INSIDE: SIERRA CLUB INTERNATIONAL OUTINGS 1994-95

SIERRA

THE MAGAZINE OF THE SIERRA CLUB • JULY/AUGUST 1994

Bruce Babbitt
WHAT DOES HE STAND FOR?
(AND WHEN WILL HE PROVE IT?)

THE PADDLING GOURMET
Chowing Down the Tuolumne

WILD WORDS
Writing-Contest Winners

TICK, TICK, TICK...
It's Lyme Disease Time

Exploring Colorado Wilderness

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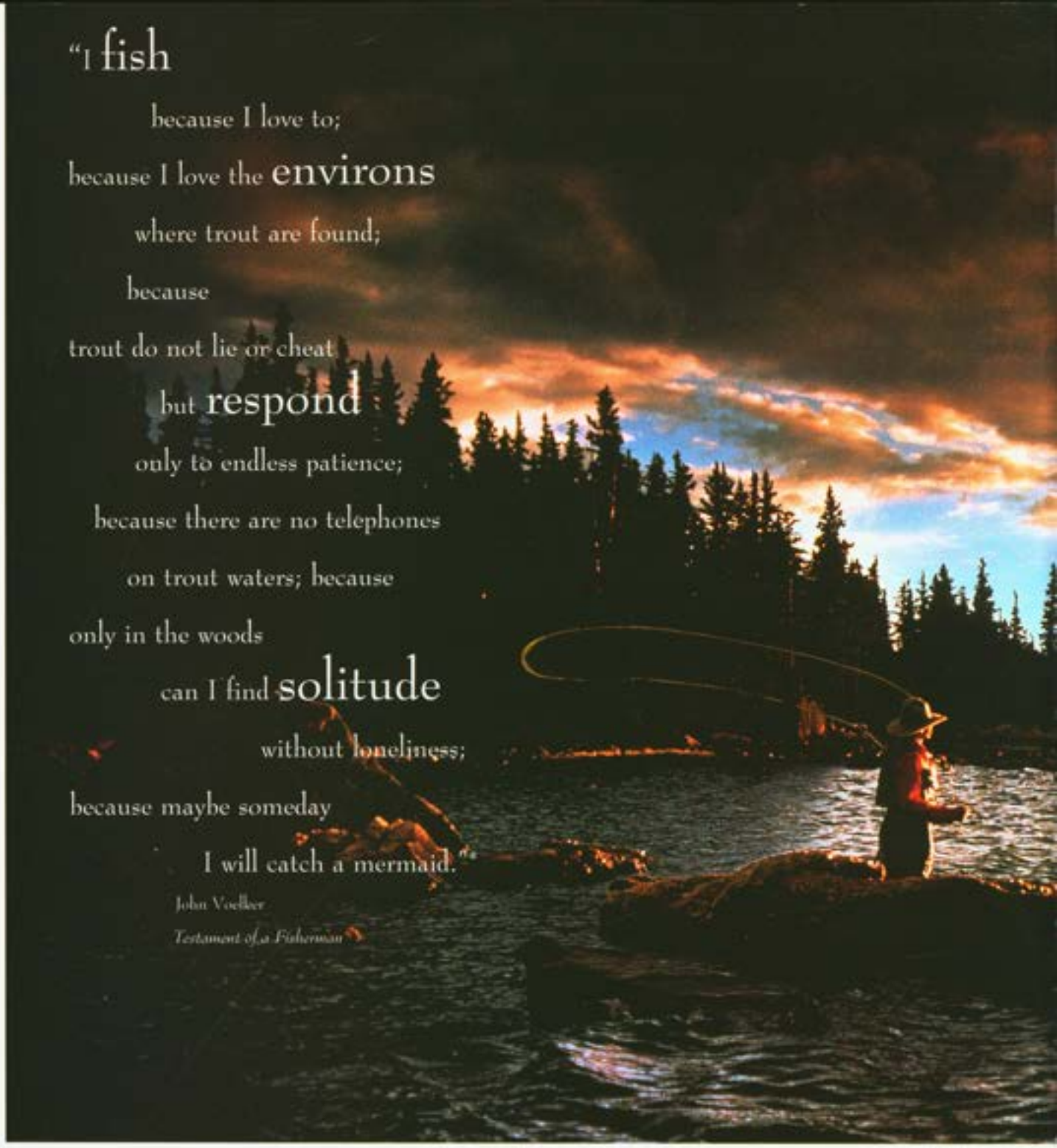
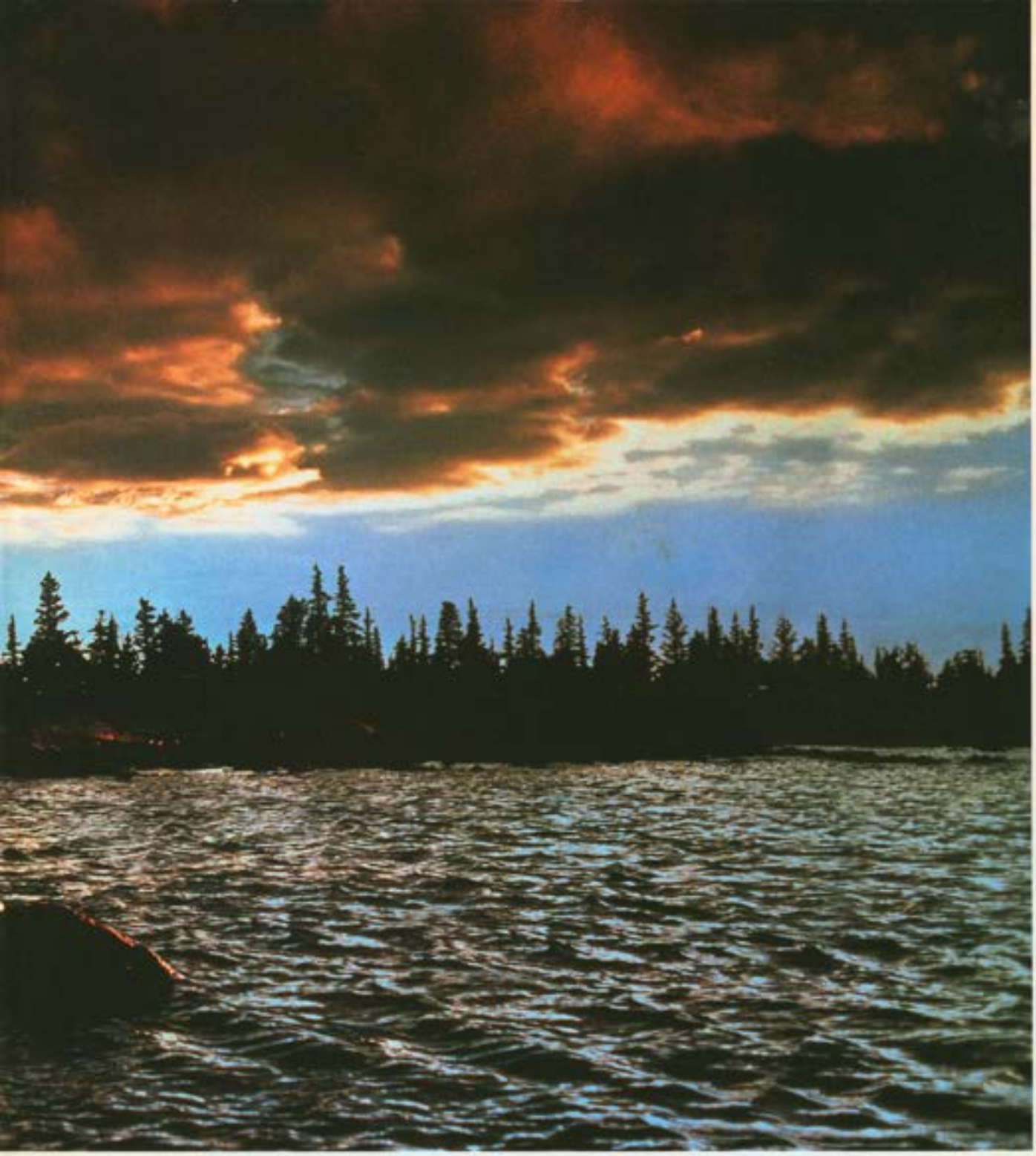


Chevrolet is proud to help the National Fish and Wildlife Foundation in its efforts to restore natural habitats so that everything living there can be healthy once more. This is the latest way we show our commitment to our environment.

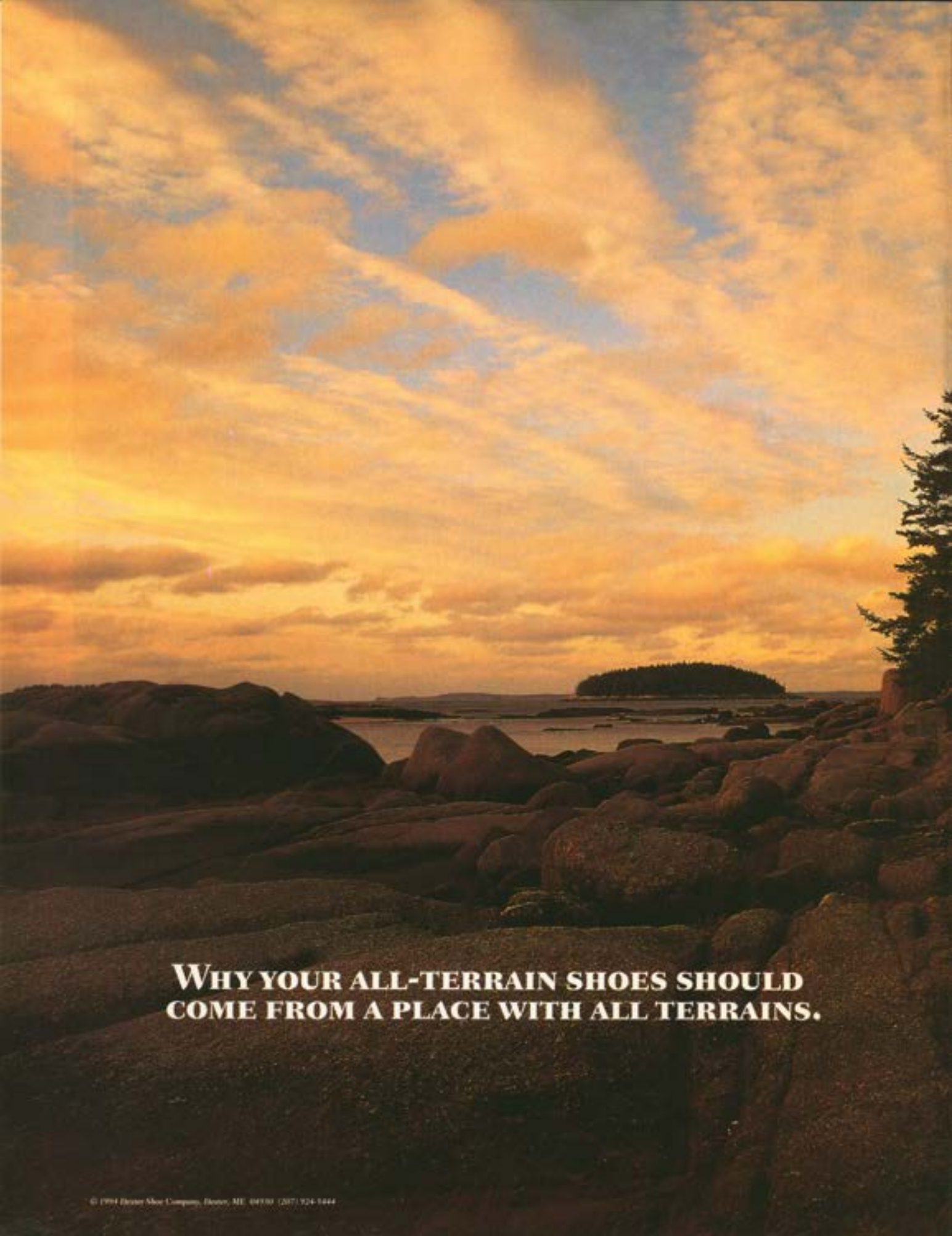
For years, we have supported B.A.S.S.,® Operation Bass, The WATER Foundation and urban forestry groups that have planted over 200,000 trees. We've also worked hard to provide cars and trucks that are more fuel-efficient and environmentally responsible.

We believe strongly that revitalizing our environment is one of the most important goals on earth. If you would also like to help the National Fish and Wildlife Foundation, please call 1-800-873-3436.

*Selections from quotation courtesy Voelker Collection at Northern Michigan University.

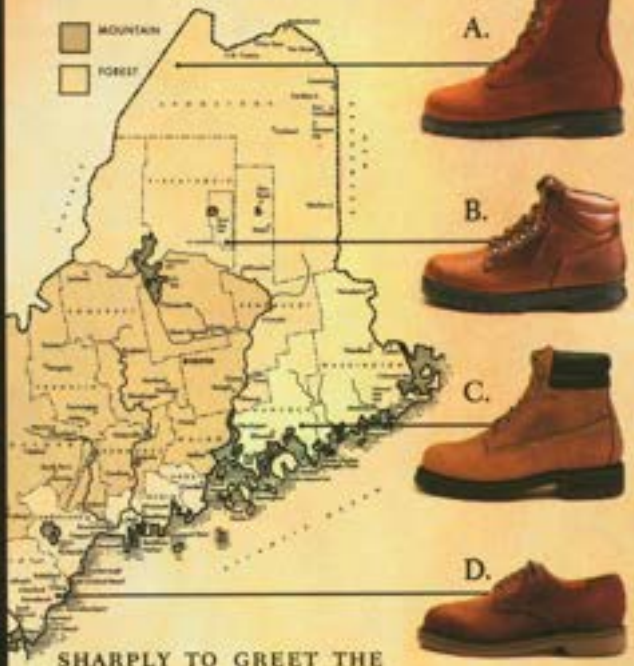


GENUINE CHEVROLET



MADE IN AMERICA

In Maine you will find vast pine forests. Pure, plentiful waters. Mountains that rise up



sharply to greet the churning sea. And just about in the middle of it all is a little town called Dexter. Where the residents are as straightforward as the truths they routinely tell. And where the great outdoors serves to inspire the making of great waterproof boots and shoes.

A. *The Guide*: This men's boot is built to take all that the North Country regularly dishes out.

B. *The Klondike*: So light, this boot for men and women makes a hike up Cadillac Mountain seem rather flat.

C. *The Blazer*:, Take a quick jaunt up the coast with the men's Blazer or the women's Roxie.

D. *The Express*: The toughest climb is up the corporate ladder. To make it comfortable, here are the men's Express and women's Rikki.

Dexter USA

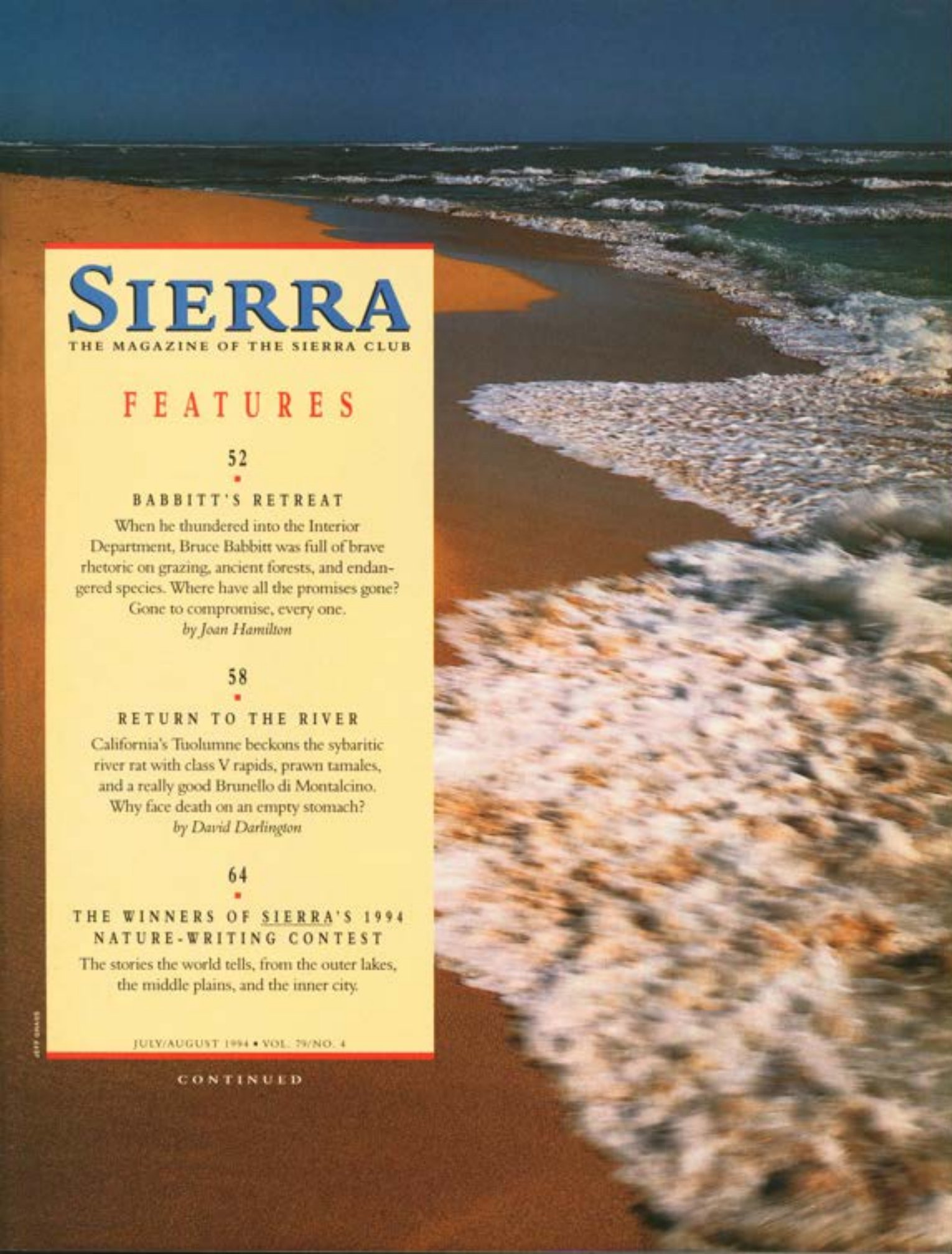
Waterproof, guaranteed.

The value of Dexter waterproof boots and shoes are the values of Dexter, Maine. Prime examples of American craftsmanship and ingenuity at a reasonable price. They are available at Sibley's Shoes (MI), Overland Trading Co (MA, CT, NY, NJ, PA), Irvings Shoes (Central PA) and other fine stores nationwide.

Catch what might otherwise go unnoticed.

Ektachrome Elite 100 film is Kodak's sharpest Ektachrome ever, with the finest grain of any 100-speed slide film. It delivers outstanding color accuracy, and details so sharp, nothing will go unnoticed. Not even a chameleon.

A Kodak Moment.



SIERRA

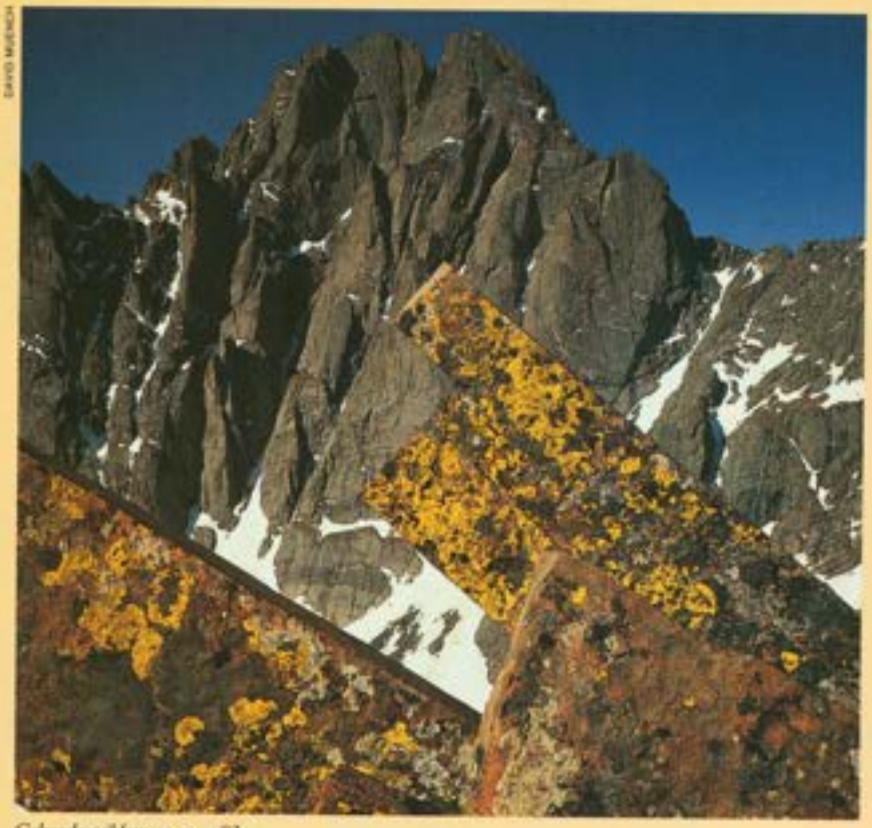
THE MAGAZINE OF THE SIERRA CLUB

FEATURES

JULY/AUGUST 1994 • VOL. 79/NO. 4

CONTINUED

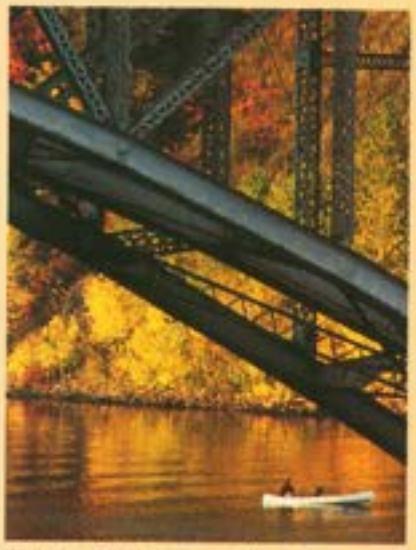
SIERRA



Colorado wilderness, page 82

AFIELD

DEPARTMENTS



The Upper Mississippi, page 38

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Endless Journey Travel Pack, Tagong Monastery, Tibet. Photo: Nancy Bednarik

Gerry Soifer is a veterinarian in Encinitas, California. *When he is not treating patients Gerry and his wife Nancy are visiting a remote monastery in Tibet, rafting the Zambezi River in Africa, or biking the backcountry in China. Gerry and Nancy's choice of travel gear is Eagle Creek.* ***Eagle Creek makes a complete range of travel gear for any type of travel;*** *from convertible travel packs to soft luggage and duffles, travel organizers, "Undercover" security items, as well as everyday briefcases and daypacks.*

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Unsolicited submissions must include a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Photo submissions should be insured or registered. *Sierra* is not responsible for material lost or damaged in the mail.

Being stranded on a deserted beach seems very romantic. Unless you're three hours old.

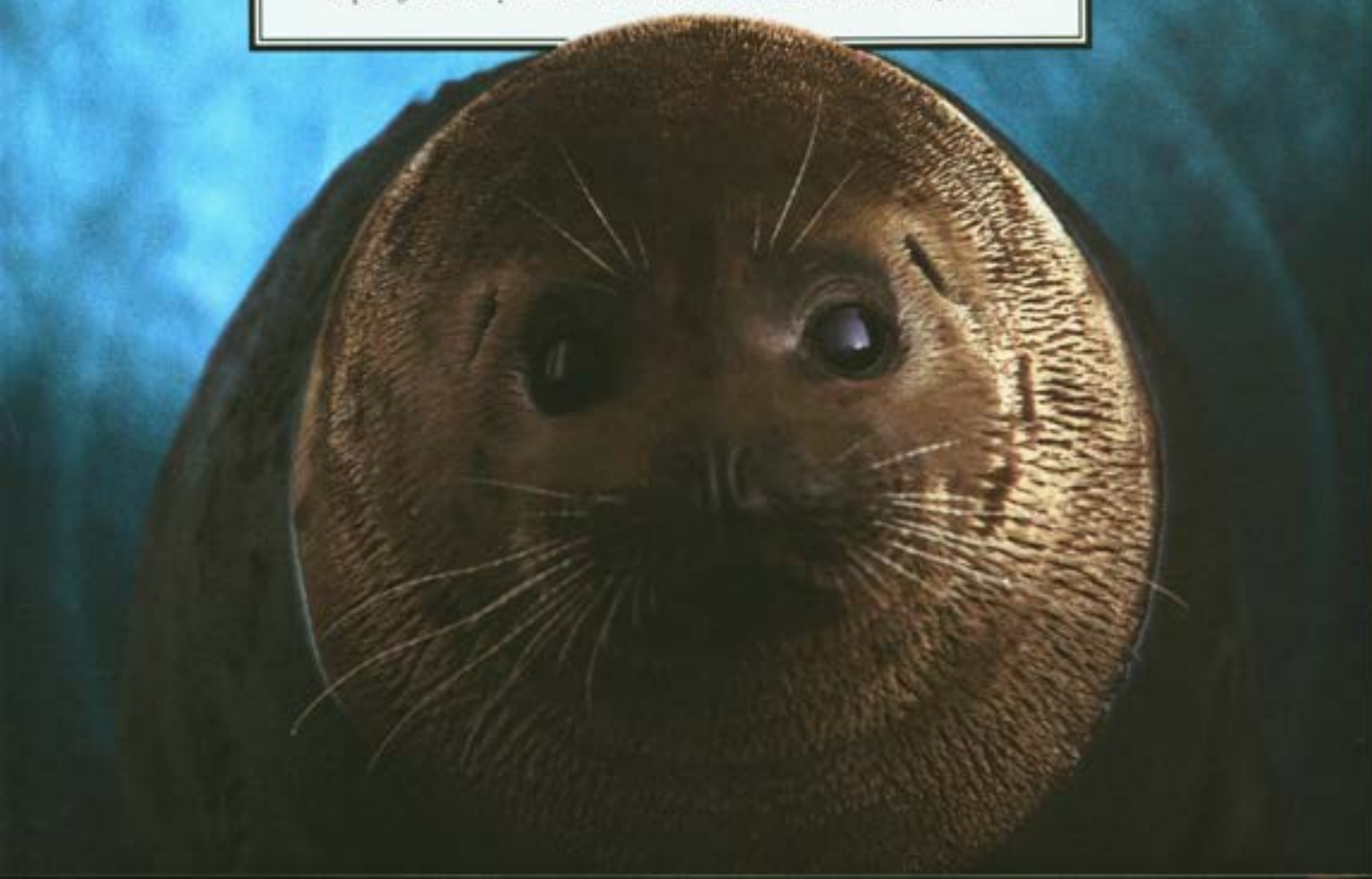
Hours after her birth, a violent storm separated this harbor seal pup from her mother. She was hungry. Defenseless. And scared. Unable to survive in the ocean, she beached herself.

Our Beached Animal Recovery Team gently collected the helpless pup on Valentine's eve. Appropriately, they named her Cupid. Back at Sea World's animal care facility, Cupid was given the medical attention, food and love she needed to live.

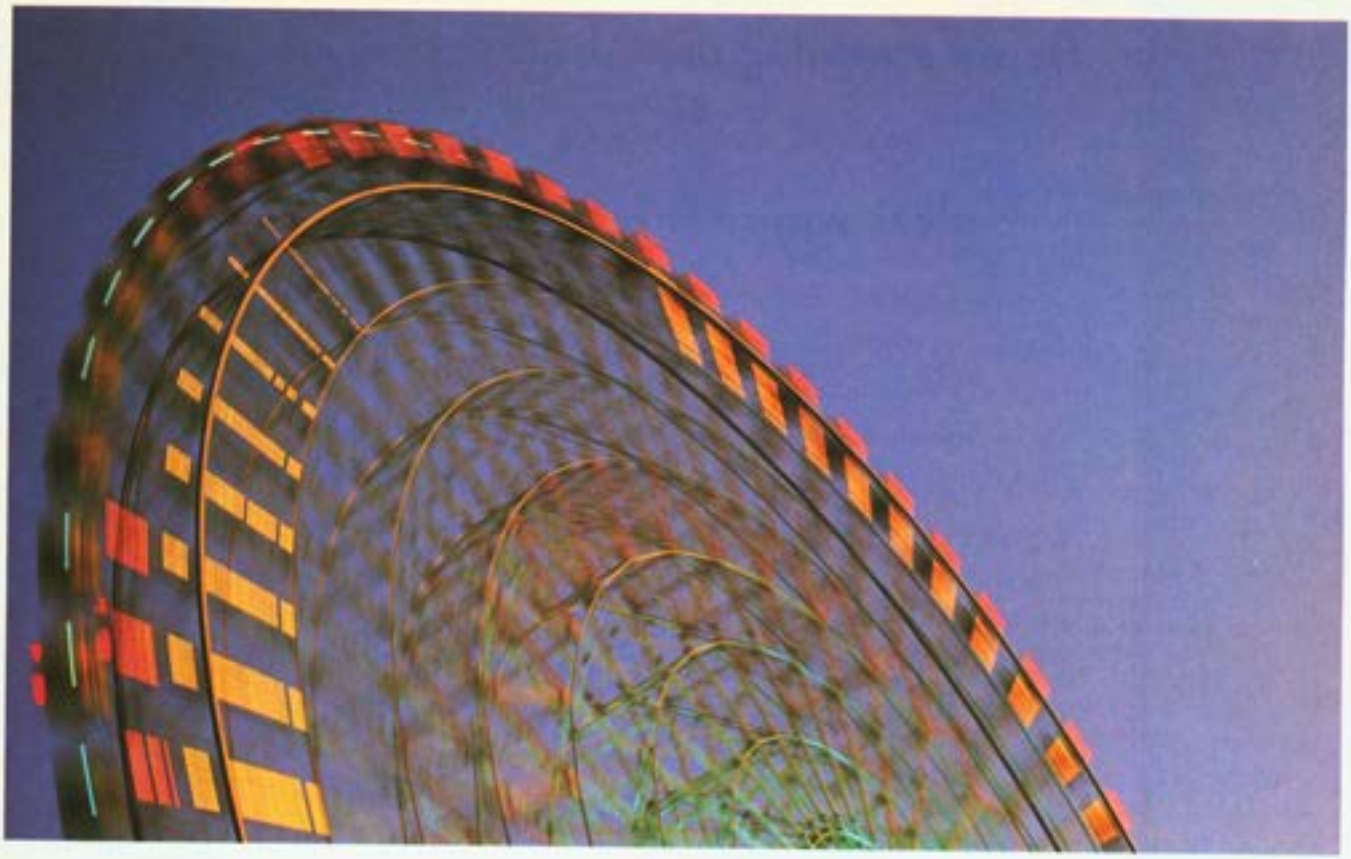
Three months later, she was strong enough to return home. So we found a beautiful stretch of Pacific Ocean frequented by fellow harbor seals. We knew it was the perfect match for Cupid. And we feel good knowing her life in the ocean will be a lot more romantic.

Sea World

A pledge and a promise from the Anheuser-Busch Companies.



Some things weren't meant for a wild ride.



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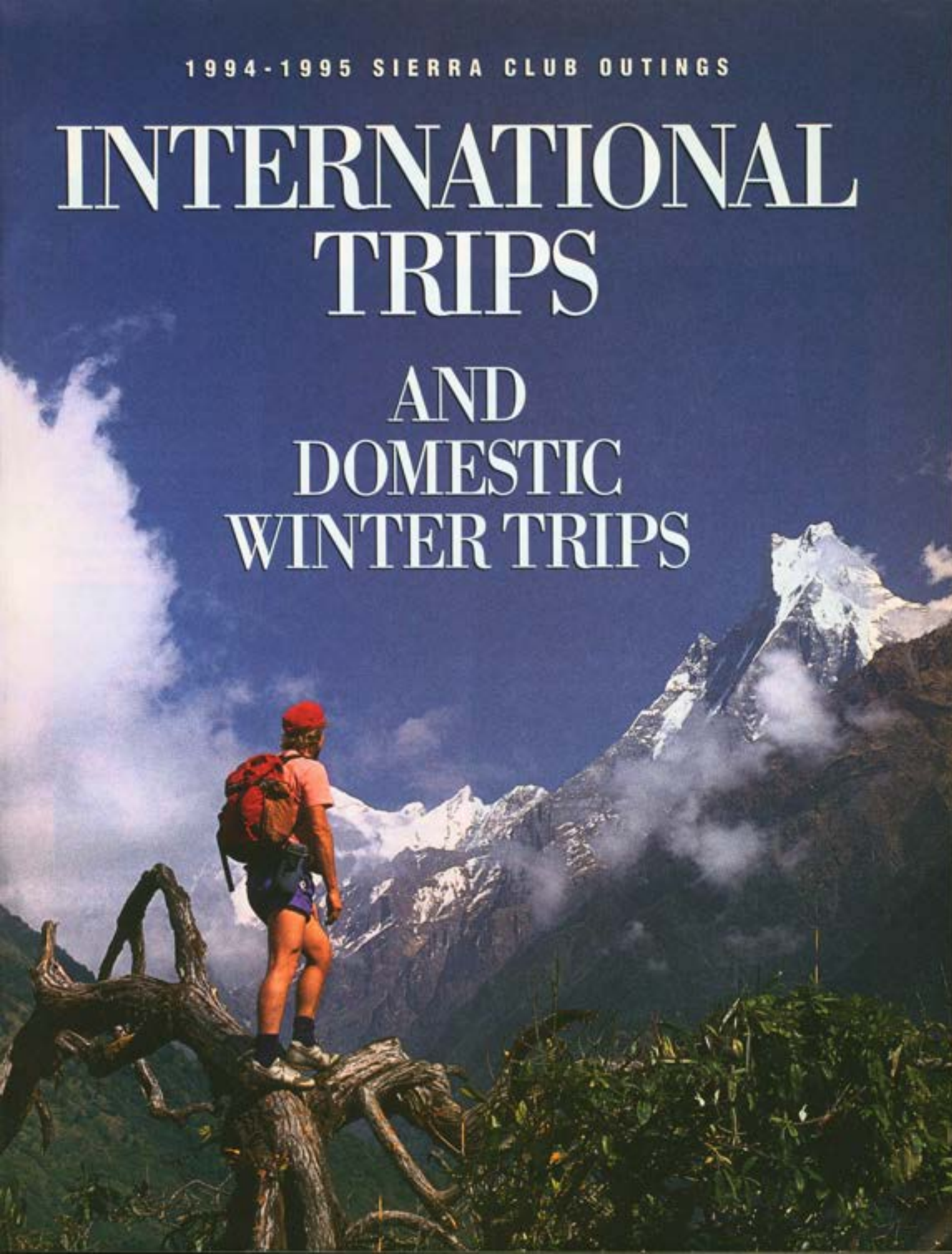
1994-1995 SIERRA CLUB OUTINGS

INTERNATIONAL TRIPS AND DOMESTIC WINTER TRIPS



INTERNATIO

ON SIERRA CLUB INTERNATIONAL TRIPS, participants explore the outdoors, meet local people, and appreciate their customs and traditions. Our experienced leaders will introduce you to the conservation issues of the host country and you may even meet with local environmentalists. This environmental component sets Sierra Club trips apart from those run by ordinary tour companies.

Read the trip descriptions and brochures to determine which outing is right for you. Trips range from physically demanding to leisurely; accommodations can be remote camps, guesthouses, or comfortable hotels. International trips are tier-priced; for an explanation of tier-pricing, see page 24. Trip prices do not include airfare.

Space is still available on many 1994 international trips. See Open Trips on page 19 for more information.

Questions? Call (415) 923-5522.

Africa

Kenya/Tanzania Safari Sampler: Highlights of East Africa—June 24–July 8, 1995. A rare photographic experience awaits you on this sensational exposure to some of Africa's best wildlife. Thousands of wild animals and birds inhabit the game parks we visit near the Masai Mara, the Serengeti, Lake Victoria, Ngorongoro Crater, and Mt. Kilimanjaro. We'll stay in comfortable campsites as well as some of the finest game lodges. Travel will be by van and overlander, with optional hikes. *Leader: Carolyn Castleman. Price: $4,040 (12-15) / $4,330 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[95720]**

Antarctica

Adventure Cruise, Antarctic Peninsula—December 7–18, 1994. Explore the seventh continent as a passenger on a fully equipped polar research vessel. You'll visit Deception Island, Hope Bay, Anvers Island, Lemaire Channel, Paradise Bay, and more. Landings will be made by inflatable rubber rafts. Please note the regular Cancellation Policy does not apply; see brochure for details. *Leader: Leo Le Bon. Price: $4,995 (shared bath) / $5,595 (private bath); Dep: $500.* **[94700]**

Asia

South China Holiday—December 19, 1994–January 2, 1995. Kunming, Dali, Xishuangbanna, and Guilin are the highlights of this adventure through fascinating, exciting, and scenic south China. Many of China's colorful minority groups live in this area, and we plan to visit them in their homes and in their markets. You'll never forget the Bai people of Dali, the jungle and peoples of Xishuangbanna, or the Li River cruise in Guilin. Kunming, China's "City of Eternal Spring," is the highlight of our trip. *Leader: Phil Gowing. Price: $2,630 (10-12) / $2,945 (9 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[95710]**

Annapurna Sanctuary, Nepal—March 13–26, 1995. Our moderate trek takes us into the heart of the Annapurna Sanctuary, where we'll be surrounded by the 26,000-foot peaks of the Annapurna Massif. Nepalese guest lodges will provide us with spartan accommodations and ample food. We'll support the Annapurna Sanctuary conservation program and its planned conversion to fuel-efficient cooking stoves and reduced dependency on scarce firewood. Two days in Pokhara include a tour of the exotic sights and a visit to the lakeside bazaar. *Leader: John Bird. Price: $1,615 (8-10) / $1,870 (7 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[95715]**

Kangchenjunga Himal, Nepal—May 1–30, 1995. Kangchenjunga, the world's third-highest peak (28,168 feet), soars above the unspoiled eastern end of Nepal. We will trek on-trail through terraced fields, thick rhododendron, and bamboo forests, along mountain ridges and across glaciers to our goal—Pengperma (16,500 feet) and views of towering Kangchenjunga. On the way we will enjoy the magnificent mountains surrounding Yalung Glacier. This is a moderate-strenuous trip. *Leader: Jack Zirker. Price: $2,680 (12-15) / $2,970 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[95725]**

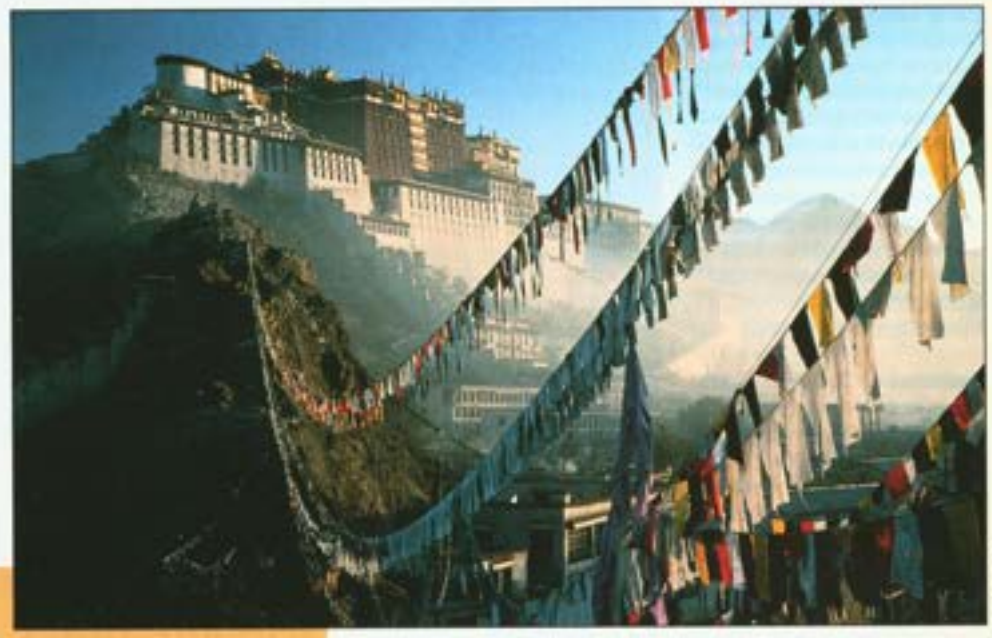
Cultural Connections, Kathmandu-Lhasa Overland, Nepal and Tibet—May 5–18, 1995.

NAL TRIPS

SEE PAGE 19 FOR 1994 INTERNATIONAL TRIPS

GALEN ROWELL/MOUNTAIN LIGHT

We'll snake like the tail of a dragon through the highest mountains on earth to the "roof of the world." Protected for centuries by natural barriers, Tibet is now partially open to foreign travel. On this high-elevation trip, we explore this mysterious land by bus and by foot. We'll visit Swayambhunath (the "Monkey Temple"), Bhaktapur, the burning *ghats* in Kathmandu, Sakya Monastery in Shigatse, and the Jokhang Temple and Potala Palace in fabled Lhasa. *Leader: Kern Hildebrand. Price: $2,790 (12-15) / $3,080 (11 or fewer); Dep. $200.* **[95730]**



Cover, Annapurna Sanctuary, Nepal (Galen Rowell/Mountain Light); top, Sea of Cortes, Baja, Mexico; far left, Kenya; left, Antarctic Peninsula; above, Potala Palace, Tibet.

SCOTT T. BAXTER

Patrick Colgan. Price: $2,270 (12-15) / $2,490 (11 or fewer); Dep. $200. **[95735]**

Mongolia Service Trip—June 17–July 1, 1995. Northern Mongolia's unspoiled and isolated Lake Hovsgol National Park provides habitat for snow leopards, wolves, brown bears, roe deer, elk, and wild boar. We'll help Mongolia's new National Park Service create a low-impact trail system, and take time to observe an ancient nomadic culture and explore the vast, sparsely populated wilderness. We camp in traditional yurts, and will also visit museums and monasteries in Ulaan Bator. For possible trip extension, see trip #95870 under "Russia." *Leader:*

Sagarmatha Service Trek, Nepal—June 21–July 11, 1995. Don't miss this opportunity to trek in the majestic Khumbu Himal, and do something environmentally positive as well. At the Sherpa village of Thame we'll work for three days with local people installing experimental "eco-friendly" fireplace/cooking systems. Following our stay we will trek to Gokyo Peak, visit Thangboche Monastery, and take in awe-inspiring views of the world's highest mountains—Lhotse, Nuptse, Ama Dablam, Cho Oyu, and Everest. *Leader: David Horsley. Price: $2,025 (10-12) / $2,250 (9 or fewer); Dep. $200.* **[95740]**

Himalayan Traverse–Zanskar and Ladakh, India—July 3–August 4, 1995. Going north from Kulu across the ranges of the great Himalaya to Lamayuru and Leh, this is one of the finest treks possible. The high, arid landscape and Buddhist culture make this region an extension of western Tibet. Explore this remote world of rugged yet gentle people, spectacularly carved peaks, hanging glaciers, and an extraordinary network of ancient monasteries—including Phuktal, "the jewel of Zanskar." Maximum elevation 16,900 feet at Singi La. *Leader: Cheryl Parkins. Price: $3,455 (10-12) / $3,770 (9 or fewer); Dep. $200.* **[95745]**

Trekking the Altai Mountains, Kazakhstan—August 20–September 7, 1995. From the arid plateau of Central Asia, we will hike and raft the alpine lakes and rushing streams of this major mountain range. We'll observe the age-old nomadic lifestyle of the colorful descendants of Genghis Khan as we travel through this sparsely populated land. Our journey begins and ends in Moscow with an optional excursion to the museums of St. Petersburg. *Leader: Cahit Kitaplioglu. Price: $3,095 (10-12) / $3,410 (9 or fewer); Dep. $200.* **[95750]**

The Knot of Asia, Pakistan and China—September 16–October 10, 1995. This comprehensive survey of Hunza and the Pamir Knot takes us from Gilgit to Kashgar across the Khunjerab Pass, through a cornucopia of extreme landscapes and remote cultures. We'll trek into the fabulous granite of the Hispar Glacier in the western Karakoram, then turn to the famous Batura Glacier. Our honeymoon trek up the Chaprot Valley is one of the easiest and most beautiful in central Asia. *Leader: Dennis Schmitt. Price: $3,700 (8-10) / $4,040 (7 or fewer); Dep. $200.* **[95755]**

INTERNATIONAL

Europe

England's Coast-to-Coast Walk: From the Irish Sea to the North Sea—May 7–20, 1995. Join us on a walk across England through the country's most scenic national parks—the Lake District, the Yorkshire Dales, and the North York Moors. Our moderate daily hikes will take us to the towns of Grasmere, Keld, and Robin Hood's Bay. Our luggage will be transported each day by minibus to comfortable B&Bs, where we'll meet fellow hikers from around the world. *Leader: Lou Wilkinson. Price: $2,660 (11-14) / $2,960 (10 or fewer); Dep. $200.* **[95760]**

Treasures of Corfu and Northwest Greece—May 13–27, 1995. Explore the archaeological wonders of Athens before flying to Corfu, an island serenely situated in the beautiful Ionian Sea. Then return to the mainland and drive to Epiros for some of Greece's most rugged and spectacular mountains. Light to moderate hiking opportunities abound, including a trip through dramatic Vikos Gorge ("Grand Canyon of Greece"). Accommodations are in hotels and local village establishments. *Leader: Carolyn Castleman. Price: $2,690 (12-15) / $2,990 (11 or fewer); Dep. $200.* **[95765]**

Discover the Baltics: Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia—May 20–June 2, 1995. Experience the loveliness of Baltic spring in fascinating cities, still-rural countrysides, and pristine beaches. Off the tourist path for many years, these countries remain largely unchanged from a century ago. Their cultures and history differ greatly from one another, creating a potpourri of experiences for the visitor. We will meet local people, enjoy cultural events, and visit sanctuaries, markets, and castles. Accommodations are in small hotels; travel is by van, with opportunities to walk and hike. *Leader: Ruth Dyche. Price: $2,885 (10-13) / $3,195 (9 or fewer); Dep. $200.* **[95770]**

Walking the Waterways of England and Wales—June 4–16, 1995. Take a leisurely walk in Great Britain! The charming towpaths along the rivers and canals of Wales and England provide remarkable scenery and unexpected isolation. Enjoy the rugged landscapes of a Welsh national park; walk along a 200-year-old canal through the heart of England; and learn about canal history and customs through museum visits and talks. Our walks average six miles a day on nearly flat terrain. Baggage is transported to comfortable B&Bs, and we enjoy our meals at local pubs and inns. *Leader: Lou Wilkinson. Price: $2,535 (11-14) / $2,835 (10 or fewer); Dep. $200.* **[95780]**

The Dordogne, France: History, Culture, and Ecology—June 18–28, 1995. We'll explore this fabled region of southern France as guests of an environmental center at Sireuil near Les Eyzies. We will visit fascinating Lascaux II, and other caves and dwellings containing ancient painted figures and sculptures; tour fortified villages, riverbank chateaux, farms, markets, and cottage industries by minibus, canoe, and foot; and sample fine restaurants. This leisure trip is for anyone interested in history, anthropology, photography, and environmental preservation. *Leader: Vivian Spiesbichler. Price: $2,240 (12-15) / $2,530 (11 or fewer); Dep. $200.* **[95785]**

Norway: Hiking, Huts, Fjords, and Glaciers—July 2–15, 1995. The Jotunheimen area—"Home of the Giants"—is comparable in its grandeur to Yosemite, with its wild mountains, 250 peaks over 6,000 feet, 60 glaciers, and hundreds of highland lakes and waterfalls. We will do moderate hikes (up to about six hours) from hut to hut, and enjoy two layover days. Packs will be light, as food and bunks are provided. We will boat through fjords, ride a train through the interior of Norway, and tour Oslo. *Leader: Jim Halverson. Price: $2,565 (11-14) / $2,860 (10 or fewer); Dep. $200.* **[95790]**

East Greenland by Boat and by Foot—August 1–12, 1995. There is no place on Earth like East Greenland, with its astonishing and playful labyrinth of waters. We will engage its topological intricacies by Inuit boat and by foot. From Tasilaq we'll trek the sublime Storebror alpine corridor to the great inner fjord of Sermilik, where Tiniteqilaq boats will take us to the dungeons of Tasilartik, the inland ice-cap, and the Peterson Fjord glacial cascades. Price includes helicopter and flights between Iceland and Greenland. *Leader: Dennis Schmitt. Price: $3,235 (7-9) / $3,595 (6 or fewer); Dep. $200.* **[95795]**

Dolomite Peaks to Glaciers, Italy—September 4–16, 1995. The Brenta Dolomites northwest of Trento are a compact ridge of towering dolomitic pinnacles. Across the valley, in striking contrast, are glacier fields and the snow-clad granitic peaks of Adamello and Presanella. Starting from Madonna di Campiglio, we will hike in both areas. Hiking is moderate and peak-climbing optional; you'll carry only what you need for the day, and overnight in comfortable refuges. The weather should be clear and fairly warm, and most of the tourists gone. *Leader: Wayne R. Woodruff. Price: $2,205 (12-15) / $2,495 (11 or fewer); Dep. $200.* **[95800]**

Provence, France: Lightly in the Luberon—September 26–October 4, 1995. The Luberon's range stretches south and east of Avignon, with Mediterranean views to the south and Mont Ventoux to the north. This culturally rich area offers leisurely, scenic hikes and picturesque villages ripe for exploration. Sandstone cliffs, small vineyards, colorful weekly markets, and the local French twang will delight us, while at our accommodating inn, monsieur le chef

There's still time to go abroad with the

Top left to right: spice market, Arles, Provence, France; scarlet macaw, Costa Rica; Turtle Cove, Galápagos Islands, Ecuador. Below, trumpet flower, Costa Rica.

will tantalize our taste buds with Provençal specialties. Bring hiking boots, a camera or sketch pad, and a keen appetite! *Leader: Lynne Simpson. Price: $2,165 (12-15) / $2,445 (11 or fewer); Dep. $200.* **[95805]**

Greece: Mediterranean Sailing and Island Hiking—October 14–27, 1995. The azure blue Saronic Gulf will be home as we sail in and out of the coves and hidden beaches of the islands of Hydra, Paros, and Aegina. Each evening we dock our small sailboats to dine at local tavernas and seek spirited Greek music and dancing. No sailing skills are necessary, but participants must be willing to assist in crewing tasks. Finally, by overnight steamer we travel to the ancient and mountainous island of Crete to hike the spectacular Samaria Gorge. *Leader: Carolyn Castleman. Price: $3,300 (12-15) / $3,590 (11 or fewer); Dep. $200.* **[95810]**

Latin America

Costa Rica Service Trip, Santa Rosa and Rincón de la Vieja Parks—January 3–16, 1995. Santa Rosa National Park in northern Costa Rica is rich in history and nature, protecting the last large stand of tropical dry forest in Central America. From forest and beach base camps we'll work on a variety of tasks, perhaps reforestation and trail maintenance. The trip concludes with three days of hiking from a stream-side base camp near gently active Rincón de la Vieja volcano. *Leader: Judith Harper. Price: $1,225 (12-15) / $1,360 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[95815]**

San Ignacio Lagoon, Baja California, Mexico—February 18–22, 1995. Experience whale-watching at its best! This is the Sierra Club's first trip to this remote, unspoiled area. The lagoon has limited access, and is perfect for hiking on deserted beaches, exploring sand dunes, photographing birds, or paddling single kayaks from our beach camp. Accommodations are spacious tents with cots provided. *Leader: Carol Dienger. Price: $1,680 (10-13) / $1,770 (9 or fewer); Dep. $200.* **[95820]**

Belize: Reef and Ruins—February 18–26, 1995. We will explore Belize's lush interior while staying at an ecology- and conservation-oriented lodge. Then at the island city of Flores in neighboring Guatemala we'll have two full days to experience the magnificent Mayan ruins at Tikal. The rest of our Central American adventure will be on a palm-fringed island next to a barrier reef. Here we snorkel in the crystal-clear waters of the Caribbean, learn about marine ecology and conservation, and feast on fresh seafood. *Leader: Blaine LeCheminant. Price: $1,995 (12-15) / $2,270 (11 or fewer); Dep. $200.* **[95825]**

Patagonia: Trekking in Parque Nacional Torres del Paine, Chile—February 19–March 5, 1995. Enjoy Chilean culture, natural splendor, and hospitality on a moderate, packer-supported trek in one of South America's most famous national parks. The imposing Paine *cordillera* is sandwiched between the vast windswept steppes of Patagonia and the massive continental icesheet. The majestic glaciers, frost-polished pink granite *cuernos*, and dense, lower forest house a tremendous diversity of flora and fauna, from *mogote* to *ñanda* and the great condors. *Leader: Frances Colgan. Price: $2,755, (12-15) / $3,045 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[95830]**

Guatemala: The Mayan Road—February 26–March 10, 1995. Starting from the charming colonial city of Antigua, we travel the Mayan Road to volcano-rimmed Lake Atitlan, the bustling Indian market at Chichicastinango, and Cloud Forest Reserve—home of the resplendent quetzal. We'll visit the remote highland villages of present-day Mayans where traditional, handwoven clothing of exquisite design and color is still worn. We'll also explore the spectacular ruins of Tikal and of Copan in nearby Honduras. *Leader: Wilbur Mills. Price: $1,850 (8-10) / $2,100 (7 or fewer).* **[95835]**

River Rafting and Rainforest Adventure, Costa Rica—April 15–22, 1995. A natural-history paradise, Costa Rica boasts unmatched biodiversity. We will view an active volcano at Poas National Park, spend two days

Sierra Club in '94. See page 19 for details.

INTERNATIONAL

exploring Corcovado National Park, then visit an archaeological site in the premontane forest of the Guayabo River Canyon. The highlight of our trip will be three days rafting on two beautiful tropical rivers — the Pacuare and Reventazón, where we'll relish waterfalls, rapids, and inviting pools. *Leader: Bruce Macpherson. Price: $2,195 (12-15) / $2,485 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[95840]**

Paradise Found: Galápagos and Amazon, Ecuador—July 3–15, 1995. Combine the dramatically different but equally precious Amazon rainforest and Galápagos Islands in one unforgettable trip. Starting in Quito, we travel to a jungle lodge in the Amazon basin. We'll immerse ourselves in the sights and sounds of virgin rainforest by foot and dugout canoe. Then, traveling in Darwin's shadow, we explore the Galápagos archipelago, snorkeling with seals, hiking through surreal laval flows, and exploring bird colonies.

Sea of Cortes Kayaking, Baja, Mexico—December 23–29, 1995. Search out inlets, rookeries, and beaches, as only possible in a kayak. Paddle, swim, or snorkel in the emerald waters of this abundant marine environment. The harsh Baja habitat has created unique and imposing flora—elephant trees, giant cacti, and wild fig. Novice and experienced kayakers welcome. *Leader: Harry Neal. Price: $1,460 (10-13) / $1,550 (9 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[95860]**

Leader: Gregg Williams. Price: $3,780 (12-15) / $4,050 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200. **[95845]**

Paradise Found: Galápagos and Amazon, Ecuador—December 18–30, 1995. See description for trip #95845 above. *Leader: Margie Tomenko. Price: $3,760 (12-15) / $4,050 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[95850]**

Pacific Basin

Water Wonderland: New Zealand Sea Kayaking—February 5–25, 1995. Escape the rigors of northern winter and enjoy the height of New Zealand summer! We'll sea kayak pristine waters as we explore four of the world's finest kayaking locales. Begin with the colorful Waitangi (independence) Day celebrations at Bay of Islands in the north, search for penguins and seals in Fiordland, and end the trip at Stewart Island, New Zealand's closest point to Antarctica. This leisure trip is for those with moderate kayaking ability. *Leader: Ray Simpson. Price: $3,540 (10-12) / $3,860 (9 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[95865]**

Left, field of lupine, near Milford Sound, New Zealand; above left, Lake District, England; above right, St. Basil's Cathedral, Moscow, Russia.

Russia

Lake Baikal Service Trip, Southern Siberia—July 4–21, 1995. Our fourth year at Lake Baikal, we will join environmentalists and park personnel for trail and campsite restoration in two Russian national parks. Baikal, the Earth's deepest body of fresh water, is threatened by pollution, but still houses an amazing array of aquatic life. We'll also enjoy dayhikes on forested mountain trails, visit Buryat villages and museums, collect memories of homestays, camp-outs, shamans, and legends. For possible trip extension, see trip #95735 under "Asia." *Leader: Bud Bullock. Price: $2,195 (12-15) / $2,415 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[95870]**

Vodlozersky Park Service Trip, Karelia—August 4–18, 1995. Located north of St. Petersburg, Vodlozersky National Park is Europe's largest national park, with vast expanses of virgin forest dotted by lakes. From our base camp on one of the 200 islands in Vodlozero Lake, we will join park personnel in trail maintenance, campsite construction, and conservation and restoration work. We'll also hike in taiga wilderness, boat on the lake, appreciate the historic wooden architecture of Kizhi Island, and visit St. Petersburg, Peter the Great's historic "Window on the West." *Leader: Cheryl Draves Ladyzhets. Price: $1,975 (12-15) / $2,190 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[95875]**

To the Shores of Baikal, Southern Siberia—August 14–September 3, 1995. Five days of backpacking along the eastern shore of beautiful and mysterious Lake Baikal is the highlight of this trip. En route to Lake Baikal, we'll combine touring of two nature reserves with travel on the BAM, the latest rail addition to the Trans-Siberian Railway. Following our trek along the lake we will visit Zabaikalski National Park, then spend two days in the Buryat center of Ulan Ude, prior to returning to Khabarovsk on the Trans-Siberian Railway. *Leader: Bob Madsen. Price: $3,010 (12-15) / $3,300 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200.* **[95880]**

1994 International Open Trip List

These 1994 International Trips still have space available. Write or call for a brochure today.

AFRICA

Botswana Wildlife Safari
August 14–27, 1994
Explore one of the last havens of African wilderness on this camping/ lodge safari.
Leader: Ruth Dyche. Price: $4,370 (12-15) / $4,650 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200. **[94635]**

ANTARCTICA

Adventure Cruise, Antarctic Peninsula
December 7–18, 1994
See description on page 14 for this exploration of the seventh continent.
Leader: Leo Le Bon. Price: $4,995 / $5,595 (shared / private bath); Dep: $500. **[94700]**

ASIA

Manaslu Circle Trek, Nepal
October 17–November 16, 1994
A dramatic circumnavigation through a newly opened area.
Leader: Cahit Kitaploglu. Price: $2,855 (12-15) / $3,130 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200. **[94655]**

Kang Chu Himal, Nepal
November 10–December 7, 1994
An isolated valley near the Tibetan border is the setting for this moderately-paced trek.
Leader: Patrick Colgan. Price: $2,740 (12-15) / $3,015 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200. **[94670]**

Trekking and Touring in North Vietnam
November 14–27, 1994
Combine trekking and sightseeing in a land whose history is so entwined with our own.
Leader: Reed McManus. Price: $3,220 (14-18) / $3,415 (13 or fewer); Dep. $200. **[94675]**

Lamjung Holiday Trek, Nepal
December 16–29, 1994
Escape the holiday frenzy and enjoy Himalayan wilderness solitude.
Leader: David Horsley. Price: $1,500 (12-15) / $1,700 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200. **[94705]**

EUROPE

The Diverse Dolomites, Italy
August 29–September 11,1994
A special journey offering vigorous mountain hikes as well as casual village rambles.
Leader: Wayne Martin. Price: $2,705 (12-15) / $2,980 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200. **[94640]**

Insider's View of the Loire Valley, France
September 5–13, 1994
Explore this beautiful region while staying at an 11th-century abbey.
Leader: Lynne Simpson. Price: $2,330 (12-15) / $2,605 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200. **[94600]**

Hiking the High Tatras, Slovakia
September 5–17, 1994
Expect Indian Summer, early fall colors, and few tourists on this mostly moderate hiking trip.
Leader: Wayne Woodruff. Price: $1,945 (12-15) / $2,205 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200. **[94645]**

Sailing and Hiking in Greece
October 21–November 3, 1994
Discover the pleasures of the sailing life on this Mediterranean trip.
Leader: Carolyn Castleman. Price: $3,245 (12-15) / $3,525 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200. **[94660]**

LATIN AMERICA

Eternal Spring, Northwestern Costa Rica
October 15–23, 1994
Your Costa Rican leader will guide you through the tropical splendors of this diverse land.
Leader: Ligia F. Molina. Price: $2,200 (12-15) / $2,475 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200. **[94650]**

Sea of Cortes Kayaking, Baja, Mexico
October 22–28, 1994
Paddle, swim, or snorkel in one of the world's most abundant marine environments.
Leader: Blaine LeCheminant. Price: $1,395 (10-13) / $1,440 (9 or fewer); Dep: $200. **[94665]**

Total Solar Eclipse Expedition, Bolivia
October 30–November 5, 1994
Witness one of nature's great spectacles with a professional astronomer.
Leader: Jack Zirker. Price: $1,285 (12-15) / $1,480 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200. **[94720]**

Holidays in Belize
December 18–26, 1994
Mayan ruins, rainforest, and snorkeling are highlights on this holiday adventure.
Leader: Tim Wernette. Price: $2,140 (12-15) / $2,415 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200. **[94680]**

Enchanted Isles, The Galápagos, Ecuador
December 22–29, 1994
White sand beaches teeming with wildlife await you on this island-hopping trip.
Leader: Dan Noble. Price: $2,565 (7-9) / $2,945 (6 or fewer); Dep: $200. **[94685]**

Cultural and Rafting Adventure, Costa Rica
December 24–30, 1994
Sample Costa Rica's natural splendor while hiking and rafting.
Leader: Sallee Lotz. Price: $1,650 (12-15) / $1,895 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200. **[94690]**

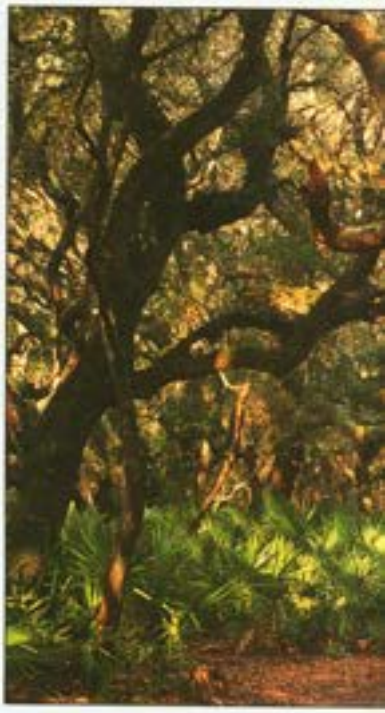
RUSSIA

Russia through the Back Door
August 8–22, 1994
Explore the breadth of Russia from Vladivostok to Moscow.
Leader: Dolph Amster. Price: $2,930 (12-15) / $3,205 (11 or fewer); Dep: $200. **[94630]**

DOMESTIC W

Backpack

Just Around the Bend, Big Bend Park, Texas—October 23–31, 1994. Warm days, frosty nights, alpine forests, and agave-studded desert terrain are among the many remarkable contrasts found in Big Bend National Park. We begin our 50-mile adventure high in the Chisos Mountains, then descend timeless canyons to the desert floor and the heart of the most isolated and diverse park in the U.S. Food caches will lighten our packs. (Rated M-S) *Leader: Scott Kingham. Price: $450; Dep: $50.* **[94421B]**



Florida Trail Odyssey, Ocala Forest, Florida—February 19–25, 1995. Warm your winter-weary bones and escape to Ocala, the southernmost national forest in the continental U.S. Our

37-mile hike on the Florida Trail skirts several ponds and grassy prairies ideal for viewing wildlife. We'll spend one layover day at Juniper Springs, canoeing its clear, twisting stream lined with lush vegetation. Two food caches will lighten our loads. (Rated L-M) *Leader: Bill Carroll. Price: $435; Dep: $50.* **[95422]**

Base Camp

Coral Reefs, Turtles, and Parrotfish: St. John, U.S. Virgin Islands—December 27, 1994–January 2, 1995. Leave winter behind to snorkel, sun, and hike in the warmth of St. John! The Caribbean is 50 feet from our rustic cottages at Cinnamon Bay. The forest stretches behind us. Mornings we'll spend on moderate hiking trails; afternoons we will swim and snorkel over spectacular reefs watching fish and looking for rare turtles. Snorkeling instruction available. Transport is by safari vehicles. Meals not included in trip price. Join us! *Leader: Helene Baumann. Price: $705; Dep: $100.* **[95423]**

Coral Reefs, Turtles, and Parrotfish: St. John, U.S. Virgin Islands—January 22–28, 1995. See description for trip 95423 above. *Leader: Gary Skomro. Price: $705; Dep: $100.* **[95424]**

Family

Cumberland Island Seashore, Georgia—December 26–31, 1994. From our base camp under the wind-blown live oaks of the South's last undeveloped barrier island, we'll explore the Carnegie mansion ruins, bird-watch on the salt marshes, and stroll on the deserted beach. With its ample trails and flat terrain, Cumberland Island is a delight for hikers and bikers. Children will enjoy the deer, wild horses, armadillos, and other critters on the island. *Leaders: Jeff Funderburk and Mary Gex. Price: adult $270; child $180; Dep: $50.* **[94429]**

Kayak

The Florida Everglades by Kayak: A Natural History Tour—January 29–February 4, 1995. Wetlands forests, deserted islands, open bays, and narrow mangrove creeks are featured on this paddling and hiking tour of the 10,000 Islands region of Florida's Gulf Coast.

INTER TRIPS

Top, Cumberland Island seashore, Georgia; left to right: crocodile, Sanibel Island, Florida; cross-country skiing in Eastern Sierra; live oaks, Cumberland Island, Georgia; Everglades National Park, Florida.

From the water and on foot we will explore this domain, searching for ancient artifacts, and rare and exotic plants and animals. Suitable for beginners with paddling experience. Kayak rental not included. *Leader: Marjorie Richman. Price: $885. Dep: $100.* **[95426]**

Ski, Snowshoe & Dogsled

Cross-Country Skiing in Colorado—January 15–21, 1995. Our six days of skiing in the spectacular Rockies will take on Montezuma Basin, the scenic traverse of Shrine Pass, and trails from Tennessee Pass. Accommodations are in the historic towns of Georgetown and Leadville, including the Victorian Hotel Delaware. Breakfasts and lunches are included, with organized dinners an option (not included in trip fee). There will be time for relaxing and exploring. Moderate skiing ability is advised. *Leader: Beverly Full. Price: $725; Dep: $100.* **[95427]**

High Sierra Skiing I—January 29–February 3, 1995. Enjoy Nordic ski lessons and tours while staying at the Sierra Club's own Clair Tappaan Lodge. Develop and improve cross-country skiing skills—diagonal stride, Telemarking, ski-skating, and other techniques—in an area of heavy snowfall. You'll also enjoy warm accommodations, camaraderie with Club members, good food, a hot tub, and other amenities. Your leader is a certified ski instructor. *Leader: Herb Holden. Price: $420; Dep: $50.* **[95428]**

Superior Ski Trails, Boundary Waters Canoe Area Wilderness, Minnesota—February 6–10, 1995. Escape to the quiet of the Northwoods snow country on groomed and tracked trails that wander through pine and birch forests, between frozen lakes, then back to cozy cabins and home cooking. Ski in the gentle glow of lanterns, listen for distant wolf music, track a wild moose, and relax in the sauna. Snow-shoeing, ice-skating, and broomball too! *Leader: Faye Sitzman. Price: $545; Dep: $100.* **[95429]**

Boundary Waters Sled Dog Trek, Minnesota—February 12–15, 1995. Explore this magnificent wilderness with an experienced sled dog musher and a team of furry friends. Travel is 15 to 20 miles per day, and accommodations are yurts along the trail. Learn to drive a team or ride along with a friend. Neither experience nor athletic ability is required, only good health and a desire to participate in the world of sled dogs. *Leader: Maxine Austin. Price: $965; Dep: $100.* **[95430]**

High Sierra Skiing II—February 26–March 3, 1995. See description for trip #95428 above. *Leader: Herb Holden. Price: $420; Dep: $50.* **[95431]**

Snowshoe/Cross-Country Ski Cabin Tour, Kenai Peninsula, Alaska—March 25–April 1, 1995. Enjoy the magic of northern lights and the solitude of early-spring Alaska! From Coopers Landing northward, we'll traverse forested slopes to reach open, level terrain and lakeshores, sheltering in rugged cabins on our eight-day, 25-mile trek in the Kenai Mountains. On layover days we'll relax, day-tour, split wood for cabin stoves, and complete a few chores for the Forest Service (required to use cabins). *Leader: Duane Otterstein. Price: $1,410; Dep: $200.* **[95432]**

Spring Cross-Country Skiing in the Sierra—April 16–21, 1995. This popular trip offers corn snow, Telemarking, Nordic downhill, and backcountry. It's all here at the Sierra Club's Clair Tappaan Lodge near Donner Pass, where the average snowfall is the highest in the Sierra Nevada. There will be daily lessons, and tours to Castle Peak, Crow's Nest, and German Ridge led by a certified ski instructor. Enjoy great food, warm accommodations, and a hot tub! *Leader: Herb Holden. Price: $420; Dep: $50.* **[95433]**

IMPORTANT INFORMATION ON SIERRA CLUB OUTINGS

1. All reservations are subject to the reservation/cancellation policy of the outing committee; leader approval is required for all outings. Cancellation fees apply unless you are waitlisted at time of cancellation.
2. A signed liability release is required for all international trip participants.
3. All participants age 12 and over must be Sierra Club members to attend an outing.
4. Your address may be released to other trip participants for ride-sharing or other trip-related purposes.
5. Not all trips can accommodate special dietary needs or preferences. Contact the leader of your trip for this information before applying.
6. Applications for trip space will be accepted in the order they are received at the following address:
   Sierra Club Outing Department
   Dept. #05618, San Francisco, CA 94139
7. Please do not send express mail to this address. Doing so will delay your application.
8. Questions? Call (415) 923-5522.

Outing Reservation Form

MEMBERSHIP NUMBER	TRIP NUMBER	TRIP NAME	DEPARTURE DATE

YOUR NAME

HAVE YOU RECEIVED THE DETAILED TRIP BROCHURE? ☐ YES ☐ NO

STREET ADDRESS

YOUR HOME PHONE ( )

CITY STATE ZIP

YOUR WORK PHONE ( )

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

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

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

For More Details on Outings

Each outing is described in detail in individual trip brochures. We highly recommend reading a 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 brochure, and save yourself the cost and inconvenience of changing or cancelling a reservation. The first three brochures are free. Please enclose 50 cents apiece for extras. You can also order by phone. Call (415) 923-5630.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ Please send me the following trip brochures. (Order by trip number. The first three are free; extras cost 50 cents each.)

_____ # _____ # _____

TOTAL ENCLOSED: $ _____

Do not mail cash. Make checks payable to Sierra Club.

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

RESERVATION & CANCELLATION POLICY

PLEASE READ CAREFULLY

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

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

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

Applications: One reservation form should be filled out for each trip party and should include all persons who wish to be considered as traveling together. The person listed first on the application shall be considered the primary applicant and will be the only party member to receive confirmation information, brochures, invoices, etc. Include any addresses that may be different from the primary applicant's on a separate sheet of paper.

Mail your reservation, together with the required per person deposit, to: Sierra Club Outing Department, Dept. #05618, San Francisco, CA 94139. No reservations will be accepted by telephone.

Reservations are accepted (i.e. confirmed) in the Outing Department on a first-come, first-served basis. Leader approval (based on applicant's experience, physical condition, etc.) is required for all trips. Therefore, all reservations are accepted subject to the leader's approval, for which the member must apply promptly.

When a trip is full, later applicants are put on a waitlist.

NOTE: Cancellation from a trip position that has been accepted in the Outing Department will result in the loss of funds. Please read the Cancellation Chart on the next page very carefully.

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

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

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

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

Trip price per person	*Deposit per person*
Up to $499	*$50 per individual*
$500 to $999	*$100 per individual*
$1,000 and above	*$200 per individual*

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

Confirmation: A reservation is held for a trip applicant, if there is space available, when the appropriate deposit has been received by the Outing Department. A written confirmation is sent to the applicant. The reservation is accepted subject to the leader's approval, as stated above. If there is no space available when the application is received, the applicant is placed on the waitlist and the deposit is held pending an opening.

When a trip applicant is placed on the waitlist, the applicant should seek immediate leader approval. When a person with a confirmed reservation cancels, the person at the head of the waitlist will automatically be moved onto the trip, subject to leader approval. The applicant will not be contacted prior to this automatic reservation-confirmation except in the three days before trip departure.

Payments: Generally, adults and children pay the same price; some exceptions for family outings are noted. You will be billed upon receipt of your application. Full payment of trip fee is due 90 days prior to trip departure. Trips listed in the "International" section require additional payment of $300 per person six months before departure.

Please note that payments are due at the above times, regardless of your leader-approval status. If payment is not received on time, the reservation may be canceled and the deposit forfeited.

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

The trip price does not include travel to and from the roadhead. However, a few trips include on-trip-transportation; check individual trip brochures for this detail. Hawaii, Alaska, and International trip prices are all exclusive of airfare to the trip starting point.

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

Infrequently the Sierra Club finds it necessary to cancel trips. The Club's responsibility in such instances is limited in accordance with the Trip Cancellation Policy.

Accordingly, the Sierra Club is not responsible for non-refundable airline or other tickets or payments or any similar penalties that may be incurred as a result of any trip cancellation.

Cancellations and Refunds: You must notify the Outing Department directly during working hours (weekdays 9-5; phone 415-923-5522) of cancellation from either the trip or the waitlist.

The amount of the refund is determined by the date that the notice of cancellation by a trip applicant is received at the Outing Department. The refund amount may be applied to an already-confirmed reservation on another trip.

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

The Outing Committee regrets that it cannot make exceptions to the Cancellation Policy for any reason, including personal emergencies. Cancellations for medical reasons are often covered by traveler's insurance, and trip applicants will receive a brochure describing this type of coverage. You can also obtain information regarding other plans from your local travel or insurance agent. We encourage you to acquire such insurance.

Trip leaders have no authority to grant or promise refunds.

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

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

Continued on next page

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

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

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

The following obligations are undertaken by trip applicants: To accurately and completely furnish any personal information requested for leader approval; to carefully review all information furnished about the requested trip, and to understand as thoroughly as possible the physical and mental demands of the trip and the risks to be encountered on the trip; to properly equip themselves for the trip in accordance with recommendations of the leader and of the Sierra Club; to respect the customs of countries visited, avoid breaking any applicable laws and to refrain from antisocial conduct during the trip; to follow environmental guidelines and regulations while on the trip in accordance with direction from the leader; and to always respect the rights and privacy of other trip members.

INTERNATIONAL TRIP TIER-PRICING

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

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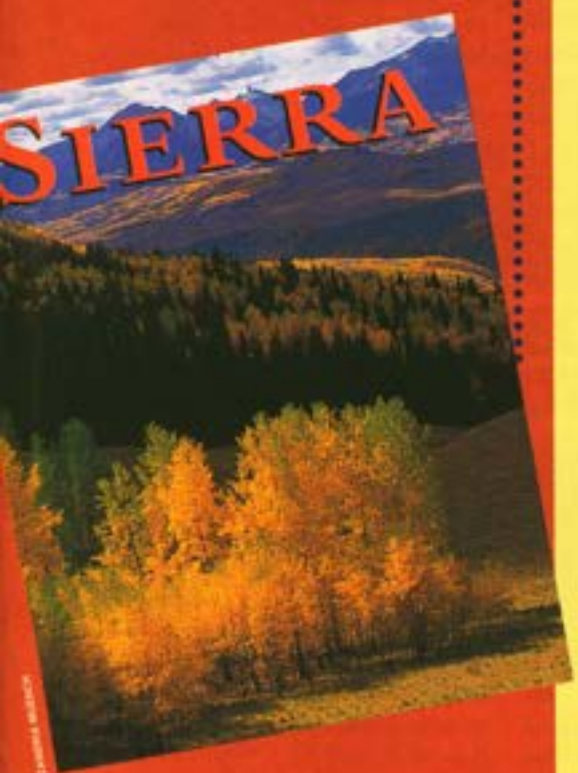

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THE 21 ECOREGIONS OF THE U.S. AND CANADA

The March/April *Sierra*, devoted to the Sierra Club's Critical Ecoregions Campaign, was exceptional; everyone who contributed deserves our thanks. I especially found Jane Elder's introductory essay, "The Big Picture," a splendid expression of what I'm certain every Club member feels: we must commit without apology or reservation to the task of protecting the large, complex ecosystems on which all life depends.

Morris Langman
Latham, New York

Jane Elder is a pioneer: her vision for the Great Lakes and Mississippi Basin ecoregions was evident to Sierra Club volunteers in the Midwest a decade ago—long before the Club's formal ecoregions concept emerged. The White House needs to hear her voice.

David Hewitt
Bristol, Wisconsin

WE ARE WHERE WE ARE

My reaction to your new campaign to save the "21 critical ecoregions of the United States and Canada" was crystalized when I opened the "special pull-out map" and saw, to my dismay, that my beloved Mexico (not to mention the rest of the Americas) had literally vanished.

I strongly urge the Sierra Club to rethink and enlarge its campaign for the next century. Despite Jane Elder's citing of John Muir's comments about everything being hitched to everything else, the Club now proposes to address North American ecosystem protection without regard to a major chunk of North America. This simply will not work. It didn't take the passage of NAFTA to alert "our" migrating whales, birds, and butterflies to the impact of southern winter habitat loss on northern summer breeding populations.

This strategy is also very shortsighted politically, because it limits opportunity for linkage of Sierra Club campaigns to counterpart work by Mexican and other Latin American environmental-advocacy groups. There is, in fact, a sea change in Mexican environmental politics under way. We can ignore these developments at our peril, or seek inroads to them, to everyone's ultimate benefit.

John Cloud
Santa Barbara, California

Some elements of the bioregional picture are being overlooked, among them Puerto Rico and other island possessions. These are glaring examples; less obvious is the omission of the Tamaulipan region of southern Texas, a unique area that does not fit in either the American Southeast or the Great North American Prairie ecoregions. It is best described as a dry thorn forest; unfortunately, 95 percent of it has been destroyed by agriculture.

Fred H. Wills
San Antonio, Texas

Alas for the flora, fauna, and peoples of the Alaskan Peninsula, the Aleutians, and Anticosti Island. Are they so secure that they do not need the Sierra Club to "restore them to health and beauty," or were they simply forgotten?

Nancy Luebbert
Cocolalla, Idaho

Bruce Hamilton, the Sierra Club's director of conservation, replies: *In designating ecoregional boundaries, the Sierra Club looked not only at geological, hydrological, and biological factors; we also factored in where we have members, and where plans for restoration and preservation exist that could be put forth at this time. This is an evolving project; we are open to developing new programs within existing boundaries, redefining the boundaries of existing ecoregions, or designating new ones. At the same time, however, this is not an armchair exercise: we don't want to designate new ecoregions unless we have the volunteer commitment to create and implement long-range restoration and preservation programs.*

All of that said, the Club continues to work on environmental issues beyond the boundaries of the 21 delineated ecoregions. In the area of concern to reader Luebbert—where more than a decade ago we championed wilderness designation for large portions of the former Aleutian Islands National Wildlife Refuge—we are today working to protect Katmai National Park from a range of threats, including a proposed scientific drilling project, the state of Alaska's attempt to take control of the park's underwater lands, illegal off-road-vehicle use, and poaching of the park's bears and other animals. By the same token, the Club's International Program has several projects under way that focus on Mexico: one would enable the members of like-minded conservation organizations there to get training in Club chapters; another would position us to work on the U.S.–Mexico border, whose environmental problems are well known. (See "Border Patrol," May/June.)

In sum, while the Critical Ecoregions Campaign of the Sierra Club is a major part of the organization's vision and mission for the 21st century, it by no means defines our entire program.

THE PACIFIC COAST

John Daniel's March/April piece on the Pacific Coast Ecoregion, "The Limits of Paradise," was powerful, perceptive, and measured.

I've come to rest on the Olympic Peninsula, and each day is a mixture of wonder and horror.

Peter N. Rose
Port Angeles, Washington

Ten years after I joined the Sierra Club, I became a certified organic farmer. Now, ten years after that, though I remain a member, all too often I see the Club and other environmental groups attacking me and my fellow farmers on a variety of issues.

I was therefore very happy to see rice farmer Allen Garcia featured in John Daniel's article. His message to Sierra

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Club members is urgently important: put your money where your mouth is. Those who want to reduce the use of farm chemicals have to be willing to reward those who farm without them. They must commit to buying organic food and to demanding that our stores stock more of it. In so doing, they will not only support the organic farmer who is cooperating with nature, but provide an incentive for the conventional farmer to do so as well.

Mark Nielson
Gridley, California

THE GREAT NORTH AMERICAN PRAIRIE

Jane Smiley's "So Shall We Reap" (March/April) was excessive in its attacks on European civilization and its contempt for the rural Midwest. It seems that Smiley yearns for an unpopulated utopia unmarred not only by farms and small towns, but even by Native Americans!

Western Europe, including the Nordic Protestant nations, largely invented democracy, human rights, science, and conservationism. These places were not the complete feudal despotisms Smiley portrays. Scandinavia was mainly independent small farmers. Germany, despite social problems, militarism, and imperfect constitutional governments, has remained (most of the time) the most important nation in continental Europe since 1870.

Nor, despite the uninhabitable, dreary, overcrowded, lumpenproletarian big cities and their ugly, sprawling, auto-dependent postwar suburbs, should we dismiss the better aspects of the rural Midwest. While I agree on the regressiveness and anti-conservationism of 19th-century laissez-faire capitalism, and on the need to radically reform agriculture, Smiley said nothing about saving the family farm, farmland preservation, or saving dying agricultural communities. Nor did she mention that the Grangers, Populists, Non-Partisan League of North Dakota, and Farm-Labor Party of Minnesota, among other midwestern movements, and not the crooked big-city ethnic machines, were the first to oppose the virtual dictatorship of big business and demand social justice.

Rather than sit back, despising the culture of Mozart and Shakespeare and dreaming of an unpopulated utopia, Smiley would do better to come up with practical methods of "green" agriculture that would both protect the environment and save the best aspects of the rural Midwest's way of life.

David Harris
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

THE GREAT NORTHERN FOREST

Thank you for Bill McKibben's insightful piece on the Adirondack Park ("The People and the Park," March/April). However, McKibben erred in stating that none of the recommendations of the Governor's Commission on the Adirondacks in the 21st Century have yet been adopted. While it is true that a comprehensive bill containing all 245 recommendations has gone nowhere in the legislature, it is by no means true that all 245 have been ignored. Organizations such as The Adirondack Council have seized the opportunity to advance the commission's recommendations as public-policy issues have arisen.

To date, a mere two legislative sessions after the commission's report was issued, more than 30 of its most solid and practical recommendations have been either fully or partially adopted—some by the legislature, some through executive orders, and others by state agencies. Such advances as enhanced funding for local schools and landfill closures, slowing damage from acid rain, and ensuring that Thruway rest areas offering "Adirondack" crafts stop selling out-of-state knockoffs, were all commission recommendations.

John F. Sheehan
Communications Director
The Adirondack Council
Elizabethtown, New York

HAWAII

I found W.S. Merwin's essay about the Hawaii Ecoregion ("Snail Song," March/April) appalling in its gratu-

itous slaps at missionaries and Americans and its complete ignoring of problems created by Hawaiians themselves.

Why say, for instance, that the missionaries "filled Kamehameha III's childhood and youth with misery"? Because they taught him how to read and write and cope with the Western world? One wonders, and Merwin doesn't follow up with any explanation.

Why attribute the cutting of sandalwood to trade conducted "for the profit of American sea captains"? Everyone here knows the various kings ordered the harvesting for their own enrichment—and their "loyal subjects" were the ones who wiped out young growth to end the practice.

At mid-century the forest lands were owned and controlled by the king, who let the cattle run rampant and wipe out the forests. Merwin implies it was some external visitors who spread ranching "throughout the islands."

Finally, why fight geothermal development and thus ensure our dependence on fossil fuels?

Thurston Twigg-Smith
Honolulu, Hawaii

WISHFUL THINKING?

In his otherwise informative article about congestion pricing as a disincentive to motorists ("Key to Gridlock?" March/April), Paul Rauber notes that "once you've bought your wheels and paid for insurance, the operating cost of a car is only about ten cents a mile." This is like saying that once you've bought your home, the cost of living there is just that of the utilities. Why does the IRS, in the face of massive federal deficits, allow 28 cents per mile for vehicle expenses? Because that is very close to the real cost of owning a passenger vehicle. The true total cost of owning a car is much higher than mere operational costs, and even greater when social and environmental costs are factored in.

We as consumers are strongly influenced by wishful thinking, aided by Madison Avenue. It is this misguided mind-set that sees driving as inexpen-

Continued on page 80

Carl Pope

Tapwatergate

Generations of U.S. tourists have used a simple test to distinguish advanced nations from backward ones: can you drink the water?

The smug assumption has always been that it was perfectly safe to do so back home. To guarantee that presumed right, citizens prevailed upon Congress in 1976 to pass the Safe Drinking Water Act. It required the Environmental Protection Agency to set water-quality standards and mandated water districts to test, tell, and treat: to test their water supplies to see if they measured up, to tell the public when they didn't, and to treat substandard water using the latest technology.

As is often the case, however, the EPA failed to implement the law. So in 1986 Congress gave the water act some teeth, and the EPA finally began setting tough standards. But then public water agencies—many of which were supplying their customers with an impure and sometimes even hazardous product—rebelled. Backed by mayors and governors, the utilities complained that Congress should not require them to supply clean water unless the federal government paid the costs. They called clean water an "unfunded mandate."

But as the Columbus, Georgia, *Ledger Inquirer* editorialized, "What looks like an unfunded mandate upstream looks like untreated sewage downstream." The logic of unfunded mandates would have the federal government paying for pasteurizing milk, keeping chickens free of salmonella, and footing the bill for meeting virtually any health standard it sets.

Unfortunately, this corrupted logic is gathering more and more adherents on Capitol Hill these days. Legislation designed to weaken the Safe Drinking Water Act and allow U.S. water standards to sink to a Third World level are sweeping through Congress, propelled by an alliance of ideological opponents of environmental protection and misguided state and local officials. The Senate has already voted to weaken the Safe Water Drinking Act. In the House, H.R. 3392, sponsored by Jim Slattery (D-Kan.) and Thomas Bliley (R-Va.), which would fundamentally repeal the act, has more than 150 cosponsors. The effect of both bills is to make safe drinking water a privilege of the prosperous, rather than the right of all. Yet both are moving toward enactment because the public has no idea what is going on. The media have been so interested in covering Whitewater that they can't be bothered with *your* water.

What would passage of these bills mean for tap-water drinkers? It would mean that water agencies would no longer have to test public drinking water for safety. If they do find the water is not safe, they would not have to tell the public. And even if easily affordable technology would make the water safe, they would not be required to use it.

If people knew what was happening to their water, they'd be boiling mad.

This is not an academic argument about one case of cancer per million. For five days last summer, the citizens of Washington, D.C., had to boil their water because it had become contaminated. A year ago, 400,000 citizens of Milwaukee were made ill by drinking tap water contaminated with cryptosporidium bacteria. More than 100 people died. The EPA is now in the process of setting a standard for cryptospiridium—an exercise opposed by the unfunded-mandates lobby.

According to the Centers for Disease Control, every year 100 million Americans drink tap water contaminated with known carcinogens; 130 million drink water contaminated with lead; and 900,000 become ill from drinking from their faucets. Yet Congress is now toying with a see-no-evil solution that would absolve cities from issuing health warnings when contamination occurs.

What makes the fight over clean water extraordinary is that it is not the usual suspects in industry who are supporting the deadly status quo—it is publicly elected local officials. Like corporate elites, government elites don't want the public telling them how to do their jobs. Although many water districts, both large and small, do a good job already, unfortunately they and the elected officials who oversee them are still willing to provide political cover for those who don't.

Of course, most elected officials and managers of city water systems don't have to drink water from the tap. They can, and usually do, drink bottled water instead. A Sierra Club survey revealed that 88 percent of the members of Congress trying to weaken water standards won't drink the stuff that comes out of the faucet in their own offices. Even EPA head Carol Browner admits that she drinks bottled water.

And more consumers use bottled water today than ever before—40 percent in Southern California, for instance. The United States now spends $2 billion a year on bottled water and another billion on home purification devices, making a mockery of the argument that clean tap water costs too much. In almost every city, it would be far cheaper to provide safe municipal drinking water instead. Of course,

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the unfunded-mandates crowd isn't proposing bottled water for everyone—that would be another unfunded mandate. But they are proposing to save money by letting some people drink unsafe water—the poor, the elderly, and schoolkids—while they protect themselves from the risks of drinking at the tap by buying Evian on aisle six.

Those complaining about unfunded mandates make much of the problems that compliance with the Safe Drinking Water Act creates for small, rural water systems. Small systems do face real problems, but the administration has proposed, and Congress appropriated, special funding to help meet their needs. Some small water districts may simply be uneconomic, but these can be merged with larger systems over time, and some testing requirements may need to be modified depending upon regional circumstances.

Even so, the genuine problems facing small water utilities should not be used as an excuse for large systems that simply don't want to inform their customers that what comes out of the tap may not be fit to drink, and don't want to modernize to set things right.

The Sierra Club is working to expose the unfunded-mandates issue for what it is—a cynical attempt to eliminate public-health protection for those who need it by those who don't. The Club is urging members to speak out now to congressional representatives, to governors, mayors, and public water agencies. We are demanding that they strengthen, not weaken, the Safe Drinking Water Act. The alternative is to accept defeat in the House, or to live with compromises that maintain the illusion of drinking-water safety but not the reality.

If we take the latter approach, tourists in the United States should listen to this advice: it's a nice place to visit—just don't drink the water. ■

CARL POPE *is the executive director of the Sierra Club. This is the second of three columns on the "unholy trinity" of anti-environmental measures. The first, on the takings movement, appeared in the March/April issue. Next: "risk assessment."*

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MARC LECARD

Have you ever wondered where all the plastic bottles, jugs, and containers you collect, rinse, and sort so carefully end up after they're hauled off to the recycling center? The answer is simple, if not very comforting. Right now, they tend to go nowhere. And it could get worse: the plastics industry would like to see them go up in smoke.

Plastic has never been a big favorite among environmentalists. Making it depletes finite petroleum resources and pumps toxic chemicals into air and water; then, when its useful life is over, we can't get rid of it.

The cure for plastic's environmental unfriendliness, we've been told of late, is supposed to be its recyclability. Plastic containers now bear the well-known recycling symbol—a triangle formed of three arrows, with a number code from 1 to 7 printed inside and an acronym underneath. (Industry groups are currently pondering a change.) These symbols are meant to identify the type of plastic a container is made of and to help recyclers sort it; they imply that recycling is possible, even likely. In fact, the industry spent a couple of years and about $18 million on an elaborate ad campaign to convince the public that all cast-off plastic jars, jugs, and bottles would soon be remade into useful items.

But for all except a small percentage of just two kinds of plastic, this is not the way it works. Bales of discarded plastic have been stacking up in recyclers' yards, and some city and county programs have stopped picking up plastics, because there is little market for recycled resin (the present petroleum glut means that virgin resin costs less), and because much of what is collected will never be recycled.

Don't wait up for your old milk jugs—they won't be coming back

Two types of resin—PET and HDPE—account for almost all of plastics recycling's very limited success. Polyethylene terephthalate (abbreviated PET, coded 1, and found most often in soft-drink bottles) is probably the most-recycled variety, with between 15 and 27 percent of PET containers sold coming back for reprocessing. High-density polyethylene (a.k.a. HDPE, coded 2, used in milk jugs and shampoo bottles) accounts for two-thirds of rigid plastic containers; it follows in recycling frequency with around 10 percent. The other five varieties, as identified by the industry's number coding, average about one percent each—or less.

As the largely fictitious nature of most plastics recycling begins to come to light, the industry has decided to change horses in mid-wastestream, and is beginning to push incineration as the disposal method of choice. Pyrolysis, a thermal process that bakes plastics into a hydrocarbon soup used as a feedstock for oil and chemical refineries, is also being touted as a solution to plastics disposal—even though it would cost more than recycling, and in spite of its potential for air pollution. Most of the feedstock generated by pyrolysis would go into making fuel; at best, this is energy recovery; at worst, it is a complicated form of incineration. Manufacturers are claiming that both incineration and pyrolysis are in fact forms of "recycling"; the Society for the Plastics Industry, for instance, has filed a lawsuit in Oregon to overturn that state's decision to exclude pyrolysis from its definition of recycling.

Environmentalists argue that if plastics recycling is ever

to become truly effective, the industry will have to spend its money on something besides advertising campaigns and lawsuits. Some recyclers are pushing for minimum-content legislation that would mandate a certain percentage of post-consumer waste in recycled plastic. Others would prefer a system wherein the costs of disposal or recycling of materials are paid into a pool by the manufacturers and used to reimburse the municipalities that actually collect and dispose of the product. "The responsibility needs to be put on those who put the packaging on the market," says Marty Forman, a Wisconsin recycler and a founding member of the Association of Postconsumer Plastic Recyclers.

Does all this mean that the consumer should give up on recycling plastics? Not necessarily. Recycling PET and HDPE can be made to work, and it makes sense to keep trying. Supporting bottle bills is one way to help: part of the reason for PET recycling's relative success is the fact that nine states have some kind of bottle-deposit law, which ensures a ready supply and helps to establish a market.

But for the other kinds of plastics, the best thing you can do is use them as little as possible. Avoid overpackaged goods—the many different kinds of plastic used in them are almost impossible to recycle. Choose products in other, truly recyclable packaging materials—glass and cardboard, for instance—and reuse plastic containers whenever you can.

Concerned consumers and recyclers should also keep the heat on the plastics industry to find ways to recycle the rest of the resin—or else stop making it. If consumers are resolute in rejecting unrecyclable plastics, maybe the manufacturers will get the message. ■

►*For more information, see "Resources," p. 86.*

HAND & EYE

Shapes to Come

HANNAH HINCHMAN

The badlands along the Wind River are my home landscape. Of all the canyons in this region, the half-dozen here are the ones I've spent the most time looking at and drawing. My relationship to them is something like a deep friendship: I know their moods and expressions fairly well now, but still listen carefully, still want to know more, still expect to be surprised.

For the past year or so, the wash itself, its curves and watermarks, has been the focus of my attention, but this year new features have come into relief. Now I see contrasts between the soft and the hard layers of sediment in the badlands. All of the layers are relatively soft, but some, like the red clay, are nearly defenseless, acquiescent. Others, like the gray sandstone, shrug a hard shoulder, resistant. Water is the deconstructing force here, a slow-moving dismantler, only indirectly visible.

One of the many rewards of close association with a place is the chance to sample this metaphorical buffet, to see what fulfills a current appetite. For an artist, it may be the most important creative sustenance. The red clay with its fluid runnels can be seen as the shape of weakness and defeat, or as graceful cooperation. The gray sandstone's angles can look like foolish denial or heroic stubbornness.

Instead of noticing the negative shape of the canyon itself, now my interest has shifted to the remnants of high ground on the summits above the canyons and on the arms dividing them. There are still pieces of flat prairie up there, relics of a landscape created when the river paused in its downcutting and wandered around, leaving a plain, adding new material. Even higher, isolated now as a mesa, is a great level tableland, a much older

Seeing oneself anew in the old, old rocks and clay

pause-point left from the time when the basins were filled and only peaks were uncovered.

The fact that I am discovering these things now shows me that I seize on new kinds of information for reasons that I know little about. Is it just the visual mind searching out newly satisfying patterns, or is that mind connected to something deeper? If metaphors really do work in us, it might be that I'm considering, indirectly, contrasts of softness and hardness in my own being, testing to see whether the acquiescent or the resistant will win out. And perhaps my visual mind searches out images of landscape remnants, while a deeper mind casts back to earlier parts of my life, looking for pieces of the past still intact.

The artist and writer Anne Truitt wrote, "In these paintings I set forth, to see for myself how they appear, what might be called the tips of my conceptual icebergs. . . . I keep trying to catch the laws that I can feel illustrated in phenomena: in meetings and just-not-meetings, in forces abutting, jutting one against another, illuminating one another." Though most of us don't realize its significance, we do this too, constantly. What our senses respond to defines us in the same way slow-working water reveals the canyon shape. Once I saw the badlands as a puzzle, then as an assemblage of sensuous curves and colors. Added to those now are the revelations of this year, and all may mirror, or even direct, the process of self-discovery.

Not to saddle the badlands with metaphors; they are simply themselves, neither hiding nor revealing. But an undiminished landscape is our original home, the one that shaped our minds as well as our bodies. It's no wonder that the senses and the soul begin to expand in such a place, reveling in its actual as well as its metaphorical abundance. ■

BODY POLITICS

Seasons of the Tick

MICHAEL CASTLEMAN

Watch out if you love the great outdoors: tick-borne Lyme disease strikes more than 8,000 people a year, and has been documented in almost every state. Watch out if you've been diagnosed with chronic Lyme disease: you may not have it. And watch out if you've been treated for it: standard treatment doesn't always work, and extended antibiotic therapy can cause serious problems. Twenty years after it was first identified, Lyme disease remains a threat to anyone who plays or works in woody or grassy places.

■

Nymphomania prevention: tuck shirts into pants and pants into socks

Lyme disease is caused by a corkscrew-shaped bacterium called a spirochete, transmitted in the Northeast, Midwest, and South by deer ticks and on the Pacific Coast by western black-legged ticks. While adult ticks can carry the disease, they are relatively easy to detect and remove; it's when they're in the poppy-seed-size nymph stage—from May through August, when more people are outside—that the ticks are most insidious. Ticks can be on the move in temperatures above 35 degrees Fahrenheit.

Fewer than half of Lyme disease sufferers recall being bitten, and early symptoms can easily be missed. In 60 to 80 percent of all cases, infection triggers a circular rash at the bite site; this bull's-eye rash ranges from 2 centimeters (the first week) to 20 to 40 centimeters across in the later


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stages. Many victims don't notice the painless rash, which clears up by itself over a few days or weeks. The next symptoms are flu-like: chills, fever, neck and back pain, and fatigue. If detected before symptoms worsen (the timeframe varies from person to person), a quick course of antibiotics kills the bacteria.

But if left untreated, or if the initial treatment fails, Lyme disease can wreak havoc for years. Chronic active Lyme can cause heart problems, fatigue, severe arthritis, and cognitive difficulties. It can usually be controlled with daily antibiotic treatment, but some cases are never fully eradicated.

To make matters worse, currently available tests are unreliable; researchers retested 788 Boston-area people diagnosed with chronic Lyme and determined that fewer than 25 percent actually had it.

Prevention, of course, is the best medicine. Use DEET-containing repellent on your skin and a permethrin-containing repellent on clothing. Wear light-colored, long-sleeved, long-legged clothes outdoors, preferably with elastic wrist and ankle bands. Examine yourself after outdoor adventures; it can take ticks 24 to 36 hours to transmit the infection, so early removal is crucial. Do not apply mineral oil or heat to remove the tick; just slowly pull it straight out with fine-tipped tweezers (don't worry if mouth parts stay in—they're not harmful). Contact your physician immediately if you think you might be infected.

A promising Lyme vaccine is currently being tested on Block Island, Rhode Island, which has one of the world's highest rates of Lyme disease. If it's effective, Lyme disease may one day be a memory. But large-scale immunization is still years away, so if that freckle wasn't there yesterday, reach for the tweezers. ■

►*For more information, see "Resources," p. 86.*

GOOD GOING

Urban Renewal

GREG BREINING

Morning fog, limestone cliffs, rising fish. The glassy river slides beneath my canoe. I trade paddle for fly rod and lay a popper against the rocky bank. A smallmouth bass boils to the surface. A racing shell speeds by. A car clatters overhead. Streetlights on the frail black arch of the old Lake Street bridge wink off as the city awakens. Graffiti advises me to Spit on Authority. This is the Mississippi River between Minneapolis and St. Paul—a stretch my fishing buddy Jason and I affectionately call The Sewer.

The river here is gritty, rough, and dangerous. At night, campfires twinkle on the wooded bluffs and sandy beaches. It's a place for secret deals, for alcohol, drugs, sex. The river gives up a body once or twice a month; I counted ten deaths one winter and spring in small stories at the bottom of the newspaper page.

Despite the hard edge, in summer the banks of the urban Mississippi billow with green. In autumn the cliffside sumac and hardwoods blaze red and yellow. The huge dishes of American lotus lilies fill the channels along Grey Cloud Island. Egrets wade the shallow of Pigs Eye Lake. From my canoe I've seen ospreys plunge for fish, and beavers stripping bark from a tree on a sand spit.

This section of river was once too polluted to support such life. Thirty years ago a Minnesota Department of Natural Resources fisheries crew found a mere seven species of fish in a stretch that should have produced

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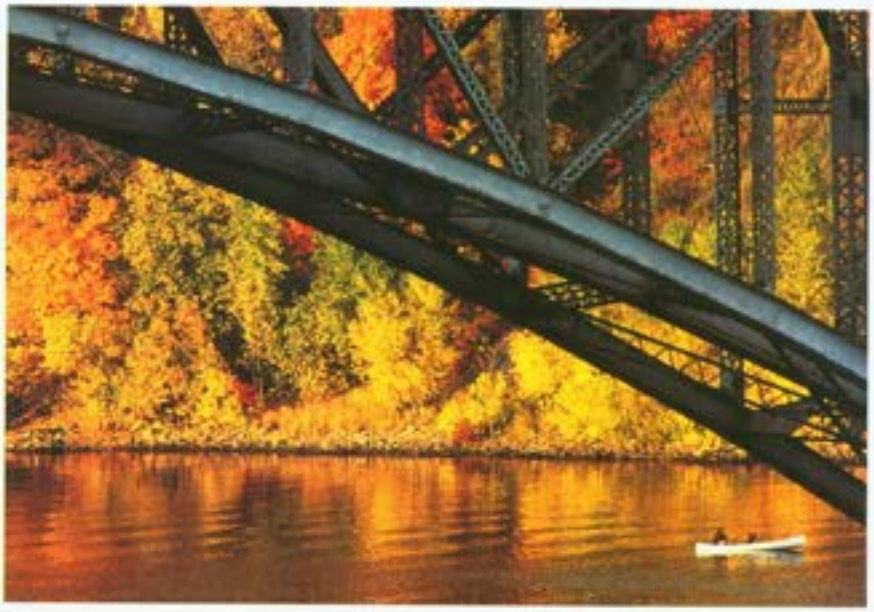
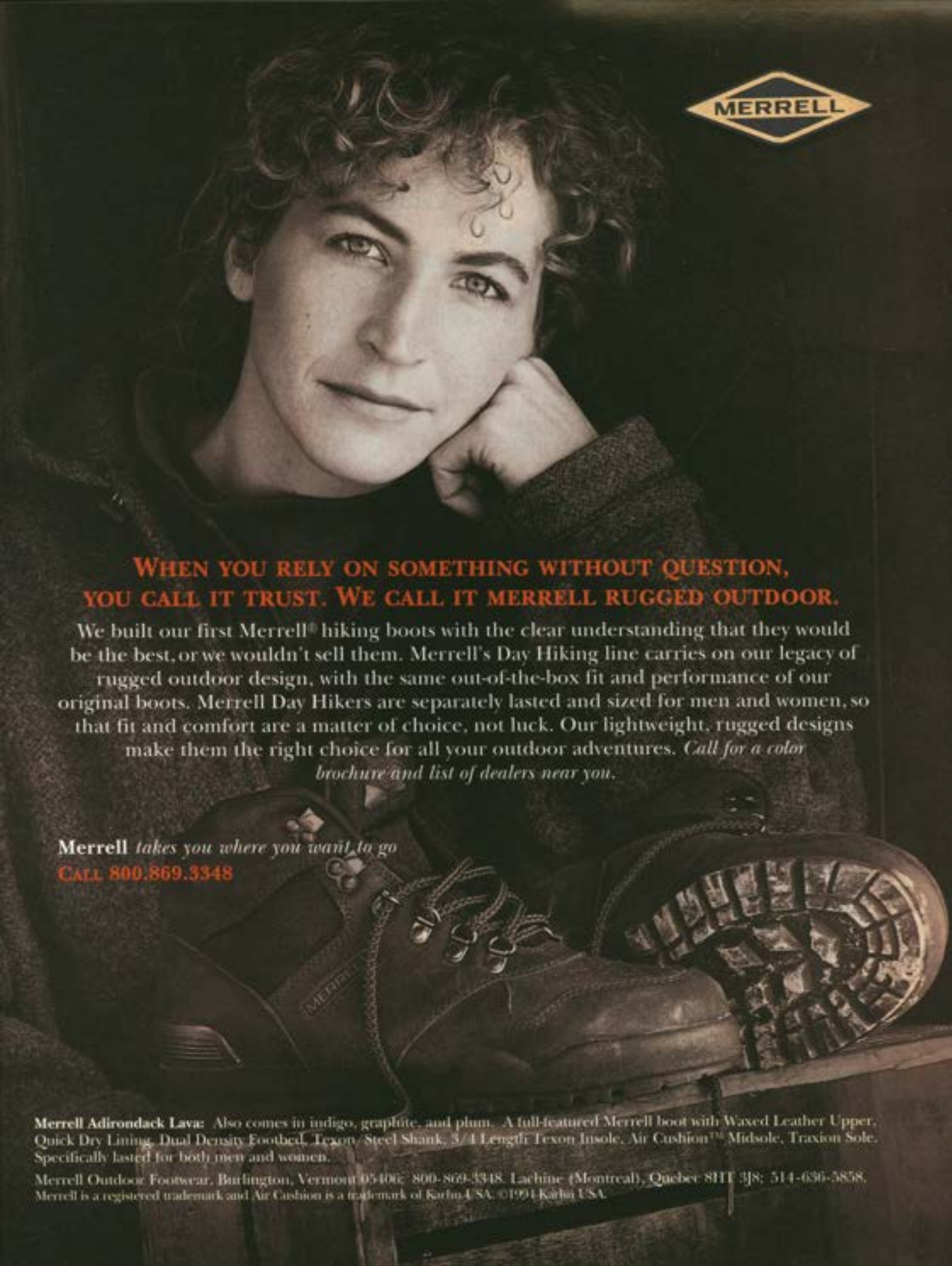
Where Old Man River forgets his manners, but charms nonetheless





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dozens; bacteria was robbing the river of oxygen as it broke down raw and partially treated sewage. One biologist reported that the surveyors' nets were "so filled with toilet paper and condoms they had to go home." Winona State University professor Calvin Fremling found that despite their abundance on the river from northern Iowa to St. Louis, mayflies were conspicuously absent from the Twin Cities down to Lake Pepin.

In recent years, however, improvements to the Twin Cities' sewer system have reduced pollution and increased dissolved oxygen. During a recent fisheries survey, workers netted 25 walleyes and more than 170 saugers in a single lift; the fish stuck from the net "like quills from a porcupine." Mayflies flew so thick one summer night that state road crews plowed a foot-deep layer of insect bodies from river bridges.

In 1988, 72 miles of the Twin Cities stretch was designated a national river and recreation area. The National Park Service is working with local governments to beef up zoning and establish a green corridor to protect the river's banks.

These small gains are heartening to those of us who live here. One evening my three-year-old daughter, Kate, Jason, and I beached a canoe on an island to fish. I sat Kate on a log and rigged her fishing rod with a small streamer. I flicked the fly into the current and let it drift through a deep, rocky stretch. The line twitched and I set the hook. I handed her the rod. Her eyes grew large as the fish pulled and leapt from the river.

Paddling back, we saw three beavers and a raccoon. With luck, Kate will never call this The Sewer. ■

GREG BREINING *lives in the Twin Cities. This article is adapted from his book* Wild Minnesota *with photographer Richard Hamilton Smith (NorthWord Press, 1994).*

WHEREABOUTS

Claiming the Yard

■

ALISON HAWTHORNE DEMING

Time to cut back the overgrowth again. The pyracantha hedge has gone shapeless as uncombed hair. The paloverde has pressed a limb against the stucco chimney running up the east wall of my house. And the bougainvillea has sprawled beyond its capacity to hold its boughs upright. Even the aloes and agaves have sent satellite growths out from their roots, the outlyers offending my idea of symmetry in the semicircular garden by the front door. The profusion always surprises me, though I have had three years to get used to desert living. When I'm not cutting back and pulling up, I'm struggling to keep plants alive that don't belong here—peppermint, petunias, tomatoes, and marigolds. Since the temperature in Tucson has been above 100 degrees for most of the past four months, my attempts at gardening look pretty crisp these days. I have mastered only clove-scented basil. *My basil trees,* I call them. The cluster of glistening sweetness thriving for six months in the backyard shade has grown three feet tall, sporting woody stalks an inch thick and leaves big as serving spoons. I don't have the heart to whack them down to make pesto.

My friends who know my dreamy penchant for oceans and woods find it strange that I live in the sun-beaten starkland of the Sonoran desert. To be honest, so do I. At times I feel green-deprived and would not be surprised to learn that there exists a psychic malady that can be cured only by the visual ingestion of green wildness.

But I love not only nature's beauty; I love also her weirdness and pig-headed persistence against hostile conditions. And the desert is nothing if not weird and pig-headed. Consider the spadefoot toad that uses its namesake appendages to dig a home underground, lies there without breathing for months—even years in severe drought—absorbing oxygen through its skin, then emerges to feed and breed at the first music of raindrops hitting the soil. Consider the range of desert dwellers requiring venom in order to survive: gila monster, ten species of rattlesnake, coral snake, scorpion, centipede, tarantula, black widow, brown recluse, and a poisonous frog known to kill the dog that licks it. Consider the placid saguaro cactus, a cool, phallic, water cask that takes its sweet time growing—50 years before it bothers making arms. Living here has been humbling, teaching me that I don't know much about nature after all, that I am no master even of the small domain of my yard.

A yard, anywhere, is an expression of one's relationship with nature, a curious border zone between the wild and the domestic where we invite nature to come close, but not too close. Nature does not belong in the house. We buy chemical products to keep our space clear of fungi, mold, bacilli, mites, and fleas. Plants can come inside, if they are content to live in pots. We seal basement windows and crawl spaces to keep out feral cats. And, when a crusty cockroach or lacy newt sneaks out of the drain into our

■

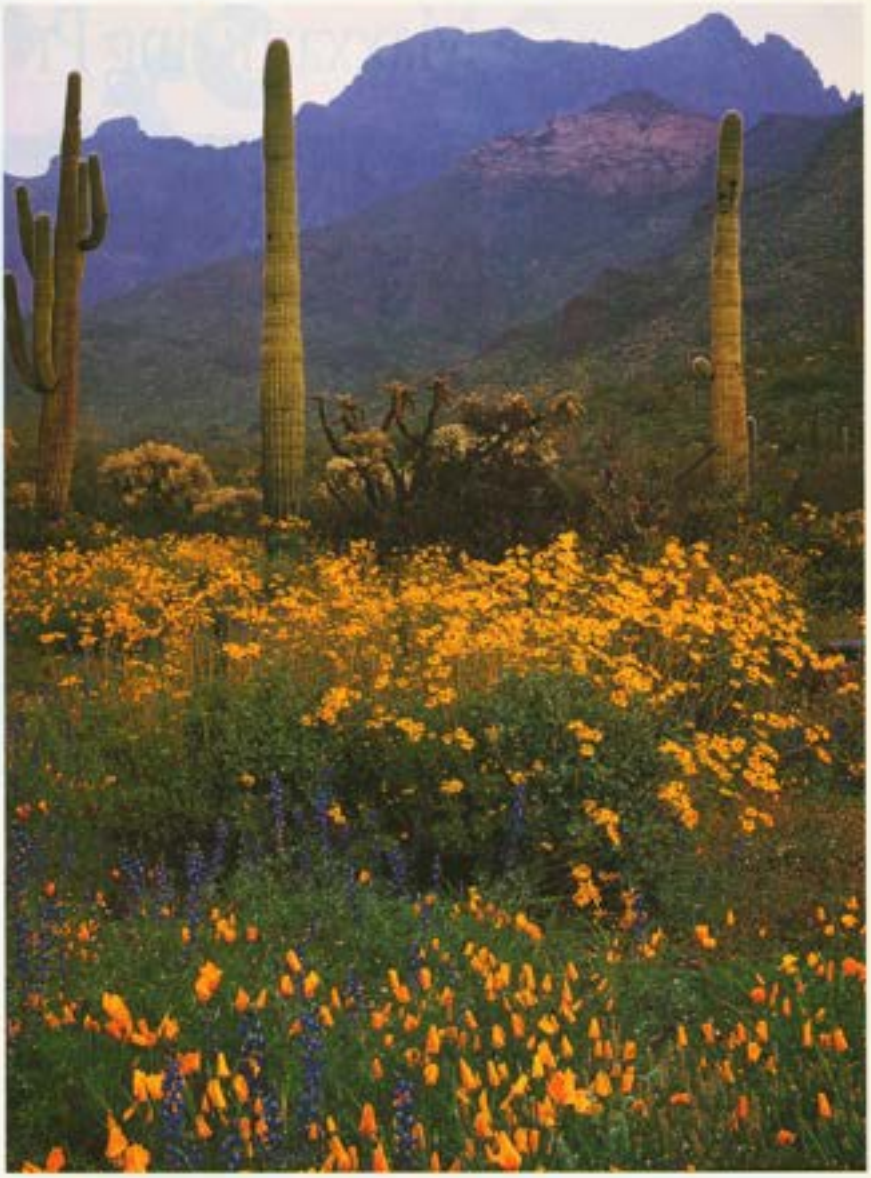
Growing used to the desert and its spiny, bluesy ways

kitchen sink, we are shocked at its lack of respect for the border we've drawn. The shaping and ordering of the yard is a warning to nature: here dwells human will.

In the desert the conscientious homeowner gives up on lawn, replacing it with gravel and a few pleasingly arrayed arid-land shrubs and trees—Sonoran bird of paradise, oleander, prickly pear, Joshua tree, Chilean mesquite. After the January rains, the gravel sprouts with mustard, wild onion grass, tumbleweed, penstemon, and globe mallow. Most of my neighbors use Rapid-Kill and Round-Up to keep the gravel bare, to provide a more attractive background for their shrubs. Gallon jugs of the stuff are sold at grocery and drug stores. In my first years I resorted to arduous biannual weed-pulling, but I have decided that this fall I will let the front yard go wild and see what comes up.

I am inspired to do so by my earlier experiment with Arizona lupines. I had been accustomed to lupines in the Northeast. They grow in manic meadows along the coast of Maine and New Brunswick—startling spires of peppery deep blue, fuchsia, white, and pink quilting the roadsides. Lupines in the Northeast are bigger and more sturdy than most wildflowers; in fact, they are a runaway garden variety, or, as the field guide calls them, "escapes."

Shortly after moving to Arizona, I made a road trip north from Tucson to Globe. It was April, and I had no idea what to expect from spring in the desert. My route made a gradual ascent from creosote-and-saguaro terrain to one of varied grasses. The shoulder lit up with the burgundy tassels of bromegrass, and then deep blue began to line both sides of the road, a linear bouquet that extended for 50 miles. Pulling off to identify the bloom, I was surprised to discover that they were lupines—smaller in stature, leaf, and flower size, their color more subdued, but morphologically identical to the eastern runaways. A few miles farther on, lupines blanketed entire hillsides and arroyos, the ground tinted as if a cloud shedding blue shadow had drifted over.



The bloom passed as quickly as a cloud. I returned two weeks later to gather seed, and the task was a challenge. Not only had the flowers faded, the plants were blown flat and empty by hot, dry winds. I collected what pods I could find and brought them home to scatter in my yard.

Last spring my captives bloomed out of the gravel by the mailbox. It was then, when that small, wild, blue meadow flared up and passed into dross, that I began to feel at home. ■

ALISON HAWTHORNE DEMING, *director of the Poetry Center at the University of Arizona, received the 1993 Walt Whitman Award for* Science and Other Poems *(Louisiana State University Press, 1994). A longer version of this essay will appear in* Temporary Homelands, *to be published by Mercury House, San Francisco.*

Maxxamizing Profits

Corporate raider Charles Hurwitz didn't get to be the multi-zillionaire bad boy of Wall Street through lack of chutzpah. Even though the belly flop of his Texas savings and loan cost taxpayers $1.6 billion, he's back at the Treasury door, this time asking the public to pay *him* $600 million for the Headwaters Grove, 3,000 acres of virgin old-growth redwoods, plus another 1,500 acres of surrounding Northern California forest. Otherwise he'll cut them down.

"If the government is not prepared to agree to acquire the property on a timely basis at fair market value," Hurwitz threatens, "it should not impair our ability to manage the property according to its intended and permitted use. After all, this is America."

Charles Hurwitz' America is a merciless jungle of capitalist predation, where 2,000-year-old trees are interest payments on high-risk debt. In his America, friends like Michael Milken can float $900 million in junk bonds to finance the takeover of a century-old timber company like Pacific Lumber. Pre-Hurwitz, the company never cut more than it grew in a year. After Hurwitz' Maxxam Corporation gobbled it up in 1985, the company doubled the cut in order to pay off Hurwitz' junk-bond debt, using clearcuts for the first time in its history. Hurwitz proposed to liquidate the ancient forest entirely within 20 years.

BY PAUL RAUBER

"There's a story about the golden rule," Hurwitz explained to PL employees after the takeover. "He who has the gold, rules."

Hurwitz' gold has thus far kept him from joining his friends Milken and Ivan Boesky in jail. He has variously been sued by the Securities and Exchange Commission for stock manipulation, charged by regulators with looting an insurance company, and sued by the Labor Department for investing PL's pension fund in a dying insurance company in return for its junk-bond financing of his takeover.

But California's ancient redwoods have not provided the liquidity Hurwitz expected. The obstacle to his ecosystem-destruction plan is a shy seabird called the marbled murrelet, a threatened species that nests only in old-growth forests within 35 miles of the ocean. With scarcely 100,000 acres of redwoods left in California, 20 percent of the remaining mur-

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■ ■ ■

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relet nesting sites are in Pacific Lumber's old-growth groves.

Only the Endangered Species Act now prevents Pacific Lumber from clearcutting its holdings. The act prevents the "take" of threatened species from private lands without appropriate "mitigations"—and Hurwitz can hardly create new old-growth to replace what he cuts down. Even so, state and federal wildlife officials have been reluctant to confront him, so it has fallen to environmentalists to speak for the birds. After Earth First! brought the Headwaters to public notice through tree-sits in the mid-1980s, the Garberville-based Environmental Protection Information Center (EPIC) and the Sierra Club have repeatedly gone to court to challenge PL's logging plans. "We've had eight suits against Pacific Lumber, and we haven't lost a case yet," says EPIC's Cecelia Lanman.

But the Endangered Species Act is a slender reed to rely on. According to Kathy Bailey, the Sierra Club's California forestry chair, the courts are split over whether destruction of habitat alone can violate the act, "or whether you have to have the dead body of the bird." Pacific Lumber holds that as long as it cuts down the trees outside of nesting season, no "incidental take" has occurred. Environmentalists accuse PL of deliberately fragmenting murrelet habitat by building roads, cutting close to old-growth groves, and twice violating court orders by felling dozens of primeval redwoods. "They went for the areas where they thought murrelets were nesting," charges Lanman.

To put a halt to the war on the woods, North Coast Representative Dan Hamburg (D) and his Bay Area colleague Pete Stark (D) have introduced the "Headwaters Forest Act," H.R. 2866, to buy 44,000 acres from Hurwitz—all of the remaining old-growth groves plus a substantial second-growth buffer. Hurwitz, however, wants to sell only 4,500 acres, and that for an exorbitant $600 million. (In 1985 he paid $900 million for Pacific Lumber's entire 196,000 acres.) Hamburg isn't biting. "Simply creating an island of old growth amid a clearcut landscape will not preserve biological values or habitat for endangered species," he says. For his part, Hurwitz calls Hamburg's bill "a poorly disguised land grab," and is now seeking to log old-growth stands within the 44,000 acres.

While environmentalists enthusiastically applaud Hamburg (whose bill carries real political risks in a district where timber dominates the local economy), many are unhappy about giving in to Charles Hurwitz' blackmail at all. One popular solution is a twist on the "debt-for-nature swaps" now employed in the Third World. In this case, the debt from the failure of Hurwitz' S&L would be exchanged for the Headwaters Forest.

The proposal has an undeniable element of poetic justice. When Hurwitz' United Savings of Texas collapsed in 1988, it was the fifth-most-expensive S&L failure in U.S. history. In its successful prosecution of Michael Milken, the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation revealed that Hurwitz had used the thrift to assist Milken's manipulation of the junk-bond market, receiving in return the financing needed for his corporate takeovers—perhaps including that of Pacific Lumber. The FDIC has put Hurwitz' liability for United Savings' failure at $548 million.

"It does seem unreasonable," says the Sierra Club's Bailey, "that Charles Hurwitz–controlled companies could owe the government $548 million and then ask it to pay the same amount for the Headwaters Grove alone." Earth First!'s Darryl Cherney suggests a pithier formulation: "Debt for nature and jail for Hurwitz."

The FDIC says it will consider "issues involving the redwood forests" in connection with the failure of United Savings, but it has yet to file a claim against Hurwitz—despite prodding from House Banking Committee Chair Henry Gonzalez (D-Texas) and numerous environmental organizations, including the Sierra Club and the Audubon Society. Representative Hamburg also endorses the move:

"The taxpayers have already paid dearly for the dealings of Mr. Hurwitz," he says. Meanwhile, Hurwitz continues to exercise his golden rule. Hamburg is being challenged in the Democratic primary by the former representative from his district, Doug Bosco—who, since mid-1993, has been a $15,000-a-month lobbyist for Pacific Lumber.

► For more information, see "Resources," p. 86.

Unintended Enemies

Save a rainforest, start a revolution.

The New Year's Day uprising in southern Mexico ambushed the North American Free Trade Agreement at the precise hour that the bitterly contested treaty finally kicked in. Proclaiming NAFTA the "death certificate" of Mexico's indigenous peoples, rebel leaders in the highlands of Chiapas went to war against the government of Carlos Salinas and economic policies that leave Indian farmers at the mercy of international capital. In Mexico's rush to join the First World, they said, its people were being left in the dust.

Some environmentalists who had fought the treaty gloated that such indigenous indignation was predictable. What they didn't realize was that they, too, were part of the problem. The Zapatista Army of National Liberation found its voice in decades-long struggles over resources in the once-mighty Lacandon rainforest. Now their vision of the Lacandon's future is on a collision course with the world environmental community's design for that shrinking lowland tropical wilderness.

When European conquerors appeared in 1519, the vast jungles of Yucatán, Chiapas, and the Grand Petén constituted an unbroken expanse rivaled in the New World only by the Amazon. Today, 4 million acres of Lacandon jungle—Mexico's last remaining significant rainforest—have been reduced to just 700,000. The forest is scarred with logging roads, oil-drilling platforms, moonscape clearcuts, and other debilitating encroachments of "modern" civilization.

The devastation began in earnest with the 1961 Mexican government designation of the Lacandon as the nation's southern "Agrarian Frontier," a reserve of land that acted as a safety valve for the frustrations of thousands of landless Indian farmers. Mayans pushed out of highland Chiapas communities were the first to invade the jungle, but national agrarian policy also resettled displaced indigenous and mestizo peoples from other states to the Lacandon. These were mostly *campesinos* (peasant farmers) driven from their lands by dam projects in Chiapas and neighboring Oaxaca or by the brutal expansion of the cattle-ranching industry throughout the south. The outlanders carved *ejidos* (rural communal production units) from the rainforest on plots chartered by the government. The population of the Lacandon

boomed from 12,000 to nearly 300,000.

The assault by both landowners and land seekers took its toll. By the 1970s, colonization, cattle ranching, and clearcutting had shrunk the forest to half its original size. Finally, in 1972, Mexican President Luis Echeverría sought to limit settlement in the forest by turning over the Lacandon's remaining 1.7 million acres to 66 Lacandon Indian families—the Mayan group that had been in the jungle the longest. Each family became the owner of 20,000 acres of premium mahogany and cedar. Timber companies wasted no time moving in.

Orders were issued to remove tens of thousands of non-Lacandon settlers from the forest. Resistance to the Echeverría decree—which was eventually reversed—led to the organization of militant *campesino* coalitions such as "The Union of Unions" from which the rebel army emerged.

Six years later, in 1978, an international campaign led to the creation of the 785,000-acre Montes Azules Biosphere Reserve in the heart of the jungle. The demarcation of Montes Azules trapped thousands of settlers inside the reserve's boundaries. Particularly impacted were 26 *ejidos* in the Cañadas region of the forest that were forbidden to fell trees to extend their corn and coffee plots.

Environmentalists were now on the enemies list. "The first experience many of the Zapatistas had with the imposition of an outside force upon their lives was the pressure brought to bear by environmentalists to preserve the forest," explains sociologist Xochitl Leyva in *Ojarasca*, a journal of indigenous interests.

Despite international proclamations, the cutting of hardwoods in Montes Azules and adjoining forestlands persisted. In the first decade of its existence, Montes Azules lost 80,000 acres, according to Ignacio March, a researcher at the Southeast (Chiapas) Ecology Center. One doctor in an *ejido* clinic bordering the biosphere reserve remembers seeing the sign demarcat-

ing its borders moved three times in one year.

Making an "intractable" pledge to conserve what remained of the forest, President Carlos Salinas ordered a complete logging ban in 1989. Under its terms, *ejidos* were allowed to sell off all logs cut before the ban, but conflicts with authorities often resulted in confiscation. Heaped upon the crash of international coffee prices and the Salinas-sponsored reform of the Mexican constitution that ended the promise of land distribution to *campesinos*, the timber-cutting ban was a key factor in the New Year's Day uprising. Significantly, the opening salvos of the Zapatista rebellion were fired in March 1993 when Tzotzil villagers were accused of ambushing two army officers whom they mistook for newly created state forestry patrols.

Interviewed "somewhere in the Lacandon jungle," a Zapatista officer recalled the creation of Montes Azules and the government's refusal to hear the *campesinos* who lived there. "The only way left to us was to take up arms" Major Sergio told *La Jornada*. A second masked Zapatista, Major Mario, asked *El Universal*: "Ecologists? Why do we need them here? Here, we need work and land."

Environmentalists have raced to defend their motives. Ignacio March warns that an eventual settlement with the Mexican government would distribute land to the Zapatistas by "subdividing" the forest. Poet-ecologist Homero Aridjis fears that "if the rebels' demands are met, roads will be cut and that means the death of the Lacandon."

But fulfilling the ideals of the first Mexican revolution—that land should be distributed to those who work it—does not require subdivision of the rainforest or polarization of campesinos and environmentalists. In Chiapas, where Indian landholdings are often so small they are measured in rows while cattle ranchers graze one prize bull on 50 acres, concern for wasted resources can instead unite the groups against the real foe—a feudal land-ownership system protected by a corrupt government. *—John Ross*

Beyond Greenwash

An insider's guide to duping the public.

It's remarkable how candidly people talk when they forget you're listening. In the February issue of the trade newsletter *O'Dwyer's PR Services Report*, the public-relations industry frankly assesses the failure of "greenwashing" (the promotion of absurd environmental claims by polluting industries), while boasting of its success in neutralizing environmentalists. The secret? "Environmental PR pros need to add another shade of green—that of greenbacks—to their palette," *O'Dwyer's* advises. "Successful PR people will be those that can blend the cold-hearted reality of 1990s economics with the 1970s touching, though somewhat naive, concern for Mother Earth."

PRIORITIES

The goal is to convince naive environmentalists that not poisoning the earth costs too darn much money. "Gone is the idealistic 'Save the Whales' mentality of the 1980s," *O'Dwyer's* declares hopefully. In order to keep it from coming back, the newsletter recommends the use of "cost/benefit analyses" as well as the flat-out co-optation of environmental organizations with offers of money and jobs:

"Cash-rich companies, PR people say, are funding hard-up environmental groups in the belief the imprimatur of activists will go a long way in improving their reputation among environmentally aware consumers. Though activists may at first balk at working with corporate America, nonprofit groups are beginning to realize that private sector cash can increase an organization's clout and bankroll membership building programs."

Dale Didion, "Environmental Practice Director" for PR giant Hill and Knowlton, praises the "maturing" of the environmental movement. "Help them raise money," he counsels polluters. "Offer to sit on their board of directors." Besides demonstrating a "can-do spirit," he says, this "may also lead to a company hiring members of the environmental group's staff" who are available "at very reasonable prices."

For those environmentalists who have been increasingly willing to ally themselves with industry, this corporate equivalent of locker-room boasting should sound a cautionary note. (The Sierra Club itself has a strict screening process for prospective corporate donors that weeds out major polluters, consistent violators of environmental laws, and producers and vendors of environmentally damaging products. The result of this screening, on top of the Club's tough policy stands, is that its only regular and significant corporate contributor is Recreational Equipment Inc.)

The hard times that have made some environmental groups sell cheap have evidently made polluting industries more obdurate. As *O'Dwyer's* explains,

"Profitable companies that have just tossed thousands onto unemployment lines because they aren't earning the margins demanded by hungry Wall Street tycoons are not going to roll over when some . . . government official recommends a green regulation that may cost them some money.

"[Companies] are challenging federal mandates to install pricey pollution control gear that has no productivity benefits when it may be cheaper to close up shop and move to pollution-havens like Mexico. . . . The Environmental Protection Agency estimates the U.S. spends $130 billion a year to comply with federal environmental laws and regulations. 'Is it worth it?' wonders John Paluszek, president of Ketchum PR. 'How much more should we spend for incremental improvements?'"

In *O'Dwyer's*, the bigfeet of the PR world advertise their prowess at getting this message across. A profile of the Dilenschneider Group, for instance, notes that it is "experienced in helping clients develop and communicate the 'cost-vs-benefit' strategies" for "environmental problems such as nuclear power and municipal and hazardous waste management." Hill and Knowlton (which has handled the press for—among many others—Three Mile Island, the American Petroleum Institute, and the Canadian asbestos industry) is lauded for "organizing a media tour for scientists to present a balanced view of the role that chemicals play in the earth's atmosphere." Burson Marsteller can offer services such as "its effort to kill the Btu tax" for the American Energy Alliance. (Omitted from Ketchum's profile was the "crisis management plan" it prepared for the Clorox Corporation in 1991 in anticipation of anti-chlorine demonstrations and news reports in which it recommended branding demonstrators as "terrorists" and suing critical journalists for slander.)

The PR pros are upbeat; they believe that their message is finally getting through. Under the delightful subhead "Reporters lose innocence," *O'Dwyer's* lauds Keith Schneider's infamous

PRIORITIES

"What Price Cleanup?" series in *The New York Times* as "a watershed event in green reporting." (See "Cost/Benefit Journalism," September/October 1993.) While front-page publication in the *Times* is a PR flack's dream, the Chemical Manufacturers Association has thoughtfully reprinted the series for anyone who might have missed it.

The "watershed" Schneider supposedly represents is a shift in public sympathy away from the victims of corporate pollution and toward the polluters. The vehicle for this transformation is the "cost/benefit analysis," a scientific-appearing comparison of the benefits of an environmental regulation with its economic costs. The heart of the technique is the "discounting" of future human lives. According to the Environmental Research Foundation's invaluable *Hazardous Waste News*, since dollars in hand today are worth more than dollars earned tomorrow, future dollars are typically "discounted" by 8 percent a year. Future lives are discounted as well; a $100,000 expenditure today to save a life 150 years away works out to a present value of $16.7 billion per life saved. "The 'environmental PR firms' rely heavily on this technique," says *Hazardous Waste News*, "because it serves a strategic goal of demonstrating that regulations are ridiculously expensive."

It is also notoriously arbitrary; a recent EPA analysis of rules for oil-and-gas drilling wastes valued the "benefits" of reducing lead poisoning in children as the "present value of lost earnings," which it calculated to be $4,588 per lowered IQ point. Despite their bravado, the cost/benefit pushers have a sizable task before them. Some benefits—the howl of a wolf in the distance, a living forest that has never been cut, a child born with all its internal organs where they belong—are hard to value in dollars and cents. It's going to be a tough sell convincing the public to trade these priceless treasures for a corporation's improved bottom line.

—*P.R.*

► *For more information, see "Resources," p. 86.*

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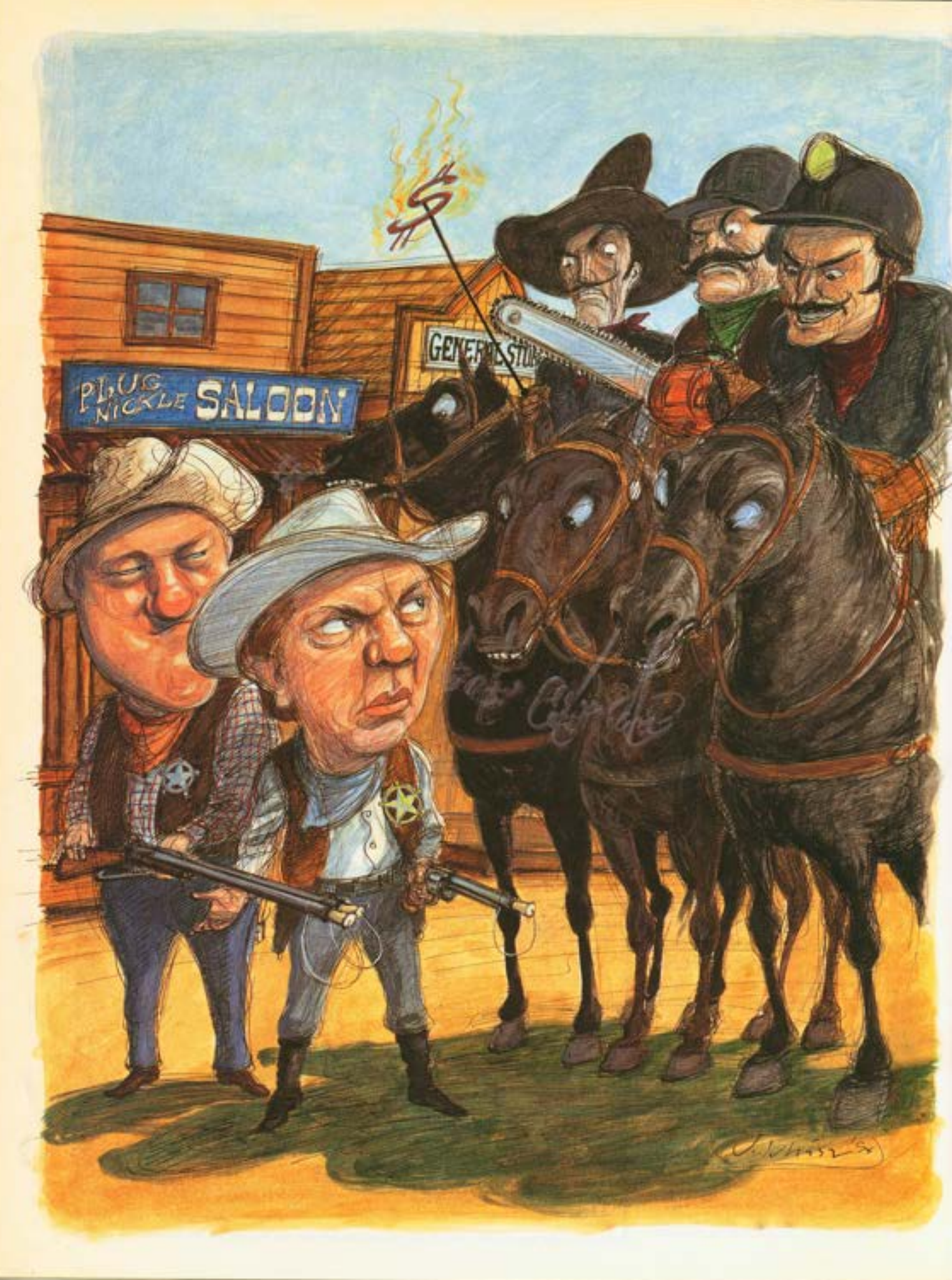

PLUG NICKLE SALOON

BABBITT'S RETREAT

THE WESTERN HERO STRODE INTO TOWN VOWING TO LIBERATE THE PUBLIC LANDS. EIGHTEEN MONTHS LATER HIS BRAVADO IS GONE, AND EXPLOITERS STILL RULE THE RANGE.

☛ IT WAS "A RARE MOMENT IN HISTORY," NEWLY INSTALLED INTERIOR SECRETARY BRUCE BABBITT told environmentalists gathered at the John Muir Historic Site in Northern California. Nineteen ninety-three was "the year of decision" on the public lands. Long-standing battles, like that over logging old-growth forests in the Pacific Northwest, would move toward resolution. Miners would be forced to clean up their messes. Ranchers would have to stop overgrazing. Everyone would start learning to live more lightly on the land.

"The stars are aligned," Babbitt told the crowd. "All of a sudden, all of those things we have been advocating for so many years are possible. We should seize the moment!"

An ebullient George Miller (D-Calif.), a strong environmentalist who chairs the House Natural Resources Committee, stood by his side. "I don't often feel this good about the people I am introducing," Miller said. "Bruce Babbitt has captured the imagination of Congress and the country. In a few short months he has moved more issues closer to resolution than they have been in the past ten years. You can't pick up a newspaper or a magazine without reading about his work."

By the time of this June 1993 speech, Babbitt had indeed won almost fawning respect from the media. The Babbitt family, which had come to Arizona in 1886 and made a fortune in cattle

BY JOAN HAMILTON • ILLUSTRATIONS BY VICTOR JUHASZ

and trading posts, was being described as the Kennedy dynasty of the West. And Bruce, a Harvard-trained lawyer who had served Arizona as attorney general and governor, was being compared to Bobby. "Babbitt has long been considered one of the country's most intellectually adept public servants, a cherished favorite of opinion makers," said *Newsweek*. "He is conscientious, funny, and, unlike all but a handful of political intellectuals, even popular with voters."

"Not only is Secretary Bruce Babbitt present as the new Czar of Public Lands, he is a presence," effused *The New Yorker*.

When they'd finished listing his talents, the media marveled at the scope of his plans. *The New York Times* explained, "Babbitt is trying to roll back more than a century of practices that have promoted the development of the West at government expense." *The Washington Post* predicted, "No department will make a bigger U-turn with the change of administrations than the one he is scheduled to inherit from predecessors James Watt, Donald Hodel, and Manuel Lujan."

In November 1992, before Babbitt had accepted his appointment by President-elect Bill Clinton, he declared the Interior Department "a mess." The agency's 500 million acres of public land, mostly in the West and Alaska, were suffering from 12 years of neglect under Republican rule. Many of its 75,000 employees were demoralized. Agencies under Interior's wing—among them the National Park Service, Bureau of Land Management, Fish and Wildlife Service, and Bureau of Reclamation—were being assaulted by what Babbitt called "the paranoid right," which had adopted environmentalism as its post-Evil Empire bogeyman.

Babbitt was free to be candid at the time, because although he anticipated a high post in the Clinton administration, he had no interest in cleaning up Interior's Augean stables. The core issues—parks, wildlife, water, grazing, mining, and logging—were too much like those he'd encountered while serving as Arizona governor from 1978 to 1987. He hoped to avoid becoming "a prisoner of my resumé."

Friends in the environmental movement countered that Babbitt's resumé would make him the most knowledgeable, experienced Secretary that Interior had ever had. He was a hiker, skier, geophysicist, and amateur botanist as well as a lawyer. He was the volunteer president of the League of Conservation Voters. He knew both the delights of public-land trails and the fine print of public-land laws. As governor he had taken strong stands on environmental issues: he doubled the size of the Arizona state-park system, crafted the nation's most progressive groundwater law, and, before any other western politician dared, took a stand against the Sagebrush Rebellion, the Reagan-era drive by western ranchers and miners to privatize ownership of public lands.

Jaws had dropped appreciatively at the Sierra Club annual dinner in 1985 when guest speaker Babbitt suggested that the federal government scrap the old standard of "multiple-use" management of public lands. "From this day on," he told the crowd, "we must recognize the new reality that the highest and best, most productive use of western public land will usually be for public purposes—watershed, wildlife, and recreation."

For these and other bold strokes, Babbitt had earned the respect of environmentalists far beyond Arizona's borders. But with that state's legislature dominated by Republicans, Babbitt had also known the taste of compromise. As he thought about how he might serve the Clinton administration, he must have realized that being trapped again between environmentalists and their foes would be asking for a repeat bruising. But he may also have yearned to move into a bigger arena. Despite a dismal showing at the polls in his bid for the presidency in

THE BUDGET DEBACLE WAS A TURNING POINT FOR BABBITT. WITHOUT THE PRESIDENT SOLIDLY BEHIND HIM, THE NOBLE KNIGHT OF THE ENVIRONMENTAL MOVEMENT STARTED TO LOOK MORE LIKE A POLITICAL PAWN.

1988 (Babbitt dropped out after winning only about 5 percent of the vote in the nation's first two Democratic primaries), journalists pronounced him a winner. "This expansive, amusing man who loosed his complex notions about government on the American people plays like a different fellow from the Arizona governor we knew," wrote Deborah Laake in the Phoenix-based *New Times*. "Not just more likable, but more a man of steel when it counts. He was acknowledged as the candidate with real brainpower and maybe the only guy who understood the economy. He was on a roll." The pleasure of that roll—contrasted with the drudgery of battling the same old western conservatives—must have been fresh in Babbitt's mind as he dreamed of his next new challenge. In the end he told President Clinton that he'd rather be U.S. trade representative than Interior secretary.

But the environmental groups that had helped elect Bill Clinton wouldn't hear of it. They wanted someone of stature at Interior to protect and restore the neglected public lands. Not just a wily politician, Babbitt was one of their own, their Babe Ruth. Around Christmastime they called and faxed their feelings to the President-elect, and Babbitt bowed to the groundswell, saying "there is something bigger than Bruce Babbitt going on here."

Maybe Babbitt was impressed with the muscle of the grassroots environmental movement, or inspired by the hope that Clinton brought to Washington. Or maybe he was just testing his limits, as is his habit, whether climbing a Grand Canyon precipice or running for president. At any rate, when he moved into the Interior Secretary's grand, wood-paneled office overlooking the Lincoln Memorial in January 1993, Babbitt discarded his initial reluctance and became a man of brave pronouncements—the man of steel he had been in the presidential race.

Sending environmentalists' expectations skyward, a resolute Babbitt set the stage for reform. He unblinkingly told reporters that he hoped to change the way the logging, mining, and ranching industries do business on the public lands. They would need to pay a fair price for the wealth they draw from these lands. They would also be made to restore what they'd damaged, to do their work in a way that wouldn't destroy the public's wildlife and watersheds. Lest there be any doubt about his leanings, Babbitt described Interior as "the Department of the Environment."

As he strolled up a steep trail in Kings Canyon National Park in June 1993, the lanky, sandy-haired Secretary was at the height of his glory. He was a star in the Clinton cabinet, the darling of the media, and—unbeknownst to anyone in his hiking party—had just been contacted about the first vacancy Clinton would fill on the Supreme Court. As he rounded a bend, the cool, liquid fireworks of Mist Falls moistened his face.

"Astonishing," he said. After a moment of silence, he mentioned that in places like this he always thinks he can feel the water pounding beneath his feet. "You always think the earth moves under you," a reporter chided.

"Just like Hemingway," Babbitt said, grinning.

Later, at the top of the falls, he looked down at the frothing chaos and said to his staff, with exaggerated pomp, "That water knows that in our hands it is safe for the ages!"

Babbitt had long counseled environmentalists to play a tough outsider's game, to act as "the barbarians at the gates." When the Supreme Court possibility made the news that June, those pesky barbarians began meddling in his personal fortunes again, immediately telling the White House he was irreplaceable at Interior. There may have been other reasons Babbitt eventually lost the Supreme Court nomination to Ruth Bader Ginsburg (among them gender and lack of judicial experience), but Babbitt told a friend that he blamed the turn of events on environmentalists.

By this time a few of Babbitt's other well-laid plans were starting to go awry. The media, which at first seemed a boon to his cause, were inadvertently setting him up for a fall. They had trumpeted his ambitious goals, but had ignored or downplayed his methods for ushering in his "brand-new era." These were strictly Civics 101: Babbitt wanted to enforce laws, encourage cooperation among various branches of government, and convince interest-group combatants to sit down and reason together. He maintained that the West was changing from a wide-open realm of ranchers, miners, and loggers to an urbanized "New West" dominated by people more interested in conserving than in consuming public

Promises, Promises

What Bruce Babbitt said he'd do at Interior—and what he did.

Endangered Species

Southern California is an epicenter of extinction, with the largest number of threatened and endangered species anywhere in the continental United States. Using leverage gained by listing a small songbird, the California gnatcatcher, as a threatened species, Babbitt designed a program that could potentially please both environmentalists and developers. He asked the two groups to come together with public officials in Riverside, Orange, San Diego, and Los Angeles counties to set aside habitat not only for the gnatcatcher but for dozens of other native species as well. Wildlife was to get broader swaths of habitat than environmentalists could provide by winning species-by-species lawsuits. Developers were to avoid the delays and uncertainties that afflict them in regions like the Pacific Northwest, where wildlife has been so long ignored that many species are on the brink of extinction.

It's an appealing concept, but the happy solutions have not materialized. Riverside County has refused to participate. In San Diego, the county furthest along in the planning process, a 30-person Multiple Species Conservation Planning Working Group recently deadlocked on key conservation questions. That left the region's ecological future exactly where it was before Babbitt arrived preaching togetherness—in the hands of San Diego's development-minded city and county officials. And in May a federal judge delisted the gnatcatcher, removing developers' primary incentive to negotiate.

Panamint Dunes in the proposed Mojave National Park. Bruce Babbitt has been an outspoken supporter of legislation establishing this area, two other parks, and vast new wilderness preserves in the California Desert, which he calls "one of the most obvious missing links in the landscape of America's national parks." His encouragement helped pass such legislation in the Senate in April. That's the kind of leadership needed in other congressional battles, too, including reform of the 1872 Mining Law and wilderness designation for Utah's canyon country and Alaska's Arctic National Wildlife Refuge. Babbitt can lead if he wants to. So why does he so often falter?

Everglades

A beaming Babbitt emerged from negotiations with southern Florida's sugar industry in July 1993 declaring that he had crafted an Everglades cleanup plan that "can be a model of cooperation, a project of great national and international significance." The sugar magnates were smiling, too. The agreement called for tightening their pollution allowance somewhat—but not enough to bring Everglades National Park and surrounding wildlands back to health. The farmers also slipped out with no more than half the bill for cleaning up runoff from their lands. Even these timid steps eventually proved too much for Big Sugar, however. By January 1994 all but one of southern Florida's sugar companies had withdrawn from the agreement.

Pacific Northwest Forests

Babbitt vowed to come up with "a strong and visionary" plan for the publicly owned old-growth forests of the Pacific Northwest, which had been "cynically overcut" by his predecessors in the Bush and Reagan administrations. Instead, he delivered an elaborate compromise. Although it significantly reduces logging levels, the plan fails to set up a single inviolable old-growth reserve. It leaves one-third of the region's remaining old growth to the chainsaws and places another two-thirds in preserves that are nonetheless open to "thinning" and salvage logging. Concludes Bill Arthur of the Sierra Club's Northwest office, "Babbitt may have stopped the bleeding, but the forest ecosystem is still in critical condition."

Rangeland

Babbitt's original promise to protect and restore "the great American rangelands" provoked loud squawking from western elected officials. So he scrapped the exacting national grazing standards he had first proposed and shifted the stewardship burden to local citizens' committees. Environmentalists will unquestionably be better represented in these groups than they were in those used under Bush and Reagan to make a mockery of the public-involvement process. But don't expect committees to deliver reform. While Babbitt's groups grope toward consensus (or more likely stalemate), the nation's rangelands will continue to suffer.

Mining

Although he promised a "brand-new era in land management," Babbitt has bowed out of one of 1994's biggest land battles, reform of the 1872 Mining Law. The law as it now stands virtually gives away the public's hardrock mineral wealth to anyone willing to stake a claim. Instead of helping march miners out of the 19th century, however, Babbitt has left the job almost entirely to Congress. He has rarely spoken on the topic in public, and even failed to formally endorse a strong House reform bill. One bold possibility: Babbitt could withdraw public lands from mineral development until Congress acts (a tactic Presidents Theodore Roosevelt and William Howard Taft used to build support for the Mineral Leasing Act.) So far, though, he has refused to flex his mining muscle.

National Biological Survey

Babbitt pledged to provide better science for his decision-makers, "to expand our knowledge of what's out there." He took an important step toward meeting that goal in late 1993 when he established the National Biological Survey. The new agency's focus on the needs of flora and fauna could well help Interior and other public agencies make biologically sound decisions in the future.

Shuttling between cowtowns, Babbitt drew angry crowds. "He's dropping behind enemy lines like a commando," said the Sierra Club's executive director. "But he's supposed to be a general."

lands. Because of these changes, he felt comfortable promising to take his political leads not from environmentalists, but from the West itself. But it was hard for these quiet and nuanced ideas to be heard above the journalistic din. "A lifelong environmental champion fires the first shots of the new war for the West," *Newsweek* declared. "In the New West of the 1990s, it is [the ranchers] versus the backpackers."

The noise, along with Babbitt's own tendency to overdramatize, played right into the hands of his adversaries. "He'll make us rich and famous," said Ron Arnold, a leader of the so-called Wise Use movement's ranchers, miners, and other public-land profiteers. "I think he'll be the perfect Darth Vader."

Babbitt's opponents do not derive their power from their numbers. Only 28,000 ranchers use the public lands, for instance, while a majority of Americans—and westerners—support the thrust of Babbitt's grazing-reform proposals. But the majority's resolve is weak compared with the gritty determination of those whose profits and livelihoods might be affected.

The Wise Users started turning up the heat in March of last year. Clinton's initial budget proposal contained several modest Interior reforms, including charging a royalty for hardrock minerals and a higher price for forage. But the Wise Users convinced a few western senators, including Colorado's Ben Nighthorse Campbell, a member of Clinton's own party, to argue hyperbolically that these modest fees would change the West forever. "How would you go back to a public-land state facing an election in four years and say that you voted to end mining and ranching and the using of public lands?" Campbell asked a reporter.

However flawed the argument, the President bought it. Without consulting Babbitt, he stripped Interior's budget of its grazing and mining provisions. Even Campbell's allies were dumbstruck. "We knew some of the western senators were trying to get some reduction," Tom Cook, a vice-president of the National Cattlemen's Association, later told *The New York Times Magazine*. "But we never thought the whole thing would be gone."

When the enemies of the environment were in power 12 years earlier, they were more resolute. Ronald Reagan had defined his presidency by his decision to fire the nation's striking air-traffic controllers. He didn't agonize about air safety or union reactions; he just made the decision and stuck with it. Clinton, on the other hand, had set the turn-tail tone for his presidency with quick reversals on Haitian refugees, gays in the military, and now grazing and mining fees. If Reagan was a man who would walk off a cliff for his convictions, Clinton, it now appeared, would barely jog around the block.

For the Interior Secretary, the budget debacle was a turning point as well. Babbitt acted like a leader; he had been a leader in the past; but on this new job he wasn't in charge. Without the President solidly behind him, the noble knight of the environmental movement started to look more like a political pawn.

Babbitt tried to sound upbeat in public. "We got singed on that one," he told federal scientists in Colorado that spring. "But I guarantee you we are not retreating from the battle." He promised to raise grazing fees and standards administratively, and to lean on Congress to pass separate legislation that would make miners pay their way and clean up after themselves. He held firm on timing, too: "1993 will be the year of reform."

But Clinton's political concerns kept getting in the way. He leaned on Babbitt to save jobs—not trees—in the ancient-forest debate in the Pacific Northwest. Clinton also tried to tie the Secretary's hands on grazing policy. "I talked to President Clinton before I left," Babbitt announced at a grazing hearing in Bozeman, Montana. "He said, 'Bruce, remember, we won the state of Montana.' So let me assure you we're not going to take any actions that will change this state." Whether by accident or design, the President and the Secretary were falling into a good cop/bad cop routine. Clinton, the moderate, was always looking over the shoulder of his supposedly wild-eyed Secretary to make sure he didn't go too far.

The routine deeply troubled environmentalists. Five western states—Montana, Colorado, Nevada, New Mexico, and California—had indeed been vital to Clinton's precarious 43-percent victory in 1992. But the people who voted for Clinton in these states were largely the urbanites of the New West, not ranchers, miners, or loggers. Clinton would not ensure his re-election by kowtowing to these commodity interests; he would only succeed in making a joke of Babbitt's promised public-land revolution.

Continued on page 73

RETURN TO

RAFTING MAY BE SOFTER AND MORE PREDICTABLE THAN IT ONCE WAS, BUT THE WHITEWATER IS STILL THERE, AS DAUNTING AND HEART-STOPPING AS EVER.

SOMEWHERE BETWEEN THE CHEESE BOARD, THE GRILLED-vegetable ravioli in a sauce of pine nuts and corn, and the filet mignon in a roasted-garlic and lavender marinade, it occurred to me that river rafting just isn't what it used to be.

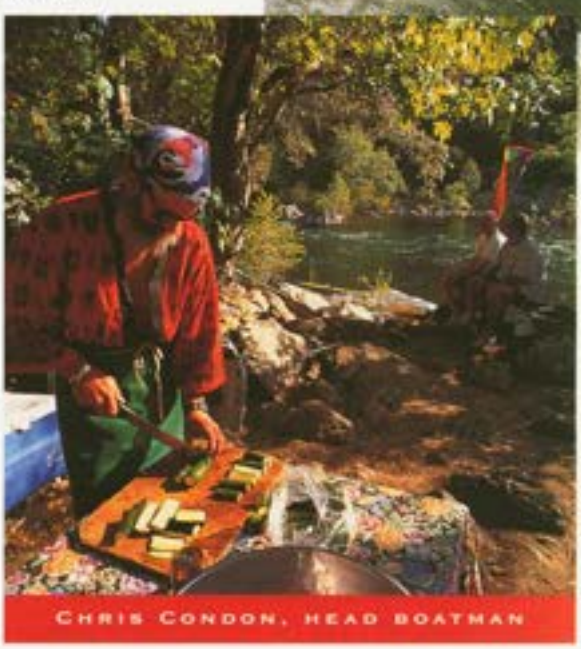
Downstream, Clavey Falls roared as always, bolstering its reputation as one of the West's great rapids. But whereas the last time I'd been here I'd lain awake all night worrying about it, this time I hardly gave Clavey a thought. My sense of well-being was, I suspected, due to the authority and maturity I'd gained in the intervening 15 years. On the other hand, maybe it was the grappa. No—probably the '88 Brunello di Montalcino. Even if still a tad young, it had more maturity and authority than I could ever hope for.

As I struggled with these questions, the Tuolumne River raced by in the dark. The Tuolumne is the premier whitewater stream in California; formed from glacial creeks at the Sierra Nevada crest, it flows 158 miles from its source to the San Joaquin Valley, feeding two major reservoirs along the way. Between the artificial lakes, however, is a transcendent stretch of difficult, almost continuous whitewater, crowned by class V (i.e., almost unrunnable) Clavey Falls.

I took the first river trip of my life here in 1978. Since then, I've experienced a number of other classic runs—Idaho's Salmon, Oregon's Rogue, Canada's Tatshenshini/Alsek, Alaska's Noatak. Many outdoor-adventure companies have arisen in the meantime, and many "unrunnable" American rivers (such as Cherry Creek, a tributary of the Tuolumne) have not only been successfully negotiated but are now being rafted commercially. When I first rafted the Tuolumne, commercial runs of Clavey Falls were comparatively primitive, in the Dutch oven–and–Kool Aid style of early California rafting. In those days, I myself was an artless young outdoorsman—filled with love for nature and adventure, but not much for haute cuisine.

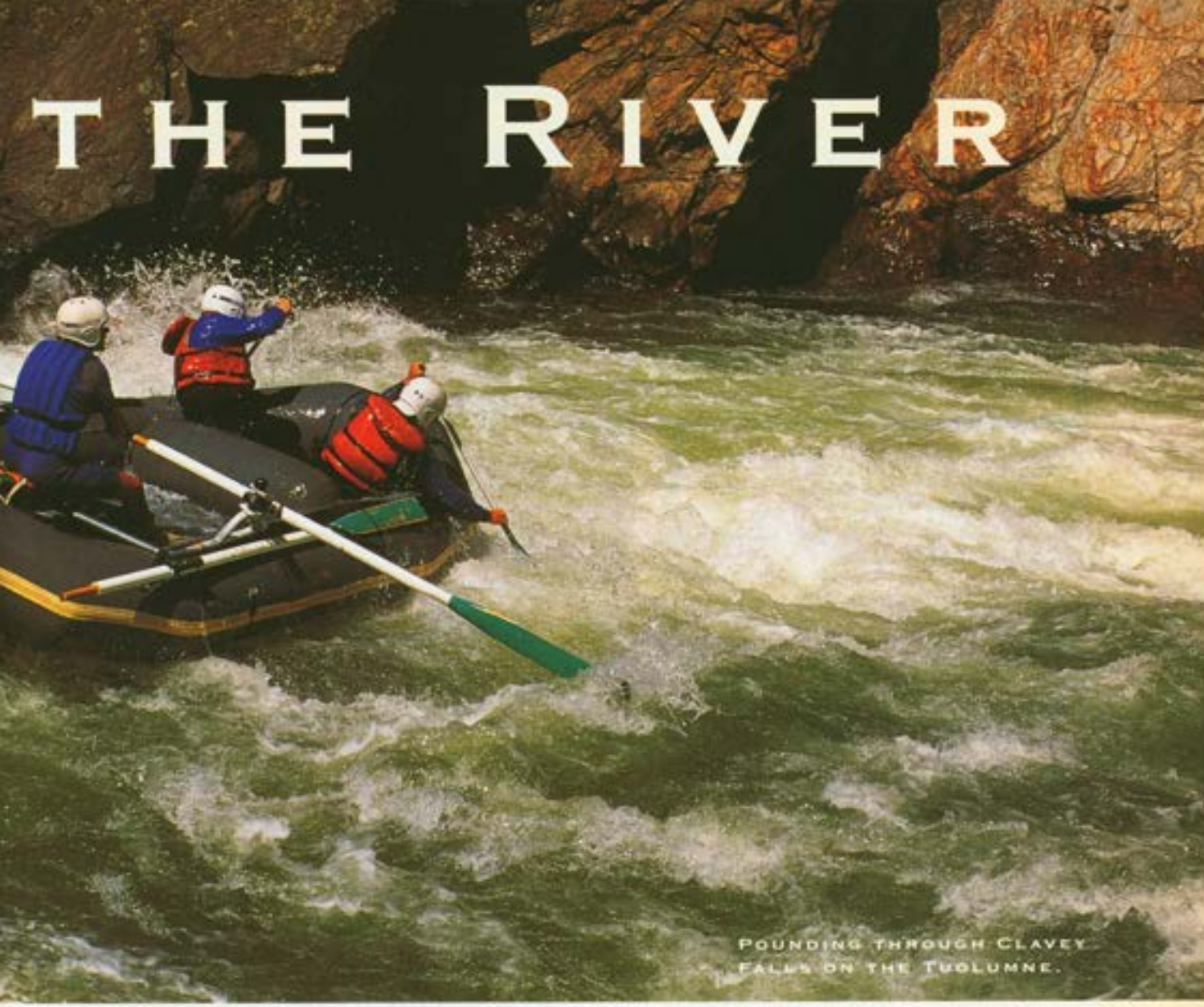
Now, after an arduous day outdoors, I consider a good meal and fine bottle of wine *de rigueur.* What's more, as a persnickety San Francisco Bay Area baby boomer, I'm not all that rare. So it wasn't really surprising to learn that at least one river company now offers gourmet excursions on the Tuolumne—cleverly dubbed "California Rolls."

Though I'd always yearned to return, I hadn't been down the "T" since



CHRIS CONDON, HEAD BOATMAN

THE RIVER



POUNDING THROUGH CLAVEY FALLS ON THE TUOLUMNE.

BY DAVID DARLINGTON

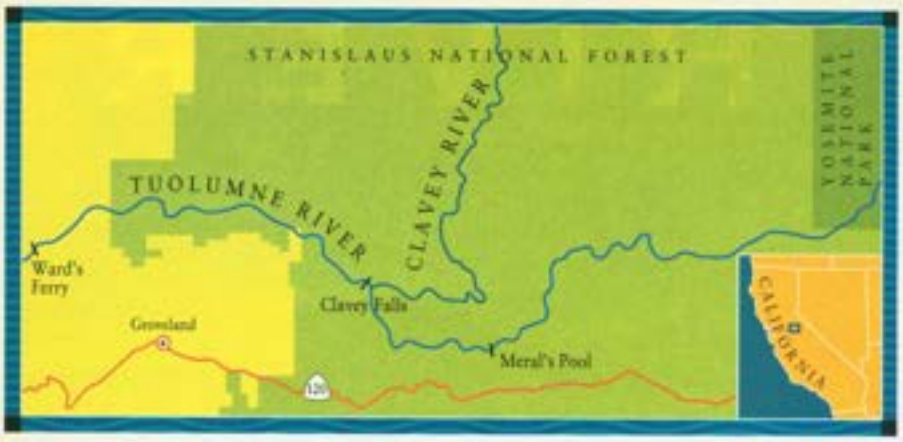
that time in 1978, when an abnormally wet winter ended a two-year drought. Last year's hydrological conditions were almost identical—except that our more recent dry spell had lasted three times as long, almost extinguishing the river-running business. Now, however, in the blessed wake of a bountiful rain year and a Sierra snowpack 50 percent higher than normal, foothill river flows were more voluminous than they'd been in half a decade. Seeing as how river culture had reportedly kept pace with my gustatory preferences, it seemed like an opportune time to return to the Tuolumne.

A driver from Sierra Mac River Trips picked me and the other trip participants up at nine on a July morning in front of a general store west of Yosemite National Park. Even at that early hour, we made sure to stand in the shade while waiting for the rickety ex-schoolbus to arrive. This pointed up the first difference from my earlier trip, which had taken place in April—partly during a cold rain. The midsummer California sky was shockingly clear, and Sierra-foothill temperatures were already searing.

But the changes to the landscape were even more dramatic. Over the past 15 years, two forest fires have incinerated the Tuolumne watershed—and as we descended the dirt road to the river, the black trunks of their legacy stood stick-like on the surrounding slopes. In the spring of 1978, the canyon had been electric green, washed by fields of golden poppies and purple lupines. Now, at the height of summer, the place was parched and austere. The sere, yellow-brown hillsides plunged intemperately toward the glistening green-and-white river.

I'll never forget my initial reaction to the Tuolumne's whitewater. Something on the order of: "I'm supposed to float through *that*?" Even today, the term rapid describes my own pulse when I first get a glimpse of a fast-flowing river.

Whitewater is daunting to a novice, but like anything else, it becomes less intimidating when you break it down into its components. You quickly learn to look for tongues



The main Tuolumne is one of the most popular river runs in California, beginning at Meral's Pool and ending 18 thrill-packed miles downstream at Ward's Ferry. The 46-mile Clavey River, whose headwaters begin high in the Emigrant Wilderness Area, joins the Tuolumne just above Clavey Falls.

(smooth paths between sections of roiling water) and eddies (still patches protected by rocks, where you can rest). Haystacks are big, choppy waves—fun to ride, like roller coasters. Pillow rocks, on the other hand, lie just below the surface, where they're hard to spot. They create small waterfalls, which can result in the most treacherous elements of any rapid: holes.

A hole is formed when falling water, rather than cresting in a wave and continuing downstream, reverses direction and pours back on itself. The centrifugal force can immobilize a boat—or a person—for long periods, resulting in hypothermia or worse. One of our oarsmen told a puckish tale of having visited the "green room" at the bottom of a hole. Others maintain that the light is white. No matter their color, the big holes ("keepers") are to be scrupulously avoided. The most treacherous feature of Clavey Falls is a gigantic hole in the middle of the rapid, between an upstream waterfall and a downstream rock.

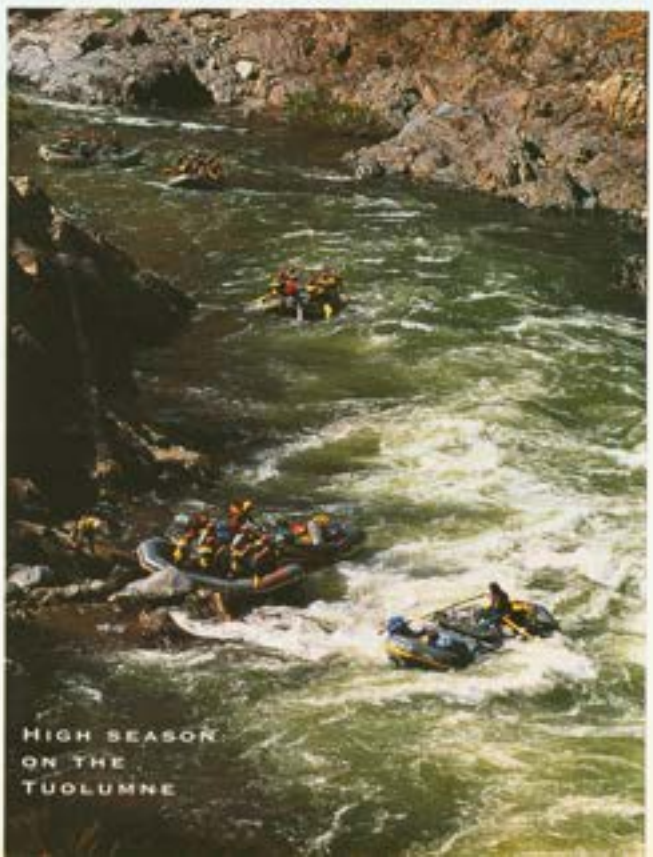
Before the put-in at Meral's Pool (named for Gerald Meral, one of the first people to run the Tuolumne, in the late 1960s), everybody was issued a lifejacket, a wetsuit, and a helmet. The wetsuit was a testament to the enduring frigidity of the Sierra snowpack; the helmet was something I'd worn in a kayak, but never before on a raft.

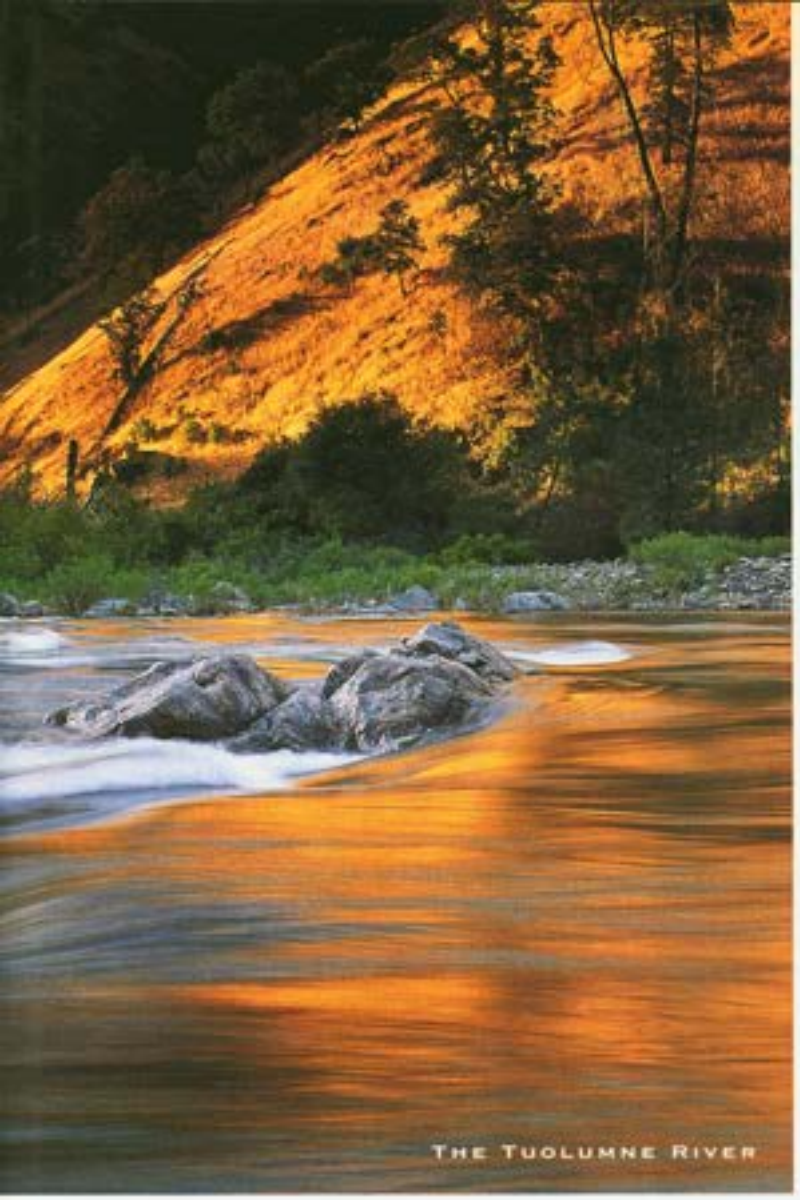
"When we started 20 years ago, the only things we wore were shoes, shorts, and a hat," acknowledged Chris Condon, the outfitter's bearded head boatman and discursive area manager. "Even lifejackets were only for the most dangerous rapids. We started wearing helmets when we started using paddleboats and doing Cherry Creek. And if the river's flowing more than 2,000 cubic feet per second, you need a wetsuit—not just for cold, but for extra flotation and abrasion protection."

The Tuolumne was flowing twice that fast—an amazing velocity for July. As we boarded the boats, further innovations became evident. All the rafts, for example, were self-bailing—a godsend in big water. And while I'd been previously familiar with only two types of river craft—gearboats rowed by a single oarsman, or "funboats" propelled by six or eight people, each wielding a paddle—the raft I now inhabited had both: four paddlers in front for horsepower plus an oarsman in the rear for steering and stability.

Our sternman was Brian Larky—a 30-year-old former river guide who is now a winemaker in Italy. After earning a degree in enology from the University of California at Davis in 1985, Larky somehow swung a job at Ca' del Bosco—Italy's most highly regarded maker of sparkling wines—where the aging winemaker was André Dubois, previously cellarmaster at Dom Perignon, king of French Champagne producers. Larky now divides his time between Italy and the Napa Valley, where he produces wine under his own label, Uve Cellars. He was interrupting his river retirement, however, for this special "Cal-Ital Roll."

Voluble and enthusiastic, Larky tirelessly complimented the rest of us on our technique ("Nicely done!" "You guys are great!") as we embarked on the Tuolumne's ebullient parade of rapids—Rock Garden, Nemesis, Evangelist, Squeeze—none of which had lost any of their power to invigorate. In the first five miles following the put-in, the Tuolumne falls about 200 feet, an average drop of 40 feet per mile. By way of comparison, the fabled Colorado descends at an average of only seven through the Grand Canyon.


HIGH SEASON ON THE TUOLUMNE



THE TUOLUMNE RIVER

Steep gradients, however, are also a boon to hydroelectric production—which explains why almost every Sierra Nevada river has been dammed. One of the most controversial such developments was Hetch Hetchy Reservoir on the Tuolumne; it was formed after Congress passed the Raker Act in 1913, allowing the construction of O'Shaughnessy Dam within the boundaries of Yosemite National Park—and flooding a spectacular valley that John Muir had called "one of Nature's rarest and most precious mountain temples." Ever since, the Tuolumne has been supplying San Francisco with water and power.

Apparently not enough, however. In the 1970s San Francisco, in partnership with the irrigation districts of Modesto and Turlock in the San Joaquin Valley, wanted to build a brand-new 475-foot-high dam, which would have inundated the river as far upstream as Clavey Falls. After a pitched battle with the Sierra Club and other environmental groups, this plan was defeated in 1984, when Congress designated 83 miles of the Tuolumne a National Wild and Scenic River. The untrammeled sections of the Tuolumne are now guaranteed protection in all their grandeur.

And grand—exhilarating, in fact—it was to be back: soaking up the full-blown splendor of a Sierra-foothill river in summer, racing along its cold green surface beneath a deep blue sky, past hills of pines and oaks baked by unfettered sunshine. Still, I could see why wetsuits were necessary, even in July. As Sunderland's Chute came on us around a corner, a big wave off a rock on the right cascaded over the boat, freeze-flooding our extremities and driving us straight into Hackamack's Hole. We punched right through it, shooting between two boulders at the bottom, whooping with thermally derived delight.

IN MID-AFTERNOON we tied up the boats and made camp above Clavey Falls, paving the way for a repeat of the palpitations that kept me awake all night in 1978. Back then, Clavey was the high point of the trip—if you accept the idea that fear is an elevated feeling.

On that run, all of our oarboats lost control and hit the hole in Clavey. With five companions in a paddleboat, I made it through okay, but only because some fancy footwork allowed me to beat fate. We'd drawn straws to determine who would paddle and who would be rowed; since paddling is participatory, that's what I wanted to do, but the luck of the draw assigned me to an oarboat. When I expressed disappointment, one of the anointed paddlers volunteered a trade: she took my spot in the oarboat, which promptly flipped and dumped her into the hole. Other than getting cold and wet, she escaped harm, but I have to admit that I felt a tad guilty. Worse, the head boatman on that trip told me that on the river "your karma always catches up." In light of this, I always assumed I would be tempting fate to return to the Tuolumne. But now here I was, getting ready to rerun Clavey Falls.

Not just yet, though. Tuolumne guides love to camp above Clavey so rafters have plenty of time to reflect. As dinner approached, Marty McDonnell—the big, boyish 44-year-old owner of Sierra Mac—went so far as to row small groups around the pool above the falls, discoursing on everything from the canyon's geology to his own biography. McDonnell grew up in Mill Valley, north of San Francisco, where, in the 1950s, his sister Candy was one of only a handful of kayakers in California. Inspired by her example, Marty built his own boat and went to work for Wilderness Waterways, one of the country's original whitewater operations. In 1972 he took over and renamed the company, running rivers all over Northern California, including the Eel, the Klamath, and the Carson.

"Originally the California river business was only on the American, the Stanislaus, and the Tuolumne," McDonnell recalled as he ferried slowly across the current. "In 1965, we were the only company on the Stanislaus; in 1972, we were

the only one on the Tuolumne. Then the Merced started happening; then the Kings and the Kern. People trying to get out of L.A. didn't have to go as far." When the neighboring Stanislaus was inundated in the 1980s by New Melones Reservoir (a process briefly interrupted when environmentalist Mark DuBois chained himself to a rock in the canyon), McDonnell decided to "specialize in what I loved best": the Tuolumne and its class V tributary, Cherry Creek.

"The 'T' is probably California's best whitewater rafting trip," McDonnell said. "It's protected and it's good all summer because of upstream dam releases from Hetch Hetchy. Plus my guides always liked coming back to it—on other rivers, they couldn't get excited after two or three trips."

CHEF ARMANDO DOMINGUEZ

In addition, now that the Stanislaus, once the West's most popular whitewater run, has been eliminated, the Tuolumne attracts more rafters than ever. "With more and more pressure on places like Yosemite, people are looking more to national forests for wilderness recreation," said McDonnell. "Twenty years ago, whitewater rafting was more unusual. The first river trippers were adventurers. Now rafting is so common that you see it in TV commercials. People want entertainment as opposed to adventure. They still want to paddle and participate in navigation, but many are more fragile, in a sense: younger, older, and not necessarily in good physical shape.

"Some of them are so naive about rivers that they expect the trip to end at the same place where it starts. But a river is a natural classroom—an immersion in how riparian systems work. I try to spend some time on wilderness interpretation on each trip, and people are becoming better informed about things like bioregionalism and watershed management.

"A lot of them come looking for entertainment and end up getting really attached to rivers. We have a political-information box available on trips, and some people have told me, 'This is the first time I've ever written a letter to my congressman.'"

Still, McDonnell acknowledges, the new breed of river tripper expects more creature comforts in the wild. In this regard, one luxury rafting enjoys over backpacking is that the river carries your supplies, opening the way to all manner of hedonism—gourmet meals, for example. McDonnell's chef is Armando Dominguez—a dreamy, sweet-natured culinary artist who grew up in Texas on the Rio Grande. After moving to California, Dominguez studied with famed chef Alice Waters of Chez Panisse restaurant, who, he says, encouraged him to "apply classical techniques to the ingredients I grew up with. I use salsas with French sauces, fish stocks with fresh chiles, beef reductions with smoked apples and chipotle peppers."

As Armando talked, the crew was circulating platters of prawn tamales among the rafters. Meanwhile, Larky had set up a wine-tasting table, complete with crystal stemware and an Italian flag in homage to the beverages: a Carpene Malvolti Prosecco, a Ca' del Bosco Franciacorta, a Pinot Grigio and two chardonnays from Alois Lageder—all whites chosen to complement Armando's swordfish dinner.

I asked Armando how he manages to live up to the standards of his *métier*—not to mention the truth-in-advertising component of the "gourmet" pledge—under such primitive conditions.

"The main problem out here is that I can't control the flame," he said, preparing a charcoal fire while simmering sauce on a propane stove. "If the wind picks up, the coals might be dead by the time I want to start cooking. The trick is knowing the ingredients—when to use marinades, how far to take reductions. I cook things for 48 hours at home, then add freshly cut herbs out here. I make the cakes ahead of time; I wouldn't want to do anything delicate, like a soufflé. But I avoid using cans for anything—I try to keep it fresh.

"It's important to be out here," Armando maintained, preparing a charcoal fire while simmering a seafood sauce on a propane stove. "Being outdoors opens us up, it changes our palates. I just go with it." By way of illustration, he whisked some orange juice and *mole* into his sauce, looked up at me and beamed: "We're wild animals!"

WINEMASTER BRIAN LARKY

Despite our refined ambitions, we devoured Armando's meal in the savage style he specified. Similarly, everyone did his or her best to make Larky and his wines feel welcome. It was after midnight when I stumbled toward my sleeping pad; as I crawled wearily into my bag and gazed up at the stars, I wondered whether, in the past 15 years, I had become less adventurous—more "fragile"—in the way that McDonnell had described. But I didn't wonder long.

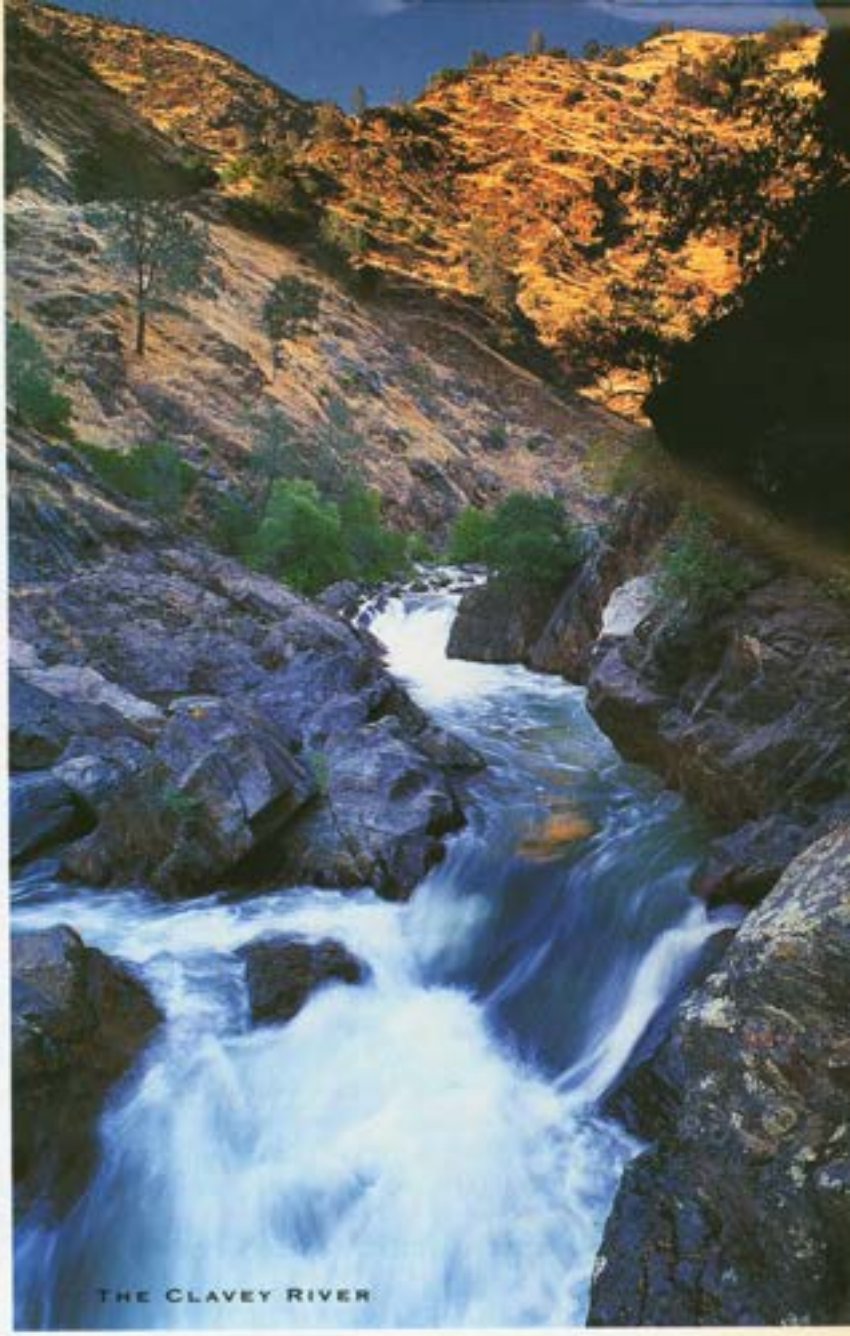
ONE OF THE DELIGHTS of running rivers is investigating their side canyons. Major watercourses have innumerable branches, which are often magical in themselves. The Stanislaus had Rose Creek, a supernal falling stream and an attraction so magnetic that in summer 100 rafts could be found at its mouth. Since the Stan was flooded, Rose Creek is no more. But the Tuolumne still has the Clavey—its largest free-flowing tributary, a 47-mile-long stream originating at 8,000 feet in the Emigrant Wilderness. The Clavey is one of only four still-undammed rivers in the Sierra Nevada; as a direct result, in 1972 it became California's first officially designated Wild Trout Stream—one of a handful of watercourses that, without benefit of artificial stocking, still support all the fish species originally found in these mountains.

I meditated on this the next morning as I watched a 24-inch rainbow finning its way around a pool, into which I periodically dove from a boulder beside the river. The Clavey is an endless procession of such spots, linked by rushing chutes and falls—an angler's utopia and a skinny-dipper's dream. It was tempting to jump in and ride the current downstream—but no safer to do so here than in the rapids of the Tuolumne. One of our group learned this the hard way, plunging heedlessly into the river and promptly getting wedged beneath a rock—underwater. Aware that he was about to drown, he gave up and let go—and got spit out the other side, surfacing downstream through nothing but luck. (Apparently *his* karmic account was in good shape.)

If you picked your spot, though, it was safe—irresistible, in fact—to take the waters. As the sun approached its zenith, the Clavey, ten degrees warmer than the frigid Tuolumne, provided a perfect counterpoint to the rising heat. Switching back and forth between baking sun and bracing water, I began to wonder if *I* might have drowned—and gone to heaven.

In the afternoon I ventured upriver, ascending a natural stairway of pools and waterfalls, alternately climbing over the rocks and wading through the shallows. The canyon revealed an unfolding series of surprises as it meandered back into the mountains. In one spot, a natural bathtub had been sculpted by eons of erosion; in several, side channels from the main stream invited full immersion. Just above a big drop, the river composed itself in a quiet stretch a couple of hundred yards long, punctuated at its upstream end by another little waterfall. The surface in between was so still that you could swim laps. I slid in and did just that, alternating crawl and backstroke with impromptu otter dives. I immediately christened the spot The Olympic Pool—a name so obvious that (I soon learned) it had already been bestowed by the crew. But to me the Clavey came as a revelation. In fact, as that modern oxymoron—an undeveloped Sierra river—it was downright divine.

So guess what.



THE CLAVEY RIVER

The powers that be, disappointed a decade ago in their bid to dam the Tuolumne, now want to develop the Clavey. The Turlock Irrigation and Tuolumne Utilities districts have proposed a pair of new dams, one 413 feet high, the other 105, which would submerge 760 acres of the Clavey's canyon. Three smaller diversions, along with a pipeline, powerhouse, transmission lines, access roads, and 11 miles of tunnels, would dehydrate 19 miles of the river. The amount of water provided by the proposed $700 million project would be negligible; like the plan defeated ten years ago, this one is proposed solely for hydroelectricity—exactly 150 megawatts worth, which will be used to power air conditioners during peak summer periods.

If you had assumed that, as a branch of the Tuolumne, the Clavey shares its inviolable status, think again: the Wild and

Continued on page 78

SNOW GEESE RISING

BY CAROL ESTES

WHEN I FIRST SAW THE GEESE AT SQUAW CREEK, I thought they were snow. It was mid-November, seven or eight years ago. Standing in front of the refuge headquarters, squinting against the glare of the early snow that had dusted the hills, I looked out across the marsh for some sign of the 300,000 geese I had come to see. I could hear them somewhere in the distance, but the marsh itself had drifted full of snow.

I pulled my binoculars out of the case and scanned the marsh again, and only then did I see that the drifts, undulating with the movement of the water, weren't snow at all, but rafts of geese, snows and blues, floating wing to wing in a magnificent flock that covered most of the valley floor.

A silly mistake. An imagination too small for the world.

NOW IT'S NOVEMBER AGAIN AND WE ARE RETURNING TO Squaw Creek, the snow geese and I, on our annual pilgrimage, I from the farm country of Kansas three hours south, and the geese from their summer home on the arctic permafrost 2,000 miles north.

Months ago when the days shortened and sea ice began to form on the North Atlantic, the geese in the vast nesting colonies on Baffin Island grew restless. Even the young geese born this spring understood—in their hearts and in the marrow of their bones and the DNA of their cells—and fed furiously in the waning light, fattening themselves for the journey. Then, fitful, agitated, they huddled with the adults in growing flocks, their faces turned into the wind. For weeks they waited, in blowing sleet and snow, for a favorable wind and a clear sky. Then one night in mid-September they rose and turned south.

I drive north to meet them on one of those dusty, golden afternoons that midwestern Novembers are famous for. My journey is hastily prepared, with camping gear thrown into the back of the car on top of a stack of bird books. I can't remember the turns, even though I've made the trip many times now, so I follow an old Kansas/Missouri map, brown at the edges and falling apart at the folds.

The geese speed southward in ragged Vs, flying nearly as fast as I can drive. They navigate by the sun and the stars, following ancient maps imprinted on their genes, along modern river corridors and watercourses remembered from before the last ice age. They know how to correct their course for a side wind, but in fog or a sudden storm they are lost. Then they must descend to the ground wherever they are and wait, again, for a sky change.

Rising on a highway cut through the dust, I top a last ridge and pull over to look out across the basin that holds the Squaw Creek marsh. The geese have arrived ahead of me. The sky is crosshatched with lines of geese, and the marsh is white with their buoyant bodies, noisy with their voices. I've heard of an old Lakota man on the Pine Ridge reservation who eagerly awaits the returning songbirds in the spring because they bring him news of South America. But here at Squaw Creek the geese all babble at once, and I can't begin to make sense of their stories.

"Suddenly," the volunteer at the refuge headquarters says when I ask how the geese arrive. He mans the visitors' desk in a mausoleum of stuffed birds and waterfowl arranged in glass cases. I gather brochures and a newspaper under the gaze of a dusty great horned owl above the desk. "One day the marsh is empty except for a few ducks, then the next day, bam, they're here. Tens of thousands at a time."

A voice crackles over his CB radio. A hunter has fired

into a flock. Three or four birds are down. The volunteer scratches his head. I walk back to my car.

Most of the land surrounding the refuge is owned by private gun clubs offering some of the best waterfowl hunting in the country. To get into the refuge the geese must fly in high and drop fast, like the cartoon ducks flying into a lake through a circle of blazing shotguns. But the geese at Squaw Creek are smart and know exactly how to do this, the hunters will tell you.

I leave my car on the south edge of the marsh near a brown-and-white sign that says "All Visitors Must Be Off the Refuge by 5:15 p.m." Pulling my coat around me against a stiff breeze, I set off for the middle of the marsh on the levee that runs for two or three miles alongside Eagle Pool, where the largest flock of geese has settled. Ahead of me a bald eagle sits on a dead tree. Like the human hunters, bald eagles gather in large numbers to feast on geese. They wait in cottonwoods on the shore or on the scrub trees that have grown up on the levee, white heads shining, until it suits them to fly.

I startle the eagle and it flies off toward the geese on Eagle Pool, setting in motion a panic. The sound of the geese in their rising alarm is the sound at a football stadium on game day, as the crowd rises to its feet to follow a long run for a touchdown.

It is this rising that I return again and again to witness—this lifting in wingbeats, this rush of air, this noise. A memory stirs of days of greater natural bounty, of endless herds of buffalo, of flocks of passenger pigeons that covered the whole sky from morning to night for days on end.

When I finally turn back from the levee toward the shore, the sun is low in the sky, its rays nearly horizontal. An enormous flock of blackbirds billows across the sky above my head from horizon to horizon. I count a section

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
STEFANO VITALE

above me to estimate numbers, counting first by tens, then by hundreds, then by thousands, and multiplying times the whole sky, and I can't help laughing. I have no idea how many there are. Millions. Then I am astonished to see two other flocks just as large swirling across the road further west, and this blackbird smoke drifts across the sky for half an hour, in three columns, as from three separate fires. Who'd have thought the world still held so many blackbirds?

By 4:30 I'm back at my car to watch the sunset. The flock in Eagle Pool has grown steadily larger, as geese return from feeding in farm fields, and a line of cars and onlookers with binoculars stands near them farther down the shore.

I prefer my solitary vantage point. And I notice in front of me a goose, also choosing to be alone, hiding itself in the brush just a few feet from shore—odd behavior for a gregarious bird.

Again the eagle takes a turn over the enormous flock on Eagle Pool, and I'm once again engulfed in pandemonium—a ticker tape parade.

But the goose in front of me is deaf to the excitement. Sheltered by reeds and brush, it floats in clear, brown water, still as a mirror. Its body moves rhythmically, side to side, shuddering slightly. Its head sinks, settling downward in a slow-motion ballet toward its reflection in the water. Just as its bill reaches the water, its reflection rises to touch it in a moment of disorienting beauty. Suddenly the goose jerks its head backward until it lolls dizzily on its back. Then, with an effort, the goose lifts its head, and begins again the slow wilting, sinking toward its reflection. It's as though it were trying to keep from sleeping.

Trying to keep from dying.

Is this goose one of the hunter's mistakes? No visible wound. No blood. Natural causes, then? Lead poisoning?

Why is it, I wonder, as I sit down on the shore with the goose to wait for dark, that I continue to be surprised by death? Of course there is death here where life abounds. If there were actuarial tables for geese I could consult them and see that, out of 300,000, there are maybe a hundred geese dying here at Squaw Creek tonight. Only half of all snow geese live through their first year, and the annual mortality rate among adults is 30 percent. But there is a difference between those easy facts and this long, trembling death in the bushes.

ONCE I HELPED TWO BIOLOGISTS BAND BIRDS. IT WAS THIS same time of year—November, a cold dawn. Mark had parked his van near the mist nets he'd set up at the edge of the woods. When Galen and I arrived, Mark had already caught more birds than he could handle. Paper bags full of birds waiting to be banded lay all over the floor of the van. "Watch where you step," Mark warned.

Galen and I began banding. It's a straightforward process. First you reach into the bag, careful to allow no space around your arm for the bird to escape, and grasp the bird from the back with its head between your first and second fingers. I reached into the first bag and pulled out a field sparrow.

Then you measure the wing chord, check for fat accumulation visible through the skin near the breast bone, and check age by moistening the feathers on top of the head to see if the bones of the skull have fused. Next you put the bird headfirst into the foot of a nylon stocking and hang it from a scale to weigh it, filling in the chart with each bit of data as you go. Then you consult the key in the U.S. Department of Fish and Wildlife notebook for the band size that fits the species. You remove a numbered metal band from the wire where they're strung like beads, bending it open with special pliers; record the number, put it around the bird's leg, stick your arm out the window, open your hand, and the bird flies away banded. If you are a novice, you may linger a moment at this last step, taken by the privilege of holding a warbler or a cardinal or a field sparrow in your hand. Sometimes the bird won't immediately fly away but will sit in your palm for a few precious seconds, studying your face.

That day we caught several field sparrows. Mark, who was studying their color variation, was delighted. I was happy too—they are brave birds, calm, so light that you sometimes mistakenly think the sack containing them is empty. A field sparrow weighs about the same as two nickels, Galen told me, and their toothpick-thin bones are filled with air. The field sparrow in my hand looked around the van, calmly shining the light of his black-bead eyes on the strange surroundings.

"Is it going to bother you if I squeeze a few?" Mark asked me.

I was puzzled.

"Collect," Galen translated. "Kill."

But Mark had asked permission. Was it mine to give?

"Go ahead," I said to the two scientists, afraid of being a girl, soft and unscientific. I handed Mark the sparrow, and forced myself to watch out of penance, out of the belief that this killing should not be easy.

But it was quite easy. Mark held the sparrow with its back in the palm of his hand and squeezed its ribs together—gently, so he didn't break delicate bones and destroy the specimen—collapsing its lungs and stopping its heart.

There was not much to see. The bird made no visible protest, and there was no look of panic as the light in its black eyes was extinguished. But with the light from the sparrow's eyes, the light in the van went out as well. Mark and Galen looked up for a moment to see if the sun had gone behind a cloud as Mark tied a museum tag with time, date, and species around the new specimen's leg.

I have wondered, since that day, what that darkness was, and that light.

IT'S 5:15. NIGHTFALL. THE GOOSE HAS PULLED ITS BODY UP into the brush, leaning against the reeds, its head weaving wearily up and down. A strong wind has come up out of the north.

IN THE CAR I TURN ON THE HEATER AND THE OVERHEAD light. Waiting for the engine to warm up, I read in the *Audubon Encyclopedia* that certain swans, elegant cousins of the goose, sing only one song. It is a death song:

"In 1898 Elliott, a very reliable observer, wrote that a whistling swan shot from a considerable height over Currituck Sound, N.C., by a member of his hunting party, at once began its 'song' as it fell, which continued until it struck the water almost half a mile away. Elliott knew every note a whistling swan ordinarily utters, but this one from the stricken bird was a sound he had never heard before."

But geese are not swans. They are the swans' poor relation, noisy and sociable their whole lives, creating an incessant clamor with their crude cackling, honking, calling. As far as the scientists and the hunters know, geese make no sound that we would call song.

The solitary goose is silent, grown gray and dim in the fading light. But there's a long night of dying ahead. Perhaps it's too soon for the singing. ■

CAROL ESTES, *a transplant from the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, now lives in and writes about the prairie landscape of east Kansas, her home for 25 years. A freelance writer and a part-time English instructor at the University of Kansas, she is currently at work on a collection of essays to be called* Piecework.

STREET TREES

BY MELODY ERMACHILD

I WAS DRAWN TO MY UPSTAIRS BEDROOM WINDOW BY shouting in the street. The shouter was a middle-aged black man in shabby pants, and he strode, fast, right down the middle of the street. Storming across the intersection, the man beat the air with his fists and shouted into the sky. "Somalia!" he cried. "Somalia!"

Ours is a neighborhood where poverty and addiction have made misery for years, and this was when airlifts of food to the Horn of Africa were all over the nightly news. "I know what you mean," I thought. "Why there? Why feed them but not you?"

Then he walked up to the newly planted tree under my window, grabbed its skinny trunk with both hands, yanked it over sideways, and cracked it in half on his knee. He threw the tree's leafy top onto the sidewalk and stomped off, cursing. I pressed my palms to the glass as he disappeared up the sidewalk.

The tree was just a baby, one of the donated saplings our neighborhood association planted with help from the children on our block. Men from the public-works department had come and cut squares in the sidewalk for us, reaming out holes with a machine that looked like a big screw. The kids planted the trees, proudly wielding shovels, loving their hands in the dirt.

I had made name tags for each tree, with a poem printed on each one, and we asked the kids to give each tree a name. "Hi, my name's *Greenie*, I'm new and neat, just like the children on our street." If we made the trees seem more like people, I thought, the kids would let them live.

Both trees and people around here are at risk of dying young. After our neighborhood was flooded with crack cocaine and cheap, strong alcohol, things got very rough. In the last five years, 16 people have been murdered in our small police beat. Most of them were young black men, and most of them died on the sidewalks, where the trees witness everything: the children, the squealing tires and gunshots, the blood and sirens.

My neighbors and I did all we could think of to turn things around, including planting the trees.

But the dealers still hovered on the corners and the young trees had a hard time. Idle kids swung on them like playground poles, and peeled off strips of bark with their nervous little fingers.

One of the saplings planted in front of my house had

fallen victim to a car, and now the other one had been murdered by a man mad about Somalia.

Discouraged, I let the holes in the cement choke with crabgrass. In the center of each square, a pathetic stick of dead trunk stuck up.

WHEN THINGS ARE BAD, I STAND IN MY KITCHEN WINDOW and look into my own garden, a paradise completely hidden from the street outside. For 15 years I've labored and rested in my garden, where roses clamber on bamboo trellises. There are red raspberries and rhubarb. Lemon, apricot, apple, and fig trees are sheltered by young redwoods and firs that hide the apartment house next door. I planted the apricot tree 13 years ago when it was a bare stick as tall as myself. Now I mark the seasons with its changes. In early spring the apricot blooms white, tinged with pink, and feeds the bees. When our chimney fell in the earthquake, I used the bricks to build a low circular wall I call my medicine wheel. Inside it I grow sage, lavender, rosemary, and oregano. A stone Buddha sits under fringed Tibetan prayer flags, contemplating a red rock.

Not far from my house is a place I'm convinced is a sacred site. Within one block are a large African-American Christian church, a Black Muslim community center, and a Hindu ashram. Someone put a Buddha in a vacant lot near there, too, and people built a shrine around it. All this is close to the place where the Ohlone people once had a village.

I dream of those who lived here before me—an Ohlone woman, members of the Peralta family whose hacienda this was, and a Japanese-American farmer who had a truck garden here until he lost it when he was interned during World War II.

I often feel I'm gardening with my dear old next-door neighbor Mrs. Wright. An African-American woman from Arkansas, Mrs. Wright came to work in the shipyards during the war. When she bought the house next door this was the only neighborhood in town where black people were allowed to live. She was foster mother to many children, and she was sadly disapproving of the young people who used drugs when that started. Mrs. Wright farmed every inch of her lot, and had it all in food, mainly greens, like collards and kale. She gave most of the food away.

Her life exemplified the adage, "We come from the earth, we return to the earth, and in between we garden." I miss her still, although she died six years ago, in her 70s, after living here nearly 50 years. I was almost glad she didn't live to see the night a young man was shot to death right in front of our houses.

A map of the neighborhood 15 years ago, when my family came, would show community places that are gone now: bank, pharmacy, hardware and small, black-owned corner stores. There are a lot of vacancies now, jobs are gone, and people travel to malls to shop. Many families run out of food the last days of the month.

On my map I can plot some of what killed this community's safety: the too-many liquor outlets—nine within four blocks of my house; the drug dealers who came with crack about 1985. Clustered near the drugs and alcohol are the 16 murder sites: the 15 men, the one woman.

"I want to get away from all this," I think often. But *really* getting away would mean selling our home and leaving, and so far, my husband and I have been unwilling to give up, either on our neighbors or on our hopes for helping make things better.

But we do get away, to the mountains. We've been walking the John Muir Trail in sections the last few summers. I've never liked the way it feels good to go to the mountains and bad to come home. That's like only enjoying the weekends of your whole life.

According to my mail, "Nature" is the wilderness, which I'm supposed to save. And I want to. But right here and now, if I go outside to pick up trash, I might have to fish a used syringe out of my hedge. That's saving nature too. The hard task is loving the earth, all of it.

THE NOTES I STICK ON MY REFRIGERATOR DOOR REMIND me of the unity and sacredness of life. There's a quote from Martin Luther King, Jr. on "the inescapable network of mutuality." I know I can't take a vacation from any part of this world.

Still, the habit of my mind is dual. This I hate: (the littered sidewalk); this I love: (the alpine meadow). I could get into my car and drive to that meadow. But when I drive back, the sidewalk will still be dirty. Or, I could stay here, pick up a broom, and walk out my front door.

The sidewalk yields clues that people have passed this way, like trail markers in the mountains: candy wrappers the kids have dropped on their way back from the store; malt liquor cans and fortified-wine bottles inside brown bags. Sometimes there are clothes, or shoes, or car parts. I tackle it all in thick orange rubber gloves, wielding my broom and dustpan, dragging my garbage can along with me. I recycle what I can. "This is *all* sacred," I tell myself. "All of it."

There are bigger waste problems. But when I think about the ozone hole, I find that it helps me to clean up. Thinking globally without acting locally can spin me down into despair.

Or into anger. I know that other people somewhere else made decisions that turned our neighborhood, once a good place, into a bad one. Like the alcohol-industry executives who decided to aim expensive ad campaigns at African-American teens. I know decisions happen that way to the old-growth forests, too.

I went to a lecture at the Zen Center not far from my house, to hear the head gardener there. She talked about what is to be learned from gingko trees. I've always liked

their fan-shaped leaves, bright gold in the fall, but I hadn't known they were ancient, evolved thousands of years ago. They exist nowhere in the wild, she said, but were fostered by monks in gardens in China and Japan. Somehow, gingkos have adapted so that they thrive in cities, in polluted air. They remind me of the kids around here, full of life in spite of everything. I've seen teenage boys from my block, the kind called "at risk," "inner city," sometimes even "thugs," on a field trip to an organic farm, patting seedlings into the earth like tender young fathers putting babies to bed.

The day after the lecture, I went to the nursery, ready to try planting trees again in the holes in the sidewalk. Now in front of my house are two tiny gingkos, each inside a fortified cage of four strong metal posts and thick wire mesh. To weed them, I kneel on the sidewalk and reach in, trying not to scratch my wrist on the wire.

Kneeling there, I accept on faith that this little tree will do its best to grow according to its own plan. I also believe that every person wants a better life.

One evening last summer I lay flat out in a hot spring in the broad valley on the east side of the Sierra. I imagined one of the little street gingkos growing upright from my left palm. Out of my right palm, an ancient bristlecone pine of the White Mountains. This is how the trees live on the earth, as out of one body. They are not separate. The roots of the city tree and the summit tree pass through my heart and tangle. ■

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WINTER WIND

BY ELLEN AIRGOOD

THE WIND WANTS NOTHING. THIS THING MADE BY hot meeting cold and the earth spinning around, this moving air, is full of power and without desire. It is disappearing every moment and replacing itself. It seems to come from every direction and from nowhere. I want to stop it long enough to write it down.

This wind has made the winter bitter. It is a winter that only briefly lets you out of the house. The house, almost abandoned in the summer for the porch and the garden and the beach, is now the beginning and the end, a haven and a cage, all there is to life. The house is the only ship we have to sail across this Lake Superior winter. Inside I sit at the old oak table we bid $50 for at a summertime auction, writing in bad light, wrapped up in a wool blanket, cold on the left side and warm on the right. When I look out the picture window I see again, still, nothing but snow in the wind.

The snow rushes up the street in flurried gusts, acting as if it had somewhere important to go and were late getting there. It gives me the harrowed feeling of crowds pushing off the subway and swarming up the stairways to busy streets, hurrying to get to work on time. But it is only going to the drift at the base of the hill, until another gust carries it up and over the top. The wind worries the snow like a dog with a small, broken-necked animal in its mouth; it shakes the snow and will not let it alone.

The storm never sleeps. How many feet of snow have fallen, how many miles of wind have blown over the lake? How many hours have I listened to the wind whistling down the chimney? I begin to understand how an immigrant on an endless, arduous ocean journey from her old world to an unknown new one might have felt. I am marooned on a boat rocking in crashing waves, on a sea that looks the same in every direction. And what direction is there? I am surrounded by a tempest of white; snow on the ground, snow in the air, the view across the bay obscured by curtains of snow, and every day on the radio a prediction of "snow, blowing snow, and drifting snow." Are they serious, or is this simply dry, northern humor? Everyone can see that it's still snowing.

The streetlight a block away is only a dim blob of yellow. It could be the sun, shrunken and cold, for all I know. There is not a house, a human, a tree, or bush, or creature anywhere in the world. Or so you could think. In fact there are houses close by on either side of this one, lost in their own private oceans of snow, blowing snow, and drifting snow. The wind has continued strong for weeks, and how can it? Where does it find its strength? I cannot look at the wind, but see it working; cannot touch it, but always feel it; can't grab or push or pull it, yet am inevitably propelled by its force. I would like to have that impressive power for myself, but it is not within my reach.

A week ago Sunday the sun shone, the wind died down, and I rushed outside to breathe, to take my snowshoes into the woods and look at rabbit tracks, to make avalanches out of trees with drifts of snow perched on their branches. The sun has not looked at us since then. Tonight for the first time since the storm began I could see the moon. It hung low and full out over the bay, a summertime moon, dim behind the thick falling snow. It was like seeing the sun shine during a rainstorm, an unexpected pleasure.

I wonder how it is out on the point, across the bay I cannot see. Rounding the corner to the point you enter a fiercer world, a world on the big lake, unprotected by any sheltering arm of land, undaunted by the large, quiet bay, the Grand Marais. In that world the wind has no second thoughts about lifting you off your feet and setting you down wherever it pleases, if you are foolish enough to tempt it. And the wind, when it is blowing down trees and lifting up roofs, can brush children off the land's shoulders into the lake, and not care at all. While all the people in this tiny town stood and watched, and hoped, and waited, they knew that despite the boats, the searchers, the helicopter with its spotlight against the dark, the lake would not give these children back. It would not return these sons to their mothers, would not allow us to rewind the tape and stop them from being fearless, reckless, life-filled boys daring the lake during a September storm. The night they

died we could only lie in the dark and listen to the house cry in the wind for those boys, lost to the indifferent power of air and water.

But away from the memory of that day, I sit here at my table, surrounded by wind and snow and bitter cold, a virtual I-max of arctic breezes, and I know that I cannot stop the wind. I cannot entice the sun down beneath the clouds to warm us. I cannot make the snow lie down and rest. I can't even get in my car and drive away to a stretch of sunny Georgia highway; the car hasn't run in weeks, and the snow has erased the edges between the road and the swamps and the trees. The weather mocks the powerful inventions of the century. Cars, lights, plumbing; all are jokes the weather enjoys immoderately. On Christmas Day at five in the morning the thermometer in the kitchen read 41 degrees, the wind was blowing harder than ever, the temperature outside was below zero, and the windchill was some insane factor below that. The pipes were frozen and the electric lines were misbehaving, blowing out the lights and killing the blowers on the fireplace and woodstove, and I realized I had the flu. I lit the kerosene lamp, drew nearer to the fire, and was able to smile a little through my shivering teeth at our canniness in not relying too completely on modern things.

I am 25 miles from anywhere. That small, 25-miles-from-here place is only another little town that time forgot, with one grocery, a bar, a gas station, and a restaurant. What would be the point in going there? It's just like here, without the lake out the front window. So, 100 miles from anywhere, and the only highway going there closed for the last four days. How can 50 miles of highway be closed for days? What can there be that those humongous giants of equipment, the snowplows and graders and front-end loaders that chug so capably around town, can't conquer? Something, apparently. Something along that stretch of road where I saw a bald eagle fly over low just before Christmas. In town the snowplows roll by on tires as large as my old apartment. I know from flying in airplanes that the sun is shining up above all these clouds. I know it, but I don't believe it. Down here it is dark almost all the time, the same way in the summer it is light. If the day is a circle, one-third is light, all the rest dark, and the dark sometimes a long walk back to the light again.

I never thought the storm could last so long. Now it dawns on me that it might go on forever. Only now do I begin to understand that there's no end to it. Not ever. It is a roller coaster ride that I have had enough of, only they aren't letting me off, they're making it go faster. It is getting, just beginning to start to be, scary. A little panic is setting up shop. I can hear the breath of the windigo whistling down the chimney, whispering to me. I never understood before how the windigo can make you do terrible things. Crazy things. Before it was an idea, but now it has the flickering edges of something real. The dog seems unaffected by any of it, panting in front of the fire and itching her nose with her paw, but I have to go out before the walls close in.

Outside, the wind makes a lonesome noise in the trees. The spindly maples, grown thick together on the untended corner lot, rattle and creak like a group of cantankerous old men, warning the younger generation of its waywardness. It is midnight-quiet, no one about, no sound except the cold, creaking trees. I have forgotten in the moment of listening to their eerie conversation to breathe into my scarf, and the wind reaches down my throat to my startled lungs in an icy rush. I cannot breathe, and I am afraid, a little. I wonder if I will make it home. I have walked three blocks downtown for eggs and milk and struggled back home into the east wind, and here in sight of the house maybe I will not make it. Panic is the mother of disaster. I give myself instructions: turn your back on the wind, bury your face in your scarf, relax and breathe, and go home; carry the eggs and milk and yourself to safety. On the kitchen radio they tell me not to go out if I can help it, the windchill is 50 below. I know, I say, I know.

The wind makes a lonesome noise at my bedroom window, too. It made that same lonesome noise at me all day long. It has been sighing outside the door for all these weeks, whistling down the chimney, breathing into the walls. It has found an easy way in upstairs, where all the windows are old and loose in their frames. We've been out on the ocean of winter so long, we'd not know how to walk on spring, at first. We'd be drunk on sunshine and warmth, if there were any. We'd push up the windows in their rattly frames, let a Chinook wind wave the curtains gently. We'd breathe deeply in and out and laugh, not being able to help ourselves. We'd shoo the windigo spirit back up the chimney with a whoosh; we'd send it back north across the lake and far, far up Hudson's Bay, to wait for another hard, crazy-making winter. If only the wind would be quiet for a while. ■

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Babbitt's Retreat

Continued from page 57

At this point, though, the President had even more pressing concerns than the next election. Health care, NAFTA, welfare reform—the issues he really cared about—required that he keep most of the Senate's scant majority of 56 Democrats in his camp. A former Senate leader and entrenched power-broker like Lyndon Johnson would have commanded the loyalty of the senators in his party regardless of the price of grass. Clinton, however, did not have that much muscle. That left maverick Democrats like Campbell fairly swaggering with power.

Even so, Babbitt remained outwardly confident. As governor, he had walked fine political lines before. In his dignified and formal way, he was a master at soothing tempers and changing minds. "The business community wanted to dislike the guy," wrote *Arizona Republic* political columnist Kevin Willey of Babbitt's gubernatorial years. "But they couldn't because he would listen to them. . . . He played that delicate balance rather well."

Babbitt had performed his most notable high-wire act in 1980, when a boom in the Arizona economy was threatening the state's underground water supply. To prod citizens into action, he conspired with Interior Secretary Cecil Andrus. Behind the scenes, he convinced Andrus to make funds for the Central Arizona Project's massive water-delivery system contingent upon the state coming up with some sort of plan to manage its profligate use of groundwater. "I'm going to go home and call you a no-good, overreaching federal hypocrite," Babbitt reportedly told Andrus in private. "But I don't blame you one bit."

Next, Babbitt made himself chair of an Arizona commission that began drafting a new groundwater law. He worked with the diverse group for six months, prodding participants and poring over every detail. In the end, an innovative groundwater-protection bill emerged that passed the state legislature without amendment. "It's the source of the Babbitt legend," wrote the *New Republic*'s Jacob Weisberg, "about the negotiator who locks the doors, takes away the doughnuts, and wears the obstinate down with sweet reason."

In June 1993, when *Sierra* asked Babbitt why he thought he could accomplish his goals at Interior, he replied, "If I bring a special edge, it's my taste for getting my hand in and finding common ground."

This was no James Watt of the left trying to check as many items off his ideological agenda as he could before somebody carted him away. People were beginning to realize, despite initial impressions, that Babbitt was a peacemaker, not an ideologue. Now that he had the public's attention, the next step was collaboration—or compromise.

"We're taking all this positive energy and putting it into the Cuisinart of reality," a Babbitt aide explained to

Sierra. "Something positive is going to come out. But it may not look like what we thought."

By summer environmentalists were grumbling that Babbitt had already settled for too little in the old-growth forests of the Pacific Northwest, where he proposed leaving one-third of the remaining old growth open for cutting, and offered only scant protection for the rest. "The Reagan and Bush years were so devastating to the ancient forests on federal lands that they left almost no room to maneuver," complained Sierra Club Executive Director Carl Pope. "When you've only got 10 percent left, you simply can't afford to lose another third."

Babbitt also settled for half an ecosystem in the Everglades, which has been polluted badly by phosphorus runoff from Florida's powerful sugar industry. After cloistering himself with Big Sugar, Babbitt came up with a plan that allowed the industry to pollute far too much and pay far too little. When confronted by environmentalist charges that the plan was a "betrayal," Babbitt said, "Well, that's my job—to find compromise."

That same month, Clinton sent Babbitt to Southern California to deal with an endangered-species problem. At a luncheon gathering of the business-dominated Orange County Forum, Babbitt told local and state officials that he would help them find a way to protect a threatened songbird, the California gnatcatcher, without completely halting real-estate development in its coastal sage habitat. "In ten years in the Pacific Northwest, we've had nothing but lawsuits and controversy," he said. "We can't let that happen again. There's too much at stake in environmental and economic terms.

"We're going to sit here and talk to each other until we find a reasonable way of doing things," Babbitt continued. "My job is to keep people in the process, to shoulder them into the process. We have to do it."

Babbitt also announced that he would not block construction of a new highway through gnatcatcher habitat. When the applause died down, he asked for questions. "This all seems business-driven," quavered a young woman. "I'm an environmentalist. I'm not in good company here."

Babbitt's response was hardly reassuring: "My advice is to stay involved in the process."

AFTER ALL BABBITT'S DRUMBEATING, 1993 turned out to be just another year. The administration declined to get involved in congressional efforts to reform the 1872 Mining Law. The Pacific Northwest forestry plan was greeted with derision from all sides. The Everglades sugar compact collapsed, dashing hope of even moderate reform. The gnatcatcher collaborators were still searching for common ground. And grazing reform, which Babbitt had tried to achieve administratively during the summer, was trounced in October and November in a filibuster led by a handful of cowboy senators opposing reform amendments to the Interior appropriations bill.

"I thought this time it might be easier to get things done," Babbitt said in an interview at the end of the year. "The western press, the economic community, a lot of people seemed to be in favor of it. But obviously that was not entirely the case."

In the heat of the Senate battle, Babbitt had announced that he would move forward administratively with reforms at least as strong as those his congressional allies had stuck their necks out for. But now, in an impetuous burst that surprised even his staff, Babbitt abandoned those allies. Mere days after his defeat in the Senate, Babbitt flew to Colorado. After a few minutes of listening to some ranchers and environmentalists convened by Governor Roy Romer (D), Babbitt vowed to meet with the astonished group to hammer out a more community-based approach to grazing reform. With broad guidelines from the federal government, he felt, locals could be given more power to shape their own grazing policy.

After Babbitt left the meeting, Romer told the group that Babbitt was either the shrewdest—or the most spontaneous—man he had ever met.

The governor didn't know which—but he guessed they'd find out in the coming weeks.

Babbitt eventually used "the Colorado process" as political cover. With his usual flourish, he announced in March that he would issue only broad guidelines about how grazing should be conducted on public lands. He proposed setting up more than 50 "multiple-resource advisory councils," modeled after the group he had worked with in Colorado, to advise the Bureau of Land Management on the hotly contested details of grazing reform. In other words, Babbitt was applying the Arizona no-doughnut solution to the entire West. The trouble was, Babbitt wasn't in Arizona anymore. Grazing—and every other issue he had to deal with—was complicated in Washington by many more lobbyists and interest groups and the infinitely more complex politics. Almost every Republican in Washington was out to thwart Babbitt, along with a handful of commodity-driven Democratic senators. With all these players pushing and shoving to get their way, no table was conceivably big enough. Relying on community-based roundtables (or what in the case of grazing a congressional aide called the "Neville Chamberlain approach") seemed tantamount to surrender.

Asked in February if he had given up on grazing reform, Babbitt clenched his fist and said, "Absolutely not!" Yet at the time he was frenetically shuttling between western cowtowns, where he inevitably drew angry crowds and negative headlines. "He's dropping behind enemy lines like a commando," said the Sierra Club's Carl Pope. "But he's not supposed to be a commando. He's supposed to be a general."

Babbitt's attempts at conciliation brought no peace. Western state and county leaders were still plotting a "revolutionary war" to weaken the federal government's grip on public lands. Environmentalists felt betrayed; Babbitt's high-flown goals could never be reached at a table full of ranchers, or loggers, or sugar companies. That was a table dominated by profits and politics. That was business as usual.

When Babbitt forced the resignation of hard-driving Bureau of Land Management Director Jim Baca in February (see "Babbitt's Blunder," May/June), environmentalists lost all patience. "Secretary Babbitt is trying to move a reform agenda without alienating the opponents of reform," charged Pope. "I don't think he can achieve it, and I think it is foolish to try." A Moab, Utah, environmental group, People of the West, printed up red-and-white bumper stickers that drolly endorsed "Babbitt for Supreme Court." (Later Clinton did float Babbitt's name to fill a second court vacancy, but backed down when conservatives howled about his "radical" promises at Interior.)

By March four of Babbitt's friends in Congress, Senator Harry Reid (D-Nev.) and Representatives Miller, Mike Synar (D-Okla.), and Bruce Vento (D-Minn.), were fed up. In an article in *The Washington Post*, they blasted his community-based approach

to grazing as a capitulation to the livestock industry and a betrayal of the deal they had struck during the congressional debate last year. This key battle was setting the tone for the debate over other issues, they complained, including timber, mining, and parks. "There's more at stake here than just grazing," Synar warned.

Babbitt tried to brush off all such criticism. "In this business, you're up in the sky one day and they're all piling on the next," he told an Arizona paper. "It varies in an absolutely unpredictable way. Chances are, three or four months from now they'll be carrying me around with hosannas."

WHAT BABBITT WOULDN'T SAY WAS that Bill Clinton deserves much of the blame for his troubles. The President initially supported his reforms, but has quickly and blithely sacrificed them for other goals. Environmentalists have also disappointed Babbitt, not just for what some did during the first Supreme Court episode, but for how they all failed to generate enough support for the grazing-reform package to stop the Senate filibuster. Friend and former colleague Jim Maddy of the League of Conservation Voters says: "Bruce Babbitt is an environmental hero who found himself as Interior Secretary and who has fought until his knuckles are bloody and his eyes are black. He has gotten all the reform that the political system will yield. It will take a stronger environmental movement to get stronger reform."

But Babbitt deserves a share of the blame, too. He excited friend and foe alike by setting sky-high goals, but seemed unprepared for the turmoil that ensued. He made grazing reform his first major rule-making initiative, even though any veteran member of the House (which has had its bills on the issue rejected by the Senate six times in the past four years) could have told him that grazing reform would be profoundly annoying to his adversaries and not all that inspiring to his allies. Although his allies are stronger in the urban West and East, Babbitt shifted the grazing debate to the rural West. He accurately described the emerging New West, but has failed to mobilize its majorities to work for reform.

Babbitt also tends to be too yielding. He shares this trait with Clinton, who rose to power on a parallel path. Both men were elected attorney general and later governor in the 1970s. Both honed their political skills in states so conservative that compromise became a reflex. Both helped found the centrist Democratic Leadership Conference, which shuns tough regulation in favor of incentives for voluntary cooperation. Both came to their latest jobs brimming with ideas and self-confidence, but neither has coped well with the rigors of Washington. At times it has been hard to tell where Clinton's backpedaling ends and Babbitt's begins.

In an interview in his Washington office last February, Babbitt hinted that he feels trapped and distant from the D.C. action. "It's a rough, tough environment. Everything has gotten scrambled up," he said. "But you know, this

battle has raged on endlessly over the past hundred years. It's like a Japanese Kabuki drama, where each generation puts on the old masks and debates in the same language."

A WEEK LATER, ON A STORMY FEBRUARY day in Reno, a group of environmentalists organized by the Sierra Club is standing outside a hotel meeting-room with picket signs saying "Consensus = Smoke and Mirrors," "Range Health Is Not Negotiable," and "Jim Baca for President." Inside, a reporter asks a barrel-chested Nevada rancher what he thinks of Bruce Babbitt. "I can answer that in one sentence," the rancher replies. "Fire him!" In another corner a Babbitt staffer confides that he wishes he were back at Mist Falls.

When the meeting begins, Babbitt tells a 13-member grazing panel assembled by Nevada Governor Bob Miller (D), "I've arrived back where I came from." By flaunting his western roots, Babbitt is trying to calm ranchers angry about the higher grazing fees that his reform package contains. "This time I ain't leaving. I'm going to stick it out."

The ranchers hurl arcane and sometimes angry questions about water rights and grazing leases. Babbitt lobs clear and environmentally correct answers back—end of argument. Ranchers may have walked in the door ready to challenge him, but now most are docilely discussing details. One gets the feeling that if Babbitt or someone like him could personally direct each of the advisory councils he hopes to launch, they just might work.

That is the dream. But then there is that Cuisinart of reality. The BLM set up advisory groups during the Carter years that looked much like Babbitt's "new" councils. The Carter groups left public-policy questions just where they found them—in limbo. In the Reagan-Bush years these once-benign boards were usurped by the livestock industry. "I've participated in consensus groups for more than ten years," Sierra Club grazing activist Rose Strickland tells Babbitt. "I've seen miles and miles of overgrazing on public lands, year after year. You're investing your hope in an effort that is sure to fail."

Babbitt is unmoved by the criticism. In concluding remarks, he tells the crowd that he feels encouraged. "We are narrowing our differences," he says. "I'm not so naive as to think the millennium has arrived. I know it hasn't. The skies aren't going to part. But my wager, my act of faith, is that if we keep at it, and listen, we'll all be better off."

On this small Nevada stage, Babbitt is still the golden mediator. But from a national perspective, the scene looks far less encouraging. After more than a year of wrangling with Congress and Clinton, environmentalists' erstwhile hero has been reduced to trying to change the West one roomful at a time. Listening, not sweeping reform, is the order of the day. And the cowboys and corporations are talking the loudest. ■

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►*For more information, see "Resources," p. 86.*

RAFTING THE TUOLUMNE

Continued from page 63

Scenic Rivers Act provides no protection for tributaries. (In fact, when the Tuolumne was preserved, dam developers forced inclusion of a clause in the legislation specifying that "nothing in this Act shall preclude the licensing, development, operation, or maintenance of water resources facilities on . . . the Clavey River.") Equally empty is its ordainment as a California Wild Trout Stream, though this is the first such habitat to be so threatened. And threatened it is: the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission has already determined that the dams and reduced flows would prevent the Clavey's trout from migrating and spawning.

"The difference between the Clavey and the Tuolumne is that the Tuolumne is a regulated river," Marty McDonnell said that night back in camp. "On a hot day, the snow melts, and the Clavey comes up. It's like riding a wild horse. The Tuolumne has good rapids, but it's not a natural riparian ecosystem. It's a controlled environment, which is generally what man prefers. But I like things to be in a constant state of change. It brings you back in touch with the natural flow of life."

You can't blame McDonnell for wanting to have it both ways. After all, he'd already admitted that his business is viable partly because of summer dam releases from Hetch Hetchy—and neither of us was complaining too hard about being able to float the Tuolumne in the middle of the dry season. Still I got the feeling that, commercial concerns notwithstanding, McDonnell might even get rid of Hetch Hetchy if he had a choice. Meanwhile, the summer flow rate allowed us to experience a still-pristine canyon: the Clavey.

"It takes millions of years to make a truly wild place," said McDonnell—but, as we've seen so many times, only a few to destroy it. The unspoiled Clavey, whose watershed provides habitat for 13 plants and animals currently being considered for protection under the Endangered Species Act, is

now classified by the American Rivers organization as one of the ten most endangered streams in North America.

DINNER THAT NIGHT WAS THE AFOREmentioned filet, preceded by the cheeses and ravioli. This time Larky's contributions were red: a Le Volte Tuscan table wine; a 1990 Chianti Classico; an '88 barbera; an '85 Carmignano riserva; and the '88 Brunello, Italy's greatest red wine. Then there was a little (well, okay, a lot of) grappa, plus some of Larky's Uve table wine, "Giovanotto." All I can say is, it's a good thing we didn't have to drive. On the other hand, the first order of business the next day wasn't exactly going to be easy.

The much-storied "hole in Clavey" is crammed against a sheer rock cliff on the left side of the right-bending rapid. The main point of the run is to miss that spot, which means turning right after an eight-foot waterfall. There's virtually no time to regroup after the first disorienting drop; meanwhile, the full force of the river pushes you toward the hole. Just downstream is a second drop, through a narrower chute, past Dinosaur Rock. This is the sort of humorless scenario that makes for a class V rapid.

Our approach was different from 1978, however. This time, our seasoned guides elected to run Clavey Falls from the left; then, after the first drop-off, each boat back-paddled (effortlessly, it seemed) across the current to skirt the hole. My own raft, powered by the combined force of oars and paddles, did exactly that. With Larky's voice ringing in our ears, we bumped down the far side of the falls, and then—just when the hole seemed to salivate before us—stopped short of its maw and pulled away. Cackling merrily, we proceeded to dance past "terrifying" Dinosaur Rock to the flatwater below. Piece of cake!

I shouldn't really make it sound routine; Clavey Falls could never be that (unless those dams get built). But the falls, along with Hetch Hetchy, has always served the Tuolumne as its major metaphor. And judging by the way we ran the Tuolumne in 1993, I'd have to conclude that the river business is now sufficiently refined to know precisely how to save the bacon (not to mention the swordfish and the filet mignon). I just hope the same can be said of the river lovers working to save the Clavey River. Their goal is to gain for the Clavey the same wild-and-scenic protection granted to the Tuolumne—no small task.

As far as karma is concerned—with regard not only to my own experience but to the watershed of the Tuolumne—the larger metaphorical lesson might be this: just because you lucked out once doesn't mean you can't make it through again. Even in the modern world, fate can apparently be forgiving. ■

DAVID DARLINGTON's *most recent book is* Angels' Visits: An Inquiry into the Mystery of Zinfandel *(Holt, 1991). He is now writing a book on the Mojave Desert.*

►*For more information, see "Resources," p. 86.*

LETTERS

Continued from page 29

sive, and that continues to resist carpooling and other measures to reduce air pollution, global warming, dependence on foreign oil, and the health costs of our automobile culture.

Mark Cashion
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

The motorcycle is an overlooked transportation alternative for the working masses that is highly energy- and space-efficient as well as (dare I say?) fun. In my daily 25-mile commute I can legally access all diamond ramps and lanes and, in so doing, pass by countless thousands of stop-and-go or gridlocked commuters fuming in their almost empty automobiles. Instead of being penalized like solitary four-wheeled commuters, motorcyclists should be rewarded for their environmentally aware commuting habits with diamond lanes and special (space-efficient) parking close to major buildings.

Paul Golde
Mission Viejo, California

CORRECTIONS

A big issue offers lots of room for little mistakes. We thus acknowledge the following March/April bloopers:

Maine's Mt. Katahdin is not the highest peak in the Great Northern Forest Ecoregion. New Hampshire's Mt. Washington eclipses it by more than a thousand feet.

California Representative Norman Mineta (D), whom we identified as a power player in the Pacific Coast Ecoregion, spells his surname as you see it here, not the way we did.

Brett Hulsey, rather than the otherwise ubiquitous Jane Elder, is the program director of the Sierra Club's Great Lakes Ecoregion, while Ron Terry, not Nelson Ho, chairs the Club's Hawaii Task Force.

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

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Four new board members and one incumbent were chosen in the 1994 Sierra Club election. The new directors are: Denny Shaffer, Adam Werbach, Carolyn Carr, and Laura Hoehn. Kathy Fletcher was returned to the board for another term.

Sierra Club members also voted on whether or not to change the Sierra Club forest policy: 59 percent were in favor of retaining the current policy; 41 percent voted to change it.

(The Sierra Club would like to apologize to those members who may have received their ballots too late to vote by the April 9 deadline; there were unforeseen delays with the post office in forwarding our third-class mail.)

The Sierra Club Annual Dinner was held at the California Culinary Academy in San Francisco on May 7. The guest speaker was the Honorable Bruce Babbitt, Secretary of the Interior.

Sierra Club volunteers, chapters, and friends received the following awards for 1993:

- The John Muir Award (the highest conferred by the Sierra Club; for leadership in national or international conservation causes) to William E. Siri.
- The William E. Colby Award (for leadership, dedication, and service to the Sierra Club) to Harry Dalton of the South Carolina Chapter.
- The Walter A. Starr Award (for continuing support of the Club by a former director) to Sally Reid.
- The William O. Douglas Award (for outstanding use of the legal system to attain environmental goals) to David Pesonen.
- The Oliver Kehrlein Award (for outstanding service to the Club's Outings Program) to Ron Jones.
- The Francis Farquhar Award (for major achievement in mountaineering) to Doug Mantle and Randy Danta.
- The Denny and Ida Wilcher Award (to a Club group or chapter for outstanding work in membership development and fund-raising) to the Sierra Student Coalition.
- The Centennial Campaign Award (for excellence in fund-raising for the Centennial Campaign) to Philip Blumenthal.
- Special Achievement Awards (for strong and consistent commitment to conservation) to Bruce MacCarter, Merry Ann Moore, and Marc Stern of the San Francisco Bay Chapter for the video *Kids at Risk*, about the danger of lead poisoning in children; to Alan Kuper of the Ohio Chapter for his years of environmental broadcasting; and to Ric Careless for his work in preserving Alaskan wilderness.
- The Chapter Newsletter Award to Terry J. Harris, editor of *Chesapeake*, newsletter of the Maryland Chapter.
- The Richard M. Leonard Award (for outstanding service to the cause of conservation) to Stephen Stevick.

Also honored at the Annual Dinner were six Sierra Club employees; this is the first year such awards have been given.

Nancy Schafer, San Francisco headquarters, received the Community Service Award for her volunteer work at the Tenderloin Day Care Center. Kevin Connelly and Martha Geering received Special Achievement Awards, he for his work as head of the Sierra Club Employees Alliance negotiating team, she for her inspiring design work for *Sierra* magazine. The Virginia Ferguson Award, for consistent and exemplary service to the Club, was bestowed on Mary Ferguson, director of development, Angeles Chapter, and Johnnie Randall, member records manager, San Francisco headquarters. The Michael McCloskey Award, honoring a distinguished record of achievement in national or international conservation causes, was presented to Jane Elder, director of ecoregion planning, Centennial Campaign. ■

Reed McManus

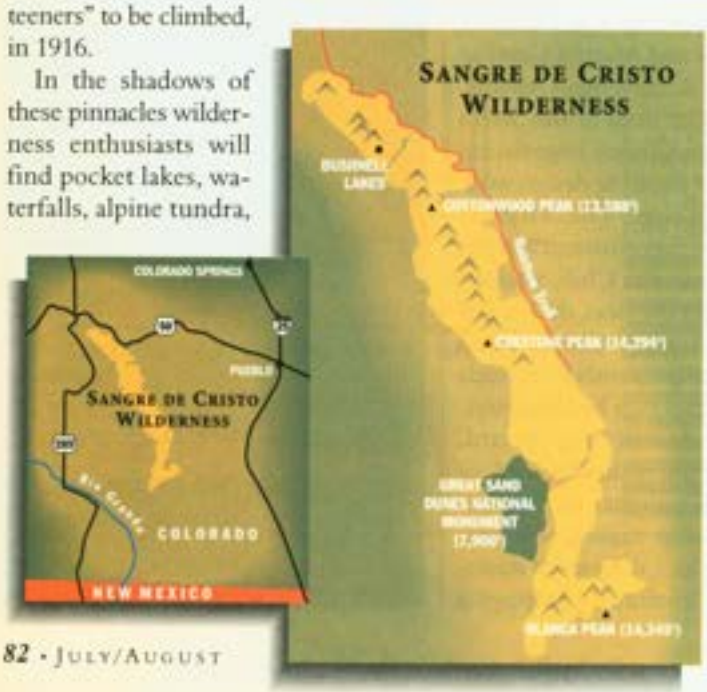
Rocky Mountain High Five

After a decade of effort by wilderness activists and the Sierra Club, last year Colorado added 19 new chunks to the federal wilderness system. The biggest trophy encompasses almost an entire mountain range southwest of Colorado Springs—the 226,000-acre Sangre de Cristo Wilderness.

Carved out of San Isabel and Rio Grande national forests, the wild area includes four summits higher than 14,000 feet, and another two dozen or so (in Colorado, who's counting?) topping 13,000. The names of Sangre de Cristo peaks resonate in Colorado mountaineering lore, including remote Crestone Peak, the last of the state's "Fourteeners" to be climbed, in 1916.

In the shadows of these pinnacles wilderness enthusiasts will find pocket lakes, waterfalls, alpine tundra, sand dunes, and remnants of stone fortresses built by Spanish missionaries and settlers. The area's critter list includes bighorn sheep, deer, pine marten, goshawk, elk, northern three-toed woodpecker, black bear, cougar, and peregrine falcon. Its streams are havens for golden trout and threatened greenback cutthroats.

Bushnell Lakes, nestled at the base of 13,185-foot Bushnell Peak, are reached by a short but steep trail that gains 4,000 feet in just five miles.



Before the wilderness bill was passed, the Sangre de Cristo was the largest unprotected roadless area in Colorado. It was coveted (and in places leased) all the way to the range's divide by oil-and-gas developers, and increasingly invaded by motor vehicles. (Because of pre-existing

jeep roads, the wilderness area is split into four sections.)

Plenty of trails beckon hikers and backpackers to the Sangre de Cristo, but the range is so precipitous that the number of long-distance routes is limited. The most commonly used trails are "in-and-out" routes that work their way five or so steep miles up drainages to their headwaters. Only a few routes cross the divide; the best opportunities for loop trails are found near the town of Crestone on the mountains' western flank.

While no trail traces the Sangre de Cristo's spine, the Rainbow Trail parallels it for 100 miles along the slopes below, just outside the wilderness area's eastern boundary. (Hikers must share this long trail with ATVs and motorbikes, but the Rainbow provides access to trails that reach into the heart of the wilderness, which is off-limits to motor vehicles.) Even though it stays down off the ridgeline, the Rainbow is rugged, since it dips into and out of drainages as it traverses the range. ■

NUTS & BOLTS

When to Go

With its lowest elevations barely dipping to 8,200 feet, the Sangre de Cristo is, for most people, a summer-only experience. Figure on June at the earliest for visiting the lower elevations, and as late as mid-July for alpine regions. Wildflowers are at their peak in July and August—the same time you'll need to worry most about summer thunderstorms, an almost daily occurrence. The first heavy snows usually shut down the hiking season in October. (Cross-country skiers will find plenty of access points to the wilderness from the eastern side.)

For More Information

Two trail guides can get you into and around the Sangre de Cristo Wilderness: ***The Complete Guide to Colorado's Wilderness Areas,*** by Mark Pearson, with color photos by John Fielder, from Westcliffe Publishers, P.O. Box 1261, Englewood, CO 80150-1261; (800) 523-3692. Pearson is Wilderness Committee Chair of the Sierra Club's Rocky Mountain Chapter, and has lived and breathed Colorado wilderness and its legislation for nearly two decades. He and Fielder also collaborated on ***Colorado BLM Wildlands: A Guide to Hiking & Floating Colorado's Canyon Country*** (Westcliffe, 1992), which outlines the wild areas that are the focus of the next campaign facing Colorado wilderness activists.

Exploring Colorado's Wild Areas, by Scott S. Warren, from The Mountaineers, 1011 S.W. Klickitat Way, Seattle, WA 98134. Like Pearson's newer guide, this is a thorough introduction to Colorado wilderness (including BLM wilderness study areas and national parks and monuments), providing detailed trail descriptions, trailhead directions, and maps. It was written in 1992, after the Colorado Wilderness Act was drafted, but a year before it was enacted; virtually all of the Sangre de Cristo described in the book as "proposed" wilderness is now, in fact, formally protected. Included are suggestions for cross-country skiers and mountaineers.

Mark Mardon

Read It and Weep

As this magazine's readers know well, opinions on how to protect public and private forests in the United States are at least as numerous as the conservation organizations that hold them—and no such group, small or large, is shy about articulating its position. The result has been a cacophony of voices conveying an often muddled message to policymakers in Washington, D.C.

This spring, however, 100 forest activists, brought together by the Sierra Club and representing a broad array of conservation groups, both small and large, convened in the capital to deliver a unified message to key members of Congress and Clinton administration officials: clearcutting is ripping the heart out of America.

The catalyst for this gathering was the publication of *Clearcut: The Tragedy of Industrial Forestry,* a landmark volume from Sierra Club Books and Earth Island Press, conceived by Douglas Tompkins of the Foundation for Deep Ecology. (See "At a Glance," May/June, page 84.) Activists rallied to hand-deliver copies of the book to decision-makers in the belief that its combination of photographs of clearcuts and essays on forest ecology and politics would show them the folly of forest mismanagement.

Clearcut comes 30 years after *The Last Redwoods* (Sierra Club Books, 1964), the first book to use images of clearcuts to focus attention on threatened forests. That "exhibit format" book, which used such pictures sparingly, was subdued and traditional compared to *Clearcut,* a brash, in-your-face display of denuded landscapes that testifies to the spread of industrial forestry across the continent. It stands alone as the first avowedly ugly coffee-table book.

The 150 photos in *Clearcut* show a small part of the millions of acres that have been deforested, from British Columbia (where shots depict the wasting of Vancouver Island) to the outskirts of Yellowstone National Park (with clearcuts up to its boundaries) to North Carolina, Mississippi, and Alabama (landscapes that only General Sherman's ghost could admire).

The reaction to the book on Capitol Hill was encouraging. Representative Jolene Unsoeld (D-Wash.) expressed delight with it, saying its analysis of the issues and its deliberately unattractive photographs "make beautifully clear statements." Representative John Bryant (D-Texas) averred that the book would make a substantial contribution to forestry reform. Even Senator Alan Simpson (R-Wyo.), not known for undue sympathy toward environmental causes, seemed "excited and disturbed"

Forest activists agree:

Clearcut *is a book for every senator's coffee table.*

■

by the book, according to Lee Stanfield and Don Duerr of the Sierra Club. "Clearcutting was a mistake of history," the senator told them. "It's archaic and ugly. Most people don't want it."

Forest Service Chief Jack Ward Thomas, however, preferred not to comment on or be seen in public with *Clearcut,* contending that the Forest Service is already shifting away from clearcutting, so he didn't need to see any more pictures of it. Yet according to Sierra Club forestry expert Ned Fritz, who was in Washington for the event, Thomas has still not adequately explained what alternative method his agency is embracing. The fact is, says Fritz, unsustainable logging is still the rule on public lands.

Most enthused by the book were the anti-clearcut activists themselves, because it served to unite them on the issue. Too often in the past they have argued over policies. Organizations such as Earth First!, for example, want to ban all logging on public lands, an approach that alienates those who fear this might stimulate increased cutting of private and foreign forests. The Sierra Club prefers a more discriminating approach, opposing all timber cutting in old-growth and roadless areas, but allowing for limited, ecologically sound harvesting on previously logged public and private lands.

Dave Foreman, cofounder of Earth First! and now executive editor of the journal *Wild Earth,* welcomed the chance to cooperate with people from many organizations, and found the *Clearcut* education week to be constructive. "We've been a dysfunctional family of late," he says of bickering environmental groups. "But there was a real willingness among everyone in D.C. to make a new start."

Tim Hermach of the Native Forest Council, a "zero-cut" proponent and outspoken critic of the Sierra Club's position, agreed. "The event was good," he says. "It brought me face-to-face with some of the activists I've reviled in the past. I found common ground with them."

Tensions will no doubt resurface among conservation groups as they continue working on many different ideological and political fronts to reform forestry practices. "But during the *Clearcut* exercise," says Sierra Club Conservation Director Bruce Hamilton, "a lot of disagreements were put aside. We realized how much we have in common, and how much we stand to gain by working together." ■

Thanks To You, It's Still A Jungle Out There.

Photo by Gary Braasch / All Stock

More than a century has passed since John Muir fought his first battle to protect the wilderness of the Sierra Nevadas. Today, the Sierra Club is 500,000 members strong and leading the fight to preserve our irreplaceable wild lands. Without your help, we can't continue.

We've made great strides in the past 100 years. But we're not out of the woods yet. Please join the Sierra Club today.

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Agenda for Earth's Future

"Democracy is not a static thing.
It is an everlasting march."

— Franklin Delano Roosevelt

According to one recent poll, conducted by Peter Hart Research, most Americans believe that protecting our environment is more important than promoting economic development. Three out of four Americans, a Wirthlin Group survey revealed, believe there does not have to be a choice between the two.

And in that most significant of all polls, the ballot box, U.S. voters in 1992 expressed the conviction that — with the right leadership — we can in fact achieve both economic growth *and* ecological health.

The nation made strides toward such leadership in the '92 elections. With key support from the Sierra Club, we elected a presidential team that recognizes the value of clean air, pure water and unspoiled wilderness. In the legislative branch, three of every four candidates endorsed by the Sierra Club's political program won seats in Congress.

These victories at the ballot box led to important conservation gains in 1993 — in the areas of mining reform and recycling, for example — and laid the foundation for future progress. But the threats to our environment continue to mount. We need to do more.

JOBS OR THE ENVIRONMENT . . .

Q: Generally speaking, in situations where there are close calls between economic development and protecting the environment, do you usually believe it is more important to promote economic development or more important to protect the environment?

More important to promote economic development	30%
More important to protect the environment	**55%**
Depends on specific situation	18%

Peter D. Hart Research Associates, Inc., June 1993

. . . OR BOTH?

Q: Do you believe that economic growth should be sacrificed for environmental quality, should environmental quality be sacrificed for economic growth, or does it not necessarily have to be a choice between the two?

Sacrifice economic growth for environmental quality	17%
Sacrifice environmental quality for economic growth	4%
Does not have to be a choice	**77%**

Wirthlin Group, July 1992

One Step Forward, One Step Back

"It is the duty of the president to propose," declared Franklin Roosevelt, "and it is the privilege of the Congress to dispose." In the 1993 legislative session, those words took on a grimly ironic cast.

As his term of office began, President Clinton proposed, as part of his economic package, a plan to create jobs by funding the construction of water treatment plants and restoration of damaged public lands.

Congress, however, disposed of it.

The new president also proposed to reform costly, taxpayer-subsidized grazing practices that are ravaging public lands throughout the West.

But a few U.S. senators — again putting private interests above public interest — made sure this proposal, too, was consigned to the legislative trash heap.

Some lawmakers' unfriendly disposition toward these green initiatives — offered by a president who waged a strongly pro-environment election campaign — mocks the responsible, constructive process Roosevelt described a half-century ago. As we head toward the 1994 elections, Congress' slow dance with the status quo is out of step both environmentally and politically.

How to Use this Platform

This platform is a tool for cleaning up the environment. For voters and grassroots activists, it is a guide by which to gauge the environmental commitment of candidates for office, and to measure incumbents' rhetoric against their records.

For candidates — both challengers and those seeking re-election — it provides a concise outline of specific policies they can support to demonstrate their commitment to protecting public lands, public health and dwindling natural resources.

The Sierra Club has played an increasingly active role in elections over the past decade. Candidates who can be counted on to preserve the environment can count on our support — in the form of endorsements, contributions, publicity and volunteers. Those who try to deceive the public will be called to account.

In 1994, environmentalists have the opportunity to build on the victories of the last election. We have no choice, as the 21st century nears, but to send to Washington elected officials with a genuine commitment to the Earth.

With your help, the 1994 elections can set a new course for the nation. That, finally, is what this platform is all about.

The Threat from "Takings"

Threats to our environmental laws are increasingly taking a new shape — a misguided, unnecessary form of legislation known generically as "takings" bills.

The takings movement is backed chiefly by industrial and development pressure groups like the American Farm Bureau, the American Mining Congress, the American Petroleum Institute and the National Association of Realtors. And while its lobbyists hope to sell these so-called takings bills as efforts to protect the rights of "the little guy," the pitch is pure fiction. The movement's agenda is scripted and financed by Big Business.

The takings campaign is misleading at best, cynical at worst. Americans' rights to own property, and to receive just compensation in the event the government takes our property away, are protected by the U.S. Constitution through the courts. Ironically, takings bills set up elaborate and expensive bureaucracies meant to analyze every government action — including the very laws that protect our property, health and welfare.

The Sierra Club fully supports private property rights. So do the many governors, attorneys general, labor organizations and public-interest groups who oppose takings measures. Like the Sierra Club, they — and their millions of constituents — recognize that these bills would cost taxpayers millions of dollars, and could overturn laws and regulations that make our workplaces safe and protect our homes and property values.

The Sierra Club opposes takings bills because they are really Big Business bills in disguise. Takings bills would undermine local zoning laws that protect individuals' private property from losing its value, and devastate laws to ensure the safety of the community.

In addition to takings, two other types of legislation would seriously hamstring efforts to protect public health and the environment. These are so-called risk-assessment and unfunded-mandate amendments.

Like takings bills, risk-assessment provisions aim to derail controls on polluters by forcing government agencies — instead of working to clean up our air and water — to waste time and money weighing the risks of environmentally harmful activities against such meaningless benchmarks as the risk of being struck by lightning. Unfunded-mandate measures would cancel health and safety requirements under federal laws — drinking water standards, for example — in cases where Congress failed to appropriate 100 percent of the funds necessary for state and local governments to implement the law.

We urge all legislators, public officials and candidates for federal office to strenuously oppose "takings," "risk assessment" and "unfunded mandate" measures in every form.

Saving America's Wilds

America's wild heritage is in peril. For years, the nation's public land trust has been grossly mismanaged and abused. Now the so-called Wise Use movement — a well-heeled coalition of industries and special-interest groups including timber, oil, mining, real estate developers and off-road vehicle users — is orchestrating an all-out attack on our dwindling natural resources.

The Sierra Club is working to counter this offensive which, in the 104th Congress, is expected to range from insidious "takings" proposals to frontal assaults on the Endangered Species Act. We urge Congress — and congressional candidates — to support our campaign to safeguard America's wild places and the innumerable species that depend on them.

"Preserving the California desert for generations to come will be a major accomplishment. I am grateful for the help of the Sierra Club."

— Sen. Dianne Feinstein

We must protect the integrity of our existing land preservation laws and systems by rejecting harmful uses of protected lands, and by defending federal water rights for these areas. We must also expand national park, wilderness, wildlife refuge and other land protection systems. This is the only way to ensure that all ecosystems are represented in sufficiently large units to be ecologically viable.

Our current land protection policies do not adequately protect America's vast array of ecosystems — including endangered wetlands, coastal areas, deserts, old-growth forests, Eastern and Southern hardwoods,

swamps, barrier reefs, tundra and prairies. As we learn more about these intricate webs of life, it is increasingly clear that our current conservation methods are too narrowly focused to sustain entire ecosystems. Our parks and wilderness areas are becoming isolated islands in a sea of development.

Effective protection for the nation's wilds and wildlife demands that we shift from crisis management to protection of ecosystems. Reauthorization of the Endangered Species Act — a landmark environmental law enacted 20 years ago — affords.Congress a unique opportunity to steer America's conservation efforts toward comprehensive ecosystem protection.

Preserving Public Lands and Protecting Biodiversity

The Sierra Club supports these steps to preserve our public lands:

- Reauthorize and strengthen the Endangered Species Act to afford protection for threatened species before they reach the crisis stage. Two bills now in Congress — H.R. 2043, by Reps. Gerry Studds (D-Mass.) and John Dingell (D-Mich.), and S. 921, by Sens. Max Baucus (D-Mont.) and John Chafee (R-R.I.) — would significantly strengthen the ESA.
- Create three new national parks and 79 new wilderness areas in the California desert, as specified in S. 21, authored by Sen. Dianne Feinstein (D-Calif.). Similar legislation has been introduced in the House as H.R. 518 by Rep. Richard Lehman (D-Calif.).

One critically important bill, S. 21 by Sen. Dianne Feinstein, would create three new national parks and 79 new wilderness areas in the California desert. PHOTO: © ELLEN REILLY

- Oppose inappropriate uses of national park lands, such as hunting and grazing, as well as activities in adjacent areas that damage park values.
- Designate as wilderness the 1.5 million-acre coastal plain of the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge, thus prohibiting oil and gas exploration and drilling in this pristine, priceless ecological region. Bills introduced in the Senate by Sen. William Roth (R-Del.) and Sen. Baucus and in the House by Rep. Lehman — S. 39 and H.R. 39, respectively — aim to establish permanent protection for America's last remaining arctic wilderness.
- Enact conservationist proposals for Bureau of Land Management wilderness in the West, including 5.7 million acres of proposed wilderness in the slickrock canyon country of Utah's Colorado Plateau. A bill by Rep. Maurice Hinchey (D-N.Y.), H.R. 1500, would extend federal protection to this Utah wilderness.
- Designate as wilderness the remaining roadless forest lands in Montana and Idaho and support overarching legislation to protect entire ecosystems.

Land Management Reform

Reform is desperately needed to halt the reckless exploitation of natural resources on America's public lands. There are already alarming signs that logging practices have depleted our national forests beyond their capacity to renew themselves. The plight of the spotted owl in the old-growth forests of the Pacific Northwest and California's Sierra Nevada is just one example of forest management problems that are reaching epidemic proportions.

Millions of acres of publicly owned land have been scarred by ever more destructive mining technologies, while private livestock operators are encouraged to allow their cattle and sheep to severely overgraze federal lands throughout the West. These activities continue to jeopardize endangered wildlife, destroy riparian areas and expose unstable desert soils to erosion.

In the name of recreation, meanwhile, off-road motor vehicle users stage cross-country races through fragile desert habitat, despoiling large areas for other users and further endangering wildlife.

We must replace our current resource-exploitive management of public lands with more conservation-oriented practices that can be sustained. Our lands should be managed in a manner that will protect natural ecosystems and biological diversity as well as recreational opportunities.

The Sierra Club supports these steps for reforming public land management:

- Reduce the timber harvest on public lands to a level that can be sustained without damaging the forest ecosystem. Support legislative and administrative efforts to reform national forest policies.
- Ensure that the BLM has adequate resources and authority to guarantee that grazing and mining on public lands are held to a level that can be sustained without damaging wildlife populations, native plant diversity or riparian and grassland ecosystems.

Pollution Prevention and Cleanup

Public health and the environment — particularly in communities of color — continue to bear the costs and unwelcome burden of garbage and hazardous waste. According to the Environmental Protection Agency, generation of municipal solid waste increased by 15 million tons between 1988 and 1990 alone. The EPA's latest figures, while incomplete, indicate that generation of chemical waste is at least holding steady, and may be on the rise.

Despite these trends and the plethora of problems associated with the nation's waste burden, we have not yet taken the necessary steps to prevent pollution. True pollution prevention requires avoiding the generation of toxic or polluting materials in the first place. By making pollution prevention a priority, we can avoid the risks associated with materials generation, use, transport and disposal.

The Sierra Club supports the following actions to further materials and toxics use reduction, and tighten the regulation of waste disposal technologies:

- Establish a moratorium on the construction of new garbage incinerators, and ensure that any new hazardous waste incinerators will meet stringent pollution prevention and emission standards prior to construction, by enacting the Pollution Prevention and Incineration Alternatives Act, H.R. 2488, by Reps. Bill Richardson (D-N.M.) and Ed Towns (D-N.Y.).
- Expand the public's right to know about toxic chemicals used and emitted by facilities in their communities, and reduce the use of toxic chemicals in the production process, by passing Right to Know More legislation when introduced.
- Require facilities that report under the Community Right to Know Act of 1986 to prepare pollution prevention plans that include goals and options for reducing toxic chemical use. Such a requirement can be included in Clean Water Act legislation.
- Phase out the use of chlorine (which forms dioxin and other highly toxic organochlorines) in the production of pulp and paper by enacting the Chlorine Zero Discharge Act, H.R. 2898, sponsored by Reps. Richardson and Henry Waxman (D-Calif.).
- Pass legislation that would dramatically increase recycling by requiring the diversion of recyclable materials from incinerators and landfills, and requiring manufacturers to use "post consumer" materials in their new products.

The hazards of toxic chemicals deserve special consideration. We have still not properly cleaned up toxic chemical mires which threaten communities and the environment across the country. The Superfund program has provided major benefits to health and the environment by providing cleanup efforts directed at a variety of toxic contamination sites. But the successes of Superfund have been overshadowed by its failure to meet the expectations created when the program was first established in 1980.

The Superfund program must be improved to clean up sites more quickly, effectively and cheaply. These goals can be reached through a combination of administrative and statutory modifications to the current program. And these changes represent the best strategy for maintaining the momentum of the cleanup effort.

The Sierra Club supports the following actions to help clean up existing and future Superfund sites:

- Oppose radical changes to the current program's liability system, which requires that those who helped create toxic contamination problems pay for cleanup.
- Limit the liability of those who generated municipal solid waste disposed of at Superfund sites by enacting S. 965 and H.R. 2137, sponsored by Sen. Frank Lautenberg (D-N.J.) and Rep. Robert Torricelli (D-N.J.) respectively.
- Oppose weakening changes to cleanup standards in the current Superfund program; existing standards are not adequate to fully protect nearby communities.

Environmental Justice

People of color suffer disproportionately from environmental degradation, and bear the highest risks of developing future health problems from current exposure to harmful substances in the air, water and soil.

Legislation such as Rep. Richardson's incinerator moratorium bill would reduce such disproportionate risks while protecting everyone's health. Similarly, phasing out chlorine in paper production would benefit all Americans, beginning with Native Americans and others who subsist on fish from the nation's chronically polluted waters.

The Sierra Club also supports S. 1161, the Environmental Justice Act of 1993, sponsored by Sen. Baucus, and H.R. 2105, sponsored by Rep. John Lewis (D-Ga.). These bills direct the EPA to identify 100 environmental high-impact areas, and to upgrade enforcement and prevention in these areas.

Finally, the Sierra Club supports measures to give Native American tribes the authority and resources to manage their own solid and hazardous waste programs under the Resource Recovery and Conservation Act, or RCRA, and polluted runoff programs.

The Clean Water Act

The Clean Water Act is the principal source of protection for our nation's surface water. While instrumental in improving water quality in such areas as

Chicago and Lake Erie, this omnibus law has fallen far short of its goal to make the nation's waters "fishable and swimmable."

The Clean Water Act's pending reauthorization gives Congress an outstanding opportunity to fulfill, after two decades, the legislation's original promise. Two areas of special significance, and of particular interest to the Sierra Club, are polluted runoff and wetlands.

Polluted Runoff

The Clean Water Act of 1972 confronted the degradation of our rivers, lakes and streams by industrial and sewage discharges of toxics and conventional pollutants. While much attention has been paid to the control of these so-called point sources, "nonpoint source" pollution, such as runoff from farms, feedlots and city streets, has not been adequately addressed.

Polluted runoff from agriculture, logging operations, mine tailings, streets and highways has inundated drinking water supplies, prime fishing areas and sensitive ecosystems in every state of the nation. America pays the price in jobs, wildlife habitat and public health.

The Clean Water Act — instrumental in improving water quality in the Great Lakes — must be strengthened to control polluted runoff and protect remaining wetlands.

PHOTO: © RICHARD LONGSETH

The Sierra Club supports strengthening amendments to the Clean Water Act that would:

- Require the identification of waterways and watersheds that are threatened by polluted runoff, and establishment of mandatory programs in affected watersheds, including watershed protection plans that incorporate site-specific measures to reduce polluted runoff from all significant sources.
- Increase federal funding to $500 million annually, and expand programs for citizen monitoring and enforcement of pollution control activities.

Wetlands

The value of wetlands was underscored by 1993's devastating Midwestern floods. Wetlands act like a sponge by absorbing water from heavy rainfall and flooding. The destruction of wetlands along the Mississippi and Missouri rivers contributed to the flooding's intensity and to flood damage. It is no coincidence that the hardest-hit states were those that had a higher percentage of their wetlands converted for farming and development. Wetlands also filter out toxins for safer drinking water, prevent the erosion of our beaches, provide valuable habitat for many threatened and endangered species, and protect our $500 million shrimp industry, our $24 billion sport fishing industry and our $165 billion lobster industry.

Less than half of the wetlands in existence in the continental United States in colonial times remain today; we continue to lose nearly 300,000 acres each year. In California, more than 90 percent of the state's wetlands have already vanished. Industrialized agriculture, poisoned runoff, unnecessary development and intensive grazing threaten wetlands quality nationwide.

With the reauthorization of the Clean Water Act looming, the time for developing effective legislation to protect our wetlands is at hand. The wetlands permitting section of the Clean Water Act, Section 404, addresses some wetlands problems. But it must be strengthened.

The Sierra Club supports these additional steps to protect wetlands:

- Expand control to include more types of destructive activities.
- Expand the amount of critical wetlands acreage within land protection systems such as national wildlife refuges and national parks.
- Improve grazing, mining and timber management in areas affecting wetlands and riparian zones with an eye toward preservation.
- Prevent any weakening of existing wetlands protection programs in the Clean Water Act and other laws. Bills such as H.R. 1330 by Rep. Jimmy Hayes (D-La.) would open many currently protected wetlands to commercial development and upset the balance between protection and development initially sought by Congress.
- Strengthen S. 1114, by Sens. Max Baucus (D-Mont.) and John Chafee (R-R.I.), which does not yet offer sufficient protection for endangered wetlands. S. 1114 would weaken Section 404 by allowing for local and regional delegation of programmatic general permits, exempting converted wetlands from regulatory protection including an ill-defined watershed planning provision and allowing tax dollars to be used to

fund mitigation banks, which would permit natural wetlands to be destroyed if artificial ones are created.

■ Support H.R. 350, the Wetlands Reform Act of 1993, as introduced by Rep. Don Edwards (D-Calif.), and S. 1195, as introduced by Sen. Barbara Boxer (D-Calif.).

Curbing Global Warming

Global warming poses an unprecedented threat to our environment and our economy. Scientists predict that emissions from inefficient use of polluting fossil fuels will enhance the greenhouse effect and raise the Earth's temperature 3 to 9 degrees Fahrenheit by the middle of the next century. Never before has the Earth's climate been altered so severely and rapidly; the effects on our planet's weather patterns are expected to be devastating.

As a result of climbing temperatures, scientists warn of perilous sea level rises, more intense tropical storms, extinction of countless plant and animal species and failure of crops.

The primary cause of global warming is the excessive buildup of carbon dioxide (the primary global warming pollutant), methane and other greenhouse gases. This pollution is created by a variety of human activities, such as the wasteful use of fossil fuels (petroleum and coal) in our cars, homes, offices and factories, and the destruction of forests. Strong, decisive action must be taken now to prevent scientists' devastating predictions from coming true.

America's overdependence on fossil fuels has led to crisis after crisis for the environment and the nation — from oil spills to oil wars, and from urban smog to wilderness destruction. The looming threat of global warming is yet another clear signal: America must kick its deadly oil habit.

To create a clean, safe energy future, the United States must lead the world in advancing energy efficiency in all sectors of our energy economy, reducing subsidies for polluting fossil-fuel industries and promoting renewable resources such as wind and solar power. We should make use of the readily available and cost-effective solutions that will protect the Earth's environment, the public's health, consumers' pocketbooks and the nation's security.

America's overdependence on fossil fuels has led to crisis after crisis for the environment and the nation — and is a leading contributor to global warming.

PHOTO: WILLIAM HAVERT

The Sierra Club is calling for a 25 percent reduction in carbon dioxide emissions by the year 2005. To achieve this crucial goal, we advocate the following measures:

■ Increase the current CAFE (corporate average fuel economy) standard to 45 miles per gallon for cars and 34 mpg for light trucks by 2003. Making cars go farther on a gallon of gasoline is the biggest single step to curbing global warming and reducing oil consumption.

■ Increase our energy efficiency through improved heating, cooling and lighting systems; more efficient appliances and industrial machinery; and better insulation of buildings.

■ Phase out subsidies for polluting fossil fuels and nuclear power and promote alternative technologies such as wind and solar power by supporting H.Con.Res. 188 by Rep. Phil Sharp (D-Ind.).

■ Support federal policies that promote renewable resources and energy efficiency in state "least cost" energy plans, which include environmental costs in evaluating energy use.

■ Implement a gasoline tax and a tax on carbon dioxide emissions that will significantly cut harmful greenhouse gas emissions.

■ Phase out production and use of ozone-depleting chemicals by 1995.

■ Stop the rampant destruction of forests around the world and initiate reforestation projects.

Protecting the Global Environment

World patterns of economic development, international trade and population growth pose a dire threat to the global environment. In just 60 years, one of every four species on Earth may be lost forever. Scientists believe an average of nearly 50 plant and animal species are driven to extinction every day. The current human population of over 5.5 billion is expected to double within 40

years, drastically magnifying the strain on the planet's resources.

To help stabilize world population at environmentally sustainable levels, the United States must substantially increase family planning assistance as part of its international aid program.

The World Bank and regional development banks lend up to $25 billion a year to developing countries for such projects as roads, dams and electric power plants. These loans are intended to spur economic development and improve the quality of life for the people in the borrower countries. Far too often, however, they have disastrous environmental and cultural results.

These projects have often accelerated tropical rain forest loss, species extinction and the annihilation of indigenous cultures. The World Bank, as well as other multilateral development banks, must develop effective policies for protecting the environment and native cultures as an integral part of the loan process.

Global development is also facilitated by policies that protect the environment as they expand trade. Trade agreements that sacrifice environmental protection for economic gain, on the other hand, ignore the long-term benefits — measured in citizens' health and welfare — that can accrue from trade founded on the highest environmental standards. Such agreements undermine health and environmental protection in pace-setter nations like the United States, while encouraging resource depletion and lax environmental health laws in developing countries and in the global commons.

The Sierra Club believes the United States should take the following actions to promote international environmental protection:

- Support the integration of trade and environmental policy by promoting sustainable development.
- Demand that the Uruguay Round of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT) provide adequate environmental safeguards. Language that threatens legitimate environmental and food safety laws as potential trade barriers should be eliminated. The proposed new world trade organization must be given a clear mandate to promote environmental protection as well as to foster expanded trade.
- Require U.S. companies operating abroad to set a good example by complying with the higher of the environmental standards of the host country or the United States.
- Implement the U.N. Amsterdam Declaration on Population, which envisions access to contraception for everyone on the planet by the year 2000, by appropriating sufficient funding for the U.S. portion of international family planning assistance — $800 million for FY '95 and $875 million for FY '96. This needed funding — which would provide for international assistance for child survival programs, comprehensive reproductive health care and female primary education — is included in H.R. 2447, by Reps. Anthony Beilenson (D-Calif.) and Constance Morella (R-Md.), and S. 1096, by Sens. Jeff Bingaman (D-N.M.) and Alan Simpson (R-Wyo.).
- Adopt a national population policy aimed at achieving an environmentally sustainable, stable population level, and encourage development of similar policies in all countries. Make family planning a part of national health care reform, with services available to all Americans without cost.
- Revise the Foreign Assistance Act to ensure that the U.S. Agency for International Development maintains its biological diversity protection program at the current level of funding or higher.
- Continue to tie the level of replenishment for the World Bank and the regional development banks directly to the banks' performance with respect to protection of indigenous peoples, environmental protection and a meaningful public appeals process.
- Enact legislation to endow environmental trust funds in developing countries, operated by indigenous citizen organizations or foundations, for supporting environmental restoration and sustainable development.
- Prohibit U.S. companies from exporting pesticides and other toxics that they cannot use or safely dispose of in this country.
- Negotiate a transaction tariff with Mexico to implement NAFTA-related environmental cleanup programs and pollution regulations on the U.S.-Mexico border and in Mexico's interior. The transaction fee should be used to fund the proposed North American Development Bank.
- Oppose expansion of Canada's James Bay hydroelectric project. If the next phase is completed, the project — which has already diverted eight rivers and poisoned the region's fish, a staple of the native Cree and Inuit peoples' diets — would devastate the region's environment.

Green guide to the 104th Congress — see next page.

For information on how to get involved in Sierra Club electoral work, contact your local chapter or the field office for your state.

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Illustration: Sharon Williams.

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SENATE

Bills we support:

S. 21, California Desert Protection Act (Feinstein)

S. 39, Arctic Refuge and Wilderness Bill (Roth, Baucus)

S. 257, Mining Exploration and Development Act (Bumpers)

S. 921, Endangered Species Act (Baucus, Chafee)

S. 965, Toxic Cleanup Equity Act (Lautenberg)

S. 1096, International Population Stabilization and Reproductive Health Act (Bingaman, Simpson)

S. 1161, Environmental Justice Act (Baucus)

S. 1195, Wetlands Reform Act (Boxer)

Oppose all "takings," "risk assessment" and "unfunded mandate" measures in both the House and Senate.

Bills we oppose:

S. 177, Private Property Rights Act (Dole)

S. 775, Hardrock Mining Reform Act (Craig)

S. 1521, Endangered Species Act Procedural Reform Amendments (Shelby)

S. 1915, Private Property Owners Bill of Rights (Shelby)

HOUSE

Bills we support:

H.R. 39, Arctic Refuge and Wilderness Bill (Lehman)

H.R. 322, Mining Exploration and Development Act (Rahall)

H.R. 350, Wetlands Reform Act (Edwards)

H.R. 518, California Desert Protection Act (Lehman)

H.R. 1164, Forest Biodiversity and Clearcutting Prohibition Act (Bryant)

H.R. 1500, Utah BLM Wilderness Act (Hinchey)

H.R. 2043, Endangered Species Act (Studds, Dingell)

H.R. 2105, Environmental Justice Act (Lewis)

H.R. 2137, Toxic Cleanup Equity Act (Torricelli)

H.R. 2447, International Population Stabilization and Reproductive Health Act (Morella, Beilenson)

H.R. 2473, Montana Wilderness Act (Williams)

H.R. 2488, Pollution Prevention and Incineration Alternatives Act (Richardson, Towns)

H.R. 2565, Great Lakes National Program Act (Fingerhut)

H.R. 2543, Nonpoint Source Water Pollution Prevention Act (Oberstar)

H.R. 2638, Northern Rockies Ecosystem Protection Act (Maloney)

H.R. 2898, Chlorine Zero Discharge Act (Richardson, Waxman)

H. Con. Res. 188, Energy Funding Priorities Resolution (Sharp)

Bills we oppose:

H.R. 561, Private Property Protection Act (Condit)

H.R. 1330, Wetlands Conservation and Management Act (Hayes)

H.R. 1490, Endangered Species Act (Tauzin)

H.R. 3875, Private Property Owners Bill of Rights (Tauzin)

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Washington, DC 20510

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

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

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

AFIELD

"Hearth & Home," page 34

Write your representative and urge him or her to support the Pollution Prevention and Incineration Alternatives Act, H.R. 2488, sponsored by Representative Bill Richardson (D-N.M.), and the National Beverage Container Reuse and Recycling Act, H.R. 1818, sponsored by Representative Edward Markey, (D-Mass.).

The League of Women Voters has produced the *Plastic Waste Primer,* subtitled *A Handbook for Citizens* (Lyons & Burford, 1993). This is a readable, comprehensive, and evenhanded look at a fairly complex issue; the book includes extensive resources and an activist's guide for concerned citizens and communities.

The July 1992 issue of *Technology Review* contained an excellent article by Robert F. Stone, Ambuj D. Sagar, and Nicholas A. Ashford on the practical aspects of plastics recycling—the mechanics of the process and the development of markets. Contact *Technology Review* at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Association of Alumni and Alumnae, W59-200, Cambridge, MA 02139; (617) 253-8250.

"Body Politics," page 36

The American Lyme Disease Foundation, Inc. supplies information about the illness to the general public and healthcare providers, and maintains a national physician-referral system. The organization's toll-free number is 800-876-LYME; write to them at Mill Pond Offices, 293 Route 100, Somers, NY 10589.

Lyme Disease: A Practical Guide to Diagnosis and Treatment (Henry Holt, 1994) by Denise Lang, a journalist whose son has the disease, illuminates all aspects of the Lyme issue. The book includes a bibliography and lists Lyme support groups throughout the nation.

DEPARTMENTS

PRIORITIES

Maxxam, page 42

Call or write asking your representative to support the Headwaters Forest Act, H.R. 2866, which would offer permanent protection to the area's old-growth groves. For more information on the Headwaters issue, contact Ken Miller, chair of the ancient-forest committee of the Sierra Club's San Francisco Bay Chapter at 5237 College Avenue, Oakland, CA 94618; (510) 653-6127. Another valuable source is the Environmental Protection Information Center (EPIC), P.O. Box 397, Garberville, CA 95442; (707) 923-2931.

Activist/photographer Doug Thron has produced a beautiful and powerful slide show on the Headwaters issue. For a presentation to your group, contact him at P.O. Box 703, Arcata, CA 95521; (707) 822-4870.

An engaging 60-minute documentary about Pacific Lumber and the Headwaters Forest, *The Forest Through the Trees: Battle for the Redwoods,* is available from ISAN Film Group, 1125 Hayes St., San Francisco, CA 94117.

Greenscam, page 47

Hazardous Waste News, which originally called attention to the *O'Dwyer's* issue, is published weekly by the Environmental Research Foundation. Basic subscriptions are $25 annually; $15 for students and seniors; $400 for businesses. For more information call (410) 263-1584; the *News'* Internet address is erf@igc.apc.org.

FEATURES

Bruce Babbitt, page 52

To comment on the nation's public-land policies, write to Interior Secretary Bruce Babbitt, at the Department of the Interior, 1849 C St., N.W., Washington, DC 20240.

Sierra will continue to cover Interior's progress, as will a new Sierra Club publication, *The Sierra Club Bulletin,* which will be bound into each issue of *Sierra* beginning in September/October. The biweekly newspaper *High Country News* (Box 1090, Paonia, CO 81428) provides consistently good coverage, as does the quarterly newsletter *PEEReview: a Publication of Public Employees for Environmental Responsibility* (810 First St., N.E., Suite 680, Washington, DC 20002). *The Washington Post* is the most comprehensive and insightful of the dailies on the Babbitt beat.

Rafting the Tuolumne, page 58

For information on efforts to protect the Clavey River, contact the Tuolumne River Preservation Trust, Fort Mason Center, Building C, San Francisco, CA 94123; (415) 292-3531; or the Sierra Club's California/Nevada office, 4171 Piedmont Ave., Suite 204, Oakland, CA 94611; (510) 654-4936.

A list of outfitters that run trips on the Tuolumne River is available from the Groveland Ranger District, Stanislaus National Forest, 24545 Highway 120, Groveland, CA 95321; (209) 962-7825.

Good descriptions of the Tuolumne and Clavey rivers can be found in *Western Whitewater: From the Rockies to the Pacific* by Jim Cassidy, Bill Cross, and Fryar Calhoun (North Fork Press, P.O. Box 3580, Berkeley, CA 94703; 1994). Cassidy and Calhoun have also written a detailed guide to the Tuolumne with shaded-relief maps (available as well from North Fork Press). ■

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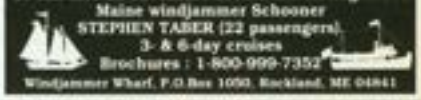

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SHOULD ENVIRONMENTALISTS EMBRACE THE ANIMAL-RIGHTS MOVEMENT?

The "animal rights" folks are no more environmental than the astrology folks are scientific. The name of the movement is itself almost oxymoronic. Animals do not have legal rights and are not going to get them. What these folks want is not voting power for animals, but rather veto power for themselves as the self-appointed guardians of all things small and furry.
Tom H. Nagel
Columbus, Ohio

We imperfect, self-adulating human animals have accorded ourselves rights and arrogantly denied them to all other species (unless you count anticruelty laws, applied mainly to domestic animals, as rights). It is ironic that we who sit in judgment on other species' right to life think that we are indispensable, when actually we are the planet's most dispensable inhabitants.
Anita G. Brown
Colorado Springs, Colorado

By what "right" does the human animal grant "rights" to other animals?
Richard A. Smith
Troy, Michigan

Environmentalists should embrace the *concept* of animal rights, not because it is useful, but because it is morally compelling. Unfortunately, the movement that has sprouted up is neither; an alliance with it as it is—hysterical, fuzzy-thinking, and irrational—would bring discredit to environmentalism, which has been unfairly characterized as having the same flaws.
Heather Houlahan
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

It is hard for me to imagine that there is any conflict between the two movements. If anything, animal rights is merely an extension of environmentalism.
Philip Glaser
Laguna Niguel, California

It is time the mainline conservation organizations ceased fearing that to promote the humane treatment of all living things will somehow make them seem insufficiently scientific or perhaps less macho than they wish to appear. We, as Sierra Club members, may fall short of the stature of such formidable representatives of the human race as Albert Schweitzer, George Bernard Shaw, or Mahatma Gandhi, but we could scarcely discredit ourselves by trying for it.
Barbara Curtis Horton
Pasadena, California

Well, animal-rights activists sure would love it. But do environmentalists who read *Sierra* really want to feel guilty about their shiny new leather hiking boots?
Eric Wiederholt
Duluth, Georgia

The animal-rights movement's view of nature too often seems based on Bambi cartoons—all emotion and simplification.
Ron Goatz
Washington, D.C.

People in the animal-rights movement do not understand or care about complete forest ecosystems. They place the greatest importance on the individual animal, not on the species and its required habitat.
James O. Smith
Homer, Illinois

One recurrent misconception about environmentalists, touted by our adversaries, is that we are no more than another "special interest" group, no different in kind from anti- (or pro-) abortion groups, gay-rights groups, the NRA, or tobacco-industry lobbyists. The "animal rights" movement falls squarely into this "special interest" category. We must steadfastly resist alliances that would aid and abet our enemies in trivializing our mission, which is nothing less than ensuring the survival of a habitable planet for everyone.
Thomas I. Ellis
Williamsburg, Virginia

I object most to animal-rights groups' opposition to the use of animals in scientific and medical research. Their outright lies are greatly misleading, and have the potential to completely halt the progress of science and medicine if unopposed by the truth.
Mohamed Khan
Chicago, Illinois

Joining the animal-rights movement means you are unconcerned about people with diabetes. You are happy with the "cut-and-suck" school of snakebite treatment. It means you don't take seriously the needs of AIDS victims or our society's need to find a cure. It means you are happy to have a beginning surgeon use your gashes as a learning experience. And it means a loss of respect for your opinions on subjects such as environmental protection.
Arthur L. Eatman
Thomasville, Georgia

The animal-rights movement and the environmental movement are one. Going vegan is the one best thing that anyone can do to save the environment. Even going just vegetarian helps. On behalf of the animals, and for the welfare of us all, please, I beg you, do it.
Jacqueline Moffett
Ashland, Oregon

We know many animal-rights people, and all of them are environmentalists. They do many things that are good for animals and the environment. The great majority are vegetarian (many support organic farming). They recycle to help save habitat from clearcutting and from becoming a dump site. They spend their days picking up garbage so animals won't be hurt by it. Do you want to align yourself with people who get rich off of raping the planet and killing animals (hunters, fishers, trappers, ranchers) while doing nothing useful for our world or wildlife? Or do you want to align yourself with people who are highly dedicated to the protection and preservation of Earth and its animals? You are on the right road just by asking this question.
Charles and Teresa Burgess
Pierre, South Dakota

Environmental groups should not embrace animal rights, for the simple reason that they are already into more things than they can handle. There is a limit to how many issues a citizens' group can promote effectively. Organizations that take up too many causes lose their effectiveness.
Roy Lechtreck
Montevallo, Alabama

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