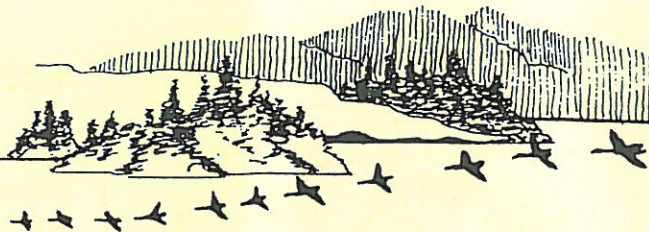


Archipelago

Spring 98



news, views, reviews and interviews on island community and conservation

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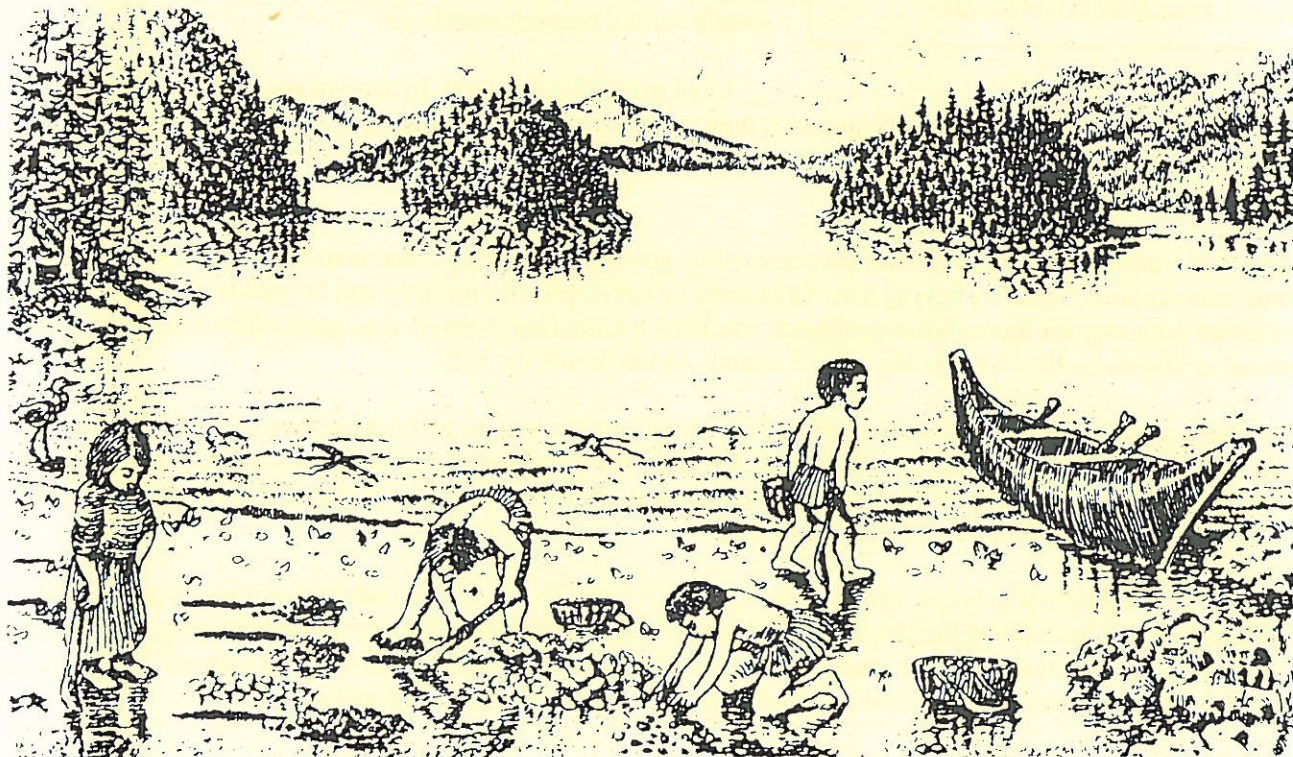
L.I.F.E. COMES TO THE PEBBLE BEACH RESERVE

March 20th, 1998 – the Vernal Equinox, when everything is in balance – the best possible time to begin stewardship of District Lot 63, the land at the end of McCoskrie Road that will be the keystone of the Pebble Beach Reserve. District Lot 63 is now owned by the Galiano Conservancy Association, which will manage the Reserve.

On the path down to Cable Bay, the red currant and salmon berry bushes show glorious gaudy pink blossoms, and the 12-hour sun is drying the mud from an El Nino winter's rain. It's a perfect day for a nature walk, and as good a day as it ever gets to remove broom. Early this equinoctial morning, directors and friends of the Galiano Conservancy Association are to meet two hundred young people from throughout

B.C., at the end of McCoskrie Road. The students are spending spring break as members of "Leadership Initiative For Earth (LIFE)," learning about the ecology of the Gulf Islands. This year the LIFEboat Flotilla, Canada's one-of-a-kind educational voyage for youth, arrived in nearly twenty heritage sailing and power vessels to culminate their week-long coastal adventure on Galiano Island. As we come up from Retreat Cove, we see a large group heading down to Greig Creek with Ken Millard, where they will learn the elements of stream-keeping. The rest are along the trail to Cable Bay to remove scotch broom as a public service project, and to learn about the ecology and history of the Pebble Beach area.

Continued on page 3



Intaglio by Ronaldo Norden, 1981



ARCHIPELAGO is published quarterly by the Galiano Conservancy Association in the interests of pooling knowledge, encouraging respect and inspiring affection for our natural heritage and for each other.

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Submissions, reactions, illustrations and poetry are welcomed for publication at the editor's discretion. Opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the publisher.

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UK's National Trust holds promise for us

by Stephen Hume

*excerpted from a column in the Vancouver Sun, January 3, 1998,
and reprinted here by permission of the publisher.*

I have written recently about the potential for recapturing stewardship of British Columbia forests from foreign investors who place profits before environmental protection.

Let's explore an imaginative option for getting the private sector directly involved in protecting landscapes that are either ecologically sensitive or have special esthetic or recreational values and returning them to the communities whose survival depends on sustainable resources. It involves promoting land trusts modeled on Britain's National Trust. According to Calvin Sandborn, legal counsel to the B.C. government, such trusts are "one of the great ideas Britain has given the world."

Founded in 1895 by three people concerned about the impact of uncontrolled industrialization and development on the natural landscape, the private non-profit trust's role is to raise funds from the people of Britain to acquire, manage and protect landscapes, historic sites and ecological preserves in perpetuity.

Today the trust has 2.4 million members, employs 6,777 people and owns outright on behalf of the nation 272,659 hectares - one per cent of all the land in England, Wales and Northern Ireland - including almost 1,000 kilometers of these countries' most beautiful coastal waterfront.

Land trusts like this work to acquire special sites outright through purchases, gifts or bequests. Sometimes they set up arrangements where special sites remain in private hands, but with special conservation covenants that prohibit certain types of development deemed to place its character at risk.

And land trusts, because they are not encumbered by government red tape, can undertake what might be called "rescue interventions," quickly buying sites threatened by development until they can be sold to an appropriate government authority for more formal parkland. The British model has worked with great effectiveness in countries as diverse as the Netherlands, New Zealand, Australia and the U.S.

Sandborn argues that local, community-based land trusts are the way to go because they hear of conservation threats and opportunities first. On the other hand, it's clear that small communities sometimes lack the expertise and resources necessary. This is where a provincewide trust drawing on the knowledge and skills of government and private-sector partnerships could provide backup.

In the U.S., Sandborn points out, acquisitions by trusts of sensitive lands for both national parks and the fish and wildlife service have saved the taxpayer \$50 million. More important, land trusts like these help to renew the general public's connections with the landscape itself and provide a powerful tool for broad cultural education. Is there a better way to encourage responsible citizenship and a sense of shared national purpose?



Continued from page 1

We are here to supplement and support the adult mentors who are travelling with the group. Dora Fitzgerald has come to pass on some of her prodigious expertise on the uses of native plants, and Robin Ridington and I to tell what we know about the Hul'quimi'num people, who have long inhabited this region. When our time comes, we take fifty students down to the field that fronts on Cable Bay. They sit on logs and listen as we evoke one hundred centuries of aboriginal use of this land. As I point out to sea and say, "Imagine what it was like to jump into a huge wooden canoe, and paddle with your relatives across the Strait of Georgia, to trade with bands in Tsawwassen, or far up the Fraser," I am interrupted by the cries of a gang of eagles fishing, only a hundred feet from shore. Their call tells us, "There is still richness to be had here." Indeed. Pebble Beach lies near the mid-point of Galiano. From here, the mainland mountains and the entrance to the Fraser River seem very close, and the journey by canoe seems both possible and desirable. No doubt Cable Bay was a favourite place to cross the island, for Galiano is at its narrowest point here; Retreat Cove on Galiano's west coast is about a kilometre away. From there, the Hul'quimi'num people could paddle quickly to the rich berry-picking places, the good hunting grounds, the best clamming beaches in their territory. We can only imagine the bounty that the islands and the waters between them held. Robin and I recently worked with representatives of the Hul'quimi'num people on an oral history project. The people we worked with will collect stories from the elders, some of whom may still remember when the

Hul'quimi'num were the majority of the population in these islands, and what it was like to grow up in such abundance.

Robin and I finish our presentation, and I walk over to watch Dora demonstrating how to pick nettles without getting prickled. One of the young men picks up a nettle and rubs it on his wrist. How does it feel? You really have to try it to know. A few minutes later, he is showing his friends the red, itchy bumps that are spreading along the cuff of his shirt. He has learned something – nettles do nettle. A young woman asks me about the salal that is competing with the broom for supremacy of place along the trail. She has never seen salal, except in florist's arrangements. I tell her that the berries are a valued food for the Hul'quimi'num; they collect them in late summer, when the fruit turns a deep purple. I mention that they can be used like blueberries, in pies or on ice cream or yogurt, and that Dora knows how to make a fine salal wine from it. "Far out!" she responds. For her, salal is now real, useful, edible – not just ornamentation. I feel the joy that comes at the end of hard labour, when the rewards become reality. The young people are learning, and this land is going to be here for the young and old for a long, long time.

As we return with our group, we meet Gary Moore, who is teaching another group of "LIFERS" about ecologically balanced forestry. Later, Tara Gill will take the photographs that accompany this article, and Carolyn Canfield will persuade gangs of young people to enter the forest in silence to hone their observational skills. Perhaps in the future some will return to join her in setting up the Smithsonian Institution/Man and Biosphere forest monitoring project. And throughout the day, Paul LeBlond and



Photographs
Compliments of
Tara Gill,
fisheye
fotography

residents were getting involved, MB turned to a public relations firm, Connor Development Services (CDS), for help. CDS, claiming "no project is a bad project," boasted of having successfully engineered community acceptance of nuclear waste and PCB disposal sites.

CDS failed on Galiano, in part, it can be hoped, because the day for such callous manipulation has come to an end. CDS also failed because Galiano is not like other communities. The problems many communities have defining themselves are less dramatic on Galiano, making the community less susceptible to outside influences like CDS. Aside from the local distinction between northend and southend, Galiano is a single community clearly defined by water boundaries.

The size of the community, 800 residents, guarantees that everyone knows everyone else. It is difficult to ignore people or issues. And it is impossible for an outsider, like CDS, to ask questions without the whole island, almost instantly, knowing at least one version of those questions.

In the past three years there have been a few hard won successes. Loggers leave a minimal corridor of trees along visible clear cuts. Certain "sensitive areas" have been excluded from cut plans. In 1989 MB agreed to the formation of the Forest and Land Use Council (FLUC). Made up of three representatives each from MB, the community and the government, FLUC "...serves as a mechanism to effectively address and resolve the concerns of the Community regarding MacMillan Bloedel's forest and land use practices on Galiano Island." MB has also agreed to experiment with selective logging.

These few successes, won through the reasoned persistence of community representatives, belie the difficult and frustrating task of negotiating with a big company. MB's promises were sometimes forgotten, strangely misinterpreted, altered without consultation, or simply ignored. The more concrete success in these past three years has been the overwhelming support of the community.

In the beginning MB accused islanders of ignorance, suggesting that they did not appreciate "the facts" about clear cut logging. Since then the community has educated itself about forestry, silviculture and the island's forest resource. The result has been a commitment to the concept of sustainable forestry, and not simply sustained timber.

MB's concessions to Galiano are best understood in light of their "other agenda" - development. The island's "anti-logging" stance, MB claimed, was forcing its hand. In the early 70's MB tried unsuccessfully to subdivide 1200 lots on Galiano. In response the island designed its 1972 Community Plan

to discourage development that might cause "...degradation of the rural way of life and damage the ecological system...." The foresight of those planners coupled with the present will of the community are the only obstacles to MB's current plans. MB must convince either the Islands Trust, the governing body of the Gulf Islands, or the Galiano community to change the Community Plan, before any development can take place on forest zoned lands.

MB was hardly naive enough to think islanders would accept a selective logging experiment as fair exchange for development. More ground work was needed. They dropped a few hints and before long development stories were a dime a dozen: 20 storey hotels, golf course at the foot of Mt. Sutil, malls, hanging gardens.... At a huge public meeting, MB revealed its plans, anticipating that islanders would be relieved by the modest nature of the proposal. No condominiums, no saunas, no resorts, just 350 single family units. To sweeten the deal MB offered to set aside green spaces for parks - the assumption being that government would ultimately purchase this land.

But MB had failed to appreciate that for many islanders development was a greater anathema than clear cut logging. Galiano is made up, mostly, of people from other places who had chosen Galiano for its tranquil, non-urban lifestyle. 350 single-family units would at least double the population to say nothing of their impact on traffic, water and sewage.

Matters moved from bad to worse when IntraWest, MB's development partner, admitted that although their company was involved in a wide range of development projects, that this was their first in single family units. Islanders could hardly be faulted for assuming that this proposal was nothing more than the thin edge of the wedge. More than one islander demanded that MB sell their land to the community.

Now MB started to make noise about selling its Galiano holdings. Those who have been exploring community purchase are now under pressure to act. The community is intrigued by the prospect of managing its own forest environment. But can the community get its act together? Will MB give Galiano enough time to design the type of business and management plan required to raise adequate funds for community purchase?

These are tense, exciting times for residents of Galiano. Regardless of the outcome they have discovered that a community can define its own local interests. They are confident that there is little that experts know that they cannot learn themselves. And in particular, they have come to appreciate that, no matter who owns forest lands, communities have an obligation to care for their own environment.

“A Sense of Place”

by James McCarthy

James McCarthy B.Sc. (Forestry), former Deputy Director for Scotland of the UK's Nature Conservancy Council, visited Galiano Island in 1988 at the start of the big push to log the island. His clarion call for community-conscious forestry then, and his continuing support of islanders' conservation efforts down through the years, have earned him a special place in the hearts of all friends of Galiano Island. His words, as always, carry both weight and wisdom.



Scotland's Heritage

A few months ago, overlooking the Cairngorm Mountain range, I asked the Professor of Celtic at Aberdeen University, Seumas Grand, what the Gaelic name would be for the plateau above us. He replied that there would be none - the original inhabitants of the glens would not have thought in these terms - and he then went on to give me a stream of Gaelic words for the particular places in these mountains that had a special significance: that hollow where the cattle were killed, that piece of treacherous bog that was to be avoided, the place where the poet soldier fled from the redcoats, the crag where the hound dog leapt to its death, etc., etc. Every place had its own story and myth, important to the community and its collective history.

Taken together these places might have constituted *dulchas*, that untranslatable Gaelic word that is simultaneously home, heritage, and even one's own personality and sense of identity. It may be significant that the modern English-speaking world has no equivalent word, since the West has long since lost such an aboriginal link to the nature of our place and native sense of ourselves.

The great Scottish geologist Sir Archibald Geikie records in the mid-19th century how, on the Isle of Skye, he looked down on a departing emigrant ship bound for Canada from which came the most unearthly wail of a kind that seemed to be torn from the hearts of its passengers - a sound he never wished to hear again, and that may well have been a cry for the ultimate loss of their *dulchas* and thus themselves. As Seumas Grand said, it is still with us today, in the tears shed by a great strapping Highland lad as the ferry departs to take him all the way to a mainland Scottish University! Perhaps my own is represented by the logo at the head of this article, taken from a fine Pictish stone of about the 5th century in a church house garden near to Glamis Castle in Angus and a stone's throw from the farm where I worked as a boy in the harvest fields.

When I was on Galiano Island in 1988, (see *Archipelago Autumn* 1997) I was employed by the then UK government conservation agency that prided itself on its strictly scientific approach. I was responsible for officially designating well over 1000 natural areas with the rather intimidating title of “Sites of Special *Scientific* Interest” in Scotland. For some time I had come to the conclusion that this label obscured the fact that such places were as much part of our culture (why else do we conserve them?) as repositories of potential scientific information, but that this label sent out quite the wrong signals in the remoter areas where a diminishing population still struggled with a hostile environment to eke out a living, and for whom “wilderness” is a pejorative term. “Is there any place for people - and who is conserving them?” was and still is the cry. The Canadian author Hugh MacLennan, describing the ‘sweeps of emptiness’ said: “Above the sixtieth parallel in Canada you feel that nobody but God has ever been there before you, but in a deserted Highland glen, you feel that everyone who ever mattered is dead and gone.”

A century and a half earlier, Dorothy Wordsworth, returning from her travels with her brother William in the Highlands, saw such places as “so many inhabited solitudes.” This is the title I have given to a book to be published next spring. In it I have tried to provide, albeit superficially, an holistic view of the country that relates our natural to our human history. For many it is the latter that may initially awaken an interest in the environment in which we have developed. Indeed, since my Galiano days, and early retirement from the Nature Conservancy Council, I have developed an educational service for visitors to Scotland that attempts to do precisely that - to show the very real connections between our environment, culture, even language, and development from earliest times to the present day. It is, after all, my *dulchas* and it gives me the greatest pleasure when visitors, as a result, become

aware of the reality of the country, beyond the tartan tat, the romantic imagery, and the 'grannie's hieland hame.' Increasingly, I am letting the conservation message speak for itself, simply describing and showing the country, albeit with genuine enthusiasm. I doubt if one in a thousand Scots knows, for example, that Scotland (though not England, that was ironically part of Europe) was part of Canada, a tiny blob stuck on to the Maritime Provinces - I like to think it might have been Nova Scotia - a few billion years ago.

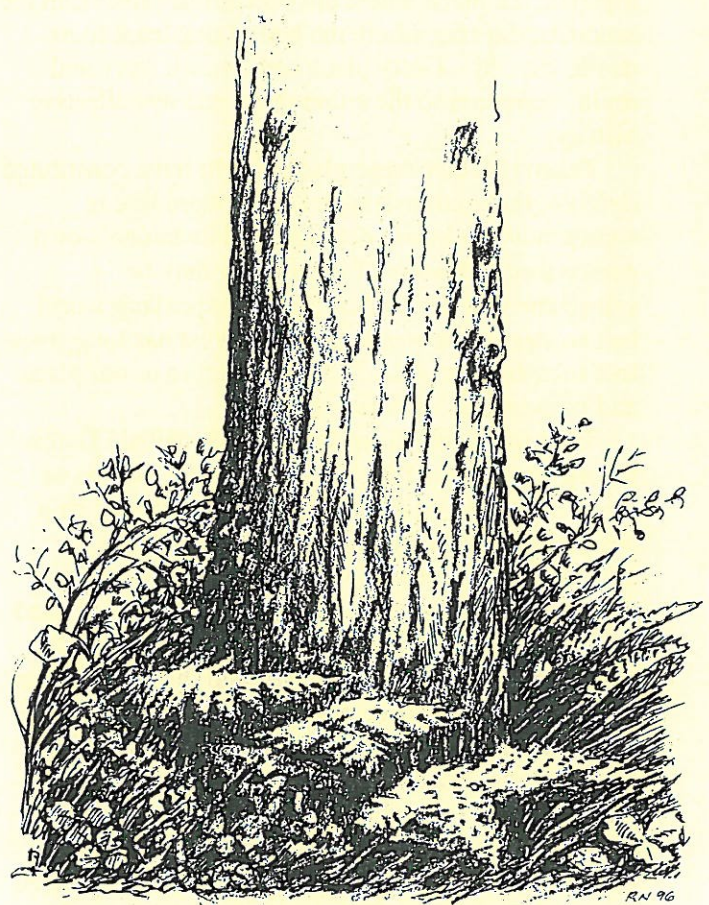
What is disturbing is how, even in official circles, the environment of this unique country is regarded as just another consumer item, not least among the tourist trade. We are happy to use the imagery of our puffins or our pine trees as a marketing ploy to attract the spenders, but are parsimonious when it comes to investing in their protection, even hostile to the notion that there may be some places where we would actively discourage visitation. It was another Canadian, Diane Pachal, commenting on the place of National Parks, who said that one of their functions might be as the "best places to learn restraint." My service, intended to stimulate interest in our heritage and perhaps even encourage a second visit, was described by one large hotel chain as "just another cost" - because it was not obviously bringing in more visitors!

Although tourism is now the single biggest industry in Scotland, with twice the indigenous population coming each year, providing much needed employment in rural areas especially, it is undoubtedly a two-edged sword. And having been closely connected to it over the last five years, I am aware of its capacity to erode, and possibly even, supplant my *dulchas*.

That said, it is also the awareness of what the natural environment can contribute to visitor experience that may be in part its salvation. There is no doubt that this has contributed to the quite remarkable public interest in the protection of our remaining native Scots Pinewoods, part of the great Caledonian Forest, in recent years. Although this has been led by voluntary organisations, there has also been an astonishing turn-around on the part of the government Forestry Commission, even to the extent of removing at considerable economic loss, many of the previously planted exotic conifers (mainly of British Columbia origin, such as Sitka Spruce!) from the most important relict native pine areas under state ownership.

This has to be a success story, a battle that in the late eighties I never thought we would win. But it wasn't visitors who brought this about: it was largely the constant pressure of the people of the country, the

articles in the press and on television, perhaps because the Scots Pine, even by its name, occupied a special place in the patrimony of the country, a part of our cultural as well as our natural inheritance. You will recognise the relevance of what I am trying to say in the context of Galiano Islanders, i.e. that people power pays, provided that there is the necessary degree of personal commitment to your own *dulchas* --of which, reading recent editions of *Archipelago*, I have no doubt. Remembering the beauty of the Galiano woods and shores, and the sense of community among the islanders, I would be proud to claim it as part of my own.



Drawing by Ronaldo Norden



Book Reviews

George Perkins Marsh, 1864:

Man and Nature: Or, Physical Geography as Modified by Human Action.

Edited by David Lowenthal 1965. Cambridge: The Belknap Press of Harvard University.

Reviewed by Robin Ridington.

When it was first published in 1864, George Perkins Marsh's great work, *Man and Nature*, ran counter to the conventional nineteenth-century notion that human destiny is a progressive domination of nature. For Marsh, people and nature form a complex community of mutual interdependencies. In particular, Marsh was impressed at how past civilizations had contributed to their own demise by destroying the natural systems on which they depended. Marsh began his work by stating that his object was:

"To indicate the character and, approximately, the extent of the changes produced by human action in the physical conditions of the globe we inhabit; to point out the dangers of imprudence and the necessity of caution in all operations which, on a large scale, interfere with the spontaneous arrangements of the organic or the inorganic world; to suggest the possibility and the importance of the restoration of disturbed harmonies and the material improvement of waste and exhausted regions; and, incidentally to illustrate the doctrine, that man is, in both kind and degree, a power of a higher order than any of the other forms of animated life, which, like him, are nourished at the table of bounteous nature."

Geography, for Marsh, is about living organisms, not just physical landscape. Thus, humans must be included in what we would now call a cultural geography. "Wherever man has transported a plant from its native habitat to a new soil," Marsh writes, "he has introduced a new geographical force to act upon it, and this generally at the expense of some indigenous growth which the foreign vegetable has supplanted." Everywhere, humans have transformed the natural habitat and in so doing, often "extirpated"

whole communities of plants and animals. Marsh looked to the past and saw vast areas of Europe, the Middle East and North Africa permanently degraded by over-exploitation. He noted that during the short span of recorded history, "the operation of causes set in action by man has brought the face of the earth to a desolation almost as complete as that of the moon."

Marsh tells his story in chapters entitled "The Woods," "The Waters," and "The Sands." In his chapter on the woods, Marsh explains that forest practices may have meteorological as well as local effects. By absorbing carbon, he suggests, forests "of earlier geological periods occasioned a permanent change in the constitution of the terrestrial atmosphere." Writing in 1864, when old growth forest communities of Amazonia and the Pacific Northwest were entirely intact, Marsh foretold the desolation that mechanized clearcutting has brought about, and at least indirectly predicted the possibility that deforestation might have global climatic consequences.

Most of the information Marsh cites is from the Old World, where entire civilizations have disappeared along with the natural environments that once supported them. He concludes the woods chapter with a warning:

"We have now felled forest enough everywhere, in many districts far too much. Let us restore this one element of material life to its normal proportions, and devise means for maintaining the permanence of its relations to the fields, the meadows, and the pastures, to the rain and the dews of heaven, to the springs and rivulets with which it waters the earth."

Marsh saw "man" as "a free moral agent working independently of nature" and therefore responsible for the destructive consequences of his actions. Rather than being a part of nature, he wrote, humans have the power to transform and even destroy natural systems. While Marsh was correct about human action overriding nature locally, he did not claim that on a global scale nature poses no limits. Thinking globally, as we must today, it is clear that everything people do takes place within the limits of natural

systems. That is why conventional economic theory is so dangerous, beginning as it does with an assumption that natural systems are almost infinitely expandable.

Marsh's belief in human rationality and responsibility suggests at least the possibility of working within natural limitations. The global perspective of ecological economists like William Reese resonate remarkably well with the themes of Marsh's *Man and Nature*. "Even now," Marsh wrote in 1864, "we are breaking up the floor and wainscoting and doors and window frames of our dwelling, for fuel to warm our bodies and seethe our pottage." What was a prescient warning in 1864 is today's imperative. *Man and Nature* is available at the Galiano Conservancy Association library. It is still a good read – and a thought provoking one – a hundred and thirty-three years after its publication.

Oops

by Alvin Schreiber

*Another species goes extinct.
Oops, too bad.*

*Another and another
and another and ...
Oops, too bad.*

*There goes homosap;
Oops, too bad.*



Drawing by Annette Shaw

Among Whales

by Roger Payne.

Scribner, 1995. 430 pages. Available at the library of the Galiano Conservancy Association.

Reviewed by Greg Foster.

Of all the former inhabitants of these islands whose absence haunts our collective memory, perhaps the great whales are most deeply mourned. Compared with the early days our waters seem barren and deserted, bereft of myth and magic that Leviathan engendered here. No sudden and uncharted breathing islands surface in the ferry's path; no mystic spouts surprise the fisherman abroad at dawn; no sighs from the heart of the deep echo in our uncomprehending ears as we wait at midnight high above the flooding waters in the pass.

Will they ever come again? Two hundred years ago the first European explorers to penetrate the Gulf of Georgia and its island-studded passageways recorded their amazement at finding so many great whales. Both the British and Spanish journals abound with references.

"In the course of the forenoon a great number of whales were playing about in every direction; and though we had frequently been visited by these animals in this inland navigation, there seemed more about us now than all we had seen before, if collected together." (Captain Vancouver, June 25, 1792 - southern Gulf)

"Numberless whales enjoying the season, were playing about the ship in every direction." (Vancouver, July 13, 1792 - northern Gulf)

"The sea was very unresponsive to our fishing, although the abundance of whales which blew in the [Gulf of Georgia] ought to have promised abundance." (Captain Galiano, June 28, 1792)

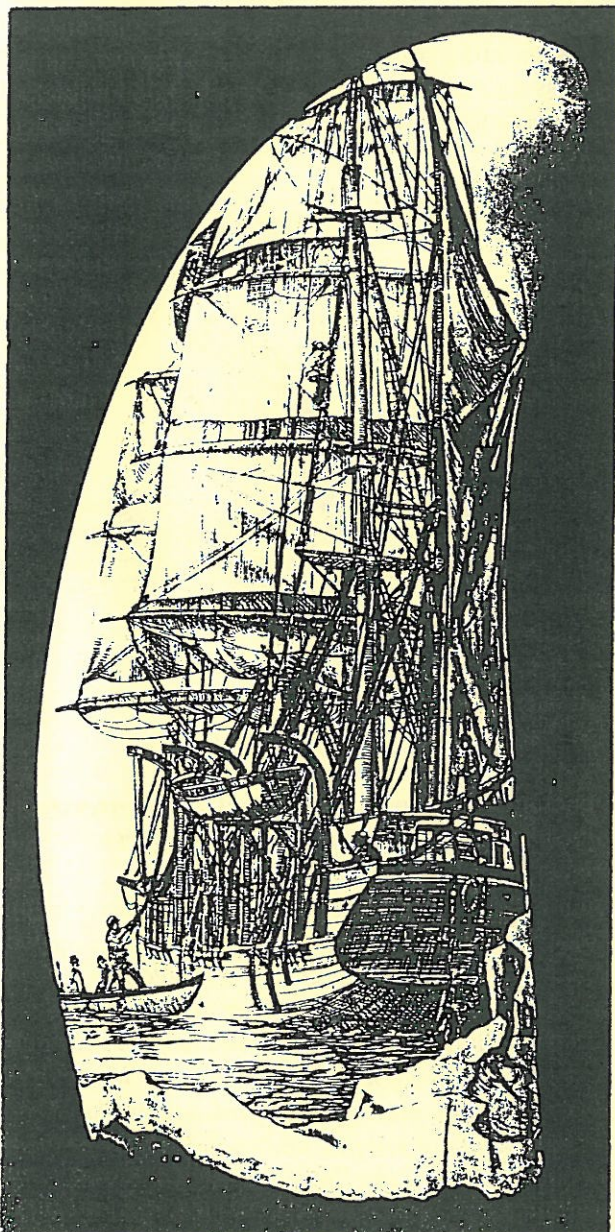
They were seeing more than Orcas, the beloved little giants of our times. The spouts drifting on their decks, the sounds reverberating in their wooden hulls were from the Grey, the Minke, the Fin, the Blue, the Humpback, the Right...all since long departed.

Even in recent memory the Minke whales - smallest of the rorqual clan - were still to be seen (or heard) if you were lucky. In the late 60's, Shay and I listened to one blowing in the pass below us, hearing for the first time in our lives this voice out of the depths of ocean and the dawn of time. Vagabonds till then, we decided to make a home in these islands, to be near such voices.

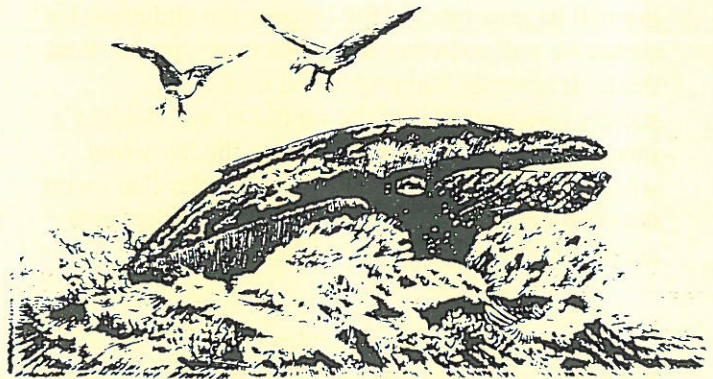
Some years later, sitting on the floor of the first sailing cargo boat we built, while the old *Ark* steered herself into the setting sun, a vast sigh from right

alongside brought me to my feet with my hair standing on end, in time to see a huge grey shape rolling down beneath the boat and surfacing again on the other side. But it was “hail and farewell,” for I have never seen or heard another since.

In those days, we took it for granted that whales were more or less common in these waters and always would be. Only later did we discover that we were seeing the last remnant of once vast herds that used to resort to this river-nourished inshore sea. Even the very place we chose to settle (Whaler Bay, one of the only Gulf Island ports opening onto the Gulf) had sheltered the whaleships that pursued their quarry to extinction in these waters.



Scrimshaw of whaleship



Humpback Whale

Intaglio by R. Norden

In the absence of real whales, we have been thankful for the consolation of the Orcas, largest members of the dolphin family. And we have read about whales: the accounts of people who hunted them, scientific studies of the many different kinds, their habits and distribution; eloquent appeals to stop the slaughter of the largest living things on earth; and efforts to understand what the whales may have to tell us from their beguiling, gentle, musical existence of such immense antiquity.

One of the very best books to combine all of these approaches in eloquent and moving prose is *Among Whales* by Roger Payne. Published in 1995, it is a highly personal testament from one of the world's leading experts on whales, covering a “life spent among whales” for over thirty years. Payne is a scientist, but his book is much more than a scientific treatise.

“This book is not intended to be a compendium of information on whales - there are many such books available. It is about the things I know about whales that intrigue me most and about what I think whales can teach humanity. For I believe that the principal gift that whales offer humanity is that they are the only animals that can impress us enough to change our minds about the importance of the wide world.”

My copy of *Among Whales* is now so marked up with memorable passages that I sort of wish I had underlined the sections I did not want to remember or refer to. The world has been waiting a long time for Payne's first book, and it has been well worth the wait. Here are some examples:

* * * *

“Using an economic argument as if it were the soundest basis for judgement is, of course at the root of the tragedy of our times. One could hardly find a clearer example of what such reasoning leads to than the present state of whales. Simply stated, putting economics first is the myopia of this the most short-sighted of all civilizations; it is the view for which our

era will be remembered the longest, the addiction for which we will someday be judged more harshly than the most ignorant and prejudiced medieval society...we spend all of the capital of our children's inheritance to maintain ourselves in the myth that what we are doing is viable. I would offer that this is the most deeply flawed, most expensive belief ever adopted in the history of our species."

* * * *

"The first time I ever recorded the songs of humpback whales at night was off Bermuda. It was also the first time I had ever heard the abyss. Normally you don't hear the size of the ocean when you are listening, but I heard it that night. It was a bit like walking into a dark cave, dropping your flashlight, and hearing wave after wave of echoes cascading back from the darkness beyond, realizing for the first time that you are standing at the entrance to an enormous room. The cave has spoken to you. That's what whales do; they give the ocean its voice, and the voice they give it is ethereal and unearthly."

* * * *

"When the Save the Whales movement started, whalers were killing about 33 thousand whales a year. When the moratorium was voted in (1986), this had dropped to about one thousand whales a year. The movement managed to stop about 97 percent of whaling. But as it turned out, while we were fighting the whalers two other causes of death for cetaceans had started to rear their heads, which left the problems caused by whaling in the shade. In recent years we had, in effect, our eyes on the wrong ball...One of these was (and still is) the accidental deaths of cetaceans in fishing gear...[But] because whales have survived into an age of high technology, they now face threats that make death by harpoons or accidental capture in fishing gear seem pale by comparison: I am referring to the slow but inexorable accumulation of toxic substances in their bodies."

* * * *

"Humpback whales and humans have been on separate but parallel paths of evolution since long before the appearance of our earliest hominid ancestors. During the past 53 million years there cannot have been...any significant possibility that humpbacks and our human ancestors were able to hear each other's songs and from that hearing to modify their laws of composition. Yet whales use many of the same laws of composition in their songs that we use in ours. Human music and whale songs are strikingly similar in many basic ways."

"I have discovered that when I am filled with hope and hotly trying to answer some question, it is very disquieting to stop and consider that there may indeed be no possibility of finding out the answer - that from the start my entire quest has been in vain. I have had these feelings about many things that I would love to know about whales but have decided to be grateful for the crumbs of truth - the minor insights - that whales deign to drop from time to time in front of scientists like me. The study of whales is a kind of trial by fire in which one learns eventually...that it is enough to be a part of life on earth, rather than trying to control it. I cannot escape the conclusion that when we are trying to figure out how our own expected lifetime of seventy-five years relates to the 4.6 billion years that had to pass before the cooling planet earth could produce life as we know it, we might find it useful to affirm to ourselves that it is enough to be a part of the process rather than continue our mad pursuit to become its ultimate beneficiary."



SETI

a sonnet by Alvin Schreiber

*Across the cosmos man would now converse.
This creature greatly over-rates his art
To think he can contain a universe
Within his ear or eye or mind or heart.
A record in some grain of sand upon
A wand'ring moon that says a molecule,
Now dead, here split itself, became, from one,
A pair—such knowledge should delight this fool,
Should be enough to show this fancy blight,
Which momentarily fouls land, sea, and air,
That he is not unique, and that it's quite
Absurd to seek intelligence out there!*

*So we present, without a trace of mirth,
The thought that first he seek it here on earth.*

INTERACTIVE

"... sensational Archipelago"
Galiano Forest Lot Owners' Association

**"It's only about two whale soundings
across and ten long, but Galiano Island
has one of the most energetic
Conservancies in the province."**
Salt Spring Island Conservancy

On the anniversary of our first year of publication, the editorial committee would like to thank all of you who have taken time to write letters and give us your reactions to Archipelago. Space doesn't permit us to print them all - especially the overwhelming response to our last issue - but we include here a selection of what our readers are saying. Please keep up the interaction; just remember to include your full name and address if you want your submission to appear in print.

Listen first of all to this sampling of recent responses:

"Powerful."

"I couldn't put it down."

"It made the issues so clear and understandable for people who don't know a lot about the Forest lands debate."

"Full of lies and misinformation."

"Covered everything."

"I like the way you presented all sides of the issues and let the people speak for themselves ... very fair."

"Most delightful reading. I haven't had such a lift since the Appeal Court decision."

"I read every word; usually I get bogged down and don't finish things."

"I may not agree with everything it says but I sure learned a lot."

"I am speechless. The tactics of the Forest zone owners are insulting. Is there any use trying to explain to them? Our basic beliefs conflict."

"The last issue of Archipelago is my Bible for understanding land issues on Galiano."

And now for some of the full letters and submissions:

I demand a retraction ...

To the Editor:

I have just read your lengthy overly biased editorial regarding the topic of the Galiano Forest Lands. Among the exaggerated claims on many issues, there exists blatant lies and gross misinformation about me personally. I demand a retraction and a printing of the truth.

Your most blatant lie is in your statement "Who, according to the FZO proposal, would go scot-free of any obligation to donate land to a community forest in return for 20 acre density."

If you had taken the time to check your facts you would know that I do not own even close to 1,000 acres of forest, nor is the majority of this land "the choicest Forest zoned land" and you would also have discovered that my proposal includes a donation of approximately 190 acres to be used for community forest, park or whatever other use the community desires.

Had you further checked your facts you would also be aware that the remaining land, other than 5 acre building sites, would be covenanted to guarantee that it would be used for forestry or left in its natural state and that no further subdividing would be allowed.

If the balance of your editorial contains as many errors or omissions as the single column about me, how can you expect the community to put any credence in anything that you print?

Yours truly,
Richard M. Dewinetz

The Editorial Board apologizes to Mr. Dewinetz for any embarrassment caused by misinformation appearing in our Winter 1997 issue of Archipelago. But, here are the facts, as we understand them:

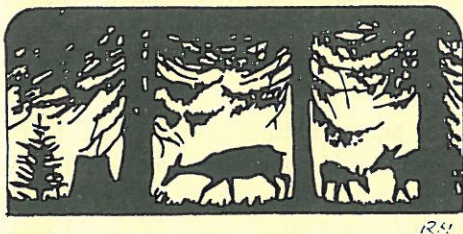
1) *In an affidavit signed by Mark Consiglio on May 1, 1995, he claims:*

- *To be "... an Officer and Director of Treeco Developments Ltd.*
- *That Treeco carries on business as a Land Developer and was created solely for the purpose of developing some of the land [on Galiano] ...*

- *The Lands consist of 1,000 acres on the east side of Galiano Island and for the most part were formerly owned by MacMillan Bloedel Ltd.” This affidavit also claims that Winmark Holding Ltd. (Richard Mark Dewinetz, principal) held a mortgage on all these former MB lands.*

2) *With regard to the majority of this land being “the choicest Forest zoned land,” the MB forestry maps show the Treeco lands to have a high level capability for forestry.*

3) *With regard to the “donation of approximately 190 acres to be used for community forest, park or whatever other use the community desires,” this seems a far cry from even the 50% donation outlined by the Forest Lot Owners “solution proposal.”*



A fair and clear manner

To the Editor:

Congratulations on your Vol. 1 No. 4 winter edition of your publication. In my opinion you have dealt in a fair and clear manner with our problem of finding a solution to the use of Forest Zone Lands. Thank you for clarifying who has said what, and for presenting the currently offered options. I am in complete agreement with your criticisms of the FZO demands and with your approbations of the work of Debbie and Margaret.

Thank you for your work on this excellent publication.

Mavis Clark, Deerfield, Galiano Island

Galiano story very supportive

To the Editor:

On behalf of the members and the Board of the Pender Island Conservancy, I wish to thank you for sending us copies of *Archipelago*. We enjoy reading them and place them in our public library for others to enjoy. It is encouraging to read what is happening on your island. In these days of hard work to ensure that these precious islands are protected, it is very supportive to read what you are doing on Galiano. Thanks so much and keep up your great work.

Sincerely,
Ella Donahue, Chairperson,
Pender Conservancy

Editor’s note: The following contribution is printed verbatim.

Does History Repeat Itself?

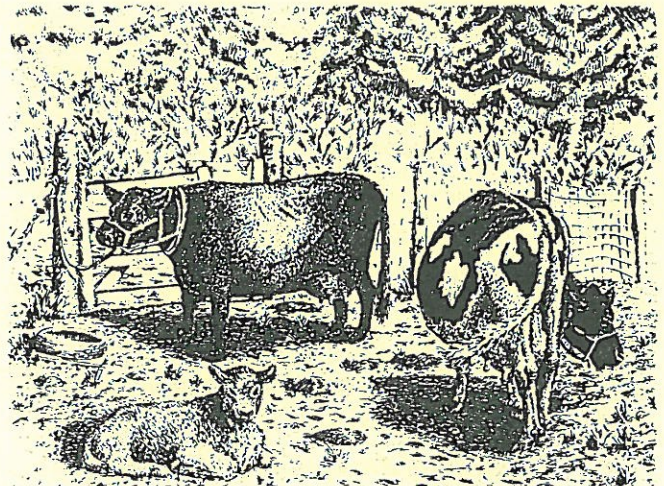
A Personal Notation

I am a product of the Hungarian social democratic movement. In Hungary in the late forties the Social Democratic Party (S.D.P.) legislated against all large landowners expropriating their properties for the state to redistribute. Then with by-law after by-law they managed to acquire from the people, every remaining inch of land, eventually forming large collective community farms.

By the middle of the fifties I had become a University Student, a relatively privileged youth, but I could not forget the fact that the S.D.P., by legislation, had firstly stolen my Fathers land and then our freedom.

In 1956 the peoples discontent erupted in a fiery revolution. Many people died in the ensuing battle for freedom, justice and democracy. This unpredictable incident, fueled by an ancient instinct, an inner compulsion that desires dignity for the individual and a force in all humanity. From the start to the finish, this was a revolution for the educated youth supported by the people. No one could tolerate the burden of unfair laws and regulations any longer.

Even though the Social Democratic Party had ‘educated’ a whole generation of youth within a closed society of communist ideals, the Hungarian experiment failed because the official lawmakers, elected, appointed or otherwise, failed to condition the peoples ancient instinct, to enjoy the right to live on their own land. The arrogance, or ignorance of lawmakers to deal with human problems in an equitable way invariable leads to dissent.



Intaglio by R. Norden

Fifty years later the same thing is happening on Galiano Island. I have worked on the Island since the early sixties and lived here since 1981. I feel that many of the by-laws on Galiano are beginning to infringe on our personal freedoms. Some people seem to think that their attachment to the land is greater than others and therefore under the guise of 'Preserve and Protect' it entitles them to restrict their fellow mans' freedoms i.e. they can live on a very small parcel of land whilst others are denied the right to build a home on twenty, fifty, even a hundred acres. Laws and by-laws must be based on the principles of equality; you cannot have a stratified community where some members enjoy more rights, more privileges and more benefits than his neighbor. This is not a fair democracy, and a sound community cannot be built on such a vulnerable foundation.

The debates of our times will not be the final laws for this given land. The stones of Galiano can testify to the natural laws of nature dating back at least 70 million years. Yet some lawmakers believe they are chiseling their last will and testaments on these stones.

Yours sadly,
Stephen Z. Ocsko



Skunk Cabbage

by Ronaldo Norden

Guest column in reply to Mr. Ocsko

Stephen Ocsko is issuing a warning that we may be on the road to slavery. There is a difference between totalitarianism and democracy, even when they happen to share a common action: that constraints can be put on one's property. He has the whole weight of his argument - that this was a dreadful period in Hungary - fall on the loss of the right to decide what you can do on your property. He omits that people were jailed for dissent, for practicing their religious beliefs, for objecting to Soviet troops being present, for border crossing without consent and other such repressions, to be jailed for years with no voice nor vote.

What we have in a democracy is a vote and a voice, but our candidate does not always win nor our voice convince. Restrictions on property are everywhere: building codes, use-of-land codes, and, sometimes for the greater good, even expropriation. The Sky Train may be built in our neighbourhood, property taken over to build a highway.

Islands have often been claimed for larger purposes: Toronto Island in Lake Ontario and revered Mackinaw Island in Lake Michigan, to name two. Here, years ago when it was proposed that the camping spots be vastly expanded, I wrote to the

government to say a crowded park is no longer a park and received what I thought a very rude reply, "You are not the only person in British Columbia nor even the only one who cares for nature. There are two rapidly growing cities nearby whose parents need to get their children into the country without driving for hours." Well - yes. Then a journalist leaked the plans for building bridges to replace the ferries. [see Summer 97 *Archipelago*.] One bridge was either adjacent to my property or actually on it. Here are two examples of opposite public uses of this island that cannot be reconciled.

Identifying with the greater good can bring acceptance. I think of the twenty-six young men in my graduating class who were killed in World War II because they knew what horror was and did not anticipate that life would become a rose garden.

With respect,
Katherine Rider, Galiano Island

For every bird today . . . there must have been a thousand

From a speech delivered at the LOGGING OF TWIN ISLANDS COUNCIL, February 5, 1998, by Sedley Sweeny, Cortes Island

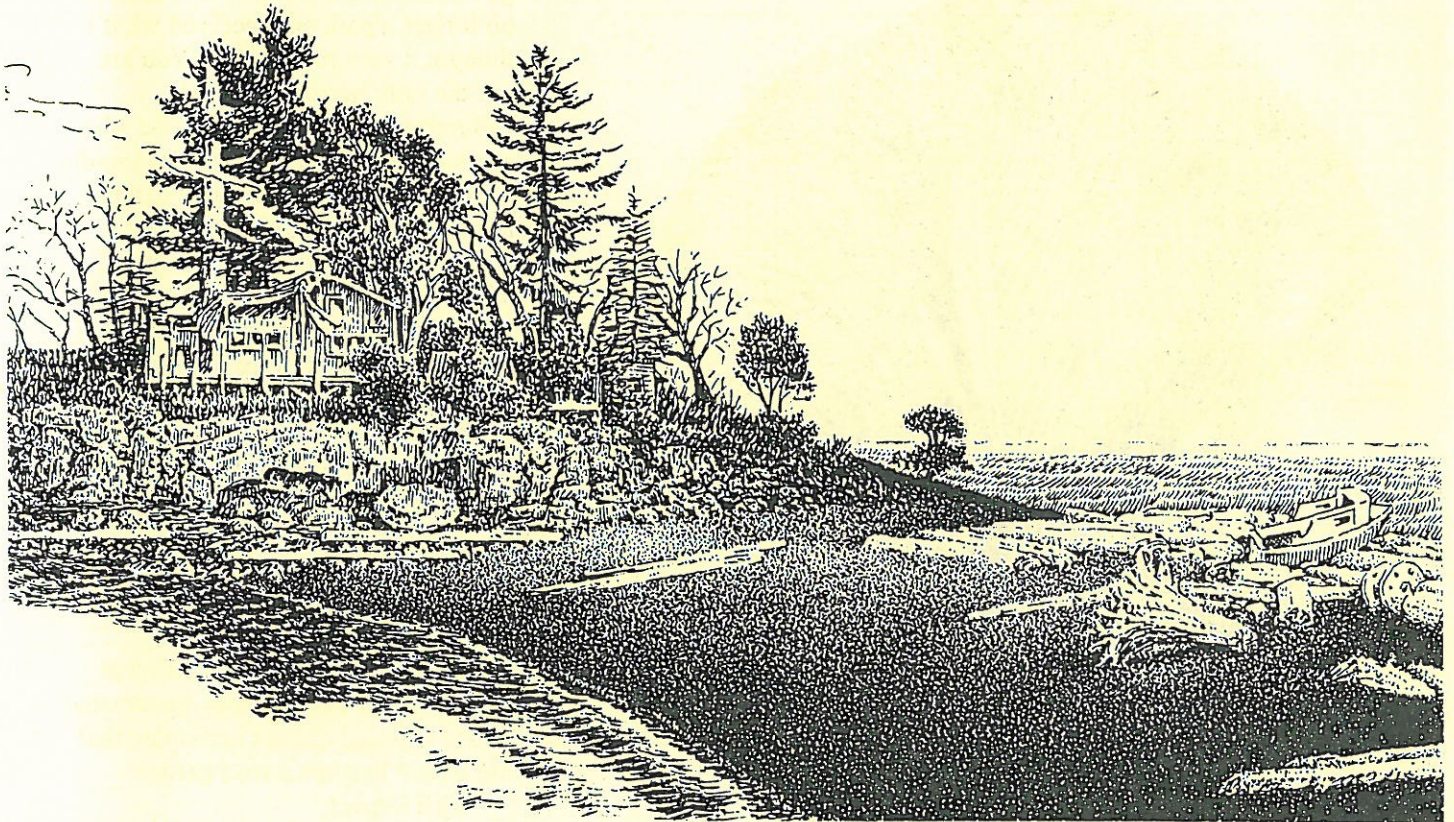
Why, some might ask, am I driven to spend many hours of my time confronting lawfully employed workmen who are merely struggling to make ends meet? What business have I to interfere with the plans of Mike Jenks (or Mac Blo) to make the maximum possible profit from their private land? Are they not entitled to do whatever they please to their own property? They bought it, didn't they, with their own money? -- or did they?... Making a profit from one's own property by whatever means one chooses, is nobody else's business -- or is it?

I came to this coast in 1919, and grew up amongst some of the loveliest islands in BC. Even then scars were appearing and the rape had begun. I was away from BC for nearly 50 years and was shocked at the appalling carnage I saw on my return just over ten

years ago. My most striking sadness was caused by the loss of the springtime dawn chorus of birds. For every bird that greets the sunrise today, there must have been a thousand when I was a child!

I sincerely believe that all life is interdependent, and that the human race is in no way superior to other forms. We are still privileged to live in a very beautiful world; but with every privilege goes a corresponding responsibility. We cannot alter any part of the environment without affecting the whole. If we continue with our present madness, we shall leave little for future generations, and the fortunes we make in the process will be useless to us or to our successors.

My protests at Cortes Bay and at Twin Islands were in no way directed against the machine operators or fallers trying to do their jobs, but at the whole idea of "cashing in" on the priceless capital of what remains of our forests. It's time we learned to live off the interest.



Coon Bay

Pen & ink drawing by Ronaldo Norden, 1973