THE WINDS:
RURAL SUSCEPTIBILITY, ENVIRONMENTAL RHETORIC, AND THE AFTERLIFE OF MUNICIPAL DELIBERATION

by

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Submitted to the Graduate Faculty of

the Dietrich School of Arts and Sciences in partial fulfillment

of the requirements for the degree of

Doctor of Philosophy

University of Pittsburgh

2018

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH

DIETRICH SCHOOL OF ARTS AND SCIENCES

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The central argument in this dissertation is a simple one: shrouded in rhetorics of energy independence and sustainability, the proliferation of so-called wind farms in the United States tends to direct our attention away from the complex and contingent rhetorical activity on the ground in the rural communities that host these facilities—often to the benefit of Big Wind and the exploitation of rural life. Taking as its case the contentious municipal deliberations about industrial wind development that unfolded in the northern New York town of Hammond from 2008 to 2013, this dissertation examines the influence of regional history, agrarian heritage, embodiment, and imagination in residents' construction of arguments for or against the installation of wind turbines in their town. Reconstructing the rhetorical trajectory of what became a notoriously bitter debate in the town, the first chapter connects the Hammond wind issue to a longer regional history of environmental exploitation and civic participation. Later chapters then go on to examine how Big Wind's appropriation of agricultural heritage narratives, the discursive contagion of a contested

illness known as Wind Turbine Syndrome, and the convergence of individuals' sentiment, memory, and imagination, all played a part in inflicting lasting wounds upon social life in the town. Overall, this work argues for a theory of susceptibility as a category of rhetorical being, critical to understanding why individuals are persuaded by some arguments and not others. Distinct from gullibility or vulnerability, susceptibility—a felt, embodied inclination toward a particular stance on an issue—gains traction through not just a personal history of firsthand and inherited experience, but also, for example, economic factors, environmental and cultural history, and constructions of local place from within and without. Ultimately, through investigations of susceptibility in rural northern New York, this dissertation connects the exploration of wind energy development in rural America to a broader claim about the entanglement of sensation, history, and place in individuals' construction of and susceptibility to certain kinds of arguments and political stances.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I am indebted to many people for their insight, kindness, support, and time in the years leading up to the completion of this dissertation. I must begin, first, with Kate Ryan and Kerry Banazek, who have been instrumental to my academic trajectory—my teaching and my wellbeing—from the very beginning. At Pitt, I have been lucky to be a member of an exceptionally warm department; I would like to thank, in particular, Don Bialostosky, Jean Carr, Jesse Daugherty, Nancy Glazener, Jean Grace, and Annette Vee for all doing their part to advocate for graduate students as teachers, researchers, and parents. My graduate student colleagues, in particular Kerry Banazek, Kelsey Cameron, Laura Feibush, Carrie Hall, Moriah Kirdy, and Jen Saltmarsh, have been extraordinary companions to have along the way. Finally, the members of my committee—Mark Lynn Anderson, Caitlin Bruce, Don Bialostosky, and Shalini Puri, with Cory Holding at the helm—have shaped my work in subtle and invaluable ways. Their influence upon my research methods and inquiries, my writing and teaching, is far-reaching in ways that I have only begun to comprehend.

It would have been impossible to write this dissertation without the network of local knowledge and generosity of spirit that I have been lucky to access in northern New York. I would like to thank the Hammond residents past and present who invited me into their homes and lives and allowed me to interview them. I would also like to thank the Hammond resident who, in lieu of an interview, sent me a profoundly moving letter about how difficult it has been for her to forgive in the aftermath of the wind issue. For the fruits of research, I am particularly indebted to Hammond Town Clerk Pam Burton; CROH members Mary and Del Hamilton and Brooke Stark; Hammond Town Historian Donna Demick; JeanMarie Martello, who oversees the treasures in the St. Lawrence County Historical Society Archives; and Mark McMurray and Paul Haggett, who ensured that my visit to the St. Lawrence University Special Collections and Vance University Archives was

pleasurable and generative. And though I never did get to write about the history of hand tools and agricultural implements in the North Country, I am nonetheless so grateful for the friendship and hospitality of historians and collectors Jack and JoAnne Backus of Ogdensburg, NY. They have forever changed the way I think about the North Country, its history, and its people.

A number of people have offered crucial logistical support in the form of childcare: thank you, Sarah Thornton, Alex Mountain, Mirelle Luecke, Jake Pomeranz, and, especially, Tammy Sherry. My son, Gabriel, was born halfway through my PhD, and I am not sure anyone could have taught me time management and writerly discipline like he has.

Finally and always, immeasurable gratitude for my family in northern New York and my husband, Bennett Sherry—*the air / that inhabits you for a moment / only.*

There are things

We live among 'and to see them

Is to know ourselves.'

—George Oppen

1.0 WINDY ACRES

> 19. Hammond is a picturesque locale nestled on the southeastern bank of the St. Lawrence River. It has significant natural resources, and tourism and seasonal visitors who come to enjoy the scenic vistas, quiet country atmosphere and to enjoy the non-industrial nature of the community. Those visitors are central to the economic foundation of the community and those resources are an important part of its economy.
>
> 20. In recent years, wind companies have shown an interest in creating commercial wind farms in the Town of Hammond (the "Town"). This has caused significant concern by a number of residents, both out of concern for the impairment of the natural resources of the community and out of concern for the health and safety of the residents of the community. In recent years, wind companies have shown an interest in creating large-scale industrial turbines connected by a labyrinth of road and high tension electrical grids crisscrossing the landscape. This has become the case in Hammond and elsewhere along the St. Lawrence.
>
> *from* FACTUAL BACKGROUND
> *Concerned Residents of Hammond v. Town of Hammond*
> *Verified Petition No. 132487*

Most days of my life from the age of five to seventeen I rode, and later drove myself, along a two-lane county road to the village where Hammond Central School awaited, a T-shaped building of some 380 students from kindergarten through twelfth grade. This three-mile stretch of road, with its sandy shoulders and narrow lanes, its traffic of hay wagons and tractors, has served for nearly two centuries as the main route between the village and an old and storied settlement on the shore of the St. Lawrence River. The county road curves up from the low-lying hamlet, crossing the youngest leg of New York State Route 12 (laid in the mid-1960s), then crests and straightens with the terrain.

Sections of level farmland sweep away from either shoulder, stitched together by windbreaks of ash, maple, and oak. Shelters for humans, livestock, and farm machinery sit on spacious lots, framed by portentous skies. This road offers a rare encounter with vantage in these flatlands west of the Adirondacks known as the North Country: off the right shoulder, farmland yawns toward the southeastern horizon, while to the left the land abruptly drops away, so that one feels both on level with and above the world. Clouds pile on the horizons. Summer storms vanish the land in blue overtures as they approach. Unhampered winds can whip March snows into a white fury, disappearing everything within a car's length ahead. There's a lot of sky up here, a lot to read in the things that move across it.

As soon as I moved away from home, this road—no longer the dreaded route to school—became a site of romantic nostalgia in my memory. Scattered along its miles is the quaint and requisite evidence of a downtrodden agricultural legacy. Farm machinery sulks in barnyards. Collapsed barns lie gray in the grasses next to newer metal structures with faded signage: PITCHER FARMS. Hay wagons sway past besieged trailers and Victorian-era farmhouses. A blue and yellow historical marker stands at the end of a long dirt drive, calling attention to a large stone house built by one of the town's early, prominent families. The house is abandoned, having been gutted by fire a couple decades ago. Everywhere, the palimpsest of a better past.

Perhaps this is why the scenes on this short stretch of road have traveled with me: they ache.

The farmland that this road traverses occupies the historical and geographic heart of the town of Hammond. From up here, one can see the St. Lawrence River and the Thousand Islands; or one can look in the opposite direction toward the spread of the village and imagine, not far beyond that, Black Lake and the many smaller lakes in the woods. Locals recognize the river and the lakes as distinctly different cultural districts, and the farmland that rises between them is another—early histories, in fact, refer to it as the "Scottish district" for the concentration of Scots who built small

stone houses, cleared the land, farmed sheep, and named their farming neighborhoods after the Scottish villages they'd left behind. With the exception of a historical marker or two, those names, as well as the sense of cohesive farming neighborhoods, are mostly gone. But many of the houses still remain, and the family names, and the making of a livelihood by way of the land.

Officially, this road is a portion of County Route 6, a county route of some 30 miles that locals don't consider a unified thoroughfare, cobbed together as it is from a number of back roads with their own, older names. This stretch is known as the Chippewa Bay Road. That is its first name; County Route 6 is its second. Recently, in late 2009, it acquired another. Some people started to refer to this stretch of road—and, more specifically, its viewshed of wind-swept fields—as ground zero: the would-have-been, could-have-been ground zero of an industrial wind turbine installation.

Around 2005, corporate wind developers arrived in the North Country with promises of relief from debt and financial hardship for family farmers, touting the "wind farm" as a way to glean additional profits from pasturelands, profits that would keep the land in the family and the farm working for generations to come. Wind farms would bring jobs to small towns and increase tax revenues for rural schools with paltry budgets, outdated textbooks, and aging facilities. And residents could have all these things while supporting a noble cause: domestic renewable energy production. When the wind company Iberdrola staked its claim in Hammond, however, a significant faction of residents quickly recognized that talk of wind farms signaled the arrival of a corporate agenda that threatened to destroy a rural way of life purposefully chosen for its restorative, scenic quiet. Behind a flimsy concealment of appeals to environmentalism and concern for the future of a dying town, these residents detected the threat of an industrial nightmare, a landscape overshadowed by massive towers of spinning steel. In late 2009, when Iberdrola publicly disclosed the names of its leaseholders and the parcels of land that would host its sprawling wind turbine installation, Hammond residents were able to fully imagine this threat upon the landscape of their community.

Everyday landscapes resonate with fragments of personal and public memory; like Gaston Bachelard's seat of the imagination, the childhood home, they are inscribed with our habits of movement and inscribe movement upon our bodies (15). This resonance is a threshold for inhabiting place, and it is jarred by the presence of threat, which forever changes the affective life of a landscape, inflecting it with a disruptive grammar. Brian Massumi describes threat as an ambient entity; it "suffuses the atmosphere" with "startle, shock, and fear" when it arrives, when it is *felt* concretely to be. But it also has force as an anticipatory presence, a pervasive possibility of the visitation of disaster (61–62). Threat is not simply an element of a future that might or might not come to pass. In its potential, it suffuses the past and present, as well as the future. Massumi observes that threat operates through a grammar of the double conditional, the "would have, could have" (55), where "if the threat does materialize, then it just goes to show that the future potential for what happened had really been there in the past" (56). As for the unmaterialized threat, "it is not just that it is not: it is not in a way that is never over.…The threat *will have* been real for eternity" (53, emphasis in the original). Driving along the Chippewa Bay Road—that ground zero of the past which could always have been so in the future—it is impossible not to remember the industrial nightmare that once awaited and yet awaits. Or, if you were a resident that landed on the other side of the wind controversy—if you were a resident who saw hope in Big Wind—it is impossible not to recall again the loss of that vision, those emancipatory fields of turbines. Loss, like threat, has a suffusive and chronology-defying quality, periodically renewing itself through the hope that it might yet be undone. That is where the wind controversy has left this community: between ongoing threat and ongoing loss.

One of the central concerns of this dissertation has to do with this *ongoingness*—that is, the ongoing nature of social conflict born from issues of civic concern that have been officially resolved. Why do people think, feel, and believe the things that they do? How do they arrive at this judgment

or that? And how do the personal, cultural, historical, and rhetorical phenomena informing their judgments contribute to the emotional half-life of conflict? I seek the answers to these questions through engagements with regional environmental history and rural heritage narratives; rhetorical constructions of place and community; environmental and embodied rhetorics; and fieldwork. By way of introduction to the investigation that unfolds over the next four chapters, I offer here, first, some contextual information about Big Wind in northern New York, while discussing the critical exigency for scholarship on wind industry rhetoric and rural rhetorical practice. I then move into a discussion of home rule in New York State; without the affordances of home rule, deliberations about wind development in the North Country and elsewhere would look very different. The last two sections of the introduction then turn to the theory and methodology underpinning this work. I begin with a gloss of scholars in rhetorical studies who inform my application of affect, emotion, and feeling in this work, while the final section introduces the concept of susceptibility, a category of rhetorical being that organizes the paths of critical investigation through dissertation.

1.1 BIG WIND, SMALL TOWN

> The subject of wind is an emotional subject.
>
> *Speaker at Hammond Town Board Wind Hearing*
> *July 19, 2011*

Many of the industrial wind installations that you pass on the interstate or see offshore in the United States are the outcome of the Obama administration's environmental and economic legacy. As part of the 2009 American Recovery and Reinvestment Act, the administration invested more than $90 billion in the clean energy sector, an investment that would total more than one-eighth of the

Recovery Act's total spending. It was, according to the official release, "the largest single investment in clean energy in history"—an impressive claim until one considers Obama's predecessors—and resulted in an immediate jump in the number of small- and large-scale wind installations across the United States ("Fact Sheet"). Installation peaked in 2012, followed by two difficult years for the wind industry as a number of factors—demand, manufacturing capacity, government regulation—struggled for balance Comstock). Yet in the last two years of the Obama administration, wind installations were again on the rise, and despite the Trump administration's antagonism toward environmental stewardship and clean energy, signs point to a lasting "clean energy revolution" as states take up the mantle of Obama-era investment in wind and solar (Shogren).

In its rationale for the Recovery Act's considerable investment in clean energy, the Obama administration touted positive outcomes for both the environment and the economy; the investment was a "down payment toward an innovative sustainable 21st century clean economy and helped the country take a large step forward in reducing fossil fuel consumption and reducing carbon pollution" ("Fact Sheet"). Such a vision—innovative, sustainable, clean—seems like the sort of thing that any reasonable person, especially any reasonable self-described environmentalist or liberal, would get on board with, but when it comes, in particular, to the kind of large-scale wind development that would fulfill this vision, unexpected argumentative positions abound. In her analysis of the years-long stalemate over the construction of an offshore wind installation in the Nantucket Sound, Kimberly Moekle notes that arguments for and against wind development diverge from the "binary oppositions that have characterized American environmental rhetoric since the eighteenth century: utilitarian versus romantic, conservationist versus preservationist, and environmental versus developmental." In the Cape Wind controversy, "we find a peculiar inversion of the stereotypical roles that industry and environmentalists in the US have played over the past two centuries" (78–79). The same can be said of the Hammond wind controversy, where self-

described environmentalists and well-educated professionals with progressive political views rejected the future-oriented green rhetoric of Big Wind. These were the kind of people who drove hybrids and installed solar panels on the roofs of their cottages, the kind of people whose younger selves had organized against the construction of nuclear parks and waste incinerators in the 1970s and 1980s. Pro-wind folks, on the other hand, tended not to prioritize environmental conservation in their lives or politics, whether because they did not "believe" in climate change or disliked the way environmentally friendly initiatives came packaged with more government regulation, something they voted against on principle. These people tended to be third- or fourth-generation farmers, many of whom were not college educated and, as these things go with farming in the North Country, struggled to break even from year to year. Some of them would receive regular payments from Iberdrola if the wind company built turbines on their land, though the leaseholders were generally not the loudest pro-wind advocates at public hearings or in the papers—that role was reserved for working class residents who described themselves as being pro-farmer, pro-business, pro-property rights, and, most of all, pro-clean energy. Echoing Big Wind's rhetoric of innovation and sustainability, these residents described themselves as forward thinkers, while those that were anti-wind were truly anti-progress.

There were, of course, exceptions to the rule: a contingent of organic dairy farmers, for example, who felt that landowners had the right to put turbines on their land but also believed that Iberdrola was coercing the town into making hasty decisions without all the facts. Additionally, though many opponents of wind development in Hammond were seasonal and permanent residents with property on the St. Lawrence River, who "[chose] Hammond specifically for its tranquility and beautiful riverfront" (French), there was a notable contingent of riverfront dwellers who supported

wind development as a way of "fostering economic development that will begin a rosy future of our children and the community" (Lewis).[1]

The point is that people occupy positions for, against, or in ambivalence to large-scale wind development in ways that tend to contradict their political, professional, and personal priorities. Uneasy alliances arise. Factions split families. Most of all, the unpredictable patterns of conviction that arise in arguments about wind development lend an intractability to civic deliberations, where final decisions about how to permit and regulate development in a locality may be delayed for years as tensions rise and public discussions grow increasingly more dysfunctional. As Moekle notes, "issues of aesthetics, a subjective but critical externality" further muddle claims and judgments about environmental and economic impacts; translated into emotional and ethical appeals, arguments about the visual, aural, and visceral disruption of industrial wind turbines utterly capture the trajectory of deliberation (80–81). The beguilement of emotional and ethical appeals is hardly alien to other issues in the American deliberative sphere—that many Americans could be wooed by Barak Obama's "Yes We Can" ethos, only to vote eight years later for Donald Trump is evidence of that. Moreover, the increasingly ugly polarization surrounding issues like reproductive rights, welfare programs, incarceration reform, racial profiling, global warming—the list could go on—is evidence of the fortresses that emotional and ethical appeals make of our judgments. There is no word, no scientific data or economic fact sheet, that can get over *that* wall.

For this reason, a rhetorical analysis of discourse pertaining to wind development, from wind companies' official promotional media to citizens' speeches at public hearings, might help rhetoricians to better understand how people make decisions, assert stances, and cultivate beliefs

[1] I have changed the names of all current and former Hammond residents mentioned in this article, including when quoting their words as they appear in the public record. While this is not required to maintain the IRB exemption status of this work, I believe that as researchers writing about "close-knit" rural communities, we have an ethical obligation to consider whether we do harm by reviving heated opinions buried in the public record and re-ascribing thoughts and feelings to citizens who have managed a fragile reconciliation with their neighbors in the time since.

pertaining to environmental issues—and, furthermore, instruct us in a more productive engagement with the emotional, embodied, and imaginative elements of intractable judgments. Hydraulic fracturing and coal also offer timely and emergent sites for investigating the collision of environmental rhetoric (specifically in regard to sustainability and energy consumption), rural embodied experience, and rural historical identity.[2] Yet the troubled economic, social, and environmental complexities of fracking and coal are already highly visible for a number of reasons, including coal mining's long-established presence in America and American culture, films like the documentary *Gasland* and the fictional *Promised Land*, and, of course, the Trump campaign.[3] Industrial wind development has received less critical and popular attention, perhaps because the industry's rhetoric of sustainability and innovation is so attractive and effective, or because certain regions of the country—parts of the Midwest and Southwest, for instance—tend to welcome Big Wind, with little controversy as a result. In direct response to the environmental and economic exploitation that fracking wells and coal mines signify, Americans—particularly those who identify as Democrats, liberals, progressives, or environmentalists—are supposed to *want* wind turbines in

[2] Justin Mando analyzes citizens' place-based arguments for and against fracking in "Constructing the Vicarious Experience of Proximity in a Marcellus Shale Hearing" and, with Barbara Johnstone, examines media interpretations of coal's decline in "Proximity and Journalistic Practice in Environmental Discourse: Experiencing 'Job Blackmail' in the News." James Guignard also writes about place-based fracking discourse—as propagated, in particular, by the industry itself—in "A Certain Uncertainty: Drilling Into the Rhetoric of Marcellus Shale Natural Gas Development." One of the most recent additions to a growing body of work in energy rhetoric is *Under Pressure: Coal Industry Rhetoric and Neoliberalism*, which examines four prominent rhetorical strategies that the coal industry uses to promote coal in an age that increasingly appears to be its twilight (Schneider).

[3] An interesting side note regarding the 2012 film *Promised Land*: About the fraught relations between fracking company representatives, an anti-fracking agitator, and the residents of a small Pennsylvania town, the film is based off of a story by Dave Eggers and was filmed in and around Pittsburgh. Matt Damon and John Krasinski, who wrote the screenplay, had originally intended to work on a film about wind development but, upon further research, decided that fracking was a more legible and timely subject. According to a short article in the June 9, 2011, edition of the *Courier Observer* (Massena, NY), Damon and Krasinski visited the North Country town of Malone to discuss wind development happenings with Town Councilman John Sullivan: "'Apparently, they're doing research on wind power to do either a documentary or a film,' Mr. Sullivan said. 'I didn't know they were coming. A student—I believe she's doing her doctorate work at NYU on wind power—had been up here before to talk to me…. I'm pretty sure she referred to them as 'friends interested in wind power.' She never told me who they were.'" The article then focused on how it was a 25-year-old Malone resident, "a huge Matt Damon fan," who recognized Damon and Krasinski and approached them—only then did Councilman Sullivan realize he had been meeting with celebrities (Fargo).

their vicinity, churning out clean energy for generations to come. Many people, however, do not. When anti-wind residents organize and voice their opposition in local newspapers and at public meetings, they are quickly denigrated as NIMBYs, a category which is meant to condemn opponents' class status and the privileged position from which they might oppose the economic boon of wind development simply because wind turbines are *ugly*. It is easy to disparage and dismiss the NIMBY yawp, and perhaps this is another reason the controversy surrounding industrial wind development tends be less visible.

Wind development directs our attention to what is happening on the ground in 21st-century rural America. Here, both the rhetorical and infrastructural construction of the "clean energy revolution" reveal troubling discrepancies between lived agricultural experience and agrarian myths that still have a powerful influence on American culture. In rural communities across the United States, where both people and land have long been under the grip of industrial exploitation, the introduction of wind companies into the fabric and future of local life presents serious interpretive problems for residents—and for scholars, too. How do we productively respond to our global climate and energy crisis, while maintaining insight and resistance in the face of wind companies' exploitative rhetorical approaches to development? How do we navigate the stubborn incompatibility of rural economic health with bodily health? Can rhetorical activity generate sustainable rural futures that come at neither the cost of serenity, peace of mind, the restorative capacity of one's backyard, the health of one's body, *or* agricultural ways of life?

In one of few texts in rhetoric and composition studies that focuses on rural life, Kim Donehower, Charlotte Hogg, and Eileen Schell note that both academic and popular literature are guilty of perpetuating a "'rhetoric of lack' or deficit model of rural life." "All too often, life in rural America is seen as 'lacking,'" they write: "lacking education, lacking economic opportunities, lacking cultural opportunities" (14). This sentiment of lack is not only projected upon rural America by a

metropolitan "outside," it is also internalized by rural people, who often *feel* as though they lack in education or refinement, especially when they leave their communities. Like Donehower, Hogg, and Schell, I push back on the "deficit model of rural life," particularly in regard to rhetorical activity. From the collective construction of place-based identity to the deliberation of public issues, rural rhetorical practice is complex, vital, and fraught—and therefore of great significance for the rhetorical study of place and civic participation more broadly. Furthermore, an investigation of rural rhetorical practice with industrial wind development as impetus resists urban/rural binaries (read: blue/red) that enforce the shaming and othering of rural regions of the United States. The environmental, economic, and social issues that we encounter in daily life are not geographically contained or containable, but part of larger national and international systems. As Donehower, Hogg, and Schell explain, "The consumer practices of urbanites and suburbanites…affect the ecological and economic practices that shape rural communities. Similarly, cultural practices and attitudes interact across communities and have economic and/or ecological repercussions" across the spectrum of rural to metropolitan populations (20). As I mention in the next section, as well as in Chapter 1, wind energy production requires and expands upon infrastructural networks that encompass rural, suburban, and urban communities. Wind is not a rural resource, per se, but only rural regions have the unbuilt space necessary to accommodate today's iteration of the industrial wind turbine installation; at the same time, it is the energy consumption in metropolitan areas that makes wind energy production viable through exigence and profit, and sends wind developers flocking to the potential installation spaces of rural areas.

At the top of New York State, the North Country is a day's drive and a world away from New York City. Home to approximately 1 in 38 Americans, the city holds in thrall much of the world with its mythic influence, but not the North Country. Each is impossibly far away and impossibly strange to the other—and yet, the impetus for this dissertation, as well as the existence of

a history of environmental controversy in northern New York State has much to do with the intimate, undeniable, and troubled links that exist between parts of America that are home to a sparse 20 people per square mile and those packed with a staggering 27,000.

1.2 HOME RULE MEETS INDUSTRIAL WIND

> It was the Supervisor's charge to have the committee take a careful, thorough, unbiased look at the issues related to the creation of an industrial wind project in Hammond, reach a consensus when possible, and make appropriate recommendations to any necessary changes to the law. This process resulted in 31 committee meetings over approximately a one year span of time, including both formal and informal visits to industrial wind projects, presentations by a number of individuals with expertise on various topics, reading a large number of documents, reports and papers submitted from any and all sources, contacting county and state agencies and evaluating this input as it related to the circumstances in Hammond.
>
> …The result of that study and review of the law follows.[4]
>
> *Hammond Wind Advisory Committee*
> *Report to the Hammond Town Board*
> *March 28, 2011*

Article IX of the New York State Constitution grants all municipalities, regardless of size or wealth, the right to "home rule"—that is, the right to a locally elected government, which may pass local laws consistent with those passed by the state legislature. By shifting some legislative autonomy from the state to local level, home rule affirms "that local governments are in the best position to resolve their own local problems" given their "superior knowledge and interest with regard to the opinions and needs of the local community." Home rule "prevent[s] abusive legislative interference in local affairs while providing local governments with the authority to commence local legislation without

[4] Generally throughout this dissertation, I will not use [*sic*] to acknowledge errors in vernacular documents unless I believe they might confuse the reader otherwise. In regard to sources culled from citizen-produced documents and others in the public record, the reader can expect any errors in spelling, punctuation, and grammar to be faithful to the original.

waiting for state legislative action"; in turn, local government frees up the state legislative agenda for issues deemed "state concerns," while "promoting civic responsibility among the citizens of a locality" (Cole 715n7). According to James Cole (former New York State Assistant Attorney General), home rule became popular in many states in the nineteenth century: "As the cities grew and the need for public services increased, state legislatures began to assert greater influence in the governing of cities…. As a result of this type of legislative interference, cities and other localities sought and gradually developed the political power to acquire some form of local autonomy." In New York, home rule "was an outgrowth of the nineteenth century political struggle between New York City, dominated by one political party, and the rural areas of the state, dominated by another political party." Containing more than half of the state's population but disproportionately represented in the state legislature, the city saw excessive interference in its local affairs from state representatives with opposing political agendas. Home rule was the solution, one that eventually gained popularity across the rest of the state, though, interestingly, despite the work of "mid-nineteenth century home rule advocates [including the governor], the state legislators of rural areas in New York were able to prevent a home rule amendment to the constitution until 1894" (714n4).

Today, home rule autonomy is a particularly important facet of identity in the rural reaches of northern New York. In Albany, all eyes seem to be on New York City; when they do turn toward the North Country, some politically out-of-touch and potentially devastating proposal inevitably follows: a "big government" proposition to designate and protect scenic areas; the consolidation of school districts; or the closure of northern New York's only state psychiatric hospital. Home rule lends municipal governments legitimacy and engages rural citizens in decision-making about immediately local issues, the stakes of which they know best. As Hammond residents discovered during the wind controversy, however, rarely do all the citizens of a governed collective share the same *feelings* about the stakes of an issue, and the potential for deeply local, deeply personal division

is one of the burdens of home rule. Another, as the Hammond Wind Advisory Committee pointed out, is home rule's conveyance of immense responsibility without resources. Though towns like Hammond have "sole control over their own destiny," they are "potentially without adequate resources necessary to properly understand research, evaluate and/or implement or support a particular project or issue." The Wind Advisory Committee—a group of Town Board-appointed volunteers who spent months reading the literature on wind development and its impacts, consulting with experts, organizing meetings, hearing citizens' concerns, and preparing documents, including revisions to the local wind law—described not just the burden of time and expense, but also the vulnerable position that home rule creates for small towns:

> There is no established provision for several affected towns to work together to share expenses or eliminate duplication of effort. Nor are there ready resources made available from the county or state, such as engineering or legal analysis. Support must be sought out, paid for and evaluated by each town. That means that any town that does not have the initiative, resources or understanding to deal with a complex issue like industrial wind can easily be overwhelmed by the developer or circumstances. (3)

Wind development falls into the most common of home rule issues: land use and zoning. At the heart of the Hammond wind controversy was a question about where wind companies would be permitted to build industrial wind turbines—how far from roads, property lines, houses, schools—and how the town would regulate its working relationship with the wind developer through a local law that did not yet exist. On its face, it was an innocuous question—the kind of question that routinely comes up in the mundane business of local governance—and there were both county and state templates available for crafting a law in answer to this question. That this question about zoning developed into the embattled, bitterly divisive issue that it did speaks to the inevitable complications that arise when civic-oriented "knowledge work"—the work of citizenship—meets

that messy and most intractable category of persuasion: emotion. Traditionally, "knowledge work"—the work of engaging in abstract reasoning and problem solving—has been associated with the realm of technical and professional communication. Jeff Grabill asserts, however, that "to live in the present moment is to live at a time when we are all required to do knowledge work—as citizens, as learners, and as workers in a broad range of workplaces" (250). Grabill equates knowledge work with the everyday, "practical activity" of citizenship. The "mundane" and "vocational" work of citizenship "involves the study and doing of boring things" (249)—the writing of local zoning laws, for instance; the keeping of meeting minutes; the distribution of fliers for an informative session; the reading of technical manuals about the Vestas model V82 wind turbine. The humdrum rhetorical work of citizenship tends not to be a favorite object of study among academics; in fact, Grabill suggests that rhetorical theory and practice is even responsible for "direct[ing] our gaze" *away* from quotidian rhetorical work and sometimes "render[ing] invisible people and practices that make possible more visible rhetorical performances" such as a presidential speech, a teacher walkout, or a national march (248–49). This is especially true when such mundane rhetorical work occurs in rural regions—those places that have long existed in the American imagination as repositories for the uneducated and unmotivated, the myopic and unqualified. Across the United States, wind farms are mostly successful at generating distinctly American feelings of progress, independence, and environmental stewardship. The average person passing a wind farm on the interstate is likely to see the ranks of spinning turbines and fleetingly think of rhetorical performances linked, among others, to *An Inconvenient Truth*, or the renewable energy initiatives of the Obama administration, or even a banner ad like the one that sometimes played across my *New York Times* homepage in 2016, featuring cornfields and wind turbines glorious at sunset. But what of the rhetorical activity that is the foundation for the wind farm's very existence? What of the host community, which stands not only on the front lines of the material construction of America's energy future, but also on the front

lines of the technical, time-consuming, and emotional negotiations that take place for years before construction even begins?

In Hammond, as in many other small towns in Upstate New York, home rule brought the mandate for thorough investigation and critical nuance in all matters having to do with Big Wind. In its report to the Town Board, the Wind Advisory Committee noted that as its members researched Big Wind, "the one message that repeatedly came through was the fact Hammond cannot rely on anyone else to protect it…. As a consequence of home rule, Hammond has the obligation, as well as opportunity, to lead in protecting the town's long-term sustainable interests. The town cannot rely on any county or state agency to protect its interests" (6). One of the ways that the Wind Advisory Committee established its home rule-mandated autonomy was by intervening in the mainstream, industry-sanctioned discourse surrounding wind development:

> We have chosen to use the term Industrial Wind Power with the understanding that it may be criticized as "biased." We would simply point out that the phrases "Wind Farms," "Harvest the Wind" and other terms adopted by wind developers are also biased, but in the direction that the wind industry would like to shape perception for the purpose of making Industrial-Commercial Wind Power seem more acceptable to the public. These terms mask the fact that Large-scale Wind Power installations are **industrial** installations. While many of these installations have been placed on farmland, they are ***not*** farming operations…. While heavy machinery and the noise and smells of farming operations have an industrial component, the size of Industrial Wind structures, the noise they produce (both audible and inaudible), shadow flicker events, and night lighting to meet FAA requirements leave a very different impact upon the quality of a rural landscape. Unlike traditional farming operations, they

> impact the environment, the view shed and the communities that host them in a far more potentially intrusive and problematic manner. (5, formatting in the original)

The Wind Advisory Committee went on to write that the term "industrial wind" offered "clarity" where the term "commercial wind," also used to describe large-scale wind turbines, did not; in their estimation, "commercial wind" might be easily misunderstood as a small-scale installation owned by and powering a local business. "Industrial wind" not only signified the sensory impacts of the proposed wind installation, it also signified, in a region with an agricultural rather than (post-)industrial history, the wind installation's status as foreign entity, come to take advantage of the community's resources and turn Hammond into something it was not and had never been. The committee's rejection of the most fundamental, mainstream element of wind development rhetoric—the concept of the *wind farm*—is an intervention that deploys more exacting rhetoric through the assertion of rural experience. Residents of a farming town in a farming region, the committee members knew what a farm looks and sounds like, and how large its footprint, measured in both acres and sensory presence, is within a community like Hammond. Wind farms are not *farms*—and though Big Wind came to Hammond with plenty of agonistic advantage, including money, rhetorical savvy, and political backing, it found and continues to find a formidable opponent in this simple assertion and the mundane affordances of home rule.

1.3 CONTROVERSY'S ARGUMENTATIVE REMAINS

> I think what was most disappointing to me, and I carry this with me today…[is] some of the people you grew up with, how they would bite you.… They might be your next-door neighbor or a guy across the road, and it just changed your outlook on what you would consider close friends and acquaintances you knew your whole life.… It was like they just got done spanking a little kid and then— and then smiling and saying everything was gonna be all right. No, not all right. You carry that with you. So. Some of my boys, I said, *you gotta remember this. You gotta remember what happened here.*
>
> *Jefferson Hale*
> *Hammond dairy farmer*

The traveler driving through St. Lawrence County in northern New York State can enter the village of Hammond from one of four directions, like a canted compass. In the spring of 2009, as Hammond residents found themselves embroiled in an increasingly bitter debate about whether to permit industrial wind development in town, large hand-painted signs appeared along these entrances into the village. CITIZENS FOR WIND ENERGY, proclaimed one sign, above a Golgotha-like stand of black turbines. In the field next to Hammond Central School, at the southern end of the village, another depicted microscopes and music notes as some of the gifts that the wind would bring to the town's teachers and children. Another roadside sign asked passersby to consider this visual comparison: would you prefer thick-necked smokestacks spewing gray columns of pollution—or a trio of tall, slender turbines gently turning in the blue-threaded air?

In this nondescript village with its single flashing red light, the signs conveyed a kind of Burkean parlor *in absentia*, where disembodied voices pitched arguments for bringing wind to Hammond and responded to the opposition's implied alternatives. A newcomer passing through the area might take the signs at face value: here were a people eager to do their part and welcome renewable energy development into their community. Someone more familiar with the conversation in northern New York might have noted, cynically, an assertion of consensus about wind energy among Hammond's citizens that most certainly did not exist. As for Hammond residents

themselves, many felt that the primary purpose of the signs was not to garner support for industrial wind development, but to shame, intimidate, and goad those who did not support it. The signs even made some of those who did support wind development uncomfortable. Bill Glover, a dairy farmer who had leased his land to the wind developer, recalled the signs as having been unnecessary and "in poor taste."

The signs gradually began to disappear after 2013, following the formal end of a controversial four-year debate that, at its ugliest moments, manifested in midnight acts of vandalism, name-calling at public hearings, and shoving matches in the parking lot afterwards. The acrimony in Hammond became as newsworthy as developments of the proposed wind turbine installation that had ignited it; editorialists seemed fond of chastising the town in the local papers. "The feud, more like a war, in the Town of Hammond, has gotten very bitter and downright nasty," wrote one. "It has split families, churches and lifelong friendships. It's time to get this issue under control" ("Hammond Fire Burning"). Ultimately, after multiple pending lawsuits, a series of controversial attempts at writing a wind turbine siting law, and a near-total makeover of the elected officials on the Town Board, residents who had organized against the incursion of industrial wind development in Hammond saw the results they desired. In January 2013, a spokesperson for the wind developer told one of the region's major newspapers, "We are…no longer developing the project. It's not to say that we don't believe [Hammond] would one day be a good site for a wind farm, but we won't be pursuing it" (Lyons). "[It] is important to remember that there are no winners in this situation," wrote Hammond resident Jill Gordon following the announcement. "We watched as a foreign wind developer stealthily entered our community with promises that resulted in the creation of a division among residents that may not heal in this decade or the next. They can now walk away unscathed, as it was all just a job to them, devoid of emotion."

With the exception of a few people who have moved out of town or passed away in the years since, Hammond residents have not walked away from the controversy of industrial wind development but, instead, live among its argumentative remains. There are still a handful of signs around town, tacked to the sides of barns or tucked into the trees on the side of the road. WANT PROGRESS?, one near the eastern entrance to the village asks: GET WIND. Passing fields and dreary barnyards, the pocked road sees little traffic from Labor Day to Memorial Day. For those who view industrial wind turbines as an exemplary of rural progress, there is no progress to be found around here, and the weather-beaten sign more than anything seems to mock its own hardscrabble surroundings.

What do we mean when we say, as Jill Gordon did of the wind controversy, that the bad feeling in a place will only finally die away with the generations? What fuels the half-life of this kind of conflict—and why do the remains of some conflicts, more than others, continue to wield such wounding power? These questions come with high stakes for rural communities reeling in the aftermath of divisive civic deliberations, where residents must choose how to continue to live together in close quarters: how to do business together; how to teach one another's children; how to negotiate a casual run-in at the general store or bank; how to go to church together. Before the wind controversy, writes Maggie Burbage, "I, in my simple-minded way, never thought people could be so cruel or deceitful. That was other communities, not mine. We worked for the good of all, or so I thought." By the time Iberdrola withdrew from Hammond, however, Burbage, like many others, saw the rending of the social foundation that she had known for decades. At the church she had attended since childhood, she was "shunned and rejected": "People I had known my entire life refused to pass the peace of Christ or walked away or turned their heads away. I felt I was no longer wanted there…. Lies circulated that I had a secret wind mill agreement…. People I knew all of my life were now telling others and believing that I was a liar." For Burbage, "Change came; I moved

on; but, I'll never forget. I do not expect anything from the Town of Hammond ever again…. I want nothing from this town." The wind controversy maintains a presence in Hammond through those last remaining signs. More profound, however, are the immaterial changes the controversy has wrought. In Hammond, the "'push' of life which interrupts, unsettles and haunts persons, places or things" has a different character, shaped in large part by the emotional appeals residents used to force the wind issue to closure (Anderson 16; qtd. Berberich 314).

There is nothing remarkable in the observation that, try as we might, knowledge and emotion—the traditional flag-bearers of rational and irrational thinking, respectively—cannot be sequestered from each other. In practice, knowledge incites emotion, and emotion is an expression of knowledge. Yet starting from a position that rhetorical action—and the ongoing life of rhetorical action—find its roots in bodily, sensorial habitations, remains a less common and distinctly feminist methodological approach in rhetorical studies, as in so many other corners of the humanities and social sciences. Phaedra Pezzullo notes that despite the rhetorical weight of bodies, despite their pronounced ability to "enable and limit action" (67), "physical human bodies…historically have been marginalized by dominant culture as too peripheral to take into account when discussing politics, too sensational for bearing any relevance to meaningful public dialogue, and often simply just 'too much'" (11). However, as she exceptionally illustrates throughout *Toxic Tourism*, the body, in all its distress and embarrassments, is a powerful conduit for rhetorical action. As Jenell Johnson observes, "To acknowledge emotion is to acknowledge one's embodiment, partiality, and attachment." In scientific and medical discourse, particularly, Johnson writes that the acknowledgment of one's emotion "is thus a risky endeavor, for calling attention to embodiment, partiality, and attachment challenges medicine's identity as an applied science, which draws its authority from norms of universalism and disinterestedness" (*American* 21). We could say the same of rhetoric and the deliberative sphere, where *pathos* is regarded as both a necessary and dangerous

constituent of argument. Saccharine, bilious, *too much*, our feelings and their expression always have the potential to mortify. Yet, if we are to understand how deliberative conflict continues to fester in public and personal life long after the official resolution of an issue, we must follow feeling. As Candice Rai argues, "even if bodily responses are not rhetorical in and of themselves, they become so when similar responses are repeatedly triggered in many individuals over time and when such responses are continually linked to broader ideologies and salient rhetorical formations, for one reason or another" (173). Auditors' bodies are conduits between various sanctioned, public discourses, and the idiosyncratic beliefs and emotional appeals that shape the trajectory of civic deliberation in unexpected ways. Discourse conveys feeling, and feeling lodges in bodies; the dread or desire invoked by anti- or pro-wind discourse may set the heart racing or sour the stomach depending on its encounter with particular memories and imagined futures.

Throughout this dissertation, I use the terms *affect*, *emotion*, and *feeling* to capture spatial and sensory nuances in the ways that people's experiences of feeling inflect place and language. For example, I interpret Hammond residents' descriptions of a "close-knit community" (or the loss thereof) and Jill Gordon's description of "a division among residents that may not heal in this decade or the next" as affective instantiations because they describe a pervasive climate of feeling that shapes relations between people. I use the word emotion to reference specific, and often narrated, types of feelings borne by individuals and which contribute to the affective environment, like the bitterness John Duncan describes in Chapter 4, or the sense of betrayal that Jefferson Hale continues to "carry" with him today. "Feeling" is a word that encompasses the internal and external, idiosyncratic and collective, individual and relational, narrated and nebulous qualities of emotion and affect, respectively, while also emphasizing the imbrication of embodied sensory experience; as such, it is the term I use most often. Though encounters with the affect theory of Brian Massumi and Teresa Brennan, among others, have influenced my parsing of these words, I have chosen not to

linger over the theoretical, philosophical, and scientific distinctions between affect, emotion, and feeling; instead, my orientation to these terms, and their orientation to the events described in this dissertation, is one of everyday, vernacular utility.

There is precedent for having a looser theoretical relationship to affect and emotion—by way of feeling—in rhetorical studies. For example, in her historical case study of a mid-century controversy about the fluoridation of public water in Williamstown, Massachusetts, Johnson notes, "the boundaries between affect and emotion are fluid, and the participants do not, as one might expect, ruminate on the distinctions between them"; rather than interpret participants' telling of events through a theoretical prism that does not exist in vernacular discursive practice, she suggests that attending to the "imprecision of 'feeling'" might engender a more accurate picture of "how individuals feel their way into publics" ("A Man's Mouth" 3). Johnson's orientation toward "feeling" comes from Debra Hawhee's call for rhetoricians to consider how the sensorium, which Joseph Dumit defines as "the sensing package that constitutes our participation in the world" (qtd. 5), "may help press past commonplace conditional observations—e.g., *that* rhetorical activity is embodied—and could offer a way to think about connective, participatory dimensions of sensing." A critical engagement with the "locus of feeling" that shapes encounters between body and world might key into a broader range of rhetorical activity if the anxieties of definition surrounding the words emotion, affect, and feeling are left behind (5). "Rather than rehearsing the accepted division between emotion and affect as known and inchoate respectively," Hawhee suggests, "perhaps we should exploit the intensity of feeling, or at least dwell there for a while" (12). Ann Cvetkovich describes "feeling" as a "generic term," one that "retain[s] the ambiguity between feelings as embodied sensations and feelings as psychic or cognitive experiences." Furthermore—and this is especially important for the work in this dissertation, which interprets vernacular documents and interviews with citizens, while considering the emotional aftermath of conflict and the ways that

feelings seems to lodge, consequentially, in bodies—Cvetkovich regards "feeling" as having "a vernacular quality that lends itself to exploring feelings as something we come to know through experience and popular usage and that indicates, perhaps only intuitively but nonetheless significantly, a conception of mind and body as integrated" (4).

Favoring feeling, but also sometimes using the terms affect and emotion for the reasons mentioned earlier, I engage a range of sensorial phenomena unfurling from family and regional history, personal memory, occupation, bodily health, rural cultural values, and the contours of the land around Hammond itself, to access that ways our bodies, our senses, and our feelings wield influence upon our collective public life and the trajectory of civic deliberation. As Jenny Rice has discussed, "public orientation is measured and warranted by the experience of feeling about public crises and debates" (55); very often, we use feeling, or speak in terms of feeling, to (de)legitimize our or others' membership in the civic collective. Moreover, feeling initiates "attitudinal lenses" that are a powerful "mediating apparatus [for] how we come to 'know' the world around us" (57). In language that is decidedly more corporeal, Johnson uses the term "visceral publics" to describe how "feelings and bodies shape public life" and deliberative discourse: "The visceral…refers to more than just the body or the body's insides," she writes: "It concerns the surfaces and orifices—the skin, the mouth, the lungs, the alimentary tract—that link the inside to the outside and the body-as-subject to the body-as-object, the porous membranes that bring the body and world into relation." This porousness between body and world produces feelings, like the vulnerability and fear Johnson examines in her article, "that 'demand' a response"—and because vulnerability and fear are universal and powerfully translatable feelings, "collective visceral feelings" like these "often serve as inarguable, self-evident rationales for policy" ("A Man's Mouth" 5)—like writing into local law a ban on wind turbines or, as I discuss in the next chapter, categorically excommunicating neighbors from a community of feeling masquerading as a community of shared municipal interest.

1.4 PLACING AND EMBODYING SUSCEPTIBILITY

> Did an issue decide not to do business with other individuals because of their choice to support wind? Did an issue cause a resident to be so arrogant as to say "let me put this into simple words so that you blue-collar people can understand it" because WE support wind? Did an issue force people to leave their lifelong church because of their choice to support wind?
>
> …
>
> NO. An "ISSUE" did not do all of these things. PEOPLE did.
>
> *Jennifer Sproat, letter to the editor*
> Ogdensburg Journal, *July 24, 2011*

My final move in this introduction is to bring in *susceptibility* as a category of rhetorical being, one that shapes my investigation of the questions that I have laid out across this introduction and organizes the chapters of this dissertation. Historically represented as uneducated, unworldly, myopic, and desperately poor, rural people have been a people susceptible to political charlatans, too-good-to-be-true promises, and the suave exploitations of industrial magnates. Their offensive and pitiable susceptibility came back into stark relief with the election of Donald Trump, who convinced them to vote against their own interests, condemning the rest of the country. Though we might more accurately accuse educated white suburban women and disaffected, non-voting Millennials of damning us to the legacy of a Trump presidency, the narrative of a gullible and xenophobic rural America is something we can digest much more easily. This dissertation, however, attempts to correct assumptions about rural Americans' susceptibility to unsound, exploitative, and hateful rhetoric first by defining susceptibility *against* its common synonyms gullibility and vulnerability, which I will do here, and second, by delving into the complexities of why and how people come to stand on certain issues, which I do throughout the following four chapters.

To begin simply, *susceptibility is a ubiquitous category of rhetorical being*. Every single one of us is susceptible to the persuasions of certain arguments for reasons that exceed (and sometimes undermine) collective notions of what constitutes a "good" argument, like logic supported by sound

evidence. Our susceptibility might have its roots, instead, in inherited or vicarious experience, local knowledge, loyalties to place, pure skin-prickling intuition, or any number of other things rooted in personal experience and feeling. Sometimes we are aware of our rhetorical susceptibility, and sometimes we are not. Susceptibility is different from gullibility, however, for two reasons: first, the condition of susceptibility is not contingent upon ignorance or naiveté; second, susceptibility *sticks*. It lingers. It is not momentary, in the way that gullibility, once revealed, is usually corrected, with some amount of sheepishness. I offer by way of example my own susceptibility to arguments against closing prisons in New York State, something that Governor Andrew Cuomo has aspired toward in speech, if not in action. As a person with some experience in prison education, knowledge about the school-to-prison pipeline and institutional racism in the justice system, and family experience with the ways that incarceration exacerbates drug addiction and the very crimes that the addict has been sentenced for, to the benefit of prison profiteers—with all of this, I support the closure of prisons. And yet, I hesitate, susceptible to arguments against the closure of prisons in the North Country, and specifically the correctional facility in Ogdensburg, the only city in St. Lawrence County, because I do not think that city can bear, economically and emotionally, yet another abandoned complex, and I do not think the North Country can bear the loss of prison jobs—as morally corrupt as these jobs are—when nothing else will surely fill the vacuum. My susceptibility is not guided by the abstract; I am susceptible to arguments to keep prisons open *in the North Country*—and this has everything to do with my emotional knowledge and attachments to the place.

Susceptibility also differs from vulnerability, which has an important rhetorical function in its own right. In his essay, "Toward a Theory and Pedagogy of Rhetorical Vulnerability," David Riche writes that his "existence as a rhetorical being necessitates [his] existence as a vulnerable being, someone whose life is contingent, perpetually exposed, and always subject to the effects of language." Riche posits "rhetorical vulnerability" as the companion of "rhetorical agency"; if one is

able "to affect others through language," that is, through the exercising of rhetorical agency, then one must also "be constantly exposed to the effects/affects of others" through the channels of rhetorical vulnerability. Vulnerability, therefore, is "not just a position of precarious exposure, but also…a basic condition for social connection, political existence, ethical engagement, and even rhetorical responsiveness" (85). Nathan Stormer and Bridie McGreavy similarly describe vulnerability as a basic requirement of rhetorical activity. "Affectability or 'response-ability' requires that things be inherently vulnerable to one another," they write. "Vulnerability is not a state of being at risk but of being entangled, which requires being at risk in varying passive-active relations" (13). In their theorizing of vulnerability's relation to rhetoric, both Riche and Stormer and McGreavy reference Diane Davis's argument that "responsiveness between existents is 'an originary (or preoriginary) rhetoricity—an affect*ability* or persuad*ability*—that is the condition for symbolic action" (Stormer 14). In the realm of what is possible for communication and, therefore, for rhetoric, vulnerability is the initiating force. While susceptibility connotes a similar sense of openness, even pain, its realm is not that of *a priori* affect*ability* or persuad*ability* but of what comes after communication is initiated, comprised of any number of extra-rhetorical elements that might be channeled toward maximizing that persuad*ability* or that might willfully (or unwittingly) intrude upon and upend rhetorical agendas.

While vulnerability stems from the Latin *vulnus*, or "wound" (Stormer 14), susceptibility has its roots in the Latin *susceptio*, a noun describing the action of taking up from below. Not only does the word suggest a process (active or passive), but it also conveys a sense of space with vaguely bounded, permeable parameters. The leaky definition between inside and outside, between actor and acted-upon, is perhaps best illustrated in the meanings of the seldomly used *susception*, which include "the action of taking up, or taking upon oneself (in various senses): taking, assumption, reception, acceptance, undertaking" and "the action or capacity of taking something into the mind, or what is

so taken; passive mental reception (distinguished from *perception*)" ("Susception"). Over the following four chapters, I try to capture these connotative, somewhat messy elements of susceptibility by illustrating how this category of rhetorical being gains traction through local environmental history and rhetorical constructions of place (Chapter 1); the cultural currency of American agrarianism and appropriations of local rural heritage (Chapter 2); the porous and permeable nature of the body (Chapter 3); and personal memory and imagination (Chapter 4). Mobilizing region, local heritage, the body, and the imagination, the chapters investigate roughly concentric circles of susceptibility while tracing the arc of the Hammond wind controversy. In an attempt to capture the array of vernacular and industry-sanctioned discursive production regarding industrial wind development—alongside this attempt to place and analyze rural susceptibilities—each chapter also emphasizes certain research and analytical methodologies. Chapter 1, "'While Hammond Was Sleeping, Iberdrola Renewables Was Working,'" reconstructs the complicated timeline of the Hammond wind controversy from articles in the local papers, most of which were collected in three scrapbooks, one belonging to the town historian; the two other scrapbooks are part of what I call the CROH papers, the boxes and folders of materials that former members of Concerned Residents of Hammond gave to me when I began this project. Through archival research, I go on to situate the arrival of Big Wind in Hammond within a larger regional history of environmental susceptibility. In Chapter 2, "The Farmer is the Man Who Feeds Us All," I offer a rhetorical analysis of the short industry-sponsored promotional film, *Tapping Maple Ridge*, about the Maple Ridge Wind Farm, New York State's first and largest wind installation, to show how rural agriculture heritage is susceptible to wind industry-sanctioned appropriation. Chapter 3, "Resonance Chambers and Industrial Nightmares," analyzes another film, the anti-wind documentary *Windfall*, and utilizes CROH papers and documents from the town public record (held in two boxes marked WIND in the Hammond Town Clerk's Office) to illustrate how residents' dread of turbine-induced

illness gave momentum to the writing of stringent zoning requirements in the wind law, which ultimately deterred Iberdrola. The final chapter, "The Lean Years," brings classical rhetorical theory to bear on interviews with Hammond residents, illustrating how occupational experience, familial memory, and vivid belief reside in the imagination, phantasmatically influencing the idiosyncratic nature of one's susceptibility to wind company rhetoric. Chapter 4 most obviously engages with fieldwork as an important research methodology for this work, though fieldwork experiences, in the form of formal and informal conversations, walks, and participation in community life are scattered throughout this work.

As a last note, I would turn to David Fleming's argument in *City of Rhetoric* that rhetorical activity—that is, activity engaged in "inventing and delivering arguments in contexts of public debate and disagreement" (12)—requires an enabling space, "a particular kind of setting: namely an accessible, diverse, self-governing community…unified enough that its problems [are] genuinely shared but diverse enough that the solution to those problems require[s] an airing of disagreement…a community that literally set[s] aside time and space for the public rendering and negotiation of conflicts." The ancient Greeks, progenitors of rhetorical activity as a cornerstone of public life, conceived of this sort of community as the *polis*, "geographically bounded, self-sufficient, and free"—an ideal city, with spaces promoting and enabling participation in public life. Fleming contends that the *polis* as concrete space has long been in a state of "demise": "Today," he writes, "'civic' activity in the West takes place largely against the backdrop of extensive representative democracies or virtual societies, defined less by shared space than by shared laws and interests" (13). Fleming then turns to the controversial re-development of a troubled Chicago public housing project, Cabrini Green, as a case study in the capacity of built environments to disable and enable

civic participation, encouraging citizens to deliberate together upon local public issues—or utterly inhibiting them from doing just such vital everyday rhetorical work.

I wonder what Fleming would think about the enabling and disabling capacities of spaces in Hammond. Rural communities like Hammond offer an interesting counter-perspective to the examination of urban built environments and civic participation. Like many small towns in economic and population decline, Hammond is a town without a true *agora*. Its public gathering spaces—restaurants, cafes, the counter at the gas station—have closed or, like the lunch tables at the increasingly empty general store, are mostly nonfunctional as such. Nor is there a public space where community members might spontaneously gather on a nice day, like a park. With the exception of summer events at the Hammond Museum and the annual Hammond fair, there are few opportunities and even fewer built spaces in which residents might gather and, in so doing, see a vital reflection of the community as a collective. Yet the Hammond wind controversy evidences the ways that people, and perhaps rural people in particular, make up for the absence of a singular and constantly accessible *agora* through a network of deliberative platforms that distribute the concerns voiced in periodic public hearings across the mostly *unbuilt* space of the township. Signs on front lawns, barns, and roadsides; fliers tacked to telephone poles and pinned beneath windshield wipers; letters published in local papers; blogs and social media; and the public discourse produced and documented in Town Board meetings, Wind Advisory Committee meetings, and public hearings comprise the myriad, yet tandem, rhetorical activity of deliberation in a distributed *agora*. Hammond may not look like the kind of *polis* where civic participation is rich in tradition and practice, but evidence for such exists between, around, and beyond the built environment. If, at times, this dissertation feels ambulatory, it is: there is a lot that calls the attention across these windy acres.

2.0 "WHILE HAMMOND WAS SLEEPING, IBERDROLA RENEWABLES WAS WORKING": BIG WIND IN THE ST. LAWRENCE VALLEY, 2005–2013

> **WHEREAS**, LESSOR and LESSEE entered into a certain Wind Option and Wind Energy Lease Agreement ("Lease") whereby LESSOR leased to LESSEE the exclusive right and privilege to use said lands for the erection and operation of wind energy conversion systems, and to have the right to use said lands for such purposes….
>
> Together with an exclusive easement to use, convert, maintain and capture the free and unobstructed flow of wind currents and wind resources over and across the Leased Premises and adjacent lands of the Lessor; an exclusive easement to permit the rotors of the windpower facilities to overhang the property upon which the Leased Premises is a part; nonexclusive easements for motorized vehicle and pedestrian ingress and egress for construction and maintenance of windpower facilities located on or off of the Leased Premises; and operational easements for electrical, telephone, water and other necessary utilities.
>
> *From* Memorandum of Wind Option and Wind Energy Lease Agreement
> *Formalized August 25, 2008, for parcels in the town of Hammond*

> I say to Iberdrola, you are not guests in our community…. You have shown yourselves to be evasive and secretive. Doing business with any other company that behaves in this manner would be unacceptable even to the most gullible consumer, but you have insinuated yourselves with promises of big money and environmental commitment. Even the best among us have been taken in.
>
> *Clare Goodnight, letter to the editor*
> Watertown Daily Times*, May 9, 2010*

When opponents of wind development in Hammond tell the story now, many of them begin with the wind salesmen who quietly came to town one day. The "wind men," as they were also known, made vague, innocuous gestures toward the development of a local wind project at public informational meetings, while aggressively amassing enough leased acreage for a viable industrial wind installation behind the scenes. Never mind that the wind men weren't selling wind, exactly, nor were they exclusively men; the misnomer gave expression to the feeling of intrusion that eclipsed the

local imagination with the arrival of these outsiders—these outsiders who had come in on the stealth with checkbooks in hand and legalese on their tongues, ready to tangle with the destiny of the town.

The first Hammond residents to sign a lease permitting the wind company, then called Atlantic Wind LLC, to construct wind turbines on their land did so in the summer of 2008. It was not until February 2010, however, that the wind company—now going by the name Iberdrola Renewables after its parent corporation—presented its wind farm plan to the Hammond Town Board, proposing an installation of 75 turbines across more than 10,000 acres.[5] The turbines slated for Hammond would be 66 feet taller than those at New York State's largest wind farm, Maple Ridge and, at 475 feet tall from base to vertically extended blade, just 80 feet shy of the height of the Washington Monument (Lawton). "The majority of residents could not tell you when the Spanish-based wind company first appeared in town, it's been at least five years," wrote Jill Gordon, in a letter to the *Ogdensburg Journal*, "but it chose Monday, Feb. 8, 2010 to make its official appearance in front of the Town Board, announcing it had been doing work in the area….While the minority can now feel comfortable being seen with company representatives, there are many reasons to be wary of the international wind giant" ("Wind in Hammond"). For Gordon and residents like her who were active members of Concerned Residents of Hammond (CROH) or allied with the

[5] The wind companies behind projects in the North Country and elsewhere go by many names and, as in the case of the Hammond wind project, often change names through the long years of negotiation and development. Many of these companies, however, can be traced back to their multinational parent corporation, Iberdrola, S.A.; this is true of the three wind companies named in the history of the Hammond wind controversy, Atlantic Wind, LLC, PPM Energy, and Iberdrola Renewables. PPM Energy joined Iberdrola, S.A., in 2007 and, as the corporation's U.S. branch, changed its name to Iberdrola Renewables in 2008. Atlantic Wind, LLC, still exists in name but is today a subsidiary of Avangrid Renewables, which is itself the *new* name of Iberdrola Renewables.

Given the complicated genealogy above, I have chosen to use the shorthand "Iberdrola" to refer to the wind company in Hammond, though it did not initially arrive with this name. Iberdrola was the name that Hammond residents and local papers most commonly used to refer to the wind company subsidiaries running various wind projects around the North Country, and opponents of wind development, in particular, were quick to point out the hidden connection between "local" subsidiaries and Iberdrola, S.A., headquartered in Spain. Like the term "wind men," the word "Iberdrola" did more than merely name the wind company that was in talks with the Hammond Town Board; it served to rhetorically "out" the subsidiary as Goliath-like foe. Perhaps this is why, according to the Avangrid website, "Avangrid Renewables, LLC, recently changed its legal name from Iberdrola Renewables, LLC, and is in the process of implementing a rebranding effort" ("US Business").

organization's concerns, there was only one way to read Iberdrola's long-anticipated presentation to the town board: "The Spanish-based wind developer giant Iberdrola Renewables has finally come 'out of the closet' and publically announced it is interested in changing the picturesque and pristine Hammond landscape into an industrial wind complex" ("Letter"). Clare Goodnight described a process of project development that seemed designed to tear apart the community: "They quietly scoped out our farmers and large landowners," she wrote, "promising them large incomes, lower taxes, and community gain. For a long time they appeared to have kept their plans under wraps; this prevented the rest of the community from knowing what was in the works during the early stages. Now that this intrigue has unfolded, our once close-knit community has been left in ruins before the approval of even one turbine has taken place."

By the time of Iberdrola's great reveal in February 2010, much had happened concerning Big Wind in the town of Hammond and the greater North Country. Iberdrola might have kept any confirmed plans in Hammond "under wraps," but speculation about wind development had been circulating among residents for many months, to the degree that some had felt the need to organize and begin actively questioning the issue, educating themselves and their neighbors. In the North Country at large, Big Wind was already a well-established and controversial presence. People knew well the bitter regret surrounding the 2009 installation of 86 turbines on Wolfe Island, off the shore of Cape Vincent 35 miles upriver from Hammond. In a town as small as Hammond, it would have been difficult not to be tuned in to the rustlings of similar activities. PPM Atlantic Renewables—a subsidiary of Iberdrola, headquartered in Portland, Oregon—erected a test tower to measure wind speed and reliability on the Chippewa Bay Road in 2005, the same year that a triad of St. Lawrence County organizations, recognizing the imminent approach of wind developers to the area, hosted a seminar to educate landowners about wind power and property leases. In fact, organizers of the seminar cited the construction of the test tower in Hammond and another on the opposite side of

the county in Hopkinton as their primary exigence for organizing the event (Fram). Almost as soon as PPM Atlantic erected its test tower in Hammond, residents began falling into "anti-wind" and "pro-wind" camps: the debate had already begun, though perhaps only a handful of people understood the imminence of the subject under debate.[6]

At the heart of this chapter is a story about rural development in the North Country, though it is not the commercial development that brought Ames and Kmart plazas to the outskirts of Ogdensburg and Massena, debilitating their downtowns, nor the wave that scattered Walmarts through these same vulnerable cities, dealing death to the Ames and Kmart plazas. As Jenny Rice explains in *Distant Publics*, development—that is, "the built environments that increasingly take up space in our cities, suburbs, and rural areas"—is a "nearly ubiquitous condition" (25). With the growth of the Fort Drum army base, northern New York has seen some of the ubiquitous commercial development of box stores and chain restaurants that Rice describes, always the same stores accompanied by the same restaurants bordering vast parking lots. But these plazas, with their services, eateries, and shopping, are concentrated within the city perimeter of Watertown, forty miles south of Hammond in Jefferson County. This North Country bastion of urban development has contributed to the change of rural communities in the region, mainly by ensuring the steady demise of rural commercial development. At the same time, perhaps even due to the commercial death of so many of its rural communities, the North Country has grown increasingly attractive to energy developers, and, as we shall see later in the chapter, an exploitative *discursive* development—that is,

[6] As is so often the case, the anti/pro binary inadequately captures the many ways that Hammond residents positioned themselves in regard to the wind issue. Notably, Hammond residents who challenged wind development repeatedly told reporters that they did not oppose wind energy or wind farms per se; rather, they opposed the wind company's approach to development in their community, and they opposed siting laws that did not protect residents' health, safety, and property values. To identify these residents as "anti-wind," therefore, is something of a misnomer, but in coverage of the controversy, it became a convenient synecdoche for "anti-wind-companies" and "anti-industrial-wind-installations." For clarity, I have also chosen to use the terms "anti-wind" and "pro-wind" to identify residents who were vocal (and often organized) opponents or proponents of wind development in Hammond.

corporate, state, and industry discourse that would remake the North Country into a more profitable, productive place—has gripped the region for several decades. Rice contends that urban development spawns an ecological "crisis of disorganization and reorganization," contributing to the ongoing shifts and adjustments that characterize the nature of all ecologies (28). While development often has serious environmental consequences, the crisis of ecology that it provokes is not necessarily an insidious one. Development practices that limit citizens' ability to respond to change, however, are another story. "Changes in our local ecologies call for new judgments and decisions" (33), but the calculated opacity of development, including developers' strategy of masking alternatives, undermines citizens' ability to participate in civic decision-making, resulting in a "crisis of *krisis*" (38). Rice turns to urban planners' concept of "giantism" to describe how citizens lose hold on the grassroots deliberation and judgment that they would otherwise use to control changes in their built environments; "with giantism," Rice observes, "decisions are privatized and placed beyond the scope of daily life" (37). Industrial wind developers practice their own brand of giantism: Big Wind thwarts citizen lawsuits, engages in conflicts of interest with municipal governments, and sponsors its own ironclad studies from experts on the acoustic, aesthetic, and environmental impacts of wind turbines. Such actions counter the researched, public discourse of concerned citizens and diminish their sense of control over their landscapes and ways of life. Big Wind, I argue, is the newest addition to a regional genealogy of industrial exploitation—countered, as we will see, by a North Country tradition of fierce civic participation.

This chapter begins by tracing the issue of wind development in Hammond as it evolved into an increasingly bitter public debate. I then situate the Hammond wind controversy in the socioeconomic demographics of the town and, finally, the socioeconomic history of the region, arguing that Big Wind's exploitation of rural space is not without regional precedent—far from it. Working with archival sources from St. Lawrence University's Special Collections, the St. Lawrence

County Historical Society, and the offices of the County Clerk and Town Clerk, I illustrate how rural environmental susceptibility to corporate, state, and industrial exploitation is historically situated in rhetorical constructions of the North Country as a particular kind of place—or non-place. This chapter tends to privilege anti-wind residents' voices, which is a reflection of, first, my emphasis here on industrial exploitation and rural resistance and, second, the accessibility of these voices in the public record. By and large, anti-wind residents wrote more letters to local papers, spoke in larger numbers at public hearings, and produced a greater number of informative documents for public distribution than their pro-wind neighbors. Their voices provide the easiest point of accessibility into the years from 2008 to 2013, though as this dissertation progresses, I hope the accumulation of pro-wind residents' perspectives will trouble this version of events.

2.1 CRISP WINDS

> Stop in to next month's Hammond Town Board meeting. You will see first hand what dealing with prospects of wind energy, both good and bad, is doing to the townfolk of a proud, yet troubled, North Country namesake.
>
> Then, if you have the time, attend a CROH meeting. They're the citizen's group formed in Hammond who claim to be neither for wind energy, in principle, nor against it. Group spokesmen say they're just looking for more open and "transparent" give and take between town board and town….
>
> After sitting in on both meetings, you may realize that the underlying conflict right now, and for quite some time in Hammond, blows far harder than a crisp wind and what to do with it.
>
> *"Crisp Wind in Hammond?"*
> Ogdensburg Journal*, January 19, 2009*

In 2006, a representative from PPM Atlantic hosted a public informational meeting about wind power and wind farms at the Hammond Museum; 80 people attended, and, as David Winters reported, residents seemed receptive to the idea: "We need something here," one farmer told

Winters. "The dairy farms are going out left and right. We have a lot of vacant land that can be used" ("Hammond Residents"). Consideration of wind farm development—as industrial wind installations at that time were billed—continued to unfold in Hammond and in the county at large. In September 2007, the Hammond Wind Power Committee met for the first time—it would be the first of two volunteer committees appointed by the Town Board—to discuss the new model wind farm ordinance from the St. Lawrence County Planning Board and Environment Management Council ("Hammond, N.Y."). By the time the North Country winter was on its last, bitter leg in early 2008, as the Wind Power Committee met with alternative energy experts and used the ordinance as a guide for creating a local wind law, the *Watertown Daily Times* confirmed that PPM Atlantic had been approaching potential leaseholders in Hammond for an installation of 50 2-MW turbines, each 410 feet high (Winters, "Wind Project").

In October of that year, at the end of an eight-month moratorium on local wind development enacted to give the Wind Power Committee the space to do its work, the Hammond Town Board passed the first wind law, replete with regulations regarding noise standards for turbines, setbacks (the distance a turbine could be installed from a road, property line, residence, or school), and protocols for attending to, among other things, the decommissioning of turbines and environmental impacts. The passing of the law signaled the eruption of an irrevocably divisive and urgent debate among residents. Despite the presence, for some time, of Big Wind in the North Country—and, indeed, even tiptoeing around Hammond itself—many residents were staggered by what felt like a sudden disclosure of the imminent arrival of Big Wind in town and the Town Board's collusion in helping company plans move forward.

Those who felt that Hammond would never change were startled into the realization that, indeed, it would. Drastically. Some people—and not only those who imagined they might sign a lease with the wind company—found this exciting. But many people who had never thought about

what it would be like to live under an industrial wind installation—many people who, in fact, kept to themselves and their small corners of the township—realized that they must organize if there was hope of advocating for the future. Organize—and quickly. These anti-wind residents believed that conflicts of interest had given momentum to the new law, and they were not wrong; as Iberdrola finally disclosed nearly two years later, one member of the Town Board held a lease with the wind company for $60,000–$100,000, while other Board members had indirect financial stakes in the leases of relatives (Virkler). In October 2008, though, confirmation of these conflicts wasn't necessary to validate residents who opposed the law; the insistent undermining of residents' concerns about noise, setbacks, and environmental welfare during the drafting of the law was enough.

Concerned Residents of Hammond (CROH) formed at the end of October and promptly filed a lawsuit against the Town Board on the grounds that the Board had not completed a State Environmental Quality Review Act (SEQRA) application; this violation of the state environmental review process therefore made the wind law invalid ("Wind Plan"). For the moment, CROH was successful; in their last meeting of the year, the Town Board rescinded the wind law following the advice of their attorney (Mitchell). Nonetheless, even though the lawsuit derailed the wind law, forcing it back on the Town Board for further community-guided revisions (or so CROH hoped), Iberdrola did not seem to lose momentum. Though local protocols for wind development remained in limbo, the wind company charged forward with the proposed project in Hammond. In the first month of the new year, Hammond residents learned that the proposed turbine installation had a *name*: "Stone Church Wind Farm" appeared in the Independent System Operator's queue for interconnection requests into the state power grid ("Wind Farm"). Unbeknownst at the time to most Hammond residents, in January 2009, Iberdrola (under its subsidiary Atlantic Wind, LLC) also filed

its first batch of lease agreements with the county—nine leases in all, comprising nearly all of the farmland looking south along the Chippewa Bay Road.

Though the Town Board and Wind Power Committee decided to revise the rescinded wind law, CROH and its allies did not necessarily feel like the Board's activities were any more transparent, nor residents' concerns any more appreciated, than they had been the year before. In April 2009, the *Ogdensburg Journal* ran a bold editorial decrying the secrecy governing the Hammond Town Board: "Why can't the Hammond Town Board provide the public with copies of the ordinance the town board is drafting?...They are the only town board or elected body that we are aware of in the state that routinely refuses to provide its citizens with copies of draft ordinances they are considering" ("Hammond's Secrecy"). Nonetheless, CROH dropped its lawsuit; after all, the Board had followed through with the SEQRA application.

As spring weather gradually delivered the North Country from another stubbornly grasping winter, tensions began to rise between residents, and people around the North Country began to hear of the bitterness and bellicosity that characterized public meetings in Hammond. In May, as the wind committee revised the wind law, Iberdrola representatives hosted a public informational meeting in the cafeteria at Hammond Central School. Critics had harsh words for the representatives, who delivered few answers about the exact nature of their plans in Hammond or the potential impacts of wind development on wildlife, property values, and residents' peace of mind (Fairchild). In the *Thousand Islands Sun*, an argument played out on the editor's pages about the actual details of an altercation that had taken place at the meeting between Hammond councilman Dick Mortimer and chairman of the wind committee in nearby Orleans, Doug McCulloch. "I thought it was terrible the way CROH people and their friends from Orleans and Cape Vincent treated the representatives from Iberdrola," wrote Mortimer. "I feel their uncalled for behavior was an insult to the people of Hammond." "Do you or do you not care about the health and safety of the people in

your township?" McCulloch responded. "Do you stand to gain financially from the wind turbines in the township? ... I fault no man for making an honest dollar. But I do fault a man for making that dollar at the expense of health and safety of others." Around this time, pro-wind billboards began to appear on trees, in fields, and on the faces of barns around town. Strategically placed, the billboards greeted visitors at all the entrances into Hammond—or they leered at anti-wind neighbors. Pro-wind residents formed a counter-organization to CROH, Concerned *Real* Residents of Hammond (CRROH), lighting on the fact that many members of CROH had not *grown up* in Hammond or, while living in Hammond, owned businesses in neighboring townships, or were merely seasonal residents. CRROH affixed fliers to the telephone poles in the village in front of the houses of those known to oppose the turbines, which read, "If you're against turbines, you're against local farmers. CRROH wants to know how you can sleep at night?" (Johnson) Anti-wind residents who had been active in public debate woke in the mornings to find their front lawns studded with pinwheels, another CRROH taunt.

The summer of 2009 brought more strife: some of the billboards were vandalized; one CROH member received a death threat by telephone; public meetings erupted in shouting, hissing, and accusation (Ellen). Reporters around the North Country began to focus on the caustic relations in Hammond as much as the ongoing development of the wind law.

In July, at the height of the bad feeling, the Town Board released the revised wind law to the public. Anti-wind residents, and members of CROH in particular, who had organized and attended panels on wind turbine noise, who had listened to environmental experts and firsthand accounts of those living in the midst of industrial turbine installations downstate, responded to the revised law with a furious dismay. At a special hearing for public comment on the proposed law, the overwhelming majority of those who spoke decried the law's inadequacy and the Town Board's lack of transparency. "The Town Board of Hammond has a responsibility to protect the residents of

Hammond, not sell us out to industrial wind developers," said Marianne Norris. Denise Hale delivered a similar accusation: "A year later we are at the same place physically as well as literally with this law. Legitimate concerns and requests…[have] been ignored and disregarded. I believe most people agree that our nation's energy policy can incorporate wind turbines, but does it make sense to build these industrial—and they are industrial—facilities on top of our communities?" When Christine Woodmore spoke, she described the idyllic Hammond that her parents and she had grown up in; what a change now, to think of her "little paradise of eight acres" surrounded by an industrial wind installation. "I don't feel that this law is protecting me, my family, my land, or my rights," she said. "I feel we are in jeopardy. For the profit of a few, many of us will have to sell out. And when I need to move, this law even makes it difficult for me to sell my property. Who will want to buy a home in an industrial neighborhood?" Mitchell Ganter, a long-time summer resident, delivered a scathing and suspicious critique of the Board's investment in this version of the wind law: "It is horrendous that you people are trying…to pass this thing through, ram it down our throats when many of us have come here just to enjoy the beauty of this area….I don't know what members of the Board have anything to do with the lessors themselves, but I see no other reason for this to be rammed through like you're trying to do." Josh Leckey likewise had harsh words for the Board: "You guys are elected officials, each and every one of you, you're here to ride the fence despite your feelings. You cannot select one group of citizens over another….If it's up to me, we need a whole new Town Board, and that's a fact. Nothing personal, but when my livelihood's at stake…I'll do everything in my power to get each and every one of you out of here."

As Rich Norris noted during the special hearing, many residents felt that the proposed wind law had not been written for the community, but for the wind company. Clear at this point that the makeup of the current Town Board was part of the problem, CROH looked toward the fall and the coming election season. They tirelessly campaigned for two new councilmen and a new supervisor

to shake up a crooked and careless Board. Hammond residents elected the new councilmen and supervisor, but before they could be sworn in at the beginning of the new year, the outgoing Town Board passed the unfavorable wind law. CROH filed its second lawsuit, and in January 2010, following the swearing in of a new supervisor and councilmen, the Town Board enacted a six-month wind law moratorium, thereby rescinding the controversial law, and began seeking applications from residents for a new Wind Advisory Committee.

Clearly the wind controversy was well underway in Hammond by the time Iberdrola formally "outed" itself to the Town Board in February 2010. When the *Ogdensburg Journal* announced the news on February 8, 2010, with the headline IBERDROLA COMING TO HAMMOND, the newspaper confirmed what many residents had long known: Iberdrola had been lurking in Hammond for years; it had taken up residence, but it wasn't being neighborly.

Many residents felt that the wind company had purposely sown controversy as a way of better infiltrating the town. Conjuring an atmosphere of midnight meetings and furtive agreements, a CROH flier proclaimed, "While Hammond Was Sleeping, Iberdrola Renewables Was Working," above a map of the township with big blue chunks of signed-over land. Perhaps the CROH flier exaggerated the cunning of the wind men; yet, as wind energy historian Robert Righter notes, "companies that operate in regions with little regulation and oversight often drive a hard bargain," steamrolling the concerns of installation-adjacent landowners, crushing opposition with legal expenses, and allowing such "flagrant interpretations" as the misleading comparison between a stationary 40-foot utility pool and a 475-foot moving turbine to gain currency in public debate (122). "A policy whereby contiguous landowners vigorously protest construction because they get nothing is guaranteed to foster divisiveness, one landowner pitted against another," writes Righter (123). He argues that wind companies should not only expect what is a "justifiable opposition to turbines

across the land," but strive to foster goodwill in the host community by listening to concerns, participating in local government, and being honest about the effects of the completed project on community life (122). Righter also turns to wind development in Germany as an example of the fairness doctrine in practice, whereby royalties for turbines are distributed among hosting landowners, adjacent non-hosting landowners, and the community at large (123). The financial benefits of hosting wind development are shared across the community, just as the many arguable burdens might be.

In Hammond, Iberdrola made no such offers. Though some pro-wind residents claimed that Hammond Central School would receive financial benefits from the project—for a time, a hand-painted pro-wind billboard near the entrance to the school parking lot depicted such gifts from the wind as new microscopes, art supplies, and textbooks—Iberdrola never confirmed the truth of these claims. Neither could residents expect to pay less for their electricity or receive a break on local taxes. The wind's riches weren't *for them*. Hammond happened to have wind—or it happened to blow across the big agricultural spaces of Hammond with the right amount of force and reliability (though CROH contested even this fact)—and in that sense, the wind was not unlike any other coveted natural resource and Hammond a hapless target for industrial resource exploitation. Or, as Joseph Messina described the situation, as he saw it, at the special hearing in July 2009: "So what has happened here? A large power developer has moved somewhat quietly and covertly into our community, [and] solicited some members of our community for something that [the] developers want."

2.2 FINDING THE "CLOSE-KNIT COMMUNITY"

> What does Hammond need to be saved from? How is wind going to save it?
>
> *Nick Johnson, letter to the editor*
> Ogdensburg Journal*, May 24, 2009*

The sign that greets those coming into the village from Route 37 east announces that this—this sparse gathering of buildings up ahead—is Hammond, HOME OF THE NEW YORK STATE GIRLS BASKETBALL CHAMPIONS, 2007 & 2008. This is a major accomplishment for one of the smallest school districts in one of the poorest and most rural counties in New York State. The town of Hammond occupies a little over sixty square miles of land in the westernmost corner of St. Lawrence County. To the west, the town line encompasses the Chippewa Bay region of the St. Lawrence River and a tract of the St. Lawrence Seaway before meeting the watery border of Ontario. To the east, the town claims the trailing edges of another body of water, Black Lake. Spread between the river and the lake is grazing land for dairy cows, acres of corn and soybeans, and disused farmland given over now to tangles of brush and grasses.

The 2010 census places the population of the town of Hammond at 1,191—a population density of 19.1 persons per square mile. More than 96% of Hammond residents identify themselves as white; 2.1%—or approximately two dozen—residents identify themselves as Hispanic or Latino, while Black or Asian residents number in the single digits. In 2010, 19 residents reported that they were to some degree American Indian (more than half of these residents being full-blooded). Seventy miles northeast and downriver, the Mohawk Akwesasne reservation straddles the border between Canada and the United States, and while it doesn't have a major cultural impact on life in Hammond, there are subtle ways in which some people claim allegiance to an Indian cultural identity, sometimes fraudulently. The overwhelming majority of Hammond residents, though, are

the descendants of Loyalists who left New England after the Revolutionary War (many crossed the river into Canada, but some stayed on the American shore), or of Scottish sheep farmers who turned this place into an agricultural settlement in the early 1800s, or of the Irish, French Canadian, and Italian immigrants who came after.

The 2014 American Community Survey (ACS) estimates that of those Hammond residents 25 years and older, around 11% hold a graduate or professional degree; 16% of adults have attended some college but never completed a degree, while 37% of adults did not go on to higher education after receiving their high school diploma or equivalent. A little over 60% of adults are part of the labor force—the majority of those outside of the labor force are women and 9% reported that they were unemployed in 2014. That same year, the yearly income for 22.7% of Hammond residents came in below the poverty level.[7]

What do people in Hammond *do*? This is a question that summer visitors often ask, and they mean, specifically, *in the winter*. Hammond residents work to maintain the viability of their farms. They are nurses and administrators at the hospital in Ogdensburg and corrections officers in a number of Upstate prisons. They work in social services. They teach at Hammond Central School, or they're part of the janitorial staff, or they oversee the hot lunch program. They have service jobs, and if they're lucky, these are year-around jobs, but for most in this sector, employment spans from Memorial Day to Labor Day. They draw unemployment in the winter. They work at the local

[7] It is unclear whether—or how comprehensively—these numbers reflect members of the Amish community in Hammond. The Amish have been present in St. Lawrence County since the 1970s, but in the past decade the local Amish community has boomed by North Country standards, reviving fallow farmland and renovating long-vacant farmhouses. Many people in Hammond have Amish neighbors now, with whom they sometimes do business and establish neighborly relationships, but this particularly conservative and insular sect of the Amish still largely occupies the zone of afterthought in Hammond life. As for census demographics, anthropologist Karen Johnson Weiner notes that it is difficult, for a variety of reasons, to get numbers from Amish households (Graham). Generally, when I refer to Hammond or North Country residents, I am referring to the non-Amish (that is, English) population. Given their avoidance of public meetings, the absence of their opinions from the pages of newspapers, and their general silence regarding controversial community issues, the Amish are a rhetorically elusive community—something that is, in itself, worth closer investigation.

telephone company or bank or insurance agency. They run their own small businesses with varying degrees of success and struggle. They work for customs or border patrol; they police highways, and respond to calls about illegal hunting activity. They're active in the Catholic or Presbyterian or Congregational church. They're retired, and a small number of them head south after the leaves turn. And they raise children and grandchildren, foster children and nephews and nieces, sometimes full time, sometimes while also working a couple jobs, sometimes while trying to earn an Associate's degree from Jefferson Community College or SUNY Canton in the evenings.

Economic demographics are important for understanding how the debate about industrial wind development in Hammond erupted into such bitter controversy. Financial and economic precarity dogs many Hammond residents, as it does many people across the North Country, whether it comes in the form of drought or generational poverty, rumors that the town will lose its school when the state enforces consolidation, or Governor Andrew Cuomo's vow to "go down in the history books as the governor who closed the most prisons in the history of the State of New York" (Mann)—a socially progressive goal that would, in the process of its accomplishment, lay off hundreds of North Country people working in the prison industry. Since the mid-twentieth century, many state and federal initiatives aimed at regulating agriculture have arrived in these parts as a death knell for local livelihoods. The switch in milk-hauling methods in the 1950s, whereby dairy farmers were required to deliver their milk to processing plants in large bulk tanks rather than the small milk cans they had been using for decades, was more cost-effective for processing plants and in keeping with new sanitation mandates. But it was an expensive switch for small dairy farmers—those with herds of about 20 cows—who found it financially unfeasible to continue to produce milk for processing (Trulock 11–12). The increased federal regulation of dairy processing throughout this period forced nearly all of the local cheese factories—where nearby farmers sent their milk to be processed into a range of dairy products—to close. More recently, Governor Cuomo's 2016 push to

raise the minimum hourly wage to $15 has left farmers feeling certain that they will be crushed by labor expenses and unable to compete with neighboring states whose farms will be running at half the hourly cost. Small business owners across the state feel a similar threat (New York Farm Bureau).

The plight of failing farms, and of farming families who have left agriculture for other types of work that has ended up being only slightly more profitable, is not the plight of all Hammond residents, but it is a central influence on economic and cultural discourse here, as in the rest of the North Country. As the CRROH fliers insinuated—"If you're against turbines, you're against farmers"—the division between anti- and pro-wind residents in Hammond fell along the lines of those who relied on farming for their living and those who did not. Not all farmers were pro-wind and not all non-farming members of the community were anti-wind, but much of the debate between the two groups centered on the economic reality of farming. Pro-wind farmers suggested that anti-wind residents, especially seasonal residents, were out of touch with the reality of economic atrophy in Hammond, so privileged that they could talk all day about disruptions to their *view*, while the people who *needed* these turbines went on struggling. Anti-wind residents accused farmers of being out of touch with the economic reality themselves, naively signing themselves over to outsiders for easy profits, when what they should be doing is thinking about how to adapt to the growing demand for local, organic, and artisanal products.

In the American imagination, the rural community is the very picture of white working class homogeneity (Donehower 2–3). Racially, Hammond *is* an overwhelmingly homogenous town, as the census demographics affirm—and residents are not just mostly white, but also mostly Anglo-Saxon in heritage, as a perusal of surnames would reveal. Class position, however, runs the gamut from the extremely wealthy to the extremely poor, and class divides are firmly entrenched across Hammond's small population. Moreover, what and who constitutes the *community* of Hammond, as an idea and a

geographically bounded place, depends on who you ask and when. Community (in Hammond and elsewhere) is an argumentative construct, contested and contingent.

During the wind controversy, many Hammond residents described their community as a unified entity under siege from ugly disagreements and petty accusations. Anti-wind residents, in particular, suggested that Iberdrola has purposefully worked to unravel their "close-knit" community. Their idea of the close-knit community was more inclusive than many pro-wind residents' ideas. For example, Jefferson Hale, a pro-wind dairy farmer, began to sum up his experience of the wind controversy as "a fascinating learning experience on human nature": he said, "The only thing I can take away from that is, going to meetings…how much strength people from outside your area had inside your community, you know, if they were articulate, could make a point whether it be true or false—and I'll stress that, whether it was true or false—it held quite a lot of weight depending on who wanted to hear what." But what counted as "people outside your area"? Like other pro-wind people, Jefferson referred to supporters of wind development as "Hammond people"—the battle had not been between anti-wind people and pro-wind people, but between "Hammond people" and outsiders. "The indigenous population, that's what I call us," he said. Jefferson's "indigenous population" was made up of the oldest Hammond farming families, the people who were and are a part of the "agrarian, self-sustaining mode." At least, this was his initial definition of "us"; as he continued to share his thoughts about the wind controversy, some long-time Hammond farmers fell out of the circle of "Hammond people." "Some of the people you grew up with," he said, "how they would bite you.…They might be your next-door neighbor or a guy across the road, and it just changed your outlook on what you would consider close friends and acquaintances you knew your whole life." At the same time, pro-wind Hammond residents from non-farming families—even pro-wind people who were relatively new to Hammond—were welcomed into the circle of "Hammond people." Finally, I mentioned that it seemed that in order to

be considered part of the "indigenous population," one had to agree with a certain vision for Hammond—to be in support of wind development, for instance. He paused. "Yeah," he said, "I guess." In this, he perfectly encapsulated how contingent and fragile ideas of community within such a small town can be; there can be perhaps dozens of "close-knit" communities within a larger rural township, the members of each one engaged in precarious, ongoing negotiations of public opinion, familial ties, friendship, politics, expressions of class, and views regarding the character and future of the town.

Alongside residents' opinions about industrial wind development emerged very different descriptions of the community of Hammond, what it had endured, and what it needed. Disagreements about industrial wind development did not merely coincide with disagreements about the essence of the community; instead, Hammond residents projected different visions of community as the basis for their judgment for or against wind development. Seasonal and year-around residents who owned property on the St. Lawrence River—the most highly assessed property in Hammond—were much more likely to appeal to a picturesque vision of community, where people lived peaceful lives amidst the beautiful features and recovering wildlife populations of the natural world. Successful small business owners and entrepreneurs saw a community that had an admirable selection of small businesses for its size (Hale, Wayne). Both groups spoke of Hammond's potential—a potential that wind development threatened to stunt. They welcomed residents from nearby North Country towns at public hearings, like members of the Cape Vincent Wind Power Ethics Group (WPEG) because they could not only tell dark tales of their interactions with wind developers, but also corroborate the vision of community that these Hammond residents wanted to propagate: "I've always considered Hammond to be one of the great jewels of the North Country," a WPEG member told the Hammond Town Board. "Coming into it is just so lush and so perfect….A rural landscape is prototypically what you have here in Hammond, the beautiful,

beautiful houses that you have, the old houses which punctuate the landscape….You have here just a beautiful, beautiful setup, balance of traditional buildings and nature" (Braxton).

Many other residents had a differing opinion about Hammond's vitality and beauty, however. Growing up on the outskirts of the township in Black Lake in 1954, Gladys Zimmer remembered that the area was "in those days a beautiful place. There were operating farms and the buildings kept up. There were many tourist businesses. Truly a place to say 'I live on Black Lake.'" But these days, she wrote, "I would rather have these wind turbines on the Black Lake Road to look at than what we see driving from Hammond to Black Lake. For a tourist attraction there is nothing appealing to see except what you would find at a landfill—including—old cars—trucks—trailers—boats—snowmobiles—shacks, you name it, it's there." She criticized those who were worried that wind turbines might lower their property values. In her view, property values had taken a hit decades ago when farms and businesses began to fail and, more importantly, when people stopped taking care of their homes. She urged fellow residents to take an honest look at the town: "What do you think the value of our property is worth in this area? Would you want to invest here?" Small farms were failing. The community was failing. At the July 2009 public hearing, while anti-wind residents expressed concern about the revised wind law's ability to guarantee their health and safety, pro-wind residents' arguments focused on the deterioration of community and livelihood: "We talk about development," said Raynee Kovak. "What development is going on in Hammond? I think it's a sad state that Hammond's in. There is no gas station. You can't get a car repaired. Is there a restaurant that's still open for business in the village?…Is Main Street booming?" The answer, of course, to both of those questions was *no.* Another pro-wind resident made similar observations: "Windmills will never hurt Hammond's progress," he said, because "there is no progress in Hammond, no gas stations, no restaurants. One grocery store, no feed stores, no hardware stores, no repair shops, no fish and tackle places, buildings empty, farmland growing weeds and shrub trees, and there will be

no more to come if something isn't done" (Rose). For pro-wind residents, industrial wind development was the "something" to be done. Pro- and anti-wind residents both described a community that had potential. For pro-wind residents, however, this community already existed, threatened by the turbines; for anti-wind residents, this community *could* exist in the future if only the town would embrace the turbines and let them come.

In the rest of this chapter, I consider consider how susceptibility is rooted in the particulars of rural place itself; that is, without diminishing the presence of socioeconomic and racial divisions among rural residents, I argue that they are, at the same time, united in the susceptibility of their livelihoods to the threats of distant authorities, industries, and corporations by dint of the fact that those livelihoods are rooted in susceptible environments. *Because* rural places are often taken to be emptied out, faltering, desperate—to have seen better times socially and economically—it is easy for developers, state and federal governments, and large non-local industries to *look over* the communities that exist in these places. Industrial wind projects like the one proposed in Hammond are a stark example of this kind of willful oversight of rural community life.

A place cannot be both a residential community and an industrial site; industrial sites supplant residential communities, and very often they enfeeble communities with pollution and toxic waste, as Phaedra Pezzullo has exceptionally illustrated. Industrial sites have boundaries—walls, fences, gates—which identify them as something *other* than an extension of the residential community. In the case of industrial wind installations, however, no such boundaries exist; at 475 feet tall and spread across tens of thousands of acres, industrial turbines pose a disruption that is much more visually and aurally widespread than conventional industrial sites. They refigure the interconnected spaces of rural communities, daily traversed by people and animals, as industrial space. Anti-wind residents in Hammond—and in other North Country and downstate communities

beset by the same controversy of wind development—generally agree that wind companies don't look at the rural landscape and see the communities scattered across it: instead, they see space for turbines.

2.3 SUSCEPTIBLE LANDSCAPES

> Oh they have a song and dance, that the line's our only chance,
> And they tell us that it's safe, cheap energy.
> They could even use those lights
> To light up our graves at night;
> When you're dead it doesn't matter if it's free.
>
> *Lyrics from "Stop the Line"*
> UPSET-NCDC Newsletter*, March 1977*

Landscapes are not essential things but constructed things: landscapes require humans—as creators and, more importantly, as beholders—in order to *be*. (Ecologies, on the other hand, do not require humans—though in the age of the Anthropocene, they almost always do.) J. B. Jackson, expert of American landscapes, notes that historically, the word *landscape* did not refer to the view from a given vantage point, as we normally associate with the word now, but "a *picture* of it, an artist's interpretation" (original emphasis). The artist composed "the forms and colors and spaces in front of him—mountains, river, forest, fields, and so on" into a work of art, coherent and aesthetically pleasing. Later, the English "landscape gardener" applied the painter's eye and artistic interpretation to *inhabitable* three-dimensional pictures, "[taking] pains to produce a stylized 'picturesque' landscape, leaving out the muddy roads, the plowed fields, the squalid villages of the real countryside and including certain agreeable natural features: brooks and groves of trees and smooth expanses of grass" (*Discovering* 3). Interpretation and contemplation, composition and beholding, are integral to

the status of a given space as landscape. In the twentieth and twenty-first centuries, those actors who bring a landscape into being—and who have made it the common, ambiguous referent in our language that it is—involve far more than the esteemed painter or landscape gardener and his aristocratic patrons. A limited number of developers and property owners might be responsible for the look of a landscape or have unlimited physical access to its expanse, but what that landscape means and what it does for others' sense of place extends to a proximal public. As such, Jackson notes, "We should not use the word *landscape* to describe our private world, our private microcosm, and for a simple reason: a landscape is a concrete, three-dimensional shared reality" (5). A landscape, Jackson goes on to say, is a "*synthetic* space, a man-made system of spaces superimposed on the face of the land, functioning and evolving not according to natural laws but to serve a community—for the collective character of the landscape is one thing that all generations and all points of view have agreed upon" (8, original emphasis). The last part of this sentence makes a curious claim, one that Jackson does not elaborate upon. For it is amply apparent, from the crisis of urban development that Jenny Rice charts in Austin, Texas, to the numerous battles between rural communities and hydraulic fracturing companies, that a landscape is a contested space, right down to its "collective character."[8] Elsewhere, Jackson writes that we "require of the natural landscape that it perform certain essential services," and therefore "we judge the value of that landscape by its performance" ("Several" 54). Even in a community like Hammond—small, relatively isolated, overwhelmingly homogenous in race, ethnicity, and religion—the collective easily ruptures into factions requiring of the landscape different things: for farmers the landscape must continue to be a working landscape of pastureland and planted fields; that the landscape continue to *look* like farming land is almost more important than how functional and profitable that farming land actually is. Hammond farmers

[8] See, for example, Justin Mando's analysis of descriptions of place at a public hearing on hydraulic fracturing in the Marcellus Shale region.

sorrow over the reversion of once-worked fields back into brush, grasses, and saplings; for other residents, however, such a loss of ploughed furrows and grazing land to wild native regrowth makes the landscape more valuable in its performance of restorative, quiet countryside.

For Iberdrola, the North Country is valuable for its wind resource, and the region's hundreds of thousands of acres of agricultural land spread out between the nodes of villages and hamlets appear to be an accommodating landscape for industrial wind development. This is not the first time, however, that a behemoth like Iberdrola has viewed the rural, sparsely populated North Country landscape as something apart from the communities of people that live there—and then found itself in vehement contention with factions of those communities. Below, I offer three occasions of citizen opposition to treatments of the North Country as mere space to be managed by outside authorities. In the presentation of these three occasions, I mean to illustrate how, since the decline of the dairy industry in the 1950s and 1960s, county, state, military, and corporate entities have all sought to remake the region as one sort of use corridor or another. These rhetorical reconstructions comprise a genealogy of the politics of rural space, of which industrial wind development is the most recent member.

2.3.1 1973–1978: THE MASSENA-TO-MARCY 765 KV LINE

Photographs documenting the 765 kV line protests are bleak: overcast skies, bare trees, the alien outlines of half-built electrical towers, already dwarfing the people gathered at their feet. In some of the photographs, it is winter, and crusts of snow lie on rutted fields. The activists look exhilarated by the solidarity in their anger—and they look cold.

According to the New York Power Authority (known in the 1970s as the Power Authority of the State of New York (PASNY)), "In response to increasing oil prices in the 1970s, the Power

Authority looked to Canada for abundant and inexpensive electricity supplies. The Power Authority completed a new transmission line, at 765 kilovolts the most powerful in the state, in 1978. The line begins at the Canadian border, near Massena, and extends 155 miles to Marcy, near Utica, home of the Power Authority's statewide Energy Control Center." Margaret Weitzman, one of the most well known environmental activists in the North Country in the 1970s, tells a different story about the construction of the Massena-to-Marcy 765 kV line, a story about the "Line Fight" that consumed North Country residents for some years as they fought for their rights to property and health. In a handwritten timeline, Weitzman notes that the Line Fight began in 1973, when PASNY contracted with Hydro Quebec to sell power to New York State. Needing a line to transmit this power downstate, PASNY proposed the construction of a 765 kV line from Massena, at the Canadian border in St. Lawrence County, to Marcy, 155 miles south. In response to the proposed project, Upstate People for Safe Energy Transmission (UPSET) formed, joining up with the already-existing North Country Defense Committee (NCDC), which had formed to promote awareness of and resistance to PASNY's proposal to build nuclear plants in the St. Lawrence Valley. UPSET-NCDC viewed the 765 kV line as a gateway to the realization of nuclear power generation in the North Country; once the line to carry the power existed, it would be only a matter of time before PASNY reinvented St. Lawrence County as a heavily guarded nuclear park, turning "its quiet rural nature into something akin to police state ambience" ("UPSET").

From 1974–1976, Weitzman notes on her timeline, the NYS Public Service Commission (PSC) held hearings downstate on the construction of the line. Though most of the line would traverse the North Country, across private lands seized by eminent domain, it was not until September of 1976 that the PSC held its first public hearing in this region of the state. It was as clear to North Country residents as it was to the PSC that the purpose of this hearing was not to consider residents' concerns, but to inform residents of plans for imminent construction. Over the next year,

Weitzman chronicled a tireless North Country resistance to the line: organized marches, the occupation of work sites, jail sentences, court battles. Residents used embodied forms of protest to challenge eminent domain: they occupied seized lands, tied themselves to trees slated for removal, and climbed half-built electrical towers. In the literature that circulated, however—the many informational fliers, letters, brochures, and grassroots magazines—UPSET-NCDC and its allies focused on more invisible threats to rural life: noise, shocks, and electromagnetic radiation. The discourse was foreboding: "Your own property might not be affected this time," reads an UPSET membership letter:

> But your life and the future of your children will be. Radiation emanating from Ultra High Voltage power lines, carried by rivers and air currents far beyond the actual site of the 200-foot high steel towers, will destroy plant and wildlife. It will push the farmer out of business, drive away hunters, fisherman, campers and the businesses associated with them. Our biggest asset in the North Country is our land. Instead of woods, lakes, and fertile fields, you will leave your children steel girders and wires and the awesome possibility of a body and mind so crippled by radiation that they wouldn't even care. ("Membership")

North Country residents could not stop the construction of the line—though they were able to halt the nuclear park that was supposed to come to town with it. Downstate, people took notice of the strife in the normally quiet, cold reaches of northern New York. "What causes this fanatical behavior in otherwise conservative law-abiding citizens?" asked one *New York Times* reporter. "Having exhausted legitimate means of protest, these citizens of upper New York State are engaging in acts of civil disobedience. They are defying court injunctions and interfering with the clearing of their land. Such stubborn resistance by otherwise reasonable and law-abiding citizens is a danger signal, suggesting that fundamental human rights have been violated" (Young).

2.3.2 1978–1984: SAVE THE RIVER!, WINTER NAVIGATION, AND N-WASTE

Abbie Hoffman arrived in the Thousand Islands region of the St. Lawrence River, a fugitive under the name of Barry Freed, just in time for the Army Corps of Engineer's proposed expansion of winter navigation on the St. Lawrence Seaway. Completed in 1959, the Seaway connects the industrial ports on the shores of the Great Lakes to the northern Atlantic via the St. Lawrence. In the late 1970s, the Corps proposed further dredging of the shipping channel through the Thousand Islands region in order to lengthen the shipping season through the winter. Locals not only protested this additional mechanical intervention in the natural environment of the St. Lawrence—the initial construction of the Seaway had already seen extensive dredging, the construction of massive locks and canals downriver from the Thousand Islands, and the removal of islands to make way for the channel—but they also feared the increased threat of accidents and the environmental consequences that came with prolonged winter shipping. At the time of the Corps' proposal, year-around and summer residents were barely two years out from the cleanup of what was the largest oil spill in the inland United States. The "Slick of '76" occurred when an oil barge ran aground on a shoal off of Wellesley Island, rupturing its hull and spilling 310,000 gallons of oil into the river. The oil spread 85 miles downriver, contaminating islands and mainland alike—more than 350 miles of shoreline in total. Predictably, state agencies cut resources and declared the cleanup effort sufficient well before river residents—many of whom spent the summer and fall of 1976 cleaning shorelines—felt that the local environmental impacts of the spill had been properly and fully mitigated. (Lesser)

"The Seaway's run by brain-damaged beaurocrats [*sic*]," Hoffman observed; and so, with Johanna Lawrenson, he founded Save the River! in 1978 (Freed, "Draft"). The organization turned back the Corps' Seaway expansion project, but a new and, in many ways, more threatening crisis sprang up in 1982: the transport of nuclear waste from Chalk River, Ontario, through the Thousand

Islands and the North Country on its way to a hazardous waste facility in South Carolina. Hoffman noted that it wasn't only the environmental threat of these shipments that was so concerning, but the way in which the government of Jefferson County—St. Lawrence County's neighbor to the south—quickly voted to permit the shipments, with little thought for the welfare of its residents:

> It is not just the safety factor, nor the adverse economic effects on our region such shipments pose, but something much deeper. [Save the River!] has reached to the depths of a more serious and fundamental problem, namely the decision-making process that affects the well-being of the local citizenry and environment. The burden of accepting these foreign shipments, imposed from Washington at less than zero benefit to Jefferson County, has brought us face to face with the local power structure. (Freed, "Nuclear Waste")

Through the early 1980s, Save the River! engaged in a grassroots campaign against "n-waste" shipments through the Thousand Islands. For some months the shipments halted, but when they recommenced in 1984, residents along the St. Lawrence again spoke out in concern, fearing worst-case scenarios, while receiving little indication that the county government heard them. The battle against the shipments was ongoing when Hoffman—now no longer in hiding—left Save the River! in the hands of a new director, Robert Reeder. On October 2, 1984, Reeder addressed the Jefferson County Board of Supervisors: "Tonight at 12:30," he said, "a truck carrying an extremely lethal dose of radiation will quietly slip through this community. Let's pray that it *does* just 'quietly slip' by—without incident—because someday the law of numbers dictates that an accident will occur" (emphasis in the original).

In St. Lawrence County, residents had managed to block the construction of a nuclear park, but residents in both St. Lawrence and Jefferson counties could not halt the Chalk River shipments for good or for long. By the mid-1980s, nearly every municipality from Vermont to Michigan along

a viable n-waste shipping route out of Ontario had enacted a local ban on n-waste shipments. In response, the federal Department of Transportation ruled that state and county governments were not permitted to impose their own regulations restricting or effectively halting the shipment of hazardous waste through their districts.

2.3.3 1989–1991: (DE)MILITARIZING NORTH COUNTRY SKIES

Like many other St. Lawrence County residents in May 1989, Betsy Kepes wrote a furious and desperate letter to the county planning office, describing the calamitous sensory invasion of the airspace over her home. Earlier in the year, the Air Force's Strategic Air Command (SAC) approved plans for a low-altitude B-52 bomber flight circuit in the airspace over St. Lawrence County. The bombers would fly in a racetrack loop at an average of 500 feet above the county, racing over homes and villages at 360–560 mph 120 times a week (Committee). On May 8th and 9th, the SAC conducted demonstration flights along the racetrack loop for a few hours in the middle of the day. "These 'test flights' effectively turned my hilltop home from a secluded peaceful retreat into a replica of an international airport observation deck," wrote Kepes. "I began to anticipate and dread each flight before it arrived on a ten minute interval around the 'racetrack.' My 18 month old [*sic*] son needed constant reassurance that these airplanes were 'friends.' For the rest of the afternoon, I was edgy and sensitive to every flight I heard, low or high level."

Hundreds of residents wrote to the planning office with similar stories of a soundscape so disturbing that it made children fearful and made it impossible for adults to go about their daily business. Amish residents were exceptionally vocal; as the Shetlers described in their letter to the planning office, the flights not only disrupted their rural peace and were painful to their ears, but also posed a serious bodily threat:

> We had cattle & horses outside, the cattle crouched low & ran, a horse spooked & 2 of our Son's were doing spring fencing, had our most dependable teams, they happened to see 1 plane coming directly overhead and were able to control the horses but with difficulty. That team is safe about all other traffic but not for those Thunderous roars.
>
> I have lain awake at night wondering what to do or what may happen if these flights will continue….
>
> Part of our Sons education is to learn to work horses, how dare we take the risk of trusting a team of horses to our children with these flights. …
>
> What about our health & well being?...These planes have a startling affect, if you are unprepared they are upon you before you can think.

The May demo flights took place over two days for a little over two hours each day, a mere glimpse of the change coming to residents' quality of life once the SAC commenced routine operations in July. When that happened, those living in the vicinity of the racetrack loop could expect their Mondays and Tuesdays, from dawn until midnight, to be punctuated every 38 minutes by the roar of low-altitude bombers. The SAC exhibited a flagrant disregard for the people living under the racetrack loop, as if the lives in St. Lawrence County were as vacant as the land viewed from above. The concessions that the SAC did make for altitude in a certain section of the loop make this clear: though bombers would continue to boom over the roofs of homes at 500 feet, the SAC agreed, after discussions with the NYS Department of Environmental Conservation, to raise the flights to an altitude of 2,700 feet where the loop crossed the uninhabited Five Ponds Wilderness Area in Adirondack Park. The villages, hamlets, and homesteads scattered across the rest of St. Lawrence County did not warrant the same protections.

As they had done before, North Country people fought. They wrote impassioned letters to the county and to state and local lawmakers. They organized, and they attended meetings. "The usual format was that some facile bureaucrat—replete with charts—representing one government agency or another, would harangue the unwashed, unlettered citizenry of the North Country," recounts Peter Van de Water, describing the many years of organized citizen opposition, beginning with the 765 kV line. "Then, at least in St. Lawrence County—much to the astonishment of the government bureaucrat and his coterie—up from the crowd would pop numerous speakers to refute and rebut skillfully, with both emotion and evidence" (201–202). As Van de Water notes, not even the most skillful arguments could stop the 765 kV line from going in, but the push back against the SAC was another story. Various community organizations and state agencies joined forces under the Coalition on Low-Altitude Flights (COLAF), which Governor Mario Cuomo named an Ad Hoc Committee in July 1989. COLAF engaged in talks with the Air Force—one of the first citizen groups to do so—and was able to delay routine operations along the racetrack loop, ultimately killing the proposed flights over St. Lawrence County. Yet, despite this success, the fact remains: rural places like St. Lawrence County exist in a precarious zone, warranting neither the protections afforded to designated wilderness areas, nor those afforded to densely populated metropolitan areas.[9]

[9] However, it is true that residents in metropolitan areas populated by low-income minorities do suffer plenty of abuses at the hands of toxic industries, as Phaedra Pezzullo discusses in *Toxic Tourism*. Most of the sites she investigates are demographically metropolitan, low-income, and African-American.

2.4 SUSCEPTIBLE LIVELIHOOD

> **WE ARE CONCERNED!** We invite you to **JOIN US** as we seek to have our concerns answered, our property and rights protected, and our community's safety and health maintained. We all know that change is natural, but when it is poised to destroy a whole community, then it HAS to be addressed. We can't just sit by and agree that this particular project won't harm the majority of residents.
>
> *Concerned Residents of Hammond newsletter*
> *December 4, 2008*

Susceptible livelihood is part and parcel of rural American life. For many, it has a grip on grocery budgets and utilities bills and long-term opportunities; for others who do not live with financial or economic instability, it is still a facet of the landscape, visible in the bodies and homes of neighbors. It informs conversations. It incites arguments. One of the ways in which susceptible livelihood is most pronounced is in that intractable argument about which to prioritize: the health of the economy or the health of bodies. The meaning of the word *livelihood* encompasses both of these categories of concern. In contemporary speech, we normally associate the word with occupation and income—the means by which one makes a living—but older usages of the word also encompass the course and manner of a person's life, as well as property that itself provided an income, like an inheritance or an estate. In poetic speech, livelihood is often used as a synonym for liveli*ness*—the very affects of living itself.

The 765 kV line, proposed winter navigation on the Seaway and n-waste shipments over the Thousand Islands Bridge, and the seizing of quiet country skies by the Air Force, all expose a politics of rural space that renders local ecologies of non-human and human actors susceptible to environmental and bodily harm. Comprising a rhetorical genealogy born in the economic vacuum of the declining dairy industry, these events reinvent the North Country as a *corridor*: a place that does not produce new things, but a place where things pass through on their way to somewhere else.

Rather than heralding the arrival of a sustainable, green economy to the region, industrial wind development is better understood as the most recent member of the corridor genealogy, for the "harvest" of this new North Country "cash crop" does not stay in the region but is spent—is *meant for*—somewhere else. The wind merely passes through the town of Hammond. But it does so with a dependability and force that makes the town a prime site for its so-called harvest. In this way, the wind is a strange natural resource, with a strange trail of exploitations. Unlike the Marcellus shale native to the Allegheny Plateau, wind is not bounded to place, and it is, therefore, not something that is extracted or subtracted from the ecology of that place. Unlike the talc in St. Lawrence County, the iron ore in the Adirondacks—these defunct mining resources of the North Country—or the coal in West Virginia and Ohio, industrial wind does not require the exploitation of laboring bodies. Instead, Big Wind exploits the very spaces in which people go about their daily living, spaces with memoried attachments, vivid with sentiment, and it exploits the feelings that characterize susceptible livelihoods. As we shall see in the next chapter, however, this exploitation is difficult to point out and condemn; not only does Big Wind seem like the herald of a clean, sustainable future next to Big Oil and King Coal, but it rhetorically tugs on the heartstrings of American agrarian ideology, promising that the modest family farmer will be usher and steward of this future.

3.0 THE FARMER IS THE MAN WHO FEEDS US ALL: INTIMATIONS OF HARVEST AND HERITAGE

> Beautiful farmland, yes! But for how long?…No one will be willing or able to even purchase let alone maintain a farm on this ridiculous pittance. Once the cows are gone, weeds and brush will take over. It can be seen all over the county, once open, fertile fields choked with golden rod, pig weed and velvet leaf. Then the brush takes over.
>
> *Ellen Duncan*
> *Open Letter to the Voters of Hammond*
> *September 2009*

The Windustry turbine is white with black splotches like a Holstein, rising from furrows of tender green stalks into an aquamarine sky. Below the cow-spotted turbine is a bold commandment: **MILK THIS**. In smaller lettering beneath that: LEARN HOW TO HARVEST THE WIND.

The promotional poster is one of a trio produced between 1998 and the early 2000s by the Minneapolis-based nonprofit Windustry. A second poster, touting "homegrown energy," depicts a corn stalk that has grown up into a slim wind turbine, beaming with rays of wind-driven power. A third, my favorite, refigures *American Gothic* as a scene of prosperity and contentment—with a breeze. In this re-vision of the Depression-era painting, turbines rise above the heads of the farming couple. Tendrils of wind-loosened hair blow about their smiling faces, suggesting a dynamic environment void of the oppressive stagnancy that characterizes the original painting. This couple looks quite pleased with the life they have chosen, and no wonder: the patriarch holds his pitchfork, but he doesn't break his back lifting hay these days; instead, clumps of green bills are skewered upon its tines. They, too, deliver a simple commandment: HARVEST THE WIND.

Harvest the wind, and ye too shall reap its fruits.

Windustry is an educational nonprofit that promotes and provides resources for community wind projects in the Midwest. A specific type of wind development model, community wind differs in a number of ways from the industrial wind model with which this dissertation has been preoccupied. The most important difference between community and industrial wind projects lies in ownership. As Windustry explains, with industrial wind models, "Rural landowners who possess windy land benefit from the wind resource primarily by leasing their land to large wind developers who sell the wind energy" ("Community Wind"). However, with community wind models, landowners, local organizations, or municipalities own the wind turbines themselves and, therefore, the energy those turbines produce. These community-based owners then have agency in deciding how to utilize the energy that the turbines produce. Community-owned turbines might power a town's school, thereby freeing up some money in the school budget for other expenses, or a town might decide to sell energy back into the grid, fattening municipal coffers. And while an installation of 100 turbines would qualify as a community wind project if the community owns those turbines and the energy they produce, community wind projects tend to start off on a considerably smaller scale than industrial wind projects; turbines are expensive pieces of machinery, especially for rural communities with modest financial reserves. Many of the community wind projects documented in Windustry's Wind Library entail 10 or fewer turbines ("Wind Projects").

Windustry identifies itself as "an independent voice and resource acting in support of communities." As the renewable energy sector grows, and more communities find themselves in conversation with wind developers, Windustry "seeks to promote wind energy in ways that help capitalize on these opportunities to diversify and revitalize rural economies." By all accounts, Windustry is deeply committed to wind energy's potential to usher in a new era of rural economic

wealth. According to farmer, county commissioner, and Windustry board member David Benson, "Wind is *homegrown energy* that we can *harvest* right along side [*sic*] our corn or soybeans or other crops. *Farm-based energy* is one of the few bright spots on the rural landscape and *growing* the market for it can only benefit rural communities" ("About," my emphasis). Windustry's investment in the renewal and self-sufficiency of rural communities makes it a very different entity from renewable energy corporations like Iberdrola, yet the nonprofit utilizes discourse—from testimonies like Benson's to clever promotional posters—that deploys a rhetorical tack that exists, to greater and lesser degrees of transparency, across all of wind development discourse. The Windustry posters present wind energy as not only a viable but *natural* next phase of American agriculture. Unlike the American windmills of old, which pumped water from aquifers to irrigate farmlands, the new wind turbine transforms a power source into a cash crop. In this twist on historical discourse about wind power, the wind is no longer a power resource to be *harnessed*, but a new (yet very old) crop to be *harvested*.

This verb shift maintains the essence of homegrown American innovation while accessing the rhetorical currency of key principles in the (white) rural imaginary. Whether supporting community or industrial wind projects, rural landowners can feel that they stand on the sleek green front lines of renewable energy production while also keeping with an evolving agricultural heritage specific to their own communities. As touchstones of the local imaginary, heritage and community are contingent upon both personal/individual and civic/collective circumstances—and as such, they are rhetorically volatile. For one thing, though commonplaces of heritage and community are fundamental resources for rural citizens' construction of place, they are also available as rhetorical resources to wind developers in, for example, the construction of rural-friendly images of industrial wind development. Furthermore, stereotypes in popular American culture often dog rural citizens' constructions of heritage and community, masking rural rhetorical labor with kitsch, nostalgia,

illiteracy, worldly naivety, and mental degeneracy. Accusatory, stereotypical narratives derived from these themes cleave to rural citizens' construction of place and community, undermining the cultural currency of that work.

In this chapter, I consider how the concept of rural agriculture heritage is susceptible to wind industry-sanctioned appropriation. Where Chapter 1 built a case for understanding northern New York State's regional/environmental susceptibility to industrial exploitation, this chapter considers the agricultural heritage narrative as the key component of rural citizens' *cultural* susceptibility. Contrary to its appearance in tales about place (whether produced by the locals, the town archives, or public relations representatives), rural agricultural heritage is not a quaint, fixed set of commonplaces, but a contingent discursive space, a point of entry to shift the always-contested narrative about what a place is or has been, about who belongs here and who does not, as the argumentative need arises. And any rhetor may perform such an intervention; industrial wind companies, I will show, have built a brand—that is, a public identity—around a discursive intervention in agricultural heritage narratives, accessing the cultural currency of agrarian rhetoric, while cultivating community acceptance. After discussing the relationship between *kairos* and heritage, I will turn to the short promotional documentary, *Tapping Maple Ridge*, which celebrates New York State's largest industrial wind installation, as a case study for such an intervention in practice.

3.1 WINDS OF CHANGE

Frequently translated from the ancient Greek as timeliness, opportunity, or "a propitious moment for decision or action," *kairos* is a fundamental yet complex component of rhetorical efficacy. As Debra Hawhee and others have noted, *kairos* adheres to the *quality* of time, rather than its *quantity* (which is described by the root of *chronology*, *chronos*). "In short," Hawhee writes, "*chronos* measures duration while *kairos* marks force. *Kairos* is thus rhetoric's timing, for the quality, direction, and movement of discursive encounters depend more on the forces at work on and in a particular moment than on their quantifiable length." *Kairos* is an ephemeral and fluctuating force and, therefore, bound to the notion of encounter in constraint. Hawhee notes that the earliest appearances of *kairos* "indicate limits of weight, volume, density, and porousness" (66). Drawing on the work of Richard Broxton Onians, she traces the roots of kairotic limit to ancient Greek references to a "fatal spot" on the body, "a gap or softening in the otherwise protective skeleton"; at the base of one's neck, where the collarbones draw together but do not quite close, is such an "opening," a bodily "threshold" to mortality (66–67). *Kairos* is also a key term in the art of weaving, variously denoting "the place where threads attach to the loom; the act of fastening these threads (*kairoō*); [and] a web so fastened (*kairōma*)." Hawhee goes on to note that the "related *kairoseōn* is used to describe that which is tightly woven." Thus variations of *kairos* capture limits and thresholds, critical openings and physical vulnerabilities, and the process of weaving so many strands into a single cloth. If the specialized language of weaving seems to have little in common with the art of mortal combat, Hawhee reminds us that the art of public address puts into practice the whole spectrum of *kairos's* meanings, where "the more tightly woven and variegated a piece of discourse,

the more 'to the point' (*kairon*), the fewer openings or opportunities listeners will have to refute" (67).

Kairos is an instrumental presence in rhetorical practice, a practice that attempts to rewrite qualities of time, space, and place by persuasive means, while also drawing on the triad of argumentative affordances inherent to the particulars of *a* time, *a* place, *a* local discursive space. In keeping with Hawhee's discussion of *kairos*, Thomas Rickert notes that *kairos* "includes and transcends human doing" (83). A rhetor cannot will *kairos* into being; if skilled, she will perceive the contours of an emergent kairotic encounter and use it to rhetorical advantage, but *kairos* is always first an ecological entity generated by "situational environs" that defy "the a priori distinction between subject and object" and call on "rhetor and situation [to] take part in each other" (82). According to Rickert, "Kairos is not about mastery"—specifically, of knowledge—"but instead concerns attunement to a situation, with attunement understood not as a subjective state of mind or willed comportment but as an ambient catalysis within what is most material and concrete, a gathering that springs forward" (98). If *kairos* does not hinge on mastery, though, how does one teach others how to recognize it and engage it in rhetorical practice? (For that matter, how does one teach others *rhetorical practice*?) Fundamental to rhetorical efficacy, *kairos* is nevertheless famously difficult to teach. Manuals, treatises, and textbooks from ancient Greece to the present comprise an instructional treasury, at once straightforward and outlandish, for honing one's rhetorical skills. Yet, as Hawhee explains, "kairotic impulses can…be habituated or intuitive—bodily, even—and are not limited to a seat of reason or conscious adherence to a set of precepts" (70). The "capacity for discerning *kairos*," she writes, "depends on a ready, perceptive body" (71); as such, "the fleeting movement of *kairos* necessitates a move away from a privileging of 'design' or preformulated principles" (78). That is to say, "kairos marks an abiding, not a grasping" (Rickert 88). But how does

one learn bodily attunement? How does one train to be not only perceptive, but also *ready*? Following Janet Atwill, Hawhee states the obvious: the kairotic ability to "know when" rather than "know how" can only be achieved through practice (70). "*Kairos* necessitates that thought always be on the move in order to resist 'freezing,'" she writes (77). The trouble with *kairos* is that while one might strive to cultivate such a mindful, embodied, perceptive readiness, one can never prepare for all the wily elements that compose the situational environs of that imminent moment of encounter.

Local, rural constructions of heritage are rhetorical entities that emerge from and respond to *kairos*—entities on the ready—but these same heritage narratives might just as easily undermine kairotic potential by freezing the identity of place. As cultural geographer David Harvey explains, heritage "has always been produced by people according to their contemporary concerns and experiences" (2). Individuals and municipalities deploy a "particular strand of heritage at a particular moment in time, reflecting agendas, perceptions, and arrangements of that time" (3). Harvey argues, therefore, that heritage is actually "a process, or a verb, related to human action and agency…filtered with reference to the present, whatever that 'present' actually is." As a process, heritage is pliable and contingent; regions and communities can reframe heritage narratives—or renovate, restore, or rename heritage sites—to capitalize upon new opportunities for local revitalization. For example, French sociologist Jacinthe Bessière has observed that as rural regions of France are "increasingly seen as places for entertainment, leisure activities, second homes and as an alternative to urban residential areas," rural communities participate in "a redefinition of local rural identity" that responds to and capitalizes upon interest in place (21). Specifically, these rural French communities have transformed vanishing, hardscrabble peasant economies into local food economies that draw people to place through the allure of the micro-regional gourmet. "The dynamics of building up heritage consist in actualizing, adapting, and re-interpreting elements from the past of a given group

(its knowledge, skills, and values)," Bessière writes, "in other words combining conservation and innovation, stability and dynamism, reproduction and creation, and consequently giving a new social meaning which generates identity" (27). A heritage practice composed of "conservation and innovation, stability and dynamism, reproduction and creation" must be keen to the exigencies of *kairos* if it is to variously and effectively be all of these things.

Hammond's heritage narrative, however, is as inert as the model farmhouse and barn that is the central exhibit at the Hammond Museum. The town is, to some degree, one of the last "cow towns" in the North Country, a town that hangs heavy with the scent of manure in the spring and fall, a town that remains known for being the farming town that one passes through on the way to elsewhere—the Thousands Islands, Black Lake, Ogdensburg, Watertown—and that has failed again and again to be known for anything else. *Kairos* is ephemeral, and moments ripe for (re)invention are, by nature, windows: they open, and they close.

In interviews with long-time Hammond residents—some of whom we will meet in the last chapter—I listened again and again to the near-identical recitations of a litany of long-gone local businesses, which had been, in essence, the social and cultural mainstays of a "close-knit" town. Once there was a bowling alley. An Agway. A gas station. Two groceries. A general store that actually had things to sell on its shelves. A hardware store. A place that sold electronics. The Home Restaurant, the site of which should have a historical marker for all the nostalgic space the long-lost diner takes up in local memory. Even I have a working litany of losses, which includes most recently the Spicy Olive, another restaurant that didn't last—though for a few years after the wind controversy, Hammond residents could experience the rare pleasure of leisurely congregating in public space. In these litanies, the loss of these businesses—and, therefore, spaces of public greeting, spaces where residents shared knowledge and cultivated neighborliness—comes across as a single

event, as if each business were merely a domino in a single, ill-fated chain. But though it would be difficult to unravel how and on whose watch the commercial and sociocultural heart of the town deteriorated, it is nonetheless true that each closure was a singular moment in the last forty years of the Hammond's history—each moment a moment that called for intervention, for response and action, and then passed. In some cases, citizens failed to detect the very urgency of *now*; in some cases, they failed to respond effectively to it, holding fast to an agricultural heritage narrative that had far more vitality—far more hope of surviving—in memory than in practice.

Paradoxically, a heritage narrative like Hammond's, composed of steadfast (if hollow) agrarian commonplaces, comes across as kairotic opportunity to wind developers big and small. In fact, wind developers often describe wind as if it were the materialization of *kairos* itself. The wind is already there; with or without us, it has *always* been there and will always be. Who among us is ready to harness such pure potential and put it to use?

3.2 TAPPING TUG HILL HERITAGE

When I was in fifth grade, we made physical maps of New York State in our social studies class. In stiff salt dough, we pinched up the Adirondacks and dug out the Finger Lakes with, appropriately, our fingertips. This was the first and only state topography lesson I had in school, and despite what I know now about the glacial activity that rent so many of New York's features, whenever I see the Finger Lakes on a map, a vision immediately comes to my mind of a monstrous claw raking those deep, narrow waters from the earth. Those placid lakes are representative to me of the primordial violence inherent in the natural contours of the land. All because of a fifth-grader's hand.

Similarly, when I think of the Tug Hill Plateau—home to the Maple Ridge Wind Farm, the largest industrial wind installation in New York—I envision an aerial plane of salt dough, faintly pocked with fingermarks from the hands that pressed it into shape. A bare, white tabletop abruptly rising just north of the state's geographical center. In reality, while parts of Tug Hill are bare and windswept—and for many months of the year also white, in this place that is besieged by lake effect snow from October to April—dense continuous forest with few homes or penetrating roads darkens the region's core. The plateau climbs from 350 feet on its western escarpment to over 2,000 feet as it stretches east toward the Adirondacks—a tabletop eternally captured in the process of being upended into Lake Ontario. A "wild bleak upland," Tug Hill, and all the small towns on its face, tilts toward the Great Lake, a broad target for its unhampered winds and frequent blizzards (NYSDOT 3–24).

Like the St. Lawrence Valley, Tug Hill is home to a declining dairy economy and the kinds of poor soils that offer few lucrative agricultural alternatives. It is also sugar bush country. Lakes of maple lap at the edges of pastureland. Thousands of feet of blue tubing wind through stands of tapped sugar bush, linking trunk to trunk to trunk, like a craft project made by a giant child. This is what large-scale sugaring looks like in the twenty-first century, the tubes replacing the old-fashioned method of collecting sap, one tin bucket to a tree, one tree at a time, sugarmen carrying the buckets back through snowy woods to their sugar shacks. Instead, when the sap begins to flow in early spring, the tubes deliver it directly to the steamy sugarhouse in a clear rush, where it is boiled down into maple syrup. Sugaring requires less human labor today, but with forty liters of sap to one liter of syrup, there's still a good deal of inefficiency built into the very nature of the business.

In early spring on "the Tug," scarves of steam rise from shacks in the sugar bush and grain silos in the snow-covered fields punctuate the horizon. And so do the 195 wind turbines east of the

plateau's forested core. This is the Maple Ridge Wind Farm, the largest in New York State, and one of the largest in the United States. Fully functional since 2006—one year after the earliest stirrings of industrial wind development in Hammond—Maple Ridge is jointly owned by EDP Renewables North America and Avangrid Renewables. Both are subsidiaries of global energy firms; the latter is a subsidiary of Iberdrola, the wind company that Hammond residents know so well.

Sixty miles southeast of Hammond, the Maple Ridge Wind Farm figured prominently in residents' discussions about wind development and continues to do so in their recollections of the controversy. Many people traveled from Hammond to Maple Ridge to experience the aural and visual impact of the turbines for themselves. The Glover brothers for instance, farmers up on the flat in Hammond, went down to Maple Ridge to see how well the cows tolerated the turbines in their pasture. "The cows were sitting right *under* the wind turbines," Bill Glover remembers. "They didn't mind it a bit!" The Hammond Wind Advisory Committee also visited Maple Ridge in October 2010 in order to learn more about "groundwater effects; television and cellular phone reception; well impacts; property owner complaints; and blasting during construction" (McAllister "Wind Panel"). Reporting back to the town board after their visit, the committee concluded that the most frequent complaint from town supervisors in the vicinity of Maple Ridge had to do with diminished local television reception, "specifically channels 7 and 50" (McAllister "TV"). Maple Ridge was and continues to be an argumentative touchstone in Hammond discourse about wind development, a point of reference for claims about noise, scenic disruption, and community benefits—or the lack thereof, as the case (and personal observation) may be.

The half hour long promotional documentary, *Tapping Maple Ridge,* premiered at the Town Hall Theater in Lowville, the largest of the Maple Ridge Wind Farm municipalities, in February 2007. The premiere coincided with the first annual Lewis County Snowflake Winterfest; proceeds

from tickets for the premiere benefitted the Lewis County Hospital Foundation. Reporting for the *Watertown Daily Times*, Steve Virkler noted, "One difficulty with holding the screening at the Town Hall Theater—a historic, single-screen theater that was once used as the town hall—was that the digitally recorded movie couldn't be shown on the theater's film-based projectors…. To rectify that situation, the wind farm has purchased a $7,000 digital projection system for the theater. 'It's good for the community,' [wind farm communications manager C. Lee] Hinkleman said. 'That's the important thing.'" This thrilled the theater's owners, who planned "to show 'Tapping Maple Ridge' [*sic*] before each movie showing for the foreseeable future, giving early birds something to watch while waiting for the feature."

From the documentary, to the images on its website, to its very name, Maple Ridge Wind Farm is a prime study in industry appropriations of and rhetorical interventions in local heritage. For many Americans, particularly those of European descent, "heritage" is a cultural commonplace connecting one to an ancestral national and/or cultural identity. This heritage is the bedrock upon which one's identity in the present stands. Consider, for example, Ancestry, which began as a genealogy research engine and family tree database for members but now also offers AncestryDNA—a DNA test that can discern "5X MORE ETHNIC REGIONS than the next leading test." Ancestry suggests that one's heritage is a constant and autonomous entity: even if you don't know what your heritage is, you carry it with you, and it informs who you are. It would behoove you, then, to uncover it: "After all, your family story is the story that leads to you." This notion of heritage as the story or stories that make us who we are also appears in rural communities' reference to heritage. Local heritage narratives function as a powerful frame for the interpretation of history and the present—but pre-determined—character of a place, one that presumes a consensus of identity, as if local heritage were a singular, ancient relic dug from the earth. As such, the stories of

cultural and historical inheritance that we tell about our places and ourselves often mask their inherent rhetoricity. Most notably for the study of industrial wind's interventions in and appropriations of local narratives, heritage is "an instrument of *cultural power*…a value-laden concept, related to processes of *commodification*, but intrinsically reflective of a relationship with the past, however that 'past' is perceived and defined" (Harvey 8, my emphasis).

Industrial wind companies' first method of accessing the cultural power of local heritage is often through the naming of a proposed installation. In January 2009, the *Watertown Daily Times* reported that the proposed wind installation in Hammond had been given a name; the Hammond Town Board and its constituents had not discussed and decided upon this name, nor had an Iberdrola representative presented the name to the town in any official correspondence. Instead, the name "Stone Church Wind Farm" simply appeared one day online, in the queue of energy producer requests for interconnection into the state power grid. Iberdrola gave no explanation for its choice of name, but it is easy to see the rhetorical strategy of naming at work: the pastoral moniker not only evokes images of several churches in the township, but also the many early nineteenth-century stone houses built by Scottish settlers that have come to be identified as landmarks of local agricultural heritage. The names of other wind installations (current and proposed) in New York State—and, indeed, throughout the country—draw together intimations of local heritage, geographical landmarks, and pastoral sensibility: Deer River, Roaring Brook, Horse Creek, Hardscrabble, Jericho Rise. With the rare exception across the country, this pastoral and instrumental naming of industrial wind installations is an industry standard. This naming is also unique to wind development, as compared to other forms of industrial energy production. For instance, in his study of hydraulic fracturing companies' rhetorical strategies in north-central Pennsylvania, James Guignard describes how the fracking industry deploys rhetoric that cuts across

> immediate geographical region, creating an impression of north-central Pennsylvania as open and implying that the region is abstract space. … One example includes the renaming of roads from, say, Ore Bed Rd. to Pipeline Road 7…. Rather than use the name that suggests knowledge of the place (Ore Bed), the gas industry uses a generic name that would work just as well in Texas, Wyoming, or Louisiana. Such signs encourage whoever reads it to disassociate the resource from the place, thus downplaying the environmental impacts on people who live above the Marcellus Shale and who deal with the industry daily. (17)

The wind industry's naming strategy has the opposite rhetorical function, appropriating place-based knowledge in order to ease local acceptance. This is in line with a broader rhetorical strategy for selling wind power to farmers and rural communities as a native resource awaiting transformation into the next big local cash crop.

According to Avangrid Renewables, Maple Ridge Wind Farm "was named to honor the maple sugaring tradition in Lewis County, the leading maple syrup producing county in New York. The Maple Ridge project is situated at the eastern edge of the Tug Hill plateau, an area that frequently experiences strong lake-effect weather and has long been known for its exceptional snow falls and wind resource" ("Featured Operations"). This productive meeting of the elements and tradition proves to be the premise for *Tapping Maple Ridge*. Funded by the Maple Ridge developers, the film illuminates the parallels between wind development, maple syrup production, and regional resiliency, all against a backdrop of regional value for hard, land-based work. The film was produced by ttweak renewables, a Houston-based strategic marketing, communications, and design firm specializing in the cultivation of "community acceptance and understanding" of clients' renewable energy projects, "whether wind farms or sustainable condominiums" ("About"). They offer a more

detailed description of how the wind farm found its name in their presentation of the wind farm as a case study of corporate branding and/as "cultural integration":

> In the course of researching Lewis County, New York, the home of a project initially called the Flat Rock Wind Farm, ttweak learned that Lewis County is the top maple syrup producing state [*sic*] in New York. During a subsequent visit to the American Maple Museum in Croghan, New York, we saw a diorama representing contemporary maple sap collection and we were struck by the similarities between the processes of capturing maple sap and transforming it into syrup, and capturing wind and transforming it into electricity. As we also found working sugar bushes (trees tapped for maple syrup) in and around the project area, we recommended the project should be renamed Maple Ridge Wind Farm. ("Case Study")

Ttweak goes on to describe the already "existing relationship between the production of wind energy and the production of maple syrup"—a relationship not so much constructed by the communications firm, but a feature of life on Tug Hill that awaited their industrious recognition—as an "opportunity to make a case for wind energy from a broader perspective outside of the NIMBY context." Here is *kairos* at work, as if ttweak's venture in branding and cultural integration is the organic realization of Tug Hill's elemental environs. Such language masks, first, the many players in the renewable energy sector—lobbyists, lawmakers, celebrities, profiteers, manufacturers, and so on—who contributed to Maple Ridge's existence as both idea and physical installation. Second, the language belies the essential relationship between the strategic communications firm and its client, the wind developer who would like to generate community support for Maple Ridge and—we must assume—future wind installations in the region. Utilizing green buzzwords, drawing on anxieties (about climate change and fuel consumption), and bolstering aspirations (for independence from

"foreign" oil), ttweak detects and manipulates kairotic openings in the ongoing argument about environmental stewardship and energy consumption in service of the wind developer. The ongoing argument is national, global, and potentially abstract, but in the points of encounter between the local history of Tug Hill as dairy center on the decline and its identity as windy, wintry land of the sugar bush, generalized industry-sanctioned arguments and corporate catch-phrases might enter and cleave to the familiar plot points of Tug Hill's heritage narrative.

The "case" ttweak has constructed for Maple Ridge extends to a logo which graces a range of wind farm merchandise, including bottles of syrup (which one can see on the ttweak website) and clothing (which one can see on some of the landowners in *Tapping Maple Ridge*). A maple leaf with three white blades at its center, the logo reinforces "the coexistence of two sustainable resources in Lewis County—wind energy and maple syrup." The blades "mimic the veins of the leaf" while the leaf's stem is positioned below the blades to doubly appear as a turbine base, "reinforcing the wind turbine's structural similarity to trees, and placing it in the context of man's history of technological innovation in the service of using natural resources to his advantage." Lewis County maple syrup producers "tap the Sugar Maple…[like] Maple Ridge wind farm taps the power of the wind to provide a clean, sustainable, energy source for the community." It is a tidy, attractive, and troubled analogy. Big Wind likes to suggest that its installations produce electricity for host communities, that there is a direct link between hosting a wind farm and turning on the lights in your school or powering the appliances in your house. This is not to say that Big Wind peddles blatant falsehoods about how the utility-scale wind business model works; it is not difficult to find both industry-sponsored and external educational materials about how wind energy is produced and where it goes. While Maple Ridge Wind Farm produces electricity that does, indeed, power homes and businesses in portions of New York State, it does not provide comprehensive power for any given community,

including those on Tug Hill. As an industrial wind facility—and typical of most large-scale wind installations in the United States—Maple Ridge produces energy for sale and distribution on the power grid. Wind turbines that feed directly into the grid's network of transmission lines, substations, and transformers cannot be directed to power a specific building or community; only a wind turbine installed on the "consumer" side of the utility meter can do so (we see this more commonly with individually owned solar panels which, installed on the roofs of houses, power that property and sometimes sell excess power to the grid). Furthermore, electrons produced by wind turbines cannot be separated from those produced, for example, by coal-firing power plants; all electrons enter the same pool and travel the same network. Though "more wind farms in a region mean a larger percentage of that region's electricity is from renewable, non-polluting sources," the New York State Energy Research and Development Authority notes that it "is impossible to know if the electrons delivered to a home were generated by coal, natural gas, nuclear, hydroelectric, or wind power" (AWS 13–16). However, by letting the suggestion of a direct correlation between spinning turbines outside and bright lights inside settle over citizens' understandings of industrial wind projects, Big Wind nudges them toward a belief in the altruism of Big Wind, while also gesturing toward the ideals of American innovation and individual autonomy embodied in earlier wind power models (I discuss this history in greater detail in Chapter 4).

According to ttweak, "*Tapping Maple Ridge* hopes to help influence the public conversation about the desirability of wind energy by demonstrating how it is in keeping with a long American tradition of using local sustainable resources for the common good" (*Tapping*). However, no such tradition exists; American history is, first, rife with examples of utilizing sustainable resources for corporate or personal gain; consider the New England mill towns, powered by rushing waters and made profitable by exploiting laboring bodies; or the privately-owned water-pumping wind mills of

the American West that I discuss later in the final chapter. Second, there is little evidence of a "long American tradition" centered around the use of *sustainable* resources. Instead, there are a number of examples in the history of American agriculture and resource extraction that suggest otherwise: antebellum Southerners' investment in monoculture; early twentieth-century homesteaders' annihilation of the prairie in the process of planting wheat; King Coal's ravaging of Appalachian mountainsides; and, most recently, the profit-driven shift in California to the cultivation of almond trees, which require great amounts of water. This "long American tradition of using local sustainable resources for the common good" is a rhetorical construction deployed by ttweak and the wind industry at large.

As I will discuss in the following analysis, *Tapping Maple Ridge* accesses the rhetorical currency of an agrarian narrative lodged at the very heart of American culture and deploys it through what Douglas Reichert Powell identifies as a media pedagogy of place. "Popular culture," Powell notes, "is a literate practice itself, one that, not unlike academic writing, persuades its readers toward particular interpretations of their own circumstances." *Tapping Maple Ridge* "encourages versions and visions of how the world works or should work" by making claims about wind power (it does not use the term "industrial wind") as a natural *fit* in Tug Hill's unique agricultural heritage and, implicitly, American agricultural narratives at large (119). I use the word "fit" here because, as we shall see, ttweak utilizes visual and aural matching to implicitly suggest that if industrial-size wind turbines don't exactly blend into the rural landscape, the (dismantled, scaled-down) sights and sounds of wind development at work dovetail those of the local sugaring industry. In fact, so purposeful and pervasive is the use of aural and visual symmetry throughout the film that the film's thrust in defense (and argument for the embracing) of wind power is largely conveyed to the viewer by nonverbal, sensory means.

3.3 THE SAP WILL ALWAYS FLOW; THE WIND WILL ALWAYS BLOW

The first quarter of *Tapping Maple Ridge* is devoted to the work of sugaring up on Tug Hill, a place with winds so relentless and winters so nasty that it would be irredeemable if it weren't for the sugar bush, which thrives in the terrible cold. The film's opening shots show us the wind in all its constant pervasiveness: there is a weather vane turning on the point of a steeple, against a transparent layer of fluttering maple leaves; a maple tree tossing next to a blue silo with an American flag decal; and the tree-lined, flag-flying main drag of Martinsburg or Lowville—Tug Hill communities featured in this film—where the Stars and Stripes whip around above passing pickup trucks. In the first two minutes of the film, no less than eighteen American flags appear onscreen. Of course, they are convenient gauges for Tug Hill's "wind resource," and in this politically conservative region, an American flag is never difficult to find. But the film is also already calling upon American agrarian ideals, familiar to most viewers and ingrained in the earliest constructions of a distinct American culture, to buttress the claims that it will make later on.

In order to fully appreciate the rhetorical work that intimations of agrarianism do in *Tapping Maple Ridge*, we should pause for a moment and consider the history of agrarian ideals and their ongoing presence in contemporary American culture. Agrarianism, according to the anthropologist Deborah Fink, is "the belief in the moral and economic primacy of farming over other industry," a belief that "rests firmly at the base of the collective U.S. ideological framework." Since the formative years of the Republic, Fink writes, "U.S. farmers and rural people have been society's cultural ballast." She describes a 1987 poll in which people identified farmers as "hard-working, self-reliant citizens who would keep the nation on an even keel" and rural communities as the embodiment of "bedrock goodness and neighborliness." Woven into the dominant cultural fabric of American life is

"a strong sense that what comes from the country comes from the soul and is profoundly right and redemptive" (11). Lest one doubt the fundamental cultural value of agrarian ideals today, consider the prevalence of farms, farm animals, and farmers in childhood ephemera, from songs to movies, picture books to toys. Children have sung "The Farmer in the Dell" and "Old MacDonald Had a Farm" since America's agricultural heyday; but around my house there are also all sorts of library books about pesky and clever and overzealous farm animals that were published not in 1950 but in 2015. Since the inception of the United States, Americans have steadily, if gradually, moved from the country to the city. The Back to the Land movement of the late 1960s and early 1970s, which brought lasting cultural changes to northern New York (among other places), was a notable but fleeting reversal of this trend.[10] Today, more than eighty percent of Americans live in metropolitan areas. And yet that icon of rural life, the family farm, disproportionately features in children's playthings—and, therefore, in their imaginations.

For the enduring influence of agrarianism upon national identity we can thank Thomas Jefferson, who conceived of a democratic American ethos rooted in the good moral labor of farming and rural life. According to Fink, Jefferson "believed that the vigor of the country depended on the well-being of its farmers, who would form a core of material prosperity and moral strength that would be infused into society as a whole" (2). The "essential ingredients of [Jeffersonian] agrarianism" included the "belief in the independence and virtue of the yeoman farmer; the concept of property as a natural right; a preference for land ownership without restrictions on its use or disposition; the use of land as a safety valve to ensure justice in the city; the conviction that any man

[10] Kate Daloz, a child of Back to the Landers, offers a lively history of the movement in her book, *We Are As Gods: Back to the Land in the 1970s on the Quest for a New America* (New York: PublicAffairs, 2016). The Back to the Land movement is crucial to the environmental history of northern New York and, by extension, the region's economic and cultural history. It looms large in public memory and strains of its influence can even be found in some old Back to the Landers' feelings about wind development, but due to the scope of this project, I have refrained from discussing it.

could thrive on a farm through hard work; and the idea of farming as the primary source of wealth for society as a whole" (15). Salt-of-the-earth strands of hard work, morality, and property rights exist to this day in political debates ranging from land use to so-called entitlement programs.

A number of contradictions inform Jeffersonian agrarianism, as one might expect. Like most men of his stature and time, Jefferson's privilege entitled him not only to the ownership of land, but also the ownership of flesh. It was not Jefferson himself, but rather the enslaved people on his plantation, who spent their days outdoors with their hands in the earth, making it possible for him to live and write about an agrarian ideal, while never experiencing the back-breaking labor and precarity that agricultural life has *always* entailed. While Jefferson envisioned the possession and cultivation of land as an egalitarian solution, a means of dismantling the land-based aristocracy that had planted itself in the New World almost as soon as the first settlers arrived, even in his own time the dismal realities of small-time farming undermined reforms. In historian Nancy Isenberg's account, "the majority of small landowners [in Virginia] sold their land to large planters, mortgaged their estates, and continued to despoil what was left of the land." For those who had to do it in order to survive, farming was not "a higher calling" but "arduous work, with limited chance of success, especially for families lacking the resources available to Jefferson: slaves, overseers, draft animals, a plough, nearby mills, and waterways to transport farm produce to market. It was easy to acquire debts, easy to fail. Land alone was no guarantee of self-sufficiency" (90).

Others have also demonstrated that precariousness and difficulty have been enduring facets of agricultural life, breaking many of those who lived that life. Michael Lesy's *Wisconsin Death Trip* offers an especially macabre documentary of difficulty, death, and psychological rupture in rural life during what we would consider one of rural America's "heydays," from 1890–1910. In 1908, President Theodore Roosevelt's Country Life Commission undertook to investigate the

"'deficiencies' of agriculture and country life and the means by which they might be remedied" (Peters 290). The Commission's report garnered critique, then and now, for its vague, romantic, recommendations, reflecting not so much the reality of "workaday farmers" as an urban elite vision of what rural life could or should be (290-91). In 1925, the social psychologist James Mickel Williams noted a mode of existence for farmers that was characterized by strong moral values and attunement to the natural world, but also a good deal of anxiety about every tomorrow. As for the folk song, "The Farmer is the Man," from which this chapter takes its title, variations of its lyrics have been around since before the Civil War. Even then did it ring true: "The farmer is the man / The farmer is the man / Lives on credit 'til the fall / Then they take him by the hand / And they lead him from the land / And the middle man's the one that gets it all." In Lesy's exhaustive account of rural agricultural life in Black River Falls, Wisconsin, all too often, farmers lead themselves from the land before anyone else could do so—usually by noose or bullet. It was not during the last decade of the nineteenth century, though, nor during the Depression years, when a farmer in Upstate New York killed all 51 of his dairy cows before turning his gun on himself. That happened in 2010 (Applebome). As I write this, in the spring of 2018, Upstate New York has seen another wave of farmer suicides and suicide attempts in response to plummeting milk prices (Kilgannon).

Fink also contends that Jefferson's agrarian society "hinged on the subordination of women," a requirement of its very success. "Jefferson did not believe that white women should do farm work except when their husbands were unable to farm and they were facing poverty," she writes. "White women were the daughters, wives, and mothers of men, and their fulfillment came from comforting and supporting men within the family" (19–20).[11] White women supported the

[11] Fink notes that the term "family farm," which entered common usage in the late 1930s, ran counter to both capitalist factory farming models and socialist collectives by "evok[ing] men's responsibility and women's moral presence" (28).

family, while the dispossession of Native Americans and the enslavement of African Americans ensured the very conditions for establishing and sustaining agrarianism as a cornerstone of the American way of life. In the nineteenth century, European Americans were the exclusive recipients of government support for farming: "Government investments in this group of people were supposed to succeed; the settlers would return their wealth and strength to the country that supported them," writes Fink, "They were the people who would realize the destiny of the United States. They had the advantage of being the chosen people, those whose sacrifices and pain would forge an honored place in history for themselves and their descendants" (8–9). European Americans' possession of farming land hinged upon the extermination of Native Americans, and their success, in many cases, upon the enslavement and, later, the dispossession of Blacks. It is no accident that the iconic family farmer has white skin; well into the 1990s, the U.S. Department of Agriculture practiced routine racial discrimination in its approval of farm loans and assistance.[12]

Agrarianism's entanglements with racism and sexism do not necessarily surface in *Tapping Maple Ridge*, but they are important to reference because, as I argue throughout this dissertation, our mental image-expectations of the world are composed of things that come from *somewhere*—a somewhere consisting of cultural and historical ephemera that we have brushed up against in one encounter or another and that has existed much longer than we have. As Powell argues, "Controlling place is a highly significant part of maintaining social order, of keeping everyone in their place, and this management is carried out through regimes of representation that attempt to control place imagination" (120); that American agrarianism continues to abide in media pedagogy of (rural) place speaks to its ongoing importance in maintaining the cultural ideals and social values

[12] The Center for Investigative Reporting recently exposed how racism continues to shape the handling of government farm loans, despite USDA reforms. See the July 2017 podcast episode "Losing Ground" from *Reveal,* hosted by Al Letson.

that the nation's noble, white, bootstrapping creation myth requires to endure. In *Tapping Maple Ridge*, all of the farmers interviewed are white, and they are all men. It is true that the lack of racial diversity is representative of racial demographics up on the Tug; but if we also *expect* these farmers to be white—if their whiteness is *familiar* to us—that has a good deal to do with racist agricultural policies and the dissemination of a whitewashed agrarian ideal. Similarly, we can see how gender spheres continue to determine who drives the tractor, bales the hay, stokes the fire in the sugar house. Tug Hillers are "a tough and resilient people," as one interviewee says—and they are a good agrarian people, each doing the work that he or she was intended to do. There will be no conventions challenged here, which furthers ttweak's rhetorical agenda of cultivating familiarity and acceptance for large-scale wind power.

By the time the title screen appears, *Tapping Maple Ridge* has pictured all of the commonplaces of Tug Hill life, and life in the North Country generally: maples, Main Street, patriotism, county fair, dairy cows, farms—even the nasal vowels and clipped consonants of the regional accent are there (maple *sirrp*, the locals say). As the film goes on, the Tug Hillers consistently demonstrate how historical and environmental knowledge about the region informs their labor and, we shall see, the analogous labor of the wind turbines. Ken Sweredoski, farmer and maple syrup producer tells us, "The first crop to come off the land in Lewis County is the sugar crop, the maple syrup crop. It's a sure sign of spring in Lewis County when the sap starts to flow." After another maple syrup producer tells us about how trees make sap, Sweredoski appears once again, standing in his sugar shack: "You need nasty weather, cold, snowy, wet, rain, freeze—then a freeze at night hard and warm up the next day, you'll get a—chances are you're gonna, you'll have a pretty good run of sap." We see Sweredoski drill a tap into a tree and connect it to a network of tubes; we follow the tubes to the sugar house; inside, we peruse the mechanical ephemera of maple

syrup production, vats and boiling pans, spickets, valves, and pressure gauges. Sweredoski reflects on the technological changes that have taken place in maple syrup production since he was a kid—no more individuals to catch the sap, no more riding out into the snowy woods on a horse-drawn wagon. Maple syrup producers have updated their equipment—all except the trees, of course, some of which are more than a hundred years old. "If your forest is managed right, it'll be there for many years to come," Sweredoski says. Management includes removing "mature" trees and using their wood to fuel the evaporators which boil the sap down into syrup.

The stoking of Sweredoski's evaporator furnace presents a tonal shift about eight and a half minutes into the film; after idyllic pans of sugar bush and countryside, the men in the sugarhouse move fast, chucking log after log onto the fire. Ttweak has chosen a jazzy piano tune to accompany this shift—an odd choice that I can't explain, except that it leaves no room for the ominous. At this point, we begin to enter the world of the Maple Ridge Wind Farm. Though wind has had a prominent visual presence throughout these first eight and a half minutes, there has been no mention of the wind installation itself. We are first introduced to the installation through a series of visual match-cuts between maple syrup production and industrial wind development.[13] The rectangular shape of the fully loaded evaporator furnace transforms into the rectangular shape of a bulldozer's blade, as it pushes earth (Figure 1a and 1b). We see an entire construction site and men at work; we then go back to the earlier scene of Sweredoski and his men loading up the evaporator furnace: there are men at work here, too. The next two connections between the work of constructing a wind turbine and the work of producing maple syrup are aural: in both cases, the rumbling sounds of construction and the bubbling hum of the evaporator hearken back and forth to

[13] See Appendix A for the gallery of images corresponding with the following descriptions from *Tapping Maple Ridge*.

each other. Sweredoski has nothing but time on his hands, now, as he periodically checks the evaporator; but the construction workers have erected the concrete base and screwed down the first cylindrical section of the turbine. We return to an outside view of the sugar shack, steam undulating across the peaked roof with its single, cylindrical chimney; then we are looking past a curtain of rustling field grass, where we can see a lone white cylinder out in the field (Figure 2a and 2b). The circular hole at the end of a suspended turbine base and the circular face of a pressure gauge (Figure 3a and 3b); power transmission lines laid in narrow ditches and clear tubes running with golden syrup (Figure 4a and 4b): the parallels, some subtle, some less so, go on until the apparently analogous processes of producing maple syrup and constructing a wind turbine are complete. At the end of the montage, a strong visual metonymy between the labor of local tradition and the labor of wind energy production exists and will usher us into locals' verbal arguments and praise for wind power on the Tug.[14]

Who are the people who live on the Tug? People like Bill Burke, a fifth-generation landowner. "It's not like we just bought our land a year ago," he says. He goes on then to talk about the nasty weather on Tug Hill, making an implicit assertion about the kind of commitment to place that native Tug Hillers have: "As soon as you hit Halloween, the door closes, that's all there is to it. I mean, it's just a long, long hard winter, with a lot of wind and a lot of snow. And it's just not a real nice place to live, for five or six months of the year." Scott Alexander and Bill Moore,

[14] In his article on Ford Motor Company's postwar utility films, Timothy Johnson argues that the company deploys an "interstitial rhetoric," effectively "reposition[ing] a series of lived spaces (roads, villages, and national parks) as manifestations of abstracted economic collectives (markets, classes, and consumers) by projecting a series of part-to-whole relationships across the production of physical, political, and economic ways of life." Drawn from Homi Bhaba's concept of "'interstitiality,' or spaces in which 'private and public, past and present, the psyche and the social develop an interstitial intimacy…that questions binary divisions through which…spheres of social experience are often spatially opposed'" (Johnson 435), Johnson's interstice is an abstract, discursive space. My analysis of *Tapping Maple Ridge* engages the material interstices of the film—that is, its visual match-cuts and splitscreens—but it is indebted to Johnson's examination of utility films and rhetorical interstitiality.

representatives of the joint developers of Maple Ridge Wind Farm, suggest that there is a connection between Tug Hillers' hearty commitment to place and their interest in wind development. "I think there's a certain draw to a certain type of person who really likes [the Tug Hill] environment, and they prosper in that environment," says Alexander. Moore says, "The fact that the wind and the weather up here were a force to contend with, and people were proud of their ability to do that, I think they see it as a resource that ought to be developed." Right around the film's halfway mark, Moore, Alexander, and Burke all acknowledge that the "view" is a problem for some people—that is, the change the wind turbines will bring to the horizon. Local business owner Tom Schneeberger delicately describes these people as "some folks who just don't like the looks of them, that think they're spoiling the landscape." But he and others insist that over time, these turbines will "become a natural part of the landscape." The idea here is that the wind turbines are not innately foreign to Tug Hill; instead, in their novelty, they shock and startle, but this shock will soon peel away like a discarded skin to reveal a "naturalized" feature of the landscape. "Five years after these are up and running," says Burke, "I'm not sure they'll even be noticed."

Interestingly, as these men discuss the wind installation's visual impact, pans of the Tug Hill landscape show not a single turbine. As viewers, we participate in this reluctantly acknowledged discussion of their visual impact, and—lo!—aren't these complaining residents' concerns for naught? For when we look around, *there is nothing there*. Nothing but trees and snowy fields and sunset, that is. A sultry saxophone score returns us to the site of turbine construction, where the camera follows the long, sleek curves of blades and base cylinders awaiting assembly. Blades elegantly turn on the end of a crane against a blue sky. Unlike the frenzied construction scenes earlier in the film, these shots of turbine assembly are full of grace. As the saxophone solo winds down, we enter upon a last scene, a long horizontal pan of a snow-covered, tree-lined ridge at dusk.

A woman says, "Some people are so *insistent* that this is going to spoil their view, and, um, that these are going to be terrible things to *look* at." As she speaks, the turbines come into view in the twilight. They placidly spin against a cloud-filled sky, washed in dark pinks and blues. "I heard some people say that Tug Hill will never look the same or never be the same," says another woman, this one older. "Good, that's good! Because you know why? They're beautiful!" At that, the scene fades to black. We have reached the end of the argument about aesthetics, and it has been resolved in favor of the turbines.

The next portion of the film focuses on residents' history up on the Tug. We meet maple syrup producer Dean Yancey, who grew up "cropping" and "chasing heifers" on land that is now part of the wind farm; Bob Siemienowicz, who has been here since 1934; Ralph Drelick, lifelong dairy farmer, who grew up milking by hand and doing it all "the old-fashioned way." These people have seen hard times up on Tug Hill: brutal winters and declining economies. Always there was the merciless wind, blowing away good fortune. "Back in those days," says Yancey—those days of farming in poverty—"the wind was considered very negative. … Those cold winds sweeping across the Tug Hill plateau would chill you to the bone." Ralph Drelick's wife, Martha, says, "Mom always said Tug Hill was going to be good for something someday, and it was really going to be outstanding." She laughs: "Little did we know they was gonna harness the wind!" The "crop of the windmills," according to these residents, has saved Tug Hill farms and, by extension, the region's future. As Siemienowicz attests, the wind turbines have ensured that the farm his family has been paying taxes on since 1909 will remain in his family for years to come: "Now I can see this place is gonna be able to take care of itself—forever! For my son, for his son, and if he has a son, it'll be his son, and it won't be draining anybody." There is, again, an acknowledgment of resistance to wind development, interpreted here as a trepidation for change. But, as Sweredoski says, "Things change

all the time. Look over the last forty, fifty years what's changed. Farming's changed, the way they tap their woods has changed. … If you stay in business, you make your changes." Both maple syrup producers and wind developers have bettered their products and production practices by embracing technological advancement. Tug Hillers, if we haven't figured it out yet, are an adaptable and independent people. Their acceptance of wind development is the most recent example of this.

Tapping Maple Ridge concludes with a series of split-screen parallels between sugaring and wind development. Where earlier connections relied on the slant art of suggestion through visual matching to draw connections between sugaring and harvesting the wind, the split screens convey immediate and explicit parallels between elements of the two processes. The first of these split screens, for example, features a wind turbine on the left and a maple on the right. The camera looks up from the base of both these; from the bottom left corner of each shot, a slender turbine/maple trunk extends diagonally up to its full height. The turbine's distant blades turn against a blue sky dappled with clouds; the sky into which the maple extends is also dappled, but with the faint, leafless tops of other maples (Figure 5). In both shots, the camera makes the same sweeping arc from the heights of the turbine/maple down to the bottom of each, where a tap connects the maple to blue "transmission lines" while a boxy white transformer "taps" the turbine (Figure 6). The series of split screens goes on, manipulating the angles and paths of shots to amplify visual similarities between a sugar shack surrounded by leafless maples and a squat transmission center surrounded by lines and poles (Figure 7); electrical lines running past that same sugar shack and transmission lines running past a snowy hill to a spinning turbine; cylindrical containers of collected sap—the final destination for the network of taps and blue tubes out in the woods—next to a cylindrical transformer attached to an electrical pole (Figure 8); and bottled quarts of pure maple syrup lined up as neatly as the panel of controls (perhaps breakers?) in a transmission center (Figure 9). The voiceover of a wind

company representative provides an interpretive frame for this series of split screens: "Every day, the energy in the wind is renewed by natural forces. It's just like, you know, the sugar content in maple syrup is renewed by natural forces every winter and every spring. We're part of the natural cycle of energy production. That's why they'll always make maple syrup on Tug Hill, and that's probably why we'll always have a wind farm up here. It's in keeping with this long tradition of tapping into local resources." The speaker's reflection ends on a shot of a tin of pure New York maple syrup, vintage in appearance, with an easy-to-read description on its side: "The Indians taught the first white settlers how to tap maple trees in the spring, then evaporate the sweet sap until it became maple syrup. In Ben Franklin's time, plans were afoot to make America self-sufficient in sugar production by using maple sugar."

On the Tug Hill plateau, tradition and personal character derive from the cyclical trials and gifts of the seasons. The men who tap the sugar bush know that environmental stewardship is necessary to the longevity of the maple syrup tradition. Sweredoski says, "I drive down the road, see different maples that were planted, they're all spaced out nice, I know that they didn't just grow from Mother Nature, somebody took 'em in and planted 'em. … A hundred years from now, somebody'll think that somebody at one time took time, went down through, planted some maples. They'll probably be tappin' 'em and boilin' 'em. You never know."

Planting a turbine is like planting a maple; if you want something to last—the sugar bush and its level of production; our planet and our power sources—you need to care for it. You need to cultivate its ongoing existence. This kind of assertion of human responsibility makes frequent appearances in environmentalist (or –esque) rhetoric; the suggestion that good-intentioned human agency will "save the planet" is comfortable and convenient, a platform anyone can easily adopt, including the landowners in *Tapping Maple Ridge*. As Nathaniel Rivers discusses, however, "the ideas

of control and calculation built into our efforts to save the planet are the very same motives that move so-called exploiters of the environment." Taking Al Gore's *An Inconvenient Truth* as exemplar, Rivers explains:

> Gore suggests that with the right amount of data and the correct political will, humans can reverse the trend of global climate change and save the earth. Through our awesome technological might we have rewritten the face of the Earth. Through our awesome scientific might we can now, finally, read the earth and see the true effect of our awful agency. But, fear not, for it is that agency that will allow us to re-write (or right) the earth again. (427)

An environmentalist sentiment that describes the exchange of goodwill between human and nature, but nonetheless foregrounds the human as actor and savior, finds its apotheosis in *Tapping Maple Ridge* with the presentation of the wind turbine as an extension of Tug Hill's native and beloved maple. "We're just grabbing something that nature's giving us," says Alexander, "and turning it into an energy source." The film has spent a good deal of time showing us how a turbine is built, from the very ground up, as well as picturing all of the extraneous parts of the larger wind farm system—transformers, transmission lines, and so forth—that connect turbines to the power grid. Yet, by the end of the film, after we have witnessed the construction of these turbines and now see them gracefully turning against snowy hills and orange horizons, the language of wind development describes an organic process of simply seizing nature's gifts, as if 400-foot wind turbines spring up from roots in the ground of their own accord.

Toward the end of *Tapping Maple Ridge*, Tug Hill landowner Henry Walters says, "We're not *burning* anything to make this energy." His tone quakes with indignation, as if responding to a question about the legitimacy of other Tug Hill residents' concerns about the environmental impacts

of wind turbines. He goes on: "Those things just sit there and wind turns 'em around and…you know, the wind is free." By the end of the film, we are encouraged not only to believe that the wind is free, but also that its capture and use is as time-honored as that of sap from the sugar bush. But the wind, of course, is not free—at least not if it is to be converted into wind *energy*. According the official wind farm website, "Maple Ridge represents a capital investment of approximately $520 million"("Farm Facts"); on average, an installed industrial wind turbine with a 2 MW output capacity costs $3–4 million ("How Much"). *Tapping Maple Ridge* is a film about production and tradition; it is not a film about controversy (except when it comes to those people who haven't "gotten used to" the view yet) or social wounds. Yet these, too, are the costs of wind development. In his survey of the present-day status of wind energy in America, Robert Righter tells another story about the Maple Ridge Wind Farm and Dean Yancey's extended family:

> Arleigh Rice, a town supervisor for Lowville, New York, one of the towns that hosts the wind installation, laments that it "has caused friction, family against family or neighbor against neighbor." The Yancey family, having farmed the land for at least fifty years, is disintegrating as a result of the wind turbines splitting the father and daughter against three sons. Patriarch Ed Yancey decided to allow seven turbines on his land. Daughter Virginia sided with her father's decision, but sons John, Herb, and Gordon opposed the idea. The senior Yancey could not resist the approximately $45,000 a year he receives in lease monies. Son Herb's opposition is based on the fragmentation of the farm, making working the land "a nightmare." Gordon regrets the loss of his view of the Adirondacks, now obstructed by towers and turning blades. Most seriously impacted has been John. One of his father's turbines sits just

> across the road from his house. When the wind is right, the sound penetrates his bedroom. "I don't sleep," he complains. (119–20)

Righter goes on to suggest that while Ed Yancey clearly neglected to consult effectively with his family, the developers of Maple Ridge Wind Farm are to some degree responsible for the conflict within the family. It is they who orchestrated a "dilemma [that] pitted money against family considerations." Nevertheless, "the wind energy business throughout the nation operates on the free enterprise system without any responsibility to ensure community or family agreement" (120).

Wind developers in general, those of Maple Ridge in particular, use the language and sentiments of stewardship to garner local support for industrial wind projects. It is a language that many leaseholders and proponents of wind development adopt; the Tug Hillers in *Tapping Maple Ridge* make simplistic arguments about the stewardship inherent in support the Maple Ridge Wind Farm, arguments that are persuasive because they touch on rural American commonplaces of hard work, resourcefulness, and self-sufficiency.

One of the last Tug Hillers to speak in *Tapping Maple Ridge*, Bob Siemienowicz offers this wisdom: "An old saying that I was told as a young man—I wanna leave the wood pile bigger than when I got it." It's the kind of folksy saying that the wind industry needs and, indeed, seizes upon, in the work of effectively insinuating itself into the value-laden language of rural agricultural heritage.

4.0 RESONANCE CHAMBERS AND INDUSTRIAL NIGHTMARES: BIG WIND'S CIVIC AFFLICTIONS

> When I drive by other towns that have whirling and spinning windmills in motion along their roads or in their towns, I cannot get away from a feeling of "moving-changing-pushing-propelling" inside of me. It is a "driving" feeling that one cannot escape in the presence of these massive structures. It's all around, the whooshing, the spinning, the motion.…
>
> Drive by any of these towns and see how you "feel" inside. Do the windmills, in motion, make you feel jittery, moving, driving, propelling, as they spin continuously?…
>
> If you do decide to uproot and get out of the "whooshing, pulsing, constantly-moving rat-race" feeling, where will you go? How will it feel to move from the only place that you and your family have called home?
>
> *Michael J. Cantrel, letter to the editor*
> Ogdensburg Journal, *October 18, 2009*

In July 2009, the Hammond Town Board revealed its "new" proposed wind law, the product of a six-month moratorium-cum-research period on local wind development. Gathered in the school gymnasium to present their opinions about the new proposed law, Hammond residents sat on bleacher seats above a glossy basketball court with a red H at its center. In the domain of the Red Devils, bands of red cut across white cinderblock walls hung with banners chronicling Hammond's many athletic achievements in county, regional, and state championships. At the far end of the basketball court, red curtains closed off the community's last remaining stage; the gym doubled as venue for school concerts, proms, dance recitals, and senior plays. Back in March, as the Lady Red Devils prepared for the New York State High School Final Four Basketball Championship, the *Ogdensburg Journal* published an editorial declaring, "This week, everybody in Northern New York is from Hammond." Only a week earlier, the *Journal* had run a bold headline about Hammond's "Wind

War" on the front page of its Sunday edition; the editorial, on the other hand, made no mention of wind, but the strife was there in subtext:

> Saturday will be the culmination of years of hard work and sacrifice. It vividly demonstrates what a small group of people can do when they put everything else aside and focus on a goal by working together.
>
> It's a lesson that too many people never quite learn or grasp.
>
> Too many people spend their lives focusing on the distractions of daily life instead of devoting their efforts at fulfilling their goals. ("Everybody's from Hammond")

Pride in the Lady Red Devils notwithstanding, divisiveness, bullying, and suspicion characterized the public discourse in Hammond between March and July. At the special hearing for the proposed wind law on July 27, dozens of residents spoke before the assembly, stepping down from the bleachers and out onto the basketball court to address the Town Board's inadequate attempt to draft a law that would ensure the protection of their health, safety, and welfare—their very livelihood in the North Country.

In the first chapter, I addressed this meeting, focusing on residents' complaints about a lack of transparency—and an almost *willful* inadequacy—that seemed to characterize the Town Board's handling of the wind law and its relationship with Iberdrola. Residents also voiced concerns about the environmental and economic impacts of industrial wind development. They referred to studies on the hazards that wind turbines pose to bats and migratory fowl. They worried that the massive construction effort for an industrial wind installation would discourage summer tourists from visiting Black Lake and Chippewa Bay on either side of the township, irrevocably disrupting the scenic economy. And they questioned the law's ability to keep citizens safe. Otto Fischer, a resident from the Cape Vincent area who identified himself as "pro wind, pro responsible regulated and

reasonable wind [*sic*]" and an expert in helping landowners navigate wind development on their property, said that he was "appalled to learn that the Town Board is proposing that a 500-foot turbine with a rotor speed of 200 miles an hour [top] speed is going to be allowed within 750 feet of a public highway." He went on to promise the Town Board:

> I will be coming after the entities responsible for the placement of a 500-foot high turbine within 750 feet of a public highway if that turbine is shown to be the contributing cause, the main contributing cause of an accident due to whatever, shadow flicker, ice throw, a blade, blade throw, distraction, if that turbine is determined to be the contributing cause of the accident or the turbine has caused the accident of someone else who then runs into me, I will be going after all of the parties responsible, that includes the Department of Transportation in New York State, the Town of Hammond for passing the law, the developer Iberdrola or whoever Iberdrola sells out to, and the property owner, the person that has the turbine on their property.

Fischer went on in this vein for another half minute. Most residents, though, didn't share the same level of alarm regarding the possibility of having a freak accident while driving through the wind installation on the Chippewa Bay Road. Instead, they referred to the things they had read and researched about the "intolerable" plague of turbine noise. More than any other issue related to industrial wind development, *noise* was where their fear resonated. Lisa Lange, a special education teacher, worried that turbines at an inadequate setback distance from the school could create "potential for the audible sound, those frequency vibration[s]…to disrupt the educational setting at Hammond Central." If the Town Board passed the proposed law, another resident said, "The area will change from a quiet, rural community to an industrial site" (Koch). Leslie Burns, who had in the local papers used the phrase "industrial nightmare" to describe the threat impinging upon

Hammond, echoed this sentiment, telling the Board, "There are numerous reports all over the world that are now suggesting that you don't want to site these monsters too close to human beings." She described the research she had been doing on her own into the bodily harm caused by living in close proximity to industrial wind turbines, namely the cluster of symptoms—migraine, nausea, sleeplessness, racing heart, tinnitus, vertigo, irritability—known as Wind Turbine Syndrome. "I believe people when they say they are in pain and can't sleep and have concentration problems and pounding in their chests and have disrupted TV signals after huge industrial size turbines are erected near their homes," she said. "Why would a family abandon their home, which is happening time and time [again] in our state and others, if their quality of life and health wasn't significantly altered in a negative way?" Larry Brown criticized the law for offering little recourse to those who might find the living situation among the turbines unbearable: "[Ninety] days to answer a complaint from a resident is far too long if you can't sleep, if your world is coming apart because of shadow flicker and noise." Residents feared that they would be left to suffer as their livelihoods fractured around them.

Like many others at the special hearing, Brown, Burns, Koch, and Lange expressed variations on the same theme: an industrial wind installation would not only remake the rural landscape into an industrial nightmare, it would *unmake* the sensorial worlds of residents. In its variability from body to body, this unmaking is difficult to capture. As Ian Hill argues, "The effects of noise operate beyond obvious and observable physical distinctions" (218); and yet, "[n]oise's inexpressibility and embodiment indicate that it motivates according to its ability to cause physical changes and to vibrate bodies" (222). For every person living in the midst of an industrial wind installation downstate or across the country who is debilitated by turbine noise, there is a neighbor who notices no change in health. The healthy implicitly discredit the sick.

As Elaine Scarry has famously observed, "to have pain is to have *certainty*; to hear about pain is to have *doubt*" (13). This "resistance to objectification" is one of the most terrifying qualities of pain, a "profound ontological split [that doubles] pain's annihilating power," unmaking not just interpersonal connections but also the sensory truths of individual experience. Pain is both a "mastery of the body" and a mastery of the world that body inhabits, "tak[ing] over all that is inside and outside, mak[ing] the two obscenely indistinguishable, and systematically destroy[ing] anything like language or world extension that is alien to itself and threatening its claims" (55). Hammond residents were well aware of people downstate, out in the Midwest, and in Ontario who suffered so acutely from turbine-related illnesses that they were forced to leave their homes, even as wind companies and government representatives vigorously denied the causes—and the very reality—of their symptoms.

In this chapter, I examine the most affectively resonant, efficacious, and (from the perspective of wind developers) intractable of elements in the argument against industrial wind development: Wind Turbine Syndrome. As I will discuss in further detail below, the constellation of illness symptoms known as Wind Turbine Syndrome (WTS), said to be caused by living in proximity to carelessly sited industrial turbines, wields major influence on the trajectory of public deliberations about wind development, even as scientists, medical professionals, and acousticians all contest the legitimacy of turbine-induced sickness. Drawing on scholarship in rhetoric of health and medicine, I argue that WTS is a *civic affliction*, infecting both the individual body and the body politic. Manifesting as an embodied argument against the industrial diminishment of rural ways of life, WTS initially afflicts bodies living in proximity to industrial wind installations, but it is not restricted to those bodies. In fact, WTS also "catches" hundreds of miles away from wind installations, in places like Hammond, where wind turbines have yet to exist outside of the deliberative imagination. What, then, are the vectors that spread WTS? And how does its civic configuration differ from

psychosomatic manifestations? To answer these questions, I present an analysis of the anti-wind documentary *Windfall*, which came to the North Country for a public screening in March 2011, attracting some 400 residents from Hammond and neighboring towns. Examining the rhetorical mechanisms in *Windfall* in relation to intimations of WTS in CROH papers, I aim to show how WTS spreads into the civic arena and maintains its efficacy less through name than through feeling—in this case, the powerful anticipatory fear we know as dread. This chapter then concludes by discussing how anti-wind residents in Hammond used the civic affliction to amplify the threat of turbine noise annoyance to residents' health and wellbeing and push for zoning restrictions that ultimately killed the Stone Church Wind Farm proposal.

4.1 VISCERAL, VIBRATORY, VESTIBULAR

Though industrial wind installations have existed in the United States since 1980, WTS is a twenty-first century phenomenon, coinciding with an increase in development in more populated regions of the country. Sufferers' claims—that wind turbines negatively affect their emotional stability, energy levels, sleep, appetite, ability to focus, memory, and so forth—have gained national, and often wry, attention. In 2012, for instance, in a segment about WTS on *The Colbert Report*, following a clip of a man who described how turbines near his home had "traumatiz[ed] [his] whole body," Stephen Colbert exclaimed, "Yes! Living near a windmill can ruin your health. That's why everybody in the Netherlands is always sparking up their medical marijuana" ("Wind Power's Health Hazards"). Essays in *Slate* and, more recently, *The Atlantic* have tackled the validity of sufferers' claims (Kloor; Jaekl). Acousticians and public health professionals have also produced a considerable amount of literature investigating WTS, with the nearly unanimous conclusion that its symptoms have

psychogenic, rather than external, causes. Australian public health scholar Simon Chapman dismisses WTS as a "communicated disease": in some cases, residents "worry themselves sick" and, in vocalizing their anxiety, spread their sickness to others; in other cases, high-profile wind development opponents and "entrepreneurial" lawyers move through communities, planting assertions of the health hazards of wind turbines, resulting in "a potent combination of poorly informed, worried and angry residents seeded with the idea that their protests might lead to a payout" ("Wind").

Between January 2012 and March 2016, Chapman routinely updated a list of "Symptoms, Diseases, and Aberrant Behaviors Attributed to Wind Turbine Exposure." Culling testimonials from around the web (mostly, he notes, from anti-wind websites), he cited 247 instances of turbine-related disease or behavior: birth defects and behavioral problems in farm animals; back pain; drug abuse; aggravated autism; vertigo and ear pain; dry heaving; the constant compulsion to cry; adult-onset epilepsy; violent dreams; respiratory problems; the disappearance of bees; fungal and parasitic infections; the mass deaths of worms, goats, and porpoises; and on and on. Suffice to say the list presents an outlandish assemblage of ailments pinned on industrial wind. "Opponents of wind turbines have reacted badly to this list," Chapman writes in his introduction. "They argue that by publishing it and regularly updating it with new claims, I am thereby 'ridiculing' people who say they are ill." What wind opponents truly dislike about the list, Chapman claims, is that it reveals their own ridiculousness: "When you read the list below, you may ask whether you can recall any account of any threat to humanity which poses a greater threat. Old Testament accounts of pestilences and plagues seem mild compared to the effects attributed to wind turbines. How can this be so?"

Chapman tends to be the most well known academic figure in the debunking of turbine-induced illness. Other researchers have taken a more tempered approach to addressing psychogenic causes for WTS. G. James Rubin, Miriam Burns, and Simon Wessely, for instance, liken WTS to the

kinds of psychogenic phenomena that historically appear in response to the presence of new technology. The *fin-de-siècle* appearance of neurasthenia, a nervous affliction thought to be caused by the fast, noisy, profane inventions of modernity, is one such example; the "fear in the late 1880s that early telephones produced 'aural overpressure' causing 'nervous excitability… giddiness and neuralgic pains" another; and, relatively recently, Scandinavian workers' reports "that the visual display units that had been recently introduced into workplaces were causing skin problems" yet another (117). Yet, even as academics, doctors, journalists, and late-night comedians debunk or ridicule sufferers' claims, WTS has only become more prominent in discussions about the ills of industrial wind development. Neither serious studies exposing the psychogenic nature of WTS nor the exasperated ridicule of brainwashed sufferers ask *why* WTS wields such influence in anti-wind discourse—and *why* and *how* WTS continues to be *useful* to anti-wind arguments.

Nina Pierpont, a doctor of pediatric behavioral medicine living in northern New York State, appears to be the person who coined the term "Wind Turbine Syndrome" in her self-published book of the same name. Pierpont identifies herself as a country doctor and unfunded researcher, her book a preliminary rather than comprehensive study of turbine-related health problems. WTS, Pierpont claims, arises from "disturbed sensory input to eyes, inner ears, and stretch and pressure receptors in a variety of body locations. These feed back neurologically onto a person's sense of position and motion in space, which is in turn connected in multiple ways to brain functions as disparate as spatial memory and anxiety" (*Wind* 13). The participants in Pierpont's study—members from 10 families, 38 individuals in all—suffer from a range of symptoms: sleep disturbance, cognitive dysfunction, unaccountably poor memory, distractibility, irritability, fatigue, vertigo, tinnitus, migraine, gastrointestinal discomfort, anxiety, dread, and internal quivering. This last symptom Pierpont calls Visceral Vibratory Vestibular Disturbance (VVVD), a deep vibration of the chest and

gut which incites intense agitation, "in part a panic attack, accompanied by other physical and mental symptoms," which "resolves immediately upon leaving the vicinity of the turbines, when the turbines are still and silent, [or] under favorable weather conditions at each locality" (60). Pierpont suspects that VVVD is caused by vibrations of inaudible, low-frequency sound—what she sometimes identifies as infrasound—which enter the air-filled "resonance chambers" of the body (36).[15] As Pierpont explains, "All parts of the body (and indeed all objects) have specific resonance frequencies, meaning that *particular frequencies or wavelengths of sound will be amplified in that body part*" (36, original emphasis). She speculates that people subject to VVVD over a prolonged period of time might develop internal tissue damage, resulting in Vibroacoustic Disease, a degradation of small blood vessels and neurological pathways which leaves patients with symptoms "similar to those of retired professional football players with histories of multiple concussions" (110). In Pierpont's estimation, there is only one way to remedy the complications of WTS: sufferers have no other option but to leave their homes and move away from the vicinity of the wind turbines. As for proactive measures? Testifying before the New York State Legislature Energy Committee in March 2006, Pierpont told the assembly, "A setback of 1.5 miles from homes, schools, hospitals, and similar institutions will probably be adequate, in most NY State terrain, to protect people from the adverse health effects of industrial wind turbines" ("Wind"). It did not take long for 1.5 miles to become the standard setback recommendation among anti-wind residents.

[15] In the years since the publication of *Wind Turbine Syndrome*, Pierpont has retracted some instances of her use of the word "infrasound" to describe turbines' vibrational perturbations. Writing about public misconceptions of infrasound and its association with WTS for *The Atlantic* in June 2017, Philip Jaekl reports:

> [Pierpont] offered a new take on how wind turbines cause harm, seemingly different from the attribution to infrasound heavily implied in her book: "Wind turbines produce rhythmic, repeated air-pressure pulses that noise analyzers characterize as infrasound … but it isn't," she wrote. Her current belief is that the negative effects are caused by "repetitive stimulus the body is interpreting as seasickness."
>
> She elaborated: "I called this simply 'infrasound' in my 2009 book because the specific qualities of the wind turbine infrasound/low frequency 'acoustic emissions' had not at that point been defined. My calling it 'infrasound' got me into hot water with certain acousticians, though I was attempting to sidestep the issue of exactly what the acoustic emission was and focus on the associated symptoms."

For those who believe that it is a manifestation of sonic harm, WTS reveals the most basic fact of the body's fundamental vulnerability to sensorial exposure: you can plug your ears; you can stop listening; but you cannot halt the movement of sonic vibration, which perturbs the skin and punctuates even the smallest cavities of the body. WTS is a disease of intrusion: sound waves, invisible and often inaudible, *lodge* in homes and bodies. Pierpont describes a "Mrs. I" who "said the noise inside her house is 'low, pulsating, almost a vibration,' not shut out by earplugs. She gets a sensation inside her chest like 'pins and needles' and chest tightness on awakening at night to noise." Mrs. I tells Pierpont: "It affects my body—this is the feeling I get when I say I'm agitated or jittery. It's this that gives me pressure or ringing in my ears." She suffers from a "feeling someone has invaded not only my health and my territory, but my body" (56). Elsewhere, Pierpont describes people who "can count in their bodies, especially their chests, the beats of the blades passing the towers, even when they can't see or hear them" ("Wind" 3). Audible characteristics are secondary to the very materiality of sound waves; although people do cite the incessant *whoosh-whoosh* of spinning blades as a cause of noise annoyance (Pedersen and Waye 3466), it is the sound's powers of infiltration, its presence in the walls of the house and *inside* the body, where it has taken up residence, that cause the most distress. Often, it takes months for people to connect vague feelings of unwellness to the turbines outside their homes, but the intrusion need not be identified in order to disrupt. In fact, as Steven Goodman would argue, the intrusion's resistance to identification actually enhances its capacity to disrupt. In the scope of his argument about sonic warfare, vibrations, and affective tonality, Goodman explains: "Infrasound is inaudible yet felt, and this can frustrate perceptual compulsions to allocate a cause to the sound. Abstract sensations cause anxiety due to the very absence of an object or cause. Without either, the imagination produces one, which can [be] more frightening than reality" (66). Infrasound—the term that Pierpont and others have at times correctly and incorrectly used to identify frequencies beyond human hearing—disorients the

usual sensory connections between the body and world, between the interior and exterior life, and then amplifies these distortions: "The fearful feeling becomes a feeling of fear," writes Goodman. "The noisy feeling becomes a feeling of noise. Sensing becomes hearing. A movement of the body becomes a movement of thought becomes a movement of the body—a whole rhythmanalysis of the affective sensorium under sonic activation" (72).

The capacity to disturb the body and mind while frustrating objective attempts at documentation lends WTS its acute rhetorical force in arenas of civic deliberation. In order to explain the problem of why some, but not all, residents living in the vicinity of industrial wind turbines suffer from WTS, Pierpont cites preexisting risk factors such as migraine disorder, age, and sensitivity to low-frequency vibration that account for "differences among people in susceptibility" ("Wind"). Certain bodies amplify the perturbations of wind turbines more than others; like Hill's description of the relationship between sonic torture and discourse *about* sonic torture, the amplification of WTS is both physically and rhetorically situated. Hill describes amplification as "the means by which the noise first manifests in torture chambers *and* the means by which it moves from tortured bodies into the discursive aspects of the 'soundscape'" (219, original emphasis). The "sonic torture soundscape" is composed not only of the earsplitting, relentless, maddening noise-cum-torture device, "but also the devices that broadcast it and the ways people negotiate sonic torture in discourse about the war on terror and in torture policy. Taken together these elements create a 'resounding whole' that characterizes the entire sonic, technological, and rhetorical apparatus of sonic torture." As dual electronic function and rhetorical device, amplification "links the capacity of noise to alter moods and behaviors to how people communicate about sound" (220). Regarding WTS, it would appear that industrial wind turbines amplify benign, everyday "infrasound" into a perturbation so physically and emotionally discomfiting as to drive people from their homes. The number of people situationally (that is, physically, emotionally, regionally) susceptible to the most

extreme harms of WTS is minute compared to those moved by the amplifications of syndromic testimonials, syndromic bodies, syndromic literature. "While individual sounds may fade away," Hill concludes, "we can still hear the noise in our culture" (233). WTS discourse amplifies an already existing dread, that nebulous and diffuse feeling of anticipatory fear, among anti-wind residents, reverberating most profoundly—and most consequentially—in the resonance chambers of the body politic.

4.2 AFFLICTION IN THE *AGORA*

In theorizing WTS as a civic affliction, I argue that its contested medical and biological plausibility and its (likely) psychogenic nature actually *strengthen* its rhetorical force in the deliberative arena. WTS has both an internal formation and a civic formation: residents suffering from the most severe cases of self-diagnosed WTS live in invalid bodies, unable to physically and mentally endure the tasks of daily life due to chronic fatigue, depression, distraction, headache, and cognitive dysfunction—and yet, their syndromic bodies are highly valid—and valuable—in civic deliberation. Although no one has yet collected the numbers on this, I think it is safe to say that WTS, in its civic formation as sheer possibility, afflicts more people—inflecting, as a result, the arguments they deploy in deliberation about wind development—than those who claim to be physically sickened by the turbines. As I will discuss in the next section, the civic formation of WTS spreads through suggestive rhetorical vectors like talk, performance, and film, often manifesting as an unnamed presence, stirring dread in auditing bodies. The dread it stirs is an actionable dread—a feeling with rhetorical utility that can *catch* in the deliberative sphere, shaping arguments that ultimately bring

industrial wind companies to task for their own manipulation of wind development discourse in rural communities.

Civic affliction is a category of illness-argument extending from established theories of rhetorical illness. As Judy Segal explains, all illnesses have discursive elements, but all illnesses are not necessarily *rhetorical* illnesses. Illness is a form of "argumentation," and the patient-doctor encounter is necessarily rhetorical: the migraineur, for instance, "brings into the office with her the ghosts of millions of other people with like complaints, and…she can expect her medical interview to be shaped in part by the 'migraine patient' that exists already in the physician's mental cast of characters" ("Illness" 229). Some illnesses, however, not only call upon discursive and persuasive elements in the construction of their legitimacy, but also challenge those elements, as Segal explores in her examination of hypochondria as "rhetorical disorder." Hypochondria is a "uniquely *human* disease…requiring an interlocutor" (*Health* 82); the hypochondriac has chosen to use his or her body as a "resource of persuasion," and the disorder, therefore, is a "rhetorical instrument, or agency, in a way that other illness is not" (88). Hypochondriacs "make demands on the rhetorical capacities of other people," Segal writes: "Physicians, for example, try to persuade them that they are well. Overall, the hypochondriac's interlocutors are unsuccessful; if they were successful, the hypochondriacs in question would not officially be hypochondriacs (hypochondriacs are defined in part by their inability to be persuaded that they are well)" (75). Following Kenneth Burke, Segal argues for a rhetorical approach to the persuasive problem of hypochondria, which effectively transforms the disorder from "a medical mystery to be solved" to a "mystery of motive to be explored" (77). Such an exploration shifts one away from the intractable problem of the patient who cannot be persuaded that she or he is well to an emphasis on the question of what such an illness state does or is meant to do, and in what ways hypochondria responds to and is produced by contemporaneous medical and social discourse. Hypochondria, like WTS, is kairotic. As Segal

illustrates, hypochondria has never been a fixed entity, but an emergent one; hypochondriacs' symptoms of imagined illness emerge from and are identified in relation to the medical and cultural discourse of a specific time and place. Thus, the twenty-first century hypochondriac is less likely to have emerged from a Victorian regime of sexual repression (and less likely to be defined by such discourse), than a *cyberchondriac* culture of anxiety spawned by the wealth of health advice and diagnostic information circulating on the Internet (86).

Emergent, contested, and idiopathic, rhetorical disorders challenge traditional Western models of doctor-patient communication, spotlighting the pretenses of authority, expertise, and legitimacy couched in language. As Lisa Keränen examines in her work on Morgellons, sufferers of the bizarre skin condition seek validation not through the medical establishment, but through Internet communities, where patient advocacy, self-diagnosis resources, and illness narratives circulate. Conventional dermatological discourse categorizes Morgellons (named not by a doctor or scientist, but by the mother of a sufferer who found little help for her child's condition in doctors' offices) as "delusional parasitosis"—not a skin disease, but a psychological disorder whose diagnostic signs, moreover, are the very "most commonly used persuasive mechanisms available" to sufferers seeking validation and treatment for their disease (45). Unsurprisingly, Morgellons sufferers, shedding strange fibers through scabbed, incessantly itchy skin, are frequently unwilling to except a psychiatric diagnosis for a condition that is so relentlessly physical. Instead, Morgellons patients, and more pointedly, the diagnostic and advocacy communities they maintain, have challenged the medical establishment's very "control of the discourse" as it competes "with various lay and professional experts to define and manage contested conditions" (40). The medical establishment would fix Morgellons as yet another physical expression of the infirmity of the human mind. Morgellons sufferers, however, have taken the invalidation of their disease and subjected it to rhetorical alchemy; with every skeptical encounter in the doctor's office, the medical establishment

further invalidates *itself* and its own capacity for listening to and treating patients. At the same time, the ethos and urgency of online Morgellons communities continues to grow, drawing in more patients and producing new experts.

Together, hypochondria, Morgellons, and WTS comprise a spectrum of argumentative arenas correlating with the purposive, kairotic shift from rhetorical illness to civic affliction. The rhetorical trials of hypochondria largely play out in the home and in the doctor's office, between the hypochondriac and his (dis)believers. Morgellons occupies similar argumentative territory, with the significant difference that it is a disease of the Internet age—identified and named in 2002 and given an informational webpage shortly thereafter—and thus extends its argumentative arena into, and draws its argumentative efficacy from, networks of virtual public space (Keränen 39). WTS is a similarly configured assemblage of domestic, medical, and virtual spaces of argument, with its own significant extension into the physical and discursive spaces of civic deliberation, the assemblies of bodies, research, claims, concerns, and performances organized around civic issues—in this case, industrial wind development.

Civic affliction is a deliberative instrument. Afflicted bodies perform an argument that exceeds local and domestic sites of sickness, having the greatest impact on distant civic arenas where the residents gathered are not sick—*not yet*. Regardless of the dearth of scientific evidence to support the correlation between industrial wind turbines and WTS, mere suggestion of the syndrome, whether through the presence of an afflicted body or the allusion to media that supports its existence, is enough to monopolize the urgency of deliberations about wind development. When WTS enters the debate, the potential for public harm warps all other deliberations about the pros and cons of industrial wind development. Like the hypochondriac or migraineur, those who claim to be sick from industrial wind turbines join a chorus of others with like complaints, but this chorus does not haunt the doctor's office so much as it does the civic arena where deliberations about

future industrial wind development take place among the unafflicted: the yet-to-be afflicted, the would-be afflicted, the could-be afflicted.

4.3 SUGGESTING SICKNESS

In epidemiological parlance, vectors are living organisms that transmit disease between humans, between animals, and between humans and animals: the deer tick, the malarial mosquito, the plague-hosting flea. Vectors function as transporters, transferring bacteria, parasites, and viruses from body to body, usually by puncturing the victim's skin with a single bite. The World Health Organization recommends education combined with behavioral change for reducing vector-borne disease ("Fact Sheet"). The prevalence of vector-borne diseases like malaria, Zika, and West Nile—all transmitted by different species of mosquito—hinges upon regional ecologies in which disease-carrying species collide with sanitation, agricultural, domestic, and recreational practices. So it is with the efficacy of rhetorical affliction. There is a robust WTS discourse community represented by a multitude of informative anti-wind websites, documentary film testimonies, online comments sections, personal blogs, and Pierpont's book, *Wind Turbine Syndrome*. However, the efficacy of WTS's vectors shifts in encounter with regional ecologies that include economic demographics, sense of place, vernacular modes of making and valuing knowledge, political affiliations, cultural imaginaries, and historical identity.

During the wind controversy, Hammond residents interested in researching the potential health hazards of industrial wind turbines would have come into contact with a fairly constrained selection of vectors brought to their attention by local anti-wind activists and concerned citizens' organizations. While it was remarkably difficult for me to access a copy of *Wind Turbine Syndrome*

through my academic institution's library network and my mid-size city's extensive public library system, a patron of the North Country Library System could easily acquire a copy, with eight available. Newsletters distributed by the anti-wind group Concerned Residents of Hammond (CROH) directed readers to their website, CROH.org, which featured content on Wind Turbine Syndrome, including links to Pierpont's promotional and educational website, windturbinesyndrome.com. Anti-wind letters in the local papers, many written by founders of CROH, directed people to the websites of other educational anti-wind organizations like the Alliance for Wise Energy Decisions (windpowerfacts.info, now wiseenergy.org), WindAction (windaction.org), and National Wind Watch (wind-watch.org). These are the major sources that Hammond residents like Leslie Burns would have encountered while researching industrial wind and health. Many Hammond residents, including Town Board members, would also have come into contact with yet another vector, which I will analyze here: the 2010 documentary film *Windfall*. While texts and website content were certainly important vectors in the transmission of WTS to Hammond, *Windfall* provided North Country residents with a profoundly suggestive sensory experience, one amplified by their togetherness in a local place with historical import. The sensory aesthetics of the film; the unfolding of its all-too-familiar plot; the gathering of people emotionally invested in similar or different outcomes than what the documentary presented: all of these positioned *Windfall* to be a very potent vector indeed.

In March 2011, the Clayton Opera House, a historical and cultural landmark in the region, screened *Windfall* through its new projection system, attracting 400 North Country residents to two viewings. In the audience, there were town supervisors, county officials, and members of planning boards and wind advisory committees from around the North Country. "The opera house audience sat in rapt attention," wrote a local reporter, "sometimes chuckling at the familiar snippets of video recorded at Meredith board meetings that could easily have taken place, and sometimes mirrored

exactly, discussions at town and planning board meetings at Cape Vincent, Clayton, Hammond and Orleans" (McDowell). Indeed, by the time of the film screening, Hammond residents had endured a controversy that very closely resembled the one onscreen, from the secrecy that seemed to enshroud lease contracts with wind companies, to anti-wind residents' successful campaign to replace municipal officials with perceived conflicts of interest.

Directed by Laura Israel, *Windfall* recounts the controversy of industrial wind development in Meredith, a small town in the Catskills about three hours north of New York City. Like many towns downstate, Meredith's population is a mixture of multi-generation dairy farmers on the decline and transplants from the city. Israel, one of these transplants, frames the documentary as a tale of education; when the rustling of Big Wind first made itself known in Meredith, many residents were excited at the thought of bringing green energy to their town. Ron and Sue Bailey, who arrived in Meredith from New York City in 1971, were one of the first landowners to sign. "I felt really good," Sue Bailey says, "I thought, 'Well, if there's a black out, if the grid goes down, at least those turbines will be churning away, putting electricity into the grid.' And that we were helping the world. We wanted to help the world." Rachel Polens, another city transplant who imagined perhaps putting a couple of "windmills" on her property someday, recounts casually telling her boyfriend about the plans to construct turbines in Meredith: "He said, 'How tall are they?,' and I said, 'Four hundred feet.' And he said, 'Four hundred feet! That's not human scale!'" Residents like Polens and the Baileys, people who relocated to Meredith to build a more environmentally conscious life in the country, are initially wooed by the green rhetoric of wind energy—and, as Ron Bailey admits, also the money. These same residents soon discover that dark forces are at work in the development of a local wind project; there are conflicts of interest, gag orders, undisclosed desires. Wind developers from different companies prowl Meredith's country roads, "prospecting." As concerned citizens coalesce, the community fractures; accusations abound at public hearings; Town Board members

succumb to the villainy of self-serving agendas. When the Town Board refuses to give serious consideration to the Planning Board's recommendations for siting turbines, anti-wind residents organize, facilitate educational events, promote their own candidates for local government, and, at the next election, oust the offending members from the Town Board.

The film ends with a series of reflections on the exploitative nature of corporate wind energy development. "We have a responsibility to steward the land, and we've been letting corporate America take over our resources and make money at the detriment of people and the environment, and that really has to stop," says Meredith resident Tara Collins. There is talk of investing in community wind in order to remove the town from the grid—but it is also clear that the industrial wind controversy remains raw: no one is ready to begin navigating the pros and cons of another serious project—nor the feelings it might incite. "How can something so good like the *wind*—an *element*, you know—be turned into something kind of *bad*?" asks Rachel Polens at the end of the film. "It's hard not to be really cynical about it."

Set to an Americana soundtrack, *Windfall* introduces the audience to a small town of golden agrarian vistas, rolling wooded hills, and restored farmhouses. Residents *make* homes in Meredith; those who arrived from the city years ago describe the purpose with which they chose this town, this house, this piece of land. Between interviews with residents and pretty glimpses of their homes, however, B-roll conveys a different, darker mood. In these shots, the camera pans across collages of documents—photographs, maps, diagrams, underlined excerpts from wind company contracts, and newspaper clippings—taped against an illuminating surface, perhaps a window pane or projector glass. These documentary pans are reminiscent of the arrays of accumulating evidence cluttering the walls of movie detectives' situation rooms; they suggest that a crime has been or is about to be committed in Meredith. Early on in *Windfall*, we learn that only through independent research did residents come to discover the many ugly truths of industrial wind development. The document

collages suggest what many residents in Meredith learned, and what many North Country residents watching *Windfall* also knew: the wind companies and their proponents will tell you one thing, but the documentary evidence will tell you another. The collages in *Windfall* testify to the citizen detective work that shouldn't have to happen but must because of the secrecy and obfuscation behind which wind companies operate.

In her reportage of the screening, McDowell concluded, "If anything, the antagonist in Windfall [*sic*] is the big wind companies, starting with the privacy surrounding the land lease contracts." *Windfall* is in many ways about what lies beneath individual, municipal, and corporate agendas. Much is made of the "gag order"—the confidentiality clause in lease agreements stating that the lessor may not discuss the nature of his or her relationship with the wind company with anyone else—which immediately raised red flags for some residents.[16] *Windfall* functions, then, as an exposé, revealing not just the negatives of industrial wind development, but also the ways that wind companies irreparably damage the social landscape of small towns before their projects ever even break ground. But *Windfall* also uses the rhetorical strategy of the unsaid—a strategy of insinuation and association, of inciting action through the transmission of feeling—to convey the potential bodily harms of industrial wind turbines.

The film's plot is organized around argumentative nodes in the larger controversy of industrial wind development, like wind companies' business ethics, concerns about public health, environmental damage, and contradictions in claims about the actual "greenness" of wind energy development. At no point does anyone utter the phrase "Wind Turbine Syndrome." And yet, the film urges viewers on a number of occasions to think of WTS and to dread what industrial wind

[16] See Appendix B for further discussion of gag orders—that is, confidentiality clauses—in wind lease agreements.

turbines might do to their bodies.[17] Near the end of the film, for instance, a televised report discusses researchers' conclusions that acute decreases in air pressure around wind turbines cause bats' lungs to explode. The primary purpose of this piece of footage is to highlight the dangers that wind turbine installations pose to already fragile wildlife populations, a viewer might easily wonder what the pulsating blades are capable of doing to his or her own lungs. And then there is the single time in the film when the story shifts from Meredith to the Tug Hill Plateau, where residents have been living under the Maple Ridge industrial wind installation since 2006. "I'm all for a small project that could benefit Meredith," says a resident. "I have no problem with it. But, see, it won't end there, that's the problem. It's a lot of money to put in all the infrastructure, so once they have the infrastructure in, it's cheaper to add to an existing project than it is to go out and develop a new one." As he speaks, the screen pans across a turbine-less vista of rolling hills, a green patchwork of forest and pasture. He goes on: "The fear is—like what happened in Tug Hill. You know, it starts off as twenty, and then it's thirty, and then it's eighty, and then it's a hundred, and they just keep putting them up." The screen fades to black as the numbers build. What appears next is another agrarian vista, this time studded with turbine after turbine, blades slicing through a stormy sky. The wind blows, harsh against the ears, above an ominous tremolo. The pan continues for what feels like a long time; endlessly the turbines appear from the right edge of the screen, while Gordon Yancey, lifelong Tug Hill resident, talks about how he can count 170 of the 195 turbines from his property. "The noise that these towers give off, the shadows that they give off, the medical effects, living among these towers—they say that there's nothing wrong, that everything is okay. Well, I don't believe that," he says. Eve Kelley then appears on the screen to give her testimony: "I just started to

[17] WTS is not only a suggestive subtext in the film itself; the *Windfall* DVD also includes a resource guide with links to Pierpont's informational website, www.windturbinesyndrome.com, the Industrial Wind Action Group (www.windaction.org) and National Wind Watch (www.wind-watch.org), all prominent sites for learning more about turbine-induced sickness.

get like dizzy spells, and like my ears always felt off. You know, I felt sick to my stomach from the time I got up in the morning to the time I went to bed, and the only thing that had really changed—I mean, I've lived here for eight years now—was the windmills started." As she speaks, we see that she is surrounded by "windmills": they spin in the blurred background over her shoulder; they fill the side mirror on what we presume is her car; and one towers above the roof of what we presume is her house. "There are times I'll lay in my bed," she says, "and it sounds like the noise is in the walls. The walls are vibrating, and then I'll get up and look out the window, and you can hear, it's the windmill."

Like the infrasound that people claim turbines emit, sickening those in proximity, the suggestion of WTS in *Windfall* comes from without, lodging in the viewer from the argumentative margins. In *Windfall*, intimations of WTS are present in residents' powerlessness to fight the spread of industrial wind turbines; they are surrounded, under siege. This civic powerlessness then finds its embodied analog in physical afflictions that are as intrusive yet mysterious as the wind companies' operations themselves. Vectors like *Windfall* transmit the hopelessness of such situations and the dread that those who are not yet afflicted by industrial wind development could find themselves in a similar situation. This dread, however, is actionable. Residents in Tug Hill find themselves in a situation with no recourse to litigation, struck down by the physical and emotional vexations of industrial wind development even as the wind companies insist "there's nothing wrong, that everything is okay." In communities like Hammond, however, where proposed industrial wind projects must yet pass the rigors of deliberation, residents who catch the dread of WTS use the mantle of civic affliction to turn that dread, seething with the threat of myriad physical and psychological vexations, into a force for the kind of litigation that will kill industrial wind development projects once and for all.

4.4 FROM VEXATION TO LITIGATION

As a civic affliction, WTS does more than simply wreak havoc upon the body. WTS has become a platform of protest, a highly effective, and affective, warning to those consumed by local debates about whether or not to permit wind turbines in their towns. Syndromic bodies resonate with acoustic intrusions, as well as the intrusions of a history that affirms, again and again, the viscerally inherent vulnerabilities of cultural and environmental susceptibility. Simon Chapman and Alexis St. George describe the "cyberspace-megaphoned" correlation between wind turbine siting and vibroacoustic disease (identified by Pierpont as one outcome of chronic WTS) as a "classic example of a contemporary health factoid"—that is, a spurious claim presented as fact which has, with the help of the Internet, "gone 'viral,' [and] is now commonly included in submissions to governments by anti-wind farm activists and is often mentioned in media interviews." If anything, Chapman and St. George speculate, the "cause" of vibroacoustic disease is talk: "The term 'vibroacoustic disease' resonates with a portentousness that may foment nocebo effects among those hearing about it and assuming it to be an established disease classification," they write, but in truth, "Vibroacoustic disease should be considered a candidate for the archives of 'non-diseases'" (247). Chapman and St. George's misstep is not in their suggestion that WTS/vibroacoustic disease is a "non-disease" spread through talk—in this, they are probably correct. Their misstep lies in the assumption that non-diseases are prime agents for dismissal, that the *non-* negates not only the medical legitimacy of the disease but also its affective force and, in turn, its rhetorical currency in the deliberative sphere.

For WTS is *dreadful*. Inchoate, capricious, and contested—as the symptomatic constellations of syndromes generally are, especially in their discursive and diagnostic infancy—WTS is a vehicle for anticipatory fear. In the papers collected and produced by CROH and the Hammond Town Board, there are occasional references to WTS and Pierpont's studies. For example, a November

2008 CROH newsletter urging residents to "Say NO to destroying our Community, Environment, and Health! Say YES to making our Community Stronger, more Vital, and Inviting!" includes a brief paragraph in its three-page onslaught of concerns noting that wind turbines are responsible for

> **Other health effects**—headaches, dizziness, unsteadiness, nausea, exhaustion, anxiety, anger, irritability, depression, memory loss, ringing in the ears, eye problems, problems with concentration and learning, etc. (These effects have been described by Nina Pierpont, MD, PhD.) All of these problems subsided at different rates for children and adults when they MOVED OUT of their homes. More information is available at www.windturbinesyndrome.com.

More often, though, it is the *intimation* of turbine-induced illness, rather than specific references to Pierpont's work or studies from a handful of likeminded colleagues, that bolsters appeals to residents to become involved in the wind debate and that manifests in arguments against wind development. In recommendations for revising the wind law, for instance, the Hammond Wind Advisory Committee refers to "health" six times as a focal point in its research; about half of the time, health and noise are syntactically linked, while a CROH flier urging residents to attend the July 2009 wind law hearing asks, "Are you concerned about having your peace and quiet disrupted by machines that run 24/7 producing noise that can be classified 'intolerable' by Department of Environmental Conservation (DEC) levels?" A draft of an open letter from CROH to "All Residents and Landowners of Hammond" suggests "the public has not been adequately informed of what [a Wind Energy Facility] means for the future of the Hammond Community." The subsequent list of concerns includes environmental destruction, harm to nearby wetlands ecosystems and migratory species, and the reduction of property values, but harms to individual health are at the top: "Noise levels and a strobe-like flicker affect [*sic*] that cause significant health problems including headaches and sleep disturbances as well as a host of other physical problems including dizziness,

lightheadedness, nausea, and disorientation due to inner ear disturbances" and "Potential health risks and disturbances that can negatively affect the learning environment for the students of our school."

If phrases like "health, safety, and welfare"—the trifecta that reappeared time and again in the transcript of the wind law hearing—or "potential health risks" and "significant health problems" sound vague to the point of qualifying for easy dismissal, it turns out that this vagueness actually enhances the dreadful gravity of WTS, for it is a product not of residents' shoddy research, but of Big Wind's calculated obfuscations. Immediately following the list of economic, environmental, and health concerns in its open letter, CROH notes: "Information remains unavailable to the public concerning exactly how many turbines are to be installed or where they will be sited in Hammond….The lack of information available to residents/landowners of Hammond and the level of secrecy surrounding this project should be of concern to us all." There are all sorts of skeletons in Big Wind's well-guarded closet; a 2007 flier directed at residents in the vicinity of the proposed Horse Creek Wind Farm, about 20 miles south of Hammond, asks its audience to consider the following: "Shadow flicker can turn the 230–foot spinning rotors into giant strobe generators, which have the **potential to cause migraines and seizures**," and, "There is **documented proof of serious health risks** for people living within 1.5 miles to turbines" (original formatting). These are the things that Big Wind "Isn't Telling You": wind companies "build wind turbines to get tax breaks and government money—leaving citizens to suffer from the visual and noise pollution, and health risks. We have no reason to trust them and every reason to be suspicious." As for the Hammond Wind Advisory Committee, they noted that a disregard for "levels of evidence" made it difficult for them to draw straightforward conclusions about the impacts of industrial wind development:

> The committee undertook an early and repeated conversation regarding levels of evidence. Dr. Sarfaty [a committee member] shared definitions and procedures that are common practice in the medical field that broke the reports/analysis into three

> levels related to controlled trials, random studies, and expert opinion and observations. As the committee reviewed more and more analysis, it became clear that for the purpose of evaluating industrial wind related reports there was no clear process for ranking the input. The ability to do so varied with the subject. For example, the analysis of sound was very scientific and well developed, yet there were no widely accepted standards to be applied to industrial wind. It is critical to understand who is doing a report for what audience. Even with the best of analysis, there is always a chance something new will be discovered. The initial reports on [noise-related impacts], funded primarily by the wind industry, strongly favored wind development. As more projects have come on line in the US, there seems to be an increase in reports questioning safety, negative environmental and wildlife impacts, noise and health impacts, and many other aspects of industrial wind. In part, that is because of an increase in non-industry funded analysis as more groups become involved and there are increasing numbers of industrial wind projects to be investigated. (4)

It bears noting that the expert literature on the long-term consequences of industrial wind development on local economies, ecologies, and individuals' health is both contradictory and emergent enough—and shaped by enough corporate influence—that even a person well trained in weeding out unsound scholarship would find such work difficult. There are many reasons for the inconclusive, sometimes bewildering, research on the impacts of industrial wind development; some of those reasons are insidious, like the undisclosed corporate support of supposedly independent researchers, but others are more benign or accidental—the relative newness of industrial wind installations; the seepage of environmentally-friendly politics and values into interpretive language; the often invisible ways that particular terrains, communities, regional ecologies, or cultural biases

influence outcomes. In such a muddle, when one is faced with taking on stance on a local wind development project, particularly one that promises big changes to the homescape and no individual financial incentives, it is not difficult to arrive at another sort of conclusion: that Big Wind is invested in ensuring that certain consequences of industrial wind development, particularly those wrought upon the body, remain unknown. And that is where the dread comes in.

In the case of WTS, dread becomes an actionable feeling through the rhetorical refiguring of annoyance as nuisance. WTS relies on a claim about the capacity of noise to annoy and this annoyance's capacity to jeopardize wellbeing. Annoyance, however, is not recognized as a category of harm in the legal domain. For the vexation of noise to be subject to litigation—and, ultimately, mitigation—a rhetorical refiguring of noise annoyance must occur. A shift in descriptive language happens, therefore, as WTS travels from afflicted body to civic domain: *annoyance* becomes actionable through its legal counterpart, *nuisance*. Annoyance, which finds its roots in the Latin *in odio*—as in the phrase *mihi in odio est*, *it is hateful to me*—arrives in English through the French *ennui*, that pervasive, deeply personal feeling of discomfort, of "mental weariness and dissatisfaction produced by want of occupation, or by lack of interest in present surroundings or employments" ("Annoyance"). Nuisance, while audibly ringing of annoyance, has a different etymological journey; as "something harmful or offensive to the public or to a member of it, for which there is a legal remedy; specifically unlawful interference with an individual in the enjoyment of his/her rights; especially those relating to use and possession of land; and offense against private property" ("Nuisance"), it has a long history in the legal domain, denoting harms that affect the public and that can be legally mitigated.

Swedish researchers Eja Pedersen and Kerstin Persson Waye, co-authors on a number of studies on residential resistance to wind turbine noise, note that residents most commonly characterize "annoying" wind turbine noise as "swishing, whistling, pulsating/throbbing, and

resounding" ("Perception" 3466). Turbine noise annoyance is a particularly rural affliction, as Pedersen, Waye, and others have noted. This has to do with the prevalence of siting wind installations in rural areas, but that's not the entire story: Pedersen and Waye maintain that there is a correlation between noise annoyance and visual impact, a correlation which suggests "a multimodal effect of the audible and visual exposure from the same source leading to an enhancement of the negative appraisal of the noise by visual stimuli" ("Wind" 485). In another study, Pedersen and Pernilla Larsman found that wind turbines in flat landscapes—"their towers like exclamation marks against the horizontal lines of the landscape"—came with increased feelings of annoyance among residents, compared to less visually apparent wind turbines in hilly and forested areas (378–88).

These findings affirm the assertion, in the World Health Organization's Guidelines for Community Noise, that "annoyance in populations varies not only with the characteristics of the noise, including the noise source, but also depends to a large degree on many non-acoustical factors of a social, psychological, or economic nature" (x). Defining health as "a state of complete physical, mental and social well-being and not merely the absence of disease or infirmity," the WHO cites "annoyance reactions" as one of seven categories of "adverse health effects of noise" (19–20). Annoyance, according to the WHO, is "a feeling of displeasure associated with any agent or condition known or believed by an individual or group to be adversely affecting them" (142). Extreme noise annoyance may "reduce helping behavior and increase aggressive behavior"; there is a particular concern, too, for the "susceptibility of schoolchildren to feelings of helplessness" (x). In their arguments to the Town Board, in letters to editors of local papers, and at informational meetings, Concerned Residents of Hammond cited these guidelines and their implicit argument that annoyance is not simply a personal problem but a public one.

In respect to the perceived harms of industrial wind development, "annoyance" reinforces the psychosomatic and selective nature of affliction. Those who are afflicted by annoyance—or who

fear its affliction—therefore often call upon nuisance claims as a way to bring annoyance to bear on public discussion about wind laws. Environmental law theorist Alexa Burt Engleman writes, "Opposition to the wind turbines is rooted in the externalities the turbines create for residents who neither share in lease profits nor have control over the private arrangements of their neighbors" (10558). Nuisance claims, therefore, "present a possible venue of legitimate concerns about impact on property values and 'use and enjoyment' of private property in the face of permissive local regulation" (10555). At the time of the controversy in Hammond, New York State's home rule provision left local zoning laws in the hands of municipal legislators. Setbacks, which designate how many feet a turbine may be erected from a road, residence, school, or property line, are one of the most important and debated aspects of these laws—and, in Hammond, residents soon realized that restrictive setbacks would be the surest way to turn back wind developers. Anti-wind residents held up distance as the most effective method for protecting their bodies from the sonic harms of industrial wind turbines, knowing that the greater that distance became, the less likely it would be that any industrial turbine could ever meet the siting requirements to exist in the township. The 2009 version of the wind law that so concerned anti-wind residents proposed a minimum setback from the property lines of non-leasing landowners and public roads of one-and-a-half times a turbine's height. The setbacks outlined in the revised law that the town passed in 2011 called for a minimum of *six times* a turbine's height, significantly reducing the space where turbines would be permitted in the town, and, as a consequence, undermining the feasibility—that is, the profitability—of the installation. Writing to the Town Board in February 2011, Iberdrola Business Developer Jenny Burke expressed the company's preference for the earlier version of the law. "We believe the wind resource in your town is viable for a wind project," she wrote, "but the [Hammond Wind Advisory] Committee recommendations are both unnecessary for the safe, successful operation of a wind farm and are excessively restrictive without adequate basis." Though Burke insisted that Iberdrola "would

like to work with the town to ensure that the interests and concerns of the community with projects like ours seeking to do business are all adequately addressed," the next month the company decided not to proceed to the next phase of the project, a temporary pause that would, in retrospect, signal the imminent end of the Stone Church Wind Farm Project.

For the number of people who claim to suffer from WTS, little can be done unless the afflicted are willing to move elsewhere. Despite Chapman's assertion, mentioned at the beginning of this essay, that claims of Wind Turbine Syndrome are motivated by the possibility of payouts, such payouts are extremely rare. For the greater number of individuals who live in communities deliberating industrial wind development, WTS arrives as a civic affliction that ultimately enfeebles Big Wind—not just in the way that the syndrome's dread-inducing vectors shape the formation of ultra-restrictive siting guidelines, but also in its affirmation of the intimate relationship between the vitality of the body and the vitality of the *agora*.

Tanya Christidis and Jane Law have found that in Ontario—where the provincial government enabled rapid and widespread wind development through the 2009 Green Energy Act—there is a strong correlation between citizens' reports of annoyance and the degree of their inclusion in the development process.[18] In their survey of Ontario citizens living in regions of wind development, Christidis and Law conclude, "[p]ositive feelings toward wind turbines can result from thinking that wind turbines make the energy supply secure, that the wind turbines are an attractive feature of the landscape, that they benefit the community, and that they are *controlled by members of the community*" (84, my emphasis). This last reason for feeling positively toward turbines is particularly compelling, as it suggests that the opposite is also true; negative feelings, and their coinciding

[18] Three documentaries discuss the impact of the GEA on the lives of rural people: *Down Wind* (Sun News, 2015), *Wind Rush* (CBC Doc Zone, 2015), and *Big Wind* (TVO, 2015).

manifestations in health and wellbeing, are spurred by a lack of community and individual control. Christidis and Law suggest, "It may be that the most significant adverse health effects from wind turbines are the stress they cause those who live nearby, and this may be exacerbated by the fact that a landscape featuring wind turbines may have a reduced restorative capacity for residents" (87). They advise giving greater control in the decision-making process to residents, "incorporating and showing respect for the opinions of people who will eventually live near a wind turbine development"; in doing so, developers and proponents of industrial wind development are more likely to avoid "negative social-psychological effects, annoyance, and stress," all of which could fatally undermine the planning process (93–94).

With more inclusive deliberations about wind development in rural communities, it is likely that the log of reports of turbine-caused illnesses that Chapman has kept since 2012 would stop growing. Syndromes spread through talk, as Chapman and others contend of WTS, cannot be remedied with indifference, ridicule, or even extensive scientific data that denies their medical validity. Wind developers, pro- and anti-wind residents, researchers, and renewable energy advocates each have a different stake in preventing the spread of WTS, yet there is only one method for long-term inoculation: more ethical and inclusive talk. It is an inoculation that is likely to be as desirable to Big Wind as the stubborn presence of WTS itself. However, for other stakeholders, and rural residents in particular, this deliberative inoculation brings with it a bonus side effect, diminishing the rhetorical force of arguments charged with dread and fear and the lasting social wounds that they inflict.

WTS does not need medical legitimacy in order to be a response to the industrial takeover of rural livelihood, an acknowledgment that performances of the pain of susceptibility can be a rhetorically effective means of condemning—and, one hopes, ultimately putting an end to—exploitation. Indeed, sometimes, performances of pain are the *last* rhetorical means by which to do

so. Rural residents who fear that their livelihoods might be fractured by the onset of WTS, or who already find themselves in such a situation, speak affliction to power. The thumping inside the chest is not your heartbeat, but the *whoosh-whoosh* of an embodied metaphor for the politics of susceptibility—and, as the poet Maggie Blake Bailey writes, "The definition of metaphor / is *the transfer of burden* / so pay attention."

5.0 THE LEAN YEARS: PHANTASMATA OF PRO-WIND SENTIMENT

> In this area, because the soils are poor and more marginal, it's all dairy, predominantly dairy. And if you're in the conventional dairy system, all you've grown up with your entire life is knowing there's never enough to go around…. So why would you choose that path if that's all you've known, that dairy means it's a road for not enough?
>
> *Nell Barr*

> He loved the cows. And he dreams of farming every night.
> —*He dreams of farming every night?*
> Yup. At some point. He always has a farming dream in his—in his nighttime.
> —*It must have been really hard to get out of it then.*
> Well, he certainly wondered the next day what he had done.
>
> *Interview with Linda Miller*

Thirty miles downriver from Hammond, the city of Ogdensburg languishes on the St. Lawrence River. Less than 11,000 residents live in St. Lawrence County's only city, a city that has seen a steady decline in population since the 1930s. Follies of urban renewal blight the former downtown, many of these low utilitarian buildings now half-vacant. Nearby, a few blocks of old Ogdensburg remain, the Ogdensburg of wealthy vacationers and local philanthropists whose homes are now museums and whose lawns are now municipal grounds. Surrounding the turreted, gabled ghosts of the old city are streets of decrepit apartment buildings, houses with $50,000 price tags that have been on the market for years, fast-food joints and drug stores, and box-store plazas with empty storefronts like missing teeth. An aerial diagram of Ogdensburg could offer a comprehensive account of the plagues and pasts that have shaped many rural regions in the United States.

One day in June of 2016, I followed the streets along the waterfront, from the groomed nostalgic blocks where the Frederic Remington Museum and Ogdensburg Free Library stand, past houses and yards marked by rural poverty, to the Port of Ogdensburg. This is the only American port on the St. Lawrence Seaway, and industrial wind development has turned out to be a boon. Blade trains—trains with immensely long cargo beds designed to haul turbine blades—deliver those blades to the industrial port, where they are loaded onto freighters bound for other parts of the country. On the day that I walked over to the port, all was quiet. Cylindrical turbine bases lay in massive stacks. Blades too awaited transit in horizontal rows, their forms ultra-modern, huge but slender, with streamlined curves. Throughout the early 2000s, it was not uncommon in the North Country to see tractor-trailers transporting parts of turbines along State Highways 37 and 12. They carried a single part of a base or a single blade, each so long and wide that they required several escorts who would urge opposing traffic to a standstill in order to let them pass.

Standing on the street above the port, looking down at the long white rows of bases and blades, it occurred to me that the size of industrial wind turbines is best grasped when they lay in pieces on the ground, or when we try to use our roads and rails and ships to deliver them to where they need to go. Industrial wind turbines have only grown larger in the past couple decades; despite some experiments with more compact (and thereby less visually offensive) designs, the industry is ruled by size. As Bill Moore of PPM Energy explains in *Tapping Maple Ridge*:

> The swept area per kilowatt of generating capacity is really the key ratio that determines how much…energy you're generating. And with taller towers and longer blades, you're capturing more wind energy and turning it into electricity. And that really is the challenge for developing wind projects in places like New York because it's the scale that makes us economic, and it's our scale that also has the side effects, which are largely visual. (*Tapping Maple Ridge*)

Robert Righter, a historian of American wind energy, questions whether these huge turbines are as cost effective as wind developers suggest. Instead he suggests, "The economy of scale, so important to the wind energy business, may have met the law of diminishing returns." Specifically, he means environmental returns, which translate to financial returns as more and more people resist the immense transformations wrought upon their homescapes by industrial wind installations. "It is hard to find anyone opposed to the concept of wind energy," Righter notes; and yet, "People throughout…the nation are questioning whether the electricity that the landscape-altering turbines produce is not outweighed by their transforming effect on the countryside. Observers often do not know how to react to the exchange of natural vistas for the titanic technology they see before them, so out of character with their memory or expectations" (*Windfall* 34).

As I described in the first chapter, Iberdrola proposed for Hammond the installation of what would have been the tallest wind turbines in New York State yet, at 475 feet from the base to the vertically extended tip of the blade—a mere 80 feet shorter than the Washington Monument. In fact, 80 feet is the height of a wind turbine—what might be more properly called a windmill—that has powered the generators at Hammond Central School since the early 2000s, and which residents often compared to the proposed industrial turbines in the long argument about development. Pro-wind residents, in particular, often held up the school windmill as an example of an already-existing wind turbine that didn't disturb anyone. Hammond residents had coexisted peacefully for years with the school windmill—no seizures, no Wind Turbine Syndrome, no bird death—so why did anyone think they couldn't do the same among Iberdola's turbines? Perhaps because the school windmill and an industrial wind turbine essentially fulfilled the same job of "harnessing" the wind and converting it into electricity, it seemed logical to insist that the presence of multiple (or even a single) 475-foot turbine would be visually and aurally similar to an 80-foot one. It was a comparison that would not die.

For some people, however, the issue of size was the linchpin in the argument against industrial wind development. The Barrs, organic dairy farmers who identified themselves with neither of the organized pro- or anti-wind camps, found the immensity of the turbines to be their most concerning aspect. Sitting together at the kitchen table in their old stone farmhouse, Nell Barr told me:

> We had some concerns. The anti-wind people were just *vehemently* opposed, and it started all the way from, "It's gonna change the river, and I don't wanna look at that all the time"—well, I never thought they were bad to look at, so if it's making power, fine. Our issue really was, at least in my mind, that the size of the towers that they were putting here exceeded what any group of local people could ever take down again. You know, the towers are only gonna last twenty, twenty-five years. And yes, they have a fund that was supposed to be there to dismantle, but I'm thinking with inflation and stuff, they'll dismantle the first five and then what happens to the rest of them? So, I look at these things—and they were talking about towers, first it was 400, then it was 500 feet—so, with all the mechanical stuff we have around, with all of the businesses and all the people that have large equipment, we don't have that kind of stuff, we don't have things that could take it down again. So, you know, I felt that that was an issue that nobody was really talking about—just the concrete stuff of, "Yeah, you can put them up but what are you gonna do to maintain them? What are you gonna do to fix it, how are you gonna take them down?"

Nell and Gary Barr are farming transplants.[19] They arrived in Hammond from out of state in the early 2000s because, as Nell put it, they were starving to death on their old dairy farm, trying to eke out a living. In the North Country, "Gary looked at 42 farms, I think," Nell said. "So, boy, talk about having a real big picture of why people exit the dairy industry and what kind of things lead them to do that. A lot of sad stories. And a lot of pretty rough places." They found the farm in Hammond, and they began establishing an organic dairy operation. The organic dairy industry, the Barrs told me, brings in more money per 100 pounds of milk (the "hundred pound" is the standard of measurement for milk prices), and the milk prices fluctuate less, offering farmers more financial stability from year to year.

When wind came to Hammond, the Barrs' position was that they "had no right what to tell [their] neighbors to do with their land." As the controversy heated up, they maintained a position of neutrality not only out of respect for neighbors' property rights but for the protection of their own personal interests as well. "We rented land from people that were pro-wind, we did custom work for people who were anti-wind," said Nell. "It was like, oh, yeah, we need to shut the hell up!" But the Barrs did worry about the size of the turbines, and they privately questioned other farmers' arguments that wind turbines left such a small footprint on farmland, where cows could graze right up their bases. Not only could the Barrs conceive of the immense height and breadth of these things, they also thought about what was underneath them, holding the turbines in the ground. Bases of several thousand tons of concrete would lie beneath the grass. During the wind controversy, the Barrs, like many Hammond residents, went down to Lowville, NY, to "check out"

[19] The protocol I have used for procuring interviews for this dissertation has been reviewed by the IRB; see Appendix C for materials pertaining to interview participation and informed consent. In transcribing moments from these interviews, I have occasionally omitted some of the conversational circumlocutions that make responses difficult to follow. However, for the most part, I have faithfully recorded the conversational syntax and grammar of speakers, which sometimes calls for non-standard spellings ("gotta," "gonna") and punctuation.

the Maple Ridge Wind Farm. And like many residents, they observed that wind turbines were much less noisy than they had thought they would be, the grazing animals didn't seem to mind them, and, really, they looked quite nice in formation on the plateau. But the Barrs also thought about those concrete pads and the earth on which they rested, earth very different from that of Hammond. "The difference is down in Lowville," Gary explained, "[it's] built on gravel or sand. Here, it'd be built on the bedrock. Okay, so, the bedrock—take for instance when a ship comes up the river [the St. Lawrence Seaway], this whole house vibrates because our house is sitting on the bedrock….That base is gonna go all the way down to the bedrock so all the sound waves and vibration's gonna go along the bedrock. Now, our house, you would feel it."

There were things, for the Barrs, that weren't being discussed in regard to wind development in Hammond. "I kept saying this to people, and they looked at me like I was an idiot," said Nell:

> We weren't talking about whether wind power was a good thing or a bad thing in this. We were talking about whether making the North Country into an industrial wind farm was a good thing or a bad thing. Because, really, I said, you know, wind power is a *great* idea. Just like everybody used to have a television antenna on the roof of every house, why couldn't everybody have a scaled-down version of this?...So, I have to think I was one of those people that disbelieved the things that Iberdrola was telling people because the first important thing was to make money for the corporation, right, not to provide lots of clean power for people. And it seemed that to have these things this far overbuilt just didn't make any sense.

Unlike many of their pro-wind neighbors, Nell and Gary Barr were under no illusions about Iberdola's motives or priorities. They were under no illusions about the scale of the proposed wind project and the size of its turbines. And they were under no illusions that this proposed "wind farm" was in any way a next iteration of the North Country farm. Perhaps it is fair to say that what

bothered them most was not the way many of their neighbors had succumbed to these illusions, but how the wind company knew that they were parading illusions in order to sell their project. More than once, Nell referred to the desperation shot through the lives of small dairy farmers. "All you've grown up with your entire life is knowing there's never enough to go around," she said. At the time that company representatives began approaching property owners about a potential wind installation, non-organic milk prices were the lowest they had been in over a decade. Nell remembered that she had gone to some of the wind meetings in order to learn more about what was going on. "And I could see things on both sides," she said, "but I could see that the corporation was *really* manipulating people who were desperate. You know, they go to these farms and talk about how many wind towers they could put on their farm at thirteen thousand dollars a month per each one—and they're talking to desperate people. And they knew it. And that's—that's not right."

In this last chapter, I focus on how Hammond residents—especially those who identified themselves as pro-wind during the controversy—perceived their town, their livelihoods, and wind turbines, and how these perceptions informed their pro-wind stance. I begin by introducing the rhetorical concept of *phantasmata*: the figures of mental interpretive envisioning, or *phantasia.* A rhetorical exploration of the phantasmatic wind turbines which informed Hammond residents' feelings and attitudes about the wind controversy calls first for a reconsideration of where we generally place emotion in relation to reasoning and what we mean when we label certain lines of reasoning as fallible or *ir*rational. Following a brief discussion of the role of emotion and (ir)rationality in rhetorical deliberation, I contend that wind companies—specifically those involved in projects in the North Country—proffer a normative *phantasma* of industrial wind development through both visual and textual rhetoric. I then turn to interviews with three Hammond residents who illustrate the ways in which people in the midst of the wind controversy deviated from or

elaborated upon this normative *phantasma* in their own assertions of what wind turbines would mean for the fates of their occupations, the region, and even society at large. Ultimately, I aim to suggest that even as the concept of *phantasia* reveals—in a somewhat chilling and timely fashion—the rhetor's capacity to propagate visions, manipulate emotions, and goad action, it also evidences the wildness of those personal perspectives and experiences that inform how one receives phantasmatic discourse.

I do not disagree with Nell Barr's assertion that Iberdrola keyed into the desperation of a regional economy, and used this desperation to forward a profit-driven agenda. She is certainly not the first person to say this; nor has Iberdrola been the only wind company accused of coming into rural communities with these sorts of tactics. However, four years after Iberdrola withdrew its leases and the wind issue officially (if not socially) died in Hammond, many pro-wind people do not feel that Iberdrola's enterprise was a conniving one, and former leaseholders insist that wind company representatives were honest and thoughtful. What underpins such a contradiction in the perception of Iberdola's presence in Hammond? More than one person in Hammond has suggested to me that they believe pro-wind people are still too embarrassed to admit that they were duped, or that they came so close to being duped, by Iberdrola. In interviewing former leaseholders, however, I doubt that this is the case. Instead, I contend that this contradiction in perception has much to do with the *phantasmata* of wind turbines, the wind turbine that is projected onto the North Country landscape, imbued with a perceptual admixture of historical and personal meanings. *Phantasmata* ("what appears") are mental conjurations of an object that may or may not be immediately present before one's eyes, which are amplified with cultural, historical, and experiential meaning. Essentially, I argue that what an industrial turbine *means* is more persuasive, more emotionally resonant, and more tangible than what an industrial turbine physically *is*. The specs for bases, blades, motors, concrete pads, cables, acreage—these things might help us to understand how big an industrial turbine is,

what resources its construction requires, and how it produces electricity, but such details do not help us to *see* what wind turbines mean in terms of possibility and what sorts of futures residents have invested in them. This vision—this other, phantasmatic wind turbine—is not merely a caricature, but a consequential and stubbornly residual interpretive mechanism. As Debra Hawhee has observed, "one cannot begin to account for human motives, desires, or suasion more generally without reference to the way people see" (145)—that is, the way people mentally objectify an issue—envisioning, engrasping—and weave this issue into a broader interpretive cloth of personal exigency, lessons learned, life experiences, cultural assumptions, and so forth. This other phantasmatic turbine is the turbine that I am ultimately interested in. This is the turbine that continues to haunt the view from a farmer's kitchen window. This is the turbine that prods dormant emotion.

Writing about the Cape Wind project, a proposed installation of some 130 offshore turbines in the Nantucket Sound (which has been under debate for more than a decade), Kimberly Moekle has observed that arguments about wind development "diverge from traditional patterns of American environmental discourse," muddying the "utilitarian versus romantic, conservationist versus preservationist, and environmental versus developmental" binaries that have existed in environmental rhetoric since the establishment of the nation (78–79). "The reality is that reasonable people disagree about the merits of erecting turbines…based on economics, environmental impact, and aesthetics," Moekle writes. "Advocates often support renewable energy, not for short-term economic gain, but for long-term environmental benefits, whereas opponents worry about both immediate and environmental impact and economic viability" (79). Such upended rhetorical positioning is further compounded by the slippery, contradictory nature of studies on economic and environmental impacts funded by wind companies, governing bodies, and independent researchers.

Proponents and opponents of the Cape Wind project sometimes cited the same figures to uphold contrary positions on impacts.

In Hammond, if this phenomenon of pliable data didn't prevail in exactly the same way, there was nonetheless a wildness to the interpretive spaces of argument, where for every study confirming (with reservations) the (potentially) significant negative impacts of wind turbines on migratory fowl, for instance, there was another study confirming (with reservations) that wind turbines caused little to no (potential) harm to birds. Indeed, discussing the various claims made about the negative environmental impacts of wind turbines, one North Country farmer told me, "I just don't *buy* a lot of the stuff….Anybody can put facts or figures and construe them to look right for any kind of thing, so I never kind of went with that" (Glover). Initially to me this comment rang of right-leaning refutations of well-established scientific research on climate change, where belief—particularly politically motivated belief—prevails over the body of evidence. This farmer, however, is better understood not to be speaking back against science, per se, but against the subjectivity that permeated—and, to his mind, distorted—scientific and data-driven claims about the various environmental and economic impacts associated with wind turbines. Nowhere does this subjectivity reach such a shrill pitch—*in poor taste* is the phrase this farmer might use—than in arguments about aesthetics. Moekle notes:

> Disagreement over the economic and environmental viability of Cape Wind is compounded by issues of aesthetics, a subjective but critical externality. Wind farm supporters say, "It's the vision, not the view," and dismiss the visual impact the project will have on residents of the Cape. Opponents argue that property values will drop, tourism will suffer, and a "national treasure" will be lost. The words "vision," "view," and "national treasure" say nothing directly about how tall the turbines will appear on the horizon, nor do they describe the likely effects of the project on the

> roseate tern. They do, however, make specific arguments that divide audiences based on emotional and ethical appeals, rather than on scientific or economic facts. (80–81)

Unlike scientific or economic facts, emotional and ethical appeals spring from and firmly lodge in bodies. The stakes these appeals raise, therefore, are immediately bound to questions of what makes a life bearable, a place inhabitable, a world livable, in ways that appeals driven by data are not.[20] Our patriarchal cultural paradigms would, even today, place emotion at odds with reasoning, characteristic of irrational thinking. But in order to attend to emotion's rhetorical half-life, we must reframe our thinking about emotion to accept it as *both* an irrational and rational component of decision-making and belief-formation.

In the *Rhetoric*, Aristotle defines the emotions (*pathē*) as "those things through which, by undergoing change, people come to differ in their judgments and which are accompanied by pain and pleasure" (2.2.8). Following Aristotle, Martha Nussbaum describes emotions as "forms of intentional awareness…directed at or about an object, in which the object figures as it is seen from the creature's point of view" ("Aristotle" 303). In Aristotle's understanding of persuasion, "emotions may appropriately be assessed as rational or irrational, and also (independently) as true or false, depending on the character of the beliefs that are their basis or ground. Thus, rather than having a simple dichotomy between the emotional and the (normatively) rational, we have a situation in which all emotions are to some degree 'rational' in a descriptive sense—all are to some degree cognitive and based upon belief" (304). Contrary to a persistent reading of Aristotle as dismissive of emotion's role in persuasion (that is, that it can only undermine rhetorical work), emotion is both a key component of the rhetor's skill set, as well as the foundation for audience

[20] Because ethical appeals raise questions about livability, sustainability, morality, justice—qualities of what Aristotle would have called the "good human life"—I think it is impossible to extricate these appeals from emotional appeals. These sorts of questions are necessarily bound up with feelings of hope and empathy, dread and disgust, which amplify their stakes.

response and action. "If there is any hope of rhetoric's doing what Aristotle wants it to do," writes Nussbaum, "it had better be the case that emotions can in fact be created and taken away pretty reliably by discourse and argument" (306). What reservations Aristotle has about emotion—reservations that, in the process of being passed down to us, have been translated into arguments about the "irrationality" of emotion—align with his reservations about the art of rhetoric as a whole: not all emotions are "correct," and they can, in fact, be manipulated into incorrectness. At any given point along the pathway of emotion to belief and judgment, we are susceptible to detours and outright changes in the destination. Nussbaum notes: "[The] beliefs that ground the emotions are bound up with one another, in the sense that any deep attachment to *uncontrolled* things or persons in the world can provide the basis for any and all of the major emotions, given the appropriate changes in circumstance" (313, emphasis added). As such, emotions "need to be educated, and brought into harmony with a correct view of the good human life. But, so educated, they are not just essential as forces motivating to virtuous action, they are also…recognitions of truth and value" (316).

Firsthand experience tells us that it is not a controversial proposition to say that rational and irrational thinking are both guided by the directive force of emotion. But what, then, accounts for the difference we perceive between rational and irrational beliefs, decision-making, or trains of thought? I argue that rational conclusions are sanctioned by hegemonic discourse—and, with this sanction, they are made normative. Rational conclusions carry a rhetorical warrant; that is, more than overwhelming scientific evidence, the confirmation of experts, or firsthand common sense, it is their instantiation in and validation by hegemonic discourse warrants conclusions their rationality. Consider, for instance, the earliest instantiations of the "Build a wall!" chant at Trump rallies. Like many of Trump's solutions to America's social ills, building a "great wall" along the US-Mexico border seemed an absurd proposition—so much so that even many Trump supporters were quick to point out that the wall was a *metaphorical* wall. But in the time since, the non-metaphorical wall has

gained ground as a rational, viable solution to illegal immigration regardless of budgetary limitations and studies in human migration that would suggest otherwise. Cited often and vehemently enough by Trump (who now constitutes not only the man, but the *administration*), by shapers of policy and border security spokespeople, the wall is no longer some figment from the fringe, but an idea worthy of rational debate.[21] It has received its hegemonic warrant (even if Congress will never agree to pay for its construction).

Irrational conclusions do not carry such a warrant. The word "irrational" is used to signify that which deviates from—perhaps even expressly challenges or transgresses—rational patterns of thought. But what we deem irrational is still within the domain of reasoning, and in this the word fails us, for it attempts to negate the process of reasoning altogether. And yet we are left with a perspective, judgment, idea, or action—some product of the processes of reasoning, some evidence of reasoning's existence—which, regardless of its inherent irrationality, *has come from somewhere*. I think it is more productive to understand rational products of reasoning as *normative* products of reasoning, while what we might consider irrational thought might deviate from, transgress, disregard, and/or embellish upon (*ad infinitum*) those normative, sanctioned interpretations of the world. In the case of the wind controversy, I argue that the wind industry uses promotional media to fix a normative *phantasma* for industrial wind turbines in the imagination of audiences who seek to learn more about wind development. Utilizing textual and visual rhetoric which ripples across the sensorium, shaping one's sense—in the full-bodied definition of the word—of what wind turbines and wind energy are, this promotional media draws on environmentalist buzzwords and scientific data as much as on assumptions about feelings and expectations of what wind energy should do or

[21] In fact, Trump's entire campaign is a study in how "irrational," absurd ideas gain social currency through rhetorical warrant.

look like, to create a normative (and, importantly, uncontroversial) *phantasma* of industrial wind development.

Iberdrola's informational brochure, "Wind Energy Development" (Figure 10a and 10b), and Avangrid Renewables' newsletter (Figure 11a and 11b) about the Horse Creek Wind Project are representative of the types of promotional materials that Hammond residents would have encountered during the wind controversy.[22] In fact, most Hammond residents would know very well what the Horse Creek Wind Farm project is; located about 20 miles upriver from Hammond and over the county line in the towns of Clayton and Orleans, the project has been in a vehemently debated proposal stage for more than four years. The Iberdrola brochure and Avangrid newsletter share a similar design scheme and the same logo; Avangrid is a subsidiary of the former. The logo, of three tear-drop shaped leaves placed in a row, each slightly overlapping the one before it, showcases the palette that is used for the rest of the materials: one leaf the washed-out blue of sky, one leaf a muted grass green, and the last leaf a warm, peachy orange, reminiscent of sunset or red earth. These are the elemental colors of a clean, healthy environment. In addition to the company logo, the Avangrid newsletter features an additional logo for the Horse Creek Wind Farm project, which appears on other promotional and informational related to the project. The shape of New York State is laid out in the same blues and greens. Tiers of green hillsides fill in the lower half of the state, while the upper half, roughly following I-90's midsection of the state, is filled with sky. A tree grows over western New York, the tips of its branches extending into the nothingness of Lake Ontario. Next to the tree, and as if in the background, a wind turbine spans the panhandle from Elmira on the Pennsylvania border up to the lakeshore. In the foreground a larger turbine runs like a spine up the length of the state, from Westchester to Clinton County. The turbines are white—

[22] See Appendix D for the corresponding images of these documents.

pristine blank spaces in the landscape—and across them, at roughly the point where Upstate New York meets northern New York, a ribbon of green flows through, a simulated breeze. Throughout both the newsletter and brochure, these same ribbons of green and blue break up blocks of text, framing informational sections and suggesting the gentle movement of wind.

The overall design of both materials is spare and subtle—in many ways, what an industrial turbine is not—and it conveys the bright simplicity of the future brought to you by clean energy. Iberdrola's newsletter and Avangrid's brochure also contain photos of actual landscapes with wind turbines. In each of these photos, there are only a couple or handful of them outlined against the same bright and placid colorscape, rising from garden-variety agricultural vistas—corn, gentle hills, barnyard outbuildings—to stand in neat white formation against clear blue skies. Wind turbines, we are meant to understand, are clean. They come from the future, and so they look a little strange, but their strangeness is majestic. It is a strangeness that brings with it the good tidings of progress. They can coexist with the rural lifestyle that one has come to know and love. And those who support wind development, whether by leasing their land or supporting local projects, can feel good about their choice to do so because, as the Horse Creek newsletter declares, these people are "Working Together for a Clean Energy Future." Green energy, in short, is a collective effort—one for the good of all. The turbine objectifies this effort; it marks the landscape with citizens' concerns for and investments in the future.

The configuration of this particular objectification of the wind turbine is a *phantasma* crafted by Iberdrola and Avangrid, a discursive object that strongly suggests a certain interpretive trajectory and emotional response, thereby engendering certain judgments. Aristotle used the word *phantasia* to name the process whereby *phantasmata*—the "starting-point[s] for the operations of desire—are conjured (Nussbaum, "Role," 265). *Phantasia* has, at times, been translated as "imagination" or "fantasy," but it is, more precisely, an interpretive device that draws on the mind's ability to

imaginatively laminate cultural and historical connotations, personal experiences, and emotions upon an object that may or may not currently appear before one's eyes. When we think of this process, most of us probably think of the formation of mental "pictures"—and, indeed, *phantasia* is a device that orients itself around the mind's eye. But the entire realm of the sensorium is vital to *phantasia's* efficacy. Language is capable of titillating all of the senses, and visual design, as we have seen with the Iberdrola and Avangrid materials, is embedded with movement and able to conjure an *environment* of belief, feeling, and cultural expectation.

The Ancient Greek word for desire and appetite, *orexis*, took its form from the verb for *grasping after, stretching for, reaching toward*. Longing is physical. It warps the body. Orexis made a relatively brief appearance in standard English usage as a word used in rare instances to describe an appetite of a degenerate or libidinous nature. The lexicon of psychology is its exclusive domain today, where orexis and its family of variants—including anorexia—are used to describe hormonal and pathological conditions of appetite. In our contemporary medical lexicon, orexis has to do with those abnormal appetites that signal various pathologies, but in Aristotelian psychology, *orexis* is a necessary precursor to action and, on the most basic level, catalyst for the bodily movement of all animals. A "bodily alteration that leads to motion of the limbs" cannot occur without an initial rush of desire (Nussbaum, "Role," 237). Furthermore, this desire must be *prepared*, and it is, according to Aristotle, the faculty of *phantasia* that prepares *orexis* to provoke action. In *De Motu Animalium*, Nussbaum notes, Aristotle lays out a schema for the occurrence of action (that is, bodily movement) in animals: "For the affections suitably prepare the organic parts, desire [prepares] the affections, and *phantasia* [prepares] the desire; and *phantasia* comes about either through thought or through sense-perception" (702a18 ff., qtd. Nussbaum 233). *Phantasia*, Nussbaum tells us, is a member of the interdependent *kritika*, the "distinction-making faculties," which also include sense perception

(*aisthēsis*) and intellect (*nous*). Together, these faculties incite action by "present[ing] to the animal some object of desire and…present[ing] the concrete situation as an example of what is or is not desired" (232).

As I have noted above, many scholars have interpreted *phantasia* as an image-based faculty, given its connection with the verb "to appear," *phainesthai*. But Nussbaum insists that to think of *phantasia* as a faculty limited to the conception of images and the translation of sense perceptions into mental pictures is to convey a much narrower understanding of *phantasia* than Aristotle intends. Rather, *phantasia* encapsulates the awareness of sense perception, resulting in (potentially visualized) objects of reflection called *phantasmata* and calling for the interpretation of what one perceives (240). Nussbaum seems to argue that contemporary scholars are easily mislead by *phantasia*'s etymological connections with "appearance"; having been steeped in a canon that emphasizes the visual (as well as hard and fast demarcations between the five senses, and mind and body), it is difficult *not* to interpret *phantasia* as having exclusively to do with images. But Nussbaum argues that when Aristotle uses the word *phantasia* and its variants, "the words serve in a very general way to indicate Aristotle's interest in the way a scene looks to the living creature, what his awareness of it is, what he perceives it *as*" (245, original emphasis). Thus *phantasia* is used to discuss "the various ways something may appear to, or be interpreted by, a living creature," including instances in which "something in the world may appear a certain way to a creature, even while he holds an opposing belief about its nature" (245). *Phantasia* results in desire-driven action, therefore, because "the animal who 'phantasizes' will not just perceive an object, but perceive it *as* a thing of a certain sort, a thing that could become for him an object of either pursuit or avoidance" (246).

Both animals and humans engage in *phantasia*, but Aristotle notes in *De Anima* that only humans demonstrate two types of *phantasia*: perceptual *phantasia*, shared with other animals, and deliberative *phantasia*, which "involve[s] looking to the future, weighing one possible course of action

against another" (Nussbaum 263). "Desire never has a purely abstract object," writes Nussbaum; *phantasia* grants desire its force by tying it "to concrete perceptible objects or situations" (265). In the case of deliberative *phantasia*, "Human beings can…look to the future and to past experience, deliberating and weighing one 'this' against another," and they are able to perceive possible actions and their possible consequences, arriving at judgments that transform "'This or that,' [into] the unity, 'This rather than that'" (263–264). In Aristotle's words, the deliberating person, in the course of reasoning, "is able to make one *phantasma* out of many" (*De Anima* 434a7–10; qtd. Nussbaum 263).

Of course, people do not always carefully weigh multiple courses of action, considering the many *phantasmata* before them. One *phantasma* might overwhelm all from the start, catapulted into existence by a rhetor with stakes in where the judgment of this deliberating person will fall. In her quest to reclaim the complexity of *phantasia*, Nussbaum broadens its scope through this simple definition: "The *phantasia* is just our interpretation of the data presented to us" (248). "Just" is humble modifier, of course; this interpretation comes prior to all other action, including the arrival at a given judgment, and it is, therefore, an extremely important process with immense consequences. Much of its importance in rhetoric comes from the fact that rhetors can (and should) utilize phantasmatic language, language that can manipulate listeners' engagement in *phantasia*. Echoing Aristotle's own warnings about rhetorical manipulation, Nussbaum writes: "It is an activity that may go wrong, and a clever hypocrite"—or, say, a political charlatan—"can delude us in words and deeds, so that he appears to us to be what he is not" (248).

Nussbaum is adamant about the *interpretive* mechanism of *phantasia*, reframing *phantasmata* as phenomena that exceed the visual, so that phantasmic appearance and interpretation are as bound up with feeling as they are with vision. Image theory, she insists, is not necessary for understanding the nature of *phantasia*; indeed, it misses the point of *phantasia's* function. However, deliberative

phantasia does seem to call for the envisaging, the imagining, of what alternatives and consequences might *look* like. Glimpsing the *phantasmata* that influence where one stands on a given issue can help us better understand the emotional investments in that issue—and the emotional remains of its aftermath.

Ruth Hood lives on a small homestead up on the flat in Hammond, where the wind blows. There is an apple orchard next to her house, one that her husband planted and tended until he passed away in 2012. "Why my husband planted thirty apple trees is beyond me," she says. She slips between past and present tense when she talks about him: how he grew up in Wisconsin and left to join the Coast Guard; how, after his time in the navy was up, he thought about re-enlisting at the start of the Vietnam War; and how, fortunately, someone instead advised him to leave the Coast Guard and get a job at the nuclear plant so that he wouldn't be drafted overseas. "He got out of the Coast Guard on a Friday at 9am," Ruth remembers. "He took the ferry from Staten Island where the base was to Manhattan…got off, applied for the job, and they hired him, and he started work on Monday."

Friends downstate introduced Ruth and her husband to the North Country. In the late 1980s, when they bought their first 10 of 28 acres on this road in Hammond, they had several neighbors, besides the friends who lived at the end of the road, who were also from the same area just north of New York. "We were all from Orange County," she says, "and why we all ended up on this small road, I have no idea!" Though Ruth couldn't see it herself, her husband thought the pasture along this small road looked like where he had grown up in Wisconsin. That's why he decided this is where they would retire—that, and the fact that they didn't have much saved (there were five children, two of whom were in college at the same time), but a retirement in the North Country was something they could afford. Through the late eighties and early nineties, they came up every weekend, staying in a cabin with nothing but a potbelly stove for heat in the winter. Then they

built the rustic outbuildings and one-story house Ruth lives in now on abandoned pastureland, moving to Hammond for good in 1995.

The first thing I notice about Ruth is her accent, which is not the flat accent of the North Country, with its clipped consonants and nasal vowels. Hers clearly comes from downstate, and when I ask about this, she tells me about growing up in a Bronx neighborhood called Clason Point after the Second World War, at a time when that area was still "rural." She has a gleeful way of speaking, friendly, frank, and wry all at once, and she laughs a lot as she describes the old-timey sleepiness of her little neighborhood in the Bronx:

> Where I was born was probably about as built up as Hammond. We had no major stores, we had several bars [laughs], we had a grocery store, which was an A&P. We had a movie theater that, if there had been television when it was, television would have showed the movies before Beech Theater showed the movies. It cost you a quarter to go for a matinee. We had a drug store that had a soda fountain—big counter like the old-fashioned counters. And we had a mom and pop's. And that was it. … My high school faced the Bronx Zoo. So in our lunchtime during the nice weather, we used to take a stroll as far as the seals. … It was very rural. We had dirt roads. We had three volunteer fire companies.

My conversation with Ruth meanders through the Bronx of her childhood, through outings to "the city," a chance encounter with the presidential hopeful, John Fitzgerald Kennedy, whose middle name was the same as her last name, and on through her married life in the Hudson Valley, where she raised five children. As we talk, I can see how her life is organized around a constellation of wars: the Second World War, during which she was born (she tells me that her birth saved her father from being drafted because they weren't drafting married men with children); the Vietnam War, which her husband narrowly avoided; the first Gulf War, in which her youngest son fought (he

survived, but not without long-term injuries); and 9/11 and the second war in Iraq. The war of her early childhood resonates today in particularly interesting ways. For instance, she is wary of offshore wind turbine installations like the one that is supposed to be built off of Long Island because, as she says, "Some people don't realize how close submarines were to New York City from Germany in World War Two. They landed in Coney Island! Four men came to shore and some people thought they were in a Halloween costume—it was Halloween." In other words, you can't see what is going on among those turbines under the water, whether the menace is terrorism or mechanical disaster. In the same way, she tends to talk about the draft like it still exists, and when she explains her stance on the wind turbines in Hammond, she talks about saving lives so that no mother would suffer like a woman she remembers from the war years in Clason Point. Leasing her land to wind developers had nothing to do with money, Ruth says:

> To me, if it would have saved somebody's 19-year-old from getting blown up arms and legs, that was my thought. I had four sons. I had a neighbor, when I was growing up, lost her entire family to World War Two.…She lost the first son right away….Then her next one went. When she got to the fourth son, she had made a complaint to someone, you know like, I've lost my whole family. They said the son would not go overseas. He had to be drafted, it was the law, but they would keep him in the United States. He would train other soldiers. He was on a thing stringing telephone line, and lightning got him. Well, at that time, they had a guy [on a bicycle who] would deliver the Western Union telegrams because gasoline was rationed. And when you see this bicycle, people would come out to stare and see where he was going. And when it stopped at that house, the father took a fatal heart attack. Husband and fours sons, gone.

The wind controversy in Hammond arrived at a time when the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan had more than made their mark on North Country life.[23] "We have a wonderful army in this country," Ruth says, "but no matter how well you train them, they can't compete against a car bomb. I mean, and all of the injuries they were getting were from these IEDs, and I just felt so sorry for the young people…that were just married and coming home minus arms, legs. … And you can't convince me otherwise—you can talk 'til your blue in the face—that that war in Iraq wasn't about oil." Wind turbines were a way of saving lives by diminishing American dependence on foreign oil. And so, Ruth says, "I told them, if it would keep one kid from getting his arms, legs, or a brain injury, they could put the darn thing in my front yard." In truth, Ruth would not have been able to put a wind turbine in her front yard, nor anywhere else on her property, as she does not own the minimum 50 contiguous acres required for a turbine installation. It was her son, not her, who signed a lease with Iberdrola for the property abutting hers, but Ruth clearly supported this and was willing to grant right of way to the wind company, if it would be helpful during construction for them to build a road through her woods to reach her son's fields.

When Ruth looked at an industrial wind turbine, and when she considered the impacts of large industrial wind installations around the country, she saw boys—boys like her sons had been in the 1970s, boys like her father had been at the beginning of World War Two, boys newly married, just barely men—whose bodies and minds had been wrecked by homemade explosive devices, homemade explosive devices steadily hacking away at the most technologically advanced military in

[23] There are stories about this that I would like to tell: of Private Jack Sweet, 19-years-old, who was blown up by an IED in Jawwalah, Iraq, in January 2008. And of the people of Alexandria Bay, standing amid four-foot-high snow banks and spilling out onto Route 12, on the frigid Valentine's Day that they brought him home. Located in Jefferson Country, Fort Drum wields a major economic and cultural influence over the rest of the North Country, and its Green Mountain Division was a heralded division in the War on Terror. Lots of kids in the North Country join the military right out of high school because they don't know what else to do or they don't have the financial means to do whatever that *else* is. The military's sphere of influence, and the personal magnitude of death in these distant wars—this was (is/will continue to be) true in rural communities all over the country.

the world. And *wind* was one way that she could imagine of putting a stop to this wreckage. Remembering the coal-dusted homes of Clason Point, she expressed an implicit appreciation for the cleanness of wind energy; and at one point, we did briefly discuss how difficult it was for her neighbors to hold on to their farms and how wind might have helped out. But these conventional, well-traveled narratives of the wind industry—the ones that appeared on brochures, in newsletters, in discussions at public meetings, and on fliers around town (*If you're against turbines, you're against farmers*) were not the narratives that mattered the most to her and they are not, to this day, the narratives about industrial wind development that ground her feelings on the topic.

For a while during the controversy, Ruth left her church. She left the church because she felt singled out for being pro-wind (she and her husband were not "loud" attendees at public meetings, but they did display a pro-wind sticker on their vehicle); that was uncomfortable enough, but her residual disgust about the whole thing is tied to the realization she had at the time that no one else in her congregation was willing to sacrifice their view to save the lives of kids over in Iraq and Afghanistan. She gestures again at her front yard, gray and waterlogged with snowmelt and March rain, where, even at this very moment, she would be more than willing to put that turbine, the one amplified by memories of the war of her childhood and all the wars since then which have merged into the same specter of death, the one that her own family has been lucky to outwit many times, though many others have not.

In perhaps the most current iteration of the Aristotelian *phantasma*, D. Fox Harrell defines phantasms, quite simply, as "*a combination of imagery (mental or sensory) and ideas*" (4, original emphasis). Phantasms, according to Harrell, "imbue images with connotative meanings based in some worldview beyond that which is apprehended perceptually" (6). Importantly, he notes that phantasms are "semivisible…revealed only when compared to concepts and images grounded in

multiple worldviews. For individuals whose worldviews correspond to those in which the phantasm is based, the assumptions underlying the connotative meaning are invisible. But from other worldviews or perspectives, the assumptions underlying the connotative meaning of the phantasm are clear and obvious" (6). As Ruth Hood exemplifies, *phantasmata* are imbued with both cultural and personal assumptions that shape how we understand them, and in some cases, the personal experience one brings to phantasmatic interpretation can result in a rather unusual *phantasma*, one that diverts from—perhaps even undermines—the conventional cultural significance of an object. Though we can assume much about how people understand—that is, interpret—something like the image of an industrial wind turbine, we cannot assume everything. Made-up minds, it seems, are quite capable of winding up in territories that seem logical and familiar enough to the maker, but utterly irrational ("wrong-headed," we might say) to someone else. The *phantasma* of Ruth Hood's wind turbine is something of an anomaly, but it should not be discounted, for it is quite possible that a *phantasma* that resonates with such patriotic notions of sacrifice and (un)just war could catch, a discursive contagion.

The windmills of the old frontier were objects that reflected American values of innovation and self-sufficiency, and in this sense, they were another kind of patriotic object, embodying essential American principles. According to Righter:

> The old water-pumpers represent a continuation of topophilia, or love of the land.…On the other hand, the larger wind generators of today…have a negative image in the eyes of many Americans. There is nothing nostalgic or romantic about them. They represent not the pioneer past but an uncertain future. The turbines evoke feelings of technophobia. They are steel and they are massive.…Visually, they seem to rival nature rather than cooperate with it. (*Wind Energy* 31)

Righter's perception of many Americans' feelings regarding industrial wind turbines is accurate. But objects do not relinquish their phantasmatic genealogies so easily, or so completely. Since its inception in medieval Europe, the windmill was understood to be an egalitarian technology—perhaps one of the first. "Neither solar energy nor wind energy can be controlled by any person or corporation," writes Righter. "They are free energy sources, open to all who can figure out how to utilize them" (*Windfall* 8). In feudal England, where the windmill flourished, clergy and landed gentry controlled access to the waterways that wound through their land. Peasants and landowners without riparian access had no legal right to the only power source for grain mills—that is, until the invention of the windmill. Righter argues that the first windmills "proved a stimulus, perhaps a catalyst, to budding ideas of middle-class enterprise and democracy. … Enterprising men and women, seeking economic independence and a degree of political rights, built windmills in defiance of established energy monopolies and feudalistic practices. They were not altogether successful, but this mechanical marvel introduced one avenue to begin questioning the long-established medieval order" (*Wind Energy* 18).

English windmills introduced an element of independence and self-sufficiency into the lives of people who had theretofore known their livelihoods to be entirely subject to the whims of the ruling classes. In the burgeoning United States, this independence and self-sufficiency evolved alongside the windmill's purpose, from grinding grain to pumping groundwater in the arid West. Righter explains, "By tapping ground water, these agrarians became independent of surface streams, which were often controlled by large ranching interests….Wind energy has always been associated with individual freedom.…Seeing a windmill turning provided an undeniable satisfaction to the owner, for the fuel was free. No wonder the American windmill became an icon of independence and freedom" (*Windfall* 8–9).

Righter notes that the rise of the windmill in the agrarian West "had little to do with environmental concerns and more to do with Benjamin Franklin's dictum: 'Waste not, want not'" (8). The purported desirability of industrial turbines today—turbines which do not power leaseholders' homes or grant them increased self-sufficiency—greatly hinges on residents' investment in environmental concerns. But for many people, the democratizing innovation and independence of those old windmills resonates in the gargantuan shape of their industrial descendants, and this innovation and independence, with its distinct rural, agrarian tones, is a subtext beneath the green energy discourse of wind industry media.

The original Duncan farm is at the bottom of the St. Lawrence River. The Seaway took it. The Seaway took a lot of things; that civil engineering project of the 1950s, which widened and deepened the commercial shipping channel connecting the northern Atlantic to the Great Lakes system, consumed whole islands, vast Gilded Age summer estates, ancestral homes, and even entire hamlets. The Duncan farm was one of these casualties, all 250 acres of it, including its 1500 feet of white sand waterfront. "You had no choice in the matter," John Duncan tells me. "They came in with their lawyers, you had to sign, you had to take what they offered, that was it, and you had nine months to get out. Period." He was a baby when the Seaway took the farm—this farm that the Duncan family moved to in Hammond is the only home he can recall ever having had—but it is clear when he talks about it that he has inherited the loss of his parents' and grandparents' home, and all its attendant ghosts. There is nothing to go back to, like a body buried at sea. And every story about his life in Hammond begins with the farm the Seaway took, because the farm the Seaway took is the reason for the farm that he lives on now, spread across flat green fields, miles from water on either side.

As is true of many farming families in Hammond, it is unclear who will inherit this farm when the Duncan sons retire. John and his brother do not have children, but even if they did, it is unlikely that the children would want to take over the farm, and John believes that you should encourage your children to do what they want to do. Farming doesn't work out if your heart's not in it. As for John himself, he says, "When I graduated from high school, I had absolutely no idea what to do with my life. And, if I was to graduate tomorrow, I'd be in the same boat, I'd have no idea what to do." A look around his home offers a different story—John is a self-taught master carpenter, a man who can look at a piece of period furniture in a catalogue and then build his own exquisite and meticulous version—but he seems to consider carpentry and woodwork as *only* hobbies. He didn't know what he wanted to do with his life, career-wise, at eighteen, and he still doesn't—but he knew he wanted to learn with his hands, so he stayed on the farm. "Today, you have to have so much education just to do your field," he says. "In the past, it was hands-on experience that taught you. On a farm, you learn how to do everything from animal husbandry to crops, wiring, plumbing, construction. You're a jack of all trades but master of none."

Bitterness surges through John's voice when he talks about the wind controversy. He tells me that while some people have probably moved on, the issue is still very real for him, the feelings still raw. As leaseholders, the Duncans would have directly benefited from the wind development project; while they held a lease with Iberdrola, they were paid $2,000 a year, which, according to John, covered the farm's taxes. If the turbines had been erected, this figure would have increased considerably. John no longer remembers what figure Iberdrola discussed with them—or he isn't willing to say—but he is confident that it would have been enough for their financial anxieties to vanish. "It would have made it easier," John says. "We would have had more money coming in. 'Cause that's always the bottom line with any business, you've got to have enough money coming in to meet bills." If the turbines had gone up, John's parents would have been able to stop pouring

their Social Security into the farm—and the Duncan brothers would have been able to "quit farming" altogether. This admission brings to mind anti-wind residents' accusations that farmers saw the wind turbines as an opportunity to make some easy money and stop working.[24] What John means, however, is that they would have been able to sell the cows and focus on simply growing and selling hay, work that better suits the physical reality of the people that run the Duncan farm: John's father is 90, his mother close to it. He and his brother do most of the farm work, along with a reliable farmhand, but soon the farmhand will graduate from high school and pursue a college degree, and they're not optimistic that they'll find such good, steady help again. John and his brother are 60, and while John is healthy, his brother has been plagued by illness and accident for the past several years. During the wind controversy, John ran the farm while taking care of his brother, who was gravely ill with a rare disease. The long-term cure was an organ transplant. After John's brother received the transplant and recovered from the disease, he was involved in several farm accidents. The most serious of these occurred in 2015, when a cow kicked him and he landed on the back of his head on the cement floor of the barn. Upon his release from the hospital, where he was treated for a number of broken bones, he spent almost three months in a rehabilitation facility recovering from a traumatic brain injury. "He has never gotten over it," John says. "I doubt if he ever will. He gets mad quick."

The bitterness that John and his brother feel towards the people who fought successfully to keep wind out of Hammond—people who were wealthy, people who were retired, "river people" and "summer people"—is compounded by the toll of these personal tragedies. If the wind project had gone forward, it is possible that John's brother would not have suffered from the farm accidents

[24] Many people in the North Country express a strong disgust for those who draw off of unemployment, disability, and other kinds of welfare safety nets. In my observation, this disgust towards a collective non-working poor, regardless of what their individual circumstances might be, seeps into all sorts of attitudes having to do with "work ethic."

that he did; he could have fully recuperated from his transplant and then "just done what [he] wanted to to survive." John's brother doesn't say what this other work might have been, but one can imagine that it would have been less demanding of his strength and his time, and less dangerous.[25] And while it is probably true that few anti-wind people were thinking about the Duncans, and John's sick brother in particular, when they began fighting against the wind project, John's brother feels like the anti-wind campaign was a personal attack. "It makes me so disgusted," he says. "I've been through too much, and I hold it bitterly against these people that they did what they did."

According to John, it was difficult to be a working person and have a meaningful impact at the wind committee meetings. "Actually, it was more of an *anti*-wind committee, because it was already determined before the first meeting that there were going to be no turbines in Hammond," he says. He described these meetings as, "Very tense and *very* lopsided. If you were anti-wind, you could get up and talk all you wanted, but if you were pro-wind, they'd cut you off." Anti-wind people, particularly those who formed the backbone of Concerned Residents of Hammond (CROH), could afford to pour all of their time and energy into seeking legal outlets and deploying tactics which would slow down and ultimately stop the wind project. "It was just so one-sided," John says again. "Anyone who was anti-wind was retired, they had the time to dedicate toward it. And the people who were pro-wind were working. You come home at night, you didn't want to go to any of the meetings. My brother was on dialysis, I was doing the work of two people, and get done milking as quick as I could and get right up to the meeting." But many people, John notes, *didn't* make it to the meetings and many working voices were not heard, not even long enough to be cut off by anti-wind folks.

[25] For more information on the hazards of farming in the United States, and dairy farming in particular, see "Death on the Farm" by Jesse Hirsch (*Modern Farmer*, June 2014), and "Dairy dangers: As production rises, so do concerns about workers' safety" by Joanna Zuckerman Bernstein (*Times Union*, June 2014). OSHA also keeps statistics on farming safety.

John returns again and again to this divide between the "river people"—the people, many of them seasonal, many of them retirees and transplants, that own waterfront or island property on the St. Lawrence—and the "people of Hammond," but it is unclear who makes up the latter category. Certainly, he means farmers, though there are several farming families in Hammond, like the Barrs, who are first-generation transplants to the area, and who did not support Iberdola's industrial wind project. More likely, John means the people that were pro-wind, many of whom were farmers, as well as those who *supported the vision*—one which would give farmers financial stability and occupational freedom, while rejuvenating the village and school with tax revenue. There were anti-wind people who accused the farmers of selfishness for wanting so badly to erect turbines, which would benefit them directly while being a visual and aural disturbance for everyone else. But John was not the only farmer who saw selfishness in the anti-wind stance. More than once, pro-wind residents like John's mother presented correspondence to the Wind Advisory Committee from municipal officers elsewhere in Upstate New York who believed their towns had greatly benefitted from the presence of industrial wind. And yet, John says:

> You could not get it through these people's heads how it was going to benefit the town. All I could see was a very large group of ignorant selfish people saying it was going to affect their way of life. I still can't figure out what they meant by that. … From Morristown right through to the county line, most of these homes are below the ledge, right along Route 12. They were not going to be affected by the turbines because you couldn't see them. All these homes along the river, the windows face the river. … The wind turbines were probably a good three-quarters of a mile from the river. But it was going to affect their way of life!

John has traveled outside of the North Country and abroad. He gets most of his news from Canadian radio and television stations, which he feels are less biased. He reads *National Geographic*

religiously—and has for more than four decades. He laments the ignorance of his pro-Trump acquaintances, who were so misinformed that they thought Benghazi was a *person*. Twice he references Trump's rhetorical tactics during our interview, comparing the lies that fueled the campaign with the lies that fueled the anti-wind brigade in Hammond. He chuckles about the "alternative facts" that cropped up in the debate about industrial wind. "They would come up with some of the *stupidest* ideas!" he says. "Did you know that the red lights on top of these wind towers were gonna cause epilepsy?" He is pro-choice and an atheist: in short, John Duncan's politics are not what you would expect of a dairy farmer born and raised in northern New York. He prides himself on being worldly, open-minded, and well informed, someone who "embrace[s] change" while "others fight it"—specifically the changes wrought by renewable energy. "It was a no-brainer," he says. "When you travel to Europe and everything, it opens your eyes. They are so far ahead of us on a lot of things. There are a lot of wind farms throughout Europe." The wind turbines would have provided a much more stable means of income for John's aging, ailing family; they were a way out of a situation that was becoming unbearable. But for John, they were also the embodiment of progress: "It'd be no different than power lines being put up, which a lot of people were against in the 1930s. That's progress. You can't stop progress. Unless you want to live in the colonial period, you can't stop this stuff." The anti-wind faction in Hammond, like "right-wing" environmentalists across the nation who raised alarm about wind farms and solar fields, were anti-progress. They wanted everything to stay the same because it suited *them*.

"There are still a lot of wounds," I say to John at the end of our interview. "Are there any silver linings?"

Without missing a beat, he replies, "Hammond's not off the list. Iberdrola will be back. It may not be in my lifetime, but it's just the idea that it would beat these people, especially the river people. Because they have such an attitude, that 'we're better than you.'"

Had the wind controversy reached a different resolution, the stark white wings of wind turbines would have beat the air surrounding John Duncan's house, arcing across the sky in succession for as far one could see west across the flat. They would have been there in the windows, framed by the glow of pine woodwork that John cut, assembled, and burnished with his own hands. Harrell notes that "to the extent that people ever imaginatively extrapolate to fill in gaps in our firsthand experiences, we are building phantasms" (5). These mental "images" that are both created out of and spur more than optical seeing situate us and our worldviews within the world before us. What John saw and what he sees now when he thinks about the wind project is not as explicitly rendered as the *phantasma* of Ruth Hood but, in its murkiness, is an apt example of the way that the phantasmatic image "does not refer only to immediately perceived vision but rather refers to any mental or sensory impression, whether based on something at hand, remembered, or imagined" (6). Imagination "is not just 'in the head,'" Harrell argues: "[I]maginative cognition involves the body, due to reliance on sensory perception and motor action in the case of interactive systems, other people, artifacts, environments, and immediate situations at hand" (28). John's view of the turbines as instantiations of progress—progress, which becomes less unsightly, less foreign, with time—rings of the industry-sanctioned *phantasma* of industrial wind development, but it is only one element of a dense agglomerate of sentiments and rationales foregrounded by a host of personal and inherited experiences. John's adaptation of the industry-sanctioned *phantasma* of progress is only the public face for a much more idiosyncratic, private *phantasma* that interweaves his brother's suffering and his parents' aging with his own exhaustion as a caretaker, the long lost farm now fifty feet below the water with the imminent loss of this farm up on the flat, and the steady decline of business in town with the brush creeping across abandoned grazing lands. Such an amassing of images—each a tiny slide of emotions, rationale, and implications—does not put the wind controversy at a further

emotional remove, making it easier to let go of how things turned out. Instead, this "heaping up"—what Aristotle called *huperochē* (Hawhee 148)—of what amounts to the wrongdoings of fate and fellow citizens have become a kind of lens that John wears now, through which events like his brother's fifth farm accident become consequences of the selfishness of the Hammond elite.

Investigating the distinctly rhetorical underpinnings of *phantasia*, Debra Hawhee argues that Aristotle, who writes more explicitly about *phantasia* in his philosophical and psychological works,[26] believed that rhetoric "is often the medium by which *phantasia* and *pathē* [emotions] and *phantasia* of *pathē*, mix and mingle simultaneously, forming a complex and at times compound set of competing but often complementary visions, thereby intensifying the *pathē* overall" (146). From a rhetorical perspective, Hawhee (and, as we shall see, Michele Kennerly), shifts emphasis from the subject's production of *phantasmata*/phantasms as mechanisms for responding to the world, onto the rhetorical purpose of *phantasia*, whereby *phantasmata* are produced by the rhetor *for* an audience, a kind of gift—or poison apple—meant to arouse certain emotions and incite certain actions. Rhetoric is agile, its capabilities (and possibilities) directly related to its ability to move through bodies, along the expressways of our senses. Situating *phantasia* within a rhetorical context, we can begin to understand it as a kind of "rhetorical style that infuses words with perceivable movement and life, with visualizable action," arousing a "communicative synesthesia," whereby a lush, dense, pictorial language enraptures any combination of a listener's senses, memories, and related emotions (Hawhee 140). This enrapturing language persuades not only because of its ability to grasp minds and bodies, but also because its excessive presentation of detail crowds out possibilities, creating an overwhelming "composite" (Hawhee 148) that will move the audience to judgment. Through this process of rhetorical amplification, phantasmatic language necessarily silences. In Hammond, river

[26] I.e. *De Motu Animalium, De Anima,* and *De Memoria et Reminiscentia*.

people's dread-infused *phantasmata* of the industrial wasteland that would be at their backs, their speculations regarding deafening noise, disease, and dead birds, rhetorically silenced the likes of John Duncan. And given his self-perception (accurate, I might add), as someone who is well spoken, well informed, and more open-minded than many of the people who also call Hammond home (whether three or twelve months of the year), it is no wonder that this continues to roil inside him.

Phantasia, as Hawhee notes, appears across a variety of moments in Aristotle's writings, from discussions of movement, to rationales for particular types of emotion, to dreams, memory, and illusion, pointing, therefore, towards a faculty which "includes but goes beyond sense perception; it involves movement, merges with desire, and strains toward action and judgment" (142). Hawhee goes on to suggest that spatiality is an essential component of *phantasia* on two levels. First, *phantasia* occurs "when vision happens at some remove or is otherwise limited" (143), enabling one to see what is not physically before one's eyes or what is perhaps still in the making. Second, the dense *phantasmata* produced by *phantasia* take up space; phantasmatic language "[has] the capacity, in bringing energetic images before the eyes, to compete with, or perhaps even overtake, what is already before the eyes of the audience, to lift them out of the present by flooding their eyes with active images from the past or projected into the future" (159). Aristotle notes that emotional states are similarly bound up with a proximity to one's body and one's immediate embodied experience: "hope of safety," for example, "is accompanied by an imagination that it is near, while fearful things either do not exist or are far away," while "[d]readful things being far off plus sources of safety being near at hand equal feelings of confidence" (2.5.16–17).

"Words facilitate vision" (Hawhee 159)—vision that is necessary for one to believe, decide, or judge. *Phantasia* utilizes the cognitive/linguistic task of bringing-before-the-eyes, whereby what is yet to come in reality, has, through speech, already arrived, "for things should be seen as being done rather than as going to be done" (3.10.1410b.33–35; qtd. Hawhee 153). Sara Newman reads

bringing-before-the-eyes as "a capacity which illustrates what is not physically present to the audience as if those individuals can perceive that visual presence as a completed activity" (10). At stake in such rhetorical work, notes Hawhee, "is not merely the change from future to present tense, but the animated gathering of both future and past images into the now by rendering them lively, vivid, and kinetic" (153). In civic debate, bringing-before-the-eyes heightens the stakes for everyone involved. There is hope (and relief, and perhaps a certain kind of ecstasy) for things that have not yet delivered; there is intense, wild fear for things that do not yet menace; and there is bitter loss and disappointment for things that one never possessed in the first place. Michele Kennerly describes these experiences as "journeys of judgment" (288), more explicitly attending to rhetoric's phantasmatic capacity to take us places. "Rhetoric's power to move shifts from an alteration of an emotional state full stop to one that transitions into an alteration of location," she writes. "Words move us, and not always with our permission" (274). Kennerly goes on to say that *phantasia* "does not merely captivate an audience: it takes them captive" (275). *Where* this captive place is is important, for "persuasion and visualization do not necessarily take us to ugly places, but they do take us places, and the destination often is not up to us" (277). And it is likely, too, that what we see in this place might be so desirable that we long for it, seeking avenues for return, long after the speech or text or conversation has done its work, long after people have moved away or died, long after the community has moved on to new issues. To be captured by a *phantasma* of composite pasts, presents, and futures, where lived experience and embodied knowing mingle with possibilities that still feel so resonant, even if, in retrospect, they were DOA, is to be in the thrall of unresolvable emotions. And that is a lonely place.

In 1925, James Mickel Williams published a "social psychology" of rural life in New York State. An "attempt"—the first, according to Williams—"to explain historically the attitudes and beliefs of a

considerable part of the rural population of the United States," *Our Rural Heritage* examines a number of "attitudes" characteristic of rural people, attitudes towards religion, education, politics, social interaction, kinship, and humor (xiii). Throughout the book, farmers are presented as *the* rural class rather than one category of rural citizen; at any rate, at the time of the book's writing, farming was the dominant rural occupation. "The behavior of rural people always has been different from that of city people," writes Williams. "This is due to the different conditions under which they live and work." He contends that "exposure" to the conditions of rural livelihood, characterized by the uncertainty of seasons and daily weather, has saturated the farmer's being (32). According to Williams, the farmer's "first thought when he awoke in the morning was, 'I wonder what kind of a day it's going to be,' and his first act was to look out and see. His last thought at night was of what the weather might be on the morrow. This interest was due to the effect of the weather on the farmer's movements from day to day" (33). He goes on to detail the ways that the farmer's embodied relationship with uncertain weather (and, by extension, uncertain fortunes), influenced his religious beliefs, his work ethic, his resilience in the face of disaster, and his intellectual attitudes. For instance, the uncertainty permeating the farmer's environment encouraged "reliance on one's own opinion, particularly on what one 'happened to think.' There was an inclination to think lightly of the value of scientific knowledge because certain knowledge seemed impossible in the face of the uncertainty of the seasons. So one man's opinion, provided he was a man of experience, seemed as good as another's" (39–40). I wonder about the datedness of *Our Rural Heritage*—and, indeed, it is a dated agrarian romance in many respects. But when I interview Bill Glover, it is as if he has leapt directly from this handful of pages.

Bill Glover exudes a salt-of-the-earth friendliness, the kind stereotypical of country people. It's a friendliness not be mistaken for friendship, but rooted in the conviction that this is how you ought to treat people, especially in a small town, where people you might not always agree with are

still an intimate, unavoidable part of your everyday life. It is no surprise, then, that Bill expresses dismay over the way that people on both sides of wind controversy acted in his town. "I didn't think that people could be so ugly about things in a discussion," he says. Of the pro-wind residents, he notes, there were some young people who were "full of vinegar," and there were people who acted "in poor taste." Like many of the actual leaseholders in Hammond, he would have preferred a quieter debate, one that stayed mostly among trusted Town Board members—certainly not the vehement debate that spilled over onto plywood signs in front yards and along roadsides, accusations of assault, and acts of vandalism.

Unlike John Duncan, Bill holds no bitterness over the wind controversy—or his bitterness is largely undetectable in his reminiscent talk, peppered with chuckling exclamations. He is eager to set the record straight in terms of the accusation of selfishness that anti-wind residents raised against *him* and fellow farmers, and he remains somewhat surprised by the way hard feelings have endured, the way some neighbors still won't speak to him. What regret he has seems to resonate with a disappointment that people in such a "close-knit" town could treat each other so badly—swayed by the vehemence of the seasonal river people. And he is embarrassed, in a way, that wind company representatives were treated with such hostility and disrespect at public meetings. That's not the version of his town that he would want decent people from the outside to know or remember. Overall, however, Bill's feelings about the wind controversy—the way it unfolded, the way it resolved—are much less raw than John Duncan's (and, likely, many other pro-wind residents) diminished by what seems like a characteristic capacity for reflection. Surprised by the ugliness of people he had known for decades, if not all of his life, he is nonetheless able to see where they were coming from—these people with their simple, fearful, rashly defined reasoning about what the turbines would do to their quality of life and, most of all, their view. "You know, I've never disliked anybody on the anti-wind side or anything else, I've always tried to talk with them on other issues,

tried to stay away from the wind…. [You] live with it, you know…. I just think it takes a lot longer for some of the anti-wind people to come around. Some of them will never—will *never* turn around…. Hey," Bill says, invoking a perennial North Country phrase, "it is what it is."

Establishing this emotional remove, of course, has much to do with the way the years following Iberdrola's exit from Hammond have treated the Glovers. To begin with, the Glover farm was no hardscrabble operation by Hammond standards, and the Glover men were healthy and had good help. And though they would have made a considerable profit from the turbines, after Iberdrola withdrew its lease the Glovers were able to sell the farm and "retire."[27] They continue to live on the land they have looked out over every day of their lives, but they have entrusted its stewardship to a new generation of farmers. Soybeans and corn blanket the fields. "It's nice to see the land being used," Bill says. For farmers, there's a sorrow in unworked fields slowly being taken back by bushes and saplings. The turbines were one solution to this potential predicament on the Glover farm, but after this fell through, they were lucky to find another.

Around the time that wind company representatives approached Bill Glover and his family about putting turbines on their property—a considerable patchwork of grazing land and grain fields up on the windswept flat—dairy farming was less profitable than it had been in a long time: the lean years were getting leaner. "Farming goes in cycles," Bill says:

> You may get three, maybe four, years out of ten years of either just making a little bit of money or having a great year, and then the other six years are lean—you don't quite break even, poor milk prices, you don't buy equipment, you don't buy a lot of things that you would normally do to keep the farm up. It's that one great year that you look at to replace and do something to expand, whatever it takes to make sure

[27] Bill and his brother both continue to work, but not in agriculture. Bill's brother works full-time; Bill's job is seasonal.

> that the next time you get into a crisis that you can carry yourself on for a couple of years at least. When the wind towers came in, it was probably the worst milk crisis that we had, there was such a glut of milk in the country that the prices went diving [like] I'd never seen it.

When the wind men came to town, milk prices were so low, Bill says, that they were making half of what they needed to make per 100 pounds of milk in order to break even. North Country dairy farmers financially support their operations in a number of ways—through, for example, a spouse's second income, or Social Security payments (as is true of the elder Duncans), or the growing and selling of feed grain—but the pricing and market for their primary product, milk, is a complicated matter. For one thing, the price per 100 pounds of milk is set by the federal government. Every farmer I have spoken with agrees that the government's price manipulation is meant to benefit the lobby-strong milk processors rather than stabilize profits for farmers (the tone of this complaint ranges from the matter-of-fact to the insinuation of large-scale conspiracy). Whether the government-set price turns out to be a boon or bane for dairy farmers is then complicated by the supply and demand of regional markets. Bill relates the example of the Greek yogurt industry in Upstate New York, initially heralded as a saving grace for dairy farmers all over the state:

> The Greek food plant down in central New York…told all the farmers three years ago, "We need your milk for this Greek yogurt, you need to add on more cows." Well, guess what. The guys all added some more cows to the farms. The Greek yogurt plant never bought that milk. They're only operating at fifty percent.…Probably their market for Greek yogurt wasn't as big as they thought it would be. And they put the farmers into a bad situation to start with.

Then there are the sorts of unforeseeable circumstances of nature, health, and machinery that have plagued farmers for centuries. Say a sickness sweeps through your herd. Say you need to replace the

tires on your tractor: that'll cost you $10,000. Say drenching rains or drought destroy your grain crop: there goes both your supplemental income and the feed for your animals. Now you have to buy feed—and say this happens in a year when, because of rains or drought, prices for feed are high. Say your own body breaks down, or your partner is involved in a farm accident, or your farmhand commits suicide. Lean years are mean years, and in a farmer's mind, they are always there, up ahead, getting closer.

For Bill, then, the turbines were something that could make those years less menacing. "When the wind power came through and we [his family] were discussing things, it wasn't that we were looking at the money for the wind towers to create retirements or anything like that," he says. Instead, "It would have helped with the lean years, going through, so that we weren't struggling as hard on things as we were." There were other perks: the wind men "respected the farmers, you know, that they gotta farm around these things," proposing a turbine layout that would, as much as possible, stay close the tree lines of fields, out of the way of animals and tractors. As for the permanent changes to the property that would come with the installation of the turbines, Bill thought these were "a plus": "They were gonna put in roadways to these wind towers, and we were looking at this as, jeepers, you know, we ride these rough roads with tractors and wagons and we're gonna have a decent road coming out of our fields without getting stuck and ruts and everything else. We're gonna have something to get up on to and get out to the farm quicker." For Bill, wind development meant farm development. And it also meant community development: like other middle-aged lifetime residents of Hammond, when asked what had changed in the town, he recites a familiar litany of businesses that have closed their doors, of buildings that have burned: the Agway, the hardware store, the automotive place, the two restaurants, the bowling alley, the gas station. "I look at my downtown in Hammond," he says, "and it's *dead*." The wind men told Bill that before the Maple Ridge installation, Lowville had been dead too. Then the wind turbines came in, and with

them, new businesses and a robust tax base. From Bill's point of view, wind development would have not only delivered farmers from the lean years but the entire town itself; the wind turbines presented sheer possibility for a town that currently had none:

> I talked to [Lowville residents] about what [wind development] did down to Lowville, and they talked about how many business came in, and how dead their town was too, and what it brought back in taxes and what it would do for the school, and then I started thinking about things. And I didn't tell anyone this but, you know, we could have taken some of that money [from surplus tax revenue] and put it away for something. [The town] could have probably…dropped a turbine over in Blind Bay area, there's a very deep channel with a swift current over there…. Could've made our own power. Everyone could've have benefitted from cheaper power. We could have put up solar. Could have done a lot of things. There were a lot of options, but people…. They were so adamant about each other's side, they just forgot about the rest of the people in town that weren't in the fray.

According to Bill, ultimately there were people who couldn't see beyond what the turbines would look like, a material blight up there on the flat. But those who were pro-wind, especially those who were farmers, were able to see the things the turbines would bring with them in the years to come. They were able to see the turbines not as (or only) massive white machines spinning 400 feet above the fields, but as a collective threshold for a future that Hammond had been struggling to access without success for years now. In other words, Bill says, the pro-wind folks "could see a little bit beyond what was coming":

> I don't know, farmers have a little more intuition, they can kind of see ahead a little bit of things because they have to, they have to project what's coming up the next year, what they think it's gonna be. You kind of look ahead all the time. And in this

> case, we kind of looked ahead at what would happen with our community, what would go on. The benefits and everything, they outweighed the cons. I think the normal people that aren't in that type of position probably wanted to know both sides, but they didn't want to ruin their view. I think that was the big one—the view.

Bill speaks to an emotional divide born of an occupational *habitus*. As Kenneth Burke observes, communication cannot effectively traverse this divide without serious regard for the auditor's interests: "Without the assistance of [interest], the entire paraphernalia of appeal—comprehensiveness, conciseness, cogency, construction, pliancy, and all the rest *ad lib.*—are wasted. The dullest sentences, exchanged between young lovers or between employee and employer, may be vibrant, whereas the results of many years' effort and engrossment may seem insipid. We interest a man by dealing with his interests" (37). Burke goes on to say that personal interest, more than the product of larger socioeconomic interests (abstract or concrete), is the product of occupation. He uses John Dewey's term "occupational psychosis"—where "psychosis" is used to describe a "*pronounced character* of the mind" rather than a mental disorder—to describe this occupationally-honed attunement to certain types of arguments, activities, and lines of reasoning. A person "builds or manipulates the intellectual and imaginative superstructure which furthers the appropriate habit-patterns useful to his particular economic system. To equip themselves for their kinds of work, people develop emphases, discriminations, attitudes, etc. Special preferences, dislikes, fears, hopes, apprehensions, idealizations are brought to the fore." These inclinations towards certain lines of thought, certain conclusions about the world, are "like little kegs of powder" (40)—that is, able to be set off by the explicit appeals of a wind company representative *cum* rhetor, or the implicit elements

of the rhetorical ecology of which one is a part.[28] Following Bourdieu, Sharon Crowley defines *habitus* as an embodied, material accumulation of "cultural representations such as history, memory, ideology, fantasy, myth, and lore," as well as "culturally habituated practices, what Bourdieu refers to as a 'bodily *hexis*'—'a durable way of standing, speaking, walking, and thereby of feeling and thinking'" (62). Individuals' beliefs therefore, are not only "learned by means of discourse, but they can also be learned through adopting bodily positions, making gestures, and performing movements," and beliefs gain ground in the body, so to speak, becoming habitual, through the repetition of movement (69). The "constructive relations among environments, bodies, selves, and the formation/deformation of beliefs are continuously reflexive," notes Crowley (69). Burkes writes, "Wherever one could note a distinction in ways of livelihood, one could reasonably look for a corresponding psychotic distinction, some special way of being interested in something or other" (48); as an elaboration of occupational psychosis, occupational *habitus* attends to the ways that the embodied, practical, and culturally inherited nature of one's livelihood shapes one's vulnerability (that is, openness) to certain types of rhetoric, one's inclination toward certain types of arguments. In other words, how we see—the *phantasmata* we project upon an occasion for deliberation—are entangled in the embodied, repetitive practices and ever-pressing emotional concerns of what we do. Bill Glover says as much when he connects his farmer's mode of reasoning to his very ability to see a future for wind development in Hammond that many people could not, particularly those whose livelihoods afforded them the emotional luxury of living in the present tense.

[28] "[R]hetoric has multiple ontologies, meaning that 'rhetoric' is a collective noun whose diverse members arise from material environments. What rhetoric 'is' is emergent and changeable, 'becoming' different again and again. … The same 'feature' acts differently or not at all in another milieu. Rhetoric's ontology, approached ecologically, considers qualities of relations between entities, not just among humans, that enable different modes of rhetoric to emerge, flourish, and dissipate" (Stormer 3).

Throughout Bill's childhood, his father labored to expand the family operation up on the flat. "You buy the land," says Bill, "you add a few cows, you know, so you get bigger….[Then] you [have] enough land, you [buy] a few more cows, all the sudden you have more cows so you buy a little more land, and you get to the size you wanna get to that you can survive on." When Bill began high school, his father was considering an expansion of the barn to accommodate more cows, but he wanted to make sure his sons were also invested in growing the family business. "Dad asked me if I was gonna continue to farm after I got out of school, and I was only a freshman when we started building [the bigger barn] in 1970—that's kind of a big question to ask somebody who's not even halfway through high school, you know?" Bill made up his mind about what he would do with his life—what kind of life and labor he would commit himself to sustaining—before he could legally drive, and he's been looking ahead ever since. Of course, there are always things ahead that you cannot see—that's what the lean years are all about. The wind turbines were a much sharper *phantasma*, far more desirable than the dour prognostications that normally weighed on the imagination. Not only would wind development have relieved farmers of the imminent anxieties of the lean years, it would have relieved them of the need to squint into that apprehensive murk, trying to make out and plan for the shape of what's to come.

Nussbaum reminds us: "There is no receptive 'innocent eye' in perception. How something *phainetai* [appears] to me is obviously bound up with my past, my prejudices, and my needs" ("Role" 261). *Phantasmata* negotiate the space between subject and object, where feelings, memories, histories, and belief compete for visionary coherence. In debates about industrial wind development, "the view," and how much it matters to quality of life, is a particularly contentious point of argument. Ultimately, the Hammond wind controversy came to an official close in 2013 before a single industrial wind turbine could be built in the township—and regardless of John Duncan's wishes,

Iberdrola has not come back. But the view still changed. And it turns out that this view, the phantasmatic view from Ruth Hood's porch, or John Duncan's kitchen window, or Bill Glover's barnyard—*this* view is as consequential to the quality of community life as any change in the built environment.

6.0 POSTSCRIPT

When I first began thinking about the Hammond wind controversy as a possible dissertation project, it was my remove that defined my orientation toward the issue. It was a remove rooted in the happenstance of geography; since graduating from high school, I had landed, and tried to live, in a smattering of places from the New Hampshire Seacoast to the West Coast, the closest of these places still 400 miles from what remained, stubbornly, *home*. And there was also the willed emotional distance that I had started cultivating in middle school. Small town life can be mean. When I wasn't in Hammond, I sometimes wondered if Hammond actually existed. Is it surprising, then, that I forgot I had lived at home with my parents one of those hot, controversial summers? That I had even attended one of those fraught public hearings about the wind law?

It turns out that there is not much that I remember from that time. From August to June, I lived in Missoula, Montana, where Hammond and the wind controversy only occasionally flickered across my radar via accounts from my parents, 2,500 miles away. I do remember being home for winter break—it seems that it was snowing, or that snow drifted across the bottom panes of the French doors behind the couch—when a CROH member visited my father, then a newly elected member of the Town Board, with a folder of photographs and a letter attesting to how much pro-wind neighbors' actions had disturbed her. Perhaps she said, *I can't sleep, I can't eat*. Perhaps also, *I can't afford to move somewhere else*.

Or perhaps not. My father doesn't remember her visit, but I seem to remember that he wasn't home. Or that awkwardly we awaited him. If my father received her folder of evidence, it did not make it into the boxes marked WIND at the Town Clerk's office, where the things that passed through board members' hands were ultimately supposed to end up. Also missing: documentation of an incident, or more accurately, a demonstration, that I heard about from at least three people affiliated with CROH. At some point between 2009 and 2012—those years of escalating bad feeling, which coincide with my absence—a pro-wind resident, I am told, installed a lynched crow on his front lawn. The crow hadn't been alive; it was a *fake* crow (papier mâché? fabric and stuffing? wood?), and I don't know whether he constructed a gallows for it or hung it from a tree. There must have been a noose. And there was certainly a message, for the crow was meant to symbolize the CROHs that had been gaining ground against the pro-wind cause. It emanated, too, the kind of racial violence pervasive in the mostly white towns of the North Country, a racial violence that operates through ignorance, as if the man who constructed this installation on his front lawn never *intended* for *anyone* to draw connections between the crow's black body and black bodies hanging from Jim Crow-era trees in parts of the country where they did that sort of thing.

I have no access to a visual of that lynched crow, except as it comes to me through my memory of others' reports of it back then and their own memories of it now. Does it sway where it hangs? Is it stark against snow on the ground? Does it hang oddly against an otherwise idyllic, leafy green? Does it, too, catch the wind? For me, the lynched crow symbolizes so many of the layers of my inquiry. Absent in any record—any record that I have come cross, anyway—it is nonetheless a persistent (and pernicious) figure in my and others' memories. Like wind, like rhetoric, it is an entity with force. It flits across memory, shuddering visceral weathervanes.

The crow man lived outside of the village on a back road, mostly surrounded by pro-wind neighbors; if you were an anti-wind resident who had heard of this threatening, racist demonstration,

you would have had to get in your car and drive at least a few miles to confirm it. And so, it is also possible that the lynched crow, aprocryphal as it already is, never even existed in the flesh (so to speak): talk moves in small towns in such a way that the man who *would have* lynched a crow on his front lawn to send a message to CROH perhaps only talked about doing such a thing with a neighbor, who related the *idea* to another neighbor, until a specter of the thing—the noose, the limp-winged black body—became resident on his front lawn. If this were the case, the lynched crow is that much more the embodiment of rhetoric. A thing does not need to be *seen*, nor to exist in the concrete way we believe it must exist, in order to be consequential; in order to influence the feelings that in turn influence argument; in order to lodge in memory so that, when you recall it, you tip your eyes up toward your skull, and your shoulders lift and tense as the *phantasma* stirs.

The Town Board held the public hearing I attended in July 2011 in the school gymnasium. Gaston Bachelard writes so beautifully about the habits of movement that we acquire from the first house we inhabit and never forget. Beyond his purview, though, is the (in)habited memory of school, especially a central school like the one I went to for thirteen years, compounded by all the discipline of movement and behavior that shaped how one moved around it. Public schools are our first encounter with the regime of docility, kindergarten our induction into a Foucauldian discipline of the body. Here are the walls we had to walk very close to, in a line, from our first grade classroom to the cafeteria. Here is the water fountain where you also waited in line for a drink. Here is the gymnasium, which always felt so terrible to walk into when it was packed for a basketball game. Not all of the people at the public hearing were graduates of Hammond Central School, but a good deal of them were, and they brought their own baggage, too.

Citizens sat on the bleachers; the Town Board sat at a table set up on the glossy court. As always happened at basketball games, people purposely sat on one side of the divide in the bleachers or the other, but it was, of course, this time not so easy to say who was here for the home team and

who was here for away—or what either of those things even meant. It was hot in the gym, as it was hot outside; taking notes on a piece of printer paper folded into thirds, I wrote, *we choose between physical discomfort and hearing people's complaints*. The Town Clerk's minutes for the public hearing are short and inscrutable: "The Supervisor opened the meeting at 7:04 PM, asking the assembly to stand for the Pledge. Supervisor Bertram explained the rule of the meeting, asking speakers to keep their comments directed to the [wind] law, and maintaining an approximate 5 minute limit of time." The minutes note the names of people who stood up and spoke before the assembly, but nothing more. My notes on the other hand, are a poet's notes; they capture snatches of speech without the names of speakers, brief poetic moments that must have seemed like possible anchors to Hammond life and the wind controversy, anchors to carry back to Montana at the end of the summer:

"disenfranchised lifelong resident of Hammond"

"what I'm looking at are my children"

"people lost their farms, people were uprooted"

"the subject of wind is an emotional subject"

"in all probability there will be very few issues in our lifetime that will create the…animosity…that the wind issue has created in our town"

"this is not personal, this is just wind business sense"

"indicative of the secrecy"

"if the industry makes it impossible for me or a family member to live in my home…my house is surrounded by fields on all four sides already leased to Iberdrola"

"wind power offers a win-win opportunity"

"the beautiful farmland would grow into brush and disappear"

"the profound importance of localities"

What I have tried to do in this dissertation is reconstruct and interrogate the discursive space between the Town Clerk's meeting minutes and the poet's notes. Between official documentation of the Hammond wind controversy and recorded or remembered impressions of events lies a field of rhetorical activity that continues to have consequences on residents' lives and relationships with others. Civic deliberation about public issues produces *stuff*: meeting minutes, pamphlets, letters of public record and letters to local newspapers, articles and audiovisual recordings, while also drawing, vortex-like, already-existing relevant material into its whirl. The boxes marked WIND at the Town Clerk's office include not only the records of public hearings, board meetings, and citizens' opinions on the matter, but also pages and pages of research on wind development: PowerPoint slides from expert presentations; a report on the success of "harnessing the wind" on Tug Hill; competing studies about wind turbines' environmental impacts, and so forth. Hammond residents particularly involved with the issue also kept folders and boxes full of such things. The citizen-produced wind discourse taking up space in desk drawers and in bedroom closets extends to the digital realm where blog posts and, with a little more excavation, defunct websites and years-old Facebook posts still circulate or await re-circulation. Our bodies also harbor argumentative remains: residual feelings, memories, convictions. Such things cannot be held before one's eyes, but they are the most influential of all in shaping the half-life of conflict, in making such a half-life possible. The path marking the ongoing rhetorical importance of the Hammond wind issue *begins* with individuals' harbored feelings and memories, and only *ends* with the distributed components of a vernacular archive and the boxes of official documents in the public record. That is to say: residual feeling makes the official record important, not the other way around.

By the time the *Ogdensburg Journal* ran its bold headline, IBERDROLA COMING TO HAMMOND, on February 8, 2010, the town had already been consumed by fierce controversy about wind

development for more than two years, and talk about turbines had been circulating around the town for more than five. The *Journal* meant that Iberdrola was literally coming to Hammond—Iberdrola representatives Jenny Burke and Dan Murdie intended to present a plan to the Hammond Town Board that month—but it also signaled that Iberdrola representatives, lessees, wind development supporters, and suspecting concerned citizens were now on the same page: Iberdrola was outing itself after a period of speculation, strife, and action on the part of Hammond citizens. The great reveal was, therefore, an anti-climax—not least of all because almost as soon as Iberdrola officially declared its intentions (the engagement proposal to what some news coverage framed as a kind of coy courting), things began to fall apart for the wind company in Hammond. Within the year, newspapers reported that Iberdrola was threatening to leave the town. When it finally did, early in January 2013, there was no fanfare, and no declaration; the company simply withdrew its connection request from the state and turned to other projects. Stone Church was no longer "active."

Some things have happened in and around Hammond since then which continue to shape how people feel about the wind issue and offer avenues for critically examining the ongoing implications of the Hammond wind controversy for North Country environmental and economic history, rural rhetorical susceptibility, and environmental rhetoric. First, and most importantly, in the years since Hammond successfully used home rule to drive out Big Wind, the state has passed legislation meant to discourage this from happening in other towns. In 2011, Governor Andrew Cuomo signed the Power NY Act into law and, in so doing, enacted Article 10, a previous version of which had expired in 2003. According to the New York State Board on Electric Generation Siting and the Environment, "Article 10 provides for the siting review of new and repowered or modified major electric generating facilities in New York State by the Board on Electric Generation Siting and the Environment (Siting Board) in a unified proceeding instead of requiring a developer or owner of such a facility to apply for numerous state and local permits." In short, this means that

any "major electric generation facility" producing 25 MW or more—which includes all of the proposed industrial wind installations in the North Country—are no longer under the legislative jurisdiction of local municipalities. Municipal siting boards must now defer to the state siting board for the permitting and zoning of industrial wind turbines, nullifying the pathway to local resistance that was once found through the writing of town-specific setbacks. Since the reintroduction of Article 10, Iberdrola (now called Avangrid) has become increasingly active in the North Country, notably dusting off the dormant Horse Creek Wind Farm project in Clayton, a town 20 miles upriver from Hammond. The Horse Creek Wind Farm proposal process reignited again in 2016—and so did the vehement local controversy that had helped to sideline it years before. Wind development supporters like John Duncan greeted Article 10 as a way to thwart anti-wind citizens' manipulation of town leaders, but if anything, the latest from Horse Creek has shown that even the state's diminishment of home rule has a limited effect on the power of citizen resistance to halt wind developers. In September 2017, the *Watertown Daily Times* reported that the Horse Creek Wind Farm had been included in the online *Environmental Justice Atlas*, which "covers environmental conflicts involving economic activity or legislation with negative environmental and social outcomes, and which mobilize[s] environmental justice organizations about potential harms" (Block). At this date, the wind project remains bogged down in controversial local deliberations.

In 2016, Iberdrola/Avangrid also proposed a 40-turbine wind project for the towns of Parishville and Hopkinton, in northern St. Lawrence County. There was, again, a good deal of organized citizen protest, and in January 2018, the wind company decided to loose Parishville from the proposed project and focus on developing a 27-turbine installation in Hopkinton alone. The hook for a North Country Public Radio feature captures the dilemma of wind development in the North Country and how strange it must look to those not on the ground: "A small town in SLC [St. Lawrence County] just got cut from a multi-million dollar wind deal. It's reaction? 'Relief.'" Yet

relief it was for the considerable contingent of anti-wind Parishville residents, as well as Town Supervisor Rod Votra, who had watched "financial negotiations" with Iberdrola fall apart as growing opposition from residents took their place (Rosenthal). A month later, in February 2018, St. Lawrence County legislators passed a resolution opposing industrial wind installations on the premise that it is in the county's economic interest to protect its airspace—airspace used by Fort Drum, in neighboring Jefferson County, the "major economic engine of the North Country and largest single site employer" ("St. Lawrence County").

As for Hammond, the fallout from Iberdrola took an unexpected turn, though probably an unsurprising one in retrospect. After Iberdrola withdrew, some members of the anti-wind group CROH looked toward the ascertaining of a Scenic Area of Statewide Significance (SASS) designation for huge portions of the town of Hammond, which would have guaranteed permanent protections against Big Wind—or Big *Anything*. Yet when these pro-SASS residents brought their proposal to the Town Board and the rest of the community, they met a shocking, vehement resistance from some of their own CROH colleagues, who viewed SASS as an insidious act of state intervention. The SASS debate re-constellated the argumentative factions of Hammond residents and, in the process, new fractures and bad feeling emerged, while some—but hardly all—old divisions healed. Ultimately, the town rejected SASS's protections—or, depending on one's perspective, SASS's subjugation.

The Hammond wind controversy did urge all residents to take a look at their town and discuss the shape it was in after so many decades of economic decline. Though, as I have discussed, people often disagreed about the Hammond they saw around them, the talk did seem to produce a wave of small-scale, community-oriented development in the years after Iberdrola withdrew. A modest restaurant with beautiful gardens and an outdoor patio opened on Main Street. A group of Hammond residents started up a farmer's market. In nearby Black Lake, a vineyard and winery

opened, drawing in locals with live music, tastings, weddings, and annual grape harvests. By donation, the Town received a new building for its municipal offices, and there are plans underway—albeit gradually forming plans—to restore the old opera house that exists in the recesses of the public library and Town Clerk's office. The town seemed to have momentum—and, maybe, it still does. But in 2017, word went around that the restaurant would not reopen the next year. Instead, in 2018 Hammond residents had a new business to patronize: a Dollar General. "Nice that people in Hammond have somewhere to go, something to do," a lone commenter wrote in response to an announcement about the store's grand opening on the *Watertown Daily Times* website. It is impossible to parse the commenter's tone—sarcasm? Pity? The new Dollar General sits on a new lot across from the school on Route 37, a squat, stark building with yawning fields to its back. When I pass it, I am unsettled by a real estate analyst's comment in a recent *Bloomberg* article about the rise and proliferation of the budget chain: "Essentially what the dollar stores are betting on in a large way is that we are going to have a permanent underclass in America. It's based on the concept that the jobs went away, and the jobs are never coming back, and that things aren't going to get better in any of these places" (qtd. Frazier). I can't help but see the Dollar General as an omen of Hammond's future or, worse, an insult addressed to the very people who, oblivious to the offense, welcomed the corporation to town.

At any rate, seven months after the Dollar General's grand opening, during a summer weekend of festivities honoring 200 years of Scottish settlement in Hammond, the last locally owned grocery and deli in the village closed without fanfare. As a kid, I had gone to Ned's General Store for ice cream after summer softball games; as middle-schoolers, my friends and I would give each other outlandish makeovers, then walk down there to buy candy for the ensuing sleepover, daring anyone to notice us; as seniors in high school, it was the only place we could go if we wanted to leave school for a couple periods and get a bite to eat. And we did so, often, ordering the kinds of

deep-fried things from the deli counter that only teenagers can afford to eat. Add Ned's, then, to my own litany of lost places.

When Hammond "lost" the wind company, a former resident told me that he saw the loss as yet another act of rural self-sabotage: *Some towns just can't seem to get it together,* he said*, and Hammond is one of those towns.* At the time he said this, more than a year ago, I thought he was wrong. When the Dollar General opened, though, I remembered his words and wondered if he were right. It did not take long for the Dollar General to force Ned's to close; now one can only wait and see if the declining population in and around Hammond will cause the Dollar General to close its own doors. The wind, of course, will remain constant through the waiting, an indifferent visitor moving through these parts. It will blow in oppressive summer weather and dregs of lake effect snow from the south; it will shake out cold sheets of rain from the north and push violent spasms of storm west across the river. Like great rooted flocks, white pines will lift with it from their splayed, shallow roots in the bedrock. It will slam the doors on abandoned farmhouses, rustle the brush in defunct pastureland, and chap the hands of Amish and English farmers alike. And, at least for the machinery's life span, it will continue to turn the small turbine behind Hammond Central School, adding a little self-sufficiency that goes a long way in arguments with the state to keep the school open. You can't see the wind, only its encounters with other things. Yet it is almost always there, so constant up on the flat in Hammond that a windless day feels wrong, the way a dreamscape feels wrong. You can feel it—the encounter of wind—and sometimes, if it blows sharp and cold across the fields to meet your ear at the right angle, it will lodge in there and stay with you for a while, a little ache.

APPENDIX A

TAPPING MAPLE RIDGE GALLERY

FIGURE 1A AND 1B. FURNACE AND BULLDOZER.

FIGURE 2A AND 2B. CHIMNEY AND CYLINDRICAL BASE.

FIGURE 3A AND 3B. BASE AND GAUGE.

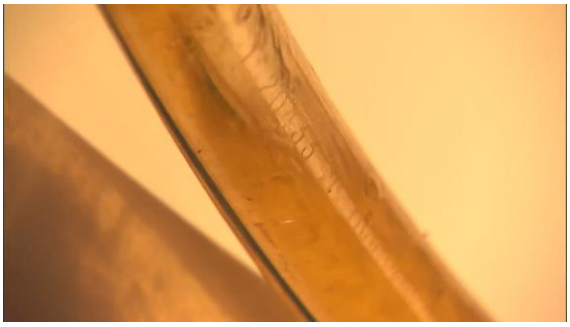

FIGURE 4A AND 4B. TRANSMISSION LINES AND SAP TUBES.

FIGURE 5. TWO KINDS OF "TRUNKS" ON TUG HILL.

FIGURE 6. A "TAPPED" TURBINE AND A TAPPED MAPLE.

FIGURE 7. SUGAR SHACK AND TRANSMISSION CENTER.

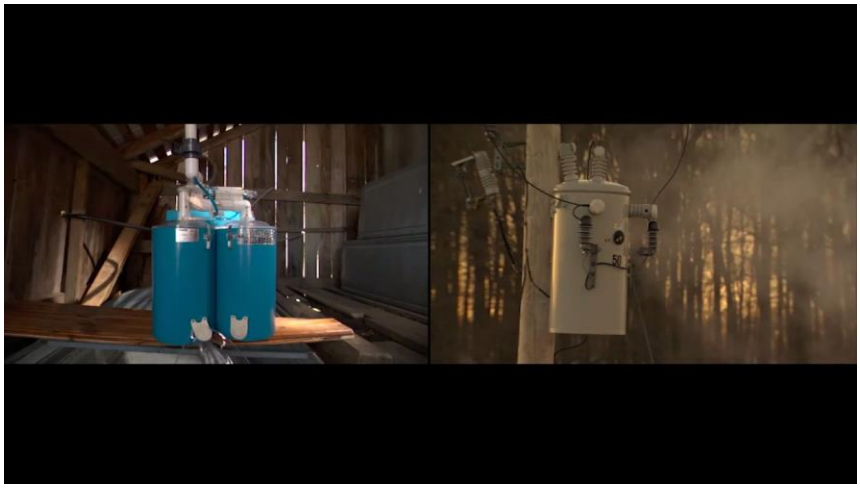

FIGURE 8. SAP COLLECTORS AND TRANSFORMER.

FIGURE 9. QUARTS OF PURE MAPLE SYRUP AND TRANSMISSION CENTER MECHANISMS.

APPENDIX B

CONFIDENTIALITY CLAUSES

The lease agreement excerpted at the opening of this chapter is a publicly accessible document, available in the County Clerk's Office. When I first began this research, I often heard about the gag order or confidentiality clause in these lease agreements, but after looking through all of the agreements filed in St. Lawrence County and finding no confidentiality clauses, I assumed they were the invention of anti-wind hyperbole. However, as I later learned, the agreements on file with the county are distilled documents, perhaps a fifth the length of a much more detailed land lease agreement that lessor (property owner) and lessee (wind developer) review, negotiate, and sign months before anything is filed with the county. Given wind developers' tendency toward obfuscation, I should note that in this case, the difference between the two lease agreements comes down to audience, the county being concerned only with the legal parameters of land use and the specific boundaries of those parcels.

Also given wind developers' tendency toward obfuscation, I include here example confidentiality clauses from two unabridged leases circa 2004 and 2005. CROH members Jill and Wes Gordon obtained these leases, and they were included among the CROH papers that the Gordons passed on to me in July 2016. Wind developers require landowners to sign these leases, and therefore maintain confidentiality, in the earliest stages of wind speculation. The Flat Rock Windpower lease would have been for parcels of land now part of the Maple Ridge Wind Farm in Lewis County, NY. The Greenlight Energy lease would have been for parcels of land in Cape Vincent, NY, Jefferson County. BP bought Greenlight Energy in 2006, and after a lengthy battle with the Town of Cape Vincent, it withdrew its leases and "killed" the wind project in 2014 (Richards).

Excerpt from Land Lease and Wind Easement, Greenlight Energy, Inc. (2005)

Section 10.8 Confidentiality. The parties acknowledge that during the course of the performanceof their respective obligations under this Lease, either party may need to provide information to the other party, which the disclosing party deems to be confidential, proprietary or a trade secret. Any such information, which is marked confidential or otherwise indicated as confidential, shall be treated confidential by the receiving party and shall not be disclosed to any other person without the prior consent of the disclosing party. The receiving party agrees that it shall make disclosure of any such confidential information only to attorneys, consultants, or agents (each individually its "Representative" and collectively, its "Representatives") to whom disclosure is reasonably necessary

during the course of the performance of their respective obligations under this Lease. The receiving party shall appropriately notify such Representatives that the disclosure is made in confidence and shall be kept in confidence in accordance with this Lease. The receiving party shall be responsible for the failure of such Representatives to comply with the terms of hereof. The terms and conditions of this Lease shall be deemed confidential and subject to the provisions of this Section 10.8.

Excerpt from Amended and Restated Lease for Construction of Wind Turbine Generators, Flat Rock Windpower LLC (2004)

34. CONFIDENTIALITY. (a) Any books, records, computer printouts, product designs or other information regarding Lessee or any Sublessee, or their respective Projects or businesses, (b) any information regarding Operations on the Property or on any other lands, (c) Lessee's or any Sublessee's site or product design, methods of operation or methods of construction, (d) the level of power production, the wind capacity of the Property and the availability of Wind Power Facilities and (e) any other information that is proprietary or that Lessee or a Sublessee requests be held confidential (collectively, **"Confidential Information"**), shall remain confidential between the Parties, provided (i) LESSEE has the right to disclose this Lease in its entirety to its lenders, attorneys, accountants and other financial advisors, to prospective investors in, and purchasers and insurers of each Project, any Project participant landowner, to any governmental authority in connection with the issuance or enforcement of any permit, entitlement, approval or authorization pertaining to a Project, or where required by law or pursuant to lawful process, subpoena or court order and (ii) LESSOR has the right to disclose this Lease in its entirety to LESSOR's lenders, attorneys, accountants and other personal financial advisers, any prospective purchaser of the Property, any Project participant landowner, or where required by law or pursuant to lawful process, subpoena or court order; provided that in making such disclosure LESSOR advises the party receiving such information of the confidentiality thereof and obtains the agreement of said party not to disclose such information.

APPENDIX C

INTERVIEW PROTOCOL

Invitation to Participate in Dissertation Research

February 23, 2017

Greetings:

I am a North Country native and, currently, a PhD candidate at the University of Pittsburgh, where I am writing a dissertation on wind development in the St. Lawrence Valley. My PhD is in Rhetoric, which means that I examine the ways that people engage in arguments about pressing public issues, navigate controversy, and persuade others to act. Given my own experiences growing up in Hammond, I am particularly interested in how individuals from rural areas deal with the controversial public issues facing their communities today. In small towns across New York State, Ontario, and the Midwest, it doesn't get much more controversial than wind development.

I am reaching out to you for your memories of the Hammond wind controversy, from the earliest inklings of disagreement about whether there should be wind turbines in Hammond, to the height of the controversy during the drafting of the wind law, and its aftermath. Until now, I have been relying on articles from local newspapers and records from the Town Clerk's Office to reconstruct the wind-related events of 2005–2013, but I have noticed that the voices of those who supported wind development in Hammond, especially those who signed leases with the wind company, are underrepresented in these documents. And their perspective—your perspective—is critical.

Even if you did not have an outspoken role in the debate, your insights are still valuable—more so, because yours is a voice that is likely missing from the public record. I would like to collect as many perspectives on the wind controversy and its aftermath as possible. I invite you to contact me and share your memories and thoughts on the issue.

If you would like to participate, I have enclosed an informed consent agreement, outlining the purpose of our conversation and the strides I will take to ensure your confidentiality. I realize that for many people on all sides of the debate, the years of the wind controversy in Hammond are not ones that they would like to revisit. If you would be willing to speak with me, I would be extremely grateful for your time and openness.

If you would like to help me write the history of the wind controversy in Hammond, please contact me at your convenience. I welcome phone calls, emails, and letters, and I would also be happy to set up a time to meet with you in person when I next visit home.

I do hope to hear from you.

Kind regards,
Noel Tague

Informed Consent Form

Thank you for agreeing to be a participant in my ongoing dissertation research surrounding the wind issue in Hammond from 2005 to 2013. As a former resident of Hammond, I understand that the wind issue is still a sensitive one. Your time and knowledge are valuable, and I appreciate your sharing both with me. This form details the purpose of my research, your involvement, and your rights as a participant.

This informed consent agreement has been reviewed by my dissertation advisor, as well as the University of Pittsburgh Institutional Review Board (IRB), an organization responsible for overseeing the ethics of research studies involving people. If after reading this form you have any questions or concerns, we will address them before proceeding with the interview.

The purpose of this interview is:

- To gain Hammond residents' insights into the history of the wind controversy from about 2005 to 2013 and to understand how the aftermath of the debates during those years impacted residents.

The methods that will be used to meet this purpose are:

- An informal interview about your involvement in the wind issue and/or with Iberdrola, particularly those moments that remain most memorable to you now.

- Audio recording and note-taking in order to capture your insights accurately in your own words.

As a participant in this research, you understand:

- Portions of our interview, as well as my recollection and analysis of our interview, may appear in my dissertation, as well as be subject to future publication in article or book form.

- In all published and unpublished writings related to my dissertation, you will have a pseudonym. I will also change or omit personal identifying details where necessary. The Town of Hammond and other place names will have pseudonyms where necessary.

- At any time during the course of our interview, you may decide that something you have just told me is off the record.

- I aim to protect the confidentiality of our interview. No one other than me will listen to the recording of our interview, and I will not share the details of our conversation with other Hammond residents. If you have any concerns about confidentiality and the protection of your identity and opinions, please bring them to me at any time in the course of our conversation.

Please contact me at **netague@gmail.com** or at **(315) 783-9281** if you have any questions or concerns, or would like to follow up with additional information, following our interview.

By signing below, I acknowledge that I have read and understand the above information, and I consent to be a participant in Noel Tague's dissertation research.

Interview Guide

A. Questions about livelihood and personal history

- How long have you lived in Hammond?
- Where did you grow up?
- Do you have family in Hammond?
- What is your livelihood? Could you describe it to me?
- Has [running a farm] in Hammond changed over the years? Has it gotten easier/more difficult?
- Farming and finances: does farmer own his/her land? His/her equipment? Is farmer's financial situation typical of North Country farmers?

B. Questions about sense of place and community

- How would you describe Hammond to someone from outside of the North Country? (In terms of the residents? The land? The history?)
- How would you describe the *community* of Hammond—i.e. its residents, its sense of self/place?
- How do you feel you (and your family) fit into the fabric of the town?
- How has the town changed over the years? Are there specific things that you miss? Specific things that you are happy to see these days?

C. Questions about memories of events

- When did wind energy in the North Country first get your attention?
- How did the wind issue in Hammond start for you?
- Could you describe a particularly memorable meeting?
- Could you describe a particularly tense public encounter?
- Were you surprised at how heated the wind debate became? Are you surprised now at the way it still bothers some people?
- What do you remember about your first encounter with the wind companies?
- Could you describe any impressions you had of the wind representatives?
- How did they approach you? Do you remember what kind of things they told you about the wind project and how you might benefit from it?
- How do you remember coming to a decision to sign on with the wind company?
- What do you remember about the lease withdrawal and the "end" of Iberdrola in Hammond?

D. Questions about expectations and feelings

- When did you first start thinking about the possibility of wind energy in Hammond? What did that look like for you?

- What kind of future did you see for yourself and/or for Hammond with the development of wind energy in the town?
- How did you feel about signing a lease with the wind company?
- How did you feel when Iberdrola withdrew its leases?
- Tell me about what the wind debates in Hammond were like for you. How did you feel about living in this community during those years?
- Would wind development have changed the community and/or defining character of Hammond? How?

APPENDIX D

WIND COMPANY PROMOTIONAL MEDIA

Wind Energy
Development

Photo: Don Gies, State Museum of Pennsylvania

Iberdrola Renewables is proud of our track record for responsibly developed wind projects that promote economic development and environmental sustainability in the communities where we work. We are committed to building and operating wind energy projects that benefit the local community and future generations. The following information provides a brief overview of our wind power development process.

Working Together
Iberdrola Renewables works with property owners and local communities nationwide to build new wind farms. We currently own and operate projects in more than 50 U.S. communities. Typically, Iberdrola Renewables will enter into long term lease agreements with property owners. Property owners who lease their land for wind farms enjoy a steady income and preserve the existing land use. Surrounding communities benefit from a larger tax base, which supports schools and local services. Best of all, wind farms do all of this while generating clean, secure, home-grown energy.

Data Collection
A consistent and sufficient wind speed determine whether a site can produce economical power from the wind, and a comprehensive wind resource assessment is a critical piece of a successful wind farm development. Iberdrola Renewables is equipped with its own skilled meteorology team that, in addition to using meteorological towers, uses the latest in wind measurement and modeling technology to create accurate and reliable wind resource assessments.

Environmental Assessment
From the start of project development through construction and operation of our plants, Iberdrola Renewables works hard with state and federal agencies, as well as non-governmental organizations (NGOs) and environmental groups, to site, build and operate wind farms responsibly. We perform environmental impact studies to evaluate existing land use as well as birds, bats, plants, and waterways to determine if a site is suitable for a wind farm. We select and design wind farms to minimize potential impacts and work diligently to ensure that our wind energy is truly environmentally friendly.

IBERDROLA® RENEWABLES

Wind Energy Development

Permitting
Iberdrola Renewables works with local, state, and federal government agencies to obtain the required permits for each project to make sure we comply with all requirements and regulations.

Connecting to the Power Grid
Electricity generated at a commercial wind project must be moved onto the local power grid. A key component of project viability is a transmission study that determines how best to make that connection. In most cases, we work with the owners of the transmission facilities or system operators to perform engineering studies. We will then form agreements with the grid owners that allow the project to connect and transmit power to the grid.

Capital
With project costs in the tens of millions of dollars, financing the development and construction of wind energy projects is a challenge for many developers. Having the financial strength of one of the largest electrical companies in the world provides Iberdrola Renewables financing advantages that other developers lack. Our financial strength allows us to competitively price our energy products and stand behind our projects for the long term.

Constructing the Wind Facility
Iberdrola Renewables has in-house expertise to oversee and manage project construction. Construction involves activities such as roadwork, underground cabling, foundation pouring, and tower erection. After construction, surrounding property that may have been disturbed during construction is restored to its pre-construction land use.

Leadership in Wind Energy
Iberdrola Renewables is a subsidiary of AVANGRID (NYSE: AGR) and the U.S. renewable energy division of parent company Iberdrola S.A., an energy pioneer with the largest renewable asset base of any company in the world – more than 14,000 megawatts (MW) of renewable energy spread across a dozen countries. Headquartered in Portland, Oregon, Iberdrola Renewables has more than 750 employees at the end of 2015, and more than $10 billion of operating assets totaling more than 6,000 MW of owned and controlled wind and solar generation in the U.S.

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FIGURE 10A AND 10B. IBERDROLA RENEWABLES WIND ENERGY BROCHURE.

FIGURE 11A AND 11B. AVANGRID RENEWABLES HORSE CREEK WIND PROJECT NEWSLETTER.

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