A Sand County Almanac

AND

SKETCHES HERE AND THERE

BY Aldo Leopold

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Foreword

There are some who can live without wild things, and some who cannot. These essays are the delights and dilemmas of one who cannot.

Like winds and sunsets, wild things were taken for granted until progress began to do away with them. Now we face the question whether a still higher 'standard of living' is worth its cost in things natural, wild, and free. For us of the minority, the opportunity to see geese is more important than television, and the chance to find a pasque-flower is a right as inalienable as free speech.

These wild things, I admit, had little human value until mechanization assured us of a good breakfast, and until science disclosed the drama of where they come from and how they live. The whole conflict thus boils down to a question of degree. We of the minority see a law of diminishing returns in progress; our opponents do not.

One must make shift with things as they are. These essays are my shifts. They are grouped in three parts. Part I tells what my family sees and does at its week-end
refuge from too much modernity: ‘the shack.’ On this sand farm in Wisconsin, first worn out and then abandoned by our bigger-and-better society, we try to rebuild, with shovel and axe, what we are losing elsewhere. It is here that we seek—and still find—our meat from God.

These shack sketches are arranged seasonally as a ‘Sand County Almanac.’

Part II, ‘Sketches Here and There,’ recounts some of the episodes in my life that taught me, gradually and sometimes painfully, that the company is out of step. These episodes, scattered over the continent and through forty years of time, present a fair sample of the issues that bear the collective label: conservation.

Part III, ‘The Upshot,’ sets forth, in more logical terms, some of the ideas whereby we dissenters rationalize our dissent. Only the very sympathetic reader will wish to wrestle with the philosophical questions of Part III. I suppose it may be said that these essays tell the company how it may get back in step.

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Conservation is getting nowhere because it is incompatible with our Abrahamic concept of land. We abuse land because we regard it as a commodity belonging to us. When we see land as a community to which we belong, we may begin to use it with love and respect. There is no other way for land to survive the impact of mechanized man, nor for us to reap from it the esthetic harvest it is capable, under science, of contributing to culture.

That land is a community is the basic concept of ecology, but that land is to be loved and respected is an extension
of ethics. That land yields a cultural harvest is a fact long known, but latterly often forgotten.

These essays attempt to weld these three concepts.

Such a view of land and people is, of course, subject to the blurs and distortions of personal experience and personal bias. But wherever the truth may lie, this much is crystal-clear: our bigger-and-better society is now like a hypochondriac, so obsessed with its own economic health as to have lost the capacity to remain healthy. The whole world is so greedy for more bathtubs that it has lost the stability necessary to build them, or even to turn off the tap. Nothing could be more salutary at this stage than a little healthy contempt for a plethora of material blessings.

Perhaps such a shift of values can be achieved by reappraising things unnatural, tame, and confined in terms of things natural, wild, and free.

Aldo Leopold

Madison, Wisconsin
4 March 1948
ance of perpetuity: overlapping terms of office. By taking on new needles on the new growth of each year, and discarding old needles at longer intervals, they have led the casual onlooker to believe that needles remain forever green.

Each species of pine has its own constitution, which prescribes a term of office for needles appropriate to its way of life: Thus the white pine retains its needles for a year and a half; the red and jackpines for two years and a half. Incoming needles take office in June, and outgoing needles write farewell addresses in October. All write the same thing, in the same tawny yellow ink, which by November turns brown. Then the needles fall, and are filed in the duff to enrich the wisdom of the stand. It is this accumulated wisdom that hushes the footsteps of whoever walks under pines.

It is in midwinter that I sometimes glean from my pines something more important than woodlot politics, and the news of the wind and weather. This is especially likely to happen on some gloomy evening when the snow has buried all irrelevant detail, and the hush of elemental sadness lies heavy upon every living thing. Nevertheless, my pines, each with his burden of snow, are standing ramrod-straight, rank upon rank, and in the dusk beyond I sense the presence of hundreds more. At such times I feel a curious transfusion of courage.

65290

To band a bird is to hold a ticket in a great lottery. Most of us hold tickets on our own survival, but we buy them from the insurance company, which knows too much to sell us a really sporting chance. It is an exercise in objectivity to hold
a ticket on the banded sparrow that falleth, or on the banded chickadee that may some day re-enter your trap, and thus prove that he is still alive.

The tyro gets his thrill from banding new birds; he plays a kind of game against himself, striving to break his previous score for total numbers. But to the old-timer the banding of new birds becomes merely pleasant routine; the real thrill lies in the recapture of some bird banded long ago, some bird whose age, adventures, and previous condition of appetite are perhaps better known to you than to the bird himself.

Thus in our family, the question whether chickadee 65290 would survive for still another winter was, for five years, a sporting question of the first magnitude.

Beginning a decade ago, we have trapped and banded most of the chickadees on our farm each winter. In early winter, the traps yield mostly unbanded birds; these presumably are mostly the young of the year, which, once banded, can thereafter be 'dated.' As the winter wears on, unbanded birds cease to appear in the trap; we then know that the local population consists largely of marked birds. We can tell from the band numbers how many birds are present, and how many of these are survivors from each previous year of banding.

65290 was one of 7 chickadees constituting the 'class of 1937.' When he first entered our trap, he showed no visible evidence of genius. Like his classmates, his valor for suet was greater than his discretion. Like his classmates, he bit my finger while being taken out of the trap. When banded and released he fluttered up to a limb, pecked his new aluminum anklet in mild annoyance, shook his mussed feathers, cursed gently, and hurried away to catch up with the gang.
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Assuming whether chickadee 65290 winter was, for five years, his magnitude.

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trees constituting the 'class of trap, he showed no visible classmates, his valor for suet value. Like his classmates, he bit out of the trap. When banded a limb, pecked his new al­ speci­ shook his mussed feathers, try to catch up with the gang.

It is doubtful whether he drew any philosophical deductions from his experience (such as 'all is not ants' eggs that glit­ ters'), for he was caught again three times that same winter.

By the second winter our recaptures showed that the class of 7 had shrunk to 3, and by the third winter to 2. By the fifth

winter 65290 was the sole survivor of his generation. Signs of genius were still lacking, but of his extraordinary capacity for living, there was now historical proof.

During his sixth winter 65290 failed to reappear, and the verdict of 'missing in action' is now confirmed by his absence during four subsequent trappings.

At that, of 97 chicks banded during the decade, 65290 was the only one contriving to survive for five winters. Three
reached 4 years, 7 reached 3 years, 19 reached 2 years, and 67 disappeared after their first winter. Hence if I were selling insurance to chicks, I could compute the premium with assurance. But this would raise the problem: in what currency would I pay the widows? I suppose in ants’ eggs.

I know so little about birds that I can only speculate on why 65290 survived his fellows. Was he more clever in dodging his enemies? What enemies? A chickadee is almost too small to have any. That whimsical fellow called Evolution, having enlarged the dinosaur until he tripped over his own toes, tried shrinking the chickadee until he was just too big to be snapped up by flycatchers as an insect, and just too little to be pursued by hawks and owls as meat. Then he regarded his handiwork and laughed. Everyone laughs at so small a bundle of large enthusiasms.

The sparrow hawk, the screech owl, the shrike, and especially the midget saw-whet owl might find it worth while to kill a chickadee, but I’ve only once found evidence of actual murder: a screech-owl pellet contained one of my bands. Perhaps these small bandits have a fellow-feeling for midgets.

It seems likely that weather is the only killer so devoid of both humor and dimension as to kill a chickadee. I suspect that in the chickadee Sunday School two mortal sins are taught: thou shalt not venture into windy places in winter, thou shalt not get wet before a blizzard.

I learned the second commandment one drizzly winter dusk while watching a band of chicks going to roost in my woods. The drizzle came out of the south, but I could tell it would turn northwest and bitter cold before morning. The chicks went to bed in a dead oak, the bark of which had peeled and warped into curls, cups, and hollows of various sizes, shapes, and exposures. ‘These against a south drizzle, but I surely be frozen by morning. From all sides would awaken of wisdom that spells survival for 65290 and his like.

The chickadee’s fear of wind from his behavior. In winter he only on calm days, and the drizzle. I know several wind-swept less all winter, but are freely and are wind-swept because cows growth. To the steam-heated farmer who needs more cows is a minor nuisance, except perhaps to his. To the chickadee, winter was habitable world. If the chickadee, winter over his desk would say: ‘Keep

His behavior at the trap that trap so that he must enter with tail, and all the king’s horses. Turn it the other way, and year from behind blows cold and winter. are his portable roof and air-ornament, tree sparrows, and woodpeckers behind, but their heating plan ance are larger in the order not mention wind; they are written.

I suspect there is a third thou shalt investigate every log lying in our woods, the chickadee the felled tree or riven log high.
A SAND COUNTY ALMANAC

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sizes, shapes, and exposures. The bird selecting a roost dry
against a south drizzle, but vulnerable to a north one, would
surely be frozen by morning. The bird selecting a roost dry
from all sides would awaken safe. This, I think, is the kind
of wisdom that spells survival in chickdom, and accounts
for 65290 and his like.

The chickadee’s fear of windy places is easily deduced
from his behavior. In winter he ventures away from woods
only on calm days, and the distance varies inversely as the
breeze. I know several wind-swept woodlots that are chick-
less all winter, but are freely used at all other seasons. They
are wind-swept because cows have browsed out the under-
growth. To the steam-heated banker who mortgages the
farmer who needs more cows who need more pasture, wind
is a minor nuisance, except perhaps at the Flatiron corner.
To the chickadee, winter wind is the boundary of the
habitable world.

If the chickadee had an office, the maxim
over his desk would say: ‘Keep calm.’

His behavior at the trap discloses the reason. Turn your
trap so that he must enter with even a moderate wind at his
tail, and all the king’s horses cannot drag him to the bait.
Turn it the other way, and your score may be good. Wind
from behind blows cold and wet under the feathers, which
are his portable roof and air-conditioner. Nuthatches, junco,
tree sparrows, and woodpeckers likewise fear winds from
behind, but their heating plants and hence their wind toler-
ance are larger in the order named. Books on nature seldom
mention wind; they are written behind stoves.

I suspect there is a third commandment in chickdom:
thou shalt investigate every loud noise. When we start chop-
ping in our woods, the chicks at once appear and stay until
the felled tree or riven log has exposed new insect eggs or
pupae for their delectation. The discharge of a gun will likewise summon chicks, but with less satisfactory dividends.

What served as their dinner bell before the day of axes, mauls, and guns? Presumably the crash of falling trees. In December 1940, an ice-storm felled an extraordinary number of dead snags and living limbs in our woods. Our chicks scoffed at the trap for a month, being replete with the dividends of the storm.

65290 has long since gone to his reward. I hope that in his new woods, great oaks full of ants’ eggs keep falling all day long, with never a wind to ruffle his composure or take the edge off his appetite. And I hope that he still wears my band.
and he tapped the lower layers of the loam with deep-rooted corn.

But he used his alfalfa, and every other new weapon against wash, not only to hold his old plowings, but also to exploit new ones which, in turn, needed holding.

So, despite alfalfa, the black loam grew gradually thinner. Erosion engineers built dams and terraces to hold it. Army engineers built levees and wing-dams to flush it from the rivers. The rivers would not flush, but raised their beds instead, thus choking navigation. So the engineers built pools like gigantic beaver ponds, and Y landed in one of these, his trip from rock to river completed in one short century.

On first reaching the pool, Y made several trips through water plants, fish, and waterfowl. But engineers build sewers as well as dams, and down them comes the loot of all the far hills and the sea. The atoms that once grew pasque-flowers to greet the returning plovers now lie inert, confused, imprisoned in oily sludge.

Roots still nose among the rocks. Rains still pelt the fields. Deer mice still hide their souvenirs of Indian summer. Old men who helped destroy the pigeons still recount the glory of the fluttering hosts. Black and white buffalo pass in and out of red barns, offering free rides to itinerant atoms.

On a Monument to the Pigeon

We have erected a monument to commemorate the funeral of a species. It symbolizes our sorrow. We grieve because no living man will see victorious birds, sweeping a sky, chasing the defeated hosts of the prairies of Wisconsin.

Men still live who, in their youth, have cut great woodlots, and at long last only the red oak and cottonwood remain. Trees still live who, in their leaves, and at last only the maple and the birch remain. There will always be pigeons, but these are effigies and imitations of our gods.

On a Monument to the Passenger Pigeon, placed in Wyalusing State Park, Wisconsin, by the Wisconsin Society for Ornithology. Dedicated 11 May 1947.

It is a century now since the origin of species. We are but the last of the preceding caravan, only fellow-voyagers with evolution. This new knowledge is both a sense of kinship, a sense of companionship; a sense of the duration of the biotic enter
cause no living man will see again the onrushing phalanx of victorious birds, sweeping a path for spring across the March skies, chasing the defeated winter from all the woods and prairies of Wisconsin.

Men still live who, in their youth, remember pigeons. Trees still live who, in their youth, were shaken by a living wind. But a decade hence only the oldest oaks will remember, and at long last only the hills will know.

There will always be pigeons in books and in museums, but these are effigies and images, dead to all hardships and to all delights. Book-pigeons cannot dive out of a cloud to make the deer run for cover, or clap their wings in thunderous applause of mast-laden woods. Book-pigeons cannot breakfast on new-mown wheat in Minnesota, and dine on blueberries in Canada. They know no urge of seasons; they feel no kiss of sun, no lash of wind and weather. They live forever by not living at all.

Our grandfathers were less well-housed, well-fed, well-clothed than we are. The strivings by which they bettered their lot are also those which deprived us of pigeons. Perhaps we now grieve because we are not sure, in our hearts, that we have gained by the exchange. The gadgets of industry bring us more comforts than the pigeons did, but do they add as much to the glory of the spring?

It is a century now since Darwin gave us the first glimpse of the origin of species. We know now what was unknown to all the preceding caravan of generations: that men are only fellow-voyagers with other creatures in the odyssey of evolution. This new knowledge should have given us, by this time, a sense of kinship with fellow-creatures; a wish to live and let live; a sense of wonder over the magnitude and duration of the biotic enterprise.
Above all we should, in the century since Darwin, have come to know that man, while now captain of the adventuring ship, is hardly the sole object of its quest, and that his prior assumptions to this effect arose from the simple necessity of whistling in the dark.

These things, I say, should have come to us. I fear they have not come to many.

For one species to mourn the death of another is a new thing under the sun. The Cro-Magnon who slew the last mammoth thought only of steaks. The sportsman who shot the last pigeon thought only of his prowess. The sailor who clubbed the last auk thought of nothing at all. But we, who have lost our pigeons, mourn the loss. Had the funeral been ours, the pigeons would hardly have mourned us. In this fact, rather than in Mr. DuPont's nylons or Mr. Vannevar Bush's bombs, lies objective evidence of our superiority over the beasts.

This monument, perched like a duckhawk on this cliff, will scan this wide valley, watching through the days and years. For many a March it will watch the geese go by, telling the river about clearer, colder, lonelier waters on the tundra. For many an April it will see the redbuds come and go, and for many a May the flush of oak-blooms on a thousand hills. Questing wood ducks will search these basswoods for hollow limbs; golden prothonotaries will shake golden pollen from the river willows. Egrets will pose on these sloughs in August; plovers will whistle from September skies. Hickory nuts will plop into October leaves, and hail will rattle in November woods. But no pigeons will pass, for there are no pigeons, save only this flightless one, graven in bronze on this rock.
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WISCONSIN

bronze on this rock. Tourists will read this inscription, but
their thoughts will not take wing.

We are told by economic moralists that to mourn the
pigeon is mere nostalgia; that if the pigeoners had not done
away with him, the farmers would ultimately have been
obliged, in self-defense, to do so.

This is one of those peculiar truths that are valid, but not
for the reasons alleged.

The pigeon was a biological storm. He was the lightning
that played between two opposing potentials of intolerable
intensity: the fat of the land and the oxygen of the air.
Yearly the feathered tempest roared up, down, and across
the continent, sucking up the laden fruits of forest and
prairie, burning them in a traveling blast of life. Like any
other chain reaction, the pigeon could survive no dimuni­
tion of his own furious intensity. When the pigeoners sub­
tracted from his numbers, and the pioneers chopped gaps
in the continuity of his fuel, his flame guttered out with
hardly a sputter or even a wisp of smoke.

Today the oaks still flaunt their burden at the sky, but
the feathered lightning is no more. Worm and weevil must
now perform slowly and silently the biological task that once
drew thunder from the firmament.

The wonder is not that the pigeon went out, but that he
ever survived through all the millennia of pre-Babbittian
time.

The pigeon loved his land: he lived by the intensity of his
desire for clustered grape and bursting beechnut, and by his
contempt of miles and seasons. Whatever Wisconsin did not
offer him gratis today, he sought and found tomorrow in

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Michigan, or Labrador, or Tennessee. His love was for present things, and these things were present somewhere; to find them required only the free sky, and the will to ply his wings.

To love what was is a new thing under the sun, unknown to most people and to all pigeons. To see America as history, to conceive of destiny as a becoming, to smell a hickory tree through the still lapse of ages—all these things are possible for us, and to achieve them takes only the free sky, and the will to ply our wings. In these things, and not in Mr. Bush’s bombs and Mr. DuPont’s nylons, lies objective evidence of our superiority over the beasts.

Flambeau

People who have never canoed a wild river, or who have done so only with a guide in the stern, are apt to assume that novelty, plus healthful exercise, account for the value of the trip. I thought so too, until I met the two college boys on the Flambeau.

Supper dishes washed, we sat on the bank watching a buck dunking for water plants on the far shore. Soon the buck raised his head, cocked his ears upstream, and then bounded for cover.

Around the bend now came the cause of his alarm: two boys in a canoe. Spying us, they edged in to pass the time of day.

‘What time is it?’ was their first question. They explained that their watches had run down, and for the first time in their lives there was no clock, whistle, or radio to set watches by. For two days they had lived by ‘sun-time,’ and were
SKETCHES HERE AND THERE

A deep chesty bawl echoes from rimrock to rimrock, rolls down the mountain, and fades into the far blackness of the night. It is an outburst of wild defiant sorrow, and of contempt for all the adversities of the world.

Every living thing (and perhaps many a dead one as well) pays heed to that call. To the deer it is a reminder of the way of all flesh, to the pine a forecast of midnight scuffles and of blood upon the snow, to the coyote a promise of gleanings to come, to the cowman a threat of red ink at the bank, to the hunter a challenge of fang against bullet. Yet behind these obvious and immediate hopes and fears there lies a deeper meaning, known only to the mountain itself. Only the mountain has lived long enough to listen objectively to the howl of a wolf.

Those unable to decipher the hidden meaning know nevertheless that it is there, for it is felt in all wolf country, and distinguishes that country from all other land. It tinges in the spine of all who hear wolves by night, or who scan their tracks by day. Even without sight or sound of wolf, it is implicit in a hundred small events: the midnight whinny of a pack horse, the rattle of rolling rocks, the bound of a fleeing deer, the way shadows lie under the spruces. Only the ineducable tyro can fail to sense the presence or absence of wolves, or the fact that mountains have a secret opinion about them.

My own conviction on this score dates from the day I saw a wolf die. We were eating lunch on a high rimrock, at the foot of which a turbulent river elbowed its way. We saw what we thought was a doe fording the torrent, her
breast awash in white water. When she climbed the bank toward us and shook out her tail, we realized our error: it was a wolf. A half-dozen others, evidently grown pups, sprang from the willows and all joined in a welcoming mêlée of wagging tails and playful maulings. What was literally a pile of wolves writhed and tumbled in the center of an open flat at the foot of our rimrock.

In those days we had never heard of passing up a chance to kill a wolf. In a second we were pumping lead into the pack, but with more excitement than accuracy: how to aim a steep downhill shot is always confusing. When our rifles were empty, the old wolf was down, and a pup was dragging a leg into impassable slide-rocks.

We reached the old wolf in time to watch a fierce green fire dying in her eyes. I realized then, and have known ever since, that there was something new to me in those eyes—something known only to her and to the mountain. I was young then, and full of trigger-itch; I thought that because fewer wolves meant more deer, that no wolves would mean hunters’ paradise. But after seeing the green fire die, I sensed that neither the wolf nor the mountain agreed with such a view.

Since then I have lived to see state after state extirpate its wolves. I have watched the face of many a newly wolfless mountain, and seen the south-facing slopes wrinkle with a maze of new deer trails. I have seen every edible bush and seedling browsed, first to anaemic desuetude, and then to death. I have seen every edible tree defoliated to the height of a saddlehorn. Such a mountain looks as if someone had given God a new pruning shears, and forbidden Him all
When she climbed the bank or hill, we realized our error; it others, evidently grown pups, all joined in a welcoming mêlée mauleds. What was literally a a tumble in the center of an open meadow.

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other exercise. In the end the starved bones of the hoped-for deer herd, dead of its own too-much, bleach with the bones of the dead sage, or molder under the high-lined junipers.

I now suspect that just as a deer herd lives in mortal fear of its wolves, so does a mountain live in mortal fear of its deer. And perhaps with better cause, for while a buck pulled down by wolves can be replaced in two or three years, a range pulled down by too many deer may fail of replacement in as many decades.

So also with cows. The cowman who cleans his range of wolves does not realize that he is taking over the wolf’s job of trimming the herd to fit the range. He has not learned to think like a mountain. Hence we have dustbowls, and rivers washing the future into the sea.

Sketches Here and There

We all strive for safety, peace, and dullness. The deer strives with trap and poison, the cowman with machines, votes, and politics. All the same thing: peace in our time. Safety is all well enough, and peace of mind, but too much safety and too much peace, in the long run. Perhaps this is why the wildness is the salvation of America, the hidden meaning in the big empty spaces of the mountains, but seldom percieved.

Escudilla

Life in Arizona was boundless, overhead by sky, and on the plains. Look up anywhere, and you see a mountain.

To the north of the mountains lay the plains. Look up anywhere, and you see a mountain.

To the east you rode over a land of whitetails, wild turkey, and jays. But top out on a ridge, and look down, and you are lost in an immensity. On its edge, black as night, a far blue mountain: Escudilla.

To the west billowed the largest forest in Arizona. We cruised timber forty by forty, into the heart of the forest.
We all strive for safety, prosperity, comfort, long life, and dullness. The deer strives with his supple legs, the cowman with trap and poison, the statesman with pen, the most of us with machines, votes, and dollars, but it all comes to the same thing: peace in our time. A measure of success in this is all well enough, and perhaps is a requisite to objective thinking, but too much safety seems to yield only danger in the long run. Perhaps this is behind Thoreau’s dictum: In wildness is the salvation of the world. Perhaps this is the hidden meaning in the howl of the wolf, long known among mountains, but seldom perceived among men.

Escudilla

Life in Arizona was bounded under foot by grama grass, overhead by sky, and on the horizon by Escudilla.

To the north of the mountain you rode on honey-colored plains. Look up anywhere, any time, and you saw Escudilla.

To the east you rode over a confusion of wooded mesas. Each hollow seemed its own small world, soaked in sun, fragrant with juniper, and cozy with the chatter of piñon jays. But top out on a ridge and you at once became a speck in an immensity. On its edge hung Escudilla.

To the south lay the tangled canyons of Blue River, full of whitetails, wild turkeys, and wilder cattle. When you missed a saucy buck waving his goodbye over the skyline, and looked down your sights to wonder why, you looked at a far blue mountain: Escudilla.

To the west billowed the outliers of the Apache National Forest. We cruised timber there, converting the tall pines, forty by forty, into notebook figures representing hypo-
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The Land Ethic

When god-like Odysseus returned from the wars in Troy,
he hanged all on one rope a dozen slave-girls of his house-
hold whom he suspected of misbehavior during his absence.
This hanging involved no question of propriety. The girls
were property. The disposal of property was then, as now, a
matter of expediency, not of right and wrong.
Concepts of right and wrong were not lacking from Odys-
seus’ Greece: witness the fidelity of his wife through the

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long years before at last his black-prowed galleys clove the wine-dark seas for home. The ethical structure of that day covered wives, but had not yet been extended to human chattels. During the three thousand years which have since elapsed, ethical criteria have been extended to many fields of conduct, with corresponding shrinkages in those judged by expediency only.

The Ethical Sequence

This extension of ethics, so far studied only by philosophers, is actually a process in ecological evolution. Its sequences may be described in ecological as well as in philosophical terms. An ethic, ecologically, is a limitation on freedom of action in the struggle for existence. An ethic, philosophically, is a differentiation of social from anti-social conduct. These are two definitions of one thing. The thing has its origin in the tendency of interdependent individuals or groups to evolve modes of co-operation. The ecologist calls these symbioses. Politics and economics are advanced symbioses in which the original free-for-all competition has been replaced, in part, by co-operative mechanisms with an ethical content.

The complexity of co-operative mechanisms has increased with population density, and with the efficiency of tools. It was simpler, for example, to define the anti-social uses of sticks and stones in the days of the mastodons than of bullets and billboards in the age of motors.

The first ethics dealt with the relation between individuals; the Mosaic Decalogue is an example. Later accretions dealt with the relation between the individual and society. The Golden Rule has the relation to the individual.

There is as yet no environment, and the animal Land, like Odysseus' ship, is in a relation is still strictly to the individual.

The extension of ethical possibility and a step in a sequence. There have asserted that the expedient but wrong. So their belief. I regard the embryo of such an ethic may be regarding ecological situations. Such deferred reactions are modes of guidance in the-making.

All ethics so far evolved the individual is a mode of independent parts. His instance place in that community.
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gy. The Golden Rule tries to integrate the individual to
 society; democracy to integrate social organization to the
 individual.

There is as yet no ethic dealing with man's relation to
 land and to the animals and plants which grow upon it.
 Land, like Odysseus' slave-girls, is still property. The land-
 relation is still strictly economic, entailing privileges but not
 obligations.

The extension of ethics to this third element in human
 environment is, if I read the evidence correctly, an evolu-
 tionary possibility and an ecological necessity. It is the third
 step in a sequence. The first two have already been taken.
 Individual thinkers since the days of Ezekiel and Isaiah
 have asserted that the despoliation of land is not only in-
 expedient but wrong. Society, however, has not yet affirmed
 their belief. I regard the present conservation movement as
 the embryo of such an affirmation.

An ethic may be regarded as a mode of guidance for meet-
 ing ecological situations so new or intricate, or involving
 such deferred reactions, that the path of social expediency
 is not discernible to the average individual. Animal instincts
 are modes of guidance for the individual in meeting such
 situations. Ethics are possibly a kind of community instinct
 in-the-making.

The Community Concept
All ethics so far evolved rest upon a single premise: that
 the individual is a member of a community of interdepen-
 dent parts. His instincts prompt him to compete for his
 place in that community, but his ethics prompt him also to
co-operate (perhaps in order that there may be a place to compete for).

The land ethic simply enlarges the boundaries of the community to include soils, waters, plants, and animals, or collectively: the land.

This sounds simple: do we not already sing our love for and obligation to the land of the free and the home of the brave? Yes, but just what and whom do we love? Certainly not the soil, which we are sending helter-skelter downriver. Certainly not the waters, which we assume have no function except to turn turbines, float barges, and carry off sewage. Certainly not the plants, of which we exterminate whole communities without batting an eye. Certainly not the animals, of which we have already extirpated many of the largest and most beautiful species. A land ethic of course cannot prevent the alteration, management, and use of these 'resources,' but it does affirm their right to continued existence, and, at least in spots, their continued existence in a natural state.

In short, a land ethic changes the role of Homo sapiens from conqueror of the land-community to plain member and citizen of it. It implies respect for his fellow-members, and also respect for the community as such.

In human history, we have learned (I hope) that the conqueror role is eventually self-defeating. Why? Because it is implicit in such a role that the conqueror knows, ex cathedra, just what makes the community clock tick, and just what and who is valuable, and what and who is worthless, in community life. It always turns out that he knows neither, and this is why his conquests eventually defeat themselves.

In the biotic community, a parallel situation exists. Abra-

THE LAND ETHIC

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THE LAND ETHIC

ham knew exactly what the land was for: it was to drip

milk and honey into Abraham's mouth. At the present

ment, the assurance with which we regard this assumption

is inverse to the degree of our education.

The ordinary citizen today assumes that science knows

what makes the community clock tick; the scientist is

equally sure that he does not. He knows that the biotic

mechanism is so complex that its workings may never be

fully understood.

That man is, in fact, only a member of a biotic team is

shown by an ecological interpretation of history. Many

historical events, hitherto explained solely in terms of human

enterprise, were actually biotic interactions between people

and land. The characteristics of the land determined the

facts quite as potently as the characteristics of the men

who lived on it.

Consider, for example, the settlement of the Mississippi

valley. In the years following the Revolution, three groups

were contesting for its control: the native Indian, the

French and English traders, and the American settlers. His­

torians wonder what would have happened if the English

at Detroit had thrown a little more weight into the Indian

side of those tipsy scales which decided the outcome of the

colonial migration into the cane-lands of Kentucky. It is time

now to ponder the fact that the cane-lands, when subjected

to the particular mixture of forces represented by the cow,

plow, fire, and axe of the pioneer, became bluegrass. What

if the plant succession inherent in this dark and bloody

ground had, under the impact of these forces, given us some

worthless sedge, shrub, or weed? Would Boone and Kenton

have held out? Would there have been any overflow into

Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri? Any Louisiana Pur-
chase? Any transcontinental union of new states? Any Civil War?

Kentucky was one sentence in the drama of history. We are commonly told what the human actors in this drama tried to do, but we are seldom told that their success, or the lack of it, hung in large degree on the reaction of particular soils to the impact of the particular forces exerted by their occupancy. In the case of Kentucky, we do not even know where the bluegrass came from—whether it is a native species, or a stowaway from Europe.

Contrast the cane-lands with what hindsight tells us about the Southwest, where the pioneers were equally brave, resourceful, and persevering. The impact of occupancy here brought no bluegrass, or other plant fitted to withstand the bumps and buffettings of hard use. This region, when grazed by livestock, reverted through a series of more and more worthless grasses, shrubs, and weeds to a condition of unstable equilibrium. Each recession of plant types bred erosion; each increment to erosion bred a further recession of plants. The result today is a progressive and mutual deterioration, not only of plants and soils, but of the animal community subsisting thereon. The early settlers did not expect this; on the ciénegas of New Mexico some even cut ditches to hasten it. So subtle has been its progress that few residents of the region are aware of it. It is quite invisible to the tourist who finds this wrecked landscape colorful and charming (as indeed it is, but it bears scant resemblance to what it was in 1848).

This same landscape was 'developed' once before, but with quite different results. The Pueblo Indians settled the Southwest in pre-Columbian times, but they happened not to be equipped to conquer the land, but to live in peace with it, and to manage well the abundant resources with which they were supplied. This seems to be the only sure way to develop the land; it is, indeed, the only natural way.

In India, regicides and servile sycophants have been settled, and the simple expedient of wholesale theft has been attempted, not because it was more efficient than vice versa. But it is an expedient that does not work.

In short, the spirit of occupancy is the spirit of occupancy; the pioneer spirit? It will be long before we really penetrate any far land with the qualities of the Pueblo.

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pired, but not because their land expired.

In India, regions devoid of any sod-forming grass have
been settled, apparently without wrecking the land, by the
simple expedient of carrying the grass to the cow, rather
than vice versa. (Was this the result of some deep wisdom,
or was it just good luck? I do not know.)

In short, the plant succession steered the course of his-
tory; the pioneer simply demonstrated, for good or ill, what
successions inhered in the land. Is history taught in this
spirit? It will be, once the concept of land as a community
really penetrates our intellectual life.

The Ecological Conscience

Conservation is a state of harmony between men and land.
Despite nearly a century of propaganda, conservation still
proceeds at a snail's pace; progress still consists largely of
letterhead pieties and convention oratory. On the back forty
we still slip two steps backward for each forward stride.

The usual answer to this dilemma is 'more conservation
education.' No one will debate this, but is it certain that only
the volume of education needs stepping up? Is something
lacking in the content as well?

It is difficult to give a fair summary of its content in brief
form, but, as I understand it, the content is substantially
this: obey the law, vote right, join some organizations, and
practice what conservation is profitable on your own land;
the government will do the rest.

Is not this formula too easy to accomplish anything
worth-while? It defines no right or wrong, assigns no obliga-

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tion, calls for no sacrifice, implies no change in the current philosophy of values. In respect of land-use, it urges only enlightened self-interest. Just how far will such education take us? An example will perhaps yield a partial answer.

By 1930 it had become clear to all except the ecologically blind that southwestern Wisconsin's topsoil was slipping seaward. In 1933 the farmers were told that if they would adopt certain remedial practices for five years, the public would donate CCC labor to install them, plus the necessary machinery and materials. The offer was widely accepted, but the practices were widely forgotten when the five-year contract period was up. The farmers continued only those practices that yielded an immediate and visible economic gain for themselves.

This led to the idea that maybe farmers would learn more quickly if they themselves wrote the rules. Accordingly the Wisconsin Legislature in 1937 passed the Soil Conservation District Law. This said to farmers, in effect: We, the public, will furnish you free technical service and loan you specialized machinery, if you will write your own rules for land-use. Each county may write its own rules, and these will have the force of law. Nearly all the counties promptly organized to accept the proffered help, but after a decade of operation, no county has yet written a single rule. There has been visible progress in such practices as strip-cropping, pasture renovation, and soil liming, but none in fencing woodlots against grazing, and none in excluding plow and cow from steep slopes. The farmers, in short, have selected those remedial practices which were profitable anyway, and ignored those which were profitable to the community, but not clearly profitable to themselves.

When one asks why no rules have been written, one is told that the competitive education must proceed unchecked. Progress makes no exception to those dicta we have more education, and as many foodstuffs.

The puzzling aspect of obligations otherwise granted in such segments of roads, social machinery, if we have more education, and as many foodstuffs, than ever before, and at the same time, the farmers have a right to insist that the land, or in the case of the farm lands, exist wholly by economics, or century ago.

To sum up: whatever conveniently could be done, and only that. The ecocentric slope, turns the rainfall, rocks, and otherwise decent agricultural lime on his fields, or entitled to all the Conservation District social machinery machinery, if because we have success, to tell the communities. Obligation in other words, the problem we face is from people to people, from people to business.
implies no change in the current aspect of land-use, it urges only how far will such education perhaps yield a partial answer.

Near to all except the ecologically Wisconsin's topsoil was slipping farmers were told that if they would erects for five years, the public to install them, plus the necessities. The offer was widely accepted, widely forgotten when the was up. The farmers continued to wait for an immediate and visible results.

maybe farmers would learn more were the rules. Accordingly the 87 passed the Soil Conservation farmers, in effect: We, the published technical service and loan you will write your own rules for write its own rules, and these nearly all the counties promptly perferred help, but after a decade of it written a single rule. There are such practices as strip-cropped soil lining, but none in fencing, and none in excluding plow. The farmers, in short, have practices which were profitable anywhence were profitable to the competent to themselves.

rules have been written, one is told that the community is not yet ready to support them; education must precede rules. But the education actually in progress makes no mention of obligations to land over and above those dictated by self-interest. The net result is that we have more education but less soil, fewer healthy woods, and as many floods as in 1937.

The puzzling aspect of such situations is that the existence of obligations over and above self-interest is taken for granted in such rural community enterprises as the betterment of roads, schools, churches, and baseball teams. Their existence is not taken for granted, nor as yet seriously discussed, in bettering the behavior of the water that falls on the land, or in the preserving of the beauty or diversity of the farm landscape. Land-use ethics are still governed wholly by economic self-interest, just as social ethics were a century ago.

To sum up: we asked the farmer to do what he conveniently could to save his soil, and he has done just that, and only that. The farmer who clears the woods off a 75 per cent slope, turns his cows into the clearing, and dumps its rainfall, rocks, and soil into the community creek, is still (if otherwise decent) a respected member of society. If he puts lime on his fields and plants his crops on contour, he is still entitled to all the privileges and emoluments of his Soil Conservation District. The District is a beautiful piece of social machinery, but it is coughing along on two cylinders because we have been too timid, and too anxious for quick success, to tell the farmer the true magnitude of his obligations. Obligations have no meaning without conscience, and the problem we face is the extension of the social conscience from people to land.

No important change in ethics was ever accomplished
without an internal change in our intellectual emphasis, loyalties, affections, and convictions. The proof that conservation has not yet touched these foundations of conduct lies in the fact that philosophy and religion have not yet heard of it. In our attempt to make conservation easy, we have made it trivial.

Substitutes for a Land Ethic

When the logic of history hungers for bread and we hand out a stone, we are at pains to explain how much the stone resembles bread. I now describe some of the stones which serve in lieu of a land ethic.

One basic weakness in a conservation system based wholly on economic motives is that most members of the land community have no economic value. Wildflowers and songbirds are examples. Of the 22,000 higher plants and animals native to Wisconsin, it is doubtful whether more than 5 per cent can be sold, fed, eaten, or otherwise put to economic use. Yet these creatures are members of the biotic community, and if (as I believe) its stability depends on its integrity, they are entitled to continuance.

When one of these non-economic categories is threatened, and if we happen to love it, we invent subterfuges to give it economic importance. At the beginning of the century songbirds were supposed to be disappearing. Ornithologists jumped to the rescue with some distinctly shaky evidence to the effect that insects would eat us up if birds failed to control them. The evidence had to be economic in order to be valid.

It is painful to read these circumlocutions today. We have no land ethic yet, but we have reached the point of admitting that biotic creatures are entitled to exist for their own sake, regardless of economic advantage to us.
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A parallel situation exists in respect of predatory mammals, raptorial birds, and fish-eating birds. Time was when biologists somewhat overworked the evidence that these creatures preserve the health of game by killing weaklings, or that they control rodents for the farmer, or that they prey only on ‘worthless’ species. Here again, the evidence had to be economic in order to be valid. It is only in recent years that we hear the more honest argument that predators are members of the community, and that no special interest has the right to exterminate them for the sake of a benefit, real
or fancied, to itself. Unfortunately this enlightened view is still in the talk stage. In the field the extermination of predators goes merrily on: witness the impending erasure of the timber wolf by fiat of Congress, the Conservation Bureaus, and many state legislatures.

Some species of trees have been 'read out of the party' by economics-minded foresters because they grow too slowly, or have too low a sale value to pay as timber crops: white cedar, tamarack, cypress, beech, and hemlock are examples. In Europe, where forestry is ecologically more advanced, the non-commercial tree species are recognized as members of the native forest community, to be preserved as such, within reason. Moreover some (like beech) have been found to have a valuable function in building up soil fertility. The interdependence of the forest and its constituent tree species, ground flora, and fauna is taken for granted.

Lack of economic value is sometimes a character not only of species or groups, but of entire biotic communities: marshes, bogs, dunes, and 'deserts' are examples. Our formula in such cases is to relegate their conservation to government as refuges, monuments, or parks. The difficulty is that these communities are usually interspersed with more valuable private lands; the government cannot possibly own or control such scattered parcels. The net effect is that we have relegated some of them to ultimate extinction over large areas. If the private owner were ecologically minded, he would be proud to be the custodian of a reasonable proportion of such areas, which add diversity and beauty to his farm and to his community.

In some instances, the assumed lack of profit in these 'waste' areas has proved to be wrong, but only after most

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of them had been done away with. Reflood muskrat marshes is not a proven concept, but a clear tendency. There is a clear tendency to relegate to government all reclamation, range management, soil and water conservation, migratory bird management, and wilderness conservation. This growth in governmental control is logical, some of it is inevitable, and of it is implicit in the fact that capitalism is working for it. Nevertheless, the ultimate magnitude of this growth is capped by its own dimensions. It seems to be in a land ethic that signs more obligation to the private owner, who is the custodian of the land, but (with notable exceptions) insists only with outstretched hand for the extension of governmental conservation, which is the essence of land ethic.

Industrial landowners and stockmen, are inclined to object, and stockmen assert that the extension of governmental conservation, which is the essence of land ethic and involves such things as water conservation, range management, and the voluntary practice of conservation.

When the private landowner performs a beneficent act for the public good, such as water conservation, and is only content to have his labor recognized in the form of a small cash payment, he may be considered a benefactor. The overwhelming recent years must be ascribed to the benefaction of private individuals who have done their own work for the public good.
of them had been done away with. The present scramble to reflood muskrat marshes is a case in point.

There is a clear tendency in American conservation to relegate to government all necessary jobs that private landowners fail to perform. Government ownership, operation, subsidy, or regulation is now widely prevalent in forestry, range management, soil and watershed management, park and wilderness conservation, fisheries management, and migratory bird management, with more to come. Most of this growth in governmental conservation is proper and logical, some of it is inevitable. That I imply no disapproval of it is implicit in the fact that I have spent most of my life working for it. Nevertheless the question arises: What is the ultimate magnitude of the enterprise? Will the tax base carry its eventual ramifications? At what point will governmental conservation, like the mastodon, become handicapped by its own dimensions? The answer, if there is any, seems to be in a land ethic, or some other force which assigns more obligation to the private landowner.

Industrial landowners and users, especially lumbermen and stockmen, are inclined to wait long and loudly about the extension of government ownership and regulation to land, but (with notable exceptions) they show little disposition to develop the only visible alternative: the voluntary practice of conservation on their own lands.

When the private landowner is asked to perform some unprofitable act for the good of the community, he today assents only with outstretched palm. If the act costs him cash this is fair and proper, but when it costs only forethought, open-mindedness, or time, the issue is at least debatable. The overwhelming growth of land-use subsidies in recent years must be ascribed, in large part, to the govern-
ment's own agencies for conservation education: the land bureaus, the agricultural colleges, and the extension services. As far as I can detect, no ethical obligation toward land is taught in these institutions.

To sum up: a system of conservation based solely on economic self-interest is hopelessly lopsided. It tends to ignore, and thus eventually to eliminate, many elements in the land community that lack commercial value, but that are (as far as we know) essential to its healthy functioning. It assumes, falsely, I think, that the economic parts of the biotic clock will function without the uneconomic parts. It tends to relegate to government many functions eventually too large, too complex, or too widely dispersed to be performed by government.

An ethical obligation on the part of the private owner is the only visible remedy for these situations.

The Land Pyramid

An ethic to supplement and guide the economic relation to land presupposes the existence of some mental image of land as a biotic mechanism. We can be ethical only in relation to something we can see, feel, understand, love, or otherwise have faith in.

The image commonly employed in conservation education is 'the balance of nature.' For reasons too lengthy to detail here, this figure of speech fails to describe accurately what little we know about the land mechanism. A much truer image is the one employed in ecology: the biotic pyramid. I shall first sketch the pyramid as a symbol of land, and later develop some of its implications in terms of land-use.

Plants absorb energy from the sun through a circuit called the photosynthetic process. A plant layer rests on a plant layer, and through various animal growths consists of the larger carnivores.

The species of a layer are derived from, or in what they look like. Each successive layer depends on the layer above, and often for other services, and services to those above. Every carnivore has a人为 prey, millions of invertebrates, a pyramidal form of the system, ending with the bears, raccoons, and omnivorous animals and vegetables.

The lines of dependency are called food chains. Thus is that has now been largely on a hundred chains. Each species, including omnivores, depends on the cooperation of the parts.

In the beginning, the pyramid food chains short and simple.
Plants absorb energy from the sun. This energy flows through a circuit called the biota, which may be represented by a pyramid consisting of layers. The bottom layer is the soil. A plant layer rests on the soil, an insect layer on the plants, a bird and rodent layer on the insects, and so on up through various animal groups to the apex layer, which consists of the larger carnivores.

The species of a layer are alike not in where they came from, or in what they look like, but rather in what they eat. Each successive layer depends on those below it for food and often for other services, and each in turn furnishes food and services to those above. Proceeding upward, each successive layer decreases in numerical abundance. Thus, for every carnivore there are hundreds of his prey, thousands of their prey, millions of insects, uncountable plants. The pyramidal form of the system reflects this numerical progression from apex to base. Man shares an intermediate layer with the bears, raccoons, and squirrels which eat both meat and vegetables.

The lines of dependency for food and other services are called food chains. Thus soil-oak-deer-Indian is a chain that has now been largely converted to soil-corn-cow-farmer. Each species, including ourselves, is a link in many chains. The deer eats a hundred plants other than oak, and the cow a hundred plants other than corn. Both, then, are links in a hundred chains. The pyramid is a tangle of chains so complex as to seem disorderly, yet the stability of the system proves it to be a highly organized structure. Its functioning depends on the co-operation and competition of its diverse parts.

In the beginning, the pyramid of life was low and squat; the food chains short and simple. Evolution has added layer
after layer, link after link. Man is one of thousands of accre­
tions to the height and complexity of the pyramid. Science
has given us many doubts, but it has given us at least one
certainty: the trend of evolution is to elaborate and diversify
the biota.

Land, then, is not merely soil; it is a fountain of energy
flowing through a circuit of soils, plants, and animals. Food
chains are the living channels which conduct energy up­
ward; death and decay return it to the soil. The circuit is not
closed; some energy is dissipated in decay, some is added by
absorption from the air, some is stored in soils, peats, and
long-lived forests; but it is a sustained circuit, like a slowly
augmented revolving fund of life. There is always a net loss
by downhill wash, but this is normally small and offset by
the decay of rocks. It is deposited in the ocean and, in the
course of geological time, raised to form new lands and new
pyramids.

The velocity and character of the upward flow of energy
depend on the complex structure of the plant and animal
community, much as the upward flow of sap in a tree de­
pends on its complex cellular organization. Without this
complexity, normal circulation would presumably not occur.
Structure means the characteristic numbers, as well as the
characteristic kinds and functions, of the component species.
This interdependence between the complex structure of the
land and its smooth functioning as an energy unit is one
of its basic attributes.

When a change occurs in one part of the circuit, many
other parts must adjust themselves to it. Change does not
necessarily obstruct or divert the flow of energy; evolu­tion
is a long series of self-induced changes, the net result of
which has been to elaborate the flow mechanism and to
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of thousands of acres of the pyramid. Science has given us at least one elaborate and diversify fountain of energy and animals. Food conduct energy upward in soils. The circuit is not closed; decay, some is added by peats, and circuit, like a slowly is always a net loss the ocean and, in the a net loss new lands and new components.

The upad flow of energy the plant and animal flow of sap in a tree organization. Without this presumably not occur. Numbers, as well as the composition of the component species. The complex structure of the in energy unit is one of the circuit, many to it. Change does not of energy; evolution changes, the net result of a system to

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lengthen the circuit. Evolutionary changes, however, are usually slow and local. Man’s invention of tools has enabled him to make changes of unprecedented violence, rapidity, and scope.

One change is in the composition of floras and faunas. The larger predators are lopped off the apex of the pyramid; food chains, for the first time in history, become shorter rather than longer. Domesticated species from other lands are substituted for wild ones, and wild ones are moved to new habitats. In this world-wide pooling of faunas and floras, some species get out of bounds as pests and diseases, others are extinguished. Such effects are seldom intended or foreseen; they represent unpredicted and often untraceable readjustments in the structure. Agricultural science is largely a race between the emergence of new pests and the emergence of new techniques for their control.

Another change touches the flow of energy through plants and animals and its return to the soil. Fertility is the ability of soil to receive, store, and release energy. Agriculture, by overdrafts on the soil, or by too radical a substitution of domestic for native species in the superstructure, may de-range the channels of flow or deplete storage. Soils depleted of their storage, or of the organic matter which anchors it, wash away faster than they form. This is erosion.

Waters, like soil, are part of the energy circuit. Industry, by polluting waters or obstructing them with dams, may exclude the plants and animals necessary to keep energy in circulation.

Transportation brings about another basic change: the plants or animals grown in one region are now consumed and returned to the soil in another. Transportation taps the
energy stored in rocks, and in the air, and uses it elsewhere; thus we fertilize the garden with nitrogen gleaned by the guano birds from the fishes of seas on the other side of the Equator. Thus the formerly localized and self-contained circuits are pooled on a world-wide scale.

The process of altering the pyramid for human occupation releases stored energy, and this often gives rise, during the pioneering period, to a deceptive exuberance of plant and animal life, both wild and tame. These releases of biotic capital tend to becloud or postpone the penalties of violence.

This thumbnail sketch of land as an energy circuit conveys three basic ideas:

1. That land is not merely soil.
2. That the native plants and animals kept the energy circuit open; others may or may not.
3. That man-made changes are of a different order than evolutionary changes, and have effects more comprehensive than is intended or foreseen.

These ideas, collectively, raise two basic issues: Can the land adjust itself to the new order? Can the desired alterations be accomplished with less violence?

Biotas seem to differ in their capacity to sustain violent conversion. Western Europe, for example, carries a far different pyramid than Caesar found there. Some large animals are lost; swampy forests have become meadows or plowland; many new plants and animals are introduced, some of which escape as pests; the remaining natives are greatly changed in distribution and abundance. Yet the soil is still there and, with the help of imported nutrients, still fertile; the waters flow normally; the new structure seems to function and to persist a longer time.

Western Europe's processes are tough, and in the long term the alteration of the circuit by man, and for man, becomes typical. Japan seems to be altering without discarding.

Most other components of civilization, varying in degree of disorder, are touched by civilization, varying in degree of disorder. In Asia Minor and the Southwest, the native biota is still there, and New England and the Southwest are recovering it in the last stages of their alteration. South America, however, seems to have no hope of recovery.

This almost universal alteration of the circuit seems to be reaching its culmination. The land is becoming a bare structure, with a reduced capacity to sustain animal life. Many biomes are in fact 'in fact, i.e. they have lost the capacity. Many others are in the process of 'death' in this sense.
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tion and to persist. There is no visible stoppage or derange-
ment of the circuit.

Western Europe, then, has a resistant biota. Its inner proc-
esses are tough, elastic, resistant to strain. No matter how
violent the alterations, the pyramid, so far, has developed
some new modus vivendi which preserves its habitability for
man, and for most of the other natives.

Japan seems to present another instance of radical conver-
sion without disorganization.

Most other civilized regions, and some as yet barely
touched by civilization, display various stages of disorgan-
ization, varying from initial symptoms to advanced wastage.
In Asia Minor and North Africa diagnosis is confused by
climatic changes, which may have been either the cause or
the effect of advanced wastage. In the United States the
degree of disorganization varies locally; it is worst in the
Southwest, the Ozarks, and parts of the South, and least in
New England and the Northwest. Better land-uses may still
arrest it in the less advanced regions. In parts of Mexico,
South America, South Africa, and Australia a violent and
accelerating wastage is in progress, but I cannot assess the
prospects.

This almost world-wide display of disorganization in the
land seems to be similar to disease in an animal, except that
it never culminates in complete disorganization or death.
The land recovers, but at some reduced level of complexity,
and with a reduced carrying capacity for people, plants, and
animals. Many biotas currently regarded as 'lands of oppor-
tunity' are in fact already subsisting on exploitative agricul-
ture, i.e. they have already exceeded their sustained carry-
ing capacity. Most of South America is overpopulated in
this sense.
In arid regions we attempt to offset the process of wastage by reclamation, but it is only too evident that the prospective longevity of reclamation projects is often short. In our own West, the best of them may not last a century.

The combined evidence of history and ecology seems to support one general deduction: the less violent the man-made changes, the greater the probability of successful readjustment in the pyramid. Violence, in turn, varies with human population density; a dense population requires a more violent conversion. In this respect, North America has a better chance for permanence than Europe, if she can contrive to limit her density.

This deduction runs counter to our current philosophy, which assumes that because a small increase in density enriched human life, that an indefinite increase will enrich it indefinitely. Ecology knows of no density relationship that holds for indefinitely wide limits. All gains from density are subject to a law of diminishing returns.

Whatever may be the equation for men and land, it is improbable that we as yet know all its terms. Recent discoveries in mineral and vitamin nutrition reveal unsuspected dependencies in the up-circuit: incredibly minute quantities of certain substances determine the value of soils to plants, of plants to animals. What of the down-circuit? What of the vanishing species, the preservation of which we now regard as an esthetic luxury? They helped build the soil; in what unsuspected ways may they be essential to its maintenance? Professor Weaver proposes that we use prairie flowers to re-floculate the wasting soils of the dust bowl; who knows for what purpose cranes and condors, otters and grizzlies may some day be used?

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Land Health and the A-B Cleavage

A land ethic, then, reflects the existence of an ecological conscience, and this in turn reflects a conviction of individual responsibility for the health of the land. Health is the capacity of the land for self-renewal. Conservation is our effort to understand and preserve this capacity.

Conservationists are notorious for their dissensions. Superficially these seem to add up to mere confusion, but a more careful scrutiny reveals a single plane of cleavage common to many specialized fields. In each field one group (A) regards the land as soil, and its function as commodity-production; another group (B) regards the land as a biota, and its function as something broader. How much broader is admittedly in a state of doubt and confusion.

In my own field, forestry, group A is quite content to grow trees like cabbages, with cellulose as the basic forest commodity. It feels no inhibition against violence; its ideology is agronomic. Group B, on the other hand, sees forestry as fundamentally different from agronomy because it employs natural species, and manages a natural environment rather than creating an artificial one. Group B prefers natural reproduction on principle. It worries on biotic as well as economic grounds about the loss of species like chestnut, and the threatened loss of the white pines. It worries about a whole series of secondary forest functions: wildlife, recreation, watersheds, wilderness areas. To my mind, Group B feels the stirrings of an ecological conscience.

In the wildlife field, a parallel cleavage exists. For Group A the basic commodities are sport and meat; the yardsticks of production are ciphers of take in pheasants and trout.
Artificial propagation is acceptable as a permanent as well as a temporary recourse—if its unit costs permit. Group B, on the other hand, worries about a whole series of biotic side-issues. What is the cost in predators of producing a game crop? Should we have further recourse to exotics? How can management restore the shrinking species, like prairie grouse, already hopeless as shootable game? How can management restore the threatened rarities, like trumpeter swan and whooping crane? Can management principles be extended to wildflowers? Here again it is clear to me that we have the same A-B cleavage as in forestry.

In the larger field of agriculture I am less competent to speak, but there seem to be somewhat parallel cleavages. Scientific agriculture was actively developing before ecology was born, hence a slower penetration of ecological concepts might be expected. Moreover the farmer, by the very nature of his techniques, must modify the biota more radically than the forester or the wildlife manager. Nevertheless, there are many discontents in agriculture which seem to add up to a new vision of 'biotic farming.'

Perhaps the most important of these is the new evidence that poundage or tonnage is no measure of the food-value of farm crops; the products of fertile soil may be qualitatively as well as quantitatively superior. We can bolster poundage from depleted soils by pouring on imported fertility, but we are not necessarily bolstering food-value. The possible ultimate ramifications of this idea are so immense that I must leave their exposition to abler pens.

The discontent that labels itself 'organic farming,' while bearing some of the earmarks of a cult, is nevertheless biotic in its direction, particularly in its insistence on the importance of soil flora and fauna.
The ecological fundamentals of agriculture are just as poorly known to the public as in other fields of land-use. For example, few educated people realize that the marvelous advances in technique made during recent decades are improvements in the pump, rather than the well. Acre for acre, they have barely sufficed to offset the sinking level of fertility.

In all of these cleavages, we see repeated the same basic paradoxes: man the conqueror versus man the biotic citizen; science the sharpener of his sword versus science the searchlight on his universe; land the slave and servant versus land the collective organism. Robinson’s injunction to Tristram may well be applied, at this juncture, to Homo sapiens as a species in geological time:

Whether you will or not
You are a King, Tristram, for you are one
Of the time-tested few that leave the world,
When they are gone, not the same place it was.
Mark what you leave.

The Outlook
It is inconceivable to me that an ethical relation to land can exist without love, respect, and admiration for land, and a high regard for its value. By value, I of course mean something far broader than mere economic value; I mean value in the philosophical sense.

Perhaps the most serious obstacle impeding the evolution of a land ethic is the fact that our educational and economic system is headed away from, rather than toward, an intense consciousness of land. Your true modern is separated...
from the land by many middlemen, and by innumerable physical gadgets. He has no vital relation to it; to him it is the space between cities on which crops grow. Turn him loose for a day on the land, and if the spot does not happen to be a golf links or a 'scenic' area, he is bored stiff. If crops could be raised by hydroponics instead of farming, it would suit him very well. Synthetic substitutes for wood, leather, wool, and other natural land products suit him better than the originals. In short, land is something he has 'outgrown.'

Almost equally serious as an obstacle to a land ethic is the attitude of the farmer for whom the land is still an adversary, or a taskmaster that keeps him in slavery. Theoretically, the mechanization of farming ought to cut the farmer's chains, but whether it really does is debatable.

One of the requisites for an ecological comprehension of land is an understanding of ecology, and this is by no means co-extensive with 'education'; in fact, much higher education seems deliberately to avoid ecological concepts. An understanding of ecology does not necessarily originate in courses bearing ecological labels; it is quite as likely to be labeled geography, botany, agronomy, history, or economics. This is as it should be, but whatever the label, ecological training is scarce.

The case for a land ethic would appear hopeless but for the minority which is in obvious revolt against these 'modern' trends.

The 'key-log' which must be moved to release the evolutionary process for an ethic is simply this: quit thinking about decent land-use as solely an economic problem. Examine each question in terms of what is ethically and aesthetically right, as well as what is economically expedient. A thing is right when it tends to preserve the integrity, stabil-
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...and by innumerable men to it, to him it is to grow. Turn him not does not happen bored stiff. If crops of farming, it would for wood, leather, suit him better than he has ‘outgrown.’

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ity, and beauty of the biotic community. It is wrong when it tends otherwise.

It of course goes without saying that economic feasibility limits the tether of what can or cannot be done for land. It always has and it always will. The fallacy the economic determinists have tied around our collective neck, and which we now need to cast off, is the belief that economics determines all land-use. This is simply not true. An innumerable host of actions and attitudes, comprising perhaps the bulk of all land relations, is determined by the land-users’ tastes and predilections, rather than by his purse. The bulk of all land relations hinges on investments of time, forethought, skill, and faith rather than on investments of cash. As a land-user thinketh, so is he.

I have purposely presented the land ethic as a product of social evolution because nothing so important as an ethic is ever ‘written.’ Only the most superficial student of history supposes that Moses ‘wrote’ the Decalogue; it evolved in the minds of a thinking community, and Moses wrote a tentative summary of it for a seminar.” I say tentative because evolution never stops.

The evolution of a land ethic is an intellectual as well as emotional process. Conservation is paved with good intentions which prove to be futile, or even dangerous, because they are devoid of critical understanding either of the land, or of economic land-use. I think it is a truism that as the ethical frontier advances from the individual to the community, its intellectual content increases.

The mechanism of operation is the same for any ethic: social approbation for right actions; social disapproval for wrong actions.

By and large, our present problem is one of attitudes and
implements. We are remodeling the Alhambra with a steam-shovel, and we are proud of our yardage. We shall hardly relinquish the shovel, which after all has many good points, but we are in need of gentler and more objective criteria for its successful use.

Aldo Leopold was born in 1887. As a boy he studied ornithology and natural history at Lawrence Scientific School, the United States. Graduating from the U.S. Forest Service, he was appointed to the position of Assistant in Game Management at the University of Missouri, and in 1937 he was appointed to the position of Assistant Professor of Game Management at the University of Wisconsin. He was a leader in the conservation movement, and perhaps best known for his internationally acclaimed text *Game Management*, which appeared in 1938.