1-18-1981

How to Put Tar in the Planet and Keep Feathers on the Eagles: The Best and Worst of the Monthly Planet and Weekly Letters to an Alaskan Editor

Brian Blix

Western Washington University

Follow this and additional works at: https://cedar.wwu.edu/envs_stuschol

Part of the Environmental Sciences Commons, and the Higher Education Commons

Recommended Citation


https://cedar.wwu.edu/envs_stuschol/1

This Dissertation is brought to you for free and open access by the Environmental Studies at Western CEDAR. It has been accepted for inclusion in Environmental Studies Graduate and Undergraduate Scholarship by an authorized administrator of Western CEDAR. For more information, please contact westerncedar@wwu.edu.
How to Put Tar in the Planet

and Keep Feathers on the Eagles:

The Best and Worst of The Monthly Planet

and Weekly Letters to an Alaskan Editor

Brian Blix

January 18, 1981
How to Put Tar in the Planet
and Keep Feathers on the Eagles:
The Best and Worst of The Monthly Planet
and Weekly Letters to an Alaskan Editor

Brian Blix

January 18, 1961

Problem Series Advisor:

______________________________
Dean of Huxley College:

______________________________
Date:

Huxley College of Environmental Studies
Western Washington State College
Bellingham, Washington 98225
I follow a path through many faces, toward familiar faces and classes. A snapshot captures an unfamiliar fleeting image of myself in a frame other than the instant. I see a vessel carrying a secret growing self through the unseeing sea of others. Secrets of my bottle seep out. I hold it in my hand to collect enough for a taste. I want to be an image connoisseur, to open other bottles one by one.

Someday my bottle will slip from the clatter to roam a sea path.

-Brian Blix-
Bottle of Contents

Introduction

Page 1 Personal History in Haines, Alaska, and Huxley, Washington
6 2000-Word-or-Less History of Haines
12 1000-Word-or-Less History of Huxley
15 Story of the Journey from Conflict to Enlightenment.

How to Put Tar in the Planet: the '79-'80 Planets Examined a Year Later

20 November Planet: "Shadows on Teddy Bear," by Gene Myers
23 "Omega," by Mark Canright
25 February Planet: "Diary of an Organizer," by Matt Worswick
28 "Around the Campfire," by Alan Miller
30 March Planet: "Engineer," by Stan Holmes
33 "Monthly Planet Poll: Serra," by V. Fate Putnam and Mike Cox
37 May Planet: "MP Interview: Baking Bread with G.P.," by Jeff Porteous
41 June Planet: "Appropriate Education," by Scott Regan
44 "Recycling Blood," by George Blakey

How to Keep Feathers on Eagles: Letters to an Alaskan Editor

46 "Smoke," by Brian Blix, "Janus-faced." "weak-eyed snowbird" "greenie" "newcomer" "Idio
50 "Reply to Blix--2," by Frank Haas, chief engineer, Haines Sewage Treatment Plant
52 "Reply to Blix--3," by Carol Waldo, long time citizen of Haines (Sept. 20, 1979)
54 "Homo and gesses," by Richard W. Dunkin, long time barroom post-citizen (9/20/79)
55 "Agitatin," by "Windy Shorr, Pres. & Exec. Sec. in Charge Political Agitatin", UDISA&GPLNA (United Douglas Island Seiners Assoc. & Glacier Point Gill Net Assoc.) (Oct. 4, 1979)
56 "Blix--No. 6," by George Figdor, president, Lynn Canal Conservation, Inc. (10/4/79)
57 "Blix--an answer," by Brian Blix, editor, The Monthly Planet
60 "Blix--No. 4," "Blix--No. 5," "Blix--No. 7," "Greenies" 

-continued-
Self Examination: Deciphering the '79-'80 Monthly Planet Editorials

PAGE 62A November Planet: "Flesh and Bones"

65A February Planet: "Preserve the People"

67A March Planet: "Environmental Art"

69A May Planet: "Holist and ANALYSTS Unite!"

70A June Planet: "One Revolution"

Conclusion

75 "Nay Against Proposed Highway," by Brian Blix, unemployed greenie writer (1/23/81).

Addenda

76A Letter from Governor Jay Hammond to Senator Gary Hart (Colo.), initiating a "cooperative bald eagle study."


78 "Nooksack" skit, by The Huxley Guerilla Theater Guild, Dec. 11, 1979


80 Recent Letters by "Brian 'Green Giant' Blix": "Shakwak go away" and "It ain't all bad"

81 How to Lay-Out in Four (4) Easy Steps

82 Enlightening Backnotes
January 11, 1981

"I'll say farewell till Haines.

"Hope your paper is done before I get back, for your sake and mine.

"Say hello to the mountains, sky, water, eagles, trees, various Hainesites, my car, the Milky Way & the aurora, not necessarily in that order.

C."

With four days to spare, this paper is dedicated to Carol Kirkpatrick.

January 28, 1981
John Muir helped a Presbyterian minister choose a site near the north end of the world’s longest fjord for a mission in the year 1799. The Reverend S. Hall Young declared that "Haines Mission" would be founded for the benefit of the fierce Tlingit inhabitants. I do not know what "benefit" the Tlingits have received, but my guess is Haines, Alaska 99827.

David Clarke and a group of other fervent environmental professors chose a site near the south end of Western Washington University’s campus for a cluster college, in the year 1966. David Clarke declared that "Huxley College" would be founded for the benefit of dedicated environmentalists in Washington and beyond. I am not sure what "benefit" the environmentalists have received, but now they’ve got The Monthly Planet.

What does tar and feathers have to do with anything?

We were done making but, and she asked me if I had heard of Huxley College. She had seen an "Environmental Education Workshop" notebook in my kitchen an hour ago. I had gone as the representative of the Haines environmental group, Lynn Canal Conservation, Inc., in March. I had just moved to Skagway, was making money acting in the "Skagway in the Days of '98" tourist play, when I met this healthy summer trail ranger from Huxley College, Bellingham, Washington.

"Huxley?" I asked. "What is it like?" It was a college of course, and I had already been to a couple of duds, but the name "Huxley" sounded more pagan than "Gustavus Adolphus" or "Wheaton." My mother always wanted me to go back and get my degree, and during my eight years of hippiedom the world, with the help of David Clarke, had evolved something new called a "College of Environmental Studies."

"It’s a college of environmental studies," she said, and ate her cold pancakes.

Huxley was something to think about. I was glad to have left Haines. I had spoken out against inviting a one-and-one-quarter billion dollar petrochemical plant to an isolated town of 1400 Hainesites and 3000 bald eagles. I was tarred with hard-to-forget epitaphs, feathered with my eagle love, and rejected on the railings of more enemies than I thought I was supposed to have. A suit of academic
armor, a degree in professional environmentalism, might put me on viable terms with them. And my ma. It took two minutes to decide.

I spent the rest of the summer in Skagtown, acting until I got fired for taking two weeks off to lobby in D.C. for the Alaska Coalition, getting really pissed, hiking the Chilkoot Trail, writing nonsense in my journal, and being the Skagway Artist’s Coop salesperson.

I boarded the M.V. Taku September 6, 1978 for the 1300 mile cruise down the "fjord-ous" Inside Passage, past Haines, Juneau, Sitka, Petersburg, Wrangell, Ketchikan—the big stars in the Alexander Archipelago of Southeast Alaska. Hoonah, Tenakee Springs, Gustavus, Elfin Cove, Angoon and dozens of other little villages on the other side of islands or around the curve of inlets, we passed too.

I was glad it was the Taku I was on. It has a warm solarium on the top deck with lounge chairs that unfold into comfortable beds. The cafeteria has very delicious soft vanilla ice cream cones. The Taku cones are penultimate. They are surpassed in Southeast only by the hard-pack ice cream cones of the Sourdough Pizza Parlor in Haines.

My first year at Huxley was rough on me, and on our relationship. The relationship didn’t survive, but I did. Huxley wasn’t academically demanding, but culture shock, being ten years older than my classmates, and their laid-back abstract attitudes made that first year difficult. I wanted to become an astute, hardened warrior. My first lessons were fighting the comforts of college Down South, and coping with friends who thought Alaskans were still fond of the frontier and would love to have young, educated people come Up North to environmentally interpret the frontier and analyze its ecosystems.

In the spring I took the H.E.R.B. seminar. H.E.R.B.—an acronym I found acrimonious. I wasn’t sure if he was a person or if it was a plant, and that bothered me. I wanted to work on the Huxley Humus newsletter, an offshoot of H.E.R.B. (If H.E.R.B. was a plant, then it should be the offshoot. If H.E.R.B. was a person, then the Humus sounded like a humid digging exercise.) I was a budding writer who might be able to help H.E.R.B. and the Humus.
I wrote a little for the *Humus*, found out that H.E.R.B. was pronounced as though it belonged to the animal kingdom, and was asked if I wanted to be next year's editor. You may be trying to find out what H.E.R.B. stands for, besides how it's pronounced. It stands for "Huxley Environmental Resource Bureau." H.E.R.B. is the father to The Environmental Center. Who the mother(s) is I may divulge later.

That spring I wrote my Problem Series proposal. I said that I would do about a dozen good deeds in the name of environmental education. (I also hoped that once again, Environmental Education would improve my love life. I always suspected that she became more interested in me not because of my pancakes, or my true personality, but because I wanted to become an environmental educator.) School ended, and I was on my way back to Haines.

In Haines I kept a journal of thoughts about how to environmentally educate Hainesites. I wrote 13 drafts of a 7 page rejected story about changing the name of Mt. McKinley back to its original Athabascan name "Denali," and I wrote a little letter to the editor that he titled, "Smoke." My McKinley story was rejected by the local paper, the *Lynn Canal News*. "Smoke" was accepted by its readers like an old home accepts flame. And my thoughts about environmental education took a radical turn, back to something true to my outspoken nature, back to wondering how to educate in a hot whirlwind of controversy. I'll discuss "Smoke," and the replies of Hainesites in the *News*, later.

"Smoke" didn't come out until I was on the Taku once again, sucking a vanilla ice cream cone on my passage back to Huxley College, to study, and to edit the *Humus*.

One of the first things that Jenny, the new H.E.R.B. coordinator, Matt Verswic, the new program director, and I did was find new names for him and his newsletter. Joe Lyles, the previous coordinator, felt it was time for the word "Huxley" to
be dropped from the name of what had recently come under the financial and philosophical wings of the Associated Students of Western Washington University. The three of us really took this to heart. We asked many people and came up with "The Environmental Center," but I protested any future acronymal derivation, i.e. "T.E.C."

I had been meditating on a new name for the publication. "Huxley" in its name was out. I thought that "Ecotone" or "The Environmentalist" might be great. An ecotone is the very productive zone found where different ecosystems share their attributes. A nifty analogy, but too erudite. "The Environmentalist" had the inspiration of personal identification going for it, but students outside of Huxley might be alienated by the label.

Matt and Jenny and I were shooting the bull around in the office about names. I said "Daily Planet" was an entertaining reference that everyone would catch. Matt put one plus one together and changed it to "The Monthly Planet." Several people conducted a poll around campus. The details are in the November issue of the Planet.

I spent most of my energy during my second year orienting people towards the existence of an environmental magazine on campus. The Planet isn't quite long enough to really be a full-fledged magazine, and it doesn't have the glossy cover and photographs, but neither is it a newsletter. (I instigated the "Cascade Grits" weekly newsletter to serve that purpose.) Maybe it does now. I'll keep my description generally restricted to the 1980 Planet. Anyway, at the same time that the concept of a magazine that needed interesting articles and illustrations for a campus-wide readership was gaining acceptance, I had to gain, yank, foster, and encourage contributions from laid back environmentalists, wherever I could find them.

I fell in love again, with the older sister of a fellow Huxleyite. She loves me because I am an environmental educator, and she loves me for lots of other
reasons I'm still learning about. In July of 1980 we left for Haines. I brought my Planets with me, and it has taken the isolation of a Haines winter to allow me to re-edit the "Smoke" writings and the best and worst of The Monthly Planet.
Haines slowly grew from a Presbyterian mission while its neighbor Skagway shrank from a lawless Klondike Gold Rush boom town. I think the character of a town is forever influenced by its beginnings. The Presbyterian Church is Haines' most respectable and best attended church. Many community functions take place in its building. The minister occasionally acts as an arbitrator in local conflicts. We have both suffered as volunteer chairman of the board for the Southeast Alaska State Fair which takes place here every third weekend in August. As a matter of fact, he arbitrated the board meeting that discussed my continuance as chairman, at my request and the request of those who thought a petrochemical plant and a rural state fair could coincide better than I could with them. (My chairmanship was discontinued.)

And one of my childhood best friend's parents were strict Presbyterian. I have nothing against Presbyterians. Yet, I think that if a church is a focus of a community, it tends to compete with nature. Alan Watts illuminates this hunch:

"when Christians first distinguished themselves from pagans, the word 'pagan' meant 'country-dweller.' . . . That Christianity grew up in the cities . . . is a circumstance which must have had a deep influence upon the whole character of the religion. . . . In evangelizing the west, the main difficulty which Christianity encountered was . . . the competition of the tenacious nature religions of the peasantry. . . . The appeal of Christianity is to . . . the bedrock of nostalgia for home and one's own people. . . . The premise of the argument is just that, in his heart of hearts, man does feel alien from nature. . . ."

I suspect S. Hall Young brought a nostalgic premise with him that has made the tenacious Tlingits nostalgic for money, and old guard Hainesites nostalgic for the civilized benefits, like roads, churches, drive-ins, pollution . . . but I ramble. But Skagway was born under the rule of "Soapy" Smith and the largest outlaw gang in the history of the continent, and when friends from Skagway visit me, they have been known to scoot around Howser's Supermarket here, in such fashion that cashiers feared death as innocent bystanders victimized in a
cart crash. And while Skagway rejected having any of its surrounding land designated for logging or mining, in the 1979 Haines-Skagway Land Use Plan, Haines voted to have nearly all its neighboring forests managed for logging, and the Tlingits who own Iron Mountain, near Bald Eagle critical habitat area, want it mined. (Skagway still wants to mine the Klondike. At least those who work on the narrow gauge White Pass and Yukon Railroad, built during the great Gold Rush, are eager to ship as many bulldozers as they can into the Yukon to yield $500 an ounce gold from the earth.)

Although John Muir and Rev. Young picked a site by a sheltered cove at the end of an ancient trade route from the vast interior to the Inside Passage which offers a sheltered route almost to Seattle, Haines is extremely isolated. Skagway, population 850, is 18 canoe miles away, but 370 car miles, due to a geography ruled by mountains and water. Haines Junction, Yukon Territory, populates the far end of the 159 mile Haines highway with 400 Yukoners. The Haines Highway joins the Alaska Highway here. There are no other towns between the Alaska Highway and the Inside Passage.

Haines’ isolation can also be defined by the extent of its communication with the outside world. Newspapers have very poor circulation, except the Lynn Canal News. Howser’s Supermarket is the main newspaper outlet. The Juneau Empire and The Anchorage Daily News are sometimes weeks old before they are considered unmarketable. The Lynn Canal News circulation in Haines is about 500—a phenomenal number for a town of 1400. It carries no outside news.

There was no TV except three-week-old tapes played in the basement of the Medical Center and transmitted by cable to several hundred sets. Now there is a satellite dish that offers up-to-date Bugs Bunny, Sports Spectacular, Sesame Street, Vega$, Mork and Mindy, Pink Panther, Richie Rich, and All Kung Fu Stuff.

With a good antenna strung to a tall tree or high cliff, one can pick up several Juneau stations. One is a public, nonprofit station. Haines gained its own public radio station, KHNS, this past October. KHNS threatens to drain talent
and audience from the News, but it is likely that KHNS will add greatly to
the quality and quantity of communication between Hainesites, and between Haines
and the world. For example, I was induced to donate my talent and time to the
Saturday morning kiddie show last week. I did a fabulous job reading Sir Addlepate
and the Unicorn.

The News continues to be the main channel of mass sentiment. It was founded
in 1966 by Ray Menaker, a recently retired school teacher, and one of his students,
Bill Hartmann. It operated out of Mr. Menaker's pocket until it was partly bought
by another editor in Skagway. It has a total circulation of 1100. It has maintained
this circulation despite frequent from politicians, and a recent 200% price hike to
75c. Ray has just retired to the position of Editor Emeritus, his position being
filled in Haines by a bright young ex-school teacher named Sharon Resnick, who
emerged from 8 years of teaching in the bush last summer. The News won two
awards from the Alaska Press Club last year.

Haines has the traditional boom-bust economy. It has been based on logging
for far away markets. The main mill in town is Schnabel Lumber Company's. There is
also tiny B and D Forest Products. But the Chamber of Commerce looks to the
former for salvation.

"Schnabel Lumber Company" is a misnomer. It has never produced a stick of
lumber. It produces wood pulp and cants for the Japanese. (Cants are square-o-off
logs.) The wood pulp is for Japanese newspapers. The cants are for Japanese
plywood and pianos. If you want to build a wood home for your Yamaha piano,
you talk to Mr. Benson or Mr. Deardorff.

Though he doesn't cut a 2x4 for Haines, John J. Schnabel is the man in town
to whom the majority of Hainesites will swear some allegiance. The Haines-
Skagway Land Use Plan is the product of many public meetings in haines and
Skagway, conducted by State land planners. I already told you the outcome
for the forests around Haines in general. Town meetings are better attended
in Haines than Anchorage, according to the assistant director of the Department of Natural Resources. Lynn Canal Conservationists never had a chance.

One of the very few management units in the Plan that is exempt from logging is FL15. FL15 lies across Mud Bay, just south of town and within plain view from the tiny cabin where I spent my first year in Alaska. A huge, moraine-streaked escapist from the icefield feeding the east side of Glacier Bay with icebergs, a broad ribbon of ice that goes west into Mud Bay, Davidson Glacier is the jewelry of FL15. Pyramid Island provides a mysterious tower before FL15, where one might view glacier, virgin forest, and eagles soaring.

"There will be no commercial timber harvesting in this unit for 15 years to allow time for study of multiple resource utilization," the Plan says.

After the Plan was signed by the commissioner of the Department of Natural Resources in June, 1979, the State made a timber sale to Schnabel Lumber Company. It is so large that nearly every tree in the Chilkat Valley, the Klehini Valley, the Kelsall Valley, the Kicking Horse Valley, and every other valley in the Haines area, must be included into the calculations to make it abide by the principle of sustained yield. (That means that you shouldn't cut trees any faster than they can grow back, basically.) The Schnabel timber sale is for 15 years, with an option for 10 more, and FL15.

The Department of Natural Resources gives "special thanks to the members of the Haines Coalition and The Lynn Canal Conservation Society (sic)" at the beginning of the Plan, for their efforts. (I advised the LCC, Inc. president that she better make a public statement of "no thanks," but no denial ever was made.)

LCC is a member of the Southeast Alaska Conservation Council. The Council legally contested the State's timber sale to Schnabel Lumber Company. Judge Compton of Southeast's District Court ruled against the Council. The Council attacked the sale on the basis that the preceding Land Use Plan was illegal. In his decision Judge Compton questioned the consistency of their position, citing the "special thanks."
So it has gone for environmentalists in Haines. Shouted down in town meetings, given special thanks when they need it least, it is obvious to me that they need new strategy, a new image, and much better communication with the public. There are many signs that the tide changes even in Haines. Schnabel Lumber Company has shut down because the Japanese aren't sailing quite so far north these days. And a Haines Cooperative Resource Study is being financed to the tune of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars by the State. Its purpose is to study "the habitat that supports the bald eagle." This study is the result of "much better communication with the public" about conservation of natural resources in the Haines area. (See Addenda, p. 76A)

A flood of letters to the governor's office had much to do with the money being allocated. The letters were written by readers of national magazines. Haines made the national magazine scene first in the December 1979 Smithsonian (see Addenda). Sports Illustrated printed the 11 page "Valley of the Eagles" in February. Not Man Apart, Omni, Living Wilderness, Sierra, and National Fisherman (the largest fishermen's publication in the U. S.) have articles, too. They all share the theme that the Haines-Skagway Land Use Plan threatens the world's largest concentration of bald eagles.

It's not surprising that National Fisherman, and other fishermen's magazines such as The Alaska Fisherman's Journal, support the preservation and study of the Chilkat Valley. Fishing is the other major Haines industry, besides logging. It is surprising that they have not done so sooner and more strongly, for the Chilkat River and its tributaries are one of the world's most productive fisheries. But John Schnabel doesn't know the difference between a dog salmon and a dog especially if the dog is small and likes swimming. (This is based a little on what one forester friend tells me.) His sentiments about salmon have filtered into the minds of many Haines fisherman. The head of one of the local gillnetter's groups openly supported the timber sale.

The third recognized industry in town is tourism. Well, it's not so recognized.
Many fisherman and other Hainesites dislike tourists. That they can be caught in a net of restaurants, small shops, nature trails and tours, and fish markets escapes them.

A few years ago the Royal Viking Star, a luxury liner, planned to unload its clientele on the genteel walkways of the Haines Boat Harbor. Steve Homer, an old man who owns the only tour bus in town, told me over supper that he had come to greet them with his bus. But he was not alone.

"A fisherman saw the Star dropping anchor, and he proceeded to drive his Chevy pick up onto the exit ramp at the Harbor.

"It was going to be impossible for anyone to get to shore without hanging on to the pick up. I got out of the bus when I saw a policeman driving by. I stopped him and pointed out to him what was happening.

"He just told me, 'I can't tell him to move his truck. That fisherman has a right to be there, and there he is, by his boat, fixing his net.'"

"Only maybe 100 out of 500 were willing to hang onto his pick up to spend their money in town. Every cruise ship company heard about that."

Yet the tide is turning for tourism in town, too. An economic development specialist in tourism was hired last week by the City of Haines. It may not be forever until another cruise ship drops anchor by Haines Boat Harbor.

Logging in Southeast Alaska suffers from high transportation costs, high labor costs, lack of a strong local market, a declining Japanese market, difficult terrain, a short harvesting season, a long growth cycle, and conflicts with fishery maintenance. The farther north, the worse. Schnabel Lumber Company is 200 miles north of any other wood exporter. Lawsuits are just legal glazing on the pile of Schnabel's problems.

The one symbol of Schnabel's problems is not a huge mill worker's paycheck, a D8 busted on a steep slope, narrow growth rings, or a lawsuit. It flocks in cottonwoods along a local Alaskan river. It already is a symbol of our national
strength. *Haliaeetus leucocephalus*, "the white-headed sea eagle," commonly know as the bald eagle, also claims Haines for its own.

"Outside there is a cold drizzle and the street lights reflect off the wet pavement. ... A lone figure, an unemployed logger, walks up the sidewalk toward the only lighted widow, that of the pioneer bar. he doesn't make it. A gargantuan eagle swoops down, clasps him in its talons and carries him silently into the night," wrote Ron Hau in *Sports Illustrated*. (Excellent story is in *Aodenaa.*

That's my history of Haines for you, in 2000 words or less. On the history of Huxley College I have already shared some mythology. It's only 11 years old, and you have spent some time there, so it isn't hard for you to find out the whole of its history if you're curious and not too burdened with homework.

But I will compare the readiness of haines, and of Huxley, for change. Huxley students need action more than evaluation, revolution more than re-formation of attitudes and values. They need marching orders, activist calisthenics, something to take the place of Physical Education in the curriculum. Something that really prepares them to do battle in the corporate, or academic, or social world during their problem series activities, and during the rest of their life. Environmentalism needs to be activated, not just abstracted, professionalized, and referred to, in Huxley classes.

Huxleyites are receptive to a little conflict in the classroom. "Class dismissed," she said, on the last day of class, Fall, 1979. Friend Gene and I tore out of our hot front row seats, dashed out the rear doors of *Lecture Hall AH 104*, strode back in with masks, costumes and props, and pushed the lecture
stand to the side before anyone could leave the room. Perhaps the classroom
stupor aided us.

We had stayed up most of the night writing this skit about classroom pollution,
spewing forth from lecture stand upon the young, weak and innocent student
who has almost forgotten about the sight of soaring Nooksack eagles which
propelled him long ago towards Huxley College. We were kind of stoned from lack of
sleep, adrenalin, and an excess of novelty. But we stumbled through our searing
lines to the end of our three minute skit. No one left. There were a lot of
smiles for the first time in a long time in that lecture hall at 9 a.m. We didn't
stick around to count them, or receive applause. They had been actors in the
skit themselves all quarter. We fled, pursued by elation. (See Addenda, p. 76.)

The "Nooksack" skit isn't part of my problem series project. Our audience
loved what we did, as far as I could tell, and many friends were eager to do
some more Huxley Guerilla theater. It showed that there is a passive, affirmative
attitude generally towards a radical change of pace. It was a playful enactment
of the spirit I wanted The Monthly Planet to provoke. It is important to know
whether it is time for action, or "values clarification." I didn't want the
Planet to make it easy for students to be observers and clarifiers of values,
but to act.

The citizens of Haines were not ready for doing deeds of environmental good-
ness in 1979. The time of its 100th anniversary was a reactionary time, and its
equivalent of The Monthly Planet was a deluge of letters to the editor trying to
put out "Smoke." The time Huxley's 10th anniversary was a revolutionary time—
hopefully a beginning. My first act as editor of the publication took place
by the campfire at the Silver Fir campground orientation, the night when David
Clark and other pillars of the Huxley community speak. Including some new pillars.

Jenny Hahn spoke and Matt Worwick spoke and then I spoke, I mean spoke.
I was pretty spiked, but I had some acrimonious things to say to this direction-
less bunch. (As you have discovered, there is the preacher in me.)
"I don't have much to say, except that this is supposed to be an environmental college. All you environmentalists out there (I waved) can be just "students" (I sneered), or you can do something, too. We're going to put out a MAGAZINE (I bellowed) and if you know how to write and think you might have something to say, I will be very happy to help you say it to someone besides yourself."

I could tell I was edging towards the philosophical and the unconscious. I noticed a professor whispering to the Dean while they both were looking at me. I said "Thank you" and faced back into the dark. At least that is how I choose to remember it.

Fifteen students showed up for the first H.E.R.b./Environmental Center seminar meeting. And 14 wanted to work on the Humus/Planet. An organizer who knows how to organize or an editor who knows how to inspire a staff and edit, can go a long way at Huxley.

That's the end of my analysis of Huxley's present place in its history. Haines is in a stage of re-formation of attitude and value; Huxley is ripe for dramatic action. But both communities, of course, are largely populated by the uncommitted, and to these uncommitted the following search for the fountain pen of meaning is directed.
You've been in Haines/Huxley long enough to understand what your readers are like. Something happens that urges you towards the pen. You have something to say, and now you have to figure out how to say it.

We all have general principles we would like to share, or general questions we would like to ask others, but they don't have much meaning outside of your own head unless you can communicate some specifics that in a way symbolize or illustrate your profundities. These specifics, of course, have to be similar or sound familiar in some way to your reader if he is to make sense out of your sentences.

I'm going to lay some theory down about what meaning means in mass communication, specifically in writing. By "writing," I mean the creative writing of editorials, letters-to-the-editor, and magazine material. This is not "reportage," the repetition of facts, for which the goal is objectivity and minimum of interpretation.

Then I'm going to discuss the entertaining that has to go on as part of the meaning; when we move from objectivity we begin writing on many levels of the mind and emotions. This is how we want it, us radical rowdies. We break the cold status quo mold and capture our audience with humor, drama, and freedom of alternatives that are missed by Mr. Average Citizen/Student in the daily routine. One's meaningful message must compete with many distractions and biases to be read by more than those with some vested moral or economic or academic interest in it. It competes by entertaining.

I will start by telling you about "storyline." Not any ordinary storyline that shows plot and character development from a beginning to an ending, for bad stories have that. But a storyline that the writer has already walked, and guides the wary reader along by careful selection of landmarks, sounds, hints, and rewards. Finally, we want to deal with a storyline that serves the purpose of the writer.
A story is off to a good start if it was born of genuine feelings evoked by some incident, incidental or immense. The storyline guides the reader along some journey resembling the success the writer has had in progressing from undirected outrage, perhaps, to an understanding or achievement that answers that outrage. If the writer stays true to the way he has traveled from chaos to significance, while developing the story, then he stands a fair chance of ringing the bells of "truth" in his fellow human beings.

The storyline takes the reader on a journey from one external incident to another incident somehow related to it. While it would be ineffective to just tell abstractly what (you think) the truth is, the external plot that is written with an ear to that ringing will get your truth across much better. As Aristotle said before we were born, "Men are better or worse, according to their moral bent; but they become happy or miserable in their actual deeds. In a play ... the agents do not perform for the sake of representing their individual dispositions; rather the display of moral character is included as incidents of the plot. . . ." In a story, too, your reader will become happy or miserable but not bored if you give your meaning through action.

I've always wondered how good writers write good stories sometimes hundreds of pages long, and sometimes a magazine article length, and do it at a rate of several pages a day. I have been plagued by "tenths-draftitis." I have a hundred pages for a seven-page story, and still not gotten it right.

Good writers have a knack for finding an "angle." It involves having a sense of what point you want to make, and how to use it as a compass direction while searching and sniffing through reams of personal experiences, worldly events, and idiosyncrasies of your intended readers for the little tidbits that will fit together into a tight story.

Here is a drawing of what a good storyline looks like:
a surprise, a snafu, or a falling apple, perhaps. He is not totally unpre-
pared for the unusual, however. He's been in the habit of extending himself.11
He's been konked before. He's become a writer for the same reason others
become jujitsu masters—to use the force of the enemy to one's own advantage.12
The writer has a peace within himself that is his jujitsu. He gains advantage
by gaining a reader.

The jolt does not stun for long before it generates outrage or another
strong emotion. Many plots and internal dialogs spring from his rage, like rays
form a hot bulb. He has many ideas, but they are ruled meaningless in the court
of his mind unless they can be used to convince others.

He had reckoned the position of the reader before, by direction, or by
proximity to other points. By some talent he sees a way, incident by random
incident, through the world that confronts us all, to a point of significance
that will entice the reader to enlarge his thoughts and actions in a direction
towards him; towards but against" chaos."13

As every plot that does not connect with the reader is meaningless, it
is not moral. Morality only exists between people: a story that brings people
together is moral. A story that is not read is non-moral.14 If the writer fails
to fight the meaningless jungle of incidents and the unexposed forces behind
them, to the reader, he loses readers to the jungle, the jungle expands, and
the next reader is that much harder to reach. Creating meaning is a moral act.
The storyline can also be compared to the vicarious journey of a shaman. The shaman is a member of a tribe who has the "talent" to travel into "the other world." He takes with him the hopes and needs of the tribe. He returns from trance. His talent is also in captivating his tribe with an account of his experience (not in writing but in dramatic recounting). His visions are usually accepted with authority, and are used to guide future activity. Whether or not shamans are shamans that return with colorful visions of the status quo, I don't know. These days, sham is everywhere!

Some writers claim they intuit the enlightening point they finally want the reader to see, then figure out how to get there, as they contemplate the typewriter tabula rasa. Others feel the direction first, not knowing or discovering what point they are heading, being preoccupied with choosing their next step, compass in hand, until a voice says "I'm there."

In a book called writing to be Read, the author says that "good writers often talk of finding an angle. They mean a line of direction which will intersect writer, subject, and audience on the way to a point." One good writer, Samuel Butler, has said though, that "I have always found that there is some one point or other in which I can see my way." It's hard to whether one should find an angle or a point first. It is learned by practice how the writing process goes for you, like learning to swim by the "sink or swim" method.

The writer also learns what his writing voice sounds like. I mention three writing voices later. They are: Elevated language of the intellect, kitchen language of the guts, and imaginative language from an alchemy of both. I discourage using Elevated language in the Planet, but I suspect that some sincere activists talk to themselves and act within themselves with Elevated language. And so they must write. Kitchen lingo is an informal, undefensive and frank style. Imaginative language is less direct and more cogitative, cogitating connections by more sublime force.

Finding your written voice increases that peace inside, despite conflict.
That peace, your jujitsu, keeps you from thinking you can encourage anyone your way by speaking out of accord with yourself.

Encouragement is trivial if it is pertinent to no struggle. Meaning is as inseparable from conflict as it is from being read. Of conflict is meaning conceived; by reading is it born. There can be no better way without a bad way.

There will be no better way if it is not seen by many.

Lies

"It is not calumny or treachery that does the largest sum of mischief in the world...it is the softly spoken lie; the amiable fakery; the patriotic lie of the historian, the provident lie of the politician, the zealous lie of the partisan, the merciful lie of the friend, and the careless lie of each man to himself, that casts that black mystery over humanity, through which any man who pierces, we thank as we would thank one who dug a well in the desert."
I have reread almost every word in the five 1980 Planets. I have chosen articles from each that upon reexamination by ye ex-editor demonstrate some damned good paragraphs and some pretty poor editing. I certainly had plenty of time to edit every issue. They came out in November, February, March, May, and June. But it's amazing what can only be seen with a year's perspective.

Shadows on Teddy Bear

Gene Myers

Teddy Bear Cove is a saltwater beach with two sandy sunbathing areas isolated by a rocky point of madrons and fir trees. This point shelters the beach from prevailing winds, and has tidepools and sculptured rocks for diving into the deep clear water.

Teddy Bear Cove is only two and a half miles from central Bellingham and secluded from the hustle of highways. This and much more is what would be needed to replace Teddy Bear Cove.

Unfortunately, all such substitutes are privately owned and are inaccessible to the public, which has used Teddy Bear Cove for many years. It was with much alarm that a group organized last spring when it heard that Teddy Bear Cove was up for sale.

Research disclosed that protective covenants prohibit subdivision and other actions on the 12.5 acre parcel, and this information helped halt the sale. Over the summer an appraisal of the property revealed that the site is marginally suitable for building and poses serious percolation problems.

Preserving Teddy Bear Cove is a tricky proposition. One suggested tactic is purchase by the Associated Students.

The beach has long been used by students, is easily accessible from campus, and is well within the students' buying power. Its purchase by the Associated Students will preserve the very best of vanishing green space along Chuckanut Bay.

A possible political problem is the fact that Teddy Bear Cove is often used in an unclothed manner. While the congenial atmosphere and unique experience at the beach may depend on this fact, the ultimate question is whether or not the beach and forested hillside will be closed off for private use.

Western students will be asked what they think about using their money to buy Teddy Bear Cove, and about how this should be done. The potential and problems of this purchase deserves thought. There will be talks and a ballot referendum to inform the student body. Keep your ears open for more information on this issue, and most of all, go and see Teddy Bear Cove yourself.
A newspaper story on the plight of Teddy Bear Cove would, of course, tell where exactly this Teddy Bear is found. One of Jim Shuster's big criticisms of Gene's story was that he only says "Teddy Bear Cove is a saltwater beach with two sandy sunbathing areas isolated by a rocky point of madrona and fir trees," and "go and see Teddy Bear Cove for yourself." This story is an example of one way to handle the dilemma of getting popular support for a wilderness area and keeping it a wilderness at the same time. Lots of people are aroused about the Cove issue, and far fewer will go through the intermediary step of having to ask other students where it is.

Jim Shuster manages the Viking Union, and is the official advisor to the Services Council, of which The Environmental Center coordinator is a member. The Monthly Planet is no longer a function of the Center, but it was last year, and I met with him after every issue for criticism. I hope this year's editor continues the tradition, and improves it. Advice before going to the Print Shop intrinsically more valuable than after, if you catch my drift!

"I lie on a blessed beach freely reaping the sun's gifts. As accompaniment to the solar symphony playing on my back, flute and guitar music echo from the base of a small cliff: orchestration for the spontaneous choreography of three young children. . . ." "Blessed beach," "solar symphony," and "spontaneous choreography" capture in sounds an increment of their meaning. This kind of writing occurs under the influence of inspiration. Gene's inspiration came from the sun and the shadow. It came from conflict, and he journeys from existential conflict to concrete action: "a group organized last spring when it heard that Teddy Bear Cove was up for sale," "research disclosed that . . .," "there will be talks and a ballot referendum," and "one suggested tactic is purchase by the Associated Students" make this a victorious story. The victory first is that he establishes for the reader a potent symbol of the threat of its sale, in the creeping shadow that disturbed him one afternoon. Secondly, he has put his clothes back on, and rather than give in to the shadow of the Whatcom County real estate market, too, he has uncovered ways to make it possible to keep the sun shining on Teddy
However, his little story would have more meaning, more impact, if para. 5 followed para. 1. "Teddy Bear Cove is for sale" after all the orchestration and choreography would be a bit of a shocker, and also let the reader know sooner what the reason for the story is. A story that doesn't deal with a problem is a dull story.

Newspaper journalism calls putting the main topic in the fifth paragraph "burying the lead." The "lead" can be submerged more in a magazine story because the reader, theoretically, is not in quite such a hurried and objective mood. He has a little more patience. But not much more!

Moving para. 5 up would also eliminate the rhetorical question at the end of para. 4. Whether or not it would remain intact would be a full-grown concern by the time the reader read the sixth paragraph.

Para. 9 says that "research disclosed that protective covenants prohibit subdivision and other actions," and that the site is "marginally suitable for building and poses serious percolation problems." The message seems to be that there is no real problem. Gene definitely should have followed this paragraph up with why he thinks there still is a problem. Perhaps because the Cove is so enticing, it is likely that someone would still want to build near it, even if it is only "marginally suitable." But it definitely needs to be said!

The beat of Queen shakes the closed door of an Omega dormitory room. A subtle tag on the door warns of "hormonious" beings inside. The smell of stale beer rises from the hallway rug.

This sort of environment is home for 600 Western students. It probably affects the way they think and act.

Ten residents of Omega dormitory, an upperclass dorm, recently described the good and bad aspects of the dorm environment.

"I live here so I don't have to wash dishes," said Jeff Vickers. Tim Spear said, "I'm so impressed with living here that I'm signing up for an R.A. position next quarter. We've got a good group of people here. I don't know anyone who wants to move."

Ex-Omega resident Frank VanHaren said, "Around here beer drinking comes first, academics second, and going to church third."

There were contrasting views on the amount of privacy in Omega. Four of the residents said, "It's easy to leave and go somewhere else if you want more privacy."

One woman said, "There's a small town atmosphere here, lots of rumors and gossip."

Jeff Vickers said, "If it wasn't for my single room, I would have cut out of here last Christmas."

Another resident said, "I know most of the people on my floor, but many people know only a few neighbors."

One woman said she knew only a few neighbors. Her other neighbors don't like her because she tells them they make too much noise.

Three other residents said they knew most of the people on their floor. They said that having many friends was a prime attraction to dorm living.

Residents also had conflicting opinions on the "partying" that goes on in Omega. One resident said, "I like the partying atmosphere in the dorm."

Jeff Vickers, "It's an upper class dorm but to me it's still has a freshmen atmosphere."

VanHaren said, "When people put loud music on they open their door to let you hear their 'fine' selection and powerful wattage."

Seven of the people interviewed said they felt no peer pressure from other residents. One resident said unwelcome visitors that won't leave are a constant nuisance. "There's a lot of 'leeches' and insecure people here," he said.

The extent to which dorm rules are followed varies. One resident who would not give her name said male and female residents often sleep together in spite of the rules against it.

Three residents said dorm rules make dorm living similar to living at home. Four other residents said they feel more freedom living in the dorm than they had at home.

The resident aides in Omega received mixed reviews.

Tim Spear said, "We have excellent aids who really care about people. They bring the whole crowd together."

Another resident called the activities organized by the R.A.'s "childish."

The residents complained about the cafeteria food. "Tastes like dog food," said one resident.

Residents' opinions of the dorm environment seem to vary widely. Despite the unpleasant aspects of dorm living, dorm space is in great demand at Western.

Jim Shu thought the Omega illustration was good. Of course, I put the squiggly lines in. It is also appropriate, because the quotes differ from black to white (and alpha to omega).

The point of the story is hard to believe, if you are a sophisticated enough thinker to realize that environmentalism applies to dormitories as much as to the d-2 bill. "This sort of environment ... probably affects the way they think and
act. It is not a pointless banality for the average Western student. As a matter of fact Jim Shu didn't comprehend what in heck the whole article was going in the Planet environmental rag, and he warned me that if it overlapped the western Front's territory the A. S. might not fund it anymore. He was starting to get educated. "Territory" is a very environmental word, you see, and so is 'dormitory,' Jim. . . ."

"The beat of Queen shakes the closed door of an Omega room" (1) uses alliteration as alluringly as "accompaniment to the solar symphony playing on my back," though with a different drummer. (I never noticed 'til now this parallel with "Shadows on Teddy Bear." They both begin on the front page, and I am impressed that my subconscious sense of the obvious controlled the layout.)

Mark had an easy job pointing up the conflict in opinions. That is the only reason the article is more stirring than Gene's. Mark does little more than randomly list his quotes, but chances were that any quote would be next to a conflicting one. "I live here so I don't have to wash dishes" (4) and "I'm so impressed with living here that I'm signing up for an R. A. position next quarter" (4) are weakly related. The relationship needs to be spelled out: "the reasons students choose to live in Omega dorm range from the trivial to the profound."

Perhaps an in-depth interview of two residents that Mark found to have opposite views, would have had more continuity to make the conflicts stick better to the reader's memory. It's obvious that Jeff Vickers is as unimpressed with Omega as Tim Spear is ignorant of "anyone who wants to move."

(But the article as is did impress enough Omega residents to force Jeff Vickers to wash his own dishes. I tried to get a follow-up story on Jeff. He was unhospitable by the time I got hold of him, but not talkative. This was a story that should have been pursued!)

The article gives a poor impression of Omega Dorm. The last paragraph is diplomatic. We probably didn't lose our new readers in Omega. At least I didn't help Jeff wash any dishes.
Diary of an Organizer

MATTHEW WORSWICK

"Wake up you damned shortsighted fools! The energy is running out! The Crunch is coming!" I wanted to shout. I wanted to hook up a cosmic PA system and broadcast to the world! I wanted people to wake up, to listen...to understand!

So much to know: bleak forecast for oil supplies, numerous problems with nukes, coal, synfuels and other substitutes, exciting potentials of renewable...els, necessity of conservation and increased efficiency in energy use... It all points to large changes in our institutions and lifestyles - in the structure of our society. (What! No more Cadillacs! What's the deal, man?) So much to know...we must all know, but how...?

My fervor's growing along with a plan, a program - an educational conference!

And it begins:

What topics? What speakers? Calls were made, letters sent... The network expanded...

Let's get a BIG name:

Barry Commoner, will you come? Oh, won't that be spectacular! Weeks are passing, anticipation/anxiety..."Sorry he can't make it...damn!...Amory Lovins, will you come? He'll be a big draw! No response, he's out of the country - drat! Keep trying...John Sawhill will you come?

Another month has gone by:

It's getting bigger...I need help..."Will you help?" There's so much to be done! Sawhill fell through.

And people are responding:

"I'll help! What should I do?" Oh fantastic, they're interested, they'll make the conference bigger, better, Yahooo! "I'll coordinate the Jam and the Fair" says Ed..."Can I organize the grant writing seminar?" asks Melissa..."I'll do the films" volunteers Michelle. "I'll put out the publicity" says Laurie..."I'm with you all the way" added Jenny.

And it's growing and growing:

More programs, more helpers: Tom, Bob, Ron, Larry, Gil...Wow, thanks everybody! More letters...more meetings, late nights...skipped lunches...phone calls, hundreds of calls...sprinting from office to office, phone to phone...rush, rush, take care of details, details...

And it's getting enormous:

The Bellingham Chamber of Commerce will help...the Campus Conservation Committee will help...the student councils will help ($$$)...And volunteers keep pouring in...photographers, projectionists, construction crew members, info booth helpers, artists. My God, look at all the helpers, they're all involved, they care! It's so big, it's hard to believe!

It's almost here, and it's huge:

Thirty seven programs, seventy six speakers...forty exhibitors...topics covering the entire spectrum of energy issues.

And the Conference has begun.

I stood at the podium introducing the keynote speaker, Jack Robertson, the spotlights are on, reporters and photographers poised...

And the room is full...the people are there...they're awake...they're listening...
I said about 10 pages back that "an organizer who knows how to organize" can revolutionize Huxley students today. That was a safe statement since Matt had already demonstrated it.

He starts out with an eyepopper all right: "Wake up you damned shortsighted fools!" But by the end of para. 1 the reader is left dizzy rather than wide-eyed and raring to read on. Five exclamations are three too many for any one, by my count, in a single paragraph.

Editor's fault. I think I was a little intimidated by "Mr. Organizer." He had just pulled off a huge coup for energy education and The Environmental Center. And "Diary of an Organizer" was his pure statement of what the Energy Conference of 1980 meant to its progenitor. But "Mr. Editor," however distant they may seem at times like 1 a.m. in ESC535, has his responsibility to the reader. What goes to the Print Shop should have as much meaning for the reader, not the writer, as possible. Mr. Editor is the reader's representative. Matt was still energized from the conference, and should have been divested of some exclamation.

The meaning of the overemotional first paragraph is unaccessible to the reader. The reader can not share the emotion, and therefore feels alienated instead.

Matt does soon come down closer to normal voltage with a list of "numerous problems" and "large changes" he thinks need addressing. "We must all know, but how?", he adds. The most amazing thing about Matt was how he could be so excited about the "potentials of renewable fuels." If it wasn't for the demonstration of his hard-working conference organizing, his question "but how?" would have sounded like the the toot before a lengthy (but combustible) bull shot.

If this stream of consciousness concerned some daydream he had last month, this "Diary" would be the disgusting contortions of a frustrated mind. People don't want to hear someone else's frustrations, unless there is a path of fulfillment alluded to or demonstrated.

"Diary" could have been improved if it made more distinct progress from a
dream to a conference. I should have asked Matt to add after "(What! No more Cadillac? What's the deal, man?) So much to know... we must all know, but how...?" (2), the following transition: "I woke up, and began to write the seeds of a plan, a program—an educational conference!" I also should have made the three corrections inside the parentheses I just typed before today—almost exactly one year since Matt handed it to me.

In the last paragraph the damned shortsighted fools are awake and listening—and probably watching. "Diary" is a real story; an example of how one person's initial outrage was channelled into action that had meaning for a lot of folks.
I had a professor once, a strange and world renowned paleontologist. During a lecture he drew one of those graph arrangements college professors seem so fond of. It plotted world population against time: simple, obvious, and depressing to those of us here near the top of the curve.

The curve began at a low level and rose ever more steeply, forming a shape that people at Huxley call a "J" curve or exponential growth curve. But this guy had another point to make beyond the obvious problem of runaway population growth. He took his piece of chalk and went back to the point on the graph that marked the world's population at the dawn of agriculture, about 10,000 years ago and 3 feet on his graph, from the present. Then he told us that if he were to continue that line, it would extend for about 13 miles.

In other words, folks, the professor's point was that we've spent a whole lot more time staring into campfires than we have huddled around space heaters: an incredible, mind-boggling amount of time.

"What's your point?" I hear people say. I really do think that "it's all in your point of view." As we struggle along here here on the steep slope of the "J" curve coping with the side effects of growth and technological progress and fighting over fossil fuels, it might help to remember that we did have a "steady state" society once. We were once able to live fairly lightly on the Earth. We did it for a millenium, not for the few years that we call "stability" now.

Certainly we lacked some of the accoutrements of civilization, but these have proven to be something of a mixed blessing. Perhaps it wasn't so bad around the campfire. We can't go home again, but perhaps we can create something like it. Those of us who, in our utopian fantasies, envision a green and peaceful earth with a reasonable amount of people on it, can take heart in realizing it's been done before.
An Another Way to Study Ecology

STEPHANIE WILDS

The beginning of a quarter is an excellent time for confusion, and I was no exception this past fall. Arriving as a wide-eyed transfer student, I found myself installed in the Fairhaven dorms, not sure where Huxley College was located, and badly needing a place to grow some roots.

I quickly disregarded the warnings I had received regarding Fairhaven College students, and discovered a delightful, growing, active community brimming with creative and energetic people. Despite kind invitations to join them in Fairhaven College, I had long before set sights toward Huxley and Environmental Studies, and so my road led toward that grey and ominous building looming above the play fields.

Fairhaven could not be abandoned totally, however. My room overlooked a pasture and the resident goats and rabbits drew me out to the land, the pond and the life-giving sun.

Soon I was working regularly in the gardens of Outback, Fairhaven College's experimental farm, and before I knew it, I was moving into the cabins on the ridge above.

Living in Outback is a dream come true. Not only are we all learning homesteading skills and how to live happily in a rustic environment, but I've discovered how to create an environment, how to make it self-sustaining, and how to live within it.

This five acre plot behind Fairhaven is no agricultural tract. It is a bit of land altered just enough to make room for ourselves and our few animals. Our gardens are carefully planted to provide good year-round crop yield. Natural deterrents like marigolds are planted to keep out weeds that are inedible. Large amounts of compost material from SAGA is our only fertilizer.

Outback is a sea of experiments in alternative energy, from the solar dehydrator and compost-heated greenhouse to the windspinner, composting toilet, and skylight-illuminated cabins. In those sunlit rooms can usually be found hard-
Alan does an effective job of combining a mathematical abstraction that people at Huxley call a 'J' curve," with cavemen "staring into campfires." He uses the J curve to slide us back from the present time of "coping with the side effects of growth and technological progress and fighting over fossil fuels," to "the dawn of agriculture, about 10,000 years ago," when "we did have a 'steady state' society" and were "able to live fairly lightly on the Earth."

Why is he effective? He is dealing with pure abstractions, philosophy, and little else. But he hears the reader say "what's your point?," and he shows his point through self-deprecation, conversational style, and simplicity.

He also switches around the typical images of suffering cavemen and comfortable modern man with "home around the campfire" and presently struggling "on the steep slope of the 'J' curve."

"Campfire" is credible. It has a ring of sincerity. He uses a smooth, unaffected style that is free of defensiveness and pride. The professor who first told him about the J curve "drew one of those graph arrangements college professors seem so fond of." The prof is called "this guy." The author puts himself among those "who, in our utopian fantasies, envision a green . . . earth."

His smooth flowing style is not boring, because it alternates between what I have called "Elevated Language" and "kitchen language." Elevated: "paleontologist," "exponential growth curve." Kitchen: "this guy," "If he were to continue that line, it would extend for about 13 miles." Elevated: "technological progress;" kitchen: "and fighting over fossil fuels." Elevated: "we lacked some of the accoutrements of civilization;" kitchen: "it wasn't so bad around the campfire."

Alternation can keep the flow interesting without breaking the chain of thought with each of its links at a slightly different angle than the next. But in his first draft, Alan ended the second paragraph with "'Clear out to Lacey,' said the prof." The quote is humorous, and fits the professor's character. Yet it snapped a fragile spell Alan was creating. When a story is taking the
reader on a ride through "an incredible, mind boggling amount of time," a snappy quote can jar the controls of the time machine, and ruin the trip which is not to Lacey. (Where is Lacey?)

Incidentally, Jim Shu told me in the privacy of his office during Planet review #2, that "Around the Campfire" really made him look at his Sudden Valley apartment differently. We talked a quarter hour about living lightly on the earth, and something about putting a fireplace in the Viking Union TV room.

With this issue the Planet turns more controversial. "Engineer" discusses a large sum of money being foolishly spent by the Administration. (This is one way we thought of to get the Administration types to read the Planet.) We attack Serra's iron, another six figure boondoggle. Well, we don't attack it exactly. We expose it to penetrating thought. Some apply the spray can of truth to its tabulae rasa. And we use it for a polling place.

"Engineer" by Stan Holmes got its start, fittingly, at the Energy Conference. I was personifying the Environmental Center display when this intense, middle-aged, balding, pot-bellied, blue-collar grey-shirted man came over to grab at Center pamphlets. He pulled something from an inside coat pocket: five hand-written pages energy-saving ideas for the campus. His name: Richard Severson.

1. Richard Sverson is a man of means. He works for Western Washington University as a steam engineer. And during his hours of guiding the heating and cooling system for the entire campus, Sverson thought up a very intelligent, energy efficient program to recycle solid wastes and use that energy to heat the college campus.

2. Sverson's idea is to utilize all burnable waste collected on campus, throw it into a roaring hot boiler which would generate enough
engineer... electricity to heat most of college. Electrical costs would be cut by half, and our dependency upon fossil fuels significantly reduced.

Necessity never made a good bargain and the Western administrators are following suit.

Svenson's plan coincides with a prevailing mood of the day: energy conservation. Our country is in desperate need to conserve its fuels, but necessity never made a good bargain and the Western administrators are following suit. Instead, Western has pumped in $800,000 to construct an air conditioning system so that the few students, faculty, and administrators who attend summer quarter can be comfortable and cool.

Svenson's frustration becomes apparent as he talks about his expended effort to try and make the administrators realize the unique opportunity and feasibility that his plea would offer. "It doesn't seem practical to install a complete air conditioning unit on campus when the majority of students do not attend the University in summer quarter. It costs as much to run the chiller unit (the main cooling system that controls the air conditioning on campus) as it does to run all the electricity on campus," Svenson remarked. Svenson contends that the prevailing westerly winds off Bellingham Bay are sufficient to cool the campus in summertime.

Were Svenson's plan implemented, this is how it would work: Utilize the already constructed chiller plant adjacent to the steam room and construct another boiler to accept solid waste. The solid wastes would be collected from all over campus and continuously fed into the boiler. Hence, a self-sufficient cycle would develop as solid wastes gathered from students and faculty departments would be brought to the steam plant as fuel for the fire. This fire would heat the boiler and in turn, repay the students and administrators in cheap electric bills, and alleviate our dependence on fossil fuels.

If administrators decide to build the waste-burning facility as an addition to the steam plant, construction costs would be minimal.

If administrators decide to build the waste-burning facility as an addition to the existing steam plant, construction costs would be minimal compared to plans already subjected before them. Adequate room exists next to the steam plant so the steam engineers could control the boiler without having to travel off campus. And the solid wastes boiler would be situated within easy access for students and faculty alike.

Huge costs that Western now pays for transporting all solid wastes to Ferndale would be cut drastically. Svenson points out that the administration is wasting thousands of dollars in transportation costs and incinerator fees. "We are burning money into the sky right now," he angrily says.

Ironically, Svenson believes that instead of building a solid wastes boiler on campus and utilizing the chiller room, the administration wants to go ahead and pump their $800,000 into an air conditioning unit for the campus and then pump more funds into a solid wastes boiler off campus. In effect, we are paying an outlandishly high price for something we do not need. The expense of constructing a completely new solid wastes boiler off campus is at least twice the amount of Svenson's plan.

We are burning money into the sky.

As energy becomes harder to exploit, alternatives should be scrutinized and comprehensively examined.

The self-sufficiency and economic feasibility of his plan outweigh negative aspects. His is only one answer to the increasing pressure of meeting our energy needs at school. It's an enormous problem. Let's hope the administration adapts the most viable solution.

The Monthly Planet is funded by Associated Students as the environmental publication of the Environmental Center. The Planet is responsible for fostering environmental awareness across campus. It is not responsible for individual views expressed in it.
VITUPERATION

BRIAN BLIX

Haines, Alaska has been my home for the last two years. It and Schnabel Lumber Mill are located 60 miles north of Juneau on one of the longest and most beautiful fjords in the world. Norwegian tourists visit "Lynn Canal" on luxury liners. Thousands travel it on the "marine highway" ferries.


Eagles and timber are exceedingly difficult topics for Haines residents to discuss objectively. Many consider themselves to be more endangered specimens than the eagles 20 miles upriver.

My following letter appeared in the Lynn Canal News last September 12, after the mill's obsolete waste burner came back to life. The names and organizations parallel one that you are familiar with: Georgia Pacific, the Bellingham Chamber of Commerce, Dixy Lee Ray, SCANP:

The timber sale is noticeably affecting Haines already. Strange loggers are in town, and smoke from Schnabel's illegal incinerator is hanging low in Lynn Canal.

I thought the new wood-burning generator plant was going to replace that trashy metal teepee that is sending its smoke signals and stink past Haines again. My naivete sometimes dismayes me.

The layer of smoke over the canal is a symbol for the layer of fear and propaganda John Schnabel, the Alaska Miners Association, and the Haines Coalition have laid over Haines. To take the smoke analogy a bit farther, as Israel was led through the desert by a pillar of smoke, so shall Schnabel lead Haines through the economic desert.

There are too many followers, and not enough individuals in town with the simple courage to stray from the party line. Frequent intimidation of Lynn Canal Conservation individuals, by bombastic letters of personal attack printed in this paper, and even death threats over the phone, have not fostered freedom of speech in our friendly little town.

The fabled fire-eaters Meshack, Shadrack and Abednego had it cool in King Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace, compared to "greenies" in this town who don't accept "refined" Schnabel operations or the Alaska Miners Assn. "multiple use" propaganda. The heat will really be on when Merrill Palmer, Carl Heinmiller, John Schnabel, and other opinion leaders stoke the furnace of public opinion again, after SEACC files an injunction that shuts Schnabel down as I hope they have the courage to do.

I'm taking environmental studies down south for the next few months. Good luck, greenies, and to anybody of any color who doesn't wilt under the sight and smell of King Schnabel's incinerator.

The letter violated some taboos of who says what, and when and how things are said. It was a needle puncturing a social blister filled with smalltown frustrations. Many direct replies followed, some from locals who had never written a public letter before. The "teepee burner" shut down the following week. I will claim some credit. At least I made some enemies:

Mr. Blix is right—John Schnabel is a "king." He certainly stands head and shoulders over most people in this valley. A smaller person would have given up fighting the Idiots a long time ago. I grew up in this valley and don't remember a time when Schnabel Lumber Co. wasn't fighting to provide jobs for our people.

(Frist: Nature, 2 re, lack of money—now I'm fighting the Idiots.) I admire John Schnabel, his wife Erma and his children. Erma's kitchen has always been warm and open to the kinnet, the kids and just anybody.

And ... "You can rest assured he has figured out some angle for the taxpayers, including those from Haines, to subsidize his education so that he can return to this valley in the spring to use this newly acquired education against us." And ...

The Editor

"THE EAGLES FURTHER FOUND THEY WERE UNINTERESTED IN THE LUMBERING BUSINESS SO KNOWING QUITE WELL I WOULD RECEIVE CONFLICTING REPORTS FROM ENVIRONMENTALISTS AUDUBON SOCIETY'S ORNITHOLOGISTS SIERRA CLUBS UNIVERSITY OF ALASKA LIBRARY OF CONGRESS ETC AND THAT ALL WOULD PROBABLY STATE THAT THE BALD EAGLE IS AN ENDANGERED SPECIES AND NEEDS PROTECTING I DID NOT CONSULT THEM HA HA AND A FEW SHORT YEARS AGO THERE WAS A BOUNTY ON EAGLES AND SO IT GOES HOMO COMMUNISTE"

Spend a summer in Haines. It offers fantastic opportunities for wilderness worship, and enlightenment in the difficulties of "environmental education" far afield.

THE MONTHLY PLANET REVOLVES AROUND YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS. BECOME FAMOUS--GIVE YOUR ENVIRONMENTAL WRITING TO THE PLANET: ESC 535

Gary (Indiana) sends greetings to western.
I sent Stan on this man's trail. He interviewed Mr. Severson (alias Svenson) at the steam plant. He had no problem getting Mr. Severson to talk. However, he did have trouble learning his real name, which is very important.

The 1st paragraph is flat, because it ends in the past tense. Rather than "Svenson thought up a very intelligent, energy efficient program": "Severson has figured out a way," for three reasons. One, it is simpler, i.e. three words shorter. Two, it is left up to the reader to decide if it is intelligent and efficient, which is what the rest of the story is for. You don't want the reader to arrive at your conclusions before the story gets interesting! What a boring ride. Three, it is an active, not a passive, tense.

"Engineer" is a good story. Severson is angry, and qualified to do something about it, if only the BMOC's would listen. And he needs the Planet's help.
The facts are simple. We can burn our garbage to produce steam to heat half the campus, instead of "burning money into the sky," at the dump. The chiller plant can be converted into a boiler room economically, and we have the man who knows how to do it. The only drawbacks are this could make a few people sweat during cool summer, and make BMOC's hot under the white collar.

Despite the simple storyline, Stan got himself tangled in it. We had to have a "Corrections" column next issue, after receiving several angry phone calls.

If Mr. Editor had Stan change the paragraph order, one correction would have not been needed. The order of the storyline is, untwisted, 1) introduce Severson. This is an interview of sorts. Say he knows a way to save Western a lot of money. 2) His plan. 3) The Administration's plan. 4) The former's advantages and the latter's disadvantages.

You see, Stan had mentioned the $800,000 cost of air conditioning equipment in two widely separate paragraphs--3 and 8. The BMOC's called me up to protest that we wrote they were spending $1,600,000. Lack of clarity can be costly in controversy. I imagined the Western Front and the Administration getting together and deciding that the Planet's $550 budget could be better used to air condition some
hot-headed students in ESC next year. If Stan had put everything describing the Administration's plan, the completed and the uncompleted parts, together, this friction wouldn't have occurred.

Sloppy wording didn't help, either. "The administration wants to go ahead and pump their $600,000 into an air conditioning unit . . . and then pump more funds into a solid wastes burner." The sentence order sandwiches a past act (pumping $600,000 into an air conditioning unit) between the first and second half of a future act (pumping more funds into a solid wastes burner.) It's easy to see how someone could swallow that, and belch up a $1,600,000 price tag! All the parts were there, but I couldn't see they were in the wrong order.

To tell the truth, only now, 10 months later, do I understand this article. I should have had more faith that if I don't understand it, most others will not, either. The moral of the story is, "If the editor doesn't understand why an article is unenlightening, he should be safe and assume it is unenlightening." Else next year's budget might enlighten the sky above a chiller plant.

(Read the "Letters to the Ed." section of the May Planet, for more comments on "Engineer.")

Monthly Planet Poll: Serra

V. FATE PUTMAN
AND
MIKE COX

1 "What is your opinion of the Serra sculpture?" Two hundred twenty-six Western students were given a chance to share their ideas on the newest edition to Western's Outdoor Museum. In a poll conducted by the Monthly Planet, 79% of those persons polled said they didn't like the sculpture, 13% voiced approval, while 8% were undecided. Eighty percent of those who liked the sculpture were juniors and seniors.

2 We asked, "Who was the Art Committee trying to please when they purchased this sculpture?" Only 5% marked "students". One person thought the Committee was pleasing themselves, and wrote, "God knows it wasn't me."

3 Our next question asked students whether or not they thought the $130,000 was spent wisely. Very few people thought the expenditure was justified. In fact, over half of those who liked the sculpture did not feel it was worth the money! One such student wrote, "I enjoy watching people voice their opinions on the work of art. It gives me pleasure to laugh at it." Some people felt the money could have been used for other forms of art, such as student art.

4 Only 16% felt the Serra sculpture serves "the purpose of art" on campus. Very few thought that purpose is "education" (5%) or "to inspire creative thought" (17%). Some people had their own ideas and added, "To enhance the landscape;" "To reflect the students' lifestyles and thoughts;" and "To blend naturally with the environment." By this time the ball was really rolling. We wanted to get the students' true feelings of the Serra sculpture, and if they felt it served the purpose that art should on campus. We asked, "Does Serra serve this purpose?" Eighty-four percent said no. Some comments were: "To me it represents our technolog-
ical society or perhaps the oppressive weight of technology." "At best it's the work of an architect, not an artist." "It opposes environmental quality." "What a waste of natural resources." "I wish it was invisible." Some of the people who liked it wrote--- "It takes time to understand and not enough people are willing to spend the time." "It inspires controversy of which we need some more around here."

Seven indicated that though they don't presently like it, the expense was justified.

6 In our opinion, students should be the main concern of the Art Committee when selecting a sculpture. Also, $130,000 could have paid for a large variety of student sculptures, and perhaps should have.

7 A lot of people have different feelings concerning the 'Triangle'. Perhaps the only solution is for you to decide for yourself. Look closely at the sculpture; walk around it and through it. Judge not from just what other people have said or written; experience it for yourself.

"Monthly Planet Poll: Serra" is not a story, or even an article, but one of the best and most efficient activities done in the name of The Monthly Planet.

I am re-editing it now for two reasons. First, there is an art to reporting a poll. Second, Planet polls popularize the Planet so well, give environmentalists a tempting taste of constructive confrontation, and rapidly expand the awareness of those polled, that I hope including this critique of the art of polling will encourage the select readership of my tar and feathers to do more polls.

Two hundred and twenty six students were personally affronted by six foot six
V. Fate Putnam, five foot seven Mike Cox, and the one hundred and ten ton Serra Sculpture simultaneously. Two hundred and twenty six students decided to contribute a few minutes of their precious time.

There were about 100 students who had the guts to refuse, but I suspect that the damage was still done: they learned of and probably did not forget the Planet exists. Undoubtedly the poll actually made Fate, Mike, and the Planet more popular, and braver. Fate ran for the A.S. Board, vowing to investigate the Art Committee, and won. Mike figured that he had entered the big time, too, and became the next Environmental Center Program Coordinator. The Planet, of course, has always been brave and will always be brave.

Back to work. Fate and Mike's report is as artful as iron. Statistics are repeated from included poll results for most of the first paragraph and the second. I asked myself "so what?" four times in that first paragraph. "79% of those persons polled said they didn't like the sculpture, 13% voiced approval, while 8% were undecided. Eighty percent of those who like the sculpture were juniors and seniors." It sounds like Fate and Mike want to share their awe with their audience.

"While 8% were undecided" is insignificant, especially for an opening paragraph. Rather than quote raw stats, they could have taken one more step in the "tar refining" process, and made the significance stick better by saying "Those who liked the sculpture were outnumbered more than five to one by those who didn't."

Why were the vast majority of those who liked it upperclassmen? Was the 60% stat a fluke? It is possible that the actual number of those who like it was so small that it can't tell us much. Or did it just happen that 60% of all pollees were upperclassmen? Well, thirty is a fairly large number, and upperclassmen are in the minority. Even though this analysis doesn't cast much shadow, mention that they had considered it would underline the 60% stat's validity and pave the way for meaningful conclusions.

Well, "speculation is more accurate than "conclusion" for what one can extract
from this simple poll. One speculation Fate and Mike didn't make was that upper-
class folk (I will drop the sexist pronouns when it sounds right) like Serra
more because they have had more art appreciation classes. Or because they are more jaded.

"Who was the Art Committee trying to please when they purchased this sculpture?" insinuates pressure from special interests, lack of aesthetic criteria, and/or that they tried and failed. Strictly speaking, this question invalidates the whole poll!

"By this time the ball was really rolling" (5) describes their write-up's slow momentum, unfortunately. "We wanted to get the student's true feelings" (5) implies they hadn't succeeded with their earlier attempts, in paragraphs 1-4.

The write-up ends with speculations that are merely opinions of the poll takers, and almost unrelated to the results of the poll. It is harder, but more interesting and meaningful to interpret 226 X 5 opinions. "Judge not from just what other people have said or written" (7) is too appropriate to their analysis, and inappropriate as a final sentence of a poll write-up!

Since analysis wasn't their forte, Fate and Mike should have used many more interesting quotes. The few that they do share make us want more.
Jeff Porteous

I interviewed Orman D. Darby the other day doing my Clark Kent bit for the Planet. Orman is Georgia Pacific's public relations manager. I was curious to see what GP had to say for itself: curious because I've lived in Bellingham for nearly a year and still haven't gotten over the smell. But also curious because my father is building a pulp mill on the other side of the state.

When I walked into GP I expected to meet a Chamber-of-Commerce glad-hander in a three piece suit. Darby is none of that. He'd look a lot like Jack Nicklaus if Nicklaus was 5' 4'', spoke with a Texas accent and had hands and feet the size of the midget's on Fantasy Island.

He began: "In the area of environment... we talk only about the positive side, because if you look back to where we came from...what you look back on is a Pittsburgh-like view of Bellingham with the entire waterfront all the way from the concrete plant to Post Point Park being solid smoke stacks belching black smoke."

The man did his best to be positive. By the time I turned the tape over Orman was beginning to run low, and things were beginning to get a little more interesting. In regards to GP's recurring pollution of the air:

"Air pollution has largely been brought into compliance with government regulations in the last couple of years. Trying to remove that last bit, with current technology, will require as much money as the first 97%, so that's not a very appetizing improvement, particularly since we're within the current guidelines and are showing good faith efforts to find new technologies to get the remainder."

"We have fermentation going on in the alcohol plant, sulphur compounds for cooking the chips, and we create sulphur when we burn fuel in our steam plant. If we have an "upset" we call the Northwest Air Pollution Control Authority... They then penalize us according to their regulations. We've been fined many thousands of dollars many times in the past few years..."

My first thought was how many times and how many thousands of dollars would you
The MX

CHARLOTTE SORLIEN

The MX missile is part of a major new leap in the arms race. Until the latest series of weapons systems - the cruise missile, the Trident submarine, and anti-submarine warfare systems, the nuclear weapons policy was one of deterrence through Mutual Assured Destruction (MAD).

The U.S. presently has 30,000 tactical nuclear weapons and 9,200 strategic nuclear weapons, enough to destroy every major Soviet city 35 times (according to the Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists).

Now we are seeking the capability to launch a first strike on the Soviet Union: "flexible response" or "counterforce." In January, Harold Brown, Secretary of Defense, assured us. And so I volunteered to help with the Environmental Center's Spring Conference, "Global Problems and Human Values: The Future of Humanity and the Planet," and Carefest, too. I didn't have a lot of time to put in, but I said I'd do what I could.

Before I knew it, the very minor role I had envisioned for myself snowballed into being surrounded by schedules, posters, bookmarks and deadlines. The more time I spend with planning the week of events, however, the more enthusiastic I get. At least that's the way I feel sometimes.

Dr. Willis Harman, whom I've heard so much about, will be...
have to nick GP before they'd even notice. My second thought was about the coziness of the relationship GP has with the N.A.P.C.A.

6 But Orman pressed on: "The tuna fish odor, the so-called tuna fish odor, doesn't smell like tuna fish to me but about twice a year. The rest of the time it smells like baking bread... There are no known health hazards related to these odors, although I suppose you could smell something so long you could go out of your mind...."

7 "I'm really convinced that people who did not grow up here are far more sensitive to why does it have to smell like that?" I was transferred here six and a half years ago and I've never been bothered by it to any great extent."

8 Speaking about GP's efforts to clean up their air pollution act Darby ended the interview with this:

9 "There are capital limitations. If you build a black box to clean up air pollution and do so to the detriment of your ability to spend money on research and internal process improvements over a period of time you may have succeeded finally in throwing your whole wad in on the wrong bet. Even if the corporate directors would allow them to do it, it would have to be based on very sound decision making and so far they haven't come to those conclusions."

10 The man was nervous when I turned on my tape recorder and nervous even after I turned it off. I was puzzled. Why doesn't GP have a high powered flack to front for them in the community? My guess is they pay Darby in part to endure getting his balls buried by citizenry, which is a shame. Orman's not a bad guy. But that doesn't do anything about the stink in the air, does it?

11 So there you have it, GP's company presentation. As far as smelling like baking bread? Maybe Darby thinks it does.

12 As far as the old man's pulp mill goes, he tells me it's environmentally clean, the latest in Japanese technology, etc. The sulphur process that GP uses will be replaced in his mill by an oxygen process that does away with the stink. The water discharges will be drinkable. He even told me about a tank full of carp swimming around in the discharge created by a Japanese mill using the new process. The carp are supposed to be fat and sassy. But I wonder after listening to Mr. Darby. If there were only some way I could talk to those carp!

If there is a consistent idea running through the 1980 Planet, it is that serious topics are full of humor. If there is a subtle message it is that that humor is found in the particulars—not all of them, of course, but there is much less humor in abstraction.

"MP Interview: Baking Bread with G.P." is an excellent example of humanizing and humorizing a somber subject. "I interviewed Orman D. Darby the other day doing my Clark Kent bit for the Planet." (1) Love it! Truth is stranger than superman. Who would guess that a multinational corporation would have a p.r. manager with the wonderful name "Orman D. Darby."? Dandy Darby. Our man Orman.

Good ol' Orman. He's O.D.D. Jeff utilizes the Daily Planet image that accounts for the Monthly Planet's catchiness. He uses it well. It is Superman alias Clark Kent, vs. Georgia-Pacific Corporation alias Orman D. Darby.

Jeff immediately establishes his own interest in the interview. He's curious about the smell, and his father happens to be building a pulp mill (truth is stranger than fiction).
By establishing his personal interest in the subject, Jeff induces the reader to identify himself, to become a traveling partner in pursuit of the "truth."

Jeff is a good writer (he won an award for writing in *Klipsyn*). He structures the story around these two interests of his. His interview sticks to air pollution except at the end. We will see how lack of transition to water pollution causes some confusion there.

Confusion is the reader's distracting companion that the writer always competes with. I was confused when I captioned the photograph, "Where have all the fishes gone?" I forgot, at that moment, that the story is about the stink primarily.

Jeff could have made water pollution a distinct secondary topic by saying that his dad's new mill "will not only eliminate air pollution, but water pollution," in the middle of the last paragraph. "My father is building a pulp mill" (1) is sufficient introduction to this other mill. But since the article is almost entirely about the stink, the reader needs more chance to move into the realm of carp than is provided by "The water discharges will be drinkable." (14)

The transition would be better if the carp were in a paragraph all by themselves.

As Kent represents the *Planet*, Darby represents GP, the carp represent "the newer way. " Darby's personality personifies his weak arguments. "The carp are supposed to be fat and sassy. But I wonder after listening to Mr. Darby." If they aren't supposed to be? The next line doesn't clear things up: "If there were only some way I could talk to those carp!" So he can ask them what their proper girth and disposition should be? They are fat and sassy, symbolizing the health of the new process's discharge and the aggressiveness of the Japanese. Jeff misses out on the potential of the symbol. And the reader misses out, probably, on the logical question to ask the carp. He would ask them, as spokesfish for the newer technology, "how does it keep the tunafish away?"

I've taken care of Jeff's first and last paragraphs. The middle 13 contain interesting half-baked goodies of half-answered questions and half-developed
meanings and connections.

Paragraph 2: Jack Nicklaus looks like a glad-hander, as I recall. "When I walked into GP I expected to meet a ... glad-hander. ... Darby is none of that. He'd look a lot like Jack Nicklaus if Nicklaus was 5' 4"." So why the comparison with the golfer? It is too weak. "...the size of the midget's on Fantasy Island." Where is Fantasy Island? (Near Lacey?) "The size of a midget" is sufficient and comical by itself.

Paragraph 7: "My ... thought was about the cozyness of the relationship GP has with the N.A.P.C.A." No relationship has been established. "The coziness there could be in a relationship between. ..." is better.

Paragraph 9: "... People who did not grow up here are far more sensitive to 'why does it have to smell like that?'" Jeff had a chance here to ask him if new people might be more sensitive due to their values as well as their normal noses. And what are Darby's values? He wasn't born here, either.

Paragraph 11: "Even if the corporate directors would allow them to do it, it would have to be based on very sound decision-making. ..." It's not clear who "them" refers to, or what "it" is. Jeff was not quick enough at the time to interrupt Darby for clarification. However, in writing this he could have put in his own clarification. The way the paragraph reads now, the "them" refers to G.P., but the corporate directors are G.P. Evidently Darby is referring to plant managers or engineers. "It" seems to refer to the act of building "a black box... and do so to the detriment of your ability to spend money on research and internal process improvements" or "throwing your whole wad in on the wrong bet!" "It" refers to building a black box, but by the time Darby has finished the sentence, even Clark Kent wouldn't bet on it.

Paragraph 12: Jeff guesses that GP hired Orman "to endure getting his balls buried by citizenry." He implies that their spokesperson is impotent, but what advantage does he imagine GP accrues? The implication is that, after burying Orman's balls, citizenry will be content to let the black boxes be unbuilt. It's a "shame" not about his sore balls but that they serve GP's purpose well.
Appropriate Education

SCOTT REGAN

What are the dangers and opportunities inherent in the present world situation? What kinds of personal and institutional changes must we make as a society in order to avoid the dangers and take advantage of the opportunities? What would be the characteristics of a college education which would foster appropriate values, concepts and skills for making the best of our situation in the coming years? And finally, which of these characteristics can we recognize in the colleges of Fairhaven and Huxley and how might we foster those characteristics which may be lacking? These were the main questions underlying the "Education for Transformation Symposium" held at Fairhaven College on April 30 and May 1. Of course these are big questions, not the sort that can be resolved in two days, but hopefully the symposium got some people thinking.

I got the idea for the symposium over the Christmas break. I am a Fairhaven student and have taken a number of Huxley classes as a part of my program of study. Through my Huxley classes I have come to see that there are many environmental constraints which offer us imperatives for action which are presently being neglected, largely due to ignorance.

The course of recent events has amply demonstrated to me the unworkability of the traditional values inherent in our social institutions and lifestyles. To many of us it is becoming painfully evident that Western technο-industrial culture must undergo a transformation of some of its basic values if we are going to pass a healthy planet on to our grandchildren. This transformation of values must be based not upon environmental fanaticism or naive idealistic visions but upon a new and better understanding of the interconnected nature of our world.

To me this clearly implies the need for a new and better education, appropriate for the social and ecological context of today.

"THE OVERALL IDEA...WAS TO PLACE OUR EDUCATION IN THE BROADER SOCIAL AND ECOLOGICAL CONTEXT"

As I said, I've taken classes at both Fairhaven and Huxley. Each of them possesses some of the characteristics of the kind of college education I'm talking about. Each of them has serious deficiencies. But both of them together do poorly well. The strong points in one make up for the deficiencies in the other. I see great potential for better interaction between the two colleges. I hoped that the symposium would make students and faculty more aware of the complimentary opportunities provided by the colleges and also recognize the importance of these opportunities for modern society.

The symposium had three main sections. Each section was composed of a large group meeting time, where everyone met together to listen to presentations, followed by a small group meeting time, where we broke into discussion groups of about eight people.

The first section, "The World Scene: Realities, Possibilities," took place Wednesday night. We had a panel of four speakers discuss various aspects of the present world scene. Then small groups met to speculate on future scenarios.

The second section, "Transformation and Education," began Thursday morning with David Clarke talking about the personal, cultural and institutional transformations he sees as necessary for creating a sane, humane and ecological society. This was followed by my presentation on what I called "appropriate education" at the college level. Then small groups met to discuss characteristics of an "appropriate" college education.

During lunch time, people had the opportunity to participate in the "Grand Dance," a group dance aimed at allowing the individual to experience personal transformation. (The planning group didn't want the symposium to be strictly intellectual; we don't think transformations happen that way.)

The afternoon session, called "Fairhaven and Huxley—How Do We Fit?", was more informal than the other two. We began with Dean Mayer of Huxley and Dean Ager of Fairhaven talking about how they see the mission of their respective colleges. Then we had a series of short 3-4 minute presentations by various students, faculty and groups on campus who shared what they are doing and how it fits in with the transformation theme. After that, we were supposed to talk about (gulp!) life in the "real world". The plan was to have a faculty member from Fairhaven and Huxley Colleges talk about career opportunities presented to graduates of their respective college and then have a panel of ten graduates from Fairhaven and Huxley talk about their "real world" experiences. Un-

-Debbie Weatherly-
Ten Years After

JOHN PETERSON

The modern environmental movement has passed the historic ten year mark. The movement was preceded by a growing level of awareness about conservation and ecology in the late 1960's and was born out of the Earth Day activities of 1970. An increasingly high level of consciousness and organization made it the movement we know today.

It has achieved much in 10 years. National and state environmental protection laws were enacted, and used in the courts successfully. Citizens are more aware of their impact on the environment and the responsibility this requires.

The environmental movement is plagued by two major problems after ten years of growth: 1) a growing rift between environmentalists and other 'segments' of society and 2) limited effectiveness in the methods used to make changes.

The environmentalist's unique set of values and level of concern cause the first problem. These arise from our belief that the protection of the environment is the single most important thing. This belief influences our perception of almost every issue facing society. The urgency we place on certain issues is influenced by the importance we see in that issue as it relates to our environment.

However, other individuals see these same issues from their unique perspective. The urgency they place on these issues is influenced by their own values. They do not have a monopoly on truth nor do we (although all of us wish to believe we do).

I have a friend who has been logging on the Olympic Peninsula for a number of years. To me, clearcutting is an example of forestry at its worst. It wrecks local ecosystems and is an eyesore. My friend is not ignorant about the problems of clearcutting. He experiences its effects in his daily life. To him, though, clearcutting is the most advantageous way to harvest timber and provide his friends and neighbors with a livelihood. Neither of us are wrong. We just see things differently.

When the movement was younger it was important for environmentalists to reinforce their own views and ignore others to ensure the movement's survival. Now, it is more important for environmentalists to listen to and accept the perceptions of others while sharing our own views.

But how? We environmentalists need to be more involved in community activities outside the direct sphere of the movement. Leisure activities such as city league softball or political activities like the League of Women Voters could give us more common experiences with others in the community. By sharing we may come to understand others better. They may come to realize we share many of their values and aspirations and are not simply "obstructionists".

"WHEN THE MOVEMENT WAS YOUNGER IT WAS IMPORTANT FOR ENVIRONMENTALISTS TO REINFORCE THEIR OWN VIEWS AND IGNORE OTHERS TO ENSURE THE MOVEMENT'S SURVIVAL."

The methods of change used by the movement is the second problem I see facing environmentalism. By now, we have raised consciousness through demonstration and exhibition, or have considered sweeping changes in society which would be dependent on societal value changes. Much legislation has been passed.

The judicial approach to environmental conflict seems as viable as ever but leads environmentalists to be considered "obstructionists" by others. Protest and exhibition created group solidarity and raised consciousness at first, but as the movement matures, they seem less effective in actually bringing about change. The sweeping changes of society seem to be coming, but at a snail's pace.

We need new, creative approaches to bring change. Environmental mediation; much like what is used in labor disputes, could be used as a substitute for taking conflicts to page 30.

Shoestring Lake

1. I've lost the chapstick down a marmot hole.
   Mosquitoes sting through dope
   and khaki pants. A seven-
   mile-long trail leads to the car.
   But look—the shallow lake.
   How many fish, how many sunken logs.
   What cold, cold water.

2. Five thousand feet above the sea
   I cool my toes in summer snow.
   A stream forever unloads its freight
   the blank and ichorous melt.
   There at its mouth
   some cutthroat trout
   move, spawning in the sand.

3. Upon one silted log
   a caddisfly nymph hauls its tube
   of stones and tiny twigs
   scouring for food,
   etching a silly name.
   When I cast my bulk of shadow
   the bristled legs stop reaching.

-Paul Lindholdt
APPROPRIATE EDUCATION....

Fortunately, the Huxley faculty member didn't show up and neither did seven of the graduates so we made do with what we had. After that, small groups met again and then we finished up the day with a delightful short skit called "Eco-Man" dealing with how to "save the world." There were about eighty people in attendance on Wednesday night and Thursday morning, but, due to strong competition from a beautiful sunny day, the attendance dwindled to about thirty in the late afternoon. This raised havoc with the small groups, which were meant to maintain the same membership throughout all three sessions, making possible a continuous process by building upon what had gone before. Oh well, we'll order a rainy day next time.

Looking back, I would say the symposium was a mixed bag of successes and failures. There were feelings of togetherness and I think an appreciation of unity in our diversity. But I think there was a general feeling that we didn't adequately deal with the issues at hand. Since the whole program was designed as a continuous flow, I think most people (those who didn't attend the whole thing) missed out on the overall idea, which was to place our education in the broader social and ecological context of today. But I think the planners of the symposium learned some things and would do some things differently if we were to do it again. I still feel the idea is important and is insufficiently addressed here on campus. Perhaps in the future there will be a symposium which deals with this issue more adequately.

"Appropriate Education" ain't the best story in the June Planet. "Recycling Blood" by George Blakey is. I will re-edit it next. Scott Regan coordinated the 1980 Education for Transformation Symposium, which is what "Education" is about. Scott uses elevated phrases and multisyllabic monstrosities. George uses a kitchen conversation style to tell how he got connived into being a coordinator.

Compare the two opening sentences of "Education" and "Blood." "What are the dangers and opportunities inherent in the present world situation?" "Well, I did want to work at the Recycle Center, so why not talk to the Coordinator?" Neither question has occurred previously to the minds of over 90% of Western students. And ninety percent of Scott's readers are asking "what did he say?" while 90% of George's are saying "that makes sense."

Unfortunately, there are three other questions in "Education's" first paragraph, and they are longer. Remember Matt the Organizer's five exclamation marks in his first paragraph? Scott's four questions have a glazing, not dazzling, effect, too.

I had the same personal problem with Scott as I did with Matt: the "prima donna syndrom." "Don't touch my writing. It's perfect."

I just had a fantasy dialog with Scott. S: "I'm tired of editors changing my articles." I don't want you to change anything! Ed: "You don't want me to tell you what to write. And I don't want you to tell me what to do! Either we work
together, or 1) there won't be an article on the Symposium, even though I want one badly, 2) someone else will write it, or 3) your article will be on the last page!"

Back to reality: unrevised "Education" asks us "What would be the characteristics of a college education which would foster appropriate values, concepts and skills for making the best of our situation in the coming years?" There's the problem. Education and writing should foster people with appropriate values. People are missing from "Education's" vocabulary, and I'm afraid, from its audience. Style should be appropriate to the message.

Scott makes a good transition from the need for values change, to the need for understanding, and then to the need for education. He succeeds well despite his fear of short words, short sentences, short paragraphs.

Some credibility remains despite the verbosity, because one senses that he really thinks and talks like this. The 150 word opening paragraph of questions is followed by a few personal specifics. But they are Elevated, too. "Through my Huxley classes I have come to see that there are a number of environmental constraints which offer us imperatives for action which are presently being neglected, largely due to ignorance." The ignorant yell from the kitchen, "and due to the fact we can't hear what the hell you're saying!"

In the last paragraph, Scott confesses that "the planners ... learned some things and would do some things differently." He also hopes that "in the future there will be a symposium which deals with this issue more adequately." As one of those planners, I share his hope, and I shared his learning experiences, and would do many of those things differently. I know what he's talking about.

But the reader can only guess. If Scott ended with suggestions for improvement, our hope for a more adequate symposium could be greater.

"Recycling Blood" leaves us with feeling hopeful the Recycling Center will continue to "foster appropriate values, concepts and skills." (The 1981 coordinator is Mark Canright (his real name), who wrote "Omega",.) George's story sticks in your mind long after the appropriate concepts have slipped out.
George Blakey

1. Well, I did want to work at the Recycling Center, so why not talk to the Coordinator? I was just interested in the Assistant position, but I didn't like the 'wait and see' attitude. I figured I had a pretty good shot at it when Jeff Wallace (the coordinator) invited me to the West Coast Recycling Conference the next day. So I got 'swept up' in the whole thing—new equipment, processes; education and the R's. I attended my first A.S. board meeting and didn't understand much of this budget stuff. There was some reference to university agreements and special programming, councils and minor capital improvements—talk about being lost!

2. A conspiracy of sorts, and I walked right into it! "When will you be hiring?" "It's all up in the air still," said the assistant coordinator. The fact that there were no other applicants didn't even sink in. Jeff had maneuvered me into running this place and I was beginning to feel important instead of scared.

3. Work on top of work. I didn't know what I was doing, but I was getting something done. I learned by experience (mostly alone) the easiest way to break a bottle with one stroke, and which box a Lucky goes in. I had to know everything about recycling, to direct the staff, how to organize the mess they called the "new office," and I needed to hire an assistant and keep things going.

4. By March I realized I wouldn't get many of my plans accomplished, and academics wouldn't allow a repeat of this year. It's been frustrating and trying—not at all worth the pay—but then there's the experience, a truck load for sure.

5. I've had so many enjoyable moments with other folks in spite of the bad times with some. I can look around and see my accomplishments and improvements amongst the continual piles of material. I swear, if this place ever looks perfect, it'll be the day it closes.

6. I know it's in my blood now and always will be. I'll never stop working for recycling. I know not just how to recycle, but the potential as well. Probably few student jobs affect one so deeply and provide so much to remember. To think I just wanted to be an assistant!

"Blood" gets into the reader's veins. George isn't afraid to let the reader get under the skin of his experience. The reader is swept up in George's journey with a selection of his experiences from the first day he decided to work at the Center to his last day as its coordinator.

His style is appropriate. It is kitchen language (one that recycles, no doubt.) It is full of uninflated conversational phrases and sentences. It is almost like a letter to the reader.

George is one of the gang. He's lost amid "budget stuff" and "references to university agreements and special programming, councils and minor capital improvements."

He learns "the easiest way to break a bottle with one stroke"—compare "through my Huxley classes I have come to see there are a number of environmental constraints which offer us imperatives for action. . . ."! The latter has twice
the words and half the action.

George could have recycled at least one phrase and gotten twice the mileage. "... Then there's the experience, a truck load for sure." (6), is followed soon by "accomplishments and improvements amongst the continual piles of material." Instead of "continual piles," (which is puzzling, too) substitute "truckloads." Recycling phrases helps the reader remember your story.

Being an editor is a great chance to criticize the heck out of a writing, without your ego getting in the way. But now it is time, I'm afraid. Time for me to take the knife I've been using on these folks, and pare away at the flesh I've tried to stick to the bare bones of facts and happenings.
It's time to jump onto Alan Miller's time machine and travel a little way back, to September 13, 1979. Friday the 13th. "Smoke" comes from the Lynn Canal News "Mailbox" section.

"Smoke" was written in the wee hours of a fitful morning. It is an avant garde action. Protests from environmentalists rarely go unnoticed in Haines. Usually, the reaction is unwritten, undocumentable. If there is a public rebuttal, it is handled by a recognized spokesman—the mayor, for example. It drew an unprecedented number of reply letters to the Mailbox in following weeks.

Smoke 9/13

I The timber sale is noticeably affecting Haines already. Strange loggers are in town, and smoke from Schnabel's illegal incinerator is hanging low in Lynn Canal.

2 I thought the new wood-burning generator plant was going to replace that trashy metal teepee that is sending its smoke signals and stink past Haines again. My naivete sometimes dismays me.

3 The layer of smoke over the canal is a symbol for the layer of fear and propaganda John Schnabel, the Alaska Miners Association, and the Haines Coalition have laid over Haines. To take the smoke analogy a bit farther, as Israel was led through the desert by a pillar of smoke, so shall Schnabel lead Haines through the economic desert.

4 There are too many followers, and not enough individuals in town with the sang froid to stray from the party line. Frequent intimidation of Lynn Canal Conservation individuals, by histrionic letters of personal attack printed in this paper, and even death threats over the phone, have not fostered freedom of speech in our friendly little town.

5 The fabled fire-eaters Meshack, Shadrack and Abednego had it cool in King Nebuchadnezzar's fiery furnace, compared to "greenies" in this town who don't accept "refined" Schnabel operations or the Alaska Miners Assn. "multipurpose" propaganda. The heat will really be on when Merrill Palmer, Carl Heinmiller, John Schnabel, and other opinion leaders stoke the furnace of public opinion again, after SEACC files an injunction that shuts Schnabel down as I hope they have the courage to do.

6 I'm taking environmental studies down south for the next few months. Good luck, greenies, and to anybody of any color who doesn't wilt under the sight and smell of King Schnabel's incinerator.

Brian Blix
Haines

There are unique qualities to "Smoke," though, that raised the unprecedented response. It doesn't appeal to the facts. It doesn't appeal to the intellectual instinct. It doesn't give pros and cons. Yet it made me 10 times more unpopular and well known than I was ever before.

It uses a ton of metaphor and alliteration. It is a poem. It beguiles people to read it in spite of themselves, rather than dismissing it after the
first line and a glance at the signature. People don't get more perturbed than
normal over the boring or erudite.

"Smoke" (John Lennon just sang "smoke" precisely as I typed it) is different
than kitchen or Elevated lingo. Rather, it is imaginative language, more symbolic
than conversation, more earthy than Elevated language.

It also caused and coincided with the shut-down of the teepee burner. But I
may have been part of the actual cause, and I hope that was the impression in
many minds. Schnabel the king gave it public recognition, and apologized for
the smoke.

The first paragraph contains nine "s" sounds, and the last clause has six "l" sounds.
The reader may know why he's starting to get mad, but less aware of the reason
why he subconsciously feels pulled towards the second set of sounds: "replace that
trashy metal teepee that is sending its smoke signals and stink. . . ."

Mystery and suspense are there, with "strange loggers" and "smoke . . .
hanging low." It sets the scene: a timber sale, strange loggers in town, smoke
over the canal from Schnabel's illegal incinerator—all in a short opening para-
graph. There is no speaker. It is descriptive.

Paragraph 2 comes from me. "I thought" and "my naivete . . . dismays me" are
personal impressions. This paragraph is full of strong words in simple sentences.
Pretense, calculation, and insincerity are absent apparently. No special jargon,
no fancy adjectives or long words. "Trashy," "stink," "dismays"—these are
words that evoke strong, quick responses that bypass the intellect.

(2) even has some very dry humor in the simile "teepee that is sending its
smoke signals." The simile is a stereotype of behavior, but of Down South Indians.
It is much newer than the much-used stereotypes loggers and environmentalists cast
each other in. Also, I am letting the reader know I can think creatively and be
angry at the same time, which in my opinion is a worthy quality.

(3) uses symbol to jump the reader from Smoke in the canal, to a layer
of fear and propaganda over town; from the biblical story of Israel in the desert
led by a pillar of smoke, to Haines in an economic desert led by Schnabel's smoke. This last parallel is ridicule at Schnabel.¹⁹

Then the writer turns to the reader. I'm almost speaking directly to him, but not really. I am entertaining him, maintaining an intriguing interpretation before his startled eyes. The image of Schnabel leading Haines through the economic desert is countered by the here-and-now idea of having "simple courage to stray from the party line." I'm getting close to home for the reader.

"Bombastic letters of personal attack printed in this paper" (4) and "death threats over the phone" (4) in "our friendly little town" yank the reader totally back to Haines. The juxtaposition of "attack," "death," and "friendly," captures the contradiction that is Haines.²⁰

Shuts down burner
Mill still operating; will stockpile waste

Haines—The following press release was issued Wednesday by the Schnabel Lumber Co.:

"After several meetings with State officials on Monday afternoon, a decision was made to shut down the waste-wood burner being used at Schnabel Lumber Company. The fire has been put out and there is no more smoke. The mill will continue to operate and the waste-wood is being stockpiled until a solution for its disposal is found.

"I would like to add that our decision to restart the burner was based upon the belief that it was an acceptable thing to do. An unfortunate foul up in communications took place between the State and Schnabel Lumber Company that placed us in a bad light. We have found ourselves in a bad position, and our solution towards regaining some respect is the one taken. As of yesterday, the teepee burner has been shut down. There is no fire and there is no smoke. To those who have been distressed by the smoke of the past two weeks, I extend my apology and assure you we will do our utmost to avoid any future irritation." —John J. Schnabel

The contradictions of Haines—above, on the left, is a press release from Schnabel that "extend(s) my apology and assure(s) you we will do our utmost to avoid any future irritation." On the right is his letter in the Mailbox, which says "I feel sorry for people such as yourself, whose sole purpose in living seems to be negative. . . ."²¹ Not that I find such a statement irritating. . .

King Schnabel's friendly little reply is not a story, but part of a plot to a story of evil greenies and good loggers that the master storyteller has been

Reply to Blix - 1

Public letter to Brian Blix.

Dear Brian,

I feel sorry for people such as yourself, whose sole purpose in living seems to be negative, whose failures prompt them to become obstructive rather than helpful, and who are unable to understand how they are supported or how necessities are produced.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, born 1850, wrote in frustration:

So many Gods, so many creeds
So many paths that wind and wind
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs.

Yours truly,

John J. Schnabel

Haines
telling his enthralled audience for years. King Schnabel's power in town far exceeds any a mere businessman could achieve.

I've never seen a "personal letter to Brian Blix." One strange thing about the way things are done here is that people complain about the environmentalists without complaining to them. (As a matter of fact, today I heard there is a petition to bar me from reading the morning news over KHNS, because I misinterpret it. But no one has complained to me.) The intent is to propagandize. I think this is partly because the environmentalists have never stood out as individuals, defending themselves in public. At least it is rare, and their numerous critics put them into an impersonal group, that is most easily communicated with and about through mass media.

Saul Alinsky has written that to organize people, one must have issues. To motivate people to fight for an issue, there have to be good guys and bad guys. Those who already have the power and the votes are just as interested in keeping the sides clear, and are more talented at it usually, which helps to account for why they are in power. But the powerful don't want to really disturb things, since the way things are is basically secure for them. So, after Schnabel has flattered the reader by implying he is superior to the negative, obstinate, and stupid ones such as Brian Blix, he comforts them that they need do nothing, except practice "the art of being kind"—as he has done.

"So many Gods, so many creeds/ So many paths that wind and wind" sways the reader by repetition. John Schnabel has swayed Haines by the repetition of his flattering, comforting, paternal message for twenty years.
Reply to Blix - 2

I find it totally repugnant that a person of Mr. Blix's ilk is allowed to vilify people and organizations in OUR newspaper. The groups and individuals singled out by Mr. Blix for such scurrilous attack are doing what they consider best for the area in which they live, and earn, their livelhoods. Would Mr. Blix deny them the right to promote their aims? Has anyone infringed on Mr. Blix's right to speak out on topics which he is interested and involved in?

Shame on you Mr. Blix for resorting to name calling and the use of unsubstantiated allegations and innuendo.

And shame on you, Mr. Editor, for publishing such braying. Let's attack our problems, not our people.

What kindness do we find flowing from the pen of the sewage treatment plant operator? "I find it totally repugnant . . .", "Mr. Blix's ilk," "vilify people," "scurrilous attack," "Shame on you Mr. Blix," "Shame on you, Mr. Editor," shame, shame, he writes, as he ties me to the rail.

I made it easy for John Schnabel and Frank Haas to really let loose at me. After all, their replies are still mild compared to my letter. I don't feel sorry for Mr. Schnabel, nor did I say shame, shame. I didn't even claim to be part of any large or brave group that will back me up. I'm a sitting duck, naked to public scorn now, and the kind impulse in Schnabel and Haas urges them to tar and feather this guy for his own good.

It would suit Schnabel and Haas fine if there were no further searching into the teepee burner's illegality. The case is closed, and the jury dismissed, they hope. There is no great fear that the people of Haines are on the verge of revolutionary change. The voices for the status quo here are not defensive, and do not need to ask questions and echo doubts to sound like the crowd. The ranks are in line, not straying towards paths that wind and wind--yet.

There is one hopeful difference between me and my retorters. I am more entertaining! Some people even like just to be outraged. Others like somebody that sounds different, even though they are far from agreeing.

I am preposterous, connecting Schnabel first with the pillar of smoke that led Israel, then with King Nebuchadnezzar, and then calling him King Schnabell. I am heretical and seemingly totally out of touch, likening greenies to Shadrack, Meshack and Abednago! And I call loggers strange and Schnabel's incinerator...
illegal. Unforgettable connections of the accepted with the unaccepted are made so swiftly on the unjaded Hainesite, that the avant-garde attack made under "Smoke" may have broken the ranks more than Schnabel and Haas could see.

As Haas said, "the groups and individuals are singled out by Mr. Blix for such scurrilous attack. . . ." A generalized attack would fail. I am attempting to isolate King Schnabel and his lieutenants from the reader. 36

But meanwhile, the definition battle over who's good and who's bad is going on still today. And it has been fought in Haas' letter. You may wonder why Schnabel and Haas are fighting a battle they apparently won long ago. They are indicating that the situation is more unstable than it seems.

The cloak of righteousness covers Mr. Schnabel and Mr. Haas; so shall a layer of tar and feathers cloak Mr. Blix on a rail heading out of town, and it shall be good.

"Smoke's" message to the socially outcast is: you need the simple courage of Shadrack, Meshack, and Abednago. Barbara, a one-year refugee from Outside, visited me a week after I arrived in B'ham and a few days after she read "Smoke." She was on her way to massage school in Portland.

After the greeting at the door, we and her boyfriend went to the kitchen where I had been ripping greenies for salad. Suddenly she shouts "Brian," and gives yours truly a big, warm hug. "I couldn't believe you wrote all that! It was fantastic!" Some kitchen talk for a mellow massage school student.

The people of Haines have had their creativity channelled into personal attacks on those taking the winding road. Personal attacks take little time for thought and study. The low road will cost one fewer friends, always. Though one may gain fewer, also.

Schnabel and Haas wrote nothing controversial. It stays within the regular cadence of 1) let's be constructive 2) I hate greenie's guts 1) let's be understanding 2) I hate Blix's ilk. 37 But the greenies are going to march, and there may be defectors to a better beat. 38
First, though, an avant garde attack is needed to ring the first bell, hit the first drum, sound the first shot, before any large group is going to consider the existence of another serious side. In the arena of politics, facts that were produced in the small, local marketplace of ideas are hammered into weapons. Almost everyone needs defenses and fixed beliefs to protect and guide their lives. The sailor takes a fix on the stars, notes the time, and determines his position. But everything is moving. He will take another reading when the bother of doing so is eclipsed by the unassailability of the latitude and attitude appropriate to the times, taking more time and energy than most people are willing to make, or at least until an emergency situation.

Reply to Blix - 3 9/20

1. I couldn't decide whether to laugh or cry after reading the letter by Brian Blix in last Friday's paper. So, I'm writing this letter instead.

2. If Brian Blix lived in Haines instead of visiting (summers, I understand,) he'd realize those "strange loggers" are old friends coming home because the Mill has reopened and they can return to work. Now apparently Brian Blix doesn't have a family to raise and support, so he can travel back and forth to the Lower 48 and "study for a few months." (And about the environment no less.) Isn't that wonderful for him? The rest of us have to stay here, brave the cold and figure out how to keep a roof over our heads and the children fed and clothed. I certainly don't see anything "wrong" about people who work, mind their own business, pay their taxes and bills and care for their families, however hard the work. Brian Blix should try this lifestyle, it's the back-bone of our country.

3. I'm also sick and tired of the haranguing of John Schnabel. But in a way, Mr. Blix is right—John Schnabel is a "liar." He certainly stands head and shoulders over most people in this valley. A smaller person would have given up fighting the Idiots a long time ago. I grew up in this valley and I don't remember a time when Schnabel Lumber Co. wasn't fighting to provide jobs for our people. First, Nature, a fire, lack of money—now Idiots. I admire John Schnabel, his wife Erma and his children, Erma's kitchen has always been warm and open to the lonely, the kids and just an old bed. And if the man is so rich, why do his children work so hard? I don't recall ever seeing any member of that family driving around in fancy cars and clothes. They are just like most of us, trying to live by the sweat of their brows.

4. I've also been wondering what "they" mean, "they" are. Does he refer to those battling, lazy sorts who lie around growing mold on their bodies? If he means the ones I've smelled around town—wow! just don't get too close or you'll gag!

5. The loggers may cut and use trees, but what about the wasteful forest fires in Idaho this year? Who gets any use out of that timber? I've been waiting and waiting for SEACC to file a lawsuit against Mother Nature. Now that would really be great if they could get her stopped. I think every American would back SEACC in that endeavor. And just think of all the animals and birds they would save!

6. Brian Blix should get busy and help the Mill with the wood waste electric generator. It's going to take a lot of money to get it operating. Perhaps he could get together with his friends and start a fund drive while he's "down South." That would be a positive step towards helping all of the men, women and children in the Chilkat Valley. I'm sure that Haines would be behind him 100%. We all have to start doing positive things instead of fighting.

7. But if he doesn't really want to help Haines, then perhaps he and his kind can go back to their own towns and just keep fixing up whatever is wrong back there. There certainly must be something wrong "back home," or why have they all moved to Alaska? Personally I like my home town, and the people who live here. I wish people like Mr. Blix would quit trying to change Haines. All these newcomers seem to forget or never realized in the first place, that those of us who have always lived here, have our own lifestyle. So why about letting us live our type of lifestyle? I'm getting too old to live in a shack, pack water and carry all my worldly goods in a backpack. Let us have our slow progress, let us and our children have the right to work, whether it's in the Mill, on a boat or whatever. We get along just fine before you came here. Let us have a few things that you seem to think we don't need—food we earned, our own bed, a shower every day, electric lights and washing machine. And let us have the things we want and the right to work and earn it.

8. And if you newcomers can't love the way you found them, then go back and be Do-Gooders or whatever in the place where you grew up. Just leave us alone and let us grow old comfortably in our own home town.

Carol Waldo
Haines

Carol Waldo has been a Hainesite 20 years and more. She couldn't decide whether to laugh or cry," so she wrote, and asked questions.
She wrote little that is original or controversial. A time of re-formation starts with asking questions, however. They may even be rhetorical. But the act of questioning greenies can be a step towards questioning King Schnabel and others of his ilk.

Her first question is "And if the man (Schnabel) is so rich, why do his children work so hard?" (3) Then, "I've also been wondering what 'greenies' are. Does he refer to those lazy, bathless sorts who lie around growing mold on their bodies?" (4) "...What about the wasteful forest fires in Idaho this year? Who gets any use out of that timber?" (5) "There certainly must be something wrong 'back home,' or why have they all moved to Alaska?" (7) "So how about letting us live our type of lifestyle?" (7) Mrs. Waldo speaks honestly from her cluttered mind the questions and myths of Haines. Her myths are the misunderstandings of the area in which she grew up.

"And if the man is so rich, why do his children work so hard?" I gave a reply to my respondents in October, that I will get to presently. But now I will give a full answer to this question, and the others. Answer: "I didn't say he was rich. He's poor, like the rest of us. His children have to work so hard to pay his bills."

"I've been wondering what 'greenies' are. ...those bathless, lazy sorts who lie around growing mold on their bodies?" Answer: Mold is not green; the greenies work hard to keep Haines alive—and green. Greenies may smell, but it is the smell of sweat and sun. The moldies don't belong here, and fortunately can't survive the winters here, as the greenies do."

I identify (create) a common enemy to provide a bond of camaraderie between us. You may retort that my answers so far are of the "smart ass" variety. However, the points being made are that I am sticking to my guns and not retreating in the accustomed fashion, and that I am aiming not just at Schnabel with ridicule, but at the future of Haines with hard work. I am also gunning down the moldy mold we greenies are cast in (partly with our passive cooperation), the
stereotype that has to go before camaraderie can be conceived.

"What about the wasteful forest fires in Idaho? Who gets any use out of them?" Answer: "Excellent question, Mrs. Waldo. But forget about Idaho.

Think about the Chilkat Valley. For a year a clearcut supplies logs to Schnabel. For a season it employs loggers, most of whom are visitors. A forest area becomes three-fourths slash and sawdust, one-eighth cants, and one-eighth wood pulp. No homes are built from those trees—in Haines. The Japanese ships that come to Haines come for cants and pulp to build houses and pianos—there. We want Japanese boats to bring tourists to spend vacations at Haines motels, in Haines restaurants, and at Haines parks! 

Her other questions are also invitations for respectful, controversial, and educational answers. You can be sure that Carol Waldo, if no one else, will read them carefully! They will stick like tar to a road in the corridors of her brain. I have probably spent more time addressing her fears than anyone has in a long span. The answers are not smart ass. They do not mention her, and they use her questions as a starting point for broader topics.

---

**Homo & gasses 9/20**

THE CONTROVERSY STILL RAGES OVER THE PRODUCTION OF AN ORDINARY PRODUCT PRODUCED BY SHEL AT HAINES AK 99827 ENVIRONMENTALS WOULD HAPPILY CLOSE THE MILL AND SCRAP IT WHILE WORKING PEOPLE WOULD KEEP IT IN PRODUCTION PRODUCING MUCH NEEDED BUILDING MATERIAL WITH WHICH TO HOUSE THE CRIES WHICH WISH TO KEEP THE MILL I ROM RUNNING SO THE ENVIRONMENTALS DO NOT WISH TO BE HOUSED AND THE WORKERS ARE WASTING THEIR ENERGY ON AN UNWANTED PRODUCT TO SCRAP THE MILL AND TURN HAINES INTO AN EAGLE WATCHERS PARADISE NOW THE HAINES DUMP AREA PARDON ME IS IT? PERHAPS THEY SAY THE AREA IN WHICH THE HAINES SANITATION DISPOSED SITE IS LOCATED WAS DISCHARGING A FEELING OF SMOKE FOR A COUPLE OF UKS THIS SUMMER STILL NOTHING IS SAID OF THAT INCIDENT MORE THAN NINE TENTHS OF BUILDINGS IN HAINES USE OIL FOR HEAT SENDING DANGEROUS GASSES MOST BUILDINGS IN HAINES USE ELECTRICITY HAINES.

LIGHT AND POWER USES OIL FOR FUEL FOR POWER TO PRODUCE ELECTRICITY WHICH IN TURN SPEWS OUT DANGEROUS GASSES THE THOUSAND OR MORE PEOPLE IN HAINES HAVE AND OPERATE A THOUSAND OR MORE VEHICLES WHICH WHEN RUNNING SPEW OUT DANGEROUS GASSES THE GASSES FROM WOODBURNING AT THE SAWMILL CAN BE SEEN SPEWING OUT AND ARE DANGEROUS THE GASSES FROM THE SAWMILL CAN BE AVOIDED BY MOVING ONE'S PERSON FROM THE PATH OF THE SMOKE BY USING A SCREEN BLIND OR CLOSING ONS EYES TO IT BUT THE GASSES EMITTED IN THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY OF THE CITY OF HAINES CANNOT BE AVOIDED UNLESS ONE MOVES ONE'S PERSON COMPLETELY FROM THE VICINITY OF THE MILL AND TO A CONSIDERABLE DISTANCE AT THAT SAWMILLS HAVE BEEN OPERATING IN THIS AREA FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS AND THE EAGLE POPULATION IS INCREASING THEREABOUTS I PERSONALLY CONSULTED THE EAGLES ON THIS MATTER AND IN QUESTIONING THE EAGLES FURTHER FOUND THEY WERE UNINTERESTED IN THE LUMBERING

BUSINESS SO KNOWING QUITE WELL I WOULD RECEIVE CONFLICTING REPORTS FROM ENVIRONMENTALS AUDUBON SOCIETY'S ORNITHOLOGISTS SIERRA CLUBS UNIVERSITY OF ALASKA LIBRARY OF CONGRESS ETC AND THAT ALL WOULD PROBABLY STATE THAT THE BALTIC EAGLE IS AN ENDANGERED SPECIES AND NEEDS PROTECTING I DID NOT CONSULT THEM HA HA AND A FEW SHORT YEARS AGO THERE WAS A BOUNTY ON EAGLES AND SO IT GOES HOMO COMMUNIS SEEMINGLY CAN IN NO WAY STRIKE A HAPPY MEDIUM AND AS A CONTRAST THERE IS AN ESTIMATED ONE BILLION HOMOS LIVING IN CHINA WITHOUT LEER AND PROBABLY WITHOUT EAGLES OH WELL EVERYTHING IS GOOD AND FOR THE BEST AND A HAPPY MEAL WOULD PROBABLY BE A DULL VISIBLE ABSENCE ANYHOW SO I KEEP IT THERE MUST CERTAINLY IS A SOLUTION SOMEWHERE

S. reh. Richard W. Dunkin Haines
Dear Editor 'n Haines Folks,

Well folks, we been a keepin' up on the HLMP (Haines Land Management Plan) by readin' the SEAE (SE Alaska Empire) n' the LCN (Lynn Canal News). About how they got the mill goin' & saved some of thuh environ-ment too n' we had a good time puzzin' out thuh alfalfa-bet soup & figgerin' out what all them initials stood fer—like the EPA & DEC & thuh SEACC n' thuh HC (Haines Coalition) AMA (Alaska Miners Assoc.) USFS n' SLC (Schnabel Lumber Co.) n'all, and been glad to hear that the Haines folks won't have ta' eat up all the eagles ta' keep from starvin' this winter.

So we're hoping things turn out all right. But we see in the paper the other day they had ta' pay a fine for startin' up a (TPB) tepee burner, & smokin' things up wors'n Jud Cranston's fish camp. 4

So it sure looks like if JS (John Schnabel) or any of them good ol' boys settin' chokers down at SLC so much as break wind next to a fish crick, or an eagle's nest, they're still gonna be in a heaps' trouble! 

P.S. A word on our organization. We're the most exclusive fish association around with a very limited membership, ain't too many what associates with us yet. 5

**"Homo and Gasses" and "Agitatin'" demonstrate the variety of creative responses that can be generated behind an avant garde attack.** I expanded the middle ground that could be traveled before having to align yourself with one side or the other. ("Greenies?" on p. 60 is another liberated response.)

"Agitatin'" is ultimate kitchen language. Though it is in an affected style, it sounds unpremeditated and unpresumptuous. It's very humorous!

Windy Shorr is respectful and disrespectful to both sides. He's been reading "how they got the mill goin' and saved some of thuh environ-ment too," but it also "Sure looks like if JS (John Schnabel) . . . so much as break(s) wind next to . . . an eagle's nest, they're still gonna be in a heaps' trouble!"

If "Agitatin'" is read just once, it's hard to tell if Windy was fer or agin' Schnabel. Most of the words that label the writer are missin'. He has a very disarming style. The message gets through that Schnabel better keep toin' the line. But the reader might not even realize this consciously, since the piece is so humorous. 41 (See Addenda, p. 80, for letters by Brian "Green Giant" Blix.)

"Smoke" had to precede "Homo & gasses" and "Agitatin'." I think Windy's mind felt a bit freer when he felt he was in the wake of someone else who would take the full force of a gale. I expanded the harbor in which one could let loose the winds of free thought. 42 These are my humble opinions, don't forget.

Windy is glad that someone/ou'<2f	he anchor on Schnabel. And Richard W. Dunkin got plain excited he couldn't control himself. And he's looking for more action: "a happy medium would probably be a dull miserable existence anyhow so keep at it there most certainly is a solution somewhere."
This is written by a long-standing Haines environmentalist. George is categorically against mentioning names. George knows little about politics. Either that, or he wants to perpetrate namelessness. Or he is too squemish for confrontation. Perhaps he takes things very personally, and therefore figures that no one has the ability to be humorous, objective, and angry at the same time. Perhaps he doesn't want to blow the chance to be John Schnabel's friend some day soon. Or he's just afraid of losing an audience (he doesn't have) if he gets personal.

This is a morass of speculation, but I think it reflects the morass of a writer's mind who is too concerned with consideration and the respectability of means. This thinking produces writing that is unclear, unconvincing, and unentertaining.

George writes like a bureaucrat, for bureaucrats. He wants environmental issues to involve the whole community, not just L.C.C., he told me in reference to the proposed Juneau-Haines Road. He spoke at a town meeting two weeks ago.

He speaks like he writes. He asked 10 objective questions in a row, trying to cover everything from longshoremen's loss of jobs, to quality of life, trying to get almost everybody on his side. I watched his audience of 80. They chuckled—at him. The bureaucrat leading the meeting went to sleep.

I wrote a reply myself, two weeks after George's letter. (I didn't know that he had written. I had a third class subscription and it took three weeks to get to Lakeview Street, Bellingham.) I didn't use any of the answers to Carol Waldo's questions. Perhaps I would have taken the time to answer each reply, if I wasn't hounded by school. Actually, I was busy hounding people to help get the Planet spinning. I sound like a pretty nice guy; a change of pace to keep 'em reading.
Six—an answer

My letter about the illegal incinerator stimulated environmentalists to write personal attacks mixed with some good remarks. Typically, no environmentalists responded.

Times come when public expression is necessary unless the spirit inside whisper, croak, write in the wee hours of a fitful morning to relieve dismay at the silence of others and the arrogance of a few. Perhaps dismay motivated my debaters, dismay not at world-size universal trends that can change Alaska overnight, but at me, a more physical target.

I'll admit to being a "Janus-faced" humanist. I try to view things backwards and forwards at the same time. I have learned lessons in escaping from Chicago. I don't want Haines to repeat the same dehumanizing mistakes in the future.

Today, most Americans are swept along in a mass of humanity and greed moving at such incredible speed that they are molded like a piece of clay on a spinning potter's wheel, by a potter they do not know. Obviously, we don't all see each other in Haines put to tell the truth, I like John Schnabel more than I ever liked Mayor Daley!

Lynn Canal, the Chilkat Range, the Chilkat River, Davidson Glacier, Cathedral Peaks and people building their own homes, working and respecting the earth, are reasons for a healthy environment for its workers! Does the local mill benefit local people more than the Japanese yen? (Yen are green I believe.) Does it provide a healthy environment for its workers? Does it fool the environment I and the rest of Haines share with it?

Schnabel spokespeople have limited credibility answering these questions. It was said at public meetings that the teepee burner was being dismantled and that wood chips would be stockpiled until the generating plant was done. Will the mill really become a dimensional lumber mill? I don't know.

I try to do the impossible in one letter. I really should have made a number of replies. Student life usually destroys one's common sense regarding anything outside of school, whether it be correspondence, keeping up on current events, independent reading, or how to cook.

I don't want to be pigeonholed. Also, I feel the greenies need to be chided as much as the loggers and friends need to be provoked. "Typically, no environmentalists responded (to my letter)," (1) certainly doesn't sound like a typical
environmentalist. 45

I make a connection between myself and my "debaters." I confess that I "wrote . . . to relieve dismay at the silence of others and the arrogance of a few," and "perhaps dismay motivated my debaters, dismay not at worldwide . . . trends that can change Alaska overnight, but at me, a more physical target." At the same time, I say that I was dismayed by a few, not at Hainesites in general, and I try to turn the attention from me to worldwide trends, now that I have their attention!

"I admit to being a "Janus-faced" humanist." (2) This is a take-off from Frank Haas' "non-emission-controlled vehicles which are driven by . . . Janus-like people. . . ." The principle is, "sound like them when saying something different."46 I tell a little story in this paragraph. I have escaped from Chicago. I am now living in Haines. In the future, "I don't want Haines to repeat the same dehumanizing mistakes . . . ." A travel story, with a moral. I am satisfying curiosity about me, to make it easier for some readers to start liking me.

"I like John Schnabel. . . !" (4) I am becoming the good neighbor. I don't think any greenie has ever said or written this in public. I feel uneasy when I think that the bad guys can predict me. Most importantly, I want to show the control I have in art of being kind." If my reader thinks I am always on the warpath, he will be afraid of me.

". . . People building their own homes, working hard and respecting the earth. . . ." (5) is an attempt to build a different image of the greenies.

I've been a nice guy for five paragraphs. Paragraph six: "Alaskans for the most change . . . own the most property and have the weakest memory of the stench of rapid development. . . ." I believe in the Buddhist principle that niceness and "not-niceness" complement one another.47

Paragraph seven is the predecessor of my February Planet editorial. I am working some more on the image of greenies. I am countering the absurd idea of
preserving trees for their own sake. It may not be absurd to some greenies, but it certainly is unfathomable to most Hainesites!

I deal with another absurdity: "the propagation of greenbacks for the sake of greenbacks." It is a parallel construction to "preservation of trees for the sake of trees," incidentally. The repeated construction charms the reader a bit. Then I turn the absurdity to Schnabel. "Does the local mill benefit local people more than the Japanese yen?" Local mill ... local people: the repetition increases the power and meaning in the sentence. It sounds logical. (In "Smoke" I was metaphorical.)

After implying that Schnabel helps the Japanese money-makers more than locals, and broadening the issue to worker health, I continue to attack the King's credibility with examples of broken promises at public meetings. I used a progression of questioning that makes the final questions have more impact. Asking a big question without warming the reader up to it may make the reader become defensive for Schnabel! After all, he believed in him.

I try to cover a mistake I made in "Smoke." My mistake was saying I hoped S.E.A.C.C. would "shut Schnabel down." I don't want to ask the reader to swallow something impossible to stomach. I should have just kept myself to shutting the illegal, polluting teepae burner down.

The rest of paragraph 10 is elevated and about economics. It lends some respectability to the rest, and gives the reader a little rest from my subjective statements and my questions.

I'm working on stereotypes again in the next paragraph. "Haines logging fanatics think air pollution is any whiff of impediment to felling any tree within 100 miles of Haines or Skagway." At this moment, the only recognized fanatics were the greenies.

Anybody can criticize. I offer three economic activities I will get involved in, after criticizing the economic activities of others. Schnabel's economy is better than no economy. My alternatives may not all be done by me, actually. They also are ideas to be taken up by others. (See Addenda, p. 79.)
Blix - No. 4 9/27

To Brian Blix re your letter in the Sept. 3, 1979 issue:

What do you mean "sneak loggers"??

The sneaker here.

Christy Tengs
Haines

Blix - No. 5 9/27

To Brian Blix and some of the other weak-eyed snowbirds who are bothered by a little wood smoke burning their eyes:

"Tell it to someone who gives a hoot!"

I am tired of these self-appointed savages from down south trying to dictate to the people of Haines how they must live.

Even though I have been steadily employed I have found it embarrassing and frustrating to see my neighbors on food stamps or skimping at the table because they are not allowed to eat properly. It's not easy to see a housewife putting items back in the shelf that she cannot afford at the check-out counter.

Schnabel's mill is producing a little smoke; it is also producing a lot of jobs. We are all the same people who are whimpering that the mill smoke throws another log over their fireplace and think nothing of it. When will always have smoke in the valley as it is inhabited: The Schnabel mill has brought a stable and prosperous economy back to many families of the Haines valley. A little more smoke won't do any permanent harm while Mr. Schnabel gets his generator plant going or find a way to remedy the teenie smoke.

We have a little smoke for a little while, let sincerely hope we'll have jobs for a very long time.

Schnabel came to this community with a dream, a pair of calloused hands, a good business head and a will to work to make this dream come true. On the other hand, Brian Blix can at best be termed a dreamer and comes only equipped with a large and dangerous mouth. He can be very thankful he is in such a peaceful valley, with so many mild-minded gentle men, because in some other places in this world his survival would not have been insured. Where else except in Haines can he spread his sort of garbage and endanger the very livelihood of so many people and go away again unharmed?

I am not surprised this transient snow-bird is going outside for the winter. Snow on the peaks means cutting heating wood and that means work. I can believe he's going out to school; it would not surprized me greatly if he'd said he was going out to work. You can rest assured he has figured out some angle for the taxpayers, including those from Haines, to subsidize his education so that he can return to this valley in the spring to use this newly acquired education against us.

Once again spring will come, the weather will warm and this type of intruder will descend upon us, not to work, but to harass us, quote scripture and cripple our economy any way they can, all the while mumbling sweet phrases like "our peaceful little town," etc.

Brian Blix will return, like a great crusader and try to save us, again. For what? If he'd stay away, he would help us greatly, because we only need to be "saved" from people like him and his disciples.

I can understand why he must seek a warmer winter climate; because it's hard to survive here when one lives under a wet rock.

Respectfully,

L.E. Munroe
Haines

Blix - No. 7 10/8

It is always a question in my mind how Haines, a peace loving community, could acquire a cheechako like Brian Blix??? Sure! Shut down the mill, as smoke won't get in your tender eyeballs—poor soul, Brian.

No doubt Brian Blix you will make restitution for a human s Miles to make slige of chopped tree leaves. Make a salad of this, put "sour cream" on it to go with your "sour personality." Then to top your feast make tea of birch bark; that should pucker Brian Blix high Kingdom.

Perhaps Brian Blix needs to go to California or whereabout he arrived from in the lower Outside, do some purifying there leave Haines to its own people, the god of the bird, and the ugly.

Just wonder where all you people will be when "The Great Snatch" comes? We Saints will be able to watch your Conservation ungrateful "starve."

Why cause the little children of Haines to do without, just to keep the smoke out of Brian Blix eyes?

I have fixed in Haines 31 years and it was a pleasant place without the many Brian Blix floating in our peaceful community.

There are many prayers for the continuing of the mill to comfort our Haines economy, I am sure the Almighty has more power than one Brian Blix.

The lips of the righteous know what is acceptable but the mouth of the wicked speaketh frowardness.

Conservation to conserve is good.

As a property owner in Haines, a registered voter and tax payer, I feel this Brian Blix will be reprimanded. Because when the ego of one man tries to control Haines economy, he could fall as did Caesar the Great.

Thank you for your time.

"Ye Ole Hainesite."

Mary M. Belden
Dutch Harbor

Greenies? 10/25

A Short Letter to Greenies and Aspiring Greenies:

My but we are prone to labeling, aren't we? Labels do have their time and place, but are best used when a common definition is known by all who use them. For example, what does being old mean to you? Is it determined by having attained a certain age, say 65? Does it have to do with physical appearance or condition? Does being a grandparent qualify you? Is it a feeling, physical or emotional? We each have our own idea of what being old means and the person whom I identify as being old might not fit your definition. If you do not know the person and I describe him as being old you might accept that, even though if you did know him you would not consider him to be old at all. What does this have to do with being a greenie? I don't think we are being fair when we label people without defining the label so that we all know what the label means. Some perceive a greenie as one who does not shower frequently enough. Others would identify greenies as those folks who live outside the city limits. I would like to share my definition with you and I hope you will adopt it as your own—if you feel yourself inclined to label.

To me a greenie is someone who respects the physical world we live in and are a part of. This is a person who appreciates and does his share to maintain a clean environment, and assures the sensible use of our natural resources. This person is genuinely concerned about the condition of the earth that we will be passing on to our children and grandchildren.

The catch is that we will define "the sensible use of natural resources" in a different way based on our education, past experiences and values. Let us all start from one point—that of concerned citizen—and try to understand how our definitions fit together. Just maybe there are some common elements to start working from. Remember that rather than attacking someone for holding a different view than ours we need to try to understand what is behind that view—maybe it really does make sense, and if not, maybe we can add some information to help the person reach a more sensible decision.

Please be concerned with the way we treat our environment—be a greenie, we all need to work together.

Linda Shelton
Haines

—60—
I am re-editing my editorials out of context with the rest of their issue for a psychological advantage. It's difficult to criticize my own writing. On the day I can criticize it as eagerly as I criticize the measly scribblings of others, I will be a writer really worth reading by my critics.

I warmed to the task, editorial by editorial, though. By June 1960's editorial rambling I was ready to offer my body to the steam plant for experimental recycling. At that time, I had thought I was getting so good that I could write and eat ice cream cones at the same time....

I have included each editorial with its companions.
EDITORIAL

Flesh and Bones

1 The environmental newsletter called The Buxleif Humus has decomposed into The Monthly Planet. What can we hope to grow in it?

2 Consider the Planet as fertile ground for fantasy seeds and mad seeds and labelled seeds, and organic seeds with no package to tell what they are or exactly how to grow them. Put down the biggest and smallest questions you have yet to ask.

3 Put down the truest you know. Take a fearful step if needed.

4 Connected circles make up our environment. We are surrounded by plants and animals, mountains and sea. We are surrounded by beliefs and ideas. We live most of our lives in buildings. We live to be free and wise enough to grow ideas that would move us to clean air, apartment architecture, healthy friendships. We are to cultivate our environment.

5 Put your person into these pages as contributor and reader. Give us words and pictures that show flesh and blood on the bare bones of fact; that show humor in drama, connection in chaos...

6 Be part of this Planet. We have only one strict rule by which we are bound. We cannot plant stories, opinions, articles, satire, poems, photographs, drawings and unpackaged seeds that are not submitted!

Brian Bliss

Making a Dent

Steven Kovsky

Whenever we are confronted with a problem that looks like it could be effectively side-stepped without any immediate peril to life or limb, there is a temptation to cop-out.

There are many standard reasons for cop-outing that are in common use. The one which we are going to examine is extremely pertinent to environmental issues. It is the ever popular "What can one person do about it?"

The "one person" is us and the "it" is any problem large enough to make us feel too small to handle it. The real crux of the matter is that all environmental problems facing us today fall into this last category.

Actually, what can one of us do to combat and abolish overpopulation, world hunger of land erosion? Any degree of realism points to the fact that one person can have very little impact in any medium other than his own tiny sphere of influence, i.e., his family, his friends, or his dog.

For this reason an individual has great difficulty in perceiving his own small actions as having any real consequence on a scale as vast as the world and, to a large degree, they don't matter. In a presidential election, what impact will our vote have on the outcome? None. Why should we bother to cast our vote amongst the billions of other votes that have already decided the issue?

There is a statue of a man which stands in Saint Peter's Basilica in Rome. Thousands of pilgrims come to the Vatican every year to attend Mass and catch a glimpse of the Pope peeking out his win-

-62A-

CREDITS


*The Monthly Planet is funded by the Associated Students as the magazine of the Environmental Center, ESC 533, phone 3974.
Shadows on Teddy Bear

Gene Myers

I lie on a blessed beach freely reaping the sun’s gifts. As accompaniment to a solar symphony playing on my back, flute and guitar music echo from the base of a cliff: orchestration for the spontaneous choreography of three young children intent on discovering tidepool wonders.

An idyllic atmosphere pervades this beach: never an unfriendly exchange, always an open sharing and respect.

The sun stroked firmly, relentlessly. I gave in to the superior force and moments my textbook dropped down flat on the sand. I dozed.

I woke to find my paradise disturbed: cool, creeping shadows had engulfed me. I moved over into the sun.

If it were to go down altogether, I knew it would return. My paradise would be intact. Or would it?

Less regular than the sun, but able to cast a permanent shadow over this area are the fluctuations of the Whatcom County real estate market. Teddy Bear Cove is for sale.

Teddy Bear Cove is a saltwater beach with two sandy sunbathing areas isolated by a rocky point of madrona and fir trees. This point shelters the beach from prevailing winds, and has tidepools and sculptured rocks for diving into the deep clear water.

Teddy Bear Cove is only two and a half miles from central Bellingham and secluded from the hustle of highways. This and much more is what would be needed to replace Teddy Bear Cove.

Unfortunately, all such substitutes are privately owned and are inaccessible to the public, which has used Teddy Bear Cove for many years. It was with much alarm that a group organized last spring when it heard that Teddy Bear Cove was up for sale.

— to page 3 —

Omega

Mark Canright

The beat of Queen shakes the closed door of an Omega dormitory room. A subtle note on the door warns of “harmful” beings inside. The smell of stale beer rises from the hallway rug.

This sort of environment is home for 3600 Western students. It probably affects the way they think and act.

— to page 5 —
Teddy Bear Cove

Research disclosed that protective covenants prohibit subdivision and other actions on the 12.5 acre parcel, and this information helped halt the sale. Over the summer an appraisal of the property revealed that the site is marginally suitable for building and poses serious percolation problems.

Preserving Teddy Bear Cove is a tricky proposition. One suggested tactic is purchase by the Associated Students.

The beach has long been used by students, is easily accessible from campus, and is well within the students' buying power. Its purchase by the Associated Students will preserve the very best of vanishing green space along Chuckanut Bay.

A possible political problem is the fact that Teddy Bear Cove is often used in an unclothed manner. While the congenial atmosphere and unique experience at the beach may depend on this fact, the ultimate question is whether or not the beach and forested hillside will be closed off for private use.

Western students will be asked what they think about using their money to buy Teddy Bear Cove, and about how this should be done. The potential and problems of this purchase deserves thought. There will be talks and a ballot referendum to inform the student body. Keep your ears open for more information on this issue, and most of all, go and see Teddy Bear Cove yourself.

"How camest thou in this pickle?"

Shakespeare, The Tempest V1

Rainbow Vision in Carver Gym

Dennis Bechaire

In an attempt of find relaxation in a physical exercise, I decided to visit the Carver Gymnasium swimming pool last week. Being fond of aquatic frolics, I had a difficult time suppressing my eagerness while changing. I ran through the shower into the swimming area to discover a mass of bodies waiting for a turn at the water.

I took my place in line, and when my turn came up, I feverishly swam in a sea of bodies for as long as I could. Three hundred yards and 20 pokes later, I climbed out of the pool and headed for the showers to rid myself of the chlorine smell.

I rubbed and scrubbed with all my strength, but to no avail. The chlorine odor was stronger than I was. The rainbow vision that I got from swimming with open eyes lingered long after I'd rinsed my eyes.

Not long after I left the pool, my eyes began watering profusely, my body's reaction to prevent them from drying out. When I reached home, my landlady glared at me, and with a shocked look in her eye she proclaimed, "My, it looks like your skin is dry today!" Not only was it dry, but my whole body was flaking away. My eyes were so painful. I had to keep them closed, which is not exactly conducive to studying. Needless to say, I went to bed early that night.

I felt semi-recovered the next morning, but, unfortunately, I had sworn off the swimming in an effort to maintain my health.
Wild and Wooly speak

Brad Carlquist

Last week Wooly and I found ourselves waiting at the Skagit County Court Courthouse. We came to testify before the Washington State Ecological Commission.

Why would two busy students travel to the Mt. Vernon Courthouse to testify amidst microphones, tape recorders, burrs, and polished industry spokesmen? What obstacles would oppose us?

On the afternoon of the hearing, Wild (that’s me) called up Wooly and asked him to help defend the Wildland country, whence we both sprang. This was our last chance to oppose the recommendation of 0.00 additional acres of wilderness by both Dixy and her Department of Ecology.

With little time to prepare flowery speeches or dramatic presentations, we grabbed a RARE II Environmental Statement maps of the areas, and my backcountry logs. We left Bellingham promptly.

On the road to Mt. Vernon, we met our first obstacle. We realized as it grew dark that our “freedom mobile” had y parking lights. We checked switches, wires, lights, and fuses, but still no lights. Were our plans and our hopes to be extinguished? We refused to lose sight of our initial goal.

We found an empathetic mechanic who dropped everything to jerry-rig our headlights. Sometimes you realize you have friends out there and maybe it’s not so crazy to think you can influence attitudes and policies...

We arrived at the Courthouse; the hearing had begun. We discovered that 35 persons had signed up to testify and our opportunity to speak wouldn’t come until much later in the evening. The prospect of voluminous testimony and the late hour almost convinced us to leave. However, our keen social responsibility to ourselves and to future generations, combined with thoughts of majestic forests left us no choice. We would stay and present our views on the zero wilderness plan.

A cafe a couple blocks away offered space, light, warm coffee, and time to organize an intelligent review of our information. In an hour and a half we discovered that formality was the ever present rule at the hearing. Commission members sat behind long and formidable tables. We noticed both a tape recorder and a shorthand person present to accurately record the contents of the hearing.

Searching for

Amy Pujanauski

I came to Washington via the Northcoast Hiawatha between Madison, Wisconsin and Seattle. This city, so nice they built it twice, was my positive introduction to the fabled Northwest, land of eco-awareness and magic mushrooms.

Built into hills and waterfront, it is unlike anything in my native Midwest, part of that vast “East” between the Cascades and the Atlantic.

I was anxious to settle into Bellingham and begin Huxley College where, in six weeks, I would learn to be a keen environmentalist amidst the evergreen forests.

First day in B’ham: rent search but lunch first. It was a warm June Friday when we unloaded in front of Carolyn’s, and we were immediately assaulted by a smell worse than institution food combined with McDonald’s.

Downhill we saw the notorious plume and my informed friend said, “papermill,” Bellingham’s number one stinker. I said, “It’s only for two months. We probably won’t suffer anything permanent.” This was the first crack in my perfect summer model.

We explained to some friendly Bellinghamsters during lunch we were three women and one 85-pound black dog looking for a nice cheap apartment and decent jobs while attending summer school.

They smiled knowingly and said, “Good luck.”

Forty city miles later, our driver wasn’t smiling anymore. For two more days we searched the expensive student ghetto, touring sagging structures with rainbow interiors, worse than anything I’d seen in the East.
... My Space

We got lucky with a house in Fairhaven—away from traffic and Georgia Pacific, and close to the bay, Chuckanut and the Co-op. We'd found the ideal neighborhood. Only Thriftway, a surreal space-age supermarket, intrudes upon Fairhaven's small town atmosphere.

Unskilled except as a student and waitress, I suffered the two worst jobs of my life this summer in B'hamp. I waitressed, cooked, cleaned and washed dishes at a greasy spoon. On July 6, tuition due date, I got my first and last check which barely covered fees.

I had looked forward to biking in Bellingham. I was in no shape for the uphill struggle and thought only of the downhill ecstasy. Twenty-first Street loomed like a mountain.

I'd been biking for just a couple days when my first new "friend" and I took the shortest route to Lake Padden—straight up. I began to doubt my future as a cyclist.

I thought I'd escaped the bureaucratic struggle by coming to Western. Registration was supposed to be easy. But not so for me. I'd been misclassified as a transfer student (they wanted me for keeps) and hadn't prepaid.

I'd had visions of small classes and intimate discussions. Welcome to Geology 211—straight lecture, 50 people, one million years a day and two computer exams. The lab saved the course.

Pollution with Ruth Weiner was more informal but contributed to my environmental depression. Where might I find a comfortable niche on campus? Alas!

The Environmental Studies Center! It

--- from page 1

Ten residents of Omega dormitory, an upperclass dorm, recently described the good and bad aspects of the dorm environment.

"I live here so I don't have to wash dishes," said Jeff Vickers. Tim Spear said, "I'm so impressed with living here that I'm signing up for an R.A. position next quarter. We've got a good group of people here. I don't know anyone who wants to move."

Ex-Omega resident Frank VanHaren said, "Around here beer drinking comes first, academics second, and going to church third."

There were contrasting views on the amount of privacy in Omega. Four of the residents said, "It's easy to leave and go somewhere else if you want more privacy."

One woman said, "There's a small town atmosphere here, lots of rumors and gossip."

Jeff Vickers said, "If it wasn't for my single room, I would have cut out of here last Christmas."

Another resident said, "I know most of the people on my floor, but many people know only a few neighbors."

One woman said she knew only a few neighbors. Her other neighbors don't like her because she tells them they make

--- to page 8---

Omega Mom

Susan Turnblom

Dorm life is a unique experience. Dormitories now called residence halls on most campuses) are an isolated and artificial environment.

This environment is designed to be a community within a community, and often this limits a student's contact with other people to fellow students. Most people will not spend the rest of their lives living in this situation, and many are thankful that this is so.

Some students, however, like living in residence halls, and apparently enough Western students do to warrant three dorms reserved for upperclassmen and older students. Edena, Ridgeway Omega and Sigma Omega are all special in this respect.

To live in Omega one must be a junior or 21 years old. "Why would anybody want to live in a dorm after they are 18 years old?" one might wonder.

"Because it is convenient," says Shelly Michels, who is a senior and Head Resident at Omega. "Laundry is right downstairs and only costs ten cents a machine. Food is prepared by somebody else and there are no dishes to clean-up."

Apparently more upperclassmen have

--- to page 8---
Searching for . . .

from page 5

is an environmentally unsound, concrete geometric monster with its exposed respiratory system, unused, like a dissected cat. And, try opening up a window!

Haggard Hall is another structure I question. When I make it through the Darth Vader doors, up three flights past the continued

dead heads, I steamed in a lecture vault for an hour.

July was a most wonderful month, warm and dry, and school not too restrictive. Lake Padden became my favorite vacation spot during the six-week summer session.

One hot Sunday, panting all the way, I made it up to Pine and Cedar Lakes. I frequently biked out Chum-kanut and to Fragrance Lake, usually wondering why I was planning an August departure.

Name Poll

Mark Canright

"The Monthly Planet reminds me of Superman," said a Western student after voting for the name in a campus poll.

The Planet polled 125 students to find a magazine name which would appeal to all Western students. The names voted on were, Ecotone, The Environmentalist, Ecoviews, The Green Fuse, and The Monthly Planet.

Non-Huxley students' favorite choice was The Monthly Planet with 36 votes. Their second choice was The Environmentalist with 13 votes. Huxley student's favorite choice was Ecoviews with 14 votes. The Environmentalist took second place with 13 votes. Twelve Huxley students recommended names they invented.

The Planet will take a opinion poll on some relevant topic every month. Your suggestions for the poll of the month are welcome. Give them to the folks at the Environmental Center, room 535 in the Environmental Studies Building.
Searching for... continued

I took my first trip into the Cascades and came out making plans for fall quarter at Western. I liked Huxley and the mountains had convinced me, but I was planning to winter in the Midwest. I became familiar with Bellingham. I was bounced from a bar for the first time. I learned it doesn't always rain in the Northwest and I learned to keep this a secret.

I saw the evidences and contrasts of growth! Condominiums on stilts, built into hills newly planted with trees, trailer courts and new expensive homes with landscaped yards. I was impressed by all the roses and vegetable gardens.

School was out and I had to find work in August. No one was hiring unskilled labor in the middle of a slow summer except Peter Pan, the second of my two most forgettable employments. Everyone said it would be "good experience."

The initial cannery shock wore off and I discovered most employees were fellow students, many Huxleyites included. Cannery work is a moral dilemma and mass murder for $5.40 an hour.

My "full time job" amounted to 12 days out of the whole month, but enabled me to travel and pay fall rent.

I took a weekend jaunt on the North Cascades highway to eastern Washington with fellow cannery workers and Huxley students. We were too late to pick pears and too early for apples, so we hiked 3500 feet up to Lake Ethel instead. During those three days I fell in love and forgot all my reasons for leaving in December if fall quarter worked out.

School started too soon. I'd just adjusted to my new home in Fairhaven when I was struck down by another unsuccessful registration day. Besides a "health check," a necessary class had been closed since preregistration and possibly wouldn't be offered.

I began doubting my future at Western but I was declared publicly healthy and the class opened. All this to walk about nationally acclaimed "outdoor art."

In my classes I'm learning about people's influence on their environment. If we can change it so, why not the buzzing lights in Wilson? Or cover the Environmental Studies Center with cedar planks?

By the way, I've found my space and I'm not telling!

Wild and Wooly Speak More

The speakers were presenting polished arguments which were supported by graphs and figures. As the PR man from Scott Paper gave his testimony in support of the 0.00 wilderness recommendation, I could not help but reflect on how different our viewpoints were from one another.

The industry spokesman finished speaking and I heard my name being called. I walked briskly to the podium.

"I'm strongly in favor of the Rare II lands in Washington being designated wilderness for the following reasons.

"Wilderness management gives society longterm options with economic and aesthetic values..." I concluded with personal reflections based on experience in the field as a backcountry ranger and naturalist.

Returning to my seat, I felt relieved. I felt good. I had been able to express my views and feelings based on knowledge and experience gathered over the years. Our effect on the impact of the final decision on Washington's Roadless Areas cannot be proven. We felt we had been effective in presenting our views to the Commission. We learned about the functions of government, special interests, and most importantly, about ourselves!

Outback

Dennis Dechaine

Have you wondered about the rustic cabins tucked behind Fairhaven? I checked them out the other day.

I arrived at "Outback" to be greeted by a healthy looking lady clad in bulky wool clothing. Outback students aren't primarily interested in esthetics. They like their surroundings to be functional.

From the rainwater refrigerator down to the compost toilet these folks not only talk about ecological awareness but live it. Time is spent raising organic gardens, plus goats, chickens, and even earthworms.

Outback students want to start solar and wind-powered projects soon. Knowledge is shared through small but informative seminars. Interested students are invited to visit the rustic cabins in the wooded area behind Fairhaven.
Omega Mom cont
from page 5

THE MONTHLY PLANET wants to hear your ideas; call 3974 or visit ESC 535.

for convenience this year than in previous years. Shelly said, 'This year there are so many returning upperclassmen that freshman enrollment has gone down. For the first three weeks of school new students were sitting on suitcases with nowhere to go.'

Other advantages to dorm living, Shelly added, are the good social life and friends. 'Friendships usually do last, and people like that in a dorm,' she said.

Activities like dorm dinners, hiking trips and road rallies are organized by residence hall staff. Shelly said, 'When upperclassmen come back (to the dorms) it's by choice. There is probably more interest in dorm activities in upperclass dorm than in underclass Hall.'

What about disadvantages of living in a dorm? To an extent there is no privacy, and no control over neighbors, Shelly says.

Rules and guidelines are set up to help students get along with each other. This year the rules are being more strongly enforced than in the past, because of some problems encountered last year.

Some residents complain about these rules and say 'no way, I want my freedom,' says Shelly.

Shelly thinks many students might come to college and dorms looking for freedom, but "A dorm is a community, not a utopia." She added that students may hear "it's 'party city' on campus, but they may not realize that there still are rules to live with and abide by."

Most of the rules are courtesy rules dealing with noise, quiet hours and parties, Shelly said, and she does not think they are unreasonable.

Though there are guidelines and rules to help make dorm living more agreeable for everybody, difficulties still arise.

"People can always escape back to the staff when they have problems. Off campus it's not possible to do this," Shelly said.

Getting along in a dorm might be facilitated by a third party (the staff), and in some respects might be an easy way to circumvent problems. However, the sheer numbers of people thrown together in a dorm may make it difficult to get cooperation among residents.

These experiences are designed to do this, but whether or not they actually do is difficult to determine. What may not be so difficult to determine is how the dorms affect the rest of the campus.

Shelly warned the residents of Omega not to put their speakers out their windows to blast out the classes in Amsten Hall. It remains to be seen if Led Zeppelin will once again bounce off the Environmental Studies building and float over the playing fields come spring.

The extent to which dorm rules are followed varies. One resident who would not give her name said male and female residents often sleep together in spite of the rules against it.

Three residents said dorm rules make dorm living similar to living at home. Four other residents said they feel more freedom living in the dorm than they had at home.

The resident aides in Omega received mixed reviews.

Tim Spear said, 'We have excellent aids who really care about people. They bring the whole crowd together.'

Another resident called the activities organized by the R.A.'s 'chickish.'

The residents complained about the cafeteria food. 'Tastes like dog food,' said one resident.

Residents' opinions of the dorm environment seem to vary widely. Despite the unpleasant aspects of dorm living, dorm space is in great demand at Western.
"Flesh and Bones" attempts to set the style and indicate the breadth of content of the new magazine. "The environmental newsletter called The Huxley Humus has decomposed into The Monthly Planet." The word "decomposed" in the former always referred to organic debris. "Consider the Planet fertile ground for fantasy seeds and mad seeds and labelled seeds, and organic seeds. ... Put down the biggest and smallest questions. ..."

I had just said we had this new decomposition called the Planet. It is premature to ask what to grow in it before I give any description of it, unless this is just an introductory paragraph touching on what will be covered. A long piece needs an introduction, a traveller's itinerary as it were, to induce the reader to commit himself to the end. Six paragraphs don't need an intro.

"Flesh and Bones" is the mere skin and bones of 6 longer drafts. As I shrank it down, slashed and rehashed it, and boiled it down in the names of Strunk and White, I ended up with something resembling a shrunk and whitened artifact.

The introductory paragraph is a vestigal remnant. The transitions and connections between paragraphs have disappeared. Most signs of growth of its ideas have gone. It is one dry statement after another.

There is no connection between "Take a fearful step if needed" (3) and "Connected circles make up our environment." It might be said that it is a quick, refreshing change of pace that a transition would lessen. But the reader can't keep up if he has to stop to figure out how to jump. I had written paragraphs about the fear of writing the unfamiliar, and the insecurity of asking questions that may be stupid or offensive. I used personal examples. But in this final version all that's left are "profundities" rubbing against each other.

"We are surrounded by plants and animals, mountains and sea. We are surrounded by beliefs and ideas. We live most of our lives in buildings." These insights are supposedly transferred to activity by "We are to be free and wise enough
to grow ideas that would move us to clean air, apt architecture, healthy friendships." This is a valiant sentence, but dizzy. Its writer dropped one of his circles and got the other three in wrong order. The circles of "plants . . .", "mountains . . .", beliefs . . .", "buildings," does not correspond to "clean air . . .", "apt architecture . . .", "healthy friendships." Better: "healthy plants . . clear mountain views . . healthy friendships . . apt architecture."

Overzealous pursuit of the truth can lead to disregard for the lagging reader. I've found that reading my writing out loud helps show where steps are missing, or where there are too many for the pace.

As E. B. White says, "Muddiness is not merely a disturber of prose, it is also a destroyer of life, or hope: death on the highway caused by a badly worded road sign, . . . anguish of a traveler expecting to be met at a railroad station and not being met because of a slipshod telegram." 49

"Give us words . . . that show humor in drama, connection in chaos. . ." (5)

But I took too many words out, and with them drama and connection.

"Preserve The People" is another over-drafted piece. I have come to the conclusion that if it doesn't fly right by the fifth try, go for a walk and start over from scratch! One becomes so engrossed with inner machinations that one can't tell what it sounds like, where it is misfiring. That's why it's good to read drafts out loud, or have someone read it out loud to you. (An expendable friend) See if it flies or crashes. If it reads smoothly out loud, then it will read at least passably well silently.

"Truth" in writing is as much a matter of internal consistency as factuality. An imaginative writer creates reality, and if he sounds good, his reality may be accepted as fact.

Reading drafts out loud or quietly to yourself encourages a conversational style. I hope that the Planet seminar encourages writers to read to each other.
I bought a button from "Alaska Women In Timber" (A.W.I.T.) last summer. It depicts a virile logger holding a shovel and standing with his family amid little saplings. The button says "Preserve The People!"

2 The Front ran a story last October 19 about Huxley enrollment. If an A.W.I.T. sympathizer has read it, I bet A.W.I.T. has another button for sale: one that shows a hungry student shod in hiking boots wearing a down vest with an ecology symbol. The button quotes the story: "Neutered Granola Fan!"

3 We defend wilderness for its own sake. Regurgitated lecture material on "quality of life," "rights of the unborn" and "values clarification" often sounds like impractical rhetoric, apologetics for the real motive of restricting Earth to the unborn and those born who hike!

4 Now, if creativity characterized environmental students, there would be no image of a "neutered granola fan." What can we do to liven things up a bit?

5 Winter Quarter 1980 has seen the fruit of the bold efforts of dozens of students during the fall. The Give-A-Damn Jam, The Northwest Energy Conference and The Energy Fair have informed and inspired a thousand people, and set examples to be improved on year after year.

6 Weekly meetings are now exploring ways to increase contact between Fairhaven and Huxley students. I suggest you help expand the goal to a dynamic series of informal discussions open to all, followed by a formal symposium in the spring on Education for Transformation, or "Common Goals and Values of Humanism and Environmentalism."

7 Environmentalism is meaningless without Humanism. Humanism is futile without Environmentalism. Genuinely "holistic" thinking may give Huxley more color and aliveness, give Fairhaven more direction to its footloose ways, and give the rest of Western a less "crunchy" view of Huxleyites! We all eat granola.

8 Explore how you can put flesh on the bare bones of fact with The Monthly Planet. Risk getting involved in conferences, radio programs, film series and your own ideas by visiting The Environmental Center, ESC 535.

9 And if school seems unstimulating, take a hike in the wilderness and bring some wildness back—for wildness is the preservation not just of wilderness, but of the people!
"Wake up you damned shortsighted fools! The energy is running out! The Crunch is coming!" I wanted to shout. I wanted to hook up a cosmic PA system and broadcast to the world! I wanted people to wake up, to listen...to understand!

So much to know: bleak forecast for oil supplies, numerous problems with nukes, coal, synfuels and other substitutes, exciting potentials of renewable fuels, necessity of conservation and increased efficiency in energy use... It all points to large changes in our institutions and lifestyles - in the structure of our society. (What! No more Cadillacs! What's the deal, man?) So much to know...we must all know, but how...?
I had a professor once, a strange and world renowned paleontologist. During a lecture he drew one of those graph arrangements college professors seem so fond of. It plotted world population against time: simple, obvious, and depressing to those of us here near the top of the curve.

The curve began at a low level and rose ever more steeply, forming a shape that people at Huxy call a "J" curve or "exponential growth curve."

We've spent a whole lot more time staring into campfires than huddled around space heaters. But this guy had another point to make beyond the obvious problem of runaway population growth. He took his piece of chalk and went back to the point on the graph that marked the world's population at the dawn of agriculture, about 10,000 years ago and 3 feet on his graph, from the present. Then he told us that if he were to continue that line, it would extend for about 13 miles.

In other words, folks, the professor's point was that we've spent a whole lot more time staring into campfires than we have huddled around space heaters: an incredible, mind boggling amount of time.

"What's your point?" I hear people say. I really do think that "it's all in your point of view." As we struggle along here on the steep slope of the "J" curve coping with the side effects of growth and technological progress and fighting over fossil fuels, it might help to remember that we did have a "steady state" society once. We were once able to live fairly lightly on the Earth. We did it for a millennia, not for the few years that we call "stability" now.

Certainly we lacked some of the accoutrements of civilization, but these have proved to be a mixed blessing.

"What's your point?"
I hear people say. I really do think that "it's all in your point of view." As we struggle along here on the steep slope of the "J" curve coping with the side effects of growth and technological progress and fighting over fossil fuels, it might help to remember that we did have a "steady state" society once. We were once able to live fairly lightly on the Earth. We did it for a millennia, not for the few years that we call "stability" now.

Certainly we lacked some of the accoutrements of civilization, but these have proved to be a mixed blessing.

But this guy had another point to make beyond the obvious problem of runaway population growth. He took his piece of chalk and went back to the point on the graph that marked the world's population at the dawn of agriculture, about 10,000 years ago and 3 feet on his graph, from the present. Then he told us that if he were to continue that line, it would extend for about 13 miles.

In other words, folks, the professor's point was that we've spent a whole lot more time staring into campfires than we have huddled around space heaters: an incredible, mind boggling amount of time.

"What's your point?"
I hear people say. I really do think that "it's all in your point of view." As we struggle along here on the steep slope of the "J" curve coping with the side effects of growth and technological progress and fighting over fossil fuels, it might help to remember that we did have a "steady state" society once. We were once able to live fairly lightly on the Earth. We did it for a millennia, not for the few years that we call "stability" now.

Certainly we lacked some of the accoutrements of civilization, but these have proved to be a mixed blessing. Perhaps it wasn't so bad around the campfire. We can't go home again, but perhaps we can create something like it. Those of us who, in our utopian fantasies, envision a green and peaceful earth with a reasonable amount of people on it, can take heart in realizing it's been done before.

************
The beginning of a quarter is an excellent time for confusion, and I was no exception this past fall. Arriving as a wide-eyed transfer student, I found myself installed in the Fairhaven dorms, not sure where Huxley College was located, and badly needing a place to grow some roots.

I quickly disregarded the warnings I had received regarding Fairhaven College students, and discovered a delightful, growing, active community brimming with creative and energetic people. Despite kind invitations to join them in Fairhaven College, I had, long before set sights toward Huxley and Environmental Studies, and so my road led toward that grey and ominous building looming above the play fields.

Fairhaven could not be abandoned totally, however. My room overlooked a pasture and the resident goats and rabbits drew me out to the land, the pond and the life-giving sun.

Soon I was working regularly in the gardens of Outback, Fairhaven College's experimental farm, and before I knew it, I was moving into the cabins on the ridge above.

Living in Outback is a dream come true. Not only are we all learning homesteading skills and how to live happily in a rustic environment, but I've discovered how to create an environment, how to make it self-sustaining, and how to live within it.

This five acre plot behind Fairhaven is no agricultural tract. It is a bit of land altered just enough to make room for ourselves and our few animals. Our gardens are carefully planted to provide good year-round crop yield. Natural deterrents like marigolds are planted to keep out weeds that are inedible. Large amounts or compost material from SAGA is our only fertilizer.

Outback is a sea of experiments in alternative energy, from the solar dehydrator and compost-heated greenhouse to the windspinner, composting toilet, and skylight-illuminated cabins.
ANOTHER WAY...

working cabin dwellers
working on projects by a
rm stove, or enjoying a
hot dinner with goat's
milk. Each member is a

"Outback is a sea of
experiments in
alternative energy"

part of Outback. We don't
"run" it; we are included
in it as an integral part.
The land and the animals
give to us, as we give
back, and the interdepend-
ence grows as does our
sense of human ecology.

In the cold morning I
eave my cozy cabin and
"living school" to head
ward toward that grey, ominous
building across the fields
to see how interdependence
reads on paper. Perhaps
there is more than one way
to study ecology.

*************

"Monkey Wrench Work"

BRIAN BLIX

Joe Lyles might not
have been too well known
beyond the concrete bas-
tion of the Environmental
Studies Center before Grad-
uation Day 1979, but his
memorable graduation
speech took care of that.
I doubt if anyone who was
there, or watched the cer-
emony over closed-circuit
TV like myself, has com-
pletely forgotten Joe tel-
ling in his southern ac-
cent the joke about the
truck that drove into a
burning house. The oc-
cupants jumped out and
beat the fire to death.
The houseowner and neigh-
bors took up a collection
in gratitude. Handing
it to the driver, the
owner asked him what he
was hoping to do with the
money. "Buy new brakes,"
said he. This was Joe's
example of how different
people see the same thing
differently sometimes...

Anyway, Joe just fin-
ished a bicycle trip almost
to New Orleans from B'ham
with Paul Connors, another
'79 grad. I was grateful
for his letter to come
reading into my mailbox
last December and thought
I'd share some of it:

-656-

"I'm sitting in a bakery
in Phoenix, Arizona, wait-
ing for my clothes to get
clean next door...

"I like the desert. I
enjoy the open spaces,
clear skies, star-lit
nights, coyote howls, and
the lack of rain. I see
a lot of what Edward Ab-
ney writes about. I've
read three of his books
on this trip and I feel
I understand the appeal
and plight of the desert
much better now. I saw
the canals of the Central
Arizona Project which is
so heavily loathed by
good environmentalists.'
There are plenty of pro-
jects just waiting for the
Monkey Wrench Gang to
come out of seclusion.
There are plenty of over-
grazed pastures which
need to be rescued from
the claws of energy cor-
porations. Blah, bla, bla....

"We've seen some in-
spiring sites. There cer-
tainly are a lot of beauti-
ful places in America--
lots of diversity. Paul
and I haven't really been
taking time off to visit
scenic spots, but we've
seen some anyway...

"I miss all my good
and mediocre friends in
B'ham. Take care, JOE LYLES"
SUSAN TURNBLOM

Students line up to see this man at 8 a.m. While they wait they can read a poster on which a fungus tells all about its life.

Inside his office two microscopes, a computer terminal and a camera and tripod sit on one desk cluttered with bottles of chemicals and jars of specimens. Several racks full of test tubes are on the filing cabinet.

Behind another desk he sits, a small bearded and bespectacled man with blondish hair, a smooth head and kind blue eyes. He is Fred Rhoades, a biology professor who teaches about mushrooms, molds and mosses, the so-called "lower" organisms of the world.

I talked to him the other day. He says it is exciting to turn students on to these strange little things often hidden from us.

"It is exciting to turn students on to these strange little things"

"We don't understand them as individuals themselves," Rhoades says. "We don't see them because of the big things like trees and other plants. However, we are aware of them as causes of disease and rot."

Rhoades believes this does not indicate a propensity in humans to harp on the bad aspects of life. It's just that we don't notice the good. For example, lichens moderate the environment for other organisms and aid in soil formation—obviously necessary but not necessarily obvious.

Another reason we don't notice lower organisms is the environment they live in.

"The more akin an organism's environment is to our environment, the easier it is to understand the organism," Rhoades said. We understand many animals quite well because we too are animals and have needs similar to other animals.

"People know less about plants because we aren't like them at all, but they are important to us," he said. They provide food and shelter, to name but two functions. As a result, we know a little about them.

We know even less about fungi because they are not quite plants, and we don't live under mushrooms or eat fINGS at every meal.

Rhoades cited another reason for our general lack of knowledge about lower organisms. "There is a tendency of more and more people in the educational system to become divorced from the real world. Even biology is less and less the study of organisms in their real habitats," he said.

In addition to being
often physically hidden, the lower organisms in this country are "culturally hidden."

"In life in general, not just the educational system, people are separated from the real world," Rhoades said. This separation is not only from the little fungi, but from most of the natural environment. People are not in contact with birds and trees, or fungi, and only encounter the food they eat in stores. Very few see what organisms look like in their natural environment.

"Our culture seems to place a high value on surface quality. There is an effort to produce a uniform, superficially beautiful item," he said. A good example is the produce sections of grocery stores. "It doesn't matter what it tastes like," Rhoades said, "as long as it looks good."

According to Rhoades, this uniformly beautiful item is a result of mechanized agriculture. Machines cannot pick all kinds of different things. Instead of developing different machines, which is expensive, the plants are developed. This increases our separation from the real world by making even the foods we eat somewhat artificial.

Nevertheless, Rhoades believes that people want to experience different tastes and types of things. More and more our generation is tending to make distinctions between the things they buy.

He hopes different kinds of mushrooms will be available in stores in the Pacific Northwest. Right now there is no market for brown mushrooms, perhaps because they are "different."

People don't realize how much they limit themselves and how much they are missing until they are educated. For this reason, classes such as "Mushrooms, Molds and Mosses" are offered to increase awareness of the natural environment—the ultimate human experience.

I was considering all this at Pete's Tavern one evening last spring. "Greg" I thought, "you sit here consuming alcohol and lamenting about the sad state of affairs but you're not doing anything about it. A few administrators, with the occasional counsel of a portion of the faculty, mold the institutional environment for ten thousand of us."

At this point a grand notion struck my brain: why not run for election to the A.S. Board! I'd have access to more information and to the campus media as well. Then I'd be in a position to light some fires. Get some people hopping. I could encourage students to take more control of their educational environment. Later, they'd be more likely to exercise their power in their communities and on their jobs. Wow!


************

Another month has gone by:

It's getting bigger...I need help... "will you help?"
There's so much to be done!
Sawhill fell through.
And people are responding:
"I'll help! What should I do?" Oh fantastic, they're interested, they'll make the conference bigger, better, Yahooo! "I'll coordinate the Jam and the Fair" says Ed..."Can I organize the grant writing seminar?" asks Melissa..."I'll do the films" volunteers Michelle. "I'll put out the publicity" says Laurie... "I'm with you all the way" added Jenny.

And it's growing and growing:

More programs, more helpers: Tom, Bob, Ron, Larry, Gil...wow, thanks everybody!
More letters...more meetings,

...late nights...skipped lunches...phone calls, hundreds of calls...sprinting from office to office, phone to phone...rush, rush, take care of details, details...

And it's getting enormous:

The Bellingham Chamber of Commerce will help... the Campus Conservation Committee will help...the student councils will help... ($$)... And volunteers keep pouring in...photographers, projectionists, construction crew members, info booth helpers, artists.

My God, look at all the helpers, they're all involved, they care! It's so big, it's hard to believe!
It's almost here, and it's huge:

Thirty seven programs, seventy six speakers... forty exhibitors...topics covering the entire spectrum of energy issues.

And the Conference has begun.
I stood at the podium introducing the keynote speaker, Jack Robertson, the spotlights are on, reporters and photographers poised...

And the room is full...the people are there...they're awake...they're listening...

*************
CREDITS
KIM ANDERSON: graphics, p.3/
BRIAN BLIX: editor/LIZ CLEARY: graphics, p.1,2,4; calligraphy, p.3/DIANE CORNELL: calligraphy, p.1,2,4,5,6,7/
MARK DITZLER: graphics, p.1/
KATHY McEWAN: graphics, p.6/

*************
The Monthly Planet is not responsible for the opinions expressed by its contributors. It is responsible for turning you on to giving a damn however!
"Environmentalism is meaningless without Humanism. Humanism is futile without Environmentalism." (7) More profundities grating against each other. Then I elaborate. "Genuinely 'holistic' thinking may give Huxley more color and aliveness, give Fairhaven more direction to its footloose ways, and give Western a less 'crunchy' view of Huxleyites!" (5) While I try to make previous profundities digestible, I stuff the reader with another mouthful.

What does "holistic" mean? What is implied by "genuinely 'holistic'?" How does Environmentalism and Humanism relate to Huxley, Fairhaven, and Western? Which is what? Why do I think Huxley needs more color and aliveness, and Fairhaven more direction? What is a "crunchy" view? A little obscurity is fine, but Ye Gods! This much demands divine guidance, or extrasensory perception, or privileged access to rough drafts. This editorial is very crunchy.

Like the previous editorial, there is little fleshing out of all the things I touch on. And I zoom the reader on a dizzying journey from Alaska last summer to W.W.U. last October 19 to the wilderness to the Energy Conference to weekly meetings at Fairhaven to The Environmental Center, ESC 535, and back to the wilderness.

"... Take a hike in the wilderness and bring some wilderness back—for wilderness is the preservation of not just wilderness, but of the people!" (9) "Take a hike in the wilderness and bring some back. 'In wilderness is the preservation of the world.'" That is much clearer. And it is not an inferior version of a saying by John Muir that will never be improved.

A better beginning is "I've looked at Serra's iron from inside and out,
I've looked at Serra's iron from inside and out, above and below, at night and during the day, in rain and shine and by the light of the moon. So far I have seen little on its blank surfaces, in its mass, or by its shapes. It draws no message from my mind, though an art critic tries to explain: "The space is an unstable mix of position and situation, never at any point physical environment. Within it or upon it, it is the main transforming influence. It may have a minimum of detail in itself, but gains a wealth of detail from other objects it frames, or draws attention to.

Then one morning I read "DISCO-SCULPT" on its north-west side from Red Square. Someone had defaced its monolithic facelessness, adding the weight and permanence of 220,000 pounds of rusting steel to three fervent messages of passing historical significance: "From Gary, With Love," "Piss On $130,000!" "DISCO-SCULPT." Many college campuses have an erratic rock covered with decades of rah-rah trivia: "Class of '72," "Beat the Huskies," "Class of '73" ... but "DISCO-SCULPT" on a 30 ton tabula rasa: is it possible that graffiti/poetry can be part of a sculpture?

Ironically (a pun), I wrote a story for a small Alaskan newspaper last summer, to convince the locals that they should remove some old graffiti (a 20' painted pocketwatch and some advertising along side) on a cliff above town. As I worked on the story and found out more about the history of the graffiti and local sentiments toward it, my view of the graffiti changed: it became "art." I ended up liking it. I wrote that "graffiti to me may be art to another, and vice versa... A flat rock is a tabula rasa awaiting the word of scribe or scribbler."

Serra's sculpture is related to "Rock Rings," built last year near the Environmental Science Center. Both are roofless enclosures with multiple entrances and a larger and smaller compartment. Rock Rings is beautiful in and of itself, from within, without, and from the heights of the Huxley lounge. It is also many frames for sky, land, people and plants, and it frees sight of these by framing them in the handwork of a master stonemason. How I wish that I passed the Rings every day rather than Serra's iron!
Serra Sculpture

JANET BLAIR

Serra gives us a challenge. It's a complex problem in a simple shape. His untitled sculpture has presence. It's direct and unavoidable due to its site and massive forms. Although I understand some of the criticism about this sculpture, I believe it is successful. The piece makes me aware of size relationships. Next to heavy, tilted steel walls I feel fragile, weightless. I am surrounded by paradoxes: that these four rectangles could so powerfully distort the way I perceive volume, distances, size, sound and my own situation.

Before entering, I feel barriers, but once inside I am aware of the air and the sky. All my senses are affected, not just mental and visual, but the physical as well, heightened by the sense of enclosure and gravity. I now look at the sky in a new way, and feel its openness and the contrasting shelter of the walls.
A student studies Serra.

ENVIRONMENTAL ART...

that demonstrates a substantial appreciation of Serra. It urges patience for understanding. If I change my mind, I will help figure out how the sculpture's uniform rust coating can be restored after the rude inscriptions have been removed. Perhaps submersion in sea water?

The tiny number of students who think the purpose of the Outdoor Museum is "education" indicates that the present collection fails to stimulate learning, that we students do not have a broad enough learning attitude, or both.

My views on "environmental art" will evolve in time. Serra's triangle may need more time to be judged fairly. I believe the dominant function of art is to educate. Take the time to learn something about environmental art. If you still like Serra's piece, at least you have been educated!

Critics of this sculpture say it's "ugly" and "oppressive". Many of these "critics" have not been inside the piece, and still they claim that it "does nothing for them." Isn't this the same as judging a book by its cover?

What do people expect art to do for them? Viewers of the sculpture are misled by the distracting graffiti and unfinished landscaping. Serra's piece requires its audience to seek their own personal solutions to questions such as "what is beauty?" and "what is this piece dealing with if not questions of beauty?".

It raises basic questions of shape, perception, volume, inside/outside spaces, gravity and color; characteristics which concern all physical objects. Serra wants us to notice these qualities in many different contexts.

Larry Hanson, art professor at Western, in discussing with me the public reaction to Richard Serra's work, said: "several of the works of art I admire now I didn't like when I first saw them...they were strange, shocking, and didn't fit my conception of what art was. Some of them are what I now consider the best, strongest."

It's never too late to have additional insights about Serra by exploring his work more fully or looking him up in the library's art periodicals and books. The main thing is to keep looking and trying; wait to make a value judgement until it's based on informed investigation. Serra has made his statement. It's up to us to interpret it. Not all revelations come in a flash. Some come gradually. Often a person doesn't know where to begin asking questions, or which ones to ask. Define the issues involved in each new piece of art you encounter, and notice all you can about it.

The commission of Richard Serra by Western's Art Acquisition Council, comprised of faculty, students and administrators, is recognition of an internationally respected artist. His success is not only by consensus of the Council, but by world art circles as well.

To know more about artists is to better appreciate their contributions throughout art's interconnected periods. Like succession in a forest, these periods have evolved over time. Contemporary art may be seen as the present realization of art's development. Serra's statement, and its historical context, must not be overlooked because we do not immediately grasp it.

---

SERRA SCULPTURE...

Rock Rings
JENNY HAHN

"Is it really worth it?" she asks me as I dash out the Environmental Center door for another sunny afternoon meeting in the Viking Union.

"Is it really worth it?" she wonders as I explain on thin-worn patience why the Conference funds cannot be $500 shy of two grand.

I've heard her questions before. She poses it whenever I've encountered a conflict between qualitative worths and wastes. She is my coordinator conscience and she probes my actions for rationale.

"Worth it?" I repeated. "Ask me later, we've got the Energy Conference to plan!"

After two months of verbose meetings and numerous headaches came the two-week count down before the Conference. I sat in the office with a schedule book at my side. 12:00—research, 2:00—layout pamphlet, 4:00—to print shop. It was 7:00, Saturday evening. I was numbly tapping away at a four-page pamphlet on the E.C.

"Brrr, the room's cold; they must have shut the heat off hours ago!" My thoughts became short and fragmented. "Drink some cocoa...take another walk around the room...loosen up...keep plugging...Suddenly the phone rang. "Environmental Center," I answered. "Matt what's up?...review the Energy Conference budget on a Saturday night...yeah, time limits...I guess we'd better...see you later. Bye." After I hung up, there you were.

"Is it really worth it?" you asked again. I did not answer. I had to pack up and meet with Matt.

W. R. R

It is now two weeks until finals. Just a few nights ago, I walked into the Environmental Resource Library to complete an informational letter for the Spring Conference.

"Can we finish it tonight?" I asked a conference co-planner. I already knew his answer: "We've got to!" So we began to type, and erase, and revise, and type, and we finally finished. It took us three hours.

I stood up to stretch. I was stiff and tired, and thinking about finals. "Do I have...to page 8

DEBBIE WEATHERLY

...EXTINCTION AND ETHICS

DAVID BLOMSTROM

The disappearance of wild creatures is of immediate concern because it is an irreversible process.

It is hard to justify the survival of many species from an economic or scientific point of view. Yet, these are yardsticks against most societies judge an organism's right to survival.

Most of us "nature lovers" would like to convince the world that it cannot live without wild creatures living in wild places; unfortunately, it can. Without wildlife the world might be a less exciting place to live in, but over the centuries, man has shown an amazing ability to adapt to the least stimulating environments. The disappearance of a host of creatures over the last century has gone unnoticed by most of the world's masses. Oversimplification of ecosystems is used by some as an argument for species preservation but many of these systems are already so disrupted that the disappearance of an already scarce member would probably have little impact.

The finality of extinction is another argument often enlarged upon by various authors. But many people would just as soon see a stuffed grizzly bear in a museum as look at a picture of one in some far-off Alaskan valley they may never get a chance to visit.
ENGINEER... 

Electricity to heat most of the college. Electrical energy would be cut by half, and our dependency upon fossil fuels significantly reduced.

NECESSITY NEVER MADE A GOOD BARGAIN AND THE WESTERN ADMINISTRATORS ARE FOLLOWING SUIT

Svenson's plan coincides with a prevailing mood of the day: energy conservation. Our country is in desperate need to conserve its fuels, but necessity never made a good bargain and the Western administrators are following suit. Instead, Western has pumped in $800,000 to construct an air conditioning system so that a few students, faculty, administrators who attend summer quarter can be comfortable and cool.

Svenson's frustration becomes apparent as he talks about his expended effort to dry and make the administrators realize the unique opportunity and feasibility that his plea would offer. "It doesn't seem practical to install a complete air conditioning unit on campus when the majority of students do not attend the University in summer quarter. It costs as much to run the chiller unit (the main cooling system that controls the air conditioning on campus) as it does to run all the electricity on campus," Svenson remarked. Svenson contends that the prevailing westerly winds off Bellingham Bay are sufficient to cool the campus in summertime.

Were Svenson's plan implemented, this is how it would work: Utilize the already constructed chiller plant adjacent to the steam room and construct another boiler to accept solid waste. The solid wastes would be collected from all over campus and continuously fed into the boiler. Hence, a self-sufficient cycle would develop as solid wastes gathered from students and faculty departments would be brought to the steam plant as fuel for the fire. This fire would heat the boiler and in turn, repay the students and administrators in cheap electric bills, and alleviate our dependence on fossil fuels.

If administrators decide to build the waste-burning facility as an addition to the steam plant, construction costs would be minimal.

If administrators decide to build the waste-burning facility as an addition to the steam plant, construction costs would be minimal compared to plans already subjected before them. Adequate room exists next to the steam plant so the steam engineers could control the boiler without having to travel off campus. And the solid wastes boiler would be situated within easy access for students and faculty alike.

Huge costs that Western now pays for transporting all solid wastes to Ferndale would be cut drastically, Svenson points out that the administration is wasting thousands of dollars in transportation costs and incinerator fees. "We are burning money into the sky right now," he angrily says.

Ironically, Svenson believes that instead of building a solid wastes boiler on campus and utilizing the chiller room, the administration wants to go ahead and pump their $800,000 into an air conditioning unit for the campus and then pump more funds into a solid wastes boiler off campus. In effect, we are paying an outlandishly high price for something we do not need. The expense of constructing a completely new solid wastes boiler off campus is at least twice the amount of Svenson's plan.

We are burning money into the sky

As energy becomes harder to exploit, alternatives should be scrutinized and comprehensively examined.

The self sufficiency and economic feasibility of his plan outweigh negative aspects. His is only one answer to the increasing pressure of meeting our energy needs at school. It's an enormous problem. Let's hope the administration adapts the most viable solution.

************

The Monthly Planet is funded by Associated Students as the environmental publication of the Environmental Center. The Planet is responsible for fostering environmental awareness across campus. It is not responsible for individual views expressed in it.

************
Haines, Alaska has been my home for the last two years. It and Schnabel Lumber Mill are located 60 miles north of Juneau on one of the longest and most beautiful fjords in the world. Norwegian tourists visit "Lynn Canal" on luxury liners. Thousands travel it on the "marine highway" ferries.


Eagles and timber are exceedingly difficult topics for Haines residents to discuss objectively. Many consider themselves to be more endangered specimens than the eagles 20 miles upriver.

My following letter appeared in the Lynn Canal News last September 13, after the mill's obsolete waste burner came back to life. The names and organizations parallel ones that you are familiar with: Georgia Pacific, the Bellingham Chamber of Commerce, Dixy Lee Ray, SCAPP.

The timber sale is noticeably affecting Haines already. Strange loggers are in town, and smoke from Schnabel's illegal incinerator is hanging low in Lynn Canal. I thought the new wood-burning generator plant was going to replace that trashy metal teepee that is sending its smoke signals and stink past Haines again. My naivete sometimes dismays me.

My letter violated some taboos of who says what, and when and how things are said. It was a needle puncturing a social blister filled with smalltown frustrations. Many direct replies followed, some from locals who had never written a public letter before. The "teepee burner" shut down the following week.

I claim some credit. At least I made some enemies: Mr. Blix is right—John Schnabel is a "king." He certainly stands head and shoulders over most people in this valley. A smaller person would have given up fighting the Idiots a long time ago. I grew up in this valley and don't remember a time when Schnabel Lumber Co. wasn't fighting to protect its jobs for our people. (First Nature, a fire, lack of money—now Idiots.) I admire John Schnabel, his wife Erma and his children. Erma's kitchen has always been warm and open to the lonely, the kid, and just an-ebbed.

Gary (Indiana) sends greetings to Western.
What is your opinion of the Serra sculpture? Two hundred twenty-six Western students were given a chance to share their ideas on the newest edition to Western's Outdoor Museum. In a poll conducted by the Monthly Planet, 79% of those persons polled said they didn't like the sculpture, 13% voiced approval, while 8% were undecided. Eighty percent of those who liked the sculpture were juniors and seniors.

We asked, "Who was the Art Committee trying to please when they purchased this sculpture?" Only 5% marked "students". One person thought the Committee was pleasing themselves, and wrote, "God knows it wasn't us."

Our next question asked students whether or not they thought the $130,000 spent wisely. Very few people thought the expenditure was justified. In fact, over half of those who liked the sculpture did not feel it was worth the money.

One such student wrote, "I enjoy watching people voice their opinions on the 'work of art.' It gives me pleasure to laugh at it." Some people felt the money could have been used for other forms of art, such as student art. Only 16% felt the Serra sculpture serves "the purpose of art" on campus.

By this time the ball was really rolling. We wanted to get the students' true feelings of the Serra sculpture, and if they felt it served the purpose that art should on campus. We asked, "Does Serra serve this purpose?"

Eighty-four percent said no. Some comments were: "It represents our technological society or perhaps the oppressive weight of technology." "At best it's the work of an architect, not an artist." "It opposes environmental quality." "What a waste of natural resources." "I wish it was invisible." Some of the people who liked it wrote--- "It takes time to understand and not enough people are willing to spend the time." "It inspires controversy of which we need some more around here."

Seven indicated that though they don't presently like it, the expense was justified.

In our opinion, students should be the main concern of the Art Committee when selecting a sculpture. Also, $130,000 could have paid for a large variety of student sculptures, and perhaps should have.

A lot of people have different feelings concerning the 'Triangle'. Perhaps the only solution is for you to decide for yourself. Look closely at the sculpture; walk around it and through it. Judge not from just what other people have said or written; experience it for yourself.

MONTHLY PLANET POLL

Serra's 'Triangle'

Class Standing: Jr.-soph; 99 Majors: 17

1. Who was the Art Committee trying to please when they purchased this sculpture?
   - Students (105) - International Art Critics (4)
   - Local Community (12) - Other Who Knows (50) Themselves (11) Serra (7)...

2. The $130,000 spent on this sculpture was justified
   - Not worth it
   - Better used elsewhere (Example: Student Fee (4), Tennis courts (7)...

3. What do think the purpose of art should be on campus?
   - Education (93) - Beautification (10)
   - Status (35) - To inspire creative thought (2)

4. Does Serra serve this purpose? Yes (91) No (29)

5. Do you like the 'Triangle'? Yes (160) No (10)

EXTINCTION AND ETHICS...

Unfortunately (maybe fortunately!), some of us cannot be content in a world emptied of wild creatures. For some, nature is the supreme manifestation of our concept of "God." Mountains and forests are our cathedrals; Aldo Leopold's Land Ethic our religious code.

Though these words may be a bit grandiose, I think many of us feel the same way towards nature. So why not stand up for our spiritual beliefs? After all, we respect the religious beliefs of others—let them respect ours!
BILL HALSTEAD

I stood on the moon today and looked down at The Monthly Planet. But my nose got in the way. I suddenly realized I wasn't looking down at all. I was looking out. "Look out!" my pen shouted. I'm looking out.

My pen danced on and I realized I really have no great insights to offer to the readers of The Monthly Planet. No formula. No truth. No cause to appeal to on the chopping block of public scrutiny today.

Then I went into the forest of my mind to a lookout post and I saw that there was one small cause I would like to promote after all. The cause is so very simple, it is easy to forget amidst the rush and worry of life in the 1980's, Bellingham, Washington, U.S.A., Planet Earth. The name of this one small cause is trite: it is the cause which poets and madmen join hands to battle for. It is not important enough to paint on a billboard (or spray on Serra) perhaps.

Then I went into the forest of my mind... and I saw there was one small cause...

There are some rather bombastic and inflated ways of naming it. Friendship. Compassion. Loving. Caring. The words seem a bit out of place in a world of hustle and ambition. It's not that big of a deal. It is nothing worth organizing for or marching about. But this small cause is important to everyone. It's so simple: Talk to someone. Listen to someone. Anyone.

The cause is there. The need is always so small it seems invisible at first. But if you look closely into the eyes of the person next to you, you will see them crying out for attention. Let's get together. Let's explore life and discover truth. But first, let's talk. Let's listen. Keep the channels open. If there is no attempt to communicate in very simple ways, each of us is alone.

We must go within ourselves and first discover the importance of a single life. Only then can we hope to offer a solution.

There is always a need to improve communication. I'll keep trying if you do. And I'll keep trying even if you don't. It's just one small cause, but it is always nice to remember it.

**************

DIARY OF A MAD COORDINATOR....

...paper due tomorrow? Reading? An article to write? I thought. "No, I asked for an extension on my paper... Reading?...Yes, I'm three chapters behind, but I'll read those next week. Article? Yes, I promised it would be in tomorrow!"

Suddenly you spoke out. "Is it really worth it?" You repeated your question, "IS IT REALLY WORTH IT???"

"Oh conscience..." I thought, "...haven't you learned by now? Haven't you seen for yourself? My commitment speaks louder than mere words could ever tell." I grabbed my pack and walked out the library to write the Monthly Planet article.

**************

CREDITS

KIM ANDERSON: graphics 7
BRIAN BLIX: editor, layout
LIZ CLEARY: graphics 1
DIANE CORNELL: calligraphy
DIEDRA DAVENPORT: press type
JENNY HAHN: graphics 4, 6
CAROL KIRKPATRICK: typing
PATTY LANGMAN: typing
KATHY MCEWAN: graphics 8
JOYCE MERCURI: typing
GAIL MESSINBRINK: polling
TORE OFTNESS: photography (Rock Rings) 3
V. FATE PUTMAN: distribution
GARY SMITH: photography (Serra sculpture) 3, 6
GEOFF TALKINGTON: graphics 1, 2
above and below, at night and during the day, in rain and shine and by the light of the moon..." (4) I should have reread the last draft, looking for the catchiest beginning.

I contrast the Serra Sculpture with Rock Rings. I also butt my impressions up against those of an art critic. His explanation is so indecipherable that it gives credibility to my impressions. His elevated gobbledygook debunks the idea that art authorities can justify junk the ignorant student tries to ignore.

"Then one morning I read 'DISCO-SCULPT' on its northwest side from Red Square" is a simple, refreshing experience shared by almost every Western student. But I suspect only my classmates read this far.

The best opening, actually, tells how I and two comrades huddled around beer cans and a piece of paper in a struggle to compose coherent profundities for a 110 ton billboard. How I felt cheated when I lost my spray can nozzle in the dark bushes of Sehome Hill. How we avoided the campus cops. And the thrills of Mission Accomplished! And reading "DISCO-SCULPT" in the morning light...

Please do not inform the registrar of my past until she has sent my diploma.

There are six sections to "Art" in this confusing order: 1) definition of environmental art, 2) description of the sculpture and explanation of its funding, 3) my critique and the art critic's, 4) discussion of graffiti, 5) description of Rock Rings and comparison with Serra Sculpture, 6) art education.

When I read it out loud, I stop in puzzlement before each new section.

A smoother arrangement is: 1) provocative description: "I've looked at Serra's iron from inside and out... So far I have seen little on its blend surfaces, in its mass, or by its shapes... Then one morning from Red Square I read "DISCO-SCULPT". Someone added the weight and permanence of 220,000# of rusting steel to three fervent messages..." (Further description is unnecessary.) 2) Explanation of the funding through Federal construction funding. 3) The critiques of the Sculpture. 4) My positive description of Rock Rings, "beautiful in and of itself." 5) My environmental art definition, my opinion of the purpose of environmental art on campus, and reference to Curator Blair's "well-written piece."
I would think that since environmentalists talk so much about "interdependence," it would characterize their interrelationships. Surprisingly, there seems to be as little constructive communication in the Environmental Studies Center as anywhere else on campus.

2. "Holists" tend to downplay dealing with nitty-gritty problems, claiming they can often be eliminated by altering values systems, for example. "Analysts" tend to minimize philosophicalizing about problems, emphasizing that broad-ranging problems are solved by getting your hands dirty, then going to the computer to gain the real picture. (I know that no one may admit to fitting these types, but I shall continue!)

3. Although the dean, Dick Mayer, helped lay some common foundation for the final decision by saying that it is most important that Huxley seek "excellence," the two most likely candidates offer two kinds of excellence. One is an excellent limnologist (lake expert); the other is an excellent teacher. But how are students and faculty to choose between them?

4. I talked to Dick a few days ago about "excellence." Did he primarily mean "expertise" or "excellence in teaching undergraduates" or something else? Clarification gave us a firmer basis for further discussion.

5. But if group problem-solving skills were more generally abundant, then this selection process would have involved much more discussion and clarification of Huxley's needs, and the criteria for judging how these needs might be met by a candidate. Later today, the decision will be made with the foundation not well laid. Good luck to Huxley!

6. A couple of weeks ago, I facilitated a discussion among a diverse group of students on Education for Transformation. We uncovered a common desire to "improve the quality of survival"--a good subject to discuss endlessly.

7. By following a problem-solving approach we clarified our discussion to "ways to get students involved with Outback," a pitifully narrow and irrelevant version of the former desire for anyone infatuated with aimless discussion. A good group problem-solving process deals with too much discussion as well as too little discussion.

8. We used some advice from The Universal Traveler, a soft-systems guide to creativity and the problem-solving process. The co-authors (one of whom may visit Fairhaven College this fall) use diversity of views to clarify complex problems and workable improvements. A "well-seasoned traveller" understands how to be a part of a progressive interplay between the broad view of the holist and the in-depth view of the analyst.

9. Some flesh will be pricked as members gain skill (and fearlessness) penetrating difficult problems. But that illusive reality of "community" is experienced most when clearing the prickly path.
Dear Monthly Planet:

Your last issue was thought provoking, although only by chance did I happen to see it. Why not give some thought to a better distribution system? I assume it is not written exclusively for the Huxley "granola eaters" and "greenies."

The confused article by Janet Blair demonstrates part of the problem with the Serra sculpture. Apparently no one, including the curator of the VU gallery, bothers to study aesthetics any more. Matters of taste and quality are up for grabs; whatever one "feels" determines the merit of creativity. When our feelings confuse us, we talk about cost by measuring art in dollars.

Ms. Blair's article offers no solid criteria for testing the merit of the iron triangle. Clichés, when they are not just her own feelings, are superficial and give us little basis for artistic judgement.

Campuses ought to be places for honoring clear thought, not clichés and personal feelings. Therefore it is reassuring to find some courage, and objective thinking in the steam plant if not in the art gallery. I'd like to see the Planet article about Richard Severson reprinted in the Front or FAST.

- about the Sherman tank in the VU.
- "Not all revelations come in a flash." But some never come.
- "an internationally respected artist," which proves...
- "Contemporary art may be seen as the present realization of art's development." As an historian, I really can't knock that idea, can I? Except the same may be said of every modern thing everywhere, as when I explain the invasion of Afghanistan as "the present realization of Russia's development" or the hostages as "the present realization of Iran's development" or a MacDonald hamburger as "the present realization of America's development."

Campuses ought to be places for honoring clear thought, not clichés and personal feelings. Therefore it is reassuring to find some courage, and objective thinking in the steam plant if not in the art gallery. I'd like to see the Planet article about Richard Severson reprinted in the Front or FAST.

Anyone who has tried to reform the basic (as against frilly) environmental practices at Western will appreciate Severson's dilemma. We "save" electricity by blacking out the Christmas tree and halting elevators for a few days but then plan to install an $800,000 air conditioning system for a region where summer temperatures seldom exceed 80° more than ten days a year. Of course what Mr. Severson fails to realize is that we never act on any problem until it becomes a crisis, whether it's our Lake Whatcom drinking water, toxic and nuclear (1984) wastes, or heating systems. After all, Mr. Severson, "not all revelation comes in a flash," "it's never too late," we should "seek our own solutions," and things have beauty if they are "direct and unavoidable" due to massiveness. Our steam engineer needs a few lessons from Ms. Blair on how to make judgments, that's all.

Bob Keller
Fairhaven College

Liz Cleary
GLOBAL PROBLEMS AND HUMAN VALUES CONFERENCE SCHEDULE
May 19-23 (Monday-Friday) in the VU Lounge

Wednesday

9:00 a.m.-4:00 p.m. CURRENT STATUS OF WORLD RESOURCES: 3 presentations, 2 films, 2 panel discussions

Thursday

8:45 a.m.-3:00 p.m. GLOBAL SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC PROBLEMS: 4 panel discussions, 2 films, 1 presentation

7:00 p.m.-8:30 p.m. Current Human Rights Situation: presentation by Gerrit van der Wees of Amnesty International, and 1 film

8:30 p.m.-9:00 p.m. "Changing Ourselves to Fit into with Global Realities," Dr. David Clarke, WWU

Friday

9:00 a.m.-1:00 p.m. GLOBAL LAND USE DILEMNAS: 2 panel discussions, 2 films, 1 slide show

1:00 p.m.-2:00 p.m. "Living the New World View," Dr. Gary Bornzin, a physicist, futurist

2:00 p.m.-3:00 p.m. IMAGINING THE FUTURE, SHARING VISIONS: Conference wrapup, informal discussions led by conference participants

FOURTH ANNUAL CARE-FEST

Saturday, May 24
2-10 p.m.
CIVIC FIELD, BELLINGHAM
FEATURING:
Marilyn Ferguson at 3 p.m.
Editor of Brain/Mind Bulletin and author of Aquarian Conspiracy: Personal and Social Transformations in the 1980's.

PLUS:
LOCAL MUSICIANS,
ENTERTAINERS, BOOTHS,
SPEAKERS, ORGANIZATIONS
INCLUDING:
Greg Guimanon, Scott Oehler,
Wheatheast, Dreamsuite,
N.Y. Brothers, Doug King,
John Logan Jax, Eco-Man,
Barbershop Quartet,
George Poor,
SEE YOU THERE!

Free Shuttle service to Civic Field:
Pay 'n Save --- WWU --- Civic Field
For schedule or more information call the Environmental Center; 676-397A.

Corrections

We wish to apologize for the following errors in the March Planet: Our "Engineer" article gave Mr. Richard Severson's name as Richard Svenson. Also, our burnable waste could generate enough steam (not electricity) to heat most of the college. Heating (not "electrical") costs would be cut considerably (not "in half")... Further, the Administration is not planning to spend a second $800,000 on air conditioning as could have been interpreted by ambiguous wording.

The Monthly Planet has its own two-credit seminar next year! It is sponsored by Huntley College, and all students interested in environmental journalism should register for at least one term.

CREDITS

Writers: Keith Anderson, Mark Canright, Jeffrey Barnes Kelly, Jim Millson, Jeff Porteous, Reggy Reinsch, Charlotte Sorlien.
Artists: Kim Anderson, Kathy McLean, Jo Ann Fites, Jenny Hahn, John Morgan.
Photographer: Jim Click.
Calligraphers: Diane Cornell, Gay Roselle.
Typist: Joyce Mercouri.
Editor and Layout artist: Brian Blix.
The MX

CHARLOTTE SORLIEN

The MX missile is part of a major new leap in the arms race. Until the latest series of weapons systems - the cruise missile, the Trident submarine, and anti-submarine warfare systems, the nuclear weapons complex was one of deterrence through Mutually Assured Destruction (MAD).

The U.S. presently has 30,000 tactical nuclear weapons and 9,200 strategic nuclear weapons, enough to destroy every major Soviet city 35 times (according to the Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists).

Now we are seeking the capability to launch a first strike on the Soviet Union: "flexible response" or "counterforce." In January, Harold Brown, Secretary of Defense, said...

Conference/Carefest

PEGGY REINSCH

"It won't be as extensive as the Energy Conference," Jenny assured us. And so I volunteered to help with the Environmental Center's Spring Conference, "Global Problems and Human Values: The Future of Humanity and the Planet," and Carefest, too. I didn't have a lot of time to put in, but I said I'd do what I could.

Before I knew it, the very minor role I had envisioned for myself snowballed into being surrounded by schedules, posters, bookmarks and deadlines. The more time I spend with planning the week of events, however, the more enthusiastic I get. At least that's the way I feel sometimes.

Dr. Willis Harman, whom I've heard so much about, will be...
Jeff Porteous

I interviewed Orman D. Darby the other day doing my Clark Kent bit for the Planet. Orman is Georgia Pacific's public relations manager. I was curious to see what GP had to say for itself: curious because I've lived in Bellingham for nearly a year and still haven't gotten over the smell. But also curious because my father is building a pulp mill on the other side of the state. When I walked into GP I expected to meet a Chamber-of-Commerce glad-hander in a three piece suit. Darby is none of that. He'd look a lot like Jack Nicklaus if Nicklaus was 5'4", spoke with a Texas accent and had hands and feet the size of the midget's on Fantasy Island.

He began: "In the area of environment... we talk only about the positive side, because if you look back to where we came from... what you look back on is a Pittsburgh-like view of Bellingham with the entire waterfront all the way from the concrete plant to Post Point Park being solid smoke stacks belching black smoke."

The man did his best to be positive. By the time I turned the tape over Orman was beginning to run low, and things were beginning to get a little more interesting. In regards to GP's recurring pollution of the air:

"Air pollution has largely been brought into compliance with government regulations in the last couple of years. Trying to remove that last bit, with current technology, will require as much money as the first 97%, so that's not a very appetizing improvement, particularly since we're within the current guidelines and are showing good faith efforts to find new technologies to get the remainder."

"We have fermentation going on in the alcohol plant, sulphur compounds for cooking the chips, and we create sulphur when we burn fuel in our steam plant. If we have an "upset" we call the Northwest Air Pollution Control Authority.... They then penalize us according to their regulations. We've been fined many thousands of dollars many times in the past few years..."

My first thought was how many times and how many thousands of dollars would you
**BAKING BREAD WITH GP.....**

As far as the old man's pulp mill goes, he tells me it's environmentally clean, the latest in Japanese technology, etc. The sulphur process that GP uses will be replaced in his mill by an oxygen process that does away with the stink. The water discharges will be drinkable. He even told me about a tank full of carp swimming around in the discharge created by a Japanese mill using the new process. The carp are supposed to be fat and sassy. But I wonder after listening to Mr. Darby. If there were only some way I could talk to those carp!

---

**THE MX.....**

The proposed MX weapon system includes 200 loop-shaped roadways surrounded by 23 missile shelters apiece: 4,600 shelters to harbor 200 MX missiles. Ten thousand miles of roads would be built—about one-fourth the length of the Interstate Highway system. The land required is roughly four times the size of Connecticut. Most is either grazing land or wilderness, or reservation in Utah and Nevada. The Shoshone Indians stand to lose 22,000,000 acres in Nevada.

Each missile would carry ten warheads and theoretically be able to drop them within 300 feet of a target halfway across the globe. The warheads would be 350 kilotons apiece (350,000 tons of TNT), 28 times as powerful as the Hiroshima bomb.

The environmental effects of the MX are significant—whether or not it should ever be used! According to the Environmental Impact Statement on the MX, the project would raise large quantities of dust into the air, disturb local vegetation and wildlife, threaten as many as a dozen endangered species, destroy archaeological sites, and reduce the scenic and recreational value of the land.

Estimates for the amount of water needed now stand at around 112 billion gallons for the duration of the project. This could seriously lower the water table in the arid region.

The MX will create tremendous social impact by bringing 125,000 new residents into an area that now has a population of fewer than 60,000. "It would literally destroy our
way of life," says Mayor Jack Sawyer of Cedar City, Utah. The official price tag is $33,000,000,000. Some estimate the MX will cost $100,000,000,000 with inflation and cost overruns before completion in 1989. These funds might otherwise be available for alternative energy production and other environmental projects.

Underlying the fear, apathy and disillusionment that create these weapons, I think we have the will to use our technological skill and global influence to preserve peace and life. I've seen glimmers of this will in some of the most unlikely places. I've seen flashes of indescribable beauty working its way to the surface to be expressed. This is what spurs me as an activist. Megadeath weapons like the MX hold us back. When we persist in this direction we throw a shadow on life.

Major increases in Department of Defense appropriations bills will be debated this summer. Votes will likely take place on MX funding levels. Letters from you are crucial now, before the military mentality and bureaucratic inertia propel the weapon's construction. Send a short letter to:

Senator Henry Jackson
137 Russell SOB
Washington, DC. 20510

Senator Warren Magnuson
127 Russell SOB
Washington, DC. 20510

Congressman Al Swift
1511 Longworth HOB
Washington, DC. 20510

For legislative updates write
Steve Wheeler, Friends of the Earth, 530 7th Street SE, Washington, DC. 20003.

Send a short letter to:
 Senator Henry Jackson
 137 Russell SOB
 Washington, DC. 20510

Senator Warren Magnuson
127 Russell SOB
Washington, DC. 20510

Congressman Al Swift
1511 Longworth HOB
Washington, DC. 20510

For legislative updates write
Steve Wheeler, Friends of the Earth, 530 7th Street SE, Washington, DC. 20003.

Good energy, music, and food surrounded the first Whatcom County Good Earth Exposition, April 25-27. Self sufficiency was the theme of the Expo, and a wide array of earthy items was presented to the "home grown" crowd. Local groups and organizations also had a good opportunity to reach the community in a personal way.

To some people it may have been a small scale repeat of the somewhat bizarre Seattle Environmental Faire, but to most it was an awakening to the appropriate decentralized technologies that are available today. As one visitor put it, "it was like walking into a living Whole Earth Catalog."

Even though the common cause was somewhat tainted by commercialism, the Good Earth Expo turned into a small scale success. Hopefully the information disseminated will not be quickly forgotten.

The Monthly Planet is funded by the Associated Students as the environmental publication of:

The Environmental Center

The Environmental Center
I wait until the second paragraph this time before embroiling myself in definitions. I do throw in "nitty-gritty" and "dirty" to keep them from being sepulchral.

The point is fairly clear in the opening paragraph: "There seems to be as little constructive communication in the Environmental Studies Center as anywhere else on campus." I also like it because it claims the problem is common across campus.

Once again, in "Holists" I give my conclusions and philosophy at the beginning instead of the end. I am a philosopher by nature. Writing for me exorcises experiences that led me to my conclusions, more often than extracting conclusions from experiences I've had. William Strunk wrote that "writing . . . must follow closely the thoughts of the writer, but not necessarily in the order in which these thoughts occur. This calls for a scheme. . . . All (forms of composition) have skeletons to which the writer will bring the flesh and blood." 51 Or, "flesh and blood to which the writer will bring the skeleton."

As I amply demonstrated with "Flesh and Bones," the way to come up with a good skeleton is not by boiling down the flesh and blood through 10 drafts. A skeleton is not an extraction from the writer's thoughts, but a crystallization and reorganization of them. And that requires a love of simplicity and a fear of losing a reader.

I should have revolved "One Revolution," the next marred gem, so that its end comes first. The most difficult, philosophical part is at the start.

The first three paragraphs are excessively oxygenated like a stream of consciousness plunging from thought to thought. "Oxygen ions to the brain. Just sucked oxygen up the long flight of stairs to the Environmental Library, ESC 51B, to write my last pitch and maybe I'll rail against the ugly staircase. . . ." lacks the pronoun "I" except at the end (I'll), as though this were a diary entry. There is no context for the reader who hasn't read the previous pages and volumes of
Oxygen ions to the brain. Just sucked oxygen up the long flight of stairs to the Environmental Library, ESC 518, to write my last pitch and maybe I'll rail against the ugly staircase and the people who use elevators, even the environmental profs.

Oh well, I'd rather talk about Mt. Helens and how when the ash hits us we better benefit from our 'catastrophic paradigm shift.' In a metaphysical bomb shelter petty enemies become either close friends or instruments of extinction. I understand where my elevator friends are coming from.

The Monthly Planet editors have mentioned 'cooperation' a lot. Well, if the volcano doesn't challenge the existence of B'ham before school is over, expose yourself to the last few performances of As You Like It on the Globe Theater in the Fairhaven College Courtyard.

I haven't read much in the comfy bean bag magazine section of the E.R. Library for right-on inspiration, just newspapers and Shakespeare.

I play "Charles, a wrestler." Before I do my thing I explain the good Duke Senior is banished from the court by his younger brother Duke Frederick (no cooperation). He moves to the Forest of Arden with three or four loving lords who voluntarily exiled themselves with him (cooperation). He states, "Sweet are the uses of adversity. Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, weares yet a precious jewel in his head; And this our life, exempt from public haunt. Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones, and good in everything." Billy J. Bailey has more to say about tongues in trees in "Henry David, Thanks."

Touchstone the court jester accompanies Duke Senior's daughter into the wilds. Holists usually have a sense of humor, and of course he is no exception. Talking to a shepherd about the wilderness life, he says, "In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well, but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fles my humor well, but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach."

May I say, the humor of Touchstone in what I so laboriously labeled "the group problem-solving process" last issue maketh cooperation palatable.

That's all I have to say. And Farewell. Good luck and Duke Senior's blessing to Mark Gardner. He organized the Spring Conference on 'Global Problems and Human Values.' He is the next Monthly Planet wrestler, I mean editor. He'll be working with John Miles, a formidable literary power on the Huxley faculty, in running the new Monthly Planet seminar.

I'm taking my degree to Haines, Alaska, 80 miles of fjord north of Juneau, to help preserve human virtue, bald eagles, wilderness, whales, appropriate logging, Carol, bald people, salmon, and the logs of a to-be-built cabin.

If you happen to be driving by on the Alaska Highway, turn right at Haines Junction and cruise 160 miles to Main Street Haines for world class scenery and pizza. If cruising by ferry, hitch into town from the ferry dock for a world class hard-pack Apple Strudel Vanilla ice cream cone. And ask the folks at the Sourdough Pizza Parlour where I might be found.

Brian Blix
Teddy Bear's for Sale

KATHY WALKER

A petition concerning Teddy Bear Cove Beach circulated on Western's campus after the sun revealed itself again to Bellingham last spring. Eight hundred forty students stated their support to preserve Teddy Bear Cove for public use. The Associated Students held a referendum during elections concerning support and interest in obtaining Teddy Bear Cove. Although the resolution passed by a narrow margin, the A.S. Board was not given a mandate by the students to divert programming monies or develop a major fund-raising scheme to secure the property.

Since the property is now on the market, some aspects of its utilization and character should be noted. The 12.5 acre lot is located just south of the Bellingham City limits. The zoning allows for two and three family dwellings in the residential district. Sale of the property to a private owner would likely result in development of the land to help the investment.

Anyone who has ventured down to the beach realizes that the forested slope is a steep jaunt to one of the few public saltwater beaches in the area. The severe slope is stabilized by native vegetation. Development of the property would undoubtedly interfere with this natural balance and might result in massive erosion. Another negative aspect of development is the fact that the Burlington Northern Railroad owns access which dissects the waterfront.

Hanson

LAURIE LYNN KELLY

Larry Hanson was learning about "ecology" before the word came into common use. He is a Western sculptor-professor and member of the Art Acquisition Committee. I visited his recent exhibit in the Viking Union Art Gallery, and talked to him afterwards.

Thoughtfully, Hanson spoke of his work, perceptions, and his interest in the environment. He understands the term "environment" to mean a whole system, with all the possible interactions.

Bottle of Contents

- LIES
- TEN YEARS AFTER SHOESTRING LAKE
- HENRY DAVID, THANKS
- RECYCLING BLOOD
- APPROPRIATE EDUCATION
- ONE REVOLUTION
- PEACE CORPS
- EDITORIAL-ELECT
- REASON
- SEA PATH

6
Since deciding to become the editor of next year's Planet just a few days ago, I have seen the need to reflect a bit on the place that the magazine has among the publications of the Associated Students. The Planet is not primarily a news magazine, although there is certainly room for coverage of timely environmental and human issues within its pages. What makes the Planet unique is that it allows the personal element to come through, throwing illumination on what our environment means to us as breathing, emoting, sentient beings. The magazine provides a place for Western students to dig into the depths of their personal experience and bring their values to the foreground, helping us all to increase our awareness and concern for our delicately balanced and often boxed world.

Since the Planet is a publication for the entire University, I would like to see increasing input from Western students of all academic backgrounds in next year's issues. In addition, I would like to invite all students who are interested in being on next year's staff to consider signing up for the 2 credit Monthly Planet seminar offered through Huxley College. John Miles, who is an old hand at environmental journalism, will be the seminar's advisor. Experience in layout, graphics, reporting, etc. is not required, although a bit of enthusiasm and concern for our earth is. The Planet has grown in circulation, coverage, and refinement throughout the year. Let's join together to make next year's magazine an even greater success!

Mark Gardyne

---

Teddy Bear Cove

from the wooded slope.

In my opinion, the most detrimental aspect of private property and secure it for public use.

This committee is considering undertaking a massive fund raising program. This would entail securing support and funds from the community at large. The County Parks Department has offered to establish and maintain a trail from the road to the beach. The property would probably be secured and donated to the County Parks Department.

Teddy Bear Cove property is optimally located for public use. The community has this opportunity to preserve a recreational site long taken for granted. I feel the option of public use significantly outweighs the development of a private condominium on Chuckanut Drive. I fully support all efforts to obtain Teddy Bear Cove Beach exclusively for public use.
I'm very much involved with... thus... (2). I shrink back, half expecting a grade school horror house. The room feels dark and spooky until I check the corners to be sure I am alone...

"YOU COME TO COLLEGE WITH A VISUAL EDUCATION THAT WOULD BE COMPARABLE TO A READING EDUCATION OF MAYBE THE FIRST OR SECOND GRADE!"

"I've always had a bent towards not necessarily Eastern, but mystical thought... I don't have... any mystical experiences; I'm not a born again anything. But... certain possibilities of that line of thought are of interest to me... (Eastern philosophy understands) space in terms of movement in space, which inevitably means movement in time. At the simplest level, I can't be sitting here talking to you, and simultaneously be sitting in your chair. Space and time are inseparable in that sense; and that is Einsteinian physics, isn't it? Quantum mechanics, too."

Lines of large, glowing white rocks confront me. Repetitive chants, foghorns, and bells wake and lead. Tiny hanging blue bulbs create peacefulness. The rocks glow.

"A lot of stuff that seems very mysterious and mystical to us, when we think a little bit about it and look at it a little bit, we understand it and we can take it away from the realm of the mysterious. The more you take away... maybe what's left begins to seem... very real.

"Discovery of the whole subatomic world does not make common sense - that's not a common sense world down there. But it appears to be a real one--how should I say it? It leaks into our common sense world."

"When... mama puts us on the floor and we start crawling around, we bump into the leg of the table and it hurts our nose, and we register through our eyes when something that looks solid in front of you, don't run into it anymore because it hurts. ...after we learn to use our senses defensively we don't use them anymore.

"I tell my art students 'you come to college with a visual education that would be comparable to a reading education of maybe first or second grade.' You just never really have been taught to use your eyes... Learning to do that can be a very valuable thing in its own right. One day one of the students said 'you know, I was walking up here this morning, I was looking through the trees. All of a sudden I saw the shape of the trees and the shape of the sky that I saw through the trees were figure ground relationships....' So the thing we work with in our art and our teaching that is very abstract--is not abstract. It's something derived from real experience."

"First, that it's one of the important things art can do, to really teach people to be aware of what's around them. That's a tie I make back to you folks. I hope that's what you're trying to do: to make everyone aware of the whole circumstance: aware... that if you pour poison into the bay it doesn't just disappear. It's got to be perceived; it's got to be understood how it interacts with all these other things.

"I wanted to get the full power of "...thus... (2)." so I got down and bit one of the boulders. Surprisingly, it tasted like a rock. I felt silly. I peeked behind the foil that covered the windows and darkened the room. Below Bellingham, the bay, and Georgia-Pacific. When I turned back around the rocks looked like tombs.

"Something that's there, or implicit...is that mystical quality. When I first started making pieces that involved light, people would come up to me and say 'I felt like I was in church,' and I must admit that the first few times that happened it was embarrassing for me, that wasn't what I was doing: I wasn't making church; I was making art...I'm sure those comments were working in my unconscious, and I was saying in effect 'there is a realm of experience there...that I'm interested in...."

"Maybe I can start feeling comfortable taking that possibility and that work and bringing it a little more out in the open; finding out what's there, for me and for other people."

(Laurie Kelly is next year's Environmental Center coordinator. Mike Cox is the new Program Director. Give them your support! Sign up for the Environmental Center seminar.)

"Lies"

"It is not calumny or treachery that does the largest sum of mischief in the world... it is the softly spoken lie; the amiable fakery; the patriotic lie of the historian, the provident lie of the politician, the jealous lie of the partisan, the merciful lie of the friend, and the careless lie of each man to himself, that casts that black mystery over humanity, through which any man who pierces, we think as we would thank one who dug a well in the desert."

--by John Ruskin, The Seven Lamps of Architecture

(Chosen by Laurie Kelly)
Ten Years After

JOHN PETERSON

The modern environmental movement has passed the historic ten year mark. The movement was preceded by a growing level of awareness about conservation and ecology in the late 1960's and was born out of the Earth Day activities of 1970. An increasingly high level of consciousness and organization made it the movement we know today.

It has achieved much in ten years. National and state environmental protection laws were enacted, and used in the courts successfully. Citizens are more aware of their impact on the environment and the responsibility this requires.

The environmental movement is plagued by two major problems after ten years of growth: 1) a growing rift between environmentalists and other 'segments' of society and 2) limited effectiveness in the methods used to make changes.

The environmentalist's unique set of values and level of concern cause the first problem. These arise from our belief that the protection of the environment is the single most important thing. This belief influences our perception of almost every issue facing society. The urgency we place on certain issues is influenced by the importance we see in that issue as it relates to our environment.

However, other individuals see these same issues from their unique perspective. The urgency they place on these issues is influenced by their own values. They do not have a monopoly on truth nor do we (although all of us wish to believe we do).

I have a friend who has been logging on the Olympic Peninsula for a number of years. To me, clearcutting is an example of forestry at its worst. It wrecks local ecosystems and is an eyesore. My friend is not ignorant about the problems of clearcutting. He experiences its effects in his daily life. To him, though, clearcutting is the most advantageous way to harvest timber and provide his friends and neighbors with a livelihood. Neither of us are wrong. We just see things differently.

When the movement was younger it was important for environmentalists to reinforce their own views and ignore others to ensure the movement's survival. Now, it is more important for environmentalists to listen to and accept the perceptions of others while sharing our own views.

But how? We environmentalists need to be more involved in community activities outside the direct sphere of the movement. Leisure activities such as city league softball or political activities like the League of Women Voters could give us more common experiences with others in the community.

By sharing we may come to understand others better. They may come to realize we share many of their values and aspirations and are not simply "obstructionists".

"WHEN THE MOVEMENT WAS YOUNG IT WAS IMPORTANT FOR ENVIRONMENTALISTS TO REINFORCE THEIR OWN VIEWS AND IGNORE OTHERS TO ENSURE THE MOVEMENT'S SURVIVAL."

The methods of change used by the movement is the second problem I see facing environmentalism. By now, we have raised consciousness through demonstration and exhibition, or have considered sweeping changes in society which would be dependent on societal value changes. Much legislation has been passed.

The judicial approach to environmental conflict seems as viable as ever but leads environmentalists to be considered "obstructionists" by others. Protest and exhibition created group solidarity and raised consciousness at first, but as the movement matures, they seem less effective in actually bringing about change. The sweeping changes of society seem to be coming, but at a snail's pace.

We need new, creative approaches to bring change. Environmental mediation, much like what is used in labor disputes, could be used as a substitute for taking conflicts.

Shoestring Lake

1. I've lost the chapetick dam a mamot hole. Mosquitos sting through dope and khaki pants. A seven-mile-long trail leads to the ar. But look—the shallow lake. How many fish, how many swumed logs. What cold, cold water.

2. Five thousand feet above the sea. I cool my toes in summer snow. A stream forever unloads Shoestring: its freight the blank and ichorous melt. There at its mouth some cutthroat trout move, spuming in the sand.

3. Upon one silted log a caddisfly nymph hauls its tube of stones and tiny twigs, scouring for food, etching a silly name. When I cast my bulk of shadow the bristled legs stop reaching.

—Paul Lindholdt
SCOTT REGAN

What are the dangers and opportunities inherent in the present world situation? What kinds of personal and institutional changes must we make as a society in order to avoid the dangers and take advantage of the opportunities? What would be the characteristics of a college education which would foster appropriate values, concepts and skills for making the best of our situation in the coming years? And finally, which of these characteristics can we recognize in the colleges of Fairhaven and Huxley and how might we foster those characteristics which may be lacking? These were the main questions underlying the "Education for Transformation Symposium" held at Fairhaven College on April 30 and May 1. Of course these are big questions, not the sort that can be resolved in two days, but hopefully the symposium got some people thinking.

I got the idea for the symposium over the Christmas break. I am a Fairhaven student and have taken a number of Huxley classes as a part of my program of study. Through my Huxley classes I've come to see that there are a number of environmental constraints which offer us imperatives for action which are presently being neglected, largely due to ignorance. The course of recent events had amply demonstrated to me the unworkability of the traditional values inherent in our social institutions and lifestyles. To many of us it is becoming painfully evident that Western techno-industrial culture must undergo a transformation of some of its basic values if we are going to pass a healthy planet on to our grandchildren. This transformation of values must be based not upon environmental fanaticism or naive idealistic visions but upon a new and better understanding of the interconnected nature of our world.

To me this clearly implies the need for a new and better education, appropriate for the social and ecological context of today.

"THE OVERALL IDEA...WAS TO PLACE OUR EDUCATION IN THE BROADER SOCIAL AND ECOCLOGICAL CONTEXT"

As I said, I've taken classes at both Fairhaven and Huxley. Each of them possesses some of the characteristics of the kind of college education I'm talking about. Each of them has serious deficiencies. But both of them together do pretty well. The strong points in one make up for the deficiencies in the other. I see great potential for better interaction between the two colleges.

I hoped that the symposium would make students and faculty more aware of the complimentary opportunities provided by the colleges and also recognize the importance of these opportunities for modern society.

The symposium had three main sections. Each section was composed of a large group meeting time, where everyone met together to listen to presentations, followed by a small group meeting time, where we broke into discussion groups of about eight people.

The afternoon session, called "Fairhaven and Huxley—How Do We Fit?", was more informal than the other two. We began with Dean Mayer of Huxley and Dean Ager of Fairhaven talking about how they see the mission of their respective colleges. Then we had a series of short 3-4 minute presentations by various students, faculty and groups on campus who shared what they are doing and how it fits in with the transformation theme. After that, we were supposed to talk about (gulp!) life in the "real world". The plan was to have a faculty member from Fairhaven and Huxley Colleges talk about career opportunities presented to graduates of their respective college and then have a panel of ten graduates from Fairhaven and Huxley talk about their "real world" experiences. Un-
APPROPRIATE EDUCATION....

Fortunately, the Huxley faculty didn't show up and neither did seven of the graduates so we made do with what we had. After that, small groups met again and then we finished up the day with a delightful short skit called "Eco-Man" dealing with how to "save the world."

There were about eighty people in attendance on Wednesday night and Thursday morning, but, due to strong competition from a beautiful sunny day, the attendance dwindled to about thirty in the late afternoon. This raised havoc with the small groups, which were meant to maintain the same membership throughout all three sessions, making possible a continuous process by building upon what had gone before. Oh well, we'll order a rainy day next time.

Looking back, I would say the symposium was a mixed bag of successes and failures. There were feelings of togetherness and I think an appreciation of unity in our diversity. But I think there was a general feeling that we didn't adequately deal with the issues at hand. Since the whole program was designed as a continuous flow, I think most people (those who didn't attend the whole thing) missed out on the overall idea, which was to place our education in the broader social and ecological context of today. But I think the planners of the symposium learned some things and would do some things differently if we were to do it again. I still feel the idea is important and is insufficiently addressed here on campus. Perhaps in the future there will be a symposium which deals with this issue more adequately.

George Blakey

Well, I did want to work at the Recycle Center, so why not talk to the Coordinator? I was just interested in the Assistant position, but I didn't like the "wait and see" attitude. I figured I had a pretty good shot at it when Jeff Wallace (the coordinator) invited me to the West Coast Recycling Conference the next day.

So I got 'swept up' in the whole thing--new equipment, processes; education and the 4 R's. I attended my first A.S. board meeting and didn't understand much of this budget stuff. There was some reference to University agreements and special programming, councils, and minor capital improvements--talk about being lost!

A conspiracy of sorts, and I walked right into it! "When will you be hiring?" "It's all up in the air still," said the assistant coordinator. The fact that there were no other applicants didn't even sink in. Jeff had maneuvered me into running this place and I was beginning to feel important instead of scared.

Work on top of work. I didn't know what I was doing, but I was getting something...
I was driving along the Skagit Flats last winter when I had a visit from a friend. He came to talk with me. His hooked nose, small body and large hands and understanding blue eyes told me he had something very special to tell me. He had a message to pass on.

Henry David told me it was important for me to find out who I was before I could ever hope to achieve anything in life. He said, "Walden wasn't a way for me to escape the world or a way to get lost in nature. At times I felt that I didn't want to have anything to do with people, but I knew I needed the people around me for support. I needed my friends. I was delighted when Alcott would come with me on one of my walks. She knew better than to ruin the silence with a bunch of talk.

"I went out to Walden to find myself. To live a deliberate life. I was a transcendentalist and I wanted to find myself away from the confines of the material world. I wanted to live simply and to live amongst the natural world."

That was his way to deal with life. That was his way of getting to the core of his self. In no way did he want everyone to run out and live a life away from people. One of the misconceptions he told me about was that he lived a life of solitude, completely void of human contact. In truth he never went a week without some sort of human contact. I asked him why he did not marry or ever come in close contact with females. I asked him if he had problems dealing with the closeness of people.

"I never got married because I saw it as getting in the way of what I wanted out of life. After my twenties I was never interested in any person except those that would spend time talking with me. I never felt any need for a woman at my side."

"As for my friends, yes I did have problems. Emerson and I were friends for a long time, but I tired of him after I realized I was his equal."

For some reason I never enjoyed the contact of people as much as I loved to be by myself and living in the outdoors. But that isn't THE answer to life. Some people need the contact of people more than others. I can also see that my life was missing something when I died and had no relationship I could call a love relationship.

"Since I've been dead I've realized a few other things. The first is that people aren't bad. Nothing is bad, and nothing is good. Things just are. I could accept that in the outdoors, but in Concord I had a hard time not judging people. They were so trite in the way they went about their lives and the things they talked about."

"Since I've been dead I've realized a few other things. The first is that people aren't bad... in Concord I had a hard time not judging people."

"Since I've been dead I've realized a few other things. The first is that people aren't bad... in Concord I had a hard time not judging people."

Our talk wandered to the realm of education and universities. He never really liked formal schooling, it never agreed with him, but he saw the merits it had for many people. He thought it important for all people to take
Ken Wild

I came to Honduras in 1977 as a specialist in environmental education under the now-extinct Smithsonian Institution/Peace Corps Environmental Program. And if I were to spend the rest of my life here, I think I would never stop searching for the answer to the question, "How does conservation of natural resources apply to and affect the lives of the poorest of the poor?"

The vicious cycle of poverty is the result of a complex relationship of political, social, economic and cultural forces, and such fine-sounding concepts as "ecology," "environment" and "conservation" sound hollow when we're faced with poverty and its shocking reality.

In the rich, developed nations we tend to think of natural resource and environmental problems as stemming from overconsumption. The world's environmental deterioration is laid at the feet of the rich countries because they are using far more natural resources per capita than are developing nations.

But in a relative sense, a poor villager from a Third World country can have a powerfully damaging effect on the natural environment too. The absolute desperation to survive sometimes means slashing down a stand of trees or killing and/or selling the nearest available wild animal. The dearth of economic and land use alternative puts an unbelievable strain on natural resources.

Add to this the pressures of a mushrooming population and the result is environmental destruction as complete as that caused by the overconsumptive, developed nations.

Conservation in the Third World requires an understanding and a commitment on many fronts. Unfortunately, conservation planning issues in a country struggling to overcome poverty and to meet the needs of its citizens often take a back seat to what are seen as more pressing political and economic problems.

Consequently, conservation programs often are relegated to small, relatively impotent bureaucratic offices with limited funds and resources.

For a Peace Corps Volunteer working in natural resources conservation, the frustrations are as numerous as the challenges. Given the complete cultural situation, the volunteer first must ask why the problems exist and then seek the most applicable alternative using the available resources.

"ECOLOGY," "ENVIRONMENT," AND "CONSERVATION" SOUND HOLLOW WHEN WE'RE FACED WITH POVERTY AND ITS SHOCKING REALITY."

I gave conservation talks in schools and for civic groups, helped organize an Earth Day program, taught environmental education in a rural elementary school, participated in inventories and investigations of different wild areas throughout the country, and prepared a manual of environmental education for teachers.

Teaching conservation of natural resources in a Third World Country, I learned, must be approached holistically. That's why the Peace Corps is a valuable asset to the world conservation movement.

By working in areas such as health, agriculture, natural resources, etc., an interdisciplinary corps of volunteers can cooperate to work both directly and indirectly for conservation. Only by an integrated approach can the concept of conservation be communicated; can real alternatives in health, living conditions, sanitation, family planning, land use, etc., be provided.

(Ken Wild is a 1976 Huxley graduate. This is part of an article from Peace Corps Volunteer magazine, given to me by Ken Hugh, campus Peace Corps representative.)
I follow a path through many faces, toward familiar faces and classes. A snapshot captures an unfamiliar fleeting image of myself in a frame other than the instant. I see a vessel carrying a secret growing self through the unseeing sea of others. Secrets of my bottle seep out. I hold it in my hand to collect enough for a taste. I want to be an image connoisseur, to open other bottles one by one. Someday my bottle will slip from the clutter to roam a sea path. —Brian Blix-

TEN YEARS AFTER.....

to court. Our economic system is greatly underused as a tool by environmentalists largely because we see it at the root of our problems. Yet it can be used to achieve our purposes. Saul Alinsky (author of Rules for Radicals) was acutely aware of this fact. He was able to bring discrimination issues to stockholder’s meetings of Eastman Kodak by controlling shares of stock. Similar methods could be used today by environmental groups.

We environmentalists have an important message which we are not communicating because of the limited tactics we use and a gulf we have put between ourselves and others. We need to be more creative and more a part of the human communities we live in.

I've had so many enjoyable moments with other folks in spite of the bad times with some. I can look around and see my accomplishments and improvements amongst the continual piles of material. I swear, if this place ever looks perfect, it’ll be the day it closes.

I know it’s in my blood now and always will be. I’ll never stop working for recycling. I know not just how to recycle, but the potential as well.

Probably few student jobs affect one so deeply and provide so much to remember. To think I just wanted to be an assistant!
my diary, and decipher it.

I dismiss that first stoned entry, beginning the second paragraph with "Oh well," but I do it again. "I'd rather talk about St. Helens and how when the ash hits us we better benefit from our 'catastrophic crisis,' our own ecologic paradigm shift. In a metaphysical bomb shelter. . . ." I'm dropping bombs on the innocent.

The last two paragraphs are full of humor and invention that isn't too hard to appreciate. They'd make a great beginning. If I had developed the meanings of "catastrophic crises," "paradigm shift," and "metaphysical bomb shelter," then perhaps I could end "One Revolution" with paragraph two. Most people haven't had classes from David Clarke. Most haven't read and understood my earlier editorials, like the one in which I called ESC the "Environmental Bomb Shelter." (Incidentally, campus architecture is an environmental issue shared by all students, of course, and worth many stories in the Planet.)

Paragraphs 5-8 use Shakespeare's As You Like It to illustrate the theme of the May editorial on cooperation. "One Revolution" of the sun has nearly occurred, and the pun implies I hope a revolution related to the Planet has occurred. I am trying to reiterate past articles that supposedly revolutionized communication between environmentalists and others. However, my use of Shakespearian quotes detracts from my communication.

I have little skill incorporating quotes. I think they are difficult to use. They are from another voice. It is easy to let a lucid comment do all the work for you. If the quote is long, not only does the reader lose touch with the present writer, he may go off on side roads within the long quote. For example, in the middle of the quote in paragraph five, after Duke Senior has been banished by an uncooperative brother, I quote him saying "Sweet are the uses of adversity, . . ." It is to be expected that then I would discuss adversity. But I don't. I did in the May editorial, but I can't assume the reader is familiar with it.
I'm trying to cover too many things in the previous paragraph, too. "I haven't read much in the comfy bean bag magazine section of the E.R. Library for right-on inspiration, just newspapers and Shakespeare." I don't have a "comfy" relationship with those who are being told 1) there is a magazine section in the Environmental Resources Library, 2) it has comfortable bean bag chairs, 3) I hope the entertaining magazine section gives me a good topic to write on (evidently it didn't!), 4) the section also has newspapers and Shakespeare (but I brought the Shakespeare). I cause uncomfortable feelings in strangers to me and the library with this cute opacity.

I've jumped up a long flight of stairs to St. Helens to a metaphysical bomb shelter to an elevator to a Globe Theatre stage to the bean bag in the E.R. Library. Then I turn into Charles, a wrestler. I tell of banishment to the Forest of Arden, leading to banishment to Walden Pond. The reader banishes himself from the confusion to his own Walden.

My paragraphs have been too long. The next-to-last one is a comfortable length, but it is one sentence that should be two. "I'm taking my degree to Haines..." I hope it will help me preserve human virtue, bald eagles, wilderness, whales, appropriate logging, Carol..." is better. The reader can catch a breath between sentences.

The last paragraph is the best. The sentences are sensible, humorous, and well connected. "...Cruise 160 miles to Main Street... If cruising by ferry... hitch into town... for a world class hard-pack Apple Strudel Vanilla ice cream cone... Sourdough Pizza Parlor." However, I didn't say that the ice cream cones are at the Pizza Parlor.

They are. But if you come to Haines this summer, don't ask for Apple Strudel Vanilla. The new management no longer offers it. If you come five years from now, you might cruise 60 miles to Main Street on the new $150,000,000 "Juneau-Haines Highway," carved on the west side of the world's longest fjord.
How to put tar in the planet and keep feathers on eagles: The best and worst of the (1980) Monthly Planet and Weekly Letters to an Alaskan Editor
"I have often at the beginning of a book found myself very uncertain what I would do, and appalled at the difficulty of knowing what to put where, and how to develop my incidents. I never have that feeling now because I have always found that there is some one point or other in which I can see my way.

"I immediately set to work at that point and before I have done and settled it, I invariably find that there is another point which I can also see and settle, etc., etc. . ."—Samuel Butler.

"I'm taking my degree to Haines. . ." I have taken until the following letter to the editor to conclude work for my degree, in Haines. "Nay to Proposed Highway" came out last Friday. Friday the 23rd. It's about an engineer who would pollute Lynn Canal with a layer of car exhaust. . .

Page 2 LYNN CANAL NEWS Thursday, January 22, 1981

NAY TO PROPOSED HIGHWAY

To the People of Haines,

I am alarmed to find support in this community for a road (Juneau-Haines) that will signal the demise of this town. Presently, the town depends on the logging industry and tourism as main sources of income, both of which will be diminished by the new highway. In addition, many other benefits of living in Haines will be lost.

When Juneau and Haines become linked, there will be an influx of Juneau people building "weekend" houses to the area. As more Juneau people arrive here, the more political power they will wield in the community. As Juneau people become more involved, decisions are more likely to be made for the Juneau community than for the Haines community.

To the Editor,

The water route which connects the Haines area to points south has played a vital role in our history, culture and economy. The area has long been a port of entry, where navigable waters meet the route to the interior. The Tlingit people first named the site Deishu—"end of the trail". There is nothing that is bound to have a bigger impact on the very nature of this community than constructing a road link to Juneau. If we are to sanction such a major change, we must—as responsible citizens—be able to justify to ourselves and to future generations that, being fully informed, we were convinced that this road link was absolutely necessary.

Perhaps we will be able to say this at some point, but hardly with the information and dialogue that has been presented thus far. There are still many questions to answer. At the meeting last week, we heard only from an engineer who said he could build the road (for a mere $150,000,000) and a representative from the Juneau community who said people down there would love it.

No doubt many in Juneau would be delighted. But nothing links 2 communities like a road, and often one community's answer. At the meeting last week, we heard only from an engineer who said he could build the road (for a mere $150,000,000) and a representative from the Juneau community who said people down there would love it.

No doubt many in Juneau would be delighted. But nothing links 2 communities like a road, and often one community's answer. At the meeting last week, we heard only from an engineer who said he could build the road (for a mere $150,000,000) and a representative from the Juneau community who said people down there would love it.

...AND ANOTHER

Dear Editors,

The engineers who came to get our votes and comments on the "Juneau-Haines Route Location Investigation Study Update Opinion Poll" couldn't tell anyone anything about the impact such a thing would have on us. Why was the meeting conducted only by a biased engineer who could assure us his personal experience showed the wind would blow the pollution from 98,000 cars a year away?

His helper assured us that there are enough billions in the State Treasury to filter a couple hundred millions towards this boondoggle. The point they both missed is that just because we can build it, doesn't mean we should.

The bureaucrats want it, the engineers want it, the politicians want it. They all like "to do their thing" it seems, even in a State that is supposed to keep the influence of Big Government and Big Business to a minimum in our lives.

Somebody at the meeting said a Juneau-Haines Road would help her "tranquility." Tranquility is the issue. Juneau might need our tranquility but we don't need their rape rate. We wouldn't host the serious tourist crowd from there, but most likely the weekend warriors.

But if we want to get rid of the very peaceful ferries (Alternative VII on that poll) and build a road to Juneau, let's build along the most expensive and most difficult route. It will provide the most work for the longest time and have the greatest chance of non-completion before the money runs out or the capital moves or the politicians change. Then we'll still have tranquility on Main Street.

Brian Blix

Mail Box
The Honorable Gary Hart  
United States Senate  
254 Russell Senate Office Bldg.  
Washington, D.C. 20510  

Dear Senator Hart:

At your invitation and that of three other Senators, representatives of my administration have recently met with members of the principal organizations and public agencies which have expressed concern for the future welfare of the Chilkat eagle population. In these meetings, we presented an overview of past State actions which have been taken to protect the eagles and their habitat, and outlined commitments we intend to make in this regard.

In 1972, the Alaska State Legislature established a "Critical Habitat Area" of 4,800 acres to preserve part of the lands used by the eagles in their winter congregation. In addition, the State classified protective riparian corridors for both fish and wildlife values, and designated certain lands for further study to determine their importance to both eagles and fisheries.

Last year, in keeping with recommendations of the Haines/Skagway Land Use Plan, the State cooperated with the communities of Haines and Klukwan, and the National Audubon Society in their initiation of studies of the Chilkat bald eagles. Based on first year recommendations of these studies, I am making $250,000 in legislative appropriations available for a strengthening cooperative bald eagle study. It is important to me that all parties cooperate in accomplishing one comprehensive eagle study rather than duplicating efforts through two or more such studies.

In addition to helping assure adequate support for the study of eagle ecology, some of these monies will also be committed to comprehensive investigations of related resource values, with special emphasis on hydrology, fisheries, soils, and vegetation. It will be particularly important in these study efforts...
to identify projected money and manpower needs, and management policies and objectives, to assist the State in providing effective protection to the Chilkat bald eagles under what I recommend should be a cooperative management regime.

An advisory committee involving representatives of the local communities of Haines and Klukwan, the National Audubon Society, and appropriate State and Federal resource agencies will be established by the Commissioner of the Alaska Department of Natural Resources. I will rely on this group to offer direction on how State funds can best be spent to obtain information vital to enlightened management and protection of bald eagles, and the habitat that sustains them.

In keeping with my concern for impacts of these studies on the local communities and on possible management options for the eagles, I am also urging that some of these monies be made available for study of the social, economic and cultural concerns of the city of Haines and the village of Klukwan. The role of the advisory committee will be especially important in this regard, and the State will be looking to that group on how to best acquire and use this essential information.

At present, there are no plans for development in areas currently thought to be of greatest importance to the eagles. To alleviate concerns about the future possibility of such actions prior to completion of the studies, I am declaring a moratorium on all major development activities within the essential bald eagle habitats as described on the attached map dated May, 1980. This is to include any planning for road and bridge construction. Customary and traditional uses important to the welfare of local residents, and which in past years have not adversely impacted the eagles, will continue to be permitted in these areas. Such uses will include, but are not necessarily limited to, hunting, fishing, trapping, subsistence, prospecting, general recreation and both motorized and non-motorized access.

I want to emphasize that the State of Alaska fully recognizes the great State, national and international values of the annual gathering of bald eagles along the Chilkat River. We are committed to cooperating with all interested parties in seeking sound scientific information necessary to effectively conserve the birds, and to place their essential habitats under permanent protection.

It is my understanding that the moratorium and study outlined above have been discussed with, and are satisfactory to, representatives of Haines and the Alaska Coalition. The study which
I have alluded to will be carried out cooperatively with these groups, which will be represented on a policy advisory committee.

If you have any questions or comments regarding the arrangements which I have just described, please let me know.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

Jay S. Hammond
Governor

cc: The Honorable Ted Stevens
    The Honorable Mike Gravel
    The Honorable John H. Chafee
    The Honorable Jennings Randolph
    The Honorable John C. Culver
    The Honorable Frank Church
THE WINTER OLYMPICS

ERIC HEIDEN
AMERICA'S GOLDEN BOY
There's a big fuss brewing in Alaska over the prime habitat of our national bird. Environmentalists contend the trees may be cut from under the eagles.
ood of Ben Franklin had the goods on them. In 1784, in a letter to his only daughter, Mrs. Sarah Bache, he let it be known that he was not at all happy with the selection of the bald eagle as the national bird. No siree.

In a fit of anthropomorphic pique, he wrote that eagles “arc of bad moral character,” because they steal food from other birds. He called the bird “lazy” and also, most unkind of all, “a rank coward.” He wrote that he would much rather have the wild turkey as the national bird.

A nation of turkeys? Now, see here, Ben. The citizens of Haines, Alaska—the winter home of 3,500 to 4,000 bald eagles, the world’s largest concentration of the species—are also saying nasty things about eagles these days. For example:

“Preservationists could use manipulation to tie up a vast area. In that case the eagles would be in real danger. People in Haines might be so frustrated they would vent their anger in a wholesale slaughter of the Haines eagles. There’s no question but what these eagles can be destroyed in a very short period. It would take a platoon of army to protect those eagles”—Spokesman for the Haines Independent Business Association, as reported by the Southeast Alaska Empire, Dec. 4, 1978. And: “Blank them blank eagles”—Patriotic citizen, overheard in the Rip Tide Bar, Dec. 4, 1979.

What has happened in Haines is that the bald eagles, some of which winter in a relatively small local sanctuary, have become an anti-symbol for most (yes, most) of the local citizens, who number 1,500. Behind the cry of “Rally round the flag” and in true American tradition, a petition was circulated, asking that Haines “create a permanent legal defense fund by any method deemed necessary, including taxation, sale of property or otherwise, in the amount that will provide adequate legal defense on issues affecting our destiny...” The petition was put in stores and local bars by a group known as the Haines Coalition, an alliance of the Alaska Miners’ Association, the Haines Independent Business Association and other local groups. In the first week more than 500 adults signed—a substantial showing from a town of that size.

A letter to the editor in the local weekly, Lynn Canal News, from a spokesman of the Haines Coalition stated that “your signature [on the petition] symbolizes your desire to prevail over the enemies of liberty and justice, and to defend the concept of a democracy and government by the people, for the people.”

Pretty heavy stuff. Confusing, too? No, downright bizarre. Perhaps a brief question-and-answer session might be of value.

Q. Who are these enemies of liberty and justice?
A. The people who want to save the eagle.

Q. Well then, who are these people who might shoot the eagles?
A. The patriots.

Q. Why would a patriot threaten to shoot an eagle?
A. Because thousands of eagles pose a threat to the American system of free enterprise.

Q. How do they pose this threat?
A. Aha! Now we’re getting somewhere. You see, there was this timber sale in the valley where the eagles spend the winter, and the patriots wanted to cut down some trees and sell the logs to Japan, but the enemies of justice and liberty went to court and are trying to stop the sale, and now... Well, it goes on and on.

Q. What bird would most Haines citizens nominate as the national bird?
A. The turkey.

Haines, Alaska, is situated at the northern end of Lynn Canal, a long finger of salt water and the northernmost body of water in the island-ocean-mainland conglomeration known as Southeast Alaska. (On a large-scale map, Southeast looks as though it ought to belong to Canada.) There is a theory, the Donders theory, advanced by Denny Don-
ders, a commercial fisherman well acquainted with the region, that Southeast was once a solid land mass, 100 miles wide and 300 miles long, lifted and dropped from a great height into the ocean, whereupon it shattered like a fluorescent lamp into scores of islands. Indeed, if you study a chart of the area (you travel Southeast with a nautical chart, not a map), you can see how the pieces might fit together, just as Africa seems to fit with South America, from which it may have broken off.

Like most Southeast fishing and logging villages, Haines has, or rather, had, a reputation for being exceedingly casual. One summer, about 10 years ago, a man lay dead inside his car for three days before the body was discovered. The car was just half a block off the main drag, within the jurisdiction of a NO PARKING sign.

From the deck of the Alaska state ferry (Southeast's Greyhound bus system), Haines looks like budget Hollywood, with fake mountains that are too steep and too high and too white and too jagged, small glaciers wedged into canyons, cliffs that angle sharply into emerald-green salt water, a little sawmill, just out of town, with a fragrant smell of wood smoke, hillside two-story houses with high-pitched roofs, white fishing boats moored in the small, picturesque bay.

Seen from the water, Haines is a travelogue Alaska. It is a poster on the wall of your local travel agency. It is exactly what thousands of tourists who visit Alaska every summer are primed to see.

Once ashore, these same tourists are immediately disappointed. Like acne, all Alaskan settlements look better from a distance. The state's architecture ranges from Functional Rectangular to Functional Ramshackle, the reason, of course, being the necessity of survival. There is a sprinkling of buildings, usually log structures, that are both functional and pleasing to the eye. These are the ones that get photographed and put into magazines.

"I tell them to look up, not down," Bea Spradlin, manager of the Thunderbird Motel, says of her advice to disappointed tourists. Bea has lived in Haines for 10 years and has been in the motel business for four.

"Unfortunately, the eagles don't show up until November, and by then most tourists have gone home," Bea says from somewhere inside the menagerie of stuffed wild animals which threaten to crowd her out of the motel office. Si- lently watching the registering guests are two ptarmigan, a marten, a cub cinnamon bear, a spruce hen, a mountain goat and the head of another, a lynx head, a wolf head, a shoulder-mounted Sitka black-tailed deer and the head of another, a drake and hen mallard, an otter and the head of another, a brown bear head, a loon, and two porcupines—mother and baby—the latter qualifying as the world's smallest stuffed porcupine. If you peek into the living quarters, there are more stuffed animals. Bea does all the taxidermy herself, mostly working with road kills.

"We're 3½ days by ferry from Seattle," she says.

"Even though the ferry doesn't cost much to ride, not too many people can afford the time to come up to Haines this time of year just to look at eagles. The weather ain't so great either."

She is right. It is a typical gray Southeast winter day—complete with snow (or is it rain?), slush, clouds, wind, mud, gloom. The water in the bay is the color of a gun barrel and white-capped, the high-rise mountains on the other side are fogged in at nearly sea level.

The downtown business district, exactly one block long, demonstrates both Functional Rectangular architecture and the economic blight from which, according to many citizens, the town is suffering. The buildings along one entire side of the main street (which is called Main Street) share a common skyline, a straight line exactly two stories high, except that Howser's Supermarket violates it by about two feet. It rises above the others and therefore, one might say, dominates the skyline on that side of the street, except on blue-sky days, when the mountains across the bay dominate everything. The buildings across the street continued
are similar in shape and size and are distinguishable as separate buildings. Many are boarded up, with weather-benten plywood over the windows; faded signs in the doorways say "Closed," "For Sale" or "For Rent." More depressing are the buildings that are merely boarded over, with no hopeful signs at all. Main Street has the feel of Appalachia 1960.

One business, Jackson's Gift Shop, is symbolic of the struggle: the windows are boarded over, yet the store remains open. On one piece of plywood covering a window someone has painted a psychedelic, hard-to-read sign that may be deciphered as "Judge not a store by its cover."

The busy Pioneer Bar proclaims Haines' loyalty to the logging industry. On the wall behind the bar are four bumper stickers:

- Eat a Beaver and Save a Tree
- Improve the Forest—Plant a Sierra Clubber
- Sierra Club—Kiss My Axe
- Try Wiping with a Peanut Shell

The last is with the compliments of Alaska Women in Timber. The reference is to President Carter's signing of the Antiquities Act, which created National Monuments and Parks out of forests that otherwise could have been logged.

Last summer things were looking up for the logging industry in Haines. The local sawmill, Schnabal Lumber Co., which had been closed since 1977, received a contract from the State of Alaska to harvest an annual 10.2 million board feet for the next 15 years, with an option to renew the contract for an additional 10 years. The timber is on state land in the nearby Chilkat River valley and drainages—unfortunately for everyone, it seems, the area inhabited by the wintering eagles.

One month after the contract was let, a suit was filed challenging its legality. The suit was brought by an organization of eight Southeastern conservation groups known collectively as SEACC, but funded, in this endeavor anyway, by the California-based Sierra Club. (SEACC has an annual budget of $12,000.) In addition to bringing the suit (the trial is scheduled for May), SEACC also asked for—but was refused—an injunction prohibiting any logging activities before the case is tried. Basically, the suit attacks the Alaska-Schnabal transaction on the grounds of numerous allegations of illegalities in the contract. In the public eye, however, the issue is eagles.

News of the request for an injunction and the impending trial shocked the citizens of Haines. Overnight the bald eagle became a symbol not of America but of some vague and insidious force that seemed, to many citizens, totally un-American. That was when the Haines Coalition drew up the petition asking that the City of Haines enter into the suit as co-defendant with the State of Alaska and Schnabal Lumber Co. As a result, the City Council voted to do just that.

Merrill Palmer is 39 years old and has lived in Haines since 1964. He is the key spokesman for the Haines Coalition. Carrying an attaché case, he shows up at the Bamboo Room restaurant in a tan sport jacket and a print shirt with a wide, flaring collar. Palmer proved to be just as feisty as his red hair would indicate. A slightly built man with long, semi-mutton-chop sideburns and gray penetrating eyes, he was responsible for the phrase "enemies of liberty and justice" in the letter to the Lynn Canal News, and he is visibly flattered when I refer to him as a superpatriot. The interview ends late that night at the bar of the local American Legion Hall. "Democracy," "hard-working," "liberty," "freedom," "justice," "welfare," "Communism," "food stamps" and "pride" permeate his conversation—and seem very apropos in the Legion building.

"Over 500 people signed our petition the first week it was out," Palmer says. "Now we got over 600. These are adults, not kids. What does that tell you about community support?"

Quite a bit, one has to admit.

"Look here," he says, shuffling through the papers in the ever-present attaché case. He finally finds the one he wants. "Look here at this report from Ann Clay, our food-stamp lady. In 1976, when the saw mill was going, we had 25 people on food stamps. Now we got 140. And look at this. In 1976 we didn't have a single person on welfare, and now we got 44. And these people want to work. And the work is there, but we've got to fight the government and the environmentalists in order to go to work! Look here...."

Facts, figures, color-coded maps emerge from the attaché case. A pocket calculator. Palmer points out that 18,000 acres have already been logged in the area. The contested sale concerns the logging of 7,650 acres over 15 years. The calculator beeps. Broken down into average acreage per year and expected board feet per acre and projected out for 25 years, the sale looks small.

board feet (mbf) came from the state land in question. It says this yield could be sustained on the basis of a 100-year rotation cycle.

"How about that?" Palmer asks. "The U.S. Forest Service says we can take 19.5 million board feet a year and all we want is 10.2 million feet. Do you think that we are asking too much?"

It would seem not.

"And another thing. They say they’re worried about the river. Worried that logging would mess up the salmon beds with silt. Then how come the local fishermen’s organization is behind the sale?"

With a wave of his hand Palmer dismisses the fact that the United Southeast Gill Netters Association has publicly criticized the sale.

"They don’t know what’s going on here. They’re just playing it safe and watching out for their own interests. The guys who live here know where the timber is going to be cut, and they think it’s O.K."

Outraged by the facts and figures he has produced, Palmer points to the large American flag on the wall of the Legion Hall.

"Right there is what’s at stake. This country is being denied the right to develop its natural resources. We’re just one little red-neck community, but this thing is going on all over the country. These environmentalists, this minority, either through design or ignorance, is going to bring this country to its knees. SEACC is using the eagle symbol against the very thing for which it stands. Don’t give me that crap that we’re going to log all the trees out from under the eagles."

After this, the big room is ghostly quiet. Outside there is a cold drizzle and the street lights reflect off the wet pavement. The concrete glisterst, but the buildings are dark and empty. A lone figure, an unemployed logger, walks up the sidewalk toward the only lighted window, that of the Pioneer Bar. He doesn’t make it. A gargantuan eagle swoops down, clasps him in its talons and carries him silently into the night.

---

John Schnabal, 60, president of Schnabal Lumber, is easily the most influential man in Haines. There are those who say he "runs the town," an exaggeration of course, but one can imagine the power a man of his stature—owner of Haines’ largest private industry by far—might have. After all, nearly 600 adults in a town of 1,500 did sign a petition asking the city to raise their taxes if it would help keep Schnabal Lumber in business.

Because of a lack of logs, the mill had been closed for nearly two years before last September, when Schnabal acquired seven or eight log rafts from Ketchikan, some 300 miles down the coast. These would keep the mill open for four or five months until logs from the local timber sale became available. That was the plan, anyway.

Schnabal came to Haines in 1939 and worked summers in the woods. After the war he returned to Haines and has lived there ever since. In the early ’50s he ran a 40-unit motel, which failed. Then he returned to logging and for some time cut lumber for the local market. In 1962 Schnabal Lumber began exporting “primary manufactured” logs to Japan. These are called “cants” and need only be squared off on two sides. The mill burned out in 1961 and was rebuilt; in 1965 it was redesigned so that 30 mbf were required annually to show a reasonable profit. Many people claim that Schnabal had overextended his business.

John Schnabal’s company offices are housed inside a structure, clearly Functional Rectangular (resembling two very large house trailers gutted and stacked on top of each other), located among boulders and gravel on a hillside clearing overlooking the mill. Schnabal is as unpretentious as the company office building; low-keyed, matter-of-fact, cordial, likable. A missing finger attests to his trade. There is a sense of modesty tempered with a quiet strength within the man, which goes far to explain the overwhelming support he enjoys from the citizens of Haines. He is quick to point out that his is the second signature on a petition directed to the state legislature which resulted in the estab-
lishment of the present eagle critical habitat area, but he does not mention that this sanctuary is less than 4% of the size proposed by U.S. Fish & Wildlife biologists.

Because the disputed sale is for 10.2 mbf, and he claims to need a minimum of 30 mbf to show a reasonable profit, where will the remaining logs come from?

"There are roughly 130 million board feet available annually from the Tongass National Forest for small purchasers like myself," Schnabal says. "I'm hoping we can get the other logs from this source."

The contract calls for the cutting of some cottonwood, a tree that grows only along the river banks and is used by the eagles for hunting perches.

"We don't even want the cottonwood," Schnabal says. "The contract states that we must cut them in certain areas to hasten the replanting process. Right now, we don't even have a market for them. We ran into this situation once before in the valley a few years ago. The state insisted we cut the peninsula at the confluence of the Kelsall River and Na-tag Creek. We thought the area was too pretty to cut, but we had to do it or be in violation of the contract."

One Haines resident of five years had said that he recognized only a dozen men out of the entire crew of 52 working at the mill.

"That very well could be," Schnabal says. "When we resumed operations in September, we had to recall the men who worked for us before. It's a union regulation. At full capacity we'll employ 65-70 in the mill, another 30 in the woods, and 40 longshoremen whenever we load a ship."

How about the lawsuit?

"The appeal for an injunction was a delaying tactic designed to close the mill. I repeatedly stated that we would have had to shut down shortly after the first of the year if we couldn't start cutting on this contract. The thing that bothers me most is that this entire matter was initiated by the Sierra Club out of California. The lawyers are paid by the Sierra Club, and they're using SEACC as a stalking horse."

Only while discussing the Sierra Club and Government bureaucracy does his voice reveal a little anger. Schnabal displays the impressive amount of paperwork it takes to cut a single tree. He shrugs his shoulders and drops the bundle on his desk.

To publicize his position, Schnabal had taken a large ad in the Southeast Alaska Empire, the Juneau newspaper—a plea for support directed to "Fellow Alaskans." The ad, claiming that out of 127,000 acres of state land classified as Commercial Forest Area, Schnabal wanted to log only 54,000, or less than 50%. Both the Forest Service booklet and the Haines-Skagway Land Use Plan listed only 84,000 acres of Commercial Forest Land. Schnabal later admitted that the figure 127,000 was a "mistake." When asked where the erroneous figure came from, he replied, "From the Government."

Warren Price is a former president of the local longshoreman's union, a group definitely behind the timber sale. Price, 53, born in Haines, father of eight, has had to leave town the greater part of the last two years to work in Ketchikan because of a shortage of ships in Haines. Yet even with a timber sale of 10.2 mbf per year, which Schnabal says is the minimum for profitable operations, longshoremen would still be forced to leave Haines and work in Ketchikan or elsewhere to get enough hours to receive union benefits.

Finally, these words from possibly the only neutral person in town—he doesn't care if the logging sale goes through or not: "I don't see what all the fuss is about. This always happens to Haines. The mill closes and the workers go back to Oregon. It opens again and they come back. What is so different this time?"

Through the window in the Schnabal office you can see the blue-green water of Lutak Inlet, contained on the far side by handsome mountains. Suddenly the bay is chock-full of boats—fishing boats, yachts, cruise ships, ferries, dinghies, canoes, kayaks. They are mostly from California. People leap from boat to boat, gain the shore and run into the woods, each person chaining himself to a tree until every tree in the valley has a guardian. The loggers look to Schnabal, who shakes his head in disbelief and phones his lawyers.

The way to the eagles is to go "out the road," the only road out of town, the one that crosses the Canadian border 42 miles out and then intersects with the Alcan Highway 159 miles out. Remote it may be, but Haines is plugged into the North American highway system. You can drive there from Des Moines.

The two-lane blacktop winds gradually up the Chilkat River valley from sea level. Rugged mountains are close at hand, so high and steep and near that you must slide down in the car seat to view the peaks. On the other side is the river valley, two to three miles wide, and cutting through this tree-filled valley is the river, which is full of brownish-gray gravel bars. Beyond the river flats is the gray-green line of the far cottonwoods; above them, on the mountainsides, the darkness of Sitka spruce and hemlock; then the purple-gray rock streaked with early winter snow, the effect resembling the upside-down root system of a tree; then the solid white mountain caps.

On either side of the blacktop are tall cottonwoods, below which grow aspen, birch, alder, assorted brush and berry bushes, and a few willows. In places, the river sloughs beside the road, cutting a smooth open avenue through the thick underbrush. There are yellow-grassed duck marshes in the river bottom, and at one turn in the road an open meadow with derelict wooden outbuildings and a large rundown corral. A yellow roadway picturing a black horse says HORSE XING. There are 11 bullet holes in the sign, the horse having sustained a killing shot to the neck and two peripheral wounds.

Beyond the deserted horse barns, perhaps 15 miles from town, you begin seeing eagles. One, two, three at first, standing knee-deep in a slough eyeing the water for spawning salmon; two eagles sharing the same limb of a cottonwood tree; a single bird flying heavily up the road; then five, six, eight eagles in the roadside cottonwoods; and then you re-
alize they are all around and there is no spot in the road where, if you stopped the car and got out, you would not see eagles.

Another road sign says SLIDE AREA, and as we drive out of the cottonwoods and pork in an open gravel area created by, as the sign foretells, a rock slide, there is a chilling rain and the valley smells fresh. Here it is three miles wide, with a half-mile expanse of river and sandbars in front of us, swarming with birdlife—eagles, crows, ravens, mergansers, gulls. Puddle and fish ducks, small dipping birds, dot the shoreline. In the river you can see the cause of all this bird activity—the fins and swirls of spawning salmon.

Parked nearby, on a man-made gravel pad overlooking the river, is a brown and white van. Inside are Andy Hansen and Jack Hodges, Fish & Wildlife employees, and Ev Bohere, a retired Fish & Wildlife eagle specialist, who are working for the Audubon Society. The team, which is trying to determine where the winter migration comes from, has set eight snares on the gravel bar. In four days only one bird has been caught.

Hodges’ title with Fish & Wildlife is Eagle Management Specialist for Southeast Alaska. During the summer he and Captain Andy tour Southeast on the Surfbird, a 65-foot boat assigned to eagle surveillance. Since 1969 more than 3,500 nests have been located in Southeast, half of which are active in a given year. The nests are usually within 40 yards of salt water, where the birds hunt.

There are only 35 or 40 nests in this valley, Hodges says, but in the winter the 3,500 to 4,000 eagles in the Haines area represent about 10% of the entire Alaskan eagle population. The bald eagle is not an endangered or threatened species in Alaska, but in the lower 48—which has about 5,000—it is endangered in every state except Mississippi, Wisconsin and Michigan. There it is considered a threatened species, a slightly less alarming classification.

Hodges says that between 1917 and 1952, 128,000 eagles were bountyed in Alaska because of their appetite for spawning salmon. Two eagle talons brought 50c until the late 1930s, $1 until the late 1940s, when “Eagle” Bill Egan (who later became governor) was instrumental in getting the Legislature to raise the bounty to $2. Apparently the bounty on eagles went up as Alaska’s salmon stocks diminished. In 1952 the bounty was lifted, but it was not until 1960 that the bird was fully protected under the Bald Eagle Protection Act, a year after Alaska became a state.

“If you see them real close,” says Bohere, who has been dying just that this fall, “you’ll notice they prefer fish that have already spawned and are just sort of finning around on top. Sometimes they tackle a stronger fish that hasn’t spawned yet and get a pretty good dunking.” He chuckles. “Then you’ll see them drying out on a sandbar or in a tree with their wings partially open. It’s sort of comical.

“The river is the key factor. The eagle is merely an artifact of the river and the salmon. The Chilkat is unique in that, due to warm-water upwellings, or springs, portions of it stay open all winter. This accounts for the late salmon run, and because the river stays open, the birds can still fish. We’re worried that excessive logging might in some way change the flow of water. You get run-off in logged areas instead of seepage, and the danger here is that without constant winter seepage, the flow of the river might be reduced to the point where it would freeze. We’ve also noticed that after a storm there aren’t nearly as many eagles around for a day or two, so they obviously require more protection than these river cottonwoods afford. That ridg you see right across there is included in the timber sale, and we’re pretty sure it’s being used heavily by these birds.”

“Hey, we got one,” Hansen says. “Right out there.”

A couple of hundred yards out, behind a big piece of driftwood on a sandbar, an eagle is flapping around and beating its wings. Hodges and Hansen take off at a run. Hodges carrying a large salmon-landing net. Fifteen minutes later they return, Hansen, coatless, with the net. Hodges with the eagle wrapped in Hansen’s coat.

As if supporting Ben Franklin’s assessment, the eagle is very cooperative, submissive even, during the fitting of a transmitter harness. Beak open, it turns its head spasmodically, cying every human movement. The look in its eye and the nature of its actions, to get shamefully anthropomorphic, are not signs of defiance or any other eagle-like trait, but something closer to shock, or confusion or—must one say it?—fear. Hansen thoughtfully places a red stocking cap over the bird’s head. The shiny black talons, held tightly together in Bohere’s hand, are long and impressive; individually, they could easily pass for black bear claws. Upon release, the bird flies across the river, beeping back via a receiver.

F rom the vehicles it is only a short walk up the road to Klukwan, a Tlingit Indian village situated on a peninsula jutting out into the Chilkat. You can see the village from the slide area; discreet signs along the road proclaim the area to be part of the Tlingit reservation. It is a walk that any human being, no matter how civilized, would appreciate and remember—a walk unlike any other in the world. Eagles are everywhere in the cottonwoods and spruce, gaping and gawking as one passes below. The birds are not at all spooky, patient even to the point of sitting through a charade of stooping and throwing imaginary stones at them. They look at each other as if to say What is wrong with that person? Disgorged from the ferry, an 18-wheeler roars by, sending only half a dozen birds into the air. Seeing so many eagles devalues them, and after a while they seem more like vultures, perched by the hundreds in the naked cottonwood branches. Roughly half the birds are immature, nearly full-grown but having mottled black and white body feathers. It takes at least five years to produce the fully white head and tail feathers. One theory is that most Alaskan eagles spend part of their immature years in the Haines area.

There’s not much activity in the trees—occasionally a bird spreads out in the branches like a partially opened umbrella, drying out after a tussle with a salmon. There are lots of fish in the river, the birds are in Fat City. Later on, in January and February, things will be different. They’ll have to hustle.
At the river bank is a backwater lined with rotten salmon carcasses. In the calm water the fins and swirls of nearly dead fish are visible. Like an apparition, what used to be a chum salmon swims—and, passes by—upright, submerged, scabby, fungi-covered, parts of fins and the tail missing, the gills opening just once. On the other side are drag marks and a blood trail in the snow, leading out of the water where earlier that morning an eagle had scored a salmon. Beyond, there is a flurry of birdlife on the gravel bars. These are noisy, active, swarming creatures—except for the eagles. The gulls make the most noise, screaming and complaining, but occasionally one hears an eagle. It is a strange sound, like the whine of a distant power-steering unit—a feminine noise for a macho bird. It's John Wayne singing "Tiptoe Through the Tulips" in a Tiny Tim voice.

By far the prettiest call in the chorus along the river is the raven's. Melodic, resonant, sonorous. To imitate it would require a piano, an oboe and a flute. A clever bird with the highest ratio of brain-to-body weight, the raven is just as important to the culture of the totem-building Tlingits as the eagle, and it is easy to understand why. Perhaps Ben Franklin had a point.

Bill Thomas, a Tlingit Indian, is president of Klukwan, Inc., the investment arm of the village corporation, at present entrusted with about 23,000 acres and roughly $600,000 in Land Claims monies for 250 shareholders.

Thomas makes one feel good about the Indians' ability to deal with "the white-man problem." Young, articulate, athletic, handsomely goateed, with shiny brown eyes, he is an inspiring spokesman for his people. During the summer he gill-nets for salmon. Thomas says that all the people in the village favor the timber sale; it would be a good hedge against a poor fishing year. Including his own, there are eight gill-netting permits in the Klukwan village (worth $43,000 each on the open market). Fishing and Land Claims money comprise the bulk of the town's income. The timber sale would mean occasional long-shoring jobs for many villagers.

What did Thomas think of the possibility of an eagle observatory being built just down the road from the village? He'd heard the talk. Basically, he thought it was a good idea, because, with the addition of a curio shop at such an observatory, it would provide a market for Tlingit arts and crafts. It could be a source of income for the older people in town. But the people definitely would not want tourist traffic in the town itself. They would have to make sure that didn't happen, he said.

The slide area was now covered with asphalt. Fourteen brightly colored Scenic-Cruiser buses were unloading tourists into the parking lot of the observatory. On the side of each bus, in black letters outlined in red, it said, Welcome to Eagleville, USA! The Tlingit curio shop was doing brisk business and was now importing eagle trinkets from Japan. Down the road, the horse barns had been replaced by a McDonald's Hamburger Barn. Two eagles sat on the glowing arches, warming their feet.

SEACC is composed of conservation organizations from the Southeast towns of Juneau, Sitka, Petersburg, Wrangell, Ketchikan and Haines. The Haines group, Lynn Canal Conservation (LCC), is the smallest, with only about 20 active members.

Richard Folta is a lawyer, engineer and surveyor consultant, born in Juneau, family man and a Haines resident since 1970. He is seated in his cubbyhole office overlooking Main Street, above the Alaska Liquor Store. One of the first things he says is that because of his involvement with the timber sale as an environmentalist, his law practice in Haines has become a joke.

"I guess my original sin was helping to start LCC," he says in a tired voice. "And back in 1975 I represented some fishermen and conservationists out of Point Baker in a suit against Ketchikan Pulp [now the Louisiana Pacific Company] Schnabal found out about this and, oh, sort of exposed me, you might say, in a letter to the editor. Just letting everyone know I was an environmentalist."

"An enemy of liberty and justice," his visitor ventures.

Folta laughs.

"Did you read that? What can I say? Guilty as charged, I guess. Maybe this gives you an idea of what we're up against in this town. Shortly after the letter appeared I found a window in my car broken and the lug nuts on one wheel loosened."

Could happen to anyone, of course.

Of course.

The visitor mentions that the figures he had seen concerning the overall size of the area to be logged seemed reasonable.

"It all depends on whose figures you've seen," Folta replies. "The Coalition likes to point out that the Forest Service recommendation is for a sustained yield of 19.9 million board feet annually. And the size of this sale is only 10.2 million. What they don't say is that these are measured on two different scales, the long-log scale and the short-log scale. There's a 15% discrepancy. Using the same scale, the timber sale figures at 12 million."

Still reasonable.

"Maybe so, but projected over 100 years, which is what they are doing, 89% of the commercially valuable trees in the watershed can be cut. What we are objecting to mainly is a long-term timber sale. Once the trees are committed, they are as good as gone. It would take an act of Congress to break the contract, even if they found irreparable environmental damage being done."

LCC then, if it had a choice, wouldn't oppose a smaller, short-term sale?

"You won't find anyone in LCC opposed to a certain amount of logging in this area. Schnabal is simply asking for too much. Personally, I feel for the man. He's overextended himself, he's in trouble, and he's looking for a way out."

Had Folta been subjected to any other sort of intimidation recently?

"Threatening phone calls," he says. "Mostly they sound like cranks, but this one guy who keeps after continued"
me seems serious. My kids are having a hard time in school because their last name is Fol­
ta. It's really sad what's happening in this small community.

Bruce Gilbert, 48, 15 years in Haines, com­
mmercial fisherman and owner of Haines Home Building
Supply, Inc., is sleeping at the store these nights. Just in

I case. Last spring he and Norm Blank, another commer­
cial fisherman, 49, a 20-year resident, had trouble getting
their boats into the water. The two men in town with
trails large enough for the job refused this service to

known conservationists.

Stephan Wasse, past president of LCC, says that he
filed a complaint with the police, claiming his life was
threatened—and that someone phoned him during an LCC
meeting and said among other things, "You're going to end
up dead."

Gordon Sandy, eight-year resident, obtained a diving job
last summer installing fire hydrants at the boat harbor.
When he showed up with his scuba gear the next morning
he says he was told he couldn't be hired because "he was
a conservationist."

Dave Nanny, eight-year resident, one of the more active
LCC members, had the funds for his borough position as Ad­
ministrator of Roads and Trails transferred to the city. The
position was then "phased out."

Name Withheld, Name Withheld and Name Withheld
were told that "they ought to reconsider their politics if
they really liked their jobs."

A

meeting with the LCC members one snowy
night six miles out of town, down a wooded
lane, inside a large, comfortable home heated
with wood, a few questions were cleared up, a few
more created.

The food-stamp bulletin was indeed misleading, LCC
members claimed. In 1976 there had been no food-stamp ad­
ministrator in Haines. All applications had to be mailed
to Juneau. A lot of people never bothered. Now, with an open
office in town every two weeks, it was "worth the trouble.
Also, beginning within the last year, you no longer paid for
food stamps—they were free. (A check with the State Di­
vision of Public Assistance proved this to be true. In the
last 18 months food-stamp recipients in Alaska had tripled.
Possibly Haines merely reflected this trend.)

Yes, LCC people said, the local fishing organization had
voted to back the timber sale, but it wasn't fishermen who
voted. Under the auspices of a group known as Lynn Canal
Fisherman's Rights, membership fee $10, a vote was held.
Usually 12 to 15 members showed up for meetings. The
night of the preannounced vote, 45 people appeared, about
10 of whom were newly initiated members recruited by
Haines Coalition.

The LCC members had more to say.

Haines boomed along with the Alaska Pipeline. A lot
of people worked on the pipeline, and one of the lumber
mills, now closed, dismantled and shipped back to Oregon,
provided skids for pipeline housing structures. The boom
is over, and what's happening in Haines is no different from
what's happening in other pipeline towns.

The lumber in the valley is 70% rot (a fact
borne out by the Forest Service) and shouldn't
be cut. Sales are based on a 100-year rotation
cycle, and nobody knows what will happen
because it just hasn't been done before. The forests here
are not like those in the rest of Southeast. They are farther
north and the climate is different. The mill that moved out
of town could not produce green lumber for Anchorage
and Fairbanks to compete with the cost of importing kiln-
dried lumber from Seattle.

And finally: look at the contract. The provisions for re­
planting, erosion control or even stream protection and
cleanup seem grossly inadequate. The state guarantees
Schnabal a 17.5% allowance for profit and risk. He can
even bill the state if the cost of building the logging roads
goes over the value of the timber.

It is here, within the confines of the contract, that
the SEACC people have their strongest argument. And that
is precisely what the suit is all about. Forget about the
eagles, momentarily.

The State of Alaska, for whatever reasons—political some
say—has seen fit to sell a large portion of the trees in a
valley that has a history of being only marginally profitable
for logging. The state has written into the contract certain
assurances that assure the private corporation a profit, even
if it must come at the taxpayer's expense.

The state's area forester, Gary L. Sauer, submitted a
report in August estimating road construction costs at
$1.6 million and the gross worth of the lumber to be
$1.4 million for the first 18 months of operation. (He has
since backed off on this estimate, but still maintains that
the operation is very marginal.)

What is to be gained from marginal or deficit timber sales?
In this case, if the company's cost estimates are in line,
Schnabal Lumber is guaranteed a 17.5% profit on the gross
worth of the logs. At best, 100 workers (many of these not liv­
ing in Haines at present) will gain an hourly wage. The state
is supposed to make money from a timber sale—in this case
a mere $3 per thousand board feet as compared to $60 to $80
charged by the Federal Government in nearby forests. (The
nearby operations, incidentally, cost taxpayers $20 to
$25 million per year.) But the state quite possibly will be pay­
ing the cost of sending raw lumber to Japan.

The final irony is this: claiming that the American sys­
tem of free enterprise is endangered, patriotic citizens of
Haines are campaigning for a government-subsidized busi­
ess venture. In the valley of the eagles.

The Great Eagle in the Sky looked down upon the Tlingit
village and saw the bitterness and squabbling the beau­
tiful valley had created. Obviously, the people were not
happy with it. He flew lower and lower and finally hooke
His huge talons into the Chilkat River. Beating His wing
mightily, He lifted the river, with the fish, and the cotton­
woods beside it, and the spruce and the hemlock on the
mountainsides; yea, He lifted the entire river valley from
its place and flew heavily into the dark of night until I
came to Western Kansas. There, on the lonely plains,
He deposited the valley and returned to the heavens.
STUD: (Walking to C as soon as lights off.) THE-HUXLEY GUERILLA THEATER GUILD PRESENTS NOCKSACK. ACT I: "HEAVY MENTAL POLLUTION." (Returns to seat, slumped, reads from top of stack; pronouncing each word clearly, absurdly) REPS RADS REPS RONTGENS, RODS, REGS, RAPS ROTTENGUMS, DOSAGE DOTAGE DATA DADA....

PROF: (Comes to life, turns quickly to student, snaps fingers, smiles.) DEAR CLASS!

STUD: (To himself, poetically.) JESUS, WISH I WERE ON THE NOCKSACK RIVER. SALMON ARE.EAGLES ARE COMING!!

PROF: (Clears throat loudly.) THIS IS IMPORTANT! (points to board) (looks at student, they nod YES together, DO YOU WANT A BAD GRADE? (They nod NO together) Student starts writing down graph madly, papers flying.

PROF: NOW! (poetically, demonstratively) CLASS, WHEN WE WALK/DOWN THE WALK/OUR RUBBER SOLES/RUB MOLECULES/CARCINOGENS? (Student nods off) THUS ENTERING/OUR WATERWAYS/AFTER IT RAINS. ENTERING FISH/ENTERING US/ THUS.... (prof pauses, turns to audience)

STUD: (Speaking loudly in a dream) NOCKSACK EAGLES!

PROF (resumes, dreamily) SOMEDAY YOU'LL HAVE A GOVERNMENT JOB AND YOU'LL SEE HOW THINGS ARE INDEED INTERCONNECTED. (turns to student, loudly) NOW, THIS GRAPH.... (freezes)

STUD: (waking up) HUH? WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME? I SIT AND MAYBE LISTEN. (gets up, walks R, faces audience) I FORGET EVERYTHING AFTER GODDAMN FINALS. WHAT KIND OF EAGLE SAVER ARE YOU?

AH! (turns to prof)

PROF: (back to life) NOW, LETHAL DOSES ARE APPROXIMATE SINCE DOSIMETRY BADGES WEREN'T WORN BEFORE THE A-BOMB WAS....

STUD: LETHAL DOSE? I JUST GOT A QUESTION! (J....)

PROF: FIRE!

STUD: WHY DOES IT TAKE SO LONG TO SEE WHAT POLLUTION REALLY IS?

PROF: WHAT? POLLUTION SEEMS NORMAL.

STUDENT: DO POLLUTERS SEE THEIR OWN POLLUTION?
Tiny Haines looks to future with eye toward diversifying economy

By KARIN DAVIES
Empire Staff Reporter

HAINES—Although a long-awaited court decision last week allowed timber sales to a lumber mill that has historically been the mainstay of this tiny Southeast Alaska community on the shores of Lynn Canal, city officials, business owners and conservationists in Haines say they will continue to push for a broader economic base.

Haines residents are beginning to realize that "rather than putting efforts 100 percent behind John Schnabel (owner of Schnabel Lumber Co.) that Haines has other assets," said George Figdor, president of Lynn Canal Conservationists. "It's no longer true that what's good for the mill is good for Haines."

City officials want to make Haines a major tourist attraction in Southeast Alaska, rather than a jumping-off point for the Alaska Marine Highway System as it is now. An economic diversification special will be hired next month to develop a stable economy in Haines based on tourism, according to Mayor Jon Halliwill.

Halliwill dreams of making Haines the "eagle capital of the world," a reflection of changing sentiment in the Chilkat Valley. Once blamed for all the town's woes, many residents are now looking at 2,000 to 5,000 eagles that winter there as a solution to money problems.

But Schnabel says such plans are just "grasping at straws" when compared with the $1 million he said he pays annually to mill workers, plus another $300,000 generated by his business in onshoresmen's fees. The lumber operation began down last month, victim of a dwindling Asian market and the court case, Schnabel said.

Tourism built exclusively on the much-talked-about eagles that winter in Haines will be even more unstable than the lumber industry has been in the past several years, Schnabel said.

"The eagle isn't really reliable. It comes here to eat, and won't come here except for a handful," Schnabel said.

"I don't think the eagles have the potential to be a major tourist attraction. You'd have to go too crazy to want to be a tourist in Haines in November," he said.

Biologists and conservationists are well aware of the importance of salmon returning to the Chilkat River to spawn, and they have been working to protect the population of 2,000 to 5,000 eagles which come to Haines each fall. A 15-year contract—with a 10-year renewal option—that Schnabel has with the state to log 10.2 million board feet of timber a year in the Chilkat Valley is seen as a major threat to both salmon and eagles.

If Haines plans to be the "eagle capital of the world," protective steps must be taken now, they say.

There are plans for a museum and research center which would focus on the birds. Fort William Henry Seward could eventually be converted into a military museum, some say. Another museum to house artifacts from the Klukwan village in Haines is under construction. The downtown area is being "spruced up," Halliwill said, and sidewalks will be added so "tourists don't have to walk ankle-deep in mud."

He and Vern McCorkle, city administrator, envision an attractive waterfront with some of Haines many talented artists working there.

The proposed highway to connect Haines and Juneau would double or triple tourism in Haines, they say. Tour ships will be encouraged to stop in Haines once again.

But both Halliwill and McCorkle say it will be a difficult transition for the small town to make.

"At one time, Haines was not known as an open arms community," Halliwill said.

With one of the highest unemployment rates in Southeast Alaska—13.6 percent—residents are probably going to be forced to make the transition whether they like it or not, Halliwill said. He said the current economy is too dependent on fluctuating industries such as timber and fish.

City officials also hope to entice manufacturers to Haines. With gypsium being manufactured plant is a likely candidate. Furniture production and a cold storage plant to process fish have also been mentioned by certain residents.

Also, McCorkle said he anticipates Haines will be a "major staging area for the gas pipeline."

Figdor said even conservationists recognize that economic activity is necessary for Haines to survive. They are seeking "small scale, labor-intensive industry that will cause a minimum impact," and "Many of us have lived here a long time, and are attracted by the beauty and wildlife," Figdor said, adding he and other conservationists want to preserve those attributes.

Schnabel is confident, however, that timber can once again be the backbone of his hometown's economy. Despite the dwindling market for Southeast Alaska lumber, Schnabel said that if allowed to harvest again, he could compete easily with Seattle lumber mills. He wants to
SHAKWAK GO AWAY 9/4/80

Dear Gertie,

After getting my grub paid for at Howser's I picked me up a Sunday paper a few weeks back. I read my paper in the morning, then pitched it under sticks in my stove. By that Thursday I had read and crumpled my way to the Hokies part, where-to be and behold! there it said "Haines," in a review of some book:

"Finishing my coffee I went over to our brand new library, but they didn't have it yet. Luckily I wrote down the publisher and the price before I lit the fire. They ordered it, and when it came I sat down to read it. Every morning and evenings, too..."

"Didn't take long to get me to Haines in November on page 22. I read about a drunk who happened to be Native. I kept readin' right on to page 24 where it said:"

"There were about a dozen men in beards and down jackets and woolen shirts, sitting in little clusters, drinking coffee and smoking and talking to one another in a step-and-start early-morning way. No one was talking about the storm. No one seemed to think it was a storm. Just another Haines morning." He writes pretty plain talk.

Then he drove up the highway and missed 3,000 eagles. He thought he went over a 7,200 foot pass too. Must have been some storm!

The author lands in Bethel on page 10 to visit his friend Olive Cook and her family. Olive and him at the high school basketball game is one at the tunnel parts. He's six foot three. Bethel is losing 26-18, so two players call time out and run over to Olive and Joc.

"You play now, for us." "No, I couldn't do that. I mean, look....I don't even have any sneakers. You play in socks." So I played.... Until finally the village players had to admit that I was not such a great white hope after all. At least not in socks.... They didn't react when I scored, but each time I slipped they gave me a standing ovation."

Olive's father is an expert blackfish trap maker who loves Six Million Dollar Man. "Olive's father worked quickly with total concentration, his sharp knife flashing, his stubby, worn fingers handling the wood the way a professional blackjack dealer handles cards... just two or more strips to weave into place. His breathing was steady and rhythmic. He sat with head bowed, legs crossed, nothing moving but the masterful hands. To watch him work was to see not just the heart of a separate culture, but, it seemed, the essence of a dying age..."

Papa, Papa! the how (that's Olive's brother) shouted. "Hurry up! Hurry up! Six Million Dollar Man! On TV! Al Cook dropped his knife. He tossed the almost completed blackfish trap aside. He jumped to his feet, his face animated for the first time all day... 'Oh boy,' he said. "Hurry up." Motioning for me to accompany him. He didn't say if he finished it during the commercials."

The author made friends with political and rich people, too. Like Clem, who goes for a ride in one of his boats to his home in Hohbut Cove, and tells him his life story.

"It's been a good life. I can see any reason to have lived it differently. And I suppose, if a man can say that, when he gets to be my age, it means that somewhere along the line he must have done something right." Clem Tillion is the biggest Republican in the Senate.

After listening to a well-dressed Tony Matley for all of p. 217 saying things like "Wilderness is not recreation to most Americans," the author takes a long walk into the Brooks Range at the end of the book. He's with a group including John Kaufmann who was also in Come Into the Country. They find Shangri-La on p. 279.

This guy Roy "discovered an overnna in the solid rock... The rock walls parted and suddenly we found... Shangri-La... (A meadow so pristine, so silent, so still, it's lushness even more incongruous against the starkness of the rocks which rose so bizarrely above it, with lingering mist brushing lightly against the tips."

The author found another Shangri-La too. One old farmer in Palmer with the earthy name Rowland Snodgrass, helped him find it on p. 175.

Rowland said, "Around here, you just go along solidly and quietly, and maybe you don't really amount to a great deal, but that's the kind of life that some of us sort of envy. Having seen California, Colorado, Wisconsin, and even other parts of Alaska, I must say: none of them seemed quite as nice to live in as this place."

Course Rowland never seen Haines. Anyway, I read clear through to the last page before I heard anyone going to extremes about how there ain't a penny's worth of gold in the book. I don't know if I would part with the price, but I am glad I paid a dime for my library card.

Drop by some time! No snow storm yet. I'try.

Brian "Green Giant" Blix
1. Solicit a willing, intelligent, and attractive woman to type, proofread, and paste stories, poems, blurbs, etc.

2. According to the dummy layout conceived by editor-elect.

3. And verified for attractiveness and comfort by editor.
Sources

(2) Ken Macrorie, Writing to Be Read, (Rochelle Park, New Jersey, Hayden Book Company, 1968)
(3) Robert W. Corrigan, The World of the Theatre, (Dallas, Texas, Scott, Foresman and Company)

Notes
2. Letter from Governor Jay Hammond to Senator Gary Hart (Colo.), July 21, 1980, p. 2. See Addenda, p. 76B
3. "Men don't like to step abruptly out of the security of familiar experience; they need a bridge to cross from their own experience to a new way. A revolutionary organizer must shake up the prevailing patterns of their lives—agitate, create disenchantment and discontent with the current values, to produce, if not a passion for change, at least a passive, affirmative, non-challenging climate." (1), p. xvii
4. "... to have a full kit of auditory patterns curved to real emotions we do need to listen. We need to listen, with inside matching on our own part, to those whose phrases fit their inner state. We are lucky if we listen less to lecturers and experts, more to farmers, mechanics, truck drivers. ... Listen to those ... whose words, literate or not, play with the people that they talk with, and keep, somehow, in play with the motion of their hearer." (2), p. 96
5. See Addenda, p. 78
6. "We are desperately concerned with the vast mass of our people who, thwarted through lack of interest or opportunity, or both, do not participate in the endless responsibilities of citizenship and are resigned to lives determined by others. To lose your 'identity' as a citizen of democracy is but a step from losing your identity as a person. People react to this frustration by not acting at all. The separation of the people from the routine daily functions of citizenship is heartbreak in a democracy." (1), p. xxvi
7. "This element of the specific that must be small enough to be grasped by the hands of experience ties very definitely into the whole scene of issues. Issues
must be able to be communicated. It is essential that they can be communicated. It is essential that they be simple enough to be grasped as rallying or battle cries. They cannot be generalities like sin or immorality or the good life or morals. They must be this immorality of this slum landlord with this slum tenement where these people suffer. It should be obvious by now that communication occurs concretely, by means of one's specific experience. (1), pps. 96-97

8. "Readers expect more life from columns of opinion than reports of events, but a column or short piece of opinion or comment on passing events does not become strong simply because it exhibits more personal judgment and opinion than reports and other more objective writings. It may easily be boring. . . ." (2), p. 216

9. "Most of us . . . have to go about the business of living without giving too much thought to life's mysteries. . . . Because these mysteries haunt us, we . . . create imaginative constructs to explain the mysterious in the hopes that we may thus be able to control it." (3), p. 17

10. Taken from (2), p. 72

11. "Through his imagination he is constantly moving in on the happenings of others, identifying with them and extracting their happenings into his own mental digestive system and thereby accumulating more experience. It is essential for communication that he know of their experience." (1), p. 70

12. "The middle class . . . must learn the nature of the enemy and be able to practice what I have described as mass jujitsu, utilizing the power of one part of the power structure against another part." (1), p. 148

13. "... the shifting dimensions of self-interest. You may appeal to one self-interest to get me to the battlefront to fight, but once I am there, my prime self-interest becomes to stay alive." (1), p. 55

14. "For the real radical, doing 'his thing' is to do the social thing, for and with people. . . . 'My thing,' if I want to organize, is solid communication with the people in the community. Lacking communication I am in reality silent. . . ." (1), p. xix

15. "Life is a jungle of events whose meanings are at once too causal (and to that extent insignificant) and too full of possible implication (without offering us any guidance as to which implication or set of implications we should choose). The skilled storyteller makes those meanings at once more significant and less confused." David Elitches, quoted in (2), p. 99

16. "A shaman . . . takes the tribe's special wishes and prayers to the gods so that they might be fulfilled. This journey takes the form of a trance performed in the presence of the rest of the tribe. . . . He is a special person; his calling
requires rigorous training. Because he is able to enter into this state of uncanny
doubtless, he is thought to be strange, is mistrusted, and is a kind of sacred
outcast." (3), p. 160

17. (2), p. 100

18. (2), p. 112

19. "... A good piece of writing is composed partly through plan and partly
through accident which the writer keeps himself ever ready to exploit. ... A
good form involves both discipline and freedom for the writer and the reader.
It gives the reader a feeling that he can see the path at times, at other times
that he has to work hard to open it up." (2), p. 116

20. "Elevated language is usually more precise than Kitchen language and comes to
us trailing associations different from those carried by Kitchen language. In
many ways it is superior as a vehicle of expression, but no one want to hear it
steadily throughout a lecture or column. The ordinary speech of the common man
is our anchor." (2), p. 221

21. June Monthly Planet, p. 71B

22. "... The person who invents the joke or comic idea seldom laughs in the
process. The creative stress under which he labours is not of the same kind as
the emotions aroused in the audience. He is engaged in an intellectual exercise,
a feat of mental acrobatics; even if motivated by sheer venom it must be distilled
and sublimated. Once he has hit on the idea and worked out the logical structure,
the basic pattern of the joke, he uses his tricks of the trade—suspense, emphasis,
imagination—to work up the audience's emotions." (4), p. 95

23. "... Under extreme emotional stress all persons speak in strong rhythm and
often with alliteration." (2), p. 196

24. "Poetry is a response to the daily necessity of getting the world right."
Wallace Stevens, quoted in (2), p. 206. "Didn't Aristotle say that it is the mark
of a poet to see resemblances between apparently incongruous things?" Marianne
Moore, quoted in (2), p. 147

25. "Power is not only what you have but what the enemy thinks you have." (1),
p. 127

26. Cf. fn. 23

27. "Striving to avoid the force, vigor, and simplicity of the word 'power,' we
soon become averse to thinking in vigorous, simple, honest terms. We strive to
invent sterilized synonyms, cleansed of the opprobrium of the word power—but
the new words mean something different, so that they tranquilize us, begin to
shepherd our mental processes off the main, conflict-ridden, grimy, and realistic
power-paved highway of life." (1), p. 50
26. "... The humorist may also experience surprise at the moment when the idea hits him—particularly if it was generated by the unconscious. But there is a basic difference between a shock imposed from outside and a quasi self-administered shock. The humorist has solved his problem by joining two incompatible matrices together in a paradoxical synthesis. His audience, on the other hand, has its expectations shattered and its reason confronted by the impact of the second matrix on the first; instead of fusion there is collision; and in the mental disarray that ensues, emotion, deserted by reason, is flushed out. . . ." (4), p. 94

29. "Ridicule is man's most potent weapon. It is almost impossible to counterattack ridicule. Also it infuriates the opposition, who then react to your advantage."

30. "Does the opposition possess the power to the degree that it can suspend or change the laws? Does its control of police power extend to the point where legal and orderly change is impossible? . . . Availability of means determines whether you will be under ground or above ground. . . . The absence of any means might drive one to martyrdom." (1), p. 36

31. "Moral rationalization is indispensable at all times of action whether to justify the selection or the use of ends or means. . . . All great leaders... always invoked "moral principles" to cover naked self-interest in the clothing of 'freedom,' 'equality of mankind,' . . . All effective actions require the passport of morality." (1), p. 44

32. Cf. fn. 7

33. "... the older generation, whose members are no less confused. If they are not as vocal or conscious, it may be because they can escape to a past when the world was simpler. They can still cling to the old values in the simple hope that everything will work out somehow, some way." (1), p. xvi "... It is a grave situation when a people resign their citizenship. . . . That citizen sinks further into apathy, anonymity, and depersonalization. The result is that he comes to depend on public authority. . . ." (1), p. xxvi

34. "... Any effective means is automatically judged by the opposition as being unethical." (1), p. 35

35. "The avant-garde, by taking the innate tendency of all art to be antagonistic toward its audience and making that antagonism the conscious and central premise of the artist-audience relationship, is always drastically changing both the audience's expectations and responses. . . . The antagonism of audiences is a response in great part to the antagonism they sense in avant-garde theatre. It is important to see at the same time that change is rarely comfortable and that many of the theatre conventions we now take for granted were met angrily by earlier audiences." (2), p. 320.

36. "In conflict tactics . . . the opposition must be singled out as the target
and frozen. ... One big problem is a constant shifting of responsibility from one jurisdiction to another—individuals and bureaus one after another disclaim responsibility for particular conditions, attributing the authority for any change to some other force. ... As you zero in and freeze your target and carry out your attack, all of the 'others' come out of the woodwork very soon. ... In the choosing of a target ... it must be a personification, not something general and abstract. ... It is not possible to develop the necessary hostility against ... a corporation." (1), p. 131-33

37. "Between the Haves and Have-nots are the Have-a-Little, Want Mores—the middle class. Torn between upholding the status quo to protest the little they have, yet wanting change so they can get more, they become split personalities. ... They seek the safe way, where they can profit by change and yet not risk losing the little they have. (1), p. 19

38. "Once you organize people around something as commonly agreed upon as pollution, then an organized people is on the move." (1), p. xxiii

39. "Political realists see the world as it is: an arena of power politics moved primarily by perceived immediate self-interests, where morality is rhetorical rationale for expedient action and self-interest." (1), p. 12

40. Cf. fn. 36

41. "Humor is essential, for through humor much is accepted that would have been rejected if presented seriously." (1), xviii

42. "In the early days the organizer moves out front in any situation of risk where the power of the establishment can get someone's job, ... or any other form of retaliation, partly because these dangers would cause many local people to back off from conflict. Here the organizer serves as a protective shield: if anything goes wrong it is all his fault, he has the responsibility. If they are successful all credit goes to the local people." (1), p. 107

43. ... a particular breed staledmented by cross interests into inaction. These Do-Nothing's profess a commitment to social change for ideals of justice, equality, and opportunity, and then abstain from and discourage all effective action for change. They are known by their brand, 'I agree with your ends but not your means.' They function as blankets whenever possible smothering 'sparks of dissension that promise to flare up into the fire of action.' (1), p. 21

44. "We approach a critical point when our tongues trap our minds. I do not propose to be trapped by tact at the expense of truth." (1), p. 50

45. "Once a battle is joined and a tactic employed, it is important that the conflict not be carried on over too long a time. ... A conflict that drags on too long becomes a drag. ... The concentration, the emotional fervor, even the physical energy, ... can last just so long." (1), p. 159

46. "The fear of change is ... one of our deepest fears, and a new idea must
be at the least couched in the language of past ideas." (1), p. 108
47. "We know intellectually that everything is functionally interrelated, but
in our operations we segment and isolate all values and issues. . . . Life seems
to lack rhyme or reason . . . . Seeing everything in its duality, we begin to
gain some dim clues to direction. . . . " (1), p. 15
48. "The price of a successful attack is a constructive alternative." You cannot
risk being trapped by the enemy in his sudden agreement with your demand and
saying 'You're right—we don't know what to do about this issue. Now you tell
us.'" (1), p. 131
49. (5), p. 79
50. "The first-rate writer produces surprise after surprise for his reader, in
his expression, in the events he records, in the thoughts he comes to through
comparisons." (2), p. 115
51. (5), p. 15
52. (2), p. 112

If you happen to fall in love with
the Nooksack Eagles, or even hard pack
ice cream cones, you are invited to have
the best of eagles and ice cream, in
Haines, Alaska, 99827. Drop me a line,

Brian Bly
General Delivery,
Haines, Ak. 99...