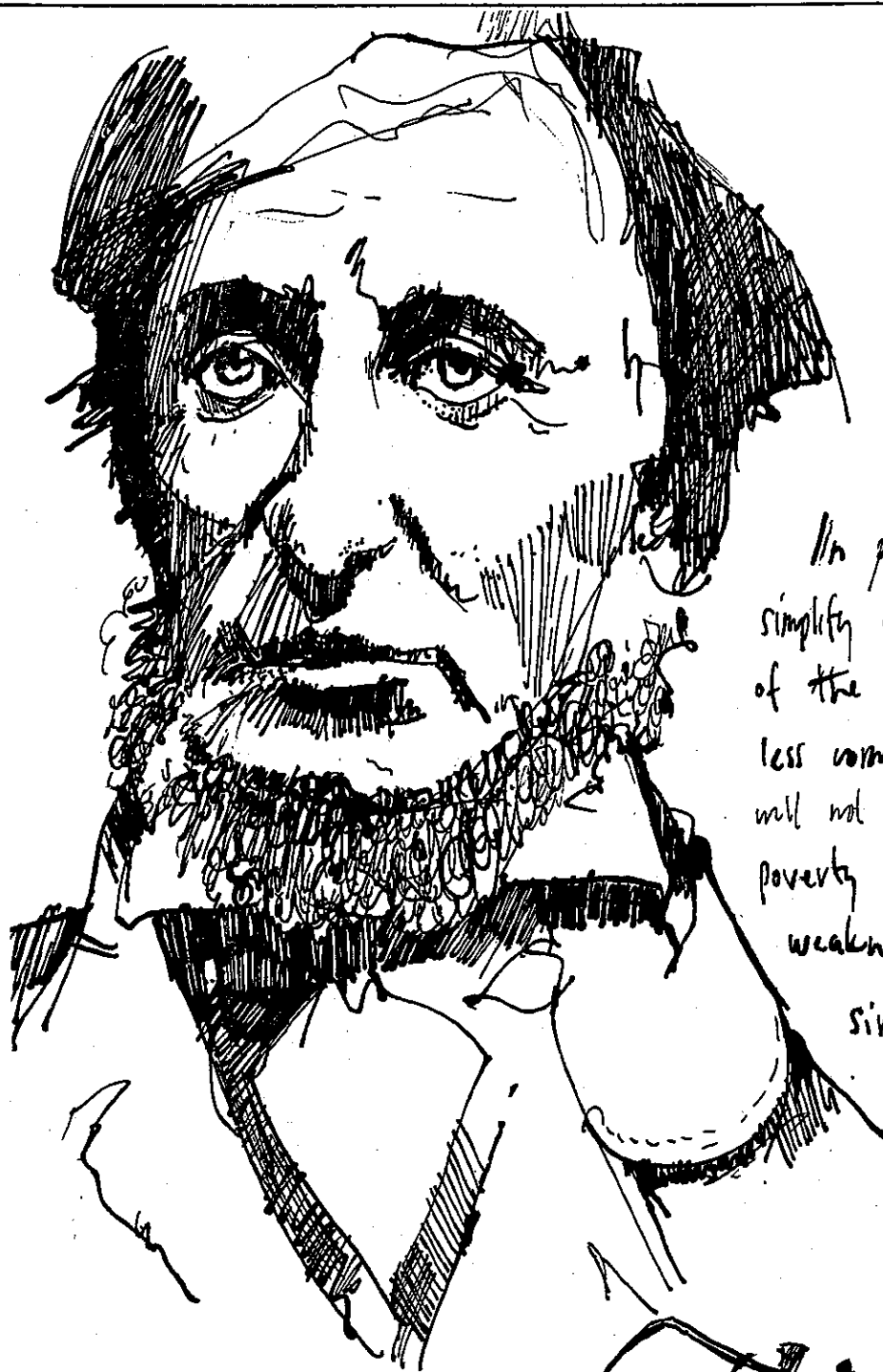


# Pathways

Volume 3, No. 5  
August, 1991

THE ONTARIO JOURNAL OF OUTDOOR EDUCATION



In proportion as we  
simplify our lives, the laws  
of the universe will appear  
less complex, and solitude  
will not be solitude, nor  
poverty poverty, nor weakness  
weakness... simplify. simplify  
simplify...

Thoreau

Kovachy '90

# Pathways

## Advertising in Pathways

This publication is now looking for advertisements which will be of interest to the readership as well as provide a method of defraying publication costs. If you have a product or service which might be of interest to our readership, please contact the Editorial Board Advertising Representative for an Advertising Information Package.

We ask that the product or service be:

1. valuable and useful to COEO members;
2. quality people, equipment, resources or programs.

## Advertising Rates

Size	Insertions			
	1	2	3	4
full page	\$300	\$500	\$700	\$800
1/2 page	200	300	400	500
1/3 page	150	250	350	400
1/4 page	125	200	275	350
<b>Covers</b>				
Front (inside)	400	700	900	1000
Back (inside)	500	900	1200	1400

## Publishing Schedule

Issue	Closing Date	Publication Date
Sept./Oct.	Aug. 1	Sept. 30
Nov./Dec.	Oct. 1	Nov. 30
Jan./Feb.	Dec. 1	Jan. 30
Mar./Apr.	Feb. 1	Mar. 30
May/June	Apr. 1	May 30
July/Aug.	Jun. 1	July 30

## Advertising Representative:

Dennis Hitchmough  
23 Cudham Drive  
Scarborough, Ontario  
M1S 3J5

## The Council of Outdoor Educators of Ontario Board of Directors

- President:** Kathy Reid  
RR#1  
Norwood K0L 2V0  
(B) 705-745-5791 (H) 705-639-5392
- Past President:** Clarke Birchard  
Box 190  
Chelsey N0G 1L0  
(B) 519-363-2014 (H) 519-363-2719
- Vice President:** Judy Simpson  
60 Blue Forest Drive  
Downsview M3H 4W5  
(B) 416-630-6263
- Treasurer:** Barrett Greenhow  
112 Kingsview Drive  
Bolton L7E 3V4  
(H) 416-857-3734 (B) 416-221-1988
- Secretary:** Glen Hester  
20 Linn Cres., RR#3  
Caledon East  
(B) 416-791-2221 (H) 416-880-0862
- Task Force:** Ginny Moor  
71 Banfield St.  
Paris N3L 3Z2
- Task Force:** Bob Takeda  
#1214-10 Bridletowne Circle  
Agincourt, M1W 2M4  
(B) 416-839-1146 (H) 416-497-4816
- Central:** Margit McNaughton  
RR#2, Hillsburgh N0B I2O  
(B) 416-453-3552 (H) 519-833-9858
- Western:** Liesel Knaack  
385 Mowat Ave.  
Kingston K7M 1L2  
(H) 613-531-9232
- Northern:** Jan Heinonen  
Box 517  
South River P0A 1X0  
(B) 705-386-2311 (H) 705-386-0590
- Far North:** Paul Higgins  
126 South Algonquin Ave.  
Thunder Bay P7B 4S6  
(B) 807-345-6471 (H) 807-767-8418
- Eastern:** David Royle  
22 Shudell Ave.  
Toronto M4J 1C6
- Membership:** John Aikman  
47 Rama Court  
Hamilton L8W 2B3  
(B) (H) 416-383-5696
- Prof. Dev. Chair:** Lloyd Fraser  
156 Shaughnessy Blvd.  
Willowdale M2J 1J8  
(B) 416-225-4661 (H) 416-493-2944
- Government Liaison:** John Thornton  
Rec. Branch, 77 Bloor Street West  
Toronto M7A 3X4  
(B) 416-965-2356 (H) 416-529-6255

# Pathways

## THE ONTARIO JOURNAL OF OUTDOOR EDUCATION

Volume 3, No. 5  
August, 1991

### Pathways Editorial Board

**Chairman:** Dennis Hitchmough  
23 Cudham Drive  
Scarborough, Ont. M1S 3J5

**Associate Editors:** Carina van Heyst  
948 Coxwell Ave.  
Toronto, Ont. M4C 3G3

Arnis Pukitis  
60 Wellington St., Box 40  
Aurora, Ont. L4G 3H2

Clare Magee  
c/o Seneca College, King campus  
RR#3, King City, Ont. L0G 1K0

Ralph Ingleton  
1806 Beechknoll Ave.  
Mississauga, Ont. L4W 3V2

Bob Henderson  
School of Physical Education  
McMaster University  
Hamilton, Ont. L8S 4K1

Mark Whitcombe  
34 Blind Line  
Orangeville, Ont. L9W 3A5

James Raffan  
Fac. of Ed., Queen's University  
Kingston, Ont. K7L 3N6

*Pathways* is published six times each year for the Council of Outdoor Educators of Ontario and mailed to COEO members. Membership fees include *Pathways*, as well as workshops, courses, and other benefits of membership. Complete membership information and application form are found on the inside back cover. Opinions expressed by contributors to *Pathways* are theirs solely and not necessarily those of the Editorial Board of *Pathways* or of COEO. Advertising included in *Pathways* should not be interpreted as endorsement of the product(s) by COEO. All rights reserved. Articles may be freely copied or reproduced, but requests must be made in writing to Dennis Hitchmough, Chairman, *Pathways* Editorial Board.

ISSN: 0840-8114

### Features

<b>Hospitality as an Environmental Metaphor</b>	
• by Bert Horwood .....	3
<b>Fringes, Fiddling &amp; Flying</b>	
• by Zabe Maaceachern .....	8
<b>"It Wouldn't Kill You to Show a Little More Respect"</b>	
• by Cameron Young .....	13
<b>"Identification Please"</b>	
• by Gordon Leenders .....	20
<b>Thinking Like a Planet</b>	
• by Skid Crease .....	22
<b>Into The Great Solitude: An Arctic Journey</b>	
• by I. S. MacLaren .....	26

### Columns

<b>Editor's Log Book</b>	
• by Bob Henderson .....	2
<b>Backpocket</b>	
Project WILD .....	18
<b>In the Field</b>	
Social Ecology .....	28
<b>Tracking</b>	
Upcoming Events, Resources and Activities .....	30
<b>On the Land</b>	
Earth Awareness Education Centre	
• by Bruce Murphy .....	31
<b>Reading the Trail</b>	
Northern Tales: Traditional Stories of Eskimo and Indian Peoples	
• Reviewed by Mark Whitcombe .....	32
<b>Prospect Point</b>	
Wilderness Erotica	
• by John Kaandorp .....	36

### State of the Art

Our contributors in this issue are: Don Burry, a PHD student at the University of Alberta, who specializes in hockey players, horses and canoe tripping; Gail Beglin, a Toronto artist; and Nancy Stevens, whose study on getting back "After the Journey," allows time for reflection. Our cover is by John Kaandorp, who also wrote "Wilderness Erotica."

*Pathways* is printed on recycled paper.





*Zebra mussel*

It's summer! Not a time for lesson plans and objective setting. It is a time to sit back with that favourite Maple tree as a backrest and be . . . whimsical. It is a time to relax and reflect, to spend time with the thoughts that you haven't had a chance to explore. We all have thoughts that we haven't caught up with yet. J. Zubin once said, "there ought to be a law preventing the stealing of your ideas before you have them." Well, simply put, summer is the time to have them. This summer issue of Pathways will hopefully inspire all the above.

Bert Horwood offers us "Hospitality" as an alternative to the conventional, but questionable, stewardship vision of humanities relationship to the earth presented in the last issue of Pathways. Cameron

Young, as a reprint from the west coast ecophilosophy journal, *The Trumpeter*, uses a story format to challenge our cultural sensibilities. Zabe MacEachern, a regular Pathways contributor, tries something different: pure delightful whimsy.

In keeping with Bert Horwood's showcase features, the whimsical intent is linked to spiritual dimensions in a light and lively manner. The writing here, both in features and columns is more cryptic than in other issues. The reader is often left to sort out meanings. The hope is that there is room for YOU in this writing.

Let's have fun. It's summer!

*Bob Henderson*  
Editor

## Letters to the Editor

*Dear Editor;*

Thank you very much for the article on "The Green Hunter." [vol. 3, #4] The reading of this excellent article has launched me on a new career. I now manufacture "green guns." These guns are computer controlled and are programmed to shoot only those animals that need to be harvested in order to conserve them. I could use some help with the programming, however. A few days ago I conserved a horse instead of a moose because the computer cannot distinguish between these two animals unless, of course, the horse has a jockey on it or the moose is walking

backwards. A few days before that I unfortunately murdered 45 chickens while attempting to conserve a bevy of Ruffed Grouse.

These green guns have brown and tan patches on them. Preliminary studies have shown that this markedly increases their effectiveness as conservation devices.

Yours in greenness with turquoise strips,

*Bill Andrews*  
President, Green Guns Inc.

## Hospitality as an Environmental Metaphor

by Bert Horwood

It was a grand wedding. There was a large number of friends and relations dancing, singing, laughing and talking. The host and hostess had an urgent conference because it was clear that they would soon run out of food and drink. "I'll run over to the neighbors and see what I can borrow," he offered. "Good idea. Hurry"

At each house, in turn, the man was welcomed. This one gave sandwich ingredients, that one had a case of beer, another offered fresh muffins. Gradually, a stream of good things came to the wedding feast which roared on happily.

This story, reconstructed from Gospel parables, illustrates hospitality as a virtue and a metaphor. In a previous essay, I argued that stewardship, although a popular environmental ideal, is flawed as an image for shaping our relationships in the biosphere. The purpose of this article is to examine the potential of hospitality, an ancient and sanctified virtue, to be a superior guiding metaphor for environmental curriculum and action. I will show that, unlike stewardship, hospitality is "grounded in a earth-friendly mythology which can help alienated humans to identify themselves with the rest of nature and would promote the ability to discipline our powers" (Horwood, 1991).

### The Meaning of Hospitality

The origin of the language of hospitality is a single ancient word, *ghostes*. Through the centuries, a long chain of associations and variations have given us our modern English words: guest, ghost, host, hostage, hospital, hotel, and hospitality. The intertwined opposites show how central the ideas are to being human.

The ancient linguistic root meant *stranger*. From this it is easy to derive *guest* and *ghost*. It is not a big leap to the notion of *host* as a large number of enemies. An enemy who is a temporary guest and may later be an ally is a *hostage*. In our history it has not been unusual for rulers to exchange children as hostages and bonds of alliance. It is more difficult to see how the same original word came to mean *host* as the person who receives strangers as guests and cares for them. Latin variations gave us the root *hospes* from which words like *hospice* and *hospital* descend.

There is something fundamentally sacred and sacramental in the wide variations in hospitality displayed by different branches of the human family. Hospitality often called for sacrifice of some kind and it is not surprising to find the word "Host" used for the divine presence in the Mass.

This linguistic excursion has several points: Hospitality always involves giving and receiving fundamental necessities of life: shelter, food, water. The notion and practice of hospitality is common to all of humankind. It is a fundamental idea which emphasizes connections, binding strangers together in a profound intimacy. So deep are the relationships that the outward practices of hospitality serve as metaphors or models for inward grace.

### Traditions of Hospitality

All cultures have a tradition of hospitality. The common elements were that strangers were taken in and treated in special ways, often as though they were holy people, or representatives of spirits and powers. Treatment varies among cultures. Always, hosts provided guests

*Stewardship,  
although a  
popular  
environmental  
ideal,  
is flawed*

## *All cultures have a tradition of hospitality*

with food and shelter. They might also provide gifts and personal safety. In return, guests had a respectful and cautious way of approaching future hosts. Guests were expected to respect the gifts granted them, bring news, sometimes reciprocate gifts, and always not to overstay their welcome.

Some variations seem strange to us today, yet we must understand them if we are to grasp the full power of hospitality as an environmental model. For example, in cultures where the earth provides limited amounts of protein, strangers became a source of valuable food. Guests were first welcomed, then eaten, often with elaborate ceremony, reversing the more usual flow of food. The question of who eats whom is a central one in thinking about how to live harmoniously in the biosphere.

In other cases, hospitality involved sexual encounters. Male accounts of cultural anthropology describe the sacred prostitutes of ancient Mediterranean peoples, or the gift of the wife to a male guest. Women's views of these accounts have yet to be clearly heard. I mention these practices to show that there is virtually no limit to the intimacy of the exchanges which human beings have practiced together in the name of hospitality.

Hospitality in the Judeo-Christian scriptures is frequently assumed as a fundamental duty but rarely named as such. It is also a quiet secondary theme in legend and literature. The plot of many a story and play involves hospitality. One common plot line puts the guest into serious trouble, as with the legendary Procrustes who either stretched or amputated his guests to ensure that they exactly fit the bed he provided. The reverse story line centers about unwelcome or ill-behaved guests as in the comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer", where much fun results because guests behave in a boorish way in a private home they mistakenly believe to be a public inn. The ulti-

mate in horror is manifest when Shakespeare's MacBeth, the outwardly gracious host, forsakes hospitable duty and murders his helpless guest.

## **Hospitality and the Natural World**

A key question is whether or not the concept of hospitality can properly be applied to beings other than humans. To what extent do other creatures show hospitable characteristics? To what extent might human beings be expected to behave hospitable with respect to members of other species? This is another version of the question as to whether or not species other than humans count in moral matters.

Taking the simplest definition that hospitality involves giving and receiving food and shelter, let's consider various forms of symbiosis. *Commensals* are plants or animals that have some kind of physical proximity that is either beneficial or neutral in its effects. Orchids growing on the branches of jungle trees are a botanical example. There is no attribution of consciousness to these relationships. But it is hard not to see them as a natural instance of hospitality in the biosphere.

*Mutualism* is a biological relationship in which members of two different species live together in a reciprocally advantageous way. The classic example is lichens in which a fungus plant provides structure, support and reproductive capability, and an alga plant provides photosynthetic benefits. There are many variations on mutualism as the relative benefits of the interaction change.

*Parasitism* is a particularly interesting interaction because of the strong parallels it has to the human concept of hospitality. We even use the word "host" for the organism being parasitized, but only facetiously do we call the parasite a guest. Parasitism appears to be an unwelcome kind of hospitality in which the guest stays

too long and drains too much of the host's energy.

But suppose we thought of parasitism in terms of its parallels to predation. What is the difference if one animal eats another from the outside rather than from the inside? It is mostly a matter of relative sizes of the eater and the eaten. In both cases, the eater has to find the potential meal. Parasites often succeed in maintaining themselves without killing their hosts. This doesn't happen in predation. The most significant difference between predation and parasitism is that the parasite host frequently provides shelter as well as nutrition. Ectoparasites, like black flies, are exceptions.

Linda Hogan (1990, p.16) extends the idea of gracious interaction to clay and water. "That water jar was a reminder of how water and earth love each other the way they do, meeting at night, at the shore, being friends together, dissolving in one another, in the give and take that is grace."

## Human Beings and Natural Hospitality

Human stories and biological symbiosis suggest that to provide shelter and food for strangers is a great and basic virtue. This is a valuable model for guiding ecological relationships for five reasons.

Hospitality teaches that every being has a place, a right to be here; whether as a guest or as a host is immaterial. The model suggests a "live and let live" form of behaviour unlike the control and management alternative represented by stewardship. Hospitality promotes a non-exploitive, positive regard for the intrinsic value of others.

Hospitality teaches us that there is a price to be paid for life. That something to eat and a place to live are gifts provided at the expense of other beings. We receive gifts, like all other creatures, and we are called upon to reciprocate, in our turn.

Enmity is controlled, even reduced by the practice of hospitality. In human culture, hospitality is a way to reconcile

*...a valuable  
model for  
guiding  
ecological  
relationships*



*After the Journey*

*Nancy Stevens*

## *Hospitality promotes respect, humility, and recognition of interdependence*

strangers. In feeding relationships, hospitality includes the essential interlocking of predator and prey who are better understood as friends rather than enemies because of the way they regulate each other's numbers. Hospitality promotes a kind of steady state which can be continued indefinitely. It exemplifies sustainability in action.

The notions of "home place" and "foreign place" become intertwined through hospitality; had European pioneers behaved like guests, rather than feeling they were in a hostile, vacant territory, North America would now be a much healthier place. The ideal of hospitality also softens the grip of ownership. Guests and hosts share resources and give gifts. Credit goes for generosity rather than for possession. This feature of hospitality is close to the North American Native idea of "give-away", where the gift is given (and received) as an act of grace and not as a business deal.

Hospitality promotes respect, humility, and recognition of interdependence. It is a way of accepting differences; it promotes biocentrism and leads away from "speciesism". It is hard to treat your guest or your host badly. Partners in hospitality experience gratitude in their mutually beneficial relationship. Matthew Fox (1981, p.24) sums up these ideas: "The moral issues of ecology are issues of love of our body or hatred thereof. If we truly loved the sun, the water, the air, the earth, we would respect them and put their preservation ahead of consumerism and so-called 'development'. The earth itself cries out for hospitality; a cosmic hospitality is needed if we are to learn the lessons of Three Mile Island, of Love Canal, and its thousands of cousin situations around the country."

### **Stewardship and Hospitality Compared**

Stewardship and hospitality have common elements. Both bear spiritual weight

as shown by their continued and deep presence in world myths and religions. Both could be argued to be sacred duties. Both ideas require taking care of someone or something else.

But here the similarities end because of differing motives for that care. A steward takes care of some thing for someone else. The reward is in the profit earned. Guests and hosts take care of each other and their reward is mutual support. Stewardship, as an ideal, includes accountability to the ultimate owner of the trust. In contrast, hospitality has little accountability except through mutual exchange. The host that gives to you represents the guest to whom you are expected to give in return.

Ownership of goods is an important issue in stewardship, but sharing and giving override ownership in hospitality. Stewardship leads people to feel detached from, and superior to, the world; hospitality leads people to see themselves as connected partners in the world. Stewardship promotes the view that human good is the only good; that only human beings have moral standing. But hospitality, extended to the biosphere, encompasses a broader moral realm and concerns itself with the mutual welfare of all beings.

### **Conclusion**

Part of the malaise of modern cities is the breakdown of hospitality. Chained doors and peepholes reflect our current inhospitable alienation and fear of strangers. Given the violent and inhospitable behaviour of some strangers, the erosion of hospitality is understandable. Sadly, it means that hospitality is thought of as a quaint, rustic virtue, lacking modern relevance. This barrier to accepting and understanding hospitality complicates three main difficulties with it as a model.

The first problem is to figure out what hospitality, as an ideal, means in practice.



We know how to do it in our homes to other human beings, usually already friends. But how should we behave hospitably in the biosphere? We need to rediscover how to behave as both guest and host in our places. We need to relearn how to feel at home with the earth and how to extend graciousness to our fellow humans and to our fellow guests of other species.

A second problem is that the role of guest and host in the biosphere is blurred. When different species live together and all are at home, who is the guest and who the host? If there is no clear line, is hospitality possible? Of course it is, but one must go beyond the elementary definition to the deeper reaches of graciousness. A tree shelters a raccoon. Loon's eggs, clams and crayfish nourish it. The 'coon, in turn shelters and supports liver worms and fleas. Its dead body nourishes crows. Everyone is both guest and host in an endless web of hospitality.

Third, hospitality demands sacrifice. It doesn't work unless you give, and give back, at least as much as you get. The lesson of hospitality is a hard one in a culture where gain is greatly prized. In its ultimate form, hospitality involves giving life itself. We may not be ready for a model which contains such an extreme. Yet that is exactly what eating and being eaten is all about.

The final problem is the issue of standing. Like justice, hospitality is a virtue which is almost exclusively applied only to selected human beings. You have to be a person that counts (has standing) in order to qualify as a giver or receiver of the virtue. There is no good reason for this limitation. On a picnic, we can be the guests of the trees, the grass and the ants and behave as such. We would use fewer insecticides. People already feel this way toward birds that visit their feeders.

Despite these problems, hospitality deserves our serious attention and effort,

both in curriculum and life style. It is a framework through which we can establish a new intimacy and connection with the earth that sustains us. Our culture is rather like a family of prodigal children who need to stop living extravagantly and return to their true earth home. We would be welcomed.

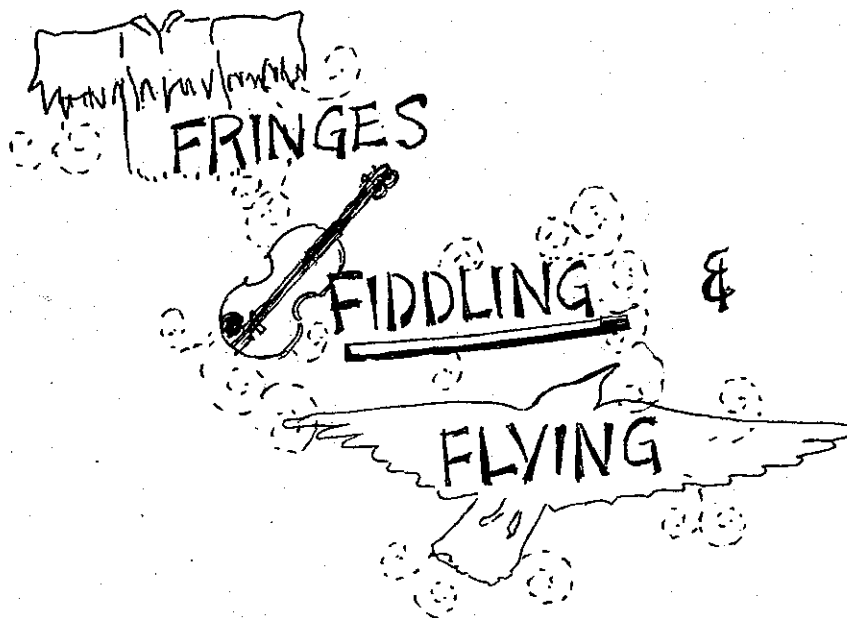
When hospitality becomes a guiding metaphor in our environmental affairs, we will say to the world much the same thing that teacher Gail Simmons says to the Gananoque Secondary School Outers, "Bring something for yourself to eat and something to share."

## References

- Fox, M., (1981). *Whee! We, Wee All The Way Home*. Santa Fe, NM, Bear and Company.
- Hogan, L., (1990). *What holds the water, what holds the light*. *Parabola* 15(4) 14-16.
- Horwood, B., (1991). *Stewardship as an environmental ethic*. *Pathways*, in press.

*Bert Horwood teaches outdoor and experiential education at Queen's University. In his professional practice he has extended hospitality to so many biting insects that he thought it was time to tell the story.*

*Part of the  
malaise of  
modern cities is  
the breakdown of  
hospitality*



ANTHROPOLOGISTS SPEAK OF FRINGES SERVING MANY PURPOSES

- \* THEY HELP WICK MOISTURE OFF A GARMENT ONTO THE GROUND.
- \* THEY AID IN CAMOUFLAGING THE MOVEMENT OF THE WEARER.
- \* THEY MAKE STITCHING IN A GARMENT LAST LONGER.
- \* THEY SERVE AS A WAREHOUSE OF STRING AVAILABLE TO WHO EVER GIVES THEM A TUG.

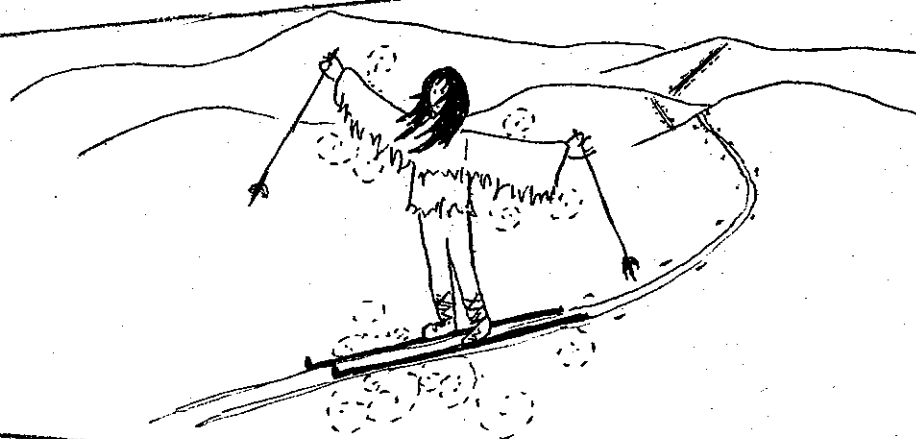
BUT

I DISCOVERED A FIFTH VERY IMPORTANT REASON FOR FRINGES ONE DAY.

⊙ THEY ALLOW ONE TO EXPERIENCE FLIGHT ⊙

ONE WINDY DAY I FLEW ACROSS FIELDS OF FLUFFY  
FROZEN SNOWFLAKES. EACH SLEEVE WAS A WING  
PLAYING WITH THE BREEZE. I SOARED OVER  
CRYSTAL CLOUDS ❄️

WITH MY SKIN TISSUE CONNECTED TO THE HIDE  
I FELT THE KINSHIP OF THE ELK WHO WATCHES  
THE EAGLE FLY ABOVE HIS MOUNTAIN HOME. 🦌  
THE AIR WE ALL BREATHE<sup>E</sup><sub>A</sub> IS THE SAME. LIKE  
A CHICK ON A NEST'S EDGE, I STRETCHED  
MY WINGS AND TRIED TO FEEL FLIGHT.



ANOTHER DAY I STOOD ON THE ROCKY LEDGE  
OVERLOOKING DISTANT VIEW. I SOUGHT A VISION:

A QUEST TO LEARN

"GIVE ME GUIDANCE" I CRIED.  
I STRETCHED MY WINGS, BUT I NEEDED  
MORE MATURE FEATHERS TO SOAR.



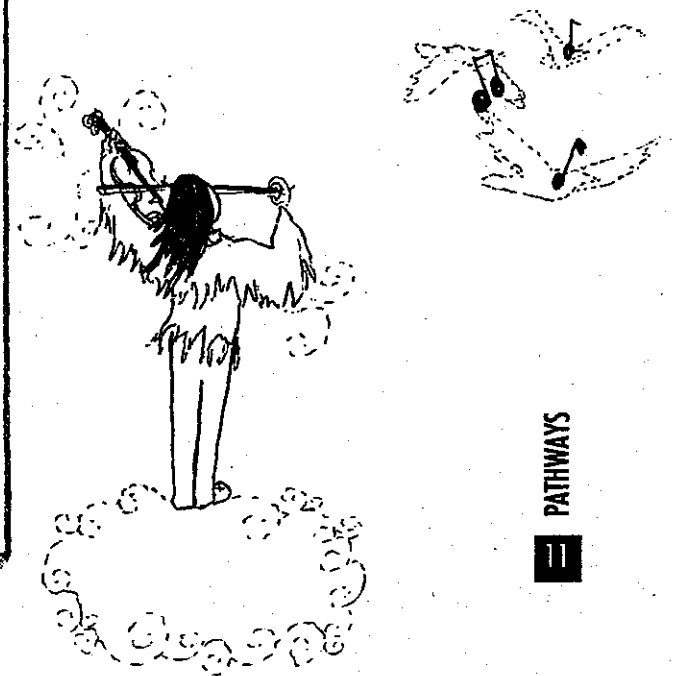
MUSIC TEACHERS SPEAK OF THE IMPORTANCE OF A  
GOOD BOW AND HORSE HAIRS. WHAT FOOLS I THINK.  
A BOW IS NOT MADE OF HORSE HAIRS, BUT OF HAIRS  
FROM PEGASUS - THE HORSE THAT FLIES,  
PICTURE PEGASUS FLYING, TAIL SWEEPING OUT  
BEHIND. THAT TAIL OF EXPERIENCED HAIRS  
SOARING THROUGH THE CLOUDS GUIDES ME,  
I SENSE THE TAIL HAIRS FLOATING IN THE  
ENDLESS BREEZE OF FLIGHT: THE NOTE  
HELD ON HIGH.



MY PRIMARY FEATHERS GREW WHEN I  
PICKED UP MY FIRST FIDDLE & BOW.  
I REALIZED THEN THAT MY FINGERTIPS  
WERE ACTUALLY OUTER BARBS OF  
PRIMARY FEATHERS, HANGING ONTO THE  
THERMAL UPLIFT AS IF MY LIFE DEPENDED  
ON IT. THERE WAS HARMONY IN THE AIR.  
♪ CLEAR NOTES HANGING IN THE SKY. ♪

I KNEW WHY I HAD TO ONE DAY PICK UP THE  
FIDDLE AND CLUTCH IT TO MY HEART FOREVER.  
BANJO, GUITAR, BASS, CELLO MANY INSTRUMENTS  
LEAVE YOUR HANDS LOW. HAVE YOU EVER SEEN  
A BIRD TAKE OFF WITHOUT RAISING ITS WINGS  
TO CATCH THE BREEZE?

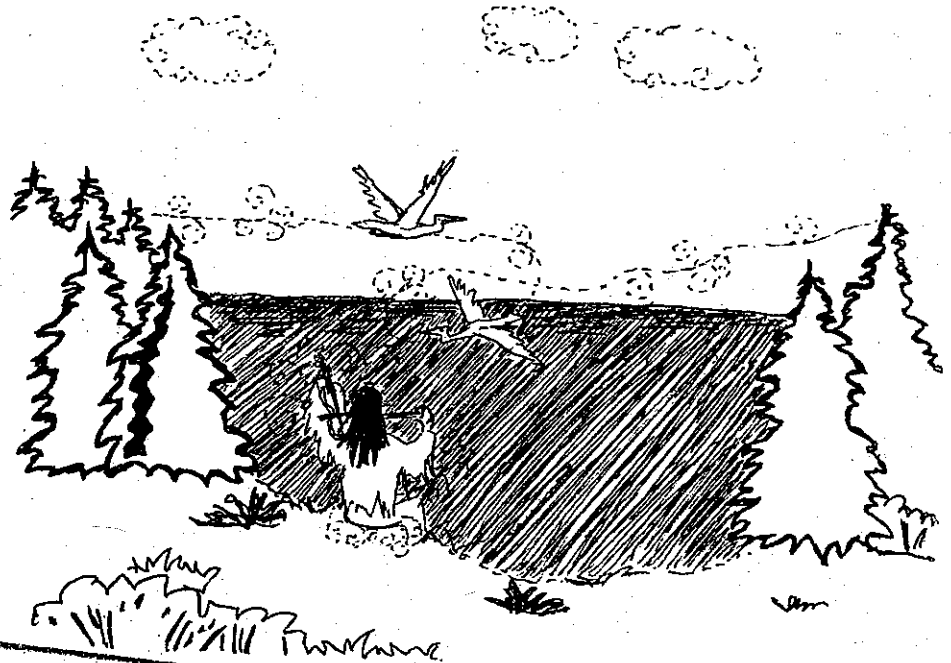
FIDDLERS HOLD THEIR ARMS HIGH.  
THEY CATCH THE GUIDE OF THE BOW  
IN THE AIR LIKE PEGASUS'S TAIL.  
THEY FEEL THEIR PRIMARY FEATHERS  
STRETCH TRYING TO CATCH ALL OF A  
THERMAL.  
THEY MOVE THEIR BODY TO THE LANDSCAPE:  
RISING, FALLING, SOARING, GLIDING. THEY  
TRAVEL ACROSS VALLEYS AND PLAINS, THEY  
SWIM DEEP IN THE SEA AND FLOAT HIGH IN THE  
MOUNTAIN SKY.



## Fringes...

ANTHROPOLOGISTS DON'T UNDERSTAND THAT FRINGES  
ARE TRULY WINGS. MUSIC TEACHERS DON'T BELIEVE  
MY BOW IS MADE OF PEGASUS'S TAIL HAIRS. OTHERS  
DON'T SEE MY FINGERTIPS ON THE BOW AS  
PRIMARY FEATHERS RIDING THERMALS AND SOARING  
OVER THE LAND.

MY NOTES WILL COAST AND SOAR I TELL MYSELF.  
I WILL BE THE FRINGE FIDDLER THAT FLIES  
SOMEDAY. I WILL.



TWO GREAT BLUE HERONS WALTZED  
ACROSS THE WATER OF LAKE SUPERIOR.  
THEY CIRCLED AND DIPPED. THEY SWAYED  
TO THE MUSIC AND SQUAKED TO THE  
RHYTHM. THEY FLEW AND I FLEW TOO.

## "It Wouldn't Kill You to Show a Little More Respect"

by Cameron Young

They were separated by fifty rows of chairs filled with seasoned environmentalists. He stood at the front of the university conference room — Canada's populist hero of the environmental movement — David Suzuki. She stood at the back of the room — nobody's hero — anonymous white-haired lady in a plain green suit. A nervous smile washed across her tired face as she cleared her throat. Then she cleared it again.

That second throaty rumble triggered a memory surge. Suddenly I realized just how much she reminded me of the white-haired ladies I used to talk to under duress on the steps of the United Church back home, on those holiday Sundays when my mother would lock my arm in a death-defying grip and parade me in front of her band of enthusiastically smiling friends. I would dutifully shake each extended hand.

"He's just back from his first year at college," my mother would beam as she cleared her throat for the fiftieth time that morning. And a few years later: "He's finally settled down and taken a teaching job." But it didn't really matter what she said. Her white-haired friends would simply beam back and say how nice and I would say thank you, it's a nice day isn't it.

Then inevitably one of the women, who invariably had a name like Marjorie or Hazel (although I always addressed them as "Mrs.") would say, "my, my, Florence. Is this really Cameron? I must say he is looking more and more like Harold every day." This from someone who saw me once every other Christmas or Easter, completely ignoring the fact that my father had been dead and buried for the worst part of a decade.

While all this was going on I would continue to smile and nod, nod and smile, but no matter how hard I fought against it, my eyeballs would roll for cover under my lifeless eyelids.

Later in the car my mother would tell me how Marjorie's husband literally had withered away from cancer. "We were afraid his bones would poke right through his skin." And then she would go on about how Hazel was suffering dreadfully with her bad hip. It's getting so the poor soul can hardly make it out to church any more." Then, without referring directly to my rolling eyeball episode she would add: "It wouldn't kill you to show a little more respect."

Respect, as it turned out, was exactly what the white-haired lady in the plain green suit was getting plenty of at the conference on the environment at the university of British Columbia.

True, I had been the last one in the room to catch on. This was a Marjorie talking, I had thought to myself. A Hazel. So I simply assumed that everyone would, like me, react with that certain benign intolerance we reserve for all the harmless but embarrassing white-haired ladies of the world.

Instead, with her pale hands shaking as they gripped the wobbly chair in front of her, and with her strong voice cracking as she spoke up so we all could hear she asked a question that dropped like an invisible mirror in front of everyone in the room. We had no choice but to examine the obscure images we saw there. Myself especially.

It happened this way. David Suzuki had just finished giving a chilling review of a

*That second  
throaty rumble  
triggered a  
memory surge*

*But there  
still remains  
a prescription  
for global  
survival*



recent United Nations study of the environment. Carried out by an international task force called the Brundtland World Commission on Environment and Development, the study detailed, in no uncertain terms, how all the God-given resources on this planet — the air, the water, the soil, the vast tracts of forestland — are being devastated beyond repair. In fact, says the study, ominously entitled "Our Common Future," the overall prognosis for the planet is pretty grim.

But there still remains a prescription for global survival, Brundtland concludes. And that is, to use our natural resources much more wisely; to make them last. If we are to sustain a healthy standard of living, says Brundtland, we have to sustain a health environment.

Then Suzuki took over from where the Brundtland report left off. He said that people of the Western world have deluded themselves into thinking that they — that we — can exert total control over our natural environment. But despite our high technology and our sophisticated chemicals, he said, Nature is just too wildly complex to be domesticated. The secret to long-term survival, Suzuki believes, is for all of us to learn to live in harmony with the natural environment, not to try to dominate it. Then maybe our children will have a future worth living.

That's when the white-haired lady in the plain green suit stood up in the back of the room and resolutely cleared her throat. "I've been working on environment problems through the United Church for nearly 20 years," she said. "But there is still one thing I don't understand. Just how do you go about living with Nature anyway?"

I think now that it must have been the very purity of her plea that humbled us all. Besides, we had just spent the entire evening worrying over the fate of the Earth; that in itself is guaranteed to make you feel

more than a little vulnerable. So when the white-haired lady asked us how to go about living with Nature, there wasn't one cynical reflex in the crowd. It was more as if a baby had suddenly piped up to ask how to take her first step.

We knew too, that how you answer that question, and how you live with your answer, takes the measure of who you are.

I sat there glued to my wobbly folding chair, not hearing a word of David Suzuki's long and careful answer. I continued to sit there even as the conference broke up around me. The white-haired lady in the plain green suit had given me a lot to think about, and I wanted to get it right. But by the time I finally figured out how to answer her to my own satisfaction, the room was completely empty and she was long gone.

All of that happened about a year ago, but the white-haired lady is still with me, and I'm still working on my answer.

I know how frustrated you must feel, I want to say to her. I've felt that way most of my life. After all, setting foot into the world of Nature is no guided walk in a park. It's more like waking up in the middle of Tokyo without a map or a phrase book.

Sure, ecologists glibly tell us that everything in life is connected to everything else, but what does that really mean? The very thought of it is overwhelming, especially when Suzuki says there are something like 30 million species of life on Earth. Or did he say 50 million? Who wants to learn to get along with all of that? It's enough to make you want to hide in front of your TV forever.

But there's a key to breaking through all that apparent confusion, I want to explain to her, and when you get to the other side, it's amazing how clear everything becomes.

For me that breakthrough came one spring day when I was walking down the road with my dog. We live in a rural neighbourhood, and as I walked along I was



admiring the soft green wall of trees lining the road. Unseen birds chirped their background songs. I was breathing in the clean fresh air, feeling that when it comes to appreciating nature, this is about as good as it can get.

And then, seemingly for no particular reason, I remembered the trillium. The previous spring I had wandered down a slope not far off the road, and tucked behind a grey concrete power pole carrying heat and light to our community was a single trillium. Its three luscious petals radiated creamy-white against the background of its three broad and green, almost heart-shaped leaves. It had found its own piece of soil, and it was bound and determined to grow.

Now, a year later, I didn't know what I expected to find as I set off to pay my respects. But sure enough, there it was, a burst of natural white beside the grey pole. Another year. Another bloom. It was doing what nature intended, and something suddenly clicked within me.

In my time I had seen hundreds of wildflowers blooming; I had seen forests filled with thousands of trees, but before that moment I had never really seen anything at all. Here was one plant, independent, its petals as pure as early morning milk. It was not a field of undifferentiated flowers, not simply one more example of one species out of 30 or 50 million. It was one of a kind, a shin-high masterpiece of natural elegance. It's uniqueness won me over, it was like falling in love, and I've never been quite the same since.

Because I learned to see that one trillium clearly, Nature is no longer a vague blur of color and background sound. It has come into focus, and the more I look, the sharper the focus becomes. Today when I walk my dog down the road I don't see a fuzzy wall of green forest. Without any conscious effort I see each tree, one by one, as indi-

vidual lifeforms powering their way to the sunlight. My ears seek out the distinct song of each bird.

So I want to tell my white-haired friend to go and find her own trillium, to locate that single wild thing that touches her heart. It could be something as simple as a dandelion fighting its way through a crack in a city sidewalk, or the unmistakable smell of a roadside cottonwood in springtime. The experience, and you'll know it when it occurs, is like a revelation.

And from that point on, you simply begin to respond naturally to the world around you.

Something as simple as your garbage takes on new meaning. It is stuff that originated in Nature that you are returning to nature — but now you ask yourself, at what cost to Nature? When you run your water faucet to brush your teeth you mentally trace the delivery system back to the reservoir and the dam and the forested watershed...and you turn off the faucet.

It goes on and on, beginning with the things you see and touch and extending to the furthest reaches of the planet. You hear of ancient rainforests disappearing for all time, and in your heart you know it is wrong. You hear about acid rain and the ozone layer and the greenhouse effect, and you no longer dismiss these as scientific abstractions; in your heart you know something must be done. And starting from that place in your heart you begin to do all that you can do, naturally, to help sustain the global environment.

Of course, everyone makes their place with Nature in their own way, I want to tell the white-haired lady. You certainly can't force it on them. My daughter, for example, complains that she has been compelled, completely against her will, to endure tedious Nature walks all her life. She has just turned a world-weary ten.

I remember one particular day when the

---

*Just how do you  
go about living  
with Nature  
anyway?"*

*...it was only  
fair to warn  
us that the  
prognosis was  
pretty grim*



sky was a freshly scrubbed blue following a week of rain, and the needles on the conifer trees were bursting with the colour of life. Walking down my favorite side road with my daughter ("Do we have to go down there again!") I wound up stopping every hundred feet or so to rub the needles of yet another tree.

"See, that's a grand fir. You can feel how thick and flat those needles are compared to Douglas fir. Here, feel that. See how the Douglas fir needles grow all around the branch, not just out from the sides. Oh, here's that yew tree. Feel how it's needles aren't all the same length. They're more like hemlock's, only longer and more spread apart..."

Dutifully my daughter shook hands with every tree I introduced her to, smiling and nodding, nodding and smiling. But it soon became obvious that she was losing the battle of the uprolled eyeballs, and as politely as she could she tried to pull away.

Did I really hear myself say: "It wouldn't kill you to show a little more respect?"

Then just a few weeks ago, the two of us were barely out of our driveway, me with that obnoxious, Nature-loving spring in my step, her with those invisible lead weights lashed to her ankles, when something in the neighbor's driveway suddenly caught her attention. She darted straight to the base of a tree and started talking sweetly to the ground in front of her.

She bent down slowly, and when she straighted up she was cradling an obviously wounded green and white swallow. She gazed down on that little bird with the compassion of a Madonna. The swallow, staring her straight in the eye, surrendered itself to her care.

The bird became our house guest as my daughter, who christened it "Little Guy", set it up in the spare bedroom in an old cat cage. But it wasn't long before we knew we needed help.

Day after day Little Guy just stood

there, glued to the bottom of the cage. On occasion he would weakly lift his head toward the light from the window, but he lacked the energy even to flutter his wings.

The main problem was, we soon discovered, was the fact that swallows never eat food while standing on the ground. They need to feed on insects on the wing.

When we finally made the decision to entrust Little Guy into the care of the SPCA, they told us they didn't have the facilities to care for a swallow. The best they could offer was to put it to sleep. My daughter insisted that Little Guy didn't look all that tired.

At the eleventh hour we were lucky enough to find a local bird lover with a small aviary in his basement. A complete stranger, he graciously agreed to care for our dying swallow. However, he felt it was only fair to warn us that the prognosis was pretty grim.

We then struggled through the longest week of my daughter's life. The bird man had promised to keep us posted on Little Guy's condition, but for seven endless days the phone never rang. Of course we shouldn't have waited as long as we did to call him back, but the fear of bad news had us immobilized.

Once I had thoroughly convinced myself that Little Guy was no longer among the living, I phoned the bird man to get the bad news first hand. "I'm so glad you finally called," he said. "I managed to lose your phone number right after you left, and I've been dying to tell you the good news."

It seems that all Little Guy needed was some expert care for a couple of days, while he recovered from a mild concussion. He soon got so agitated at being caged up in the basement that the bird man had to let him go.

"I'm sure he's flown back to your neighbourhood by now," said the bird man. "Swallows always return home."

Today there are half a dozen swallows

snatching insects out of the air around our house, each brilliantly plumed in shiny green and white. But my daughter is sure she can pick out Little Guy each time he swoops by.

I was so impressed by my daughter's act of mercy in rescuing the injured swallow that for days afterward I continued to praise her selfless efforts. When she couldn't stand it any longer, she decided to shut me up and set the record straight at the same time.

"You've got it backwards, Dad," she said in a calculated, but off-hand way. "Don't you see? Little Guy was sent to watch over me. I could tell right away by the way he looked at me."

So it seems that at age ten, my daughter already is living closer to Nature than I ever will — or ever understand. But what I am coming to understand, after staring at her sprawled across the couch in a way that would drive my mother wild, is just how much of my tireless 80 year old mother is reflected in that head-strong ten year old girl.

Now, reviewing these endless observations with the white-haired lady has become a daily mental routine for me and, thankfully, I no longer harbour the conceit that I have any particular wisdom to impart to her. The simple truth is, the more I talk to her, the more the connections fall into place.

Take Marjorie and Hazel. It's clear to me now that just as I see my mother reflected in my daughter, from their perspective on the steps of the United Church, Marjorie and Hazel saw in me the replicated image of my father.

Through their enthusiastic smiles and their small talk they were really marvelling over the process of life itself; how life marches on. More than that, I'm sure that in their way they were telling me to buckle down and start looking after things the way he had once done.

Marjorie and Hazel didn't need a David Suzuki or a Brundtland report to show them the way. In their hearts they always knew the truth, that it's the duty of every living person to hand over the world to our children in better condition than we found it. But apparently there are a lot of people today who need to be reminded of that, who need a formal report from a world body to tell them in black and white that we are caught up in an industrial frenzy that quite literally is destroying our global home.

And just one more thing. The name 'Brundtland' from the Brundtland report belongs to Mrs. Gro Harlem Brundtland, the former prime minister of Norway. Now I don't know what Mrs. Brundtland looks like, and I hope I never see a picture of her. Because, as a person who has looked the world straight in the eye and made us think seriously about our common future, I always want to imagine her as a white-haired lady in a plain green suit.

"Dad", whispers my daughter from a mysterious corner of my brain. "Don't you see it yet? She was sent to watch over all of us."

---

*Cameron Young is a free lance writer who lives in Victoria, B.C., 860 Melody Place, R.R. #5, Canada, V8X 4M6. He is the winner of several awards including the Media Club of Canada award for best writer of 1990. He specializes in forests and environmental subjects. He is the author of The Forests of British Columbia (Whitecap, 1985), which won the Best Book of B.C. award for 1986. He is currently working on a new book Clayoquot: The Wild Side (with photos by Adrian Dorst), which is about the remaining wilderness of the West coast of Vancouver Island in B.C.*

---

*my daughter  
already is  
living closer  
to Nature  
than I ever  
will*

## Project WILD

*BackPocket is intended as a forum for the introduction of resources. The lessons provided can be used as they are or incorporated into other programs. Members who find value in the material, are encouraged to review the complete package before they buy or take part in a workshop.*

*Edited by  
Dennis Hitchmough*

### Introduction: History and Purpose

Project WILD is an interdisciplinary, supplementary environmental education program emphasizing the conservation of wildlife and its habitat. It is based on the premise that young people and their teachers have a strong interest in wildlife and the environment they share with wildlife. The importance of wildlife-oriented and environmental issues in present day society underscores the need for a well-informed public. Project WILD is designed to develop an awareness in young people resulting in informed decisions and responsible behaviour.

Project WILD was designed by educators and wildlife experts, and has been extensively field tested. The Canadian Wildlife Federation adapted it for use in Canada, and the sponsoring agency in Ontario, the Ministry of Natural Resources, has a current list of approximately 18,000 Project WILD users.

Project WILD is a unique opportunity for educators and wildlife managers to work together to teach students about the natural environment. It uses two main tools: activities and workshops. Activities appear in the Project WILD Activity Guide to be delivered by the teacher. The workshops train participants to use the guide effectively, and provide a direct contact with the Ministry of Natural Resources. Only by attending a workshop can an individual obtain a Project WILD Activity Guide. [Special workshops are currently being designed to allow members to receive more than one Activity Guide or supplementary material package-Editor]

### The Thicket Game

#### Objectives

Students will be able to: 1) define adaptation in animals; and 2) generalize that all animals make some adaptation in order to survive.

#### Method

Students become "predator" and "prey" in a variation of "hide and Seek."

#### Materials

Blindfolds; outdoor area like a thicket or other vegetated area where students can safely hide.

#### Procedure

1. Take the class to a "thicket."
2. Blindfold one student who will be the "predator." The predator counts to 15 slowly while the others hide. The students hiding must be able to see the predator all the time.
3. After counting, the predator can turn around, squat, and stand on tiptoes, but cannot walk or change location. The predator should see how many students they can find, identify them out loud and describe where they are. When identified, the hidden students come to the predator because they have been "eaten."
4. When the original predator cannot see any more students, all the predators now put on blindfolds. The original predator counts to ten aloud. All remaining prey are to move closer, but still try to be safe and hidden. All the predators remove their blindfolds and take turns naming students they see.

5. Repeat the process until most students are "eaten." Have the remaining students stand to demonstrate how well they are adapted to the location they have chosen.

#### *Evaluation*

Describe the importance of adaptation to animals. Give at least two examples of animal adaptation.

### **The Power of a Song**

#### *Objectives*

Students will be able to :1) analyze popular music for environmental messages; and 2) interpret some influences of popular music and other art forms on people's environmental attitudes.

#### *Method*

Students listen to songs, analyzing lyrics.

#### *Materials*

Radio, records, tapes, or song books as sources of popular music.

#### *Procedure*

1. Ask the students to listen to the lyrics of popular songwriters in contemporary music. Look for any artists who include lyrics with environmental messages.
2. Bring examples of music with environmental messages to class.
3. Listen to the lyrics. If possible, obtain written versions of the lyrics to at least one song. Identify the particular issues being written about in these songs. If

necessary, find out more about the issues in order to attempt to better understand the perspective of the artist as conveyed in the lyrics.

4. The students may find that few contemporary artists include lyrics about environmental issues. Discuss why or why not. Talk about why some might and other do not. Discuss whether people are influenced by the work of popular artists, as in this case, by the lyrics of songwriters songs.

#### *Evaluation*

Describe the ways, if any, in which you believe music and other art forms influence people's attitudes. In what specific ways, if any, do such art forms affect people's attitudes toward the environment?

### **How to Get Project WILD**

Any teacher interested in participating in Project WILD can contact their nearest Ministry of Natural Resources district or area office, and ask about attending a workshop. There is no registration fee for the workshop, and activity guides are available for free in either French or English. Payment for travel, meals and accommodation while attending the workshop is the responsibility of the participant. [Many Boards of Education have qualified workshop leaders. Ask your Science or Outdoor Education Coordinator for times and places - *Editor*]

## 'Identification Please'

by Gordon Leenders

Water pooling puddling beneath tree life  
 feeding life  
 thunder travelling searching angry want-  
 ing to strike  
 night meets day for a brief intercourse as  
 lightning  
 nature's cupid rips through the space  
 slowly the sound the rumbling peeters out  
 replaced by  
 water gurgling in downspout and birds  
 chirping  
 drowsy drooping eyelids luring me down a  
 funnel towards  
 darkness  
 suddenly nature's .22 rings out across the  
 sky  
 i get up to see if everyone is okay but know  
 better  
 if nature has decided to take someone there  
 is nothing i  
 can do  
 i am drawn to it  
 i walk outside  
 'outside'  
 even when inside i am on the 'out' side  
 the air is cold thick and wet  
 rain shoots earthward soil showered with  
 buckshot  
 a light on in a nearby house yellow tainted  
 untrue  
 unhealthy imitation  
 trees colossal giants dark branches con-  
 nected to  
 dark sky welcoming rain reaching toward  
 heaven not me  
 a decrepit lawn chair three years old col-  
 lapses when  
 i sit in it  
 'lawn chair'  
 the lawn is my chair  
 i sit  
 wet and cold slowly creeps through the man  
 made fabric  
 someone turned on the real light  
 dawn is here and i can see  
 we make clothing to keep this stuff out rain  
 to not let

it penetrate but it still gets in  
 we forgot to make something for our minds  
 mental umbrellas to  
 keep it out of there  
 at once i am easily detectable no longer a  
 part of the  
 darkness  
 i am instead a dark place  
 lying now on the lawn's chair i attempt to  
 fit in  
 no more physical barriers  
 skin wet riddled with goosebumps teeth  
 chattering human  
 reaction to cold  
 external garments of no use they too have  
 failed to keep  
 the stuff out  
 my mind falls away rain eroding mud from  
 a hillside  
 exposing the rock face  
 the pellets no longer hit something else  
 nothing needs to sink in  
 what was once below the surface is pushed  
 to the top  
 like frost heaving up stones in the farmer's  
 fields  
 every spring  
 they will look at me and wonder what it is i  
 am doing  
 no that is not true  
 they will not wonder that would require  
 too much  
 they will first stand and stare in disbelief  
 then they will be discontent frustrated  
 incensed  
 this is much easier  
 i go against what has been handed down  
 through generations  
 well established entrenched tradition  
 tried and true  
 knowledge  
 against our cultural assumptions against  
 words like convention  
 and normal behaviour  
 one does not lay on wet grass during a  
 thunderstorm in late  
 March wearing only shorts sandals and

a t-shirt  
 they will demand that i come inside  
 their way of thinking will force them to tell  
 me this  
 they will instruct me of my shortcomings  
 of the flaw in  
 my make-up  
 they will try to set the record straight  
 misunderstanding of a different kind sets in  
 i am being rejected by the lawn the rain  
 the air the trees  
 night is almost day  
 white shivering skin in deep contrast with  
 dark green grass  
 i begin to doubt i belong  
 my body screams for me to leave the lawn  
 to pick myself up and seek the refuge of the  
 house  
 warm dry clothes  
 hot cup of tea  
 warm bed  
 thermostat regulated environment  
 this is my home  
 why am i here on the lawn  
 i am out of place  
 an unwanted intrusion  
 a scar on the landscape  
 the rain and cold intensify  
 they begin a vicious onslaught  
 the trees begin to speak to me their voices  
 carried by the  
 wind 'you do not belong go home you are  
 out of place'  
 trees wind rain even the lawn pushes me  
 to leave  
 i will not  
 i want to be on the 'in' side  
 i am determined  
 to show them i am i take off my sandals  
 and t-shirt and throw  
 them on another man-made object asphalt  
 they are not so easily convinced and attack  
 my feet and  
 torso  
 'every time we let you stay look what you  
 do to us' their collective voices scream  
 seething with resentment  
 i look at the dirt on the edge of the lawn  
 it resembles a scaled down war zone mud  
 muck large holes once

filled with growing life now barren  
 stripped obliterated dead  
 humanity competing environment losing  
 this is what happens this is what we do  
 i too would be bitter  
 but maybe if i lie here for a long while they  
 will get used to  
 me and i can stay no longer an intruding  
 scar  
 the boy with the lawn mower will ride over  
 me oblivious or  
 unconcerned about the paleness of the grass  
 in this spot  
 no more thunder and night  
 just cars trucks and light  
 night no wonder humanity fears it  
 we cannot see what we have created the  
 things which  
 give us our comfort our identity our con-  
 nection to  
 reality  
 night the unknown what is lurking in the  
 shadows  
 humanity cannot control these things there  
 are no precedents to  
 guide us there exists nothing concrete for  
 us to take hold of  
 no constructs nothing really discernible  
 it is all left to our imagination  
 but this is not enough  
 we need more  
 night something every other creature  
 embraces  
 it lets them forget at least for a few hours  
 what humanity  
 has done to their environment  
 but this is not enough  
 they need more  
 perhaps someday we will learn  
 learn that imagination is more important  
 than knowledge  
 someday  
 when the night destroys the day



*Gordon Leenders is an aspiring writer in  
 keeping with the Gary Snyder, Robinson Jeffers  
 ecophilosophy poets. Gord is a volunteer ranger  
 in Quetico Provincial Park this summer.*

## Thinking Like A Planet

by Skid Crease

*What deeper inner journeys do we need to take and what will be our guiding principles as we collectively begin Thinking Like a Planet?*

In an eloquent conclusion to one of the chapters in *The Dream of the Earth*, Thomas Berry states,

"In relation to the earth, we have been autistic for centuries. Only now have we begun to listen with some attention and with a willingness to respond to the earth's demands that we cease our industrial assault, that we abandon our inner rage against the conditions of our earthly existence, that we renew our human participation in the grand liturgy of the universe."

A recent Peel Board Outdoor and Environmental Education Conference created the slogan, "Earth whispers...are we listening?" Most outdoor educators who have tried to gain a perspective on the massive environmental issues facing us now and into the next century, would probably argue that the earth is not whispering- it has been screaming for the last two hundred years. As educators approaching the third millennium, our greatest challenge will be to teach our children, indeed our entire human community, to listen to the voices of the earth and to move beyond knowledge to understanding, beyond understanding to responsible action in all of our person/planet relationships.

Just as I was beginning to focus my own global perspectives in 1989, I reread the "Thinking Like a Mountain" essay by Aldo Leopold in his classic, *A Sand County Almanac*. In this beautiful essay, Leopold describes being on a deer hunt, when he and friends come upon a wolf pack. In those days, when the thinking was that fewer wolves meant more deer and therefore no wolves meant a deer hunter's paradise, the young hunters opened fire. Leopold recalls getting to the side of an old

wolf just in time to see that "fierce green fire dying in her eyes."

That event changed his life. In a sense, it rid him of his earth autism. When he saw that fire die, he realized that only the mountain has lived long enough to understand the howl of a wolf. The mountain understood that the howl meant balance. No wolves, too many deer, destruction of the mountain flora, erosion of the mountain. "A deer pulled down by wolves can be replaced in two or three years but a mountain range pulled down by too many deer may fail of replacement in as many decades."

In reflection, I decided that if thinking like a mountain was a transformational event for Aldo Leopold in 1910, then Thinking Like a Planet would be necessary for us in the 1990's. How do we teach our children to move beyond shallow ecology and the quick environmental fix to feel the essence of their connection to the planet? How do we teach them to listen to the voices of the earth?

In outdoor education, we have the opportunity to be closer to those voices than many of our classroom-bound colleagues. We work the seasons connected directly to natural systems and if any group should understand those systems it should be us. However, sometimes I sense, that in our relationship with the earth, we have been more like the grasshopper than the ants. What deeper inner journeys do we need to take and what will be our guiding principles as we collectively begin Thinking Like a Planet?

Father Thomas Berry has observed that we are passing out of the Cenozoic and entering the Ecozoic Age. We are now at



that period of flux where the former has not yet been buried and the latter not yet baptized, giving a certain edge to the ancient Chinese proverb: "May you be born in interesting times." Berry states in *Befriending the Earth*, that there are several guiding principles which will become conditions for survival in the Ecozoic Age:

1. The universe is a communion of subjects, not a collection of objects.
2. The earth exists and can survive only in its integral functioning.
3. The earth is a one-time endowment.
4. The human is derivative, the earth is primary.
5. Unlike the Cenozoic, the Ecozoic Age will require our responsible involvement in almost everything that happens — accepting, protecting and fostering natural processes.
6. We will need new ethical principles which recognize the absolute evils of biocide and geocide.
7. We will need a new Ecozoic language and legal system based on planetary primacy.

Education in the Ecozoic, Berry contends, will be the telling of the universe story in all its richness, how it began, how it came to be as it is, the human role in the story, everything.

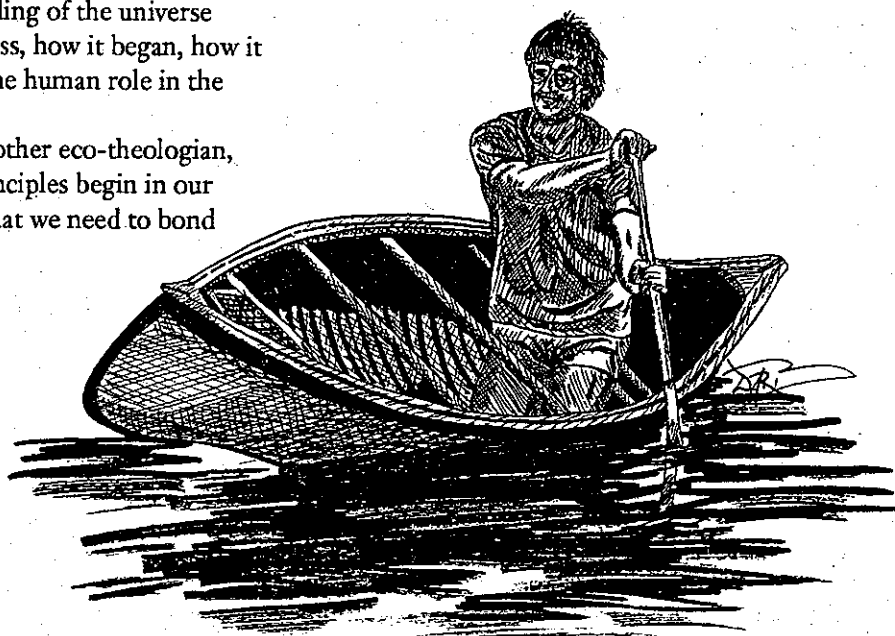
Matthew Fox, another eco-theologian, shows that these principles begin in our earliest myths and that we need to bond

ourselves and our children to a new cosmic creation story. In *Creation Spirituality*, Fox describes how a creation story "grounds us in the history of how we arrived here, and it awakens awe and wonder that we are here. When this happens, we are less subject to manipulation, to trivia, to titillating distractions, addictions and consumerism. Awe and amazement are the results of a rich creation story, and the awe we feel should encompass our very selves, since every self is part of the unfolding creation story. We feel our interconnection with other creatures and peoples on this surprising planet in this amazing universe of one trillion galaxies, each with 200 billion stars."

It is not surprising that both of these men have been placed under vows of silence by the Vatican. This is revolutionary thinking to promote a cosmology that does not reflect the anthropocentric viewpoint that the universe revolves around human needs and wants. To begin to think like a

---

*...the skills  
learned are  
exactly the skills  
needed to move  
us towards that  
partnership*



planet, to move away from the anthro- to the ecocentric perspective, requires a dramatic shift in some of our most sacred belief systems and social structures. Barry Commoner, in *Making Peace With The Planet*, calls this a massive transformation wrought with potential conflict. He says that to bring the present structure of the technosphere into harmony with the ecosphere means totally "redesigning the major industrial, agricultural, energy and transportation systems" and that such a transformation directly conflicts with current short-term economic and political interests.

While conflict may be an inevitable part of the move from an anthropocentric to an ecocentric worldview, failure to do so will be mutually destructive for human society and all planetary systems. The premise is simple: you cannot have a healthy humanity on a sick planet. In order to achieve a healthy planet, humans must begin to listen to the earth and rediscover their place as members of the earth community. We must begin to move from a dominator to a partnership society as described so clearly in Riane Eisler's *The Chalice and The Blade*.

As outdoor educators, we are often teased about the preponderance of cooperative games and everybody wins "coopetitions." But the skills learned in these activities, and in our initiative courses and adventure programs, are exactly the skills needed to move us towards that partnership model. In order to move through this period of social systems conflict, humanity will need all of the "Silver Bullets" it can possess. When we take that deep breath, and begin to think like a planet we recognize the absolute importance of cooperative community as a survival mechanism for the twenty-first century.

Many brilliant minds have given voice to the current state of our person/planet relationships and what we need to do to

move into harmony. Fritjov Capra says we need to develop an "ecological perspective"; Robert Ornstein and Paul Ehrlich call it a "conscious evolution" towards a new world with new minds; Jeremy Rifkin declares that we need to "reparticipate with the biosphere"; Bill Devall says we need to develop an "ecological self" with a "sense of place". David Suzuki states emphatically, "Ecological awareness informs us of our place within, and dependence on, an intact planetary biosphere that must subsume all other human priorities." I think we all, collective and integrated, need to begin thinking like a planet. We need to tell our creation story as a planet and a people. We need to celebrate our unique humanness with pride and to take our places as simple members of the complex earth community with great humility and awe.

I believe in my heart of hearts that outdoor educators, close to the voices of the earth and skilled in cooperative social interaction, can provide the leadership needed to successfully bridge the chaos that exists between the Cenozoic and Ecozoic Ages, between an anthropocentric and an ecocentric worldview. The force that will drive us will be love — a love of the earth, ourselves and our children and all living things yet to come.

When Thomas Berry was asked why he was putting himself through all the conflict and turmoil of challenging sacred traditions and dominant worldviews, he answered quite simply, "The children. I cannot bear to leave the children a planet any more desolated than I can help. So I say simply that I do it for the children." For the children and with the children, I hope that we can all begin thinking like a planet.

---

*Skid Crease works at Mono Cliffs Outdoor Centre, from where he has had a tremendous outreach with the Periwinkle Project.*

## Call For Nominations

Every year the Council of Outdoor Educators of Ontario chooses to honour its membership and Outdoor Education throughout the province by presenting three awards.

The Robin Dennis Award is presented to an individual or outdoor education program or facility having made an outstanding contribution to the promotion and development of Outdoor Education in the province of Ontario. The award was created in tribute to Robin Dennis, one of the founders of outdoor education in Ontario in the 1950's and 60's, and is presented annually by the Boyne River Natural Science School and the Toronto Island Natural Science School.

The President's Award is presented annually to an individual who has made an outstanding contribution to the develop-

ment of the Council of Outdoor Educators of Ontario (COEO) and to outdoor education in Ontario.

The Dorothy Walter Award for Leadership was created in 1986 to give recognition to an individual who, like Dorothy Walter herself, has shown outstanding commitment to the development of leadership qualities in Ontario youth. The individual should have demonstrated a commitment and innovation in leadership development, to learning in the out-of-doors, to personal growth in their own life and service to an organization or community.

Send nominations to:

Awards Committee

c/o Kathy Reid

RR #1, Norwood, Ontario

K0L 2V0

(705) 745-5791 fax (705) 745-7488



## I LOVE : I LIVE

I love nature, nature loves me.  
I love the water, th water quenches me.  
I love the land, the land supports me.  
I love the plants, the plants nourish me.  
I love the animals, the animals sustain me.  
I love nature, nature loves me.  
I kill nature, there is no me.

*Kent Bulmer, November 1990*

*McMaster University, Phys. Ed. 4D06*

*Kent is a fourth year Physical Education student at McMaster University, Hamilton, Ontario. His interests include various sports such as football, barefoot water-skiing, fishing, and archery. After Graduation, Kent is planning a two month tour of the west coast and south west of North America. Future career plans are yet to be decided.*

When I was young, and it was hot,  
I came and swam here quite a lot.  
The water once clean and blue,  
is dirty, polluted and smelly too.  
When I was young, and had the time,  
I fished here with some friends of mine.  
When I got big ones, my family it fed,  
Now I can't get any, they're all dead.  
The water once alive and blue,  
is dirty, smelly, and fishless too.  
Now they're gone far away,  
Maybe they'll come back one day...

*Melanie Barnes, D.A. Morrison*

## Journey North Exploitive

by I.S. MacLaren

### Into The Great Solitude: An Arctic Journey

by Robert Perkins, Henry Holt and C., 219 pp., \$24.95

**P**rovided here is one opinion concerning a book that demands attention. For all those who travel in a self propelled manner, in, against, for or with any of the remaining solitary places in Canada, Perkins' sharing of his personal style of travel and reflection will both intrigue and disturb. What disturbs, as MacLaren suggests, is the authors persistent dislocations out of his arctic solitude to his New England roots which tends to deny his journey and its arctic landscape which the story deserves. (Agreeing with MacLaren is not a problem in the preferred earlier account *Against Straight Lines: Alone in Labrador*.) Yet these same dislocations provide intrigue such that we struggle along with the author to truly make a PLACE out of the landscape of travel. We come to see this difficulty and should be thoughtful to this with our own travel. In willingly seeking wilderness travel, do we assert the familiar in our perceptions and lifestyle orientations, or do we assert something unknown in ourselves. Something drawn out from the environment and ourself, which might render insight for radically new self-conceptions?

There remains many beautiful moments in this book, such as the metaphor of the earth as a nest, that help us become more thoughtful travellers as we progress through Perkins' self explorations of his New England childhood, his relationships "back Home" and of an arctic river. MacLaren wants more arctic river and more historical context to establish PLACE. Perhaps that is the problem. We, as travellers, all do.

[Editor]

*a smear of  
company labels  
is a small,  
uncompromising  
price to pay*

**T**hose among us whose mouths drop open at the very sound of the word "Arctic" will be smitten with this book.

Those who have given the North some considered thought and some of their life will be bemused by it.

Robert Perkins is a New Englander living, as much as one can in the late 20th century, in the cloud of Thoreau. Off he went, alone, in search of Walden on the Back River of the northern Barrens in the summer of 1987. The narrative of that trip is as disturbing as the identically named video, which PBS has aired a couple times in the past year. Like it, the book is full of

Perkins and bereft of too much else.

Perkins makes himself into a Corporate beneficiary, deciding that a smear of company labels is a small, uncompromising price to pay for seeing the Back River alone.

Nor, quite, is he alone. In mid-trip, a film crew pops into the great solitude for a visit and a shoot. They, too, are paid for by various companies.

Against Straight Lines, Perkins' first book about solo wilderness canoe travel, remains an enthralling read. Unlike his latest book, it's inspired by a humble vision, which leaves room for the wilderness —the

Tornjats of Northern Labrador, in that case — to make itself felt. This time, however, the gift of opening a reader's awareness to the Epiphanies and bedevillments of intimate personal encounter with the earth beyond civilization has been lost or misplaced. Only snippets of the river's character and the region's temperament manage to find expression in *Great Solitude*.

Instead, we read about Perkin's his world view, his version of Pantheism, his personal anxieties and relationships, his Thoreauvian navel-gazing, and, perhaps not realized by the author, his overwhelming American-ness, which will, to greater or lesser degrees, offend Canadian readers.

Although he claims that the reading of George Back's *Narrative of the Arctic Land Expedition* from the 1830's inspired his own sojourn, Perkins tells us almost nothing about Back. He interlards his book with quotations from Back's book and says he thinks about Back, but the lack of insights, not only into Back, but also into later travellers on this river, into the North, and into the idea of wilderness, is disappointing.

On the onehand, we learn more than we ever wanted to know, from a book about the North, about growing up in New England. No doubt, every work of travel writing explores the connections and disjunctions between home and away; this one simply gains no balance. "*Into My Great Solitude*" would have been a more appropriate title.

*Into the Great Solitude* joins in a worrying trend in northern books: to use wilderness as a mere setting in which to play out a set of personal concerns raised by life in civilization. When your dedication to the wilderness on its terms is so slight, when your presence in it is made possible by corporations, and when your video gives any old viewer the notion to light out for the Territories in order to sort himself out, you've left yourself much to answer for, especially if you're a guest in Canada.

A dramatic point in Perkin's book is his decision to clean up the cabin on Garry Lake that Father Buliard lived in 35 years ago, and which, lamentably, others have turned into a dump. During his housecleaning, Perkins discovers, wedged into a shelf, "a rectangle of white cotton fabric." It may have dated from Buliard's day. It had been inviolate, and one would have hoped inviolable. "What is it? I take out my jackknife." You can guess what happens. To make a long story short, the chances of your ever seeing it and its contents — a sort of Christian's power bundle — either at the site or in the Prince of Wales Northern Heritage Centre in Yellowknife, range between slim and none. This book disturbs its readers in more than one way.

---

*I.S. MacLaren teaches Canadian literature at the University of Alberta.*

---

*A dramatic point  
in Perkin's book  
is his decision  
to clean up  
the cabin on  
Garry Lake*

### Membership

If you have not already renewed your membership in COEO, the September issue of Pathways will be your last!

*It integrates the study of human and natural ecosystems through holistic, interdisciplinary program*

## Rural Apprenticeship Program in Social Ecology

*"The time has come to break out of past patters. The changes in human attitudes that we call for depend on a vast campaign of education, debate, and public participation. This campaign must start now if sustainable human progress is to be achieved."*

*The World Commission on Environment and Development*

The Rural Apprenticeship Program in Social Ecology (RAPSE) is designed to teach students skills that they need in order to work for the creation of a socially and ecologically sustainable society. It integrates the study of human and natural ecosystems through holistic, interdisciplinary program that emphasizes the relationship between culture and nature. RAPSE can accommodate four to six students in a residential workstudy program that integrates theory and practise in the development of a solution to the ecological crisis. There will be five hours of formal instruction per week, plus occasional weekend and daylong workshops. Students will be expected to spend approximately 20 hours a week in academic work and another 20 hours engaged in the application of theory to "reallife" situations.

### Facilities

The program will be held on the 480 acre farm of the director and on the adjoining farms of family members. Accommodation will be in two small houses; one for women and one for men. Classes and workshops will take place in these houses, in the director's house, in the surrounding

community and in a large garden area. The farm is located on Murray Lake in the parkland area of central Saskatchewan. It is 5km from the resort village of Cochin, 8km from Battlefords Provincial Park and 40km from the city of North Battleford.

### Cost of the Program

Cost of the entire program is \$400\$800 for tuition (depending upon ability to pay), plus approximately 4 hours of work per week in exchange for room and board. Students may choose to work an additional hour or two per week in lieu of partial or complete payment of tuition.

This program is not funded by any organization, government agency or foundation. Any costs not borne by the students will be paid by the director, who founded the program in response to her personal concern for our deteriorating environment.

Although RAPSE cannot yet offer recognized credits, students who complete the program will receive a comprehensive written evaluation of their work and will receive assistance in finding employment in the field of social change.

### Community Life

A warm, supportive community life will be part of the student centered RAPSE educational experience. Students will share in decisionmaking, in housekeeping and meal preparation, and in planning programs. There will be ample hiking, cycling, crosscountry skiing, cooperative games and other social and recreational activities.

## Program in Social Ecology

The twelve month program emphasizes a bioregional response to global problems. Students will work on practical and theoretical projects designed to increase the ecological sustainability of the prairie bioregion:

- Interdisciplinary academic study which uses the natural sciences, literature, native studies, philosophy, psychology and history to look at the causes of the ecological crisis, and to explore the social, economic, cultural and technological changes that we need to make in order to solve it.
- The development of practical skills in designing and building energy efficient housing, food production, landscaping, recycling and the use of renewable energy.
- The theory and practise of social change: organizing, community development, public education, and fundraising. Students will practise these skills in a variety of settings.
- The creation of a lifeenhancing culture through art, music, theatre, dance, crafts, literature and spirituality.
- Personal growth and the creation of a supportive community.

The program will be flexible enough to meet the needs of individual students and will enable students to specialize in one or more aspects of social ecology.

The instructor and director is Betty Ternier Daniels. She holds a MA in English from the University of Saskatchewan and is currently completing a Ph.D. at that university. Her doctoral research uses bioregionalism, deep ecology and ecofeminism as the critical framework for a study of prairie fiction. Betty had been active in

the ecology and nuclear disarmament movements for nearly twenty years. She works parttime as a university instructor and freelance writer.

For further information about this unique program, write:

Betty Ternier Daniels  
Rural Apprenticeship Program in  
Social Ecology  
Box 116  
Cochin, Saskatchewan  
S0M 0L0  
(306) 3862532

*Students will  
work on  
practical and  
theoretical  
projects  
designed to  
increase the  
ecological  
sustainability  
of the prairie  
bioregion*



## Wilderness Navigation Course

October 4-6, 1991

A wilderness Navigation course will be held in the Haliburton region in the fall of 1991. This course will equip the 20 participants with the necessary skills to travel for extended periods overland.

## Orienteering Instructor's Course

October 19 & 20, 1991

An instructor's course in orienteering will be offered in the fall of 1991 at the Jack Smythe Field Study Centre in Mississauga. An emphasis will be placed on teaching young people in the classroom, schoolyard, park, outdoor ed. Centre, summer camp & day camp.

For further information on either of these courses, contact:

Chrismar Mapping  
470 Sentinel Road, Unit 617  
Downsview, Ontario  
M3J 1V6  
(416) 665-5817

## Planning to purchase a new bird feeder?

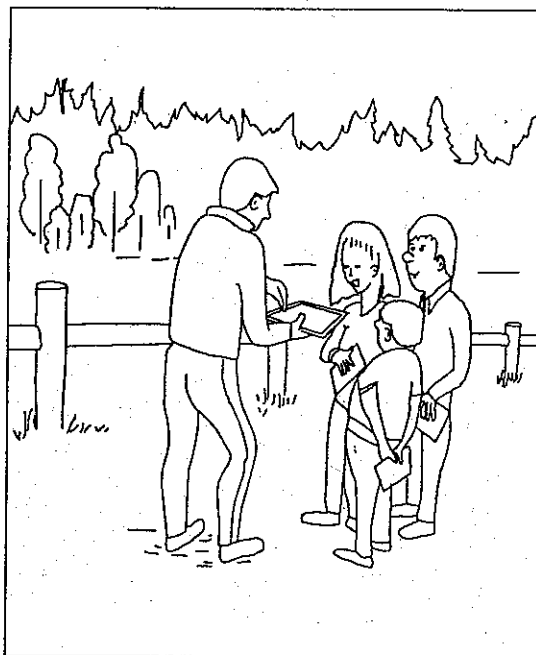
Cornell Lab of Ornithology staff recently rated 28 competing bird feeders of all shapes and sizes. For a free copy of the evaluation, which appeared in the Autumn 1989 issue of *The Living Bird Quarterly*, please send a self-addressed stamped envelope to:

Long Point Bird Observatory  
P.O. Box 160  
Port Rowan, Ontario  
N0E 1M0

## Working for the Environment: Ideas for Workplace Improvements

The Harmony Foundation has produced several guides to improving your workplace environment. They are also prepared to supply addresses and information about resources that would be useful to classroom discussions on energy, waste, recycling and conservation of resources.

For further information, write:  
Harmony Foundation of Canada  
19 Oakvale Avenue  
Ottawa, Ontario  
K1Y 3S3





## Earth Awareness Education Center

by Bruce Murphy

The newest addition to Outdoor Education Centers in Ontario is the Earth Awareness Education Center in Temagami. Last year, the Timiskaming Board of Education established the program as a pilot project with both the Public and Separate School Boards involved. With the great success of the program it was made a half time position this year. Every Thursday and Friday of every week a grade five class from either the Public or Separate Board is bussed to the Center in Temagami for two days and a night of outdoor experience.

The program focuses on Earth Awareness and survival (What do you do if you get lost in the woods?). Jerry Jordison, the instructor of the program, uses a lot of material he received from a course he took with Tom Brown at his Tracking and Survival School in New Jersey. The students learn how they can survive in any weather conditions with no commercial equipment. The main focus is building a shelter out of debris that will keep you dry and warm down to -30°C.

The two days are active and the program is varied with activities including ecology games, initiative tasks, compass work, fire making and animal habits. His night hike teaches students how to walk, how to see and how to listen to nature. He considers the teaching of Tom Brown's 'fox walk', 'wide-angle vision' and focussed hearing the most important part of the two day experience. It is something the students can practice and use for the rest of their lives on a daily basis to see and appreciate more of nature.

Another priority of the course is learning how to get food and medicine in the bush.

He identifies plants and trees with them that can be used to save one from starvation and sickness. During a discussion on the uses of trees, the students begin to understand what the greenhouse effect is and what is needed to be done to prevent it. Other environmental issues are also discussed.

He combines Steve Van Matre's Earth Walk with Tom Brown's Earth awareness activities as an entertaining and fulfilling way to become more aware of the earth and develop a greater respect for it. He believes that a good environmental ethic developed early in life will determine how a person will treat the earth as an adult.

Jerry just recently received the Dorothy Walter Award for leadership from COEO at their annual conference and has been written up in several local newspapers. He anticipates the program will grow and become full time which will fulfill a real need in northern Ontario.

The students in the north are generally neglected when it comes to outdoor education. The fact is that these students need an awareness of the outdoors much more than in urban centers. They often hunt with their parents and friends and take snow machines on trips in the bush. The possibility of getting lost is great. Knowing how to survive will give a student confidence in any situation and overcome the number one cause — panic — what do I do now?

---

*Bruce Murphy is a writer and educator living in New Liskeard, Ontario. He was the original Editor of Pathways.*

---

*The students learn how they can survive in any weather conditions with no commercial equipment*

## **An Education in Paradox**

*Reviewed by Mark Whitcombe*

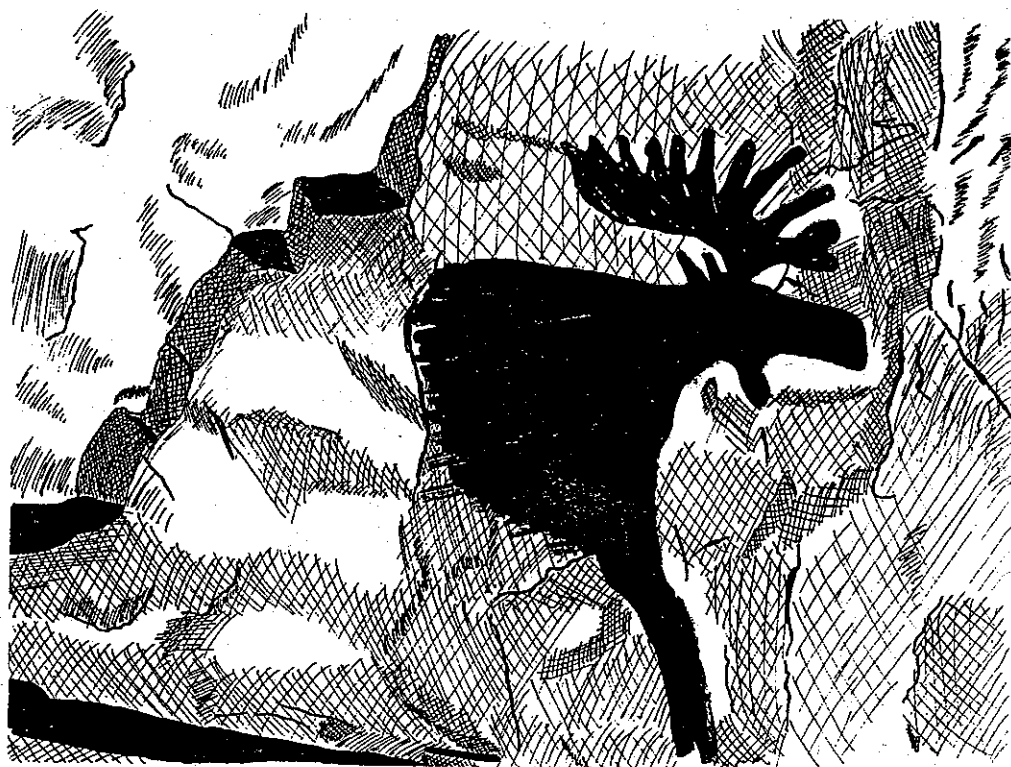
### **Northern Tales: Traditional Stories of Eskimo and Indian Peoples**

Howard Norman, Ed., 1990. Pantheon Books, New York. (approx. \$33.00)

**W**orking with many students who are recent immigrants and who seldom get out of the city, I frequently use native stories and songs. I want to expose these urban students to some understandings about our native heritages. Not only does this give insights into our native peoples, but it also provides an alternative interpretation of our environment. I am sensitive that some native activists would take offence at me as a non-native telling their stories. Yet surely if carefully done I can further their own goals of fostering a better

understanding of their native heritage, honouring their all-too-often overlooked or misunderstood contributions, and at the same time, demonstrating that we can learn from their wisdoms.

Good collections of native stories are hard to find. Existing ones are too often so heavily sanitized that all sense of the voice of the original storyteller is lost. There are the excellent collections by natives themselves, such as those by Norval Morrisseau, Carl Ray and Basil Johnston. A new addition to the collection is Northern



Tales, Traditional Tales of Eskimo and Indian Peoples, selected and edited by Howard Norman. Though not a native himself, Norman seems to be a well-accepted gatherer of authentic stories. Northern Tales has the advantage over most collections by natives themselves of being gathered from across the spectrum of tribes, so that a broader perspective than just one group is presented.

But *Northern Tales* is not literature. One, a Dogrib "Story While Pointing at a Constellation" is just 19 short sentences — phrases, actually — that seem to represent a conversation recorded outside. I can imagine the cold crisp crunch of snow underfoot as two elders exchange a few hurried remarks while passing from one house to the next. Other stories are very unclear, without the clarity of plot structure we are used to in a finely-honed story. Yet in these, the voice of the storyteller seems to truly speak off the printed page. There are the stories such as the Chippewa story "Fourteen with One Stroke", a curious and offbeat adaptation of the European tale about the puny tailor who parlayed the killing of seven flies into great honour.

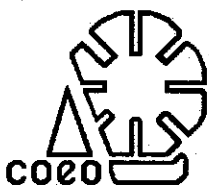
Many others also show the clear strength of native cultures in absorbing and reworking outside influences. This reminds us that these are cultures as much in transition as our own, with their own resilient adaptability. There are stories that incorporate the modern setting of permanent houses and settlements. And there are the many stories that show the dark side, the uncertain side, the terror-filled side of an animistic world-view. Family members who murder their kin, neighbours who cast spells, the elements who capriciously turn nasty, the complex contracts to be fulfilled with the spirits: these make me shudder. This is not a version of a world-view that fits easily with our 20th Century version of the romantic Rousseauian over-simplification of the Noble Savage in easy accord with their environment.

So there is much in this book for the reader: many stories to read and to ponder over; tales for enriching one's own repertoire; much to learn about the cultures of our first nations; questions that reflect on our own beliefs. As Norman quotes from Helen Tanizaki, another ethnographer, this book is "an education in paradox."

## COEO Conference '91

The Canterbury Hills Resource Management Centre can still be found in beautiful Ancaster, Ontario. Unfortunately, their address has changed because of Post Office concerns. Mail addressed to the old address will be forwarded but the new address, just for your information, is:

Canterbury Hills  
Fiddler's Green  
P.O. Box 81089  
Ancaster, Ontario  
L9G 4X1



## PROFESSIONAL DEVELOPMENT GRADUATE COURSE IN OUTDOOR EDUCATION

### CIOE 520: ENVIRONMENTAL QUALITY EDUCATION

**INSTRUCTOR - Dr. ROBERT VOGL**

Saturday and Sunday, September 21-22, '91, 9:00 - 4:00

Saturday and Sunday, October 26-27, 9:00 - 4:00

Saturday and Sunday, November 2-3, 9:00 - 4:00

Saturday and Sunday, November 16-17, 9:00 - 4:00

Toronto area (location to be announced)

Fee: \$350.00

For further details, contact Mark Whitcombe at  
(519) 941-9966, or messages at (416) 396-2000.

#### **WHAT MUST WE DO TO MAINTAIN A LIVABLE EARTH?**

Have you thought about your responsibility to the global environment lately? Have your students thought about theirs? Maintaining a livable environment will be the major global concern of the 1990's. Global warming, acid rain, and holes in the ozone layer are forcing industrial nations to re-examine their environmental policies. Immediate action is needed to reduce these problems and to maintain research projects to clearly understand what we are doing to the global environment. Our lifestyles must change: we must become more responsible environmental managers. We have good options to lessen our impact on the environment. We will not have to freeze in the dark or sweat in the sun.

#### **Course content:**

- environmental education
- the nature of environmental problems
- environmental impacts
- historic preservation
- urban trees and landscaping
- energy
- transportation
- solid wastes and toxic wastes
- water and water pollution
- air and water pollution
- food production and consumption
- urbanization and urban diversity
- community assets / liabilities and amenities
- international aspects of environmental problems
- environmental action: individual and organizational
- environmental legislation and governmental responsibilities
- environment and economics

**In order to receive graduate credit, students must have been accepted by the Graduate School as either graduate students or students-at-large. Plan to attend all sessions. Please be sure the weekend dates are open and that you have no conflicts before you register.**

---

CIOE 534:

## INTEGRATING COMMUNITY RESOURCES INTO CURRICULUM AND INSTRUCTION

---

**INSTRUCTOR - Dr. BUD WIENER**

Saturday and Sunday, September 21-22, 1991, 9:00 - 3:30

Saturday and Sunday, October 5-6, 9:00 - 3:30

Saturday and Sunday, October 26-27, 9:00 - 3:30

Saturday and Sunday, November 16-17, 9:00 - 3:30

Location: Ottawa area      Fee: \$350.00

For further details, contact Rod Ferguson at  
MacSkimming Outdoor Education Centre,  
(613) 833-2080.

### Themes and Topics being considered:

1. Intergenerational programming
2. The plight of the homeless
3. Urban Studies model - 1989

4. Cultural Journalism approaches
5. The shopping mall phenomenon
6. Human services to and for people
7. People to people - ethnic diversity

### Students will be involved in:

1. selected community investigations via field trip planning, carrying out and evaluating; resource persons; classroom presentations and discussions.
2. conducting a Cultural Journalism investigation involving interviewing an elder and/or exploration of a local historical landmark.
3. designing and producing a Cultural Journalism group project.
4. reviewing and reporting on relevant publications and materials.

Please enroll me in COURSE CIOE 534, INTEGRATING COMMUNITY RESOURCES INTO CURRICULUM AND INSTRUCTION. I enclose a deposit of \$50. (made out to COEO) to reserve a place.

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_ TEL.: (h) \_\_\_\_\_ (w) \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ POSTAL CODE: \_\_\_\_\_

Please return to: Mark Whitcombe, 34 Blind Line, Orangeville, L9W 3A5  
h.(519) 941-9966    messages (416) 396-2000

**Plan to attend all sessions. Please be sure the weekend dates are open and that you have no conflicts before you register.**

The "The Ministry of Colleges and Universities does not endorse this programme of studies or certify that it meets Ontario University standards. In addition, it cannot guarantee that the degree will be recognized by Ontario Universities and employers."

You are advised that the NIU programme is deemed "an approved Master's Degree in Education" for QECO Evaluation Programmes 3 and 4, and it is evaluated by QECO as "no less favourable but no more favourable than degrees taken from recognized Ontario Universities."

Further you are advised that students from this programme have found Ontario Universities willing to accept equivalency when credits are being transferred to the Ontario University. Some Ontario Universities will only accept credits which they consider appropriate for the programme of studies undertaken at the Ontario University."

## Wilderness Erotica

by John Kaandorp

*I took that  
photo and leapt  
back into the  
warm, bug-free  
confines of the  
tent*

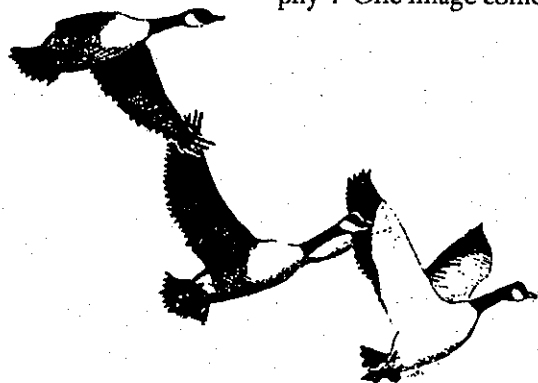
It struck me this past summer after paddling on Lake Superior — while thumbing through picture books of the area (*The Haunted Shore*), that many if not all of those photographs — indeed, perhaps *all* wilderness photography — has a strange but significant connection (for me) to photographic pornography/erotica. What do you think? I sense many parallels between the two and am having fun thinking about them. For instance, when I look at photos of "wilderness", I feel as far removed and voyeuristic about the image/place and knowing that place as I might when viewing or having viewed erotic photography. I don't know that [person] behind the "come-hither" stare. What is *not* being said here? I get almost exactly the same feeling when looking at majestic sunsets over Shield country or mountain tops. I say, "I don't know anything about that!" Why? is the interesting question for me right now.

I feel the same way about my own modest attempts at "wilderness photography". One image comes to mind readily. I

have a *beautiful* slide of the sun setting from a white-sand beach on Pukaskwa and it looks idyllic — not to mention near tropical. But it wasn't, it was cold and damp and black-fly infested! I took that photo and leapt back into the warm, bug-free confines of the tent. Looking at that photo, it tells very little about the environment — it's idealized and sensationalized and almost shamefully UNTRUTHFUL. ...what it omits to relate is *more* important than what it *does* relate. Sure, the "mechanical eye" has its limitations, but this is not the point. The limitations lie in our perception of what the camera relates — a shoddy, sentimental, half-truthed version of a "Blink" of *reality*. It doesn't convey "a slice of life" or for that matter "a slice of a trip". It may do more harm than good...

---

*John Kaandorp and his wife Christine currently teach in Cape Dorset, NWT. This is an excerpt taken from regular correspondence with members of the editorial board*



# Council of Outdoor Educators of Ontario

## Regions Served by COEO

Far North:	Patricia, Kenora, Thunder Bay, Algoma, Cochrane, Sudbury, Rainy River, Timiskaming
Northern:	Parry Sound, Nipissing, Muskoka, Haliburton, North Bay, Simcoe County
Western:	Essex, Kent, Elgin, Lambton, Middlesex, Huron, Bruce, Grey, Dufferin, Wellington, Waterloo, Perth, Oxford, Brant, Haldimand-Norfolk
Central:	Niagara South, Lincoln, Hamilton-Wentworth, Halton, Peel, York, Ontario, Metro Toronto
Eastern:	Victoria, Durham, Peterborough, Northumberland, Hastings, Prince Edward, Lennox and Addington, Renfrew, Frontenac, Leeds, Grenville, Ottawa- Carleton, Lanark, Prescott, Russell, Stormont, Dundas, Glengarry
Out-of-Province:	Any area in Canada except Ontario
Outside Canada	

## Membership Application Form

(Please print)

Name: (Mr., Mrs. Ms) \_\_\_\_\_

Address: (Street or R.R.) \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Postal Code \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone: (H) \_\_\_\_\_ (B) \_\_\_\_\_

Position: \_\_\_\_\_ Employer: \_\_\_\_\_

If applying for family membership, list persons who will be using the membership.

University/College if full time student: \_\_\_\_\_

I am in the \_\_\_\_\_ Region of COEO.

COEO membership is from September 1 to August 31. Any membership applications received after May 1 will be applied to the following year.

Please check: New ☐ Renewal ☐ Membership # \_\_\_\_\_

Fees: (circle)

Regular: \$40.00

Student: \$25.00

Family: \$52.00

Make your cheque or money order payable to *The Council of Outdoor Educators of Ontario* and mail, with this form, to:

John Aikman  
Membership Secretary  
47 Rama Court  
Hamilton, Ontario  
L8W 2B3

Please allow four weeks for processing or change of address.