INSIDE: SIERRA CLUB INTERNATIONAL OUTINGS 1992–93

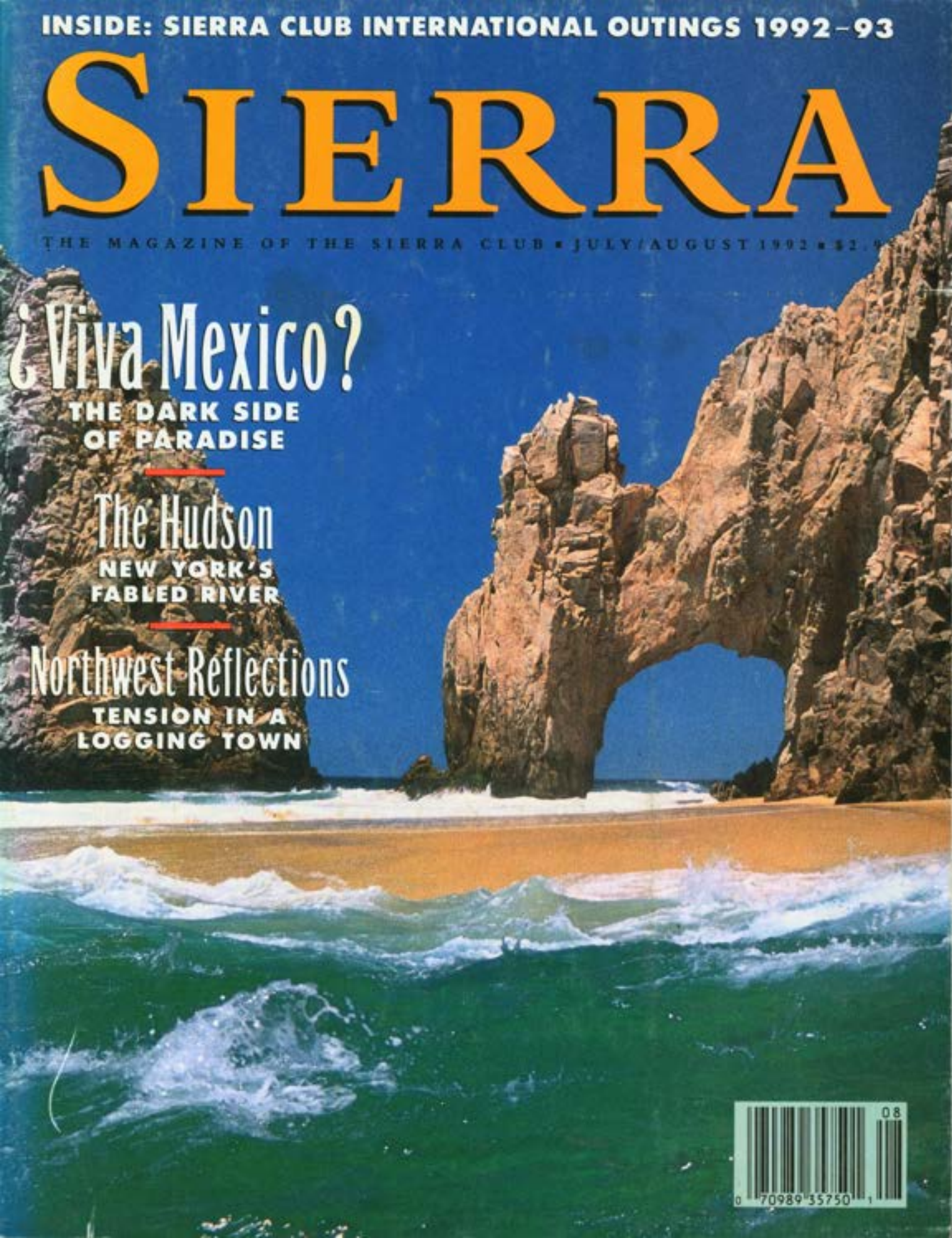
SIERRA

THE MAGAZINE OF THE SIERRA CLUB • JULY/AUGUST 1992 • $2.

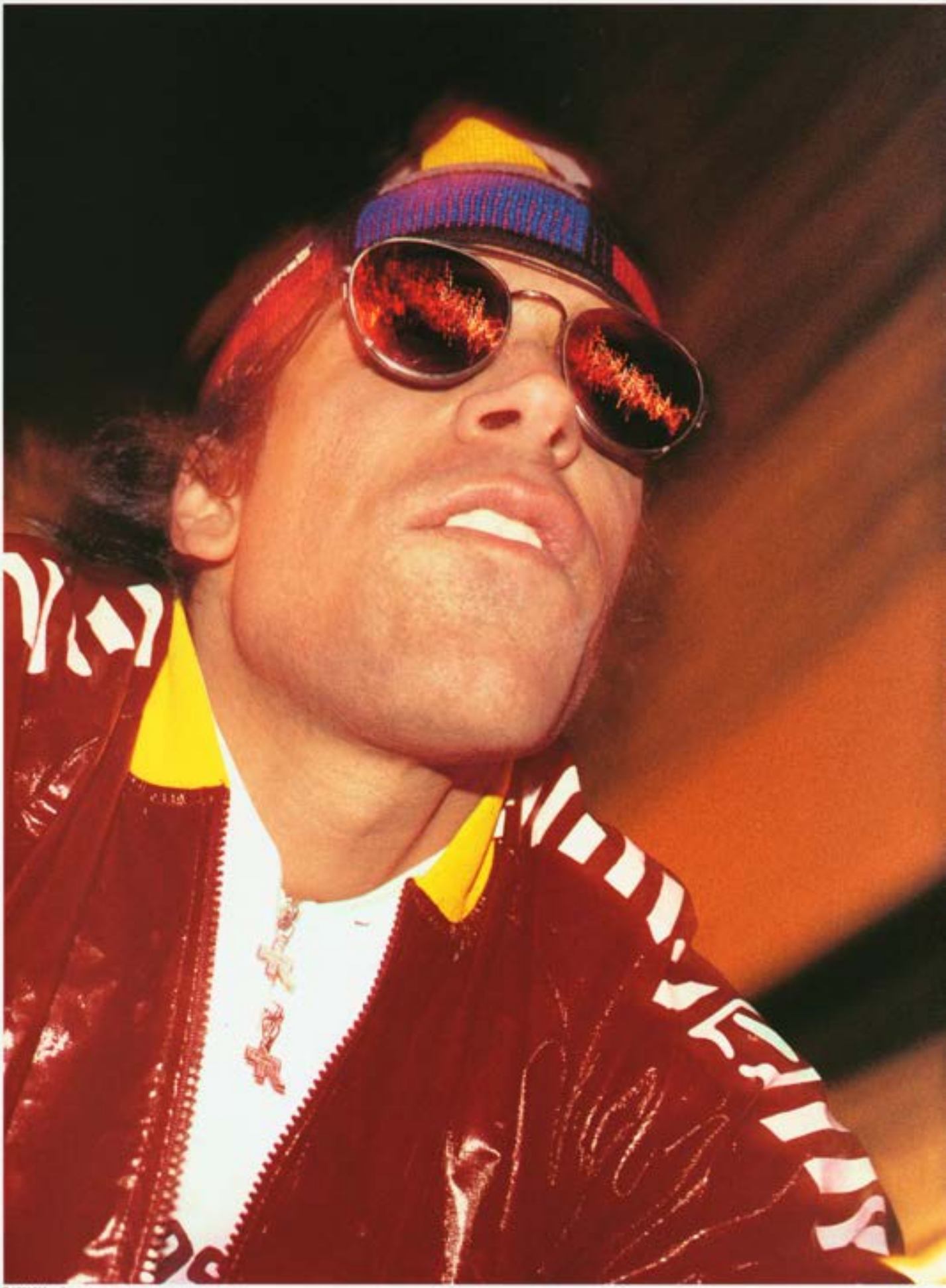
¿Viva Mexico?
THE DARK SIDE OF PARADISE

The Hudson
NEW YORK'S FABLED RIVER

Northwest Reflections
TENSION IN A LOGGING TOWN



08
0 70989 35750 1



Did Peter Drake pause to adjust focus, exposure or fill-flash on the N6006?

In Times Square? Are you kidding?

The Nikon N6006 is exactly the SLR to clamp on the handlebars of your bike and take for a ride through Times Square at night in twenty-degree weather.

Oh. That's not high on *your* list of things to do?

Our apologies. Ex-bike messenger and amateur photographer Peter Drake thought it might be great fun dodging all those taxis and potholes, cable release in hand. He thought it might make an interesting picture.

We think he was at least half right.

Perhaps his daring self-portrait will serve as graphic evidence that the N6006 is a simple, fast SLR that's up for serious fun. It's the one a professional photographer would take on vacation. The one to have when your hands are busy or your mind is on something else.

Survival, for instance.

It autofocuses quickly and accurately in light as dim as a single candle, using a focusing sensor much like the one in the professional F4s.

You control almost all its functions with a simple multi-button keypad and a command dial that's next to your thumb.

It has a Spot Meter, Center-Weighted Meter, and Nikon's Matrix Metering, an exclusive system that reacts instantly to fast-moving action and changing light. It sizes up a picture much like you would.

If you had time.

The N6006 has a powerful built-in flash with wide 28mm coverage, and a guide number of 43 at ISO 100.

Manhattan by night riding a bike with a camera

by

Peter Drake, nut

In the case of Peter Drake, it automatically selected the proper flash illumination for his face while letting the ambient light shine through in the background.

Also, the sense of motion in the shot came about through Rear Curtain Synchronization, one of the creative flash techniques that the N6006 performs, automatically.

There's Focus Tracking, too, which keeps moving subjects such as freight trains and rhinos in focus for you. You can auto-bracket up to five shots in 1/3-stop increments.

See the N6006 at authorized dealers where you see this symbol. For more information on the exclusive Nikon MasterCard, call 1-800-NIKON-35.

You can choose from twenty autofocus Nikkor lenses, the ones we're so particular about that we make our own glass and design our own coatings.

You can use almost every Nikkor lens made since 1977, because the N6006 still has the legendary mounting system we invented.

Thirty years ago.

This camera is not a toy, in other words.

It's a Nikon.

Nearly seven out of ten professionals who shoot with 35mm carry Nikons because it's their job. People like Peter Drake carry them because it's fun.

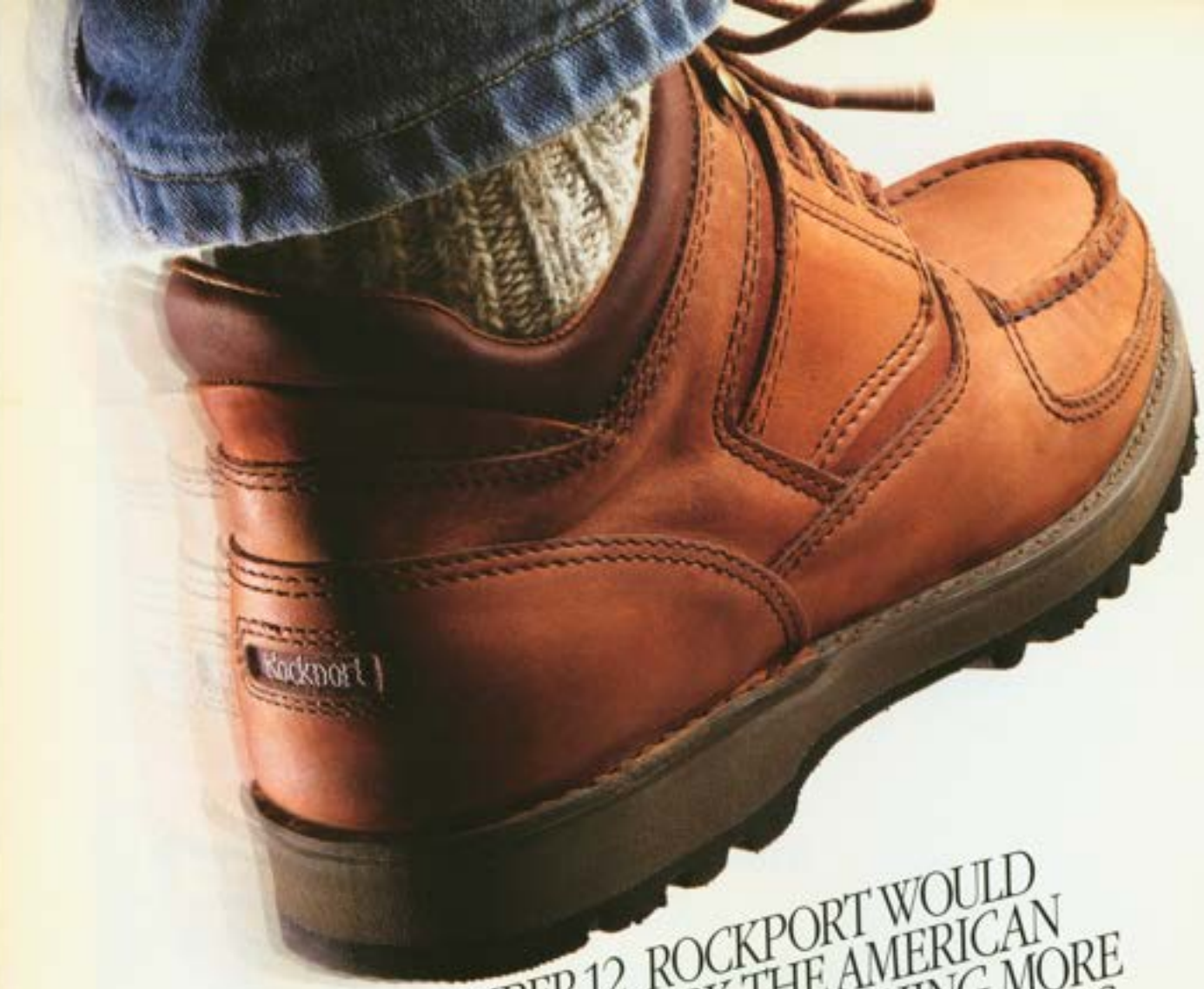
Maybe you'd carry an SLR more often if you had one that was more fun and less job.

Well, here it is.

Let the good times roll.

The N6006: autofocusing, built-in fill-flash, interchangeable Nikkor lenses. Fun like a toy, but not one. Call 1-800-NIKON-35 for a free booklet.

Nikon
We take the world's greatest pictures.



ON SEPTEMBER 12, ROCKPORT WOULD LIKE YOU TO HELP MARK THE AMERICAN DISCOVERY TRAIL® WITH SOMETHING MORE PERMANENT THAN BREAD CRUMBS.

ROCKPORT'S AMERICAN DISCOVERY TRAIL-BLAZER DAY

Come help Rockport and The American Hiking Society blaze America's first sea-to-shining-sea trail and instantly become a part of history! Everyone is welcome, nobody has to walk more than a mile, and you can even bring your dog. Call now or visit your participating Rockport dealer for details, registration, encouragement, and a growing sense of excitement.

Call 1-800-343-WALK (9255)

Rockport

AMERICAN EAGLE Outfitters · REI · Track 'n Trail

SIERRA

THE MAGAZINE OF THE SIERRA CLUB

FEATURES

JULY/AUGUST 1992 • VOL. 77 / NO. 4

JACK W. DYKINGA

CONTINUED

SIERRA

DEPARTMENTS

COVER

Cabo San Lucas, Baja California—a treasure on Mexico's dwindling unspoiled coastline. For a report on the development debacles south of the border, see page 44.
Photo by Larry Dunmire/Superstock

AFIELD

Sierra (USPS 495-920) (ISSN 0161-7362), published bimonthly, is the official magazine of the Sierra Club, 730 Polk St., San Francisco, CA 94109. Annual dues are $35. Members of the Sierra Club subscribe to *Sierra* ($7.50) through their dues. Nonmember subscriptions: one year $15; two years $26; foreign $20; single copy $4.00 (includes postage). Second-class postage paid at San Francisco, CA, and additional mailing offices.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Sierra Club Member Services, 730 Polk St., Dept. A, San Francisco, CA 94109. READERS: Send old and new addresses and a *Sierra* address label. Telephone (415) 776-2211 (voice); (415) 398-5384 (TDD).

For 20 Years...

Great Performer

Rewards of Disciplined Investing

If you had invested $200 each month since inception in the Dreyfus Third Century Fund starting 20 years ago (3/29/72), you would have seen your $48,200 investment grow into over $250,000.* More than five times your original investment. Of course, past performance is no guarantee of future results.

Rewards of Virtue

Not only has this Fund been a financially rewarding investment to its shareholders, it's been socially responsible as well. While seeking growth of assets, this common stock fund also considers a company's record in the areas of protection of the environment, occupational health, consumer protection and equal employment opportunity.

• No sales load • $2,500 minimum.

For more complete information, including management fee, charges and expenses, obtain a Prospectus by calling toll free. Read it carefully before you invest or send money.

1-800-373-9387
Ask for Extension 4619

Dreyfus Third Century Fund, Inc.

P.O. Box 3498, Camden, NJ 08101

C 437

*For the period ended 3/31/92. **14.61%, 11.18%** and **8.99%** were the Fund's average annual total returns for the 10, 5 and 1 year periods respectively ended 3/31/92. Dollar amounts reflect dividends reinvested. $200 investment was invested at month-end NAV. Net asset value and investment return will fluctuate so that an investor will receive more or less than original cost upon redemption. In August 1990, the Fund revised its investment selection process and *additional advisory assistance is being provided by Tiffany Capital Advisors.*

SIERRA CLUB

"To explore, enjoy, and protect the wild places of the earth; to practice and promote the responsible use of the earth's ecosystems and resources; to educate and enlist humanity to protect and restore the quality of the natural and human environment; and to use all lawful means to carry out these objectives."

Power Snacking

PowerBars help prevent the energy lags that can occur after a couple of hours of backpacking.

Photos: Greg Epperson

It's 10:30 a.m. on a typically busy day. You congratulate yourself on all the phone calls you've already returned, but now you're going into a big meeting and there's a gnawing emptiness in the pit of your stomach.

What you're experiencing at the office isn't much different from the energy lag that you encounter after a couple of hours of hard hiking; a plunge in blood sugar level that will make your concentration and performance suffer.

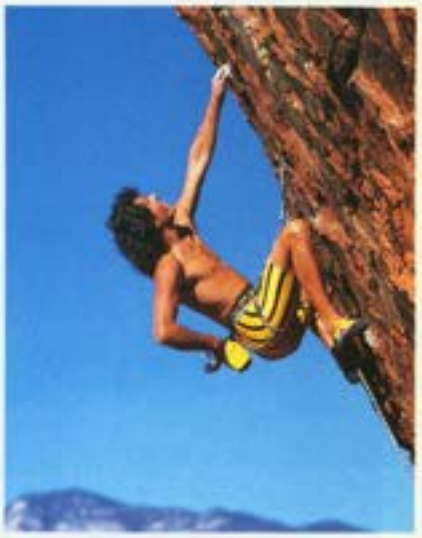
Both the brain and working muscles function best on the kind of energy delivered by carbohydrates, but since the body's ability to store carbohydrates is limited, energy lags can occur after a couple of hours of activity.

Snacking between meals can raise energy levels, but many people forget nutrition in their quest for convenience when choosing snack foods.

PowerBars are part of a new generation of healthy snacks. Developed as an energy source for serious climbers and competitive athletes, PowerBars are less sweet than candy bars and have a unique chewy texture. They are low in fat, very nutritious and convenient. Their high energy to weight ratio makes them ideal for between meals or as a backpacking snack.

The chart below compares the nutrition in PowerBars with other popular snacks.

The bottom line? The same considerations that apply when snacking while backpacking should be considered by all active people at work or in other activities.



Scott Cosgrove is fueled by PowerBars on The Gift, 5.12d Red Rocks, California.

For a free **Nutrition Guide for Athletes & Active People**, call **1-800-444-5154** (10-9 EST, M-F)

$1.69 each
$35/box of 24.
In **Malt-Nut, Chocolate** and **Wild Berry** flavors.
800-444-5154

	Total Calories	% Calories From Fat	% Calories from Carbohydrates	% Calories from Protein	% of U.S. RDA Vit C	Vit B1	Vit B2	Vit B3	Iron	Calcium	Cholesterol (mg)
PowerBar (any flavor)	**225**	**8%**	**76%**	**16%**	**100%**	**100%**	**100%**	**100%**	**30%**	**30%**	**0**
Mixed Nuts (1/3 C.)	332	71%	12%	17%	0	14%	6%	65%	8%	4%	0
Bran Muffin (Large)	180	40%	53%	7%	0	6%	8%	15%	9%	8%	*
Banana (Med.)	100	2%	93%	5%	20%	5%	5%	5%	5%	2%	0
Apple (Med. Delicious)	96	9%	89%	2%	11%	4%	2%	2%	3%	2%	0
Potato Chips (2 oz. bag)	300	60%	36%	4%	20%	2%	6%	4%	0%	2%	*
Snickers®1 (reg. size)	280	42%	51%	7%	0	2%	4%	8%	6%	2%	*
Carnation Breakfast Bar®2 (Chocolate Chip)	200	50%	40%	10%	45%	20%	2%	25%	2%	25%	14

* Information not available.

1 Snickers is a registered trademark of Mars Inc. 2 Carnation Breakfast Bar is a registered trademark of Nestle USA Food Co. Source: U.S.D.A., *Nutritive Value of American Foods*, 1985

SIERRA

Jonathan F. King • *Editor-in-Chief*
Carole Pisarczyk • *Publisher*
Martha Geering • *Art Director*

Annie Stine • *Managing Editor*
Joan Hamilton • *Senior Editor*
Reed McManus • *Senior Editor*
Mark Mardon • *Associate Editor*
Paul Rauber • *Associate Editor*
Marc Lecard • *Copy Editor*
Tracy Baxter • *Editorial Secretary*
Carla Toth • *Editorial Intern*

Michael Castleman, Kathleen Courrier
Hannah Hinchman, Thomas J. Lyon
Carl Pope, Tom Turner
Contributing Writers

Lacey Tuttle
Art and Production Manager
Charlene Charles • *Designer*
Cynthia Sumner • *Production*
Michelle Susoev • *Production Assistant*

Barbara Besser
Circulation / Business Manager
Maggie Hudson • *Eastern Sales Manager*
Jennifer Miller • *Western Sales Manager*
Doug Dauray • *Account Executive*
Mary Taylor • *Account Executive*
Lorraine Vallejo
Marketing / Promotion Manager
Jackie Briggs • *Advertising Coordinator*
Jackie Acampora • *Advertising Assistant*
Alex Woodruff • *Classified Advertising*
Richard McMackin • *Marketing Intern*

Editorial, Advertising, and Business Offices: 730 Polk St., San Francisco, CA 94109, (415) 776-2211. East Coast and Midwest Advertising: 1501 Broadway, Suite 1900, New York, NY 10036, (212) 730-0270. Southwest Advertising: Mary Taylor, 22700 S. Crenshaw Blvd. #215, Torrance, CA 90505, (310) 530-4693. Michigan Advertising: Donald L. Rowe, 29551 Greenfield Rd., Suite 112, Southfield, MI 48076, (313) 423-7898.
Unsolicited submissions must include a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Photo submissions should be insured or registered. *Sierra* is not responsible for material lost or damaged in the mail.

With Your Help, We Can Protect A Whole Range Of Things.

Capital Lake, Colorado, in the Rocky Mountain eco-region.

Join the Sierra Club

In the Sierra Club's hundred year history, we've successfully protected park lands and preserved wilderness all across North America. But now we're on to bigger things. Entire eco-regions are threatened, twenty in all, and they need your help before they can heal.

Please join now. The range of things you can save is as big as the great outdoors.

NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

FIRST CLASS MAIL PERMIT NO. 4096, SAN FRANCISCO, CA

Postage will be paid by addressee

Sierra Club
Attention: Membership
PO Box 7959
San Francisco CA 94120-9943

O R M

ZIP

Individual Joint
☐ $750 ☐ $1000

t tax-deductible.
er and address below.

ZIP

er and mail to:

Recycled Paper

O R M

ZIP

Individual Joint
☐ $750 ☐ $1000

t tax-deductible.
er and address below.

ZIP

er and mail to:

Recycled Paper

LETTERS

WHAT GLUT?

I write to comment on the exchange between Steven Vierkandt of Chevron and Associate Editor Paul Rauber in May/June's "Letters" column. A point left unaddressed by both disputants is the fact that *regardless* of whether the potential petroleum reserves underlying the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge were used alone or in conjunction with other supplies (assuming that industry gains access to them), they would still extend the lifetime of this country's supplies for the same period. Even if the most optimistic forecasts about the amount available were valid, we'd still not have more than another six months of oil.

Furthermore, it is not true (as Rauber implies) that we have an ample supply of oil already. Using the industry's own figures, the world will be out of oil in 45 years (assuming no increase in rates of consumption). Even if one assumes that oil reserves will be depleted within, say, 60 or 80 years, we are clearly facing an enormous problem. It is hard to accept the notion that an additional six-month supply will materially alter the picture.

The perception of an oil "glut" is a consequence of temporary increases in output—not of total reserves. This production is driven in part by petroleum producers' fear that substantial shortages will result in displacement of their product by coal or renewables. It is vital that this country come to grips with a rapidly vanishing petroleum reserve and the peril of continuing to rely upon other fossil fuels.

Adolph B. Amster, Chair
Sierra Club Energy Committee
Ridgecrest, California

Paul Rauber replies: *I certainly did not mean to imply that the current glut of oil on the world market will last forever, since it clearly won't. I was merely replying to a reader's assertion that we are already running out of fuel, which we clearly aren't. When the tank does start to run low, however, we had better be ready with a renewable-energy program, or the pressure to drill in the Arctic for a few last weeks of petroglory will only increase.*

EYES ON A NEW DAWN

Thanks for "Second Sunset" (March/April). The pictures of the people of Kazakhstan who lived for 40 years amid secret nuclear testing are horrifying; the cold disregard for human suffering is more so.

Can we learn a lesson from these events? Did the Kazakhs suffer in vain, or can their experience warn the world? France has recently called for an end to nuclear tests. Environmental activists can make this the year of a Comprehensive Nuclear Test Ban—or we can continue to drift along until we suffer in the same way as those who live within the Semipalatinsk Polygon.

Elizabeth Schiller
North Providence, Rhode Island

Your article on the Russians using their own citizens as guinea pigs for nuclear-weapons tests was one of the most horrifying things I have read in these times of horrid events. After reading the article, I mailed it to *60 Minutes*, feeling that it deserves much wider dissemination. It's amazing how many dirty secrets all governments have to hide—secrets that have nothing to do with security, but only protect those in power from embarrassment.

Wallace R. Danielson
San Diego, California

A POX ON PACS

So Carl Pope would have the Sierra Club go yet further in our pursuit of politicians ("Ways & Means," March/April). It is especially ironic that part of his argument is based on the recent Senate vote on the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge. The Club actively supported the re-election of Senator Jeff Bingaman (D-N.M.), a member of the Senate Energy and Natural Resources Committee. Sierra Club members, as well as many other environmentalists, repeatedly expressed to Bingaman the importance of opposing oil-drilling in the refuge. In spite of all this, he voted against protection. If this is the sort of "support" we get from the politicians we are already endorsing, what can we expect if we follow Pope's advice to double the number of endorsements?

In many races, support from special-interest political action committees is an important issue. Environmentalists are often accused of being a special interest. Expanding the activity of the Sierra Club's Political Committee (our own PAC) only adds weight to this accusation.

Recognizing that many Sierra Club members are opposed to increasing our support of politicians, Pope attempts to answer with a quotation from John Muir that does not even address the subject (in paraphrase, "Only Uncle Sam can save the redwoods from fools"). The relevant question was raised by Thoreau: "Must the citizen even for a moment, or in the least degree, resign his conscience to the legislator?"

Marc Bedner
Albuquerque, New Mexico

HYPE, HYPE AND AWAY

Seth Zuckerman's "New Forestry? New Hype . . ." (March/April) missed the boat on the issue of cutting down public forests. The question is whether we should cut them down at all. The quote from activists working with the Forest Service on a test project in southern Oregon ("If logging has to be done in a roadless area, this is how we would like to see it done") is indicative of why our public forests are being needlessly destroyed.

Consider that only 21 percent of our timber comes from public lands. We could easily reduce our consumption of forest products by half and eliminate any need to cut public lands.

The vast majority of Americans be-

lieves that the national forests are protected, even though we have lost billions of dollars on below-cost timber sales that lower the value of timber on private land, thereby encouraging poor management while encouraging overcutting on public lands. If people knew what was going on, they would not stand for it.

Jim Bensman
Godfrey, Illinois

As long as bankers and accountants are doing the measuring, it will be "New Hype" no matter what the slogan says.

Neil Aitken
Gabriola, British Columbia

As a Forest Service timber-sale planner and a longtime member of the ecology movement, I read Seth Zuckerman's article with interest. In my opinion the Forest Service is currently experiencing a painful but necessary shift from commodity-based to biologically based land-management planning. As the agency attempts to implement its New Perspectives program, it often finds itself wrestling with the conflicts between its long-term relationship with communities dependent on public timber and a legal requirement to maintain biological diversity across the landscape.

These goals need not be incompatible. As Zuckerman points out, the Forest Service faces considerable pressure from a variety of sources, including the timber industry, Congress, and the environmental movement. *Sierra*'s cover line for this article was "The Forest Service Fakes Reform"—but a more appropriate choice would have substituted "Struggles With" for the verb.

Michael Keown
Cave Junction, Oregon

TRUST AND SUSTENANCE

My compliments to William Poole for a fine article on land conservation and land trusts ("In Land We Trust," March/April).

Among the bright spots in our global environmental picture, the land-trust movement is one of the most brilliant. It has helped conserve millions of acres of rare and unusual places, many of which have eventually become publicly owned. But land trusts have the ability to go still farther, to protect the privately owned working landscape in which we live, and from which we derive our physical and psychological daily sustenance.

Battles in Congress and the legislatures often attract the most attention, but to my mind the greatest tangible progress is being made right in our own backyards. Land trusts, without the significant involvement of government, are a big part of that progress.

Paul A. Doscher
Vice-President for Conservation Programs
Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests
Concord, New Hampshire

IN THE DUMPS

I can really relate to Marc Lecard's article on "reusing" consumer goods and other objects ("Hearth & Home," March/April). I've been trash-scavenging for years, for the same reasons Lecard alluded to.

The only trouble is that city councils throughout the Los Angeles area are making ordinances against scavenging. I know they have problems with early-morning scavengers making noise and taking valuable recyclables, mostly aluminum. The irony is that if people wouldn't throw away quality reusable goods to begin with, they wouldn't have this problem.

Randall E. Hartman
Torrance, California

As a longtime retiree, of necessity I make and fix things to save a buck. My stockpile used to be the town dump—until the smartasses made it a patrolled, sanitary landfill. Then, by state mandate, they capped it. Now my stockpile's exhausted, my supply line dried up. I see all the good stuff waiting once a week to go to the incinerator. It's tough to be a make-do, fix-it-up, wear-it-out Yankee these days.

Bob Burleigh
Holden, Massachusetts

"I never imagined a child so far away could bring me so much joy!"

Soffia Polhemus
Save the Children Sponsor
Kearney, Nebraska

"For years my husband and I were touched by the faces of these children on TV. They looked sad and hungry — bewildered by so much deprivation. One day we simply decided it was time.

"I wrote to Save the Children, asking to sponsor a little girl. Now little Ana's photo is where it belongs, with our other family pictures.

"When I wrote to Ana, she wrote back. Five years' worth of her letters is proof enough for me that we've made a real difference in her life!

"We like how Save the Children makes our contributions work with other sponsors' rather than just giving handouts directly to individual children. The field reports *show* us how we've helped Ana's own village give her the things she needs.

"When you think of it, a contribution of $20 a month comes to just 65¢ a day. It takes so little from us to make their lives a lot better."

How Save the Children's funds are spent. 85% of all dollars spent from sponsorships and other donations goes right to programs that benefit kids most.

Do what Soffia Polhemus did. Give a needy child your loving help. Just say...

☐ **YES,** I want to become a Save the Children sponsor. My first monthly contribution of $20 is enclosed. I prefer to sponsor a ☐boy ☐girl ☐either in the area I've checked below.

☐ **Where the need is greatest**

☐ Africa	☐ Central America
☐ American Indian	☐ Middle East
☐ Asia	☐ South America
☐ Caribbean	☐ United States
☐ Himalayas	

☐ Instead of becoming a sponsor at this time, I am enclosing a contribution of $_____.

☐ Please send me more information.

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. # _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to:

Save the Children

50 Wilton Road, Westport, Connecticut 06880
Attn: Jim Bausch, President SCB 7/2

Established 1932. The original child sponsorship agency. YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS ARE U.S. INCOME TAX DEDUCTIBLE. Annual report available upon request.

Highly Unusual Politics

"It already feels like October," says a harried Steven Krefting. In his paper-piled San Francisco office he surveys the colored dots on his wall map, scattered like celebratory confetti across almost every state in the nation. Far from random, they represent work begun almost three years ago, when the Sierra Club started preparing for Election Day 1992. Each dot represents a Sierra Club endorsement in one of the races that environmentalists have pinned their hopes on this year.

On November 3, a fat political plum will drop: The nation will choose a president and conduct a thorough congressional reshuffling. An unprecedented number of incumbents are leaving and voters are restless, leading to predictions that 1992 will be one of the most tumultuous elections in the past fifty years.

"Participating in this process is essential to the Club's goals," says Krefting, the Club's assistant political director. "If we elect environmentalists, we can pass strong laws and kill weak or destructive ones—it's that simple." He ticks off the achievements of legislators who've recently won tight races with the help of the Sierra Club: the Nevada Wilderness Act; a strengthened Clean Air Act; an Arctic National Wildlife Refuge earmarked for caribou, not oil-drillers. This year, in the face of well-organized assaults on public lands and endangered species, activists are determined to "win the West," ensuring that a majority of House and Senate seats in the public-land-rich western states are filled by sympathetic legislators. Should they fail, badly needed mining, grazing, and water reform will be difficult, as will passage of a California Desert Protection Act and multimillion-acre wilderness laws in Idaho, Montana, Colorado, and Utah. "It's now or never for some western wildlands," Krefting says. "If current policies continue, they will be permanently damaged."

With so much at stake, the Sierra Club Political Committee is investing more resources in this election than in any other in its 12-year history. Already the nation's largest environmental political action committee and the only one bolstered by a vast network of volunteers, the committee encourages Sierra Club endorsements in national, state, and local campaigns. In congressional campaigns alone, it will divvy up more than half a million dollars among some 200 endorsed candidates.

As Congress falters

and Bush bungles,

activists mount the hustings.

■

If past experience holds true, at least seven out of every eight of those office-seekers will be elected.

No one running for Congress wins a Sierra Club endorsement without garnering a two-thirds vote of two entities—the executive committee of the local chapter and the 11-member national Political Committee. While a bare-bones national staff backs up these efforts, most of the work is done by local members—some 25,000 have participated over the past decade.

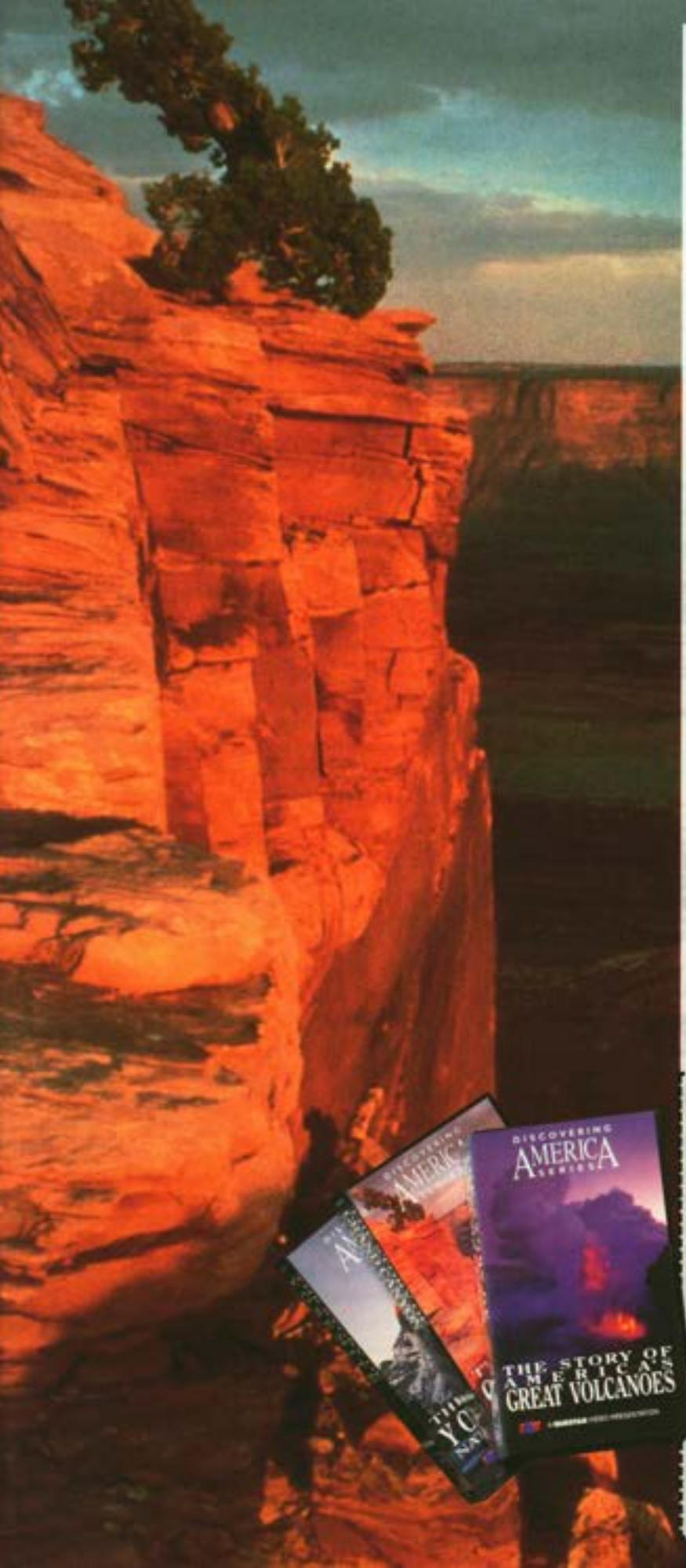
After the endorsements are made, Sierra Club volunteers go to work for their candidates, knocking on doors, setting up phonebanks, and holding press conferences and candidate forums. The political arm of the Northern Rockies Chapter is hosting a shrimp boil to raise money for Representative Larry LaRocco. Montana members have prepared a TV advertisement blasting their congressman's born-again greenness: "When we hear Ron Marlenee claim to be an environmentalist, we say, 'Whoa!'" a John Wayne sound-alike exclaims. "Montanans *know* his record is one of the *worst* in Congress. . . ."

No one has been more active in the Club's electoral efforts than Georgia lawyer Chuck McGrady, now vice-chair of the Political Committee. Initially skeptical about the Club entering the potentially divisive world of electoral politics, the veteran conservationist has now changed his mind. "I began to see how much more effective we were as lobbyists if we had worked in a legislator's campaign," he says. Doors opened that had been shut. Better people were elected; people who listened, voted right, and were sometimes even willing to lead.

The next step, McGrady says, is to broaden the effort to include more Sierra Club members. Eventually some activists should become candidates themselves, something McGrady believes so strongly that he recently ran for the Georgia Transportation Board. A longshot due to his vociferous opposition to a new superhighway, McGrady surprised the old guard last January by winning. He was, in the words of one commentator, "a highly unusual addition to the normally staid board."

But then these are unusual times, offering hope for environmentalists throughout the country. Voters are angry. The presidency seems up for grabs. In Congress, redistricting, the check-bouncing scandal, and a rash of retirements promise perhaps a hundred new faces in the 103rd Congress. Looking at the confetti on his map, Steven Krefting can't conceal his excitement. "This is the opportunity of a lifetime," he says.

—Joan Hamilton



Explore the America Columbus never saw.

500 years after Columbus landed on our shores, you and your family can discover the natural treasures he couldn't possibly have imagined. You're invited to the adventure of a lifetime! Shoot the raging rapids in the Grand Canyon. Thrill to the exploding geysers at Yellowstone. And stand in awe before Yosemite's majestic granite mountain, El Capitan.

Preview the new DISCOVERING AMERICA SERIES available exclusively from Columbia House Video Library. And journey right to the heart of your American heritage.

America's Great Volcanoes, your first hour-long video, will take you terrifyingly close to Mt. St. Helens as it blows tons of steaming earth into the sky. Then tour Katmai National Park in Alaska, whose peaceful jade green lake was carved by a fiery eruption eight times more powerful. Learn why volcanoes have been objects of fear, wonder and worship. Witness the awesome power that helped shape our land for 10 days risk-free. Keep it forever for just $4.95—$15 off the regular price.

Your voyage of discovery continues every 4 to 6 weeks with another spectacular hour-long video. Travel to sun-baked deserts, the rainforests of the great Northwest and the frozen tundra of Alaska. Marvel at glacier-fed lakes and meadows blooming with rare flowers. And take an intimate look at the endangered wildlife that find sanctuary in America's untamed places.

Each lavishly produced video is yours to preview for 10 days risk-free. Keep only the ones you want for just $19.95 plus shipping and handling. There is no minimum to buy and you may cancel any time. Don't miss this opportunity to discover for yourself the breathtaking beauty of America's own natural wonders. Mail the coupon today or use your credit card to order and call toll free 1-800-538-7766 Dept. ESX

Discover The Story of America's Great Volcanoes for just $4.95 with subscription

COLUMBIA HOUSE VIDEO LIBRARY
P.O. Box 1112, Dept. ESX, Terre Haute, IN 47811

☐ YES, enter my subscription to the DISCOVERING AMERICA SERIES and send me *The Story of America's Great Volcanoes* (VHS only) under the terms described in this ad. This video is mine to keep for the low price of just $4.95 plus $2.45 shipping and handling.

CHECK METHOD OF PAYMENT:

☐ Check enclosed for $4.95 plus $2.45 s&h (total $7.40) made payable to COLUMBIA HOUSE VIDEO LIBRARY. QLM

☐ Charge my series purchases, beginning with *Great Volcanoes* to:
☐ American Express ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard
☐ Diners Club ☐ Discover Card QLN

Account No. _____ Exp Date _____

Signature _____ ( ) Phone Number _____

Name _____

Address _____ Apt. No. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Note: All subscriptions subject to review. Columbia House Video Library reserves the right to reject or cancel any subscription. Canadian residents will be serviced from Toronto. Offer may vary. APPLICABLE SALES TAX ADDED TO ALL ORDERS.

WAYS & MEANS

VICTOR JUHASZ

Alive and Kicking

CARL POPE

The backlash lobby is back. Every few years, driven by the need to trumpet a new trend, the media excitedly report that environmental values formerly cherished by the American people have been repudiated.

This year the motivating force behind the rejection is said to be unemployment. In January, announcing that he would "do better in emphasizing jobs over environmental concerns," George Bush invoked a moratorium on new regulations, including those that would protect the environment. *Time* magazine reported in February that far fewer people cited the environment as the nation's most serious problem than had done so around Earth Day 1990. The *New York Times* chimed in with an article headlined "Environment, Inc. on the Defensive." We were all, it seemed, a paler shade of green.

Is the American public really so fickle? Consider Grant County, North Dakota. In late 1991 the county commissioners, seeking jobs for their depressed rural area, proposed siting a low-level nuclear-waste dump in the county. This March, however, apparently not sharing the media's certainty that jobs come first in hard times, voters threw every one of the commissioners out of office and replaced them with a slate opposed to the dump.

This is not the first time that politicians have fooled themselves into believing that the public has forgotten the environment. Previous supposed lapses of memory have been attributed to high energy prices, inflation, and international competitiveness.

Today, despite the change in public sentiment divined by the major media and some politicians, polling data reveal an environmentally concerned electorate. In November 1991, a *Washington Post*/ABC poll showed that the environment and health care were the two issues most likely to predispose a voter against George Bush. Another recent survey found that 73 percent of Americans regard a candidate's support of endangered species as a major plus; yet another showed a like number favoring candidates who call for "strengthening environmental regulations even if it hurts business conditions." Gallup poll numbers released in May reinforce these findings. (The February *Time* poll in fact showed an *increase* in support for the environment since 1990, though the report suggested the opposite.)

In short, the backlash of 1992 is a mythical beast. Its head is the wishful thinking of business and political elites, who dream of getting pesky environmentalists to butt out of their affairs. Its body is the media's need for public opinion to appear far more volatile than it really is. Its tail is the fact that national priorities—as opposed to values—really do change, and that in 1992 the economy occupies top billing.

Most voters don't see any conflict between their economic anxieties and their environmental beliefs. Politicians and corporations who dream of business as usual at the expense of the environment will find that they have grossly underestimated the ability of the American people to care about more than one thing at a time. ■

"We care, we care!"

. . . oh wait,

that was last year

HAND & EYE

Unpainted Songs

HANNAH HINCHMAN

The narrow road in the valley where I live takes a few turns up along a cobbled hillside. One hundred feet above the Buffalo River there's a fine view of three wide meander loops. I've taken to riding my bicycle up there, wandering all over the road (since there's almost no traffic) and stopping finally at a sagebrush-covered point to see what's happening below.

There are always ravens, these days mostly in pairs, either in pursuit or standing around in the hayfield, turning things over. I can't see what they're finding. There are always magpies, sometimes walking on the riverbed gravel, sometimes landing in the willows, long tails flipping up for balance in a motion like that of a conductor's baton. There are always moose, though it takes me a while to see them in the dense willow stands on the flats. Moose bedding down with a visible whump, as though arthritic. Another revealed by a swiveling ear.

In the tallest of the few cottonwood trees is a bald eagle's nest. One bird lands there with a fish, tears off strips of flesh, and offers them to its mate, who's brooding the eggs.

When I imagine I need to paint something that will meet with recognition and approval, I consider "doing" the eagles, or this view. A painting of the eagles would require clever composition. I'd paint feathers and talons with precision, suggesting a story with freedom as its theme, ringing emotional and symbolic bells. Then there's the view, glorious by any standards. If I painted it wide enough, I could even include the Tetons. It's a grand landscape that offers a variety of atmospheric effects. Everyone understands pictures of beautiful views.

But I won't paint those paintings. In fact, I'm worried by what artistic conventions may have done to our ability to be present in a landscape, or to observe an eagle. "The View" is something static, complete, removed from the context of events on many scales, and disconnected from lived lives. "The Eagle" is painted up close, gripping the branch, keen eyes surveying the world he rules.

What comes to me on my perch above the river is something more than a view or a single bird. It includes trajectories of ravens, inflections of magpies, the invisibility of moose, and the presence (though distant) of eagles. It's characterized by the voices of raptors being absorbed by, but also shaping, the still air. It includes my familiarity with the habits and expressions of these creatures—daily, seasonally, historically. It includes the shifting, active river: the cobbles in its bed and the willows on its flanks, the river's past and its disposition. I don't know how to paint it yet. A dance or a song seems more fitting. ■

Swiveling the moose's ear within the confines of two dimensions

AS IT HAPPENED

The Grand Undammed

TOM TURNER

The nondescript man in the nondescript suit showed up at the Sierra Club's front door on June 10, 1966, bearing a letter from the Internal Revenue Service. The message was simple: Contributions to the Club might no longer be tax-deductible pending IRS review of the organization's lobbying activities.

The agency missive had been sparked by a call from Morris Udall, member of Congress from Arizona, who was miffed at the Club's outspoken opposition to the building of hydroelectric dams in the Grand Canyon. Specifically, Udall was angered by an advertisement that the Club had run the day before in *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* calling on the public to rise up against the dam proposals ("Now Only You Can Save the Grand Canyon from Being Flooded . . . for Profit").

Udall badly wanted the dams. So did his most vocal constituents—those promoting quick and lucrative growth for Tucson and Phoenix. The congressman turned to the IRS to see if a threat to revoke the Club's tax-exempt status could get it to back off. It didn't work: The Club responded by running more ads. The tactic "was my biggest mistake," Udall later confessed.

A small price to pay for an invaluable sculpture

The idea of damming the Grand Canyon, preposterous as it now seems, was hardly new. A senator from Arizona, Ralph Henry Cameron, had tried to dam the canyon in the teens of this century, and the plan had surfaced periodically ever since. By the early 1960s the proposal had been refined to two dams, part of a large scheme known as the Central Arizona Project. One dam would be built at Marble Gorge, upstream from Grand Canyon National Park, and another at Bridge Canyon, downstream from Grand Canyon National Monument. The plan—presented to Congress in 1965—was to throttle the Colorado River to generate power, which would in turn be used to pump water from the river many miles downstream. Proponents claimed that the reservoirs wouldn't even be visible from the canyon rim; opponents countered that a living river was the lifeblood and principal sculptor of the canyon, and that it hadn't finished its work.

The Sierra Club, having learned a lesson or two upstream at Glen Canyon (see "As It Happened," November/December 1991), planted itself firmly in the path of the dam proposal. In addition to the newspaper ads that did, in fact, cost the Club its tax-deductible status (the IRS eventually found the Club guilty of "substantial" efforts to influence pending legislation and therefore ineligible to receive deductible contributions), the organization produced a book,

two films, analyses of government-sponsored scientific studies, and countless pieces of propaganda arguing against the dams.

The publicity over the dam battle and the heavy-handed tactics of the IRS, plus the barrage of newspaper ads, roused the public to the defense of the canyon and the Club. (As then-executive director David Brower quipped later, "People who did not know whether or not they loved the Grand Canyon knew whether they loved the IRS.") Mail poured in to Congress in what California Senator Thomas Kuchel called "one of the largest letter-writing campaigns I have ever seen." The double-dam proposal never got out of committee.

Membership in the Sierra Club leapt from 39,000 to 78,000 in three years. Large donations fell—the Club estimated the loss at half a million dollars—but they were at least partly made up by dues and contributions from new members.

Meanwhile, at the beginning of 1967 the Johnson administration came back with a scaled-down project offering a single dam. The Club pointed out that one bullet in the heart was as deadly as two. More full-page newspaper ads appeared.

In February, Interior Secretary Stewart Udall, brother of dam-booster Mo, announced that the government had changed its mind and would no longer push for any dams in the Grand Canyon. In the fall of 1968 Congress authorized a Central Arizona Project with no concrete in the canyon.

The proposal to dam the Grand Canyon had the enthusiastic backing of the administration and the near-unanimous support of the senators and representatives from the Colorado River states. Yet it was stopped by an outpouring of outrage from the American public, spurred on by conservationists wielding that pungent mix of science and passion. ■

Deep Under

■

REED MCMANUS

At the trailhead we shuffle our feet, pretend to tinker with our gear, and give short, noncommittal answers to the eager queries from members of the Ten-Boy Brigade (the Australian equivalent of Boy Scouts) who had arrived just ahead of us. They're heading up, they say, to the top of 5,298-foot-high Mt. Bartle Frere, the highest point in Australia's northernmost state of Queensland.

Rainforest guide Kevin Rutledge and I have an entirely different mission:

■

Go left, go straight, go right to the light at water's edge

to descend into the darkest forest we can find. Once the boys start up the trail, we turn and hike down a barely discernible abandoned logging road. Before long, Kevin parts a curtain of ferns and vines, and we plunge in.

Kevin is one of the few whites in the area to know of this Aboriginal trail, and he's proud of it. Only a spattering of elders remember the network of tracks that crisscrosses the mountains, and Kevin collars them for information whenever he can. This track, he says, was once a main route to what's now known as the Russell River.

I'm not so convinced we're on a trail at all. Except for a few tags placed by Kevin and his partners from Bartle Frere Wilderness Walks, we might as well be bushwhacking. I clamber over

Every Afternoon At 3 We Had A Hurricane.

How to stir up a hurricane: 1/2 oz. Myers's, 4 oz. pineapple juice, 2 oz. orange juice, splash of grenadine. Mix in tall glass over ice. Stir.

immense buttress roots (which allow trees to grow tall without setting deep roots in the poor soil) and wave aside the ever-encroaching plant life, being careful not to touch the truly venomous stinging tree or the merely annoying lawyer vine ("once it clings to you, it won't let go").

Oddly, Kevin puts me in front, on the theory that someone being led through a dim forest sees little but the pantlegs of whoever's leading. I feel like a dog on a leash; I feint left before heading that way so my master can correct my mistaken instincts.

We scramble up a steep hillside, often using our hands for support, and eventually emerge onto a flat ridgetop, the site of an Aboriginal camp. I've never been so drenched with sweat outside a sauna. Kevin plucks me from my drippy doldrums: "Cuppa?" he chirps, as he pulls an alcohol stove from his pack to "boil the billy" for tea.

Kevin is no fan of hardship either. He has steered me to within ten minutes of his favorite waterfall and swimming hole, which turns out to be every nature-lover's image of Paradise. (It will likely stay that way, since we must rappel down a cliff to reach it.) At water's edge, light surges through the break in the forest cover carved by the river. I sit on a rock, staring up the narrow chimney at the blue above—the first open vista I'd had all day.

"Prepare for plenty more of these," Kevin says as we head toward camp, which turns out to be little more than a clearing in the trees. But it's only a few feet from three as-promised black rock pools that briefly capture a stream's water just before it plunges over a sheer wall. Kevin is proud of this primitive camp: His clients use hammocks to limit damage, every scrap of garbage is packed out, and all that's left behind are a tarp and a latrine.

Lolling in my swaying bed after a day of thrashing through the bush, at first I'm tempted to say that all is quiet. But soon I realize that this is one of the noisiest places I've ever been. The din of a million or so insects creates a sort of rainforest Muzak, punctuated by a shrill, a shriek, or an ear-splitting crack. Some of the sources have obvious names: the rifle bird, the whip bird, the catbird. Those I don't recognize sound like nothing remotely natural—a laser weapon, a tea kettle, a dot-matrix printer, a failing wheel bearing. Despite the commotion, my hammock-cocoon soothes me to sleep.

REED MCMANUS

With camp set up, the days that follow allow comfortable packless hiking. The two of us cover more ground than anticipated, and Kevin is eager to search out new native trails. As we head downriver, we're soon beyond familiar territory, but Kevin's sure the trail he's after is "not far." When the riverbed becomes impassable, we turn back into the forest, Kevin whacking a path through waist-high God-knows-what. "You might as well lead," Kevin says. "You know as much as I do at this point." Losing faith in the project, I volunteer to take a swim while Kevin continues searching. He'll be back in ten, maybe twenty minutes, he says.

I swim. I lie on a rock. Forty-five minutes pass. I begin to miss Kevin. Not only had we discovered a mutual fondness for Monty Python routines, but he knows the way out, and he's got the tea. There's no vantage point to climb to, and I don't have a map. (In fact, there *are* no maps of this area.) I begin to wonder how many days it will take me to walk the river out to the coast.

Kevin eventually reappears around a bend, before I have a chance to develop a full-tilt panic. I don't tell him about my contingency plan. He's disappointed that his new trail remains elusive; I'm just glad enough to have someone near who knows when to call out "No, go right" and "No, go left." As we return to camp, though, I find I've become more competent at distinguishing rough trail from rough jungle, so I hear his directions less and less often. Still, it's comforting to know that he's behind me, and that there's a swimming hole and a cuppa up ahead. ■

►*For more information, see "Resources," p. 98.*

NATURAL SELECTIONS

Touching Earth

JANET LEMBKE

A small tank lumbers through the short grass at garden's edge. Camouflaged in gray-green armor plating splotched at random with charcoal black, it moves at a deliberate pace that indicates both purpose and a destination. Where can it be headed? And why?

The bright, blue North Carolina morning drips heat. The garden that was sown in April (root vegetables on the waning moon, light-loving crops as it grew full) is beginning to look like a jungle. But not one of the tender foodplants can match the bursting, opportunistic energy, the sneaking tendrils and the skyward thrusts of Bermuda grass and Johnson grass, ragweed, pigweed, bindweed, goosefoot and dock, dog fennel and rabbit tobacco. The spaces between the rows have been tilled clean, but handwork is required to extract the competition that's elbowing out our hopes for a decent harvest. So here I am, glasses slipping down my sweaty nose, fingernails packed with enough dirt for another garden. And there's still one more 50-foot row of beans to weed before lunch. Even so, it seems permissible to take a small break to watch the colossal eastern Hercules beetle haul its two-inch-long dome through the grass. Marching onward with unfaltering and measured tread, it is surely embarked on some labor as arduous as any performed by its ancient namesake, Herakles.

Of mother love,

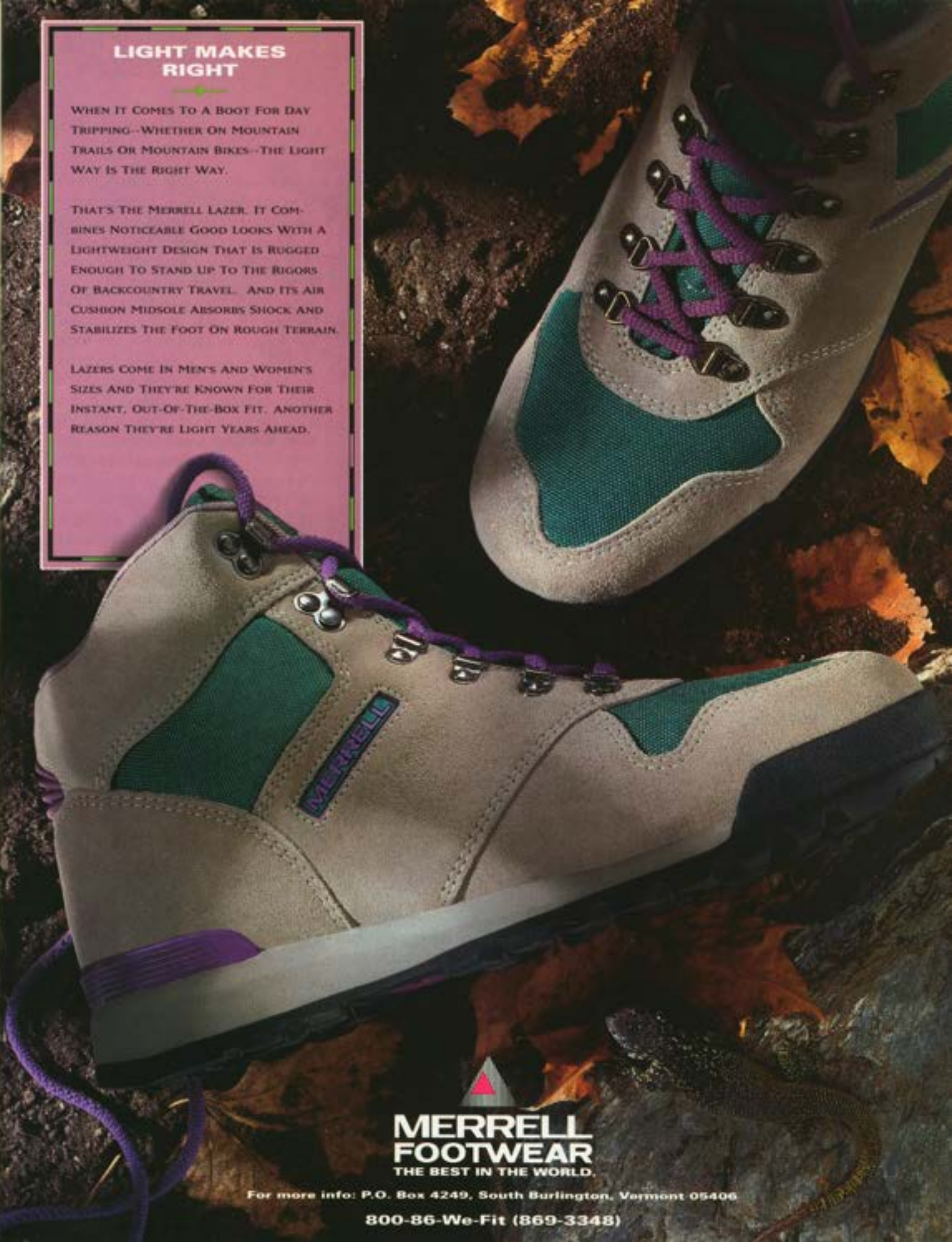
tomato heat, and the

many-headed weed

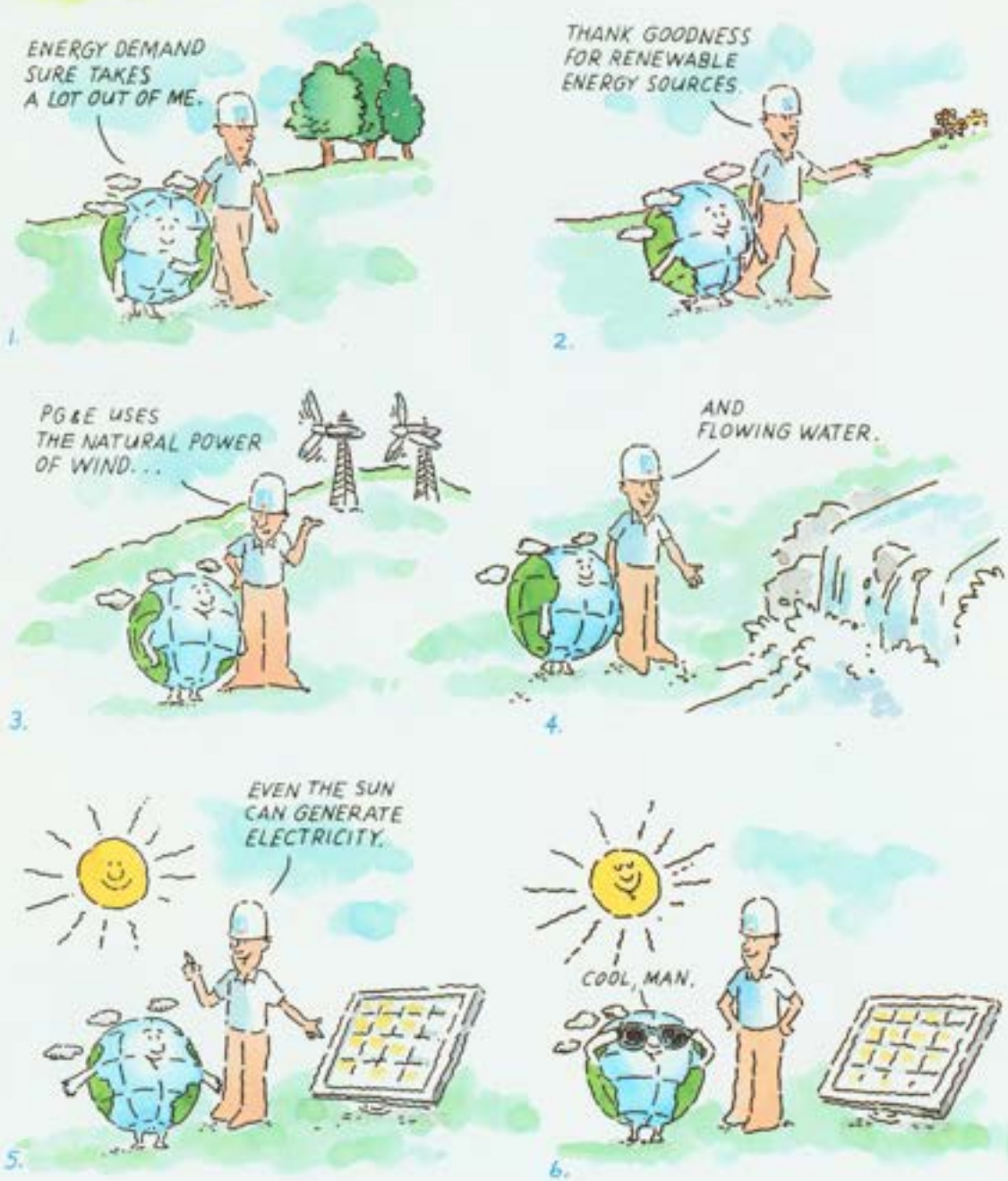
The sight of the beetle conjures the Hellenic myth, wherein Herakles was set 12 punishing tasks that called for superhuman strength and sent him amid the world's most perilous ugliness and its most astonishing beauty. He slew the man-killing Nemean lion and the many-headed Hydra. Without harming either, he captured a boar of extraordinary size and savagery and a sacred deer with bronze hooves and golden antlers. Other labors demanded that he steal horses, rustle cattle, and fetch golden apples from their orchard in the far Hesperides, where the giant Atlas held the world upon his shoulders. On his way to the Hesperides, Herakles encountered another giant, Antaios.

This behemoth was the son of Earth and Poseidon, lord of the oceans. One meaning of the name Antaios is "hateful," and hateful he was. To honor his father, Antaios constructed a temple of human skulls. When brave men attempted to stop his murderous work, their heads became new building materials.

Enter Herakles. Even such a hero


LIGHT MAKES RIGHT
WHEN IT COMES TO A BOOT FOR DAY TRIPPING--WHETHER ON MOUNTAIN TRAILS OR MOUNTAIN BIKES--THE LIGHT WAY IS THE RIGHT WAY.
THAT'S THE MERRELL LAZER. IT COMBINES NOTICEABLE GOOD LOOKS WITH A LIGHTWEIGHT DESIGN THAT IS RUGGED ENOUGH TO STAND UP TO THE RIGORS OF BACKCOUNTRY TRAVEL. AND ITS AIR CUSHION MIDSOLE ABSORBS SHOCK AND STABILIZES THE FOOT ON ROUGH TERRAIN.
LAZERS COME IN MEN'S AND WOMEN'S SIZES AND THEY'RE KNOWN FOR THEIR INSTANT, OUT-OF-THE-BOX FIT. ANOTHER REASON THEY'RE LIGHT YEARS AHEAD.
MERRELL
MERRELL FOOTWEAR
THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
For more info: P.O. Box 4249, South Burlington, Vermont 05406
800-86-We-Fit (869-3348)

Some Resourceful Thinking



Renewables are an important part of PG&E's commitment to the environment. They are natural energy sources. They help fight pollution. And they don't deplete the Earth's limited resources.

In fact, PG&E is a world leader in the development and application of these cleaner technologies.

When it comes to generating electricity, these are the technologies we can count on for generations to come.

PG&E

At your service.

SMARTER ENERGY FOR A BETTER WORLD

found it difficult to battle an enemy whose physical might seemed never to fail, no matter how grievous his wounds. Finally Herakles guessed the source of the giant's strength: It rose anew each time he touched his mother, Earth. Herakles killed Antaios by holding him high above the ground until his power bled away into the empty air.

Trudging steadily on, the beetle enters the garden and disappears amid the bell peppers. I return to my own labors, contemplating the peculiar story. It seems inappropriate if not downright perverse for Earth to nurture such an evil being, to repeatedly restore his vigor and his very life. Granted he was her son, but even mother love might balk at saving such as him.

Then I realize that Earth is nurturing these brash weeds, every last one of them. Supporting the useless along with the useful, the fatal monsters along with golden-antlered deer, Earth doesn't play favorites. The only ones who do are human beings. And who are we but Herakles and Antaios, both of them at once, tangled together?

Out, Bermuda grass; keep your tendrils in the lawn where they belong! Out, pigweed and ragweed! This is my day, not yours, for touching Earth, for finding not only present strength but assurance of it in days to come. We will store Earth as well: onions and garlic, green beans and carrots, corn and cucumbers and dill to pickle them, butternut squash for eating plain or making pies, and always tomatoes that, fresh or preserved, retain the rich red heat of summer sun. Later, even in winter's most frigid darkness, that heat rises fragrant and sweet, and we touch Earth again. ■

JANET LEMBKE *is a translator of Greek classics and the author of* River Time *(Lyons & Burford, 1989) and* Looking for Eagles *(Lyons & Burford, 1990).*

BODY POLITICS

DANIEL SIANG

Lead Again

■

MICHAEL CASTLEMAN

Not long ago, it was generally believed that lead poisoning affected only poor children who ate lead-laced paint chips peeling from tenement walls. The consequences—developmental delay, speech disorders, hyperactivity, and in severe cases, mental retardation—were tragic, but the middle class felt distant from the problem.

Scientists now consider lead poisoning a major public-health crisis at every socioeconomic level. While anyone can suffer lead poisoning, the primary hazard is for children, whose developing nervous systems are more sensitive to lower-dose exposures. The poor are still the most vulnerable—half of all inner-city black children suffer from lead exposure, compared with 7 percent of middle-class white children—but authorities now estimate that one out of every six American children—as many as 4 million—have lead levels high enough to cause detectable neurological damage. And in recent years researchers have discovered that lead levels once thought to be safe can cause significant problems. In the 1970s, the toxic threshold was thought to be 60 micrograms per deciliter of blood; today it's 10 micrograms and falling.

■

The pernicious mineral that plagues the mind

Avoiding exposure to lead isn't easy. The United States banned lead from automobile gasoline in 1990, but a recent study showed that most soil samples taken within a mile of major U.S. highways were still contaminated enough to meet the EPA's definition of a hazardous lead-waste site.

Incineration of municipal garbage,

touted as an answer to overflowing landfills, is a new source of airborne lead. An estimated 50,000 tons of lead are discarded each year; high-temperature burning can send lead dust into the atmosphere.

On the home front, the major sources of lead are paints, ceramics, water, and soil. An estimated 40 million houses in this country, particularly those built before 1930, have lead in their plumbing systems. And while lead was banned from interior paints in 1978, it's still allowed in exterior paints; some 75 percent of the homes built before 1980 are covered with lead paint.

Home lead-test labs can tell you if you have anything to worry about. Serious contamination problems require professional correction, but everyone can take precautions to minimize household lead exposure:

- Examine your windowsills and door frames for chipping. Don't strip old paint with sandpaper or a heat gun, since these release lead dust; use one of the new, nontoxic paint strippers. Many local health departments will provide guidance for home renovators.
- Antique, handcrafted, terra cotta, and elaborately decorated ceramics usually have the highest lead levels, but any china can have lead glaze. Glass dishes are best.
- After removing the lead foil from a wine bottle, wipe the rim with a moistened cloth. Never store wine or other liquids in lead crystal decanters.
- To keep lead-contaminated soil out of your home, have your family and guests remove their shoes by the door, or use an abrasive fiber doormat.

The terrible social cost of lead poisoning, particularly to young minds, is all the more tragic in that it is entirely preventable. We know where lead is and how to get rid of it; now it is up to all of us to do so. ■

►*For more information, see "Resources," p. 98.*

Grill of My Dreams

A Jug of Wine, a Solar Dog, and Thou

MARC LECARD

The outdoor barbecue is as much a part of summer afternoons as desultory softball games, rained-on picnics, and the smell of cut lawns. The season seems scarcely complete without at least one ritual charring of animal protein.

But when you fire up the backyard grill, you may be about to disrupt more than the digestive tracts of your friends and relatives. The lighter fluid commonly used to get barbecue charcoal flaming is a source of troublesome hydrocarbons, a key culprit in the formation of smog. The burning coals themselves give off nitrogen oxides and carbon monoxide; even the meat being grilled puts particulates in the air.

Barbecue pollution is considered enough of a problem in California that the state Air Resources Board has regulated the sale of lighter fluid and presoaked briquets. Beginning in 1993, no "barbecue aid" that emits more than 0.02 pounds of pollutants per use will be sold.

Various low-smog cube and gel fire-starters that meet the new standards have begun to appear on the shelves, but the simplest way to fire up remains the "chimney starter." A metal device shaped something like a beer stein with a wooden handle, it burns newspaper or tinder in a ventilated compartment that funnels heat to a scoop of briquets, getting them glowing in 15 minutes or so. (If that seems like a long time to wait, clock yourself next time you build a fire by the "douse-

BUY BUY BIRDIES.

Hurry. Before they get away. Five exquisite hummingbird stamps from the Postal Service that capture all the vibrant color and beauty of the real things. But they're available for a limited time only.

So hurry into your post office or call 1-800-STAMP-24 to order by phone.* And get a hummingbird for a song.

STAMPS WORTH SAVING

*Handling charge applied.

and-duck" petrochemical method.)

Several companies now offer "natural" barbecue charcoal made from orchard prunings or non-lumber-grade timber, held together with vegetable starches rather than the blend of petroleum or coal with borax, limestone, and sodium nitrate that binds most standard briquets. Their advantage is largely symbolic, but it's always nice to go easy on the nonrenewables.

If you'd like to be sure you're sending skyward nothing more lethal than the aroma of your secret barbecue sauce, you may want to throw out charcoal altogether and let the sun do the work. The Sun Oven is a box oven rather than a grill, capable of generating temperatures of 400 degrees Fahrenheit. Though theoretically portable—it comes with a carrying handle—its thermal-pane glass door makes it a dubious choice for back-of-the-station-wagon transport. Another solar cooker, the Sunspot, uses four reflecting panels to direct the sun's rays at food held in a plastic cooking bag; it's small enough and light enough to be carried under your arm.

Cooking with the sun may seem boring to some—it won't be the same, standing around the solar box cooker waiting for the hot dogs to burn, and that carcinogenic BBQ char will be missed. But there are no heavy, dirty bags or boxes of fuel—natural or otherwise—to schlepp around, no need for firestarters of any kind, no need to tend the coals, no hard-to-carry grill to scrape clean later (though sun boxes must be kept shiny), and no polluting emissions.

So what's your hurry? Relax, slap a tofuburger in the solar cooker, play some volleyball, or just take a nap. By the time you wake up the food will be done and the ants queueing up for a taste—provided, of course, it hasn't rained in the meantime. ■

►*For more information, see "Resources," p. 98.*

WHEREABOUTS

River and Rock

■

CATHY JOHNSON

I was born in these Missouri hills, and since then I have migrated only 28 miles, from the gentle inclines of Independence to the steep, glacier-formed landscape north of the Missouri River. That slight change in compass bearing allows me to see my country with fresh eyes, to search for Northern Lights, to feel a different pull along the veins of my arms.

Time is measured here in the syncopated chant of frogs, in the call of male red-wing blackbirds, in a bobcat's midnight scream. In the seasonal thunder of goose-wing on the Mississippi Flyway, and the silent procession of wildflowers. In the scent of January's thaw, redolent as a fresh-opened tin of Chinese tea. In the phases of the moon, in the rock be-

CATHY JOHNSON

neath my feet, and in the long-running show that is the Missouri River.

The river flows through my imagination; it has made its indelible channel there as well as on the land, where you can still trace the complex braidings of the ancient riverbed. *Peketanoui*—river of the big canoes—holds the moon in its swath, cradling it in a sheet of silver light. It bores through layers of limestone and silt, and though temporarily tethered by the locks and dams of the Army Corps of Engineers, it patiently, inexorably fulfills its own agenda.

Huge catfish scour the river bottom in search of food, their sensitive, whis-

The years tell their tales of glaciers and whiskey

■

ker-like barbels of more use than eyes in the silty murk. Blue cats upward of 300 pounds were caught here a century ago; a 100-pound fish is not uncommon today. Herons stalk the shallows, emitting startling, pterodactyl croaks. While musseling is legal in only three areas, broad beds tempt shell-rustlers to go their outlaw ways.

I damn their greed, yet understand their motivation. In a limestone draw just down from my place are the jackstraw remains of a moonshiner's cabin. My father may have gone there in the deep of night, doing what he had to do to carry the family through the Great Depression. I'm told he ran booze in the trunk of his car when this area was wilder than it is today.

My grandmother's maiden name was Clark, and family legend has it that it came directly from William Clark, of Lewis and Clark fame. I was never moved to study the two explorers until I learned that both men were also naturalists. The fact that I do the same work makes me smile, as does reading their accounts of a river bend not ten minutes from where I write. I sketch a fish and compare my drawing to Clark's, looking for the family resemblance.

It's the rock as well as the river that holds me. Pale outcroppings of Pennsylvanian-era limestone poke through the soil. Three hundred million years old, it has much to tell the paleobiologist. A certain forensic knowledge extrapolates a tale of life and death at the bottom of a shallow inland sea when this area was equatorial. I don't have to move—the landscape's done it for me.

Small marine animals—ammonites, brachiopods, corals—stud the stone matrix. Bug-eyed trilobites stare from the rock. As water levels fluctuated, bits of plant life were also fossilized, flat as the flowers pressed between the pages of my grandmother's yellowing field guide. My mother drew these fossils as I do today.

Not far from my cabin is a ledge of rock, scimitar-curved, where Native Americans found shelter on long hunts up from the river. I touch prehistoric smoke stains on the roof, and half expect to find soot on my fingertips. I look for stone tools beneath the ledge. The limestone is rich in flint; at nearby Nebo Hill, Stone Age people flourished from 7000 to 5000 B.C. There is no stream at the ledge, only the patient, meticulous sculpting of snowmelt and rain, but someday this shallow cave of permeable stone will retreat into the hillside and disappear. It won't be soon.

Fifteen thousand years ago, the glacier that gave birth to the river began to recede. Entombed in ice, rocks and boulders moved too, scribing the bedrock with long arrows pointing north; the hitchhikers were jettisoned here like excess baggage along the Oregon Trail. Such glacial "erratics" are common north of the Missouri, marking the apogee of ice. Native Americans used the largest of these quartzite monoliths as landmarks and ceremonial sites.

As geology forms this land, it informs it with a sense of continuity on a grand scale. An odd enough reason to stay, but one of the best I can offer. That, and the river that moves through, pointing to the past and the possibility of moonshine. ■

CATHY JOHNSON *is an artist, a naturalist, and the author of several books, including* The Naturalist's Path *(Walker and Company, 1991) and* The Sierra Club Guide to Sketching in Nature *(Sierra Club Books, 1990).*

Available at Dunham's, Michigan Sporting Goods and Track 'N Trail.

Some people run around the block. Others don't run around anything.

K•SWISS®

There are those whose passion for beating a challenge makes every incline a dare. Whether it demands running, pedaling or hiking, they crave the uphill battle. We see them as a challenge to our own passion for crafting athletic shoes. And we've replied with the outdoor Terrain Series, and the shoe we call Terrati.™ It possesses the low weight and impact-absorbing traits of a running shoe, and the durability of a hiking shoe. But what makes it unique is the unsurpassed craftsmanship of K•Swiss. A feature you'll appreciate, no matter which way you get to the top.

Crafted with passion.

Edited by Reed McManus

In Search of Phantom Forests

NICHOLAS WILTON

Every year the Forest Service tells Congress how many trees it thinks it can sell. And every year a chorus of criticism follows from those concerned about how the proposed cutting will affect forests, watersheds, and wildlife.

Less controversial, until now, has been the agency's estimate of the total amount of wood growing on its lands. But at a House Appropriations Subcommittee hearing this spring, a timber worker provided compelling evidence to suggest that the Forest Service deliberately overstates the number and age of the trees on its lands to support its requests to Congress for timbering funds.

"They've fabricated a paper forest," Leroy Lee of Santa, Idaho, told the subcommittee in March, "and used that made-up version to convince Congress and local communities that the forest could sustain an unrealistically high level of logging."

Lee has been employed for the past five years as a seasonal "stand examiner" for the U.S. Forest Service. The agency pays him to identify trees on public land by species, measure their heights and diameters, and determine their age and growth rate.

Curiosity about how the data he gathered were being used led Lee to the realization that the Forest Service keeps two sets of books. The System 2000 Timber Inventory Database to which he was contributing sets the parameters for timber sales and tree-planting work, and is updated at least yearly. But he discovered that another assemblage of figures, now more than a decade old for most forests, is fed into the agency's FORPLAN computer program and served up annually to congressional budgetmakers.

The differences between the two sets of data are sometimes dramatic. In the Palouse District of Clearwater National Forest in north-central Idaho, Lee found FORPLAN's estimates of standing timber 36 percent higher than the up-to-date System 2000's. In the Kootenai Forest in northwestern Montana, the FORPLAN figures ignored 75 percent of the clearcuts. To back up his numbers, Lee showed the subcommittee aerial photos revealing

The Forest Service views its public lands through a rose-colored computer screen.

■ ■ ■

clearcuts in places depicted as mature timber on Forest Service maps.

After several years of poring over numbers the agency supplied him from both databases, Lee concluded that the Forest Service was, for budget purposes at least, living in the past. Hundreds of thousands of acres of trees have been cleared from its forests, but not from the FORPLAN computer program.

The problem in the Kootenai is compounded by a flawed method of classifying trees. If a 500-acre plot within the forest is 35-percent clearcut, 25-percent pole-size timber, and 40-percent mature trees, Kootenai planners assume for statistical purposes that the entire unit is covered with the category best represented—in this case, mature timber. Because Kootenai planners define the "mature timber" class broadly and the younger classes narrowly, mature timber predominates more often than it should, and the Kootenai's FORPLAN printouts make the forest look woodsier than it actually is.

A month after Lee testified, Forest Service officials responded to the charges with a resounding shrug. "We know there are going to be differences [between FORPLAN and System 2000]," acknowledged Kootenai public-affairs officer Bob Krepps. "We've had 18 years of harvest and other management activities since our FORPLAN data were collected in 1974."

Clearwater spokesman Bert Kulesza admitted, "We haven't spent a lot of time correlating these two sets of data. Where we see problems on the ground, we will take a closer look."

Lee's findings are consistent with the Forest Service's historical bias toward overcutting. Numerous agency efforts to keep the cut level high by ignoring environmental laws and making fantastic growth projections are well documented. (A few years ago forest economist Randal O'Toole publicized FORPLAN timber-yield tables that assumed trees growing to heights of 658 feet—about 290 feet higher than the tallest known tree in the world.)

"If you pretend there is more wood

out there than there is, you can justify cutting more," says the Sierra Club's Larry Mehlhaff, a close observer of the forest-planning process in the northern Rockies. "It's not pure chance that every number that's off is off on the high side."

Lee has not attempted to determine whether *all* the nation's forests hype their wares at budget time. That, he says, is a job too big for a maverick stand examiner. But he has recently joined with three environmentalists to form the Forest Inventory Project, which is scrutinizing agency data throughout Montana and northern Idaho and teaching like-minded volunteers how to do it elsewhere.

"I may be wrong on a few numbers," Lee says. "But even if I am, the Forest Service is going to have to come up with the right ones—something they never would have done if we hadn't challenged them."

Getting at the truth will require heavy number-crunching in local Forest Service offices, encouragement from higher-ups, and perhaps a swift kick from Congress. "You talk to Forest Service people at the lower levels," Lee says. "You stand with them at the top of a drainage that's hacked to pieces and say, 'How can you do this?' And they say 'Congress makes this decision. Go to Congress.'

"So I did."—*Joan Hamilton*

►*For more information, see "Resources," p. 98.*

World Bankruptcy

Impeccable logic for pollution

"Just between you and me," World Bank chief economist Lawrence Summers wrote to his colleagues late last year, "shouldn't the World Bank be encouraging more migration of the dirty industries to the LDCs [less-developed countries]?"

Unaware that his comments would soon be faxed throughout the global environmental community, Summers blithely rationalized poisoning the developing nations.

First, he reasoned, if one measures the cost of pollution by total wages lost to "increased morbidity and mortality," it makes sense to pollute in the country with the lowest wages: "I think the economic logic behind dumping a load of toxic waste in the lowest-wage country is impeccable and we should face up to that."

Secondly, because pollution-control costs are higher in already polluted countries, dirty industries ought to be located in those that are still clean: "I've always thought that the underpopulated countries of Africa are vastly *under*-polluted," he wrote. Clean African skies, Summers argued, are "vastly inefficient . . . compared to Los Angeles or Mexico City."

Finally, people in poor countries shouldn't be concerned about carcinogenic toxics, because fewer of them will live long enough to die of

Uniquely suited for a world that doesn't stand still.

Life today moves very fast. That's why you should never stand still for less than true autofocus binoculars. Only Minolta lets you track the fastest action automatically and continuously

in crisp focus — from as little as 6 feet away to infinity. Only Minolta's unique design lets you hold focus with touch-of-a-button ease while eliminating eye strain. Choose from 8x or 10x magnifications. Since the world doesn't stand still, neither has our binocular technology.

If it's not Minolta, it's not true autofocus.

MINOLTA AUTOFOCUS BINOCULARS

ONLY FROM THE MIND OF MINOLTA

MINOLTA

PRIORITIES

cancer anyway. "Pretty air," Summers concluded, is something only affluent nations can afford.

"Your reasoning is perfectly logical but totally insane," responded José Lutzenberger, Brazil's minister of the environment. "If the World Bank keeps you as vice-president it will lose all credibility. Your thoughts are a concrete example of the unbelievable alienation, reductionist thinking, social ruthlessness, and arrogant ignorance of many conventional 'economists' concerning the nature of the world we live in."

The nature of that world being what it is, however, Summers was not fired (he claimed that his comments were meant to be "highly ironic"); Lutzenberger was replaced (he made the mistake of speaking out about corruption in his ministry); and fiscal control of all major multilateral environmental projects in the developing world was seized by the World Bank. The future, it seems, belongs to the ruthless economists.

Those economists were midwives, two years ago, to a dinky (by Bank standards) $270-million pilot project called the Global Environment Facility (GEF). Since then the Bank—and the Northern industrial nations that fund and control it—have moved with remarkable speed to make the GEF the sole conduit for environmental funds flowing from North to South. As such, it will oversee the disbursement of any monies pledged by national governments during this summer's Earth Summit in Rio de Janeiro, a pot of money expected to total as much as $22 billion. Despite wide opposition among the world's environmental organizations and the under-polluted countries, World Bank management of the Earth Summit funds is apparently a done deal.

Thanks to its own ecologically disastrous development schemes over the last decades, there is no lack of environmental clean-up projects for the Bank to fund. It can even finance both efforts simultaneously, as in China, where the Bank has proposed $400

million in loans for coal-fired power plants, $150 million for other fossil-fuel development—and then a $2-million GEF project to reduce CO_2 emissions. (No more than 2 percent of the Bank's annual $4 billion in energy loans goes for conservation.) In the Philippines, a proposed $30-million GEF grant would simply be lumped in with a $1.5-billion Bank-financed geothermal project, whose drilling wastes are poisoning local aquifers. In the Congo, where the Bank is advocating large-scale logging, a $10-million GEF "biodiversity" grant would open a road through one of the country's last virgin rainforests. The result, according to the U.N. Development Program, will be "a lot worse than if nothing had been done."

Furthermore, since 80 percent of GEF grants are attached to World Bank loans, their net effect is simply to lower the costs of major projects. "In countries where they're liquidating their forest resources to pay back loans," says Cathy Fogel of the Sierra Club's International Program, "a GEF grant amounts to a bribe."

The World Bank is spectacularly ill-suited to the democratic, locally based environmental management advocated by most developing countries and environmental groups. It is addicted to mammoth, multimillion-dollar ventures, typically concocted with no participation from the people they will most affect. (In India, a series of dams funded by the Bank have displaced as many as 800,000 people in the last decade alone.) In its mania for secrecy, the Bank bars nongovernmental organizations from observing GEF meetings. Public information on GEF grants is limited to scanty four-page summaries—which at least is more than what one can learn about the standard development projects to which GEF funds are customarily tied.

The intense embarrassment caused by the release of the Summers memo has made the Bank—at least for the moment—somewhat more receptive to change. Mohammed el-Ashry, head of the environmental department, is generally given high marks for ag-

gressive attempts to improve the quality of Bank loans. Because of a Sierra Club–backed amendment sponsored by Representative Nancy Pelosi (D-Calif.), the United States must now abstain on any project not accompanied by an environmental impact assessment (43 out of 130 since January), a practice that is gradually forcing the regular inclusion of environmental data. The United States, in fact, is the *only* GEF funder that has been complaining about the lack of environmental accountability. This, according to Larry Williams, director of the Sierra Club's International Program, is due to the constant pressure applied to the Treasury Department by Congress and environmental groups. "While many other nations will talk a good line," he says, "they have not been expressing those concerns to Bank management."

Most recently, in a meeting with representatives of six major U.S. environmental organizations, World Bank President Lewis Preston pledged to decrease Bank secrecy, increase public participation, and implement Bank policies calling for sustainable development and the alleviation of poverty (despite Lawrence Summers). Without such wholesale reform of World Bank lending practices, the Global Environmental Facility will only be bad money chasing worse. —***Paul Rauber***

►*For more information, see "Resources," p. 98.*

Schemes That Go Clunk

If your smokestack spews, junk a jalopy

Two years ago, word that the Unocal oil company would pay $700 for any pre-1971 clunker spread across California like a hot tip on the daily double. The idea was to reduce air pollution in car-clogged Southern California, but the lure of dollars for dinosaurs inspired sharpies

from all over the state to haul their rusting beauties off the backyard blocks and head for Los Angeles. Led by a white '64 Cadillac, 8,376 cars made it all the way to the scrapyard on appropriately named Terminal Island.

Los Angeles has the dirtiest air in the country. Each year, smog costs suffering Angelenos 190 million person-days of eye irritation and 65 million person-days of chest pain. According to Unocal's own polls, most of those persons think the oil industry has done a lousy job of cleaning up the environment. Their expectations are not very high: Four out of five just wish that refineries would report and correct their own accidents, and develop less-polluting products.

Unocal, however, hit upon an even simpler fix in the South Coast Recycled Auto Project (SCRAP), a public-relations exercise that was equally successful in cleansing the roads of some of Detroit's dirtiest detritus and in burnishing Unocal's own regrettable image. Prior to SCRAP, 80 percent of Angelenos assigned equal blame for air pollution to old cars and oil refineries. (This hunch is very nearly correct: Pre-'71 cars and oil refineries are each responsible for about 7 percent of the hydrocarbons in the LA basin.) The genius of the program lay in diverting attention away from the oil industry and focusing it firmly on elderly automobiles.

Of these, SCRAP attracted the worst of the worst. One belcher was so bad, on-site technicians determined, that its tailpipe emissions alone could have run a 1990 Ford Taurus at 60 miles an hour. On average, the scrapped cars coughed out 60 times as much pollution as new autos. Nevertheless, purging all old cars is a very broad-brush solution. Since new cars are driven much more than old ones, per-car emissions tend to even out. And while half of all hydrocarbons are spewed by only 6 percent of the cars on the road, that's not just oldies but dirtballs of all ages. The real task is to get rid of stinkers, not antiques.

Unocal's program lasted only a few months, but the novelty of an oil company ostensibly doing something to improve air quality caught the attention of the media and, in turn, the White House. In its deregulatory spring fervor, the Bush administration proposed "Cash for Clunkers" as a nationwide alternative to improving auto fuel efficiency and enforcing Clean Air Act standards: Rather than clean up their acts, polluting industries could simply buy "pollution credits" in the form of sputtering Chevys and fumiferous Fords. Exactly how this is done is left up to the states: the EPA is issuing only general guidelines. One suggestion is the creation of a "pollution blue book," with estimates of emissions by model and year. The credits would most likely last for three years, that being the expected lifespan of pre-1971 cars. If the troublesome regulations haven't gone away by the time the credits expire, the companies can just buy some more jalopies.

Industry, needless to say, is ecstatic

PRIORITIES

about a program that simultaneously saves it piles of money and makes it look like an environmental hero. Marika Tatsutani, a Natural Resources Defense Council staffer, estimates that by crushing Chryslers rather than installing smokestack controls, polluters could save as much as $7,000 per ton of hydrocarbons. Equally fortunate for the oil companies, Unocal found that 70 percent of the populace "would be somewhat or much more inclined to believe a company on environmental issues if that company had made a commitment to several actions that would help the environment, including buying back old cars." While Tatsutani maintains that the clunker project "appears to have merit," she warns that if such programs are not carefully designed, "they can amount to 'junk' credits for industry to pollute more."

The devil, as usual, is in the details. How much pollution credit do you give per car? How do you know the car's still being driven? (Twelve percent of SCRAP participants, once they had their checks safely in hand, admitted that their junkers were no longer in regular use.) How do you know how long the car would have lasted? How do you know the owner won't just go out and buy another hacking Galaxie 500? If the pollution credit is liberal (and industry will surely be pushing for the most generous allowance possible), the result will be what Sierra Club Washington lobbyist Dan Becker calls "the Cheshire Cat approach: The pollution continues even after the car has disappeared."

It doesn't have to be that way. An Honest John approach to the used-car business is under way in Kern County, California, which is using its share of a statewide antipollution fund (raised through a $2 surcharge on auto registrations) to buy up old wheezers through Project Clean Air, a volunteer citizens' group. No one earns the right to pollute, no one mitigates their public-relations "negatives." It's nothing but a breath of fresh air.—***P.R.***

Quest for Quiet

If a tree falls in the forest, will anyone be able to hear it?

Members of the Nature Sounds Society (NSS) generally like to spend their time standing silently in the wilderness, microphones in hand, listening to the calls of insects and birds, the rumbling of thunderstorms, the babble of brooks, and other auditory delights that nature can provide. But in recent years, they haven't liked what they've been hearing: more and more sounds of civilization, which now intrude on even the most remote areas.

The eight-year-old society is made up of amateur and professional audiophiles from around the country. Some of them make their livings producing soothing nature-sound recordings that are sold to harried urbanites. But society members say that it's now virtually impossible to record for more than a couple of minutes before a background of airplanes, cars, logging equipment, or the like blares in. In fact, many commercial recordings are collages, bits of tape spliced together into continuous but sadly fictional "soundscapes."

But more is at stake than technically perfect recordings on $10,000 German tape machines. The society worries that important intra- and inter-species communications are being affected, and that delicate ecosystems may be threatened by civilization's racket. Paul Matzner, NSS chair and curator of the California Library of Natural Sounds at the Oakland Museum, calls the situation a "quiet crisis"—one that most city dwellers, accustomed to urban noise levels, are too deaf to recognize.

Animals often use sound to stake out territories or find a mate, says Dave Corman, a biologist and co-chair of the society's conservation committee. Each species has a limited vocal range, and if a human-made noise of the same acoustic frequency drowns out its call, the animal cannot

compete. Low-frequency sounds emitted by ships, for instance, interfere with whale communications.

Noise can wake hibernating animals, which raises their metabolic rates during winter months when food supplies are scarce. Cornman also cites laboratory research done with the endangered desert kangaroo rat, whose sensitive hearing can detect its mortal enemy, the sidewinder rattlesnake, from 40 centimeters away. It then instinctively kicks sand into the snake's eyes, temporarily blinding it. But after exposure to a decibel level equivalent to that of a dune-buggy engine, the rats were unable to detect the sidewinders until the snakes were within 2 centimeters, and the effects lasted for weeks. "That's equivalent to a death sentence," says Cornman. Some species may be able to adapt to noise—waterfowl colonies have thrived near major metropolitan airports—but others may be harmed by sounds beyond human auditory thresholds.

There's no question that the wilderness is becoming a noisier place. Almost any NSS member can tell stories of a favorite spot now thoroughly polluted by human hubbub. In 1984 record producer Gordon Hempton conducted a "sound inventory" of Washington state, and located 21 places where he could tape unimpeded for 15 minutes at a stretch. When he returned five years later he was lucky to record more than 90 seconds of unpolluted sound. Hempton recently traveled around the world recording song birds for *The Vanishing Dawn Chorus*, an upcoming PBS documentary. In Sri Lanka, there are 20 million people, but few chainsaws or automobiles. "I was able to do more work there in two weeks than I can do in Washington in two years," he says.

Other than federal laws restricting airplane flights over the Grand Canyon and Hawaii's Haleakala National Park, few regulations govern noise pollution of wilderness regions. The NSS says steps can be taken to reduce the problem, including changing aircraft flight patterns, regrading or realigning roads so that vehicle sounds don't carry, or limiting the use of intrusive equipment such as chainsaws or off-road vehicles in sensitive areas. Still, these measures are aimed more at enhancing the experience of human visitors than at protecting the native fauna.

The NSS would like to see additional research and stronger regulations. One of its ear-catching proposals is to declare a single square inch of wilderness a totally noise-free area. That, of course, would entail banning many human activities for miles around (and above) that square inch. Right now, though, the group is merely trying to bring the subject of noise pollution to the attention of the general public. It's one message that should be heard above the din. ■

BILL O'BRIEN *is a freelance writer in Oakland, California.*

►*For more information, see "Resources," p. 98.*

Sierra Club
Working Assets Long Distance

☐ **YES!** I want to help the Sierra Club preserve wilderness for future generations... just by talking on the telephone. Sign me up for Working Assets Long Distance, start me off with 30 free minutes, and give a portion of my charges to the Sierra Club, at no additional cost to me.

Name

X
Signature

Address

Date

City State ZIP

CURRENT CARRIER: ☐ AT&T ☐ MCI ☐ SPRINT ☐ OTHER

( )

( )

List all numbers and area codes to be connected, including unlisted numbers.

By signing this card, you authorize Working Assets to be your primary long distance carrier. When you switch your primary long distance carrier, your local phone company may apply a one-time switching charge of about $5. If it does (and even if it doesn't), Working Assets will give you a credit equal to 30 minutes of long distance calling at the 3,000 mile night/weekend rate. The credit will be issued after your third full month of service.

OC-100-SIS-6

Recycled Paper

No postage
necessary
if mailed
in the
United States

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

FIRST CLASS PERMIT NO. 23634 SAN FRANCISCO CA

Postage will be paid by addressee

WORKING ASSETS LONG DISTANCE
701 MONTGOMERY STREET SUITE 400
SAN FRANCISCO CA 94111-9473

Now you can save trees and waterfalls every time you call long distance.

When you use Working Assets Long Distance, a portion of your bill goes to the Sierra Club—at no additional cost to you.

The Sierra Club is pleased to bring you an effortless way to save forests, animals, rivers—and maybe even ourselves.

Through a special arrangement with Working Assets Long Distance, the Sierra Club receives a royalty every time you call long distance—at no additional cost to you. The more you talk, the more you help the Sierra Club preserve wilderness for future generations.

Environmentally friendly

By using Working Assets Long Distance, you also help the environment in other ways. Working Assets is the only phone company that prints bills on unbleached 100% post-consumer recycled paper, and plants 17 trees for every ton of paper used.

It's easy to get started

To start helping the Sierra Club at no extra cost to you, just dial the toll-free number below or return the inserted post card.

You'll get the exact same long distance service as the major long distance carriers offer—easy "dial 1" calling, digital fiber-optic sound, 24-hour operators and free calling cards. At standard rates guaranteed lower than AT&T's. With additional volume discounts up to 15%.

Monthly action alerts

And, as a Sierra Club member, you'll get free environmental action alerts—plus opportunities to speak out for the environment—included in your phone bill every month.

So why waste another call? Ring the toll-free number or return the post card today. Working Assets will connect your service with no intrusion or interruption.

Then, every time you call long distance, you'll turn talk into trees without spending a penny more.

Sign up today.

Call 1-800-788-8588, ext. 833.
Or, mail the easy sign-up card.

Get 30 free minutes just for signing up.

When you switch your primary long distance carrier, your local phone company may apply a one-time switching charge of about $5. If it does (and even if it doesn't), Working Assets will give you a credit to help offset the charge equal to 30 minutes of interstate calling. The credit will be at the 3,000 mile night/weekend rate and will be issued after your third full month of service.

DANGERS IN

What Columbus set in motion, *ecologistas* in southern Mexico are now trying to halt. A report from five communities groping toward redemption.

FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, a handful of sea-weary Europeans stumbled upon what their captain was sure was "the Terrestrial Paradise." In this Eden, however, no fruit was forbidden, nor were sinners banished. Within a generation, the invaders moved on from the Caribbean to what is now Mexico. With sword and cannon, horse and cross and plague, they began the destruction of the Garden from within. When the conquest of southern Mexico began on April 21, 1519, this primordial region was quilted by 55 million acres of verdant rainforest. Five centuries later, less than a tenth of it remains.

The destruction, carried out in our century with oil wells and axes, highways and hotels, is now very nearly complete. Recently, however, in its eagerness to sign the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA) with the United States (and reacting to pressure from its own nascent environmental movement), Mexico has launched a high-profile campaign to show that economic progress need not come at the expense of nature. "It is a measure of our commitment," says Graciela de la Garza, secretary of flora and fauna for the environmental ministry SEDUE, "that we sacrifice a part of our development and restore the environment."

The rhetoric is encouraging. But there is in Latin America a certain tendency to blur the borders between reality and fiction, an inclination some say accounts for the literary phenomenon of "magic realism" practiced by such novelists as Gabriel García Márquez, in whose *One Hundred Years of Solitude* the memory of a massacre is washed away by a rain of four years, eleven months, and two days, and the appearance of a

PHOTOS BY KEITH DANNEMILLER

The "Nuclear Meatmarket" in the Gulf Coast town of Palma Sola, just down the road from Laguna Verde, Mexico's first —and, activists hope, last— nuclear-power plant (right). Repressed and co-opted, local residents are learning to live with the leaky nuke.

PARADISE

by John Ross

FRANCIS DONNA CALDWELL / AFFORDABLE PHOTO STOCK

The most polluted place on earth? Coatzacoalcos, home to 90 percent of Mexico's petrochemical production, is a test of the government's promise of simultaneous environmental protection and economic progress. Below, women wash their clothes in the toxic Coatzacoalcos River.

lover is presaged by swarms of yellow butterflies.

In Mexico, magic intersects with reality in the narrow isthmus of Tehuantepec. This tropical junction of North and Central America is both blessed and cursed by an amazing profusion of natural resources; here, every environmental claim of the Mexican government is put to the test. Recently I returned to the area to assess the state of the Garden.

On the littered streets of Coatzacoalcos, the mammoth oil port on the Gulf of Mexico 400 miles southeast of Mexico City, the wail of sirens is a constant lamentation. Five hundred miles of leaky pipeline snake in and out of four major petrochemical complexes, fueling frequent explosions. Evacuations of local residents are regular events, and emergency burn-offs further blacken the customary whiskey-brown pall. Ninety percent of the

KEITH DANNEMILLER

CORNSTALKS PRODUCE NO COBS, AND MANGOS DRY AND EXPLODE ON THE BRANCH. THE AIR "SMELLS LIKE BURNING BONE."

country's petrochemical production is concentrated here, with most of the region's 80 facilities owned by the government monopoly Pemex.

Within living memory, the delta of the mighty Coatzacoalcos River teemed with life. But since the discovery of oil here by the Englishman William Pierson in 1908, and especially since the oil boom of the mid-1970s, the area's vital swamps and mangrove thickets have been turned into waste pits, their vegetation and bird life sacrificed to oil production. The surrounding jungle, from which the Olmec civilization emerged 4,000 years ago, is stained a dingy brown by acid rain. Once-pristine Caribbean beaches are grimy with raw sewage and industrial effluvia, and the Coatzacoalcos itself regularly catches on fire.

Hemmed in on three sides by gargantuan petrochemical complexes (a natural-gas pipeline runs along the fourth) is what may be the most poisoned community in Mexico, the 90-family *ejido* of El Sapo. Although the communal village's name means "the frog," the last one croaked long ago. Here the water runs yellow and smoldering from the lower wells, and the black stream oozing from the 13-plant Pajaritos compound across the highway stinks of solvents. Children suffer frequent nosebleeds, gastrointestinal illness is rampant, and there are rumors of cholera. Cornstalks produce no cobs, a one-time farmer tells me, and mangos dry and explode on the branch. When it rains in El Sapo, the ground turns greasy with chemicals, and puddles glow a lurid green. The air, residents say, smells "like burning bone."

Local authorities have long promised to evacuate the village, but I found the same dilapidated shacks and contaminated landscape as when I first visited here five years ago. "We are forgotten in El Sapo," says Modesto Pérez in front of his popsicle store. Only last year a government doctor finally paid a visit, and a siren was installed to warn of emergencies.

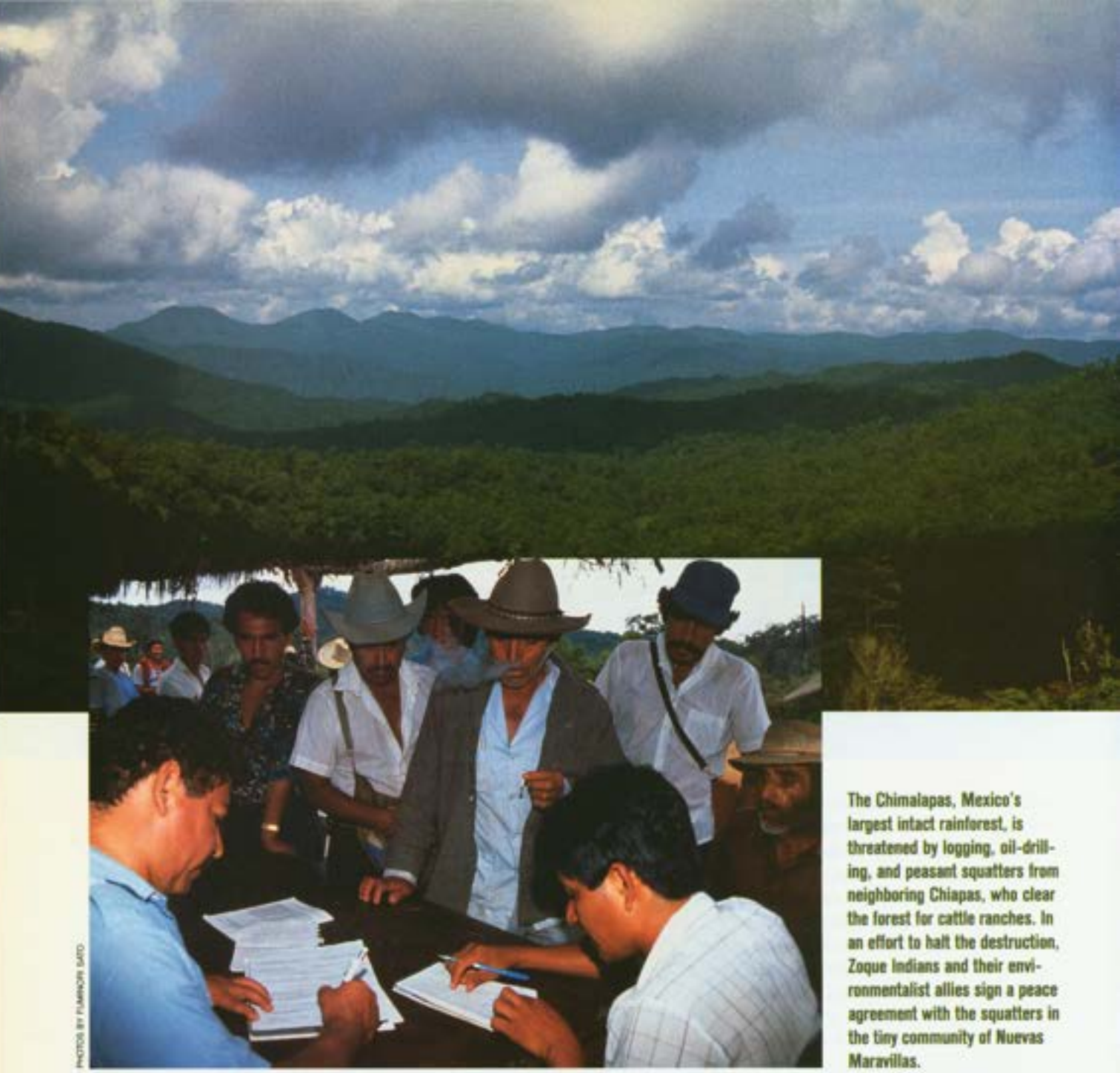
But the siren failed to go off on March 11, 1991, when a massive explosion obliterated an ethylene processor at Pajaritos, killing six workers and injuring 350. Ironically, the explosion caused general rejoicing in El Sapo. When accidents occur here, Pemex recruits locals for 28-day cleanup contracts. "We could use another accident," chuckles the popsicle vendor.

Coatzacoalcos' once-prosperous fishermen are not in such good humor. In June 1990, after discharges from a fertilizer plant were blamed for killing millions of fish, angry fishermen stormed and occupied Pemex installations for days, demanding compensation. Surviving fish now stew in a carcinogenic broth, and the river has been closed to commercial fishing. On the port's decomposing waterfront, fisherman José Ramirez tells how he must now venture far out to sea in his flimsy skiff; even there, he says, the water is so streaked with oil that often his catch cannot be sold. In Coatzacoalcos, restaurants sport disclaimers that seafood served on the premises comes from out of state.

Yet Pemex spokesman Rafael Marquez still happily dines on bass from the river. "The Coatzacoalcos is clean for 300 miles," he maintains. "It's only the last ten that are in question." Since 1949, when Marquez first came out to the coast as a wildcatter, he has seen Coatzacoalcos and four neighboring cities boom to a population of nearly 2 million. He blames unplanned urban growth and private industry for violating the land more rudely even than Pemex. "This is not the most contaminated place on earth, like the newspapers say," the PR chief insists. "If it were, I wouldn't live here."

At the gleaming new Morelos complex, hard-hatted technicians proudly explain smokeless burn-offs and wastewater recycling, oblivious to the acrid stench that gnaws our throats. The nearby 20-plant Cangrejera complex, completed in 1982, appears clean and efficient—at least from what I can see of it on the video I am shown in an executive screening room. The older Pajaritos complex, furiously venting black smoke, is unfortunately unavailable for inspection.

Lured by the promise of NAFTA, 37 new *petroquímicas* are projected for Coatzacoalcos. The promise will remain empty, however, until Pemex makes major reforms. In addition to fears for the loss of U.S. jobs, persistent environmental qualms have thus far held up a conclusion to the free-trade agreement—an unease only heightened by the April disaster in Guadalajara. It is in this context that



PHOTOS BY FUMINORI SATO

The Chimalapas, Mexico's largest intact rainforest, is threatened by logging, oil-drilling, and peasant squatters from neighboring Chiapas, who clear the forest for cattle ranches. In an effort to halt the destruction, Zoque Indians and their environmentalist allies sign a peace agreement with the squatters in the tiny community of Nuevas Maravillas.

Pemex is promising a multibillion-dollar cleanup of the area. Some time this year, restrictions on toxic outflow are supposed to be in place at all 67 Pemex plants with access to the river; by 1996, it is hoped, the current will have washed away 80 percent of the poisonous sediments—out to the Gulf. The most badly damaged swamps, Pemex promises, will be drained and restored, and their hazardous wastes shipped far away to a dump near Tijuana. The price tag for the cleanup is estimated at $2.5 billion.

Ivan Restrepo, founder of Mexico City's prestigious Center for Eco-Development, is cautiously optimistic, but wonders about the depth of the government's commitment. "This may just be to impress the U.S. Congress," he warns. "The question is one of will."

Outside Cangrejera, Rafael Marquez proudly points to a sample of Pemex's restoration work: a tiny "ecological park" where ducks, four species of turtle, and even monkeys frolic—under Canadian pine trees. Gabriel García Márquez could not have done better himself.

PARADISE STILL FLOURISHES IN THE Gulf Coast state of Veracruz. No town here, for example, would be complete without a motel or cantina called "El Paraíso." A mile off the two-lane highway linking Veracruz and Tampico is Paraíso beach, appropriately idyllic at

sunset on an autumn Saturday afternoon—the surf cleanly curling into the curve of the shore, fishermen furling their nets, and a long-lashed burro tethered to a gnarled cypress.

Just down the highway from this edenic scene rage the fires of the inferno. Two kilometers south of the truck-stop town of Palma Sola (population 20,000) lies Laguna Verde, Mexico's only nuclear-power plant. The Mexican energy blueprint once envisioned 20 nukes, but the nightmare of Laguna Verde shows why it stands alone. The bad dream is partly financial: When it was conceived in 1969, the plant had a 1978 opening date and a projected cost of $128 million. In the end, it took 20 years and $4.7 *billion* to complete; with interest, the total bill represents 7 percent of Mexico's foreign debt.

On August 31, Laguna Verde celebrated its second year of commercial operation. Just how well the plant is functioning is a matter of intense speculation in nearby Palma Sola. Squatting outside his auto-repair shop one foggy Monday morning, Ambrosio Cortez talks about mutant babies. A child with webbed fingers had been born into his wife's family, he says, and other children in the neighborhood were so deformed that "you couldn't tell if they were boys or girls."

Then there were the dead fish, thousands of them, washed up on local beaches. "This has occurred three times now," Cortez says. "The Navy always buries them." Federal documents demonstrate that the strontium 90 content of shrimp taken near the plant outflow is ten times what it was before start-up. Local produce is assumed to be contaminated. Last summer, when Cortez took his watermelons to market in the state capital of Jalapa, no one would buy them because they came from Palma Sola. "Make me an offer," he says. "I'll sell cheap. I have to get out of here. I haven't slept a whole night since they loaded up Laguna Verde."

The Federal Electricity Commission (CFE) supplies little hard data about operations at the plant. Instead, the government passes out pamphlets assuring residents that the nuke "makes less noise than a coffee pot." The CFE's silence, however, only fuels the rumors radiating from the plant's 1,800 employees, including dozens of "cleaners" from Palma Sola. After a November 25, 1989 accident, for example, plant workers allegedly refused orders to enter the containment building to clean up radioactive coolant spurting from ruptured pipes. The CFE refuses to comment on the incident.

JEANNE MALLERY

Angela Mendez Galvez, 48, holding a photograph of her late husband, Victor Escobedo Soles. An outspoken community leader who stood up to the wealthy loggers, cattle ranchers, and marijuana growers in the Chimalapas, Soles was murdered in 1987 by unknown assailants.

Marta Lillia Aguilar, a member of the Veracruz Mothers Against Laguna Verde, runs a tiny ranch just outside town. She worries about what to do in the event of a serious accident. The authorities are not very helpful: Laguna Verde's emergency evacuation plan advises locals to fold a handkerchief 16 times and cover the nose and mouth. "The plan tells us to close our windows," Aguilar marvels, "but half the houses around here are made of palm. They don't have any windows."

Mexico's anti-nuke watchdogs recite a litany of difficulties at the plant since it first fired up in October 1988: valve leaks, irradiated workers, failure to safeguard the 17 tons of high-grade wastes the plant produces annually. According to physicist Roberto Helier of the National Coordinating Council Against Laguna Verde, pipe breaks on March 11 and 17, 1991, sent 60,000 liters of highly contaminated water into the Gulf. The government concedes that hundreds of thousands of liters of radioactive water *have* been discharged from the plant—but insists that radiation levels are below internationally authorized limits.

How dangerous is Laguna Verde? That depends on whose version of reality you accept. According to Helier, liquid emissions are high in radioactivity because zircon fuel rods are flaking into the cooling water. The corrosion is supposedly caused by the use of warm tropical seawater to cool the core (something not contemplated in the original GE design), and fissuring during repeated "scrams," or emergency shutdowns. (Although only 5 scrams were anticipated during Laguna Verde's prolonged test period, the plant underwent 39.) The CFE says that such fissures are completely normal.

The high point of Mexican anti-nuclear activism came in the two years between the April 1986 Chernobyl disaster and the startup of Laguna Verde. Worried ranchers and fishermen took repeatedly to the streets, staging dem-

"MAYBE IT WOULDN'T BE SO BAD IF THE BUTTERFLIES DIDN'T COME BACK. AT LEAST WE COULD LOG UP HERE."

onstrations in Veracruz and Mexico City, even blockading the highways around the plant in rare shows of civil disobedience. But since then, the anti-nuke movement has largely sold out or been repressed. The leader of the cattle-ranchers' association was selected by the Institutional Revolutionary Party as a deputy to the national congress, so the ranchers now line up with the pro-nuclear government. The head of the local fishing co-op, who once held a press conference about clandestine fish burials and strontium 90-laced shrimp, now dodges reporters. Long-time activist Efraím Romero even claims that plant personnel tried to kill him, *à la* Karen Silkwood, by tampering with his car after a recent visit to Palma Sola. "Everyone has been bought off or scared off," says the anti-nuke veteran. "No one speaks out anymore."

WHEN THE LAST MAHOGANY TREE IS CUT down, prophesies old Chan K'in, last *t'o'ohil* (spiritual leader) of the Lacandon Maya of southern Mexico, heaven will dry up and the god Hachäkyum will bring the world to an end. That time must now be very near. In a century of indefatigable destruction, two-thirds of the Lacandon forest has been razed, a process hastened by the discovery of oil in the Chiapas lowlands. The heirs of the Mayan citadel of Palenque now sell toy bows and arrows by the side of the road or huddle in squalid jungle camps, bereft of their birthright but often too drunk to remember it.

The Zoque Indians of Chimalapas, 300 miles to the northwest, need no special powers of divination to read their future: They can see it in the experience of the *Lacandones*. The Zoques' home is Mexico's last unspoiled forest, a 1.6-million-acre blank space on the map at the neck of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Rising from 500 feet above the sea to 8,000 feet in the Tres Picos Sierra, the Chimalapas hosts scores of mini-ecosystems: dwarf and cloud forests, tropical jungle, upland savannah, and high pine groves ribboned by crystalline streams, the source of 40 percent of southern Mexico's fresh water. Sixty species of evergreens grow in the highland forests; overall there is a greater diversity of trees than in all of the United States and Canada combined. Harpy eagles, guacamayas, toucans, even the iridescent quetzal circle the rainforest canopy, below which lurk puma, jaguar, ocelot, tapir, and wild boar, all sharing the forest with 12,000 Zoques.

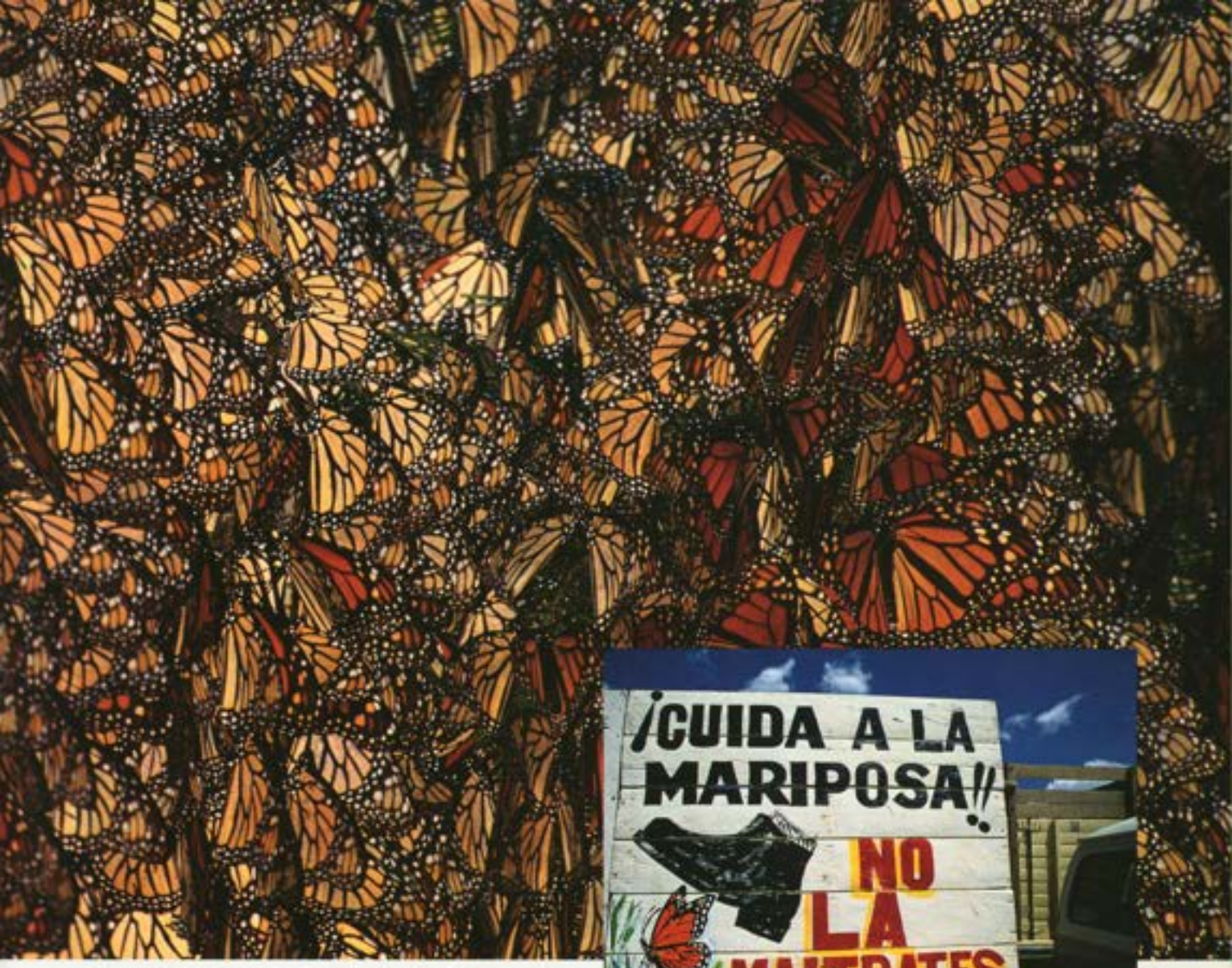
The history of the Chimalapas has been carved in precious woods. Within a century of Cortez' landfall in 1519, Europeans were mining the eastern flanks of the forest for cedar and mahogany, enslaving the Zoques and infecting them with smallpox. In 1687, the Zoques tried to purchase their forest back from the Spanish crown for 27,000 golden pesos—hence the name *Chimalapas*, "Gourd of Gold" in the Zoque tongue.

The Spanish could be bought off, but not the gringos. By 1908, the same year he drilled Mexico's first oil well at Coatzacoalcos, William Pierson had completed the Louisiana-Tehuantepec Railroad, on which he hauled out the most accessible trees for Chicago Title & Trust and newspaper mogul William Randolph Hearst. When the 1910 revolution forced the *Yanquis* to sell out to Mexican nationals, the pillage only accelerated. By the 1940s, lumber and cattle interests were entrenched on the Chiapas edge of the Zoques' lands. One mill could load out 150 trucks a day, old hands remember.

ART WOLFE

Four years ago, I stood for a few hours on the Oaxacan edge of the "Chimis" and clocked 12 truckloads of mammoth cedar logs being illegally hauled away, right under the noses of the Mexican Army, the state judicial police, and the federal highway patrol. Today, with international environmental attention focused on the area, timber buyers rely on clandestine backcountry loggers like Aden Esteva, a woodcutter from Santa María, six gutwrenching hours by truck from the isthmus highway. Buyers pay 50,000 pesos (about $17) a plank, Esteva says. One large cedar can yield 250 eight-foot planks, which are floated and hauled out by mule to midnight pickups on logging roads.

Esteva himself notes the wounds his incursions have caused the forests. "We



CARLOS HERNÁNDEZ

Exhausted by their 3,000-mile migration from Canada, monarch butterflies gather by the millions in the oyamel pines of Michoacán's Chincua Sierra. "Take care of the butterflies," implores a sign at the gate of the Rosario monarch reserve. "Don't mistreat them."

used to walk a few hours from Santa María and cut," he says. "Now it takes most of the day to find the trees."

The way to destruction on a far larger scale is now being greased by Pemex, which is pushing construction of an "Ecological Highway" over the top of the isthmus to allow its tanker trucks to ferry oil from Coatzacoalcos to the Pacific coast refinery at Salina Cruz. (Construction has already begun, well in advance of legally required environmental impact statements.) Although the highway would skirt the Chimalapas, feeder routes would punch south through the wilderness. Even more ominous, says Miguel Angel García, forestry commission director for the Pact of Ecological Groups (PGE), is the news that Pemex has struck oil in virgin Chimalapas jungle.

Last November, in a fortuitous encounter over *pozole* in the steamy town market of Matías Romero on the Oaxaca flank of the Chimalapas, I bumped into the bushy-bearded García. Between spoonfuls of pig's-head-and-hominy stew, he explained the PGE's plan for preserving the forest: Leave it to the Zoques, whose golden pesos first redeemed it.

This strategy stands in contrast to the desire of many mainstream *ecologistas*, who want UNESCO to grant the region International Biosphere Reserve status. Critics like García, however, point to the 400,000-acre Montes Azules reserve in the Lacandon, where UNESCO's blessing does little to stop encroaching loggers. Nor does "biosphere" translate favorably into Zoque. "It means we'd have to walk four hours to plant our beans," comments Heriberto Hernández, a farmer from Santa María. In May 1991 the Zoques occupied public offices in Matías Romero to pressure the gover-

Continued on page 83

Illustrations by Pamela Prichett

WILD WORDS

WHEN NEXT YEAR BURSTS AND BURROWS WHERE IT FALLS

by Dan Harder

Rustled red and trembling
in an afternoon of wind,
the arms go boney—once again—
as autumn weaves among the trees.
All the fat is taken in,
bundled in and jarred
waiting, plump and gathered,
for the slower feasts of empty months.
This is the time of hazeled air
when the land is a tally of pears and milk;
this, the time when a man tells his wife,
he while swelling shelves with fruit,
she, in the midst of a jar,
tells her when he knows it's fall.
"The sun goes soft," he says,
"soft in a tighter sky."
And for her? . . . And for her,
though she says it's the fruit brought in,
believes, instead, that the season starts
when next year bursts and burrows where it falls.

Dan Harder is a poet and playwright living in San Francisco. His book on France will be published in September by Graphic Arts Center Publishing.

PERCOLATION
by Jane Hirshfield

In this rain that keeps us inside,
the frog,
wisest of creatures
to whom all things come,
is happy, rasping out of himself
the tuneless anthem of Frog.
Further off and more like ourselves
the cows are raising a huddling protest,
a rag-tag crowd, that can't get its chanting in time.
Now the crickets,
seeming to welcome the early-come twilight,
come in: of all orchestras, the most plaintive.
Still, in this rain soft as fog
that can only be known to be rain by the windows' streaming,
surely all Being at bottom is happy—soaked to the bone, sopped at the root,
fenny, seeped through, yielding as coffee grounds
yield to their percolation, blushing, completely seduced,
assenting as they give in to the downrushing water,
the murmur of falling, the fluvial, purling wash
of all the ways matter loves matter:
riding its gravity down, into the body,
rising through cell-strands of xylem, leaflet and lung-flower,
back into air.

Jane Hirshfield's books include *Of Gravity & Angels* (Wesleyan, 1988) and a co-translation of two Japanese women poets, *The Ink Dark Moon*.

ECOLOGY
by David Williams

Lovers with nowhere to go press against
dry tarry timbers in the dead silver mine
till the cold drives them out.
A pack
of ski-dooers give a starved herd of elk
a run for the money through deep soft snow.
Cheap kills, and the holiday's over.

The old man who lives beyond the mine
with a dog and radio, listening
to basketball back east,
heard a bear up a tree. Quick grabbed
his gun and shot him. Broke most every
branch coming down.
No one to ask
why he'd done it, he hauled
the skin and meat
downmountain to the Chicana
with eight kids. No common
language—he couldn't explain.

He gathered the branches for the stove.

David Williams' work has appeared in *Kenyon Review, Poetry East,* and *Hayden's Ferry Review.* He lives in Worcester, Massachusetts.

A Suggestion to Myself for Dark Times

by John Daniel

Late in the night when nowhere I can walk
leads out of sadness, when everything I've done
seems wrong, or not enough, what can I lose
if I leave the lights I've been living by
and go to a place where the land lies flat
and clear, where the luminous Milky Way
ranges specked and glittering across the sky.
The faint abundance of that distant fire
falls around me everywhere—so there I'll walk,
walk a long time out among those stars
until I'm not so sure in their wild light
just where I am or where it was I started,
until the shimmering cosmos burns so bright
that it seems I am that fire and always was,
gathering and drifting in dark distance,
and the fire seethed once in a whirling cloud
and the cloud was me, it was me taking form
in the spew and surge of molten torrents,
then cooling, heavy, as the great rains fell,
it was me holding still when wind on water

was all that moved, and me that stirred,
a speck in the deeps where hot vents flowed,
and the speck splitting away was also me,
and all those slippery surfaces as I changed
a million times, churning tail, fins, and gills,
the mouth that first sucked air was mine,
mine were the feet that found their way,
that carried my shifting and shifting self,
ears alert, eyes looking out across the land,
up at the far-strewn brilliance of night—
I have walked this far, I was never lost,
my own forgotten face is what I see.

John Daniel's collection of essays, *The Trail Home*, was published this spring by Pantheon.

After a Flood
by Sallie Bingham

Each spring the river gives back
what we gave it: two glass stoppers
from flat flasks, nineteenth-century medicine
bottles, how long stranded in bottom weeds?
Or a snail shell, eternal spiral, and a green
maple seed, wings folded, as well as a slate
piece, worn smooth as marble, and the shine
inside a clam shell swirled with grey.
Besides all that, it gives a bit of curved glass,
cut with runic letters, and the always
found edges of old-time dinner plates:
moss rose, narrow border of roses, green
fringe—parlor china, Victorian, ordinary,
cast from what wreck or rack, as though
Grandmother's house still rides the waves.
Women and rivers. Without one,
not the other; yet we control no locks,
dig no dams. Instead, our innocent white plates,
our bridal enthusiasms ride the tips
of the river's ripples, promising each spring,
after flood time, a renewal of moss roses.

Sallie Bingham's most recent book, a novel called *Small Victories*, was published by Zoland Books this spring.

GANNETS

by Mary Oliver

I am watching the white gannets
blaze down into the water
with the power of blunt spears
and a stunning accuracy—
even though the sea is riled and boiling
and gray with fog
and the fish
are nowhere to be seen,
they fall, they explode into the water
like white gloves,
then they vanish,
then they climb out again,
from the cliff of the wave,
like white flowers—
and still I think
that nothing in this world moves
but as a positive power—
even the fish, finning down into the current
or collapsing
in the red purse of the beak,
are only interrupted from their own pursuit
of whatever it is
that fills their bellies
and I say:
life is real,
and pain is real,
but death is an imposter,
and if I could be what once I was,
like the wolf or the bear
standing on the cold shore,
I would still see it—
how the fish simply escape, this time,
or how they slide down into a black fire
for a moment,
then rise from the water inseparable
from the gannets' wings.

Mary Oliver's New and Selected Poems will be published this fall by Beacon Press. She is currently the Banister Writer-in-Residence at Sweet Briar College in Virginia.

"... I PLEDGE TO MAKE THE EARTH A SECURE AND HOSPITABLE HOME FOR PRESENT AND FUTURE GENERATIONS"

The Earth Pledge poster, entitled "Last Turn, Your Turn", measures 25" X 26" and is printed on recycled 80 lb. cover textured art stock.

LAST DECEMBER, AN URGENT PLEDGE TO SAVE THE PLANET WAS LAUNCHED BY THE EARTH SUMMIT '92 — OFFICIALLY KNOWN AS THE UNITED NATIONS CONFERENCE ON ENVIRONMENT AND DEVELOPMENT (UNCED). THIS UNIVERSAL CALL PRECEDES THE UPCOMING EARTH SUMMIT, WHERE 174 WORLD LEADERS WILL MEET IN RIO DE JANEIRO THIS JUNE TO DISCUSS HOW TO HALT THE MOUNTING DEGRADATION OF THE EARTH'S LAND, SEA AND AIR, AND ADVANCE ECONOMIC GROWTH THROUGH SUSTAINABLE DEVELOPMENT.

The official poster to promote the Earth Pledge has been created by renowned artist Robert Rauschenberg, and donated by the Robert Rauschenberg Foundation. It can be yours for only $19 if you act quickly by calling the toll-free number below. Soon to be a collector's item, this beautiful expression of support for this important summit will mean so much more when **you** make it your own. **Call 1-800-528-3400** and order your Earth Summit '92 posters today! Or write the Earth Summit Pledge, specify the number of posters you want with an enclosed check for the appropriate amount (include $3.00 for shipping and handling per order), and send it with your name and the address to: Ivy Hill Corp., 4800 So. Santa Fe Ave., Los Angeles, California 90058. Att: Fulfillment Dept. Make check payable to the Earth Summit Pledge. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

EARTH SUMMIT '92

Let's all put our hands together.
Take "The Pledge" today.

The Earth Summit Pledge is a not-for-profit, tax-exempt foundation. / The Earth Pledge poster has been printed by Ivy Hill Corp., a subsidiary of Time-Warner, Inc. / This advertisement has been created by McGraw-Hill, Inc.

MARKS IN THE GAME

THE LOGGERS OF FORKS HAVE TIME ON THEIR HANDS—AND THEY USE IT TO CURSE AN OWL THAT'S AS MUCH A PAWN AS THEY ARE.

FORKS, WASHINGTON, the westernmost incorporated town in the contiguous United States, is almost wholly dependent on logging. It rides the border of Olympic National Forest and is only a few miles from Olympic National Park, and in the winter drinks in almost ten feet of rain. The hills around Forks are completely nude, and slash covers the draws and valleys on either side of Highway 101. The older clearcuts are softened with pink foxglove and little vine maples and soft green shrubs, and now and then the velvety short cones of newly planted trees. The ragged stumps are gradually turning gray and disappearing into the new grass.

Forks calls itself the timber capital of the world. It has a little tourist business, mostly fishermen coming to the nearby wild coast, or retired couples touring the

BY SALLIE TISDALE
Illustrations by Jeffrey Smith

Hoh Valley, coming through Forks because you can't get around the Olympic wilderness any other way. The stores now have posters that say, "Tie a yellow ribbon for the working man," and there are yellow ribbons on lamp poles and trees and doorknobs. All around the Northwest there have been Yellow Ribbon rallies since the overcutting issue began to heat up in 1989. That was the year it became clear that the northern spotted owl was endangered by logging, and that the species could not be saved without sweeping changes in the amount and kind of logging being done. Since then, almost no issue has stirred such anger and passion here. Spotted owls have been shot, crucified, hung, and their corpses mailed to various people perceived as environmentalists. Some of the latter have chained themselves to trees, camped in the crowns of trees slated for cutting, lain down in front of trucks and been arrested by the hundreds. In the Yellow Ribbon rallies, 300, 600, sometimes 1,200 log trucks in a line rumble through small towns and along the main thoroughfares of cities for an afternoon, their drivers and passengers hungry, angry, impotent.

THERE IS NO VIEW NOW WITHOUT A CUT. THE FOREST IS BROKEN AS A PROMISE IS BROKEN.

Every business, every office and restaurant in Forks has a sign in the window. Some say "We support the timber industry," others, "We are supported by the timber industry." In the empty windows of one of the many empty storefronts, a line of children's posters: "Save a logger—eat a owl." One in neat black crayon, with a childish picture of a tree and a man: "A spotted owl NEEDS hundreds of acres to live—why can't I have some of that land to live on? Am I important?"

The loggers in Forks (which celebrated James Watt Appreciation Day in 1983), like loggers all around the Northwest, would like to blame the restrictions of wilderness advocates for their troubles, though some are aware of the problem of log exports. About 84 million board-feet of timber come out of this national-forest district every year, along with as much as 200 million board-feet more from the state and private lands nearby. Logs cut from federal lands in the West cannot be exported. (There are exceptions to the ban, notably those that allow Port Orford cedar, a rare species, to be exported, and the small exception exempting Alaska from the ban completely.) But logs from private lands roll down to the water and straight to Japan, depriving locals of both wood and mill work. Japan pays a higher price for the older, straightest trees than any other market.

They've done so for a very long time; log exports began around the time the first tree was cut here, and people have alternately praised and blamed the countries of the Far East ever since. But exports are just part of the problem. Overcutting—cutting trees faster than they can be replaced—and overproduction—milling more timber or cutting more logs than the market can absorb—have been perennial problems. It is a regular, almost ritual complaint, this complaint of lost jobs, closed mills, towns disappearing into history because of government restrictions and environmental fanaticism. (Somewhat new, but heard before, is blaming child abuse, wife battering, and suicide on restricted access to trees.) Meanwhile, the timber companies near Forks are predicting a shortfall by the year 2000—a period when the old trees will all be gone and the second growth not yet big enough to cut. The amount of private timber was already falling off before the current rage over the northern spotted owl and other concerns about saving old growth began.

The *Jobs Rated Almanac* of 1988 lists 250 careers. Reading the list makes me think of Forks up against what's left of its woods. The *Almanac* lists professions in order of desirability, dropping rapidly from Lawyer and Architect to Teacher and Nurse. You have to read almost to the bottom before you feel you're in the Northwest: Lumberjack is number 214, followed farther down by Farmer, then Dairy Farmer, Cowboy (way down at number 245), Fisherman, and, bringing up the rear, that staple of the Northwest agricultural industry, number 250, Migrant Worker.

The timber industry—which is not the same as the timber worker—is happy to let the arguments over the future of the Northwest's remaining forests turn into an argument over jobs. Save trees or save jobs? This way, the industry is represented by the average man, the millworker and logger with a high-school education, a wife and small children, scared to death of unemployment. But the comparison—trees versus jobs—is fallacious. It is even wicked. It is undeniable that the current rate of logging in the Northwest is eliminating the forests. There is nothing sustained or sustainable about the level of logging that the Northwest has suffered in the last century and that translates directly into unemployment. If not now, then in 3, or 10, or 15 years, many of the loggers and millworkers

will be out of work because they will be out of trees. (There are people in the industry who hear that statement and point accusingly at Olympic National Park, at the slopes of Mount Rainier, at the small bits of wilderness clustered around the region, and ask why that, too, can't be cut.) Reducing the yields, practicing less "efficient" methods, setting aside large areas to be preserved forever—these are such small things. So little to do in light of what has already been done.

The loggers and millworkers are only pawns—we are all pawns here, where timber mined like gold is sold by distant conglomerates. We are marks in the game. The beaver trade has turned into a timber trade. We sell the Japanese our best, most irreplaceable trees, and they sell us electronic equipment and cars. The Northwest Passage is now realized, and the Northwest has become a Third World country.

CLEARCUTS CAN BE PRETTY, THOUGH, from a certain distance. On a clear day, the whole of the Pacific Northwest is freckled with them; the forest is like a quilt stitched together with the patches of clearing. (You have to be quite high to achieve this view; the trick lies in not getting too close.) If a clearcut has been planted, it might look like an incongruous, strangely isolated Christmas-tree farm; if not, like leather or mud. Cuts come in every size and shape: Here is a diamond, there a field like the outline of Idaho, here a shaved star, its arms sliding down from the cone of a hill. Wormy dirt roads are stenciled through the green like snail trails, and in some places, like the stretch of northwestern Oregon from Portland to Astoria on the coast, there is more cut than growth. But over there is a perfect egg, and there a wobbly rectangle, and beside it, two squares point to point like argyle. One peak has been peeled off a soft mountain round and round and round to the point at the top. These most unnatural shapes are plopped down in the soft curves of geologic time the same way we insert bridges and buildings and a ribbon of paving, and it's possible to squint and see the art: a bridge in certain light, a glassed skyscraper catching sun have a kind of organic virtue. And clearcuts on a clear day, from the heights, are warm and brown and brushed to the tender, bare uniformity of suede.

But we can't always keep that distance. For more than a century, timber companies and the Forest Service have practiced the preservation of something called a buffer zone, a row of trees between clearcuts and busy roads. It's called "preserving the visuals," but the general term for a buffer zone is "fool-'em strip."

"Helping lay new railroad spurs as well as tearing up and maintaining old ones brought me in direct contact with the various logging areas," wrote Sam Churchill in his memoir of his lumberjack father and his own youth in a logging camp. As a child in the second decade of the 1900s, Churchill had longed for nothing more than to be a logger like his father. But as a young man, he saw what was left of the forest where he'd been raised: "The land was left a vast, silent waste of snags and stumps marching in melancholy drea-

riness across ridge and canyon for as far as the eye could reach. It left one with a feeling of shame and sadness. It reminded me of pictures I had seen of the tired white crosses in the Meuse-Argonne in France and Flanders Field in Belgium."

Old growth, so seductive to the logger because of the quality and quantity of wood, is as healthy as a forest can be. But these are the forests consistently dismissed as "decadent" and "overripe," dismissed as selfish systems hogging the most nutrients, the largest plots of ground for their own use. A pamphlet put out by the Caterpillar company—so anxious to sell bulldozers and cranes to ease the removal of these difficult trees—says this as a counter to the argument that old growth is a healthy system:

"*The Facts Say:* Forests do not necessarily improve with age. Decaying stands lack the food resources animals require. Density of old stands blocks sunlight, discouraging new growth. Wood lost 'nature's way' exceeds new growth, resulting in a net loss of wood volume, without revenue."

It's one thing to argue against that—to counter by explaining the use of decaying logs as food and shelter by various species, pointing out how much more life there is on the floor of an old-growth forest than in a tree farm. Such arguments are actually easy to make; biology is clearly, undeniably, on the side of old growth. What's telling, I think, is the existence of the argument in the first place. Rather than stating baldly their desire to treat wild forests as a crop, the timbermen insult the nature of the forests themselves. They grant enough sentience to an acre of silent trees to call them selfish; they allow the woods enough aesthetic to call them decadent. The forest can be easily transformed by metaphor into veins of gold to be mined, or wild berries to be plucked. But they can also be deconstructed entirely with a kind of revisionist biology.

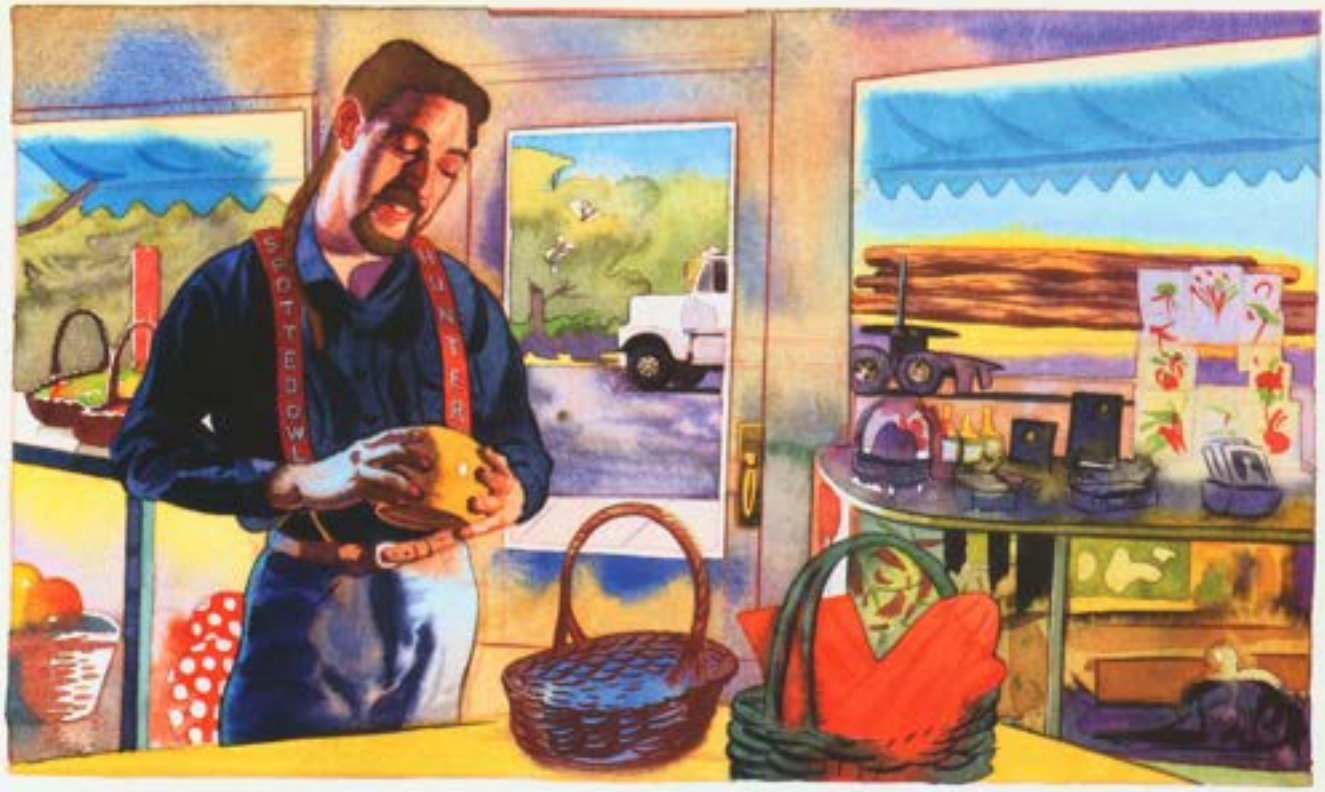
IN FORKS, THERE IS SWEETNESS WITHOUT IRONY—STEADINESS AND NOTHING UNKNOWN. EVEN THE RECESSION SEEMS FAMILIAR.

There are many loggers, and a few foresters, who will claim that large clearcuts are healthy for a forest. Clearcuts allow sunshine to penetrate to the ground, encouraging the growth of sun-dependent trees such as Douglas fir—economically valuable trees. The openings provide forage for deer and elk (and deer and elk for hunters). Certain other species like the rough undergrowth and new vegetation. But beyond a very small size, clearcuts are biological failures.

First of all, large clearcuts cause fragmentation, leaving behind islands of old growth cut off from each other, preventing the migration of animals that won't cross the open land, and forcing crowding in the remaining forest. The new growth is usually a monoculture, a single species of a single age dominating all the other plants, susceptible to disease. The forage is actually poor, and the deer and elk crowd into the nearest old growth as soon as snow falls to escape the open weather. There is little of the complex understory of a forest in a second-growth clearcut, because the canopy closes very quickly, shutting out sun more in new growth than in the enormous virgin stands. This state of perpetual shade can last as long as 150 years, during which the ground beneath is almost empty of the tiny plants and flowers that flourish in natural woods. And last, the clearcut destroys the snags that dozens of species completely depend upon for shelter, and usually destroys the cooling, camouflaging stream cover vital to virtually all animal species.

There is no view now without a cut. The eye follows the unbroken horizon of trees along the mountains and hits the shorn section of a clearcut as though hitting a wall. The forest is broken as a promise is broken. The Pacific yew grows under the old-growth canopy on moist ground. Its bark contains a cure for several cancers, a chemical called taxol. The yew loves the cool shade of the old forest. It will not grow in clearcuts. The twisty, crowded stands of birch and alder, which make the roads a tunnel of filigree dripping with moss, are opportunists infiltrating old clearcuts, the gradual overtaking of emptied land by new and lesser species. There are clearcuts on hills so steep you'd have to rappel down in order to plant new trees. The soil runs off by the ton and leaves the hills barren and brown; the soil runs all the way down to the streams in the valleys, and kills the fish. One logger can fell a 600-year-old Douglas fir in 15 minutes now, and he does.

After a few days in Forks, I found myself slipping into the Missouri accent of my mother and grandmother, a product of their own grandmothers. It's soft and vowel-heavy and slow, and my mother fell into it only when she was most at ease. Those long-forgotten relatives go ghosting by when I'm in a place like Forks, which is, after all, so much like the little northern California town of Yreka where I grew up. The streets are wide, the sidewalks run out after a few blocks and turn to dust, commerce is social and slow, and the minimarts sell hunting magazines and chewing tobacco along with corn



chips and beer. Little towns, with big yards; in the yards are dogs, and sometimes goats, horses, and geese, and always television antennas and woodpiles covered with tarps flapping in the wind.

The driveways are gravel and people drive trucks. Little gift shops, pizza parlors, grocery stores, and gas stations, coffee shops and vacant lots like the vacant lots in every other little town in the country. Here there are also mills and chainsaw repair shops. Sweetness without irony—steadiness and nothing unknown. Even the wavering recession in Forks seems familiar, just another of the small recognitions that pop open for me here. If I feel like a voyeur here, then I'm a voyeur to my own history. If I'm an interloper in Forks, I'm an interloper in Yreka, in my own childhood, in my own memory.

I wandered into a little gift shop in Forks and fell into conversation with a man while we looked over salt shakers and oven mitts. He was wearing wide red suspenders with the words "Spotted Owl Hunter," a flannel shirt, jeans, and leather boots. He was about my age, a good-looking, long-haired, lanky blond man. We chatted about Forks, and I made up little lies to explain my presence and told him of my own past, the little shivers of remembrance his town evoked. He nodded, smiled, turned over a ceramic bowl to see the price. It was the middle of the morning on a weekday, and I could only imagine his leisurely, pointless wandering to be that of the unemployed.

He is suspicious, I think; he is skeptical of my motives in being in Forks, in talking with him. I wanted to tell him that I'd known him all my life, that we were peers. I dated him, he's my brother, my neighbor all grown up. I smoked pot with him in high school and rode in the back of his old Buick to go swimming in the creek. He is as familiar to me as the streets of Forks. And our friendly, flirtatious talk is ringed with tension.

Rarely have I felt such a sense of being stuck on one side of an idea, whether I wanted to be or not. I am what he might call a "tree hugger," one of the less derisive terms coined lately by cornered people determined to go down with pride. We lack a common aesthetic, this man and I. I am inclined toward the raw and disused; I have faith in chaos. I imagine—without asking, reading the message on his red suspenders—that he has a separate faith, a trust in mechanism, an inclination toward control. He sees the miles of clearcuts north of town, and sees work done, a project finished—and a field of slash to burn and Douglas-fir seedlings to plant. I see a scene of devastation and loss, a kind of physical and psychological violence. It is I who am tense here, who am sad, and I who end the conversation and find my way back to the Forks Motel. ■

SALLIE TISDALE *is the author of* Stepping Westward: The Long Search for Home in the Pacific Northwest, *from which this article was drawn. An Oregon resident, she has published essays in* The New Yorker, Harper's Magazine, Esquire, *and other magazines.*

PLACE SETTING

by Jeff Wallach

HUDSON RIVER VALLEY

DRAWING ON TRADITION

WHEN ROMANTICIZED landscape paintings of New York's Hudson River Valley first appeared in the early 19th century, a sarcastic art critic coined the term "Hudson River School" to describe the luminescent images of forests clinging to mountain slopes, waterfalls plunging between granite cliffs, and thunderclouds tearing across darkening skies. The name was meant to poke fun at the then-heretical idea that virtue could be found in the unpredictable and untamed. But the label stuck, and the style of artists such as Thomas Cole, Asher Durand, and Frederic Church attracted patrons and admirers—many of whom, living in congested Manhattan at the river's southern end, relished the notion of accessible nature.

Even then it would have been difficult to find truly wild scenes so near New York City; these painters intentionally idealized and exaggerated their settings. In so doing, they created a new American aesthetic that saw spiritual values in natural beauty. At the same time, the "Knickerbocker" writers—Washington Irving, James Fenimore Cooper, and William Cullen Bryant among them—romanticized and popularized the Hudson and its surrounding countryside in stories such as Irving's "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and Cooper's *The Leatherstocking Tales*.

But even as painters and writers clamored to interpret the Hudson Valley landscape, the region was changing. Ever since Dutch sloops traveled the 315-mile-long river to supply settlements, the Hudson had served commercial purposes. In 1807, steamboats ushered in an era of romantic river travel, but also began to urbanize the wilderness they brought people to see. In 1825, the year the Hudson River School emerged, the

Hudson River Scene, 1857; painting by John Frederick Kensett.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, GIFT OF H. K. BABCOCK IN MEMORY OF R. D. BABCOCK, 1907

completion of the Erie Canal connected New York City to the country's interior, firmly establishing the Hudson as a major trade route and its towns as industrial centers. Some painters simply ignored evidence of the Machine Age, such as an iron foundry on the riverbank at Cold Spring, because it intruded on their aesthetic vision.

The clash between aesthetics and commerce continues today. In the 1960s and '70s, a legal battle over a proposed hydropower project on Storm King Mountain epitomized the conflict. Local groups (aided by the Sierra Club) successfully fought Consolidated Edison's plan to build the facility by showing that it threatened the Hudson's scenic, cultural, and historical values. The Storm King case established citizens' rights to sue a government to protect natural resources and scenic beauty, and provided much of the impetus behind passage of the National Environmental Policy Act.

Much of the terrain surrounding the Hudson has received permanent protection. New York State has designated 2.5 million acres in the Catskill Mountains and 6 million acres in the Adirondacks as parkland, and a consortium of groups is working to establish a Hudson River Greenway that would encompass nearly 4 million acres along 150 miles of the river from Manhattan north to Albany.

Despite such successes, Hudson Valley residents can never forget that they rub shoulders with the most populated region in the country. Developers want to construct 14,000 homes and apartments and 8 million square feet of office space in Sterling Forest, the largest privately owned wilderness property in the vicinity of New York City. Inter-Power, a private utility, hopes to build a coal-burning power plant near the Hudson, and the riverside town of Newburgh plans to expand its airport onto 8,000 acres of open space to absorb some of the traffic from New York City's airports.

The valley's beauty still inspires locals, but to action as much as to the fine arts. For 25 years singer Pete Seeger's sloop *Clearwater* has plied the river raising money and consciousness, sponsoring festivals and educating the public about environmental issues. The region supports its own environmental magazine, *Upriver/Downriver*, with a readership of 30,000, and an official "river keeper" who scours the waterway for polluters. Groups such as Scenic Hudson (which spearheaded the Storm King case), the Hudson River Foundation (funded by utility money from the Storm King settlement), and the Sierra Club (with 27,000 Hudson Valley members) scramble to protect open land being eyed for development, and to repair a river suffering from more than 150 years of industrial abuse.

Today the 19th-century painterly vision of the Hudson may seem more romantic than ever. But the mountains and forests that inspired those artists are there still, continuing to fuel devotion to the valley's protection. ■

JEFF WALLACH *is a freelance writer in New York City.*

▸*For more information, see "Resources."*

"Don't Get Caught Without It."

Babe Winkelman

I know from experience Deep Woods OFF!® really works.

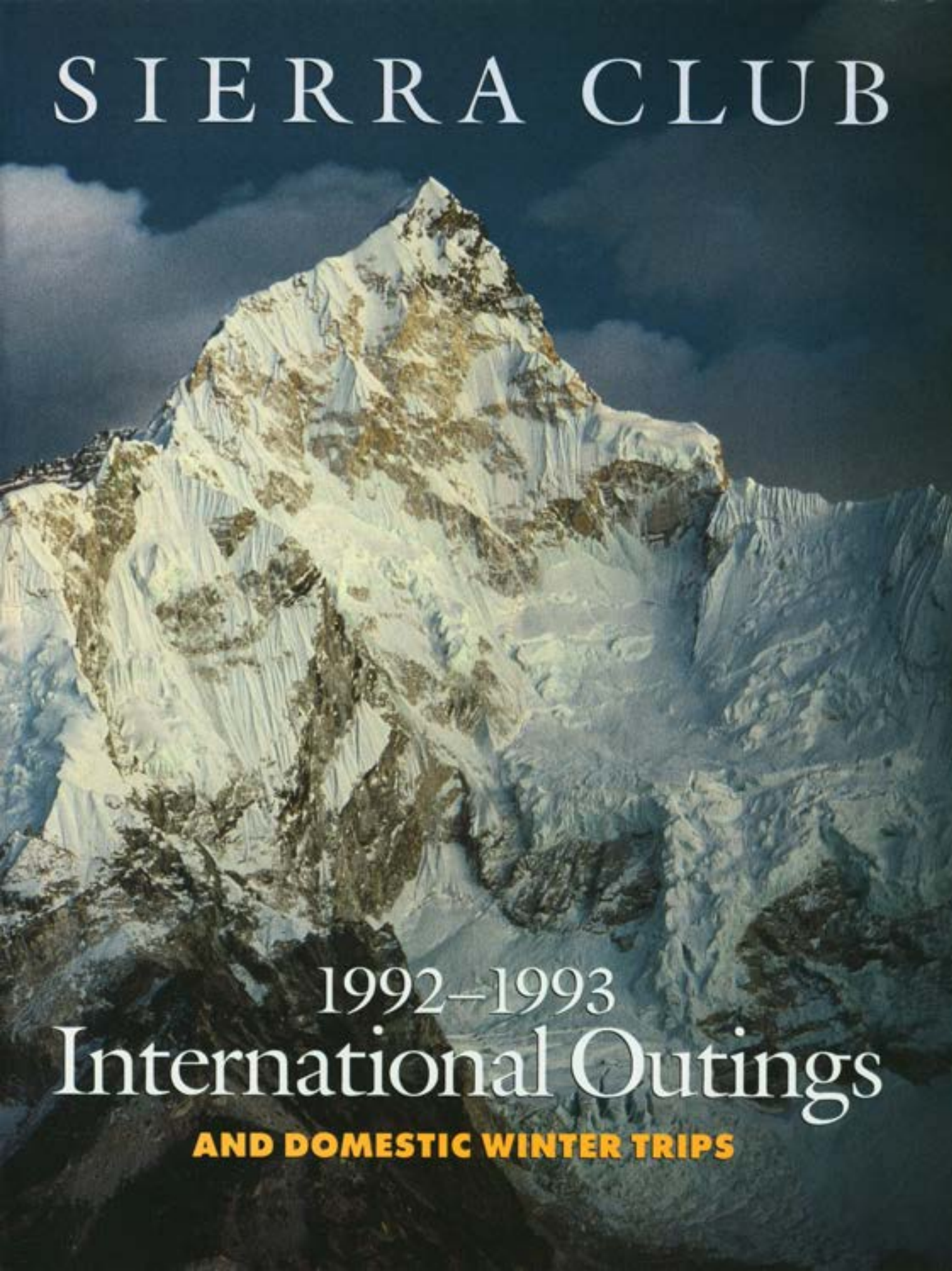
That's why you won't catch me out fishing without the long-lasting protection of Deep Woods OFF!

It's backed by the name more people trust to keep hungry mosquitoes, biting flies, even fleas and ticks away for hours.

After all, the only bites we want are from the fish.

Don't Get Caught Without Deep Woods OFF!

SIERRA CLUB



1992–1993 International Outings

AND DOMESTIC WINTER TRIPS

International

COVER: NUPTSE (FRONT) AND MT. EVEREST (BACK) WITH FULL MOON, NEPAL, BY JENNY HAGER/ALPINE IMAGES.

On an international outing, participants enjoy wilderness adventure travel in some of the most exotic locations on earth. An international trip is also a culturally rewarding experience: Participants meet local people, enjoy their cuisine, and learn to appreciate their customs and traditions. ♦ International trips can be quite leisurely or physically demanding. On some trips accommodations are guesthouses or comfortable and quality-conscious hotels; on others participants camp in remote areas. Be sure to read the trip description and brochure to determine which outing is for you. To order a brochure, use the coupon on page 80. To apply for a trip, use the form on page 78. ♦ On international trips participants learn about their host country's conservation problems by meeting local environmentalists. Trips are led by experienced and competent leaders who are sensitive to the needs of trip participants as well as to those of the host culture and natural environment. ♦ Please note that international trips are tier-priced; for an explanation of tier-pricing, see page 81. Trip prices do not include airfare. ♦ Described below are our fall 1992 and 1993 International Trips. ♦ **Our 1993 Domestic Winter Outings** are listed on page 78.

AFRICA

Tanzania Wildlife Safari—June 19–July 3, 1993. A variety of experiences awaits us on this comprehensive safari. We'll visit the prime wildlife-viewing areas of Ngorongoro Crater, Lake Manyara, Tarangire, and the Serengeti as well as lesser-known Lake Natron, Mt. Meru, and Lolisikwan, where we will explore by vehicle and on foot. Our accommodations will be in comfortable tent camps and lodges. For two days we'll enjoy the sights of Nairobi, Kenya. *Leader: Ruth Dyche. Price: $3,880 (12–15) / $4,155 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[93770]**

Victoria Falls, Okavango Delta, and Wildlife Parks of Zimbabwe and Botswana—July 24–August 7, 1993. We'll marvel at thundering Victoria Falls and at seldom-visited wilderness areas unchanged through the ages. Hwange and Chobe national parks boast Africa's largest undiminished elephant herds as well as many other mammals. Our days will be filled with game-viewing from Land Rovers and blinds, and with optional walks. We'll experience the pristine wetlands of the Okavango Delta by dugout canoe and on foot. Here bird life is abundant and colorful, and photographic opportunities abound. Our comfortable camps will be located in remote areas away from other park visitors. Several airflights (not included in the trip price) will eliminate long drives. *Leader: Mary O'Connor. Price: $4,550 (12–15) / $4,825 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[93805]**

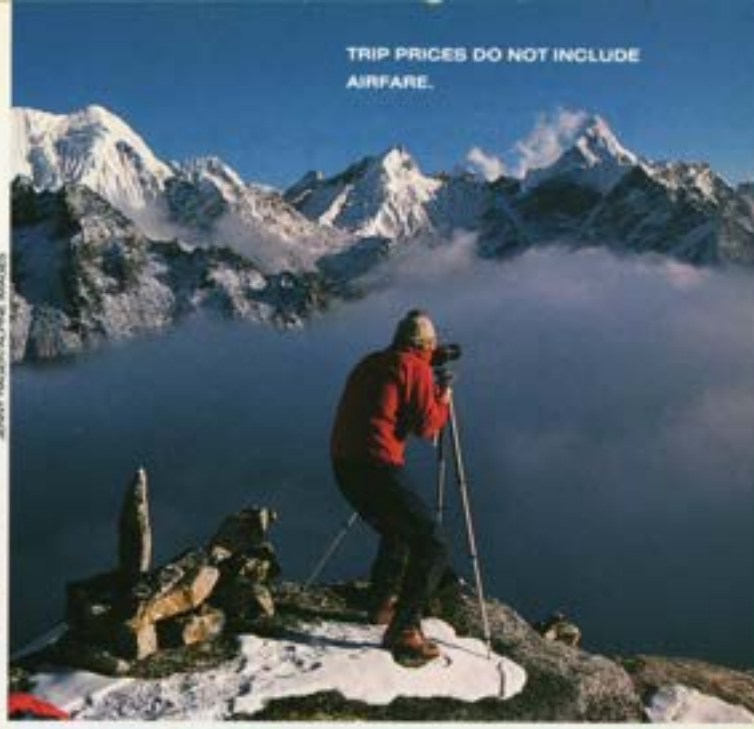
ASIA

Southern Dolpo: Pokhara to Jumla, Nepal—October 5–November 7, 1992. At the edge of the Tibetan Plateau in the Himalayan rain shadow lies beautiful Dolpo—the legendary "Hidden Land" closed to trekkers for years. Our journey into this wild and crystalline landscape begins as we head west from Pokhara. Crossing the Dhaulagiri range at Jang La (14,800 feet), we gain access to a world of rugged people and remote monasteries—including Ringmo *gomba* on the shores of unearthly Phoksumdo Lake. Our highest elevation will be 16,980 feet at Kagmara Pass. *Leader: Cheryl Parkins. Price: $2,855 (12–15) / $3,130 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[92665]**

Annapurna Sanctuary and Royal Chitwan Park Jungle Safari, Nepal—November 11–December 3, 1992. Beginning our trip in the magical city of Kathmandu, we'll explore its fascinating temples

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP RIGHT: TREKKER IN NEPAL WITH AMA DABLAM IN BACKGROUND; LION AT NGORONGORO CRATER, TANZANIA; FLAMINGOS AT LAKE BOGORIA, KENYA; NEPALESE YOUTH.

TRIP PRICES DO NOT INCLUDE AIRFARE.



and bazaars. Our moderate trek then takes us into the wondrous Annapurna Sanctuary, where we'll be surrounded by 26,000-foot peaks. Our highest camp is at 13,000 feet when we hike to the Machhapuchhare and Annapurna base camps. The adventure concludes with a visit to Royal Chitwan National Park, where we'll enjoy elephant rides in search of rhinos and tigers. *Leader: Laurie-Ann Barbour. Price: $2,170 (12–15) / $2,420 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[92675]**

Lamjung Holiday Trek, Nepal—December 21, 1992–January 3, 1993. Come spend the holiday season on this moderate 11-day trek through the charming Gurung villages located on the eastern slopes of the Annapurna range. Our route in this seldom-visited region takes us very close to Annapurna IV, Annapurna II, and Lamjung peaks. This trip emphasizes interaction with local people and our Nepalese staff. Many of our evenings will offer opportunities to join in local singing and dancing. Maximum elevation will not exceed 13,000 feet. *Leader: Peter Owens. Price: $1,490 (12–15) / $1,680 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[93700]**

Xishuangbanna and Hong Kong Too, China—December 22, 1992–January 3, 1993. With its heavily forested valleys and mountains inhabited by wild elephants, monkeys, leopards, and deer, Xishuangbanna is one of China's most exquisite natural areas. It is also home to 12 of China's ethnic minorities. Adding variety to our trip will be a visit to Kunming, the "City of Eternal Spring," and the nearby Stone Forest. We'll also travel to Lantau Island in the South China Sea, where we will enjoy staying in the picturesque village of Tai O and the Po Lin Monastery. With its festive lights, Christmas in Hong Kong will be an experience to remember always. *Leaders: Phil Gowing and Ruth Dyche. Price: $2,060 (12–15) / $2,305 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[93703]**

Gorkha Chitwan Trek, Nepal—February 22–March 12, 1993. Starting in Gorkha, our route will take us through Gurung, Tamang, and Brahmin-Chhetri villages and up rhododendron-covered slopes in full bloom. We will come close to the peaks of the Manaslu Himal in an area where Westerners seldom go. Our return is via the Tamang

International

village of Serandanda, famous for its Buddhist *gomba*. After the trek we will visit Royal Chitwan National Park for three days of elephant safaris. *Leader: Peter Owens. Price: $1,860 (12–15) / $2,085 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[93720]**

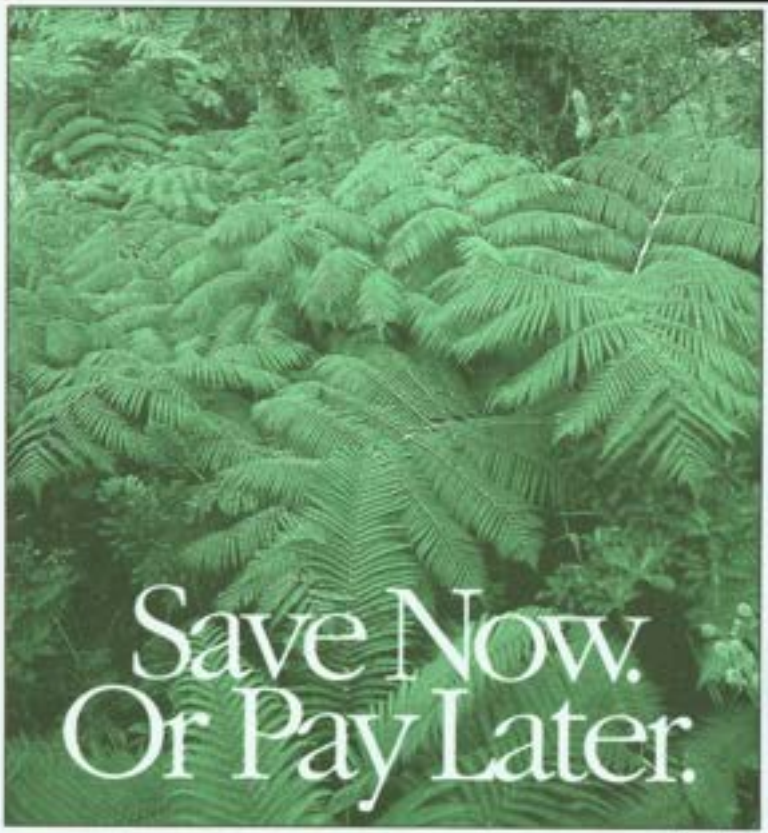
Tilicho Lake—Annapurna Circuit Trek, Nepal—May 3–30, 1993. With its breathtaking views of the 26,000-foot peaks of the Annapurna massif and the treacherous Dhaulagiris, Tilicho Lake is one of the most spectacular and highest lakes in the world. Our trek will take us gradually from the subtropical villages thronging with diverse Nepali and Tibetan peoples to Tilicho Lake just below 17,771-foot Thorong La pass. On our return we'll descend through one of the deepest gorges in the Himalayas, back to the welcome sight and bustle of Nepali towns. *Leader: Frances Colgan. Price: $2,430 (12–15) / $2,675 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[93740]**

A Hiking and Bus Tour of Central Asia, China and Russia—June 18–July 7, 1993. For those interested in current events and the history of Central Asia—as well as its monuments, astonishing scenery, and mosaic of peoples—this trip offers much that should satisfy. Enjoying the freedom of bus travel, we'll journey from Samarkand in Uzbekistan to Kashi, China, then north to the Fergana Valley in Kirgizstan and Alma Ata in Kazakhstan, collecting memories of dayhikes, tent camping, traditional inns, extraordinary markets, inland seas, and mountain passes. *Leader: Jerry Clegg. Price: $2,235 (12–15) / $2,480 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[93765]**

Mustang: The Forbidden Kingdom, Nepal—June 20–July 16, 1993. Not open to trekkers until this year, the Tibetan kingdom of Mustang stands alone: a unique, socioeconomic system of unparalleled contrasts—desolate landscapes, Buddhist monasteries, and a proud Tibetan people. The Nepalese government has given the Sierra Club special permission to visit this unearthly land located high on the Tibetan plateau, just to the north of the awe-inspiring Annapurna and Dhaulagiri massifs. From Kathmandu we'll fly to Pokhara and then to Jomosom (airfare not included in trip price). Four days of hardy trekking will take us to the entrance of Mustang, where we will spend seven days exploring. We'll return to Pokhara via the Kali Gandaki River gorge. *Leader: David Horsley. Price: $3,075 (12–15) / $3,350 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[93780]**

Throne Room of the Thunder Dragon, Bhutan—October 3–26, 1993. We will trek near the Lunana area, the highest and wildest in Bhutan. Following the routes of an early explorer, Augusto Gansser, we'll enjoy its high mountain views without traversing the logistically difficult Lunana Valley. During our exhilarating 17 trekking days we will also visit the Chomolhari region. Our trip

GORDON WILTSIE



Greg Vaughn

Our rainforests are precious ecosystems that exist nowhere else on earth. They are a vital link in the well-being of the planet. And they are being clear-cut and fragmented to the brink of extinction. Save the rainforests now by joining the Sierra Club. Losing them is too high a price to pay.

Join the Sierra Club

MEMBERSHIP FORM

When you join the Sierra Club, your voice will be heard on today's environmental issues through Congressional lobbying, grassroots action and public education. Help make a difference in the world. To join us, just complete and mail this membership form.

☐ ***YES,*** *I want to help protect the environment!*

NEW MEMBER NAME

ADDRESS

CITY/STATE ZIP

Membership Categories (CHECK ONE)

	Individual	Joint
REGULAR	☐ **$35**	☐ **$43**
SUPPORTING	☐ $50	☐ $58
CONTRIBUTING	☐ $100	☐ $108
STUDENT	☐ $15	☐ $23
SENIOR	☐ $15	☐ $23
LIMITED INCOME	☐ $15	☐ $23
LIFE	☐ $750	☐ $1000

Annual dues include subscription to *Sierra* magazine ($7.50) and Chapter publications ($1). Dues are not tax-deductible.

Enclose check or money order and mail to:

Sierra Club

Dept. J-130, P.O. Box 7959
San Francisco, CA 94120

Recycled Paper

FROM LEFT: HONG KONG; TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, BEIJING, CHINA; CHURCH TOWER, GALTUR, AUSTRIA; OKTOBERFEST IN MUNICH, GERMANY.

TO ORDER A TRIP BROCHURE, USE THE COUPON ON PAGE 80. TO APPLY FOR A TRIP, USE THE APPLICATION FORM ON PAGE 78.

samples Bhutanese culture, and our hiking days vary from about 8 to 15 miles at altitudes from 8,000 to 16,000 feet. With its abundant flora and fauna, Bhutan's unspoiled landscape is unparalleled among Himalayan countries. *Leaders: John and Jane Edginton. Price: $5,090 (12–15) / $5,370 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[93830]**

Rolwaling Himal, Nepal—November 22–December 14, 1993. Join our 20-day trek into the remote Rolwaling Himal west of Mt. Everest and a few miles south of the Tibetan border. Known as the "Furrow" in the Sherpa language, the Rolwaling has always held a mysterious fascination. Tales of the yeti, the elusive abominable snowman, have poured from the handful of Sherpas who live there. The lower Rolwaling is dominated by Gauri Shankar peak, while our highest camp at almost 15,000 feet is at the base of the great ice-wall of Chobotse. *Leader: Peter Owens. Price: $2,110 (12–15) / $2,335 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[93845]**

EUROPE

Mountains of Contrast: The Diverse Dolomites, Italy—August 31–September 13, 1992. The Dolomites offer a multitude of contrasts—geological, cultural, and scenic—from towering peaks to peaceful meadows and photogenic hamlets. Our walks of about seven miles each will include vigorous mountain hikes as well as casual village rambles. Accommodations in family-run hotels and *rifugios* and quiet moments to sip a cappuccino complete this special mountain journey. *Leader: Wayne Martin. Price: $2,670 (12–15) / $2,875 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[92655]**

The Dordogne: Its History, Culture, and Ecology, France—September 7–17, 1992. As guests of an environmental education center at Sireuil (near Les Eyzies), we will leisurely explore the history and culture of the fabled Dordogne region on foot and by minibus. We'll visit cave dwellings to see prehistoric painted figures and sculptures; tour fortified villages, riverbank chateaux, farms, markets, and cottage industries; and sample some of the valley's fine restaurants. A special treat will be an overnight canoe trip on the Vézère River. Environmentalists will meet with us to discuss local concerns. *Leader: Elaine Adamson. Price: $2,170 (12–15) / $2,445 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[92660]**

Romania's Fall Colors—October 5–17, 1992. Romania's variety of fall colors is rivaled only by its kaleidoscope of cultures: Roman, Turkish, and Hungarian. We'll visit Bucharest before traveling to Transylvania, where we'll tour ancient castles and take a ski lift to 7,000 feet for three days of hut-to-hut hiking (we'll need carry only daypacks). Then we'll travel by train to Constanta to relax on the beaches and take a short evening cruise. *Leader: Jim Halverson. Price: $1,905 (11–14) / $2,180 (10 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[92670]**

Winter in Austria: Cross-Country Skiing—January 23–February 6, 1993. Repeating this popular trip, we'll stay in two small villages, each for a week, and take a midtrip holiday to Salzburg. Lodging is in comfortable family inns serving marvelous Austrian cuisine. Prepared tracks start almost at our door and lead over snow-covered hills to nearby villages and along forested trails to mountain chalets. Several excursions are planned to sample the ski trails at some of the country's most famous ski centers. Trip price includes ski rental and instruction, a sleigh ride and sledding, music, and more. This is a trip for all levels of skiers. *Leader: Carol Dienger. Price: $2,575 (12–15) / $2,850 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[93705]**

A Leisurely Tour of Picturesque Portugal—May 9–23, 1993. Departing Lisbon by van, we will explore scenic northern Portugal, a region not yet spoiled by tourism. Wending our way along the eastern border with Spain, we'll stop to walk and browse in the ancient walled cities of Montsaraz and Guarda, built by the Moors and Romans. Then, turning west toward the Atlantic Ocean, we'll spend several days in forested national parks and in valleys with exquisitely terraced vineyards—the source of famous Port wines. Along the coast we'll visit small fishing villages and tramp pristine beaches and dunes. Our return to Lisbon is via the beautiful Estoril coastline. *Leader: Ray*

International

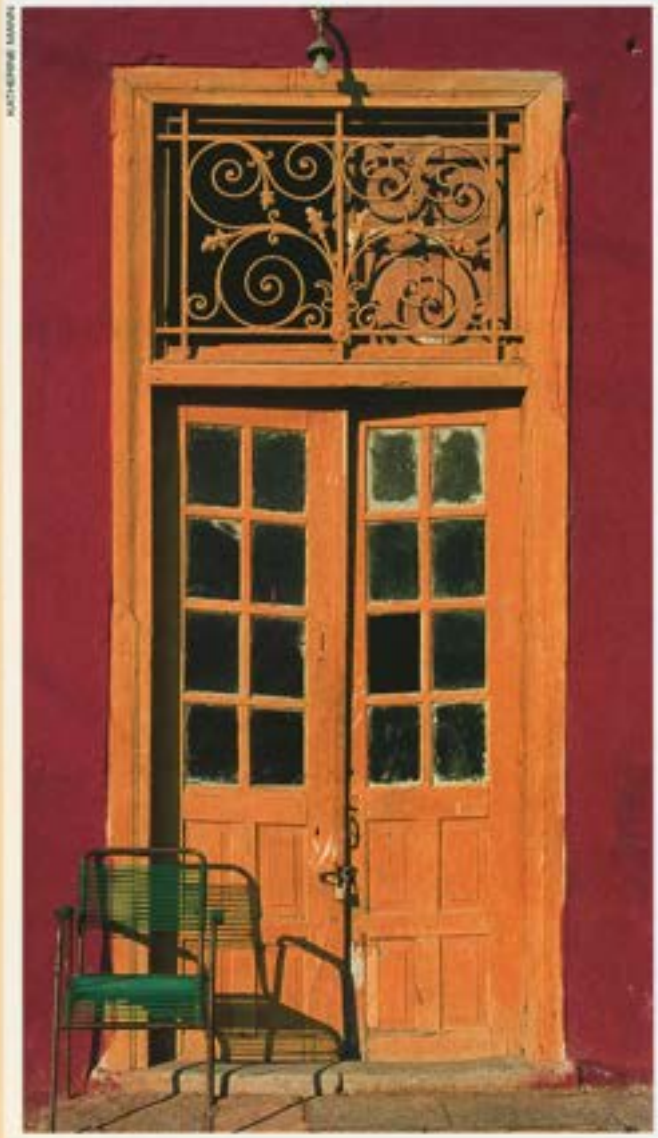
CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: TAVERN DOOR, IDHRA ISLAND, GREECE; CORINTH, GREECE; DONEGAL COUNTY, IRELAND.


LAUREN WOODLEY

Simpson. Price: $2,795 (12–15) / $3,075 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200. **[93745]**

Hiking and Island-Hopping in Greece—May 15–30, 1993. Zorba's free spirit will inspire us as we experience the many gifts of Greece. From comfortable hotels, family pensions, and a mountain refuge, we will dayhike, visit ancient ruins (including the Acropolis, Delphi, Corinth, and the cliff-top monasteries of Meteora), and explore picturesque islands in the Aegean Sea. We'll travel by van, train, hydrofoil, ferry, and on foot. *Leader: Carolyn Castleman. Price: $3,070 (12–15) / $3,345 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[93750]**

England's Coast to Coast Walk: From the Irish Sea to the North Sea—May 23–June 5, 1993. Join us on a walk across the breadth of England through three of the country's most scenic national parks—the Lake District, the Yorkshire Dales, and the North York Moors. Our moderate daily hikes will take us to the towns of Grasmere, Keld, and Robin Hood's Bay—pastoral England at its finest! Our luggage will be transported each day by minibus to our overnight accommodations in comfortable lodges and bed-and-breakfasts, where we'll meet fellow hikers from around the world. *Leader: Lou Wilkinson. Price: $2,605 (11–14) / $2,910 (10 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[93755]**


KATHERINE MANN

Walking the Dingle Peninsula, Ireland—June 13–19, 1993. Starting in Tralee, County Kerry, we will walk the gentle trails of the Dingle Peninsula past fascinating archaeological sites. We'll hear lilting Irish folk music at a unique musical theater and stay in quaint bed-and-breakfasts. Our luggage will be transported for us so we need carry only daypacks. On the last leg of our walk, looking out over the Atlantic Ocean, we'll be in "the nearest parish to America." This trip can be taken as an extension of trip #93785. *Leader: Lou Wilkinson. Price: $1,465 (11–14) / $1,685 (10 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[93760]**

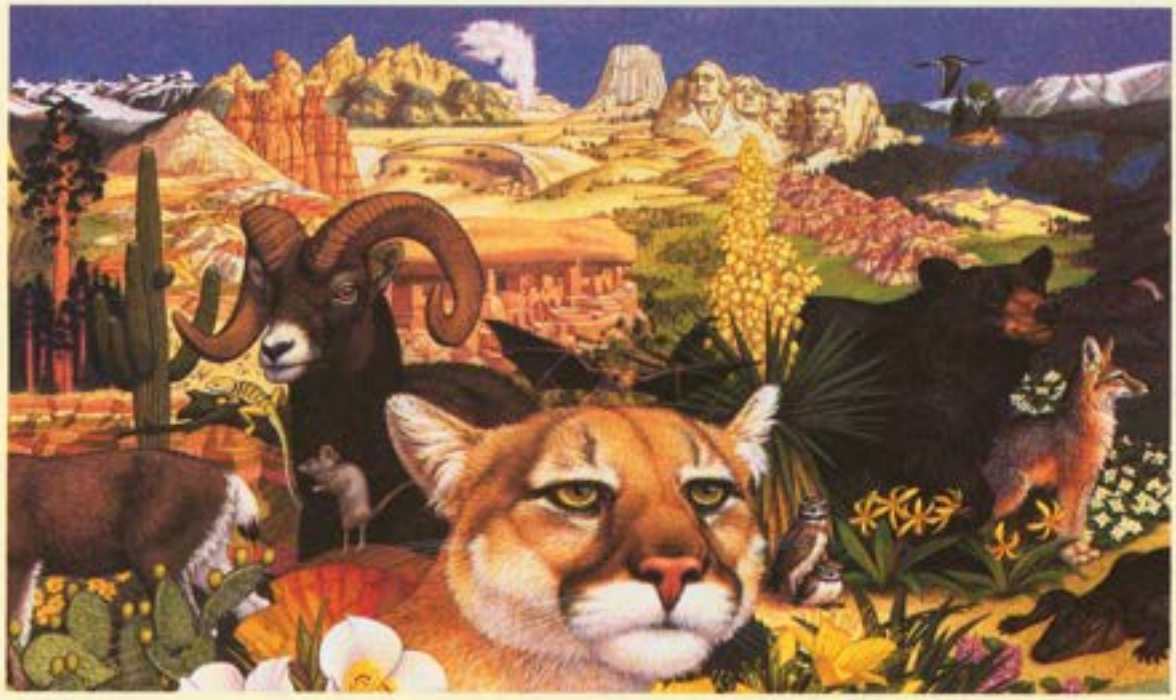
Bike and Hike in Ireland—June 21–July 4, 1993. Ours will be a vehicle-supported, leisurely paced bicycle tour of the west of Ireland suitable for all ages and skills. We'll explore ancient ruins, prehistoric ringforts, peat bogs, the Aran Islands, and enjoy optional mountain hikes. Our accommodations will be in cozy bed-and-breakfasts. At night, we'll enjoy music and dancing in traditional Irish pubs. Only lively, life-loving souls need apply. This trip can be taken as an extension of trip #93760. *Leader: Patrick Colgan. Price: $2,600 (12–15) / $2,875 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[93785]**


JOHN FARLEY

• ACADIA • KINGS CANYON • ARCHES • HOT SPRINGS • BISCAYNE • YELLOWSTONE • SEQUOIA • GRAND TETON • CARLSBAD CAVERNS • ZION • VOYAGEURS • MESA VERDE • SHENANDOAH • BADLANDS • CAPITOL REEF • VIRGIN ISLANDS • GRAND CANYON • PETRIFIED FOREST • DENALI • CHANNEL ISLANDS • BRYCE CANYON • EVERGLADES • HALEAKALA • MOUNT RAINIER • ISLE ROYALE • LASSEN VOLCANIC • WIND CAVE • YOSEMITE • BIG BEND • NORTH CASCADES • GUADALUPE MOUNTAINS • ROCKY MOUNTAIN • THEODORE ROOSEVELT •

HI-TEC POSTERS FOR PARKS
FIRST EDITION

THE FUTURE OF OUR NATIONAL PARKS IS IN YOUR HANDS



Your purchase of our First Edition National Parks Commemorative Poster will provide funds for projects in our National Parks, Monuments and Historic Sites. All net proceeds will go directly to these projects via the National Parks And Conservation Association, a nonprofit citizen group committed to the preservation of America's natural and cultural heritage. For only $6.90 you'll receive a beautifully illustrated 19 x 33 inch poster featuring the flora, fauna and geographical landmarks from dozens of National Parks and Monuments. It's suitable for framing and makes an excellent educational tool. This is your chance to help our National Parks and to enjoy their unique beauty on your wall.

OUR NATIONAL PARKS

Space for this ad was made available by:

SIERRA

To order your poster send a check or money order (do not send cash) in the amount of $6.90 per poster made payable to: National Parks Poster Offer PO Box 5664 Stacy MN 55078

Please Print Clearly:

Number Of Posters Ordered _____ Amount Enclosed _____

Name _____

Address _____ Apt No. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

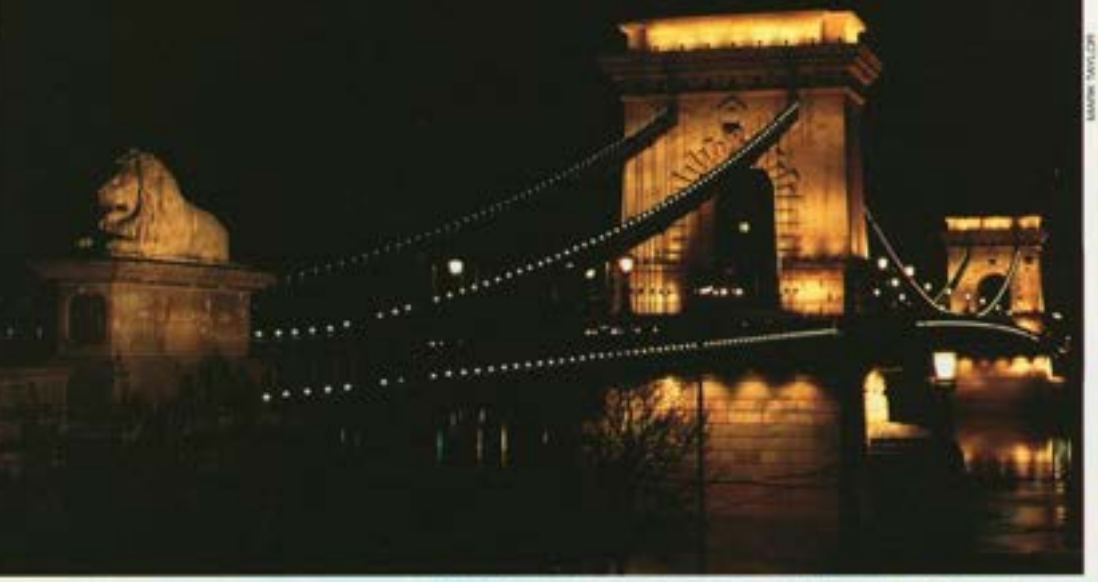
Allow 8 weeks for shipment. Offer valid only in U.S.A. Orders must be received by 12/31/92.

The Posters For Parks Series is sponsored by Hi-Tec Sports

HI-TEC

• MAMMOTH CAVE • HAWAII VOLCANOES NATIONAL PARKS AND CONSERVATION ASSOC. GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS • GLACIER •

International



MARK TAYLOR

FROM TOP: BRIDGE OF CHAINS, BUDAPEST, HUNGARY; WILDFLOWERS IN SWITZERLAND; SALZBURG, AUSTRIA.

WAYNE R. WOODRUFF

Wilderness Adventuring in Historic Poland—June 28–July 17, 1993. Capture an exciting combination of splendid scenery, moderate to challenging dayhikes, whitewater rafting, and visits to historical sites on this first ever Sierra Club journey to Poland. From the high Tatra Mountains (maximum elevation 7,600 feet) to Kampinowski National Park in the lowlands, our wilderness odyssey for experienced hikers includes six national parks. Visits to Warsaw, ancient Krakow and Kasimierz, and the delightful village of Zakopane will reveal a proud cultural heritage. Accommodations include mountain huts, country hostels, and city hotels. *Leader: Bud Bollock. Price: $2,660 (12–15) / $2,935 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[93795]**

JOHN TAPLEY

Hungary: A New Experience—August 3–14, 1993. Try something new and different this summer—join the Sierra Club's first outing to Hungary. On our ten-day hike, we will explore national parks in the Mátra and Bükk mountain ranges. Hiking moderately difficult trails between picturesque villages, we'll meet friendly and hospitable people, and enjoy rustic hotels, Turkish hot baths, and Hungarian cuisine. A visit to the pearl of the Danube, Budapest and its environs, concludes our venture. *Leader: Bert E. Gibbs. Price: $2,375 (12–15) / $2,650 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[93810]**

Hut Hopping in Austria's Alps and Italy's Dolomites—August 7–22, 1993. A week of leisurely hiking begins our outing in the Italian Dolomites east of Bolzano. We'll graduate to moderate hiking our second week in the Niedere Tauren Alps in Austria. Accommodations include *rifugios* and huts with great food and gregarious local hikers. We need carry only our personal gear and our lunches. Expect hiking distances of six miles and elevation changes of 3,000 feet. On short hiking days, side trips and peak climbing are possible. *Leader: Wayne R. Woodruff. Price: $2,355 (12–15) / $2,625 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[93815]**

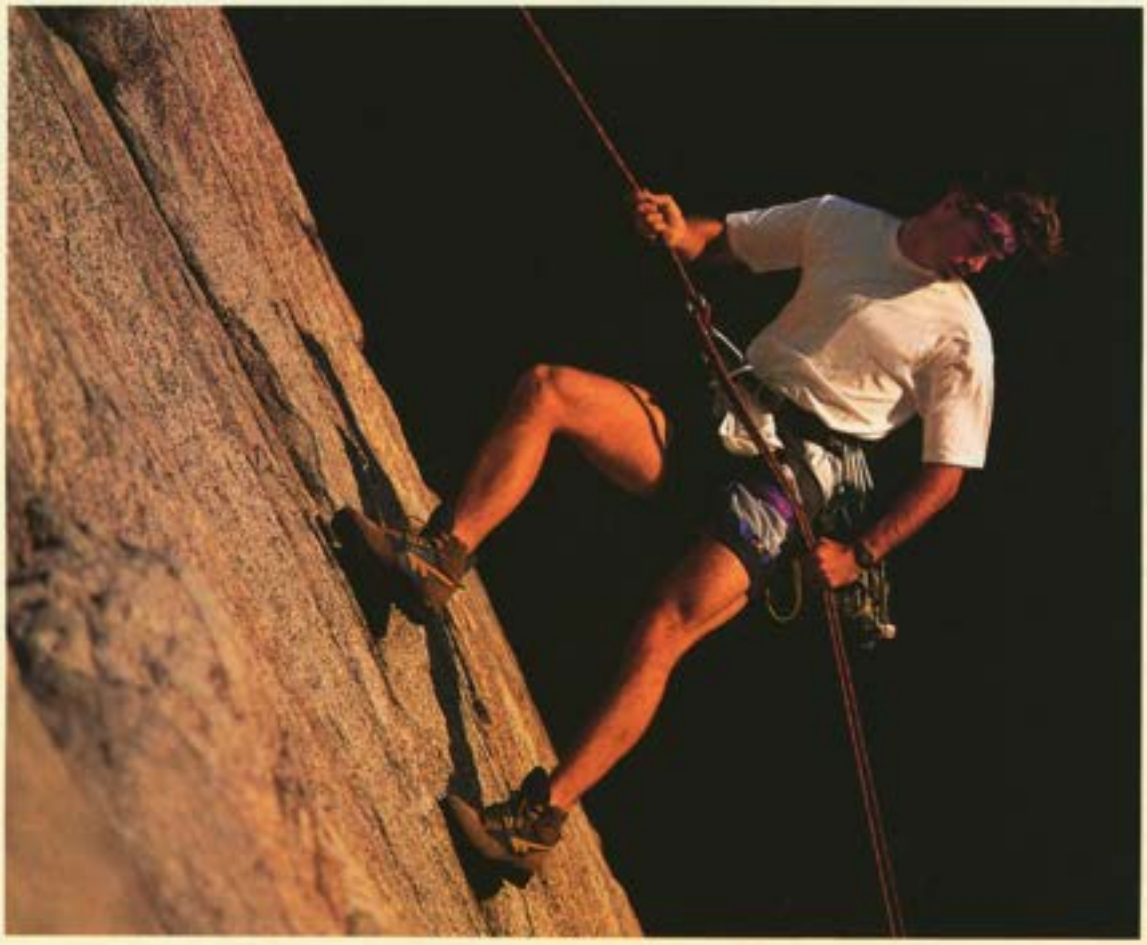
Hiking in the Land of the Midnight Sun: Finland and Russia—August 22–September 4, 1993. Guided by a Finnish Laplander, we'll backpack for five days into a region of endless forests, giant fells, and great silences, broken only by our quiet footsteps on the tundra. We'll also see the sights of Helsinki and boat to interlocking islands to visit Finland's Castle, outdoor museums, and ancient forts. A train will take us to St. Petersburg for a two-day visit to the "Venice of the North." *Leader: Jim Halverson. Price: $2,630 (11–14) / $2,935 (10 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[93820]**

Paris, France: A Non-Tourist View—September 20–29, 1993. From our small but modern hotel on the Left Bank, we'll walk and use public transit to visit ethnic neighborhoods, parks, outdoor markets, and sidewalk cafes—getting a feeling for how Parisians live. We'll take our meals in a variety of restaurants, meet with environmentalists to learn about local problems and solutions, tour the control center of the Paris Metro, and visit the produce markets at Rungis just outside the city. We'll also hike the Forest of Fontainebleau south of Paris—a favorite Parisian Sunday excursion. *Leaders: Sandy Tepfer and Lynne Simpson. Price: $2,490 (12–15) / $2,765 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[93825]**

• ACADIA • KINGS CANYON • ARCHES • HOT SPRINGS • BISCAYNE • YELLOWSTONE • SEQUOIA • GRAND TETON • CARLSBAD CAVERNS • ZION • VOYAGEURS • MESA VERDE • SHENANDOAH • BADLANDS • CAPITOL REEF • VIRGIN ISLANDS • GRAND CANYON • PETRIFIED FOREST • DENALI • CHANNEL ISLANDS • BRYCE CANYON • EVERGLADES • CRATER LAKE • HAWAII VOLCANOES • MAMMOTH CAVE • GLACIER • CANYONLANDS • REDWOOD • GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS • MT. RUSHMORE • HALEAKALA • MOUNT RAINIER • ISLE ROYALE • LASSEN VOLCANIC • WIND CAVE • YOSEMITE • BIG BEND • NORTH CASCADES • GUADALUPE MOUNTAINS • ROCKY MOUNTAIN • THEODORE ROOSEVELT •

THE FUTURE OF OUR NATIONAL PARKS IS IN YOUR HANDS...

...AND ON YOUR FEET.



As a company dedicated to the enjoyment of the outdoors, Hi-Tec has made a commitment to helping the National Parks. See your Hi-Tec dealer to find out how you and the *Hi-Tec Posters For Parks* program can make a difference and make your plans to enjoy a National Park this year.

HI-TEC

Tested To The Ends Of The Earth

SEE YOUR PARTICIPATING HI-TEC DEALER FOR DETAILS ON WINNING ONE OF FIVE NATIONAL PARK VACATIONS.

Hi-Tec Sports USA, Inc. • 4801 Stoddard Road • Modesto, CA 95356 • Outside CA: (800) 521-1698 • Inside CA: (800) 558-8580 • Canada (416) 564-0414/5/6

International

LATIN AMERICA

Holidays in Belize, Central America—December 20–28, 1992. Using a rustic lodge as our base, we'll explore Belize's lush interior, touring limestone caves and Mayan ruins, and rafting a gentle jungle river. A short plane flight to Flores, Guatemala, enables us to spend a full day at the magnificent Mayan ruins of Tikal. Then we'll move to the Caribbean coast and a palm-fringed island adjacent to a barrier reef. We'll stay at a simple guesthouse on the beach, snorkel in crystal-clear water, and feast on fresh seafood. *Leader: Mary O'Connor. Price: $1,855 (12–15) / $2,095 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[92678]**

A Holiday Adventure: Rio de Janeiro and the Rainforests of Brazil—December 20–31, 1992. Make these holidays an adventure you'll never forget by exploring the endangered rainforests of Brazil. From the beaches of Ilha Grande, a rustic island paradise set in a turquoise sea, to the high-altitude meadows of mountainous Itatiaia, Brazil's oldest national park, skilled guides will introduce us to the treasures these forests hold and the perils that threaten their existence. We'll spend Christmas in Paraty, an exquisite Portuguese colonial town, and we'll celebrate New Year's Eve on exotic Copacabana beach. *Leader: Gail Solomon. Price: $2,850 (12–15) / $3,125 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[92680]**

Mexico's Copper Canyon Challenge—February 12–21, 1993. Travel from the Texas border to the heart of Mexico's canyon country, a rugged area several times the size of the Grand Canyon. We'll enjoy the subtropical vegetation, pass by the homes of the Tarahumara Indians, and visit remote mining villages. Along the way, we'll ride on the celebrated Chihuahua-Pacific Railroad that winds through the canyon country. Join us for this combination of backpacking and cross-cultural experiences. Previous backpacking experience is required. *Leaders: Roger Grissette and David Derrick. Price: $1,225 (8–10) / $1,415 (7 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[93711]**

Paine Towers Trek, Patagonia, Chile—February 18–March 4, 1993. Imagine yourself amidst grandeur the equal of Glacier, Yellowstone, and Yosemite parks. Forming the southernmost spine of the Andes, the snowcapped Paine Towers preside over immense calving glaciers, ice-berg studded lakes, grand cascades, and a rare diversity of landforms and wildlife. Join us on this moderate, packer-supported trek through wilderness solitude. Capping our low-elevation journey, we'll enjoy visits to the straits of Magellan, Punta Arenas, and the capital city of Santiago. *Leader: Bud Bullock. Price: $2,480 (12–15) / $2,755 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200* **[93715]**

Belize: Reef and Ruins, Central America—March 5–16, 1993. Using a working ranch as our base, we'll explore Belize's lush interior. Then we'll travel to neighboring Guatemala, where we'll visit the island city of Flores and have two full days to experience the magnificent Mayan ruins at Tikal. Returning to Belize's Caribbean coast, we'll spend the remainder of our trip on a palm-fringed island next to a barrier reef. Here we'll snorkel in crystal-clear water, learn about local conservation issues, and feast on fresh seafood. *Leader: Lola Nelson-Mills. Price: $2,315 (10–12) / $2,570 (9 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[93725]**

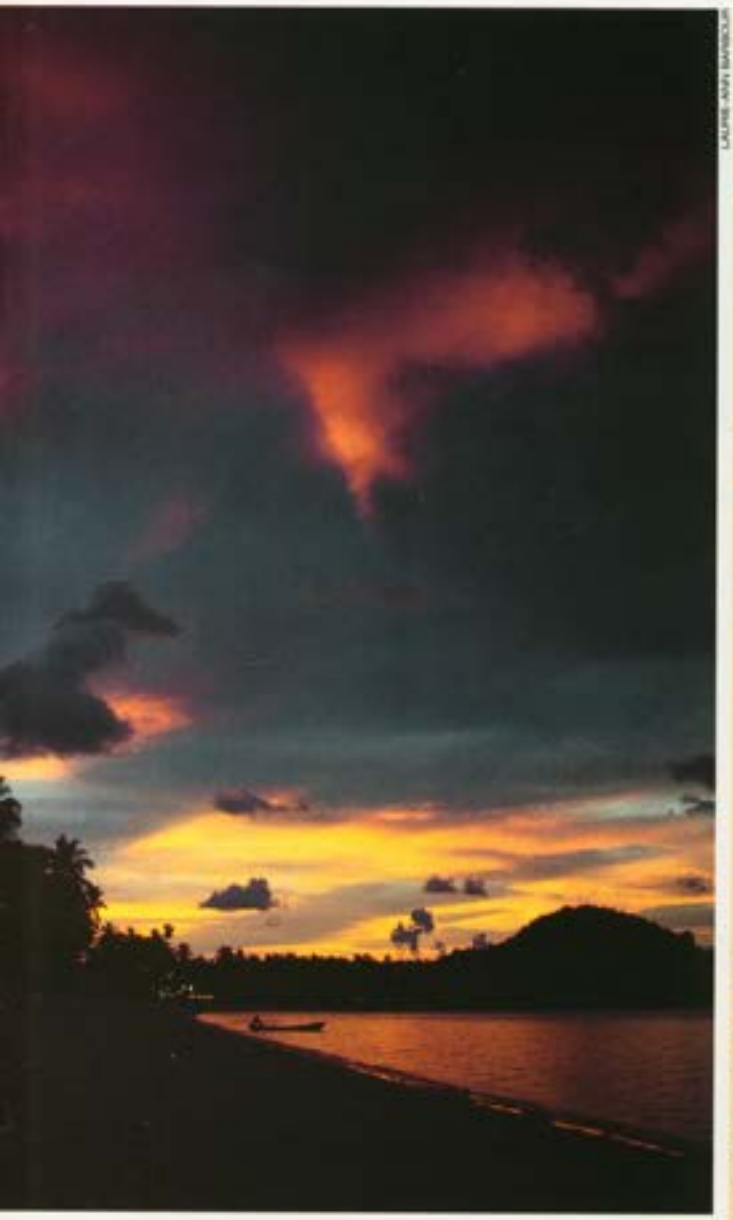
River Rafting and Rainforest Adventure, Costa Rica—April 12–21, 1993. A natural history paradise, Costa Rica possesses unmatched biological diversity. We'll view an active volcano at Poas National Park, then explore Corcovado National Park for three days—an unprecedented opportunity to view its unique wildlife. We'll also visit an archaeological site in the premontane forest of the Guayabo River Canyon. But the highlight of our trip will be three days of rafting on two of the most beautiful rivers in the tropics—the Pacuare and Reventazon, where we'll relish waterfalls, rapids, and inviting pools. *Leader: R. Kurt Menning. Price: $2,150 (12–15) / $2,415 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[93730]**

A Sailing Sojourn to the British Virgin Islands—April 20–27, 1993. Come sail among the mountainous British Virgin Islands aboard a 50-foot yacht. We will hike through tropical forests, snorkel over coral reefs, and relax on white sand beaches. Our trip starts on the main island of Tortola. We will explore a different island each day and anchor in coves at night. No sailing experience is necessary. *Leader: Chuck Blouin. Price: $2,375 (6–8) / $2,830 (5 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[93735]**

Ecuador: Galápagos Islands and the Amazon Rainforest—June 20–July 3, 1993. Experience many different worlds by traveling from Darwin's "Showcase of Evolution" to the extraordinary Amazon rainforests. See exotic and rare birds, giant tortoises, and unusual wildlife—and swim with penguins and sea

FAR LEFT: POAS VOLCANO NATIONAL PARK, COSTA RICA; LEFT: LORONA WATERFALLS, CORCOVADO NATIONAL PARK, COSTA RICA; BELOW: SUNSET, THAILAND.

PLEASE READ THE RESERVATION AND CANCELLATION POLICY ON PAGES 80 AND 81 BEFORE SENDING IN YOUR APPLICATION.



LAURIE ANN BARBOUR

lions. Visit the Indian market at Otavalo and snowcapped Cotopaxi National Park. Accommodations include hotels, jungle lodges, and our own private boat as we sail among the Galápagos. *Leader: Carolyn Castleman. Price: $3,550 (7–9) / $3,930 (6 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[93775]**

Canoeing and Hiking in Brazil's Rainforests—June 22–28, 1993. From Manaus, we'll travel southwest to Careiro by boat, Land Rover, and canoe. From Careiro, we'll canoe quietly across Lake Jamu to a base camp deep in a wondrous and verdant rainforest. We'll take special excursions into the forest at night to observe the flora and fauna, visit an Indian village, and enjoy treks with our Indian guides. This trip is a unique opportunity to learn about a rainforest ecosystem and the people who make it their home. *Leader: J. Victor Monke. Price: $1,715 (12–15) / $1,945 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[93790]**

River Rafting and Rainforest Adventure, Costa Rica—October 19–28, 1993. See description for trip #93730 above. *Leader: Blaine LeCheminant. Price: $2,150 (12–15) / $2,415 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[93835]**

Picturing Costa Rica—November 7–17, 1993. A conservationist's joy, Costa Rica embraces rich biological diversity and environmental awareness. Coupled with a fascinating and vibrant culture, the country is a photographer's dream. A diversity of experiences awaits us: a lowland tropical forest in Corcovado National Park; Poas National Park with its active volcano; the archaeological sites of Guayabo National Monument; and Braulio Carillo National Park with over 500 species of birds. Accompanied by experienced guides, we'll work to improve our photographic skills and expression. Non-photographers are also welcome. *Leader: Dolph Amster. Price: $2,140 (12–15) / $2,405 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[93840]**

Ecuador: Galápagos Islands and the Amazon Rainforest—December 19, 1993–January 1, 1994. See description for trip #93775 above. *Leader: Mary O'Connor. Price: $3,550 (7–9) / $3,930 (6 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[94500]**

Holidays in Belize, Central America—December 20–28, 1993. See description for trip #92678 above. *Leader: Sallee Lotz. Price: $2,055 (12–15) / $2,320 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[93850]**

River Rafting and Rainforest Adventure, Costa Rica—December 20–29, 1993. See description for trip #93730 above. *Leader: Harry A. Neal III. Price: $2,150 (12–15) / $2,415 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[93855]**

PACIFIC BASIN

Exploring New Zealand—February 7–27, 1993. New Zealand offers the visitor many outdoor activities. Beginning in Auckland, we will explore the country's attractions by day-hiking and sightseeing our way to Christchurch. We will see steaming volcanoes, erupting geysers, bubbling hot mud pools, a Maori village, a glowworm cave, the Kauri forest, alpine valleys, Milford Sound, snowcapped mountains, and glistening glaciers that extend down into subtropical rainforest. *Leader: Wayne Martin. Price: $2,965 (9–11) / $3,250 (8 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[93710]**

RUSSIA

Lake Baikal Service Trip, Southern Siberia—July 6–25, 1993. Lake Baikal, the world's deepest and most biologically significant freshwater lake, enjoys some protection from its national parks. But these beautiful parks need trail and campsite restoration. We'll work ten days and on alternate days, hike, sightsee, visit archaeological sites, and boat on the lake. Russian environmentalists and guides will be working with us to protect this jewel they regard as both sacred and threatened. *Leader: Cal French. Price: $1,705 (12–15) / $1,845 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[93800]**

Note: For more trips to Russia, see Asia #93765 and Europe #93820.

Domestic Winter Trips

BACKPACK

Backpack trips vary in length and difficulty. We have divided them into five categories: Light (L) trips cover up to 35 miles in four to five travel days, the remaining days being layovers. Moderate (M) trips may cover longer distances of up to 55 miles and involve more cross-country routefinding. Strenuous (S) trips cover as many as 60 to 70 miles with greater ups and downs and continuous high-elevation travel. Light-Moderate (L-M) and Moderate-Strenuous (M-S) are intermediate ratings. Individual trip brochures explain the ratings in more detail.

Clear Creek Winter Solstice, Grand Canyon Park, Arizona—December 17–22, 1992. Usher in the winter holidays and escape last-minute shopping hassles by hiking into the Grand Canyon. We'll delight in sunshine-filled trails above beautiful Granite Gorge. Two layover days give us time to explore Clear Creek and Cheyava Falls. At our first and last camps we'll enjoy post-dinner libations at the Phantom Ranch dining room! (Rated S) *Leader: Bob Madsen. Price: $360; Dep: $50.* **[92216]**

New Year in the Superstitions, Tonto Forest, Arizona—December 28, 1992–January 2, 1993. Celebrate the new year in the Sonoran Desert amidst the craggy peaks of the Superstition Wilderness. Come and learn the folklore of the famous Lost Dutchman Mine. We'll hike trails in the shadow of Weaver's Needle, see interesting archaeological sites, and have time for picture-taking, exploring, and relaxing. Expect brisk to cold nights and sunny days. (Rated M) *Leader: Bob Cole. Price: $300; Dep: $50.* **[93420]**

IMPORTANT INFORMATION ON SIERRA CLUB OUTINGS

1. All reservations are subject to the reservation/cancellation policy of the Outing Committee; leader approval is required for all outings.

2. A signed liability release is required for all international trip participants.

3. All participants age 12 and over must be Sierra Club members to attend an outing.

4. Your address may be released to other trip participants for ride-sharing or other trip-related purposes.

5. Not all trips can accommodate special dietary needs or preferences. Contact the leader for this information before applying.

6. Applications for trip space will be accepted in the order they are received at the following address:

Sierra Club Outing Dept.
Dept. #05618, San Francisco, CA 94139

7. Please do not send express mail to this address. Doing so will delay your application.

Outing Reservation Form

MEMBERSHIP NUMBER	TRIP NUMBER	TRIP NAME	DEPARTURE DATE

YOUR NAME	HAVE YOU RECEIVED THE DETAILED TRIP BROCHURE? ☐ YES ☐ NO
STREET ADDRESS	YOUR HOME PHONE ( )
CITY STATE ZIP	YOUR WORK PHONE ( )

PLEASE PRINT YOUR NAME AND THE NAMES OF OTHER PEOPLE IN YOUR PARTY	MEMBERSHIP NUMBER	AGE	RELATIONSHIP	NUMBER OF OUTINGS YOU'VE BEEN ON: CHAPTER	NUMBER OF OUTINGS YOU'VE BEEN ON: NATIONAL	YEAR OF LAST NATIONAL OUTING
1.			SELF			
2.						
3.						
4.						

PER PERSON COST OF OUTING	TOTAL COST OF THIS APPLICATION	DEPOSIT ENCLOSED	FOR OFFICE USE ONLY

Please make check payable to Sierra Club and mail to: **Sierra Club Outing Department,** Dept. #05618, San Francisco, CA 94139

BELOW: HORSESHOE MESA, GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK, ARIZONA; RIGHT: SUNRISE, HARRIMAN STATE PARK, IDAHO.

Florida Trail Odyssey, Ocala Forest—February 21–27, 1993. Warm your winter-weary bones and escape on a trip to Ocala, the southernmost national forest in the continental United States. We'll hike 38 miles of the Florida Trail in four days, enjoying a route that will take us to seldom-seen parts of the forest. Two layover days will be spent canoeing at Juniper and Alexander Springs where alligators and wading birds abound. Well-prepared beginners are welcome. Two food caches will lighten our loads. (Rated L-M) *Leader: Carolyn Williams. Price: $385; Dep: $50.* **[93426]**

Note: For more backpack trips, see international outings #93711 and #93820.

FAMILY

Everglades Park, Florida—December 29, 1992–January 3, 1993. Come enjoy the "River of Grass." We will be hiking through jungle trails, on raised boardwalks, and along the coastline. We'll canoe through dense mangroves, man-made canals, and muddy lakes. Whether hiking, canoeing, or relaxing, there will be plenty of wildlife to observe. For children six years and older. Canoe rental not included in trip price. *Leader: Martin Joyce. Price: adult $305, child $205; Dep: $100 per family.* **[93422]**

SKI

High Sierra Skiing, Tahoe Forest, Sierra—January 31–February 5, 1993. Take Nordic ski lessons and tours at the Sierra Club's own Clair Tappaan Lodge near Donner Summit—a wonderful opportunity to develop or improve such skiing skills as diagonal stride, Telemarking, ski skating, and other techniques in an area of heavy snowfall. You'll also enjoy warm accommodations, good food, a hot tub, and other lodge amenities. Your trip coordinator is a certified ski instructor. *Trip Coordinator: Jeff Hartley. Price: $340; Dep: $50.* **[93423]**

Wilderness Cross-Country Skiing in Copper Harbor, Michigan—January 31–February 6, 1993. Ski the Midwest's finest—the hills and woodlands of the Keweenaw Peninsula on Lake Superior, where the average annual snowfall is about 250 inches. Listen to the quiet of nature as you glide through the Keweenaw's pristine wilderness in this remote winter wonderland. No need to drive to the ungroomed trails—they're right outside the doors of our rustic cabins. *Leader: Donna Small. Price: $600; Dep: $100.* **[93424]**

Superior Ski Trails, Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness, Minnesota—February 8–12, 1993. Escape to the heart of the Northwoods snow country on groomed and tracked trails that wander quietly through pine and birch forests, between frozen lakes, then back to cozy cabins and home cooking. Ski in the gentle glow of lanterns, listen for distant wolf music, and relax in the sauna. Additional fun includes snowshoeing, ice-skating, and broomball. For intermediate-level skiers. *Leader: Faye Sitzman. Price: $600; Dep: $100.* **[93425]**

Reservation & Cancellati

Eligibility: Our trips are open to Sierra Club members, applicants for membership, and members of organizations granting reciprocal privileges. You may include your membership application and fee with your reservation request.

Children must have their own memberships unless they are under 12 years of age.

Unless otherwise specified, a person under 18 years of age may join an outing only if accompanied by a parent or responsible adult or with the consent of the leader.

Applications: One reservation form should be filled out for each trip by each person; spouses and families (parents and children under 21) may use a single form. Mail your reservation, together with the required deposit, to the address below. No reservations will be accepted by telephone.

Reservations are confirmed on a first-come, first-served basis. However, since acceptance by the leader is required (based on applicant's experience, physical condition, etc.), the reservation is confirmed subject to the leader's approval, for which the member must apply promptly. When a trip is full, later applicants are put on a waitlist.

Give some thought to your real preferences. Some trips are moderate, some strenuous; a few are only for highly qualified participants. Be realistic about your physical condition and the degree of challenge you enjoy.

The Sierra Club reserves the right to conduct a lottery in order to determine priority for acceptance in the event that a trip is substantially oversubscribed shortly after publication.

Reservations are accepted subject to these general rules and to any specific conditions announced in the individual trip brochures.

Deposit: A deposit is required with every trip application. The amount of the deposit varies with the trip price, as follows:

Trip price per person	*Deposit per person*
Up to $499	*$50 per individual (with a maximum of $100 per family on family trips)*
$500 to $999	*$100 per individual*
$1,000 and above	*$200 per individual*

The deposit is applied to the trip price when the reservation is confirmed. All deposits and payments should be in U.S. dollars.

Payments: Generally, adults and children pay the same price; some exceptions for family outings are noted. You will be billed upon receipt of your application. Full payment of trip fee is due 90 days prior to trip departure. Trips listed in the "International" section require additional payment of $300 per person six months before departure. Please note that payments are due at the above times, regardless of your leader-approval status. If payment is not received on time, the reservation may be canceled and the deposit forfeited.

No payment (other than the required deposit) is necessary for those waitlisted. The applicant will be billed when placed on the trip.

The trip price does not include travel to and from the roadhead or specialized transportation on some trips (check trip brochure). Hawaii, Alaska, and International trip prices are all exclusive of airfare.

Transportation: Travel to and from the roadhead is your responsibility. To conserve resources, trip members are urged to form carpools on a shared-expense basis or to use public transportation. On North American trips the leader will try to match riders and drivers. On some overseas trips you may be asked to make your travel arrangements through a particular agency.

Infrequently the Sierra Club finds it necessary to cancel trips. The Club's responsibility in such instances is limited in accordance with the Trip Cancellation Policy. Accordingly, the Sierra Club is not responsible for nonrefundable airline or other tickets or payments or any similar penalties that may be incurred as a result of any trip cancellation.

Confirmation: A reservation is held for a trip applicant, if there is space available, when the appropriate deposit has been received by the Outing Department. A written confirmation is sent to the applicant. The reservation is confirmed subject to the leader's approval. If there is no space available when the application is received, the applicant is placed on the waitlist and the deposit is held pending an opening. When a trip applicant is placed on the waitlist, the applicant should seek immediate leader approval so that in the event of a vacancy the reservation can be confirmed. When a person with a confirmed reservation cancels, the person at the head of the waitlist will automatically be confirmed on the trip, subject to leader approval. The applicant will not be contacted prior to this automatic reservation-confirmation except in the three days before trip departure.

Refunds: You must notify the Outing Department directly during working hours (weekdays 9–5; ph. 415-923-5522) of cancellation from either the trip or the waitlist. The amount of the refund is determined by the date that the notice of cancellation by a

For More Details on Outings

Outings are described more fully in trip brochures, which are available from the Outing Department. Trips vary in size, cost, and the physical stamina and experience required. New members may have difficulty judging which trips are best suited to their abilities and interests. Don't sign up for the wrong one! Ask for the trip brochure before you make your reservations to save yourself the cost and inconvenience of changing or canceling a reservation. The first three brochures are free. Please enclose 50 cents apiece for extras. Write or phone the trip leader if any further questions remain.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Please send me brochures for the following trips (order by number):

#_____ #_____ #_____

Enclosed is $_____ for extra brochures at 50 cents each.

DO NOT MAIL CASH. **#3**

Clip coupon and mail to: **Sierra Club Outing Department,** 730 Polk St., San Francisco, CA 94109

on Policy

TO ORDER TRIP BROCHURES BY PHONE, CALL (415) 923-5630 (24-HOUR VOICE MAIL). FOR GENERAL INFORMATION, CALL (415) 923-5522 (BUSINESS HOURS).

trip applicant is received at the Outing Department. The refund amount may be applied to an already-confirmed reservation on another trip.

The Cancellation Policy applies to all reservations, regardless of whether or not the leader has notified the applicant of approval.

The Outing Committee regrets that it cannot make exceptions to the Cancellation Policy for any reason, including personal emergencies. Cancellations for medical reasons are often covered by traveler's insurance, and trip applicants will receive a brochure describing this type of coverage. You can also obtain information regarding other plans from your local travel or insurance agent. We encourage you to acquire such insurance. Trip leaders have no authority to grant or promise refunds.

Transfers: For transfers from a confirmed reservation made 14 or more days prior to the trip departure date, a transfer fee of $50 is charged per application. Transfers made 1 to 13 days prior to the trip departure date will be treated as a cancellation, and the Cancellation Policy will apply. No transfer fee is charged if you transfer from a waitlist.

A complete transfer of funds from one confirmed reservation to another, already-held, confirmed reservation will be treated as a cancellation, and will be subject to cancellation fees.

Medical precautions: On a few trips a physician's statement of your physical fitness may be needed, and special inoculations may be required for international travel. Check with a physician regarding immunization against tetanus.

Emergency care: In case of accident, illness, or a missing trip member, the Sierra Club, through its leaders, will attempt to provide aid and arrange search and evacuation assistance when the leader determines it is necessary or desirable. Costs of specialized means of evacuation or search (helicopter, etc.) and of medical care beyond first aid are the financial responsibility of the ill or injured person. Since such costs are often great, medical and evacuation insurance is advised, as the Club does not provide this coverage for domestic trips. Participants on international outings are covered by limited medical, accident, and repatriation insurance. Professional medical assistance is not ordinarily available on such trips. Be sure your insurance covers you in the countries involved.

The leader is in charge: At the leader's discretion, a member may be asked to leave the trip if the leader feels the person's further participation may be detrimental to the trip or to the individual.

Please don't bring these: Radios, sound equipment, firearms, and pets are not allowed on trips.

INTERNATIONAL TRIP TIER-PRICING

International outings are tier-priced. This means a trip's price is dependent on the number of participants. Two prices are listed for a trip, showing the signup levels associated with each.

Final billing is based on the signup level at 90 days prior to the trip departure date. If the signup level goes up sufficiently between the billing and departure dates, the lower tier price will apply, and refunds will be issued after the trip is over.

Cancellations from trips where the tier price has changed are subject to our reservation and cancellation policy. All regular cancellation fees will apply.

Time or event of cancellation	Amount forfeited per person	Amount refunded per person
1) Disapproval by leader (once leader-approval information has been received by the leader)	None	All amounts paid toward trip price
2) Cancellation from waitlist, or the person has not been confirmed three days prior to trip departure	None	All amounts paid toward trip price
3) Trip canceled by Sierra Club	None	All amounts paid toward trip price
4) Cancellation from confirmed position or confirmed position subject to leader approval		
a) 90 days or more prior to trip departure date	$100 or amount of deposit, whichever is less	All amounts paid toward trip price exceeding forfeited amount
b) 60–89 days prior to trip departure	Amount of deposit	As above
c) 14–59 days prior to trip departure date	20% of trip fee, but no less than the amount of deposit	As above
d) 4–13 days prior to trip departure date if replacement can be obtained from waitlist	30% of trip fee, plus $50 processing fee, but in no event more than 50% of total trip fee	As above
e) 4–13 days prior to trip departure date if replacement *cannot* be obtained from waitlist (or if there is no waitlist at the time of cancellation processing)	40% of trip fee, plus $50 processing fee, but in no event more than 50% of total trip fee	As above
f) 0–3 days prior to trip departure date	Trip fee	No refund
g) "No-show" at the roadhead, or if participant leaves during trip	Trip fee	No refund

Mail checks and applications (excluding those sent by express mail) to:
Sierra Club Outing Department
Dept. #05618, San Francisco, CA 94139

Mail all other correspondence (including express-mail applications) to:
Sierra Club Outing Department
730 Polk St., San Francisco, CA 94109

Sierra Club Outings

730 POLK STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94109

TO ORDER TRIP BROCHURES BY PHONE, CALL (415) 923-5630 (24-HOUR VOICE MAIL). FOR GENERAL INFORMATION, CALL (415) 923-5522 (BUSINESS HOURS).

DANGERS IN PARADISE

Continued from page 51

nor of Oaxaca into revoking his support for the biosphere designation. "There have been enough decrees put upon the Chimalapas from Mexico City," booms Gilberto Pacheco. "We Zoques will decide how to manage our own wealth."

The first task is to deal with the proliferation of Christian fundamentalist squatter settlements, places with names like New Jerusalem, Oreb, Canaan, and Nuevas Maravillas ("New Marvels"). The Christians slash and burn the forest, sell the timber to sawmills in the town of Cintalapa, plant a single corn crop and then contract with ranchers to run cattle on the cleared land. Now, under the auspices of the PGE and the World Wildlife Fund, Gilberto Pacheco wanders the Chimis, cajoling the squatter communities into signing agreements to protect the forest. Under the pacts, the Christians are integrated into tribal administration and given title to the land, as well as technical help to promote environmentally sound agriculture. One such "peace commission" is leaving the next morning, Pacheco tells me. Do I want to tag along?

At daybreak, two carloads of sleepy-eyed Indians and environmentalists depart from the PGE's panda-decaled offices for an area 35 miles north of Cintalapa. The zone is prime poacher country, García warns—not only for tropical hardwood, but for even more lucrative *Chamaedorea* palms, tons of which are smuggled to the United States each year to ornament the corporate offices of Dallas and Houston. (Another illicit export is marijuana, a cash crop ever since logging roads opened up the forest in the late 1970s.)

It takes eight hours to travel 25 miles on a road that often has to be shored up to allow us to continue. Even so, one of our four-wheel-drives mires terminally in an unseasonable swamp, and we have to slog through a moonless night to reach the four-homestead settlement of López Portillo. "Don't be afraid," my guide assures me. "The snakes sleep at night."

The next morning, we set out on foot along a trail bedecked with orchids. After two hours we arrive in Nuevas Maravillas, an encampment of wooden huts hugging an erosion-scarred hillside. A blast from a cow horn summons the 70 villagers, most of them Tzotzil-speaking Seventh Day Adventists, whose heresy caused their expulsion from rigid Catholic communities in neighboring Chiapas.

"Chiapas has promised to give us this land," proclaims the mayor of the village. "We have another offer," counters Pacheco. He and the Zoques lay out their proposal, in Spanish and Tzotzil. "We want to invite you to join us in this agreement to defend the forests," says García, "because this is your wealth too."

The locals retreat for a long caucus on the town's basketball court. Finally elder Alfonso Gomez—who led his flock

to this tract of land from Bochil in the Chiapas highlands 17 years ago—rises to speak. "Many times the poor farmers take it into their heads that they will have more land by burning the forest," the old preacher sing-songs. "This is a lie. We know where these ideas come from—the cattle ranchers, the big landowners. To them it doesn't matter what happens to our mountains. So it gives us pleasure to say we are in agreement with the plan you have brought us." By mid-afternoon, the signing accomplished, the Zoques and their environmentalist allies return to the forest, accord in hand, singing.

Of course, many agreements are signed in Mexico, and it is the exception that becomes the rule. "What else can we do?" shrugs Gilberto Pacheco as we survey a logged-out hillside fringing Nuevas Maravillas. "Our forest is already disappearing. We don't want to end up like the *Lacandones*."

"Paradise Found at Huatulco!" Mexican travel brochures crow. "Beat the crowd! Be the first on your block to visit the tropical hotspot of the year 2000!"

When I first hiked the 300-mile Oaxacan coastline 30 years ago, tramping a rutted track that often disappeared into jungle, the Zapotec Indians whose villages I passed had never seen a real, live gringo. For centuries, the steepness of Oaxaca's seven mountain ranges running precipitously down to the sea have isolated this coast. The protected coves of Huatulco made it a refuge from cruel Pacific storms for fishermen—and other less savory seafarers. Three hundred years ago, Sir Francis Drake and the English pirate Thomas Cavendish sought shelter here. In 1983, says fisherman Gerardo García, the pirates returned.

In May of that year, 50,000 acres of coastal property were expropriated by presidential fiat, as Huatulco became the latest community to be sacrificed to Mexico's $2.6-billion-a-year tourist trade (an industry accounting for 38 percent of non-petroleum export revenues). Funded by Inter-American Development Bank credits and fat foreign investment, Huatulco is one of five self-proclaimed "mega-projects" of FONATUR, the Mexican government's tourism promotion fund. By the next century, according to the plan, the area's nine fragile bays and deep blue, coral-reefed coves will be ringed by 30,000 rooms and visited by 2 million tourists a year—a third of the nation's volume. "We like to call tourism 'an industry without chimneys,'" says SEDUE's Graciela de la Garza. Appropriate development of backward zones like Huatulco, she says, will convert the fight against poverty into "a strategy for conservation."

Only $1.5 million in compensation was offered to the evicted residents of Huatulco. Stubborn holdouts like García received less than $1,000 for 50-acre spreads, and land taken from local Indians for as little as $1.70 an acre now sells briskly for $12 a square meter. Those slow to leave were prodded by state police and private goons. The last holdout was Alfredo Lavariaga, the testy owner of a palm-thatched beachfront *palapa*. Two years ago he was gunned down by unknown assailants. "FONATUR sent someone to do it," sniffs García without hesitation.

Six of the nine bays of Huatulco are already being developed. Luxury hotels ring Tangalunda, empty restaurants crowd Santa Cruz, a "world-class" marina is being dredged at Chahue, and Organo Beach has been sold off to German investors. Huge "cats" crunch the jungle between Organo and Conejo, connecting the once-remote beaches. Concrete-block walls are thrown up right on top of the remaining villagers' palm-thatched huts. Chainsaws whine in the scrub as what is left of the native guanacaste, ocotillo, and macuín is cut down, uprooted, and replaced by ornamental hotel shrubbery. The changing landscape has displaced native birds, say disappointed birdwatchers, forlornly seeking to flush an orange-fronted parakeet or banded Pacific wren from the stubble.

Local SEDUE representative David Esponda is blasé about the loss of bird life. "We are making a paradise here," he tells me in his bare cubbyhole under the palatial FONATUR offices. "New birds will come." The most significant environmental impact Esponda can recall in four years on the job has been the disappearance of pesky insect life due to the urbanization of the jungle. Huatulco, he insists, is a new breed of responsible tourist development. "We are practicing a kind of eco-tourism."

Like the wrens, the human population has also been displaced. Several hundred families dislodged from Huatulco now live behind the hill in La Crucecita, where they can no longer hear the sea. The population, swollen by new arrivals from impoverished villages in the Oaxaca sierra, is increasing by 300 percent a year, making Huatulco the fastest-growing area in the nation.

The tourist invasion has resulted in prices geared to a dollar economy. With rents in the $300-a-month U.S. range, one-room apartments are shared by as many as ten minimum-wage workers. Just out of town, hundreds of undocumented Central American construction workers live in bush camps. Prostitutes roam La Crucecita's prefabricated plaza, the crime rate is skyrocketing, and big cocaine seizures were recorded here this year. "This was not what we had in mind when the government said it would bring us development," observes local magazine publisher José Luis Trejo.

What lies in store for Huatulco may be glimpsed just up the coast at Acapulco. Planned as a playground for foreign tourists in 1948, by the mid-1960s this ancient Pacific port had grown wildly out of control. Its shady hillsides were denuded by land speculators who sold off the cleared lots to newly arrived workers, and its bay grew so polluted by raw sewage that the famous divers from the high Quebrada cliffs were more at risk from what they fell into than from the actual plunge. In the summer of 1991, cholera spread like wildfire through the Acapulco slums, but the tourist industry quashed all mention in the local press so as not to tarnish further the allure of its blighted beaches.

Now similar warnings are sounding

POPULATION — OUR CHALLENGE TO THE ENVIRONMENTAL COMMUNITY

Many of the major environmental organizations have come to believe that U.S. population growth imperils their own goals.

We agree.

The problem is **how do you stop population growth**? Just stating the goal is hardly enough. Family planning by itself is not enough if women want more than two children.

U.S. population is growing about 25 million each decade. Fertility has been rising, and so has immigration. At recent rates, **we will pass 400 million around 2050**. This growth imperils our environment and resources, increases our dependence on imported oil, makes the transition to a benign energy system more difficult, leads to a more crowded land, complicates the problems of the cities, and makes it harder for our unskilled youth to find jobs.

Far from addressing the issue, **Congress and the President seem wedded to growth**. The President, in his State of the Union message, called repeatedly for growth to escape the present recession. Yet runaway growth — by another name — is cancer, and no material growth can be sustained forever on a finite planet.

Just three things determine population growth: **fertility, migration, and — when things get bad enough — mortality**. Our welfare, health care and taxation systems already encourage fertility (though nobody really planned it that way). **Yet the President and his putative Democratic opponents in this election year have been competing to offer better tax breaks for more children**.

For two decades every immigration "reform" has raised legal immigration, and Congress is usually ready to suspend the existing laws to legalize the presence of those here illegally — or those who want to come. Witness Senator Kennedy's "Irish relief act" of 1990, or his present proposal to forestall the deportation of Haitians. Or the special measures to allow whole groups or classes from some twenty countries to qualify as refugees or stay here legally. **Our short-term politics are moving us in the wrong long term direction.**

NPG believes that

- **fertility** can only be influenced, in a free society, by persuading women to want fewer children. The national goal should be "**stop at two**."
- **immigration** must be brought into a rough balance with emigration, so that it does not contribute to population growth.

We must, as a nation, learn to think of the population implications when we make our policies and laws. To be specific:

— **Welfare.** Job creation programs will bring down fertility by giving young women a sense of purpose and self-worth, as direct welfare will not. Welfare benefits, where possible, should focus on the children more than the parent. Creches. Food and health programs. Head Start. A child needs a good start, even if it is the eighth child. If the mother is the beneficiary, as in AFDC, the money may go astray, and why should she work, anyway? If she does, she may lose perks such as her own health care.

— **Taxation.** Our structure of deductions and tax credits should be reworked to reward those who have no more than two children.

— **Housing.** We should consider limiting public housing to two bedrooms. Encourage local governments to institute a graduated tax on larger accommodations, to create an incentive to keep families small.

— **Leadership.** We need to enlist political and social leaders and "role models" to spread the message that two is beautiful and three is bad.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

With such a program, we believe that the nation could set out on the road to a less crowded land and a happier relationship with the natural world in which we all live.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

NPG will undoubtedly modify these proposals and generate others, as we progress on the learning curve. The point is that it takes specific actions such as these, revolutionary as some of them may sound, to translate abstract views about population into concrete action.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

... **AND NOW THE CHALLENGE:** If you belong to an organization that calls for a halt to population growth, but does not agree with these proposals, what do **they** propose to do?

Ask them.

If you agree with us, and if you believe that the time has come to do something about population growth rather than just bemoan it, we invite you to join **NPG**. **We are the only organization that calls for a smaller U.S. and world population and for specific measures to achieve those goals.**

We hope to hear from you.

NPG is a nonprofit, national membership organization established in 1972. Contributions to **NPG** *are tax deductible. To become a member and receive our current and future publications, please send us your check today.*

Yes, I want to become a member of **NPG** *and help you work toward a smaller U.S. population. I enclose my check for annual membership dues.*

❑ $30 ❑ $50 ❑ $100 _____Other

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

Mail to:

NEGATIVE POPULATION GROWTH, Inc.
210 The Plaza, P.O.Box 1206,
Teaneck NJ 07666 S692

at Huatulco. Two years ago, the sprawling 500-room, 12-tennis-court Club Med at Tangalunda opened for business, and, despite a much-ballyhooed sewage-treatment plant, immediately discharged thousands of gallons of excrement into the blue bay. Fisherman Pedro Lara reported the spill. "We work the sea and it's our business to take care of it," he tells me on the veranda of his deserted restaurant, the next bay over in Santa Cruz. Although authorities insist that all hotel discharges conform to SEDUE norms, Lara suggests an interesting walk a curious reporter might take.

Sure enough, a few hundred yards down Tangalunda beach from the shimmering Sheraton compound, concrete culverts leak foul-smelling ooze into a channel of the bay. Posted next to the smelly trickle is a buckled sign by SEDUE, the Department of Magic Realism: *"Ecología es vida—mantenga limpia la playa,"* it says. "Ecology is life—keep the beach clean."

ON NOVEMBER 2, AS THEY HAVE EVERY Day of the Dead since the Ice Age, tens of millions of monarch butterflies were fluttering in from eastern Canada to the Sierra Chincua, a 10,000-foot high range of sawtoothed mountains four hours west of Mexico City. Here in Michoacán, as throughout Mexico on the *Día de los Muertos*, families troop out to the local graveyard to picnic among the tombstones and remember their ancestors. Usually, the arrival of the gossamer, orange-and-black-veined creatures lifts the spirits of 68-year-old Rafael Sanchez. But this year Sanchez is bitter.

"I've defended the monarchs since I was a child," the grizzled ex-miner complains. "I've even been shot at for defending them—and what has it gotten me? This?" He tugs on a tattered, butterfly-emblazoned jacket the Monarca Foundation gave him when Britain's Prince Philip visited his ramshackle home in 1988. Now Sanchez works as a tree planter for the foundation at what he says is subminimum wage; his legs hurt and he wants a

pension. At the door of the hovel where he was born, Sanchez is surrounded by 23 members of his impoverished family, including a retarded brother who punctuates the conversation by flapping his arms like a wounded butterfly.

Although monarchs are found from Europe to Tonga, the 3,000-mile Canada-to-Mexico migration is their longest. Each autumn, when the asclepsia weed begins to brown in eastern Canada, the butterflies consult their collective memory and head south. Flying six to ten weeks, powered by a few milligrams of nectar and fat, these fragile creatures somehow home in on the oyamel pine trees of Chincua. Some scientists think they are brought here by the magnetism of these iron ore–packed mountains; others say it's the angle of the sun's rays that tells them when they're home; still others think they sniff out the decaying remains of previous generations.

In February 1975, two more Canadian visitors arrived at Sanchez' barebones homestead, this time in a taxi. For 38 years, Toronto-based biologist Fred A. Urquhart and his wife, Norah, had been searching for the monarchs' winter habitat; townspeople advised them that Rafael Sanchez was the man to speak to about the *papalotes*, "kites of the mountain" as they are called in the local argot. Sanchez obligingly escorted the Canadian scientists to the *Llano de Papas* ("Plain of Potatoes"). When Urquhart saw the meadow ablaze with monarchs, he embraced Sanchez and, as the old miner remembers, "cried real tears."

Thirteen years later, Prince Philip stopped by Sanchez' hut to present him with an ersatz parchment proclamation declaring him a "Defender of the Monarch." Sanchez stuffs the document back into its royal purple, crushed velvet mailing tube. "This doesn't feed my family," he mutters. "What's worse, everybody here hates me now for closing the mountain."

Despite acid rain baths in their Canadian summer range, roadside pesticide poisonings in the United States, and deforestation in the mountain groves of oyamel pines here, the monarchs appear to be faring better than the local human population. Five monarch sanctuaries (only Rosario is open to the public) are administered by SEDUE and the Monarca Foundation, with financing coming from the World Wildlife Fund and the Canadian government. Today the sanctuaries crown peaks in the Chincua and Campanario sierras like hightop haircuts on hillsides shaved clean by decades of logging. Meanwhile, local officials say that since five other nearby peaks were decreed protected sanctuaries in 1986, a half-dozen sawmills have shut, and hundreds of former loggers and their families have migrated north to the United States to find their fortunes.

On winter weekends as many as 3,000 tourists flock to the 50-acre sanctuary, to which the Rosario ejido charges a $3 admission fee. Local farmers transport visitors up the dusty mountainside in their trucks, and a

brace of quesadilla stands garnish the sanctuary's entrance, but these concessions can scarcely replace the lost logging income. "This year I think I will have to go north with the butterflies," says Felipe Verdíos, a 41-year-old former logger. We climb into the sanctuary on a chill November afternoon; Verdíos excuses himself for a moment to stop a Mexico City tourist from smuggling a plastic bag of dead butterflies out of the reserve, patiently explaining that the monarchs won't return to Rosario if the corpses of their ancestors are removed. "Maybe it wouldn't be such a bad thing if the butterflies didn't come back," he jokes as we head uphill to locate a half-dozen *oyameles* to which the exhausted monarchs cling like a blanket of dusky paisley. "At least we could log up here."

"Our forest is what puts food on the table here, not the sanctuary," declares the Rosario ejido's commissioner, Marcelo Guzmán, who claims that production is down to 10,000 board-feet of pine a year. (Other ejido members say the total is considerably more, augmented by illegal poaching after the monarchs depart each spring.)

Although the Mexican government has protected 10,000 acres of mountaintop sanctuary, it has failed to ban logging in adjoining zones. The disappearance of surrounding forestlands lowers temperatures in the mountains; seven years ago, sanctuary guide José María Cruz counted nearly 3,500 dead monarchs per square meter after a heavy freeze. Continued logging on the lower slopes also reduces the white mulberry, wild quince, and myrtle the monarchs must consume to fuel their northward flight. Rosario residents recall how the monarchs once descended to much lower levels when these slopes were still treed; 75-year-old Augustín Garduno remembers how the butterflies would flutter about the ejido itself. "Kids would kill these *palomas* ("doves") just for fun," laughs the old logger. "Now we tell our grandchildren not to chase them or else the authorities will put them in jail."

"That's nothing," boasts ex-miner Alfredo García. "We used to pull off their wings and eat them up in Chincua. Now it's a sin. They'd hang me if they knew . . ."

Efforts to reforest the vanishing oyamel are now in process. The Monarca Foundation, which employs the embittered Sanchez, seeds 100,000 trees each year. Three years ago the Rosario sanctuary contained no more than 900 trees; today, a handwritten sign announces a total of 3,400—most of them, however, six-inch-high seedlings. It takes 30 to 40 years for these feather-fingered evergreens to reach maturity, and a century to grow to regal 100-foot heights.

The disappearing pine groves and the subsequent population surge on the lower slopes (Rosario is now home to 8,000 people) threaten the sanctuary's continued existence. According to Lincoln Brower, professor of zoology at the University of Florida at Gainesville, aquifers in the Chincua Sierra are drying up, and smoke from deliberately set fires and neighboring human settlements is driving the butterflies away. "If deforestation continues at this rate," he concludes, "I give the sanctuary no more than 20 years as a viable refuge for the monarchs." A Day of the Dead may soon come when the butterflies fluttering south forget the way back home and fly instead to the graveyard.

AFTER FIVE HUNDRED YEARS, THE PARADISE that Columbus found is tattered, soiled, yet still—just barely—intact. But preserving it will take more than the rosy promises of SEDUE. Environmentalists on both sides of the border must insist on actions to accompany the slogans, on a commitment to environmental protection that goes beyond public relations. If a free-trade agreement is signed, it must include strong environmental safeguards for all of Mexico, from Coatzacoalcos to the Tijuana border. Magic realism is not an environmental strategy; words and deeds must coincide. ■

JOHN ROSS *is a freelance writer and poet who specializes in Latin America.*

For more information, see "Resources," p. 98.

REVIEWS

KATHLEEN COURRIER

Sisters of the Earth
edited by Lorraine Anderson
Vintage Books; $13, paper

Do women see nature the same way men do? Yes and no, says the editor of this welcome new collection of nature writing by women in the United States over the past 100 years. Like men, avers Lorraine Anderson, women respond as individuals, "conditioned by both innate sensibility and experience," but women tend to relate to nature in a caring, humble, and appreciative way that has eluded most Western males.

The anthology reveals that perhaps the deepest connection between women and nature is the way both have traditionally been loved, hated, and used. This bond finds its most dramatic expression in the work of Susan Griffin, who describes animal hunts in the stock phrases of sexual conquest and likens chemically dependent agricultural land to a female lover deliberately addicted to drugs by a male who no longer wants to touch her.

Griffin's personified view of nature is but one of many that Anderson admits to the canon. The contributions to this volume are grouped around the themes of kinship, pleasure, wildness, solace, plants and animals, rape, and healing. But the diverse authors won't fall into line on any issue except the sheer importance of nature to the life of the spirit. To her credit, editor Anderson insisted only that each of these "sisters" know her subject and her craft.

Some of the authors delight in Earth's elemental magic and power to renew. Others equate the outdoors with adventure—being surrounded by a wolf pack in the silent arctic night or disgorged breathless from a cataract. By turns, nature comes off as challenging or comforting, fragile or immutable—not quite all things to all women, but almost.

The Covenant of the Wild: Why Animals Chose Domestication
by Stephen Budiansky
Morrow; $18

Pet fanciers have always tried to get the pick of the litter, but in a larger sense dogs—along with cats, goats, sheep, horses, and cows—have been almost as aggressive in choosing people as companions. Science journalist and sheep farmer Stephen Budiansky makes this point in a provocative new book on how animals came to be domesticated.

According to Budiansky, animals began to pal around with humans about an ice age ago. During the Pleistocene, rapid temperature changes played havoc with habitats and food supplies. In the ensuing extinction spasm, evolution favored animals with juvenile traits that made them appealing to *Homo sapiens*, who became their protectors. Those animals mature enough to reproduce but still immature enough to cower and play, to beg rather than forage for food, and to tolerate human beings and other strange species, managed to roll with the evolutionary punches. (Neoteny, as this phenomenon is called, explains why most dogs look a lot more like wolf pups than like full-grown wolves.) People helped these pliant and forever-young animals succeed by feeding, sheltering, and even breeding them—a cozy co-evolutionary relationship, but not a case of humans taming (and thus shaming) the beasts.

To some extent, this book is a reaction against the animal-rights movement, but Budiansky doesn't state the other side's case fairly. At times he mistakenly lumps animal-rights advocates and environmentalists together. More troubling, he equates all animal-rights types with the movement's most radical fringe, which he ridicules. Yet, while he observes that extinction is natural, he does not wink at human-caused extinctions. In the end, his careful reading of current science (he waffles only on the issue of where natural selection ends and human selection begins) does force us to question whether all animal species prize freedom as much as ours does.

Costing the Earth: The Challenge for Government, the Opportunities for Business
by Frances Cairncross
Harvard University Press; $24.95

Cries of "tax me!" may sound like suicide threats to those in business circles, but for polluting industries they may be preferable to crying "uncle!" once the limits imposed by regulation become clear.

So contends Frances Cairncross, environmental editor of *The Economist*, who believes the environment would be better off if market forces were harnessed more intelligently. Pollution taxes, for instance, strike her as vastly superior to regulations and other blunt instruments, since such taxes push people and companies to make more changes more efficiently than do standards and prohibitions (in part because pollution taxes could in theory be reduced to zero if polluting ceased). In many cases, Cairncross contends, taxing business can achieve the same ends as regulation, at a lower cost to society. And unlike regulations, taxes aren't easily circumvented by industrialists making cozy deals with government officials.

Unless industry cleans up its act,

READER SERVICES

Free brochures and catalogs

1. American Campground Marketing Just call our 800 number to receive information on campground memberships. Priced well below resort prices. 1-800-532-CAMP.

2. Audio-Forum Learn a foreign language on your own! Cassette/book courses in 76 languages from Audio-Forum. Free catalog.

3. Camp Trails Put the right pack on your back! Send for Camp Trails' free catalog outlining its full line of comfortable packs.

4. Campmor Complete camping and backpacking catalog features brand names at discount prices.

5. Club Paradise Choose to be natural at Club Paradise in Florida, the premier clothing-optional resort, located just north of Tampa. Free brochure.

6. Dreyfus Corporation "The Dreyfus Third Century Mutual Fund."

7. Eagle Creek manufactures functional travel gear. Our free "how to" guide prepares you for an international adventure. Call for the dealer nearest you. Call 1-800-874-9925.

8. HP Marketing The world's smallest 8 × 32 telescope: Monox T8. Radical, clean design. Somewhat larger than a credit card; weighs 2.2 ounces, fits pocket. German-engineered for highest quality optics. Amazing power.

9. Hangouts Handwoven Mayan-Design Hammocks A lifestyle-enhancer for indoors and outdoors. Compact for travel and backpacking. Features better back support than other designs. Free brochure.

10. Hans Klepper Circle our number for more information on Klepper folding boats. Free.

11. Hi-Tec Sports USA, Inc. Authentic, rugged footwear for those who have adopted the outdoors as a way of life.

12. Hubbard For a free full-color brochure that describes and illustrates Hubbard Raised Relief Maps, circle our number or call 1-800-782-0011, extension 82.

13. K-Swiss The Terrati combines the low weight and impact-absorbing features of a running shoe with the durability to handle trail-running, mountain biking, hiking, and orienteering.

14. Leica Binoculars Full-size and compact. Brilliant, sharp, rugged. Retractable eyecups. Close-focused. Lifetime warranty and three-year, no-fault passport protection. Free color brochures.

15. Merrell Our retailers offer a complete line of outdoor footwear. Send for a list of dealers in your area.

16. Mountain Safety Research Want innovative, quality outdoor gear for your adventures? Circle MSR's number for free catalog.

17. NHC, Inc. HearthStone Wood- and gas-fired stoves combining the beauty of natural stone and enameled cast iron. Free brochure. Call 1-800-827-8683.

18. National Audubon Society Expedition Institute Free information packet describes high-school, college, and master's degree programs.

19. Old Town Canoe Rediscover nature with Old Town Canoe's full line of canoes and accessories. Send for a free catalog.

20. P & O Resorts Australia's Heron Island and Cradle Mountain. Two reaffirming sanctuaries for man and nature, ready to revive your spirit. Free brochures. 1-800-354-7471.

21. Quest Free tent brochure with information on 13 tent models, ranging from two-man backpacking tents to seven-man family tents.

22. Save the Children promises you won't go broke giving $5 a week . . . you'll be richer. Free information.

23. Sierra Club Books Mail-Order Service Guide contains a complete list of Sierra Club books, 1992 Sierra Club calendars, and selected graphic products, including Sierra Club cups, T-shirts, pins, and other logo items. Free brochure featuring more than 200 items.

24. Sierra Club Planned Giving Life-income trusts and bequests provide tax and income benefits and support Sierra Club programs.

25. Skyflight Mobiles Colorful mobiles—wild animals, birds, marine mammals, and dinosaurs too! More than 60 designs. The perfect gift. Circle our number for a free color brochure.

26. Therm-a-Rest The original self-inflating mattress lets you enjoy sleeping comfort anywhere. Free brochure.

27. Tourisme Québec From fairytale châteaux to fabulous shopping, music festivals to *haute cuisine*, summer feels so different in Québec. And it all happens right in your backyard. Send for your free brochure today.

28. Tracks Walking staffs add comfort and security with every step you take.

Priced literature

61. Lindal Cedar Homes Vaulted ceilings, dramatic entries, expansive decks, and award-winning architecture. Explore it all in the spectacular 240-page Lindal Planbook. 1-800-426-0536. $15.

62. PowerBar T-shirt as worn by pros. 100% cotton, heavyweight, white with PowerBar logo. Large only. $8.

Sierra provides a direct line of communication between our readers and advertisers. To receive information from a *Sierra* advertiser listed above, circle the appropriate number on the reply card and mail the card with your check or money order (made payable to *Sierra*) to *Sierra* Magazine, Reader Service Management Department, P.O. Box 2674, Boulder, CO 80329-2674. Please allow six to eight weeks for delivery of most items. All advertisers have assured us that they will respond to each request, but *Sierra* is not responsible for their failure to do so.

Cairncross writes, it can't survive. She cites evidence that the greenest companies are the best managed. In the coming years, the "weakest companies will [lobby] hardest against environmental intervention" while market leaders will "try to get government to set standards . . . that they can meet but their competitors cannot."

If You Love This Planet
by Helen Caldicott
Norton; $10.95, paper

With assaults on the environment multiplying and most politicians fiddling while home burns, the urge to sum up everything that's wrong and prescribe a cure can be irresistible. This is especially the case if you are a political activist and a doctor, and even more so if you are already world-famous for taking on the establishment—especially, that is, if you are Helen Caldicott.

An Australian who lived and worked for 14 years in the United States, where she became an outspoken and effective critic of nuclear weapons, Caldicott urges us to tread the political path Australians have followed toward greater institutional and corporate responsibility. Among other steps in the right direction, mandatory voting and voter registration, stronger labor unions, a higher minimum wage, and publicly financed political campaigns would, she says, wrest control of the future from the corporate interest groups that Caldicott sees as the biggest obstacle to environmental progress. Internationally, she would have the rich nations forgive the crippling Third World debt that we all helped engineer, and block the drift in trade negotiations toward "a new legal world order" tantamount to "total transnational control of the resources of all countries."

Caldicott's "plan to heal the earth" bears the marks of an amateur. Her research is miles wide and inches deep, and her palette runs toward black and white. Consistency eludes her, too: She warns of global warming but touts methanol use—a wash from the standpoint of greenhouse-gas emissions,

since methanol requires more energy to produce (thus releasing more CO_2) than does gasoline. But *amateur* also means "one devoted to a cause." Devoted she is, and her message, that Americans have to take environmental issues personally, committing themselves "heart and soul," somehow shines through a scientific and political analysis best considered a college try.

Learning to Listen to the Land
edited by Bill Willers
Island Press; $14.95, paper

Bill Willers, a biology professor at the University of Wisconsin, is a born teacher. He wants us to learn our place by "listening to the land." By that he means getting a better fix on how nature works, but also—and this is the hard part—owning up to a bone-deep arrogance toward Earth that could undo both us and it.

The scientists and writers Willers rounds up in this powerful (though openly didactic) anthology seem picked to drum humility into the human brain. James Lovelock, who devised the Gaia hypothesis, depicts the natural world as "a living organism of which we are a part, not the owner, nor the tenant, not even a passenger." Biologist David Ehrenfeld decries the human tendency to "assume that . . . each of [nature's] other myriad creatures and workings can somehow be turned to our benefit if we find the key," and argues that all species and communities have a right to exist that we did not and cannot confer upon them. Paul Shepard, author of *Nature and Madness*, suggests that humans have strayed so far from nature and what it teaches that we have literally become babes in the woods, making our extended childhood a pathetic end in itself.

If the 28 essayists Willers has gathered are right, the practice of humility grows out of a felt understanding of biological diversity, informed concern about how our way of life affects other species, and enough civic drive to restore damaged resources and cap consumption. These ideas may be less than original, but they are argued here with memorable passion.

BRIEFLY NOTED

In the aftermath of the Tiananmen Square massacre of June 4, 1989, the crackdown on freedom of expression in China included an order to halt printing of a "subversive" book on the environment. When it first appeared in the late 1980s, ***China on the Edge*** (China Books; $29.95, cloth; $16.95, paper) circulated widely in the upper echelons of Chinese government and academia, creating a stir with its devastating critique of the country's failed environmental policies and its frightening prognostication for China's future. As might be expected, author He Bochuan, a lecturer in the Department of Philosophy at Sun Yat-sen University in Guangdong, cites population pressure as the greatest single threat to the Chinese nation. . . . With 50,000 chemicals in commercial use in the United States and another 1,000 added every year, who can be expected to keep track of their properties and potential hazards, much less know what precautions to take? Common sense calls for perusing and keeping on hand a primer such as ***Toxics A to Z: A Guide to Everyday Pollution Hazards*** (Univerity of California Press; $75, cloth; $29.95, paper). In this volume you'll find detailed but accessible information about some 100 of the more notorious health- and environment-threatening contaminants, including creosote (a wood preservative), vinyl chloride (responsible for that "new car smell"), and ethylene glycol (antifreeze). . . . Until the opening of Interstate 70 some two decades ago, Utah's San Rafael Swell was among the Lower 48's most remote, least explored scenic areas. Compared with such tourist meccas as Zion and Arches national parks, the Swell is still reasonably obscure, but its proximity to the Interstate has left the fragile area pockmarked by ORV tracks and otherwise abused. For this reason activists are seeking to protect large portions of the Swell, either as wilderness or within the bounds of a new national park. Yet even with all this attention, one thing missing until now was a reliable,

detailed guidebook to the area for low-impact hikers, mountain bikers, climbers, and backpacking families. Steve Allen, who has led numerous Swell excursions for the Sierra Club and other groups, has filled that gap with ***Canyoneering: The San Rafael Swell*** (University of Utah, $14.95, paper). . . . Though far removed from the Paris of the 1920s, the editors of ***Left Bank***, a new literary journal showcasing the work of Pacific Northwest writers, feel close to that magical place and time. Their corner of the country, they say, has become "a meeting ground for ideas of growing intensity," which are pushing "into the consciousness of the East like a weather front sweeping off the Pacific and over the Great Divide." The journal's premier issue ("Writing and Fishing the Northwest," Winter 1991) featured essays by Nancy Lord, Wallace Stegner, and Richard Manning, among others. Issue #2 ("Extinction," Summer 1992) offers the work of such renowned literati as Barry Lopez, Sallie Tisdale, Richard Nelson, David Quammen, and David Suzuki. Subscriptions to the semiannual publication are $14 a year; single issues are $7.95 plus $1.50 shipping and handling. Write to Blue Heron Publishing, Inc., 24450 N.W. Hansen Road, Hillsboro, OR 97124. . . . The Cree Indians and Inuit in Quebec continue to struggle against a hydroelectric project threatening their way of life. For a compelling account of the controversy read Sean McCutcheon's ***Electric Rivers: The Story of the James Bay Project*** (Black Rose Books, c/o Paul & Company, 360 W. 31st St., New York, NY 10001; $37.95, cloth; $18.95, paper). —***Mark Mardon***

New From Sierra Club Books

- ***Hiking the Great Basin: The High Desert Country of California, Nevada, Oregon, and Utah*** by John Hart. A hundred trails described in a compact Totebook edition ($15, paper).
- ***Exploring the Yellowstone Backcountry*** by Orville Bach, Jr. A guide to the park's interior spaces, with maps and natural-history notes ($15, paper).
- ***The Quetzal and the Macaw: The Story of Costa Rica's National Parks*** by David Rains Wallace. How a model park system addresses a developing nation's social and environmental concerns ($25).

AT A GLANCE

Light on the Land
Photographs by Art Wolfe
Text by Art Davidson
Beyond Words Publishing; $75

Art Wolfe has wandered the world in search of the perfect light. He captured it in Yosemite forests (above), Peruvian valleys, Himalayan ice, and African plains. The 100 images in this collection illuminate the seven continents, as do Davidson's accompanying essays and retold myths.

In the Sierra Club's annual election, held in April, the membership elected three former Club presidents, one incumbent director, and one newcomer to serve three-year terms on the Board of Directors.

Voters resoundingly approved environmental attorney Mary Ann Nelson of Boston, Massachusetts, as a director, the first African-American to hold that position. Nelson, a Club member since 1977 who serves on the Club's Ethnic Diversity Task Force, was endorsed by 72 percent of the 69,055 members who cast valid ballots. In second place was previous president Joe Fontaine of Tehachapi, California. The other former presidents returning are Richard A. Cellarius of Olympia, Washington, and Susan Merrow of East Haddam, Connecticut. Also elected was incumbent director Joni Bosh of Phoenix, Arizona.

This year's election significantly shifts the Board's gender balance, giving women an 8 to 7 edge over men—the first time in the Club's 100-year history that women have constituted a majority on the Board.

By a margin of better than 3 to 2, voters rejected a proposed bylaw amendment that would have clarified and expanded the power of the Board to oversee the actions of Club entities.

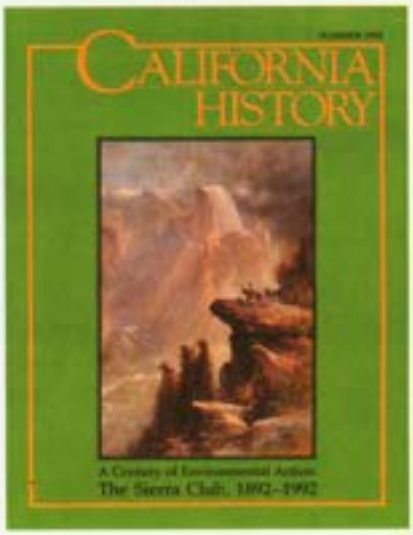
At its May meeting in San Francisco, the Board elected Anthony H. Ruckel to a one-year term as Sierra Club president. The Board also elected Edgar Wayburn, vice-president; Michele Perrault, secretary; Ann Pogue, treasurer; and Rebecca Falkenberry, fifth officer.

The Sierra Club Annual Dinner was held May 2 at the Miyako Hotel in San Francisco. The featured guest speakers were Club Chairman Michael McCloskey and Earth Island Institute Chairman David Brower.

Sierra Club volunteers, chapters, and friends received the following awards for 1991:

- The John Muir Award (for leadership in national conservation causes) to James C. Catlin for 16 years of unstinting work in the defense of desert wilderness in Utah and elsewhere.
- The William E. Colby Award (for leadership, dedication, and service to the Sierra Club) to John Hopkins, who built the Public Lands Committee into a model national-issue committee.
- The Edgar Wayburn Award (for service to the environmental cause by a person in government) to Representative Bruce F. Vento (D-Minn.) for his work in protecting national parks.
- The David R. Brower Environmental Journalism Award to Harold Gilliam, feature writer for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, for his consistent, accurate, and innovative environmental writing.
- Susan E. Miller Awards (for exceptional contributions to chapters by individual Sierra Club members) to Alice Krueper and Harry Krueper of the San Gorgonio Chapter, Joan Bennett of the John Muir Chapter, and Karin Derichsweiler of the Oklahoma Chapter.
- The William O. Douglas Award (for contributions in the field of environmental law) to Joseph Brecher, tireless litigator for clean air, sensible planning, and nondestructive logging under California's Forest Practices Act.
- The Ansel Adams Award (for superlative use of still photography) to J. D. Marston for promoting the protection of wilderness areas and archaeological sites.
- The Oliver Kehrlein Award (for outstanding service to the Club's Outings Program) to Gordon "Gus" Benner, physician, mountaineer, and teacher, for guiding the Alaska trips program for nearly two decades, and for his much-admired mountain medicine lectures.
- The Denny and Ida Wilcher Award (for outstanding membership development or fundraising work by a Sierra Club chapter or group) to the Kansas Chapter for its phenomenal growth in membership in 1990 and 1991.
- The Distinguished Service Award (for a strong and consistent commitment to conservation through public service) to Representative Peter H. Kostmayer (D-Pa.).
- Special Achievement Awards (for commitment to conservation over an extended period of time) to Bonnie Hardwick for planning and carrying out the Sierra Club Archives project, Rosemary Fox for being the Club's voice for wildlife and wildlands in western Canada, and Robert J. Palzer for his energetic defense of air quality in Oregon and beyond.
- A Special Service Award (for work of singular importance to conservation or the Club) to Amy Meyer for two decades of effort on behalf of Golden Gate National Recreation Area and other urban parks.
- The Chapter Newsletter Award (for exceptional creativity and impact in a chapter publication) to the *Kansas Sierran*, Kansas Chapter.

A special issue of *California History*, the magazine of the California Historical Society (CHS), will focus on the Sierra Club centennial and California's environmental movement. The journal, available in August, will be illustrated with images from the Sierra



Club photo archives at the University of California at Berkeley's Bancroft Library. Contributors to the issue will include leading historians and archivists specializing in the Sierra Club and the environmental movement.

Copies of the special issue of *California History* will be $13 each, including tax and shipping. To order by major credit card, dial (415) 567-1848, Monday through Friday, 9 a.m.–12 p.m., or 1–4:30 p.m., Pacific time. To purchase copies by check or money order, write to CHS, 2099 Pacific Ave., San Francisco, CA 94109. Sierra Club members who join CHS by July 30, 1992 ($40 a year), will receive the special issue as part of their free subscriptions to the CHS newsletter and quarterly magazine. Call or write CHS for more information.

An album of original songs celebrating nature, John Muir, and environmental activism has been produced by volunteers and staff of the Sierra Club's Mackinac Chapter. The album, *100 Years of Hope: A Musical Celebration,* features the vocals, harp, saxophone, keyboards, guitar, and percussion of Earth and the 21st, a multimedia ensemble currently touring North America and offering benefit performances to Sierra Club chapters and groups. (In concert, the group's performances are augmented by the work of visual artists.) For more information on the tour, write to "100 Years Ahead," Mackinac Chapter Sierra Club, 115 W. Allegan, Suite 10-B, Lansing, MI 48933. To order a CD or cassette of the album, send $15 to *100 Years of Hope* at the same address.

The Sierra Club mourns David R. Mackie, a former staff member and activist who died, at age 52, on February 6, 1992. Dave had worked at the Club for five years as Member Services Manager. He leaves behind his wife, Becky, children Dave and Diane, and many friends across the country. Gifts in his memory may be sent to the Dave Mackie Memorial, 730 Polk St., San Francisco, CA 94109; phone (415) 923-5518 for further information. ■

Cindy Ross

How Not to Bag a Bear

When I was a young hiker on the Appalachian Trail, I once allowed a black bear to get to my food, which I'd hung from what seemed to be an unreachable branch. There I lay, shivering in my sleeping bag under a tarp, while the bruin clawed its way up the tree and snagged my supplies. Then it crawled under the tarp with me and began sifting through my pots and pans. Other than cry, I did nothing. When I reported the incident to rangers the next morning, I found out that I may have laid the groundwork for the bear's extermination.

Black bears will eat almost anything, but once they develop a taste for Tang and trail mix, they may alter their wild behavior forever and begin to beg, break into vehicles, or bluff a charge in order to get at human food. Yet they never lose their ability to wound. Park rangers "remove" a human-habituated bear to a remote area. If it returns, it's usually put to death.

Public-lands agencies across the country have equipped many campgrounds (and some popular backcountry sites) with food lockers. But if you're really out in the wild, you need to know how to hang your rations. (What follows doesn't apply to grizzlies, which are far more dangerous animals.)

Prevailing wisdom once held that you could hoist your food from a high branch and tie off the rope's loose end on a tree trunk. Savvy bears soon realized that the rope was a direct line to dinner. Counterbalancing, the only effective method, does away with that weak link, but it takes practice and patience.

Many lands agencies publish step-by-step illustrated instructions, but here's the process in a nutshell: Pack up everything that has an odor—food, shampoo, soap, insect repellent, sunscreen, pot scrubbers, wooden utensils, and water bottles that have contained drink mixes. Then find a tree with an unobstructed branch at least ten feet long that hangs at least 20 feet above the ground. The branch can't be so sturdy that it might support a bear cub, nor so flimsy that it droops to the ground when loaded with food bags.

Throw a rope over your chosen branch, then tie off and raise one sack up to it. Next, tie the other sack high up the rope's loose end. Finally, toss up the second sack,

Save a wild animal, as well as Tuesday's turkey Tetrazzini

▲ ▲ ▲

hoping that the two come to rest even with each other at least 12 feet above the ground.

At this point, you're supposed to push the bags into position with a long stick, which you'll also use later to hook and retrieve the suspended bags. But that stick may not exist if you're at timberline or in an area denuded of downed wood. If that's the case, tie a loop next to the first bag before you hoist it, and run a long length of rope through that. Once you've raised the second bag, gently pull on the two ends of the loose rope to even up the sacks, then pull the loose rope all the way out.

Without that all-important stick, retrieving your gear calls for a clever but unsanctioned technique: Before tossing sack number 2, tie a length of sturdy fishing line to it, letting the line hang loose. The theory is that you can reel in your gear in the morning, but a bear won't be able to latch its claws onto thin, unanchored monofilament.

Even with these gymnastics, counterbalancing merely buys time. Rangers advise campers to bang cook gear, blow whistles, and yell should a bear arrive. Yosemite's bears are perhaps the most tenacious: Officials there advise you to use "mild aggression"—lob some good-size rocks at an inquisitive bear's backside. (Don't aim at its face, or you may provoke a charge.) Don't advance on a bear that appears threatened or cornered, and never try to retrieve food until the animal has long abandoned it.

If you camp where there are no trees, hang your food bags over a rock face by jamming their cordlocks into a crack, or pile boulders and then pots and pans on top of the bags. If you're in black-bear country with no way to protect your food, it's your responsibility to provide a 24-hour watch. In any case, it's your job to clean up any bear damage. For the animals' sake more than for yours, it's essential to protect your food from bears, and bears from your food. ■

CINDY ROSS *is the author of* Hiking, *published by Fodor's Sports.*

WHERE TO WRITE, WHO TO CALL, WHAT TO DO...

EXPRESS YOUR VIEWS!

Write to your senators and representative:

The Honorable _____
U.S. Senate
Washington, DC 20510

The Honorable _____
U.S. House of Representatives
Washington, DC 20515

Or call them:
U.S. Capitol Switchboard
(202) 224-3121.

Join Sierra Club activists working on issues that concern you. Contact the Campaign Desk, Sierra Club, 730 Polk St., San Francisco, CA 94109; phone (415) 776-2211.

To receive semimonthly updates on the Sierra Club's regional, national, and international conservation campaigns, subscribe to the *National News Report*. Request a free sample issue and subscription information from the Campaign Desk at the above address.

AFIELD

"Good Going," page 19

For your own cuppa in the rainforest, contact Queensland Tourist and Travel Corporation, 1800 Century Park East #330, Los Angeles, CA 90067; phone (310) 788-0997.

"Body Politics," page 25

The following home lead-test kits are available from Save the Animals/Save the Earth: ceramics ($15); paint ($20); water ($15); and hair ($20). Write to STA/STE, P.O. Box 1723, FDR Station, New York, NY 10150-1723; phone (718) 626-3936.

The commercial lab WaterTest (33 S. Commercial St., Manchester, NH 03101) also provides water-test kits for about $15 plus shipping.

Reducing Exposure to Lead in Older Homes is available for $2 from Washington Toxics Coalition, 4516 University Way, N.E., Seattle, WA 98105; phone (206) 632-1545.

"Hearth & Home," page 26

Solar Oven cookers (and other solar merchandise) may be ordered from Real Goods Trading Corporation, 966 Mazzoni St., Ukiah, CA 95482.

Seventh Generation (Colchester, VT 05446-1672) carries chimney starters and non-petroleum charwood.

Clevlab (P.O. Box 2647, Littleton, CO 80161) offers several sun cookers, including the Sunspot.

Solar Box Journal, a newsletter covering sun cooking worldwide, is available for $20 a year ($10 low income) from Solar Box Cookers Northwest, 7036 18th Ave., N.E., Seattle, WA 98115. For $2, they'll also provide plans for making your own solar box oven.

DEPARTMENTS

CLUBWAYS

Electoral Politics, page 14

To lend a hand in the 1992 election effort, contact the Sierra Club Political Committee, 730 Polk St., San Francisco, CA 94109.

Winning Elections to Save the Environment is a 43-page training manual explaining how to organize campaigns. For a copy send $5 to Sierra Club Volunteer Services at the above address.

PRIORITIES

Phantom Forests, page 32

The Forest Inventory Project is devoted to finding out just how big the nation's forests really are. While focusing its own efforts on Montana and northern Idaho, the group is willing to train people in other locales. For further information, contact Don Vance, P.O. Box 7436, Missoula, MT 59807.

World Bank, page 34

To learn more about the World Bank's lending practices and other international development issues, contact the Campaign Desk address listed above.

International Banks and the Environment (Sierra Club Books, 1992) is a comprehensive treatment of the subject, co-authored by Raymond Mikesell and Sierra Club International Program director Larry Williams. Copies are $30 each from Sierra Club Store, 730 Polk St., San Francisco, CA 94109.

BankCheck Quarterly is a lively, critical review of World Bank affairs, produced in cooperation with International Rivers Network (IRN), the Institute for Food and Development Policy, and The Development Group for Alternative Policies. To subscribe send $25 ($15 low income) to IRN, 1847 Berkeley Way, Berkeley, CA 94703.

Noise, page 41

The Nature Sounds Society (NSS) publishes a quarterly newsletter and holds seminars, workshops, and concerts. Contact NSS, c/o Paul Matzner, The Oakland Museum, 1000 Oak St., Oakland, CA 94607. The Oakland Museum's California Library of Natural Sounds maintains hundreds of recordings of different species on file.

PLACE SETTING

Hudson River Valley, page 64

Scenic Hudson, 9 Vassar Rd., Poughkeepsie, NY 12603; phone (914) 473-4440.

Sierra Club Atlantic Chapter, 625 Broadway, 2nd Floor, New York, NY 10012; phone (212) 473-7841.

FEATURES

Mexico, page 44

The Sierra Club Center for Environmental Innovation has produced critiques of the North American Free Trade Agreement and the U.S./Mexico Border Plan. Write to Sierra Club International Program, 308 C St., N.E., Washington, DC 20002; phone (202) 547-1141.

In Mexico, the member organization of the Pact of Ecological Groups (PGE) working in the Chimalapas is called Maderas del Pueblo. It needs funds and support, and can be contacted through PGE at Taxqueña 1291 Local 3, Colonia Campestre Churubusco, Mexico DF, CP 14200, Mexico. For more information about Chimalapas environmental issues, contact Friends of the Chimalapas, 2215-R Market St., Box 543, San Francisco, CA 94114.

For a haunting study of the plight of the Lacandon Maya, read *The Last Lords of Palenque: The Lacandon Mayas of the Mexican Rain Forest* by Victor Perera and Robert D. Bruce (University of California Press, 1985).

To contact the Monarca Foundation, write to its president, Carlos Gottfried, at Monarca A.C., Av. Constitutentes 345-806, Mexico DF 11830, Mexico. ■

Join Now And Look What You Can Save.

The Harris Ground Squirrel, threatened by loss of its desert habitat.

Join the Sierra Club

As you read this, you could help save a rainforest. Prevent a wetland from being drained. Or protect desert wildlife from disappearing. You can do all this, and more, by joining the Sierra Club.

Your membership will help us save millions of acres of threatened wild lands all over the globe.

Join today. Isn't it time you began saving?

M E M B E R S H I P F O R M

☐ ***Yes,*** *I want to help protect the environment!*

NEW MEMBER NAME

ADDRESS CITY STATE ZIP

Membership Categories (CHECK ONE)

	Individual	Joint		Individual	Joint		Individual	Joint
REGULAR	☐ **$35**	☐ **$43**	STUDENT	☐ $15	☐ $23	LIFE	☐ $750	☐ $1000
SUPPORTING	☐ $50	☐ $58	SENIOR	☐ $15	☐ $23			
CONTRIBUTING	☐ $100	☐ $108	LIMITED INCOME	☐ $15	☐ $23			

Annual dues include subscription to *Sierra* magazine ($7.50) and chapter publications ($1). Dues are not tax-deductible.

☐ Gift Membership: A gift announcement card will be sent for your use. Enter *your* name and address below.

DONOR NAME

ADDRESS CITY STATE ZIP

To join *yourself*, fill out top portion only. **Enclose check or money order and mail to:**

Sierra Club

Dept. J-124 P.O. Box 7959, San Francisco, CA 94120

Residents of Canada, please remit in Canadian funds to:
Suite 305, 517 College Street, Toronto, Ontario M6G 4A2 (Eastern Canada);
P.O. Box 8202, Victoria, British Columbia, V8W 3R8 (Western Canada).

Recycled Paper

M E M B E R S H I P F O R M

☐ ***Yes,*** *I want to help protect the environment!*

NEW MEMBER NAME

ADDRESS CITY STATE ZIP

Membership Categories (CHECK ONE)

	Individual	Joint		Individual	Joint		Individual	Joint
REGULAR	☐ **$35**	☐ **$43**	STUDENT	☐ $15	☐ $23	LIFE	☐ $750	☐ $1000
SUPPORTING	☐ $50	☐ $58	SENIOR	☐ $15	☐ $23			
CONTRIBUTING	☐ $100	☐ $108	LIMITED INCOME	☐ $15	☐ $23			

Annual dues include subscription to *Sierra* magazine ($7.50) and chapter publications ($1). Dues are not tax-deductible.

☐ Gift Membership: A gift announcement card will be sent for your use. Enter *your* name and address below.

DONOR NAME

ADDRESS CITY STATE ZIP

To join *yourself*, fill out top portion only. **Enclose check or money order and mail to:**

Sierra Club

Dept. J-124 P.O. Box 7959, San Francisco, CA 94120

Residents of Canada, please remit in Canadian funds to:
Suite 305, 517 College Street, Toronto, Ontario M6G 4A2 (Eastern Canada);
P.O. Box 8202, Victoria, British Columbia, V8W 3R8 (Western Canada).

Recycled Paper

SIERRA ADVENTURE

FOREIGN TRAVEL

SIERRA ADVENTURE

GALAPAGOS travel

Send for the essential 275 page TRAVELER'S GUIDE
$16.50 pp. Also, FREE INFO. On-Your-Own Discovery Tours and 2 week Workshops on a 12 passenger yacht.
Galapagos Travel, P.O. Box 1220
San Juan Bautista, CA 95045 • (800) 969-9014

AFRICA

10 Years of Quality Natural History Trips Worldwide.
GEO EXPEDITIONS
800 351-5041
Tented Safaris to Kenya, Tanzania, Rwanda & Botswana.
P.O. Box 3656-89, Sonora, CA 95370

OKANAGAN CANOE HOLIDAYS

PH & FAX (604) 762-8156

A region of 10 warm rivers, many lakes and mountains. Comfortable lodge and excellent instruction by private guides guarantee fun and confidence.

By week's end you are canoeing rapids in our:

WILDERNESS WITHOUT HARDSHIP

Where experience is not required, age has no limit, and physical ability is not important. **Call us today.**

Super, Natural British Columbia

DISCOVER BAJA MEXICO

Whale Watching • Nature Cruises • Sailing Adventures
Sea Kayaking • Scuba Diving • Mountain Biking

BAJA·EXPEDITIONS
2625 Garnet Avenue, San Diego, CA 92109
Call for our free color brochure (619) 581-3311 or Toll Free
1-800-843-6967

GALÁPAGOS

You, 9 other adventurers and our naturalist will explore by yacht more islands than any other Galápagos expedition. From simple adventures to splendid yacht charters, from scuba diving to serious hiking, no one else offers as many ways to experience the Galápagos because no one else specializes exclusively in the Galápagos. 60 trip dates. Machu Picchu option.

FREE BROCHURE

Inca Floats
1311-BL 63rd St., Emeryville CA 94608
510-420-1550

HIMALAYAS

Hike in Nepal, Tibet, & India
LOWEST Prices...Easy treks to mountaineering.
Everest, Annapurnas, Ladakh, Scottish Highland Hiking.
Send for free brochure: Sherpa-Tastic Travel
P.O. Box 773, Camp Hill, PA 17011, (717) 731-9384

Caribbean Sea VENEZUELA NATURE

800 – 548 6725

WILDLAND ADVENTURES INC.

Foremost Leader in Ecotravel

Authentic worldwide nature and culture explorations.

Call for free catalog
1-800-345-4453
3516 NE 155TH ST, STE B
SEATTLE, WA 98155

Nature Tours Write or call for 1992 adventures

SCANDINAVIA

Eastern Europe & Sao Tome, Africa

CAL NATURE TOURS
7310 S.Vt. Box • Victorville, California • 92392
619 • 241 • 2322

AUSTRALIA & NEW ZEALAND *Walkabouts*

Nature, Hiking, & the Outdoors

Personalized tours featuring hiking and camping safaris, lodge stays, and island resorts in Australia's Outback, Tropical North, & Great Barrier Reef, New Zealand's scenic National Parks & Milford Track.

Write for descriptive brochure:
PACIFIC EXPLORATION CO.
Box 3042-S
Santa Barbara, Calif. 93130
(805) 687-7282
Travel Adventures in the South Pacific

KAUAI ..... POIPU!

Sunnyside of Kauai, low rise oceanfront condos; uniquely only 30-feet from water! Watch whales, turtles, and dolphins from unit! (Walk mere steps to beach or sheltered swimming cove.) Nearby golf, tennis, restaurants, botanical gardens, park. Ideal location. From $500 weekly. Discount airfair, informative brochure.
2995 Woodside Road #400-264, Woodside, CA 94062
(510) 843-4014

SOUTH AMERICA

terra adventures

Galápagos cruises. Amazon lodges, cruises and adventures. Costa Rica Ecoadventures. Best of Andes and Patagonia. Fixed group departures. Customized itineraries. Call/write for free information.
70-15 Nansen Street, Forest Hills, NY 11375
Toll Free 1(800) 53-TERRA

GALAPAGOS

10 Years of Quality Natural History Trips Worldwide.
GEO EXPEDITIONS
800 351-5041
First Class Yacht Cruises with Naturalist Guides.
P.O. Box 3656-89, Sonora, CA 95370

Australia / New Zealand

Nature and Adventure Down Under

Individual, Group or Family trips led by JOURNEYS experts.

Free color catalog, newsletter, itineraries and quotes for more than 100 trips worldwide.

JOURNEYS
The Right Path to Worldwide Exploration
1-800-255-8735
4011 S. Jackson Rd. Ann Arbor, MI 48103
Environmentally responsible travel since 1978

DISCOVER
KAMCHATKA
Explore volcanoes on Russia's rugged Kamchatka Peninsula. Incredible vistas. Unforgetable wildlife. Wilderness accomodations provided by Russian guides. P.O. Box 69, Volcano, HI 96785
TEL (808) 985-8552
EAST-WEST DISCOVERY

AFRICA

KENYA WILDLIFE SAFARI!
14 Days, $2213 pp
Includes air roundtrip from Europe to Kenya, 8 day fly/drive safari, hotel and all meals.
Call 1-800-544-0934
or your travel agent.

African Safari Club
Tourist Reservation Service Inc. FL Lic. #11719
2170 Southeast 17th Street, Suite 303
Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33316 • (305)523-3553

CAIRNS – AUSTRALIA
5 DAY GUIDED RAINFOREST WALK. $399

Ancient aboriginal trails, primeval rainforest, basalt waterfalls, clear streams, rare plants, birds, animals, wilderness campsites. Group 2-6.
BARTLE FRERE WILDERNESS WALKS
P.O. BOX 87 YUNGABURRA, AUSTRALIA 4872.
PHONE & FAX 011-61-70-953754.

AMAZON ADVENTURE

Affordable Expeditions for the Adventure Traveler

- Travel on a traditional house boat
- 7-day ecotour expedition on the river, jungle & in Manaus, Brazil
- $869 (airfare not included)

800-336-9007
CALL FOR FREE 4-COLOR BROCHURE

Navigatrans & Expeditions
P.O. Box 1432, Denver, CO 80201

ENGLISH LAKELAND RAMBLERS

A DIVISION OF OUTDOOR BOUND

Walk England's most spectacular landscape with the specialists in Lake District hiking/sightseeing tours.

18 Stuyvesant Oval #1A • New York, N.Y. 10009
212-505-1020 • 800-724-8801 outside N.Y.

Customized and packaged tours for experienced travelers.

ADVENTURES COSTA RICA

We specialize in sportfishing and ecology tours to the most exotic destinations.
We know Costa Rica!
(800) 231-RICA FAX (406) 586-0995

Off the Beaten Path
NEW ZEALAND TRAMPING

Unique three-week adventures for *walkers* and/or *backpackers* who enjoy the beautiful pristine environment, the people and the *real* South Island culture. Strong emphasis on natural milieu! November thru April in NZ warm months. Excellent country-gourmet food. Overnights in *real* NZ homes and high-country sheep stations. Fond enterprise of long-time dual US/NZ citizen. Sensible cost. Free brochure.

NEW ZEALAND TRAVELERS INC.
P.O. Box 605, Dept. S, Shelburne, VT 05482 USA
Phone 802 985 8865 FAX 802 985 8501

COME WALK WITH US!
SWITZERLAND – AUSTRIA

Join us for the intimate hiking experience that is leisurely and affordable. Magnificent scenery, local culture, unbeatable Alpine dining. Details & brochures.

233 E. Elizabeth Ave., Bethlehem, PA 18018
(215) 974-8798 FAX (215) 683-3171
1-800-845-8008 swissair

BIKE EUROPE

Meander from castle to castle on little-traveled country lanes. Two week tours with first class hotels and support vehicle.

Gerhard's Bicycle Odysseys
P.O. Box 757
Portland, Oregon 97207
(503) 223-2402

OUTER COAST KAYAKING

"Cooperative Sea Kayaking Adventures"
Baja • British Columbia
Write For a Free Brochure
1430 Willamette Suite 321
Eugene, OR 97401
FAX (503) 485-4529
A Non Profit Organization

Adventure & Leisure Travel. Specialists in worldwide adventure journeys off the beaten path for all abilities. Biking, hiking, trekking, rafting, skiing, wildlife expeditions, etc. Free trip sampler. Contact:

ADVENTURE & LEISURE TRAVEL
JOURNEYS OFF THE BEATEN PATH
73 Pelham Island Road, Wayland, MA 01778 (508) 358-2343

EXPLORE

The kind of Adventure travel most people only dream about!

With a choice of over 100 trips in 60 countries, Adventure Center's Explore programs offer flexibility, international groups, & *great value!*

- *Alpine Trails, 15 days from $845*
- *Thai Hilltribe trek, 16 days from $945*
- *Discover Belize, 13 / 20 days from $1695*
- *Uganda Wildlife Safari, 13 days $1150*

and much more!!

ADVENTURE CENTER
THE ADVENTURE TRAVEL SPECIALISTS
1311-5163rd St. Ste 200, Emeryville CA 94608
(510)654-1879 or TOLLFREE 800-227-8747

GALAPAGOS!

Excellent boats. Plus Amazon & Andes.

COSTA RICA!

In-depth tropical adventures. Small groups.

Voyagers, Dept. S-5, Box 915, Ithaca, NY 14851. 1-800-633-0299

COPPER CANYON

Hike Mexico's Remote Sierra!

Explore the remote Copper Canyon from our mountain lodge high in the Sierras, to our restored Hacienda in the tropical town of Batopilas — 9 Day Road Trips on the Camino Real — Canyon Crossing Adventures — For information and reservations call Judy at our U.S. Office.

Copper Canyon Lodge
800-77-MEXICO

HIMALAYAS

From Everest to the Annapurnas, we trek the Himalaya. Our 1992 program features 12 great treks and cultural expeditions in Nepal, Tibet, Bhutan, Sikkim and Ladakh. Land costs start at $795, plus low priced fares on Thai Airways. Call for a free catalog.

Himalayan Journeys

1-800-435-TREK

UNQUESTIONABLY the most comprehensive classic, nature and adventure Safaris in

RAFTING & KAYAKING

AFRICA • So AMERICA
ASIA • OCEANIA

WILDLIFE SAFARIS • TREKS • EXPEDITIONS

ADVENTURE TREKKING & BIKING

Explore Queensland's Great Barrier Reef, tropical rain forests, raging rivers and unspoilt wilderness on your **Down Under** customized vacation. Call today for your Oceania Brochure.

SAFARI CENTRE
FOR ANY SAFARI UNDER THE SUN!
California (800) 624-5342
Nationwide (800) 223-6046

DIVING & CAMPING

BACKPACK CANADA, UNITED STATES PERU & NEPAL

Backpacking treks and Base Camps on trails in scenic exciting mountain areas in the U.S., Canada, Peru and Nepal. Adult, co-ed groups. We have a great time! No experience necessary. REQUEST BROCHURE.

WILLARDS ADVENTURE CLUB
Box 10, Barrie, Ontario, Canada
L4M 4S9 (705-737-1881)

1992 europeds

Cycling, hiking, skiing Europe

CYCLING
HIKING

Backroads bike tours in the French provinces.
Hiking Switzerland's Berner Oberland. Walking trips in rural France.

883 Sinex Ave.
Pacific Grove, CA
USA 93950
(800) 321-9552

ESCAPE TO THE MOUNTAINS OF WESTERN CANADA.

Six day expeditions in our fully equipped Land Rovers. Hot springs, ghost towns, Alpine meadows and more. Brochure.

GREEN ROAD WILDERNESS EXPEDITIONS LIMITED
3396 Marine Drive, West Vancouver, B.C., Canada V7V 1M9
Phone: (604) 925-1514, Fax: (604) 922-8340

ANTARCTIC ADVENTURE

Journeys to the Antarctic Peninsula

Comfortable icestrengthened expedition vessel - only 38 passengers. 12 nights with 8 days in Antarctica to enjoy spectacular scenery and amazing wildlife.

From US $4100 - great value!

QUARK EXPEDITIONS
1-800-356-5699

SIERRA ADVENTURE

HAWAII ADVENTURES
Hiking/Sailing/Diving

• Sail with Whales • Dive Coral Reefs •
• Swim In Waterfalls • Hike Active Volcanos •
• Non-Camping • Small Groups • Resident Naturalists •
TOLL FREE 1-800-657-7730
EYE OF THE WHALE P.O. Box 1269 M, Kapa'au, HI 96755

SAIL THE MAINE COAST
The Classic Windjammer Vacation
SCHOONER MARY DAY
Outstanding Sailing
Good Friends, Great Food
Wild Islands, Snug Harbors
Seals, Eagles, Whales, Puffins
Capt. Steve & Chris Cobb
Box 709T, Camden, ME 04843
800-992-2218 • (207) 236-2750
Free brochure

REDWOOD COAST ACTION ADVENTURES

A UNIQUE NORTHERN CALIFORNIA TOUR FOR ACTIVE ADVENTURERS — COMBINING OUTDOOR FITNESS WITH FINE DINING AND LODGING AND EXOTIC FUN.

Mountain biking, sierra hot springs, kayaking, rafting, Bed & breakfast inns, wine train, ocean sunsets, San Francisco nights.

AN UNFORGETTABLE 7 - 14 DAY ODYSSEY.
ECO-FRIENDLY • VEGETARIAN, ORGANIC MEALS AVAIL. • AIR & LAND INCL.
(800) 562-4026 PO BOX 1982 MIDDLETOWN, CA 95461

Camp Alaska Tours
Because you can't experience Alaska in a hotel lobby.
Suite 8, P.O. Box 872247, Wasilla, AK 99687
(907) 376-9438

GRAND CANYON

It's one of 13 breathtaking canyons of the Colorado and Salmon rivers from **High Desert Adventures.** Trips range from two to 12 days from the high country of Idaho to the mesas of Arizona. Starting at $230. Call for a free catalog.

1-800-345-RAFT

VACATION RETREAT

A L A S K A
KENNICOTT GLACIER LODGE

GHOST TOWN & GLACIERS

Explore North America's most memorable show from the comfort of our modern lodge in the heart of the Wrangell - St. Elias National Park. Soaring peaks, massive ice fields, wilderness rivers and the world's largest ghost town — all at our front door. Write or call toll free for brochure.

Box 103940-2, Anchorage, AK 99510
Outside AK - 1-800-582-5128 • Inside AK - 800-478-2350

KAUAI VACATION RENTAL

Beautiful No. Shore home: 2 Br., 2½ Ba. 2 story, wrap-around cov'd deck. Close to Hanalei Colony Resort. Private. Reasonable rates. Brochure & pictures.
PO Box 2221, Saratoga, CA 95070
(408) 241-4286, 867-3538

BIKE/HIKE/SKI COLORADO

Vacation in our stunning 1 br. solar home on 70 acres at the foot of the La Plata Mtns. Hot tub, VCR, fantastic views. Direct Access to National Forest. Tranquil, remote setting at 8,700 ft. off paved, plowed road near Durango.
$500/week. Tom Riesing (817) 731-7249
4023 W. 7th St., Fort Worth, Texas 76107

Charming Hawaiian Beach House
Kapoho Bay, Hawaii
On the Big Island, a bit of Old Hawaii
• Lovely Tropical Setting • Fantastic Snorkelling
• Warm Ocean Springs • Peaceful Atmosphere
A Vacation You Will Always Remember
$350/week 1-800-732-2007

Hanalei Colony Resort
THE ONLY BEACHFRONT RESORT ON KAUAI'S NORTH SHORE!
2-bedroom condos, tropical and secluded location.
TOLL FREE U.S.A., CANADA AND HAWAII **1-(800) 628-3004**
P.O. Box 206, Hanalei, Kauai, Hawaii 96714-9985

Glacier Bay Retreat
• day boat tours, charter fishing
• deluxe homestead inn
• garden and ocean harvest dining

FREE! GLACIER BAY GET-A-WAY PACKET

GUSTAVUS INN
Call or Write: PO Box 60, Glacier Bay, AK 99826
907 697 2254 FAX 907 697 2291

OUTDOOR EDUCATION

DAY & BOARDING HIGH SCHOOL
Quaker values. Accredited, coeducational, college preparatory. Grades 9-12. Sierra foothills. Small classes, excellent teachers.
JOHN WOOLMAN SCHOOL
In CA, 1-800-870-3141 or 916-273-3183. Now accepting '92-93 applications.

FULLY APPROVED UNIVERSITY DEGREES! Economical home study for Bachelor's, Master's, Ph.D., **fully approved** by the California Superintendent of Public Instruction. Prestigious faculty counsels for independent study and life experience credits (5000 enrolled students, 400 faculty). **Free information** — Richard Crews, M.D. (Harvard), President, *Columbia Pacific University*, Department 1266, 1415 Third Street, San Rafael, CA 94901. Toll free: (800) 227-0119; California: (800) 552-5522; or (415) 459-1650.

Sierra readers travel the world to find adventure. Advertise in AdVenture and they'll find you.

1992 Study Tours
Native American Culture & the Land

Land & Spirit:	Mythic Landscape:
Northern Arizona	Washington
May 23-31	July 19-26
Sacred Landscapes:	
New Mexico	
Sept. 27-Oct. 4	

Sacred Sites International
1442A Walnut Street, #330
Berkeley, CA 94709 (510) 540-0671

BITTERROOT WILDERNESS EXPERIENCE
PRIMITIVE SKILLS & SURVIVAL

LEARN PRIMITIVE SURVIVAL SKILLS IN THE BEAUTIFUL BITTERROOT MOUNTAINS OF WESTERN MONTANA. SCHOOL IS BASED ON A "ONE WITH NATURE" PHILOSOPHY. CALL OR WRITE FOR FREE INFORMATION ABOUT THE SCHOOL, AND SCHEDULE.

P.O. BOX 308, VICTOR, MONTANA, 59875
(406)1523-7836

CLOTHING/EQUIPMENT

The Swiss Armory
VICTORINOX / WENGER

Most complete selection in the U.S. of Swiss Army Knives, Parts and Accessories
Call or write for free catalog.
1-800-43-SLICE
2858 Juniper St., San Diego, CA 92104

Cloth Diapering Made SIMPLE!

nikky diaper covers let you use cloth diapers easily, without pins! Best for baby, best for the environment.
BABYWORKS • (503) 645-4349
11725 NW West Rd #1
Portland, OR 97229
Free Brochure!

ORDER QUALITY WIGWAM SOCKS FROM HOME

Cameron Woolens features Wigwam Socks at competitive prices. Numerous styles available. Choose from cotton, woolen, and wicking socks. Call toll free 24 hours a day for your brochure.

1-800-628-5821
624 Columbus Avenue
P.O. Box 472
Sheboygan, WI 53082-0472
CAMERON WOOLENS
Wigwam Mills
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Pure Cotton Clothes

Natural fiberwear for women and men handcrafted in our cottage industry. Drawstring pants, tops, shorts, shirts, dresses and more. Simple elegance and gentle prices. **Call or write for free catalogue printed on recycled paper.**
Deva Lifewear, Box 5062
Call Toll Free (800) 222-8024 Burkittsville, MD 21718

LEATHER BACKPACK
RUGGED
ONLY $29.50

HISTORIC EXPLORERS of America required backpacks that were tough! Now YOU can enjoy the richness, smell that leathers and durability of soft, 100% leather in this modern version of the famous trail pack of yesteryear. Rich golden color. All chrome hardware. Roomy 14" x 17" x 5" cargo compartment plus 3 handy expandable outside pockets (2" wide adjustable shoulder straps. Offers 1,000 uses for any outdoorsman and a touch of class for those "long hours on the trail." Send $29.50 + $5.90 delivery. Use 30 days. Money back if not pleased. MasterCard & Visa accepted (phone 312-445-9180). C.O.D. requires $5 deposit. Order today! Midwest Company, Dept U-3397, 9043 S. Western Ave., Chicago, IL 60620. Special 2 packs for $57.90 prepaid. Our 50th year.

BONUS: ORDER NOW RECEIVE A COMPASS FREE

SIERRA ADVENTURE

PRODUCT/SERVICES

Postal rates from U.S. to Canada are now 40¢/letter and 30¢/postcard. Underpaid mail is returned to sender.

Call 415/923-5605 to order space

A NEW ADVENTURE

Nude recreation is currently one of the fastest growing pastimes in the U.S. Set out on a new adventure with all the information you will need at your fingertips. 200 pages, 8 ½" x 11". Over 400 color photographs.

$16.95
plus $3 shipping and handling
Visa and Mastercard accepted

THE AMERICAN SUNBATHING ASSOCIATION, INC.
(305) N. Main St. Dept. S, Kissimmee, FL 34744-3396
(407) 933-2064 FAX (407) 933-7197

Stationery

Innovative Envelopes made from government surplus topographic maps. Truly **inspired recycling idea!** "Topolopes" come in various sizes and meet U.S.P.S. requirements. **We guarantee** your correspondents will open the mail when they see this unique, fascinating item. Very affordable. Free samples. **New England Cartographics. P.O. Box 369-S, Amherst, MA 01004.** (413) 253-7415.

STOP UNWANTED JUNK MAIL!

Now you can significantly reduce (by more than 75%) the number of catalogs, sweepstakes offers, magazine solicitations and more!† And help (save trees) protect the environment! For FREE†† Simply send your name, address and $1.00 (processing fee) to:

Mail Stop, Dept. AA
901 Colfax St.
Evanston, IL 60201

Scott & Kathy
Russell

832 McDougall Rd., N.E.
Calgary, AB T2E 5A4

MOVING? NEW NAME? Need new address labels? Our 56 page catalogue has 170 nature and **calligraphic** designs for address and book labels. Send $4.00 (part refund) to **LIXX LABELZ**, P.O. Box 32065, 2619 14th Street, S.W., Calgary, AB, Canada T2T 5X0

THE POKE BOAT®

IT'S MORE THAN A CANOE BUT WEIGHS ONLY 28 LBS!

Remarkably stable, durable and easy to use. All for less than $800.

For a brochure call Phoenix Products, Inc. toll free at:

1-800 354-0190

THE SPIRIT OF NATURE

A NEWLY RELEASED AWARD WINNING 50 MINUTE HOME VIDEO THE ENTIRE FAMILY WILL ALWAYS ENJOY WATCHING

THIS UNIQUE WILDLIFE MUSICAL FEATURES 14 ORIGINAL SONGS COMPOSED & PERFORMED BY SCOTT WESSON OF NORTH CAROLINA ACCOMPANIED BY DIGITALLY RECORDED NATURE SOUNDS, AND ILLUSTRATED WITH OUTSTANDING NATURE CINEMATOGRAPHY

A GIFT FOR ALL SEASONS

ALL INCLUSIVE PRICE $34.95

SEND MONEY ORDER PAYABLE TO:
ROBERT BOCKING PRODUCTIONS LTD.
C/O HAWKLAND MUSIC
P.O. BOX 232 WALLBURG, N.C. 27373-0232 U.S.A.

PLASTIC

100 % COTTON SHOWER CURTAIN
Don't "dump" another plastic shower curtain! Tightly woven 100% cotton duck gets wet, but water stays in the tub. No liner necessary. Machine washable? No more grime, sticky vinyl. White or Natural. $30 + $3.25 shipping. (NY residents add tax). Send check or money order to:
NOPE (Non-Polluting Enterprises, Inc.)
P.O. Box 3338, Smethport, PA 16749
1-800-782-NOPE (VISA/MC)

MAKE PROTECTING THE ENVIRONMENT YOUR JOB

Specializing in environmental & natural resource vacancies nationwide. Two issues per month list opportunities from private, local, state, and federal employers. A 6 issue trial subscription is only $19.50. **Subscribe today!** Send check/money order to:

The Job Seeker
Dept G, Rt 2, Box 16, Warrens, WI 54666

Outdoor People lists descriptions of active, outdoor-oriented Trip Companions and Singles Nationwide $3 issue $12 ad.
Outdoor People • SA
P. O. Box 600 • Gaston, SC 29053

ADVENTUREWAGEN MARK VIII/FORD CLUB WAGON

A fuel Efficient, Self-Contained Compact Motorhome

We are proud to present the 1992 Adventurewagen Mark VIII. Our base vehicle choice is the new generation 1992 Ford Club Wagon (*Motor Trends* "Truck of the Year," January '92 issue).

Adventurewagen draws upon its 28 years of experience as VW conversion specialists to create this ultimate fully self-contained conversion. The Mark VIII/Club Wagon is a practical 5-passenger vehicle for your every day use—that is also an ideal compact motor home for two people to travel in comfort.

R.V. features include our aerodynamically sound insulated fiberglass top, full headroom, excellent screened ventilation, refrigerator, range, ducted furnace, purified fresh water system, hot water shower, holding tank, toilet, solar charged deep cycle battery system, comfortable double bed with one-piece mattress that folds away "made up," and elegant yacht-like interior.

Send $3.00 for full color brochure and prices

ADVENTUREWAGEN, INC.
17851 HIGHWAY 1, FORT BRAGG, CALIFORNIA 95437

Control Water Weeds

Amazing Underwater Harvesting Tool
the* WATER-WEEDER *Harvester

Cut aquatic vegetation from a boat, from a dock or simply by wading in from shore.

"Works just like a hedge-trimmer underwater."

Call or write today for **FREE** information package.

TOLL FREE
1-800-552-1217

Waterside Products Corp.
P.O. Box 876X,
Lake Mahopac,
New York 10541

Satisfaction Guaranteed or money back!

Science Connection is a North America-wide

SINGLES NETWORK

through which people interested in science or nature can meet.

For info write: Science Connection, P.O. Box 188, Youngstown, NY 14174 *or call:* 1800667-5179

EARTH WORK
Advancing Your Conservation Career

The magazine devoted to advancing conservation careers from student to CEO—includes a nationwide job listing plus career advice, news, and feature articles. $29.95/12 issues, $19.95/6 issues; SCA, EW-52711, Box 550, Charlestown, NH 03603.

For Women Only!

When "Nature's Call" is an inconvenience...

Freshette - feminine urinary director® enables you to remain standing and eliminates the need to undress or assume wobbly and uncomfortable positions. Nothing to wear, empty or replace.

Freshette is conveniently small and lightweight, and its use protects you from...

- Primitive or unsanitary restrooms
- Wind, rain, snow, etc.
- Insects
- Thorns
- Poison oak, poison ivy

CHOOSE A MODEL FOR YOUR LIFESTYLE!

Regular Freshette: Environmentally Sound, Palmwood, Featherlight and Reusable. Complete with Custom Pouch. ONLY $ 11.99 each.

Disposable Freshette: Biodegradable. Keep several in your purse. ONLY $ 8.99 pack of 18.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!
POSTAGE PRE-PAID

ORDER NOW!
Please send ____ *Regular Freshettes* $ ____
____ Packs of Disposable *Freshettes* Payment enclosed

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE ZIP _____

Mail to: Sani-fem® Co., PO Box 4117, Downey, CA 90241
(310) 928-3435 Fax (310) 862-6374

Send art and payment to: Sierra AdVenture, 730 Polk Street, San Francisco, CA 94109.

September/October deadline: July 1

SHOULD ENVIRONMENTALISTS SUPPORT A GREEN PARTY?

Although I do not disagree with its principles, I feel it would be a grave mistake to support the Green Party in the 1992 election. By far the most important issue for environmentalists is to get rid of the Bush administration and the conservative Republicans. If environmentalists support the Green Party, women activists a feminist party, civil libertarians a civil-rights party, and so on, none of us will get anywhere—but you can be sure the Republicans will support the Republican Party.
Donald S. Teague
Montague, California

If the Green Party is what it says it is (and I do hope it is), then we should register and work to support its efforts. Only by defeating the lions in the current political arena can we hope to protect our Earth.
Kate Green
Alexandria, Virginia

In local elections where they have a good chance of winning, we should definitely support green candidates. The same applies to state representatives running in progressive legislative districts. Beyond that, a law of diminishing returns applies: The time, energy, and money we spend campaigning for a fringe candidate for Congress, a governorship, or the presidency could far more productively be spent lobbying, testifying at public hearings, or speaking out at demonstrations. Unfortunately, green parties play into the hands of our adversaries by making it easier for them to marginalize us.
Thomas I. Ellis
Ypsilanti, Michigan

I don't vote for Democrats because they are Democrats or Republicans because they are Republicans. The same holds true for the Greens or any other third-party candidates. If I believe in a candidate's message, and I feel he can be a productive representative on my behalf, he will get my vote, but not because of his party affiliation. Don't vote for a party; vote for a candidate.
R. L. McCrillis
Rockwall, Texas

There could be no greater disaster for environmentalists than taking up arms in defense of a green party. Standing at the barricades waving a green battle flag would only invite labels such as radicals, moonbeamers, and eco-terrorists: We would quickly be written off as part of the loony left. If we wish to save our environment, we cannot waste valuable time fighting the establishment. We must become the establishment.
Shawn Curtis Harris
San Simeon, California

The condemnation of our environment comes directly from greedy money-grabbers whose actions also lead to racism, sexism, homophobia, and *all* other types of oppression. Anyone who cares for anyone or anything should support a green party.
Steven R. Smith
St. Cloud, Minnesota

The relatively slight success of the Green Party in Europe during the past ten years shows that such limited-issue parties cannot consistently rack up enough votes to win significant local, state, or federal elections. Environmentalists must work from within both the Democratic and Republican parties to express their organized and unified concerns. Furthermore, any party hoping to get more than 3 percent of the vote must have a more understandable platform than "ecological wisdom" and "post-patriarchal values."
Thomas Y. Savage
Goldvein, Virginia

Something has got to be done. Our present politicians just don't get it. Somebody has to make them understand that man cannot destroy Earth, but he can and is destroying Earth's ability to sustain human life. So yes, I do support a green party, and I think the Sierra Club should be in the forefront in getting it started. Nothing else is working.
Wayne K. Wright
Vandalia, Ohio

Special-interest candidates are perceived as one-dimensional and unconcerned with other issues like AIDS, health care, and the budget. They appear not to be robust enough to represent the general population. It is more effective, therefore, to look within the existing party system for multi-issue candidates who will fight for our green cause.
Marcy Joseph
New York, New York

Conservation should not be a party, a platform, or even an issue; i.e., it should not be an option. Should we have a "survival of the planet" party? This implies that there is an opposing position! We must inject environmental ethics into all our endeavors, into all our political parties. By setting ourselves apart, we become another special-interest group.
Paul M. Hendricks
Blacksburg, Virginia

Environmental organizations should support the Green Party, since transnational corporations control the political system in this country and the world.

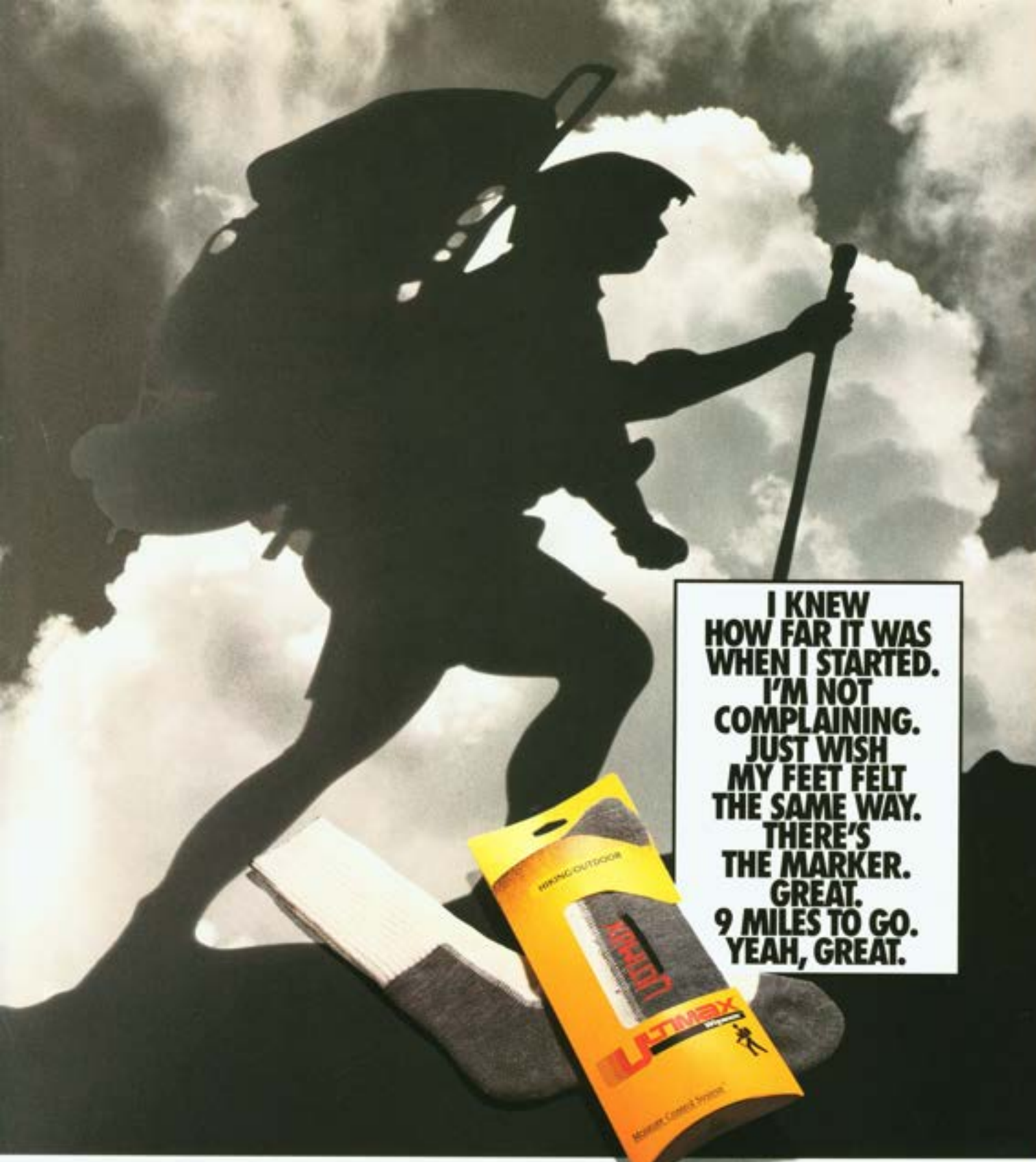
Our most important difference from the "Republicrats" is commitment to grassroots democracy. We will be beholden to no corporate or special-interest lobby. Our constituency is all the Earth's creatures. Let's turn off our televisions and recreate community. Lincoln reputedly said, "Tell the people the truth and the country will be saved." Lincoln was Green.
Jack Shonkwiler
Berkeley, California

Because the Sierra Club actively participates in the mainstream election process, we are the preeminent environmental voice in Washington. To join the Greens and move away from this distinction at this premature juncture, despite the lure of many of their policies, would be a mistake. The Club and the environment will be much further ahead if we continue to champion our causes from the front row.
Steve Uptegraft
Lansing, Michigan

FOR NEXT TIME...

SHOULD WE ATTEMPT TO SAVE ALL ENDANGERED SPECIES REGARDLESS OF COST?

Send your pithy responses to "Last Words," *Sierra*, 730 Polk St., San Francisco, CA 94109.



Of course, if it were easy, you wouldn't do it.

But it shouldn't be your equipment that makes it tough on you.

Which is why we've created the Ultimax Hiking Sock.

Designed to complement today's high-tech hiking boots, it has extra padding at the top of your foot, to cushion against the pressure of the tongue and laces.

And the unique moisture-control fibers keep your feet dry, so there's less chance of getting blisters.

With the Ultimax Hiking Sock, you can go as far as you like. And then some.

ULTIMAX Wigwam

The Sock That Makes A Difference.

For More Information About Ultimax, Contact Wigwam Mills, Inc. P.O. Box 818 3402 Crocker Ave., Sheboygan, WI 53082-0818, USA

EVERY SAAB IS DESIGNED TO PREVENT YOU FROM DISCOVERING HOW SAFE IT IS.

You're looking at about 52,000 ounces of prevention otherwise known as the Saab 9000 CD Turbo.

Like all Saabs, it's built in the belief that when it comes to safety, there is no priority that ranks higher than the avoidance of accidents—a mission for which the 9000 CD Turbo is especially well prepared.

Where those accidents might be caused by slippery road surfaces, for example, Saab's Traction Control System comes into play. The instant the front drive wheels begin to lose traction, computers make split-second adjustments to the power assigned to the wheels, thus strengthening the car's grasp of the road.

When those same surfaces might pose braking hazards, Saab's Anti-lock Braking System intervenes. It makes instantaneous adjustments in the braking pressure applied to the wheels, helping prevent skids and allowing the car to be steered past obstacles even during panic stops.

And when those obstacles are four-wheeled and moving, the 9000 CD Turbo is well equipped for evasive action. The turbocharged engine unleashes a rush of power to help you outrun trouble, and the precise steering and rally-bred suspension help you outmaneuver it. Meanwhile, the front-wheel-drive design, with 60% of the car's weight sitting above the drive wheels, provides superior traction.

In fact, the overall design philosophy of a Saab—making the car maximally responsive to the driver, and vice versa—keeps it in high readiness to cope with the unforeseeable.

But should the unforeseeable become unavoidable, a Saab will quite simply surrender its own life to help save its owner's. Front and rear crumple zones fold inward upon impact, dissipating the force of the blow and shielding the steel passenger safety cage. All of which helps explain why accident reports have repeatedly placed Saabs among the safest cars in their class. (A driver's-side air bag is, of course, standard equipment.)

For complete details, see a Saab dealer and test-drive a 9000 CD Turbo. Because when it comes to car ownership, the most important act of preventive maintenance is the one the car performs for its owner.

SAAB

WE DON'T MAKE COMPROMISES. WE MAKE SAABS.™