SIERRA

THE MAGAZINE OF THE SIERRA CLUB • MAY/JUNE 1994

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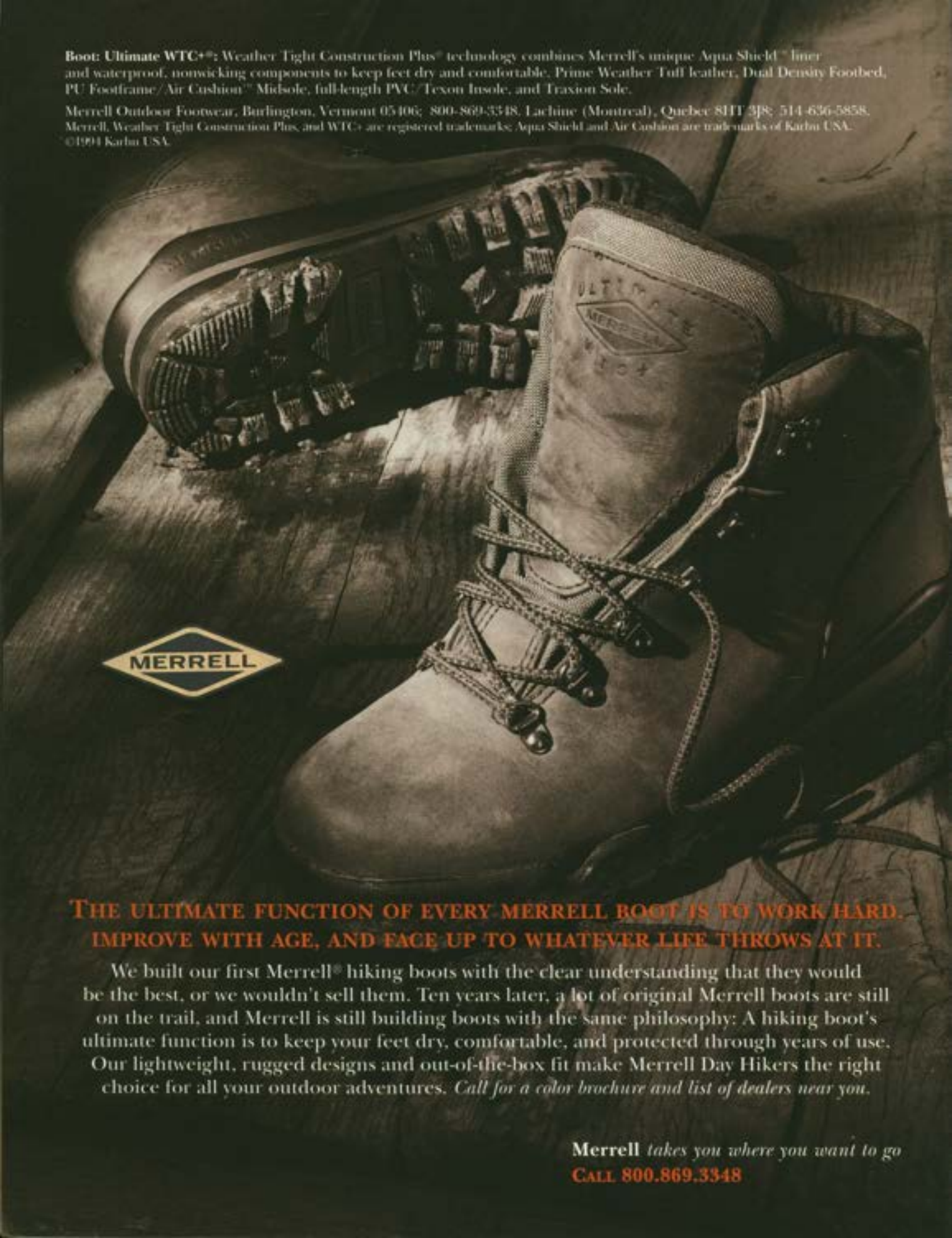

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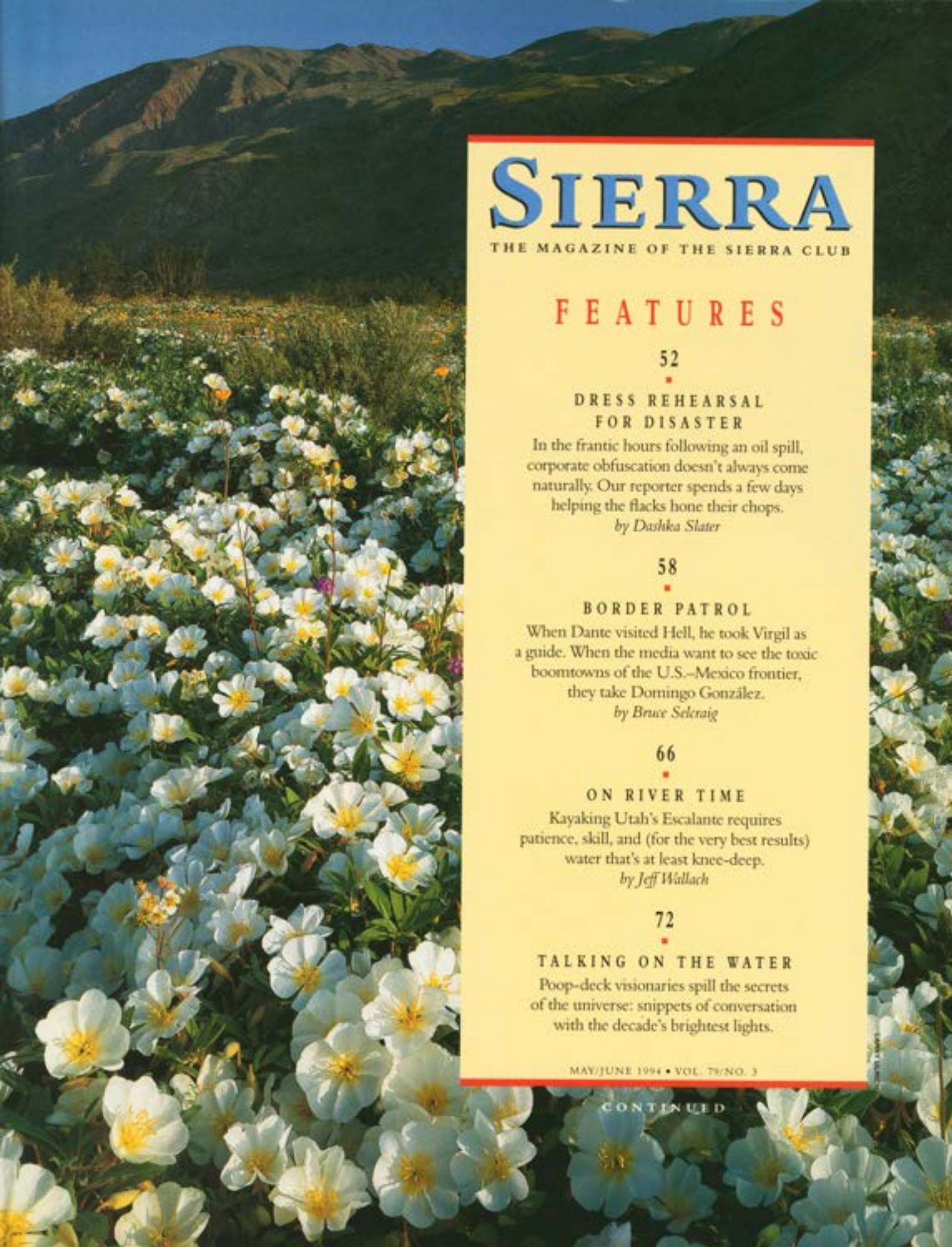

SIERRA

THE MAGAZINE OF THE SIERRA CLUB

FEATURES

MAY/JUNE 1994 • VOL. 79/NO. 3

CONTINUED

SIERRA

Katmai's Valley of 10,000 Smokes, page 33

AFIELD

DEPARTMENTS

COVER
Stevens Arch reflected in the Escalante River, Glen Canyon National Recreation Area, Utah
Photo by Tom Till

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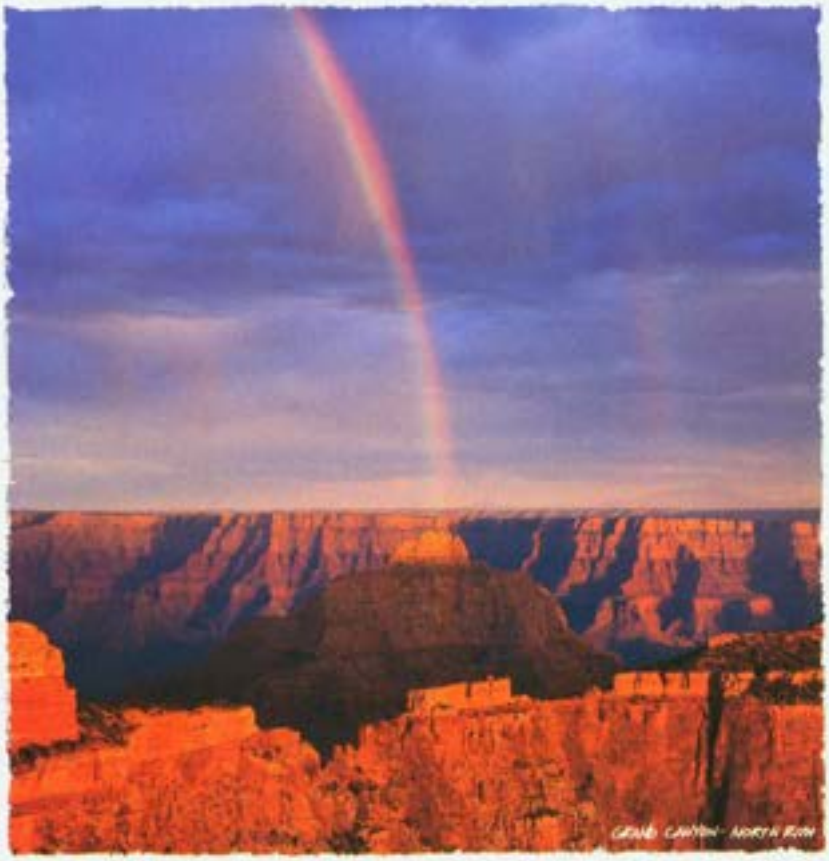

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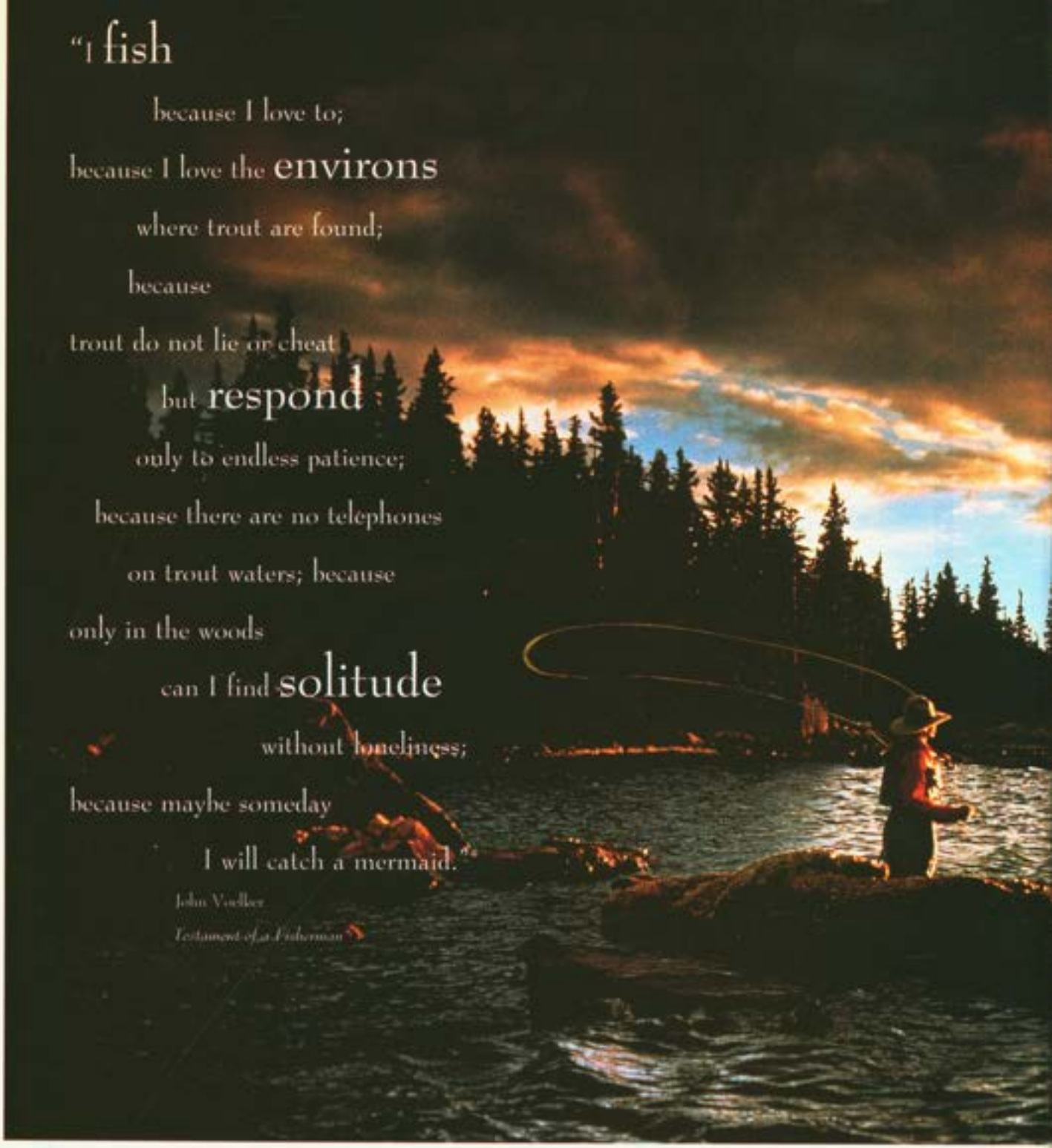

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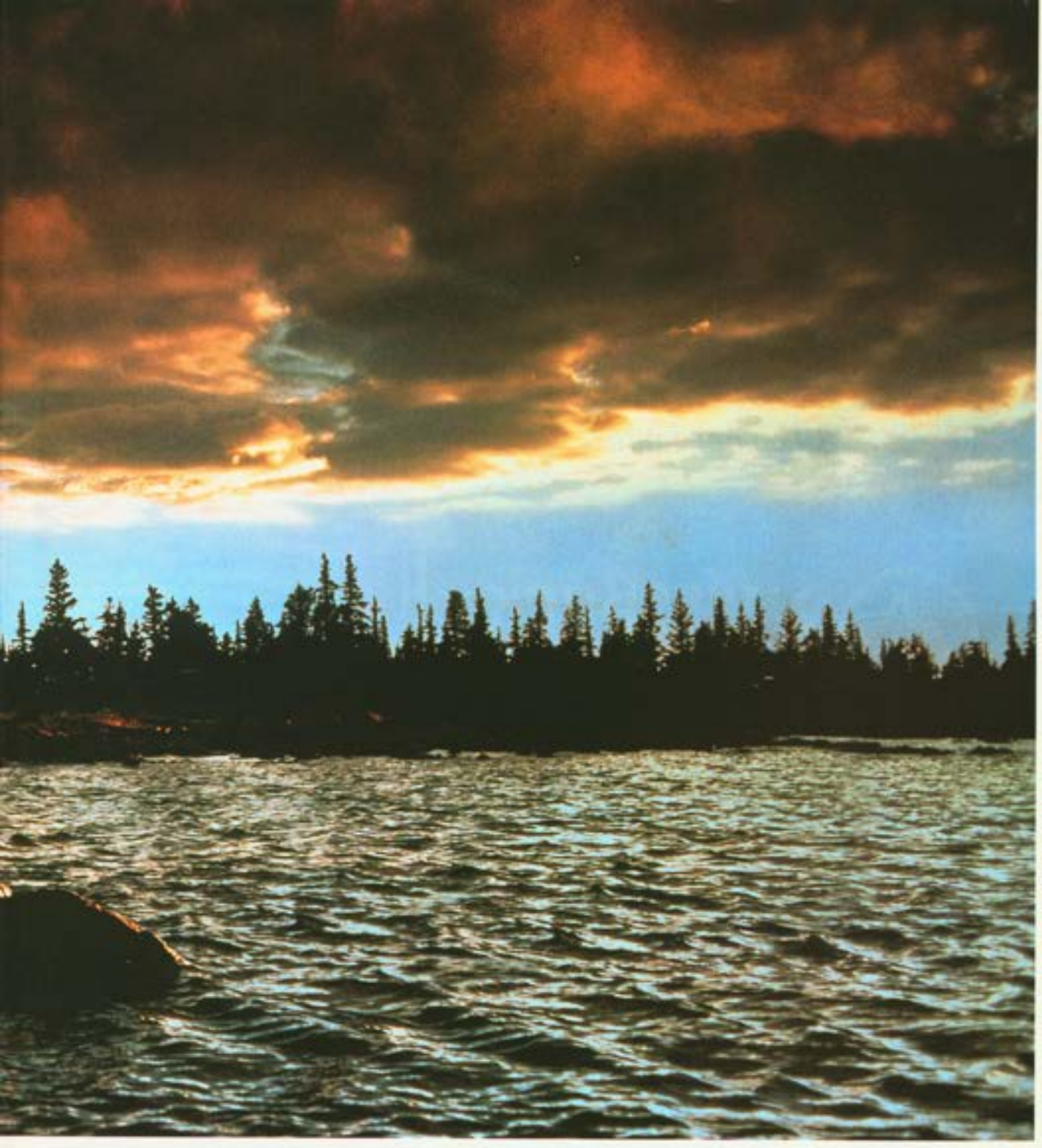

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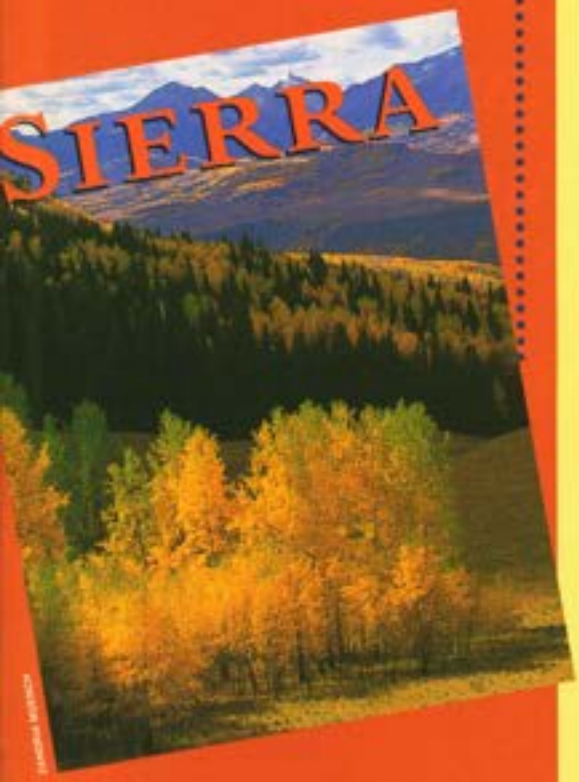

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Carl Pope

Clinton's Layaway Plan

One of the longest-running tragedies in American political theater has just extended its engagement in Washington, D.C. The cast, characters, and even the title have changed with successive administrations, but the plot remains the same. Back when James Watt was the impresario, it might have been summarized "The Lord is coming soon, so we need not save anything for our children." Now the fundamentalist gloss is gone, but the message is similar: "We can't afford it today. Let's see if they can afford it tomorrow."

This time, of course, it was supposed to be different. Bill Clinton, in contrast to his predecessor, *would* be an environmental president. In *Earth in the Balance,* Vice-President Al Gore articulated the urgency of shifting our focus from maintaining creature comforts to securing our children's heritage: "Too often we are unwilling to look beyond ourselves to see the effect of our actions today on our children and grandchildren," he wrote.

But in Washington, where few people look beyond their own or their bosses' re-election, environmental policy is still being made as though the future does not matter.

The latest manifestation of Beltway myopia is the current Superfund debate. Superfund, it seems, has opponents everywhere—in the business community, among the media, on Capitol Hill, and inside the Clinton administration. Publicly, their main complaint is that too much money is being spent on lawyers and bureaucrats, and not enough on engineers and cleanup crews. The real goal of Superfund's enemies, however, is more self-serving.

As it stands, the law requires the industry that creates a mess to pay for cleaning it up, and cleaning it up properly. This, it turns out, is expensive. Even worse, in the eyes of Superfund's adversaries, is that the benefits of cleaning up polluted sites often accrue to future generations: an irrelevant class of people who can't vote, aren't consumers, and don't have political-action committees.

And so a new idea has emerged. Instead of decontaminating toxic-waste sites, we'll simply pave them over. A facility will be cleaned up with no more than its next purpose in mind: if a former industrial site is loaded with dangerous levels of lead, we need only clean it up enough so someone can put a new factory there.

This approach, which has been tentatively adopted by the Clinton administration, assumes that factories are forever: if an industrial plant is built on a site today, we can be confident that houses and schools will never be built there. Such assertions can only be made by those who ignore the past as well as the future. After all, the tragedy of Love Canal, which inspired the original Superfund, came about because what once was an industrial zone had become a housing development. At hundreds of other sites currently awaiting Superfund cleanup, houses and schools have been built on or near former factories and waste dumps.

The enormous cost of living in the present can be all too easily deferred.

This cycle has taken place mostly within living memory. The notion that anyone has the slightest idea where schools or houses will be built 100, 500, or 1,000 years from now is preposterous. The administration proposal is, purely and simply, an unconscionable effort to transfer the costs and risks from the present to future generations.

Advocates of passing the buck argue that, in many cases, we don't yet know how to clean up these toxic sites, and that it would be better to allow them to be reused for industrial purposes than merely to fence them off and leave them vacant. True, in too many cases we don't know how to clean up the wastes we have created. In some places, it may be reasonable to defer action until technology improves; it may even be appropriate to allow these sites to be used in the interim.

But we should not pretend that we have solved the problem. The sites should remain on the toxic-waste register; those responsible for polluting them should be required to post adequate bonds to finance their eventual cleanup. (It is the cost of decontaminating long-abandoned, ownerless sites that has overburdened the current Superfund.) These locations should be clearly and distinctly indicated, perhaps with uniformly coded stainless-steel benchmarks noting the nature and toxicity of the wastes contained therein.

Superfund is not the only environmental program under attack by those for whom "out of sight, out of mind" is a moral principle. The cleanup of contaminated federal military and nuclear facilities is being contested by many (including William Reilly, the former administrator of the EPA) as costing far too much.

Reilly argues that some of these sites are, in fact, not all that dangerous. He even criticizes the federal cleanup of the Hanford Nuclear Reservation in Washington state, the nation's preeminent monument to the folly of trying to store million-year poisons in hundred-year bottles. There, virtually on the banks of the Columbia River,

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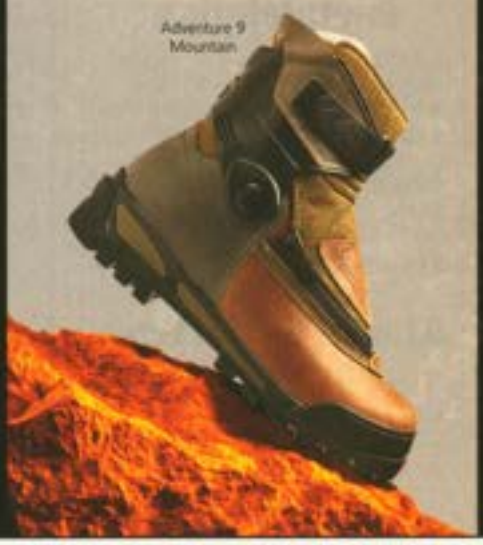

on land crisscrossed with earthquake faults, radioactive wastes sit in rapidly corroding steel containers. Some of these are so dangerous that the Energy Department is afraid even to sample their contents, for fear of a catastrophic accident.

But, say the skeptics, do you really know that these wastes will someday leak out and reach the Columbia River? When exactly will they get there? Why spend so much money to prevent an accident that might never occur?

Beneath the cynical rhetoric is a more sinister message:

Yes, these wastes are very dangerous. Yes, they might reach the Columbia River someday. Yes, it would be a catastrophe if they did. (Imagine the press conference at which the Secretary of Energy tells the people of Portland that they can't go near the water for the next 10,000 years.) But look, the argument goes, it probably isn't going to happen to us. It may not even happen to our children. If it happens to anyone, it's going to happen to our great-grandchildren. So why not let them worry about it?

A similar logic underlies the debate over protecting forests. Even the timber industry understands that jobs dependent on logging old growth will be eliminated once all the old growth has been cut. But for too many politicians and industrial leaders, jobs today are all that matter. Jobs and forests for tomorrow don't count.

If there is anything that has distinguished the environmental movement during the past 100 years, it has been our insistence that we not plan for a one-generation society, that the future matters. Now this core belief is under attack. The devotees of the short term are riding high in Washington, in state capitals, in boardrooms, and on newspaper editorial boards. The rhetoric has changed somewhat: James Watt's fundamentalism is out, "risk management" is in. Underneath, however, the basic attitude remains the same: do stop thinking about tomorrow. ■

CARL POPE *is the Sierra Club's executive director.*

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PRIZES In addition to a Grand Prize, first and second prizes for color and black-and-white will be awarded in each category, unless the judges fail to identify qualifying images in one or more categories.

ELIGIBILITY The contest is open to all amateur and professional photographers. Sierra Club staff, their immediate families, and suppliers to Sierra (including photographers whose work we have published since 1989) are not eligible. Photos must be taken and owned by the entrant, and may be submitted in any or all of the listed categories; however, no more than 16 images may be submitted overall. Color prints or color negatives from print film will not be considered. Previously published work, photos pending publication, or photos that have won other contests are not eligible. Void where prohibited.

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PHOTO ABOVE BY CHIP FORELLI, 1993 FIRST-PLACE WINNER, "THE WAYS OF WATER"

LETTERS

MORAL FIBER

John Byrne Barry's article on the use of recycled paper in *Sierra* ("Mea Pulpa," January/February) was right on target, and a testimonial to how you were successful in obtaining minimally polluting paper for your magazine.
Stanley I. Adelstein
Cleveland, Ohio

I was disturbed by your statement that "at present there are no 100-percent ecologically sound choices for the publishers of magazines printed, as ours is, on coated paper." If any publication should be willing to sacrifice gloss, it is *Sierra*. And if any group of readers should be willing to accept less gloss, it is members of the Sierra Club.
Jacquelyn Sparrow
Anchorage, Alaska

The near-perfect paper for environmental magazines is made from the kenaf plant. Its production causes no trees to be cut down, and it is produced with near-zero pollution.
Hollis C. Fenn
Florence, Alabama

I was a tad disappointed to reach the end of "Mea Pulpa" and find no nod to electronic publishing. A significant number of your readers are already networked, via commercial services and Internet access. And companies are practically trampling each other to provide high-speed data-network access to the residential public, which will render image transfer more practical. Thus, while it is worthwhile to try to improve magazine technology in the short term, it is akin to efforts to make the automobile more efficient when we should additionally be working toward making telecommuting more prevalent.
Richard Sims
Arlington, Massachusetts

Glossy paper used to be an environmentalist's nightmare, but pressure from readers and publications like Sierra *has brought new products to market that make certain kinds of glossy paper an environmentally acceptable choice. Five years ago, you couldn't buy glossy recycled paper. Today you can. Back then, most recyclers didn't have a market for glossy magazines. Now many do, because old magazines are used in making a variety of products, including recycled newsprint. Chlorine-free glossy paper wasn't available. Now it is.*

In short, the environmental differences between glossy and matte paper today can be small. The differences in how well a photograph reproduces on one kind or the other, however, are large. By continuing to prod the industry to make increasingly better glossy paper, we hope to make environmental purity a possibility for all magazines, not just that small segment of the market willing to sacrifice printing quality.

Kenaf paper may be "tree free," but that's all that's free about it: the best estimate we've found for paper that would run on high-speed web presses (the kind required to print Sierra*) represents a 200- to 300-percent markup over what we're now paying. Even less happily, because kenaf paper is not yet regularly manufactured in quantity, we could not secure so much as a test roll without committing to a 50-ton order.*

On the bright side, however, Sierra *will be carpooling on the information superhighway beginning in May. We've hooked up with UNET, an online service pioneering the electronic distribution of magazines, to provide subscribers with both database and interactive access to a wide range of Sierra Club materials and information sources. Much of* Sierra*'s editorial content will be available through this exciting new medium. For more information, see page 13 of this issue.*

INSIDE CANADA'S SECRET FORESTS

Your profoundly beautiful pictorial, "Before the Fall" (January/February), will help bring to the attention of the world the rampant destruction now occurring in the pristine temperate rainforest along British Columbia's spectacular fjordland coast. The greedy, ignorant corporations logging these watersheds must be stopped. Since the citizens of B.C. have no judicial recourse against either the corporations or their handmaiden, the provincial government, pressure must come externally, worldwide through economic sanctions, tourism boycotts, and messages of outrage.
Bill Evans
San Luis Obispo, California

Many thanks for telling our story about the beautiful but terribly vulnerable B.C. coast. "Before the Fall" has triggered an extraordinary volume of mail—much of it impassioned pledges of support and help (all from the U.S.). I've never seen such a wonderful response to a conservation story.

Having worked on the internationalization of the B.C. forest issue for a number of years, with the full realization that economic and political reprisals from abroad are essential to saving what's left of our vanishing ancient forests, I can only say "thank you, *Sierra*" for abolishing B.C. pulp from your magazine. I dearly hope you will be an inspiration to other publications.
Peter McAllister
Raincoast Conservation Society
Victoria, British Columbia

NEUROTIC CYBERPUNK, OR MERE HYPOCHONDRIAC?

Does *Sierra* mean to compete with *Travel and Leisure*? If not, who cares how well-heeled yuppies like Richard Bangs ("The Throes of Kilimanjaro," January/February) indulge themselves in expensive vacations, even if, along the way, some personal neurosis is resolved? That special place in my imagination that Mt. Kilimanjaro has occupied since I first read Hemingway is now defiled by the grotesque mental image of a cyberpunk wired to his hyper-tech yuppie toys.
Clarence Anderson
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Bangs' article tells little about Kilimanjaro, its ecosystems, local culture, or anything much beyond midlife crises and "better climbing through chemistry." His attitude about his ascent seems expressed most plainly by his lugging a computer to the summit to have his photograph taken while typing. Perhaps next he will take a television up Mt. Whitney to watch the Super Bowl. And a cellular phone so he can call his buddies and glory in the moment.
Eric Olsen
San Jose, California

Surely no mountain has ever borne the weight of so many pills and so much complaining.
H. C. Palmer
Overland Park, Kansas

Any educated scuba diver knows not to ascend to altitude nor to engage in strenuous activity following a dive. Such lunacy is likely to cause decompression sickness (the bends) and result in the spinal-dural fistula and leg pain Bangs described.
Gregory Gandrund
Carpinteria, California

DAMAGE CONTROL

We were disappointed in Donald G. Schueler's article "Contract Killers" (November/December 1993), about the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Animal Damage Control program. Several ADC employees provided Mr. Schueler and *Sierra* editors with accurate and up-to-date information about the program, but none of that information appeared in the article.

Schueler claims that most of ADC's budget is spent on "controlling" predators in the West. In reality, less than 33 percent of ADC's national budget is spent assisting Western residents and producers. The agency has offices throughout the country staffed by professional wildlife biologists who handle everything from preventing the spread of rabies to reducing bird/aircraft collisions at airports.

Schueler also implies that ADC is not serious about using nonlethal methods to handle wildlife problems. ADC conducts control activities only in response to specific complaints of damage. If control is warranted, employees use or recommend a method that is practical and environmentally sound.

Facts about ADC that Schueler doesn't mention include:

- ADC has a policy that first explores and recommends nonlethal methods to manage wildlife, moving to lethal management methods only when nonlethal actions are ineffective or impractical.
- During the past three years, ADC has helped protect more than 20 threatened or endangered species from predation, including the piping plover, the California least tern, the clapper rail, the Hawaiian stilt, the desert tortoise, and the Snake River sockeye salmon.
- The ADC program complies with all applicable federal, state, and local laws and regulations, including the Endangered Species Act, the National Environmental Policy Act, and the

Fish and Wildlife Conservation Act.

▪ADC works with conservation and animal-welfare groups to identify acceptable solutions to conflicts between humans and wildlife. It regularly brings together resource managers, environmentalists, and scientists to discuss alternative wildlife-management methods.

Bobby R. Acord, Deputy Administrator
Animal Damage Control
USDA Animal and Plant Health
Inspection Service
Washington, D.C.

In my seven years as a wildlife biologist with ADC, I have never trapped or killed a coyote, and I spend most of my time and resources using and recommending *nonlethal* solutions to wildlife/human conflicts. Our purpose is to prevent and control the damage that wild animals can do to crops, livestock, property, and human health and safety, *not* (as Schueler contends) to wage war on wildlife. Yes, lethal control is sometimes necessary, but the number of coyotes, blackbirds, cattle egrets, and other animals killed is only a fraction of their total population, and does not impact the viability of these species.

Additionally, I was offended by Schueler's implication that the ADC program is made up of uneducated, unprofessional people. Most of the ADC employees I have met and worked with have B.S. or M.S. degrees in wildlife biology or a related field, and have a very professional attitude toward their work.

Keith Blanton
Knoxville, Tennessee

None of the information that was provided to Sierra *by ADC changed the thrust of Donald Schueler's reporting. Furthermore, had Schueler, during his investigation into the educational background of ADC's "biological science technicians" (read: trappers), not found the relevant information deleted from the records he acquired under the Freedom of Information Act, Mr. Blanton's assertion of their qualifications would not be required.* Sierra *stands by this and all other aspects of Schueler's reporting on this subject.*

The Sierra Club's national Public Lands Committee is considering a policy guideline that would forbid "control" activities on public lands and let the state wildlife agencies handle the killing on a case-by-case basis. But what will really change? Does the Club envision fewer wildlife deaths from the agencies whose sole purpose seems to be to guarantee shootable six-points for hunters?

After eight years of researching ADC's often covert crimes, I believe that there is a purpose for the ADC employee to serve after all. What if the agency were not banished, but simply redesigned to operate as an educational center that espoused the myriad effective, nonlethal control measures available to ranchers? They could offer on-site counseling on better husbandry techniques, effective fencing, how herders can stay with the sheep, lamb-

ing indoors or in corrals close to the house and barn, avoiding traditional coyote den areas and areas of historically high sheep loss, the diligent use of guard dogs, and the introduction of llamas to protect sheep.

Until these changes are instituted, I believe Americans should boycott mutton, lamb, and wool, to show that we are serious about protecting predators and biodiversity in the North American landscape. And don't substitute Australian or New Zealand wool—their predator-pogroms rival ours!

Susan Ring
Salt Lake City, Utah

WRONG, WRONG, WRONG

Paul Rauber's article on Superfund ("Corporate Crybabies," November/December 1993) was wrong on three important points: risk assessments, cleanup costs, and the need to reform Superfund.

Risk assessments do not "ignore toxic messes that kill only, say, one person in a million." Risk assessments do not even decide what level of risk is acceptable. They simply estimate the health risks presented by Superfund sites. This information helps EPA to decide whether the cleanups should cost $20 million, $200 million, or somewhere in between, depending upon the risks found at the site. Does the Sierra Club advocate cleanup without regard to risk and without regard to cost?

Second, it is misleading to say that cleanup costs are paid for by "the taxpayers." The money in the Superfund comes almost entirely from taxes on industry, especially the oil and chemical industries, not through taxes on individuals. About one-eighth of the money was supposed to come from general revenues, but Congress has not appropriated any money from general revenues for several years. The only "taxpayers" paying into the Superfund today are corporations and businesses. All citizens should be alarmed by EPA's wasteful and inefficient spending of Superfund money, but the money being spent is not their tax dollars.

Third, you claim that "little" is wrong with Superfund "that effective implementation and political will couldn't fix." This flies in the face of virtually every study and report on Superfund over the last decade. Reasonable people may differ over what changes are needed, but all responsible commentators, including other environmental groups, EPA, key members of Congress, and American industry, agree that the current law is badly in need of change. I thought the Sierra Club did too.

Michael W. Steinberg
Bethesda, Maryland

Paul Rauber replies: *What Mr. Steinberg means to say, I believe, is that risk assessments don't kill people; people using risk assessments kill people. Risk assessments are statistical hunches dressed up as scientific equations; they are popular policy tools among those who want a mathematical veneer on their moral judgments. Of course the Sierra Club believes that the most dangerous sites should be cleaned up first—but that doesn't mean that environmentalists need be sucked into amoral discussions of "risk management" and how to balance human lives against corporate spreadsheets.*

According to the EPA comptroller's office, Superfund received general-fund taxpayer dollars to the tune of $250 million in both 1993 and '94, $234 million in '92, and $861 million in '91. While the bulk of Superfund funds come from industry, taxpayers contribute a significant amount.

Finally, while all parties would naturally be happy to amend the Superfund program in one way or the other, it is not true that all "responsible" parties believe it needs total revision. Friends of the Earth, the Citizens Clearinghouse on Hazardous Waste, and the U.S. Public Interest Research Group share the Sierra Club's position that before we trash Superfund we might at least try to implement it effectively—something that has not been attempted to date.

EARTH AND THE MARKET

Thanks to Thomas Michael Power and Paul Rauber ("The Price of Everything," November/December 1993) for their clarifying examination of the role of market forces in protecting the environment. How refreshing to see their conclusion that we need to set out

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society's standards for environmental protection before we consider market-based mechanisms as one means to accomplish those standards.
Mark Lawler
Seattle, Washington

It's not at all clear to me that free-market economics can work in an industrial oligarchy. Recall what drug, fiber, and chemical companies did about hemp—they had it banned. No reason was offered, simply a prohibition based on the desire of these industries to be free from competition. Firestone and GM took a similar approach with many municipal trolley systems, in that case selling the equipment for scrap to defer the costs of purchasing the competition.

In reality, large companies pay conservative think tanks to produce free-market smoke and mirrors for the public while the same companies are busy in Washington, D.C., arranging subsidies, restricting consumer choice, and lobbying for regulations that drive small competitors out of business. This is the worst of both worlds.
Terry Scott
Seattle, Washington

Neither Power nor Rauber takes the next logical step and advocates some sort of socialism as the only solution. If electrical utilities, for example, were owned by the people, reduction of emissions would be made the bottom line. The result of this would be cleaner air at no cost to consumers or taxpayers.
Thom Seto
Calgary, Alberta

The big question is why the below-cost timber barons and gentlemen ranchers get to be "free market advocates" and the small-business people and wage earners who dominate the environmental movement have to be "watermelons" (green on the outside but red inside).

That our opponents make specious economic arguments is no reason for us to forego valid ones. That they equate the "free market" with govern-

ment subsidies is no reason for us to shun market-based techniques when they are effective.

Chris Gehlker
Phoenix, Arizona

It is a paradox how the free marketeers so revere freedom and so loathe democracy. Perhaps it is because they narrowly conceive freedom as a privilege of the business elite, and fear democracy, where the people determine public policy.

Roger D. Harris
Corte Madera, California

As someone who works at one of the market-oriented environmental think tanks, I was pleased to find that I agreed with almost every substantive thing Power and Rauber said. Nevertheless, there are some areas where they unintentionally confused what I think is a vitally important debate, particularly for those, like myself, who admire markets but who are ethically ecocentric, putting that principle ahead of economic efficiency.

First, we must distinguish environmental market advocates from those who revere big business and its profits in all forms. Very often, when government controls natural values, those with the greatest political power will gain access to them at everyone else's expense. Most free-market critiques of government agencies and practices emphasize that specific businesses have profited at the expense of everyone else.

You equate free-market approaches with libertarian views, and libertarian views with the position that people should have property rights to pollute. Actually, hard-core libertarians argue that there can be no right to pollute, because any pollution constitutes trespass, and therefore violation of a property right. Rather than not being hard enough on polluters, as you claim, this position is *too* hard, since from a strict libertarian standpoint even one internal-combustion engine will pollute the world, and should be forbidden.

The pollution tax advocated is fine by me, but the case for its being "simple" is not so simple. People try to avoid taxes, and there are enforcement problems in determining the amount of pollution to be taxed. If, by contrast, someone owns a pollution permit, its value will be maximized only if there is no cheating by others—including other permit holders. A pollution-permit system will probably be easier to enforce than a pollution-tax system. If units of pollution that can be bought and sold are small enough, environmental groups can ultimately raise money to buy them up, gradually reducing the problem even further. This point, I think, is free from the ideological bias you claim.

Your point about markets not adequately reflecting all values is a good one. Some market advocates are guilty as charged. But more sophisticated market approaches do not simply say "sell it to the highest bidder and all will be fine." For example, both John Baden and Randal O'Toole, whom you briefly quote, support "biodiversity trust

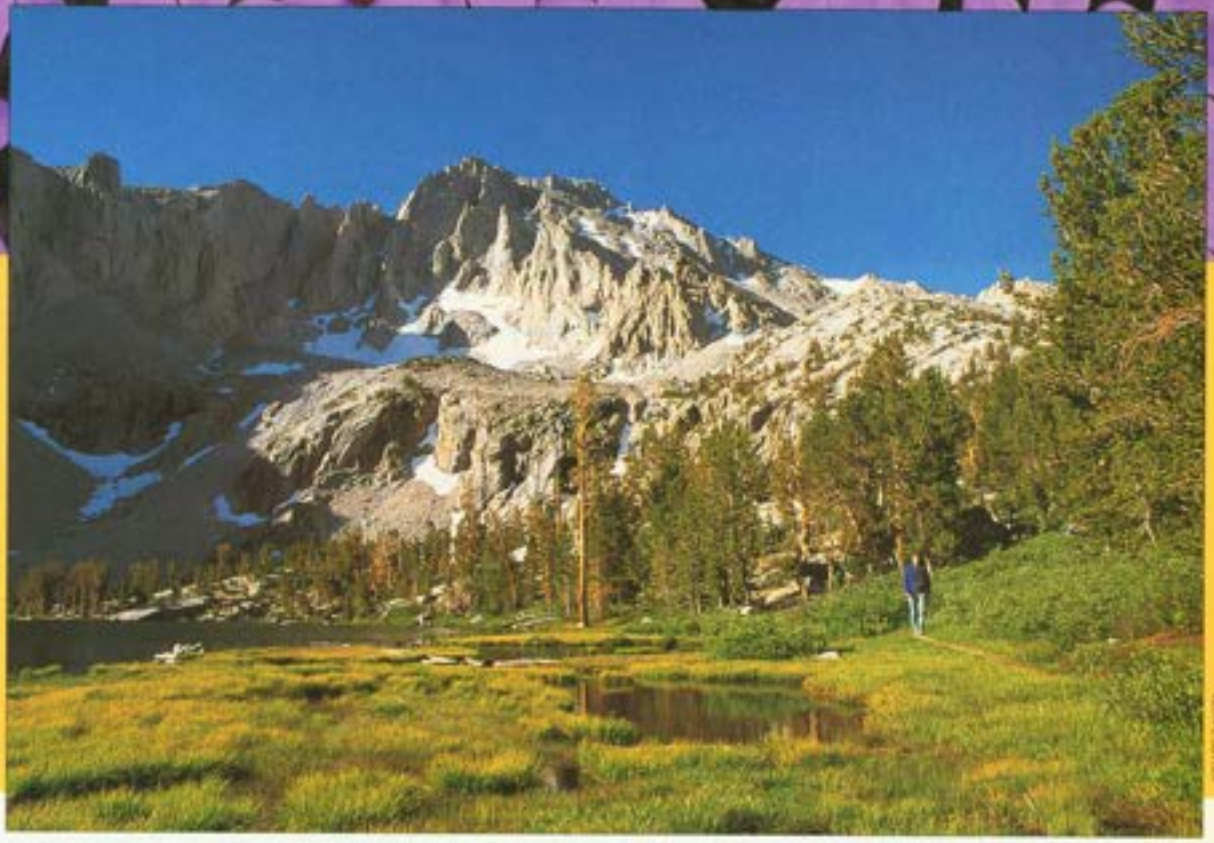
Continued on page 31

1994 SIERRA CLUB OUTINGS

OPEN TRIPS

Not yet made your vacation plans? There's still time to get on a Sierra Club outing. Here is a partial listing of trips with space available. Refer to the 1994 Outings Directory (January/February *Sierra*) for a complete list of trips and descriptions. Call us at (415) 923-5630 for current information on any of our trips — trips not listed here may also have space. Please see the Directory for our Reservation and Cancellation Policy and a trip application form. Read the policy carefully before applying. Send in the coupon on page 30 to order detailed trip brochures or the Directory. A listing of 1994-95 International Trips will be published in the July/August *Sierra*.

TRIP #	TRIP TITLE	DATES	LEADER(S)	PRICE
Activist Outings				
94102	Northwest Activist Outing, Oregon and Washington	Sept. 11-18	John Albrecht	$345
94103	Across the Waterpocket Fold: Utah Wildland Traverse (Rated M)	Oct. 8-15	Vicky Hoover	$265
Alaska and Arctic Canada Trips (The cost of on-trip charter transportation is included in the trip fee for Alaska trips.)				
94104	Life on The Edge, Baffin Island, Northwest Territories, Canada	June 2-15	Sigrid Miles	$2995
94109	Lake Clark Park Photography and Nature Study Base Camp	June 19-29	Jerry Lobel	$1795
94111	Tatshenshini by Raft, St. Elias Mountains, Alaska and British Columbia	June 20-29	Marianne Kehoe	$1890
94114	Prince William Sound Sea Kayak	July 5-13	Ian Walton	$1495
94116	Kodiak Island Bear Camp and Shuyak Island Sea Kayaking	July 7-18	Chet Dunbar	$2795
94117	Valley of 10,000 Smokes Backpack, Katmai Park	July 11-23	Duane Ottens	$1595
94118	High Romanzof Backpack, Brooks Range	July 15-28	Melinda Goodwater	$1995
94120	Mountain Biking the Alaskan Wilderness	July 28-Aug. 10	Gregg Williams	$1295
94121	Noatak Canoe Exploration, Gates of the Arctic Park	July 31-Aug. 12	Bette McCarron	$2695
94123	Twin Lakes Base Camp and Rafting, Lake Clark Park and Preserve	Aug. 1-13	Jon Kangas	$1895
Backpack Trips (See Alaska, Family, Hawaii, and International for other backpack trips. Rating key: L=Light; M=Moderate; S=Strenuous.)				
94130	Leadership Training, Canyon Country, Arizona/Utah Border (M-S)	May 29-June 4	Don McIver	$360
94131	Paria Canyon Teen Trip, Vermillion Cliffs Wilderness, Utah (M)	June 3-9	Bob Flores	$460
94132	Wellness Adventure, Oak Creek Canyon, Arizona (M-S)	June 5-11	Frank Moe	$350
94134	Mt. Rogers Recreation Area, Virginia (M)	June 19-26	Glenn Gillis	$330
94135	Spirit Lake Sojourn, Marble Mountain Wilderness, California (L)	June 22-30	Russell Higbee	$335
94136	Three Passes Loop, John Muir Wilderness, Sierra (L-M)	June 30-July 9	Diane Cook	$415
94140	Kings Middle Fork, J. M. Wilderness and Kings Canyon, Sierra (M-S)	July 9-18	Louis Argyres	$395
94141	Swimming Holes of the Ice Age, Yosemite Park, Sierra (L-M)	July 10-17	Bob Ruff	$305
94143	Highland Lake Sampler, Carson-Iceberg Wilderness, Sierra (L-M)	July 11-15	Roz Bray	$200
94144	Backpacking Field Seminar, Kings Canyon Park, Sierra (M)	July 14-23	Gordon Peterson	$380
94146	A Lake Called Wanda, Kings Canyon Park, Sierra (M-S)	July 16-24	Lynn Lawson	$450
94149	Yosemite High Country Circle, Sierra (M)	July 17-23	Jim Halverson	$270
94152	Through the Keyhole and Beyond, Kings Canyon Park, Sierra (M-S)	July 21-30	Stuart Simon	$435
94153	Wild Yosemite Northwest II, Yosemite Park, Sierra (M)	July 21-30	Matt Hahne	$460
94155B	Lakes, Rainforest and Seacoast, Olympic Park, Washington (M)	July 23-31	Jim Kirkpatrick	$410
94157	Frank Church-River of No Return Wilderness, Idaho (M-S)	July 24-30	Ted Doll	$475
94158	Green Mountains Adventure, Camel's Hump Forest Reserve, Vermont (M)	July 24-30	Janice Birnbaum	$350
94159	Island Lake Loop, Bridger Wilderness, Wyoming (M)	July 24-30	Barbara Beaumont	$400
94162	Gemini Circuit, John Muir Wilderness, Sierra (M)	July 24-Aug. 1	John Bird	$355
94163	Lake Basin Cross-Country Getaway, Kings Canyon Park, Sierra (S)	July 24-Aug. 1	Andy Johnson	$330
94165	Around the Kaweah Peaks, Sequoia Park, Sierra (S)	July 26-Aug. 4	Bob Madsen	$350
94166	LeConte Divide Loop, John Muir Wilderness, Sierra (M)	July 29-Aug. 6	Vicky Hoover	$330
94167	High Sierra Natural History, Ansel Adams Wilderness, Sierra (M)	July 30-Aug. 6	Alice Kulka	$335
94171	Cross-Country for Beginners, John Muir Wilderness, Sierra (M)	July 31-Aug. 7	Alline Anderson	$435
94172	Matterhorn and Sawtooth Ridge, Yosemite North Country, Sierra (M)	July 31-Aug. 7	Alan King	$315
94175	Merced Peak, Yosemite Park, Sierra (M)	Aug. 1-10	Bob Berges	$365



Eastern shore of Matlock Lake, Eastern Sierra

TRIP #	TRIP TITLE	DATES	LEADER(S)	PRICE
94178	Bear Paw Lake, John Muir Wilderness, Sierra (M)	Aug. 5-13	Fred Schlachter	$485
94179	Yosemite Wonderland, Yosemite Park, Sierra (M)	Aug. 5-14	Modesto Piazza	$380
94184	Kuna Crest to the San Joaquin, Yosemite Park, Sierra (M-S)	Aug. 7-14	Chuck Schmidt	$305
94186	Wah Hoo Lake Teen Adventure, John Muir Wilderness, Sierra (M)	Aug. 9-17	Patrick Colgan	$325
94188	The Sierra's Grand Crescendo, J. M. Wilderness and Kings Canyon (S)	Aug. 10-20	Mari Calhoun	$475
94193	Lake-Hopping in the Sierra, Emigrant Wilderness (L-M)	Aug. 13-21	Laura and Sy Gelman	$405
94197	Squaretop Mountain Grand Loop, Wind River Range, Wyoming (M-S)	Aug. 14-23	Gary Cole	$515
94198	Granite Country, John Muir Wilderness, Sierra (L-M)	Aug. 15-26	Mac Downing	$550
94200	The Wild and Wonderful Monarch, Kings Canyon Park, Sierra (M)	Aug. 18-26	Sarah Bolles	$390
94202	Northern Yosemite Peaks and Lakes, Yosemite Park, Sierra (M)	Aug. 21-27	Roxann Hanning	$345
94203	Gems and Trails of Kings Canyon Tales, Sierra (M)	Aug. 21-28	Les Atkins	$315
94204	Mt. Shinn and Southeast, Sierra Forest and Kings Canyon, Sierra (M-S)	Aug. 25-Sept. 3	Gordon Peterson	$390
94205	Martha Lake and the Hermit, Kings Canyon Park, Sierra (M)	Aug. 26-Sept. 4	Barry Bolden	$365
94206	Sixty Lakes Basin, Kings Canyon Park, Sierra (M-S)	Aug. 28-Sept. 3	Joe Uzarski	$340
94207	Seven Gables and Countless Lakes, John Muir Wilderness, Sierra (M)	Aug. 28-Sept. 5	Bill Flower	$405
94208	Yosemite's North Boundary and Hoover Wilderness Sampler, Sierra (L-M)	Aug. 29-Sept. 2	Marlen Mertz	$230
94209	Hidden Lakes Adventure, Kings Canyon Park, Sierra (M-S)	Aug. 30-Sept. 9	Carol Murdock	$450
94210	Lakes of the Silver Divide, John Muir Wilderness, Sierra (M)	Sept. 1-8	Bill Engs	$330
94211	Yosemite Solitude, Yosemite Park, Sierra (M-S)	Sept. 3-10	Cahit Kitaplioglu	$285
94212	Monarch Magic, Kings Canyon Park, Sierra (M)	Sept. 4-12	Bill Clark	$390
94213	Lake Superior Pictured Rocks, Michigan's Upper Peninsula (L-M)	Sept. 11-17	Jack Thompson	$385
94214	Pecos Wilderness, Sangre de Cristo Range, New Mexico (M)	Sept. 11-17	Ted Whatley	$485
94216	Baxter Beauty, Baxter Park, Maine (M-S)	Sept. 18-24	Ken Limmer	$485
94218	Dark Canyon Wilderness, Utah (M)	Sept. 25-Oct. 1	Steve Moore	$480
94219	Pemigewasset Wilderness Adventure, White Mountains, N.H. (M-S)	Sept. 25-Oct. 1	Lynn Pike	$650
94220	Escalante Canyon, Glen Canyon Recreation Area, Utah (M-S)	Oct. 2-8	Blaine LeCheminant	$500
94221	Fall Color Peak Adventure, Nantahala Forest, North Carolina (M-S)	Oct. 2-8	Lee Thomas	$325
94222	Rainbow Plateau, Utah and Arizona (M-S)	Oct. 14-Oct. 21	Jim DeVeny	$540

Base Camp Trips

94226	Laurel Fork Wilderness, Monongahela Forest, West Virginia	June 12-18	Bill DeLoache	$330
94227	Mono Lake Basin, Sierra	June 12-18	Emily Strauss	$345
94230	Vandeburg Lake, Sierra Forest, Ansel Adams Wilderness, Sierra	July 23-30	Sy Gelman	$590
94231	Sleeping Bear Dunes Park, Lake Michigan Odyssey, Michigan	July 31-Aug. 6	Sue LaVigne	$390
94232	Newberry National Volcanic Monument, Oregon	July 31-Aug. 7	Bob Tull	$550

OPEN TRIPS

JENNY HAGER/ALPINE IMAGES

TRIP #	TRIP TITLE	DATES	LEADER(S)	PRICE
94233	Stehekin Valley at Your Own Pace, North Cascades, Washington	Aug. 21-27	Carolyn Castleman	$895
94235	Trails of Canyon de Chelly, Arizona	Oct. 9-15	Bob Hartman	$640
94236	Virginia's Rooftop, Mt. Rogers Recreation Area	Oct. 16-22	Marjorie Richman	$350

Clair Tappaan Lodge Trips (The Lodge is located in Tahoe National Forest in the Sierra. See also Service and Family trips.)

94237	Strictly For the Birds	June 5-11	Bob Tull	$455
94238	Sierra Spring into Nature	June 12-18	Sy Gelman	$475
94240	Sierra Strolls	July 17-23	Kay Hornsey	$535
94243	Landscape Art and Leisure Hiking	Aug. 14-20	Jim and Helen Maas	$435
94244	Sierra Serenity: Hike Outside, Grow Inside!	Aug. 21-27	Helene Redmond	$395
94245	Nature Writing Workshop	Sept. 11-17	Susan Heitman	$520

Bicycle Trips (See Alaska, Hawaii, and International for other bicycle trips.)

94056B	Virginia's Skyline Drive and Blue Ridge Parkway	June 12-18	Ken Singletary	$325
94250	Finger Lakes Loop, New York	June 19-25	Phil Titus	$355
94251	North Oregon Coast Tour	July 24-30	J. Lynne Brown	$455
94252	Mountain Biking in New York's Adirondacks	July 31-Aug. 5	John Borel	$500
94253	Explore Acadia and Mt. Desert Island, Maine	Aug. 28-Sept. 3	Craig Caldwell	$510
94254	Cape Cod and Martha's Vineyard, Maine	Sept. 11-17	Gretchen MacKenzie	$515

Burro Trips (All Burro trips take place in the Sierra.)

94261	Artist's Palette: Red and White Mountain, John Muir Wilderness	July 17-24	Marshall Hasbrouck	$625
94262	Silver Divide and Lake of the Lone Indian, John Muir Wilderness	July 24-31	Gretchen Hayes	$625
94263	Seven Gables Country, John Muir Wilderness	July 31-Aug. 7	Rich Hamstra	$625
94264	Sierran Splendor: The High Country, John Muir Wilderness	Aug. 7-14	Rick Waltonsmith	$625
94265	Goddard Divide and Muir Pass Family Trip, Kings Canyon Park	Aug. 14-26	Anne Parker	$565/$845

Family Trips (See Burro and Water for other family trips.)

				CHILD PRICE	ADULT PRICE
94271	Stehekin Valley, North Cascades, Washington	July 4-10	Anne and Barry Hainer	$495	$750
94273	Pyramid Lakes Teen Backpack, Bridger Wilderness, Wyo. (Rated M)	July 27-Aug. 3	Joanie and Mike Hoffman	$245	$365
94275	Stehekin Valley Trip, North Cascades, Washington	July 31-Aug. 6	Jennifer and Ron Taddei	$495	$750
94276	Finger Lakes Toddler Tromp, New York	Aug. 1-7	Ginny Coombs	$250	$375
94277	Skyline to Sea Base Camp, Santa Cruz Mountains and Coast, Calif.	Aug. 1-7	P. Lemos and S. George	$205	$305
94278	Teton Basin Teen Backpack, Targhee Forest, Wyoming (Rated M)	Aug. 5-12	Joanie and Mike Hoffman	$220	$330
94279	Vandeberg and Stanford Lakes, Ansel Adams Wilderness, Sierra	Aug. 6-13	Donna Wells	$345	$520
94280	Clair Tappaan Lodge Service Trip, Tahoe Forest, Sierra	Aug. 7-13	Elaine and Tim Stebler	$140	$210
94281	Navajoland Cultural Experience, Canyon de Chelly Monument, Ariz.	Aug. 15-21	Patricia Boyle	$405	$605
94283	Skyline to Sea Backpack, Santa Cruz Mtns. and Coast, Calif. (Rated M)	Aug. 22-28	Susanne George	$215	$325
94284	Grandparents and Grandchildren, Clair Tappaan Lodge, Sierra	Aug. 28-Sept. 2	Jim Maas	$210	$310

Hawaii Trips (Airfare to Hawaii is not included in trip fee.)

94286	Big Island Bicycle Tour	June 18-30	Thelma Rubin	$1390
94287	Sea Kayaking in Kauai	June 26-July 2	Carolyn and Joe Braun	$1205
94289	Mauna Loa Volcano Backpack (Rated S)	Oct. 2-14	Duane Ottens	$1125

Highlight Trips

94291	Northern Yosemite, Sierra	Aug. 14-24	Jerry Clegg	$1190
94292	Ozark Ramble, Buffalo River, Arkansas	Oct. 16-22	John and Mary Frantz	$390

KEITH J. SUTTER

International Trips (International trips are tier priced based on the number of participants. Prices do not include airfare.)

TRIP #	TRIP TITLE	DATES	LEADER(S)	LOW TIER	HIGH TIER
94585	Cumbria Service Trip, Lake District Park, England	June 1-15	Gary Swanson	$2205	$2455
94590	Tyrolean Summer Dream, Hiking and Biking in Austria	June 18-July 2	Dan Noble	$2575	$2850
94595	Exploring Kenya By Track and By Trail	June 18-July 3	Paul McKown	$3685	$3965
94605	Norway's Lofotens and Midnight Sun	June 21-July 2	Mark A. Larson	$2825	$3105
94615	Haute Dauphine, French Alps	July 3-13	Jerry South	$2340	$2615
94617	Mt. Kenya Climb, Kenya	July 4-11	Paul McKown	$1885	$2025
94620	Ngorongoro Crater to Zanzibar, Tanzania	July 12-26	Kem Hildebrand	$3340	$3615
94625	Kamchatka, Russia	July 25-Aug. 6	Jerry Clegg	$2230	$2505
94630	Russia Through the Back Door	Aug. 8-22	Dolph Amster	$2930	$3205
94635	Botswana Wildlife Safari	Aug. 14-27	Ruth Dyche	$4370	$4650
94640	Mountains of Contrast: The Diverse Dolomites, Italy	Aug. 29-Sept. 11	Wayne Martin	$2705	$2980
94695	Altai and Tien Shan Mountains of Kazakhstan	Sept. 4-27	Frances Colgan	$3960	$4260
94600	Insider's View of the Loire Valley, France	Sept. 5-13	Lynne Simpson	$2330	$2605
94645	Hiking the High Tatras, Slovakia	Sept. 5-17	Wayne R. Woodruff	$1945	$2205
94650	Exploring the Land of Eternal Spring, Northeastern Costa Rica	Oct. 15-23	Ligia Fernandez Molina	$2200	$2475
94655	Manaslu Circle Trek, Nepal	Oct. 17-Nov. 16	Cahit Kitaplioglu	$2855	$3130
94665	Sea of Cortez Kayaking, Baja California, Mexico	Oct. 22-28	Blaine LeCheminant	$1395	$1440
94720	Total Solar Eclipse Expedition, Bolivia	Oct. 30-Nov. 5	Jack Zirker	$1285	$1480
94670	Kang Chu Himal, Nepal	Nov. 10-Dec. 7	Patrick Colgan	$2740	$3015
94675	Trekking and Touring in North Vietnam	Nov. 14-27	Reed McManus	$3220	$3415
94705	Lamjung Holiday Trek, Nepal	Dec. 17-30	David Horsley	$1500	$1700
94680	Holidays in Belize	Dec. 18-26	Tim Wernette	$2140	$2415
94685	Enchanted Isles, The Galápagos, Ecuador	Dec. 22-29	Dan Noble	$2565	$2945
94690	Cultural Exchange and Rafting Adventure, Costa Rica	Dec. 24-30	Sallee Lotz	$1650	$1895
95710	South China Holiday	Dec. 19-Jan. 2, 1995	Phil Gowing	$2630	$2945
95700	Adventure Cruise, Antarctic Peninsula	Dec. 30-Jan.12,1995	Leo and Nadia Le Bon	$4790	*$5035
95715	Annapurna Sanctuary, Nepal	Mar. 13-26, 1995	John Bird	$1615	$1870

(*Estimated price)

Service Trips (See International for another service trip.)

94301	Blue Range Trail Project, Apache Forest, Arizona	June 11-18	Rod Ricker	$235
94304	Chaco Canyon Archaeology, Chaco Culture Historical Park, N.M.	June 18-24	Reid Earls	$245
94308	Dark Canyon, Manti-La Sal Forest, Utah	June 19-26	David Simon	$275
94311	Queer Lake Trail Maintenance, Adirondack Forest Preserve, N.Y.	July 3-9	Richard Grayson	$230
94312	Women's Trip, Russian Wilderness, Klamath Forest, California	July 6-16	Maura Eagan and Didi Toaspern	$275
94315	Ukonom Lake, Marble Mountain Wilderness, California	July 9-19	Becky Blythe and Peter Littman	$245
94316	Dark Divide and Mt. St. Helens, Gifford Pinchot Wilderness, Wash.	July 11-21	David Stern	$275
94317	Granite Lake, Trinity Alps, California	July 12-22	Peter Petersen	$275
94320	Monument Lake, Marble Mtn. Wilderness, Klamath Forest, Calif.	July 17-27	Cindy Miles	$245
94324	Rolling Creek, Lost Creek Wilderness, Colorado	July 21-31	Tim Stebler	$245
94325	Kluane Park Preserve, Yukon Territory, Canada	July 23-30	Judith Harper	$375
94319B	Boundary Waters Wilderness Campsite Maintenance, Minn.	July 24-30	Bill Sheppard	$290
94326	Virgin River Rim Trail, Dixie Forest, Utah	July 24-30	Pam and Jerry Meyer	$255
94327	Eagle Cap Wilderness, Wallowa-Whitman Forest, Oregon	July 24-Aug. 3	John Anderson	$275
94329	Cloud Peak, Bighorn Forest, Wyoming	July 27-Aug. 6	Neil Miller	$275
94330	Pine Creek, Inyo Forest, Sierra	July 30-Aug. 5	Dan Brady	$275
94331	Sangre de Cristo Wilderness, Colorado	July 30-Aug. 6	Jim McPherson	$275
94332	White Mountain Trail Rehabilitation, White Mountain Forest, N.H.	July 31-Aug. 6	Jeff Knoop	$240
94333	Wind River Range, Popo Agie Wilderness, Wyoming	Aug. 1-11	Richard Weinapple	$275
94334	Seven Devils Mountains, Hells Canyon Wilderness, Idaho	Aug. 2-12	Christi Raunig	$275
94335	Ball Lakes, Panhandle Forest, Idaho	Aug. 6-16	Peter Littman and Becky Blythe	$245
94336	Grizzly Lakes, Collegiate Peaks Wilderness, Colorado	Aug. 6-16	Mike Wagner	$275
94338	Northwest Mountain-Forest Experience, Western Cascades, Ore.	Aug. 7-14	Jean Ridone	$275
94339	Strathcona Park, Vancouver Island, British Columbia, Canada	Aug. 9-19	Roy Redford	$325

1994 SIERRA CLUB OUTINGS

OPEN TRIPS

JENNY HASKIN/ALPINE IMAGES

TRIP #	TRIP TITLE	DATES	LEADER(S)	PRICE
94342	Zirkel Wilderness Beginners' Trip, Colorado	Aug. 11-20	Steve Lachman	$245
94343	Sierra Club's Own Trail, Sierra Forest, Sierra	Aug. 11-21	Michael Tharp	$245
94344	Salmon River Archaeology, Idaho	Aug. 13-20	Ann Harding	$295
94346	Mystic Lake, Mt. Rainier Park, Washington	Aug. 15-25	Kathryn Hannay	$275
94348	Capitol Peak, Maroon Bells-Snowmass Wilderness, Colorado	Aug. 17-27	Gary Goldenberg	$275
94349	Crater Lake Park Revegetation Project, Oregon	Aug. 20-28	Mary Grisco	$275
94350	High Uintas, Uintas Forest, Utah	Aug. 22-Sept. 1	Jim Klein	$275
94351	Huckleberry Ridge, Teton Wilderness, Bridger-Teton Forest, Wyoming	Aug. 23-Sept. 2	Dan Brady	$275
94352	Glacier Park, Montana	Aug. 30-Sept. 8	Michelle Plotkin	$325
94353	Lake Constance Revegetation, Olympic Park, Washington	Sept. 8-16	John Sherman	$225
94357	Chaco Canyon Archaeology, Chaco Culture Historical Park, N.M.	Sept. 11-17	Barbara Gooch	$265
94358	Chiricahua Wilderness, Coronado Forest, Arizona	Sept. 11-22	Sheri Serna	$245
94360	The Enigma of the Towers, Hovenweep Monument, Colorado	Sept. 18-24	Susan Estes	$265
94361	Bridges of the Spirits, Natural Bridges Monument, Utah	Sept. 25-Oct. 1	Linda Thibodeaux	$265
94363	Death Hollow Re-Naturalization, Utah	Sept. 25-Oct. 1	Cathy Underwood	$265
94364	Hawk Mountain Sanctuary, Kittatinny Ridge, Appalachian Mountains, Pa.	Sept. 25-Oct. 1	Betty Couts	$235
94365	Sleepy Hollow Trail Crew, Catskill Park, New York	Oct. 1-8	Kevin Karl	$200
94366	Red River Gorge Trail Repair, Daniel Boone Forest, Kentucky	Oct. 2-8	Russell Hall	$220
94367	Return to Needles, Canyonlands Park, Utah	Oct. 2-8	Sandra Wilson	$265
94368	Autumn Trail Maintenance, Buffalo River, Arkansas	Oct. 9-15	Kate Cunningham	$210
94370	Return to Autumnal Arches, Arches Park, Utah	Oct. 9-15	Mike Kobar	$260

Water Trips (See Alaska and Service for canoe trips.)

KAYAK (See Alaska and International for other kayaking trips.)

94376	Apostle Islands, Sea Kayaking Lake Superior, Wisconsin	Aug. 14-20	Larry Ten Pas	$540
94377	Sea Kayaking the Coast of Georgia	Oct. 31-Nov. 4	Michael Ewanus	$450

RAFT (See Alaska and International for other raft trips.)

94084	Colorado River Canyons, Colorado and Utah	June 5-7	R. Kurt Menning	$500
94378	Idaho Combination: Middle Fork of Salmon and Lochsa Rivers, Idaho	June 19-25	Gary Larsen	$1395
94379	Grand Canyon Oar Trip, Arizona	June 27-July 9	Bruce Macpherson	$2295
94381	Green River Rafting and Hiking Trip, Desolation Canyon, Utah	July 11-15	Bruce Macpherson	$690
94383	Rogue River Family Adventure, Oregon	July 26-29	Ruth Dyche	$590/$650
94123	Twin Lakes Base Camp/Rafting, Lake Clark Park and Preserve, Alaska	Aug. 1-13	Jon Kangas	$1895
94384	Hands-On Rafting Trip, Klamath River, California	Aug. 8-11	Mary O'Connor	$490/$550
94386	Rogue River Family Adventure, Oregon	Sept. 3-6	Jon Kangas	$590/$650
94387	Fall Grand Canyon Oar Trip, Arizona	Oct. 12-25	Victor Monke	$2395

For More Details on Outings:

These outings are described briefly in the full-color, 72-page 1994 Outings Directory, which appeared in the January/February *Sierra*. Each outing is described in detail in individual trip brochures. Use this coupon to order the Directory 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 apiece for extras.

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LETTERS

Continued from page 25

funds," which would provide private landowners positive incentives to protect rare species and endangered ecosystems. (Currently the Montana Defenders of Wildlife pays ranchers a $5,000 bounty if they have a breeding pair of wolves on their land.)

Lumping together orthodox libertarians and various free-market environmentalists with pro-business cheerleaders is as offensive as enviro-bashers lumping all environmental advocates with Marxist greens (the true watermelons). Either way, you end up with a mélange of contradictory views. Treating us all as of a kind sadly undermines what is in most respects an excellent article.

Gus diZerega
Foundation for Research on Economics and the Environment
Seattle, Washington

Power and Rauber criticize the 1990 Clean Air Act acid-rain provisions for SO_2-allowance trading. But they make important incorrect assumptions about this mechanism.

The acid-rain law, complete with allowance trading, was passed by Congress after more than 20 years of work by environmentalists. Many believe the act passed because a critical bloc of lawmakers saw that allowance trading would force a low-cost solution.

The authors cite one trade, involving plants that reduced emissions after the baseline years for the federal law but before the act was passed, as evidence that trading allows pollution to occur that wouldn't otherwise. This is not even a criticism of trading, but of EPA rules affecting "substitution units," which at worst would delay 2 percent of total U.S. emissions reductions by five years. Final rules are being considered at this time, and the EPA may ultimately reduce or eliminate this concern.

Power and Rauber also assert that several trades will result in increased acid rain in damaged areas. However, the trades they note are tiny in relation to the overall acid-rain picture. All the trades publicized to date together shift total emissions for a single year less than 2 percent during a decade when total annual emissions are cut by half. Most trades are between high-source areas, or high-recipient areas, and do not create net shifts.

In sum, SO_2-allowance trading meets the requirements established by Power and Rauber for determination of the impacts on each location, of who will pay the cost, and of the tools to be used. It also forces the majority of utilities to select low-cost compliance methods, instead of gouging their customers for ridiculously expensive ones.

Ned Ford, Vice-Chair
Sierra Club National Energy Committee
Cincinnati, Ohio

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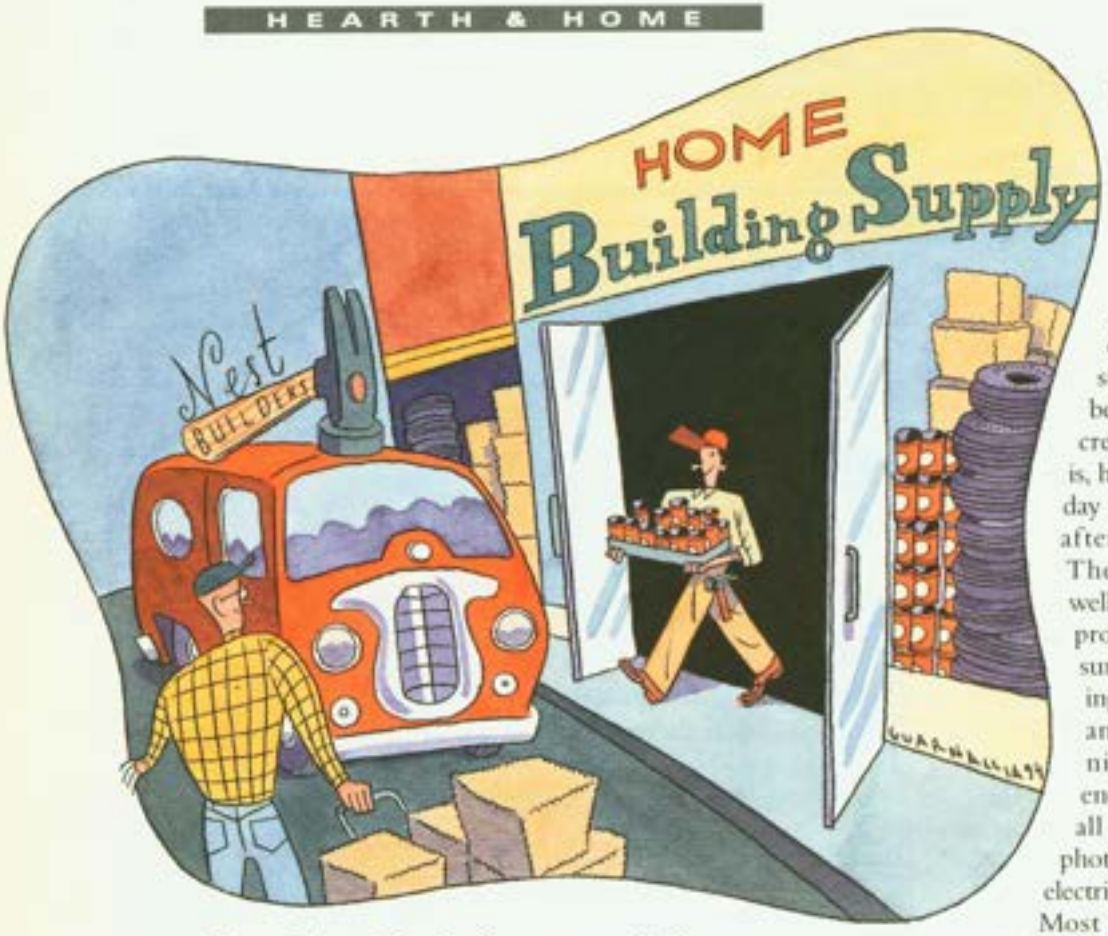
HEARTH & HOME



In the Balehouse Now

MARC LECARD

Worn-out tires. Empty beer cans. Straw. Dirt. A junkyard inventory? Your garage before spring cleaning? Not exactly. For some inventive folk, these are the things that make up home sweet home.

Building houses with discards has a certain timeliness: timber is becoming scarce and expensive, and the one thing we have a great deal of is trash. The use of cheap, readily available material diverted from the waste stream is also part of a response by innovative architects, designers, and builders to issues of affordable housing, resource depletion, and energy independence.

For 20 years, architect Michael Reynolds of Taos, New Mexico, has been building extremely efficient dwellings from cast-off tires, metal cans, and dirt, creating self-sufficient homes he calls "Earthships." Following Reynolds' plans, tires packed with earth are stacked like bricks and covered with cement to make the outside walls of the dwelling; aluminum cans imbedded in mortar are used to build interior divisions.

The Earthship is designed to function as a self-contained energy system. The tire-stack walls—which can be up to four feet thick—create thermal mass; that is, heat absorbed during the day is given back for hours after the sun has gone. These walls, along with well-placed windows and a proper orientation to the sun, help lower the heating and cooling needs of an Earthship almost to nil. The roof gathers enough rainfall to supply all household water, and photovoltaic arrays provide electricity.

Most of the hundred or so Earthships put up thus far are in the Southwest, but the concept can be translated to any environment, and dirt-and-tire houses have been built as far afield as Ontario and Vermont.

Rather than resembling the back corner of a junkyard, a finished Earthship looks almost like a natural geologic formation, something extruded by the earth itself. Yet they are technically sophisticated, eminently livable designs, the result of long thought on what housing should be in an age of limits.

Up in Nebraska's Sand Hills region, timber is not merely limited, it's nonexistent. Early settlers there built their houses from bales of straw (some are still standing). Now, nearly a hundred years later, a bale-house revival of sorts is going on, as environmentalists and advocates of energy-efficient living discover the low-cost, super-

The car's dead.

The cows are bedded down.

Call the construction crew!

insulating qualities of bale-built walls.

To make a wall of straw, bales are stacked in staggered courses like bricks, either within a wooden frame or as load-bearing elements themselves, and pinned to a conventional concrete-slab foundation. Once in place, the bales are covered by plaster, stucco, or cement.

A straw-bale, stucco-and-plaster wall made with 24-inch-thick bales can have an insulation rating as high as R-50; California's standard for new housing is R-13. (An "R" rating expresses a material's ability to slow the loss of heat.) And, since bale walls can be raised by almost anyone (once foundation and timber frame are in place), costs are low.

In addition to its insulating properties, straw-bale construction provides a quickly renewable substitute for timber. The bales can be made of waste straw that would otherwise be burnt after harvest.

According to David Bainbridge, restoration ecologist and bale-house advocate, more than 200 million tons of waste straw are burned each year in the United States; in California smoke from burning straw once contributed more particulates to the atmosphere annually than all the power generation in-state combined. (California and Oregon have now banned agricultural straw-burning.)

Earthships and straw-bale houses are examples of an important attempt to rethink the way we shelter ourselves. Capable of being erected at low cost and with minimal assistance, they offer a way for people to take some control over their dwelling space, and to live in a way that does not draw too deeply on our diminishing resources. And the irony of homes built with our society's throwaways is that they are built to last. ■

►*For more information, see "Resources," p.92.*

GOOD GOING

Cold Happiness

DOUG FINE

The bush plane destined for Katmai National Park's "landing pad"—in reality a turquois glacial remnant called Naknek Lake—is swaying sickeningly in the famous Alaskan wind, and even the pilot appears nervous. The only other cargo besides myself and a dozen cases of Moosehead is a 50-ish, full-blooded Aleut woman named Jeanne. And she is smiling.

I vow to ask Jeanne the source of her unnerving mirth—if we ever land. Eventually, following a crosswind brush with the three-foot breakers on Naknek, we do, atop the sheltered but more distant Brooks Lake. During the long stroll back to Katmai's only organized campground, Jeanne explains her unflinching jocundity.

"My mother used to live near here, before I was born," she tells me. "Before her village was destroyed. This is the first time I've returned."

Oh, God, I think, *not again. Not here.* The energy seems so good in this clearly spiritual place: a young spruce forest just getting started after the latest glacial recession, tasteful lupine and fireweed landscaping, all denizens of a lagoon that conjures up a Caribbean with permafrost, surrounded by 11,000-foot peaks . . . and here it is built upon another vivid chapter in the not-yet-complete genocidal novel of the New World.

"I-I'm sorry," I squeak out, my feet scrunching on pine-needle carpeting. Jeanne looks puzzled for a moment, and then gets it. "Oh, no, no, nothing like that," she tells me. She points southeast. "It was the volcano, you know, in 1912."

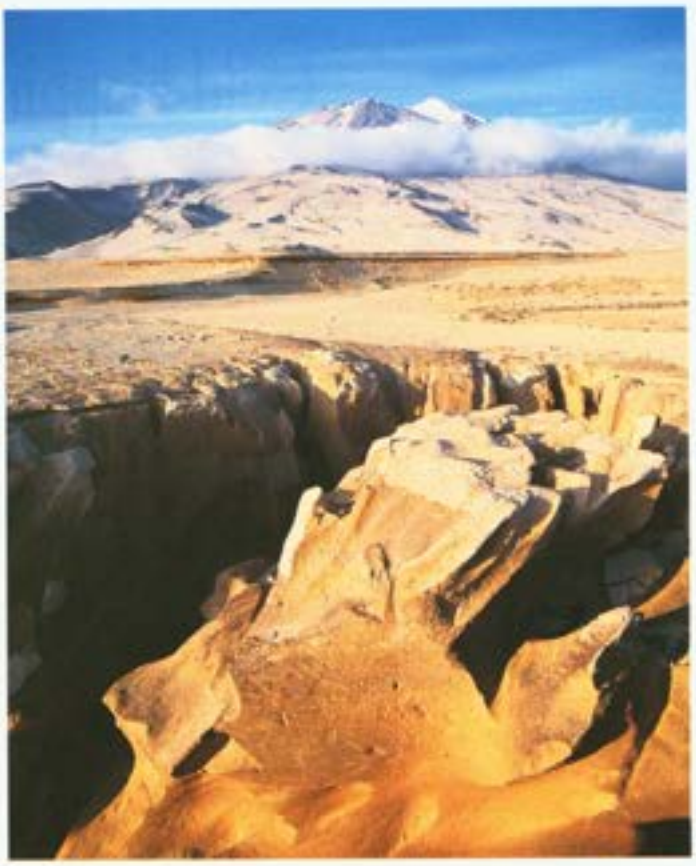
I remember that, according to the

■

In moonscaped Alaska, whatever's approaching will soon be gone

guidebook, 20 hours of earth-shaking allowed the evacuation of the two Native villages within the volcano's circumference of destruction. They relocated to the town of Naknek, which is still Jeanne's home, 80-odd miles west of what is now a desolate moonscape within the national park.

The Novarupta eruption, ten times more powerful than Mount St. Helens, bathed the surrounding valley in so much ash—700 feet in some places—that 81 years later the trees have yet to secure a foothold. The visitors have, however. Here I am.



The next day, the 40-mph wind that nearly gave me a bath in Naknek Lake is gusting afresh as I set off on the curvy, 45-mile bus ride down Katmai's only road to a cliff above the Valley of 10,000 Smokes. Even though not that many of the valley's fumaroles are now hissing and steaming, park rangers still won't let travelers head to the valley without a Berber-style array of bandannas to muffle the swirling clouds of choking ash. "Oh, and you might get some weather," is the local phrase.

By what my watch tells me is the next morning, I am not worried about meteorological realities. (In the perpetual daylight of this latitude, I am a solar-powered battery whose charge will not begin to run down until about August.) I've come to appreciate the rapidity with which weather systems move through southwestern Alaska. The impossibly wide vista all the way from Naknek's lagoon east to where the Valley of 10,000 Smokes begins is more engaging than a hypnotist's concentric swirl, as it tells of a future alternately ominous and reassuring. Storms are almost more relaxing, since I can see their opposite on the way.

My hike begins in a muddy alder bog crossed by massive bear footprints. That by itself is enough to inspire me to a cacophonous aria; these tracks are five times the size of my own bootmarks. Then I recall more guidebook wisdom: the half-ton browns often like to tread in the same tracks again and again. Belief in Bigfoot is widespread in Alaska, and I am convinced that I have discovered its origin.

My goal is the now-imploded Novarupta Peak, 22 ash-covered miles and two freezing river crossings away. The surrounding vastness, oddly, leads me to introspection, my feet on no path and in no hurry as they guide me through shocking red canyons of abandoned hard-ash castles where the unstoppable spring glacial runoff has already carved 75 feet into Novarupta's discharge. High above mad streams with names like the Lethe River and Knife Creek, these huge chaotic patterns make a knockoff Grand Canyon, carved in decades rather than eons.

Hiking is hard across the pumice plain. Battling exhaustion, I set up my tent to ensure a view that will capture the subtle, windswept sand sculpture that varies daily with the artist's ambivalence. Aesthetics notwithstanding, I wake up sore from pebbles and cold from . . . well, from being in Alaska.

I'm taking a break with my legs dangling over another sheer red cliff face overlooking the Lethe. In Greek myth Lethe is the river of forgetfulness, and I'm hoping I'll soon forget my aching body, when I feel eyes upon me. I spot a white-maned wolf, despite some nicely programmed camouflage. (I have some instincts of my own.) Its piercing yellow crystals are locked on mine. Instead of fear, I feel love. What I am in love with I don't know, but I'm infatuated. When I get up the wolf retreats, furtively, as if she'll be back.

For the first time I regret that Jeanne hadn't joined me. Indeed, it's the first time I've remembered there *are* other people. She was still wearing her gap-toothed grin when she told me she was going to hang around Naknek Lake instead of coming on the hike. I wonder if she couldn't have gotten a little closer to her invisible ancestral home, or at least told me where to look. ■

DOUG FINE *is a freelance writer based in New Orleans.*

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BODY POLITICS

Good Day, Sunshine

MICHAEL CASTLEMAN

Every spring, as the media crank up for summer by vilifying the sun for its role in skin cancer, San Diego epidemiologists Cedric and Frank Garland shake their heads. Severe sunburns may increase the risk of malignant melanoma, which kills 6,800 Americans a year, but fear of this cancer has led many people to shun the sun altogether. This extreme aversion, the Garland brothers say, is a mistake. If their research is correct, about 20 minutes of sun exposure a day helps prevent colon and breast cancers, which together cause about 103,000 deaths a year, 15 times as many as melanoma.

Go ahead, sunbathe.
But be back
in 20 minutes.

The Garlands first speculated about sunlight's possibly protective benefits in 1979 when they were both at Johns Hopkins Medical School—Cedric as an assistant professor of epidemiology, and Frank as a graduate student in the same field. At a symposium, an official of the National Cancer Institute presented the first-ever county-by-county maps of U.S. cancer rates, and the dozens of epidemiologists in attendance eagerly analyzed them for new clues to the nation's most puzzling disease. The NCI maps covered every major cancer, but only two seemed to show a geographic pattern—colon and breast cancer. North of 37 degrees latitude, a line running through San Francisco, St. Louis, and Richmond, Virginia, rates of both cancers were quite high. South of it, they were much lower. On the West Coast rates of both cancers were generally low. The Johns Hopkins epidemiologists theorized about what might account for such differences: diet, income, smoking, ethnicity—all the usual suspects. Cedric Garland had a different idea: "It struck me that perhaps sunniness protected against these diseases." The brothers have pursued this notion ever since.

At Johns Hopkins, Cedric's field was colon cancer, so the Garlands started with that disease, the leading cancer killer of nonsmokers. First, using federal weather data, they created a national sunlight map. Sunlight roughly corresponds to latitude, but the correspondence is not a precise one because of prevailing cloud cover. Their sunlight/colon-cancer map showed an even more striking correlation: the more sun, the less cancer.

In the early 1980s, the Garlands mapped sunlight and colon cancer worldwide, and found the same patterns—more sun, less cancer—except in Japan. The Land of the Rising Sun doesn't get much, but it had very little colon cancer. Why?

Cedric guessed the answer to be vitamin D. "People in sunny areas have high blood levels of this vitamin," he explains, "because the body makes it when sunlight strikes the skin. The Japanese have high levels of vitamin D because they eat large amounts of cold-water fish rich in it—particularly eel, but also herring, sardines, mackerel, and salmon."

If Cedric was right, Americans with high blood levels of vitamin D should have low colon-cancer rates. To test this assumption, the Garlands turned to a famous epidemiological subject pool: 2,000 Western Electric employees in Chicago who'd completed diet questionnaires in the 1950s, and whose health has been tracked ever since. Those whose diets were highest in vitamin D had, indeed, developed the least colon cancer. Next they turned to Operation Clue, which had followed the health patterns of 25,000

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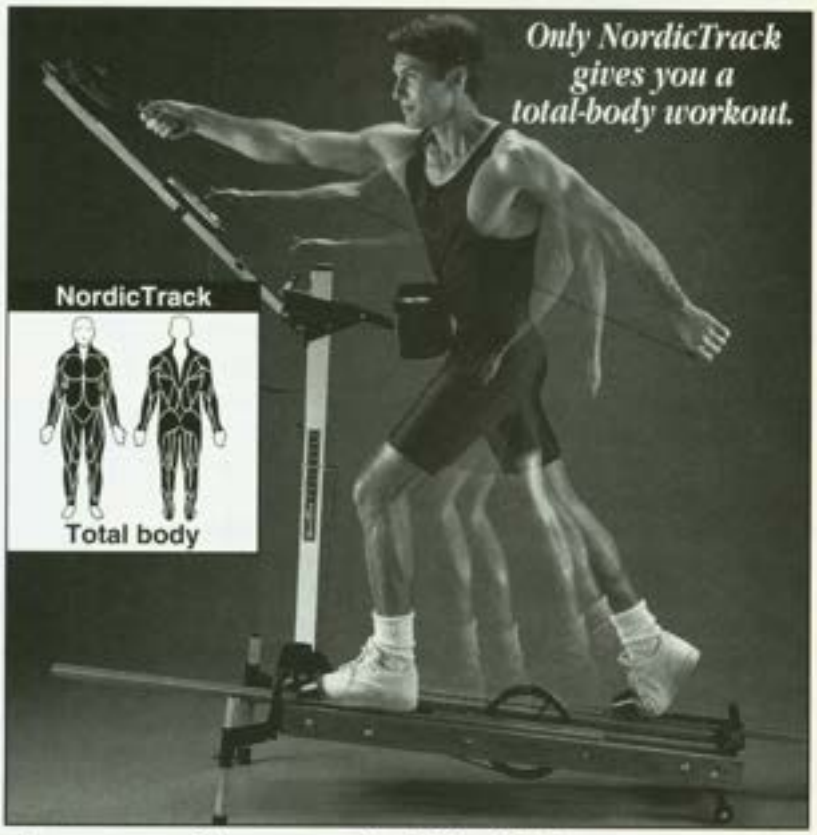

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Maryland residents since the early 1970s. Again, high vitamin-D intake correlated with a low incidence of colon cancer.

The Garlands then focused on breast cancer, and found the same pattern: low rates in sunny climes and in Japan. Could vitamin D also account for this finding? The Garlands believe so. "Vitamin D," Cedric explains, "helps move calcium through colon and breast tissue. A high vitamin-D level means you move lots of calcium, and your colon and breast cells stay normal. But if you're low on vitamin D, you move less calcium, and your colon and breast cells become disorganized—and develop precancerous cell changes."

The Garlands' sunlight/vitamin-D theory remains controversial, but in 1992 the National Institutes of Health thought enough of it to explore it in the Women's Health Initiative, a 15-year, $650-million study involving more than 150,000 women. One arm of the study is testing the value of calcium/vitamin-D supplementation for prevention of colon and breast cancer. Even preliminary results won't be released for several years, but in the meantime, a little extra vitamin D couldn't hurt.

The Garlands—Cedric currently directs the Epidemiology Program at the University of California's San Diego Cancer Center, while Frank heads the Epidemiology Department at the Naval Health Research Center there—urge people to increase their vitamin-D levels with judicious sun exposure (about 20 minutes a day, no burning), diet (cold-water fish and vitamin-D–fortified milk), and, in a pinch, supplements (400 International Units daily).

"I drink about three glasses of nonfat milk a day," Cedric says. "I eat fish once or twice a week. And I take a walk in the sun just about every day at lunch."

That might be a good prescription for all of us. ■

HAND & EYE

Lines in the Sand

HANNAH HINCHMAN

I bring only my journal, a few small pieces of watercolor paper to use as postcards, and a pouch full of drawing and painting supplies to Little Gasparilla Island off the west coast of Florida. It's time to get loose again after several months of precise and exacting illustration work. My plan is to complete ten sketches a day of whatever catches my eye, as a way of combining discipline and whim.

On the first morning the sky and sea are the same color, both of them disturbed and unreflective. I choose a pen that is reliable but not exciting, to try to report something about the sea

■

Multidimensional characters play the theater on the beach

oats that grow on the Gulf side of this barrier island. They form dense clumps that hold down hills of sand, but their individual stalks and leaves are slender and wiry. In a half hour I've dumped all of my drawing tools out on my beach mat, searching for the one that will let me make a smooth, incisive, curved line.

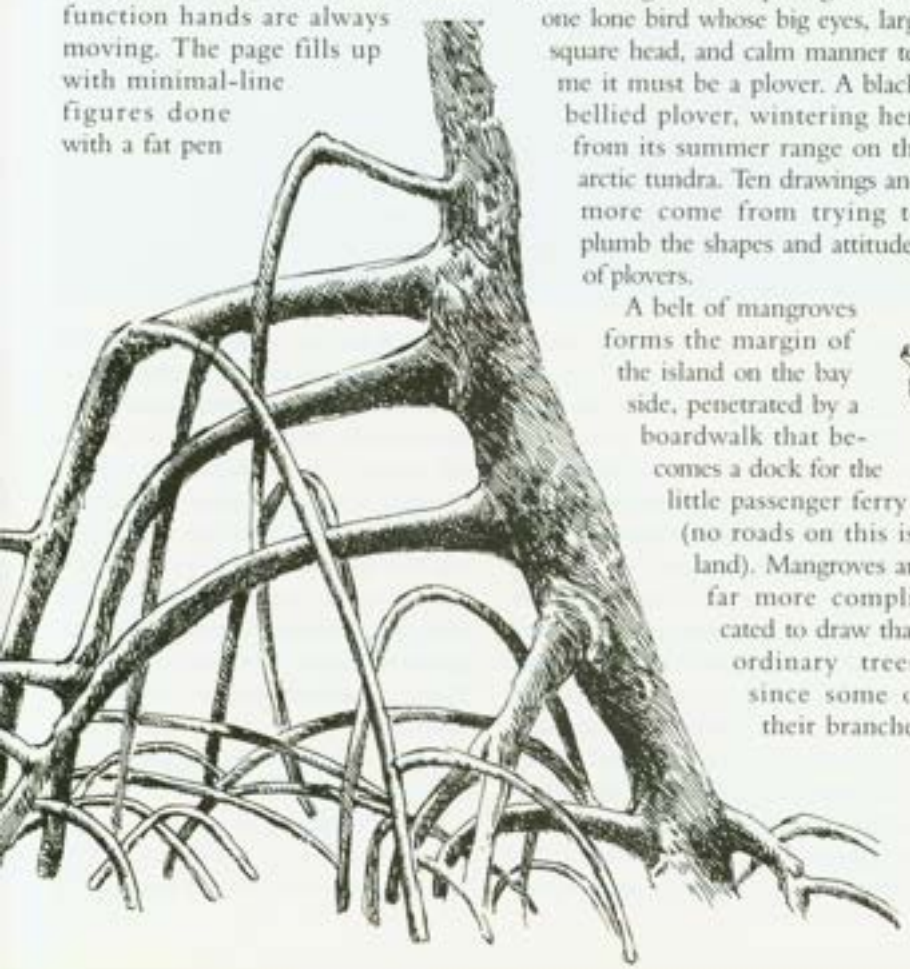
In front of me, a small landscape tells a story: sand below the sea-oat clump is hardened and pockmarked from last night's heavy rain. A curved leaf of sea oats that touches the sand has begun a fresh wind inscription, wiping away the pockmarks. As a northerly breeze gains momentum, the design expands before my eyes.

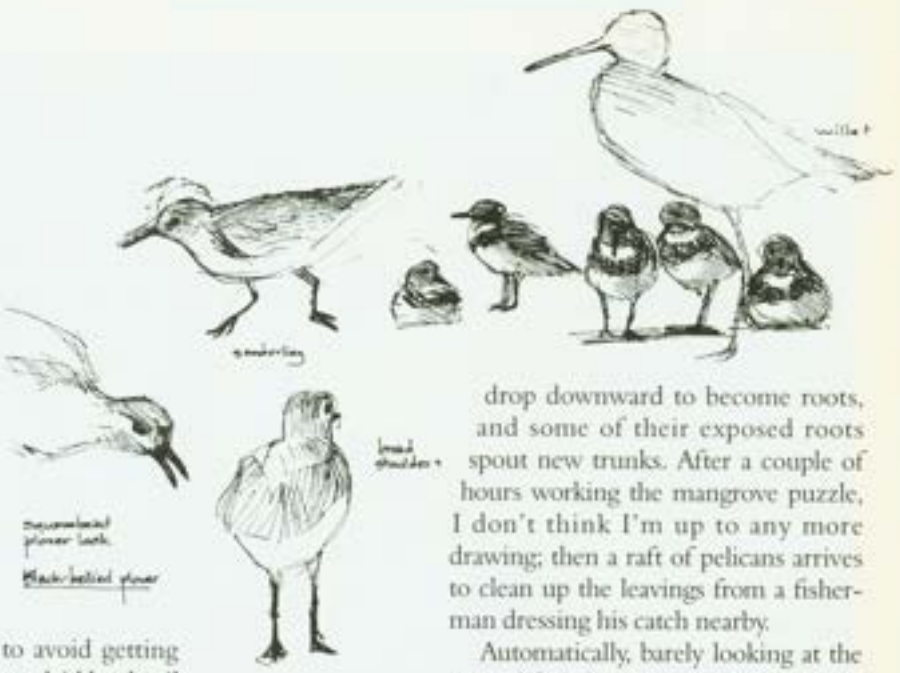
The next morning, I go out into the dunes. In only a few minutes, I discover a dozen tunnel entrances, usually dug at the base of a group of sea oats, visible from many feet away by the white sand ramp that leads to them. I might have guessed who made them from the dome-shaped holes, but several of the animals themselves, watermelon-size gopher tortoises, are sunning in the burrow entrances. For slow creatures, they disappear in an instant if they detect motion. I wait just behind a burrow and manage to make

four scribbled sketches of a cautious tortoise emerging. A few hours later they are abroad, taking big bites out of cacti, and I'm able to draw them if I make no sudden movements.

The next day's theme turns out to be crustaceans. Though no doubt they have been there all the time, now I spot crabs and parts of crabs all over the beach: stone crab claws, ghostly bodies of elegant little crabs with swimmerets instead of walking legs, beached horseshoe crabs, and the truly homely spider crabs, with barnacle-covered carapaces.

A day hot enough for sunning arrives with the passing of the cold front. My sketching subject is people: beach walkers, Frisbee throwers, and sunbathers, seen in the light of recent experiences with crustaceans and reptiles. How larval and unguarded these creatures look, but their multifunction hands are always moving. The page fills up with minimal-line figures done with a fat pen to avoid getting waylaid by detail.





Most of the shorebirds on the beach are familiar to me, but in the process of sketching and comparing I notice one lone bird whose big eyes, large square head, and calm manner tell me it must be a plover. A black-bellied plover, wintering here from its summer range on the arctic tundra. Ten drawings and more come from trying to plumb the shapes and attitudes of plovers.

A belt of mangroves forms the margin of the island on the bay side, penetrated by a boardwalk that becomes a dock for the little passenger ferry (no roads on this island). Mangroves are far more complicated to draw than ordinary trees, since some of their branches drop downward to become roots, and some of their exposed roots spout new trunks. After a couple of hours working the mangrove puzzle, I don't think I'm up to any more drawing; then a raft of pelicans arrives to clean up the leavings from a fisherman dressing his catch nearby.

Automatically, barely looking at the page, I let the pen record: pelicans' beaks are as long as their entire necks. Their wings attach far back on the body, giving them a top-heavy look. Their pouches look to be made of the same crepe-like material as bat wings, on a heavier scale; maybe they reject the spiny carcasses of sheepshead the fisherman throws out to them because their pouches are too fragile.

One day it's shells, another ospreys and vultures, the next creeping beach plants, then herons. By this time, my initial apprehensions about drawing are gone. I'm no longer thinking about creating good art, or any art—I'm just trying to keep up with the latest discoveries. Drawing ignites curiosity, then curiosity pulls my pen along behind. ■

WHEREABOUTS

On the Roads

ALISON BAKER

The mountains rising from the narrow valley where I live are riddled with logging roads. The hillsides are steep and the roads are switchbacks, so that as you follow one up, the same view appears again and again, expanding as you gain elevation. Finally, when you come out on a high ridge, you see the forest flowing down into the valley below, opening out here and there around a house or a pasture. In the hazy distance rise range after range of mountains, and sometimes, depending on the amount and altitude of cloud cover, you see the sudden cone of Mt. McLaughlin, pale or bright or just a dim silhouette in the east.

The mountains are the Siskiyous of southern Oregon, and since we moved here two years ago I have walked the logging roads every morning with my husband and our dog. Much of this forest belongs to the Bureau of Land Management, though it's interspersed with patches of private holdings. Nearly all of it has been logged or burned, or both, at least once in the last hundred years. Most of what we walk in is a healthy second-growth forest of Douglas fir, ponderosa pine, cedar, oak, and madrone, with here and there a sugar pine. But on some cut-over upper ridges and exposed southwestern slopes not even this region's cool, wet winters can give tree seedlings enough of a start to survive the hot, dry summers, and the hills are as barren and brown as any in Utah. At the other extreme, we come now and then upon a grove of virgin firs covered with moss and lichen, trees three or four feet in diameter, as big and as old as you could hope to find at this elevation, in this climate.

The part of the forest I frequent is heavily used. In fact, the number of people who use it amazes me: loggers and hunters and government silviculturists; campers and birders and mushroom pickers; people on horseback and on four-wheelers and on mountain bikes. We actually meet people only rarely on our morning walks, but their debris is omnipresent: beer cans, strips of fluorescent plastic hanging in the trees to mark mysterious boundaries; campfire rings, and used diapers and worn-out clothes and broken stoves dumped into gullies to avoid the 50-mile round trip to the nearest landfill, where they charge you to dump your trash. Shotgun shells and bullet casings are everywhere. Though we sometimes see hunters, more often we see the hunted—deer and jackrabbits, grouse and elk, and once a bobcat. We have yet to see a bear, but we've seen their footprints in the snow, and we've seen their late-summer scat, soft and juicy with blackberry seeds, in the middle of the road.

Like most who have come to southern Oregon from somewhere else, I like the forest because it gives me a sense of privacy and freedom. But that is an illusion. When I moved here from the city I expected to be more isolated, to have fewer dealings with people. Instead I find I have to deal with them more—or maybe just more directly. The people living in the Siskiyous are as jumbled as the mountains themselves, all of us full of our own politics and religions and ethics and plans and desires and hatreds; and there have come to be so many of us, and we all want so much, that we constantly have to negotiate with each other over space, over water, over how we want to treat the animals and the creeks and the trees.

My feelings about the logging roads are as complex as the populace, the geology, and the flora. I know that the roads themselves, as much as the logging they support, destroy the forest. Starting high in the mountains above my home and disrupting the whole watershed, even to the coast 100 miles away, the roads cut through fragile, thin-soiled terrain, causing massive erosion; the culverts that run beneath them are easily blocked with branches, leaves, and dislodged rocks, so that winter rains and spring runoff overflow the ditches and wash the soil downstream, silting up streambeds and destroying salmon and trout spawning grounds. The roads require constant maintenance; every spring the BLM rescrapes, rebuilds, repacks.

But I like the logging roads. I'm not much of a bushwhacker, and the roads take me into the woods, close to birds and animals and wildflowers, in an easy way. I like these roads the way I like shopping malls and commercial television—I use them and I take pleasure in them, wishing all the time they didn't exist.

From ancient times the forest has served human societies as a metaphor, a representation of darkness or wildness or evil or the unknown. There are still areas of the Siskiyous, not so very far from here, where roads don't go—not many places, and not huge ones, but they're there. Incredibly rough terrain combined with hard-won pieces of legislation have made them inaccessible to people who stay on roads. These roadless areas and designated wildernesses are attempts at preserving not just watersheds and spotted owls but that ancient metaphor as well.

The forest close to my home is still a metaphor, but one that's been slashed and scraped and carved into easily

accessible packages. It no longer stands for what we can't know, but for what we can do to what we don't understand. This forest is full of our roads and full of us; it is not quite a park, but it is under our control.

Once in a while my husband and I find ourselves on some road that the BLM has ceased to maintain. Depending on the location, the exposure, the soil type, it is ever so slowly being reclaimed by creeping blackberry vines,

Walking toward

the unreachable,

just around the bend

ground cones and puffballs that erupt through the gravel, bracken and fern, asters and chicory and poison oak, and by the detritus of the eroding slopes above and below it.

On such a road, when I look out into the distance and listen to an autumn wind coming down a canyon from the north, and hear kinglets whistling in the tops of cedars, I can feel just a touch of what the remnants of wilderness in those roadless areas still contain: a sense that, in the long run, we are surprisingly irrelevant. The marks we make, the scars we leave, the roads we cut through the mountain forests are as ephemeral, in that long run, as bear scat.

So the roads that enable us to do what we will with the forest become metaphor themselves: they are maps through geologic time, where human beings are exactly as important as anything else on earth—no more, no less. This is a version, I think, of an old truth; a way to understand that nothing here belongs to us, but that we belong here as surely as the jay, a flake of gold, the ponderosa pine. ■

ALISON BAKER *won first prize in the 1994 O. Henry Prize Story collection, and her fiction has appeared in* Best of the West *and* New Stories From the South. *Her first book is* How I Came West, and Why I Stayed: Stories *(Chronicle Books, 1993).*

Home on the Rifle Range

National parks in the United States are being held hostage by an armed gang—the National Rifle Association. If the NRA has its way, there will never be another national park until we give up a century-old ban on hunting in our most popular wild areas. With twice as many armed members as the Army, Navy, Air Force, and Marines combined, the NRA has made itself the principal roadblock to the proposed Mojave National Park in the Southern California desert, which the Sierra Club has fought to establish for the past eight years. The result is a clash of the titans of grassroots organizing: the gun lobby versus the environmental movement.

The collision will take place in the halls of Congress when the comprehensive California Desert Protection Bill comes up for debate. Even though California senators Dianne Feinstein (D) and Barbara Boxer (D), the Clinton administration, and three out of four Californians are all firmly behind the bill's provisions—designation of three new national parks and permanent protection of 4 million acres of Bureau of Land Management wilderness—the NRA wants the Mojave downgraded to a "preserve" where hunting could continue. And while the NRA's vaunted capacity to punish its foes politically is now greatly reduced, many in Congress still think twice before crossing the 800-pound gorilla of U.S. politics.

BY PAUL RAUBER

Since the Desert Bill's introduction in 1986, opposition has come mostly from the mining industry, welfare ranchers, the BLM, and off-road-vehicle yahoos. The gun buffs did not come out shooting until 1991, when then-Representative Ron Marlenee (R-Mont.) introduced an NRA-inspired amendment that would have allowed hunting in what is now the East Mojave National Scenic Area once it became Mojave National Park. Marlenee's amendment passed the House, but the bill stalled in the Senate and went no further that year.

While the NRA is a Dirty Harry-come-lately to the desert issue, it has had an abiding interest in opening the national parks to hunting. In 1986 it went to federal district court to try to force the National Park Service to permit hunting and trapping in national monuments and parks where not specifically prohibited by

For the trigger-happy NRA, it's open season on the national parks.

■ ■ ■

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Congress. The court ruled the opposite: that hunting and trapping are prohibited unless Congress specifically allows them.

The NRA badly needs a winning issue. It has recently suffered a string of legislative defeats, including last year's signing of the Brady Bill and passage in the Senate of Feinstein's assault-weapons ban. Consequently, the lobby has fixed its sights on the fears (and wallets) of hunters, declaring the Desert Bill part of "the greatest anti-hunting movement in recorded history" and making "no net loss of hunting opportunities" a centerpiece of its fundraising drives.

"They're already winning," the NRA warns its 3.2 million members. "They banned California mountain lion hunting. Blocked Montana's grizzly season. Attacked Colorado's spring bear season. Plotted bans on public lands bigger than Connecticut, Delaware, and Rhode Island combined."

The latter reference is to the East Mojave, which the NRA insists on calling "prime hunting territory." The truth, however, is that despite the desert's manifold natural wonders, it is an exceedingly poor place to hunt. "It's the pits," says Elden Hughes, a Sierra Club desert activist—and an active hunter. "Over the years hunters have taken an average of 25 deer and 5 bighorn sheep a year from that area. It's clearly marginal; you lose more hunting opportunity from building one rural road in Northern California than there is in the whole Mojave Desert."

"The East Mojave merits national-park status," says Sierra Club desert lobbyist Marty Hayden. "If we deny it because of hunting, you can write off any new national parks that have better hunting than the Mojave, because that's just about anywhere else."

In fact, about all the East Mojave has going for it game-wise are quail and rabbits—both of which are available for hunting in far greater profusion on the 10 million acres of federal public lands that would lie outside the park boundaries. The scarce mule deer are exotics imported from Arizona by the California Department of Fish and Game after the last antelope was killed in 1943. They have obviously not thrived: of the approximately 30,000 deer California hunters kill each year, less than one-tenth of one percent come from the East Mojave.

Bighorn sheep are even less likely targets. Nearly eradicated by overhunting and livestock diseases, bighorn were protected for more than a century, until 1987. Since then a limited number of tags have been available by lottery, bringing about $20,000 a year to fund CF&G's sheep-conservation efforts. For those too rich to trust to luck, one tag a year is auctioned off; this year's went for $110,000.

Those fees create an odd alliance between sheep-studiers and sheep-killers. According to John Wehausen, head of bighorn research for CF&G, "When you have no hunting program, the reality of modern politics is that you have no conservation program."

But hunting fees furnish only a third of California's bighorn research budget, the rest coming from the sale of vanity license plates (whose number includes GUNLVR, NRA4EVR, and NOSHEEP). A Mojave National Park might even *increase* sheep-hunting possibilities, as animals from its fecund Old Dad/Kelso herd are exported for repopulation efforts elsewhere. Already, 222 head have gone forth to multiply in other traditional ranges.

It does not take a sheep scientist, however, to figure out why hunting is an inappropriate activity in a national park. Many people, especially families with children, are understandably nervous about sharing a park with hunters; allowing hunting in the Mojave would effectively exclude a large segment of park users. As is, many casual desert hikers have had the off-putting experience of hitting the ground to avoid gunfire from parked or moving vehicles. Joshua trees and ancient petroglyphs are already regular targets, while as many as 30 percent of desert tortoises found dead on BLM land have bullet holes in them. The policy of the Palm Springs Desert Museum, says natural-science curator Jim Cornett, is "not even to consider doing research outside the state and national parks unless we have to," for fear of being perforated by some weekend cowboy.

The NRA's famous pit-bull tactics may succeed for the moment in scaring donations from hunters, but the organization is barking up the wrong demographic tree as the popularity of blood sports continues to decline. The number of hunters in California has fallen 30 percent over the last decade, with only 1.3 percent of the population still holding hunting licenses. By contrast, 6.5 million Californians, or 29 percent of the state's population over the age of 16, observe, feed, or photograph wildlife. A Field Institute poll last year showed that 84 percent of Californians oppose hunting on newly designated national-park lands, and 75 percent favor park status for the East Mojave knowing that hunting will be forbidden—as do two-thirds of respondents with hunters in the family.

"The issue here is national parks, not hunting," says lobbyist Hayden. "The Sierra Club is not opposed to hunting—in its place. And a national park is not the place."

► For more information, see "Resources," p. 92.

Babbitt's Blunder

The white hat slips off Mr. Conservation.

The rousing pep talk about a new, environmentally enlightened West was vintage Bruce Babbitt. But the assembled dozens of Interior Department staff greeted the Secretary's words with eerie silence. No one could raise a head, much less a hand, because they were still in shock: Babbitt had just forced the resignation of Jim Baca, the outspoken director of the Bureau of Land Management.

For many of these political appointees, it was a day of disappointment and confusion. A year earlier, when they signed on to help revolutionize the Interior Department, Bab-

bitt was a cabinet superstar, the darling of the media for his bold commitment to public-land protection. Now he appeared to be groveling at the feet of a small group of western governors and senators whose campaign coffers are filled by the same rapacious miners, ranchers, and loggers Babbitt once dismissed as "the lords of yesterday."

Baca had taken Babbitt's save-the-earth sermons seriously. In his first few months at the BLM, presiding over 270 million acres of land in the West and Alaska, Baca ordered a crackdown on potentially dangerous Alaska pipeline operations, blocked a proposed copper mine in Nevada, and balked at expanding an Air Force bombing range in bighorn-sheep habitat in Idaho. "You have to stick your neck out to get things done," he told *Sierra* last spring ("A Bolder BLM," July/August 1993). "I'm not afraid to do that."

But then his head got chopped off. First Babbitt offered to kick him upstairs and out of the action to a deputy-assistant-secretary position. He politely declined. Then environmentalists flooded the Interior Department and the White House with horrified phone calls and faxes, and Babbitt said that Baca could keep his job, at least temporarily.

A day later Cecil Andrus of Idaho, Roy Romer of Colorado, and other western governors dined with Babbitt. Then Andrus led a chorus of powerful westerners who aired their gripes about Baca in the nation's newspapers. Baca had snubbed western governors, they complained. For one thing, he refused to meet with Andrus before holding a press conference in which he criticized the Air Force expansion in Idaho. (When Baca turned down the promotion, Andrus fumed, "I'd have fired him on the spot.") Egos were still smarting from Baca's blunt talk, too, like the time he called Colorado's senators, Hank Brown (R) and Ben Nighthorse Campbell (D), "Marlboro macho" for their opposition to Interior's proposed grazing reforms.

By Thursday, February 3, Baca had gotten the pointy-toed boot, and Babbitt was left fumbling for words. It was a personnel decision, he said, not a course change. "What I learned as governor in Arizona in a very conservative, tough western environment, was that if you draw a line in the sand, it often doesn't work," Babbitt told *Sierra*. "You have to engage in a more complex process of consensus-building to work your way out of these conflicts."

At first, Baca took the criticism in stoic silence. After returning to his home state of New Mexico, however, he told *High Country News*, "It happened because they wouldn't stand up for their principles. This whole thing about me being abrasive and arrogant—it's just a bum rap. I come from a political background. I know how to treat people or I wouldn't have gotten elected [state land commissioner] twice by over 60 percent."

Environmentalists were livid. "Whatever his reasons for firing Baca," said Sierra Club Executive Director Carl Pope, "Babbitt made a big mistake. He sent a signal to opponents of reform that will encourage them

to resist further changes. He made his job—and our job—more difficult."

Washington Post political columnist Al Kamen understatedly declared February 3 and the tumultuous days that preceded it a "bad week" for Babbitt. "[He] enraged the environmental community that was very high on Baca, left an indelible impression that the administration is all too willing to cave in to western grazing and mining interests and their political allies, and sent a demoralizing shiver through [his] own department."

Ironically, the human sacrifice didn't satisfy the West's land barons either. Unless Interior abandons its land-reform goals, says Myron Ebell of the American Land Rights Association (whose members include miners and ranchers), his organization intends to take aim next at Babbitt himself. Equally insatiable was the New Mexico Cattle Growers Association, whose field coordinator, Mike Fusco, told reporters, "One down and 99 to go."

—Joan Hamilton

Common Ground

Native Americans join to stop the newest of the Indian Wars.

In June 1990, on the windswept rodeo grounds of tiny Dilkon, Arizona, on the Navajo Reservation, 300 activists gathered under a revival tent for what would become a watershed event for the Native American environmental movement.

From Wisconsin came Chippewas talking of a proposed copper/zinc mine that threatened their sacred wild-rice lake. Florida Seminoles and New York Mohawks spoke of fishing areas contaminated by industrial mercury. Choctaw and Lakota sat with Hopi and Athabaskans, brought together for the first time to talk about their environmental battles.

"It was empowering. It was encouraging," recalls Jackie Warledo, a Seminole from Tulsa, Oklahoma, who

had fought the siting of a toxic-waste incinerator back home. It was also unnerving, when the temperature hit 103 degrees and howling winds forced everyone to grab tent poles to keep the conference from going airborne.

"Outhouses were blowing over," chuckles Lori Goodman, spokesperson for Diné (Navajo for "the people") Citizens Against Ruining the Environment (CARE). "You had to laugh. But from that experience friendships and networks were formed."

The activists learned that they were facing common problems and even confronting the same companies in their disputes with the mining, timber, and waste industries. And too often, many agreed, they were depending on white lawyers and scientists to fight their well-heeled opponents. What they needed was a clearinghouse for technical information and strategic advice, staffed with Indian experts who could help educate and organize tribal communities to take on big business and big government. From these shared concerns grew the Indigenous Environmental Network.

Now almost four years old and based in Bemidji, Minnesota, IEN is not affiliated with any tribal government and is less a structured environmental organization than a coalition of local and national organizations. (Greenpeace helped organize the Dilkon conference, while the Sierra Club supported the 1993 IEN national conference as well as IEN workshops in the Great Lakes.) "We do it this way so someone isn't always having to come in from the outside and be the savior," says Warledo, a member of IEN's national council.

The network's efforts have helped local groups defeat a 5,000-acre landfill on the Rosebud Reservation in South Dakota, and a proposed incinerator and an asbestos landfill on Navajo land. With IEN assistance, campaigns are being waged against a planned military microwave transmitter in Alaska's Copper River Basin and a proposed nuclear-waste-storage site on the Mescalero Apache Reservation in New Mexico, among other schemes.

In some respects these campaigns

are like grassroots campaigns anywhere—but because of poverty, lack of infrastructure, and the vastness of some reservations, there are unique hardships. "The Navajo Reservation is the size of West Virginia," says Goodman, "yet West Virginia has 20,000 miles of paved road; we have 2,000. We have an average of two telephones per square mile, enough for about 10 percent of the population."

The network's activists say they are committed to educating and working with tribal governments, a task often made difficult when tribal leaders are willing to accept landfills, incinerators, dams, mines, and clearcutting of forests in return for money and jobs.

"I understand why they do it," says IEN spokesperson Tom Goldtooth, environmental coordinator for the Red Lake Chippewa in Minnesota. "Most of our tribal governments are in a survival mode. They're trying to provide housing, education, and health care, plus they're fighting alcoholism and drug abuse and still trying to get the U.S. government to recognize its treaties. They're looking for resources anywhere they can."

While IEN's activism has been welcomed by some tribal leaders, Goldtooth says some "industry-oriented" Indian groups have tried to discredit the coalition as unrepresentative of tribal communities—a charge Goldtooth denies. Some IEN members also say they've been harassed for their work. Donnalynn Torres, a Mescalero Apache who opposes her tribe's nuclear-waste-storage plans, says she's been threatened in public by a tribal employee, and that her family has been frightened by prowlers who bang on her windows late at night.

Another IEN activist, Diné CARE leader Leroy Jackson, was familiar with the pressure. He'd successfully prodded the Navajo Nation's sawmill to reduce its overcutting of ancient Chuska Mountain pine forests, persistently calling press conferences, leading demonstrations, and pushing for environmental-impact statements—all

NPG Statement on Population

We Believe that the Optimum Rate of Population Growth is Negative

We believe that the optimum **rate** of population growth for the United States (and for the world) is **negative** until such time as the **scale** of economic activity, and its environmental effects, are reduced to a level that would be sustainable indefinitely.

We are convinced that if present rates of population and economic growth are allowed to continue, the end result, within the lifetimes of many of us, would inevitably be near universal poverty in a hopelessly polluted nation and world.

We agree with Professor Herman Daly who has pointed out that the human economy is a subset of the biosphere, and that **the current scale of economic activity relative to the biosphere is already far too large to be sustainable indefinitely**.

Stabilization Is Not Enough

We believe that calls for merely slowing down rapid population growth, or for stabilizing population at present or even higher levels, **are totally inadequate**.

Such proposals, while presented as a solution, **fail to address the central issue**: how to create a national (and world) economy that will be sustainable indefinitely.

At present or at even higher levels of population, neither the application of science and technology, nor simplifying life-styles, nor any combination of the two, can offer any hope of reducing our impact on the environment to a sustainable level.

We Need a Smaller Population

We recognize that our impact on the environment in terms of pollution and resource depletion is the product of our numbers times our per capita consumption of energy and materials. Thus, there are only three ways by which that impact can be reduced:

- By reducing the size of our population by a negative rate of population growth.
- By reducing over consumption (in the United States and other developed countries) by simplifying life-styles.
- By reducing resource depletion and pollution per unit of consumption through more efficient use of energy and materials.

Population size is by far the most critical of those three variables. **Nevertheless, our present scale of economic activity is so large relative to the biosphere that all three measures are needed in order to reduce it to a sustainable level.**

An Urgent Need

Over 20 years ago, when our U.S. population was far smaller, (about 202 million, rather than our present 260 million), Professor John Holdren correctly saw the urgent need for a negative rate of population growth. At that time he wrote,

"...What is surprising...is that there is not more agreement concerning what the rate of change of population size should be. For given the uncertain, but possibly grave, risks associated with substantially increasing our impact on the environment, and given that population growth aggravates or impedes the solution of a wide variety of other problems...it should be obvious that the optimum **rate** of population growth is zero or negative until such time as the uncertainties have been removed and the problems solved."

A Population Goal for Our Country

We must have, first of all, a nationally-determined population goal for our country, accompanied by effective policies to achieve it.

We urge Congress and President Clinton to set, as a top priority national goal, **the achievement of a negative rate of population growth for the United States until such time as the scale of our economic activity is reduced to a sustainable level**.

We also call on our political leaders to urge other nations to pursue a similar goal.

Please help us build broad public support for a national policy to achieve a negative rate of population growth.

NPG is a nonprofit, national membership organization established in 1972. ***We are the only organization that calls for a smaller U.S. and world population, and recommends specific, realistic measures to achieve those goals.***

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the while charging the Navajo Forest Products Industry with financial mismanagement. His efforts stopped some logging, but also cost the jobs of 82 Navajos on a reservation where the unemployment rate exceeds 35 percent. The 47-year-old father of three told friends he had received death threats and went through bouts of depression about the consequences of his work.

Last October Jackson's body was found in his van 80 miles north of Santa Fe, New Mexico. Friends suspected murder, but an autopsy determined that Jackson, who was taking medication for severe migraine headaches, had died from an overdose of the heroin substitute methadone. (One theory is that someone gave Jackson the drug as an alternative treatment.)

Jackson's tragic death at the height of his career, says Goodman, has pushed some Navajos into environmental activism, to remain true to their ancient way of "walking in beauty"—living in harmony with the land.

While Native Americans may lay claim to being the continent's original environmentalists, tribal movements like IEN are a recent phenomenon—an outgrowth, in part, of the American Indian Movement and militancy about tribal sovereignty and treaty rights, says sociology professor Al Gedicks, author of a book on Native American struggles with multinational corporations. "What good is it to have the right to hunt and fish on your land," Gedicks asks, "if the animals you're hunting are contaminated with toxins?"

The invocation of tribal sovereignty has also become a tool for protecting the environment. Based on its ceremonial and agricultural needs, the Ysleta Pueblo in New Mexico has imposed tougher standards on its Rio Grande water than are observed by upstream Albuquerque, which is contesting the pueblo standards in court. One reservation, the Northern Cheyenne, has sought and received Class I designation under the Clean Air Act, which means the tribe has some control over the location and activity of any industry that could affect air quality over its lands. "Tribal sovereignty," suggests IEN's Goldtooth, "could emerge as the savior of vast ecosystems in the United States."

For now, IEN's highest-profile activity is its annual conference, which has more than doubled in size since the Dilkon gathering. This year's meeting (June 15–19 at Mole Lake, Wisconsin, hosted by the Sokaogon Chippewa) will focus on mining, since 70 percent of North America's uranium deposits and 30 percent of its oil, coal, and gas reserves are on or near tribal lands.

Despite the acrimony that seems inherent in environmental fights, Goldtooth believes Native Americans are uniting far more than they are dividing. "We are still related," he says. "We are traditional people who still care about and love each other. When a tribe goes through hardship over protecting the environment, it affects us all."

—Bruce Selcraig

► For more information, see "Resources," p. 92.

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Dress Rehearsal for Disaster

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Judging by the pallor of the four men on the dais, the press conference was not going at all well. A bevy of reporters was demanding to know who was responsible for the spill that had deposited 5,000 barrels of oil in the Strait of Juan de Fuca, and whether the captain of the ARCO tanker involved was too drunk to answer this query himself. Just as Captain Roger Mowery of the U.S. Coast Guard was managing to wheeze out a few calming platitudes, a group of environmentalist protestors gathered outside and began chanting, pressing their banners up to the windows. By the time the demonstrators piped down, Mowery's train of thought had been lost and the reporters were back on top, asking if ARCO was willing to guarantee that this kind of spill would never happen again.

EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL! NEXT TIME A TANKER SPILLS, THE OIL INDUSTRY WILL BE READY FOR THE CLEANUP . . . OF ITS IMAGE.

This was a difficult promise for ARCO to make, given that the explicit purpose of this unruly press conference was to get the official spokespersons in shape for the next embarrassing accident. Today's disaster was purely imaginary, an elaborate piece of theater known as an oil-spill drill, paid for by ARCO Marine, the shipping wing of the Atlantic Richfield oil company, and staged by Robert J. Meyers and Associates, a Houston-based consulting firm that specializes in helping oil companies prepare for the worst.

Meyers had hired me and two other real live journalists to play the part of the predatory press. Our job was to give ARCO executives and government officials a preview of the roughing up they could expect when the inevitable happens again. In return, we press types got an inside look at how the oil

industry is preparing—or not preparing—for the next *Exxon Váldez*.

Our dry run for the debacle took place in a large auditorium in Port Angeles, Washington, furnished with folding chairs and a few buffet tables. The cast of more than 300 included a host of spill specialists from ARCO, the Coast Guard, and the Washington State Department of Ecology, as well as representatives from Clallam County Emergency Services and various private oil-spill-cleanup companies. Professional actors played the public: pesky environmentalists, eager volunteers, irate homeowners, and angry fishermen. The rest of the participants played themselves.

The curtain rose at two o'clock on a Monday afternoon with the terse announcement that there had been an "incident" at eight o'clock that morning involving "some discharge." The *ARCO Fairbanks*, a tanker carrying Alaskan North Slope crude, had collided with a lumber barge in the Strait of Juan de Fuca on its way to the Cherry Point refinery near Port Angeles. The impact had knocked a hole in the tanker's hull about 12 inches above the waterline, and more than 200,000 gallons of oil had gushed out into the strait, forming a slick that covered about three square miles. The scenario is one that ARCO considers "believable"; its size is similar to an actual ARCO spill that took place here in 1985.

From the moment the spill was announced, the drill moved along in real time, with the various players carrying out their duties as they would in real life, from actually deploying a state-of-the-art cleanup vessel called the *Washington Responder*, to applying to the Coast Guard for permission to use chemical dispersants, to trying to convince the media to put a favorable spin on the whole fiasco. The drill lasted until nine that night and began again at seven the next morning.

By four o'clock on the second afternoon the event had taken on a life of its own. When 300 people spend 20 hours acting as if something's true, it begins to seem that it *is* true. Soon it was only the occasional comedic moment that kept me in touch with reality.

The comedy usually came when people forgot to stay in character. Near the start of the drill, an actress playing the role of an angry citizen burst into the cleanup command center and slammed a sagging garbage bag onto a table where two men from ARCO and the Coast Guard were meeting.

"This is filled with dead birds," she announced, brandishing the garbage bag (which was actually filled with warm coffee grounds). "Don't you people care about life?"

In response, both men began giggling, a reaction unlikely to calm the savage environmentalist.

"Do you think this is funny?" the actress demanded. "Do you think dead birds are a joke?"

THE FACT THAT THE AMERICAN PUBLIC DOES NOT CONSIDER dead birds to be at all humorous became abundantly clear in 1989, when the *Exxon Váldez* dumped 10.8 million gallons of oil off the coast of Alaska. The spill was the largest and most destructive in North American history, and it was obvious from the outset that the oil industry was utterly unprepared for anything of such magnitude. Alyeska Pipeline Service Company, a consortium of eight oil companies shipping out of Prince William Sound, had assured the state of Alaska that it could respond to a major oil spill in 2 to 5 hours and recover 50 percent of the oil. In reality the cleanup didn't begin until 14 hours after the *Váldez* disaster, and in the first week less than 4 percent of the spilled oil was recovered. When Exxon took over, it didn't fare much better. While the company dithered about what to do, an immense storm spread the oil over 1,200 miles of previously pristine shoreline. Television images of dead otters and oily birds instantly became archetypes of corporate rapacity and incompetence, associating Exxon permanently in the public mind with blackened beaches and drunken sea captains. In the end, only 14 percent of the spilled oil was recovered. Even today, oil seepage from coastal sediments is poisoning the mussel beds that feed otters and seabirds in Prince William Sound.

IT'S BETTER TO WASH BIRDS AND LAUNCH SKIMMERS THAN TO DO NOTHING. BUT THE FACT OF THE MATTER IS THAT ONCE OIL GETS INTO THE WATER, IT'S VERY DIFFICULT TO GET IT OUT.

In the wake of Exxon's botched cleanup, Congress unanimously passed the Oil Pollution Act of 1990, which requires oil companies to submit oil-spill contingency plans to the Coast Guard and the Environmental Protection Agency by February 1993. It also requires them to train their employees in oil-spill response, and to perform periodic drills to test their contingency plans. These exercises are the specialty of Robert J. Meyers, whose firm has been taking oil companies through such dress rehearsals since 1985. In the past six years, Meyers has conducted more than 400 drills, from small, unannounced exercises at oil facilities to large-scale productions like the one in Port Angeles. The major drills are particularly aimed at testing decision-making and command structures so that the people in charge of supervising the cleanup efforts don't find themselves standing around with their jaws hanging open when the real disaster occurs. At the same time, the drills give company flacks the opportunity to practice varnishing the truth just in case the mop-up doesn't go as planned.

At the ARCO drill, the hired hands operated from behind a large plastic curtain, not unlike the Wizard of Oz. But rather than smoke and mirrors, our tools consisted of a bank of phones, a computer, and a fax machine. Actors telephoned the Spill Response Command Center on the other side of the plastic curtain with as many questions, complaints, and requests as would presumably come hailing down in the event of a genuine spill. Other staff members provided the command center with fictional weather conditions that would have to be taken into account in planning the cleanup strategy.

At the same time, we press hacks were speed-dialing the Joint Information Center, a public-information office set up by ARCO, the Coast Guard, and the Washington State Department of Ecology. We asked about the cleanup effort and the cause of the spill, and the person on the other end of the line gave us some approximation of the Official Story, the gist of which was invariably "Everything Is Under Control." The public-information officers told us how many feet of boom had been deployed to cordon off the oil slick and how many skimming vessels were at the scene vacuuming up a mixture of oil and water from the surface. We took this information down, typed it up, and made it "news."

Oddly, it was this very superficiality that made the setup entirely realistic. Most journalists who cover disasters are general-assignment reporters who don't have the background to do much more than pin down the basic facts as dispensed by interested parties like public officials and oil company spokespeople. In his book *Media and Apocalypse*, Ohio State University journalism professor Conrad Smith analyzed the coverage of the 1989 *Exxon Valdez* spill and found that more than half of the named sources used by reporters on the scene were government officials, and another 22 percent were representatives of the oil industry. Most reporters got their information about the spill at press conferences, and their interpretation of the events from each other. The result was a predictable slew of stories almost uniform in both content and perspective. Most of these stories emphasized the drunkenness of the tanker's captain, Joseph Hazelwood, while virtually ignoring the 12-year Reagan-era decline in oil-shipping safety standards and Coast Guard funding that made a *Valdez*-type disaster inevitable.

In real life I avoid pack reporting the way most people avoid insurance salesmen. I hate press conferences, I hate smarmy public-information officers, and I hate the feeding frenzy that always occurs when three or more reporters get in the same room together and start swarming around a story. But as I sat at the bank of phones pretending to be one of my profession's many scribes of the obvious, I could see how easy it would be to fall into the trap of relying on official sources and looking for the familiar story. None of us covering the ARCO drill knew anything about the oil-shipping industry, its safety regulations, or its cleanup procedures. The public-information officers could have told us that ARCO was planning to suck up the spilled oil with drinking straws and cocktail napkins and we would probably have reported it without a trace of skepticism. So rather than try to figure out what kind of institutional procedures could have prevented the spill from happening in the first place, we kept harping on the question from the last disaster of whether the captain of the *ARCO Fairbanks* had been tested for drugs and alcohol.

The one advantage we did have over most journalists who report on environmental disasters was that we'd been briefed beforehand by the Meyers people, who didn't want things to be as easy for the corporate flacks as they usually are in real life. "Ask them who is ultimately going to get stuck with the bill for this cleanup," they suggested. "Ask them whether ARCO can deduct it from their taxes as an operating expense." They also handed us a newspaper article about a recent Friends of the Earth report revealing that every year the oil industry leaks and spills more than 11 billion gallons of oil (equivalent to a thousand *Valdez* disasters) on land and sea because of faulty storage tanks and routine careless-

ness. "But you need to ask some off-the-wall, fluffy questions too," one of the stage managers reminded us. "In other drills we've tended to ask all penetrating, good questions. That's just not realistic."

As a working member of the environmental press, I might have felt guilty about helping the ARCO folks hone their obfuscating talents were it not for the fact that most of them were already top-seeded twaddle-spewers. Questions about whether ARCO would compensate the state for lost wildlife were deflected with meaningless statements like "all claims will be evaluated and considered." Questions about the public-health effects of oil smoke (after 26,000 gallons were burned off on the second day) were met with bland reassurances that "safety is our number-one priority." Occasionally a candid comment broke, sunbeamlike, through the clouds of officialese, as when a Washington State Department of Ecology spokesman answered the question "Is this accident another *Valdez?*" with a shrug and the words, "We don't know." But mostly the company and government spokespeople did what they had learned to do in numerous media-training workshops: convey as little information as possible in as many words as possible.

The first press conference wasn't held until 10 a.m. on Tuesday, 26 hours after the spill had occurred. Aside from the Greenpeace protestors chanting in the background, it was a fairly dull affair, the best quote of the morning being the remark by Clallam County Emergency Services Coordinator Bob Hamlin that "a spill of this magnitude is not a happy scene." I spent most of my questioning time grilling Jay Kitchener, ARCO Marine's on-scene coordinator, about why the *ARCO Fairbanks* wasn't double-hulled. None of ARCO's ten tankers is double-hulled, he said, although three are double-bottomed. (Post-*Valdez* legislation requires oil companies to complete double-hulling their tankers by the year 2015.) "We cannot speculate that a double hull would have prevented this spill," Kitchener told me. "But we do believe we've taken a lot of preventative measures."

The exact nature of these measures was my next question, and Kitchener was able to list several precautions ARCO has introduced on its own initiative. The company has voluntarily slowed down its tanker speeds from 15 to 11 knots when traveling within Puget Sound, and keeps its tankers farther offshore than federal law requires. In addition, ARCO has invested in a special escort boat to help navigate the Sound's tricky Rosario Straits.

Something the oil-company flacks would never tell us, however, is that in spite of such safety measures, the risk of oil spills is actually *increasing* throughout the industry. There are more oil tankers at sea than ever before, and more than half of them are over 15 years old—which means an increasing chance of structural deficiencies that can lead to leaks and spills. At the same time, many tanker companies have reduced the size of their crews and automated their operations. The *Exxon Valdez*, for instance, designed for a crew of 33, had only 19 crew members aboard when it ran aground on Bligh Reef in Prince William Sound.

There's no question that the oil industry is better prepared for dealing with spills now than it was in 1989; no company ever wants to look as pathetically paralyzed as Exxon did then. However, much of what is rehearsed at oil-spill drills is action for its own sake. It's better to wash birds and launch skimmers than to do nothing at all, but the fact of the matter is that once oil gets in the water, it's very difficult to get it out. A Washington State Department of Ecology report notes that even under the best conditions, only about 5 to 15 percent of spilled oil is ever recovered. This statistic was cheerfully ignored by ARCO and the various government agencies supervising the mock cleanup, who jointly claimed a 31-percent recovery rate by the second day of the drill. But hell, what's the point of make-believe if you can't make things go your way?

THE WHOLE SCENARIO WAS FAIRLY REVEALING OF AN INDUSTRY THAT STILL TENDS TO VIEW ENVIRONMENTALISTS AS CRAZED KIBITZERS, CLOGGING UP THE WORKS WITH THEIR ENDLESS WHINING.

Another advantage of playing let's pretend is that you get to write the script to suit your own dramatic purposes. The Meyers people were particularly fond of creating scenes for Greenpeace, and so had obstreperous protestors popping up with signs and slogans at the most inopportune moments. During the pre-drill planning session several different scenarios were bandied about, including having "a radical fringe" of Greenpeace phone in a bomb threat and getting a Greenpeace activist into a fistfight with the captain of the *Fairbanks*. These ideas ended up being rejected for theatrical reasons—not because anyone seemed to think they were too farfetched.

When the Actors Equity environmentalists staged their demonstration at the cleanup command center, they seemed to be of a more sanguine temperament than the "radical fringe" envisioned earlier, keeping their Molotov cocktails in check and instead simply demanding an audience with someone from ARCO. I tagged along to cover the demo for the newspapers.

"We just want to talk to someone who can answer some questions," the protestors told Jim Ford, the ARCO public-information officer who came to shoo them away. Ford ushered the demonstrators outside, promising that someone

would meet with them there, but once they had all filed out of the building he announced that everyone at the command center was too busy cleaning up the spill to chat. "I'm sure you'd agree that the important thing is to contain this spill," he said. "You'll have an opportunity to ask questions later." The protestors were furious at this deception and gave me plenty of good quotes about ARCO's lack of interest in communicating with the public that I later transformed into a nasty little news item that the ARCO P.R. team could peruse at its leisure. The whole scenario was, I thought, fairly revealing of an industry that still tends to view environmentalists as crazed kibitzers, clogging up the works with their endless whining and second-guessing.

Real environmental activists didn't fare much better. Fred Felleman of the American Oceans Campaign, an environmental group active in preventing real oil spills, wasn't invited to participate in the drill but decided to come anyway. He ended up being treated like a teenage gate-crasher at a private party—no one was going to take the trouble to throw him out, but he wasn't going to be given a cocktail and invited to join the conversation either. "If they really wanted to put themselves to the test, they should have invited us," he told me. "We would have been glad to grill them. Instead they hired actors to reduce the environmental community to an obstructionist cliché."

It was Felleman who tipped me off that we play-reporters had missed the significance of the unified command's decision to burn off 26,000 gallons of oil rather than rely on chemical dispersants. The Coast Guard had denied ARCO's request to use dispersants for fear of poisoning local fisheries. The decision to burn the oil instead was a great leap forward, Felleman said, because burning the oil gets it out of the water for good. Dispersants, on the other hand, merely sink the oil to the bottom of the sea where it can't be detected by TV cameras. "Dispersants are a panacea for the industry," he says. "Every day you're not seeing oiled birds, they save millions of dollars in bad press."

ARCO's worst fears of bad P.R. could not possibly have been as bad as the press conference staged on the afternoon of the second day. The scenario had progressed to the point where oil had begun washing up on beaches—and now there seemed to be a second oil spill near a Japanese tanker anchored in Port Angeles Harbor. The unified command had neglected to warn the public or the media before going ahead with its controlled burn, and we reporters spent much of the press conference obsessing about the possible health effects of the column of thick black smoke hovering offshore. There were rumors that children at the nearby Elwha Indian reservation were overcome by smoke, and the Joint Information Center's own press release reported that benzene readings in harbor-area air had reached four to five parts per million—five times the state of Washington's safety threshold for benzene exposure. Naturally we wanted to know if the public was in danger and, if so, why the coastal areas hadn't been evacuated. And because the drill's theatrical aspect required us to be as obnoxious as possible, we shouted all of these questions simultaneously, interrupted the answers, and did our best to put the unified command on the defensive.

"Would you allow your children to go to the beach today, Mr. Kitchener?" we demanded.

"I would not recommend that any children go to a beach with oil on it," Kitchener replied.

"It's cheaper for you to clean up your mess than to prevent oil spills in the first place, isn't it?" we yelled.

By the end of the press conference, the four members of the unified command who had been drafted to answer questions looked as if they wanted to run out of the room screaming. We hounds of the press considered this a job well done and went back to our hotel rooms to get ready for the cocktail party ARCO was sponsoring to celebrate the end of the drill.

It was at that party that I struck up a conversation with the

Continued on page 78

BURIED AMIDST THE BOMBAST AND PIE CHARTS OF LAST November's "debate" between Al Gore and Ross Perot on the North American Free Trade Agreement was a fleeting moment in which the billionaire Texan held a videocassette up to the camera and told 20 million cable viewers that the documentary showed "a major U.S. chemical plant in Mexico that digs holes in the ground, dumps the chemical waste in those holes, bulldozes over those holes and contaminates the water supply for the people in that area."

While Perot paused to reload, a squirming Gore pleaded, "Can I respond? Can I respond?" But the moderator, Washington talk-show host Larry King, soon broke for a commercial and never returned to the mysterious chemical plant in the unnamed Mexican town (as we will a bit later).

No one knows how many NAFTAfarians realized what place Perot was talking about, but 2,000 miles away, in the Tex-Mex border town of Brownsville, Texas, the man who brought that chemical plant and the surrounding community to the world's attention was savoring Perot's every word.

For Domingo González, cofounder of the Texas-based Coalition for Justice in the Maquiladoras, which produced the documentary, Perot's plug on national television, albeit vague, was a stunning achievement. "When Perot held up our videotape," González told me later, "it was like hitting a home run. We felt our work was finally paying off."

You may never have heard of Domingo González—that suits him fine—but perhaps more than anyone, this 45-year-old Brownsville native has helped shape world opinion about health conditions along the border, specifically around the foreign-owned *maquiladoras*, or assembly plants, in Brownsville's sister city of Matamoros, Mexico, just across the Rio Grande. In the pre-NAFTA frenzy of the past four years the former migrant worker turned career activist has taken at least a hundred U.S. and foreign journalists, five congressional delegations, and dozens of labor, religious, and environmental groups across the border for a look at the industrial wasteland that is Matamoros.

Journalists from Amsterdam, Tokyo, Madrid, Munich, São Paulo, London, Toronto, Mexico City, and Paris have all come

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN DYER

BORDER PATROL

In the squalid colonias of Matamoros, Mexico, Domingo González is more than just the media's eyes and ears. He is, in many ways, a movement's heart.

BY BRUCE SELCRAIG

calling on González. When *Rolling Stone* writer William Greider outlined NAFTA's faults two years ago, the first two words of his column were, naturally, Domingo González. When ABC's *Primetime Live* investigated the border's alarming number of anencephalic births—babies born with partial or missing brains, a condition some health experts believe is connected to the *maquilas'* use of mutagenic solvents—González was just off-camera most of the time, leading the way to mothers, doctors, and factory workers.

It was not by accident that many of the world media's bleak portraits of life around the *maquilas* came from Matamoros. González made it easy by offering up articulate victims, corporate bad guys, cooperative experts, historical context, and, most important, directions through the town's rutted, unmarked alleys—with a minimum of the preachy sales pitch that annoys most mainstream journalists.

"There are few like Domingo," says National Public Radio reporter John Burnett, who has worked extensively along the border. "He not only understands, emotionally and technically, the issues raised by pollution, but in a maze of industrial plants he knows right where to go."

Environmental reporter Dave Harmon, of *The Monitor* in nearby McAllen, Texas, says González serves as a conduit for Matamoros residents too fearful or unsophisticated to contact the U.S. media themselves. "Let's face it," Harmon says. "If you're some gringo down here from Boston and you have to knock out a story in a few days, you can't do it without someone like Domingo."

Indulging reporters' deadlines as well as their frequent misconceptions of the region, the ever-patient González treats each one as if he or she were producing the definitive border exposé. He takes them to see some of the "Mallory children," 70 or so youths with facial deformities and mental retardation whose mothers worked with solvents and PCBs in the 1960s and '70s at the now-closed Mallory capacitor plant. He takes them by an accident-plagued pesticide factory where workers are so close to a neighborhood they can shake hands with residents over their backyard fences. In the shadow of Fortune 500 *maquilas,* González walks reporters past acrid, milky-white ditches laced with xylene, the Rio Grande floating with human excrement, and gritty, oblivious kids playing beneath railroad tank cars carrying ammonia and hydrofluoric acid.

The tours rarely fail to have the desired effect. During one such visit, Ohio Representative Marcie Kaptur and an entourage of journalists were strolling past a rainbow-hued industrial canal when a chicken wobbled by, took a sip from the ditch, and promptly dropped dead at Kaptur's feet. "Gee," she told reporters, "this really tells the story."

Were Kaptur and the journalists being manipulated? The toxic tours tell only *some* of the story, but González doesn't conceal his allegiances or motives, and reporters allow for his bias just as they do for that of the *maquila* managers who profess ignorance about illegal chemical-dumping and child labor. "There's nothing so ugly to reporters," González says, "as to feel they're being set up. Sometimes we do so little 'setting up' that we look totally disorganized. When you're as loose as we are," he laughs, "it's easy to make everything look spontaneous."

Before last year's NAFTA vote González's toxic tour became so popular, he was crossing the old Brownsville bridge over the foul Rio Grande several times a day with camera crews in tow. *Colonia* residents soon became blasé about all the photographers and boom mikes. Not so González's enemies. The resulting negative publicity so upset the Matamoros *maquila* association that, according to Mexican newspaper reporters, the association president asked the city council to have González and five other activists investigated by Mexico's

Clockwise, from above left: Domingo González; residents of Colonia Chorizo and their industrial backyard; the infamous Stepan Chemical plant adjoining the colonia. (Privada Uniones, the neighborhood that Ross Perot brought to national attention, is visible at upper right.)

thuggish Interior Ministry. Such "investigations" are not taken lightly in a country where, over the last decade, human-rights groups have documented many government-linked deaths of journalists, labor leaders, and opposition political activists.

"We sort of tease Domingo about the danger," says his friend Rose Farmer, the manager of an Audubon preserve near Brownsville. "But it's a real concern. He is at risk."

"Domingo is really quite a phenomenon because he accomplishes things," says Chris Whalen, editor of the conservative, Washington, D.C.–based newsletter *The Mexico Report*, and one who has investigated human-rights abuses in Mexico. "I'm really surprised the Mexican government hasn't had him killed."

THREE YEARS AGO, I TOO WAS LOOKING FOR that perfect border metaphor, that community-as-microcosm story that embraces all the elements of the environmental and social disaster that has befallen the region since the *maquila* program brought industrialization 30 years ago. When word-of-mouth eventually led me to González, he flattered me by listening—he never interrupts—as though my journalistic search were daring and novel, which it decidedly wasn't.

He paused in thought to let me know the enormity of this task, then winked and smiled.

"I think I know where to take you," he told me.

Few scenes in the Third World, and nothing in the United States, not even the neighborhoods around the world's largest concentration of petrochemical plants near where I grew up in Houston, prepared me for the sight of a tiny Matamoros *colonia* called Privada Uniones. This is the place that so appalled Ross Perot—and that González makes sure all visiting journalists see.

No more than a patch of land roughly 50 by 200 yards, Privada Uniones contains some 30 homes made mostly of plywood and corrugated tin. The shacks are surrounded by chemical plants, a rail line that supplies them, and a grain warehouse that covers the neighborhood in fumigated-corn dust. The residents of this industrial hell, who all seem to have wracking coughs, don't just live *close* to the chemical plants—their tiny homes virtually adjoin

them. On one side is the former site of Química Retzloff, whose abandoned pesticide-waste pit is no more than 20 feet from residents' kitchens and yards. Separated from the plant by only a cinder-block wall, the pesticide holding pond would sometimes overflow in heavy rains, seep through the soil and kill the neighbors' gardens. That was, however, the least of their concerns. In 1983, a chemical leak at Retzloff killed most of the *colonia*'s chickens and dogs; in December 1990, two 55-gallon drums of methamidophos pesticide exploded, lofting a chemical cloud over Matamoros that sent 90 people to the hospital. The plant finally closed last year, but the site has never been cleaned.

Opposite Retzloff is the Mexican-owned affiliate of Northfield, Illinois–based Stepan Chemical, one of the United States' largest makers of surfactants, which help disperse chemicals in everything from pesticides to toothpaste. Stepan, too, has had problems, experiencing an ammonia leak and an explosion that broke windows and TV screens throughout the *colonia*. (Stepan paid for repairs.) In the summer of 1991, a year after the residents first sought González's help, he and I walked along a ditch that came out of Stepan's property rust-red with chemical wastes. Inside Stepan's fences, maybe a hundred feet from the residents' homes, was an uncovered and unlined toxic dump where workers would empty drums of chemicals.

Domingo González meets with a resident of Colonia Cecilia Ocelli de Salinas.

Privada Uniones was fed up. Community leaders, who had been documenting the tragedies around them since the early 1980s, had appealed unsuccessfully to every level of Mexican authority. They were ignored until González and the U.S. news media showed interest.

The Coalition for Justice in the Maquiladoras had the canal tested by the Boston-based National Toxics Campaign, whose EPA-approved lab helps environmental groups document industrial pollution. The results showed the ditch contained the solvent xylene at 23.2 million parts per billion—roughly 50,000 times the U.S. drinking-water standard. (Xylene can cause brain hemorrhaging as well as lung, liver, and kidney damage.) An organizer for the AFL-CIO, a Coalition partner, began videotaping workers dumping chemical barrels into Stepan's open pit. All of which made compelling footage for the Coalition's video documentary, *Stepan Chemical: The Poisoning of a Mexican Community.*

Meetings followed between Stepan and the community, but little more. Stepan had the canal behind its property filled with dirt, as was the open pit within its gates; however, neither was excavated, allowing whatever soil contamination that was occurring to continue. Mexican officials actually closed Stepan for a few days, but in that nation such measures are widely ridiculed as political shows rather than true law enforcement. What González really wanted was for Stepan to excavate and decontaminate the entire community, relocate the residents, and compensate them for their losses.

For González, the cleanup of the Stepan site, and others far worse along the border, will be the true test of whether Mexico is committed to environmental stewardship or was just putting up a front for the NAFTA campaign. If, as NAFTA's supporters claimed, the pact will produce a bounty that can help fund such cleanup efforts, González reasons that the Stepan site should be a priority. But so far, the trade pact carries only a pledge of $2 billion to $3 billion, an amount González says would barely make a dent in cleaning up Matamoros alone, where he estimates there may be as many as 23 industrial sites that would qualify for Superfund status in the United States.

Today Stepan officials are adamant that they will never pay damages to the community or help to relocate residents. Charles P. Riley, Jr., chief of manufacturing at Stepan's Illinois headquarters, says the Matamoros plant complies with all Mexican laws, ships its toxic wastes to approved sites, has a new million-dollar wastewater-treatment plant, and is not now, nor ever has been, contaminating the *colonia*.

"It's ironic," Riley told me. "We've actually made the place much safer. I would live in the *colonia* and not have any worries about my health." (No doubt the residents would be happy to make the arrangements.)

Riley says González distorts the truth. "Apparently this is a trait of today's reactionaries and activists," says Riley. "He

Borderline conditions: the shacks of Colonia Cecilia Ocelli de Salinas (below) spread to the horizon. A hard-working resident of the colonia faces the most recent lens to focus on the settlement's plight (right).

continues to say Stepan is the largest polluter in Mexico, which is ridiculous." (Later Riley conceded that González has only said Stepan was "one of" Mexico's largest polluters. I asked Riley to provide any documentation of González having made false statements. I've received none.)

Riley believes Stepan was a convenient target for those whose real agenda was the defeat of NAFTA. He has convinced himself that Stepan's problems with González will go away and the community will come to respect the company. Toward that end Stepan has donated furniture, books, and a soccer field to local schools, and has hosted an open house and a dance at the Matamoros plant.

"We had hamburgers, sodas. It was quite a nice thing," Riley told me. "I think we're changing minds."

I LAST CAUGHT UP WITH GONZALEZ ON A RAINY evening in San Antonio just two weeks before the NAFTA vote in the House of Representatives, the treaty's first showdown on Capitol Hill. Without his morning coffee his eyes were still a bit reptilian as he emerged from a hotel lobby and climbed into my waiting rental car. Knowing his reputation for living on the cheap—"I learned mooching from the Farmworkers," he laughs—I had made him an offer he couldn't refuse: a free ride back to Brownsville in return for five hours of highway rumination on the life of an activist.

The previous night, after working all day in Brownsville, he had flown to the Alamo City, spoken at a local college's snoreful NAFTA debate, and doled out sound bites to bored TV reporters. ("They're promising the same things in NAFTA that they did 30 years ago with the *maquila* program.") Then he sat up past midnight over beer and burritos with a fugitive Mexican leftist and Susan Mika, another founder of the Coalition.

Such schedules don't seem to sap González's stamina, though his stout, 5-foot-6 frame now expands a bit at the middle—the result, he confesses, of too many late-night strategy sessions and not enough exercise. "Getting in at two,

Free Trade's Pricetag

For Domingo González, passage of the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA) last year was just a setback in the long war against border pollution. The story begins in 1965, when Mexico established a tariff-free trade zone along its border with the United States. Rock-bottom wages and the Mexican government's disregard of its own environmental laws have been luring foreign manufacturers to the region ever since. Today some 1,200 *maquilas* crowd the border from Texas to Tijuana.

The trade agreement extends the border free-for-all to the rest of Mexico. This time, a side agreement tries to mitigate some of the polluters' worst excesses. But it's a weak attempt, according to Larry Williams, director of the Sierra Club's International Program: the ancillary accord has inadequate backing and limited bite.

For example, Mexico and the United States have promised $8 billion for border cleanup over the next decade. But that figure depends on bankers ballooning $450 million in promised seed capital into $2 billion in private lending. That may be a long shot, because even the seed money is not guaranteed. If any cash finally does flow, the Sierra Club estimates, the true cost of cleanup will total $20 billion over ten years.

And while the environmental agreement's citizen-input process is the first ever to be included in an international trade agreement, it is made as difficult as possible. Here's how the public would pursue relief from *maquila* pollution under NAFTA:

Individuals or advocacy groups from any NAFTA country can file a complaint with the Commission on Environmental Cooperation (CEC), which includes environmental ministers from Canada, Mexico, and the United States. If the complaint meets certain "threshold determinations," the CEC then informs the Mexican government. Mexico can halt an investigation if it determines that the facility in question is subject to a "pending proceeding," which might simply mean that the government is seeking voluntary compliance from the polluter.

If there's no government objection, the CEC secretariat prepares a "factual record." It must rely solely on public records and is held to no timetable or deadline. Once the draft report is presented to the full CEC, Canada and the United States must both vote to file a complaint against Mexico. That leads to a lengthy dispute-resolution process and the unlikely possibility that sanctions would be levied against Mexico for failure to enforce its environmental laws. Mexico can avoid fines simply by claiming that it doesn't have the money to implement those laws.

The process could drag on for 18 months; the citizens who initiated the complaint with the CEC can do nothing officially to influence its resolution. What they *can* do is become watchdogs, holding the NAFTA governments accountable through the glare of public attention. That, combined with the patience of a Domingo González, might allow trade without environmental trade-offs.

The ultimate tariff: the cost of pollution on future generations.

waking up at six, eggs and coffee—that'll kill ya," he says, between bites of his breakfast taco. His hair is still black as outer space and lies flat to his head; the wide cheekbones and coffee complexion come from his mother's Indio side (His father, who speaks only Spanish, is as fair as a Spaniard.)

González is an increasingly rare individual in self-absorbed America. Free of cynicism and driven by conscience, he has spent the last 25 years, often with great personal sacrifice, helping others fight their battles: first, in his 20s, through Catholic Church charities on the border, then Lyndon Johnson's War on Poverty, and eventually the Quaker-affiliated American Friends Service Committee (AFSC), one of the largest social-service agencies in the country. In a time when many activists are one-issue supernovas or weekend zealots with nice day jobs, González is the real thing: a full-time do-gooder.

González no longer receives a paycheck from the Coalition, because he was uncomfortable with the appearance of being a "paid agitator." The group pays for some of his phone bills and printing supplies, but he lives mainly off a periodic consultancy for the Texas Center for Policy Studies, an Austin-based environmental think tank. He has no savings account, no health insurance, no automobile, TV, furniture, or credit cards. "I am," he says wryly, "recession-proof." Now and then friends send him checks in the mail or buy groceries; reporters on expense accounts are often good for a couple of meals each month. Divorced for some 16 years and the father of three grown sons, González could no longer afford his apartment last year and so shuttled between the homes of his parents, former wife, a brother, and a Brownsville judge. Contacting him by phone was like trying to dial up Salman Rushdie. (He now shares an older house with several other Brownsville activists.)

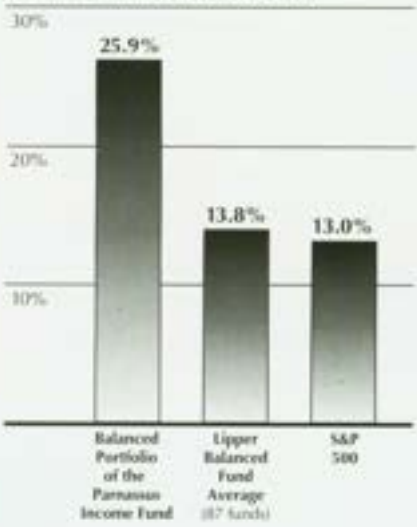
Continued on page 79

IRA Transfers

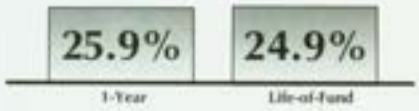
Social Responsibility *and* Investment Performance

PARNASSUS
BALANCED PORTFOLIO

Total Returns
For the 12 months ending 9/30/93



Average Annual Total Returns
For Periods ending 9/30/93
Portfolio inception was 9/1/92



Some people say that social responsibility and investment performance can't go together. We beg to differ. For the 12 months ending September 30, 1993, the Balanced Portfolio of the Parnassus Income Fund earned 25.9%. This compares to 13.8% for the average balanced fund and 13.0% for the S&P 500. According to Lipper Analytical Services, this made the Parnassus Balanced Portfolio the second-best performing of all 87 balanced mutual funds in the country and the best performing of the 23 social investment funds.

The Parnassus Balanced Portfolio invests in bonds and dividend-paying stocks while seeking to provide income, preserve principal and provide an opportunity for capital appreciation. The companies we invest in are good corporate citizens. They treat their employees well, provide equal employment opportunity and recognize environmental protection as sensible policy.

Past performance is no guarantee of future results. Investment return and principal value of shares will fluctuate so that an investor's shares, when redeemed, may be worth more or less than their original cost. For more complete information including management fees, charges and expenses, call or write the Fund at the address below for a current prospectus. Read it carefully before you invest or send money.

PARNASSUS
BALANCED PORTFOLIO

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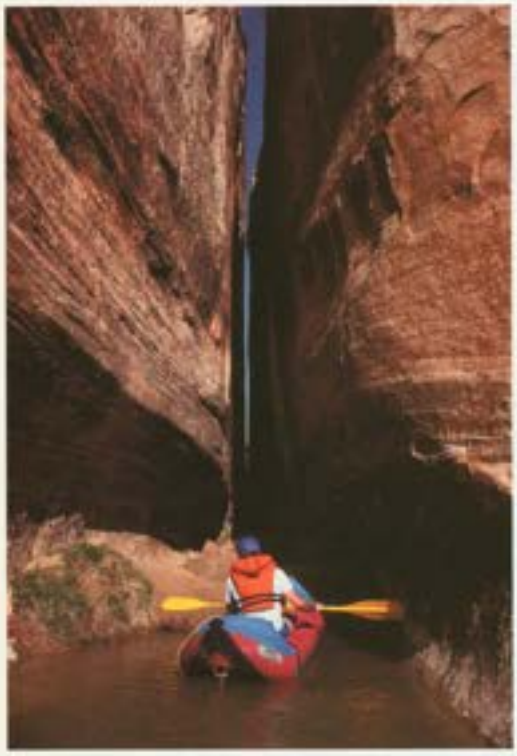
800-999-3505

100% No-Load

On River Time



Although this may seem obvious, the one essential ingredient of a great river trip is an adequate *river.* Paddling an inflatable kayak down a stream without enough water, I've discovered, demands the combined skills of mogul skiing, skateboarding, stick fighting, pole vaulting, and bobsledding.

My friend Leon and I faced this riparian pentathlon one April on southern Utah's Escalante River. When we reached the Escalante after driving one of the most dramatic routes in America, down Utah Highway 12 from Boulder Mountain—where bare aspens waited patiently for spring and a lone coyote stared at us from a snowfield—we searched for any sign of a river moving between its banks.

"It's certainly well camouflaged," I said.

Leon just whistled, then looked up at the sky as if expecting rain.

At the highway put-in, neither of us mentioned the obvious water

Is this place staggering, or is it just us? In redrock country

shortage. I paced amid our chaos of kayaking and backpacking gear while Leon sat on the hood of his truck performing surgery on a pair of Teva san-

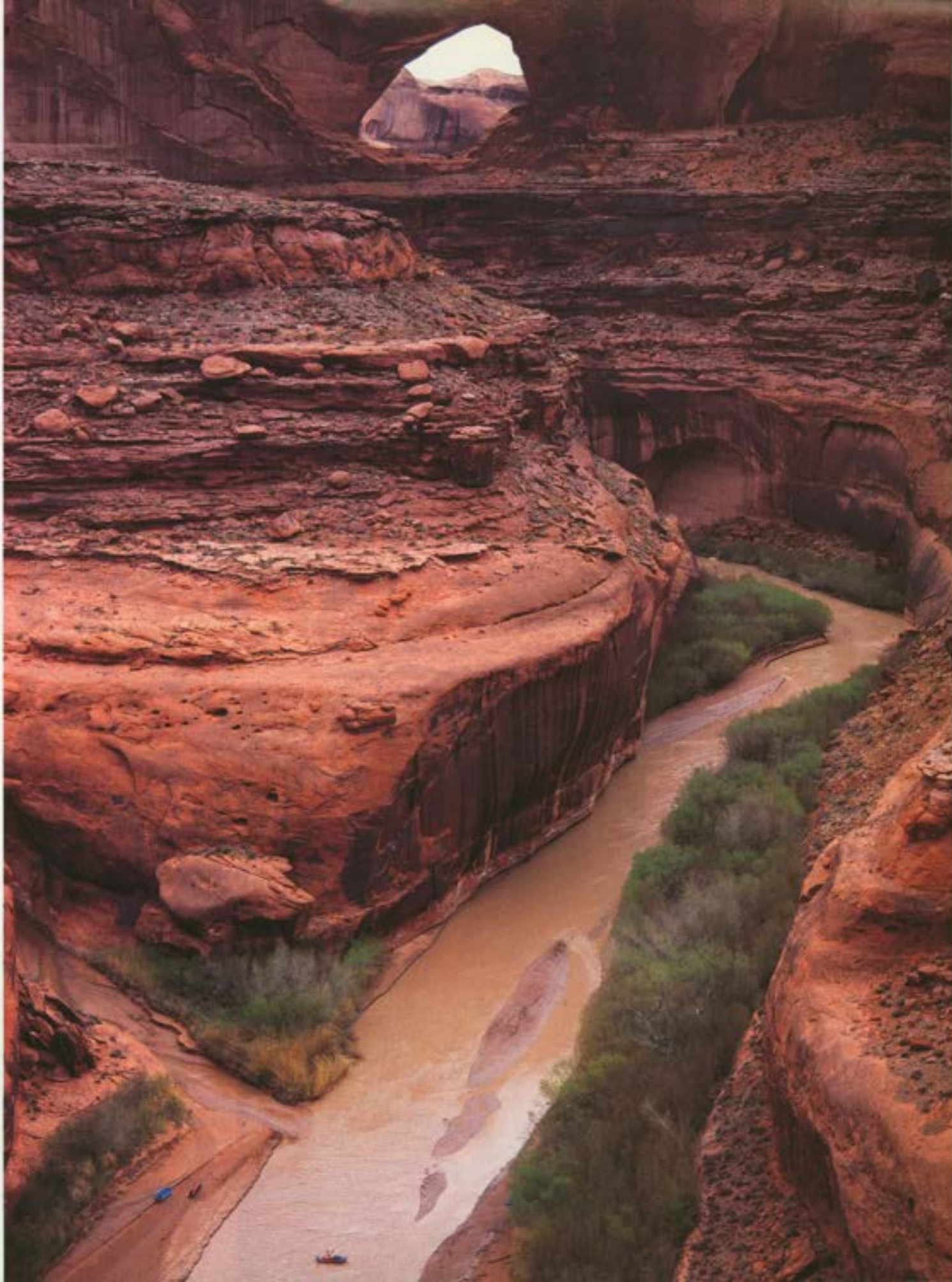
two gung-ho guys in rubber kayaks

dals with dental floss, pliers, a sewing needle, and a spoon. We ate three-day-old sourdough bread, hard as a tire iron, and imagined mighty rivers: the Mississippi, the Columbia, the Colorado. Beside us, the Escalante doddered like a friendly drunk, just able to muster the energy to slide over shallow stones.

learn to pace themselves.

"I've seen more water flowing across my kitchen floor," Leon finally said, "one time when the washing machine backed up."

by Jeff Wallach ✹ *Photography by Leon Werdinger*



If you consult a highway map of Utah and place your finger on the point farthest from an interstate, you'll end up either on a missile-testing range or in the Escalante River. Named for a Spanish cleric who got nowhere near the river while searching for a new route between Santa Fe and Monterey, California, in 1776, the Escalante defied discovery by whites for another 100 years. John Wesley Powell twice floated past its mouth while exploring the Colorado River in 1869 and 1871, but never realized it was a major tributary. A year later, the Thompson-Dellenbaugh party mistook the Escalante for the Dirty Devil River and then, recognizing their error, claimed credit for finding it. It was the last river to be discovered in the contiguous United States.

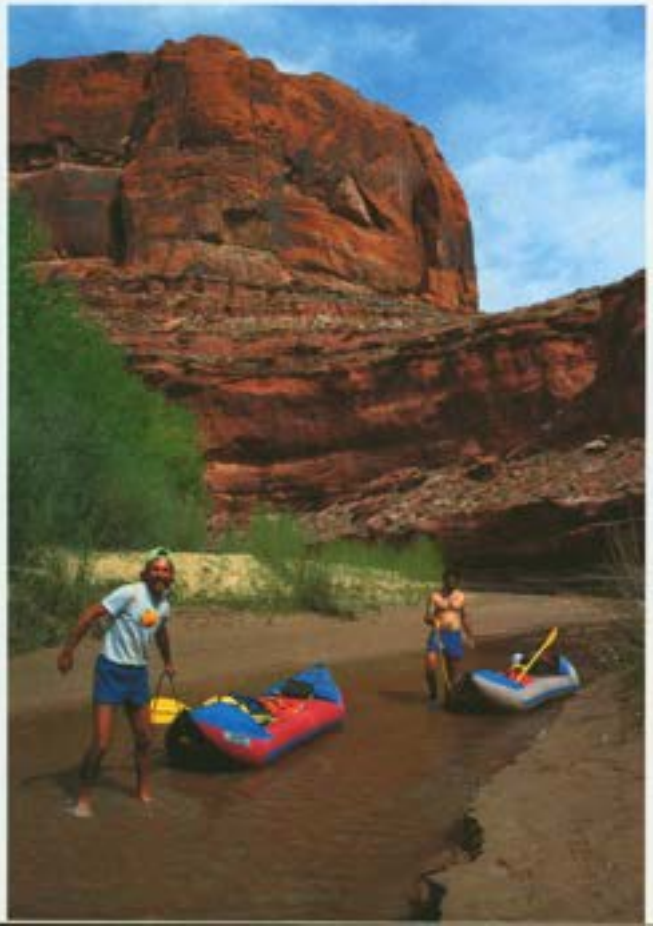
Bordered by the Circle Cliffs and Waterpocket Fold to the east, the Straight Cliffs of the Kaiparowits Plateau to the west, and the Aquarius Plateau to the north—and offering rim views of Navajo and Boulder mountains, and the solitary Henry range—the Escalante canyon is difficult to reach and well protected from sight. Before being uplifted some 60 million years ago, much of the region lay under an inland sea, collecting the colorful sediments that running water has since carved into fins, domes, alcoves, arches, and natural bridges, in shades of red, brown, purple, gray, and green. Side canyons branch off side canyons as if in some geologic pyramid scheme.

Every year, millions of visitors to Bryce, Zion, Arches, and Canyonlands national parks follow the examples of Father Escalante and Major Powell in bypassing these canyons on their way to other places. Yet a few backpackers do find their way here, and unfortunately that's all it takes to shatter the isolation of the river and its tributaries—the visiting of which Leon and I selfishly, wholeheartedly, and hypocritically discourage. We worked hard to devise a way of having the Escalante to ourselves: the hanging gardens of purple columbine clustered around seeps in deep-red rock, the whispers of perfume from sage and desert holly, the rounded streambed stones that feel so smooth in your hands. And above it all, the slices of star-flaked sky viewed from sandy alcove camps, illuminated by a goofy, lopsided moon.

The Escalante is nearly always too shallow for rafts or canoes, and hard-shell river kayaks would have been too small for gear and too clumsy to pack out at the end. So we opted for inflatable kayaks, which seemed to us, planning from afar, to be custom-made for this trip. They would enable us to get to our designated take-out at Coyote Gulch, 80 miles downstream, far faster than if we went on foot, maximizing the amount of time that we could spend hiking the deepest sections of the Escalante's otherwise inaccessible side canyons.

But the most compelling argument for this particular scheme was that we'd never actually heard of anyone traveling the Escalante by boat.

Yes, information on floating the river does exist, but it's scarce; simply finding it constituted the first stage of our expedition. In his 1978 book *Canyon Country Paddles,* Verne Huser reports that "the Escalante has probably not been run by more than a dozen parties to date. It is a real wilderness river, tough to get out of once you are in it or on it . . . totally isolated most of the time. It is only for the adventuresome." Fourteen years after admonishing his readers to treat the Escalante "with reverence," Huser still hadn't gotten around to it himself.



Huser's warnings were and remain on target: since the Escalante descends nearly 2,000 feet between the Highway 12 bridge and Lake Powell, river runners must either portage and paddle down to and then across the reservoir, or climb out from the depths, lugging their crafts through one of only two negotiable side canyons. In the event of a minor injury sustained by a person, or an irreparable one suffered by a kayak, the hike back to civilization could take days: the sheer walls would dictate a circuitous route, and once out of the canyon one might have to trudge as much as 50 miles on the desolate, dead-end Hole-in-the-Rock Road

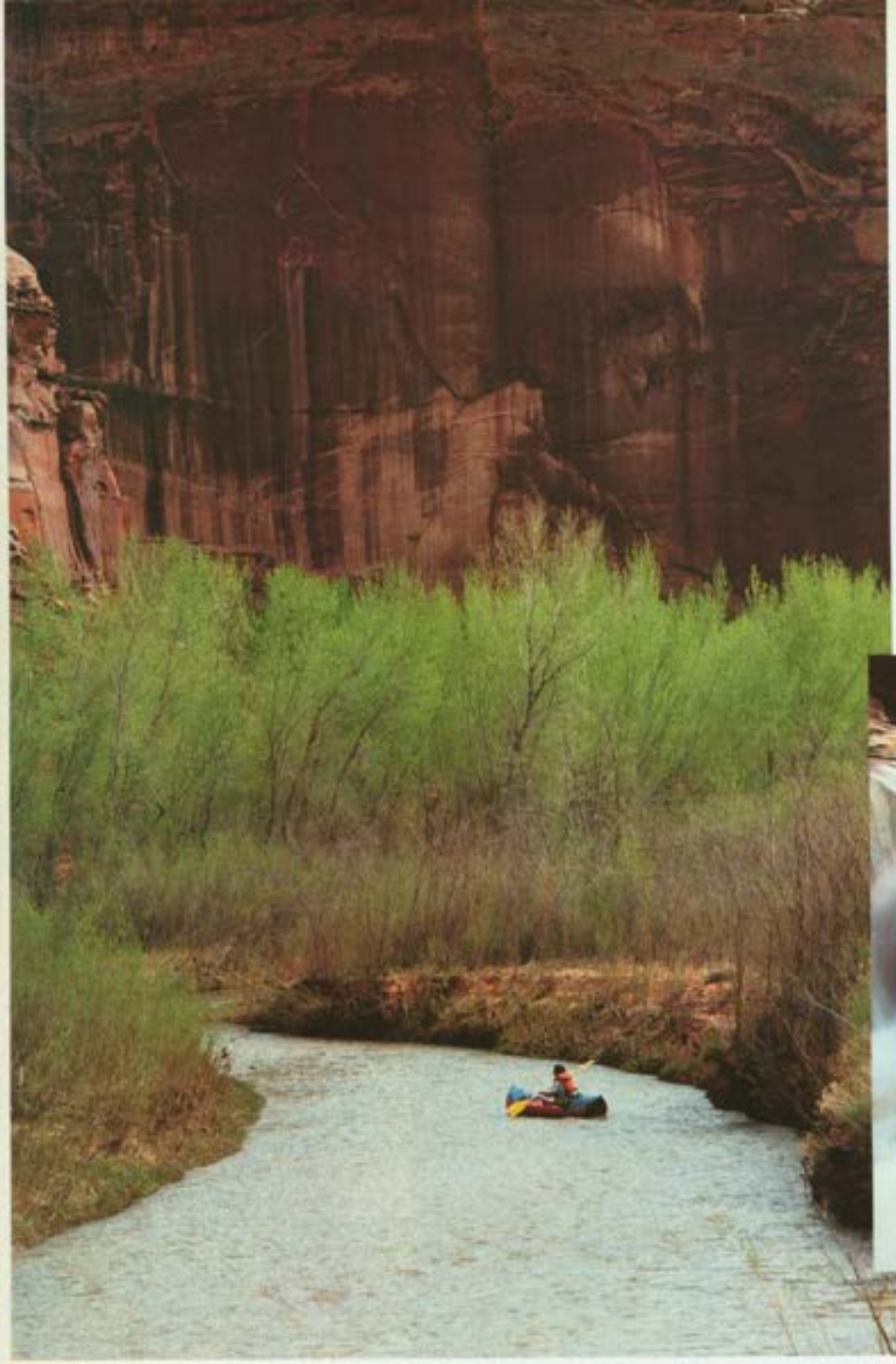
west of the river to Escalante, the nearest town. Because Leon had borrowed our $700 kayaks from the river outfitter he guides for, leaving them behind would be an option only in the most life-threatening emergency. We knew we'd have to lug the boats up to the canyon rim eventually, but treated this fact like an inevitable root canal, putting it out of our minds until we had to confront it.

The only other information I uncovered was a two-page pamphlet bearing the logos of the Department of the Interior, the National Park Service, and the Bureau of Land Management. That so many government agencies even knew about floating the Escalante was discouraging, but I thoroughly approved of the text's pessimistic tone: "The river's potential for river running is of a limited nature," it reads. "It will be extremely important to plan your float to catch high-water periods. This will require flexibility in your schedule and frequent updating of river conditions."

Planning this journey from 2,000 miles away severely limited that flexibility. We chose a week in April, when our chances of catching high runoff would be best. We decided to make the trip even if we had to drag and carry our boats the entire way (which seemed to be a real possibility those first few miles). Locked into a specific week, that "frequent updating" of river conditions became unnecessary. But we compensated by updating them often once we'd begun.

"It's still pretty shallow," I would say a few times daily, water sloshing against my ankles. "Yep," Leon would add, dragging his boat over a sandbar. "Still shallow."

That first day, after putting in just before evening, we made two miles on the low water. The river flowed over old beaver dams, between rocks and gravel bars and, in two places, under fences. We learned to negotiate rocky shoals and sharp corners by pushing off trees, sandbars, and even



explore the several hundred side canyons along the route.

Through the second morning, Leon and I steadfastly ignored even the most enticing side draws in the interest of maintaining downstream momentum, hoping that tributaries would soon increase the river's flow. After pushing and dragging our way three more miles downriver, we saw the clear, blue water from a creek double the muddy Escalante's volume, and so felt justified in exploring beyond the willow and tamarisk choking the side canyon's mouth.

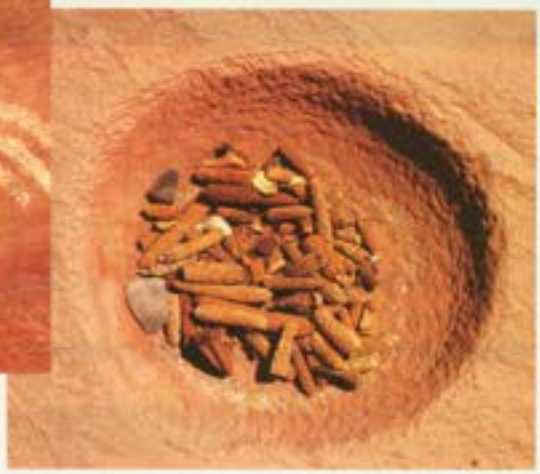
Just inside, the brush fell away, revealing a musical stream rippling

through a gravelly wash. A few minutes later, we noticed a spot where water careening around a curve centuries ago had carved an alcove in the orange rock. Our climb up to it was rewarded by the discovery of white arrowheads, pottery shards blackened from firing, and petroglyphs etched into the canyon walls by the Anasazi.

Throughout the Four Corners region of the Southwest, the Anasazi chose dramatic locations to develop their canyon real estate. Their sophisticated culture disappeared without explanation 700 years ago—whether from drought, attack by enemies, or catastrophic disease, experts can only conjec-

the river bottom like Italian gondoliers. We climbed out of our boats to drag them like reticent dogs to the vet's door; pedaled them with one foot on a gunwale and one in the river; and pushed until the boats slid off the bottom and we could jump aboard before they floated empty downstream.

At dusk, when the water turned a flat copper and the sun dusted the canyon tops with orange light, we camped on a sandy beach. Leon pointed out that we had only 78 miles left to paddle in six days, and we still needed to find time to

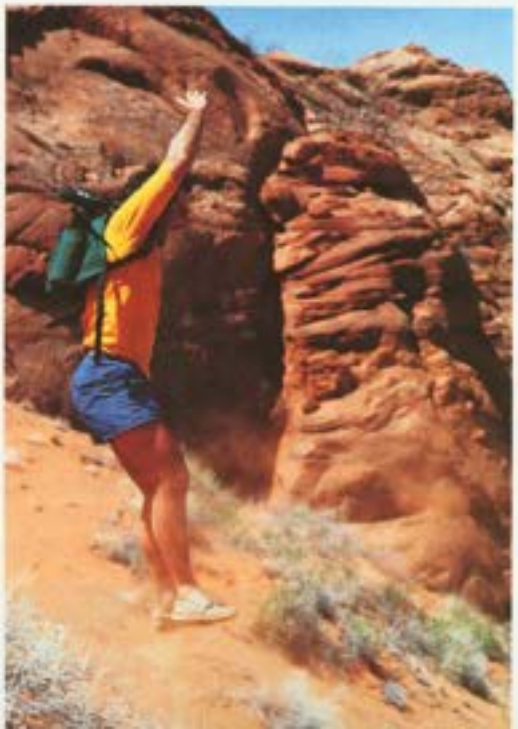


ture. But they left messages that have survived the centuries, and that reverberate through these canyons in the forms of skillfully worked stone, well-concealed cliff dwellings, human handprints pressed with red dye on alcove walls.

Farther downriver, a scramble up another side stream brought us to a pair of high recesses full of more pottery, and *metates*—where Anasazi women had worn smooth, wide grooves in flat stones by grinding corn. From the higher alcove, we stood looking at the ribbon of the Escalante, flowing the color of wheat beer down below. We considered the view for a minute or more before noticing a fully intact stone-and-mortar granary 20 feet away, tucked against the back wall. Its opening was inlaid with cottonwood boughs carefully set there a millennium ago. Inside, the structure was full of corncobs, as if the residents had only left a short time ago.

It wasn't until our third afternoon that the Escalante flowed quickly enough to make the kayaking almost like kayaking, and we made better mileage—meaning that we fell only slightly farther behind schedule. But then we were distracted by a third side canyon, where a boulder-strewn creekbed wound through oak and box elder, waterfalls slid down rock faces, and dry leaves piled on the floor like discarded parchment. Returning to the river a bit later, we ate lunch leaning against the warm tubes of our kayaks and tossed out the itinerary so painstakingly put together over the previous months. Having already passed dozens of alluring side canyons, we knew we had to slow down and explore. We were working too hard just to finish the trip we'd designed; counting miles, we rationalized, wasn't our primary goal.

We were still 70 miles from our take-out at Coyote Gulch. To meet our waiting shuttle driver there might require dawn-to-dusk paddling without a single side trip. So we made an executive decision to pull out at Fence Canyon, 35 miles earlier—the only other exit route we could safely negotiate with all our gear. With good timing, we might even be able to catch our driver on his way to Coyote Gulch.



It was a liberating decision. We hiked up a sand dune just for the pleasure of running back down, bushwhacked through yucca and prickly pear and barrel cactus, clinging to steep slopes just to see the view from above. We chimneyed up rock slots and swam cold pools when the canyons beyond looked promising. We paddled and drifted along the cool river in the hot sun, through the canyon country's curving topography. Leaning our heads back as our boats moved in the lazy flow, we stared up between desert-varnished walls at cobalt sky.

And we talked. Leon, who'd lived in his truck for seven out of the past ten years, told me how he'd always felt at home anywhere his radio could pick up a baseball game being played at night. I admitted that I'd always been competitive with my father, but now that he was growing older, I rooted for him to win when we played sports. This prompted Leon to test my will to win: he offered me $100—a veritable fortune to him—if, at the end of our trip, I would drink a soup made from hot water and my own dirty socks.

With our new, free-flowing itinerary, we laid over one day at a camp just up from the mouth of Harris Wash, where an elegant grove of cottonwoods clustered on a wide beach, bright green against the red- and black-streaked rock. From here we explored the damp, shady undulations of the wash as well as dry Silver Falls Canyon, where the purple streambed stone was littered with black chunks of petrified wood.

A mile or so up Silver Falls, we came upon an inscription carved into an alcove by one G. B. Hobbs in 1883. Hobbs, a Mormon pioneer on his way to Bluff, Utah, was caught in a snowstorm here, and chipped his name in the rock as a sort of farewell (although, it turns out, he survived the storm). In another alcove high above the Es-

Continued on page 76

TALKING ON THE WATER

Wisdom about the earth, dispensed from a floating podium

Biologist and writer ***Lynn Margulis*** *is the author of more than 1,400 scientific articles and co-originator with James Lovelock of the Gaia hypothesis, which holds (in her words) that "the conditions that sustain life are regulated by life itself." Among her eight books are* Microcosmos *and* The Garden of Microbial Delights.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Resource Institute is a Seattle-based nonprofit organization focusing on the culture and traditions of the Pacific Northwest. Over the past ten years its president, Jonathan White, has conducted a floating university of sorts from the deck of the *Crusader*, a refurbished 65-foot schooner that plies the coastal waters of Washington, British Columbia, and Alaska. Some of today's most visionary environmental thinkers have joined him for shipboard seminars to explore provocative, timely, and crucial questions about our relationship with nature: What lessons, if any, can we learn from indigenous peoples? What is the proper spiritual balance between the human and nonhuman worlds? Do certain landscapes have qualities that either invite us in or hold us outside? What is the role of mysticism in contemporary life?

In *Talking on the Water: Conversations About Nature and Creativity* (Sierra Club Books, 1994), White interviews 13 such intellects, ranging from science-fiction writer Ursula K. Le Guin and Native American activist Janet McCloud to environmental icon David Brower and Jungian analyst James Hillman. As though overheard amidships, scraps of several of these conversations appear here.

Jonathan White: In *Microcosmos,* you say that the ancestor of all life first appeared in the form of bacterial cells 3.5 billion years ago. These earliest forms of life learned almost everything there is to know about living in a system, and what they learned is, principally, what we know today. These bacteria are still with us, you say, in our DNA and in our consciousness. We are surrounded by them and composed of them. This not only challenges the way we look at ourselves as individuals, but also the way we look at time and history.

Lynn Margulis: The past is all around us. Darwin's biggest contribution was to show us that all individual organisms are connected through time. It doesn't matter whether you compare kangaroos, bacteria, humans, or salamanders, we all have incredible chemical similarities. As far as I know, no one disagrees with this. It has also been shown that organisms are not only connected through time but also through space. The carbon dioxide we exhale as a waste product becomes the life-giving force for a plant; in turn, the oxygen waste of a plant gives us life. This exchange of gas is what the word *spirit* means. Spirituality is essentially the act of breathing. But the connection doesn't stop at the exchange of gases in the atmosphere. We are also physically connected, and you can see evidence of this everywhere you look. Think of the fungi that live in the rootstock of trees and plants. The birds that flitter from tree to tree transport fungi spores throughout the environment. Their droppings host a community of insects and microorganisms. When rain falls on the droppings, spores are splashed back up on the tree, creating pockets for life to begin to grow again. This interdependence is an inexorable fact of life; without it, no organism can hope to survive.

The fact that we are connected through space and time shows that life is a unitary phenomenon, no matter how we express that fact. We are not one living organism, but we constitute a single ecosystem with many differentiated parts. I don't see this as a contradiction, because parts and wholes are nested in each other.

White: Biologically speaking, does this all mean we're

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TY ALLISON

not different than our hunter-gatherer ancestors of ten thousand years ago?

Margulis: Of the 3.5 billion years that life has existed on Earth, the entire history of human beings from the cave to the condominium represents less than one-tenth of one percent. Feeding, moving, mutating, sexually recombining, photosynthesizing, reproducing, overgrowing, predacious, and energy-expending symbiotic microorganisms preceded all animals and all plants by at least one billion years. Our powers of intelligence and technology, then, do not belong specifically to us but to all life. As Lewis Thomas says, "For all our elegance and eloquence as a species, for all our massive frontal lobes, for all our music, we have not progressed all that far from our microbial forebears. They are still with us, part of us. Or, to put it another way, we are part of them."

Life is a continuous phenomenon. You can't point to any of the great global catastrophes, like the one that wiped out the dinosaurs during the Cretaceous period 65 million years ago, and say that it extinguished *all* life. It's true that thousands of species are now extinct, and that life itself has undergone huge changes in composition and detail. But in spite of all this, life's connection through space and time remains essentially unbroken.

Peter Matthiessen *has written more than 25 books of fiction and nonfiction, including* At Play in the Fields of the Lord, Wildlife in America, Far Tortuga, *and* African Silences. *Among his literary honors are the National Book Award (for* The Snow Leopard*) and the John Burroughs Medal.*

Jonathan White: You have said that native people seem to have an unusual ability to pick up messages from the land. Do you think this is something we can learn from them?

Peter Matthiessen: Most traditional people don't feel the separation or estrangement from nature that we feel in Western culture. Their respect for the earth comes from a genuine feeling of being part of it. The land is who they *are*, that's the way they express it, and every part of it is precious. If a traditional Indian picks up a stone, for example, he doesn't toss it away mindlessly when he is finished, but returns it to the niche in the earth where he found it. It's not a sentimental or self-conscious thing but a gesture of respect, very like a Zen way of relating to land and life.

Many forms of behavior and ritual in indigenous cultures show the sense of connection the people feel with the world around them. We can learn something from this, but as Westerners I'm not sure we can fully experience it. The sense of being part of the land, instead of an observer or an "environmentalist," is probably what some of us are seeking, but I wonder if we will ever find it. The Indian's love of the earth has nothing to do with environmentalism. We can't consciously adopt Indian attitudes toward nature because traditional people don't *have* any attitudes toward nature. They *are* nature. Wilderness is a false concept to them. They have no word for it.

White: It's awkward to talk about a "relationship with nature," because the statement itself implies that nature is something different or separate from us. The roots of sustainable culture are in experiences where we are neither opposing nature nor trying to be in communion with it, but rather finding ourselves within it.

Matthiessen: Yes, I think that's true. In Buddhism we teach that all self, all separation from the One, is an illusion. There's a wonderful metaphor of a bottle of seawater floating in an ocean, and our ego is the glass bottle that separates our little bit of water from the whole. We're not different from the seawater in which we're floating, yet we assign our little bottle-selves a name, a Social Security number, a ZIP code. Every such idea or concept only fortifies the illusion of a separate existence.

Roger Payne *is director and founder of The Whale and Dolphin Conservation Society. An interest in underwater acoustics led him and a colleague to conclude that humpback whales sing, a discovery that has profoundly affected scientific thinking about whales ever since. Payne is the recipient of numerous honors and awards, including a MacArthur Fellowship in 1984.*

Jonathan White: What is it that so attracts people to whales? Would we make the same effort to get close to them if they were the size of salmon?

Roger Payne: Whales make us feel small, and I think that's an important experience for humans to have at the hands of nature. We need to recognize that we are not the stars of the show. We're just another pretty face, just one species among millions more. The star of the show is nature.

When you encounter a large species like a redwood or a whale, it introduces awe into your life. And awe is a very rare but very important experience. It's what started the major religions. Experiencing awe in the hands of the wild can cause you to feel the same essential ecstasy.

White: Why is awe so important to experience?

Payne: I think awe is like a sign saying, "You have captured my attention." Awe awakens attention and respect. When you find something that takes hold of human beings and causes them to change their ways—I mean, what is that worth? A trillion dollars? A hundred trillion? All the money that exists? More than that?

We cannot speak with nature, but our sense of awe in it allows it to speak to us. The few things that happen to people in their lives that really affect how they live and what they respect and how they go about the business of their day-to-day lives, those experiences probably occupy a total of, what, a half a minute? One minute of a lifetime? Yet they're what really matter. All the rest is just the packing material in which your life gets shipped.

People laugh and call conservationists tree-huggers. They laugh at someone who wants to hug a whale. But it's only their own embarrassment that causes them to laugh, and their laughter betrays their discomfort with people who are courageous enough to embrace what they love.

Richard Nelson, *a writer and cultural anthropologist, has been studying native peoples and their relationship to nature for nearly 30 years, during which time he has lived among Inupiaq Eskimos, the Gwich'in Athabaskans, and the Koyukon. His books include* Shadow of the Hunter *(1980) and* Make Prayers to the Raven *(1983).*

Jonathan White: It's clear from ethnographic studies that there is much we can learn from native cultures. But do we tend to idealize them? Are the native people you lived with really as conscientious about environmental issues as is commonly believed?
Richard Nelson: It's fashionable among certain academics and highly rational skeptics to try to prove Native American people were just as bad as we are. As an anthropologist, I think there is enormous ethnographic evidence supporting the fact that Native American people did and still do have a very strong sense of conservation. The principles the Koyukon people follow in their relationship with the natural world are essentially universal. You find these principles practiced by traditional people everywhere.

We also have to remember that in any culture there are individuals who follow the moral code to the letter and there are individuals who completely disregard it. Secondly, cultures or communities don't always follow their beliefs to the letter. In any traditional culture, you'll find times when people don't behave as their own culture says they should. Almost any Koyukon person can tell you about a time when he or she violated the code of respect toward an animal and suffered for it.

We generalize when we expect people in other cultures to behave like automatons. That's not how human society works. But even if it could be shown that Native American people routinely violated their own rules, we can still learn from their principles of respect, restraint, and responsible conservation toward the natural world. It wouldn't matter if no one had ever followed these principles. They're there, and they've worked beautifully over the whole face of North America, expressed in millions of ways.
White: If it's true that our sense of nature—and indeed our *experience* of nature—is determined by our cultural bias, can we ever fully understand, much less follow, the example of native people?
Nelson: I don't think we can ever really understand what someone from another culture thinks or believes or how they perceive the world. I don't even know if we should try. We're deeply different groups of people. Perhaps the only way to truly understand another culture is to be raised in it. As an ethnographer, I was always struck by how little I could understand. I found that really frustrating. I wouldn't want anyone to read an ethnography and believe it represented the whole truth about another culture. But when we look at the premises on which a balanced relationship to the natural world is based, it seems to me that we can find a common sense of what is right and wrong.

The natural world responds to us in a universal language. If we're behaving badly, the world will tell us.

Matthew Fox *is the author of more than a dozen books, including* The Coming of the Cosmic Christ *and* Creation Spirituality. *In 1988 the Vatican accused him of being a "fervent feminist" and sentenced him to a year of public silence; then, in 1993, it dismissed him from the Dominican Order, of which he had been a member for 33 years.*

Jonathan White: I once asked David Brower about Wendell Berry's assertion that the idea of saving the earth is too abstract, and he responded "That's the cause of our trouble. We've been concentrating on ourselves too long."
Matthew Fox: Wendell Berry is saying that we have to act locally. The earth is not just something out there but the land we're standing on right now; it's the land we farm, the food we eat, the people we relate to, and the children we give birth to. That's all local Earth;

that's all soul. I think Brower is reacting to the privatization of soul that has happened over the last few centuries. This privatization has taken the meaning out of the soul Wendell Berry talks about.

I think anyone who works on the community level—not just the human community, but the greater, all-inclusive community of nature and Earth—has to be grounded. Howard Thurman, the African-American mystic, put it wonderfully when he said, "The more I relate to the universe everywhere, the more I must relate to something somewhere." If we're going to expand our consciousness, we need to deepen our roots. The new creation stories do just this—they ground us in the earth's billion-year-old history. They give our life perspective, and out of that grows a new cosmology. It's not about spacing out, it's about growing deeper roots. Wendell Berry is absolutely right about this. And so is David Brower. We have to do both.

White: Do you have hope for the future?

Fox: I'm glad you used the word *hope* and not *optimism*, because I don't have optimism. I do, however, have a little hope. Hope grows out of despair. I think the very despair of our times is a reason for hope, because maybe it can wake us up. Necessity moves the human species; it changes history. I think we are at a moment of necessity. [The Worldwatch Institute's] Lester Brown says we have until 2010 to change our ways. That fact gives me hope.

Dolores LaChapelle*'s books include* Earth Festivals, Earth Wisdom *and* Sacred Land, Sacred Sex: Rapture of the Deep. *One of the first U.S. thinkers to talk seriously about the work of the Norwegian philosopher Arne Naess, she is now an active proponent of the school of thought that has come to be known as "deep ecology."*

Jonathan White: The deep-ecology movement has been criticized for its antihuman position. For example, in Al Gore's book *Earth in the Balance,* he says the problem with deep ecology is "that it defines human beings as inherently and contagiously destructive, the deadly carriers of a plague upon the earth." He goes on to say that the logic of deep ecology points to only one cure: eliminating people. Gore's criticism is particularly harsh and perhaps misguided, but I believe it reflects the general perspective toward deep ecology.

Dolores LaChapelle: Deep ecology is not antihuman. It's larger than the human. It includes humans within the whole of life, not setting them apart from life or above life. There's some talk that we humans need to become humble, artificially humble. But that's not the point. As soon as you pay attention, you are at once humbled by what you do not know. Take our bodies, for example. The bacteria inside us are constantly working to sustain life, yet we have little or no awareness of it.

Deep means going deeply into the human. Perhaps some of the confusion over this question comes from the criticism deep ecologists direct at our modern industrial growth society. It's becoming obvious to everyone that this modern system cannot continue. Well, the answer is not to use more of the same tactics. The only way out is to relearn or just remember the techniques that made us human in the first place. Those are the techniques that governed humankind and our relations with the earth for the past 50,000 years. If these techniques hadn't been successful, we wouldn't be here. It's as simple as that.

White: What *are* the techniques that made us human in the first place?

LaChapelle: What is it that you most like to do? Chances are it's some variation of hunting, dancing, racing, conversation, or flirting. This is the life of primitive hunter-gatherers who, like the aristocrats of all cultures, made no distinction between leisure and life. Primitive tribes are the original affluent society. The primitive !Kung San bushmen, who live in the most inhospitable desert in the world, work an average of 20 hours a week. The rest of the time is devoted to dancing and storytelling and ritual.

Primitive man is not the sick, beleaguered, prescientific creature we've been taught to believe he is. Instead, he is a highly social, responsible being who lived in some degree of harmony with his environment.

Cultural man has been on Earth for over 2 million years, and for 99 percent of that time he's been a hunter-gatherer. Only in the last 10,000 years have we turned to farming. We're fooling ourselves by thinking we can draw on some new potential here. We and our ancestors are the same people. That's who we are! We still have the sophisticated body and highly complex brain of the hunter, yet in the last 400 years we've been trying to force this body/brain into the tight, dull, limited, violent view of modern industrial culture. The breakdown is showing up all over the place—in stress-related diseases, alcoholism, suicide, devastation of land, and so on. The end of this modern system does not mean the end of all life, it means the return to real living and responsible relationship. ▪

Escalante Kayak

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calante, we discovered the signatures of more-recent visitors. As early as 1887, according to the chiseled graffiti—and many times since—canyon hikers such as "Ethel" and several members of the Lyman family thought themselves of enough historical significance to deface not just the walls, but also a panel of pictographs left by the Anasazi.

Leon and I contemplated these messages left in various ages by different cultures, and wondered at the fact that the ancients had chosen to glorify the natural and spiritual worlds, whereas modern visitors had felt the need to glorify themselves.

By our seventh and final day on the Escalante, we'd seen only five other people, all of them camping in Harris Wash (the western end of which is only a few miles from the end of a dirt road). As measured by solitude and side canyons, the trip had been a great success. Measured by the climb out of the main canyon, still to come, we should have left the $700 kayaks behind.

That morning we deflated and rolled up the boats, and gathered all the accompanying gear: life vests, paddles, patch kit, inflatable floors, hand pumps, dry bags, and bailers. These we overstuffed into, strapped onto, and hung out of internal-frame backpacks already full of such essentials as extra food and clothing, stoves, sleeping bags, a tent, and plastic flasks emptied of Kahlua, with which we'd concocted "mountain mochas" after dinner each night.

Previous experience had taught me that boats were designed to carry people, and not the other way around. And although reversing roles can improve virtually any relationship, we gained little insight into our kayaks by hauling them out on our backs. It took several hours to stagger up Fence Canyon, which climbs a torturous 900 feet in 3.5 miles. Our legs occasionally buckled under the weight of the loads, so we stopped often to rest in the scant shade of stunted juniper, where the tempera-

ture "cooled" to 105 degrees. The final quarter-mile pitch seemed nearly vertical, and I had to pull on boulders and yucca stems to hoist myself forward, counting out three or four steps before stopping to catch my breath. Goals and finish lines, which we'd sloughed off so successfully on the river, had returned with a vengeance.

Finally, dragging our 90-pound packs over the rim, we celebrated with a quick lunch of smoked salmon on rye crackers and drank in the view: rolling plains of petrified red dunes, sliced by steep canyons. In the middle distance, a green curl of trees revealed the Escalante—but only because we knew it was there. Beyond, snow still clung to Boulder Mountain, where we'd camped a week ago and woken up looking like glazed doughnuts in the frost.

As soon as we'd finished eating and quaffing a quart of water each, Leon headed back down to the river to retrieve another oversize load of gear, and I began the ten-mile chase across a bone-dry landscape to Hole-in-the-Rock Road, where I hoped to intercept Barry, the shuttle driver, our only means of getting back to town.

I reached the gravel road 15 minutes before Barry came driving by. He nearly sped past after glancing at me in a way that informed me of how bad I must have looked: bearded and sunburnt, covered with sweat and road dust, hair wild, lips cracked, arms and legs scarred, punctured, scraped, lacerated, and burnt, my whole demeanor tired and sore and a little crazy.

As we returned to the canyon rim along the dusty miles of dirt road I'd just walked—on our way to pick up Leon, who looked even worse than me—I conjured up images of smooth river rocks, feathery cascades, and explosions of columbine. It was a vision to keep as private as possible—so if all Barry saw was one very haggard hiker, that was perfectly fine with me. ■

JEFF WALLACH *wrote about the Hudson River Valley in the July/August 1992* Sierra. *He lives in New York City.*

►*For more information, see "Resources," p. 92.*

OIL-SPILL DRILL

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owner of a fleet of oil tankers who had come to observe the show. A ruddy Scotsman with a liquory brogue, he owned eight tankers that he rented out to various oil companies and to the U.S. government. I began quizzing him on safety measures, figuring that since the man was well lubricated he might give a deftly probing reporter the inside scoop on how concerned about spills oil shippers really are. Four of his tankers were double-hulled, he told me; three were double-bottomed, and only one was single-skinned. It was this last one that everyone wanted to lease because it was the cheapest.

"But I'll tell ye a story," he said, lowering his voice to a stage whisper. "A sartain tanker filled tae the brim with oil pulls a Titanic alang the coast of Greenland—hits an iceberg, y'understand. She ripped a great gaping hole right across her bow, and d'ye know what? She didnae spill a drop, because she had a double hull."

"So double hulls *do* prevent oil spills," I prompted.

"Sure they do," he said with a shrug. "But naebody wants tae pay for them."

"So why do you have them?" I asked, trying to nudge him into admitting environmental sympathies.

"Uncle Sam will always rent them," he replied, refusing to take the bait. "Uncle Sam knows better than tae spill oil all over his own coastline."

And then, as if to make certain that I wouldn't confuse him with a fish-kissing environmentalist, he turned toward the beach and spread his arms wide to embrace Port Angeles harbor, the two oil tankers moored near its mouth, and the blue, rippling ocean beyond. "Ah, lassie," he roared. "It's great tae make your living out o' pillaging the resources o' the earth!" ■

DASHKA SLATER, *a staff writer for the Berkeley, California–based* Express, *is an occasional contributor to* Sierra.

►*For more information, see "Resources," p. 92.*

Domingo González

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One never gets the feeling that González's low-rent lifestyle is being put on display. He does live a simple life, but he's no activist monk. He likes *Star Trek* and the Marx Brothers, even an occasional cigarette, and confesses to watching Dallas Cowboys games on the tube with his sons. "I wish I had had the money," he tells me, "to have given my sons a better education, a better house, all the things families need, but they understand. If I ever come into money, I'd give it all back to them and my friends. They've made everything I do possible."

As we head south, San Antonio's suburban sprawl dissolves into South Texas ranch land of mesquite and prickly pear. With the NAFTA vote imminent, González is worried. "Look at this," he says wearily, unfolding *USA Today* to show a photo of Bill Clinton chatting with Henry Kissinger, below the headline: "Clinton Rolls Out NAFTA's Big Guns."

"I think we may have failed to make NAFTA accessible to everyone," González tells me. "It's not that complicated. Are we going into the future with a corporate democracy, with public relations instead of the truth, with economics as our only consideration? That may sound idealistic, but the discussion should really be on that level." And, he says, correctly anticipating NAFTA's passage, "we didn't have it."

Much of González's credibility about border affairs comes from the fact that when he speaks of the Tex-Mex world, he draws on a lifetime of experience. Born in 1949, in a cluster of about a dozen small-acreage family farms 20 miles east of Brownsville, he is the second-oldest of four children—"the four who made it," he says; six other siblings died at or shortly after birth. His family grew cotton and vegetables until the early 1960s, when dam projects on the Rio Grande reduced the flow of the river below Brownsville to a trickle and increased its salinity to the point that the farmers could no longer

irrigate their crops. "The dams killed us off," he says.

His family began following fruit and vegetable harvests in Arkansas, Michigan, and Illinois. It was not until 1964, when the family first went to California's mammoth vineyards, Domingo recalls, that he saw the worst abuses of migrant laborers. "We lived in what we called tin cans. They were made of corrugated aluminum and were terribly hot in the summer. We put carpeting on the roofs and poured water on it, but nothing helped. If Siberia had work camps, they were not worse than these."

One Sunday afternoon, a skinny, 15-year-old González was hanging out in a public park in Lamont, just south of Bakersfield, when he noticed a slight Chicano man striking up conversations throughout the park about workers' rights, a minimum wage, health care—radical things there. "He just started talking to people as though they had all come to hear him," González remembers, still with some awe. "That was my first memory of Cesar Chávez."

The following summer González returned to California's Central Valley with his family and, after work, helped college activists organize the labor camps. González says his family benefited greatly from Chávez's efforts, as panicked growers soon raised the hourly wage from $1.15 to $1.25 to $1.40 to discourage the emerging United Farm Workers. "We made great money in '64, '65, and '66," he recalls. "For the two-month grape harvest we were probably making $700 to $800 a week. We were not downtrodden. We bought a new pickup, came back to Brownsville, and could afford a down payment on a brick home. And we owed it all to Cesar Chávez."

In the next ten years, González would get married (at 19), have three sons, and drop out of college to begin his activist career. But by 1976, when he moved to an AFSC job in Philadelphia, his near-religious commitment to the cause had exacted a large price. His wife, Doris Mae, missed the border so much she returned there the next year with the three children. The marriage ended in 1978. For the next 12 years González stayed in Philadelphia, submerged "in a siege mentality" against Ronald Reagan's dismantling of social programs, all the while agonizing over being separated from his sons.

"I was constantly in debt," he says. "I tried to visit them about every three months or so. I'd plan work in Texas so I could go see them."

When does commitment to a good cause become its own kind of selfishness? I ask him. Why didn't he take a permanent job in Texas so he could be closer to his sons?

He takes so long to respond I'm sure I've offended him, but it is his way to wait until the right words come. "I thought about that, the selfishness, constantly," he finally offers. "I just couldn't leave what I was doing. During the Reagan years we thought we were at war—those times were incredibly hard. When I would go home to Brownsville, eventually it would come

time for me to leave, and my youngest son would throw himself in front of the door and scream, 'Daddy, don't go, Daddy, don't go.' It was not easy to live through those moments."

Nearing Brownsville, the rolling ranch land flattens into a humid coastal pool table dominated by citrus, vegetable, and cotton farms. "Ah, the tragic valley," González announces. He's traveled this road, what, 500 times? a thousand? but he savors the unfolding landscape like a modern pioneer.

Amid the garish *casas de cambio* of downtown Brownsville, a town of 60,000 that is 95-percent Latino, we slow down to see a knot of believers placing cards and photos before a tree in someone's front yard—a tree transformed into a shrine, for the image of the Virgen de Guadalupe has been found in its bark. Raised Catholic, González still smiles at this quaint tradition, though it's a painful reminder of the conflicts he has in working among the border's devoutly religious poor. While acknowledging the positive influences of the contemporary Church in Latin America, he despairs over the masses "who are convinced they're worthless, powerless to change their environment."

Undoing this sense of fatalism is one of the largest challenges a border activist faces, but González draws his strength not from thinking he will transform the lives of the poor and the powerless, but from the knowledge that only in trying will he be able to deal with their misery. "There is actually very little you can do for the poor," he says, "but what they can do for you is to re-establish your faith in the world; that no matter how bad things are, there is always happiness and always smiles."

"The other night," he says, trying to explain how he finds motivation, "I was in Matamoros, with a family, and the woman has three kids, beautiful kids; the oldest daughter was born with what looks like a stick for a leg, another has something wrong with her eye, and their little boy was born with a large tumor at the base of his spinal cord. His legs are dried up, he can't walk. Three crippled kids, and yet there we were having the greatest time, laughing, telling stories. I had a British film crew with me and they were dumbfounded.

"Anyone," he says, "who's living a dreary middle-class existence wondering about his or her purpose in life ought to come down here and work with people who have nothing and find out what life is about."

There—he's let the secret out. What sustains many activists in these mythic battles against poverty and corporate neglect and environmental decay is not only altruism or the pursuit of ideology. Sometimes it is merely knowing that a good and just fight cleanses the mind and simplifies one's own internal conflicts. Perhaps, more than anything, it is about enlightenment. ■

BRUCE SELCRAIG *previously reported for* Sierra *on the environmental hazards of golf courses. He lives in Austin, Texas.*

►*For more information, see "Resources," p. 92.*

REVIEWS

Dark Victory
by Walden Bello
with Shea Cunningham and Bill Rau
Food First Books; $12.95, paper

In the eco-criminal underworld, Exxon, Maxxam, and Mitsubishi are crude hooligans compared with the slick, white-collar mafiosi of the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund. So must the reader conclude from Walden Bello's survey of how powerful multinational financial institutions are accelerating the Third World's social and environmental disintegration.

Ever since free-market ideologues took control of U.S. foreign policy under Ronald Reagan, charges Bello (executive director of the Institute for Food and Development Policy), the World Bank and the IMF, both dominated by the United States, have been used to deliver "shock treatment" to upstart African, Asian, and Latin American governments that dare intervene to protect domestic markets from foreign (especially U.S.) competition. Under Reagan, the United States sharply reduced the amount of funds it made available to the World Bank for Third World development projects. When struggling countries then came hat-in-hand to the IMF or the Bank to get debt-relief loans (to pay off huge loans made to them by private banks in the 1970s), they were required to impose draconian "structural adjustment programs" on their economies—radically reducing government spending, removing restrictions on foreign investment, devaluing local currencies, privatizing state enterprises, and cutting wages, among other measures.

The triumph of free-market ideology worldwide is a "dark victory" with tragic consequences, says Bello. The policies of the IMF and the Bank have thrown millions of middle- and low-income people into extreme poverty, giving rise to widespread hunger, malnutrition, and violence, forcing mass migrations, and compelling poor people and countries to over-exploit forests and other natural resources for subsistence or export.

While some mainstream economists will no doubt dismiss Bello as a leftist griper, a careful reading of the evidence supports his conclusions. *Dark Victory* presents a clear-headed, realistic look at the ways in which current free-market practice is functioning to make the world less safe for democracy and the environment. ***—Mark Mardon***

Not in Our Backyard: The People and Events That Shaped America's Modern Environmental Movement
by Marc Mowrey and Tim Redmond
William Morrow; $27.50

This opinionated primer of modern American environmentalism makes the error of seizing on chronology as its major structural device. Starting with the Santa Barbara oil spill on January 28, 1969, it chews through recent history in bite-size, time-dated chapters, following both the exploits of the usual suspects (David Brower, James Watt, Dave Foreman, Jeremy Rifkin, Al Gore) and—more interestingly—the ignition of the activist spark in ordinary people impelled by circumstance to defend themselves and their neighborhoods. These nuggets are initially easy to digest, but the cumulative effect is that of wading through several decades of newspapers. The stories are told with a lively sense of detail and general lack of reverence rare in such endeavors, but episodism proves a wearying format for a book of 458 pages.

More tedious still for many readers of this magazine will be the authors' treatment of the Sierra Club. By their account, the Club's main role in the modern environmental movement has been to frustrate the noble aspirations of genuine grassroots environmentalists. The authors seem more interested in establishing the perfidy of any organization with an office in Washington, D.C., than in explaining how environmental work actually gets done. The day-to-day, year-to-year efforts of thousands of Club volunteers find no place in a book that is focused on activism's gloss: monkeywrenching, civil disobedience, and media stunts. The authors betray a curious and self-defeating suspicion of the exercise of political power—which, with all of its messy compromises and small victories, does not suit the dramatic dictates of the four-page parable. ***—Paul Rauber***

Earth Follies: Coming to Feminist Terms With the Environmental Crisis
by Joni Seager
Routledge; $27.50

Joni Seager depicts men as the founders of "the institutions and processes behind mutilated elephants and oil-slicked beaches." It's no surprise that a feminist analysis would come to such a conclusion. What does deliver a jolt is how convincingly Seager indicts masculine elitism for its dual subordination of nature and women.

Of the predominantly male entities the author claims are most abusive to the environment, militaries take top honors, primarily for their practice of destroying habitat to cripple the enemy. Disproportionately affected by the fallout of warfare (and largely overlooked in the search for victims) are women

who, as custodians of home and family, are heavily exposed to the contaminated soil and water that militaries leave behind.

The invoking of higher purposes (i.e., national security), Seager tells us, is just one handy means men use to deflect criticism of the male institutions that decide our collective environmental fate. Thus the big-business fraternity pushes the fiction that environmental blight is the unavoidable cost of industrial growth, and governments promote the myth that unbridled development enhances the quality of life. When women dare speak out against environmental atrocities, men trivialize their concerns, calling them "hysterical" or "misinformed."

So would women necessarily make better guardians of the environment? The author wisely avoids suggesting that women have an inherent "special" relationship to the earth. She does point out, however, that the environmental priorities women set reflect both their vulnerability to toxic hazards and their socialization, which emphasizes cooperation and intimacy over competitiveness and emotional detachment.

Are all non-women cads? Seager never comes right out and says so, but her portrayal of "women and the poor" as the principal victims of ecological mayhem implies as much by its one-sidedness. Without downplaying women's pain, Seager could have addressed the detrimental effect of masculinist hegemony on men themselves. Instead she discounts men's suffering, leaving unanswered the very issue that feminist theory must address if men are to be motivated to reform their ways.

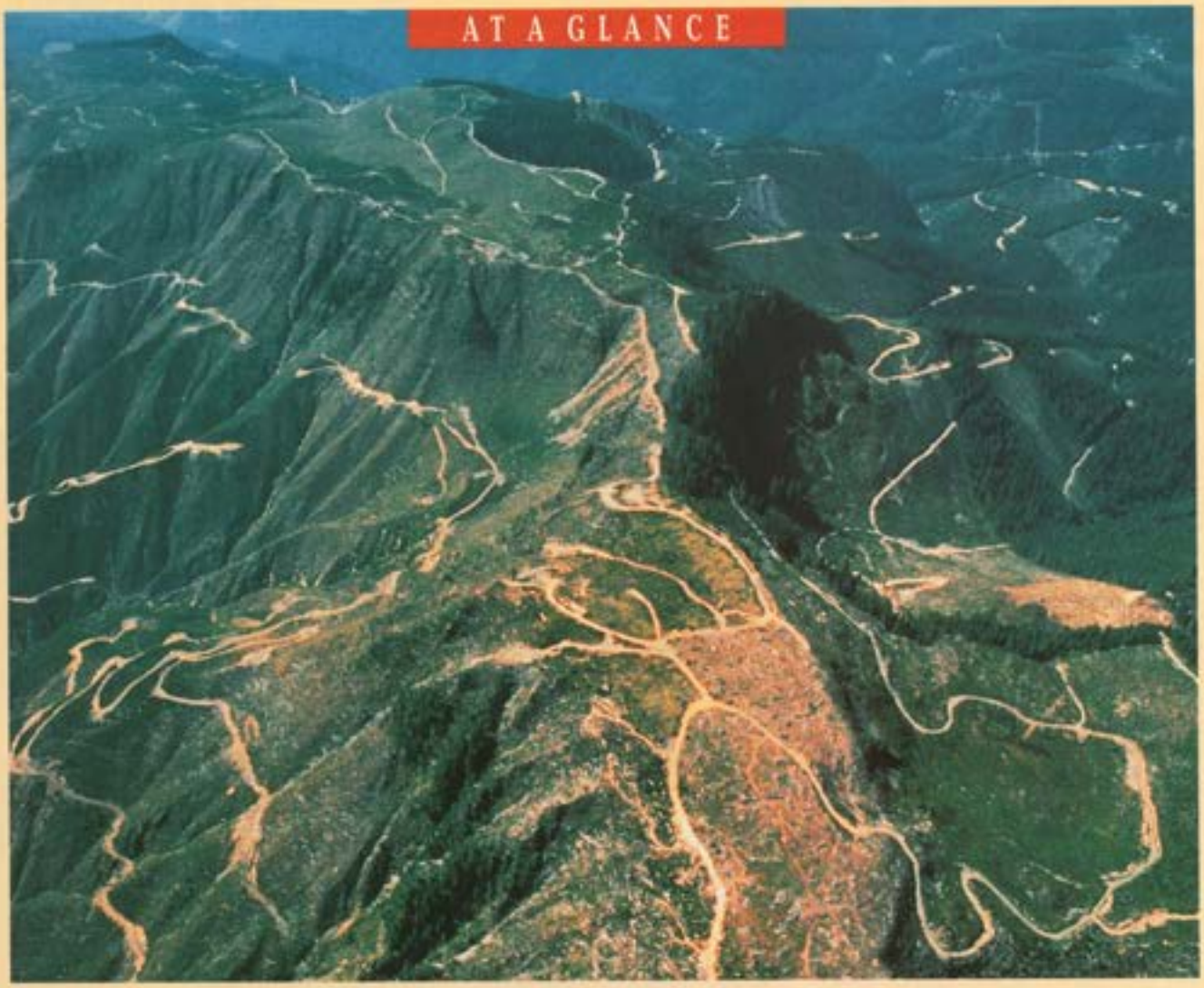
—Tracy Baxter

The Ecology of Commerce
by Paul Hawken
Harper Business; $23

Paul Hawken is that rarest of species, a successful businessman who believes that commerce and environmental ethics need not be at odds. Indeed, as Hawken explains in this commonsensical volume, they can and should go hand in hand toward protecting both the bottom line and the planet.

That robust industry and healthy ecosystems now seem incompatible, Hawken maintains, is due to the wrongheaded assumption by most corporate chiefs and many small entrepreneurs that the primary purpose of business is making money. On the contrary: "The promise of business is to increase the general well-being of humankind through service, a creative invention and ethical philosophy. Making money is, on its own terms, totally meaningless, an insufficient pursuit for the complex and decaying world we live in."

Hawken also disputes the widely held notion that perpetual growth is vital to commerce, an idea he believes flies in the face of ecological principles. With natural resources and ecosystems increasingly impoverished, industrialism—the organizing principle of modern society—is verging on collapse. Ironically, Hawken's hope for averting



Clearcut: The Tragedy of Industrial Forestry
Edited by Bill Devall; Photo-edited by Edgar Boyles
Sierra Club Books/Earth Island Press; $50 (Order from Sierra Club Store, 730 Polk St., San Francisco, CA 94109. Include $7 for postage and handling; California residents include sales tax.)

Clearcuts have their apologists, but that work has been made more difficult by 150 photos as troubling as this one. The accompanying 15 essays make a case not only against "industrial forestry," but against the entire world view from which it springs.

If we respond viscerally to a clearcut, it is because some part of us knows that a forest cannot be "managed" by man any more wisely than it has been by nature. That intuitive knowledge has been buttressed in recent years by the work of conservation biologists and their sympathizers in the forestry profession—even though commercial pressures prevent their insights from being put into widespread practice.

Can a more rational forestry prevail? There is no more vital question—for it is upon the health of the natural forest community that, directly or otherwise, virtually all other biological communities depend.

wholesale catastrophe lies in business itself, since "no other institution in the modern world is powerful enough to foster the necessary changes." What's needed, he contends, is to switch from a growth economy to a restorative one in which businesses are rewarded rather than punished for conserving resources and avoiding environmental harm. The question society needs to ask in order to prevent ecological disaster, says Hawken, is not "How do we save the environment?" but "How do we save business?"

Good answers to this question abound in Hawken's writing. Manufacturers can practice "industrial ecology," which means attempting to eliminate pollution by capturing, treating, and reusing waste products in a full-cycle process. Executives can offer incentives to employees to come up with ideas for reducing or eliminating hazardous and toxic waste. Such measures will readily appeal to those who already think ecologically; the question is whether Hawken can reach into corporate

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boardrooms with his message and infect CEOs and shareholders with his enthusiasm and logic for reform. —*M. M.*

Unfinished Conquest: The Guatemalan Tragedy
by Victor Perera
University of California Press; $27

Few writers have shown the connection between poverty and environmental degradation more movingly than Victor Perera in this story of suffering in his native land. Personal narrative, history, and journalism are woven together to present a vivid sense of Guatemalan reality, from the earliest days of the Spanish conquest to the present. Chronicling the apparently boundless greed of Guatemala's oligarchs, Perera explains how the land of the native Maya was confiscated and converted into coffee and banana plantations in the 19th and 20th centuries. Recounting the displacement of farmers by plantation owners and their allies, he explains why, in order to survive, hundreds of thousands of rural people are now forced to hack down El Petén rainforest—which was already being raided by logging and multinational petroleum companies. It becomes obvious that until land reform takes place, the pressures of poverty and overpopulation will continue to take their toll on the environment.

For those who wonder what the destruction of ecosystems thousands of miles away has to do with us, Perera provides the "underreported" facts of the U.S. government's involvement in the region. From the CIA-backed overthrow of the government of Jacobo Arbenz Guzmán in 1954, through the following decades of the U.S. training and supply of the Guatemalan army and its death squads, North America bears a responsibility for conditions that drive these people to farm marginal land and deprive them of the means to develop even the most basic pollution controls. Perera makes it clear that without some quick and drastic remedies, the situation of the Guatemalan people and their environment will remain desperate. —***Bob Schildgen***

BRIEFLY NOTED

Ethnographer Malcolm Margolin observes in ***The Way We Lived: California Indian Stories, Songs, & Reminiscences*** (Heyday Books/California Historical Society; $14.95, paper) that there were about 310,000 Native people living in what is now California in 1769. The first Spanish colonists arrived that year, followed by "the missions and the ranchos; the goldminers, loggers, and farmers; the silting of streams, clearing of forests, draining of marshes, fencing of grasslands, and elimination of game; the diseases, the hatred, and the violence; the unspeakable tragedy." By the 20th century, fewer than 20,000 Native people were left in the state. Margolin has gathered dozens of writings that cast light on what Yurok, Modoc, Miwok, and many other California Indian cultures have gone through since those dark days of conquest. . . . A different chapter of America's pioneer legacy is ex-

amined (albeit without any soul-searching over historical wrongs) in ***The Santa Fe Trail by Bicycle: A Historic Adventure*** by Elaine Pinkerton (Red Crane Books; $12.95, paper). The first great overland path west of the Mississippi, the Santa Fe Trail ran from the then-frontier state of Missouri to the distant province of New Mexico. Those inclined to pedal all or parts of the route would do well to pick up this guide, which offers useful advice on how to plan a bike excursion, directions to specific sites, and brief tales of pioneer grit. . . . When adventurer Chris Townsend first conceived of trekking from Skagway, Alaska to the Arctic Circle, he imagined "endless miles of stumbling through tussocky muskeg, carrying backbreaking loads." Still, the desire to traverse some of Canada's most rugged terrain spurred him on, and he set off on foot in the summer of 1990, later to record his journey in ***Walking the Yukon: A Solo Trek Through the Land of Beyond*** (Ragged Mountain Press/McGraw Hill; $13.95, paper). . . . . Montanan Dan Aadland explains in ***Treading Lightly With Pack Animals: A Guide to Low-Impact Travel in the Backcountry*** (Mountain Press; $15, paper) that "packing, like fly fishing, is both an art and a science. His guide explains how to harness four-legged creatures—even dogs—in order to lighten people's loads on the trail. The point of packing is not to lug entire households of equipment into the wilderness, but to carry the basics . . . plus a few luxuries like wall tents, camp stools, portable tables, and hammocks. — ***M.M.***

New From Sierra Club Books

- ***Unequal Protection: Environmental Justice and Communities of Color,*** edited by Robert D. Bullard; preface by Benjamin F. Chavis, Jr. ($25).
- ***Great American Nature Writing: 1994,*** edited by John A. Murray ($12, paper).
- ***A Thousand Leagues of Blue: The Sierra Club Book of the Pacific,*** edited by John A. Murray ($16, paper).
- ***Adventuring in Alaska: The Ultimate Travel Guide to the Great Land*** by Peggy Wayburn. Completely revised and updated ($14, paper).
- ***Adventuring in Belize: The Sierra Club Travel Guide to the Islands, Waters, and Inland Parks of Central America's Tropical Paradise*** by Eric Hoffman ($15, paper).
- ***Wild Britain*** by Douglas Botting ($16, paper); ***Wild France*** edited by Douglas Botting ($16, paper); ***Wild Italy*** by Tim Jepson ($16, paper); ***Wild Spain*** by Frederic V. Grunfeld ($16, paper).
- ***Steep Trails*** by John Muir, with a foreword by Edward Hoagland ($10, paper).

To order Sierra Club Books by phone (Visa or MasterCard), call 1-800-935-1056.

The Sierra Club's National Environmental Education Committee has recently produced *The TEAM Notebook* (the acronym stands for Teacher's Environmental Action Manual). Written by Joan Rosner and Lonnie Ann Fredman, the notebook contains 183 pages of lesson plans, worksheets, and activities for teachers of kindergarten through 12th grade. It covers the ground thoroughly, with poems, diagrams, and quotations from environmentalists and nature writers; the three-ring-binder format allows for easy copying of individual pages. Teachers will appreciate the extensive resource listings, which include bibliographies of books on the environment, lists of environmental organizations, job opportunities, educational materials, and much more.

Copies of *The TEAM Notebook* are $15 each, plus $3 shipping and handling. Send your check to Sierra Club *TEAM Notebook*, 730 Polk St., San Francisco, CA 94109, or call Sierra Club Public Affairs at (415) 923-5660.

Trying to find common ground between hikers and mountain bikers, leaders of the International Mountain Bicycling Association and the Sierra Club will hold a series of meetings this spring at the Keystone Center in Boulder, Colorado. The two groups hope to start a dialogue, establish a mutually agreeable set of nationwide policies and standards for mountain-bike use, and begin a joint public mountain-biking-education effort.

The International Mountain Bicycling Association is a 7,000-member group dedicated to the environment and environmentally sound bicycling opportunities. The Sierra Club has been criticized by some mountain bikers for its perceived hostility to them. The Club, however, does not oppose the use of mountain bikes on designated trails; it only objects to their use in wilderness areas or on trails where they might cause environmental damage or interfere with other uses.

The Sierra Club and the association hope that the sessions, which will be conducted by professional mediators, will improve relations between the two groups and reduce disagreements over the proper use of trails. Club chapters and International Mountain Bicycling Association clubs in Wisconsin, Utah, and California are already working together on resolving trail disputes and on passing wilderness legislation.

The meetings are being made possible by a grant from Recreational Equipment Inc. (REI), the Seattle-based outdoor equipment retailer. The grant was made as part of REI's efforts to encourage cooperation among muscle-powered trail users. For more information contact Mark Bettinger in the Sierra Club's Northeast field office, (518) 587-9166; or Patty McCleary, conservation representative in the Club's national office, (415) 923-5638.

A report from the Yosemite Restoration Trust, *Improving the Visitor's Experience in Yosemite Valley: Thirteen Good Ideas,* recommends that the National Park Service limit visits at peak times, disperse visitors within the park, and convert the transportation system to eliminate automobile use in the valley. The report urges the NPS to establish a summer reservation system for day-users to complement the current reservation system for overnight lodgers and campers.

The nonprofit Yosemite Restoration Trust was formed in 1990 by business leaders, park professionals, and conservationists committed to seeing the Yosemite General Management Plan of 1980 implemented as quickly and as fully as possible.

Copies of the 48-page report are available from Yosemite Restoration Trust, 116 New Montgomery St., Suite 516, San Francisco, CA 94105. Please send $2.50 to cover postage and handling. ■

Reed McManus

A Rainforest El Dorado

It's considered the largest untouched temperate rainforest on Earth. Virtually unknown to conservationists until 1990—but all too well-known to the British Columbia forest planners who divvy up the province for logging—the 4-million-acre Kitlope River watershed encompasses a vast network of valleys that cut deep into coastal mountains. An emerald jungle teeming with bears, wolves, falcons, eagles, mountain goats, and all five species of Pacific salmon, the Kitlope stands out in an otherwise painfully thin ribbon of remaining ancient forest along the coast.

For researchers, discovery of the Kitlope was a godsend: nowhere else could scientists study temperate-forest ecosystems in their untrammeled entirety. While smaller temperate forests are so fragmented they suffer from biological "islandization," the Kitlope is large enough that it may be its own buffer against the outside world. Since 1990, scientists have swarmed over the Kitlope, trying to learn how an intact temperate forest really functions.

But in British Columbia, the ax always looms. In 1992 the provincial government extended a logging moratorium in the Kitlope watershed until the end of 1995, giving conservationists and the Haisla Nation, inhabitants of the area since the glaciers retreated, a brief opportunity to seek protection for it. The Haisla were offered a plum deal by Eurocan Pulp and Paper to run the company's proposed Kitlope logging

Drawing from the traditions of indigenous peoples, a Haisla Rediscovery Camp (top) teaches forest protection rather than plunder. Inset: Gordon Robertson, Haisla hereditary chief.

operation; they turned it down flat. Three hundred generations of spirits live in that forest, they say.

Instead, the Haisla want to create a huge park for traditional use by natives, for scientific research, and for the enjoyment of the world. They've teamed up with conservation groups to form the nonprofit Nanakila Institute, charged with coordinating scientific, cultural, and recreational activities in the Kitlope—all of which, they hope, can provide an economically viable alternative to logging. They've also begun training their youth as wilderness guides, ready to give outsiders an inside look at what Chief Gerald Amos calls "the Haisla book of knowledge."

Because the Kitlope is true wilderness—with few trails and many grizzlies—guided, boat-based travel is best. Ecotourism in the Kitlope is a recent phenomenon, and operators are adding itineraries every year. That's why it's essential to support tour operators that promote minimum-impact travel and cultural sensitivity. Until Haisla land claims are resolved or park protection established, the Natives cannot assert control over tourism on their lands; it's incumbent upon tour operators to coordinate their efforts with the local people. To help screen outfitters, consult a copy of *Ecotourism Guidelines for Nature Tour Operators*, available from The Ecotourism Society, P.O. Box 755, North Bennington, VT 05257. ■

NUTS & BOLTS

WHO'S INVOLVED:

Nanakila Institute
Bruce Hill, Director
260 Kitlope St., Box 1102
Kitamaat, B.C. V0T 2B0
(604) 632-3308

Ecotrust
1200 Northwest Front Ave., Suite 470
Portland, OR 97209
(503) 227-6225
In 1992, Ecotrust and the Haisla Nation published *The Greater Kitlope Ecosystem: A Wilderness Planning Framework.*

Western Canada Wilderness Committee
20 Water St., Vancouver, B.C. V6B 1A4
(604) 683-8220

Sierra Club of Western Canada
1525 Amelia St., Victoria, B.C. V8W 2K1
(604) 386-5255

Conservation International-Canada
P.O. Box 67
Tofino, B.C. V0R 2Z0
(604) 725-2591

WHO CAN GET YOU THERE:

Haisla Nation Rediscovery Society
Haisla P.O. Box 1068
Kitamaat, B.C. V0T 2B0
Runs "rediscovery camps" for native and non-native youth, focusing on cultural and environmental awareness.

The River League
103-1406 Laburnum St.
Vancouver, B.C. V6J 3W3
(604) 733-8221 or (604) 687-3417
Operates minimum-impact rafting trips on the Kitlope River.

Mark Mardon

A Club Without Closets

On weekends during the summer of 1984, two men stood on the corner of Castro and 18th streets in San Francisco, passing out Sierra Club membership forms in the heart of "the Castro," the city's gayest neighborhood. Shoulder to shoulder with canvassers and leafleters from AIDS-activist groups, political clubs, and discotheques, Club employees Steve Griffiths and Alan Weaver vied to get lesbians and gay men to join the Club and take part in the environmental movement.

There were many gays participating in the Club's outdoor and conservation programs already, though few were very open about their sexuality. By reaching out to a new generation of openly gay, ecologically aware people, Griffiths and Weaver believed they could add to the Club's diversity and bolster its grassroots strength. If enough people signed up, they promised, they would work to establish Gay and Lesbian Sierrans (GLS) as an activity section within the Club's San Francisco Bay Chapter.

The idea was greeted with enthusiasm by many Castro denizens. "We found lots of gays and lesbians who were interested in hiking and environmental issues," says Griffiths, "but who weren't active with any organization. They saw GLS as a way to get involved."

And get involved they did, by the hundreds, once GLS became official in 1986. The section rapidly acquired more than 1,000 members, and eventually GLS sections were formed in two other California chapters, in the Los Angeles and San Jose areas. Today more than 1,800 lesbians and gay men participate in GLS outings and conservation activities. Like other Club members they frequently bike, backpack, car camp, ski, hike, and lobby on such issues as pollution and parks. They have joined other Club groups in raising funds to protect the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge, and last summer they gathered thousands of signatures in support of the $2-billion California Parks and Wildlife Initiative that will appear on ballots in this June's state elections. Last year Bay Chapter GLS crews logged more than 1,000 volunteer hours working on trail-maintenance and habitat-restoration projects.

"Gay and Lesbian Sierrans has been a model of grassroots activism," says Andrea Mackenzie, a professional park and open-space planner who chairs the Bay Chapter GLS. "It provides people a way to roll up their sleeves, plant trees, build trails, and collect signatures for environmental initiatives."

The idea of starting a Sierra Club section geared to a specific demographic group was not unprecedented. Long before GLS was conceived, the Bay Chapter had created "Sierra Singles" and "Solo Sierrans," activity sections meant to attract members with shared social interests and lifestyles. The chapter had also set up "Sierra Couples," a section designed for both married and unmarried pairs. Like GLS, these groups thrived, attracting conservationists who dedicate themselves to promoting the Club's agenda. Members of these sections frequently lend their efforts to chapter and group committees working on leadership training, environmental education, conservation campaigns, election endorsements, outings, fundraising, and many other tasks.

Lesbians and gay men, long active in the Sierra Club, make their presence known.

"We were formed to enlist the resources and talent of the gay and lesbian community in conservation causes, to advance Club goals, and to open the environmental movement to a new constituency," says Mackenzie. "We've become a training ground for environmental activists."

Members of GLS include biologists, geologists, urban planners, educators, physicians, and blue-collar workers. Among its ranks are such committed conservationists as Lauren McGuire, a hike and service-trip leader who has supervised more than a hundred trail-building crews in Bay Area national and local parks; Steven Krefting, past president and current board member of the San Francisco League of Conservation Voters; and Weaver, who in addition to his Sierra Club staff work serves on San Francisco's municipal open-space committee, overseeing park renovations, native-grassland acquisition and restoration, and transportation programs to get inner-city kids (including gay and lesbian youth) into the outdoors. In 1990, GLS leader and open-space advocate Bob Walker became chair of the San Francisco Bay Chapter, a position he held until his death from AIDS in 1992. Currently GLS member Jeff Golden is the Bay Chapter's vice-chair.

Though Gay and Lesbian Sierrans is now a well-established element within the Bay Chapter, its origins were not without controversy. The proposal to create GLS was initially rejected by Bay Chapter leaders, who anticipated that approval of the section might alienate some current or future members. A few Club leaders opposed the section for other reasons: they believed the chapter had already gone too far with

Sierra Singles and Couples; activity groups, they insisted, should be geared toward biking, hiking, climbing, and the like rather than toward "special interest" social groups. A Sierra Singles member replied that since his section provided an opportunity to hike and socialize with others who shared his interests, there was no reason to prevent GLS from appropriately serving the same purpose for gay Club members. Michael Hanna Muir, great-grandson of Club founder John Muir, wrote that "there is a wealth of talent and enthusiasm in the gay community that has much to contribute to the Sierra Club. There is clearly a need for Gay/Lesbian Sierrans. As a gay man, I welcome this opportunity."

In January 1986, a year and a half after Griffiths and Weaver first proposed it, GLS became officially recognized by the Bay Chapter, empowered to conduct outings and conservation programs under the Club banner. Since then, the section has earned high praise even from Club leaders who originally opposed it. "Gay and Lesbian Sierrans is one of our most active groups," says Edward Bennett, a member of the Bay Chapter executive committee for the past 20 years. "It has made significant contributions to the chapter and to conservation causes."

Whether GLS sections are likely to appear in other Club chapters across the country, no one can say. The Club makes no effort to survey its members' religious, political, or sexual orientations, so it is unclear how many gays and lesbians nationwide currently belong to the Club (or, for that matter, would join if invited). Still, Mackenzie notes, Bay Area GLS leaders often get phone calls from out-of-state, out-of-the-closet Club members wanting to visit California and go on GLS outings. Perhaps, once potential participants across North America become aware of the California precedent (and assuming they receive support from their chapter leadership), they will one day form their own GLS sections back home. ■

► *For more information, see "Resources," p. 92.*

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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 32

A free information sheet about Michael Reynolds' Earthships is available from Solar Survival Architecture, Box 1041, Taos, NM 87571. If you become hooked and decide to build your own, you'll want *Earthship, Volumes I* through *III*, how-to manuals that take you step by step through the construction process and try to answer the questions that arise during it. Send $24.95 plus $2 for postage and handling for each volume; make checks out to Solar Survival Architecture.

The Last Straw is the quarterly newsletter of straw-bale building; it's $21 a year, $6 for a single issue, from Out on Bale (un)Ltd., 1037 East Linden St., Tucson, AZ 85719. An information packet, including a 45-page booklet by David Bainbridge with Bill and Athena Steen, extensive bibliography, and a sample of *The Last Straw*, is available for $15.

DEPARTMENTS

PRIORITIES

California Desert Bill, page 42

Write your senators and representative and urge them to oppose any amendments that would allow hunting in the proposed Mojave National Park or downgrade it to a hunting "preserve."

For information on the Mojave and the California Desert Protection Act, write to the Sierra Club's Information Desk at 730 Polk St., San Francisco, CA 94109.

The Citizens for Mojave National Park publish a quarterly newsletter, a sample copy of which is available from P.O. Box 106, Barstow, CA 92312, phone (619) 256-9561. Regular subscriptions are $15.

A wide variety of perspectives on bighorn sheep can be found in *Counting Sheep*, edited by Gary Nabhan (University of Arizona Press, 1993). This anthology of essays includes contributions by Ann Zwinger, Doug Peacock, and Terry Tempest Williams.

Native Environmentalists, page 46

Contact the Indigenous Environmental Network at P.O. Box 485, Bemidji, MN 56601, phone (218) 751-4967.

The battle over resources on Native lands is discussed in *The New Resource Wars: Native and Environmental Struggles Against Multinational Corporations* by Al Gedicks (South End Press, Boston, 1993).

CLUBWAYS

Gay and Lesbian Sierrans, page 90

To learn more about GLS outings and conservation activities, contact any of the three Sierra Club chapters that have established sections: Angeles Chapter, P.O. Box 2952, Seal Beach, CA 90740, phone (213) 661-1907; Bay Chapter, 5237 College Ave., Oakland, CA 94618, phone (415) 281-5666; Loma Prieta Chapter, 3921 E. Bayshore Rd., Palo Alto, CA 94303, phone (408) 236-2170.

FEATURES

Oil-Spill Drill, page 52

The Sierra Club is still working to address the effects of the *Exxon Valdez* spill, and to ensure that the bulk of Exxon's $1 billion in monetary damages is spent for the permanent protection of endangered coastal forests. For more information contact Pam Brodie in the Club's Alaska Office, 241 East 5th Ave., Suite 205, Anchorage, AK 99501, phone (907) 276-4048.

Crude Awakening: The Oil Mess in America, a report from Friends of the Earth on oil spills throughout the country, is available for $38.50 from Public Interest Publications; phone (800) 537-9359.

For an in-depth look at the hazards of the oil tanker industry, see Pulitzer prize–winning investigative journalist Eric Nalder's *Tankers Full of Trouble* (Grove Press, 1994).

Domingo González, page 58

For a copy of the Sierra Club's analysis of border-cleanup costs and information on international trade agreements, contact the Sierra Club International Program, 408 C St., N.E., Washington, DC 20002, phone (202) 547-1141.

The Texas Center for Policy Studies has issued numerous reports on border environmental issues and NAFTA's environmental side agreements. Ask for their publications list at P.O. Box 2618, Austin, TX 78768, phone (512) 474-0811.

Information on labor and environmental issues along the border, as well as the videotape on Stepan Chemical's Matamoros facility, is available from the Coalition for Justice in the Maquiladoras, 3120 West Ashby, San Antonio, TX 78228, phone (210) 732-8957.

Escalante Canyon Kayak, page 66

For one-stop public-agency information, contact the Escalante Interagency Visitor Information Center, P.O. Box 246, Escalante, UT 84726, phone (801) 826-5499.

Wilderness at the Edge (Utah Wilderness Coalition, P.O. Box 11446, Salt Lake City, UT 84147) describes a proposal to create the Escalante Canyons Wilderness from hitherto up-for-grabs BLM lands. It's one of a great many scenic areas that could win wilderness designation under H.R. 1500, which the Sierra Club supports.

Talking on the Water, page 72

Talking on the Water is available at bookstores or by direct mail-order from Sierra Club Store Orders, 730 Polk St., San Francisco, CA 94109. Enclose $15 plus $3 for shipping and handling. ■

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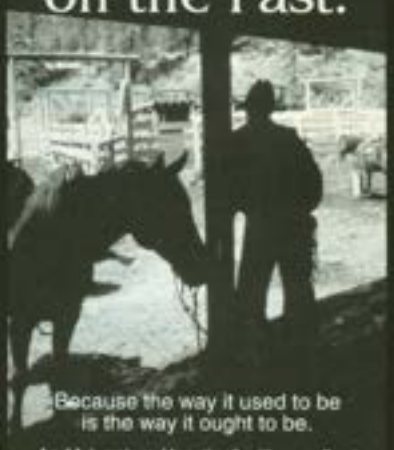

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IS THE ENVIRONMENTAL MOVEMENT TOO ANTI-BUSINESS, OR NOT ANTI-BUSINESS ENOUGH?

Whatever it is in fact, the *perception* is that the environmental movement is anti-business. One way to change this perception is to put more emphasis on being anti-*subsidy*. Clearcutting is subsidized by the Deforestation Service; cheap gas is subsidized by military outlays in the Middle East; polluting paper mills are subsidized by hemp prohibition; overgrazing is subsidized by giveaway leases and "predator-control" money. Taking away subsidies is tough, though, like taking candy from a baby.
Peter Wilson
Phoenix, Arizona

American environmentalists of 75 to 200 years ago were for the most part pro-business. However, since pagan, pantheist religionists, socialists, and those with anti-American, anti-business, anti-capitalist, anti–free enterprise, anti-development, and anti-upper-middle/upper-class attitudes have infiltrated the environmental movement to advance their special-interest agendas, there is an unrighteous hatred against business by most of today's environmentalists. Too many of them are on a holier-than-thou ego trip, acting and behaving in a savage manner, trying to provoke an "us versus them" confrontation with business, which has only caused business to go on the offensive.

Wiser, more competent environmentalists should distance themselves from the special-interest extremists who have infiltrated the movement, so that environmental initiatives can advance with the support of business.
Vaughn McLemore
Maryville, Tennessee

We are fighting the wrong battle with this question. We need to think of ourselves as "anti-greed," not "anti-business." If we do so, we may find that major environmental goals are compatible with major business goals. But doing away with the "greed factor" will mean really hard work—changing attitudes and life-styles, getting all of America to look into a mirror instead of pointing a finger.
Barbara-Ann G. Lewis
Evanston, Illinois

The conservationist movement should not only oppose big business, but seriously consider an alternative to mass-industrial society. Laissez-faire capitalism, with its worship of money and its lack of social justice, will always be the enemy of conservationism.
David Harris
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Environmentalists are often caught in a double bind: by placating big business, they compromise their goals and ideals; but by being adversarial to big business, they're easily portrayed as anti-jobs and anti-American. This is one of the dilemmas that comes with caring about the natural world.
Chris Kennedy
Rock Springs, Wyoming

The environmental movement is much too anti-business. This mind-set is all too obvious in environmental literature; *Sierra* rarely uses the word "business" without some negative qualifier such as "profit-hungry." The human race will only fully restore the global environment when there is a global economy providing an educated population with secure, productive employment in financially successful (read profitable) nongovernmental enterprises, big and small. Only then will we be creating sufficient wealth to fund restoration projects and repair the world. Our movement must continue to oppose specific misguided business practices, but we must recognize that in the long run, only productive free enterprise will generate the wealth we need to achieve our larger goals.
A. J. James
San Jose, California

The environmental movement doesn't seem to understand where it can best leverage businesses—in their markets. With their collective hundreds of thousands of members, environmental groups could influence consumer preference for Earth-friendly products, from organically grown food to energy-efficient computers. It's time for the movement to hang up the stick and extend the carrot.
Diane Bowen
Santa Cruz, California

Your question assumes that business and the environment have conflicting interests. In the long run, however, business depends upon healthy resources. In the controversy over the spotted owl, for example, the owls and the loggers both depend upon a healthy, renewable forest. Neither owls nor loggers will survive if all the forests are gone.
Mark Gilkey
Palo Alto, California

The environmental movement is not too anti-business. Rather, too many businesses are anti-environment. Over and over again, I hear that we have to start taking care of people's needs, no matter what the result for the environment—that God will heal the earth if we just give people jobs, even if we have to cut down every tree in the world, mine all the coal, and put in nuclear-power plants. My reply is always the same: if we don't start taking care of this world, we won't have to worry about the Second Coming. Long before Christ shows up, we'll have killed ourselves off.
Mrs. Rodney Lasater
Locust Grove, Oklahoma

Although businesses are responsible for many serious environmental problems, it is a grave mistake to make enemies of them. We're all in this together, and all businesses, large and small alike, urgently need assistance from knowledgeable environmentalists.
Kathy Stein
Kensington, California

FOR NEXT TIME...

SHOULD ENVIRONMENTALISTS EMBRACE THE ANIMAL-RIGHTS MOVEMENT?

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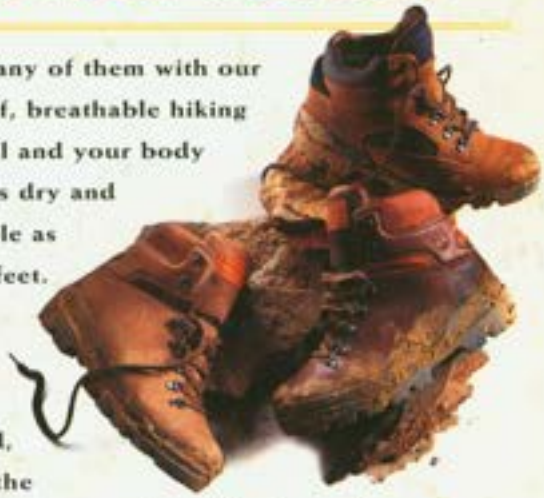

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