Stanford, July 2000

Richard White
1950: Mesa AZ, Anaheim wr towns, not cities
Now: " bigger than Buffalo, Anahm bigger than L'ville

"white non-Hispanic" category did-' exist 20 yrs ago
Hispanic is racial category under another name
- Eurpn/Amcns thot of themselves as whites, instd of christians, due to slavery
History: dialogue betn present & past
contingent events affected · W: disease (Eurpn diseases swept thru Am'cas & Austlia)
- Chardon's jnl o upper Missouri: "What a band of rascals is used up."
WWII: changed · W from hardscrabble ag to industrial
- States that missed · boom have never recovered (MT, ID, WYO)

Richard II

- since 1870, · W has been · + urbanized (SF had 1/4 mil)
  LA, 1910-30, gained as much as rest of W outside Calif.

E-W dichotomy of thinking ignores N-S cultural narratives
- · deep N-S ruts: Native, Spaniards, Russians
· Alamo & Little Big Horn: they're commemorated defeats

foreign-born in · W now are lower % than in 19th c.

Burbach man
- wide-open landscapes exaggerated by Cinerama / Cinemascope
- desert / garden: · Wn film goes beyond into pastoral vision
- · Wn film is a how to close down open spaces: they're claustrophobic (Stagecoach, Rio Bravo).
- Ford's films are Germanic
centrality of Anthony Mann's Wns, in which space is closed in.
- his early films are noir
  - real location
  - sense of enclosure or entrapment
  - violence
· psychological (adult) Wn: Stagecoach was early attempt, in '39
  - '50s, realist & expressionist
  - realist: Hi Noon, Broken Arrow...
    - western - driven; de-emphasized · central hero
    - Oedipal

- Wn directors of '50s had directed WWII films
· wr-Wn: Shane as mythology

Mann: shifting loyalties - 5 in Naked Spur
- Winchester '77
- shifty supporting cast: Jack Elam, Arthur Kennedy, R Ryan
  - "don't trust any1 b a Mann film wh laughs."
- heroes: driven y some personal secret; motvtd y revenge
  - haunted y past: Stewart's characters are turned-in on themselves, compared w/ Wayne's Ethan, history-rep've in Searchers.
- radical instability, in com'ty as well as indiv'ls

Bend 1. River

- landscp allegorical: closed-in; no beckon'g h'rtds
- · pull of gravity: effort to climb, to free oneself

Nemerov

- Wn art suffers from its appreciation: · content takes over from · visual language

· Gd Idea

Thompson

- Endangered Species Act a gnt shaper of · New West
- listed species : · W is · hotbed of activity (Cal. has 275)
- Habitat Consrvtn Plans
- sage grouse listing cd affect W ¥ oil-gas devpmt
- more impact o water issues than land (many fish species are cd be listed)
- Cabinet-level "God Squad" can exempt
- · Act preserves, but does-' restore
- " is abt crxg policy errors:
  - absence of groundwater limits
  - subsdzn of reclamtn water
  - belo-cost timber sales
  - ~~sub~~ subsdzn of suburban sprawl
  - farm & ag subsdzn

Thankfully it's used for ulterior motives

· Act ws an accident: fills · void in un res'ce policy (I vote agnst in Congress)

David Freyberg

- 2nd largest river in Calif is · Calif Aqdct
- · W is patchy in precip & lack of ; has affected devpmt
  - · "stripes" of precip tend to run N-S in · W, compared to E-W in · E
- wet & dry very close together in Wn patchiness
- elevation determines distrib'n of moisture (orthographic)
- hi evaporation rate in W
- aquifers are · 1 general distrib'n of water in · W
- Palmer Drought Severity Index : % of time in severe or extreme drought, 1895-1995
  - MT ranges from 10% to 20% of · time
  - much of · W is in severe drt a signfct % of time
  - Dust Bl : · N'n Plns wr · '34-'39 center of severe drt; <u>not</u> Okla

chart of Presdl disaster declar'ns '65-98; 1/2 of "disasters" are flood;
· Pac rim of .W has had high proportion of ~~d~~ decl ns.
- .W charzd by linear, fragmented ecosystems
- miners "put river b a box" (flumes, as on Amcn R in 1850s) to get gold out of gravel
- next, hydraulic mining (diverted water to make hi pressure)
- hydropower: mining processing eqpmt driven by padl whls, belts, etc.
- agriclt'r, 1st ~~—~~ adjacent to streams
- then groundwater: artesian
- start of 20th c., electricity began powering water extraction (pumps for deep grnd water)
- dams: hydropower generation
- gov't entered. water biz in .W
  - cities: Hetch Hetchy, Seattle, Denver ...
  - fed involvmt, Hoover Dam. symbol

Gary Ernst
~~Freyberg~~:
soil 1% of planet - 30 kilo thick
- plates: driven by convective system
- continents fit together like ducky puzl
- " separate @ rate our fingernails gro
- 1 giant continent: Pangaea
- Pac Cst: · foundry (volcanoes) whr contnts are forming
  - plate bndaries defined y earthqkes
  - accretions from Pac sutured onto continent
Chf Mtn: 300 mill n-yr-old rocks rest o 65 mil yr-old rocks
Y'stone caldera wil go off agn
Copper deposits related to "Andean" mtn action
Butte suburbs encroached upon y ground water (they wr bilt while
· Pit ws being pumped)
· West has been extravgntly using its resources

- every basin in W had large-scale federal water-distribution
- ag now functions as buffer in dry periods
- U.S., 10% of power gen'n is hydro (56.2% coal!)
- we like to occupy land that is sometimes occupied by water
- period of (small) dam removal is imminent; larger dams are a prob. (Some large dams are getting old)

Laurentian upland of low hills and many lakes

LANDFORMS OF THE UNITED STATES

by ERWIN RAISZ

Sixth, revised edition, 1957

to accompany Atwoods "Physiographic Provinces of North America"

Scale 0 50 100 150 200 Miles
0 100 200 Kilometers



Copies can be obtained from the author (75¢ each; $5.00 for 25 + postage) List of Maps available from E. Raisz, 103 Washington Ave. Cambridge 40, Mass.
See also E. Raisz Landforms of the Northwestern States. 20 by 33 inches (same prices).

© Erwin Raisz

THE WEST AS AMERICA: MYTHMAKING REGION, MYTHMAKING NATION

David M. Kennedy

14 July 2000

I. The nature of the novel: dream and reality

> "The novel can ... be regarded as a work of imagination that is grounded in reality. On the other hand, during the Middle Ages a popular literary form was the romance, a type of tale that describes the adventures, both natural and supernatural, of such figures of legend as the Trojan heroes, Alexander the Great, and King Arthur and his knights. Thus, the modern novel is rooted in two traditions, the mimetic and the fantastic, or the realistic and the romantic. *Indeed, the conflict between romantic dreams and harsh reality has been the theme of many novels."*
>
> --The New Columbia Encyclopedia

II. The peculiar problem of the *western* novel: History

> "It takes a great deal of history to make a little literature."
>
> -- Henry James, Hawthorne, 1879

III. The first western novel: James Fenimore Cooper's The Pioneers (1823)

- Judge Marmaduke Temple
- Nathaniel Bumppo, The Leatherstocking
- The view(s) from Mt. Vision

> "This was the last they ever saw of the Leatherstocking... He had gone far toward the setting sun – the foremost in that band of pioneers who are opening the way for the march of the nation across the continent." (The Pioneers)

IV. The allegory of nature and civilization

- 1492: First impressions of the New World
- Henry David Thoreau:
  > "When I go westward, I go free."
- Thomas Jefferson, 1824:
  > "Let a philosophic observer commence a journey from the savages of the Rocky Mountains, eastwardly toward our sea-coast. These savages he would observe in the earliest stages of association, living under no law but that of nature.... He would next find those on our frontiers in the pastoral state, raising domestic animals to supply the defects of hunting. Then succeed our own semi-barbarous citizens, the pioneers of the advance of civilization, and so in his progress he would meet the gradual shades of improving man until he would reach his, as yet, most improved state in our seaport towns. *This is, in fact, equivalent to a survey, in time, of the*

progress of man from the infancy of creation to the present day."

- James Fenimore Cooper, 1838:

  At the commencement of a settlement, there is much of that sort of kind feeling and mutual interest which men are apt to manifest towards each other when they are embarked in an enterprise of common hazards.... To this period of fun, toil, neighborly feeling, and adventure, succeeds another, in which society begins to marshal itself, and the ordinary passions have sway. Now it is that we see struggles for place, the heart-burnings and jealousies of contending families, and the influence of mere money.... This is perhaps the least inviting condition of society.... The third and last condition of society in a new country is that in which men and things come within the control of more general and regular laws."

V. The enduring mythology of the West in the landscape of American literature:

- "Mile upon mile, and not a tree, a bird, or a river, only down the long, sterile canyons, the train shot hooting and awoke the resting echo. That train was the only piece of life in all the deadly land; it was the one actor, the one spectacle fit to be observed in this paralysis of man and nature."

  -- Robert Louis Stevenson, The Plains Across, 1879

- "On the day following they crossed the malpais afoot, leading the horses upon a lakebed of lava all cracked and reddish black like a pan of dried blood, threading those badlands of dark amber glass like the remnants of some dim legion scrabbling up out of a land accursed, shouldering the little cart over the rifts and ledges, the idiot clinging to the bars and calling hoarsely after the sun like queer unruly god abducted from a race of degenerates. They crossed a cinderland of caked slurry and volcanic ash imponderable as the burnedout floor of hell and they climbed up through a range of barren granite hills to a stark promontory where *the judge*, triangulating from known points of landscape, reckoned anew their course.... Moral law is an invention of mankind for the disenfranchisement of the powerful in favor of the weak."

  – Cormac McCarthy, Blood Meridian, 1985

- "But the Swede, like some frontiersman of old, would not be turned back....[B]uying that house and the hundred acres and moving out to Old Rimrock was the most daring thing he had ever done.... Out in Old Rimrock, all of American lay at their door.... [W]hom he felt like out in Old Rimrock was Johnny Appleseed."

  -- Philip Roth, American Pastoral, 1997

. Pioneers updated?

Kennedy

· novel a historically - conditioned form (This is Bevis grown-up!)
- emerges late 18th - early 19th c.
- fluidity of society

* · W · classic site of novel's peclsties & opptnties
· thickness of society vs · desires of · antagonist (classic Eurpn novel)
- " " " not thr for Amn fiction; thus, · indiv'l's confrnta w/ nature became · Am novelist's theme.

· Pioneers: an allegory set in wilderness
Bumppo: Shane, Clint E'wood, mtn men

Nature: superior realm, or to be subdued?
Cormac: nature is its own stern master

PACE

THIS MORNING, DAVID GAVE US ONE PROVOCATIVE, CENTURIES-WIDE PERSPECTIVE BY WHICH WESTERN FICTION MIGHT BE VIEWED.

THOSE OF US CURRENTLY TRYING TO PRACTICE THE CRAFT OF NOVELS SET IN THE WEST HAVE OUR OWN LESS-ENCOMPASSING WAY OF LOOKING AT IT—WE'RE AWARE THAT WE TEND TO BITE OFF MORE THAN WE CAN CHEW—

IN CONTRAST, SAY, TO HENRY JAMES AND HIS LITERARY PROGENY ON THE EAST COAST, WHO TEND TO CHEW MORE THAN THEY CAN BITE OFF.

IN ANY CASE, I BIT OFF ABOUT TEN YEARS OF MY LIFE WHEN...

↑ (FORGIVE ME, DAVID

An Insatiable Hunger: The Consuming Myth of the Northwest

William L. Lang

Drive across the American West from almost any starting point, and for miles along the journey the landscape's wide expanse dominates the horizon. The artist Michael Brophy and his friends describe their favorite Eastern Oregon slice of that panorama as "The Big Empty." Seemingly broken up only by a few natural resource economies at work, it is the West we expect to see—wide open, defined by stories of adventure, triumph, and wealth. Only the picture is misleading. The population is increasingly larger than we expect, the cities bigger, and the landscape far more altered than it first appears. It is the gap between the myth of the West and the actuality, that Brophy locates in his series *Here There Nowhere*.

Our expectations for the West have been at work since 1605, when characters in *Eastward Ho*, an English comedy about life in Virginia, first proclaimed that the beachhead of the American continent was rich beyond belief. A character in the play declares: "I tell thee, gold is more plentiful there than copper is with us. . . . Why, man, all their dripping pans are pure gold." With the lures of daybreak's hopeful light and the eerie promise of a mountain range, Brophy beckons his viewers with the collective hyperbole of the West: an infinite, untouched landscape that has colored our vision and inclined us to mine its wealth with abandon.

The late historian and social critic David Potter argued that the idea and early reality of plentitude in America defined our national character and our idea of the wealth we elicit from nature. But the history of the Pacific Northwest epitomizes this in a particularly powerful way. More than a century and a half ago, a determined population of new settlers pushed indigenous peoples to the margin and began developing natural resource economies based on timber, minerals, fish, and agriculture. They were in a hurry, but extracting the bounty of precious ores, big timber, and river fish proved slow. Capital was hard to raise. Payouts took too long. The global economy, even in the nineteenth century, always sought bargains, and the Northwest was too remote to bring the highest return. Nature's fecundity remained unconquerable much longer than elsewhere in the United States. Thus, the primeval landscape and work sites scratching at its edges

became tangled in an even deeper myth of boundlessness that took root in the Northwest.

Eventually the machines came, and by the end of the nineteenth century and the dawn of the twentieth, they helped remake the Northwest into an industrial landscape, first in the woods and then in the rivers, sending fir, cedar, hemlock, sockeye, and chinook off to the world, cut to length for building or tinned tightly for eating. From seacoast to high interior plateau, the transformation of nature into wealth linked small towns to port cities, turning remote places into busy intersections that existed, almost eerily, in a vastly quiet landscape. Railroads and hard-surfaced roads laced the region together, and by the twentieth century, a podlike industrial civilization stretched across the region. It was a living symbiosis of natural abundance and human acquisitiveness, neatly summed up in *Day*, Brophy's twenty-first-century view of a ubiquitous Freightliner tractor filling the Big Empty.

Still, the region lacked the kind of national economic stature of industrial areas in the Mississippi and Ohio river valleys. In the Pacific Northwest, wealth came from the guts of the earth, not from factories and human production. The timber camps and lumber mills, farms, fish canneries, and mines poured out raw, almost unprocessed commodities to the world, yet still not fast enough to draw the full attention of global capitalists. It was only with the advent of hydroelectric power on the Columbia River that the region reached a globally competitive level of production. By the end of World War II, which brought a whole new set of industries and ambitions to the Northwest, speed became both imperative and actual, quicker extraction meaning greater capital gain. Developers saw the bold blue ribbon of the Columbia River, which Brophy portrays in *There* with maplike succinctness, as a highway to be "improved." The dozen multipurpose dams on the main stem, and more than two hundred others on tributaries scattered around the region, tied everyone's future to the benefits of falling water and the streaming electrons that ran an increasingly complex network of machines. Slack-water reservoirs and their locks facilitated speedier and more frequent navigation between a string of river ports that reached more than four hundred miles inland, linking the Northwest's deep interior to seaports. The dams impounded water for irrigation, stimulating agricultural development and pulling more wealth from the land. By the 1950s, Congress even agreed to fund the massive river modifications of the future by bundling hydropower, navigation, irrigation, and other water use into one big revenue and debt pool. During the heyday of construction—1950 to 1975—the nation's taxpayers bankrolled a radical makeover of the entire region, bringing industrial efficiency and progress to nearly every corner of the Northwest's economy.

A compelling vision of growth dominated the region, but some warned about the effects dams would have on anadromous fish runs on the Columbia, and others strongly cautioned against the sharp increase in timber harvests during the 1970s and 1980s. Environmentalists and the more farsighted commercial interests worried that headlong development threatened the sources of wealth—the forest, the fisheries, the agricultural base. Nonetheless, the market ruled, rewarding increased development and benefiting an evolving economy, even as the signs of trouble—quite visible signs—cropped up

everywhere, from the disastrous ecological consequences of massive clear-cut logging operations east and west of the Cascade Mountains to the devastating decline in salmonid fish in the region's rivers and lakes. These are the inconvenient truths—or as Brophy has described it, the "wrecked nostalgia"—summed up in *Blowdown*, his vertiginous portrayal of a forest tipped over like a broken houseplant on its side.

Even as questions about the limits of growth and the maintenance of human-friendly natural systems have led to hundreds of laws protecting the environment and decades of court battles, the core assumption has remained nearly unscathed—the belief that the Northwest's "dripping pans are pure gold" and our right to it structures the economy in fundamental ways. Ironically, during the last two decades, the Northwest has begun consuming more and more imported goods, while exporting less and less. As the editors of the *Atlas of the New West* argued some years ago, one salient measurement of economic stability is the per capita ratio of espresso bars, fly-fishing shops, and delivery of the *New York Times*. The expectations of those who built the natural resource economies may be wildly at odds with the reality, but the centrality of consumption—at home and in the marketplace—ties them tight.

Ecologist and critic Alan Durning divides the global population into three groups: the poor, the middle class and, at the top, the consumer class. He argues that a consumer-dominated society operates on a false, self-mesmerizing basis. Consumers—those who spend more and more of their wealth on commercial purchases—must work more and more to acquire sufficient income to maintain and increase their consumption, in turn feeding economic growth that has become the chief measure of humans' quality of life. The entirety takes place at the expense of the environment, which remains the basis for a viable human community. It's the endgame that Brophy so matter-of-factly portrays: in the ghostly shack of *Ruin* with the bright view of the expansive West seen through its windows, or in *Aftermath*, the simple image of a beach strewn with bonelike trees disgorged by a storm, viewed from the final edge of America's expansion looking back.

Drive across the West now, where the horizon so often appears dominant, and not only are more people living and working there than expected, but most of what they do is consume. The old dependence on bringing raw materials to the market has morphed into the new dependence on bringing goods home from the market, while using what is left of the region's natural treasury to lure enough tourists to keep the cycle going. The breathtaking natural landscape of the Pacific Northwest still has the power to obscure the busyness and the business that consumption requires to realize its potential. The landscape that beckons us and propels our imaginations is, in the end, as distracting as the immensity of natural wealth that so bedazzled the English when they first saw Virginia. As Brophy's *Here There Nowhere* so soberly suggests, the landscape and era may look very different, but the tradition remains hauntingly and inescapably alive.

Not-So-Wild Frontier

GUNFIGHTERS, HIGHWAYMEN & VIGILANTES

Violence on the Frontier.
By Roger D. McGrath.
Illustrated. 291 pp. Berkeley, Calif.: University of California Press. $16.95.

By William Broyles Jr.

WHY is America so violent? When that question is raised, the old chestnut of frontier heritage is inevitably pulled from the fire. The dime novels and pulp press transformed gunfighters into our first and most durable media figures. They loom far larger in our idea of the West and of ourselves than they did in the minds of their contemporaries, who saw them plain for the pathological losers and, more telling, the bad marksmen they were. But myths and symbols are powerful engines of history. Henry Kissinger imagined himself a gunfighter, not a simple settler breaking the sod of the prairie; Lyndon Johnson invented an ancestor at the Alamo, not one who taught school.

Roger D. McGrath, who teaches history at the University of California, Los Angeles, takes on the major figures of this myth of frontier violence in "Gunfighters, Highwaymen & Vigilantes" and brings them down to size. It is not an easy job. Writers from Tocqueville to Frederick Jackson Turner, Walter Prescott Webb and Bernard De Voto, and more recent revisionists like Frederick Turner in "Beyond Geography" have plumbed the frontier experience for the roots of good and evil in America. Mr. McGrath's book is not in this class, but it is a valuable corrective to the sweeping insights of more theoretical historians. His procedure was methodical and exhaustive: he analyzed newspapers and legal and other records from two California mining towns on the slopes of the eastern Sierra and catalogued every violent incident during the towns' brief boom years.

His conclusion: "The violence and lawlessness that visited the trans-Sierra frontier . . . took special forms: warfare between Indians and whites, stagecoach robbery, vigilantism, and gunfights. These activities bear little or no relation to the violence and lawlessness that pervade American society today. Serious juvenile offenses, crimes against the elderly and weak, rape, robbery, burglary and theft were either non-existent or of little significance. . . . There seems to be little justification for blaming contemporary American violence on violence and lawlessness in our frontier heritage."

The two towns Mr. McGrath picked were Aurora and Bodie. The chapters on Aurora provide some wonderful frontier tales, including accounts of Samuel Clemens's loss of his mining claim, the slaughter of swimming Indians and the vigilante lynching of the infamous Daly gang, but otherwise add little to either our understanding of the West or Mr. McGrath's hypothesis. But when the author finally comes to Bodie, he strikes gold. The choice of Bodie is inspired; its violence was legend even in its own time. Bodie sprung from nothing on the rugged slopes of the Sierra in 1877 and died in 1883; by 1880, it had a population of more than 5,000 (nearly half foreign-born), complete with schools, fraternal lodges, law firms, all manner of commercial enterprises and a rich community life documented in splendid style by three daily newspapers and one weekly.

With few exceptions, lethal violence was limited to gunfights over "who was the better man, affronts to personal honor, careless insults, challenges to the pecking order in the saloon, and loyalty to friends." This description reveals the true ancestor of frontier violence — the exaggerated code of male honor that produced duels in "civilized" Europe well into the 19th century.

Time and again, his research produces evidence of a powerful set of shared values that rigorously limited such violence to consenting adults. Those values did not include an exaggerated sympathy for the criminal or due process. Bodie's newspapers were constantly exhorting citizens to give burglars "a good dose of lead."

Once in each town, badmen breached the proscribed arena of violence and killed innocent men; both times a well-organized group of leading citizens, convinced the region's lawyers would get the culprits off on technicalities, took charge and strung the offenders up. The procedure was primitive, but the newspapers left no doubt they thought it was also justice. The Virgina City Territorial Enterprise wrote, "Deplore, as we may, that condition of society which requires the gathering of a mob to execute the decrees of justice, it is an improvement over that other high state of civilization which allows murder to run riot in a community and allows assassins to walk the streets unharmed."

These evanescent mining towns, for all their frenetic cupidity, alcohol, opium and prostitution, had high standards of social behavior and the will to enforce them. With the exception of prostitutes, women were greatly respected, and even the prostitutes were almost never abused; a man who used foul language in front of women or children was likely to go to jail. In five years, there was not a single report of rape. In five years, no members of the sizable Chinese and Mexican minorities were attacked or harmed because of their race; in the one case where the testimony of a white and that of a Chinese conflicted, the Bodie jury accepted that of the Chinese. Although Bodie youths suffered high unemployment and were known to engage in malicious mischief, such as stealing the food at a Chinese funeral, no Bodie youth committed a violent crime in the five years of its boom. In comparison, in 1980 alone, 351 murders were committed in Los Angeles by youth gangs.

> *"Violence in modern America is rooted less in the conquest of the frontier than in the formation of the modern city."*

THE contrast with modern urban America is even more striking when viewed in statistical terms. Bodie's robbery rate, half of which represents stagecoach robberies, converts to 84 per 100,000; New York's in 1980 was 1,140 and Miami's 995. Bodie's burglary rate was 128; Miami's was 3,282 and New York's 2,661.

Mr. McGrath's valuable book suggests that violence in modern America is rooted less in the conquest of the frontier than in the formation of the modern city. The city, not the frontier, dissolved the bonds of community that held people together. The murdered Kitty Genovese would have been safe in Bodie, as she was not in Queens; had she been attacked, her cries would not have gone unanswered and her assailant would have been meted out a swift and sure punishment. Faced with a choice between a rough, uncivilized 19th-century mining town and a glittering 20th-century city, the American seeking a healthy and law-abiding community would have to pick Bodie every time. □

William Broyles Jr., former editor of Newsweek, Texas Monthly and California magazines, is working on a novel.

N.Y. Times Sept 9 '84

SAVINGS THAT GO DOWN

TAKE ANY 3 FOR

(with trial membership)

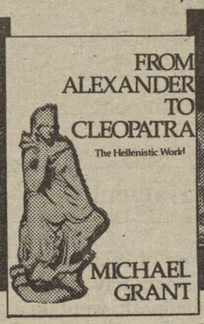
(First price is publishers' list. **Boldface** shows Members' Price)



8110. $25.00/**$16.50**



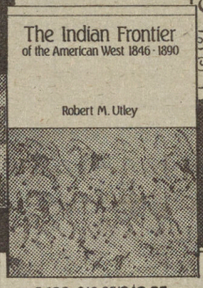
7401. $17.50/**$11.50**



5736. $19.95/**$13.95**



8474. $19.95/**$14.50**



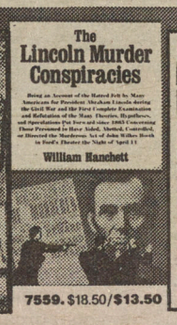
8490. $19.95/**$13.95**



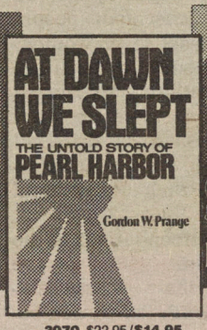
1859. $15.00/**$10**



6833. $15.95/**$11.95**



7559. $18.50/**$13.50**



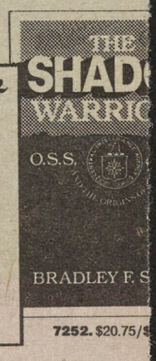
3970. $22.95/**$14.95**



8581. $19.95/**$14.50**



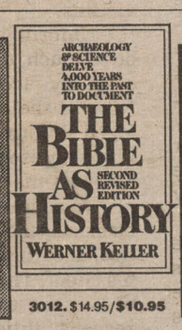
4820. $20.00/**$13.50**



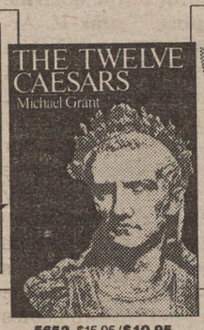
7252. $20.75/$



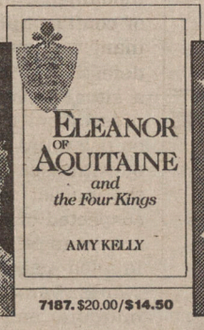
1164. $25.00/**$16.95**



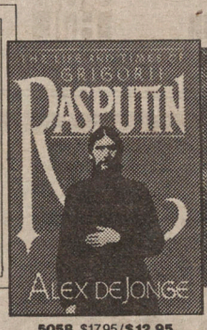
3012. $14.95/**$10.95**



5652. $15.95/**$10.95**



7187. $20.00/**$14.50**

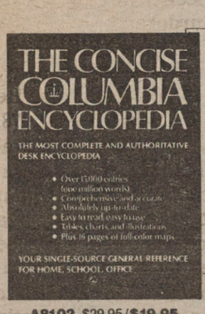


5058. $17.95/**$12.95**



8649. $29.95/$

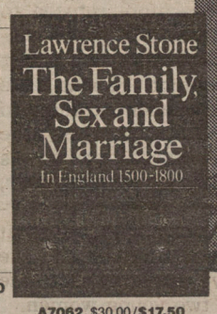
("A" BOOKS COUNT AS TWO OF YOUR THREE SELECTIONS)



A8102. $29.95/**$19.95**



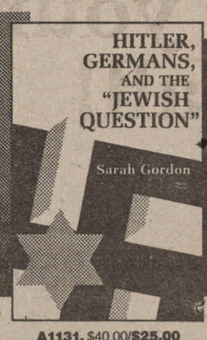
A4929. $35.00/**$22.50**



A7062. $30.00/**$17.50**



A7229. $24.95/**$17.95**



A1131. $40.00/**$25.00**



A7344. $35.00/$

No matter what areas of history you enjoy reading about most, you'll find that The History Book Club offers some of the finest selections being published today. And no book club we know of offers greater savings—an average of 33% off publishers' list prices.

You can save even more by taking advantage of our Introductory Offer. Select any three books on this page for 99¢ each (values up to $96.90) when you take a fourth book at the low Members' Price. Your total savings as a Trial Member, including the Introductory Offer, can be more than 50%.

How the Club Works: As a Club member, you'll be able to choose from the 150-200 books featured each month. Our books are always equal to the publishers' editions, never "economy reprints," and available at savings of $3, $4, $5, or more, off bookstore prices. You need take only four more books in the next two years, after which you'll save even more through Bonus Books that you may choose from our entire list.

Every four weeks (13 times a year), you will receive our *Review* and a dated reply card. If you want the Editors' Choice, do nothing—the book will come automatically. If you want another book, or no book at all, return the card by the date specified. (Book shipments will be charged to your account at low Members' Prices, plus postage-and-packing.)

If you should get an unwanted book because you had less than 10 days to decide, you may return it and pay nothing. We guarantee postage.

Please enrol
entered belo
plus postage

I may return t
more selecti
cancellable
postage-and

Print Name

Address

City

State

CA84N

Some Say Frontier Is Still There, and Still Different

By PETER APPLEBOME
Special to The New York Times

AZTEC, N.M. — Nearly a century after experts pronounced the death of the American frontier, a loosely knit group of academics and public officials are arguing that the death sentence was premature. The frontier is still out there in all its harshness, they say, even if its borders are harder to define.

They say the vast open spaces of the West remain the nation's most misunderstood and dangerous region, and one that needs to be viewed in an entirely different light than its rural counterparts elsewhere. Experts say the rates of violent death among youths in the most isolated parts of the West are higher than those in big-city ghettos, and studies show residents of the underpopulated areas that some still label the frontier have worse health conditions and live shorter lives.

Frank J. Popper, chairman of the urban studies department at Rutgers University, said the frontier exists as a distinct region with a view of life that stresses independence, risk-taking and individualism, concepts that remain central to both the American imagination and the direction of the West.

'Macho and Hell-Raising'

"I think we've taken a giant wrong intellectual turn in thinking the frontier disappeared in 1890 or whatever," said Dr. Popper, whose writings on the survival of the frontier have attracted the attention of health care professionals in particular. "It's not as big as it was, but it's there, and in some ways it's just as violent and just as macho and hell-raising in 1987 and 1887."

Over the past two years health planners have increasingly drawn distinctions between generally rural areas and places that are, in effect, on the edge of civilization. Defining the frontier as areas with no more than six people to the square mile, officials note that distance alone provides rare problems in law enforcement and health care.

"When I was in Vietnam, a medic was never more than 10 minutes away," said Lieut. R. L. Stockard, who heads the New Mexico state police district that includes this northwestern New Mexico town. "Here you can wait by a wreck on the highway for 45 minutes before help gets there."

But more than distance is involved. The frontier is also defined by the West's boom-and-bust economy and dangerous occupations like mining, forestry and oil drilling. Also at play are less tangible factors: the historic machismo of the West, and the transient nature and fragile economies of many Western towns. Some experts contend the combination has produced a far more rootless, violent world than small towns or rural areas elsewhere.

Lots of Land, Few People

"Western towns are more of an aggregate than a community," said Phillip A. May, a sociologist at the University of New Mexico. "There is no cultural cohesion. Westerners basically believe in rugged individualism first and the government second."

To people subcribing to the idea of a continuing frontier, its persistence is as clear as the 1980 census. It showed that 394 counties, covering 45 percent of the land area of the United States, including virtually all of Alaska, have six or fewer people per square mile. In all, 2.2 million people live there.

Over the past two years consideration of these sparsely populated areas has gained increasing attention from health care professionals. Many, including Gar T. Elison, director of Health Planning and Analysis of the Utah Department of Health, have argued for a separate designation in assessing health care needs.

"The West has always suffered by being defined by people in the East," said Mr. Elison, who is chairman of the National Frontier Health Care Task Force. "We're always going to have a problem providing services if the frame of reference for rural areas is West Virginia. Standards that make sense in the East are often irrelevant in the West."

He said population and patient census ratios used in evaluating the need for rural health care programs or clinics inevitably short-changed frontier areas. "It's been a way of saying the have-nots will always remain that way, and we resent that," he said.

Rare Needs in Remote Areas

Mr. Elison said that in the past two years some 15 health care organizations have endorsed the basic concept of having different standards for frontier areas. Similarly, he said, a recent health bill in the House of Representatives cited the need for recognizing the underpopulated regions' different needs.

There have been few definitive studies on differences between such areas and places with 6 to 100 people to the square mile, which would be classified as "rural." But recent analyses of statistics in Idaho, Utah, South Dakota, Nebraska and Wyoming indicate residents in the frontier areas have poorer health than those in urban or rural ones.

Mr. Elison said a study of mortality data in Utah showed frontier residents fared the worst in terms of working years of life lost because of several leading causes of death, including suicide, automobile accidents, other accidents and infant diseases. (Working years are defined as the years from the age of 15 to 65, and the figure is derived by subtracting the age of death from 65.)

The figures are 33.5 percent higher in frontier areas than in urban ones, Mr. Elison said.

Shift in Ideas on Violence

For academics like Dr. Popper, the frontier designation is less a tool for program planning than a window onto the sparsely populated areas of the West.

He argues that the obscurity of life in those areas has distorted some of the ideas about violence in the United States.

In a paper in The Public Interest this spring, Dr. Popper and two colleagues analyzed violent deaths for American youths from 1939 through 1979. They studied rates for 15-to-24-year-old whites, including Hispanic people, and found that the Western states invariably had the highest death rates and the Northeast the lowest. In the states with the highest death rates, Arizona, Nevada, New Mexico, and Utah, the most dangerous counties were the less populated ones.

Typically, those counties had higher death rates among their white population than high-crime cities showed for urban blacks, Dr. Popper said.

"The rural areas of the West, rather than the American urban ghetto, is where youth is far more likely to suffer violent death," Dr. Popper and his colleagues, Michael R. Greenberg and George W. Carey, concluded.

Studies in 1986 by the Federal Centers for Disease Control found that the West had the highest rates for youth suicides and for homicides among both whites and blacks. Experts cite as reasons not only dangerous occupations and the individualism of the rural West but also the high number of fatal auto accidents, reflecting both widespread drinking, dangerous roads and the difficulties in providing emergency care in rural areas.

They're on Their Own

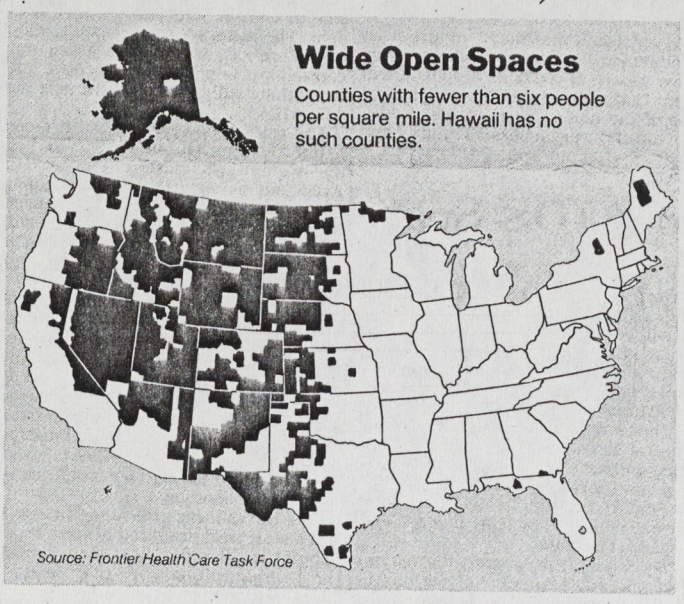
Law-enforcement officials say the individualism of the West is reflected in what is often a predilection to handle problems outside the law.

"In a lot of these areas, there's really no law enforcement — no police, no sheriff, no state police station," said Lieutenant Stockard, the state police official here. "People prefer to handle their own affairs and disputes by themselves."

He said the problems are compounded by a disparate ethnic mix. His region includes insular Hispanic communities like Cuba, N.M., in the southern part of the district, Indian reservations with high mortality rates and alcohol problems in the middle, and largely white communities dependent on mining and oil and gas to the north.

Mr. Elison said many Western states were involved in efforts to try to gather data on frontier regions, and there are few definitive studies. But he said most of the available figures probably understated problems there because they did not take into account the economic distress and resultant problems of the past few years throughout the West.

"We're in the midst of an economic crisis that began in 1983 and any earlier numbers are not going to reflect it," he said. "You look at the economy of the West, agriculture is down, oil and gas are down, mining is down, forest industries are down, housing starts are down. All those things are going to have an impact."



The New York Times/Dec. 12, 1987

Violence and individualism endure in the West.

12-12-87

S. Times Aug 19, '90

New investment, immigration form a 'Chinese rim'

Asian capitalists are transforming U.S., Canadian, Australian cities

by Robert W. Gibson
Los Angeles Times

HONG KONG – Like thunderbolts out of the South China Sea, the Chinese capitalists who transformed Hong Kong, Taiwan and Singapore into Southeast Asia's "Little Dragons" are rattling U.S., Canadian and Australian cities with jolts of investment and immigration.

Even by Pacific Rim standards, the shifts of capital and people are dramatic. In effect, entrepreneurs are forming an ethnic Chinese rim around the Pacific Basin.

"The greatest concentration of entrepreneurial talent the world has ever seen is dispersing throughout the Pacific Basin and establishing the most extraordinary commercial network in history," said Paul Meo, chief of the World Bank's international trade division.

The network is remarkable, Meo said, for the resourcefulness and potential of its participants, who are swarming out – particularly from Taiwan and Hong Kong – to buy real estate and establish businesses with the earnestness of bees from a hive.

These entrepreneurs cause reactions ranging from delight over their economic stimulus to resentment over what is seen as cultural intrusion – a burden the hard-driving overseas Chinese have borne ever since they began their diaspora 1,000 years ago.

Acquiring capital assets in the New World and transplanting their own people – usually relatives – to tend them, the entrepreneurs are doing much more than expanding their family organizations across the Pacific from bases in Southeast Asia.

They also are stimulating trans-Pacific expansion among Chinese-owned banks, airlines, shippers, media and other support industries who see profit in following and serving their entrepreneurial ethnic cousins.

A milestone is in the making for the 47 million ethnic Chinese who live outside mainland China – a population nearly as large as that of France.

Estimates of direct investment in North America and the Southwest Pacific by ethnic Chinese from Southeast Asia are guesswork at best – nobody claims to have accurate records – but they may run into tens of billions of dollars a year over the past five to 10 years.

Major sums are flowing into Los Angeles, Toronto, San Francisco, Seattle, New York, Sydney and Melbourne, Australia.

Into Southern California – mainly the Los Angeles area – at least $1.5 billion a year "that we know of" has entered from Taiwan alone since 1985, said John Ni, a Ministry of Economic Affairs official. "There is much . . . we don't know of," Ni said.

In June, Marty Shih, a Monterey Park, Calif., businessman who immigrated from Taiwan 11 years ago, opened a Chinese-language telephone information service – the nation's first "ethnic" directory, he says – listing 30,000 Chinese-owned U.S. businesses.

Sellers of hotels, office buildings and other commercial property in Vancouver, B.C., are said to be getting about a half-billion dollars a year from Hong Kong alone.

Investment for portfolios is mushrooming, too. In 1984, officially recorded holdings of Hong Kong, Taiwan and Singapore buyers in U.S. stocks, bonds, treasury notes and bank accounts stood at $32.4 billion. By 1988, it had more than doubled to $74.7 billion.

With money and immigration, Chinese entrepreneurs are not only giving shots in the arm to local economies but also projecting a fresh – and sometimes provocative – image of ethnic Chinese as well-heeled, well-educated and very self-confident.

Moreover, interviews with business executives, bankers, economics officials, diplomats and scholars in Hong Kong, Taiwan, Singapore, Malaysia, Canada and the United States suggest that the diaspora's momentum will not only continue but accelerate for at least five more years.

And as the Chinese rim develops, some experts say, mainland China's role as market (population: 1.1 billion) and supplier (mainly of low-cost labor) will grow more important. Eventually, they say, China may emerge as a major player.

"In the longer term we are talking about a greater Chinese co-prosperity sphere," said Gary Hamilton, a University of California, Davis, sociology professor who is conducting a multinational study of overseas Chinese business practices with scholars at the University of Hong Kong, Tunghai University of Taiwan and National University of Singapore.

The Americans and Japanese, with the world's greatest productive capacities and richest markets, all but own the Pacific Rim. Their gigantic multinational corporations are the region's economic giants.

But as Hong Kong's entrepreneurs deploy as "insurance" against Beijing's 1997 takeover of the British colony and as investors from Taiwan and Singapore – and from Chinese communities elsewhere in Southeast Asia – follow suit out of the profit motive, ethnic Chinese are finding multitudes of niches overlooked by the multinationals.

Capitalistic to the core and independent of Beijing, the investors – even though their commercial arc runs from Canada through the United States to New Zealand and Australia – remain anchored, at least for now, in the so-called "Little Dragons," an Asian term for Taiwan, Hong Kong and Singapore to mark their economic vitality since the 1960s.

Altogether, a U.S. government source said, the liquid assets owned by the secretive overseas Chinese and privately "sloshing around" the Pacific Basin from account to account and from nation to nation could amount to "tens of billions of dollars."

The exact figures, however, remain uncertain. Even Chinese agree that nobody is more secretive than the Chinese about their finances.

Some communities feel engulfed. In the San Francisco Bay Area, for instance, Chinese from Hong Kong and Taiwan now own about 10 percent of downtown San Francisco, about 70 Silicon Valley companies and tracts of land that include 892 acres of former railroad yard in San Mateo County.

At least $1.5 billion a year 'that we know of' is estimated to have entered Southern California from Taiwan alone since 1985.

In Vancouver, they have acquired the key 204-acre Expo 86 site and much other commercial and residential property. In Australia and New Zealand, their purchases have triggered real estate inflation and a popular demand – directed as well against Japanese who also are investing heavily – to curtail Asian immigration.

Prompting this broad movement of people and money are three historic turns of the Asian wheel:

■ First, China's scheduled takeover of Hong Kong from Britain in 1997. "Anyone with a grain of sense is finding a way out," says a Western banker who asked not to be identified. In the past three years, more than 150,000 professionals and skilled residents have departed either to reside in the United States, Canada and Australia or to establish safe havens there.

"What (capital) you see going out now is only a trickle," says David K.P. Li, chief executive of Hong Kong's Bank of East Asia, the largest privately owned Chinese bank.

"It may seem to be a large volume, but seven years remain and people still see opportunity here (to make a profit). But inevitably, the flood will come."

■ Second, Taiwan's astounding economic success. This island nation of 20 million – so undeveloped at mid-century that it could not shoe itself or make rifles – possesses the world's second highest foreign exchange reserves (after Japan's) – about $69 billion – and makes computers.

Today, Taiwan is rich to the point of awkwardness, and its government actually pushes people to invest abroad.

Individuals may send $5 million a year out of the country – no questions asked, the hope being to reduce the foreign exchange reserves that so stunningly symbolize Taiwan's trade success and thus ease U.S. pressure on Taiwan in trade talks.

Last year, more than $5 billion was recorded as going out – mostly to the United States and Southeast Asian nations; in just the past six months, reserves have dropped by $4 billion.

■ Third, the growth of private wealth in Singapore, Indonesia, Malaysia and Thailand. Almost all this wealth, believed to have grown greatly in the past five or 10 years, is said to belong to ethnic Chinese who dominate these fast-developing economies.

Economic overlords of their adopted societies, the overseas Chinese are following their Hong Kong and Taiwan cousins into the Pacific Rim action.

Because of the differences among the Chinese themselves – in Taiwan and Singapore, many tend to view the people of Hong Kong as hucksters, and in Hong Kong some tend to view their offshore cousins as bumpkins – they are not a cohesive group.

But they share a common culture and an entrepreneurial genius that has made the Chinese economic legends in Southeast Asia, and many Chinese said they probably share a preference for working with each other rather than with non-Chinese strangers.

HONG KONG & SEOUL
Escorted Shopping Trip
$1654 p.p. FROM SEATTLE
Includes air, deluxe hotels, transfers, some sightseeing.
CARLSON TRAVEL NETWORK/ GATEWAY TRAVEL SERVICE
1-800-562-9975 624-2722

NEW ZEALAND 16 DAYS FROM $1599
AUGUST ~~6, 13, 20~~, 27 WAS 1999 NOW ONLY $1599
SEPTEMBER 3, 10: WAS $2199 NOW ONLY $1699
SEPTEMBER 17, 24: WAS $2199 NOW ONLY $1899
OCTOBER 1, 8, 15, 22, 29; NOVEMBER 5, 12, 19, 26: ONLY $1999
DECEMBER 3, 10, 17, 24, 31: JANUARY 6, 13, 21, 28 WAS 2599 NOW ONLY $2099
FLY ONTO AUSTRALIA FROM $50 MORE
VISIT: Auckland; Waitomo; Rotorua: Sheep Show, Thermal Pools; Wellington Nelson; Beautiful West Coast of South Island; Resort Town of Queenstown: Milford Sound Cruise; Te Anau; Scottish town of Dunedin; Christchurch; ALL SIGHTS INCLUDED. INCLUDES: R/T Airfare from Seattle; First Class Tourist Hotels; Deluxe A/C Motorcoach; Fully Escorted by Driver on Arrival in New Zealand; All Taxes, Tips, Departure Taxes etc. NO HIDDEN COST! Optional Meal Package: Only $300

ESCORTED AUSTRALIA TOURS 16 DAYS $2499
CAIRNS/SYDNEY TROPICAL SUNSEEKER
SEP 13, 20; OCT 11, 25; NOV 08, 22: WAS $2999 NOW ONLY $2499
VISIT: Cairns (3 nts), Magnetic Island, Townsville, Mackay, Rockhampton, Hervey Bay (2 nts), Fraser Island, Brisbane (2 nts), Tamworth, Hunter Valley and Wineries, Sydney (3 nts). INCLUDES: R/T Airfare from LAX/SFO; First Class Hotels; Deluxe A/C Motorcoach; Fully Escorted by a Sunbeam Tour Escort; Most meals; Extensive Sightseeing program; All Taxes, Tips Departure Taxes etc. Please call for full details. PLEASE CALL ABOUT OUR OTHER AUSTRALIA ESCORTED TOURS.
LIMITED TIME INTRODUCTORY OFFER — BOOK NOW AND SAVE!
Sunbeam Tours
South Coast Village; 3840 So. Plaza Dr., Santa Ana, CA 92704
(714) 434-1810 or (800) 955-1818
Competitive Group Prices
Call for Information
OVER 16 YEARS OF EXPERIENCE AND 6 OFFICES IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC - WE ARE THE EXPERTS

AT LOGGERHEADS

LUMBER

continued from J 1

of timber from the forests, official policy under the past six U.S. presidents has been to encourage wood use wherever it exists and to begin it where it doesn't.

Many areas have wood of their own and don't need anyone else's. Other areas have exhausted their own supplies but have no money to buy more. And many areas that have never had wood have not developed uses for it.

The wood exporter must find areas that have developed a habit of wood use but no longer have enough wood to satisfy it.

Since the turn of the century, Northwest timber owners have been looking abroad for customers as a hedge against a domestic demand that fluctuated with the whims of federal fiscal policy.

To a substantial degree, the hedge has become the market. One-fourth of the logs shipped to Japan come from Washington state, and more than one-third of the state's timber harvest was shipped overseas uncut last year. And the price of logs that do not actually come to Japan is determined by demand in the export market.

The world's largest exporter of logs has been married to its largest importer, a match made in heaven, if the definition of heavenly relationships could be stretched to include a couple who communicate mainly through accusations of faithlessness.

The money machine

In a multicultural world there is at least one universal constant: Social scientists speak gobbledygook.

To wit, a recent analysis of the startling increase in real-estate prices in Japan concluded: "If Japan is to achieve true social and economic vitality in the 21st century, it will need to promote more evenly distributed, multipolar national development by halting the unipolar concentration of activity in Tokyo and revitalizing regional economies while at the same time providing Tokyo with an environment befitting its role as an international city."

The problem, as the authors might have said, is that Koji Hara builds discos. Hara is head of new-product development for A-project Inc., a Japanese entertainment company.

The 28 acres of the Imperial Palace in central Tokyo are said to be worth as much as the entire state of Florida, the city of Tokyo as much as the entire U.S.

Hara's job is to measure the public pulse and conceive new nightclubs to match it. In a place where dance halls are inspired by everything from cowboys and Indians to Rastafarians, the range of possibilities is broad. The company already has two dozen discos – most of them in a 20-block Tokyo district, Roppongi – and Hara is suffering a kind of writer's block over what theme the next one might take.

Hara has no such difficulty wondering where to put his next club. If you're a disco-builder, there's only one place to be: in that "unipolar concentration of activity" that is Tokyo. It's no different with bankers, bureaucrats or virtually any of the other creators of contemporary Japan: Tokyo is the place to be.

Despite efforts by the government to discourage it, the city and its suburbs have grown astonishingly since World War II. Tokyo itself has a population of 12 million. About 30 million people – one in every four Japanese – live in the metropolitan area. This produces effects far beyond simple overcrowding.

Such symbols of Japan as small cars and portable stereos are obvious products of a compacted society. This is a culture where miniaturization is not just a technological prerogative, but an environmental imperative. In a roundabout fashion, Tokyo's primacy also has played a fundamental role in the creation of corporate Japan's financial power.

Contrary to the recent impression of a Japanese economic empire awash in an apparently infinite ocean of money, Japan historically has been short of cash.

"Look at the balance sheets of almost any Japanese company," says an executive with one of Japan's largest corporations. "Most Japanese companies are heavily indebted. The Japanese economy is still shallow. There is very small equity in most companies."

The lack of money historically has severely restricted the ability of companies to grow. By concentrating so many people in such a small place, Tokyo's allure has helped remedy this.

The demand of 30 million people for places to live and work has driven real-estate values to what seem to be incredible levels.

The comparisons by now have a sort of "Believe or Not" character to them: The 28 acres of the Imperial Palace in central Tokyo are said to be worth as much as the entire state of Florida, the city of Tokyo as much as the entire United States, Honshu – the main Japanese island – as much as North and South America.

Karel van Wolferen, a Dutch writer, says that in Tokyo "land has taken on a function comparable to that of gold," except that land is less susceptible to forces beyond Japanese control – that is, the rest of the world. It is, van Wolferen says, a speculative bubble that resists bursting.

In recent years, van Wolferen points out, the increases in the value of land and the other great speculative venue – the stock exchange – have been greater than the entire gross national product of Japan.

"Borrowing against that paper wealth creates a supply of near costless capital," he says.

This ability to borrow huge amounts at Japan's historically low interest rates has, at some levels, reversed what had been the chronic scarcity of cash in the Japanese economy. It has created a money machine.

Trees

"Now that," Ed Sullivan says, "that's a low-grade domestic log, and that's all it will ever be."

Sullivan is not trying to demean the tree in question – a perfectly respectable second-growth Douglas fir in the Capital Forest south of Olympia – but simply to define its commercial value.

Sullivan has spent much of the latter half of his 53 years tramping around the state forests of Washington looking at trees. He is known by the deceptive title of "timber cruiser." The title suggests a relaxing Sunday afternoon drive through the park. The actual job is more of a forced march through uncomfortable terrain, as the occasional breaking of bones and the occasional dodging of black bears testifies.

Sullivan's job is to estimate how much money the state Department of Natural Resources (DNR) might be able to get at auction for any given stand of trees. The DNR manages 2.1 million acres of state timberland, selling the right to cut it in lots of a few dozen to a few hundred acres. Auctions are held monthly at DNR regional offices around the state, and anybody who is able to post a bond is welcome to bid.

Sullivan's research is used to prepare a prospectus for those timber stands chosen for sale. The prospectus is circulated among potential buyers, who then decide if they are interested. If so, they send their own cruisers out to reevaluate Sullivan's work and prepare their bids.

Cruisers are looking for both quantity and quality of timber. Both vary enormously. Timber is not a fungible commodity, as an ...ative among them taking more than an hour. Oral bidding is now being phased out in favor of sealed bidding, which state officials think will produce higher revenues.

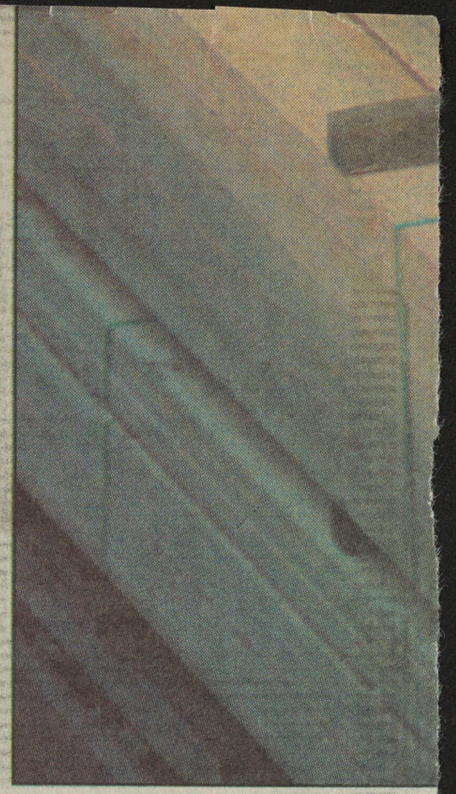
It's hard to imagine any change in bidding procedure that would produce the increases the market has delivered to the state trust funds in recent years. The average price of auctioned timber has quadrupled in the past four years, and the cause of the increase is no secret: a free-falling U.S. dollar.

In 1985, when the Reagan administration became concerned over a huge, growing U.S. merchandise trade deficit with Japan, the dollar was worth about 260 yen. U.S. officials, led by Treasury Secretary James Baker, decided the main cause of the deficit was this yen-dollar relationship. The dollar was vastly overvalued, they said, and through a concerted effort with the governments of Japan and Western Europe, they began to drive it down by selling dollars and buying yen on international exchanges.

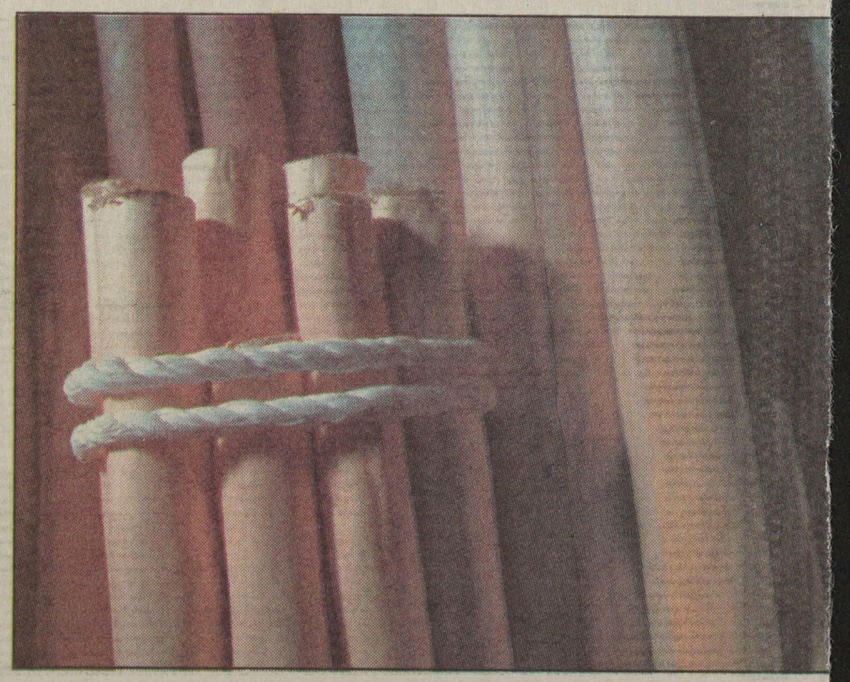
The argument was simple. If each dollar were worth fewer yen, Japanese products would become more expensive and American consumers would buy fewer of them; conversely, U.S. products would be less expensive and Japanese consumers would buy more of them.

They succeeded beyond their hopes in driving the dollar down. In two years, it lost half of its value, plummeting to 120 yen. But the steep decline had little effect on overall trade between the two countries. Many Japanese producers chose not to pass along their exchange losses to American consumers, and many Japanese consumers decided not to buy U.S. goods regardless of the price.

One thing the cheaper dollar



Twin imports: A trucker practices his Am



Poles of hinoki, or Japanese cypress, stacked in a Kyoto lumber store will be u as rafters in a Japanese-style home. But domestic timber harvests satisfy about one-third of Japan's appetite for wood.

Farm family struggles after deaths of five in pit

By PAIGE St. JOHN
Associated Press Writer

MENOMINEE, Mich. — On the first day without wakes or funerals since the tragedy, children are running in the farmyard, spraying each other with a garden hose while their mothers shout for them to cut it out.

It would be a normal day but for one thing. Elmbrook, the dairy farm nurtured by five generations of Theuerkauf men over 108 years, has no one to run it save for the widows and children.

Inside the great, white farmhouse, Linda Theuerkauf and her children gather in a circle, surrounded by memories, and say the names:

"First Tom ..."

Tom Theuerkauf, 27, was the first one into the manure pit, through a narrow hole and down the ladder to clear the drain 12 feet below.

"... then Danny ..."

Dan Theuerkauf, 15, quiet and thoughtful like his uncle Tom, had been cutting hay by himself for two years, already part of the circle of Theuerkauf farmers. Dan saw Tom's head hit the ladder and slip into the dark. He sent his 8-year-old brother Brian for help and then went down.

"... and Brian got Bill first."

Bill Hofer, 63, was the third man down, a cousin who grew up across the lane from the Theuerkaufs, went to school with them and farmed with them.

"... and I got my Grandpa ..."

Carl Theuerkauf Sr., 66 the day they buried him, a patriarch with a love for farming surpassed only by his passion for his family. He hated nothing more than when people wouldn't try, yet he once stopped Carl Jr. from running into a burning barn to save the cows, the farm equipment, the new tractor.

> At first no one knew what had happened. Men went into that pit every week to clear the drain before the pump was turned on. But methane from the decaying sewage had built up during a heat wave; it took only seconds for each man to collapse, scant minutes to suffocate in air that contained no oxygen.

Dorothy Theuerkauf remembers her son said, " 'Spray me down Dad and I'll go in.' ... Carl said, 'No way, don't risk your life for machines.' "

Carl Sr. stepped into the hole to save his son, grandson and cousin.

"... and then my Carl." Linda finishes the toll.

Carl Theuerkauf Jr., 37, was the last man down.

"I don't know where he came from," Linda said. "He wasn't supposed to be on the farm that day."

At first no one knew what had happened. Men went into that pit every week to clear the drain before the pump was turned on. But methane from the decaying sewage had built up during a heat wave; it took only seconds for each man to collapse, scant minutes to suffocate in air that contained no oxygen.

The automatic waste pit was one innovation cited in 1981 when Michigan State University named Carl Sr. the state Farm Manager of the Year.

Over five generations, the Theuerkaufs (pronounced Turk'-off) built Elmbrook into the largest and most respected dairy farm in Michigan's Upper Peninsula. Gain the Theuerkaufs' trust and you had the ear of every farmer for 50 miles. Lose it, as one state ag man did, "and your word is dirt," a county agent said.

As their lives touched Menominee County, so did their July 26 deaths. Newspapers carrying stories of the family sold out and people stood by the road in the rain when the funeral procession passed. Not since more than 700 people celebrated Elmbrook's centennial a year ago July was there such a gathering.

Carl Sr. was so proud of that centennial he was near tears at the county fair last year when they handed him the historical marker. This year, the fair was deserted, what with the funerals and the rain.

The same gloom hung over Elmbrook. A cow was loose in the back field. Two newborn calves lay untended in the mud of a holding pen. Thick, wet muck coated the stall floors in the dairy barn.

No longer is Elmbrook a tight ship farmed by committee, Carl Sr. and sons Tom and Carl Jr. meeting in the yard every morning, hands on hips, debating the day's work sometimes for an hour.

Missing from those meetings was Carl Sr.'s third boy, Bill, a woodworker, not a farmer. Carl once said he could handle anything, so long as it wasn't a death, but he cried three years ago when he learned Bill had lost his hands in a car crash.

Elmbrook still needs running. The pit, still waiting to be emptied, sits like a vault beneath the dairy barn and nobody will go near it.

Bill, just 23 but aged incredibly, it seems, these past weeks, is taking a crash course in his family's occupation, scrambling between the paid hands and neighbors who volunteered to help. What are you doing? What must be done there?

That doesn't stop one of those raucous water fights with wet, laughing Theuerkauf children everywhere. They splash each other like they did just the Sunday before, when their fathers and brother were throwing water, too.

That's the kind of thing the Theuerkaufs are keen to remember.

There are the Sunday mornings, when Linda made waffles and Carl Jr. would poke fun at her cooking. "Tasteless, tasteless," he would say.

There are the Sunday afternoons, when Carl and Linda drove alone to see the cornfields and Carl would talk of plans for the future, the family, the farm.

"How Carl loved the farm. His dream was to make it the best farm it could be, so we could be together," Linda said.

After the ambulances and the television crews, Linda awoke in the dark. It was the hour Carl would be getting up, and she walked across the yard to the bright lights of the barn. "I stood and watched the man milk the last six cows. It was 3 a.m. and I felt Carl there with me."

She smiled. "Do I hate the farm because of what happened? No."

But that night after they died, Linda hated Elmbrook. "I just wanted to pack and move away and never come back."

In the trailer next door, 5-year-old Tommy promises Tom's widow, Wendy, he will take care of her. Two-year-old Rachael cries. At night, Tom's pet German shepherd whines softly. "Even the dog is lost," Wendy said.

She doesn't know if she will stay. "I have to see what my kids say." What is the farm to them now? Pain? Love?

> "How Carl loved the farm. His dream was to make it the best farm it could be, so we could be together."
> — *Linda Theuerkauf*

Farming and Elmbrook remain life and love for Carl Jr.'s children. The oldest, 16-year-old Becky, sees her father and her brother Dan in the work of the farm hands.

From a sandbox in the yard, Brian plotted how he and Dan would run their own dairy operation. Brian tucked a toy tractor into Dan's coffin, and the Saturday they buried his big brother, he begged to go home in time to turn on the TV wrestling shows "so I can tell Danny about it."

Dan had wished for such a brother on the candles of a birthday cake; a pregnant Linda guessed it. "I said, 'You wished for a baby brother,' and he started crying. He said if somebody knows your wish, it won't come true."

Linda and her children are crowded together on the couch, passing a rose and a carnation, two flowers saved from the funeral the day before. On the wall above hangs a portrait of Elmbrook, painted long ago by a relative.

For an afternoon, Brian, Becky, 12-year-old Tracy and 10-year-old Carrie sit with Linda and tell warm, funny stories.

... Dad's California vacation that turned out to be tours of farms ...

... How Grandpa would drive around lost, never asking directions, filling the car with cigar smoke until it seemed the journey would never end ...

... Danny's favorite joke: Why did they outlaw round bales of hay? Because cows couldn't get a square meal.

"What was your father's favorite song?" Linda asks. They sing:

"Sugar in the morning, sugar in the evening, sugar at suppertime. Be my little sugar and love me all the time."

Linda laughs, pulling dark hair back from her face to show not tear-swollen misery but twinkling eyes. "He sang that to me all of the time ... and he had a rotten singing voice."

They laugh and laugh. Then Becky asks the question:

"Why, why did he have to go down?"

Grain and livestock

Grains

West Coast

Hard red winter wheat: For August delivery — — ordinary 10% 4.63, down 3; 11-12% 4.64, down 3; guaranteed 13% 4.64, down 4.

Hard red spring wheat: For August delivery — 13% protein 4.69, down 2; guaranteed 14% 4.71, down 4; guaranteed 15% 4.71, down 6.

White wheat: 4.54-4.56, down 1.

Barley: Montana barley to Yakima, Wash., $98-100 per ton, unchanged. To the North Coast for export $103-104 per ton, unchanged. Thursday's cash barley by truck to Stockton, Calif., 5.70-5.80 cwt., unchanged; to Los Angeles by van, 5.80, no comparison available.

PIK certificates

Friday's market rates:

Northwest: hard red winter wheat 4.66, up 3; hard red spring wheat 4.66, down 3; white wheat, 4.56, up 2; barley 2.44, up 1; durum 4.75, unchanged.

Minneapolis: hard red winter wheat 4.16, down 2; hard red spring wheat 4.24, down 2; barley 2.06, unchanged; durum 4.20, unchanged.

Malting barley

USDA Market News reported compared to last week, malting barley 25 cents lower to 25 cents higher.

Golden Triangle: Clark 5.10-5.25, Harrington 5.25-5.50, Klages 5.50-5.60.

Great Falls: Clark 5.25, Harrington 5.25-5.50, Klages 5.25-5.60.

Havre: Clark 5.25, Harrington 5.25, Klages 5.25.

Central Montana: Clark 5.00-5.25, Harrington 5.25-5.50, Klages 5.50-5.60.

Wheat

USDA Market News reported compared to last week, winter wheat steady to 13 cents, mostly 2-11 cents higher, few 2 cents lower; durum steady to 10 cents lower; soft white 2-12 cents higher.

Butte: 13% winter 4.05-4.10; 14% spring 4.04-4.22.

Gallatin Valley: ordinary winter 3.88-4.01; 13% winter 3.88-4.03; 14% spring 3.96-4.11.

Golden Triangle: ordinary winter 3.83-3.89; 13% winter 3.88-3.93; durum 3.40-3.90; 14% spring 3.94-4.03.

Great Falls: ordinary winter 3.85-3.95; 13% winter 3.90-3.97; durum 4.00; 14% spring 3.97-4.07.

Havre: ordinary winter 3.78-3.86; 13% winter 3.84-3.88; durum 3.70-3.75; 14% spring 3.88-3.99.

Central Montana: ordinary winter 3.84-3.93; 13% winter 3.89-3.95; 14% spring 3.91-4.05.

Northeast Montana: ordinary winter 3.28-3.66; 13% winter 3.40-3.68; durum 3.30-3.55; 14% spring 3.53-3.81.

Feed grains

USDA Market News reported feed barley mostly steady, few 5-10 cents higher; instances 15 cents lower; triticale steady to 10 cents higher, instance 10 cents lower; corn steady; oats steady to 50 cents higher, instance 30 cents lower.

Butte: feed barley 5.00-5.50, triticale 4.25-4.45, oats 4.40.

Gallatin Valley: feed barley 3.90-4.10, oats 4.00-5.00.

Golden Triangle: feed barley 3.80-4.00, triticale 3.80-3.90, oats 3.44-3.91.

Great Falls: feed barley 3.80-4.00, triticale 3.90-4.00, oats 3.75-4.25.

Havre: feed barley 3.80-3.90; triticale 3.90-4.00, oats 3.70-4.00.

Central Montana: feed barley 3.80-4.00, triticale 3.80, oats 3.90.

Northeast Montana: feed barley 3.33-3.75, oats 3.44-3.75.

Hay

USDA Market News reported hay market steady in limited test, fair amount of inquiries. Both producers and potential buyers having wait-and-see attitude. Second cutting started in most areas and tonnage looks good. Some inquiries from out-of-state buyers for second cutting.

Confirmed sales this week: alfalfa 835 tons, last week none. Straw none, none last week.

ALFALFA: Small square and large rectangle, premium quality $75.00; good quality $65.00-75.00.

STRAW: None.

ALFALFA PELLETS: sun-cured 15-17% protein $105.00-115.00.

Livestock

USDA weekly auction summary

Cattle

Billings

Salable at two markets this week 1,681 head. Last week 1,423. Last year 1,740. Compared to last week, slaughter cows $1.00-2.00 lower except cutter $1.00-2.00 higher; slaughter bulls uneven, steady to $1.00 higher early, closing steady to $1.00 lower. Feeder cattle steady to $2.00 lower in light test. Supply approximately 61% slaughter cows and bulls, 3% stocker cows, 11% feeder steers and heifers under 600 lbs. and 25% over 600 lbs.

SLAUGHTER COWS: breaking ...

Sheep

Salable this week 1,931 head. Compared to last week, feeder lambs under 80 lbs. steady to firm, instances $2.00 higher, over 80 lbs. $2.00-3.00 higher. Slaughter lambs steady to $3.00 higher in light test. Slaughter ewes mostly steady. Supply approximately 10% slaughter lambs, 80% feeder lambs, 10% slaughter ewes.

FEEDER LAMBS: choice and fancy 50-70 lbs. $70.50-75.50, one set $78.50; 70-90 lbs. $68.75-75.00; $90-110 lbs. $66.00-72.00.

SLAUGHTER LAMBS: mostly choice 110-130 lbs. $63.50-69.00.

SLAUGHTER EWES: mostly good $23.50-31.00; utility and good $16.25-23.25; cull and utility $5.00-16.00.

Montana direct trade

Rural bankers report strong loan demand

MINNEAPOLIS — Favorable farm credit conditions prevailed in the Upper Midwest at midyear, according to results of a Federal Reserve Bank of Minneapolis survey released this week.

The second-quarter report showed rural bankers in the Ninth District, which includes Montana and parts of five other states, generally reported strong demand for farm loans, and most were in good shape.

The demand was particularly strong for short-term loans, with about 25 percent of the bankers saying demand for such loans was greater than normal and fewer than 5 percent saying the demand was below normal.

The surveyed bankers said the strong demand for short-term loans partly reflects a change in the government's farm program to let farmers put more idled land back into production. Putting more land into production requires more bank financing.

About 20 percent of the bankers said the demand for long-term farm real estate loans was above normal, compared to 12 percent that viewed demand as below normal. The demand for intermediate-term loans, however, remained below normal during the second quarter — a pattern that has persisted for years.

The survey also showed the quality of loans at rural banks remained high at midyear. Twenty percent of the bankers said the demand to refinance loans was below normal. And the bankers reported a decline in the proportion of farm customers who have borrowed the limit on their loan contracts.

Most of the bankers link the generally healthy conditions of their

Concern rises over chemicals

By DON KENDALL
AP Farm Writer

WASHINGTON — In the arcane world of food additive regulation, tolerance is a finely used term, but it boils down to what parents of 2-year-olds learn quickly: It's how much you let 'em get away with.

For example, some chemicals are banned entirely by federal regulations from the nation's food supply because they have been shown to cause cancer, genetic deformities or other health problems.

Other chemicals, synthetic or natural, are prohibited if their "residues" in food exceed certain "tolerance" levels. These tolerances depend on the chemicals involved and how they measure up to federal criteria.

Chemical residues in food cover a wide range of items, including fruits, vegetables, meat, milk, poultry and eggs. And they also involve residues from man-made chemicals such as DDT (banned years ago) and naturally occurring substances such aflatoxin.

One of the major sources of food contamination is the array of pesticides used on crops to control insect pests, plant diseases and weeds. It's a problem for both domestic producers and foreign growers who ship produce to the U.S. market.

Two Agriculture Department economists, Catherine Greene and Glenn Zepp, say that American consumers are eating more fruits and vegetables — and are getting more persnickety about the health effects of chemical residues on produce.

Greene and Zepp, writing in the National Food Review, a quarterly USDA magazine, noted 1988 industry figures showing that nearly 18 percent of consumers polled said they were concerned enough by the possible effects of residues to change their buying habits.

The survey, conducted by The Packer, a produce industry magazine, showed that another 64 percent were concerned but had not altered their buying habits. Only about 19 percent said they were not very worried.

According to Greene and Zepp, consumers "may be wary of the effectiveness of current food safety regulations."

For example, they said in their report, when small groups of Redbook magazine readers were asked about food safety, only 7 percent of those who replied said they trusted current laws to guarantee a safe food supply. Seventy percent said they did not.

"Few consumers appreciate the scope of the U.S. food regulatory system — the inspection and testing procedures for monitoring food production, processing and marketing, which has generally given Americans a safe food supply," the report said. "Also new steps are being taken to improve monitoring a fill the gaps in pesticide regulation."

Although more than a dozen federal agencies have a hand in the regulation of produce quality, safety, appearance, freshness, labeling, marketing and imports, only two are involved in pesticide enforcement.

The Environmental Protection Agency determines which pesticides may be registered for use on food crops. The EPA also sets tolerances for those chemicals in fruits, vegetables and other foods for human consumption.

Food and Drug Administration officials monitor and enforce the pesticide tolerances set by EPA on both domestic and imported products.

The Agriculture Department has charge of the inspection of meat and poultry and processed food items containing those products.

Greene and Zepp noted that Congress last year amended the Federal Insecticide, Fungicide and Rodenticide Act, which requires that pesticides be registered with EPA for legal use on food crops.

The amendments include a 1997 deadline for testing, reregistration and possible cancellation of older chemicals, and a faster track for registering new chemicals.

HYDRAULIC CYLINDERS-PUMPS HOSE

Western LIVESTOCK AUCTION
CENTRAL MONTANA'S LARGEST LIVESTOCK TERMINAL
Wed., Aug. 16th - 366 head sold
Slaughter cows and bulls, steady; feeder cattle, 2.00 higher.

Kenneth Augare, Browning	1 Blk hfrett	805	74.00
	1 Rwf str	810	83.00
	1 Blk cow	1125	53.25
Clifford Backa, Geyser	1 Red bull	1985	62.50
Tom Bangs, Inverness	1 Simm-bull	2145	67.25
Chris Boyce, Big Sandy	1 Blk bull	1175	60.50
Robert Boyce, Big Sandy	1 Char bull	1810	63.75
Arlen Brattain, Cascade	1 Rwf bull	1880	66.25
Chet Brown, Cascade	1 Wf cow	1020	50.25
Gene Curry, Valier	1 Blk bull	1675	63.50
Bruce Gillespie, Kevin	1 Red cow		



How Big Is Big Enough?

JOAN BIRD

Thirty-two years ago, two eminent biologists named MacArthur and Wilson published a book which sent ripples through the mainstream (and most of the tributaries) of ecology. *The Theory of Island Biogeography* is perhaps the most frequently cited manuscript in ecology, and has given rise to a flood of research in genetics, population dynamics, niche theory, bioenergetics, and conservation biology. In the last few years, some of those ripples have trickled out of the ivory tower and are lapping at current public and private land-management practices. Newmark's research is one of those ripples. What relevance does this body of literature have for the inland West?

It is important to understand that this theory is not really about islands in the Robinson Crusoe sense. Island biogeography is about a phenomenon of which islands are only a good example. What island biogeography is really about is *isolation*, some discontinuity in the environment which effectively isolates a species, or a natural community. To a cottonball marsh pupfish in Death Valley, a pond is as much of an "island" as Isabela Island in the Galapagos is to a land tortoise. The elusive rosy finches breed only in the barren alpine tundra above timberline. In the west, three different species of rosy finch have evolved, each found in a separate group of mountains. Like the Galapagos finches, each of these species has evolved to fit its "island" in the sky.

The primary principle of island biogeography is the species/area rule, which means that the larger the area of an "island" the more different kinds of species it can support. Because it is simplistic, this rule has been widely challenged. Intuitively, one would guess that the more variable an "island" is, the more different kinds of species it will support. A flat desert island will support a limited number of species no matter how large it is. But an island of the same area with volcanic peaks, steaming jungles, mountain streams, ravines, mangrove swamps, mudflats and all the accompanying tropical verdure will be throbbing with life. It is also intuitively obvious that the larger an area is, the more likely it is to be variable. So it is not surprising that considerable evidence supports the species area rule.

What this has to do with the Northern Rockies and the rest of the world is its applicability to conservation. The fact that species are currently going extinct faster than they ever have in the history of the planet, *including* during the end of the age of dinosaurs, has made the species/area rule a subject for discussion by politicians and bureaucrats as well as biologists. Everyone knows that even the extinction crisis will *not* put a moratorium on development. But in making decisions about which kinds, shapes, and sizes of native landscape to preserve and which to alter, the

That the Northern Rockies is one of the most pristine regions in the country seems to speak to something deep in the American character. A relationship with the wild may be embedded in the ancient brainstem of our species.

JOAN BIRD *has a Ph.D. in zoology from the University of Montana. She did her graduate research on islands in the West Indies. Ms. Bird is currently working for the Nature Conservancy in Helena, Montana.*

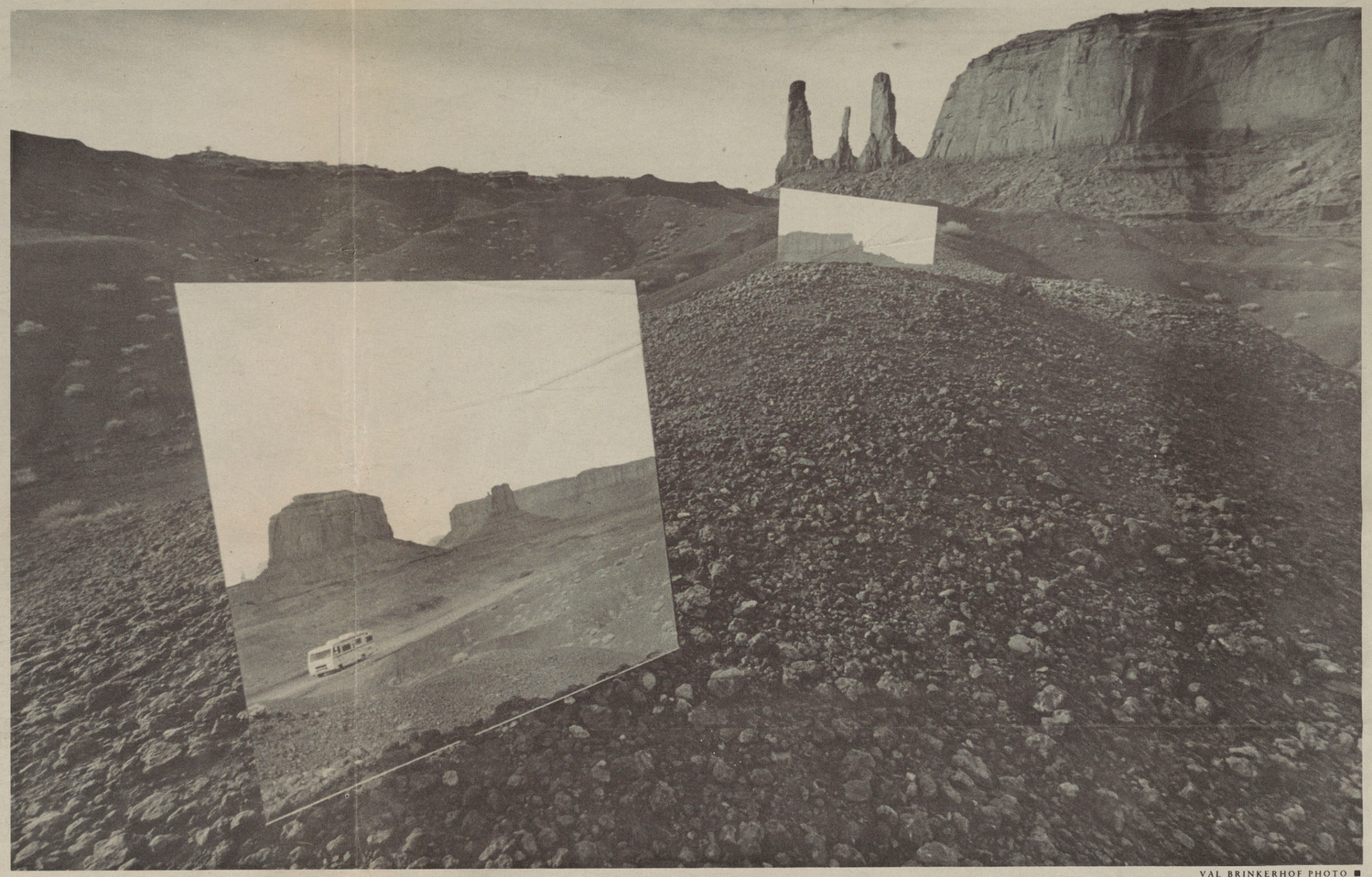
Could there be something in a natural ecosystem which humans need for their survival? In the last twenty years, state natural area programs have caught on with all the fervor of camp revivals in states where native landscapes are essentially gone.

legacy of MacArthur and Wilson is having an effect. In designing preserves of native landscape, one effect is the scientific basis for a "bigger is better" philosophy. Debate volleyed back and forth in the scientific literature for several years, and in the end an unusual event came to pass. The experts agreed. One big preserve is better than the same number of acres preserved in smaller chunks. So for those public and private land managers whose job it is to preserve examples of the original landscape, the big question is, "is it big enough?"

In the eastern Great Plains states, cemeteries and railroad right-of-ways are some of the best remaining examples of the original landscape. These "islands" may harbor the last remaining population of a white-fringed prairie orchid, but no one is going to claim that these tiny refuges *are* the tall grass prairie. The West, in spite of massive resource development, still has opportunities to preserve *big* pieces—relatively intact ecosystems. In the thinly populated Northern Rockies, those opportunities are still outstanding.

Embracing those opportunities is not, however, the dream of the average westerner. Public land ownership is already extensive in western states, and resentment of government control is an ingrained attitude. Last year, Representative Morris Udall of Arizona introduced a bill in Congress which would have established a permanent national trust for public acquisition of significant lands. The opposition to this "American Heritage Trust Act" gathered momentum during the change in adminstrations and was born out of that western antipathy for government ownership of land.

While Udall may be able to override that sentiment with the political mass of the populous east, that basic western distaste for turning private land public will not be buried. New methods for preservation will have to be chiseled into the western tradition. And that is exactly what's happening. Private landowners in several western states are giving up the right to develop their own land for the sake of preserving habitats and species (and getting modest tax-breaks in the process). Along Montana's Blackfoot River corridor, these "conservation easements" now exist on 9,000 acres. Voluntary protection agreements, though nonbinding, are also effective short-term protection strategies in use in the western states.



VAL BRINKERHOF PHOTO ■

A second principle of island biogeography is the relationship between degree of isolation, and diversity. For islands in the ocean, this is usually distance from mainland. For terrestrial "islands," it could mean distance to the next desert pond (might a young pupfish be able to swim there in a heavy rain?) or how formidable the barrier around or between "islands" (the ponds are very close but there is a Holiday Inn between them). If isolation is great, accidental arrivals are unlikely, so there had better be enough to start with if you want the species around for awhile. (Land Manager's note: Unless you have friends in high places, *two of every kind* is not enough.)

Newmark contends that our National Parks are subject to the pitfalls of highly isolated islands. His point resonates with the conservation community, but is his premise true in the Northern Rockies? Have there been local extinctions of species, or "ecosystem decay?" The answer is "NO" for Yellowstone and Glacier National Parks. At least not yet. Still, island biogeography has had an effect on the management of these parks. The new wave of scientifically grounded conservation has spawned yet another term which is beginning to make its way out of scientific circles and into the language of management—*landscape ecology*. No longer does the management of national parks and nature preserves focus on drawing a line around the area and blithely ignoring activities outside the boundary. That Yellowstone is *not* an island but part of the Greater Yellowstone Ecosystem is an outgrowth of this greater contextual awareness.

The inland West is lucky, in that the effective area of its major national parks is increased by adjacent national forests. Chris Servheen, team leader for the grizzly bear recovery team, says that sixty-percent of the grizzly habitat in the Yellowstone ecosystem is on national forest land, and without it there could be no grizzlies in Yellowstone. The National Forest Management Act and the Endangered Species Act require the Forest Service to protect habitat for endangered species and to "provide for diversity of plant and animal communities." While this is a relatively new role for the Forest Service and not totally integrated into its management practices, the agency appears to be accepting it about as fast as a bureaucracy of that size possibly can.

In its own regulations the Forest Service has committed itself to both managing for "viable populations of native species" and to figuring out exactly what that means. Commitment to a management philosophy that prevents extinction requires a deep involvement in the principles of island biogeography. More signs of that commitment are gradually emerging.

The Forest Service, and to a lesser extent the National Park Service, are beginning to use conservation easements on adjacent private land to increase their effective area. Combined with sound management of the public lands, easements will reduce the future possibility of local extinctions—ecosystem decay—in these protected areas.

The prognosis for maintaining representative examples of the original landscape and native flora and fauna is good for the Northern Rockies. But the job ahead is enormous. Recreational development is rapidly catching up with natural resource extraction in its degree of threat to unprotected natural communities. There may be reasons for protection which transcend current scientific arguments for species and habitat preservation.

That the Northern Rockies is one of the most pristine regions in the country seems to speak to something deep in the American character. A relationship with the wild may be embedded in the ancient brainstem of our species. Recreation is a threat, but it may also hold a promise of salvation. As Catholics make pilgrimages to Lourdes to be healed, a new kind of pilgrim is drawn to this region, not so much with physical infirmities as with psychic ones. While its numbers and remarkable adaptability leave *homo sapiens* far from the endangered species list, even the most tunnel-visioned conservation biologist will admit that the future of this primate is uncertain. Not because of a shortage of anything as tangible as food, breeding habitat, or cover, but perhaps more from a gap between our problem-solving capacities and our problem-creating ones.

Could there be something in a natural ecosystem which humans need for their survival? In the last twenty years, state natural area programs have caught on with all the fervor of camp revivals in states where native landscapes are essentially gone. At tremendous public and private cost, agricultural lands are being "restored" to a diverse, native condition, and restoration ecology has emerged as a new scientific discipline.

In a recent article in the *Natural Areas Journal*, Gordon Whitney of the Yale Forestry School offers an argument for the preservation of old-growth forest, which is just as applicable to natural ecosystems of all kinds. He calls it "The Heritage Argument," and raises the question "what role has the natural environment played in the development of the American character?" This is not an easy question to address, but Whitney answers with quotes from Aldo Leopold:

> *. . . it fostered a certain vigorous individualism combined with ability to organize, a certain intellectual curiosity bent to practical ends, a lack of subservience to stiff social forms, and an intolerance of drones.*

These qualities would be handy for tackling the current problems threatening the existence of human and the rest of life on earth. In this same article, Leopold continues,

> *. . . is it not a bit beside the point for us to be so solicitous about preserving (America's) institutions without giving so much as a thought to preserving the environment which produced them and which may now be one of our effective means of keeping them alive?*

We really don't know what all the needs are for the survival of our species. But in providing for the continued existence of the rest of this living family, we may very well be saving some nutrient essential to the human spirit, some antidote for the life-destroying behaviors that plague us. ■

July '89

Ferret Eggs

and Other Musings on Islands and Biogeography in the Rockies

GEORGE WUERTHNER

Though we are beginning to realize that present management philosophies will doom some species to estinction, we have made few changes in the way we think about land management issues.

When I lived in Missoula, Montana, autumn was ushered in by the changing needles of alpine larch on Lolo Peak south of town. Larch needles, unlike those of most conifers, turn a brilliant gold each fall and are shed like the leaves of aspen or cottonwood. The annual golden crown of alpine larch on Lolo Peak was the earliest indication that summer was over and winter was not long behind.

Though larch are abundant to the south on Lolo Peak, they are not found in the Rattlesnake Mountains immediately north of Missoula. Skip a bit farther north to the higher Mission Mountains or Swan Range and you will once again find them. For this reason, it seems likely that alpine larch once was present in the Rattlesnake Mountains as well, but disappeared. Why?

The most likely answer has to do with the habitat requirement of the larch. Unable to compete effectively against subalpine fir and other conifers on better sites, the alpine larch has claimed the highest peaks and rocky crags, a habitat site other less hardy trees find inhospitable. Though there are small patches of high, rocky ground that appear suitable for the growth of alpine larch in the Rattlesnake Mountains, these sites are fragmented and small.

But what influence should habitat size have on alpine larch distribution? Biogeography provides a plausible explanation. All things being equal, a larger island will support more individuals than a smaller one. Small populations are much more likely to go extinct due to random fluctuations in their numbers; larger islands tend to experience fewer extinctions. This has been likened to a drunkard teetering down a boardwalk with a precipitous fall on either side (extinction). If the board is narrow, there is an excellent chance the drunk will fall off (go extinct). If the board is wide, there is more flexibility.

Very likely the alpine larch of the Rattlesnake Mountains was a victim of such a random extinction. The present distribution of alpine larch follows a pattern not unlike a series of islands, though alpine islands at that. At the close of the Ice Age, alpine larch was of wider distribution than today. However, with the warming of the climate since then, this alpine-tolerant species has migrated up slope. On the higher, larger mountain masses—the Bitterroots for example—the latch had sufficient habitat for a good-sized colony of trees to survive despite random oscillations in numbers. It is just as likely that alpine larch once occupied the Rattlesnake Mountains as well, but as it migrated up the lower Rattlesnakes, the remaining trees were confined to an increasingly smaller area. In such a confined space, the stress of the environment coupled with random extinctions doomed the population.

Many fragments of habitat are not large enough to protect populations of various species against these random extinctions. We may never notice this, however, because these populations are regularly augmented by migrants from elsewhere. This constant inflow of new individuals helps to keep peripheral populations viable. Therefore the relationship between patches of suitable habitat is critical.

This is best illustrated by the current spotted owl-old growth forest issue in the Pacific Northwest. Research suggests that 2,200 acres is the minimum size necessary for the survival of one spotted owl pair. Yet the U.S. Forest Service, which manages most of the remaining spotted owl habitat, often ignores the relationship of these patches to other patches. In the case of the northern

GEORGE WUERTHNER *is the author of seven books covering natural history topics including Yellowstone and the Fires of Change and most recently, The Maine Coast. He is a former botanist with the BLM, a university instructor, high school teacher and wilderness ranger. He now is a full-time freelance photographer and writer living in Livingston, Montana.*

VAL BRINKERHOF PHOTO ■



Islands In Changing Climes

LANCE OLSEN

The basics are simple. We are dwellers on the floor of a turbulent atmospheric sea.

Weakened by their shrinkage, tattered at their edges, and increasingly isolated, the remnant island-ecosystems of the Northern Rockies now face a changed and changing global atmosphere: the planet is getting hotter. This change alone will trigger many others across the world and in the Rockies, but extremely important details are—literally—shrouded in clouds of mystery.

The basics are simple. We are dwellers on the floor of a turbulent atmospheric sea. Like water on a stove, the atmospheric sea around us is heated from the bottom up. The source of this heating is the sun; solar winds arriving from a distance of 93 million miles heat the land and oceans, which then act as heating elements that warm the atmosphere above them.

Solar energy drives moisture as well as heat from the oceans and lifts a load of water into the air. The winds created by the rising heat distribute the moisture over the face of the planet until gravity pulls it back own. This solar-powered global heat-engine is the driving force behind all we know as climate and weather.

But we've added something new. We have clamped a lid of pollution on this mighty engine. The result is as predictable as when a lid is put on a pan of heated water. The lid traps the heat, preventing its escape. Our world will be hotter because of it, and the island ecosystems of the Northern Rockies will not escape the global cookery we have thus created.

The Northern Rockies may be especially hard hit by heat, simply because they are of the north, and will share the fate of all the north. Although

LANCE OLSEN *is executive director of the Great Bear Foundation in Missoula, Montana.*

July '89

Lost On A Desert Island Biosphere

GEOFF O'GARA

"Snollygoster" is one of those words that sounds so good you throw diction to the winds and use it. Harry Truman called a foe "snollygoster." My Oxford Concise suggests the snolly may have been a mythical predatory bird, but in a rare shrug of uncertainty it adds "(perh.)," meaning "perhaps," we can assume, in the world of Concision. My other dictionary, pressed to the wall for the snollygoster's origin, responds: "?"

"Ecosystem" is another word too tasty to pass over. It's got a crisp, scientific texture on the tongue. Unlike the snollygoster, I used to think I'd seen an ecosystem. I swaggered around Yellowstone National Park pointing out microbial mats to some gullible relatives (you know, from California) and saying, "Lean over, you cabbage—THAT's an ecosystem. Those organisms haven't moved six inches in a million years." Last fall I flew over Yellowstone, looking at the Mosaic Burn (let's be lexically *au courant*), and at one point I uttered into my headset: "Boy, you can really see the whole ecosystem from up here!" There was a sterile silence over the intercom, which moments ago had been chattery with talk about poker games at the Madison Junction fire camp. Then the pilot banked the helicopter sharply, headed back to Mammoth and dropped me like an empty water bucket. A park scientist looked at me with moist eyes, and said: "Oh, dear, you must have said...uh...THAT word. Where HAVE you been?"

Now the head cheese at Northern Lights write to ask my thoughts on "island biosphere," and I suspect a trap. Island biosphere, huh? Maybe I've seen one, maybe I haven't (I'm not saying). In any case, it's another word sandwich I'd really like to put my mouth around, if I weren't a little afraid of the pickle. ("No man is an island, and neither is an elk; every species is a piece of the biosphere.") But I'm not the same person I was last fall—no longer glib, garrulous, glossarial (oh, look it up yourself). No more: I haven't forgotten my humiliating postmodern misuse of "ecosystem." Reminders are everywhere. Even the bureaucrats, with their own vinegar-breathed "parameters" and "conceptualize," they keep dangling it in my face, going "nyaahh, nyaaahhh." In the fat "aggregation" document produced recently by the National Park Service and the U.S. Forest Service for Yellowstone, the authors sniff: "The Greater Yellowstone Area—SOME call it the Greater Yellowstone Ecosystem..." Well, exCUSE me.

So I'm not picking up another newfangled expression until I've checked for trip wires and plastic explosives. Away with your bioregionalism and deep ecology and symbiotic mutualism and topophilia and Orgone boxes—it's not WORKING. The terms die in your mouth like bugs on the windshield. Forgive me a little (deep breath) NEOLOGISM NEOPHOBIA.

Shut up then, you say, and leave us here diddling in Fad Word Heaven. Not so fast. If I walk away from this one, I leave the High Priests of Nomenclature free to work their awful magic. Words are power, whether wielded in an indecipherable tax return or fomenting rebellion in a Gaelic hedge school. No, no, there is more to this than mere wordplay. An ecosystem is not just the biotic pyramid of Aldo Leopold, not just a "community of interdependent parts:" It's a management empire, too, once you convince the politicians that the term actually means something. And when somebody wearing a mask crashes the party and in a loud voice trashes a term like "ecosystem," and starts shouting "bioregion" or "island biogeography," we'd best keep a sharp eye, or ear—watch 'em like we would a bunch of shaggy Goths, they may sack the joint any minute.

Let's get a little paranoid here. Let's take note that these new words for old things come from overseas. Covert word factories, masquerading as, hummph, universities, stringing Greek roots into frighteningly long words under cover of night. The Germans gave us "ecology" in 1866, packaged with the little semantics lesson that gives it weight ("logos" Greek for study; "oikos" for house...and yes, yes, let's GO for a little semioticupsmanship: back beyond "oikos" to the Sanskrit "ueik," or neighborhood. Hah.) "Biosphere" was another overseas product, circa 1875. Yep, you guessed it—the Germans again. I don't want to sound too teutophobic, but shouldn't we hesitate before we pick up a word coined by the people who gave us "beglaubigungsschreiben?" Or "Wirtschauftswissenschaft?"

And how have the invaders insinuated themselves? Through the bureaucrats. Through the New Age miasma. "Beware the Jabberwock, my son!"

I do not lightly accuse the bureaucrats. No, but I have read three drafts of the Bridger-Teton National Forest Plan, and have scars to show for it. The Underground Grammarian (Richard Mitchell) quotes a forester: "Priorities in campsite development were the product of the social-economic data. When the two ratings were combined a list of prioritized campgrounds and their existing physical status would result." This morphological pounding is part of a plot—we're being pummelled like abalone, softened up, and we'll feel the teeth shortly.

Nor do I blithely raise my knife to the New Age movement. I am an old New Age duffer myself—why, I held onto my Whole Earth Catalogue until it looked like an exploded newspaper log. My hair has a little growth spurt and my nostrils dilate to a memory of pachule oil whenever I touch down in Northern California. But the buzzwords yammer madly in the latter-day New Age a la mode, and methinks something sinister is afoot. Pick up the Whole Earth Review or CoEvolution Quarterly and you step into the crossfire of lexicological warfare. Rub on some Ban de Soleil, slip into the Jacuzzi, pour a tall stiff black Jack (oh, if you're still like THAT, roll a joint, my goodness), and read. In all likelihood, you'll drown, as your lungs fill with "biological integrities," "new biosocial order," "devolutionary mode" and (even the Heimlich Maneuver can't save you) "unity of diversity."

I realize that perfectly respectable people, people with degrees in science even, are quite fond of "island biogeography." And I respect, too, the right of anyone to change their usage (somewhere down the road, you may regret naming junior "Kiwi Lightyears," and who am I to say that "Ralph" is not more suitable for the '90s?).

But as the words we use to identify environmental concepts and problems leapfrog ever more quickly ahead, turtles like me suffer from what the Germans, those masters of brevity, call "Verdauungsstorung." We lie dopey on the beach of a desert island biosphere, listening for the bleat of a ship's rescuing foghorn. In fact...Wait...what was that sound?

Nah. Just another snollygoster, flying overhead. ■

GEOFFREY O'GARA *is a writer in Lander, Wyoming. His new book,* A LONG ROAD HOME, *was published by Norton this spring.*

computer models suggest that pent-up heat will increase most near the poles, the southern hemisphere may get some relief that the north will not.

The southern hemisphere is more watery than the northern, and its cold, ancient waters may roll to the surface and moderate the influence of atmospheric heating there. Maybe. If so, that leaves the north as the leading candidate for an increased load of heat. But hotter days lie ahead, no matter what the southern seas may do to moderate them. Hotter times will bring many other changes.

Where will it all lead? One of the firmest predictions for the future is that a hotter atmosphere will be a more turbulent one—it will "boil" all the harder because of the lid of pollutants that trap heat in it. Storms will be more frequent and more violent than the ones we know today. Beyond an increase of heat and violence, there will be a global reallocation of moisture. Many dry regions will be drier as it gets hotter, and many wet regions wetter.

The finer details of change for a specific region like the Rockies are extremely difficult to predict because they are caught in a complex web of forces from well beyond the region. For example, the present climate of the Northern Rockies is subject to the often-intersecting weather systems located over the Great Basin, Pacific, and Arctic, but each of these is destined for changes caused by heating, and their interactions of today may not endure in the future.

A likely consequence is that, as the Greater Arctic Ecosystem heats up, its long reach down the Rockies will be less chilly, leaving us with warmer winters. Rain will replace snow. This single change will have consequences of its own, because winter rains would trickle away as they fell, leaving us with less water in the future's hot summers.

As our region and its tattered islands dry up, they will be ecologically simplified, their diversity tumbled under heat, drought, and high winds. Parched places host few species. Forests will certainly be hit by the new load of heat. The forests of our region, adapted to chilly winters, will perish. With them will go many of the wild creatures they currently feed and shelter. New plant and animal life will eventually replace them, but many people living today will witness a great unravelling of the cycles and systems that have dominated the Northern Rockies up to now.

Some of it starts right here. These unavoidable changes are being accelerated by others located within and immediately around our remnant islands. These local influences are aggravating the global ones arriving here from afar. For instance, logging can dry a region partly because it removes the important local influence of shade that trees cast onto the forest floor, and partly because trees also serve as a brake on wind speed at ground level. And of course any oil drilled and burned here will contribute to the worldwide lid of pollution that will come back to cook the region.

Interactions and synergies such as these make specific details difficult to predict. Will the entire Northern Rockies dry up and blow away, or will its wet forests get wetter while its dry plains get drier? Will life-threatening lightning storms and tornadoes be more common over Billings than over Boise? Will African cattle adapted to heat replace the herefords now grazing along the Rocky Mountain Front near Choteau? Such questions can't be answered on the basis of what is presently known.

In fact, important questions remain at even the world-wide scale. Clouds are a case in point. They present a major problem for computer models of a hotter future because all clouds can both cool and warm the planet by deflecting incoming solar winds and by trapping solar heat that rises from below. This combined cooling-heating influence is all the more complex because each kind of cloud cools and heats in different proportions; stratus clouds have a net cooling effect, but cirrus clouds have a net warming effect.

Making matters yet more complex, a layer of one kind of cloud can form and hover above another. Again we face the troubling uncertainties of interactions and synergies that are extremely difficult to measure.

Computers' minds are boggled. Putting all these uncertainties into our computers in the hope that they will help us find answers is not working; there's not a computer smart enough for the job. There may never be.

In the May issue of *Scientific American*, climate expert Michael E. Schlesinger says, "We will never have a computer powerful enough to model clouds at all scales." Another expert, Tony Slingo, says that forecasters face so many unknowns "the real atmosphere will give us an answer before we can predict it, and then we'll just be trying to understand how it happened." The future remains the mystery it has always been.

Some things do seem clear. Nature is mystery. But we do know that the earth will become a much hotter place, and we know that the bulk of the heat will come from our global burning of fossil fuels and our worldwide felling of forests, and that this increased load of heat will trigger other disruptive and awesome changes. There is no reason to hope that the already weakened island ecosystems of the Northern Rockies will escape the force of this inevitable heat wave and its consequences.

But that does not mean that there is no hope whatsoever. Amidst all the uncertainties lies rock-solid consensus that we can probably keep a tragic and dangerous situation from becoming a horrifying and possibly fatal one. We can do it by sharply reducing our consumption of fossil fuels and forests. ■

As our region and its tattered islands dry up, they will be ecologically simplified, their diversity tumbled under heat, drought, and high winds.

VAL BRINKERHOF PHOTO ■



SPORTS

In the Beginning there was a BALL

BARBARA DEAN

During the summer of 1987, I became a baseball fan—a development that is a source of some amusement to people who know me in one of the guises I generally present to the world. Neither my professional persona (editor of serious environmental books) nor my private choices in life (hermit happily wedded to life in the near-wilderness) seems to jibe with a person who copies out the baseball schedule on her daily calendar.

My imagination was first piqued the night I happened to catch part of game six of the now-classic Mets-Astros play-off series of 1986 on the car radio. I was maneuvering the winding roads of this remote area of northern California where I live and work, driving home from my once-weekly trip into town. Relying on the radio to keep me alert, I listened as the Mets, who were losing by three runs in the ninth inning, came back to win the game in the sixteenth. I read later that one of the players that night called it "the best damn game" he had ever been part of. For me, not yet a fan, but knowledgeable enough to understand the odds against the series of plays that added inning after incredible inning, the game was tantalizing enough to linger in my memory through the off-season.

Early the following summer, I discovered a new antenna for my home radio. For the first time in seventeen years of living in wild, steep hills that foil most radio signals, I had a choice of four or five stations. One of these carried the San Francisco Giants. As I played with the new antenna, I discovered that turning on a baseball game was a terrific way to shut the door to the office at the end of the day, which was particularly important because my office doubles as my bedroom.

Like many other back-country transplants, I've evolved a hybrid lifestyle: a job that is intellectually stimulating and personally satisfying grafted onto a rootstock of wilderness living. It's a combination that works, most of the time. But there are days when even the sight of deer grazing on the meadow at sunset isn't enough to counteract the pressures of too much work and not enough time—stresses of the '80s that seem to plague the modern work-world, even here, thousands of miles (and several light-years by most measures) from mid-town Manhattan.

But the self-contained world of baseball—so full of its own drama, personalities, intrigue and excitement, so seductive and so satisfying—turned out to be a good match for those tensions. I also found that after a day filled with missed deadlines, unhappy authors, and a multitude of details beyond my control, *winning* was a wonderful restorative. And that summer of '87, my Giants, under the irrepressible optimism of Manager Roger Craig, were winning more often than not.

Picture the scene. It's the end of the workday, and I have turned on the radio as I try to put some order on the clutter of papers on my desk. When things are more or less organized for tomorrow, I take the radio out to the porch, dog at my heels. As I look out over golden hills tumbling down to the river, my mind slowly empties itself of the day's busyness. Against a background of tree frogs and evening birdsong, I hear that the Giant's first baseman, Will Clark, is walking up to home plate to face Mike Scott, the Astros' ace pitcher. I listen to the call from the home-town announcer: "Scott gets the signs, goes into the stretch. Here comes the pitch—"

There is a pause, during which the worries of the day are eclipsed by the image in my mind. My attention focuses entirely on Will. I know that the odds are always in the pitcher's favor; a batter has only 2/100s of a second to hit the ball, a potentially lethal bullet coming at him at 90+ miles per hour. Even the best batters—and Clark is one—connect on only three at-bats out of ten.

The call continues: "Clark swings, and makes the hit! It's going back . . . back . . . back—Kiss that baby goodbye!" And around the bases trots Will Clark, to the cheering mania of fans. The Giants on their way to winning again.

As I think of it now, it seems to be the combination of such vulnerability and the achievement against improbably odds that resonates so appealingly in my psyche.

And resonate it does. As the '87 season gave way to the summer of '88, and now (finally! I thought spring training would never come) to '89, my passion for the game has embedded itself in my life. This intensity of interest amuses even me, never mind my friends. As I have puzzled over just why this game is so compelling to me, I find myself coming back again and again to one night and one image from that summer of '87, my season of initiation.

It was the last day of August, which also happened to be the end of my three-week at-home vacation. It had been a demanding spring professionally, and by August I badly needed a break. Three weeks to myself, here in this place I love, had been just what I hoped—long days of doing nothing, roaming the hills, immersing myself in the natural life of the wilderness.

Northern California was in the midst of a hot spell, a stretch of days with temperatures well over 100 degrees. Each morning the sun rose smoldering from the horizon. By this time in late August, after a summer without rain, the hills are parched, cracked. Everywhere in California, the threat of fire looms. At dusk the night before, in fact, I had noticed smoke on the horizon. When I searched the radio for news, I heard that the fire was fifty miles away, and flames were under control. Just another brush fire, a common enough phenomenon in August.

The next morning, this last day of the month, started ominously with a coyote running in circles at the base of the meadow at daybreak, yapping and howling, head to the sky. I assumed she (or he) was reacting to the smoke in the air; despite reassurance from the radio reports, I found the coyote's nervousness unsettling.

The smoke lingered high in the sky all day. I looked forward to the usual afternoon breeze to blow away the remaining smoke and cool the hot air, but on this day the hours passed and the breeze never came. By 7 p.m., the air remained motionless and sultry—the thermometer still read 96.

I made myself a glass of lemonade and went to sit on the porch. But this evening, instead of feeling refreshed, I felt weighed down with the thick, hot air. As the sun lingered in the western sky, I watched unseasonal, huge, cumulus clouds overhead turn red and yellow and gray, casting big, moving shadows on the earth. From a distance came the low rumble of thunder.

Suddenly the uneasiness that had been with me all day, since watching the coyote in the morning, found its focus in those shadows and that thunder. I knew then that something big and terrible was about to happen. I am always aware, here, that I am not in control. The edge of angst that comes from being a small and vulnerable human in the midst of a large and powerful natural world is a feeling I can keep at bay most of the time. But not always. Not this night.

Over the mountains, I saw a partial rainbow, almost a circle in the sky. Somewhere up there, the glancing sunlight had found moisture—but none was reaching the dry grass below. Flashes of lightning surged overhead. Each time, I counted—one, one thousand; two, one thousand—and tried to reassure myself that it was still far enough away. About 8 p.m. a small whirlwind, almost a tiny tornado, blew up the meadow. I watched it come, and when the wind encompassed the house it blew photos off my dresser, books off shelves in the living room. By 9:30 the temperature was still 90 degrees.

As I sat on my porch, knowing but not admitting that northern California was about to go up in smoke, I listened to the Giants. I no longer remember whom they were playing or what the score was—what I remember is the sharp flashes of static with every lightning streak. And I remember clinging to that game with conscious force. It was the ballast that kept me from overturning. The wild, dark, and unknown powers of nature—the same that pull and bind me to this place—threatened to overwhelm me that night. The knowledge of what was about to happen, which I could only witness but not control, was deeply terrifying. And so there I sat, under the savage and beautiful sky, surrounded by tinder-dry hills of grass and trees, immersed in a hot air lightning storm, listening to my team trying to win a game.

The memory of that night haunts me even now, two years later. Surely, I think, the first game was played in response to a night like this. It is very easy to imagine a small band of hunter-gatherers, in defiance of nature's overwhelming force, inventing a playing field in which humans might have some control, staking out a dimension in which talent, skill, and luck might make a difference.

I finally understand at least part of why passions for baseball and the wilderness seem to reside so compatibly in my psyche. That night in August, I knew at a level deeper than words that playing ball is an archetypal counterpoint to an overpowering universe.

The next morning, the sky was red. The worst fire season I had experienced in seventeen years here surged out of control. For three weeks, the air was full of smoke. Both sun and moon rose red, the hills across the river were hidden in haze, and breathing made my lungs hurt. The flames never came closer than ten miles, but each time I heard the sound of a fire-fighting plane overhead, my heart pounded until I was sure it had passed.

My Giants went on to win the Western Division pennant, but lost the league championship to St. Louis in an excruciatingly short series that promised victory many times before the final defeat. When it was over, I grieved, both for my team and for the end of the season.

Then, as the trees on the hills turned golden and finally dropped their leaves, as the rains of a new season began to soak into the dry and thirsty earth, the essential lesson of the wilderness asserted itself: out of death comes rebirth. The hills slowly turned green with new life, regret gave way to hope—and I started counting the days until spring training. ■

BARBARA DEAN *is senior editor at Island Press and author of a book entitled* WELLSPRING.



First Congress granted these lands
to the railroads.
Then the railroads
sold them to the timber industry.
Then the timber industry
began to "cut and run,"
leaving scarred hills
and unemployment.
Let us take back the grant
in order to

Save the Northwest Timber Industry

by Harvey Manning

The great nineteenth century migration across North America was facilitated by the government's granting of huge tracts of land, approximately 240 million acres in all, 10 percent of the United States' total land area, to the railroads in the years 1850-1871. The purpose of the land grants was to provide the railroads with the capital to finance construction.

The subsequent history of the railroads' land holdings has been marked by disputes about whether or not the railroads have adhered to this original purpose. In the cases of some of the grants, failure to adhere has resulted in the revestment of the lands. Revestment is the returning of title to the former owner — in these instances, the title to the land returned to the government.

A Brief History

The Northern Pacific Land Grant of 1864 was the largest single grant to any railroad; more than 39 million acres. Congress clearly intended the Northern Pacific Railroad to sell the land quickly to homesteaders, thus promoting settlement as well as raising capital. The government itself hoped to make money by homesteading the alternate checkerboard portions it still held adjacent to the tracks.

Today, over 100 years later, the Northern Pacific (now the Burlington Northern, as of a 1970 merger with two other land grant lines, the Great Northern and the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy) still holds millions of acres on which it is involved in such non-railroad activities as mining and logging. Furthermore, its sale of other grant lands is questionable both because much has been sold to commercial companies, and also because the sales did not take place during construction, but many years later.

Harvey Manning calls for help in proving what is a common contention in the Northwest, that the Northern Pacific did not adhere to the purpose and intent of its grant. Such proof would give the green light to a campaign for revestment of those lands still held by Burlington Northern. Such proof would also set in motion an attempt to reclaim lands which Northern Pacific sold to timber companies and other non-homesteaders, sales which, because of the railroad's failure to adhere to the terms of the grant, should not stand.

– Linda Maki
and Tony Mekisich

Speaking of revesting the Northern Pacific Land Grant . . . . (You say you weren't? Well, I was. See December 1974 NMA. Carthage must be destroyed!)

It's been argued that the market price of a valleyful of trees is astronomical, that Congress never would appropriate the enormous sums required to purchase the railroad grant from private owners into whose fell clutch it's fallen.

Who said anything about paying market price? Not I. We don't pay a burglar when we confiscate his loot. Nor do we pay the "honest" citizen who at a bargain price (a real "steal") has bought stolen goods and been found out.

Admittedly, a theft too long unchallenged is a theft accepted. Tough luck for the Welsh if they now sought to undo the Norman Conquest. But the Irish, by kicking up a continuous fuss for centuries, finally got most of their island back, so have the Havasupai, and other tribes are trying to do the same.

The Northern Pacific Land Grant has never gone unchallenged. Even members of the boodle-crazed Congress of the 1860s protested the legislation and only an unending flow of bribes in the 1870s and 1880s prevented its repeal. Populists of the 1890s demanded cancellation. After the Oregon and California Land Grant was revested (in 1916), a Congressional committee of the 1920s declared the Northern Pacific Land Grant was a far ranker scandal, that it made Teapot Dome look like taking paperclips home from the office. In 1941, the Supreme Court came within a whisker (a tie vote, one justice abstaining) of overturning the grant. In the 1970s the Montana Congressional delegation had pondered out loud what sort of railroad service had been obtained by giving away a quarter of the state; in 1971, Montana's Senators went so far as to propose legislation to take back portions of the grant. For better than a dozen years, conservationists of three Northwest states, their efforts to preserve wilderness frustrated by intermingled private and public ownerships of the land-grant "checkerboard," constantly have mumbled "revestment."

Legal Talent To Start The Campaign

What's stopping us? Why don't we get at it? Many public figures, in Congress and out, reluctant though they are to risk their personal effectiveness by straying too far from centrist paths, would welcome the flanking thunder of a revestment campaign.

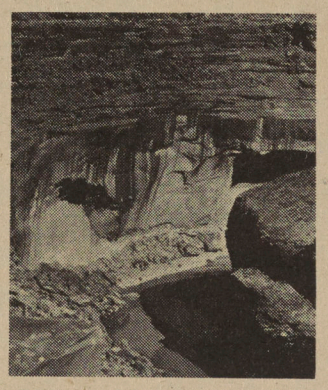
The need is for a gang of activists who don't mind straying, who recall the political maxim of the Eugene V. Debs era, "If you want to know what the platform of the Democratic Party will be in 12 years, and the Republican Party in 48, read this year's platform of the Socialist Party."

Before the campaign can get in gear it must find the legal talent willing and able to do the painstaking research required for a legal brief that would demonstrate, point by point, how terms of the land grant have been grossly violated from the 1860s to the present. *Then* we go to Congress and, if necessary, the courts.

And when we revest, danged if we'll pay a market price of a thousand dollars an acre. We'll pay the "honest" corporations just what they paid the thief (in the case of 900,000 Weyerhaeuser acres, $6 an acre in 1900; by 1911 the land's timber was worth 50 times that), plus money subsequently expended for taxes and land-management, if any, plus fair interest. Generously, we'll make no deduction from payments for timber cut. But neither will we

IN THIS ISSUE

Quo Vadis,
Glen Canyon? Page 5



When Glen Canyon dam went up, every conservationist died a little. There's a huge reservoir — Lake Powell — where once there was the most beautiful of desert river canyons. Lake Powell is now the centerpiece (if you can imagine a mudpie in the middle of a dining table) of Glen Canyon National Recreation Area, for which the National Park Service is now preparing plans. Public hearings will be held in May on six alternative plans. None is perfect (none involve knocking the dam down), but some afford protection to the Escalante canyon country — the best that's left. Alexis Parks reviews the options, to the tune of Gordon Anderson's pictures.

At Home In The World, three Page 3

A bush pilot and former Jantzen swim suit salesman, painter Joe Miller now lives and works in Moab, Utah. Joe, his wife Marti, and their five children were featured in the film, "A Sense of Place: The Artist and the American Land" produced by the Nebraska Educational TV Network. In 1974 Miller served as Artist in Residence in all of the Utah National Parks under a grant from the National Endowment on the Arts. Within the past year he has had one-man exhibitions at museums in Salt Lake City and Lincoln, Nebraska. Joe Miller's contribution to the At Home In The World series is a very touching word-ball. *– Alan Gussow*

Why BLM Should Not Get the Wildlife Page 7



"A new, but insidious, way of dismantling the refuge system" is how John Dingell described the Administration's decision to kick the Fish and Wildlife Service off three western game refuges and let the Bureau of Land Management run them alone. *The New York Times* advised Congress to say no to the action — and Congressmen responded with three new bill and lots of angry rhetoric. What's really at stake? Wild lands that cover more territory than the National Parks do.

COVER drawing by Richard Willson.

NOT MAN APART is published semi-monthly by Friends of the Earth, 529 Commercial, San Francisco, California 94111. All correspondence should be sent to this address. Non-member subscription is $10. Annual dues are $20, of which $5 is for subscription to NOT MAN APART. All material copyright ©1975 by Friends of the Earth. Second-class postage paid at San Francisco, California.
POSTMASTER: Please send notification (form 3579) regarding undelivered magazines to Friends of the Earth, 529 Commercial Street, San Francisco, California 94111.

take into consideration the market value of any timber still standing.

Important note: We will excuse from revestment homes, townsites, farms, and such. No loss will be suffered by individuals who in effect have homesteaded property or have bought from those who have — people who did what the grant intended to have done. We're not going to pick on the little folk; we're after the corporations which hold millions of stolen acres in Montana, Idaho, and Washington and are abusing their immense baronies to the grievous detriment of the general welfare.

SAVING INDUSTRY FROM ITSELF

Perhaps the innocent bystander says, "It seems a lot of bother transferring commercial forests from, say, Weyerhaeuser to Mt. Baker-Snoqualmie National Forest. Where timber production is a proper primary land use, the corporations are working toward the same social good as the US Forest Service."

In a pig's eye. The corporations, behind the smokescreen of glossy four-color ads in magazines and fairy-tale commercials on television, are plotting to destroy the Northwest timber industry we know today. They're halfway down the road already.

FOUR PHASES AND IT'S DISASTER

In Phase One, virtually completed in the last 25 years, the big guys (Weyerhaeuser, Boise Cascade, Georgia-Pacific, Crown Zellerbach, St. Regis, Scott, Potlatch, and their "front" corporations, many of the bunch closely interlocked, all in cahoots) drive out the little guys — the small loggers, the small mills. They buy up some and freeze out others by latching onto all the private timberlands. Having attained "efficient size," which means they are so monstrous they can thrive even when inefficient because there is no significant competition, the big guys have a free hand for grander endeavors.

During Phase Two, now in progress, the giants mine their holdings, skinning the lowlands where true "tree farming" is practical (but doing damn little of it), scalping the high ridges where forests are renewable only on a scale of centuries, if not geologic time. Though enough forest products are supplied the American market to avoid the instant wrath of Congress, the fantastic profits of the export market are preferred. Then the big guys spend much of the made-in-Japan flood of cash to acquire timberlands in various parts of North American and the world.

Phase Three, for which the wily giants are softening up public opinion, is the final onslaught on public trees. Their endorsers, guided and mis-guided, are crying, "We cannot afford more wilderness! We'll have to gut the national forests to keep the mills running, the houses a-building! Otherwise the region and nation face disaster!"

Disaster awaits, all right, in Phase Four. There will then be not a stick of old-growth timber left on private lands and, because merely a fraction of those lands have been restocked (no matter what you read in the magazine ads), the second-growth ready for harvest will be minor. The national forests, their allowable cut far exceeded at the behest of industry, will have been mined out all the way to timberline.

And suddenly the people of the Northwest will awake, look around, and wail, "Where did our timber industry go?"

EMPTY YEARS

No mystery about that. It will have gone to such places as Indonesia. The giants will still be practicing "sustained yield," but belatedly we will discover that the management unit is not a grove or a hectare or a watershed or the Northwest but the whole bloody world. We'll never lack lumber and pulp. But the Northwest won't have a forest industry comparable to that of the 1970s until well into the twenty-first century, if then.

Mr. Innocent Bystander wonders if I might be exaggerating. Not a nickel's worth.

The Forest Service, certainly no enemy of the industry, usually too much a friend, tells us that at the present rate of cutting, annual harvests on industry-owned lands in western Washington will decline 58 percent from 1970 to 2000, and 73 percent in western Oregon. To explain the reason why, it cites southwest Washington, where *1970 logging on private lands exceeded growth by 400 percent.* In that example area, if the average cycle from seedling to mill is 100 years, there will be, in effect, 75 "empty" years.

I regard as preposterous any plan under which the Northwest, which contains some of the best tree-growing lands in the world, is not permanently and continuously a chief supplier of wood products to the nation.

I regard as criminal any plan that subjects an entire region, millions of people, to boom-and-bust simply because it maximizes convenience and profits of international corporations which have lost every loyalty except that to stockholders.

To perpetuate a healthy, stable Northwest forest industry we must foil the plot of the giant corporations. To do so I propose that we:

(1) Give wilderness protection to "non-farmable" portions of the national forests. Thus remove the temptation of one last fix that would merely maintain a vicious habit a bit longer, would briefly delay the inevitable agonies of withdrawal.

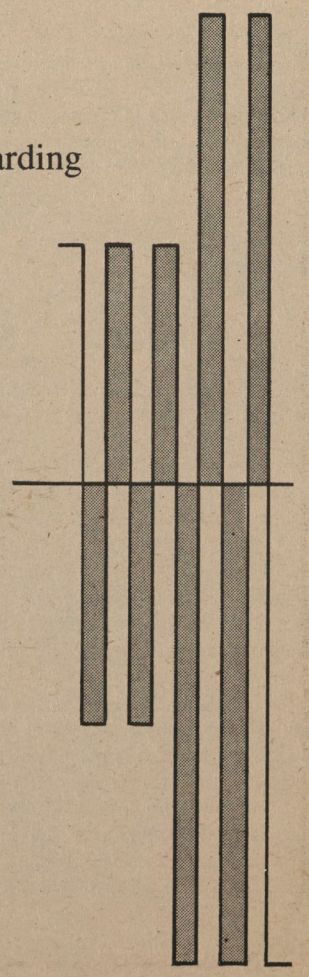
(2) Revest the Northern Pacific Land Grant, rescuing this vast domain from private mismanagement.

(3) Revive Gifford Pinchot's original concept of the role of the US Forest Service, by giving it authority over management of all national-interest forests, whatever the ownership, barring only those in national parks and similar jurisdictions. *Require* an allowable cut for the total Northwest region and each of its sub-units, on private as well as public lands, that can be sustained. *Require* tree-farming to begin, not just be falsely advertised, on low-elevation and middle-elevation lands, so that those lands remain productive.

(4) By changes in tax laws and other means, curtail export of timber, which is in effect the export of jobs.

Having completed these preliminary steps, we then can proceed to genuinely radical measures.

Checkerboarding



FOR EVERY MILE of track it laid, the Northern Pacific Railroad received ten square miles of adjacent land in the states and 20 square miles in the territories. The granted lands alternated with those retained by the government, creating a "checkerboard" pattern of land ownership. Much of this land, still privately owned, is now inside national forest boundaries. Since this checkerboard pattern creates management problems, the Forest Service has been exchanging lands with private companies to consolidate its holdings. In many instances, companies have acquired choice, developable land in exchange for land of little commercial value. *–L.M. & T.M.*

was fined last year by New York State for a fish kill due to thermal pollution at its Indian Point 1 nuclear plant on the Hudson; Bob Boyle, founder of the Hudson River Fishermen's Association, estimates fish casualties in the tens of millions. Add on the known dangers of radioactive wastes dissolved in water, notably tritium, to the above, and it becomes clear that somewhere, someone in DECON is deliberately underplaying the hazards of nuclear power to both fish and people. Those who have followed maverick physicists Arthur Tamplin and John Gofman know that it was their prodding that finally forced the Atomic Energy Commission to reduce its radiation exposure standards to 1/100th of previous standards. (It's too early to cheer; "The Price of Power," a superb piece of research published by the Council on Economic Priorities, revealed that the Pacific Gas and Electric Company's Humboldt Bay nuclear plant was releasing radioactive emissions in its normal course of operations that exceeded AEC guidelines by *3000* percent in 1969 – a figure that is probably increasing as the plant ages.)

This same chapter on air gives token support to temporary subsidy of mass transit. Few New Yorkers will find this significant in light of the patently phony transportation bond issues Governor Nelson Rockefeller has tried to foist on them. The first one was defeated by voters two years ago because they couldn't stomach the fact that highways got twice as much money as mass transit. The second one coming up for a vote this November is more cleverly disguised; on paper, mass transit gets $2.1 billion and highways get $1.4 billion. But when Federal subsidies are added on for road repairs, secondary routes, and interstates, highways end up with over *$12 billion* – several times that of mass transit which gets only small additional sums. Even if the bond issue passes, which is doubtful, it will be amusing to see how DECON defends it.

Projections And Policy

At long last, the Plan arrives at energy, which, one supposes, might have come first. Paying written homage to the verity of finite resources, it urges rapid development of alternate energy sources "if we are going to maintain or increase present energy consumption." (Apparently DECON won't give us any other choice.) The subjects of nuclear waste disposal, thermal pollution, radioactive emissions, and breeders are finally broached, in one sentence each.

The most reprehensible aspect of the energy chapter however, and of the chapter on land, is the technique used to prepare them. The researchers at the Central Planning Office in Albany, who prepared the Plan, relied on the same inherently dangerous formula used by planners everywhere: projection of trends and accommodation. Having accepted the projection of continued population growth and energy consumption, they are busy finding ways of accommodating them.

Aside from the disquieting fact that such accommodation produces positive feedback (i.e., a self-fulfilling prophecy), the Plan contains an inconsistency even on its own terms. It readily accepts the projection of rising population (blandly saying that New York's problem is distribution, not too many people), and bases its recommendations for land use and energy production on such growth.

But in the chapter on water it refuses to accept similar projections for water consumption, saying: "It would be irresponsible resource management to assume that projected trends in increased water use will or indeed should actually take place . . . . All too often, past water supply studies have focused on new sources to meet projected demands. Estimated needs often were not critically questioned, nor did the possibilities for metering, leakage control, rates to discourage use, better use of existing storage, water recycling or other conservation measures receive much attention."

Had DECON (or indeed any other planning body) done its job, it could easily have applied the same criteria to population and energy, and come up with equally sound ways of discouraging growth in those areas. The job of doing this was assumed by Stewart Ogilvy, Vice-President of FOE, who, in speaking for the Population Institute at the hearings, said: "The State plan should include and emphasize the many government policies and personal habits that need change if population growth is to be stemmed. . . . I would like to see our state, which has pioneered in humane abortion legislation, update its archaic laws on contraceptive sale and advertising in a manner that could help obviate abortion altogether. . . . I would like to see greater state support for family planning clinics . . . or voluntary sterilization, increased sex education, measures that encourage careers for women . . . that prolong schooling, thus delaying marriage and childbearing."

John Ague, president of Negative Population Growth, called the plan a travesty for similar reasons. In his statement he said that Henry Koburn of the Central Planning Office admitted that "flak from religious groups" compelled them to underplay the seriousness of population growth. And Robert Rickles, Executive Director of the Institute for Public Transportation and ex-Commissioner of Air Resources for NYC, attacked the plan for its lack of commitment to zero population growth which is "a necessary precursor to environmental excellence," saying: "The plan does not mention the environmental monsters being proposed and supported by the State which give lie to the concerns voiced by DECON in this document – Stewart Airport expansion, West Side Highway in Manhattan, the East Side Long Island Railroad terminal, the arterial network in Buffalo . . . the plan does not have the courage to deal with these problems or to even mention them."

One final contradiction looms large. The Plan, like many others, assumes that the private development sector and the public at large will have to submit to greater government controls in the wider public interest. But what about the excesses, past and potential, of government itself? Government and its agencies are frequently the biggest despoilers of all, encouraging and funding projects that remain beyond the scrutiny and control of the public. The real risks of publicly-funded projects (such as the SST, dams, highways, nuclear power plants) are exposed only by environmental groups, and then only at the end, during the adversary process. Under the present system, there are few ways that public input can significantly affect or determine energy policy, resource management, capital projects, or national priorities from the start.

Given these distressing facts, it is small wonder that citizens distrust the government and increasingly decry its interference in private affairs. As it stands, the Environmental Plan for New York State does nothing to ease these fears.

Now, You Can Use

100% RECYCLED STATIONERY

Save-A-Tree Stationery is made from 100% recycled non-de-inked paper. The special recycling process is significantly less harmful to the environment than contentional pulping or de-inking methods. (Each box contains a fact sheet.)

Save-A-Tree Stationery comes in a distinctive "natural" off-white color and it is printed with a small drawing of a tree and the words "100% Recycled Paper."

☐ **SAMPLE SET(S)**
10 Printed Sheets, 10 Plain Sheets and 10 Printed Envelopes @ $1.50

☐ **REGULAR BOX(ES)**
50 Printed Sheets, 50 Plain Sheets and 50 Printed Envelopes @ $5.00

☐ **SUPER BOX(ES)**
75 Printed Sheets, 75 Plain Sheets and 75 Printed Envelopes @ $6.00

Postage Paid ••• Satisfaction Guaranteed

Name and Address

_____

_____

SAVE-A-TREE STATIONERY CO.
Department
159-00 Riverside Drive West
New York, N.Y. 10032



Glacier Peak and Image Lake in the North Cascades. Photo by Martin Litton.



PACIFIC NORTHWEST NEWS

By Harvey Manning

Random Reflections On A Summer Of Touring The Northwest By Boot And Wheel

The world was too much with me, late and soon, and calluses were thick on fingertips and butt, and my brain had become a typewriter attachment, so I ran away from home.

One morning, I was the lone passenger on the shuttlebus to the Bridge Creek trailhead; in this dark first week of June, high ridges white and low forests wet, nobody was out walking but me and the bears. Stalled by rain two days at a riverside camp, I watched dippers fly up and down the snowmelt-roaring stream, listened in evening to the soft "EE! EE! EE!" of an old friend for whom I've no name except "Twilight Bird." I wasn't covering much ground, but it didn't matter – once I debark at Stehekin, wherever I am is where I'm supposed to be.

Three nights into wildness, the fourth day I continued deeper. Bridge Creek got smaller, firs and hemlocks shorter, and needle-littered snowpatches shone in forest gloom. Angry screaming and squawking came from a snag, and a hawk dove past my ear, rose high and swooped again, and again; fighting off the nest-defender with flailing ice ax, I felt how far I was from the nature-taming brute mass of man.

Hark! What thundering is that ahead? A few years ago, at this pole of remoteness in the Cascades, it could only have been a storm or avalanche. But 12 miles from the Stehekin River I stepped out of trees to the crude, new slash of the North Cascades Highway. Sitting furious-mourning by the concrete I counted 102 cars in 40 minutes and fled; later in summer the number would be 20 times larger. Rejoice while you can, you of the North Cross-State Highway Association who labored a quarter-century to create this abomination! We of the Close the North Goddamn Highway Association will persist.

The era of unbuilding is approaching. We must, of course, avoid extremism; there probably is justification for perpetuating a quarter of existing freeways and a tenth of the forest roads – if not for unrestricted private autos, then for public buses. For example, the upper Stehekin road is now traveled only by Park-subsidized shuttlebus, Park Service trucks, and cars of bonafide Stehekin valley residents. It's a fair beginning; ultimately the upper road must be closed entirely, as well as the upper Cascade River road on the other side of the crest, to save the fragile meadows of Cascade Pass from crushing by crowds attracted by the easy afternoon stroll.

The Microbus And The Thirsty Executive

In June-July we Mannings and friends intensified the energy crisis by driving 2,500 miles through Oregon, Idaho, Wyoming, and Montana. We certainly were not the most vicious eco-criminals abroad. Carrying seven passengers and packs, never exceeding 55 to 60 miles per hour (even Winnebagos and Airstreams hurtled past in a blur), our microbus averaged 19 miles per gallon. At one station I gasped to see an Executive take 45 gallons at a gulp; the owner of the wheeled palace said he and his wife were taking a leisurely pace and had to tank up only (!) twice a day. Each day these two travelers burned three-quarters the gas we seven did in our entire three weeks.

Of course, our trip was centered around 15 trail days, so we weren't typical tourists. However, I looked forward eagerly to the seven highway days, to renewing an acquaintance with country I hadn't seen in a dozen years. Having in this span suffered through the transformation of Puget Sound to a steadily less green and pleasant land, I expected changes. Even so, the reality was a shock.

Yet another stretch of the Columbia had been ponded: how else can we make enough aluminum for our beer cans? One of my favorite places in the world used to be Farewell Bend, where emigrants left the Snake to climb over the Blue Mountains; the intricately gullied sagebrush mountain rose above as before, but the exciting river was gone, replaced by a dull reservoir razzed by water-skiers. All the more important that Hells Canyon be kept free.

Always I used to be enchanted by the crossing of the Blues, ascending the western scarp from the Columbia Plateau in tight curves around sagebrush ridges and willow-green draws, meandering through subalpine forest and meadow, and winding along narrow gorges slicing rounded, brown-fleshed hills. Traffic was light because the road was slow, and while driving I could enjoy vistas over wheat fields, close looks at flowers, and sensual eye-caressing of golden-glowing ridges. Now the swift freeway has generated frenetic restlessness and people don't sit on front porches in La Grande anymore listening to crickets of an evening; they pile in the car and blast off to see what's happening in Pendleton. I wasn't permitted to savor the Blues; to take my eyes from the concrete swath was to risk catastrophe.

We left the freeway that monotonizes the Snake River Plains and detoured north on a human-scale road to Camas Prairie and exulted to see that old Idaho lives. Nor will it ever totally die if the peaks and valleys we viewed in passing – White Clouds, Pioneers, Sawtooths, and all – are preserved by a Sawtooth National Park and associated wildernesses.

Ah God! What sinister domes and boxes are these scattered about the sagebrush amid the cinder cones? In imagination we felt the prickle of radioactivity. Here is the new Idaho, the new America, nuclear-powered. Do citizens of Idaho Falls glow in the dark?

"Shane! Don't Come Back!"

Two days on wheels gave boots a special coziness as we hiked from Pierre's Hole, site of the 1832 Rendezvous of the Mountain Men, into the western Tetons, proposed as a wilderness supplement to the national park. In Alaska Basin we admired (some of us more than others) the gorgeous procession of thunderstorms. A pity, though, for the energy

riculture Committe ignored the technical testimony of FOE's advisor Dr. Steve Herman and FOE Wildlife Director, Tom Garrett, and other environmentalists, showing that DDT is not needed against these insects.

Dr. Herman's report to the committee concerning the tussock moth contained these principal conclusions: (1) The tussock moth population, as it was known in early 1973, has substantially declined as the result of natural mortality, including the effects of natural enemies. (2) The activity of natural enemies is very high, and will likely overwhelm the residual pest population even further in 1974. (3) Tree mortality due to defoliation alone was lower in 1973 than in 1972, when control was neither requested nor conducted. (4) The sampling system currently being used by involved agencies is inadequate and superficial.

He summed up: "Given the information we now have, there is no need or justification for the use of DDT in the current Douglas-fir tussock moth situation in the Northwest. While I have concentrated here on the entomological arguments, economic and environmental considerations are of equal importance. I have no doubt that a critical look at the situation in view of currently known entomological, economic, and environmental factors would lead me to the same conclusion: the use of DDT in attempting to control the current Douglas-fir tussock moth infestation is completely unjustified."

However, the Chairman of the Subcommittee on Forests, John Rarick (D-La.) told the press: "It is tragic to stand by and see our forests being destroyed just as certainly as though by fire, when we have an insecticide which will stop it. Yet, we can't use this insecticide, DDT, because some well-meaning individuals with limited knowledge as to environmental effects of its use have persuaded the EPA to issue these regulations." Unfortunately, Mr. Rarick has never shown equal fervor about the devastation of forests through clearcutting and overcutting.

★ **What You Can Do:** Ask your Congressmen and Senators to oppose H.R. 10796 and any other bills to overturn EPA's decision on DDT.

STRIP-MINING: On November 12, the Strip-Mining bill (H.R. 5651) was approved jointly by two subcommittees and sent to the full House Interior Committee, where it will be taken up soon after January 27, 1974. It took the subcommittee 18 days of mark-up sessions to hammer out a bill. NMA will carry more information on the bill's provisions in the January issue.

The Senate passed its version of the bill on October 9, with such strong provisions that the coal-mining industry has been trying to stop the bandwagon ever since.

LAND-USE PLANNING: The National Land Use Policy Act (H.R. 10294) is still receiving intense opposition from real estate interests and from some right-wing groups that view it as an attack on property rights. As a result, the proponents will put off floor action on the bill until January. On October 16, in a letter to other congressmen, the Chairman and ranking Republican of the House Environment Subcommittee, Morris K. Udall (D-Ariz.) and Philip E. Ruppe (R-Mich.) warned against a flood of misinformation that is being circulated. They characterized some of the opponents' claims as "bizarre" and as "information other than that which is factual."

EASTERN WILDERNESS: The Senate Interior Committe has not yet completed action on S. 316, the Eastern Wilderness Areas Bill, but the committee has been marking up a strong version of the bill. There is concern that the Senate Agriculture Committee may attempt to kill or cripple the bill because Senator Herman Talmadge (D-Ga.), Chairman of the committee, opposed many of its basic principles in a letter to Senator Paul J. Fannin (R-Ariz.) on October 2. The bill will be re-referred to the Agriculture Committee to approve the Interior Committee's version of the bill. S. 316, as now revised, would establish 18 new wilderness areas in the eastern national forests and 37 wilderness study areas, which would receive interim protection until Congress has acted on them.

EVERGLADES: The bill to establish Big Cypress National Preserve in Florida (H.R. 10088) passed the House of Representatives on October 3 by a vote of 376 to 2. The bill includes a very important provision, for "legislative taking" of the private lands. This procedure, used before in the Redwood National Park Act, speeds up the acquisition process, freezing the value at the level on the date of enactment of the bill. Senate action has not yet been scheduled.



NEW YORK REPORT

By Lorna Salzman

New York's Environmental Plan: Who's Minding The State?

When is a Plan not a Plan? Answer: when it tells you what must be done but doesn't tell you how to do it. Or, worse still, when it tells you what *not* to do and then goes ahead and does it anyway.

So it is with the preliminary Environmental Plan for New York State, released by the State Department of Environmental Conservation (DECON), headed by Commissioner Henry Diamond, which was aired at public hearings last summer. At first glance, it seems to make a good stab at the interactions of pollution, politics, and economics. A careful reading reveals large gaps, notably the absence of concern over population growth, and failure to even mention State-supported projects that violate the Plan's own recommendations. The Plan talks in glittering generalities in order to avoid ugly specifics.

There are five main chapters, dealing with land, water, air, fish and wildlife, and energy. (The very order of the chapters, with energy left to the end, suggests a naiveté about finite resources and the physical limits of the earth.) Time and space are both insufficient to root out all the deficiencies of the plan, much less pinpoint the omissions; a selective analysis of some key areas is more useful at this stage.

The land use chapter, for example, touts the concept of new towns as one whose soundness has been demonstrated in this country and abroad. Unfortunately it fails to deal with their implications regarding energy. Widespread new town construction will be highly energy-intensive, much more so than rehabilitation of existing towns and inner cities, both of which already have basic facilities such as roads, utilities, and public and private buildings. One shudders to think of the cost, environmentally and economically, of reproducing these facilities on a national scale, especially while urban neighborhoods, small towns, and family farms continue to deteriorate either from attrition or bulldozing. With the exhaustion of all fossil fuels save coal predicted within fifty years, how can new towns be justified? In view of the inherent and possibly insuperable dangers of nuclear power, what will fuel their power plants? (Decentralized solar power may be too threatening to utilities, hence the lack of research money in this area.)

The Plan mentions one or two economic devices to counteract destructive land development and preserve open space, but they apply mainly to rural, not urban, areas. Property tax reform is suggested (which is nothing new) but its application to non-farmer landholders and city dwellers is not discussed. In larger cities a "brownstone revival" is under way, but its reward for rejuvenating and stabilizing decaying neighborhoods has been only higher taxes; why not reverse taxation, with sub-standard housing taxed higher than renovated housing? No recognition is made of urban renewal, which continues to wipe poorer neighborhoods off the city map, replace them with high-priced apartments or "culture centers," while reaping profits for builders with the aid of public funds. Nor is mention made of the sacrifice of entire neighborhoods (usually working-class, ethnic communities owning their own homes) in favor of "public works" or industrial expansion, which undermines stability of the whole city by penalizing long-term, responsible propietorship and simultaneously ignites the false "jobs vs. homes" dichotomy.

DECON: Unaware Or Unconcerned?

In the chapter on water, the list of threats to water quality and quantity is explicit but remedies are inadequate. The Plan points out the dangers of increased pavement, which disrupts water infiltration and runoff patterns, increases erosion and danger of flood, and adds sediment to runoff which eventually reaches bodies of water valuable for recreation and wildlife. But rather than consider the possibility of building fewer roads or mandating cluster development, it merely recommends that the State and localities "adopt criteria for highway construction, subdivisions, and urban development in keeping with soil and topographical characteristics to reduce sedimentation and hazardous substances runoff during and after construction."

The inadequacy of existing State regulations regarding water is pointed up by the on-going battle against Consolidated Edison's proposed pumped-storage plant on the Hudson River. Con Ed was able to get DECON's go-ahead since it had ostensibly demonstrated that the plant would not affect water quality. However, since State jurisdiction does not apply to water *quantity*, Commissioner Diamond could overlook the fact that construction of the plant would seriously endanger the aqueduct supplying 40 percent of New York City water. (This fact was *not* overlooked by the city, which is suing Con Ed to stop the plant.)

The chapter on water contains a chart listing water pollutants, in which radioactive waste is described as a "potential health hazard ... potentially harmful to aquatic life." Moreover, in the following chapter on air, there is *not one word* on the subject of radioactivity or nuclear power plant emissions.

DECON is apparently unaware of (or unconcerned about) the fact that Con Edison

The Unique
Learning Experience
From ESP

FLUKES,
THE WHALE SHOW

WOLFBANE

Live, multi-media,
accurate, informative,
fun theatre about
endangered species

1974 Spring Tour
Now in Preparation

Teaching materials
available

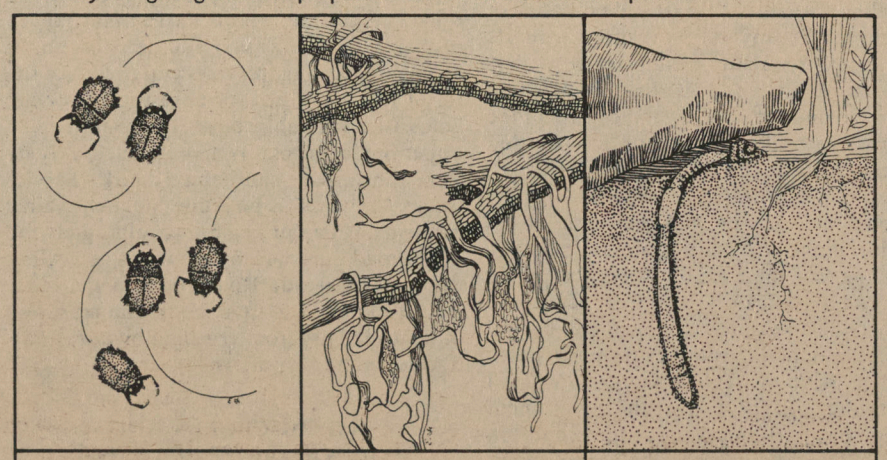
ESP: Endangered Species Productions
84 Berkeley Street
Boston, MA 02116
(617) 423-2238
Phoebe Wray, director

TIME IS RUNNING OUT
for Jug Handle's priceless sand clock

This staircase needs your help



On a section of the Mendocino coast a forest of dwarf trees grows on terraces cut by the sea. This unique ecosystem clock has been temporarily rescued from developers by the Institute of Man In Nature. Your Earth Gifts buy life-giving time for proposed Federal and State Park plans.



$5.00 saves a Whirligig Beetle Racetrack

$1.50 saves an Old Man Beard Lichen

$8.00 saves a Segmented Earthworm Territory

If you want to give a gift to a Whirligig Beetle and a friend at the same time, a card picturing the beetle is sent to your friend and the Pond Surface Racetrack is bought for the beetle.

Make your Shopping List Coupon on a piece of scrap paper. Include your NAME, ADDRESS, THE NAMES of the EARTH GIFTS and HOW MANY of each you want.

Shoppers with lists totaling more than $10 will receive a California Wildflower Painting.

Make checks to MAN IN NATURE, Box 392, N Berkeley, Cal. 94701.

GIANT STAIRCASE EARTH GIFTS

Cat-Tail	$ .50 ___
Sea Pink	1.00 ___
Old Man Beard Lichen	1.50 ___
Coyote Bush	2.00 ___
Foetid Adder's Tongue	2.50 ___
Pygmy Cypress	2.75 ___
Skunk Cabbage	3.00 ___
Blue-Eyed Grass	3.00 ___
Labrador Tea	3.25 ___
Thimble Berry	4.00 ___
Yellow-Eyed Grass	4.00 ___
Insect-Eating Sundew	4.75 ___
Whirligig Beetle	5.00 ___
August Corn Lily	6.00 ___
Rattlesnake Orchid	7.00 ___
Segmented Earthworm	8.00 ___
Coast Poppy	10.00 ___
Lowland Fir	10.00 ___
Sitka Spruce	15.00 ___

Tax Deductible Total $_____

to be wasted blasting the Grand Teton when so many other targets in the vicinity more richly deserve the wrath of the Lord.

Teton Pass. Once on a brilliant fall Saturday I'd slowly negotiated the twisty road to the summit, where – on entering Wyoming – the "highway" narrowed to a single lane. Mine was the only car, that day. A dozen years later, ridge slopes were cut and creek beds filled and to obey the posted speed limit was to infuriate a score of impatient cars riding my bumper.

By the time we descended to Jackson Hole, I'd taken enough painkiller not to go catatonic seeing the changes in the town of Jackson. Instead, I giggled as we walked the gimcracky streets, now and then embarrassing my family and startling the throng by yelling, "Shane! Come back!" And on second thought, "Shane, *don't* come back! You couldn't stand it!"

We were lucky to have a refuge – the Murie compound at the foot of the Grand Teton, for decades a headquarters of wilderness plotting and a favorite rendezvous site for contemporary Mountain Men and Women from around North America and the world.

Jackson is not Jackson Hole, as we learned walking through aspen and spruce groves to the sparkling-bright Snake River, far from its debasement at Farewell Bend, listening at night to the hoot-owl chorus and coyote serenade. We could have been back in the 1920s, when the Muries settled here or even the 1880s when Shane rode through – had it not been for nagging noise in the sky. How will it be if the proposed jetport is built? Like the Desolation Wilderness of the Sierra, harassed by planes serving the saloons and gambling dens of Lake Tahoe. When my anti-aircraft factory is tooled up for production I'll have to send the Muries a catalog.

Let me not seem to knock Yellowstone Park, which contains one of our largest and loveliest and lonesomest wildernesses, nor to deny the car-bound a fair share of natural splendors. However, I feel the members of the mob who jeered Old Faithful, yelling "Big deal!", should have their Winnebagos recycled with them inside. And I think Walt Disney Enterprises could render a double public service by leaving Mineral King alone and instead investing its money in a chain of Old Faithfuls and Firehole Rivers located in Kansas and New Jersey and Texas. As for purists who prefer the real thing, an increase in bus service and a forced decrease in use of private cars surely would add to everybody's fun.

On Improvements

Though we might be described as wilderness-ites on a slumming trip, I can honestly say it wasn't the people that depressed us. We expected people, lots of people, and weren't bothered. In fact, on their feet walking the geyser basins, they struck us as nice folk. But in their cars they sprouted horns and traffic made our Yellowstone day the nadir of the three-week tour.

Incredibly close to the madhouse (the capital being West Yellowstone, which makes Jackson seem a model of good taste) we escaped on boots into the high sanity of the Madison Range and for days heard no voices other than coyotes. Montana is so wealthy in wildness some think only a few samples need be saved. But if I were king I'd not be satisfied by the small Spanish Peaks and Hilgard Wildernesses proposed; I'd set aside virtually the entire Madison Range, and the Gallatin as well. I'd also close hundreds of miles of jeep roads in the Gravelly Range and Tobacco Root Mountains and a score of other "unknown" areas, place a bounty on trailbikes, and thus reclaim for boots and hooves a glorious empire abandoned to machines in the last generation.

Gazing into the enormous open pit mine scooped from the "richest hill on earth" since my last visit to Butte, I pondered a civilization which must literally eat the ground beneath it. The pit, some say, is esthetically an improvement; myself, I'm sorry that Butte's honest ugliness is doomed to be consumed by the pit. The valley floor is more suitable for shopping centers and subdivisions, but it ain't old Butte, it sure as hell ain't old Montana.

And watching machines gouge deeper, I thought of the coal seams farther east in the state and shuddered at the digging, digging, digging.

I liked Helena better when it all was in Last Chance Gulch, and I liked the Missouri better when it was a river. The only freeway in Montana I enjoyed was the one that took us swiftly past Great Falls, which I've never liked since the coming of the Air Force. We drove that way for good reason, though: to experience the Big Sky and to share the awe of Lewis and Clark, who after the long journey over the Great Plains saw white clouds looming ahead – clouds not of sky but of earth, the Rocky Mountain front.

On boots again, in Glacier National Park with a sizable fraction of America's pedestrians, confined by regulations necessitated by the crowds, we could not forget lonesome days in the Madison Range. Can any wild-wanderer fail to see the urgency of preserving broad, not token, wildernesses in Montana? Glacier Park is full-up. Room must be set aside now for the overflow.

The Cougar Lair

And so homeward. Crossing the Cascades by Snoqualmie Pass, I reflected how this highway has been incessantly under construction since my childhood – constantly wider, straighter, louder. Will it ever stop? Not if the highway industry has its way. But what rational person believes construction can continue indefinitely at the pace of the past dozen years?

After the Great Foreign Tour I paid my respects to Cascades wilderness and by the end of August had been more than three-quarters of three months in lands where winds and rivers often are loud but except for occasional airplanes no *noise* intrudes, and poignantly, I recalled the quiet of our home on Cougar Mountain in 1952.

Gone now. Nearly a mile distant, I-90 is a steady din, day and night. A couple hundred yards away, the switchback on the steep Cougar Mountain road draws every Grand Prix maniac in the county. Every fifth house in the suburbs which have crept around us stables a motorcycle or two; I always know when the schoolbus has made afternoon rounds because minutes later Yamahas and Kawasakis and Hondas are whining and snarling like a swarm of monster mosquitoes. On fine Sunday afternoons joy-riders based at Bellevue Airport make conversation impossible, dodging through the tops of our Douglas firs.

If we don't rape the North Slope of Alaska we're going to have gas rationing, that's what they say. Not an unmixed curse. With rationing, would motor homes gulp 90 gallons of gas a day, would a hundred motorcycles nightly roar on Cougar Mountain?

No. But one might still be allowed to drive a microbus to Montana every dozen years or so.

FARTHEST NORTH: ALASKA REPORT

By Jim Kowalsky

Wildlife Affiliate Shoots Down Sportsmanship

Charles Gray, a Fairbanks newspaper executive who moonlights as a professional game guide, has received the Alaska Wildlife Federation (AWF) and Sportman's Council's "Conservationist of the Year" award for his work in "advocating adequate management of Alaska's wolf population." Gray, as readers of this column should recall, is the publisher of *The Alaska Wildlife Digest* (NMA, December 1972). The flashy publication is devoted to the return of harassing and shotgunning of wolves from aircraft, a pastime now illegal under federal law.

The awarding group is a member affiliate of the National Wildlife Federation. Earlier, under threat of a lawsuit, the AWF agreed to drop the name of the Alaska Conservation Society from its own letterhead. The ACS, Alaska's most respected conservation organization and a former affiliate of the Alaska Wildlife Federation and Sportsmen's Council, wants no part of its curious operations. The position is easily understood.

Alaska

Facing a possible lawsuit and other intimidations from members of the Alaska oil pipeline consortium, the Alaska State Legislature has met in special session to repeal its own "oil package," a series of leasing and severance taxes recently passed to make sure the state gets its fair share of the oil pie. In private sessions with representatives of the oil industry, Alaska Governor William A. Egan bargained away many of the safeguards which had just been won. At least so say a number of bewildered, unhappy, and intimidated state lawmakers, to whom Egan just presented his "compromise," worked out without them and in deep secrecy. Did I hear someone say that big oil owns Alaska?

Marching Pipelines, Fading Wilderness

Word has it that the US Navy has applied for two pipeline corridors from north to south through the Arctic. One corridor passes over the crest of the Brooks Range through Anaktuvuk Pass and down the John River valley; the other, south across the Noatak River drainage, an extraordinary wilderness of upland tundra and mountains in the western Brooks Range. Both areas are under study for possible designation as parks, wildlife refuges, wild or scenic rivers.

And, there are new developments on a third and more menacing pipeline threat. Gas Arctic, a Canadian natural gasline consortium, will apply to the Federal Power Commission by January 1, 1974, to construct a 48-inch, west-to-east gas line across the North Slope and foothills, right through the Arctic National Wildlife Range. This breach of America's largest, wildest refuge would be its first (NMA, October 1973). An oil pipeline across the refuge would surely follow. The wilderness proposal for the refuge, now held in abeyance, could easily fall into obscurity with these massive inroads into the only coastal wildlife habitat in America left without scars of development.

Gas Arctic, in its efforts for quick approval has not explored a number of feasible alternative routes. (GA will claim to the contrary.) It is especially noteworthy that *none* of these three proposed pipeline corridors are within the corridor identified by Interior Secretary Morton and approved recently by Congress for transportation of North Slope petroleum.

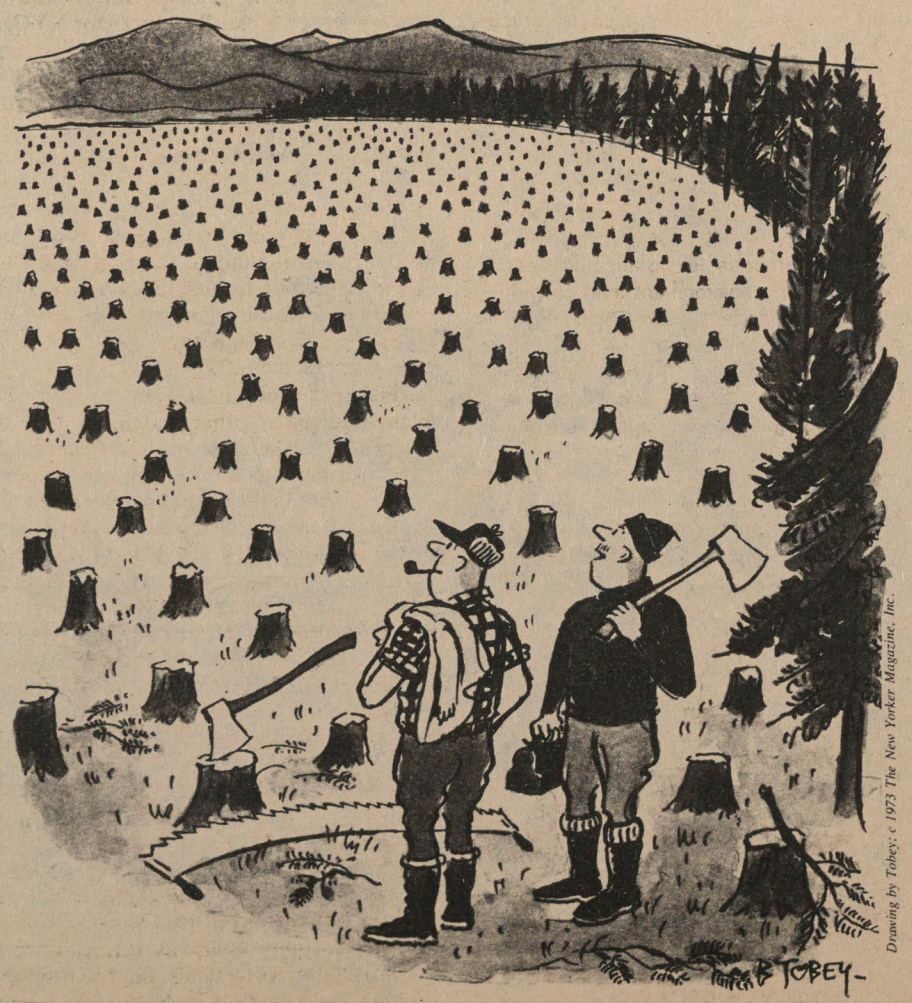
★ **What You Can Do:** Letters are urgently needed to Secretary Rogers C. B. Morton, US Department of the Interior, Washington, DC 20240, to apprise him of the fact that key wildlife, wilderness, and recreational values are threatened in the Arctic by a massive hodgepodge of petroleum pipelines and feeder lines, haul roads, pumping stations, refrigeration and compressor plants, *all outside* of the pipeline corridor which he, and then Congress, specifically authorized for this purpose. Point out that petroleum development need not include a proliferation of pipeline routes, but rather should utilize the common corridor which he himself has chosen, and that an invasion of the Wildlife Refuge is not necessary to bring natural gas to the Lower Fortyeight. Remind him that the great trans Alaska pipeline fight was a result of the industry not exploring alternative routes, and that the Gas Arctic project is headed down the same unfortunate road. Write to him today. Friends of the Earth in Alaska will keep you abreast of these developments.

Looking To The Brighter Side: An Unbelievable Opportunity

Alaska is ripe for the ripping and tearing but it is also true that there is an opportunity to balance this development that is unprecedented in all history. Within the next few years, you will be able to ask Congress to classify for protection the greatest wilderness left in public ownership. The opportunity is yours and these lands are yours — outstanding samples of ecosystems and landscapes of all parts of this northland.

Congress will — or won't, if we fail to persuade them — classify these lands under The Alaska Native Claims Act of 1971. The Department of the Interior is now preparing recommendations on some 80 million acres of Alaska. Conservationists are also preparing recommendations.

The final decisions are to be made by Congress. And that's where you all come in. In a subsequent issue *Not Man Apart* will evaluate the Secretary of the Interior's proposals to Congress and will set forth the proposals citizens groups will support in Congress.



"Well, so much for Christmas, '73."

Suggestions for holiday giving

GIVE
FRIENDS OF THE EARTH MEMBERSHIPS

Cedars and Maples
Bear, Deer, Raccoons
and Mountain Water

Give Glaciers for New Years
Not Plastics and Land-Torn
Metals That Turn Into Garbage







Give the Possibility of Bison
Cliffs for Condors
Breathing Living Oceans
and Hawks in a Noiseless Sky.

These things are not ours to give, but ours to care for.

This year, with the erosion of our spirit and the seeming hopelessness of our cities and our world, the exchange of goods and gadgets creates no celebration. So may we suggest a form of giving that is more related to what many of us feel—and what all of us need. A gift of responsibility, commitment and connection. By presenting your family and friends with membership in Friends of the Earth you can educate, inform and involve them in the kind of action that can restore equilibrium to this planet. And at the same time it is an act of abstention—from the unnecessary exchange of unneeded things wrenched from the earth. There must be peace, sanity, joy, and diversity in the coming years—join with us in making it a reality.

New Years — Wintry Winters — and a New Season of the Sun.

Friends of the Earth, 529 Commercial Street, San Francisco, California 94111

I enclose $_____ for FOE gift membership(s).

☐ Regular $15 ☐ Student $7.50 ☐ Supporting $25 ☐ Contributing $50 ☐ Sustaining $250 ☐ Life $1,000
☐ Patron $5,000 *(Contributions to Friends of the Earth are not deductible.)*

(From) Name_____

Address_____

I understand that the following people will be promptly notified of my gift and will receive their first issue of *Not Man Apart* with the acknowledgement.

Name _____

Address_____

Name _____

Address_____

Name _____

Address_____

98133"DOI"0001
MR/MRS IVAN DOIG
15004 LINDEN AVE. N.
SEATTLE, WA 98133

Not Man Apart

Published for Friends of the Earth
League of Conservation Voters
Friends of the Earth Foundation

December-January
Volume 3 Number 12
Two Sections



A GREAT BIG SLICE FOR EVERYONE

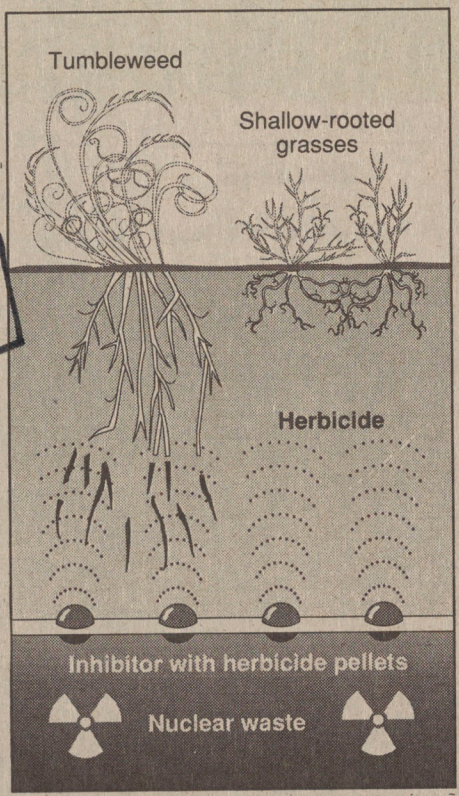
Thwarting a Nuclear Tap Root

RESEARCHERS at the Batelle Institute's Pacific Northwest Laboratory in Richland, Wash., have developed a way to inhibit the growth of plant roots for as long as 100 years.

The breakthrough came in response to an unusual problem. Tumbleweeds at the nearby Hanford nuclear reservation were driving roots through buried nuclear wastes and absorbing some of the radioactive molecules as they grew. When they came loose, Hanford officials had to patrol the grounds with Geiger counters to make sure radioactive tumbleweed was not accumulating too much in one location.

The inhibitor is an array of pellets embedded in a plastic sheet. When the sheet is buried between the ground surface and the waste dumps, the pellets gradually release treflan, an herbicide, to kill any roots that penetrate deeply into the ground.

Plants with shallow roots, like grasses, do not grow deep enough to be affected. Tests are underway to try to find out whether the pellets could be used for other purposes, like preventing the infiltration of roots into pipes and irrigation lines and controlling weed growth at airports and parking lots. *JOHN HOLUSHA*



Megan Jaegerman

2⅝	599.90	VLE Idx Aug 270			25	3½	285.17
1¼	599.90	VLE Idx Aug 305	120	291	⅛	–	3⅜ 285.17
2	599.90	VLE Idx Dec 295	100	535	6½	–	2½ 285.17
	599.90	VLE Idx Mar 320	50	50	3⅛		... 285.17
2¼	599.90						
3⅝	599.90						
	599.90						
52	599.90						
	... 599.90						
	599.90						
	⅞ 599.90						
0⅛	599.90						
	... 599.90						
	599.90						
9/16	599.90						
	... 599.90						
	599.90						
7/16	599.90						
9/16	599.90						
	599.90						
7/16	599.90						
1¾	599.90						
9⅜	599.90						
	599.90						
	599.90						
4⅝	599.90						
2⅞	599.90						
5	599.90						
2¾	599.90						
1⅞	599.90						
3⅜	599.90						
	599.90						
1⅜	599.90						
0¾	599.90						
	... 599.90						
	599.90						
2⅞	599.90						
	599.90						

Pacific

Financial News Composite

Option	Sales Open Int.	Last	Chg.	Close
FNC Jul 220	91	125	34⅞ –	3⅜ 251.83
FNC Jul 245	280	302	9¾ –	⅝ 251.83
FNC Jul 245 p	161	211	1/16 –	3/16 251.83
FNC Jul 250	402	117	47⅜ +	2⅝ 251.83
FNC Jul 250 p	248	276	3¼ +	⅛ 251.83
FNC Jul 255	358	394	1/16 –	21⅝ 251.83
FNC Jul 255 p	339	182	2 –	1/16 251.83
FNC Jul 260 p	270	92	5⅛ –	¼ 251.83
FNC Aug 250 p	81	30	3⅜ +	⅜ 251.83
FNC Aug 255	207	170	4⅛ –	1⅛ 251.83
FNC Aug 255 p	70	7	4 –	1 251.83
FNC Sep 210	105	591	45⅞ +	9⅞ 251.83

New York

N.Y.S.E. Composite Index

Option	Sales Open Int.	Last	Chg.	Close
NY Idx Jul 190	74	71	8½ –	2⅝ 197.65
NY Idx Jul 195	733	105	4¼ –	2 197.65
NY Idx Jul 195 p	266	311	1/16 –	¼ 197.65
NY Idx Jul 200	519	663	⅛ –	1⅝ 197.65
NY Idx Jul 200 p	343	679	1 –	⅜ 197.65
NY Idx Jul 205	100	251	3/16 –	⅛ 197.65
NY Idx Jul 205 p	55	65	7 +	2¾ 197.65
NY Idx Jul 197½	275	715	1 –	2⅞ 197.65
NY Idx Jul 197½ p	361	203	⅛ –	⅜ 197.65
NY Idx Jul 202½	210	417	⅛ –	⅝ 197.65
NY Idx Aug 185 p	74	156	½ –	1⅛ 197.65
NY Idx Aug 190 p	106	122	13/16 +	3/16 197.65
NY Idx Aug 195 p	211	382	27/16 +	11/16 197.65
NY Idx Aug 200	279	1496	2 –	2⅛ 197.65
NY Idx Aug 200 p	521	899	4¼ +	⅝ 197.65
NY Idx Aug 205	104	308	½ –	1⅜ 197.65
NY Idx Aug 210	130	366	¼ –	1/16 197.65
NY Idx Aug 192½ p	194	24	11/16 –	⅜ 197.65
NY Idx Aug 197½	72	353	4½ –	1⅜ 197.65
NY Idx Sep 185	5090		14¾ –	... 197.65
NY Idx Sep 185 p	775		1/16 –	... 197.65
NY Idx Sep 190	145	128	12¾ +	1¾ 197.65
NY Idx Sep 195	150	369	10⅛ +	⅜ 197.65
NY Idx Sep 205	339	909	2⅞ –	1¼ 197.65

Stock	Sales Open			Stock
Option	Int.	Last	Chg.	Close
JanBel Jan 10	124	224	1⅜ –	⅛ 9½
JanBel Jan 7½	60	912	13/16 –	15/16 9½
JanBel Jan 12½ p	106	480	¾ –	⅜ 9½
JanBel Jan 12½ p	200	75	3¼ +	13/16 9½
John J Jul 50	438	1098	23¼ +	3⅛ 73
John J Jul 55	903	4310	18½ +	2¾ 73
John J Jul 60	794	6928	13⅛ +	2¼ 73
John J Jul 65	1067	2774	8¼ +	2⅜ 73
John J Jul 70	1470	485	3⅛ +	1⅞ 73
John J Jul 70 p	461	387	⅛ –	½ 73
John J Aug 65	196	589	9⅜ +	2⅝ 73
John J Aug 65 p	87	355	¼ –	3/16 73
John J Aug 70	1659	1874	4 +	15/16 73
John J Aug 70 p	383	348	¾ –	⅞ 73
John J Aug 75	2844	789	1⅛ +	½ 73
John J Aug 75 p	255	134	2¾	... 73
John J Oct 55 p	150	1047	⅛ –	1/16 73
John J Oct 60	654	2416	13⅞ –	⅛ 73

Merck Oct 95	249	137	2¾		...		90⅞
Merck Jan 75 p	90	541	⅝	–	½		90⅛
Merck Jan 80	412	829	12	–	¾		90⅛
Merck Jan 80 p	52	364	1½	+	⅛		90⅛
Merck Jan 85	542	2271	9¼	+	¾		90⅛
Merck Jan 90	223	527	6¼	+	¾		90⅛
Merck Jan 95	74	23	4⅛		...		90⅛
Merck Jan 95 p	59	51	6		...		90⅛
Micron Jul 10	278	1425	11/16	–	¾		11
Micron Jul 12½	145	1815	1/16	–	¾		11
Micron Jul 12½ p	205	1042	1½	+	1		11
Micron Aug 10	100	980	2¼	–	½		11
Micron Aug 12½	150	962	3/16	–	11/16		11
Micron Oct 10	175	1382	1⅞	–	2½		11
Micron Oct 15	79	1641	9/16	–	3/16		11
Micron Oct 12½	173	1405	1	–	1		11
Micron Oct 12½ p	130	1088	2⅛	+	⅝		11
Micron Jan 15	50	480	1¼	–	⅜		11
MdwAir Jul 10 p	105	369	2⅜	+	⅛		7⅞
MdwAir Jul 7½	104	220	3/16	–	5/16		7⅞
MdwAir Aug 10 p	75	85	2½	+	5/16		7⅞
MdwAir Aug 7½	115	38	11/16	–	...		7⅞
MdwAir Aug 7½ p	135	145	⅜	–	1/16		7⅞
MdwAir Oct 7½ p	50	210	13/16	–	...		7⅞
M M M Jul 75	83	631	14⅝	–	¼		89¾
M M M Jul 80	1660	3064	9½	–	⅞		89¾
M M M Jul 85	2594	3096	4⅝	–	⅝		89¾
M M M Jul 90	1182	1068	1/16	–	15/16		89¾
M M M Jul 90 p	384	231	1/16	–	9/16		89¾
M M M Aug 85	188	395	5½	–	½		89¾
M M M Aug 90	647	1226	2⅜	–	⅛		89¾
M M M Aug 90 p	176	238	2	+	1/16		89¾
M M M Oct 80	50	616	11	–	¼		89¾
M M M Oct 85	1424	3575	6¾	–	⅜		89¾
M M M Oct 85 p	287	489	1¼		...		89¾
M M M Oct 90	1157	2767	3⅝	–	⅛		89¾
M M M Jan 85 p	230	217	2⅛	+	1/16		89¾
M M M Jan 90	154	963	5⅜	–	¼		89¾
M M M Jan 95	64	48	3		...		89¾
MIPS Jul 15 p	50		⅛	+	1/16		16
MIPS Jul 17½ p	105	55	19/16	+	17/16		16
MIPS Aug 15 p	211	460	¾	+	9/16		16
MIPS Aug 20	180	543	5/16	–	7/16		16
MIPS Aug 20 p	50		2¾	–	¾		16
MIPS Aug 17½	62	372	11/16	–	19/16		16
MIPS Aug 22½	50	90	3/16	–	⅛		16
MIPS Oct 15 p	58	62	13/16	–	...		16
Mobil Jul 60	297	968	5¾	+	2		65¼
Mobil Jul 60 p	77	145	⅛	–	⅜		65¼
Mobil Jul 65	997	798	⅛	–	⅛		65¼
Mobil Jul 65 p	77	174	1⅜	+	⅛		65¼
Mobil Aug 55 p	71	114	1/16	–	3/16		65¼
Mobil Aug 60	351	4163	5¾	+	1¼		65¼
Mobil Aug 60 p	51	906	¼	–	¼		65¼
Mobil Aug 65	2128	2620	1⅜	+	½		65¼
Mobil Aug 65 p	60	233	1	–	1¼		65¼
Mobil Nov 60	119	1044	6½	+	⅞		65¼
Mobil Nov 60 p	167	577		–	¼		65¼
Mobil Nov 65	478	1485	2¾	+	¾		65¼
Mobil Feb 60 p	56	165	1½	–	1¼		65¼
Mobil Feb 65	330	217	3⅞	+	⅞		65¼
Monsan Jul 50	299	700	1/16	–	11/16		49¼
Monsan Jul 50 p	903	1826	1¼	+	⅝		49¼
Monsan Jul 55 p	176	180	5½	+	1½		49¼
Monsan Jul 52½	115	3172	1/16	–	⅛		49¼
Monsan Jul 52½ p	127	584	2⅛	+	⅛		49¼
Monsan Aug 50	377	584	1⅜	–	⅛		49¼
Monsan Aug 50 p	597	345	2	+	¾		49¼
Monsan Aug 55 p	85	15	5½	+	⅛		49¼
Monsan Oct 45	53	53	6	+	1		49¼
Monsan Oct 50	144	1798	2½	–	⅜		49¼
Monsan Oct 50 p	111	378	2⅜	+	⅜		49¼
Monsan Oct 55	430	1157	¾	–	⅛		49¼
Monsan Oct 52½	67	1548	11/16	–	5/16		49¼
Monsan Oct 52½ p	55	144	3½	–	1⅜		49¼
Monsan Jan 50	476	636	4⅛	–	⅜		49¼
Monsan Jan 50 p	73	355	2⅞	–	¼		49¼
MtlSix Jul 10	155	198	12¼	+	4⅜		22⅛
MtlSix Jul 15	2297	8885	7⅛		...		22⅛
MtlSix Jul 20	4271	7942	2 3/16	+	1/16		22⅛
MtlSix Jul 12½	187	796	9¾	+	⅛		22⅛
MtlSix Jul 17½	4488	18129	4¾	+	⅛		22⅛
MtlSix Aug 15	358	1372	7¼	+	⅛		22⅛
MtlSix Aug 20	1603	4238	2 3/16	+	1/16		22⅛
MtlSix Aug 20 p	560	329	1¼	–	1/16		22⅛
MtlSix Aug 12½	120						

Polar Aug 30 p	340	516	⅞	+	1/16		37⅛
Polar Aug 40	622	1116	½	–	11/16		37⅛
Polar Aug 40 p	1127	732	2⅞	+	1⅜		37⅛
Polar Aug 45	173	964	⅛	–	⅛		37⅛
Polar Oct 35	557	284	4	–	3⅛		37⅛
Polar Oct 35 p	325	120	1¼	+	¼		37⅛
Polar Oct 40	1070	979	1¾	+	1⅛		37⅛
Polar Oct 40 p	300	1019	4½	+	1⅝		37⅛
Polar Oct 45	552	1628	9/16	–	11/16		37⅛
Polar Oct 45 p	241	305	8¼	+	2⅛		37⅛
Polar Oct 50	828	2667	¼	–	¼		37⅛
Polar Jan 35	89	25	5¼		...		37⅛
Polar Jan 35 p	57	120	2	+	⅞		37⅛
Polar Jan 40	401	324	3	–	1		37⅛
Polar Jan 40 p	442	151	4⅝	+	1⅝		37⅛
Polar Jan 45	244	358	1½	–	½		37⅛
PrecCs Jul 35	100	5	11/16	+	1/2		35¼
PrecCs Aug 30	145	104	5⅝	+	33/16		35¼
PrecCs Aug 35	90	56	1¾	+	1⅜		35¼
Promus Jul 25	261	167	2¼	–	¾		27⅜
Promus Jul 30 p	59	250	2⅞	+	¼		27⅜
Promus Aug 25	216	7202	11/16	–	15/16		27⅜
Promus Aug 30	117	462	⅜	–	½		27⅜
Promus Aug 30 p	59	98	3	–	1⅛		27⅜
Promus Nov 30	151	570	1	–	1⅛		27⅜
RalPur Jul 85	52	27	14	+	6		98⅞
RalPur Jul 90	219	230	9¾	+	3⅞		98⅞
RalPur Jul 95	196	203	3⅞	+	⅞		98⅞
RalPur Jul 100	115	33	1/16	–	7/16		98⅞
RalPur Aug 90	240	54	9¼	+	1⅜		98⅞
RalPur Aug 95	176	112	5⅛	+	1½		98⅞
RalPur Aug 100	519	401	2⅛	+	⅞		98⅞
RalPur Sep 95	103	343	6½	+	1½		98⅞
RalPur Sep 95 p	112	60	1⅜		...		98⅞
RalPur Sep 100	83	116	3¾	+	19/16		98⅞
RalPur Sep 105	120	105	1½		...		98⅞
Raythn Jul 65	55	541	1/16	–	1/16		63¾
Raythn Aug 60	363	1142	4⅛	–	¼		63¾
Raythn Aug 65	203	992	1⅛		...		63¾
Raythn Nov 65	526	12622	11/16	–	5/16		63¾
Raythn Nov 70	167	800	¾	+	⅛		63¾
Raythn Feb 65	106	134	3¾	+	¼		63¾
Raythn Feb 65 p	90	90	4		...		63¾
Raythn Feb 70	130	124	1⅞	+	⅛		63¾
Raythn Feb 70 p	76	76	6⅞		...		63¾
Reuter Jul 70	205	67	1¼	+	⅛		68⅛
Rockwl Jul 20	62	186	8½	+	2½		28
Rockwl Jul 25	230	1874	3⅜	+	⅝		28
Rockwl Jul 17½	86	86	10⅞		...		28
Rockwl Jul 22½	123	1476	6	+	1		28
Rockwl Oct 25	127	1873	3⅝	+	⅛		28
Rockwl Oct 25 p	54	384	7/16	+	⅛		28
Rockwl Oct 30	137	820	¾	+	¼		28
Rockwl Jan 25	117	194	4	+	½		28
Rockwl Jan 30	98	364			...		28
Rouse Jul 22½ p	71	91	13/16	–	¼		21⅜
Rouse Oct 20 p	56	6	⅝		...		21⅜
Rouse Oct 25	70	10	⅜		...		21⅜
StJude Jul 25	171	1399	10¼	+	⅛		34½
StJude Jul 30	219	278	4⅞		...		34½
StJude Jul 35	322	548	1⅛	–	9/16		34½
StJude Jul 35 p	183	50	½	–	5/16		34½
StJude Jul 22½	118	811	12½	+	¼		34½
StJude Jul 27½	153	677	7⅝	+	1⅞		34½
StJude Aug 30	104	69	4⅞	–	⅜		34½
StJude Aug 30 p	250	280	9/16	+	⅜		34½
StJude Aug 35	301	599	1⅜	–	1/16		34½
StJude Oct 30	75	650	6⅛	–	¼		34½
StJude Oct 35	184	841	3		...		34½
StJude Oct 40	71	93	⅞	–	¼		34½
StPaul Jul 60	197	166	3/16	+	11/16		59½
StPaul Jan 60	50	52	3⅜	+	⅜		59½
Scimed Jul 40	75	68	⅛	+	17/16		37¼
Scimed Aug 35	93	35	3⅜	–	3		37¼
Scimed Aug 40	176	214	1 5/16	–	2 3/16		37¼
Scimed Oct 40	51	128	3⅛	–	2¼		37¼
Slumb Jul 50	84	222	13	+	6½		64¼
Slumb Jul 55	333	814	9⅛	+	2⅞		64¼
Slumb Jul 60	1056	652	4⅞	+	3½		64¼
Slumb Jul 65	287	123	1/16	–	...		64¼
Slumb Jul 65 p	507	5	1⅛	–	6		64¼
Slumb Aug 50	775	2135	13⅜	+	3⅞		64¼
Slumb Aug 55	71	5845	10⅛	+	3¼		64¼
Slumb Aug 55 p	54	1280	⅛	–	¼		64¼
Slumb Aug 60	1467	2381	5				

You Bet Your Tintype, Buckaroo

By RANDY KENNEDY

ONE fairly reliable way to tell if you are in a part of the country where people still herd cattle for a living is the frequent and unself-conscious use of the word cowboy as a verb.

As in: "Buck got a good scholarship to go to college, but he turned it down. All he wanted to do was cowboy."

For more than 20 years the photographer Robb Kendrick, a longtime contributor to National Geographic, has traveled around the United States, Canada and northern Mexico visiting just such places, increasingly rare ones where development has been kept at bay and discouraging words seldom are heard, at least on cellphones, which stop working a hundred miles from the nearest tower.

Mr. Kendrick fits in well not only because he is a sixth-generation Texan, raised in ranch country in the state's panhandle, but also because of the unusual method of photography he favors, one patented and popularized at a time when the idea of the American cowboy was itself just being created.

He doesn't need batteries or memory cards or even film for his pictures. Mostly he just needs time, patience and lots of el-



ROBB KENDRICK

Stephanie Hagenbarth, cowgirl: a tintype from Robb Kendrick's book.

bow grease. And as he labors, moving methodically from beneath the hood of his wooden box camera to a portable field darkroom, bearing wet iron plates that he has painstakingly prepared, he thinks of himself not as simply making pictures but also as taking part in the world of the cowboys who are the subjects of his otherworldly tintype portraits.

"The tendency of cowboys is to think of photographers as very demanding, high-maintenance people," Mr. Kendrick said. "And in the end I think they really respect the fact that I have to work for these pictures. They respect any kind of honest hard work."

Mr. Kendrick belongs to a growing group of commercial and art photographers — including gallery stars like Sally Mann and Chuck Close — who have retreated in recent years from the ease and exactitude of the digital age and taken up the difficult, ethereal techniques of early photography, including the ambrotype (in which a unique image is created on a glass

Continued on Page 25

ARCHITECTURE

CLOSE READING

Now You See It, Now You Don't

BIG-TIME development has always been a rough-and-tumble world in New York. But in recent years, as government has ceded more and more power to private interests, developers have become magicians at negotiating their way through the byzantine public review process. Nowhere is this sleight of hand more visible than in the way they tailor architectural renderings for public consumption.

As the battles over mammoth-scale development grow more heated, developers and their marketing teams have become extremely cautious about the information they release before a project passes review, for fear of inciting a public outcry.

Architects are now regularly asked to sign confidentiality agreements that forbid them to talk to the press, a tactic that was virtually unheard of a few years ago. The images released to the public are often restricted to a few renderings that are carefully scrutinized in advance by marketing experts. As a result the public is often left without the visual tools it needs to make thoughtful judgments about a development's impact.

The design for a 12-million-square-foot development proposal by Tishman Speyer Properties at the site of the West Side railyards is a case in point. When reporters showed up for its unveiling last month, they were handed a packet with a fact sheet and a few cursory renderings.

Basic details like the surrounding context were left incomplete; there were no elevations to show what the project would look like from the street. The largest of the models on display was cut off at mid-elevation, making it virtually impossible to understand the towers' colossal scale.

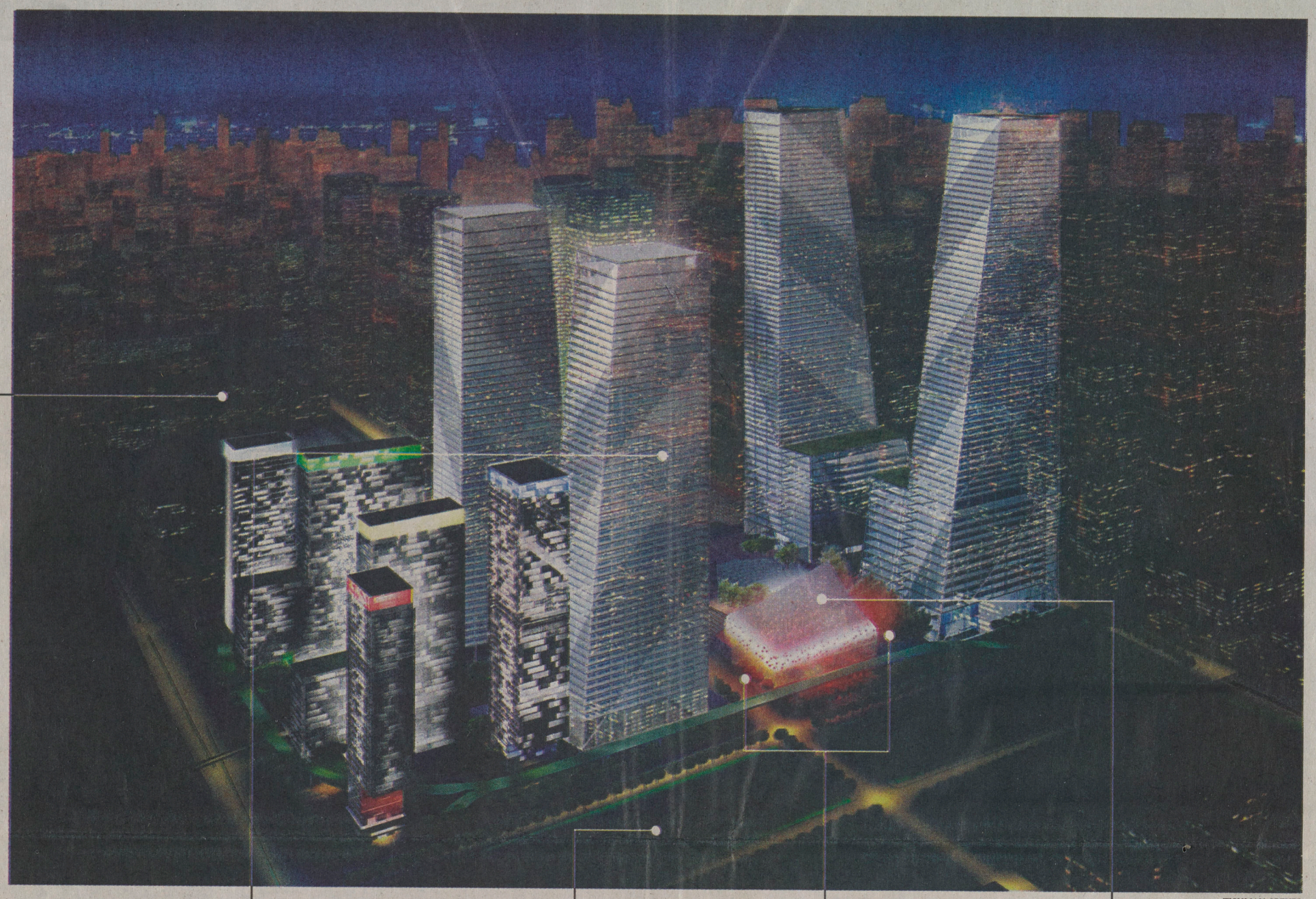
I don't mean to single out Tishman Speyer for criticism here. On the contrary, the company represents the norm. Like most developers it probably sees architectural renderings as just one element of an elaborate marketing campaign. I'm sure it's even proud of its designs. But the end result is a distorted picture of reality, one that stifles what is supposed to be an open, democratic process.

NICOLAI OUROUSSOFF

ONLINE: INTERACTIVE FEATURE

A look at the digital renderings of Tishman Speyer's West Side railyards project, in interactive form:

nytimes.com/design



TISHMAN SPEYER

WHAT'S IN A LOT? The lots to the north are rendered as empty or with glittering low-rise structures. They are currently the site of the Jacob K. Javits Convention Center and rows of decrepit brick office buildings and brownstones.

LIGHT DISPLACED The twinkling lights of the New York skyline can be seen through the towers' glass facades, as if they were dissolving into the surrounding cityscape. This gives the buildings a deceptive lightness. In truth, the towers would reflect the dark night sky above, not the twinkling lights below. When most of the interior office lights are turned on, the effect would be different again, like peering into a fishbowl.

MISSING BUILDINGS The four blocks that flank the project to the south are depicted as vacant, although they are occupied by a mix of office towers and old brick industrial buildings. This omission is partly intended to give readers a clear view of the base of the proposed towers. But it also creates the impression that the area is less dense and congested than it actually is. By surrounding the blocks with trees, the rendering also implies that the site is surrounded by parks — which is particularly misleading because one of the main points of contention about the design is its failure to provide sorely needed green space for the neighborhood.

A MISSING WALL? The site's relationship to the neighborhood to the south appears to be fluid and open. Yet because of the difficulty of building over the tracks, it is likely that the developer will have to create a wall along the project's edge, which would isolate it from its surroundings.

CULTURAL MYSTERY Neither the developer nor government officials have any idea who would occupy the so-called cultural building, depicted here as a perforated metal-clad box.

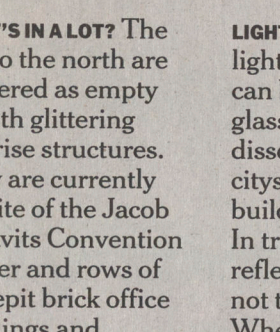
A QUESTION OF SCALE The entire project is depicted from a bird's-eye view, so that the buildings look smaller in scale and fit more quietly into the existing skyline. Viewed from below, they would tower above their surroundings.

08 SPRING INTERNATIONAL ART & ANTIQUES SHOW

April 25 - 29, 2008
Park Avenue Armory
Park Avenue @ 67th Street
New York City

April 23rd VIP PREVIEW

April 24th
BENEFIT DAY
LENOX HILL NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE
1:00 PM to 4:00 PM Designer Tabletop Showcase and Tea
2:00 PM Bunny Williams - Lecture and book signing (limited seatimg) Admission $50
6:30 PM Cocktails & Dinner Gala
Info & Reservations: 212.835.9700



A Vetted Show

SHOW HOURS
Friday & Monday
11:00 AM to 8:00 PM
Saturday & Sunday
11:00 am to 7:30 pm
Tuesday
11:00 AM to 6:00 PM

SHOW TELEPHONE:
646.619.6030
Admission $20

Cafe by:
Great Performances

17th - 21st century furniture & accessories. fine, modern, contemporary art rugs. fine silver. textiles. rare books. maps. globes contemporary & antique jewelry. orientalia. porcelains and more...

Advanced info: 914.437.5983 or info@weincusa.com
www.springinternationalshow.com

Bonhams 1793
AUCTIONEERS & APPRAISERS

Natural History
April 30 at 1pm, New York

An auction of fine meteorites, minerals, gold nuggets, fossils, amber, zoology, gemstones, décor and lapidary. Featuring the most valuable meteorite in the world: the Fukang main mass (pictured), a stony-iron Pallasite weighing approximately 420kg and containing olivine crystals; also including the Ron Oriti Collection of Meteorites, and examples from the Macovich Collection.

Guest Lecture
Monday April 28, 6-8pm
With Marvin Kilgore, curator of meteorites, University of AZ

Preview
April 26-29

Inquiries
Thomas Lindgren
Claudia Florian G.J.G.
+1 212 644 9001
naturalhistory.us@bonhams.com

Illustrated Catalog: $35 plus S&H

Bonhams
580 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022
© 2008, Bonhams & Butterfields Auctioneers Corp. All rights reserved. Principal Auctioneer: Malcolm Barber. NYC License No. 1183017
www.bonhams.com/newyork

Brompton's Auctioneers
Free Instrument VALUATION

Brompton's Auctioneers offer a **free and confidential valuation** for your stringed instruments

World Record Sale – $630,000
From a recent valuation day in LA, Brompton's found a Guadagnini violin that later sold for $630,000, a new World Auction Record for a Guadagnini violin

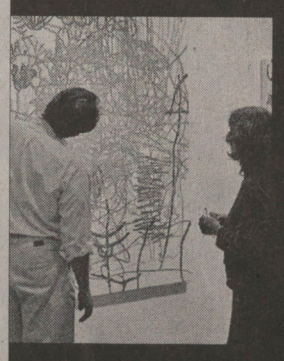
Come along if you are:
- thinking of selling your instrument
- interested in how much your instrument's worth
- intrigued by the history of your instrument



New York Valuation Day
Wednesday 23rd April - 9:00am to 5:00pm
Spink Shreves Galleries,
145 West 57th Street, 18th Floor, NY, NY 10019

For more information and appointments:
Tel: 646-797-3036
www.bromptonsauctioneers.com

Don't miss it... It's FREE !
Friday April 25, 5–9pm. Saturday April 26, Sunday April 27, & Monday April 28, 1pm–6pm.



TOAST
TRIBECA OPEN ARTIST STUDIO TOUR

See the studios, meet the artists (100+) on the 12th annual self-guided TriBeCa art walk

Preview artwork and print maps at www.TOASTartwalk.com or call 212-479-7317 for information and queries

ART & ANTIQUES

Antiques for Sale 9001

ANTIQUE AUCTION APRIL 30
Warhols, fine jewels, rare Asian art, silver, fine art, antique furniture and more.
866-653-3900 www.dallasauctiongallery.com

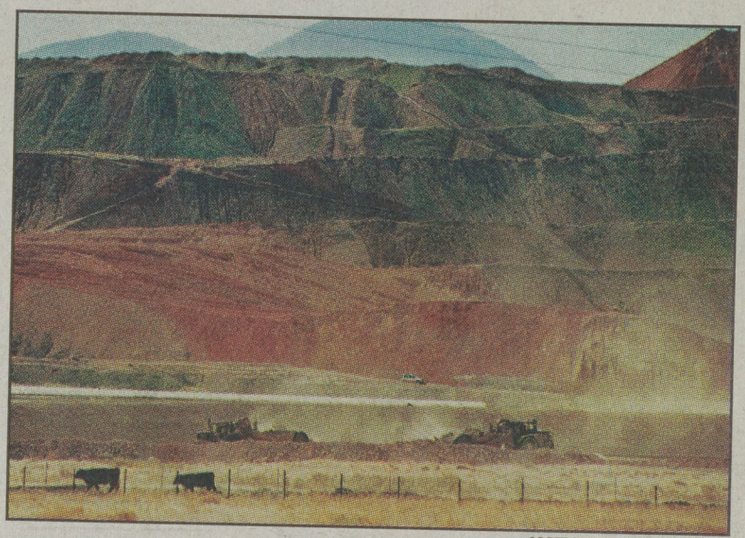
ART DECO BEDROOM SUITE
7 piece, original, wood, inlaid, good shape.
$1,500 OBO 908-458-2777 nsr7@rcn.com

Wanted 9006

WEEGEE
PHOTOGRAPHS WANTED
KERTESZ, CURTIS, BRASSAI, EVANS, WESTON, SUDEK, MAN RAY & OTHERS
Henry Feldstein (718) 544-3002

THE MINING OF THE WEST

PROFIT AND POLLUTION ON PUBLIC LANDS



SCOTT SADY / SPECIAL TO THE P-I

NEVADA: PROFITS TO BE MADE The Florida Canyon mine near Winnemucca, Nev., is one of the seven run by Pegasus Gold before the company declared bankruptcy. It is now run profitably by a successor corporation, Apollo Gold.

A good deal for miners often isn't for Uncle Sam

THIRD OF FOUR PARTS

TODAY: How one entrepreneur made a fortune – and a big mess

SEE A11

A case study of mining's boom-and-bust economy

SEE A12

In staking a claim to the middle ground, mining is necessary and necessarily regulated

SEE D1

BY ROBERT McCLURE AND ANDREW SCHNEIDER
P-I reporters

Stillwater Mining Co. sits atop the Western Hemisphere's largest known deposit of platinum and palladium, a 25 million-ounce treasure valued at $16 billion.

Some of that fortune lies under land owned by the federal government – public land. Some of it is under land in Montana that was once public, but then was sold to miners.

So how much money is the U.S. Treasury getting for all that platinum and palladium?

Almost nothing.

The federal government has collected less than $100,000 from sale of land that is now part of the mine.

On ground that is still public domain, the miners pay nothing at all.

Compare that to the profits Stillwater reported for the first three months of this year alone: $29.4 million.

Stillwater has a seemingly insatiable market for its palladium, which is used in fax machines, cellular phones and computers because it can be rolled very flat yet retains its shape at high temperatures.

If you drive a car made by Ford, General Motors or Mitsubishi, your pollution-control system likely contains palladium from the company's mine in Montana's Stillwater Valley.

SEE MINING LAW, A10

an, with environment a
ent issue among such swing
as suburban voters and
class women. A recent
st-ABC poll showed 58
roval. The focus on energy
nment helped produce an
p in Dubya's overall approval

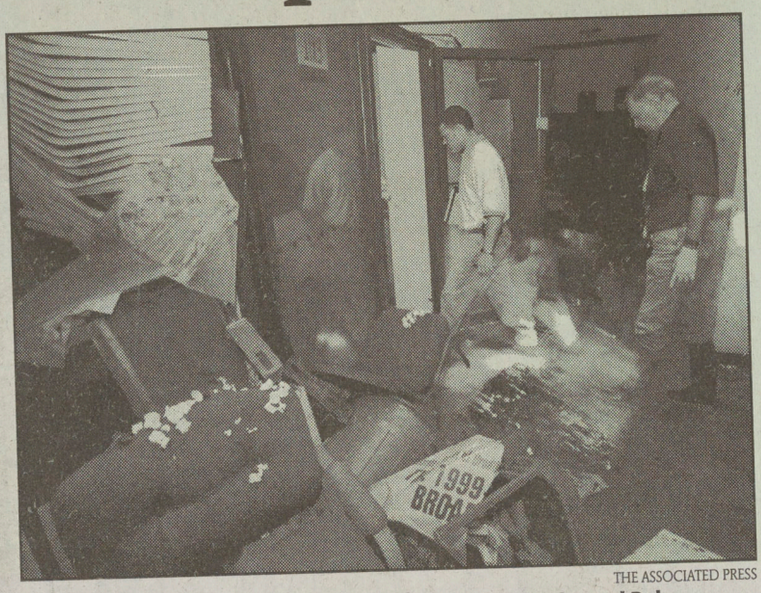
compromise" on energy
uire regional trade-offs and
ats by the White House.
d the Pacific Northwest agree
al power to dictate the
nsmission lines without the

about wanting more of everything – power plants, nuclear reactors, power lines and drilling platforms. But Bush strategists should not dismiss conservation as merely "a sign of personal virtue," as Cheney did in a recent speech.

Only a far more balanced energy policy stands any chance of acceptance by Congress and the public. In a true phrase coined by Dubya, Gorton's grand compromise deserves "full analyzation."

P-I columnist Joel Connelly can be reached at 206-448-8160 or joelconnelly@seattlepi.com

ostly for Houston's medical professions



THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Houston Symphony Orchestra staff member Art Kent, right, and Rob Covaleski check out flood damage in the Houston Symphony offices.

buildings downtown yesterday as work crews furiously pumped water from below Jones Hall and other nearby buildings. At the peak of the flooding early Saturday morning, the three-level underground parking garage for the Theater District was believed to be filled with 87 million gallons of water. Half of that remains to be removed.

Usually, this city beneath the city is a respite from the weather. Houstonians can move beneath the city during the boiling summers through the air-conditioned tunnels, as well as eat at underground food courts and shop at underground stores.

Yesterday, much of the tunnel system was unaffected, and was open.

But the flooding transformed the tunnels in the Theater District into underground rivers that flowed into the performance halls and wreaked considerable damage, if not to the main performance stages, then to nearly everything else.

The effect on the city's cultural life was immediate: Two performances of "Giselle" by the ballet have been canceled, and the upcoming weekend performances remain uncertain. "The Carpetbagger's Children," the Horton Foote play that had its world premiere last week at The Alley Theater, has been moved to another theater a few miles away.

None of the companies suffered more than the Houston Symphony. The main auditorium of Jones Hall sustained little damage. But offices below, as well as those of the Society for the Performing Arts, were heavily damaged. Water from the tunnels rushed through with such force that the glass walls of some offices were [illegible]. Computers were ruined, were inundated.

Art Kent, a symphony spokesman, said the immediate concern is the musical library, filled with thousands of scores from past performances, some marked by famed conductors such as Leopold Stokowski and Sir Thomas Beecham. He said NASA has agreed to use freezing technology to try to save the music sheets.

Elsewhere, researchers at the Texas Medical Center waited anxiously yesterday to learn if some tissue and bacteria samples survived the deluge that left up to 35,000 laboratory animals dead.

"Everyone is just so upset," Dr. Christopher Smith, head veterinarian with the University of Texas-Houston Health Science Center, said as city crews pumped water out of the school's basement laboratories. About 4,700 animals and countless tissue and chemical samples at the center were destroyed.

The adjacent Baylor College of Medicine lost more than 30,000 laboratory mice, some of which had been specially bred over a period of years to meet scientific needs. Researchers also lost temperature-sensitive tissue and bacteria samples in freezers that may have failed during the power outages.

George Stancel, dean of UT's graduate school of biomedical science and a professor of pharmacology, said he is in the 27th year of a National Institutes of Health grant to study heart disease, and he had hundreds of antibodies and chemicals stored in the freezers.

He said he and other researchers will have to go through test tubes [illegible]

NYT Ap 20 08

Recovering From Wyoming's Energy Bender



By Alexandra Fuller

WILSON, Wyo.

FOR all its Old West mythology, Wyoming is and always will be a mining state, more roughneck than cowboy. Frankly, in a land of long winters and high winds, there aren't a lot of other economic choices. And a powerful oil lobby reminds us with Orwellian regularity that we owe everything to oil and gas taxes, bullying those who disagree. (In February, a committee of the Wyoming Legislature rejected a spending increase for the University of Wyoming's Ruckelshaus Institute of Environment and Natural Resources after institute scientists dared to raise concerns about water produced in coal-bed methane wells). Even so, the oilier side of our nature has never threatened to unhorse the cowboy entirely, not even now, when the pressure to develop every last seam of energy is end-of-administration intense.

Since 1996, oil and gas companies have leased from the federal government the mineral rights to nearly 27 million acres of land in the Rocky Mountain West, and Wyoming has shouldered the greatest share of that development. In the last decade, oil companies have leased a fifth to a quarter of the state's land — 15.5 million acres administered by the Bureau of Land Management, as well of hundreds of thousands of acres of national forest and private land. If Wyoming were a country, it would be one of the largest coal-producing nations in the world, and its output of natural gas is among the greatest in American history. The argument has never been that we shouldn't provide energy. But is that all we're good for? And what, if anything, should we leave for future generations? These are global questions posed on a local level.

During his second term, President Bill Clinton, under pressure from a Republican Congress, leased out just as much of Wyoming's land as the current administration has to date. The difference was that the Clinton administration enforced laws encouraging the Bureau of Land Management to "manage, protect and improve" our public lands while allowing for other values like recreation, grazing and wildlife habitat. The Bush administration, on the other hand, has lifted every possible impediment to industry.

For example, oil and gas companies are exempt from provisions of the Clean Water Act that require construction activities to reduce polluted runoff as well as from provisions of the Safe Drinking Water Act that regulate underground injection of chemicals. The industry is also generously permitted to drill on critical wildlife winter range (close to 90 percent of all their requests to drill on winter range have been granted). Oil rigs are drilling for natural gas on the banks of the New Fork River (the headwaters of the Colorado) and in the foothills of the Wyoming Range. Well sites in many parts of the southern Greater Yellowstone Ecosystem are so closely spaced that, with roads, gas pipelines and compressor stations, the development is continuous.

Meantime, drug treatment centers and domestic abuse shelters across the state have declared themselves overwhelmed and, in spite of what the oil companies keep telling us, we're far from happy. Wyoming has the uneasy distinction of having one of the country's highest suicide rates. We top the national death toll on the job with 16.8 deaths per 100,000 workers. Wyoming is responsible for by far the highest percentage of deaths on the job in the interior West's oil and gas industry. At public meetings organized by the Bureau of Land Management to announce the development of Wyoming's public lands, oil company executives initially argued to a largely receptive audience that a new boom would be good for the state's economy. Lately, executives have been telling increasingly unhappy communities that domestic drilling is our moral duty, an alternative to sending more soldiers to war. They imply that anything less than full support for the oil companies is un-American. But a bumper sticker on a pick-up truck hints at the truth: "The war is over. Halliburton won."

Meanwhile, cattle and sheep ranchers and hunting and tourist guides have found themselves wondering what has happened to their Wyoming. Wildlife suffers as oil leases overlap with habitat: 14.1 million acres of sage grouse habitat, 3.2 million acres of pronghorn winter habitat, 2.9 million acres of mule deer winter habitat and 1.1 million acres of elk winter habitat. Even most of the state's wild horse herd management areas (the only Wyoming lands on which wild horses may legally roam) are destined for oil development.

> State residents try to make their voices heard over the oil boom.

Eighty-five water wells in the southern Greater Yellowstone Ecosystem have recently tested positive for hydrocarbons, indicating that toxic chemicals from drilling have leaked into the water table. Air pollution in the same area was so great this winter that vulnerable residents were warned not to venture outside. Oil companies argued that strong winds would rectify the problem.

They were right to predict a wind of change, but it came in the form of an unprecedented experiment in the art of listening. In the last few months, Terry Tempest Williams, a writer in residence at the University of Wyoming, has taken her students on the road to conduct what she calls "weather reports" in small communities. Addressing packed rooms, Ms. Williams turns the microphone over to the people of Wyoming — a stoical populace whose habitual stance against something they don't like is a tight lip. Astonishingly, they have opened up, voicing their concerns over the rapidity and scale of the oil and gas development.

"One day, I fear I will wake up and all that will be left of Wyoming is a hole in the ground," one resident of the southern Greater Yellowstone Ecosystem said.

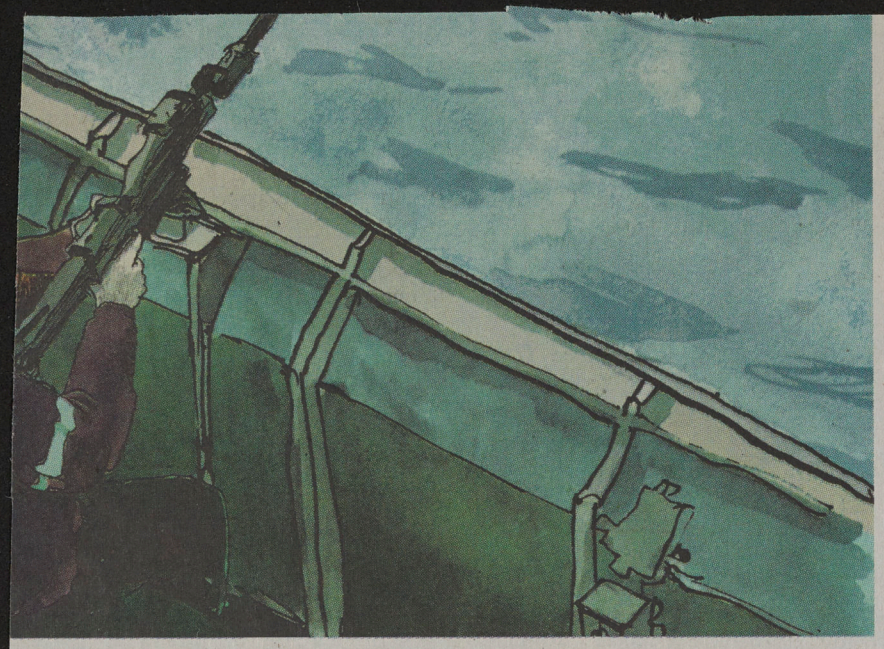
Oil executives have pushed back. One oilman, State Senator Kit Jennings, took the microphone in Casper and declared that Ms. Williams had demonized the oil companies. He rejected her contention in a local newspaper article that the energy boom had helped drive up the use of crystal methamphetamine in the region and announced that he had demanded that she be fired from the university for her criticism of the industry.

Oil and gas are accustomed to dominating the debate. But Ms. Williams's forums have created an opportunity for grass-roots rebuttal. Residents, who have so far been cowed by the enormous tax contributions that energy companies make to the state's coffers, are upholding values not counted in dollars. "My hope is that with our backs against the wall we will finally speak up," another weather reports participant said.

Maybe Wyomingites, justifiably proud of their roughneck heritage and anxious to keep the oil field work, have realized that this boom isn't going away soon, and they'd like a little of Wyoming left when the oil companies move back to Texas. "We're Mother Nature's bodyguards," a billboard sponsored by Sportsmen for the Wyoming Range warns. "And yes, we are heavily armed." □

CHRIS SILAS NEAL

Alexandra Fuller is the author of the forthcoming "The Legend of Colton H. Bryant."



MATT ROTA

could violate their human rights. British warships patrolling the pirate-infested waters off Somalia were advised that captured pirates could claim asylum in Britain and that those who were returned to Somalia faced beheading for murder or a hand chopped off for theft under Islamic law.

A violation of human rights? In 2007, 433 crew members were either taken hostage, assaulted, injured or killed by pirates. Three seafarers are still missing and presumed dead. According to the International Maritime Bureau, the anti-piracy watchdog of the International Chamber of Commerce, over the past 10 years 3,200 seafarers have been kidnapped, 500 injured and 160 killed.

Modern-day pirates are not like Errol Flynn or Johnny Depp swinging through the rigging, but well-armed mi-

John S. Burnett is the author of "Dangerous Waters: Modern Piracy and Terror on the High Seas."

in Somalia. It is less risky than robbing a bank and more profitable than pulling up half-empty fishing nets. Two weeks before the Ponant was captured, Somali pirates released the British-Irish-Russian crew of an ice-breaking tug traveling from Russia to Singapore who had spent 47 days in captivity. The captain had surrendered his vessel after the wheelhouse windows were blown out by gunshots. The ship owner paid a ransom of about $700,000. The French were reported to have paid $2 million for release of the 30 crew members of the Ponant before their military took action.

This is not a problem without a solution. Just a few years ago, piracy was out of control in the Malacca Strait, the waterway through which 80 percent of crude oil to Japan and China is shipped. But the recent combined efforts of the region's littoral states — Indonesia, Malaysia and Singapore — have nearly eliminated piracy in the strait. The French are hoping that a concerted international effort off Somalia will have similar success.

France is also lobbying the United Nations Security Council to adopt an international anti-piracy law. Jean-David Levitte, the top diplomatic adviser to President Nicolas Sarkozy, said his government hoped that the organization would consider the creation of an international military force "to deal with this plague." Once we could have expected the British to lead such an effort; now we don't even know if they will join it.

The British fear of breaching the human rights of pirates has not gone down well in the maritime community. Andrew Linington, the spokesman for Nautilus, a British-Dutch seafarers trade union, has called the Foreign Office's policy "a get out of jail card" for pirates.

"We despair," Mr. Linington told me. "We are meant to be a major maritime country. The U.K. is heavily dependent on maritime trade — 95 percent of trade comes and goes by sea. Yet the Foreign Office has its head in the sand. It is just wishing the problem would go away."

The British attitude has come a long way since the days when pirates were chained to pilings at Wapping and left there until the tidal water of the Thames ebbed and flowed over the bodies three times. So much for Britannia ruling the waves. □

Hail to the Chef

dents and their families eat, but what they cook.

Let's make one thing clear: first families don't get to the White House because of their cooking. True, in one episode of the TV show "The West Wing," there's a federal government shutdown, the chefs are not at work and the first lady cooks dinner. But that's, well, television.

With the exception of Chelsea Clinton, whom I taught to cook before she left for college, I rarely if ever saw the first families I served use the White House kitchen. And from what other White House have chefs told me, I'm not alone.

The truth of the matter is that while presidents' families will occasionally provide the chef with a family recipe or one clipped from a magazine or borrowed from a Web site, for the most part, they have much more on their minds than what to put on the table every night.

And while we're on the subject, isn't the whole thing a tad sexist? I don't believe that anyone has asked Bill Clinton what he'll be looking for in a chef should his wife become president or what he'll serve at his first state dinner. (As his family's former chef, I can't resist affectionately suggesting that this is probably for the best, given his predilection for comfort food.) And, as far as I know, no one has asked him for a cookie recipe.

> Stop pretending that politicians and their families bake cookies.

As a chef, I understand how food can be a powerful political symbol. (Remember when George H. W. Bush used to make a point of saying he loved pork rinds?) But if there's one thing I learned in the White House it's that the dining habits of our first families aren't all that revealing. After the Clintons left the White House, I stayed on for the first four years of the Bush administration and was surprised to see how similar were Mrs. Clinton's and Laura Bush's tastes: though very different women, they both liked Southwestern cuisine and spicy foods and ate relatively healthfully. Just about the only thing that's changed in the menu is Mrs. Bush's insistence on organic products — much to her husband's surprise.

It's been said over and over that this is a sea-change campaign — a black man or a woman could be our next president. So in the spirit of this change, let's make another world-changing vow: let's stop pretending our politicians and their families all own well-thumbed copies of "The Fannie Farmer Cookbook," and let's stop, once and for all, asking them for favorite family recipes.

When it comes to seeking clues about what lies in the hearts and minds of the candidates, there are better places to look than their palates — and their recipes. □

OP-EXTRA: SELECTIONS FROM OPINION ONLINE

scandal. It also transforms Starck suddenly into the most unlikely of roles: an advocate for sustainability. This is all the more remarkable as Starck's material of choice is, more often than not, the incredibly un-green polycarbonate.

—Allison Arieff, "Starck Raving"

Reader Comment:

I have, at times, appreciated Starck's whimsy, but have never taken him seriously as a designer with "legs." Indeed, I've been curious over the arc of his career, how so many truly talented collaborators and deep-pocket clients have made him iconic. I wish him well in his retirement, and am glad of it.

— Posted by M. D. Kruger

CAMPAIGN STOPS Democrats, and especially Obama supporters, are going to jump all over ABC for the choice of topics: too many gaffe questions, not enough policy questions.



I understand the complaints, but I thought the questions were excellent. The journalist's job is to make politicians uncomfortable, to explore evasions, contradictions and vulnerabilities. Almost every question Wednesday night did that. The candidates each looked foolish at times, but that's their own fault.

We may not like it, but issues like Jeremiah Wright, flag lapels and the Tuzla airport will be important in the fall . . . . It's legitimate to see how the candidates will respond to these sorts of symbolic issues.

— David Brooks, "No Whining About the Media"

MEASURE FOR MEASURE When I was a teenager, I used to have a neat sort of formula for writing songs. . . . I would start to write a song sometime late Saturday afternoon. Then, after dinner, when everyone in my family was doing other Saturday-night things, I would go into my room by myself and fool around with the guitar for several hours, usually managing to hammer out some kind of idea. In those days the chords came first, and they depended on what I was singing about. Then the melody, and lastly the lyrics. Each chord told a piece of a story, and by putting the chords together in a certain way you had a musical narrative. Major chords = happy. Minor chords = sad. Sevenths were sort of sexy and bluesy. Augmented and diminished chords were spooky and spiritual, so I had a lot of those.

— Suzanne Vega, "Teen Beat"

Reader Comments:

I wonder if it's a teenager thing — the way the brain works at that stage, perhaps — that one would start with the chords, then the melody and let the words come last. . . . I find that a lot of young songwriters on various music message boards I frequent write as Vega did as a teenager.

— Posted by Corinne Curcio

As a longtime fan of Suzanne Vega's music, I find this an interesting (and somewhat surprising) revelation about her earlier music. The songs do sound so crafted, and yet it appears there was a level of just "splat-there-it-is" to creating them.

— Posted by Mike Carlson

OUTPOSTS The arc of this controversy is typical of how these things go: struggling towns are props, not issues. One side rushes to drape themselves in flags, guns and the kind of Norman Rockwell hagiography that is far removed from the 2008 reality of meth labs and foreclosure frontiers. The other side says religion is for fools, and if only they had a new Starbucks in town, some of those Bible-banging gun nuts could learn to love Sundays with Norah Jones and a Scrabble game.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY STEPHEN SAVAGE

The low point in this discussion was Hillary Clinton talking about how she learned to shoot — "behind the cottage that my grandfather built on a little lake called Lake Winola outside of Scranton." Yes, and after that it was Wellesley, Yale, the White House and the $109 million fortune she made with her husband trading in their name and influence. She's got elite cred with the best of them. Obama can counter with the endorsement this week from Bruce Springsteen. Nobody in American literature or politics has done a better job than the Boss of describing (as in "My Hometown") the heartbreak of a foreman who says, "these jobs are going boys and they ain't coming back."

But for a presidential campaign, we should forget rock lyrics, guns and God, and who can throw back a boilermaker like a real man. The only question should be how — or whether — Rust Belt and rural towns can join the tomorrow economies.

— Tim Egan, "Lost Town Blues"

Reader Comments:

One principal hope is retirees: take the steps necessary to attract a few thousand of the available 76 million boomers. . . . Boomers have made their money and they only require a place to spend it. Why shouldn't they retire to a place that needs both their money and their commitment?

— Posted by Tom Peters

My hometown . . . was a town of industrial diversity of about 50,000 well-paid individuals living the good life. Then, in the sixties, the bubble burst. . . . Today my hometown is still here, the population is almost the same, but it is at its core much different. We no longer make things on a world-size scale, we have become a service economy with lower pay scales and a less proud population, but we persevere. We lose our children to other locations where they can compete and prosper; that hurts. No longer do we enjoy multigenerational family life and this maybe hurts the most, but we are still here. We will never be the same, but that's the way life is, always changing, always interesting, to say the least.

— Posted by Jim Kittelberger

For more, nytimes.com/opinion

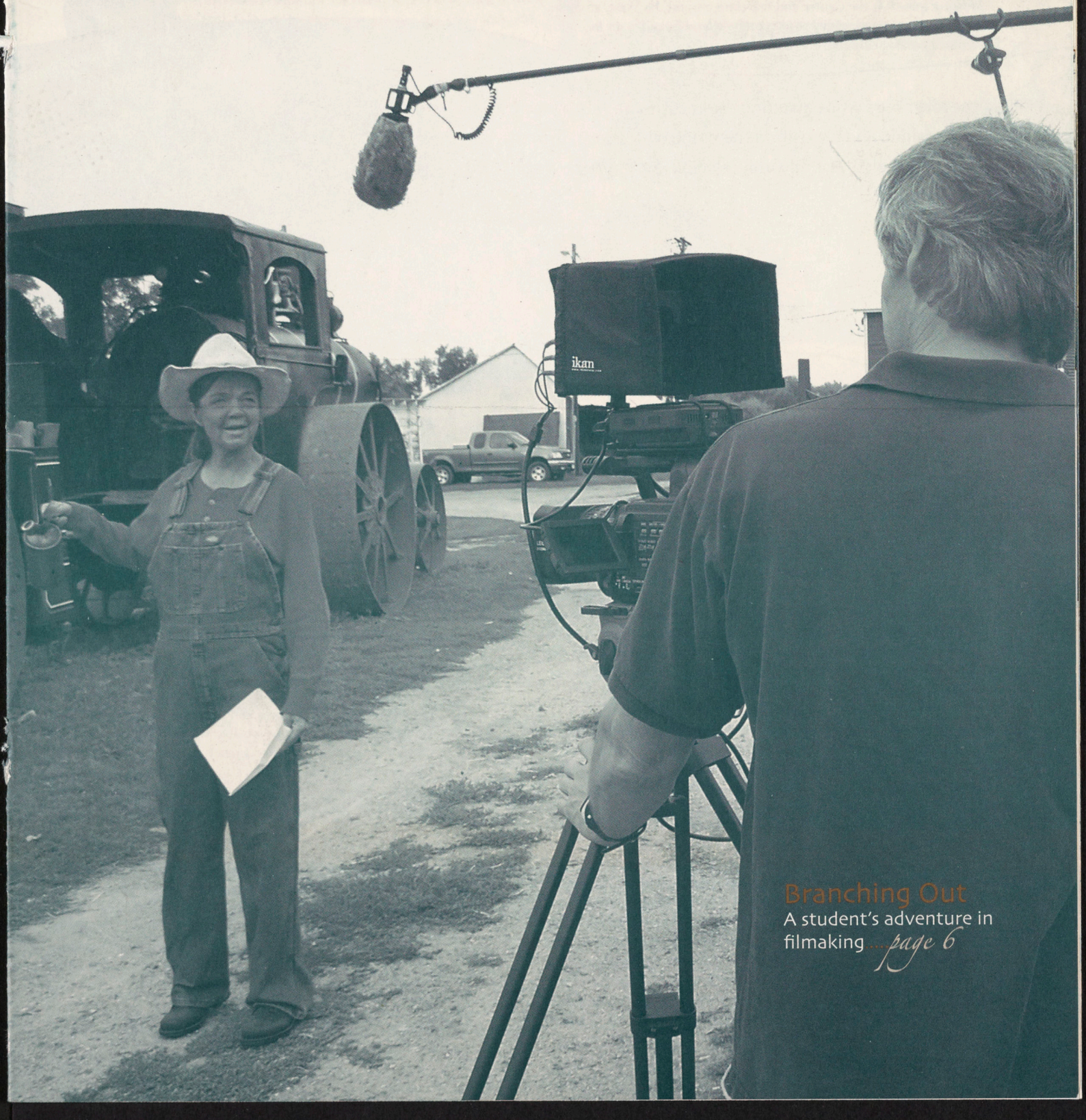
Center of the American West

WESTERN Voices

Turning Hindsight Into Foresight™

Winter 2008

CU-Boulder, Macky 229, 282 UCB, Boulder, CO 80309 • 303.492.4879 • www.centerwest.org



Branching Out

A student's adventure in filmaking ....page 6

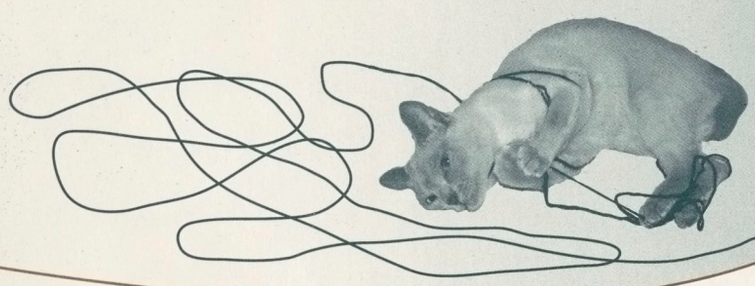
A Letter from Patty

Faculty Director and Chair of the Board

Twenty years ago, we came back from a trip to discover that our cat had an artistic streak. Driven to creativity by boredom, she had come upon a ball of string. Filling the idle hours while awaiting our return, the cat carried the ball hither and thither, trailing and depositing the string all around the house and thereby creating a very tangled, entirely unintelligible, but somehow still artful pattern.

Hosting guests at the Center and traveling around the West, attending closely to a spectrum of heart-felt opinions on the challenges facing the region, I occasionally think of that cat's artwork.

"Filling the idle hours while awaiting our return, the cat carried the ball hither and thither, trailing and depositing the string all around the house and thereby creating a very tangled, entirely unintelligible, but somehow still artful pattern."



"The history of the West," three insightful historians wrote fifteen years ago, "is the story of how the American map came to have the boundaries it shows today."

For two centuries, Americans put heart and soul, mind and muscle, into this gigantic project of "boundary setting." The result is a breath-taking tangle of lines of authority, units of governance, and borders of jurisdictions that often looks like it might have been designed by a bored cat with a ball of string. Intersecting lines mark the territory of counties, municipalities, reservations, states, federal agencies, regional alliances, water conservancy districts, utilities, and place-based stakeholder groups, not to mention the borders of Canada and Mexico. The lines of private property, meanwhile, overlay themselves on this spaghetti-modeled configuration, with some zones of particular friction where private property meets federal land.

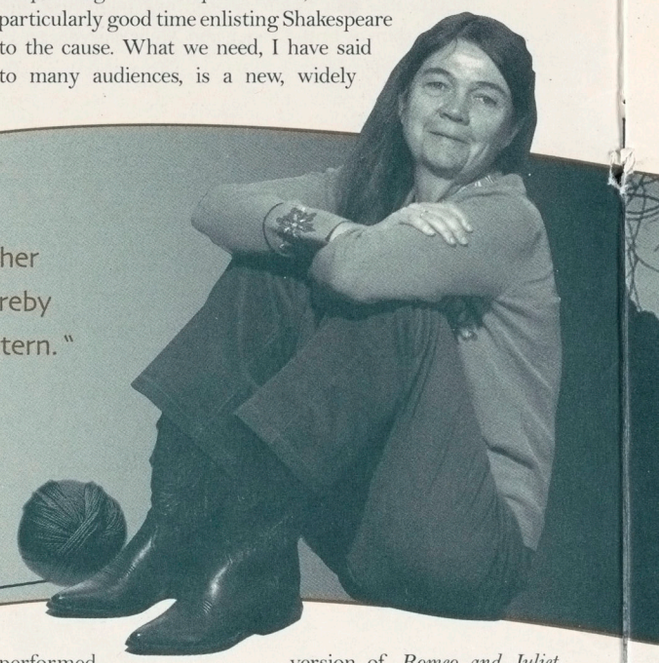
And with all these borders and boundaries fixed into our landscape and our minds, a multitude of substances and entities – air, water, wildlife, and mobile humans – defy and transcend all these efforts to divide up the world.

And that, ladies and gentlemen, is a situation that gives the Center of the American West its bedrock opportunity.

We pay attention to the origin of all these boundaries and jurisdictions, doing our best to understand the logic of these seemingly arbitrary and even whimsical lines. And, more important, we travel as shuttle diplomats, carrying messages across those many and multiple borders. In the last months, I've spoken to – and listened to – audiences ranging from Club 20, the voice of Colorado's Western Slope, to the officials of the Bureau of Land Management's National Landscape Conservation System; from the Colorado Legislature's Democratic Caucus to the annual Colorado Renewable Energy Conference; from the National Park Service Intermountain Region Management Retreat to the Oregon Planning Institute.

In all these venues, Westerners prove to be eager to find new and more productive ways to transcend the boundaries and to work with each other in the pursuit of the long-range best interests of the region and its residents.

Responding to this hopeful mood, I have had a particularly good time enlisting Shakespeare to the cause. What we need, I have said to many audiences, is a new, widely performed version of *Romeo and Juliet*, flexible and adaptable to local conditions. In one locale, Romeo will be the son of a Forest Service supervisor, and Juliet will be the daughter of a county commissioner, with their families locked in hopeless, Montague-Capulet conflict. In another place, Juliet's father will be an Environmental Protection Agency staffer leading a Superfund cleanup, and Romeo's mother will be the leader of a local landowners' association dismayed over the effect on property values of the Superfund designation. (Readers are now invited to design the roles that best reflect the jurisdictional tensions in your own areas!)



But with the lines of conflict thus established, here we take liberties with Shakespeare's plot and part from his commitment to tragedy. Just when things seem to be at their worst for our ill-fated, jurisdictionally confounded lovers, we will have their parents come to their senses and recognize the rights of their children to live in a more sensible world. They will then sit down and negotiate an inter-agency memo of understanding that permits Romeo and Juliet to marry, and to bear good-natured, diplomatic children of mixed Forest Service/county government, EPA/private property heritages.

Humor, our experience at the Center of the American West demonstrates, operates as the WD-40 for tension and conflict. The jurisdictions and boundaries we have inherited from history require serious reckoning and thoughtful negotiation. Both the reckoning and the negotiation will require creativity, artfulness, and a hearty and resilient sense of humor, qualities that the Center of the American West will continue to do its best to supply.

Yours,

Patty Limerick

La Mythologie De L'Ouest

The American West Goes to France

Tim Brown, Researcher

This September our research associate Tim Brown was invited to Rouen, France, to speak at a symposium on Western American Art. The Musée des Beaux Arts of Rouen had organized an exhibition of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, and also organized a symposium of both French and American scholars. Tim was delighted with the opportunity to participate, not only for the obvious fun of a week in France, but also because of his background in French history and the art world. It was a unique opportunity for ideas about the American West, the art of that region, and aspects of French history to come together in the same presentation. Tim's talk will soon be available on the Center's website.

The French have been and remain fascinated with the American West. They love to travel to Yellowstone and the Grand Canyon, and they are fans of John Ford films. They have been slower, however, to take seriously the paintings of Remington, Russell, and other painters of the region. This exhibition, which borrowed many of its pieces from the Denver Art Museum, was therefore a step forward in bringing Western art into the mainstream of the international art world.



Paris Sunset photo courtesy of Stock.xchng, by leila haj-hassan. Eiffel Tower photo courtesy of Stock.xchng, by Maigorzata Konarzewska.

Welcome to Shale Country

Center Workshop Helps Chevron Understand the Possibilities and Potential Pitfalls of Oil Shale Development on Colorado's Western Slope

Jason Hanson, Researcher

Oil shale is the popular term for a dark-colored rock rich in a substance that can be refined into many of the oil products our society depends on today. The most bountiful oil shale beds in the world are found along the T-shaped border of Colorado, Wyoming, and Utah, with the richest known deposits located in Colorado's Piceance Basin, an area of more than 1300 square miles just north of Grand Junction and centered in Garfield and Rio Blanco Counties. Estimates of the oil contained in the three-state formation range up past 2 trillion barrels, with between 500 billion and 1 trillion located in the Piceance Basin alone.

Although not all of the oil will be recoverable, moderate estimates suggest that upwards of a trillion barrels – an amount more than three times larger than all of Saudi Arabia's proven reserves, enough to meet current US demand for over a century – might ultimately be extracted. These numbers are cited in an influential 2005 report produced by the RAND Corporation and widely accepted as a basis for discussions about the Piceance Basin oil shale deposits. See James T. Bartis, Rom LaTourrette, Lloyd Dixon, et al., Oil Shale Development in the United States: Prospects and Policy Issues (Santa Monica, CA: RAND Corporation, 2005), 5-9. With such a large prize waiting for those who can unlock the secret of economically pulling the oil from the stone, the resource has beckoned waves of wildcat dreamers and multinational energy companies to the Western Slope. Twice the region has been battered by intense booms and excruciating busts, including a regionally devastating downturn in 1982, and today it looks as though another oil shale development cycle is on the horizon, a prospect that local residents regard with a mix of anticipation and apprehension.

Recently, Robert Lestz, the Oil Shale Technology Manager at Chevron, asked the Center to conduct a workshop for him and his team of engineers and scientists from Los Alamos and Chevron on the social, economic, and environmental issues surrounding the possibility of oil shale development on the Western Slope. Chevron is one of several energy companies that recently received leases from the BLM to begin a new round of oil shale research and development, and as his team works on designing the new extraction process, Mr. Lestz wants them to anticipate and avoid as many of the potential pitfalls as possible.

In late October, the Center conducted a two-day workshop for the Chevron team in Glenwood Springs. On the first day, Center researchers introduced them to the communities and ecosystems of the Western Slope and the potential impact of oil shale development on the region. On the second day we invited local officials, community leaders, advocates, land managers, and other stakeholders to participate in panel discussions with the Chevron team and share their perspectives. The result was some lively and constructive dialogue that we hope marks the beginning of an ongoing conversation.

Climate Change and Rocky Mountain National Park

Tim Brown, Researcher

The Center of the American West has long enjoyed a close relationship with the National Park Service, and we anticipate that we will increasingly work with the NPS on various projects as the agency prepares for its centennial anniversary in 2016. In that spirit, the Center collaborated with our friends at Rocky Mountain National Park in putting together a two-day workshop on the impact of climate change on the park's animal and plant species. Drawing on the Center's contacts in the university and wider scientific community, the workshop gathered many of the area's foremost experts for discussion and deliberation on climate change and its significance for Rocky Mountain ecology. The scientists helped the park evaluate how various species will fare through the coming change, what further monitoring and research is needed, and what the park might do to mitigate the impact on the Park. This workshop represents an increasingly important aspect of the Center's work: to help other organizations, whether federal agencies or corporations, address important internal questions and to bring to these discussions outside experts. Our working relationships with CU biologists and other scientists was in this case extremely helpful, and it was most gratifying for us to see these academics exchange information and ideas with the Park employees. This discussion at Rocky Mountain may well serve as a model for other National Park units as they take up the challenge of climate change, and the Center was very pleased to facilitate this important work.



Center of the American West Spotlight Buzzy Jackson, enjoying a family outing with her son Jackson Kirshner, and husband Ben Kirshner.

Center Spotlight:

Buzzy Jackson, Researcher

I've been working at the Center in one capacity or another since 2005, when I taught the certificate class, "Introduction to the American West." 2005 was a big year for me: my dissertation, A Bad Woman Feeling Good: Blues and the Women Who Sing Them, was published by W.W. Norton in May of that year, my son was born in June, and I began teaching in August. Life was… busy!

I had moved here with my husband, Ben Kirshner, the year before. We had both just finished our doctorates, his in Education from Stanford, and mine in U.S. History from UC Berkeley. That fall, Ben started a job as an Assistant Professor at CU's School of Education, and I edited my book and looked for an interesting place for work. I already knew about the Center, of course, through my familiarity with Patty Limerick's work. Somehow I finagled a meeting with The World's Busiest Woman and I was thrilled to discover that she and I shared a strong desire to bridge the gap between academia and the outside world. I signed on immediately.

In 2006 I again taught the Center's Intro class, and later that year was asked to come aboard as a Research Associate. As of 2007, I am now working solely on research, and have been fortunate to work on a range of interesting topics, from environmental justice to the history of Denver Water. I've been able to draw on my writing and editing experience (from a former life in New York publishing) and to learn new skills as a part of the Center's documentary film project. I've also gotten to know my colleagues at the Center much better, which has been a wonderful experience in itself.

When I graduated from Berkeley, people asked me what I wanted to do. I told them I wanted to use my scholarly background to work on issues of importance in the so-called "real world." I'm happy to say that, amazingly, I now do exactly that.

Ivan Doig Receives the 2007 Wallace Stegner Award

September 27, 2007

Kurt Gutjahr, Events Coordinator

Each year, the Center of the American West presents the Wallace Stegner Award to an individual who has made a sustained contribution to the cultural identity of the West through literature, art, history, lore, or an understanding of the West. This year, the Center bestowed this award on Ivan Doig, the acclaimed author of *This House of Sky* and eleven other internationally acclaimed books. During his visit to the University of Colorado campus, Mr. Doig demonstrated the hardworking, attentive qualities that made him a National Book Award nominee and the ideal candidate for this award. He engaged students, faculty, and community members on a wide range of topics, balancing insight with wit. His visit culminated in an award ceremony that featured a conversation with Patty Limerick and Charles Wilkinson before a packed house at the University of Colorado Wolf Law Building. Mr. Doig talked about writing: its craft, its demands, its inspirations, and its rewards. Along the way, he commented on the West as a literary backdrop. As Mr. Doig noted, "If I have any creed that I wish you as readers, necessary accomplices in this flirtatious ceremony of writing and reading, will take with you from my pages, it'd be this belief of mine that writers of caliber can ground their work in specific land and lingo and yet be writing of that larger country: life." The Center wishes to thank the Olson family, whose generosity has made this award possible.



Al and Carol Ann Olson with Stegner Award winner Ivan Doig and his wife Carol Doig.

"My Father's Stories: Remembering Oklahoma" Eva Marie Garroutte's Modern Indian Identity Lecture

October 25, 2007

Kurt Gutjahr, Events Coordinator

Each semester, the Center of the American West, hoping to make a contribution to the cause of better understanding between Indians and non-Indians, invites contemporary Indian speakers to tell their stories in ways that confirm the compatibility of tradition with innovation. This fall our speaker was Eva Marie Garroutte, Boston College sociology professor and author of *Real Indians: Identity and the Survival of Native America.* An audience of over 200 students, faculty, and community members responded warmly to a narrative of humor, survival, optimism, and tenacity as Ms. Garroutte shared the stories that her father told her. Ms. Garroutte wove this narrative into her own, demonstrating how the life she leads as a scholar and health care researcher employs the same skills her father used in his life on the Oklahoma landscape. By the end of the night, the audience came to know not only Ms. Garroutte, her father, and her people; they caught a glimpse into how story shapes identity. This event was made possible by the generosity of Nancy and Gary Carlston.

Common Ground - Noise to Substance

Elaine Tucci, Executive Director

The Center was thrilled to host its 11th annual Words to Stir the Soul event this November, honoring local public officials and public servants for their dedication and service to our communities. It is not often in this cynical world that we hear a call to honor those who serve in this capacity. In the political climate of today we are far more accustomed to berating and distrusting our public servants, assuming they are working nonstop to somehow deceive us as they pursue selfish agendas for personal benefit.

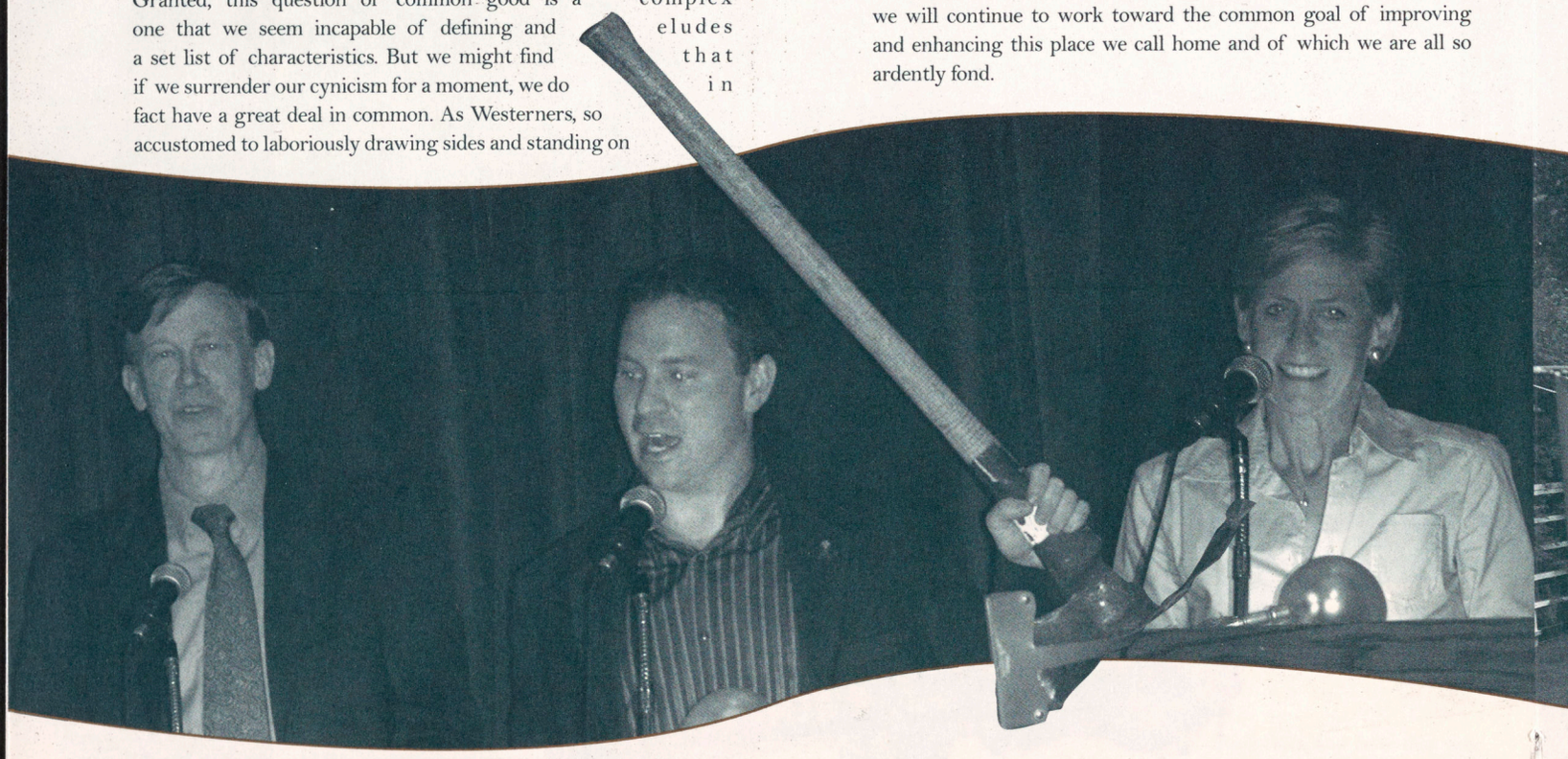
We could not disagree more. The sport of politics and public affairs is one that requires a thick-skinned and persistent drive to push forward and create momentum towards the common good. To withstand the level of combat and abuse one must endure in order to retain any public position, one must hold the passion resolutely to improve, gain ground, boost, and advance this common good towards the service of our values and ideals as a society.

Granted, this question of common good is a complex one that we seem incapable of defining and eludes a set list of characteristics. But we might find that if we surrender our cynicism for a moment, we do in fact have a great deal in common. As Westerners, so accustomed to laboriously drawing sides and standing on opposite poles in most any debate, we here at the Center would argue that we all have more in common than we may at first believe.

I give credit to the public servant willing to stand up between the constant sniping of those who are certain that they disagree on more than they can agree to hold in common. Dan Kemmis reminds us in his book, *Community and the Politics of Place*, that in this overheated and polarized battle of political will, "anyone can wreck anything." We have become the masters of the game of back and forth politics; when one view is unseated, the next takes its place to be pulled down with equal vigor and enthusiasm.

This is where the Center works best. To take honest assessment of both sides of a disagreement and to unearth the many places where those views actually align and agree; to remove the majority of the noise from the conversation and focus in on the actual substance of the signal; to uncover what is truly at stake, to decipher a way to come together as a group of individuals with more common goals than different, and to find a workable solution. The solution will be perfect to no one, but a solution it will be.

We share this commitment with the best of our public officials and public servants, and we are proud to honor them. Together we will continue to work toward the common goal of improving and enhancing this place we call home and of which we are all so ardently fond.



Words to Stir the Soul: Celebrating our Public Servants

November 7, 2007

Kurt Gutjahr, Events Coordinator

Every year, the Center of the American West pays tribute to the literature of the American West. This year, we celebrated not only the prose that defines this landscape but also the public servants who constantly define and reshape the West. Chancellor Bud Peterson welcomed a packed house to Old Main Chapel, and opened the evening by reading from Charles Wilkinson's *Eagle Bird: Mapping a New West.* Mayor John Hickenlooper followed, emphasizing the need for public servants to reconnect with the facets of the West that inspired them to serve in the first place. Other highlights included First Lady Jeannie Ritter's reading from Lorrie Moore's story "People Like That Are The Only People Here," and state Democratic Party Chairwoman Pat Waak's interpretation of Terry Tempest William's *Red.* On this night, Old Main Chapel filled with the words, ideals, and landscapes that have shaped the American West. We thank all of our invitees and participants for this rare and wonderful evening. This event was made possible by the generosity of John and Tish Winsor.

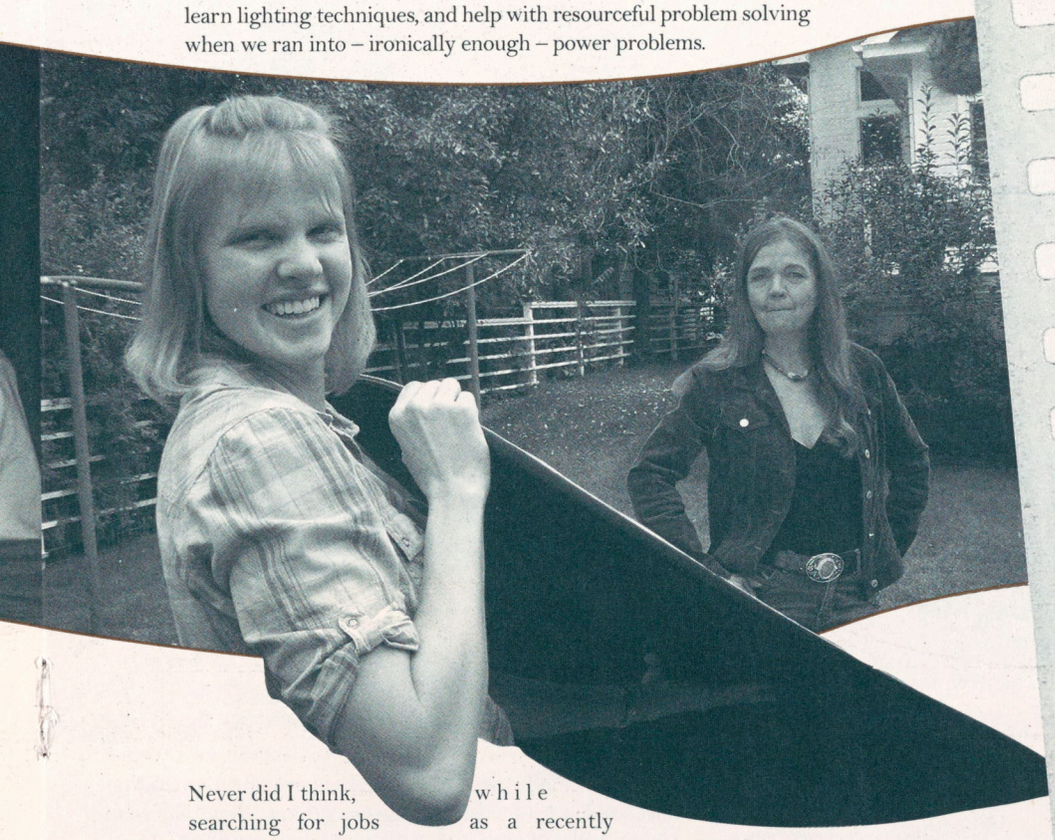
Branching Out

Shawna Riley, Student Assistant

If you asked me what I do at the Center, I would have to give you a different answer each day. This September, thanks to the Center's Hoffman Scholars program, my job took me to Nebraska as a member of a film crew.

There's no limit to the kinds of things we get into at the Center, but my Hoffman Scholars adventure began with a ficus tree. Patty caught me one day on my way to the copy room and asked if I could assist in moving her ficus tree to the local tree sanctuary on campus. "Sure thing," came my reply. How could I miss out on wheeling a large, potted tree from Patty's house to campus?

During this bonding experience, with leaves and branches in our faces, Patty and I decided that I would greatly benefit from helping out on the video shoots for the new *Living With Energy* video project, fitting for my major in film. Next thing I knew, on September 18, I was packed into a van with the whole video crew as an intern headed to Nebraska's Stuhr Museum, a living history museum where visitors get sucked into the time period. Let's just say that it was like having a Hollywood-style, historically-accurate set at our fingertips. We began shooting at 8:30am and wrapped around 7:00pm, a full day in which we filmed goats, laundry, a general store, horses, wood chopping, gardening, and a sod house covered with intriguing creatures. I was able to see how a professional film crew ran a shoot, learn lighting techniques, and help with resourceful problem solving when we ran into – ironically enough – power problems.

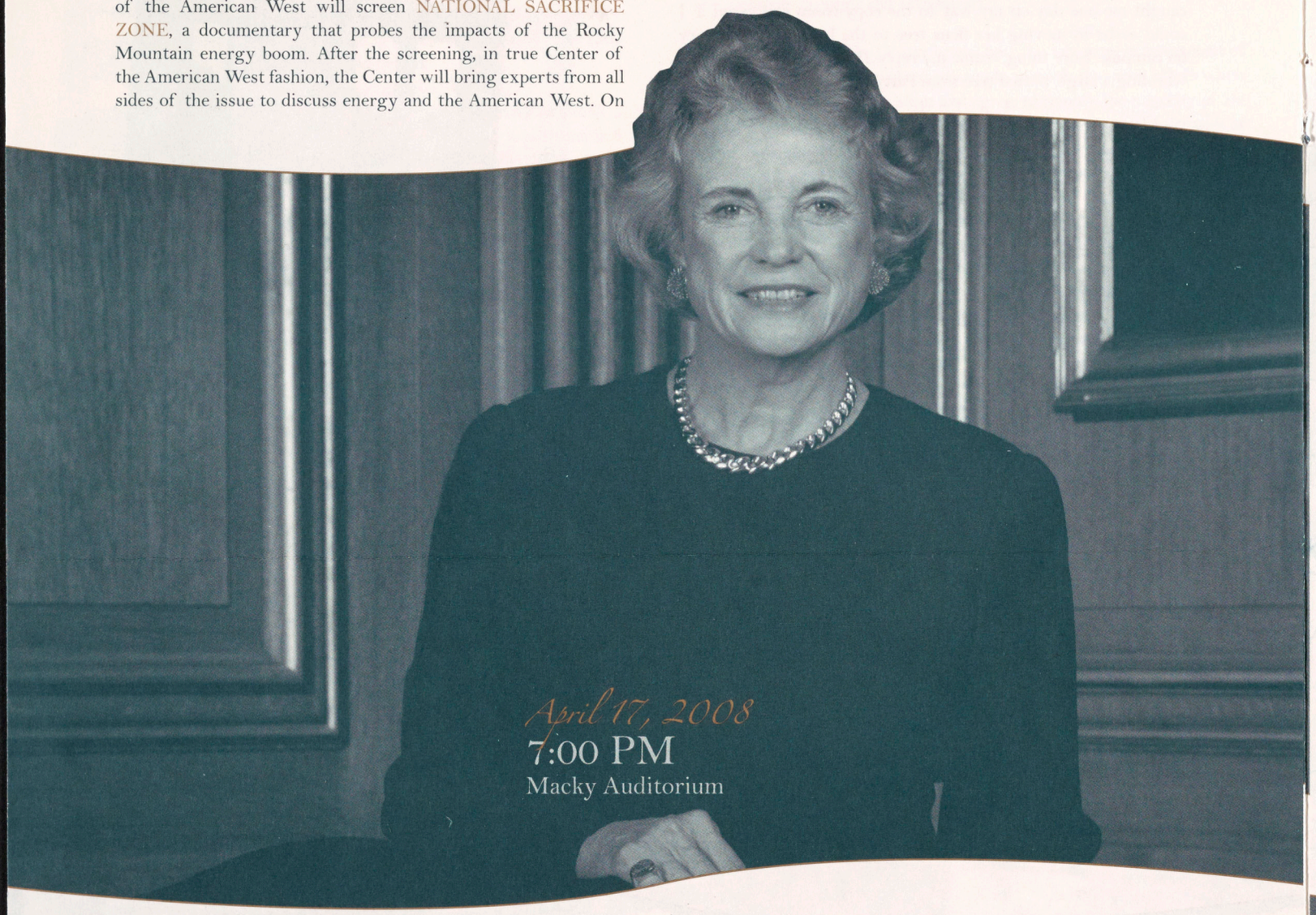




Never did I think, while searching for jobs as a recently graduated high school senior, that my choice would lead me to work on a project headed for broadcast on television. The Hoffman Scholarship gave me real-world experience that I couldn't have found in any college classroom, and my thanks extend to the Center (and Patty's ficus tree) for giving such a grand opportunity for hands-on practice in video production. The film industry is based on connections, and with the help of my experience at the Center I've learned to make and take them in every shape, size, and field of study.

Upcoming Events

As we look back on it, 2007 was a great year for events, and we have set up 2008 to follow in its footsteps. On February 7, the Center will bring PROFESSOR JOHN HAUSDOERFFER to discuss the paintings of George Catlin. Professor Hausdoerffer will examine the impact these paintings have had on the popular conception of American Indians. Then, on February 28, the Center of the American West will screen NATIONAL SACRIFICE ZONE, a documentary that probes the impacts of the Rocky Mountain energy boom. After the screening, in true Center of the American West fashion, the Center will bring experts from all sides of the issue to discuss energy and the American West. On March 19, in a very special Modern Indian Identity program, the Center is proud to host an evening with Grammy Award-winning musician, poet, writer, flute maker, and Taos Pueblo tribe member, ROBERT MIRABAL. And finally, the Center of the American West is honored to announce that SUPREME COURT JUSTICE SANDRA DAY O'CONNOR will receive the Center of the American West's 2008 Wallace Stegner Award. On April 17, 2008 Justice O'Connor will deliver an address in Macky Auditorium on the University of Colorado at Boulder campus. Join us this spring to be engaged, entertained, educated, and invigorated!



Life After College

Audrey Powell, B.A. Environmental Studies and Center of the American West Certificate graduate.

It was my pleasure to work for the Center of the American West last summer, assisting Patty with her annual Gilder Lehrman Seminar on Visions of the American Environment. The experience I gained allowed me to accept a job with the Project WET International Foundation this August. Project WET (Water Education for Teachers) is a nonprofit organization that writes, publishes, and distributes educational materials about water. The mission of Project WET is to reach children, parents, educators, and communities of the world with water education. With a coordinator in each state, we are able to address localized water issues and provide workshops for educators all over the United States. We also have programs in twenty-seven countries, books in eight languages, and we are working toward writing and distributing books to one thousand schools in Africa. I will personally be the leader in revising one of our kids' activity booklets on big rivers. My experience at the Center of the American West opened my eyes to the complexities of water management and the need for water education, collaboration, and management. I am pleased to now be working for such an amazing foundation furthering such a positive mission.

Academic Programs at the Center of the American West

Roni Ires, Academic Program Coordinator

The Center of the American West offers a multifaceted academic program for students interested in studying and engaging the West from the Center's unique perspective. Here are some academic program highlights of the Fall 2007 semester.

Internships

Five interns have been out in the field working for influential Western organizations under the guidance and mentorship of their Center-affiliated faculty sponsors. Students attended an orientation dinner on August 29 at which they met their sponsors, saw a video about the Center, and got some coaching and Center philosophy from Patty Limerick. On October 29, students gathered to give presentations about their experiences to an audience of fellow students and faculty. At the end of the semester, the group will come together once more at Patty's home to reflect on their internship experiences and share in the fellowship that distinguishes the Center's academic program.

Hoffman Scholars Program

Thanks to the generosity of Linda and Clancy Herbst, we continue to cover travel expenses for students to accompany Patty Limerick on trips to conferences and other field experiences. This semester's Hoffman Scholar is film student Shawna Riley. Shawna went to Nebraska with Patty and the Luminous Media production crew to assist in an on-location film shoot for the energy documentary-in-progress. Shawna appreciated the opportunity to hone her craft in a real-world setting under the mentorship of professionals, and the chance to take part in this exciting project. (See her account of this learning adventure on page 6.)

Independent Study

Researcher Buzzy Jackson is sponsoring an independent study for journalism graduate student Natasha Gardner on contemporary issues of women in the West. Natasha will be doing a literature review of women's writings about women in the West. Her research will later inform her thesis project, which she expects to complete in the Spring of 2008.

Western American Studies Undergraduate Certificate Program Events

On Thursday, September 27, four students from this semester's introductory course took advantage of our invitation to a breakfast meeting with author Ivan Doig. Seated at tables with board members, faculty members, and other friends of the Center over dishes of bacon and eggs, these students had a definitive initiation into the community-building ways of the Center and its unique offerings.

On Thursday, October 9, Patty attended the Kittredge Honors Program dinner with 100 distinguished freshmen seeking greater academic challenge from their college experience. The students viewed the *Living With Energy* video and heard from Patty about the Center's research, projects, and other opportunities. We expect to gain some new program students from this pool of very bright, highly-motivated students.

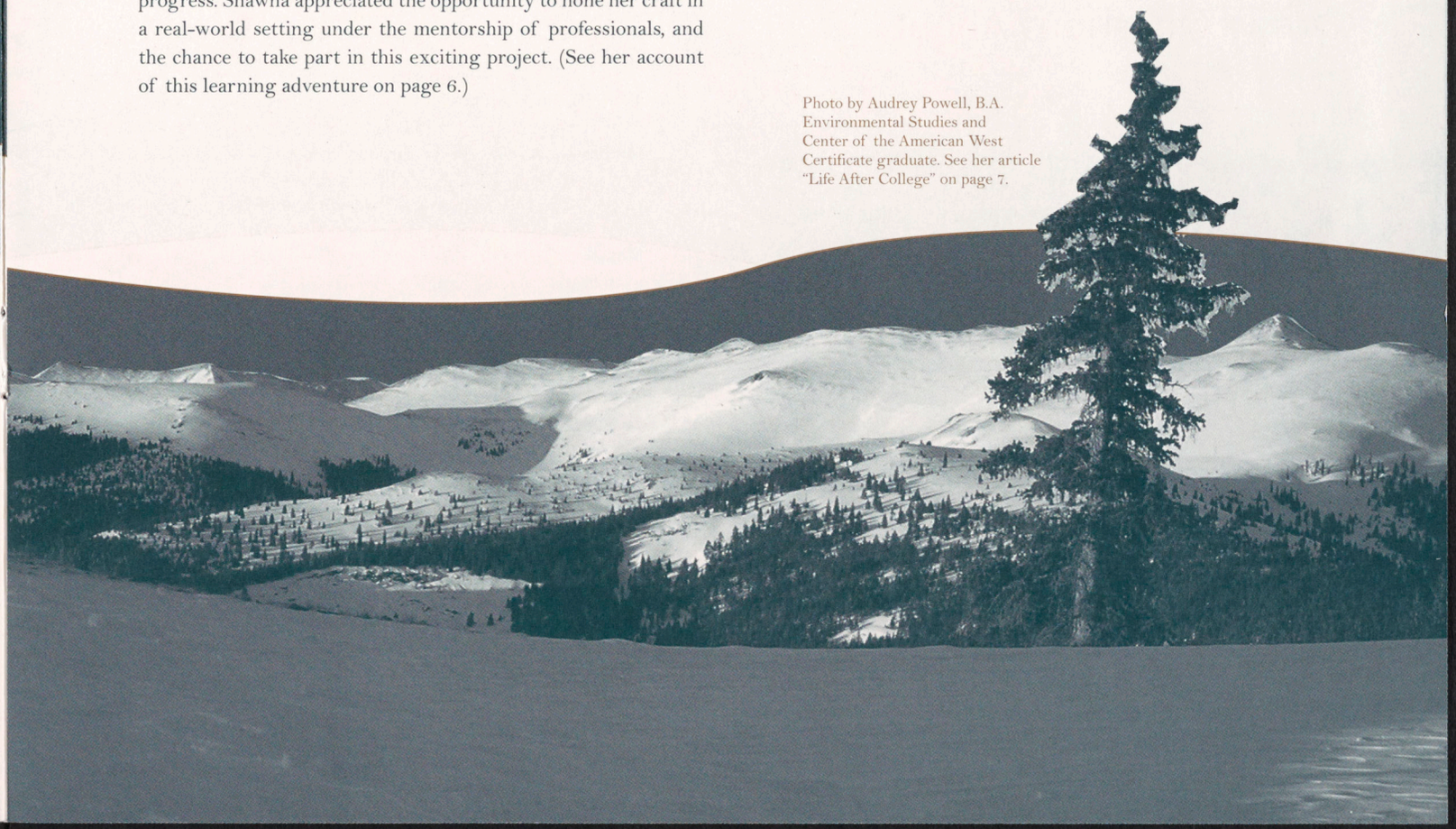


Photo by Audrey Powell, B.A. Environmental Studies and Center of the American West Certificate graduate. See her article "Life After College" on page 7.

Growing in the Online World

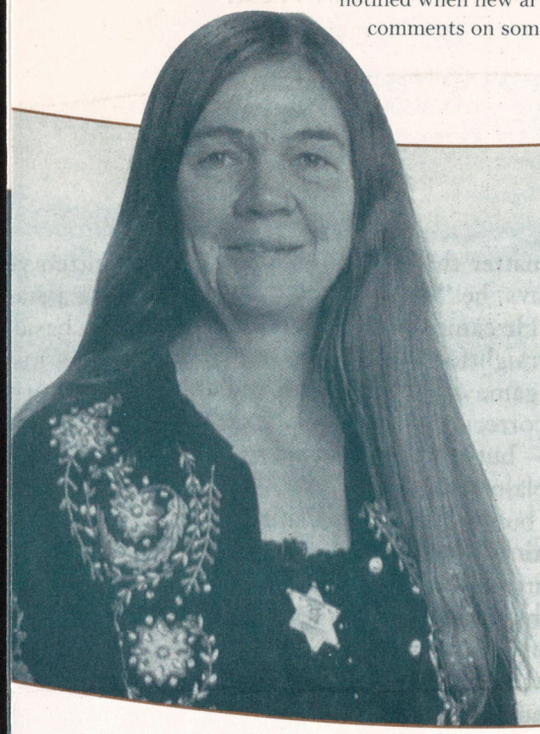
The Center's Website

Amber Blais Wilson, Community Relations

Have you seen the Center's website (www.centerwest.org) lately? It's chock full of exciting changes designed to make it more interactive and fun! Our favorite new element is our news page, which features articles by, for, and about the Center. Readers can even sign up to be notified when new articles are posted or to write comments on something they've read.

And in case you haven't heard, Patty's pedestrian diet has become all the rage in the blogosphere. In the last month we've had nearly 5,000 hits a week on limerickdiet.com! We are updating the look of the diet page so that people learn not only about how to lose weight, but also about the Center. Not only are we reshaping understandings of the West, we are also reshaping the bodies that inhabit it!

And that's not all! Keep visiting the site in coming months to view more online goodies, including our new online trading post (opening mid-2008), where we'll feature Center of the American West reports, books, and other Center materials.



...IONS FOR PATTY LIMERICK

Cowgirl Blues

The iconoclastic historian talks about why war and westerns go together, what Hollywood has always gotten wrong and why she loves John Wayne.

Q **As a professor of American history at the University of Colorado at Boul... and the chairwoman of the school's Center of the American West, what d... make of the flurry of new films that revisit Jesse James and the town of ... and the empty space of the desert landscape?** Just as we had an upsurge... in difficult westerns when we were struggling with Vietnam, now we'... struggling with Iraq...

Right W...

New York Times Interview Draws Questions About Abandoned Mine Count

Patty Limerick and Tim Brown

On November 11, the New York Times Sunday Magazine ran an interview with Patty Limerick on the recent resurgence of Westerns in Hollywood. As part of that interview, Patty mentioned offhand that "No one is going to make a film about the 500,000 abandoned mines in the West – and that may be too small a number – a symbol of the legacy of environmental damage." In the days that followed, we received three emails questioning the number she cited – a number that the Center referenced in our report on *Cleaning Up Abandoned Hardrock Mines in the West* (online at centerwest.org) – from skeptical readers who felt that the figure was irresponsibly overstated. We stand by that calculation, but we feel that readers who focus on a data dispute may be missing the larger significance of the West's abandoned mine problem.

The figure of 500,000 abandoned mines in the West is indeed necessarily an imprecise number, due largely to the fact that different state and federal inventories of these mines use different criteria. However, this number has been accepted as a ball-park figure in the recent policy and legislative discussions of the last ten years by groups as diverse as the Environmental Protection Agency, the Western Governors' Association, Earthworks, Trout Unlimited, and the Western Mining Association.

Despite this consensus, the number is only a crude indication of the problem in the West. We are grateful for the ever-increasing material standard of living we owe to the mining industry, but honesty requires that we also calculate the cost of these advances. The acidic water and heavy metals discharged by abandoned hardrock mines cause significant environmental injury. The remediation of these sites is difficult and extremely costly, and even once "cleaned up" they will require ongoing maintenance, often in perpetuity. (The Center is currently preparing a project to study the perpetual maintenance of closed mines.)

The exact numbers may be disputed, but what is not in question is that a great deal of valuable territory, much of it public land, is partially or wholly spoiled for fishing, hiking, and hunting. Whatever the figures are, no one disputes that the number of abandoned mines far exceeds the available resources needed to clean them up, and this is the real issue. Data disputes over the actual number of abandoned mines detract from the more important issues of securing the financial resources and legal indemnification for the cleanup of the worst sites.

Acknowledgement of Contributions:

April 2007-October 2007

The names below represent the Center of the American West's friends who helped make this year a success. We extend our sincere thanks for your support of the Center of the American West.

Every effort has been made to produce an accurate and comprehensive listing of donors. The Center of the American West apologizes for any incorrect listings, misspellings, or omissions.



Buffalo Stampede ©Mark Miller.
www.markmillerphotos.com

$100,000+

Anonymous
Leslie and Woody Eaton

$10,000+

Anonymous
Benson Mineral Group
with special thanks to Bruce and Marcy Benson
Sharon and Steve Binder
Nancy and Gary Carlston
Lucy and James Guercio
J. Paul Heffron
Caroline and Tom Hoyt
Mary W. Harriman Foundation
with special thanks to Wilhelm E. Northrop
Alan and Carol Ann Olson
Jeannie and J.C. Thompson, Ph.D
Tish and John Winsor
John and Nancy Wittemyer
WW Reynolds Company
with special thanks to Bill and Jane Reynolds

$5,000-$9,999

Stan and Judy Dempsey
The Wright Family Foundation
with special thanks to Ruth and Ken Wright

$1,000-$4,999

Jane and Carl Bock
Leo Hill
Daniel Ritchie
Janet and Dave Robertson
Wachovia Foundation
with special thanks to Steve Binder

$500-$999

Anonymous
D. Bruce Burns
Edward and Kay McDowell
John C. Whitaker
William and Sandra Condon Family Foundation

$100-$499

Anonymous
A Private Guide Inc.
with special thanks to Sid Wilson
Davis and Virginia Ammons
Marilyn Averill
Karen McMurry and Gary Berg
T. Allan Comp and Selma Thomas
Joann Dennett
Hugh and Ann Evans
Rick and Laurie Gabrielsen
F.A. Garcia and Trish Shepard
Louise and Ferdy Grauer
June Howard
Erik and Mary Jensen
Katherine and Timothy Lindholm
Herbert Marks
Dick and Donna Meckley
Elizabeth Mekkelsen
Kay Morgan
Brooks and June Pace
A.R. (Pete) Palmer
Peter and Ruth Philpott
Richard Sellars
Daniel Sloan
Ann N. Smith
Ann and John Vernon
Christine C. Woods-De Rael and James C. Woods
Sharyn and William Yeoman

$1-$99

Anonymous
John and Judy Andrikopoulos
Albert and Eleanor Bartlett
William and Louise Bradley
Elizabeth and George Bramhall
Barbara Brandt
Wilbur and Dee Brown
Lynne Coward
Wilma Deen
Nancy Dimit
Jean Dinwiddie
Margaret Fleming
Robert Greer
Phyllis Gunn
Catherine Hewins
Doug Hicks
Robert Keith
Karen Kinnear
John Kline
Helen Kreek
Michael Leccese and Kathleen McCormick
Mary Williams Fine Arts, LLC.
with special thanks to Mary Williams
Elinor and John McGinn
Hedy Page
Michael Poliakoff
George and Tami Raffensperger
Frank Rives
Phyllis Schwartz
Nancy Shain
Thomas and Claudette Siekmeier
Kay Stoakes
Wilda and James Swift
Sara and Steve Wiles

Support the Center! *The Center's events and programs would not be possible without help from our friends! Even a small donation can make a BIG difference!*

The Center of the American West takes as its mission the creation of forums for the respectful exchange of ideas and perspectives in the pursuit of solutions to the region's difficulties. We at the Center believe that an understanding of the historical origins of the West's problems, an emphasis on the common interests of all parties, and a dose of good humor are essential to constructive public discussion.

Center of the American West
University of Colorado at Boulder
Turning hindsight into foresight™

Name_____

Address_____

City_____State___ Zip_____

Phone_____

E-mail_____

Please Return to:
Center of the American West
University of Colorado
Macky 229
282 UCB
Boulder, Colorado 80309

If you have any questions please call us at 303.492.4879

Please make checks payable to CU Foundation

Enclosed is my gift of:

☐ $5000 ☐ $2500 ☐ $1000 ☐ $500 ☐ $250 ☐ $100 ☐ Other _____

Please use my gift for:

☐ Center of the American West (0121432)

☐ My corporate matching gift form is enclosed.

I would like to make my gift by credit card:

☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ American Express ☐ Discover

_____
Card Number Exp. Date

_____
Print name as it appears on card

_____
Signature

UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO • 1876 •

Colorado
University of Colorado at Boulder

Center of the American West
University of Colorado at Boulder
Campus Box 282
Boulder, CO 80309

303.492.4879

www.centerwest.org

Non Profit Org.
U.S. Postage
PAID
Boulder, CO
Permit # 711

Mr. Ivan Doig
Mrs. Carol Doig
17277 15th Ave NW
Shoreline, WA 98177-3846

MARKETPLACE

1, 6

© Copyright 2007 Dow Jones & Company, All Rights Reserved

r Aims
Derby
EPORT B4



The Glam Approach To Women Online
ADVERTISING B10

What the will of Wal-Mart's matriarch may mean for charities — MEDIA & MARKETING B10

Two changes at the top of Krispy Kreme; Plus, the Index to People — WHO'S NEWS B11

'It's the Only Thing That Lasts'

For Some Rich Americans, Accumulating Land Is Like Collecting Art and Autos

By Thaddeus Herrick

PROPERTY REPORT

In 2001, Kentucky native Brad Kelley sold his cigarette manufacturing company Commonwealth Brands Inc. for some $1 billion and promptly went on a shopping spree. He didn't go to Rodeo Drive or Fifth Avenue—he set his sights on the range.

Mr. Kelley bought hundreds of thousands of acres of West Texas ranchland. In Florida, he snapped up some 60,000 acres near Sarasota, where he breeds animals such as antelope and anoa, a miniature water buffalo native to Indonesia. Today he is the seventh-largest landowner in the U.S., according to the debut issue of The Land Report, a publication that bills itself as the magazine of the American landowner.

The rich are accumulating open spaces across the U.S. much as they have with vacation homes, automobiles and paintings in the past. As urban areas have grown, some well-off city dwellers have purchased spreads in remote places, thousands of miles from the typical playgrounds of the wealthy.

"It's like rare art," says Jim Taylor, president of Hall & Hall, a Billings, Mont., real-estate firm, that has worked with CNN founder Ted Turner, among other land buyers.

In West Texas, for example, **Amazon.com** Inc. founder Jeff Bezos has acquired several ranches in recent years totaling about 300,000 acres, making him No. 23 on The Land Report's list of the nation's top 100 landowners (Mr. Bezos declined comment for this story).

The push to amass acreage among the rich is part of a broader boom in which Americans outside the agricultural sector have been pouring money into land, pushing up prices. Farm real estate rose 15% in 2006 from 2005 to $1,900 per acre, according to the United States Department of Agriculture.

The wealth accumulated in the last decade by aging baby boomers has left them looking for places to put their money.

At the same time, in the agricultural stretches of America, the population is aging and the economy is in

Please turn to page B6

At Home on the Range

Top land-owning families and individuals in the U.S.

Owner/Source of wealth	Acres
Ted Turner/Media	2.0 million
Archie Aldis 'Red' Emmerson/Timber	1.72 million
Irving Family/ Timber, other	1.2 million
Singleton Family/Technology	1.0 million*
King Ranch Heirs/ Energy, agriculture	851,642
Pingree Heirs/Timber	850,000
Brad Kelley/Tobacco	789,851
Reed Family/Timber	770,000
Ford Family/Timber	740,000
Huber Family/ Timber, energy, other	600,000

*Approximate amount

Source: The Land Report



One of Ted Turner's many properties, the Flying D Ranch in Gallatin Gateway, Mont.

Turner Enterprises, Inc.

INDEX TO BUSINESSES

A

A.P. Moller-Maersk .. B9B
ABN Amro Holding A2,B2,C3
Acciona B4
Actividades de Construccion y Servicios B4
Adidas B10
Administaff C2
Advanced Micro Devices B11,C5
Agilent D3
AK Steel Holding A7
Alcatel-Lucent B11
Amazon.com ... A10,B1,C7
AMC Entertainment C2
American Intl Group . C13
Apple A1,A2,B1,B3
Arizona Beverage A3
AstraZeneca B2
Astroc Mediterraneo B4,C7
AT&T B3,C7
AU Optronics B3
Aviva C7

B

Banco Bilbao Vizcaya Argentaria B4
Banco Santander Central Hispano C3
Bank of America C3
Bank of Queensland .. C7
Barclays B2,C3
Baron Small Cap D1
Bendigo Bank C7
Bertelsmann B10
Best Buy Co. C1,C8
BHP Billiton A7
Blue Origin B6
Boein A2
BP A7,C7
Bradley Arant Rose & White D1
British Land B7
Brookfield Properties .. B4
Brown Shoe C7
Buckingham Securities Holdings B7
Buffalo Small Cap D1
Builders Grupo Ferrovial B4
Burlington Northern Santa Fe C8

C

Cabela's B6
Cadwalader Wickersham
Fairholme D1
Federated Investors C1
Fidelity Investments ... D9
Flir Systems D3
Fortis C3
Franklin Resources C1
Fujitsu B11

G

G Fiduciary D9
Gemstar-TV Guide International A1
General Electric ... A12,C2
General Motors . A7,C7,D9
Genesee & Wyoming B9B
Glacéau A3
Glam Media B10
GlaxoSmithKline A4
Goldman Sachs Group A2,C1,D3
Golfsmith International Holdings C7
Google D1
Grupo Santander B4

H

Hallmark Cards D9
Heidrick & Struggles Interntational B11
Highland Hospitality .. C14
Home Depot A2
Honda Motor C7
Honeywell International C2
HSBC Holdings B7
Humana B4

I

IBM B11,C1,C2,C7,D9
iLor D8
Information Capital ... B10
Intel B11
Interfaith Center for Corporate Responsibility B11
Interpublic Group B10
Ipsco A7
iShares MSCI Emerging Markets Index Fund .. C7

J

J.P. Morgan Chase D9
Janus Capital C1
Jarden B10
JER Partners C14
Jones Day B11

K

K2 ..... B10
KBS Realty Advisors ... B4
Keithley Instruments .. C2
Nautilus C2
Neil Gerber & Eisenberg B11
Neptune Marine Oil & Gas C1
Network Appliance D3
New York Private Bank & Trust B10
New York Times B10,C14
Newmont Mining A5
News Corp. A1
Nike B10
Nissan Motor C7
Northrop Grumman C8

O

Oakley C7
Orvis B6
O'Melveny & Myers ... B11

P

P.F. Chang D3
Packeteer C2
Partners, MDC B10
PepsiCo A2
Pfizer A2
Polaris Venture Partners B11
Power-One C2
Procter & Gamble .. A2,B1
Propinvest B7
Prosperity Homes B4
Prudential B7
Publicis Groupe B10
Pulte Homes C1

R

RadioShack C1
Renault C7
REX B4
Royal Bank of Scotland Group C3
Royal Dutch Shell A8

S

Sacyr Vallehermoso B4,C7
Samsung SDI B3
Savills B7
Sears Holdings A12
Sesa Goa C2
Shell Canada A8
Siemens A3
Skanska D9
Skybus Airlines D9
State Bancorp B11
Sturm Ruger C7
Sun Microsystems B11
Symantec D3

T

T. Rowe Price Group B10,C1,D1

BEST OF THE LAW BLOG

Excerpts from Recent Entries at WSJ.com's Law Blog

Tort-Reform Supporters Buy In to Power of the Press

By Peter Lattman

Tort-reform types have long pushed their message in the halls of state legislatures and Congress. Some are now taking another tack: trying to inform, and influence, by bankrolling local newspapers. Not surprisingly, at least one plaintiffs lawyer is fighting back.

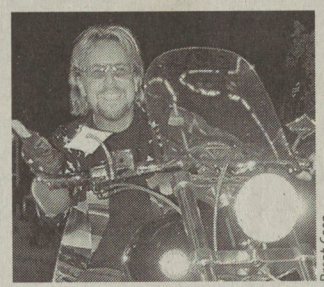
The showdown is brewing in Beaumont, Texas. Earlier this month, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, which advocates for business, launched a free weekly paper there that covers class-action, mass-tort and personal-injury litigation and editorializes against supposedly bogus claims.

Brent Coon, a colorful and well-known plaintiffs lawyer, filed a motion in state court seeking to question the editor and reporter of the paper, the Southeast Texas Record. Mr. Coon's motion alleged the pair distributed the paper to potential jurors in an effort to influence one of his asbestos cases and may have committed a "criminal act."

Judge Donald Floyd granted Mr. Coon's motion, which requested to "interrogate" the reporter and editor. The publisher has objected. A hearing is set for today.

Brian Timpone, the newspaper's publisher, says Mr. Coon's effort is a "Soviet-style intimidation tactic" designed to harass staffers. Mr. Coon called the newspaper a "propaganda machine."

The paper is one of three launched in recent years by the chamber through its legal arm, known as the Institute for Legal Reform, out of concern that the mainstream media has either largely ignored coverage of civil suits or is pro plaintiff, Mr. Timpone says. The papers don't indicate their affiliation with the chamber.



Brent Coon

Plaintiffs lawyer Brent Coon

It appears the venues the chamber selected—Madison County, Ill., Charleston, W.Va. and Beaumont—weren't picked out of a hat. In 2006, the American Tort Reform Association named all of them "Judicial Hellholes," areas where juries award large verdicts for plaintiffs.

Life After Wachtell

Amid the legal news last week, American Lawyer mentioned in passing that Michael S. Katzke, once an executive-compensation partner at **Wachtell, Lipton, Rosen & Katz** LLP, had left the firm at the end of last year to start a career in social work.

Left Wachtell for social work? According to the American Lawyer, profits-per-partner at Wachtell in 2005 averaged about $3.8 million.

Mr. Katzke, 48, says

thoughts of
gan after hi
cancer in 2
he was pro
"When I ca
grind, I reco
difficult for
passion and
the long ter
"there's a di
than the co

He didn
away. He jo
board of Mak
tion of Metro
gan reading
Manhattan
one night a
ried in 2004
lyst, and on
twins in 200
predictabilit
cut into fa
caused him t
a move. "G
ences with th
ing and deat
chology or so
the right thi

Mr. Katzk
firm last Apr
at the end of

Since the
Mr. Katzke ha
undergradua
and sociolog
lumbia Unive
cepted to the
program. He s
cided betwe
and counselir

He calls W
place to pract
he "gets twi
and then" wh
new deals in
"I'm still addi
Berry. That's

Deals at

It's been
M&A lawyers
Wardwell LL
advised on fo
ing merger
announceme
ued at more

To hand
deals, Davis
sterdam, Ne

MARKETPLACE

THE PROPERTY REPORT

The Art of Collecting Vast Open Spaces

Continued from page B1

many cases unable to sustain ranches and farms.

A study published in the journal Society and Natural Resources said between 1990 and 2001 only about a quarter of those who bought parcels of 400 acres or larger in 10 Montana and Wyoming counties were traditional ranchers.

More recently, real-estate brokers say, buyers have been scouring the Great Plains for spreads that offer hunting and fishing, wooed by brokerage outfits spearheaded by retailers such as **Orvis** Co. and **Cabela's** Inc.

While the typical land buyer these days is looking for a remote piece of wilderness or ranchland for outdoor sporting activites, or simply to admire the beauty of the landscape, the top landowners tend to be driven by more varied interests.

Mr. Bezos, for example, used his parched land in the far reaches of West Texas last year to test a developmental vehicle for his space-flight company, **Blue Origin** LLC, while Roxanne Quimby, cofounder of cosmetics and candle company Burt's Bees, has acquired acreage in the northwoods of Maine for conservation.

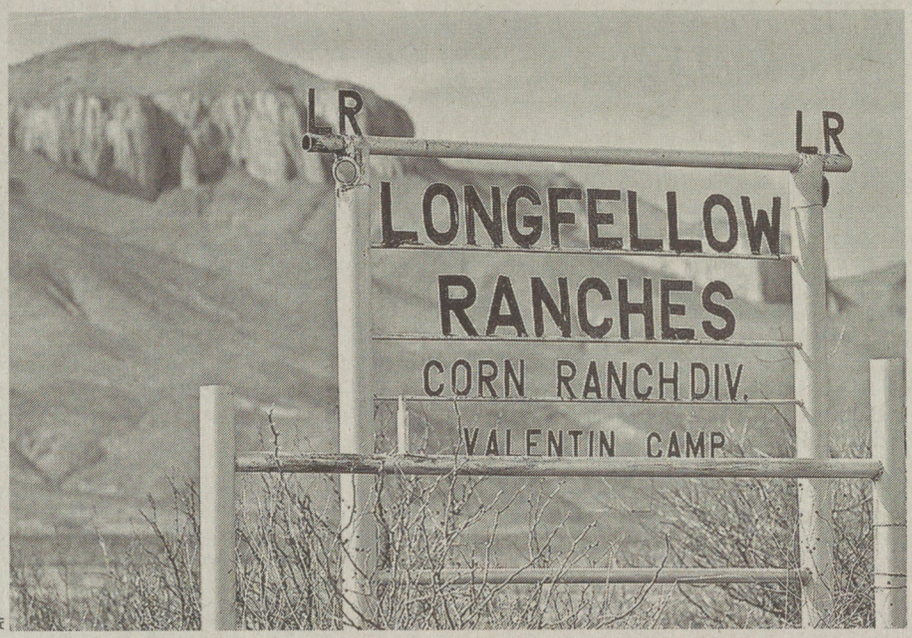
To be sure, the nation's rich have long owned large tracts of land. But population growth and urban development have made far-flung property more desirable, while advances in transportation and communication have made it more accessible. That, combined with the sort of wealth made by Mr. Bezos of Amazon.com ($4.3 billion, according to Forbes Magazine's 2006 estimate) and the woes of the agricultural economy, has sustained the land boom for the very wealthy.

'If you're a hedge fund you buy stocks. If you're a rancher, you buy land,' says Brad Kelley, who says he owns 1.2 million acres.

The owners of the Dallas-based Land Report LLC, publisher of the magazine, believe the phenomenon merits monthly coverage. With a circulation of 40,000, The Land Report is distributed free to 30,000 of the nation's largest landowners and to some 10,000 industry professionals, such as real-estate brokers.

"There is an enormous niche that was completely underserved," says Eric O'Keefe, the magazine's editor.

But the concentration of land in the hands of a privileged few could yield a backlash. Ms. Quimby, who sold Burt's Bees in 2002 to private equity firm AEA Investors LLC for $177 million (she retained 20% ownership in the company), wants to assemble about 100,000 acres to help realize a decade-old dream among Maine conservationists to create a national park. She says she has amassed 80,000 acres so far.



AP

Longfellow Ranches near Van Horn, Texas; the property is owned by Amazon.com founder **Jeff Bezos**.

But some locals in the town of Millinocket were outraged when Ms. Quimby proclaimed that her land would be off-limits to logging, hunting and motorized vehicles, including snowmobiles. Now they sport "Ban Roxanne" T-shirts.

"Our way of life is being threatened," says Jimmy Busque, a member of the Millinocket town council and a steam plant operator at the local paper mill.

No. 100 on The Land Report list, Ms. Quimby agreed to allow a year of hunting and motorized access on her latest purchase, the 25,000-acre Sand Stream Sanctuary, which came last September. But she is unapologetic about her plans for her newly acquired property, much of which she has purchased from logging companies. "I don't have to argue the environmental merits of anything," says Ms. Quimby. "I own it."

The nation's largest private landowner is Ted Turner, whose portfolio includes 15 ranches in seven Western states and a total of about two million acres. Long intrigued by bison and how close the animal came to extinction, Mr. Turner acquired his land over the past 30 years in large part to raise livestock. Today his herd of about 45,000 bison allow most of his ranches to pay for themselves in part through sales of steaks and burgers around the country and Mr. Turner's restaurant chain, Ted's Montana Grill.

Mr. Turner's latest acquisition came in 2005 in Nebraska, where he bought almost 65,000 acres for about $19 million. Russ Miller, general manager of Turner Enterprises Inc., which manages Mr. Turner's land, says the profound economic and demographic change under way in the Great Plains have enabled Mr. Turner to assemble such a large swath.

Why so much? "It's the only thing that lasts," says Mr. Miller. It's a declaration Mr. Turner has made in the past, echoing the famous line from "Gone With the Wind."

Mr. Kelley, who was raised on a farm, says he amassed about half of his landholdings before selling his cigarette manufacturing company. (The Land Report says he has 789,851 acres, but he puts the total at about 1.2 million acres.) Since 2001 he has redoubled his efforts to build a ranching empire, acquiring cattle operations across the country and breeding hoofstock in conjunction with zoos.

One place of particular interest for Mr. Kelley has been the Big Bend region of Texas, a vast expanse in the state's western corner. In Brewster County, the size of Rhode Island and Connecticut combined, Mr. Kelley owns a total of 429,366 acres, according to the county appraisal office.

"I have an appreciation for land," says Mr. Kelley. "That's sort of where my heart's at."

But Mr. Kelley dismisses the notion that he is a land collector, albeit No. 7 on the list of the nation's top 100. "It's not a hobby," he says. "If you're a hedge fund you buy stocks. If you're a rancher, you buy land."

Marcus & Millichap

36 Years of Specialization – The Largest Sales Force - The M

Since 1971, Marcus & Millichap has specialized in real estate investment services. Over the years, we have perfected t system delivered through the industry's largest team of real estate investment experts. Our clients don't just buy with our cutting-edge research and leverage our national platform to maximize value. To access the inves

THE FOLLOWING IS JUST A FRACTION OF OUR EXCLUSIVE



MULTI-FAMILY

618 Units, Richmond, VA, 6.25 CAP
Price: $84,900,000 Listing Office: Washington, D.C.
Four Class A newly constructed luxury apt. communities

192 Units, West Palm Beach, FL, 9.85 GRM
Price: $17,995,000 Listing Office: Fort Lauderdale
Value-added opp, major renovations, rental upside

204 Units, Fort Wayne, IN, 5.38 GRM
Price: $6,300,000 Listing Office: Indianapolis
Six 3-story bldgs. with laundry facility and clubhouse

485 Units, Junction City, KS, 8.59 GRM
Price: $55,775,000 Listing Office: Kansas City
Newly constructed Class A townhome comm. w/upside

155 Units, Miami Beach, FL, 16.4 GRM
Price: $29,000,000 Listing Office: Miami
Strong rental market, 2.5 acres of contiguous land

107 Units, Albany, OR, 8.58 GRM
Price: $3,725,000 Listing Office: Portland
Proven performer, 100% occ., redevelopment potential

200 Units, Corpus Christi, TX, 7.63 GRM
Price: $17,000,000 Listing Office: Houston
New constr., high occ., assumable low interest loan

71 Units, Las Vegas, NV, 7.7 GRM
Price: $3,300,000 Listing Office: Las Vegas
Downtown location, excellent condition, rental upside

554 Units, Olmstead Township, OH, 7.89 CAP
Price: $32,500,000 Listing Office: Cleveland
95% occ., majority 2 bedrooms, below market rents

66 Units, Phoenix, AZ, 6.5 GRM
Price: $3,975,000 Listing Office: Phoenix
70% 2- and 3-bd. units, $71/sf, high occupancy

100 Units, Tallahassee, FL, 5.24 GRM
Price: $3,400,000 Listing Office: Orlando
9 bldgs. on 8 acres, wood frame constr. w/brick veneer

10 Units, Redondo Beach, CA, 16.5 GRM
Price: $4,300,000 Listing Office: Newport Beach
Coastal property, townhouses with ocean views

158 Units, Cincinnati, OH, 4.67 GRM
Price: $3,100,000 Listing Office: Cincinnati
Portfolio, rent below market, vacancy above market

149 Units, Ypsilanti, MI, 2.9 GRM
Price: $2,680,000 Listing Office: Detroit
Village Grove Apartments

12 Units, Van Nuys, CA, 24.3 GRM
Price: $3,500,000 Listing Office: Long Beach
Excellent turnkey property in great rental market

114 Units, Margate, FL, 8.84 GRM
Price: $9,690,000 Listing Office: Fort Lauderdale
All 2-bdrms., concrete construction, desirable location

200 Units, Lafayette, IN, 5.47 GRM

357 Units, Elizabeth, NJ, 4.56 GRM / 7.68 CAP
Price: $26,755,000 Listing Office: Philadelphia
100% HAP contract, outstanding cash flow

192 Units, West Palm Beach, FL, 9.9 GRM
Price: $7,995,000 Listing Office: Newport Beach
Center of upscale redevelopment, 10 acres, play area, pool

15 Units, New York, NY, 13.73 GRM
Price: $3,750,000 Listing Office: Manhattan
13 gut renovated apartments and 2 commercial stores

38 Units, Stockton, CA, 10.08 GRM
Price: $3,350,000 Listing Office: Oakland
Spacious, 2-bd. units, assumable debt, 1989 constr.

16 Units, West Hollywood, CA, 18.7 GRM
Price: $3,600,000 Listing Office: Encino
A+ location, approximately 1/2 acre, develop 27 condos



RETAIL

Shopping Center, St. Cloud, MN, 7.01 CAP
Price: $15,200,000 Listing Office: Minneapolis
100% leased, 4-tenant center in major retail area

Shopping Strip, Marana, AZ, 6.0 CAP
Price: $4,562,000 Listing Office: Phoenix
2007 constr., 7,490 sf, three tenants, NNN leases

Shopping Strip, Sayreville, NJ, 6.45 CAP
Price: $4,900,000 Listing Office: New Jersey
Dunkin Donuts anch., pad site to build 3k sf included

Shopping Strip, Chicago, IL, 7.17 CAP
Price: $10,614,000 Listing Office: Chicago Downtown
National tenants, Chase Bank, infill location

Shopping Center, Mission, TX, 7.0 CAP
Price: $4,858,000 Listing Office: Houston
Fastest growing MSA in TX, next to 1M sf of retail

Shopping Center, Pompano Beach, FL, 4.9 CAP
Price: $11,750,000 Listing Office: Fort Lauderdale
Value-added opportunity, A+ location, $57k/sf

Shopping Center, Cincinnati, OH, 7.98 CAP
Price: $2,121,000 Listing Office: Cincinnati
Kroger shadow anchored, 100% national credit

Shopping Center, Evergreen, CO
Price: $7,675,000 Listing Office: Denver
10.1% cash on cash, $5.7M loan at 5.7%

Shopping Strip, Orlando, FL, 7.75 CAP
Price: $4,400,000 Listing Office: Orlando
Fully leased, includes free-standing Krispy Kreme

Shopping Center, Las Vegas, NV, 6.0 CAP
Price: $20,865,000 Listing Office: Las Vegas
Brand new trophy center, exclnt. tenant mix & loc.

Shopping Strip, Arlington, TX, 7.58 CAP
Price: $6,000,000 Listing Office: Portland
95% of tenants leased through 2011, new constr.

Shopping Center, Aurora, CO, 7.9 CA
Price: $10,875,000 Listing Office: Den
Value-added opportunity, low price per s



SINGLE NE

Single-Tenant, Grand Island, NE, 9.56
Price: $4,064,000 Listing Office: Manh
Low price per sf, available with or witho

Single-Tenant, North Las Vegas, NV, 5.9
Price: $16,500,000 Listing Office: Las V
Sale leaseback, 15-yr. NNN with 3% an

Single-Tenant, Newcastle, PA, 7.9 CAP
Price: $6,122,688 Listing Office: Newp
NNN lease w/14.5 yrs. remaining, annua

Single-Tenant, New Philadelphia, OH,
Price: $2,550,000 Listing Office: Philad
Fee simple Sheetz, 11+ yrs. remaining on

Single-Tenant, Greeneville, TN, 8.15 C
Price: $1,874,000 Listing Office: Chica
20-yr. absolute net lease, 1.25% annual r

Single-Tenant, Santa Clara, CA, 5.15 C
Price: $2,700,000 Listing Office: Palo Al
Freestanding, highly visible off of Highwa

Single-Tenant / Ground Lease, Algiers,
Price: $1,100,000 Listing Office: Jackso
New 20-yr. lease w/12% escalations, corp

Single-Tenant, Toms River, NJ, 7.5 CA
Price: $3,150,000 Listing Office: New J
Open Dec. '07, East Coast's fastest growing

Joe's Crab Shack, Various States, 6.75 –
Price: $2,203,114–$3,887,644 Listing Offi
Can be sold individually or as a portfolio

Single-Tenant, Carlsbad, CA, 5.0 CAP
Price: $6,320,000 Listing Office: Ontario
Pride of ownership, low rent, excellent vis

Single-Tenant, Colorado Springs, CO, 7
Price: $1,427,000 Listing Office: Denver
Jiffy Lube facility, Allied Lube tenant, 10-

Single-Tenant, Sacramento, CA, 6.63 CA
Price: $8,400,000 Listing Office: Oaklan
38,900 sf Levitz NNN with entitled pad

Single-Tenant, Wauwatosa, WI, 10.0 CA
Price: $4,080,000 Listing Office: Chicago
Sale leaseback, 19-yr. leasehold, annual re

Single-Tenant, Fremont, CA, 6.49 CAP
Price: $3,075,000 Listing Office: Palo Alt
Brand new Warren 880 exit to be complet



OFF IND

Office, Falls Church, VA

Stegner Am West as Living Space: filecard notes in myeloma "Journey" file

armers impact

GF Trib Dec. 3, '89

T.J. GILLES
Tribune Agriculture Editor

Cowboys may always be heroes to Willie Nelson and others, but the farmers who settled and transformed Montana during the early part of this century have no such legendary image.

Speaking last week following a Montana Grain Growers Association banquet, historian William Lang noted that most of the farmers in the audience had donned cowboy boots for the occasion, although those who actually owned livestock were in a distinct minority.

Lang, former editor of "Montana: The Magazine of Western History," said that the cowboy era in Montana had a brief but colorful history, yet the myth and legend of the cowboy remains a dominant and heroic part of Montana's culture and mind-set.

Farmers who came to the state during the first 20 years of this century, on the other hand, had a monumental role in hemispheric history and created a civilization out of nothing. And stayed.

Yet Lang said that the concept of the Montana farmer as a hero is almost laughable. It really is.

"Do you know what historians say about farmers? Have you read it? It's horrible."

In those rare instances where historians actually mention farmers and their role in settling the West, he said, the typical description says 'they came out to exploit" free land and make big money selling wheat as war profiteers during World War ..

"They say that farmers in Montana are complainers," he said.

That stems back to crises during the late 19th century, when the Populist movement included farmers as well as labor and free-silver advocates, he said. When farm policies were enacted as a result of political pressure, they usually were "half-assed laws" administered by Eastern bureaucrats who knew nothing about conditions of the West and set up programs which often backfired, Lang contended.

So, Lang concluded, the Montana farmer's image has become one of "asking for help and then complaining about the help they get."

"Is this a symbolic anti-hero? Is this a mythological figure, the Montana farmer?"

Not quite.

Montana farmers of the early part of this century had a unique role in world history. There was some farming, much of it prosperous, in the state's irrigated valleys before the homestead era, he said, but no political base. Until relaxed and expanded homestead laws came into effect, Lang said, "Montana was, agriculturally speaking, a vacant lot waiting to be developed."

> "What came out of this homestead experiment wasn't just the farming. On this frontier these people created a society that's never been created before or since. They created a civilization, a society out of thin air."
> — *Historian William Lang*

Boosted by the government's free land and the railroads' promise of a great future that would involve supplies and home furnishings arriving in boxcars and grain being loaded in those same cars, Montana got settled but quick, Lang said.

Between 1905 and 1920, he said, some 300,000 people established 80,000 new farms.

"It was the largest single agricultural migration in North American history," Lang said. "It was the single largest five-year movement of people in United States history," including not just gold rushes but the mass migration of Southern blacks to northern states during the 1870s and 19-teens.

Lang said: "What came out of this homestead experiment wasn't just the farming ... On this frontier these people created a society that's never been created before or since ... They created a civilization, a society out of thin air."

The mass migration might also be viewed as one of the most impressive mass hallucinations in global history, although Lang didn't say that.

People believed.

"Homestead locators got a bad rap ... They were upright folks trying to sell something they believed in, which is Montana land," he said. When people started to "prove up" and erected or moved their little 12-by-16 or 16-by-24 tarpaper shacks, he added, "They weren't going to live like that very long. They came with the idea that they were going to make it."

By 1920, Lang said, Montana was "the largest purchaser of power agricultural equipment in the world."

A post-war collapse in prices and

See HISTORY, 3H

History

Farmers overlooked

FROM 1H

years of drought in the 1920s spelled doom for many of the highly leveraged newcomers.

Between 1920 and 1925 the eastern plains economy centered around the grain elevator, the railroad and its towns suffered "the worst economic downturn in the state's history," Lang said, as more than half the state's banks failed and "whole towns' financial base was taken and destroyed."

A slower Montana migration, this one outward, began and many would say the process continues today.

In his interviews with old-timers about the Depression, Lang said, he has to be careful to be sure which depression his sources are talking about. The Great Depression of the 1930s that allegedly began with the stock market crash of '29 almost was unnoticed by some Montanans after what had happened in the early 1920s, he said.

The big Depression was unfathomable to many Montana farmers.

"There's less wheat and the price keeps dropping ... there's less of it and we get less for it. It made less sense than the first depression, which everybody understood," Lang said.

In 1935, 23 percent of Montana families on relief, he said, most rural families rustled for work in town or attempted to go crops and went on and off relief year after year depending on how they had fared, he said.

Lang theorized that although many Montanans may lack an image — a symbol of the Montana agriculturalist — the image exists.

"The symbol is endurance," Lang said, "and the myth — that's the story we tell ourselves because we need stories — is that that's all we need."

OUTDOORS/Peter Kaminsky

Here's to a Year of Preserving the Majesty

As the close of the year brings home the lesson of the mighty and unpredictable power of nature, it also serves to remind us that we are sometimes the guardians, as well as the subjects, of the natural order.

Anglers, hunters and other people who derive pleasure from the outdoors have long been at the forefront of American conservation, and this year, once again, I have asked three conservation organizations to share their wishes for what would enhance sporting opportunities and the chance to enjoy the wild.

• • •

New York's Adirondack Park has been an example of the possibilities for the coexistence of development and wilderness.

"The Adirondacks are a safety deposit box for biodiversity, where we find 90 percent of the animals and plants native to the noncoastal Northeast," said Peter Bauer, the executive director of the Residents' Committee to Protect the Adirondacks (rcpa.org). The area includes healthy populations of brook trout and white-tailed deer.

Development and environmental set-asides have gone hand-in-hand in the Adirondacks, in contrast with forever-wild national parks.

But, Bauer noted, a legislative act that has guided this process is more than 30 years old and in need of review to provide incentives for individuals to keep their land timbered and undeveloped. Moreover, with 2.5 million acres of the park in protected forest and 3.5 million acres remaining in private hands, the state has the opportunity to acquire tracts that might otherwise be developed.

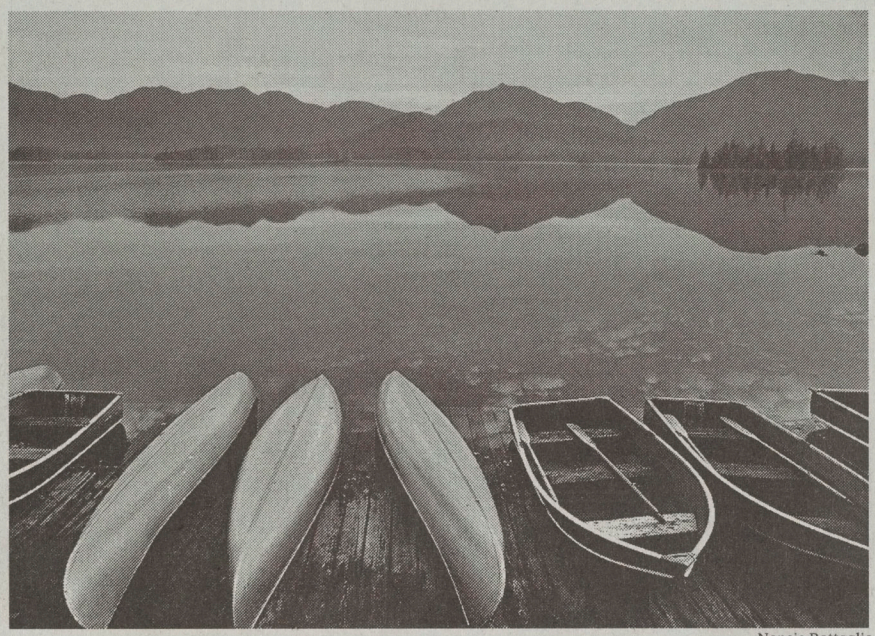
Bauer expressed his wish in a call to state action.

"Governor Pataki set a goal of acquiring one million acres of wilderness, and he has come near to that goal, with 750,000 acres statewide and 450,000 in the Adirondacks," he said. "Should the state acquire 250,000 in the final two years of his term, Pataki will have a legacy — both fiscally conservative and progressively green — that his successors can never equal because of the limited amount of open space left."

Perhaps the most pressing issue on the land-use agenda is the question of the survival of the roadless areas in the country's national forests. Totaling nearly 60 million acres, they constitute the largest tracts of wilderness.

Scott Stouder ("closest post office: Pollock, Idaho") is a third-generation logger and lifelong outdoorsman.

Although he characterized himself as more of a hunter than an angler, he is in charge of Trout Unlimited's Public Lands Initiative.



Nancie Battaglia

The Adirondack wilderness, including Elk Lake in North Hudson, N.Y., offers a rich habitat, including thriving brook trout and white-tailed deer.

coincide with the areas of greatest watershed protection," he said.

The Bush administration has been uncomfortable with strong federal enforcement of roadless rules and their limitations on logging and mining.

Last summer, the administration announced plans to turn the protection of these lands back to the states.

Stouder said he saw a danger in the defederalization of protection.

Replacing one strong national policy with 50 yet-to-be-invented sets of local regulations could, he feared, leave an opening for development interests to rush into the regulatory vacuum with a maze of roads and large-scale logging and mining operations.

Stouder's wish is to do less rather than more.

"We should protect these areas and not only for sportsmen and women," he said. "They are intact migratory routs for elk, wolves, trout, salmon and grayling. They have worked for thousands of years. We must not let them disappear overnight."

• • •

Not surprisingly, the first two wishes have to do with areas that fit the common conception of wilderness: places with big trees, big animals and lots of water.

But, by far, the largest ecosystems are comparatively treeless, semiarid and not as abundant in glamorous big game.

This is the region of the West, comprising most of the basin and range that is referred to, quite poetically, as the Sage

an Arizona lawyer and the director of the Sagebrush Sea Campaign, "We are talking about all that land between where people are and where they are going to."

This area abounds in game species like mule deer and pronghorn antelope, as well as hundreds of rare birds, wildflowers and smaller animals. Yet it is erroneously thought of as an arid, empty space.

In fact, it is a vibrant ecosystem with more biodiversity than many so-called virgin forests.

"Because it is overlooked, it has received little government protection," Salvo said. "However, protection works."

He pointed to "a spectacular success story" in Oregon, the Hart Mountain National Antelope Refuge, where there has been recovery in pronghorn and sage grouse populations since livestock were removed in 1994.

To focus attention on the fate of the Sagebrush Sea, conservationists have sought to gain endangered-species status for the sage grouse, a lovely game bird that is hardly hunted anymore because its numbers have declined precipitously and its habitat has been degraded.

The United States Fish and Wildlife Service was to have ruled last week on a recommendation not to list the species as endangered. That ruling has been postponed.

Salvo's wish is that this beautiful bird, a sure symbol of a healthy sagebrush ecosystem, will be listed as endangered, thereby preserving a major American wilderness.

And with that, let us close the book on

The New York Tim
Automobi
SUNDAY, JANUARY 2, 2005

Slamming the Trunk on the Year of the Ca

By JAMES G. COBB

SO it's already 2005, which under the auto industry's peculiar calendar means the 2006 models will start rolling in any day now. Actually, in seven days: press previews at the Detroit auto show get under way next Sunday.

But hold on: before automakers' hoopla machines start spewing dry-ice fog around the latest sheet metal, let's close the books on '04. As in years past, this page marks the arrival of January with a recap of notable vehicles from the preceding 12 months.

The list that follows is not objective, nor is it drawn from an exhaustive universe of candidates; there is no practical way to take the wheel in all of the 270-odd automotive nameplates sold in the United States (a number that does not include variations in trim or body styles). Some worthy models were not available for testing, and I never managed to get seat time in some significant new cars, including the Audi A6, the Lotus Elise, the redesigned Porsche 911, the Buick LaCrosse and the Pontiac G6.

Likewise, while some notable new hybrid models arrived in 2004 — the Toyota Prius made the list a year ago — my assessments of the Ford Escape Hybrid and Honda Accord Hybrid will have to wait. Both look promising, though like all hybrids so far, they command a price premium that largely negates the savings on fuel.

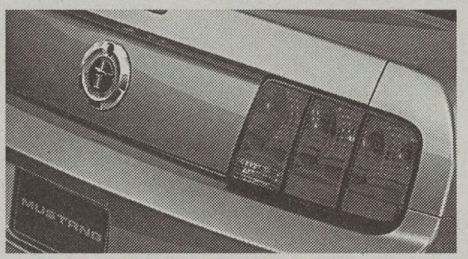
Aside from the rise of hybrids, the year was notable for a jump in gasoline prices (which put a damper on sales of large S.U.V.'s) and increases in incentives like rebates (many of them aimed at luring pump-shocked customers into those S.U.V.'s).

Manufacturers kept adding sport utilities, of course, but the action last year was clearly in the long-neglected automobile; Ford even declared 2004 "the year of the car."

I would not disagree. While the latest sport utilities are better than their predecessors, most do not move the bar very far. A notable exception is the Land Rover LR3, a big improvement over its tired, quality-challenged predecessor, the Discovery.

Here, then, are a baker's dozen of the most memorable vehicles of last year:

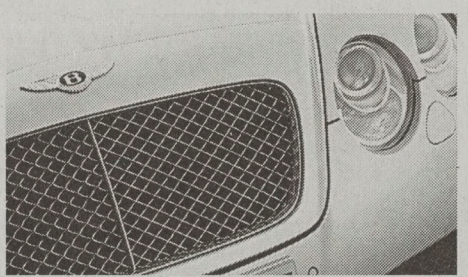
CHRYSLER 300 (Base price $23,920; 300C as tested $34,575) I wouldn't presume to anoint a "car of the year" — there are plenty of those already — but I'll go out on a limb to say this: If ever a new automobile stood out above its peers, it is this new Chrysler. Noth-



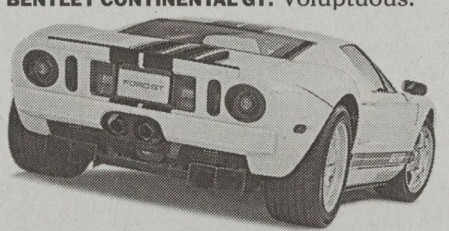
FORD MUSTANG: Retro yet modern.



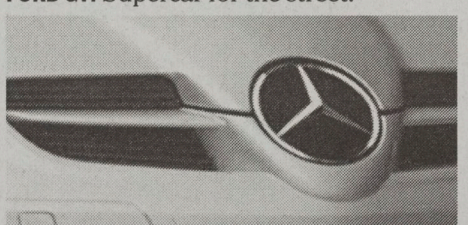
SCION tC: A jewel box.



BENTLEY CONTINENTAL GT: Voluptuous.

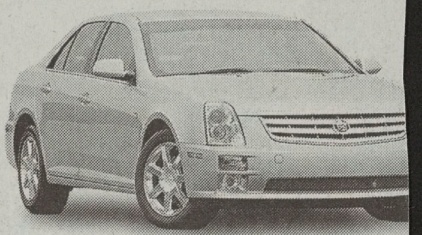


FORD GT: Supercar for the street.

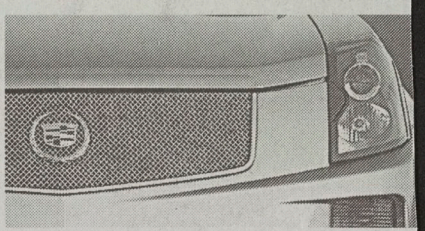


MERCEDES-BENZ SLK350: It's a guy thing.





CADILLAC STS: American without excu



CADILLAC CTS-V: G.M.'s supersedan.



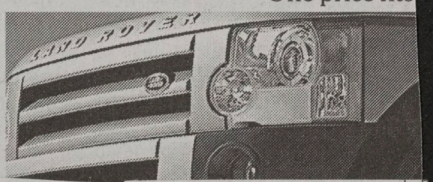
HONDA ODYSSEY: Performs like a car.



CHEVROLET CORVETTE: Blue-collar ex



ACURA One price fits



12/29/04

R - _____ TO Carol + Ivan

DOI G _____ T _____ N _____

MATERIAL I ran across this in The Puyallup paper—
you can show it to your history buff friends—
a conversation piece!

FORM 6054-1

—Mark

em as ... wolf goes after ... eep. Dowie was never in earnest; he as always a fraud, swindler, and liar. owie is not religious; he is mercenary, reedy, cunning. He knows more in a ay than his followers know in a year, nd he attempted to use this knowledge o rob them. Dowie deserves no more ity than a robber who failed to get way with the goods. If you want to ity anybody, pity Dowie's victims, who have been scolded and robbed for ears by an insolent old loafer and hief. Dowie could make a good speech, nd wanted to realize on it; he could control men as can many other frauds, and wanted to make money out of his power. He accumulated a vast fortune, but rival robbers sprang up in his own church and downed him."

TO REPUBLICANS.

To the Editor: We are anxious to have every republican in close touch, and working in harmony with the Republican National Congressional Committee in favor of the election of a republican congress.

The congressional campaign must be based on the administrative and legislative record of the party, and, that being so, Theodore Roosevelt's personality must be a central figure and his achievements a central thot in the campaign.

We desire to maintain the work of this campaign with popular subscriptions of $1 each from republicans. To each subscriber we will send the Republican National Campaign Text Book and all documents issued by the committee.

Help us achieve a great victory.

JAMES S. SHERMAN, Chairman.
P. O. Box 2063 New York.

National Convention of Christian Churches at Buffalo, N. Y., October 12 to 17 Inclusive

For the above occasion the Northern Pacific Railway Company will sell round trip tickets from Puyallup to Buffalo for $84.50, dates of sale October 5 and 6. Going limit ten days. Return limit to November 15.

E. M. RICE, Local Agt.

more than 7,000,000 feet. On this showing the Gray's Harbor manufacturers claim theirs to be the leading lumber port of the world.

† † †

The regents and faculty of the University of Washington have issued an edict prohibiting smoking on the campus or near any of the university buildings. Whether students are addicted to smoking the well rounded bit cigars, a little curved stem pipe, or the aromatic cigarette, they will hereafter have to indulge in their pleasure in the woods or somewhere besides the college campus.

Puyallup Republican p. 4 Oct. 5, 1906

† † †

While rambling in the woods on the peninsula last week, between Oysterville and Nahcotta, C. E. Green of South Bend, Wash., made a curious discovery. Near an old, decayed log he found the remains of what appeared to be an Indian canoe and while kicking the debris around, he found six very peculiar and apparently, very old coins. These coins bear no date and expressed no value, but are of copper and about the size of a one cent piece. On one side is the head of Washington in profile and around the margin the words "George Washington." On the reverse side are the rays of a blazing sun, between which gleam thirteen stars, and around the margin appear these words "Success to the United States."

† † †

The evil of "toting shooting irons," even by ministers of the gospel, is exemplified by the following: The body of Rev. S. C. Stanhope was brot to Everett from Silverton last Monday, where the minister was said to have been accidentally shot Sunday morning. A revolver slipped from his pocket while he was drinking at a spring, striking a rock. He was instantly killed. Stanhope came to Everett a few months ago with his wife and five children from Stuttgart, Ark., where he was a member of the Methodist

sharpness ... speeding to its mark.

It is best to avoid expressions, q tions, saws and sayings that p who are too lazy to think have putting into print since the m ages. Probably just after the Francisco earthquake nine ou every ten newspapers told us tha city was going to "rise, phenix from its ashes." It is high time poor old phenix bird had a rest, with the mother-in-law joke an expressions "women fainted" "women became hysterical." Ste ways away from phrases others used before you. If you can't do you are not meant for a writer.

The one who aims to get a goo must study modern masters of c sition—study but not imitate One of the noblest masters of n English is Robert Louis Stevens

There is a difference between nalism and literature that mu kept in mind. The brilliant, hu up to date journalist is seldom li If you must write, choose whi will have—journalism with it and whirl and fascination of under white heat pressure or ture and solitude and quiet, wi to think out your scheme and your composition.

In newspapers striking and local features are most accepta pecially if illustrated with phot or sketches. The person who ca well enough to be an illustrat employment almost certainl best way is to do some of you work as a sample and take it tors. Think out a list of subj future articles and submit t suggestions for special feature a beginner has struck paying that way.

In the field of literature ther good demand among magazin for first class short stories.

Fine Job Printing at Republica

CONTACT US
▶ David Wiegand,
Executive Datebook Editor
datebook@sfchronicle.com
(415) 777-7006

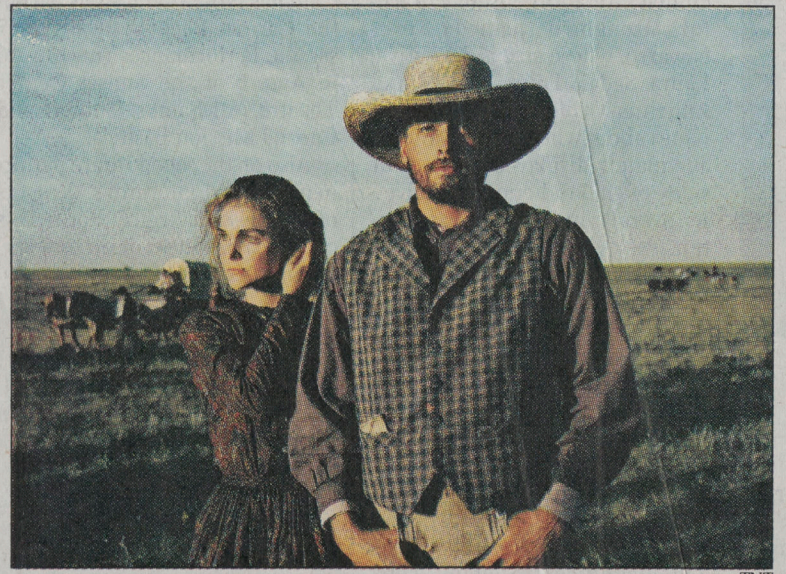
ONLINE
▶ sfgate.com/datebook

San Francisco Chronicle

DATEBOOK

SECTION E

Friday, June 10, 2005



TNT

Keri Russell and Skeet Ulrich are among the cast of "Into the West," a TNT miniseries that sprawls over 65 years of American history.

Westward ho hum — 'Into the West' ain't no 'Deadwood,' pardner

Tim Goodman
Television

REVIEW

Into the West:
Miniseries. First episode at 8 tonight on TNT; subsequent episodes 8 p.m. Fridays (repeating Saturday and Sunday) through July 22.

Beware ambition. It's a long 12 hours.

Cable channel TNT — which has a crazy love affair with the old American West — has gone out of its mind with a six-part, six-week television miniseries called "Into the West," apparently executive-produced by Steven Spielberg, whose name is splashed all over it but whose involvement seems fantastically minimal. In any case, "Into the West" wants to tell you pretty much everything about Native Americans and settlers — the white man and the Indian — from 1825 to 1890. That's 65 years. Enough wiggle room to make a lecture hall full of scholars filibuster for weeks about what actually happened.

And yet, in the kind of sentence that would probably make Ken Burns' head explode into tiny pieces, the press material says writer William Mastrosimone "spent weeks researching the details of Native American and settler cultures and history."

Imagine that. Let's hope he got an all-expenses paid vacation afterward.

There may be a certain amount of imagining going on in "Into the West," much of it politically correct to the point of comedy. Says Mastrosimone: "As a writer of the overall story, I advocated the standard of artistic freedom set by Mr. Spielberg. The parameters gave great freedom to all the writers."

In the first episode, some of that freedom can be witnessed in a scene where our white hero — from "Virginia," but more like Virginia Street in Berkeley — hooks up with his long-lost pal, an escaped slave, just in time to free an imprisoned Lakota woman from being a concubine, then returns her to her people, thousands of miles away. And marries her.

But not before earning her honor by killing Gary Busey in the process.

Now that's probably too flip,

▶ **GOODMAN:** *Page E4*

Everyone can have a seat at Carbonara's 'Beggar's Table'

By Janice Berman
SPECIAL TO THE CHRONICLE

REVIEW

Mary Carbonara Dances: 8 p.m. Through Saturday. ODC Theater, 3153 17th St., San Francisco. Tickets: $20. *www.odctheater.org*

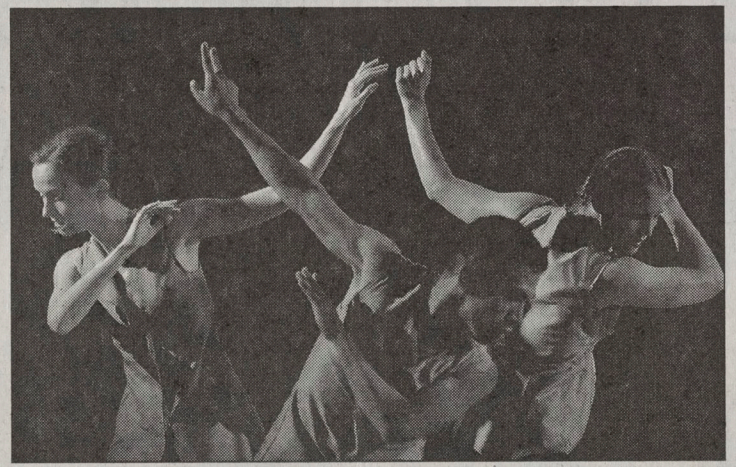
"The Beggar's Table," Mary Carbonara's premiere for her company's fourth home season at ODC Theater, is a more eloquent, better focused accompaniment to her ambitious 2004 "Deflecting Faith," also on this weekend's program. Incorporating some of the movement motifs of the earlier work, "The Beggar's Table," for seven dancers, extends Carbonara's exploration of what it means to be human.

There's a thin line, Artistic Director Carbonara has said, between people who can make ends meet and people who end up on the street. In "The Beggar's Table," the dancers, to a marvelous original score by Peter V. Swendsen, cross the line over and over in a constant changing of roles. The same dancers are homeless and contemptuous of the homeless. They're scrabbling on the

the dancers sit down next to members of the audience in seats ringing the stage — in the round — they are the enemy, and they are us.

At first, it's hard to tell what's going on. In the beginning, you think you're just watching a gorgeous, old-fashioned modern dance concert. It feels like a cross between Graham and Humphrey.

But wait. Motifs arise. The two fingers brought to the mouth suggest a cigarette, which in an affluent, health-conscious, fastidious world is one of the more damning flags of the street people — or an affectation of the sophisticates ignoring them. It also suggests silence. And, as in "Deflecting Faith," two fingers to-



CARLOS AVILA GONZALEZ / *The Chronicle*

Dancers perform multiple roles in Mary Carbonara's "The Beggar's Table," which explores what it means to be human.

resses, even one-footed poses will become contesting and combative as two dancers vie to undercut each other's balance. The amazing back falls will turn to heart-stopping drops, bodies smacking the floor, and if that's

it's a woman obsessively scrubbing at the floor down on her knees, arm pushing an imaginary rag. And, in the final searing image, a man on the move (Matthew Holland) gives a homeless woman (Jennifer Perfilio) a wide

belies his pantherlike physicality, and Perfilio, sharp and supple, turned extraordinary performances. The fine dancers also included Greta Jorgensen; a graceful strongman named Never Navarro, whose size is deceptive; Laura Sadai; Laura Sharp; and Angelina Vasile. There are some issues about whether the dance is adequately displayed to the four sides of the audience, but given its overall impact, they are minor.

Carbonara, indubitably, has a powerful choreographic voice. Initially, "Deflecting Faith" succeeds beautifully as an exploration of inner life and the search for spiritual grace, but it begins wandering in the desert after the first 30 minutes, with 20 to go. Jorgensen was a stunning balletic quester, her ethereal poise counterweighted by the earthy and magnificent Steffany Toto. The other dancers were Holland, Navarro, Perfilio and Sharp.

'Brandenburgs' on Carmel Bach bill

Music Director Bruno Weil will lead performances of Bach's B-Minor Mass, the complete "Brandenburg" Concertos and Cantatas Nos. 27 and 41 as part of the Carmel Bach Festival's 2005 season. Performances run July 16 to Aug. 6 at the Sunset Center Theatre, All Saint's Church and Carmel Mission Basilica.

Also on the schedule are performances of Monteverdi's "Vespers of the Blessed Virgin." For tickets call (831) 624-2046 or go to *www.bachfestival.org*.

INSIDE

Jewel from Japan
"Howl's Moving Castle" is master animator Hayao Miyazaki's latest. **E7**

Movie Page E7
Letters E8

Intermittent delights and misses in duo's vocal recital

By Joshua Kosman
CHRONICLE MUSIC CRITIC

REVIEW

The duo recital is an unpredictable sort of undertaking. Depending on the participants, a pair of singers can spur one another in the same direction (for better or worse), or they can spread the risk around in a sort of musical hedged bet.

Wednesday's joint appearance in Herbst Theatre by soprano Harolyn Blackwell and baritone Christòpheren Nomura, a San Francisco Performances event rescheduled from March, was in the latter category.

Both performers have obvious strengths, and each offered some splendid singing over the course of the evening. But their virtues didn't often tend in the same direction; when he pushed, she pulled, and vice versa.

The result was more a haphazard assemblage of intermittently touching moments than a surefooted artistic statement, and this unevenness was only underscored by each singer's respective weak points.

Blackwell, appearing here for the first time since a 1995 recital, unded a little short on the ightly ebullience that was al- her stock-in-trade. Her ing remains fluid and often g, with a plain-spoken al truthfulness that he heart. But her pitch emains unsteady, and very tone has grown somewhat dry.

frequent Bay Area es everything on of his artistry,



Harolyn Blackwell



Christòpheren Nomura

which comes through in his tonally robust delivery and his vigorous stage presence. When this works, the result is athletic and thrilling; at other times, a listener wants to crank things down a notch.

With pianist Ted Taylor providing capable but somewhat faceless accompaniments, these two artists spent much of Wednesday's performance singing past one another. But there were some radiant moments, particularly in the set of Poulenc songs that ended the program.

Nomura began the set with four of the "Chansons gaillardes," settings of obscene 17th century ditties that he delivered with plenty of roguish swagger. The expressive strains of "Violon" ("Violin") and "À sa guitare" ("To his guitar") brought out Blackwell's tender, inward side.

Most ravishing of all, though, was the final duet, the music-hall waltz "Les chemins de l'amour" ("The paths of love"), with the two vocal lines nestled enticingly together. This was followed by a lovely encore performance of "I've Got Your Picture," a moody, purling, post-breakup ballad written by Fred Hersch in honor of San Francisco Performances Founder and President Ruth Felt.

The rest was largely hit or miss. Duets by Saint-Saëns and Gounod — empty, irresistible bonbons — began each half of the program. The singers struggled through two extended sets of German songs, graced only by Nomura's rapturous, hushed account of Schubert's "Wanderers Nachtlied" ("Wanderer's Night Song").

E-mail Joshua Kosman at jkosman@sfchronicle.com.

ony parnassus
ulson, music director
SYMPHONY PARNASSUS
in concert with...
Hope Briggs, soprano
Arias and Spirituals
"Impressive [SF Opera] debut...
uscious tone" -Kosman, SF Chronicle
ms Symphony No.4
Cantata 150
y, June 12th at 4pm
Theatre, 401 Van Ness, SF
ice 415-392-4400 or cityboxoffice.com

I day 'til the Ball
2 years is a long wait for the next ball.
San Francisco Symphony's
BLACK+WHITE BALL®
Presented by Mercedes-Benz Bay Area Dealers
Sat June 11/8 pm/Civic Center
Visit bwball.org Call 415-864-6000
Ticket prices $200-$220
Day-of-event ticket prices: $220. Order through June 10 and save $20.
Anyone care to dance? Patti LaBelle, Train, Violent Femmes, Village People, Minnie Driver, San Francisco Symphony, and much more!
Dinner Sponsor macy's
Venue Sponsors AT&T
Bank of America
Produced by HARTMANN
Airline Sponsor AmericanAirlines
Media Sponsors 5
CLASSICAL 102.1 KDFC

DAY RUSH!
usical Returns!

65 years, weeks of research ... giddyap

▶ GOODMAN
From Page E1

but it all did happen.

There are many problems with "Into the West," and it would be too easy to get sidetracked by the fact that it's safely political. Mastrosimone says the hard part was "getting to a place of understanding the Indian world-view and thinking through the cliches of the classic westerns and getting to a place where we see that world view with new eyes."

Three things: 1) Uh-oh. 2) This isn't going to be "Deadwood." 3) No doubt Mastrosimone stumbles upon this vision during his weeks of research.

Perhaps the biggest problem is one of scope. The writers are trying to tell too much history, even with 12 hours. (TNT only sent The Chronicle the first three episodes, an almost unheard-of approach for a miniseries. Let's operate on the assumption that things go very badly for the Indians in the final six hours.)

Because of this overreaching, "Into the West" takes mind-boggling leaps as it recalls history from the vantage point of two families — one white, one Indian. In one scene, two young Indian brothers barter for two young Indian girls. Gifts accepted by the father, they enter a tepee, then come out the other side older and with two babies. Honestly, that's what appeared to happen. Meanwhile, the story flips back to the white family, and they look the same as they did five minutes earlier.

As "Into the West" plods along, time jerks forward randomly. The narrator will say something like, "We rode the trails for three years, stopping here and there, having kids, and now we're back in the wagon, with beards." In one five-minute segment, there's a scene at a dinner table where families are awkwardly mixing and then, hey, one of the women from dinner is having a baby upstairs.

What?

Now, 65 years is a lot of ground to cover. And the producers — it could have been Spielberg's idea, but then again, who knows if he was even in the country — have decided that these disparate families should experience, "Zelig"-like, pretty much every significant historical event along the way. If you haven't picked up on it yet, "Into the West" is trying to teach history and entertain you in the bargain.

Boy, "edutainment." Now there's a hoary concept. One of the pitfalls of teaching history willy-nilly while dabbling in straitjacket dramatics about family and soaking the whole thing in a star-studded orgy of period-piece costumes and current-day political correctness is that you end up with a hippogriff, and that's rarely a success.

And yet, even given all of these stumbling blocks, it could very well be that the great undoing of "Into the West" is that it starts out slow and stays boring for great patches. You want to taste the maple syrup, but instead you get a time-lapse-photography scene of someone in Vermont tapping a tree, hanging a bucket and waiting.

Now it could be that the producers of "Into the West" — but probably not Spielberg — didn't want cliched action scenes of Cowboys and Indians. The Big Picture, as it were, is how the West was settled and how that ended up being a huge bummer for the Indians. Which is to say, again, this is not "Deadwood."

Because "Deadwood" uses the Western as a backdrop for telling stories of the human condition — and because it's the only other Western on television that anyone can think of — there will be comparisons. Which is unfair. "Deadwood" is a work of tortured genius fronted by a network that believes, correctly, that art can sell. "Into the West" is a miniseries on a channel that has already produced 20 other original movies that are Westerns or about the West. What TNT really wants to say with "Into the West" is that, hey, this is the biggest event in our history; it's got Steven Spielberg's name on it, and we've got people like Tom Berenger, Beau Bridges, Josh Brolin, Jessica Capshaw, Keith Carradine, Balthazar Getty, Matthew Modine, Will Patton, Judge Reinhold, Keri Russell, Wes Studi and Skeet Ulrich all running around in chaps and bonnets looking flinty and dispensing history.

Oh, and that taming the West was not for the meek. If you're a Lakota, there are all those CGI buffalo to worry about. If you're from Virginia or other points east, the whole idea of young men going west loses some luster when you're hit by runaway wagons or drowned in raging rivers.

There are actually more stars in "Into the West" than the aforementioned list. Though most of the main actors aren't very famous, they do quite a fine job with the material at hand.

Unfortunately, "Deadwood's" Ian McShane does not appear here, and David Milch is not involved.

As far as Spielberg, well, even if he had actually made this whole thing and directed all six episodes (as opposed to the six disparate directors who did), it's the writing that eventually grinds the entire epic into the prairie.

Big statements have to be made about the perils of the westward-ho venture. Like cholera. And sharp arrows in the back. History must cloud every scene. The Indians must have their culture poisoned by the white man, turn on each other and simultaneously seek answers from the great spirits.

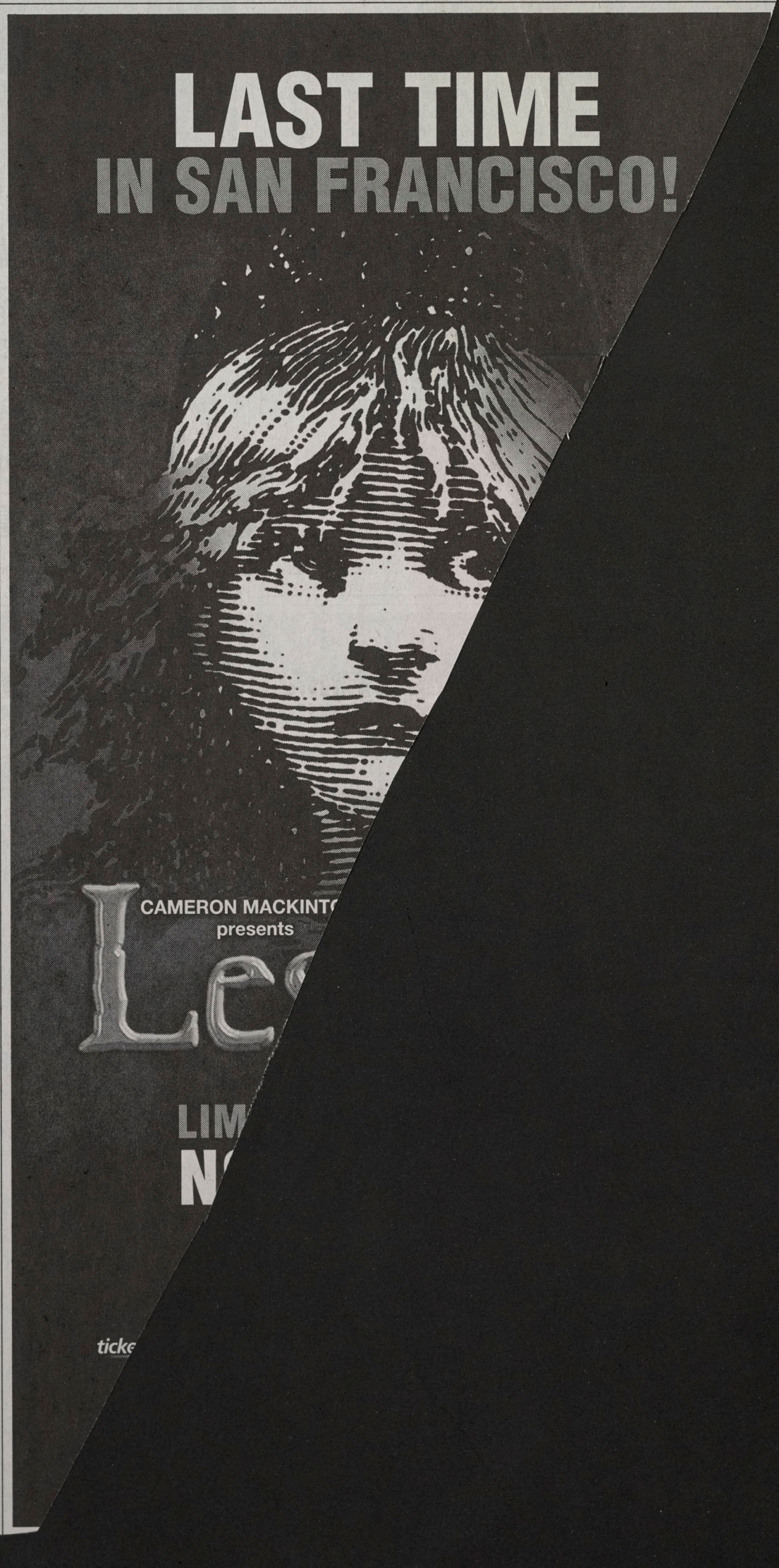
Which proves that it's pretty hard to do a miniseries about the West without cliches.

Though Spielberg and his DreamWorks Television group are behind this effort, it pales in comparison to their previous work, such as "Taken" for the Sci-Fi Channel and, more distinctly, "Band of Brothers" for HBO.

"Into the West" is meant to be an epic. And it's big, all right, as boldly stated and simple as the masses might want. But although it's not fair to compare it even remotely with something as brilliantly nuanced and intelligently different as "Deadwood," it still has to achieve the simplest of its goals: to entertain and illuminate. It doesn't, falling into caricature at nearly every turn (when the Indians get whiskey, make sure you're sitting down).

Instead of investing 12 hours and six weeks in "Into the West," if these themes really interest you, you might want to do as series writer Mastrosimone allegedly did: Spend a few weeks researching them. The westward-bound characters here keep saying "Sierras" instead of "Sierra," however, so you might want to be more diligent than he was.

E-mail Tim Goodman at tgoodman@sfchronicle.com.



Oregon, *Illahee*, and the Empire Republic: A Case Study of American Colonialism, 1843–1858

Gray H. Whaley

This article builds on recent efforts to employ imperialism in the study of western history by reinterpreting westward expansion as colonialism. It examines the ideological and practical aspects of American colonialism, particularly in relation to the politics of national expansion and Native sovereignty.

In recent years, historians such as María Montoya and Patricia Limerick have noted the similarities between the American West and European colonies, and others, such as Jeffrey Ostler, have used colonialism and imperialism to reevaluate Native experiences in the West. This article similarly reevaluates westward expansion as colonization, using western Oregon as a case study. It examines the imperial policies of treaties and land disposal, Native sovereignty and identity, and the ideological and practical components of American colonialism: race, republicanism, and the liberal economics of land. Broadly defined, imperialism is an abstract ordering of power, an accumulation of high-level decisions, policies, and treaties that systematize expansion. Colonialism is the ground-level reality of imperialism: actions, local decisions, and their consequences, which can defy or support empire, a process that Richard White has described as shaping the metropole from the periphery.[1]

Gray H. Whaley, assistant professor of history at Western Michigan University, thanks Jeff Ostler, Peggy Pascoe, Matthew Dennis, and Madonna Moss.

[1] María E. Montoya, "Claims and Prospects of Western History: A Roundtable," *Western Historical Quarterly* 31 (Spring 2000): 40–3; Patricia Nelson Limerick, "Going West and Ending up Global," *Western Historical Quarterly* 32 (Spring 2001): 5–23; Jeffrey Ostler, *The Plains Sioux and U.S. Colonialism from Lewis and Clark to Wounded Knee* (New York, 2004); William Appleman Williams, *Empire as a Way of Life: An Essay on the Causes and Character of America's Present Predicament, along with a Few Thoughts about an Alternative* (New York, 1980); Jürgen Osterhammel, *Colonialism: A Theoretical Overview*, trans. Shelley L. Frisch (Princeton, NJ, 1997), 4, 10–2, 21–2, 25; Ian Copland, *The Burden of Empire: Perspectives on Imperialism and Colonialism* (Melbourne, AUS, 1990), 2; Richard White, *The Middle Ground: Indians, Empires, and Republics in the Great Lakes Region, 1650–1815* (New York, 1991), xi.

Western Historical Quarterly 36 (Summer 2005): 157–178. Copyright © 2005, Western History Association.

The nineteenth-century United States was both nation and empire. Both terms describe the organization and maintenance of power: nation is internal order, and empire is external projection and arrangement. Constitutional framers conceived of the United States as a republic in which territorial and commercial expansion would maintain unity and integrity. In so doing, they helped create the modern western world, particularly, in American Studies scholar Amy Kaplan's words, the "mutually defining" and "historically co-terminus" creations of nation and empire. American expansion was one form of imperialism among several, including the feudalisms of Spain and Russia, the constitutional monarchies of Great Britain and Prussia, and the dictatorship of Napoleonic France. The United States was an empire republic. The Constitution presupposed additional states, early national laws ordered the public disposition of Northwest lands, and American diplomacy almost exclusively concerned foreign trade. Still, Americans thought themselves exceptional. Republicanism promised to eliminate imperial tyranny by making colonies into territories, which would be eligible for statehood, and colonists would be citizens not subjects.[2] The diffuse nature of the democratic republic fostered a range of colonialisms: squatters and eastern investors pushed the resettlement of indigenous peoples' lands with absolute title for citizens, but they squabbled over policy and practice. Northeastern Whigs sought neutral foreign commerce to capture overseas trade, but often argued against territorial expansion. Evangelicals founded missions to convert the world and spread Euro-American civilization, but decried the denigrating influences of settlers on indigenes. The central government was somehow supposed to sort out these conflicting demands and support, but not dictate. The citizenry drove expansion and, in their differences, slowed and limited the empire republic.

Western Oregon of the 1840s and 1850s brought together many characteristics of American continental imperialism: internationally contested territory, entrepreneurship, Christian proseltization, settler-colonialism, and national incorporation. Citizens stimulated expansion and conflicted with the cumbersome imperial apparatuses of treaties and land laws, striving to manipulate empire from the periphery. Colonization was further complicated by the politics of the empire republic: expansion and the slavery question threatened national unity and contributed to the racialization of the Americanized West. Viewing western Oregon as a product of

---

[2] Amy Kaplan, "'Left Alone with America': The Absence of Empire in the Study of American Culture," in *Cultures of United States Imperialism*, ed. Amy Kaplan and Donald E. Pease (Durham, 1993), 15–9 (both quotes on 17); Peter S. Onuf, *Jefferson's Empire: The Language of American Nationhood* (Charlottesville, VA, 2000), 5–6; Bradford Perkins, *The Creation of a Republican Empire, 1776–1865*, vol. 1 of *Cambridge History of Foreign Relations*, ed. Warren I. Cohen (New York, 1993); Gary Lawson and Guy Seidman, *The Constitution of Empire: Territorial Expansion and American Legal History* (New Haven, 2004); Reginald Horsman, "The Dimensions of an 'Empire for Liberty': Expansion and Republicanism, 1775–1825," *Journal of the Early Republic* 9 (Spring 1989): 1–20.

imperial history restores both the global context of the Oregon Country and reveals the mechanics of American colonialism.

In the Oregon Treaty of 1846, Great Britain recognized United States possession of the lands below the 49th parallel in the Pacific Northwest. Neither British nor Americans considered Native sovereignty, though the United States would eventually have to treat with the Indian peoples to legalize colonization. Still, treaties with Indians did not imply Native consent to colonization. Rather, they reflected imperial formalism and declining Indian power in the region. The applications and meanings of treaties, which were, by definition, diplomatic contracts between sovereigns, changed significantly from the western context between nation-states and the imperial context between western powers and indigenes. Imperial treaties recognized Native sovereignty only as a means of subjugation, defining it as lesser and dependent. Western sovereignty in the Americas rested on the doctrine of discovery, which conveniently trumped aboriginal occupation. Ecclesiastical and civil courts consistently upheld this interpretation, including in 1823, the United States Supreme Court.[3] On the imperial level, the United States "possessed" the region in 1846, and organized it into a territory in 1848. Locally, colonization was already well underway by 1841, before federal treaties formally extinguished aboriginal title between 1853 and 1855. Colonists claimed lands and resources in the name of their race and citizenship, and they called upon the United States to recognize and legalize these claims.

American citizens began intensively colonizing the lower Willamette Valley in 1843, staking claims, promising Indian people future payment, and hoping that Congress would legalize their occupation and grant them absolute title to their claims: the colonial dream of squatter sovereignty. They created a quasi-governmental structure—the Oregon Provisional Land Office—to legitimize their land claims prior to United States sovereignty and to record a variety of legal contracts among themselves, predominantly speculative land transactions. By establishing a written record, the claims office was particularly helpful for protecting claims against "jumping" by newly-arrived colonists. Between 1843 and 1851, over ten thousand migratory Euro-Americans left their homes in the East to speculate and cultivate the famed "open" land of the Willamette Valley, quickly claiming full sections of 640 acres or one square mile of Indian lands in the lower Oregon Country.[4] Too large for individual farms, the mammoth land-claims, some as large as 1,920 acres (three square miles), were speculative ventures in which ordinary citizens stood to profit from future land

---

[3] See *Johnson and Graham's Lessee v. William McIntosh* (1823) in *Documents of United States Indian Policy*, ed. Francis Paul Prucha, 2d ed. (Lincoln, 1990), 35–7.

[4] Lottie LeGett Gurley, ed., *Genealogical Material in Oregon: Provisional Land Claims, abstracted, volumes I–VIII, 1845–1849* (Portland, OR, 1982); William Bowen, "The Oregon Frontiersman: A Demographic View," in *The Western Shore: Oregon Country Essays Honoring the American Revolution*, ed. Thomas Vaughan (Portland, 1976), 181–98; Frederick V. Holman, "A Brief History of the Oregon Provisional Government and What Caused Its Formation," *Oregon Historical Quarterly* 13, no. 2 (1912): 89–139.

sales to the expected hordes of future emigrants.[5] Many transactions were vague, using phrasing such as, "abandoned by request of [original claimant] in favor of . . ." without disclosing terms, or noted only "valuable consideration," while others spelled out formal indentures and crop liens.[6] Often "fractions of land" were sold, sometimes with pre-built cabins likely constructed by inexpensive Indian and Kanaka laborers.[7] Profits could be considerable given that the colonists had not paid for the land yet sold it for prices ranging from as high as $2.50 to $35 per acre—and farms on the Clatsop Plains fetched two to six thousand dollars.[8]

Economic speculations freely mingled with republican ideals. Drawing on the rhetoric of classical republicanism, colonists touted yeoman citizenry and the common good and bemoaned wildcat banking and economic speculations that had caused the Panic of 1837 and "Van Ruin's" depression, 1837–1844. Indeed, the vagaries of the depression stimulated the wave of emigration, as banks collapsed, states struggled, and people lost their farms to mortgage and tax foreclosures. Yet widely-held beliefs in republicanism did not displace, or necessarily contradict, the liberal economics of speculation by individual citizens. The Oregon citizenry definitely wanted to mitigate the painful disruptions of the market revolution: many were against the evils that common people believed inherent to distant banks and corporations. However, their condemnation of large-scale speculations did not inhibit individual speculations or suggest that the populous was economically anti-liberal and thus unique among their generation of Euro-Americans. Rather, they picked and chose which speculations they deemed appropriate. In western Oregon, with thousands of transactions recorded between 1845 and 1849, the acquisition and trade of land and resources was commensurate with the citizenry's sense of republicanism. Indeed, this locally determined bundling of liberal economics and republican values was an essential component of American colonialism.[9]

More importantly perhaps, republican citizenship was racially exclusive, reserved for "whites," and functioned as a unifying factor among the settler-colonists.[10] However, this race-colonial equation in Oregon was complicated by the history of the fur trade,

---

[5] Under the provisional government, claims larger than 640 acres were usually business partnerships; see Gurley, *Genealogical Material*, vol. 1 for examples.

[6] See ibid. 4:89, 107, 109, 110, 111. For value consideration, see 4:110. For indentures and crop liens, see 4:89, 90; 6:163; 7:196.

[7] Ibid., 4:117, 5:128.

[8] Ibid., 7:209, 214 and 8:234, 240, 244, 252, 260, 262, 264. See also, Clatsop Plains, Anson Dart to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 7 November 1851, in C.F. Coan, "The First Stage of the Federal Indian Policy in the Pacific Northwest," *Oregon Historical Quarterly* 22 (Spring 1921): 66.

[9] For republican ideals, see David Alan Johnson, *Founding the Far West: California, Oregon, and Nevada, 1840–1890* (Berkeley, 1992), 180–7, 270. For market economy, see Sean Wilentz, *Chants Democratic: New York City & the Rise of the American Working Class, 1788–1850* (New York, 1984); Daniel Feller, *The Jacksonian Promise: America, 1815–1840* (Baltimore, 1995); Charles Sellers, *The Market Revolution: Jacksonian America, 1815–1846* (New York, 1991).

[10] Mike Davis, *Prisoners of the American Dream: Politics and Economy in the History of the U.S. Working Class* (London, 1986), 28–9.

which had created a relatively cosmopolitan population in the lower Willamette Valley. The Hudson's Bay Company had brought to the Oregon Country Algonkian and Iroquoian Indians from the East, French Canadians, and Pacific Islanders (mostly Hawaiians), and many intermarried with Native Oregon women. Additionally, the Euro-American "Rocky Mountain men" who had crossed into the Oregon Country in the late 1820s and 1830s had intermarried with Native women. Such relationships produced a number of mixed-blood children. Importantly, the 1846 Oregon Treaty protected the property rights of the Hudson's Bay Company employees, many of whom were mixed bloods and who, together with the French Canadians, equaled the Euro-American population, until the massive emigration of 1844.[11] Throughout the West, the increasing number of free African Americans and the slavery question that ran hand-in-hand with westward expansion complicated the color coding of citizenship, as did the formal inclusion of Tejanos, Californios, and other former Mexicans following the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo. Still, the distinction between imperial formality and colonial reality was evident in that few Latinos in the Southwest and mixed bloods in the Northwest enjoyed long-lasting protections.[12]

Oregon Territory's definition of whiteness, reflected in the early Organic Laws of Oregon regarding citizenship, was that "[e]very free male descendent of a white man . . . shall be entitled to vote . . . [and shall be extended] the rights of citizens," thus including mixed bloods.[13] However, as noted in contemporary Oregon Trail guidebooks and governmental reports, the conditional extension of whiteness and citizenship to mixed bloods was not reflected in popular racial thought. Consistently, writers separated mixed bloods from the designation of "white" when discussing the territory's population.[14] One official baldly explained this enduring sentiment in 1858

---

[11] Holman, "A Brief History," 110–1.

[12] David D. Smits, "'Squaw Men,' 'Half-Breeds,' and Amalgamators: Late Nineteenth-Century Anglo-American Attitudes toward Indian-White Race-Mixing," *American Indian Culture and Research Journal* 15, no. 3 (1991): 29–61; George Martinez, "Mexican Americans and Whiteness," in *Critical White Studies: Looking behind the Mirror*, ed. Richard Delgado and Jean Sefancic (Philadelphia, 1997), 210–3; David G. Gutiérrez, *Walls and Mirrors: Mexican Americans, Mexican Immigrants, and the Politics of Ethnicity* (New York, 1995); Tomas Almaguer, *Racial Fault Lines: The Historical Origins of White Supremacy in California* (Berkeley, 1994).

[13] Organic Laws of Oregon (article 2, part 10) quoted in Rueben Gold Thwaites, ed., *Early Western Travels, 1748–1846*, vol. 30 (Cleveland, 1906), 306.

[14] Lansford W. Hastings, *The Emigrant's Guide to Oregon and California* (1846; reprint, New York, 1969), 105, 113; Joel Palmer, *Journal of Travels over the Rocky Mountains to the Mouth of the Columbia River; made during . . .* (1847; reprint, Fairfield, WA, 1983), 100; Overton Johnson and Wm. H Winter, *Route across the Rocky Mountains, with a description of Oregon and California; Their Geographical Features . . .* (1846; reprint, Princeton, 1932), 107; "Account of Oregon, by Lieut. Wilkes, Commander of the late Exploring Expedition," in *Early Western Travels, 1748–1846*, vol. 29, ed. Thwaites, 99.

when he wrote, "[w]hen I speak of whites I mean Americans." Another distinguished the truly "white" Americans from the "mongrel race" of the Hudson's Bay Company.[15] An emigrant of 1844 stated that as Euro-American families quickly became the norm, "some of [the intermarried white men] who had Indian families were rather exiled in civilized society afterwards. Some of them found it more agreeable to go . . . to their wives' people."[16]

The Euro-American emigrants increasingly came as families; thus, the early high ratio of Indian-white intermarriage among colonists—25 of 36 in 1840—dropped precipitously.[17] Even after the advent of the 1849 California Gold Rush, which attracted thousands of single men to southwestern Oregon in 1851, the intermarriage rate was not very high. At the end of that decade, there were only 32 such interracial unions in the six counties of southwestern Oregon, though the sex ratio among Euro-Americans aged fifteen to fifty averaged 3.7 men to 1 woman or 5,268 to 1,428. In the remaining fourteen counties, there were an additional 34 intermarriages (including two African American-Native couples), and the sex ratio among similarly aged Euro-Americans averaged 1.7 men to 1 woman or 12,634 to 7,590.[18] The intermarriage figures account for only those enumerated by census takers, however, and the number of Indian-white cohabitations in remote places such as mining and logging camps was likely higher.

Still, there was a compelling reason for Euro-American men to marry Native women: the provisional land laws and the subsequent federal version allowed married men to take 640 acre land-claims (320 in the name of the wife) while single men could take only 320 acres.[19] The Oregon Supreme Court upheld the legality of the doubled acreage in the case of Native wives, finding that for the purpose of land law, the race of the Native women was subsumed by the racial identity of their "white" husbands. In this instance, white patriarchy altered the legal status of the women from Indians to the wives of citizens and entitled them to 320 acres by virtue of their "wifeship." However, Justice C. J. Williams regretted that intermarriages had occurred before imperial authority had been extended to Oregon because "it is not to be supposed that Congress would, by law, sanction marriages between" the races.[20]

---

[15] Puget Sound Agent M.T. Simmons to Superintendent Nesmith, 30 June 1858, in U.S. Senate, *Annual Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1858*, 35th Cong., 2d Sess., 1858, S. Ex. Doc. 1, Serial 974, 224. For the Fort Vancouver population as "mongrel," see Palmer, *Journal of Travels*, 100.

[16] John Minto, "Early Days of Oregon," p. 9, MS P-A 50, The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.

[17] Holman, "A Brief History," 104–5.

[18] U.S. Bureau of the Census, *8th United States Census, 1860* (Washington, DC, 1860); Matthew Aeldun Charles Smith, "Wedding Bands and Marriage Bans: A History of Oregon's Racial Intermarriage Statutes and the Impact on Indian Interracial Nuptials" (master's thesis, Portland State University, 1997), 49–51, 66–73.

[19] The 1843 law entitled singles to 640 acres, but by 1850 such was for married couples only, *United States Statutes at Large*, 31st Cong., 1st Sess., Chap. 76, 1850, sec. 4.

[20] "Louis Vandolf, plaintiff, v. Daniel Otis, defendent," Supreme Court of Oregon, 1 Ore. 153, 1854, Ore. LEXIS 24.

For Native communities, intermarriage proved a mixed blessing. On the one hand, marriage gifts or "bride prices" brought much-needed food and wealth items into the community, and Native wives of Euro-Americans were immune to "Indian removal." After 1856, such women became the only connection between some Indians and their former homelands. On the other hand, intermarriages, particularly temporary arrangements, wreaked havoc with Native formulations of status and identity. Colonists commodified traditional gift exchanges into so-called bride purchases, undermining communal practices and women's power. Also, many Euro-American men abandoned their mixed-blood children to the bottom of Native society. In the mining region of southwest Oregon, the Coquilles amended their term for bastard (a precariously low social status) to include mixed bloods because many lacked fathers. Lottie Evanoff, a Coos woman, told anthropologist John P. Harrington that, "[t]he early whites here were just like coyote—they would make a baby and then just keep on going." This statement may explain a Coos term for Euro-Americans, "moving people," which scholars have viewed as a reference to bustling pioneering, but may be instead a criticism of colonial paternity.[21]

Successive colonial governments from the provisional "wolf" assembly (1843–48) to the federally recognized territorial government (1848–58), to the state constitution of 1859, explicitly used "white" as a criterion for citizenship and thus for holding and protecting property.[22] The Euro-American colonists barred the hundreds of Kanakas from taking claims.[23] Euro-American colonists subsequently employed them as cheap laborers, boarding them or renting them living space instead of allowing them property ownership. Illicit minority-squatter communities such as "Kanaka Flats" outside of Jacksonville comprised of Native Hawaiians, dispossessed Indians, Chinese, and white "squawmen," provided additional, though precarious and temporary, homes.[24] The colonists banned African Americans from settlement, as they would the Chinese in the state constitution.

The ban on African Americans was not a means of avoiding the slavery question. As one colonist put it: "poor whites . . . hated slavery, but . . . hated *free negroes* worse."[25]

---

[21] Gray H. Whaley, "Creating Oregon from *Illahee*: Race, Settler-Colonialism, and Native Sovereignty in Western Oregon, 1792–1856" (PhD diss., University of Oregon, 2002), 273–9 and John P. Harrington, *The Papers of John Peabody Harrington in the Smithsonian Collection, 1907–1957*, vol. 1, ed. Elaine L. Millis (Millwood, NY, 1981), reel 25: frame 943 and reel 24: frame 694.

[22] *Congressional Globe*, 31st Cong., 1st Sess., 28 May 1850, 1079 and "Who May Be Citizens of the United States," *Harper's Weekly*, 15 May 1858, 306.

[23] Janice K. Duncan, *Minority without a Champion: Kanakas on the Pacific Coast, 1788–1850* (Portland, 1972), 15–6.

[24] *Kanaka Flats Inventory, April 12, 1865*, Takelma Indians File, Southern Oregon Historical Society, Medford, OR.

[25] Quoted in Bowen, "The Oregon Frontiersman," 183.

Indeed in 1857, Oregon voters cast two separate ballots on slavery (per the "popular sovereignty law" of the 1850 Compromise) and on allowing free African Americans in the territory. Slavery was defeated in all counties (7,727 to 2,645 [74 percent]), and "free negroes" were banned by a greater majority (8,594 to 1,081 [89 percent]).[26] When Oregon Territorial Representative Samuel Thurston debated the Donation Land Act of 1850 on the House floor, he carefully explained his Oregon constituents' views on race and settlement. He argued for the phrase "American citizen" in establishing land claims because only "whites" qualified "for citizenship by birth" or could "become so by naturalization." Otherwise, the land law, he said, would include "some hundreds of Canakers, or Sandwich Islanders, who are a race of men as black as your negroes of the South, and a race, too, that we do not desire to settle in Oregon." Thurston explained existing restrictions: if allowed to stay, African Americans and Kanakas would intermarry with Indians, creating a dangerous "mixed race . . . and the result will be wars and bloodshed in Oregon."[27] At the very least banning "any free negro . . . [was] a matter of protection to themselves against the injurious influences which are exercised over the Indian race, inclining them against the whites."[28] In the colonization of western Oregon, American citizens blended a rich variety of political, economic, and racial speculations into an exclusive colonial ideology.

Although Oregon colonists were largely free to work out their complex ideologies on their own, they required American imperial policies to protect their economic investments. Following the creation of Oregon Territory in 1848, the new government dispatched Representative Thurston to secure congressional approval of a treaty commission and the Donation Land Law. From December 1849 through June 1850, Thurston lobbied or "electioneered" daily—sometimes until midnight—to gain senatorial approval for an Indian treaty commission and the appointment of Anson Dart as superintendent to conduct the negotiations. Dart was told to effect the extinguishment of aboriginal land title and the removal of the western Oregon Indians to more arid lands east of the Cascade Mountains.[29] Dying enroute back to Oregon, Thurston did not witness his hard work undone by Native negotiators, people whom one senator had dismissed as "insignificant."[30]

To provide order to colonization and land speculation, the United States government had adapted the British imperial policy of "extinguishing Indian title" to aboriginal holdings, a formal-legal termination of indigenous peoples' claims to their homelands. Although the competing imperial powers had divided the region

---

[26] *Table Rock (Jacksonville, OR) Sentinel*, 21 December 1857.

[27] *Congressional Globe*, 31st Cong., 1st Sess., 28 May 1850, 1079.

[28] Ibid., 1080.

[29] George H. Hines, ed., "Diary of Samuel Royal Thurston," *Oregon Historical Quarterly* 15, no. 3 (1914): 171–3, 175–6, 179–88, 191–8, 200.

[30] Coan, "First Stage of Federal Indian Policy," 65.

between themselves in 1846, Congress had not yet performed the legalistic alchemy that transformed indigenous homelands into "public domain." Perfected in 1841, the formula required a three-step process performed in order: a Senate-approved treaty commission to extinguish Indian title, an official survey of the land to translate it into a series of grid lines, and a disposal of the resulting public domain through sales, bounties, and donations.[31] Euro-American colonists disrupted the concoction by skipping the first two steps of the formula and seizing sprawling land-claims, and they had already commenced a lively trade in selling and swapping sections of claims that they legally did not own.

Oregon's Donation Land Act of 1850, then, had to be an exception to the rule. Unlike similar contemporary legislation regarding the territories of Kansas and Nebraska in 1854, Congress omitted the ordering stipulations of section 10 of the 1841 preemption law from the Oregon legislation, nullifying the chronology of treaties and government surveys before resettlement. Indeed, thanks to Thurston's tenacious daily lobbying, Congress acted as if the Indians and their claims were a mere formality to be accounted for on paper. In early May 1850, Senate legislation S 197 amended the 1841 law "granting preemption rights to settlers on the public lands." Largely a procedural move, Congress could then address the Donation Land Law and the requisite law providing for a treaty commission. In late May, HR 250 created the Office of Surveyor General to facilitate the land donations, and S 90 authorized "the negotiation of treaties with the Indian tribes in the Territory of Oregon for the extinguishment of their claims . . . west of the Cascade mountains. . . ." The cursory manner with which Congress presented the bills and dispensed with section 10 of the 1841 law speaks volumes about how seriously the legislators took Native sovereignty.[32] Congressional procedure accounted for the quick passage of the Senate's Treaty Commission Law in early June and the slow passage of the Donation Land Law in late September. Laws affecting territories and public lands had to pass through layers of House committees, whereas Senate approval of Indian treaty commissions was a simpler process, though still requiring constant pressure on ambivalent eastern senators.

Ratification was another matter: When the nineteen treaties arrived from Oregon in the summer of 1852, the Senate neglected them for two years, until 1854, by which time events in Oregon made them largely irrelevant. There were two reasons for the Senate's inaction. First, the Senate faced a daunting number of treaties in the early 1850s. The treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo (ending the war with Mexico) and treaties to legalize the colonization of the prairies and southern Plains generated huge

---

[31] *United States Statutes at Large*, 27th Cong., 1st Sess., Chap. 16, 1841.

[32] *Journal of the House of Representatives of the United States, 1789–1873*, 31st Cong., 1st Sess., 29 May 1850, 978–9 and *Senate Executive Journal* in the following: 31st Cong., 1st Sess., 6 May 1850, 324; 32d Cong., 1st Sess., 6 August 1852, 434; 33d Cong., 1st Sess., 9 March 1854, 262.

expenditures, though Native people received a pittance of their land's actual value. As of January 1850, the government had paid $61,121,717.12 for land purchased from Indians and foreign nations (the majority of the expense paid to Mexico, Spain, and France) and expended $6,369,838.07 for surveying and $7,466,324.19 for its imperial land sale system for a total cost of $74,957,879.38. Still, the net profit from disposing of the public domain was $60,381,213.79.[33] In a contemporary 1850 debate over Indian treaties in Minnesota, one senator worried about busting the treasury through massive outlays to Indians, while another countered that "if this Government could buy these lands for ten cents an acre, it would be the most splendid speculation they ever entered into."[34] In the case of Oregon, however, the Donation Land Act meant that the federal government would not profit from its outlay. Thus, the Oregon treaties were not profitable ventures for the treasury, and there was some question in the capitol whether the declining Native population of western Oregon was worth the bother and expense.

While the Native population figures were indeed considerably smaller than in other parts of the West, the Chinookan and Kalapuyan peoples of western Oregon proved themselves anything but inconsequential. They outmaneuvered the colonists' political machinations and undid six difficult months of Thurston's lobbying by forcing Dart into treaty concessions that were unacceptable to the Oregon citizenry. Demonstrating their grasp of settler-colonialism, the Clatsops explained that the speculative land sales by which Euro-Americans were making "much money"—two to six thousand dollars in some transactions—were not benefiting them, though they had allowed this business in their country. They referred specifically to the Clatsop Plains, coastal valley lands enriched with deep topsoil and laden with massive timber stands and streams that ran throughout the summer, land praised from Lewis and Clark to Methodist missionaries. Indeed, one of the treaty commissioners, Reverend Josiah Parrish, had a 640-acre claim there (which he subsequently traded for two promising Oregon City lots), as did other former Methodist Mission associates and more recent emigrants who benefited from their initial colonization. Before the Clatsops would treat, they demanded that commercial traffic on the Columbia cease and two sawmills be removed because the mills had "frightened the fish away!"[35] The mills and the salmon depended on the same waters, and the latter were already losing the conflict by 1851.

Dart claims he had difficulty convincing the Clatsops of the "impossibility of . . . their demands," though it seems more likely that they were simply bargaining. The Clatsop Plains were already lost to them: colonists had claimed "nearly or quite every acre," and the Clatsops' subsequent counter-offer included only their burial

---

[33] *Congressional Globe*, 31st Cong., 2d Sess., 13 January 1851, 103.

[34] *Congressional Globe*, 31st Cong., 1st Sess., 25 September 1850, 1703–4.

[35] Elmer G. Million, "Frontier Legal Process: Parrish vs. Gray, 1846," *Oregon Historical Quarterly* 73 (September 1972): 245–56 and for both quotes, see Dart to CIA, in Coan, "First Stage of Federal Indian Policy," 66.

grounds and lodges at Point Adams, which would ensure access to their ancestors and fishing sites. Although three Euro-American colonists claimed the area, Dart recognized that they were inconsequential compared to the half million acres of farmland and timber stands that the Clatsops were prepared to cede. In effect, the Clatsops only ceded what had already been taken from them, and by issuing "impossible" demands they had secured a small core of their homeland and the removal of three troublesome land claims.[36]

The Chinooks agreed to cede much of their homelands to the United States in exchange for annuities, but, like the Clatsops, negotiated what they wanted. They retained their principal surviving village, usufruct rights to fishing sites, timber stands, grazing lands, cranberry marshes, and even arable lands for future cultivation. Opposing removal, the Chinooks noted their value as laborers. Dart agreed that because the "Indians make all the [fencing] rails . . . and do the greater part of the labour in farming" the colonial economy would suffer from their removal. Instead, the Chinooks insisted upon the removal of a Euro-American colonist named Washington Hall who claimed their village, damned up their fresh water, and generally acted obnoxiously. Hall's haughtiness was despite his marriage to a slave, a bond that completely undermined his pretensions to high status among the Chinooks. Notably, the Chinooks also flipped the "vanishing Indian" thesis on its head. They acknowledged that their population of 320 (the official figure excluded the equal number of mixed bloods and slaves) was vastly smaller than it had been in 1830 and that the federal government had the power to exterminate them if it chose. Indeed, they used this position of claimed inferiority to push Dart into promising a speedy delivery of the treaty stipulations before they died. The only part of the negotiations in which Dart was successful was preventing the Chinook women, all of whom participated in the negotiations, from signing the treaty.[37]

In his treaties with the Clatsops and Chinooks, Dart agreed to create a permanent Indian Country on both banks of the lower Columbia and was forced to promise the removal of Euro-American colonists—the complete opposite of what his instructions had been! Treaty commissioners led by John Gaines did not fare any better among the Clackamas or any of the other Willamette Valley peoples, all of whom insisted on retaining small reservations within the hearts of their homelands, which were now largely claimed by colonists.[38]

By forcing commissioners to concede to "colonist removal" instead of Indian removal and securing parcels of Native homelands as permanent reservations, the Indians, knowingly or not, negotiated treaties that were not passable. The Senate

---

[36] Dart to CIA, in Coan, "First Stage of Federal Indian Policy," 66–7.

[37] Ibid. and "Treaty with Lower Band of Chinook," 9 August 1851 in Coan, "First Stage of Federal Indian Policy," 69–70.

[38] Ronald Spores, "Too Small a Place: The Removal of the Willamette Valley Indians, 1850–1856," *American Indian Quarterly* 17 (Spring 1993): 171–93.

simply would not ratify Indian treaties without extensive lobbying pressure on key senators, men more concerned with the slavery question than with far-western Indians, who were generally thought to be disappearing. In the immediate aftermath of the Compromise of 1850, with the entrance of California into statehood, Oregon land legislation (of which Indian treaties were an essential part) threatened to reopen unhealed sectionalist political wounds. Thurston had had to walk a fine line in the winter of 1849–1850, assuaging senators from Ohio, Alabama, and Tennessee in order to achieve his Indian commission. Western colonization consistently shaped and was shaped by the slavery question and would, of course, finally break the uneasy truces ten years later. In 1851, Oregon's territorial government did not support the treaties, and Thurston's tireless lobbying was not repeated. Thus, the second reason that the Senate did not ratify the treaties was that Oregonians did not want them ratified; Native negotiators were too successful. Unfortunately for the Oregon colonists, American empire was too complicated to be easily manipulated from the periphery, and the surviving Native population had several decades of experience dealing with competing empires and had no intention of surrendering the remaining core of their homelands.

The nineteen bands of Chinookan, Kalapuyan, Salishan, Sahaptian, and Athapaskan peoples of environs of the the lower Columbia and Willamette rivers had demonstrated that they were a people of history. They were prepared to change with the times and sought to recreate Indian places within colonial Oregon, *Nesika Illahee* "our land," as the Confederated Tribes of Siletz came to call their piece of Indian Country. (*Illahee* means variously land, earth, and homeland in the regional Chinook trade jargon, which was spoken from the northern California border area to southeast Alaska.) However, the Oregon of the 1850s was not that of the fur trade era—before the epidemics of the 1830s had decimated the Native population. Indian people saw how far their power to negotiate had slipped when their efforts were simply ignored: the colonists continued to stream into their lands, pushing them further away from resource sites and no funds arrived in compensation. The pain for the Native peoples was not only economic. Colonization fundamentally undermined interrelated concepts of property, place, and identity.

Economically important places did not just offer excellent eulachon (candle fish), salmon, or huckleberry harvesting: such resource sites were linked to individual, familial, and communal privileges that were crucial to constructions of identity. In Native western Oregon, individual ownership of productive resource sites was uncommon. In a few cases, such as Tualatin tar-weed areas in the lower Willamette Valley, Kalapuyans recognized usufruct property rights as allotments to specific bands or individuals. More commonly in the region, however, whole communities comprised of multiple families had usufruct rights to limited resource sites, particularly for fishing. Privileges to larger gathering sites such as camas fields, seasonal wapato-root ponds, and shellfish beds extended to neighboring communities and to those with marriage ties. Indeed, access to resource sites compelled many marriage

arrangements, crossing languages and ethnicities. Thus, territory was relatively inclusive and dynamic in that it derived from multi-kin communities that were constantly being reshaped by marriage. Importantly, place did not necessarily determine territoriality: communities restricted access to specific resources, not to fixed geographic boundaries. For example, Clackamas Chinookans prevented unrelated Kalapuyans from fishing at Willamette Falls, but those same Kalapuyans freely hunted seals in the "Chinookan territory" of the lower Columbia River.[39] Also, communities often separated and coalesced seasonally, but kinship maintained peoples' identities, status, and attachment to specific places all year round. Beliefs and practices certainly varied from the Oregon-California borderlands, to the lower Columbia River environs, to the interior valleys of western Oregon. However, throughout the region, related concepts of place helped shape identities and political-economy.

Similiarly, place intersected with spirituality in *Illahee*, though the ways in which it did so varied from the southern area of the Oregon-California borderlands to the northern area of the lower Columbia River environs. In the Oregon-California borderlands, sacred places housed spiritual beings who sustained communities and individuals spiritually and economically. The so-called world renewal cult of this southern region featured place-specific rituals for earth renewal, first-fruits, or acquisition of doctoring powers, making it wholly dependent on the local environment. Visitor participation in this regional belief network ensured inter-village harmony, and extended kin—often crossing ethnic lines—made available sufficient wealth items for successful ceremonies. Although anthropologists A. L. Kroeber and E. W. Gifford only documented the California side of the Siskiyou Mountains in their work on world renewal, the historical record demonstrates that peoples of modern southwest Oregon danced in the "California" ceremonies. Among the Tolowa, Athapaskans from the borderlands, ceremonies included visitors from southwest Oregon such as Tututnis of Rogue River and from northwest California such as Yuroks, Karoks, and Wiyots. Moreover, testimonies from early-twentieth-century "salvage ethnographies" and modern descendents point to similar dance sites as far north as Pistol River and Tutun on the Rogue River in southwest Oregon.[40]

---

[39] Allan Richardson, "The Control of Productive Resources on the Northwest Coast of North America," in *Resource Managers: North American and Australian Hunter-Gatherers*, ed. Nancy M. Williams and Eugene S. Hunn (Boulder, CO, 1982), 93–112.

[40] A.L. Kroeber and E.W. Gifford, "World Renewal, A Cult System of Native Northwest California," *University of California Publications in Anthropological Records* 13, no. 1 (1952): 1–155; Cora Dubois, Tututni (Rogue River) Fieldnotes, Frames 307–44, Reel 6, Microfilm 2216, MS CU-23.1, The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley; Robert Kentta, cultural resources director, Confederated Tribes of Siletz, e-mail message to Gray H. Whaley, 19 August 2004; Dr. George B. Wasson, Jr., Coquille Indian Tribe, personal conversation with Gray H. Whaley, 12 July 2004.

Important sacred places abounded throughout western Oregon. However, religious ceremonies north of the central coast's Alsea River differed from the world renewal cult of the Oregon-California borderlands and were not necessarily held at the dwellings of specific spirits. On the lower Columbia, for example, Chinookans commonly used five isolated sites for vision quests. The ritualized journey to these sites, involving swimming and a prescribed sequence of dives, was the key to success rather than the destination *per se*. The potential guardian spirits did not reside at the quest site but were called to it by the correct behavior of the youth. Still, place mattered in lower Columbia spirituality. During annual guardian spirit dances, individual Chinookans hosted five-day ceremonies at their homes to honor their spirit powers. The spirit could then direct the dancers to move the ceremony to a specified place. Large canoes traveled abreast to maintain the drumming and singing as participants paddled, often several miles, to the prescribed locations. Finally, the spirit dictated the principal food for the concluding feast, advising the medicine person of the place where the food would be found.[41] Thus, even well north of the world renewal complex, place occupied a central ceremonial position. Throughout *Illahee*, places named in origin stories situated people in their past, among their ancestors, and thus contributed to their senses of self and community. As with the southern region, social and religious belief networks existed among the Native peoples of the lower Columbia River environs from the Quinault River south to the Alsea River, east to The Dalles, up the Cowlitz and Willamette rivers (to the falls in the case of the latter).[42] Famous, because of their extensive trade center on the middle Columbia River, were the Wascopam, the people of The Dalles who included Upper Chinooks, Columbia River Sahaptians, Nez Perce, Wallawallas, and Cayuse.[43] *Illahee* was, at once, regional and local. Shared ceremonies reflected the identities of Native communities and their space within regional networks. Indian resistance to removal from their individual *Nesika Illahee* grew from the core of who communities were as people—to themselves, among other Indians, and to the spirit people, their ancestors.

Euro-American colonists who noted Native "superstition" about leaving the "homes and graves of their fathers" glimpsed only the surface of the difference between *Illahee* and Oregon.[44] Native people overtly stated that they had come to rely on wage-work and were becoming part of the colonial economy, but they refused to lose a significant part of what made them Clatsop, Nasomah, or Santiam: their

---

[41] Verne Frederick Ray, "Lower Chinook Ethnographic Notes," *University of Washington Publications in Anthropology* 7, no. 2 (1938): 79, 84.

[42] Yvonne P. Hajda, "Regional Social Organization in the Greater Lower Columbia, 1792–1830" (PhD diss., University of Washington, 1984), 2.

[43] Robert Boyd, *People of the Dalles: The Indians of Wascopam Mission: A Historical Ethnography Based on the Papers of the Methodist Missionaries* (Lincoln, 1996).

[44] Dart to CIA, 7 November 1851, in Coan, "First Stage of Federal Indian Policy," 66–75.

sacred places. When Dart and his successor, Joel Palmer, suggested "removing" the western Oregon peoples to the Columbia Plateau and the Klamath Basin, Indians on both sides of the mountains condemned the proposal. Indians of the "Eastside" cited disease as one damning factor; western Oregon Indians had indeed suffered more because of their close proximity to the "settlements," but they also noted reasons Palmer described as cultural.[45] To remove the Clatsops would be to steal from them a crucial piece of what it meant at that time to be Clatsop. Practically, to displace the Clatsops or any western peoples among the Wascopam or Klamaths would obliterate their social status and identity.

We need to take the complexity one step further to address Native emigration, which predated and coexisted with Euro-American colonization: if removal was so devastating, why did Indians seem to exhibit peripatetic tendencies similar to the Euro-Americans? Could Indian identities be mobile *and* dependent on place? Some bands of Klikitats and Klamaths spent considerable time away from their respective homelands and were infamous in the Willamette Valley as a result. Also, by 1850, intermarriages occurred among Native groups over huge distances. An example of this would be the Ikiraku'tsu (Bear Creek Shasta) headman of the Rogue Valley, who married his daughter to a man of the Wascopam, hundreds of miles to the north.[46] Indeed, entire bands sometimes emigrated. The names that colonialists attributed to "tribes" often derived from the location of peoples when they were first encountered by westerners. The so-called upper Coquille Tribe, Athapaskans of the upper Coquille River, had only occupied that river drainage since about 1800. According to Coquel Thompson, his father was a boy when his people moved from the Umpqua River to the upper forks of the Coquille.[47] Coquel Thompson's family history was hardly unique—a common method of defusing intra-village conflict was to found another town.[48]

One answer to the questions in the above paragraph is that Native emigrants, individuals and groups, retained their core sense of identity: kinship connections to their home communities. Famed Klamath headman Lileks spent much of the early to mid-1840s among the Wascopam at The Dalles mission. However, he could and did return to his kin at Klamath Lake. Indeed, with Chiloquin, he used his experiences to consolidate several bands from Klamath Lake and Klamath Marsh into a "tribe" and to lead them through the tumultuous 1850s and 1860s without significant

---

[45] Palmer to CIA, 23 June 1853, in Robbins, "Extinguishing Indian Land Title," 14.

[46] U.S. House, "Report of J. Ross Browne on Indian Affairs in the Territories of Oregon and Washington, 1857," 35th Cong., 1st Sess., 1858, H.Ex.Doc. 38, Serial 955, 44–7.

[47] Stephen Dow Beckham, *The Indians of Western Oregon: This Land Was Theirs* (Coos Bay, OR, 1977), 95–6.

[48] Abe Logan regarding Megwin and Joshua Tututni peoples in Philip Drucker, Field Notes 1934, vol. 3, 30, 31, file 78, MS 4516, Southwest Oregon Research Project, Knight Library, University of Oregon, Eugene, OR.

conflict with Americans, a relatively peaceful experience not shared by neighboring Modocs and Shastas.[49] The Klikitats of the Willamette Valley could similarly return to their homeland and relatives on the Columbia Plateau. Indeed, those relatives on the Plateau had negotiated for the safe return of their Willamette Valley kinfolk in 1855, during the last of colonial Oregon's intermittent "Indian wars."[50] Further, as discussed, social and ceremonial "visiting" was evident throughout western Oregon, binding communities across ethnic and linguistic lines. As suggested by historian Alexandra Harmon's work on Indian identity around Puget Sound, Native peoples of the Pacific Northwest were intertwined with one another, and identity was a fluid phenomenon.[51] Such is not to argue that "an Indian is an Indian," but rather that the simplistic tribal designations of the treaty era, which have since been reified by anthropological scholarship and government bureaucracy, poorly reflect Native constructions of the mid-nineteenth century.[52]

The problem with questions such as those posed earlier is that they originate from a fixed sense of Native culture and identity that reflects western conceptions of nation and citizenship. The place and property constructions of *Illahee* differed fundamentally from the absolute, fee-simple land title of Anglo-American society. Place and property were undergirded by kinship—not nation. *Illahee* was the linkage of local communities, bound and sometimes divided by kinship ties. Such web-like connections distinguished *Illahee* from the single cord of national citizenship that bound Euro-Americans and systematized property and government. *Illahee* was more dynamic, mutable, and inherently decentralized. As had been true since the landing of Columbus, imperialists had to impose manipulable definitions of identity, place, and property on the indigenous people. Indeed, the legal creation of Native "nations" was essential to American colonization. The United States relied on identifying a body politic to cede specific tracts of land through treaty. The treaty then legitimized the removal of aboriginal "citizens" who had supposedly agreed to vacate the ceded territory. Thus, American imperialism created Indian nation-states from what were actually multi-kin villages that lacked centralized governmental authority. Further, per the doctrine of discovery, Native national status included the burden of limited sovereignty, which was subject to the superior sovereignty of the United States.

---

[49] Albert Samuel Gatschet, *The Klamath Indians of Southwestern Oregon* (Washington, DC, 1890); Leslie Spier, "Klamath Ethnography," *University of California Publications in American Archaeology and Ethnology* 30 (1930): 51–3; Theodore Stern, "The Klamath Indians and the Treaty of 1864," *Oregon Historical Quarterly* 57 (September 1956): 229–73.

[50] Isaac J. Stevens, Hazard Stevens, AX 42/8/22, 1956, pg. 4, Council Notes, Klickatat Indians, Indian Treaty File, Knight Library, University of Oregon, Eugene, OR.

[51] Alexandra Harmon, *Indians in the Making: Ethnic Relations and Indian Identities around Puget Sound* (Berkeley, 1998).

[52] James Clifford and George E. Marcus, eds., *Writing Culture: The Poetics and Politics of Ethnography: A School of American Research Advanced Seminar* (Berkeley, 1986).

Still, Indian people sought to shape the contours of Oregon colonialism and clearly saw the treaty system as a means to this end. They knew they could not prevent colonization, but they also knew that *Illahee* had to have a place in Oregon if the people were to survive. The overriding problem that Indian people faced was the near-absolute colonial conviction of racial exclusivity: the western lands were for "whites," and Indians were to be removed and confined. They were a colonized people struggling within an increasingly narrow space to define themselves and their futures. Not until recent decades have Indians been able to take advantage of the "national" status that the United States contrived to deprive their ancestors of their places and use this status to fight for basic human rights, land claims, and environmental protections, among other issues. Such was hardly the case in the 1850s, of course.

To some degree, the Indians were joined in frustration with the colonial population who were unable to orchestrate imperial expansion. Because of the Indians' temporary success and the commissioners' failure in the 1851 treaty negotiations, the Donation Land Act went into effect despite the continuance of indigenous title and Native occupation of western Oregon. Ironically, the initial law of 1850 undermined the colonists' speculative efforts in that it required four years of occupation before title would be granted; thus, land sales had to be suspended. Further, the term of occupation did not begin until a new federal claim was filed, which could not be done until after an official survey. The surveys were delayed by logistical and administrative problems, preventing the initial claims from being certified until mid-1853, and inefficiency prevented most claims from being patented until 1862.[53]

Indeed, the imperial land system was much more complicated and economically exclusive than the colonists had hoped. J. R. Preston, the surveyor-general, arrived in the spring of 1851 to implement "the national survey system," in which the base line and meridian were established "as far as practicable," and surveys were free—provided the land was located within areas with established township and section lines. Thus, most colonists who claimed land outside the principal lower-Willamette Valley townships surrounding Portland and Salem had to pay for their own surveys—$8 per mile—because Preston intended to work backwards, using the individual claim surveys to create townships and sections. The effects were obvious: although 1,079 colonists quickly filed "notifications" (statements of occupation and requests for survey) in 1852, by the end of 1856, only 420 claims were surveyed and certified.[54] [See Table 1.] This was despite Preston's claim that "every settler is anxious to receive his patent in order

---

[53] Harlow Zinser Head, "The Oregon Donation Acts: Background, Development and Application" (master's thesis, University of Oregon, 1969), 65–70.

[54] James M. Bergquist, "The Oregon Donation Act and the National Land Policy," *Oregon Historical Quarterly* 58 (March 1957): 29 and *Abstracts of Oregon Donation Land Claims, 1852–1903*, reels 1–3, General Services Administration, National Archives and Records Service, National Archives, Washington, DC.

Year	# Claims Filed	Married Filings (%total)	Single men (% total)	Single Women (% total)	Heirs (% total)	% took maximum acreage*
1853	70	53 (76)	13 (19)	2 (3)	2 (3)	90
1854	159	132 (83)	15 (11)	1 (1)	11 (8)	81
1855	135	82 (61)	49(36)	0 (0)	4 (3)	65
1856	56	17 (30)	37 (66)	2 (4)	0 (0)	11

* includes claims of 600 acres or more for marrieds; 300 acres or more for singles

Table 1. Certified Donation Claims, 1853–1856. Data, *Abstracts of Oregon Donation Land Claims, 1852–1903*, rolls 1–3, General Services Administration, National Archives and Records Service, National Archives, Washington, DC.

Note: Between 1853 and 1856, percent married filings dropped, percent single men rose, single women small but constant; percent of those taking maximum allowable acreage decreased; claims recorded dropped precipitously in 1856. See next table for further explanation of decreased size of claims.

to divide and sell."[55] Preston collected the survey fees from his deputies and this made him the enemy of the Oregonians. By the time the colonists successfully had Preston removed from office in November 1853, he had collected approximately $25,000. The citizen land-speculators demanded that Preston's replacement, Charles Gardiner, refrain from similar survey-speculating, which eventually, they accomplished.[56]

Because land speculations were stymied by the four-year clause that prohibited dividing claims prior to patent, colonials sent territorial representative Joseph Lane to Washington, D. C. to rectify the situation. Lane deflected accusations of rampant speculation by Oregonians, arguing that since the Donation Land Act, land sales had ceased (except for town lots, the sale of which were still permitted under the federal law). Regardless, the sale of one's land, according to Lane, was a "right."[57] The solution that Lane obtained in 1853 allowed for "cash donations," through which colonists could gain title if they occupied the land for only two years (soon modified to one year in 1854) and paid $1.25 per acre. The number of cash donations grew steadily, and they had the unsurprising effect of diminishing the size of claims. [See Tables 1 and 2.]

The usual western gender-ratio imbalance among the colonists was reflected in the types of certified claims between 1853 and 1856, with the number of single claims continuing to increase annually. Yet, while the gender-ratio does help explain the number of single-male claimants, the presence of single-female claimants is surprising. Between 1853 and 1856, five women filed as single claimants—not as heirs or widows, but as independent settlers. [See Table 1.] Their claims caused some apprehension at

[55] Head, *The Oregon Donation Acts*, 70.

[56] Ibid., 69.

[57] *Congressional Globe*, 33d Cong., 1st Sess., 4 May 1854, 1075.

Year	Total Exceptions (% of total claims)	Exceptions: Non-Cash Donation (% of total claims)	Exceptions: Cash Donation (% of total claims)
1853	7 (10%)	7 (10%)	NA**
1854	30 (19%)	17 (11%)	13 (8%)**
1855	49 (35%)	4 (1%)	45 (34%)
1856	49 (89%)	3 (5%)	46 (84%)

* The heading "Exceptions" refers to claims less than 600 acres for marrieds and less than 300 acres for singles.

** The Cash Donation Law passed 15 February 1854 and went into effect 17 July 1854 after the March and June recordings were completed; thus, no cash donations were recorded before October 1854, the year's last claims record book.

Table 2. Land Claim Size Exceptions, 1853–1856. Data, *Abstracts of Oregon Donation Land Claims, 1852–1903*, rolls 1–3, General Services Administration, National Archives and Records Service, National Archives, Washington, DC.

Note: Claims filed as cash donations accounted for an increasing majority of land claims that were "exceptional" for being smaller than the allowable size. Another mitigating factor was arguably geographical: the latter claims were filed in southwestern Oregon with its smaller valleys.

the general land office in Washington, D. C. The scrawls of confused clerks are still apparent in the ledger books: "female settler?—is she entitled?" The answer was yes; each of these women's claims was patented in 1862. The women (Janet Pugh, Sally Goodman, Mary Center, Mary Canada, and Delilah White) seem to have exploited some confusion created by the 1850 law's allowance for limited married women's property rights.[58] The provision granted up to 320 acres to wives in conjunction with their husband's claim, and widows could take claims as heirs.[59] The Oregon law does not suggest nascent proto-feminism, of course. Rather, the common view of women as keepers of hearth and home was responsible. In an 1854 congressional debate, Lane explained that men could not be trusted to refrain from speculating their lands, but women could, thus preserving homesteads and fledgling communities.[60] Single women were neither explicitly allowed or barred from taking claims under the law's language, and colonials allowed these five non-widowed single women to file claims. Congress rejected similar women's property provisions in the 1854 land law of New Mexico Territory. The five Oregon women who gained land patents were notable exceptions to the exclusivity of settler-colonialism as the domain of white males.

---

[58] *Abstracts of Oregon Donation Land Claims*, reels 1–3, certificates 44, 57, 79, 376, 380.

[59] *United States Statutes at Large*, 31st Cong., 1st Sess., Chap. 76, 1850, sections 5 and 8.

[60] *Congressional Globe*, 33d Cong., 1st Sess., 4 May 1854, 1076.

While the realities of squatter sovereignty through the Donation Land Laws proved disappointing, the second treaty round succeeded in retroactively legalizing ten years of intensive colonization and land speculations. Between 1853 and 1855, Oregon Superintendent of Indian Affairs Joel Palmer negotiated several treaties with the Takelmas, Athapaskans, Kalapuyans, and Kusans of the Willamette, Rogue, and Umpqua river systems and the Oregon Coast. The Senate ratified seven of these treaties, securing federal title to the affected lands. However, the Senate failed to ratify the treaties with the Tualatin Band of Calapooia and all of the coastal peoples. Nevertheless, Indian removals and declarations of Native homelands as public domain included them anyway, whereas the limited treaty benefits did not. Palmer refused to treat with Klikitat emigrants to the Willamette Valley; instead they were considered part of the newly created Yakama Nation on the north bank of the middle Columbia River. Aside from Palmer's more assertive personality, the threat of war between 1853 and 1855 proved the crucial ingredient that Dart lacked in 1851. Justified fear motivated Indian people to agree to unfavorable conditions, including removal from their homelands.

Actual hostilities and rumors played crucial roles in 1853, when Palmer secured his first treaties with Takelmas of the Rogue River Valley and the Cow Creek Band of Umpqua. To end a brief conflict, the first treaties established terms of peace and reservations at Table Rock and Council Creek. Intermittent hostilities continued through 1854, and rumors of a supposed pan-Indian alliance from southern Oregon to Washington Territory spooked the colonial population. Euro-Americans responded to this mostly imagined threat with public cries for Indian removal, preemptive military force, and extermination. Between 1854 and the fall of 1855, the Indian peoples of western Oregon faced this hostility with a more accommodating stance towards the irrepressible Palmer and his treaty overtures. Nearly all tribes and bands signed away their homelands, though many leaders subsequently complained that Palmer had promised that removal was only temporary during this tense period. Following the massacre of approximately twenty-five Shasta men, women, and children on Little Butte Creek near Table Rock on 11 October 1855, colonials got the war for which many had been calling, especially those in the mining districts of southwest Oregon. The resulting, final Rogue River War caused significant bloodshed. Many people in southwest Oregon, including Indian people, Euro-Americans, and mixed bloods, died or were seriously injured and lost their homes and loved ones. The conflagration, ignited by "Major" Lupton and his Jacksonville volunteer militia, soon drew General John Wool and the regular army into the war to restore peace and order. Federal and territorial disputes regarding the war created a long-lasting enmity between Oregonians and federal "brass buttons" over the war's causes and economic costs. By the spring of 1856, the war had caused the removal of the majority of the Native population of western Oregon to the new Coast and Grand Ronde reservations.[61]

---

[61] Stephen Dow Beckham, *Requiem for a People: The Rogue Indians and the Frontiersmen* (1971; reprint, Corvallis, 1996); E.A. Schwartz, *The Rogue River Indian War and Its Aftermath, 1850–1980* (Norman, 1997); Whaley, "Creating Oregon from *Illahee*."

Shipped and marched off to the new reservations during and after the war, treaty and non-treaty Indian peoples alike faced the tumultuous conditions of reservation life with inadequate housing, food, and clothing, abusive guards, corrupt officials, and inter-ethnic tensions aggravated by these conditions. The treaties did substantiate federal recognition of Native sovereignty, which has been crucial in the long term, particularly for the specific bands and tribes whose treaties were ratified. However, in the short term, the treaties provided mixed results at best. Neither Indians nor federal officials favored the realities of the new Indian reservations. Controversies concerned geography, demographics, administration, funding, access to aboriginal homelands, and lies allegedly told by Palmer to obtain Native cooperation. The Palmer treaties solved the question of sovereignty, but failed to keep the peace and left a morass of new problems to fester for years to come.

While the ideal of imperialism might be considered the orderly acquisition and maintenance of power and influence, expansionist nations such as the United States rarely realized such order. In the case of Oregon, the citizenry pushed imperialism forward by initiating colonization before the nation had secured dominion vis-à-vis competing empires and indigenes. They attempted to create their ideal of squatter sovereignty, and, with the legitimacy of their territorial government pressed their goals, but did not fully realize them. The mixture of economic speculation and racialized republicanism produced a form of colonialism that featured aggressive acquisition and trading of Native lands and that left no room for the Indian population. The ultimate clash between territorial and federal officials over the causes and expenses of the final Rogue River War became emblematic of a sectionalist struggle between the U. S. East and West that would continue for years. However, with statehood in 1859, the relationship between Oregon and the United States was no longer a colonial one. New Western historians such as William Robbins have used the language of imperialism to condemn the unequal sectional relationship that continued over time, but such language is at best analogous and rhetorical. Territorial governments were politically akin to colonies in that the president of the United States appointed their governors—and territorial representatives to Congress could not vote. Statehood ended this formal dependency.[62] However, the relationship between Native people and the United States continued to be colonial. Indian people, caught between the competing interests of colony and empire, were legally and popularly defined as the "other," separated from dominant society, denied access to most of their resources, and refused both the legal recourse of citizens and the right of self-determination.

Although the colonization of western Oregon reflects particular circumstances there, in the West and in the nation in the 1840s and 1850s, the general contestation among imperial, colonial, and indigenous populations can be broadly compared across time and space. The outlines of American imperial policies were taken directly from Great Britain, which continued to develop and alter its policies over time and

---

[62] William G. Robbins, *Colony and Empire: The Capitalist Transformation of the American West* (Lawrence, KS, 1994).

across space, as did the United States. Indeed, in the Oregon Country, Hawai'i, and elsewhere, British and American imperialisms and the colonialisms of their citizens crossed paths and mutually shaped each other. As well, the administration of "Indian affairs" and the nascent reservation system of the mid-1850s constituted the beginning of a paternalist structure that still dominates much of Native life, similar to the British bureaucratic regime in India until 1947, the United States in the Philippines until 1934, and the continuing structures governing indigenes of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. American Indians and indigenous peoples of other continents have become increasingly aware of their shared experiences and circumstances, prompting transnational Nativist movements in recent decades. Americanists have an opportunity to make sense of the similarities, connections, and diverse histories of empire and colony, a global history in which the United States has been intimately involved since its founding.

Beyond the Reach of Time and Change

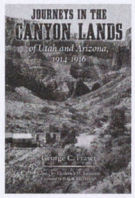
Native American Reflections on the Frank A. Rinehart Photograph Collection

Edited by Simon J. Ortiz

While many photographs of Indians from the turn of the twentieth century pandered to insensitive stereotypes, those made by Frank A. Rinehart conveyed the dignity and pride of Native peoples. This book features one hundred outstanding images printed from Rinehart's original negatives and also includes 14 essays by modern Native American writers, artists, and educators—some of them descendants of the individuals photographed—reflecting on the place of these images in their heritage. Just as this collection offers today's Native Americans a unique connection to the past, this book offers all readers a positive understanding of continuity within the American Indian community.



A Sun Tracks Book. 176 pp. (8½ x 11), $50.00 cloth, $24.95 paper



Journeys in the Canyon Lands of Utah and Arizona, 1914-1916

George C. Fraser
Edited by Frederick H. Swanson

These journals of horseback vacations will fascinate readers who wonder what the canyon country was like before it became a tourist destination—and will inform historians interested in early accounts of the region.

272 pp., 27 illus., $19.95 paper



Now an Arizona Paperback

Spanish-Language Newspapers in New Mexico, 1834-1958

A. Gabriel Meléndez

288 pp., $24.95 paper

The University of Arizona Press

Tucson, AZ 85712 • 1-800-426-3797 • www.uapress.arizona.edu

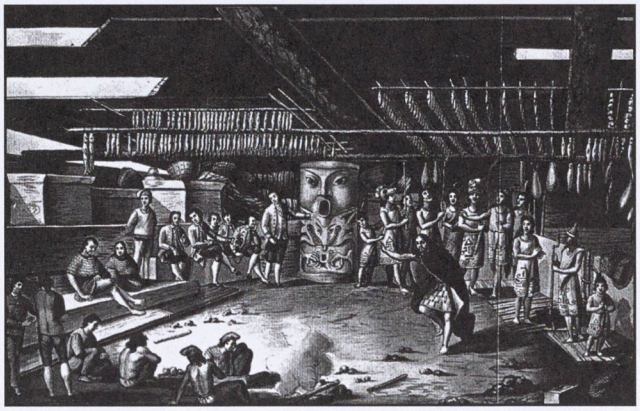


Figure 12. Atanasio Echeverría, *View of the Interior of Chief Maquinna's lodge at Nootka Sound.* Photo courtesy of Museo de Asuntos Exteriores, Madrid.



Figure 13. Ascribed to Wilhelm Tilesius von Tilenau and George von Langsdorff, *Dance of the Indians at Mission San José, 1806.* Photo courtesy of Robert B. Honeyman, Jr. Collection, The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.

engraved. Sykes, who sketched Monterey, seems to have had little artistic training, having begun his naval career as a captain's servant at the age of nine in 1783. At the expedition's return, Sykes received a promotion to lieutenant and, after having served on numerous vessels, retired as an admiral "in his 84th year."[29] Sykes portrayed a tranquil Monterey with verdant, rolling hills where Spanish soldiers herded livestock next to the mission and military garrison.

The Russian presence in California began in 1806, when the Czar's chamberlain, Nicolai Petrovitch Rezanov, arrived in San Francisco to negotiate a treaty with the Spanish governor of California to supply food to Russia's fur-trading outpost at Sitka. German naturalist Georg Heinrich von Langsdorff, a physician who had practiced

[29] Alejandro de Humboldt, *Ensayo Político Sobre el Reino de la Nueva España* (Mexico, 1966), 81.



Figure 14. William Smyth, *The Presidio and Pueblo of Monterey, 1825.* Photo courtesy of Robert B. Honeyman, Jr. Collection, The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.

medicine in Lisbon until 1803, accompanied Rezanov. Compelled by his interest in botany, he joined the Russian mission to the Aleutian Islands and eastward to the American mainland. Von Langsdorff described his visit to San Francisco in detail, especially his excursion by boat to the mission at San José. Accompanying Langsdorff on his excursion to the mission was Wilhelm Tilasius von Tilenau, also a naturalist and an artist on the Aleutian expedition. At San Jose, von Tilenau sketched the Indians dancing. [See Figure 13.] His painting "emphasizes [the] strangeness of six California Indians shown in typical costume, each dressed and decorated in a different way." According to Perry, their "stocky forms" and "their bodies painted in sections, and their individualized headgear repudiate European ideals of regularity and symmetry and the examples of classical antiquity that had inspired José Cardero's portrait of a male Indian in 1791."[30] Von Langsdorff returned to Siberia in June 1806, and eventually arrived in St. Petersburg in March 1808. After a varied career, he died in Germany in 1852 at the age of 78.[31]

Artist Louis Choris visited California on a Russian expedition commanded by Otto von Kotzebue aboard the *Rurik* from 1815 to 1818. Sometimes referred to as

[30] Perry, *Pacific Arcadia*, 16–7. Even though von Langsdorff is often credited with having painted *A Dance of the Indians at the Mission of St. Joseph [San José] in New California*, it is credited to von Tilenau in the Robert B. Honeyman, Jr. Collection of Early Californian and Western American Pictorial Material, The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.

[31] Ibid., 16. For background information on von Langsdorff, see Trenton and Houlihan, *Native Americans*, 167. See also *Views collected by G.H. von Langsdorff during his voyage around the world from 1803 to 1807.* Six drawings: chiefly in sepia, The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley and G.H. von Langsdorff, *Voyages and Travels in Various Parts of the World During the Years 1803, 1804, 1805, 1806, and 1807* (New York, 1968).

beginning at age 12 under Jerónimo Antonio Gil, accompanying his mentor to Mexico in 1788 when Gil was named director of the Mexican Art Academy of San Carlos in the capital city of New Spain. Suria, who became an engraver in the Mexican mint, was excited by the opportunity to travel with Malaspina to the north.[25] His portraits of natives at Mulgrave Sound (Yakutat Bay) and Nootka Sound are an important visual and ethnographic record. [See Figures 10 and 11.]



Figure 11. Tomás de Suria, *Maquinna, Chief of Nootka*. Photo courtesy of Museo de América, Madrid.

When Juan Francisco de la Bodega y Quadra was ordered by the Viceroy of Mexico to proceed to the Pacific Northwest to meet with George Vancouver in 1792 to settle the boundary dispute known as the Nootka Sound Controversy, he was accompanied by Mexican botanists José Mariano Moziño and José Maldonado, and artist Atanasio Echeverría y Godoy. Echeverría, was born in Mexico and then, in his mid-twenties, had trained at the Art Academy of San Carlos. Because his scientific illustrations, which included hundreds of plants, birds, butterflies, and fish, were unparalleled for their beauty and accuracy, he earned a reputation as the most outstanding artist working for the Royal Botanical Expedition to New Spain.[26] During his four-month stay at Nootka, and later Monterey, Echeverría produced over twenty sketches of general scenes, as well as botanical and zoological drawings.[27] [See Figure 12.] Alexander von Humboldt later remarked that "Señor Echeverría, painter of plants and animals, and whose works can compete with the most perfect that Europe has produced of this class" occupied "a very distinguished place" in his field "without having left [his] native country."[28] There are few scenes painted by Spanish artists after this time.

John Sykes, who accompanied Vancouver as a midshipman from 1792 to 1794 on board the *Discovery*, made most of the drawings during the expedition that were later

[25] Serrano, *Los Pintores*, vol. I, p. 139.

[26] José Mariano Moziño, *Noticias de Nutka: An Account of Nootka Sound in 1792*, trans. and ed. by Iris H. Wilson Engstrand (Seattle, 1991), p. xlviii.

[27] Ibid. When the sketches were returned to Mexico City, companions of Echeverría at the Art Academy of San Carlos made duplicate copies of most of them. A complete set is housed in the Ministerio de Asuntos Exteriores in Madrid.

[28] Henry, *Early Maritime Artists*, 166 and Engstrand, "Images of Reality," 62–3.



Figure 10. Tomás de Suria, *Woman of Nootka*. Photo courtesy of Museo Naval, Ministerio de Marina, Madrid.

The expedition spent time in Alaska and on Vancouver Island on the Northwest Coast and then remained in Monterey for two weeks from 11–26 September 1791. One of the two official artists on the journey to California was José Cardero (a native of the Andalusian town of Ecija) who sailed with Malaspina from Cádiz as a twenty-one-year-old cabin boy in 1789. Cardero was promoted to first boatswain and began doing volunteer sketching along the coast of South America.

By the time the expedition reached California in 1791, he had drawn a series of zoological illustrations, general views, coastal profiles, native portraits, and daily activities. His Indian woman holding a basket is well covered, while a nearly nude male stands in the background with a female companion. Perry, in an interesting comparison of the male warrior with a bow and arrow standing to the right of the fully-dressed Indian woman, states: "Nobly nude, with a form and bearing closely resembling those of the classical Apollo Belvedere, he embodies the eighteenth-century ideal of the Rousseauian noble savage, completing the other half of the population equation that was required for long-term Spanish settlement." [23] [See Figures 8 and 9.] Cardero, whose depictions of a Spanish soldier and his wife are unique in showing the uniform and dress in Monterey at this time, are quite well known. Cardero was later assigned to return to the North Pacific with an offshoot of the Malaspina effort commanded by Dionisio Alcalá Galiano and Cayetano Valdés in 1792.[24] He then completed a number of portraits of native chiefs along the Strait of Juan de Fuca and interior straits of the coast of present-day British Columbia.

Tomás de Suria, born in Madrid in 1761, was the second artist to accompany Malaspina. He studied at the Royal Art Academy of San Fernando in Madrid

[23] Perry, *Pacific Arcadia*, 12.

[24] Aboard the *Sutil* and *Mexicana*, a Spanish contingent accompanied the ships of George Vancouver as they penetrated the inland passages of British Columbia in 1792 and later visited Monterey. See Donald C. Cutter, *California in 1792: A Spanish Naval Visit* (Norman, OK, 1990); John Kendrick, trans., *The Voyage of Sutil and Mexicana, 1792: The Last Spanish Exploration of the Northwest Coast of America* (Spokane, 1991); Donald C. Cutter, *Malaspina and Galiano: Spanish Voyages to the Northwest Coast 1791 and 1792* (Seattle, 1991).

Drawn to the West

Brian W. Dippie

Historic western American art is best understood as myth in visual form. My essay argues that art enshrines the ideals of nineteenth-century white Americans who saw the West as a promised land. Western art's contested reputation today results from its tendency to celebrate frontier expansion as fundamental to the shaping of a distinctive national character.

Our conference theme this year is "The Boundless West: Imagery and Popular Culture." It reflects my own abiding interest in the art of the American West. My work has focused on imagery. I like words and love pictures. To paraphrase Paul Klee, "Art does not reproduce what we see. Rather, it makes us see."[1] As a historian of the American West, my interest turns on what western art makes us see—what it shows, *and* what it means. To see a feathered Indian is to encounter an allegorical premise. The Trail's End is near. A single buffalo skull is an entire historical narrative. An Indian with raised tomahawk validates Manifest Destiny. A wagon train creaking into the setting sun is the future washed in gold. Western art, to put it baldly, is western myth in visual form. And that western myth remains an essential part of any history of the American West. [See Figure 1.]

Seen from a distance—from foreign shores, even those located along the forty-ninth parallel—the western myth is not only the most interesting thing about America, but also the most revealing. Foreigners will ever be in quest of the key that unlocks American culture, and founding myths are attractive for their explanatory powers.[2]

Brian W. Dippie, forty-first president of the Western History Association, a native of Edmonton, Alberta, teaches U. S. history at the University of Victoria, BC, specializing in western American art.

[1] "Perspective is Everything," advertisement for *Globe and Mail* in the *Globe and Mail*, 6 July 2002. Klee's 1920 dictum is usually rendered, "Art does not reproduce the visible, rather it makes visible." Will Grohmann, *Paul Klee* (London, 1967), 21. Naturally Klee's view implied that representational art was hopelessly literal-minded. But surfaces intended to reflect reality can mislead observers and conceal depths worth plumbing. The last quarter century of writing about western art follows on this premise.

[2] For examples of such studies by scholars situated abroad or born outside the United States, see: Peter J. Parish, "Daniel Webster, New England, and the West," *Journal of American*

Western Historical Quarterly 35 (Spring 2004): 5–26. Copyright © 2004, Western History Association.



Figure 1. George Catlin, "Wi-jun-jon, Pigeon's Egg Head, going to and returning from Washington," engraving in George Catlin, *Letters and Notes on the Manners, Customs and Condition of the North American Indians* (New York, 1841), vol. 2, plates 271–2. Photo in author's collection.

From a European perspective, it makes sense to see America as the little transplant that could—and did. "Westward the Course of Empire takes its Way," an Irish bishop wrote in 1728:

> The four first Acts
> already past,
> A fifth shall close the
> Drama with the Day;
> The world's great
> Effort is the last.[3]

Discredited usages like "Old World" and "New World" once served to draw distinctions and to suggest continuity—Western Civ, and all that. Is studying the mythic West a Eurocentric enterprise? Of course. But then from the perspective of Europe, America *was* a European enterprise. Just over a year ago the Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming, and the Glenbow Museum in Calgary, Alberta, teamed to sponsor a

History 54 (December 1967): 524–49 and "An Exception to Most of the Rules: What Made American Nationalism Different in the Mid-Nineteenth Century?" *Prologue* 27 (Fall 1995): 218–29; Walter Allen, *The Urgent West: An Introduction to the Idea of the United States* (London, 1969); Bronwen J. Cohen, "Nativism and Western Myth: The Influence of Nativist Ideas on the American Self-Image," *Journal of American Studies* 8 (April 1974): 23–39; David M. Wrobel, *The End of American Exceptionalism: Frontier Anxiety from the Old West to the New Deal* (Lawrence, KS, 1993); Jan Willem Schulte Nordholt, *The Myth of the West: America as the Last Empire*, trans. Herbert H. Rowen (Grand Rapids, MI, 1995); Eric Kaufmann, "American Exceptionalism Reconsidered: Anglo-Saxon Ethnogenesis in the 'Universal' Nation, 1776–1850," *Journal of American Studies* 33 (December 1999): 437–57; David Hamilton Murdoch, *The American West: The Invention of a Myth* (Reno, 2001); Arnon Gutfeld, *American Exceptionalism: The Effects of Plenty on the American Experience* (Brighton, GB, 2002). Also pertinent is the symposium conceived and coordinated by Kevin Mulroy, "Imaging the West," Autry Museum of Western Heritage, Los Angeles, 9–11 June 1995. I would add a few publications of my own to this list: "The West that Was & the West that Is," *Gilcrease Magazine of History and Art* 8 (July 1986): 1–15 and *West-Fever* (Los Angeles, 1998).

[3] George Berkeley, "America or the Muse's Refuge: A Prophecy" in *The Works of George Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne*, ed. A. A. Luce and T. E. Jessup, vol. 7 (London, 1955), 369–70, quote on 370; see also Loren Baritz, "The Idea of the West," *American Historical Review* 66 (April 1961): 618–40; Laurence M. Hauptman, "Westward the Course of Empire: Geography Schoolbooks and Manifest Destiny, 1783–1893," *Historian* 40 (May 1978): 423–37, was based on a survey of more than one thousand books. Hauptman discerned a strong endorsement of the inevitability of continental expansion. Geographical predestination meant that other races would serve American needs by melting away in the face of white civilization's advance.

traveling symposium called "One West, Two Myths: Comparing Canadian and American Perspectives." How could two nations whose western boundary is simply an artificial line drawn along the 49th parallel, and who shared in common their connection to the British Empire, have produced distinctive societies with measurably different social values and, most pertinent for purposes of the symposium, contrasting myths about their Wests?[4]

When the third and final leg of the symposium convened in Berlin in July this year, its host was the John F. Kennedy Center for North American Studies at the Free University, its coverage had been expanded to include Mexico, and its title had changed to "Narrating Frontiers: Transgressions and Exchanges along North American Borders." Let me add that since it was an international conference drawing heavily on European expertise in critical studies, the approach was resolutely literary and the water got pretty deep for the few historians and sole archeologist in attendance. But the mythic West still cast a long shadow over the proceedings, appropriately enough, given the bruising German-American relations had suffered during the lead-up to the Iraq war and a tendency abroad to consider President George W. Bush a "cowboy" in the modern, pejorative sense of that word.[5] Too, the John F. Kennedy Institute was in the midst of celebrating the fortieth anniversary of President Kennedy's speech denouncing a border that, in 1963, literally divided East and West. The Berlin Wall, he had insisted, was "an offence not only against history but an offence against humanity." It would one day fall—"freedom is indivisible"—and, on behalf of free people everywhere, he joined the people of Berlin in their struggle by proclaiming himself a Berliner, too.[6] In short, at the "Narrating Frontiers" conference, America loomed large as fact and even larger as symbol. The myth of the West was not some tired conceit; it was palpable, and pressingly important.

The explanatory power of frontiering seems undeniable. In time, *something* transformed what was into what is—a European transplant into an original phenomenon.[7] Bishop Berkeley himself, having proclaimed that "Westward the Course of Empire takes its Way," subsequently modified his concluding line, "The world's great Effort is the last," to read instead, "Time's noblest Offspring is the last." That is the version we choose to remember today.[8] Americans celebrated the centennial of their republic soon after

---

[4] See Seymour Martin Lipset, *American Exceptionalism: A Double-Edged Sword* (New York, 1996), 77–109.

[5] Alex Strachan, "Lone Justice: How the West is Being Won (in the Middle East)," *Vancouver Sun* (British Columbia), 5 April 2003.

[6] Christian Bahr, *Divided City: The Berlin Wall*, English language ed. (Berlin, DEU, 2002), 18.

[7] A vigorous defense of the exceptionalist premise is mounted in Jack P. Greene, *The Intellectual Construction of America: Exceptionalism and Identity from 1492 to 1800* (Chapel Hill, NC, 1993). Exceptionalism is hard to lay to rest. After all, *thinking* you are different constitutes a case for exceptionalism.

[8] "Verses by the Author on the prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America," Luce and Jessup, *Works of George Berkeley*, 373.

a convulsive civil war had exposed racial and sectional divisions that threatened its continued existence. As a reuniting nation with its continental borders fully attained, the United States in 1876 was emerging as a global power, increasingly unsure of the very openness that had made it, to quote Kennedy again, "a nation of immigrants." An explanation for its rapid rise to greatness among the older powers of the world was in order. That the best known explanation was advanced in an address delivered in conjunction with a world's fair celebrating the 400th anniversary of Columbus's "discovery" of the New World—a fair held in Chicago (the West within a human lifespan, but now an eastern city)—may not have impressed contemporaries, but it has impressed friends and foes of Frederick Jackson Turner's frontier thesis ever since.[9]

"The Significance of the Frontier in American History" offered an explanation for what made "time's noblest Offspring" different. It became the gold standard for the exceptionalist premise. Exceptional means distinctive, of course, not wonderful, and exceptionalism can accommodate triumphalism and triumphalism's opposite, self-recrimination. But clearly triumphalism holds the upper hand in Turner. Overwhelmingly, the qualities he attributed to the frontier experience were entered on the credit side of the ledger—strength, acuteness, inquisitiveness, a "practical, inventive turn of mind," a "masterful grasp of material things," a "restless, nervous energy," a "dominant individualism," "that buoyancy and exuberance which comes with freedom," freshness, confidence, and a "scorn of older society," which translates as a love for democracy—noble qualities all. Only a lack in the artistic and that "dominant individualism" when it works for "evil" fall into the debit column.[10] It does not require an accountant to recognize that Turner's balance sheet is robustly in favor of America's frontier legacy. Still, there is that nagging, worrisome question at the end: What now?—What now that frontiering is finished? Turner's thesis, triumphalist, but also deeply fretful about the ending of the very process of frontiering that it celebrated—the closing of "the first period of American history"—was not so much history as founding myth. And as myth, not history, it has proven astonishingly resilient because myth (to quote one dictionary definition) is "any real or fictional story, recurring theme, or character type that appeals to the consciousness of a people by embodying its cultural ideals or by giving expression to deep, commonly felt emotions."[11] As such, myth is "highly impervious to refutation by a show of facts to the contrary."[12]

---

[9] George W. Pine, *Beyond the West: containing an account of two years' travel . . .* (Utica, NY, 1870), 45.

[10] Frederick J. Turner, "The Significance of the Frontier in American History," in *Annual Report of the American Historical Association for the Year 1893* (Washington, DC, 1894), 227; Also see Wrobel, *The End of American Exceptionalism.*

[11] William Morris, ed., *The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language* (NewYork, 1969), 869.

[12] Gregor Sebba, "Symbol and Myth in Modern Rationalistic Societies," in *Truth, Myth, and Symbol,* ed. Thomas J. J. Altizer, William A. Beardslee, and J. Harvey Young (Englewood Cliffs, NJ, 1962), 145.

The myth-symbol school of the 1950s, linked to Henry Nash Smith's seminal *Virgin Land* and since so thoroughly repudiated as essentialist, reductivist and, of course, triumphalist (terms not even in the 1969 dictionary that provided the common sense definition of myth just quoted), has reappeared, changed but still recognizable, in the flood of recent writing on national memory and historical consciousness.[13] One could even predict a return to national character studies. Certainly events since 11 September have given little comfort to those like Thomas L. Haskell who, in 2000, hoped that historical debate in America would abandon exceptionalism and anti-exceptionalism alike and embrace a "splendidly aloof" post-exceptionalist perspective that would "forthrightly admit that sweeping claims and counterclaims about the similarity or difference of entire nations will forever elude empirical resolution." It may be, as Haskell wrote, that exceptionalism is a "barren conundrum" and that searching in the supposed "uniqueness of national experience" for "an explanatory key that unlocks all doors" is a fruitless activity.[14] But Haskell's hopes for a post-exceptionalist paradise have been dashed by the plethora of commentators who in the past year began their observations on international affairs with "[t]he French are . . ." or "[t]he Germans are . . ." or "Americans are. . . ." Even Canadians went from being irritating, but nice, to just being irritating.[15] As the world's superpower, America, of course, comes in for most of the scrutiny. The search continues for that elusive "explanatory key." And where that search leads, the West will not be far behind.

---

[13] Henry Nash Smith, *Virgin Land: The American West as Symbol and Myth* (Cambridge, MA, 1950). The book is granted a conditional discharge for what it wrought as the progenitor of the myth-symbol school in Ann Fabian's surprisingly forgiving "Back to Virgin Land," *Reviews in American History* 24 (September 1996): 542–53. In the past decade, studies in American myth and memory have covered everything from Plymouth Rock, the American flag, George Washington, Barnum's America and the Alamo through the Civil War (including Lincoln, the Lincoln Memorial, Lee and his generals, Pickett's Charge, and the Lost Cause) to World War II, Vietnam, and Monterey, California. Historic sites, pageants, and monuments have received especially close attention; a model is Edward Tabor Linenthal, *Sacred Ground: Americans and Their Battlefields*, 2d ed. (Urbana, IL, 1993). For a standard overview, see Michael Kammen, *Mystic Chords of Memory: The Transformation of Tradition in American Culture* (New York, 1991); for a useful western case study, see Clyde A. Milner II, "The Shared Memory of Montana Pioneers," *Montana The Magazine of Western History* 37 (Winter 1987): 2–13.

[14] Thomas L. Haskell, "Taking Exception to Exceptionalism," *Reviews in American History* 28 (March 2000): 164–5.

[15] See *American Review of Canadian Studies* 33 (Spring 2003), special issue, "Weathering the Storm: The State of the Canada-U.S. Relationship, 2003." Wringing its hands over a tourist drought in the summer of 2003, the *Times Colonist* (Victoria, BC) on 1 August published a letter from Douglas Buchanan of Bishop, CA who spoke about Americans when they get serious: ". . . we have little time for critics. We also lose our motive for buying their wine (France) and visiting their countries (France, Germany, Canada) because we have more important things on our minds."

So we turn to western myth and the ideas and values it embodies. Conventional wisdom, Marvin Meyers wrote in the heyday of national character studies, holds that rhetoric is never to be trusted.[16] Long before the post-modernists, students of literature and political oratory knew that they were dealing with unreliable narrators, and that hidden meanings would have to be teased out of texts. Still, there was confidence that the effort was worthwhile, in the spirit of the remark that in order to understand America's mythic capital, Hollywood, you had to scrape through the tinsel to get to the *real* tinsel underneath. Rhetoric disguises and confuses; it also reveals. It is a verbal strategy adopted for a purpose. The words most often associated with the West in the rhetoric of the first half of the nineteenth century involved space and opportunity and freedom and the future. "The East is old, pretty fully peopled, and small," Massachusetts's Daniel Webster told an audience in Pittsburgh in 1833, when Pittsburgh, like Chicago, was still the West. "We are bounded; you are boundless."[17] The Transcendentalists poured it on. Thoreau could not abide the actualities of westward expansion—"Going to California," he observed, "is only three thousand miles nearer to hell." Still, he doted on the *idea* of going West: "Westward is heaven . . . or rather heavenward is the West."[18] An essayist in 1857 echoed Bishop Berkeley by writing:

> The West has always been the land of hope and progress . . . the land not of the past, but of the future. . . . We are beginning to feel, as none others have done before us, the true import of this word, the West. It is a protest against the existing evils of society; as if one should say, Let me leave this place where mind is trammeled, where I cannot develop all my powers as I would, and let me go where all this can be accomplished—let me go West.

There would be hardships, of course, to test the hardiest of individuals. "He who seeks the West must submit to toil, danger, privation, disease, and perhaps early death. . . ." And some would have to be sacrificed: "The aborigines must be driven out or exterminated in the beginning." But the price of progress was as nothing if the West became

---

[16] Marvin Meyers, *The Jacksonian Persuasion: Politics & Belief* (New York, 1960), preface to the Vintage edition.

[17] Quoted in Parish, "Daniel Webster, New England, and the West," 527.

[18] Quoted in Lawrence Willson, "The Transcendentalist View of the West," *Western Humanities Review* 14 (Spring 1960): 186–7. More predictably, Herman Melville as the "great naysayer" shared Thoreau's opinion. Melville's *Mardi and a Voyage Thither*, ed. Raymond W. Weaver (1849; reprint, New York, 1925), 453, satirized the Oregon Boundary dispute, the Mexican War and Texas Annexation, and the rush to California: "It seems a golden hell."

what its dreamers dreamed: "a blessing to the world, an addition to its civilization and refinement, and the theater for a more perfect development of humanity than preceding ages and Eastern climes have ever realized."[19]

This "great nation of futurity," as John L. O'Sullivan described the United States in 1839, in a warm-up for Manifest Destiny's full-throated cry, had reached maturity

---

[19] Delta, "Westward," *Emerson's United States Magazine* 5 (August 1857): 186, 189–90. Attributing the prediction to Walt Whitman, in 1947 Henry Nash Smith wrote: "In the West will appear a new politics and a new literature, appropriate to the turbulent and audacious America of the future." See Henry Nash Smith, "Walt Whitman and Manifest Destiny," *Huntington Library Quarterly* 10 (August 1947): 375. Thoreau entertained grave doubts about Manifest Destiny, but anticipated Whitman's point in an 1843 journal entry: "We must look to the west for the growth of a new literature–manners–architecture &c Already there is more language there,–which is the growth of the soil,–than here." (Quoted in Willson, "The Transcendentalist View of the West," 190.) Also see Gay Wilson Allen on Whitman, "The Influence of Space on the American Imagination," in *Essays on American Literature in Honor of Jay B. Hubbell,* ed. Clarence Gohdes (Durham, NC, 1967), 329–42 and Edwin Fussell, *Frontier: American Literature and the American West* (Princeton, NJ, 1965), for a sustained argument that the West is essential "for an understanding of early American literature," and that literature, in turn, is essential for an understanding of the West's formative influence in the shaping of an American character prior to the Civil War (quote on p. 3). Moving beyond literary images, Rush Welter argued that ordinary Americans before the Civil War came to see in the West "an almost limitless extension of the social and economic and political values they associated with their country at large," thus substituting utilitarian motives for literary idealism in characterizing the West as America's repository of opportunity and hope. See Rush Welter, "The Frontier West as Image of American Society, 1776–1860," *Pacific Northwest Quarterly* 52 (January 1961): 1–6 (quote on p. 2) and "The Frontier West as Image of American Society: Conservative Attitudes before the Civil War," *Mississippi Valley Historical Review* 66 (March 1960): 593–614, which traces a shift in eastern attitudes whereby the West, once deplored as a drain on New England's resources, was reconceptualized as a "middle-class utopia" that "embodied the lasting hopes of the American nation." As the dates of these citations indicate, such broad-gauged studies in intellectual history have not been in fashion for years. Indeed, with the exception of an essay by Rush Welter titled "On Studying the National Mind," *New Directions in American Intellectual History,* ed. John Higham and Paul K. Conkin (Baltimore, MD, 1979), vividly documented the complete collapse of "consensus history" and national character studies. "In the 1950s intellectual history had seemed to offer the master key that could unlock the deepest secrets of the American past," Higham wrote in the introduction: "By the late 1960s all claims issued in the name of an 'American mind,' a national 'myth,' a 'climate of opinion,' or a 'liberal tradition' were subject to drastic skepticism." (p. xii) But Fred Erisman's "Thoreau, Alcott, and the Mythic West," *Western American Literature* 34 (Fall 1999): 303–15 (quote on p. 303), is a sign of a renewed interest in (to paraphrase Wallace Stegner) the rhetoric of hope that extends the discussion of what Erisman describes as Thoreau's well recognized "part in shaping the American sense of the mythic West" to include Louisa May Alcott. Leo P. Ribuffo, "What Is Still Living in 'Consensus' History and Pluralist Social Theory," *American Studies International* 38 (February 2000): 42–60 (quote on p. 56), concludes that "we should not reject out of hand the possibility that most Americans have shared significant beliefs and values, though the components of this 'consensus' has certainly varied over the centuries."

by 1893, when Turner delivered his paper in Chicago.[20] Critics in the heyday of consensus history faulted Turner for confusing the literal West with its more potent form, the metaphorical West, which had indeed shaped a national self-consciousness, but had run its course by the end of the Civil War—long before the superintendent of the census declared an end to the frontier. "Twentieth-century sentimental-antiquarian West-mongering was just around the corner," Edwin Fussell noted in dismissing Turner.[21] What he meant was what the novelist Frank Norris meant in a 1902 essay titled "The Frontier Gone at Last":

> . . . on the first of May, eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, a gun was fired in the Bay of Manila. . . . Then came a cry for help from Legation Street in Peking and as the first . . . contingent of American marines took ground on the Asian shore, the Frontier . . . dwindled down and vanished; for the Anglo-Saxon in his course of empire had circled the globe and had brought the new civilization to the old civilization, had reached the starting point of history, the place from which the migration began. So soon as the marines landed there was no longer any West, and the equation of the horizon, the problem of the centuries for the Anglo-Saxon was solved.
>
> So, lament it though we may, . . . the one peculiar picturesqueness of our life is no more. We may keep alive for many years yet the idea of a Wild West, but the hired cowboys and paid rough riders of Mr. William Cody are more like "the real thing" than can be found today in Arizona, New Mexico or Idaho. Only the imitation cowboys, the college-bred fellows who "go out on a ranch" carry the revolver. . . . The Frontier has become conscious of itself, acts the part for the Eastern visitor; and this

[20] John L. O'Sullivan, "The Great Nation of Futurity," *United States Magazine and Democratic Review* 6 (November 1839): 426–30. This and other specimens of the rhetoric of Manifest Destiny are reprinted in *Manifest Destiny*, ed. Norman A. Graebner (Indianapolis, 1968), 15–21; Graebner excludes two fine examples, both also published in the *United States Magazine and Democratic Review* (see below), notable since they bookend Bernard De Voto's "Year of Decision," moving from prophecy to fulfillment in the compass of a single year, 1846. The language closely anticipates Turner's case for American exceptionalism, noting that "[a]s numbers increased and years rolled on, the impress of the Old World faded more and more away" and political democracy gained a secure foothold, establishing America's "great mission . . . to extend to all the people of the American continent . . . institutions based upon the light of reason and truth, upon the benefits and inherent and equal rights of all men. . . ." See "America in 1846: The Past–The Future," *United States Magazine and Democratic Review* 18 (January 1846): 57–64 (quotes on pp. 62, 64). With war with Mexico a fact by February 1847, its "annihilation as a nation" was predicted, along with the fulfillment of America's continental destiny: "The busy and enterprising settlers have descended from the Alleghanies, occupied the plains, pushed across mighty streams, traversed the prairies, penetrated the passes of the Rocky mountains, and are even now loading vessels in the harbors of the Pacific . . ." See "The War," *United States Magazine and Democratic Review* 20 (February 1847): 99–102 (quotes on pp. 101, 99).

[21] Fussell, *Frontier*, 435 and Smith, *Virgin Land*, 250–60.

> self-consciousness is a sign, surer than all others, of the decadence of a type, the passing of an epoch.[22]

Critics aside, Turner's magic year of 1890 still resonates in any reckoning of the West's mythic history. Its beginnings reach back to a time when there was no America except as an unnamed idea in the Old World's imaginings of the West, but Berkeley's fifth act must *close* the drama with the day. Westering constitutes a conventional narrative in which the ending is as important as the beginning. By 1890, opinion-makers and public alike were sorting out the components of America's western myth, enshrining the buckskin-clad hunter-hero, the blue-clad soldier, the cowboy and, of course, the Indian in a visual construct representing the Old West. Popular histories and biographies, dime novels and the periodical press were addicted to western stories and colorful western types. Buffalo Bill had toured Europe by then and made the Wild West a part of European culture, too.[23] The myth, though fitfully, was assuming its recognizable modern form.

Edward Eggleston's 1889 *The Household History of the United States for Young Americans* provides a revealing take on where matters stood when it was published. Boone, according to Eggleston, was the representative of "a new race of men," utterly self-reliant and forged by frontier conditions, but there is no Crockett, Carson, or Cody. And no Billys or Jesses or Calamitys or Wild Bills, of course. The Alamo? One sentence: "Santa Anna marched against the Texans, and at the taking of Fort Alamo"—*Fort* Alamo!—"he put to death all opposed to him, and he also executed five hundred men at Goliad." Mountain men? No Jim Bridger or Jedediah Smith or Bill Sublette. Not even a John Jacob Astor. Mormons? Their religion "allows the practice of polygamy," and "for this reason, Congress has hitherto been unwilling to admit Utah to the Union." Texas annexation, the war with Mexico, and California are discussed as political issues. No Donner Party, no Fort Laramie or Oregon Trail, and precious little Oregon. "A certain Captain Gray, from Boston," gets a paragraph, and Lewis and Clark are handled in two sentences. Needless to say, York and Sacagawea go unmentioned. In 1889, the heroic phase of westering—for Eggleston as for Theodore Roosevelt when he launched his history *The Winning of the West* that year—was "the settlement of the great valley," the area between the Appalachians and the Mississippi. But just the year before, in 1888, Roosevelt had partnered with Frederic Remington, a New York artist who was already the rising star of western illustration, in a series of essays on "Ranch Life in the Far West." The locus of the myth was shifting.[24]

---

[22] Frank Norris, "The Frontier Gone at Last," *World's Work* 3 (February 1902): 1729.

[23] See, for example, *Montana The Magazine of Western History* 42 (Spring 1992), special issue devoted to "The European's American West." See also, Ray Allen Billington, *Land of Savagery, Land of Promise: The European Image of the American Frontier in the Nineteenth Century* (New York, 1981), a useful study that perhaps undervalues Cody's influence.

[24] Edward Eggleston, *The Household History of the United States for Young Americans* (New York, 1889), 232–3 (quote on p. 232), 285, 361, 293–4 (quote on p. 293), 231. See also



Figure 2. Frederic Remington, "Battle of Washita," engraving in Edward Eggleston, *The Household History of the United States and Its People for Young Americans* (New York, 1889), 363. Photo in author's collection.

Eggleston's *Household History* boasts only one plate that could be considered a Wild Western, an engraving of a Remington painting titled *Battle of Washita.* [See Figure 2.] It is an early work, at once awkward, theatrical, and bombastic. Eggleston described Black Kettle's "town on the Washita River, in the Indian Territory," where the soldiers in 1868 "fell upon the sleeping savages at daybreak, defeating them with great slaughter." How exactly this could stir the soul of an artist who idolized the brave boys in blue is unclear. Remington showed the troops charging down a broad avenue between clusters of tipis mowing down Indian men who, taken by surprise, are virtually defenseless. A few women react to the solid wall of advancing soldiers with evident shock. "Great slaughter" of the defenseless is not the stuff of which heroic epics are made.

Theodore Roosevelt, "Ranch Life in the Far West: In the Cattle Country," *Century Magazine* 35 (February 1888): 495–510, which was continued in the March through June issues, and revisited in the October number in an essay on "Frontier Types." This potent partnership, often discussed in the literature on Remington, is nicely contextualized in Richard White, "Frederick Jackson Turner and Buffalo Bill," in Richard White and Patricia Nelson Limerick, *The Frontier in American Culture: An exhibition at Newberry Library August 26, 1994–January 7, 1995*, ed. James R. Grossman (Berkeley, CA, 1994), 6–65.

In 1876, however, as Eggleston dutifully reported, Custer attacked another Indian village, this one wide awake. Badly outnumbered, he "was surrounded and killed, with all the men under his immediate command."[25] Custer's Last Stand was a centennial gift for artists, a precious "epic of defeat." *This* was soul-stirring stuff. Boy Generals. Savage foes. Self-sacrifice. Unflinching courage. No survivors. Walt Whitman responded to the news of Custer's death by celebrating a "lesson opportune": "Continues yet the old, old legend of our race! / The loftiest of life upheld by death!"[26] By spinning conquest to make the victors the victims, the Last Stand dramatized the terrible price of pioneering progress. In 1890, Remington exchanged that headlong charge through a sleeping Indian village for something far more congenial, a desperate defense by white soldiers against hopeless odds. [See Figure 3.] Remington called his painting *The Last Stand*, making the particular generic. When the picture was reproduced in *Harper's Weekly* on 10 January 1891, less than two weeks after Wounded Knee, an editorial note asked, "How many scenes of which this is typical have been enacted on this continent, who can say?"[27] Eventually, Custer's Last Stand entrenched itself as the representative event of the Indian wars, and children's school texts ignored the Washita in favor of heroic images of Custer's grand finale. That was still the case when I was growing up, and, to this day, Custer's Last Stand fascinates me as an idea created by artists who, in giving it visual form, established the power of repetition to burn images into the collective consciousness. And what they created is potently mythic. Repetitions range from knowing quotation or homage to outright rip off. The appeal of formula fiction resides in its predictability, and the pleasure a reader takes in the wrinkles introduced by a given writer. But novelty is not an end in itself. The test is whether a writer can introduce novelty without deviating fundamentally from formula. Mystery readers

[25] Eggleston, *Household History of the United States*, both this quote and the one in the preceding paragraph are on p. 362. Eggleston reassured his young readers that Custer's death in 1876 had only hastened the inevitable: "The bisons . . . have now been exterminated by the march of civilized man. The old life to which the savages were so much attached is fast breaking down. All the hunting-grounds will soon be occupied by farms, mines, and cities. There is nothing left for the Indians but to become civilized or to perish" (p. 364).

[26] Walt Whitman, "A Death-Sonnet for Custer," *New York Tribune*, 10 July 1876; and see Bruce A. Rosenberg, *Custer and the Epic of Defeat* (University Park, PA, 1974). Whitman's poem, anthologized in *Leaves of Grass* as "From Far Dakota's Cañons," has given title to a standard, anti-triumphalist history of the frontier myth, written by Richard Slotkin and titled *The Fatal Environment: The Myth of the Frontier in the Age of Industrialization, 1800–1890* (New York, 1985), just as another Whitman poem, "Facing West from California's Shores," gave title to Richard Drinnon, *Facing West: The Metaphysics of Indian-Hating and Empire-Building* (Minneapolis, 1980). These books serve as ironic tributes to westering's poetic champion.

[27] Quoted in Brian W. Dippie, "Frederic Remington's West: Where History Meets Myth," in *Myth of the West*, by Chris Bruce et al. (New York, 1990), 111–9 (quote on p. 114). For an overview of western art emphasizing its mythic core, see William H. Goetzmann and William N. Goetzmann, *The West of the Imagination* (New York, 1986). For a selection of Remington images of defiant stands, see Dippie, *The Frederic Remington Art Museum Collection* (Ogdensburg, NY, 2001), 142–4.



Figure 3. Frederic Remington, "The Last Stand" (1890), engraving in *Harper's Weekly* 35 (10 January 1891): 24–5. Photo in author's collection.

want the case solved by book's end. Romance readers trust the woman will get her man. Western readers expect the hero to prevail. "The purpose is to create a distinct, individual character and pit him against a specific human problem and see how he meets it," a western writer once remarked. "If he misses, the academic pinheads call it art. . . . Mine don't miss because I make a living at it."[28] Similarly, western painters and sculptors adhering to a representational style have, through repetition and refinement, enshrined certain themes as *the* themes of western art.[29]

Focusing on Custer's Last Stand allows us to see the process of enshrining certain themes through repetition and refinement at work. Within weeks of Custer's death, artists had settled on its meaning—its "lesson opportune"—and were working variations on the theme of heroic defiance in the face of certain death. This sort of heroic

[28] Russel Nye, *The Unembarrassed Muse: The Popular Arts in America* (New York, 1970), 280. For the situation today, with the western genre a-changing, see Paul Andrew Hutton, "Western Writing and Western Writers," *WWA Anniversary Roundup Special Edition* (June 2003): 4–6, marking the fiftieth anniversary of the Western Writers of America.

[29] Dawn Glanz does for western art what Smith before her had done for literature in treating Daniel Boone as the prototype for the frontiersman figure in popular culture. Smith, *Virgin Land*, 49–120 and Dawn Glanz, *How the West Was Drawn: American Art and the Settling of the Frontier* (Ann Arbor, MI, 1982), 1–54. For the paramount narrative themes of traditional western art, see Dippie, *West-Fever*, 55–76.

defiance was the lesson Remington had derived from the Last Stand illustration by Alfred R. Waud in a biography of Custer published in the fall of 1876; Remington's own boyish sketch of the battle done about that time proved his debt to Waud—a debt still apparent when he painted *The Last Stand* in 1890.[30] It paid interest on the debt, and Waud collected two years later in a second version of Custer's Last Stand where Remington's influence is obvious. Indeed, the earliest Last Stands, Waud's and one by William Cary published within a month of the battle, inspired so much emulation that an 1878 lithograph borrowed *both* Custers—a case not just of déjà vu, but double vision.

Emulation is a given in art. Since Remington and Montana's celebrated "cowboy artist" Charles M. Russell have been among my preoccupations, let me concentrate on their influence on other Last Stands. Remington's is obvious; he doted on Last Stand groupings throughout his career. But his most unusual contribution to Last Stand imagery is buried within the best-known version ever done, the chromolithograph by Otto Becker after a painting by Cassilly Adams. First distributed as advertising art by Anheuser-Busch in 1896, *Custer's Last Fight*, as it was titled, has long since attained iconic status for its flamboyant melodrama played out against an accurate backdrop, its gory details, and its charging Indians armed with Zulu spears and clubs and cowhide shields: Here come the Sioux-lu! But my favorite touch is that concession to realism provided by three Remnington sketches incorporated into the action. Remington himself was a master myth-maker—witness his *The Last Stand*—but even in his role as reporter illustrating life on southwestern reservations he had contributed to the mythic structure of Custer's Last Stand.

Russell, too, played an inadvertent role in a variant on Custer's Last Stand. David Humphreys Miller, who painted portraits of seventy-one Indian battle veterans he claimed to have interviewed for his 1957 book *Custer's Fall*, provided the dustjacket art showing Custer receiving a mortal wound while leading his men across the Little Bighorn to attack the Indian village. By denying Custer his grand finale on a hilltop, Miller's painting undercut the basis of Custer's mythic fame. Russell was enlisted in the cause. The mixed-blood scout on the left trying to mount his panicked horse derives from Russell's oil *When Horseflesh Comes High* (1909), while Custer, reeling from the impact of a bullet, owes his existence to the central figure in Russell's *Bushwhacked* (1911). That Miller copied Russell should alert readers to the fact his text is cribbed as well. His account of Custer's death in the river, for example, had already appeared in

[30] For the illustrations discussed in this and the next paragraph, see my "Brush, Palette and the Custer Battle: A Second Look," *Montana The Magazine of Western History* 24 (Winter 1974): 65 and "'What Valor Is': Artists and the Mythic Moment," *Montana The Magazine of Western History* 46 (Autumn 1996): 48, 53. Remington's debt to the illustrations in Frederick Whittaker, *A Complete Life of Gen. George A. Custer: Major-General of Volunteers; Brevet Major-General, U.S. Army; and Lieutenant Colonel, Seventh U.S. Cavalry* (New York, 1876), extended to his *Battle of Washita*, which relies heavily on the plate facing p. 425, *The Battle of the Washita*, in Whittaker's book.

a Crow woman's autobiography twenty-five years earlier, and many of his "interviews" drew on published accounts. Here art serves as a warning light.[31]

Unpeeling the layers in a more conventional treatment of Custer's Last Stand reveals a Russell lurking beneath a Remington, and sums up my point: repetition is the hammer that drives home the western images we carry in our heads. In the late 1930s, artist Carl Lindeberg was often called on to illustrate brochures and posters advertising the Karl May Museum in Dresden, Germany, with its collection of Indian artifacts and a room devoted to the Battle of Little Bighorn. He contributed to the display a small painting showing Gall's warriors gathering for the final rush up Custer Hill. There is a dramatic charm to the work as three Indians in the foreground ride hard to join the warriors already circling Custer's doomed command. In fact, these Indians are lifted directly from Frederic Remington's 1897 wash drawing *The Pony War Dance*, and the Last Stand they are about to join is Russell's 1903 watercolor *Custer's Last Fight*.[32]

Western art has a curious status outside the West. There is a longstanding tradition of critical indifference. On 28 July 2001, at an auction in Reno, Charles Russell's famous 1908 painting, *A Disputed Trail*, showing a man-bear encounter on a narrow mountain path, sold for a record-setting price for an American watercolor. Critics took notice—aroused by the dollar amount, not the art. A writer in the *Wall Street Journal*, Brooks Barnes, noted that with the buyer's commission added on, a total of $2.4 million had just been paid for a work by an "obscure 19th-century American landscape painter." At least Barnes got one thing right. Western art by the likes of Russell and Remington, he wrote, "has long been sneered at as 'cowboy art' by the art-world elite, and many collectors would rather sit on a cattle prod than hang a rodeo scene over the mantel."[33]

Western art long ago encountered a frontier line of its own that divided East from West and was defined by condescension, perceived and real. "There's nothing in the [E]ast for me," Russell told a Montana reporter in 1901. "What do eastern people care

---

[31] Frank B. Linderman, *Red Mother* (New York, 1932), 236–8; David Humphreys Miller, *Custer's Fall: The Indian Side of the Story* (New York, 1957), 126–30; and see Miller, "Echoes of the Little Bighorn," *American Heritage* 22 (June 1971): 32–3, which publishes the account of Sioux veteran Joseph White Cow Bull that makes him out to be the Indian who shot Custer in the river. For the Russell paintings mentioned, see Dippie, *Looking at Russell* (Fort Worth, 1987), 112, 115.

[32] See Dippie, "Brush, Palette and the Custer Battle," 67 (illustrations on p. 32).

[33] Brooks Barnes, "Art & Money," *Wall Street Journal*, 7 September 2001, sec. W, p. 11. Saddam Hussein's fondness for the kitschy paintings of Rowena Morrill—done in the purposely exaggerated swords-and-sandals style of scifi/fantasy art, with an exaggerated, painting-on-black-velvet curvaciousness, bulging muscles, and heaving bosoms—has been likened to President George W. Bush's fondness for a landscape painting by Texas artist Tom Lea. That Lea's work is poker-faced in its sincerity makes it all the funnier to those in the know. See Sarah Milroy, "He May Be a Tyrant, but He Loves His Art," *Globe and Mail*, 19 April 2003.

about my pictures? Why, they wouldn't give 30 cents a dozen for them. . . . I realize and understand that. It would be useless for me to go East. I am going to stay right here and paint things as I see them in nature."[34] We could chalk up Russell's remarks to provincialism, or cultural insecurity. Within a decade he would have a splashy one-man show in New York. But Thomas Moran, a far more worldly artist whose landscapes never raised the doubts that beset western genre art, told a Denver audience in 1892 that "[e]astern people don't appreciate the grand scenery of the Rockies. They are not familiar with mountain effects and it is much easier to sell a picture of a Long Island swamp than the grandest picture of Colorado."[35] Westerners could just accept the situation. "Or should we," as Paul Schullery has suggested, "turn the [e]astern perspective back on itself and . . . recognize the restorative sense of scale in a remark that fishing writer Charley Waterman once offered, that a two-foot stained-glass window in New York would get more editorial comment than a year of South Dakota sunsets?"[36] But turning the eastern perspective back on itself may be unnecessary if current trends continue. Historical western art is today attracting buyers in droves and arousing interest in eastern centers where, as a spokesman at Christie's said, it is now "recognized as great mainstream American art."[37] Even as I speak, an exhibition of Remington's night scenes that originated at the Smithsonian's National Gallery of Art is touring the West, and a major exhibition of George Catlin's Indian portraits organized by the Smithsonian American Art Museum is about to hit the road. Another frontier vanishes. Of course, not everyone will cheer. We live, as the saying goes, in conservative times. An earlier, highly critical Smithsonian retrospective on western art was supposed to tour the country, but closed in Washington without ever leaving the nation's capital. "The West as America" in 1991 kicked up a storm of controversy, proving how enduring old western myths can be—and how ideologically charged the

---

[34] *Anaconda (Montana) Standard*, 15 December 1901.

[35] "A Mountain Painter," *Rocky Mountain (Colorado) News*, 18 June 1892, quoted in Peter H. Hassrick, *Drawn to Yellowstone: Artists in America's First National Park* (Los Angeles, 2002), 82.

[36] Paul Schullery, "Frontier Fly-Fishing in the New West," *Montana The Magazine of Western History* 52 (Summer 2002): 5.

[37] Eric Widing, quoted in Ann E. Berman, "Bonanza!," *Traditional Home* 14 (September 2003): 108. A willingness to accept western art's subject matter rather than dismissing it out of hand as boring has broadened its appeal. As a character in Jane Smiley's shrewd university parody *Moo* (New York, 1995), 68, muses while observing a herd of uninterested students drowsing through a lecture, "ignorance was the prime element of boredom." Princeton University Press recently has been involved in two extraordinarily handsome publications on Remington: Emily Ballew Neff, with Wynne H. Phelan, *Frederic Remington: The Hogg Brothers Collection of the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston* (Princeton, NJ, 2000) and Nancy K. Anderson et al., *Frederic Remington: The Color of Night* (Washington, DC, 2003), while Yale University Press continues its distinguished tradition in publishing western history and culture with Martha A. Sandweiss's *Print the Legend: Photography and the American West* (New Haven, CT, 2002).

art still is. The divide was ideological, not aesthetic, and feelings ran high.[38] Western art is routinely deplored for the values it flaunts. Remington's work, especially in the last twenty years, has been attacked as triumphalism in paint and bronze, and his contemporaries have been tarred with the same brush. Russell might offer a sympathetic vision of the old-time Plains Indian, steeped in nostalgia for the West of his youth, and even Remington in his later years might shift to a more complex, almost wistful stance on Indian subjects, but there is no refuge from modern critiques that condemn triumphalism *and* "imperialist nostalgia" as equally obnoxious. Even landscape artists (and photographers) are considered the tools of despoilers. Because it is an expression of ideology, western art cannot avoid the charge that it soft peddles bad values through seductive imagery. Its very visual appeal becomes evidence in the indictment.[39]

The body of historic western art *is* visually appealing. An Albert Bierstadt mountain or a Moran canyon can still take the breath away. A group of Remington's wild riders racing across a boundless land or a Russell party of Blackfeet moving over the open plains still speak to freedom and possibility. Carlos Schwantes has pondered why the twentieth-century failed to make inroads into popular perceptions of the American

[38] "The West as America" provoked considerable comment; for a sample of immediate reactions, see "Showdown at 'The West as America' Exhibition," *American Art* 5 (Summer 1991): 2–11; and Andrew Gulliford, "Visitors Respond: Selections from 'The West as America' Comment Books," *Montana The Magazine of Western History* 42 (Summer 1992): 77–80.

[39] Alex Nemerov, "'Doing the "Old America"': The Image of the American West, 1880–1920," in *The West as America: Reinterpreting Images of the Frontier, 1820–1920*, ed. William H. Truettner (Washington, DC, 1991), 285–343, has been influential. Nemerov's "Projecting the Future: Film and Race in the Art of Charles Russell," *American Art* 8 (Winter 1994): 70–89 and *Frederic Remington and Turn-of-the-Century America* (New Haven, CT, 1995) provide relatively nuanced readings compared to those in Matthew Baigell, "Territory, Race, Religion: Images of Manifest Destiny," *American Art* 4 (Summer-Fall 1990): 2–21 and J. Gray Sweeney, "Racism, Nationalism, and Nostalgia," in *Race-ing Art History: Critical Readings in Race and Art History*, ed. Kymberly N. Pinder (New York, 2002), 155–68. The blanket indictment offered by Sweeney is why two artists so different in outlook as Remington and Russell have often been treated as interchangeable. Remington celebrated the winning of the West, Russell lamented it. Their work diverged after Russell found his stride in the 1890s, but also converged as Remington, having satisfied his curiosity by witnessing battle in Cuba in 1898, lost confidence in war as a glorious test of manhood. Still, at the end of their lives, their personal credos remained as different as their outlooks. Both were conservatives, Remington politically, Russell culturally, in the sense that Remington was class-conscious and coveted social cachet, while Russell clung to the past and resisted change. Seventeen days before he died in 1909, buoyed by strong reviews of his latest annual exhibition at Knoedler's, Remington crowed in his diary (entry for December 9, Diary, 1909, Frederic Remington Art Museum, Ogdenburg, NY): "The art critics have all 'come down' . . . The 'Illustrator' phase has become a background." Russell, a year before he died in 1926, laboriously wrote out in pencil his take on life (*More Rawhides* [Great Falls, MT, 1925], 3): "I am an illustrator. There are lots better ones, but some worse. Any man that can make a living doing what he likes is lucky, and I'm that." For a recent example of challenges to the "innocence" of western landscape photography, see Martin A. Berger, "Overexposed: Whiteness and the Landscape Photography of Carleton Watkins," *Oxford Art Journal* 26, no. 1 (2003): 1–23.

West. He uses tourism as a measurement. But his examples of neglected twentieth-century themes—and, for that matter, of neglected nineteenth-century themes like Sand Creek and the Ludlow Massacre—only serve to remind us that tourism is about pleasure. He is looking for enlightenment in all the wrong places. Tourists vote with their feet and their wallets. National parks and a sanitized Old West offer romance. Who wants a reality check on their vacation? No wonder "the nineteenth century, not the twentieth, contains the most bankable parts of the western past."[40] And no wonder the bankable parts feature so prominently in western art. There must be five hundred pictures of Custer's Last Stand, and not two dozen of the Washita.

Certain kinds of history are good at identifying breach of promise, but are of no help in explaining the promise that was breached. They are good on divorce, but not on marriage. We may have tired of the dreams of white pioneers who hoped for better lives in a western promised land. But dreamers come in all colors and from all cultures. It was Langston Hughes who late in the Great Depression wrote, "Let America be the dream the dreamers dreamed":

> Let America be America again.
> Let it be the dream it used to be.
> Let it be the pioneer on the plain
> Seeking a home where he himself is free.
> (America never was America to me.)
> .....
> O, let America be America again—
> The land that never has been yet—
> And yet must be—the land where *every* man is free.
> The land that's mine—the poor man's, Indian's, Negro's, ME—
> Who made America,
> Whose sweat and blood, whose faith and pain,
> Whose hand at the foundry, whose plow in the rain,
> Must bring back our mighty dream again.[41]

Black Elk—or was it John Neihardt translating Black Elk?—saw the failure of his "mighty vision" in the shattering of "the sacred hoop of my people," but on a brassy hot day in South Dakota in 1931 called down a little rain from what had been a cloudless sky in a time of drought, and wept with joy because the dream lived on.[42] And lives

---

[40] Carlos A. Schwantes, "The Case of the Missing Century, or Where Did the American West Go after 1900?" *Pacific Historical Review* 70 (February 2001): 19. See also Mark Spence, "The Unnatural History of the Lewis and Clark Bicentennial," *Montana The Magazine of Western History* 53 (Summer 2003): 56–63.

[41] Langston Hughes, "Let America Be America Again," in *The American Writer and the Great Depression*, ed. Harvey Swados (Indianapolis, 1966), 499–501.

[42] John G. Neihardt, *Black Elk Speaks: Being the Life Story of a Holy Man of the Ogalala Sioux* (New York, 1932), 2, 43. Perhaps the most quoted lines in the book come after Black Elk's

on still, in Mexican dreamers with their compasses set north, and Asian dreamers with their compasses set east, and even Canadian dreamers with their compasses set south.[43] In 2001, more than thirty thousand Canadians moved to the United States, and about six thousand Americans out of a population ten times larger, moved to Canada.[44] Wallace Stegner, who had the experience as an American of growing up in Saskatchewan literally on the border—"Our plowshares bit into Montana sod every time we made the turn at the south end of the field"—remembered that "[t]he 49th parallel ran directly through my childhood, dividing me in two."

> In winter . . . we were almost totally Canadian. The textbooks we used in school were published in Toronto and made by Canadians or Englishmen; the geography we studied was focused on the Empire and the Dominion. . . . The songs we sang were . . . "The Maple Leaf Forever" and "God Save the King"; the flag we saluted was the Union Jack. . . .

Stegner concluded his musings with the observation that, "[u]ndistinguishable and ignored as it was, artificially as it split a country that was topographically and climatically one, the international boundary marked a divide in our affiliations, expectations, loyalties."[45] Perhaps it was his Canadian childhood that made Stegner so deeply suspicious of Wild West mythology. Even though as a boy he lived for awhile in Great Falls, Montana, and cut Charlie Russell's lawn, he had no patience with Russell's subject matter—the very heart of western art and that art's evocation of western myth.[46] "The

---

narrative of Wounded Knee (p. 276): "A people's dream died there. It was a beautiful dream." The author's postscript provides the book's upbeat ending.

[43] See Jesus Martinez-Saldana, "La Frontera del Norte," in *Over the Edge: Remapping the American West*, ed. Valerie J. Matsumoto and Blake Allmendinger (Berkeley, 1999), 376; the Cambodian story quilt, 1980s, reproduced in Dippie, *West-Fever*, 8–9; and *Peoples of Color in the American West*, ed. Sucheng Chan, Douglas Henry Daniels, Mario T. Garcia, and Terry P. Wilson (Lexington, MA, 1994), in which the emphasis on the dystopian reality awaiting immigrants to America implies utopian expectations. See A. Roger Ekirch, "Sometimes an Art, Never a Science, Always a Craft: A Conversation with Bernard Bailyn," *William and Mary Quarterly*, 3d Series, 51 (October 1994): 650, for Bailyn's observation: "Do I agree that there have been special, in some ways benevolent, conditions here? Yes, despite all the miseries. Some of our peculiarities have been wonderfully good, some bad. Obviously, we have never been an ideal society, and obviously we have never been immune to the corruptions of power and other ills and brutalities, and we have no mission to save mankind, though we have been an asylum for vast numbers of fearful, oppressed, and ambitious people. After all, fifty million people came here voluntarily from other countries because they thought things would be better than they were where they came from."

[44] "California Dreamin' becomes reality for growing flocks of snowbirds," *Times Colonist* (Victoria, BC), 7 December 2002.

[45] Wallace Stegner, *Wolf Willow: A History, a Story, and a Memory of the Last Plains Frontier* (New York, 1962), 82, 81–2, 84.

[46] Wallace Stegner, *Where the Bluebird Sings to the Lemonade Springs: Living and Writing in the West* (New York, 1992), xv–xxiii, 3–4, 14, 57–8, 71–2, 102, 106–10, 137; and see Wallace Stegner and Richard W. Etulain, *Stegner: Conversations on Western History and*

West does not need to explore its myths much further," Stegner stated, "it has already relied on them too long."[47] Dare I say it? Stegner was wrong. He was wise about the West. But when it came to myth—the geography of hope—he was as smitten as the rest. He derived two titles from a hard times song about a dreamland where the bluebird sings by the lemonade spring in the Big Rock Candy Mountains. The pleasure he gives resides in paradox. He knew the futility of dreams without ever denying their power. He knew that a border separated two different cultures on the northern plains, and he knew that it was permeable.

A fellow Albertan back in 1983 noted that an American and a Canadian could "tune in the same American western" on their TVs, "but the American is watching something domestic, in some sense his own, while the Canadian is watching something he knows to be exotic. The pictures are the same but the experience is quite different."[48] Was he right? Certainly Lewis G. Thomas, chair of the history department at the University of Alberta when I was an undergraduate in the early sixties, thought so. Thomas's work on the ranching community in southern Alberta where he was raised proved influential in entrenching the idea of a Canadian "mild West"—law-abiding, Victorian, and oh so proper. Thomas was especially disturbed by the U. S. penchant for myth, which glorified instead the wild and woolly. His own belief in a genteel English tradition on the Canadian range carried within it the seeds of a countervailing mythology as self-flattering for Canadians as Turner's belief that the frontier nurtured a distinctive and democratic national character was for Americans. "There is no more persistent myth in Canada than the myth that Canada is or has been a society free of crime and violence," a contrarian Canadian historian remarked.[49] Nevertheless, Thomas, who contributed to this very myth, deplored myth's falsification of history. "Public taste seems to demand glamorization," he observed in a 1964 interview. "If Davy Crockett is the price of glamor, then I can do without it. . . . I don't see any point in this approach to history. I think it's a blessing we don't have it in Canada."[50]

Literature (Salt Lake City, 1983), 151–3, 191. See also John L. Thomas, *A Country in the Mind: Wallace Stegner, Bernard DeVoto, History, and the American Land* (New York, 2000), 51, 185–7, 229, which contends that Stegner's argument with myth was its veneration of a rugged individualism that he considered environmentally catastrophic.

[47] Wallace Stegner, quoted in Walter Hildebrandt and Brian Hubner, *The Cypress Hills: The Land and Its People* (Saskatoon, SK, 1994), epigraph on frontal material that is not paginated.

[48] Dick Harrison, "Fictions of the American and Canadian Wests," *Prairie Forum* 8 (Spring 1983): 91. I am indebted to Wolfgang Klooss for this reference.

[49] T. Thorner, "The Not-So-Peaceable Kingdom: Crime and Criminal Justice in Frontier Calgary," in *Frontier Calgary: Town, City, and Region 1875–1914*, ed. Anthony W. Rasporich and Henry C. Klassen (Calgary, AB, 1975), 113. This myth is enshrined in Michael Moore's award-winning documentary *Bowling for Columbine* (2002), which praises Canadians for their civility at the expense of those gun-crazy Americans.

[50] "Canada Better off without Crocketts," *Edmonton Journal* (Alberta), 6 May 1964. "Myth-makers" were Thomas's bane. See Lewis G. Thomas, "The Rancher and the City:

The truth is something else. Artists on either side of the 49th-parallel have contributed to a western imagery that knows no borders. Victoria, where I live, nurtured Emily Carr, Canada's Georgia O'Keeffe. Carr, like O'Keeffe, is now a book-a-year-industry. Carr's haunting vision of rain forest and totem conforms to Thomas's genteel vision of Western Canada, I suppose, lacking the skulls that salt O'Keeffe's Southwest, though rich in decapitated trees and Native cultures carved in wood that for Carr, like Catlin before her, were as impermanent as the poles they created, which would in time rejoin the earth. Hers was no wild West—Vancouver Island, she wrote, was "that one step more [w]estern than the West."[51] But the Wild West has a home in Canada, too,

---

Calgary and the Cattlemen, 1883–1914," in *Ranchers' Legacy: Alberta Essays by Lewis G. Thomas*, ed. Patrick A. Dunae (Edmonton, AB, 1986), 45. Jeffrey Brison, "The Rockefeller Foundation and Cultural Policy on the North Western Frontier," *Journal of Canadian Art History/Annales d'histoire de l'art Canadien* 23, nos. 1 & 2 (2002): 80: "Canadians, not being exhibitionists, have not produced a large crop of . . . characters; their frontiers have carried relatively subdued colours . . . and the 'sterling fellow' has been more characteristic of them than the 'cut-up.' . . . How could it be otherwise when the sedate East was streaming out west in a vast migration that carried all its values along with it?" Brison's essay concentrates on American folklorist Robert Gard, who taught at the Banff School of Fine Arts and headed the Alberta Folklore and Local History Project at the University of Alberta in the years 1942–1945.

[51] *Growing Pains: The Autobiography of Emily Carr* (Toronto, 1946), 271. Carr's cryptic reference to a meeting with O'Keeffe in New York in 1930 (p. 338 in *The Autobiography*) has piqued curiosity: Carr thought "some of her things" beautiful, but found O'Keeffe unhappy "when she speaks of her work." For the Carr-O'Keeffe connection, see Megan Bice and Sharyn Udall, *The Informing Spirit: Art of the American Southwest and West Coast Canada, 1925–1945* (Kleinburg, ON, 1994); and Sharyn Rohifsen Udall, *Carr, O'Keeffe, Kahlo: Places of Their Own* (New Haven, CT, 2000). From a nationalistic perspective, Carr is more commonly linked to her Canadian contemporaries, the Group of Seven. For context, see, *The Group of Seven in Western Canada*, ed. Catharine M. Mastin (Toronto, ON, 2002). For a regional perspective, see Robert Thacker, "Being on the Northwest Coast: Emily Carr, Cascadian," *Pacific Northwest Quarterly* 90 (Fall 1999): 182–90 and Jay Stewart and Peter Macnair, *To the Totem Forests: Emily Carr and Contemporaries Interpret Coastal Villages* (Victoria, BC, 1999), which broaches the contested issue of Carr, Native cultures, and cultural appropriation. See, for two positions on the debate, Marcia Crosby, "Construction of the Imaginary Indian," in *Vancouver Anthology: The Institutional Politics of Art*, ed. Stan Douglas (Vancouver, BC, 1991), 267–91; and Douglas Cole, "The Invented Indian/The Imagined Emily," *BC Studies* nos. 125 & 126 (Spring/Summer 2000): 147–62. More is in the works on this topic; meanwhile, a primary document, Carr's 1913 "Lecture on Totems," was published for the first time in *Opposite Contraries: The Unknown Journals of Emily Carr and Other Writings*, ed. Susan Crean (Vancouver, BC, 2003), 177–203. Carr believed in a "passing people" and their vanishing culture: "And so I have gone about my work making this collection of Indian totems and I am not through yet. What I have done I have done alone and single-handed. I have been backed by neither companies nor individuals. I have borne my own expenses and done my own work. . . . I am a Canadian born and bred. I glory in our wonderful West and I [would] like to leave behind me some of the relics of its first primitive greatness. These things should be to us Canadians what the ancient Britons' relics are to the English. Only a few more years and they will be gone forever into silent nothingness. . . ."(pp. 177, 202–3) Here, for comparison, is George Catlin, *A Descriptive Catalogue of Catlin's Indian gallery Portraits, Landscapes, Costumes, &c. and Representations of the Manners and Customs of the North American Indians* (London, 1840), on his mission to form an Indian



Figure 4. Charles M. Russell, "In Without Knocking" (1909). Oil on canvas, 20-1/8 x 29-7/8 in. Photo courtesy of Amon Carter Museum, Fort Worth, Texas–1961.201.

if only to appeal to prospective American tourists. "Come to where the West is still wild," an Air Canada advertisement urged readers of the *New York Times* in 1971:

> There is a place in this world that is still untouched.
> A place where the air is clean and cool and smells sweet.
> A silent wilderness where the only sound you hear is your own sigh.
> That place is in western Canada. And Air Canada can take you there.
> It's part of our Canadian Rockies tour.
> You'll begin in Calgary, where every year the wild and woolly Calgary Stampede takes place.[52]

Gallery: "I wish to inform the visitors to my Gallery that, having some years since become fully convinced of the rapid decline and certain extinction of the numerous tribes of the North American Indians; and seeing also the vast importance and value which a full *pictorial history* of these interesting but dying people might be to future ages—I set out alone, unaided and unadvised, resolved, (if my life should be spared), by the aid of my brush and my pen, to rescue from oblivion so much of their primitive looks and customs as the industry and ardent enthusiasm of one lifetime could accomplish, and set them up in a *Gallery unique and imperishable*, for the use and benefit of future ages" (p. 3). Subsequently, Catlin came to stress the fact that he formed his Indian Gallery "without any assistance, Governmental or individual (but, on the contrary, discountenanced by both)"(p. 3). *North and South American Indians. Catalogue Descriptive and Instructive of Catlin's Indian Cartoons* (New York, 1871), Remarks.

[52] Advertisement for Air Canada in the *New York Times*, 23 May 1971.

The accompanying illustration showed a cartoon cowboy racing towards the viewer, waving his hat in welcome. Experience the Wild—and woolly—West firsthand. It awaits you in Canada, and in dreams everywhere.

The cover art for this year's Western History Association's program reproduces a detail from Charles Russell's *In Without Knocking.* It is a classic western image that needs to be updated. Perhaps Emily Carr and Georgia O'Keeffe should be riding with those cowboys. But as it stands, it is a vivid take on the geography of hope. A recent poll declared it the best painting of cowboys ever done.[53] They are not at work, note. They are not tending cows. But they are boys, and the sap is running. At hand is the solution to western aridity, one drink at a time. The quest is over, Elysium attained. Leave the hangovers for tomorrow. Now is the moment to celebrate. [See Figure 4.]

[53] "The Greatest Cowboy Paintings Ever," *True West* 48 (June 2001): 15–7.

BY JON CHRISTENSEN

Who Will Take Over the Ranch?

As a real estate frenzy grips the West,

conservationists scramble to save a disappearing landscape

DOS RIOS HOLDOUT. There isn't much of the old Dos Rios Ranch wooded pasture left, but here are acres of trees and ponds for you to ENJOY among the birds and deer that still call it home! It's just outside town and may be the best building site available in the Gunnison Country.

Gunnison Country Times

The most heart-wrenching losses happen one piece of land at a time, one family at a time. The old man dies. The estate is a mess. The kids have other jobs. They can't afford the taxes. Or other alternatives — just about any kind of investment, even a savings account — are more enticing. So the land is sold, subdivided. The meadow is carved up. Homes go up along the edge of the woods. People move on. Others move in. And something goes out of the place, never to return.

It's happening all over the West all the time. And every time, it's a heart-wrenching loss for some, a boon for others. We all feel some sense of loss. But who's to judge? Things change. Besides, it doesn't really matter what we think. It's a family decision. It's private property.

But wait a minute. Step back for a moment. Way back. Away from this piece of land. Float up above this meadow and this valley. Take in the entire watershed. Keep going until you can see the whole state. And then the whole West.

Roughly half of the West is public land. And that means the other half is private. At this scale, outside of the big cities, it is nearly impossible to distinguish which is which, though you can make some informed guesses: The private lands are the valley bottoms, along rivers and streams, where water is plentiful, not too high up in the mountains, and not too low down in the deserts. In short, a lot of the best, most productive land in the West. And if suddenly the private lands were, say, highlighted in red, a lot of your hunches would be dramatically confirmed. The private lands would look something like the veins and arteries in the living body of the West, largely following the branching structure of watersheds.

If the public land is the body of the West, its circulation system is the private land. And that private land is being transformed before our eyes.

Consider these facts:

- Since 1980, the population of the 13 Western states has risen by more than 20 million, or 47 percent. That's about twice the growth rate of the United States as a whole.
- The fastest-growing parts of the West are rural, not urban or suburban areas, according to an analysis of census data by David Theobald, a geographer at Colorado State University.
- The conversion of land from agriculture to residential, commercial and industrial use is taking place at an even faster rate than population growth. In the West, the amount of land carved up and swallowed by development rose from 20 million acres in 1970 to 42 million acres in 2000, according to Theobald.
- And the most attractive land left for development is the same land that is most productive for ranching and for wildlife: the mid-elevation, best-watered land in the West.

That, in a nutshell, is why so much concern has shifted in recent years from the grand battles over public lands to the fate of the West's private lands. From an ecological point of view, one could argue that the debate over livestock grazing and its impacts on public lands has gotten more than its fair share of public attention and consumed excessively large portions of the energy of environmentalists and ranchers alike. As the frenzied fragmentation of private lands gains speed, the familiar question of whether we will have "cows or condos" in the West doesn't quite capture the essence of the dilemma. Neither cows nor conservation will even be an option in the future if conservationists and ranchers don't pull together.

Who will take over the ranch? In this generation, the West will be shaped by the answer to that question, and by the public's willingness to act, in a sense, as investors in private lands. That means paying private landowners to protect public values — like open space, wildlife habitat, and access to public lands — and to not develop their land. Ironically, it is the immense economic pressure to subdivide and develop the land that could give conservationists the resources they need to keep it from being carved up.

continued on next page

"My father said, 'Oh, don't worry about when I die. You can have it all.' Ranchers don't deal with estate planning, and they run into trouble."

Sandy Allen Leinsdorf, Crested Butte Land Trust

The Ranch

continued from previous page

Ohio Creek Ranch, Gunnison, Colorado. Trout streams ribbon through this 333-acre ranch, which adjoins the Gunnison National Forest. Outstanding scenery in a secluded and unspoiled mountain valley. Several choice home sites are available with views of the snow-capped West Elk Wilderness. Extensive water rights, paved road access and utilities are available. An abundance of recreational opportunities in and around the Gunnison area including big game hunting, fishing and skiing. $2,000,000.

Rocky Mountain Farm & Ranch: The Source for Discerning Buyers & Sellers

You can see all of this as clear as day around Gunnison, Colo. Gunnison is a cowtown-*cum*-college town. In the square-faced, stolid brick buildings of the main street, a traditional coffee shop serving biscuits and gravy sits cheek-by-jowl with a crunchy granola organic café. On the 28-mile drive up the East River to the mining-camp-*cum*-ski resort of Crested Butte, subdivisions and "For Sale" signs are scattered among the pastures. But there is still lots of breathing room.

I meet Sandy Allen Leinsdorf, the president of the Crested Butte Land Trust, in the trust's drafty office just off the main street. Crested Butte is the epitome of funky chic, and Leinsdorf, dressed in a black leather jacket and boots, fits right in. She grew up on a ranch in Ohio Creek Valley, halfway between Gunnison and Crested Butte, which has been in the family since 1880. Leinsdorf has lived through Crested Butte's changes. And she likes some of them: "I like economic growth. It created a community I could live in and raise a family," Leinsdorf tells me. "It's less provincial."

But Leinsdorf's parents have had a harder time adjusting to change. "They hated to see people come in," she says. "The value of the land went crazy."

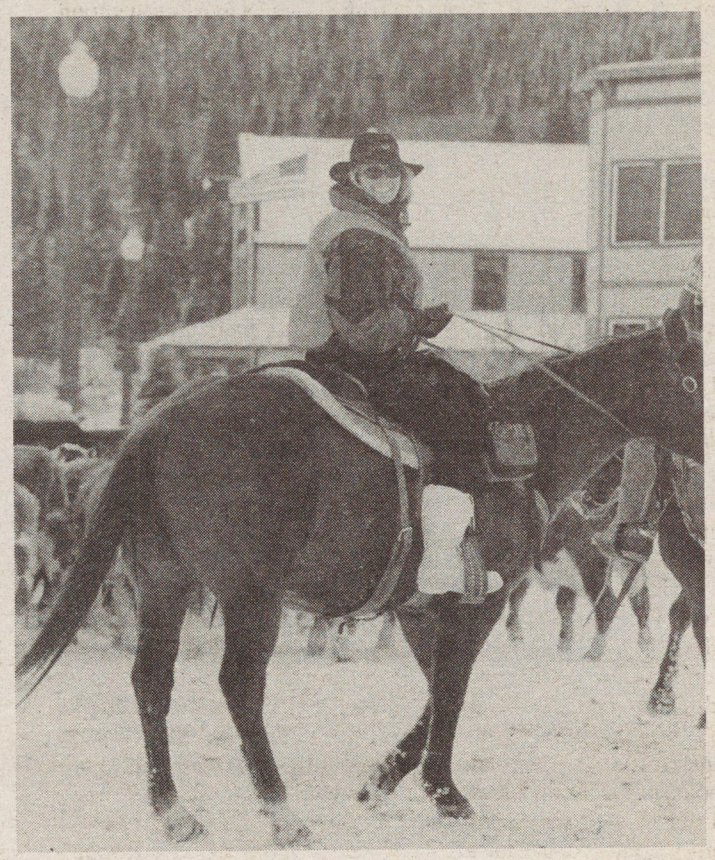
Crested Butte cherishes its reputation as a kind of backwoods version of a Rocky Mountain ski resort. But that didn't keep it from being discovered and developed. Starting in earnest in the late 1980s, second homes and condos sprang up around town, then out on nearby ranches (*HCN*, 3/18/02). When the Crested Butte Land Trust was formed in 1991 to preserve some of the open space that gave the area its charm, Leinsdorf's family — the Allen family — was one of the first ranching families to do a deal with the new group. They sold a 50-acre pasture right in the scenic heart of the town, where the Slate River and Coal Creek funnel into the valley below.

Despite this, it still wasn't easy for the three generations of the Allen family currently involved in the ranch to come to grips with the bigger picture, says Leinsdorf. "My father said, 'Oh, don't worry about when I die. You can have it all,' " she says. "Ranchers don't deal with estate planning, and they run into trouble."

The problem is that most ranchers are relatively land-rich and cash-poor. Most of their net worth is tied up in the ranch, and the ranch's value often exceeds the $1.5 million that under federal law can be passed on free of inheritance tax. If there is not enough cash or liquid assets like stocks and bonds to cover the tax, something has to give, and it's often a piece of the ranch. There are ways to structure the transfer to avoid this, but many families have trouble discussing the issues.

"My family didn't talk," Leinsdorf says. But her husband, a lawyer, convinced them they had to. "He came into the family and said, 'You will lose it, if you don't start planning.' "

The Allens later donated a 180-acre conservation easement on their scenic ranch along the East River to the Crested Butte Land Trust. Easements are essentially a separate partial interest or right in private property. Often it's a very small interest, a right-of-way for a road or a ditch or a powerline. Conservation easements, though, are often much larger. Someone — usually the public, through the government or a nonprofit organization — pays for the rights to develop someone else's private land, and then holds those rights without developing them. In practice, conservation easements simply pay for development *not* to happen.



Sandy Allen Leinsdorf driveS cattle through Crested Butte. TIFFANY WARDMAN, CRESTED BUTTE NEWS

A development right can be worth more than 50 percent of the value of the land. For a cash-strapped rancher who wants to stay on the ranch without selling off parts of it, easements are a boon. They put a chunk of cash in the rancher's pocket, reduce the inheritance tax burden by lowering the value of the ranch, and ensure that development will never happen.

The Allens' easement helped reduce the inheritance taxes the family will have to pay when Sandy's parents' generation passes away. Her father and uncle died in 1996. "We are losing that generation," Leinsdorf says, "and we are not losing the ranch."

Leinsdorf isn't involved in the day-to-day operation of the ranch. Her cousin, Curtis, does that. But the question of the future of the ranch has only been postponed for a generation. The easement covers just a small part of the ranch. Leinsdorf's cousin's kids may be interested in the ranch, but her own kids aren't. And there are other cousins who have an interest in the ranch that is more financial in nature than pastoral.

Even though the land trust is well-entrenched in Crested Butte now, there is an air of inevitability as Leinsdorf ticks off the places that she used to play with friends, ranches now turned to subdivisions on the way down the valley to Gunnison. But outside Gunnison to the east along Highway 50 up Tomichi Creek, the landscape feels completely different when I drive out to meet rancher Stan Irby. It's more open sagebrush country, mostly intact ranches still. There are a few new homes along the edges of the meadows.

"Crested Butte is a different country, different people," says Irby, a genial, straight-backed man with a cowboy tan. "We're in a different world."

But change is coming here, too.

"A lot of people can sell homes in

"A lot of people can sell homes in California for one, one-and-a-half million dollars and buy a ranch. A lot of this is being bought by people who have money and are not worried about generating income off the ranch."

Stan Irby, Gunnison rancher

California for one, one-and-a-half million dollars and buy a ranch," says Irby. The place next door, 960 acres, just sold for $1.2 million, he says. "No way you can make that pay with cattle. A lot of this is being bought by people who have money and are not worried about generating income off the ranch."

Irby is a fourth-generation rancher. "I worked on the ranch as a kid," he says. "Pretty much ranched all my life." He was one of the first kids to ride a school bus to town. He would have liked to go to college, he says, "but never had time to do it."

His parents are still alive, and with his brother, they run the ranch as a partnership. "We're at the turning point of changing generations," Irby says. "But with the economy, there's no way we can take all the kids in and make it work."

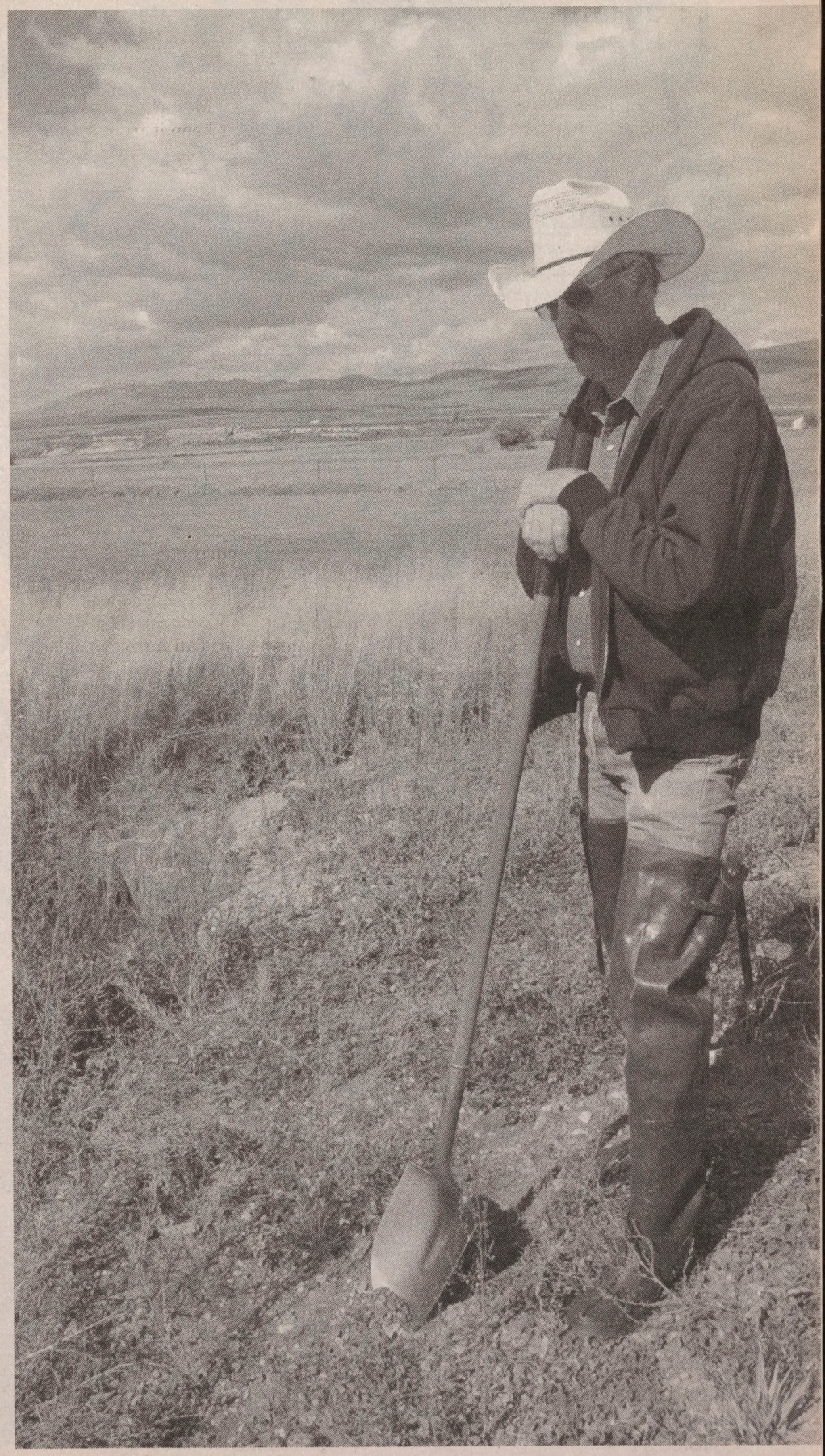
The Irbys run about 550 mother cows, each producing a calf each year, the ranch's only product. That generates around $190,000 a year in income for three families on an asset worth about $4 million-$6 million, or around 2 percent a year. That's not a bad average return for ranches *(see story page 13)*. But it's well below average returns for most other forms of investment, such as the stock market, despite the recent recession.

To make ends meet, Irby's wife works for the water department in town. His brother drives a truck in the winter; their kids all have jobs in town.

But Irby still wants the family to have the ranch and the valley it's part of. So the Irbys have turned to a land trust, too. They're selling two easements, one on 197 acres, the other on 456 acres, to Colorado Open Lands, a nonprofit organization that holds easements, through a deal with the Gunnison Ranchland Conservation Legacy, another nonprofit organization that brokers ranch land conservation easements. The proceeds, around $800,000, are going into the bank, where they'll earn about 2 percent interest. (Because the Legacy also requires that ranchers only get paid for 75 percent of the value of their easements, and must donate the remainder, this will generate a tax credit that the Irbys can sell on a secondary market for around $200,000.)

Maybe if an opportunity comes up, the Irbys will invest the money in more land, because Irby is a true believer. "Livestock is key to this valley and keeping it the way it is and keeping development away," he says. "It's open and scenic, and I hope it'll stay that way."

With conservation easements in place on a 17-mile stretch of Tomichi Creek from here to Gunnison, Irby says, "What you see now is what you'll see down the road."



Stan Irby, at right, a fourth-generation rancher, is using easements to try to keep the ranch in the family for another generation. PETER MCBRIDE

Red Mountain Ranch. The Finest 35 Acre Development in the County. Lot 45, 35 Acres for only $295,000. Lowest priced lot on the entire Red Mtn. Ranch. Covered in a mature Aspen forest mixed with Spruce. Easy access, with great views. Lot 49, priced at $296,000. Great southern exposure, open meadows surrounded by Aspen groves. Easy access, views in every direction. Lot 48, Under Contract.

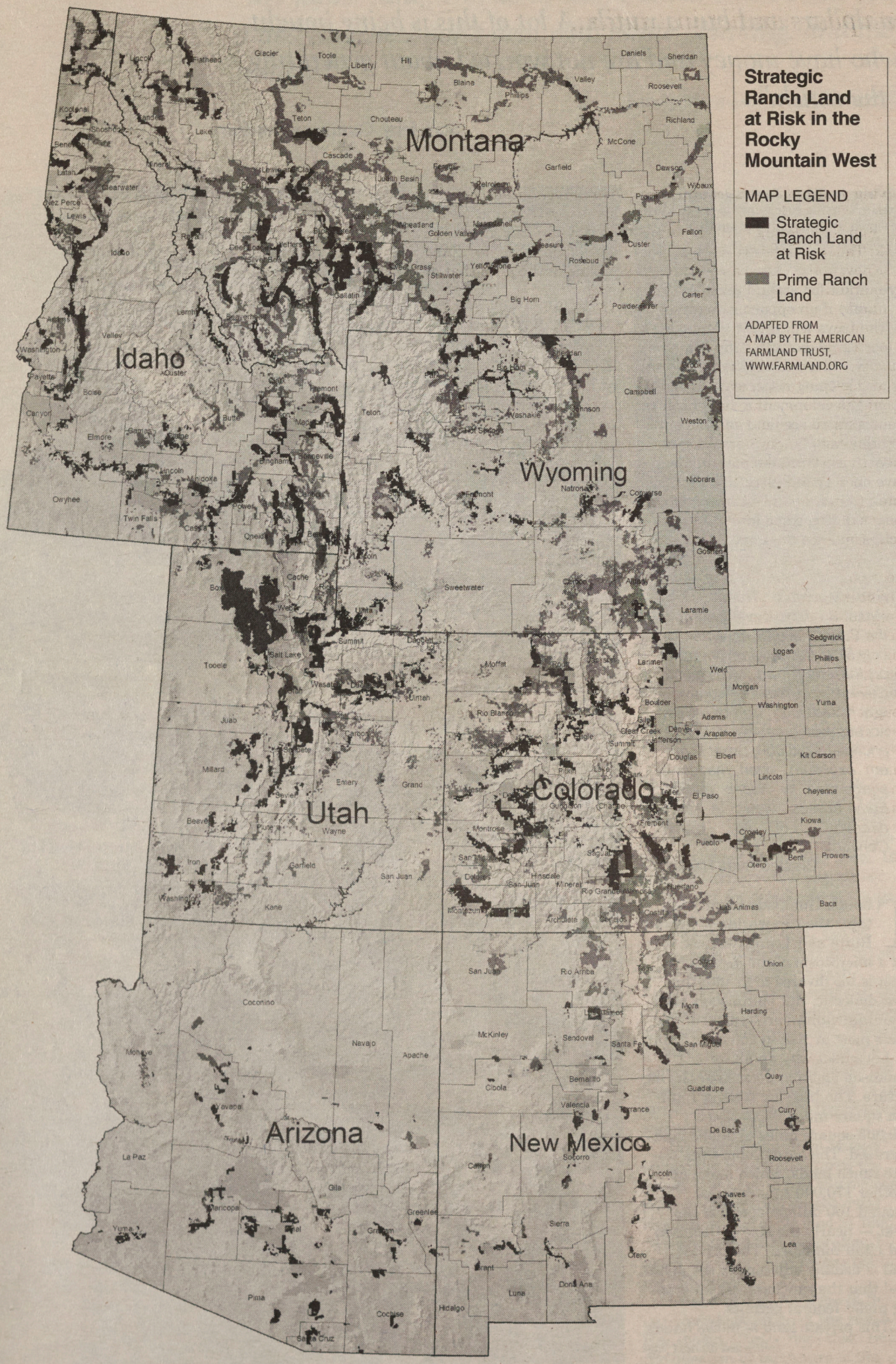
Crested Butte News

Though Gunnison County contains the two worlds of Crested Butte and Tomichi Creek, it is not a microcosm of the West. The West is too diverse to fit into this neat dialectic. But Gunnison's high mountain valleys are typical of the lands most at risk in the near future.

Let's float way up above Gunnison again and consider the big picture. The Interior West is 1 million square miles. Most of the 470,000 square miles of public land is grazed. The herds come from private ranch lands, which make up another 170,000 square miles (around 100 million acres) of the West — nearly the size of Colorado and Utah combined. The private land is usually adjacent to the public land that the ranchers use for grazing under federal permits.

This private land is in the hands

continued on next page



Strategic Ranch Land at Risk in the Rocky Mountain West

MAP LEGEND

- Strategic Ranch Land at Risk
- Prime Ranch Land

ADAPTED FROM A MAP BY THE AMERICAN FARMLAND TRUST, WWW.FARMLAND.ORG

The Ranch

continued from previous page

of around 21,000 ranchers, if one goes by the number of people or corporations holding federal grazing permits from the Forest Service or the Bureau of Land Management. Private land, though usually more productive than the surrounding public land, often cannot support cattle year-round. The pattern varies, but the canonical Western cow-calf operation puts the cattle out to graze on public land in the spring and summer (while harvesting hay on the private land) and then sells the calves in the fall, breeds the cows again and feeds them hay on private land over the winter. The next spring, the cows and a new batch of calves are back on the public land.

Of course, some of these ranchers are big corporations and some are family corporations, some of them are hobby ranches and some of them are family ranches, some of them are failing ranches and some of them are even owned by conservation buyers, whose main interest isn't even ranching, although they may run a few cows for their own reasons. This diversity of ownership complicates conservation efforts; there is no one-size-fits-all solution.

One thing many ranches do have in common is the age of their owners. Almost half of all cattle businesses have been in the same family for more than 50 years, according to Rockwood Research, an agricultural research firm. Estimates of the average age of ranchers range from 55 to 65. Suffice it to say that there is a great generational transition taking place on ranches in the West.

In the next decade, researchers estimate that more than half of the ranches in the West will change hands, either being transferred to a younger generation, who will have to pay estate taxes on vast holdings, or more likely sold to buyers, who will want a better return on their investments than ranching can provide.

Many of these ranches are part of the 25 million acres of "strategic ranch lands at risk" identified in 2002 by the American Farmland Trust in the Rocky Mountain states of Colorado, Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Utah, Arizona and New

"The existence of a land trust is evidence of the frontier of limits. It is clearly a post-frontier institution."

Roderick Nash, Western historian

Mexico. The organization used a Geographic Information System to identify high-quality agricultural land with desirable wildlife characteristics, including rural development densities, proximity to public lands, year-round water availability, mixed grass and tree cover and high variety of vegetation. Then it identified which of those lands are threatened, by locating rural areas projected to grow to suburban density in the next 20 years and major road corridors in counties with growth rates higher than 10 percent per decade.

The trust found that ranchland at risk is concentrated in high mountain valleys and the mixed grassland areas surrounding the major mountain ranges in the region. In other words, pretty much any good-looking land with a view of the mountains: If it's scenic, it's in danger.

Many people and organizations are trying to find ways to protect as much of that land as possible before it's too late. And they are reaching into an increasingly diverse toolbox to find ways to do so.

Rising real estate values might seem like a threat to the land, as ranchers and other property owners are tempted or forced to sell their land to developers. But, with more sophisticated land conservation tools now available, these rising values can actually help landowners preserve their property. With care, landowners can realize financial benefits while preserving the open landscape so vital to our valley.

Gunnison County
Conservation Handbook

The Crested Butte Land Trust created the *Gunnison County Conservation Handbook,* published in collaboration with the Gunnison Ranchland Conservation Legacy. It is a beautiful little spiral-bound document with sepia-toned photographs of ranchers and ranches mixed with bright-color nature photographs, illustrating a text that combines personal stories with explicit, how-to instructions for "conserving your land one step at a time."

Step 1, according to the handbook: Talk to a land trust, your attorney, and a tax adviser. The legal and financial complications can be mind-boggling. But money can buy you advice.

As I travel around Gunnison County looking at the "For Sale" signs dotting the scenery, I wonder about the conservation handbook's claim that rising land values can actually help landowners preserve their property, make money, and save open space, all at the same time. It sounds like wishful thinking, or maybe some kind of code that rich people talk.

But as Sandy Leinsdorf shows me around her family's land, she puts it into context. "It's too bad land trusts and conservation easements didn't develop 20 years ago," she says, before property values really started skyrocketing. Conservation bucks would have bought more acres back then. But back then, there wasn't as much money or pressure in the system. And the handbook's right: Money and pressure are what drive land trusts, often more than conservation itself.

When land values are low, there isn't much incentive to conserve land. Low demand means a low threat of development, but values rise as demand rises. And that brings in the juice that drives the system: money. There's nothing like a subdivision plan to sharpen people's perception of the value of strategic ranchland. But landowners also have incentives, besides altruism and love of the land, to get some of the higher value out of their land and to lower their taxes at the same time. And this is what creates opportunities in the messy intersection of public and private conservation interests.

As the incentives to sell out have increased in the West, ranchers and conservationists have come up with almost as many ways of conserving ranch land as there are ranches to conserve. Some ranchers just stick it out and refuse to sell. Others try to increase revenue in ways that complement conservation goals, such as hunting or fishing, or by turning to niche markets for their livestock, like the organic beef market (*HCN*, 3/23/92).

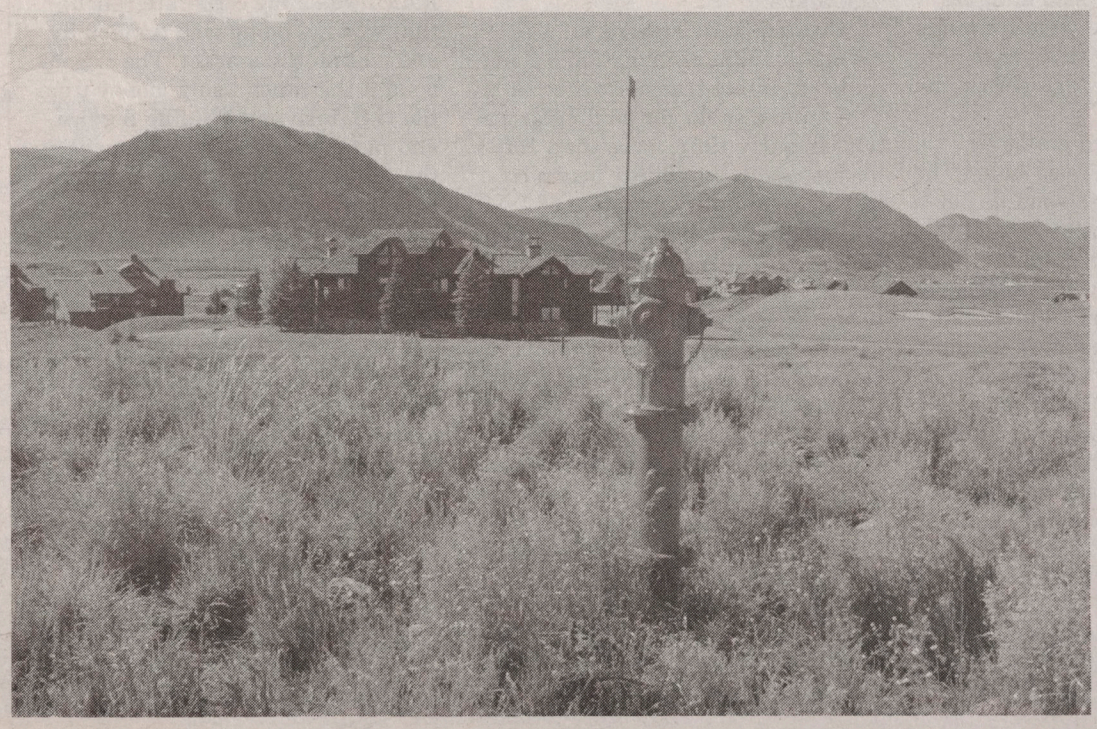
In some nooks of the West, communities have put regulations on development. In Carbon County, Wyo., local officials recently created a zoning district where the minimum lot size is 640 acres. "Some might argue that that's still rural sprawl," says Luther Propst of the Sonoran Institute, a nonprofit that works on planning issues with communities in the West. But Propst believes it's a lot better environmentally than the 40-acre or less densities most Western counties allow.

On the other extreme, ranchers can sell their land lock, stock and barrel to a land trust or public agency dedicated to conservation. Some environmentalists and even some ranchers believe this is the best solution. If the public wants the land, it should pay for it.

But buying land outright is extremely expensive. Land trusts — from the largest in the world, The Nature Conservancy, to some of the smallest of the more than 1,700 in the national Land Trust Alliance — have come to realize that the purchase of land alone will never come close to saving the West's diverse ecosystems. It's in between the two extremes — going it alone and selling out completely — where the real action is today: in conservation easements.

Getting ranchers to buy into the concept of conservation easements can be problematic. Many land trusts, including the Crested Butte

continued on next page



New development near Crested Butte.
PETER MCBRIDE

"I hope every family can get on the Internet and negotiate a deal and take care of it privately without all the hoopla of the Land Trust Alliance and attorneys that is so threatening. There's no reason it can't be done in the same vocabulary as their business."

Susan Lohr, Gunnison Ranchland Conservation Legacy

The Ranch

continued from previous page

Land Trust, rank private lands according to their importance for open space, access to public lands, ecological importance or the urgency of the threat of development. Given limited resources, this only makes sense. But ranchers can be scared off knowing that their land has been targeted by others for protection.

That's one reason why the Gunnison Ranchland Conservation Legacy, which has secured most of the conservation easements in the Gunnison area, has no priority system. It is focused solely on the preservation of ranch lands from subdivision and development. When a family asks to participate, it's put on the list. When money is available, the next deal gets done. It's first come, first served.



Rancher Bill Trampe and ecologist Susan Lohr founded the Gunnison Ranchland Conservation Legacy, which has nearly 15,000 acres of easements in Gunnison County.
PETER MCBRIDE

This reflects the passionate conviction of the two founders of the Legacy — Susan Lohr, an environmentalist, and Bill Trampe, a rancher — that keeping families on the land is the best way to protect the values of the place. For Lohr, who grew up in San Francisco, this came from a respect born of spending time in the mountains. "I love hanging out with people who are different from me," Lohr says. And hanging out with ranchers like Trampe made her realize, "the only thing that works is very private, one-person-at-a-time approaches."

Stan Irby has high praise for Lohr's approach. "She's so smart," he says, "but she takes the simple person's view, so straightforward, it makes it easy to work from."

Lohr would like to see preserving land made even easier. "I hope every family can get on the Internet and negotiate a deal and take care of it privately without all the hoopla of the Land Trust Alliance and attorneys that is so threatening," she says. "There's no reason it can't be done in the same vocabulary as their business."

Step 1, according to Lohr: Talk with your neighbors. Eventually, you'll need to talk with a land trust, attorney and tax adviser. But the Legacy's aim is to become a kind of trusted neighborhood organization with participating ranchers acting as a quiet sales force. And it has succeeded.

Not only are ranchers buying into conservation, but so is Gunnison County. Recreation still drives the local economy, but local leaders see their expansive ranching landscape as a unique selling point, which makes Gunnison different from the more heavily developed Aspen and Vail areas.

Crested Butte started the ball rolling in 1992, using half of a 3 percent real estate transfer tax to raise $1.5 million so far for land preservation. In early 1997, more than 100 businesses in the county began collecting a voluntary donation of 1 percent sales tax. Later that year, a ballot measure was passed to divert 1 percent a year to land preservation. It now generates about $220,000 a year for matching funds. The Great Outdoor Colorado lottery fund has channeled $5.48 million to Gunnison. And the Gunnison County Land Preservation Board, which assesses impact fees on developers, recently used those fees as collateral for a $1.2 million bond to help the legacy acquire land before it succumbs to sprawl.

This fall, the Legacy put together a $5.5 million deal for the 2,770-acre Ochs Ranch in the Ohio Creek Valley, a tributary of the East River, which the Legacy warns "has been discovered by international executives and entertainers," the new bogeymen of the West. "If the Ochs Project is not completed, there will most likely be a domino effect in the Ohio Creek Valley as development pressures squeeze out agricultural landowners."

It's an interesting deal: The Ochs Ranch was a big corporate ranch that was not doing well financially and was on the market. The Legacy bought the ranch using money from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, and put a conservation easement on the property. Lohr then found seven neighboring families that wanted pieces of the ranch. Three of them bought parts of the ranch with cash and four others got parts of the Ochs Ranch in exchange for putting conservation easements of equal value on their properties. And Bill Trampe donated a 1,100-acre easement on his neighboring ranch to complete the puzzle.

The total land preserved in the deal was 4,733 acres. That's leverage. And that's what it's all about: Getting leverage to reverse the usual trend of ranches being subdivided.

But in the big picture, Gunnison County is still losing ground. There are some 75,000 acres of prime ranchland in the county. Close to half of that has been developed, subdivided or is up for sale. And the money to protect the remaining lands falls far short of what is needed.

Back in 1997, Lohr and Trampe told *Time* magazine they hoped to have more than 20,000 acres preserved by 2002. They're closing in, but they're not there yet: The Gunnison Ranchland Conservation Legacy has secured easements on 22 ranches, totaling 13,142 acres. Add the 3,000 acres the Crested Butte Land Trust has preserved and you get just over 16,000 acres.

Still, the Legacy has 27 families on a waiting list to sell easements on 15,706 acres. So far, the Legacy has spent $14 million, and it expects to need another $25 million to get the job done. If the Legacy can find the money, and the families have the patience to hold out, they could end up preserving close to half the private land in Gunnison County.

THE STUFF DREAMS ARE MADE OF. Miles of fishing rights, beaver ponds, trees, views and wildlife. Perfect for keeping, good for development or some of each.

Gunnison Country Times

"The existence of a land trust is evidence of the frontier of limits," Western historian Roderick Nash wrote in a brochure for the Crested Butte Land Trust. "It is clearly a post-frontier institution."

The growth of Nash's post-frontier institution has to be one of the most spectacular changes in the Western landscape. A report in the February 2004 issue of *Conservation Biology* presents some of the only aggregate analysis available of data from 1,700 land trusts in the national Land Trust Alliance. Researchers from the University of California, Berkeley, found that from 1990 to 2000, the number of land trusts in the West increased from 155 to 265 (these figures include California, which accounts for about half of the total).

continued on page 14

Not just a ranch: Bucks and acres

If most people looked at the Adobe Ranch, they'd see a meadow with a creek and willows running through it and sagebrush grasslands rising to pine forests. But Carl Palmer sees a distressed asset that he and his partners were able to pick up for a good price, with undeveloped revenue streams, and a potential return on investment that could rival the stock market.

The Adobe Ranch is on the east side of the Sierra Nevada in California, in a volcanic landscape called the Inyo Craters near Bishop and Mammoth Lakes. It's within 50 miles of Mammoth Ski Resort, so it's on the edge of development pressure. But it's still pretty far out.

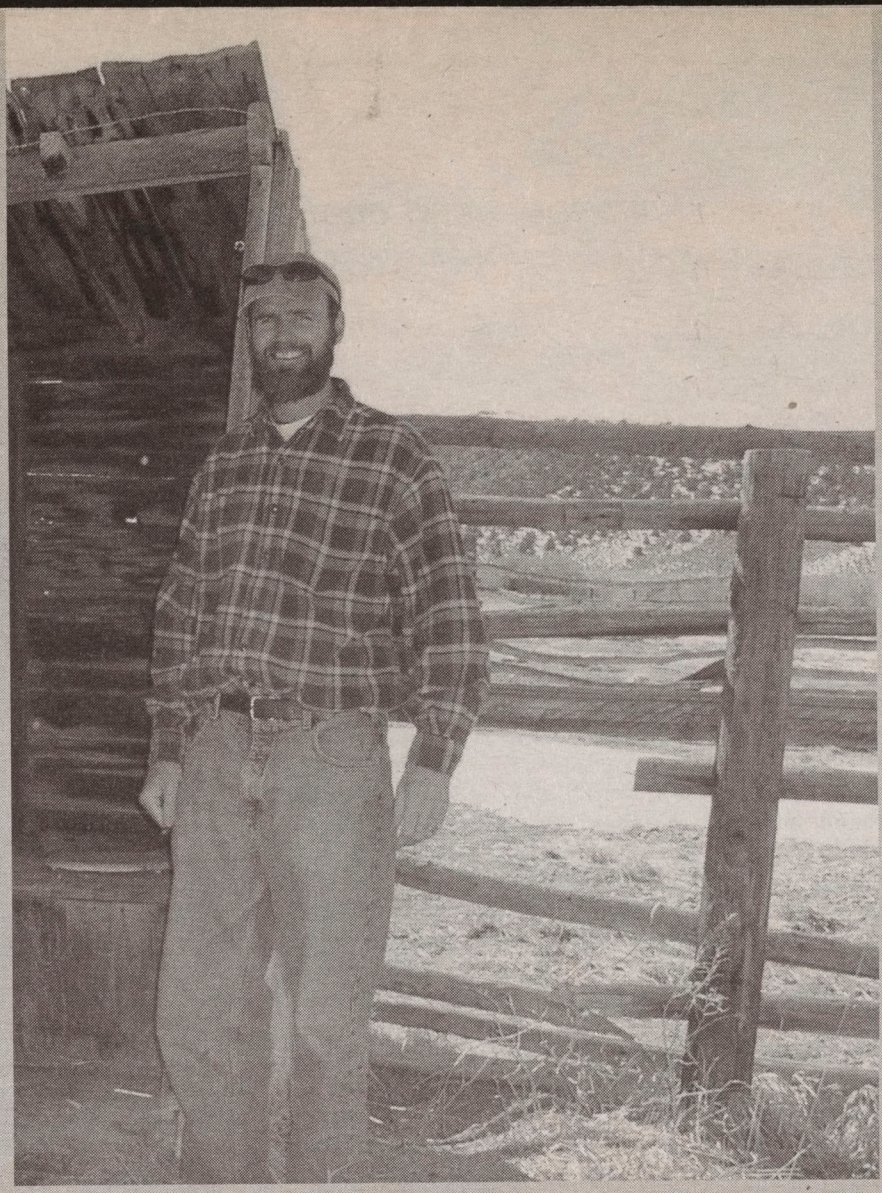
And it's a pretty lonely place to find a newly minted MBA from the Stanford Graduate School of Business staking his claim as a cowboy. But Palmer is also a conservationist at heart, who believes economics and ecology can work hand-in-hand. And he's trying to prove it on the Adobe Ranch.

The ranch is the first project of Greenbridges, a company Palmer formed right out of school, which seeks "to yield returns for investors while also conserving natural resources, biodiversity, and open space." Whether he succeeds or fails, his approach illustrates a way to look at ranching economics and ways for ranches to survive, even if they move beyond ranching.

Palmer met his partners, traditional farm and ranch real estate investors, through a classmate. They have put "several million dollars" into the property, and they want to double their money in five years. That's roughly equivalent to a 14 percent return each year. It's about what a reasonably savvy investor can make in the stock market in a good year. And it's the kind of return investors demand when they put their money into fairly risky ventures.

So when Palmer looks at the ranch, he thinks ROI — return on investment. ROI is a fraction, and like all fractions, it has two components, he says. "You have a numerator, which is the revenue stream. And the denominator is the asset value, or your principal in the property if you don't take into account appreciation." The denominator is also sometimes called the "basis," or how much capital you have invested in the asset.

There are two straightforward ways to increase ROI, Palmer says. You can increase the numerator: that is, get more revenue out of the ranch, by producing more cattle or generating fees through hunting or fishing. Or you can decrease the denominator: Decrease the amount you have invested in the ranch by getting some of your capital back, either by selling off pieces of the ranch or by selling easements. "If you take out half of your capital," Palmer explains, "you double your return."



Carl Palmer at the Adobe Ranch. SYLVIA CATTANI

Palmer wants to do both on Adobe Ranch. To reduce the denominator, he hopes to put the ranch's core riparian areas along Adobe Creek in the federal Wetlands Reserve Program, which pays for the agricultural value of the land in exchange for a permanent conservation easement. The program also pays for restoration, which will help; the ranch's creeks were hit hard by a previous owner, who increased the numerator by grazing more cattle than the ranch could support.

Palmer also hopes to enter into a land exchange with the Forest Service. The ranch has some isolated meadows up in the forest fringes that can't really be used because the previous owner lost the ranch's grazing permit on the national forest. In such a deal, the ranch would offer the private parcels to the Forest Service in exchange for public land near Mammoth, which needs land for a hospital and expansion of the growing town, currently hemmed in by public land. That land would be sold and the money would go to the ranch.

Palmer also plans to sell off a couple of parcels. One is a 40-acre parcel right on Highway 120 that is currently listed for $340,000 — almost 10 times the price per acre that Greenbridges paid averaged over the entire ranch.

To increase the numerator in the ROI equation, Palmer plans to open the ranch to recreational fishing for German brown trout on the restored creek running through the property. He plans to charge $100 for a half-day of fishing to start, and increase the fee as restoration improves the fishing. "The recreational revenue stream will very easily exceed the ranching revenue stream pretty quickly," he says. He will continue to graze around 300 to 400 cattle on the ranch — the ranch is currently leasing grazing to a neighbor. But he doesn't expect to really be able to improve the ranching revenue stream. "We're lucky to generate a 1 to 2 percent return," he says. "It's not an economic return on what is a valuable asset."

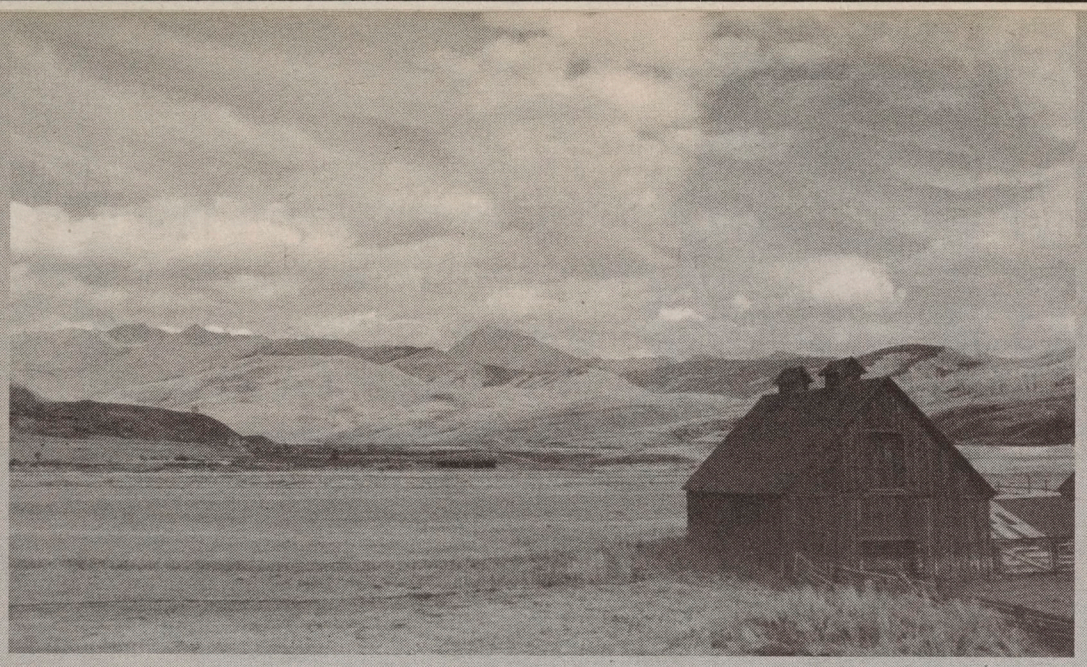
Palmer hopes that bringing people who fish and love the outdoors to the ranch might also play into his end game: selling the core of the ranch, with a conservation easement on it, to a conservation buyer, someone who will value it for its many layers of value, and not just as a ranch.

He figures if Greenbridges can get 80 percent of the value back before the Wetlands Reserve Program and the land exchange, he won't have to get "an astronomical price for the residual value." He'll just have to find someone willing to buy a restored and protected ranch for around the price that Greenbridges paid for a distressed ranch.

Can this approach work for a ranching family that wants to stay on the land? The same principles of ROI apply, says Palmer. "For a ranch on the edge of a booming metropolis, this won't work, unless there is someone with deep pockets" — such as an environmental group or the government — "willing to pay for an easement," Palmer says. But "for ranchers who have a really low basis on their property, the returns from a nontraditional approach like this can be comparable to a traditional approach," he adds.

By "a traditional approach," in this case, Palmer means subdividing and selling the land in 40-acre parcels with a house, which he says would be "an awful outcome."

– J.C.



Ranch/wildlife habitat. PETER MCBRIDE

Biology: The missing science

The Gunnison Ranchland Conservation Legacy and other groups around the West are spending millions of dollars on conservation easements to ensure that ranches are not subdivided. But beyond the ranches themselves, what are the easements protecting? Do ranch lands play an important role in the greater ecosystem?

The answer, in Gunnison at least, is that no one knows for sure.

"I wish I could say someone has looked at how important ranch lands are from a systems standpoint," says Susan Lohr, an ecologist herself and a founder of the Legacy. "But no one has."

There are good reasons to believe that preserving ranch lands provides important benefits to the surrounding ecosystems. It's a matter of faith and common sense.

Open pastures with willow-lined creeks certainly look better than fields of houses. When homesteaders staked out the private lands in the West, they went for lands with water, rich soils and the ability to grow crops, or at least grass and hay to feed livestock. It seems safe to assume that the most productive lands for people might also be the most productive for other living things.

Much more research is needed, but two seminal studies put the importance of ranch lands into focus.

The first study is by Andrew Hansen, an associate professor of ecology at Montana State University. Hansen and his colleagues studied ranches and ranchettes — parcels of 40 acres or less — around Yellowstone National Park. They found that songbirds from higher-elevation public lands used the private ranch lands as breeding grounds. Ecologists call these areas "sources" for songbird populations. But the ranchettes are death traps or "sinks" in the lingo of ecologists. The subdivided lands attracted more magpies and other birds that prey on the songbirds. If the subdivision of ranch lands continues, Hansen speculates that the songbirds will get squeezed between increasing development at lower elevations and protected but unproductive breeding grounds at higher elevations.

The second study has come to define this issue as much because of the personality and advocacy of the scientist, Rick Knight, as his results. Knight, a professor of wildlife biology at Colorado State University, lives on a ranch and has become a passionate advocate for preserving ranches (*HCN*, 11/13/95).

Knight's research put a precise focus on the question at hand: How do the alternatives compare to ranching? He looked at 93 comparable sites on ranches, in wildlife refuges and in subdivisions with about one house per 40 acres. He found that the ranches had at least as many species of birds, carnivores and plants as similar areas that are protected as wildlife refuges, and fewer invasive weeds. More importantly, the ranches provided better habitat for wildlife than the ranchettes, which had fewer native species and more invasive species than either ranches or refuges.

Knight's research is a good first cut at defining the value of ranch lands vs. ranchettes. But it needs to be replicated in other places. And studies need to go beyond the generalist species that he looked at to consider specific species at risk in specific places — which brings us back to Gunnison.

Despite the recent boom in ranch land conservation in the county, the Gunnison sage grouse, a candidate for the endangered species list, has continued to decline in recent years. The population has dropped 30 percent since 1999 and is now down to 1,800 to 2,400 birds in the Gunnison Basin. Ranchers and environmentalists are still debating whether grazing is a cause of the decline or whether ranch management can be part of the recovery (*HCN*, 2/4/02).

The Gunnison County Ranchland Conservation Legacy doesn't usually require any specific protection for the sage grouse in the conservation easements it negotiates with landowners. "We felt it is enough to get an easement on the ground and keep the landscape intact," says Susan Lohr. "The thousands of acres we've managed to keep together are a lifeline for the grouse."

But sage grouse advocate Clait Braun is skeptical. "I think conservation easements in general have potential, but it's too early to tell," he says. "The management (of the protected lands) isn't changing. And with present management, the numbers are going down."

Braun says he is afraid that, within a generation, the odds are 50/50 that "you're going to have a conservation easement with no sage grouse."

One Legacy project that does include specific protections and a management plan for sage grouse is the recent deal on the Ochs Ranch, a 4,500-acre project involving seven families. The reason? Money.

Lohr says she would have been satisfied with the usual conservation easement provisions prohibiting development on the Ochs Ranch. "The way ranch lands are managed is very beneficial for grouse," she says. But the Colorado Department of Wildlife provided crucial funding for the deal and, in return, demanded explicit protections for the imperiled bird.

–J.C.

The Ranch

continued from page 12

By 2000, land trusts claimed to have conserved roughly 2.5 million acres of private land in the West, through both easements and outright purchase, a fourfold increase from 1990. The growth in the Southwest has been particularly spectacular, from 26 to 57 land trusts and from 39,240 conserved acres in 1990 to 685,118 acres in 2000, an increase of 1,646 percent.

Much of that growth has come from conservation easements. Easements now protect just over 1 million acres in the West as a whole, and only 156,055 acres of that total is in the Pacific region.

Still, looking at the big picture, the tributaries of the land trust movement are being overwhelmed by the great tidal force of development in the West. Remember that roughly 42 million acres of private land in the region had already been developed as of 2000, and that number had more than doubled since 1970, in just 30 years, the span of a generation.

That means it is up to the next generation to dramatically step up private-lands conservation efforts, or face losing roughly half of the remaining private land in the region to development. If we generously assume that land trusts have conserved more than 2.5 million acres in the West, that is still only 2.5 percent of the roughly 100 million acres of private ranch land in the region, and only 10 percent of the 25 million acres of "strategic ranch lands at risk" identified by the American Farmland Trust.

Can the land trust movement expand tenfold in the next 30 years? Will the public pony up the money? Do we need a huge infusion of federal, state and local funding? Will rising land values stimulate conservation?

If Gunnison County and the dramatic rise in the creation of land trusts and conservation easements over the past decade are any indication, the answer is Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes. But the rest of the West is going to have to play catch-up with places like Gunnison that have spectacular scenery, big bucks, development pressure, and determined, savvy players all pulling together.

"I wake up every morning worry-

"These broader conservation issues are blind to politics."
Adam Eichberg, Trust for Public Land

ing about how we can take our work to scale," says Jamie Williams, the director of The Nature Conservancy's Montana office.

Unlike Colorado, Montana has lots of large, intact ecosystems, says Williams, "so we have nothing but opportunity ahead." But finding the money to buy lands and easements is a huge stumbling block in a state that lacks big urban areas and currently is running a $250 million deficit, he says.

State conservation programs only put a few million dollars into the game, Williams says, which is why he and many private-land conservationists put a lot of hope in the federal government. But even there the investment has not been up to the task. The biggest hitter, the Land and Water Conservation Fund, which in some years funnels hundreds of millions of dollars from oil and gas royalties collected by the government to land conservation projects, has steadily decreased under the Bush administration. Federal appropriations for 2004 are $175 million, down from a high of $450 million in 2001.

Another potentially large source of funds is the National Grasslands Reserve Program, created by the new farm bill, which authorizes up to $250 million a year to place easements on prairie ecosystems. Only $1 million of that money trickled to Montana in 2003, Williams says, and it was heavily competed for: More than 400 applicants requested a total of $200 million for easements.

Though the political will to provide money for private lands is not keeping pace with the demand, practitioners like Jamie Williams, Susan Lohr and Luther Propst of the Sonoran Institute find hope in the many on-the-ground coalitions that are finding new ways to protect the land. In Montana's Blackfoot Valley, a long-standing local collaborative group composed of ranchers and locals, state and federal officials, called the Blackfoot Challenge, has just inked a deal with The Nature Conservancy and Plum Creek Timber to purchase 89,000 acres of timberland that seemed destined to become subdivisions.

And in southern Arizona's Pima County, citizens will vote in May on a $174 million open space bond that will go toward the acquisition of threatened lands and conservation easements. The measure has the support of realtors as well as conservationists, says Luther Propst, showing that even those in the growth industry recognize that some land needs to be conserved to protect an area's quality of life.



The Irby family. PETER MCBRIDE

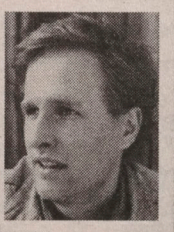
In hundreds of communities across the country, citizens are taxing themselves to pay for private-land conservation. In 2002, voters nationwide approved 92 of 107 conservation finance measures, generating more than $6.9 billion, according to the Trust for Public Lands. In 2003, Colorado voters alone approved eight of nine ballot measures that will result in nearly $300 million for open space and parks.

And these measures aren't just being enacted in cities with liberal politics. Places like Boise, Idaho, Colorado Springs, Colo., and Montana's Gallatin County have all recently taxed themselves to buy and protect private lands from development. "These broader conservation issues are blind to politics," says the Trust for Public Land's Adam Eichberg, because newcomers and old-timers of all stripes have a common stake in not despoiling the places they love.

"We're going to lose a lot more pretty places in the coming years," says Luther Propst. But many important lands will be saved, he believes, leaving a rich mosaic of undeveloped land and land in varying degrees of development.

Many ranchers are coming to view the future of the West in similar ways. Though they've spent their lives in ranching, and their hearts and souls are in it, it's not their bottom line. The land is the bottom line. The ranch of the future may not even be a ranch.

It's hard to imagine a man believing in ranching more than Stan Irby. But as he looks out over his ranch and the Tomichi Creek valley and imagines the future, it's not ranching that he sees. "We'll be able to look back and see that what conservation easements and ranchers were protecting will be the baseline for our future," he tells me. "It'll be one thing that won't change. It's probably the only thing that will not change."



Jon Christensen writes from Palo Alto, California. He patrols conservation and science, practice and policy for the Web log www.ConservationNews.org. HCN executive director Paul Larmer contributed to this report.

Land Trust Alliance
1331 H Street NW, Suite 400
Washington, DC 20005-4734
202-638-4725
lta@lta.org
www.lta.org/contact.htm

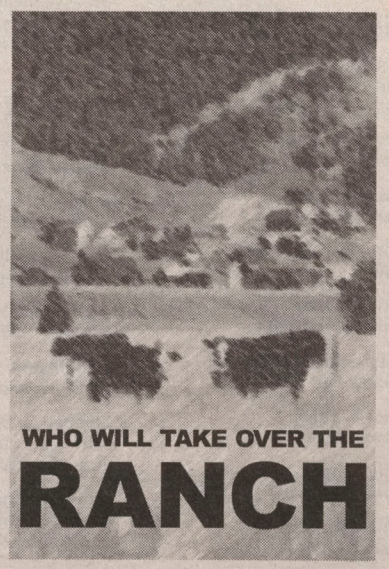
Colorado Open Lands
274 Union Blvd., Suite 320
Lakewood, CO 80228
303-988-2373
www.coloradoopenlands.org

Gunnison Ranchland Conservation Legacy
307 N. Main, Suite 2A
Gunnison, CO 81230
970-641-4386
info@gunnisonlegacy.org
www.gunnisonlegacy.org/

Trust for Public Land
Adam Eichberg
303-837-1414
www.tpl.org

The Sonoran Institute
Luther Propst
520-290-0828
www.sonoran.org

American Farmland Trust
1200 18th St. NW, Suite 800
Washington, DC 20036
info@farmland.org
202-331-7300
www.farmland.org



This story is funded by the generous donors to the "Who Will Take Over the Ranch" project, a series of stories on the plight of the West's private lands.

Thank you, Research Fund contributors, for helping

Since 1971, contributions from readers to the Research Fund have helped *High Country News* uncover the stories on the West's public lands, people and communities. Your tax-deductible gift supports the heart of *HCN:* From this fund we pay our network of several hundred freelance writers, photographers and artists scattered across the region. Thank you for making this coverage of the West possible.

PUBLISHER'S CIRCLE

Lynn Nichols and Jim Gilchrist Family Advised Fund of the Aspen Valley Community Foundation
Basalt, Colorado

STEWARD

Paulette Bierzychudek
Portland. Oregon

Patrick D. Dillard
The Dillard Foundation
Boulder, Colorado

Michael and Karla Lewis
Boise, Idaho

GUARANTOR

Laurie Burt and Thomas Engelman
Newton, Massachusetts

Martha and Hobart Collins
Bozeman, Montana

Douglas S. Hart
Powell, Wyoming

Sharon Metcalf and Randy Smith
Vashon, Washington

Margaret Norman and Geoff Holton
Berkeley, California

Chuck Palmer
Boulder, Colorado

Peter Wiley
San Francisco, California

BENEFACTOR

In memory of Jessica Grace Wing
Brooklyn, New York

Gary Eastman
Fort Collins, Colorado

Elisabeth O. Farwell
Libertyville, Illinois

Lofton R. Henderson
Boulder, Colorado

Ward S. Jenkins
Shelburne, Vermont

Sherrie and Daryl Parker
Monroe, Washington

James R. Payne
Urbana, Illinois

Lollie Plank
Banner, Wyoming

Randall Rutsch
Boulder, Colorado

Brenda Sheridan
Fort Myers, Florida

Anne Taintor and Nathan Janoff
Youngsville, New Mexico

SPONSOR

Rob and Ann Modica
Tucson, Arizona

Michael and Cathy Moore
Rocky River, Ohio

Jan Moraczewski and Mark Easter
Fort Collins, Colorado

John Mouw
Homer, Alaska

Jeff and Jessica Pearson
Denver, Colorado

Ellen Pillard
Reno, Nevada

Luis and Lisa Ramos Toro
Denver, Colorado

Greg Roberts
Craig, Colorado

Bransfield and Rutherford
Ventura, California

Gordon Schochet
Edison, New Jersey

Joann Silverstein
Boulder, Colorado

Mickey Simmons
Abiquiu, New Mexico

David Tiers
Tucson, Arizona

James Todd
Littleton, Colorado

Francis Welch Jr.
Westford, Massachusetts

Patricia Wendel
Tucson, Arizona

James White
Naples, Florida

Polly Wiessner
Salt Lake City, Utah

Robert G. Williams
Denver, Colorado

Mike Wise and Linda Erdmann
Washington, D.C.

PATRON

Howard G. Arnett
Bend, Oregon

Roger C. Bales
Catheys Valley, California

Anna Beauchamp
Ashland, Oregon

Rick Bennetts
Millville, California

Dick Benoit
Reno, Nevada

Stephen C. Boelter and Karen L. Combs
Palisade, Colorado

Ken Bosworth and Mary M. Hofle
Pocatello, Idaho

Joe Brazie
Groveland, California

Thomas W. Brown
Hershey, Nebraska

Pam and Bill Bryan
Bozeman, Montana

Bozo and Ben Cardozo
Ketchum, Idaho

Ray and Ann Carpenter
Mesa, Arizona

Nancy Couperus
Los Altos Hills, California

Alan B. Crockett
Idaho Falls, Idaho

Betsy Cullen
Yellowjacket, Colorado

Durfee Day
Hotchkiss, Colorado

Harry DeLashmutt and Lynette Lochausen
Steamboat Springs, Colorado

Dennis Dimick
Arlington, Virginia

Katherine S. Dunlap
Livingston, Montana

Richard S. Eckert
Woodland Park, Colorado

Lorraine Edmond
Seattle, Washington

Phil Egidi
Aurora, Colorado

Lawrence L. Eickstaedt
Olympia, Washington

John Ellerbeck
Logan, Utah

Susy Ellison
Carbondale, Colorado

Julianne Fletcher
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Bill Flower
Livermore, California

Pete Fonken and Michelle Taylor
Torrey, Utah

Clark E. Franz
Mormon Lake, Arizona

Robert O. Gaskin
Encinitas, California

Brian Gatlin
Grand Canyon, Arizona

Bruce Glenn
Golden, Colorado

John Godbey
Pleasant View, Colorado

Kurt Gottschall
Englewood, Colorado

Fred and Sue Gunckel
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Charles and Linda Hamlin
Denver, Colorado

Felicity Hannay and James F. Wood
Golden, Colorado

Lloyd B. Hansen
Minneapolis, Minnesota

William Hanson
Ridgway, Colorado

Robert B. Hardy
Sedona, Arizona

Mrs. J.W. Hershey
Houston, Texas

J. Heynekamp
Polvadera, New Mexico

Brad and Kathy Holian
Santa Fe, New Mexico

Robert and Karen Kennedy
Randolph, New Jersey

Charles Kroger and Kathy Green
Telluride, Colorado

Tom LaPoint
Denton, Texas

Mark D. Langan
San Francisco, California

Lynda Larsen
Pasadena, California



Dan Leab
Washington, Connecticut

Dorothy Lorig and David Rickard
Golden, Colorado

John Lund
Saratoga, Wyoming

Sydney S. Macy
Boulder, Colorado

Susan Fry Martin and Richard L. Martin
Santa Fe, New Mexico

C.R. Mastenbrook
Grand Junction, Colorado

Judy Merten
Tempe, Arizona

Robert B. Moore
Denver, Colorado

Charles Moore
Carbondale, Colorado

Nan P. Moss Corbin
Port Clyde, Maine

Doug Odell
Gardnerville, Nevada

Daniel Paduchowski
Sedona, Arizona

Joy B. Perry
Larsen, Wisconsin

Dorothy Petersen
Polson, Montana

Gibson and Ida Peterson
Casper, Wyoming

Donna Pickens
Redmond, Oregon

Elizabeth Y. Pixley
Rochester, New York

Ann Pleiss
Indianapolis, Indiana

David Powell
Carbondale, Colorado

Myron and Lamona Price
Dove Creek, Colorado

Gregory L. Rider
Great Falls, Montana

Steven Rodrigues
Mountain View, California

James Rothney
Wheat Ridge, Colorado

Kathleen Rude
Deerfield, Illinois

Robert P. Rumble
Castro Valley, California

Mary Jo Sage
Cincinnati, Ohio

Kirk Schroeder and Carol Savonen
Philomath, Oregon

Larry Seidl
Denver, Colorado

Winifred Shewmake
Tobaccoville, North Carolina

Eric Sims
Fort Collins, Colorado

Christopher Smith
Winnetka, Illinois

Richard P. Springer
Tucson, Arizona

Bruce Struminger
Shiprock, New Mexico

John Terry
Park City, Utah

Patricia Vadasy
Seattle, Washington

W.H. VanderHaar
Farmington, Utah

C. Phillip Volckhausen
Paonia, Colorado

Warren Watson and Cindy Burton
Santa Fe, New Mexico

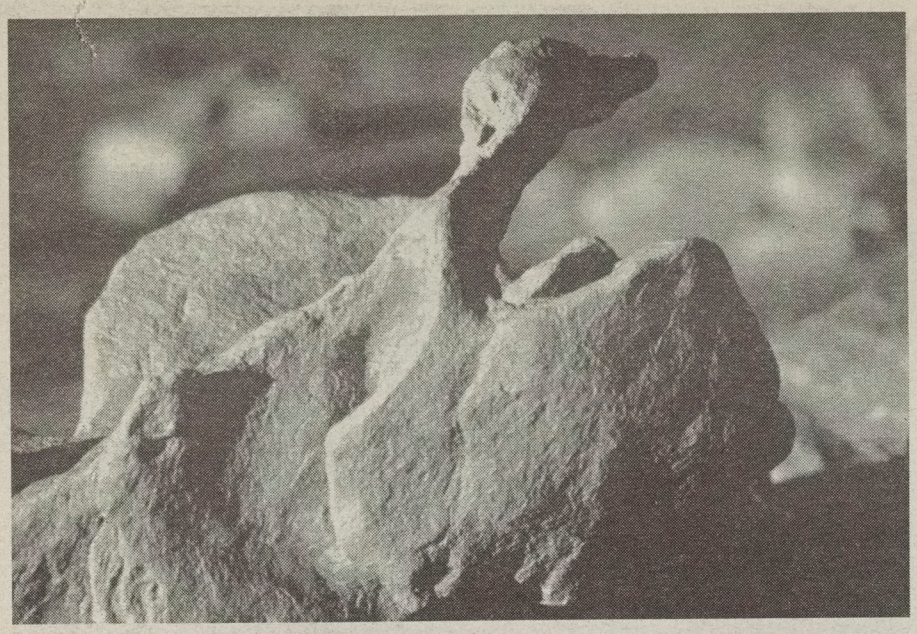
Stephen Wilson
Santa Rosa, California

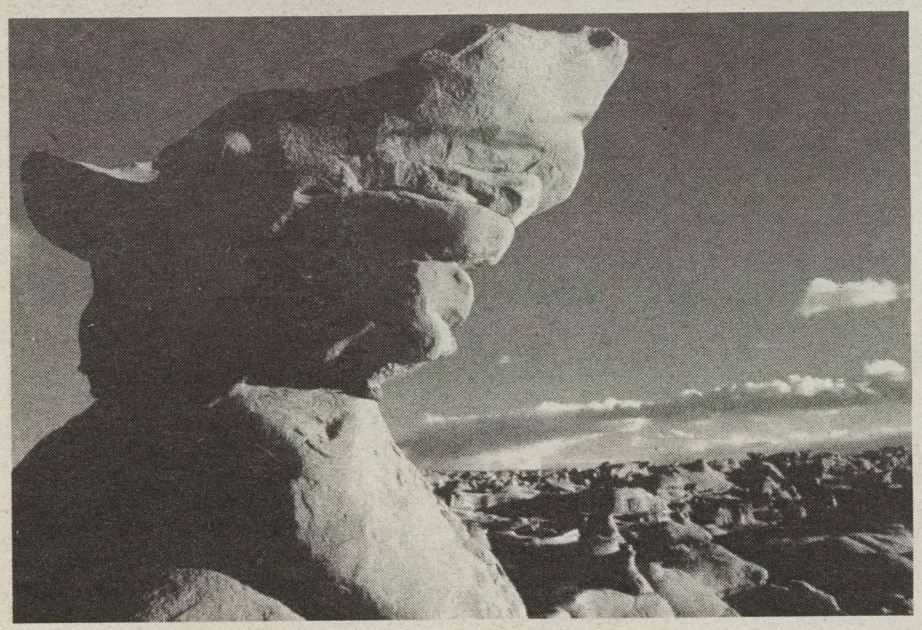
Suzanne Wolff
Aspen, Colorado

Ken and Ruth Wright
Boulder, Colorado

Frances Zweifel
San Simon, Arizona

us take a fresh look at the West





Photographer Eduardo Fuss captured the shifting landscapes of the Bisti Wilderness in northwestern New Mexico. Clockwise from opposite page: "The Beast in the Bisti," "Phoenix Rising" and "Wolf in our Midst." From *Wonderland: A Photographer's Journey into the Bisti* by Eduardo Fuss. 88 pages, hardcover, $29.95; paperback, $19.95. New Mexico Magazine, 2003. Visit www.nmmagazine .com to order.
EDUARDO FUSS

Don Shaff
Boise, Idaho

Christian Spies
Ocean Beach, New York

Robert and Darlea Stack
Salt Lake City, Utah

Jane G. Taylor
Sacramento, California

Ty Tice
Seattle, Washington

Carla Koons Trentelman
Ogden, Utah

Jack Utter
Fort Defiance, Arizona

Maria Van Pelt
Lakewood, Colorado

Lucille B. Vinyard
Trinidad, California

Meg Weesner
Tucson, Arizona

Paul Willenborg
Montebello, California

Sarah Williams
Delta, Colorado

Dave Wood
Moab, Utah

Craig Anderson
Enterprise, Oregon

Kurt Angersbach
Los Olivos, California

James M. Baker
Iowa City, Iowa

Crandall Bay and
Marcene Bay
Cazadero, California

Larry Beatson
Tijeras, New Mexico

Jeff Bowen
Miami Beach, Florida

Matthew C. Carney
Fort Collins, Colorado

John Celis
Colorado Springs, Colorado

Doug Clark
Saguache, Colorado

Karen Cox
Nevada City, California

Daniel J. Dettmann
Madison, Wisconsin

Lorna P. Dittmer
Friday Harbor, Washington

Donna Edwards
Wayzata, Minnesota

David Eichorn and
Jeannette Larsen
Kensington, California

Dana M. Field
Salem, Oregon

Bill Gardner
Forest Ranch, California

Yutan Getzler
Ithaca, New York

Beth Goldowitz
Grand Island, Nebraska

Margaret and
David Harder-MacPhail
Santa Rosa, California

George Hass
Fort Collins, Colorado

Elizabeth Hillis
Mazama, Washington

Ann Hinckley
Powell, Wyoming

Tim Holmen
Reno, Nevada

Kathy Horton
Boise, Idaho

Bill Hubber
Townsend, Montana

Jeanette M. Huston
Palm Desert, California

J. Trent Jones
Sun Valley, Idaho

Otto F. Koch
Boulder, Colorado

Bryant Judson Kusy
Mesilla, New Mexico

Harlo Lenning
Mountain View, California

Dan Lincoln
Evergreen, Colorado

Chris Luecke
Providence, Utah

Rudy Lukez and
Dana Schaefer
Highlands Ranch, Colorado

Marjorie Maagoe
Boulder, Colorado

Deborah Modrak
Rochester, New York

David Nesmith
Oakland, California

Fran Nimick
Edgewood, New Mexico

Ben Perry
Jamestown, Colorado

Stephanie Pincetl
Beverly Hills, California

C. Michael Pretzinger
Los Gatos, California

Grant W. Putney
Fort Collins, Colorado

Nancy Putney
Fort Collins, Colorado

Fred W. Rabe
Moscow, Idaho

Dennis Rice
Silver Spring, Maryland

Sayre and Jean Rodman
Oakmont, Pennsylvania

John J. Schauble
Boulder, Colorado

Donald Sirkin
Seattle, Washington

Hope B. Smith
Red Lodge, Montana

Janet Stonington
Louisville, Colorado

Walt and Nancy Taylor
Flagstaff, Arizona

Judy Tolliver
Urbana, Illinois

Mr. and Mrs.
Thomas J. VanEgeren
Monument, Colorado

Robert Walters
Washington, D.C.

Oma M. Warwick
Las Cruces, New Mexico

Lawrence S. Westfall
Pasadena, California

Grant Wiegert
Eugene, Oregon

Elizabeth T. Woodin
Tucson, Arizona

Rick and Margaret Yates
Baker, Nevada

FRIEND

In memory of Napi the cat
Glacier National Park, Montana, and Sparks, Nevada

Janet M. Dahlquist
Durango, Colorado

Jack and Martha Day
Bellingham, Washington

Max Dicken
Dove Creek, Colorado

Arlis and Leonard Fisk
Folsom, California

William and Ann Ford
Boulder, Colorado

Jo Anne Garrett
Baker, Nevada

Mary Gilbert
Fort Collins, Colorado

Kevin Greene
Ghent, West Virginia

Janeane Hascall
Ames, Iowa

John and Kathy Heffernan
Missoula, Montana

Robert W. Jasperson
Walnut Creek, California

Einar N. Jensen
Idaho Springs, Colorado

Melinda Kassen
Boulder, Colorado

Reida J. Kimmel
Eugene, Oregon

George and Elizbeth Ledbetter
Chadron, Nevada

Mary McBee
Tama, Iowa

Joan and Clyde McClelland
Sedona, Arizona

Richard N. Morris
San Diego, California

Kathryn Mutz
Boulder, Colorado

Eric and Kathy Pierson
Durango, Colorado

David Prescott and
Llano Permian
Amarillo, Texas

Frederick W. Rathjen
Canyon, Texas

David and Francis Reneau
Menlo Park, California

Andy Robinson
Plainfield, Vermont

Alan R. Root
McGrath, Alaska

Miriam Rosenblum
Centennial, Colorado

David Sage
Denver, Colorado

Doris E. Sanders
Denver, Colorado

Monica and Chet Schmitt
Laurel, Maryland

Mark Seaton
Mosca, Colorado

High Country News

Add my support to the HCN Research Fund

☐ $1-$49 Friend
☐ $50-$99 Patron
☐ $100-$249 Sponsor
☐ $250-$499 Benefactor
☐ $500-$999 Guarantor
☐ $1,000-$2,499 Steward
☐ $2,500-$4,999 Philanthropist
☐ $5,000 or more, Publisher's Circle

Amount of gift _____

☐ Please check here if you do not want your gift acknowledged in *HCN*.

Make checks payable to the *High Country News* Research Fund.

Mail to P.O. Box 1090, Paonia, CO 81428

☐ My contribution is enclosed.

Charge my ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ Discover

Card # _____

Expires _____

Name _____

Address _____

City/State _____

Zip _____

☐ Yes, I'd like to leave a legacy to *HCN*. Please send me more information on planned giving.

If you contribute $50 or more, you may designate the recipient of a free *HCN* gift subscription.* *Gift for new subscriptions only, please.*

*This premium has a $25 value which must be subtracted from your Research Fund gift to arrive at the tax-deductible portion.

☐ Yes, see attached for name and address of my gift subscription recipient.

unclassifieds

NOTICE TO OUR ADVERTISERS: Ad submissions must be received no later than 5 p.m., March 29, for insertion in the April 12th issue. Call Laurel at 800-311-5852 or e-mail advertising@hcn.org for more information. Or, visit our Web site at www.hcn.org/advertising.jsp.

TURN ACORNS INTO OAK TREES – Realize the full potential of your nonprofit, small business, grassroots or volunteer organization. Customized consulting services, executive coaching, meeting facilitation, conflict mediation, training design and delivery, change management. Canyon Springs Consulting, Alison Kennedy, alisonlara@frontiernet.net, 435-259-9447.

NATIVE PLANT SEED – We offer a great selection of species native to the Rocky Mountains, Western Great Plains and adjacent areas. Wildflowers, forbs, grasses, sedges, rushes, trees, shrubs, vines and regional seed mixes for landscaping and restoration. Free catalog. Contact: Western Native Seed, P.O. Box 188, Coaldale, CO. 81222. 719-942-3935, www.westernnativeseed.com.

PILGRIMAGE – Biannual reader. Story. Place. Spirit. Southwest and beyond. Annual Writing Award — $1,000. Guidelines. www.pilgrimagepress.org. P.O. Box 696, Crestone, CO 81131.

CONSERVATION DIRECTOR – Yellowstone to Yukon Conservation Initiative (Y2Y) combines cutting-edge conservation science and conservation action to ensure that the world-renowned wilderness, wildlife, native plants and natural processes of the Y2Y ecoregion continue to function as an interconnected web of life, capable of supporting all the natural and human communities that reside within it, for now and for future generations. Y2Y seeks a highly motivated self-starter for the full-time senior staff position of Conservation Director to build, implement and administer Y2Y's conservation programs, supervise related staff, and represent Y2Y to key audiences. Ideally based in Canmore, Alberta, or Missoula, Mont., the Conservation Director will report to Y2Y's Executive Director and work closely with other staff, board and partners throughout (and at times beyond) the Y2Y ecoregion (Alberta, British Columbia, Yukon Territory, Northwest Territory, Montana, Idaho and Wyoming). Visit our Web site at www.y2y.net for complete details on position and how to apply. Submit résumé, cover letter, references and writing sample to jobs@y2y.net.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR – Moab-based Red Rock Forests seeks a leader who is a passionate and skilled advocate, excellent staff and financial manager, and has significant experience with politics and fund raising to lead its efforts in reaching permanent wilderness protection of national forest mountain ranges throughout Utah, with an emphasis on conservation work on national forest lands above BLM's America's Redrock Wilderness. The ED is responsible for all fund raising, working with the Board's vision and strategic plan, implementing policies, staff management, and implementing the full range of activities of RRF with an annual budget of $125,000. Salary $35,000. Please call or e-mail for a full application packet before applying at P.O. Box 1029, Monticello, Utah 84535, 435-587-2156, jross@fourcornersschool.org. Application deadline May 15, for start date June 15.

COSTA RICA'S CENTRAL PACIFIC COAST – Ocean views on affordable parcels. Visit www.portasol.net or call Ken, 510-769-1220.

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR – The Wyoming Outdoor Council (WOC) seeks an inspiring leader, talented strategist and passionate advocate to lead the organization in a time of unprecedented challenges to the state's wildlife, wildlands and environmental quality. Launched in 1967 by *High Country News* founder Tom Bell, WOC is Wyoming's oldest and largest independent conservation group and one of the nation's leading state environmental watchdogs. Professional experience should include a leadership role in a nonprofit environmental group with an annual budget of $500,000+; a working knowledge of Western environmental and political issues; demonstrated success in staff, organizational and financial management; and a proven track record in membership development, fund raising and media relations. Complete job description at www.wyomingoutdoorcouncil.org. Cover letter, résumé and references by May 1 to Search Committee, WOC, 262 Lincoln, Lander WY 82520, or e-mail to mary@wyomingoutdoorcouncil.org.

THE WILD GIFT seeks young leaders (ages 18-30) who wish to make a difference in the world. This leadership opportunity is not an internship, but a gift. Recipients are provided a unique experience in deep wilderness, plus support for a self-designed leadership project. For more information, visit our Web site, www.wildgift.org.

LIVE ON THE RIVER – Western Colorado riverfront property. Six-acre building site, utilities at property; 500 feet river frontage, irrigation water. Your neighbors will be organic orchards and vineyards. $147,000. 970-527-4717.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES FOR *HIGH COUNTRY NEWS* – One year: $32; two years: $56; three years: $78. One year, institution: $42; two years, institution: $74; three years, institution: $107. Public and school libraries: $32. You can call toll-free at 800-905-1155 or visit www.hcn.org.

PURE, HEALTHY WATER for your entire home. SpringHouse™ combines seven proven technologies borrowed from nature, to cleanse pollutants from your family's water! 1-866-691-4214; www.ecoquest.com/jmcmahon.


maría's Bookshop
A Store with Book Sense
960 MAIN AVENUE
DURANGO, CO
970.247.1438

FOR SALE – 40 acres with cabin, with unfinished interior, two bedrooms, bath, 50-foot great room and kitchen, spiral staircase to mezzanine with three huge rooms including center study, 18-by-25-foot kitchen space, step-down great room with fireplace. Lots of thermal windows, aspen and fir woods, five miles off highway, north-central Colorado near Wyoming line: Jackson City. Built of hewn logs with concrete foundation, 1,300 square-foot with 800-square-foot mezzanine, three steel entry doors. Exterior finished. Mid-$200s, firm. 303-232-2247.

SOUTHWESTERN PUBLIC LANDS ADVOCATE – The Center for Biological Diversity, a nonprofit, public interest organization dedicated to the protection of endangered species and their habitats, seeks a full-time Public Lands advocate. Description: The Southwest Public Lands Advocate will advocate for the protection of biological diversity and wild places on Forest Service, Bureau of Land Management, and National Park Service-administered lands in Arizona and New Mexico. This position is based in Tucson, Ariz. Qualifications: Recent law school graduate preferred. Applicants with backgrounds in other disciplines will also be considered where applicant can demonstrate aptitude in environmental law. Ability to understand technical scientific issues, excellent communication, writing, and analytic skills, along with demonstrated commitment to environmental protection. Compensation: Compensation commensurate with experience and nonprofit pay scale. Excellent benefits package. To apply: Please send résumé with references, cover letter and writing sample via e-mail to Peter Galvin, pgalvin@biologicaldiversity.org, and Todd Schulke, tschulke@biologicaldiversity.org. For full job description, see www.biologicaldiversity.org.

SOLAR HOME IN EASTERN ARIZONA, 41+acres, fenced and cross-fenced. Custom manufactured home, 2,800 square feet, four-bedroom, two-bath. Fantastic kitchen. Ideal for home business, bed and breakfast, or horses. Call owner, 928-536-2419, or 602-246-1504.

LIGHTHAWK PROGRAM MANAGER, ROCKY MOUNTAINS – LightHawk seeks a talented, experienced and energetic individual to develop and manage our environmental aviation and partnership operations in our Rocky Mountains program region. The ideal candidate for this position will be highly qualified in at least three of the following four key areas: 1) Substantial experience and skill in networking, outreach and program building, with excellent written and verbal communication skills. 2) Demonstrated history of significant involvement with environmental issues and organizations in the Rocky Mountains. 3) Strong aptitude and experience with complex trip or event planning and logistics management and related communications. 4) A pilot's license or related experience with flight operations and general aviation. The pay scale ranges from approximately $30,000 - $45,000 annually, depending on both location (this is a home-based position) and experience. Full medical, dental, vision and disability benefits, vacation benefits, reasonable flexibility in work schedule, and a retirement plan are offered. Please visit the LightHawk Web site at www.lighthawk.org for the full announcement (under "News") and application instructions.

ARTIST/BIRD-WATCHER/HOME/STUDIO on 40 acres bordering Bitter Lake National Wildlife Refuge, Roswell, N.M. Protected views to the horizon. Photos available. $190,000. 505-625-2486. bitterlakestudio@hotmail.com.

FOR SALE BY OWNER – Paonia, Colo., great investment property. 640 square-foot home in small mountain town for a couple or single person with 300 square-foot extra storage space. $78,000. 970-527-3279.

COLORADO CABIN RENTAL – "Valley of the Castles." Beautiful, modern log cabin, sleeps up to six, access to national forest, West Elk Wilderness out the door, close to Crested Butte or Gunnison, meals and activities can be arranged. 970-641-2394 or 970-209-5444.

Terrain's clean layout, clear writing and sharp editing have made it the perfect candidate to become a voice for national environmental awareness." — INDEPENDENT PRESS ASSOCIATION

The reporting you need to change the world, for $15 a year.



Want the straight story on important environmental issues? Like to make up your own mind? Don't like being told what to think? Then *Terrain* is for you.

Intimate knowledge of our region informs insightful reporting. The impact?

Social and environmental change that reaches well beyond the San Francisco Bay Area. Find out why the people working to make the world a better place read *Terrain*.

To subscribe, please visit www.ecologycenter.org, email subs@ecologycenter.org, or call 510-548-2220 x230.



Disrupting a Story of Loss: Charles Eastman and Nicholas Black Elk Narrate Survivance

Lisa Tatonetti

On November 15, 1890, Pine Ridge Reservation Indian Agent Daniel Royer wired Washington: "The Indians are dancing in the snow and are wild and crazy. ... We need protection, and we need it now" (Coleman 88). Royer's statement represents the fears not just of one man, but a whole nation. Indeed, throughout U.S. history the politics of Indian-white relations have been reflected—and to some degree

---

Mary Irvin Wright. *THE GHOST DANCE—LARGE CIRCLE*. National Anthropological Archives, Smithsonian Institution/neg. #37A.—All images accompanying this essay are illustrations from James Mooney's *The Ghost-Dance Religion and the Sioux Outbreak of 1890*, originally published as a Bureau of Ethnology report in 1896. Mooney's work has been influential on how the Ghost Dance of 1890 has been perceived, but analysis of the images included in his report illustrates the kinds of problems Lisa Tatonetti discusses. Foremost, Mooney photographed Arapaho, not Lakota, ghost dancers, after 1890. Most of the book's images are paintings based on photographs but produced by artists who had never seen a ghost dance. The two photographs included are retouched or composites. For more information and analysis, see Thomas W. Kavanagh, "Imaging and Imagining the Ghost Dance: James Mooney's Illustrations and Photographs, 1891–1893." (See http://php.indiana.edu/~tkavanag/visual5.html).

constructed—by dominant culture's representations of American Indian dance.[1] Cultural and political anxieties regarding Native dance peaked in the late nineteenth century, when an increasing number of Indians embraced the Ghost Dance religion in the belief that specific performances of dance and prayer would bring about the whites' disappearance and the return of dead relatives and decimated buffalo herds.[2] The concurrent upsurge of hope on the reservations elevated fears among a large number of non-Natives in the reservation areas, which, in turn, led to the near hysteria of a few inexperienced government agents, the subsequent congregation of the largest number of troops since the Civil War, and a barrage of media whose yellow journalism added fuel to an already smoldering fire. On December 29, 1890, this escalation of panic culminated in the 1890 Wounded Knee massacre in South Dakota. During the attack, more than two hundred Lakota men, women, and children were killed by U.S. troops—including the 7th regiment of the U.S. Cavalry (Custer's old unit), which had arrived on the Pine Ridge Reservation in response to Royer's telegram.[3]

This infamous incident has been the subject of countless tragic retellings, from turgid contemporary newspaper accounts of frozen Indian bodies to Dee Brown's mournful 1970 bestseller *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*. Such textual representations have ultimately transformed two separate events, the Ghost Dance and the Wounded Knee massacre, into a single symbol of loss that has become a central signifier of American Indian identity in the stories of dominant culture. Wounded Knee, quite simply, has long been figured as the "end" of Native history, and, correspondingly, the Ghost Dance has been figured as the cause of that end. In this tidy version of history, American Indian people not only vanish but also become conveniently responsible for their own sad, yet seemingly inevitable demise. Such patterns of repetition endlessly write and rewrite the same limiting stories of not just Wounded Knee, but of Native identities as a whole. Anishinaabe theorist Gerald Vizenor calls these simulacrums of history the simulations of "manifest manners," which are "racialist notions and misnomers sustained in archives and lexicons as 'authentic' representations of *indian* cultures" (vii).[4] As Vizenor explains, the parodic Indian identities constructed in most dominant stories necessitate "the absence of real natives" and actual tribal narratives (vii). The purpose of my work is not to reinscribe such absences by once again telling the story of the "tragic primitive," but to interrogate how such stories are created and utilized by Native authors (Vizenor vii). To do so, I must, however, return to the very events whose repetitions I critique. Thus, I examine

the disparate ways in which images of the Wounded Knee massacre and of the 1890 Lakota Ghost Dance, which has long been associated with the Wounded Knee massacre, function as signifiers of Indian identity in American Indian literature.[5] This essay, which offers merely a beginning to such a study, focuses on the two most canonized retellings of the 1890 events: Dakota author Charles Eastman's *From the Deep Woods to Civilization*, published in 1916, and Lakota Nicholas Black Elk's as-told-to *Black Elk Speaks*, published in 1932.[6] Moreover, by comparing these literary texts with the critical responses they have engendered, I analyze the transformation of the 1890 Ghost Dance and the Wounded Knee massacre from historical events to literary trope, contending that certain types of critical readings have laid out the model through which these events come to stand not for Native resistance, but rather for the erasure of Native peoples and cultures.

The intersections between Eastman's and Black Elk's work can, in many ways, be said to begin with the similar experiences of their early lives. Eastman (Ohiyesa), a Minnesota Santee born in 1858, was among a number of Santee forced to flee the United States for Canada following the so-called "Sioux Uprising of 1862," a battle in which the Santee retaliated against white settlers as a result of late annuity payments, tribal factionalism, and corrupt government programs (Wilson 15–17). A small child at the time of the family's flight, Eastman came to adolescence believing his father, Many Lightnings (Ite Wakanhdi Ota), had been executed for his role in the battle. For the next eleven years, Eastman was raised by his uncle and paternal grandmother, who brought him up as a traditional Santee: he became a skilled horseman, hunter, and warrior, and he learned the mores and expectations of Dakota religion. Yet all this changed when Many Lightnings, now calling himself Jacob Eastman, reappeared following three years in prison and a conversion to Christianity. In 1873, at the age of fifteen, Eastman left Canada and returned with his father to a homestead in Flandreau, South Dakota. Black Elk, an Oglala Lakota born five years after Eastman in 1863, also fled to Canada with his family; in Black Elk's case, the family flight was precipitated not by the Dakota resistance, but by the death of the Oglala leader Crazy Horse in 1877. The family spent three years in Canada, where they and other Oglala sought refuge from U.S. soldiers (DeMallie, *Sixth Grandfather* 6). Black Elk's return to South Dakota at sixteen, however, marks a sharp divergence in the two men's cultural histories: while Eastman went south with his father to pursue Christianity, education, and eventually a degree in medicine from Boston University, Black Elk returned to reveal a Thunder vision

that marked his first step toward becoming a Lakota holy man.[7] These seemingly disparate choices would appear to lead in opposite directions, but as luck, or the increasingly small world of the late nineteenth-century Sioux, would have it, both men were on the Pine Ridge Reservation just miles away from Wounded Knee Creek on December 29, 1890, when the massacre occurred—Eastman as the agency's new physician and Black Elk as a traditional healer and Ghost Dancer. It is with this coincidence of geography that their literary histories converge.

RECEPTIONS, REVERSALS, AND THE WHIMS OF READERS: CRITICAL RESPONSES TO *FROM THE DEEP WOODS TO CIVILIZATION* AND *BLACK ELK SPEAKS*

The critical receptions of *From the Deep Woods to Civilization* and *Black Elk Speaks* say as much about dominant expectations of American Indian identity as they do about the texts themselves. Charles Eastman, for example, was a writer whose construction and performance of Native identity spoke to audiences of his time. Eastman published a remarkable ten books during his career, from his acclaimed first text, *Indian Boyhood* (1902), which offers an idyllic view of Eastman's childhood, to his treatise on the cultural and spiritual aspects of Native cosmology, *The Soul of the Indian: An Interpretation* (1911), to handbooks such as *Indian Scout Talks: A Guide for Boy Scouts and Camp Fire Girls* (1914). Written in the long-familiar model of conversion narratives, Eastman's most popular books—*Indian Boyhood* and *From the Deep Woods to Civilization*—were read by dominant audiences of the time as mapping a linear path from the darkness of paganism to the shining lights of Christianity and, subsequently, assimilation, which he terms "civilization." This comfortable story delighted the white Christian readers who made up the bulk of Eastman's audience. Here was a Native writer whose sentiments appeared to legitimate not only their own lives, but also the entire doctrine of manifest destiny.

Published sixteen years after Eastman's best-selling book, Black Elk's as-told-to story of his life did not speak to contemporary readers as *From the Deep Woods to Civilization* had done. Initial reviews were positive, but despite early accolades, *Black Elk Speaks* was remaindered within two years of its publication.[8] Tracing the literary histories of *From the Deep Woods to Civilization* and *Black Elk Speaks* from the thirties to the sixties reveals continued disparity between the two texts' critical receptions: as Charles Eastman's texts fell out of print, the Neihardt/Black Elk collaboration became an underground classic

among counterculture readers who gravitated toward the text's condemnation of U.S. imperialism.[9] After *Black Elk Speaks*' 1961 reissue, the text steadily gained both critical and popular appeal, as evidenced in Dakota author and activist Vine Deloria Jr.'s famed foreword, which calls *Black Elk Speaks* "a North American Bible for all tribes" (xiii).[10] While Eastman's books have slowly returned to circulation, his literary reputation has never again matched that of his early years as an author. Frances Karttunen describes Eastman's present reception this way: "As for [Eastman's] own writings, the children's stories seem overly sentimental now, the highly subjective adult works perhaps outdated as well. Only *From the Deep Woods to Civilization*, with its eyewitness account of the events leading up to and through the massacre at Wounded Knee, retains its power" (164). Although Karttunen's admiration for *From the Deep Woods to Civilization* typifies that of many current literary scholars, Eastman's text has by no means received the same critical attention as *Black Elk Speaks*. Nevertheless, since Black Elk and Eastman have been among the handful of recognized American Indian authors of their era, both books have done a fair amount of cultural work in terms of constructing popular understandings of American Indian identity.

What, then, is this understanding? What images do these two texts present? Or perhaps a better question might be, what kind of Indian identities have they been *permitted* to represent? I suggest that both books have been canonized, at least in part, because of their first-hand accounts of the Wounded Knee massacre, which provide editors, critics, and readers with what has historically been the favorite Indian of the dominant imagination—the "vanishing" Indian. Although the texts have had differing public responses, they have been perceived as having similar foci—the 1890 Ghost Dance and the Wounded Knee massacre. As I will illustrate, however, critical reactions to both *From the Deep Woods to Civilization* and *Black Elk Speaks* have tended to coincide not with each author's multivalent historical descriptions of the Ghost Dance and the Wounded Knee massacre, but with dominant society's perceptions of those two events, a discrepancy suggesting that elegiac depictions of the 1890 Ghost Dance and the Wounded Knee massacre are as much a product of critical expectation as they are of authorial construction.



ASSIMILATION, RESISTANCE, AND THE TENSION OF REPRESENTATION IN CHARLES EASTMAN'S *FROM THE DEEP WOODS TO CIVILIZATION*

In recent years the larger body of Charles Eastman's work has been criticized for both the alleged collaborative nature of his writing and the perceived assimilationist rhetoric of his politics. There is continued debate surrounding the former issue and questions still remain over just how much his wife, Elaine Goodale Eastman, influenced her husband's writing. In *From the Deep Woods to Civilization*, Eastman publicly acknowledges Elaine's contributions to his texts, saying, "The present is the eighth [book] that I have done, always with the devoted cooperation of my wife. Although but one book, 'Wigwam Evenings,' bears both our names, we have worked together, she in the little leisure remaining to the mother of six children, and I in the intervals of lecturing and other employment" (185–86). Elaine's own description of her editorial role appears in her memoir, *Sister to the Sioux* (1978), where she explains, "In an hour of comparative leisure I had urged him to write down his recollections of the wild life, which I carefully edited and placed with *St. Nicholas* [a magazine]. From this small beginning grew *Indian Boyhood* and eight other books of Indian lore, upon all of which I collaborated more or less" (173). Critics fall into two camps on the issue. On one side are scholars such as H. David Brumble III, who argues that Elaine "did no more than copy-edit her husband's finished manuscripts" (*Annotated* 55), while on another are critics such as Raymond Wilson, Eastman's biographer, who finds Elaine's contention that Eastman's essays came to her as "rough draft[s] in pencil, on scratch paper" more credible (131).[11] While many cite Eastman's publication history as positive proof of Elaine's import to Eastman's work—his marital separation corresponds with the end of his literary career—there is no extant record of the collaboration and thus no concrete answer to this question.

In terms of the critiques of Eastman's political positions, some of his choices do, in retrospect, seem at times incredibly misguided. Perhaps the most radical example is his championship of the 1887 Dawes Severalty Act, which threatened tribal identity and led to yet another large-scale land loss for Native peoples.[12] Such political stances combined with Eastman's educational successes to make him, according to Brumble, something of an American Indian poster boy (*American Indian* 150). In the tradition of Horatio Alger, Eastman's success could be held up as an example of possibility and progress, a story of "successful" assimilation. His most popular books were often read in this framework, as

we see in the comments of a *New York Times* reviewer, who praised Eastman upon the publication of *From the Deep Woods to Civilization* by saying the author "never failed to see the wise judgment that lay behind his old father's choice of civilized ways" (qtd. in Peterson 174). This assessment of Eastman's autobiography was seconded by *The North American Review*, which claimed that "in less than half a lifetime" Eastman had "traversed the whole path from savagery to civilization" (qtd. in Peterson 174). During his lifetime, however, Eastman was, according to Wilson, "an acculturated rather than an assimilated Indian" (189). Critics have frequently disagreed with such a distinction, condemning Eastman as a writer whose "'role as an apologist superceded his conviction that the Sioux had a viable perspective'" (qtd. in Peterson 174).

As the most commonly excerpted piece of his work, Eastman's chapter "The Ghost Dance War" in *From the Deep Woods to Civilization* plays a key role in the controversy over the nature of Eastman's personal and political identity. The longest and most detailed chapter of Eastman's autobiography, it presents an account of the events that preceded and followed the Wounded Knee massacre. Eastman's tone in this section seems noticeably detached, as exemplified in his restrained



Mary Berri Chapman. *GHOST DANCE—PRAYING*. National Anthropological Archives, Smithsonian Institution/neg. #65016.

and often-quoted depiction of his emotions after the search for survivors of the Wounded Knee massacre: "All this was a severe ordeal for one who had so lately put all his faith in the Christian love and lofty ideals of the white man. Yet I passed no hasty judgment, and was thankful that I might be of some service and relieve even a small part of the suffering" (*Deep Woods* 114). Like everything about Eastman, though, both this quote and his story as a whole are more complex and contradictory than might appear upon an initial reading, as I have learned from teaching this text.

When I teach *From the Deep Woods to Civilization*, my students, who are ordinarily encountering both Eastman's text and American Indian history and literature for the first time, sometimes respond to this passage with a level of dismay (e.g., "He passed no 'hasty judgment'? Are you kidding me?"). Rather than being horrified by Eastman's descriptions of his *experiences*, they respond most strongly to his measured *tone*—as have many critics before them—aligning Eastman with the faceless and unproblematically evil soldiers manning the Hotchkiss guns and relegating the whole lot of them to a distant place nowhere near the modern, enlightened reader. As my students and I discuss, calling Eastman an assimilationist makes a certain amount of sense in terms of some of his rhetoric. For example, close readings of key passages from *From the Deep Woods to Civilization* show that Eastman seems, at first glance, to valorize "civilization"—read whiteness and Christianity—with an enthusiasm that undoubtedly thrilled his contemporary Anglo audience as much as it horrifies his modern-day critics:

> My eyes were opened intelligently to the greatness of Christian civilization, the ideal civilization, as it unfolded itself before my eyes. ... There must be no more warfare within our borders; we must quit the forest trail for the breaking-plow, since pastoral life was the next thing for the Indian. I renounced finally my bow and arrows for the spade and the pen; I took off my soft moccasins and put on the heavy and clumsy but durable shoes. Every day of my life I put into use every English word that I knew, and for the first time permitted myself to think and act as a white man. (*Deep Woods* 57–58)

My students frequently cite this passage as evidence that Eastman's sentiments align with his measured tone in describing the Wounded Knee massacre—in this argument, his fairly unemotional depiction of the massacre and his decision to "pass no hasty judgement" thus illustrate his success at attaining his goal "to think and act [like] a white man." I



Mary Irvin Wright. *GHOST DANCE—INSPIRATION*. National Anthropological Archives, Smithsonian Institution/neg. #37C.

agree that in this particular passage, Eastman publicly forsakes what, for white audiences, would be prominent symbols of Indian identity—a Native religious cosmology, an emphasis on warfare, and the perennial markers of bow, arrow, and moccasins—but I suggest that this and other textual moments become more opaque when examined in the context of his larger narrative. Significantly, this conversion, in which Eastman rejects these markers of a specifically Dakota or Plains Indian identity, is embedded within a number of other stories that highlight the difficulty of such a wholesale rejection.

A closer look at *From the Deep Woods to Civilization* suggests that Eastman, like many other bicultural writers, continues to move fluidly between dominant/non-dominant perspectives long after he trades his "bow and arrows for the spade and the pen." One of the more apparent examples of this fluctuation emerges from Eastman's description of his educational history, where, despite the supposed signs of assimilation—his demeanor and accomplishments—he displays a perspective that is rooted in Native history. When Eastman first enters a classroom, he is mocked as "the long-haired boy" (*Deep Woods* 23). Within a short time, however, this "insult" no longer applies: Eastman cuts his hair and adopts white clothes, eschewing the overt markers of Native identity to become an eager student who actively pursues formal education as a means by which to succeed within the dominant culture.[13] Nonetheless, even as he details these shifts in his appearance and surroundings,

Eastman simultaneously expresses strong ties to a Native landscape. When describing his arrival to Beloit College, for instance, Eastman frames his account with Native history. He situates the narrative in time by highlighting the scant three months since the Custer battle, and he situates the narrative spatially by emphasizing a Native presence that predates Beloit's construction: "The college grounds covered the site of an ancient village of mound-builders, which showed to great advantage on the neat campus" (*Deep Woods* 52). Similarly, Eastman uses Native history as a situational marker when he tells the story of his search for work after his first year at Beloit in the summer of 1877. He says, "As I walked, I recalled the troubles of that great chief of the Sac and Fox tribe, Black Hawk, who had some dispute with President Lincoln about that very region" (*Deep Woods* 56). Immediately following this reverie, he finds a farm, inquires about work, and is met with the hostile answer, "Oho! you can not work the New Ulm game on me. I don't think you can reproduce the Fort Dearborn massacre on this farm" (*Deep Woods* 57). The New Ulm conflict, known too as the Sioux Uprising of 1862, was, as previously noted, the reason for Eastman's relocation to Canada at four years of age. The New Ulm conflict was also, in many ways, the first of a series of events that brought Eastman to the farmer's door.[14] Both Eastman's reverie and the farmer's verbal attack highlight the layered and conflicted history of Native-white relations in the United States, pointing to the impossibility of a simple erasure of those tensions even as, in some cases, Eastman's rhetoric seems to suggest that such an erasure is easily accomplished. These complexities vanish, however, when Eastman is read as *merely* an assimilationist, since critical attention then tends to focus entirely on his various odes to civilization. A more detailed examination reveals the disjunctions, the fault lines where conversion narrative and tribal stories collide or, at times, combine.

The slippage between a dominant and indigenous narrative focus increases as we examine Eastman's confrontation further. The farmer's exclamation—"you can not work the New Ulm game on me"—invokes not just general Native-white hostilities, but Eastman's specific familial background. Ultimately, this conflict, which the farmer invokes as a slur, plays a significant role in Eastman's conversion to Christianity and subsequent pursuit of education. Whether actual or fabricated, the inclusion of this twist of fate underlines Eastman's connections to Dakota history. While he might dress and speak like a white man, Eastman cannot elide, or, more precisely—given that the textual reproduction of this coincidence is an editorial choice—does not *desire* to elide his ties

to an indigenous history which is at odds with that of the dominant culture. As Malea Powell comments, "Eastman represents here the significance of where he is (on ancient Indian lands), how he got there (by leaving so-called savagery behind him), and what he finds there (white savages). In doing so, ... he surfaces the complexity of the stories being told and re-told about Indians, implicitly critiquing the intertwined nature of beliefs about savagism and civilization, whether Indian or white" (221). In the interstices of Eastman's conversion narrative, then, is an alternate story, a tribal narrative that cannot be completely contained by his critics', or even his own, claims for his total assimilation.

Eastman writes nothing of the apparently coincidental nature of the farmer's comments. He simply goes on to describe the conclusion of his search for work with two sentences: "I kept on my way until I found another farmer to whom I made haste to present my letter [of introduction from the Beloit College president]. For him I worked all summer, and as treaties were kept on both sides, there was no occasion for any trouble" (57). This enigmatic description of Eastman's summer is puzzling given that it leads, in the next sentence, to the story of his conversion, which begins, "It was here and now that my eyes were opened intelligently to the greatness of Christian civilization, the ideal civilization" (*Deep Woods* 57). There is, in fact, a strange absence of *any* transitional material that might explain how one farmer's open hostility and another's seeming tolerance leads Eastman to recognize what he depicts as the intrinsic superiority of dominant culture. Instead, there seems to be a suggestion of animosity, or at least of careful negotiation, given that he compares his and his employer's relationship to a treaty settlement. In the end, one of the most striking things about the entire surrounding vignette is that it stands in direct contradiction to Eastman's recognition of "the greatness of Christian civilization." Rather than an epiphanic turning point, Eastman's story frames his conversion as a tentative and conditional cease-fire, making his subsequent embrace of "Christian civilization" difficult to take at face value.

My aim here is not to deny, but to contextualize the sometimes explicit assimilationist rhetoric of Eastman's work. The evident internal conflicts within his narratives offer a fruitful site for investigations, pointing to the liminal nature of both his texts and his life. Much of this richness is lost, however, when Eastman's writing is set aside as being simply, to quote one critic, "characteristic of the Indian who has become educated and writes about his youth for a white audience" (Powers 147). Eastman was, undeniably, an interstitial figure with a stake in two disparate and often conflicting cultures. During the eighty-

one years of his life, from 1858 to 1939, he experienced social and cultural changes too radical for most readers to comprehend; his texts, whether mediated or not, provide us with an invaluable window into that upheaval. Therefore, if Eastman's complexity is overlooked or if his story is valued solely for its report of the Wounded Knee massacre, we lose the precious cultural insight he offers. This limited critical focus negates Eastman's contribution to Native literature, substituting in its stead another dominant narrative of loss—superceded by the story of Wounded Knee, Eastman is contained as effectively as were those who died in the snow on that bitter December day in 1890.

Such containment leads to incomplete readings of Eastman's work. As my analysis will show, even his account of the Wounded Knee aftermath—the section of *From the Deep Woods to Civilization* that has garnered the most attention—ultimately reveals a more complicated story than has been previously supposed, as we see when we return to his story of Wounded Knee: "Fully three miles from the scene of the massacre we found the body of a woman ... and from this point on we found them scattered along as they had been relentlessly hunted down and slaughtered while fleeing for their lives. Some of our people discovered relatives or friends among the dead, and there was much



James Mooney. *THE GHOST DANCE—RIGID.* Retouched photograph. Artist unknown. National Anthropological Archives, Smithsonian Institution/ neg. #37B.

wailing and mourning" (*Deep Woods* 111). Set a few pages before his measured "Yet I passed no hasty judgment," this passage presents a great deal more emotional detail about the aftermath of the massacre. Eastman's emphasis on the three-mile distance between the battlefield and the last body, for example, works in tandem with his vivid word choices—"relentlessly," "slaughtered"—to situate the U.S. Cavalry as the aggressor, thus altering the ambivalence of his report. Significantly, Eastman also offers a vision of grief that is in direct contradiction to then-common stereotypes of the "savage" Indian who was inevitably hostile, male, and without visible relatives. In Eastman's story, each lost life is recognized and lamented by the relatives left behind. In that way, judgment *is* passed, and blame is laid squarely at the door of Eastman's employer, the U.S. government.

Eastman also provides insight into the events leading up to the massacre, as his chapter title "The Ghost Dance War" suggests. Much has been made of the connection between the Ghost Dance religion and the Wounded Knee massacre, with most dominant accounts, as I indicated in my introduction, positing a cause-and-effect relationship between the two events. Despite his chapter title, Eastman's recollections refute such a one-to-one correspondence, aligning his testimony with that of many other Native eyewitnesses whose accounts refuse such a conflation of extremes. "The Ghost Dance War" begins with Eastman's musings on the new religion, which he calls "a religious craze ... foreign to the Indian philosophy" (*Deep Woods* 92). These thoughts, however, are not the first, but the third description of the Ghost Dance that occurs in *From the Deep Woods to Civilization*. The two earlier accounts, which precede the more frequently excerpted section of Eastman's narrative, provide the key to Eastman's later depiction of the Wounded Knee massacre. The first two observations are recounted in the previous chapter, "A Doctor among the Indians," where Eastman describes his arrival at the Pine Ridge Reservation and his early days as the agency physician. In this section of the text, the head of the Indian police force, Captain George Sword, calls on Eastman shortly after his arrival on the Pine Ridge Reservation. During his visit, Sword gives the history of the Ghost Dance, emphasizing the religion's similarity to Christianity. He explains to Eastman that the Ghost Dance "has been rapidly gaining converts in many of the camps. ... The agent says that the Great Father at Washington wishes it stopped. I fear the people will not stop. I fear trouble, kola" (in *Deep Woods* 84). Sword's fears are clearly not of the Ghost Dancers, but of U.S. aggression toward the dancers. Eastman's next guest, identified as "the agent," "a new man

and a political appointee" (clearly the inexperienced and inept Pine Ridge Reservation Indian Agent Daniel Royer) validates Sword's apprehension regarding government intervention (84). Royer's sentiments about the Ghost Dance, which contrast sharply with George Sword's, are worth quoting in full:

> I tell you, doctor, ... I am mighty glad you came here at just this time. We have a most difficult situation to handle, but those men down in Washington don't seem to realize the facts. If I had my way, I would have had troops here before this. ... This Ghost dance craze is the worst thing that has ever taken hold of the Indian race. It is going like wild fire among the tribes, and right here and now the people are beginning to defy my authority, and my Indian police seem to be powerless. I expect every employee on the agency to do his or her best to avert an outbreak. (in *Deep Woods* 84–85)

Lest a reader sympathize with Royer's panic, Eastman counters just a few pages later with yet another conversation between himself and Captain Sword, where Eastman asks "incredulously," "Do they [the dancers] really mean mischief?" (*Deep Woods* 88). Sword's answer—"They say not, and that all they ask is to be let alone. They say the white man is not disturbed when he goes to church"—undercuts Royer's fear of the Ghost Dancers by associating the Native religion with Christianity (*Deep Woods* 88). Such an association serves at least two functions: first, it legitimates the Ghost Dance as a valid religion, thereby suggesting that its followers should be afforded the same respect as that given to the Christian churchgoers who make up the bulk of Eastman's audience; and second, it implicitly invokes the Bill of Rights, which guarantees that all men should be free to worship as they see fit, making Royer's sentiments not only unreasonable, but un-American. Eastman's less-studied descriptions of the Ghost Dance, in effect, work against Royer's panicked rhetoric by suggesting that the Ghost Dance religion poses no threat to white settlers or U.S. government authorities.

In his more famous chapter "The Ghost Dance War," Eastman restates these sentiments, writing that the Ghost Dance "in itself was scarcely a source of danger, and one might almost as well call upon the army to suppress Billy Sunday [an evangelist popular in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries] and his hysterical followers" (*Deep Woods* 99). While Eastman is clearly not a Ghost Dance proponent, his commentary reaffirms the Ghost Dancers' right to their religion by highlighting the ludicrous nature of the claims against them.

With this series of exchanges, then, Eastman shifts responsibility for the Wounded Knee massacre from the Ghost Dancers to U.S. government officials. The significance of this move cannot be overstated, since Eastman's implicit criticism of Agent Royer challenges the cause-and-effect paradigm that regulates Wounded Knee narratives in the dominant culture. I would argue that once the "cause" of the Ghost Dance is emptied of credibility, the Wounded Knee massacre stands revealed, in Eastman's text, not as the consequence of Indian opposition, but as an overt act of violence on the part of the U.S. government. Such a reading contradicts the dominant assumption of a link between the Ghost Dance and Wounded Knee.

My point here is that readings of Native texts can sometimes replace resistance, such as that found in Eastman's multifaceted descriptions of the Ghost Dance, with stories of loss that meet readerly expectations. Neither the Ghost Dance nor the Lakota "vanished" with Wounded Knee. But when the complexity of a text like *From the Deep Woods to Civilization* is erased by, for example, the persistence of selective excerpting, such myths are perpetuated. These instances are examples of what Vizenor terms "manifest manners," the actions and attitudes by which dominant culture continues to colonize the indigenous peoples. Vizenor himself reclaims Eastman's narratives, denouncing those who call the writer "assimilationist" and offering this series of questions in place of their criticisms:

> Eastman was an outstanding student, and he learned to use metaphors as the simulations of survivance. He celebrated peace and the romance of tribal stories to overcome the morose remembrance of the Wounded Knee Massacre. Could there have been a wiser resistance literature or simulation of survivance at the time? What did it mean to be the first generation to hear the stories of the past, bear the horrors of the moment, and write to the future? What were tribal identities at the turn of the last century? (51)

In response to Brumble's charge that Eastman "saw himself as an embodiment of Social Darwinist notions about the evolution of the races," Vizenor reads Eastman's romantic re-creation of his childhood as a subtle form of resistance, perhaps the only practical response to the times during which Eastman wrote (qtd. in Vizenor 49). In this reading, Eastman's stance becomes a matter of survival, of endurance, a strategy that Vizenor terms "survivance." Rather than berating Eastman for his assimilationist stances, Vizenor asks critics to contextualize and interro-

gate not only Eastman, but all writers of this period as products of their time. I pair my reading of *From the Deep Woods to Civilization* with a reading of *Black Elk Speaks* as a way to enact Vizenor's suggestions.

REREADING *BLACK ELK SPEAKS*: SURVIVAL AND RESISTANCE IN BLACK ELK'S REPRESENTATIONS OF THE GHOST DANCE AND THE WOUNDED KNEE MASSACRE

The authenticity and value of *Black Elk Speaks* has been challenged for much the same reason as *From the Deep Woods to Civilization*—cultural mediation—but Black Elk's story has undoubtedly been the cause of a great deal more spilled ink and the focus of a great many more angry voices. At the heart of the matter stand issues central to both American Indian studies and multicultural studies: Whose text is this anyway? Whose story is being told? Whose voice is it that has been so lauded and so condemned? Critics like William K. Powers, an anthropologist, have emphatically answered those questions with one name: John G. Neihardt. Powers calls much of *Black Elk Speaks* the fabrication of a white man, saying, "Essentially, in *Black Elk Speaks* and other books written by white men for a white audience, the ideas, plots, persons, and situations ... have been constructed to conform to the expectations of a white audience" (148). Once again I want to examine these charges with a return to the classroom, to my mostly Anglo, mostly midwestern students who often believe, upon first reading *Black Elk Speaks*, that they've found an "authentic" American Indian voice. I begin our conversation about the text by asking, "How do the title and cover of this book shape our initial approach to the text?" Forty pairs of eyes take in the picture of the mystical, antlered Indian and the equally mystical words: "As told through John G. Neihardt." In a recent U.S. literature course, a student answered that question by recalling the words of Vine Deloria Jr., who asks in regard to Neihardt's potential editorial intrusion, "Can it matter?" (in Neihardt, *Black Elk Speaks* xvi). My answer to Deloria's rhetorical question, which my students come to know over the course of our discussions about the text, is that it does matter. It matters a great deal, in fact, especially because this particular book has been one of the most, if not *the* most, widely read Native text for the past thirty-odd years. But, just as with Eastman's work, I suggest that we need to interrogate the text and contexts of the book at hand before we can come to any conclusions about how such interventions affect meaning. Luckily, our contextual information about the Black Elk/Neihardt collaboration is much more detailed than that of the potential collaboration between

Eastman and his wife, since Raymond DeMallie's *The Sixth Grandfather* (1985) presents the stenographic transcripts of the Black Elk/Neihardt interviews along with detailed explanatory notes. After giving my students excerpts of DeMallie's work, I ask them to compare and contrast those excerpts with *Black Elk Speaks*.[15]

As my students point out, such comparisons uncover the clear-cut mediation in the construction of *Black Elk Speaks*: most of the war imagery has been excised from Black Elk's vision and the beginning and end of the text are entirely of Neihardt's creation, something that Neihardt freely admitted throughout his life.[16] Until the publication of Sally McCluskey's influential 1972 essay "*Black Elk Speaks*: And So Does John Neihardt," however, Neihardt's claims of authorship went almost unheard. The 1932 *Book Review Digest*, for example, lists the author of *Black Elk Speaks* as "Black Elk, Oglala Indian" (91). In fact, the most cited section of *Black Elk Speaks*, the last three paragraphs of its elegiac conclusion, is written by Neihardt. In this moving passage, Black Elk (read Neihardt) speaks of Wounded Knee and Lakota culture with lyric finality:

> And so it was all over.
>
> I did not know then how much was ended. When I look back now from this high hill of my old age, I can still see the butchered women and children lying heaped and scattered all along the crooked gulch as plain as when I saw them with eyes still young. And I can see that something else died [at Wounded Knee] in the bloody mud, and was buried in the blizzard. A people's dream died there. It was a beautiful dream.
>
> And I, to whom so great a vision was given in my youth,—you see me now a pitiful old man who has done nothing, for the nation's hoop is broken and scattered. There is no center any longer, and the sacred tree is dead. (270)

So ends *Black Elk Speaks*—and Dee Brown's incredibly influential history, *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee* (1970), and the *Wall Street Journal* review of Brown's text. Add a plethora of other books and articles including, to my astonishment, the latest in-depth examination of the massacre, William S. E. Coleman's *Voices of Wounded Knee* (2000), which not only concludes with Neihardt's words but also cites them in the epigraph and introduction for good measure.[17] The selective repetition of this particular passage is especially disturbing given its implicit message, which G. Thomas Couser describes in no uncertain terms: "To end the narrative so *conclusively* with the Battle of Wounded Knee is the

literary equivalent of killing off the survivors; it is a subtle but insidious form of cultural genocide. The effect is to encourage white readers to indulge in an uncomplicated pathos at the demise of a noble way of life rather than to compel them to contemplate its survival in assimilated forms" (85). For Couser and others, then, Neihardt's editing almost irretrievably compromises Black Elk's narrative.

Such harsh condemnation is hardly universal, however; although scholars like Powers and Couser have criticized Neihardt's editorial decisions, others find the book laudable. Michael Castro, for one, emphasizes the syncretic nature of *Black Elk Speaks*' inception, suggesting that "the project was agreed upon by both men, and in a very real sense it had been initiated by Black Elk himself when he proposed to teach Neihardt, whom he knew to be a writer, 'the secrets of the Other World'" (84). Neihardt felt so strongly about his connection to Black Elk that he postponed his then-current book project, *The Cycle of the West*, "'to write the complete life of Black Elk, for it would be a revelation of the Indian consciousness from the depths'" (qtd. in Castro 84).[18] But while Neihardt put aside the epic poem he was writing, he did not put aside the poem's focus—Wounded Knee and the "demise" of Lakota culture—and it is this focus that has, in one way or another, driven most of the scholarly work on *Black Elk Speaks*.

McCluskey's interview with Neihardt indicates that *Black Elk Speaks*' mournful conclusion is a literary device; according to McCluskey, Black Elk "did not particularly want to talk about 'old times' or the 'Messiah Craze' [the Ghost Dance]" (235). Neihardt overcame Black Elk's initial resistance, however, and so was able to record Black Elk's experiences as a Ghost Dancer and an observer of the massacre along with Black Elk's recollections of his great vision and his early life. After leaving Pine Ridge and reviewing the stenographic notes of their dialogue, Neihardt returned to his original plan, "purposely end[ing] Black Elk's story with the Battle of Wounded Knee [because] it was the most dramatic point" (McCluskey 239). As Couser points out, Neihardt's overdetermined conclusion has reinforced the myth of the vanishing Indian in rather frightening ways, which, by this point, have been discussed at length by other critics.[19]

But Black Elk's story, like Eastman's, is too complicated to be explained by an either/or reading. Consequently, while there is loss in both *Black Elk Speaks* and the interview transcripts, as suggested by the continual replication of Neihardt's conclusion and as might be expected given the grim realities of late nineteenth-century Lakota history, there is also testimony to what Vizenor calls survivance. My examination of

this sometimes contradictory narrative, then, will concentrate, as with Eastman's text, on the oft-excerpted depiction of the Ghost Dance and the Wounded Knee massacre, arguing that Black Elk's account contains a distinctive focus on survival despite critical arguments to the contrary.

My reading begins not with Black Elk's depiction of Wounded Knee, but with his interesting and lesser-studied representation of the Ghost Dance. From the outset, Black Elk's account—a lengthy description of both his beliefs about the religion and the specifics of the accompanying dance practice—differs markedly from Eastman's, since Black Elk's serious contemplation of the Ghost Dance belies popular portrayals of Ghost Dancers as hysterical religious adherents. On some level this disparity might be a question of audience; they are two very different men in two very different rhetorical situations: Black Elk gives oral testimony of his experiences in the company of a number of his Lakota contemporaries while Eastman writes his narrative for a largely white audience. Regardless of their audiences, though, both men separate the Ghost Dance from the Wounded Knee massacre—Eastman by highlighting the religion's similarity to charismatic versions of Christianity, and Black Elk, on the opposite end of the spectrum, by depicting the Ghost Dance as entirely in keeping with Lakota cultural norms.



James Mooney. *THE GHOST DANCE—UNCONSCIOUS*. Retouched photograph. Artist unknown. National Anthropological Archives, Smithsonian Institution/neg. #53913.

As a Ghost Dancer himself, Black Elk offers an inside perspective on the religion, beginning with his first encounter with Wovoka's teachings in the fall of 1889. In Neihardt's text, Black Elk greets initial reports of the dance with doubt similar to Eastman's: "It was hard to believe; and when I first heard of it, I thought it was only foolish talk that somebody started somewhere" (232). This disbelief rings hollow when coming from Black Elk, who in 1889 was a *wicasa wakan* (a medicine man) in a culture where dreams and visions are not only credible, but necessary occurrences. Not surprisingly, a look at the transcripts shows the remark to be one of Neihardt's additions, more likely mirroring the emotions Neihardt anticipated of *Black Elk Speaks*' white readers than Black Elk's own. In the transcribed conversation, Black Elk says, "I did not go over there, I just heard of it, that's all" (DeMallie, *Sixth Grandfather* 257). He then goes on to explain, however, that his hesitance at joining the dancers is rooted not in skepticism, but in apprehensive belief: "At first when I heard [the details of the Ghost Dance religion] I was bothered, because my vision was nearly like it and it looked as though my vision were really coming true and that if I helped, probably with my power that I had I could make the tree bloom and that I would get my people back into that sacred hoop again where they would prosper" (DeMallie, *Sixth Grandfather* 257). According to Black Elk, then, the Ghost Dance is not an anomaly as Eastman suggests, but, like Black Elk's vision, a natural manifestation of preexisting Lakota beliefs.

Black Elk's descriptions of both his original vision and the Ghost Dance religion situate their regenerative possibility in direct opposition to dominant culture. As can be expected, Neihardt mediates this opposition with careful editing. In the complete vision of Black Elk's youth, the six grandfathers (the Lakota powers representing each of the sacred directions) give him a series of gifts, including the "soldier weed of destruction," an herb that had the power to kill anything it touched (DeMallie, *Sixth Grandfather* 135). According to Black Elk, this herb, which he chose not to use, would have saved the Lakota by bringing violent death to their enemies. The Ghost Dance presents much the same threat in Black Elk's estimation, which is undoubtedly why its potentially destructive implications were also excised from *Black Elk Speaks*. Black Elk describes the Ghost Dance philosophy twice in the transcripts. The first description comes second-hand: "These people told me that these men had actually seen the Messiah and that he had given them these things. They should put this paint on and have a ghost dance, and in doing this they would save themselves, that there is another world coming—a world just for the Indians, that in time *the*

world would come and crush out all the whites" (emphasis added; DeMallie, *Sixth Grandfather* 257). In the second Ghost Dance description, Black Elk relates his thoughts after becoming a Ghost Dance participant: "It occurred to me that in my vision [the vision of his childhood] I had seen beautiful things and in the center of the earth I had seen everything and perhaps this land of my vision was where the people were going [in the Ghost Dance prophecy] and that we would disappoint the white race and *only my people would live*" (emphasis added; DeMallie, *Sixth Grandfather* 260). Neihardt tempers both of these accounts by altering their final sentences. Specifically, in *Black Elk Speaks*, the whites (Wasichus) "disappear" rather than getting crushed (232), and the Lakota "live and prosper where no Wasichus were or ever could be" (241) as opposed to being the "only" of the two peoples to live. With minimal editing, then, Neihardt constructs a benign Ghost Dance, one that would be infinitely more palatable to an Anglo audience than Black Elk's own.

Also excised from *Black Elk Speaks* are Black Elk's references to the Ghost Dance religion's *ongoing* potential, which sets Black Elk's description even further apart from most dominant narratives. In Neihardt's edited version, the Ghost Dance ends with the Wounded Knee massacre—the "death" of the Ghost Dance paralleling the "death" of Lakota culture. This definitive conclusion does not occur in Black Elk's story, however, as we see when Black Elk details his visions, which were common to those who participated in the Ghost Dance. Over the course of the four-day dance, some participants would fall into trances after which, like Black Elk, they would recount their visions. Black Elk tells Neihardt of experiencing several such visions. He ends his first description by commenting, "All the people there were eager to hear of what I had to say and they all gathered around me. Lots of these people are still alive. These visions I have told to the people they still remember" (DeMallie, *Sixth Grandfather* 264). This reference to the living memory of the Ghost Dance is, of course, omitted from *Black Elk Speaks* because it would weaken the text's neat linearity: Ghost Dancers and Ghost Dance visions cannot be alive and well in the 1930s if they died, as the text suggests, with the 1890 Wounded Knee massacre. But Black Elk is concerned with more than Ghost Dance *memories*, as we see when he elaborates on the content of his Ghost Dance vision: "I went to the sixth village in the vision because in the flaming rainbow of the first vision I had seen six grandfathers. … This village might represent six generations from the first and perhaps in the sixth generation the tree will bloom as in my vision" (DeMallie, *Sixth Grandfather* 265).

In a startling move, Black Elk suggests that his 1890 vision has the potential for future efficacy. Together, these two descriptions establish that, for Black Elk, the Ghost Dance religion was entirely separate from Wounded Knee, existing not as an isolated, tragic, historical event, but as a viable belief system that, as Black Elk speaks to John G. Neihardt in 1931, continues to hold the possibility of a cultural renaissance.[20]

In order to fully extricate Black Elk's depiction of the Ghost Dance from his depiction of Wounded Knee, I turn, finally, to his account of the events surrounding the massacre. Upon reading the next to last chapter of *Black Elk Speaks*—"The Butchering at Wounded Knee"—many readers have a certain level of conscious expectation, an expectation underlined by Black Elk's repeated premonition that "something terrible was going to happen" (Neihardt, *Black Elk Speaks* 255). This inherent narrative tension is heightened by Black Elk's first encounter with an observer of the massacre, who cries, "Hey-hey-hey! They have murdered them!" (Neihardt, *Black Elk Speaks* 256).[21] As Black Elk and his party ride toward the scene of the killing, an explicit description of violence seems inevitable, especially given most readers' knowledge of popularized accounts of the Wounded Knee massacre; that is not, however, to be the case. Instead, the first encounter Black Elk describes is with a group of survivors:

> Just below the head of the dry gulch, there were some women and children who were huddled under a clay bank, and some cavalrymen were there pointing guns at them. ...
>
> Then I rode over the ridge and the others after me, and we were crying: "Take courage! It is time to fight!" The soldiers who were guarding our relatives shot at us and then ran away fast. ... We got our relatives and sent them across the ridge to the northwest where they would be safe. (Neihardt, *Black Elk Speaks* 257–58)

Putting aside preconceived expectations, then, and examining the events in the order in which they are presented, illustrates that the first image of Wounded Knee that Black Elk presents is not of loss, but of the preservation of Lakota life. The transcripts in DeMallie's text reveal the same focus, the only difference being that in his unedited version, Black Elk's party finds and rescues a wounded man by the name of Little Finger before they reach the gulch and confront the soldiers, thus adding one more name to the list of those saved (DeMallie, *Sixth Grandfather* 273).

After securing the safety of the group of women and children, Black Elk relates his party's next discovery: "We found a little baby lying all alone near the head of the gulch. I could not pick her up just then, but

I got her later and some of my people adopted her. I just wrapped her up tighter in a shawl that was around her and left her there. It was a safe place, and I had other work to do" (Neihardt, *Black Elk Speaks* 258). The emphasis here, I would argue, is on cultural continuity, as the break in the chronology of the story underlines—a child is saved and then sheltered by the tribe.[22] DeMallie's transcripts contain this same emphasis, although they reveal that Black Elk was actually much more direct: "At the head of the gulch I saw a baby all alone. It was adopted by my wife's father. Its name was Blue Whirlwind. I was going to pick her up but I left her for she was in a safe place" (DeMallie, *Sixth Grandfather* 273). The stenographic version, while shorter and less embellished, further highlights cultural continuity by *naming* the baby and her eventual guardians—she is a child with a specific future and specific tribal connections. And note that this second affirmation of Lakota *life* precedes any description of death in *both* Neihardt's and DeMallie's versions of Black Elk's story. Ultimately the anticipated depiction of the massacre comprises only seven sentences of the entire chapter. And even this short paragraph is immediately followed by Black Elk's discovery of two little boys who had been "killing soldiers all by themselves," further emphasizing Lakota resistance rather than Lakota annihilation (Neihardt 259). Black Elk's emphasis on survival is clearly at odds with popular understandings of the massacre, which continually reinscribe the story of the broken hoop and annihilated culture with which John G. Neihardt closes *Black Elk Speaks*.

The discrepancy between Black Elk's focus on survival and the predominant critical focus on loss becomes even more evident when Neihardt's editorial decisions are taken into account, which makes it worthwhile here to compare the depiction of the Wounded Knee aftermath in *Black Elk Speaks* to that in The *Sixth Grandfather*. The short section in Neihardt's text is rich in horrific detail:

> We followed down along the dry gulch, and what we saw was terrible. Dead and wounded women and children and little babies were scattered all along there where they had been trying to run away. The soldiers had followed along the gulch, as they ran, and murdered them in there. Sometimes they were in heaps because they had huddled together, and some were scattered all along. Sometimes bunches of them had been killed and torn to pieces where the wagon guns hit them. I saw a little baby trying to suck its mother, but she was bloody and dead. (Neihardt, *Black Elk Speaks* 259)

The interview transcripts offer a somewhat different account:

> I wanted to see the place where Big Foot and his people got killed and as I followed down the draw I could see men and women lying dead all along there. Soldiers and Indians afterwards were here and there. [*Then as I got nearer there were more of them lying there.*] Right at the beginning of the draw there were many Indians and there were more soldiers further down.
>
> This was a good day—the sun was shining. In the evening it began to snow. It was a very bad snow. The day was cold even though it was sunny. That night the snow covered us and we all died from the cold. As I went down toward the village, I could see children dying all over—it was just a sight. I did not get as far as Big Foot's body though. (DeMallie, *Sixth Grandfather* 274–75)

While both versions recount the massacre's horror, Neihardt's editing heightens the drama. He inserts references of blood and draws specific images, such as that of the baby, to bring the magnitude of the battle home to a predominantly Anglo 1930s audience. Even more interesting than Neihardt's additions, however, are his deletions. Black Elk's version of his experience destabilizes popular stories of Wounded Knee not only by naming Lakota survivors (and thus negating the possibility of a total annihilation of Native peoples), but also, as seen in this quote, by describing the bodies of soldiers next to those of Indians, something that Neihardt omits in his attempt to shape Black Elk's story for white readers. Histories of Wounded Knee number the U.S. Army's losses at around twenty-five men, most of whom were caught in the cross-fire from their own company's guns; but popular images of the massacre review only the faces and bodies of dead Lakota, as I find when I turn again to the latest book on Wounded Knee, with its jacket photo of Anglo soldiers guarding a wagon full of frozen Indian bodies. This story of Lakota death is represented in the Black Elk transcripts, but it is not the *only* story told. History, as Black Elk tells it, is complicated, messy, and full of contradictions. While Wounded Knee was, without a doubt, a horrific massacre, there were dead on both sides, just as there were survivors. By acknowledging this reality, Black Elk refuses to relegate the massacre to the realm of myth, where its function as a symbol can override its resonance as actual lived experience.

The most telling difference between popular accounts of the Wounded Knee massacre and Black Elk's version of the events, however, lies in Black Elk's final comment about his later life, which Neihardt omits from

Black Elk Speaks. In the Black Elk/Neihardt transcripts, Black Elk's description of the events surrounding the massacre concludes when Black Elk and his party arrive at Pine Ridge on January 15, 1891, the day before their official surrender. *Black Elk Speaks* follows that chronology up to Black Elk's arrival, at which point the two accounts sharply diverge: while *Black Elk Speaks* then relates Neihardt's famed elegy about the broken hoop, the interview transcripts end with the following statement, "Two years later I was married" (DeMallie, *Sixth Grandfather* 282). Rather than relating the story of an annihilated people, Black Elk finishes his narrative with a symbolic beginning. In an evocative parallel, Charles Eastman's account of the massacre concludes with this same image: "In March, all being quiet, Miss Goodale decided to send in her resignation and go East to visit her relatives, and our wedding day was set for the following June" (115). That each man enters into marriage should be no surprise given the cultural expectations regarding marriage and children in both Lakota and Anglo societies at the turn of the century, but that both Black Elk and Eastman end their accounts of the Wounded Knee massacre by reporting their respective wedding plans does beg analysis, especially in light of these passages' ultimate import to the two texts' critical reception.

Nicholas Black Elk and Charles Eastman bear witness to a dark moment in American Indian history, but it was not the final moment as so many readings of their work urge us to believe. How can we read their odd juxtaposition of death and life, of endings and beginnings? One response is to ignore them, as Neihardt did with his editing of Black Elk's story or as some critics have done in their analyses of Eastman. But such elisions bring only temporary satisfaction—a square peg may seem to fit a round hole if the sides are sawn off, but only from a distance. In the same way, Black Elk's and Eastman's stories may be ideologically contained within the expected and acceptable Wounded Knee narrative, but the fit is imperfect if one looks closely. Vizenor calls these revised histories "the surveillance and domination of tribes in literature," which produce "the absence of the tribal real" (4). Considering the nature of such simulacrums, the "tribal real," as Vizenor implies elsewhere, is perhaps too optimistic a term, given the long series of dominant replications that stand, like a funhouse mirror, between the "real" and its representation in popular culture. I, too, acknowledge the impossibility of recovering some fictional tribal narrative in the form of an untainted—read "pre-contact" in all its infinite romance—"real." I want to suggest, however, that in the case of these two famous Wounded Knee narratives, we can practice more responsible reading strategies by

recognizing the places in which these stories exceed their historically neat interpretations. Such recognitions not only expand understandings of the ways in which American Indian authors construct identity in the early twentieth century, but they are also important steps in the breakdown of the monolithic stereotypes under which actual Native identities are often subsumed.

I began this essay by pointing to the ways in which Wounded Knee narratives can function as repressive mechanisms, reinforcing the still all-too-prevalent myth of the "vanishing Indian." What I argue for here is an acknowledgment that while these narratives *can* tie the Ghost Dance and Wounded Knee to tragedy, they do not *automatically* do so. When slippages, or moments where these early texts stray from what has become, in the case of Wounded Knee narratives, formulaic history, are elided, the validity of Native voices is denied in favor of the often more prolific and louder voices of the dominant. In the case of *From the Deep Woods to Civilization* and *Black Elk Speaks*, this means a complicated historical event becomes a literary trope with predetermined meaning. Narrative agency is erased as any reference to the Ghost Dance or to Wounded Knee automatically serves as a signifier of loss. It is my hope that recognition of this erasure can lead to richer critical interpretations of not only Eastman's and Neihardt's work, but also other tribal narratives of the period. Who knows what ghosts we might



Mary Irvin Wright. *THE GHOST DANCE—LARGER CIRCLE*. National Anthropological Archives, Smithsonian Institution/neg. #55659.

recover if we let go of preconceived expectation and instead approach each text with Vizenor's open-ended question: "What did it mean to be the first generation to hear the stories of the past, bear the horrors of the moment, and write to the future?" (51).

NOTES

1. For an excellent overview of U.S. legislation and Native dance, see Clyde Ellis.

2. The present terminology for Wovoka's belief system comes from the Plains peoples, who called the religion the "Ghost Dance" because of its promised return of the dead. The press and many of the white settlers who encountered the religion often used the more derogatory "messiah craze," while Wovoka's own people, the Paiute (Numu), called the religion "Round Dance" (Mooney 73, Hoxie 700). See Mooney for a more exhaustive list of the names used by the various tribes that practiced the Ghost Dance (153).

3. My description of these complicated events is necessarily brief given that the focus of my analysis lies not with the historical moments themselves, but with their representations in literature and with the critical response to those representations. There are innumerable books that offer in-depth studies of the Ghost Dance and Wounded Knee. Among them James Mooney's seminal text *The Ghost Dance Religion and the Sioux Outbreak of 1890* (1896; 1965), a detailed ethnographic government report written just after the massacre; James V. Fenelon's *Culturicide, Resistance, and Survival of the Lakota ("Sioux Nation")* (1998); Michael Hittman's biography of the Ghost Dance prophet, *Wovoka and the Ghost Dance* (1990); Richard E. Jensen, R. Eli Paul, and John E. Carter's *Eyewitness at Wounded Knee* (1991); Alice Beck Kehoe's *The Ghost Dance: Ethnohistory and Revitalization* (1997); James H. McGregor's *The Wounded Knee Massacre from Viewpoint of the Sioux* (1940), which contains some lesser-known eyewitness accounts; and, most recently, William S. E. Coleman's *Voices of Wounded Knee* (2000), an excellent compilation of nearly all the print sources on the events of the period.

4. Vizenor makes a political point by italicizing and not capitalizing the word "Indian." He says the name "*indian* ... insinuates the obvious simulation and ruse of colonial dominance. Manifestly, the *indian* is an occidental misnomer, an overseas enactment that has no referent to real native cultures or communities" (vii). While a number of Native people, like Vizenor, reject the term "Indian," others (especially those in reservation communities) continue to use the term on a daily basis as they have all their lives. Still other Native people have purposefully taken the term up, reclaiming "Indian" in much the same way that some members of lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgendered, and transsexual communities have recovered the word "queer." While I respect and, in many ways, agree with Vizenor's position, I use "Indian," together with "American Indian" and/or "Native," throughout this essay because these are the terms by

which the writers I study most often identify themselves. I acknowledge, however, that any term that refers to the hundreds of indigenous North American nations, tribes, and people by a single collective name is by nature false.

5. I focus on the 1890 Lakota Ghost Dance because of its prominence as a signifier, but it is neither the first nor the only Ghost Dance: the 1890 dance followed in the footsteps of a similar 1870s movement. In addition, the nature of the Ghost Dance religion changed as it swept east from the Paiutes and the Lakota. As different Native nations took up the dance, they altered the tenets of the belief system to meet the needs of their own cultural cosmology. Thus, the Lakota version of the Ghost Dance was purportedly more aggressive than earlier forms of the prophecy. James Mooney explains this phenomenon in *The Ghost Dance Religion* (139).

6. *Black Elk Speaks* is based on a series of interviews that John Neihardt conducted from May 9 through May 29, 1931, at Black Elk's home on the Pine Ridge Reservation. The interviews were often communal in nature, with other Lakota men joining the group and adding their versions of certain stories as they were told. Raymond DeMallie describes the interview process in detail: "Black Elk would make a statement in Lakota, which his son Ben then translated into English. Ben spoke the idiomatic 'Indian English' typical of the time. ... Neihardt would repeat Ben's translation, rephrasing it for clarity in more standard English. When necessary, the sentence was repeated back to Black Elk in Lakota for further clarification. As each sentence came forth in revised form from Neihardt's repetition, Enid [Neihardt's daughter] wrote it down in shorthand" (*The Sixth Grandfather* 32).

7. It is important to note that Black Elk spent much of his adult life as an active Catholic. The status of Black Elk's faith has been the subject of ongoing and often heated exchange over the past decade. Clyde Holler's chapter on "The Search for the Historical Black Elk" gives an excellent overview of the major players in this debate (1–38).

8. *The New Republic* hailed the text as "important," the *Boston Transcript* called it "uniquely thrilling," and the *Saturday Review of Literature* claimed it was a book "of great psychological and pathological interest" (Reviews of *Black Elk Speaks* 71, 2, 551 respectively).

9. Interestingly, it was Dee Brown, author of *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*, who catapulted *Black Elk Speaks* into widespread public attention. In April 1971, Brown and a ninety-year-old John Neihardt appeared on the *Dick Cavett Show*, where Brown lauded *Black Elk Speaks* as "the finest book in existence on the American Indian" (McCluskey 232). Perhaps even more fascinating, it was Neihardt's poetry that first interested Dee Brown in American Indian history. Brown discusses Neihardt's impact on his work in "The Power of John Neihardt," the opening essay of *A Sender of Words: Essays in Memory of John G. Neihardt* (1984). He says, "The culmination of the Neihardt influence was *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*, his voice being mixed in with the voices of many Indians who spoke in poetic prose while I wrote that book"

(10). Brown ends the essay, as he did his book, with the broken hoop speech that Neihardt penned for the ending of *Black Elk Speaks*. While perhaps this is a fitting end for an essay honoring Neihardt (since he, rather than Black Elk, actually did write the words), it further underlines the endless cycle of repetition and simulation that surround references to Wounded Knee.

10. Deloria's introduction, which is quoted in innumerable articles, has come to stand for a certain position in the ongoing debates about the authenticity of *Black Elk Speaks*. The debate itself has been such a cottage industry that Carl Silvio used it to illustrate how texts are canonized and disciplines constituted. He explains, "I contend that this controversy, this 'problem' with *Black Elk Speaks* and the pejorative value judgments which accompany it, functions as a necessary and inevitable factor in the book's inclusion within the canon of American literature and its legitimization as an object of scholarly study. This is due to the disciplinary nature of literary studies as a discursive practice, a practice that depends upon the existence of such problems in order to function" (139).

11. For convincing arguments against the contention that Elaine Goodale Eastman greatly influenced her husband's work, see Ruth J. Heflin's *"I Remain Alive": The Sioux Literary Renaissance* (53–58). Heflin maintains that there is no hard evidence of editorial intervention, suggesting that scholars' continued reprinting of the same speculations has perpetuated this theory.

12. By breaking reservation land into allotments of 160 acres or less per Native person, the Dawes Act attempted to mandate that American Indians adopt the doctrine of American individualism. The price for full citizenship, which was what the act offered to those who accepted allotment, was incredibly high. Between 1887 and 1934, when the Indian Reorganization Act ushered in a new policy, Native peoples lost over two-thirds of their land (approximately 100 million acres).

13. By 1877, when Eastman situates the epiphanic embrace of Anglo culture quoted here, he had already spent substantial time within the U.S. educational system, first attending school near his father in Flandreau, South Dakota, then leaving for two years of mission school at the Santee agency in Nebraska. At this point in his narrative, Eastman had just completed his first year at Beloit College.

14. Eastman was separated from his father, Many Lightnings, because of his father's alleged participation in the battle, for which Many Lightnings was sentenced to hang in Mankato, Minnesota, along with 303 other Indians. Many Lightnings instead spent three years in the federal penitentiary, where he converted to Christianity and took the name Jacob Eastman following President Lincoln's commutation of his sentence. Lincoln commuted 263 death sentences, including those of Eastman's two brothers, who were imprisoned along with their father. Forty Dakota, however, were hanged in Mankato. For more on Eastman's family's involvement in these events, see the first chapter of Raymond Wilson's *Ohiyesa: Charles Eastman, Santee Sioux*.

15. I choose to have my class read *Black Elk Speaks* before providing them with secondary material for a pedagogical purpose: I want my students to fully understand the impact of Neihardt's editorial intrusions. Because of Neihardt's skill as a storyteller, *Black Elk Speaks* reads like a first-person account. Allowing students to read the book first, as it was (and, in some cases, still is) taught for so many years, heightens the significance of the book's textual history—students become personally engaged by what they see as the text's "betrayal" of their trust. In this way, I use the book as a case study to teach many of the debates central to American Indian literature. My classes then move on to read less-canonical and less-mediated texts with a better understanding of their importance.

16. Neihardt's most frequently cited explanation of his editorial position is quoted in Sally McCluskey:

> And I think he knew I was the tool—no, the medium—he needed for what he wanted to get said. And my attitude toward what he has said to me is one of religious obligation.
>
> But it is absurd to suppose that the use of the first person singular is not a literary device, by which I mean that Black Elk did not sit and tell me his story in chronological order. At times considerable editing was necessary, but it was always worth the editing. The beginning and ending are mine; they are what he would have said if he had been able. At times I changed a word, a sentence, sometimes created a paragraph. And the translation—or rather the *transformation*—of what was given me was expressed so that it could be understood by the white world. (238–39)

17. Despite Coleman's problematic reiteration of *Black Elk Speaks*' conclusion, *Voices of Wounded Knee* is one of the best available resources on the events surrounding the massacre.

18. Neihardt spoke of this bond in a letter to his friend Julius T. House, dated June 3, 1931: "A strange thing happened often while I was talking with Black Elk. Over and over he seemed to be quoting from my poems, and sometimes I quoted some of my stuff to him which when translated into Sioux could not retain much of its literary character, but the old man immediately recognized the ideas as his own. There was an uncanny merging of consciousness between the old fellow and myself" (in DeMallie, "Lakota Legacy" 116).

19. The significance of Neihardt's editorial decisions has been discussed by H. David Brumble III, G. Thomas Couser, Arnold Krupat, Sally McCluskey, Hertha Dawn Wong, and Raymond J. DeMallie, among others.

20. Black Elk's suggestion that the Ghost Dance holds contemporary power is not an anomaly. While the Ghost Dance did wane among the Lakota not long after 1890, Ghost Dance traditions continue in some Native cultures into the present day.

21. In the transcripts, the first person Black Elk encounters says, "Hey, hey son, the people that are coming are fired upon, I know it" (in DeMallie, *The Sixth Grandfather* 272).

22. The story of the baby's rescue has a parallel in Eastman's account. While looking for survivors of the massacre, Eastman explains, "Among them I found a baby of about a year old warmly wrapped and entirely unhurt. I brought her in, and she was afterward adopted and educated by an army officer" (113). The difference between the placement of the children speaks to the differences in Eastman and Black Elk's positions in relation to Lakota and Anglo cultures.

WORKS CITED

Brown, Dee. *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*. New York: Henry Holt, 1970.

———. "The Power of John Neihardt." *A Sender of Words: Essays in Memory of John G. Neihardt*. Ed. Vine Deloria Jr. Salt Lake City, Utah: Howe Brothers, 1984. 5–11.

Brumble, H. David, III. *American Indian Autobiography*. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1988.

———. *An Annotated Bibliography of American Indian and Eskimo Autobiographies*. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1981.

Castro, Michael. *Interpreting the Indian: Twentieth-Century Poets and the Native American*. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1983.

Coleman, William S. E. *Voices of Wounded Knee*. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2000.

Couser, G. Thomas. "*Black Elk Speaks* with Forked Tongue." *Studies in Autobiography*. Ed. James Olney. New York: Oxford University Press, 1988. 73–88.

Deloria, Vine, Jr., ed. *A Sender of Words: Essays in Memory of John G. Neihardt*. Salt Lake City, Utah: Howe Brothers, 1984.

DeMallie, Raymond J. "John G. Neihardt's Lakota Legacy." In Deloria, *A Sender of Words*, 110–134.

DeMallie, Raymond J., ed. *The Sixth Grandfather: Black Elk's Teachings Given to John G. Neihardt*. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1984.

Eastman, Charles A. (Ohiyesa). *From the Deep Woods to Civilization: Chapters in the Autobiography of an Indian*. 1916. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1977.

Eastman, Elaine Goodale. *Sister to the Sioux: The Memoirs of Elaine Goodale Eastman 1885–91*. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1978.

Ellis, Clyde. "'We Don't Want Your Rations, We Want This Dance': The Changing Use of Song and Dance on the Southern Plains." *The Western Historical Quarterly* 30.2 (1999): 133–54.

Fenelon, James V. *Culturicide, Resistance, and Survival of the Lakota ("Sioux Nation")*. Ed. John W. Wunder and Cynthia Willis Esqueda. New York: Garland, 1998.

Heflin, Ruth J. *"I Remain Alive": The Sioux Literary Renaissance*. Syracuse, N.Y.: Syracuse University Press, 2000.

Hittman, Michael. *Wovoka and the Ghost Dance*. 1990. Expanded ed. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1997.

Holler, Clyde. *Black Elk's Religion: The Sun Dance and Lakota Catholicism*. Syracuse, N.Y.: Syracuse University Press, 1995.

Hoxie, Frederick E., ed. *Encyclopedia of North American Indians*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1996.

Irwin, Lee. *The Dream Seekers: Native American Visionary Traditions of the Great Plains*. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1994.

Jensen, Richard E., R. Eli Paul, and John E. Carter. *Eyewitness at Wounded Knee*. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1991.

Karttunen, Frances. *Between Worlds: Interpreters, Guides, and Survivors*. New Brunswick, N.J.: Rutgers University Press, 1994.

Kehoe, Alice Beck. *The Ghost Dance: Ethnohistory and Revitalization*. Fort Worth: Holt, 1989.

McCluskey, Sally. "*Black Elk Speaks*: And So Does John Neihardt." *Western American Literature* 6.4 (1972): 231–42.

McGregor, James H. *The Wounded Knee Massacre from Viewpoint of the Sioux*. N.c.: Fenwyn Press, 1940.

Mooney, James. *The Ghost-Dance Religion and the Sioux Outbreak of 1890*. Bureau of American Ethnology, Annual Report 14, pt. 2. Washington, D.C.: Smithsonian Institution, 1896. North Dighton, Mass.: JG Press, 1996.

Neihardt, John G. *Black Elk Speaks: Being the Life Story of a Holy Man of the Oglala Sioux*. 1932. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1979.

Peterson, Erik. "'An Indian … An American': Ethnicity, Assimilation, and Balance in Charles Eastman's *From the Deep Woods to Civilization*." *Early Native American Writing: New Critical Essays*. Ed. Helen Jaskoski. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1996. 173–89.

Powell, Malea. "Imagining a New Indian: Listening to the Rhetoric of Survivance in Charles Eastman's *From the Deep Woods to Civilization*." *Paradoxa* 15 (2001): 211–26.

Powers, William K. "When Black Elk Speaks, Everybody Listens." *Religion in Native North America*. Ed. Christopher Vecsey. Moscow: University of Idaho Press, 1990. 136–51.

Review of *Black Elk Speaks*, by John G. Neihardt. *Book Review Digest*. New York: H. W. Wilson, 1972. 91.

Review of *Black Elk Speaks*, by John G. Neihardt. *Boston Transcript* March 9, 1932: 2.

Review of *Black Elk Speaks*, by John G. Neihardt. *New Republic* June 22, 1932: 71+.

Review of *Black Elk Speaks*, by John G. Neihardt. *Saturday Review of Literature* Feb. 27, 1932, sec. 8: 551.

Review of *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*, by Dee Brown. *The Wall Street Journal* March 29, 1971: 12.

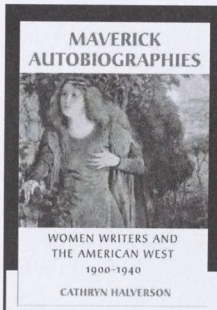
Silvio, Carl. "*Black Elk Speaks* and Literary Disciplinarity: A Case Study in Canonization." *College Literature* 26.2 (1999): 137–50.

Vizenor, Gerald. *Manifest Manners: Postindian Warriors of Survivance*. 1994. Hanover, N.H.: Wesleyan University Press, 1999.

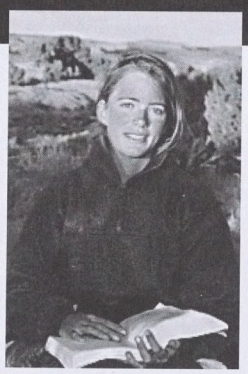
Wilson, Raymond. *Ohiyesa: Charles Eastman, Santee Sioux*. Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1983.

Wong, Hertha Dawn. *Sending My Heart Back across the Years: Tradition and Innovation in American Indian Autobiography*. New York: Oxford University Press, 1992.





MAVERICK AUTOBIOGRAPHIES
Women Writers and the American West, 1900-1936
Cathryn Halverson

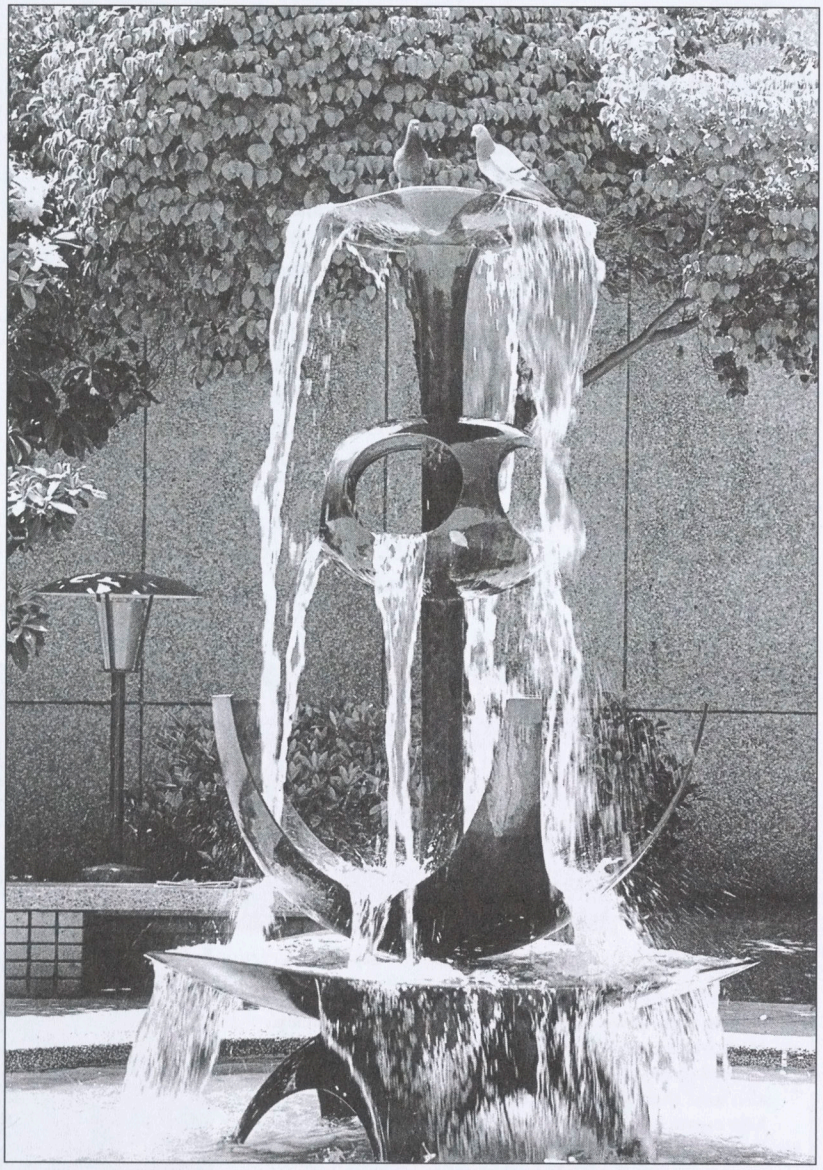


"Maverick autobiographies don't fit the mold. Instead of rooting themselves in their native West, Opal Whiteley, Mary MacLane, and Juanita Harrison moved away from it, ignored it, hated it, flaunted it, and manipulated it. They also used their western background in surprising ways to help create original roles for themselves. Halverson shows how these three adventurous memoirists defy our expectations and provide fresh ways to view western American women's writing."— Kathleen A. Boardman, University of Nevada, Reno

WISCONSIN STUDIES IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY *Cloth $45.00*

THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN PRESS

At booksellers or visit www.wisc.edu/wisconsinpress

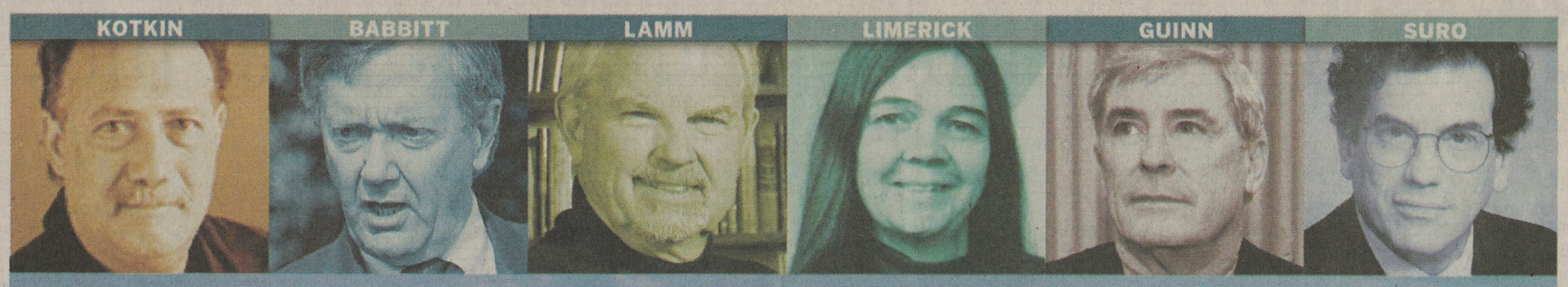


George Tsutakawa. *FOUNTAIN OF WISDOM*. 1958–1960. Bronze. 12' x 6' x 6'. Seattle Public Library. Photo © Mary Randlett/MSCUA.

THE ARIZONA REPUBLIC
Section editor: Phil Boas, (602) 444-8292
phil.boas@arizonarepublic.com
viewpoints.azcentral.com

Viewpoints

SUNDAY
May 2, 2004
SECTION V



the Next West

THE NEW frontier

The Next West's promise is enormous, but so are the challenges awaiting the region as it reinvents itself yet again

Ray Meese / The Daily (Utah) Herald

In the 19th and early 20th centuries, the West was a wild and often lawless place, the home to myriad myths and legends that spawned a huge population rush. Now the region again is experiencing explosive growth — and with it, a number of major issues that must be addressed if a way of life is to be preseved and enhanced.

CITIES

Western cities are new urban model

By Joel Kotkin

Despite its self-image as a land of wide-open spaces, the American West is among the most urbanized regions of the planet. Yet despite this, and the considerable success in city building across the region, Westerners tend to have a sense of inferiority about their civic culture and often look longingly to the East Coast, or Europe, for role models.

Rather than think of itself as a laggard, the American West has done more than any region in the world to build the new archetype of the modern city. We may like to visit Boston, New York or Paris, but the reality is that most cities, as they develop, look more and more like Los Angeles, Phoenix or Las Vegas than any idealized, densly packed 18th- or 19th-century burg.

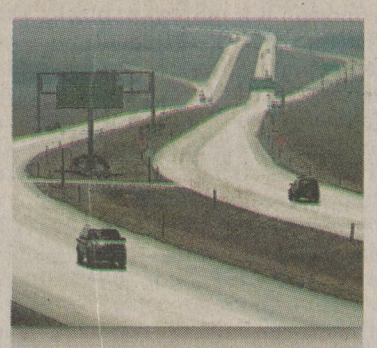
This is increasingly true not only in the United States, but also in Europe and Japan. And China, India and South Africa are rapidly constructing their suburban rings as well.

This fundamentally horizontal form of urbanism — based around the car and relatively low-density development — has few admirers in planning schools, think tanks or among "progressive" politicians, but seems to have won overwhelmingly as the first choice of the individuals and businesses who have migrated there.

"Western cities are from a different era and reflect a different way of life," suggests William Frey, a demographer at the Brookings Institution and expert on population shifts in contemporary America. "They are filled with people who came for less control and crowding. They don't want the hierarchy or the downtown civic culture."

For most of human history, cities had to be dense places due to

See **KOTKIN** Page V2



IN THIS SERIES

The eight states of the Mountain West from Arizona to Montana make up the fastest-growing, fastest-changing region in the United States. With today's front-page overview, plus this package of six essays in Viewpoints, *The Arizona Republic* begins an in-depth series on the trends and challenges facing the people of the Next West. For our editorial analysis, see **Page V5**.

Today's report will be followed with detailed stories on specific topics, including:

- Water supplies and drought.
- Immigration and guest-worker policies.
- Native Americans' struggle for self-sufficiency.
- Open-space preservation.
- The housing boom.

ENVIRONMENT

Controlling sprawl key to green future

By Bruce Babbitt

A few years back Barry Goldwater lamented that greater Phoenix would soon extend in one unbroken urban strip from Wickenburg to Benson. He didn't live to see it happen, but we probably will.

We have already reached Wickenburg via the planned developments in the Hassayampa Valley. In the other direction, Phoenix is extending toward Tucson so rapidly that we can plan on a golden spike ceremony somewhere in Pinal County in the next 10 years. By that time another 2 million residents will have arrived to fill in the spaces.

Beyond that I would venture my own prophecy: Many of us will live to see 10 million Arizonans living in an unbroken arc extending from the Mexican border through Central Arizona clear to the California border.

We are unprepared for this influx. Arizona has no land use planning laws worthy of the name. Unless we act soon, the beautiful and irreplaceable landscapes of the Sonoran Desert will be lost forever, shrouded in smog, blighted by development, fragmented beyond the capacity to support the diversity of life that we know today.

We still have time, if not a lot, to steer away from the ecological nightmares of southern California. It will require a state land use plan. Without planning, the Sonoran Desert, reduced to bits and pieces in patches on isolated mountain tops and in roadside rest stops, will eventually be lost forever.

An effective land use policy must take account of all land and all landowners, federal, state and private. Arizona is blessed with considerable expanses of federal land that can be the starting point for a state land use plan. Most of these lands

See **BABBITT** Page V2



IMMIGRATION
There are two Western cultures: One of limitless resources, and another that recognizes the constraints of nature. **Page V3**

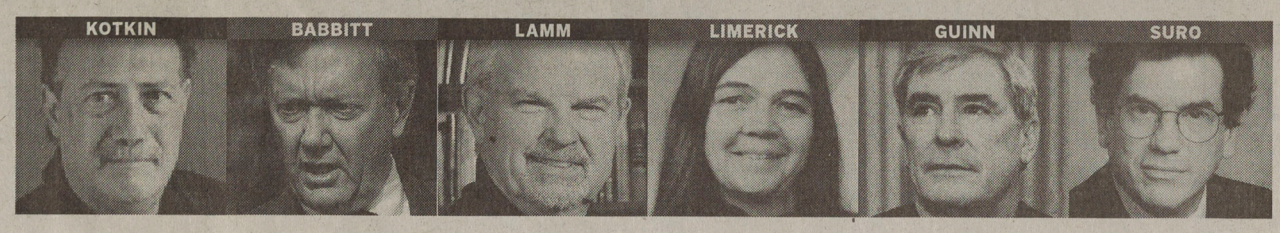
CONFLICT
Are Westerners beginning to abandon their tradition of ill temper in resolving disputes for a future of compromise? **Page V4**

GOVERNMENT
A key to such crucial issues as land use and water availability is cooperation between the states on regional concerns. **Page V4**

LATINO INFLUENCE
The Hispanic population growth in the West has been rapid, but is in context with a general population surge. **Page V3**

NEXT WEST

Where dreams can be realized



CITIES

KOTKIN West defining the new urban model

From Page V1

the limits of transportation and communications technology. Starting in the late 19th century, this began to change with commuter railways and the telegraph. H.G. Wells predicted that these improvements would eliminate the need for "massing" people in town centers. Instead, Wells foresaw the "centrifugal possibilities" of a dispersing population. He foresaw that eventually all of southern England would become the domain of London while the vast landscape between Virginia and New England would become part of greater New York.

The development of the automobile, telephones, jet travel and the Internet further accelerated this pattern. The largest numbers of Americans over the past 50 years have chosen to locate in those cities, such as Los Angeles, Phoenix, Denver, San Jose and Houston, that are fundamentally multipolar in their business geography and heavily suburban in residential patterns.

The key driver in this process is what prominent urbanist Edgardo Contini called "the universal aspiration" to own one's own house. "The suburban house," he wrote in the mid-1960s , "is the idealization of every immigrant's dream — the vassal's dream of his own castle."

This "universal aspiration" has continued unabated, although slowed by such things as the Depression and World War II. In the 1990s, for example, highly suburbanized, multipolar Phoenix ranked as the top destination for domestic migrants. Similarly constructed Las Vegas, Orlando and Denver also stood in the top.

Since 2000, this pattern has accelerated further with the largest migration of people moving from more traditional cities, such as San Francisco, Boston and New York, to "sprawl" centers such as central Florida; San Bernardino-Riverside, Calif.; suburban New Jersey; Atlanta; and Phoenix.



Jack Kurtz / The Arizona Republic

Forget New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago ... the archetypal American city is no longer on the East Coast, but in the open spaces of the West like Phoenix (above), where people can own houses, drive cars (and SUVs, of course), see the horizon and not be packed like sardines into ever-shrinking, overpriced condominiums.

Where the jobs are

Businesses have beaten a similar path. In the recent business survey I conducted for *Inc. Magazine* with economist David Friedman, we found that the fastest job growth over the past five years took place in cities such as Phoenix, Orlando, Palm Beach and Riverside-San Bernardino, while some of the slowest took place in traditional cities such as New York City, San Francisco and Boston.

This has occurred even in those industries that have long been seen as dependent on "clustering" in central locations. Since the 1970s, and particularly in this decade, business service and financial services have been decamping out from locations such as Manhattan or San Francisco to new locations — their own suburban peripheries, the suburbanized cities of the South or West, or abroad.

This process of "de-clustering" is particularly marked in high-tech industries. In the tech bust of the early 2000s, the most dramatic tech job reductions, both in percentage and total numbers, have been in the most densely "clustered" areas, notably San Jose and Boston, while the industry has generally fared better in more obscure locations. The best economies, for the most part, were unclustered, but had a more diverse, balanced job base.

There are critical reasons for this shift to the less-concentrated cities. First, technology and the Internet have made de-clustering more possible than ever. Second, soaring home prices are driving middle-class people out of the coastal regions toward the interior and the South. Finally, there are often difficult regulatory environments that discourage business formation and growth in many large coastal cities.

Unfortunately, many in the media and planning elites in the West seem inured to these trends. Instead of looking on how to capitalize on their past success, they look elsewhere — mainly to the economically weak regions along the coasts and the big cities.

Two forms of "Kool-Aid" are particularly in vogue. One lies in the "clustering" approach, popularized by Harvard Business School's Michael Porter, which attests that regions should target agglomerations of industries, creating a specialized economic base.

The second, more trendy approach focuses on turning Western cities into what may be called "cool towns." Politicians, academics, the media, planners and developers from Denver to Phoenix increasingly see the promotion of the arts, entertainment and other amenities as the most critical aspect in attracting the much-sought-after "creative class" of educated workers.

In many ways, these two forms of Kool-Aid constitute the latest in a series of bromides tried with meager success since the 1960s, from downtown pedestrian malls to convention centers and sports arenas, as ways to breathe life into regions. Neither is likely to lead to anything more than continued frustration in the long run for those who want to spark new growth.

Fashionable bread lines

Indeed, it is odd to see places like Phoenix, a primary beneficiary of de-clustering, trying to duplicate the "success" of places like Silicon Valley or New England, which have been hemorrhaging jobs to places as diverse as Orlando, Phoenix and Bangalore. This seems a little bit like drawing your economic game plan for a book concocted by economists from the former Soviet Union.

The fashionable "cool town" approach also is deeply flawed. The logic here rests on a assumption that culture-rich traditional cities like San Francisco, New York, Boston or, for that matter, Paris or Berlin provide enviable role models for younger, Western cities.

Reality has eviscerated this notion over the events of the last five years. The areas that are held to be the paragons of this "creative class," such as San Francisco and Boston, have been losing more population and jobs of all kinds than virtually anywhere in the country.

The failure of the "cool town" approach also reflects a profound misreading of sociological trends. Although there is a segment of the population that really cares about being "hip and cool," most educated workers, particularly those over 30, appear more concerned about such mundane things as affordable housing, economic opportunity, secondary education and public safety.

This is perhaps even more important to immigrants, who tend to be more family oriented than native-born Americans. To them, the prime appeal of cities like Las Vegas and Phoenix — increasingly recipients of both direct and "secondary" migration from places like Los Angeles — lies not in cultural amenities but in such things as affordable housing, good neighborhoods and economic opportunity.

People, people everywhere

Immigration, far more than the current emphasis on "hipness" or cluster development, may well prove the major challenge of all Western cities, including Phoenix and Las Vegas, in the next decade.

The problems of Los Angeles, in terms of congestion, crime and competition for jobs, will soon visit the other Western cities that once looked down on the City of Angels as positively hellish.

Many may feel immigrants threaten more than they promise, but the new ethnic groups also played a critical role in the revival of the local economy over the past decade. More and more immigrants not only found jobs, but many also started businesses and bought houses, particularly in places like San Bernardino-Riverside.

Providing for such upward mobility — not cool bars or clusters — is what really makes a successful region. As the great urbanist Jane Jacobs once put it: "A metropolitan economy, if it is working well, is constantly transforming many poor people into middle-class people ... greenhorns into competent citizens. ... Cities don't lure the middle class, they create it."

None of this suggests, though, that such things as the arts, entertainment and "coolness" — or clusters, for that matter — cannot help with regional development. And certainly there is great opportunity to improve the urban structure not only around downtown, but by further development of "urban villages" in key subregions such as Tempe or Mesa .

Yet such initiatives should not be substituted for keeping an eye on the fundamentals, such as affordability, safety and business climate, that drive the local economy and provide its people useful opportunities.

Ultimately the fate of any region relies on retaining its middle class and helping them develop their capabilities. This, not aping failures elsewhere, is how cities of the West best can create their own vibrant urban paradigm.

Joel Kotkin is a senior fellow at the Davenport Institute at Pepperdine University. He is writing a history of cities for Modern Library.

ENVIRONMENT

BABBITT Sprawl is worst enemy of the future

From Page V1

should be designated for permanent conservation use. That is why as secreatry of the Interior I initiated the process of creating two large national monuments on the margins of Phoenix, the Agua Fria National Monument to the north along Interstate 17 and the Sonoran Desert National Monument between Phoenix and Gila Bend.

The state trust lands can be the next piece of a state land use plan. There are still large blocks of state land surrounding Phoenix and Tucson that should be planned for the right mix of development and conservation. Over the last three years, a committee of stakeholders, including school administrators, ranchers, city officials, environmentalists and citizens, have been meeting to produce a plan for the future of these state lands.

Against all odds, the Fox committee has come up with a consensus plan. It designates some of these state lands as permanent open space, including important parcels near the Superstition Mountains, adjacent to Scottsdale and elsewhere in Maricopa County. We should urge our legislators to enact the necessary measure to put the Fox plan on the November ballot. And to do so without making changes that would threaten the hard-won consensus that the plan represents.

We urgently need legislative guidelines for future development of the remaining land, public and private, in the Phoenix-Tucson corridor. A good state land use plan would provide incentives both to save the remaining Sonoran Desert and to direct development onto the lower areas along I-10, much of which is farmland abandoned due to declining groundwater tables.

The way to Casa Grande

Consider how such a policy might work in the burgeoning growth areas of Pinal County. It would encourage development in the western half of the county, in the low-lying farmland around Casa Grande, preferably with the dedication of enough regional open space to prevent Casa Grande from being overrun by the suburbs of Phoenix and Tucson.

Then look at eastern Pinal County, an area best experienced by taking the Pinal Pioneer Parkway from Florence down to Oracle Junction and Tucson. This road goes through thick stands of sahuaro, cholla, palo verde and ironwood forests. Perhaps the most diverse and beautiful expanse of upper Sonoran Desert in the entire state, it is already under siege by subdividers. They ought to be encouraged, or required, by state law to take their subdivision plans elsewhere in the county.

In Arizona, land and water always go together. And we do have an emerging water crisis, although not where you may think. Phoenix and Tucson have avoided a water crisis, thanks to our strong and effective state laws. The Groundwater Management Act of 1980, together with our CAP allocation and the gradual phase down of irrigated agriculture, makes for a secure water future in central Arizona.

The water crisis is in rural Arizona. Upland communities, without access to Colorado River water, are relying increasingly on pumped groundwater. This groundwater pumping now threatens to deplete and destroy our few remaining live streams and rivers.

Water: Just a memory

In Sierra Vista, development and increased groundwater pumping threaten to swallow up the San Pedro River, the last wet river in all the Sonoran Desert. The San Pedro is a National Consevation Area, a river that we share with Mexico, and a migratory bird sanctuary of international renown.

Preserving the San Pedro will be a major test of our will to preserve what little remains of our aquatic ecosystems. Congress, thanks to Sen. John McCain, has now set a target date of 2011 to halt the overdrafting and preserve the river.

Water disputes are always contentious; Mark Twain was right when he wrote that whiskey is for drinking and water is for fighting. Water controversies are never settled voluntarily. If we want to save the San Pedro, we will need state leadership and state legislation to do so.

A similar crisis is emerging in Northern Arizona, where groundwater pumping in the Prescott area is depleting the springs at the headwaters of the Verde River. The Groundwater Management Act, which has proven so effective in managing the deep groundwater basins beneath Phoenix and Tucson is proving inadequate to protect our remaining upland stream and rivers.

Local communities cannot do the job for the simple reason that rivers do not recognize city and county boundaries. It will take state action to preserve these resources. We did it once before with the Groundwater Management Act for Phoenix and Tucson.

Effective land use and water management laws are not about slowing economic growth or discouraging people from coming to Arizona. To the contrary, good planning will protect and preserve the values that continue to attract people and growth.

We must act soon to keep this heritage intact for future generations.

Bruce Babbitt was secretary of the Interior under President Clinton. Before that he served as governor of Arizona.



NEXT WEST

Where dreams can be realized

IMMIGRATION

Only by setting limits can we control growth

By Richard D. Lamm

Two questions, I would suggest, will be of prime importance in judging the future of immigration in the West:

Are current development patterns sustainable? And are Mexicans Italians?

Got your interest?

Current immigration patterns will give America approximately 500 million Americans by 2050 and a billion by the end of this century.

What will that mean to Arizona and the West? I can go 90 miles from my office in Denver and see the wagon wheel tracks of the Oregon Trail, laid down 140 years ago. In the East, South, North and California, all traces would have been gone in weeks. Should we not ask if living in a desert imposes limits?

Civilization has triumphed in the West because it has refused to accept limits and has overcome myriad obstacles. Our ancestors found a desert and made it into a garden. Our existing culture teaches that ingenuity and imagination can prevail over any obstacles, and that there are no limits, only lack of creativity.

This is the Western culture of irrigation canals, transmountain diversions, pivot sprinklers and other adaptations that allow us not only to live in a semi-desert, but also to enjoy green lawns and prosperity.

This first culture suggests the future is a logical extension of the past, that all problems have achievable solutions: "Go forth and multiply and subdue the earth" and "Go West, young man."

It is the world of green revolution that has given us the potential to eliminate hunger, and of technology that some say has repealed the law of supply and demand and discovered endless and unlimited wealth. This is the world built around unlimited people — unsaturated consumers.

There is a second Western culture, a culture of limits. The West also teaches that we must adapt to nature, and be acutely aware of nature's fickleness and limitations. It teaches us that there is such a thing as "carrying capacity," and we must respect the fragility of the land and environment.

It argues that nature teaches us that we never can or should rely on the status quo, that our climate is harsh and variable, and that the price of survival is to anticipate and prepare. It questions the proposition that growth, population or economic, can go on forever.

This is the world of conservation, national parks, wilderness legislation, crop rotation, Planned Parenthood, Malthus. It is the vision of Thomas Berry: "The earth and the human community are bound in a single journey"; and it listens to Isaiah: "Woe unto them that lay field upon field and house upon house that there be no place to be left alone in the world."

Only one of these cultures can prevail.

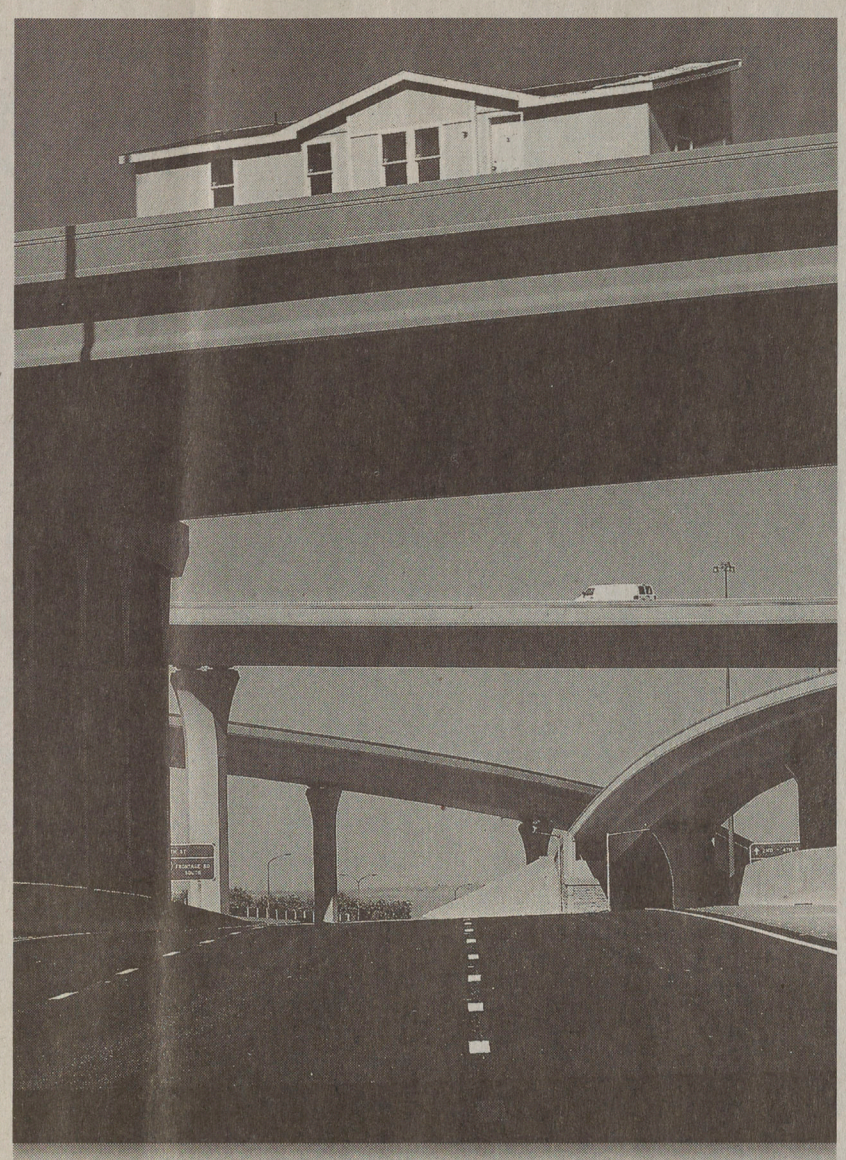
Go forth and prosper

Our industrial civilization is built upon the assumptions that there are no limits, and that we will not reach any sort of carrying capacity. It assumes infinite resources, where scarcity is caused by want of imagination. Civilization in most of the world supports this assumption of the infinite.

The second culture, with fewer adherents, but equally passionate, contends that the first culture is making "empty earth" assumptions that cannot be sustained. They want to stabilize U.S. population and help the rest of the world do likewise.

I believe a new reality requires us to rethink our tradition of immigration. The first census in the United States was in 1790, and it found 4 million Europeans living in America. That means that between 1790 and 1990, we have had six doublings of U.S. population (4, 8, 16, 32, 64, 128, 256) and we now have approximately 290 million Americans. One more doubling gives us more than 500 million, and two more than 1 billion.

Clearly the proponents of the first culture have prevailed for these 200 years, and appropriately so. But what if — just what if — this culture of the infinite was only a temporary victor? What if nature bats last? What if the real lesson the West should have learned living with 13 inches of rain was the need to appreciate that limits could be pushed and extended but never eliminated? What if the rain forests, the dying coral, the rising temperatures are trying to tell us something?



Stacia Spragg / Albuquerque Tribune

Go West, young man! They're flocking to Arizona and its neighbors, carrying lock, stock and barrel (and, in some cases the kitchen sink and the house around it). But the explosive population growth begs for reasoned and intelligent management.

The lessons I have learned from my love affair with the West support this second culture. I believe we need to transform society from an earth-consuming technological civilization to a sustainable and more benign civilization. That requires us to rethink immigration and what it is doing to drive American population growth.

Italians were the last immigrant group to come to America under antagonism and suspicion. Prejudice was palpable, discrimination widespread, intergroup relations difficult. Italians 90 years ago, like the Mexican immigrants today, had poor graduation rates, more dropouts, fewer college graduates per capita and fewer professionals. It seemed for a time that Italians would be a permanent underclass of blue-collar workers.

But the Italians, while they took longer to succeed in the traditional ways, took on the educational and success patterns of the majority community, and now they equal or exceed the performance of the majority community. They are among the proudest Americans. Are Mexicans today's Italians?

The land of immigrants

All American history is on the side of success of our new immigrants. But there are three big differences which, in my opinion, make a Hispanic Quebec an equally likely scenario.

Those three all began with "D."

■ Distance: Previous generations had to come a long way, and didn't have much option to go home. They had to become Americans; today many of our immigrants can go back home for a weekend. The pull to assimilate is considerably less.

■ Diversity: The only way past immigrants could talk to one another and live their lives was to learn English and assimilate. Today more than 50 percent of our immigrants are Spanish speaking, and America is backing into becoming a bilingual/bicultural country.

I know of no bilingual/bicultural country in the world that lives at peace with itself.

■ Discontinuity: The history of American immigration is times of large immigration followed by periods of low immigration (war, depression), which gives the new immigrants a chance to assimilate and join our community.

I believe that America and the world will have to develop sustainable lifestyles and policies. One of those policies will be to move to stabilize the population of the United States. A second equally imperative agenda is to assimilate and acculturate our newcomers. I suggest that these are among the most important issues facing Arizona and America.

Richard D. Lamm is co-director of the Institute for Public Policy Studies at the University of Denver, and a former three-term governor of Colorado.

LATINO INFLUENCE

Hispanic growth rapid, but does not happen in a vacuum

By Roberto Suro

The Hispanic population of Arizona and the West is growing quickly now, and the temptation is to see it as something singular and distinct because Latinos are an identifiable ethnic group and because much of the growth is due to immigration.

I believe this development is better understood as part and parcel of a history that goes well back into the 20th century and that is still unfolding.

From 1980 to 2000, the Hispanic population of the Phoenix metropolitan area nearly quadrupled, adding more than half a million people. At the same time, however, the overall population was growing as well.

Though it was moving at a fast clip, Latino growth accounted for only about a third of the total increase. The same pattern holds for many other places in the region such as Las Vegas, Salt Lake City and Denver.

Hispanic population growth may be fast and visible, but it is happening in a context. In general, the Latino population is growing fastest in metropolitan areas that are experiencing overall population growth, and Latinos typically are not the largest group of newcomers in such places.

Like just about anyone else, Latinos are attracted to areas where the economy is strong and the population is growing. The immigrant population has proved highly mobile in searching out such opportunities. In turn, they provide a ready supply of labor when demand is increasing.

One could argue that it is a good sign when a high rate of Latino population growth is one part of overall population growth. Cities elsewhere that did not experience much Hispanic growth tended not to experience much growth at all. Places like Cleveland, Philadelphia and St. Louis look to the West with envy.



Carlos Chavez / The Arizona Republic

As the influx of Hispanics continues, their cultural influence expands — and the need is great to ensure that their children are well-educated and workforce ready.

Latinos were not a big part of the boom in the middle of the 20th century that created the so-called "Sunbelt." Folks from the East and the Midwest took care of that. The more recent growth has been more complex, involving newcomers from California and elsewhere. Both then and now, the non-Hispanic growth in the West has resulted substantially from migration rather than natural increase, i.e., the making of babies. That's fine, except for the fact that a population ages unless children are added to it at a pretty steady pace.

The non-Hispanic population of the entire United States is now in the process of getting steadily older because the baby boomers did not make many babies themselves. The Latino population is significantly younger and more fertile by contrast.

As a result, over the next several decades Hispanics will represent a disproportionately large share of the new entrants to the labor force. Many, if not most, of these new workers will be native-born U.S. citizens and the products of U.S. schools.

They are the children of the Latino immigrants who have been pouring into the country for the past 25 years or so. As the boomers retire, they will be the replacements. This presents both an opportunity and a challenge for Arizona and the West.

Young Latinos will provide the population numbers to sustain growth in the labor market and in demand for housing and consumer goods. That is a potential asset that will be missing in the cities that are not experiencing much Hispanic growth.

Those places face the prospect of populations that will get smaller and older. But a supply of young Latinos is a comparative advantage for the West only if these new entrants to the labor force are properly trained to do the work required by an innovative, growing economy. The challenge lies in the schools.

Currently, high-school dropout rates and college completion rates for Latinos are between worrisome and frightening. As a result, the mix of educational outcomes looks as if it will fall short of what a healthy economy will need 10 or 20 years from now.

Remedying the situation will not be easy. Educators need to learn how to do better with the children of immigrants, even as they face budget cuts and the sweeping reforms mandated by the No Child Left Behind Act.

On the other hand, there are not a lot of alternatives. There is no way to turn back the clock and produce more non-Hispanic babies. And training a new workforce certainly seems a better alternative than giving up the goal of growth to attempt managed downsizing.

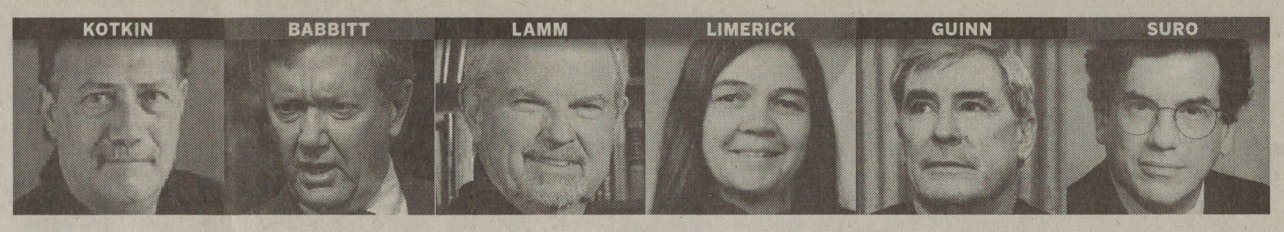
In the 20th century, the West grew and prospered in part because it attracted so many well-educated, well-trained adults from other parts of the country. In this century, the West will have to put much more effort into preparing its own workers.

Roberto Suro is a research professor at the University of Southern California and director of the Pew Hispanic Center, www.pewhispanic.com

In general, the Latino population is growing fastest in metropolitan areas that are experiencing overall population growth, and Latinos typically are not the largest group of newcomers in such places. Like just about anyone else, Latinos are attracted to areas where the economy is strong and the population is growing.

NEXT WEST

Where dreams can be realized



CONFLICT

Tradition of ill temper fades to consensus

By Patricia Nelson Limerick



Tim Koors / The Arizona Republic

In the Old West, conflict between ranchers and farmers was common. Today, various agendas for land use can breed contempt and outright nastiness.

Globalization may be rearranging our regional economies, but it has not yet standardized our figures of speech.

Consider this example: Depending on whether you live in the interior West or on the East Coast, Americans today are modeling their conduct on "scorpions in a bottle" or "crabs in a bucket."

In the United States in 2004, there are pundits aplenty ready to affirm the catastrophic dimensions of our crabbiness (or scorpion-ness). We are repeatedly informed that we are a very polarized people, split down the middle in our partisan passions and, whichever side we're on, certain of our own righteousness and of our opponents' wickedness.

As a Westerner, naturally I believe that our fauna offer by far the more vivid and memorable analogy for this unhappy mode of behavior. No one would deny that crabs can be unpleasant, ripping away at their neighbors' various body parts and being ripped at in turn.

But if you are looking for a total and concentrated representation of ill-temper, nothing can match scorpions, segmented tails arched meaningfully over their backs, with venomous tips aimed at their fellow inhabitants of this troubled planet.

But are the scorpions more stirred up than the crabs? Is the West the site of more contention and greater polarization than the East, South or Midwest?

Maybe so, for any number of reasons. Let's look at the top five.

■ First, as the region undergoing the most rapid population growth in the nation, the West offers prime circumstances for tensions between newcomers and old-timers, even though the "old-timers" may have arrived only a few years earlier, having barely escaped themselves from the status of the new arrivals.

■ Second, with half or more of its land remaining under the control of the federal government, the West can always fight about the proper management of the public lands, if other topics of conflict lose their power to engage, or enrage.

■ Third, the economic transition of the New West, from farming, ranching, mining and logging to recreation, tourism and high-tech — has presented prime opportunities for friction.

While extractive industry has been a declining sector of the Western economy, it also has a capacity to rebound that can catch both its advocates and its opponents by surprise. The current boom in natural gas production in the Rockies is a prime example of the way in which extractive industry continues to rise from the grave that environmentalists have enthusiastically prepared for it.

■ Fourth, the West presents prime circumstances for ethnic friction and contention, in part because it is an area constantly unsettled by continuing migration and immigration, and in part because of the still unresolved legacies of the conquest of Indian and Mexican people and their lands.

■ And fifth, in the best of times, aridity always leaves Westerners with water as the fallback reason for a fight, a condition of contention now heightened by drought.

Can we just get along?

So is that the West's future? A constantly escalating fight? Scorpions lashing their tails at each other until the last one is left standing, or tottering?

Not necessarily. Human beings do have some options that are not available to the arthropods of land or sea.

Scorpions, for instance, do not have facilitators, mediators or practitioners of alternative dispute resolution.

Westerners by contrast, have lots of people in that line of work, with more setting up shop every day. Nearly everywhere you look in the region, you are likely to find an earnest person standing up in front of a group, wielding brightly colored highlighters on taped-up sheets of butcher paper and leading a group in search of areas of common ground and maybe even a territory of consensus.

Is this boom in the belief in collaborative problem-solving entirely good news?

Not necessarily. Talking can become a seductive alternative to action. Cardiovascular disease could escalate in the West as we become a sedentary people, spending hours and hours at these meetings, with our minds actively pursuing consensus and our hands reaching for camaraderie-building, boredom-relieving cookies and doughnuts.

And, for people of strong conviction and embittering experience, collaboration cannot be trusted. Many Western environmentalists, for example, feel that they have already surrendered too much in the way of biodiversity and intact ecosystems, while many Western resource developers feel that they have themselves been backed into a corner by mounting regulations and litigious preservationists. To these people, the word "compromise" invariably comes attached to the words "with the devil."

Surprisingly, one of the region's quiet forces for countering the enthusiasm for demonizing the opposition may be higher education.

It must be in the ivy

Famous for their academic infighting and liberal orthodoxy, universities may seem an improbable place to turn for techniques and strategies in reducing contention. And yet nearly every major Western university has a regional studies center (the University of Arizona's Udall Center is a prime example) to explore regional issues in a tranquil, bipartisan manner.

In an abundance of hopeful, thoughtful and maybe slightly naïve projects and publications, each of these centers offers its own testimony that we retain the power to choose civility over demonization, open exchange over intolerant condemnation.

To use an example close to home, our Center of the American West at the University of Colorado is hosting a series called "Inside Interior," bringing most of the former secretaries of the Interior — Republicans and Democrats — to Boulder for filmed interviews and public programs.

Each visit has been instructive and stimulating, and consistently civil and congenial, and just as consistently underpublicized. While accurate, the headline "Reagan's Former Secretary of the Interior James G. Watt Enjoys Friendly Reception and Many Congenial Conversations in Staunchly Environmentalist Boulder, Colo." did not appear in any newspaper.

Maybe there is good reason to let the undercurrent of congenial and civil exchange among Western opponents build quietly and gather its strength, while polarization and contention continue to dominate the headlines. If nothing else, keeping the spotlight on ill temper may actually cause more people to rally to the cause of collaboration and negotiation.

Is peacemaking a realistic and practical hope? Can civil methods of disagreement deliver any down-to-earth benefits?

In our most fevered Western disputes, the noise — accusations of bad faith, personal attacks, rhetorically heated condemnations of the wrongheaded and pernicious positions held by the opponents (positions that the opponents may not actually hold), claims made for the exclusive possession of the high ground — adds up to about 75 percent of the conflict.

And that leaves 25 percent for serious, consequential and substantive disagreement.

That 25 percent still counts for a lot, and dealing with it will pose a strenuous test for our tempers and our tolerance. But removing the 75 percent of pointless noise would certainly improve the quality of daily life in the West, letting us concentrate our energies on designing the best resolutions for the genuine and authentic conflicts.

Shall we capitalize on the better aspects of human nature and experiment with this rising tide of collaborative problem-solving and respectful disagreement?

Or shall we continue in the "scorpions in a bottle" manner for another irritating decade or two?

So, Westerners, what's your choice?

Patricia Nelson Limerick is chairwoman of the board and faculty director of the Center of the American West at the University of Colorado. She is the author of "The Legacy of Conquest" and "Something in the Soil." In her younger days, she showed a certain talent for contention herself, which may help explain her enthusiasm for peacemaking today.

GOVERNMENT

Cooperation among states is crucial to regional survival

By Kenny C. Guinn

For decades, essayists have characterized the West with varying degrees of distance. Those of us who live in the West, according to these essayists, are rugged individualists. They tell us that we love our open spaces — the better to keep our neighbors at a comfortable arm's length.

Yet this is not the West I've known. I've made the West my home for more than 60 years, and my experience has been much different. We do need each other's help. I grew up in Exeter, a small town in central California, and watched my father work long hours in the agricultural fields. When you were dependent on the land, as my family was, you learned quickly the value of having good neighbors.

The states of the West are separated by hundreds of miles of open spaces, yet we remain closely knit. We are bound by the same issues: Where do we get the water for our communities; how do we maintain our quality of life as our major cities and up-and-coming towns explode with unprecedented growth; how do we diversify our state economies so that they are not solely tied to agriculture or gaming or mining or technology or tourism?

Do we solve these problems alone? Or do we seek partnerships with our neighboring states?

Nevada's most populous city, Las Vegas, is a good example of why states of the West cannot go it alone.

Las Vegas, with a population of 1.6 million — Nevada has led the nation in population growth for the past 17 straight years, with about 80 percent of all our new residents moving to Las Vegas or nearby — is growing so rapidly that it is difficult even for longtime residents like myself to recognize it. In 1964, when I was a young man and arrived to work for the Clark County School District as a planning specialist, Las Vegas' population was about 130,000.

For years, the Colorado River has supplied Las Vegas with much of its water. In addition, the Colorado River is a prime source of water for six other Western states and Mexico.

The Colorado River, though, is not Nevada's river any more than it is Arizona's. Finding wise ways to share this vital resource has been an important goal of all of the Western states where it flows. Nevada's Colorado River Commission, through prudent management practices, has optimized the benefits and uses of the Colorado River in an ongoing cooperative effort with the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation and the Colorado River Basin states of Arizona, California, Colorado, New Mexico, Utah and Wyoming.

This effort has included Nevada's participation in the Lower Colorado Multi-Species Conservation Program to develop and implement projects for the conservation and recovery of endangered species within the Lower Colorado River Basin.

In northern Nevada lies another important water resource: Lake Tahoe, which straddles both Nevada and California. Mark Twain once wrote of Lake Tahoe's natural beauty that it is "the fairest sight the whole earth affords." Yet by the 1960s, it was clear that Lake Tahoe's ecological assets needed to be managed more carefully. The governors and lawmakers of Nevada and California then joined forces to create the bi-state Tahoe Regional Planning Agency in 1969, the first bi-state environmental planning agency in the country. In the years since, the agency has played a prominent role in helping to oversee responsible development of the Tahoe Basin.

A brief look at the 2004 agenda for the Western Governors Association is also illustrative of the interconnectedness of the West. In 2004, the associations objectives include:



Associated Press

Growth in Las Vegas has strained resources and necessitated increased collaboration between states.

■ Convene the North American Energy Summit to consider how the three nations and subnational governments can work together to identify and advance opportunities to create energy policies that will support a growing, healthy economy, improve electricity, natural gas, coal, and renewable energy markets, and encourage efficient energy use (this effort has included the commissioning of two major studies on the Western electricity interconnection and execution of a protocol to improve the review of permits for interstate transmission lines).

■ Pursue development of a national drought policy and its implementation in the West, including better prediction and monitoring of drought, improved state and local planning, and mitigation to prevent drought impacts.

■ In response to catastrophic wildland fires, Western governors are working collaboratively with federal land management agencies, local and tribal governments and stakeholders to develop a new way of dealing with wildfire, the result being a 10-year comprehensive strategy and implementation plan for reducing wildland fire risks to communities and the environment.

Perhaps the most important realization we can make as we formulate complex bi- or tri- or multistate policy is actually something rather simple: We must take great care of our region.

We must continue to grow, but we must grow responsibly. We must look at a state like Nevada and realize that with 20,000 new housing starts a year in Las Vegas, there must be high-paying jobs for these people. There must be schools and universities for their children to learn. We must support the notion that higher education is a vital engine in the creation of improved economies through an educated workforce. And, of course, there must be water for citizens of the West to drink.

In the words of a great writer from the West, William Kittredge, "We need to define a story about staying put and taking care of what we've got, in which our home is named as sacred, a story which encourages us to take serious care, where we live without killing it. ... There will never be another setup like the one we have evolved to live in; ruin it and we will have lost ourselves, and that is craziness."

What is the future of the West? Simple. It is the realization that in the West, no man can afford to be his own island, and no state can hide within its own boundaries.

Kenny C. Guinn is serving his second term as governor of Nevada.

THE ARIZONA REPUBLIC
opinions.azcentral.com

EDITORIAL

Editorials represent the opinion of the newspaper, whose Editorial Board consists of: Sue Clark-Johnson, Patricia Biggs, Phil Boas, Ward Bushee, Richard de Uriarte, Jennifer Dokes, Cindy Hernandez, Kathleen Ingley, Doug MacEachern, Joel Nilsson, Dan Nowicki, O. Ricardo Pimentel, Robert Robb, Paul Schatt, Linda Valdez, Ken Western, Steve Wilson and Steve Benson.

1 quick hit for the day

Don't shoot, Wyatt, we got something going to help preserve your legacy

Lawman Wyatt Earp can rest in a little more peace. Historic documents from his life are a step closer to permanent protection. The Legislature deserves credit for approving $2 million to design and plan a state archives building on the Capitol Mall. Currently, the state archives are stashed in the Capitol attic and an off-site warehouse. These places are not at all appropriate for fragile treasures needing an environment precisely controlled for heat and humidity, and deserving of space not shared with rodents and other pests. Gov. Janet Napolitano should quickly give this bill a yes. Then we must follow up with full funding to protect the precious records of our past.

— EDITORIAL BOARD, The Arizona Republic

What's next?

Our stand: Folks working together built our West, not loners riding off into sunsets

The mythic Westerner is a loner: aloof, silent, independent, stripped of social ties.

Think of Clint Eastwood, the unnamed wandering gunfighter in *A Fistful of Dollars*, who rides into town, does away with the bad guys and heads off into the sunset.

The truth is just the opposite. It took extraordinary cooperation and government support to create the West as we know it today.

Today, *The Arizona Republic* begins a comprehensive look at the eight states in the Mountain West and where we're headed. It's a booming region, leading the nation in home construction. It has the most new businesses, the fastest-growing labor force and the biggest increase in upper-income households.

This is the Next West, a place with as much promise as a vivid sunrise at the Grand Canyon. How well we fulfill that promise depends in large part on how well we can work together. If citizens, cities, counties and states insist on acting as loners, we will be hard-pressed to meet the challenges that face the Next West.

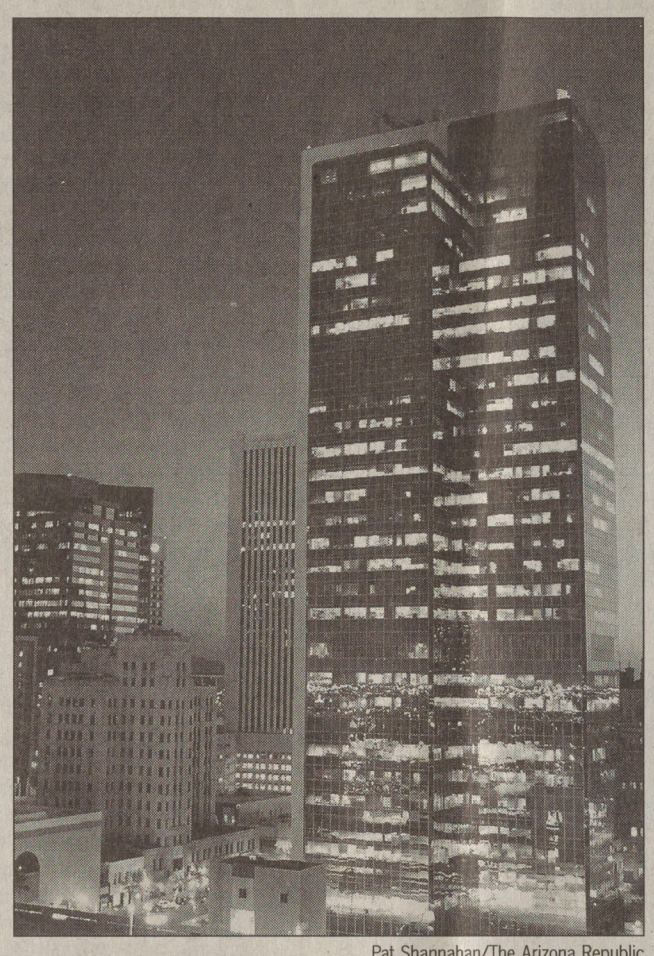
The list includes water, wildfires, pollution and finding a balance between development and land preservation. We must figure out how to play on the strengths of a diverse population, including Native Americans and Hispanics.

The earliest humans knew they had to cooperate to survive in the harsh, arid conditions of the West. We know little about the Hohokam, who flourished in the Valley from until about A.D. 1450, but it clearly took a high degree of cooperation to create their complex irrigation system.

It was no different when settlers arrived from the East. Survival meant sticking with the wagon train. The newly arrived Westerners had to band together to create irrigation districts and lobby Washington to build dams. Making agriculture pay off depended on joint efforts for everything from controlling pests to pushing for reasonable shipping fees.

Now, we face difficult choices about how to handle explosive growth. Our decisions will determine whether the West keeps it special character, what kind of jobs our children can find, how livable and appealing our cities are, whether rural areas survive.

The more fragmented our decision-making, the greater the chance of unintended consequences. Pumping water for a subdivision in Sierra Vista sucks away at the life of the San Pedro River. Building homes out west along Interstate 10, without adding enough jobs, adds to freeway gridlock and air pollution. Failing to add enough recreational space puts so much pressure on desert trails that they turn into trenches sunk two feet below ground level.



Pat Shannahan/The Arizona Republic

The Phoenix skyline can become a beacon for the nation's "third coast" but only through cooperation and government support.

As actor/director Robert Redford pointed out in an interview with *Republic* reporter Joseph A. Reaves: "We like to use the West as a slogan in films and photos and music and so forth, even while we're quietly dismantling the whole thing. ... A lot of the development going on has to do with short-term gains and possible long-term consequences."

Working cooperatively and regionally, we have a tremendous opportunity to build on the strengths of the West. Among them is the ability to connect with the outdoors. We must protect the ease of moving from the office to the outdoors, to work in the morning and play in the afternoon.

We must also build on our connections to the rest of the world. The West can move to a new level in global trade, becoming the nation's "third coast." Japanese executives, for instance, are showing a willingness to fly past California and come to Arizona to do business and play golf.

The Lone Wolf is a myth. If everyone had been like Clint Eastwood, Phoenix would still be raw desert.

The lesson to draw from wolves is this: They survive by living and hunting in packs. By working together.

Get the lead out!

Our stand: Items from Mexican candy to house paint are threats to our children

Candy is a treat, a holiday goody, a key ingredient in birthday parties. It can also be poison.

A popular Mexican candy was recently pulled off the shelves in Arizona because of high levels of lead. But that's just the tip of a much larger threat to our children.

As much as a quarter of Mexican candy may be contaminated with lead. We need strong steps to eliminate that danger. We also need to step up the campaign against the most hazardous sources of lead poisoning among Arizona children: house paint, folk remedies and ceramic cookware from Mexico.

Lead poisoning is insidious and devastating. It can cause irreversible brain and nerve damage, particularly in children and developing fetuses. It accumulates in the body and can result in lower intelligence and behavioral problems.

In a two-year investigation, the *Orange County Register* found that a test of Mexican candy had detected high levels of lead in one out of four pieces. It gets worse: California authorities knew of the danger and failed to act.

California's inaction was outrageous. But that's not where the buck should stop. The U.S. Food and Drug Administration needs to take more aggressive steps to examine Mexican candy and order the lead-laced brands off the shelf. Mexican authorities should help candymakers change their processes to reduce lead contamination.

The FDA is showing signs of getting tougher. In a March letter to manufacturers, importers and distributors of imported candy, the agency underlined the risk of lead and alerted them to tighter enforcement in the future.

Arizona health authorities can take action against risky products, but they need federal testing to identify the problems. In March, the Arizona Department of Health Services warned that the FDA found high levels of lead in Chaca Chaca, a chili-flavored candy. State officials and county health departments fanned out to get the product off the market — a challenge when the candy is sold everywhere from the corner shop to ice cream trucks.

The state investigates every reported case of lead poisoning, about 240 a year. So far, candy has not been the main villain in any case, according to Will Humble, head of epidemiology for the state.

The biggest danger is in older homes that have lead-based paint, which was banned in the 1970s. Hardware stores have do-it-yourself testing kits to check for lead. Phoenix has a lead-abatement plan that helps homeowners get rid of lead-based paint.

Arizona is fortunate to have a relatively small stock of older homes. The level of lead poisoning among children is far below 1 percent, compared with as much as 10 percent in older Eastern cities.

The department is trying to get the word out about two special risks in the Valley.

A Mexican home remedy for upset stomachs is to eat a pinch of paint pigment. It's effective, but unfortunately also delivers a dangerous dose of lead.

Much of the glazed pottery made in Mexico also contains high levels of lead, which leaches into food stored or cooked in the vessels. One of the worst cases was a family that kept orange juice in a glazed container: One sip had 10 times the maximum daily limit for lead.

But health officials have limited funding for publicity. With the state budget tight, this is a good time to work with businesses, churches and non-profit groups to get the word out.

We know that lead is a poison. We know that kids are in danger. We must not be lax about protecting them.

For more information about protecting children from lead poisoning, call the Lead Poisoning Prevention Program at (602) 364-3118 or 1-800-367-6412 or go to the Web site, www.hs.state.az.us/phs/oeh/invsurv/lead/protectchild.htm

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Stories on teachers need different focus

I must admit, I only read *The Republic* maybe twice a week. But in the last couple of times I've read it, I've found articles that I find very disturbing.

Awhile back was an article advising parents how to successfully whine and complain to teachers and schools. In today's edition is an article on how to identify teachers who are child predators.

As a former teacher, I am disappointed with this sort of coverage. What never gets into the paper are the hundreds of false accusations against teachers for every true story of a teaching predator. I'd love to read some stories as to what happened to kids who falsely accused teachers of wrongdoing. Problem is, usually nothing happens to those kids, hence the reason kids keep doing it.

— Chris Kline, Pine

Court case wasn't meant to sell book

When I went to court to stop a student from disrupting my class, I didn't set out to call attention to myself.

It didn't occur to me that the media would cover the story. But after I began to reach out to the courts for help, *The Arizona Republic* published an article about the incident without my knowledge. Then local and national reporters began to call my home and school, and even showed up at my home.

I refused to give interviews to any of these reporters or to discuss my book. As I tried to walk to the courtroom and again when I tried to leave the courtroom, reporters crowded me with cameras and microphones in my face and blocked my path. Naturally, I felt invaded and defensive. To continue avoiding a discussion of the case with the media, I told them to read about it in the book that I'm writing.

I didn't foresee that some reporters would suggest that I filed the case in order to seek publicity. The reporters who judged me with terms such as "self-serving" did not mention that I had refused their inquiries.

As a teacher of special education, reading, English and English as a second language, my dream is to continue teaching troubled youths how to use language arts to express their pain and conflicts. I have also worked as a mentor to a homeless girl for two years, encouraging her to write about her experiences. And I have worked as a reading volunteer with incarcerated youths. I hope I can help disadvantaged students in the way my teachers helped me.

Through reading and writing, I have been able to carve out an identity, clarify my values and face my issues. The writing process has helped me to recover my forgotten past and to bring some closure to my grief and loss. I believe that I am fulfilling my highest ideals by writing a book about my own experiences.

— Elizabeth Anne Moore, Peoria

Inmates need programs, not lockups

We need better programs for inmates, not just more construction projects or the newest containment hardware.

My concern is for a very select 10 percent of the inmate population. This group, like most inmates, lacks the social skills or knowledge necessary for appropriate analyses of situations in their daily lives. Thus they make unsound judgments that result in the choices that lead to imprisonment.

Their difference from my correctional education experiences is that they can be receptive and open to learning and change. They tend to have good academic learning skills but what is missing are the socially based skills that are not taught by abuse, neglect or by a one-dimensional, lock-them-up mentality.

If we can take them out of prison and place them in a strict personal and spiritual development environment that fosters personal responsibility in a community-based environment, then we have a chance to really help inmates.

Arizona State Legislature: What are you going to do?

— Robert D. Chapman, Florence

Try your own answers for Iraq

The pundits are at it again, either fretting about or ridiculing Sen. John Kerry's failure to come up with an inspiring yet foolproof proposal for fixing the mess he may find in Iraq in January 2005.

Like spoiled children, we expect all good things from our "parent" leaders and resent any suggestion that we, too, are responsible for doing the laundry or living within the budget.

If you can spare the time from your favorite TV spots, try predicting what the next months may bring in Iraq. Then write your plan.

And, when you try to balance the weaknesses and strengths of parts of your plan, be careful not to count too much on divine intervention in this struggle.

History doesn't give you great odds there.

— Helen R. Warren, Peoria

New act can help cancer victims

As a three-time cancer survivor, I know how overwhelming a cancer diagnosis can be. I am college-educated, with good health insurance, and still had issues managing the system to get the proper care. For individuals who may be poor, lack adequate health insurance or are living in rural areas, obtaining this help can be an insurmountable task.

Cancer remains the second-leading cause of death in Arizona, and we must help people get the care they need. The American Cancer Society recently recognized National Minority Cancer Awareness Week as a time to educate Americans about the importance of cancer prevention and early detection within minority and underserved populations.

The American Cancer Society is supporting the Patient Navigator, Outreach, and Chronic Disease Prevention Act. Through patient navigators, it will help cancer patients and families schedule appointments, arrange transportation, act as interpreters, explain cultural differences to both doctors and patients, provide assistance in obtaining treatment and referrals and help patients find funds to pay for medical treatment.

Thank you to Congressman J.D. Hayworth for joining this call to action and co-sponsoring this landmark legislation!

— Jon Moss, Phoenix

THE ARIZONA REPUBLIC
Founded in 1890 • A Gannett newspaper
Incorporating The Phoenix Gazette

SUE CLARK-JOHNSON, *Chairman, CEO and Publisher*
JOHN ZIDICH, *COO and President*
EUGENE C. PULLIAM *1889-1975 • Publisher, 1946-1975*

JON HELD, *Executive V.P./Chief Financial Officer*
LEON LEVITT, *Executive V.P./Online Services*
J. MICHAEL WOMACK, *Vice President Circulation*

WARD BUSHEE, *Editor/V.P. News*
KEN WESTERN, *Editor of the Editorial Pages*
LINDA GREIWE, *Vice President Advertising*

GASPER GENOVESE, *Vice President IT/CIO*
BOB KOTWASINSKI, *Vice President Production*
MIKE SPECTOR, *Human Resources Director*
GENE D'ADAMO, *V.P./Community Relations*

We welcome letters of up to 200 words on any topic. They may be edited for clarity and length. Letters must include your name, address and a daytime phone number. If your letter is selected for publication, we will notify you. Letters to the editor, opinion columns and articles submitted to *The Arizona Republic* may be published or distributed in print, electronic or other forms. For more information, call us at (602) 444-8499.

YOUR VOICE COUNTS

E-MAIL: opinions@arizonarepublic.com

MAIL: Letters to the Editor, The Arizona Republic, P.O. Box 2244, Phoenix, AZ 85002

FAX: (602) 444-8933

VISIT US ONLINE: You can find current and past editorials, letters and Benson cartoons on the online news and information service of *The Arizona Republic*. The internet address is **arizonarepublic.com/opinions**

© THE ARIZONA REPUBLIC

OPINIONS

Original patriots have nothing on a modern Pat

John MacDonald
pluggedin.azcentral.com



Being original is so common these days.

We have Original Levis 501 jeans. Hollywood gives us the Original Kings of Comedy, while Madison Avenue hawks Dr. Pepper, the "taste of originality."

Everything must be new, fresh, different. So what happens?

You know the answer: Everything's unique, so it's all the same. We've run out of ideas, hammered each new thought into the shape of all that came before.

The same is true for columnists, especially when news events rock our world. In the hours or days after, anything that can be written, is written. After about a week, everything printed is a reheated leftover of yesterday's dish.

So, 10 days after Pat Tillman's death, what's left to say? Can anything original be written?

Maybe not, and most times I wouldn't try. After this long, it's normally better to leave these stories alone.

This isn't normal. Tillman's story has inhaled everything else. It's a cultural tornado, sweeping up war and violence; the cult of celebrity; the all-knowing-all-the-time media; the deification of athletes; and the pull between a nation that loves peace and a country at war.

His death was a bone-jarring hit. Writing about anything else would be like describing the local garden club meeting after the tornado ended.

In all the sincere coverage of his passing, one angle left is Tillman's unique place in United States history.

It's no cliché to say that Pat Tillman was an American original. Out of the hundreds of millions of Americans who have lived since our founding, no one has left behind a guarantee of lavish wealth, fame and comfort to volunteer for the Army Rangers, only to die on foreign soil for duty, honor and country.

Not until now.

In one sense, of course, his death is no different from that of any other soldier. His family's pain is known by hundreds of others. This has been written a thousand times in the last 10 days, but we can stop now. It's true, and Tillman would agree.

But let's be honest. His death is different. The enormous attention is self-evident, and Tillman's status as an icon has taken root.

And it should. For exactly what is the difference between Tillman and the patriots of early America?

Patrick Henry, the Virginia lawyer, orator and rebel, famously said: "I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death." He verbally spit in a tyrant's eye, daring him to challenge his right to freedom.

Tillman said no such great words, at least none of which we're yet aware. But both men gave up lives of privilege to fight for their beliefs. Both went against oppressive rulers. Most important, both stood out among the crowd as leaders willing to put action where their ideals stood.

One of them died at the seasoned age of 63, at Red Hill Plantation, Va. The other died in combat at 27.

A better comparison is Nathan Hale.

The Revolutionary War figure was born to a prosperous family, graduated from Yale in 1773 and became a teacher. He left that quiet profession behind in 1775 to accept a commission as a lieutenant in the Continental Army. A comfortable future was sacrificed.

In September 1776, at age 21, Hale was captured by British forces and hanged as a spy. His final words were supposedly, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." But a newspaper later reported Hale actually saying that, "if he had 10,000 lives, he would lay them all down, if called to it, in defense of his injured, bleeding country."

Pat Tillman lived those brave words no less than Nathan Hale ... *and* played on special teams in the NFL. He tackled the Taliban and Emmitt Smith.

No offense to Mr. Hale, but I'll take Tillman against any American fighter of lore.

Put his picture on a stamp, place his name in history books alongside the rest, teach our grandchildren what he did, and why. America has a true original in Tillman, and our legacy is richer as a result.

We can't use the four-letter h-word, because Tillman would reject it, and insist he was only doing his duty. Fair enough, sir. That word is not in this column.

But there is no "patriot" without "p ... a ... t.

John MacDonald is a Tempe resident. He writes for the "Plugged In" Weblog at pluggedin.azcentral.com.

Military use of mosques by Iraqis dishonors Islam

By Robert Stewart



John Moore/Associated Press

U.S. Marines fighting near Fallujah last week were forced to destroy a mosque being used by snipers.

In early 1944, Allied forces in World War II faced a decision that is now disturbingly common in Iraq: What to do with enemy forces using holy sites as defensive positions?

German troops were entrenched behind the Gustav Line, south of Rome, and defending the key city of Cassino from the heights of Monte Cassino, and its famous and revered sixth-century monastery. The Allies made a fateful, though ultimately militarily successful, decision: Using hundreds of American bombers, they destroyed the Abbey of Monte Cassino, clearing the way for eventual Allied success in piercing the Gustav Line in May 1944, taking Rome on June 4, and liberating Italy within the year.

Despite the obvious public relations setbacks, coalition forces in Iraq faced with similar decisions (more visible than in World War II, given the unblinking eye of 24-hour cable news coverage) must make the same choice. Failure to do so will lead to additional casualties and, worse, signal to insurgents that they are safe when using a mosque as a fortress, weapons storage facility or sniper nest.

Military actions this week show that the military leadership in Iraq understands this important lesson of history. Coalition forces in Iraq made the right, if unpopular, choice when U.S. Marines came under sniper fire from the minaret of a mosque in Fallujah, where some insurgent positions in the city came under heavy American fire earlier this week.

After taking casualties Monday, the Marines returned fire and destroyed the minaret and the snipers. When attacked again later that day from within the same mosque, Marines called in armor and air support. U.S. forces fired on insurgents in the mosque, killing eight.

The attack on the mosque will not be unique, and the use of religious sites by insurgents or terrorists is not happening only in Fallujah. As Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld said: "There have been additional attacks from mosques in Fallujah" before Monday's. And radical cleric Muqtada al-Sadr and his loyalists regularly use holy places in Najaf as refuge.

Capturing or killing al-Sadr is key to ending the insurgency in Najaf and elsewhere. If al-Sadr continues to misuse such sites, coalition and Iraqi forces will have no choice but to enter, and perhaps destroy, such facilities.

Such actions will likely be seen by many as an attack on Islam. They are not. The mosque in Fallujah was used to shoot and kill troops; it is no longer serving that unholy purpose.

There are early signs of optimism that Iraqis will disapprove of the misuse of mosques. And there were reports from Najaf that suggest a new group, the Thulfiqar Army, has killed members of al-Sadr's force and is handing out leaflets threatening those cowering in mosques. In some quarters, at least, the blame for misuse of religious centers is being rightly laid at the feet of insurgents.

A Marine commander, Col. John Coleman, said after the attack in Fallujah that the decision was made after insurgents occupied the mosque, redefining its status. Coleman said of the building: "Instead of serving as a center of religious life, it was employed as a bastion in the attack."

At that point, the once-holy site was transformed from a building to be protected to an obstacle to peace and security for its congregants. The message of the coalition response was clear: No insurgent is safe when misusing a mosque. No attack will go unanswered.

The fighting in Fallujah sends an important message of resolve and leaves no doubt in the minds of those who might use mosques similarly elsewhere. Coalition leadership must not back down in its support for the decisions of the local commanders. Such actions are never pleasant and rarely win immediate friends, but they are essential to victory.

After the destruction of the Abbey of Cassino in 1944, German troops used the ruins as defensive positions. They were successful in turning back American troops and then their New Zealander replacements. It wasn't until a month later, on May 18, that Polish troops raised their flag on the mountaintop with the Nazis in full retreat.

Like coalition forces in Iraq on Monday, the Allies in World War II chose to destroy a religious facility used by the enemy for nonreligious means. Despite the obvious drawbacks, and Allied reticence to raze a religious treasure, it was the right choice, saved lives and helped lead to the liberation of Europe.

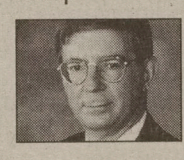
Similarly, security in Fallujah will come only after insurgents who attempt to use the ruins as a political defensive position — as they surely will — are publicly and overwhelmingly defeated.

In 1964, a rebuilt abbey was reconsecrated at Monte Cassino. Iraqis, too, can rebuild a mosque defiled by terrorists, but only when insurgents are in full retreat and mosques are used only for saving lives, not taking them.

Stewart, a former Army intelligence analyst, is a Washington-based writer. This column first appeared in Newsday.

No nation is truly free till it's safe for Frisbee

George Will
Washington Post Writers Group



"We came here to start a soccer league," said a Marine major after a fierce firefight in Fallujah last week. "Instead, they are forcing us to topple mosques." The attempt to manufacture soccer mullahs, like ordering thousands of Frisbees for distribution to playful Iraqis, may seem like episodes from a Graham Greene novel: *The Quiet American in Mesopotamia.*

But before the games can begin, the war must be won, and no war is won until the losing side knows it has lost. "An uptick in localized engagements" was the U.S. command's description of the current wave of violence that menaces the four main roads from Baghdad to Syria, Jordan, Turkey and Kuwait. And Bush administration voices still dismiss the insurgents as "gangs" and "thugs."

"The enemy did not run," said another Marine officer after another Fallujah battle. "They fought us like soldiers." The enemy is coordinated and clever. The attack by two speedboats loaded with explosives that targeted a tanker taking on Iraqi oil in the port of Basra failed, in the sense that one boat was destroyed before it could strike the tanker, and the one that struck the tanker did not explode. But the attack succeeded in this sense: Overnight, the insurance rate for tankers shipping Iraqi oil exports doubled. This "terror premium" could make Iraqi oil too expensive for sale at the world market price, further damaging Iraqi reconstruction efforts at a time when pandemic violence in Iraqi cities has confined many private contractors to protected compounds.

By storing weapons and munitions in mosques and by firing from minarets, the insurgents do indeed compel U.S. forces to damage mosques, or adhere to rules of engagement that endanger American lives or preclude retaking any cities the insurgents choose to turn into combat zones. But if U.S. forces are to economize violence, they must disabuse the enemy of his recurring delusion that the United States is paralyzed by squeamishness about violence and its collateral damage.

Also, the enemy must not be allowed to bog down U.S. forces, or Iraqi units organized by and reporting to U.S. commanders, in protracted urban sieges — sieges leavened by dickering about weapons surrenders. Such standoffs give the insurgents huge infusions of prestige for holding the superpower at bay and being treated by the superpower as a legitimate interlocutor.

If such standoffs are the real alternatives to forceful suppression of the insurgents, then it is feckless to object to such suppression because the insurgents hope to draw America into violence that will alienate the population. The population may detest an America that fights its way to control of cities, but the population will have contempt for an America that is unable or, worse, able but unwilling to wrest cities from insurgents.

Patrick J. McDonnell and Tony Perry of the *Los Angeles Times* report from Fallujah that some Marines criticize the tactics of the 82nd Airborne, which recently turned responsibility for the city over to the Marines: "From the Marines' standpoint, the paratroopers left Fallujah to the insurgents, carrying out a containment strategy and allowing enemy forces to fester and grow."

The 82nd tried to avoid a provocative presence, concentrating on targeted raids based on intelligence. Approximately 1,000 houses were searched, hundreds of suspects were arrested and many senior aides to Saddam Hussein were killed or arrested. McDonnell and Perry say the 82nd's tactics "left a core insurgent element in Fallujah" but "also resulted in fewer casualties, both civilian and military." The 82nd lost only one paratrooper in its six months in the city, which "while always restive, never deteriorated into open revolt."

Marines say "the veneer of relative calm was deceptive. The city has served as a 'center of gravity' for insurgent activity throughout western and central Iraq."

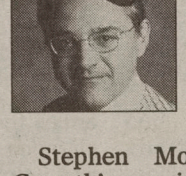
All this will be studied by the services for years to come. Meanwhile, military commanders in Iraq face agonizing choices entailed by those antiseptic political locutions "regime change" and "nation building." The commander in chief seems not to fathom the depth of the difficulties when he describes the insurgent cleric Moqtada Sadr as a person who will not "allow democracy to flourish." "Allow"? If some bad people would just behave, democracy would sprout like tulips?

At a memorial service this week for Daniel J. Boorstin, the great historian who was Librarian of Congress from 1975 to 1987, and who died recently at 89, a eulogist recalled Boorstin's belief that history is "a cautionary science." It is, but only if you know some. Those who do will not send Frisbees to combat zones.

Write to George Will, Washington Post Writer's Group, 1150 15th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20071

GOP leans so far to the right it may fall over, crush moderates

E.J. Dionne
Washington Post Writers Group



Mamas, don't let your babies grow up to be moderate Republicans. There's not much room for them in this political world.

Pennsylvania Sen. Arlen Specter's narrow Republican primary victory over staunch conservative Pat Toomey cannot be seen as a turning point in favor of the party's beleaguered band of moderates. On the contrary, Specter barely hung on despite strong support from his very conservative Republican colleague, Sen. Rick Santorum, and a big assist from President Bush.

With all this help, Specter still got thrashed in many parts of the state outside his home base in the Philadelphia area, notably in and around Pittsburgh. As James O'Toole, *The Pittsburgh Post-Gazette's* politics editor, pointed out on Thursday, the region's Republicanism had once been defined by the moderation of the late Sen. John Heinz and is now in the mold of Santorum's conservatism.

The 74-year-old Specter's victory is thus a last hurrah, not the next new thing. Those conservatives gathered around the Club for Growth, a political action committee devoted to pushing moderate Republicans either to the right or out of office, can claim a tactical triumph for the nearly $2 million the group directed toward helping Toomey.

Stephen Moore, the Club for Growth's president, always saw the effort as having a double purpose: to replace Specter with a conservative if possible, but also to demonstrate how much anguish conservatives could create for Republican moderates who did not fall into line. "It serves notice to Chafee, Snowe, Voinovich and others who have been problem children that they will be next," Moore said before the primary, referring to Republican Sens. Lincoln Chafee of Rhode Island, Olympia Snowe of Maine and George Voinovich of Ohio.

That it took such strenuous efforts by the White House to prop up Specter serves notice as to how conservative the Republican primary electorate has become. Even if the moderate incumbents hold on until retirement, their successors on the Republican ticket will be well to their right. "No moderates need apply" may become a rule in Republican primaries.

In New York state alone, Amo Houghton and Jack Quinn, two House members representing two faces of Republican moderation, have announced their retirements. Houghton is a warm and thoughtful patrician who loathes the hyper-partisanship that has enveloped the Capitol. Quinn is a scrappy, pro-labor former teacher who appealed to moderate independents and Reagan Democrats. Though Quinn may eventually run for another office, there just are not very many Houghtons or Quinns in the Republican pipeline.

Conservative pressure will also force moderates to twist themselves into ideological pretzels. To win primaries, the moderates will need to bend to the right. To hold their general election majorities, they will have to bend back to their old selves, fast.

In Specter's case, as the *Philadelphia Inquirer* pointed out, the changeover "took less than 12 hours." Having won the primary by embracing Bush, Specter promised "to retain my independent voice," and declared: "I don't give anybody a blank check, including the president of the United States." Maybe Specter will hand over his Bush endorsement ads to Dick Cheney's energy task force so they can be kept secret for the rest of the campaign.

Yes, ideological purity in our party system gives voters clearer choices. And there is a case for acknowledging reality: Republicans really have become more conservative. The Republican liberals of old — Tom Kuchel of California, Clifford Case of New Jersey, Jacob Javits of New York — were knocked off in primaries one by one because they no longer reflected the views of the Republican rank and file.

In the meantime, the realignment to the Republicans among conservatives in the South has called forth a counter-realignment in the moderate suburbs elsewhere. What were once bastions of middle-of-the road Republicanism are now starting to vote Democratic.

This new set of coalitions may correspond to the reality of a divided nation, but it also deepens the divisions and leaves a lot of voters out in the cold. Many voters do not think of themselves as either liberals or conservatives. They will be less and less represented.

Personally, I mourn the decline of the moderate and liberal Republicans. Though not always coherent, progressive Republicanism did try to balance things out, to be socially generous, fiscally prudent and responsibly internationalist. But if conservatives keep trying to drive the moderates and liberals out of the Republican Party, the handful of survivors may eventually decide to pack up and leave on their own, as Vermont's Jim Jeffords did in 2001. That's what the Club for Growth wants. Despite Specter's victory, it is slowly but inexorably getting its wish.

E-mail: postchat@aol.com.

OPINIONS

Downtown gang busting its buttons

The downtown Phoenix crowd is feeling giddy these days. And with considerable justification.

There is much more of an urban feel to downtown today than there was 20 years ago. Panhandling is now just part of the scene, rather than the main event.

And lately downtown has been on a roll. Phoenix voters agreed to put up half the money for a new Phoenix Civic Plaza convention center and, more improbably, the state Legislature was persuaded to put up the other half.

ASU President Michael Crow says he wants a downtown campus of 15,000. Business leaders have formed Phoenix Futures and hired an urban designer. Some downtown neighborhoods have stabilized, and want help and compatible adjacent uses.

Robert Robb
Republic columnist



But taxpayers could be the ones who really get busted when the bills for hotels, labs and an ASU campus come due.

There is, of course, the danger that these agendas will conflict and clash. But, fortuitously, Phoenix has a new mayor, Phil Gordon, who's perfectly suited to manage that.

Gordon's not a big-idea guy. But he's very good at harmonizing the agendas and ideas of others and getting people to work collaboratively rather than in conflict.

So, should the rest of us be feeling giddy as well? What do brighter prospects for downtown Phoenix mean for the rest of the Valley?

In a City Council meeting last week to celebrate the giddiness and allow all the interest groups to put their ideas on the table, Gordon said the inevitable, the scripture according to the downtown crowd: "There's never been a great city without a great downtown."

"Great" is, of course, a subjective evaluation. And it's clear that to downtown supporters, the scripture is a tautology.

To them, one of the things that make a city attractive is a happening, vibrant urban core. So, naturally, if a great downtown is part of what makes a city great, there cannot be a great city without a great downtown.

On more objective measures, there's a remarkable paucity of evidence about the relationship between an urban core and the fate of the rest of a metropolitan area.

There certainly doesn't appear to be any relationship between a region's economic prosperity and the economic health of its central business district, which is frequently relatively small. And given the dissolution of the hub-and-spokes urban form, it would be illogical for there to be one.

In fact, it may be that a vibrant urban core, which inevitably requires heavy subsidization, is now a luxury item, something prosperity permits cities to purchase rather than being a driver of prosperity itself.

Moreover, the giddiness, while considerably justified, is still somewhat premature. While currently unlikely, there are some clouds on the horizon that could bring a hard rain to downtown's party.

To get the new convention center, the city engaged in a bait-and-switch and is trivializing a host of financial rules intended to govern state and city expenditures.

The projections that show the convention center penciling out depend on the construction of additional nearby hotel rooms. At the time city voters and legislators were being asked to put up the money for the convention center, some asked whether it wouldn't be more prudent to secure the hotel rooms first.

Don't worry, was the response, if the convention center is built, the hotels will come.

Sophisticates knew that a new convention hotel would undoubtedly have to be subsidized. But no one was then talking about what the city now plans, a completely city-built and -owned hotel.

The state has a constitutional debt limit of $350,000. The courts have allowed that to be skirted by approving larger debt secured by specific revenues rather than general appropriations. But the state's multiyear commitment to Civic Plaza is from general appropriations.

The city charter says that any expenditure in excess of $3 million for sports, entertainment or convention facilities has to be approved by voters. The city plans to skirt that requirement by running the hotel funding through a municipal corporation rather than the city books and claiming that the hotel isn't a convention facility.

Ever since the Legislature pledged future General Fund appropriations to the Civic Plaza and university research labs, a buzz about a possible debt-limit legal challenge has waxed and waned. And evading the $3 million charter requirement for the hotel will create a political, if not a legal, stink.

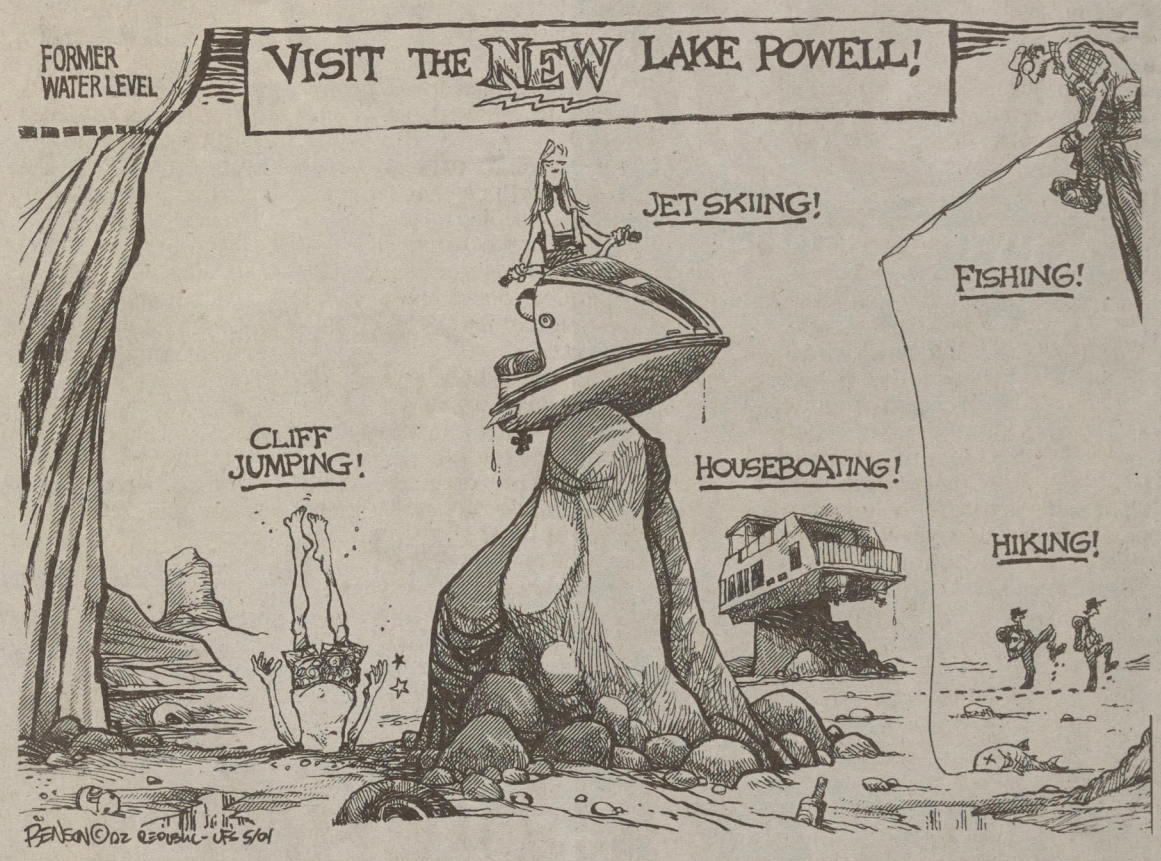
With the hotel, taxpayers will already be into downtown improvements for around a billion dollars, even discounting carrying costs. Crow has made it clear that the city is going to have to be more than a cheerleader to make the downtown campus a reality. He's looking for land, buildings or financial assistance.

Right now, all of this is flying under the political radar screen. But at some point, taxpayers may decide the party has gotten a little expensive.

Reach Robb at robert.robb@arizonarepublic.com or (602) 444-8472. His column appears Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

BENSON'S VIEW

steve.benson@arizonarepublic.com or 602.444.8035



Bush's flights of fantasy fail to crack Kerry's rep

John Kerry has built a campaign around his military service. President Bush is building a campaign seemingly intent on discrediting it.

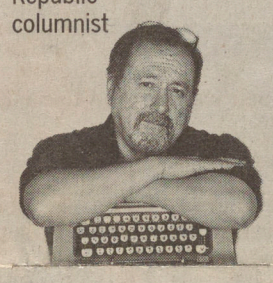
What's at stake for both is street cred.

So let's review. Two words: Fact and fantasy.

Fact: Bush got into the Texas Air National Guard in 1968, probably with the help of his congressman father. This allowed him to avoid the draft and service in Vietnam.

Fantasy: Bush says he supported his government during that war. OK. What does that mean?

O. Ricardo Pimentel
Republic columnist



$40 million worth of mud doesn't alter one fact: The senator walked the walk when his country called.

Consider this Bush quote, circa 1990s, resurrected recently in the *Baltimore Sun*. "I was not prepared to shoot my eardrum out with a shotgun in order to get a deferment. Nor was I willing to go to Canada. So I chose to better myself by learning how to fly airplanes," he said.

Fact: Bush was honorably discharged about eight months before completing his six-year commitment. It's unclear whether he showed up for duty during swaths of his commitment.

Fantasy: He fulfilled all the obligations required of his service.

Technically and legally, he did. But let us consider the context of service today. There are several thousand reservists and National Guardsmen in Iraq. Their Iraq tours have *not* been cut short. They have, in fact, been extended. Is it, "do as I say, not as I do"?

Yes, Kerry got out early too — after Vietnam service, a Silver Star, Bronze Star and three Purple Hearts.

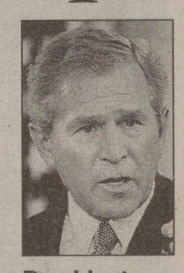
Look, Bush should just come clean. He simply didn't want to go to Vietnam.

It's OK. Some of my best friends were draft dodgers. Heck, I didn't want to be drafted. People about my age and the president's age will totally understand about not wanting to go to Vietnam.

Some in my generation went to Vietnam because they thought it was their duty. Others went because they had no choice ... that pesky draft and all. The point back then, however, was to give yourself options. Student draft deferments were the best thing to ever happen to college enrollment. Ask Dick Cheney, who says he had "other priorities" than military service in the '60s.

The National Guard was often just another option.

If President Bush were to say, "I didn't want to go to Vietnam because it was an unjust and unwise war, but I still wanted to serve and the National Guard was an honorable way to do that," well, that would put a whole different spin on things. Of course, he would then have to tell us how Vietnam and Iraq are different. And perhaps this is what he wants to avoid.



President Bush

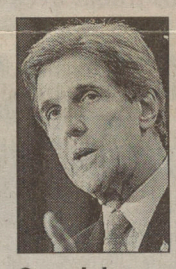
But there is also a bit of fact and fantasy being attached to Kerry.

He won medals and then came home to become an anti-war activist.

Fact: Kerry's anti-war record says something significant about him.

Fantasy: It says he was a traitor because he hobnobbed with the likes of Hanoi Jane Fonda.

The folks acting as Bush surrogates who are calling Kerry a traitor would have us believe that there is something dishonorable about acting on convictions that most of us now hold to be self-evident about Vietnam.



Sen. John Kerry

OK, he threw away some ribbons or medals or whatever. He earned them. He could do anything he wanted with them.

Yes, Kerry was stating his anti-war views while our troops were still over there. Sorry, there really is no better time to save lives than when they are at risk.

The attitude that Kerry's anti-war activism dishonors him is just a variation of something else we hear today. Questioning the commander-in-chief during war and, heaven forbid, even making the Vietnam analogy is tantamount to giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

No. It's about giving succor to your own countrymen and nurturing the notion that freedom of speech is most important when we are facing a crisis.

In Bush, we have a military veteran who very likely was given favorable treatment as a National Guardsman. He talks to us about the need for duty and sacrifice but didn't evidence any.

In Kerry, we have a military veteran who probably could have drawn on privilege but knows war firsthand.

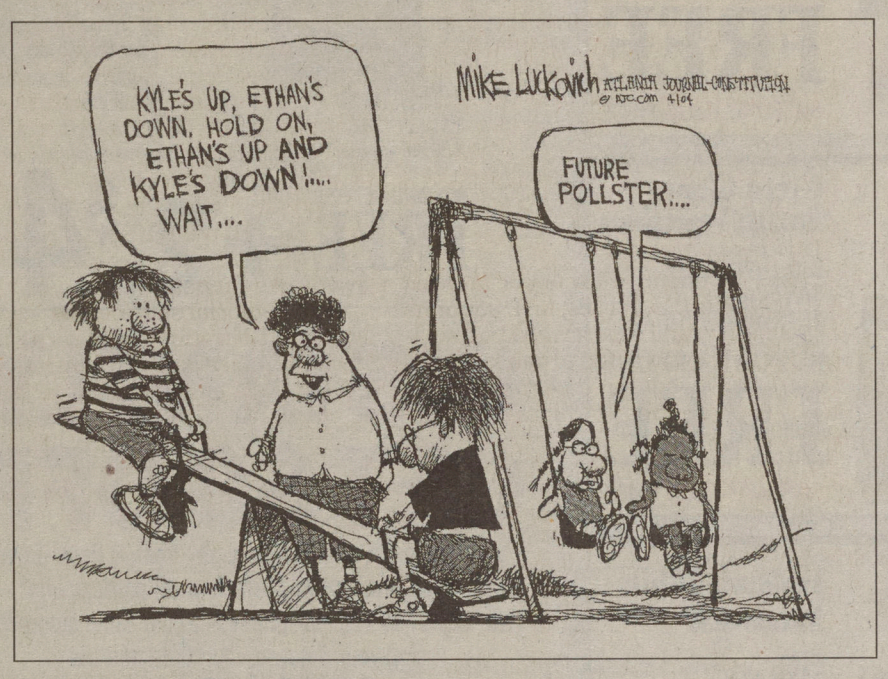
Who do we think has the most street cred here?

Bush spent about $40 million in TV advertising against Kerry in the last two months. He unveiled more last week, casting Kerry as weak on defense. Sorry, this is not likely to change the answer about who has the most street cred.

All that spending could, however, muddy things up. Mud does that and Bush is counting on it.

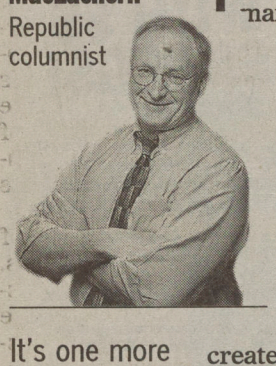
Reach Pimentel at ricardo.pimentel@arizonarepublic.com or (602) 444-8210. His column appears Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays.

ANOTHER VIEW



Air America circles endlessly, but always to left

Doug MacEachern
Republic columnist



It's one more goofy way to say over and over and over and over how much liberals hate Bush.

If I didn't already suspect that liberals were utterly tone deaf when it comes to markets and free enterprise, the stumbling, bumbling start-up of the liberal talk-radio network, Air America, pretty much caps it.

But what they do understand — far better than conservatives, obviously — is how to aggressively manipulate the gaping holes that the regulators of campaign-finance reform laws have opened for them.

And while Air America may not technically fall into the category of those organizations that are being created, essentially, to skirt the intent of campaign finance reform, it has become the loudest, most obnoxious symbol of those groups.

No, Air America isn't one of those new, money-laundering "527" committees that have sprung up since the passage of the Bipartisan Campaign Reform Act of 2002. It just acts like one.

With every clumsy pratfall — it already has been bounced from the air in two of its biggest markets and its top managers just up and quit last week — Air America demonstrates that establishing a long-term competition with conservative talk radio was never its real intent. It was created by people who hate George W. Bush, and whose sole purpose is getting Bush out of office.

Some would say that its creation constitutes a campaign contribution to Sen. John Kerry. Liberals have poured $10 million into getting Air America off the ground, including $5 million from Bush-loathing billionaire George Soros. And given the rather single-minded programming of Air America — every show ought to be titled, "MY GOD I HATE BUSH SO MUCH I'M GOING TO FAINT!" — it is difficult to imagine what its hosts would have to say if Kerry wins in November.

The impression that Air America is just a novel campaign tool hasn't occurred to me alone.

"These people do not seem to be following the kind of business plan one would expect from a stable and formidable broadcast operation," said Michael Harrison, publisher of a magazine that follows the talk-radio business, to the *Los Angeles Times*.

The network, he told the *Washington Post*, approached its operations like a political campaign, soliciting contributors rather than building an advertising base.

Does anyone really believe a brilliant comedic talent like Al Franken — a guy who can make liberals roll on the floor, convulsed in laughter, just by repeating over and over again that "Rush Limbaugh is a big, fat liar!" — is going to make an almost unhearable radio gig his long-term occupation?

I don't.

My guess is that Franken's next move will be into *mass* media, and it will happen right after the election.

In practice, Air America is just like the fast-proliferating "527" committees that Democrats are putting to such effective use and which, conversely, have Republicans screaming foul.

The Bipartisan Campaign Reform Act (BCRA), also known as the McCain-Feingold reforms, abolished so-called "soft money" contributions to the political parties and severely limited direct contributions to federal candidates and officeholders. But a very broad interpretation of a section of the law by the Federal Elections Commission — Section 527 — has allowed supposedly non-aligned groups to raise tens of millions and spend them like water ... almost entirely on behalf of Kerry.

Previously non-existent groups like MoveOn.org and The Media Fund have spent more than $28 million on behalf of Kerry. This must be grieving the presidential candidate something awful, since he had this to say during the debate over passing McCain-Feingold: "The McCain-Feingold goal and objective, which I support, is to eliminate altogether the capacity of soft money to play the role that it does in our politics."

Oh, yes. That old role of bad, old soft money has been eliminated. Now there is a new, bigger, much less controllable role for soft money. Almost all of it going to Kerry.

Well-intentioned reform notwithstanding, Democrats are still making hearty use of soft money. They're rolling their millions into dark and mysterious groups like "527 organizations" and into goofy, blaring tools like Air America.

Doug MacEachern is a Republic editorial writer. He can be reached at doug.maceachern@arizonarepublic.com or (602) 444-8883.

Giving our best.™

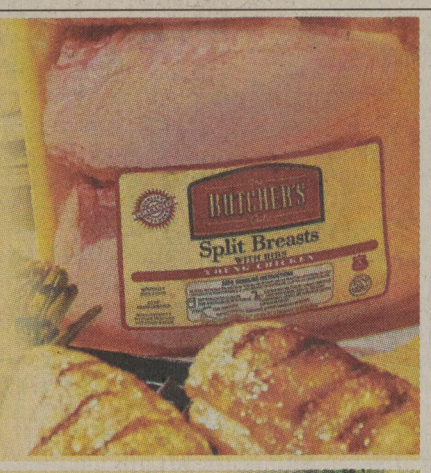
Great Meat Sale!

Meat's The Buy This Week at Safeway!

99¢ lb
SAFEWAY CLUB PRICE

VALU PACK
BUY BIG & SAVE!

Split Chicken Breast
Bone-in, Valu Pack.
Butcher's Cut.
SAVE up to $1.40 lb



$1.99 lb
SAFEWAY CLUB PRICE

Any Size Package!

Leanest Ground Beef
93% Lean.
Any size package.
SAVE up to $2.50 lb.



$2.99 lb
SAFEWAY CLUB PRICE

Pork Loin Backribs
Bone-in. Frozen.
SAVE up to $3.00 lb



$3.99 lb
SAFEWAY CLUB PRICE

Any Size Package!

Beef Loin Strip Steak
Bone-in.
Any size package.
SAVE up to $5.00 lb



Giving our best.™

INSTANT HIT Up To $19.23 SAVINGS!

(4) Pepsi 12-pk products	SAVE UP TO $7.96 on 4 Card price: $2.50 ea.
+ (4) Frito Lay Selected Products	SAVE UP TO $5.27
+ Instant Coupon	$6.00
TOTAL SAVINGS	$19.23

BUY 4 PEPSI 12-PKS



4 for $10

+

BUY 4 FRITO LAY Selected Products



Tostitos
11 to 13.5-oz.
Selected varieties.

Lays
11.5 to 12-oz.
Selected varieties.

BUY ONE, GET ONE FREE
SAFEWAY CLUB PRICE

+2 for $4

INSTANTLY GET $6 OFF

your entire bill when you buy any four (4) Pepsi-Cola 12-pack products AND any four (4) participating* Frito-Lay 11 to 13.5-oz. products in the same store visit using your Safeway Club Card and the **COUPON BELOW.**

*Participating Frito-Lay products include any flavor of LAY'S® Potato Chips, RUFFLES® Potato Chips, DORITOS® Tortilla Chips and TOSTITOS® Tortilla Chips.



INSTANT HIT WITH $6 SAVINGS!

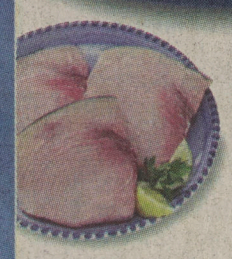
INSTANTLY GET $6 OFF your entire bill when you buy any four (4) Pepsi-Cola 12-pack products AND any four (4) participating* Frito-Lay 11-13½ oz. products in the same store visit using your Safeway Club Card and this coupon.

*Participating Frito-Lay products include any flavor of LAY'S® Potato Chips, RUFFLES® Potato Chips, DORITOS® Tortilla Chips and TOSTITOS® Tortilla Chips.

Manufacturer's Coupon / Expires 5/5/04. Valid at Safeway.
CONSUMER: Only one coupon per purchase. You pay sales tax and/or deposit charge. Coupon may not be assigned, transferred or reproduced. Any other use constitutes fraud. Cash value: 1/100¢.
RETAILER: We will reimburse you for the face value plus 8¢ handling if you and the consumer have complied with our Coupon Redemption Policy available at the redemption address. Mail coupons to PEPSI-COLA COMPANY, CMS Dept. 12000, 1 Fawcett Drive, Del Rio, TX 78840. Coupon Expires 5/5/04.
PEPSI, PEPSI-COLA, DIET PEPSI, MOUNTAIN DEW, SIERRA MIST and the Pepsi Globe design are registered trademarks of PepsiCo, Inc. DORITOS, DORITOS Logo, FRITO LAY, FRITO LAY Logo, LAY'S, LAY'S Logo, NACHO CHEESIER, RRRUFFLES HAVE RIDGES, RUFFLES, RUFFLES Logo, TOSTITOS and TOSTITOS Logo are trademarks used by Frito-Lay North America, Inc. ©2004 Frito-Lay North America, Inc.
1 Per Household.

SEAFOOD WEEKEND SPECIALS!

Last Chance! Sunday May 2nd only!



Swordfish Steak
Skin-on, frozen.
SAVE up to $2.00 lb.
5.99 lb
SAFEWAY CLUB PRICE

Sea Scallops
10 to 20-ct. Individually Quick Frozen.
SAVE up to $3.00 lb.
6.99 lb
SAFEWAY CLUB PRICE





Captain's Choice Cooked Shrimp
16 to 20-ct. Individually Quick Frozen. Also sold in a 2-lb. bag for $19.98 ea.
SAVE up to $8.00 lb.
9.99 lb
SAFEWAY CLUB PRICE

King Crab Legs and Claws
Frozen.
SAVE up to $9.00 lb.
10.99 lb
SAFEWAY CLUB PRICE





Kellogg's Cereal
12 to 20-oz.
Selected varieties.
SAVE up to $3.99 on 1 FREE

BUY ONE, GET ONE FREE
SAFEWAY CLUB PRICE



Tropicana Orange Juice
64-oz. Chilled.
Selected varieties.
SAVE up to $3.99 on 1 FREE

BUY ONE, GET ONE FREE
SAFEWAY CLUB PRICE

Arrowhead Water
6-pack, .5-liter bottles.
SAVE up to $2.69 on 1 FREE

BUY ONE, GET ONE FREE
SAFEWAY CLUB PRICE



8 Piece Fried Chicken
2 Breasts, 2 Legs, 2 Thighs and 2 Wings. Cooked fresh throughout the day.
SAVE up to $2.00 ea.
3.99 ea
SAFEWAY CLUB PRICE



Nabisco Oreo Cookies
15 to 18-oz.
Selected varieties.
SAVE up to $3.79 on 1 FREE

BUY ONE, GET ONE FREE
SAFEWAY CLUB PRICE



Lucerne Cottage Cheese
16-oz.
Selected varieties.
SAVE up to $1.99 on 1 FREE

BUY ONE, GET ONE FREE
SAFEWAY CLUB PRICE



Green Giant Frozen Vegetables
19 to 24-oz.
Selected varieties.
SAVE up to $3.99 on 1 FREE

BUY ONE, GET ONE FREE
SAFEWAY CLUB PRICE



Holsum White Sandwich
24-oz.
SAVE up to $2.59 on 1 FREE

BUY ONE, GET ONE FREE
SAFEWAY CLUB PRICE



MARKET FRESH

Golden Ripe Bananas
Excellent Source of Potassium.
Card price: 25¢ ea.
SAVE up to $1.36 on 4 lbs.
4 lbs $1
SAFEWAY CLUB PRICE



MARKET FRESH

Tomatoes on the Vine
Slice on a Garden Salad.
SAVE up to $2.00 lb.
99¢ lb
SAFEWAY CLUB PRICE

DOUBLE COUPONS everyday*
*See Stores for details.

Items & prices in this ad are effective May 2 , 6 a.m. thru May 4, Midnight 2004 at all Arizona Safeway stores. On Buy One, Get One Free ("BOGO") offers, customer must purchase the first item to receive the second item free. BOGO offers are not 1/2 price sales. If only a single item purchased, the regular price applies. Manufacturers' coupons may be used on purchased items only – not on free items. Limit one coupon per purchased item. Customer will be responsible for tax on the purchased and free items. No sales to dealers, restaurants or institutions. Sales in retail quantities only. Quantities of some items may be limited and subject to availability. Sales of products containing ephedrine, pseudoephedrine or phenylpropanolamine limited by law. Not responsible for typographical or pictorial errors. We reserve the right to correct all printed errors. ©2004 Safeway Inc.

Visit the Safeway Web site at www.safeway.com

MAY 2004

SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
2	3	4				