

Transcript EDUC172 Part 3-07

Okay, so here's my part of the or my writing from our project, Writing About Environment, and here we are.

This is the environment that I've chosen to write about, and there you go. Taking a look around, you see that you're in a kind capsule here. If you take a look around you'll see it has a kind of period look to it, has a certain kind of style, needed some generous bit of repair.

So, I'm going to just take you on a little walk outside and then maybe I will read to you the writing that I wrote about it. Here we go taking a look. You get a better sense of what your just inside.

And,

I'm in a parking lot here and, over here we'll see what I'm talking about. Pictures are worth a lot of words, thousand they say, and there you go. So I'll take you on a little tour. Around and you can see we are here by the railway tracks too, in a town called Maple Ridge. And this here is the environment that I want to share with you.

So here's my writing about it. This environment is relevant because it is a particular kind mobile home that reflects an idiosyncratic period of American culture. The culture of the highway and the hideaway. On the road with beat poets and boomers. The last days of escape from crushing ideologies of today.

This is a vintage 1976 Airstream trailer, a 34-foot international land yacht. Originally it came equipped, like the airplanes on which it was modeled, to be self-sustaining for periods of time even when off-grid, even when off-grid, meaning out of range of electricity or plumbing. It ran on propane, gas and large, gray water and black water tanks.

Here you can see part of the propane set up. So, it ran on propane gas in large grey water in black water tanks. You could comfortably exist for weeks at a time, in fairly harsh climates. It had air conditioning and it had heating. It had a stove, an oven, fridge, and freezer. It had, over here, a music system and, as a part of the age of which it is a part, that music system is an eight-track player, a now retro and even somewhat obsolete recording media.

Well what else did it have? It had sleeping, for four. Comfortable lounging area, behind me. It had a bath, and a shower. A toilet and a sink. It had closets. Once had antennas, even a solar panel for charging the batteries. Well, these are like habitation pods like habitation pods from a science fiction movie and people love to completely remodeled them, turn them into just that – fantasy habitation pods. Habitation is the focus my inquiry into an environment.

Other environment shape us not just how do we shape environments. The airstream is the same model as the one Don Van Fleet otherwise known as Captain Beefheart stayed in. Captain Beefheart, the magic band, produced some of my favourite music. Like the airstream, he passed his later years in it is a unique, surreal, blend of blues and poetry with a very witty edge fantastic off-kilter rhythms. It's got a tightness to the band changes are clean. Yes, he lived in one of these in the Arizona desert for a period suffering unfortunately from Parkinson's disease. Paintings strange smeared faces and beings, he was seeing out the rounded windows of his underground dreams.

Like many airstreams, his and mine were intending to be mobile once. You get somewhere that other people don't go very often and, and it gives you the means to stay there, not needing to leave at least not very often, not with your aluminum home hitched up anyway. A hideout, like in the old days of the Wild West - a get away.

Ever since the first airstream when it's aircraft engineer-inventor was just designing it in his backyard and every time he'd get one ready another neighbor would be in line to buy it. These silver capsules looking every bit like a rolling flightless flying saucer, these intergalactic silver penguins have toured the continents of the world, assured of their status as the most exotic trailers out there. An ultimate collectible.

This one is located in the town of Maple Ridge, a suburb of Vancouver, BC. It's important to me because this is where I come on weekends to visit horses. There's a green belt running through this town. So it's quasi protected against urban incursion, which is happening fast anyway and I come here to renovate my air stream so that it can become my hideout, my wild west ranch, near Greenwood, BC.

I have considered moving out here, now that my parents have died and my ties to the city are less formidable. I want to live with the trees in space. Cities hold many fascinations but natural environments do, too. I miss nature where humanity hasn't already subdued and destroyed it. To me natural environments are utopias. And this town is closer to utopia. Nonetheless it doesn't hold a candle to that wild west, to being on Golden 7 ranch and watching the sun go down, a million billion stars already flickering in the night sky.

That's what this environment reminds me of, what draws me out here, what makes it personally relevant to me. And so there's my writing read to you with a little bit of visual to go along with it. It saved me describing in detail all the different parts of this. But it's a wonderful space. This is my environment, and I hope someday you'll get to share yours with me.

So take the time now to turn to your neighbors and share a reading of the three paragraph paper you wrote on your favorite home environment or your favorite environment. Okay.

You can probably see the solar panel up there, it's old, don't think it would charge a battery very well anymore. And you can see the air conditioning as well, and those nice rounded windows that Captain Beefheart dreamt out of when he was painting his crazy paintings near the end of his life. Alright, there's my trailer. Hope you enjoyed it.