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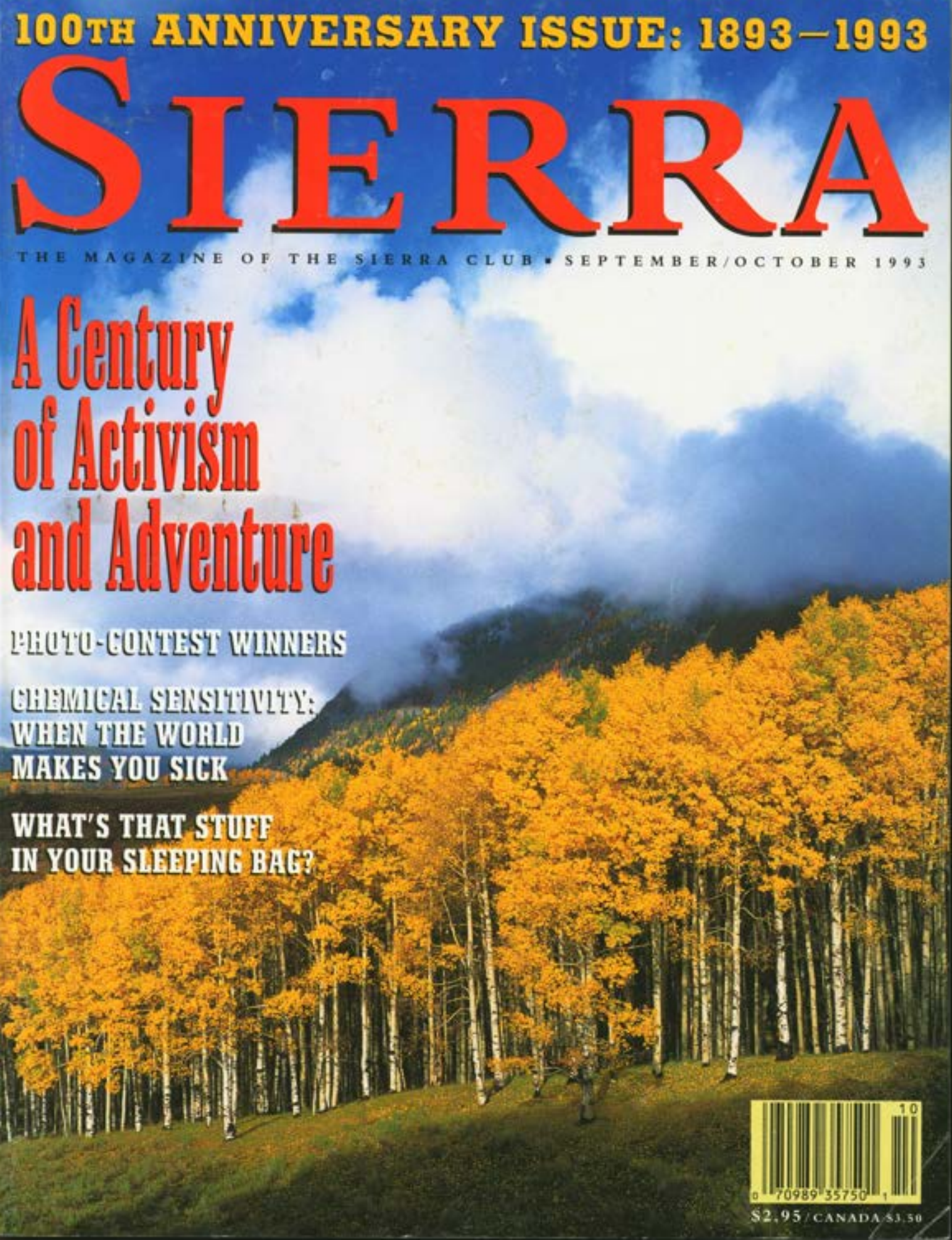

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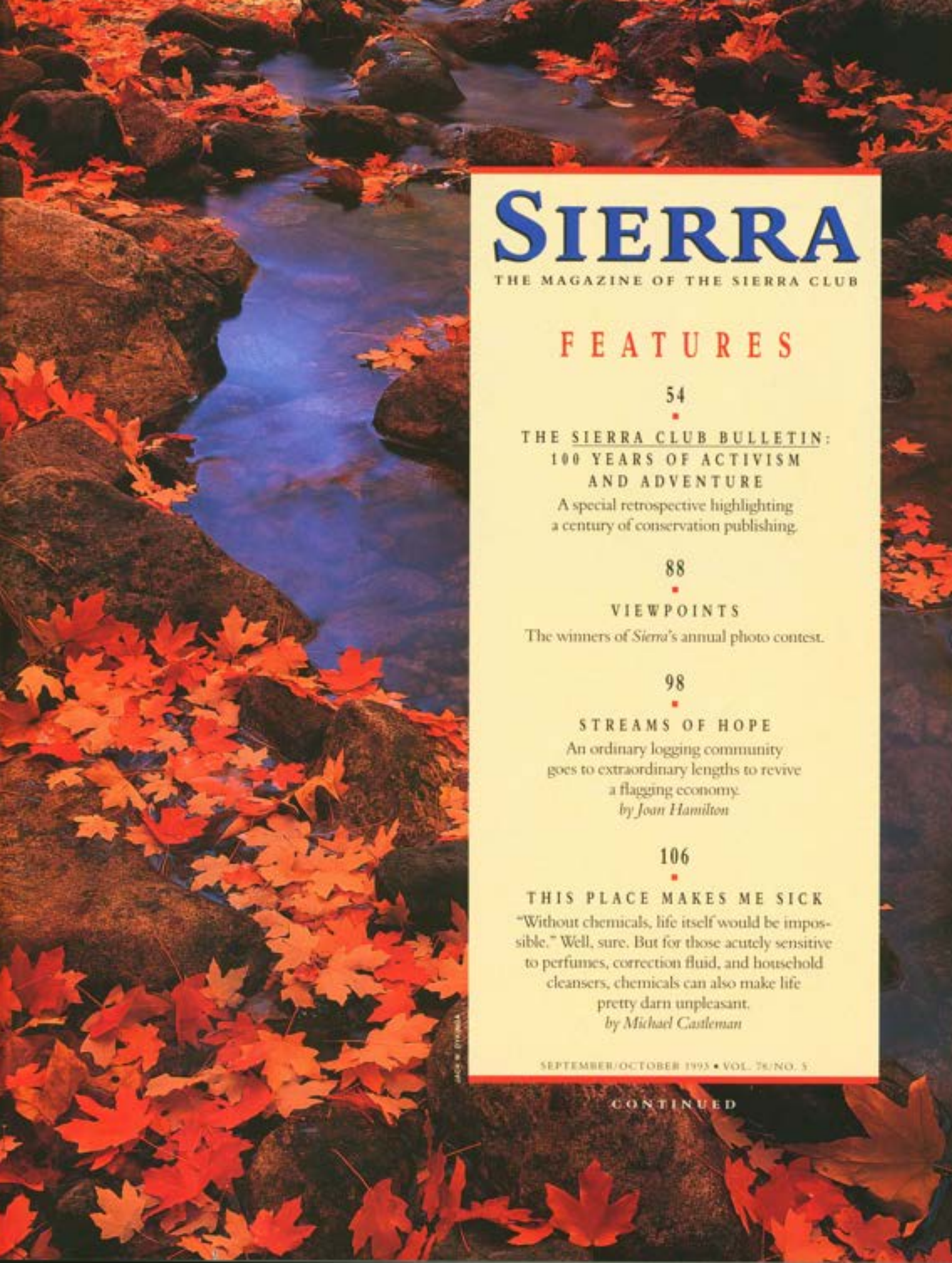

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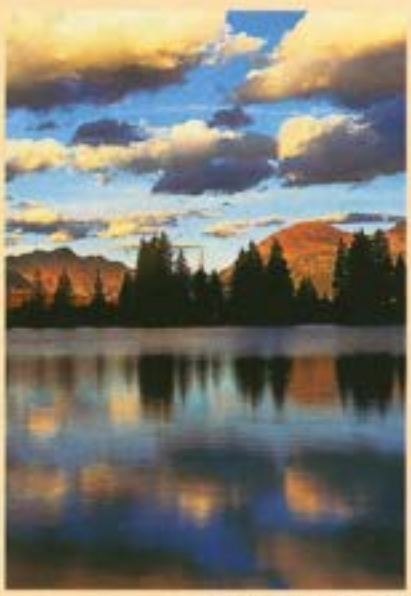

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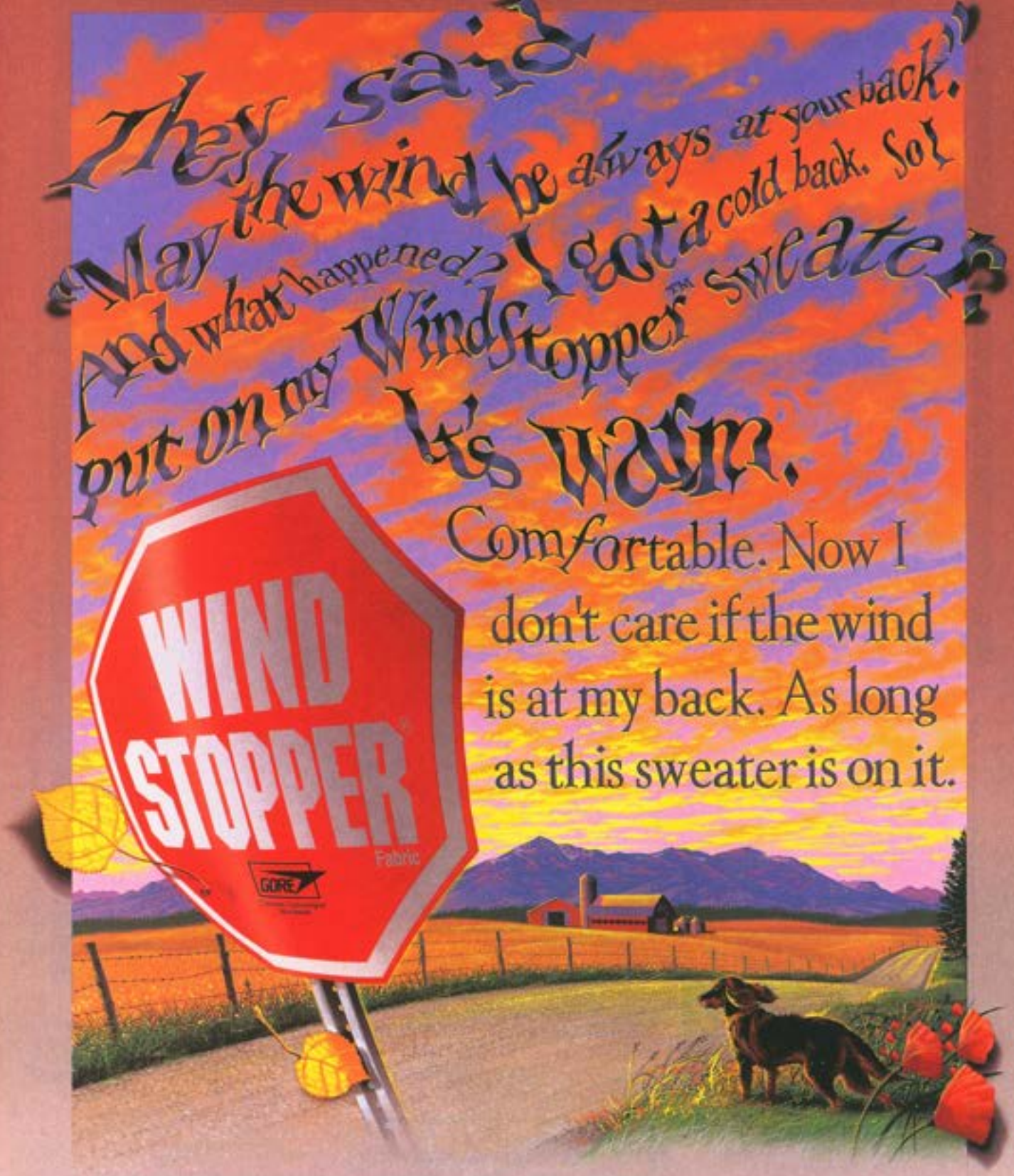

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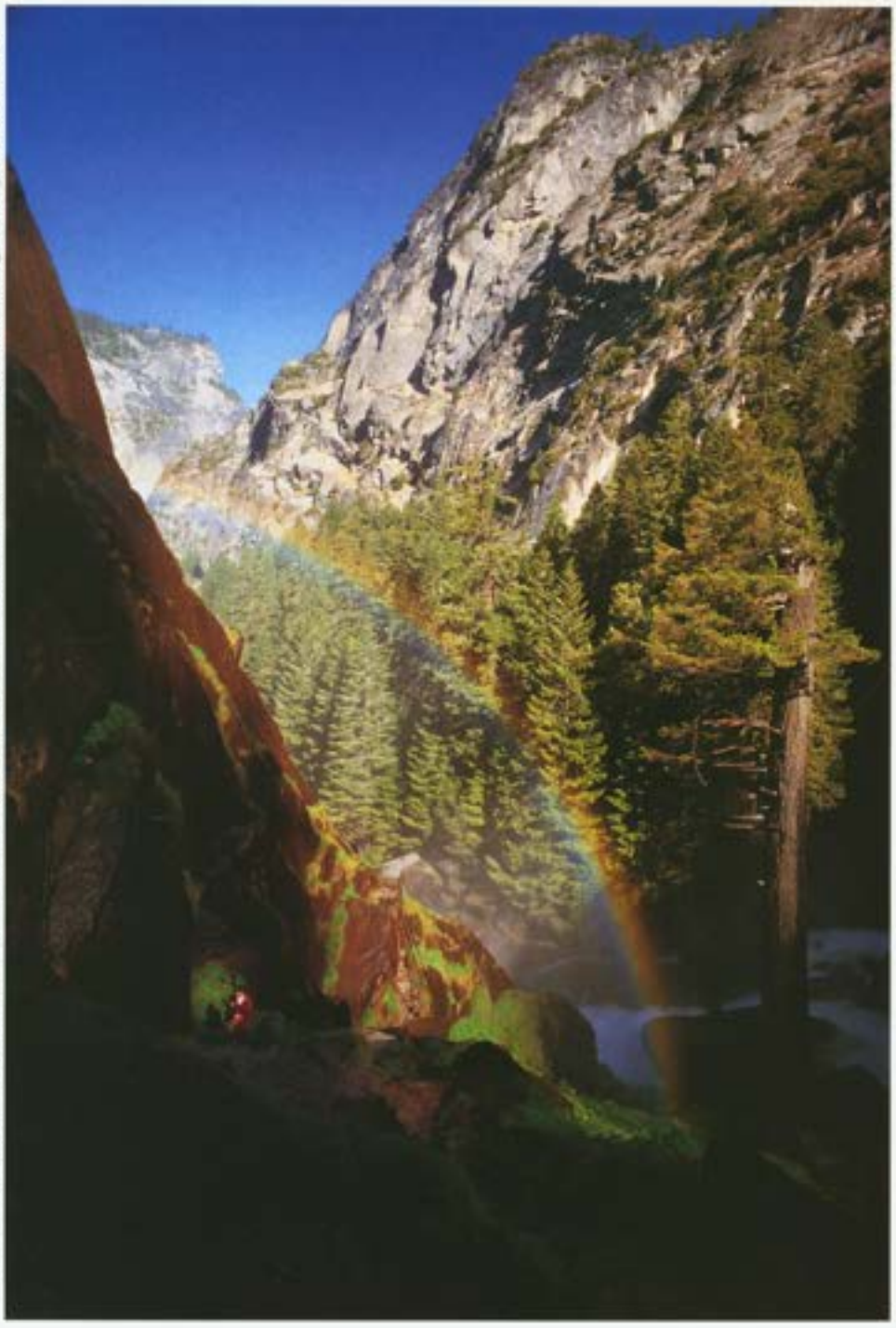

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LETTERS

FIRST CAUSES

Paul Rauber ("Cribonometry," May/June) maintains that "profligate use of natural resources will ensure that the United States remains the most overpopulated nation on earth."

According to the 1993 *World Almanac*, the population density of the United States is 68 persons per square mile. Mexico has 50 persons more per square mile; Bangladesh nearly 2,000 more. Germany, Haiti, Israel, and England all have eight times as many persons per square mile as the United States. In view of these statistics, how can we explain Rauber's observation?

William O. McLain
Orange, California

Paul Rauber replies: *There is more to overpopulation than number of bodies per square mile. Paul and Anne Ehrlich suggest the equation I = P x A x T for gauging the environmental effect of population: the Impact is a product of Population size, Affluence (the level of per capita consumption), and the Technology used to supply this consumption.*

"Few Laotians drive air-conditioned cars, read newspapers that transform large tracts of forest into overflowing landfills, fly in jet aircraft, eat fast-food hamburgers, or own refrigerators, several TVs, a VCR, or piles of plastic junk," the Ehrlichs point out. By their measure the United States, with a population roughly twice that of Bangladesh, has an environmental impact several hundred times as large—larger, as a matter of fact, than any nation on earth.

THEM AND US = WE

Your article on race, justice, and the environment ("A Place at the Table," May/June) was one of the best things I've ever read in *Sierra*. I plan to pass it around to friends of mine in this rural area of Tennessee who are fighting hard to keep a tire incinerator out of the upper Cumberland area.

Environmental despoilers—dirty industries, toxic waste dumps, incinerators and their ilk—pick communities where they think resistance to their polluting activities will be low or nil. Therefore, not only do they pick poor urban areas where people of color live, or rural areas of the South inhabited mostly by poor black people, but they also pick rural areas around here because they think that poor white people are desperate for a few poorly paying jobs, and too ignorant to care about the ill effects of an industry on the environment and their bodies. In other words, the polluters don't care what color you are, as long as you're poor, uneducated, and politically powerless.

Shannon Stancy
Cookville, Tennessee

Several times in the roundtable conversation, childhood lead poisoning was used as an example of an environmental issue disproportionately affecting urban and minority populations.

Solving the problem means solving a number of not-traditionally environmental problems as well. Does it make much sense to perform lead abatement on a house when the furnace is broken and the roof leaks? Why screen for lead poisoning when many children aren't getting the most basic immunizations? The accompanying issues of landlord-tenant relations, liability insurance and tort reform, housing-code inspections and enforcement, health-care availability, and simply providing the basics of economic and political empowerment are at least as pertinent to preventing lead poisoning as to fundamental environmental injustice.

Terry J. Harris, Chair
Sierra Club Baltimore Group
President, Coalition Against Childhood Lead Poisoning
Baltimore, Maryland

Saving wilderness, protecting the environment, and saving a biodiverse world will be the work of people who have an understanding of and a passion for these things. The urban world of graffiti and crime is lost. Let someone else concentrate on lead-paint chips. Someone else can work to stop drugs. Those issues are irrelevant. If you allow energy to be diverted to the insoluble problems of overpopulated squalor, some little stream is going to go under asphalt. Those of us who need the cleanliness, the challenge, and the frightening immensity of the natural world don't want its salvation confused with everyday whining. The misery at one man's hearth is dwarfed by the sin we are on the verge of committing against this Eden.

John Shelton
Aromas, California

I am a white male who has been a member of the Sierra Club for many years, but I am now hopeful that it will not remain a white, middle-class organization. We desperately need to be in an equal partnership with people of color if we are to save Mother Earth and ourselves.

Terry Hager
Grand Rapids, Michigan

I dislike the complaints that environmental groups have not done enough for people of color. Much of the credit for the progress that has been made in environmental matters goes to such groups. They were working on pollution and other issues when the people of color were doing nothing. Now that these people are belatedly becoming active they should be thanking us for leading the way rather than blaming us for the results of their own past inertia.

Walter Sheppe
Akron, Ohio

It is clear that the whole community must be involved in order to win the battle to save the planet from destruction. In coming together, we have, among other cultural differences, a certain language barrier. The underprivileged, in their frustration, make "demands," which repel the more comfortable as harsh and abrasive. The

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more comfortable in turn make "suggestions," which are considered wimpish and timid by their proposed allies. But both words mean the same thing: "We aren't going to put up with this kind of garbage any more—and we will work together for change."

For some time in Seattle we environmentalists have been working with other community groups, including organizations of people of color. Our efforts have not always gone smoothly and some mistakes have been made, but we are learning to respect and understand one another and our cultural differences. We shall overcome these difficulties. Stay tuned.

Hazel Wolf
Seattle, Washington

SUE THE NICE GUYS?

As an ardent supporter of many environmental causes and a consulting engineer to a number of small businesses, I read William W. Bedsworth's article, "The Verdict" (May/June), with mixed emotions. I agree with much of what California is doing in prosecuting polluters, but the issue is much more complex than Judge Bedsworth indicates.

Last year I worked with a company that desired to relocate to California to be closer to its markets and to take advantage of the surplus of highly skilled, unemployed aerospace and defense personnel in the state. This company uses a mildly hazardous material in its production process. After some investigation, dialogue with California officials, and consultation with companies in the state, the move was dropped.

Here's why: one, fear of criminal prosecution for acts the owners and managers would have no control over, such as the unauthorized acts of employees, unanticipated accidents, or acts of nature. Two, the perceived inability to fully comply with ever-changing state and local regulations enforced by non-technically trained prosecutors out to make big names for themselves.

Make no mistake here: this company wants to, knows how to, and currently does handle and dispose of its toxic material using totally safe technology. California lost 160 new jobs, not because of real environmental issues, but because of the politics surrounding these issues.

Jim Brown
Mukilteo, Washington

FEE TO BE FREE

With respect to Randal O'Toole's proposals to charge fees for entrance to public lands ("What Price a Walk in the Woods?" May/June), I suspect that whatever money might be collected from hikers in the national forests would be used up paying the salaries of the money collectors. It would certainly increase contempt for the law and the Forest Service.

As to O'Toole's arguments against below-cost timber sales, I'm sure many of us are grateful for the withdrawal of timber from the market where it presently costs more to prepare a sale than the timber is worth. Yet we must realize that as timber becomes increasingly scarce, those same trees will become profitable. Therefore, withdrawals of below-cost-timber-sale proposals will be only temporary. Also, if we are to be at all consistent, we must realize that using economic criteria for making timber-sale decisions will inevitably lead to short-rotation tree farming instead of forest practices aimed at restoring and maintaining a continuous supply of old-growth timber. If profitability is to be used as justification for timber sales, it seems to me that same reasoning would have to apply when deciding how long to let trees grow before cutting them. We can't use the market-economy argument when it suits us and deny its applicability when it works against us.

Gordon Robinson
Tiburon, California

The proposal for recreational user fees runs aground on the assumption that the U.S. Forest Service is a business, that its mandate is to make a profit, and that the only (or at least the primary) way it chooses its directions is to maximize return on investment. In fact, the USFS is a government agency, not a business, and its statutory obligations go far beyond any directive to return revenue to the Treasury. If the USFS were a business, it would long ago have expired.

Would the USFS, given a greater mandate to generate revenue from recreation activities, then make decisions to protect the forests to the degree that environmentalists consider desirable? Couldn't the USFS choose to maximize recreational user fees by adding ski resorts, or snowmobile trails and full-service RV campgrounds? Might not consumptive, motorized, capital-intensive recreation be "where the money is"? Do we want to turn the national forests into expanded amusement parks? There are questions of values that conventional economic price theory can address only with difficulty, if at all. We need to look deeper than the redesignation of profit centers within the agency in our efforts to reform the Forest Service.

For this writer, at least, the idea that walking on public lands would require payment of a fee is both repugnant and claustrophobic. The apparently benign discussion of user fees represents another small erosion of natural freedom and consciousness of the wild.

Jonathan M. Teague
San Anselmo, California

JOBS 'R' US

I noted with interest your article on the "myth of jobs versus the environment" ("It Ain't Necessarily So," March/April). According to your author, recent studies by MIT political-science professor Stephen M. Meyer conclude that tough industry regulations in such states as Minnesota, California, and New Jersey don't harm the economy.

Environmentalists must not be misled by what we would like to believe. I have spent three years writing a book (*Victim: Caught in the Environmental Web;* Glenbridge Publishing, 1993) that comes to a conclusion different from that of your article.

Let's use New Jersey as an example. Tough environmental regulations came into being here in 1983–84. In 1984, New Jersey employed about 735,000 persons in manufacturing; by 1993, this figure had dropped by 200,000, to

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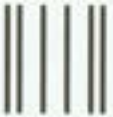

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about 530,000. While this job loss cannot be laid solely on tough regulations, it fails to correlate with regional or national statistics. For example, in the same period, the overall U.S. manufacturing-employment index dropped about three percent, while New Jersey's dropped nearly 25 percent.

In a study of corporate cleanup costs performed by our organization, we found that the majority of industrial-cleanup expenditures went to state filing fees, penalties, legal costs, consultants, *et al.* The exact findings were that "21 percent of the monies expended went to cleanup costs, while 79 percent went to fees, legal, *et al.*"

Our treasured environment gets shortchanged by excessive, overzealous regulation. Cooperation and clearly understandable rules are always the best. As environmentalists, we must achieve and retain that balance.

Bruce G. Siminoff, Chair
State Issues Committee
Commerce & Industry Association
Paramus, New Jersey

Stephen M. Meyer responds: *Mr. Siminoff's letter illustrates well the subtleties and complexities of analyzing the relationship between environmentalism and economic performance. Unfortunately, it seems he has been misled by his own data.*

Siminoff implies that a significant share of the 200,000 manufacturing jobs lost between 1984 and 1993 was the consequence of tougher standards put in place around 1983–84. Certainly he must be aware that the United States went through a deep recession during 1990–92. So at minimum it makes sense to split Siminoff's time interval into two parts, the pre-recession period, 1984–89, and the post-recession period, 1990–92.

Between 1984 and 1989 New Jersey lost some 87,000 manufacturing jobs. While it might be tempting to attribute this to environmental policies implemented in the 1983–84 period, the inference is wrong. If one looks at the prior five-year period, 1978–83, New Jersey lost a comparable 75,000 manufacturing jobs. In other words, what Siminoff mistakenly perceives as the sudden impact of tighter environmental regulations is really a continuation of a much longer-term structural change in the New Jersey economy (similar to that of other East Coast states).

For example, between 1978 and 1983 New Jersey added 158,000 service-sector jobs. Between 1984 and 1989 another 197,000 service-sector jobs were added. For every manufacturing job lost, New Jersey added two service-sector jobs. Clearly New Jersey's economy was transforming during this time, but not because of environmental policies.

Moreover, despite the 12-percent drop in manufacturing employment between 1984 and 1989, New Jersey saw an 18-percent real increase in manufacturing-derived gross state product. This suggests that some of the job loss could be attributed to modernization and productivity gains. It is certainly not an indicator of industries drowning in environmental regulations.

Turning to the recession, New Jersey did see a 12-percent drop in manufacturing jobs, while the corresponding average for the United States was a 6-percent loss. But national averages are deceiving because they

lump together predominantly agricultural states, extractive-industry states, and industrial states. New Jersey's loss rate was not atypical for an industrial state. More to the point, many states with far weaker environmental standards experienced equal or greater employment losses.

Siminoff's assertion that 79 percent of industry's cleanup expenditures go to fees, lawyers, etc. suggests that industry could save a lot of money if it began to look at pollution costs as ordinary business expenditures and did not wait for government to impose pollution standards on it. Perhaps industry should spend less money trying to impede, undermine, and otherwise delay pollution regulations and just get on with the business of pollution reduction, recycling, and prevention.

OFF TRACK?

My parents taught me and my neighborhood friends they took hiking in the Cascades to stay on the trail. My own children hiked with the same maxim in mind. And our grandchildren certainly will be expected to stay off the wildflowers and on the path as they graduate from Dad's and Mom's and Grandpa's backpacks to their own hiking boots.

But now the Sierra Club endorses off-trail hiking through Cindy Ross' article "Stepping Out" (May/June). Have four generations of MacDonalds been unnecessarily conservative while in the mountains, or has the Sierra Club been irresponsible in recommending that hikers "step out" from established trails, scramble "across rugged terrain," and even have "great fun" sliding down scree slopes? Encouraging off-trail adventuring without conservation, area, or even safety qualifiers (beyond a caution not to roll rocks onto the heads of others crossing talus slopes) hardly seems to further the protection "of the wild places of the earth."

Bruce E. MacDonald
Seattle, Washington

The Sierra Club believes that in most places hikers can venture off-trail without guilt. Many Sierra Club outings, especially those in alpine areas, include cross-country segments; groups are kept small, and are always led by someone trained to teach (and enforce) minimum-impact hiking and camping techniques.

Before venturing off-trail, check with park or forest rangers about local conditions, concerns, and regulations. While cross-country impact can be minuscule in remote areas, easily accessible wilderness may suffer more than areas with signed routes. There, high numbers of hikers may follow each other along unplanned (and unmaintained) trails that cut through fragile meadows or run too close to streambanks. So it's wise to stay on trails in congested areas, but even in Yosemite (where only 10 percent of the park's backcountry visitors venture away from marked paths) the untrailed wild still beckons the conscientious hiker.

✍ Sierra *welcomes letters from readers in response to recently published articles. Letters may be edited due to limitations of space or in the interests of clarity. Write to us at 730 Polk Street, San Francisco, CA 94109.*

John W. Bartlett

Young Crusaders

"We aren't waiting for another generation to pass the torch to us," says Mark Fraioli matter-of-factly. "We've lit our own." Twenty-one years old, Fraioli is a leader in the Sierra Student Coalition, an activist network that in barely three years has grown from a handful of concerned individuals to a nationwide movement of 55,000 student environmentalists working to preserve their future. Coalition leaders expect this section of the Sierra Club to increase its membership to more than 100,000 by the year 2000.

The SSC's rapid rise belies the stereotype of a generation wallowing in apathy, loud music, and junk food. "Sure, we drink Coke and eat pizza," shrugs SSC director and founder Adam Werbach, 20. "But we don't bat an eye at getting 15,000 letters to Congress in a week," he says, referring to the flood of mail they generated recently in support of the California Desert Protection Act.

The move toward a grassroots youth coalition associated with the Sierra Club began in Los Angeles in the fall of 1990, when Werbach pulled together about 500 high-school students to campaign for "Big Green," California's conservation and toxics-reduction initiative. He later approached friends in the Angeles Chapter of the Sierra Club, proposing to link the Club's resources and experience to the vast energy and enthusiasm of student Club members.

Werbach's idea was welcomed by the Club, and he subsequently set up a summer camp for training student leaders. Now in its third year, the Sierra Club High School Environmental Leadership Training Program, held in Vermont and Southern California, offers ninth- through twelfth-graders week-long programs that teach every aspect of activism, from effective use of the media to promoting diversity within the movement. The latter is particularly important to the students.

"We feel the environmental movement will be successful only if it reflects concerns that pertain to most of America," says Fraioli. "Wilderness issues are not enough any more. Most people grew up in cities, and love them. We have to bridge that gap by addressing urban concerns."

Adopting a multicultural approach, the SSC emphasizes the involvement of students of diverse ethnic and economic backgrounds and pursues campaigns that are linked to social-justice issues. More than half of last year's Leadership Training Program participants were racial minorities, and 80 percent were women. Scholarships enabled those from low-income families to participate.

Latoya Conners, an African-American high-school student in Milwaukee, is one of those who welcomes involvement in the SSC. She lives in a working-class neighborhood—"some people call it the ghetto"—and says that in the past when she saw school environmental groups featured on television, she would think "that's there, not here." Now, she says, "I look at myself and the beliefs I have, and I see those same beliefs in others. Once people get information, they *are* willing to act."

Neither innocent nor jaded, savvy student activists aim to better their world.

■

Getting vital information to people is the goal of the SSC's newest program, the National Lead Education Campaign. Lead poisoning harms nearly one in six children under the age of six, and is particularly prevalent among low-income groups and racial minorities. The poisoning causes reductions in learning ability, verbal skills, and ability to concentrate; at higher levels, it can cause nervous-system disorders, kidney problems, and even death. "Yet this issue has been neglected by most of the big environmental organizations in this country," asserts Adam Berman, 21, coordinator of the lead-education project.

In developing its approach, the SSC has drawn extensively on the expertise of the Environmental Studies Department at Brown University in Rhode Island. The program materials were developed and tested by Brown students teaching in Providence-area public schools.

Education goes hand in hand with political activism, and last year SSC volunteers registered more than 100,000 people and organized events for the Clinton/Gore ticket at more than 200 universities across the country. Asked if older environmentalists are surprised by the students' success, Fraioli is amused. "When we talk to people on the phone, they often think we're 30 or 40 years old," he says, laughing. "It's not that we're passing ourselves off as older, but that we're redefining the concept of 'adult.'"

As to whether his fellow activists will stay committed and keep the SSC a powerful conservation force, coalition director Werbach has no doubts. "They're out there fighting the battle today, and they'll be there tomorrow," he says. "And guess what?" he adds: "They're going to win." ■

JOHN W. BARTLETT, *21, is a freelance writer and an international youth organizer in West Hollywood, California.*

►*For more information, see "Resources," p. 126.*

"There's this hill behind our house. It's all wooded, with a maple stand and some red oak. It's pretty steep, and goes up about 1000 feet or so. At the top there's a cliff with a little birch grove, and a great view of the mountains. It's our place to go outside and be together... to hang out, talk or just relax. It makes sense that Merrell would make boots for just that kind of thing. Casual, comfortable... from the first time you put them on. I'm not sure what it is exactly, they just feel good.

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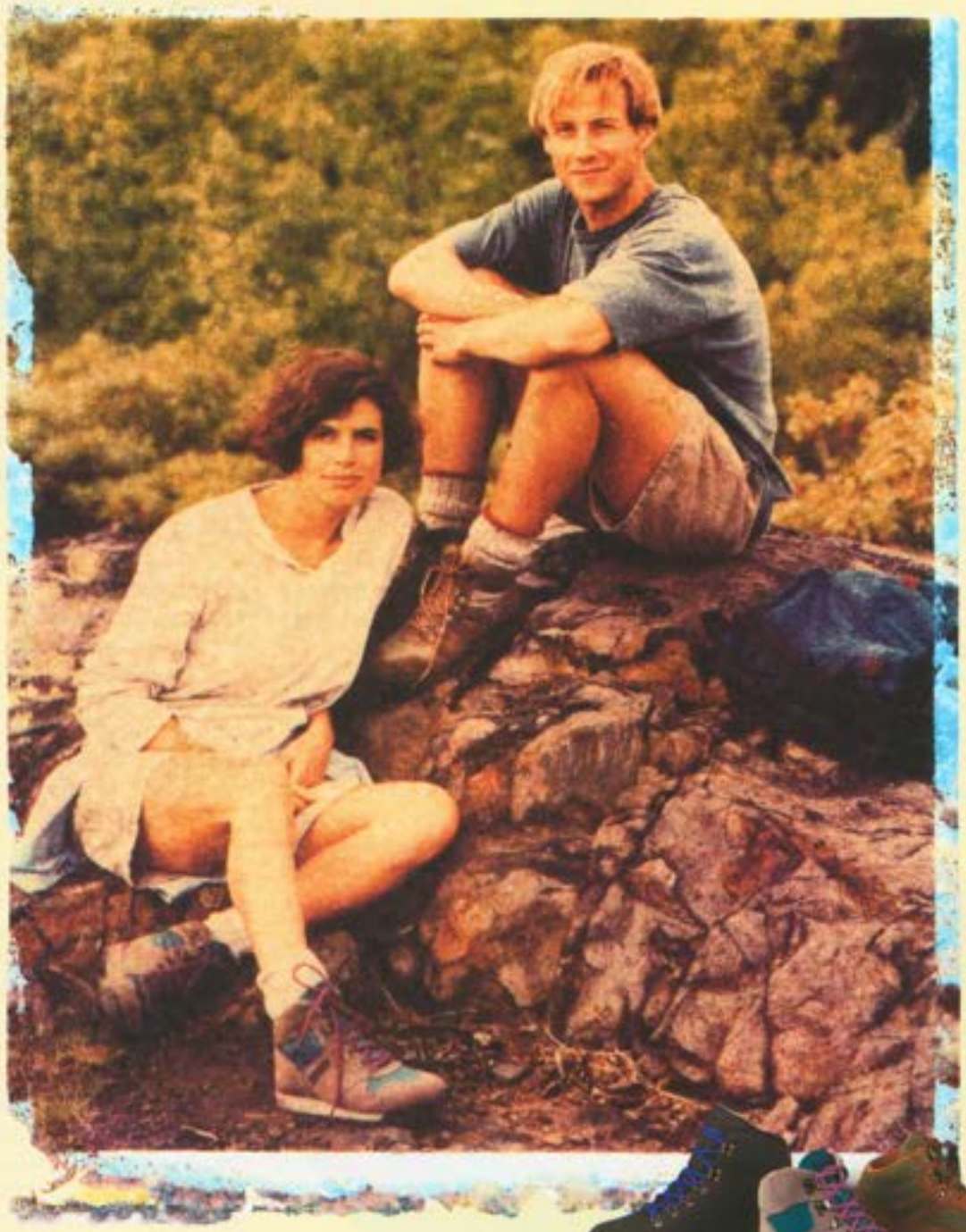

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WAYS & MEANS

Market Free-for-All?

CARL POPE

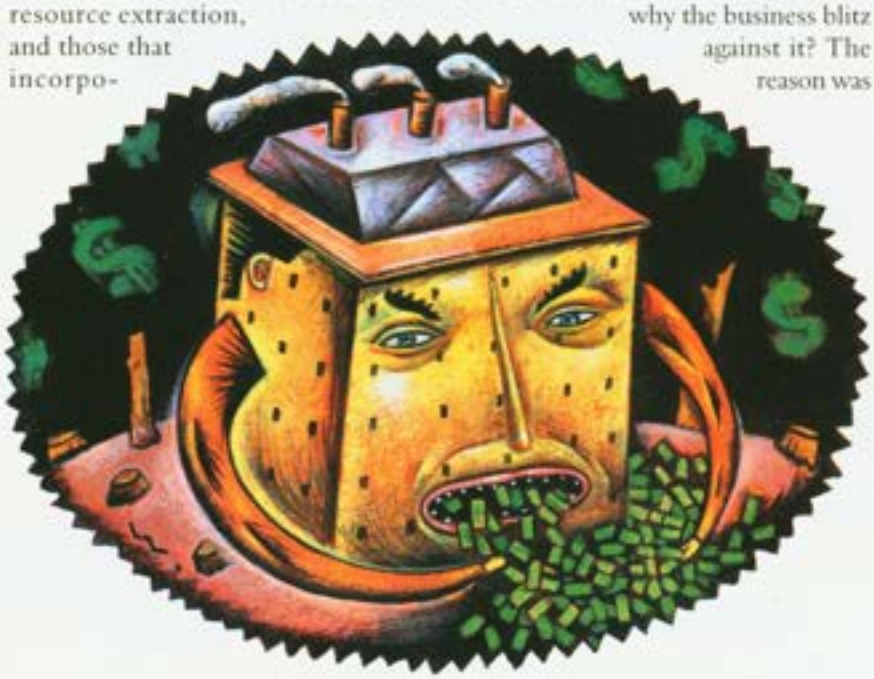
A major chord sounded by the pundit choir for the past half dozen years has been the claim that when it comes to cleaning up pollution, environmentalists prefer elaborate government regulations to "market mechanisms" like taxes, price reforms, and tradeable permits.

The Clinton administration's original economic program was chock-full of environment-friendly market proposals: the Btu tax, elimination of subsidies for timber harvesting and grazing, royalties on minerals taken from the public lands, and fees on western water use. Then reality set in.

The reality is that opposition to market mechanisms comes not from environmentalists but from business interests. The taxes and pricing structures that business finds anathema are those that remove government subsidies for resource extraction, and those that incorporate the simple market principle that pollution should be paid for by the polluter, not the taxpayer.

A few business leaders did support Clinton's plan. But arrayed against the President were the American Petroleum Institute, the Chamber of Commerce, the National Association of Manufacturers, and hundreds of trade associations that combined to unglue the Btu tax completely in the Senate and to persuade the President to eliminate or postpone the rest of his pricing and subsidy reforms.

The campaign against the Btu tax was intense, expensive, and outrageous. Industry flacks called the tax a "job killer," and even serious reporters picked up that theme. The tax itself was modest, and would have left U.S. industrial energy prices far below those paid by international competitors. So why the business blitz against it? The reason was fear that the public would discover that taxing energy is less painful than taxing wages, sales, or profits; and fear that such green taxes would indeed become the wave of the future.



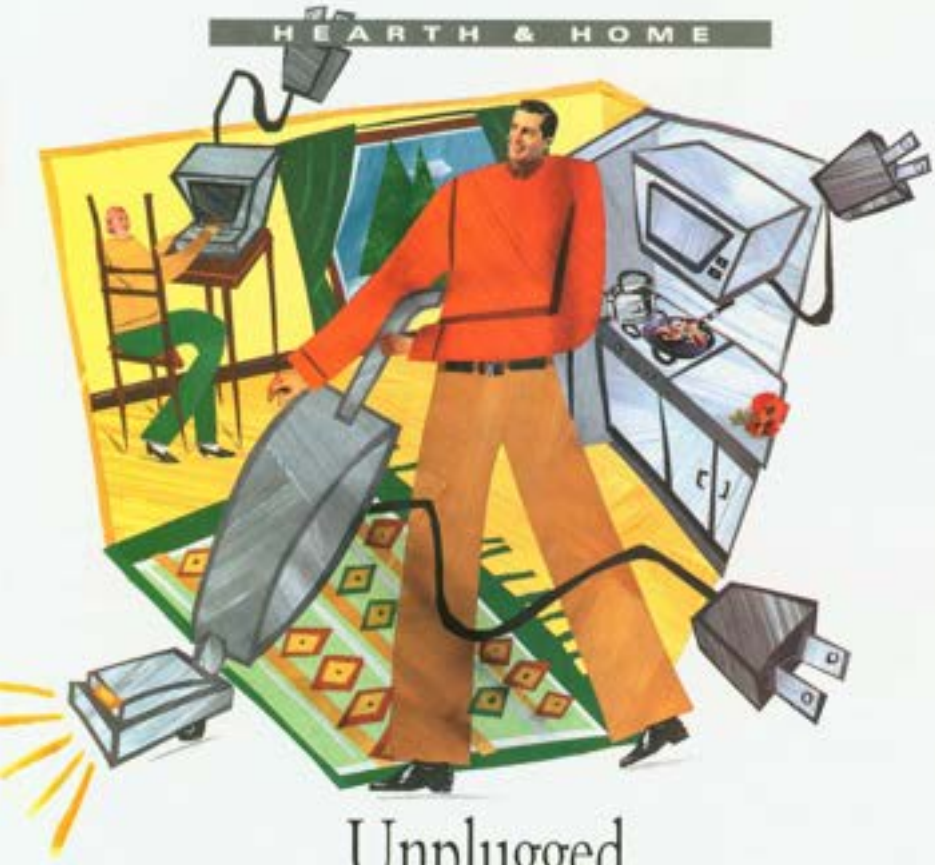
For its part, the administration ran a very weak campaign for the tax, and environmentalists frankly had a hard time cheering it after lobbyists were allowed to line up and shoot it full of loopholes. Even so, polls showed that 61 percent of the public still preferred the energy tax to the alternative of cutting entitlements.

Environmentalists are not new converts to market principles. In 1972, the Sierra Club endorsed Richard Nixon's proposal to tax sulfur emissions as an incentive to reduce air pollution. That plan was promptly smothered by the coal companies and public utilities. The Club also supported the gas-guzzler tax on inefficient cars, a measure considerably diluted by Detroit's resistance.

New topic, same question: Who's gonna pay?

What environmentalists have opposed, however, are schemes that pay businesses to mop up after themselves. Yet this, and only this, is the kind of market incentive U.S. industry is willing to allow into environmental policy.

The Sierra Club continues to support the full range of market *and* regulatory mechanisms to clean up the environment. Rather than pointing their fingers at environmentalists, free marketers ought to blame those truly responsible for the bitter battle over an energy tax—the same economic interests that fight every cleanup proposal, whether it would operate through the rule book or the cash register. ■



Unplugged

HANNAH HOLMES

Although the home of Peter and Chris Talmage sits in a Maine birch forest far from any power lines, there are no smoky kerosene lanterns dangling from its rafters, no buckets of bath water warming on the woodstove. In the open, airy house the stereo is playing country music; somewhere a vacuum cleaner is buzzing, and in the home office a computer is glowing. The privation and makeshift lifestyle that many people imagine go plug-in-socket with off-the-grid living are conspicuously absent.

But the house's oddly shaped electrical outlets hint at something out of the ordinary. The Talmage house runs on a hybrid energy system that draws power from two battery banks charged by rooftop solar panels and a wind generator. A thermometer mounted on an overhead water pipe monitors the solar water heater. The thick walls are superinsulated; combined with south-facing windows and water circulating from the rooftop heater, they allow the Talmages to heat their home with only one and a half cords of wood a year.

The appliances themselves are a little unusual: the big Sun Frost refrigerator/freezer is ten times as efficient as standard models. The Ifö toilets flush with quarts, not gallons, lightening the water pump's load. The microwave is wired to a switch, so that its pointless little clock can be shut off when not in use. In the barn, where Peter builds custom solar- and wind-powered energy systems for other grid fugitives, the drills and saws have been adapted to run more efficiently; even the big telescope in the observatory revolves, poetically, on stored solar power.

Getting off the grid, gracefully

In the 16 years that the Talmages have been building this house and its electrical system, they've never had an energy crisis. The photovoltaic panels need little attention, and the modern nickel-cadmium batteries are, says Peter, "safe enough to take to bed with you." The only big sacrifice in the Talmage household is to occasionally forego doing the laundry. "In a long cloudy spell, we don't consider using the washer," Peter grins.

With new technology, it's easier than ever to free yourself from the commercial power grid—and there is no shortage of good reasons for doing so. Coal-fired plants generate 56 percent of U.S. electricity, releasing 1.5 billion tons of carbon dioxide a year, and pouring out clouds of sulfur that contribute mightily to acid rain. The usual substitutes—natural gas, oil, nuclear, and hydro—are cleaner, but far from benign.

Wasted wattage is another good reason to get off the grid if you can. Almost half the energy that utilities generate is lost between the power plant and your outlet. And the ease with which energy reaches our homes encourages a second round of waste. "Because of the 'magical' supply of electricity, we use inefficient appliances," says Stephen Morris of Real Goods Trading Company, a California supplier of alternative-energy equipment. "We don't see the consequences."

Real Goods estimates that 100,000 people have chosen energy independence, 20,000 of them for year-round homes—a category that's growing at 15

to 20 percent a year. Many grid-busters use solar power, but wind generation and "micro-hydro" systems are also possibilities.

The price can be steep—a minimal package of solar panels and batteries can set you back a thousand dollars or so, and a family-size system that includes super-efficient appliances might cost about $15,000. Homes that are some distance from the grid are the likeliest candidates for going it alone, since utility hookups in remote areas can be fearsomely expensive—$10 a foot or more—making independence a bargain. Complete freedom from the power company isn't cost-effective for city dwellers, though with energy costs rising, a few solar panels on the roof can lower the bills.

October is National Energy Awareness Month—a good time to try loosening your ties to the power company. But you needn't snip the wires to lessen your dependence; before making a major investment in alternate energy, try lowering your energy use. One sure bet is screwing in energy-efficient compact-fluorescent light bulbs, which are about six times as efficient as incandescent bulbs and last much longer. Set the water-heater thermostat to 120 degrees, and insulate the tank. Fill unused parts of the fridge with jugs of water; clean the gaskets and make sure they seal tightly. When your power-gadgets expire, revert to their hand-powered predecessors: alarm clocks, food mills, and push lawn mowers. Get a solar recharger and use rechargeable battery-powered devices whenever you can. And when you come to the end of your efficiency list, throw the breaker for a day, and see what else you can live without. ■

HANNAH HOLMES, *a contributing editor to* Garbage *magazine, is an environmental and outdoors writer in Portland, Maine.*

► *For more information, see "Resources," p. 126.*

HAND & EYE

Moment by Moment

■

HANNAH HINCHMAN

It's a strange jungle summer in Wyoming; caravans of ponderous, belly-dragging storms keep arriving from the south. By this time the summer motif should be established: isolated thunderstorm cells, visible from infancy through dissolution, rising up over the ranges. The neighboring rancher out in the soggy hayfields looks up at the sky, puzzled because he expects the usual pattern and this weather strikes him as too eventful.

But with or without clouds, the atmosphere is pure and ceaseless event. The prejudice of Western minds that see the world as an inert collection of things keeps us from focusing on the real constants, movement and change. When I ask my students to create an "event map"—a collection of notes and sketches that attempts to trace a bit of this flow, all I need to say is, "everything is doing something." This is a simplistic way of describing event-centered perception, but it serves to launch them on unexpected trajectories. Even something as solid as a mountain can be an event.

Walking into the Badlands to draw, I watch for the small events inside the present moment. An old juniper still works through variations on its twist-and-whorl growth style; then a kestrel lands on an outstretched limb in a superb contrapuntal gesture. A black stone rests on the edge of a sand rivulet, its precise placement the culmination of countless other transformations. Alan Watts once wrote, "The bud has opened and the fresh leaves fan out and curve back with a gesture which is unmistakably communicative, but does not say anything except, 'Thus!' " And so does the stone on the edge of the wash, and the stunningly expressive juniper.

If I lapse back into the culturally agreed-upon view of the world as inanimate, I find that it seems false and unnecessarily dull. Choosing to perceive events means that I am likely to laugh at odd moments: a willow branch ducking in and out of high river water is suddenly a clown act, all goofy exaggeration. Likewise, watching the progress of a distant rain-veil can bring a sudden hush to the soul.

My next week or so will be partly ruled by fascination with the series of events exploding beside my back steps, where the chokecherry thicket is beginning to bloom. When the racemes are in bud, the whole mass of shrubs appears dotted. They open, and foamy whiteness prevails. They age, and the overall aspect of the thicket tints toward yellow as the stamens ripen and lengthen. In rain the heavy flower heads become pendulous. In hot sun they are sizzling with bees and flies, enveloped in heavy perfume.

Inside the summer are dramas of cloud and bird, pond surface and pollen, the tension in a gentian bud and its imminent release. Silty mud acts out its true nature as it dries and cracks along traditional lines. I must pay attention in order not to miss any plot twist or virtuoso performance: everything is in motion. ■

■

The high drama of what simply takes place

Cloud event over the Badlands

Event of the Chokecherry thickets blossoming

... after frost withered early leaves.

Their smell mixes rank & sweet, attracting flies as well as bees.

Dense thickets favored by warblers – (yellow yellow-throat, Wilson's) and house wrens.

After the rains, my sodden porch is evenly dotted with tiny white petals.

Summer, Wyoming

...next morning, sky is a jumbled collection of ice-crystal fragments, scud and infant convection cells. Atmosphere feels, and is, unstable, meaning more storms today.

When chokecherry blossoms open, at first the stamens are folded into the center, tucked under the stigma. Then they spring free.

BODY POLITICS

Going Pains

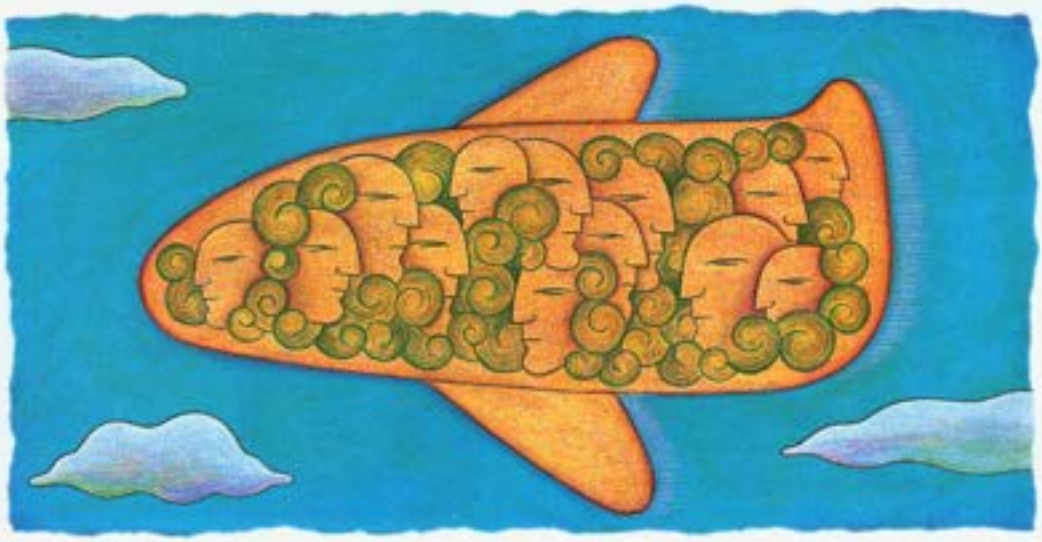
MICHAEL CASTLEMAN

A few autumns ago, when London was in the grip of a flu outbreak, someone there boarded a jetliner bound for Denver, Colorado. The passenger didn't know it, but lurking in his upper respiratory tract was the virus that causes influenza-A. Because it takes a day or two after infection to develop type-A flu symptoms—sudden high fever, body aches, and the sensation of having just been hit by a truck—the traveler still felt healthy upon disembarking 12 hours later. Sickness hit the following day; shortly thereafter, dozens of other passengers on the plane, who by this time were dispersed around the Denver area, fell ill. By the following week, the city was in the throes of a flu epidemic.

Natural boundaries—the oceans, deserts, and mountain ranges—once limited human movement, keeping people and their diseases more or less localized. World trade began changing that thousands of years ago, sometimes with disastrous consequences. Europeans brought measles and smallpox to the Americas, annihilating entire tribes of native people. Columbus' men in turn may have introduced syphilis into Europe after picking it up in the Caribbean.

Still, diseases migrated fairly slowly before the advent of air travel. A century ago, it took more than a week to cross the Atlantic. A steamship passenger who embarked from London with a severe infectious disease was either dead by the time the vessel reached U.S. shores, recovered, or so ill that the ship would be quarantined at the port of arrival. Now that we can fly around the world in a day or two, many illnesses once thought to afflict only those in faraway places are suddenly turning up much closer to home.

When you have nothing to declare but your virus



A change in U.S. aircraft brings even greater intimacy to the passenger cabin. On older planes, completely fresh air was circulated every three minutes; to save fuel—and money—the newer models circulate half fresh air and half recirculated air every six or seven minutes, giving that sneeze from seat 3C more of a chance to reach 43F.

Fortunately, this year's flu shot largely prevents the type-A flu expected to land at an airport near you sometime around Thanksgiving. (Last winter's flu was the milder type-B.) Anyone who wants to avoid a week of misery can get a flu shot starting in late October. But for the elderly and those with chronic illnesses, particularly respiratory conditions, flu can be the prelude to life-threatening pneumonia. Such people should definitely get a flu shot, which many health departments provide for free or at low cost each autumn.

Flu, at least, is fairly easy to diagnose; other voyaging viruses are less so. Unfortunately, some physicians neglect to inquire about recent travel when taking medical histories, and many people fail to mention that three months ago they were backpacking in Montana (where they might have contracted the tenacious intestinal parasite *Giardia lamblia*), or on safari in Zimbabwe (where, despite preventive efforts, they might have picked up drug-resistant malaria). If you become ill even as long as several months after returning from a journey—exotic or domestic—be sure to tell your doctor about your trip. The planet may not yet be a "global village," but increasingly it's one big petri dish. ■

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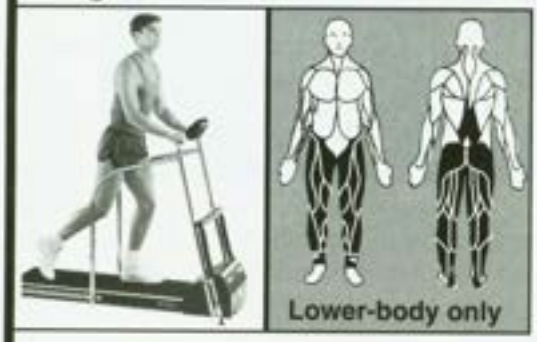

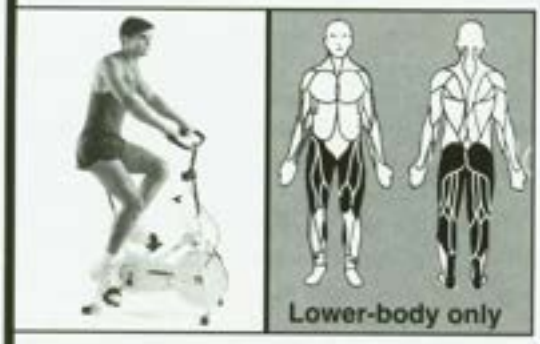

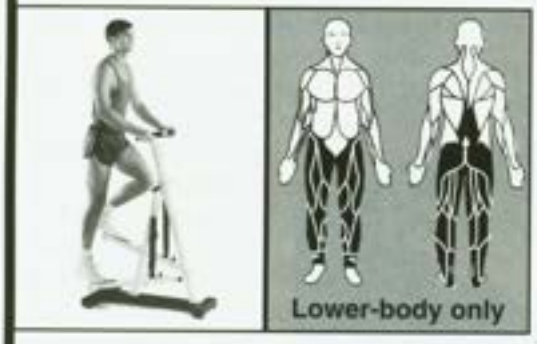

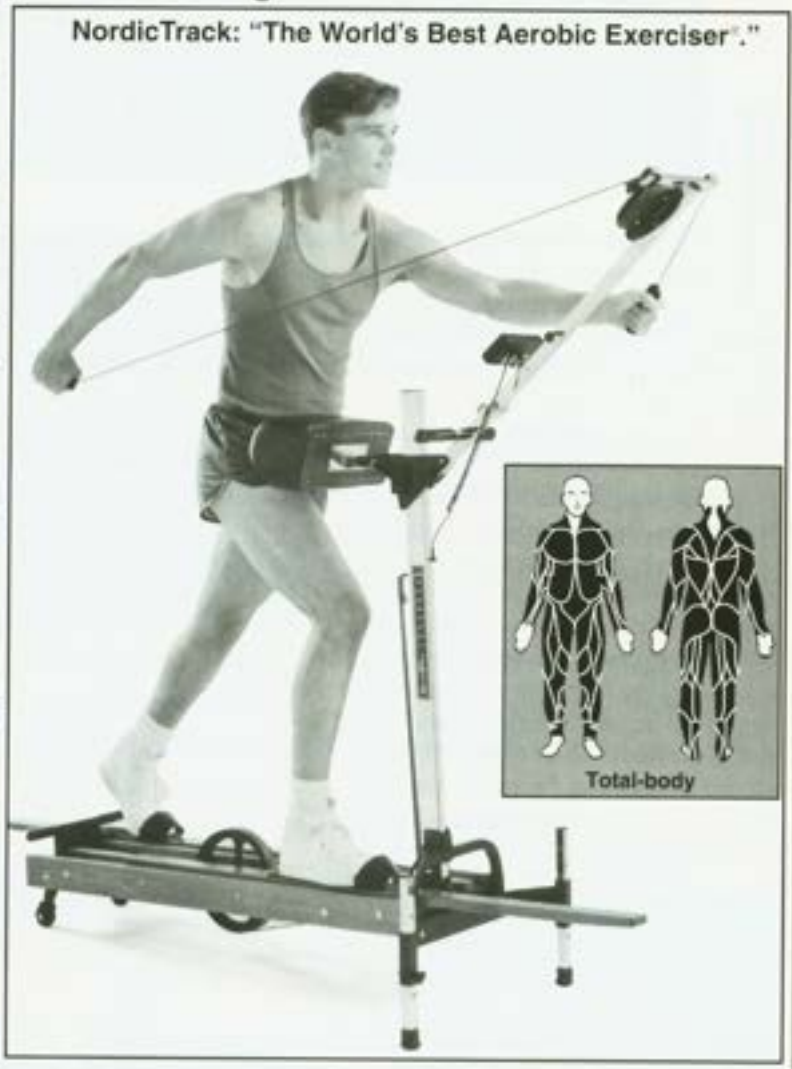

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GOOD GOING

City Under Grass

ROBERT B. COX

The canyon of the Bobos River opens between two knolls at the edge of a pasture crowded by lethargic Brahma cattle. A thin gauze of mist hangs a hundred feet below us near the green floor of the valley, where the river twists into sight, bends, and recedes toward the point where it joins with the Nautla River and proceeds to the Gulf of Mexico.

The weak afternoon light and the sheer walls of the canyon make the ruins in the river valley appear flat and one-dimensional. No stone surfaces are visible: the fallen city of Cuajilotes appears to be nothing more than a series of miniature tufts of symmetrically arranged vegetation. From this elevated perspective it's easy to understand how this Mesoamerican metropolis, known simply as *las ruinas* to the ranchers who guide their cattle through the valley and the citrus farmers whose groves speckle the hills of Veracruz, was overlooked by the rest of the world for centuries.

We follow a goat path that zigzags down the steep mountainside. As we approach *las ruinas*, the outlines of grass-blanketed pyramids become clear, rising more than 60 feet above what was once a vast plaza.

Little is known about Cuajilotes' past. Published reports of the site's discovery last year suggested that it might have been a trading post serving the ancient cities of Tajin and Teotihuacan. One archaeologist posited that Cuajilotes may have included the garrison post from which Aztec warriors dealt the invading Spanish their first defeat. Mentioned in a conquistador's journals, that Indian fortress was never located.

Lost in time, waiting for the world to arrive

The ruins were "discovered" only a few years ago when spotted by some Yankee rafters on the Bobos. The adventurers took photos of the site and gave them to S. Jeffrey K. Wilkerson, an archaeologist in the United States. Word of the discovery soon spread, sparking the exploratory zeal of archaeologists throughout the Americas.

We approach the ruins from the south, where the steep canyon meets the valley of the river. The city's largest temple rises from a thicket of briars, vines, and vegetation so dense it is virtually impossible to scale. On either side of the main temple, five smaller mounds—probably temples—flank the central plaza, which is crowned to the north by the rectangular edge of a ball court. The main plaza is about 300 yards long and is punctuated by the remains of what appear to have been three smaller temples or altars.

As we attempt to climb a pyramid, two blue-green parrots swoop from the dense leaves of a tree growing from the pasture that envelops the main temple. They squawk discordantly as they flit across the plaza and out of sight. Along the northern edge of the

AFTER A FEW YEARS, YOU MIGHT EXPECT AN ABUSED KID TO REACH FOR A GUN. JOHN WENT FOR A SHOVEL.

For fifteen years, John's father abused alcohol. He abused drugs. But worst of all, he abused John.

Now, it would make sense for him to want to fight back. But while some kids might respond by grabbing a gun or a knife, for a growing number of them, there is another option. In the form of a shovel. And bare hands.

Because now troubled kids like John can work out their frustrations in a more positive way. By planting, pruning, watering and weeding new trees. All with the help of a local non-profit group called Sonoma County ReLeaf and their Teens & Trees Program. And with the help of concerned citizens like Chevrolet-Geo dealers Ed McConnell, Pete Pellini and Barry Biddulph. And made possible by our Geo-Environmental/Tree Program.

Over the past five years, working partnerships like these created through the Geo Environmental/Tree Program have truly been a model of success. Starting with the contribution we make to local, volunteer-based non-profit groups and the planting of one tree each time a Geo is purchased.

The result of this has been to help beautify communities, clean the air and improve California cities through citizen tree planting and care projects involving millions of people. Including John.

Of course, all this does more than challenge kids to find á healthy outlet for their anger. It challenges whole communities to help improve city streets, yards and school grounds, along with lives of their younger citizens.

And for a kid like John, it can mean the difference between a life that truly is worth living. Or no life at all.

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site, a cowboy rounds up a few cattle. Man and horse are dwarfed by the enormous, grass-covered pyramids behind them.

Besides a few local ranchers, today we are the only people in the lost city. We wander for hours from temple to temple, speculating about those who built and lived in Cuajilotes. For now, the ruins can only be reached by foot, horseback, or raft, but soon the Mexican government will begin an extensive excavation and restoration project. We wonder what the valley will look like when it is filled with tour buses and Chiclet vendors.

When the afternoon's light drizzle turns to a steady flow, we hike back up the steep ravine to the pasture where the Brahma still sulkily graze. We make our way across the field toward a rutted path used by citrus farmers that will lead us to the main road back to the hill town of Tlapacoyan.

At the pasture's gate we meet a man tying a bundle of hay to the back of his horse. Assuming from our appearance that we're not locals, he asks what we think of the ruins. We tell him we are amazed that such a place could exist for so long without recognition. He agrees, and we talk about what will happen to the neighborhood now that *las ruinas* are known throughout the world.

The rancher, who owns land close to the valley and lives in a concrete-block house at the end of the dirt road, is optimistic. Once the citrus path is paved, he tells us, he intends to build a parking lot on his land across from the pasture leading to Cuajilotes. Before we leave, he insists we take some grapefruit from a tree on his future car park. We pick three. "Take more," he smiles. "This tree may not be here when you come back." ■

ROBERT B. COX, *who lives in Chicago, is a journalist for* American Banker. *His work has appeared in* Spy, Newsday, *and other publications.*

WHEREABOUTS

Married, With Mountains

KEN WRIGHT

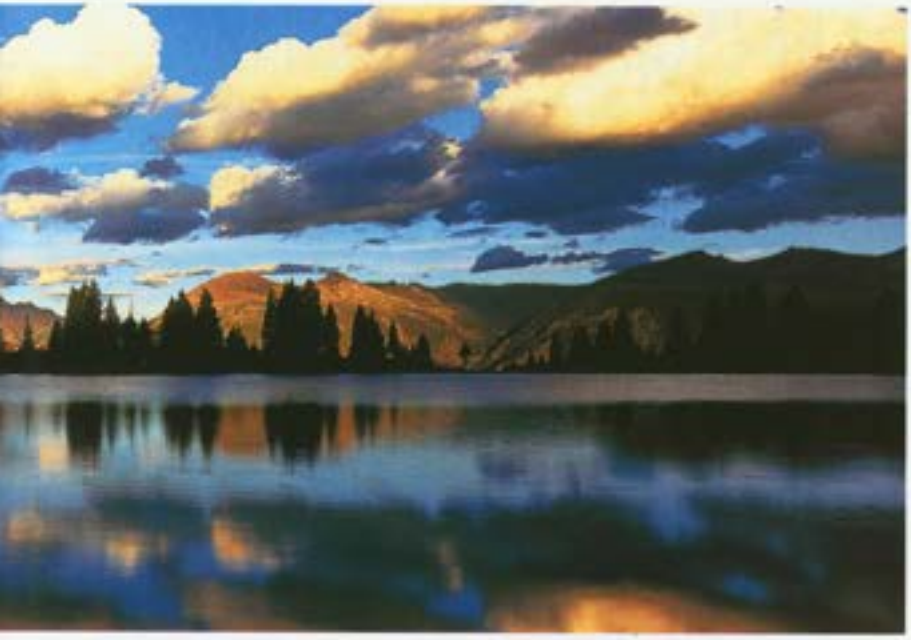
Tomorrow, Tom leaves for Mexico. So tonight we share a twelve-pack under a cold January sky. With the temperature in the low 20s, we sit like a couple of lookouts on the bridge of an icebreaker, wrapped in thick jackets, gloves, and hats. From a beat-up sofa on a friend's porch we keep watch over a dark side street in Durango, Colorado.

In the morning, Tom will get a ride down through New Mexico to Nogales. There he will hop a train to Mexico City and begin a four-month hitchhiking journey through Latin America.

"I can't believe you're going to have a kid," he says. He follows this with a deep swig of beer, as if he's rinsing those funky-tasting words from his mouth. "Do you know what you're doing?" He looks out across the street at a yellow-and-white Victorian house, a survivor from the days of Durango's mining boom. "I can't imagine having a kid," he says. "Or a wife." His frosty breath dissipates, but the words hang in the air.

I respond with a sip of beer and a glance out over the trenches that January's snow has made of the streets. I think about what lies ahead for Tom, but I don't worry, because my friend is a traveler. And he shouldn't worry about me, because I am—still—a traveler, too.

Sure, these days I don't cover as much ground as Tom. The only time I went to Mexico I swam, across the Rio Grande. I stood there among the agave and Mexican cow pies for a few *momentitos,* then swam back. And I don't hitchhike much since the afternoon I waited quietly in the backseat of a Delta 88, my feet resting on beer cans and a shotgun, while two drunken madmen debated whether to let me out or not. I think that was when my walking career really took off.



Every morning I walk down the dirt driveway to the pavement, which I follow around the corner into the valley where the elk like to winter. I check the flow in the ditch; I inspect the foliage on the scrub oaks; I examine the color of the sandstone bluffs. In the afternoon I may return there, sauntering along the same route. On weekends I usually make it up some nearby hill, like the rampart of cliffs behind our house, or the unnamed ridge ribboned with logging roads on the other side of the valley. Sometimes my wife, Sarah, and I venture into the high country, where I pull out the fishing pole for a few hours or we walk up above treeline to wander across the tundra. But I rarely get too far from home anymore. I don't want to.

The difference between Tom and me is that Tom is a bachelor traveler, and I am a married traveler. I'm not referring to legal marital status; I mean that I have made the same oath of loyalty, fidelity, and obligation to this landscape that I made to Sarah: *I will stay with you, learn about you, accept you for who you are.*

My spouse is the Colorado Plateau, its mountains—the San Juans, the La Platas, the Abajos, and the Sleeping Ute—and its rivers—the Animas, the San Juan, the Dolores, the Piedra. I am also bound to what I encounter daily, the streets, hills, mesas, and foothills that surround my town. I am connected to the people who live, play, work, and muddle through here faithfully. Like any marriage, this terrestrial relationship is ever-evolving, sometimes moody, often routine, filled with tedious chores. I must constantly rally the energy to seek the new and relish the familiar.

But tonight, I don't say any of this to Tom, and he is quiet as he hands me another can of beer. On the street in front of us, a woman walks by, shuffling her feet, her arms wrapped around herself. She coughs twice, and two little bursts of steam shine under a streetlight. I pull my cap lower over my head to keep my thoughts in and the deepening cold out. Yes, my friend, I tell Tom in my mind, I travel every day. I have only changed the direction of my travel. I walk these trails with a traveler's spirit; I hunger for awareness, adventure, knowledge, and challenge. And I have not been disappointed.

Should I say these things to Tom?

A long journey begins with no steps at all

■

Ramble on to him about my marriage-to-a-big-ol'-plateau philosophy? He might understand that, but what makes him grab his backpack is the thought of the traditional marriage-to-a-person, the bambino-on-the-way that seem to accompany squatting in one place too long. How would I explain to him that my wife and our fledgling family are an inseparable part of my marriage to this place?

Maybe I should tell a story: "My father loved to go to the woods of northern New England," I'll begin, and then I'll tell him about how up there, in the hardwoods, on the ancient, rounded mountains, around the lakes and creeks, my father taught me to fish and hunt and walk. While we walked, my father would tell me about the land around us, about how slopes with bedrock outcroppings meant good trout pools, about how an autumn-yellow beech grove meant whitetail scrounging for beechnuts.

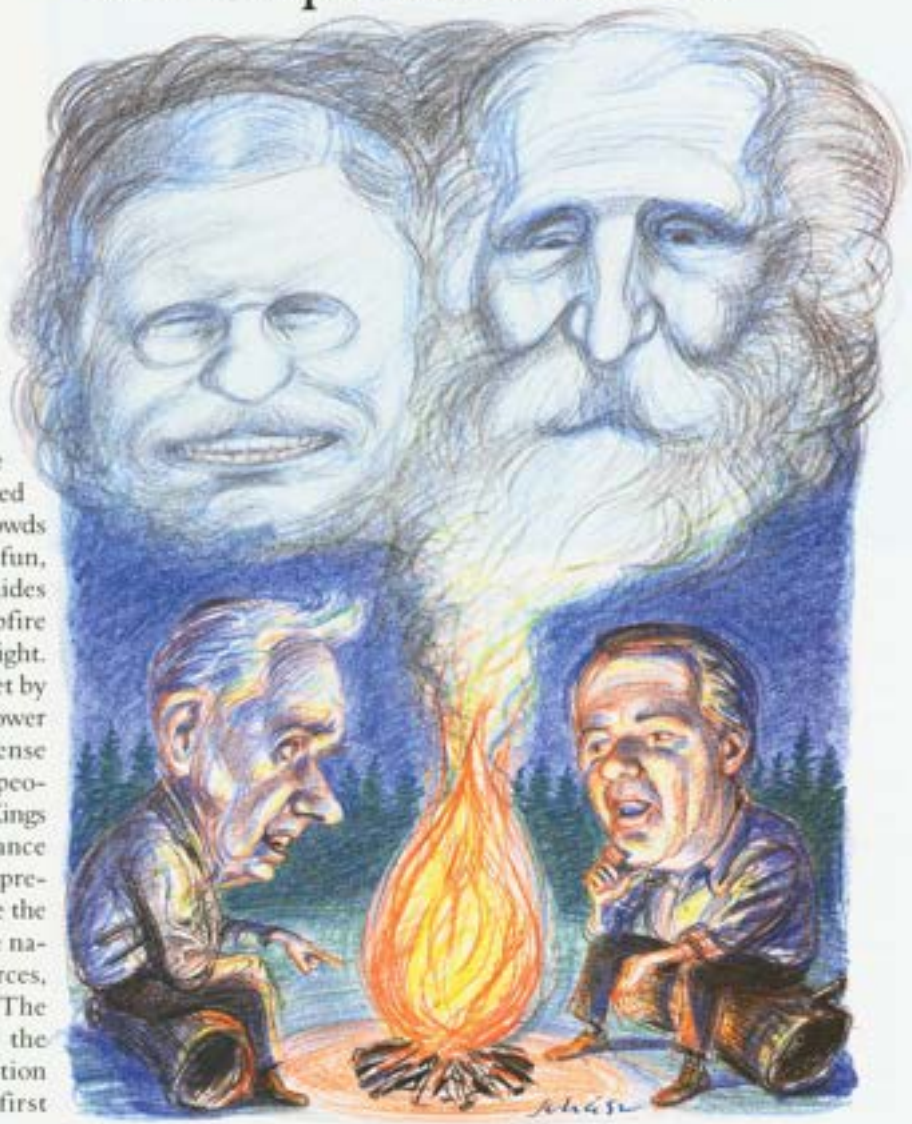
As we approached those places, my father grew more respectful, pensive, and alert than I ever saw him anywhere else. He would slow his pace, move precisely, step deliberately. I would imitate him as he slid each leg forward, touched his toes to the ground, and rolled his foot flat so the leaves made no sound. It was then that I learned how to walk. It was then I realized that I had learned all I know about the land by how I passed through it.

In the end, I don't offer Tom any of these explanations. I just smile to myself, and accept another beer. ■

KEN WRIGHT *is a free-lance writer and the environmental reporter for the Farmington, New Mexico,* Daily Times.

Edited by Reed McManus

The Prophet and the Pol



Touring the country in 1903, two years into his first term, Teddy Roosevelt asked the man who knew Yosemite Valley best to be his personal guide. John Muir jumped at the president's invitation. When crowds and hoopla threatened to spoil their fun, the two sneaked away with several aides to spend the evening around a campfire at Glacier Point, talking far into the night.

Ninety years later, expectations set by those two old ghosts color another power campout. Encircled by soaring incense cedar and ponderosa pine, some 20 people gather around a June campfire in Kings Canyon National Park. In the distance loom the Sierra's trademark walls of precipitous, polished granite. This time the tête-à-tête has been initiated by the nation's czar of public lands and resources, Interior Secretary Bruce Babbitt. The modern Muir is David Brower, the 80-year-old climbing and conservation legend who was the Sierra Club's first executive director.

As the evening begins, the lanky, silver-haired Brower is offered a paper plate for his meal. He refuses, preferring to drape his steak over his Sierra cup, just as he did in John McPhee's *Encounters With the Archdruid* more than 20 years ago. "This is history," he winks. "I'm going to play it for all it's worth." He looks incredulously at the tiny white plastic fork and knife he is handed, then borrows a Swiss Army knife from a reporter and smiles: "The scratches in my cup will be history."

Babbitt, 54, a sandy-haired figure in a navy sweatshirt and khaki pants, is clearly the big draw here. A swarm of media supplicants and Park and Interior staff buzz around the former Arizona governor, presidential candidate, and president of the League of Conservation Voters. Brower strikes out for an empty picnic table.

His craggy face lit by the pale light of a kerosene lantern, Brower looks too weary to be a high priest of conservation. But his voice is as rich and confident as

Continued on page 37

They supped, they jousted, and they joked 'neath the Sierra stars

■ ■ ■

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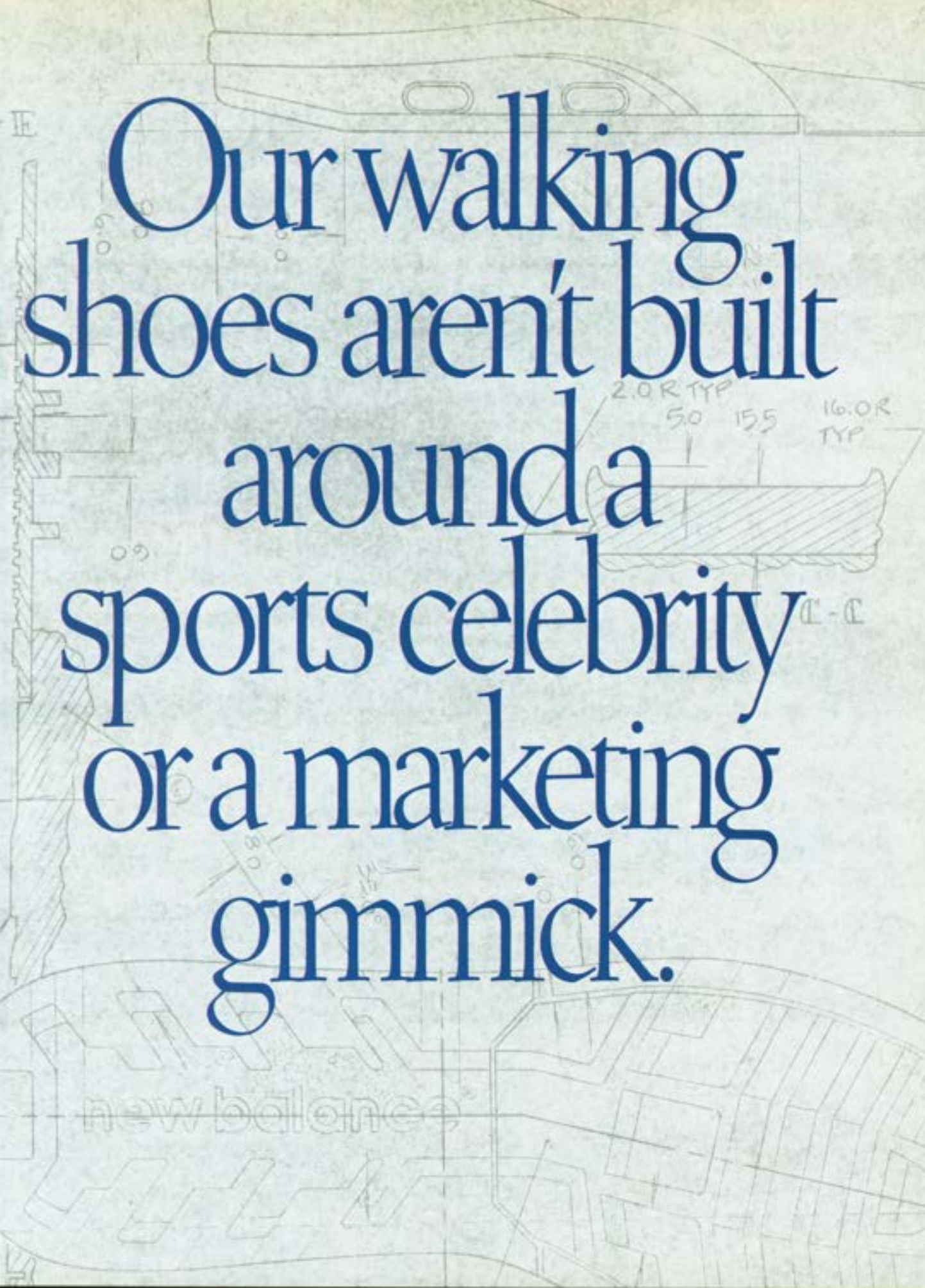

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MR650		•	•	•	•
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MR450			•	•	•
MH515			•		•

WOMEN	NARROW AA	B	D	WIDE EE
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a 30-year-old's. "What society needs is a thymus gland—an organ that stops growth," he proclaims to the four journalists who soon join him. "Why do we think growth is what sustains us? It's really what is burning us up."

The Kings River, frothy from snowmelt and spring rains, roars in the background. "Listen to that river," Brower continues. "Right now, it has no economic value. We have never learned to assign a value to the earth—only for what we do to the earth."

Babbitt eventually finds his way to Brower's table. Brower is oblivious. He's been giving environmental sermons for 55 years, and isn't accustomed to suspending them for pleasantries or protocol. "What we need is a National Land Service," he continues. "It would replace the Bureau of Land Management and help teach people how to act responsibly during their brief tenancy on the planet."

Soon a small crowd gathers around the table. Babbitt remains quiet, staring down into his Styrofoam cup. "If the challenge is to get people to live more lightly," asks Assistant Secretary for Water and Science Betsy Rieke, "how do we get them to accept it?"

"This way," Brower shoots back. "We should tell people to find freedom without taking it from anyone else. Our freedom—our material wealth—has been stolen from future generations, from people who aren't even here yet. My wife has a word for it—greedlock."

Babbitt has to watch himself here. As a loyal member of an administration that sees growth as its salvation, he can't play Teddy Roosevelt. Turning to one of the reporters at the table, he says, only half-jokingly, "I hope you are not interpreting my silence as a public endorsement of these ideas."

When Brower's sermon finally ends, Babbitt relaxes. Now the only problem is one that was shared by Muir and Roosevelt: according to Charlie Leidig, a Yosemite ranger who wrote a report of the earlier encounter, "Both men wanted to do the talking."

PRIORITIES

"Have you read the Ickes book?" Brower asks Babbitt, referring to *Righteous Pilgrim*, T. H. Watkins' 1,010-page biography of Interior Secretary Harold Ickes, whose strong leadership delighted conservationists in the Franklin Roosevelt and Truman eras. "Yes! Wonderful!" Babbitt exclaims. "Have you seen the Sunday *New York Times?*" Babbitt notes that the May 30 issue contains a fascinating article, "Is Humanity Suicidal?" by E. O. Wilson: "His work on biodiversity has had more particular power in formulating my direction than anything else." Brower interrupts Babbitt's policy colloquy to describe the leafcutter ant's social structures. "Check out the ants in Wilson's office," he suggests. "You won't come out the same person."

The two have hit their stride. "Where were you built?" Brower asks Babbitt. Born in California, bred in Arizona, Babbitt quickly cites his environmentalist origins. He confides that reading *Sand County Almanac* as a graduate student "changed my whole life." Society heard and acted upon the wilderness ethic that Aldo Leopold put forth in that environmental classic, Babbitt believes, but a more subtle message about the value of biodiversity was missed. He hopes to champion that message in Washington.

Over the course of the evening the discussion meanders from Arizona to spotted owls (which "haunt" Babbitt's home state as well as the Pacific Northwest), tigers (which Babbitt is trying to protect in China), terns (prodigious travelers), and the ecological values of rotting logs. "You are impossibly ahead of your time," Babbitt fondly tells Brower. Turning to one of the reporters, he adds, "Every time I think I'm a phrasemaker, I listen to this guy and realize I was born to be a bureaucrat, not a prophet."

As the firelight dims, people start to drift away to the scattering of tents provided by the Park Service. Brower and Babbitt linger, continuing to ravel the intricacies of nature. Finally Brower pushes up from the table. "We sure

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turned up on one hell of a wonderful planet," he says.

"No kidding," Babbitt replies as a final amen. —***Joan Hamilton***

Cost/Benefit Journalism

How The New York Times *learned to love hazardous waste.*

The problem with U.S. environmental policy these days, the nation's newspaper of record has concluded, is that it spends too darn much to save too few human lives. In an extraordinary turnabout showcased in a five-part series this spring, *The New York Times* lays the blame on U.S. environmentalism, accusing it of "sowing fear and protecting wasteful programs," and of supporting what George Bush's EPA administrator William Reilly called "environmental agenda-setting by episodic panic."

Chief finger-pointer is the *Times'* environmental reporter, Keith Schneider. "For too long," he said in an interview, "journalism has relied on the claims of the environmental groups, particularly the large ones. We need to open the debate to more voices."

The repressed, shut-out voices Schneider is intent on amplifying are those of corporate America. Having found bias in the claims of environmentalists (whose interests Schneider identifies as "public fear and fundraising"), the *Times* now follows the lead of Procter & Gamble when reporting on disposable diapers (going so far as to reprint propaganda from the maker of Pampers without so much as an acknowledgment), Monsanto when reporting on dioxin, and the Wise Use Movement when reporting on public-lands issues in the West. "Many experts," writes Schneider, "question the wisdom of spending billions of dollars to protect people from traces of toxic compounds . . . [M]any scientists, economists, and Government officials have reached the dismaying conclusion that much of America's environmental program has gone seriously awry."

If something is awry, many other experts have reached the dismaying conclusion that it is the Great Gray Lady herself. "It's disappointing and saddening," says former *Times* reporter Philip Shabecoff, "that *The New York Times* would use its news columns to stake out its editorial position."

Shabecoff, a veteran of 32 years at the *Times*, is in a unique position to appraise its lurch toward the boardroom. He spent 14 years at the environmental desk, the last 10 of them as the paper's first full-time correspondent in that field. In 1991, however, he was summarily yanked from his beat.

"One of the things the editors said was that I wrote too much about environmental problems, and not enough about the economic problems that

environmentalism was causing," he charges. "They felt my coverage was too pro-environment, but the only example they could give was a story I'd written about dolphins being taken as part of the tuna harvest, where I said the dolphins were 'slaughtered' rather than 'killed.'" Instead of accepting exile covering the Internal Revenue Service, Shabecoff quit. He now edits the electronic news service *Greenwire*.

Replacing Shabecoff was Schneider, a former free-lance writer whose work has appeared in various environmental journals, including this one. In light of his present reporting, his 1984 story for *Sierra* about the dangers of ocean incineration of hazardous waste now makes ironic reading. For once at the *Times*, Schneider's appraisal of toxic dangers shifted into sync with those of the editors irked by Shabecoff.

Schneider now argues (with the approval, it is assumed, of the publication that gives him the run of its front page) that environmental regulation should not be considered apart from its economic cost. When put to the test, this assumption leads the paper to conclude that programs aimed at cleaning up toxic substances in the environment are mostly a waste of money.

Here's how the logic goes. Schneider calculates total national environmental spending at about $140 billion a year; $100 billion from the private sector, $40 billion from the government. This he balances on the cost/benefit scale against the contention that "only 1 to 3 percent of all cancers in people are caused by exposure to toxic chemicals in the environment." Even though he later admits that this works out to 5,000 to 15,000 excess cancer deaths a year, the implication is clear that this is an acceptable price of doing business. (Alarmist environmentalists might put it another way: of the 85 million people now living whom the American Cancer Society predicts will get cancer in their lifetimes, 850,000 to 2.5 million can thank toxic chemicals for it.) Furthermore, Schneider's risk assessments count only cancer, and only cancers that appear in adults.

Schneider steps farthest out on his

limb in the case of dioxin. In a now-notorious article published on August 15, 1991, he formulated the pronouncement—placed in the mouths of obligingly anonymous "experts"—that exposure to dioxin is "no more risky than spending a week sunbathing."

A scathing critique by Vicki Monks in the June 1993 *American Journalism Review* shows the vast influence of *The New York Times* by tracing the echoes of this absurd declaration through the popular press. *The Arizona Republic*, for example, puts the sunbathing analogy in the mouths of "top federal scientists," while the *Sacramento Bee* got the news from "a widening group of scientists." The Associated Press cited "some studies," the *Financial Times* "a U.S. report," while another *New York Times* reporter fell back on the "some experts" dodge. In fact, the source was Keith Schneider, who told Monks that he came up with the phrase himself, and got a couple dioxin-friendly epidemiologists to agree to it.

Dioxin is something of an obsession at the *Times*. Ever since Schneider's 1991 story (which appeared the very day that the paper sold its share in a pulp mill being sued by two Canadian Indian nations for fouling their waters with dioxin), the contention that "new research indicates that dioxin may not be so dangerous after all" has been repeated, mantra-like, from article to article. In reality, as Monks demonstrates, the current re-evaluation of dioxin has by no means absolved the chemical. In fact, the National Institute for Environmental Health Sciences suggests that it is even *more* dangerous than previously believed, since it apparently interferes with the body's immune system even at very low background levels—an important new finding that has escaped mention in the *Times*.

Every bit as alarming as the *Times'* premature exoneration of dioxin is what looks for all the world like Schneider's endorsement of the so-called Wise Use Movement. Scrupulously avoiding the "Wise Use" label, Schneider proclaims its members to be

"the vanguard of a new, third wave of environmentalism that is sweeping across America." Tellingly, the only spokesperson for these "home owners, farmers, miners, and timber industry workers" he can find is Richard J. Mahoney, chair and CEO of the Monsanto Company (the financer, curiously, of several of the revisionist dioxin studies that so impressed Schneider). In search of a genuine grassroots example of his "third wave," Schneider settled (May 6) on the lunatic quest of Catron County, New Mexico, to preempt federal regulation of public lands in its jurisdiction—a "grassroots effort" authored by attorney Karen Budd, a James Watt protegée whose clients include the National Cattlemen's Association and the American Sheep Industry Association.

What upsets the "third wave," writes Schneider, is "the growing cost of regulations that didn't appear to bring any measurable benefits." In this instance the *Times* does cite its sources: "Corporate executives," who "had long been making similar arguments, but [who] had gone unheeded, even during 12 years of Republican rule, because often they were seen as interested only in saving money." Now, however, *The New York Times* sees them as interested only in saving U.S. environmental policy, and is willing to overlook any crass economic motives.

Schneider regards himself as a voice in the wilderness, warning the U.S. environmental movement that the end is near. "If it becomes clear to a lot of Americans—and it's becoming clear to more and more all the time—that the benefits and costs [of environmental regulation] are out of whack," he says, "then the credibility of environmentalism is very much at stake."

But what of the reverse? A Harris poll taken a month after the *Times'* series showed that 82 percent of the public wants *more* done to protect the environment, and 72 percent said they were willing to pay higher taxes for it. In its crusade to convince them otherwise, the risk is to the credibility of *The New York Times*. **—Paul Rauber**

► *For more information, see "Resources," p. 126.*

Look Who's Taking

Life, liberty, and the sacred right to pollute.

As though delivered by the Invisible Hand itself, strangely similar pieces of legislation are deluging statehouses across the country. They all have apple-pie names like "The Private Property Rights Act" or "Private Property Protection Act" and, with minor variations, all demand the same thing: that the government pay property owners to refrain from polluting or degrading their land.

Of course, that's not quite how property rightists put it. Environmental regulations, says the American Legislative Exchange Council, "inevitably result in the confiscation of private land values without any form of compensation. . . . [Property rights bills] will require the public to pay for what it

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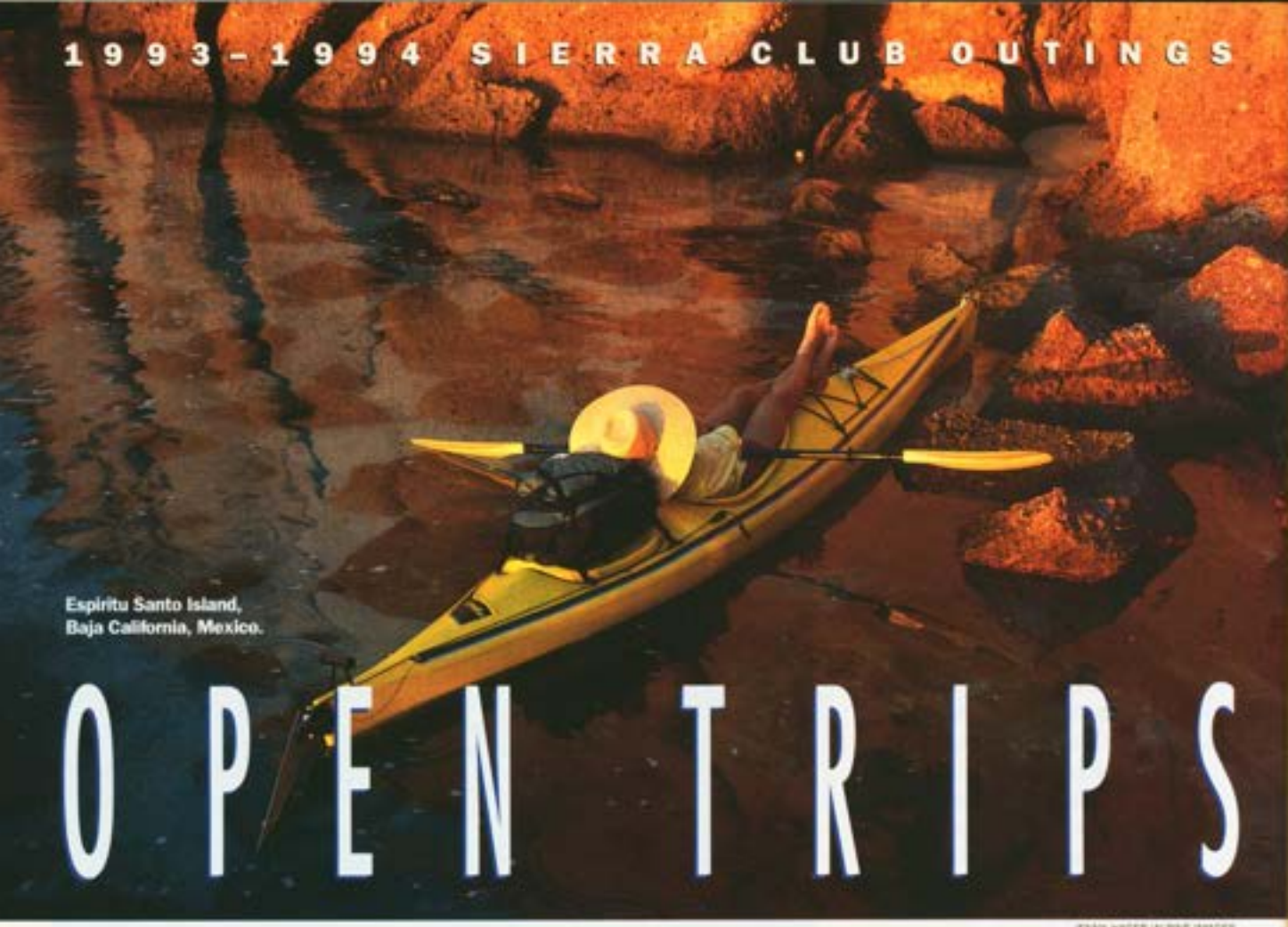

Espiritu Santo Island, Baja California, Mexico.

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94617	Mt. Kenya Climb	7/4/94–7/11/94	Paul McKown	$1,885/2,025 *
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94635	Botswana Wildlife Safari	8/14/94–8/27/94	Ruth Dyche	$4,370/4,650
ANTARCTICA				
94525	Adventure Cruise, Antarctica	2/8/94–2/20/94	Leo LeBon	$4,995/5,245
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93845	Rolwaling Himal, Nepal	11/8/93–11/30/93	John DeCock	$2,110/2,335
93860	Gorkha-Trisuli Holiday Trek, Nepal	12/18/93–12/31/93	David Horsley	$1,680/1,880
94545	Rajasthan Desert Kingdoms, India	3/22/94–4/9/94	Bob Madsen	$2,390/2,665
94555	Japanese Cherry Blossom Season	4/12/94–4/22/94	Carolyn Castleman	$3,890/4,145
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94565	Southern Dolpo: Pokhara to Jumla, Nepal	5/9/94–6/10/94	Cheryl Parkins	$2,890/3,145

**Trip #94617 must be done in conjunction with trip #94595 or #94620.*

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94580	Hiking and Bus Tour through Central Asia, China and Russia	5/22/94–6/10/94	Bud Bollock	$2,845/3,125
94655	Manaslu Circle Trek, Nepal	10/17/94–11/16/94	Cahit Kitaplioglu	$2,855/3,130
94670	Kang Chu Himal, Nepal	11/10/94–12/7/94	Patrick Colgan	$2,740/3,015
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These outings are described briefly in the 1993–1994 International Outings catalog, which appeared in the July/August issue of *Sierra*. Each outing is described in detail in individual trip brochures. Use this coupon to order the catalog and/or brochures. We highly recommend reading a detailed trip brochure before signing up for a trip. Trips vary in size, cost, and physical stamina and experience required. Don't sign up for the wrong one! Read the trip brochure, and save yourself the cost and inconvenience of changing or canceling a reservation. The first three brochures are free. Please enclose 50 cents each for extras.

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takes from private citizens for the supposed public benefit."

You have to hand it to the Wise Use Movement corporadoes—they just don't give up. Last year, their hopes were dashed in the case of David Lucas, the South Carolina developer who was forbidden to build a house on an eroding beach. Lucas thought the state's stiffened beach-protection laws constituted a Fifth Amendment "taking" of his private property, and managed to get a hearing before the Supreme Court. In a narrow ruling ("Much Ado About Lots," November/December 1992), the court agreed with Lucas that, in some cases, regulation alone could constitute the taking of a property. But even conservative ideologue Antonin Scalia ruled that as long as the property retained *some* value, no compensation was owed; one could lose 95% of the value of a property and not necessarily suffer a "taking." As Pace University law professor John Humbach put it, "The Constitution does not guarantee that land speculators will win their bets."

Undeterred by the cold shoulder from the most conservative court in 60 years, the real-estate supremacists took a new tack. If the high court balked at blanket statements about when confiscation may be said to occur, then, by gum, local governments could take the lead. The ink was scarcely dry on *Lucas* when dozens of private-property-rights bills started showing up on state legislative agendas.

These bills come in two varieties: "compensation" and "assessment." The former demands that if government regulation reduces the market value of a piece of property by a certain amount—the usual figure is 50 percent—compensation must be paid. If Adam Smith buys ten acres of wetlands for $10 million and the EPA then tells him he can't fill it and put up a shopping mall, the agency would have to pay him to make up for the lost value of the property. While this would not constitute a "taking" under present constitutional law, compensation bills

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introduce a new legal critter to the world: a *legislatively* defined taking.

Just to make sure that state environmental agencies get the picture, many compensation bills require that they pay any takings claims out of their own departmental budgets. Thoughtfully, the bills leave an escape hatch for governmental bodies short on cash: if the regulation in question is simply rescinded, all differences will be forgotten. The effect is pure blackmail—no endangered-species protection, no mandatory compensation. States would end up paying landowners for perfectly ordinary regulation of public health, safety, and the environment—a prospect that has led the National Governors Association to denounce takings legislation.

"Assessment" bills are scarcely less draconian; the difference is that between death by murder or death by wasting disease. This approach simply requires that each and every environmental regulation be reviewed for its potential confiscatory effect. It sounds harmless, but would mean adding expensive layers of bureaucracy to already underfunded agencies. (The New Mexico Fish and Game Department estimates, for example, that it would need to hire 20 additional employees, at a cost of $1.5 million a year, just to review its own actions.) Any bureaucrat worth his or her Filofax would conclude that the solution is not to issue any regulations at all.

As with so many tactics of the Wise Use Movement—that alliance of big business and government-subsidy-dependent miners, loggers, and ranchers— the assessment strategy is a perversion of an environmental triumph, in this case the National Environmental Policy Act, which mandates environmental assessments and impact reports for federal projects. (A similar tactical heist is attempted in the "no net loss of private property" bills also being floated at the state level, which call for the privatization of as much land as is acquired for public purposes.) The genius of this type of legislation

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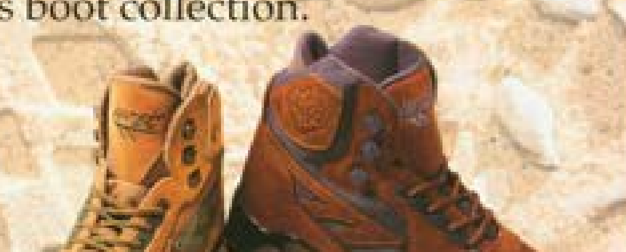

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PRIORITIES

is to open up wide new vistas for obstructionist litigation. Even before arguing that a regulation constituted a taking, for example, corporate lawyers could bottle up proposed regulations for years by alleging an inadequate review process.

At last count, takings bills of one kind or the other—and sometimes both—have been introduced in 32 states. Legislation has passed in seven (although the governors of Florida and Idaho subsequently vetoed theirs), and is pending in six more.

In those states where takings bills have been enacted, the key to passage has been haste and a lack of public participation. In Arizona, for example, environmentalists got three minutes to respond to an hours-long presentation by bill supporters, and full debate on the issue lasted all of 20 minutes. In Utah, the takings bill was rolled through the legislature by the so-called "Cowboy Caucus," a rural posse that also championed ranchers' rights to blow away any unwanted animal that wanders across their land.

Although a number of groups are pushing these bills, including the American Farm Bureau and Defenders of Property Rights, the fountain from which most seem to flow is the American Legislative Exchange Council. This obscure, D.C.-based think tank provides "model legislation" to "pro-free-enterprise state legislators," 2,400 of whom it claims as members. "The greatest threat to American prosperity today," ALEC warns, is from "leftist environmental proposals" that assume "that the free market must be heavily regulated to protect the environment." Funding this viewpoint is a host of corporate financial angels including Coors, Philip Morris, R. J. Reynolds, Coldwell Banker, Texaco, Chevron, and that veteran funder of right-wing causes, the John M. Olin Foundation.

When ALEC's bills first started appearing, environmentalists found it difficult to respond to a legislative onslaught that few non-lawyers—sometimes including those introducing the bills—could comprehend. After all, takings isn't the kind of conservation issue easily summed up on a bumper sticker. Even those who understood it had a hard time taking it seriously. In Arizona, says Joni Bosh, a Sierra Club board member and activist, "The Sierra Club was there early, but no one else believed that anyone could pass such ridiculous legislation." After Governor Fyfe Symington signed the bill, Arizona environmentalists gathered 71,000 signatures to suspend it and put the matter up to a statewide referendum, scheduled for November 1994.

When the Lucas case first came along, many corporate polluters and developers fondly imagined that they had finally found the silver bullet to kill environmental regulation. If the public valued anything more than a clean environment, they reasoned, it was private property.

Their mistake, however, was in imagining that the two were in opposition. As the Supreme Court reaffirmed in *Lucas*, while property owners have many Constitutional protections, using their property to the detriment of their neighbors is not one of them. It is not necessary to choose between property rights and the right to a clean environment—but if the states choose an extreme version of the one, they may find that the other has been taken away. *—P.R.*

► *For more information, see "Resources," p. 126.*

Bhopal in the Backyard?

When the folks next door are industrial polluters, it's time for a chat.

At first, Jane Nogaki didn't even know what they made at the factory a half mile from her home in Burlington County, New Jersey. But she did notice that the trees and other foliage around the facility were dying. Alerted by nearby resi-

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dents, New Jersey officials investigated. They attributed the problem to toxic releases from the Dynasil Corporation, and ordered the glass manufacturer to install scrubbers. To Nogaki's relief the company complied, and even invited her and her neighbors to tour the plant's improved operations. But their peace was short-lived. Two years later, a fire at Dynasil forced ten fire departments to block off the area. Terrified neighbors, envisioning a Bhopal in their corner of the Garden State, wondered if chemicals were going up in smoke along with the company's public reassurances.

Instead of relying on state or federal agencies, neighborhood representatives went back to the company and convinced it to let them inspect the factory themselves. But this time they weren't looking for another publicity tour. After the inspection, the group made recommendations for improving workplace safety, reducing emissions, and preventing toxic accidents. Seven months later, Dynasil adopted most of the suggestions.

"The government will never care as much about what goes on at these facilities as the people living next door," Nogaki says. Her group, the Coalition Against Toxics, and their technical consultant (an industrial hygienist from the National Toxics Campaign) got a foot in the door because Dynasil wanted to prove itself—and because its owners knew and trusted Nogaki, chair of the New Jersey Environmental Federation.

The company realized that it needed to get along with its neighbors, even if that meant going further than state laws required, Nogaki says. That was in 1989, and Nogaki reports that Dynasil has had no more accidents—and the trees have grown back.

Nogaki is part of a nascent movement to turn concerned neighbors into community watchdogs. Over the past few years, community groups assisted by the Boston-based Good Neighbor Project have negotiated ten "good neighbor" agreements around the country, and more are on the way. Companies may be attracted to the pacts at first simply for public relations, but in the end they find they can avoid costly lawsuits, consumer boycotts, and bad press—tactics that neighborhood groups can use to make a polluter's life miserable.

The first and perhaps most important step is just to be there. "It's no secret that the agencies don't have the resources to monitor these companies effectively," says Rick Abraham, director of Texans United, a 50,000-member citizens' organization in Houston. "State and federal agencies aren't protecting the community. These companies keep having accidents, even when everyone seems to be doing their job." In the five-state EPA region that includes Texas, only five inspectors are responsible for keeping tabs on 225 hazardous-waste facilities. Washington offers little backup: the Justice Department's record in prosecuting corporate polluters is so awful that Attorney General Janet Reno recently ordered an inquiry into the unit that handles environmental crimes.

In May, Abraham's group inspected a 46-acre sulfuric-acid-recycling plant in Houston owned by multinational giant Rhone-Poulenc. The visit was part of a written agreement won last year after an accident at the plant sent 27 workers to the hospital. Texans United's big stick? A threat to oppose the company's hazardous-waste permit if it didn't allow the community oversight.

Abraham is as wary of the government inspectors as he is of the polluting companies. "When we negotiated, we made the state agencies stay out in the hall," he says. "They will only ask for what the law says. They argue that's all you need to do."

In the San Francisco area, the nine-county Bay Area Air Quality Management District, community groups, and environmentalists are finalizing plans to hire an independent technical advisor who would inspect the numerous oil refineries and chemical companies in and near the largely African-American and Latino city of Richmond and be directly accountable to community groups. One site alone—a 2,000-acre Chevron refinery—has experienced eight accidents in as many months, and the beleaguered community has had enough.

In Michigan, the Ecology Center of Ann Arbor is negotiating a good-neighbor agreement that will settle a lawsuit against the Johnson Controls plant in Whitmore Lake, where about 300 workers produce foam cushions for car seats. If the agreement is approved, representatives from the United Auto Workers local will join a committee of area residents monitoring its implementation by the company.

Resources are slowly being made available to fledgling citizens-watch operations. In Minnesota, a state program provides individual grants of up to $25,000 to support community-based pollution-prevention efforts. The EPA sponsors a program that provides grants that community groups—and even individuals—can use to hire independent technical consultants to keep an eye on Superfund projects. And Representative Henry Waxman (D-Calif.) is expected to introduce a bill expanding the Community Right to Know Act, which gave citizens their first look into chemical facilities by making data available to the public on the toxic chemicals the plants release. The new legislation would require them to report on all the chemicals they *use* and to devise plans to reduce the use of toxics.

All of which helps, but hardly enough to allow industry's neighbors to ignore the smokestacks looming beyond their backyard. "You can't expect industry and government to work in your best interest if you're not nipping at their heels," says Denny Larson of California's Citizens for a Better Environment. So volunteers like Jane Nogaki, whose top priority is not keeping up with developments in electrostatic precipitators, will continue to snoop around chemical plants looking for problems no one else seems to find.

—Susan Jaffe

► *For more information, see "Resources," p. 126.*

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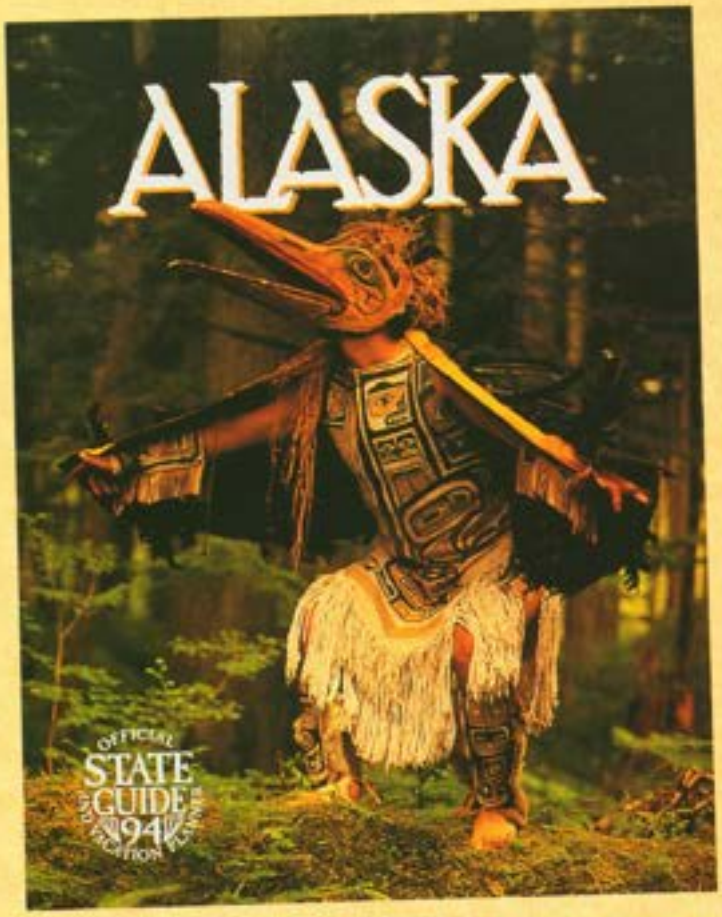

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A RETROSPECTIVE

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An even century ago, the initial impulse of the newborn Sierra Club was to broadcast its conservation vision. Only eight months after the Club's founding in San Francisco by a small group of artists, mountaineers, and men of means, the first issue of the *Sierra Club Bulletin* rolled off the presses.

Since that slim volume appeared in 1893, the *Bulletin* (renamed *Sierra* in 1977) has linked Sierra Club members to one another, and represented the Club to the public at large. Many editorial elements have remained constant: book reviews, accounts of excursions and expeditions, urgent alarums of impending devastation, and pronouncements of political victories (and occasional defeats). Others have fallen by the wayside: lists of mountains climbed by Club members the previous summer, for example. Entirely new areas of coverage have been introduced as well—because John Muir and his contemporaries never had to worry about toxic wastes, overpopulation, or global warming.

For all these changes, it is the continuity between then and now that we celebrate in this retrospective—the links, found in the yellowing signatures of century-old magazines, that bind us to those whose eyes (and pens) were focused keenly on the unexplored fastness of the Sierra Nevada. Any similarity between *Sierra* and the venerable journal of a hundred years ago is proudly admitted; the name has changed, but the purpose is the same. —***the editors***

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FIRST MEETING REPORT

Friday, September 16, 1892

About two hundred and fifty members and friends of the Club met at the hall of the California Academy of Sciences, 809 Market Street, San Francisco. In the absence of the President and Vice-Presidents, Professor J. H. Senger occupied the chair.

The Secretary, Mr. Wm. D. Armes, gave a brief account of the organization of the Club, the objects that it hoped to attain, and the methods to be followed in attaining them.

Mr. R. M. Price read a paper narrating a trip that he had recently made through the Grand Cañon of the Tuolumne from Soda Springs to the Hetch-Hetchy.

Mr. W. W. Price described a hitherto unreported grove of Sequoias, north of those heretofore generally known.

Mr. Mark B. Kerr gave an account of his attempt to reach the summit of Mt. St. Elias, illustrating his remarks with very interesting lantern-slides.

Among the first published photos, May 1895. Left: Crater Lake, by Theodore S. Solomons. Above: Meadow near head of Roaring River, by Howard Longley.

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PUBLICATIONS OF THE SIERRA CLUB
No. 2

VOL. 1 NO. 1

THE SIERRA CLUB BULLETIN

JANUARY, 1893

CONTENTS

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1893

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First Table of Contents January 1893

FIRST LETTER

Department of the Interior,
Washington, January 4, 1893

My Dear Sir:—Your favor of the 27th ultimo has been received, announcing that for reasons by you stated, I have been elected at a general meeting to an honorary membership in your honorable association. It gives me great pleasure to accept this distinction, and to assure you of my continued interest in the purposes of your organization. While the development of new territory for the establishment thereon of farms and cities and of public improvements is worthy of the labor of any official, it does not transcend, in my opinion, the importance of preserving those lands we have in such form that the laws of nature may ever continue to support the efforts of man to make them productive.

From the hills cometh our strength, and I am glad that that stronghold is being preserved by the efforts of the Sierra Club.

Truly yours, John W. Noble

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Sundries.....	6 25
TOTAL	$815 60

First Treasurer's Report
May 1894

FIRST ACCOUNT OF A CLUB TRIP

At the large camp-fires every evening the grave and the gay prevailed by turns. John Muir, our honored and popular president, turned the pages of Nature's book for us, and not only beside the camp-fire, but during many rambles about the region, explained the processes of creation in the carving out of the valleys . . .

Mirth and frolic, too, had their place at the campfires,—song, story, recitation, and music, with an occasional poem inspired by the surroundings.

"The Sierra Club Outing to Tuolumne Meadows" by E. T. Parsons
January 1902

First color cover, January 1959
Photo by David R. Simons

FIRST TASTE OF EUPHORIA?

Secretary's Report.
From May 5, 1900 to May 2, 1901

Never before in the history of the Club has its outlook for the future been more promising. . . . We no longer have to solicit for members, and applications are continually coming in from all sources. These recent acquisitions to our membership are encouraging in the extreme, for they are unsought, and the persons in joining do so because they are in sympathy with the Club's work and appreciate the advantage they receive from such membership. Within the last year there have been more than fifty such accessions to membership, while the Club has lost but ten through death and resignation.

The financial condition of the Club is constantly improving. Though the *Bulletins* published by the Club during the past two years have been very expensive, yet the Club is entirely out of debt, and the plan, which has just been inaugurated, of securing advertisements in order to help defray the expenses of publication, bids fair to go a long way toward paying for such publication.

The proposed outing of the Club to the Yosemite, Tuolumne Meadows, and High Sierra, to take place in July, is already an assured success, and is going to do more toward attracting attention to the Club and its work than any other single event which has happened during its period of existence. Excursions of this nature will be made frequently in the future, and will become one of the most attractive features of the Club. . .

Respectfully submitted,
Wm. E. Colby

The twin purposes of the Sierra Club, to protect and enjoy the wild places of the earth, were reflected in every issue of its journal. Mountain memoirs would be balanced by rallying cries for preservation, technical arguments by lyrical reminiscence.

As Sierra does today, the Bulletin pursued its editorial goals through many genres. Sometimes an elegiac essay would be employed as the best defense against the despoilers, sometimes an outraged editorial, sometimes a straightforward account of the trees and flowers living in a given forest.

The campaigns highlighted here are not necessarily the Club' s most important or most dramatic. We present them instead as indications of the diversity of voices rising to meet a staggering breadth of conservation challenges. The following selections are by necessity truncated, but they still exude the camaraderie, perseverance, and spirit that have been crucial to every Sierra Club endeavor.

YOSEMITE

A PARK WITH ITS BROW IN THE SKY

FROM ITS EARLIEST DAYS THE BULLETIN CHRONICLED THE WANDERINGS OF SIERRA CLUB MEMBERS IN YOSEMITE AND LAMBASTED THOSE WHO WOULD SUBVERT THE SANCTITY OF THE PARK. IT MIGHT BE A SHOCK TO THE READER OF TODAY TO LEARN THAT THE INCOMPARABLE VALLEY'S PRESERVATION WAS FAR FROM GUARANTEED—A LESSON DRIVEN HOME BY THE SAD FATE OF NEIGHBORING HETCH-HETCHY. JOHN MUIR FOUGHT PASSIONATELY TO SAVE YOSEMITE'S TWIN VALLEY, BUT HE AND THE CLUB LOST THAT EARLY FIGHT, AND THE GATES OF O'SHAUGHNESSY DAM CLOSED IN 1919. ◆ ONCE YOSEMITE WAS PROTECTED, THE DEBATE FOCUSED ON HOW BEST TO DELIVER IT FROM ITS OWN SUCCESS—HOW TO MANAGE THE SWARMS OF ADMIRERS WHO COME TO REVEL IN ITS WONDERS. YOSEMITE FORCES US TO CONTEMPLATE, AS MUIR DID ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, "THE HUMAN'S PART OF THE MOUNTAIN'S DESTINY."

THE HETCH-HETCHY VALLEY

By John Muir, January 1908

It is impossible to overestimate the value of wild mountains and mountain temples as places for people to grow in, recreation grounds for soul and body. They are the greatest of our natural resources, God's best gifts, but none, however high and holy, is beyond reach of the spoiler. In these ravaging money-mad days monopolizing San Francisco capitalists are now doing their best to destroy the Yosemite Park, the most wonderful of all our great mountain national parks. Beginning on the Tuolumne side, they are trying with a lot of sinful ingenuity to get the Government's permission to dam and destroy the Hetch-Hetchy Valley for a reservoir, simply that comparatively private gain may be made out of universal public loss, while of course the Sierra Club is doing all it can to save the valley. The Honorable Secretary of the Interior has not yet announced his decision in the case, but in all that has come and gone nothing discouraging is yet in sight on our side of the fight.

As long as the busy public in general knew little or nothing about the Hetch-Hetchy Valley, the few cunning drivers of the damming scheme, working in darkness like moles in a low-lying meadow, seemed confident of success; but when light was turned on and the truth became manifest that next to Yosemite, Hetch-Hetchy is the most wonderful and most important feature of the great park, that damming it would destroy it, render it inaccessible, and block the way through the wonderful Tuolumne Cañon to the grand central campground in the upper Tuolumne Valley, thousands from near and far came to our help.

After my first visit, in the autumn of 1871, I have always called it the Tuolumne Yosemite, for it is a wonderfully exact counterpart of the great Yosemite, not only in its

Hetch-Hetchy Valley

crystal river and sublime rocks and waterfalls, but in the gardens, groves, and meadows of its flowery parklike floor. The floor of Yosemite is about 4,000 feet above the sea, the Hetch-Hetchy floor about 3,700; the walls of both are of gray granite, rise abruptly out of the flowery grass and groves, are sculptured in the same style, and in both every rock is a glacial monument.

Imagine yourself in Hetch-Hetchy on a sunny day in June, standing waist-deep in grass and flowers (as I have oftentimes stood), while the great pines sway dreamily with scarce perceptible motion. Looking northward across the valley you see a plain gray granite cliff rising abruptly out of the gardens and groves to a height of 1,800 feet, and in front of it Tueculala's silvery scarf burning with irised sun-fire in every fiber. In the first white outburst of the stream at the head of the fall there is abundance of visible energy, but it is speedily hushed and concealed in divine repose; and its tranquil progress to the base of the cliff is like that of downy feathers in a still room. Now observe the fineness and marvelous distinctness of the various sun-illumined fabrics into which the water is woven: they sift and float from form to form down the face of that grand gray rock in so leisurely and unconfused a manner that you can examine their texture, and patterns, and tones of color as you would a piece of embroidery held in the hand.

The Tuolumne River in Hetch-Hetchy

It appears therefore that Hetch-Hetchy Valley, far from being a plain common rockbound meadow, as many who have not seen it seem to suppose, is a grand landscape garden, one of Nature's rarest and most precious mountain mansions. As in Yosemite, the sublime rocks of its walls seem to the nature-lover to glow with life, whether leaning back in repose or standing erect in thoughtful attitudes giving welcome to storms and calms alike. And how softly these mountain rocks are adorned, and how fine and reassuring the company they keep—their brows in the sky, their feet set in groves and gay emerald meadows, a thousand flowers leaning confidingly against their adamantine bosses, while birds, bees, and butterflies help the river and waterfalls to stir all the air into music—things frail and fleeting and types of permanence meeting here and blending, as if into this glorious mountain temple Nature had gathered her choicest treasures, whether great or small, to draw her lovers into close confiding communion with her.

Strange to say, this is the mountain temple that is now in danger of being dammed and made into a reservoir to help supply San Francisco with water and light. This use of the valley, so destructive and foreign to its proper park use, has long been planned and prayed for, and is still being prayed for by the San Francisco board of supervisors, not because water as pure and abundant cannot be got from adjacent sources outside the park,—for it can,—but seemingly only because of the comparative cheapness of the dam required.

Garden- and park-making goes on everywhere with civilization, for everybody needs beauty as well as bread, places to play in and pray in, where Nature may heal and cheer and give strength to body and soul. This natural beauty-hunger is displayed in poor folks' window-gardens made up of a few geranium slips in broken cups, as well as in the costly lily gardens of the rich, the thousands of spacious city parks and botanical gardens, and in our magnificent National Parks,—the Yellowstone, Yosemite, Sequoia, etc.,—Nature's own wonderlands, the admiration and joy of the world. Nevertheless, like everything else worth while, however sacred and precious and well-guarded, they have always been subject to attack, mostly by despoiling gain seekers,—mischief-makers of every degree from Satan to supervisors, lumbermen, cattlemen, farmers, etc., eagerly trying to make everything dollarable, often thinly disguised in smiling philanthropy, calling pocket-filling plunder "Utilization of beneficent natural resources, that man and beast may be fed and the dear Nation grow great." Thus long ago a lot of enterprising merchants made part of the Jerusalem temple into a place of business instead of a place of prayer, changing money, buying and selling cattle and sheep and doves. And earlier still the Lord's garden in Eden, and the first forest reservation, including only one tree, was spoiled. And so to some extent have all our reservations and parks. Ever since the establishment of the Yosemite National Park [on] October 8, 1890, constant strife has been going on around its borders, and I suppose will go on as part of the universal battle between right and wrong, however its boundaries may be

shorn or wild beauty destroyed.

That any one would try to destroy such a place seemed impossible, but sad experience shows that there are people good enough and bad enough for anything.

These temple destroyers, devotees of ravaging commercialism, seem to have a perfect contempt for Nature, and instead of lifting their eyes to the mountains, lift them to dams and town skyscrapers.

Dam Hetch-Hetchy! As well dam for water-tanks the people's cathedrals and churches, for no holier temple has ever been consecrated by the heart of man.

Camping in Yosemite Valley, 1952

The problem of developing the hotel accommodations in Yosemite has long been a perplexing one. . . . At length the situation seems to have been met upon the broad scale that alone can solve the problem. The Yosemite National Park Company, composed of far-seeing business men of San Francisco and Los Angeles, are preparing to go ahead with improvements involving an aggregate expenditure of $1,500,000. This includes the construction of the new hotel on the floor of Yosemite Valley, the building of a new Camp Yosemite . . . and in general complete provision for all conditions of travel. . . .

"Progress in the National Parks"
by Stephen T. Mather, January 1920

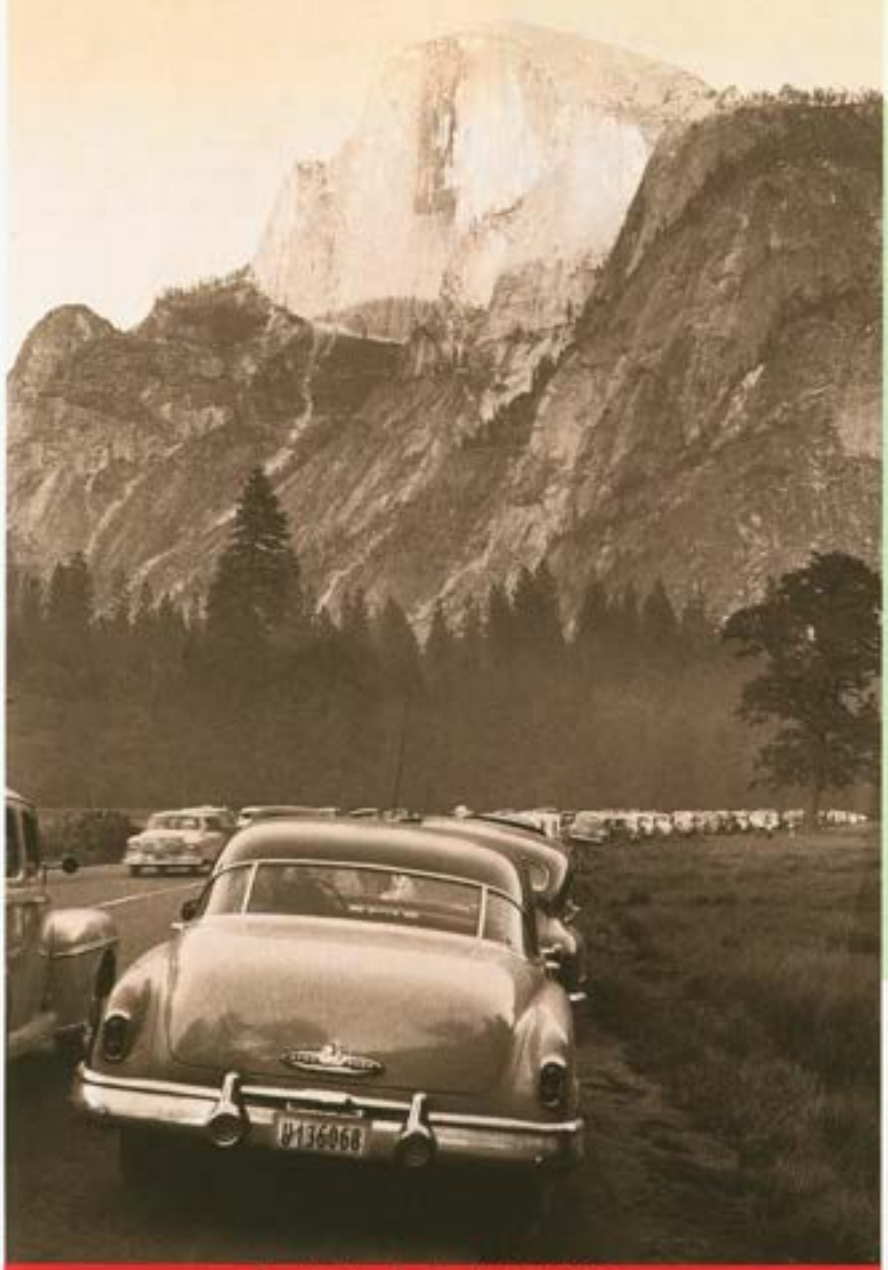
If we look far enough into the future we may well concede that it will be impossible to provide overnight accommodations for the increasing thousands who will wish to enjoy nature's outstanding wonderland. It may well be that when that day arrives, as someone has suggested, more overnight accommodations will be provided at various points outside of the existing park boundaries, and at frequent intervals noiseless trains of rubber-tired sightseeing cars will enter the valley, passing up one side and down the other, making frequent stops so that visitors will have freedom in walking about on the valley floor on designated paths and trails. Personally, I am glad that that day has not yet arrived, although I recognize it may be the ultimate solution born of necessity.

There is a means of [improving conditions in the valley] in a natural way. That plan is to modify the type of entertainment furnished the guests. Everyone who visits the valley desires to learn more about it. Talks on nature, the history of the discovery of the valley, the outstanding men whose names have been identified with it, moving pictures of scenic travels and winter sports, and good music, would all be in keeping with the spirit of the place, while "jazz" and "ballyhoo" are not. Dancing comes closer to the borderline. Personally, I do not object to it in moderation. It is popular with the younger set, but no one can gainsay the fact that the periodic blares and blasts of syncopation that are wont to rend the air at intervals are disturbing to light sleepers in near-by quarters.

"Yosemite's Fatal Beauty"
by William E. Colby
March 1948

If there is a sufficient increase in the number of those who come to the valley as a recreational resort, it is almost inevitable that the park will become just that type of facility. This is certainly not its original purpose. City parks, state parks, commercial recreational resorts like Sun Valley or Aspen, are highly worth while and we need more of them. But above and beyond them—or at least distinct from them—stand the national parks, a sort of synthesis of the public library, the art gallery, and the museum, out of doors and full of native inspiration for those who desire that sort of inspiration. In the museum, the art gallery, the library we clearly recognize the need for quiet, leisure, and freedom from the distractions of massed humanity out to entertain itself or to be entertained. Massed humanity has its inspiration too and its place—as at a football game, a circus, or a Coney Island. But the public library ceases to function at some point if overcrowded. So does the art gallery and the museum. So, too, does the national park. It becomes a recreational resort. Something of this sort has begun to happen in Yosemite Valley.

"Roads in the National Parks"
by Harold C. Bradley and David R. Brower
June 1949



Cars lined up for the firefall, 1952

The groves, which were God's first temples, have become man's worst tenements during the height of any summer season in Yosemite Valley, where cars and tents and canned goods and portable radios and occasionally a bear and always a host of many, many displaced city persons carpet the primeval woods, their campfires sending up to heaven a gift from their seagirt city pasts: smog.

All appetites are conditioned, and it is too late to un-condition the desire for solitude and wilderness and the far-off granite fairyland that has been planted in us multitudes—given us as part of our unalienable rights, along with the car and the paid vacation and the free road map. Yosemite's campgrounds afford us the conveniences to leave care behind, to venture into God's unspoiled piney woods, and even as it was said in that song of our youth, to be alone, together—all together, even into the reaches of the night, where snoring in a variety of pitches, near and far, drowns out the song of frog and cricket, and the mosquito's serenade. . . .

"The Incomparable Valley, 1956" by Kevin Wallace, January 1957

The Sierra Club advocates eliminating all unnecessary concession services from within the park, reducing overnight visitor accommodations in Yosemite Valley and relocating most concessioner and park-service-personnel housing to El Portal, an administrative site ten miles from the valley and just outside the park boundary. . . . We also [urge] the establishment of mass-transportation systems to, from and within the park to alleviate the impact of automobiles during peak visiting periods. No time limit is requested or included because different changes would require different amounts of time. Changes could begin as early as 1977, though they may not be completed for fifteen or twenty years.

"Sierra Club Position on Yosemite" May 1976

The 1980 General Management Plan [for Yosemite] called for reducing the valley's traffic, parking, and lodging facilities and for relocating nonessential offices, warehouses, services, and employee housing out of the valley by 1990. . . . More than nine years later . . . most of those goals remain on paper. Lodging has not been reduced in the valley, nor have administrative offices been removed. Visitors can still play tennis, rent videos, and shop for clothes, kitchen utensils, artworks, and sports equipment—what Becky Evans, chair of the Sierra Club's Yosemite Task Force, calls "a lot of crap that has nothing to do with Yosemite, the Sierra Nevada, or the national parks." . . . One of the 1980 plan's more significant proposals—drastically cutting the use of private cars—will not be carried out until sometime next century, if ever.

"Yosemite National Parking Lot" by Keiko Ohnuma November 1989

GRAND CANYON

NO BULLETS THROUGH THE HEART

IN JUNE 1963 THE BULLETIN ANNOUNCED THE NEWS: THE SIERRA CLUB WOULD GO ALL OUT TO OPPOSE THE INTERIOR DEPARTMENT'S PLAN TO BUILD TWO DAMS ON THE COLORADO RIVER, ONE JUST ABOVE THE NORTHERN BOUNDARY OF GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK, THE OTHER JUST BELOW THE SOUTHERN BOUNDARY. FOR THE NEXT FOUR YEARS THE DAMS WERE BATTERED IN NEARLY EVERY ISSUE OF THE BULLETIN, AS WELL AS IN PIONEERING FULL-PAGED NEWSPAPER ADS (A REVOLUTIONARY TACTIC THAT COST THE CLUB ITS TAX-EXEMPT STATUS). THE CLUB'S UNCOMPROMISING STANCE WON IT THOUSANDS OF NEW MEMBERS, AS WELL AS ULTIMATE VICTORY: IN EARLY 1967, THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT DROPPED ITS HERETICAL PROPOSAL.

"Leave it as it is," Theodore Roosevelt said of Grand Canyon. "You cannot improve it. The ages have been at work, and man can only mar it."

Today Roosevelt's advice is being disregarded with unprecedented speed by an administration that cites him as the patron saint of its "conservation" program (and here we use quotes for the same purpose *The New York Times* did editorially on two recent occasions). In this disregard we witness an almost compulsive determination to measure conservation in units of big dams being planned, built, or dedicated. Such determined disregard, responsible already for the loss of Glen Canyon, now threatens the greatest canyon of them all—the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

The Grand Canyon extends 279.4 miles, from Mile Zero at Lee's Ferry, Arizona, to Grapevine Wash at the foot of Grand Wash Cliffs. Most of it is in Indian reservations, a national forest, a national monument, and a national recreation area. Just 62.3 miles of it are within Grand Canyon National Park.

Pitted against this whole stretch of river are dam builders, land speculators, and preoccupied citizens in and out of government. They do not recognize the truth of what Dr. Dan Luten writes in a letter to California Governor [Edmund G.] Brown: "It is a folly to believe that the movement of large amounts of water anywhere will solve any problems. In fact, it is only appeasement, only the treatment of symptoms, and must lead inevitably to the recurrence of the complaint on an ever-larger scale."

But are we resigned? Shall we fail to go into battle because it's hard to win? Make no mistake: saving Grand Canyon will take as much effort as it took to save Dinosaur National Monument from Echo Park dam. And even Dinosaur will not remain safe *without* a continuation of that effort.

The world is faced with the imminent loss of perhaps its greatest scenic wonder. It is not an easy way out but rather a delusion to segment the Grand Canyon in our minds and try to comfort ourselves with the idea that we can give up chunks of the most magnificent wilderness of all and still keep our favorite roadside view from Bright Angel Point. The destruction of any part of the Grand Canyon is damage to the whole, and thus to every other part.

Dam plans are snowballing. There appears to be complete agreement, on Capitol Hill as well as in Phoenix, that the Marble "Canyon" and Bridge Canyon boondoggles are going to be built. How soon and by whom—these are the only questions. The men in government who might be induced to oppose the dams, and who once did, appear resigned to the loss of the canyon.

Ultimate salvation for the Grand Canyon—and for an America of the future that respects this kind of place—can only come when the national park is enlarged to encompass most or all of the canyon. But for this moment, three letters each from 22,000 Sierra Club members, and more to follow, will make an enormous difference. They could assure the Canyon's interim survival and rescue the opportunity for reason to prevail.

Navajo Bridge, Grand Canyon

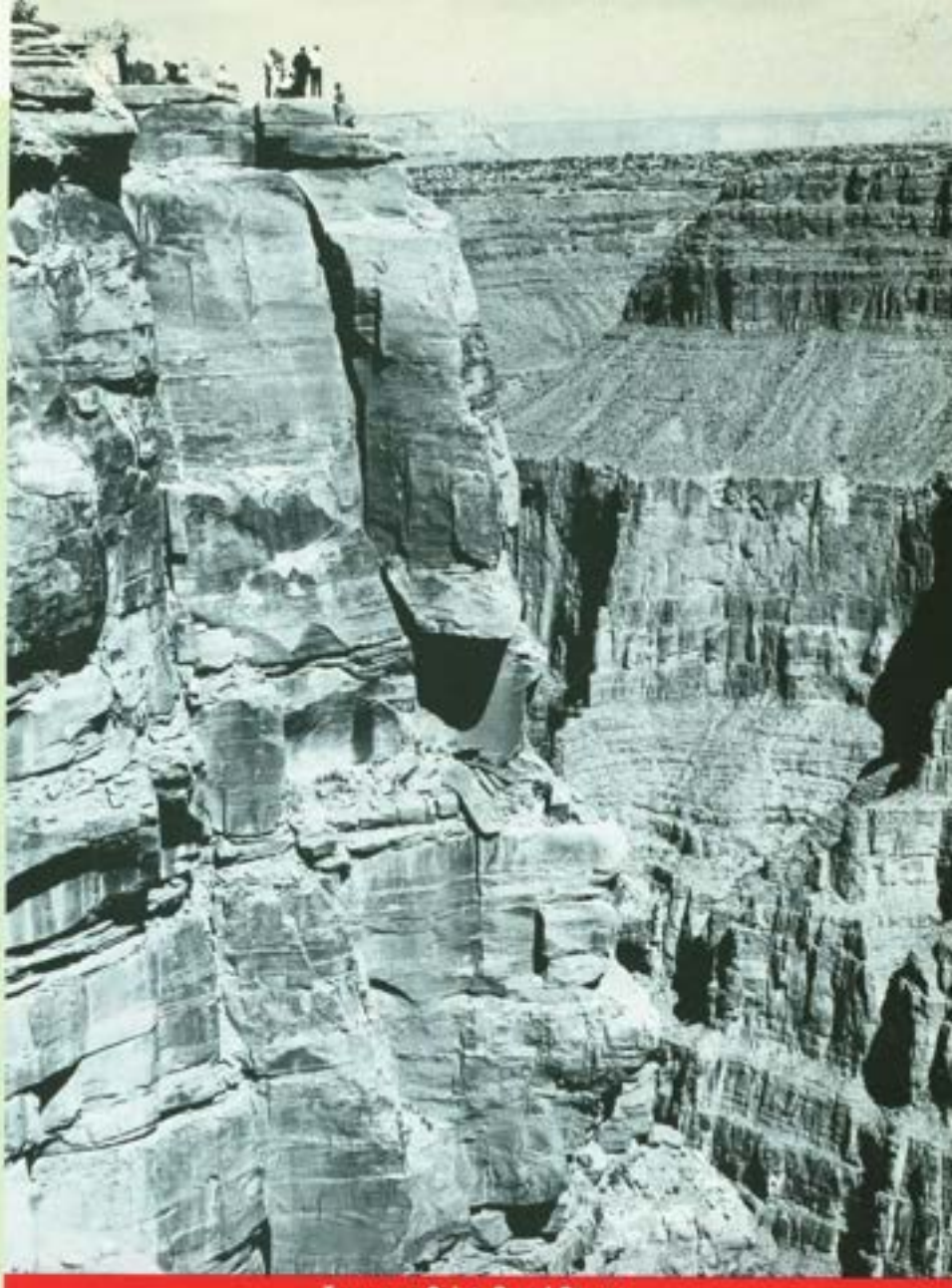
Clyde Thomas [Martin Litton], October 1963

First thing you know, the Sierra Club has the temerity to put ads in the paper saying Grand Canyon should not be dammed. Next thing you know, Congressman Udall of Arizona rises in the House of Representatives to defend the Republic against the Sierra Club. And before you know it, the Internal Revenue Service is drafted into the crusade to make the world safe from (and expensive for) posy-pickers. But we're getting ahead of ourselves. Back to The Honorable Morris K. Udall's elocutionary exercise.

The inflammatory ads were described as "extremely misleading," for example, because they identified a picture of Grand Canyon *National Park*, and moreover, he is certain that the Sierra Club wants people to imagine that they are looking at a picture of the national park. That the caption is accurate is beside the point; what matters is what Mr. Udall imagines readers will imagine, and what Mr. Udall imagines the Sierra Club wants readers to imagine. Follow?

Mr. Udall's complaint is rather quaint coming from a man who, by his own admission, uses the words "Grand Canyon" when what he really means is "Grand Canyon *National Park*." This unorthodox but useful device enables him to assert that neither of the proposed dams in Grand Canyon would be in Grand Canyon.

David Brower, July 1966



Toroweap Point, Grand Canyon

Interior Secretary [Stewart] Udall intimated . . . that it might be necessary to "compromise" by abandoning Bridge Canyon Dam and the water-import feature of the bill to gain enough support for the rest. Is this an acceptable compromise?

If someone threatened to put two bullets through your heart, would you consider one bullet an acceptable compromise? Either of the dams would inflict a mortal wound on the Canyon; a second dam would be overkill. If splitting the difference were to be regarded as the proper basis for compromise, conservationists would be at a perpetual disadvantage: they cannot advocate fewer than zero dams in Grand Canyon.

Hugh Nash, July 1966

The Senate rejected, by a 70 to 12 vote on August 7, an amendment to S. 1004 that would have authorized the construction of Hualapai dam in Grand Canyon. The bill, providing for a Central Arizona Project without any dams in the Canyon, then passed the Senate by a voice vote. There is no apparent prospect of early Congressional action on any bill providing for either Marble Canyon dam or Hualapai dam, and some Washington observers are saying that the proposed Grand Canyon dams are "dead." Cautious optimism does appear justified, but not complacency. Defenders of the Canyon cannot really breathe easily until it is *all* protected within an enlarged Grand Canyon National Park.

August 1967

DIABLO CANYON

AN ABANDONMENT OF PRINCIPLE?

ONE OF THE MOST CONTENTIOUS AND DIVISIVE ISSUES IN SIERRA CLUB HISTORY WAS A PROPOSED NUCLEAR POWER PLANT ON THE CENTRAL CALIFORNIA COAST. PACIFIC GAS & ELECTRIC WANTED TO BUILD THE FACILITY NEAR NIPOMO DUNES, A FRAGILE AREA CHERISHED BY CONSERVATIONISTS. TO SAVE THE DUNES, CLUB DIRECTORS PROPOSED THAT PG&E CONSTRUCT THE REACTOR AT NEARBY DIABLO CANYON. THE MATTER WAS PUT BEFORE THE MEMBERSHIP IN 1967 AND AGAIN IN 1969. BOTH TIMES THE BULLETIN SERVED AS THE FORUM FOR DEBATE; BOTH TIMES THE MAJORITY OF MEMBERS SUPPORTED THE TRADE-OFF.

IN DEFENSE OF A VICTORY: THE NIPOMO DUNES

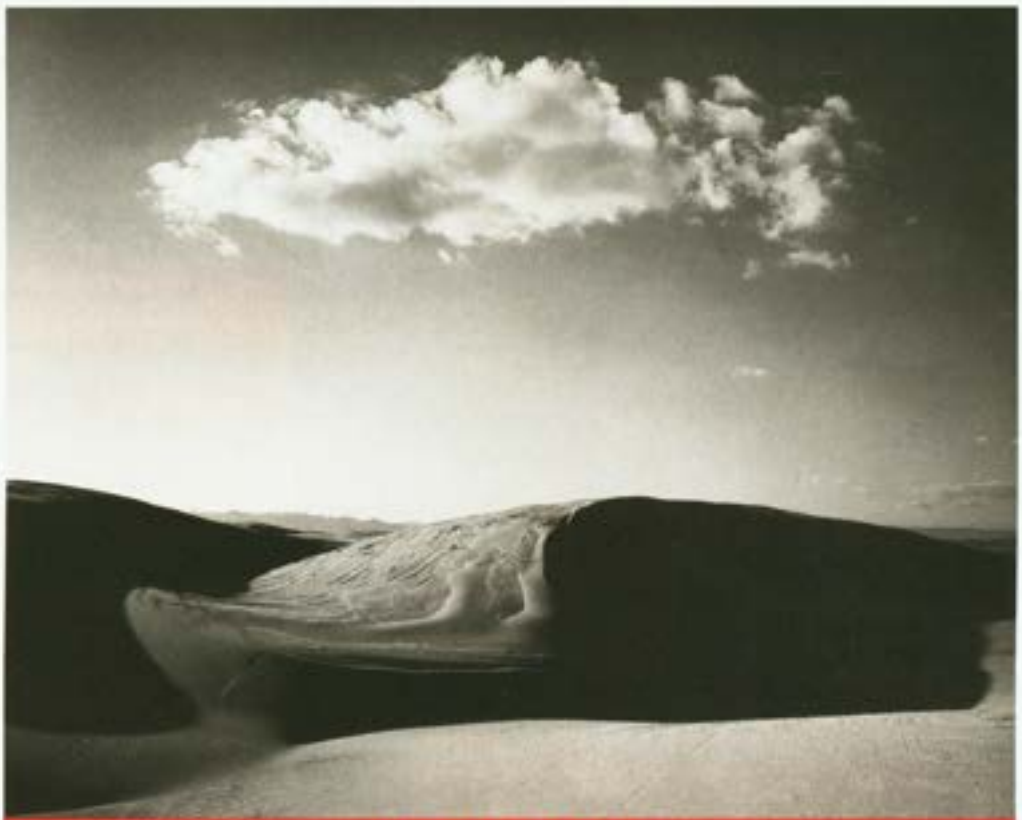
Last spring a crucial moment arrived in the long battle to preserve the Nipomo Santa Maria Dunes. With authorization virtually assured, plans to construct a large nuclear power plant complex in the heart of the dunes were abandoned when the Sierra Club agreed not to oppose construction of the plant at the only practicable alternative site, a narrow stretch of range land on the coast near a small valley called Diablo Canyon four miles south of Pt. Buchon.

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company had agreed that if it could build the plant at Diablo Canyon it would leave untouched its 1,100 acres that straddle the Dunes, and negotiate a lease of the land to the state for park purposes.

Leading to this decision were several years of discussion and campaigning to dissuade the company from constructing the plant on its dunes property. For PG&E.the site was physically and politically ideal. County residents cheered the project and petitioned the Governor to intervene in opposition to the Sierra Club. County supervisors, deeply concerned over the faltering local economy, vigorously supported industrial development of the Dunes and blocked creation of a park.

The sole alternative was the long, treeless terrace of heavily grazed land above the 50 ft. sea cliffs at Diablo Canyon. Some miles to the south the coast is slated for residential development. Out of sight six miles to the north the features of this coast are already preserved in a recently dedicated state park. Neither the State nor the National Park Service has any further interest in the Diablo Canyon area of the coast. The State, through its Resources Agency, which includes parks, fish, and game, has approved construction of the plant at this site with guarantees of marine life protection.

Four-mile-long Diablo Canyon has many beautiful natural features including a grove of large, old oaks. Part of the grove would be sacrificed for power distribution



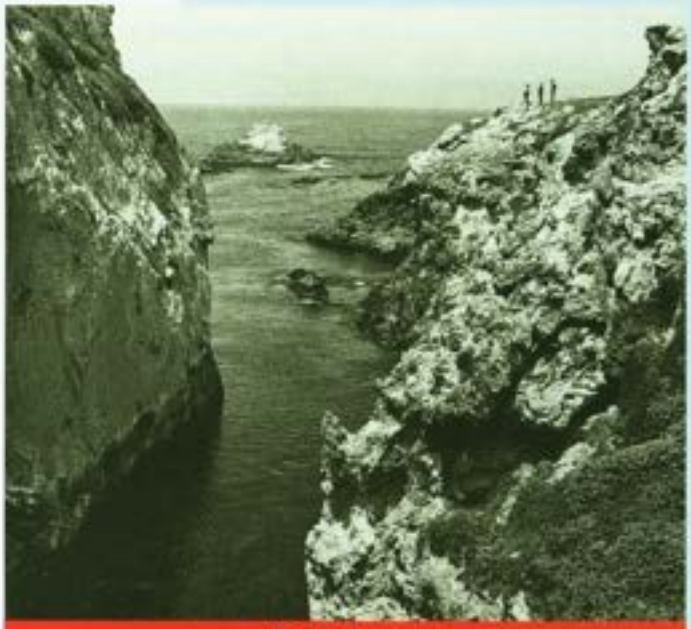
Nipomo Dunes, California

equipment on fill in the lower end of the Canyon. Much of the Canyon will be left undisturbed. The impairment of the Canyon, we believe, must be balanced against the greater values in the Nipomo Dunes.

We have all demanded to know if the new coastal power plant sites are really necessary. The evidence, regretfully, is clear and compelling. We are an energy-based society in which consumption of electricity doubles every decade—about 3-1/2 times the [rate of] population growth. Paradoxically, for conservationists, if air pollution is ever to be abated by gradual change from gasoline to electrically powered vehicles, projections of power needs would be hopelessly inadequate.

Are we to dissipate ourselves in endless and largely fruitless battles, or can more be achieved by ad hoc agreements on what is to be preserved and what may be developed? The Club does not support power generating installations and in many instances such as Storm King and Grand Canyon, we must oppose them uncompromisingly. We cannot always do this when something greater is at stake. For 75 years the Club has followed a policy of demanding that alternatives be sought, just as we have done in the fight for Nipomo Dunes.

William Siri and Ansel Adams
February 1967



Diablo Canyon

THE DIABLO CANYON AREA: *California's Last Unspoiled Pastoral Coastland*

We reject as unfounded the contention that an either-or situation exists in which either the dunes or Diablo Canyon can be saved, but in which neither can be saved without the sacrifice of the other.

We believe the Diablo Canyon area—the only extensive coastland still unmarred by highway or railroad rights of way in 600 miles of shoreline between the Mexican border and Humboldt County—is the kind of remote, unspoiled, essentially natural terrain that the Club has normally tried hard to preserve for the enjoyment of future generations.

We believe the Club's provisional endorsement of Diablo Canyon as a nuclear power-plant site was based on misinformation and misunderstanding—e.g., that the canyon was a "treeless lot" (whereas it actually contains trees of numerous species, including many live oaks of near-record size), that the countryside was of no scenic or recreational consequence, and that the power plant would be hidden from sight within the canyon (whereas the plant would be exposed to view on a terrace at the sea's edge, and the canyon would be filled with earth to a depth of 400 feet to make a platform for vast switchyards).

We believe that endorsing development sites—a quasi-governmental function the Club is ill-equipped to perform—is not, in any case, one of the Club's purposes.

We believe the tactic of trading off one area in hopes of ransoming another is likely to backfire, is very apt to be divisive, and should be shunned as a matter of policy.

We believe that since today's Board cannot commit tomorrow's, and today's management of PG&E cannot commit tomorrow's either, there is scant ground for optimism that the Club's "cooperation" on Diablo Canyon and PG&E's gratitude for it would ripen into a relationship of mutual trust enabling the Club to influence PG&E's decisions on such matters as the future siting of power plants and routing of transmission lines.

We believe that even if all remaining natural areas of value were to be saved, they would not be enough; zeal to save land reserves to the future some freedom of choice that would be extinguished forever by the zeal to develop.

We believe the Club is bound to lose battles but need not lose any for want of trying, or by abandonment of principle.

We believe the Club attained national prominence and gained at least half its current members because it projected an image of resolute adherence to principle; if we now adopt the posture of an opportunistic trader, we must expect not only to lose support, but to lose respect also.

We believe it is in the nation's interest, and the Club's best tradition, for us to do our utmost to save not only the Nipomo Dunes but the Diablo Canyon area as well.

David Brower, Polly Dyer, Jules Eichorn, Fred Eissler, Martin Litton, Daniel Luten, David Pesonen, Eliot Porter, Georg Treichel, February 1967

THE NORTH CASCADES

PROTECTING LIFE ABUNDANT

SHIFTING ITS GAZE FROM THE SIERRA NEVADA, THE BULLETIN FIRST DESCRIBED THE MAGIC OF WASHINGTON'S CASCADE RANGE IN 1912, IN MARION RANDALL PARSONS' ACCOUNT OF AN ASCENT OF GLACIER PEAK. THE SIERRA CLUB BEGAN ITS CAMPAIGN TO PRESERVE THE AREA 50 YEARS LATER, PROPOSING A NORTH CASCADES NATIONAL PARK OF 1.3 MILLION ACRES. IN SEPTEMBER 1968 CONGRESS DESIGNATED A 505,000-ACRE PARK AND MADE ADDITIONS TO SURROUNDING WILDERNESS AREAS. THOUGH SMALLER THAN CONSERVATIONISTS' ORIGINAL VISION, A SANCTUARY OF BEAUTY WAS ASSURED IN THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST.

Perhaps the best introduction to the vegetable world begins in the mineral world of lifeless ice and rock; though no trip starts on a mountain top, many a traveler gains his passion for things that grow during the descent from such a summit as that of Glacier Peak. On the ascent there was the classicist's joy in rising from confusion into clarity; now on the descent there is the romantic's exuberance in diving into the clutter of meadow and tangle of forest, the rich-seeming chaos of life abundant.

Every traveler will sometime turn a corner on a trail and pass from trees merely large into a grove of Douglas fir absolutely huge, and at the hugest of all pause to circle the girth by eye, and look far up the straight trunk to the distant crown, and wonder whether this specimen is contemporary with Shakespeare, or perhaps Chaucer.

There may be a springtime evening, descending from a long climb, plunge-stepping and skating down the snow of a silver fir forest, when the trees pass by so swiftly that out of weariness comes a hypnotized awareness of more than individual whitish-barked trees, an awareness of all the trees merging together in a forest illuminated not from the sky but by a soft inner light.

On a day of blue sky and cool wind, one may walk the narrow crest from Red Pass to White Mountain—the trench of the Sauk North Fork on the right, the headwaters of the White Chuck to the left—and with feet invisible under knee-high, wind-whipped flowers, feel the body gradually lose connection with solid ground and float weightlessly on a sea of color—color of forests below, color of flowers and sky all around.

With birds as with flowers a traveler may learn only a few names and still know many individuals, and some among them special favorites. The dipper *is* the river, as the long trilling call of the varied thrush *is* the loneliness and deep repose of the dawn forest. In meadows one may remember ptarmigan chicks ignoring their mother's clucks and wandering in and out of camp, periodically exploding underfoot; in cliffs, a hummingbird nearly scaring a climber from his handholds by darting at his red stocking cap, mistaken for the Promised Blossom; on a summit, a distant hawk or eagle whose point of motion stresses how much air there is in the valley and sky.

Sometimes one may glimpse a cobweb high in the sky, caught momentarily in the sun, airship of a most improbable flier, a spider become for some reason restless and thus building a web, cutting it loose in the wind, and trusting chance to find him a new home—a reckless way to travel, but not beyond the admiration of those who walk high hills.

Lake Ann, North Cascades

"Green World" by Harvey Manning, December 1965

ALASKA
IN THE INTEREST OF ALL

THIS STATE OF SUPERLATIVES WAS THE APPROPRIATE SETTING FOR THE BIGGEST CAMPAIGN IN THE CLUB'S HISTORY. THE FIGHT TO SAVE ALASKA TOOK PLACE DURING THE 14 YEARS THAT SEPARATE THE FOLLOWING EXCERPTS. IN THAT INTERIM, THE MAGAZINE ELUCIDATED THE COMPLEX ISSUES CONFRONTING CONSERVATIONISTS, SCRUPULOUSLY DOCUMENTED THE LEGISLATIVE MACHINATIONS, AND ISSUED TIMELY CALLS TO ACTION. SIERRA CELEBRATED THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ALASKA VICTORY IN JANUARY 1991, AND WE CONTINUE TO TRANSPORT OUR READERS NORTH TO THE GREAT LAND, STILL IN NEED OF DEFENDERS.

When Secretary of State William H. Seward purchased Alaska from Russia one hundred years ago—for less than 2 cents an acre—he brought off one of the most fantastic real estate deals in history: more than 365,000,000 acres of land with nearly 34,000 miles of coastline; the highest mountain on the North American continent and the third largest river; a fabulous supply of natural resources, minerals, timber, fish, and wildlife. And on our increasingly crowded planet, a magnificent supply of open space and some of the most gorgeous scenery in the world.

But Alaska, just eight years a state, faces complex management problems, financial problems, and conservation problems of staggering magnitude.

At stake are Alaska's beautiful national parks and monuments, totaling 31 per cent of our national park lands, none of which is completely protected. Seventy per cent of our fish and wildlife lands lie in Alaska, and many of these are threatened. Some of our most magnificent national forests are in southeastern Alaska, and to date, no real protection of adequate forest wilderness has been developed. Also at stake in the near future are millions of acres of uncommitted land—a good percentage of which equals, or surpasses in beauty, the finest scenery in the "lower 48" states.

The Sierra Club has long been interested in Alaska, scheduling various outings there, devoting an outstanding publication to it, and recommending protection of various areas as it seemed necessary. This summer, however, my wife Peggy and I returned from Alaska with a sense of greater urgency—in fact, of emergency. We felt that Alaska, like too many other parts of America, must be protected now or not at all. The Board of Directors has agreed, and [has made] Alaska the Club's sixth major project. The time has come to look north.

Edgar Wayburn, September 1967

The Alaska National Interest Lands Conservation Act of 1980 is now history. It has been a long time coming.

Nine years after the beginning of the congressional battle for these lands, the Act was signed by the President. The size of the accomplishment is enormous. More than 103 million acres of land are added to our national conservation systems. The National Parks and National Wildlife Refuge systems of the entire country are more than doubled in size; the National Wilderness system has been tripled.

The significance of the passage of the Alaska National Interest Lands Conservation Act of 1980 far surpasses the quantity of land set aside. It surpasses the achievement of an adjusted balance it establishes between protection and development. It represents the fact that Americans have come to the maturity of knowing that such deeds must be done in the interest of human survival, the survival of our fellow creatures and the survival of a truly habitable earth.

Passage of such a tremendous conservation measure is the result of the efforts of thousands, indeed hundreds of thousands of people—people dedicated to the premise that parts of primeval America shall be a sanctuary for all time. This achievement is a tribute to all those individual efforts, the greatest grassroots upwelling in the history of the conservation movement. This has, indeed, been the conservation battle of the century. All of us can take great satisfaction in the accomplishment. Yet all of us should know also that the work is never completely finished—that efforts will be made to undo what has now been done and that more needs to be done to keep this land protected.

Edgar Wayburn, January 1981

Yukon River

PHOTOGRAPHY

The sixth issue of the Bulletin, published in 1895, contained 31 black-and-white pictures, fuzzy harbingers of the extraordinary photography that would come to grace the journal's pages. But the magazine's visual raison d'être is rooted not only in the satisfaction that beautiful images evoke. "Photography," Ansel Adams wrote in a 1945 Bulletin article, "more than any other visual medium, effectively reveals not only the aspects of the natural world, but also the tragic results of its violation."

CEDRIC WRIGHT

A musician and poet as well as a photographer, Cedric Wright generously offered his art, humor, and friendship to the Sierra Club and the *Bulletin* for many decades. Beginning in the 1920s he participated in more than 30 Club High Trips, capturing for posterity the companionship, beauty, and spiritual renewal he found in the mountains.

Clockwise from lower left:
View toward Mount Clarence King
Stump in Thunderstorm
Juniper Stump near Sawmill Pass
Looking West to the Ritter Range

Ansel Adams

The photographs of Ansel Adams are legendary far beyond the Sierra Club. The evolution of his genius was recorded in the *Bulletin,* where his work first appeared in the mid-1920s. His technique influenced generations of artists; his dedication to the natural world inspired as many conservationists.

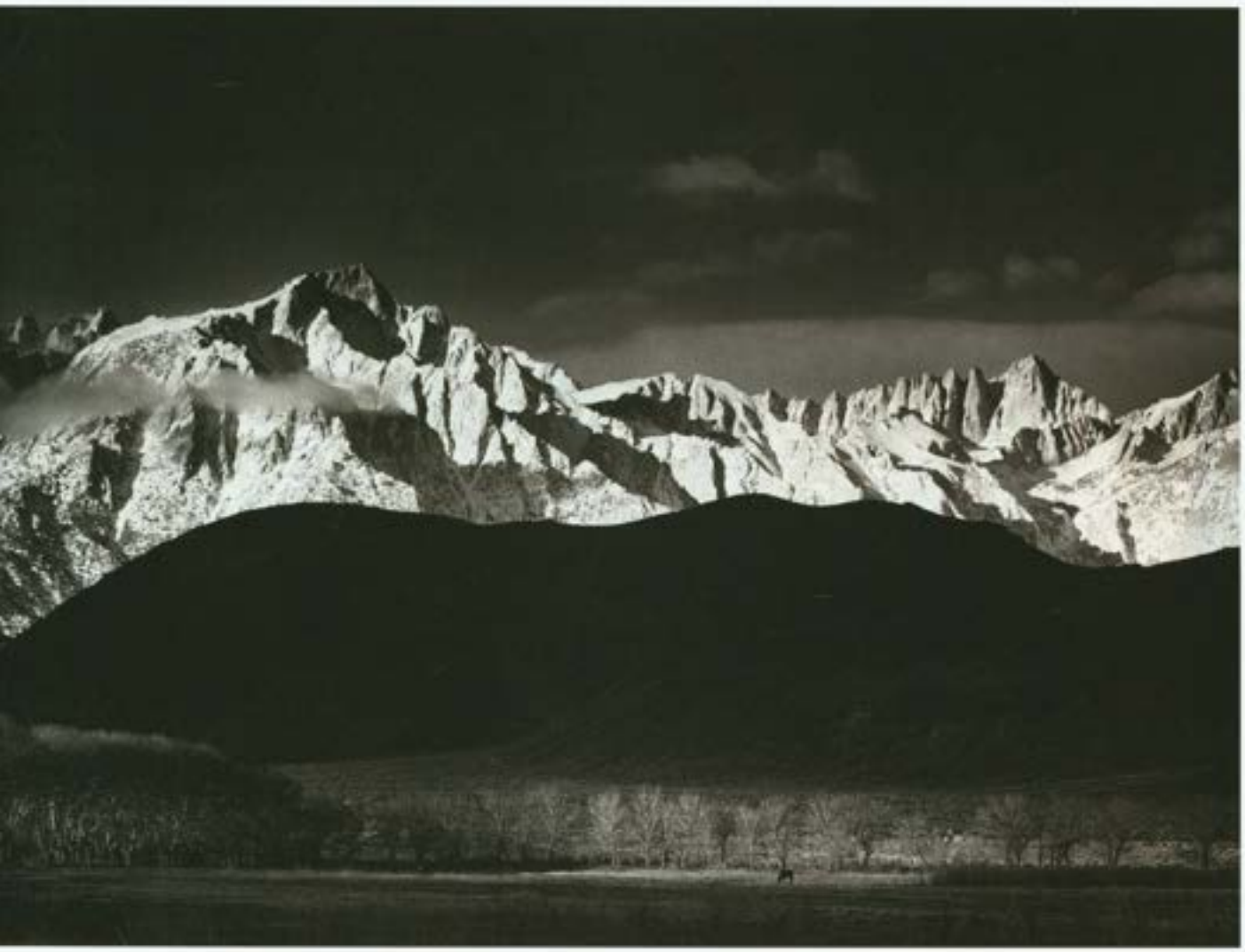
Clockwise from right:

Summit of El Capitan, Clouds, Yosemite National Park, 1970

Winter Sunrise, Sierra Nevada from Lone Pine, California, 1944

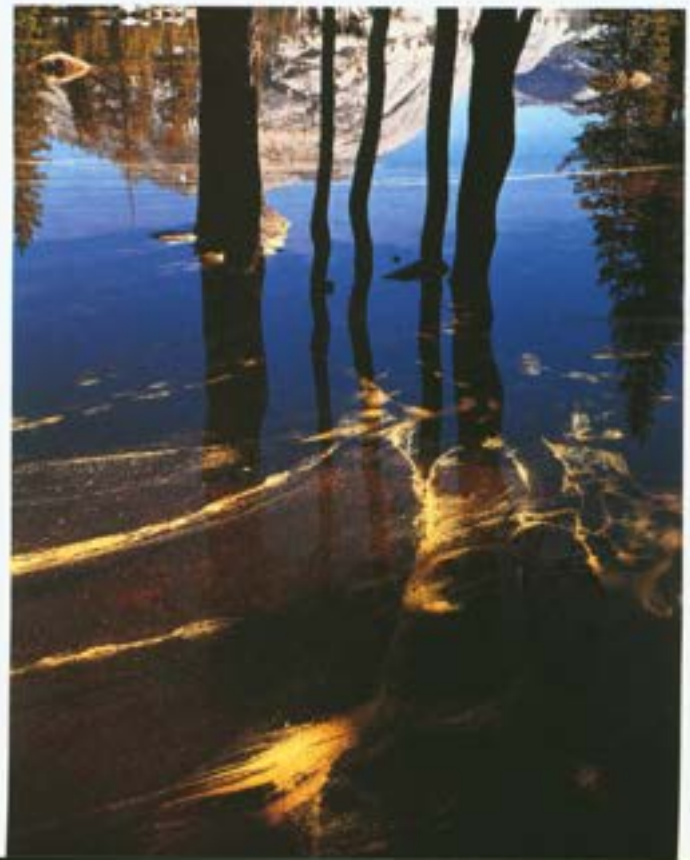
Old Faithful Geyser, Yellowstone National Park, Wyoming, 1942

Aspens, Northern New Mexico, 1958



PHILIP HYDE

In 1938, Philip Hyde first visited the Sierra Nevada and there began his lifelong commitment to photography and the wild. A student of Ansel Adams, he became involved with the Sierra Club in 1950, and his first published photographs appeared in the *Bulletin* the next year. His work was instrumental in many Club campaigns, and he remains in the vanguard of those who use their cameras in Earth's defense.



Clockwise from above:

Craters of the Moon, Idaho

Lake Tenaya, Yosemite National Park

Granite Creek Rapids on the Colorado River, Grand Canyon National Park, Arizona

Bristlecone Pines, White Mountains, California/Nevada

THE CAMPERS

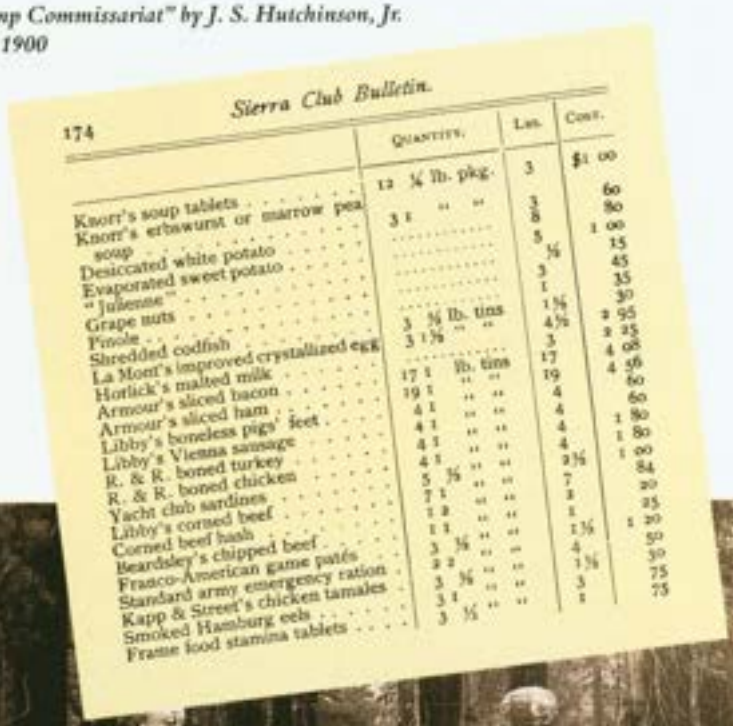
TASTING EACH DAY'S PLEASURE TO THE FULL

Though never exclusively a hikers' organization, the Sierra Club was knit together by its members' love for the out-of-doors, a passion that inspired innumerable Bulletin accounts of new routes discovered, first ascents claimed, and High Trips shared. (The last—part summer camp, part theater, and part political convention—was for decades the centerpiece of the Club year, an annual mountain reunion that kept members in close touch.) The Bulletin's reports of outdoor adventures, undertaken by individuals as well as groups, helped cement the evolving philosophy of the Sierra Club, one that guides its Outings program today: to know the wild earth is to defend it.

On various trips made into the remote regions of the High Sierra by the writer and a party of three or four, we have taken a number of other articles which, owing to their compact form, nutritious qualities, palatableness, ease and quickness of preparation, or the fact that they require no preparation, we believe to be a decided success.

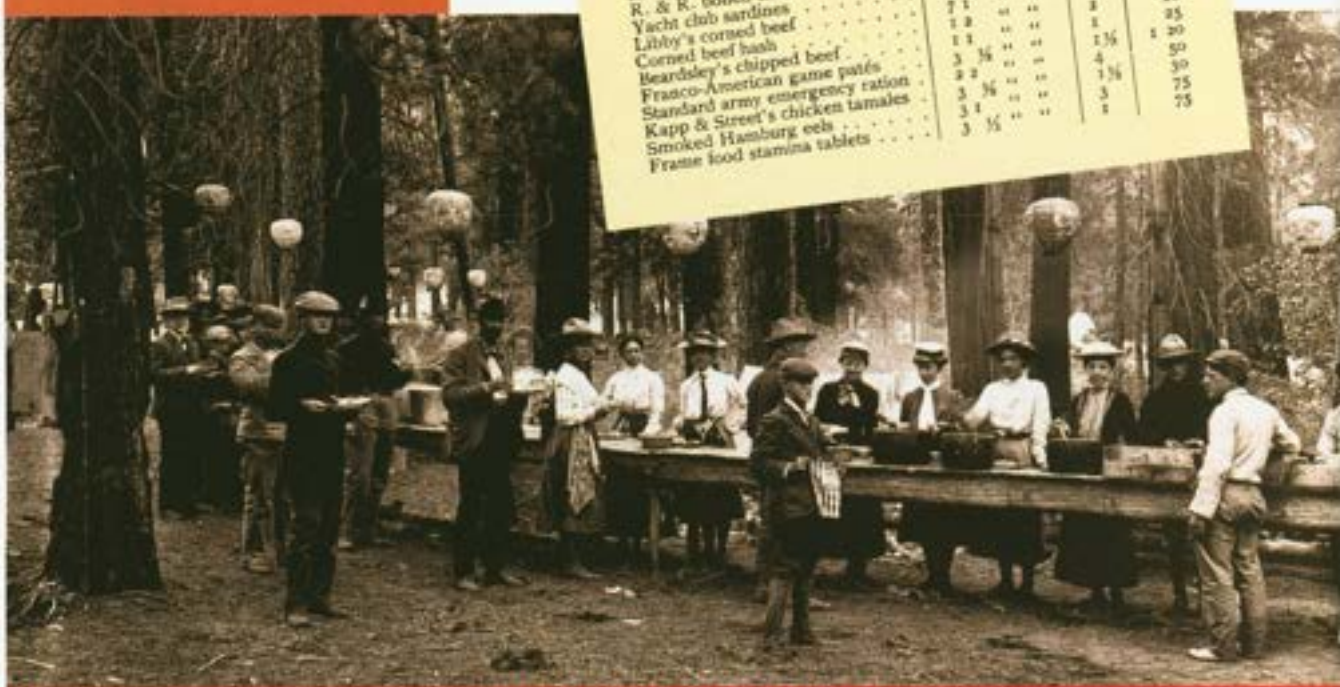
The following is a list of our provisions. The first ten articles mentioned possess either all or most of the advantageous qualities referred to, and we can particularly recommend them for hard trips. The list contains sufficient food for five men for twenty days, or one hundred rations.

"Camp Commissariat" by J. S. Hutchinson, Jr.
May 1900



174 *Sierra Club Bulletin.*

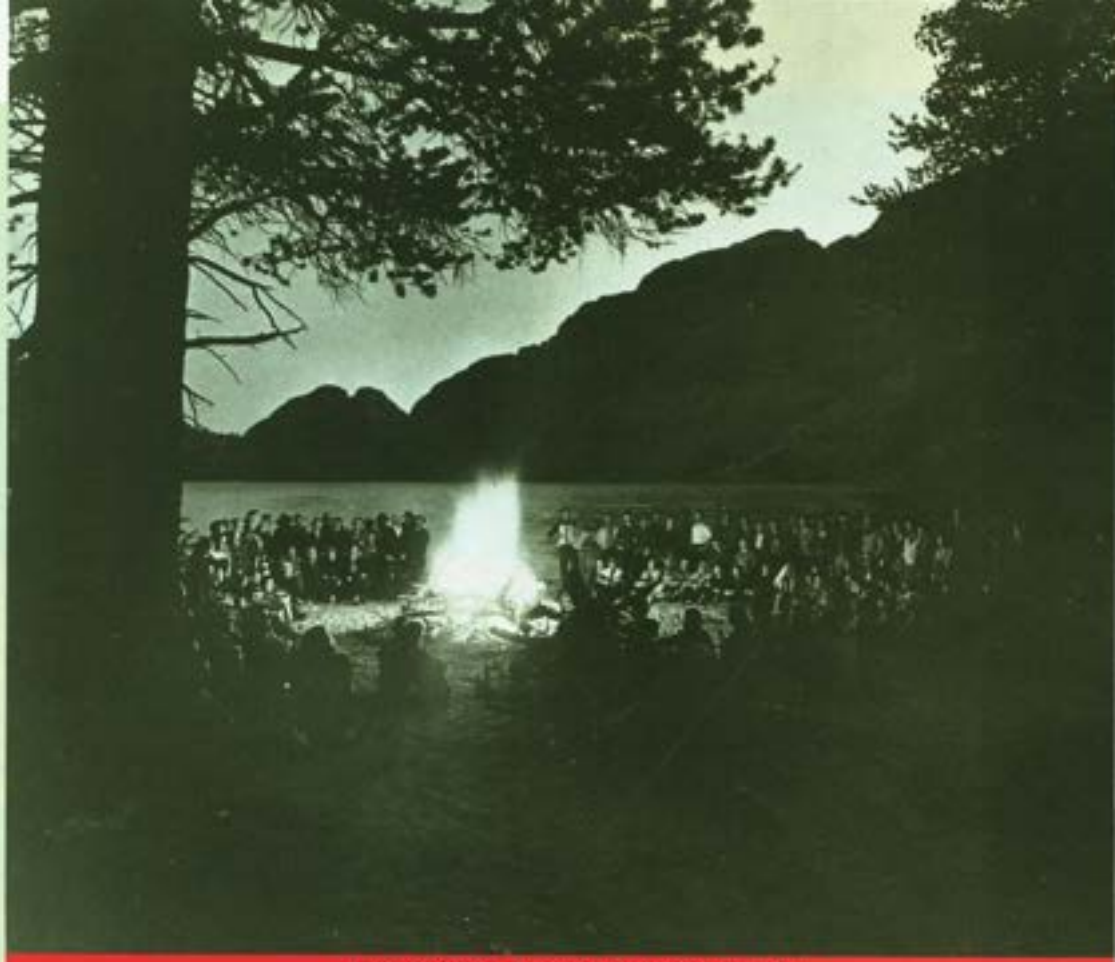
	Quantity.	Lbs.	Cost.
Knorr's soup tablets	12 ¼ lb. pkg.	3	$1 00
Knorr's erbswurst or marrow pea soup	3 " "	3	60
Desiccated white potato		8	80
Evaporated sweet potato		5	1 00
"Julienne"		½	15
Grape nuts		3	45
Pinole		1	35
Shredded codfish	3 ½ lb. uns	1½	30
La Mont's improved crystallized egg	3 1½ " "	4½	2 95
Horlick's malted milk		3	2 25
Armour's sliced bacon	17 1 lb. tins	17	4 08
Armour's sliced ham	19 1 " "	19	4 56
Libby's boneless pigs' feet	4 1 " "	4	60
Libby's Vienna sausage	4 1 " "	4	60
R. & R. boned turkey	4 1 " "	4	1 80
R. & R. boned chicken	5 ½ " "	4	1 80
Yacht club sardines	7 1 " "	2½	1 00
Libby's corned beef	1 2 " "	7	84
Corned beef hash	1 1 " "	3	20
Beardsley's chipped beef	3 ½ " "	1	25
Franco-American game patés	2 2 " "	1½	1 20
Standard army emergency ration	3 ½ " "	4	50
Kapp & Street's chicken tamales	3 1 " "	1½	30
Smoked Hamburg eels	3 ½ " "	3	75
Frame food stamina tablets		1	75



Fourth of July on the Kern River, 1903

A peculiar charm clings to the last days of an outing. Around the last camp-fires the climax of good-fellowship is reached; and in the day-long ramblings the freshness and beauty of the mountain life seem to gather new meaning as we approach the time when it must all be left behind. And so we love to linger by the way, coming late into camp, and tasting each day's pleasure to the full; for the mountain paths are many and the days of our pleasuring all too few,—and who knows when we shall pass this way again?

"The Grand Cañons of the Tuolumne and the Merced" by Marion Randall Parsons January 1908



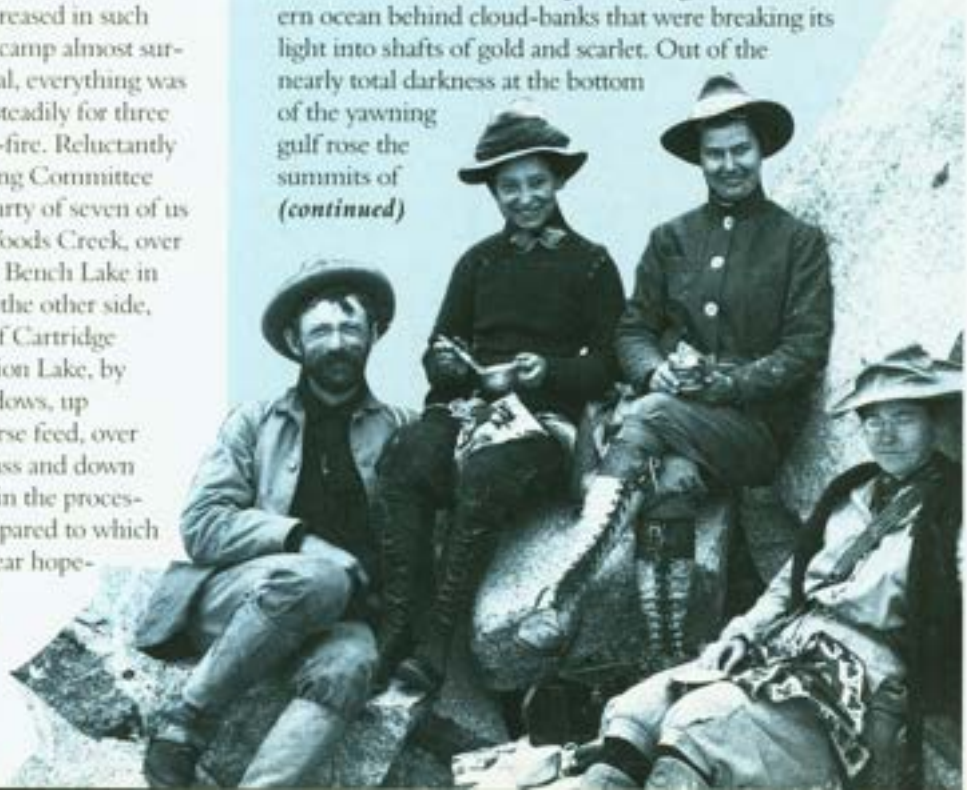
1941 High Trip, Benson Lake, Sierra Nevada

The elevation of the lake was over 10,000 feet. Each and all seemed possessed with a feeling of indescribable buoyancy. Some of the difficult peaks were climbed by select parties, and nearly every one climbed the ridge and looked down into the Sixty Lake basin. A few trout planted several years ago had increased in such numbers and size as to keep the camp almost surfeited with fish. Bathing was ideal, everything was perfect. One pitchy log burned steadily for three nights, a self-perpetuating camp-fire. Reluctantly leaving the lake, one of the Outing Committee was hypnotized into guiding a party of seven of us on a five-day knapsack trip up Woods Creek, over the pass at Mt. Pinchot, down to Bench Lake in the upper basin of the Kings, up the other side, across another pass to the head of Cartridge Creek, down the creek past Marion Lake, by Triple Falls to the Simpson Meadows, up from the meadows, rich with horse feed, over the cañon wall, across Granite Pass and down Copper Creek, just in time to join the procession homeward—a side-trip compared to which main trips elsewhere would appear hopelessly uninteresting.

"The Kings River Outing of 1910" by R. L. Glisan, January 1911

About six o'clock found us on the summit and on the rim of the abyssal pit-crater. It was the right time for a view of the chasm that must impress even a Dantean imagination and cling to one's memory for a lifetime. The sun was just sinking into the western ocean behind cloud-banks that were breaking its light into shafts of gold and scarlet. Out of the nearly total darkness at the bottom of the yawning gulf rose the summits of

(continued)



numerous cinder-cones where the receding volcanic fires in the crater had thrown up loose scoria and sand, building up perfect cones with small craters at their summits. They looked from our elevated stations like ant-hills floating upon darkness. The next day, as we threaded our way among them, they proved to be from four hundred to nine hundred feet in height. As the sun sank to the verge of the western ocean the sea of darkness gradually rose from the bottom of the pit, engulfing the summits of the cones until only vague outlines were perceptible. Then great cloud-masses streamed into the crater through the Koolau Gap and sent long white streamers across the black abyss below, while our shadows, magnified into gigantic proportions, reflected our movements in grotesque antics upon the abysmal screen.

"Haleakala and Kilauea" by William Frederic Badé, 1922

The first dinner in camp is a great occasion, especially for the initiates, who receive illustrated instruction in the ethics of our primitive cafeteria. It is then you get your spoon, a sort of visa to all subsequent meals. If you lose it, you are in for diplomatic difficulties of no mean degree. The spoon is the insignia of the order; without it you are disenfranchised and helpless. It usually reposes between the sock and boot-top, but some are drilled and hang on the bearers' bosoms like medals. Literally, you are born into the Sierra Club with a steel spoon in your mouth.

"Retrospect: Nineteen-Thirty-One" by Ansel Easton Adams February 1932

Rainy Day, 1938

Our descent through the Tuolumne Cañon to Pate Valley is historic; old-timers will recollect exciting and arduous days with a knapsack in a wild world of stones and snarling brush and raging waters, and now, for the first time as a group, we proceeded down the cañon on a magnificent trail that makes truce with spectacular ruggedness only at the Muir Gorge. There it leaves the river and threads over a buttress of granite, thereafter dropping back steeply to the stream, and winding down under sky-scraper cliffs to Pate Valley, which in itself is only a short tranquil broadening of the Tuolumne Cañon. There was much regret over the unprecedented low water—the Tuolumne held but a fraction of its normal flow, and the Waterwheel Falls were only suggested by feeble jets from glassy cups of granite. It is a typical modern conceit to demand the maximum dimension and the maximum power in any aspect of the world—whether of men or mountains. It is better to accept the continuous beauty of the things that are, and forget comparisons of effects utterly beyond our control. An Oriental esthete would never question the exquisite charm of those pale threads of water patterned on shining stone. The American mode of appreciation is dominantly theatrical—often oblivious of the subtle beauty in quiet, simple things. One can never assert the superiority of the vast decorations of the Sistine Chapel over some pure experience in line by Picasso, or of torrents swollen by the floods of spring against the quiescent scintillations of an autumn stream.

"Retrospect: Nineteen-Thirty-One" by Ansel Easton Adams, February 1932

Experience and skill are evident as [Bus Hatch] directs the other boatmen, steers his own boat with a quick dip of the oars, no waste motion, detects a hidden rock by the lines in the water, watches the waves and the shoreline for tell-tale evidence of the river's behavior. Several years ago he was with the first party to get through the Middle Fork of the Salmon River in Idaho. Another time he and Jim Orr, also one of our boatmen, tried to run the still unconquered Cross Mountain rapid in the upper Yampa, had their wooden boat smashed, lost all their equipment, and spent two hungry days getting out of the canyon and across twenty miles of desert. Listening, I reflect that the rubber boats and the skill of the boatmen have made it possible for tourists like me to go down all but the wildest western rivers in comparative safety. Some risk remains and adds to the feeling of being alive, but it is rather smaller than the risk of the open highway—and that does nothing for a man's spirit.

"River Journal" by August Frugé, 1954

Late in the afternoon, in the next canyon, the group found a log over brim-full Spiller Creek and crossed to a campsite in a stand of lodgepole pine. We found enough semi-dry wood, deadfall protected under live pines on a well-drained hillside, for a fire, and that day's cook crew managed to make broth for sixteen out of beef stew for two. Topping that off was a toddy of hot lemonade. Under a canopy of strange white speckles in the sky that some of the more scientific and knowledgeable of us claimed were called "stars," the still-damp hikers huddled around the fire as Len, the inspirational leader, recited "The Cremation of Sam McGee." But shortly after we turned in, the pitter-patter on the roofs of the judiciously erected tents resumed. I awoke at dawn to find my open-ended tube tent crushed down around me by three or four inches of snow. Jan from Florida burst from her tent with a shout of glee and gamboled in it for a bit. Just so must have cavorted the children of the Donner Party in the fall of 1846, before appetites sharpened.

"My Summer Hike" by Ted R. Hudson, September 1978

The participants on this outing—a thoroughly engaging and capable group of women and men—possessed widely varying degrees of interest in the Club's conservation efforts. Some of us were ardent wilderness advocates, signers of petitions, and writers of letters to Congress, while others claimed no particular fondness for environmental activism at all. How this group of total strangers was able to spend a week together without getting on each other's nerves is hard to say, but I think it had to do with the respect we gained for each other as we pushed ourselves to the limit, hiking together through the caprices of weather and the uncertainties of terrain, seldom complaining. I also believe our group harmony had much to do with our humble attitude in the face of that immense landscape. For all of our conversation on the trail and around evening campfires, the most profound voices any of us heard were inner ones, those that speak loudest in the wilderness.

"On the Trail Again" by Mark Mardon, January 1992

The cast of "Exhaustos," a 1931 High Trip drama

THE CLIMBERS

AWED BY THE GREAT, PROUD OF THE SMALL

Ascending Lower Brother arête, Yosemite

I was blocked from further progress upward. . . . The more I looked the more impossible seemed a descent, and presently I became unnerved and thoroughly scared. The longer I looked at the enormous depth below the worse I felt. Even the ledge to which I was clinging began to seem insecure, although, as a matter of fact, I had a perfectly safe hold. This feeling could not have lasted long, but I did a good deal of scared imagining during the time.

[Ansel] Hall, too, seemed to be in a situation from which further progress was doubtful. He was only about fifteen feet away, but that seemed a long distance to me just then. At length I pulled myself together, subdued my fears, and began to concentrate my attention on the firm granite close at hand, paying no heed to what was below. I promptly recognized how easy it was to work along the ledge, and in a moment I was across.

We then held a brief consultation and, after examining the rocks above, concluded that we had about enough and definitely decided to go down. We looked around for a route for the descent, and then, instead of climbing down, we both began to climb up. It was one of those spontaneous impulses that sometimes occur at critical moments. We found tolerable handholds and footholds, and in a few moments were safely above our ledge; and from that moment, although the climbing was sometimes difficult, we did not stop until we reached the summit.

"First Ascent of the Middle Palisade" by Francis P. Farquhar, 1922

It was well after four o'clock when we started back. Realizing the short time before sunset, we hurried over the rocks using the rope as much as possible to let each other down. By the time we reached the ice-cliff we were working by flashlight. There we found our steps filled with detritus and frozen over. On the very brink, with only thirty feet to go, we went into a "huddle" and decided that the prospect was unfavorable. To try to locate in the dark, with our toes, a series of notches on a slippery ice-wall that might have changed through melting or cracking during the heat of the day, with a yawning bergschrund below, was more than we cared to undertake. The chances seemed a hundred to one against us. So we climbed back up the couloir to the rock-wall, where we found a shelf just big enough to accommodate one man. The flashlight revealed a nearby crack in the rocks into which the thinnest of the party managed to squeeze after taking everything out of his pockets and doubling up like a jack-knife. One man sat on the ledge, another sat on him, both as a matter of economy of space as well as conservation of heat; the last man sat on the ice. Soon, however, the draught coming down the couloir and the frozen perch proved too much for the ice-sitter, so the man in the crack pulled himself together another few inches and made room for two.

We spent the night alternating between cat-naps and convulsive shiverings. These shivers involved every muscle and were quite violent. A temporary warmth then pervaded the body, and we would doze off, only to be awakened by another fit of shivers and shakes. As our limited space prohibited any exercise, we aided the automatic endeavors of our reflex systems, by beating each other in turn until we were black and blue.

"An Ascent of North Palisade from the Glacier" by Oliver Kehrlein, February 1929

Now, it is necessary to realize that the rope, in its final meaning, is the symbol which transforms an individualistic into a higher social enterprise. A bevy of unroped climbers, attacking a peak each for himself, will enjoy the pleasures of independence and self-sufficiency, but they will very likely pay for these by the less pleasant elements of personal competition and rivalry, under conditions ill-suited to them. With the roped party an entirely new set of attitudes and values supervenes. There is no question of rivalry, for each member has a definite position in the party, with definite responsibilities. Instead, the opportunity is fully given for developing comradeship and the consciousness of standing solidly together, under stress, for a common cause. This is one of the finest experiences that mountaineering can afford.

"On the Use and Management of the Rope in Rock Work" by Robert L. M. Underhill, February 1931

And here, indeed, is the answer to all who question climbing with a "why do they do it?" Who, once having enjoyed it, does not long for the deep satisfactions of beholding a panorama from a vantage-point, access to which has cost something in effort and training; of knowing that here is a frontier still; of being aloof, and yet in close communion; of being awed by the great, but remaining proud of the success of the organized effort of the small? Consider, also, the intellectual pleasures of geological or biological inquiry; the diabolical sport of rolling rocks down upon no one (one hopes) below; the reminiscence of topographical acquaintance; the esthetic enjoyment of the pictures of harsh cliffs, towering clouds and graceful trees, and the softest mottling of color and light and shadow.

"Far from the Madding Mules: A Knapsacker's Retrospect" by David R. Brower, February 1935

In December 1927 the Board of Directors authorized the issuing of certificates to members of the Club who could satisfy a committee that they had climbed at least five peaks (anywhere in the world) over 14,000 feet in elevation. The "14,000-Foot Climbers of the Sierra Club" was the idea of Neill C. Wilson. It was put forward with the hope that it would encourage more Club members to engage in high-mountain climbing, not necessarily of a difficult nature. It was not to be taken too seriously, but was to be a sort of game—a game within the capacities of a large number, not limited to a "championship" class. Since April 25, 1928, when the first certificate was issued, seventy-seven members of the Club have applied for and received certificates. Most of the peaks listed are in the Sierra Nevada, with Whitney mentioned 64 times, North Palisade 38, Williamson 35, leading in popularity. Shasta is mentioned 37 times, Rainier 25. Among the remoter peaks listed are: Matterhorn, Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, Popocatepetl, Ixtaccihuatl, and Orizaba.

"Mountaineering Notes," February 1936

Here at Icefall Point, on a ledge swept clear of snow by violent winds, we pitched our third camp. Mountaineers dream of such camps, but never hope to find them. Immediately below us the two-mile-wide Franklin Glacier tumbled at the rate of fifteen feet a day down a thousand-foot icefall. Crevasses slowly opened, ice-cliffs slumped away and towers toppled as the great ice-sheet bent and broke over an uneven bed. To the west the bare ice of the glacier, streaked with ribbons of moraine, twisted and turned through a forest-lined canyon for fourteen miles down to an elevation of but five hundred feet above sea level.

The view to the east bore no similarity to that toward the ocean. Nothing could be seen but rock and ice and snow—not a tree, not a shrub, not a blade of grass. In the foreground lay the upper ice-field of the Franklin Glacier, a vast white plain fed by many rivers of ice. Hanging onto the sides of peaks and nestled in high cirques were tiny glaciers of every conceivable form. Cliffs, dark by contrast, jutted skyward. Rising above them all and dominating the scene were the twin summits of our mountain of mystery.

"Mount Waddington—1935" by Bestor Robinson, February 1936

Rapelling from Lower Cathedral Spire, Yosemite

Reviews & Ads

The Club's journal had been published only six times when, in 1896, it was recognized that "not all of the legitimate interests and activities of the Sierra Club can be expected to find appropriate expression and record in the shape of regular articles printed in its Bulletin." Within the year the editors were regularly publishing book reviews, obituaries, letters from readers, and editorials. By the turn of the century, a non-editorial element of perhaps equal interest to readers—product advertising—was appearing in every issue as well.

This book by Theodore Roosevelt is easily the most important book of the year among records of hunting adventure. The characterization of himself in the sub-title as a hunter-naturalist betrays little sensitiveness to the criticism of those who have sought to classify him with mere animal butchers. There is no doubt that our strenuous ex-President enjoys hunting as hunting. It is equally clear, however, that he also pursues this sport as an ardent naturalist. He is a vivid narrator, and no one is likely to find interest flagging when he once gets under the spell of his word.

William F. Badé, January 1911

African Game Trails ***by Theodore Roosevelt. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, 1910. Price $4 net.***

More than forty years ago a young Scotchman, but recently recovered from an accident that had threatened his sight, came to California hoping to make his way into the mountain regions, whose beauty, he had feared in his hours of darkness, might forever be hidden from him. The story of his "First Summer in the Sierra," now for the first time published, is a journal written in the solitude of the great forests, on the summits of lonely domes and peaks, or by the camp-fire with "Billy," the shepherd, and the Indian asleep near by and the dull, dingy, unpastoral flock, for whose care he was responsible, looking "like a big gray blanket in the star light." The beauty and freshness of the mountains is wonderfully reflected in this book, which seems to hold within its pages all the brightness and sunny geniality of a Sierra morning warming towards noon.

Marion Randall Parsons, January 1912

My First Summer in the Sierra ***by John Muir. Houghton-Mifflin Co., 1911. With illustrations from drawings made by the author in 1869 and from photographs by Herbert W. Gleason; 354 pages.***

To those who have not yet opened this little volume the reviewer feels that he should utter a friendly warning. Herein lovers of the Incomparable Valley will find little to enhance the complaisant delight of those who feel "they know their Yosemite." On the contrary, this book will leave the majority of its readers with the feeling that former trips to Yosemite have been rather futile, and (if one may take Omar for precedent and compare Creation to a circus) they will know that they have heretofore not only missed many of the most interesting side-shows, but a large part of the main performance as well.

C. Nelson Hackett, 1922

Handbook of Yosemite National Park: A Compendium of Articles on the Yosemite Region by the Leading Scientific Authorities. ***Compiled and edited by Ansel F. Hall, U.S. National Park Service. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1921.***

In the fall of 1943 Ansel Adams visited the Manzanar Relocation Center, temporary home of thousands of loyal Japanese-Americans (any of questionable allegiance had been segregated elsewhere). His sensitive human perceptions, aided by his camera, recorded the material from which he has prepared a text-and-photograph document. In it he presents, with sympathetic insight and with artistic restraint, the spirit of a community whose members have undergone "the largest single forced migration in American history."

The author is deeply aware of the powerful qualities of sunlit spaciousness in the Owens Valley, the timelessness of the mountains towering beyond, and the impermanence of the little human living place which has been set up in the midst of a semi-desert plain. Yet among the people of that impermanent community he finds qualities of timeless greatness.

The text which makes up the rest of the book is as sharp and unified and yet sensitive as are the photographs themselves. It is dominated by a desire to present things with clarity and honesty. Plainly represented, but not over-stressed, are elements of greatness, of tragedy, of resignation or hope, of simplicity, and the matter-of-fact minutiae of life.

Charlotte E. Mauk, December 1945

Born Free and Equal ***by Ansel Adams. U. S. Camera, New York, 1944. 112 pages, photographs and text. Price, $1.00.***

This is a highly rewarding book for everyone who loves the out-of-doors. In smooth-flowing, simple narrative, Justice Douglas gives us a warmhearted picture of his boyhood days in Yakima, Washington, and his early tramps through the countryside. From the time when as a small boy he lost his father, he found a solace, a security, and a challenge in the hills and in the mountains that are the dominant factors in that landscape.

Harry C. James, May 1951

Of Men and Mountains ***by William O. Douglas. Harper & Brothers, 1950. 338 pages. $4.00.***

Sierra Club members are greatly concerned these days about the problems that arise from conflicting claims upon the waters of the upper basin of the Colorado River system, the region in which Major Powell made his earliest explorations. And today, as in Powell's time, the greatest difficulty is to bring about an understanding of the facts. Wallace Stegner has helped to promote such an understanding through his bold and lucid account of John Wesley Powell's long struggle to make known the significance of the lands west of the hundredth meridian, namely, from the high plains east of the Rockies, across the Continental Divide, to the western rim of the Great Basin.

Stegner's book is a great deal more than a biography of the explorer of the Grand Canyon and the founder of the Geological Survey; it is more even than what he modestly calls a "history not of a personality but of a career." It is, rather, the history of an achievement, the extraordinary achievement of reversing a nation's concept of its territory.

Francis P. Farquhar, October 1955

Beyond the Hundredth Meridian: John Wesley Powell and the Second Opening of the West ***by Wallace Stegner, with an introduction by Bernard DeVoto. Houghton Mifflin, 1954. 438 pages, illustrated, $6.***

Rachel Carson's contributions on chemicals versus environment and the life force have already excited a great deal of attention. Augmented with further material on biological controls for what man now considers to be pests, these articles will appear in book form in October under the same title. As could be expected, some overconfident people in the chemical business—and highly educated ones at that—are already scoffing at this most timely piece of calm exposition of major hazard. Chemists say they know what they are doing. We are sure they do—up to a point. It is at that point that Miss Carson's alarming analysis begins.

David Brower, September 1962

Silent Spring ***by Rachel Carson. The New Yorker, June 16, 23, and 30***

In Memoriam

Charley Tuck
185?-1914

Every one of the hundreds of members who have been on the Sierra Club Outings will learn with deepest sorrow of the death of Charley Tuck. For the information of those who have not participated in any of the Outings it should be stated that Charley Tuck has been the head cook on all of the thirteen annual Outings. It will be possible to secure others who can cook as well, and with experience they may even be able to fill his place in most other respects, but all who knew Charley will realize that his genius for getting along with people was unique and that we can never replace the jovial, good-hearted soul who entered into the spirit of the out-door life with such zest, and who preserved a calm, unruffled spirit through every adversity and met difficult situations with such serenity of mind and who had such a fund of humor as to endear himself to all.

By rare good fortune the Club accidentally hired him to cook for the first Outing in 1901, and his service proved so valuable that we made it worth his while to come with us each year since. We shall never forget his faithfulness shown on many occasions and under most trying circumstances. The day he was lost and rode alone thirty-two miles over snow and mountain passes, arriving at the Merced Cañon camp at 8:30 in the evening, long after dark, bringing food because he thought we could not cook without his aid, is only an example.

William E. Colby, January 1914

Charley Tuck

Stephen Tyng Mather
1867–1930

With the passing of Stephen T. Mather on January 22, 1930, the Sierra Club has lost one of its most beloved members. For twenty-five years or more he was an active member of the club. In 1905 he stood on the summit of Mount Rainier as one of our outing party; in 1912 he was with us at our camp-fires in the Kern; time and again he joined our gatherings in the cities as well as in the mountains. When he went to Washington in 1915 to take charge of administering the national parks he turned first of all to the Sierra Club for support of his program. Always in his work for the parks he made a point of identifying himself with us—not as an honorary vice-president, but as a plain member. His public work has already received something of the recognition it deserves, and as time goes on his name will remain inseparably associated with the national parks. We would fain join in the praise accorded his public work, and at another time we hope to do so in a fitting manner. But for the moment we prefer to hold in our thoughts simply the memory of an ardent and lovable comrade who was lately in our midst.

Francis P. Farquhar, February 1930

Clair Sprague Tappaan
1878–1932

Judge Tappaan took his first trip into the High Sierra in the summer of 1902. The Sierra Club outing that year was held in Kings River Cañon, and one evening he and his companions joined our camp-fire group. To use his own words, he became

convinced that "the members of the Sierra Club were the right sort," and he at once joined the club, later to participate in many of its outings.

A huge Sierra camp-fire sends its myriad glowing sparks dancing up toward the stars, revealing the finest of forest tracery and lighting a circle of expectant faces. From out of the mysterious shadows, into the center of the friendly light, steps a man, with bandanna wound pirate-like around his head, whose easy costume betokens long familiarity with the out-of-doors. He is greeted with spontaneous and prolonged applause, for he is the one and only "Tap," so beloved by those who have traveled the mountain trails with the Sierra Club during the many years of its famous outings. He launches into one of his unrivaled talks—it matters not what he talks about, for, whatever the subject, he holds his audience spellbound, or convulses them with laughter.

This is, perhaps, the most vivid recollection many of us have of our beloved "Tap." But we shall never forget that above and beyond this dramatization of the jovial spirit, he stood for the finest things in life. In the Sierra Club traditions he will always typify manhood, courage, and idealism. He has added mightily to the prestige of our organization, and his passing leaves a vacancy impossible to fill.

William E. Colby, February 1933

Marion Randall Parsons
1878–1953

Marion Parsons was a remarkable woman. She had the talent for life, and she had the temperament of the artistic which transmutes life into forms that deepen the insight and enlarge the horizons of others. As musician, as writer, as painter she succeeded notably; as companion and friend, her interest and quality rose to that true distinction which derives from great imagination, swift sympathy, and a genuine intuition of the nature of reality.

Marion Randall was born on Ellis Street in San Francisco, about three blocks from what is now Macy's. Before Marion was six, the family moved to Piedmont where the nearest neighbors were the pioneers Isaac Requa and Lucius Booth, cousin of Newton Booth, the governor. The nearest school being two miles away, she was privately educated with her sister and brothers. In 1902, upon reversed fortunes, the family left the great estate in Piedmont, moved to Berkeley, and there through Wanda Muir, oldest daughter of John Muir, began for Marion that interest in the Sierra Club which was to last to the end of her life. Her first Outing was in 1903. After John Muir's death, she edited his *Travels in Alaska*.

In 1907 Marion married Edward Taylor Parsons, director and moving spirit of the Sierra Club. He died in 1914. She succeeded him as director, and was continuously active until she resigned the responsibility in 1936.

Through all this period she worked steadily in the cause of conservation, and had her historical part in establishing the National Park Service. It was, however, on the Outings that she had those experiences which were later to be so fruitful in her painting. Immediately, they were reported in a series of articles in the *Bulletin*. From beyond the Sierra came her reports too. Of her more than fifty ascents of major peaks, a fair half were in the Cascades, the Olympics, the Selkirks, and the Canadian Rockies. Hers was the first ascent of Mount Bruce, in the Southern Selkirks (1914). With the Mazamas or the Mountaineers, or in other groups, she explored the Tatoosh Range, Mount Rainier and Mount St. Helens, Glacier Peak and the Stehekin Canyon, Mount Robson. And in the 1920's the Zillertal Alps and the Val d'Ampezzo aroused her enthusiasm and were reported to the stay-at-home members of the Sierra Club. In the latter, she indulged her love of flowers by every fortnight moving up a thousand feet from Cortina to lengthen the springtime.

Marion Randall Parsons

In her last year the perfection and the full flowering of her talent for life was shown in her natural consent that people and times should change. It had been this consent that made her speak out in writing of the 28th Outing of the Sierra Club. It was a moment when some lamented the vanishing of older ways on the Outings, saw a threat to the very life of the Club. Marion Parsons saw it all differently. She called the new leaders "second-generation Sierrans, . . . their ways necessarily not our ways, their philosophy not ours, nor their climbing methods—nor their clothes. I for one am all for yielding up our tradition graciously, as something living and vital that still may grow and gather honor."

B. H. Lehman, October 1953

INSIDE

Editorial Voices

Membership in the Sierra Club should not be merely a matter of paying dues and going on outings. The Club still has work to do, even though the time is past when we had to fight to justify the very existence of the national parks. Public opinion is back of them now, and their growing popularity vindicates them among the doubting Thomases who ten years ago had nothing but jeers for the "mushy aesthetes" who recommended their preservation.

Our members should consider themselves, individually, as so many guardians of the scenery of the west, collectively, as an intelligent mass of public opinion ready to voice its protest when the well-being of the parks or of areas that ought to be parks is in question. We are nearly two thousand strong now. Double our number and we can more than double our work.

Marion Randall Parsons, January 1920

We can do penance for having let Glen Canyon be destroyed, for being too busy or too timid to rescue the right of unnumbered generations to know its beauty: we can remove some of the stain by saving for the future, without fail this time, the best of the great places of the Plateau Province—canyonlands, near the junction of the Green and the Colorado, and the Grand Canyon itself, all that is left of it, including Marble Gorge, for the wonder of the world it is and deserves to remain.

Those who know what the river means in this country will know also how important it is for others to share that meaning, always.

What made Glen Canyon live is dead. Its magic was killed so that people could push more buttons, multiply their conveniences, complicate their leisure, encapsulate themselves, and hopefully allow themselves more time to travel to the great places of the earth. But in the process fewer and fewer places were spared for more and more people—people who would name their divestment Progress.

David R. Brower, December 1963

Today, the snarling whine of the chainsaws and the growl of huge "cats" rend the silence of the woods. Herds of gigantic trucks come thundering down from the hills, dwarfed by the logs they carry. In the big mills' yards can be seen whole forests of trees—massive "decks" of logs each thicker than a man is tall, rows of towering stacks of rough-cut lumber. There they await final processing before they reach the market as farm produce boxes, patio fencing and garden furniture, and shingles, siding, and paneling for houses.

Imagine for a moment a stand of slim young redwoods with an arbitrarily-set life expectancy of 100 years. Then compare it to virgin redwoods that are direct, recognizable descendants of trees that thrived in the age of dinosaurs, 100 million years ago. From any viewpoint but the economic one, a second growth redwood forest is a second-rate redwood forest. Attractive as it may be, it has none of the majesty, the mystery, the primeval beauty that make the virgin redwoods the world's finest forest. If, as Teddy Roosevelt maintained, "there is nothing more practical in the end than the preservation of beauty," then our prime purpose should be to preserve in their natural state as many of our virgin redwoods as possible.

François Leydet, September 1963

Humboldt Redwoods State Park

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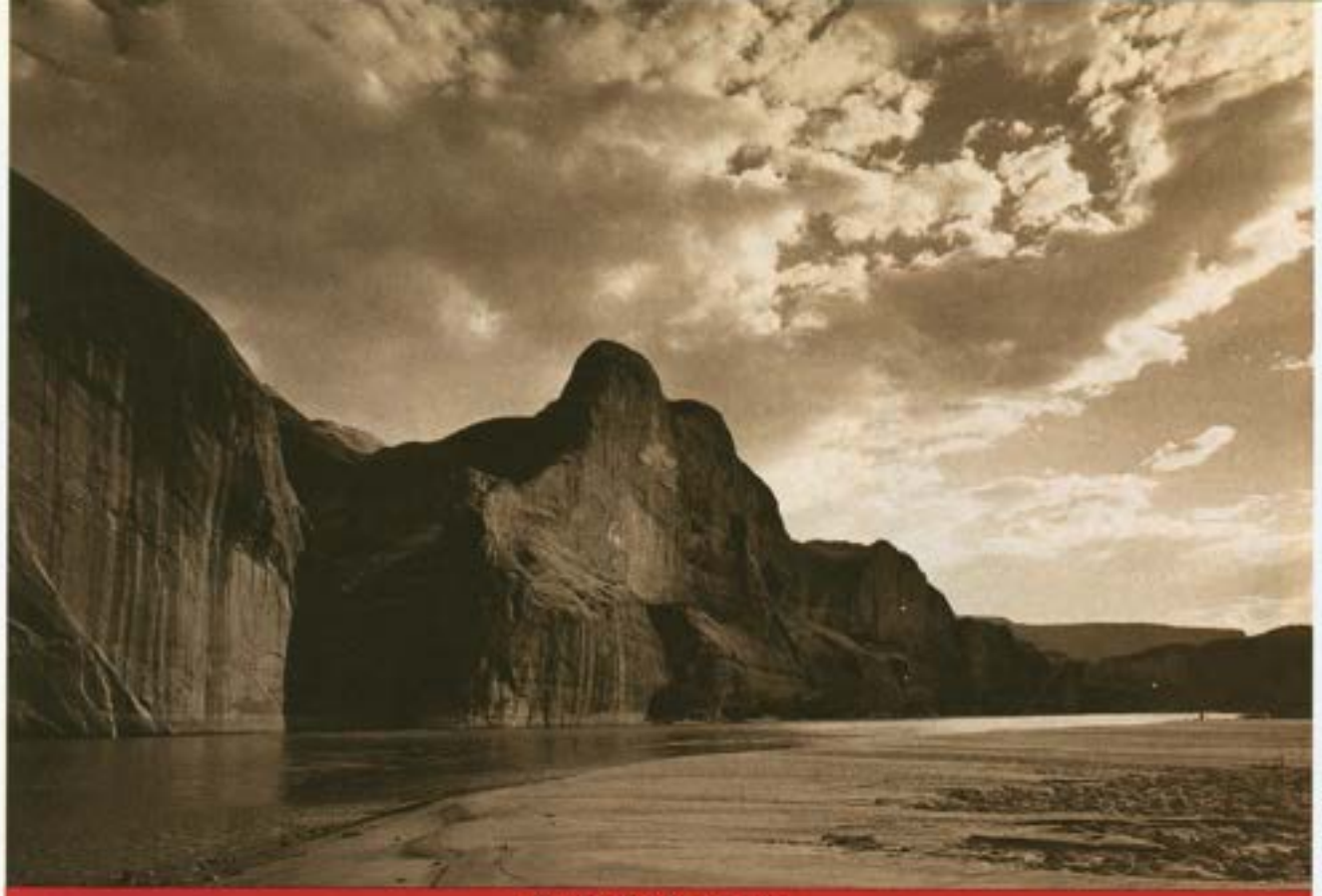


Klondike Bar, Glen Canyon

President Nixon met recently with leaders of national conservation organizations to promote his environmental program and hear from conservationists who have sought so long to bring about the current upsurge of interest in protecting the environment.

The President stressed that he felt he and conservationists have the "same basic goals," though there might be disagreement over the adequacy of federal funding for conservation. Conservationists' support will be necessary to put over the administration program, he said, because "the current ecology fad won't last—certainly not among the students who will drop it and be on to something else soon."

Without directly seeking to do so, I drew the first Presidential frown when I suggested our goals go considerably beyond the President's and that the distance between us couldn't be measured in dollars alone.

I explained that conservationists believe limitless expansion of the economy is an outmoded idea which is causing us to eat into our basic and irreplaceable capital—the environment itself. I argued that zero population growth should be a national priority. Finally, I said conservationists want fundamental changes in the ways we think about the environment: they want those who would change it to carry the burden of proof that the change will not be adverse; they want effective controls over now rampant technology; they want adoption of the land ethic and the changes in life styles it implies. I said I hoped the President could adopt these ideas.

Phillip S. Berry, April 1970

"You environmentalists care more about the fate of the black bear than that of the black man." "You get more excited about a dying tree than a child dying in the ghetto." These are charges being heard more and more from spokesmen for minority groups. They are hurled at environmentalists at conferences where we gather to explore relationships. Are they fair? How should we respond?

Some environmentalists are tempted to reverse the charges. "You care more about the plight of minorities than the plight of mankind." "You care more about civil rights than survival."

We should stop hurling such charges at each other. It is tragic to see two crucial reform movements jealously vying for predominance. There are too few committed to social reform for us to be able to endure the tragedy of such misunderstanding.

We should work to respect the validity of separate agendas, and the vitality of a diverse movement for social reform. Respect will not bring us into total agreement, and points of conflict may occasionally emerge. But we need to see each other in the context of a larger purpose, to minimize our conflicts, and find opportunities to work together on projects where our programs overlap. As we do so, we may find that we need each other far more than we now suspect.

Michael McCloskey, February 1972

IN OUR TIME

TOWARD A NEW TRADITION

The Sierra Club Bulletin appeared regularly for 85 of the Club's first 100 years. Since its 1977 name-change, its successor, Sierra, has developed a distinct personality of its own. We conclude this retrospective with some of our favorite moments from the more recent past . . . a brief indulgence before we head back to work on a second century of Earth-friendly inkslinging.

HEADLINES WE LIKE

LOVELY CHEETAHS, METER-SAVED
It made sense at the time . . .

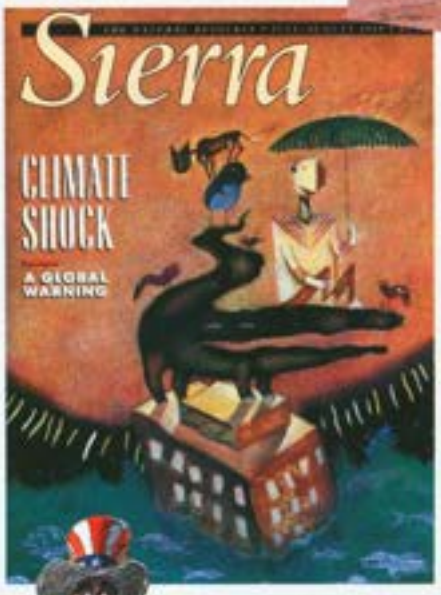
THAT'S WHAT FRONDS ARE FOR
California's seaweed-gatherers

WHY ALL THE YEW-HEWING?
A cancer cure from tree bark

YOU . . . YOU . . . BEAST, YOU!
Lower life forms' love lives

MUCH ADO ABOUT LOTS
Property rights and wrongs

SINS OF EMISSION
On the dangers of woodstoves



Sierra has won wide recognition (and numerous awards) for its design, photography, and illustration. The photo above (of two magazine staffers enjoying a break from river rafting) appeared in our 1989 issue on the U.S. public lands—which was nominated for a National Magazine Award. The cover at left, by Lane Smith, highlighted our 1991 report on the dangers of global warming. Overpopulation—perhaps the direst environmental threat of our time—was depicted earlier this year (below) by Victor Juhasz.

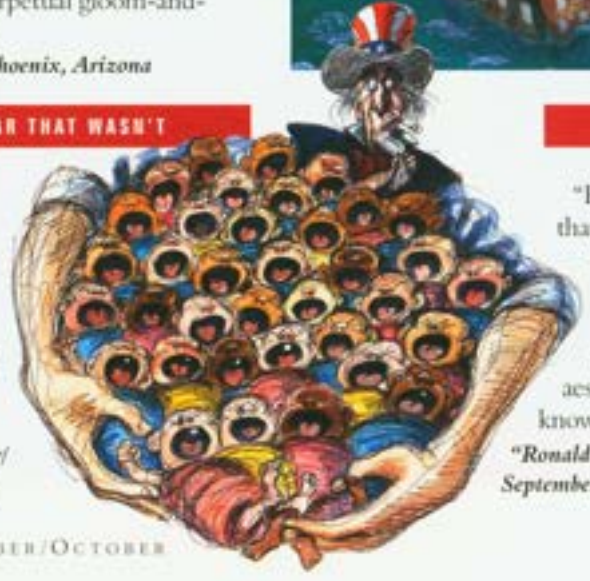
WHAT OUR READERS WANT

"Your magazine reads increasingly like the propaganda of totalitarianism. I would like to retain my membership in the Sierra Club . . . but I can no longer devote my precious evenings to reading strident rhetoric and selective exposition of complicated issues."
Marc Levoy, Stanford, California

"I would suggest that your editorial staff consult a psychologist to give you insight into ways to achieve your goals without the perpetual gloom-and-doom cloud."
Renee Sutton, Phoenix, Arizona

THE YEAR THAT WASN'T

"In a Bush administration, concern for the environment will be year-round."
George Bush, "Promises to Keep", November/December 1988



MOST UNDERSTATED CHARACTER ANALYSIS

"People who have known Reagan for years report that although he is not opposed to environmental protection as such, he does not understand how environmental issues are inextricably linked to other economic issues. He apparently believes that environmental protection is a sort of quirky aesthetic doctrine adhered to by people with no knowledge of industry or business."
"Ronald Reagan: A Case of Misunderstanding?" September/October 1980

A strange sporting event took place the other day. A man in a fetal position under a hurdle caught a runner in midair.

Is this fun, or what?

To Antonis Achilleos, part-time busboy, full-time amateur photographer, it is. In fact, to Antonis, making great photographs is more fun than making touchdowns, jump shots or holes in one.

Antonis Achilleos, pro busboy, amateur shooter, dove under a hurdle to catch a flying woman with his Nikon N6006. Please don't try this at home.

Homestretch
—*by*—
Antonis Achilleos, busboy

One afternoon, while driving to get a Slurpee, he spotted a vision of beauty in sweat socks flying through the air.

Something clicked.

He grabbed his Nikon N6006, leaped out of his car, then flung his body under a hurdle and waited. Was it worth it?

What do you think?

Antonis used an N6006 to experiment with and expand creativity.

It autofocuses quickly and precisely in light as dim as a single candle. There's Spot Metering, Center-Weighted Metering, and Matrix Metering, for rapidly changing light conditions or fast-moving action.

"Hey, Mister, duck!"

There's a powerful pop-up flash with 28mm coverage. Here Antonis brightened the foreground by increasing the flash one stop. And he underexposed one stop to maintain the ominous sky and provide contrast to the brightly lit foreground.

To create a sense of motion (as if she needed it), he used Rear Curtain Sync, which fires the flash just before the shutter closes, and he shot at 1/15th. Even though the flash isn't designed to cover the entire frame, Antonis chose a 24mm AF Nikkor to exaggerate the angle. He could have picked any one of nearly eighty legendary lenses. The same lenses most pros use behind the dugout or in the end zone.

This is it. The Nikon N6006. Autofocusing, a built-in flash, interchangeable Nikkor lenses. It's how amateurs get their stuff in magazines. Just ask Antonis. For a free booklet call 1-800-NIKON-35.

The N6006,® however, is the Nikon for people who don't have press credentials. Or sideline passes.

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

VIEWPOINTS

THE WINNERS OF SIERRA'S 1993 PHOTO CONTEST

Many of the photos on these pages might confound the straightforward landscape recordists who accompanied the Sierra Club on its earliest excursions, but they convey in dramatic terms the changes a century has wrought in the way photographers depict the natural world. And we viewers have kept pace with those changes, so that even as we feel briefly challenged by this image or that, we understand that it expresses some truth perceived by its creator. In this, 1993's winners and their predecessors embrace across the decades, recognizing in one another the impulse to celebrate and immortalize the beauty they find around them.

Thanks go to our judges, Carolyn Robertson, William Neill, Christine Alicino, and Ray Pfortner; to our sponsors, Nikon, Bausch & Lomb, and Buck Knives; and to the thousands of entrants in this year's competition.

GRAND PRIZE

ROBERT W. DOMM

Grass Lake, Michigan

•

Goat's Beard Seed Pods

(TOP, RIGHT)

SECOND PLACE

Abstracts and Patterns (Color)

KAREN McCLYMONDS

Livermore, California

•

Cecropia Moth detail

(LEFT)

FIRST PLACE
Abstracts and Patterns
(Color)
SHERRI L. SHIPLEY
South Miami, Florida

•

Plate Coral Polyps
Truk Lagoon, Micronesia
(RIGHT)

FIRST PLACE
Forests and Flora
(Color)
LUCINDA KIDD HACKNEY
Gainesville, Florida

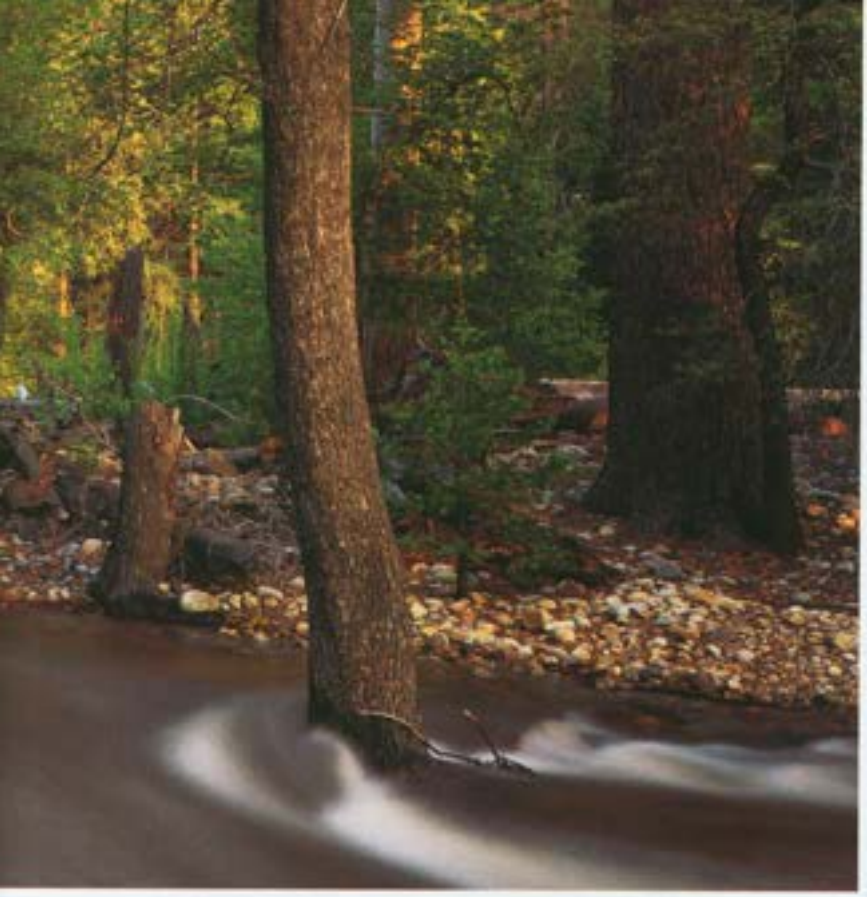
•

North Central
Florida
(LEFT)

SECOND PLACE
Desert, Plain, and Prairie
(Color)
ERIK DURFEY
Los Gatos, California

•

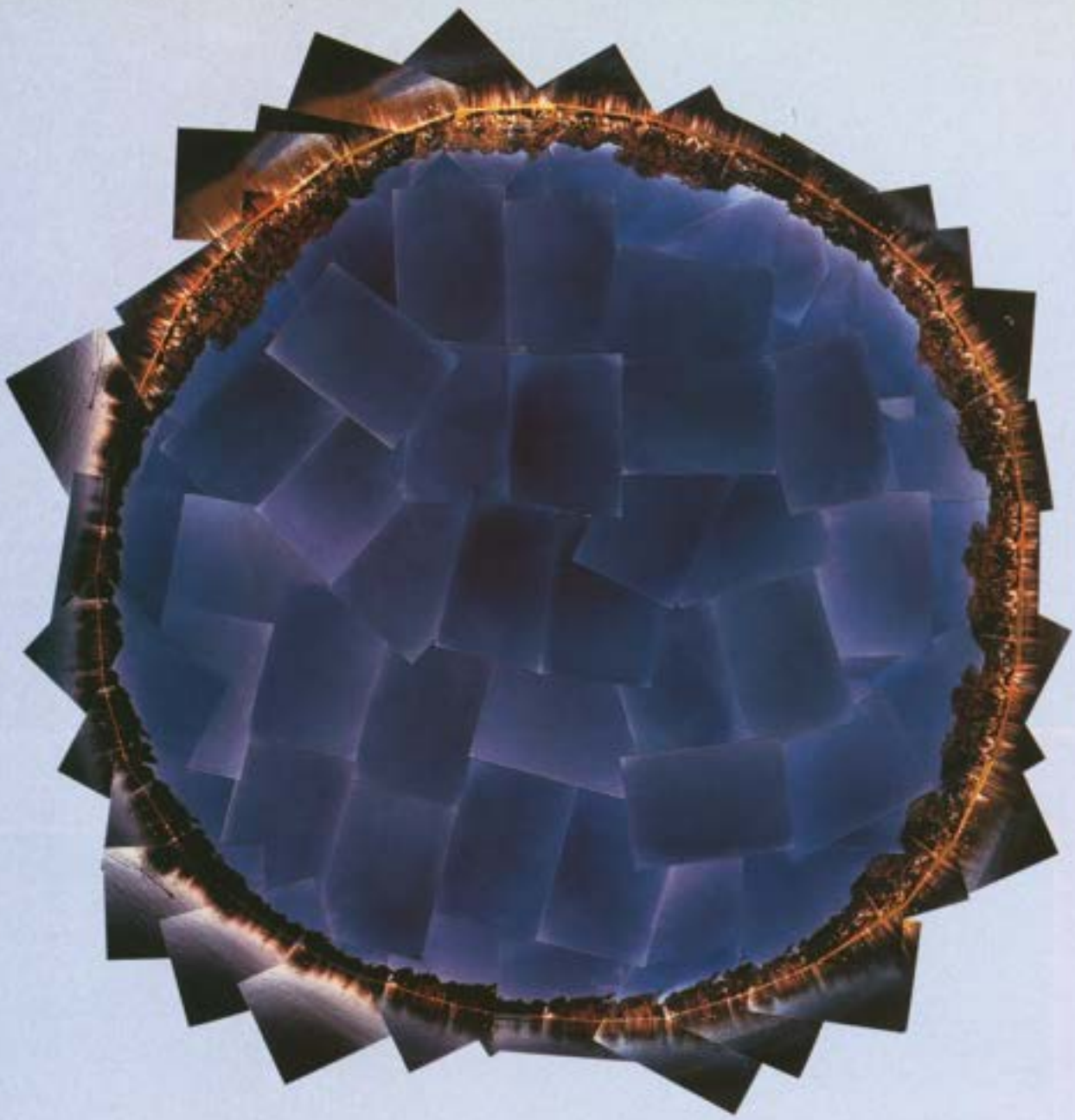
Mono Lake
California
(RIGHT)

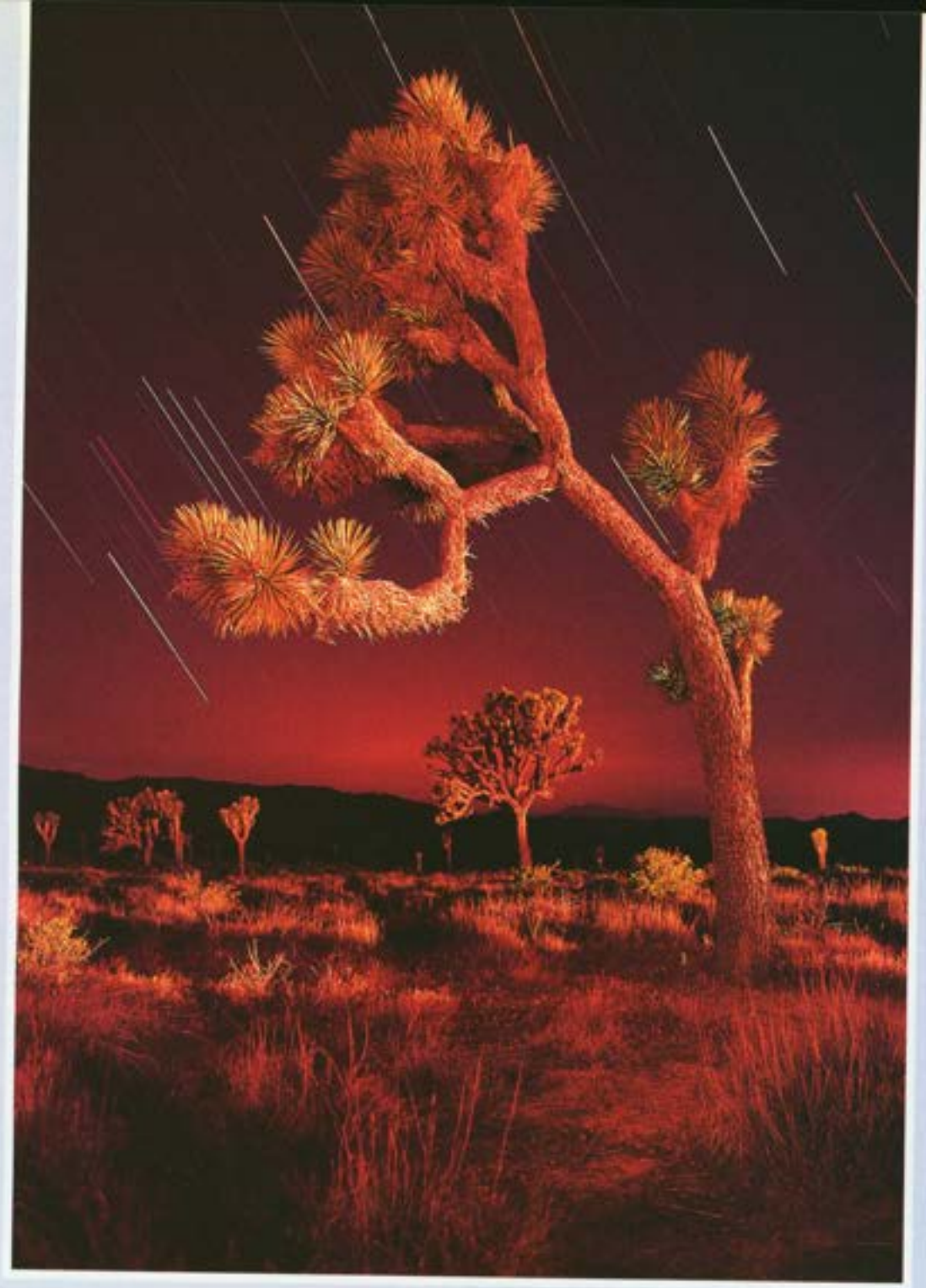


SECOND PLACE
The Ways of Water
(Color)
LONNA TUCKER
Tempe, Arizona

•

Kings Canyon National Park
California
(LEFT)





FIRST PLACE
The Ways of Water
(Color)
FRANCIS H. K. WONG
San Francisco, California

•

Sprockels Lake
California
(TOP, LEFT)

SECOND PLACE
Forests and Flora
(Color)
MICHAEL GROSSMAN
San Dimas, California

•

San Dimas
California
(BOTTOM, LEFT)

FIRST PLACE
Desert, Plain, and Prairie
(Color)
RICHARD CUMMINS
San Jacinto, California

•

Joshua Tree National
Monument, California
(ABOVE)

SECOND PLACE
Abstracts and Patterns
(Black and White)
GEORGIA P. SCHWENDER
Shoreham, New York

•

Woodwardia unigemmata
Royal Botanical Garden
Edinburgh, Scotland
(LEFT)

SECOND PLACE
Forests and Flora
(Black and White)
CHRISTIAN SLANEC
Las Vegas, Nevada

•

Valley of Fire State Park
Nevada
(FAR LEFT)

SECOND PLACE
Desert, Plain, and Prairie
(Black and White)
DOREEN S. CLOUGH
Descanso, California

•

Meteor City
Arizona
(LEFT)

FIRST PLACE
The Ways of Water
(Black and White)
CHIP FORELLI
New York, New York

•

North Island
New Zealand
(ABOVE)

FIRST PLACE
Forests and Flora
(Black and White)
TODD FRIEDLANDER
Great Falls, Virginia

•

McLean
Virginia
(LEFT)

FIRST PLACE
Abstracts and Patterns
(Black and White)
CHIP FORELLI
New York, New York

•

Yucca Plant
North Island, New Zealand
(TOP, RIGHT)

FIRST PLACE
Desert, Plain, and Prairie
(Black and White)
ANN DAHLGREN
Santa Barbara, California

•

Death Valley
California
(BOTTOM, RIGHT)

SECOND PLACE
The Ways of Water
(Black and White)
R. F. WILTON
Meriden, Connecticut

•

Ogunquit Beach
Maine
(BOTTOM, FAR RIGHT)

STREAMS of HOPE

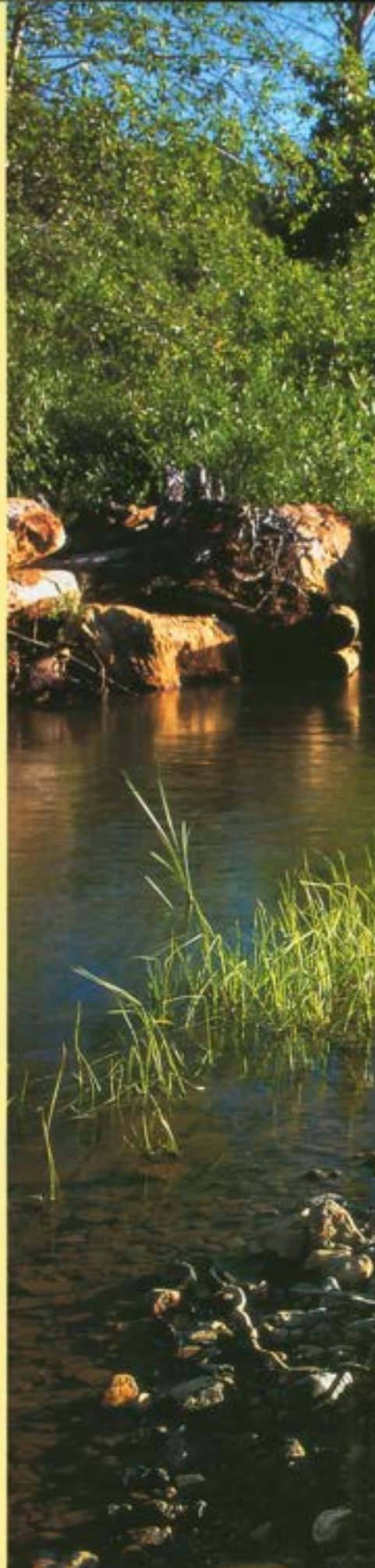
A RECESSION BRINGS PAIN, BUT ALSO RENEWAL, TO PLUMAS COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

BY JOAN HAMILTON

Leah Wills walks into the Morning Thunder Cafe and orders coffee and a three-egg omelet. It's only eight in the morning and she's already tired. Brushing back wisps of blonde hair, she tells me she's been up since three writing a grant proposal, an activity she both mocks ("Bor-r-r-ing!") and zealously describes. Her speech is rapid-fire, impassioned. She's willing to work while others sleep, to tromp muddy creeks, to wade deeply into economic theory and bureaucratic minutiae because she's part of an important experiment. Long before the Clinton-Gore team told the nation that healing the earth is good for the economy, Wills and her neighbors in Plumas County, California, were putting that theory to the test.

A long line of Paul Bunyan types have had their day here, carting away the region's natural assets and leaving behind muddy streams, stump fields, and toxic wastes. Even so, Wills and her neighbors are not trying to shut down the logging or mining industries or shoo cattle off the public lands: that, she says, would be economic self-immolation. Instead, they are trying to help repair the damages of the past hundred years so that renewable resources like grass, water, wildlife, and trees can continue to provide a living for Plumas County residents in the next century.

"I don't know if we're going to pull it off, or whether we're going to do it the easy way or the hard way," she says. "But we have to get our economy in sync with our environment. Every civilization has to pay that piper."



CARR CLIFTON

Leah Wills beside Wolf Creek

In a tourist magnet like the Sierra Nevada, Plumas County is a rare refuge—too far north of Lake Tahoe to merit mention in most tourbooks. Unlike the Sierra's famous midsection, toothed with 14,000-foot-high slabs of bare granite, the northern end of the range slouches. Its peaks are less than 8,000 feet and, as the locals say, "haired over" with conifers.

Since 1849 miners have wrested millions of dollars worth of gold from Plumas County—and left piles of poisonous rubble. The Feather River, whose trout once lured anglers from all over the world, has lately succumbed to dams and sediment. Water tables have dropped, and the scars of clearcut logging are spreading. Gazing at a vast field of stumps on a Forest Service tour, a Latin American visitor asked incredulously, "Was there a war here?"

Logging is a survival issue; 75 percent of the county's land is owned by the U.S. Forest Service. Timber booster Donna McElroy pleads in the local newspaper for solidarity in the face of "preservationist adversaries" and brags that she has helped distribute 50,000 yards of yellow ribbon—a banner of support for the logging industry—in Montana, Washington, Oregon, and California.

Wolf Creek (below) was a trash-clogged embarrassment to the town of Greenville. Red Clover Creek (right) once undercut its banks every spring, sending tons of precious soil downstream.

A stationery store in Quincy, the county seat, displays one yard of this ribbon and a color poster of a pudgy-cheeked toddler with his hand on a freshly cut stump, making a Pledge to an Endangered Heritage: "I swear with my right hand on this stump, that my generation will be proud to be loggers." Beneath the poster is a hand-lettered sign: "Washington, Oregon, and many areas in California are near extinction because of drastic timber harvest reductions. Thousands of jobs have already been lost. Some towns are dying. Plumas, Sierra, and other Northern California counties could be next!"

But the town bears other emblems too. Just off its main drag, across from the imposing, white-columned courthouse, is a mural of the spacious valley surrounding Quincy. In this depiction, the valley's meadows are uncluttered and lush, the forests whole, and the human inhabitants, the Maidu, have come together to honor "the creation, the World Maker, and the earth."

The retail and service sectors of the economy are slowly growing, thanks to an increasing number of tourists and the county's status as a retirement mecca. But that growth can't entirely counteract the effects of a declining logging industry, which provided a fifth of the jobs in the 1970s but accounts for only a sixth today. The county's unemployment figures rival those of the Great Depression, fluctuating between 22 percent (in winter) and 14 percent (in summer). More job losses are expected, because the most lucrative and accessible old trees have been cut and some remaining stands have been placed off-limits to protect endangered species such as the California spotted owl.

Wills, an economist who works for the Plumas Corporation, has the daunting task of helping the community dig its way out of this economic hole. It's a standard mission for a county development corporation, and one that Plumas used to approach in the traditional way. It tried to lure "smokestack industries" to the region—a cogeneration plant

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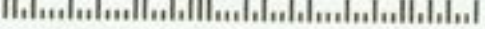

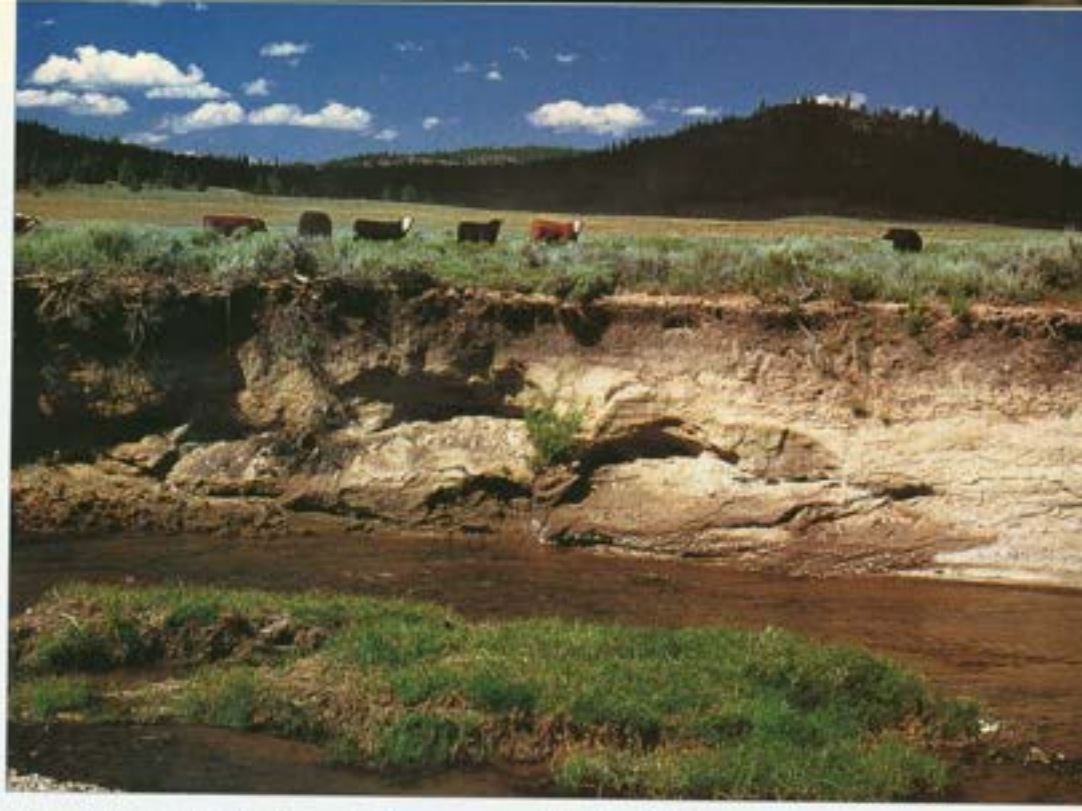

here, a coal-fired power plant there. Instead of applauding, though, many area residents panned these proposals in public hearings. They wanted to have their jobs and Eden, too.

The Plumas Corporation changed course in 1984, after reports that Pacific Gas & Electric's Rock Creek Dam on the north fork of the Feather River was up to its intakes in sediment. The itinerant soil was blocking flow outlets and grinding away at hydroelectric turbines. Some sediment was to be expected in a power facility more than three decades old, but this much signaled severe erosion problems upstream in Plumas County. Without dredging (at a cost of $64 million to remove 4 million cubic yards of mud), PG&E would have to shut the powerhouse down.

Long before she heard of the utility's problem, Wills had been thinking about the plight of resource-based communities. Capitalist theory was fundamentally flawed, she had come to believe. For a hundred years it had allowed entrepreneurs in Plumas County to treat natural resources as if they were inexhaustible and free. Now PG&E and, in more subtle ways, everyone else in the county were paying for that miscalculation. Ranchers' streambanks were crumbling. Fishing wasn't as good as before. Forest productivity was declining. "Our water, our forests, and our soils must be viewed as economic capital," she says today. "If we don't keep them healthy, our returns are going to go down."

In 1984 PG&E initiated a series of meetings with federal and state resource agencies. In May of 1985 County Supervisor John Schramel called a broader meeting, adding Wills and other locals—all of them eager to do something about the Feather River's muddy waters.

"There were a lot of gloom-and-doomers who said it would take five years to get anything going," recalls Schramel, a tall, robust father of five. By the end of the year, however, the people who attended that first meeting had restored a 75-acre meadow along Red Clover Creek, a stream whose waters eventually passed through PG&E's choked dam. They reduced the stream's sediment load by 1,000 tons a year. Eagles and cranes came back, and the trout population doubled. "It wasn't easy," recalls Schramel, now retired. "But it was the most satisfying project of my work as supervisor."

Two state agencies and PG&E jointly footed the $75,000 construction bill for Red Clover, while the county, the U.S. Forest Service, and the Soil Conservation Service all lent a hand. Emboldened by the Red Clover success, 13 agencies and organizations signed a "memorandum of understanding" in 1987, formalizing a broad erosion-control mission. They took on a bureaucratic name—the East Branch North Fork Feather River Coordinated Resource Management (CRM) program—but resolved to be bold shredders of red tape. The Plumas Corporation, represented by Leah Wills, was selected to orchestrate the group's work.

AT FIRST SKEPTICAL TOWNSPEOPLE ASSUMED THIS OUTDOOR FIX-IT FERVOR HAD BEEN FOMENTED BY ENVIRONMENTALISTS

At this point Wills became a saleswoman. Without her and others who saw the CRM group's potential, the work at Red Clover Creek might have been confined forever to the annals of Plumas County and PG&E. But Red Clover and the string of similar projects that followed helped Wills convince locals that ecological restoration is vital to a brighter economic future. These small-scale do-good projects could never replace the jobs generated by the ranching and logging industries. But they would provide some jobs—as it has worked out, 85 so far (most of them temporary). More basic to the long-term security of ranchers and loggers, the projects have begun to protect the county's water and soil, its ecological capital.

At first, though, skeptical townspeople assumed this outdoor fix-it fervor had been fomented by environmentalists. In truth, most environmentalists were standing on the sidelines, amazed that such a disparate group of people could agree on anything at all.

Today the Feather River CRM participants have their fights—but not the kind that break out in the newspapers or in court. Their knockdown-dragouts occur in the field and in long evening meetings when they try to reach consensus about how to heal their ailing watershed. When they agree on a course of action—and everyone must agree—Wills and CRM Finance Chair Ray Stine of the California Department of Forestry must find funding and make it happen. Since 1988, they have raised $2.5 million from PG&E and other participating groups and have conducted 33 projects and studies. In 1992 alone they brought in $800,000—one-eighth of which came from PG&E.

The CRM participants choose their battles carefully. They avoid problems attributable to a single polluter. Those disputes, Wills says, can be resolved by regulatory agencies or in court. Instead the group focuses on "cumulative effects"—problems of uncertain origin that have been building for years, that no one else will tackle. Instead of trying to identify culprits, they clean up messes. "We don't play the blame game," Wills says.

Once they've decided to fix a stream, they argue about how to do it. Should they bring in heavy equipment or just give the streambanks a rest from grazing? If the former, should they build a stream channel that is ideal for flood control (wide) or ideal for trout (deep)? Should they plant grasses or shrubs or both on the banks? And who should pay?

The process sounds cumbersome because it is. "It's like going to the theater," says Wills' boss, John Sheehan, director of the Plumas Corporation. "It takes a willing suspension of disbelief."

Like good drama, it also requires action. In 1989 the CRM group and the Soil Conservation Service completed an erosion study for the entire watershed drained by the east branch of North Fork Feather River. But the group and SCS got muddy long before the study was finished. "If we had waited," Wills says, "we'd have expired from boredom."

After putting the finishing touches on the Red Clover Creek project in 1986, the group went on to rehabilitate 2,800 feet of Greenhorn Creek, whose waters eventually drain into North Fork Feather River. It used these restoration sites as living laboratories, spawning a Watershed Management Certification Program at Feather River College and training students at both the Greenville and Quincy high schools to monitor the CRM work. It built fish ladders. It devised a plan to clean up a creek polluted by an abandoned copper mine. And the group has tackled Wolf Creek, one of the most eroded streams in the watershed.

"COMMUNITY SUCCESS AND PRIDE WILL PROTECT MORE HABITAT THAN ANY LAW WE COULD WRITE."

Donning knee-high rubber boots and a visor, Wills leads me down a dirt road to the bottom of Wolf Creek to watch the maneuvers of a mud-splattered excavating machine. Here, 21 miles north of Quincy in the town of Greenville, 40-foot banks tower over a creekbed as wide as a three-lane highway. A newly carved channel winds down the middle, with broad shoulders of bare earth on either side—the outlines of a new floodplain. The yellow, tank-like excavator lumbers from one side of the bed to the other, moving a rock here and a clump of dirt there with its long shovel, like a dinosaur doing spring cleaning.

Three years ago, this stream was hot, trashy, shallow, and menacing—a monster created by years of well-intentioned but destructive tinkering. Upstream, its channel had been narrowed to accommodate the railroad, and in town it had been deepened to prevent flooding. The flooding stopped in town. But with flows accelerated by the railroad work and trapped in the deeper channel, the stream began to undercut its banks, sending them, particle by particle, to Rock Creek and another dam on the North Fork. Greenville citizens bore the brunt of the change: rose bushes, sheds, whole backyards and even cottages began to fall into the channel. When the local fire chief sought help, the CRM group rounded up a huge rescue team, including 50 landowners, PG&E, Greenville Rotary, Calgom Mining Company, the Plumas Job Training Center and Road Department, the California Department of Water Resources, the State Water Resources Control Board, the California Department of Forestry, the federal Forest and Soil Conservation services, and even the National Guard.

A visitor today sees two sinuous miles of new channel, with boulders and logs, roots and all, stacked up to stabilize the outside curve of each glistening meander. In the spring these changes will keep high waters from terrorizing Greenville and from silting up the dams 30 miles to the southwest.

The overall effect of the work the CRM group has done on Wolf Creek is pleasantly pastoral. But Wills eyes it critically. In retrospect, some of the in-stream rocks have been placed incorrectly, the technical team has informed her. They block sediments during high flows and divide the water too much during low ones, making the stream shallower and warmer than it should be for trout. She vows to fix that some day.

Farther downstream, three Plumas Corporation workers have begun refurbishing the most recently sculpted streambank. Gently, they poke willow shoots into a water-filled trench beside the channel. Then, with wire and stakes, they press the willows to the

Greenville high-school students (facing page) measure the success of the Wolf Creek work. "Thinking like a river," an excavator operator (top right) artfully places a rock in midstream; on the outside of each rebuilt meander, natural rip-rap bolsters the creek's banks (middle right); tree planting at Red Clover Creek (bottom right).

Red Clover Creek in all its reconstructed glory. Not just another pretty stream, it's economic capital.

steeply sloping bank and cover them with dirt. By summer some of these cuttings will have sprouted and taken root, says Andrew Leiser, a recently retired University of California horticulturist who is acting as an on-site consultant to the project. In the meantime, he says, they'll also help shield the bank from the force of high spring flows.

Advised by hydrologist David Rosgen, team members have all been trained to "think like a river," Wills says. Many of them arrived with good instincts. On his first day the heavy-equipment operator wanted to see Wills' environmental permits. "He didn't want to go to jail for digging in a streambed," she recalls. Wills herself kissed the ground in apology the first day the excavator came in.

Three years later even the rawest portion of the Wolf Creek project is beginning to look riverine, and Wills seems pleased. "It looks more civilized down here today," she says. "You mean more natural," Leiser replies.

But it's not completely natural yet. I walk to one of the older restored portions of Wolf Creek and turn over a few of its wet, hand-size cobbles. Instead of the aquatic insects characteristic of a healthy trout stream, I find only algae. The disappointing green slime is thriving partly because the water remains warmer than it should. The shrubs, native species planted in these gravelly soils, haven't taken off as planned, Forest Service biologist Clay Clifton tells me, so there's no shade along the banks yet. Upstream, a swampy area full of decaying vegetation adds nutrients that also aggravate the algae problem.

"A lot of this work is still rather experimental," admits Clifton, a CRM participant. He explains that Dave Rosgen's restoration techniques, proven successful in the mountains of Colorado, have never been tried in California before. "It's cutting-edge work," Clifton says. "If we see we've missed something important, we go back and correct the error."

Soil Conservation Service hydrologist Tom Benson applauds the principles upon which the Wolf Creek restoration is built. "I personally won't repair a stream with concrete again," he says. "That's not an adequate answer anymore." Once the Soil Conservation Service's area engineer in Redding, California, he recently moved to a planning post in Davis that gives him more chances to promote this concept statewide.

The CRM group's pioneering work is costly—more than $100 per linear foot at Wolf Creek—but no more costly than the concrete rip-rap that is often used to subdue other in-town creeks. And not all of Plumas County's ailing waterways will need this much attention; for many, a rest from grazing will work wonders.

Wills is the first to admit that the CRM group's efforts are just a droplet in a watershed the size of Rhode Island: the group has addressed only about one percent of the problems identified. "We don't know if we're ahead of the curve," Wills says. "Our watershed is still unraveling."

Nevertheless, the project has had a salutary effect on traditional combatants in Plumas County. Quincy environmentalist Michael Jackson admiringly views the CRM group's efforts as an educational lab—a social experiment. "Kids come home from school having spent their afternoon

Continued on page 120

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DOCTORS TELL THEM IT'S ALL IN THEIR HEADS. BUT SUFFERERS FROM ENVIRONMENTAL ILLNESS KNOW THAT THE CAUSE—LIKE THE CURE—LIES IN THE WORLD AROUND THEM. BY MICHAEL CASTLEMAN

THIS PLACE MAKES ME SICK

First impressions are lasting, and often misleading. A dozen years ago, I was the editor of a health magazine based in rural Point Reyes, California, 90 minutes and a world away from urban San Francisco. One day a man dressed entirely in off-white appeared at our door, a surgical mask covering his nose and mouth. He said he had a story for us and asked to speak with me outside. He was, he said, a victim of "20th-century disease": an allergic reaction to low levels of everyday chemicals. He wore only cotton because synthetic fibers gave him rashes. The fabric had to be undyed and unbleached because anything else gave him headaches. Unable to tolerate San Francisco's air pollution, he'd moved to the country, but chemicals from local dairy farms triggered nasal and chest congestion—hence the mask. We had to talk outdoors because "brain fog" would engulf him in our office, where the air, he said, was thick with solvents released by correction fluid and carbonless copy paper, formaldehyde emanating from our carpeting, inks from back issues of our magazine, and perfumes and colognes worn by our staff.

He went on to propose a first-person account of his life, which he considered a harbinger of humanity's chemical fate—the equivalent of the canary in the coal mine. Of course, he'd have to write his article in longhand with a pencil because ink made his hands swell.

I'd heard of this ailment, also called "environmental illness," and sympathized with the idea that some individuals might be super-sensitive to traces of chemicals that didn't bother the rest of us. I'd seen something similar in my own family. My father had an uncanny ability to smell—and be bothered by—lingering cigarette smoke in the homes of relatives who'd quit years earlier, smoke I couldn't detect at all. But the masked man at our doorstep did not inspire my confidence. His thoughts were scattered and he was hostile. I'm no psychologist, but it didn't take long for me to decide that this guy was more cuckoo than canary.

Throughout the mid-1980s, however, people with similar stories contacted our magazine. They were allergic to everything. They'd had to quit their jobs and, in some cases, leave their families. They were depressed and desperate, and wanted to tell the world about this living hell from which they had found no escape. Despite my first impressions of the man in the mask, I continued to feel curious about this illness. By this time, many in the medical establishment had acknowledged the phenomenon of "sick-building syndrome," adverse reactions to unusually low levels of indoor air pollutants, and chemical sensitivity seemed like a plausible relative of it.

The few psychiatrists studying the illness bolstered my initial suspicions of the masked man's self-diagnosis. These people aren't allergic to everyday chemicals, the psychiatrists said; their medical tests are entirely normal. What they have is "somatoform disorder," physical symptoms produced by mental illness—depression,

ILLUSTRATION BY BLAIR DRAWSON

panic disorder, paranoia. "Somatoform" is psychiatric jargon for "it's all in your head."

But the shrinks are wrong. I still have doubts about the sanity of my mysterious visitor, but over the last few years, research has shown that the illness now known as multiple chemical sensitivity (MCS) is as real as the dizzying odors of the perfume inserts found in many magazines.

Back in 1980, about the time I met our bearer of bad tidings, a 25-year-old San Francisco pianist named Debra Lynn Dadd began having trouble moving her fingers, a horrible turn of events for a musician. Eventually, she had to quit work and move in with her recently widowed father.

Dadd's mother had died a few years earlier of cancer. Toward the end, having exhausted mainstream medicine, she'd flirted with the medical fringe, including visiting a "clinical ecologist" for vitamin therapy. Clinical ecology is a controversial offshoot of allergy-immunology that, among other things, blames many illnesses on low-level chemical exposures. The stories Dadd's father overheard in the clinical ecologist's waiting room reminded him of his daughter.

"As a child," Dadd explains, "I was never really well. I had chronic headaches, and always felt tired. Back then, I didn't know any different; that's just how I was. But in retrospect, I connect my symptoms to the chemicals in our suburban home. The house was completely carpeted. My mother often repainted and refinished things. She loved plastic furniture, and we used lots of insecticides and chemical cleansers."

Dadd was bright, but an underachiever in school. The reason, she now believes, was that most of her tests were printed on ditto machines. As most Baby Boomers probably recall, ditto copying required powerful solvents, and the copies had an intense, momentarily intoxicating chemical odor. Dadd had a stronger reaction: "One whiff, and I went into a fog." In addition, every few years Dadd developed a "mystery illness" that would send her to bed for a week. Nevertheless, all her medical tests came back normal.

Based on the stories he heard at the clinical ecologist's office, Dadd's father urged her to get tested for chemical sensitivities. She was skeptical, but eventually had "symptom provocation" tests, skin injections of minute amounts of foods and chemicals, much like standard allergy testing. Dadd tested sensitive to many foods and chemicals.

The clinical ecologist treated her using a now-abandoned approach called "neutralization," which is similar to giving allergy shots for hay fever. He placed drops containing progressively larger amounts of the offending chemicals under her tongue, on the theory that her body would adjust and stop reacting. But Dadd grew worse. After 18 months of treatment, her symptoms were so bad that she dropped the therapy. Dadd then focused on her food allergies, adopting a "rotation diet," which involved eating reaction-provoking foods just once every four or five days, enough to provide nutrition without triggering allergic reactions. "After a week on the diet," Dadd says, "I felt like a new person. I had more energy, and emotionally I felt more at peace."

But food allergies were only part of her problem: Dadd's hands were now almost useless, she couldn't think straight, and she had insomnia, constant headaches, and respiratory symptoms. What she heard from other patients was that avoiding certain chemicals, not just foods, was the key. "When I stopped using scented soaps and perfumes," Dadd says, "my headaches went away. When I switched from polyester sheets to cotton, I slept much better. And when I pulled up my carpets and got rid of my chemical cleaning products, my other symptoms began clearing up."

> "I GOT RID OF SYNTHETIC FABRICS, CARPETING, CLEANSERS, PLASTICS, PROCESSED FOODS, EVERYTHING."

As her health improved, Dadd began to devise substitutes for the household products that bothered her expanding circle of chemically sensitive friends. Instead of ammonia cleansers with detergents and fragrances, she advised using baking soda, borax, lemon juice, or vinegar. Instead of furniture polishes with phenol, ammonia, nitrobenzene, fragrances, and petroleum distillates, she recommended mayonnaise, or a combination of olive oil, lemon juice, and brandy.

Dadd's recommendations proved so popular that, in 1982, she published a booklet, *A Consumer's Guide for the Chemically Sensitive*, and sold several hundred copies by word of mouth. Then the maker of Bon Ami, a cleanser made from plain soap and the pulverized mineral feldspar, contacted her. Dadd had endorsed Bon Ami in her guide, and the company offered to send her on a media tour. The publicity helped sell thousands more. Dadd also began receiving letters from grateful readers, who credited her with restoring them to a semblance of health.

Dadd's story is intriguing, but medically it's merely an anecdote—an isolated case and not scientific proof of MCS's existence. Over the last decade, however, too many MCS anecdotes have piled up to ignore, prompting four distinguished medical organizations to investigate the illness. But the American College of Physicians, the American College of Occupational Medicine, the Amer-

ican Academy of Allergy and Immunology, and the Scientific Board of the California Medical Association have all reached the same conclusion: MCS does not exist. They base their position on five factors:

There is no consistent symptom pattern. A handful of diseases—among them, lupus and AIDS—can cause a number of seemingly unconnected symptoms, but most diseases cause only a modest number, usually involving only one or two organ systems. Proponents of the MCS theory claim environmental illness can cause dozens of symptoms involving every organ system: the skin (rashes, itching); respiratory system (congestion, difficulty breathing); nervous system (headaches, memory loss, clumsiness, confusion); circulatory system (swelling of the extremities); gastrointestinal system (food intolerances, bloating, diarrhea); endocrine system (menstrual problems, fatigue); immune system (hives, food allergies, white-blood-cell abnormalities); and the muscles and joints (achiness and arthritis). In addition, people with MCS are often depressed, anxious, and socially withdrawn. "MCS has such varying manifestations that no clinical picture is identifiable," says Donald W. Black, assistant professor of psychiatry at the University of Iowa in Iowa City. "There is no accepted definition. The vagueness of [many of its] symptoms raises suspicions about the disorder's validity."

There are no consistent diagnostic-test results. In the traditional view of allergies, exposure to offending substances (allergens) provokes predictable responses, among them the release of histamine. Not so with MCS. Rather, the symptom-provocation test elicits a confusing array of unpredictable responses: headaches, crying, confusion, you name it. These are not allergic reactions, according to mainstream allergy-immunologists. When clinical ecologists and people with MCS use phrases like "allergic to the 20th century," the specialists laugh.

If reactions to the symptom-provocation test are not allergic, what are they? Mere flukes, critics say. They cite a study by Donald Jewett, professor emeritus at the University of California's San Francisco Medical Center, who asked seven clinical ecologists to recruit patients who reacted to food allergens, and who then retested them. In Jewett's blind test, not one patient could distinguish between actual allergens and a placebo. "There are no established methods verifying MCS," Black says. "There are no demonstrated abnormalities associated with the condition. Studies that purport to show abnormalities are poorly designed and findings are not reproducible."

There is no known mechanism of illness. In the mainstream view, people with allergies react only to specific allergens. In contrast, MCS theorists propose that a reaction to one chemical can lead to similar or more severe reactions to others. They also assert that exposures to chemicals incapable of causing reactions alone can combine synergistically to produce a total "toxic load" that causes MCS. According to Black, "Theories of MCS are inconsistent with established mechanisms of allergies and immune function. The 'toxic load'

THERE'S HELP OUT THERE

ARE YOU CHEMICALLY SENSITIVE? You may be. But you might have another illness that shares some MCS symptoms. Here are some suggestions for getting to the bottom of your illness:

- Read up on MCS (see "Resources," page 126).
- Cut back on processed foods and change your diet to one based on whole grains and fresh fruits and vegetables (preferably organic). This diet not only helps minimize chemical exposures; it's endorsed by the American Heart Association and the American Cancer Society to reduce risk of heart disease, cancer, and stroke. Food allergies can be complicated. You may need to consult a nutritionist.
- Are you exposed to chemicals? Most people with MCS can identify specific exposures they believe caused their symptoms. If your work or hobbies require the use of chemicals, you may have a job- or hobby-related health problem. Ask colleagues how they feel. Look for symptom patterns. If you suspect that you're breathing in more than just good, clean air, consult an occupational-medicine specialist. For a referral, contact the American College of Occupational and Environmental Medicine.
- Do the windows in your workplace open? If not, sick-building syndrome is a possibility. Ask about the ventilation. When in doubt, consult an industrial hygienist, a professional who specializes in evaluating workplace hazards. For a referral, contact the American Industrial Hygiene Association. Also get in touch with local environmental organizations to learn what chemicals local industries emit.
- See your doctor. About three-quarters of those who seek professional help for MCS are women. No one knows why. Some research suggests that women are more sensitive than men to low levels of pesticides and toxic chemicals. However, women are also more likely than men to develop certain illnesses whose symptoms might be confused with MCS—for example, allergies, lupus, scleroderma, and thyroid problems. You may need referrals to an allergy-immunologist (to rule out or treat allergies), a rheumatologist (lupus, scleroderma), or an endocrinologist (thyroid and other hormonal disorders).
- See a mental-health professional. Any chronic illness causes stress, anxiety, and quite often depression, which may aggravate your symptoms. It helps to have someone to talk to other than friends and family. A mental-health professional can also design a stress-management program to help you cope with your symptoms.
- Join a support group. The Human Ecology Action League may be able to help. People in your area who are chemically sensitive can probably assist you in finding sympathetic health professionals and other valuable resources. ***—M.C.***

concept is outside the realm of current immunologic knowledge."

The victims have psychiatric problems, not MCS. Black gave the same psychological tests to 26 MCS sufferers and 46 controls. In the control group, 28 percent showed identifiable mental-health problems: depression, anxiety, and somatoform disorder. In the MCS group, the figure was 65 percent, a highly significant difference. Other studies have shown high rates of psychological problems, particularly depression, in MCS sufferers. "Psychiatric syndromes," Black says, "offer a simpler explanation for these symptoms."

Treatments for MCS don't work, and simply lead to social withdrawal. In a 1986 report, San Francisco allergy-immunologist Abba Terr interviewed 50 MCS sufferers after an average of two years of treatment by clinical ecologists. Only two had improved. Half were worse. Critics accuse clinical ecologists of turning MCS sufferers into hermits in remote, chemical-free communities or in specially constructed "safe rooms" in their homes, disabled for the rest of their lives with no hope of recovery. "Avoidance [of the modern world] allows [them] to believe they are ill, and to think of themselves as immunologic cripples," Black says.

Those who consider MCS a legitimate illness respond that 20 years ago, skeptics raised similar (and incorrect) objections to sick-building syndrome. In the mid-1970s, anecdotes accumulated involving office workers with vague chronic complaints—headaches, lack of mental focus, and respiratory problems—that they blamed on indoor air pollutants in their new, sealed office buildings. They said their symptoms were worst at the end of the work week after several days of accumulated low-level exposures, and cleared up over the weekend when they were not exposed. Some psychiatrists dismissed these assertions as somatoform reactions by neurotics who simply hated their jobs and made themselves sick at work.

In 1976, however, when 200 American Legionnaires in a Philadelphia hotel were overcome by a strange new type of pneumonia, the sealed-building theory had to be taken seriously. Scientists traced Legionnaire's disease to bacteria that grew in the hotel's faulty air-conditioning system. Today, most physicians view sick-building syndrome as a physical reaction to indoor air pollution, not a psychiatric reaction to job distress. Sealed buildings can save energy, but if glitches develop in their climate-control systems, germs can spread and pollutants can become trapped, triggering many adverse reactions in those who are sensitive.

Proponents of the MCS theory feel frustrated by continuing medical skepticism. Since the causes of so many diseases have been accounted for by bacteriology, genetics, nutritional research, and other sciences, the medical community is wary of explanations not based on these disciplines. Complaints of vague symptoms after exposures far below federal safety limits leave most physicians rolling their eyes. Stir in a fringe specialty like clinical ecology, and many doctors become derisive. According to these skeptics, all clinical ecologists offer is a sympathetic ear to people who refuse to face their mental health problems. In a 1989 editorial, the prestigious *Annals of Internal Medicine* accused clinical ecologists of leading a "cult."

The field of clinical ecology dates from the 1950s, when Chicago allergy-immunologist Thoren Randolph, M.D., theorized that low-level exposure to petrochemicals might cause allergies in the genetically sensitive. Randolph wound up ostracized professionally because the reactions he described were not allergies in the mainstream sense of the term. Undaunted, he and his followers founded The Society of Clinical Ecology in 1965, which became the Denver-based American Academy of Environmental Medicine in 1985. The AAEM has 450 members (compared with the American Medical Association's 271,000).

About five years ago, toxicologists and occupational-medicine specialists became interested in MCS, and today they dominate research in the field. Their view is that MCS is not an allergic reaction, but rather a subtle form of

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poisoning. This conceptual change has helped MCS gain a modicum of medical credibility. In the last year, the National Research Council and the Association of Occupational and Environmental Clinics have published books on the illness. Questions still outnumber answers, but increasingly, researchers consider MCS a real illness. Here's how MCS proponents answer the critics:

❖ True, there is no consistent symptom pattern. But most MCS sufferers can pinpoint specific chronic or sudden exposures to environmental chemicals that caused or seriously exacerbated their illnesses. A study by Gunnar Heuser, an assistant clinical professor of medicine at UCLA, showed that 80 percent linked their illnesses to pesticides, sick buildings, or solvents and fuels. Debra Lynn Dadd's case involved chronic low-level exposures, but her symptoms became severe shortly after she helped renovate her father's condominium (solvents and sick-building-type exposures).

Louise Kosta also suffered low-level exposures. The 44-year-old resident of upstate New York was diagnosed with MCS 13 years ago. Since childhood, she'd suffered hay fever and chronic headaches. At 27, she got a job in an unventilated antique store whose door opened onto a busy street. Over a period of 18 months, the combination of street fumes and chemicals used in the business gave her sick-building syndrome, headaches, and respiratory symptoms by the end of each week. Then a family member became ill, and Kosta spent several months shuttling to and from airports to visit. On one trip, she walked through a jet-fuel spill. Soon her allergies and sick-building symptoms became worse. She felt rundown and dazed, and developed swollen hands and feet. A friend insisted she see a doctor, who diagnosed MCS.

Maggie Dominy traces her MCS to a sudden major exposure, a 1975 fire in a neighboring townhouse. She suffered smoke inhalation, then had to renovate her home with new paint, carpeting, and furnishings. "When I moved back

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in, it smelled so bad I could hardly breathe, even with all the windows open," Dominy says. Then 42, she had always been healthy, but after a month in her refurbished home she developed paralyzing fatigue, chronic sinus and bladder infections, and a serious intestinal inflammation called Crohn's disease. She consulted specialists, but kept getting worse. Virtually bedridden, she feared for her sanity. Eventually, one of her doctors referred her to a clinical ecologist, who told her she had MCS.

❖ "There are no consistent diagnostic-test results." True, and controversy rages over this issue. Believers in MCS scoff at skin testing based on the Jewett study showing that MCS sufferers could not distinguish between real allergens and a placebo. Clinical ecologists say that study was flawed because the placebo may have been contaminated with traces of preservatives to which the subjects reacted. But now that few clinicians consider MCS an allergy, this type of testing has been largely abandoned. In a survey of 122 doctors who have diagnosed MCS, occupational-health specialist Kathleen Rest of the University of Massachusetts' Worcester Medical Center found that only 18 percent order allergy tests.

In Rest's survey, most respondents ordered standard tests to rule out other diseases, and then made their MCS diagnoses based on the patient's chemical exposures and stress history. The tests they ordered most frequently were psychological. "Diagnosis of MCS is made by excluding all other diagnoses," says the University of California's Dr. Jewett, who has diagnosed 250 cases over a ten-year period. He rules out other possibilities and then uses an elaborate history and symptom questionnaire to diagnose MCS.

❖ Although the mechanism of MCS onset remains unknown, scientists have learned during the past 20 years that many exposures once considered safe can cause harm. Until sick-building syndrome appeared, no one considered low-level indoor air pollutants hazardous. For years, scientists be-

lieved that the silicone used in breast implants was biologically inert; recently it has been shown to cause serious auto-immune disease. Until the 1980s, most scientists ignored radon, a ubiquitous radioactive gas. Now they consider long-term exposure to low levels a significant cause of lung cancer. The hazard threshold for lead has been steadily lowered over the years to a small fraction of what it once was. And recently, an American Lung Association study showed that airborne particulates well below federal safety limits account for many asthma-related emergency room visits.

The physiological mechanism of MCS remains a mystery, but theories abound. Rebecca Bascom, an occupational-health specialist at the University of Maryland, believes it may result from microscopic damage to the cells that line the respiratory tract. Allergy-immunologist Claudia Miller of the University of Texas Health Sciences Center in San Antonio suggests that the brain's limbic system may hold the key because it's closely linked to the sense of smell and represents the intersection of the immune, nervous, and endocrine systems. Other researchers theorize that MCS is an immune disorder.

❖ To charges that patients suffer from psychiatric problems, not environmental illness, MCS-theory proponents admit that some patients may have deep psychological problems, but say that these may be a side effect of the disorder. It's obviously depressing and anxiety-provoking to have any unresolved illness, especially one that's controversial, life-limiting, and may stigmatize you as mentally ill. According to Grace Ziem, an occupational-medicine specialist in Baltimore, doubts about the reality of MCS frequently reflect poor history-taking by physicians, who often "assign a psychological origin to MCS without a comprehensive evaluation of the person's chemical environment."

Yale psychiatrist Richard Schottenfeld says the ability of sufferers to react adversely to chemicals that the vast majority of people cannot even detect reflects individual differences, similar to differences in pain thresholds: "I have been impressed by their ability to accurately identify and become symptomatic to the lingering odor of furniture polish or paint used in my office—odors I can detect after they bring them to my attention, but which don't cause me any difficulties." Schottenfeld considers MCS an ailment of mind and body in which an unusual genetic sensitivity to chemicals causes real physical symptoms, as well as increased anxiety about chemical assault and depression over the lifestyle changes MCS often requires.

Some psychiatrists continue to dismiss MCS as a physical figment of warped imaginations. Increasingly, however, mental-health professionals regard it the same way they view chronic pain (which, like MCS, often has no discernible cause)—a real physical condition complicated by the inevitable emotional distress of a long-term illness.

❖ Treatment for MCS is effective and need not lead to social withdrawal. Since Terr's finding that only two of 50 MCS cases improved after two years of treatment, impressive strides have been made, championed by patients like Debra Lynn Dadd who have groped their way back to health and spread the word about what they've learned in the process.

In 1984, Dadd expanded her pamphlet for the chemically sensitive into a book, *Nontoxic and Natural*. She credits her recovery not only to avoiding chemicals, but also to her father's emotional support, a concerted stress-management program, and an endocrinologist, who diagnosed her with hypothyroidism (often underdiagnosed, particularly in women), which can contribute to chronic fatigue.

"As time passed, I got better," she explains. "For the last few years, I've been well. As long as I don't overdo my chemical exposures, I'm fine. I keep my home chemical-free. But now I can shop in department stores filled with perfumes and chemical products, and eat in restaurants that have smoking sections." And she has returned to the piano.

After Louise Kosta was diagnosed with MCS, she quit her job. "I felt very tired. I couldn't go out much. My world shrank." But as a self-described workaholic, she couldn't sit still, and was determined to recover. Kosta read up on MCS, scouring libraries for anything she could find on the illness. She already had hardwood floors and preferred natural-fiber clothing, but she stopped eating processed foods, got shots for her inhalant allergies, and began shopping through catalogs instead of going to stores. Within a few months, she embarked on a new career as a freelance writer covering health and environmental issues. Through her work, she learned of the Human Ecology Action League (HEAL), which focuses on chemicals and health. She volunteered to edit her local chapter's newsletter, and later began writing for the national organization's magazine, *The Human Ecologist*.

Today, Kosta still reacts when ex-

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posed to chemicals. "I have to weigh my desire to do things against their possible cost—headaches, nausea, not feeling well. If I need to do something, like see friends or go to a wedding, I do it, and pay the price willingly. But I'm careful. I don't have much chemically induced downtime anymore. In fact, my professional productivity has never been higher."

After her MCS diagnosis, Maggie Dominy returned to Denver and with the help of her husband (a petroleum engineer, ironically) "got rid of everything I'd used all my life: carpeting, furniture, synthetic fabrics, cleansers, plastics, processed foods—everything." She also installed a high-efficiency air filter to cope with Denver's polluted air. "It was a major adjustment, but pretty quickly my Crohn's disease and chronic sinus and bladder infections cleared up." Unfortunately, Dominy remained fatigued and mostly housebound for 12 years, because, she says, she reacted so strongly to dirty air. In 1991, after her husband retired, the couple moved to a suburb of Dallas, where the air is much cleaner. "I have more energy now. I can go out more easily. If I get caught in a traffic jam, or go to a park after they've applied pesticides, I get sick and have to go to bed for a day or two. But compared to how I was, I've made real progress."

For most people, MCS is treatable and usually beatable. San Francisco immunologists Alan Levin and Vera Byers have treated more than 1,000 cases. They've found that more than 85 percent of their patients recover and resume normal lives within 18 months.

DESPITE THE INCREASED CREDIBILITY of MCS, mainstream medicine is still not sold. Last December, the AMA's Council on Scientific Affairs, the organization's arbiter of medical controversies, published a stinging critique of MCS in the *Journal of the American Medical Association:* "At this time, there are no well-controlled studies establishing a clear cause or mechanism for MCS; and no well-controlled studies confirming the efficacy of the diagnostic and therapeutic [approaches used to treat it]. Until [such] studies are available, the Council believes that multiple chemical sensitivity should not be recognized as a clinical syndrome."

What will it take for MCS to gain more mainstream recognition? Evidence of it has to fit more closely into standard disease models, answering the fundamental questions of who, what, when, how, and why. It needs the equivalent boost of respectability that Legionnaire's disease gave to sick-building syndrome. Without waiting for a neatly packaged tragedy, though, some health-policy organizations are recognizing MCS as a real illness, notably the Ontario (Canada) Ministry of Health and the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development (which accepts MCS as a factor in disability claims).

Still, it can take decades for a noninfectious-disease diagnosis to gain medical acceptance. Sick-building syndrome has been widely reported for 20

years, and many ventilation codes have been rewritten to prevent it. Yet the same AMA report that dismissed MCS calls the evidence in favor of sick-building syndrome "weak."

In addition, the possibility that MCS might become an accepted diagnosis scares the dozens of industries sure to face lawsuits from people who say they've been injured by chemical exposures far below current safety limits, standards that may be appropriate for the majority of people, but are hell for the chemically sensitive. The stakes are high, and around the country people with MCS are slowly emerging from their safe rooms and making once-unimaginable demands, particularly "fragrance-free" and "smoke-free" zones in public and private buildings.

The national office of HEAL in Atlanta now receives more than 20,000 requests a year for information about chemicals and health. Fragrance-free products are appearing in health food stores and supermarkets. And Debra Lynn Dadd continues to receive thank-you notes from people who swear her books helped them overcome MCS.

Lately Dadd has been urging her correspondents to go beyond simple chemical avoidance. Now that she's well enough to look beyond her own health, she's become an environmental activist. The most recent revision of her book has an environmental spin, and a new title, *Nontoxic, Natural, and Earthwise*. "It's not enough for people to change their soap and stop using cologne," she says. Like the masked man who showed up at my doorstep with a mysterious disease a decade ago, Dadd wonders if she and other MCS sufferers are merely the first victims of a pandemic of chemical sensitivities. "The whole world needs as much help as people with MCS," she says. "Maybe more." ■

MICHAEL CASTLEMAN's *column, "Body Politics," appears regularly in* Sierra. *His latest book,* An Aspirin a Day *(Hyperion, 1993), examines the preventive medical value of low-dose aspirin.*

►*For more information, see "Resources," p. 126.*

STREAMS OF HOPE

Continued from page 104

monitoring stream quality," he says. "Their fathers are logging bosses and the kids are wearing 'Save Your Mother' T-shirts."

An intense, articulate attorney, Jackson wears a gray suit and a muted flowered tie the day I meet him for lunch at the Morning Thunder Cafe. He practices criminal law for a living and crams environmental cases into his spare time. If he is combative, as some townspeople suggest, so are his opponents. He has the bullet holes in the storefront window of his law office to prove it. ("Small gauge only," he notes wryly.)

Jackson was initially skeptical of the CRM group's cooperative approach to problem-solving. "Now I can see I was wrong," he says. "While the restoration work moves slowly in terms of river miles, it has rapidly changed the politics of the community. Our opposition is now pointing to their accomplishments in restoring the damages done by cattle. That's a step forward—maybe a more important step than the restoration of the creek.

"Attorneys like me are just holding ground until cooperators like the Plumas Corporation can do their work. When they are finished, we won't need people like me. Community success and pride will protect more habitat than any law we could write."

Conservative Republican rancher and lifelong Plumas County resident Phil Bresciani is a local leader in the anti-environmental Wise Use movement. He disagrees with Michael Jackson on just about everything—except for the work of the CRM group. "They help everybody," Bresciani says.

"EVERYBODY" IN THIS CASE INCLUDES many people who've never even heard of Plumas County. Millions of Southern California water users depend on good, clean water emerging from this watershed; the four forks of the Feather River pouring west into Lake Oroville provide a fifth of California's developed water. Tourists spend more than 2 million visitor-days each year enjoying Plumas National Forest, and the U.S. Forest Service earns $60 million annually from logging in the Feather River watershed. Then there is PG&E's market niche, selling power from a string of 15 Feather River hydroelectric facilities, which serve some 700,000 Northern California households.

From Wills' point of view, being needed by all these people is good—up to a point. "But in recent years demand on the resource base has been like a huge, insatiable mouth that wants more of everything from the watershed all the time. And then local workers are blamed for overusing the resources," she says indignantly. "Outside users must take responsibility for the problems, too."

Power consumers *have* taken responsibility; PG&E has provided 10 to 20 percent of the CRM group's budget over the years. But the utility has devised a way to pass sediments through its dams during high water, greatly reducing its dredging costs—and its incentive to control erosion upstream.

Worried that it may lose much of PG&E's support, the group has made funding overtures to other users. So far, water users such as the Metropolitan Water District in Los Angeles have shown little interest. The highest hopes are now pinned on the federal government: the group is asking that 5 percent of the Forest Service's timber revenues in the Feather River watershed—$3 million last year—be used to repair its streams. The 1990 farm bill provided for such investments in the health of local economies, but Congress has yet to appropriate the funds. Until this money and more is put to use on the ground, Feather River's riches will continue to disappear—before most of its distant beneficiaries even know what they stand to lose.

BY MID-AFTERNOON, STANDING ON A high streambank behind the Indian Valley Washette, Wills is lecturing to a group of 20 Guatemalan government officials. A Chico State College profes-

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sor/translator is hosting the group on a week-long tour of exemplary government projects.

"Greenville is a poor town," Wills says, gazing out at Wolf Creek's handsome machine-made meanders. "So we took a problem—erosion—and tried to put people to work fixing it."

Though weary from what is already an 11-hour workday, Wills gets a second wind as she chats with the group. One man, a town mayor, is wearing a blue New York Yankees helmet with an American flag poking out the top. He says a logging company burned down his home after he tried to make it clean up its operations. Many of the others are also from small towns. Identifying with the plight of Plumas County comes naturally.

"We got loggers and road companies to do the building," Wills explains. "Students collected data. Now everyone has a little work, the stream is not so ugly, and this is a better place to live."

Soon Wills leads the once-immaculate group on a giggly tromp through the fresh mud of lower Wolf Creek, showing them the willow plantings, the sculpted meanders, and the new floodplain, which is still as bare as a newly plowed field. After Wills fields a dozen questions about money, politics, and hydrology, a compact mustachioed man declares, "I am quite satisfied with this lecture. This is a small project, but it is doing so much. I would like to have my picture taken with you. It would be an honor."

The group assembles for a photo in three rows, eager as a Little League team. The mustachioed man proceeds to sum up the day's lessons. "The stream was ugly. But now it is like a beautiful woman. Now people want to be with her."

The man in the Yankees hat speaks up, too. "If I were president of my country," he says, "I would give you a big plaque for the things you are doing here." Grinning widely, Wills leads her converts back toward Greenville. ■

JOAN HAMILTON *is a senior editor of* Sierra.

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CATALOG OF CATALOGS

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10. Earth Share represents 39 national environmental organizations that protect people and our planet—including The Sierra Club Foundation. Get involved by asking your employer to sponsor a fundraising campaign at your workplace. For information call 1-800-MY SHARE (697-4273). **Free.**

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11. InnerAsia Expeditions. Distinctive journeys to extraordinary destinations. Tibet, Nepal, Bhutan, Mongolia, China, India, Pakistan, Afghanistan, Burma, Laos, Vietnam, Japan, Indonesia, Turkey, Spain, Morocco, Patagonia, Galápagos, Costa Rica, and the South Pole. Expert service, small groups, custom trips. Call 1-800-777-8183 for our award-winning catalog. **Free.**

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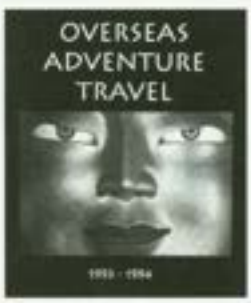

17. Overseas Adventure Travel. Fifteen years of ecologically sensitive adventure vacations. Exotic, peaceful, remote destinations. Vietnam, Borneo, Costa Rica, Serengeti, and Rwanda's mountain gorillas, Patagonia, Ecuador, Nepal treks. Send for our catalog. 1-800-221-0814. **Free.**

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18. Patagonia. Clothes for skiing the Glacier des Rognons, cycling in Canyonlands, and lobbying to remove obsolete dams on the Rogue River. Free catalog. 1-800-336-9090.

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19. The Common Ground Project of Prescott College is sponsoring its Second National Conference on Environmental Entrepreneuring. The theme will be "People, Jobs and the Environment." It will be held in Prescott, Arizona, October 15–17. There will be 35 workshops on subjects ranging from "how to start a green business" to the "overall philosophy of environmental entrepreneuring."

20. PUR Water Purifiers. Don't let bad water ruin your trip. There's a PUR water purifier for every outdoor or travel need. PUR water purifiers instantly eliminate Giardia, bacteria, and the smallest virus from your drinking water, whether you're in the wilderness or an international hotel. PUR Explorer, Scout, or Traveler are moderately priced ($59.95 to $129.95), compact and easy to use. Call 800-845-PURE for the retailer nearest you. Make sure it's safe. Make sure it's PUR.

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22. Redfeather, Inc. Featured is our snowshoe, the Goshawk, and our new summit backpack for snowshoers. Call for information on our extensive snowshoe line and other functional accessories. Redfeather Snowshoes, 332 W. Main St., Aspen, CO 81611. 1-800-525-0081.

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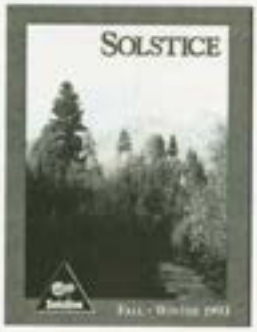
23. Sierra Trading Post. We are a mail-order outlet store. Name-brand outdoor clothing and equipment at fantastic savings. Save on names like Hanes, Marmot, Lowe, Hind, New Balance, Asolo, Sportif USA, Sierra Designs, and more . . . Your total **satisfaction guaranteed.** Call (307) 775-8000, fax (307) 775-8088. Or write: Sierra Trading Post, 5025 Campstool Road, Cheyenne, WY 82007. **Free.**



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25. University of California Research Expeditions. Help save tropical forests in Ecuador and Costa Rica; excavate dinosaur fossils in Utah or archeological sites in Africa, Belize, Ireland, Panama, or Polynesia. Join UC researchers on these and other research expeditions worldwide. No special experience necessary. Your tax-deductible contribution makes it possible. Contact: UREP, Dept. K04, Berkeley, CA 94720. 510-642-6586. **Free.**

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26. Hiking, trekking expeditions, wildlife safaris, cultural journeys, sailing adventures. Andes, Amazon, Alps, Africa, Galápagos, Nepal, Pakistan, Turkey, Patagonia, Costa Rica, Borneo, Indonesia, and much more! Fifteenth year. Small groups, all abilities, the best leadership. Call 1-800-368-2794 for our 104-page color catalog. **Free.**

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27. WinterSilks. Rich silk for you, or a gift for a friend. WinterSilks offers exclusive silk long johns and sportswear at 10–40% off normal retail. Fully guaranteed. Free year's subscription. 1-800-648-7455.

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Washington, DC 20510

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

U.S. Capitol Switchboard
(202) 224-3121.

Join 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 Club's conservation campaigns, subscribe to the *National News Report*. Request a free sample copy and subscription information from the Campaign Desk.

AFIELD

"Hearth & Home," page 23

Real Goods Trading Company (966 Mazzoni St., Ukiah, CA 95482-34771; 707-468-9292) puts out an annual catalog of home-energy products, *Alternative Energy Sourcebook*, for $16, and other publications as well. This year Real Goods is hosting the National Tour of Independent Homes on October 16, a look at energy-independent homesteads around the country. Contact them for information about your area.

Home Power, P.O. Box 520, Ashland, OR 97520; (916) 475-3179 is a bimonthly magazine for off-the-gridders. Subscriptions are $15 a year.

The Solar Electric House: A Design Manual for Home-Scale Photovoltaic Power Systems, by Steven J. Strong with William G. Scheller (Rodale Press, 1987), is a thorough discussion of home solar power.

DEPARTMENTS

CLUBWAYS

Student Activists, page 20

New Sierra Club members who join at the $15 individual-student rate may also join the Sierra Student Coalition at no additional cost. Members of the SSC receive *The Student Activist* newsletter, are eligible for Leadership Training Programs, special Inner City Outings, and have access to the SSC Network, which links high-school and college activists across the United States and Canada. For more information, contact the SSC at 223 Thayer St., #2, Providence, RI 02906; (401) 861-6012, or at 730 Polk St., San Francisco, CA 94109; (415) 923-5615.

PRIORITIES

New York Times, page 40

The *New York Times* series "What Price Cleanup?" ran from March 21 to March 25 of this year. Vicki Monks' critique of the *Times'* dioxin coverage, "See No Evil," appeared in the June issue of the *American Journalism Review* (formerly the *Washington Journalism Review*). The *Times* series was also extensively critiqued in *Rachel's Hazardous Waste News*, issues 330 to 333, published by the Environmental Research Foundation, P.O. Box 5036, Annapolis, MD 21403-7036. Philip Shabecoff's *Greenwire* can be contacted at 282 North Washington Street, Falls Church, VA 22046; (703) 237-5130.

Takings, page 43

State-level takings bills are expected to be introduced, or reintroduced, in nearly every state next year. If you want to help oppose these efforts, contact your local Sierra Club state legislative coordinator. To find out that person's name, or for more information, call Paula Carrell, state/provincial program director, at (415) 923-5668.

Community Watchdogs, page 50

The Good Neighbor Handbook by Sanford Lewis and others is available from the Good Neighbor Project for $25 for nonprofits or citizen groups ($100 for all others); write to the Center for the Study of Public Policy/Good Neighbor Project, 42 Davis Rd., #3B, Acton, MA 01720.

For information about right-to-know legislation and the Club's involvement in toxics issues, contact Heide Halik, at the Sierra Club's Washington, D.C., office, (202) 547-1141. For details on the EPA's program to fund independent technical consultants, call the Superfund hotline, (800) 424-9346.

FEATURES

Environmental Illness, page 106

Multiple Chemical Sensitivities, by the National Research Council (1992), is available for $25 from the National Academy Press, 2101 Constitution Ave., N.W., Washington, DC 20418. These 18 papers from a recent NRC meeting on MCS present a variety of opinions, but most view environmental illness as a real disease.

Advancing the Understanding of Multiple Chemical Sensitivity is a special issue of the journal *Toxicology and Industrial Health* (vol. 8, no. 4, 1992). It contains 20 papers drawing on allergy-immunology, psychiatry, psychology, family medicine, occupational medicine, and clinical ecology, all of which support the reality of MCS.

Nontoxic, Natural, and Earthwise, by Debra Lynn Dadd (Jeremy Tarcher, 1990; $12.95), rates 2,000 brand-name items, gives 400 make-them-yourself formulas, and lists 600 mail-order sources of nontoxic products.

Green Alternatives is a consumer guide to products, services, and practices that help safeguard both human health and the environment. Subscriptions are $19.95 a year for six issues; write to P.O. Box 28, Annandale, NY 12504, or call (800) 285-6525.

Human Ecology Action League, Inc. (P.O. Box 49126, Atlanta, GA 30359-1126). A $20 membership includes a subscription to *The Human Ecologist*, an informative quarterly magazine printed with soy ink, and a variety of services for those with MCS.

American College of Occupational and Environmental Medicine, 55 West Seegers Rd., Arlington Heights, IL 60005; (708) 228-6850.

American Industrial Hygiene Association, 2700 Prosperity Ave., #250, Fairfax, VA 22031; (703) 849-8888. ■

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SIERRA CLUB FINANCIAL REPORT

Pursuant to provisions of sections 6321 and 6322 of the California Corporations Code, the following information is furnished as an annual report:

The Club's complete financial statements for the fiscal years ended December 31, 1992 and December 31, 1991, together with the report of KPMG Peat Marwick, independent auditors, are available on request from Sierra Club headquarters at 730 Polk Street, San Francisco, California 94109;

The membership list of the Sierra Club is on file at the Club's headquarters at 730 Polk Street, San Francisco, California 94109;

There are no transactions to disclose that constitute a conflict of interest involving directors or officers; no member has voting power of 10% or more;

The books of account and minutes of meetings of the Board of Directors are available for inspection by members on written request at the Club's headquarters at 730 Polk Street, San Francisco, California 94109.

INDEPENDENT AUDITORS' REPORT

The Board of Directors
Sierra Club:

We have audited the accompanying balance sheets of Sierra Club as of December 31, 1992 and 1991, and the related statements of revenue, expenses and changes in fund balances and changes in cash for the year ended December 31, 1992 and the fifteen-month period ended December 31, 1991. These financial statements are the responsibility of the Club's management. Our responsibility is to express an opinion on these financial statements based on our audits.

We conducted our audits in accordance with generally accepted auditing standards. Those standards require that we plan and perform the audit to obtain reasonable assurance about whether the financial statements are free of material misstatement. An audit includes examining, on a test basis, evidence supporting the amounts and disclosures in the financial statements. An audit also includes assessing the accounting principles used and significant estimates made by management, as well as evaluating the overall financial statement presentation. We believe that our audits provide a reasonable basis for our opinion.

In our opinion, the financial statements referred to above present fairly, in all material respects, the financial position of Sierra Club as of December 31, 1992 and 1991, and the results of its operations and its changes in cash for the year ended December 31, 1992 and the fifteen-month period ended December 31, 1991, in conformity with generally accepted accounting principles.

KPMG Peat Marwick

San Francisco, California
May 14, 1993

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE SIERRA CLUB:

This was a very challenging year fiscally, as you can see by the accompanying audited financial statements. It was a year of several significant changes in the Club, including the change of both the Executive Director and the Director of Finance and Administration. It took strong commitment by your officers to meet the budget and produce positive results. Many very difficult decisions were reached and several new programs were started to enable us to continue diversifying our revenue while cutting expenses. Put simply, this means that we reversed the financial performance of the organization, moving from a negative $1.6 million in 1991 to a positive $1.7 million in 1992. This was necessary to insure the continuance of the club. As a nonprofit entity we have a challenging requirement to maintain our bank mortgage loans and our lines of credit. That we were able to meet these challenges as successfully as we did has allowed us to negotiate much better banking agreements for the 1993 fiscal year.

The statements show that there were minimal cuts to the program side of your organization, but that substantial cuts were made in support services, particularly to overhead (called general and administrative services). We made every effort to deliver more of our dollars to programs where we can make changes in the laws that affect our mutual relationship with the earth. It is a strong tribute to the effort of the staff, the officers, and the Club Finance Committee that we were able to monitor and direct the activities during the past year in a way that brought this improvement. We should all be proud of the Club's performance in 1992.

The awareness of the importance of our programs and the strength of our chapters formed the basis of the decisions that were made during this year. The Club has also been able to increase its commitment to the health of our chapters. We have been able to return to the previous level of membership dues support, as well as to develop mechanisms for chapters to share in several developing revenue streams, such as bequests and workplace giving. The chapters are not included in this report, but they are vital to the mission of the Club.

We also signed a new agreement with our sister organization—the Sierra Club of Canada. We are proud to be able to more fully support the new national Club of Canada and its chapters. The new agreement simplifies many of the interactions between the two environmental groups.

We were able to deliver some very noteworthy conservation accomplishments. Our political committee did an impressive amount of work before and during the 1992 elections. As a result we have many candidates with an environmental ethic elected from local offices all the way up to the White House. We are trusting this effort will result in even stronger environmental laws.

Submitted by
Ann Pogue, Treasurer

Sierra Club Balance Sheets Balance Sheets December 31, 1992 and 1991

ASSETS

	1992	1991
Cash and cash equivalents	$ 2,011,200	437,800
Receivables:		
Trade accounts, less allowance of $399,400 in 1992 and $350,000 in 1991	7,600	8,800
Advertising and newsstand, less allowance of $200,900 in 1992 and $134,200 in 1991	137,200	292,900
Grants	364,100	446,300
Other, less allowance of $75,300 in 1992 and $70,000 in 1991	475,900	420,400
Inventories	907,300	821,700
Prepaid expenses	1,150,000	1,119,600
Advances, less allowance for uncarned royalties of $116,000 in 1992 and $102,000 in 1991	385,600	436,200
Investments - endowment fund	8,702,700	7,739,100
Property and equipment, net	3,122,900	3,348,700
Total assets	$ 17,464,500	15,151,500

LIABILITIES AND FUND BALANCES

	1992	1991
Accounts payable	2,432,500	2,216,100
Accrued expenses	3,259,600	2,737,800
Deferred revenue:		
Unrestricted	537,200	535,000
Restricted	128,700	245,600
Long-term debt	1,522,400	1,577,400
	7,880,000	7,311,900
Fund balances:		
Unrestricted deficit	(858,900)	(1,806,600)
Net investment in property and equipment	1,597,900	1,756,500
Endowment:		
Quasi-endowments:		
Life memberships	7,546,700	6,588,900
Other	1,256,000	1,256,000
Endowment-income restricted	32,800	32,800
Term endowment	10,000	10,000
	9,584,500	7,839,600
Commitments and contingencies		
Total liabilities and fund balances	$ 17,464,500	15,151,500

Sierra Club Statements of Revenue, Expenses and Changes in Fund Balances

Year ended December 31, 1992 and fifteen-month period ended December 31, 1991

	1992				1991			
	Unrestricted	Endowment	Restricted	Total	Unrestricted	Endowment	Restricted	Total
REVENUE								
Member dues:								
Annual dues	$ 14,444,000	–0–	–0–	14,444,000	18,024,600	–0–	–0–	18,024,600
Life memberships	–0–	1,062,000	–0–	1,062,000	–0–	1,402,500	–0–	1,402,500
Contributions and grants	9,220,500	–0–	5,206,800	14,427,300	11,233,500	–0–	4,950,400	16,183,900
Outings and lodge reservations and fees	2,604,400	–0–	–0–	2,604,400	2,703,700	–0–	–0–	2,703,700
Book sales	4,590,500	–0–	–0–	4,590,500	4,667,700	–0–	–0–	4,667,700
Royalties	2,186,900	–0–	–0–	2,186,900	1,781,700	–0–	–0–	1,781,700
Advertising, investment and other income	4,420,300	–0–	4,300	4,424,600	4,159,100	–0–	3,100	4,162,200
Reimbursement:								
Capital campaign	1,123,200	–0–	–0–	1,123,200	1,585,200	–0–	–0–	1,585,200
Other	69,400	–0–	–0–	69,400	64,200	–0–	–0–	64,200
Total revenue	38,659,200	1,062,000	5,211,100	44,932,300	44,219,700	1,402,500	4,953,500	90,575,700
EXPENSES								
Program services:								
Studying and influencing public policy	9,189,300	–0–	2,429,300	11,618,400	10,189,400	–0–	2,797,800	12,987,200
Information and education	7,818,900	–0–	2,623,000	10,441,900	9,616,700	–0–	1,887,800	11,504,500
Outdoor activities	2,633,300	–0–	158,700	2,792,200	2,822,700	–0–	263,200	3,085,900
Chapter allocations	3,768,000	–0–	–0–	3,768,000	3,440,700	–0–	–0–	3,440,700
	23,409,500	–0–	5,211,000	27,620,500	26,069,500	–0–	4,948,800	31,018,300
Support services:								
General and administrative	3,795,800	104,200	100	3,890,100	7,299,400	–0–	4,700	7,304,100
Membership	7,310,400	–0–	–0–	7,310,400	8,057,400	–0–	–0–	8,057,400
Fundraising:								
Sierra Club	2,700,800	–0–	–0–	2,700,800	3,507,100	–0–	–0–	3,507,100
Affiliates	1,665,600	–0–	–0–	1,665,600	2,296,100	–0–	–0–	2,296,100
	15,462,600	104,200	100	15,566,800	21,160,000	–0–	4,700	21,164,700
Total expenses	37,872,100	104,200	5,211,100	43,187,400	47,229,500	–0–	4,953,500	52,183,000
Excess (deficit) of revenue over expenses	787,100	957,800	–0–	1,744,900	(3,009,800)	1,402,500	–0–	(1,607,300)
Capital additions:								
Other quasi-endowments	–0–	–0–	–0–	–0–	–0–	259,800	–0–	259,800
Excess (deficit) of revenue over expenses after capital additions	787,100	957,800	–0–	1,744,900	(3,009,800)	1,662,300	–0–	(1,347,500)
Fund balances at beginning of period	(48,100)	7,887,700	–0–	7,839,600	2,961,700	6,225,400	–0–	9,187,100
Fund balances at end of period	$ 739,000	8,845,500	–0–	9,584,500	(48,100)	7,887,700	–0–	7,839,600

Sierra Club Statements of Changes in Cash Year ended December 31, 1992 and fifteen-month period ended December 31, 1991

	1992	1991
Sources of cash:		
Excess (deficit) of revenue over expenses	$ 1,744,900	(1,607,300)
Add (deduct) non-cash items:		
Depreciation and amortization	502,200	431,200
Amortization of premium (discount) on investments	703,500	(485,300)
Total cash provided by (used in) operations	3,030,600	(1,661,400)
Decrease in trade accounts receivable	1,200	1,139,100
Decrease in advertising and newsstand receivables	155,700	–0–
Decrease in grants receivable	–0–	337,700
Decrease in other receivables	–0–	307,300
Decrease in inventories	–0–	533,800
Decrease in prepaid expenses	49,600	–0–
Decrease in advances	50,600	6,800
Proceeds from maturity of investments	1,380,100	1,119,100
Increase in accounts payable	216,000	–0–
Increase in accrued expenses	521,800	679,500
Increase in deferred revenue - unrestricted	2,200	109,400
Increase in deferred revenue - restricted	–0–	10,300
Increase in other quasi-endowment and endowment-income restricted funds	–0–	259,800
Total sources of cash	5,407,800	2,861,400

	1992	1991
Uses of cash:		
Increase in advertising receivables	–0–	26,800
Increase in grants receivable	117,800	–0–
Increase in other receivables	55,500	–0–
Increase in inventories	85,600	–0–
Increase in prepaid expenses	–0–	670,500
Purchases of investments	3,047,200	2,805,300
Acquisition of property and equipment	356,400	341,600
Decrease in accounts payable	–0–	1,085,700
Decrease in deferred revenue - restricted	116,900	–0–
Reductions of long-term debt	55,000	26,800
Total uses of cash	3,834,400	4,956,700
Increase (decrease) in cash and cash equivalents	1,573,400	(2,095,300)
Cash and cash equivalents at beginning of period	437,800	2,533,100
Cash and cash equivalents at end of period	$ 2,011,200	437,800

Sierra Club Notes to Financial Statements December 31, 1992 and 1991

Note 1 - ***Summary of Significant Accounting Policies***

(a) ***Organization***

The Sierra Club (the Club) is a nonprofit voluntary membership organization established 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. The Club operates many environmentally conscious programs which benefit the public interest. The studying and influencing public policy program consists of staff and volunteers engaged in legislative and nonlegislative activities, including research, education, lobbying, legal and policy development. Information and education includes the literary programs of Sierra Club books and Sierra, the Club's magazine. Outdoor activities include national and international outing programs, consisting of approximately 344 trips during the year ended December 31, 1992. The membership program serves approximately 564,000 members and includes support and funding of 58 volunteer chapters and over 406 groups, and the development of a broad-based volunteer membership.

Continued

*(b) **Basis of Presentation***

The financial statements include the accounts of the Club and its wholly owned subsidiary, Sierra Club Property Management, Inc. All material intercompany transactions have been eliminated. The financial statements do not include the financial activities of the Club's various self-directed chapter and group organizations.

The Sierra Club Foundation (the Foundation) and Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund (the Legal Defense Fund) are separate legal entities and, thus, are not included in the Club's financial statements.

To ensure observance of limitations and restrictions placed on the use of resources available to the Club, the accounts of the Club are maintained in accordance with the principles of fund accounting. This is the procedure by which resources for various purposes are classified for accounting and reporting purposes into funds established according to their nature and purposes. Separate accounts are maintained for each fund; however, in the accompanying financial statements, funds that have similar characteristics have been combined into fund groups. Accordingly, all financial transactions have been recorded and reported by fund group.

The assets, liabilities and fund balances of the Club are reported in three self-balancing fund groups as follows:

Unrestricted funds represent the portions of expendable funds that are available for support of the Club's operations, including the Club's investment in property and equipment pursuant to approved Board policy.

Endowment funds include funds the Club has received for which the donors have specified that the principal be maintained in perpetuity, with the income earned to be used for certain donor specified activities. The income from endowments is recognized as revenue at the time the restriction is met. The Club's bylaws provide that all life memberships and such other funds as designated by the Board for permanent investment shall be held as quasi-endowment funds. The income from the quasi-endowment fund is unrestricted.

Restricted funds represent contributions and grants which by donor specification are restricted in use and are recorded as deferred revenue in the period received. Such deferred funds are not considered earned until they have been expended in accordance with their restrictions.

*(c) **Donated Services***

Many members of the Club have donated significant amounts of time to both the Club and its chapters, groups and committees in furthering the Club's programs and objectives. No amounts have been included in the financial statements for donated member or volunteer services since no objective basis is available to measure the value of such services.

*(d) **Cash and Cash Equivalents***

For purposes of reporting changes in cash, cash and cash equivalents include cash on hand, demand deposits with financial institutions and money market accounts.

The Club's policy is to invest cash in excess of operating requirements in accounts which yield the highest short-term return. Investments in money market accounts amounted to $463,000 and $113,200 at December 31, 1992 and 1991, respectively.

At December 31, 1992 and 1991, cash and cash equivalents included $142,800 and $148,600, respectively, of endowment fund money market accounts that are restricted as to their use.

*(e) **Trade Accounts Receivable***

The Club sells the books it publishes to retailers and grants credit to retailers deemed eligible. The allowance for publication returns and the allowance for bad debt are determined using historical rates.

*(f) **Inventories***

Inventories consist primarily of books and are stated at the lower of cost or market on the first-in, first-out basis. Unit costs for new adult and children's books are based on paper, printing and binding charges only. Production costs for adult books, which include nonrecurring development costs such as plates, typesetting and artwork supplied by the publisher, are accumulated as inventory during the development stages and are expensed at the time of publication. Production costs for children's books are capitalized and amortized over unit sales for the first printing; however, the amortization period is not longer than the first twenty-four months of sales.

*(g) **Advances***

Royalties are advanced to authors of the Club's publications. An allowance is provided against such advances for estimated losses resulting from unearned royalties using historical rates.

*(h) **Property and Equipment***

Property and equipment is stated at cost at the date of acquisition or fair value at the date of gift or bequest. Donated paintings, photographs and books are not reflected in the accompanying financial statements (note 9). Depreciation and amortization expense is provided on a straight-line basis over the estimated useful lives of the related assets, generally 2 to 32 years, or the related lease term, whichever is shorter. When assets are retired or otherwise disposed of, the cost and related accumulated depreciation or amortization are removed from the accounts, and any resulting gain or loss is recognized in income for the period. The cost of maintenance and repairs is charged to expense as incurred; significant renewals and betterments are capitalized.

*(i) **Deferred Revenue***

The Club defers revenue from outings, grants and other donor restricted activities until the period the trip is completed or the donor restrictions are met.

*(j) **Member Dues***

Membership dues are recognized as revenue when received.

*(k) **Contributions***

All contributions are considered available for unrestricted use unless specifically restricted by the donor. Restricted contributions are recognized as revenue as the restrictions are met.

Donated legal services performed on behalf of the Club by the Legal Defense Fund are recorded as contributions with equivalent amounts charged to expense (note 8).

*(l) **Allocation of Expenses***

The Club's expenses are presented on a functional basis, showing basic program activities and support services. The Club allocates expenses to program and support services based on the organizational cost centers (functional units) in which expenses are incurred. In certain instances, expenses are allocated between support functions and program services based upon a defined allocation methodology.

The Club's activities of fundraising and membership services in many cases include purposes or contents related to a program service. American Institute of Certified Public Accountants Statement of Position 87-2 states that joint costs of informational materials or activities should be allocated between fundraising and the appropriate program or general function if it can be demonstrated that a program or general function has been performed in conjunction with the appeal for funds. Although the Club has the ability to give evidence for such combined activities, it does not allocate those portions from its fundraising and membership activities to program services.

*(m) **Reclassifications***

Certain 1991 balances have been reclassified to conform with the 1992 presentation.

*(n) **Change in Fiscal Year***

Effective October 1, 1990, the Club changed its fiscal year-end from September 30 to December 31. Unless otherwise noted, all 1991 references in the notes to the financial statements are for the fifteen-month period ended December 31, 1991.

NOTE 2—*Investments —Endowment Fund*

Investments of the endowment fund are stated at amortized cost. It is the Club's intention to hold investments to maturity. The amortized cost and market values at December 31, 1992 and 1991 were as follows:

	1992		1991	
	Amortized cost	Market value	Amortized cost	Market value
U.S. Government and Federal agency bonds	$ 8,702,700	9,123,000	7,739,300	8,266,300

Investment income amounted to $654,300 in 1992 and $797,800 in 1991, and is included in advertising, investment and other income in the statements of revenue, expenses and changes in fund balances.

NOTE 3—*Property and Equipment*

A summary of property and equipment as of December 31, 1992 and 1991 follows:

	1992	1991
Land	$ 563,300	563,300
Buildings and leasehold improvements	2,498,300	2,490,900
Furniture and equipment	3,468,400	3,122,300
Leased equipment (note 5)	7,900	43,300
	6,536,000	6,179,600
Less accumulated depreciation and amortization	(3,413,300)	(2,830,900)
	$ 3,122,900	3,348,700

Depreciation and amortization expense was $582,200 and $431,200 for the year ended December 31, 1992 and the fifteen-month period ended December 31, 1991, respectively. Accumulated depreciation for leased equipment was $5,000 and $32,000 as of December 31, 1992 and 1991, respectively.

NOTE 4—*Long-term Debt and Credit Agreement*

In August 1986, the Club entered into a loan agreement for $1,626,000 with a bank to provide financing for the purchase of an office building in Washington, D.C. to accommodate the Club's local operations. The debt was secured by a deed of trust on the office building. In 1991, the Club executed a revised loan agreement with the bank that required the Club to pledge as additional collateral a portion of the quasi-endowment fund investments with a minimum specified market value of $1,500,000. In addition, the bank agreed to reduce the interest rate on the loan to its prime rate plus .5%.

The revised agreement allows the bank to call the loan at the end of each five-year period commencing August 9, 1996, and expires at the end of 15 years. At the end of the 15-year period the remaining balance is due in the form of a balloon payment. The revised agreement also states that when the Club meets certain minimum fund balance and cash flow coverage ratios, the bank will release the quasi-endowment fund investments pledged as collateral.

The current monthly principal payments are $4,945 plus interest payments at a floating rate of prime plus .5%. Scheduled principal payments of long-term debt outstanding on December 31 are as follows:

Year ended December 31:	
1993	$ 59,300
1994	59,300
1995	59,300
1996	59,300
1997	59,300
Thereafter	1,225,900
Total long-term debt	$ 1,522,400

The Club has available, until May 31, 1993, a revolving line of credit with a bank which permits borrowings of up to $3,000,000 at the bank's prime interest rate. The line is secured by a portion of quasi-endowment fund investments with a minimum specified market value of $3,450,000. No amounts were outstanding at December 31, 1992 and 1991.

NOTE 5—*Leases*

Leases are for office facilities (note 8), computer equipment, system software and other equipment. Certain leases provide for extensions and additional rental payments based on expenses. Future minimum payments under all noncancelable operating leases with terms greater than one year at December 31, 1992 are as follows:

Year ended December 31:	
1993	$ 1,465,900
1994	1,429,200
1995	1,349,300
1996	52,400
1997	21,200
Total lease payments	$ 4,317,000

Minimum future rentals receivable under noncancelable operating subleases at December 31, 1992 are as follows:

Year ended December 31:	
1993	$ 102,100
1994	102,100
1995	86,900
Total rentals receivable	$ 291,100

Rent expense for operating leases was $1,497,700 in 1992 and $1,892,300 in 1991. Rental income on subleases was $152,500 in 1992 and $167,600 in 1991.

NOTE 6—*Income Tax Status*

The Club's principal activities are exempt from federal income and California franchise taxes. The Club is the petitioner in a proceeding in the U.S. Tax Court, in which it is appealing an Internal Revenue Service audit determination that income derived from mailing list rentals and affinity card royalties are subject to unrelated business income tax. These revenues may ultimately be determined to be subject to unrelated business income tax.

The Club recorded a tax provision of $464,000 in 1992 and $404,000 in 1991 which is included in unrestricted general and administrative expenses. The balance in the related accrued tax liability account was $1,703,000 and $1,239,000 as of December 31, 1992 and 1991, respectively. Included in this accrual is an amount that has been provided for potential liabilities related to unrelated business activities.

Contributions to the Club are not deductible by the donor as a charitable contribution for tax purposes.

NOTE 7—*Pension Plan*

The Club has a defined benefit pension plan covering substantially all of its employees. The benefits are based on years of service and the employee's compensation history.

The following schedule sets forth the Plan's status as of September 30, 1992 and 1991:

	1992	1991
Actuarial present value of benefit obligations:		
Accumulated benefit obligation, all of which is vested	$ 2,899,300	2,625,700
Projected benefit obligation for service rendered to date	3,409,400	3,313,400
Plan assets at fair value, which consist of a pooled investment account	3,672,200	3,635,900
Plan assets in excess of projected benefit obligations	172,800	322,500
Unrecognized prior service costs	152,300	143,400
Unrecognized net gain	(252,500)	(349,200)
Unrecognized net asset at October 1, 1987 being amortized over 15 years	(93,800)	(103,200)
Prepaid pension liability recognized on the balance sheet	$ (21,200)	(30,500)

Net pension cost for 1992 and 1991 included the following components:

	1992	1991
Service cost	$ 396,400	453,100
Interest cost	257,800	254,200
Actual return on plan assets	(322,100)	(264,900)
Net amortization and deferral	(54,300)	3,900
Net periodic pension costs	$ 277,800	446,200

As the Plan measurement date preceded the Club's balance sheet date due to the change in fiscal year, the Club recorded an additional provision of $100,000 in 1992 and 1991 based upon historical contribution amounts. Accordingly, the Club recognized total Plan expense of $496,400 and $555,100, respectively, for the year ended December 31, 1992 and the fifteen-month period ended December 31, 1991.

The weighted average discount rate and rate of increase in future compensation levels used in determining the actuarial present value of the projected benefit obligation were 9% and 9%, respectively. The expected long-term rate of return on assets was 9%. Contributions to the Plan were $289,200 in 1992 and $447,300 in 1991.

NOTE 8—*Transactions with Affiliates*

The Club provides fundraising services for the Foundation. Reimbursed costs related to fundraising and the Capital Campaign totaled $1,150,000 in 1992 and $1,585,200 in 1991. The Club receives direct grants from the Foundation in support of various programs that totaled $4,304,200 in 1992 and $4,440,100 in 1991. Of the preceding amounts, $564,100 and $446,300 were included in grants receivable at December 31, 1992 and 1991, respectively.

The Legal Defense Fund performs legal services on behalf of the Club. The value of these services totaled $4,353,000 and $4,939,300 in 1992 and 1991, respectively. In addition, the Club received contributions on behalf of the Legal Defense Fund. At December 31, 1992, $60,400 was payable by the Club to the Legal Defense Fund and was included in accounts payable.

The Club's wholly owned subsidiary, Sierra Club Property Management, Inc., is the general partner of National Headquarters Associates (a limited partnership). The limited partnership was formed to raise capital for purposes of acquiring and rehabilitating an office building for lease by the Club. The building was completed and occupied in November 1988. The operating lease has a ten-year term and requires monthly payments of $99,000, subject to adjustment in certain circumstances for changes in the limited partnership's debt service requirements. In addition, the Club is responsible for taxes on the property, repairs and maintenance, and shares insurance, utility and security costs with the limited partnership.

NOTE 9—*Paintings, Photographs and Books*

Since its inception, the Club has been the recipient of various donated paintings, photographs and rare books. During 1987, the Club had certain paintings and photographs appraised for insurance purposes. The appraised market value of these paintings and photographs totaled $850,000 at that time. The books have not been appraised for several years; however, the last appraisal indicated a market value of $50,000. There is no value assigned to these items in the accompanying financial statements.

NOTE 10—*Commitments and Contingencies*

The Club is involved in a number of lawsuits resulting from the operations of its Outings program and other litigation arising during the normal course of operations. Management, in consultation with legal counsel, does not believe such lawsuits will have a material adverse effect on the financial position of the Club.

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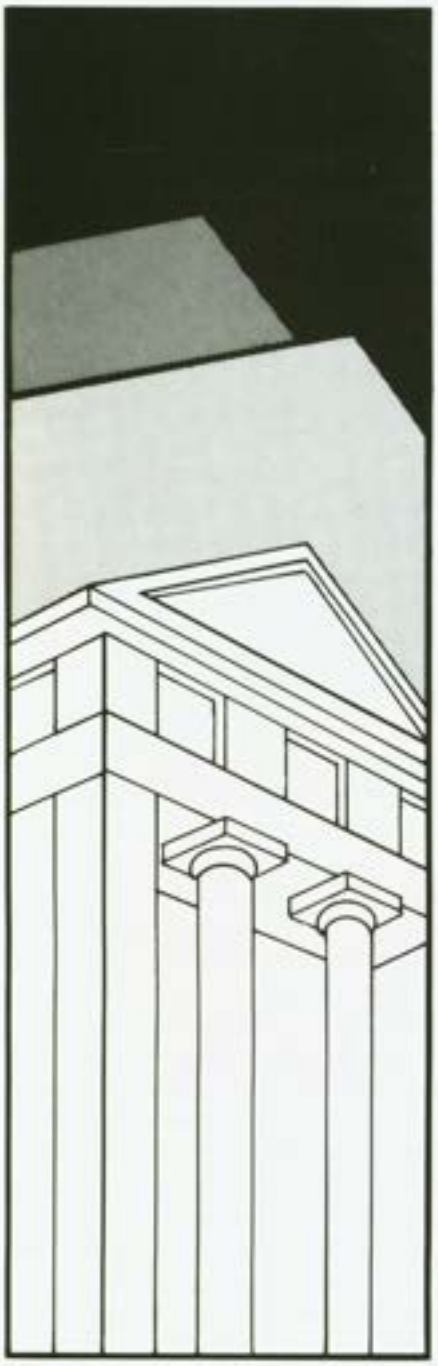

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REVIEWS

The Geography of Nowhere: The Rise and Decline of America's Man-Made Landscape
by James Howard Kunstler
Simon & Schuster; $23

For those who loathe the soullessness of suburbia, dread commuting on congested freeways past blighted neighborhoods, mourn the decay of civil life, and long for a sense of community, James Howard Kunstler provides a heaping measure of sympathy and (surprisingly) a modicum of hope. With superb reporting and storytelling skills, Kunstler, a former *Rolling Stone* editor and the author of eight novels, guides readers on a fascinating historical tour of America's peopled landscape. He begins with the Puritans, skips quickly through the Revolutionary and Civil War periods, wanders around the turn of the century and both World Wars, and winds up in "modern" times where dreary subdivisions march across the continent, crisscrossed by "boulevards so horrible that every trace of human aspiration seems to have been expelled, except the impetus to sell."

Without being pedantic or overbearing, Kunstler lays much of the blame for America's social, economic, and physical decay on urban and landscape designers, whose follies he says have alienated people from the land and one another. As well, he seems to shake his head in dismay when describing a befuddled citizenry lacking even the most basic understanding of the forces tearing apart its towns, cities, and farms.

Of all the villains portrayed in this book—Modernist architects, real-estate agents, planning boards, and the creators of Disney World, Atlantic City, and other plastic utopias—none are more vile or have done more to rip up American society, Kunstler charges, than the tycoons of the automobile industry. The effects of automotive hegemony are sadly illustrated by the Motor City itself, Detroit, where superhighways pierce the hearts of old neighborhoods, and single-family houses "go on and on, seemingly forever, into a drab gloaming of auto emissions and K Mart signs." Given what Kunstler views as the imminent demise of the automobile age, and the fact that people are doing almost nothing to redesign cities in pedestrian-friendly ways, he finds it disturbingly clear that the country has "squandered its national wealth erecting a human habitat that, in all likelihood, will not be usable very much longer." The great suburban build-out, he warns, is over.

Kunstler manages to conclude our dismal excursion optimistically, introducing us to visionary architects and planners whose efforts have resulted in a few demonstration projects for conserving land and scaling communities to humans instead of cars.

—Mark Mardon

Coyotes and Town Dogs: Earth First! and the Environmental Movement
by Susan Zakin
Viking; $22.50

The central tactical issue dividing the U.S. environmental movement is the question of compromise. When should it be sought, and when should one risk everything either to win it all or go down in glorious, futile flames? As is amply demonstrated in this ambitious, gossipy history, the self-consciously renegade environmental group Earth First! contributed greatly to the discussion by staking out the extreme position—"No compromise in defense of Mother Earth!"—and then petering out in bombs, plea bargains, and internal strife.

No one doubts that the perilous condition of wilderness in this country merits a profusion of exclamation points. What is at issue is what to do about it: rant, rave, and monkey-wrench, or play the political game? Susan Zakin is blessed with forceful proponents of both positions: Dave Foreman, beer-guzzling, paternalistic leader of an essentially anarchic movement, and Doug Scott, the methodical vote-counter and former Sierra Club conservation director.

To Foreman and the redneck "buckaroos" of Earth First!, "when all else failed, public relations was a satisfying palliative to losing the battle against environmental destruction." Scott, on the other hand, "never lost his belief that the system worked—if you knew how to work it." Since the latter position still characterizes the Sierra Club's approach, members will find the debate of particular interest. It is obviously more satisfying to pour sugar into a 'dozer's fuel tank than to lobby one's Neanderthal local representative, but is it really more effective?

The question is now largely moot. Although Earth First! made good copy, its anarchic absolutism made it an easy target for any law-enforcement agency with a budget to protect. (If Earth First! hadn't existed, the FBI would have had to invent it.) The book opens with a naked Foreman being arrested in his bedroom by armed G-men, in connection with an alleged plot to sabotage three nuclear facilities. The whole affair reads like a new Edward Abbey novel—fitting enough for an organization that modeled itself on *The Monkey-wrench Gang*.

Zakin's sympathies are clearly with the "crackpot romantic tradition" of Earth First!, which leads her to occasional distortions in favor of her friends

Alaska brown bear, McNeil River Bear Sanctuary, Alaska. By Art Wolfe.

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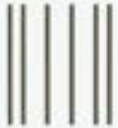

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and to an unfortunate attempt at "gonzo" journalistic style ("the forces of reason no doubt attempted to lock the barn door after the horse had already gotten out and whinnied loud enough to make Mr. Ed look like a demure newborn foal"). But just as many more-conventional environmentalists are willing to forgive Earth First! its exuberant excesses (the Wise Use types are still convinced that EF! is funded by the Sierra Club), so might we forgive Zakin hers, especially when she calms down and lets her story tell itself.

—Paul Rauber

Extreme Conditions: Big Oil and the Transformation of Alaska
by John Strohmeyer
Simon & Schuster; $23

Alaska—outpost of rough-and-ready individualists trekking the Arctic in howling storms—is also a locus of geopolitical intrigue, with everybody from Laurel and Hardy to the Ayatollah Khomeini entangled in its petroleum-based fortunes. Indeed, if people thousands of miles away in the lower 48 had the good sense to transport themselves by means more efficient than two-ton pods of petrol-powered metal, this saga wouldn't have had to be written.

Showing a delightful zest for muckraking on an epic scale, Strohmeyer chronicles a few of the best and many of the worst environmental and economic ramifications of Alaskan oil development. The latter range from failed schemes backed by Hollywood stars in the 1930s all the way to the *Exxon Valdez* spill. Early ventures failed because of the "extreme conditions" of the climate, he says, which made Alaskan oil unprofitable until the 1950s. Extraction became economically feasible only after Iran nationalized its oil industry and Egypt closed the Suez Canal, causing concerns about the price and reliability of the Mideast supply. And the North Slope wasn't explored until the early 1960s because Cold War policy put it off limits to all but the military. Strohmeyer argues that even the $8-billion Alaska pipeline, draining a million barrels of oil a day from the slope, would have been a losing proposition without further assists from the Mideast: the 1973–74 Arab oil embargo, and the 1979 Iranian revolution, which caused prices to triple.

Strohmeyer shows how obscene oil profits and federal largesse have led to massive construction projects in Alaska, ranging from sprawling malls to quixotic agribusiness ventures, like one where bulldozers razed 70,000 acres of forest to create unprofitable barley fields. Even such a powerful organization as the Alaska Teamsters Union spent itself into bankruptcy on developments, not only at home, but as far away as condo/golf complexes in Palm Springs, where presumably conditions were less extreme.

Oil wealth also dazzled many Natives, who at times squandered millions on mismanaged enterprises, boondoggles, and lawsuits. To recoup their losses, "many Native corporations denuded Alaska forests and sold the timber. . . . Much of the irreplaceable beauty of this Great Land leaves on barges piled with 40-foot logs, heading west across the Pacific."

Though Strohmeyer does give credit to oil capital for funding the $13-billion Alaska Permanent Fund and several thriving Native corporations, the worst cases are his favored material. The book would be even more valuable if he had reached a bit beyond these well-wrought narratives of power and corruption to speculate more on how different public-policy and resource-management strategies might have averted colossal environmental and economic waste. ***—Bob Schildgen***

Living Within Limits: Ecology, Economics, and Population Taboos
by Garrett Hardin
Oxford University Press; $25

Human ecologist Garrett Hardin has been a provocative writer at least since 1968, when in "The Tragedy of the Commons" he popularized the metaphor of nations as "lifeboats" able to take on only so many people without sinking. Now he's back with another startling look at the emotion-fraught issues of population stabilization. This time around, he offers a no-holds-barred treatment of two bitterly contested issues—whether the United States should restrict food charity and curtail immigration.

Shipping food to malnourished Third World babies may make "tenderhearted philanthropists" feel good, Hardin opines, but by preventing starvation, First-World do-gooders only push needy countries closer to the brink of ecosystem collapse. Charity, he contends, must be linked to strict population-control measures. Meanwhile, Hardin sees a dire threat to the United States' ecological balance from the masses of poor, hungry people clamoring to get in. He insists we defend our sovereignty against "irresponsible rulers" of overpeopled countries who "ask that we open our doors to their emigrants."

Despite his often inflammatory rhetoric, Hardin employs compelling logic to make his points, and his views cannot be lightly dismissed. But the gadfly professor discredits his own work by leaving logic behind to rant on the evils of "multiculturalism." He believes immigration has made the United States "an extravagantly multicultural nation [that is] poorly positioned to compete with nations that have not succumbed to the siren call for more 'diversity.'" Arguments against immigration that depend on whipping up fear of "outsiders" are hardly new, as 19th-century nativists attacked Irish, Jews, Catholics, and other recent arrivals. But Hardin's vision of a culturally homogeneous United States, secure in its borders while the rest of the world falls apart, is a massive delusion, not the least because it is wildly isolationist and ignores more than 400 years of our very diverse ethnic history. ***—M.M.***

Nature, Technology, and Society: Cultural Roots of the Current Environmental Crisis
by Victor Ferkiss
New York University Press; $40

The point may seem academic, but as Victor Ferkiss demonstrates in this scholarly book, the battle being waged over the environment

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today is the legacy of a philosophical struggle as old as civilization itself. The sages of ancient Greece, for example, who lived among hills ravaged by mining and agriculture, developed the germ of an ecological perspective by holding that the natural was superior to the artificial—an attitude that informed early Christian theology. During the Middle Ages, however, such thinking became passé as some Catholic monks began saying their prayers at regular times calculated by clocks they invented, thereby marking "the real beginning of the machine age and of modern technological civilization."

It appears from this book that virtually every major philosopher from Francis Bacon in the 17th century to Martin Heidegger in the 20th has speculated about the proper way to regard the relationship between nature and technology. The prevailing view has shifted inexorably from earthy spirituality to cold rationality. Bacon, for instance, conceived of a scientific technocracy that would control and subdue nature. His aristocratic Royal Society followers eventually brought this about in Britain, paving the way for a new class of civil engineers. By Heidegger's day, "technological man" had asserted mastery over the world, estranging humanity from what Heidegger called "Being." To him, this was the root of the total failure of the Western philosophical tradition.

The value of this book is not that it points out the flaws in society's mechanistic thinking—deficiencies that most environmentalists understand well enough. Rather, it's that Ferkiss has navigated an exceedingly complex course through our philosophical history, tracing the lineage of ideas about nature and technology as they evolved from ancient times through Taoism, industrialism, Marxism, and several other "isms." His labors could prove useful if we decide to take Heidegger's advice and start our philosophical odyssey all over again from the beginning, from a point at which we weren't so aloof from and condescending toward nature. **—M. M.**

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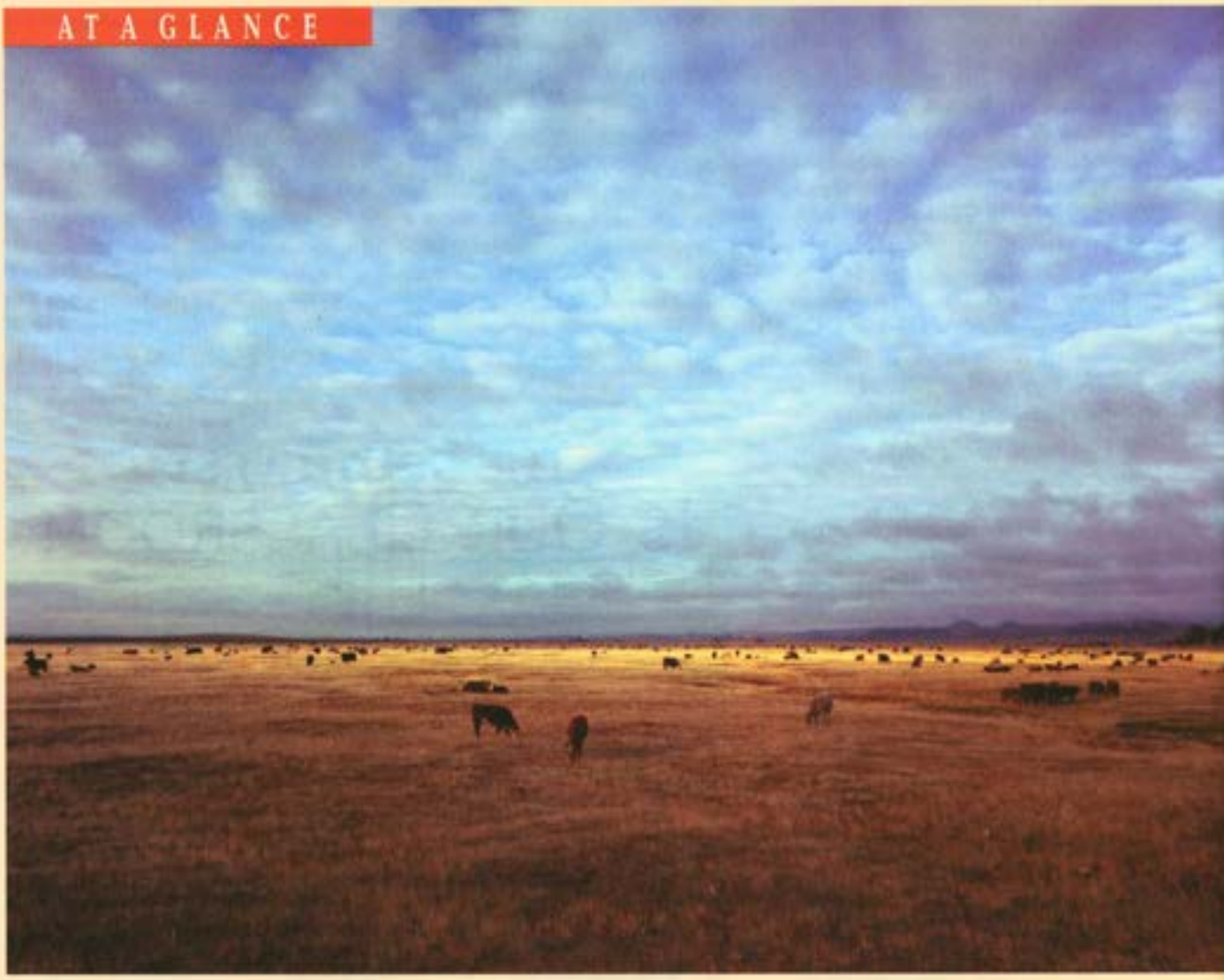
BRIEFLY NOTED

As long-time readers will know from having seen his striking images regularly in *Sierra* and its predecessor, the *Sierra Club Bulletin*, photographer Philip Hyde has devoted the better part of his life to documenting the mystery and majesty of the Sierra Nevada. Now, in ***The Range of Light*** (Gibbs Smith; $29.95), the dean of American nature photographers combines his exquisite Sierran images with select quotations from John Muir. In a lengthy afterword, Hyde reminisces about his career (which includes illustrating many conservation-oriented books), his adventures in the mountains, and his friendships with Ansel Adams, Cedric Wright, and others in the Sierra Club. . . . The National Park Service has prepared a superb guide to a part of the Sierra Nevada's natural and cultural history in the ***Sequoia and Kings Canyon National Parks Handbook*** (U.S. Government Printing Office, Superintendent of Documents, Washington, DC 20402; $4.50, paper). This abundantly illustrated handbook offers an overview of the politics that led to the establishment of the parks, describes in some detail the rivers, canyons, and big trees of the region, and briefly sketches recreational opportunities. . . . In 1932, Stanford University Press published the first of many editions of a classic history, highlighting a century of events in what is now California's most famous national park. Recently the Yosemite Association produced a new edition of ***One Hundred Years in Yosemite*** by Carl Parcher Russell (Yosemite Association, P.O. Box 545, Yosemite National Park, CA 95389; $9.95, paper), the first since 1976. Included are documents that appeared only in the original, and that provide important information about the Mariposa Indian War. . . . For those who want to spend just a day or two at a time exploring parts of the Sierra Nevada, Wilderness Press has produced ***50 Best Short Hikes in Yosemite and Sequoia/Kings Canyon*** ($12.95, paper). Author John Krist (a winner of this year's *Sierra* nature-writing contest) describes treks ranging from leisurely to strenuous, and provides special guidance for parents by means of a "child-rating" system that indicates the minimum age at which a youngster might reasonably be expected to complete a particular hike under his or her own power. . . . For those seeking to trek the entire length of the John Muir Trail, cartographer Tom Harrison has produced two new and exquisitely detailed topographic maps, completing his quality series encompassing all of the trail's Sierra Nevada miles. ***Mono Divide High Country*** and ***Mammoth High Country*** plot terrain along the JMT where it passes south to north through northern Kings Canyon National Park and the Sierra National Forest. These easy-to-read, shaded-relief maps describe a vast expanse of rugged mountains, permanent snowfields, lush forests, and pristine lakes, including those of the John Muir and Ansel Adams wildernesses (Tom Harrison Cartography, 333 Bellam Blvd.,

AT A GLANCE



Many Californians view their state's most prominent geophysical feature as a hot, endlessly flat field—planted to tomatoes, grapes, and grains, and coated by asphalt—across which to speed at vacation's start or end. And in truth, this once-verdant, biodiverse wonderland has been almost entirely transformed by agriculture, animal husbandry, oil drilling, and residential development. Though it retains hints of its natural glory, they are mostly just that; the cow-pied landscape shown here is, alas, far more typical. For all of that, this book is both stunning to look at and fascinating to read—for its depictions of what has been lost, and of the tenacious culture that still calls the Valley home.

The Great Central Valley: California's Heartland
A Photographic Project by Stephen Johnson and Robert Dawson
Text by Gerald Haslam
University of California Press
$50, cloth; $30, paper

San Rafael, CA 94901-4851; $6.95 each including shipping; California residents add 7.25% sales tax) . . . . In the summer of 1990, the California Historical Society brought out a special issue of its journal, *California History*, devoted to celebrating the centennial of California's great national parks. The issue was a hit, and quickly sold out. By popular demand, the Society has produced ***Yosemite and Sequoia: A Century of California National Parks,*** edited by Richard J. Orsi, Alfred Runte, and Marlene Smith-Baranzini (University of California Press; $40, cloth; $15, paper). This book version of the out-of-print journal issue includes a new article, "Planning Yosemite's Future," by renowned Yosemite historian Runte. ***—M. M.***

READINGS

From ***The Traveler: An American Odyssey in the Himalayas*** *by Eric Hansen, with photographs by Hugh Swift (Sierra Club Books, 1993). Reprinted by permission.*

Visitors to Kathmandu in the early 1970s might have noticed an old storyteller who used to sit in front of a votive shrine not far from the

Ganesh Temple in Durbar Square. During the winter months he would come to the same spot each night to retell the 2,000-year-old Hindu epic, the *Ramayana*. The first night I happened on the storyteller, he was seated waist deep in marigolds and surrounded on three sides by a large group of listeners, mainly women and children. . . . Accompanied by a harmonium, the storyteller sang out the intricate details of how Lord Ram had rescued his loyal wife Sita from the demon god Ravana. The crisp night air held the sweet fragrance of sandalwood incense as the seated audience responded with choral refrains to every nuance of the story. The man spoke Nepali, which I didn't understand, but from his mimicry I could tell he had reached the part of the story where Hanuman, the monkey general, was mobilizing the monkey army to build a land bridge from South India to the island of Sri Lanka, where Ram's wife Sita was being held. Every night for four months the man came to tell the story and each night the garlands of marigolds increased. The following year he returned to the same place to tell the story again. The emphasis was slightly different each year, because, like all good stories, it can be told in an endless number of ways.

Now most of the storytellers are gone from the side streets surrounding Durbar Square, and the best way to hear the Hindu epic, especially on cold winter nights, is by going to one of the many video shops and renting an Indian-made soap opera version for the evening. Signs of change are everywhere. [Veteran Himalaya explorer and guidebook author Hugh Swift] once sighted a sadhu (Hindu ascetic) wearing a Michael Jackson T-shirt and drinking Pepsi Cola. The Dalai Lama has appeared on the cover of French *Vogue*, reggae is often played at Nepali weddings in Kathmandu, and prayer wheels are being constructed from recycled milk cans. Croissants and cappuccino are available. Cappuccino in Kathmandu? It sounds as incongruous as salted yak butter in tea in the Hamptons. ■

Kevin Jeffrey

Good for the Goose

When a friend recently asked what type of sleeping bag I'd recommend, a low-level panic set in. Unlike other camping gear, which might gain my approval merely by being satisfactory, a sleeping bag must perform a secular sacrament: the provision of a sound night's sleep. If a sleeping bag fails to keep you perfectly warm and perfectly dry, you'll be perfectly miserable.

My friend, like any veteran backpacker, has years of informal experience testing sleeping bags. "I've had my goose-down bag for 15 years," he told me. "It's compact, it's lightweight, and it keeps me toasty warm. Will I be as happy if I replace it with a synthetic bag now that I'm kayaking a lot?" He already had a bag that worked well; if I made the wrong recommendation, I'd never hear the end of it.

All sleeping bags function similarly—they trap body heat by surrounding the slumbering camper with dead air space, at the same time allowing perspiration to escape. Sleeping bags for warm-weather car camping require little in technical sophistication to do this—they're the nylon-and-polyester equivalents of blankets sewn together. But bags for backpackers, bicyclists, and kayakers have to be lightweight and highly compressible, and must stay warm when the temperature drops below freezing; they depend on state-of-the-art materials and construction methods to achieve these multiple goals.

The most important ingredient in one of these high-performance cocoons is the type of material used inside them. Until recently, down held center stage as the most efficient fill for a small package. While synthetic sleeping bags have provided serious competition for many years, they've always been heavier and bulkier than down bags. But a new generation of artificial fill materials introduced over the past three years threatens to close that gap. To understand why, some knowledge of the way insulating fibers work is helpful.

In a house, the floor, walls, and roof provide a conveniently hollow structure to contain the insulating material. The insulation always works efficiently because it is never compressed after installation. Its function in a high-performance sleeping bag is quite different: the fill must create its own "structure" by lofting into shape when pulled from its stuff sack, insulate effectively even when the bag's occupant tosses and turns, and then easily compress to a packable size afterward.

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quill combines strong branch fibers (which generate high loft) with smaller fibrils that create the requisite microscopic air spaces. Down bags are soft, comfortable, lightweight, and eminently packable; if properly cared for, they retain their insulating properties for many years. But they have severe drawbacks: the fill clumps together when wet (crippling loft and insulating value), takes forever to dry, can mildew in damp climates, may cause allergic reactions in some people, and is expensive relative to synthetic fibers.

Expect to pay $250 or more for a top-quality goose-down bag that weighs a feathery 2.5 pounds and is rated to keep you warm to 20 degrees Fahrenheit (the normal range for an all-around, "three-season" bag). Tack on another $70 or so for the protection from wetness that a waterproof/breathable outer fabric such as Gore-Tex brings. A synthetic bag can provide an equivalent comfort level for $150 to $200. But until quite recently you still had to compromise: most synthetic bags weighed a pound or more than an equivalent down bag, and were far bulkier.

(Those temperature ratings, by the way, are part fiction, devised by the bag manufacturers themselves. Nighttime comfort levels change according to wind conditions, humidity, the quality of tents and insulating pads, individual metabolism, fatigue, and even what you had for dinner.)

What's so impressive about the new wave of synthetic fills is that they've come close to matching down while retaining their characteristics in wet conditions. You can now find a three-season synthetic bag that weighs just under three pounds (respectable even for a down bag), and that packs nearly as tight as one, too.

There are four major brands of fill to look for. *Primaloft* has fibers that vary in size, similar to down quills, creating hyper-efficient air spaces. Its down-like feel and ability to compress are exceptional for a synthetic fill. *Polarguard HV* ("High Void") is an updated version of the old standard, Polarguard. Like its predecessor, HV consists of long, con-

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tinuous fibers that are remarkably durable and reduce clumping and cold spots. The new version's fibers have hollow, triangular centers that maximize the amount of air space while reducing the material's overall weight by 20 percent. *Lite Loft* bonds standard polyester fibers with perspiration-wicking fibers into a "lattice" that mimics the structure of down. Finally, *Microloft* consists of very fine fibers that give an extraordinarily soft feel.

Comfort does not come from fill alone. Other elements that contribute to a sleeping bag's coziness are its size, shape, and cut; the construction methods used; and heat-retention features such as baffles, draft tubes, hoods, and collars. You can now layer for varying conditions as you would with clothing by using liner bags, overbags, and reversible bags that have different thicknesses of fill material on the top and bottom. You'll also find bags with built-in sleeping-pad sheaths, as well as "component bags" that combine plush lower pads with zippered top quilts.

So should you switch from a well-loved down bag to one with a new synthetic super-fill? If you are active in water sports, or travel in damp or humid climates, the answer is emphatically yes. Trust a down bag in dry conditions or in extremely cold weather, where an effective synthetic bag may still be too bulky. Campers more concerned with ounces than with dollars, of course, will continue to depend on down.

To the abundance of anecdotes about the effectiveness of synthetic sleeping bags, I add my own, one never considered even by the most rigorous field testers. While our family was camping in Spain, my young twin sons, who occasionally wet the bed, chose the same stormy night to let loose. The next morning we rinsed and hung their soggy synthetic bags, and to our delight they were dry and ready for service by late afternoon. Now *that's* a testimonial. ■

KEVIN JEFFREY *is the author of* The Complete Buyer's Guide to the Best Outdoor & Recreational Equipment *(Foghorn Press, San Francisco, 1993).*

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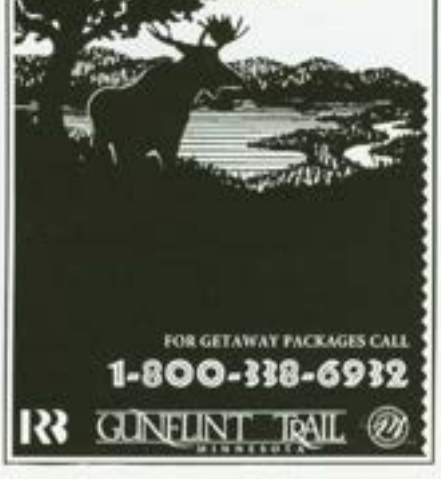

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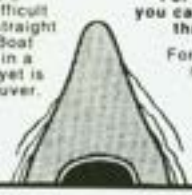

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SHOULD ENVIRONMENTALISTS BE CONCERNED WITH SOCIAL-JUSTICE ISSUES, SUCH AS RACISM, SEXISM, AND HOMOPHOBIA?

Yes, but the most effective way for us to respond to social issues is through *single-issue* organizations. Groups such as the Sierra Club lose some of their punch when they address a variety of issues. It's almost impossible for a single organization to embrace strong positions in several areas without offending many members. Better to have many sharply focused organizations and let people join all of those that meet their specific needs.
Bob Black
San Carlos, California

In our mission to "explore, enjoy, and protect wild places," it would be impossible not to confront these problems. After all, it was the Sierra Club's founder, John Muir, who once said: "When we try to pick out anything by itself we find it hitched to everything else in the universe."
Rashaan Meneses
San Diego, California

As individuals of course we should be concerned. As members of groups specifically devoted to these causes we should be concerned. But should environmental organizations start taking official positions on these issues, supporting boycotts and the like? Absolutely not. Credibility is lost when groups become self-proclaimed experts on every issue under the sun.
Kevin S. Masters
Salt Lake City, Utah

A portion of the Sierra Club mission statement is "to educate and enlist humanity to protect and restore the quality of the natural and *human* environment." We must be aware that in many cases, environmental and social-justice issues are closely intertwined. We must search for causes of "environmental injustice" and seek to provide solutions.
Jennifer Friedel
Lewisville, Texas

This is one bit of bait that I refuse to swallow. The question carries the assumption that environmentalists are currently uninvolved in social-justice work. In truth, we've been leaders in the field for several decades. When environmentalists have pushed for clean air, safe drinking water, protection from toxics, and the development of safe sources of energy, we've been working for the basics of human survival. We haven't fought these battles in order to protect petunias on suburban estates. We've worked to defend people of all ages, colors, classes, and conditions.
Robert Murphy
Providence, Rhode Island

If what was meant is: "Should the Sierra Club take positions on social issues?" I would say absolutely not! The Club has stature and credibility on environmental issues. This should not be preyed upon by those who would like to use the Club for purposes, however worthy, beyond the Club's reason for being.
Walter Wells
Washington, D.C.

If the environmental movement wishes to win broad-based support for its efforts, it must entirely extricate itself from the politics of liberal/conservative. It must be seen as a neutral, rational force that speaks with authority. It would be stupid at best for the movement to jeopardize its primary mission by taking on issues as inflammatory as homosexuality and race relations.
Duncan Steward
Sarasota, Florida

"*Mitakuye oyasin.*" We are all related. If we cannot respect one another, regardless of color, nationality, race, sex, or sexual preference, how can we respect the diversity that is also found in our common home, the earth? Patriarchal systems of government, the exploitation of indigenous and minority peoples' rights and lands, war over race, religion, and resources—all these become mirrored in the health of our planet.
Lara Beard
Elizabethtown, Kentucky

As a recently enacted resolution by the Sierra Club Board of Directors recognizes, "achieving our mission of environmental protection and a sustainable future for the planet depends in great part on the attainment of social justice and human rights at home and around the globe." Racism, sexism, and homophobia cripple our ability to form the broad-based coalitions needed to save the environment and call into question the moral integrity of our claim to be the earth's protectors.
Stephanie Clarke, Chair
Gay and Lesbian Sierrans
San Francisco, California

While environmentalists may be concerned with social-justice issues, as I am, I strongly resent anyone who would tell me I should be concerned with them separately. I demonstrate my concern for fairness as a matter of course, by promoting a cleaner, healthier environment in all parts of my wonderfully diverse city.
Bob Oehmen
Chicago, Illinois

As environmentalists, we have been categorically placed somewhere between homosexuals and communists. What many people fail to see is that whatever the issue, we are all in the same fight against ignorance and hate.
Donald Shippen
Davis, California

Social injustices such as racism, sexism, and homophobia are just as destructive as species extinction or deforestation. If environmentalists ignore social-justice issues, they will never see a unified movement for saving our Earth community.
W. C. Knickerbocker
Boise, Idaho

One cannot be sensitive to the crimes committed against the environment and, at the same time, insensitive to injustices against other people.

Unfortunately, the ultraconservative area in which I live is a good example of that interconnection. People here believe the earth is theirs to (ab)use as they see fit—and are utterly determined to preserve the primacy of the white-male-dominated society that has wrought so much destruction on both people and the environment.
R. L. Richards
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

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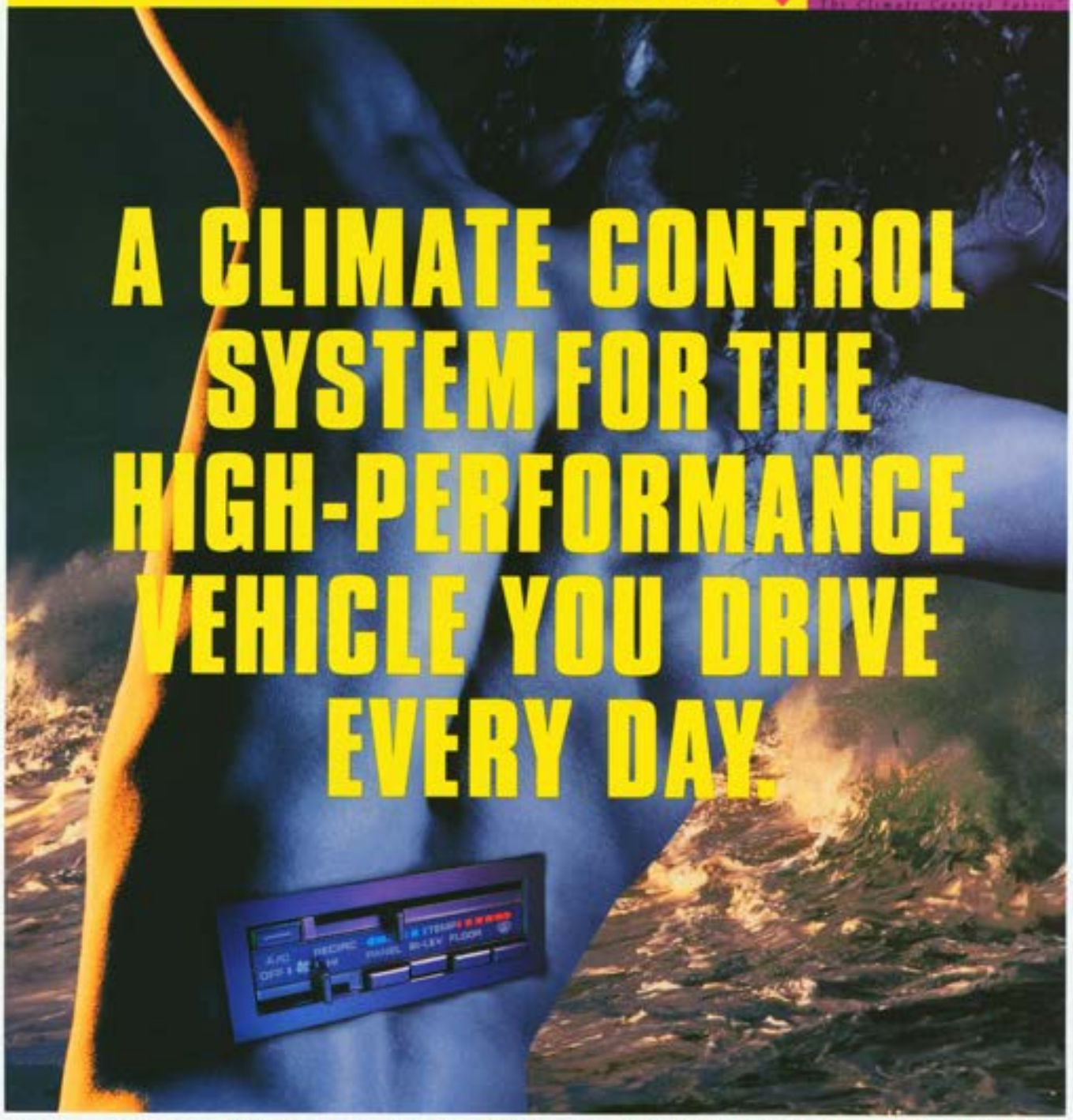

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