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from time to time calls attention to published material that might contribute toward clarification or understanding of issues affecting world peace. The accompanying reprints constitute Reprint Mailing No. 116.

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December, 1991

The following is quoted from "Mankind's Moral Vacuum" by John Jamison. (From the Santa Barbara News-Press, Sep. 8, 1991):

"One generation's knowledge of the atom is the starting place for the next generation's learning about it. When it comes to technology, each generation is born standing on the shoulders of its parents.

"With moral sensitivity, however, and especially with the day-to-day implementation of moral values, each generation learns as though fresh from the cave. The fact that I have done some dumb self-defeating things—things that harmed others, and for which I am genuinely sorry—will not serve my sons. They will do the same damn fool things, and learn more, or less well, from the consequences. And the lessons they master will not be the starting point for their children.

"Morally, each new generation is not launched from the shoulders of its parents; instead, it crawls from beneath the soles of their feet. Technological lessions are learned serially, progressively. Moral lessons occur in an endlessly self-repeating loop."

(The following is a reprint of some thoughts on Christmas 1948 by Henry Geiger, editor and publisher of MANAS, taken from the January 12, 1949 issue):

VOLUME II, No. 2 Fifteen Cents JANUARY 12, 1949

RELIGION FOR HUMAN NEED

SOMEHOW, Christmas in 1948 seemed a better one than those of other years. On the external side, there was less cheap tinsel in the streets—in Los Angeles, anyway. Retail sales for the season, merchants reported, were "off" some fifteen or twenty per cent. Whatever the cause or causes, it seemed as though a person could think about the Christmas holiday for himself, a little bit, without having a score of perverted meanings of the season blared at his eyes and ears from every direction. You could wonder how much is "real" in the Christmas feeling, and where the feeling comes from. When less of Christmas is done for you, there is more opportunity to do your own.

The "commercialism" of a twentieth-century Christmas is of course an old story, and the source of an old complaint. We are told that Christmas ought to be celebrated with more inwardness and a greater sense of reverence for the occasion—which is, after all, supposed to be the anniversary of the beginning in human history of a religion of absolute renunciation, otherworldly aspiration and self-sacrifice. In the light of even the orthodox significance of Christmas, any sort of buying and selling and private profiting in connection with Christmas would seem to be a further crucifixion of the Christ and an endlessly repeated desecration of his memory. Out of this view might grow the radical criticism that "buying" a present for a loved one, to express the feeling of heart that arises at Christmas time, is the same as arguing that the people who can buy the most for their friends have the biggest hearts—which is manifestly untrue. But it does not necessarily follow that the purchased gift is unworthy. The right feeling can sanctify almost anything. After admitting this, however, it remains to be observed that money and what money will buy play a larger part in Christmas celebration than the love of human beings for one another, else we would have no reason to call our Christmases "commercial."

But the perversion of Christmas into the mainstay of thousands of businesses, large and small, is not something that could take place without the consent and encouragement of a large part of the population. This is an age of stereotypes, and whatever can be stereotyped can be mass-produced and sold. From a greeting card to a grand piano, manufacturing and merchandising are geared to the perpetuation of stereotyped sentiments, and a sudden declaration of independence from conventional gift-giving by any considerable number of people would have devastating effects on the entire national economy; there would doubtless be international repercussions, too. This, from one point of view, would make it practically immoral to go strongly against any convention which affects the flow of goods and services. Let Easter Sunday be abolished, and thousands of milliners would be suddenly thrown out of work, their families subjected to cruel deprivation. Reflections along this line disclose the reason for the alliance between organized religion and organized business—a sure instinct tells them both that they are interdependent, so far as the present order of society is concerned.

These matters have to do with institutional religion and the multiple ties of belief and custom and tradition with the techniques of merchandising. There is, we think, another side to religion, having to do with the spontaneous qualities of the human heart. It is these qualities which seemed to find expression, a little more than usual, during the 1948 Christmas season. Perhaps it was because fewer people gave vent to the cant phrase, "Merry Christmas," and more people showed an unstudied friendliness to one another. It seems, too, that the practice of designing and executing one's own Christmas cards is becoming more popular. This is a small thing, perhaps, but a measure of the mood of an increasing number of individuals and families. Some day, perhaps, to "buy" a Christmas card to send to a friend will amount to a confession of personal inadequacy.

Another sort of card that is sent at Christmas time bears cynical or bitter commentary on the failures of "Christian" civilization. There is doubtless a kind of irony in blindly pious talk of "peace," these days. We do not find it difficult to share in the contempt for blithe assurance, on cards or elsewhere, that the dominant religion of the Western world has the true formula for "peace on earth, good will to men." We, too, have wondered which of the great nations of the world would succeed in catching and crucifying Jesus again, should he walk the earth today, sternly rebuking the money-changers in the temple.

But to make Christmas into a particular occasion for deriding the obvious failure of Christian civilization seems tactless, if not actually profane. It is better, we

think, to say nothing at all at Christmas time, if one cannot say something good. We take this view, not on account of any great reverence for the Christian tradition, but because we are inclined to believe that a natural fact lies behind that tradition. There were great civilizations before Christianity, and there will be others to exist when the cycle of Christendom is no more than a forgotten memory. And as it was in the past, so, we think, will it be in the future: there will always be an interval within the term of each year of our lives when a kind of moral awakening has its natural moment—when fellow-feeling is strongest among human beings.

We have heard men carolling to themselves, alone in the wilderness, around Christmas time. We have felt—and who has not?—the subtle flow of sympathy for other humankind at Christmas time. We have moved through white-mantled forests and felt their wordless consecration to the endless metamorphoses and rebirths of nature. We have seen the overflowing tenderness of mother with child and watched the quickenings of love and gratitude in all manner of men and women. These things are of the essence of Christmas, when all the natural world lies still, waiting for the hidden alchemy of the season to work its miracle, making all new again. Christmas, we think, is a day of promise, a time for admitting the compact we have made in our hearts—not in a church, nor with the burden of "gifts," but silently, in our own way, and to ourselves.

Sometimes it seems as though it might be a good idea for a person to send out a card of his own, telling why he has decided to ignore the external Christmas—the Christmas of tired shoppers, of harassed postal employees, and of avid, almost avaricious, children and adults. But there are many who are able to embody an internal Christmas in the external one, and why should this iconoclastic doctrine be preached with the aggression of a special printed communication to friends? If matters are as we judge them, and the Christian observance of Christmas has been corrupted beyond repair, these customs will all die away in good time, and new and better ones will take their place. It would be better, perhaps, for a man to invent a special kind of Christmas celebration of his own, and put his best into it. This would withdraw some nourishment from the commercialized stereotypes and give new life to the idea of individual expression—an expression which is faithful to what the individual himself feels about Christmas.

Theoretically, there might be a social loss in this kind of Christmas. There is no denying the moral tone of symbolic acts done in unison. But a unison of action without a unison of understanding can be a terribly destructive force. Men who act together, merely from custom, on religious holidays, will fight together, merely from custom (the custom enforced by conscription), for seven days a week, throughout years.

Should not the unisons of religion be free from the pressures of heritage? A religious heritage may inspire, but it ought never to constrain. The good in religion is nothing if it is not spontaneous. There was a time when believers in Christianity were burning one another to death because they disagreed on the question of whether or not the body of Christ was literally present in the bread of holy communion. According to our view of religion, such people must have been categorically insane. And today, those who have the temerity to maintain that acceptance of any particular denominational credo plays a decisive part in spiritual welfare seem to us to verge on the sort of delusions which would land a man in an asylum were they expressive of anything but a species of religious belief.

Should religion, then, be conceived entirely in "functional" terms? Is it to have no content, no "teaching," say nothing at all about the nature of things and the moral processes of life?

Without applying any metaphysical tests, it seems to us that the doctrinal side of religion has always to be measured by its functional applications. In other words, does a particular religious idea increase or lessen the individual's moral integrity and self-reliance in human relations? Does it make him more competent to live in a free society? Will he be eager or reluctant to apply rational criteria to the articles of his faith? What will be the ground of his differences with those having other beliefs? How will his theory of "sin" affect his efforts at personal reconstruction? How will he regard other human beings—races with another color of skin, for example? Will he fear death? Will he fear life?

We are not entirely pessimistic as to the future of religion in the United States. It seems to us that there is more spontaneous religion in Americans than the churches take account of, and that in time a free religious spirit will pass the churches by altogether. In the past half-century, much has been accomplished toward equal-

ity among the races. It may seem idle to speak of "progress" in race relations when so much more remains to be done, but it is a fact that today, in the United States, there is dawning realization of the essential justice in racial equality. This realization has not been brought about by the churches, but by a general movement toward idealism in which church attitudes, as such, have been virtually irrelevant. In other fields, such as education, there has been a gradual wearing away of formal materialism and a revival of the spirit of Platonic idealism. Symptomatic of another change, although of uncertain significance, has been the swing of the balance of power from capital in the direction of labor. The future, in this great area of human affairs, has a plasticity which means new freedom from the constraints of the past, if there is leadership to use that freedom wisely.

In a word, there are incalculable possibilities for a new kind of religious inspiration in the modern world. We mean a religious inspiration which takes account, first, of the needs of human beings, and allows no doctrinal consideration to stand in the way of serving those needs. This is by no means a soup-kitchen and medical-missionary conception of religious activity. It should be evident that the need for soup kitchens is closely related to the acquisitive economics of our society, and religion, if it is real, and not just another brand of system-building economic reform, will have to afford an effective psycho-moral analysis of the acquisitive spirit. It will also have to seek out and to gnaw away at the roots of such customs as those which have made the Christmas season into an appalling travesty of the religious spirit. Such a religion, of course, would avoid like the plague all alliances with business and government. It would recognize as "spiritual" only those free human expressions which are entirely unconnected with any motive but the highest of which man is capable, and it would preserve and promulgate this idea of religion as sacred above all.

We remain convinced that a society in which such a religion could gain adherents would be a society that would never be confronted by the terrible dilemmas which beset our present civilization. Nor do we think that this religion would develop people given to personal isolationism, without the cement of fraternal unity and a generous concord of behavior. It would, instead, lay the foundation for voluntary cooperation, and for free association on the basis of common truths, although truths which have been independently perceived. For it seems to us impossible that there is no core of objective reality behind the facades of personal and group self-deception—impossible, too, that freethinking seekers for knowledge could fail to understand that reality in much the same terms. The consensus of the morally great throughout history is an impressive fact, forming a legitimate basis, we think, for believing that men *can* agree and live together in peace, without coercion, without enforced rules of irrational tradition, and with their common hopes as guide. It is true that the obstacles in the way of arriving at this ideal are also impressive, and if much be made of them, we have no other reply than Spinoza's, to whose religion, incidentally, we are also greatly attached. At the end of his *Ethics,* he said:

> If the way which I have pointed out . . . seems exceedingly hard, it may nevertheless be discovered. Needs must it be hard, since it is so seldom found. How would it be possible, if salvation were ready to our hand, and could without great labor be found, that it should be by almost all men neglected? But all things excellent are as difficult as they are rare.

I am done with great things and big things and great institutions and big successes, and I am for those tiny invisible molecular moral forces that work from individual to individual, creeping through the crannies of the world like so many rootlets or like the capillary oozing water, yet which, if you give them time, will bend the hardest monuments of [human] pride.

—William James

(From The Land Stewardship Letter, Summer, 1991, pp. 10,11. Permission to reprint granted by the author)

Out of your car, off your horse

Twenty-seven propositions about global thinking and the sustainability of cities

by Wendell Berry

I. Properly speaking, global thinking is not possible. Those who have "thought globally" (and among them the most successful have been imperial governments and multinational corporations) have done so by means of simplifications too extreme and oppressive to merit the name of thought. Global thinkers have been, and will be, dangerous people. National thinkers tend to be dangerous also; we now have national thinkers in the northeastern United States who look upon Kentucky as a garbage dump.

II. Global thinking can only be statistical. Its shallowness is exposed by the least intention to do something. Unless one is willing to be destructive on a very large scale, one cannot do something except locally, in a small place. Global thinking can only do to the globe what a space satellite does to it: reduce it, make a bauble of it. Look at one of those photographs of half the earth taken from outer space, and see if you recognize your neighborhood. If you want to see where you are, you will have to get out of your space vehicle, out of your car, off your horse, and walk over the ground. On foot you will find that the earth is satisfyingly large, and full of beguiling nooks and crannies.

III. If we could think locally, we would do far better than we are doing now. The right local questions and answers will be the right global ones. The Amish question "What will this do to our community?" tends toward the right answer for the world.

IV. If we want to put local life in proper relation to the globe, we must do so by imagination, charity, and forbearance, and by making local life as independent and self-sufficient as we can—not by the presumptuous abstractions of "global thought."

V. If we want to keep our thoughts and acts from destroying the globe, then we must see to it that we do not ask too much of the globe or of any part of it. To make sure that we do not ask too much, we must learn to live at home, as independently and self-sufficiently as we can. That is the only way we can keep the land we are using, and its ecological limits, always in sight.

VI. The only sustainable city—and this, to me, is the indispensable ideal and goal—is a city in balance with its countryside: a city, that is, that would live off the net ecological income of its supporting region, paying as it goes all its ecological and human debts.

VII. The cities we now have are living off ecological principal, by economic assumptions that seem certain to destroy them. They do not live at home. They do not have their own supporting regions. They are out of balance with their supports, wherever on the globe their supports are.

VIII. The balance between city and countryside is destroyed by industrial machinery, "cheap" productivity in field and forest, and "cheap" transportation. Rome destroyed the balance with slave labor; we have destroyed it with "cheap" fossil-fuel industries.

IX. Since the Civil War, perhaps, and certainly since the Second World War, the norms of productivity have been set by the fossil-fuel industries.

X. Geographically, the sources of the fossil fuels are rural. Technically, however, the production of these fuels is industrial and urban. The facts and integrities of local life, and the principle of community, are considered as little as possible, for to consider them would not be quickly profitable. Fossil fuels have always been produced at the expense of local ecosystems and of local human communities. The fossil-fuel economy is the industrial economy par excellence, and it assigns no value to local life, natural or human.

XI. When the industrial principles exemplified in fossil-fuel production are applied to field and forest, the results are identical: local life, both natural and human, is destroyed.

XII. Industrial procedures have been imposed on the countryside pretty much to the extent that country people have been seduced or forced into dependence on the money economy. By encouraging this dependence, corporations have increased their ability to rob the people of their property and their labor. The result is that a very small number of people now own all the usable property in the country, and workers are increasingly the hostages of their employers.

XIII. Our present "leaders"—the people of wealth and power—do not know what it means to take a place seriously: to think it worthy, for its own sake, of love and study and careful work. They cannot take any place seriously because they must be ready at any moment, by the terms of power and wealth in the modern world, to destroy any place.

XIV. Ecological good sense will be opposed by all the most powerful economic entities of our time, because ecological good sense requires the reduction or replacement of those entities. If ecological good sense is to prevail, it can do so only through the work and the will of the people and of the local communities.

XV. For this task our currently prevailing assumptions about knowledge, information, education, money, and political will are inadequate. All our institutions with which I am familiar have adopted the organizational patterns and the quantitative measures of the indus-

trial corporations. Both sides of the ecological debate, perhaps as a consequence, are alarmingly abstract.

XVI. But abstraction, of course, is what is wrong. The evil of the industrial economy (capitalist or communist) is the abstractness inherent in its procedures—its inability to distinguish one place or person or creature from another. William Blake saw this two hundred years ago. Anyone can see it now in almost any of our common tools and weapons.

XVII. Abstraction is the enemy wherever it is found. The abstractions of sustainability can ruin the world just as surely as the abstractions of industrial economics. Local life may be as much endangered by "saving the planet" as by "conquering the world." Such a project calls for abstract purposes and central powers that cannot know, and so will destroy, the integrity of local nature and local community.

XVIII. In order to make ecological good sense for the planet, you must make ecological good sense locally. You can't act locally by thinking globally. If you want to keep your local acts from destroying the globe, you must think locally.

XIX. No one can make ecological good sense for the planet. Everyone can make ecological good sense locally, if the affection, the scale, the knowledge, the tools, and the skills are right.

XX. The right scale in work gives power to affection. When one works beyond the reach of one's love for the place one is working in, and for the things and creatures one is working with and among, then destruction inevitably results. An adequate local culture, among other things, keeps work within the reach of love.

XXI. The question before us, then, is an extremely difficult one: How do we begin to remake, or to make, a local culture that will preserve our part of the world while we use it? We are talking here not just about a kind of knowledge that involves affection but also about a kind of knowledge that comes from or with affection—knowledge that is unavailable to the unaffectionate, and that is unavailable to anyone as what is called information.

Courtesy of Bill Schaefer

XXII. What, for a start, might be the economic result of local affection? We don't know. Moreover, we are probably never going to know in any way that would satisfy the average dean or corporate executive. The ways of love tend to be secretive and, even to the lovers themselves, somewhat inscrutable.

XXIII. The real work of planet-saving will be small, humble, and humbling, and (insofar as it involves love) pleasing and rewarding. Its jobs will be too many to count, too many to report, too many to be publicly noticed or rewarded, too small to make anyone rich or famous.

XXIV. The great obstacle may be not greed but the modern hankering after glamour. A lot of our smartest, most concerned people want to come up with a big solution to a big problem. I don't think that planet-saving, if we take it seriously, can furnish employment to many such people.

XXV. When I think of the kind of worker the job requires, I think of Dorothy Day (if one can think of Dorothy Day herself, separate from the publicity that came as a result of her rarity), a person willing to go down and down into the daunting, humbling, almost hopeless local presence of the problem—to face the greatest problem one small life at a time.

XXVI. Some cities can never be sustainable, because they do not have a countryside around them, or near them, from which they can be sustained. New York City cannot be made sustainable, nor can Phoenix. Some cities in Kentucky or the Midwest, on the other hand, might reasonably hope to become sustainable.

XXVII. To make a sustainable city, one must begin somehow, and I think the beginning must be small and economic. A beginning could be made, for example, by increasing the amount of food bought from farmers in the local countryside by consumers in the city. As the food economy became more local, local farming would become more diverse; the farms would become smaller, more complex in structure, more productive; and some city people would be needed to work on the farms. Sooner or later, as a means of reducing expenses both ways, organic wastes from the city would go out to fertilize the farms of the supporting region; thus city people would have to assume an agricultural responsibility, and would be properly motivated to do so both by the wish to have a supply of excellent food and by the fear of contaminating that supply. The increase of economic intimacy between a city and its sources would change minds (assuming, of course, that the minds in question would stay put long enough to be changed). It would improve minds. The locality, by becoming partly sustainable, would produce the thought it would need to become more sustainable.

This article, published in The Atlantic Monthly, February 1991, is reprinted with permission of Wendell Berry.

Fall Equinox

No. 34 1991

the Seedhead News

(Permission to reprint granted by the author)

Restoring and Re-storying the Landscape

By Gary Nabhan

Find me the first vermillion flycatcher that sallies out from the canopies of newly-leafed cottonwoods and willows to pick off recently-hatched insects, and I will warble with delight: spring has come once again to the Sonoran Desert. *"Tut-tut tiddly-zing"* and it flutters out from a catkin-laden branch, hovers like a butterfly, dives to spear its prey, then whips back to the same branch. Such a sight, though, cannot be seen everywhere across the desert floor. It is restricted to the ribbon-like riparian corridors that roll out of the volcanic and granitic ranges to meander across otherwise dry basins. The lushness of greenery on a gallery forest floodplain, splotched with the reds, yellows and oranges of warblers, orioles, tanagers and flycatchers, is a sight for the sore eyes of one used to the grays and drab, subdued greens of a desert winter.

Down on the Mexican side of the desert, the first flush of foliage on cottonwoods and willows had added significance. It means, to a Sonoran floodplain farmer, that the new cuttings for his living hedgerow have taken root. Following the torrential floods brought by the summer monsoons and the late fall El Nino downpours, the untamed river shifted course and meandered across his field edge, leaving his fields a mess. A few years before, he had planted a hedgerow along the riverbanks, weaving brush between the saplings to slow the force of any floods that spilled over the banks into his fields. Last year's flood did surge high, and uprooted a few of the willows in his line of defense. So in January he trimmed branches from the survivors to plant as poles a meter deep above the newly-formed bank at his field's edge. By late February they had rooted and soon after began to leaf out. Now, in mid-March, he sees insectivorous birds arriving and perching in the new growth, then foraging over his fields for bugs, which he sees as pests. The renewal he beholds gives him a feeling of fulfillment known to many of us who labor with plants and animals. It is a feeling that our well-placed efforts can contribute to the diversity within our surroundings, restoring habitat rather than further degrading it.

If you walk with an elderly Sonoran farmer out among the curvilinear hedgerows on the floodplain near his village, each row prompts a story of a flood, and how people healed the scars it left and planted more protective trees in their stead. He can rattle off the years of the great floods that have come within his own lifespan, and sometimes those since his father's time: 1887, 1890, 1905, 1914, 1915, 1961, 1977 and 1983. He can point to trees that were planted after each innundation. He reads the growth on the floodplain as if it were a history book recording the landmark years of flood and the patterns of recovery that followed.

continued on next page

Restoring, continued

Learning to read those rows of cottonwoods and willows is what makes a Sonoran farmboy literate. They not only convey the ethical heritage of his community, reflecting its close relationship with its natural surroundings, they remind him of his responsibility to add to life, not deplete it.

This kind of literate looking after the floodplain reminds me of an observation by Annie Peaches, an Apache Indian elder, who suggests that a relationship with the land can be reciprocal: "The land is always stalking people. The land makes people live right. The land looks after *us*."

But Apaches have traditions of looking after the land as well. Years ago, I heard of the time when an Apache work crew was told by their Anglo boss to take chainsaws down to the floodplain and cut down all the water-guzzling cottonwood trees there. When he went to check on them a few hours later he found them smoking cigarettes, sitting in the shade of the trees, not a single one cut. Pressed for an explanation of their refusal to cooperate, one of the workers finally replied, "Apaches can't cut down all the cottonwoods by this river. Something bad would happen to us."

Such a story sticks with the Apaches because the landscape they inhabit is full of stories, and they cannot pass a particular place without remembering the parable that goes with it. As Apache elder Nick Thompson told Keith Basso, "You won't forget that story. You're going to see the place where it happened, maybe every day if it's nearby .... Even if we go away from here to some big city, places around here keep stalking us. If you live wrong, you will hear the names and see the places in your mind .... They make you remember how to live right, so you want to replace yourself again."

Stories, it seems, often play an important role in the relationship between indigenous people and places they inhabit. In central Australia, zoologists Ken Johnson and Andrew Burbridge set out to learn what aboriginal peoples of one desert area knew about certain threatened mammals, for a third of the species in their area had disappeared during the last 50 years. The zoologists were interested in wildlife introductions, but their scientific predecessors had left few records of populations and distributions. Local aboriginal elders, however, provided a vast store of information, reflecting lifetimes of being out in the bush observing animals. When it came to discussing bilbies, older aborigines sadly told how they had been abundant as recently as two decades ago, but had since become so rare they were rarely seen. They expressed a longing to see bilbies again, so Johnson proposed reintroducing animals from distant remnant populations back into the area. Now, with the help of the aboriginal men, who knew the bilby's former habitat, the Conservation Commission of the Northern Territory has successfully reintroduced bilbies into the central desert.

While the environmental and scientific rewards of the project would have made any wildlife biologist proud, Ken Johnson later heard from the aborigines something that made him even happier. Since the bilby had been reintroduced and sightings of it had increased among the aborigines, stories about them have begun to resurface in tribal memories, to be shared by the elders with the younger generations. The ceremonial "dreaming" reenactments of their culture's history of contact with other creatures had been reinstated. A cultural revival of sorts was on its way.

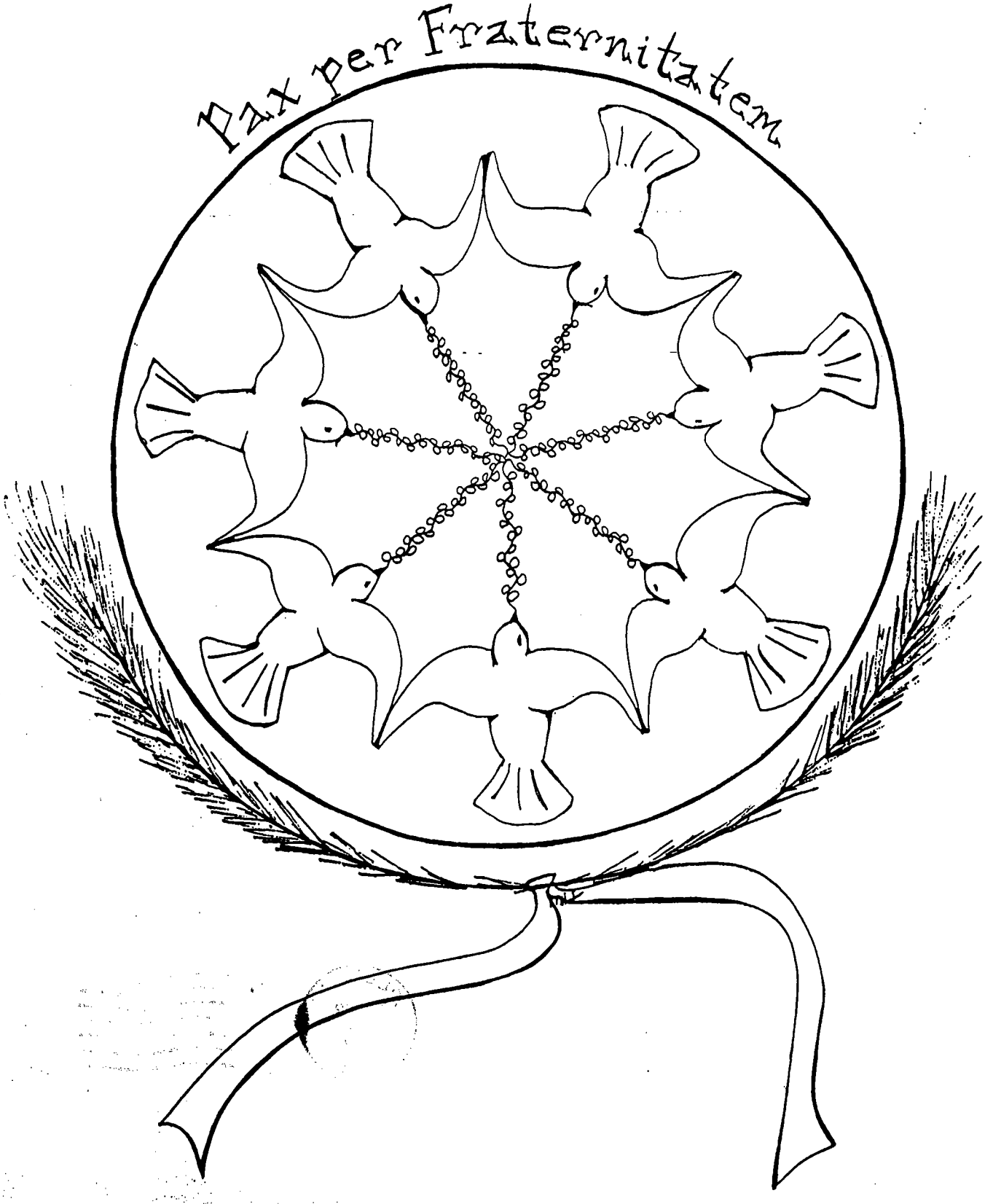
Today, we can read in nearly any conservation newsletter or journal about efforts to reintroduce endangered plants and animals as part of larger efforts toward the restoration of degraded landscapes. This emergence of ecological restoration is, in my mind, the most important environmental development since the first Earth Day. It allows people to participate in healing the wounds left on the earth, acknowledging the human power to create as well as to destroy. But as restoration becomes more technically sophisticated, there is the danger that it will simply become another professional pursuit that excludes laypersons capable of participating in effective grassroots community action.

That would be unfortunate because we need to restore not only landscapes, but the diversity-enhancing capabilities of the human communities inhabiting those landscapes, as well. Like the Sonoran, the Apache, and the Aborigine, we must be encouraged to live and work like natives of our particular homeland. To truly restore these landscapes, we must also begin to re-story them, to make them the lessons of our legends, festivals and seasonal rites.

This is what the Land Institute is doing at its Prairie Festival in Kansas; what Steve Packard of The Nature Conservancy and his colleagues are doing with their rites of fire in the restored savannas outside of Chicago; what the Siskyone Intertribal Park proposes for the northern California coast, and what our Native Seeds/SEARCH fosters through its chile fiesta in southern Arizona. To conserve the rarest or most vulnerable species, we must sustain the landscape processes that historically nurtured them. Humans can be participants in these processes, rather than mere bystanders, or the cause of their cessation. But they will not do this unless the sensitive species and the landscape processes have cultural meaning. Their value must be understood beyond the ranks of a few scientific specialists.

Story is the way we encode such values in our culture. Ritual is the way we enact them. We must ritually plant the cottonwood poles in winter to be able to share the joys of the vermillion flycatcher in the rites of spring. Re-storying the landscape will allow the roots of ecological restoration to grow deep within our consciousness, so that the floods of modern technological change cannot dislodge us from the earth.

— Reprinted with permission from *Restoration and Management Notes* 9(1):3-4, summer 1991.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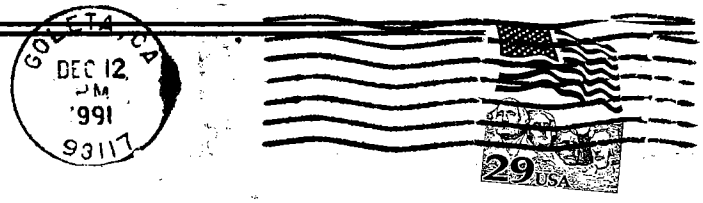

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