragmatic language was more lively than our contemporary chatter. (Which might explain why the American Indian liberation movement, while it has used sparingly a few expedient aphorisms, such as "Custer Wore an Arrow Shirt," has not burdened itself with the usual revolutionary clichés.)

Primitive literary forms included song, narrative epic, lyric poetry and a form corresponding to the novel. Stories sometimes had ceremonial significance, sometimes were in praise of nature, were almost always pornographic.

DREAM-SHARING

Whatever the form, the beliefs of the stories were the beliefs of the tribe, differing thus from European folk tales. They dealt with the basic fabric of their cultures, and the images that illustrated each episode varied with the culture of the tribe.

Needless to say, authentic story-tellers are not as plentiful as blackberries and they grow more scarce as each generation begets a smaller potato patch, but a few are in hiding everywhere. Franz Boas: "The number of collectors who possess complete master of the languages of natives is altogether too small."

Obviously, there is much work to be done. And it will be. Governments will be forced to subsidize massive research into obscure corners. (Such as that occupied by the Samoi tribe in South America, among whose members there has not been an act of violence in more than 300 years, due to the fact that each morning each tribesman shares with his fellows his dreams

THESE ARE THE GOOD OLD DAYS

by tom robbins

visionary or always the work of solitary men who make great sacrifices. The pursuit of esoterica can have collective and official sanction. Today, not merely universities but corporations, hospitals, think-tanks and government bureaus assign persons to tasks of fairy-tale flavor, tasks every bit as "useless" and necromantic as those performed in the shaman's hut. Witness Dr. Mott Cannon, who was employed by the National Space Agency for more than two years making a gold-lined pisspot for monkeys in outer space.

In the future, more of us will have a chance to discover how we got from the past to the present — not by canoe, horse, covered wagon, railroad, motor car or rocketship, but awake or dreaming through the mazes and labyrinths of consciousness. In the course of our explorations we shall have to seek out the legends of this land we have, ah, inherited.

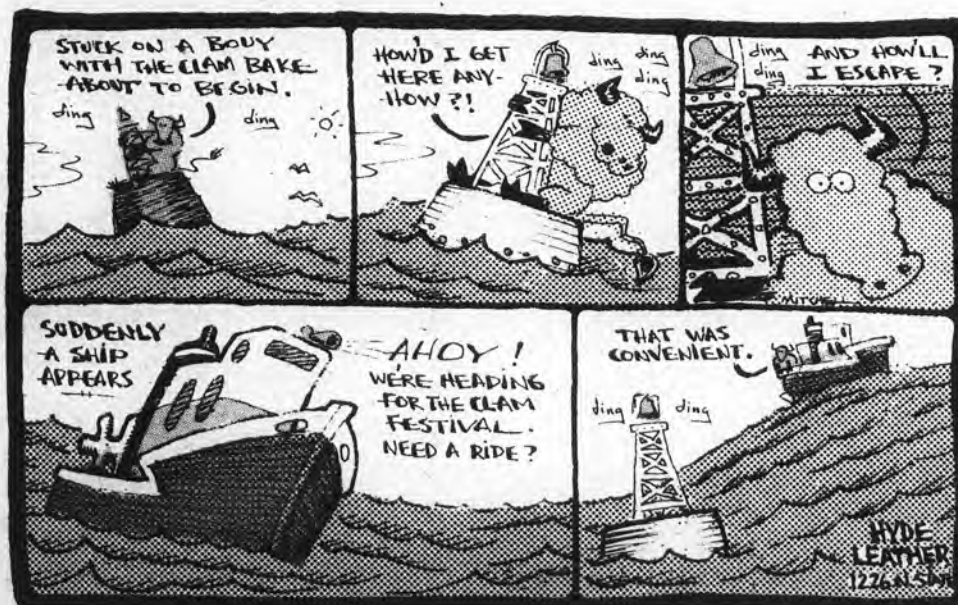
Among America's Indians, story-telling was more

of the previous night.) The universities will have to fund chairs of Pottawotami, Kickapoo and Swinomish, in addition to Cree, Navajo and Eskimo. Anthropologists will be sent to ferret out new tongues — not neglecting the unspoken language of the secret societies or the magical symbolologies of the smokehouse powwow. Computerized linguists will cross refer scratchy Library of Congress phonograph records. Completely dead dialects will be handed over to archaeologists who with formulae and open-heart massage will set them babbling again, or at the very least will construct humuncular facsimili from clay tablets, cave drawings, mummy wrappings, pieces of bark or knotted string.

Everybody will work backwards, as if seeking the One.

A valuable source will be "Primitive Art" by Franz Boas.

Should be some fine stories told in those days.



Steven and



"HEY BEATNIK! / THIS IS THE FARM BOOK / BY STEPHEN AND THE FARM" is what it says on the cover. And it's everything he promised and a whole lot more.

When Stephen Gaskin was in Bellingham with The Farm Band about a year ago he said he'd be coming out with a new book in a while that would have the results of a lot of careful research that was going on about food and nutrition. "The Farm Book," which appeared here within the last few months, has a great deal of information about growing, preparing and eating food, building homes, having kids and how to do a lot of other things that look mighty useful to anyone contemplating doing a real land trip. And there is a lot of high "spiritual talk" from Stephen.

Stephen is another of those spiritual teachers with whom I've been somewhat involved and influenced by for some of the last several years. He is one of those relatively enlightened guys who popped up out of the acid culture, finding themselves a pretty clear telepathic channel for thought, particularly when the focal point of large groups of people. He served as the leader of regular rap sessions in San Francisco (which were really huge spiritual communions) that attracted some two thousand people every week. The book "Monday Night Class" was a collection of transcriptions of tapes made at these gatherings. Then he got invitations to come speak at some colleges. He led a bunch of freaks in a string of school busses across the country and back while he did his speaking thing, and his second book, called "The Caravan" (widely distributed through its publication by Doubleday), grew out of those sessions. When the group got back to San Francisco they realized they all wanted to keep living together, and so they headed back to Tennessee, got some land and began to get their shit together. And for more than two years they have been about 500 people living on a thousand-acre farm and making it.

In the section on Farming in the new book, Stephen's marriage-mate, Michael, talks about the changes they went through in learning to grow enough food-like when they found out they couldn't do it all by horses and mules and got some tractors; but—"Learning mechanics and how the tractors run and how to plant straight rows and plow and disc ten-acre fields expanded our consciousness, because it took more real attention than we were used to putting out." He talks about the importance of finding out what others in the same area grow—and how they do it. And he says, "The thing about being a beatnik and growing a lot of food is that as much as there is to learn about it, it shouldn't be hard. Everyone else has been doing it all along."

There's even a section called Neighbors. (Love them.) Their opinions of Work remind me of Gibran's "The Prophet," feeling work is the material expression of love. "People say, 'How do you make it?' We say, 'God supports us.' And God supports us by keeping us high enough that it don't bum us to work."

The Construction crew reports on what they've been learning about building, both technically and socially: "Having the group head know all that's going on makes for smarter construction.... We work for agreement about what we need, how to finance it, and how to build it. With the agreement, we can do it."

The fascinating Foodage section (by Michael's wife, Margaret) begins with an explanation of where they're at: absolute vegetarians for religious reasons. "Stephen teaches that it's being compassionate with our fellow man to be vegetarians and not eat more than our share, and it's being compassionate with our fellow animals to not eat them." We are offered a "spiritual reason for being a vegetarian: You can get ten times as much protein growing soybeans than raising beef cattle. If everyone was vegetarian, there would already be enough to go around, and no one would be hungry."

They don't eat animal extensions either, including eggs and dairy products, and so they eat a lot of beans and they've developed an efficient method of making soy milk. There's also a recipe for making it at home. The book gives detailed information about

vitamins, minerals, protein, and amino acids. It points out that Vitamin B-12 doesn't occur in the plant kingdom, so it is necessary for vegetarians to supplement that one. It has advice on cooking—including some yummy-sounding high-protein, amino acid-matching recipes—as well as tips on milking, canning and freezing, and baby feeding.

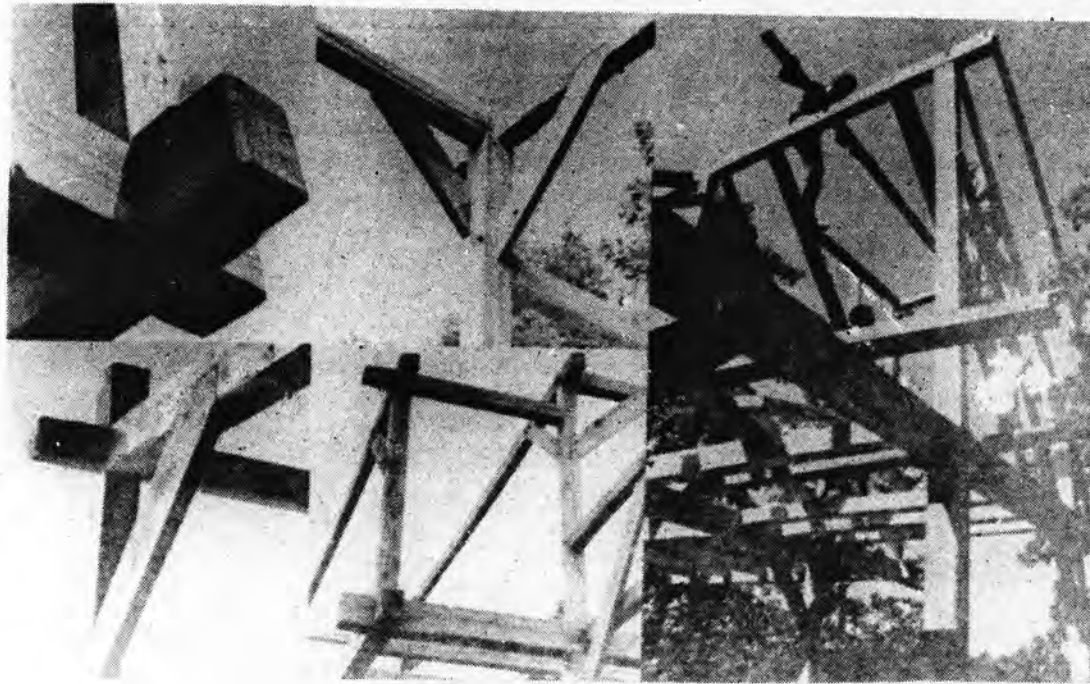
Tennessee let them have their own school at The Farm where kids learn at least enough to pass an eighth-grade examination by the time they're that old. But a lot of the school time is kind of an apprentice trip.

Our young boys are vitally interested in how to fix tractor transmissions. They really want to know how long it'll take a wheat crop to grow. And they just share that information among them. They're really hot to know it, because the grown-ups are interested in it... And then school becomes not such a problem, because the kids want to know what you're into—where's the goodies, where's the action. If the whole farm went out and cut cane one day or something, the kids would feel terrible if they were left out.... The school's more to introduce them into our life and not to educate them to some abstract standard.

The thing is, we're like the Hopi Indians. It's not that we have a life and then a religious life, it's that our whole thing is all woven in together. And our kids meditate with us. They meditate in school in the mornings, and they take it serious. They all sit quietly. They don't just assume the bodily posture, they get stoned.

There's a ham radio crew at The Farm which they use to communicate with Stephen and The Farm Band on tours, with other farms and Farm folks in Europe. And they invite communication from others, listing their call signs and frequencies in the book.

The biggest and perhaps most fascinating section in The Farm Book is called Spiritual Midwifery, and it's all about having kids. Stephen says this:



the Farm Book

By Chuck Schultz



The way that we deliver babies is something that falls out of our basic premises, our basic spiritual philosophy that pervades our whole trip. Delivering babies is an energy thing, and there's life force energy there, and if you be faithful to the energy, then the trip will run right. It's a sacrament to deliver the children—having your own children and being there for the whole thing. The love and trust that comes about in a family gets the kid out. We do it all natural, and it's a sacrament that we return to the family—the sacrament of birth—instead of it taking place in some hospital with people who don't believe that every birth is the birth of the Christ child. Every time a baby is born it means that another being capable of free will has been added to the Universe, and Universe has to move over and shift a little bit, because free will is a God-like thing.

There is story after story of actual births—on caravan and at The Farm—told by the mothers, fathers, midwives and so on. And there are some really fantastic, stoney stories about babies just not coming out until the vibes were right in the room, particularly between the parents. The psychedelic-type rushes and mystical moments they write of must be among the rarest of experiences, especially in drugless states. Stephen's wife Ina May became their chief midwife, and she gives a lot of information about important equipment to have and the procedures for delivery. One of the new mothers makes this statement:

What I felt like I wanted to tell folks was that you don't have to be an unusually brave person to give birth without drugs. I'm something of a paddy-ass myself—but childbirth is a drug in itself. It changes your consciousness just like it stretches your skin, it all takes care of itself and just happens. And that "the sacrament of birth" is a heavy life and death tunnel that you go through with your husband that makes you both remember that you're one thing, in case you've forgot. That seems like a good thing to be reminded of before you're entrusted with another life.

And one father said, "It's the most incredible thing I'd ever seen. It let me see that if every man could see his kids being born, it would be a much more pleasant culture or world to live in."

In a section of the book called Householder Yogis Stephen talks about one of the subjects he's most famous for, tantric yoga.

What it really comes down to is that human beings' sexual energy is the same kind of energy as Holy Spirit. It's the same kind of energy that makes

a baby pink and makes him bloom. It's life force energy. Making love is a way in which you can feel the presence of the Holy Spirit. And if people can be open and trusting enough with one another when they're making love, they can move that energy around and they can heal themselves. That happens to us all the time. And if you can see the Godhead in your wife or husband from getting really stoned with them, you can see clear through and know they're made out of the same stuff you are.

Shakti is the female principle and shakta is the male principle, and they're both halves of a thing—one of them is not superior to the other. They're both halves of a thing, and they're different. People think of creative as being electrical, like a lightning bolt, and they think of receptive as being like a bowl. Well, receptive ain't like a bowl. Receptive is like an electromagnet as he is as that lightning bolt....

Stephen considers himself primarily a spiritual teacher, and in The Farm Book—as usual—he has a good deal to say about religion:

There's a religion which is perfect and true and has no errors in it, and all man-made religions are attempts to copy that religion. And it exists unwritten for all these billions of years....

We believe in Jesus; we believe in Buddha. Some people don't think you can do that; we think you can. We believe in some other avatars too. We believe that mankind has to have some of those around all the time, and you just don't only have one every thousand years, but there's got to be one on deck to hold the show together—to be the fuse that the electricity of mankind runs through....

When you look at Jesus and Buddha from a stoned viewpoint, you can't tell the difference.... Buddha came on with an equality-based religion, and that's how come he was so heavy, just like Jesus, because Jesus didn't make any distinction between beggar and king, and neither did Buddha....

In the telepathic medium of the Holy Spirit, Christ consciousness, Buddha consciousness, call it what you will, exists all the time. And anybody who quiets their mind can tune into it.... It's unmistakable, because it's the cleanest and the purest and sanest and the finest consciousness that you ever felt. That's how you can tell. And you don't have to put a name on it. You don't have to call it Jesus or Buddha or Krishna—it's THE CONSCIOUSNESS.

There are several pages of what Stephen calls "Tripping Instructions" (referring to the trip of life), in which he talks about what being spiritual means: "...knowing that you can change your head and it will change your life and it will change the Universe. And it's much easier to change your mind than it is to change the Universe around." And he lays out his

view of free will: "I believe we have as much free will as we can stand—as we have nerve for. However much responsibility you take is however much free will you can have, and if you don't take any responsibilities, you're determined. You're an effect in the Universe, and you ain't a cause."

What about the "State of the Union"?

The real thing is that folks through lack of compassion don't be fair with the goods.... And a political situation does not change your level of compassion. People cannot be legislated into being cool, they cannot be gun-pointed into being cool, they cannot be conditioned into being cool. Politics is not the way to change people; Spirit is the only way that will change people.

And he offers some hope for the Aquarian Age:

I used to think when I first started getting stoned that if the world was really stoned it would be easy. And then I found out the world is really stoned, and you have to learn how to trip. So I'm trying to teach how to trip. And religion is discipline about tripping. We need to be not just a little high or feel good, as a religious experience, but we need to get very smart and very just and very kind and very clear. And it requires discipline while tripping to be that way.

There are a lot of people around been telling everybody a lot of things about the shape of the universe and where it's all at and all that kind of thing, and you hear a lot of people saying that you can't make it—you just can't make it now. Well, you can. We've been doing it. We're making it, and you can make it. Here's what I think is the biggest turn-on that there can be: There is something you can do, and it's within your power to do it, and it makes a difference. Wow, man, what else could you ask for?

The Farm Book is loaded with photographs of fine furry folk doing all kinds of things. It was actually printed at The Farm (on equipment bought with an inheritance), and some of the pictures are a little fuzzy and such. It's not "Better Homes and Gardens!" But it's nicely laid out with attractive graphics and plenty of color. And there really are a lot of neat photos.

The first edition, which came to the Passage office a few months ago, was priced at just a dollar; and I was really eager to review it as a fantastic bargain. But huge demand for the book required a new printing press, and rising expenses boosted the price to \$1.95. So, although The Farm Book now isn't quite the steal it was, it's still a bargain.

Message from

The archetypal relationship between man and woman seems ideal and beautiful on the surface, and we are all taken in by its glamour, but it takes only a little consciousness to see through this illusion. Where is the individual in this tragic tale of Tristan and Isolde, of Romeo and Juliet, of the prince and princess who live happily ever after? The individual stands far outside the tale, because it is an analogy, a symbol of what goes on within himself or herself. Male and female within the individual must battle with each other in opposition until they achieve union.

But the actual man and woman who live in the world and love each other must not lose sight of their true identity in the battle and the union. They must not mistake this one symbol for the whole story of their lives. There must be surrender, surely, in the act of union, in the bliss of love, in the hell of hate, but one's individuality is more precious than any one archetype that would possess one, for individuality encompasses all the archetypes. They are but expressions of the facets of the whole.

There are a few individuals, however, who have emerged from the primordial ooze enough to stand outside these archetypal dramas. The rest are played out by each drama that occurs in their lives. In the case of the relationship between man and woman, this universal archetype is particularly rigid, and has far reaching consequences. Men and women who are asleep, who have no real individuality, find themselves compelled to be like the polar opposites of masculinity and femininity, like stereotypes, regardless of whether that is who they are. Men feel they must be dominant, aggressive, and active, and women feel they must be submissive, passive and receptive. They cultivate the qualities of the archetype rather than their own peculiarities.

Since we live in a patriarchy, masculine values based on masculine qualities are the prescribed modes of thinking. Women take on the dark side of this; the other side of the coin is the after hours of the "real" world. Women's thinking is non-thinking. Their knowledge is taboo. Only artists and poets, madmen and saints, dare tamper with it, and their products are enjoyed and marvelled at, and their lives are envied, but are suspect and seem cruelly tragic because so much happens in them.

If the masculine world would open itself to feminine knowledge, there would be a hierogamos on a large scale, a union of opposites, a marriage between art and science, between poetry and philosophy. This alchemical union takes place on the individual plane in a few people but rarely, and these people attain to something like genius of being. So, though the masculine mind rejects the feminine, it has been proved on the individual plane that this most despised thing, the stone rejected by the builders, is actually the cornerstone of the Alchemical Work.

Now, how I can justify this statement is hard to say. I can only draw from my own experiences and ask you to look at your experiences in a new and courageous way, defying everyone around you and your lifetime's conditioning. It would mean asking you to take seriously feelings and perceptions that have always been embarrassing and difficult. It means imagining yourself as having the same status as a man, that you could be a genius not in spite of being a woman, but, in this moment in time, because you are a woman, to imagine that genius, a new human perception of great importance, waits within you to be uttered.

The human race has divided itself most awkwardly. It is no wonder the individual seeks that opposite pole within himself to be united with it, to create a balm to heal all illness, all neurosis: Humanity is divided so that men have charge of one part of the psyche, and women have charge of another part. Men have made the feminine part taboo to themselves, and even women must keep quiet about it. In today's social and cultural revolution, we find this hidden part coming out.

THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT

What is the feminine part of the psyche? It is a blind spot, so it is difficult to see. Let us say the intellect is masculine; it is ordered, structured, and finite. Objectivity and rationality, we shall also say are masculine. And therefore, what lies outside these masculine realms is feminine territory: intuition, subjectivity and irrationality. It is not this simple though, because objectivity is very subjective, rationality is very irrational, and the borders between intellect and intuition cannot be found. And here lies the threat of the feminine point of view: It forever beholds the folly of pure rationality, pure intellect, pure objectivity. But given the strict duality of the Male-Female myth, men are rational, objective and intellectual; women are irrational, subjective and intuitional. We who have lived under the yoke of this myth for thousands of years have become like the creatures of the myth. A woman is feminine because she believes herself to be, because she has seen no other example, no other possibility, and her femininity excludes any "real" grasp of the intellect, because it is masculine.

What happens to a person who believes they cannot really function intellectually? Their perception of the world will be channeled along different lines. They will develop the opposite faculty — intuition. And if they are frowned upon for having developed this faculty, they will learn to not express their view of the world, except in lame little titterings that can easily be cut off with a frown or laughter. Woman's intuition, we all know, is an old joke, especially in this age of reason. Women defer to male authority, the male view of the world is the authorized one.

This is such a sad state of affairs because intellect without intuition is a stale rigid trap. You may think I exaggerate in my implications, but men do deny themselves what they think belongs to women. They ridicule themselves and other men for having any

feminine qualities. A little boy is told by everyone, male and female, that he doesn't want to be like a little girl.

Men need the qualities they project onto women. We believe because of our conditioning that a man is not a man if he has any of the qualities he gets rid of by claiming they are exclusively feminine. He knows unconsciously that he needs those qualities, that is why he is drawn to certain women, women who display outwardly the qualities he has hidden within himself, in the dark shadows of his psyche. You see, he doesn't really get rid of these human qualities by projecting them onto women; they are repressed. In order to be manly, a man cannot be himself, he has to repress all feminine qualities. This does violence to the psyche.

It is no wonder that a man wants to possess a woman, he really wants to reclaim that lost part of himself, to be whole again. He must have or imagine he has a woman who is all of those qualities he is missing. She will be an extension of himself, devoid of individuality. She must be receptive to what he projects, she becomes the projection. Her intuition, her peculiar kind of intelligence is geared to this by her conditioning. This is how she fulfills her role as mate to her man.

The tragedy of this situation strikes at both sides. A man may seem to have individuality and dignity but this is not really the case. He is not himself because he has repressed part of himself and he depends on women for a false kind of dignity. Women in their subordinate position flatter him without meaning to. He can demean them in a thousand ways because it is understood that he is superior because he is male. This false dignity is so flimsy, though, a man cannot stand up on his own and he cannot find himself if he persists in this conditioned way.

The tragedy on the other side is that a woman doesn't even have this false individuality and dignity. She is only a part of the man, like Adam's rib. She



the Shadow World

by Ruth Hoebel

depends on her man for an appearance of dignity. She has individuality and dignity vicariously. She must repress the part of her psyche that demands these things and project this part onto her man. He opens all doors for her, he blazes a path through the world for them both. One wonders what men do with their emotions and what women do with their aggressions. What does a man do inside himself when he would weep?

What does a woman do inside herself when she would be forceful and take over a situation? There must be murders and imprisonments inside, amputations and other tortures, punishments and deformities.

DAGWOOD & BLONDIE

The reason Dagwood and Blondie are so funny is because their kind of relationship is so tragic and stupid. Yet this is a typical male-female dichotomy. One cannot communicate with the other, they always act in opposition, always fouling each other up. Both are absurd figures, they are utterly dependent on each other and unconscious of the whole process.

Where then do we find men and women who are truly individuals, who are truly themselves? Artists and poets, and other outsiders, are escapees from our tragic conditioning. Not that one can escape from it easily, but one can at least look at it from the outside, give up the comfort of the herd in hopes of finding the truth. The outsiders experiment with what they have: visions and premonitions, intuitions, hoping to retain the lost paradise of the psyche when it is whole.

Men and women use what they have — each other — to regain this lost inner paradise. One need only look at the other to see what is missing in himself. Men must learn to listen to women. Women must find their voice because they must describe a taboo in such a way that it will be accepted again by those who fear it most. They must defend their part of the psyche, bring it out into the light and let everyone become familiar with it. They must learn to write and sing and paint and philosophize from man's opposite pole: messages from the shadow world.

What is the feminine view of the world? It is a preoccupation with the relationship between things rather than with the things themselves. Men believe they are objective because they take careful note of individual things, but they are coming more to realize that the object is not alone, it is inseparable from all the objects around it. In fact, it is the whole that must be understood before any one object can be understood. This is a more feminine point of view. In conversation, a woman is more occupied with the way things are said, the tone of voice, gesture, body language, than is a man. A man is more occupied with the content of the words. In modern psychology, body language is studied by intuitive persons because they find that words can lie but the body cannot. A patient may not even know he is lying but his body gives him away. This is a field in which women are unconscious adepts.

Because of her peculiar orientation, woman has developed talents to see where men cannot see, to see from angles he cannot see from. In this patriarchy, what men see is what mankind sees. Woman is silent about what she sees. She does not see what she sees. Now is the time when we are beginning to look at ourselves and reassess our possibilities.

Man does not allow himself to daydream, to non-think. He has always to be in control. But there is a

It's a pity we have no alchemical texts written by women, for then we would know something essential about the visions of women, which are undoubtedly different from those of men.

— C. G. Jung



thinking that is passive, feminine as it were, where the thoughts rise up out of the unconscious and seem to have a will of their own. One is a spectator in the theatre of his own mind. It is terrifying for an ordinary man to find himself in such a passive state, but an ordinary woman who is something of a witch (if only because all women are secretly and openly thought of as witches) will feel more at home here. Since she is discouraged from thinking of ways to make it big in the world, since this kind of aggressive ambition is denied her, since she isn't even expected to think, to intellectualize, she is allowed to sink back into unconscious reveries. What can her mind do with its energies but fantasize soap operas and gossip?

ACCESS TO THE UNCONSCIOUS

Then there is woman's preoccupation with costume and disguise. Because she must make up her body and anoint it as though it were a sacrificial offering, she knows the effect of each color and shape, and what suits her form and the occasion. This also extends to the environment of the home which she makes com-

fortable and aesthetic. So, in order to fulfill her role, she is concerned with the very things the artist is, with form and color and their meanings, with the relationship between forms and colors.

Women also have access to the unconscious from which all artistic ideas, poetry and all other acts of genius, arise. She has access to the unconscious by way of the symbols that surround her femininity and because as a woman she is encouraged to remain unconscious. She can slip in and out of unconsciousness without any damage to her identity. This is more difficult for a man. He may surrender to sleep or sexual bliss, but to dream while awake is like madness, or at least a frivolity near to madness. By dream, I do not mean the harmless everyday day-dreams that we all unconsciously indulge in, not the constant stream of garbage that runs through our minds like a TV show about our mundane concerns. I mean a dream that seems alive, that compels one to communicate it, to capture its genius, a dream that is a vision, an inspiration.

Why is it there have been no women of genius, only an occasional one who even aspired? Because woman has always had to play a part for man's sake. She has had to be his missing part, so that he can be whole and not whole, so that he can survive his own unbalanced state. The danger of women's desire for independence, for a life of her own, has always been felt by those who train her for this role. "Oh, my child," the old crones seem to say, "get that look of aspiring independence out of your eyes, you'll upset the apple cart." Let us hope we can heal a universal neurosis, that we can effect an alchemy that will give back to man his soul, his emotions, his imagination, all that he now sees in woman, and free women to enjoy their individuality.

I foresee a renaissance for women. Once her creativity is allowed to come forth boldly and with its own peculiar mark of femininity, we will see women of genius, who will once and for all destroy the stupid myths about her sex. By female genius I mean that it does not act in spite of being female, it comes out of being female. It is the flowering of experience from a particular point of view of an individual who is courageous enough to experience life deeply, to experience all the pangs and joys, the awesome vision of death and infinity.

Genius and madness and sainthood are all entwined in the vision of life being greater than oneself, and if one can stand the vision and speak of it, though never really capturing it in words or symbols, that is the work of the genius. One can see the mark of psychic courage in these works. They seem to demand that one have such a vision oneself. They haunt one and lead one on to unimaginable goals, like fairy paths through an enchanted forest.

A woman, unburdened of her role as psychic crutch to man, can stand shining in her own individuality, can experience at last what she has always had to put aside — her Self. What do we know of this female self? All we know of it is what it is in the shadow of men, what its struggle to be free is like, and how ludicrous the myth that imprisons it is. What it is in itself, free of these considerations, we have yet to see. What I glimpse is inspiring: individuality so noble and radiant.

[Ed. note: The foregoing article is reprinted from WOMAN — Maitreya 4, published by Shambala Publications, Berkeley, California.]

The Rise and Fall

by Bernard Weiner

In what seemed like a kind of suicide mission from the start, the group calling itself the Symbionese Liberation Army has virtually flamed out of existence after capturing the attention of much of the world (certainly much of the world's media) for nearly nine months.

What is the non-violent Left to make of the appearance of the SLA on the American political landscape? And are there things we can learn from its manner of demise?

First, the origins of the SLA, for in understanding its genesis one can easily find the seeds of its destruction.

Certainly, one should not have been surprised that a group like the SLA would form in 1973 out of the moribund, fragmented Movement. Nearly everyone on the activist Left spoke of the necessity for forming a new organization that would re-generate the spirit of early SDS, the anti-war movement, the civil rights struggle — in short, an organization that would weld together the varying racial, sexual and political factions of the new New Left and regenerate the type of mid- and late-'60's political dynamic that was so necessary in an age of Nixon-Mitchell-Agnew-Laird.

That such a revitalization of the Movement was necessary seemed obvious in the face of repression from the government (much of which is now being revealed in the wake of Watergate), entrenched racism, growing poverty amid inflation for wide segments of the population, the continuing "hidden" war in Indochina, etc.

The issues were obvious but, for one reason or another, the activists of the '60's were not all that active anymore, at least not in the volatile and highly visible ways that suggested that revolutionary social change would occur any time soon. They worked more in the community-organizing line — small, marginally effective, incremental encroachment — or were in semi-retreat in rural communes or collectives. In the meantime, things were going from worse to worse for the poor and oppressed minorities — and, indeed, for the working- and middle-class as well.

Into this vacuum stepped the progenitors of the Symbionese Liberation Army — a mixture of black ex-prisoners, Third World activists, and white, middle-class radicals from America's heartland — fired by the rhetoric slung so easily in the radical Berkeley culture, in prison reform and Third World and gay liberation organizations, and seeing the need for some revolutionary alternatives grinding slowly, oh-so-slowly, to some far-distant utopian vision. It was time to move; it was time for direct action.

What seems evident now is that the members of this founding group were, by and large, ahistorical — outside the lessons of history. To them, it appeared, the world of revolution began with their own coming of political age, with few, if any, connections to historical precedent. Many in their early 20's seem to have been virtually unacquainted (except on a rhetorical level) with Marxism, with the civil rights struggles of the '50s and early-'60s, with the lessons of Mao and Che and Lenin and the Tupamaros, and only marginally connected with the anti-war movement of the late '60s.

This relative ignorance of and independence from the old Movement people helped them physically survive, since the police agencies couldn't infiltrate anything so disconnected from the New Left mainstream — but it also meant, in effect, that the SLA had no allies

in the organized Left. All of which meant that when the going got really heavy, they had nobody outside their scraggly little band to turn to for help — leading to the revolutionary's ignominy of having, in the end, to buy a night's shelter with hundred dollar bills.

Even a cursory reading of Mao, of the literature from the Tupamaros and other urban guerilla groups, would have told them that to swim like fish in a revolutionary ocean one has to have built up enough support and contacts to make for a reasonably good-sized body of water. But they chose to go it alone, presumably believing that once they initiated their startling actions, the ocean would come to the fish — the radical Left would rally to their revolutionary cobra banner.

It was a reasonable assumption, given a certain messianic mentality. After all, didn't Fidel begin with but 13 guerrillas in the Sierra Maestre? Didn't Jesus have but 12 disciples?

There are various estimates of the strength of the budding SLA in the summer of 1973. Perhaps 25, maybe a few more. And, one could well imagine that if they chose their actions wisely, carried them off with slickness and aplomb, geared up their agit-prop program correctly, had lines of communication and organization into the masses of the poor and oppressed, they might indeed have been able to pull it off, might have been able to galvanize and resurrect the moribund left.

So what was their first action? The assassination in the fall of 1973 of the popular black superintendent of schools in Oakland, a man revered in the populous black community. His "crime"? Alleged support of a student I.D. card proposal for the Oakland public schools. (As it turned out, the schools' chief, Dr. Marcus Foster, actually had been attempting to sidetrack the controversial I.D. plan.)

The swiftness and ruthlessness of their initial action shocked everybody on the left in the Bay Area, not the least many Third Worlders and others in on the founding of the SLA. There hadn't even been a public warning from the SLA to Foster about the I.D. card proposal. One day the SLA didn't exist publicly, the next day the SLA pumps cyanide-laced bullets into a black superintendent of schools and off they go into the headlines.

Many SLA supporters and members — at least one that is known by name, Thero Wheeler, another black escaped con — apparently dropped the organization at that point and, while refusing to have anything to do with the police investigations of the Foster murder, equally refused to have anything more to do with the SLA. (Even the SLA must have realized their miscalculation. They seldom mentioned the Foster assassination in their later communiques, almost as if they hoped that by not talking about it, everybody might forget their first mistake.)

When the first SLA communiques began to appear, the most common reaction among the remnants of the traditional Bay Area Left was: "Who ARE these people?" Most of the traditional activist organizations and members had never heard of the SLA and, when the names of suspected SLA members began leaking out, had never seen or heard of them either.

The SLA had the rhetoric down, and their social analyses were close to the mark — though written in a terribly convoluted, almost illiterate prose — and so presumably could have made some inroads into the traditional Berkeley Left exceptexcept for the Foster assassination, which seemed to make no sense whatsoever, and because the SLA had no connection with those who had earned their dues on the barricades and in the streets during the previous decade, suspicions grew that the SLA might be a police — or CIA — sponsored front.

The dozen or so people who did know about the SLA and/or who decided to drop away from the organization after the Foster slaying, were keeping such knowledge to

themselves, lest they be hauled in by the cops pronto — or, what was a more frightening possibility, lest they be rubbed out by the gun-happy SLA leaders with their strict code of discipline.

The SLA faded to the back pages of the newspapers and all was relatively quiet until February 4th of this year, when Patricia Hearst was kidnapped and a mass FBI-police hunt began. It became apparent at this stage that the SLA understood the surface tactics of the urban guerilla groups like the Tupamaros but had no earthly understanding of the necessities for running — and what's more important, building — a successful urban guerilla program.

Once again, the SLA blew it when they had the perfect chance to exploit their position. They had virtual control over the Bay Area mass-media, and were even receiving attention from the national and international press, but were unable to capitalize on their success by building mass-based support.

Randolph Hearst, unwittingly, nearly gave the SLA entree into the masses it so desperately needed in order to survive and grow. He offered to set up a permanent feed—the-poor program, staffed and overseen in large part by volunteer workers who could have been the vanguard wedge in educating the poor and oppressed as to the realities of economic subjugation in America and the necessity for radical or revolutionary alternatives. Instead, the SLA rejected that plan in favor of a once only, headline grabbing food distribution. Through their seemingly contradictory positions and their taped communiques — which were always days late in responding to by-then changed situations — the SLA came to be seen as opportunistic bad-guys and, believe it or not, the Hearsts came more and more to win the sympathy of the masses. Who the Hearsts were and what they represented were pushed to the background while the two sides haggled over the quality of the food being offered. It didn't seem to matter that the Hearst plan was a partial rip-off, using surplus and donated food instead of money from the Hearst Corp. empire. By and large, the people receiving the food saw themselves, correctly, as pawns in the SLA's political chess-game in much the same way they'd always been pawns in the Hearst economic game.

And, when the \$4,000,000 offered by the Hearst Corp. for more free food for the poor went begging when the SLA made no move to negotiate for the funds, the real interests of the SLA became even more publicly apparent. It was not the oppressed masses they were interested in, the poor and downtrodden for whom they professed to speak — it was the SLA and its delusions of revolutionary grandeur that were all important: the hunger for the media, the taunting of the FBI, the coup of the century when Patricia Hearst transmogrified into Tania the revolutionary after observing the weakness and duplicity of her family.

The SLA members were free, but they were captives of Marshall McLuhan, truly believing that the medium was the message, that they could create the revolution out of whole cloth by simple manipulation of the media, without the dull day-by-day work of building a mass based infrastructure. They were riding high in the headlines, and capturing the imagination of the people, but they were living in a world of dreams, cut off from all but the most miniscule support. (They received words of encouragement from the remnants of the Black Liberation Army and a weak endorsement from some Weather People Underground — but RAMPARTS magazine, the voice of the organized New Left headquartered in Berkeley, denounced them as

counter-revolutionary; people began to inform on them, Left factions revealed that General Field Marshal Cinque had once been a police informer, etc.)

Presumably to show off their new convert Tania, but also more likely because they were out of cash, they robbed a bank, in the process of which they demonstrated their great love for "the people" by shooting a couple of elderly ones who happened to be in the vicinity during their escape.

By this time, they were obviously terribly alone, trigger-happy in their nervousness to the point of paranoia (Cinque even supposed that the hunt for the Zebra killers in San Francisco was really a manufactured plot solely designed to catch him in the dragnet), running out of cash to support their high overhead (submachine guns don't come cheap — unless authorities are providing them for free), and running out of hiding places, with the bumbling FBI hot and cold on their trail. It was time to split their Bay Area womb.

One can well imagine their reluctance to move their Bay Area base of operations at that time. No doubt, they had a few sympathizers and helpers in and around Berkeley and San Francisco — and, by and large, the ex-SLA members were remaining quiet and not cooperating with the feds. In addition, they were making the local FBI agents look like fools, and forcing the Bureau's national director to admit that the FBI was "stumped" by the SLA. However, while the SLA was always one jump ahead of the feds, even they could see that things were getting much too hot for them in the Bay Area, and their luck couldn't hold out forever. Thus, off to the Los Angeles area where, apparently, they had a few contacts and perhaps dreamed of the revolution there. If it wouldn't happen in radical Berkeley, it would have to take place in Watts.

That this possibility existed in their minds can be seen in that they apparently spent a day or so in L.A. openly recruiting black members for what they saw as the "revolution" that was about to begin. Visitors were permitted to freely come and go from their South-Central L.A. hideout, even after talking with the SLA members about their activities and observing the formidable arsenal laid out on the living room floor by this racially mixed band.

Since this openness with strangers violates rational revolutionary conduct — indeed, the SLA had expressly forbidden such behavior in their internal rules of operation — one is left to puzzle out the meaning of such apparent sloppiness. Two explanations appear at once, both connected to a deteriorating state of mind:

1) They were so goddamned tired of running, the pressure was so intolerably great, that, in a sense, they didn't care anymore; if the cops came, they came, and at last the open confrontation with the enemy would be met. (But they weren't totally suicidal — not all the SLA members stayed in the house, and they made sure that their media star, Tania, was out of the house before the firefight began).

2) Given their exhausted condition, their hyper-tense mental state, their delusions of grandeur and invincibility may have become so heightened that they believed their battle with police would spark a genuine revolt in Watts — in short, that their example of revolutionary bravery would lead the People at last to a revolutionary readiness where all previous actions, including the SLA's, had failed.

The first explanation makes a certain degree of sense, especially if one is to believe the far-Left theory that Donald DeFreeze (Cinque) was in reality a police agent, instructed that the game had gone far enough and it was time for the SLA to disappear. But given the dynamics of psychological stress, the explanation has a certain validity even if one forgoes the conspiracy theory.

The latter explanation makes even more sense if

one ponders a moment the SLA's idolatry of the mythical entity called "The People". Revolutionary vanguards often speak in the name of the "people", almost always without permission of the folks they are supposedly speaking for. In the SLA's case, they may have so convinced themselves of the unified nature of the "downtrodden people", of their solidarity with "the people" they wanted and needed so much, that it may have never entered their rational minds that some of the black residents of Watts might have other ideas about the benefit to themselves and their community of having a (mostly white)

terrorist band in their midst. In effect, the SLA committed the cardinal error of the revolutionist: believing their own rhetoric to the point of having it cloud their perception of reality — failing to see that "the people" are many peoples and before these multi-various individuals and groups can become "the people" recognizing a common enemy and organizing for common revolutionary aims, a lot of hard, slogging educational and organizing work has to be done first. But the SLA was never comfortable mixing with "the people", content as they were to believe they could adequately represent "the people" by concocting a racially and sexually mixed vanguard whose revolutionary actions would come to unite "the people" behind them.

And so the majority of the SLA leadership was

wiped out in a massive firefight with police and FBI agents — perhaps, aptly, dying as the result of their own huge store of ammunition — and the remaining stragglers became a kind of mop-up operation for the authorities though not without adventure and meaning of its own.

From jail, two of the captured SLA soldiers — Remiro and Little — continued to seek the creation of the myth, to turn the SLA into a phoenix that would rise again from the ashes, by their comments suggesting that the SLA had proved its value because:

1) it showed that a racially and sexually mixed disciplined band could carry out revolutionary actions in an urban war; and

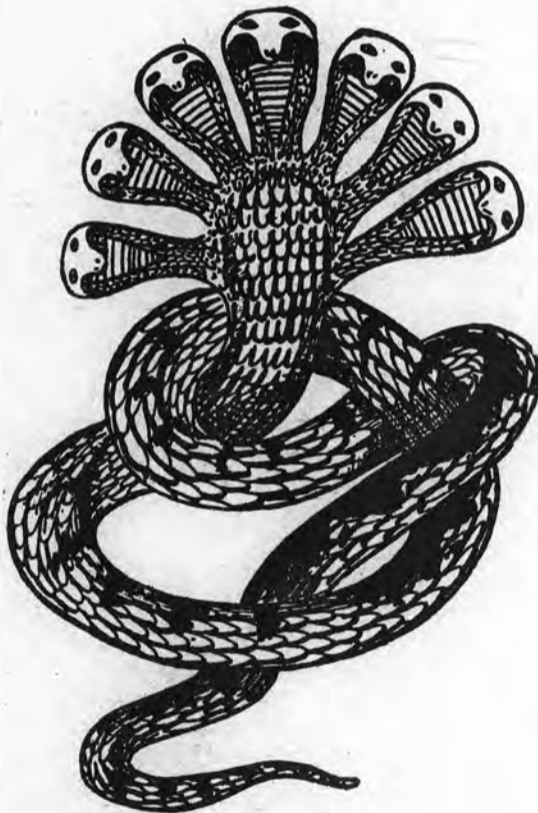
2) That the firepower of the SLA leaders in the L.A. shootout had been so strong as to even shock the police. Such is the depth of the intellectual and political analysis emerging from this ahistorical band.

However, Remiro and Little are correct in one respect: the SLA was able to create a truly mixed revolutionary band, with women sharing equal responsibility with men, and whites with non-whites. (Interestingly, the middle-class whites all seemed to affect the accent of ghetto blacks, thus assuming a more "authentic" revolutionary pose).

But after one admits that achievement — no mean one in a Movement almost always dominated by white males — one has to start adding up the stupidities of the SLA. Their tactical and strategic mistakes have been discussed above, but even their physical efforts were rife with blunders. It seemed they could do nothing right — except deliver tapes and elude the FBI for a good while: two of their soldiers, Remiro and Little, were caught cruising around lost, looking for the Concord safe-house; a later attempt at burning that house, with all the incriminating material inside, failed miserably; two were easily spotted, perhaps because of their evident nervousness, talking to the grand-children of San Francisco's Mayor Alioto preparatory to a presumed kidnap attempt; while buying clothes with cash, presumably from part of the \$10,000 they got in a bank robbery, one member (Bill Harris) attempted to shoplift a 49 cent pair of socks and got caught, setting off a chain of incidents that led ultimately to the destruction of the group; inside the Watts shootout house, guns were openly displayed for all to see; while stealing cars in the L.A. area, they openly revealed that they were members of the SLA, thus cutting the time the police needed to make connections; while cruising around L.A. in their hijacked van, three remaining SLA members talked openly in front of their kidnap victim and then left him, alive; they attempted to force their way into shelter for the night, using money and threats. The list is virtually endless. They were audacious, daring, courageous — and utterly infantile in their amateur attempts at playing urban guerrillas.

Finally, regardless of whether Cinque was or was not a police agent, the effect of the SLA on the Left has been the same: as a perfectly justifiable excuse for the feds and local police to come down heavy on those Left elements who are most effective as organizers (Panthers, health and political collectives, etc.) Whether this will rebound in the faces of the authorities is hard to say at this point; the meteoric rise and deterioration of the SLA has forced virtually every leftist group in the Bay Area, and beyond, into a painful reassessment of the requirements of radical political activity in 1974.

Who knows? In the end, the SLA — at a godawful cost — may prove to have been a healthy spur to the organized non-violent left, motivating it to get its shit together and moving before more frustrated crazies come along bearing bombs, bombast, and stoned-out visions of the Imminent Revolution.



of the SLA

Couples



The "couple" is an alliance of two humans which has been discussed and rediscussed, praised (because the intimacy it makes easy can promote growth) and condemned (because it is inherently an alliance based on some exclusiveness and concentration of energy away from society), insisted upon as cosmically natural and inevitable, and denied as an ingrained but unnecessary facet of our cultural conditioning.

I started writing this article intending to enter the debate of whether couples are destructive or constructive to the growth of individuals and society. But by entering that arena I would only add the thin bits of my personal opinion to the pile of everyone else's opinions on display there, and we'd all end up with a big jumbled pile of opinions that pointed to obvious conflicts and no apparent solutions.

Instead, I would like to suggest that analyzing the "couple" as an institution is skirting the real issue of personal and societal growth. There are some basic observations about humans and growth that deserve explanation and which can shed some light on the nature of "couples."

EXPECTATIONS

Everyone has expectations about couples. We have been pretty uniformly trained from childhood on to expect that an alliance of a man and woman who are attracted to each other will make them feel secure and fulfilled and will radiate "good vibes" into the rest of the community. At least that is the desired ideal, and our own experience to the contrary is often not convincing enough to get us past the intellectual realization that those expectations are unrealistic, to the gut level rejection of the ideal.

Too often people who understand that the "ideal couple" is a simplistic illusion nevertheless feel a strong desire to try to duplicate it in their relationship and suffer a sense of inadequacy and failure when they don't succeed.

Those who list the failures of "the couple" to bring about this ideal, who point to the growth stunted by isolation, exclusiveness, possessiveness, and dependency are accurately cataloging the frustrations and pain of disappointed hopes. They are right that what stunts growth should be rooted out of our psyches, but the culprit is unrealistic expectations and not necessarily the couple alliance itself. If we could all learn to expect only what can reasonably be accomplished in a relationship, we would all save ourselves a lot of unnecessary strife. But more of that later.

GROWTH

Growth is the value; it is what we are ultimately concerned with protecting and nurturing. Personal growth can be seen as a historical process: looking back on our lives, each of us can see that our relationships with people have formed, grown, dissolved, shifted, and changed as the people have grown. Grown what? Grown where? Grown more conscious, more aware, better able to respond appropriately to situations.

The process of experiencing relationships which refines understanding, which opens the way to further experiencing, which deepens understanding — this process is the context in which we each feel our aliveness. If something blocks or stunts that growth, then the struggle must be to become aware of it and free ourselves from it.

SELF-SUFFICIENCY

In any human grouping, the better each person involved can maintain a sense of emotional well-being under their own power, then the less energy they have to expend holding each other up emotionally, and the more they can turn their energy to experimentation and discovery, to the struggle for an egalitarian power structure which will maximally support everyone's growth at once, and to the delightful giving of energy for the sheer pleasure of it. More than any other, the idea of emotional self-sufficiency is central to the struggle to form realistic expectations for "couple" relationships.

It isn't that both people in a couple must be paragons of self-sufficiency in order to forge a satisfying mutually productive union. All that's necessary besides a commitment to struggle together is the awareness of how much each person can sustain, where each person needs special support, in other words, an understanding of where each person is in the growth process.

On the basis of that understanding, realistic expectations can be formed of how the couple will be able to utilize their combined energy for their own growth and for the benefit of the group. If one or both people are struggling with jealousy or possessive feelings, then they can expect to put a lot of energy into just maintaining trust, and they can expect to be unable to turn much energy to, say, learning how to avoid using their coupleness as a power block in their dealings with others.

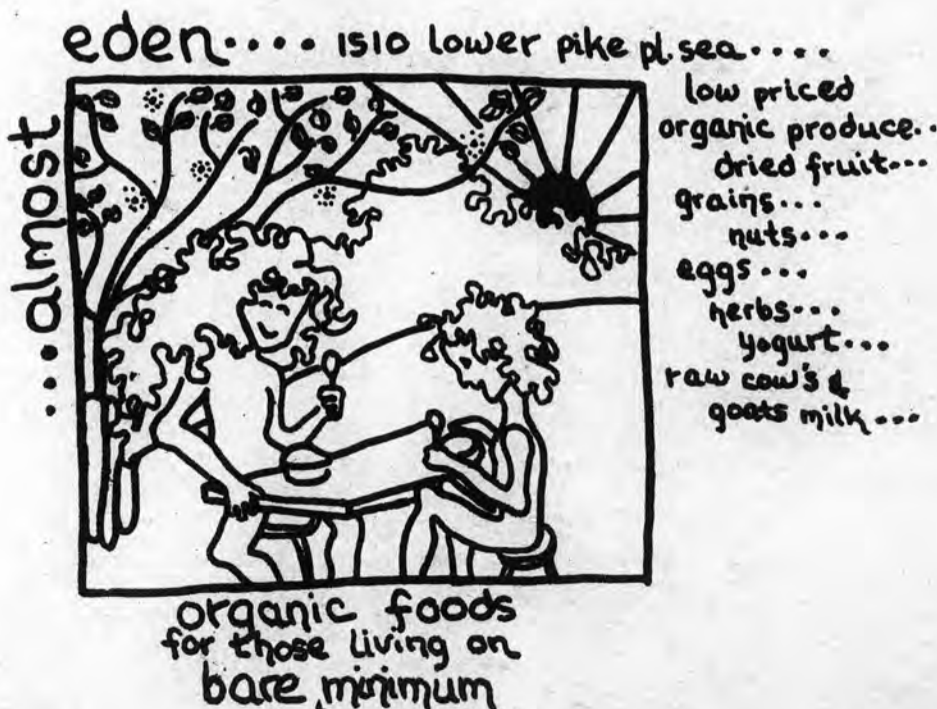
Does that sound like a hassle? Not at all. If some one we care about or we ourselves are burdened with painful feelings, then striving to feel whole and secure again can be the most fascinating task imaginable at that moment.

by Elsa Riemer

EMOTIONAL GAS PUMPS

One point needs special emphasizing here. Any couple committed to helping each other grow must sooner or later begin learning to struggle against the expectation of the "ideal couple" by deepening relationships with significant others. This can only be done by understanding the functional necessity of giving strokes to get strokes. We cannot approach each other as emotional gas pumps and say, "I want." Self-esteem on that basis will already have taken a nose dive and irksome it certainly can be for the person being pumped. We must always place a high value on honesty and the courage to be sensitive, so that we can exchange in a manner that will bring about regeneration and not degeneration.

"Coupleness" can be a place to hide, to avoid learning at all by restricting social contacts and clinging to an illusion, or it can be a fertile context for people to help each other grow in. It all depends on the expectations and the goals the two people have in mind. We can all help each other grow by recognizing that it makes little difference whether a person is male or female, whether their involvements are sexual or not, or whether they are single, in a couple, or in a larger grouping, we are each of us fundamentally responsible for our own well-being, and we all can use support and encouragement to try to learn to take the best possible care of our bodies and minds. We are each at our own place in the process, and we owe each other respect for whatever we are able to achieve and gentle encouragement to grow still more.





Lummi Stommish

The coast tribes get together on the Lummi Reservation.
They bring war canoes carved from a single cedar log.
They race and play the bone game: chanting and drumming.

by Chuck Espey



Images of Women

RAIN

Yesterday the hot air smelled of rain.
A feeling — anxious — waiting for my love.
Will I respond this time?
Slight, tenuous, strong and lightly felt
A hint of moist excitement,
Joy to come, or disappointment?

Still warm sun,
Only small flickering clouds
Was rain, the lover, there?
Or was it I —
Wanting so that balm —
I sensed a thing not there?

Stars out at bedtime,
Lovely night. I am forgotten.
I must wait some more,
Patiently, still with the hint
Of rain-love in my nose,
Cancelled by stars.

Yet in the night, rain came,
Waked me with gentleness so soft
I felt it dreamed.
Gentle, insistent, cool, and healing.
And towards morning left
With bright thunder
A world and me refreshed.

by Edith Patten



POINT OF VIEW

Elusive answers appear to tease
the edge of logic like the pleas
For notice from our Siamese

Who stalks his shadow through the room
Then dancing sideways with a zoom
Attacks an unsuspecting broom

And then like any maddened male
Round and round he'll chase his tail
Caught in his senseless self-made jail.

How hard to track the shifting blame
For mistakes in our domestic game
As we chase our tales 'til we grow lame.

by Sarah Gott

PASSAGE

leafless twigs dance
before the empty clothes tree
pines at the edge of the yard
sway like bass runs

the clothes tree casts its shadow on the cement
and snow patches melt into sunlight
and I think about forever

before before and after after
I don't believe in circles
even spheres must expand from a point

why can't my mind hold forever and always
would I stop feeling sad if it could
maybe I would stop feeling everything

by Sarah Gott

OH SISTER

Your love now breathes
blossoms
You hold each other in the sun
Love each other in the air
a warm sight, a good sight
The hope of the young
a woman and man.

Yet I recall, I live another
love.

From the time our hands met
under the sheets
as we grew to know the wonders
of women's bodies, our own.

Our love so beautiful, but never
to surface.

It came to life not in the sun
but hidden.

We lived in the dark
Fitting together so well, yet
parting as footsteps neared.

Those closest to us never knew,
we could never share the beauty of it all.
And without the sun to
strengthen and air to breathe and grow
we grew musty and broke out
each alone.

Your involvement now is with a man
and you can share it with all.
Perhaps if we could have said
'I'm in love with my sister,
we would have been reassured
and used the years, our growing years,
to build our love even higher.

My sister,
I envy you.

Love between sisters is shouted
and brings only joy to many
I'm old, in spirit and worn out.
Our love that withered remains
in me,
and reminds me again and again
not to take the chance
of the unbearable hurt again.

But love, sisters, and bring your
love in the sun, with laughter.
My eyes feast with joy to see it.

by a Sister in Seattle

FEMALE

spongy cave-live place
whimpering incessantly for something
positive, even violent, to hold
in open passive warmth

daydreams turn whimperings into screams
that vibrate in the hollow space
to wear out in the rush of time
or smother in temporary other

but with each cradling contact
the slippery walls expand
and each desertion
leaves more
emptiness
behind

by Sarah Gott

"IT'S ALL IN THE WAY YOU"

the upper window open where the air
and the bird calls
voice in the ear

this room rich in movement
but
peace a little peace
a little piece of soul
to start with

Bruja and her craft
the fern springing out of the olive oil can I can't believe
that's not real
that's REAL to me

It's this other business
this inner fern
springing

Circle on the floor
not floor
not circle
but

THERE

see it see it
like Eliot's children in the
laughter of
children
but he

never turns his head quick enough
"lost and by the wind
(by the Eliot-mind)
grieved, ghost"

Don't we make up meanings with our minds?
What's the meaning of a wood-chuck?

My son and I saw baby weasels
stopped stock still while they
in-and-out, staring at us
round, intelligent eyes
and did they ask themselves:
What is the meaning of this?

2

Take a different room, you get different meanings
dreams in my room
on the luscious quilt I don't let the children jump on
Photos from other lives

little boy saying "all the funny pictures"
he couldn't sleep there
and sometimes I can't

no peace of soul
there

ghosts
the first
my betrayal

the second
my cries

the third
my past who lived there six months
conceived to abort
nephew or niece

now never
the fourth
my son's cries in the night and still
his baby vomit on the floor I've never scrubbed

Then we painted and put our bed there

the fifth
conception and again
abortion
no niece or nephew fruit of my

I don't go into that room in the daytime
Sometimes I don't want to go into that room
nights

It's time for me to move
Maybe the innocence of children can efface the evil there
Maybe it ought to be
the storeroom



3

I work in Eastern rooms
it's the light
There's not a room here that's not filled
But sometimes I think: Why?
Go live with Thoreau, nature provides
"put yer shoes on Lucy
'cuz yer in the city now"

So we fashion the gold-lame'd tent from the pieces of our souls
hanging on the walls
because
the birds sing
but so does the helicopter
and that fucking freeway two blocks over never stops
and who but my father's "progressive" generation can
make any bloody meaning out of that?!

This room is living
filled with light
The work I do I do in Eastern rooms
more and more
and
it's not the light
it's that my eastern rooms open to the yards
and if my western rooms opened to the yards
I'd work in them

Someday I'm going to invite him over
Thoreau I mean
and when he gets here I'll say:
"Can I fix you a cup of tea?
Look around."

And he'll vomit in the upstairs room on top of my son's
And then I'll SEE

and then

we'll go away together to the piney woods and find
they've bull-dozed his pond and cut down all the trees
to make early American furniture for my relatives' houses
in California and White Plains

We'll look at each other scared
and put our bellies together,
believing in the craft of the bruja,
closing our eyes;
our cells will do

what they are capable of

and we'll dissolve
into
and around
upwards
and down

A hundred years from now they'll cut us down
to make early early-American furniture
and they'll think, with their enlarged brains and spindly limbs,
that we really are trees.



Mexico ~

Part of last winter's Mexican journey was spent on a tropical island and with the islanders on their yearly religious pilgrimage to the Virgin of Talpa. I learned some important lessons from these people. Hopefully, the following description may be helpful to others who would like to travel off the main paths.

GETTING OFF THE ROAD

Riding on the second class bus down from the mountain from Tepic, I could see a humidity haze rising from the coast. The middle-aged couple from California that I had met in the Toltec ruins near Ixtlan had told me about an island called Mexcaltitan. They said the tropical birds and vegetation and the lives of the fishing people were beautiful, but that they had not gone there because it could only be reached by a two-hour dirt road from Santiago or Tuxpan, often washed out.

In the bus station in Tepic, we had to decide where to go next. Already, a Mexican family had invited us into their home. We had shared meals and conversation. I had helped them haul hay and taken photographs to send as present. Connie and Harat were a burden to me; not speaking Spanish, they felt frustrated and uncomfortable because they couldn't communicate with the people that we met.

But they were also a comfort. I could rest my awkward Spanish, and flow freely with them in English, talking together about our common experiences. But that cut me off from relating to the Mexican people. I also felt that my fear of being alone in an alien world had to be overcome if I was going to get out of my cultural space and see Mexico from another perspective than the highway, bus stations and cheap hotels. So, when Connie and Harat decided to go to San Blas, I decided to explore Mexcaltitan.

The bus pulled into the dusty streets of Santiago. I gathered my gear and walked up to the ticket desk, "Excuse me, sir, could you please tell me where I can catch the bus to Mexcaltitan." "Come with me," he replied. I followed him through the streets, past the market stalls and hot food stands, until we came to a large flatbed truck with wooden benches, a canvas top, and open sides.

Most of the people were older women, returning from market with burlap sacks, boxes of tortillas, buckets of fish with flies swarming about, long stalks of sugar cane, and a box of melted purple popsicles in plastic wrappers. The people lay back in the shade of the canvas top, looking tired. The ticket man turned to me, "You're lucky. It goes only twice a day. You just made the last bus today." I threw my pack onto the truck, thanked the man, and he wished me good luck. The people looked at me curiously, but without hostility.

As the truck started, I sat down next to a man of about fifty, smiled, and said, "Buenas tardes." He smiled at me, "Buenas tardes," "Senor." We passed small villages and fields of beans, corn, and watermelons. Ducks swam in the muddy ponds on the sides of the bumpy dirt road. Red and white tropical birds flew around us. The man began a friendly conversation, asking where I was from, what I did, if I was married, where my family lived, why I came to Mexico how I liked it, and where I was going. When I told him Mexcaltitan, he said it was beautiful there. I asked if he knew of any inexpensive guesthouses there. He said that there were, but he wasn't sure where. He turned to the man behind us. The man said, "He can stay at the school, with permission from the principal. I'll take care of him." Soon, the first man got off at his village. I thanked him, and he smiled and said, "Good luck, my friend."

When we reached the end of the road, canoes were waiting to take us across the muddy brown Santiago to Mexcaltitan, about a hundred yards away. My friend was helping the people to board the canoes. Unsure what to do, I stayed up on the truck handing down boxes and sacks. When everyone was on the canoes, my friend said to me, "O.K., let's go."

When we reached the island, my friend called over Francisco, a boy of about fourteen. "Take the man to the principal to ask permission to stay at the school." I thanked him, and he wished me good luck. As I followed the boy through the narrow dirt paths, another boy, Rafael, came up to us and said that there was no one at the school. Maybe the padre could help. So we went to the curate. The padre wasn't there, but Francisco told me to wait in the courtyard. He and Rafael ran off.

While waiting for the padre, I photographed some of the children who had gathered to stare at the hairy stranger. Soon, a man who looked to be in his late twenties came in, wearing khaki pants, a white T-shirt and sneakers. The children started jumping up and down, yelling excitedly, "Here he is, padre, here he is!" The padre spoke to them sternly and they ran off to peek through the doorway. I was left standing alone with my tripod and camera. "I am Padre Jose Luis. What do you want?" he said in English. I explained that the children had told me that he might be able to help me, since there was no one at the school. "I cannot help you at the school if there is no one there. You will stay here with us." Surprised, I said, "Thank you very much. But are you sure that's not asking too much?" "No, you don't bother me."

Jose Luis got the lock to the back room, near the chickens. It was full of junk and dirt. "I'm sorry we don't have a mattress or a better place for you. We have so many things to do, with so many children around, we just can't keep up with the mess." I left my gear in the room. "This is just fine for me." "Come, I'll show you around."

Walking with Jose Luis to the shore, he asked me what I would like to do in Mexcaltitan, so that he might help me. I told him my plans to see what life was like in town, to watch the fishermen, see the sunrises and sunsets, and perhaps visit the surrounding islands to see the birds and vegetation. I told him I realized how busy he was, but that I would appreciate any help or time that we could spend together.

"Yes, Padre Cornelio and I teach in the secondary school. We have to prepare our lessons and give the mass. The people come to us to talk about their problems, so we must be there with them, no? But still, we will have time together. Tomorrow, I have a wedding to perform on a farm a few hours away. Would you like to come? Perhaps Rafael will take you in his canoe. Eh, Rafael?" Rafael turned, "How much?" The padre took me aside, "I'll talk to him and tell you how much to give him. We must be fair." "That sounds good to me. Sometimes I just don't know what's right, by your customs." "That's why I'll tell you. Would you like to go to bathe?" "Sure." "Rafael, take Enrique to the corrida."

After bathing, I went back to the curate and cleaned up the room a bit, so I could lay my pad and sleeping bag on the concrete floor. I began to clean up a small part of the curate each day, in return for their kindness. I was still excited and not relaxed enough to sleep well, especially after I saw the huge rat on top of the wall. There was activity and noise outside all night. When the roosters started crowing before dawn, I got up and went to the shore to watch the sunrise. There, people were cooking coffee over fires. The fishermen were coming in from the night, unloading crabs, shrimp,

and whitefish from their canoes, as the sun came over the horizon, burning yellow through the cool mist. Pigs were eating the garbage on the shore. Little children came out, half asleep, to defecate among the garbage and the pigs. There were densely covered green islands across the river. Jose Luis later told me that the water lilies would have red, yellow, and white flowers during the summer festival, when the rains came, flooding the pathways so that the people could ride through town in their canoes. Last summer, Jose Luis had been watching the only TV in Mexcaltitan at the Ramos' house, with water up to his shins.

FARM WEDDING

About noon, Jose Luis came to my room. "Prepare yourself. We are going to the wedding in a few minutes." Soon Jose Luis and Candelario, a teacher, and friend who was coming to record the marriage, came to get me. They were dressed in chinos and sneakers. The padre carried a small canvas sack with his robe, and a rifle over his shoulder.

Jose Luis and Cande took turns standing on the platform on the back of the canoe, poling with a branch about twelve feet long, crooked on the end. I offered to take a turn, but Cande said, "You have to swim three times before you learn to balanquear. They are waiting for us now, so just relax."



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● Tepic, I looked at how dirty the people lived. I thought, 'This is disgusting.' But then I saw that these are good people. So it goes slowly." I asked Jose Luis if he had had other visitors. "Yes, there was a doctor and his friends from California. Very good people. Then there were three young men. They walked around, acting funny. They asked me if I could find them women. When they left, I found needles and blood on the floor in the room."

We reached the shore and pulled the canoe up onto the grass. A tall Mexican man with about a week's grey and black stubble and a straw sombrero covering his eyes was waiting for us with two boys and three horses. Jose Luis helped me onto a horse, which started galloping away, bouncing me up and down. Everyone laughed delightedly at my first ride. We rode along through paths with thick vegetation on both sides, birds overhead, iguanas in the trees, fording deep streams with our legs high. Jose Luis laughed, "I think you'll have a red ass tonight."

● When we arrived at the bride's village, the father and grandfather greeted us and served us coconut juice in the shade. It was a farming village, close to the ocean. The houses were of coconut and banana palms and adobe. The women were preparing the bride and the wedding feast. A young man was putting up paper flowers for the return procession, and another man had been hired to play fiesta music on his phonograph with loudspeakers. Jose Luis explained that I was a photographer, interested in Mexican customs. The grandfather was impressed, "Ah, then we have a wedding photographer."



I was content and a little drunk when Jose Luis said we must be off to get back before it was too dark. While poling back, three drunk fishermen, with a motor on their canoe, pulled up beside us. They stopped so we could hold on to the side of their boat to ride back with them. One of the men said that they ought to cut off my beard, and another asked Jose Luis if he had gotten anything off of the bride. I humored them. When we got off at Mexcaltitan, Jose Luis was upset. He apologized to me. I told

by Henry Goodman

When we returned to the curate, Jose Luis asked me to write a letter in English for the baker, Don Jose. His rich uncle in New Mexico had died, but Don Jose could not afford to go to make sure that he received his share of the will. I had to word the letter carefully to assure the lawyer that his fee would be based on how much he was able to negotiate for Don Jose. I asked Jose Luis if there was something that would be best to contribute to the meal at the Ramos' as an offering. He had told me earlier that the reason that he and Cornelio ate at different houses was because these kind families could not afford to feed them both all of the time. "You must only give if it is from the heart." "Jose Luis, it is from the heart." "Then fruit, cheese, or sweet rolls would be good." From then on, I would bring something to each meal. The Ramos' would beam when I would bring a bowl of oranges, tangerines, and bananas; and I would beam too, because it was received "from the heart." We would sit for hours drinking hot chocolate or coffee, talking, and watching TV.

The Ramos' had the only TV in Mexcaltitan. The children would pound on the door to crowd on the floor for the soccer games or comedy hour. The women had their eyes glued to the soap opera.

Giving

● The groom was sitting nervously in his black pants and white T-shirt, clean shaven with his hair neatly greased back and moustache trimmed. Two beautiful little flower girls were heavily made up, with white broaches in their hair. The father asked Jose Luis, "He's catholic, yes?" "No." "What then?" "Another religion." Later, I asked Jose Luis why he hadn't told the people that I was Jewish. "Enrique, the Church recently changed its official attitude toward the Jews, but many of these people back here were taught that Jews are mean and dangerous people. If I told them, they would be frightened of you."

Jose Luis got up and left for a few minutes. He returned with Cande and the grandfather. He had just married the grandmother and grandfather under the church. The old man's eyes were glazed. He turned to Jose Luis, "Padre, you don't know what this moment means to me. My soul has been cleansed." Jose Luis said to me, "You can't imagine the joy that man feels. This is why I do it."

● Soon we took a pickup truck over to the church, in the village of the groom. Before the wedding, the Padre performed three baptisms. ("We don't get this way too often.") Jose Luis, still wearing his sneakers, with white robes over his chinos, performed a simple but serious ceremony. People crowded out the back of the church and looked through the openings in the walls to listen to the Padre's words, words that he had said before and would say again, but which were said with feeling. As soon as the ceremony ended, the band started playing. People flowed out of the church, smiling and laughing, and headed to the village of the bride for the fiesta, which would last for three days.

● The wedding meal was delicious — vegetable and chicken soups, rice, pork, fruit, custard and beer. I hadn't been involved with organized religion since I put my Bar Mitzvah money in the bank, but I could see that these people had deep feeling about their religion, that their rituals were not empty. I said to Jose Luis, "I can see why you are doing what you are doing here. But how do you feel about being celibate?" He thought for a moment, "Enrique, I feel that if I am in love with a woman and she is in love with me, then no one has a right to stand in the way, even God."

from the Heart

him that it could happen anywhere. He said, "But it is terrible. They spend their money on drinking and have nothing to give to their wives and children. I stand up in Church and say that this is bad. They listen and continue. The women come to me to complain. I tell them, 'You must stand up!' They listen and continue. I just don't know." I thought again about the beautiful marriage I had just seen, and wondered.

GIVING FROM THE HEART

The next morning, the other young padre, Cornelio, came to introduce himself. He said that the family that he ate with, the Ramos', had invited me to breakfast. Chepina Ramos, the oldest daughter at twenty-two, came to bring us to their house. Chepina introduced me to her family, and we sat down to eat. Lupe, eighteen, and Teodora, sixteen, were making tortillas on the adobe stove. They had been making tortillas for a living at home every day since they had finished their compulsory schooling at the age of ten. The family had only been able to send their first daughter, Chepina, to the secondary school in Tuxpan. Later, Cornelio told me, "Teodora works very hard. She earned thirty-two dollars over the last four months."

Over the many meals that I ate with the Ramos family, the mother served fresh fried whitefish, shrimp and crabs cooked in chile sauces, eggs, refried beans, tortillas, vegetable soups, tacos, tostadas, hot raw milk, pastries, tropical fruits and the local white cheese, all prepared with care and style. She would keep serving me until I pleaded, "But, please, I will burst of contentment and die." The Ramos' were warm to me and excited by my answers to their questions about my reactions to Mexcaltitan, my family, and travels. They asked me if I could come for lunch. I was so overwhelmed at their hospitality, I wasn't sure what to do to thank them, except to repeat how delicious the meal was and how much I enjoyed their company.

even more melodramatic Mexican style, learning how glamorous the city people acted. Lupe taught me how to make tortillas, and I took portraits of the family, hoping to send them later as presents. Jose Luis had asked me to try to teach Cornelio English. I didn't believe those people back home in Washington who told me I talked funny, until Cornelio repeated my words with a heavy Brooklyn accent.

One day, I decided to make dinner for them, to show them what a fine cook I was, too. I invited everyone to the curate. Chepina, her boyfriend, Lupe, Teodora, Teodora's boyfriend, Jose Luis, and Cornelio came. I didn't know how to cook the Mexican rice on the clay pots. It took too long; it was starchy and gooey on the bottom, hard on top. My chile sauce was too hot and sweet. After all of the waiting, everyone ate the food to be polite (me included; it was really bad); but after awhile, we had some laughs over it at least. I decided to leave the cooking to Senora Ramos, at least until I had more time to learn, and kept my eyes open for others ways to contribute.

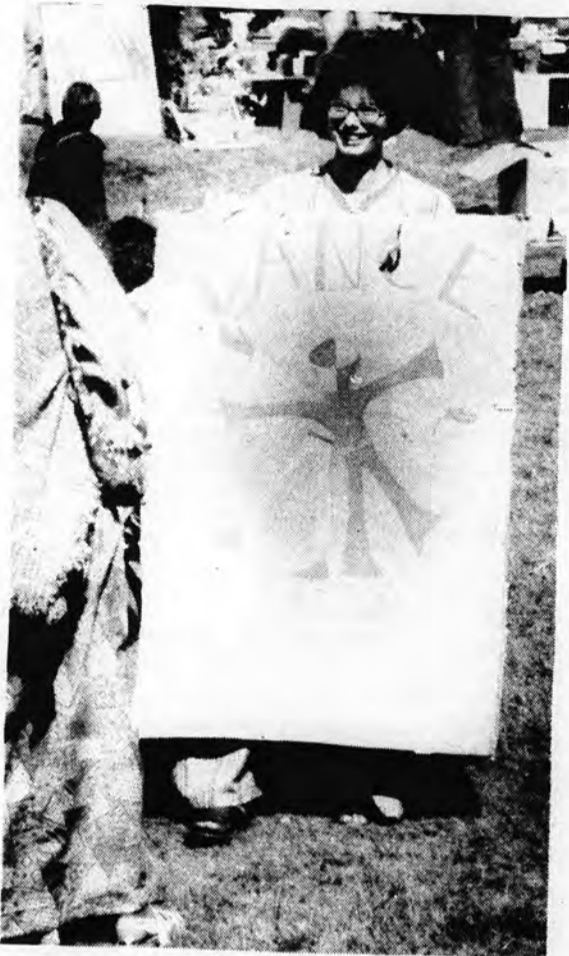
One night, the adobe stove collapsed at Grandma Ramos' feet. Early the next morning, the grandfather and I went out to get some mud and straw to rebuild the stove for breakfast and a day's tortillas. Sometimes I thought that the grandmother's words were Spanish, but her heart was Yiddish. "Enrique," she said as she shook her head sadly, "Why do you travel so much? Why don't you settle down in Mexcaltitan, marry a Mexican girl, and raise a family?"

[Part two of Henry's saga, describing the pilgrimage to the Virgin of Talpa, will appear in the next issue.]

women's

bellingham
june 8, 1974

faire



Photos by Aaron White



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Summer Corn

by Bill Corr, Sr.



Once upon a time there was a very young man who spent most of his time on the burning pavements of a great city. Occasionally but not as often as he should have, he escaped the RED DUST and got away into the country. An ostensible excuse might be to look for a job with some carpenter building a house. If he was too far out to make it back by night, after a losing struggle with the 8th Commandment, he would raid a field of Golden Bantam or Country Gentleman. These ears would be cooked over a tiny, smokeless fire made of dry twigs. They might be boiled in a can or roasted with the husks on, after being soaked in water.

The flavor of these ears was a revelation. Although his knowledge of stolen kisses at this time was literary and therefore tentative, he soon developed a firm belief in the superior taste of stolen corn. While he was getting past the point of attributing such events to the machinations of the OLD ADVERSARY, it was some time before an invitation to set down at a farm dinner revealed to him that the secret lay in freshness rather than its relation to the 8th Commandment.

This was brought to mind as a result of a discussion about garden priorities. How to best utilize a small plot. Because there is every reason to believe that as the Cooperating Community and other such distributing groups become better organized, the supplies of root crops, hard fruits and other such less perishables will become more and more plentiful. It would seem then that the first priority for the small garden would be those vegetables that are at their very best both from a viewpoint of nutrition and flavor when they are just picked.

Almost everybody would agree that greens would head the list. That first salad, made of lettuce thinnings and young radishes deserves to be approached with reverence. The real problem consists in achieving that type of planning that will keep greens coming through the summer and up to the first killing frost of the fall. Hardy types like kale and swiss chard will make it through a mild winter. Sometimes greens can be planted between the corn hills or pole bean clusters. Enough has been said about corn to justify it in the most limited garden. While it is a nuisance to string up peas (try Early Alaska), once that is over with, the problem is how to get the pickers to put them in the basket at all. A problem while understandably annoying to the cook turns out to be not at all simple upon examination.

Don Juan ridiculed Carlos about his dependence on regular meal. 'times'. My friend Waldo used to go into the Olympics with an Indian named Ambrose. Everything that Waldo did was wrong from Ambrose's viewpoint. Waldo would want to have an objective. "Let's go up the Hamma Hamma to the lakes," he would say. "No," Ambrose would argue. "Why must you always have some place to go? Why can't we just be in the woods? Isn't that enough?" Ambrose being about twenty-five years younger than Waldo would offer to carry the lunch.

Later, in the woods, Ambrose would refuse to walk on the trail. "That's white man's stuff and he can have it. When I get away from your path, it becomes my country again. You go ahead and I will meet you at the end of the trail when the sun is straight up."

Later when Waldo would meet him, Ambrose would have eaten lunch. In response to Waldo's complaints, Ambrose would say, "Only a white man would carry food when he was hungry. Let's go on, maybe we'll find something to eat, if we don't it won't kill us to be hungry for a while." If Waldo still grumbled about how easy it was for Ambrose to talk he would get a lecture on nettles, fern tops and licorice moss. All of which is a plea for the cook not to be too angry if the peas fail to make it into the kitchen.

Back to the question of roots and greens. Don't miss the turnips. Not the yellow rutabaga's that great staple of Lil Abner's Dogpatch but the white ones with the wonderfully nutritious tops. Try eating a small one fresh out of the ground. Tomatoes are a challenge to the Northwest. Include the smaller varieties recommended by the local seed people. Try some from seed directly in the garden. Sometimes they pass the sets that have been put out in early May and whose growth has been checked by the cold nights. Early or late, seed or sets, give them the best of everything including the sun. Against a wall with a southern or southeastern exposure is all to the good. If called for, prune to let the sun in.

I've never known anybody to dislike a fresh tomato. There was a time when they were thought to be not healthy. Eaten by star-crossed people who wished to die, they were called love apples.

The one man I've ever heard of who would not eat them, refused on other grounds. He was the grandfather of an old friend of mine from West Virginia. He said that they were the only vegetable that a hog wouldn't eat and he'd be damned if he would give his enemies the satisfaction of being able to say that he ate something that a hog wouldn't.

CORN CALENDAR

"Plant always at the new moon."

My love and I lay down among the golden green shoots of May, praised their straightness in firm June, prayed for rain and saw them tassel at top and ear, kernels white and even as baby teeth, filled in July. Silk grown dark on the ears, we ate all we could in August: corn with every meal, roasting the toughest, and put the remainder away in September — mason jars in the dug-out back cellar. In the autumn sun seed ears dried. Braided husks we wove into crowns and masks to change our faces.

Through long winter nights we inhabit this farmhouse, climbing the stairs to sleep. Descending at dawn we recognize the hanging masks from our dreams.

Stephen Lewandowski

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Each year 100,000 forest fires blacken four million acres of forest, and strike terror in the hearts of summer vacationers and scores of citizens in small towns throughout California. Sitting in an apartment reading the morning newspaper, the city dweller thanks God for the valiant firefighters who risk their lives in a race against the ravaging fury of runaway fires. Disney World reinforces this image by showing fire-fighting camps full of cleancut, charcoal-faced men exhausted after days and nights of working with picks and shovels to extinguish fires. Men cheer as the wind changes direction and saves the forest from the scorching flames. The image is actually far removed from the reality of fire fighting.

After a summer of fighting fires, the reality of working with an inept forest service bureaucracy stripped me of any illusions of the brave, valiant fire fighter. The only vision of Smokey the Bear I saw was in slick, expensive brochures put out by the US Forest Service. The second summer in a row with high temperatures, strong winds and an extremely dry forest promised huge fires from a forgotten camp fire or the cigarette tossed absent-mindedly from the car of a speeding summer vacationer. When I heard that people were needed for forest-fire fighting duty, I rushed down to the US Forest Service Work Center in the Klamath National Forest of Northern California and was immediately hired.

The first day of work, twelve men and two women stood around wearing hard-hats amidst piles of back packs spread over the lawn. The fire trucks were gassed up and packs were thrown on assigned trucks. "We have two minutes to get out of the station if we're called to a fire," the foreman warned. "Your job is to be ready just in case we're needed. In the meantime, we'll keep you busy around the station keeping things in order." With this brief introduction, the foreman removed his size 12 boots from the desk top and the crew followed him out the door to look for work that needed to be done.

THE SAGA OF THE ELM TREE

Each morning we swung our back packs atop an assigned fire truck and left the trucks sitting in the front of the long buildings which formed a square around the central office. We were ostensibly on "stand by" duty, ready to race to a distant fire at a moment's notice. The first major work assignment we called the saga of the elm tree. A three-foot thick elm tree next to the office had a disease causing it to lose all of its leaves. In an attempt to save the tree, we cut all the branches down and cut them up for fire wood for the "upper stories" — (young college, executive type employees who spent their time sitting in an air-conditioned office or riding around in forest service pick-up trucks). After the tree was cleaned up, we had to paint it up to eye level with white latex paint. I had heard of painting trees with lime to prevent insect damage, but white paint? "Never mind what you think," the foreman assured me, "white makes the tree look nicer."

The next day another foreman ordered the tree cut down. Foremen rotated their days off and didn't keep in contact with each other very well. A trench was dug four feet deep around the roots of the tree to dig the tap root out. Five men worked steadily for the next four days assaulting the stump with axes, chain saws, and sledge hammers and wedges to get the stump down to ground level. "But this seems stupid," I told the foreman as we sweated in the hot sun. "Doesn't matter," he told me, "keeps you busy and keeps you here in case there is a fire."

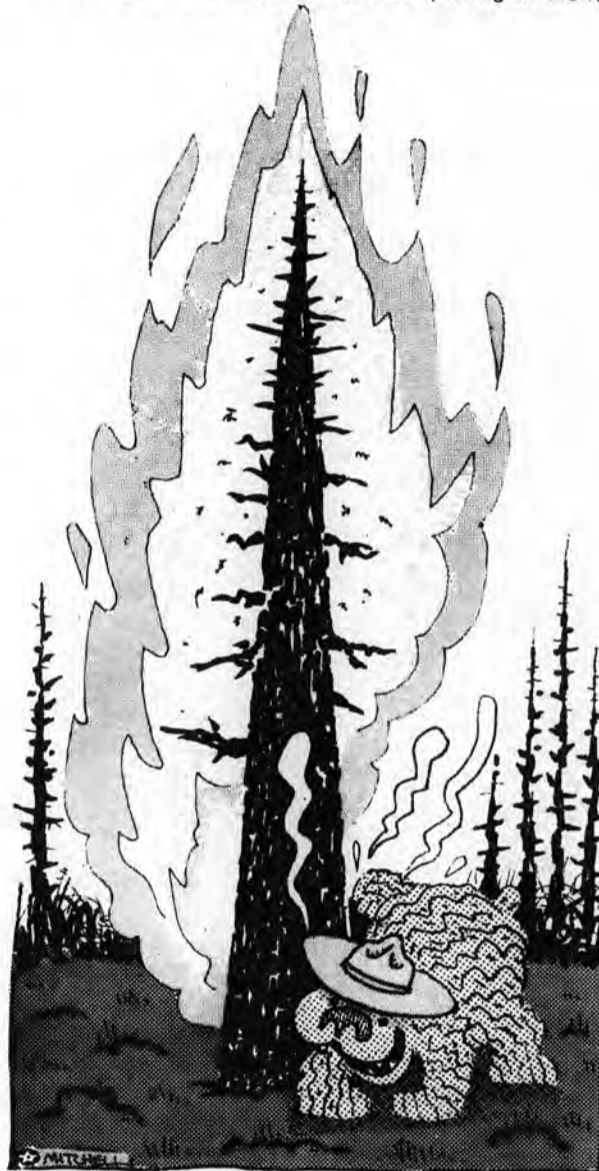
The next major assignment was summer tree pruning. I had only heard of tree pruning in the fall and winter, but the "upper stories" had free summer labor and they were going to use it to prune the trees which surrounded their government-owned 4-bedroom \$75 per month houses in the front of the station. The whole crew spent three days climbing around with chain-saws slashing at limbs, stacking firewood for the upper stories, mowing their lawns, trimming their hedges, and carting the branches off in pick-up trucks. "Hey, do you notice that you're destroying all the afternoon shade from the front of your house?", I asked the foreman as he stood over a limb which had been cut to the ground, leaving a long white strip of wood exposed on the tree trunk. "That's okay,"

The Saga of Smokey

by Lou Ling

he said, flipping the chain on the chain-saw, "we've got air conditioning here." As we stood out on the road and looked back across the rolling green lawn with the neatly trimmed trees, it reminded me of one of the southern plantations in "Gone with the Wind." But then we weren't paid to think, I was reminded every day, we were only to do the "grunt" work.

We continued to work around the station on a plethora of small jobs — stacking and restacking the warehouse, painting for the second and third year in a row the institutional red, white and green trim around doors and windows, sweeping the garages, mopping and waxing floors and sharpening all the fire



tools. I was thoroughly bored. Our crew sat around on ever-lengthening breaks with the summer heat boring into our skins. "Jesus, I'm tired of this stuff. I wish we could go out on a fire," someone said. "Yeah, we need a little excitement around here," someone answered. By the time we ran out of even the most obscure jobs and wondered what to do next the boss from headquarters gave us a new work assignment.

THE CHAIN GANG DETAIL

The new assignment rapidly became known as the "chain gang detail," in memory of the southern chain gang crews in the movie "Cool Hand Luke." We didn't have nearly as much fun as Paul Newman did in the movie. We drove an hour up a twisting rut-filled road to cut brush along the road right-of-way with chain-saws, axes and clippers. Stark granite peaks stood out against the sky as we drove through virgin forests of 4 to 6-foot diameter Douglas fir and sugar pine trees rising 200 to 300 feet into the air. We passed a waterfall cascading 600 feet down moss-covered cliffs and watched mountain ridges recede in waves in the dis-

ance. We struggled to keep upright on steep banks as we wiped sweat continually from our eyes and attacked the thick brush. In the beginning we cut overhanging branches and thick clumps of brush on corners so oncoming traffic could see another car — not that there was any traffic, for we were passed by only two cars the whole time we worked on the road. But the upper stories didn't like the way we were working so rapidly, we had to do it better — clear-cut four feet on each side of the road.

It dawned on me that the forest service, which I had always thought was out there preserving the forest, hated anything to do with the forest. The manifestation of this subliminal hatred was evidenced by the way my days were filled with destroying wood — painting over natural wood grain, cutting down trees, passing forest service clear cuts, cutting up fire wood and killing the elm tree. Never once did any of the foremen or upper stories talk of the forest or trees

or the woods. Rather they always spoke of "timber," "lumber," "reproduction" and "debris" (which several pronounced daybris). The crew was made up of young guys from college and they didn't relish the continual cutting and mutilation of the forest any more than I did. We stood around together sharpening chain-saws, filing axes, and getting drinks of ice cold spring water as we all "ghosted it" — (how to appear busy while in fact doing nothing at all). The best "ghosting" job was sitting in the truck with the radio awaiting the call which would summon us to a long-awaited forest fire and break the vicious monotony of our daily routine.

INTO THE FIRE

Heat waves rippled across the mountains suspending a redtail hawk high above my head, when the long-awaited radio signal came. "This is high lookout," the radio squawked with static interference, "I see a smoke down Mill Horse Creek. No, wait, I see two, three, four smokes. There are four separate smokes down there, headquarters. Is there someone burning trash out there?"

"No," headquarters responded, "There's no one burning out there. It's a fire."

The doors on the fire truck snapped shut, tools were tossed into the back of the truck and the doors slammed shut almost instantaneously as the fire truck was jammed into gear and began shooting down the road leaving a tornado of dust hanging in the afternoon heat. "Hot dog," somebody shouted. I held onto my hard hat in the back of the truck, half choking on the dust from the truck in front of us. The siren was on as we hit the highway and an hour later we could see the column of smoke boiling up the mountain side.

Smoke filled the air with a thick mist. The forest was thick here and the slopes were steep. High up toward the top of the ridge, red flames poured like a liquid mass through the tree tops as the fire "crowned out" (tree tops exploded in flames as the fire skipped across their tops in an exploding mini-storm). Occasionally I could see lengths of the Klamath River below us through the trees as the road switched back and forth up a steep grade. Through the thick smoke I heard the roar of a large airplane borate bomber as it swung in low over the tree tops to drop a load of, syrupy fire retardant which would prevent anything it touched from catching on fire or at least slow the fire down.

the Bear: A SELL-OUT!

Before I had time to get my pack off the truck, a brown-shirted fire boss wearing a hard hat with his name stencilled across the top ran up to us fidgeting with a radio and speaking in a nervous voice, "Everybody grab tools and begin a fireline. We're just over the top from the fire and if we work fast, we'll be able to head it off. You there! Get a move on!" The milling group of convicts fell into line and we began our ascent up the hill. The whole group of about a hundred men formed a single file up the hill swinging axes, rakes and digging and scrapping with shovels. We were to chop and clear away all trees and the "duff" (leaves and branches on the forest floor) in a two-foot wide "fire trail" which would serve as a barrier to fire burning along the ground. "Timber!" someone would shout as a tree came crashing down above me.

Chainsaws growled and whirled. The dull thuds of axes were accompanied by the wheeze of men out of breath from the rapid climb. I was careful to keep out of the way of the swinging tools around me. Smoke rolled around the crew in clouds, but the flames kept their distance over the ridge. After two hours of chopping and digging, I reached the end of the fire trail. The fire was off to my right, a little too close for comfort.

Small metal cans with protruding spouts were brought to the head of the fire line and the spouts lighted. "What are these?" I asked the fire boss. "How do you think you fight fire?" he asked. "With water, of course," I answered. "Nope," he replied. "You fight fire with fire. We'll take these torches and light the fire on the inside of the fire line and let the fire burn from us back toward the fire that is coming this way and it will burn itself out in the middle. Sometimes it's dangerous because the fire we start will jump the fire line on our back side and get away, then you got to run like hell." I found out later that what I was told was indeed true. Three thousand of the 9,000 acres which burned on the fire were set by us in back fires. In a similar fire two weeks later, 5000 acres of a 12,000 acre fire were burned when back fires kept getting away and instead of burning back on itself, raced off into the forest.

BACK FIRES

I comfortably leaned against a large tree and watched the back fire being set. Off in the distance I could hear a large growling caterpillar slowly making its way toward me. It was getting dark and lights tilted crazily thru the trees as the yellow monster crashed and clanged toward me. I was on my feet in a near panic, feeling like a primitive man confronted by an unknown monster. As it grew closer, trees split wide open as the cats hit them, crackling and falling like straws in the wind. They passed me and I could hear them for another hour as they widened the fire line down the edge of the fire.

We jerked to a halt and jumped down from the truck next to a California Department of Corrections bus with 50 denim-clad convicts milling around. Tools, canteens and back packs littered the ground. We stood on a large flat scooped out by caterpillars when the road had been pushed across the steep ridge, on either side the mountain continued — steeply rising on our right into a clear cut and on the left descending sharply into thick forest.

Orders were given to stay put all night and watch the fire to make sure it didn't jump the line and get away from us. Restlessly I walked up and down the line visiting with clumps of my crew sitting chatting in the evening twilight. As I approached one group, several convicts jumped up and hurriedly trotted off down the fire trail. "What's with them?" I asked. "They thought you were the man come to send them back to lock up tonight. They want to stay out all night."

"Well, at least they'll make a few bucks tonight," I responded. I already had 13 straight hours.

"Ha, ha, ha," they laughed. "At 35 cents an hour, our's doesn't add up very fast. Of course, everything over 12 hours we get 45 cents." Their regular job was working with a local construction crew twelve hours a day six days a week putting a new highway in on the river to increase vacationing to this remote region. We all settled down for the night, talked, made coffee in tin cans from our ration packs and built warming fires to ward off the night's chill. Just before dawn, we were relieved by a long file of clean shirted fire-fighters making their way toward us in a swirl of dust and the dull glow of their head lamps.

My body felt like raw sandpaper when I wakened after four hours of restless sleep in a paper sleeping bag. It was noon before we had arrived at fire camp and after 24 hours straight on duty we were ready to go back out again after our short sleep. As I hurried thru the long meal line, I glanced at the bulletin board that had been set up: Mill House Fire Information — 2,000 men, 9 bulldozers, 21 water tankers, 3 borate bombers, 7 helicopters, 7,300 acres burned the first day, costing an estimated \$17 million in damage. A major fire in this part of the country.

I put the truck in compound low and crawled slowly thru the powdery dust of the makeshift road as we headed for 300 acres to set a back fire. A cat had cut a fire trail relieving us of that job. We came out on a beautiful small flat covered with trees 24 inches around and 200 feet tall. A solid wall of flame six feet high slowly began eating its way along behind six men carrying torches. Forest rats squealed in their fat furry way, as they scampered for safety across the fire line. The fire created its own wind, blew the tree tops to and fro, crackled and popped before it made a whooshing sound and shot up the faces of the trees consuming the needles at the top in a gasoline-like explosion. A crew boss walked down the fire line telling us how he thought this was a waste of time. "This is a drag," he said. "If this was government land, we'd just let it burn, but it's private property, so we have to put a line around it and try to save it. I guess that's what we're here for, to keep the public off our backs."

Two miles up the cat trail, the fire line came to an end and we spread out 200 yards apart to watch the fire for the rest of the night. The fire was beautiful, the whole ridge filled with large dead trees which sent sparks in every different direction before they randomly came crashing down in one huge shower of sparks and flying branches. Just before dawn, I awakened cold and stiff. The only fire still burning was the fire warming my sleeping crew. As soon as it was light enough to see, we gathered our packs and tools and made our way back toward our trucks and eagerly-awaited breakfast.

The fire camp spread out over a camp-ground covered with small oak trees which were filled everywhere with clotheslines full of socks, towels and shirts. The still forms of men lay wrapped in paper sleeping bags in clumps of trees. Soot-faced men sat on the edge of their cots staring blankly off into the distance. Stacks of packs and hard hats lay next to the clumps of brush. Small knots of men sat around on cots talking quietly among themselves. The doors to portable outhouses banged open and shut, hiding their outhouse torture in an offensive cloud of stink. It

amazed me how they meticulously found a sunny spot for each of the outhouses brought in to relieve camp. After a large breakfast, I set out to explore the fire camp in more detail.

The camp boss was surrounded by charcoal shirted men with sweaty faces as I walked up. "We'll have this fire contained about four this afternoon," he was telling the men. "It's gone real good. All that'll be left is mopping up inside the fire line. Hey, look at that babe over there." All the men turned to stare at one of the women fire-fighters who walked by. "You know, I heard some of the women on the last fire was taking on all comers behind the showers."

"That's bullshit," one of the men said. "Rumors are a dime a dozen around this camp. I'd hate to be a woman working around you machos."

"That so?" answered the fire boss, scratching his over-hanging belly. "I think you'd better keep your mouth shut if you want to work at all."

Crew bosses had been talking about how women couldn't do this type of work since the fire started. When it was pointed out to them that the women were working just as well as the men, they would answer that, "Well, this is an easy fire. I mean, if we had a really bad fire and the going got tough, the women just couldn't do it." Many times a woman would begin to pack some gear and a man would rush up to take it from them with a "here, I'll do that for you." I noticed that women would be in the front of the line when we had to hike up fire trails or would work a little longer than men on the same jobs. One woman said she really needed the money to support herself and her kids and looked forward to the chances of more women working on the job.

Our first night in fire camp was highlighted by a large bonfire and bottles of whiskey smuggled into camp in firepacks. Somebody had brought a guitar and we began to sing. As darkness descended, other camp fires sprouted from the darkness throwing their glows high into the shadowy trees. Sounds of Spanish drifted thru the groves of trees. The Spanish came from professional Mexican fire-fighting crews called "hot shots" who traveled the whole summer from fire to fire over long periods of time, making enough money to live off the rest of the year. In the darkness some of the crews began yelling at the "hot shots," "Hey, you Mexican mothers, shut up your jabbering." "You're all a bunch of Chicano punks." "Why don't you go back to Mexico where you belong." The Mexicans shouted back from their fires. The yelling grew louder and more frequent. "What's going on here," I asked. "Is there going to be a race riot or something?" "No," some of the fire-fighting veterans answered. "No need to worry, this goes on at every fire. I guess you could call it a tradition. This goes on all the time in southern California where there's more Mexican crews around." I tried to ignore the yelling and concentrated on singing which we maintained despite the racial insults which flew back and forth in the crisp night air.

MOPPING UP

My crew's assignment the next morning was to "mop up" — each warm or burning tree and log was to be extinguished and wasn't to be left till they were cold to the touch. Today we got to go out in the helicopter to a distant ridge. As I ran out to the Huey helicopter, the pilot yelled at me through the sounds of the whirling rotors, "Here you, jump into the gun well." A nightmare of Vietnam shot through my consciousness for I knew the Huey was used to bomb and strafe in Indochina. I stumbled into the seat, the door slammed shut in front of me and we were tilting up and over mountain peaks in a few seconds.

As soon as the Huey had dropped us off in a cleared area, I looked out over miles and miles of forested mountains. Peaks rose in the distance. I shouldered my "piss pump" — a five-gallon rubber bag which was used to squirt on the fires and began descending the steep slope with my partner to look for fires. Each fire had to be dug out with shovel and water slowly squirted over the burning embers as it was turned over and over with the shovel. Roots burned along beneath the ground for ten feet and had to be

ECO-

THIS LAND IS THEIR LAND

This Land is Their Land -- A recently released study by the Council on Economic Priorities concludes that some of the nation's largest oil companies have been leasing publicly-owned coal deposits from the government at dirt-cheap rates -- and then have been withholding these areas from production while waiting for the price of coal to rise. According to the Council's 50-page study, 15 of the 144 western leaseholders of coal land, including five oil companies, control 70% of all land under lease. More than one-third of all the leases were obtained without competitive bidding -- and that the average price paid for these "bids" was just \$ 2.87 an acre. Only 11% of the 474 leases is currently producing any coal at all, and that three of the biggest leaseholders -- Shell Oil, Sun Oil and El Paso Natural Gas -- have never mined any coal from their leased land. (zodiac)

MURDER, INC.

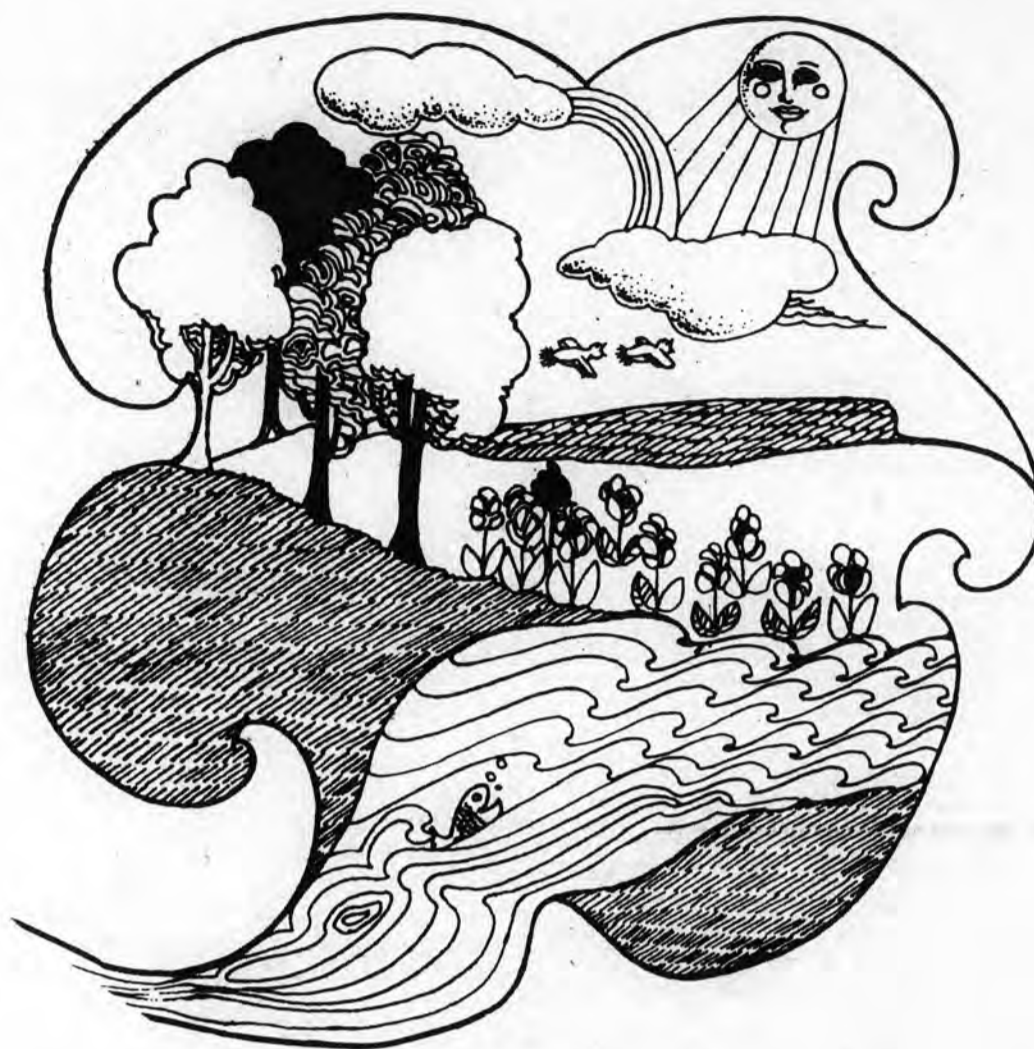
Murder, Inc. -- The trade publication Engineering News reports that American chemical firms had known for something more than a year that their workers were being exposed to high levels of probable cancer-causing chemicals, yet they neglected to warn their employees of this. The dangers of the chemical vinyl chloride were suppressed for nearly 13 months. An Italian scientist, Prof. C. Maltoni, first discovered the possible cancer-causing properties of vinyl chloride. Rats exposed to half the levels of human exposure developed a rare form of liver cancer. Despite this, no action was taken to advise workers of the dangerous conditions, according to Engineering News. A year later, January this year, B. F. Goodrich announced that three of its vinyl chloride workers had died of the rare disease. Since 1971, the total number of victims of the cancer has reached 13, and may be much higher, health officials say. (santa barbara news & review)

BEAR ENCOUNTERS

"If You Encounter a Bear. On the trail, a black bear will probably run from you. In the unlikely event that it doesn't, don't climb a tree; the bear can climb much better than you. Any charge will probably be a bluff. Stand still, or lie down and play dead A Grizzly will usually run when it senses you, but if it confronts you, try to keep your cool. If the bear hasn't caught your scent, but has heard you, or seen you with its weak eyes, it may rear up to try to catch the odor While all this is happening, overcome any desire to run. Running may excite the grizzly into attack. Any shouting or movement toward the bear may have the same undesirable effect. Stand as still as possible. If the bear rears up, speak to it in calm monotones. This may reassure it that you're no threat If the bear will be on you before you can make it to a tree, you'll do well to play dead." (Field & Stream, (not a man apart))

URANIUM MINE DEATHS

Eighteen of 100 Navajos who worked in unventilated uranium mines during the 1950's and 1960's have died of lung cancer and other radiation-induced illnesses, according to Amanda Spake's copyrighted story in an April 3 issue of Arizona's weekly New Times -- and another 21 Navajo's are sick and feared doomed. The US Public Health Service wasn't to blame because it "had no enforcement power at all." The AEC wasn't to blame because it was given "regulatory control over uranium only after it was out of the mine." US Geological Survey wasn't to blame because "the Survey had no monitoring equipment." The Bureau of Mines, which did have monitoring devices, wasn't to blame because it, too, "had no enforcement power." The Bureau of Indian Affairs, which could have cancelled the tribe's contract with Kerr-McGee Mining Corp. or advised the tribe to cancel it, wasn't to blame because "radiation is not BIA jurisdiction." Ms. Spake was evidently unable to reach anyone for comment at Kerr-McGee, but presumably the nation's biggest uranium producer has equally good reasons for exonerating itself. Such universal blamelessness must be a great comfort to the families of the dead and dying. (New Times/not a man apart)



By Your Radiation Shall We Mutate!

BY steve overstreet

"LET'S GIVE THOSE COWS AND PIGS A BREAK"



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STRICTLY VEGETARIAN

[Ed. Note: The following statement was prepared for presentation at a recent meeting of Puget Power's Nuclear Reactor Citing Committee. About half way through his reading, the author was interrupted and the meeting was gavelled to adjournment. We are printing it here as a public service.]

I wish to speak for a few of the people at the Blue Moon Tavern. Some of you may be amused that I would discuss the Skagit Valley and nuclear power in the context of a tavern. However, this is quite valid, since the history of the United States has been profoundly influenced by taverns. The United States Marine Corps was founded in a tavern during the American Revolution.

The Raleigh Tavern was the favorite meeting place of the Founding Fathers before, during, and after they convened the Continental Congress, which met to issue the Declaration of Independence, a document telling the rest of the world of our strong and righteous feelings concerning the need, and the willingness to fight, for Home Rule.

However, as we all know and witness every day, some things have occurred since we mounted the fight for freedom and Home Rule. In a mere 200 years, we have seen the Presidency of the land we love slip from the strong, steady hands of George Washington into the slippery clutches of Richard M. Nixon.

Today in taverns, home, and churches throughout this valley, the feeling grows that it is time to end greed and corruption, and to once again institute the

Constitution, due process, and Home Rule. But home rule suffers during these days of greed and corruption. And home rule seems to suffer in this valley today.

For instance, we now appear to have herds of technological carpetbaggers descending into our valley, to disrupt our lives, even unto those yet unborn. Unfortunately, people outside this valley have mistakenly come to regard us as just another resource to be exploited in the sacred name of profit for the sake of profit. Profit for its own sake causes certain investments to be made. Investment means to bring in a little money in order to take a lot away.

Let's look into the timetable for outside investment and how it seems to mesh into greed and corruption in this valley. According to Dan Ford, the electrical industry has set a target of 300 BILLION dollars to flow into their coffers during the next 25 years. The greed for 300 Billion dollars can conceivably generate a lot of corruption. Now, the electrical industry expects a good percentage of the 300 billion that comes from this valley to flow in in the following general manner:

First, we will be expected to pay the electrical industry's taxes. Given the nature of our tax laws, it already works out this way, so there will be nothing new with this.

Next, we will be expected to pay our taxes to support the Atomic Energy Commission, which not only holds us to the letter of the law of the land and their own bureaucracy, but also dares impose their own rules, regulations, and laws on us in an ad hoc fashion when it so suits them.

To enforce the law and not to comply with it is step one in greed, corruption, and the disintegration of Home Rule.

To bend and break the laws on an ad hoc basis to suit the immediate purpose of enriching the electrical industry becomes yet another step in greed, corruption, and the destruction of Home Rule.

Besides paying the taxes of the electrical industry and supporting the AEC, we are to be levied still greater sums against our lives, our land, and our purses.

We are also programmed to pay the fixed and operating capital costs of the electrical industry. This means that we will be charged for the land, buildings, and machinery needed to assure the electrical industry that they may continue to centralize — hence monopolize — the generation and distribution of the nation's electrical energy.

Once centralization is complete, it is customarily subjected to certain squeezes from corporate rate setters. This, especially in a monopolistic situation, has been known to generate greed and corruption such as that found during our energy "crisis" of last winter.

And, finally, the purses of the valley will be emptied further out to the electrical industry, to pay them a good profit as a reward for all the trouble that they have gone to.

And the price goes on, and goes up, as do the profits of the electrical industry.

HOT WATER

One aspect of this price is the cooling water for the nuclear plants. As our precious water is used to cool a radioactive nuclear core, it will come to display two interesting effects.

For one, all the hot water from the cooling of all the nuclear reactors programmed for operation throughout this state will eventually flow into our Sound and



adjacent waters. This heat will come to exterminate all our marine biota. This will mean the elimination of a valuable regional source of protein, the value and cost of which is rapidly becoming greater than our population and our currency can bear.

Next, the Sound and adjacent waters will begin to act as huge heat reservoirs to the extent that it will trigger a massive change in our weather, which is already undergoing frightening, drastic changes right now. For one thing, we in Western Washington are already subject to tornadoes for the first time in recorded history.

In light of that I'd like to remind you comfortable, well-fed city folk that if the weather changes too far, it will be catastrophic to our crops, hence our entire food chain. Our web of life is too high a price to pay for electrical industry profits.

THE GENE POOL

And the end of our costs are not yet in sight. Greed, corruption, and the nuclear power industry demand still more from us. This is the price that I, and most of the rest of us, simply will not pay. I am speaking of our gene pool. By your radiation, shall we mutate!

Your profits are too high when you demand us to sacrifice our offspring, and they theirs, so that their genes become twisted, broken, and dead. That price is non-negotiable. It is too high, and I won't pay it!

If the national gene pool is to be sacrificed to profits even as our morals, ethics, people, and currency, then we will finally and irreversibly lose the America I love.

That price, too, is non-negotiable. It is too high, and I won't pay it!

The time has now come for us in this Valley to let you know that this is neither the time nor place for nuclear power and outside profits. I don't care what you say, what the AEC says, what the Governor says, or what our local bush-league tycoons and slippery, shadowy politicians say! We will not permit a nuclear plant to be cited here or anywhere else!

For the sake of this nation, her culture, her land, and her diverse, distinctive people, we must not give up the role of Skagit Valley as a regional food producer, especially during this generation, when our population will double.

We will not give up necessary marine protein for your nuclear cooling water.

We will not permit you to change our weather in a suicidal manner.

And, finally, you will not alter my children's, my grandchildren's, or their children's gene pool.

So, as you sit here on this citing committee, determining our fate, reflect on this: It is we who are going to determine yours. And you are going to be shorn of your power to come into this valley, or any other, to impose your joint AEC, State, and Puget Power's versions of greed, corruption, special interest laws, rules and regulations on our lives and our rights.

Tell the rest of the outsiders this: The tide has turned! The sardines have just become sharks!

NOTES

PESTICIDE IN CHICKENS

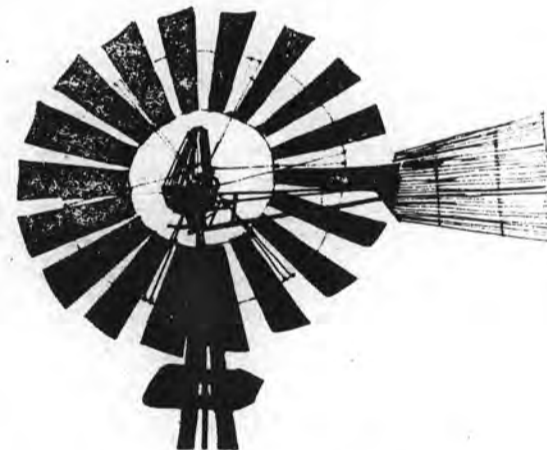
Seven million chickens contaminated with dieldrin, a pesticide, have been destroyed in Mississippi. Inspectors from the US Dept. of Agriculture are checking 4 million more to see if they are above the permissible residues level of dieldrin, which is 0.3 parts per million. The dead chickens had up to ten times that amount. The dieldrin apparently came from oils used in making chicken feed which were accidentally contaminated with the chemical in the factory.

A political sidelight of this is a bill proposed in the Senate giving \$10 million worth of special assistance to Mississippi chicken farmers. An official of the USDA was quoted as saying that the department would have come out foursquare against the bill, but was ordered to "waffle" by the Office of Management and Budget. The measure was sponsored by Mississippi Senators Eastland and Stennis, two conservatives whose votes Nixon is counting on in an impeachment trial.

EXXON BOASTS, BUT...

An ad in the June issue of Harper's by Exxon boasts about that company's research in solar cell technology, fuel cells and fusion. "These new energy technologies may seem far away. But... we can't begin too soon to find energy supplements to oil, natural gas, and coal. Exxon is looking for energy sources for the next century." How odd then that the Wraparound section in the same issue, also devoted to solar energy, has such sparse information on practical applications of it. One suspects Exxon is spending more money advertising its research than doing it.

The Wraparound section contains a paean to windmills by Buckminster Fuller, directions on how to heat your swimming pool with solar energy, references to research reports, and addresses of where to send for plans for boilers, dryers, cookers, and stills. They recommend Environmental Action Reprint Service (EARS) which for a quarter will send you a catalog of solar energy information. Ask for EARS catalog 2B-1100 14th St., Denver, Colorado, 80802.

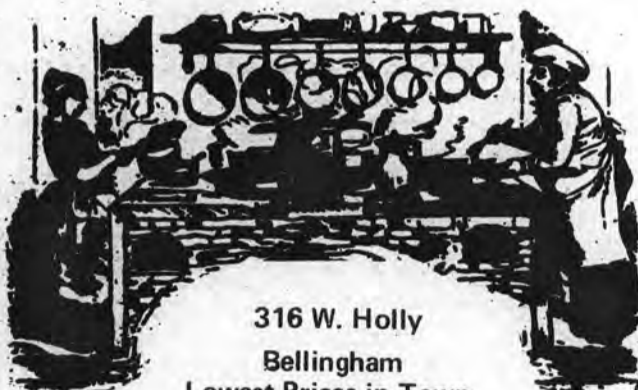


BRIGHT SPOT ANALYSIS

Speaking of energy ads, Shell has a new one aimed at getting more "incentive" money for risk drilling. "Until we drill, we don't know for sure if there's oil, gas or nothing down there," says the handsome, rugged foreman. That statement is true on its face, but a new seismic-wave process called "Bright Spot" is making gas drilling a much less risky venture than it once was. It costs from \$3,000 to \$3 million or more to drill an exploratory well—the average cost is around \$100,000— and up to now, nine out of 10 of them are dry holes. Bright Spot analysis is a technique which can lower those odds by recording patterns derived from sending sound waves down into underground formations and receiving echoes back. The theory, which is not new, is that because of certain characteristics, hydrocarbons such as oil and natural gas will echo different seismic reflections than their surroundings will. What now makes the application of this theory feasible is the development of computers and more sensitive seismic equipment.

The American Petroleum Institute's lobbying budget for a year is \$15.7 million. President Frank Ikard, formerly a congressman from Texas, is paid \$85,000 a year.

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Tuesday through Saturday from June 15 to July 15.

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Community News

BEE HERE NOW

Conspiracies Arise

There are now thirteen active food conspiracies meeting in the Bellingham area. Despite the fact these conspiracies function well, this large number has made every other Tuesday morning at the Co-op a real headache without resorting to Excedrin, and in an effort to avoid having another meeting, it has been suggested that some of the rules and guidelines under which the conspiracies operate be published. Some of this information has been gleaned from the minutes of the Co-op's meetings for the last year.

1) 10:00 am Tuesday pickup meeting. At least one member from each conspiracy picking up food must attend this meeting. The purpose of this meeting is to return to the conspiracies their order forms indicating the actual prices paid, to obtain a volunteer to collect the money and make the bank deposit, a volunteer to consolidate all the conspiracy orders for the next purchase, and to pass on general information, price lists, etc. PLEASE GET TO THIS MEETING ON TIME. It would only last 5 to 10 minutes if we didn't have to wait for everyone.

2) Financial responsibility. Each food conspiracy is financially responsible for all the food that it ordered. That may sound obvious, but it doesn't always work out that way. Example: conspiracy A ordered 40 lbs of uncolored sharp cheese. conspiracy B ordered 20 lbs of medium colored cheddar cheese. Somehow, despite warnings to be careful, B took A's well-marked cheese. A obviously didn't want to pay for something it didn't get. Who could blame them? The problem is between A and B however, and since the store had already paid for both cheeses, the store needs to be reimbursed. Sometimes, either by prior arrangement or by being under-stocked, the store is able to absorb the results of these mix-ups, but not always. And when it can't, the conspiracy is responsible for tracking down the missing goods.

3) Payments. Some conspiracies pay for their food when they pick it up Tuesday morning. Others take the food back to their conspiracy and return with the money. In either case, all the money needs to be in the bank by Wednesday noon. If your conspiracy returns with the money, make arrangements with whomever is collecting the money as to when to bring it in.

4) Ordering. All conspiracy orders must be in the store by the Tuesday morning prior to the next pick-up. All orders should be made in duplicate, to help alleviate the problems mentioned in 2) above. (Certain cheese orders must be in the store by Wednesday noon, 13 days prior to the next pick-up. See the price lists for specific information.)

24 5) Suggestions for the Future. There



If you come across a swarm of bees anywhere, contact the Co-op Gardens at 734-4937.

photo by aaron white

have been several suggestions to help ease the flow of food on Tuesday mornings, to help the conspiracies become a little more independent, and to shift some of the burden from the co-op to the conspiracies themselves.

Possibly the person who has consolidated all the individual orders should go with the truck on Monday to Seattle, to help load the food, to insure that everything ordered is picked up, possibly to make on-the-spot decisions in case items are out-of-stock, prices changed, etc. Possibly that same person, or another, should act as dispatcher on Tuesday morning, to see that everyone takes the right food. Or maybe everyone should stay in the store on Tuesday morning until everyone is satisfied with their order.

Perhaps the jobs which are now volunteered every other Tuesday morning should be set up on a rotational basis among all the conspiracies, each conspiracy providing person-power for those jobs in turn.

Please discuss this article at your next conspiracy meeting, and bring your comments to the next Tuesday morning meeting, or write them for Community News. Let's try to make changes as organically as possible.

SUMMER FUN

After many fruitless weeks of trying to discern the Advent of Spring, it is suddenly apparent that we missed it.

IT'S SUMMER !!! Judging from the number of red noses and peeling shoulders, folks are out enjoying the sun. Just as summer is a time for hiking, boating, biking and lolling around, it is also a time for growing and building.

Some ongoing community summer projects include:

THE COMMUNITY GARDEN is being planted and volunteers will be working every day this week and (at least) Monday, Thursday, & Saturday thereafter. Much mulch is needed, so if you have access to grass clippings, rotted hay or other suitable materials leave it at the garden in front of the appropriate sign or call 734-4937 if it is a gargantuan amount. Come by & help us grow together.

THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE is going on its usual summer schedule of three weeks between issues. If you've been too busy with school or work to lend a hand in the past and want to

devote some of your free time to an interesting and edifying communal endeavor, come join our foul-weather friends who haven't flown the coop. See Gimel Beth for scheduled meetings.

THE FOOD CO-OP holds its regular meetings every Tuesday at 1 pm in the store. The first Tuesday of each month the meeting is held at 7:30 pm. Another position on the co-op collective will be open at the end of July. It is a job that demands 2 or 3 days of work per week, pays \$75 a month, and requires a 6 month commitment. A 2 week on-the-job training period (without pay) is necessary to learn the ropes so candidates should apply at a co-op meeting on or before July 9th or see Tom Begnal any Tuesday or Friday at the co-op for more details.

A NEW CO-OPPORTUNITY is envisioned by the folks now using the baking facilities in the Good Earth Building. Anyone seriously interested in becoming part of a working collective, co-op, or conspiracy come to the meeting Thursday, June 20 at 4 pm in the bakery, 1000 Harris.

AN ORGANIC PRODUCE STAND to serve small farmers in the county as well as consumers in the city is about to happen. A lot next to Prairie Market has been rented, farmers have committed their wares, and a stand is being built. At least two people are needed to run the stand one day a week. It is not known if the operation will provide income at first. For info contact Elsa Riemer, 507 Donavon or leave a message at 734-4885.

THE PEOPLES' LAND TRUST will be holding a major work party on Sunday, June 23. Bring shovels, buckets, hammers, crowbars and other implements useful for digging dirt and prying loose boards. There is much work that needs to be done on the building while the weather is nice. Please come to the building meetings every Wednesday at 4 pm and make this a truly community run building.

THE CO-OP GRAIN MILL is grinding away. All mill collective people and interested folks should come to the mill meeting Monday, June 24 at 3:30 up in the old mill room.



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Rainbow Family at EXPO



We are in Spokane, Washington, the Expo City, for the duration of this World's Fair. The city has given Highbridge Park to us, the young and the poor, for camping all summer long, through October. They are letting us run the place for ourselves and have so far been very helpful and cooperative. The vibes are good and getting better.

The Highbridge Youth Park is situated on 35 acres of wood, meadow and beach between Hangman's Creek and the Spokane River. The city has built flush toilets and washbasins, there are city water outlets all over the park, half a mile away there are hot showers and a bandstand for electric concerts, the city delivers firewood every day, and picks up our garbage !! Altogether more luxury than we are used to or than is probably good for us — but we can use the energy we save to work on other projects.

Between foodstamps, food donated by the local charities, and our own garbage runs, the kitchens are humming. Rabbi is feeding hundreds and Dominic is building another kitchen. The food is blowing our minds — and bellies. I have constructed the first sweat lodge on the beach and others will be built soon. Brother Steve is building a kids playground on the beach.

We have several gardens started to grow our own food this summer. We are recycling aluminum, glass and tin, composting garbage, guarding against water and air pollution, providing firewatch, traffic and security and childcare. Spokane Outreach, a project of the YMCA is providing medical services and counseling. We have very good relations with the police, and one of their officers is here as one of the family and has been a great help.

So we have a lot to do, and we need help. Of course we have occasional problems, most of which have to do with local kids and alcohol. They are under control and getting more mellow every week, but the more mellow high-energy high-consciousness folks we get to come and help out, the higher this thing is going to get.

The local media have treated us well, both newspapers and TV, and we will be reaching out into the community through radio and local organizations as well. I am providing a link with the Ecological Symposia that are being held at the university here all summer. In all cases I am pointing out that the Expo is using the American Indian as a symbol of good ecology without following out that theme. The one thing all the Native Americans had in common when they were the custodians of this land was a tribal way of life. The essential compon-

ents of tribal society are co-operation and sharing, and a reverence and care for the Earth Mother.

Well, here we are — a new tribe, working and sharing together. A living example, an exhibit of the life style we are working out, a glimpse of Tomorrow being dreamed and built by hippie construction. Soon we will have booths for craftspeople, examples of alternative energy & shelter, street theatre, workshops — whatever — a New Age Expo of our own — and all FREE !!! We'll have our Rainbow 4th of July Gathering here and get the Rainbow Caravan together here.

Come to the FREE EARTH PEOPLES' FAIR !!! For more info contact us at Highbridge Park, 2811 W 7th St., Spokane, Wa., or Box 5577, Eugene, Ore., 97405, or Box 296, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

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MORE FIRE FIGHTING

continued from page 21

dug out through a layer of powdery ashes and dust. Smoke bore into my lungs making my eyes water and my breath short. After the first hole I was covered from head to foot in a thin layer of black charcoal and dust. The forest floor was covered with blackened downed logs which we had to crawl over and around. The fire had burned in underneath the trees igniting hollowed-out standing trees, dead standing trees, duff and dead downed trees. The standing trees were blackened but weren't burned. They seemed still living and healthy — only the outer-most layer of bark scorched.

As we all sat down for lunch, the crew boss said, "You know, this is really stupid. This fire didn't burn anything to speak of. They cut down more trees to get the helicopters in here than were destroyed by the fire."

"They have to put these fires out so they can get

more money to hire more men to boss over the next year. They should just bring in a few men with mules and supplies and watch it for a few days to make sure it doesn't get away and start a huge fire," somebody else arlded.

"Are you kidding? They've been putting out fires for so long that they have let a lot of fuel build up. If it had been burned like lightning did for years, then there wouldn't be all this fuel. Now they have themselves in a bind. If they don't put the fires out, they'll burn everything because there's so much kindling," a local fire fighter answered.

This conversation was repeated many times in the next few days. Each person on the crew had stories of how the forest service had burned people's cabins down because they didn't want people living on mining claims of how clear cuts wouldn't grow back

even after being planted three or four times, of washed out roads and muddy creeks caused by the many clear cuts on steep mountain slopes, and of the bureaucratic manner in which forest service "upper stories" deal with local people.

My image of Smokey the Bear and the romantic image of the forest service was completely blown. All the people on my crew were local people who had worked for the forest service and revealed all the mistakes and messed up areas the forest service had sold to loggers. But when I asked why people would stay working for such an outfit, I was reminded that there was no other work for a hundred miles. One either worked for the forest service and witnessed all the foul-ups or moved back to the cities to live amidst the smoking exhausts and constant noise of the streets.

FORMATION OF A COALITION

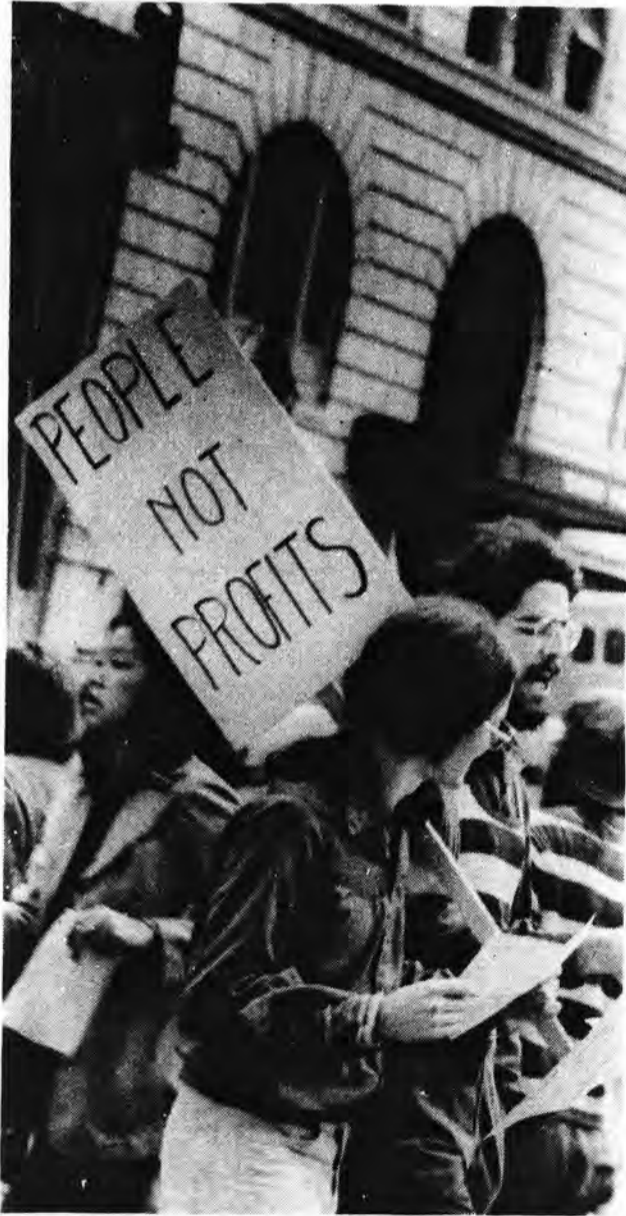
To the Northwest Passage Collective:
dear sisters and brothers:

When you asked me to write my criticisms of the "Coalition to Stop ITT" for the Passage, I thought you were going to have a report on the demonstration itself as well, describing its success. — Of course, you had beautiful picture coverage, but I mean a verbal report. As it turned out, my piece stood alone, in a very prominent setting, and with a headline which underscored its rather unfortunate bull-in-the-chinashop effect (the original headline was "The Coalition to Stop ITT — A New Beginning") The over all impact was more one-sidedly critical than I had foreseen, or than is justified by the facts. My intention is to help in the process of creating an anti-authoritarian revolutionary mass movement, and certainly not to feed the already much too prevalent passivity and cynicism among movement people.

The steering committee of the coalition wants to have another article about the ITT demonstration, to balance the picture. They have appointed a committee to draft a statement. In the interest of building the movement, and in simple justice, I hope you will print their statement as well as this letter.

love & struggle,

Paul Zisel



26

photo by aaron white



photo by dave groves

The Seattle Liberation Coalition, (formerly the Coalition to Stop ITT), has made a small but not insignificant step towards what we hope will be a growing unity among the Left in Seattle. We have, unlike so many coalitions before us, decided to remain together beyond a single event and become a permanent alliance. We are still in the formative stages. We have met several times now since the May 8 demonstration against ITT, to evaluate our work around that event, and to determine our future direction. We are a broad group, 26 organizations and numerous individuals, and so our process has not been without struggle. Our statement of principles and unity for May 8 was printed in an earlier issue of the NWP and in the May 20 issue one member of the coalition wrote an article on his analysis of what has occurred. We would like to continue the dialogue by sharing our brief history, how we have evaluated our work, and report on our current stage of development.

Initially, upon hearing that ITT was coming to Seattle, several groups got together and decided that not only was it essential to not let ITT's presence go unnoticed, but that it gave us a chance, especially in the openness of the Watergate and energy crisis atmosphere, to get out a lot of information on the nature of multi-national corporations and how they control our lives and the lives of people all over the world. Many groups were invited to a city-wide meeting and the statement of principles and unity drawn up by the initiating groups was approved. The following week a newspaper ad was published inviting other groups and individuals to join us. For our first month of work we continued to grow in size. We established three working committees, Publicity, Special Events and Rally, and a Steering Committee made up of representatives from each organization and the work committees.

The issues that we came together around, with ITT as an example of how we in the U.S. and people all over the world are exploited, were always held at the forefront and so we were able to deal with our differences and struggles in a constructive way. Perhaps this more than any other factor has made our continued existence possible. Most of our problems stemmed from a basic lack of trust among certain groups and our lack of experience in working together. Certain policy problems came up which could have been avoided with more forethought by the Steering

Committee. For example, one major struggle occurred around the question of the authorship and distribution of a leaflet not put out by the coalition's publicity committee. The Steering Committee should have anticipated that this question would arise and suggested a policy statement on the writing of leaflets and other information meant for mass distribution. Another situation occurred at a fund raising benefit we held at a local tavern. A band (not one of the two we asked to play for us) began to sing songs that were extremely sexist and very offensive to both women and gay people. If we had more thoroughly discussed problems that might arise we would have been able to deal with the situation sooner and come out with a more coherent and strong response. Although our coalition was broad there was a noticeable lack of participation by women's groups, which we hope to correct in the future. And lastly, there were some groups who did not do much concrete work towards building support for the demonstration.

We believe that given where we started from and the stage of development of our Movement, we were fairly successful in accomplishing our goals.

In the months preceding May 8, a great deal of information about ITT's criminal acts and how they characterize multi-national corporations and capitalism in general got out. We distributed 8,000 educational pamphlets, and about the same number of one page leaflets. There were articles in newspapers all over the Northwest, and Coalition representatives spoke on two radio stations, KRAB and KUOW. Our planning for publicity covering the demonstration itself was poor, but despite that fact we received both national TV and press coverage, including articles in the N.Y. TIMES and WASHINGTON POST. It was the largest anti-imperialist demonstration in Seattle (more than 1,000 people participated throughout the day) since the anti-war mobilizations of several years ago. It was spirited and militant and made our outrage at ITT very clear. And the energy that has been stimulated by the coalition and the events around the demonstration is very exciting and hopeful. An on-going political street theater group, coming out of the Special Events Committee, has been formed. Extensive work was done on the U of Washington campus. Leaflets were distributed, displays, films, and slide shows put on, and a rally of 400 people was held. And of course, we are continuing in our work together.

ITT provides many windows into understanding our society. Its power in determining the prices of food, its actions in the strike by bakers at ITT Continental Bakery in Seattle, its role in South Africa, its participation as part of the war machine in Indochina, its leadership in the Chilean coup — a study of any of these areas reveals profound realities about the nature of our social and economic order. ITT, other corporations and financial institutions, and the U.S. government command the greatest financial and military resources in the world. Their forces are strong. But they are on the side that is motivated above all by greed for profits, on the side that puts this goal above the most precious of human rights — to be free and to live with dignity and respect. This pits them against the overwhelming majority of people in the world; it pits them against the most elemental human drives to live meaningful lives, to know truth, and be just towards each other. It remains our task, ordinary people everywhere, to organize ourselves to fight them. Unity among allies is essential and it is this understanding that is guiding us in our present work to form a broad based anti-imperialist, anti-racist and anti-sexist coalition in Seattle.

We invite others to join us. Write c/o PO Box 22222, Seattle, Wa., 98122.

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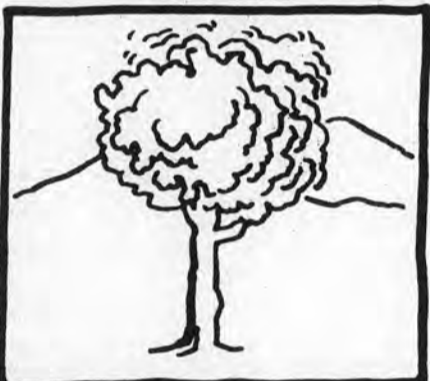
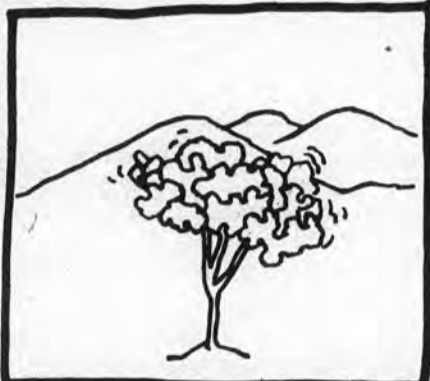
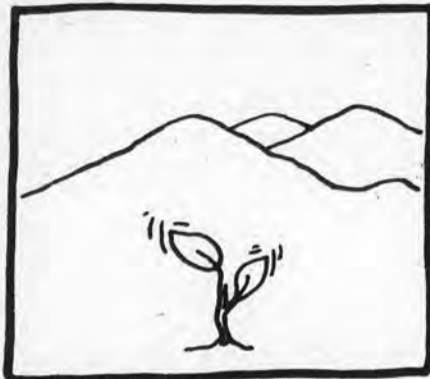
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British Columbia	July 8
Georgia Mountains	July 22
Wisconsin Woods	August 5

Accommodations vary, either room or campsite. Meals included.

For more information, write or call Arica specifying the site that interests you most.



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MONDAY, JUNE 17

(B) Bergman Film Festival - "Summer Interlude" with Mai Britt Nilsson and Berger Masten, Channel 9, 8:00 p.m.

(B) The Canadians - "The Survival of the Haida Tribe" in the Queen Charlotte Islands, Channel 12, 10:30 p.m.

TUESDAY, JUNE 18

(B) Tuesday Noon Forum at the YWCA, "Life Goals" with Tim Douglass of the WWSC Dean of Students Office. Noon.

(B) Food Co-op Meeting, Good Earth Building, 1000 Harris Avenue, 1:00 p.m.

(B) County Planning Committee Mtg in the Courthouse, 2 p.m.

(B) Women - If you are interested in putting together a Women's issue of the Passage, come to the Potluck Meeting at 611 North State, 6:30 p.m.

(B) Transcendental Meditation Lecture, Bellingham Public Library, 8:00 p.m.

(B) The Princess and the Frog back in town. In concert in the Fairhaven College Auditorium. \$1.00 grown-ups, 50 cents for students & kids. Benefit for the B'ham Co-op School. 8:00 p.m.

(B) Black is a Beautiful Woman with Actress Margo Barnett, Channel 9, 9:00 p.m.

(B) America - Making a Revolution - A description of the events and men surrounding the Declaration of Independence, Channel 6, 10:00 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19

(B) People's Land Trust Meeting, Good Earth Building, 1000 Harris, 4 p.m.

(B) Woman Alive! Focusing on women from different segments of society with varying goals, interests and concerns.

THURSDAY, JUNE 20

(B) Bakery Collective meeting for everyone interested in forming a work-collective. Good Earth Building, 3rd floor, 4 p.m.

(B) Zoos of the World - National Geographic sponsors a visit to zoos in the US, Canada, Europe, Africa, India & Japan, Channel 2, 7:00 p.m.

(B) "Whales, Dolphins & Men" More than you ever suspected about the most intelligent (next to man) mammals on earth. Channel 9, 8:00 p.m.



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(B) Bellingham Land Use Commission Meeting, City Hall, 8:00 p.m.

FRIDAY, JUNE 21

(B) Free films at the Bellingham Public Library. "The Golden Age of the Automobile" and "Queen of Autumn: The Chrysanthemum of Japan" 2:30 p.m. "China's Villages in Change", "Rapids of the Colorado" and "Spider Sabich, Pro Racer" at 7:30 p.m.

SATURDAY, JUNE 22

(B) Women's Softball, 2:00 p.m., behind Fairhaven Middle School.

(B) Steve's day at the Co-op.

SUNDAY, JUNE 23

(B) Charlie Chaplin in "The Great Dictator" Channel 6, 8:30 p.m.

MONDAY, JUNE 24

Mill Meeting, 3rd Floor of the Good Earth Building, 1000 Harris, 3:30 p.m.

(B) Oscar Peterson Presents - with guests Dizzy Gillespie, Zoot Sims and Al Grey, 7:30 p.m., Channel 2

(B) Bergman Film Festival "Secrets of Women" with Anita Bjork, Mai-Britt Nilsson and Eva Kahlbeck. Ch 9, 8:00 p.m.

TUESDAY, JUNE 25

(B) Food Conspiracy Pick-up at the Co-op, 10:00 a.m.

(B) Tuesday Noon Forum at the YWCA - "Life Goals with Tim Douglass, WWSC Asst. Dean of Students. Noon.

(B) Co-op Meeting at 1000 Harris, 1:00.

(B) Passage Meeting at 1000 Harris, 7:30.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26

(B) "The Importance of Being Earnest" Oscar Wilde's satire on manners, morals and marriage, Channel 2, 12:45 p.m.

(B) People's Land Trust Meeting, Good Earth Building, 4 p.m.

THURSDAY, JUNE 27

(B) Ethiopia: The Hidden Empire - A National Geographic Special. Channel 2, 7:00 p.m.

(B) No Community Meeting this time, folks, Let's try for July 11.

FRIDAY, JUNE 28

(V) The Royal Shakespearean Company presents "The Hollow Crown" 8:30 p.m. (also June 30).

SATURDAY, JUNE 29

(V) The Royal Shakespearean Company presents "Pleasure and Repentance" at 8:30 p.m.

(B) Answer America! The Democratic National Telethon '74, 10:00 p.m. on Channel 12. Don't miss this one! It's a biggy. Lasts for 21 hours.

SUNDAY, JUNE 30

(B) Passage Potluck Dinner at Tom's house, 2100 34th Street, 6:30 p.m. Don't forget the cookies and cheesecake.

MONDAY, JULY 1

(B) Bergman Film Festival - "Monika" with Harriet Andersson and Lars Ekborg, 8:00 p.m. on Channel 9.

TUESDAY, JULY 2

(B) Coop Meeting at the Store, 1000 Harris Avenue, 7:30 p.m.

(B) Meanwhile, upstairs, same time, same location, is the Passage meeting.

(B) The Naturalists - "Henry David Thoreau: The Captain of a Huckleberry Party." Channel 9 at 8:30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 3

(B) People's Land Trust meeting at 4:00, Good Earth Building, 3rd Floor.

(B) "Lord of the Universe" A documentary on Guru Maharji Ji and Millennium '73. Channel 9, 9:00.

THURSDAY, JULY 4

(B) Full moon and Fourth of July Party, all around town. Join the fun!

FRIDAY, JULY 5

(B) Recover from yesterday's party. Weed the garden and enjoy the sunshine.

SATURDAY, JULY 6

(B) Nothin's happening!

SUNDAY, JULY 7

(B) Another hectic Passage layout day. Bring beer and good cheer.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

WOULD LIKE TO START A POTTERY workshop in our house. Have large basement and very large work space upstairs. Need wheel and kiln, will share costs. If interested, stop by 210 N. State Street.

I NEED WORK!!! I AM A RESPONSIBLE sensitive, warm, woman who would like to survive by doing childcare. I am available any time for any length of time. I have spent 2 yrs. working with children of all ages, including the handicapped child. Please contact me, Elizabeth, 1107 22nd. St., Bell. Shalom... I am also available for yard work or any odd jobs that need to be done.

I'D LIKE TO SEE AN ISSUE OF THE Passage with articles on some of the important and complex developments occurring in other countries. The Middle East, Chile, Cuba, the Soviet Union. I'd enjoy editing such an issue, or working with other folks. If you have any articles or ideas, I can be reached through the Passage office or at home, 808 25th. St., Bell. 676-8616, Peggy Blum.

THE Y.W.C.A. HIRE LINE is a non-profit alternative to an employment office. It is a job referral center for odd jobs and part-time occasional work. It is also a registry for skills and talent, always needing new applicants. HIRE LINE is an equal opportunity association. If you are unskilled, we offer free resources for training. Call us when there is a job to be done. HIRE LINE 733-1871.

THE FIRST EVER BIG BLUE RE-UNION July 19, 20, and 21 st. If you ever lived at 1712 10th. St. or know anyone who has, please come or tell them to come.

NOTES TO FOLKS

DEAR MOLASSES JUGHEADS- After the Equinox, I'll be on Maury Island and the Jug, like the moon, will again be full. Om Shanti, Dodie.

I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE SOMEONE to correspond with. I'm 21, and I love beautiful people like those of your clan. Bob Denzer, bob 147, Fox Lake, Wisc. 53933.

GAIL - THANKS FOR THE PASSAGE subscription, where ever you are. Love, from Michael.

I'M INCARCERATED AT ATLANTA Federal prison, and would appreciate my friends at the Passage or friends who read the Passage to send me books on Astrology. Send care of the Library. Jerry Livingston. 14232-742, box P.M.B., Atlanta, Ga. 30315.

JOHN DURKAN-I AM SITTING ON THIS mountain with no car cause i can't get this bus registered cause you have the papers. Can you help? Will you help? Need to use the bus badly. Love, Philip. Box 221, Cazadero, Ca. 95421.

LOOKIN' FOR A HOUSE. I am looking for a new home for my dog and myself in a nice cooperative house. If you know of a good house, room, or tent site, please contact Joseph at 676-9165 or talk to Richard, the Baker, third floor, Good Earth Bldg.

BETH CLARK, WHERE ARE YOU?

HOUSING

MY DOG (FRIENDLY, LAID BACK) and I need a room to stay in a house with other folks. I'm in to sharing food (veg.), meal prep., and other sharing trips if it works out. Please leave message for me on NWP door. Thanks, Wayne Kent.

ROOM FOR RENT IN VERY LARGE house overlooking bay. Share kitchen, living room, studios, garden, yard, etc. Prefer female. \$45 inc. utl. No pets. Bellingham 733-9994.

DOES ANYONE HAVE A WOODED LOT in the country on which i could live in my small house trailer? Power is unnecessary but water would be helpful. I am willing to pay some rent. Please leave a message for Richard at 733-9158 or stop by 2109 Alabama Street.

I NEED SOMEWHERE TO STOP THE wheels I've turned since Minnesota. I'll trade labor for a large driveway or field/park/truck/house, leave word with Gordon, 734-4661. I'll be back to you get.

NEEDED DESPERATELY, A QUIET house or room for me to live in this summer. Love pets, gardens, and sunshine. Can you help me? Call Sue in the evenings, 676-1940

HOUSE FOR RENT! \$175, 4 bedrooms, concerned landlord. Call Mike Regan, 733-0680.

NEED A SPOT OF GOOD EARTH TO place an 18 foot diameter teepee. Also like to hear from other teepee dwellers, pow-wow in August. Dancing Cloud, box 491, Woodinville, Wa. 98072.

I'M STILL LOOKING FOR A HOUSE north of Seattle and south of Marysville. I may have a goat and would like to have a garden. If you know of a reasonably inexpensive place or would like to share, let me know. Thanks. Bob Preus, 1411 20th St., Everett, 252-3458.

Ah, me. It was a typical newspaper romance. It began with blazing headlines, but now it's faded as old newsprint.

WANTED

DOES ANYONE KNOW WHERE I CAN rent (or borrow) an English saddle, for someone in their early teens. If so please contact Lea at 507 Donovan.

DO YOU HAVE SOME LAND THAT needs to be cleared? We need some wood have our own chain saw. Call Pat Parson, 734-5792 between 9-3 weekdays only, or write 1601 J St., Bell.

I HAVE A LARGE OLD TRUNK that I would like to trade for a dresser that isn't too much over 3 ft. high. It can be long though. I will even bring the trunk to you. Elizabeth, 1107 22nd. Street, Bellingham;

HEY! I BET THERE IS SOMEONE OUT there who got stuck with a summer job and won't have much use for their bike. Well, I could certainly dust off the cobwebs and ride the bike to the job I got stuck with. How about it? Would even consider fixin' a flat. See Shelli Provost at 1601 J Street, Bell. DO IT TODAY!

I'M LOOKING FOR A GOOD 10-SPEED bike 23" or 26" frame. Thinkin' about a Peugeot or American Eagle, but will consider others. No Schwins. Please phone 734-5792 between 9-3 weekdays only, or write Pat Parson, 1601 J St., Bell.

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MINOLTA SR-101, BARELY USED. Great condition. Yours for the miniscule sum of \$130.00. John, 614 Donavan, 734-1535.

RIDES

ANYONE GOING TO S.F.? I CAN HELP with gas. Write Pat Parson, 1601 J St., or call 734-5792 between 9-3 weekdays only.

HEY, WORLD TRAVELLERS!!! ANNOUNCING THE CO-OPS 2nd. Annual Charter Flight to the Caribbean!! 10 days of fun in the sun! Leave Vancouver International Airport on July 16. Visit Kingston, Port-au-Prince, Nassau, and this years special bonus, a fly-over of Havana at 3000 feet. See Steve at the Co-op on Tuesdays or Saturdays for more information and prices (he'll take food stamps.)

TWO COUPLES AND TWO BOYS (2 & 6 yrs) are looking for community minded couples with kids who are interested in buying in on 160 acres in Eastern Wa. (Initial investment around \$2,000) This is our third year here and we have a 1/3 acre garden, chickens and goats at present with plans for self sufficiency. The land is beautiful; trees, lots of water and possibilities for dry farming and irrigation. We need people who want to dedicate their time toward community activities & can work harmoniously & peacefully with other people & pass on ideas. Soon we'll have our own school. We seldom eat meat, don't smoke tobacco & our religious beliefs are highly individual but we all share a deep respect for all that exists. The adults are earth and water signs and the boys are fire and air. Feasible? Us at Rt. 2, Box 673, Omak, Wa. 98841.



AGE: 8 years

ANIMALS

WE HAVE 3 LITTLE KITTENS (without their mittens) born April 20 (Taurus with moon in Aries), all male. Each is a different shade of grey and all are loveable, fluffy and frisky. Free!!! Come take a look at 2616 Eldridge Ave., anytime.

NEED A GOOD HOME FOR THREE fat, fuzzy, male kittens. One pure gray, one tiger stripe, one Persian. They're housebroken. Call 734-3759.

Wanted: 2 doe Kids, breed irrelevant. \$25 or under. 733-0680.

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I'M STUDYING ALTERNATIVE HOUSING in Whatcom county. If you have any information about hand-crafted homes, domes, tipis, tree houses, house-boats (or any other kind) please call me. Wendy, 733-0394.

THE PLANT STAND ON JAMES STREET just after State becomes James (near Daffron's) is now selling fruits and vegs: good produce, cheap prices, nice people: like cantaloupes, 4/\$1.00 and potatoes, 10 lbs/\$1.49.

YARD SALE, JUNE 21, 22, 23. 11 a.m.-6 p.m., corner of 6th. and Wilson, Bell. Bike carrier, tables, childrens clothes, toys.

QUALITY CHINESE GINSENG ROOTS. 37 cents per gram. Also other unusual herbs. Primo incense. Sun Meadow Makings, box 281, Roslyn, Wa. 98941.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE MARRIED OR live in suburbia to be a foster parent. Very together people in relatively stable living situations are needed as short-term and long-term foster parents for people between 12 and 18. Many kids can't relate to straight parents whose growing experiences were much different than theirs. If you have ever considered it, you might be surprised to find out that you qualify. For more information call Mike Fitch or David Richardson at 734-8680.

ANYONE WHO CAN HELP ME CONTACT David Donovan please write. I get out of prison in July and haven't heard from him since he left B'ham. Gareth Parker, box 777, Monroe, Wa. 98272.

STOLEN - MY THREE SPEED GIRLS green bicycle. It is a Raleigh Supreme with an aluminum book rack, broken off headlight, broken off kickstand, missing its pump. I'll give a reward to the one who helps me recover it. PLEASE HELP. Shelley, contact thru Connexions.

NATIVE CALIFORNIAN HELD IN WA. State pen would like pen-pals. Jamie Howard. 233999, W.S.P. box 520, Walla Walla, Wa. 99362.

MEGAN - WHERE ARE YOU? I'D LIKE to pick up the dulcimer book. Contact me thru Connexions, please. Shelley.

PRISONER, 23 YRS. OLD, WANTS TO write people interested in camping, photos, movies and sports. Due for release to U. of Wa. in september. Marcus Durham 127867 P.O. box 520, Walla Walla, Wa. 99362.

RANDY BROOKS, I GET OUT OF THE joint in July and would like to contact you. Please write me. Gareth Parker, box 777, Monroe, Wa. 98272.

"When the going gets tough, the tough beat the shit out of everyone else." Vince Lombardi, Super Bowl, 1963.