

*a native fits his life to his land
like a peg in the beam
of a barn to a home
for the winter
time warmth...*

*a native hugs his heart
with the arms of
neighbors*

Many times my battered spirit has limped back to Alaska—from a land that has lost its understanding of free things. I am a free human, an endangered species that feels comradeship with that last wolf as it disappears over a nameless ridge with the memory of shotgun blasts echoing through her den's passageways . . . and I wonder where she is going. Maybe she will discover Alaska.

Alaska has dried my tears, cleared my mind and healed my spirit. Alaska has been my kindest mistress. When the snow, falling through the mist, has hazed the glacial peaks; she has fed spruce-scented breath to my driftwood fire, blowing warmth into my soul along cedar strewn beaches . . . she has softened my dreams on hemlock bough beds . . . this gentle mistress has been the comfort to so many of us. She has captured our compassion with her caresses, and we embrace her with a passion that will last throughout our lives.

In the mist and sea of southeastern Alaska move eagle and salmon, moving in the sunset and moonrise. The mountains are magic and the glacial-blue floes drift our spirits to a heaven without having died . . . southeastern Alaska.

Ah, yes, We are indeed south-east of Anchorage and Fairbanks (and now, Willow). But what would we call our land here—by itself and unto itself, from Tongass to Yakataga and from Skagway to Ketchikan?? By the map-makers, we are called the "Alexander Archipelago." "Archipelago" is "an important sea studded with islands and coves"; which the Russians named after the Czar who gave up his throne to become a monk. Thus, we call this paper, as well as our land "Archipelago". . . our own sea, laden with islands and volcanoes between the glaciers and mist making love to the mountains . . . when we are here, we are home.

Our journal, "Archipelago," will absorb the spruce aroma from the forests, the wild rice grown along salted shores, the feelings injected by our daily deeds . . . our journal will take these and flow them throughout you people, the body and spirit of the Archipelago.

Last September, 16 of us gathered on a friend's carpet over plates of salmon-egg chowder. The flowing questions fought the food for our mouths. "What sorts of alternative resources are there in southeastern Alaska?—What's Kupreanof Village?—Where's there going to be land when reclassification comes?—What sorts of alternatives are there going to big mills and barging companies when you want some timber to build a home on some of that land that should be opening up somewhere pretty soon?—What's D-3 land?—Who's going to be developing it for what industries . . . and what sorts of pollution will they be drooling into our bays?—Which islands are the wolves vying for deer, and the bear competing for salmon . . . and what is the ADF&G doing there?—What in the world is being planned in legislature, in the state and federal departments, in the Purity Bakery and the Red Dog Saloon by our public servants—for us citizens of the Alexander Archipelago?!

Arragh-h, none of us knew! All we knew was that we weren't happy in the slightest with what was happening in southeastern Alaska with our lifestyle. Hell, we didn't even know WHAT was happening in our southeastern section of Alaska! The newspapers don't tell us—beyond the superficial facts, the radio and TV are anesthetics for our painful ignorance, our legislators and public servants are dancing bears of fearful politics . . . rumours run as rampant as giant amphetamine bats in an hallucinogenic sunset. A creative friend, Janet Leakley, suggested that we start a newspaper—an alternative journal aimed at us citizens of the Archipelago as individuals. I, myself, had resigned from my last three jobs for ethical reasons and was writing about those reasons . . . newspaper work was a logical step for me—and for us all!!

So, here we all are . . . "Archipelago"—a responsible journal for us folks who want more than just cut-and-dried facts and amusement-at-the-world tragedy . . . for us folks who want helpful advice, useful information, creative expression, a forum and a resource with honest and idealistic integrity. Responsible personalism is THE important factor in a journal between thinking and feeling individuals.

If you report JUST facts (without either explanations or personalism) the reported situation is as damnably distorted as false facts. For example, "Free Timber in Alaska". . . if just the regulation and an address had been presented in this issue, a lot of disillusioned folks would have turned away from the Forest Service doors in utter frustration; but, by presenting some of the prevarications and pitfalls involved with the regulation, a "feeling" is added to the issue of free timber and its relation to our lifestyle and values in southeastern Alaska—our Archipelago.

Free Timber in Alaska U.S.F.S.

You probably know that you can help yourself to as much down and dead timber as you want from national forests in Alaska. But, do you realize that you are also entitled to **25 cords of wood and 10,000 board feet of sawn timber** from standing green trees—per person, per year?! It takes only 5,000 board feet to build an average sized 3-bedroom house, and only about 12 cords of wood to stoke an oil-drum stove in even the worst winter. Imagine how many boats, barns, sheds, porches, treehouses, teahouses and saunas could be constructed and heated with 10,000 board feet and 25 cords!!

LEGAL CHOKERS

Here's how the U.S. Forest Service Regulation looks:

Regulation 36 CFR 221.27 Free Use in Alaska
Bone fide settlers, miners, residents, and prospectors for minerals in Alaska may take free of charge green or dry timber from the National Forests in Alaska for personal use but not for sale. Permits will be required for green saw timber. Other material may be taken without permit. The amount of material granted to any one person in one year shall not exceed 10,000 board feet of saw timber and 25 cords of wood, or an equivalent volume in other forms. Persons obtaining material shall, on demand, forward to the supervisor a statement of the quantity taken and the location from which it was removed.
Forest Service Manual May 75, Amend. 91

A hitch is that free timber cannot be sold, exchanged, or even given away by the recipient. Thus, a person can't trade free timber to the sawmiller for his services or any other suchlike deal. The legal and economic solution to this restriction is a cooperative effort (and more fun, too!). If several people get together; and one has an axe (and file!), and chain saw; another one has a truck, a third one has a boat and boating gear, and a fourth is a lumberman with a mill . . . then, these services can be traded in the processing of the 40,000 board feet of timber and 100 cords of wood . . . so long as the lumber and cordwood is divided up to the legal allotment per person.

Another word of caution and confusion: the free timber can only be used for an **individual, non-commercial** project. Companies and corporations cannot get free timber,

only individuals can. When asked about free timber for non-profit organizations, Forester John Raynor said,

All applications are considered on a case by case basis. We would have to know what the timber would be used for. It is intended for non-commercial use by individuals.

Interviewed foresters expressed different explanations of this free timber regulation as far as its use went. It is harder than you would think to draw the line when a "use" becomes "commercial." For example, you could not take your free timber, build musical instruments with it, and then sell them (are you listening Jim . . . Bob . . . Barbara . . . Sweet Banjo Factory?!). However, you could, one forester and our lawyer said, use the free timber to build a workshop in which to build those instruments. By that same logic, you could not build a fishing boat out of free timber and sell it; but you could build the boat and then fish from it. The arbitrary nature of this regulation highlights the fact that foresters are human, and as John Raynor said, "it's a case by case decision;" and the nature of a "regulation" is arbitrary by design.

A regulation is the fine-tuning knob for laws. A regulation is set up by the department by the power vested in that department by legislature or congress. A law must be amended by congressional or legislative action. A regulation, however, can change by departmental action, legislative action, or legal redress. Free timber was originally intended for Alaskan bush dwellers. Within the next few years, the regulation will be reviewed and possibly amended to exclude urbanites, or even abolished. It is sad and ludicrous to think that a time will come in Alaska when you cannot build your own log cabin; but would be forced, say, to import a prefabricated cedar log house from the factory in Federal Way, Washington . . . a prefab, incidently, whose logs came from the Tongass Forest, were shipped to and shaped in Tacoma, and then were sent back north to us—prefabbed at a 500% increase of timber price (let alone, labor!).

(continued on page 3, columns 1, 2, 3)



illustration by John Svenson

Juneau Women's Health Collective

by Peggy Ledyard

The Women's Health Collective was formed out of a growing demand in Juneau for alternative health care services which are sensitive to the needs of women. The collective began with a nucleus of five women but rapidly expanded, and now there are nearly 50 members. The exploration of alternatives to hospital births and the establishment of self-help workshops, clinics, and educational seminars were among the early goals and objectives of the group. Feedback from women in the community through a questionnaire distributed by members of the collective reinforced us and firmly established the need for these goals.

With our greatly expanded and energetic membership we are now able to offer on-going self-help clinics and workshops focused toward learning more about our bodies, and keeping healthy using natural healing and preventive practices. The self-help clinics, for example, will provide women with the knowledge and expertise to perform self vaginal and breast examinations, and to diagnose and cure vaginal infections. The clinics will also be a vehicle through which women can share common feelings & experiences with their bodies for the needs and expectations in their health care that haven't been met.

A newly formed committee is work-

ing toward establishing a full time crisis center which would offer assault and rape counseling and an assault response telephone number. Other ongoing activities include speaking engagements on behalf of the collective, participation on municipal health planning committees and cooperation with the established medical community in defining health care needs in Juneau.

Ultimately, we hope to be able to establish a permanent facility providing women's health care services in Juneau. We would then be able to provide a full range of counseling and educational services; library; a birth center staffed with a doctor, nurse, and lay-midwives; and other supportive services for women.

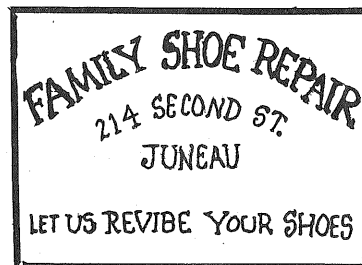
The need for a birth center was reinforced by the results of the questionnaire distributed last spring. For example, 56% of the women completing the questionnaire desire alternatives to having future births in hospitals. Delivery by nurse-midwife, where there is no foreseeable complication, was favored by 65% of the women responding. A professional home birth service was endorsed by 86% of the women planning to have children, and 76% of the total number of respondents. The need for gynecologist, 80%; obstetrician, 74%; and nurse-midwifery service, 72%; was over-

whelmingly supported by those completing the questionnaire.

The Women's Health Collective offers a means through which women can communicate and share common feelings, experiences and learn from one another. Meetings are held the second Sunday of every month at 4:00P.M. at the Juneau Borough Health Center, 227 Ferry Way, Juneau. We encourage all women to participate and share the learning of our bodies. February 13 is our next meeting.

For information please call:

Charlene Stark, 789-0309
Box 3746
Juneau, Alaska



Harpoons, Dip-nets, and Alaska's Food Stamp Program

Thanks to a waiver in the Food Stamp Law for Alaska, some of the critters in our food chain have a bit more to worry about these days; and a lot of folks who would rather pick it, grow it, shoot it or catch it themselves can use food stamps just like Mo and Ethyl in Cleveland at the Super-shop.

The special provision to the law was secured for Alaska primarily through the efforts of Senator Ted Stevens, the people who elected him, and the lobbying and support of the Alaska Health and Social Services people. The July 15, 1974 Federal Register, in which the provision is entered reads:

'Eligible households in Alaska residing in areas determined by the Food and Nutrition Service of the Department of Agriculture as areas where access to retail stores is difficult and who depend substantially on hunting and fishing for subsistence may use all or any part of the coupons issued to them to purchase hunting and fishing equipment, excluding firearms, ammunition and other explosives.'

All that verbiage means that if you're eligible for food stamps you can now use them to buy gasoline and oil for outboard motors and snowmobiles, foul weather gear (a nice touch), hunting knives, harpoons, fishing gear, dip nets, and other types of equipment for subsistence hunting and fishing. Even the law itself gives only examples of what can be purchased, since, as the Department of Agriculture puts it 'a comprehensive listing of eligible items would be an impractical if not impossible project.' Instead, they send bulletins to supply stores to give them general guidance about what qualifies as a subsistence hunting or fishing item. You can also, as usual, buy food, plants and seeds to grow food.

To digress for an inch or two here, it's helpful to know that the whole project started back in August, 1964, with the passage of the Food Stamp Act (Public Law 88-525). The Act was introduced;

(continued on page 3, column 4)

Wilderness Research Institute

The Wilderness Research Institute is a non-profit organization established for the purpose of the investigation of rare, threatened, and endangered resources. Our goal is to preserve the integrity of the world's remaining wilderness areas and their economic forms.

The Wilderness Research Institute's objective is accomplished through a unified program of biological research, educational presentations, and specially designed expeditions to remote areas of the world. The institute conducts field research in various aspects of wildlife biology, wilderness ecology, and natural resource management. Expeditions are conducted as scientific investigations. Expedition themes range from highly

technical mountain travel to participation at Wilderness Research Institute field research locations. Journeys are made to remote regions with outstanding features of geologic, biologic or anthropologic interest in order to provide participants the opportunity for a unique and profound wilderness experience. Annual expedition themes include anthropology, ornithology, mammalogy, marine and desert ecology and geology. Specialized courses are offered upon request. We provide expert instruction and encourage the individuals participation in these programs.

To promote public awareness and concern of environmental problems we sponsor seminars, visual presentations and publications. We are an avenue for

education and adventure to the public; and contribute a credible source of new and relevant information to the scientific community. Inherent in all Wilderness Research Institute activities is the desire to promote an expanding conservation ethic among the users of wild resources. In this endeavor we seek the active support of the public by inviting them to join us as active members.

Write us at:

Wilderness Research Institute: Alaska
C/o Stephen Waste and Robert Lehman
Haines, Alaska. 99827.
or
Wilderness Research Institute
Ravens Roost
Trinidad, California. 95521.

Our Bodies, Ourselves

Natural childbirth begins with a female child and continues with the way that child is instructed in the care and understanding of her body, by the mother -- to begin the cycle all over again...

Words well remembered by Nancy Sogge, an English registered nurse and midwife, from a doctor she once assisted. Nancy is now a Haines resident who has been gently weaving in and out of human lives for many years. With a moist glint in her eye she said 'Hold your baby immediately after birth and the exhilaration you feel will shoot hormones through your body, cause the uterus to contract and prevent the bleeding that often occurs after the placenta is expelled. We were taught that in England, but they don't make use of that knowledge in this country.' Here the baby is whisked off to a steel and glass incubator and the mother given ergotrate, whether heavy uterine bleeding occurs or not.

Over the centuries scientists have been adding and deleting properties to ergot. About 1943, Dr. Albert Hoffman was experimenting with ergot and its alkaloids to devise a more efficient chemical control of uterine bleeding. By absent-mindedly putting his fingers to his lips while pondering his new concoction he accidentally swallowed what later became known as LSD-25, and hallucinated wildly. Ergot a mold found on rye, assumedly caused St. Anthony's fire during the Middle Ages; this ergot/rye admixture was ground into flour, baked into bread, and when eaten it caused its victims to gangrenously lose limbs, suffer hallucinations, and be occasionally burned at the stake as phantasm-filled witches.

I am not implying that chemical derivatives of ergot used to stop uterine bleeding still have this diabolical effect. But, I am implying that we are given too little information and ask too few questions about what we are given. The medical world's practice of handing out expensive and sometimes unnecessary drugs, such as ergot alkaloids, rather than practical, preventive information can only be changed by our active participation in learning to understand our own bodies.

Many women would choose natural childbirth at home with the assistance of a midwife. And, although midwifery has been legalized in Alaska, there are very few midwives anxious to assist home deliveries. Most doctors affiliated with hospitals or in private practice refuse support of any kind, claiming the dangers involved in childbirth away from the hospitals as their justification. Complications can arise and as a result require hospitalization, however, midwives are trained experienced people capable of recognizing the need for hospitalization in plenty of time. Unfortunately, at that point there have been unpleasant responses from resentful doctors who have seen their delivery fees being cut into.

Doctors and hospitals have created a dependency in us that satisfies their economic and egotistical needs more than our human needs. That dependency allows us to throw the responsibility of ourselves onto others and fosters the growth of the doctors sense of power rather than communication and information exchange between us as individuals. We are becoming more alienated from our own healing powers; therefore cannot possibly pass information on to our young as that wise doctor told Nancy Sogge in London 25 years ago.

Janet Lumiansky

FREE TIMBER IN ALASKA: USFS (continued from page 1)

PARSIMONY & PATRIMONY

Alaska is the only state in which free green timber is easily available in large quantities from national forests. This free timber regulation went into effect when Alaska's settlers were, for the most part, scattered and isolated. In many cases, the only timber available, then, to the people was on national forest lands. As the forest service points out, this is not the case today; particularly around the urban centers of Juneau, Ketchikan and Sitka.

If we started giving out permits to everyone... Lord! —think of the mess, and how loud our corner lumber merchant would scream! No wonder!—Alaska cedar is evaluated by the U.S. Forest Service at \$350 per 10,000 board feet, wholesale. A local merchant in Juneau retails the same 10,000 board feet of Alaska cedar for \$1575—a slight markup of about 5,000%. The species most readily available in the Tongass National Forest are hemlock, yellow cedar, red cedar, alder, and cottonwood. As a taker of free timber, you are not indebted to the Forest Service; unless, during the period of your permit's validity, a fire occurs in the area covered by your permit; in this instance, you are obliged to fight the fire without pay. Nor are you indebted in the other sense of the word, for the U.S. Forest Service merely manages timber and lands we entrust to it, as citizens. As it is now, the U.S. Forest Service permits roughly 232 million board feet to be logged by Alaska Lumber and Pulp each year. With that many board feet granted to a foreign owned corporation, surely there can be no fear of a timber rush by Alaskans; especially when one considers the time and effort required to obtain free lumber!

DUES AND DON'TS

Anyhow, before applying for a permit, you have to select the trees to be cut. They should be scattered so that no gaps are left in the forest. A permit is issued when the Forest Service approves your choice of trees and your method of getting them out of the woods. The Forest Service is mainly concerned with having the trees removed without causing any damage to the soil or surrounding forest. For instance, no tracked or wheeled vehicles can be taken "off the running surface of the roads."

Green timber cannot be taken from developed recreation or scenic areas, native land claims, wilderness study areas, or "travel-influenced zones" such as along trails or within 200 feet of a road. Any undeveloped roadless area is considered "wilderness;" and a request for free timber in wilderness areas requires the writing of an environmental impact statement, which, according to the Forest Service, takes from one to two years.

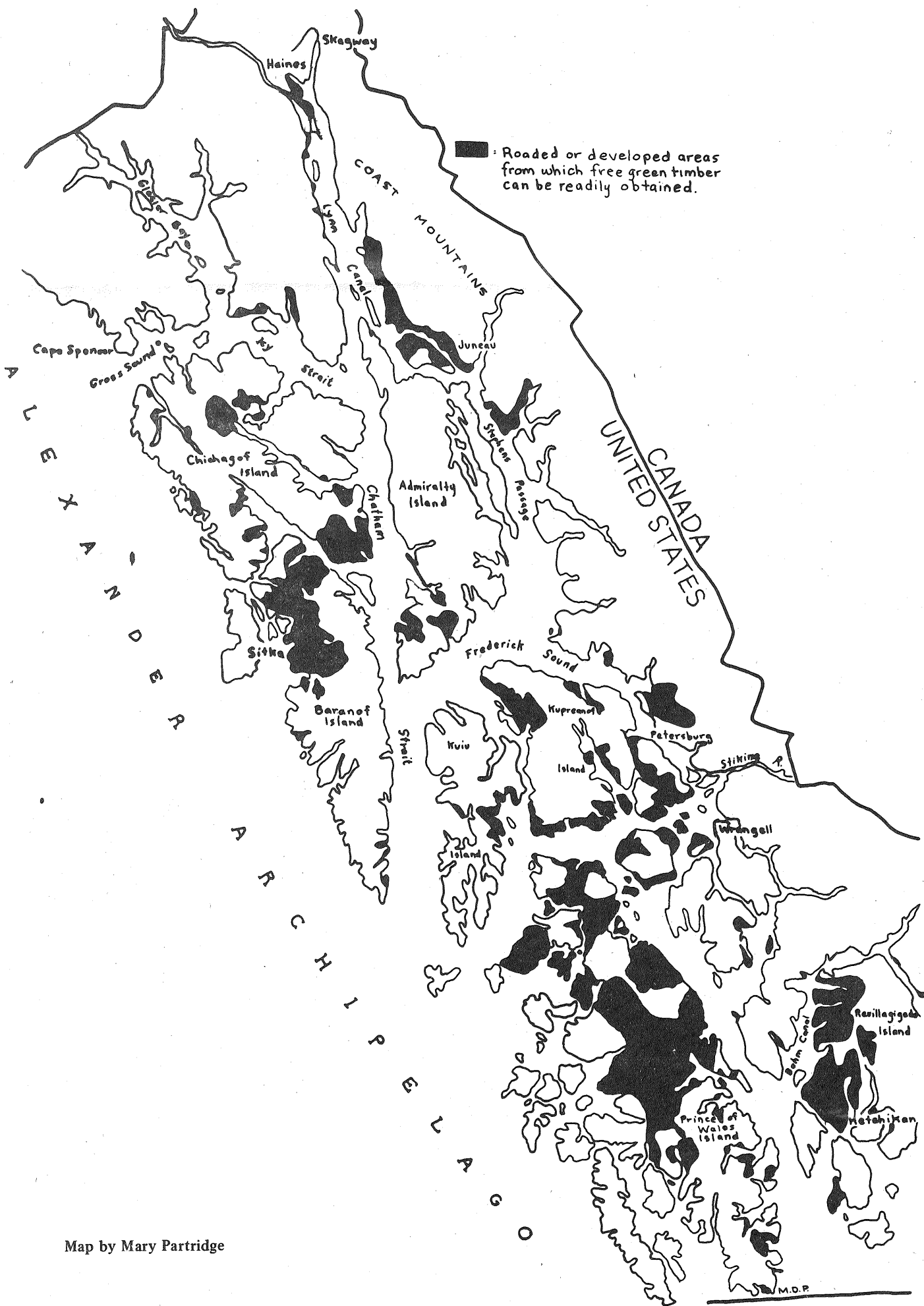
Where, now, can you take free timber from? Look at the following map; the black marks tell the tale—wherever there are access roads through the area. You are entitled to take 10,000 board feet and 25 cords of wood each year. A U.S. Forest Service year runs from July to July. So, it's possible to collect 20,000 board feet and 50 cords of wood in one season. If you are interested in free timber, get in touch with your nearest Forest Service office:

- Sitka Area Office
U.S. Forest Service
Box 757, Sitka, Alaska 99835
- Stikine Area Office
U.S. Forest Service
Box 309, Petersburg, Alaska 99833
- Ketchikan Area Office
U.S. Forest Service
Box 2278, Ketchikan, Alaska 99901
- Yakutat Work Center
U.S. Forest Service
Box 327, Yakutat, Alaska 99689
- Chatham Work Center
U.S. Forest Service
Box 1049, Juneau, Alaska 99802
- Wrangell Work Center
U.S. Forest Service
Box 51, Wrangell, Alaska 99929

The permit is not too complex and only costs a few dollars to process (no more than a good axe to grind). Good Luck!

Would any folks who are interested in cooperative timber ventures please contact us at "Archipelago." We will act as a resource agent and publish names, skills, addresses, and ideas.

by Mary Partridge and Barry Roderick



Map by Mary Partridge

HARPOONS, DIP NETS, AND ALASKA'S FOOD STAMP PROGRAM

(continued from page 2)

- 1) to strengthen the agricultural economy
- 2) in order to promote the general welfare, that the Nation's abundance of food should be utilized cooperatively by the States, the Federal Government local governmental units, and other agencies to safeguard the health and well-being of the Nation's population and raise levels of nutrition among low income households.

The law is a tour de force of political horse trading, engineered by one of the last of the new dealers, ringmaster Hubert Humphrey. To this day, even as the controversy surrounding the program waxes and wanes few realize that the farmers, as well as those of us who fall into the category as 'no accounts' made out on the deal. Anyway, here's how it works for subsistence living in Alaska.

If you live in rural Alaska and hunt or fish for most of your food, you should begin by contacting the nearest food stamp office or fee agent where you can fill out an application for special use of the stamps. (forms, forms, forms, but it's probably worth the trouble) A fee agent, is a person in a village who is paid by the State to take applications for public programs food stamps and the like-- and to help you fill out the forms so they will pass smoothly over the bureaucratic hurdles on the way from the fill-out to 'I've got the food in my hand.' If you can't find the food stamp office of a fee agent, call the central food stamp office in Juneau. The number is 465-3360, and the people there say they will help you if you call them.

If you qualify for subsistence hunting and fishing use of the food stamps, you'll get a card that says something like:

The household of Mr. Katcherone Fish resides in the designated eligible area of Upatdawn Village and may use food coupons to purchase allowable hunting and fishing equipment and supplies.

Then you just present this card when you hit your local merchant for the approved goods.

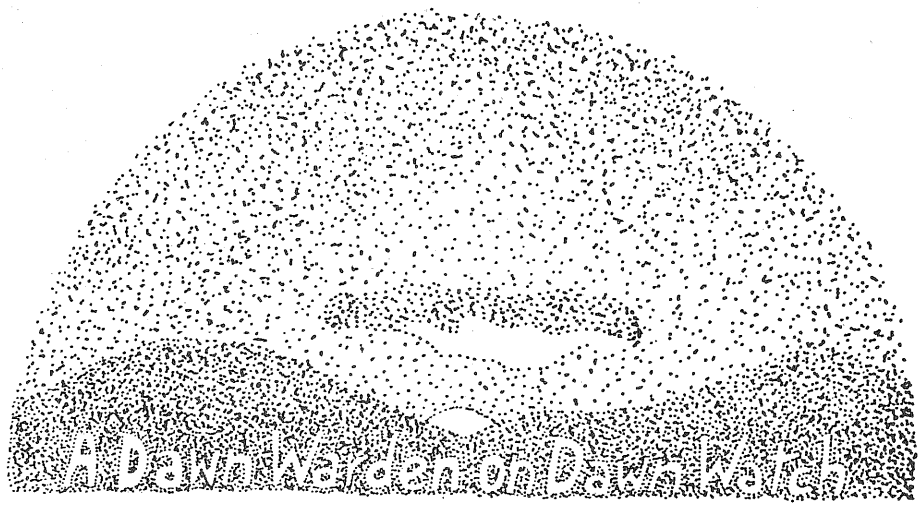
There are a couple of ringers in the definitions of 'eligible area'. In the Archipelago (the place, not the paper), the following towns and villages are not considered eligible areas:

- Juneau-Douglas, Skagway, Hoonah, Haines, Sitka, Ketchikan, Wrangell, Kake, and Petersburg

That sounds like about everyplace most readers of Archipelago (the paper, not the place) would live, but the food stamp manager qualified the restrictions for me by saying that anyone who is in an area not serviced by the Ferry System or a paved road system does qualify. That means that a lot of people who seasonally move to areas like Admiralty Island, Gustavus, Craig, the deep reaches of out-the-road Juneau, and so on, may qualify. Again, the person to see is the local food stamp worker or fee agent. The official rule is that an application for subsistence hunting and fishing equipment use of food stamps by someone living in a non-eligible area will be reviewed by a person called the Regional Assistance Payment Manager (who supervises a bunch of eligibility workers). The manager determines if the particular household, not the community as a whole, was improperly excluded. All that translates to a rather kindly stipulation in most assistance programs that says, 'we know everybody's situation is different and we want to make sure we take care of as many exceptions as we can.'

The whole Food Stamp Program in Alaska is currently being sued by Alaska Legal Services for not enrolling as many clients as it could (only 8,000 people out of an estimated 62,000 eligible folks); so everyone in the operation will probably be real helpful to you these days.

by Brad Matsen



Slow, coaching the sun
 Come on, Father Light
 I've got things to get done.
 Cold nights are like life times
 When your body won't sleep
 Though I've tried running mountains
 And counting fat sheep
 and looking for treasures
 on Gastineau Beach.
 Why I've even been places
 your beams never reach.
 Deep in this mountain
 I've walked empty halls
 and touched picks of dead miners
 froze to ice covered walls.
 So come on Father Light
 I've more tasks than I've time
 And I need your pale warmth
 To break this spell on my mind.

Dear Editors,

I'm not over-enthusiastic about papers that teach or preach, but I may as well admit in the beginning that my primary reason for writing this letter is to say how much hell and ruin are inevitably brought on innocent people and innocent lands by men who make a virtue of consistency.

All the great villains and small villains whom I ever met were consistent men—unimaginative men who consistently believed in war as a means of settling disputes between nations; equally misguided men who consistently believed that war must be avoided at all hazards, no matter what the provocation; narrow men who consistently upheld the beliefs and acts of one political party and saw no good in any other; shortsighted men who consistently refused to see that the welfare of their own land was dependent upon the welfare of every other land; ignorant men who consistently thought that the policies of their own government should be supported and followed, whether those policies were right or wrong; dangerous men who consistently thought that all people with dark skins are inferior to those with white skins; intolerant men who consistently believed that all people with white skins should be forced to accept all people with dark skins as equals. And I know that any land that cannot or will not avoid the dreadful pitfalls of consistency will be one with the dead empires whose crumbling monuments stud our battlegrounds in Cambodia and Angola.

Whale Bay
 January 1977

Albion Hamlin



a silver carving
 by Greg Horner

Port Chilkoot, Alaska.

Dear Friends,

Many of you are aware that there have been at least two major Native Arts conferences in the last three years. One of these conferences was held in Sitka in December, 1975. Another was held in Anchorage in August of last year. All too often there is no follow-up activity after conferences of this type. At least, there haven't been any meaningful and constructive programs developing within the Native community within the last few years.

A group of us were selected to serve on the Alaska State Council on the Arts, 'Native Cultural Heritage Task Force'. Other friends, who aren't members of the Task Force, but who are tied to us through family and spiritual threads, have joined with us to formally organize a Native Arts Foundation. This latter group has taken the name, 'Raven's Bones Foundation'. 'Raven's Bones' is a metaphor that describes the purpose of our art. We wish to devote our energy to the work of healing the broken bones of Native spirituality. It is a process of reintegration. It is also the name of the clan house of the late Lingit spiritual leader and artist Harry Bremner, Dlaasx'ei, an old time Raven of the Kwaashk'i Kwaan of Yakutat. Dlaasx'ei personified the spirit that we wish to carry forward in the programs of our foundation. In the words of the articles of incorporation:

The Raven's Bones Foundation Board
 Larry Ahvakana, Fred Anderson, Nora Dauenhauer, Pegie Deam, Ernie Frankson, Andy Hope, Carmen Quinto, Joe Senungetuk

This organization is structured;

- a) for initiating and reviewing programs in the field of Native Arts
- b) for fostering cultural and developmental continuity of Alaska Native Arts
- c) to insure cultural integrity through Native Arts
- d) to promote cultural exchange, sharing and cooperation through Native Arts
- e) to facilitate such exchange within the Native cultural groups of Alaska
- f) to foster improved Native-non-Native cultural exchange
- g) for establishing an educational and fine literature program

We are planning two specific programs for the coming year—a journal and a summer institute. If things don't fall apart, the journal should be out in the early spring. It will be published yearly. We hope that it will provide an excellent forum for the expression of Native creation.

We have also begun working and planning on a three week summer institute of Native Arts. We only have ideas at the present time, but there are good prospects for funding such an idea. Here are some of our roughed out thoughts on what such an institute can offer; a workshop in traditional carving with Fred Anderson; traditional dance with Ernie Frankson; metal arts with Ron Senungetuk; stone sculpture with Larry Ahvakana; modern dance and theater with Jane Lind; literature with Andy Hope; beadwork with Maria Ackerman.

These 'directors' will handle their individual fields of interest, not necessarily

holding forth with sermonettes or pearls of wisdom, but facilitating exchange. We are interested in finding people who are ready and willing to learn from one another as well as from the workshop directors. Guest artists in residence will assist in the development of the institute and these guests will include artists from throughout Alaska as well as from Down Below.

We will be meeting with representatives from the administration of Mt. Edgecumbe to discuss the possibility of utilizing the facilities of the high school for the institute. Tentative dates for the institute are the first three weeks in August. We will notify all of you when we have definite places and dates.

Why are we contacting you at this time? We would like your support and participation. Maybe you have some interesting ideas on how to structure the foundation. Perhaps you have some thoughts on the institute. Perhaps you have an idea on what the journal can do. If you are interested in any of these things, please contact us as soon as possible. Time is of the essence, for we have to plan now in order to be well prepared for the act itself. We are working out proposals now. If we can develop an active communication network within the Native Arts community, we will be that much better off. We will keep you posted on what our thoughts and actions are through the journal as well as periodic newsletters like this one.

Respectfully yours,

The Raven's Bones Foundation Board
 Box 1576,
 Sitka, Alaska.

Maple Necks & Rosewood Tuning Pegs

THE SWEET BANJO FACTORY...even the name sounds nice. Sunshiny meadows filled with wildflowers, the lilting sound of a hand-crafted dulcimer and guitar, backed by a frailling banjo player. Even backed by a washtub bass. Nothing like it...soothing the savage beast and all that.

Something new has come to Juneau. Out the road about a quarter mile downstream from the highway on the Mendenhall River is a real live factory. A banjo, guitar, mandoline, dulcimer, hurdy-gurdy factory. Hurdy-Gurdy?!! Yup, mandoline of those for who you feel you need a little drowning in your life. A nice place. Someday, I'm sure, Jim Knull wants to expand the place by leasing a few hundred acres and erecting a chrome, glass and steel edifice capable of producing a thousand guitars a day...but maybe a couple of windows in the walls of the yurt would be nice for the time being.

I suppose I should say at the beginning that the Sweet Banjo Factory is not a business, but is a group of people interested in music in one way or another, who've done something about the shoddy quality and muffled sound of most assembly-line instruments.

Jim Knull wanted to learn to play guitar but couldn't afford a really good one and had a whole lot more sense than to go out and buy a cheapie. So, he built one: a guitar so pretty and well made, he'd have trouble finding one as good anywhere at any price. He hasn't learned to play yet, but that's comming.

Bob Banghart built a mandoline with a carved top and back, and a sound like a lot of little bells. Bob also built a rubbing board for all you rythm freaks. It looks like some weird chest protector for a baseball catcher. The washboard surface is rubbed, tapped and whistled-at with your fingers; and the whole thing is made out of one sheet of copper. If you're thinking that you've heard that name before (Banghart, that is) you're probably right. Bob built most of the eagle tree in the Alaska State Museum and the beautiful bent-oak benches surrounding it. He's also a potter of some note, and has had at least one show with other artists at the Museum. He's built a house with Laura, two kilns, hundreds of pots, wind chimes, a handle for his Buck knife...Everywhere, everything is quality: perfect hairline joints of brass, wood, ivory and clay. Happiness is what he's doing, I guess. It shows.

Most any Wednesday night, at the Ox on South Franklin Street, Sparky Sparkle plays the banjo he made. (He didn't make the banjo there, but that's where he plays!). Most of the time, June Hall strums her dulcimer near a crackling fire on North Douglas. It was made for her by her old man Paul, with Jim's help. Lots of rosewood and a spruce top that would make the people at the Martin Guitar Company break into tears. Jim made a mandoline for his daughter, too. Dan Hobson has started a banjo, and when I was out there, he was bending the wood for the pot into the form, glueing it up, smiling. It sure feels good in the yurt on the banks of the river.

JIM KNULL is the main force in Sweet Banjo. He grew-up in the Seattle area and got his start in craftsmanship by boosting hubcaps off his neighbors' cars when he was fourteen or fifteen. Later, he was off to Juneau and a stint at the Auke Bay Fisheries Lab. At the same time, he taught a course in woodworking at the Juneau-Douglas Community College at Auke Lake. Through everything he's done has run the central theme of attention to detail and quality workmanship. I asked him once, about a year ago, what color stain he was going to apply to one of the instruments he was working on. He stiffened a little and said, 'I never use it. If I can't find the wood with the right color that I want, then I won't build the thing.' Attention to detail...soft handrubbed finishes, natural wood colors, walnut, rosewood, ebony, and even good old faithful fir. I suspect that he could produce a fine instrument out of used plywood, cement forms and bailing wire, but that will have to be another story.

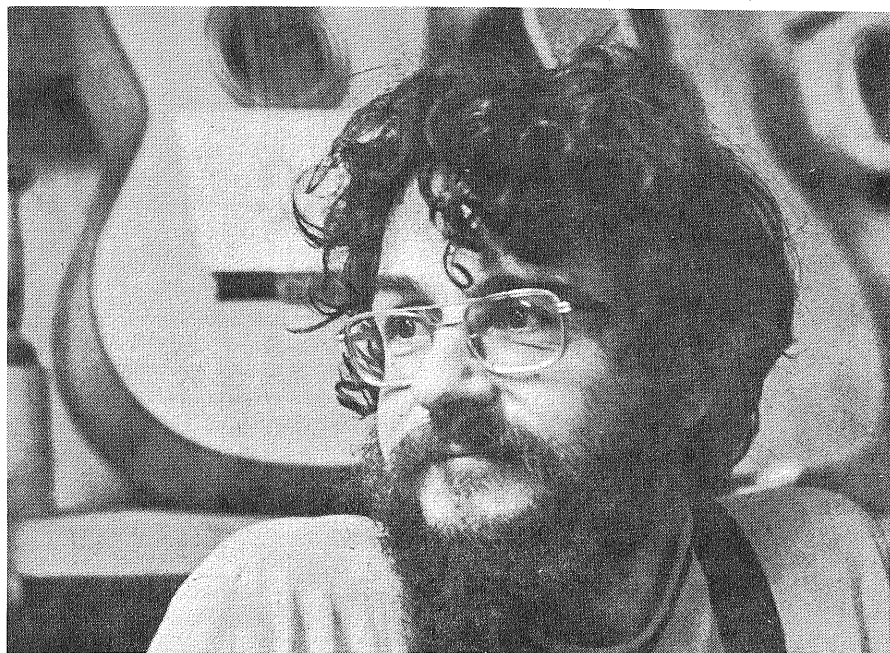
Sweet Banjo Factory is headquartered in a yurt of Jim's design and almost everybodys' construction. It's portable. The whole building can be taken apart in a couple of days and hauled to another site, if necessary. Lots of foam insulation in the walls and ceiling make it a cozy place to be in generally wet Juneau. The outward-sloping walls are decorated with forms for all kinds of instruments; a select stockpile of hard and soft woods, reference books on repairing and making instruments, neat racks of chisels, cutters, gizmos and doo-dads for woodworking. There's a bandsaw, a tablesaw, a lathe, a bench sander, and a drill press. Oh, yeah, the hurdy-gurdy, too. Some partially finished instruments and some completely finished ones are hanging on whatever wall space is left. And Jim's Erotic Walnut Chrome Plated Plastic Enclosed Necklace Display Case is there too, but you'll have to make the trip out there to see it and get the story on it. This is a clean-wholesome paper.

CO-OP-ER-ATE: to act or work with another or others to a common end...Some people come to Sweet Banjo Factory with only a vague idea of what they want to build or learn to build, others come complete with pocketsfull of chisels, diagrams and lists of mail-order parts suppliers.

Before Sparky got really going on his banjo, he was hesitant about the whole project. There's no doubt that someone could build a banjo quickly and cheaply, and be playing it three or four weeks after starting construction. In fact, it's painfully obvious that it could be done that quickly. Witness the myriad brands of banjos on the market today that would better serve as fancy canoe paddles than as musical instruments. About ten months after he chucked his first chisel, Sparky stretched the new strings on his short-necked 5-string. Lots and lots of hours of Jim's gentle suggestions and methods are evident in the laminated maple neck, german nickel-silver frets, and clear, blue-sky sound. Cooperative effort. Nice stuff. Hope you get a look at it sometime.

The Sweet Banjo Factory, essentially, is an alternative to flimsey mass-production instruments that look like part of the grillwork from a '53 Buick and sound about the same. It's learning how to use some tools that are quickly becoming antiques. It's how to pound, bend, and shape brass; pick the direction of the grain in a piece of oak; or shape rosewood tuning pegs on a drum sander and wood lathe.

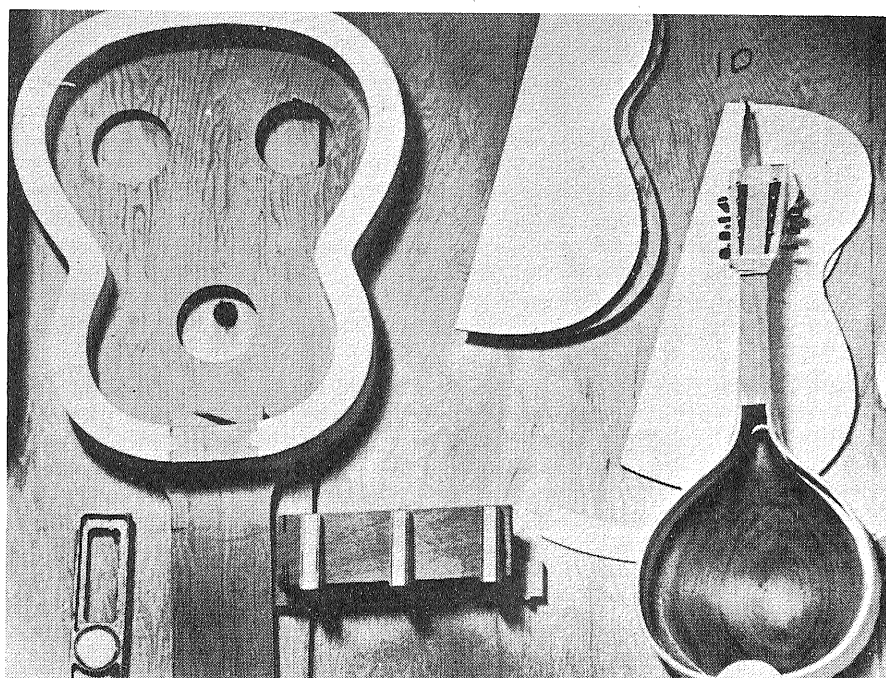
Visitors are welcome anytime, as are questions or just plain curious folks. Don't be annoyed, though, if you find yourself with a broom in your hands or holding a piece of wood gliding through the bandsaw. That's co-operation!!



jim knull

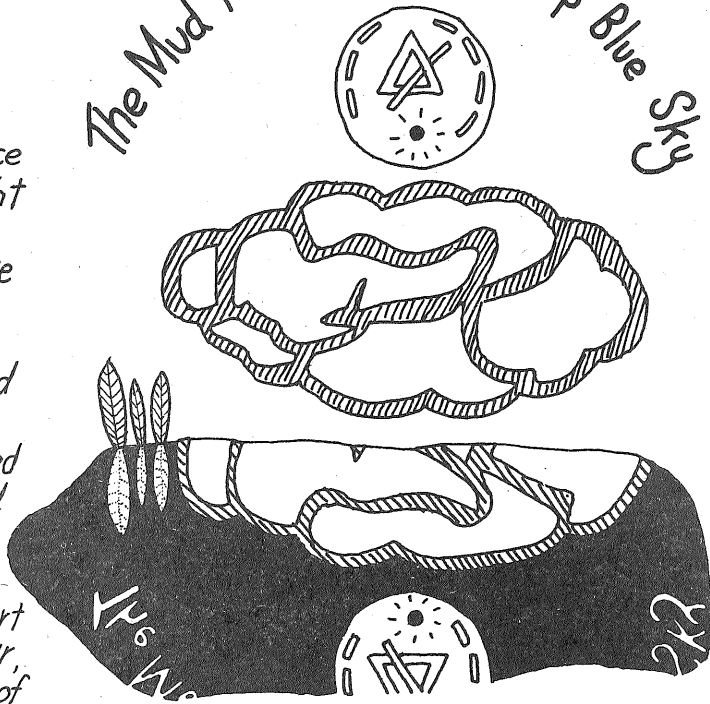


dan hobson & hurdy-gurdy



The Mud Puddle in the Deep Blue Sky

In Thistleonia, there was once a little boy who threw a bright copper coin into a very deep mud puddle in order to make a very deep wish and the puddle exploded. You see, the mud puddle had always wanted to become a cloud, and was sick and tired of his dirty appearance and sloppy nature of just lying around doing nothing. So when the coin splashed part of him out into the clean air, he simply took advantage of the situation and brought the rest of him along. And instead of falling back into himself in little muddy droplets, he soared off into the sky to become a white and extremely fluffy cloud. As a cloud, he drifted along all the island continents of the world, from Bering in the north to the southern Smokey Chain,



and had many exciting times travelling on the tip of the wind like some strange surfer of the seas of the air. One day, he found himself back in his old neighborhood, and could still see the small coin all alone on the dry dusty path, and the dead wish lost in the tears of the little boy.

And the beautiful cloud who was once a dirty mud puddle felt sad. So he caught a current of wind and rode it high into the thin air and he knew exactly what he was doing. When he got to a point a mile high, he felt his body changing and felt himself falling down, down and further down and he knew he had become rain. Rain to fill the needs of the earth and he felt all sweet inside like he was on a long journey in order to give someone something of importance. And then everything went dark and he felt his new form being pushed together and when he became aware of his new surroundings, he found that he was a puddle again. And deep inside him at the very bottom was a shiny coin and all around him the laughter of a little boy.

by Sid Morgan
graphics by Mary Partridge

Newspaper Toiletpaper & Toothpicks

LAND CLAIMS IN MAINE

Down in the State of Maine there's a lands claim from the Penobscot and Passamaquoddy tribes. Maine is about the size of our Archipelago; it's mostly forests, rivers, and seashores; and just as the U.S. Forest Service has maintained large tracts of wilderness in the Tongass National Forest, the Eastern timber companies have maintained forests on 75% of Maine.

Thus, the Passamaquoddy and Penobscot now have lands of spruce and bear—similar to what it was like in the time of Captain John Smith. The Maine tribes are suing for two-thirds of the State, valued at about \$25 billion. It's a peculiar tale about timber companies saving the State of Maine for the Algonquin and Egyptian tribes . . . Egyptian?! . . . yup, just listen:

SPRUCE PULP AND THE PYRAMIDS

French and English lords, bureaucrats, and businessmen quarrelled over Maine lands since the 1600's. By 1870, when the Huguenots and Norridgewocks, Passamaquoddy and Irish, Penobscots and Scots had it all settled, the Industrial Revolution caught up to these forests and seas, and these folks living their lives from the lands.

Most of the native white pine had already been cut down for ships' masts, and the remaining white pine were too isolated and convulsed with decrepit cracks to be profitable. In these days of "natural" management, stands of spruce had slunk back in, quickly followed by the paper industry. The bureaucrats in Boston, the Hearst Empire in New York, the gentle ladies of San Francisco, and the gentlemen of London all craved spruce products—newspaper, toilet-paper, and toothpicks. As usual, technology locked arms with mother nature to breed dollars. The pulp rush was on. But, one entrepreneur in this weird era of Grant, Gould, and Sheldon Jackson could not get all the spruce he needed for his mill. Awed with the booming trade in toothpicks and toiletpaper, this fella contracted with the Anglo-Egyptian government and the British Museum for excess mummies from the pyramids. Several shiploads are reported to have unloaded in Penobscot Bay—a funeral procession of 6,000 years and 6,000 miles to end up in a pulp mill as papyrus mash; the whirled-off wrappings provided pulp cheaper than what the spruce from the East Branch of the Penobscot could!

GOLD! — 1876

Just after the California gold strike at Sutter's Mill in California; and just before Chief Kowee, Joe Juneau, and Dick Harris stumbled up Gold Creek in our Archipelago; a gold rush started on this same Penobscot Bay of Maine. Some fishermen discovered gold-streaked rock down by Blue Hill. They tucked this rocky sunshine in a pack and toted it to a nearby tavern. A bleary-eyed 49er fumbled it between his old fingers and mumbled "A-yep, that's gold—I rec'll't it from Californee—but me a beer, 'kay. . ." Some things never change. The rush was on. Wall Street rushed first, then the prospectors and businessmen, and finally the miners. When the U.S. Geological Survey told the miners that they were busting their backs over a very highgrade, motherlode of pyrite, well . . . the boom burst like a constipated jellyfish.

CHOLERA!

At this time of mummy and pyrite speculation, the U.S. Marine Hospital Service got to looking at a small cholera epidemic in this Penobscot Bay region. They traced it to dormant cholera germs in "them foul, foreign mummies at the pulp mill!" and shut down both the mine and the mill. That put the lid on pyramid pulp and pyrite mines in Maine . . . in 1878 and thereafter. . .

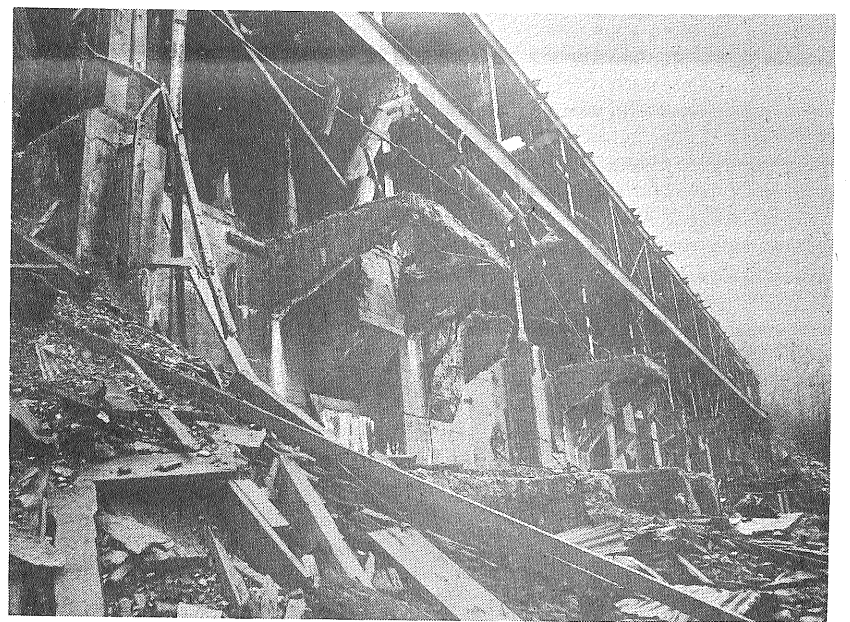
but . . . how's that tie-in with native land claims?

LAND CLAIMS IN MAINE — 2076

Well, it's for certain that ladies blew their pristine noses on 5,000-year-old toilet paper; and that editions of the New York Herald were printed for a time on the same fabric used by scribes in the **Egyptian Book of the Dead**—manuscript that had guided Pharaohs to the Other-world had also guided Jay Gould to Wall Street. But where'd the corpses go after the papyrus wrappings became paper? What'll happen in another century when an archeologist, fresh from the schoolhouse and ignorant of this folk history from Penobscot Bay, starts turning up IX Dynasty Egyptian bodies? . . .

"Egyptians Discover America!" Will a lands claim come from Cairo? Will the Egyptian natives in 2076 find; as their Alaskan, European, and Maine cousins have already found: that justice and the law are merely beauty and the beast?

b.h.a. Roderick

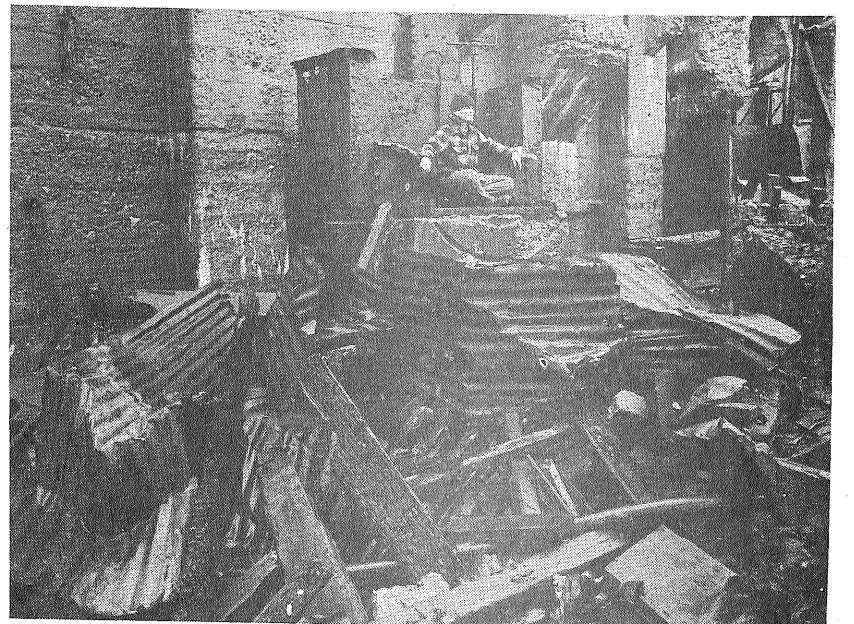


ROTTEN REMAINS

-----HOLD HOLES IN THE HEART OF A HILLSIDE IN ANGUISH WITH RUST-RIDDEN PARTS

OF A THRONE LONG ABANDONED EXCEPT FOR THE BARK OF BATS in the mineshaft

And Dreams lost in the dark



THE A.J. MINE.....JUNEAU

from Janet & Barry Harris Harbor, Alaska.

CONVERSATION WITH A CHIEF

"Look over there. You see that bird, that raven?!"

I narrowed by eyes across the snowfield until they focused upon some ruffled black feathers atop a glossy hillock of ice. The raven perched there black, amidst so much whiteness, like a necromancer surrounded by summoned spirits. . . talons sunk in snow and wings prepared to slip into sky. The surrounding shades of wind and sun flickered his texture to us. . . this raven, talkative in so many tones of voice and color.

"What is that bird called in Lingit?" Dlaas'ei asked.

"Yeil."

'Right. But that bird over there is not Yeil, the Yeil, the creator of our history. That bird, yeil, is just a bird. Yeil, the creator, is different.

My thoughts swept back over the snowfields to icy gutters on grim Saturday mornings at the Roman Catholic school—to my last morning there, to the only lesson taught by the old priest, Father Nelligan, that had stuck in my mind:

"That crucifix there, this painting of the Virgin Mary, and the halo over Joseph's statue here. . . none of them are to be worshipped! These steel, paint, and pottery images are just symbols of the creator. These symbols of clay and wood and steel are just reminders of the creator and the love we should thank him with."

Now, Dlaas'ei, a wise chief of Yakutat, had given new inspiration to the symbolism Father Nelligan had talked about with remembered reverence:

"Too many whitemen confuse Yeil, the creator, with yeil, those ravens that fly around."

Barry Roderick at Sitka, 1975.

NOTE FROM NIKOS

I am Greek fisherman. I live in New York City 10 years. I come to Alaska, to Southeast Alaska 20 years ago. But still I have not lost my love of old land of Hellas. . . of its history of songs and stories. . . very beautiful.

I look at Alaska when I come. Ah-h, I say, this is very beautiful land. . . the people who live here long ago must have very beautiful song and history too. . . like Greek people. I like to talk lots. . . many good talks I have with Indians around here. We trade our native songs and story. I am happy talking of them. I look at lots of books too, but I get very sad. I look at one book last month they call **Raven** by a DeArmond lady. I grow very angry. This is why I write to you at newspaper.

See, I am Greek Christian, but I love my peoples' history too. If any one take my beautiful Bible and "translate" it into "piglatin" my children jabber at school recess. . . then I get very angry. If anyone take my beautiful poem of **Odysseus**—history my Homer write long ago, and "translate" into drunk jabber of even **Greek Brooklyn** whore. . . oh, I horrible with madness!

This is why I say this DeArmond lady's book makes me so angry. It is like I "translate" my Homer's **Iliad** into book like I write here in this letter. . . bad American writing I do. I can sing beautiful history in my own tongue of my own land and people. If I share my history with lots of people like in books, it would be in most beautiful way of Greek or English tongue, only. . . not in silly tongue of my letter here, or DeArmond lady's book, "Raven."

— Nikos Tsangreides at Yakutat, 1976.

DeArmond, D.B.; Raven: A Collection of Woodcuts; Alaska Northwest Publishing Company; Anchorage; 1975. Limited Edition: 1250 copies.

DIM VIEW OF TLINGIT CULTURE HERO THE RAVEN



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According to George Pettitt, author of **Primitive Education in North America**, "the importance of myths and folk tales as a body of knowledge to be transmitted to primitive children and as a means of inculcating attitudes in harmony with cultural patterns has been generally accepted if not taken for granted by virtually all writers on primitive education."

Tlingit children are not likely to get the necessary sense of ethnic pride from reading the content of **The Raven** which is a collection of woodcuts extracted from the Tlingit Culture by Dale DeArmond, illustrating a series of folk tales adapted and rewritten from the linguist John Swanton's collection of Tlingit Myths and Texts. Ms. DeArmond's re-translation of the Tlingit text and language is abusive and insulting to all of our people who reside in Southeast Alaska and in other places. The Raven as found in the Tlingit oral tradition seems more justified to stand alone without further comment.

The essential purpose of my comments is to inform Ms. DeArmond simply that her effort to re-translate the Tlingit language as it appears in the series about the Raven is quite childish and dull. It is not consistent with the effort to promote mutual understanding and respect between all citizens and groups.

We are by birth children of the great Raven Phratry who are brothers to each other. With a sense of ethnic pride, I am obliged to defend their **dignity and unity** of thought in rhetoric. And naturally, I believe in Tlingit strength and support to our Tlingit oral tradition by maintaining respect for all that had to be believed, obeyed, and accepted. For that reason, I am unwilling to accept Ms. DeArmond's re-translation of the Tlingit language utilizing English concepts in the stories about **The Raven**.

Tlingit storytellers are not going to accept it, because of its intent to make a mockery of their language, and of the impression it gives which identifies them as a group who were unable to express themselves intelligibly. Our Ancestors were a people of ability. They produced a language that is very expressive in rhetoric and action. . . they could not have survived if this had not been so.

(Haa éesh has awé yei hàs at wul.goo-woon, tleix at wul.oonkayi awé yi han tsú.)

Submitted by Walt Babe Williams
Ethnic Studies Specialist,
Juneau.

On Eagles and Men

by Stephen Waste and Robert Lehman
Wilderness Research Institute

Bald eagles and men have competed for food and space since their first meeting. Preferred bald eagle food is fish and their preferred habitat is shoreline estate. Fish is always cheaper than beef and who doesn't like a lakeside view? They have never gotten along well; and man, unlike eagle, can carry a grudge.

The Territory and State of Alaska paid bounties on eagles for 33 years, intending to protect the salmon industry. In Wyoming they had what might be called an aerial posse: airborne sharpshooters blasted eagles from the skies that are not cloudy all day; it seems some sheepmen lose a few lambs each year to eagles (though some folks thought the punishment didn't fit the crime). Most folks who have known bald eagles grant them (at the very least) a grudging respect. They are handsome birds which invoke fierce admiration from those of a more forgiving nature. Though Ben Franklin liked the American turkey more, the bald eagle wears the American crown.

As a result of the quarrel, bald eagles declined slowly. Habitat destruction, indiscriminate shooting, and poisoning took their toll. However, the future of the birds did not seem in imminent danger, until a swift and deadly blow struck well after World War II; the war had nurtured a flurry of scientific activity and organic chemists were getting very good at their trade.

Charles Broley, a retired banker and bird banding hobbyist, was one of the first to notice something amiss. For twelve years (until the late 50's) he climbed into giant cypress trees in Florida to place identifying bands on the ankles of young bald eagles in their nests. During the last few years of his activities, he discerned an alarming drop in the number of eaglets he could band each year. Adults were still plentiful (for they are long-lived birds), but the number of young in the nests continued to plummet. Bald eagles had declined slowly for years, he knew, but this was an altogether different and insidious trend. Evidence was compiled. From all over the lower 48 states came the startling news of reproductive failures, even from traditional eagle stongholds such as the Great Lake states, the Chesapeake Bay region, and the Florida Everglades. Throughout the next decade the decline continued. While the bald eagle disappeared as a nesting species in places where it had never been abundant, wildlife biologists frantically searched for the cause.

It is sometimes a wildlife biologist's unpopular task to preserve remnant populations as a future stock. Americans are for-

tunate that Alaska is largely in pristine condition, for here is a great wildlife bank. Alaska supports the largest wildlife populations still remaining in the United States. Wolverines, wolves, peregrine falcons, and grizzlies still abound. Elsewhere they exist only as pocket populations. Alaskans are also the custodians of the greatest concentrations of bald eagles in North America. They are fortunate, for this biologic indicator species is still vigorous. Their environment is unspoiled.

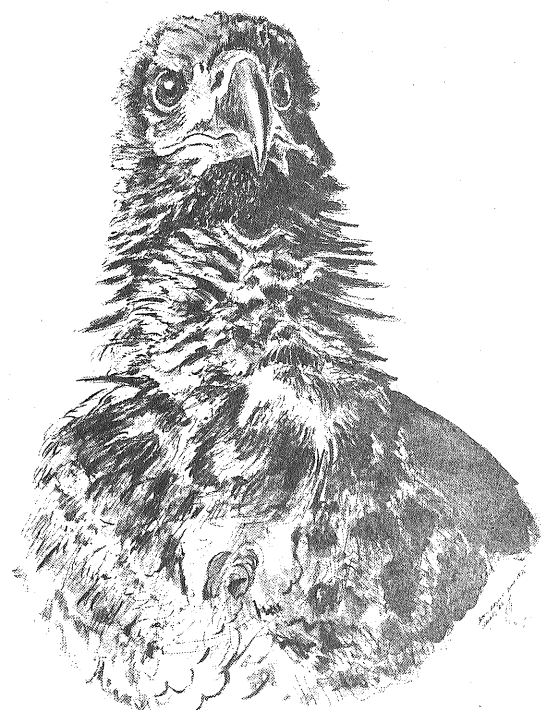
It took almost ten years for scientific sleuths to track down and positively link cause and effect. Their ultimate success by 1970 brought little joy, however, for they had discovered yet another manifestation of a poisoned environment, and the were helpless to reverse the trend. The greatest scourge of bald eagles was, ironically, the same miracle pesticide, DDT, which eliminated ancient diseases from some parts of the world and wiped out agricultural pests more effectively than any technique before it. It was soon obvious that other wildlife populations suffered from the same malady. Chlorinated hydrocarbon compounds such as DDT and its relatives endrin, aldrin, and dieldrin are collectively known as "biocides." The broadcast application of these chemicals into the environment was eventually linked to other environmental and public ills. The developing resistance of pest species (and the consequent need to use ever-increasing amounts of the pesticides) became the talk of chemists and entomologists. By now the phenomenon of egg shell thinning was widespread knowledge. DDT interferes with the delicate process of calcium deposition around the developing embryo, resulting in the laying of eggs which are thin shelled and easily broken by the incubating female. It becomes highly concentrated in the fats of birds which feed high on the food chain where it accumulates as a result of a constant diet of contaminated food. After application the chemical remains toxic and is stable in the environment for years.

From these proceedings a new term was coined, "biologic indicator species," to describe environmental quality. An endangered indicator species demonstrates that our habitat (and theirs) is sick. Might human health endure in an environment where bald eagles cannot even survive? The relationship between environmental ills and public health was a logical progression and its study confirmed our worst fears. The high incidence of human cancers is now attributable to pervasive carcinogens in the biosphere—

deed, the abolition of DDT came only when it was undeniably linked to cancer. To ignore the implication would be folly. The bitter more dangerous pesticides from further use. Now they may be used only in extreme infestation emergencies. Today the bald eagle has reached a tenuous equilibrium in the lower 48, and there is hope.

We have learned from sad experience that even the greatest and most remote

animal populations are vulnerable to man's increasing dominance of the earth. The greatest threat—even in Alaska—is indifference; we are usually too busy to be concerned with the welfare of other wild creatures. We are animals, too (it seems we need to be reminded sometimes). Who would have gazed upon a flea-bitten anthropoid of 20 million years past and guessed, "Therein lies the future of the world?" I wonder . . . where goes the bald eagle.



YOUNG BALD EAGLE
Glacier Bay, Alaska

Drawing by Peter Goll
Tenakee Springs, Alaska

Song of Taste

*Eating the germs of grasses
Eating the ova of large birds
the fleshy sweetness packed
around the sperm of swaying trees*

*The muscles of the flanks and
thighs of soft voiced cows
the bounce in the lamb's leap
the swish in the ox's tail*

*Eating roots grown swoll
inside the soil
Drawing on life of living
clustered points of light spun
out of space
hidden in the grape*

*Eating each other's seed
eating
ah, each other.*

*Kissing the lover in the mouth of bread
lip to lip.*

Gary Snyder calls that a 'food chain poem'. This part of Archipelago will be about food chains and webs--from the star on a pear's bottom to the hand that offers a hot cup of coffee: the smile and the open door.

I'd like to find out as much as I can about how Southeast Alaskans use the food resources of our region and their human resources of tradition, imagination, and skill. Please send any information about food gathering, storing or cooking to me:

Jamie McMahon
Archipelago, Box 304, Douglas, Alaska

To start with, I have some biases I ought to state at the beginning; and most of them concern love. Sharing, interdependency, is the habit of all life; but human mammals depend as fully on the warmth and trust of sharing as on the food, shelter, and tools that we share. In every culture we make families; in every culture those who are not enemies are offered hospitality. In these human relationships, as in those between species--from algae to dolphins--the important link is food. Those we do not eat or get eaten by, we offer food to.

Except for hermits and others absorbed in solitary work or thought, meals are better shared. Snacks are not satisfying to body or soul or mind (if such diversions exist), and nobody is so busy that she or he cannot sit down at least once in a day and enjoy the fruits of his/her labor. There have been times when I haven't and they have been times of coldness and confusion.

America, the Modern World, or whatever high-flown name you choose for it, this is a cold confused culture.

Ambition, achievement, wealth, or pleasure cannot make warmth or sense of it.

But we individual people can, with no divisions of politics or age, refuse to let our lives be rushed or cheapened. We can offer hospitality, we can make and share food, we can break bread.

Right now I live on a small boat with a kerosine backpacker's stove for cooking. So my bread these days is pancakes. It's too bad sourdough hotcakes are so much exploited by the tourism people and so little eaten. They're good, cheap, and quick. An old starter is interesting, but doesn't necessarily make any difference in quality. I suspect new yeasts are always altering the culture, anyway. And when you think about it, all yeast is just the original granddaddy yeast dividing into more cells over the centuries; so when you happen to domesticate a culture, it shouldn't make much difference. If you don't like the strain you have, invite another into a tasty crock of flour and water.

To make sourdough starter:

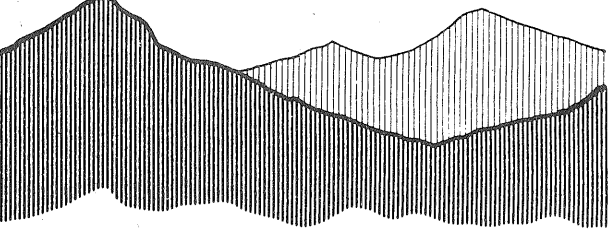
- 2 Cups flour
- water to make a batter the consistency of thick mud or Elmer's glue (some people swear by old potatoe-cooking water)
- 1 Tablespoon of yeast
- A spoon of sugar makes it go faster
- Mix it all up in a glass pollery or plastic container with some access to air (never use metal bowls or spoons)
- Let it sit in a warm spot 6 days (or until quite sour smelling)
- Then, regrigerate (or at least keep cool)

When you want to use your starter, mix 1 cup of it with 1 cup of warm (hopefully) water and some canned milk. Then stir in 1½ cups of flour and let the whole mess sit over night (at least 6 hours). Take out a cup of starter (it's all starter, now) in the morning and put it back into your jar or crock. These measurements are all vague, because I don't often measure. Basicly, if you figure out how big a bowl you want to fill, you can put in your starter, fill it halfway with water, and stir in flour until it's like a thick batter.

Anyway, for each 2 cups of starter, add:

- 1 egg, 2 Tablespoons of oil, a pinch of salt, and (last)
- ½ teaspoon of soda mixed in a little milk.

(continued on page 9, column 1)



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Happy Trails Produce and the Gonders

Ed made his first grubstake in the usual Alaskan fashion of logging, road-work, blazing trails...whatever came to hand in Haines. But then, Ed wasn't content to retire by the fire with winter crates of Prinz Brau. In October of 1975, he and his wife Eileen loaded a 16 foot box atop their '58 Dodge and ferried down til they hit Washington State. Then, rebounding off the cushion of people, they rolled; bartering at beehives, vineyards, farms, co-ops, fruit stands, orchards, and produce sheds; buying good food for southeastern Alaska

Ed and Eileen discovered that quality food and reasonable prices came from the independent, small farmers. By the time their Chiquita Brand Dodge Stagecoach pulled onto Pier 48 in Seattle, Ed and Eileen had collected a \$6,000 mound of fruit, vegetables, nuts, honey, and cider. The 'Malispina' deposited them in Ketchikan...then Wrangell...Petersburg...Juneau; when they got-off in Haines, it seemed a nice idea to surprise the folks in Tenakee with some fresh fruit. Their chartered salmon troller sure did surprise a few fisherfolk as Ed brailed apples from the hold! Then, the Dodge, called Happy Trails, practically empty (except for some bumped brown fruit), turned around and headed down for Prince Rupert and the Okanagan Valley of Washington.

While lurching through Northern British Columbia, the Dodge Stagecoach and Ed had to stop for a rest...Saying 'fillerup' Ed quickly adjourned to the john. Upon his return, he found his path blocked by 6 burly men...a desperate situation, 'We won't sell you any gas unless you sell us some of that fruit! A desperate ultimatum both because federal law prohibited Ed from selling American fruit in Canada and because the Dodge Stagecoach was almost empty...some say the International Trade Agreement was ammended that day, but who are we to say...we weren't there...at any rate, 6 men stood smiling in the B'C' dust as the Dodge drove to where it is today.

A year-and-a-half after that first Washington to Tenakee rally, Ed and Eileen own a truck, a 40 foot refrigerator van, the Dodge Stagecoach, and some of the best contacts for buying and selling the sweetest produce in the Nothwest...oranges, walnuts, fresh cider, thick honey and comb, dried fruit, lemon and limes, onions, seeds, carrots, grains, cherries...mmm! Ed says that if you folks contact him, he can get in touch with his produce friends in Washington and Oregon and find out when their crops are due. Then Ed will go and fetch a truckload of, say..., cherries and peaches, fresh from organic orchards. All he needs is an idea of the lot-type you folks want; he can charge it with his farmer friends, and even if you change your mind Ed says that he never has any trouble selling his goods! That's personalism! Ed says that he and Eileen have to sell 90-95% of their load, each trip, before they even start to break even...why in the 4 Boroughs of the Archipelago don't they go back to blazing trails?! Well, they're blazing some awfully necessary trails right now, and they know it. Ed and Eileen are dedicated to a lifestyle and belief of more than building monumental profits to them-

selves and their family (oh!...they've a new son, Einar; another reason they believe in building a solidly gentle lifestyle for southeastern Alaska)

Just look at Ed and Eileen's operation....they shop from friends and farmers who put quality and concern into their foods. Ed's even willing to share his contacts with any folks who ask him! (even shopkeepers, with reasonable mark-up)

Ed and Eileen say it's odd to go into a town and sell their goods even cheaper than the local co-op. Fortunately, Ed and Eileen don't have to play with bargaining like the co-ops have to. Wherever the ferries go, the Gonders go too. But, then, the villages that don't have ferries, don't get that sunshine smiling produce either. Hmmm....that's a topic Ed and Eileen have been talking about since that first voyage to Tenakee.

They're looking for a boat with a skipper to take their fresh fruits and vegetables to the out-ports of Kake, Craig, Klawock, WarmSprings Bay, Port Alexander, Point Baker, Port Protection, Hoonah, Angoon, Gustavus, and the rest of our people between Metlakatla and Yakutat. It sounds like a good experience for any slump-season vessels looking for a unique job! Also, it seems that Eileen and Ed's old partner heard the chime of schoolbells and left to step down hallowed halls of learning. So, they're looking for someone to share the energy (which can get drained faster than a leaky radiator, when you spend so much time on the road helping folks with fresh and goodly priced food!). They're looking for a mechanic to help their enterprise. (check the back page of the paper for a sample of their prices)

And what's up the road?...well, a farm in the Okanagan Valley supplying us in southeastern Alaska with freshly pressed cider, cherries, corn, pecans, mild milk and sweet cheeses! All of you that are interested in an ideal lifestyle for yourselves and our Archipelago, write Ed and Eileen. Their plan on 'an incorporated co-op for enlightened capital' is beautiful sensitivity against brutal commercialism run amok.

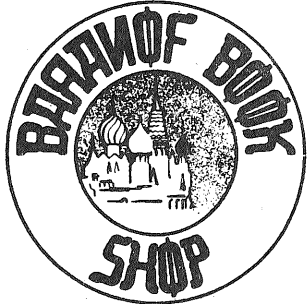
Their plans and system and equipment are right up front with their idealistic integrity....they've got it all put together, but they need the warm support of us in the Archipelago.

Write them:

The Gonders
26 Mile,
Haines, Alaska

We asked Ed about all that travelling around between the Okanagan Valley and us in the Archipelago. Ed said, 'We were raised throughout the Pacific Northwest, it's all our home....Washington, Oregon, Alaska....'

Welcome home Ed &
Eileen &
Einar!



So you want to go into the woods and live on your own?

Before you do, check with the Baranof Book Shop for those volumes that will show you how to do it right.....and with safety. Like:

- 'How to Live Cheap but Good'
- 'The Guide to Self-sufficiency'
- 'Building a Yurt'
- 'How to Build and Furnish a Log Cabin'
- 'The Woodstove and Fireplace Book'
- 'Being Your Own Wilderness Doctor'
- 'Country Comforts'
- 'Country Women' (Handbook for the new farmer)
- 'Foxfire'
- And several dozen more. Where??

The Baranof Book Shop, of course!!

100 N. FRANKLIN STREET
JUNEAU, ALASKA 99801

This paper is supported by disorganized crime. Sad to relate, the Senior Editor is a thief.

One particularly foul evening last Fall, when the snow threatened to descend from its base camp atop Mt. Juneau, claustrophobia began to clutch at the Senior Editor's soul like a rapacious octopus. His day had been spent in our Editorial Office aboard the good ship, 'Chief Seattle'; trying to mend a breach in our newspaper's already broached budget.

Brad Brinkman at the Alaska Legal Services had written-up our Articles of Incorporation with suave reservation and skill. Brad had been horribly bemused that a benighted band of 'poverty-level' idealists should seek out ALS in order to incorporate a newspaper. 'But,' he had forewarned, 'you have to come up with your own \$77 submittal fee for the Division of Commerce!'

It was a simple problem of comical poverty. It was major hurdle number 1, and here we lay tangled and kicking on the track! The Senior Editor had spent the wntire morning wracking his over-wrought mind for rich relatives, ill and old, to whom he could post letters of economic entreaty. He thought of vulnerable liquor stores on South Franklin Street...of indisposed drunks and unwary handbags

at the Hilton Lounge...of waitresses and their counter-top tips...wicked thoughts, all; and each misfired on a blank cartridge. During the afternoon, he had labored over typewriter and coffee, composing 5 pages of help to public service organizations - organizations throughout our Archipelago So, head up, his face turned into the whispers of a southeast wind; he hitched down his thumb to the apt end of Egan Drive - the Red Dog Saloon. As expected, a couple of the Editorial Board were there sifting the sawdust for dubious ideas relating to this first edition. Nothing was said of postage. A bottle of beer was quickly produced for the Senior Editor, who thereupon got down to the tacky task of locating 65¢ postage for his 5 hope-filled envelopes.

'Honor is an elastic walking stick in an earthquake. I could have 'asked' for 65¢ for the stamps...but both men and fools have pride to consider. Instead I sat down and was offered a beer...sure why not have a beer...beer isn't money...beer cast on the waters always flows back as beer. But postage stamps are a matter of honour.'

The Senior Editor thought and thought; he followed the flying fingers of a guitar player; he collaborated with

crusty caps of watered whiskey bottles; he contemplated Wyatt Earpp's pistol over the bar from 77 lost years ago...the idea of pillage and robbery slipped in and out of his mind with the wrist-jerking double action of a hair trigger...no, no, no...He began looking at the table, looking down with inebriate despair. His eyes wandered slightly to starboard and LO - there on the table top lay...75¢... a tip for the waitress.

The following part of this tale is difficult to tell for the slinking turpitude it testifies to...for the slimy depths to which it slides, like an infested oyster half-shelled down a leper's palate.

I confess, I stole 75¢ from a waitress at the Red Dog. But more foul, yet; I didn't use it for stamps. I bought coffee donuts with it the next morning...See, I no longer needed it for stamps; since the Juneau Consumer's Co-op had passed their hat and opened their budget, generously giving us our \$77 incorporation fee.

What can I say...the crumbs are still in my beard. Whoever you are, O Red Dog Waitress, thank you...! Our Editorial Office is reached by stumbling down the port gangplank at Harris Harbour. At low tide the angle of the

gangplank is obscenely steep, so be sure to use the hand-rail and swing right, flinging yourself down Float number 2. Proceed along that float until you come to a decadent looking vessel that resembles a refugee ship from the Portuguese squid wars - 'Chief Seattle'. The Editorial Office lurks in the bowels of this salmon troller of ill repute. I am the man by the typewriter with donut crumbs in his beard...you shall have a year's subscription, 75¢, a cup of tea, and a song!

'I don't give a damn!'

How many Alaskan school kids have had rapped knuckles and lathered mouths for muttering that supposed curse? The 'dam' was a coin used among Indian rajahs at the time of British colonization. The dam was worth about 1 farthing (\$0.005, American). Therefore, 'I don't give a dam!' is the proper statement and does not qualify either as a curse or for a 1/2-hour in the corner! - A good lesson in silent letters an'pristine ethics.

SCHEDULE OF SHIPPING CHARGES

SOUTH ALASKA
ZIP 99800-99999

SURFACE MAIL UP TO 4 LBS.	\$1.10
5 TO 10 LBS.	1.60
OVER 10 LBS. ADD PER LB.	.09
AIRMAIL - UP TO 4 LBS.	2.53
AIRMAIL - EACH LB. OVER 4 ADD	.30

NORTH ALASKA
ZIP 99500-99799

SURFACE MAIL UP TO 4 LBS.	1.42
5 TO 10 LBS.	2.23
OVER 10 LBS. ADD PER LB.	.14
AIRMAIL UP TO 4 LBS.	2.90
AIRMAIL - EACH LB. OVER 4 ADD	.37

SPECIAL DISCOUNTS FOR LARGE ORDERS CAN BE ARRANGED. PLEASE INQUIRE.

ALL PRICES ARE SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

WE WILL MAKE SUBSTITUTIONS IF A COFFEE OR TEA YOU HAVE ORDERED IS UNAVAILABLE, UNLESS YOU SPECIFY OTHERWISE. PLEASE PROVIDE US WITH A LIST OF YOUR ALTERNATE CHOICES.

STAPLE OR TAPE HERE

QUAFFS
14 MARINE WAY
JUNEAU, ALASKA
99801

FOLD HERE

CUT ALONG DOTTED LINES

'A GOOD CUP OF COFFEE ...'

HAS TO BE ONE OF THE GREATEST OF THOSE SMALL PLEASURES IN LIFE, ADDING WITH ITS WARMTH, FLAVOR AND AROMA A BIT OF UPLIFT AND A COMMON TOUCH - POINT FOR SHARING TIME WITH A FRIEND. GOOD WHOLE BEAN COFFEE AND GOOD WAYS TO BREW IT ARE VERY OLD, SO THEIR GROWING POPULARITY THE PAST FEW YEARS REPRESENTS A REDISCOVERY - PART OF A LARGER RETURN TO MANY FINE OLD THINGS. YET TO EACH PERSON, THE DISCOVERY OF GOOD COFFEE PRESENTS A WHOLE NEW WORLD."

BY THE AUTHORS OF
THE COFFEE BOOK

WE HOPE YOU WILL EXPLORE AND ENJOY THAT WORLD WITH OUR CHOICE SELECTION OF FRESH-ROASTED COFFEES AND FINE TEAS. WE ALSO CARRY MOST LINES OF DRIP FILTERS. WE WILL BE GRATEFUL FOR SUGGESTIONS TO BETTER SERVE YOU.

- QUAFFS

THE CAT'S PYJAMAS!

During the hectic weeks of compiling, typing, photographing, pasting-up, crying-out for the sake of sanity (which was intermittantly lost getting this newspaper together), an exciting interlude occured. I discovered the woman next door to the Sogge's (who have lovingly sheltered us from storms) is a playwright-- and has just begun rehearsals for her new work, *Too Late My Love*.

Sharon Shaver-Kennedy, an artist residing in Chilkat Valley, walked away with last year's Dawson Break-up Drama Festival awards for; best original script, best director, best production, and 1st and 3rd awards for best actresses, with her one-act play, *Widow's Bequest*.

This year Sharon draws us back into the 1920's -- back to the place that inspired her work: the Kennicott Mines Alaska. We're introduced to a house that has absorbed the spirit set free from the icy moraine of a receding glacier. We're introduced to Jason Henry, the manager of the Kennicott Mines, as he confronts his wife Clara. Clara has just arrived in Kennicott from the 'the bee's knees' and 'cat's meow' of roaring 20's Philadelphia...her first confrontation with Alaska. The 'homecoming' is further confused by fun-loving Michael Clara's ex-lover turned Jason's partner; and Michaels wife, Elizabeth, a prim, repressed young woman who had been raised by maiden aunts!!

A theme that has Alaskan flavor and universal appeal as we explore the levels of human relationships, their dreams, their expectations and disappointments in conflicting lifestyle values.

"The characters in my play represent parts of myself, said Sharon. "The extremes of my being, that were once in conflict; now I'm able to see them as acceptable and challenging variations of my personality. I want to be open and flexible in order to flow with the energy that can be expressed in many creative forms."

The warmth of the house Sharon shares with Joe, her gentle husband and Erika their child, displays the variations of creative forms. From her paintings to her poetry, Joe's weaving and their kitchen sculpting; to their plans of moving to Kennicott this summer and eventually homesteading; they strive to balance those forms.

Right now, Sharon's energy is focused on the only original script to be entered in the 3rd Alaska State Drama Festival. The Festival will be held in Haines at the Chilkat Center for the Arts, March 26-30. Sharon's work, *Too Late My Love* will be previewed one week earlier, Saturday, March 26 as well as during the festival.

There is a special bond that exists for me when feelings and thoughts are shared at a time when the edges of ourselves vibrate with excitement and fear as our work nears completion. The new paper almost finished, the play soon to carry words into action across the stage, completion itself may play the part of the muse. I hope so. I'm anxious to see more of Sharon Shaver-Kennedy's work.

Love and best wishes, Sharon
Janet

POD PEAS, LEG BANDS, & RABBITS WITH DANDRUFF!

Joe, up on the Chilkat Estuary -- under Rainbow Glacier, loaned us a few issues of a B.C. publication called, 'The Smallholder'. We've been reading it between breakdowns at the print shop (nervous and otherwise!). Those editions are good! 'The Smallholder' is made-up of articles and letters from outdoors/homesteading/farming folks in the North North West quadrant of our Continent (including 'southeastern' Alaska!). Everyone shares their discoveries, questions, creations, and ideas on how to do all sorts of deeds. For example, the 4 editions we had during today's breakdown included:

- 'Making Pasture on Logged-off Land, Part II' (from a 1910 farm bulletin).
- 'Greenhouse Design in Northern Latitudes'.
- 'The Growing and Processing of Flax, Part II'.

These articles made us eager to get Parts II!

Their shared-info letters were as varied as:

- 'Mosquito Repellent and Rentless Cheese'.
- 'Trouble with Bears and Cougars'.
- 'Maintaining a Log House'.

- 'Ceder Shavings & Sawdust Use'.
- 'Casettes without Hydro',
- 'Pod Peas, Leg Bands, & Rabbits with Dandruff'.
- 'Chickens, Mittens, Methane & Other Things'.

Their info deals with all sorts of useful -- self-reliant -- techniques and thinginabobs from the Barn and Byre down to the Kelp Bed at the Seaside!

'The Smallholder' is a monthly publication for \$4.50 a year, on neat bond paper, and has a 3-holer on one side -- for handy reference in a birch bark ring-book! Write them:

The Smallholder
General Delivery
Argenta, B.C.,
Canada. V0G 1B0.

This is the type of Canada/America sharing we all need. These B.C. folks are closer than either Washington OR 'mainland' Alaska...it will be good when the nonsense for 'All American' or 'All Canadian' rights-of-way are foregone for the smallholders of no borders.



dialogue from
i have a friend who talks with
pidgeons

hey birds how do you feel
up on that god damned ledge
ledges are for people

you see
people have lost their eyes
and nearly blind are walking
in a funnel leading down
into a big pin ball machine
& people little metal balls
ejected into life
to bump around
to light electric lights
before the last hole
gulps them up
& pulls them down
& pop
another fucking little ball

so come on pidgeons
fly like you're supposed to

cause man
we learn our truths
from bathroom walls
our saber tooths
nibbled down
to gnashing eyes
our eyes concealed in lies

and pidgeons
keep off the ledge
cause when you jump you fly
when i jump its all over
but the grinning

one day
we walked a tunnel
through a mountain
my hand on his arm
to keep from running
for it was dark inside
& we didn't turn back
as the tunnel had an end
but both ends had light
we had lost in the curve
and ahead was equally as
black as behind
but we had felt behind
& had known its light
& were feeling ahead
into a light we'd never seen

when walking
if he saw a face he liked
he'd smile

if he liked a girl's hair
he'd say
god you've got nice hair
and blushes would return
with no replies
and he'd laugh
red happy laughter

but i see him best
with a mask
fitted on his face
the face down sad
the eyes up & laughing
& a flower in his hand
saying
dammit
this is for you

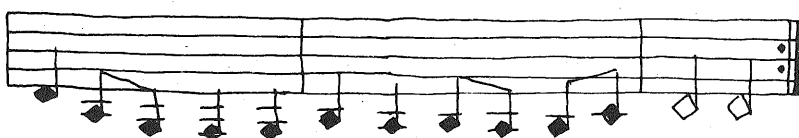
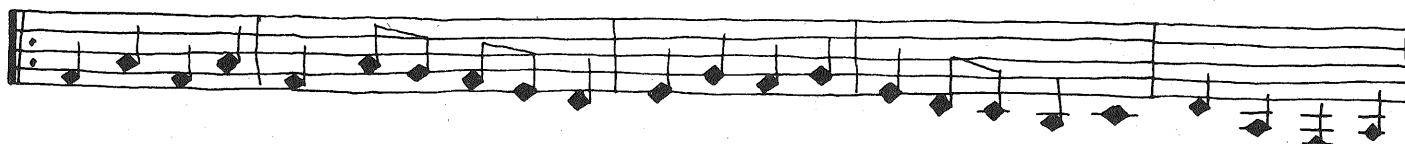
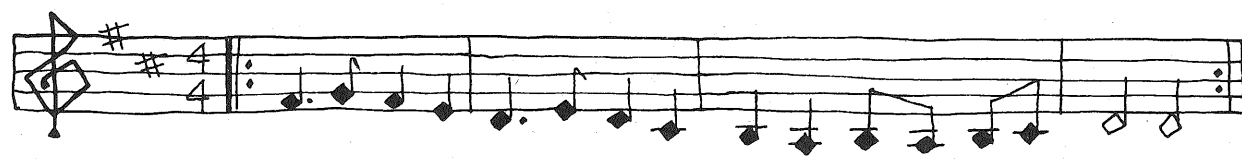
- sid morgan

Kempe's Jygge

Canary to it with your feet Humour it by turning up your eyelids, Sigh a note, sing a note....and keep not too long in one tune.... but snip and away!!

Outrageous as it might seem to us today; in Shakespeare's time -- after Hamlet had been carried from the stage -- William Kempe would highstep onto the stage with a jig. In those days of Renaissance theatrics, the audiences relied on William Kempe's jig to signal the finale of a Shakespeare production.

Originally, a jig was more than just a clown's cakewalk; it was a song in rhyme that was danced in ballard measure. And William Kempe was more than just Shakespeare's partner and favourite clown. He was the most acclaimed comic actor of the '90's (the 1590's, that is!); and all England loved his acts. One of his most celebrated shows was a 100 mile jig from Coventry to London in order to raise money for the rebuilding of the Globe Theatre. Here is Will Kempe's favourite 'Jygge', with which he danced dollars into drama for the Globe!



Kempe's Jig

TO BE SHARED

Juneau film

Juneau Film Society: 'Satyricon', 4 & 5 March.

Collective Perspective: an alternative film society, presents one film a month; it is open to ideas of films to be shown. Any people interested in contributing energy to this organization should contact Louise Champagne-Veselka at 586-1617.

music

Juneau Symphony performs Strauss for benefit concert/ball at the Armory. The dinner/dance is open to the public. For more information call Bill Ruddy at 789-7558.

Music of Joni Mitchell - a concert by local performers; for gigs and info call Norm Hughes at 586-6371.

other occasions

KTOO FM would like to broadcast poetry readings. If you have the poems and/or the desire to read them, call KTOO at 586-3207.

Juneau Consumers Co-op: contact John Halterman at 586-2459 for meeting info.

The Juneau Women's Health Collective will hold an open meeting on February 13, in addition to their regular session on the second Sunday of every month at the Juneau Borough Health Center, 227 Ferry Way. For more information read the story on page 2 inside.

US Forest Service/Small Business Administration Public Hearing on 'Small Business and the US Timber Sale Program' at the New Court Building in Courtroom A on February 16 at 1 pm.

Haines

Alaska State Community Theatre Association presents the 3rd Alaska State Drama Festival from March 30 to April 3 at the Chilkat Center for the Arts. For more notes, call Mimi Gregg at 766-2116 (days) or 766-2425 (evenings), or write Chilkat Center for the Arts, Haines.

Haines City and Borough Meeting with State representatives on February 8 at 7 pm. It will be about, 'Powers of a 3rd Class Borough', and be convened in the school activities room.

"Too Late My Love", a one-act play by Sharon Shaver-Kennedy, March 26 at the Chilkat Center for the Arts. (see page 11 for details)

Happy Trails Produce will supply goodly priced food fresh from farms in the Okanagan Valley. A sample:

- Apples—Red and Golden Delicious, & Winesaps \$12 for a 38 lb. boxfull.*
- Potatoes — Russets, number 2's \$13 for a 100 lb. sack!*
- Nuts — Walnuts, Filberts and Chestnuts 65¢ for a mixed lb.*
- Honey — Clover/Alfalfa fresh from the hive 80¢ for a lb.*

Ed says he will happily supply stores with his many varieties of fresh produce (if their mark-ups are reasonable). See page 8 inside for details.

ERRATUM: On page 3, in the story on Free Timber, the retail price of 10,000 board ft. of Alaska Cedar should read \$15,750.00, not \$1575. We caught the error after that page had already been printed. Our apologies.

ARCHIPELAGO

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'Archipelago' is a bi-monthly journal, totally independent, and for southeastern Alaska -- from Yakataga to Tongass.

Lots of thanks to lots of folks who put us up and put up with us, and just gave us space on their carpets and in their hearts. We needed the space, usually fretting & fraught with worries over the next meal and bed, to put together all our ideals here in 'Archipelago'. Thanks to Janet Elsted for the ideas and carpet, Jane Eidler for more carpet and ideas, Floyd Barton for our Editorial Office afloat in the Harbor & darkroom gear, to Nancy & Irvin Sogge for carpet and warm sharing in the blackest moments of printing, Kirsten Sogge for the ghastly labour of proof-reading, Sherri Goll for calligraphy-coffee-& carpet, Fritz & Katie & Rick for photo 'n graphics'emergencies with dinner, and most assuredly to Bill Hartmann & Pat Lowry at Chilkat Press for taking their time into the wee hours showing us the ins & outs of nit-ty gritty publishing! Lord, what novices these idealists be!



To the 'Archipelago' Board of Editors: thanks -- us all....thanks; each according to their means...but Brad & Shelly really out-did themselves!

Cover: 'baby robin & Edgecumbe crater'.
by Peter Goll

Peter & Sherri Goll voyage throughout the Alexander Archipelago with their obese goose ('big duck') aboard their studio/salmon troller -- 'Raven'. In these voyages, they capture in graphics the gentle essence of flying freedom. Peter is currently working in Port Chilkoot. He has had numerous exhibitions across the Continent, and is now working-up some unique concepts of art. Interested folks may contact Peter
BOX 271,
HAINES, ALASKA.

ARCHIPELAGO



Please post any Classified or Un-Classified Ads and Announcements to us at 'Archipelago'. Display ads are \$5 per column inch. Un-Classified ads are 50¢ for any of reasonable length. Announcements are 'on us!'!

For the special help of special people our numbers and Betty Kuder, thank you. Janet & Barry