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Chapter 10

Lifeworld Cartography: Echoes, Footprints, and Other Guideposts to the Self

John E. Jalbert

Editors' Note: Due to the autobiographical aspect of this chapter, we allowed Jalbert to remain in his own voice without investing in our language formulations, yet further developing our conceptualization. His chapter concerns the geographicity of personal identity as a spatialized/spatializing expression and production. Human embodiment and the ecoscape show themselves to be intertwined. Jalbert maintains that the investigation of self is not disengaged reflection, but rather involves an active embodiment embedded in, as well as an expression of, the ecoscape. Jalbert raises important issues concerning the self-ecoscape dialectic.

Introduction

The American naturalist and wilderness philosopher Henry David Thoreau had an experience in the Maine woods that he did not have when he conducted his famous experiment from 1845 to 1847 at Walden Pond. Even in Thoreau's time, Walden Pond was a benign environment. With the village of Concord, Massachusetts and civilization just around the corner, Thoreau was more or less buffered from the sheer "otherness" of nature. In the Maine woods, however, a darker side of nature revealed itself, for "Nature was here something savage and awful, though beautiful."¹ While walking down Mount Katahdin, Maine's highest peak, Thoreau paradoxically experienced at one and the same time a profound connection with wild nature and an equally profound sense of existential dislocation. "Think of our life in nature,—daily to be shown matter, to come in contact with it,—rocks, trees, wind on our cheeks! the *solid earth!* the *common sense!* *Contact! Contact! Who are we? Where are we?*"²

Thoreau's questions on the occasion of his first trip to the Maine woods are reminiscent of Max Scheler's philosophical queries, "What is man?" and "What

is man's place in the nature of things?"³ But while Thoreau's concerns were motivated by his personal experience of raw, untamed nature, Scheler's anthropological interests bear the mark of the academy, which is not to say that they were merely academic issues for him. It is safe to say, however, that Scheler did not search for answers to his questions in the unique mode of knowledge that Thoreau associated with Joe Polis, his Native American guide during an 1857 excursion to Maine, and with people who know how to commune with wild nature. Thus, it is with more than a trace of envy that Thoreau writes: "Nature must have made a thousand revelations to them which are still secrets to us."⁴ As might be expected, some of those revelations shed light on the questions "Who are we?" and "Where are we?" but, first, one must be prepared to receive such revelations.

We have to learn to read the book of nature, and, contrary to Galileo, it is not written exclusively in the language of mathematics. The advocates of the *Geisteswissenschaften*, the human sciences, eschewed the mathematical paradigm of the natural sciences and, instead, turned to the method of *Verstehen*, but they too stopped short of the perspective found in the writings of Thoreau and other nature writers. True, the philosophers of the human sciences rejected the reduction of nature to "matter-in-motion," but the natural scientific conception of nature nonetheless dictated the terms of the discussion. Thoreau, however, takes his bearings directly from wild nature, which is not encountered in scientific concepts but on ragged, barren mountaintops, in vast forests, or nearby swamps, all the while empathizing with the pesty Canada jay that swoops down shamelessly begging for food or bearing witness to a single maple leaf that silently settles on a fresh blanket of autumn snow. In short, nature, as she truly is, is not an object of science at all, but of primordial lived-experience. "Nature is reported not to him who goes forth consciously as an observer, but in the fullness of life. To such a one she rushes to make her report."⁵ Or, as Thoreau says elsewhere, "If I am overflowing with life, . . . all nature will *fable*."⁶

In the next section, we will consider what it means to be in the "fullness of life," but for now I want to clarify the perspective from which the present essay is written. Although the essay follows the general contours of Thoreau's thinking, it is not primarily intended as yet another contribution to the already significant body of secondary literature on Thoreau. Instead, the essay reflects my own relationship with wild nature and how the latter has shaped who I am and who I want to be. In other words, the observations and reflections contained herein are not intended as mere "*wissenschaftlich*" re-presentations of Thoreau's experiences, but authentic presentations of my own experiences in the Maine woods. Unlike Thoreau, I am a third generation native not only of Maine, but of one of its more remote regions. Thus, while Thoreau's travels in the Maine woods enhanced his awareness of the "wildness" around Concord, much the way a loud report can be said to deepen one's awareness of the silence in which it is imbedded, my own travels—physical and intellectual—to "Concord" and beyond have enhanced my awareness of the Maine woods and of my *self*. For the past twenty years, I have had the good fortune to live—to dwell—three months each sum-

mer in a cabin located in the northern part of the state, not far from a section of the Allagash River that novelist and essayist Edward Hoagland describes as "Jalbert country."



Fig. 10.1: Footprints abound and echoes reverberate through three generations along the Allagash River. All photos in this chapter are courtesy of John E. Jalbert.

Hoagland's Maine guide, Fred King, described three kinds of bears in the Maine woods: black bears, brown bears, and *Jalbears*, which is how my name is pronounced in the St. John Valley (see Fig. 10.1). According to local legend, my grandfather, Sam Jalbert, was born on a rock in the Allagash and after three days fell off and spent the remainder of his life on the river.⁷ His intimate knowledge of the river and nearby woods was passed down to his sons, and through them, to his grandsons. Thus, when I go north for the summer, I go home—the *where* cannot be determined by latitude and longitude alone, because it is also a nexus of images, echoes, and footprints that marks the path to my *self*. Here the existential importance of lived-place, no less than lived-time, is "writ in large."⁸

Here—where I can still find traces of my grandfather's root cellar; where, because I know where and how to look, I can still discern the occasional trail marker that he etched in a spruce tree more than forty years ago; where, with some help from the imagination, I can still hear the rhythmic sound of my grandfather's and father's setting poles striking the river bottom as they skillfully maneuvered heavily loaded canvas canoes against the current—I am constantly reminded that the *who* is inseparable from the *where*. Against such a background, reading Thoreau is like listening to eloquent echoes of sounds that I myself have made.

Toward a “Rounded” Existence

From the perspective of phenomenological philosophy, nature reduced to Galileo's primary qualities is an abstraction, an impoverished substitute. But even after the secondary qualities of color, odor, sound, and texture have been restored and socio-cultural values have been added, one still does not have nature as Thoreau would have us experience it. Thoreau's nature is wild. It is enriched by the presence of birds, the hum of mosquitoes, and the wild, plaintive lamentations of the loon. Regarding the latter, Thoreau reported hearing similar sounds coming from his own nostrils, “suggesting my affinity to the loon; as if its language were but a dialect of my own.”⁹ Indeed, there is ample evidence that he not infrequently felt greater kinship with the living things of the forest—with lichens, fungi, and loons—than he did with either brute matter or human civilization and its products. Consequently, Thoreau's perspective is less anthropocentric and more ecologically oriented than what one typically finds in the writings of philosophers such as Edmund Husserl and Max Scheler.¹⁰ One can hardly imagine either of them asking, as did Thoreau, “Am I not partly leaves and vegetable mould myself?”¹¹ Although they challenged the hegemony of the natural scientific perspective on nature, they remained entrapped in the human scientific perspective. It is revealing, for instance, that after Husserl phenomenologically deconstructs the natural scientific world in *Ideas II*, he goes on to describe and assign primacy to what he calls the world of the personalistic attitude, which is surely not the natural world from which Thoreau would have us take our bearings. From Thoreau, we learn how to listen to wild nature in order to learn from her how she informs science and the intellect, how she shapes who we are as human beings, and, more importantly, how she influences who we are as *individuals*. For these purposes, the proper vehicle is not *Wissenschaft*, not even the human scientific variety, but poetry and the type of wisdom that Thoreau associated with Joe Polis.

It would be apropos at this juncture to consider what it means to be in the “fullness of life,” to be “overflowing with life,” or, as Thoreau also says, to be “all alive.”¹² Three convergent themes shed light on what Thoreau has in mind. First, to be in the fullness of life means to inhabit, at least from time to time, remote places, for such places and *positions* provide the solitude that is requisite

for genuine selfhood. Timid people and those who demand security even at great risk to *themselves* are incapable of learning from solitude because they associate it only with risk and danger. Such people, as Thoreau concedes with more than a touch of humor, are indeed in less danger of dying than those whose lives are lived at some distance from the masses, medical care facilities, and physicians, but only because they are already “dead-and-alive.”¹³ In other words, they are only half-alive and not “all alive” throughout most of their lives. Describing the majority of his visitors at Walden Pond, Thoreau observes that for the “old and infirm and the timid, of whatever age or sex, . . . life seemed full of danger . . . and they thought that a prudent man would carefully select the safest position.”¹⁴ And, what position is safer than the one occupied by the majority of people? Such people may “live” longer, but at what cost? According to Thoreau, “Life consists with wildness. The *most alive* is the wildest.”¹⁵ Second, the life of the mind alone, the life of a *res cogitans*, of a disembodied thinking thing, is not a human, but an inhuman life. It is yet another way in which a person may be described as being *dead* and alive. Like Nietzsche, who condemns all “despisers of the body,” Thoreau repeatedly insists that the mind is impotent without the body. Genuine thinking, unlike scholarly erudition, “must live with and be inspired with the life of the body.”¹⁶ Third, for Thoreau, again in a manner reminiscent of Nietzsche, the child represents a new beginning, a fresh, unencumbered perspective—a perspective that is fueled more by the body and the imagination than by tradition and the well marked paths that others have blazed—although, such paths almost always offer safer passage. Children want to touch and be touched by things. They want to feel the world around them, rather than observe it objectively, disinterestedly, that is to say, *scientifically*. Thus, a child “plucks its first flower with an insight into its beauty and significance which the subsequent botanist never retains.”¹⁷

Of course, the riddle that begs for attention is how does one manage to become a botanist, scholar, or philosopher without losing the ability to experience the world as a child? Nietzsche broaches the issue with his “three metamorphoses of the spirit” as does Gaston Bachelard at the conclusion of *The Poetics of Space*:

Philosophy makes us ripen quickly, and crystallizes us in a state of maturity. How, then, without “dephilosophizing” ourselves, may we hope to experience the shocks that being receives from new images, shocks which are always the phenomena of youthful being?¹⁸

According to Bachelard, a phenomenology of poetic imagination opens a perspective on being that is closed to objective observation, for the latter negates the daydreams of the imagination that give shape to the reality in which we dwell. In *The Poetics*, he unearths a richer, more primordial understanding of space than the non-relational, mathematized space of Descartes and Newton. In sharp contrast to the potentially empty, absolute space of Newton, lived-space is a web of images, lived-experiences, and memories. In short, it is a dwelling

place that shapes me and is shaped by me. I am myself in this place because this place is (in) me. Selfhood and place are correlative. Bachelard's reflections lead him to describe human existence, life, not in terms of time, but of shape. Life, he says, is round.

Bachelard draws from multiple sources—artistic, literary, and philosophical—to support the unusual and somewhat startling claim that life is round. The image of roundness expresses how we are “shaped” when we experience ourselves from within, for such experience allows us to gather and unify ourselves. Of particular interest is Jules Michelet's suggestion that a bird, being spherical in shape, is the paradigm of being. A bird's roundness is an image of its unity, its concentration, which at the same time “implies its extreme *individuality*, its *isolation*, its *social weakness*.”¹⁹ Although Bachelard refers to Michelet's image of the round bird as the “absolute” bird, I prefer to think of it as the authentic bird. A life becomes rounded and unified precisely to the degree that it achieves freedom from the surrounding forces, chatter, and events that constantly threaten to fragment and flatten it.

What makes the image of existential roundness especially relevant for our theme is that Thoreau himself employs it to distinguish between weak, timid people, who are almost never themselves, and those who are courageous and will not sacrifice themselves in exchange for security.

We say justly that the weak person is flat; for, like all flat substances, he does not stand in the direction of his strength, that is on his edge, but affords a convenient surface to be put upon. He slides all the way through life . . . but the brave man is a perfect sphere, which cannot fall on its flat side, and is equally strong every way.²⁰

To become rounded, a self-sufficient whole, a person must be capable of solitude, of living with danger, and of frequenting the wild places that foster the independence and courage to “swamp” one's own *Lebensweg*.

Science and Nature

The relationship between science and nature is an interesting one, especially as one finds it displayed in Thoreau himself. On the one hand, he was a man of letters, an essayist, an engineer and trained surveyor, a botanist, a person with a penchant for codifying plants using their Latin names; in short, he was a “*Wissenschaftler*.” On the other hand, he also identified with plant and animal life, esteemed the knowledge and intelligence of the woodsman, and had a genuine appreciation for Indian words, names, and explanations of natural phenomena. In Thoreau, the objective gaze of the young scholar was informed and educated by the poetic vision of the old men of Emerson's poem *Blight*. Absent the latter, young scholars:

Love not the flower they pluck, and know it not,
And all their botany is Latin names.
The old men studied magic in the flowers,
And human fortunes in astronomy,
And an omnipotence in chemistry,
Preferring things to names, for these were men,
Were Unitarians of the united world.²¹

Thoreau was happy to let “science slide,” for instance, and accept Polis’ more fitting account of the phosphorescent wood that he had seen. “A scientific *explanation*,” he says, “would have been altogether out of place there.”²² For the same reason, I prefer to think of the “gorbies” that are regular visitors at my Maine cabin, not just as jays of the genus *Garrulus Canadensis* or as meat-birds, which is an apt enough description, but as the embodiment of old “woodsmen’s spirits,” which is how my grandfather often referred to them. According to legend, a gorbie, being a kindred spirit, will aid a lost woodsman by leading him to a wilderness cabin and civilization. It is the juxtaposition and coexistence of the scientific and wild, mytho-poetic perspectives in the same person, that is worthy of consideration. In *Walden*, Thoreau explains how he gravitated toward both the higher, spiritual mode of life and toward the primitive. On seeing a woodchuck cross his path, for example, he reports wanting to “devour him raw,” not, to be sure, because he experienced real hunger, but because of the “wildness which he [the woodchuck] represented.” As he puts it, “I loved the wild not less than the good.”²³ Thus, when he is critical of science, it is because science, in the broad sense of the term, occludes the wild in nature and in us. As our scientific knowledge of nature increases, there is a risk that we become increasingly alienated from nature and ourselves. Nature becomes a mechanical system, and we become technicians, scientists, and scholars. How does this transformation come to pass, and, more importantly, how can wild nature serve as an antidote against the demise of the self?

When Francis Bacon declared that scientific knowledge and technology would restore human beings to their rightful position as the masters of nature and redefined the scientific project, he not only merged human knowledge and power but also drove a wedge, wittingly or unwittingly, between human beings and the natural world. Still, no serious person would deny that whenever science and technology have been brought to bear on nature, the results have been impressive. Of course, science has not cured all of the ills released from Pandora’s Box, but there are many who would insist, and with some legitimacy, I might add, that it nonetheless offers the greatest possibility for safeguarding hope, which the Greeks obviously thought essential for the inevitable human struggle against physical suffering and deprivation. However, one must ask if “wild nature” does not necessarily escape scientific observation, and, if this is the case, then one must also inquire into what the significance of this is for us whose task it is to craft a life that is our own? Can there be a natural science of wild nature? Can there be a human science of the wild in us?

We know, for example, that Thoreau viewed science as a form of "ignorance," not, to be certain, because science does not lead to useful information, but because we forget, perhaps willfully, what science overlooks and/or ignores.²⁴ Individuals who peer through a telescope and marvel at how much "better" they can see fall into a similar trap when they ignore the degree to which their field of vision has been narrowed. For the same reason, Thoreau expressed concern that his own knowledge was becoming too scientific with the result that he himself was becoming too narrowed down. In other words, the critical thing is not only that one reduces science to the collection of facts and confuses fact-gathering with genuine thinking, but that one also becomes a collector of facts in the process. The German philosopher, Husserl, makes much the same point when he laments that "fact-minded sciences produce fact-minded people." However, while Husserl was primarily interested in making us more open to the reality and efficacy of ideas, Thoreau wanted to preserve the phenomenon of wildness found in both nature and human beings. Those who are interested in facts alone do not have eyes for that which is wild and unique, nor are they themselves something wild and unique. On the contrary, the project of modern science involves subsuming reality as such under a finite number of covering-laws and rendering one scientific observer interchangeable in principle with any other. With the latter, one ignores the creative insight that genuine science entails and transforms science, even if unwittingly, into a method, a pure *techné*. Nor is this tendency limited to the natural sciences, for there is ample evidence of it in the sphere of the human sciences.

In this respect, those who approach nature poetically enjoy a distinct advantage over those whose interests are predominantly scientific, and those who also possess what Thoreau considered "Indian instinct" enjoy yet a further advantage. "The facts of science, in comparison with poetry, are wont to be vulgar as looking from a mountain with a telescope."²⁵ If one is interested only in science, one does not experience the beauty, grandeur, and awe that the poetic vision offers, a vision through which nature simultaneously expresses herself and provides the means whereby an *individual's* life comes to expression. "The man of science, who is not seeking for expression but for a fact to be expressed merely, studies nature as a dead language."²⁶ "I cannot help suspecting that the life of these learned professors has been almost as inhuman and wooden as a rain-gauge or self-registering magnetic machine. They communicate no fact which rises to the temperature of blood-heat."²⁷ Bachelard and others have commented on the significance of the light shining from the hermit's hut, but it is not clear precisely what the hermit sees. Yes, the image of the hut symbolizes the experience of solitude and the possibility of living a life that is truly my own, but why exactly? It is certain that a winter sunset viewed through the window of a warm wilderness cabin loses whatever poetic meaning it might have when I explain the phenomenon in terms of the diurnal rotation of the earth and the refraction of light (see Fig. 10.2). The scientific gaze is blind to the dying of the light that portends the forward thrust of the hut dweller's life. But when stillness and

darkness claim the land, the hut dweller is reminded of his or her ownmost (*das eigentse*) possibility of being.

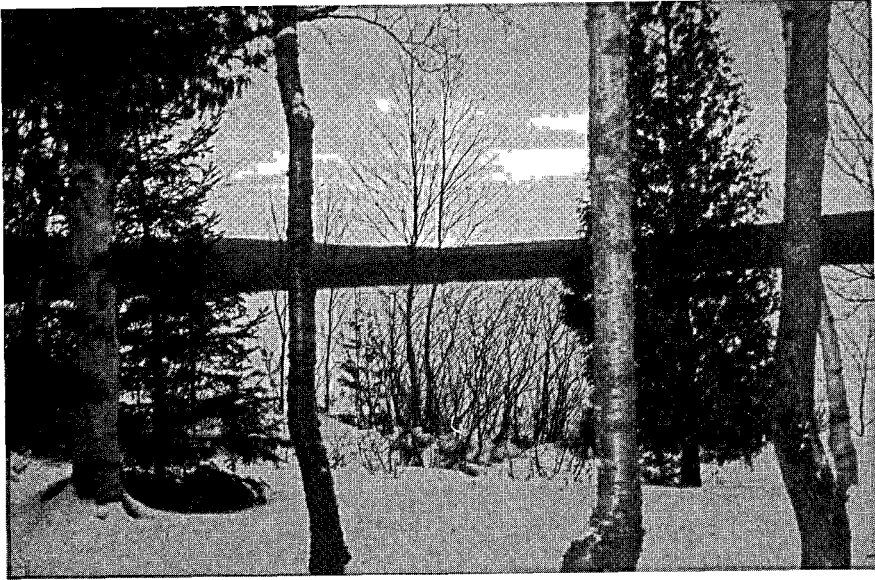


Fig. 10.2: An evening sunset on Chemquassabamticook Lake is more than refractions of light from a setting sun.

It is important to note, however, that it is not science *per se* that is under attack in Thoreau's writings, but science insofar as it labors under the burden of objectivity; in other words, science that has been deliberately stripped of any trace of feeling, subjectivity, and creativity. In our quest for scientific objectivity, we have removed the scientific researcher *qua* individual from the equation, and this, more than just expunging arbitrariness, has technologized scientific thinking and commodified knowledge. After all, Bacon intended that his method, his "interpretation of nature," would guide the mind in such a manner that its work would be done "as if by machinery."²⁸ What Bacon, and others like him, overlook is that the proposed scientific method is not itself a product of method, but an intellectual accomplishment that arises in this particular case from an encounter with and opposition to Aristotelian science and the exercise of ecclesiastical authority in the realm of science. Curiously, Bacon's independence and creativity as a thinker is precisely what is sacrificed when science is reduced to method. Thoreau underscores the scientific import of the thinker *qua* individual by insisting: "The fact that interests us most is the life of the naturalist. The purest science is still biographical."²⁹ Or, to be more precise, it is "autobiographical," for "If I am not I, who will be?"³⁰

Thoreau sometimes leaves us with the impression that poetry is immune from the technologizing tendencies of modern science, but on close examination, it is evident that poetry, like any art, can suffer from a similar form of paralysis.

Now, as Joseph Wood Krutch correctly points out, it is difficult to state precisely what Thoreau means by "true poetry," but of this much we can be certain: "true poetry" alone properly utilizes nature and gives it a voice.³¹ Indeed, wild nature herself poeticizes, as do those individuals who keep her company, but the latter are poetic, not so much because of what and how they write, or, indeed, that they write at all, but because of how they live. The true poem is the poet's life and not that which is destined for public consumption. "It is *what he has become through his work*. Not how is the idea expressed in stone, or on canvas or paper, is the question, but how far it has obtained form and expression in the life of the artist."³² A person can master the history and method of a discipline, and even make her own contribution to the discipline in learned publications, but unless she translates the words into deeds, her life does not rhyme. What is more, true poetry, like true science, is not necessarily bound by conventions and rules of poetry as a literary genre. On the contrary, one may be said to dwell poetically to the extent that one leans against conventions the same way that one must lean into a gale force wind just to remain standing, let alone make forward progress. "The man for whom law exists—the man of forms, the conservative—is a tame man."³³ And, in sharp contrast to the timid person, "The true poet will ever live aloof from society, wild to it, as the finest singer is the wood thrush, a forest bird."³⁴ It comes as no surprise, then, that the "mass of men are very unpoetic, yet that Adam that names things is always a poet. The boor is ready to accept the name the poet gives."³⁵ For Thoreau, the price of full membership in society is the surrender of one's creativity and individuality. Anticipating the inauthentic existence that is characteristic of Heidegger's *das Man*, Thoreau suggests that society demands an average person; that is to say, one with "average thoughts and manners—not originality, nor even absolute excellence."³⁶ Nietzsche, of course, launched an even more pointed attack on the deleterious effects of science and scholarship on genuine thinking, on the paralyzing demands of society, and on those people who refuse the call to be *themselves*.

In "Schopenhauer as Educator," Nietzsche describes geniuses as dangerous because they give birth to something new. Indeed, they are themselves originals and never mere copies, while scholars are as safe as they are lifeless and "unfruitful." Scholars, he says, "want to kill, dissect and understand nature, while the former [i.e., geniuses] want to augment nature with new living nature."³⁷ Both the tone and content of Nietzsche's essay would have appealed to Thoreau. It is also noteworthy that in the same essay Nietzsche deliberately tries to sting German university professors of philosophy by having Emerson, Thoreau's contemporary and mentor, "tell them what a great thinker . . . signifies as a new centre of tremendous forces."³⁸ Genuine thinkers place everything at risk, he cites Emerson as saying, and "if such thinkers are dangerous, it is clear why our academic thinkers are not dangerous; for their thoughts grow as peacefully out of tradition as any tree ever bore its apples: they cause no alarm, they remove nothing from its hinges."³⁹ Now, does this mean that Nietzsche was directly influenced by Emerson? Probably not, but he undoubtedly found in Emerson something that resonated with his own idea of a genuine thinker.⁴⁰ Of course,

Thoreau, as we have seen, invokes similar imagery when referring to the requirements and implications of genuine thinking, and we know that he enjoyed Emerson's company and was directly influenced by him. While still very much within the orbit of Emerson's influence, Thoreau lauded him as a "poet philosopher" and "poetic critic." However, he eventually came to view Emerson as someone lacking precisely what he himself sought in nature and in his wilderness excursions, namely, a "comprehensive character."⁴¹ In fact, it may well have been with Emerson in mind that he wrote, "Let a man have thought what he will of nature in the house, she will still be novel outdoors."⁴² Despite his lavish praise of nature, Emerson did not meet nature on its own terms and was acquainted with it only from a distance. Thus, Emerson may have possessed an anarchic intellectual posture, but not a truly comprehensive or, let us say, rounded character. As a result, when he went hunting in the Adirondack region of New York with a double-barreled gun, the joke was that "he had taken a gun which throws shot from one end and ball from the other!"⁴³ In contrast to Emerson, Thoreau sought independence in life, and not in matters of the intellect alone.

Civilization and Nature

Like Nietzsche, Thoreau considered the experience of solitude a necessary precondition for becoming *oneself*, and yet he understood that existential solitude does not necessarily demand physical separation from other human beings and the accoutrements of civilization. Thoreau shunned neither the manifestations of civilization nor the society of others, but he did have a marked preference for the company of those who, like himself, had a spark of wildness burning in their souls. In fact, he believed that it was their mutual independence and capacity for solitude that rendered them capable and worthy of genuine society. And, we should not forget that, for Thoreau, "books [too] are the society we keep."⁴⁴ Like friends, we should associate only with the best among them, for they alone are truly educative rather than merely entertaining or informative. Good books are like nature. They are "as wildly natural and primitive . . . as a fungus or a lichen."⁴⁵ They have the power to disrupt our gait, throw us off of our stride, indeed, "make us dangerous to existing institutions."⁴⁶ But good books require good readers, for the wild author will generate nothing but fear and/or servile reverence in timid readers.

Generally speaking, we yield too readily to society's demands, which, I suppose, to some extent we must, but the task is to learn how to take up our cultural and societal inheritance as the raw material with which to craft *ourselves*. In this respect, there is much to be learned by taking our bearings directly from nature—from an oak leaf for example—for "Leaves are of more various forms than the alphabets of all languages put together; of the oaks alone there are hardly two alike, and each expresses its own character."⁴⁷ Trees too are various. If one builds a cabin with milled lumber, one can easily forget that at one time

each tree used in the construction had its unique character, its particular cant, but logs, especially when selected, cut, and harvested by the builder, will not tolerate such forgetfulness. True, the trees must be severed from their roots and to that extent subdued and civilized, but beyond that the logsmith has no desire to tame nature's material. Instead, each check, each burl, each difference, and wild imperfection is deemed desirable and, therefore, tolerated and lovingly accommodated. In building my own log cabin, the logs were carefully notched and pinned, rather than firmly spiked in place, and the handcrafted window and door casings were attached to wooden splines placed into vertical channels I cut into the logs rather than to the logs themselves (see Fig. 10.3). This building technique is time-consuming and, therefore, "inefficient," but it affords each log a modicum of independence and freedom of movement which in the long run preserves the integrity of the whole. There is a lesson here for managers, educators, and social engineers.



Fig. 10.3: Building "out of rounds" demands harmony between builder and nature.

It is fitting, I think, that during my conversations regarding log construction with my nearest neighbor, octogenarian Lionel Caron, who is now deceased after a lifetime of living in the woods, he usually referred to building with logs as "building out of rounds"—*en bois rond*. Fitting, because the logs remain round and are not flattened into impoverished versions of their former selves. Fitting, too, because in the case of my own cabin, the logs are bound at the corners using what logsmiths call a "round notch." And, most of all, fitting because a log cabin is in some sense always "round," regardless of its footprint. Like the legendary Paul Bunyan, when he drove logs on the Round River, the cabin dweller-builder is surrounded by "roundness" and, consequently, is constantly

reminded of the interconnection of all things, including extreme individuals.⁴⁸ By employing the construction technique I described above, the environmental forces that normally would separate the logs and force them apart actually bring them closer together forming a more encompassing and cohesive whole. And, the independent character of a log dwelling is such that it does not threaten the bond between the cabin dweller-builder and nature, for in his cabin he is both inside and outside at once.⁴⁹ He knows each log, as though by its "savage name," by the sound, now an echo, of its wilderness voice, by its privileged place in the stand of black spruce from whence it came. The words of Emerson have a special meaning for this dweller-builder.

O, that were much, and I could be a part
Of the round day, related to the sun
And planted world, and full executor
Of their imperfect functions.⁵⁰

The wildness of a log cabin is not only the source of its charm, it is the source of its integrity. Thus, a log cabin may also be said to resemble Thoreau's beanfield, which he describes in *Walden* as "half-cultivated," a "connecting link between wild and cultivated fields."⁵¹ A truly fruitful *individual*, properly understood, is likewise a mixture of wildness and cultivation. Such individuals, even though they are "half-cultivated," are nonetheless at least a half-measure out of step with those around them. It is for this reason that Solitude warns Zarathustra: "among men you will always seem wild and strange."⁵²

However, as I am trying to suggest, "wildness" is most fruitful when it is properly nuanced. At first glance, the chief aim of civilization is to tame and subdue that which is wild and uncultivated, while the latter, whether person, place or thing, is a persistent threat to the steady advance of civilization. The binary logic involved in this perspective is no longer tenable, for, as wilderness writers from Thoreau to Sigurd Olson and Roderick Nash have demonstrated, there is a desirable, if sometimes uneasy, tension between wild nature and civilization.⁵³ Far from being antipodes, wildness and civilization are interdependent. On the one hand, civilization itself is threatened whenever human beings are separated from the vital impulses and feral instincts encountered in the natural world. "In Wildness," Thoreau asserts, "is the preservation of the World."⁵⁴ As this well pruned and often quoted assertion makes clear, civilization requires an infusion of wildness from time to time if it is expected to remain healthy, while, on the other hand, we must not overlook the fact that wildness needs civilization if it is to be drawn out and become manifest. Thus, at our cabin site, which is inaccessible by road, my wife Norine and I have carved a small opening in the forest by cutting trees, removing the stumps, hacking out a garden plot, and doing battle with each year's crop of weeds, raspberry bushes, and black flies (see Fig. 10.4). The experience has bound us to this land. Years from now our footprints will still be there, like old cant dogs and boom chains, as reminders of the human effort to derive meaning from it. The land, in return, generously de-

cultivates us, lest we forget that it is *we*, and neither its legal owners nor human beings *Überhaupt*, who belong to it.



Fig. 10.4: An attempt to “half-cultivate” the wilderness.

Wildness is too often associated exclusively with wilderness areas, i.e., with areas in which there are few or no traces of civilization, and such a view misses the crucial point. Thoreau was correct to say that “It is in vain to dream of a wildness distant from ourselves. . . . I shall never find in the wilds of Labrador any greater wildness than in some recess in Concord, i.e., than I import into it.”⁵⁵ Wildness is evidenced whenever and wherever someone challenges or “fronts” a fact. We cannot escape the conventions of civilization nor would we want to, but without some distance from them and some fresh life breathed into them, they become rigid and lifeless. Death and decay, on the other hand, produce the generous layer of humus that is necessary for new growth.

For Thoreau, “Indian instinct” was valuable as a complement to scientific observation, but it was not by itself the ideal after which he strove. In “The Alleghash and East Branch,” for instance, he expresses his admiration for Joe Polis’ ability to find his way through the woods without being able to explain how he did it—which, of course, is the exact antithesis of the conception of knowledge that has been passed down from Socrates and Plato—but for all of his sharpened instincts, there is much that eluded him. For example, later in the essay, Thoreau invites the juxtaposition of Polis’ navigational skills with his own cultivated powers of observation. He describes how Polis quickly located his beached canoe by retracing his steps through the woods without any apparent effort, which,

Thoreau acknowledges, he and his companion could not have done without the aid of compass, sight, or sound of the river to guide them and even following their footsteps would have required "laborious circumspection." However, after they were back on the river, Thoreau relates how he immediately took note of its slope, although it was well disguised by the smoothness of the water and apparent lack of motion, for he observed with "a surveyor's eyes" the "angle at which a level line would strike the surface, and calculated the amount of fall in a rod, which did not need to be remarkably great to produce this effect."⁵⁶

Obviously, Thoreau did not hesitate to make use of his techno-scientific knowledge in the Maine wilderness. And what is more, he makes a point of mentioning that Polis himself made effective use of modern transportation to better employ his traditional skills. "Thus you have an Indian availing himself cunningly of the advantages of civilization, without losing any of his woodcraft, but proving himself the more successful hunter for it."⁵⁷ According to Thoreau, Polis had also represented his tribe in Augusta and Washington, met with Daniel Webster in Boston, owned land and hired others to cultivate it, and expressed a desire to live in Boston, Philadelphia, or New York. As it turns out, Polis himself possessed something of a comprehensive or "rounded" character, which no doubt suited Thoreau. Each of them was cognizant of his limits, however. Thoreau knew that he could not match Polis' hermeneutical talent for deciphering a wilderness swamp, and Polis readily acknowledged his own limitations. "I suppose, I live in New York, I be poorest hunter, I expect."⁵⁸

From even a casual reading of *The Maine Woods*, it is evident that Thoreau preferred the "half-cultivated" wilderness of Walden Pond to the harsh woods of Maine. In each of the three essays that make up the *Maine Woods*, he observes with obvious appreciation the "civilizing" effects of open spaces. In "Ktaadn," for instance, he describes the Maine forest as "grim and wild." "The aspect of the country," he adds, "is universally stern and savage, excepting the distant views of the forest from the hills, and lack prospects, which are mild and civilizing in a degree."⁵⁹ Then, in "Chesuncook," the account of his second journey into the Maine wilderness in 1853, he expresses "relief" being "back to our smooth, but still varied landscape. For a permanent residence, it seemed to me that there could be no comparison between this and the wilderness, necessary as the latter is for a resource and a background, the raw material of all our civilization."⁶⁰ By the time he made his final journey to Maine, the details of which are related in "The Allegash," it is evident that he was somewhat more at home in the Maine woods, but he nonetheless makes a point of underscoring the "liberating and civilizing" effects of crossing open water after being "shut up in the woods."⁶¹ Later, he describes having a similar experience when he visited a supply depot for lumbering operations in the region. "The Chamberlain Farm is no doubt a cheerful opening in the woods . . . the influx of light merely is civilizing, yet I fancied that they walked about on Sundays in their clearing somewhat as in a prison yard."⁶² In short, although wilderness is necessary for civilization and civilization is necessary for wilderness, both it turns out are best imbibed in limited doses.

It is neither the woodcutter nor the hunter that makes the best use of the wilderness, but poets, artists, and philosophers—in short, those who use it without abusing it. “Every creature is better alive than dead, men and moose and pine-trees, and he who understands it aright will rather preserve its life than destroy it.”⁶³ Although Thoreau opposed the wanton destruction of all life forms, it would be a mistake to think that he did not understand the existential import of hunting and gathering. His own wildness and proximity to nature depended in part on his having fished, hunted, and cut wood. Such experiences give us first-hand knowledge of wild nature and keep us tethered to her. “We are conscious of an animal in us, which awakens in proportion as our higher nature slumbers.”⁶⁴ As the philosopher Ortega y Gasset argues in his treatise on hunting, the advance of reason, of culture, is always accompanied by a loss of “intimacy with nature.”⁶⁵ Echoing Thoreau, Ortega goes on to say that “Man cannot re-enter Nature except by temporarily rehabilitating that part of himself which is still animal.”⁶⁶ During the hunt, the genuine hunter privileges her animality and abandons her position above nature by bracketing her “higher nature,” i.e., her culture.

Despite his statements to the contrary, it is not difficult to see why Thoreau always took satisfaction in the thought of living in the woods, “fishing and hunting, just enough to sustain myself. . . . This would be next to living like a philosopher on the fruits of the earth which you had raised, which also attracts me.”⁶⁷ Paraphrasing Kant, one can say that concepts of wilderness without the necessary corresponding experiences are empty, and wilderness experiences without concepts are blind. Consequently, Thoreau rightly admonishes the thinker whose object is nature to “go and live in it. . . . Fish in its streams, hunt in its forests, gather fuel from its water, its woods, cultivate the ground, and pluck the wild fruits, etc., etc. This will be the surest and speediest way to those perceptions you covet.”⁶⁸ He is correct, it seems to me, after twenty plus summers of living on a remote lake in northwestern Maine, located a scant thirty miles from the Canadian border and not far from where Thoreau camped on his first trip into the Maine woods. For me, this ecoscape is a nexus of images, memories, and meanings rather than a precise geographical location.

Nature and Authentic Selfhood

Up to this point, my comments have focused a good deal on Thoreau. In other words, to a certain extent, I have been doing precisely the type of scholarship for which Thoreau himself had disdain. Of course, one can write about Thoreau *objectively*, but one cannot be inspired by the wildness of which he writes and remain objective. Recall, for instance, his remarks about the importance of autobiography—i.e., the importance of one’s life and one’s thoughts. Thus, in *Walden*, he informs us that he will use the first person pronoun and expects every author to give an “account of his own life, and not merely what he has heard of other men’s lives.”⁶⁹ To write and/or speak exclusively of another’s encounters

with nature is akin to living someone else's life: the vital impulses that animate the original are absent. However, when I reflect on Thoreau's thoughts on nature, I am reminded that the principle of selection that focuses my attention has its roots, not in his writings, but in personal experiences of wilderness that date back to childhood and the wildness for which I continue to strive. To be certain, Thoreau's excursions moved in a direction different from my own. He went from Concord to the Maine woods and back to the environs of Concord, while I, on the other hand, have gone from the Maine woods, to "Concord," and, for three months each summer, back to the Maine woods. My place, like myself, is almost perfectly equidistant from the Canadian border, the section of river which Hoagland's guide, Fred King, described as "Jalbert country," and Pillsbury Island, which is the site of Thoreau's northernmost campsite on his last excursion into the Maine woods. The change of venue back and forth from academia to the woods gives my paths—both intellectual and wilderness—an opportunity to freshen while not in immediate use. There is a danger in repeatedly following any path, even one's own, after it becomes well beaten and easily recognized. A river is more resistant to a beaten path. Every movement, whether up or down river, demands a fresh interpretation, because the channels shift, if only subtly, during spring run-off and each change in water level. A river man such as my grandfather—a genius with a setting pole—who, at 58 years old, had seen and experienced nearly every possibility that the Allagash River had to offer, finally decided to navigate an all too familiar stretch of white water while doing a handstand in the stern of his canoe. The posture undoubtedly offered a unique perspective. A photo of this feat appeared in a 1948 *National Geographic* article and was interpreted by the *National Geographic* writer as intended to show "contempt" for the fast moving river, but, on another, more Thoreauvian view, one might surmise that my grandfather simply wanted to make certain that he was still *himself* and not someone else. A scholar, who is not completely devoid of daring and wildness, and, anyone whose life is not without some poetry, should do the same.

Occasionally, it is good to glance obliquely at whatever it is we want to see. Things will have a different look under such circumstances. As Thoreau says, ". . . I [am] reminded of the advantage to the poet, and philosopher, and naturalist, and whomever, of pursuing from time to time some other business than his chosen one—seeing with the side of the eye."⁷⁰ It is not enough for me to read Plato or Thoreau in a wilderness setting, I must heft an axe to the point of fatigue, become intimate with the spruce trees that are my nearest neighbors, and take time to converse with the moose, who ambles up the lakeshore, through my yard, and along my woods path nearly every morning for two months. Although quite shy in the beginning, one morning she summoned the courage to approach the cabin window where I stood washing dishes and introduced herself. For five minutes, she stood less than four feet from me—the two of us separated by a mere pane of glass—calmly and deliberately rocking her head from side to side. The morning sun was such that each of us could see a hint of ourselves and the other simultaneously. I wondered if, like me, she gave thought to how little

separated us. However, such thoughts are philosophical in nature, and I suspect that she did not ponder the matter. Curiously, society with her underscored my solitude. Later that same hot, August day, I had my first human contact in two weeks. George Blaisdell, a local lumberman and bush pilot, landed in his small, float equipped aircraft to say hello and check on my progress in constructing my log cabin. After a brief visit, I helped launch his plane and, then, stood on my dock listening to the din of the aircraft engine drift off into the distance until it finally became inaudible. At that moment, as I recall, I took notice for the first time of the silence in which I had been engulfed. Perhaps this explains why the bush plane, a technological development, has become as much a symbol of wilderness as the caribou or moose (see Fig. 10.5). Naturally, the bush plane, which is often equipped with floats for off airport water landings and skis to do the same after the water hardens, also represents the freedom to frequent remote places where others rarely go.



Fig. 10.5: A co-incidence of a natural and a technological icon of the "bush."

It is Thoreau's "half-cultivated" bean field that comes to mind here, for it was neither the wildness of the moose nor the technological character of the bush plane that informed my experience on that summer day, but the fact that each leaned in the direction of its opposite. The moose relaxed her wildness and sought society with me, as it were, while the bush plane and my experience of its sound fading to nullity suggested an independence and wildness similar to that which is provoked by the cry of a loon. I know, of course, that these interpretations are inseparable from *where* I am and *who* I am. That is to say, they are subjective, not objective. As Thoreau noted, the wail of a loon in Concord does not have the same meaning that it has in the wilderness, for "its wildness is not

enhanced by the surrounding scenery.”⁷¹ I doubt too, if a moose approaching me at a feeding zoo would evoke the simultaneous, paradoxical feelings of society and solitude. But the meanings of such events are not only inseparable from the contexts in which they unfold, they also have their roots in the historico-subjective life of the person who experiences them. As Thoreau observed, “a howling wilderness does not howl: it is the imagination of the traveler that does the howling.”⁷² Such interpretations, of course, animate the ecoscape, render our experiences meaningful, and configure the world(s) in which we are most alive. So what Bachelard set out to prove in *The Poetics of Space*, namely, that “imagination augments the values of reality,” Thoreau took for granted.⁷³

Conclusion

If one will be a philosopher of wilderness rather than a professor of the philosophy of wilderness, one would do well to experience wilderness firsthand, for it is there that wildness is most manifest. One might hope that universities would serve a similar purpose, but they are like a *faux* wilderness, and are more akin to tree farms than to true, genuine wilderness. They are neither “mossy and *moosey*”⁷⁴ like the Maine woods nor home to the likes of Joe Polis, both of which bear the marks of wild nature that are increasingly rare in modern corporate universities. Thus, when I want to muse over nature, I prefer a walk on a winter road or along Chemquassabamticook Stream where I can encounter a moose or bear, converse with a French Canadian woodcutter, hear my grandfather telling stories of poling a canoe up the rock and black fly infested stream from “Jalbert country,” and find traces of an old trapper’s cabin. I think of the long winter nights spent skinning and stretching mink, otter, and beaver pelts. Oh, what solitude! But I wonder if the old trapper had enough “Concord” in him to “hallow” his labor with “great thoughts” and to transform his solitude into a philosophical issue.⁷⁵ Fortunate are “half-cultivated” individuals, for they can elevate labor with thought and induce thought with labor. Like Thoreau, I need the “tonic of the wilderness,” because in my case wilderness reflection is self-reflection. In the Maine woods, I hear echoes and see footprints that tell me *where* I am is *who* I am.

“Old Jack”—a poem by friend and colleague, David Curtis, who has the patience to listen to birds and the wildness to understand them—is an echo and trail marker from a different quarter:⁷⁶

Old Jack of undetermined race
 hired by the Boston folk to guide
 claimed he knew a special lonely place
 where brookies old and big went for to feed,
 but neither road nor trail would take them there
 upstream all the way against the current’s speed
 a hard canoe to solitude and test.

They thought it seemed too much like work
 They thought that day perhaps to rest. . . .

Still, at supper they felt compelled to ask,
 "Is the fishing up there worth the pain of going?"
 and got for answer scorn spoke in his dish
 allowing how there was no way of knowing,
 and yet the point, he might have thought,
 regardless of what was or wasn't caught
 was to embrace the hardness of the task
 and make the going worthy of the fish.

Old Jack knows that wild "brookies old and big," like self and solitude, are found only upriver from where any road or well beaten path meets the river. To get there Old Jack must push against the current and "embrace the hardness of the task," for only then will he be "worthy of the fish." Whatever his race, we might assume that Old Jack is human, all-too-human, and, therefore, whenever he shoves off for his "special lonely place," he must, when he ponders the task ahead, be sorely tempted to assert his dominion over the fish of the stream and turn his canoe to slide with the current. However, downstream, where the river broadens, the water flattens, and the solitude evaporates, the fish would understandably become smaller and smaller and Old Jack less and less himself, until finally they would both disappear. I am acquainted with Old Jack and I am familiar with his knowledge of a place where there are "brookies old and big," but I question whether the idea of becoming "worthy of the fish" came to him in such a wild and lonely place. For such a revelation, he must have surveyed the river and its inhabitants with the "side of the eye." Just as Thoreau rejoiced in seeing a small pine tree growing in his bean-field and a cow evidence her feral instinct, so I suppose Old Jack should rejoice when he unexpectedly finds a cultivated notion stowed in his wanigan box. How it got there is a question for another place.

Notes

1. Henry David Thoreau, *The Maine Woods* (New York: Penguin Books, 1988), 94.
2. Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 95.
3. Max Scheler, *Man's Place in Nature*, trans. and introduction by Hans Meyerhoff (New York: Noonday Press, 1978), 3.
4. Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 247.
5. Henry David Thoreau, *The Heart of Thoreau's Journals*, ed. by Odell Shepard (New York: Dover Publications, Inc., 1961), 92; July 2, 1852. (Hereafter cited as *Journals*).
6. Thoreau, *Journals*, 112; May 10, 1853.

7. See Edward Hoagland, "Fred King on the Allagash" in *The Edward Hoagland Reader*, ed. and intro. by Geoffrey Wolff (New York: Vintage Books, 1979), 308.

8. For an excellent philosophical treatment of *place*, see Edward S. Casey, *Getting Back into Place: Toward a Renewed Understanding of the Place-World* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1993).

9. Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 307.

10. As regards Thoreau's position, the situation may not be quite as clear-cut as I am suggesting. On the one hand, he says, "A lover of nature is preeminently a lover of man. If I have no friend, what is Nature to me?" *Journals*, 92; June 30, 1852. And, on the other hand, he also writes, "I do not value any view of the universe into which man and the institutions of man enter very largely and absorb much of the attention. . . . When I reflect, I find that there is other than me. Man is a past phenomenon of philosophy." *Journals*, 83; April 2, 1852.

11. Henry David Thoreau, *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers* (Cambridge, Mass.: Riverside Press, 1961), 130.

12. See notes 5 and 6 above and *Journals*, 47; July 16, 1851.

13. Henry David Thoreau, *Walden in Walden and Other writings of Henry David Thoreau*, ed. by Brooks Atkinson (New York: Modern Library, 1992), 145.

14. Thoreau, *Walden*, 144.

15. Thoreau, *Walking*, 97.

16. Thoreau, *Journals*, 108; March 12, 1853. See also *Journals*, 56-57; Sept. 2, 1851, *Journals*, 212; Dec. 31, 1860, and *Week*, 109.

17. *Journals*, 77, Feb. 5, 1852. See also his entry (*Journals*, 15) for June 23, 1840 where he writes, "Not by constraint and severity shall you have access to true wisdom but by abandonment, and childlike mirthfulness." Finally, see Paul Shepard, *Coming Home to the Pleistocene* (Washington, D.C.: Island Press, 1998), 14, 39, 42. Shepard maintains that childhood is the decisive stage of human experience and development, because it is then that we personalize our experiences and are most in tune with our kinship with the natural world of plants and animals.

18. Gaston Bachelard, *The Poetics of Space*, trans. Maria Jolas (Boston: Beacon Press, 1969), 236.

19. Jules Michelet, *L'oiseau* cited in Bachelard, *Poetics of Space*, 237 (emphases are mine).

20. Thoreau, *Journals*, 8; May 17, 1839.

21. Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Blight," in *Nineteenth-Century American Poetry*, ed. by William C. Spengemann and Jessica F. Roberts (New York: Penguin Books, 1996), 35-36, lines 21-27.

22. Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 247.

23. Thoreau, *Walden*, 198.

24. Science as a form of ignorance is not to be confused with what Thoreau calls "useful ignorance," for the latter is meant to underscore the importance of non-scientific "knowledge." Cf., for example, *Journals*, 214; Mar. 5, 1860 and Henry David Thoreau, *Walking* in Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Nature* and Henry David Thoreau, *Walking*, introduction by John Elder (Boston: Beacon Press, 1991), 112-13.

25. Thoreau, *Journals*, 99-100; Oct. 20, 1852.

26. Thoreau, *Journals*, 112; May 10, 1853.

27. Thoreau, *Journals*, 130; May 6, 1854.

28. Francis Bacon, *Magna Instauration* in *Essays, Advancement of Learning, New Atlantis, and Other Pieces*, ed. by Richard Foster Jones (New York: Odyssey Press, 1937), 268.

29. Thoreau, *Week*, 287.
30. Thoreau, *Week*, 163.
31. See Joseph Wood Krutch, *HenryDavid Thoreau* (New York: Delta Books, 1965), 265-270.
32. Thoreau, *Week*, 365.
33. Thoreau, *Journals*, 43; March 30, 1851.
34. Thoreau, *Journals*, 130; May 11, 1854.
35. Thoreau, *Journals*, 118; July 30, 1853.
36. Thoreau, *Journals*, 139; Dec. 6, 1854.
37. Friedrich Nietzsche, "Schopenhauer as Educator" in *Untimely Meditations*, trans. by R. J. Hollingdale (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1983), 174.
38. Nietzsche, "Schopenhauer as Educator," 193.
39. Nietzsche, "Schopenhauer as Educator," 193-194.
40. On December 22, 1884, Nietzsche wrote to Overbeck that he was having one of Emerson's essays translated into German, and then added: "I do not know how much I would give if only I could bring it about *ex post facto*, that such a glorious, great nature, rich in soul and spirit, might have gone through some *strict* discipline, a really *scientific* education. As it is, in Emerson we have *lost a philosopher*." See Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Portable Nietzsche*, trans. by Walter Kaufmann (New York: Viking Press, 1968), 440-441.
41. Thoreau, *Journals*, 76; Jan. 30, 1852.
42. Thoreau, *Journals*, 100; Nov. 4, 1852.
43. Thoreau, *Journals*, 196; Aug. 6, 1858.
44. Thoreau, *Week*, 98.
45. Thoreau, *Journals*, 40; Nov. 6, 1851.
46. Thoreau, *Week*, 99.
47. Thoreau, *Week*, 167.
48. Aldo Leopold, "The Round River—A Parable" in *Round River: From the Journals of Aldo Leopold*, ed. by Luna Leopold (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1993), 158.
49. What I have in mind here is akin to the "distinctive middle realm" that Casey describes in *Getting Back into Place*, 242. To be certain, a log cabin provides better protection from the elements than does a tent or half-built shack, but it offers its own form of "direct contact" with the outside for the dweller-builder.
50. Emerson, "Blight," 35-36, lines 14-17.
51. Thoreau, *Walden*, 149.
52. Friedrich Nietzsche, *Thus Spoke Zarathustra: A Book for All and None*, trans. by Walter Kaufman (New York: Viking Press, 1966), 183.
53. See Roderick Frazier Nash, *Wilderness and the American Mind*, 4th edition (New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1982), 271 and Sigurd F. Olson, *The Meaning of Wilderness: Essential Articles and Speeches*, ed. with intro. by David Backes (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2001). See esp. his "Why Wilderness," 39-47; "The Spiritual Aspect of Wilderness," 108-121; and, "The Spiritual Need," 134-144.
54. Thoreau, *Walking*, 95.
55. Thoreau, *Journals*, 164; Aug. 30, 1856.
56. Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 345.
57. Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 274-75.
58. Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 269.
59. Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 107.
60. Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 210-11.
61. Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 270.

62. Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 328.
63. Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 164.
64. Thoreau, *Walden*, 206.
65. José Ortega y Gasset, *Meditations on Hunting*, trans. by Howard B. Wescott (Belgrade, Mont.: Wilderness Adventures Press, 1995), 114.
66. Ortega, *Meditations on Hunting*, 130.
67. Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 161.
68. Thoreau, *Journals*, 187-88; Oct. 29, 1857.
69. Thoreau, *Walden*, 3.
70. Thoreau, *Journals*, 159; April 28, 1850.
71. Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 308.
72. Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 300.
73. See, for example, *Journals*, 36; June 1850 where he writes, "My imagination, . . . my sense of the miraculous, is not so excited by any event as by the remembrance of my youth." And, then, in the *Undated* entry on the same page, he comes even more to the point when he admits: "I find the actual to be far less real to me than the imagined."
74. Thoreau, *The Maine Woods*, 377.
75. Thoreau, *Journals*, 26; April 20, 1841.
76. For the complete poem see David Curtis, "Old Jack," *Vermont Literary Review*, vol. III, no. 1, Spring/Summer 1996, 70. I am grateful to David Curtis for reading this essay.