

THE IDEOLOGY OF ECOTOPIA

by Richard Reinhardt

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Not long ago, the *New Yorker* published an article -by the respected political journalist Nicholas Lemann entitled “**WHEN THE EARTH MOVED: What happened to the environmental movement?**” Lemann used the first national Earth Day, a teach-in at hundreds of schools and colleges across America on April 22, 1970, as a base-line from which to measure the social and political success of the environmental movement,. He concluded that the once-effective environmental lobby has become an inconsequential voice in Washington, a richly funded, scatter-shot, top-heavy lobby, unable to force government action against the single most threatening enemy of the future survival of human life on the earth --- global warming.

Most of Lemann’s observations, alas, are true. The big, rich environmental organizations like the Environmental Defense Fund, the Sierra Club, the Wilderness Society, the World Wildlife Federation --- have lost ground since the glorious times following Earth Day when President Nixon signed (after an initial show of reluctance) the first versions of the Clean Water Act, the Clean Air Act, and the Endangered Species, Act . Soon after, the newly created Environmental Protect Agency began enforcement of hundreds of rules. Those were the glory days of the movement – or so we self-proclaimed environmentalists thought.

But, was Earth Day a cause or merely a demonstration of America’s growing awareness of the environment? Did it create or define a new state of mind, or signal the birth of a new ideology to augment or replace the discontents of the sixties?

To some of us in California --- ahead of the curve, as usual, ---- the national Earth Day was simply a welcome showing of attention to our cause. We had already celebrated our own earth day months ago, in Berkeley, (where else?) in January --- a festival called “Earth Rebirth.”. Four or five hundred young poets, musicians, bionomists, college students and hippies marched through the streets with drums and masks and banners. They buried a dead Christmas tree and planted a hundred live trees in partial restitution to

the earth for the slaughter of 47 million others in pagan rituals during the winter solstice
(ref *Cry California, March, 1970*.)

Here in frivolous, hedonistic California we had long demonstrated our dedication to protecting the treasures of nature --- conservation, most people called it. (See “**Arbor Day**” below.)

This almost religious attachment to the earth belonged to Republicans as much as Democrats, conservatives as well as to liberals. Or to neither. We had our own powerful environmental organization, the Sierra Club, born and based in California, The Sierra Club had about 75,000 members when Earth Day caught on, and it was growing daily on the strength of a brilliant publishing program inaugurated by the executive director, David Brower. What’s more, the Club was already being targeted by the IRS to lose its tax exemption because of Brower’s outspoken attacks and huge display advertisements on essentially political issues..

.[The rise and fall of David Brower. That’s another whole story. See John McPhee, *Encounters with the Archdruid*. For Brower’s defense of radical ecology, see his introduction to Rik Scarce, *Eco-Warriors*.]

We also had California Tomorrow, an exemplary state-wide organization. California Tomorrow had its own quarterly magazine “Cry California,” and a manifesto called the California Tomorrow Plan, a grandiose strategy for dealing with every conceivable challenge to the environment through government reform.

I was among the writers corralled to write for the quarterly magazine of California, Tomorrow. Nothing I did in those days gave me more pride or smaller paychecks.

Most of the editorials in “Cry California” were rifle shots at moving targets. We called this form of journalism “Pointing-the-Finger.” We focused upon problems like the environmental hazards of pesticides in home gardens. We documented the devastation of clear-cut forestry. We protested against the flagrant waste of water resources in the San Joaquin Valley, the loss of land everywhere to garbage dumps. We helped defeat a scheme to dam the Middle fork of the Feather River. We mourned the loss of the orchards of Santa Clara county to sprawling housing tracts and shopping malls.. We

devoted twenty-five pages of one quarterly edition --- the whole thing was only forty pages long -----to the plight of one species of ichthyoids called the desert pupfish

(This rare, endangered fish, of interest to scientists because of its incredible adaptation to environmental change, was a symbol of the desert we were trying to protect from competing exotic species, water pumping, chemical pollution, soil disturbance, and so on. The author of the lead article admitted that this intense concern for a particular creature had “immense implications” for endangered species. In fact, we were trying to shelter the whole ecosystem, a scientific term we were learning to use rather freely. The model for this type of intervention was the speckled owl, a totem for the ancient forests of the Oregon, the only possible habitat of the owl. In *Cry California, Spring, 1970.*)

In all this, we had no ideology, no design for utopia. We figured that what we personally believed was good for the environment was also good for mankind. Local action, global goals. There was a certain smugness about us, I see now. We were anthropocentric. We saw the challenge to nature only in terms of the survival of the human species, not the survival of the planet. We had, indeed, accomplished much with our local campaigns, but we had developed no compelling ethic to express the interconnectedness of natural processes.

We were idealistic, as we should have been, inspired by the writing of John Muir, the warnings of Rachel Carson and other scientists about the effects of devastating pesticides like DDT; the forebodings of Paul Ehrlich in his book *The Population Bomb*, previewed in a speech at the Commonwealth Club and published in 1968, well before Earth Day. We leaned especially on the gentle musings of Aldo Leopold, who seemed to be a voice of reason out of the lost prairies of the Middle West, a place that needed to understand the issues and be brought to action like the Pacific Coast.

Leopold was a college professor, a graduate of the school of forestry at Yale and the first professor of game management at the University of Wisconsin. He virtually invented that specialized field of nature study. Leopold's personal olive grove, his peripatetic academy of research and meditation, was eighty acres of exhausted farmland in central Wisconsin, an area destroyed by disrespectful farming and neglect. He reported in newspaper columns, season by season, his bird sighting, his conversations with plants,

his awe at each recurring season. A year after his death in 1948, his observations and insights were assembled and published in a small book called **A Sand County Almanac**. His rambling book has sold an estimated two million copies and has become virtually --- sometimes *literally* --- a textbook of environmental studies.

Among other things, Aldo Leopold introduced readers to the word “ecology,” the coinage of the German biologist Ernest Haeckel to describe the study of the interlocking systems of the natural environment. And, then, having added this new, (now overused) term to the non-scientific community, he defined the meaning of ecology. He called it the pursuit of wisdom in order to create and maintain a state of harmony between mankind and land --- land in its broadest sense, meaning “all of the things on, over or in the earth.”

(Enthusiasts raised the very word “ecology” into a principal of belief, Like: Do you support “ecology”? Or, “Long live anthropology!”)

Like most conservationists – or call them now ecologists, Leopold found reason to blame the profit motives of individuals and human institutions --- including the government --- for “prodigious achievements ...in wrecking lands.” He was depressed by the ruin of the American prairie, disgusted even with human nature. But unlike many others, he saw a positive future for the earth in deliberate, thoughtful rebuilding, based on a somewhat mystical land-ethic.. Difficult indeed to define, Leopold’s land ethic was specific only in endorsing such well-established principles of conservation as the preservation of diverse species, of respect for wilderness, soil, water, plants and animals

. “A thing is right,” he explained, “when it tends to preserve the integrity, stability, and beauty of the biotic community. It is wrong when it tends otherotherwise.....The land ethic simply enlarges the boundaries of the community to include soils, waterways, plants, and animals, or collectively, the land.”

In Leopold’s scheme, Man the Spoiler was reduced to a custodian --- just one form of life dependent upon the natural biosystem of the community in which he lives, not alone but as a part of the ecosystem of the world.

Now, in California, as I’ve said, we doted upon the teachings of Aldo Leopold and John Muir but we also had our own fish to protect.

Alfred Heller, who had founded **California Tomorrow**, called the essays we had been crafting in “Cry California” “Smokey the Bear journalism,” going around from place to place, stamping out fires. Heller enlisted a group of advisors --- a so-called “task force”--- to catalogue the “problems and opportunities” of the state and to offer “specific, workable, constructive programs of action.”

The task force was heavy on architects and urban planners. Their report, published in 1971, just a decade after the founding of the organization, was predictably enthralled with the virtues of planning --- city planning, neighborhood planning, resource planning, economic planning. At virtually every level of life, planning would discover long-range solution to such problems as air and water quality, land use, health-care services, education, crime – even over-population. The health of biotic communities and ecosystems were not mentioned. The buzz- word “ecology” never appeared in the one-hundred-and-twenty page report.

At the heart of the proposal was an eleven-member State Planning Council that had the power to first create and then update annually a comprehensive plan for the state’s goals, policies, programs and budgets. Below this Council -- but coordinated, with it – were ten regional legislatures, with planning agencies of their own. Then, at various levels of government were innumerable lesser agencies to enforce new and creative regulations on land use, zoning, waste disposal, transportation systems and so on. As to control of procreation, the Council was instructed in the Plan not to be coercive --- maybe just persuasive, with tax penalties, financial incentives and free birth control devices. In time, the State Planning system would come up with a workable scheme or policy to turn back immigration --- perhaps the only controversial ideological position in the plan.

A number of journalists and urban planners hailed the **California Tomorrow Plan** as a brilliant analysis of current problems. But a few critics felt that its proposals were not only politically naïve and totally impractical but bore an alarming resemblance to fascism. What the **California Tomorrow Plan** was NOT was an ideology, a mind-catching vision of utopia, except as a heavenly reward for virtuous planners. In any case, the proposed government reorganization got nowhere, although many of the uncoordinated environmental efforts of California Tomorrow moved ahead in their

uncoordinated way, pressing for bottle bills, recycling, organic gardening and bans on pollutants..

Other dreamers offered visions of utopia in our times. Walt Disney, a surprising prophet, announced his plan to build a world city, a city of tomorrow, on a great empty swampland (an intrinsically valuable ecosystem, right?) near Orlando, Florida. Disney called it EPCOT – an Experimental Prototype Community of Tomorrow. EPCOT would be the home of some twenty-thousand peaceable citizens from every part of the Small, Small World. They would live and work in skyscrapers laced together by high-speed monorails, pedestrian people-movers, escalators, sky tubes ---whatever the geniuses of General Electric, General Motors and Xerox might dream up. EPCOT, in Disney's words, would never be an eternal experiment, never to be completed, In fact, EPCOT would never be built, after Disney's death, except as a theme park of the same name, with space rides, monorails and ethnic villages around a water-wasting, man-made lagoon.

Other dreams were specific to California's environmental problems

In the mid seventies --- 1975, more or less -- Ernest Callenbach, the editor of a film journal in Berkeley, brought to press (a small, local news press in Oregon) a novel called *Ecotopia* that ultimately became a best-seller, creeping around the world and igniting ideas for New Age communities that were quite the opposite of EPCOT. Callenbach's book looked twenty-five years into the future, to the millennial year Two Thousand, to depict the happy life in a break-away republic consisting of Washington, Oregon and, Northern California,. The capital of Ecotopia was San Francisco, that notorious hotbed of environmental politics and hippie life. Its intellectual fountainhead was Berkeley. The hopeless province of Southern California, strangled by freeways and overpopulation, was pointedly excluded..

Since its secession from the shattered United States after a devastating atomic war, Ecotopia was thriving on principles of free love, sustainable agriculture, bicycle riding, composting, abundant marijuana and the abandonment of most every forms of technology since the industrial revolution. Hunters with bows and arrows supplied meat from herds of wild deer in the open fields around the shrunken capital.. Ecotopian clothes were made of furs and leather and re-cycled wool and cotton. The Ecotopian diet,

like the contemporary fad, the Atkins diet, was heavy on broiled meat and raw vegetables.

The narrator is an outsider, the necessary short-term visitor to all utopias. He is an East Coast newspaper reporter named William Weston, a sort of non-person, the equivalent of Lemuel Gulliver in Jonathan Swift's **Lilliput** or the Portuguese scholar Raphael Hythloday in Sir Thomas Moore's **Utopia**., the original, imaginary community that gave its name to thousands of Weston carries with him the complaints and apprehensions of his own society, including most of the challenges identified in such documents as the **California Tomorrow Plan**. Like all the classic visitors to various imaginary utopias, Weston finds that the residents of Ecotopia are improved, uplifted, and humanized by their escape from the bad old society..

Callenbach was steeped in the values, or lack of values, of the "counter culture" and the hippies of Berkeley. He had surely absorbed the visions of the secular planners and futurists of that disruptive period. Ecotopia was receptive to the rules and the tech playthings of authoritarian urban planners and also to the relaxed customs of kicked-back hippies, pseudo-Zen Flower-children and handcrafters creating public art from abandoned machinery. Ecotopians walk to work. They relax at spas convenient to their home, which is either a light, recyclable, temporary shelter --- perhaps a yurt?---- or a cozy apartment in an abandoned high rise, built originally for corporate offices. Ecotopian retailers sell their home-made products at jolly little neighborhood street fairs. Wheeled vehicles, which run on alternative fuels, are few in number; they are primarily mini-buses and public service necessities like fire trucks. Ordinary Ecotopians get around on bikes or on foot. Or whisk off in silent-running magnetic tubes to provincial capitals like Redding, Portland and Seattle. Ecotopia is a polite, laid-back place where men work out their tribal differences in scheduled battles with real swords. No one appears to resent the 20-hour work week at simple chores. Nor is anyone bored by the close, village intimacy of life. There is, after all, plenty to grass to smoke and venison to eat and indiscriminate sex on special holidays and consensual sex on demand.

Callenbach's book, which is still in print after almost forty years is truly wishful and only unconsciously satirical. For true literary savagery in defense of Mother Earth,

environmentalists in the Seventies could turn to a new source of inspiration -- the novels and other outpourings of Edward Abbey, a wholly different prophet.

Abbey was an intellectual posing as a frontier marshal ---a prolific writer on the southwestern landscape, a college teacher, park ranger, naturalist and political anarchist. He was an Easterner, born and raised in a small town not far from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He fell in love with the desert at seventeen, during a year of bumming around the Four Corners area while waiting to be drafted into the army. When he got out, he headed West again and spent the rest of his life trying to personally overpopulate the red rock country and to save it, as much as possible from economic development. His success as a writer allowed him to settle in Tucson, living comfortably on royalties from novels, movie scripts, magazine articles and book-club lectures, meanwhile describing himself picturesquely as “a literary bum.” The frenzied style of his fiction suggested the influence of Kurt Vonnegut, but Abbey preferred to be compared to Thoreau. He posed for publicity stills and book-jackets as a tough, story-book Westerner with a bushy, grizzled beard, Navajo jewelry, a loose neckerchief and a slouch hat.

Abbey’s most famous novel --- actually his fourth or fifth --- was **The Monkey Wrench Gang**, which introduced to environmental mythology a comic-book character named George Washington Hayduke – perhaps the first true eco-hero (or eco-terrorist, depending on your point of view) in American literature. Hayduke had been a Green Beret fighter (no flower child he!) and he strode through the desert like a frontier gunman (unarmed, of course: he was, after all, an environmentalist) but carrying a four-foot plumber’s wrench and a railroad brakeman’s steel spanner, equally useful, plus a small supply of bombing, wire cutting and tree-spiking materials. Abbey described Hayduke as “a wilderness avenger, industrial development saboteur, night-time trouble maker, barroom brawler, free-time lover,” and a fearsome and hunted outlaw.

Hayduke leads his gang in a series of escapades in tractor burning, bridge blowing, project de-development and other affronts to his deadly enemy, a Mormon bishop named Dudley Love. Brother Love has a pro-development, anti-environmental cohort including such colleagues as J. Marvin Pratt, J. Benson Bundy and others whose names all begin with the initial J --- plus a Baptist minister named Dr. Harry Palms. Hayduke’ rejects the traditional environmentalism of his friend Callenbach’s Ecotopians

and dramatically refuses the assistance of a cult of eco-wreckers led by “a tall young woman with blue black hair reaching to her rump, a red headband with a hawk’s feather around her brow, and a pair of startling, fjord-green eyes that blazed within her charcoal lashes like radioactive emeralds of the finest, purest, deepest waters.” She is dressed for combat in skin-tight Levi’s, track shoes and a sweat-soaked T-shirt with a green fist and the word’s EARTH FIRST, (all caps) written across “her proud upstanding jugs.”

(Hayduke, p 81)

Hayduke’ makes fun of the traditional, non-violent environmentalism of his friend and advisor Doc Sarvis, who prides himself on doing this part to save the world by riding a bicycle.

“Cleanse our city’s air, invigorate the blood, tone up the muscles, strengthen the heart, burn off that surplus fat, stave off arteriosclerosis, cut down on bypass operations, eliminate transplants, lower the cholesterol count, prolong lives. Use sustainable fuels and reduce oil consumption, slow down the waste of steel and rubber and copper and glass, free human labor and engineering skills for important work....Anything bad for the auto industry and bad for the oil industry is bound to be good for America, good for human beings, good for the land.” [p. 107 **Hayduke Lives.**]

Hayduke’s enemies are a spectrum of evil, greedy, anti-environmental corporations and agencies including the Bureau of Land Management, foreign machine makers like Misubishi, acid rain, nuclear fuels, mining, forestry, petro-plastics genetically modified foods, foreign companies, the Church of Later-Day Saints –truly, the list does go on and on. As to Hayduke’s rules of non-violent engagement with the ground forces of the enemy, these specifically include ecotage, ecodefense, billboard banditry, de-surveying, road reclamation, tree spiking and sugar-in-the-gas-tank --- in other words, monkey wrenching. --- that is, throwing a monkey wrench in the works of corporate capitalism. Hayduke’s antics include dressing as a janitress to hurl radioactive liquid on the carpet of a corporate board meeting of Suits and bombing cyanide leaching pond owned by the Denver subsidiary of a nuclear power company headquartered in Belgium. Murder is enjoined, but not necessarily kidnapping. Here are the instructions to the Gang:,. “Cut down a power line somewhere, sabotage a trucking terminal, monkey-wrench a delicate and expensive computer bank assembly....jam a wooden shoe in a

gearbox... drop a monkey-wrench in the transmission, throw a Spaniard or a spanner into the works.”

“You will not be loved. Editorial writers will denounce you, anonymously, from the safe security of their editorial offices. Commerce chambers will burn you in effigy --- or in person if they catch you. Congressmen will fulminate, senators abominate, bureaucrats denunciate and all the vipers of the media vituperate.” (HL, p. 111)

George Washington Hayduke’s “Code of the Eco-Warrior)

Abbey might have argued that he was not preaching nor advocating an ideology in which violent means justify an ideal society, but his words were as gospel to some readers.

Much of the anti-development, anti-technology in *The Monkey Wrench Gang* became the code of EARTH FIRST! the most destructive organization of eco-lawbreakers to act up on Hayduke’s advice. Their motto:” No Compromise in Defense of Mother Earth” suggests their positive sense of their mission; and their literature adds an Apocalyptic urgency.

A recent on-line editorial declares: “Teetering on the dire precipice between existence and annihilation, time is running out for the earth’s creatures, in a cataclysmic period of mass destruction...The end product of our modern civilization is the ultimate silence.”

Founded in the early 1970’ by a frustrated staffer of the Wilderness Society, EARTH FIRST! has remained a leaderless but very wordy proponent of monkey wrenching, which it calls “a step beyond civil disobedience“ The EARTH FIRST JOURNAL, in print and on line, claims to be the “voice of the radical environmental movement. It publishes a guidebook to monkey-wrenching called Ecodefense. EARTH FIRST! advises would-be eco-heroes to study the book carefully “before embarking on the clearly illegal and potentially dangerous path of ecotage.”

EARTH FIRST! is, above all, the one environmental organism that comes closest to a true ideology. There is in Hayduke and the adherents of EARTH FIRST! an element of the romantic heroes who are the fuse-point of ideology, men like Lord Byron, T.E. Lawrence, Andre Malraux, Benito Mussolini --- charismatic speakers, writers, creators of their own persons --- the most sinister of all, perhaps, Adolf Hitler, the deranged

ideologist of Nazism. And the apotheosis of a romantic hero, especially if he becomes a martyr, into a cult figure.

It is from the German sociologist Karl Mannheim that we derive the most convincing – and repellent – analysis of the group mentality that marks an ideology and its millennial conclusion, utopianism. (And here, at last, we reach the question asked in this evening’s paper. Does the environmental movement contain the elements of an ideology? If so, what is its image of utopia.?)

Mannheim was a Hungarian Jew, and he wrote and published his master work **“Ideology and Utopia”** in the late 1920’ of the last century, when sociology itself was becoming a suspect intellectual exercise and the immanent threat of Nazism, fascism, falangism and Stalinism was emerging in Europe. Although he was trying to be objective in his descriptions of social phenomena, Mannheim did not like ideologies. He saw them as delusions of the collective mind, leading to belief in impossible utopias that were the end-game of Western civilization.

Still, by Mannheim’s definitions, even EARTH FIRST! does not yet constitute a dangerous ideology. It has not created a vision of utopia to justify its insistence on violent action. It appears that the philosophy with the potential to become a utopian ideology is that which calls itself Deep Ecology. an elusive mind-set that fuses various depressive views of the planet into a set of principles by which the world – the universe - -- is saved by a total change in human behavior.

The primary genius of this holistic doctrine is Arne Naess, a Norwegian philosopher of semantics who gave the name Deep Ecology to the ethical system he began promulgating in books, papers and lectures in the 1970s and 80’s. Earlier, Naess had won his share of international renown as an enviro-activist by chaining himself to some rocks near a waterfall in Scandinavia that was endangered by a proposed dam. Chaining yourself to a dam site was exactly the sort of summer project that would have appealed to a gang of college aged monkey-wrenchers, but Naess later came to dismiss that sort of environmental action as Shallow Ecology. He came to look upon the kind of stuff we were doing in California back in the Sixties --- you know, like fighting pollution and dams and depletion of resources and urban sprawl --- as anthropocentric, favoring the hegemony of human beings over other forms of life.

The principles of Deep Ecology were boiled down into an eight-point platform by Naess and an associate, a California philosophy teacher and anarchist named George Sessions. They accomplished this exhausting job of systems analysis during a camping trip in Death Valley at the time of the Spring Solstice in April, 1985. One can visualize the two intellectuals huddling in their sleeping bags by a fire of sagebrush and Press-to-Logs at the Furnace Creek campground. (The nights do get frosty at that time of year.) I will not attempt to list the eight points, although I have read them --- several times --- and believe I understand them. [**Details of this theory are available on the Wikipedia internet site “Deep Ecology.”**] . Deep Ecology does not deal, specifically, with the relationship, if any, between human activities and global warming. It is not science, at all, but is a system of belief similar to the ethics of Baruch Spinoza:--- spirit and body are one, God and nature are one; and man’s role in the universe is essentially the same as that of all created things.

The most important (and accessible) points of the so-called platform are that the human race is merely one biosystem among billions in the universe, or in the earth’s Gaia, if you will; and the earth is already overpopulated with human beings.

The population doom scenario long troubled Naess, as it has the likes of Paul Ehrlich, Garrett Hardin and the subscribers to Zero Population Growth.. Naess is quoted as having stated that the world’s population should be reduced to 100 million. (Since the world’s population is currently more than seven billion, and growing, I think this must be a typo or a wild misquote. But Naess’s intentions are clear. As Paul Ehrlich said recently: “No one as the right to have twelve children.”)

The eight-point platform puts Deep Ecology in the category of an ideology, in my opinion, although its utopian aspects are unclear. A whole spectrum of beliefs about human health and the ecology of the earth has developed since that political events called Earth Day, 1970. They do not include any clear statement of Aldo Leonardo’s land-ethic, but they do show that the environmental movement did not fizzle after Earth Day and cannot be fairly measured today by the extent of its influence in Congress

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Thank you for seeing me through to a boiled down version of extensive and exhausting research in a somewhat frustrating venture. I append a few notes and a bibliography of material I took the mercy to spare the San Francisco Chit Chat Club

[The first Arbor Day in California in 1886 ---that would be one hundred and twenty-seven years ago this November ---- Hundreds of school children directed and inspired by the poet Joaquin Miller and financed by the mayor of San Francisco, Adolph Sutro, planted an immense cross of living trees on Yerba Buena Island out in the middle of the bay. The trees were seedling eucalyptus, now a target for some environmentalists who regard them as a hostile species that creates its own ecosystem, destructive and inhospitable to other plants and animals, like sheep or rabbits on an isolated island. At any rate, the cross was destroyed by fires and had to be replaced. But the message was delivered --- that California was using up its rich natural resources and should embrace conservation, reforestation and other benign, soul-satisfying policies.]

[If there ever was hope that the earth's natural environment might be saved from human destruction comes the challenger of climate change --- the overheating of our planet caused by the accumulation of gaseous carbon dioxide in a sort of invisible greenhouse in the sky. Scientific evidence of this phenomenon had been accumulating for decades. Researchers and climate observers have warned of ominous consequences.

The naturalist Bill McKibben in his 1985 book The End of Nature wrote in harrowing detail of a forthcoming "environmental cataclysm" caused by the pillaging, polluting and destruction of nature wrought by mankind.

"With global temperatures predicted to rise three to nine degrees over the coming decades, the withering heat will threaten our crops, destroy vast tracts of forests, hike the sea level, kill wildlife trapped in fast warming preserves and force man to endure heat waves heretofore unknown except in scorching deserts."

McKibben founded a world organization called 350+.com to focus attention on the rising level of carbon dioxide as measured year by year at the

observatory of the National Oceanic and Atmosphere Administration, on the 4000-foot peak of Moana Loa, Hawaii. The level passed 400 several months before this paper was written.

The environmental scholar Garrett Hardin compared these scientific studies with the outcries of Cassandra, the Trojan seer, who was blessed with the gift of prophesy and the curse that she would never be believed. Hardin admitted it was just human nature to reject predications of future calamity.]

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((Intro McKibben)

Act locally, think globally.....{Goldman awards --- North America, Africa, Southern Hemisphere, etc. What are the divisions now?) Global has always been the more difficult focus, the alarms more likely to be seen as Cassandra-like, more like the fatal words on the wall of Balshazar's feast: Mene Mene Tekel Upharsin.

The Library of Congress catalogued Bill McKibben's 1985 book **The End of Nature** under three subjects: 1, Man – Influence on nature; 2, Greenhouse effect – Atmospheric; and 3. Environmental protection. The dust jacket of McKibben's book promises to elucidate in harrowing detail the frightening “environmental cataclysm”

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Compication of Gaia. Even more for mankind to spoil.

Meanwhile, back at the world –or at least back to the realm of passive, patient concerned citizens -- philosophers of the natural world are trying to flesh out Aldo Leopold's cry for an earth ethic to shape the mind of our culture to a viable accommodation between mankind and the rest of the natural world.

GOOD: Decreasing human population throughout the world(?) Zero Pop increase everywhere.

BAD: Laws, traditions, social and religious taboos against birth control, abortion and other population controls. Infanticide of female fetuses. Interference with food supply of existing populations. Genocide. Forced population redistributions. Ethnic cleansing.

GOOD: Protecting/preserving the natural habitat, food and water chain of all species.

BAD: Selecting, favoring or disfavoring some species of life (such as mankind or hybrid crops) over other species of plants or animals.

GOOD: Multi-cropping. Organic farming. Preservation of food supplies by sun drying or natural freezing.

BAD: Use of chemical preservatives in foods. Mono-cropping Use of chemical fertilizers in agriculture, inorganic pesticides. Use of petroleum fueled machinery in agriculture, forestry, etc.

GOOD: Locavorism: a determination to eat only food that are locally produced. Within one's limited biosphere. Love and respect for one's nutritional bioregion.

Bioregionalism. Vegan ethics: Eat nothing produced from the flesh or milk of other animals. In Jain practice, also avoid ingesting insects and plants killed by harvesting (such as carrots, radishes, beets, etc. Potatoes, tomatoes and Jerusalem artichokes are okay, although mono-cropping of any kind is to be discouraged. Except in home gardens or community farms. Or where yams are the only thing to eAT)

BAD: Animals products such as furs, leather, wool, hair, hoofs and bones, except manures. Cannibalism.

GOOD: Recreational sex with condoms.

BAD: Unprotected marital sex.except to the socially agreed levels of Zero Population Growth. Cultural traditions, religions and biases that encourage procreation, except among indigenous, non-urban populations in harmonious ecosystems with nature and original environments.

BAD: Laws, traditions, social and religious taboos against birth control, abortion and other population controls. Infanticide of female fetuses. Interference with food supply of existing populations. Genocide. Forced population redistributions. Ethnic cleansing.

GOOD: Protecting/preserving the natural habitat, food and water chain of all species.

BAD: Selecting, favoring or disfavoring some species of life (such as mankind or hybrid crops) over other species of plants or animals.

GOOD: Whole Foods

BAD: Kraft Foods

GOOD: Whale watching

BAD: Marine World

GOOD: Trains, except trains that are transporting oil or coal for other trains to use.

BAD: Family cars, especially pickup trucks.

GOOD: Fallow land.

BAD: Land planted to a single crop of more than one acre

GOOD: Natural selection

BAD: Modification of characteristics of any species except by natural selection. Darwin lives. GMOs ---genetically modified products

GOOD: Locally produced food.

BAD: Food shipped in, except ;pineapples from Costa Rica

And moreover, we had in California the sharp goad of David Brower, the articulate, bossy, unstoppable executive director of the Sierra Club Although Brower did not preach physical violence in defense of land or life that he saw as threatened with desecration or destruction, he regarded most forms of technology as the enemy. John MacPhee, who admired Brower and dubbed him “the arch-druid” discerned in Brower’s inflexible defense of nature an inconsistent nostalgia for things and places unspoiled by human intrusion.

((Biog here))

Brower did not shut up after the directors of the Club sacked him. He formed an environmental protective association called Friends of the Earth. In his speeches and his writing he continued to warn against the costs of technology and to plead for radical action against despoilers of the shrinking forests, the dwindling wilderness areas of America. In 1990, almost thirty years after his humiliation by the Club's board of directors, while he was living in Yosemite, writing his two-volume autobiography, he said of the eco-warriors: "They are the conscience of the movement, although some people who are silent as they watch environmental destruction label them as environmental 'radicals.' ...If it takes creative mechanics on a bulldozer in the middle of an ancient forest to push society toward more healthy, ecologically sane ways of living, then so be it."

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