

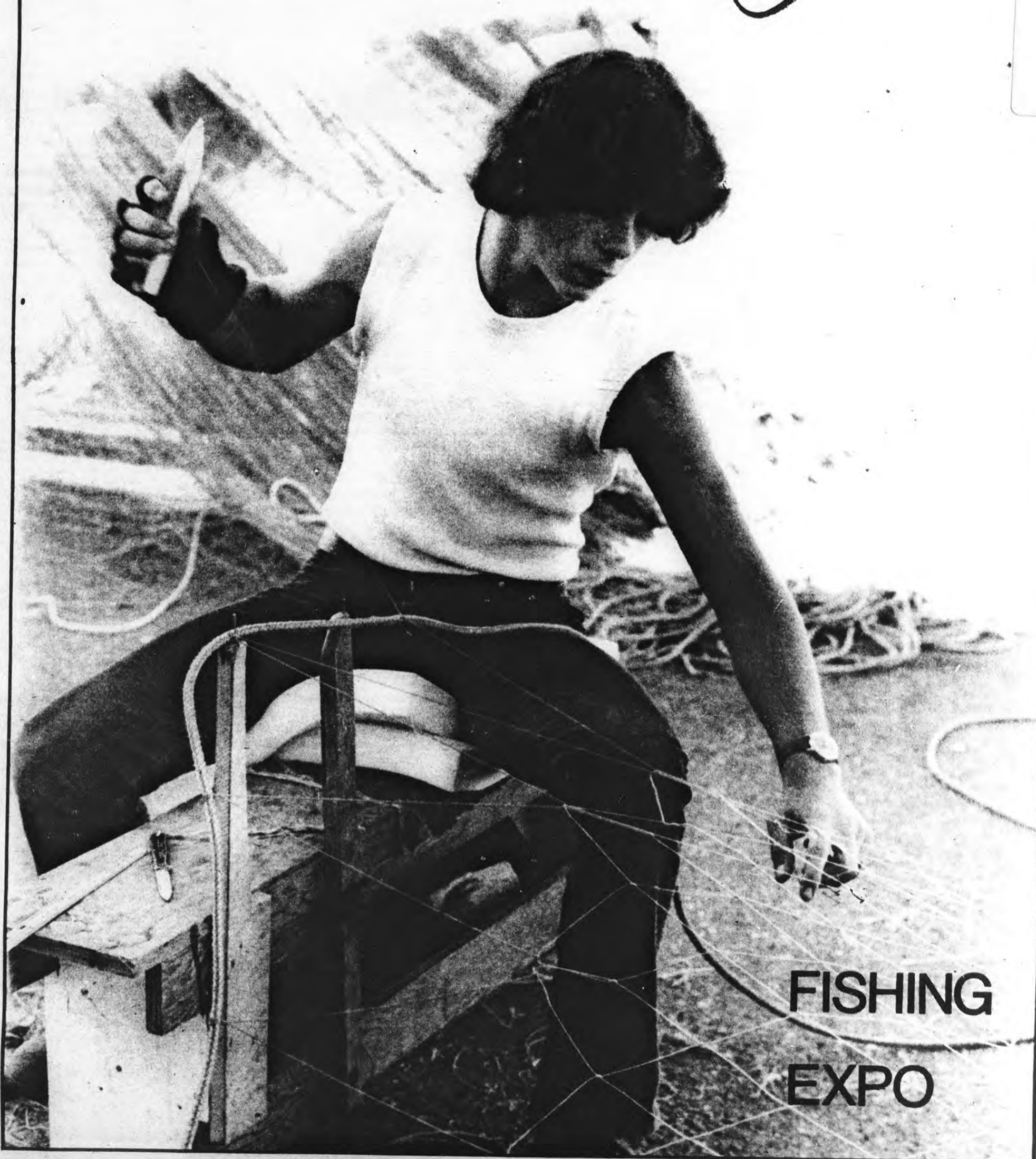
Bellingham

25¢

The Passage

The Northwest Passage: volume 11, number 3. July 8-29, 1974. Bellingham, Washington.

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LETTERS TO

STRAY CAT BLUES

Dear Passage,

I saw a cat killed the night of June 25th at 9:15 pm as I was hitch-hiking from the south-side to downtown.

While I stood on the sidewalk next to 12th St a small cat with a red collar and bell approached me. When it looked up at me I returned its glance and hoped that it was familiar with the busy traffic along that street. I thought of the many dog and cat carcasses I have seen in the streets and alleys of Bellingham.

When it suddenly darted across the street I yelled to the driver of the car approaching to stop, to stop. The car stopped for a moment after the cat was killed then drove off.

This innocent creature, I decided, did not die in vain.

Animal owners in Bellingham must come to the realization that Bellingham is a town of 40,000 people, many of whom drive fast cars. We must accept responsibility for our animal's lives and remember that most dogs and cats do not understand the dangers of a busy street.

Abandonment and uncared for animals is another problem in Bellingham. According to Mary Henry, manager of the Whatcom County Humane Society, an average of at least 100 animals are abandoned in a month in Whatcom County. The number is as high as 700 to 800 a month during this time of year. She attributes the rise in number to the amount of litters born this time of year and the fact that many students abandon their animals when they take off for the Summer.

Any unidentified animal that is picked up by an Animal Control Officer is considered a stray. They are kept for 72 hours to be claimed. If they are not claimed they are put up for adoption provided they are in good health with a good disposition. A malnourished animal or one with a bad disposition is destroyed. The healthy animals are put up for adoption for varied periods of time, depending on how crowded it is. If they are not adopted they are destroyed.

If anyone sees an animal that is not properly cared for and treated cruelly that person has the legal right to feed and give water to the animal. The should also contact a Humane Officer. A Humane Officer is different from an Animal Control Officer (dog busters). Their job is to investigate cruelty cases and to correct the existing condition. They explain to the reported owner how to care for an animal and depending on the nature of the offense, a citation will be issued.

If a person sees an animal injured or killed, they should call the Humane society at 733-0280. A humane officer will take all injured animals that have identification to a veterinarian. If the animal is not identified, the Humane officer will decide if the condition of the animal warrants bringing it to the vet. If it is at night (after 4:30) or on Sunday, Humane officers can be reached through the sheriff or police departments.

Overpopulation of animals in Bellingham is the cause of many of these problems. Unfortunately the cost of spaying an animal is high. To curb the population funds from somewhere would have to be appropriated in order to lower the cost of the operation. Right now, no such subsidies exist.

In the meantime we must work with the problem and become aware of it. Domesticated animals such as dogs and cats must not be left to roam the streets for food and shelter. Since born in captivity, their chances for surviving alone are slim.

While we talk of celebrating life and ending violence, war and killing, let us come to the realization that a life is a life.

I ask for that cat's death to have a meaning

Nancy Kelly

NUCLEAR RISK

Dear Passage Readers,

The following is a copy of the letter dated June 28, 1974 which I sent to Senators Henry M Jackson and Warren Magnuson:

Gentlemen:

President Nixon's proposal to supply Egypt and Israel nuclear equipment "for peaceful purposes" ought to be repugnant to the American people for these reasons-

(A) Middle Eastern belligerence and volatile instability;

(B) Environmental and genetic damage of unknown extent resulting from atomic testing;

(C) Frequency of accidental mishandling of nuclear equipment. Despite bland statements by the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, accidents continue. Canadian newscasts last week reported a railway mishap involving plutonium enroute to Hanford, Washington. To date I have observed no American news mention of this incident.

(D) Ominous recent developments worldwide, including France's continued testing, the contemplated British test to be made in the United States, India's recent test explosion and announced tests to come, Iran's attempt to obtain nuclear equipment from France.

(E) Responsibility of the United States to exert world influence for future security.

I am hoping that you, my senatorial representatives, will jointly attempt to rouse Congress to the following actions and whatever others your expertise may suggest-

(A) Prompt rejection of the proffer of nuclear equipment to Egypt and additional nuclear equipment to Israel;

(B) Strict limitation by statute of the "executive agreement" power which currently enables the President on his own to commit the United States to a course of action in an agreement with or offer to the executive leader of another nation;

(C) Removal by statute of the President's capability to volunteer nuclear equipment to another nation;

(D) revival of debate on the Baruch Plan

to place the nuclear equipment of all nations under control of the United Nations.

This recommendation is forwarded in most earnest concern for the quality and indeed continuance of human life on our planet. These considerations ought to outrank every short-term political or economic objective.

Sincerely yours,

Katherine W. Lee



BROTHER BUSTEC

Richard (Rico) Bassett, a beautiful brother from Bothell and Snohomish County has been imprisoned for the past two months in Colombia, South America. After spending many months in Colombia, he ran out of money and was waiting for assistance from the States. He was directed to a house where he could stay for awhile; two days later this house and all occupants, including Rico, were bisted on marihuana trafficking charges - charges of which he is completely innocent.

Funds are urgently needed for his legal defense. Over ten thousand dollars must be raised to, in effect, ransom Rico from prison and bring him home. Money may be sent to: Richard Bassett Defense Fund c/o Penta Peace Farm 16611 88th Snohomish, Wash 98290 for further information call 568-9035.

HEALTH CORRECTIONS

Dear People,

Just read your excellent health Care issue. Have you seen Health/Pac's "Your Health Care in Crisis"? They really have a good analysis on why most health care exists as it does in this country and who controls it. They are at 17 Murray St., NY 10007.

Your patients rights was a laugh. Patients have no rights, only the obligation to pay their bills.

To correct something in your otherwise excellent childbirth article. You don't have to stay in the hospital for 3 or 4 days (did Ms. Dexter mean you signed something in advance?). A hospital is not a prison. You can leave any time you want to. You have to sign a medical release-type form saying the hospital is no longer responsible and hassle with a lot of people, but you can leave.

In struggle,
Miriamma Carson, P.A.



SHARMA'S GARDEN

Dear Passage,

I am writing in response to Suzy's letter in the last issue. She said that only the mind can be liberated and then proceeded to show that she has agreed with herself to cease using hers. Suzy, have you ever considered that a partnership is possible between a woman and a man, where neither leads or follows? The terms "old man" and "old lady" are offensive to me, whether used to refer to parents or partners, and I would rather look into my partner's eyes than stare at the back of his neck. The one thing you don't understand, Suzy, is that the Women's Movement is looking for freedom of choice for all people. Since you believe that you have everything figured out for all people, you "know" exactly what a woman is and should be, you don't have any questions or conflicts for yourself. But what gives you the right to decide for all other people, both women and men? I myself am more the weed type than the flower type and I wish all you blooming women would stop looking in the mirror at yourselves and believing that you see me there too.

A mother and a person,
Sharma
Seattle

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THE PEOPLE

GASKIN CRITICIZED

Dear-Editors,

I would like to make some remarks concerning the Passage's decision to write an article promoting Stephen Gaskin and the Farm Book. I feel that the Passage coverage should have been critical of sexism and leadership cultism demonstrated to me at least in their Bellingham appearance as well as in some of the quotations included in the review.

The article quotes a passage dealing with the so-called male and female principles. By assigning females to the "receptive" or passive polarity, Gaskin perpetuates a destructive cultural myth. Not only does the passive/aggressive dichotomy need to be resolved in this society, but until we reach that state where everyone is equally assertive we have to stop socializing young females into the passive role. Furthermore, the male/female oriented cosmology reinforces heterosexual stereotypes which shackle many of us.

When the Farm Band came to Bellingham, the women smiled modestly and protested that they liked taking care of the children and that men were much better for manual labor. Stephen asserted that feminism was unnecessary as long as everyone felt good vibes. I also objected to the glorification and mystification of childbirth I found quoted from the book.

Paternalism is sexism's close companion. At the pinnacle of paternalism is the leadership cult. When Stephen and his followers came to Bellingham he appeared dressed in all white. While his rock band performed he stood in their midst and smiled humbly. The band played while looking at him, their inspiration. Yet when questioned on apparent sexism in his operation, his angelic cool cracked with his irritation at those petty political people who dared to lay bad vibes on his trip. He apparently has elevated himself to the position of avatar. He says that "there has to be one [an avatar] around to hold the show together - to be the fuse, the electricity that mankind (sic) runs through..."

Bullshit. We don't need any avatars. What we need is each of us to lead at the appropriate moment and follow at other times. The myth of individual leadership, by discouraging all but a few from leading, limits the sum total of leadership available in a society. It also makes it possible for an aggressive elite to run the show. Historically they have used this surplus of personal power to repress and exploit everyone else. I'm not accusing Stephen of being a despot. I'm just saying that the personality cultism he encourages is counter-productive in its widest ramifications and that this way of viewing people is essential to the power of Adolph Hitlers', and Reg Williams'.

While attempting to represent and give air to diverse areas of human concern, the Passage should not sacrifice its social integrity. A 'spiritual' article is not exempt from political criticism, or vice versa.

We must learn to be whole, clear individuals dealing compassionately with each other. But helping to free each other from the chains of our sexist and leader dominated upbringing is the essence of compassion and the very foundation of liberation.

--Jim Hansen



Dear Editors,

My name is Curtis Jones. I am a 28 years old Black inmate presently incarcerated at the London Correctional Institute in London, Ohio.

I am writing this letter as an agent of appeal for correspondence and friendship, and I am hoping that you will be kind enough to publish it in your newspaper. Loneliness in a place like this is almost unbearable. It is very much like a quiet drama which keeps building and building seemingly without end. The experience of such a feeling has to be felt to be clearly understood. I have no wish to continue to be swallowed up by what appears to be a vacuum of emptiness, nor do I wish to remain just the faint echo of a hidden soul.

In a desperate effort to emerge from the internal prison of lost hopes I have written you this letter in an attempt to reacquaint myself with the outside world and to become associated in a more meaningful strength in the understanding of others as well as myself. I sincerely hope that you will accept this letter with your purest understanding and deepest consideration, and I'd like to thank you in advance for any and all consideration concerning this matter. My ad is as follows:

28 year old Black inmate seeks correspondence with realistic, uninhibited and concerned people. regardless of age, colour, religion, or ethical background. My interests are art, poetry, chess, and music. My astrological sign is Cancer-Moonchild. I will answer all letters promptly, Please write to:

Mr. Curtis Jones
136-402 P.O. Box 69
London, Ohio 43140

I remain
Sincerely & hopefully,
Curtis Jones 136-402

SLA (M)

Dear Northwest Passage Staff and readers:

Regarding Weiner's article on the SLA:

The denial of the SLA by the traditional left shows a complete lack of support for those revolutionaries who have and are dedicating their lives to freedom for and by oppressed peoples.

Now is the time that the women are being separated from the girls and the men from the boys.

Six revolutionaries were murdered by the LA pigs last month. A cry of outrage should have emanated from a united left. Instead, what do we see? A better job couldn't be done by the pigs. Elitist sniping by those who still believe white skin privilege exists. (Unconsciously or consciously it's all the same.)

The ignorance shown by the writers of these criticisms is appalling. They have not even bothered to read the SLA communiques published by the Berkeley Barb for the last few months. And even worse, they do not take the writings of Comrade George Jackson seriously.

Four women soldiers died. This is a historical first in the USA. No organized sign of recognition from the women's movement.

The courageous, dedicated, political prisoner Martin Sostre has written in defense and in support of the SLA. Not much mention of that. And we haven't seen any reprints of his article on that subject. The SLA lives.

Get it on. Don't do the pigs job for them.

In solidarity with the SLA,
D. Oughton
Martin Sostre Collective
Seattle, Wa.

SUBSCRIPTION HASSLES

People Volunteering Life to the NWP:

May we direct this criticism not to the high quality of media created under the banner of the Northwest Passage, its rotating editorship, the dedicated core of Bellinghamsters, and the occasional contributors of energy from all points.

Instead, we address the topic of the routine and less visible jobs, essential to the existence of all worker controlled organizations. Please consider ways to incorporate these tasks (whatever they may include) with other jobs, helping to eliminate any hierarchy of workers.

This hierarchy could remove attention and focus from certain crucial functions, leaving these jobs understaffed. I know, I know, all jobs are understaffed, but how currently uninvolved people view oppressive and/or liberating structures and their subsequent involvement gives reason for an ongoing struggle to create humanly responsive situations....

We know you believe in the consciousness raising energy of communication, we hope this communication may have some application.

In continuing struggle and love,
Richard and Jim Easterly

OUT OF FOCUS

Dear Passage,

I would like to send out a message to the Bellingham community at large and, in particular, to the women of this community. I feel that this newspaper will reach most of those who need to hear it.

I consider myself an intelligent woman trying to embark upon the road to liberation. Thus, when a man I had known briefly came to me and asked me if I would like to pose for some photographs I was interested and tried to fight my inclination to be defensive. He came to our house and talked to my old man about it and offered me eight dollars an hour, which I could certainly use.

He took me to a beautiful spot near Mt. Baker and proceeded to shoot. The

shots kept hedging more closely to hard pornography although we had agreed beforehand that there would be none. I had a feeling somewhere in my darkest regions that I was very close to being used. I agreed to a reclining pose for the "last shot" and felt a stray finger in my vagina. I was horrified - I really didn't want to believe it.

"Oh, no, not again." Yes, I had fallen for one of the oldest tricks in the world.

All the way back to town he kept begging for "just one more of those poses" and offering "fifty dollars more on your check if you would...." Humiliation, fear and anger were whirling through my mind like dervishes. He never came back with my money or my pictures.

His name is Steve, he is fat, he used to play in a band locally, he rides a Honda 90, he has a green camper pickup, used to bounce at the Castle (wouldn't you know it), slightly long light brown hair and blue eyes, and he lives near Ferndale.

I write this to warn possible future models, and to express the hope that karma kickbacks are real.

name withheld upon request





del pozo

SUMMER COMES

SUBSCRIBE!

The Northwest Passage is put together by the Bellingham and Seattle community. The staff is unpaid, the editorship rotates, and everyone is welcome to become a part. The Passage's income barely meets expenses. Your subscription really helps!

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The first collective women's issue of the Northwest Passage is happening July 29, the next issue. There are important policy decisions to be made, articles to be read and written, and various jobs to be done. This is a chance for Bellingham women to get together, working and sharing in collective spirit, expressing our ideas. In true feminist action, all interested women will share in decision-making and shitwork. Every woman can do something: we especially need photographers, artists and writers. See Gimel Beth for time and place of meetings. Come let your voice be heard.

COVER PHOTO BY CHUCK ESPEY

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Passage interview: talking with an old-time gillnet fisherman.

NWP: One of the places I'd like to start is a brief description of the life cycle of the salmon.

OTF: Well, you know that there are four species: the king, the humpy, the silver, and the sockeye. The most valuable one is the sockeye. It has a cycle of every four years. The humpy is two years and the kings — I don't know what their cycle is, but they come in all sizes up to 30 to 40 pounds. We're mostly interested here in the sockeyes.

NWP: For Puget Sound, where do most of the sockeye come from?

OTF: The ones we're getting are going to the Fraser River. They're spawning up in those lakes up in northern B.C. and some of them sockeyes got a long way to go before they get to their spawning grounds, so consequently they're in pretty good shape when they get here. They're full of oil and lots of pep & vigor. That's why the Fraser River sockeye is known to be a top sockeye.

NWP: That's the big money maker. With the number of boats fishing last year and this year, are there enough fish to support the fishing industry?

OTF: Yeah, if the price stays the same as it did last year. We've seen some bad seasons here.

NWP: In terms of prices or the runs?

OTF: Well, prices as well as no fish. They didn't show up. Apparently these hatchery programs the Canadians have been working on have been showing good results. They've been producing 10 years ago I would have given up fishing, but it certainly got going better and better and better. And a lot of it was hatchery stuff. We developed a king salmon fishing run right here in Bellingham Bay, the Samish River, and this was all from hatchery fish.

NWP: Why were the prices so high last year?

OTF: The reason why the price was so high last year is the Japanese got oodles of our money now. They've been selling us so many TV's, Datsun trucks, what-have-you. We've spent an awful lot of money in Japan and we've had this war going on over there. You know when soldiers got time off, they spend every cent they got on souvenirs and all that Japanese junk they can get. Therefore they're rolling in American money and you can't eat money, but they sure love fish. They have been depleting the ocean fisheries. They're such heavy fishers and they've had some bad seasons on sockeyes. So.....incidentally, a lot of that fish they take in the ocean belongs to us, has spawned in our Bris-



A fisherman, (not the author), readies his netting for the opening of the season.

tol Bay area. I've fished Bristol Bay for twenty years and I'm out now. There's no fish left. Last year was the first time I missed in twenty years. This year I'm going to miss, too. As it is there's just not enough fish coming in anymore and we know the Japanese are getting the lion's share of those fish. They're catching them immature. They're catching them before they reach the proper age. They're using small mesh nets out in the ocean and they're using miles and miles and miles of monofilament gillnet, which we're not even allowed to use because they claim it's too efficient. They're so hungry for protein, for fish. They're a fish-hungry people and they've ruined the fishery around their own area by pollution.

NWP: I've read somewhere they've brought some of their runs back.

OTF: I didn't know if they have. I imagine they'd be working on it because they're running short other places. It's a known fact the Japanese intentionally fish the oceans. They've had to. There's no other way they could exist. But it's getting scarce now, but they've got this money from their ingenuity of making good little automobiles. With this money they want to get protein. That's their staff of life. So that's why the price is so high. They're outbidding everybody to get it. Price means nothing to them. Our American housewife went uptown and she couldn't afford to buy a can of that salmon because the guy who put that can of salmon in that store, he had to pay the Japanese price.

NWP: Now they're investing in canneries here, too.

OTF: Oh, definitely. Whitney

Fidalgo have been operating out of Anacortes. I understand that the Japs have bought them out. I don't know anyone else in the immediate area that's Japanese but you hear rumors all over that they got their money — but a lot of times it's not controlling interest. Sometimes it's only 49, 48%. The Americans still want to retain control, but they take that money for the Japanese markets/Can you blame a businessman if he's got to shut his door? If he can't compete he might as well do business with the Japanese to exist. It's a funny deal. I've even heard a rumor that the Japanese bought out the American interest in Intalco Aluminum Company. That's a rumor. I've never seen any figures on it or anything.

NWP: Haven't they had their own canneries in Alaska for a period of time? Who buys in Bristol Bay, for instance?

OTF: All the canneries I've seen in Bristol Bay the Japanese didn't own 'em. Japanese were beginning to show interest in them by sending their personnel over to start working on the roe — on the eggs. We have been a very wasteful country. We've always thrown the eggs away. Who wants eggs? Throw them away. By the tons. Throw away all the guts of the fish. Throw away even the head. They wouldn't even bother to squeeze the oil out of the sockeye head loaded with wonderful fish oil. Didn't have the time. All they wanted was the part that went into the can. Everything else went down to the gut-scow. They towed it out and dumped it somewhere where nobody was looking. This has been going on for years and just recently the Japanese came over and said, "Why, we want those eggs! They're great eating. That's caviar." They said, we'd like to have our boys come over and prepare it the way we like it. So they sent their guys over and

they came over with their little, home-made — you know, the Japanese are funny! A Japanese carpenter, he's got his own Japanese type tools; his little saws, little hammers and things that you and I never saw before. Artistic, they are! They bring their own tools with them and they make their own boxes and everything and they live together at the cannery just in one group. They don't even talk to anybody. They just talk among themselves — Japanese! And they've been processing the eggs lately. But the canneries are still owned by the same owners.

NWP: Are they catching much in Bristol Bay now?

OTF: It has been huge runs in the past. They've come in there! Gosh, they've come in in terrific numbers; millions of fish.

NWP: And hasn't it supported thousands of boats?

OTF: Yeah, it supported huge fleets, but then the Japanese began hitting these fish. Another thing — this is my pet theory. Years ago they had sailboats up there. A sail boat is not a polluter, but a gas boat, a gasoline engine — oil is a polluter. When you start handling oil, you're spilling oil all the time. These guys, they change the oil in the boat and then throw the empty can over in the mud. Well, you take 20 or 30 boats doing that 3 or 4 times in the season. It contaminates all that water with poison. I don't know how much information you have on the polluting qualities of oil, but it's terrific! It can create great havoc with sea life. Then you've got barges in the river. They used to leak once in a while. And of course every time a guy fills up he spills a little bit. Then you've got these guys that have outboard motors that are churning away. They're great polluters; they mix the old pollu-

(turn page)

tion right in with their exhaust.

NWP: Working in Bristol Bay, did you notice that the water is dirtier?

OTF: Yes, definitely! All the garbage used to be thrown down under the cannery. The next tide that comes in, washes it out. We used to get up there during the spring. It used to be beautiful! The water was nice and clean. We'd go out fishing the first couple of periods and — Tide rips, there's a lot of tide rips up in that area. And the tide rips would all be clean. The rips would be there and the foam would be there but there'd be nothing in it. But at the end of the season them tide rips would be full of floating cans and garbage and dead fish and just everything because in just that one season all these people coming up dumping their garbage in the rivers and under the canneries was just washing out into these tide rips.

NWP: It comes up in the nets too, then?

OTF: Oh, god yes. We used to curse like hell when we'd get into a dirty rip. This is what happens, you see. People are polluters. And we're such a well-fed type of people. We got so much garbage to throw away; all the time. In the last few years, since this ecology bit came along they began to get a little more conscious. Years ago nobody thought anything about throwing something overboard. This was the quickest way to get rid of it. They're changing now, but it's too late. We've done a lot of damage.

NWP: That doesn't compare, though, to the pollution of industry.

OTF: Oh, no!!! Industry is a wicked polluter. I'm a firm believer that if we get these supertankers around here, you'll see lots of pollution damage to our fisheries. If they ever do....

NWP: What kind of licensing and quota system is needed now? Is that new moratorium going to work?

OTF: No. What I think is that you should pick out all the bona fide fishermen and give them a license and all the guys that got other jobs — school teachers, part time operators that are working in pulp mills and refineries and all that go out there and fish should be eliminated. I would like to see every fisherman who holds a license and is applying for a license will be interviewed by the department of fisheries or some board and they will pass on whether this man is a legitimate fisherman or not. And a legitimate fisherman will be one who makes 80% of his income from fisheries and he has a background where he has put in many years at fishing. If he's a young fella, 80% of his income is from fishing; he hasn't any other job; and he's pretty well qualified. There could be a board that could go over each and every individual and then there will be a board of adjustments, an appeal board for those who feel they are not getting a fair shot. That's the way I see it.

NWP: What percentage of.....?

OTF: Right now I'd say that's about 25% of the fleet. We have often talked that we would like to see it strictly for fishermen, but you know fishermen are just like everyone else. They say live and let live. We like to see everyone who is trying to make a living — let them live — except that gang that pushed that herring bill thru. That was a dirty deal

there. We've never been faced with such a big influx of fishermen than we have lately. What happened was we got a large influx of California people came in here and a lot of them are bona fide fishermen who were driven out in California by the sportsmen. You see, what drives you out of business is your legislature and the rules they pass in the legislature. Who controls the legislature? The voters. If the greater number of voters want to vote out the fishermen, they can do it. They got the power. Down in the Sacramento River they voted these guys out. Threw them out of business! The legislature passed a law that these guys were thru and the state came around and bought their boats and gear up — at the value THEY set on them — not what the fishermen set on them, which was to me..... I guess some of the guys were really disappointed. They didn't get a good price on them. They told 'em, you're finished; the legislature's just ruled that you're no longer allowed to fish this river. So, I'd say about a quarter or maybe more of these guys came up here and resettled. A lot of them moved up here, their families. They sold out lock, stock & barrel and came up here. And they're Italians, see? They're an Italian fleet. They've filled up the number of fishermen now and plus the fact that everybody and his kids are growing up and they're going out fishing. It's just gotten to the point.... Fishing is just kind of a catch-all anyway. If you can't find any other kind of a job, you ultimately end up on a fish boat. You'll probably be out there this summer too. It's a catch-all.

NWP: It's also.....

OTF: It's fascinating! It's a challenging type of work and it's interesting and it's a lot of hardships sometimes. A lot of headaches, problems. It is one place where a guy can still make it on his own, if he had the gumption to do it. That's why it attracts so many people — from all walks of life! I used to work on Wall Street years ago. I was a banker and I ended up a dumb fisherman! I've had a wonderful experience, you know, traveling up to Alaska for twenty years and enjoying all the thrills and excitement of fishing and meeting all these characters — other characters that are fishermen. It's been a fascinating life and it's been good to me. I've made a good living out of it, but...

NWP: Is it the same now?

OTF: No, it's a rat race. It used to be a lot of fun. We used to have time. Like, for example, up in Bristol Bay, they used to give us — we had a fifteen day season. It started on a Monday and we'd fish the whole week Monday to Friday. Then we'd shut down for two days. Monday we'd start up again and fish straight thru till next Friday; five more days. We'd do that three weeks in a row and the season was over. NOW!! It's a 12 hour period and you sit on the beach for 3 or 4 days. A 24 hour period and you sit on the beach for another 3 or 4 days. I never seen less than a 12-hour period. They never had the nerve. You see, the tide is 6 hours — 6 hours in and 6 hours out. But this is the way it's been lately and in the last 2 years we've only fished 2 or 3 days in a season. You can't make it like that even if you have good fishing. You don't have enough time. Down here gill netters used to fish 5 days a week; and fish day and night, no limit. NOW!! It's 1 or 2 days — no day fishing. The seiners fish during the day, the gill netters at night. And you've got to make your living in that period! You've got to be on the ball and in the fish or you ain't making it! Suppose you broke down. You happened to drop something into the engine and you broke

a gear or something, if you happen to be down during the time those fish happen to be going thru, you haven't made a season. You've lost it. If it happens to be blowing a gale on the night you're open, you better go out there, cause you're only going to get tonight and tomorrow night. Used to be when it was blowing, we'd have 5 days. Well, we wouldn't go out. Monday night — it's blowing too hard. We got Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday yet. But we don't have that anymore, see? It's degenerated, boy. The thing has degenerated.

NWP: Are you going to fish this season? Down here?

OTF: Yeah, I'll fish down here.... if we get much time. This Judge Boldt decision is a is a funny deal. It doesn't look good for us guys. It really doesn't. This Indian deal, you know, the Indians are always crying the blues and they always been so abused.... Do you know if Hitler had taken over, those Indians wouldn't have no rights at all. And all us guys, you know, I'm an ex-veteran. We went over there and fought to preserve their lives and now they act like this. It just galls me.

NWP: Well the Indians, they have gotten the short end of the stick in a lot of ways.

OTF: Oh, definitely! But so has



the poor white man; the shanty Irish. Or you take any poor, poverty stricken kid in New York City; he's gotten the same abuse as them. Let's face it; poor people take a beating, whether they be Indian or white man. It just happens that there happen to be a lot of poor Indians. They're taking a beating, but it's not because they're Indian; it's because they're poor. This same guy with a little money in his pocket, he'll get all kinds of opportunities! But he hasn't got any money, so he hasn't a chance to get up. These poor Indians out here were living the life of Riley, though. They have their own little houses and they have free medical. Any time a kid got sick they just call up and they run them into the hospital. They got all kinds of breaks and lots of money was channeled in to help the Indians and they goofed it up because they... you know, easy come, easy go. This is a logical thing that will happen psychologically. You get it easy and you don't appreciate it. This is what's been happening. And you can't have a sovereign nation with a nation. I don't care whether it's Indian or another nation. You can't have one nation operating within another nation. You just gotta have one nation, that's it! I always would like to say,

give the Indian equal rights with the white man. He can vote. He can go out and cast his vote. He can join the same clubs that the white man can. He can work his ass off like the white man tries to do if he wants to and he has to pay the taxes the white man pays for the privileges he has. But, no, they want Indians' privileges and white mans' privileges both at the same time. They don't live the life that their forefathers lived, which was probably a darned good life. I personally think they had a better culture than the white man; much closer to the land and they weren't a bit greedy and selfish and money-hungry. They had a better culture. But let's face it — they lost out to this one and now it's gone. And they can't bring it back.

NWP: Is it gone? Do the Indians not — in your opinion — hold still in tradition the kind of reverence for the fact that they live off things from the land?

OTF: I didn't mean it that way, that they're gone. What I meant was that our culture has been kinda forced down their throat and it APPEARS to be gone. But I think the Indian has that close feeling, that kinship with nature closer than the white man does.

NWP: I took some pictures of the boats fishing in Hale's Pass and I saw the big tenders and the seiners way out and saw these little Indian boats and the guys pulling the nets

in by hand. I guess they're making good money like that.

OTF: Oh, right now they are. This is one of the best deals they ever had. There's a theory that the white guys would fish the reef gear for so many days and the Indians would fish the gear for so many days. The Indian claims that this is their accustomed fishing grounds but in the old days — if they ever did fish — they didn't have the equipment they have now. Now they have these huge 10-ton anchors. Years ago the Indians — if they ever did — they fished up on the shore in a little canoe and just threw a little mud hook out to hold you. They didn't catch much fish, but they caught enough to eat. The Indians, they're trying to work this Boldt decision right to the hilt and get everything they can out of it. For years they've already been doing illegal things and we haven't squawked too much. Now they're going hog-wild with this Boldt decision. They're going to try to do all kinds of screwy things. They're going to try to claim that half the bay belongs to them, and all this kind of horseshit. This really isn't fair. I don't say that half the bay belongs to me. I say the whole bay belongs to

everybody. And we have to share it. And you know, share it alike. You see, the treaty read to fish in common with the white man — IN COMMON WITH the white man. I don't know if you interpret it like I do, but everybody I talked to interprets the word in common to mean we both do it together. You don't get any more privileges than I have and I don't get any more than you. We fish it in common. Here's the way I look at it: in the days when the Indians signed the treaties, they were a licked fish. They had lost the war. This was the treaty they had signed to end the hostilities between them and they were the losers and the white man was the winners! And the white man, being a winner, he didn't want to domineer over the Indian and say: well now I'm the big shot; you're under me. He says: no, we'll be fair with you guys. We'll say you're equal with us and we'll fish in common. And the Indians figured: well, that's a fair enough idea. What the hell, he can knock my head off and put me out of business completely. So I'll sign with him and we'll have the privilege of fishing together, in common, and this was the way they peacefully settled it. Now these guys think the Indian had special privileges over and above what the white man has. This isn't the way the spirit of the treaty was. It would be very illogical for a winner to ever give a concession to the loser. He gives him equal or less, but not more. Doesn't it sound reasonable to you that you would interpret it that way? Numerically the white man outnumbered the Indian a thousand to one, doesn't he? So maybe we should share it at a portion of a thousand to one percent?

NWP: What do you think is a reasonable compromise to the Boldt decision?

OTF: The reasonable compromise would be let the department of fisheries run it, regulate it, and everybody follow the regulations. I mean the seasons open for 2 days and then they see how much fish has been caught by all participants, Indian or white.

NWP: Let's talk about the refineries and some of the obstacles to the salmon industry maintaining itself.

OTF: They are dynamite! They are dynamite. I maintain from all the reading I've done that oil refineries are not compatible with a healthy environment for fish. They just don't go together. You have oil; you're going to lose your fish. The proof of the pudding is, you take all the rivers on the east coast that have been polluted with oil refineries — there's no fish

any more. They are all dead. Oil refineries are taboo! they spill just too damn much oil. It gets away from them.

NWP: There are oil refineries out on the Sound now. Have you noticed the results of their location?

OTF: Well, in Anacortes crabs are a thing that I think are affected by the oil quite a bit. There's no fishery in Anacortes anymore on crabs. The crab fishing has gone down the tube. In the close proximity of the refineries, where it used to be some of their best fishing grounds, now the guys can't make a living. The crabs up in this bay have continually gone further and further out in the bay. You have to go further and further out to catch good crabs. You get them up here, but not many anymore. They're following the microbes and stuff on the bottom and microbes are affected by pollution. Obviously no microbes or whatever they're feeding on — if they can't exist because of the polluted water, naturally the crab isn't going to be here. The crabs are going to move where they're going to get the best food. I think they're a good barometer for pollution and the pollution has gradually edged out further and further and further in the bay.

NWP: The herring also feed on that small stuff.

OTF: Absolutely!! You know, after that oil spill we had at Anacortes about 2 years ago, remember? That raised terrific havoc with the shrimp. One of my friends living out on Lummi Island, after that oil spill he was able to go out on his beach and the dead shrimp were so heavy and thick, he could scoop them up with shovelfuls in a wheelbarrow and take them to his garden. That's how thick they were!

NWP: He didn't see the oil, per se?

OTF: He just saw the results! After the oil had done its job. He didn't see the oil, but he knew the tides had brought them dead shrimp up from the Anacortes area. His beach faces down towards the Anacortes area and on the prevailing winds and tides they just covered his beach. He took pictures of it and sent them to the Herald and notified the Dept. of Fisheries but you know oil companies are such money men, that the fisheries people, they just shrug their shoulders and say, well it's sad, hope it don't happen again. I mean that's about the attitude they take. They're afraid to cross swords with an oil company. Oil companies are like talking with the Mafia. They're so powerful, you'll never defeat them.

NWP: Can you site that happening around here, that leniency towards the oil refineries or the Intalco plant? Are you critical of the Fish and Game departments locally?



OTF: Well they don't like to rock the boat any more than they've got to. Only when forced — literally forced. Let me tell you an interesting story. We fisherman, when Intalco moved and Mobil came, of course we didn't notice about it— first refinery we ever had— we didn't know what damage oil did. They had a few spills but we didn't think. Then guys noticed their crab fishery was going to pot. They complained to the fishery department and the fishery dept. hemmed and hawed and fiddled and farted and didn't give them very much consideration and they got madder and madder. Finally one fellow I'm thinking of decided to give her up and move to Alaska. He said he couldn't make a living—the crabs are going to hell. He says, he's pretty sure its the Intalco aluminum plant. So like I say, we were making complaints and the fishermen were making reports that the kelp was turning color and that pollution was coming out of Intalco, but fisheries, they didn't seem to want to do much about it. Finally Arco moved in here and Arco wanted to put an outfall pipe out which we all fought very vigorously. But Arco was real smart. We told Arco — you're going to pollute that water if you put that outfall pipe out; you told us what's coming out of that pipe and that's just too much pollution for that area there. So Arco got the Army Corps of engineers to okay it. They always get their way, those bit outfits. Whether you have a good argument or not, that's beside the point. They were okayed to go ahead with it, but they were smart. They had heard the fishermen were crying that there was pollution—so they said to the Fisheries Dept., that they would pay for a bio-assay of this area. We want to know just what is out here before we start putting anything in because we don't want to be blamed. So the Dept. said, yeah go ahead. They worked with the Dept.— it was the first time the Dept. of Fisheries ever did anything like this, as far as we knew. They made a bio-assay. They took oyster larva and set it around on different stations out there and they came up with exactly what we said—TOXIC WATER. Four square miles of toxic water centering around the Intalco dock, So finally it came to light, but only after a bio-assay that Arco requested. This put Arco on a good clean slate because now Arco—if the fishermen cry—can say it wasn't us. This place was already polluted before we got started. Well this came out in the wash. Of course, the Bellingham Herald never said a thing about it, but the Ferndale paper did. So then we had this Dept. of Ecology come in to find out: what is this polluter? So they went and they tested. There were 12 streams coming out of the Intalco aluminum grounds, rolling all down into the bay over there. They monitored every one of the streams.

11 of them streams were okay, but the 12th stream had cyanide in it. This cyanide was leaching out of their dump up on the hill where the scrapings from their aluminum pots were dumped. The water would wash down that hill, down that little crick, and that cyanide was going into that bay.

NWP: Did anyone bring suit?

OTF: No. Nobody brought suit. But I've been to 2 lawsuits already against Intalco aluminum company by farmers. Boy, they never come out first. They always come out second best with Intalco. I spoke to the prosecuting attorney after one of them trials. I said to her, you know what's going on. Why can't you do something about it? They're poisoning the farmers land and you folks sit around and do nothing about it. Oh, she says, what chance would I have against a big company like that. I've got a limited budget, a limited staff, limited office space. Do you think I could take on the Intalco aluminum company? A huge organization? Impossible. This is what she told me. They're too big. They're afraid of them. They know they're wrong but what can they do? They're afraid to tackle them.

NWP: That's small town politics; who contributes to the campaigns; then who makes the appointments after that and... it's frustrating.

OTF: Say I wonder. You're not going to mention my name in this article are ya?

NWP: How would you like it to be?

OTF: I would rather not, you know. Just an old time gill netter, Gee, I used to be one of the new gill netters. Now I'm getting to the age where I'm an old gill netter. One of the old timers—and all my friends are dying off. When I first came here 25 or 30 years ago, there were only about 5 or 6 gill netters—the whole fleet. You could name them on your fingers. There wasn't more than 10. Even counting the guys in Blaine. Now there's hundreds. See how the fleet has grown in 20 to 30 years? But I think it has reached its limits—I don't think there's any more room for growth.

Interview by Billy Patz, photos by Chuck Espey. None of those pictured necessarily agree with the viewpoint expressed here.



JUDGE BOLDT'S DECISION

On January 11, 1974, Federal District Court Judge Boldt decided one of the most important Indian Fishing rights cases of the century. U.S.A. vs. State of Washington reestablished the Indians' treaty right to fish off the reservation without State control. The Lummi, one of the fourteen tribes involved, now can fish "in common" with non-Indians (meaning at least one-half of the salmon and herring catch) in their usual and accustomed places of fishing.

Forest Kinley of the Lummi Tribe is Chairperson of a multi-tribal council on commercial fishing. Kinley, at a Northwest Passage interview, first pointed out that the social effect of Judge Boldt's decision on the tribe was just as important as the economic effect. This social effect was evident during the spring herring season. Family ties were stronger, there was more purpose in the peoples' lives, and less marital and drinking problems.

The Boldt decision requires that the State of Washington, in regulating the non-Indian commercial fishery, to allow for conservation, first assure the Indian tribes of up to 50% of the commercial catch. Regulating the catch of such a changeable resource as salmon (for in any given week the type and number of salmon are different) is difficult enough. Now, the State must compensate for the Indian catch, making the job a tricky proposition. Unfortunately the State Department of Fisheries is making the worst of the situation.

Kinley claims that the Fisheries Department should keep out of politics and manage the fish. He says that State fisheries has been on a campaign against the Indians for years — a position that Judge Boldt found to be true and vindicated in his lengthy opinion. Kinley claims that the Indians are blamed for everything wrong in fishing when the truth is that "the Indians don't take as much fish as the seagulls."

Boldt's decision accurately traces the history of conflict between State Fisheries and the Indians and in the end, supports the Indian position. Now, on a different level, the conflict goes on. State Fisheries regulations have restricted the sockeye salmon season in lower Puget Sound from 18 to 6 days for the non-Indian commercial fishcatchers. This move is seen as unwarranted for any legitimate purpose such as conservation of the run. Rather, it is a deliberate step by the State Fisheries to anger the non-Indian fishery for political anti-Indian results. The State hopes to motivate the white fishcatchers to assist in the appeal of Boldt's decision and apply political pressure against the Indians.

The State's plan seems to be working since the white commercial fishing industry is paying hundreds of dollars to appeal the decision (the local chapter of Puget Sound Gillnetters Assoc. voting more money to the "war chest" to fight the Indians). The State Fisheries, using racism to reestablish their control of all the fisheries.

Forest Kinley would like to see a limit to the number of fishcatchers and fishing gear (nets). He doesn't think the present moratorium on new fish licenses is working. Washington has refused to protect a livelihood in fishing although they have done it for trucking interests and for themselves in the liquor business.

The tribes want a 50/50 chance to manage the resource as well as to fish the resource. They want to have hatcheries (such as the one the Lummi operate) and make decisions on regulations and have their own court for Indian violators. The fourteen tribes have founded an organization to do these things and to facilitate communication with the Department of Fisheries.

IS IT FAIR?

In the Point Elliot Treaty of 1859 the Lummi Indian Tribe gave up all of its land claims in this area to the government (and eventually this land was transferred to all Whatcom County residents). In return for this land, the Lummi Tribe was given its present reservation and the perpetual right to always fish in their usual and accustomed places, in common with rights, and free of any restriction. This treaty was and always has been considered a binding contract between the Lummi and the U.S. Government.

In the past, the U.S. Government had ignored their promise to the Lummi, and allowed the State Department of Fisheries to restrict the Lummi, denying them their treaty rights. It should be noted that the State has always known of these treaty rights, but induced whites to invest heavily into commercial fishing even though the State knew the whites could go broke when the Indians utilized their treaty rights.

IMAGINE

Imagine: You're living on a farm that was your grandfather's and have lived there for many years. You have improved the land and it is your life. One day someone knocks on your door with a document saying that half of the farm was sold to them by your grandfather. You check and it is true.

Your grandfather never told you — or you might not have put your life savings into to, but you have been making use of something that was not really yours and now the rightful owner has come to claim what was legally given to him a long time ago.

There have been wrongs in the past and this is a time to make things right. It will not be easy.



del pozo

SALMON SAGA

ODE

From vast Pacific Oceans deep
We venture out in search of home
With snout at helm, blue seas our realm
Pursuing birthright asylum

To waters of origin unwavering we yearn
With unerring instinct we make our return
So mothers with wombs full of precious roe
Can deposit with care in rockbeds below

Turning glorious colors, our work is then done
The circle's completed, the struggle is won
Victorious, contented, and now satisfied
That we shall continue, with honor we die.

A perilous journey in store for you all
Let this be a warning to you my freinds
Please listen intently, your lives will depend
For fish who don't heed me will come to bad ends

Fare well comrade school chums, but beware
For monsters lurk in outer — air
In ships, with lines to hooks attached
They make sport of us to call their catch.

So dare not jump in the air
For surely they will see you there
Without regret they'll dip their nets
And capture you in purse seine snare.

Oh! What could be worse
Than ambush by purse
More ill-fated still
To be caught by the gill

Yet no greater affliction
I dream could exist
Than to be gaffed in the gullet
By a puker boat zealot

And if your misfortunate
Deems you deceptively caught
They'll dump you in dungeons stacked dorsals deep
Tortured in brine and red jelly slime,

Upon your demise
A tender who buys
Will transport the dacavers
To butchering canners

Who'll house your meat neatly
Scaled, boned, skinned, and finned
In brightly labeled pound cans of tin —
Then boxed and shipped off with two dozen kin.

In your brilliant new lodgings
They'll stack you on shelves
Where you'll sit getting dusty
And may never sell

For who can afford
At three dollars a pound?
Not, surely, the poor —
You cost more than ground round.

Only the affluent could hope to procure you
Yet they'll be the ones to seek out a cure
For along with your meat they will consume
A silvery element from underground exhumed.

And dump in the sea in great quantity
That's ingested throughout our entire body
They soon will see, the carnivorous thieves —
That our vengeance will be merciless mercury.

by Daniel Villiott



photo by Billy Patz

SEA TALES

See the Sea — in fact, be the Sea. It seems like a long time, five years ago. Donovan and I bought a sound, old cabin cruiser soon before he was fired for refusing to shave. The next flash shows us leaving Neah Bay in pea soup fog, with two hand gurdies, and a firm knowledge that the ocean lies west. Our first hour saw us almost run up on Duncan Rock off Latoosh, but an hour later we were fishing, trolling, and the flashes have kept popping across the screen ever since.

Like the time it was blowing 70. My second week out in my second boat. The bilge pump is running full out and not gaining. Once in a while I jab my head out the pilot house to look ahead, only to have the gale suck my breath away and the torrent of rain and sea to blind me. Only to find out several hours later that the bilge hose had slipped inside the planks and that I was furiously pumping my rear into my forward bilge, ad infinitum.

Like the time Rich couldn't start his engine and Mark rowed a new battery over to him in a skiff that barely floated better than the battery, and both cried, laughing as the battery flipped overboard. Or the time the Solar and Bob went down behind the South Jetty at the Columbia. He was recently returned from killing and awakening in Vietnam, and it was a set of huge waves sent from a typhoon in the Orient that swallowed him. Afterward we sat, smoked, listened to Rod Stewart and felt Bob as he ebbed away.

Then, there is the inevitable parties on the

Stranger, especially the one in Garibaldi, stoned, singing, dancing, jostling, yelling, 2 am laughing, removing any leftover strain from five days on the ocean, with everyone attempting to blow a bugle, or was it a mind?

Alas, another frontier on the way out. The Columbia produces the most radioactive salmon in the world. The swordfish and yellow fin are mercury poisoned with the salmon and other predators soon to join. That is if the huge Russian trawler fleet doesn't fight off the Japanese and Koreans to catch the last one. Slowly the scene deteriorates. Blood lust pukers leave Westport and Illvaco daily in a mad rush to catch three fish and hurry back to shore for the next load of Boeing and California pleasure seekers. Commercial fishermen slowly replace Indians as the scape goats for a vanishing species. The dams continue to be built, the spawning beds to be logged, the pulp mills to pollute, and soon the nuclear power plants to radiate.

And how about the time Darby couldn't make up his mind. There's a big bite north and they're catching them at Newport. North, south, spinning around in circles. Finally Walt, his boat puller, couldn't take it anymore, calmly strapped on his life jacket, and jumped overboard. My lesson seems to be that the tide moves slowly, and you can't rush it.

by gary teitge

RADICAL:

COMMUNIST PARTY - U.S. of A.

Thoughtful people sometimes state that the Communist party in the United States has a too narrow and too rigid policy. From reading the People's World newspaper and other Marxist publications for more than twenty years I have observed what the Communist party declares to be its program and policy. There has been an abundance of articles explaining the reasons for these policies and programs. A long range look reveals that instead of being narrow the Communist viewpoint is very broad. While the basic policies of the Communists are very stable there is considerable flexibility in programs over the years for support and promotion of these policies. The anti-war campaign against the war in Viet-Nam was one of the most dramatic examples.

Many groups who were opposed to that war claimed that all energy of those who were opponents of official US policy should be concentrated on efforts to end the war. Inclusion of other issues into the anti-war movement was opposed on the grounds that this would alienate some people. Everyone who was watching must have seen what happened.

Statements were made frequently that poverty-stricken people in small countries on the other side of the world couldn't be any military threat to the United States. It was stated that it was therefore immoral for a powerful nation to wage war against those small countries. If those statements had much effect on public opinion in this country it wasn't very evident for several years.

Many statements were also made pointing out the Geneva Agreement of 1954 regarding Indo-China did not permanently partition Viet-Nam. The Geneva Agreement was quoted and many explanations of the agreement were made which proved that U.S. politicians and military top brass were misrepresenting the whole Indo-China situation. Public opinion showed very little response to these purist arguments. The ineffectiveness of those sound but lofty arguments was made obvious by the election defeats of Senators Morse and Greuning and also by the defeat of anti-war resolutions that were introduced into city councils, party conventions and even onto the ballots in some cities in the early years of the war.

Throughout the whole period of the struggle against the United States' involvement in Indo-China, the Communists in this country have declared that it is imperative to include a broad range of issues and coalitions of many groups. Some may see a danger of becoming just another tweedle-dee-dee, tweedle-dee-dum group if policies are toned down in order to coalesce with groups which have diverse objectives. However, that didn't happen.

The opposition to the war in Indo-China began to make progress when it was stressed about the results of the war on programs in the United States. Statements which showed the harm that was being done to the anti-poverty program, to education, to the civil rights program and the disastrous effect the war had on many young people in this country were effective in changing public opinion.



Photo: Oregon Historical Society

On other issues such as Women's rights the policies of the Communist party are broad. It is obvious that women can't obtain the rights and protections which they need if they struggle alone. Women's needs aren't all the same. The needs of those who aspire to executive positions are different from those who work in factories or other places where the work is physically exhausting, frequently uncomfortable and too often even dangerous. There are so many facets to the Women's rights struggle that it requires volumes to consider all of those. The Communists have long claimed that a broad range of issues and coalitions of groups is essential to secure for women and men the rights and guarantees which they need.

It is essential to combine Women's rights and Men's rights. Working class people of both sexes, whether they are school teachers or factory workers have the same needs. Some men are too blind to see this but it is imperative that they open their eyes and take a good look at the whole problem. Neither working women nor working men can expect to make much progress unless they struggle collectively.

It is essential to combine civil rights and Women's rights. Anyone who has been watching the statistics

on employment and pay scales for the past twenty years must be aware that non-white women have a more difficult situation than their white sisters.

On the issue of peace and justice in the Middle East the Communists in the United States have claimed all along that the issue isn't strictly a Jew versus Arab situation. The fact is that many Israelis are in a situation as bad as the Palestinians and Arabs. The Communist party has always claimed, as long as I've been noticing, that a coalition of all the under privileged people in the Middle East is essential.

It would take too long to discuss in one article each issue and each situation in detail. However anyone who is willing to do some reading can learn that the Communists in the United States have a very broad viewpoint on all issues. This all leads to the same kind of viewpoint on world-wide issues. A coalition of working people on a world wide scale is of course the ultimate goal. Anyone can see the need for such a coalition if they observe the policies and programs of the multi-national corporations, other financiers and their politicians.

This is the situation as one individual sees it from many years of reading and observing. To get any kind of authoritative statement it would be necessary to contact some elected party official.

-- Hugh McMurray

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SHABBY ECOLOGY

There are disquieting signs that the ecology movement, faced with the "energy crisis" of the mid-seventies, may well strike the self-righteous, hortatory posture that it so arrogantly assumed at the beginning of the Seventies. Once again I begin to hear the message that "we" are an "irresponsible" and "wasteful" people — this time with respect to our "insatiable consumption of energy," just as three years ago "we" were denounced as "irresponsible" for our "soaring" birth rate. Quite a few ecologists seem to have wedded their thinking to a latter-day version of original sin: it is always some abstract "we" who repeatedly commit the archetypal violation of the natural world, whether in the privacy of our bedrooms or behind the wheels of our motor vehicles.

This ecumenical approach to humanity's sins has a grotesquely reactionary core. It places impoverished blacks in the same social league with affluent whites, women in the same league with men, auto-workers in the same league with corporate executives. If I found it distasteful, to say the least, when Paul Ehrlich's fingers swept the social horizon and condemned ghetto and exurb alike for reproducing to excess, I find it no less distasteful to learn that some poor exploited slob who must drive to a noisy assembly line is judgmentally placed on a par with his fat-cat employer who is chauffeured to his comfortable office suite. Nor do I feel very comfortable to learn that the small independent trucker, who is virtually being put out of business, is to be equated with Gulf Corporation directors, who are reaping profit increases of over 90 percent in a single quarter — both as a result of the same "energy shortage." Indeed, what has turned out to be a very real shortage for the great majority of "wasteful Americans" is turning into an indecent superfluity of windfall profits for a rapacious corporate elite. Although I have been actively involved in ecological and environmental problems since the early fifties, I find myself blushing at colleagues whose social outlook toward these indecencies is as blighted as the environment they are trying to rescue.

It is no understatement, in my view, to say that the promising ecology movement that followed "Earth Day" in the early Seventies was nearly destroyed by organizations like Zero Population Growth which succeeded in defusing a penetrating analysis of death ratios. Ehrlich's "Population Bomb", with its fatuous hyperbole and its studied indifference to the social factors that enter into the very making of a birth rate (e.g., the position of women and children in a society, the economic status of various classes, the morale of a community and its attitude toward nature) — all of this virtually bombed the ecology movement itself into extinction. That blacks, workers, poor people generally, and socially critical individuals viewed this work with repugnance and, by extension, sullenly denounced the ecology movement as a cabal of privileged elitist whites is quite understandable. Hopefully the years since have been a period of thoughtful re-evaluation by ecologists on the social factors that are producing the environmental breakdown of our era. By these social factors, I refer to an irrational profit-oriented economy based on production for the sake of production, a market nexus that fragments true community into an atomized competitive jungle of predatory "buyers" and "sellers," indeed, a "society" whose law of life is

"grow or die," one which views nature as little more than an agglomeration of inanimate objects or "natural resources" to be ruthlessly exploited and devoured.

That fossil fuels are finite and not inexhaustible; that nuclear fuels are a terrifying hazard to the entire biosphere whose use should be permanently banned, not merely subject to a moratorium, is beyond dispute in my mind. But the current "energy industry" to increase its profits, to rape the Arctic regions, to promote offshore drilling operations, to construct deep-water ports and nuclear reactors, and in no small measure to devour independent producers and retailers, the real energy crisis at this time lies not in the realm of consumption, but in the realm of production. Far more serious than the "environmental crisis" imputed to the "wastefulness" of an abstract "American" is the far-reaching environmental damage that the oil corporations are engineering by a calculated restriction of refinery capacity. For the ecology movement to be ensnared by this maneuver would be disastrous. By echoing the message of "scarcity" in terms that leave unquestioned the very society and productive apparatus that has engineered a scarcity in consumption all the more to acquire a free hand in expanding hazardous areas of production is to enter into complicity with the real sources of the environmental crisis — the industrial and financial bandits who run this country.

The ecology movement is faced with a very serious test of its social insight and probity — a test that will either make it a serious force for basic social change or reduce it to an apologetic adjunct of the status quo. The present society is not merely non-ecological, but actively anti-ecological. A system whose guiding maxim is "grow or die" would devour the planet whether it produced pollution or not — merely by rendering the organic inorganic, by replacing the complex by the simple and diversity by homogeneity. That our needs have expanded beyond any rational dimensions should be explained not by creating any spurious image of the "wasteful American" in the realm of consumption, but by coming to grips with a cannibalistic society in the realm of production that deploys its media to distort needs and creates a logistical situation in the cities and countryside that even makes irrational needs seem "rational." Thus it ill-becomes the ecology movement to lecture a worker on the need to abandon his car for a bicycle when it is not prepared to suggest how his community can be so organized that he requires neither a car nor a bicycle to get to work. Perhaps even more basically, it ill-becomes the ecology movement to lecture him on conserving electric power for his air-conditioner, refrigerator, or television set when these pitiful amenities are probably the only compensation he has for the arduous toil to which he has been sentenced by an exploitative economy whose sole goal is profit and plunder. If the ecology movement can do little more than echo the oil corporations and the Nixon Administration on the redeeming virtues of scarcity, denial and renunciation, it would do well to fold up and disappear. Our movement lost much of its credibility with Ehrlich's numbers game three years ago. I doubt if it will survive the paeans to scarcity, denial and renunciation that are ema-

nating from ecological disciples of a "labor intensive" society.

The ecology movement must begin to speak up for an ecological society. It must bring into question not technology as such but a rapacious centralized corporate or state technology that is designed to exploit man and nature. It must bring into question not consumption as such but a mindless system of "consumption" based on exchange, profit, and the media-engineered "tastes" that defile the human spirit. The ecology movement must show that the alternatives are not between energy shortages and scarcity but an irrational system of production and an ecological society that can amply meet rational human needs with a minimum of onerous toil. We can have all the energy we need if we use the sun and wind rather than fossil and nuclear fuels. And we can use the sun and wind with reasonable effectiveness if we decentralize our cities and create eco-communities artistically tailored to the ecosystem in which they are located. To make these sweeping changes implies an entirely new social order in which the planet is shared communally rather than parcelled out privately to satisfy competitive, profit-oriented interests.

It is rather seductive to join the corporate chorus that currently preaches "scarcity" — and quietly reaps its harvests of extravagant profits. It is easy and cheap to turn off one's lights — and perhaps the very lights that reveal grotesque conspiracies to bilk the public and subvert its meagre environmental gains. True, we want to conserve our finite resources and rescale our needs along rational lines, but we can hardly expect to achieve these laudable ends without making society as a whole into a rational one. The present "energy crisis" need not have existed if we replace our fossil and nuclear fuels by ecological sources of energy. Very well — let us point out the alternatives to the fuels they are trying to promote and the kind of society they are trying to perpetuate.

Already the ecology movement is wearing a defensive mien for demanding restrictions on hazardous fuels and for trying to prevent the plunder of our last natural areas. By taking the prevailing irrational productive apparatus for granted, by accepting the corporate system and market economy as given, and by placing its major critical emphasis on public consumption, the movement has fatuously left itself open to the charge that sound ecological practices involve the "loss of jobs" in the productive realm and harsh austerity in the consumptive realm. Unless the ecology movement aggressively attempts to deal with the inherent irrationality of a productive system based on the maxim "grow or die," unless it demands a society that replaces competition by mutualism and private ownership of resources by communal management, and finally, unless it makes human needs rather than profit the focus of economic activity, the movement will be reduced to the household pet of the corporate system — a creature to be stroked or kicked at the whim of the corporate elite. If the ecology movement lends itself to this position — worse, if it joins the well-financed and shrewdly engineered "panic" mentality that corporate interests are deploying to accumulate an indecent amount of profit and power — the movement will have earned the shabby oblivion into which it was nearly cast a few years ago.

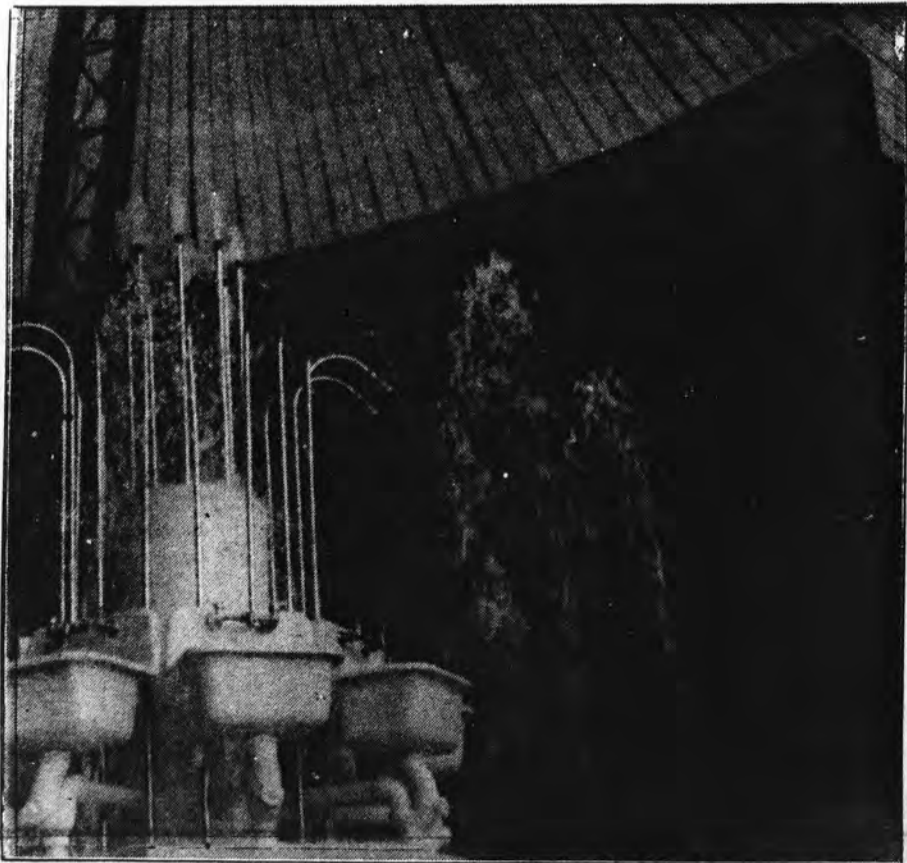
Murray Bookchin
Social Ecology Studies Program
Goddard College
Plainfield, Vermont

EXPO

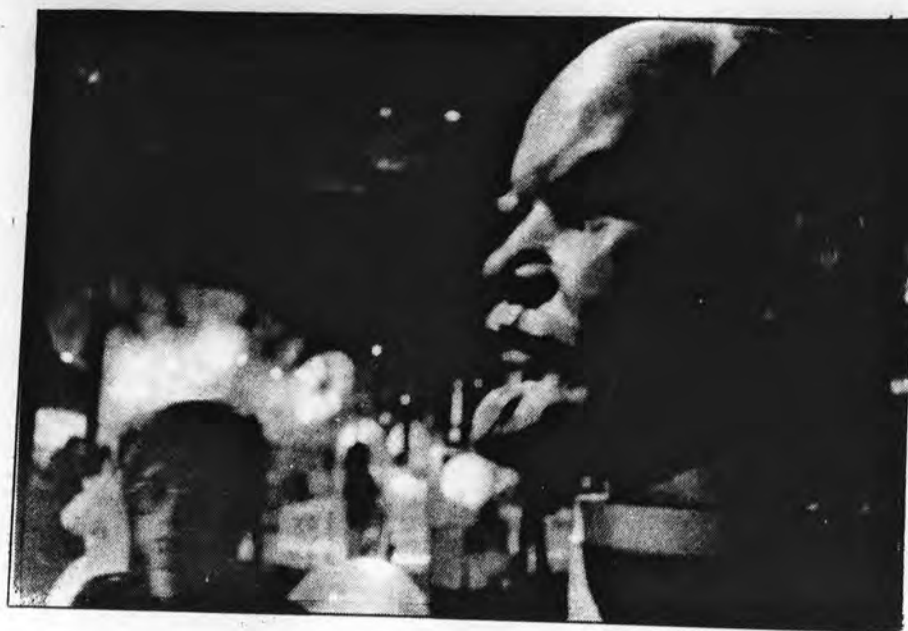


"There is hope in the attitudes of young people, in their questioning of the competitive, materialistic values of our society, in their awakened sensitivities to its continued inequities and injustices. . . Our only alternative is to build on our hopes. The better world to which idealists and dreamers have long aspired is no longer an unreachable utopian dream. It is a real and practical possibility. For unquestionably we do have the resources, the technological capability and the creative potential to do it. The only thing separating us from it is our own moral and political will."

Maurice Strong
Executive Director of the UN Environmental Programme



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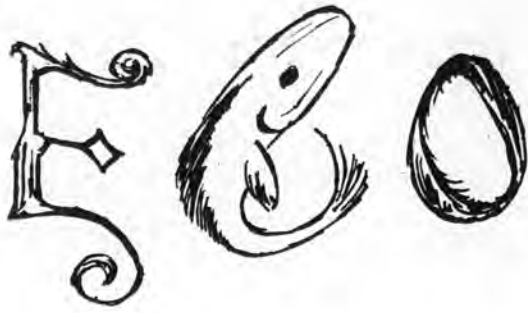
spokane, expo 74, the world's fair on july 4: the propaganda sandblasted as clean as the city's skid row section which the fair has replaced. a prime example of mod america and its picture perfect solutions to every problem, including one of the most serious, most glossed over, most ill-represented — the state of the environment. seemingly a safe world's fair topic in the aftermath of war, poverty and political corruption — one in which the public easily takes the blame and corporate fault is never even mentioned at all. all the capitalist countries (& the ussr) conspire. Combining industrial progress and a luxuriant environment is difficult, even for the hollywood techniques of the usa — piles of junk, spurting toilet bowls and electrical gadgets to remind us of our environmental responsibilities. but just around the corner laying wait for every man, woman and child are a zillion things to be had for the dollar: food to cram in, cars to zoom and rev, even a \$7000 fireworks display making noxious the air. we are told to feed our trash to a mechanical goat (not even a display on recycling), and then asked to buy a \$5000 ford camper to enjoy the wilderness in. needless to say, 2 of the 3 corporations represented at expo were ford and general motors — and next to nothing said about auto pollution. we are not told that the green bubbling spokane falls over which a "breathtaking" ride is offered via cable cars, are polluted and that kids swimming in the river downstream at the "people's fair," the city's answer to the ever-present spaced out element looking for america, these kids are getting sick. from the water. the smiling comical face of nixon and the stern bust of lenin confront us, while the faces of poor city kids peer over the gate, wanting to get in. polyestered people gobble hamburgers and phony french food, bitching about the prices and the weather as yankee doodle dandee chimes from the fair's phallus. it is american culture, expensive, for real, what a way to celebrate the 4th. . .

"The greatest pleasure in art lies in its freedom from function and responsibility. Art is not essentially a tool of society. It has no function more important than stimulating the eyes and the viewer has no function more important than viewing with fresh and new responses."

Jason Wong
Director of Visual Arts
Expo 74

photos: tom begnal
text: michelle celarier





LLOYD MEEDS ON ENERGY PRIORITIES

FROM LLOYD MEEDS (June 17):

Last winter, when gasoline pumps ran dry, the Nixon Administration launched a campaign to make the United States self-sufficient in energy by 1980. It was an entrancing but nearly impossible dream.

Project Independence raised visions of solar power, wind power, exotic breeder reactors and above all, freedom from the political and environmental problems of oil. Now, months later, the vision seems unattainable.

The technology necessary to transform these ideas into usable energy will take years to develop. Solar energy has some immediate benefits in home heating—I have introduced legislation to help it become commercially viable. But direct conversion of sunlight to energy is years away. Breeder reactor technology is just getting started. We're having considerable controversy over existing reactors.

The sobering truth is that we will have to rely on existing, proven energy sources for at least the next 10 or 15 years. Conservation measures or not, population pressure will raise demand and require continued oil imports from politically unstable areas. Our only surplus source is one previously discounted because of environmental and social problems. That source is coal.

Residents of the Pacific Northwest generally have little contact with coal. Underground mining ceased some time ago. Our electric energy comes largely from dams on major rivers. Nationally, however, coal contributes 18% of our energy supply, compared to 4% for hydroelectric power. But the bulk of electric power generation—77% in 1973—came from burning petroleum or natural gas.

The use of coal has been discouraged in recent years because it is dangerous and destructive to mine, dirty to handle and fills city air with soot and potentially dangerous sulphur emissions. The Clean Air Act was in part designed to encourage utilities to switch from coal to cleaner fuels.

But the nation's domestic petroleum supplies can no longer meet demands. Imports were proven last winter to be unreliable. The best hydroelectric sites have been used and the Nixon Administration is dragging its feet on more power-houses. Nuclear power has not yet reached its potential because of controversy and mechanical problems. It accounted for only 1% of energy generation in 1973.

So we're back to coal. The United States contains enough coal to supply our needs for 300 or more years. One airplane flight over the Appalachian region should be enough to convince anyone of the costs of coal mining. An estimated 11,000 miles of streams there have been ruined by mining and acid drainage, prime forest areas and farmland lost and siltation of river systems widespread. Now vast coal deposits may be strip mined in Rocky Mountain areas, where water is in short supply and reclamation problems may be unsolvable. Plans have been discussed to strip mine in eastern Oregon. One strip mine is operating in Washington near Centralia.

Although 29 states have some regulation over surface mining, the over-all record of enforcement has been disappointing. Congress has been working on legislation to ensure the coal we apparently must mine will be removed with as little damage as possible. The House Interior and Insular Affairs Committee, on which I serve, has approved a bill that we hope will be a step forward.

And Meanwhile, back in Congress...

The House leadership has put off consideration of the Strip Mine Bill—H.R. 11500—because of fears that many congresspersons would leave Washington early for the July 4 recess, so the bill won't reach the Rules Committee until at least July 10 and won't reach the House floor until perhaps July 16.

Opposition to the bill is being led by Rep. Craig Hosmer (R-Cal.), who has publicly admitted allowing his office to be used as the lobbying headquarters for the coal and utility industries who are working to kill the bill. As an alternative to the committee-reported bill, Hosmer is offering the coal-industry substitute—H.R. 12898—which would allow "business as usual" and would amount to a license to further increase strip mining. One provision in the Hosmer bill defines open-pit mining, which would be excluded from regulation in such a broad fashion that nearly all the stripmineable coal in the West would come under this definition and so be excluded from regulation. Another provision exempts all Indian lands from regulation. However, this week the Administration withdrew its support of Hosmer's bill after he refused to accept amendments suggested by Interior Secretary Morton; the Administration is now expected to try to amend the committee bill now expected to try to amend H.R. 11500.

Meanwhile, Senators Jackson and Metcalf accused the Nixon Administration of using "grossly distorted" figures and "scare tactics" to defeat H.R. 11500. The two senators wrote Federal Energy Administrator John Sawhill that his estimate of an immediate annual production loss of up to 67 million tons from the requirement for approximate original contour restoration and downslope spoil limitation was about 10 times the Bureau of Mines estimate.

Momentum is now building to toughen up the Committee strip mine bill. Support is increasing for the adoption of the Sieberling amendment, which would create a fund to pay for the reclamation of 2.5 million acres of abandoned strip-mined lands. The fund would be generated by a \$2.50 fee on each ton of coal produced; credits against this fee would be allowed for a number of operational costs such as implementing the Coal Mine Health and Safety Law and the payment of black lung benefits. The net effect would be to give an incentive for deep-mined rather than strip-mined coal and for high-BTU coal which is in the East rather than low-BTU coal in the West. Another measure to strengthen the bill would protect aquifers from the impacts of strip mining.

The industry is pushing to eliminate a provision now in the bill which prevents soil from being deposited on the downslope of a hill or mountain during mining. Such a requirement has been in the Pennsylvania state law since the 1960's and strip mining has actually increased in the state. Also, the modified block-cut method and other mining methods already being employed by the industry show that it is unnecessary to deposit soil on the downslope and create highwalls. A bill without this restrictive measure would be unacceptable. At the same time, bill opponents including chambers of commerce, the coal industry, and the utilities (which have power plants in nearly all congressional districts) are trying to provoke fears of future energy shortages if a tough strip mine regulatory bill is enacted.

The Sierra Club urges us to contact our congresspersons and urge them to support strengthening amendments to the Committee bill H.R. 11500—particularly the Sieberling amendment. (From Sierra Club's National News Reports, June 21 & 28)

SANITARY ENGINEERING IN ACTION

From EPA's Environmental News—June 19:

Officials in at least six urban areas across the country have made definite commitments to build a system of burning trash and other solid wastes as fuel to generate electricity and recovering waste for recycling by industry.

Russell E. Train, Administrator of the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency, identified the urban areas today as Chicago, St. Louis, Bridgeport and Hartford-New Britain in Connecticut, Ames, Iowa, and Hempstead, New York.

"I am pleased to report that the resource recovery techniques that will be used by these communities will be based on technologies that have been supported on an experimental basis by the Environmental Protection Agency in St. Louis and in Franklin, Ohio," Train said. "We feel confident that many other cities in this country will be turning to resource recovery as a means of waste disposal and energy conservation."

The EPA-supported demonstration of resource recovery at St. Louis is conducted by the Union Electric Company and the city of St. Louis. In this demonstration, magnetic metals are first recovered from ground solid waste and the waste is then burned as an auxiliary fuel to coal to make electricity.

Union Electric already has announced plans to apply this technology in all of its plants. At present, the demonstration is being conducted at only one boiler. Commonwealth Edison Company has made a commitment to use this type of energy recovery at one of its plants in Chicago. City officials of Ames, Iowa, similarly are committed to this system for their municipally-owned power plant. More complete resource recovery systems will be built in Hempstead, New York, and Bridgeport and Hartford-New Britain, Connecticut.

The St. Louis system, or variations of it, is under serious consideration—but not yet started—in New York, Philadelphia, Detroit, Washington, D.C. (including suburban Maryland and Virginia), Boston, Baltimore, Cleveland, Milwaukee, Buffalo, Rochester, Memphis, Albany, Akron, Knoxville, Brockton, Massachusetts, and Eugene, Oregon.

An EPA-supported project at Franklin, Ohio, demonstrates the technology of waste recovery of such materials as waste paper, ferrous and non-ferrous metals, and glass for recycling by industry. The operator of the Franklin demonstration is Black Clawson Co. of New York. Recently, Hempstead accepted a bid from Black Clawson to build a \$44.6 million resource recovery facility. The facility will use a separation process that will recover ferrous metals, aluminum, brass and glass for sale to industry. Non-recoverable materials will be burned as fuel to generate electricity.

The Connecticut Resources Recovery Authority says the facilities which will be built in Bridgeport and Hartford-New Britain will be the first two full scale commercial resource recovery systems in the world. During the formative stages of the Connecticut Resources Recovery Authority, EPA supported a study which assisted the State in addressing several non-technical issues vital to the ultimate success of the Authority. The study provided an independent commentary on the proposed projects, and made recommendations for the organization and management of the Authority as well as on aspects of financing and overall system incentives.

The two systems, expected to be operational by mid-1976, will together process 3,600 tons per day of municipal solid waste into four products: fuel for electric power generation, which will supply the electrical energy needs of 10% of the region's population; 80,000

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE →



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tons per year of iron and steel; 4,000 tons per year of aluminum; 40,000 tons per year of glass.

Other promising methods of recovering waste are being implemented elsewhere. Nashville, for example, is going to heat and air condition its downtown buildings using solid waste as fuel. San Diego, Baltimore and South Charleston, West Virginia, are going to convert their solid waste into fuel gas and oil using a process known as pyrolysis. A General Electric Company plant in Lynn, Massachusetts, will derive half of its process steam from solid waste instead of fuel oil.

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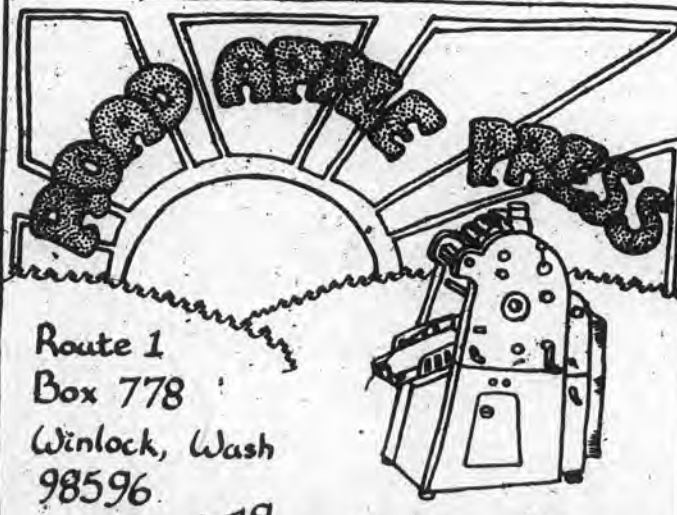
Temporary setback
to Land-Use
Planning

The Land Use Bill—which if passed would have required the establishment of Federal guidelines for nation-wide land-use planning—was beaten this June, the final vote coming after months of maneuver, switches in position, and some of the most intense lobbying on both sides ever seen on Capitol Hill. It was very close—204-211. A change of four votes would have meant environmentalist victory.

As with so many other bills, Land Use became entangled in impeachment politics. As Congressman Morris Udall, the prime House sponsor of the bill, declared in a bitter press conference the following day, "The tragedy of the Land Use Bill is that if it had been voted on six months ago, it would have passed. The President's switch to the conservative side because of Watergate spelled its defeat." President Nixon's surprise switch from favoring land use legislation to opposing it caused the rejection of the bill by the Rules Committee in February. This surprise rejection precipitated a strong reaction among the coalition of pro-land-use [planning] forces, and after strenuous activity on both sides, the Rules Committee on May 15th made a dramatic reversal, by an 8 to 7 vote, thus permitting the bill to be debated.

This time it was the turn of the powerful economic interests who opposed land use planning, and they struck back with a powerful mail campaign to the Congress. A great campaign of distortion began: "The bill will take away private property rights . . . It will mean that some bureaucrat in Washington will be able to dictate the location of every new feed lot

CONTINUED IN COLUMN 2 →



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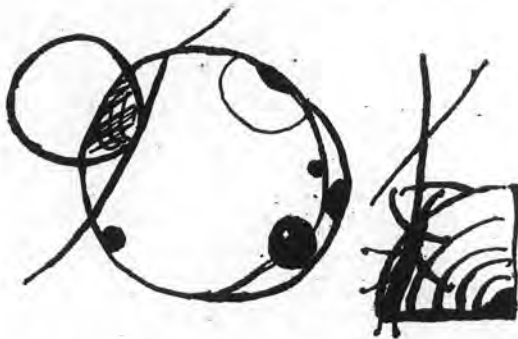
→ CONTINUED FROM COLUMN 1

in Missouri . . ." This is typical of the mythology being broadcast about the land. The fact that the bill did no such thing made no difference, and the legions of the Liberty Lobby, John Birch Society, and other groups poured into the battle. Congress was deluged in the last weeks of May by an avalanche of mail, and the vote, originally scheduled for May 28th, was put over until June by the House leadership, who feared a defeat based upon mail alone.


The week before the final vote, the mail was still running heavily against the bill. And there were nearly 150 congresspersons who hadn't made up their minds yet—an unusually high number. On the Monday before the Tuesday vote, the Administration played its last trump card. Secretary of Interior Morton announced that he joined with the President in switching his position from support of the Udall bill to the phony "compromise" substitute being offered by Congressman Sam Steiger, bitter opponent of any land use or other environmental legislation. This enabled Morton to say that he was still "for land use legislation," but also convey the message to opponents of the bill that he was now really on their side, since everybody knew that the "substitute" wasn't serious. Since it was vital that a sure number of Republicans join with the liberal Democratic majority to a fair passage of the bill, Morton's move was timed for maximum effect on these swing votes.

During these same two days, lobbyists for both the White House and Department of Interior flooded several swing Republican congresspersons with telephone calls, urging them to vote against anything. The key vote would be on what is known as the "rule." The rule is the report issued by the Rules Committee, and before a debate can even begin on the bill itself, there has to be a yes or no vote on whether to permit it to be debated—that is, the rule. This technical point is important: a congressperson who votes against the rule can then later claim to unsuspecting constituents that he or she really wasn't opposed to the bill itself—he or she just didn't think it should be considered at that time, for various reasons. The opponents of the bill, knowing that the vote was going to be close, were afraid that if it was debated and amended, some of the opposition might be satisfied, and then some kind of bill would pass. Since they wanted no bill at all, their strategy was to kill it before it could even be discussed.

CONTINUED IN COLUMN 3 →



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NOTES

→ CONTINUED FROM COLUMN 2

The debate was spirited and bitter—a clear juxtaposition of economic vs. public interest, of distortion and emotion vs. reason and logic, and always the unspoken Watergate politics hanging over it all. Congressman Steiger led off the debate by suggesting that the members vote it down now, so that they could all "go home early." Congressperson Kazen (D—Texas) referred to our "proud national history of growth," and the wisdom and alleged "environmental consciousness of the pioneers who had no restraint on what they could do. Trust their wisdom," he said. Congressman John Roussetol (R—Calif.) led a bitter personal attack upon Congressman Udall, and referred to this bill as being a "gift to the environmentalists, to help him become President." His primary argument against the bill was that it would deprive private property owners of their rights. Apparently, he did not read the section in the bill which was written in specifically to overcome this objection and which declared that all property rights remain the same as they are under the Constitution. Udall spoke strongly for the bill, as did Majority Leader Tip O'Neil and Congressman Roy Taylor. Some Republicans—including Philip Ruppe of Michigan, John Dellenback of Oregon, and Jim Martin of North Carolina—pointed out that the bill did not do what its opponents claimed, but that was not enough to make a difference.

The Sierra Club emphasizes that environmentalists must not let any member of Congress who voted against this bill get away with attempting to use the excuse that he or she really was for land use legislation, but because so many amendments were going to be offered, he or she didn't think that the bill was ready for consideration yet. This is a common excuse, but it doesn't hold water. Everyone voting on that bill that day knew that it was a vote on the merits of the land use legislation itself and on nothing else. Also, says the Sierra Club, environmentalists must not be taken in by spokespersons for the Administration who shed crocodile tears over the demise of the bill, saying that they are "sorry": that isn't so either. The White House and the Department of Interior lobbied heavily against the bill in its last days.

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the garden

Hello: It finally feels like summer; things are growing faster now than at any time of the year. The community garden is one teeming piece of land with some 60 different varieties of edible plants already established or popping up from seed. We have permanent plots set up for perennials such as asparagus and raspberries, strawberries and rows and rows of such diverse vegies as cauliflower, lettuce, peppers, tomatoes, cukes, summer and winter squash and 4 different varieties of corn. The corn, bean and squash plantings were delayed for a long time because of nearly non-existent drainage conditions and our wet wet spring. Some rather hurried plowing, tilling and fertilizing was followed by a monumental planting party that lasted all of the first week in June with 6 - 10 people planting all day garden devotion. The corn was not knee high by the 4th of July, but then ankle high ain't bad. Then again the crows have been getting their share, pecking up tiny corn seedlings and eating the seed kernels beneath. The scarecrow doesn't seem to scare them. But there is more than enough for everyone.

Things that need doing:
Weeds - The weeds are coming up really fast along with the vegies. The garden would really like some folks to come down and help weed anywhere it needs weeding. Especially in the corn and potato rows and amongst the carrots.
Mulching - Quite a few cauliflower, broccoli, cabbage, lettuce, tomato and beet plants need to be mulched to retain moisture and keep down the weeds. Plants love mulchers.
Cultivating - Going down to do battle with the dirt colds in between the rows of plants is an important job also because the soil was plowed too early and big lumps of clay-like earth got exposed to bake in the sun. Breaking up them clods can be accomplished with a hoe or the wheeled cultivating plow you push by hand: the more the soil is broken down, the better the mulch will work and the easier the soil will work next time.
Watering - We must all keep an eye on the weather. If it gets sunny hot and the garden starts to dry out, we will need to start rotating the sprinklers. A main water pipe runs down the middle of the garden with several faucets coming off of it. Twelve different sprinkler head positions throughout the garden can be reached by running garden hoses from the faucets to the sprinkler heads. The heads attach to stakes (that have already been driven into the ground in strategic places) by means of a u-bolt and two wing nuts through the top of the stake. After 5 or 6 days of sunny weather the peas and beans are going to be getting thirsty. Stick your finger in the soil down 3"; is it moist? damp? dry? When it gets dry we start watering after the heat of the day: 6:00 the sprinklers are set up and the water turned on at the main valve at the top of the garden. Always make sure the lower faucets are open before turning on main valve or the whole system might blow apart. The sprinklers are turned off at midnight. The upper section of the garden is going to need more water than the corn-squash section.

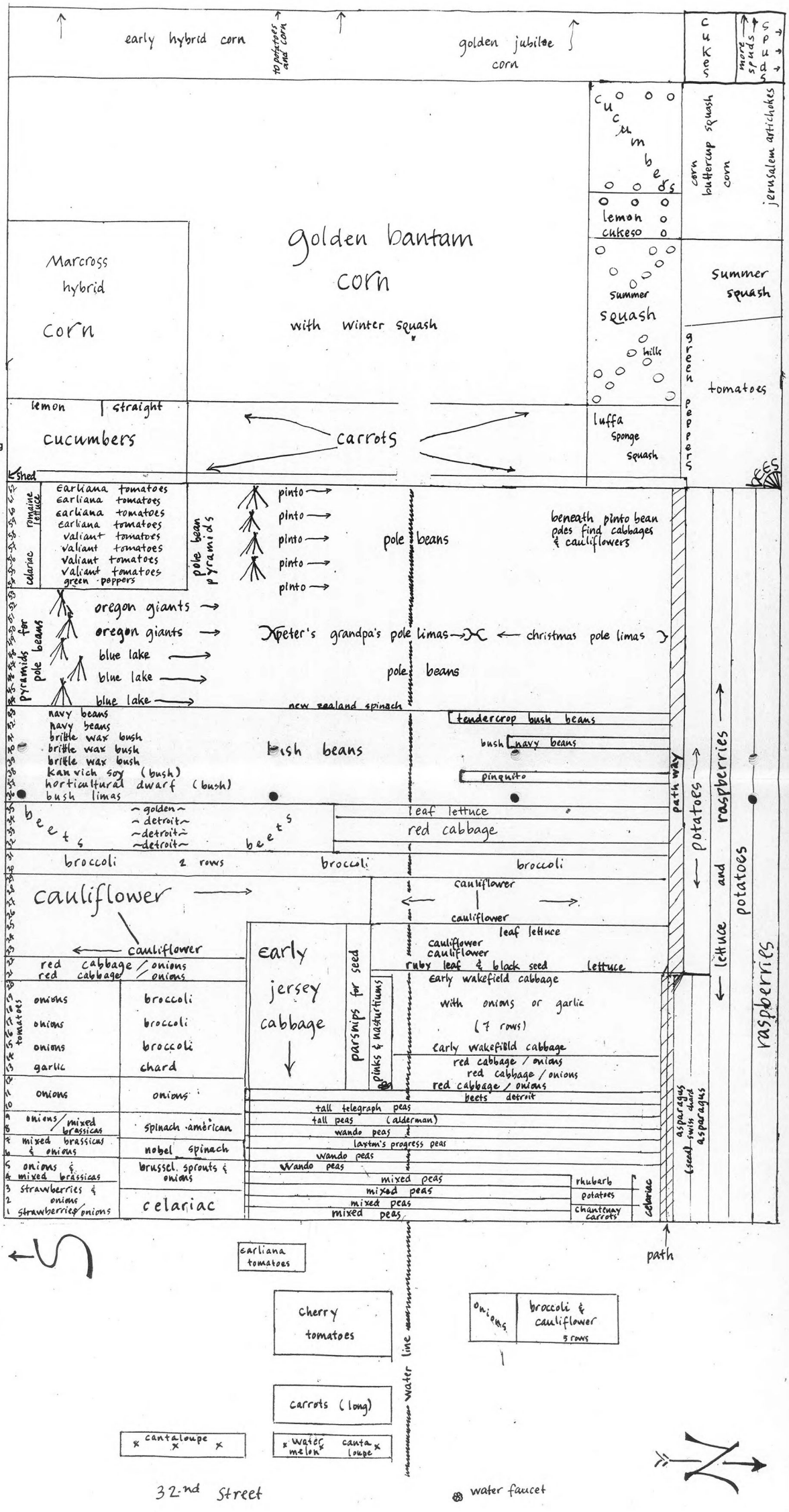
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Hopefully all the people who want to eat out of the Cooperative Community Gardens will lend a hand and some of their time until harvest time rolls around.
 love, the garden -



32nd Street

water faucet

KARUM - EMERGES

(Editors' Note: The following is an unsolicited "coming out" statement of a collective that's been in the Bellingham area for a while. The article is characteristic of the group, as it represents accurately their attitudes, values, group-think and outlook.

If there are any other collectives, communes or alternative living groups that are ongoing communities that would like to share their experience and/or information with the rest of us by way of pictures, histories, general group background or whatever, send it in to us—if we find we have enough copy, we could possibly put together an issue of alternative living situations.)

BACKDROP

The Karum Group, Incorporated, has never been isolationist. The Karum Group, Inc., has been isolated. It is important to understand this if you are to understand how the Karum Group managed to operate collectively in Bellingham for three years; and, if you are like most people, you never even knew about us.

We have decided after all this time to let old dogs lie and not to dig up the past—perhaps this is for the best. It would not do to introduce so positive an effort as ours with the lies, misrepresentations, distortions, pettiness, and fear that have surrounded our attempts to emerge and cooperate with certain groups of people in the Bellingham community. Most people know nothing about us. This is far better than those people whose minds have already been poisoned by the lies and distortions perpetuated by a few terrified little people who pretend to know what we are about and yet have never so much as come to our home to see first hand what we are doing.

A FRESH START

We address this article to those of you who know nothing about us—as we assume that those who have their minds made up will not be influenced by fact or reason.

The Karum Group, Inc., is a non-profit, tax-exempt corporation, incorporated in the State of California and a recognized foreign corporation in the State of Washington. We are also federally tax exempt. It is important to know this to understand what we are doing, how we are doing it, and why. As a corporation, how we operate, how we dispose of our tangible assets, and the rights guaranteed each individual, are spelled out in writing in our by-laws and our articles of incorporation; and each member has a written guarantee regarding what his or her rights are. We now have five people who sit on the Board of Directors. Policy is derived from the expressed needs of everyone in the collective. Three of the Karum Group Directors are women; two are men. Five of the total group membership are women; five are men. We have a disproportionate representation of women on our managerial staff. This can sometimes happen when positions of responsibility are assumed and leadership is recognized on the basis of merit and ability.

We do have people in our collective who assume greater positions of responsibility than other people in our collective. Everyone is not equal, nor does everyone receive the same privileges. "From each according to his or her abilities, to each according to his or her needs." There is no expressed or implied equality in this statement. This statement is in open recognition of what should be an individual's relationship to a free community.

We have no status per se, no labels per se, no titles that carry any meaning with regard to one another. We do have certain people in our home who command more respect than others, who accomplish more with the same opportunities than others, who are recognized by the collective as being more competent and more deserving of responsibility than others.



Photo by Jim Smith.

The rest of the time is spent eating, sleeping, or working.

Certain basic rights are guaranteed each member regardless of ability—regardless of what they may perceive as their needs. These rights include a clean and healthy environment—free of drugs, alcohol, theft, crime, and violence. This includes the right of each individual to have nourishing meals and cooperative, competent friends as collective members. This includes the right of each individual to express grievances—be they functional, political, or emotional. We take this right one step further and make it mandatory for each person to express grievances. People who wish to harbor grievances, not express them, not talk about them, or not deal with them, do not belong in the Karum Community. Each person in the Karum Community enjoys this feature, i.e., mandatory involvement, mandatory citizenship, greatly and prizes it above all others as a most important right indeed.

The basic group functions that the entire Karums' Collective engages in would include house meetings, classes, and chats. The members of the Karum Group, Inc., do not believe that just anyone is capable of making decisions regarding the disbursement of thousands of dollars of collective assets. Yet, there are certain members of the Karum Group, Inc., who are quite competent at such things and are expected to do them and to do them well by the remaining members of the collective. We see certain skills and abilities as being highly valuable and important for the maintenance, growth, and smooth internal functioning of the Karum Group, Inc. Certain people are capable of performing these most important functions. These people are recognized as important people. Everyone involved in Karums will eventually become a very important person because each person in Karums eventually learns how to perform those functions which we believe to be important.

We do have standards; we do have values. We are each individuals in the process of becoming. We are a collective in the process of becoming. We guide our development by a set of values which we believe to be relevant and applicable. We develop our values. We develop our standards. Each is an aspect of the process of becoming. Each is a constituent of being.

The Karum Group is an organized collective. The Karum Group is a structured collective. The Karum Group is constantly undergoing the process of examination, evaluation, and planning. Each of us is constantly undergoing the process of re-evaluation and change. We do this collectively; we do it formally; and we do it directly. Very seldom does a day go by when we don't come and sit together to discuss who we are, what we're doing, and why for at least a few minutes. At least two days a week we spend 4 or 5 hours in classes educating ourselves. At least once a week we spend at least five hours in a room with one another examining ourselves and our relationships with one another. At least three times a week we sit down for 30 minutes to an hour discussing what jobs we are doing, with whom, and how long it should take us to get them done. At least three days a week the Directors meet for at least four hours to discuss the business of Karums and to pursue the goals and facilitate the needs of all of its members.

WORK IS LOVE MADE VISIBLE

We are often times confronted with obscure and meaningless questions. One such question is, "What do you do for fun?" This question is usually asked of us when a person realizes that we don't drink intoxicants, nor do we consume or smoke consciousness altering substances, nor do we patronize institutions or places where such activities take place. We do not gamble or take unnecessary risks with the lives or means of the collective members. We do not believe in excess, nor do we believe in frugality.

What we do for fun is work. We like to work; we like to work with one another; we like to build things; we like to do things for ourselves; we like to do new things; we like to learn. We like to learn from one another; we like to learn as a function of experience. We like to learn by doing. Learning is experience. Outside of experience, learning is an illusion. Learning is perhaps the greatest of experiences. Work is perhaps the greatest opportunity to engage in the process of doing. We constantly engage in new and unfamiliar work. This work is challenging. This work is meaningful. We do this work together. It is a new experience. We are constantly learning.

This knowledge is, in fact, the result of learning by doing. This truth became evident only after each of us had engaged in the process of collective as a working experience for at least a year. Many of us have been in the Karums Collective for over four years. Before we became involved, we knew nothing of work as love. We knew nothing of learning as experience. We were college students—to whom learning was an abstraction embodied in books and mouthed by certain people who, by definition, who by their role, must be hypocrites. We believed learning to be hypocrisy. We believed learning to be idleness. We believed in life as an abstraction. Our lives were abstractions. We were strangers to our own lives; we were strange to one another. We were foreigners to ourselves; we were aliens inside of ourselves. We were alienated from ourselves; we were alienated from our labor. Work was drudgery. Learning was an abstraction. We were abstractions of ourselves. We were extensions of an abstract society—buying abstractions as extensions of itself. Learning was labels. Learning was degrees. Learning was books read as abstractions. As extensions, like a Cadillac. Like a mink coat as success. A Ph.D., a B.A., an M.A. is learning. We were deceived because we knew no better. We have spent the last four years realizing the deception.

Had we been told this beforehand, or had we any way of knowing this in advance, we would certainly have been shocked because the last few years of our lives have been spent in the negation of the negation. In trying to nullify the impact of the absurdity of our lives—trying to reconcile the process and the reality of freedom with the abstraction of freedom as it is popularly conceived. It is easier to read it. It is more convenient. It is easier to digest. We are accustomed to digesting it in such a way as it is made palatable by people charged with the responsibility of making it so.

We have learned freedom and experienced it in a very different fashion from what we had imagined it to be. We have found it a difficult venture. We have found that it is a decision. We have found that it is our decision. It is our personal decision. Outside of that decision there is no freedom. The decision is often difficult. The decision is sometimes terrifying. It is nice to have friends around who understand and who are also making that decision. **TO BE OR NOT TO BE** Freedom as experience is hard. It is discomforting. It is challenging. It is taxing. It is vague conceptually; it has form only in the experience of it.

Most of the people in the Karums Collective find these things—find these ideas—difficult to express, hard to articulate. Some of us find it easier to do than others. We all recognize that it's difficult even to those of us who find it the easiest. It is, therefore, odd that people outside the Karums Collective should evaluate the collective on the basis of each individual's ability to articulate such concepts, philosophies, and actions. Perhaps this is not odd; perhaps we just find it so because we have spent the last few years learning otherwise. Among people to whom the illusion and one's ability to create the illusion—one's ability to communicate the illusion—project the illusion—is greater than reality and is the individual, this is not hard to understand.

NO SHOES, NO SHIRT, NO SERVICE

We do not believe that it is necessary or even important that the members of our collective are capable of articulating our philosophy accurately. So far, we have only been called upon to do it three or four times when it was of any importance at all. And when it was, it was only important in terms of pointing out the obvious to people who have to have an explanation before they know what they are looking at. This article represents a departure for us as we spend most of our time working and very little of our time writing articles for newspapers. However, there are certain basic facets of the Karum Group which are quite simple, direct, and well within the ability of each collective member to express. These expressions are embodied in what we call our house rules. Our house rules, as "rules" per se, pertain to people other than those of us who are part of the Karums Collective—as what we do as a way of life is extraordinary to the guests and visitors that we welcome into our home each week. We therefore find it necessary to establish a set of "rules" in order to preserve the level of consciousness which we like to maintain.

The members of the Karum Group, Inc., have decided, therefore, on the following rules for guests:

- (1) No intoxicants in, or on the person of, any guest wishing to come and see the Karum Group Collective.
- (2) No physical or threats of physical violence will be allowed on the premises. We interpret this to mean that anytime anyone physically violated or threatens to violate the personal life space of any individual without that individual's expressed consent, this constitutes an act of violence. It seems odd that we would have to spell it out in such basic terms.

However, we find that people who consider bombs, fisticuffs, etc., violence, do not believe the inconsiderate pulling of beards, slapping of backs, rustling of hair, and in general discourteous intrusion into the personal life space of others to be violence. We find such actions disruptive and personally distasteful. It is fortunate that we have had only a couple of people who have acted out in such a fashion.

(3) We do not smoke. We have hundreds of plants and other living things in our home. We post signs that say no smoking. We have a special place out on the back porch for people who want to smoke.

(4) The members of the Karum Group Collective have decided that people who do not wear shoes will be lent a pair of shoes from our "shoe stash." We therefore advise any visitor to wear shoes when visiting. We also prefer that people wear shirts as guests. We do make these minimal kinds of demands on our guests. Anyone who sees this as too much of a hassle we don't give a shit about anyway. Occasionally we like to point out the work boots of the people in the house and what they look like after just two weeks of wear. However, we have been reminded that these are the shoes of people who work. People who do not work can afford to have bare feet. Those of us who work as an act of love find bare feet in our home during the time of day when work is done to be personally offensive. The time of day when work is done is from 5 in the morning to 12:00 at night and often times earlier and many times later. Regardless of our work schedule, the rule remains reasonable.

We like to spell all this out in this article so that we don't have to explain all this shit to guests when they arrive. Sometimes we get a lot of guests, and we'd rather spend our time showing them around and talking about more important things than wasting our time bull-shitting over things that to us seem quite remedial and obvious.

It should be quite obvious by this time that we are not "lay-back" people; we are not "mellow" people. We are honest people; we are candid people; we are direct; we are hard-working; we are enterprising; we are ingenious; we are loyal to one another; we have faith in one another; we have faith in our dreams and work hard to achieve them.

Most of us are off the streets—up from crash pads, ascending from the bowels of academia. In such environs as these lay-back, mellow, groovy people abide. We have been spending the last four years making every effort to get out of that ditch. Some people do not see it this way. Let them remain. We are not trying to change their minds; we are not trying to have them see it our way. We just reserve the right to see it our way; and we always "call 'em the way we see 'em."

AN ARRESTED STATE OF CONSCIOUSNESS

We don't smoke dope. We all did, but now we don't. Some smoked a lot; some smoked a little. Most of us took drugs and chemicals to get stoned. Now we don't. There is a difference between taking dope to get stoned and taking a pill to prevent an

unwanted birth. In our opinion, anyone who cannot recognize this distinction is a moron; and we're sick and fuckin' tired of splitting hairs over such meaningless bullshit. For those people who cannot recognize the difference between an antihistamine taken by a person who cannot breathe, see, or smell as a result of irritants in the air and how they affect that individual and a tab of acid taken to get stoned and have a mellow trip—we have no time or desire to explain the difference.

There is a reason why we do not get stoned. Stoned is a level of consciousness. We have achieved that level of consciousness. Some of us maintained that level of consciousness for years. It was a bummer. Everyone in the scenes we were into and people in the scenes that we were not into were in just as big a bummer. The time that we didn't spend talking about what we were going to do we spent bitching about what we were doing and what a drag it was. Looking back, we believe our drug experience represented an arrested state of development for each of us. We are glad we got our shit together and got out of it. We will work together to stay out of it. It is hard to work together; it is hard to live together. It takes a lot of attention. It takes a lot of care. It takes a lot of sensitivity. It takes awareness of self and an ability to relate that awareness to others. This is a collective consciousness. This consciousness could not be achieved by any of us while we were taking dope. We know of no one who manifests this consciousness who is getting stoned. Until such time as we do, we will maintain the position that drugs represent an arrested state of consciousness and people who take drugs are not interested enough in working and living cooperatively to give up an unnecessary means of amusement and entertainment to do so.

We find it very ironic that in a society where the greater majority of its citizens take drugs and chemicals to get high—in a society where most of our peers are taking dope—that this is still seen as somewhat unusual. It frosts our ass to listen to people say that taking drugs is revolutionary. It frosts our ass even more to hear some people say that unless you take dope you can't be revolutionary. What we find particularly astounding is the number of people who out of ignorance are willing to go along with this deception.

We would appreciate it if people who get stoned would just get stoned and be mellow and dispense with trying to evaluate the relative merits and revolutionary value regarding things they know absolutely nothing about. We will be more than willing to welcome into our home for effective and productive feedback anyone who has lived in a non-intoxicant collective community for over 2 years. We find it highly unproductive to hear the same people running the same horseshit that we used to run ourselves three or four years ago. We find it boring. People who see dope and the taking of dope as revolutionary are bores. We will retain this opinion until we see any collection of less than 1,000 of them do something that 10 of us do just as well. We make this challenge on the basis of our accomplishments—not on the basis of bullshit we can run at the local tav.

UNDER THE DOME

We have not abandoned the dreams of our youth; we have grown to the point of maturity where we can realize them. We wanted some land. Some people wanted forest, some people wanted farm land. We have 63 acres. Twenty-seven forest, the remainder cleared. We even have a creek—an added bonus. We have a new barn. It's not huge, but it's big enough. It is new, and it is well built.

• We wanted to build a house that was big enough to house us all—retain the intimacy of living together and yet not violate the personal life space of each individual. Something to keep the bugs out and let the light in. Something easy to heat and comfortable to live in. Something with all the space we need, but with no wasted space. So we built a dome. It is 50 feet in diameter. It is a 6-frequency job—a geodesic. It is an engineering feat and a learning experience. Some people drive for miles to see a dome. They end up here. Some people drive for miles to see our dome; they end up coming back bringing their friends or their families.

Ours is a nice dome. It is built by a lot of people who did it out of love and a need for a place to live. We like it. It is easy to clean. It is easy to

(continued next page)



del pozo

heat. It is easy to live in. We've got lots of wood in our dome—on the floors, on the walls, in the dome. We like the feeling of our dome. Our dome is a safe place to live. We spent a lot of time making it that way.

We own our own land. It is good. We have our own septic system. It is good. We work together with the dome not to waste our water or waste our sewage. It all has some value. We have three fireplaces and two Franklins in our dome. Our dome very seldom gets cold. Usually one Franklin will keep it warm.

Our dome sits on a big brick wall. It's 9 feet high and 170 feet round. It's stronger than a brick shit house. We have divided the circle that the wall makes in half. Each half has four or five windows and a fireplace. They are heatilator fireplaces. Each half has a big bathroom, a bit shower, and a couple of sinks. The bathroom is of ceramic tile and cedar. All our bathrooms are of ceramic tile and cedar. We have six bathrooms—yes, our dome has indoor plumbing.

We call the two halves dorms. They will house kids. The kids will come to the dome to go to school. These kids are considered "fucked-up." The labels vary, but that's what it boils down to. We're not concerned with what they're called quite so much as what happens to them. More about that latter.

We have got a nifty kitchen. It runs on propane, but will run on methane just as easily. It will feed 30 people when we crank it up to the task.

We eat well in our dome. We will eat better when we can grow our own food. We have seeds in the ground, and they are growing. We have hay in our barn and we have hay standing in our field. It's just a matter of time now. A lot of people come by to see our dome. If you would like to, you are welcome to come and look. Any Friday night will do. We've explained the rules; and they apply to everyone. Our address is 5602 Mission Road. Some people have a hard time finding it. Some people don't. We have a phone. The number is 592-4123. Give us a call if you would like directions on how to get out.

We have a big auto shop. We keep our cars running by fixing them when they break. We don't believe in cars quite so much as we believe in getting our people to work and back each day. That's why we own good cars. We own BMW's. They are good cars. We don't mind fixing them every once in a while because they don't break often and they're nice cars to ride in. We've got lots of auto tools anyway. We have some old Chev trucks. We like old Chev trucks. They work good—when they work—which is most of the time. We could spend lots of time talking about our cars; and, in fairness to the woman who runs our auto shop, we should spend more time, but we must move on to other things.

ON MATRICULATING

We have a school in our dome. It is licensed as a child care agency. Anyone can send their kid to us; but we will only take kids into our school who really need a place to be. We take lots of kids from the State. We will only take them if they are in trouble if they are about to go to Cascadia or about to leave from Cascadia to go to some institution. We take some kids off the streets or from their parents. These kids would probably end up in an institution, too. They would just arrive there a different way. We have lots of good things that kids can learn to help them get their shit together. We have so much, in fact, that if they stay around for six months to a year, enough of it can rub off so that many of them can do what they want in the world without having to go to an institution. We think it is worth it to let kids like this into our home. Our school is not a free school. Our school is not a work school. Our school is a place where a kid can learn how to be free by working for things that he/she believes to be important.

We have space for 20 kids in our school. Ten boys and ten girls. They all learn pretty much the same thing. After all, the dome was built by men and women who knew relatively nothing about building. It is therefore not unreasonable to expect a little boy to be a good cook and a little girl to be an ace BMW mechanic. Irony would have it that little

girls who can fix BMW's and little boys who can cook well can get jobs and earn money. They can usually earn pretty good money with the skills they learn here. They can live pretty well and make good friends. Some of them can even work for social change if they want to. As far as we're concerned, if they can manage to stay out of Green Hill, that's social change in itself. There is a lot more to the school and to the kids who will be involved in it; if you are interested in talking about the school or getting involved in it, come by—Friday night's a good time. In fact, unless there are extenuating circumstances, Friday night is just about the only time. The rest of the time we work. An extenuating circumstance would be a kid in trouble. We always have time for a kid in trouble. We will not harbor runaways, nor can we legally take juveniles without the consent of their parents or the court.



Photo by Jim Smith

SUMMING IT UP

Some people who will read this article are looking to get involved with a collective. We always welcome people who would like to get involved with the Karums Collective—just as long as they understand what we are about well beforehand; and we understand what they are about to our satisfaction.

In a nutshell. We are not a religious collective. We are not a political collective. We are not a therapy collective. We are not a "commune." Each of us embodies certain beliefs and certain ideas which are spiritual and could be interpreted as religious. Most of us believe Henry Thoreau was a pretty spiritual guy. We believe politics to be what we do and how we do it in relationship to one another. We spend a lot of time living that. We spend time talking about it and discussing it. We have spent a great deal of time in the past reading about it. We still read. Each person who has gotten involved in Karums did so by making continued efforts to let us know that he/she wanted an opportunity to get involved in our life style. A person gets involved in Karums to learn a collective life style. After awhile, they become a part of that life style. We end up learning from each other. We figure we have something to learn from everyone. We just have a limit as to how much bullshit and hypocrisy we want to put up with to learn it. We hold classes at Karums. Right now, only collective members sit in the classes. In the past, we have opened the classes up to those people who wanted to sit in them. The only requisite was that they understand how the Karums classes work. We will probably make the same requisite when we start holding classes for non-residents again. The Karums classes are different from most educa-

tional situations. They are forced-involvement. That means if a person is in them, a person is learning. The classes that we teach are determined by what people want to learn. Right now, the Karums classes teach the things people in the Karums Collective want to learn. People outside of the Karums Collective will want to learn other things. Those classes will teach those things. If you are interested in getting involved in the classes, fall by any Friday night. The Karum Group also holds what we call a celebration. We borrowed the term—we hope the creators don't mind. It is a combination of two words—cerebral and celebration. It is not a formal situation. It is casual. No one is forced to get involved. There is no single topic of discussion. Many ideas will be discussed in a given night. The Celebrations run for as long as seven hours in a given evening or for as little as two or three. Guests are welcome to get involved. To find out about them, fall by any Friday night.

The Karum Group will also be providing the "Work Experience." For most people, this will be a new experience. We have found it best to let a person "work into" the Karum's Work Experience by first sitting in a couple of celebrations and maybe a class or two. In this manner we avoid freakouts of the Karum's Work Experience. We had two or three freak-outs during the construction of the dome. Some people take to the Karum's Work Experience like ducks to water. Some people can't dig it at all. If you are interested in working your ass off, come on by on a Friday night and ask us about it. We all work our asses off, and we dig it. If you think you might dig it, we'd like to have you out working. The Karums Collective is made of people who like to work. We will be more than glad to teach you how if you'd like to learn. Four years have taught us a great deal about working and living together. If you would like to gain from our experience, we will be happy to share it with you. The Karum's Work Experience is how we will do it.

We have a few other nifty trips that keep us occupied as well. We will start letting people who want to get involved in them, get involved. We have lots of space and lots of room to dream in. For people who are interested in building their castles in the clouds where they belong, we welcome you to come to Karums where we can build foundations beneath them. We have room for people like that under the dome. Anybody who plans to come by and tell us where it's at—where we went wrong—or put us in touch with "their way" can stay at home. We are a very mobile collective. We get out all the time. It is a privilege to spend a whole week on the property without leaving. Few of us are so lucky. Anything that we need—be it informational material or advice, that we have to leave the property to get, we are more than capable of getting. Therefore, we're not in need of people who feel impelled to come by and tell us what we're missing by not doing it their way. We are not a messianic collective. We tell no one to do it our way. A person who takes the time and makes the effort to come out obviously does so with the sole intention of seeing what we are all about. If we were to take the same amount of time and effort to go to his home, we would be doing so to find out what he was all about—not to tell him what we are all about. It is not unusual for one or several of us to go to other environments and other situations to find out what they are all about. For some people who will come to Karums for the first time, you will find familiar faces that you have seen around. Most of us have been around and are still around. We are not isolationists. We have been isolated by people who feared what we could do. To those people who have a vested interest in maintaining the bullshit, it is easy to see why it would be convenient to isolate and demean an organization like Karums.

We welcome guests to our home. We welcome change in our environment. We welcome constructive feedback. We welcome any renewed efforts or additional energies that will make our collective a better place to live in. If you can relate to that, you are welcome. If you can't relate to that, then we are just serving you notice that we are around. We have been here for three years and will be around for quite a while to come.

During the past few weeks, I have heard many rumors concerning the financial status of the Passage: we're either going down the drain or we're really loaded. Since I usually start these rumors myself, I thought I might help illuminate the actual financial condition of the Passage with a "Financial Report" covering the period of January 1 through June 30, 1974.

The financial strategy during this period has been to pay off back debts and keep the bank balance low. Because of this strategy, a sudden drop of \$100 income makes us all a little bit tense, while a similar rise makes us feel very secure. The drop in sales that occurs during the summer, along with publishing only every three weeks, means that during the summer we'll be barely able to meet expenses, and not pay-off many debts.

The following charts show in detail the income and expenses of the Passage for the twelve issues published so far this year.

PASSAGE FINANCIAL

Bank balance, January 1, 1974	\$ 553.88
Income: January 1 - June 30	\$6,536.60
	\$7,090.48
Paid out: January 1 - June 30	
Operating expenses	\$5,797.45
Debts paid-off	\$1,032.58
Distribution expenses paid by cash	\$ 116.58
	\$6,946.61
Bank balance, June 30, 1974	\$ 143.87

STATEMENT

Income (January 1 - June 30, 12 issues)	
Sales	
Bellingham	\$ 910.12
WWSC Campus	250.13
Seattle	905.56
Skagit County	315.91
	\$2,381.72
Subscriptions	\$1,824.45
Advertising	\$1,748.70
Bulk Distribution	\$ 240.80
Donations	\$ 340.93
	Total income \$6,536.60

PAID OUT

Skagit Valley Publ.	\$ 3,875.00	Liberation News	\$ 80.00
Uniflite Computer	385.28	Pacific News	10.00
I.B.M.	1,056.19	Supplies	111.45
Post Office	299.38	Business Lic.	13.19
Office rent	268.00	Zodiac News	29.15
Advertising	253.50	Miscellaneous	177.62
Telephone	95.76	John Brockhaus	105.00
Track Photo.	170.51		
	Total paid out	\$6,830.03	

OUTSTANDING DEBTS

January 1, 1974	\$1,852.91		
June 30, 1974	\$ 820.33		
Skagit Valley Publ.	\$214.64	Barr's Camera	\$133.53
Uniflite Computer	32.16	John Brockhaus	60.00
Office rent	60.00	Billy Patz	1300.00
Pacific News	20.00		

All these facts and figures should clearly display the exact Passage Posture (financialwise.) If we assume that all our income is directly related to our publishing effort, then it can easily be seen that we average \$544.71 income from each issue. During July and August (our three week schedule) our income will be at most \$1,634.13 for three issues.

Our expenses, however, are not all directly related to publishing each issue. The figures obviously demonstrate that the direct cost is \$381.53 per issue, or \$1,144.59 for three issues. The fixed cost is therefore (since we don't have to pay I.B.M. until September) \$101.90 per month, or \$203.80. The total expense through August should therefore be \$1,348.39.

But since sales are already down \$100 a month or so, we're probably going to need some extra money before summer's over.

How about another fund-raising dance, Tani?



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THERE NEXT RIGHT

THE FISH PATROL IS ON THE PROWL.

GOLLY! THIS IS A BEAUTIFUL SPOT TO MENTION THAT THE HYDE LEATHER CO. GIVES THIS WARNING...

MITCHELL

becker:: legislative candidate

Mary Kay Becker announced recently that she is seeking the Democratic nomination for the Forty-Second-District Legislative seat being vacated by Rep. Barney Goltz.

"Washington residents will have to answer some tough questions in the coming years in deciding how to allocate state resources," she said. "I will address myself to the ones that most affect Whatcom County."

She cited protection of farmland, resource-based economic development, and gaps in community health care as issues she will discuss during the campaign.

Energy, the economy and the environment should be dealt with as one interrelated issue, rather than as conflicting demands, she said. Becker emphasized the importance of economic impact statements as well as environmental impact statements to facilitate well-balanced planning decisions. It is desirable, she said, to increase jobs for the local work force without getting into what she called "a boom and bust growth cycle".

Becker said she is opposed to the refinery-siting bill introduced in the last session because it would completely remove the decision from local government.

On state spending priorities she said, "Everyone wants to eliminate waste in state spending, but it's hard to say where specific cuts should be made. As an example, the closing of Northern State was an economy move that left many Whatcom County people in a real bind." She said the state should now put adequate funding behind the idea of community health care.

People over 65 with fixed incomes feel very keenly the bite of inflation, she said. The state, according to Becker, should "give a high priority to legislation that would help senior citizens."

She stated a belief that a legislator has a responsibility to be available to the community and to participate in public life at the local level. "Representative Goltz has set an excellent example," she commented. "I always see him at public forums, and he's always listening." Goltz is giving up his seat in the House to run for the State Senate.



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COMMUNITY



photo by Mark Dumont

more becker

"It's a fact that the Legislature has more and more work to do," she noted, "and we can't go back to the days of marathon biennial sessions. Nevertheless, I hope we can retain the citizen legislature concept."

Becker, 27, is a freelance writer and co-author of a recently-published book about oil and Puget Sound. She is a native of Washington state. Formerly employed by Northwest Washington Legal Services of Bellingham, she also spent several years in management of Becker's Ocean Resort at Kalaloch, Washington, and remains active as an officer of the business.

This year Becker headed the Overall Economic Development Program Committee for Whatcom County. She has worked in Whatcom County Democratic politics for several years, including service as a precinct committeewoman, platform committee member, and delegate to the state convention this year. She was a contender for the Third District Whatcom County Commissioner's seat in last fall's election.

Becker is a graduate of Stanford University with an additional degree from Western Washington State College. Her experience includes a year spent in Pittsburgh, Pa. as a VISTA worker in housing programs.

For more information contact Mary Kay Becker, 734-1016.

1 more coop

A food co-op for Snohomish County is now in the formative stage. People from the Everett-Snohomish-Monroe area have been meeting to start a co-op store which will provide cheap, organic food for the community. People, energy, equipment, and money are needed. Come to the meetings and get to know the folks in your community. Meetings are held every Wednesday night, 8 pm, at 115 Willow St., Snohomish (near the library). For further information, call 568-9035.

COMMUNITY MEETING

There'll be a community meeting this week, on Thursday, July 11, at 6:30, as usual — a potluck affair. After a scrumptious meal, items to be discussed will include: reports from the mill, gardens, food co-op, Passage; new ideas for the Land Trust; construction on and rejuvenation of the Good Earth Building, and various spiritual/philosophical musings. The gathering will also serve as a housewarming and general home-blessing for Gene, Camilla and all of the kids at their new house, the big brown one on the corner of 4th and Donovan (1601 4th St.) We can all watch the sun set together.

dateline

la conner

Displaying classic form and true aplomb, Bob Winter took first place Thursday, in the first Annual Fish-town Regatta and 4th of July Barnacle Scrape and Bar-b-cue, held near the mouth of the beautiful Skagit River. According to a reliable source, present at the finish line, it was a nose to nose and toes to toes battle between Winter and brash young Charley Berg, of Smugglers Cove, who came in 2nd place. Bergo limped in with a badly bruised f'ocle and a drooping countenance while playing a soulful lament on the mandola. Apparently he ran into an arresting situation with a gill net. As he stepped to the dock he was heard to mutter "fiberglass boats ain't real."

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NEWS

demos urge nuke nix

blackwell brigade

After about a year of raising money, community support, securing commitments from doctors, and training community women, the Elizabeth Blackwell Women's Clinic is about ready to open. Now a suitable building is needed. Time and again a good house has to be rejected because it does not have commercial zoning or the rent is sky high. In order to pay the rent, the Clinic is considering subletting a room or two to craftsmen or artists to use as studios or to other women's groups for office or meeting space. If you or your group is interested or if you have any tips on available houses, please give us a call at 733-6344. Ask for Amy or Mallory.

By the way, thanks to all the great people who came to the Clinic's benefit dance last month. See you at the next one!

plastic recycling

The Northwest Reclamation Company a commercial recycling center which buys items directly from householders, has announced the start of a new program.

Clean, plastic containers such as those used for bleach, dish soap, floor cleaners, hand lotion, cottage cheese, and snap-on plastic lids will now be purchased.

Call or write to the company for more information. One center is located at 7004 Roosevelt Way NE, 524-2233.

All household garbage except that which ends up in a compost box can be recycled.

NOTE FOR FOLKS IN B'HAM— these same plastic items can be brought to Huxley Recycling Station on 21st Street.

health care

About 30 folks working with the Whatcom Skagit Rural opportunity Council (WSROC) are conducting interviews with people all over Whatcom, Skagit and the islands. The interviewers are asking questions related to doctors, dental care, medicine, health insurance, environmental conditions, clinics, and other areas.

As I understand, WSROC is accomplishing a few things in this survey of some 1900 households. First, badly needed data on the health care generally available in the area. Although the federal government is clearly not sincerely interested in adequate health care for all, this data can be useful in obtaining further funding towards that end. Secondly, WSROC proposes a rather unique comprehensive health plan. Interviewee response will be the determining factor in deciding whether to pursue the plan or not. (It is unfair to elaborate on the plan and other specifics because information given to some and not other potential interviewees can

invalidate the survey). Thirdly, people who take the time (20 - 60 minutes, depending on many factors) to sit down with the folks from WSROC, have the opportunity to vent frustrations, learn about available services and clinics, and express their personal needs (or lack of) in health.

As a person conducting interviews, I am enjoying meeting and talking with people I would never otherwise have the opportunity to. Feedback from those involved so far indicates most people (from both sides of the pencil) find the experience worthwhile.

It happened in the heart of "nuclear-ville," Richland, Wash, 35 miles away from the Atomic Energy Commission Hanford Reservation. Here on June 29 and 30th the Democrats held their state convention with all the pomp and preelection ballyhoo that one could muster in an off-year election. However "Maggie" is up for re-election and that certainly was cause for some excitement. In his speech to all the delegates he continually provoked response with one-liners on the Nixon administration such as when he compared Nixon's economic program to "the hiring of Scrooge to run Christmas." Before closing his speech he urged when considering the state's platform, "don't be timid, don't be afraid to be liberal, and don't be afraid to be called radical." Senator Jackson also spoke, as did U. S. Representative Mike McCormack of the triticities area. McCormack, amid mild applause, lauded his area's people for successfully helping Hanford convert to the "peaceful use of the atom."

The State Platform Committee had been meeting previous to the convention drawing up the proposed platform which was sent out to all the delegates and alternates a month prior to the convention. Under Energy, a subsection of Section II, the Environment appeared under "b." "We urge a moratorium on any new construction of nuclear power plants in the state of Washington until safety and siting problems are resolved."

Delegates were allowed to submit further proposals to the Platform Committee until the 25th of June; so the Committee kept meeting up until the night prior to the Convention. It was learned on Convention day that the moratorium plank was no longer on the platform, but would appear on the "minority plank." It seems some intense lobbying had taken place by utility company representatives and that pressure had come from top-level AEC officials to remove the "moratorium plank." On a 23-14 vote, the Committee rejected the moratorium and replaced it with a plank calling for support for existing siting and safety criteria.

The Convention opened around 10:00 a.m. on Saturday and by 5:00 p.m. the platform had not even come up yet, and it was the main order of business. The body seemed to be together in spirit, but some felt stalling tactics were being employed for political reasons. An intensely vocal group of King County delegates moved for adjournment without a platform which would cause each county to be responsive to their own platforms. The motion failed, and a large number of these delegates walked out. It was then moved and passed that the floor go through the platform without debate, plank by plank, to speed up the process. This passed and the formation of a platform finally got underway.

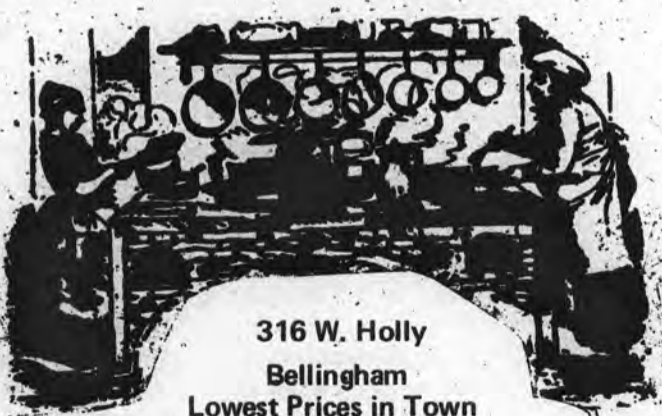
The first plank, which passed unanimously, was the one called for Congress to "expeditiously" continue with the impeachment of President Nixon. A plank urging "legislation for returnable beverage containers with the Oregon law as a model" passed, as did one supporting the United Farmworkers. A plank granting "unconditional amnesty for those who resisted the Indo-China war" failed in a roll call vote by 391-384. Passed was a proposal called for "immediate formation of review boards to grant amnesty based on the merits of each case." A gun control and registration plank failed as did proposals opposing construction and development of the Trident submarine and the B-1 bomber. However, a plank calling for a substantially reduced defense budget did pass.

The most talked about proposal was the nuclear power moratorium plank and the degree of suspense and excitement was high when it came up on the floor.

A voice vote was called for and in a closevocal contest the chair ruled "Ayes" had it. A "division of the house" was called for and approved, and a standing vote was taken. The chair ruled the "nays" had it. Then a roll call vote was called for and each delegation polled its delegates and the reporting of the vote began. With half of the votes in, the count was dead-even, and continued to be very close. With two counties left to report, Whatcom and Walla Walla, it could have gone either way. However, Whatcom voted 25 in favor, 0 against and was the deciding ballot; the final count being 406 in favor, 378 opposed. Skagit, King, Mason and Spokane counties largely favored the moratorium with divided support from numerous other counties. It was an important decision that should cause each democratic candidate for office this fall to look seriously at the future of this county and this state in relation to continued nuclear power development.

Will Davis

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BY OUR LABORS, YE SHALL

or How to buy out the establishment.
or How to recycle our city.

"I remember talking once with someone about the need for community. He said, "Sure, I'm alienated, too, but I'd rather work on that myself thanks."
—from "Working Loose"

We have an idea on how to control the social-political-economic environment of the Southside (as a starter) and thereby provide a community for us all to live in; with all the advantages that implies. We have a beginning in the Good Earth building with the Coop Store, Northwest Passage, bakery, mill, etc. We have people who either own or are buying houses and land who are ready and willing to contribute them to a cooperative. We have investable money to expand from this base. We have a tremendous resource in people with the knowledge, energy, time and money to invest in making this community a real nice place to live.

The basic idea is that a non-profit (tax exempt, preferably) cooperative community organization, like the People's Land Trust for example, acquire houses and land to provide relatively inexpensive homes for community oriented folks. Ideally we would have small houses, large houses and land inside the city as well as land in the country, perhaps even on an island or two; so that folks could choose and exchange environments according to their needs and desires.

Housing is one of the most expensive necessities of living in this country. By making inexpensive, useable houses and land available people will have more time and energy and money for themselves and their creative projects. The end result might well be living at the cheapest possible rates in an increasingly richer, larger, together community. The probable alternative is to have our community that does exist destroyed by land speculators and developers. The choice is ours and the time is now.

I would like to present this idea from the point of view of the renter, home buyer and owner, and then the investor; followed by some general considerations on structure and implementation. (After implementation the distinction between renter and home owner would not exist.)

This would in essence be a renter's collective where the landlord is a non-profit corporation owned by the renter. A renter, with no down payment, together with other renters would be buying a place to live not only in a house but also in a community. Hopefully, we could put landlording out of business. A direct result of being his/her own landlord, the renter has the security of knowing he/she (equal time) won't be ousted out, except by consensus community vote in an extreme situation, and that his rent won't be raised unless he raises it himself. She would also be assured that her energy towards improvements would be building a place for herself (and others who follow) and her money in rent would be buying personal equity in cooperative housing. Housing would be bought in much the same way that happens currently with home buyers. Each rent payment would go to pay a portion of the outstanding loan, the interest on that loan, and a specified maintenance fee to the corporation. Each renter's payment would be recorded in his book and invested rent money would accumulate as equity. That accumulation would remain traditional "rent" if a person wants only cheap rent for a period of time with no desire to remain here. He would have all the rights and benefits of being a land/home owner with a better possibility of controlling his living environment without having to hassle finding and buying and selling a house and the community would retain the money to recycle in the cooperative rather than a landlord squandering it as personal profit.

As the years drag on, a person staying in the community in the same house would eventually pay off his portion of the loan and would be entitled to rent at a minimal maintenance and tax cost, similar to a home buyer. If however he moves to another coop house the situation becomes a little more com-



del pozo

plicated but not impossible. And moving is quite possible because we all know that trips change and needs change and mobility is one big advantage of renting. So, if a person moves to a space of equivalent value nothing changes, he assumes the loan on that space and continues to pay off the loan. If you move to a place with less value than the previous residence you again assume that loan and your payments (probably lower) continue unless you have accumulated equity in excess of the space assessment — then your payment drops to maintenance level. Then there is the possibility of moving to a place of higher monetary value, for example you want to live in a \$10,000 house by yourself. You can then apply your built up equity to this loan and pay on this loan although most likely at a higher monthly cost.

HOME BUYER

It might seem absurd at first for a home owner or buyer to "donate" (sell) his/her house to a cooperative. Upon closer examination, however, several advantages should appear. First of all, you would have all the benefits of a renter discussed previously while retaining the assets of a home buyer because you are the one living there and therefore have the final decision power (in conjunction with the others living there) on all issues affecting your house. Insurance rates would also be cheaper in a coop conglomerate. If the corporation were tax exempt we could be self-taxed for community benefit rather than political expediency. Maintenance costs would be standardized in a monthly payment. You would have ready access to equipment that a group can afford and individuals can't (such as large trucks, house jacks) and equipment that is normally duplicated could be shared (lawn mowers, rototills, power tools). Work parties could be arranged where labor would be exchanged among coop houses, such as several houses that need foundations getting together and doing that. The skills learned in this way could then be sold to the larger community of Bellingham at cheaper rates than are currently available. I'd like to mention that this funneling of money and energy into an integrated corporation has a snowballing effect so that as more people get together and more money is concentrated more people and more money is attracted. Oak Ridge Tennessee, during the last depression, went from a poor town to one of the richest communities in the nation just from people getting together and consolidating their resources and by agreeing to recycle their money in the community and doing things themselves rather than buying goods and services from all over indiscriminately. Another advantage over buying your home yourself is that you would never have the pressure or possibility of losing your house back to the bank or previous owner. It would revert back to the community and a cheaper place could be found for you to live or the corporation could absorb your payment for

a month and in any case your equity would be retained. If you decided to move elsewhere (temporarily or permanently) your built-up equity would be immediately transferable to a new place made available through the coop housing. Agreements for temporary absences could be made between people if previous residents would like to return to the same house. In transferring title to the coop a contract could possibly be written in which a person could be refunded his/her equity if he/she wanted to leave this area entirely. Also since we are changing from one economic system to another, folks entering the coop as a home owner should have the option of being reimbursed for the difference between their place assessment and the total equity they have now or leaving that money in the corporation as an investment. Legal contracts should probably be drawn up for the protection of everybody.

INVESTING??

For community folks who have excess capital investing in community cooperative housing is at least better than IT&T or oil company stocks. It means putting your trust in people not in banks. Instead of investing in stocks which are spread all over the entire nation and world you can concentrate your money in one area giving your more power to control the economic environment of your investment and in fact your entire life. You will be investing in yourself and your friends and your community. It would be a low or no risk tax shelter, perhaps drawing a nominal interest. The real value of your dollar investment should at least stay constant relative to the buying power of your dollar and will most probably be increased. Through the semi-monopolistic control of land gained by consolidating resources and houses the quality of the surrounding community would be more protected from developers and land speculators. And we're all so good at scrounging and recycling freebies into useful and valuable assets....it'd no doubt be fun and rewarding recycling a city.

Another important place for investors would be in using a life-time of accumulated knowledge and experience to manage finances for the mountain of money we've made from molehills. A large block of real estate is good collateral for larger loans and cheaper rates and it would be real nice to be able to use this power. And probably subsidiary corporations should have all their finances handled thru one non-profit corporation so that profits of all can be invested in more property or maintenance projects and losses can be better absorbed. People working together in this fashion would ultimately have a large voting block within the present system or even sufficient power to replace it gradually thru disuse.

If you are an establishment freak consider the possibility of this idea following thru to the logical conclusion of having paper money created thru

KNOW US

a letter from prison

speculating in land disappear; thus helping to stop inflation.

My vision of the community's corporation embodies an organizational structure where decisions and control are exercised by the people directly concerned with an issue. Household concerns like who pays how much of the total rent, etc. would be decided by the people actually living in the house. Activities such as shed and house building or tearing down, foundation installing and other large maintenance growth projects should probably be publicized for community feedback with the ultimate decision made by the people using the land or house in question. And to use an example of current city practice a sewer or freeway would not be built without a majority vote of all those people directly affected.

Officials of the corporation could be volunteers with an election held if more than one person would like a job. Any official could be removed at any time by popular vote.

At this point structural possibilities in at least the following areas need to be investigated:

- (1) The legal aspects of establishing a non-profit tax exempt corporation and contractual agreements between investors, home owners, tenants and the corporation;
- (2) A method of assessing a living place has to be developed. Nobody should be penalized for improvements;
- (3) A system of priorities needs to be established for deciding who uses available housing. Every vacancy could be funneled thru a central housing authority. They would keep track of what was available and try to match people's and organizations needs with existing accommodations with least priority given to new people. This could be done by having several priority lists ordered on a first come first served basis. Or people wanting housing could get together and decide amongst themselves. Or existing groups (houses) could maybe take care of filling vacancies themselves.
- (4) A method of buying houses is also necessary. Initially it might be wise to have people who want a co-op house to find a house that is suitable for them and with community approval to go ahead and buy it.

Examples of how other communities have solved these questions exist and could help immensely. There will no doubt be some other problems to work out and this may seem now like a huge monster and yet this idea is very capable of being implemented here and now. "It is only one idea among many which are needed to restructure our social and economic system in order to produce a world order, not without conflict but without war; not without sorrow but without hopelessness not without inequality but without inequity."

Be your own gorilla!

John King & Sharon with a little help from our friends



June 14, 1974

Dear people:

My cellmate receives Northwest Passage and I have read it with a growing appreciation of your deep understanding, universal concern and abiding love of the entire race of man. Thank you for making available to us this outstanding expression of unexpurgated viewpoints by real people about real happenings in the real world. Had I had access to such reality as a lad, I am certain that I would have avoided serving over twenty years in four prisons as a result of learning so well the art of not being my real, human, feeling loving self. Well, what is done is done, c'est la vie, spilt milk, and all that happy horseshit; at least, for me, it's over with — I am what I am becoming and what I am becoming is a good person, a real person, a loving person, mainly because good, real, loving persons like you have been courageous and wise enough to tell it like it is and fuck convention.

I wrote a poem once, called "Walla Walla Willie" and one stanza went:

He's been in and out of prison
Like a yo-yo on a string,
But don't knock him, baby,
He's jus' doin' his thing!

Well, I reckon you've surmised the autobiographical aspect of those rough lines, and I did, too, about three years after I'd written the thing. Anyway, self-realization, god-consciousness, direction inward toward the Greater Self, rehabilitation (how I've hated that word):

Rehabilitation is a word
That he abhorred;

It's used in lonely places

Where people are stored!),

enlightenment, self-image improvement, ability and willingness to give and to receive love, selflessness, understanding, transcendence, and reality response are sure as hell not learned/developed in these great, cold, impersonal, dehumanizing warehouses of defeat where failure syndromes (dependency, pettiness, self-

pity, fear, hatred, frustration, anxiety) merely become more sophisticated under the guidance and influence of martinets, authoritarians and proponents of the caging principle who pose ostensibly as correction personnel. Believe me, beautiful people it is the avant garde of truly free self-expression to whom I am most grateful for most new insights I now enjoy, and build upon, filtered thru these prison bars and into my mind and heart from such enlightening revelations as appear in your publication.

Many really interested people ask how they can be of help in on-going prison reform. Well, that's really easy to answer. Form groups and pay regular and irregular visits to the jails and prisons. That's all. Just visit, visit and visit. Although in some areas the results may be slow, such constant, dedicated interest and attention by the public (from which prisoners emanate) will eventuate continuing efforts to improve the . . . er . . . facilities. Sure, there'll be difficulties with jail and prison administrators, but don't let that discourage you . . . keep on truckin'! Remember, politics that are ethical invite and encourage the public's interest; when they're shady they prefer the darkness and discourage public scrutiny with authoritarian disdain.

Indeed, during my twenty years in and out and in and out of prisons, there have been many improvements, but all in all they're merely become more comfortable cages where human beings continue to learn how not to be themselves, where the principle reality is the unreality of sub-cultural codes, attitudes and other survival techniques. How the hell can people be true to themselves when they are daily discouraged from being themselves until they lose themselves in unreal but necessary survival roles?

For twenty years, I've been known as the "Moose". I've grown to like the name and respond to it more naturally than to my given name. There is sub-cultural security and identification in my agnomen, twenty years of it. I am accustomed to it. It is comfortable. It is safe.

Until recently, Lawrence Frederic Hildonen has been more like an identifying number to me, something to enter into court and institutional records, an identifying symbol for letters and forms and no more human than the papers on which it appears.

"Moose" is a personality, phoney and affected, but a definite personality. As the "Moose", I'm a big, dumb, friendly, potentially dangerous but always harmless character who paints pictures, reads a lot and usually does his own time. Occasionally, I am loud of mouth (which is quite normal among us attention-hungry social outcasts), have a tendency to deviate from the truth (which is quite normal among people whose poor self-images require unreal fronts hammered together with a multitude of outrageous and marvelous fucking lies) and I lope my mule once or twice a night] (which is quite normal among people deprived of the company of the opposite sex).

Although "Moose" fits into a penal sub-culture like a jinosker in a scumbag, comfortable and protected, in free society he's as lost as a plowboy in New York. "Moose" is my sub-cultural survival role and I have lived that role so long that, until a few months ago, I thought and acted and reacted in only the manner you'd expect of a "Moose". Even the guards and most of the staff call me "Moose" and I like it; I have to like it. I take umbrage with people who have known me as the "Moose" so long, people I like and who like me, would be stupid. I'll live with it and like it until July, 1975, when I finally cut that fucking yo-yo string!

I've told you about "Moose" to illustrate the dehumanizing process in action, not only in the prison system but among my peers as well. It is also my hope that I've explained some of the negative features of the warehousing technique of modern penology graphically enough to inspire continuing improvement of the system.

Thank you for being you.

Yours in brotherhood,

Larry Hildonen

Navajos slain

Weekly demonstrations in the town of Farmington have followed the discovery in April of the mutilated bodies of 3 Navajo men. Three white teenage boys have reportedly confessed to the killings. Farmington, a town of about 30,000—93.2% white—is on the edge of the largest Indian reservation in North America. 130,000 Navajos live on the reservation, plus Zuni, Hopi, and Utes. The Navajo reservation alone consists of 13 million acres, most of it dry and barren. The infant mortality rate is almost twice the national average and alcoholism is over 6 times the national rate.

In 1973 three Indian men were killed outside Gallup, a town near Farmington on the edge of the reservation. Their hands were tied behind their backs, their throats slashed and their bodies mutilated.

On April 21 of this year, the bodies of Herman Benally, 34, and John Harvey, 39, were found 8 miles north of Farmington in a deserted dusty foothill region reportedly used by local teenagers for drinking and partying. A week later the body of Davis Ignacio, 52, was found. The clothing of the men, who had apparently been drunk and possibly unconscious, had been set on fire, burning sticks had been pressed to their bodies, and their heads and bodies had been crushed with large rocks.

"These executions, treated like the slaughter of sheep, underscore the basic racism of both Farmington and Gallup," the National Indian Youth Council stated at a press conference on April 30. "We could not help but notice that the murders in Gallup received no attention in the media until a white man was similarly butchered in Albuquerque. Then the press in heavy coverage noted that perhaps this murder had some relationship to the Navajo executions..

...Were Anglos similarly killed, an all out effort to put a halt to these facts would have ensued."

With the first demonstration of about 3000 Indian people the Farmington Intertribal Indian Council presented the city council with a list of demands which include an Indian center to be placed under the jurisdiction of Indians, open meetings with the city council to air all grievances, an alcoholic rehabilitation program with predominantly Indian staff, and integration of Indians into all levels of civil service. Yet, the economic situation on the Navajo reservation remains mostly at the root of much of the Indians' problems.

Unemployment, for instance, is 56%, with per capita income less than \$1,000 a year. Currently, over 100 companies, including Kennecott, Utah Mining, and El Paso Gas lease Navajo land, extracting such natural resources as coal, oil, uranium and natural gas. Recently, Navajos have also complained that the new (gasification) plants hire mainly whites, while the Navajos that are hired get only the menial jobs.

However, some white townspeople take a different attitude. "I really don't know what they are complaining about," said a Farmington druggist. "They have more than ever before. They came here years ago in a ramshackled old wagon with their kids and dogs, and now look what they have. They should be grateful, not complaining.... See that sign above the gasification plant; gasification gives them jobs. They don't know what they're doing." Ins

There have been several developments since this article was written. Three more bodies have been found in Gallup and 34 Navajos have been arrested in Farmington. Boycotts are being also continued.



Indians have held demonstrations once a week since the slayings and are starting a boycott of white businesses near the reservation.

Protest racist killing

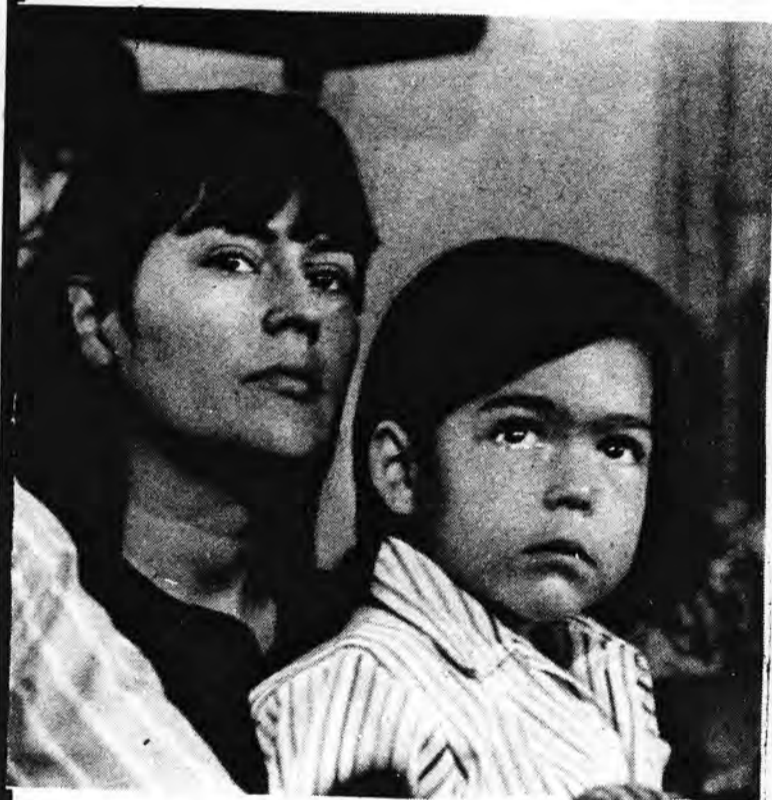


photo: Ins

Six Chicano activists were killed in two separate incidents when bombs exploded in their cars May 27 and May 29 in Boulder, Colorado. Leaders of the Denver Chicano movement are demanding a full investigation into the deaths. At a May 31 press conference at the Denver headquarters of the Crusade for Justice, spokesman Corky Gonzales explained:

"We have reason to suspect conspiracy in these deaths...The odds of six people being killed, one critically injured, in two separate instances, within 48 hours, in the same city, are astronomical."

Both explosions occurred in parked cars. The police are claiming the deaths were a result of the premature explosion of bombs that were being assembled by the activists. But many within the community believe there is evidence that the bombings were a planned attack similar to others directed at the Colorado Chicano movement in the last few years.

In Boulder, a judge has clamped a suppression order on all evidence uncovered when FBI agents

BOMBS Kill Six CHICANOS

used "no knock" search warrants to enter the homes of three Denver Chicano families.

Police harassment has not let up since the bombings either. On May 31, police stopped a car on the Boulder-Denver Turnpike for a safety check. Later the police told the press that the car belonged to a friend of one of those killed and claimed that the car was carrying a bomb timing device. The device was later found to be an ordinary egg timer. Police would not say if the "random" car check was prompted by the car's "La Raza Unida" bumper sticker.

Members of the Crusade, which has played a major role in the growth of the Chicano movement throughout the Southwest, has called newspaper accounts of the explosions a "vile attempt to confuse the public and plant seeds of distrust in the people about our work."

There is a history of police harassment of the Denver Chicano community, and particularly directed towards the Crusade for Justice. In the last 16 months, over 100 Crusade members, La Raza Unida activists and supporters have been arrested or taken to court, yet only one has been convicted.

A prime example of this harassment occurred on March 17, 1973 when Denver police raided the Escuela Tlateloco, the Crusade's alternative school, resulting in the death of Luis "Junior" Martinez, a dance instructor there.

In the course of the attack, an explosion destroyed the dormitory of the school. The police claimed that the destruction of the dorm was the result of explosives kept by the Crusade and set off during the attack. Hours later, however, authorities sent in a wrecking crew to remove all possible evidence that could be used by the Crusade to disprove the charge.

The latest incident took place in January, 1974, when Gary Garrison was arrested in an investigation of an alleged bombing attempt and held on \$100,000 bond. When the Crusade organized community support and filed a 10 million dollar lawsuit against the media for its slanderous coverage, Garrison was promptly released on his own recognizance without bail.

Days later he was re-arrested and held on \$50,000 bond, but charges were so baseless that the judge reduced his bond to \$7,500. Originally arrested for attempted bombing and attempted murder, police have now charged Garrison with attempted arson, mischief and conspiracy.

At a gathering on May 31, the mother of one of those killed in the bombings urged other Chicanos "to stand tall and straight and good" to protect people like her son "who must protect us."

Urging Chicanos to support their activists she said, "Let's keep on fighting and struggling."

liberation news service.

RADIO PAPER

PLANNING CANNING?

[ed note: The following letter was received by the Passage in response to Jeffrey Margolis' inquiry.]

Dear Mr. Margolis:

Your concern about an adequate supply of canning jars and lids is well-founded. From research done on this subject it has become apparent that there will indeed not be an over-abundance of canning lids or canning jars in the growing season of 1974.

As mentioned in my letter to you last September, several factors combined forces in 1973 to cause the canning jar and lid shortage for you and many other consumers in Washington State. Shortages and rationing of tin supplies for canning jar lids; higher food prices causing more consumers to grow gardens and home can produce; and the critical shortage of soda ash needed for glass-making all combined forces. The canning jar and tin lid industries were hard-pressed to meet the increased demand for home canning supplies in 1973.

Industry spokesmen (sic) have stated that the canning jar and lid manufacturers have been continuing in full production through the winter and spring months of 1974 in order to stockpile enough supplies to adequately meet consumer demand. However 1973 autumn back orders have continued to deplete the winter stockpile of supplies and therefore the summer 1974 supply of jars and lids will again be short due to heavy demand.

The jar and lid suppliers are continually shipping jars and lids to the Northwest but suggest that consumers purchase small amounts of these items as they become available in local stores throughout the summer. Consumers should not wait until autumn to purchase all the canning lids and jars needed; the supply simply will not meet the heavy demand at that time if all consumers wait to replenish home supplies of jars and lids.

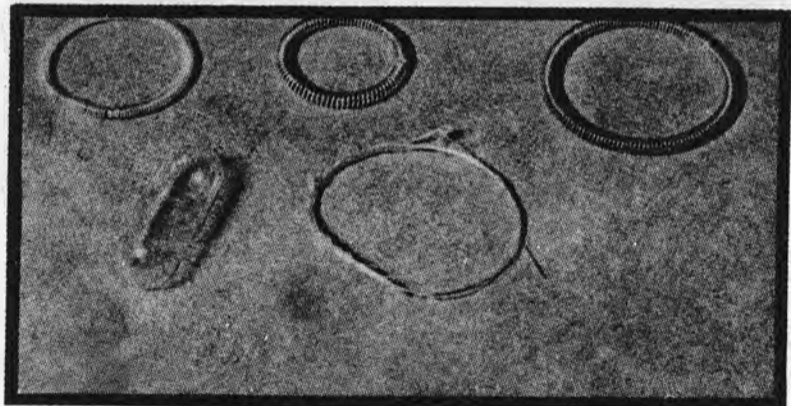
Perhaps you would like to contact the canning jar and lid distributors in the Puget Sound area to obtain further details on this problem. You could contact the following persons:



KERR COMPANY
Mr. Mell Harper
Olson Brokerage Company
5933 Sixth Ave. South
Seattle, Wash. 98108
phone: 206-763-8550
Mr. John Forhand
Olson Brokerage Company
East 41 Gray
Spokane, Wash. 99201
phone: 509-838-1485

BALL COMPANY
Mr. Philip Reddy
Kelley-Clarke Company
2460 Sixth Ave. South
Seattle, Wash. 98108
phone: 206-622-2534

Sincerely,
Daniel J. Evans
Governor



These two photos are from a Fortune magazine from 1938. They were in an article on the birth control industry. The photos were labeled as contraceptives devices, manufactured by birth control companies and used by some women, but not recommended by most doctors of the day who thought of them as dangerous. And Aren't They?

A Dalkon Shield, an IUD which Planned Parenthood recently banned the use of, after disclosure by the manufacturer that it was potentially dangerous.

no less love nor more children

There are some interesting statistics from New York City comparing maternal deaths, abandoned infants and public assistance before and after abortion was legalized.

Illegal abortions were a major cause of the 5.3 maternal deaths per 10,000 births in 1969. The rate in '73 fell to 2.6 deaths. At one hospital, mothers put out for adoption or abandoned 14.9 infants per 1,000 deliveries before legalized abortion. This fell to 6.6 infants the first year after legalization. And the NYC Health Services Administration estimates that in the two years following legalized abortion in New York state, the decline in the number of unwanted births to public assistance recipients saved the city some \$15 million.
off our backs

LOVE MINUS ZERO

Washington DC judge David Norman dismissed charges against two women busted for prostitution and said the Metropolitan Police Department was operating under a double standard by not arresting their male customers. He said that in 1973, 450 women were arrested under the anti-prostitution law for soliciting men, but no men were arrested for soliciting prostitutes.
cpf

WOMEN & JOBS

Some devastating facts on the employment of women and their salaries have been compiled from business sources.

Job segregation according to sex has actually increased in some sectors during the last 30 years. The proportion of women among all service workers (except household workers) has increased to nearly 60% since 1940. 58% of all women workers are clerical, sales or service workers.

Women not only earn less than men in all occupations, but going on up the job scale, fewer women can be found, until there's only one woman out of 600 at the corporate official's level, according to the

April, '73 *Fortune Magazine*. Going down the scale to the lowest paying jobs, the percentage of males reaches 1%, says *US News & World Report*, April 13, '74.

But that's not all. In August, '73 the unemployment rate for women workers was 48% higher than for men. The "energy crisis" has virtually wiped out equal employment opportunities for women in many industries. "Like low seniority blacks in previous auto slumps, low seniority women are the first to go in current mass layoffs," said the February 16, '74 issue of *Business Week*.
her-self / Ins

IMMORALITY ACT

Figures released by South Africa's Parliament indicate that nearly 500 people were prosecuted last year for indulging in biracial sex. The S African white minority government outlaws biracial sex under the Immorality Act. The number of prosecutions in '73 reflected a steep decline from previous years, indicating that the government may be backing away from the controversial law. A '71 case brought worldwide attention and intense criticism from other countries.

According to the Johannesburg Sunday Times, 25,000 people have been prosecuted under the Act since 1951. The paper says that the offence carries a stigma in S African white society that is worse than that of murder or rape. Between '58 and '68, said the *Times* at least ten whites committed suicide while facing charges under the Act.

GIVING

LEARNING TO FISH (part two)

One day, Cornelio told me that Fidencio Estrada, a fisherman, had invited us to eat crab and drink beer at his home. Fidencio greeted us and told us to sit down at the table. Marcelina and Fidencio slept on one double bed, their five young children on the other. Marcelina cooked outside, near the hammock, protected from the summer rains by a tin roof. Fidencio's canoe was behind her, on the shore. The whole family was dark skinned, with sparkling dark brown eyes. Marcelina was a glowing, healthy looking woman. Fidencio was intense and serious, about thirty, strongly built, with one glass eye. He was the village Justice of the Peace and controlled the ice, soft drink and beer concessions, which were very important, since potable water had to be brought in from the mountains. Sunlight poured through the back entrance as we got drunk and ate the delicious crabs and shrimps in chile sauces, that Fidencio had caught and Marcelina had prepared. I asked Fidencio if he minded if I took some pictures of his handsome family. He took a proud, deep breath, "Of course not". Afterwards, he asked if I would like to learn to fish. "Sure, anytime" "Be here at five".

Fidencio poled the canoe through the canals as the sun set on the islands. I watched his movements. He told me, "I will teach you to balanquer tomorrow". We came to a barrier of sticks across the river, with an indentation in the middle to catch the fish. We put on mosquito repellent and lit fires to attract the fish. A man of about fifty, Mango, showed me how to dip the huitol, a large hoop net on a long pole, into the barra to pick out the fish, shrimp, and crabs, and to flip them into the canoe.

Mango was also the president of the town council. He explained that the shrimp fishermen had a co-operative to catch and market their fish; that they worked about thirty five or forty hours a week, and made a good living; but that each family had the right to have only one son join the co-operative, because there were already too many people. Other men would fish for crabs and white fish only, or work in town or in the fields for part of the year. The houses and land were owned by the people and redistributed by the town council as needs changed.

After about four hours, Fidencio said that it was time to turn back. As we rode back, the stars were reflecting on the calm black river, Kahoutek was visible. Finally, Fidencio spoke to me, "Enrique, you have been here for seven days now. Why have you come?" I thought for a moment to think of the words in Spanish, "Fidencio, we have a lot of things in the U.S. that you don't have here, but you have beautiful things here, too. What are the river and the stars and the comet worth? I think that I am learning much from your simple ways" He smiled, "Yes, we know many things on the river". When we got to the shore, he said, "Meet me at ten tomorrow morning. Bring your camera".

FROM THE HEART

part 2

At Cuastacomate, we hired burros to carry the peoples' blankets and extra clothing. I decided to carry my own pack, though it weighed about twenty five pounds because I didn't like the idea of the burro carrying my burden and preferred not to pay anyway. People were amazed to watch me walk, a head taller than almost everyone else, with my big green pack and tripod. "Enrique, You're like a burro, you're so strong". And if I stopped to rest, "Ah, the burro gets tired".

The first afternoon we walked up through dry mountains and down to camp by a clear, green river, the border between Nayarit and Jalisco. A nearby farm house sold eggs and tamales. The young people from Mexcaltitan called me over to share some nuts. Old women gave me cookies. I bought tamales to share. People from Santiago and Tepic came over to joke and talk. After the sun went down we all lay down by the shore of the river and fell asleep under the stars. We got up at one-thirty in the morning to begin our walk for the day, forming a procession of about two hundred people. As we walked, I could see the flashlights for miles ahead. I walked behind with the old women, who led the people in religious hymns. We didn't eat anything until about nine, when we came to a small village.

There were oranges and lemons from the trees in back of the houses. The daughter ground wet corn from buckets on the stone metate; the mother served eggs, chicken soup, beans, coffee, and soda; and the grandmother cooked the tortillas and gorditas. Not eating until then had not bothered me; after a while I had forgotten my hunger. But the walking was hard. The country was rugged, and we seldom stopped to rest, because we had to cover one hundred and twenty miles in six days, much more than I was used to backpacking in the Cascades and Olympics. Each day we would get up between 1:30 and 3:30 am and would reach our destination between noon and about 9 pm. A number of times, older women broke down and started crying from exhaustion. I often walked with Manuel, an adobe mason from Santiago. He was in good shape, but he would walk behind to make sure that everyone was alright. One day we came upon three middle aged women who were in a state of semi shock from going so far beyond their normal endurance, and afraid of being left behind. Manuel told them to rest, and we waited and walked with them until they felt better and went ahead.

People would invite me to walk with them. They were proud that a North American wanted to join them in their journey, but they wondered why I would endure this pain. "You are a Catholic, yes?" "No". "Then it must be a manda." "What is a manda?" "Well, let's say you are driving a car. You see another car coming into you. Your death is certain. You say, 'Oh, God, please save me! I will walk to the Virgin of Talpa to give thanks!' So you are saved. And now you must go to Talpa". "No, it is not that. For me, it is the feeling of the people and the beauty of the countryside".

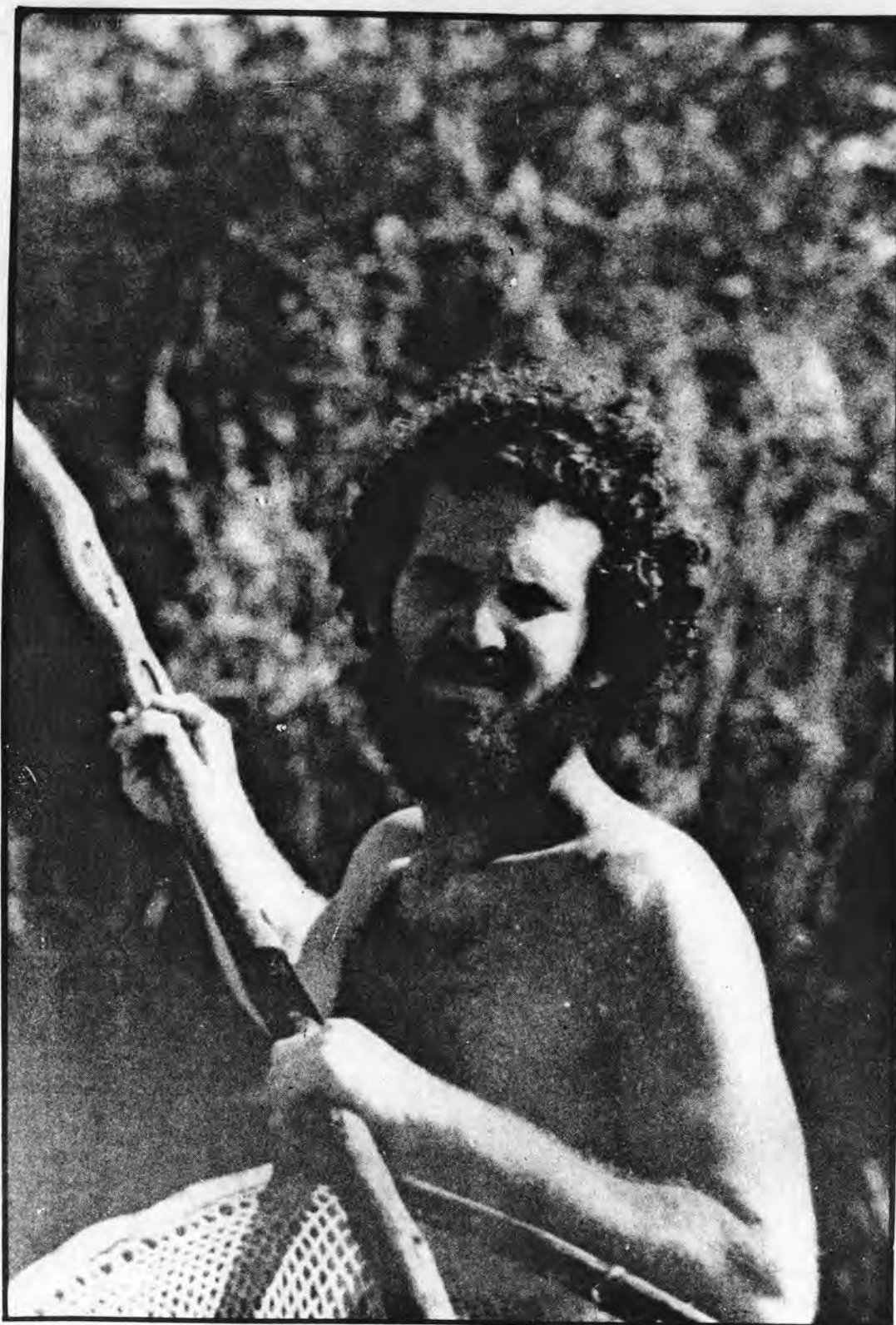
I did feel the pain. By the time we arrived at our

stopping place at Los Reyes, my head was throbbing, my face was flushed, and I was sweating heavily. The flu that was coming on made me nauseous. I lay down my gear and fell asleep. I woke up in about two hours and went with some friends to wash, where the river crossed the town. As I was returning to the school, Jose Luis called to me from a horse. It felt good to see him. "Enrique, would you like to go down to the river to go into the mines?" Though I had rested for most of the afternoon, I was exhausted; but I decided that it might be worth it to see the silver mines which had been opened by the Spaniards in the sixteenth century and were just recently reopened.

We began to walk down the steps again, when we came upon a group of very old people, climbing up with their canes, slowly but steadily. "I could not conceive of where they got their strength, when I had felt like quitting. The oldest woman looked at Jose Luis, "Will we have mass, Padre?" "Yes, Dona Gogita, at five. You look beautiful". "Thank you, Padre". Jose Luis turned to me, "Do you realize that that woman is eighty-four years old, and that she has made this pilgrimage for the past sixty-five years?"

The miners took us into the dark, dripping, dusty, humid mines. I felt like I would kill myself before spending my life in there. We headed back up to the adobe church for mass. Jose Luis spoke to the tired people, "People ask me, 'why do you people walk all that way for nothing? Are you crazy?' Maybe we are crazy, but we can feel the joy together as well as the pain". At one point in the ceremony, everyone turned to the people around them and gave a warm handshake. The Padre asked Gogita to give the benediction. We glowed at her beauty and her strength.

We arrived at Mascota on the fifth day. People shared rooms in inexpensive hotels, or slept on the floor in the courtyards. I had walked with Gogita, so I was among the last to arrive. My friend, Jesus, met me as I came in. He invited me to stay with him. Later, we went to dinner together. Jesus, a fruit juice vendor in Santiago, had treated me to dinner before. When the bill came, I said, "This time I'll take care of it". Ramon shook his head, "No, we are companeros. You cannot pay". After dinner I went out to meet Jose Luis. When I came back about ten, Ramon (who was sixty-five) was sleeping on the bed. Jesus had brought in another mattress for me and put sheets on it. He was asleep on the cement floor.



by *enrique goodman*

THE PILGRIMAGE

The next day, Jose Luis told me that the people were preparing for a pilgrimage. "Hmmm, where is it to?" "We walk many miles over the mountains, for six days, to the Virgin of Talpa. Perhaps you would like to come." "Do you think that the people would mind me coming, a North American and non-Catholic?" "If your heart is good, they will want you to walk with them. The feeling is good when we go together to Talpa. But there is a problem. I am going to San Sebastian, a little village in the mountains, to visit my friend, Padre Gregorio, for their festival day. I am meeting the people on the third day, in Los Reyes, I must go by horse, because there are no roads. Ah, let's speak to Don Jose! He will watch over you".

Don Jose was agreeable and told me to meet him after mass Sunday morning. For the next few days, I tried to learn as much about the pilgrimage as I could. Jose Luis told me to take all of my fancy gear, we could always use them. He didn't consider what they weighed. He said there would be food along the way.

At the Ramos house, Lupe was upset because she wanted to go on the pilgrimage, but her family wouldn't allow her. The grandmother had hurt her foot, so the grandfather, who usually went, had to stay home to care for her, and couldn't go as Lupe's chaperone. Lupe would sit, brooding, until I would mention the pilgrimage. She would light up, "Oh, I'd really like to go!", but then Chépina would explain, "Maybe Lupe can go next year". I wanted to see Lupe come on the pilgrimage. She enchanted me. I spoke to Jose

Luis about it. He said that he had spoken to her. She had saved enough money to pay her own way on the journey, but she would not stand up and demand that she be able to find another couple to chaperone her. He explained that it was not our place to say too much, being young men. So, I let it be. Lupe didn't get to come this year.

Sunday morning, I got up to watch the sunrise from the roof of the church. People were just coming out of the five o'clock mass. The pilgrims assembled at the seven o'clock mass. I inadvertently sat on the women's side. It was too crowded to move by the time I realized my mistake, but no one seemed to mind. After mass, I walked around town saying goodbye to friends, then joined the other pilgrims at the shore to take the canoes to the truck. There was a cool morning fog as we rode along to Tuxpan, where people shopped before catching the bus to Tepic. In Tepic, we checked our bags at the station and took taxis to an inexpensive hotel. Don Jose, his wife, Maria Elena, and I slept in one room. There were about thirty other people who shared another two rooms. We got up before dawn to catch the six o'clock bus to Compostela. There, we did some more shopping before getting on a truck to Compostela, which took us along a dirt road into the mountains, to Custacomate, where we traditionally met the people from Tepic, who had already been walking for two and a half days.

The next morning we walked together, starting out at 4 am. I was going through hot and cold sweats, nausea, and headaches. Jesus, like most of the other people, was wearing sandals. "My feet are like ice", he told me. The air was about forty degrees. We got to the pass at about 1 pm, from which we could see Talpa and the huge mountains behind. On the walk down, I started to get dizzy and weak. The sun was intense now. My feet were burning in my boots. Jesus wouldn't allow me to rest because he was afraid that I wouldn't get up.

We arrived at the gates of Talpa at about three. The people were waiting for the last pilgrims to arrive, so that we could form the procession through the streets into the church. My friends from Santiago greeted me, joking as usual, "What took you so long, Enrique?" But now their words were like darts on my brain. I was afraid that I might be in trouble, I felt so terrible.

Jose Luis looked at me, "You look very bad". "I've got to lie down in a quiet place". He took me into a nearby house and explained that I wasn't feeling well. The woman lay some brown paper on the dirt floor for me to lay down upon and put her shopping bag under my head. After an hour's sleep, I heard Gogita come in, so I knew the procession would begin soon. I stood up, still very weak, groggy from my sleep. The woman who had helped me came over to me and said, "Now, Enrique, we must dress you as Jesus Cristo. You will lead the procession to the Virgin of Talpa". It was hard to believe what was happening. I felt that as someone who did not understand the religious significance of the Virgin of Talpa, it would be disrespectful to lead the procession to the shrine.

The melodrama was too much for me to play out — a suffering, unemployed Jewish carpenter, leading these people to the end of their suffering. What if I collapsed along the way? I said, as tactfully as I could, "No, I couldn't do it" She pleaded, "But you look like Jesus Cristo; and we will fix you up". "Please understand, Senora, I am not feeling well". So they chose my friend Jesus instead. They prepared him with heavy makeup, flowing red velvet robes, a crown of thorns and they tied his hands.

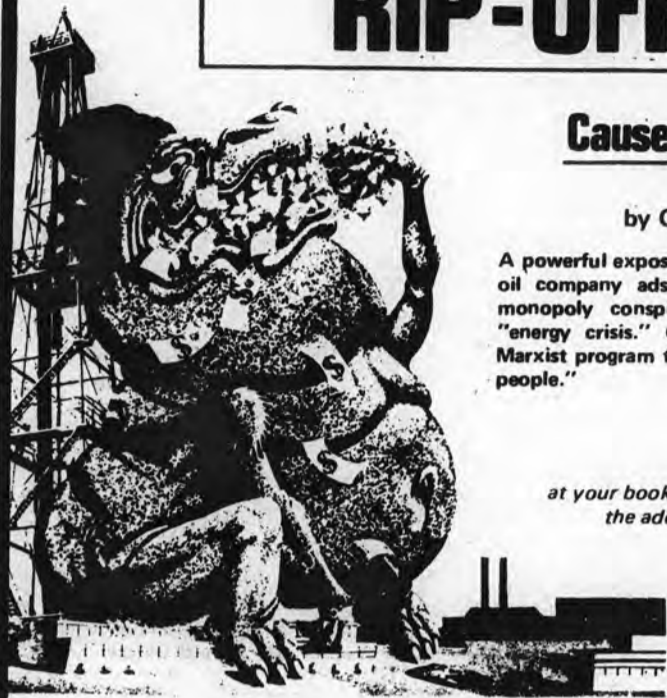
Manuel gave me red flowers to join the procession. The townspeople lined the streets and hung out of windows. There were fireworks and a brass band. We walked the last half mile through the streets of Talpa, dusty, ragged, and exhausted into the magnificent church which was filled with elaborate gold leaf, stained glass, frescoes, statues, and glowing candles. Many people fell to their knees in devotion at the door and crawled down the aisles to the pulpit, to cross themselves and put money in the box. The older padre from Talpa gave mass, but I did not see how he could say, "We experienced this suffering", when he had walked only the last half mile with the pilgrims, and he lived in the luxurious curate across the street.

After the mass, I fell asleep on the stone floor in Tonio's room. The next morning he got up early to hitch back to Santiago, because he didn't have enough money for the bus. I went to stay with the people from Mexcaltitan. They had rented three rooms for about sixty people, sleeping on straw mats on the floor. They gave me some pills and I slept most of the day.

The next morning, Jose Luis, Gracia Estrada, and I took the bus on the one lone dirt road back to Mascota and then toward Guadalajara and Tepic. A young woman, Ofelia, invited us to stay with her family in Tepic, where I spent the next three days recuperating and thinking about where to go next. The people had told me about a group of Indians called the Huicholes, who lived in such rugged country that the Spaniards had never conquered them. They still practiced their own religion and way of life. Ofelia introduced me to a stone mason, who had lived among the Huicholes. He told me that I would have to take a plane or find some Huicholes in Tepic who were making the five day walk into the Sierra, since there were no roads in. But I decided to continue to Mexico City instead, an easier trip. I felt that I had already gone beyond what I could handle, and I was paying the price with my sickness. It would be taunting powers greater than myself to go further. Perhaps I would be ready another time.

BEWARE OF RATFISH REVENGE

THE ENERGY RIP-OFF



Cause & Cure

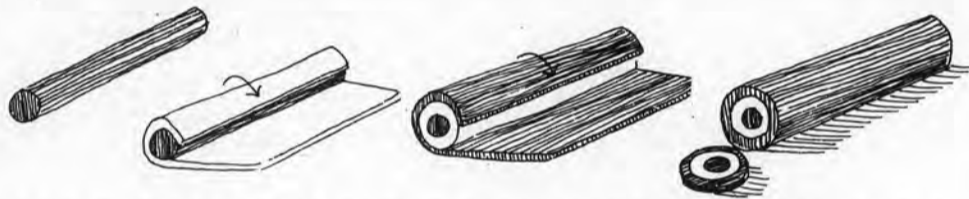
by Gus Hall

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WHAT CAN I POSSIBLY SAY?
10:50 P.M.
7/12/35

WANTED

GOOD EARTH BUILDING COULD USE any good cheapo overstuffed furniture for 3rd floor meeting area. 1000 Harris

WANTED TO BUY: GOOD USED 10 speed. Men's. J. Carlyl. 1107 - 22nd St. Bellingham

AMATEUR FREE-LANCE photographer needs females 18-35 who are interested in modelling. If this is your thing call Gary at 733-9814 between 8pm and 10pm. (Editors note: We suggest you take a friend with you - see Letter to Editor on page 3.)

WANTED COMBINATION WOOD & gas, enamel, chrome cooking stove. Help us, call 463-3175. Brasjo & Tsultim, Rt. 1 Box 297, Burton, Wa. 98013

WE NEED A WOOD COOK STOVE, Hopefully in good condition. Can pay some \$\$. Write Shannon Snapp, Waldron, Wa.

WANTED: ONE MALLARD DRAKE TO REPLACE our friend who passed on to his greater reward. Call 733-2570, ask for Jan or come by 1712 10th. St., B'ham. Quack!



clear passage photographers why do you always make me wait 'til midnight?

FOR SALE

OLD GRAY HOUND BUS FOR SALE Perfect for setting up and living in. Has new shag carpeting, gas range + oven, gas-electric fridge, gas hot water heater. And even a gas lamp. It has a couch, double bed & dining table. The bath has portable shower. You won't believe it until you see. Call 733-8663 anytime or Johnson's Towing Bham. \$2,500.00 or best offer.

FOR SALE 66VW SQUAREBACK \$400.00 crank needs to be turned, everything else is new. See Jim at 1105 Lk. Whatcom Blvd.

FOR SALE - 1947, 1 1/2 ton Ford Flat-bed truck, with removable stake sides. Good tires, rebuilt engine. has approx. 2,000 miles at most. runs good and gets about 12-15 miles per gal. Come see at 1096 West Badger Rd. - North on Guide Meridian past Lynden to W. Badger- Go west 2 1/2 miles or so. Asking \$450.00.

1967 VW CAMPER NEWLY OVERHAULED engine, starter & generator, cassette tape deck, large roof top storage box \$1,500.00 send your phone number to Wayne Lieb, 362 E. Jlskey Rd., Freeland, Wa. 98249

MAGNAVOX COLOR T.V. 15" screen picture tube is still under warranty, \$200.00., Call 384-5344 Also for sale ping-pong table & equipment, \$18.00,

ANYBODY MOVING IN WHO NEEDS household items? We're moving across the country and are leaving behind much of our excess accumulation. We'd like money for some of it--in anticipation of our moving expenses but some of it could be taken. We have dishes, pots, pans, electric frying pan., toaster, glasses, cups, mugs, silverware, pillows, rug, bamboo curtains, decoupage boxes, candlemaking equipment books, record, fancy leather hat and cap and more. Call 384-5344

"MARCHING THROUGH MARS," BY Burns Raushenbush. Poems from 1966-73 by a movement tripper. Plus postscript. For 60 cents at Leftbank, Red & Black, and Montana bookstores in Seattle. "A terrible book," Slime magazine. "Curiously dated," Newsmax. "Must be ignored," AP (Apathy Press).

FOR SALE: GERRY BACK PACK TYPE child carrier, good condition. \$10.00. Also clothes dryer, needs timer, make offer. 733-6496

FOR SALE: ALL CAST WOOD BURNING Heat Stove 2' X 3' X 1 1/2' universal \$30.00 605 - 11th st. Bellingham, Wa.

1965 CHEVY STEP VAN-230, 6cyl, 3/4 Ton 4600 miles since major overhaul. 17in. split rims, good running condition 12 X6 cargo area- 14 -16 mpg. \$900.00 or trade for pickup or jeep of same value See Larry at 605 - 11th St. Apt. 3, Bellingham.

WOOD BURNING COOK OR HEAT STOVE 3 1/2' X 2 1/2' X 1 1/2' \$ 25.00. Stove in good condition. See Larry- 605-11th st. Apt.3, Bellingham.

51 OPEL RECORD NEEDS A NEW HOME or similar model companion for parts Engine needs a re-build. FREE or TRADE see at 10th and McKenzie, Mike McDonald

NICK, How's Seattle? Hi from Peggy.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

FLEA MARKET- At Old Gage's building (right across from the Parkade). \$2.00 a day per booth Mon.- Thurs, \$3.00 a day per booth Fri.-Sun. Bring own table, first come on space. Opens 9AM everyday but Sun- Sun at 10:30 AM. Closes 6PM all but Fri & Sat- closes at 9PM. Come and sell your crafts or your garage sale. For info or confirmation:734-8032

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

FOUND: MALE GERMAN SHEPARD- black & tan, wearing chock chain. He's living at the Passage Office. Call733-9672.

JOHN A' GIBBS, WHO RECENTLY WROTE describing the National Gay Prisoners Coalition and efforts to organize gay people in prison has been transferred suddenly to Oregon, where he is now in "protective segregation" (the hole). Letters of support would be appreciated, and can be sent to him. John A. Gibbs, 36411, 2605 State St., Salem, Oregon 97310

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO MEET A nice bunch of feminists and at the same time do exciting work in Bellingham's new women's clinic? A volunteer is needed to replace Elise, our bookkeeper. For more information call Elise through the clinic office at 733-6344.

BROKEN CAR? CALL BLACK DUCK motors in Seattle. Quality work, fair prices and friendly, 711 John St., 624-9033

TAPESTRY HAS MOVED TO BAY STREET Village. We now have New Zealand fleece beads and buttons, procion cold water cotton dyes. Our quality is still the best, and we try to keep our prices reasonable, in spite of inflation, etc. We carry Lily cotton, Canadian wool yarn, Swedish Hargarn, and lots of books on textile techniques. hours are still Tuesday thru Sat., 10AM until 5PM. We will be closed July 14 - 22 so we may attend weaver's conference, and also August 25 -Sept. 16, just for the hell of it. Come in to see us in between. Thanks! Charlotte

RECON, JULY ISSUE INCLUDES: B-1, The Manned Bomber Resurrected; No Equality for Military Women; Anti-NATO Conference; Americans Remain in Vietnam; review of Village War; and much more. Send \$.25/copy or \$3/year (12 issues) to RECON' P.O. Box 14602, Phila., PA 19134.

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YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE MARRIED OR live in suburbia to 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

MS. PATRICIA KUNTZ HAS BEEN ACCEPTED for the fall semester at Scarritt College for Christian Workers in Nashville, Tenn. Ms. Kuntz resides at Burlington, Wa. Ms. Kuntz will be studying at Scarritt in the area of Evangelism. Ms. Kuntz is the daughter of Rev. & Mrs. Stanley E. Kuntz.

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GIMMEL BETH

MONDAY, JULY 8

(B) Cabaret tryouts at YWCA for Mt. Baker presentation in September.

(S) Northwest art show at Seattle Museum until August 25.

TUESDAY, JULY 9

(WWSC) Search for Self film series (first set) "Future Shock", "The Ultimate Mystery", "Man Isn't Dying of Thirst," Lecture Hall 4, 7:30-10:30 p.m. Series \$7, student and \$10 general. Single admission \$2 student, \$3.50 general.

(S) Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, Coliseum, 8 p.m.

(B) Bellingham Theatre Guild presents "Oh Coward"

(B) WOMEN'S ISSUE important policy making meeting, 7:30 p.m. Passage office, 1000 Harris.

(B) Co-op meeting at store, 1000 Harris, 1 p.m.

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

WEDNESDAY, JULY 10

(WWSC) Search for Self Film Series (see above for details)

(WWSC) Outdoor Program presents slide show, Miller Hall 104, 8 p.m. free.

(S) Glen Yarbrough & Lime Lighters, Opera House, 8:30 p.m.

(B) People's Land Trust meeting, 3rd floor Good Earth Building, 1000 Harris, 4 p.m.

THURSDAY, JULY 11

(S) Procol Harum, Peter Frampton, Steeleye Span, 9 p.m., Paramount Northwest

(WWSC) Art film series/ International Cinema presents "King of Hearts" plus a short, Lecture Hall 4, 8 p.m. Student, 75 cents, general \$1.25.

(B) Friends of Library present "The Lonely Dorymen," 2:30 p.m., Bellingham Public Library, free.

(B) NOW meeting, 7:30 p.m., YWCA.

(B) Community meeting, 1601 4th St., 6:30 p.m. Potluck dinner & housewarming.

FRIDAY, JULY 12

(S) Graham Central Station performing at 9 p.m. Paramount Northwest

(B) Friends of the Library present "Rabbit Hill," 7:30 p.m., Bellingham Public Library, free.

(B) Gene's birthday

(S) Carpenters at the Arena, 8:30 p.m.

SATURDAY, JULY 13

Enjoy the sun and land around Bellingham.

SUNDAY, JULY 14

BASTILLE DAY today--storm your own fortress.

(B) "Theodore Roosevelt: He Who Has Planted Will Preserve" ch. 9, 7 p.m.

(B) Women's Issue Passage Potluck Dinner, Groucho Marx Collective, 2104 McKenzie 6:30 P.M.

(B) Softball at Fairhaven Middle School, 2 p.m. Come on out & swing.

MONDAY, JULY 15

(B) Bergman Film Festival -- "Dreams"

(B) "The Day the Circus Came to Town," a Children's Theatre Play, Fairhaven Bandstand, 11 a.m. & 1:30 p.m.

TUESDAY, JULY 16

(WWSC) Search for Self film series (2nd set) "We Have No Art" & "Anais Observed", Lecture Hall 4, 7:30-10:30 p.m. see July 9 for prices.

(B) "The Wild & Flowering Chastity," an adult melodrama: Fairhaven Bandstand, 8:30 p.m., July 16 thru July 20.

(B) Co-op meeting at store, 1000 Harris, 1 p.m.

(B) Women's Issue passage meeting. Make your voice heard in the first collective women's issue ever of the Northwest Passage, same time, same place.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 17

(WWSC) Search for Self film series (2nd set) see July 16 for details.

(WWSC) Outdoor Program presents Slide show Miller Hall 104, 8 p.m. free.

(B) "The Everglades National Park" ch. 9, 8 p.m.

(B) People's Land Trust meeting, 1000 Harris, 3rd floor, 4 p.m.

THURSDAY, JULY 18

(WWSC) Art film series/ International Cinema presents "Black Orpheus" plus a short, Lecture Hall 4, 8 p.m.

(WWSC) Summer Stock presents the play: "Once Upon a Mattress," Music Auditorium, 8:15 p.m., students \$1.75, staff & alumni \$2.50, general \$3.

FRIDAY, JULY 19

(WWSC) "Once Upon a Mattress," same as above.

(S) Chicago, Coliseum, 8 p.m.

(Friday Harbor) Island market on San Juan Island--open air produce and craft sale at Friday Harbor, July 19-21.

(Blaine) Sky Water Festival -- arts and craft sales, street sales, parades, July 19-21.

SATURDAY, JULY 20

(WWSC) "Once Upon a Mattress," same as above.

SUNDAY, JULY 21

(B) "John Muir -- Earth, Planet, Universe" ch. 9, 7 p.m.

(B) A film of Japan by Japanese, "Lion Dance & Rice Straw," ch. 9, 7:30 p.m.

(B) Softball -- Fairhaven Middle School, 2 p.m.

MONDAY, JULY 22

(B) Human Sexuality telecourse: "Male & Female Sexual Response" -- by Dr. Nathaniel Wagner, ch. 9, 6:30 p.m.

(B) Bergman Film Festival presents "Smiles of a Summer Night" ch. 9, 8 p.m.

TUESDAY, JULY 23

(WWSC) Search for Self Film Series presents (3rd set): "Art of Meditation," "Journey Into Self" Lecture Hall 4, 7:30-10:30 p.m. see July 9 for prices.

(B) "John Burroughs: How Far Are We From Home?" portrait of an American naturalist, essayist & poet, ch. 9, 8:30 p.m.

(B) "Americans Like Authority," title of discussion on obligations & limitations of authority by those who exercise it & those who challenge it. ch. 9, 10 p.m.

(B) Co-op meeting at store, 1000 Harris, 1 p.m.

(B) Passage meeting for Women's issue, at the office, 1000 Harris, 7:30 p.m.

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

WEDNESDAY, JULY 24

(WWSC) Search for Self Film Series (3rd set) see July 23 for details.

(WWSC) Outdoor Program presents slide show, Miller Hall 104, 8 p.m., free.

(B) "The Grand Tetons" film tour of Jackson Hole & Grand Teton National Park, ch. 9, 8 p.m.

THURSDAY, JULY 25

(WWSC) Art Film Series/International Cinema presents: "Knife in the Water" plus a short. Lecture Hall 4, 8 p.m.

(WWSC) Summer Stock presents the play "Comedy of Errors," Music Aud., 8:15 p.m. See July 18 for summer stock prices.

(B) "The Old Maid & The Thief," a comic opera, ch. 9, 9 p.m.

FRIDAY, JULY 26

(S) CTI Summer Jazz '74, 8 p.m. Paramount Northwest

(WWSC) "Comedy of Errors," same as above.

(S) John Davidson, 8 p.m., Arena.

(B) Old Settler's Picnic in Pioneer Park in Fern dale -- parades, carnival & music thru July 27.

(B) Women's Issue Passage Layout--Come and express your IDEAS ON FEMINISM.

(WWSC) "Comedy of Errors" same as above.

SATURDAY, JULY 27

(WWSC) "Comedy of Errors," same as above.

(S) War, 8 p.m., Arena.

(B) Women's Issue -- Passage layout all day and night.

SUNDAY, JULY 28

(S) Grease, appearing at the Opera House, 2:30 and 8 p.m.

(B) Women's Issue Passage layout--if you can't make it, come in on Monday for mailing.

(B) Softball, Fairhaven Middle School, 2 p.m.

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