

Boundary

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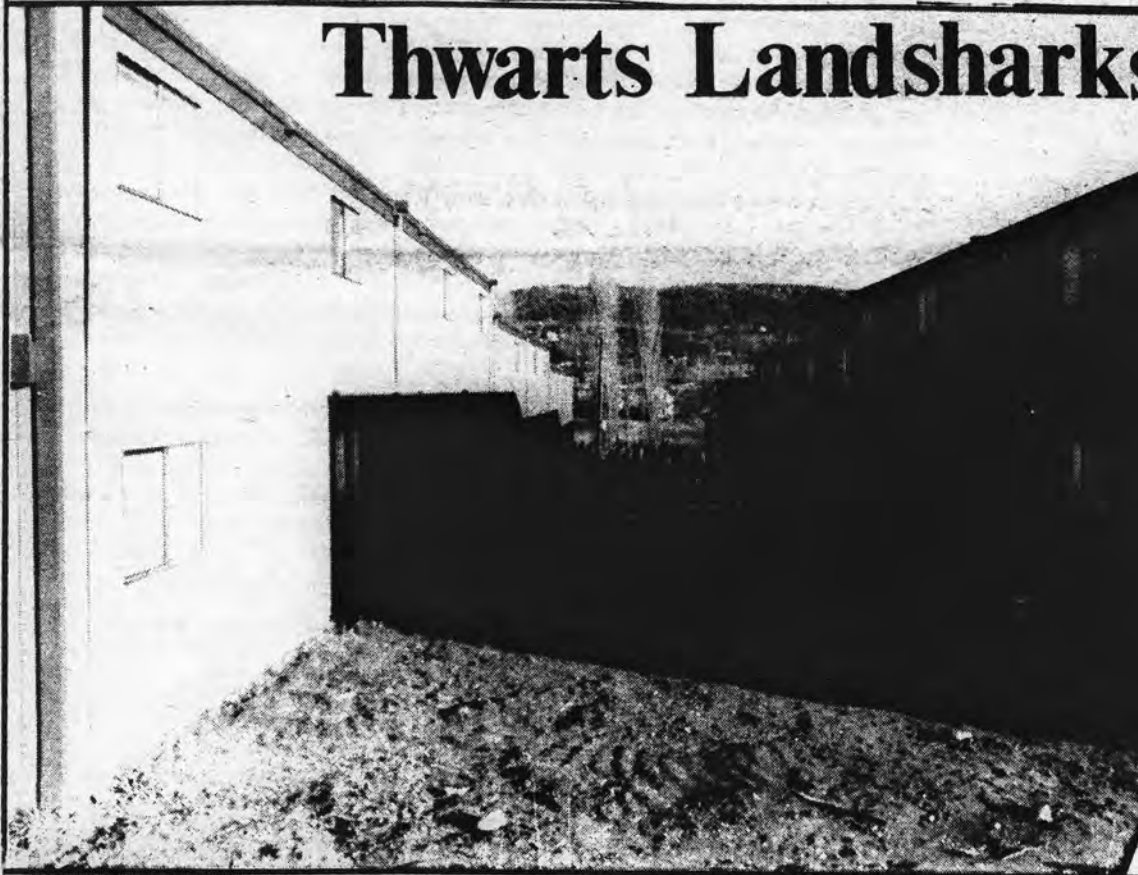
Northwest Passage

Ageism & The Gay Community

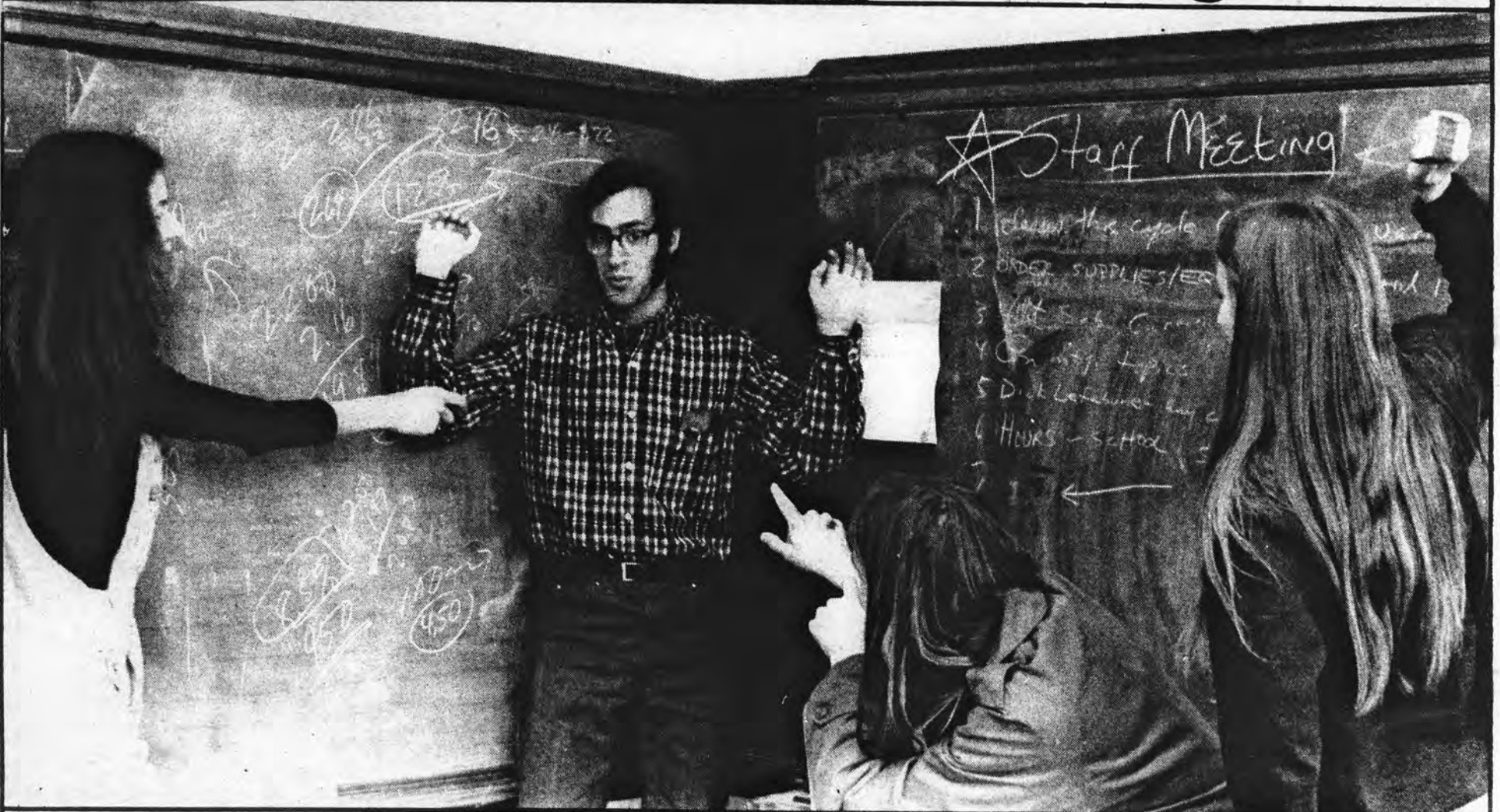
Restoring Capital Punishment

Bellingham - Seattle, Wa. Volume 15 No. 11 December 6 - 20

Happy Valley Community Thwarts Landsharks



margaret piercey
On The Edge of Time



Memoirs of a Substitute Teacher

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Editorial

For a long time the pages of the Passage have been devoid or sparsely filled with coverage of issues directly relating to Bellingham, Whatcom County, and other smaller Puget Sound Communities. We have been criticized by readers on this point and are critical of ourselves as well. Solid coverage of local citizens fighting against land developers, attempts by the Lummis to wrestle back some power and control of their lives from government agencies, and stories of the small contests and victories by local people trying to make improvements in their lives and environment, are examples of what we feel has been missing. Growing from an awareness of this problem, we are currently reorganizing our work time and emphases to try and focus more on local issues.

Simultaneously we recognize the efforts by the Passage in recent years to expand its political coverage to issues of national and international scale. We stand behind these efforts, and don't think they could be interpreted as a direction implying a lack of concern for local issues — an attitude several people have accused us of. We strongly feel these larger and sometimes distant political struggles are relevant to our everyday lives. The revolution in Angola, the struggles of native americans, the questions raised in all spheres of our lives by feminism, all when taken in perspective give a fuller understanding of more immediate and personal issues. A certain responsibility lies with our readers to make the connections. For our part we feel incorporating better local coverage will help remedy the false split between what is seen as "out there," "political", and "not relevant" and what goes on in our heads and in front of our eyes.

Role of Seattle Bureau

We would also like to answer questions asked us about the role of the Seattle Bureau on the Passage. "Is the paper moving to Seattle?" The answer is no. We have encouraged and supported the organization of a co-collective by Passage workers there. Currently we operate as two autonomous groups who share in producing, editing, and forming the directions of the paper. As the Bellingham Collective, we feel very positive about the material, ideas, and energy brought in to the Passage by the Seattle Bureau. We don't want to see the paper limit its focus to any one area. Ideally we see it speaking to progressive movements

throughout the Puget Sound area, and hopefully beyond that. Events in Seattle have an effect on the entire region, but also what goes on in the smaller towns and communities as a whole are important. The Seattle nurses strike has repercussions for hospital employees and workers everywhere; likewise the struggle by Skagit and Whatcom citizens to fight the proposed nuclear power plant will affect all of our futures as well as our utility bills. The Bellingham collective will be focusing more on Bellingham and Whatcom County issues, but we feel these have close parallels to those in many other small communities and towns, and hope readers in these areas will contribute articles and energy.

Structural Changes and General Meeting

Practically speaking, coverage of local issues takes a lot of time. Digging for information, attending meetings, interviewing people, etc., are things that as staff we have shied away from because of the work load we already feel in the physical tasks of putting the paper out. The Passage for years has depended on volunteer labor of both staff and community supporters to sustain itself, and is one of the oldest radical/alternative papers of its kind in the U.S. However at this point we are critical of ourselves as a newspaper work collective for not maintaining a lot of our local contacts.

We now have a few more committed workers on the collective, and seriously hope to engage more people involved or interested in local issues on the paper. We need more people writing, attending meetings, asking questions, sending us information, and helping us without having to commit themselves to the larger involvement with paper production. We are setting up a local news bureau to co-ordinate these activities. We also need photographers, artists, and typists, and have assigned people to co-ordinate these areas too.

On Thursday January 15th at 7pm we will be holding a general meeting for the express purpose of talking with people who are interested in the paper in some form or other. Whether to share ideas or find out more about the paper and how to get involved, we welcome all. Also we will be holding a fund raising benefit the following weekend, so stay tuned for exact dates and places.

bill patz — bellingham bureau

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cover photo of teacher by nancy hrenner
cover photo of happy valley development by peter fromme

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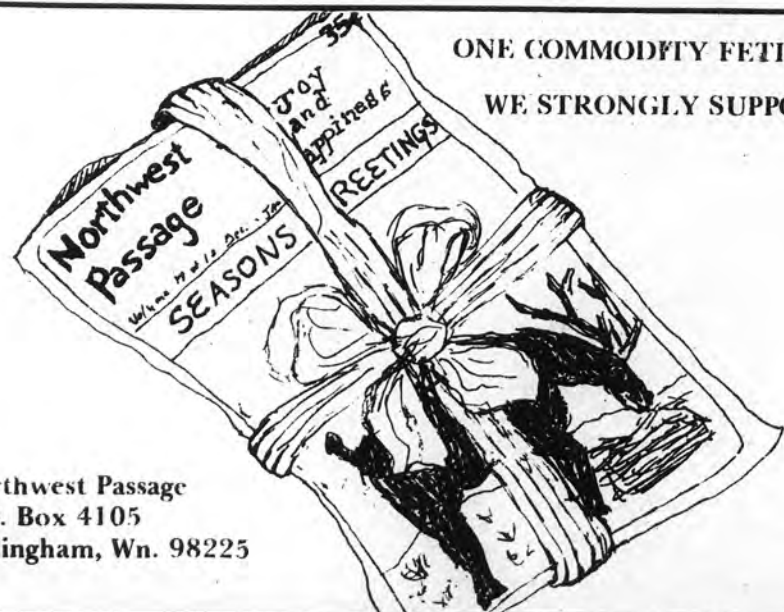
Bellingham meetings are held Wednesdays at 3 pm. If you can't make it give us a call and tell us your interests (733-9672). Office hours are on Tuesdays and Thursdays from noon until 3:00 pm.

The Northwest Passage is an independent, radical journal published in Bellingham by the Bellingham and Seattle Collectives, every other Monday, except the summer months, when it is published every three weeks.

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LETTERS

Thanks From Walla Walla

Dear People,

It is very important that you please send me right away one or more copies of the big article you just did for us here at Walla Walla. A defense fund request has been answered by some people who want details and a copy of that fine job would do all. Can you send it right away?

Thank you people--that article put a rock in their trip alot. That's from all of us here in the hole. Please continue. Conditions are gross and things are intense. I was threatened about your article and my legal work, told to stop--said up theirs. So now they are talking about good time. (4 lifes what good time!) We are all fighting hard. Please stay with us, life and death people--no bullshit!

If we get this money for defense fund, we will jump leaps and bounds here.

Biggs hugs for all,
In struggle,
Carl Harp

Words From Ward R

Ward R
Western State Hospital
Ft. Steilacoom, Wa.

People, (and gods)

I just sent a 14 page petition to the State Court of Appeals in Tacoma. Over the phone and by letter the clerk there said I could write them, hopefully they'll take action. Nobody else will.

I hope you can print this letter and send a reporter down here or call and cover this case.

I'm being drugged with an overdose of HALDOL which is very harmful, by Dr. Allison who hasn't seen me but once in 4 months and always prescribes it without examining me. He tries to show off his narrow-minded brains that way.

I haven't seen the social worker in over 4 months. One of my attendants is a former sex criminal, and one of the guards who drive around to watch escapes is a former retarded rapist!! Other staff are also ex-sex-criminals, mental patients, or ex-cons...even killers.

I was put in solitary today and threatened with being beat up and choked-out, for hugging a lady who let me hug her and she was also put in solitary, 4 times longer than me. I'm locked in a closed ward for 24 hours a day.

Cyril (Big Cy) Kolocotronis, Mensa
A.S.C.A.P., F.O.E.

Fruit Pickers

Dear NWP,

I spent the summer picking fruit near Wenatchee-Chelan and read the NWP whenever I could find a copy to buy. (Charlie Bear's Golden Florins Store carries it.) Since I was primarily working for capitalist and egocentric fruit growers, the Passage felt like a connection to an aware world. The last NWP I read was The Third Annual Women's issue, which I dug. Especially the science-fiction because I am familiar with the authors discussed, and lesbian and single-mothers articles. Although it's really too late now, connections should be made with the fruit pickers in Eastern Washington. They are continually being exploited; not only by the growers but by the local town people too. Pickers who arrive with no job and no friends to crash with have no place to go. They simply hang out in town, get harassed by the cops and by local rednecks in the bars. I had to leave at the end of September because I am finishing school but I sure see a need for some organizing.

Anyway, I also visited Bellingham this summer and am seriously considering moving there--I am especially turned on to the Women's Health Clinic (it was closed when I was there) and now this news of a Whatcom County Birth Association... Wow, I'm into midwifery right now and have talked with lots of women who had home births. At some point I plan to apprentice with a real midwife. If you could somehow put me in touch with that Birth Association, I'd appreciate it.

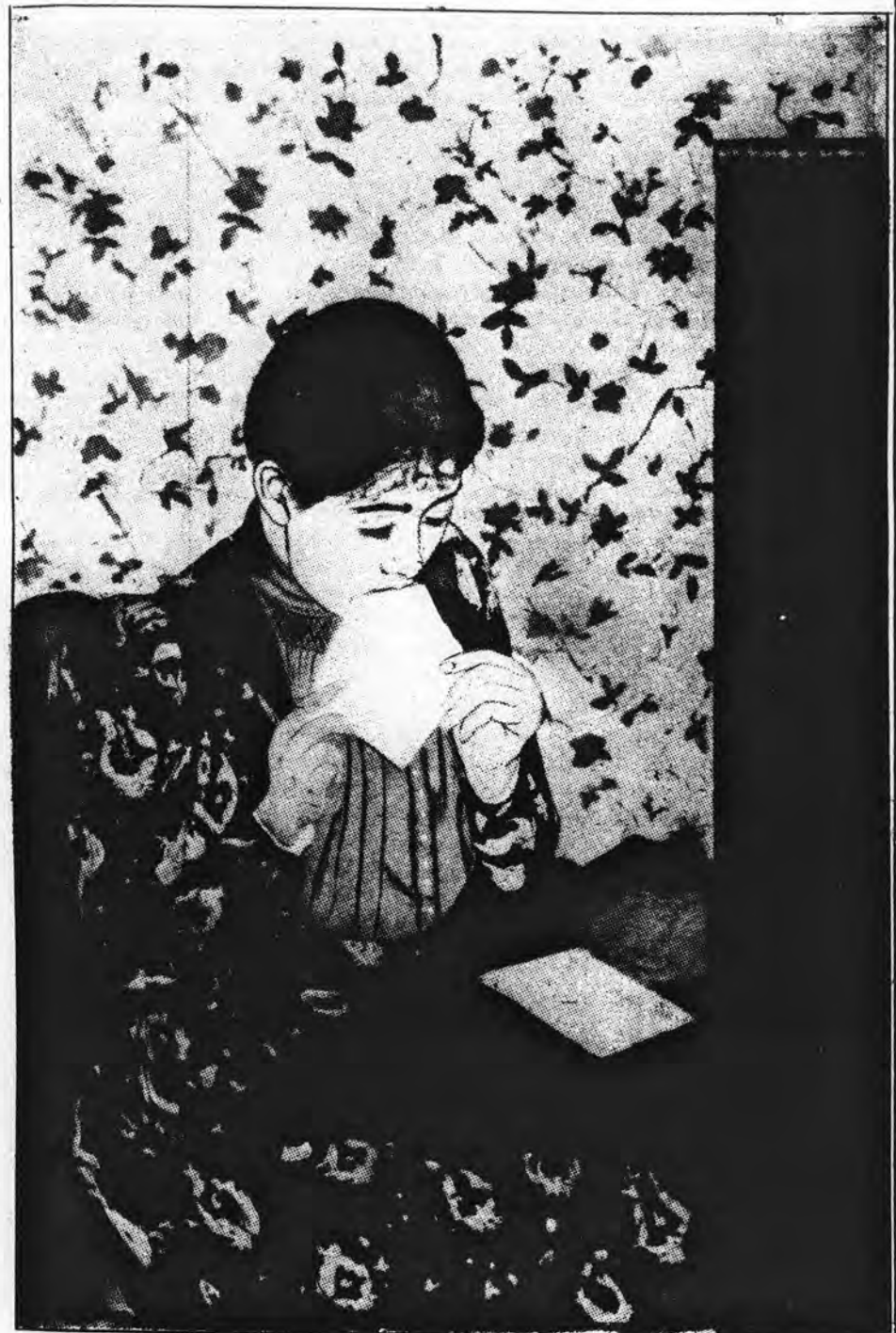
I would like to meet all of you sometime. Maybe I will!

Sheryl Merrell
545 N. Indian Hill Blvd.
Claremont, Ca. 91711

Single Moms Face Same Isolation

In response to Lesbian Mothers article--in response to Sandy and Pat-WAIT A MINUTE! I'm a single parent--defined as one parent who has sole responsibility for one child. I'm a womyn, he's a six year old male. I consider myself a feminist. I do not identify sexually as a lesbian.

Mostly I just wanted to point out to you that almost all of the problems you are talking about are also problems of any single mother I know or have ever met.



The Letter, 1891, Mary Cassatt

We all face the same isolation. I also deal with social isolation. I'm always, sometimes forever, seeing only mothers and children, daycare people, errand folks. I hardly have a social life without extreme effort. The division I notice the most is those with children and those without. That's a phoney-baloney idea you have that heterosexuals see children in terms of 'life process' and are therefore more open to them and their moms (or dads) BULLSHIT!!! Believe me ladies--from my heart and my experience it is no easier to find housing, relationships, find a home out of the slums, have a lot of friends and any freedom to work and party as you wish, deal with daycare or any of it when you are a single parent regardless of your sexuality! And listen, just because a womyn is heterosexual or bi-sexual doesn't mean she automatically raises a male chauvinist-egotistical pig. I have just the same battles with what my child learns at home and what he learns as a value system from the good old U.S.A.

Now you feel you'd particularly like the lesbian community to realize the

needs of lesbian moms. Farout. I'm just pointing out that your needs aren't any different from the rest of us non-coupled parents. I've been active with many play-groups, mother's clubs, daycares, and other womyn and I have often spent 90 to 95% of my time (and so have the other womyn) and energy on other womyn and their children. Also I don't have a phone and only have a car rarely which tenfolds the isolation. I'd love to see myself and my children and all the single parents and coupled parents to have greater access to the greater community both in general and specific.

I do hope you find the support you are looking for. I suppose as separatists you don't want to rely on womyn who like men (we do sometimes talk about men and sometimes even see them). But, perhaps, at some point you might find that even het. moms can be very supportive and helpful within mom and child worlds, and that they share very similar problems with you.

In Struggle and Unity
Gail Pritkin.

Trident Protesters

SEATTLE— The forewoman of a federal jury for a Trident protest trial said she and the other jurors "were deliberating about the future of humanity," but when she tried to say that in court, the judge silenced her.

Ginny Crow, Tom Schmoie and George Recknagel were convicted by the 12 jurors November 23 for willful destruction of government property (fence cutting) during a demonstration at the Bangor Trident base September 19.

"He insisted that I answer whether I thought the defendants were guilty or not," Landrud said. "He read the charges to me again: did they cut a fence? was it government property? was it worth something? The way they worded those charges, I had to say yes."

"But, when we were deliberating, there wasn't any debate about whether they cut the fence or not. The issue that was raised, that we were all very conscious of, was nuclear proliferation, and what we can all do to stop it."

Voorhees accepted Landrud's reconsidered "yes" and promptly dismissed the jurors. "I really wanted to say no, but... everybody in the whole place said they had cut the wire, so what could I do?"

Members of the Pacific Life Community, coordinators of the Trident demonstrations, have attempted to introduce "international law," including the United States-developed Nuremberg principles, into the case. Federal justices Voorhees and John Weinberg have consistently ruled those arguments out of order.

Landrud said, "We don't really know anything about international law. How are we going to apply a higher law we don't know anything about? We would have liked to have brought it into our deliberations, but the judge had already ruled that it was inadmissible because it was irrelevant. I really felt pretty limited by being told what issues we could consider. My yes vote was very hesitant, and it still is."

The recent controversial trial in Yakima of persons who tried to "drive the devil" out of a 4-year-old boy and wound up killing him affected the jurors. "There were a few of our jurors who believe in civil disobedience," Landrud said. "But the jurors were really afraid for the future of our law system if we let certain people break the law for a higher purpose. They mentioned the Yakima people and the demon stuff and said, 'we wouldn't want Their higher law."

"In response to that, I said, 'If we have courts but with everybody dead, what good is it going to do?'"

Crow, 49; Schmoie, 26, and Recknagel, 27, were to be sentenced December 30. Schmoie was also up for sentencing December 6 for an earlier Trident conviction.

The day-and-a-half-long trial followed a typical pattern of these legal games as Voorhees cut off attempts by the defendants to introduce the reasons for their actions.

Schmoie called as a witness his grandfather, Floyd Schmoie, 81. He had worked with the American Friends Service Committee, helping to rebuild houses in Hiroshima and Nagasaki shortly after the atomic bombs there in 1945. "He was going to give a history of civil disobedience," Tom Schmoie said. "The judge ruled all my questions irrelevant. The only thing he was allowed to say was that he was a resident of Washington."

In closing statements, Recknagel described the distinction between "law" and "justice" and urged the jurors to uphold justice; Crow presented a series of newspaper clippings which she said always told people how swell Trident was (front-page *Seattle Times* article, for example, about new schools in the area as a result of the influx of workers) and not that it killed people, to which Voorhees responded, "This is not pertinent; deal with the evidence," and finally the prosecutor, Jim Moore, who in a rebuttal closing statement demanded that "civil disobedients must take responsibility for their actions," a surprising principle to invoke considering the nature of the case and the tenuous ethical position the state holds.

-jack pfeifer

Convicted



photo by winky mccoy

Jury forewoman stated after the trial: we "were deliberating about the future of humanity." But in the courtroom the issue was "Did they cut the fence?" Juror Lee Landrud: "The way they worded the charges, I had to say yes."

Juror Landrud (left) is pictured standing with convicted Trident protestor Gener Recknagel (right) standing in front of the federal courthouse shortly after the trial.

& Sentenced

Five Trident demonstrators were sentenced to jail November 23 in a dramatic hearing before Magistrate John L. Weinberg. One of the defendants, Jim Douglass, 32, was dragged from the courtroom by federal marshals when Weinberg refused to let him continue his closing statement.

A sixth defendant, Laurie Raymond, 29, who had been scheduled for sentencing that day, will be sentenced at a later time because she was arrested a day earlier for spray-painting advertisements in front of the bawdy New Paris Theater. She was placed in King County Jail on charges of vandalism.

Douglass and John Williams, 27, the two men put in custody, apparently have been mistreated in the jail.

"They were beaten up the very first night," said a member of the Pacific Life Community, Seattle organizer of Trident demonstrations. "They took away their glasses and most of their clothes, including their underwear."

"According to the story I was given, there was a psychotic man in one of the cells who was raving, 'Who took my sandwich? Who took my sandwich?' After having beaten him earlier, they took John to this cell, threw him inside with this man, and said to him, 'HE took your sandwich.'"

William, who had vowed in the courtroom, "I will not eat or move during the course of my imprisonment" (to which Weinberg replied, "You do whatever you think appropriate, Mr. William"), apparently is not in good physical condition as a result of this treatment. Friends have been writing letters of appeal to Weinberg to attempt to get him removed to a halfway house for the remainder of his sentence.

Douglass and William each were sentenced to 90 days for destruction of government property valued at less than \$100 (fence cutting) and 60 days for trespassing, to be served concurrently.

Jo Maynes, 50, also was given 90 and 60 because, Weinberg told her, "You have an earlier conviction." Maynes responded, two days before Thanksgiving. "I spent last Thanksgiving in jail, this is my EIGHTH conviction; and I want that to be a part of the record."

Weinberg received the verbal mudballs with aplomb and liberally responded: "The court will allow the serving of the sentence to be delayed until Friday morning so that those defendants who wish to may be home for Thanksgiving."

Shelley Douglass, 32, wife of Jim Douglass, was sentenced to 60 days and Caroline Wildflower, 29, to 30 days.

Weinberg said he would not grant appeal bond because there would "be more law breaking while you are free." Later he added, "I have significant doubts that imposing a jail sentence is going to have much effect on your future conduct, but perhaps other people will see this and it will affect their future conduct."

With the young prosecutor, Jim Moore, sitting in grim silence, Weinberg attempted to justify the proceedings. "I'd like to make a few statements," he said, fidgeting with his ballpoint pen, his red striped shirt and red tie poking through the black robe at the neck, the black moustache trimmed meticulously. "I'd like to tell you why I think it was appropriate the court take action in this case."

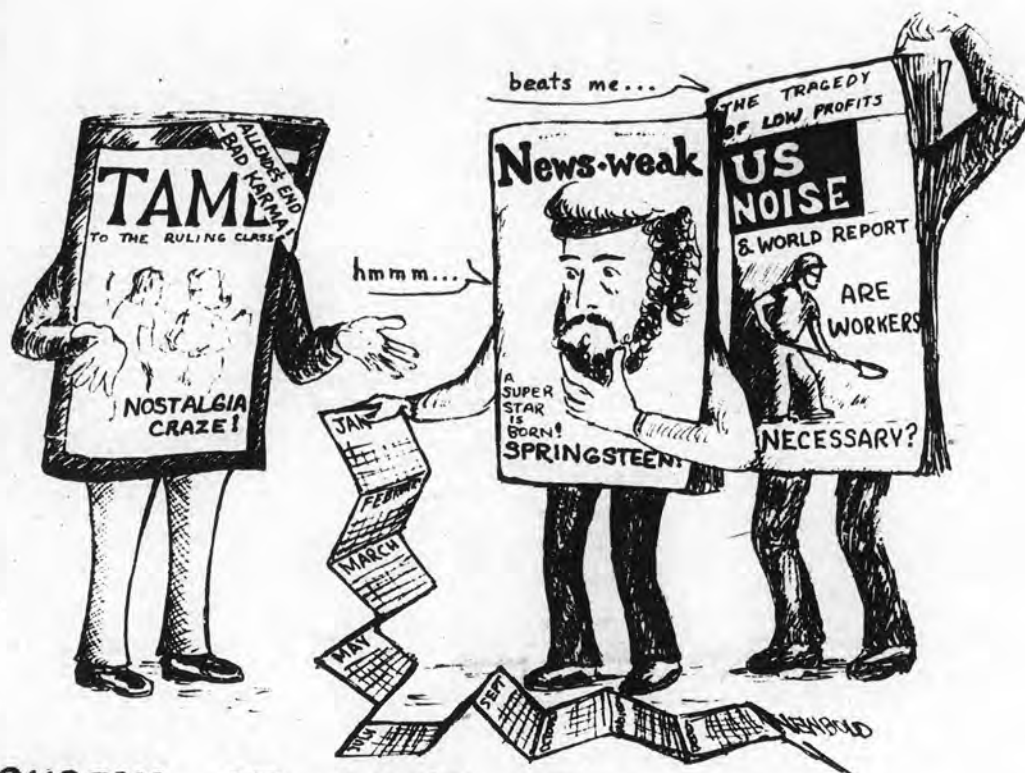
"The court respects your opinion, as I hope you respect mine In a letter you called the court 'the enemy' -- I'm sorry you feel that way The property you damaged is the property of the whole community; it belongs to all of us. So, who is to be responsible?"

William yelled from the other side, "We were taking responsibility."

Weinberg: "I have no question in my mind that you feel something wrong is going on at Bangor, that you feel what is going on there is a crime by the government of the first magnitude. But organized law violation of this kind has got to be prohibited."

Tom Schmoie, 26; Michaele Adams, 28; and Raymond all were scheduled to be sentenced on Monday, December 6, by Weinberg for similar Trident transgressions.

-jack pfeifer



SURELY, IT CAN'T BE
"THESE TIMES" ALREADY ???

Spreading the Socialist Word (and Loretta Lynn, too)

Ambitiously billing itself as "The Independent Socialist Newspaper," the left weekly *In These Times* made its way to Seattle's bookstalls last month.

In These Times (ITT) is clearly a serious undertaking. Its layout is attractive and professional, the breadth of coverage exceptional. And with a first year budget of \$350,000, *These Times* is not plagued by such unsophisticated techniques as the uneven right edge you may notice as you read this column.

A 13 person paid staff puts together extensive national and international news coverage, with considerable attention given to cultural news. Country singer Loretta Lynn graced the cover of the second issue, part of the paper's conscious attempt to broaden its appeal to the large group of people who are, as editor James Weinstein says, "unconscious of themselves as a left," yet sympathetic with many of its ideas. It is just this attitude which gives the paper its outstanding potential.

These Times' list of sponsors, who will periodically submit contributions in the form of signed columns, reads like a "Who's Who" of Left academicians and notables. Included among them are Paul Sweezy, Noam Chomsky, Barbara Ehrenreich, Julian Bond, Barry Commoner, Herbert Marcuse, Dorothy Healy and Dan Ellsberg—even former Seattle congressperson Hugh DeLacey.

The 24-page, Chicago-based weekly sold 100 copies its first week in Seattle, distributor Joe Peschet told *the Passage*. It is available in about a dozen bookstores and a few co-ops.

In These Times should nearly fill the relative vacuum that exists between the plethora of newspapers representing the various Marxist-Leninist tendencies and the news journals of the more liberal left. Its politics are clearly stated and explicitly "democratic

socialist": "Our overriding commitment is to democracy, to socialism as a means of that attainment, and to the inseparability of the two in modern industrial society," reads the premier issue's article delineating the political philosophy of the paper. At odds with the Leninist tradition of a vanguard party that characterizes the "old left," (including the "new communist movement"—*The Guardian*, RCP (Revolutionary Communist Party), October League, etc.), *In These Times* pointedly rejects the notion that socialism is "the private property of self-proclaimed vanguards."

These positions mark the paper as a part of the heritage of the New Left, and so does its genealogy. Editor James Weinstein originally organized the theoretical journal *Socialist Revolution* in an effort to influence the course of the SDS back in 1969 before that organization was formally drawn and quartered.

Anyone now consuming *Time* or *Newsweek* may do well to look into *These Times*. Besides being 60 cents cheaper (but minus those sharp color pictures), *ITT* is not in the business of promoting authoritarianism, capitalism and the status quo. Witness an article on Mexico in the current Dec. 6 *Newsweek* which characterizes land takeovers by poor peasants as a "dangerous wave of political unrest" and then goes on to sympathetically chronicle "The Panic of the Rich." The week before *Time* ran an article that took at near face value the charges against China's radicals.

If *The Guardian* is your choice of news, *ITT* may add diversity although in comparison, *These Times* is decidedly less voluminous in its coverage of third world issues. Still, it has more of what could be called "mainstream" news, including superb labor reportage, and is definitely the more readable of the two. Its personalized advocacy journalistic style is a welcome relief to the cold facts-slipping into rhetoric stance of

many of the sectarian Left journals. In these respects, it resembles *Seven Days* and *Mother Jones*, though considerably to the left of the latter. It differs, too, in that its political philosophy is explicitly stated and developed each week through lengthy editorials.

These Times has many pleasant surprises: some that appealed to us (in addition to Loretta Lynn) were a column by Chicago organizer Staughton Lynd—"When a company threatens to leave," analyses of the upheaval in China, an article on brown lung and one on the failures of affirmative action plans, an interview with one of the organizers of the recent tenant strike in New York City, a CB column, a first hand account of the children's revolt in Johannesburg, South Africa, and the first in a series on the politics of labor and unions.

As with any left periodical, it is not without flaw. At first glance, it appears to be uncritically accepting of pragmatism and success in electoral politics (witness its support of the Socialist Party in Portugal and perhaps undue optimism over Carter). Structurally, its editorial staff, and especially its sponsors, are somewhat weighted towards males. Over half the articles in the first three issues are written by men. Yet the paper's commitment to feminism is obvious.

Despite such minor criticisms, and having an unappealing acronym (a left periodical called *ITT?*), *In These Times* is, as distributor Peschet told *the Passage*, "an idea whose time has come." His optimism no doubt reflects that of the rest of the staff when he says that "it reflects the maturity of the people in the movement and could be a significant focal point in developing a mass socialist movement."

ed newbold
michelle celarier

Memoirs of a Sub

"Don't take any guff from kids. . .
Send 'em to me and I'll take care of them."

— Seattle Principal

Where is Room 212 anyway? I thought the people in the office said it was two doors past the janitor's place. And I hope the key doesn't stick. It really looks bad when I have trouble with the door. God, I still remember the time . . .

An impish kid interrupts my thoughts. "Are you a sub?" he inquires. I nod. "Who for?" "Miss White," I reply. "Man, do I feel sorry for you! See ya third period," he shouts as he runs off. . . .

My second year of subbing. More relaxed and confident than my first. I've figured out most of the DO's and DON'T's. I've got my act down pat. Basic rules:

1. Take attendance,
2. Explain the assignment,
3. Report any major disturbances (if I don't the kids will),
4. Always leave the room clean and neat (the teacher can't know what really happened, but will feel secure if the room looks okay).

Otherwise I run a pretty loose ship. I don't force kids to work as long as they keep quiet so others can work. And I've stuck to my resolve never to send a kid to the Office. The only thing that bothers me is all the personal abuse—mocking me, my accent, my mannerisms. I know it's nothing personal, just the role I'm in. But it still gets to me. . . .

Any day. Any class. The bell has just rung, and I try to get things together. "Okay! It's about time for class to start," I announce. "Would you all please take a seat and quiet down. . . I said QUIET. . . As you can see, your regular teacher's not here today, so I'm your sub. My name's on the board. It's Doug Honig. But I'd prefer that you just call me 'Doug'. Now for today. . . What's that? No, my name's not 'dog', it's 'Doug'. . . Look I said 'DOUG'. . . What? Yeh, I know I sound funny to you, but that's just because I come from a different part of the country. Can anybody guess where I come from? . . . Poland? . . . London? . . . Texas? . . . Oh, come on! . . .

High schools are no big problem. The kids who don't work usually sleep or talk quietly. The ones who really hate school simply don't show up. But junior highs are another story.

Two classes in a row totally out of control (mine, that is). Last period, a dozen guys got into a rousing game of trash can basketball. Some even had pretty good moves. Afterwards, one boy exclaimed, "Man! That was good exercise." Made me feel better.

This class is into singing. A row of girls keeps chorusing "We are Santa's Elves". The rest of the class is running through Dr. Demento's favorites. I don't really mind. I'm just afraid some vice-principal will pop in, and I'll get in trouble. . . .

The class isn't settling down, and I'm having a hard time just getting through the roll. A couple students are into a particularly vehement shouting match. The boy finally comes over to the girl's desk and belts her in the mouth. She leaves the room in tears, threatening to come back with friends.

I figure I'd better carry on as best I can. So I get on with the assigned lesson — Ancient Greece. While I'm restaging the Battle of Marathon, the girl returns with the promised reinforcements. She points to her attacker and yells, "He's the one who did it!"

Help! I have no idea what to do. I'm secretly pulling for the boy to get smashed. But one of the intruders turns out to be a counselor who leads away the main combatants to make peace. For once I appreciate the administration. . . .

A dream I have: A junior high class is getting pretty noisy and ignores my pleas for quiet. My blood starts to boil. I see two boys wrestling around on the floor. Furious, I grab one and drag him into the hall. Just as I am about to pound him, I wake up. . . .

A really juicy lesson to teach: the Cuban Revolution. The unit is set up in terms of 20 names and places the students will have to identify on a test.

Instead of simply going over the ID's I try to do a narrative of the revolution, explaining its background and causes. I am careful to point out when I touch on one of the ID's.

The kids will have none of this. They just want to get blanks filled in on their study sheets. They ask me to repeat slowly, word-by-word each reference to an ID. They complain when my explanation won't fit on one line. Out of four classes, only one student shows any interest in Cuba per se.

Educators call this phenomenon "the hidden curriculum". The form of teaching matters more than what's actually taught. . . .

Some real creativity is to be found in schools, but often you have to look outside official assignments. One day I find two boys pushing, shoving, and calling each other names. They seem to be working out some feud. After class starts, one gets up and puts an insulting picture of the other on the blackboard. The second retaliates with his own nasty depiction of his opponent.

Intrigued, I let them continue. A duel of blackboard art ensues. One draws a cow, labeling its rear end as the other's brains. He, in turn, creates a sea monster with a tail running the length of the board.

Other class members begin to watch and shout

encouragement. I tell the others to stay seated, but allow each protagonist to choose an art advisor. The final salvo is a stately, phoenix-like creature sitting on an egg (the other boy of course). As class ends, the boys seem to be friends again. . . .

Homecoming assembly. Students are dismissed to attend the ritualistic whipping up of fervor for the coming game. Not such an easy task since the team is 0-6 this year.

The coach gives it the old college try, though. He praises team members as "real winners", noting that they didn't follow some of their buddies who quit to get jobs and make money. He points out that they still may win a game, as some of their future opponents are pretty poor.

To prove his point, he has the team run through a simulated play. But the intended pitchout sails right through the halfback's hands into the first row of bleachers. Ever the philosopher, the coach remarks that such boo-boos merely demonstrate the need for more practice. . . .

As I walk across the room, I hear smooching sounds and vampish cries of, "Hi, cutie-pie." I wish I could keep a straight face in these situations.

I acknowledge a waving hand. "Karen needs help, Mr. Honig." I trudge over to ask which lesson Karen is stuck on. "That's not the kind of help she needs. Whooa!" squeals Karen's friends. "Are you having Karen over to your place tonight?" Blushing, I mumble some inanity and try to recall what it was like to be 13. . . .

Of course, sex is more important to many teenagers than any school subject. Schools either try to



Graphic courtesy of War Resister's League

a Substitute Teacher

suppress the topic or offer sex education classes. But the kids have their own curriculum. To wit:

An eighth-grade grammar class. The assignment is to make up an "ABC" booklet. Most students diligently labor over such innocuous themes as birds or cars.

The class rowdies decide to explore the ABC's of sex, shouting out appropriate words for different letters. I am pleased when they avoid the obvious 'f' in favor of "Fallopian tubes". As the period ends, I hear one boy exult, "Wow! That was the best class I ever had."

I recount this incident to a friendly high school class. Not to be outdone, they try their own hands at the alphabet. Not only do they come up with "zygote" for 'z', but one girl even masters 'x'--Xaviera Hollander.

Talking about my life outside school is usually a big hit. Last spring I told a couple classes about getting a ticket for hitchhiking. The kids seemed fascinated. We discussed a little about the legal system, and I was even offered advice. Here it is a year later, and some of the kids still remember my ticket; they even want me to retell the story--it made that much of an impact.

A Special Ed class today. "Special" in this case seems to mean kids the regular teachers can't handle. They definitely want to hear about the "real" me. The first two boys who walk in ask if I smoke dope. The first time I answer honestly, but then I get anxious and start to hedge ("Not in school, at least.").

A third boy asks permission to light up in class. He counters my refusal with a claim that a previous sub had let them smoke. I point out it would be a pretty big risk for a teacher to take. "Aw, man," he responds, "our last sub not only rolled joints with us--he also dropped acid in class." Sure!

The kids aren't as unmanageable as I feared. One kid plays the big bully and keeps jabbing me in the arm. Finally he waves his fist in my face and threatens to break my glasses. Taking a deep breath and closing my eyes, I tell him to go ahead. Astonished, he offers his hand for me to shake and tells me what a great guy I am.

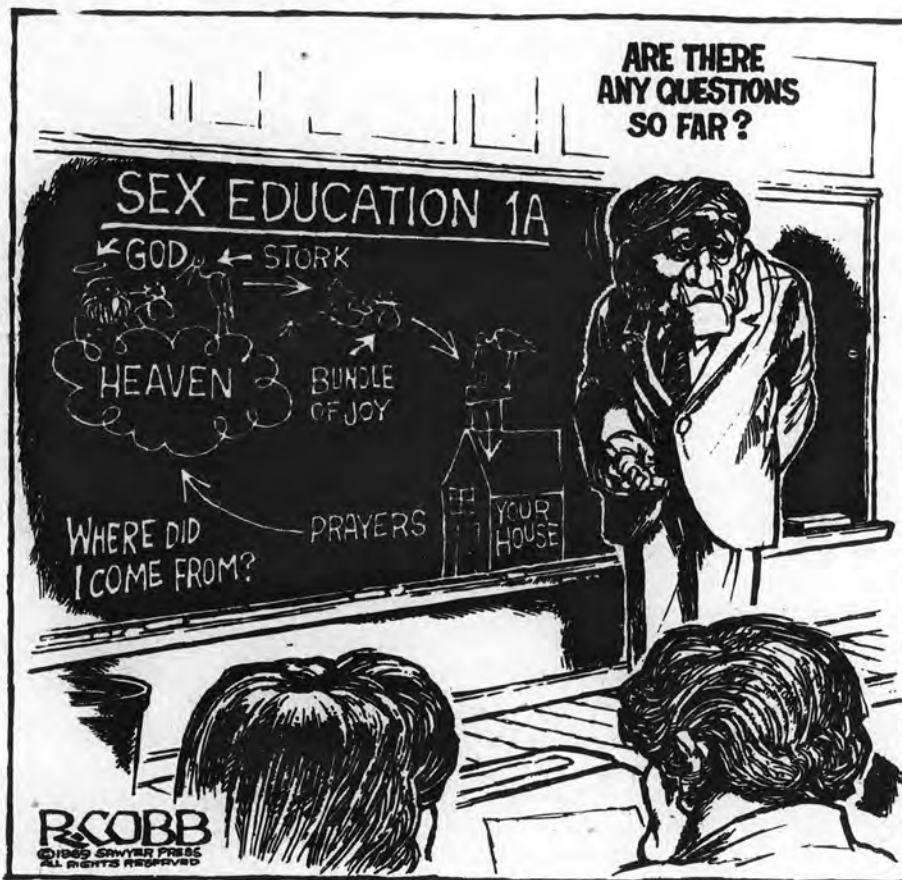
So the day goes okay. I even have some good raps about the kids' parents and my communal house. One boy seems nicer, less aggressive than the rest. He shows me the essay he is writing. The opening sentence tells how much he admires Hitler. Fortunately, the rest is too garbled for me to understand.

Junior high frolics. A few boys are throwing paper planes. I capture some and throw them away. No big deal.

The regular teacher shows up unexpectedly. He inquires how things are going, and I mention the planes. Mistake! I have just detonated a bomb. "What!" he explodes. "There is to be no throwing of airplanes in my class. Okay, who did it?" Hoping to save somebody's neck, I tell him I don't know and just point to a corner of the room. Staring there menacingly, he demands full confessions and threatens to use special methods (unspecified) to ferret out the truth. For a parting shot he promises, "action like you've never seen" to the guilty parties.

I feel like apologizing to the boys. Next time I'll keep my mouth shut.

Authority complexes take various forms. For example--a student teacher is on hand to run the show.



'F' is for 'Fallopian'

He has his own special system. Each class starts with hands shooting up to volunteer to be "chalkman". The position entails writing names on the board for the "lucky list". Getting "lucky" means doing something the teacher doesn't like. The luck in this case is getting to clean up the cafeteria after lunch (no small task at a junior high).

The system at work: A girls' younger sister arrives with lunch money from home. Big sis leaves her desk to collect the 50c and lands on the lucky list.

The teacher's British accent makes me wonder if his inspiration was soccer, in which the ref takes down the name of any player committing a gross foul. Further evidence: in the middle of each class he allows a five-minute break he terms "halftime". At least he's pretty up front about his class being a game.

Surprise! The guest speaker turns out to be a radical wanting to talk about Marxism. He asks the first class what communism is. "Dictatorship" comes the reply. So we spend the day talking about how communism and capitalism relate to democracy.

Several kids surprise me by being familiar with Marx. They even think workers' control is a great idea. But that's all--simply a nice idea that doesn't work in practice. They point to Russia, and I can't see telling them what a great place it is. The speaker and I bring up China and Cuba, but the kids haven't heard much about them.

Such discussions always strike me as too academic. Terms like "democracy" and "workers' control" never

hit home unless you can apply them to your own life. And this rarely happens at school. It's alright to talk politics in Contemporary Problems classes; for students to get a real say in running schools is a far different matter. Still, I'm glad to see the schools at least exposing kids to Marx.

Last week of class at an alternative school. Attendance has become spotty, to say the least. Only two students show up in my room all day. One comes merely to ask permission to leave. The other gives a spacy rap about drugs while I try to figure out what he's on.

No matter. State law says school must stay open a certain minimum number of days, and that a certified substitute (i.e., me) must always fill in for an absent teacher. I figure gravy days like this compensate for some of the raunchy assignments I've had.

A fantasy I have: One year, all the levies fail. Teachers throughout the state go on strike. Citizens join in support and demand community control of schools. Students march, too, and insist on a voice in their education. The legislature is forced to enact a progressive income tax/corporate profits tax. I get a full-time job at an alternative school.

- doug honig

(Doug Honig has taught in Seattle secondary schools since 1974. All of the above incidents actually happened. An account of his first-year teaching experience appeared in *NWP* of March, 1975).

Cold War on the Toy Floor

Your inquiring reporter visited downtown Seattle toy departments last week. In several, the floor was Balkanized into a Boy's sector and a Girl's Sector. Each section was complete with flag and a No-Person's-Toyland in between. The boy's Sector, however, was incredibly well-armed. It seemed only a matter of time before the helpless dolls and their golden libraries were due to be X-massacred.

Here's what other trained observers thought about this situation:

QUESTION: What do you think of dividing toys into boys' and girl's sections?

Melinda Zander, White Center:



I don't think it's right. We have two foster kids, a boy and a girl. I want to get her a doll. She's interested in dolls. Maybe it's some sort of instinct because she really is! I don't try to pressure her, but she likes to be a little mother. I swear! I don't believe it. So, I'll probably end up getting her a

doll and him, trucks.

He likes trucks, but he'll play with her stuff, too. They'll play with each other's toys. So, the toys being separated like this, I don't think it's right.

I can't buy him a doll. I'd feel really strange buying him a doll. I wouldn't feel so strange buying her a truck.

Harold Lane, Mercer Island:



I like it that way. At least I know where I'm going. An eight-year-old doesn't necessarily play with tea sets and those plastic toy stoves. That's a bunch of junk. But at least I know when I go in that area, I'll be getting ideas.

I took her in here. I let her go around, because I didn't have any ideas. She picked out this baby doll and a bunch of games and that \$70 doll house over there. She knew what I was doing. She doesn't believe in Santa Claus anymore.

I think it's better to get her stuff she likes and wants, rather than me getting something that I want for her. It doesn't work usually.

Maureen Hoyt, University student:



I'm buying for my brothers and sisters. The youngest is eight and the oldest is sixteen.

Most of the girls in my family like stuffed animals. The boys like them, too. My brother Mike loves them. He has more stuffed animals than my sisters do. The girls definitely don't play with dolls very much. If I got any of the action toys, which I don't plan to, they would both use them.

Evie Fratt, Wenatchee:



We have three children, 10, 8, and 3. The oldest two are girls and the youngest is a boy.

I have one with me today and we're getting some ideas. Another day, I'll take another with me.

I don't buy all their toys in one section all the time. I have one girl who enjoys little cars, so I don't buy her girl toys, strictly.

Allen Wright, Store Employee:



I'm buying my nephew a toy. I'm going to buy a toy that either a boy or girl can play with. I plan to get him a Fischer-Price Weebly. He's a little over three.

photos & interviews
by will werley



community news

Lummi

Make Waves

Bellingham-

The Lummi are building a mile long wave break. After an Easter storm last year that destroyed several thousand oysters it seemed important; "We need some stability in planning, we don't want to worry about being wiped out anytime," stated Dick Pool of the Lummi Aquaculture. "We can't afford to lose one half million dollars worth of oysters."

The problems facing this aquaculture project have come down to an authority clash with the powers of the County Planning Commission and the Corps of Engineers. The tribe sees both departments as going beyond their official realm in trying to regulate a treaty covered area. So the Lummi have proceeded through proper legal channels of the Lummi Tribal Planning Commission. A Public hearing was announced in local papers by the Lummi Planning Office for October 15th. About 20 local beach residents showed, plus proponents for the wavebreak from the Aquaculture Project. Objections were raised by the residents that their property would be damaged by siltation. The Aquaculture personnel tried to quell those fears by explaining that there was no place for the silt to come from; no river mouths or streams emptying into the area to provide the silt necessary to cause the problem. Stated Pool, "The log boom will be a mile across, we don't want to stop all wave action for our own advantage; it feeds the oysters and keeps the water clean and fresh." Pool said he felt most people present seemed satisfied with the report.

The Commission (tribal) voted and issued the proper permit for the project but quite a few agencies feel stepped



photo by will werley

over. The County Commissioners want the Lummi to get a shoreline permit from them and they have sent their letters to the Corps of Engineers recommending a navigational permit. According to the Bellingham Herald, Nov. 11th the Corps is planning to hold a public hearing for the navigational permit, and Mr. Fulton of the Planning Commission Office told the NWP "the County will certainly be glad to take them to court." While the County and Feds fuss over jurisdiction, the winter will be spent on construction of the 6,000 ft. log boom.

Dan Raas, lawyer for the Lummi, pointed out to the Bellingham Herald that not only did the tribe have complete jurisdiction over the matter but that the County was ignoring a section in the Shoreline Management Act which states: "Nothing in this chapter shall affect any rights established by treaty

to which the United States is a party.... The treaty that applies is the 'The Lummi fishing right' in which Judge Boldt clearly read 'enhancement' as part of those rights."

The power struggle that the county and Corps are committed to seems to have been lost on the Lummi. The area in question was already zoned by the Tribal Planning Commission for "tribally controlled fishing, seafood production and harvesting and to retain the natural environment." The issue is one of self determination for the tribe. In any case, the Lummi appear to be doing a thorough job in present and future planning for the reservation. So the County and Corps will have to make the next move if they wish to continue the contest.

judy calhoun

Save Family Farms!

The State Grange's Family Farm Water Act, Initiative 59, seeks to establish support of family farming as opposed to conglomerate corporation farming as the policy of the state of Washington. It is not a veiled attempt to limit corporate farming. It is a forthright effort to direct future irrigation development toward creation of strong communities of property-owning farmers as contrasted with non-communities of transients.

These corporations are largely lured into such financial ventures by the present tax incentives offered by the federal government through investment credits, accelerated depreciation and tax loss write-offs. They are so organized that the parent company can protect itself from the kind of financial disaster that faces the family farmer if markets are bad and losses wipe out its enterprise. A series of subsidiary corporations will allow the parent company to milk out the profits from any successful venture while hiding behind the corporate structure's protection if one of their adventures turns sour.

The family farmer leaves a bad venture bankrupt and ruined. The parent corporation can write off the failed corporate venture, leave any residual problems to the residents of the community and continue its profitable ventures under new corporate clothing, and even profit in tax savings from the losses.

The "Family Farm Act" purpose is to "use wisely the public surface and ground waters of the state in a manner that will assure the maximum benefit to the greatest possible number of citizens." The Act would create more areas like the Sunnyside Irrigation District, where 6,500 farmers own 103,500 acres of irrigated land. Projects like Horse Heaven, where corporations have large holdings, would no longer be created. In that district, one corporation, U. & I., Inc., through several subsidiaries controls 117,240 acres of irrigated land.

The "Family Farm Act" will not undo water permits already issued. The proposed future irrigation permits will be limited to persons not owning more than 2,000 acres in Washington. "Person" means any individual, corporation, partnership, limited partnership, or organization. It neatly brings in corporate subsidiaries by including all corporate or partnership entities with a common ownership of more than one half of the assets. Hiding land ownership under different names would not elude this act.

The Washington State Grange wants only those restrictions necessary to firmly establish a policy of family farms. They are opposed to large conglomerate corporate farming by out-of-state capital more interested in processing than farming.

They need 150,000 signatures by December 15. You can get a petition from 3104 Western Avenue, Seattle, WA, 98121, or your local Washington State Grange.

—information from:
washington state grange editorial

the toy parlor

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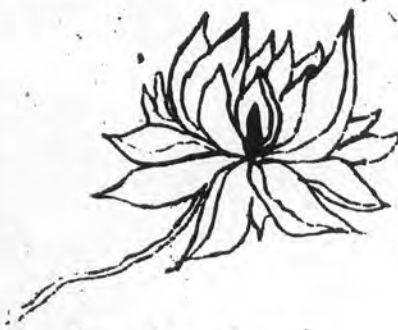


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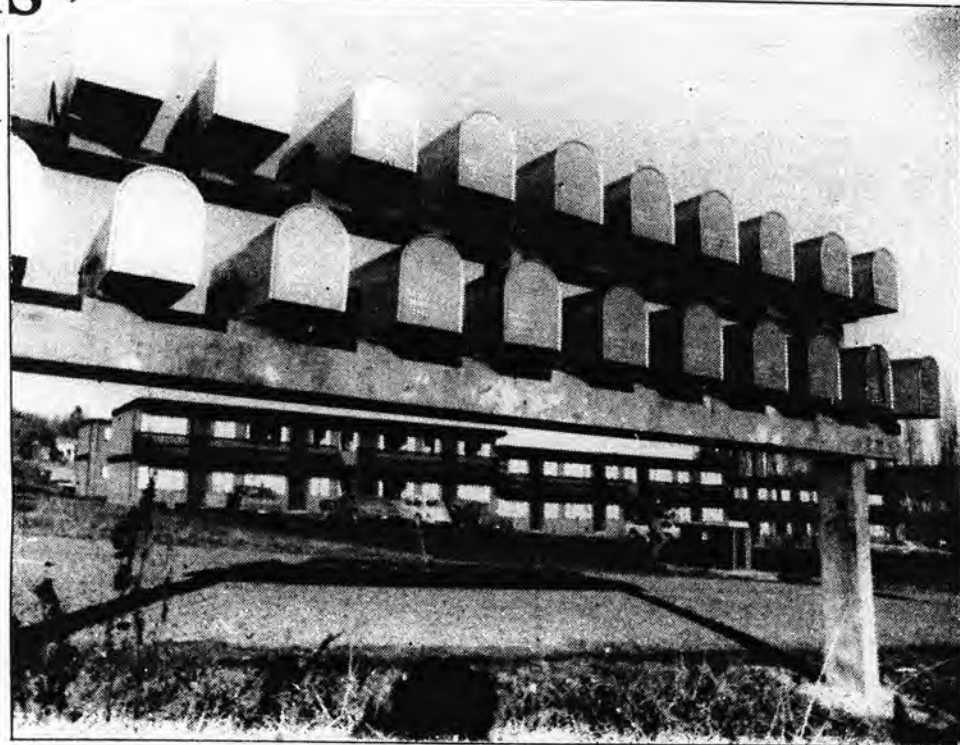
Bellingham--

Last Thursday night, the planning commission voted to recommend to the city council that the Happy Valley area bounded by Knox Avenue, Larrabee Avenue, 20th St. and Lenora Court be downzoned from Medium Density to Residential Low Density.

The decision was another victory for the Happy Valley Improvement Association, a group of valley residents who have been petitioning and lobbying against haphazard development in the area. The group initiated the 6 month moratorium on apartment buildings last summer. The question of down-zoning will go to city council, recommended by the planning commission, to be voted on Dec. 20. The current medium density zoning allows developers to build apartments. There are currently sixty units in the area.

Happy Valley residents have watched shoddily designed and constructed duplexes, 4-plexes, and apartments pop up in the neighborhood over the past 4 years. The upzone to medium density was approved in 1971 on the condition that developers would improve the streets to required city standards before intensive development. The Happy Valley group objects to the new construction under the RM zoning because of the problems it has created.

These objections, as outlined in a citizen's leaflet are as follows: An increase in people and traffic present a need for wider, faster streets. The cost is a heavy burden for homeowners who do not want increased traffic, but must share the cost with landlords who created the problem. There are no provisions in the RM zoning for preservation of green open space, trails and bikeways, sidewalks, filling open ditches, and the amenities traditionally provided by the homeowner but ignored by most apartment builders. The transient population that apartments attract fosters feelings of alienation in more long-term residents, destroying the neighborhood's concept of community. RM development of this strip violates the



integrity of the surrounding, RL-2 zoned, low-density neighborhood. Lack of screening and adequate landscaping of the motel-like structures tends to promote expansion of the zone, rather than containment. The pressure to sell out increases as the units and taxes go up. This discourages owner occupancy and improvement.

The Happy Valley Improvement Association has been meeting in the neighborhood since early last summer. Residents met with officials from the city planning department, public works, director of building codes and community development. The 6-month moratorium on apartments was a direct result of this work.

The planning commission came to its decision in favor of down-zoning last Thurs. after hearing a rebuttal from Seattle land developer Malcolm McLeod as well as statements from Happy Valley residents. McLeod opened his presentation by stating that he had grown up in Happy Valley and had owned his property since 1936. Directed at a middle-income market, McLeod claimed his proposed apartment project would adequately hook in-

to existing utility provisions, do road improvements on completion of each unit as well as meeting the aesthetic standards of the neighborhood. As a builder, McLeod emphasized that he would comply with the "design criteria" of the community. To expand on the aesthetics of the project, McLeod turned his testimony over to his designer, James Smith of Cornerstone Design Collaborative in Seattle. Smith is a professional designer and licensed real estate salesperson. He explained that his interest in real estate comes from "a deep concern for land development and peoples needs." Smith said that the large amount of acreage in the "parcel" under consideration offered many possibilities in trying to enhance the characteristics of the land.

Smith maintained that lowering the density won't solve the problem. The basic problem, he said, is of design provisions for open space. The apartment project would allow for areas that "a market survey has found to be popular tenant amenities, such as, bike paths, jogging trails, Bar-B-Q areas, and children's play areas.

Continued on page 15

Hung Jury in Duvall Case

Seattle - George Duvall's frustrations with Pacific Northwest Bell found two sympathetic ears on the jury at his federal trial last week, resulting in a hung jury.

Prosecuted for "malicious mischief" after throwing a red, white and blue brick through PNB's silver-plated logo on July 4th, Duvall told the Passage immediately after the verdict that he had explained to the court his thought process which culminating in that action. Overruling prosecution's objections, the judge allowed Duvall to discuss his involvement in the rate hearings last spring, and his feelings towards the phone monopoly.

Denying any "malice," Duvall said he felt that PNB had become "a powerful institution beyond the control of the people it is supposed to serve." He went on to explain his motivation as an act of protest against AT&T, the parent corporation and the first in U.S. history "to make \$1 billion in clear profits."

Duvall's trial began the day after Seattle P.I.'s Rick Anderson began a series of articles about AT&T's latest plan to maximize profits - one to charge a per call rate, rather than a flat monthly one.

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Behavior Mod Creamed

They threw two cream pies containing cow brains, chocolate syrup, honey, and several other ingredients in the face of Dr. Jose Delgado, a panel member at the symposium.

The symposium, entitled "The Symposium on the Brain Revolution" was attended by several hundred scientists, students, and behavior modification enthusiasts, and was apparently intended to be part of an ongoing public relations campaign to win funding and public acquiescence for behavior modification programs involving surgical and chemical lobotomy, and surgical implantation of electrodes and computer equipment into the brain.

Dr. Delgado, the recipient of the two pies, came to the Symposium from Madrid, Spain, where he is the Chairman of the Department of Physiological Sciences at the University Autonoma. He is a brain surgeon who has allegedly been involved in over a thousand lobotomies and related experiments with implanted brain electrodes in fascist Spain, and is known in his field as "the father of electro-physiology."

In his book *Physical Control of the Mind: Toward a Psycho-Civilized Society* he reports on psycho-surgical experiments he has conducted which turned "on a woman patient, making her flirtatious to the point of expressing a desire to marry the therapist, and sexually stimulating young children." He also said, "Current brain

research supports the conclusion that behavior can be directed by electrical forces, and that humans can be controlled like robots by pushbutton."

Many of the techniques presently being developed in the field of behavior modification are being tested and used primarily against prisoners and school age children. At Vacaville Prison Hospital in California, Butner Prison Hospital in North Carolina, and numerous other prisons throughout North America, the research and development done by Dr. Delgado and his colleagues is being further tested and extended on inmates under the guise of "psychiatric treatment" of prisoners with "anti-social" tendencies. And in the schools, there are increasing numbers of programs for controlling "hyper-active" children with drugs such as Ritalin.

Much of the funding for behavior modification research programs is coming from law enforcement agencies who believe that the solution to the problem of "crime" is more efficient surveillance and behavior control over the "criminal." But the development of this technology by government police bureaucracies virtually assures its extension into the general population as a means of social-political control under conditions of increasing social instability. This "Clockwork Orange" conception of a world totally controlled by brain modification is the essence of Dr. Delgado's "psych-civilized world."

Despite growing signs of public outrage against behavior modification, Dr. Delgado remarked at the Symposium that "I think you give too much concern to the concerns of the many." Another leading behaviorist, Dr. Gerald Smith, has been quoted as saying: "People will just have to get over their 1984 fear that Big Brother is watching."

The pie-throwing action received only minimal coverage in the local press, but it effectively terminated what was to have been a several day long symposium. Several members of the crowd attempted to apprehend the pie-throwers, but after a brief scuffle all participants in the action left the campus. No arrests have been made to date.

-Wayne Parker

A group of approximately eight men and women identifying themselves as members of the Anarchist Party of Canada (Groucho Marxist) brought an abrupt halt to a symposium on behavior modification at Simon Fraser University in Vancouver B.C. on November 20, when

Community news comes from Bellingham, Seattle and the local region. It's important that we know what is happening in the local community. If something interesting is happening where you are, don't count on the *Passage* being there (though we might be), so BE the *Passage* and bring in a report. To make sure there is no duplication of coverage, call the *Passage*: in Bellingham, call during office hours, Tuesdays and Thursdays noon to 3, 733-9672; in Seattle, 323-3673 evenings.

Filipino Students Picket U. of W.

Seattle—About 40 students and supporters picketed the Asian-American Studies department of the University of Washington Friday in protest of the department's violation of the State's Open Meetings Act. The Filipino Students Association contends that the department violated the law when it held closed meetings to hire a faculty member to teach a Filipino history course. The course, according to spokesperson Selme Domingo, was planned by Filipino students last year, and was to be the first and only three-quarter Filipino history course taught at the UW.

Many students have strong objections to the hiring criteria used by the selec-

tion committee in their decision to hire an instructor with a PhD in literature. The committee made this decision even though another applicant had been favorably interviewed by students, faculty, and the AAS as early as last April. The latter, the FSA contends, was much more qualified for the position, as he held a Masters degree in Filipino history. The FSA wonders whether the AAS is more concerned with the number of letters after an instructor's name, rather than expertise in the subject area.

The directives are:

1. The AAS rescind the decisions of

2. The meetings be open to the public,
3. The AAS issue an apology to the FSA in view of its handling of the situation.

Tetsuden Kashima, head of the Asian-American Studies department, said that students have not tried to meet with him, and that he would encourage such a meeting. Kashima would not issue a statement, saying that he agrees with the Attorney General that the students have no basis for a court case. Kashima and five others were served with a summons today, and the suit will be filed in King County Superior Court.

Two weeks ago the FSA threatened to take the AAS to court, but delayed filing, saying that they were waiting for a response from the AAS to a set of directives issued by the student group.

A spokesman for the FSA emphasized the broader implications of the fight for more student participation within the AAS. "This is a question of whether students, as part of the public, have the right to participate in public meetings. We feel that students have that right, especially those meetings that directly affect them, such as the AAS meetings."

--marcia peterson

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FIGHTING AGEISM:

Coming out as an old man

graphic by karen ericson

A funny thing happened to me towards the end of the recent *Faggots and Class Struggle Conference* held in Oregon over the Labor Day weekend. . . . I came out as an old man. The act of standing up alongside of several other of my brother old men and facing a lot of young people to proclaim both our solidarity and differences in relation to them was, for me, the end point in a rather long process. For the last year or so I had been bothered by nagging questions about my age difference in relation to the people I live with and work with, and that morning I had been lying in my sleeping bag trying to figure out just where I stood in relation to the rest of the people at the conference. I finally decided to get up and go down to camp and find one of the other four or five older men among the 130 participants and say "Hey!! I'm old, and you're old. . . let's talk." Doing this ended a period of hiding, repression, shame, and fear not unlike that which preceded my coming out as a gay person some years before.

I would like to share with others some of my experiences at this point. I would like this to lead to further study and analysis by myself and others about how age intersects with economic, sexual, sex-preference and other class variables to create the clearly oppressive gulch between the young and the old that I experienced at the conference as well as generally throughout our society. In particular, I want my new-found pride to lead to a little organizing, since I see organizing as the best manifestation of consciousness

" I CAME OUT AS A GAY PERSON . . . AT THE LATE AGE OF 36 SO I COULD FINALLY ENJOY THE LOVING/SENSUAL/SEXUAL RELATIONSHIPS WITH MEN THAT I HAD MISSED ALL THESE YEARS. NOW I FIND MYSELF CLOSE TO BEING EXCLUDED FROM THOSE VERY RELATIONSHIPS . . . BECAUSE MY BODY AND MIND ARE OLD . "

and pride among the oppressed.

I want to say immediately that when I use the word "oppressed", I am not feeling sorry for myself. It was before I came out that I was feeling sorry for myself. But that was a private feeling. . . nurtured within me and revealed to others only in brief, distorted, indirect flashes. Now I feel quiet, content, angry, and triumphant.

So far I can put my fingers on two interrelated aspects of this age oppression that I am involved in. One is personal and the other is organizational. The personal aspect is particularly ironic for me since I came out as a gay person 10 years ago at the late age of 36 so that I could finally enjoy the loving/sensual/sexual relationships with men that I had missed all those years. Now I find myself close to being excluded from those very relationships by the community which I chose to join because my body and mind are old.

I say "close to" because the fact is that I seem to be remarkably well preserved for an old man, and I sometimes have the experience of having people attracted to me because they believe I'm in my early 30's. Everything is fine with my body and my love-making until they find out I'm really 46. Then the idea of relating with an old man blows them away. This is a good indication of the powerful role that illusion plays in creating and maintaining personal relationships.

Then there are those who clearly recognize that I'm older and are attracted to me for just that reason. But these relationships inevitably get bogged down in mutual expectations about father/child, teacher/student, therapist/patient. These scripts get very com-

plicated, but the bottom line is that younger people cannot believe and respond to my efforts to express my weakness and need to be nurtured, which is always as deep as theirs.

My experience tells me that this is similar for middle-class men in both the straight and gay worlds, with there being a bit more ageism among gay men. I do not know about differences for older women and people in other economic classes.

The easiest response to all this is to ask why I don't get together with people my own age. One important reason is, of course, that I have been as infected with youth-worship as everybody else. On the few occasions where I have gotten past that addiction and turned towards my age-mates, I have found them ogling the young and avoiding me. I can only say that struggling against this tendency in ourselves is the first task for us older people in raising this issue with young people or the society as a whole. In fact, it was only because I personally had finally gotten very close to the point of saying that I would rather have no sex at all than have it as a fix for my youth addiction that I was able to take the steps I took at the conference.

Another concrete reason why I don't have much success with people my own age is that there are so damn few of us in leftist/alternate life-style circles. For example, there were only 5 or 6 older men at the conference which had been billed as preparation for building a new society. Whatever the reasons for this, the situation at the conference was the usual one in

movement activities. . . a few older people imbedded in a sea of youth. The conference was highly successful in bringing together gay men to discuss leftist class politics, but it clearly reflected the exceptional level of ageism that is present in both the new left and gay men's movement.

But even if there were a lot of older people in the movement, one of the ideals that we all speak of in relationship to socialism and communism is to not have to split our work life off from our living situation and our loving situation. Yet the demand that I not expect to form personal/sexual relationships with younger people has the result that the people I live with and the people I work with are not the people who are available to love with.

Thus age must be recognized as another factor that blocks us from becoming the unity that we seek. This demand that the young relate to the young, and the old to the old, seems to be simply an extension of the competitive stratification of our capitalist, masculine society that starts out by telling first graders that they ought not to play with second graders and that later develops into the crippling distinctions between race, sex, nations, etc.

This could be seen as a plea or demand on my part that some young people 'gotta' start getting it on with me to satisfy my personal and sexual needs. I am very aware that love cannot be demanded and am aware that working through the issues involved in this problem will take far longer than my particular heart and desires will last. So due to my particular circumstances I am rejecting the solution of getting into a study group, collective, or affinity group and then de-

manding that we struggle over how they might satisfy me.

Rather, I am working to gain a modest level of personal contentment while having a full and productive life involving my work and my children, but without a steady, personal, intimate relationship that combines work, living, and loving or without the easy, fluid series of sensual encounters that are available to those who are privileged to have bodies that are young, intact, and in conformance with societal stereotypes. (In other words, I'm finally understanding what Freud meant by sublimation.) Further, I am moving toward the Puritan/Marxist goal of study and organizing around this issue so that things will be better in the future for others.

This leads to the second, or organizational aspect of the age-oppression that I experience. This aspect centers around the fact that whenever I am in conferences, rap groups, working relationships, political formations, etc. struggling over issues around both theory and practice, I become aware that I have worked at some of these issues for 20 years longer than the rest of the people present. That is, I have experience. Not answers. Not final judgements. But experience. And experience counts for something. It is true that sometimes experience will say "The wheel cannot be invented" and thus block progress in seeking to find the thing that will allow the wagons to roll forward. But then at other times experience can say "The wheel has already been invented" and thus make un-

victory. Later I can recall feeling a lot of positive feelings of empathy and respect for some old Wobblies as I heard them tell their stories of the struggles around the time of World War I. But I was seeing these people as walking history books, rather than co-participants in a struggle.

But now I am beginning to experience my own feelings of being burnt out and having failed to realize my dreams of victory. I see my young colleagues madly consulting the "old masters" like Marx, Lenin, etc. and vigorously competing among themselves for intellectual correctness—partly, I am sure, as a valid search for solid direction, but partly, also, as a grasping at straws to cover up their own emerging feelings of frustrated failure. How nice it would be if all of us with different age and experience levels could talk openly to each other about such experiences as failing hopes, setting long term goals, fear of being put off on the sidelines, living through peaks and valleys of political cycles, use and misuse of theory, rewards and punishments of factional fights, etc. Such discussions might lead to collaboration among us rather than setting us off into camps of the active, the semi-retired, the old-liners, the burnt out, etc.

To put all this another way, at times I get feeling very wise. Like having dealt for 25 years with numerous theories, organizations, and eager aggressive leaders (me among them) who promised to do away with human pain or suffering gives me a somewhat calmer approach to the newest fad that is billed as being just what we have been looking for to lead us to the promised land. Or like when I realize that what a young person *promises* to do today is not usually what he or she will be *committed* to do tomorrow. Or like when I *know* that a certain organizational form will result in greater centralization rather than the greater mass participation its proponents claim for it.

For many years now I have either completely suppressed such insights or have offered them in very indirect and disguised forms for fear that they would be seen as power tripping, playing guru, blocking

struggle, etc. Then I would simply wait around for people to go through the experience for themselves and learn what I already know. Recently I have been feeling that a lot of this is fine and necessary for the young people but it is a waste of time for me. Rather than pretending that I am learning what they are learning, it will be more productive to quietly recognize that I don't need to do that struggle again and slip off into struggles that are truly new ones for me.

The issue here, of course, is how and under what conditions can an experienced person pass on knowledge to an inexperienced person and thus save that other person from having to learn it "the hard way." It is clear, for example, that only a few of us need to observe first hand the splitting of the atom. Those who do it can report the results to the rest of us. We do not all have to see it for ourselves. Likewise, we can save a lot of time by learning algebra from a master rather than doing it ourselves on a trial and error basis. On the other hand, in my years spent as a child and family therapist, I learned that only the experience of struggling through relationships between spouses and parents and children can give the in-depth knowledge necessary to deal with problems in these fields. Teachers and texts can do very little to speed up the acquisition of this kind of knowledge.

A relevant example of this for all of us is the current argument over whether good leftists should be involved in "liberal" or "establishment" organizational activities as a way of bringing other people to a socialist perspective. Most all of us went through liberal and/orhippy stages on the road to radicalism. We now would like to short cut and capsulize this process for others so that they can make use of our experience and come directly to socialism. This is a noble wish and is closely akin to how I wish I could teach my children all that I know so that life will not be as painful and perilous for them as it was for me. Yet in the area of both political and personal growth and development, it seems to me that the role of the experienced person is more limited than she or he would like. Such developmental growth is most like a

trip that each person must take for themselves in their own way.

There are, of course, several things that those who have taken a trip before can do to help those who come later. By making clear statements about what they experienced and where they eventually progressed to, they can demonstrate that such trips are both possible and productive. They can make the trip for others a little less risky by drawing maps that show options and dangers. And lastly, at times they can go along to offer support and companionship. But they cannot short cut or capsulize the trip for another person without it turning into an attempt to substitute authority for growth.

This "trip" analogy is not perfect. But it does point to where I feel my present struggle must lie. I want to join with others in looking carefully at the way that present cultural, social, and organizational systems have dealt with the issue of passing experience in different matters from one generation to the other and see how these promote such factors as stability, change, skill building, authority, creativity, etc. But most of all, I intend to come out of the closet and start putting my experience on the line with those with whom I am working so what it becomes an open, tangible ingredient in the situation we happen to be struggling with.

I would like to get together with others who want to do this same kind of study/practice. This could include people of any age, sex, or sexual preference. If a large and diverse group comes together, we might decide that part of the work is best done through caucuses or study groups formed along lines of special interest. But initially I would like to hear from just anybody who is interested in a serious approach to the issues raised in this article.

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First of Two Parts

The Hangman Returns

At latest word it looked like Gary Mark Gilmore, 36 years, would not be shot by a Utah firing squad, at least not right away, his mother's appeal for a temporary stay having been granted by the Supreme Court in a 6 to 3 vote (Rehnquist, Stevens and Chief Justice Burger dissented).

In Texas, 38-year-old Robert Excell White, convicted two years ago of shooting to death a grocer and two customers during a robbery, was scheduled to be electrocuted in the Huntsville State Prison on Friday, December 10. White fired his attorney, canceled his appeals, and told the judge, "I want the nearest execution date."

If White is killed, it would be the first American execution since Luis Jose Monge was asphyxiated in Colorado, in the Green Room as it's called on Death Row, on June 2, 1967. Robert Lee White, a drifter born in Mississippi, would be the 362nd person to be executed by the state of Texas. No one has died in such a manner in Texas since 1964, but Old Sparky, the oak electric chair General Electric built for the state in 1924, has been plugged in again, its 1,800 volts waiting for W.J. Estelle, Jr., director of the state department of corrections, just to throw a switch and juice the man down.

Gilmore and White aside, 422 other Americans -- 417 of them men -- are on the various death rows, wondering if theirs will be the next state to try to return to execution as a form of punishment. The Passage will present a two-part series on The American Execution; this first article will be an historical survey.

International

Many nations have outlawed capital punishment. The United States is virtually the only remaining developed Western society where executions have not been ceased. Some of the countries which have abolished the death penalty, including the year of abolition:

Lichtenstein	1798	India	1944
Luxembourg	1821	Brazil	1946
Belgium	1863	West Germany	1949
Venezuela	1863	Israel	1954
Portugal	1867	Australia	1955
Nicaragua	1892	Bolivia	1961
Sweden	1921	Great Britain	1965
Argentina	1922	No. Ireland	1966
Mexico	1931	Canada	1967
Switzerland	1942	Vatican	1969

Spain and France are the last holdouts among European capitalist nations. On July 28, 1976, France guillotined Christian Manucci, 21, convicted of murder, that country's first execution in two years. Spain executed five Basque revolutionaries in September, 1975, during the final days of Franco's power. Many European nations withdrew their ambassador's from Madrid in protest.

But four countries which in the past abolished capital punishment -- West Germany, Switzerland, Italy

and Great Britain -- are feeling pressure to restore it. For example, "in Switzerland, where capital punishment was abolished in 1942, a May, 1976, poll showed that more than half the population advocated the death penalty for crimes ranging from murder to drug dealing" (Girardet, Pacific News Service).

Capital punishment has been used for centuries to eliminate large segments of the population for whatever whimsical reason entered the heads of the persons in power. The Roman republic in 450 B.C. listed these crimes, among others, as punishable by death:

Publishing libels and insulting songs.

Theft by a slave.

Cheating, by a Patron, of his client.

Perjury.

Making disturbances in the City at night.

Fifteen hundred years later, in England, capital crimes had been reduced somewhat, but all felonies were still punishable by death, including murder, manslaughter, arson, highway robbery, burglary and larceny. Petty larceny (theft of property worth less than a shilling) was exempted.

By the early nineteenth century the situation in England again had become ludicrous. At one point there were 222 known capital crimes, including stealing from a shop goods of the value of five shillings, counterfeiting the stamps used for the sale of perfumery and hair powder, harboring an offender against the Revenue Acts, robbing a rabbit warren, and cutting down a tree.

By the end of the 19th century, most societies retained only a handful of capital crimes, primarily murder or crimes against the security of the state. Today that is still the case, although it is not known precisely how many executions are carried out, and for what crimes, in most socialist societies. Capital punishment is still believed to be common in the Soviet Union, for example.

United States

Formal executions carried out under jurisdiction of the individual states began in the United States in the second half of the 19th century. The first person to be so executed was Sandy Kavanagh, killed at the Vermont State Prison on January 20, 1864.

Since that time nearly 6,000 persons have been executed by the states, nearly half of those occurring the 1920's and 30's.

Michigan abolished the death penalty in 1847, Rhode Island in 1852 and Wisconsin in 1853, but in most states executions were commonplace. In Louisiana, Mississippi and Montana, the state did not even maintain jurisdiction over executions but local communities instead were delegated authority to carry out their own. That was the case in Mississippi until 1955 and in Louisiana until 1957. No firm figures are known on executions in those states until those times.

The statistics are only for persons formally executed by the state after a trial. Obviously this omits countless lynchings, especially in the Wild West and the



Restoring

Racist South, and various other forms of swift justice by citizen, police or military mobs.

The South executed many more persons than its share of the population or the crime rate. Mississippi, for example, executed 31 persons between 1955 and 1964, the only years for which information is readily available. (of those 31, 24 were black. Nine men were executed for rape and 1 for armed robbery, all of them black.)

The number of executions in other Southern States ranged from Tennessee's 125 to Georgia's 417.

In contrast, Massachusetts has executed 65, Rhode Island 0, South Dakota 1, Indiana 72, and Kansas 15.

The South has formally executed thousands of black men. In Southern states, excluding most information on Mississippi and Louisiana, 70% of those executed for murder were nonwhite and 90% of those executed for rape were nonwhite. For the rest of the country, 28% of the persons executed for murder were nonwhite.

The historical development of capital crimes in the South is brutal. In North Carolina in 1837 one could be executed for "concealing slave with the intent to free him." If a slave were executed, the state authorized compensation to his or her owner.

In 1816 in Georgia, a slave or "freeman of colour" would be sentenced to death for "attempted rape of a white female." The same crime by a white male received a minimum two-year prison sentence. The rape of a slave woman by a white male required a fine and/or imprisonment, at the discretion of the court.

Happy Valley Downzone

"Building for a middle income market would allow us to develop a number of these more pleasant areas", said Smith. Smith described the projected units as "intimate 4,6, or 8-plexes, reflecting the values of the community's lifestyle" and traditional building characteristics. But he hastened to clarify that these characteristics cannot be duplicated. The units would be built of cedar shakes with scalloped edges "recalling the historical aspect of Bellingham." Smith ended his presentation pledging that the proposed development would scale-wise and detail-wise reflect the existing community, would provide a living alternative and be a credit to Bellingham.

Following the rebuttal presentation by McLeod and Smith, the meeting was opened up for questions and comments from the ample representation of Happy Valley residents. Mark Estrin of 1123 21st St. was the first down-zone proponent to speak. He gave another petition to the commission, containing 45 landowners' signatures, who live in the corridor or within 300 ft. There had been some dispute as to the landowners' support of the down-zoning. McLeod held a petition opposed to the down-zone, including 25 names of landowners owning 65-75% of the square footage within the corridor. "Mr. McLeod's picture is just fluff", said Estrin, "not a reality." Since 1971, when the apartment zoning variances were first allowed, conditionally on street improvement, the construction ditches remain unfilled, the roads and sidewalks rutted and potholed. The new buildings have complied with the bare minimum of city code regulations. Estrin asked the planning commission for help, saying, "Down-zoning may not be the solution, but right now it is the only tool for us in recreating our area."

Several other Happy Valley residents spoke on the problems involved in the increase of population brought in by the new housing. Concern was voiced for over crowding in the elementary school, more traffic, building more stores, gas stations and laundromats, and the need for parks.

The builders are under no legal obligation to take care of drainage and soil erosion problems, parking congestion, or road repairs. As it stands now, each property owner is responsible for 1/2 of the street in front of their property. This will mean that when a road is upgraded, a single family would pay for its side of the road, while a 20-unit apartment across the street pays for the other 1/2.

Before taking a vote, the planning commission stated their feelings on the down-zone. Commissioner Mark Packer said that he felt the '71 rezoning to medium density was a mistake, but he was concerned over the investments people have made under the medium density zone. The property value, along with tax assessment will go down with the down-zoning. Packer objected to the Happy Valley residents taking away the investment power of property owners.

Commissioner Gayle Pfueller said that the development of the area is inevitable, saying, "I don't like to have people say that they don't like to have some changes made. I don't agree with not wanting any change at all."

Planning commission chair person Ann Rose, said that she felt the intent of the '71 rezoning was not completed. She said that the downzone should only be temporary, while the commission reevaluates the needs of the area, and establishes a new comprehensive plan. She described the commission's responsibility as answering to the needs of the people living in the neighborhood. She said that their con-

Larrabee School



cern should not lie with profit. "Nobody insures people who invest in the stock market that they will make a profit." Rather the commission should prepare a comprehensive plan based on an understanding of how the neighborhood works, how the people in Happy Valley live.

The issues in developing Happy Valley are clear; profit vs. community needs, residents vs. investment oriented land owners. McLeod and his designer presented a polished package plan, designed and executed by a Seattle professional design corporation. He used all the right words; alternatives, reflecting community lifestyles, bike paths. Smith presented the fact that the project is directed a middle income "market", yet the fact remains that a sizeable number of Happy Valley residents fall below the 'middle income' standard. The Happy Valley group shows a healthy skepticism of the slick profit-making plans of the big-time land developers and a vital involvement in the use of land and construction in their neighborhood.

Such an involvement is crucial in establishing and maintaining a community of which is a pleasant place to live and work, that really does supply the needs of the people within the community. The Happy Valley Improvement Association is currently working with city officials on design criteria for further building in the neighborhood. \$15,000 has been obtained for physical improvements, through community development funds. Beginning in January, committees will be evaluating the area street by street, recording what they like and don't like, in architecture and open spaces. A neighborhood advisory board is being established as a liaison to the city council.

The city council will make its final decision on the down-zoning issue on Dec. 20 at 7:30. It is very important that a large number of supporters show up. If you live in the Happy Valley or if you don't but would just like to help out, come to a meeting or call, Mark Estrin at 734-1543 or Scott Wyclund at 734-8932. 734-8932. —Martha Boland

Capital Punishment?

South Carolina during the 20th century executed black men for the crime of "assault with intent to rape" no less than 26 times.

Such obvious discrimination led to the 1972 Supreme Court decision, *Furman v. Georgia*, which found capital punishment to be so "arbitrary and capricious" as to violate the 8th Amendment prohibition against cruel and unusual punishment.

States defined that ruling to mean not that capital punishment should be outlawed, but simply that the sentence of death must be mandatory rather than just optional. Four years later, 35 states have passed new death-sentence laws to fill the terrible void.

Americans have favored a wide variety of capital crimes. The first three capital crimes listed in the Capital Laws of Massachusetts, circa 1641 were:

1. If any man after legal conviction, shall have or worship any other God, but the Lord God, he shall be put to death.
2. If any man or woman be a Witch, that is, hath or consulteth with a familiar spirit, they shall be put to death.
3. If any person shall blaspheme the Name of God the Father, Sonne, or Holy Ghost, with direct, expresse, presumptuous, or high-handed blasphemy, or shall curse God in the like manner, he shall be put to death.

In modern time, the most common capital crimes are murder, treason, and rape. (It is believed that 3 nations still execute for rape -- the U.S., Taiwan and South Africa. In a study of South African rape convictions between 1947 and 1969, convicted black rapists were executed at a rate 14 times that of convicted

white rapists. In a study by the United Nations between 1958 and 1962, the "leading" four nations in number of executions were South Africa, South Korea, Nigeria and the United States. South Africa accounted for 18.7 per cent of the world's executions.)

Among the most notorious American executions have been Joseph Hillstrom ("Joe Hill"), shot by Utah for "murder" on November 19, 1915; the electrocution by Connecticut in 1959 of Frank Wojculewicz, who was carried on a stretcher to the electric chair because he had been crippled by gunshot wounds during the commission of his crime; the electrocution on June 19, 1953, by New York of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg for espionage, and the electrocution on August 8, 1942, by the District of Columbia of six "Nazi spies".

The most celebrated execution was on May 2, 1960, when Caryl Chessman was killed in San Quentin after 12 years on Death Row and after eight stays of execution. Chessman had been convicted of kidnaping a woman for two hours, along with several other noncapital offenses.

The intense publicity surrounding Chessman gradually led to the death penalty's actually being opposed by a majority of the American population (Gallup Poll, 1966, 47 per cent opposed, 42 per cent in favor). This year Gallup found the sentiment to be 65 per cent in favor, 28 per cent opposed

Washington

Washingtonians last year by initiative overwhelming approved a new capital-punishment law which de-

mands the death penalty for a variety of offenses. The initiative's primary promoter was a state representative from a small town in Eastern Washington, Wenatchee, where there is virtually no threat of capital crime

Between 1904 and 1963 72 persons, all men, were executed in Washington. All but one were convicted of murder, the exception being Jack Marable, executed for kidnaping on October 4, 1940.

Few persons have been executed in recent time. The last to die was Joseph Chester Self, 32-year-old white convicted of murder in Skam County. He was hanged on June 20, 1963, at the State Penitentiary in Walla Walla.

One man was executed in 1960, 1 in 1957, 1 in 1956, 2 in 1953, 2 in 1951; in all, 8 during the past 25 years.

Ethnically, of the 72 there were 7 Blacks, 1 Eskimo, 1 Filipino, 1 Mexican-American, 1 Japanese, 1 Chinese and the remainder white.

Oregon, after narrowly failing to vote down the death penalty in 1960, abolished it in 1964. The last person to be executed in that state was Leroy S. McGahuey, for murder, August 20, 1962.

—jack pfeifer

(Next issue: the author will discuss the philosophical, emotional and political implications of capital punishment Giambattista Vico, Cesare Beccaria, Hugo Adam Bedau, Albert Camus, Chessman, Gilmore.)

Mexico

Campesinos Continue Agrarian Revolt

Culiacan, Mexico - The rich coastal valleys of northwest Mexico—farmed by U.S. agri-business giants in partnership with Mexican landowners to produce half the fresh winter vegetables consumed annually in the U.S.—have turned into fever-pitched, blood-stained battlegrounds.

On one side are thousands of landless farm workers. Dispossessed by the technological revolution in agriculture, they have occupied more than 60,000 acres of land throughout Mexico, which they say are rightfully theirs.

Their target: the powerful agri-business interests who control the more than \$100-million-a-year industry.

So far, most of the farm workers, armed only with ancient 30-30's dating from the Mexican revolution, have staunchly stood their ground despite a mounting death toll. More than 100 people have been killed by soldiers, police or ranchers in the past year.

The farm workers' desperation is rooted in the ever-increasing centralization of modern agriculture that now also dominates rural America: The displacement of the many small farmers by the corporate giants.

In bringing modern corporate farming to Mexico, California and Arizona companies have increased their profits by transforming the states of Sinaloa and Sonora into fertile farmlands much like the Salinas and Imperial valleys of California. Ford and John Deere tractors plow the earth; crop dusters sweep down covering the fields of tomatoes, cucumbers and peppers with Niagara and Dow Chemicals.

Just since 1964, vegetable imports from Mexico jumped from \$36 million to over \$100 million annually.

But in the process, small independent farmer and peasants who can't afford to invest in modern technology, have been forced out of business and off their lands—often leasing them to large growers and hiring themselves out as farm workers.

In Sinaloa, for example, where corporate farming has developed most quickly, 85 grower families now control nearly one-fourth (298,000 acres) of the irrigated lands; causing the number of landless farm workers to double to 126,000 between 1960 and 1970.

The result has been a mushrooming seasonal migrant work force—now numbering 350,000—faced with long periods of unemployment and squalid living conditions.

The Uprooted

The migrants, some in beat-up cars, most on trains and buses, move north each year up the coast for the vegetable harvest in Sinaloa and Sonora, then on to the fall harvest in Sonora and Baja, California, asparagus fields.

In Mexico, the migrants either construct their own temporary camps of cardboard, tin and tarpaper or sleep outside in their cotton picking bags or tomato bins. Outhouses are built by the growers on stilts over the open canals—the same



LNS

canals that supply the workers' drinking and bathing water.

Intestinal diseases and sunstroke are the migrants' most common illnesses. In 1975 alone, 792 people, mostly children died in Sinaloa from diarrhea and dehydration. But there is neither medical insurance nor a rural health plan covering farm workers.

The average wage in the northwest is a little over \$2.50 a day for those migrants who work part of the year on their own plots of land, and closer to \$5 a day for the year round workers.

Hundreds of families, unable to find any work at all on the ranches, follow the cotton trucks down the highway, gathering the fiber that blows off the trucks, trying to sell it to middlemen.

These are the conditions that have produced the wave of land occupation. In Sinaloa alone there have been 76 land invasions in the past year, many of which remain unresolved.

One recent target in Sinaloa was a small section of the 17,000-acre spread owned in partnership by Nogales, Arizona distributor James K. Wilson and Mexican grower Benjamin Bon Bustamanta.

According to the Mexican Secretary of Agrarian Reform, the squatters themselves held longstanding rights under Mexican land reform to this and two million other acres of Sinaloa land, nonetheless con-

trolled by large owners.

One worker on the ranch explained the squatters' desperation after years of litigation: "What is the only road open to us? To take the land by force, work the land. If the gringos want to go home, let them go. They can't take the land (with them), and (the land) is what we want."

Despite laws restricting the size of land holdings and foreign land ownership, the Mexican government has tolerated the use of loopholes by investors. Today the James K. Wilson Co., which dates back to the 1920's, is one of the largest distributors of Mexican produce. It ships over 12 million pounds of vegetables with sales of more than \$5 million a year.

Faced with the prospect of a thousand small rebellions breaking out in the countryside, the Mexican government attempted to calm the angry squatters last year by re-distributing some land it expropriated from one of the large Sonora growers.

But in December, 1975, the landowners of Sonora and Sinaloa organized an industry-wide work stoppage to protest the expropriations. Three thousand growers suddenly moved hundreds of tractors from the fields onto the highways and streets. "How much longer can we put up with this?" asked one Sonora grower. "Many people are ready to put their finger to the trigger."

The Mexican government has now

guaranteed the growers that their holdings will be respected and that no legal changes will be made regarding land tenure—despite the Secretary of Agrarian Reform's declaration that peasants have rights to much of the disputed land. Over 60,000 petitions for land have piled up at the Agrarian Reform office, waiting for the bureaucracy to act.

"We are tired of promises, leaders and labor bureaucrats," declared the leader of one land occupation in Sonora. "The politicians we only see during the campaign, and later we only know they exist from their photographs... From her we will only be removed to the cemetery."

—NACLA
borrowed times

On November 27th

Rich Mexican landowners ceded 29,309 acres of farmland last week to stave off a threatened squatter invasion of an area two-thirds the size of Rhode Island.

The last-minute concession came after thousands of peasants gathered in front of the Sinaloa state capitol in Culiacan and prepared to move at sundown onto 500,000 acres of choice croplands in one of the nation's richest agricultural regions.

The peasants called off the invasion after Alfonso Calderon, governor of this central Pacific state, announced that large landowners had agreed to cede 21,710 acres of irrigated lands and 7,559 acres of summer pasture land. The peasants have for weeks been demanding that the government expropriate estates.

Andres Marcelo Sada, president of the National Confederation of Employers, criticized that move.

Ex-President Luis Echeverria ordered the expropriation of 243,000 acres of land in Sonora State two weeks ago, for redistribution in small pieces to poor farmers. Echeverria's term expired last week; he was succeeded by Jose Lopez Portillo.

Meanwhile, apprehensive Mexicans carried hundreds of millions of dollars over the border into Texas before the Central Bank of Mexico moved to curb the flow.

And on November 28th

Land-hungry peasants took 651,300 acres of crop and grazing land from large landowners in the northern cattle-raising State of Durango yesterday—the largest property invasion in recent Mexican history.

Restless after years of unfulfilled government promises to redistribute larger ranches, agrarian leaders said they were not waiting until the six-year administration of President Luis Echeverria ends to tomorrow.

Scotia Mine Deaths Covered Up

Kentucky—Eight months after two explosions at the Scotia Mine killed 26 people, numerous violations are still to be found at the Eastern Kentucky Coal mine and mine owners have not been prosecuted. Many of the violations at Scotia are similar to ones that may have caused the initial explosion last March, according to an article by Jim Branscome and Bill Chappman, in the November 22 Washington Post.

It wasn't until November 19 that eleven bodies from the Scotia mine were removed. The subsequent funerals captured national TV news attention, minus, of course, any information on current safety conditions at Scotia. The eleven men were killed March 11 in the second of two methane gas explosions at the Scotia No. 1 mine, owned by the Blue Diamond Coal Company. They had entered the mine to investigate a similar explosion two days earlier that took 15 lives.

After the second explosion, the mine was immediately sealed with the bodies inside. Officials said it was too dangerous to try to recover the bodies and took more than four months.

Many believe that the bodies could have been recovered faster, but that the company chose a longer route over shorter ones because it was the best way to get the mine ready to resume operation.

Company & Govt. Cover-Up?

During the removal of the bodies, company and Federal mine inspectors tried to maintain top security, locking the gates to the mine and trying to keep reporters away. Although investigators have begun working to find the cause of the second explosion, Bill Bishop, a reporter for the Whitesburg, Kentucky Mountain Eagle, told LNS that the Federal Mine Enforcement and Safety Administration (MESA) officials have already reported false information. "Of the 11 men down there, eight didn't die instantly as the MESA officials reported after recovering the bodies," he explained. "According to the funeral parlor which bagged the bodies, eight of the men were in some stage of getting their self-rescuers on, and one even had it in his mouth."

"I don't know what that means, why they said that they had died instantly," Bishop continued. "Unless they didn't want people criticizing them for waiting 12 hours before they sent in another rescue team."

Bishop also pointed out that no autopsies were ordered on the bodies, without which cause of death cannot be determined.

"We'll probably never know what happened, what caused that explosion," one miner from nearby Cumberland



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Kentucky, told LNS. "Because the ones who are investigating it, the company and the government, have stock in a cover-up."

"Twenty-six people were murdered," he continued, "and what's important is that they can get away with it. They can kill 26 people, keep people from ever knowing why it happened, and not even get prosecuted."

Mine Still Unsafe

Since 1969, the Scotia Mine had been issued over 1200 MESA citations for serious safety violations. The mine was closed fifty-seven times for noncompliance with safety regulations and on 21 occasions inspectors said there was "imminent danger" to those working in the mine.

The night before the first explosion, Federal mine inspectors had cited the mine for three safety violations, among these unsafe ventilation and dangerously high methane levels—for which most miners blame the resulting explosion.

The Scotia Mine consists of 3 large mines at different depths—the deepest one being the one where the fatal explosions occurred. The two upper mines have remained in operation while the

lower one was sealed.

Early last month, a "blitz" inspection of the upper mines, several inspectors arriving at once, unannounced, found 35 safety violations, some of them involving possibly explosive conditions. One violation, a faulty roof, was considered an "imminent danger" and the mine area was closed until the condition was corrected.

As in the large majority of mines in Eastern Kentucky, Scotia workers are not members of the United Mine Workers Union. The company-controlled Scotia Employees Association made no effort to fight for safety controls in the last contract, which was negotiated in July, only three months after the explosions.

What they did get was a \$5 a day raise each for the next three years. Right now, the wages at Scotia are higher than most union mines in the area.

"There is some discontent—people who feel they've been sold out by the union because of no safety benefits," said Bill Bishop.

"But people need work. So even though it's dangerous, they're not having any trouble getting workers."

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Nuclear Plant at Fault

The Nuclear Regulatory Commission last month fined a Virginia utility company \$32,500 in a ruling with far-ranging implications for future licensing of nuclear power plants.

The Virginia Electric & Power Co. (Vepco), which is constructing four nuclear plants in its North Anna complex near Washington, was fined after the commission found it had made four "material false statements" and three omissions of information about a geological fault beneath the site.

Vepco in 1973 earned the distinction of receiving the largest fine in nuclear regulations. The recent fine is the second largest.

The ruling means utilities can be held accountable for information they neglected to reveal in commission licensing hearings.

"The utilities have been served notice that they must submit all relevant information to the Atomic Safety and Licensing Board, including negative information," commented June Allen, president of the North Anna Environmental Coalition.


The Commission has since ruled the fault does not constitute a safety hazard, since geologists agree it is millions of years old.

An investigation of other potential safety problems is in progress. According to Allen, Vepco has repeatedly reported particular safety actions had been taken that were found not to have been done when the commission investigated.

The North Anna complex continues to be plagued by technological and site-related problems. The one completed plant is settling abnormally and must continually be pumped of excess water.

The North Anna plants are located only 75 miles southwest of Washington. An Atomic Energy Commission report in the mid-1960's found a major nuclear accident would kill 40,000 persons and contaminate an area the size of Pennsylvania.

dan marschall
in these times

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Women Don't Cause Unemployment

Are you still out of work in the midst of economic "recovery"? Don't go blaming business. Blame women instead.

That's the gist of establishment economists' latest apology for continued high unemployment. "I'm not out to make things look better than they really are," New York bank economist Irwin Kellner told *Newsweek* in October, "but the unemployment figure just doesn't mean what it used to mean." He blamed the large number of job-seeking women and teenagers for inflating the unemployment rate even though they're not "primary breadwinners" for their families.

According to this school of thought, the economy should not be expected to provide jobs for unexpected numbers of women joining the labor force. Rather than flocking to the workplace, driving men out of jobs, and increasing the unemployment rate, women should busy themselves at home. A recent *Wall Street Journal* article posed the problem this way: "Why are so many women scrambling to get on the payroll bandwagon? The women's liberation movement is a factor."

Scapegoats and Safety Valves

In fact, a brief look at history shows that the entrance of women into the work force has seldom been the result of feminist pressure. Rather, the changing requirements of the U.S. economy have determined the flow of women in and out of the labor force.

During the Depression it was often suggested that the elimination of women workers would end the unemployment problem. The story changed when World War II rolled around. Rosie the Riveter was suddenly welcome in the factory. Female employment rose from 15.9 million to 19.5 million but created no unemployment problem.

When the war ended an estimated 85 per cent of women workers wanted to stay on the job. But they were laid off disproportionately to men while the media glorified the role of women in the home.

Many women who might otherwise have sought jobs yielded to social discrimination and disapproval and remained at home. Those women who continued working to support themselves and

their families were increasingly channeled into low-paying jobs in the service sector of the economy as clerks, secretaries, and saleswomen.

As demand for services increased and low wages added to the companies' profitability, employment in these sectors expanded. Female employment expanded with it. In 1950, 30 per cent of the labor force was female. This percentage



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has grown steadily, reaching 40 per cent in 1975.

Women have always formed some part of the labor force, to be hired and fired as new industries open up or as times get hard for business.

Discouraged Workers

What about the last few months, in which the slow decline in unemployment which began late last year has reversed itself? While the unemployment rate in April was 7.5 per cent, the August figure was 7.9 per cent. What have women had to do with this?

The figures show that men's and women's unemployment have been moving in opposite directions. In April, 7.0 per cent of the men in the labor force were unemployed; by August the figure had dropped to 6.3 per cent. (The "labor force," in government statistics, means people working or actively looking for work.) In the same period, female unemployment rose from 7.9 per cent to 9.5 per cent.

According to the blame-women theorists, today's high unemployment rate is not caused by the return to job-seeking of discouraged workers of both sexes. Rather, female "pin-money" earners supposedly "jumped on the payroll bandwagon" when they heard about the recovery. If this were true many more women than men would have entered the labor force over the past summer.

But in fact, the number of males in the labor force increased 2,100,000 between April and August, while the number of females increased only 1,000,000. The sudden gap between male and female unemployment rates can't be explained by claiming that larger numbers of women were suddenly clamoring for jobs. It can be explained by the fact that, to a greater degree than men, women who were looking for jobs didn't find them. Male employment increased 240,000 between April and August, while female unemployment increased 400,000.

One of the reasons for this is that men are relatively more concentrated in manufacturing, which is more responsive to improved business conditions than are the service industries in which many women work. It appears that women are suffering because of the economy, not the other way around.

Who's Hurting Whom?

Unemployment of women has a severe impact even of families in which both partners work. Unless one partner is a professional or manager, his/her income alone is likely to be below what the government calls a "moderate" standard of living for a family of 4 (about \$12,600 in 1973).

Women's unemployment, is most acutely felt by the one out of every eight families that is headed by a woman alone. One third of all families headed by women are below the government's official poverty level, compared to one out of every eighteen other families.

—dollars & sense

Washington Post Strikers Face Prison

Fifteen of the pressmen who walked off their *Washington Post* jobs 14 months ago went on trial Dec. 6 on strike-related charges that could send each to prison for 40 years. The liberal *Post*, meanwhile, basking in its Watergate reputation as an enemy of corruption, is actively supporting — outside the glare of its own publicity machine — criminal prosecution of part of its workforce.

The workers under indictment, all members of Local No. 6 of the Pressmen's Union, struck the *Post* Oct. 1, 1975. Contract negotiations had broken down and management had prepared for a long strike, with specially-trained management personnel ready to take over the presses and blunt the walkout's effect.

The *Post* maintains of course that it bargained in good faith, made generous contract offers and was met with uncooperative attitudes from the union, followed by the pressroom destruction.

Strikers, however, deny this and point to a statement by publisher Katherine Graham to her board of directors in 1972: "The first order of business at the *Washington Post* is to maximize profits from our existing operations ... Some costs resist more stubbornly than others. The most frustrating kind are those imposed by archaic union practices ... This is a problem we are determined to solve."

Whether the *Post* is guilty of provoking the strike, the company was well-prepared to win it. Production halted only two days, while helicopters airlifted copy to nonunion printshops in Maryland and Virginia.

"The *Post* did prove that it could print, and that was demoralizing," one newspaper stock analyst says. "Other newspaper unions ... even in big labor cities like Detroit and Philadelphia, are taking a somewhat lower profile than they have in the past."

The unionists' defenders are fairly confident about winning acquittals on all counts, but caution that "Graham is going for convictions, not solely the six weeks of antiunion publicity" the trial will generate.

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marge
piercy

On The Edge Of Time

Woman On The Edge Of Time
by Marge Piercy
Alfred A. Knopf, 1976

For me, Marge Piercy's writing begins with *To Be Of Use*, one of my favorite books of poems. Since then, she has written *Small Changes*, the first, feminist epic novel, *Living In The Open*, a trilogy of recent poems, and the most recent novel, *Woman On The Edge Of Time*, (not yet out in paperback). Marge Piercy is a chronicler of the leftist-feminist, personal-political movement. She is performing a valuable function by recording in her fiction her own lifestyle, her community and her politics. As far as I know, she is the only writer who is doing this, faithfully and skillfully. However, *Woman On The Edge Of Time* does more than simply record, and it goes beyond *Small Changes* in its scope and ambition.

The strength and tension of the book is based on the conflict between two opposing realities, the immediate one being the present as experienced by a woman who is a victim of our society, versus the future, full of love and fulfillment.

The main character is a middle-aged chicana woman, an ex-mental patient, deemed an unfit mother by the state. Her name is Consuelo, Americanized to Connie. Living on welfare, in a rat-infested tenement in Spanish Harlem, her survival is marginal. On the edge of society. Cut off from her family and without friends, her daughter taken from her, the only person she has left is a dearly-loved niece, turned speedfreak and whore for a cruel and ruthless pimp. Her situation is approaching a crisis at the outset of the book, when she is forcibly committed to the violent ward at Bellevue's Mental Hospital.

Marge Piercy handles the cultural, language and class barriers with such subtlety and attention to detail that she almost seems to become this woman. The amazing thing about Consuelo is that even though she is a victim, she is not a passive victim. In a society that demands that women be passive and submissive (not just to men, but to their fate as well) many women who fail to conform end up as mental patients. (Many books have been written on this theme recently, the most comprehensive being *Women And Madness* by Phyllis Chesler.) It is evident that Connie is being punished for striking out in anger and desperation. Somehow, she endures a brutal beating, inhumane treatment and the modern straight-jacket, heavy sedation with her pride intact and her mind remarkably clear.

However, Marge Piercy did not choose the setting for the sole purpose of presenting a case for mental patients' rights or for mental health reform. She is using Connie, out of the dregs of this society, as an example to the rest of us whose lives are still a great deal more comfortable, despite the same oppression. Connie is a tragic and heroic character because she never stops resisting. In her life, ugliness is everywhere and the forces of control are very visible: the uptight, racist welfare caseworker, her upwardly mobile, patriarchic brother and most detestable of

all, the doctors, men who have real power and use it to turn their patients into vegetables. As long as there are people like Connie suffering, there can be no bright future for any of us. Consequently, Connie is chosen to be the receiver of a visitor from the future.

The time-traveler is introduced as Luciente, which means light in Spanish. Connie takes her to be a man at first, for though she is beautiful and dark-skinned like herself, Luciente is androgenous in appearance. Luciente is bringing Connie light and sharing with her the wonders of a new world, after the Revolution. The delight is that this future culture envisioned by Piercy is very, very familiar. Luciente and the future she represents, embody the values and dreams that we of the radical counter-culture would like to see become reality. It is a tribute to the author's skill, that Luciente is everything one would aspire to be and yet, she is believable.

Some have categorized this book as Science-Fiction, but I disagree. If it were, it would be too simple to write off Piercy as a utopian visionary, and dismiss her politics as well-meaning, but unrealistic. I believe Luciente and the whole presentation of the future community can be seen as a visitation of consciousness or a precognition in Connie of our potential. As in Doris Lessing's *Briefing For A Descent Into Hell*, the hallucinations of madness are actually an inner voyage into deeper levels of understanding.

The transitions from the gruesome present of Connie's confinement to the radiant future seem a bit transcendental. The contrast is intentionally harsh and often abrupt. Marge Piercy uses many devices to create the ambiance of this new society. The language is especially clever and imaginative, enriched with short song/poems. People live in small family groups, not based on blood ties, but on love and companionship. Lovers are known as 'sweet friends' and everyone seems to have several of both sexes. They respect all ages, the young and the old have special roles and to die is called "to give back". Each child has three mothers, and men can be mothers and even breastfeed. People are organized into small townships, like tribes, each with a distinct ethnic tradition, revived from the past. Decisions are made by all the people in ultra-democratic form. Power and technology are decentralized and each tribe tries to be self-sufficient in terms of food. Private ownership is a thing of the past. They recognize their ties to the earth, and the environment with the same appreciation as that of Native American peoples. Overall, it is portrayed as a super healthy place to be, where every individual has the space to be creative and whole.

Interestingly enough, several aspects were directly reminiscent of Cuban models. Since, it is well

known that Marge Piercy went on one of the early Venceremos Brigades to Cuba, (there is a poem about it in *To Be Of Use*) it is very likely that Cuban socialist culture deeply influenced her perception. Luciente's description of the role of the artist is word for word the Cuban ethic. "We think art is production. We think making a painting is as real as growing a peach or making diving gear. No more real, no less real. It's useful and good on a different



"Yet the force that destroyed so many races of beings, human and animal, was only in its source sexist. Its manifestation was profit-oriented greed."

level, but it's production."

Piercy wants to enchant us with her vision, but she also, cautions that we cannot just lay back and wait for it to come to pass. This is only one possible future, and it is up to our generation to help bring it about. Just in case we have any doubts about the future corporate Amerika has in store for us, Piercy takes us to see it in the most comical episode in the book. Though no less horrifying, the nightmare turns into a satirical farce. Piercy is too much the optimist to write a serious portrayal of the future lost. Obviously, her heart was not in it and it was merely a farcical reminder that if we don't act on the situation, this is what could be.

Marge Piercy is one of us. She is not writing to instruct, but to inspire. Her future vision is so poetic and playful, that it escapes being trite. There is very little preaching because she speaks with images. She is a conjurer, a faith healer, a warrior of powerful spirit. I admire most her dauntless enthusiasm, which seems impervious to cynicism, the fatal flaw of many intellectuals. Marge Piercy always leaves herself vulnerable to her readers by her total empathy with her characters and the sincerity of her style. Her writing conveys a feeling of humility. Luciente speaks for her when she says, "I must serve the talent that uses me, the energy that flows through me, but I mustn't make others serve me."

eileen kirkpatrick

on the move

Black Arts West



Robert "Antar" Stephens plays Rico, the pimp.

what the wine seller buys

The phrase "be a man" runs like a litany through the new Black Arts/West production now at the Second Stage in Seattle. But what does it mean to be a man in Detroit in 1969? When the play opens, Steve is a high school student with dreams of getting a basketball scholarship to college. His mother has raised him on stories of his no-good but lovable father, shot during a robbery; "Don't you turn out like that, Steve." Rico, the new neighbor, mocks her: "She's like all black mothers, she say, what can I do to make my little black boy safe from those big bad whites." Rico is a pimp. It's a great part, probably the best part in the play, and Robert "Antar" Stephens carries it off inimitably. But Rico's very vitality, the truth of what he is saying about society, are at odds with this modern morality tale. One of the greatest weaknesses of the play is that evil comes off looking and sounding more realistic than the good which ultimately triumphs.

"Be a man, Steve," when Rico says it, means "Be a pimp like me." Rico has twenty-two pair of shoes at \$80 a pair, Rico has a silver cocaine spoon around his neck. Rico has a stable of "hoors." Rico isn't going to slave his life away like most blacks, he tells Steve. He's beat the system. At first Steve is disbelieving, but when his mother has heart trouble and is laid off work, he begins to heed Rico's advice. "With my head and your fine body," Steve tells his cheerleader girlfriend Mae, "we can have everything we

want." The scene that follows elicited as much response from the opening night audience as any morality playwright could wish for. Women went crazy shouting to Mae not to believe him and clapping when she told him off.

If only there had been more scenes like that one. In general the play is a little too long and unfocused; it is made longer by a narrator who speaks a poetic language unlike the Detroit street talk of the characters. His purpose is to link the story with the world of universals by reciting Omar Khayyam ("I often wonder what the wine sellers buy one half so precious as what they sell") and other philosophic tidbits, but he only succeeds in slowing down the action. The plot is in itself universal enough. It is a questioning of values, of lineage. Who is Steve to follow--his mother or a man who seems successful? Events prove that Rico is not so secure, so successful as he seems. That discovery "save" Steve from having to pimp Mae. The moral is that what you think you want isn't always worth what you have to give up for it, in this case Mae and Steve's relationship. Rico was right that a white exploitative society will grind Mae and Steve down just as it has ground down Steve's mother and most other blacks. When author Milner shows up the paucity of Rico's claims to have made it differently, he puts Steve and Mae right back where they've always been, in the ghetto with their religion and their families.

--barbara george

"We want to educate first and then entertain," director Buddy Butler told me. That goal alone is enough to make Black Arts/West different from most professional theatres in Seattle. Black Arts/West, originally a part of the Model Cities program begun in 1968, still considers itself part of the black community, even though the Model Cities program was phased out during Nixon's administration and the theatre has been self-supporting for two years.

Butler is a dynamic, stylish man or thirty who radiates energy and enthusiasm. He was brought to Seattle three years ago from New York, where he worked as an actor-director in the New York Negro Ensemble. As artistic director he has set the tone and the pace for the Seattle company. Black Arts/West is not only a theatre, but a school for the performing arts--dance, acting, music. Many of the young actors in the current production, "What the Wine-Sellers Buy," have come out of that program. Butler has also been responsible for bringing in people from New York and Los Angeles so that community actors can work with those more experienced. This is all part of Butler's aim to get past "storefront theatre" and to become more broadly based.

Owing to landlord/tenant disputes over heating, Black Arts/West has moved temporarily from their old location on 33rd and Union to the vacant 2nd Stage theatre in downtown Seattle. Butler calls this season "Black Arts/West--On the Move" and admits that it's a "do or die" situation for the next few months. Although it still maintains its office and rehearsal space in the C.A.M.P firehouse, the company is taking a risk in moving from its community base without giving up its emphasis on "plays which deal with some kind of problem, plays whose primary focus is still to uplift and speak to black lifestyles."

Butler adds, "We get a lot of criticism from blacks."

After attending a performance of "Wine-Sellers," I can understand why. The audience was outspoken, sometimes even raucous, in its approval or disapproval of the action. But while I thought that the play was not political enough, many viewers reacted differently. I was somewhat surprised, though I shouldn't have been, to learn from Butler that the community churches have always been a

great source of support to the theatre.

There is more emphasis on religion among blacks than whites in general, and theatre is seen as being a potential molder of opinion, a viable teaching tool. Butler is expecting to bus in high school students to see "Wine-Sellers," which makes a special appeal to the teenage drug problem. Their next play will be a gospel musical, "Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope," which will tour in schools and churches around Washington.

Butler feels that his choice of plays is not based primarily on politics. He sees the company as made up of different ideologies, some of them conflicting. He speaks instead of offering plays which say "this is what's happening, which mirror real situations." In February, Black Arts/West will offer "Medal of Honor Rag," the bitter story of a Vietnam veteran who finds no way to live and nothing to live for after the war. The company will tour with this play and with a woman's play, "My Sister, My Sister," in the summer.

Butler sees his artistic control going beyond choice of plays, however. He is helping set up black theatres in Denver and in Portland. He is bringing in a show from Los Angeles called "B.C.," about the conflict between Blacks and Chicanos. He is co-sponsoring a South African company's visit to America. He has written one book about Black theatre and is working on another. He dreams of teaming up with the Black Academy of Music to establish a Black arts institution like Cornish.

But it would be wrong to focus solely on the efforts of Butler to make Black Arts/West successful. All of the actors, directors and managers work equally hard, and probably without as much financial remuneration as Butler receives. In order to carry out the triple functions of theatre, schools and business, many people work at three jobs--acting, teaching and some kind of paperwork. Butler says that the company is like a family and that everyone finds their place in it. I was sorry I didn't get to talk to more of the "family" to find out how they felt about family life. Nevertheless, the impression I received at the office was of people engrossed in what they were doing. Some of it rubbed off on me, too. My talk with Butler, like all good interviews, opened up a whole new world. I look forward to the rest of their season.

--barbara george



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Reptilian and very, very bored

In Paris for the first time in 1971, I went straight to the Louvre like any good tourist to see the Mona Lisa. After wandering dazedly around the museum for an hour or two, discovering such treasures as Napoleon's gilded cradle, I finally stumbled into a huge room full of people. "Must be famous, whatever it is," I thought and crowded closer. For a long time it was impossible to see what was the object of so much neck-craning, swooning and sighing. Then I caught a brief glimpse of an enigmatic smile. It was the Mona Lisa! There was no stopping me. I shoved my way through the tourists to the front.

The Mona Lisa...well? So what? I'd already seen it reproduced a thousand times, it was as familiar to me as a Salem billboard. Standing in the Louvre before one of the most famous paintings in the world, I felt nothing, no excitement, no shock of recognition. The Mona Lisa. Big deal.

But a year or two later, looking through a book of Warhol's paintings and finding his Mona Lisa—four silkscreened reproductions framed together in various degrees of close-up, I felt surprise along with recognition. In a series of four, Mona looked different. Warhol had made me see the Mona Lisa in a new way.

Andy Warhol was in Seattle for the opening of a show of his portraits Nov. 18. Naturally the Seattle Art Museum made a tasteful to-do about it; only a few of the portraits are recent, still this is the first time they've been shown in Seattle. Thursday night S.A.M. had an invitational dinner for Andy (at \$100 a plate) and later held a disco ball (also rather selectively promoted at \$8 a ticket, \$10 at the door). Warhol was actually at the dance for a short while, someone told me, looking "reptilian" and very very bored. He signed autographs in felt pen on people's chests and arms.

Poverty kept me from seeing America's pop master, but the next day I went to his portrait exhibit. I expected to be bored



or disgusted. First of all, his portraits aren't portraits in the usual sense. They're blown-up photographs which he or an assistant have silkscreened. Warhol has painted over them, or in some cases, pasted strips of paper over them in a collage effect. I expected to be disgusted by the fact that he only "paints" famous or rich people, and that in spite of using technological means to print dozens of copies, he still charges exorbitant prices, and can, because of his name.

I didn't feel moral when confronted with the portraits, however. I felt delight. I felt excitement. I felt the shock of recognition. True, the stars were all there in multiples. A triple and a double Elvis. Sixteen Jackies. A Mao series. A Mick Jagger series. To see the same face over and over again is to have it divested of its meaning. But in a sense these faces have already lost their meaning. Through relentless media exposure, they've already become symbols. You could either say

that Warhol was emphasizing their lack of meaning, or conversely, that he was making them meaningful in a new way. I'm reluctant to get into theories, but perhaps there is a clue in the Mao series. The same photograph over and over, painted in different, brilliant primary colors, begins to have a hypnotic effect. I started imagining I was in Peking's main square, during a celebration. It's poster art in the popular sense, it's the art of iconography in the religious sense. I read somewhere that Warhol's genius lies in his choice of subject and in his choice of process. I'm suspicious of that statement even as I half acknowledge its truth. I wasn't brought up to think of genius that way.

It's easy to make fun of what other people say about Warhol—the convoluted explanations of what the artist is trying to do. It's somehow not so easy to make fun of the paintings themselves. It's easy to make fun of Warhol the media hound, the mythological figure who practically invented pop art in the sixties, who made films by gathering actors and camera people together and stepping aside himself; the Warhol of whom a critic said that when he was shot in the stomach, that Andy would make his brush with death into a media event. At any rate, whatever the man's reputation, I'd still rather see Mao at S.A.M. than Mona at the Louvre.

barbara george

private poems

Private Gallery
Poems by Melinda Mueller
Seal Press: \$3.00

Picking out the metal letters by hand and setting them upside down and backwards, one line at a time, "leading" the copy with actual slivers of lead (called slugs)—it certainly is a long cry from zooming along on the space-age computer that I typeset on every day at work.

One could scoff at the labor-intensive production process of letterpress antiquities if it were not such a historic and artistic process of transcribing the written word.

Indeed, watching Seal Press printers Rachel Da Silva and Barbara Wilson at work on their second poetry book was an aesthetic delight. The women set the type, align it with wood "furniture" in what is called a "chase," the metal frame that holds the type rigid for printing. Then they ink the plates with the right color and emboss the words on each page individually—a time-consuming process.

While observing them, I fiddled around the minuscule shop (formerly a garage), looking at type books and running across apropro quotes like "Beauty is the expression of man's (sic) love of labor." It beat my usual fare of business cards and insurance brochures, without a doubt.

If the above seems like an odd introduction for a poetry book review, it only delineates my bias. *Private Gallery*, poems by Melinda Mueller, was given to me by one of the Seal Press printers; my first awed reaction was the beauty of the book and the craftsmanship which went into it. Then I settled into the poetry and found its haunting lyrical imagery just as enchanting. They aren't poems which knocked me down. They're softer than that, sad and somewhat wistful, as she speaks of the silent knowledge inside us:

*In the clench of loneliness
what is a fist but a closed eye?*

*What are hands but the way
we watch our lovers in the dark?*

In a very traditional sense, these are women's poems: boiling over with emotions choked up and held in. Her poetry is full of mouths hanging open or stuffed with cotton.

It seems appropriate that Amelia Earhart is the poet's sole attempt at extending her poetry beyond the individual's emotions to a recognizable third person. The poem about the famous aviator lost at sea is ephemerally entitled *Into Thin Air* and has the lingering line:

*... Had you seen how the wind
was breathing in your mouth?*

In reading poetry by women, I've had little concern for its technicalities, as if a good writer's use of the language were almost indecipherable. Rather I view such poems as feminist journals, descriptions of how we see our lives, how we feel and grope through the days. Many emotions and themes are recurring, the most powerful of which is survival, the endurance which is a constant expression of women's lives. For that reason, I found myself choosing Mueller's poem *Wintering* as my favorite, for it portrays just that strength, that human elasticity, in her distinct voice:

*My throat is an empty nest.
I lean my gestures towards you
without words.*

*But in the nudge and tuck
of being together, I find
furtive languages burrowing.
When we stand in a doorway
I hear the harangue of rain
falter against your lull
in the season. Listen:
along the tangled roots of our veins
blood murmurs and browses.*

—michelle celarier

THE PICTURE SHOW

NEXT—December 8

Thundering across Europe from Istanbul to Calais, the famous ORIENT EXPRESS comes to a halt, blocked by the drifted snow. The passengers sleep on; of course in the morning one of the passengers has been killed. This is a real who-dunnit in the old style, starring everyone: ALBERT FINNEY, LAUREN BACALL, MARTIN BALSAM, INGRID BERGMAN, JACQUELINE BISSET, JEAN PIERRE CASSEL, etc.

December 15

One of our all time favorites, RANCHO DELUXE—its our Christmas gift to you!! Jeff Bridges, Sam Waterston and Elizabeth Ashley..... For \$1.00

Starting December 22

Francois Truffaut's "S...ALL CHANGE" This new film shows his fascination for children in a film that everyone can enjoy and empathize with. It's opening in SEATTLE the same time WE OPEN with it!!!

1209 - 11th IN OLD FAIRHAVEN 676-1226

DECEMBER

(S) Seattle
(B) Bellingham
(V) Vancouver

6 MONDAY

(B) Fran's Wilkinson will speak on Senate Bill 1 at 1 p.m., VU Lounge, WWSC and 8 p.m., Unitarian Church (corner of Franklin & Gladstone)

(S) Sentencing of Tom Schmoe and Michael Adams, found guilty of charges brought as a result of Hiroshima Day action at Bangor. Magistrate Weinberg, Federal Courthouse, Seattle, 2PM. Information 322-3919/Joan.

1944 Death of Minerva Tarbell, who exposed Rockefeller as a Monopoly capitalist.

7 TUESDAY

(S) Poetry reading by Gary Soto. 8 P.M. University of Washington Dept. of English, Savery 239.

(S) Dec. 7-II, "The Crucible" by Arthur Miller, a drama set in Salem, Massachusetts at the outbreak of the Puritan-witch trials. Glenn Hughes Playhouse, U. of W., 8 P.M. Tickets \$2.50 (\$1.25 Student/Senior) Information and Reservations: 543-5636

(B) Multi-media slide presentation about life in Bellingham during 1976. Free. 8 P.M. Fairhaven College Auditorium. Produced and Presented by Peter Fromm. Musical accompaniment: piano by Fred West.

1969 Murders of Black Panther leader Fred Hampton and Mark Clark by Chicago police in a pre-dawn raid.



8 WEDNESDAY

(V) "The Gypsy", a 1972 Russian film about Bessarabian gypsies and their musical folklore, with original songs and melodies. National Film Board Theatre, 1155 West Georgia Street, 7 & 9:30 P.M.

(B) Whatcom County Parks Christmas Arts & Crafts Sale opens at the Roeder Home, 2600 Sunset Drive, 7-10 P.M. Holiday sing-along (Song sheets provided!) Everyone welcome. (Shows through Dec. 15, 10AM-4 PM)

(S) Marx Brothers Festival. "Animal Crackers" and "Monkey Business". Seattle Film Society, Kane Hall, U. of W., Room 130, 7:30 P.M., \$2 (\$1.50 students)

9 THURSDAY

(S) "Conspiracy Means to Breathe Together: Preview", a collection of art work generated by the Chicago Conspiracy Trial of 1969, And/Or Gallery, 1525 10th Ave., 7-10 P.M. Free.

(S) "Old Masters' Prints" Woodblock, engravings, etchings, dry points and lithographs of Rembrandt, Durer, Goya, Millet, and others. Seattle Art Museum, Volunteer Park, through January 16.

(S) Marx Brothers Festival "Horse Feathers" and "Duck Soup" (see Dec. 8 for details)

(B) Multi-media slide presentation. Free (see December 7 for details)

Anniversary of the Bill of Rights

(S) 9 a.m., new sentencing date for Laurie Raymond on charges of assaulting a federal officer. Judge Sharp, Federal Courthouse.

(B) South African Films, Garden St. Methodist Methodist Church, Evening Service (7:00 pm)

Two films will be presented Thursday December 9, and Sunday December 12 (see Gimel Beth). The first film shown, "The Land of Promise", is a South African government film expounding the "virtues" of the all-white ruling government, including the paternal explanation of the reasons and so-called "necessities" of apartheid. In contrast, "The Last Grave at Dimbaza" explains the injustices and widespread level of poverty under which the South African Blacks are forced to exist. Brings to mind the treatment of minorities in the US. These films are an interesting and stimulating experience.

10 FRIDAY

(S) Marx Brothers Festival, "Night at the Opera" and "Room Service" (see December 8 for details)

1878 19th Amendment introduced in Senate

1909 Ogala Teton Sioux Chief, Red Cloud, dies at Pine Ridge

11 SATURDAY

(S) In Concert: Reverend Pearly Brown, a 61 year-old, blind street singer from Macon, Georgia, playing gospel, slave songs and blues on steel and acoustic guitars. Harmony by his wife, Christine.

Woody Harris plays blues, ragtime, and modern American classics.

The Clubhouse, 5257 University Way, N.E. 7:00 and 9:30 P.M.

(S) "Socrates" Roberto Rossellini's non-mythological film of the life of Socrates. Italian with English subtitles. Bloedel Aud., St. Mark's Cathedral, 1229 10th Ave., E. \$ 2.00

(S) Sundance Rhythm Band, dance to unique percussion music. A blend of Latin, African, and jazz sounds. Refreshments. And/Or, 1525 10th Avenue, 8:30 P.M. \$ 2.50.

12 SUNDAY

(S) Confused by the rules at your union meetings? Robert's Rules of Order are used to run most meetings and you can learn these rules on Sunday, December 12th from 7 to 9 p.m. Women in Trades is sponsoring a talk by Helen Hewitt about Robert's Rules of Order. There will also be a chance to practice using these rules in a meeting situation. Room 229, Downtown YWCA on 5th and Seneca. For childcare, call Ellen at 632-4747.

B-South African Films-YWCA, noon.

13 MONDAY

(TV) KCTS/9 "Paso por Aqui: The Colonial Era" Mexico's early years beginning in 1521. Spanish exploration and the growth of principal trading centers in Mexico. 10:30 P.M.

14 TUESDAY

(S) United Workers Union-Independent will hold its December meeting, Ethnic Cultural Center, 39th and Brooklyn NE, at 5:30 p.m. Mary Morrison, UW Childcare Coordinator and co-chairperson of Action Child care Coalition, will present an educational entitled "The History of Childcare." Non-members invited; childcare provided.

15 WEDNESDAY

(B) Whatcom County Homemade Music Society Presents. Steven Brown on mandolin and manola. The Roeder Home, 2600 Sunset Drive, 7:30 P.M.

1919 Rosa Luxemburg assassinated in Berlin.

16 THURSDAY

(S) "A Christmas Carol" Charles Dickens' classic tale. Act, 709 1st Avenue, West, Reserve tickets, call 285-5110, \$ 2.00 - \$ 6.00, December 16 - 30.

18 SATURDAY

1970 Women demonstrators protest male domination of birth control hearings in Washington, D. C.

21 TUESDAY

(B) Fifth Annual Southside Christmas Caroling & Potluck. Contact Isolde, Eddy, or Esther at 733-9672.

gimel beth

B'HAM TAVERN MUSIC

FAST EDDIE'S

Dec. 6-9, lunchtime, Sallie Spirit
Dec. 11, Cary Canfield, pianist
Dec. 13-17, lunchtime, Kim Powers, harpsichord
Thursday nights, open mike

THE FAIRHAVEN

Dec. 8-11, Last Chance, jazz
(The Fairhaven recently got a dance license)

HACIENDA

Dec. 8-11, Skyboys, country rock
Dec. 15-18, Upepo, latin rock

PETE'S

Dec. 10-11, Love Family Band

REGULAR MEETINGS

MONDAYS

(B) Well Adult Clinic for Senior Citizens FREE at Senior Activity Center. Sign up in advance
(B) NWP mailing party at 1 p.m. when the new issue arrives from the printer. Help get the paper out to our subscribers. It's fun! 1000 Harris, second floor. The alternate Mondays at 3 is our collective editorial meeting.
(B) City Council meets on first and third Mondays (except 5-Monday months, then it's second and fourth), City Hall, 8 p.m.
(B) Whatcom County Commissioners each Monday and Thursday, 8:30 am til 4:30 pm, County Courthouse.
(B) NOW meets fourth Monday of the month, YWCA
(S) Seattle City Council, weekly at 2 pm, 1101 Municipal Bldg. (live on KRAB, 107.7 FM)
(S) Weekly NWP staff meetings, open to the public, 7:30 p.m., call 329-1695 for location.

TUESDAYS

(S) Lesbian Health Collective, 7 p.m., Fremont Women's Clinic
(B) Third Tuesday of the month, Whatcom County Planning Commission, courthouse

WEDNESDAYS

(B) NWP meetings, 3 p.m., 1000 Harris.
(B) 2nd Wednesday of the month, Mt. Baker Beekeeper Assoc. meets 7:30 p.m. in the public library.
(S) Children's Circle, co-op daycare located above the Phinney Street food co-op. Call 632-8095 for info.
(B) Food Co-op weekly meeting at noon at the store, 1000 Harris, everyone welcome.
(B) City Land Use Commission, 3rd Wed. of the month, 8 pm, City Hall.

THURSDAYS

(S) Radical Women meeting, weekly 7:30 pm, 3815 5th Ave. N.E.
(B) Free dental clinic, 6-9 p.m., B'ham Technical School, 3028 Lindbergh Ave.
(B) County commissioners - see Monday.

FRIDAYS

(B) Table tennis, 6-11 p.m., 8 tables at Bloedel Donovan Park's gym (Lake Whatcom), free for first-nighters.

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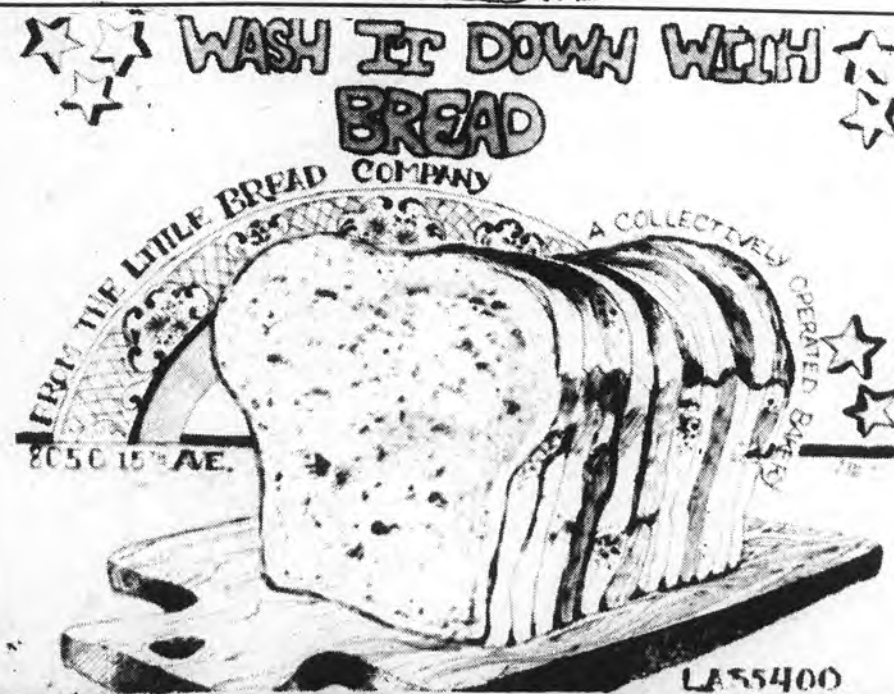
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PO Box 1000
Marion, Illinois 62959

Harry F. Kaczynski
no. 92663
PO Box 1000
Marion, Illinois 62959

Robert G. Vacola no. 9882
Ron Mac Allister no. 856
PO Box 280
Millhaven Maximum Penitentiary
Bath, Ontario, Canada

Connexions

ANNOUNCEMENTS / NOTES

THANKS TO ALL THE PRISONERS AND READERS WHO HAVE SENT US CARDS OF SUPPORT AND AFFECTION. Staff of the Northwest Passage.

Fairhaven Massage and Therapy Center. Licensed massage therapists. Swedish, connective tissue, acupressure massage, and counseling/bodywork. Hours 9 am-6 pm, Monday-Friday. By Appointment only. 734-6818, Bellingham. Christmas gift certificates available.

POETRY &, a monthly journal of news, reviews and poetry seeks subscribers and submissions (SASE). \$5/year 25 cents/sample Box A3288 Chicago, Illinois, 60690

JEAN FREESTONE: Run away with me and let's go to California. Two shirts.



Louis Haitcock
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S.O.C.F. Box 787
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Robert Suria P,
no. 36207
Box 1000
Steilacoom, WN. 98388

Charles Williams
no. 140-515
Condon Correctional Institute
London, Ohio 43140

WANTED

HELP WANTED - Quality Control Supervisor - immediate position available for quality controller supervisor with large national frozen fruit and vegetable processor. salary, fringe benefits, prior food processing experience required. Send detailed resume to: Seabrook Foods Inc., PO Box 609, Albany, Oregon. 97321 attn: Chuck Newton. Submit resume not later than Dec. 15, 1976

WANTED

Stephen would like to share a home with simple minded folks. 1506 "G" Street no.8, B'ham call 734-4937 to leave message

I'm interested in the art of basketry and using the natural abundant resources cedar, birch and others? Have made a few baskets would like to meet someone who has worked in basketry and share ideas. Contact: Carla, 2460 E. Valley Street, B'ham

Housing - Co-operative household seeking woman to share cooking, chores, politics, w/ 2 women and 3 men - University District, Seattle. Call 523-6919 For Interview.

'53 GMC Pickup \$250.00 - 966 - 4740

Want to sublet a room or two at 2200 30th St. from January 1, probably for 3-4 months. Call 734-6804

Sasha dog, a lively husky - shepherd - wolf mix is gonna need a human friend to care for him for a few months this winter. If you are interested, lets get together. call Susan 734-6804.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

When a sister of Officer Schroeder, the policeman killed in the robbery of which Susan Saxe is accused of participating in, was asked how she would feel if Susan were acquitted of the murder charge, she replied, "She should (be acquitted). She didn't shoot anybody"

In the next trial (the last trial ended with a hung jury), the date is set for January 10, 1977 - we aim to have Susan Saxe declared innocent of all charges. Our work needs great resources of time, energy, and support - we cannot free her alone. We especially need money to insure that she will walk away from this trial unchained. We'll be able to put to use even the smallest donation. A victory for Susan's freedom is a victory for our own freedom - freedom to those who fight for it!

Martha Kearns, member, Susan Saxe Defense Fund c/o National Lawyers Guild 1427 Walnut Street Phil., PA., 19103

There will be a house meeting of the people's landtrust, tuesday December 7th, 7:00pm at la casa, 2200 30th St., B'ham. A time to get together and share ideas.

We at Poplar house are liquidating our flock of 8 chickens. They are alive and available for anyone who comes by to take them. Some lay, some don't. All would make good chicken stew. Call 734-4937



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