The Land Report

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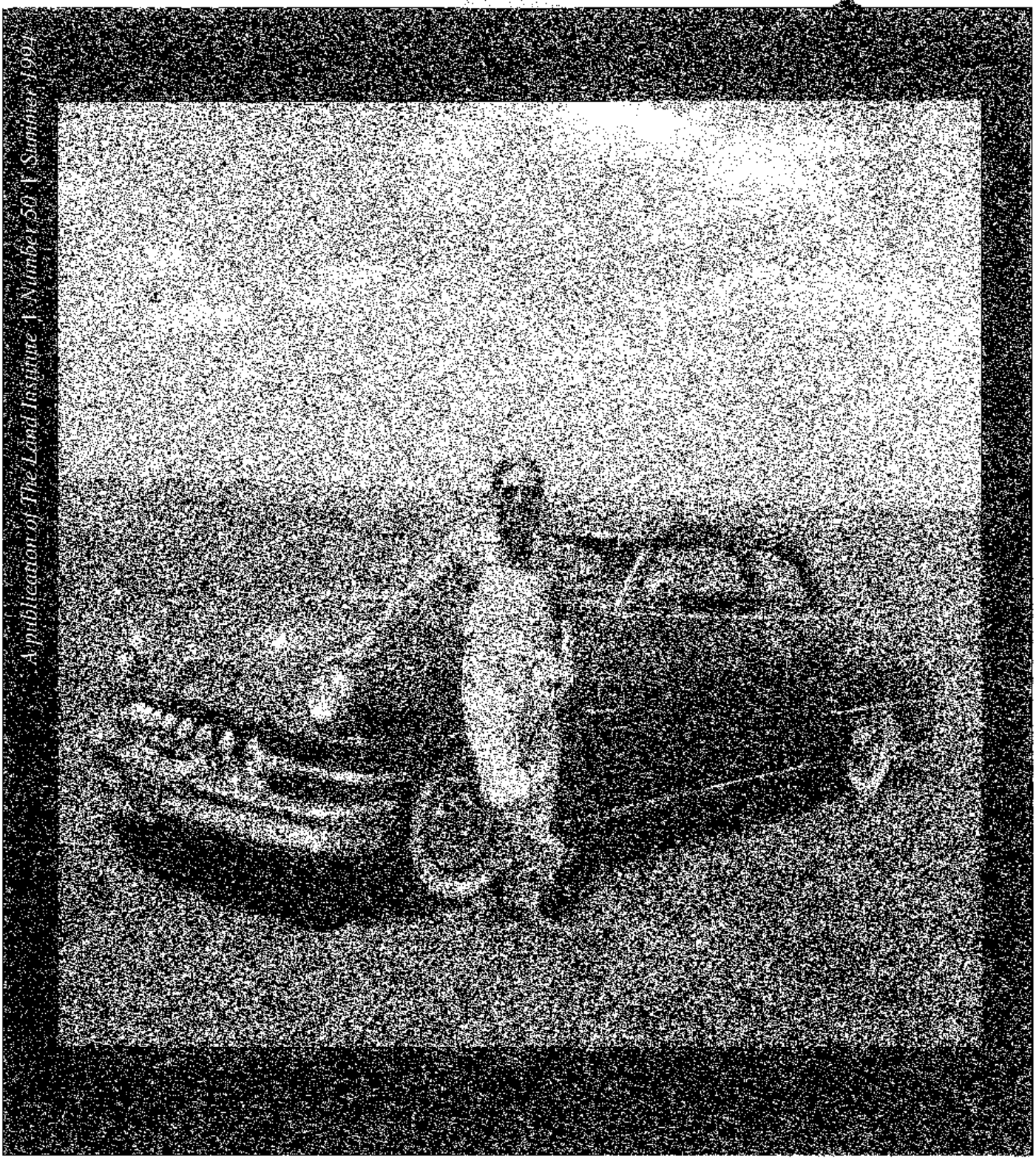

Putting Art in Its Place

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Prairie Festival: Genetics, T-Knowledge and Cinnamon Rolls—At The Land

Brian Donahue

"Sense of place" is one of those phrases that sticks around. I have a friend who has been threatening since high school to write the blurb for the back of my first book: "Brian Donahue has found that sense of place the rest of us are still looking for." Decades later, he is still waiting patiently to lampoon me with this abominable accolade.

Well, it's a cliché, but it's a cliché that won't go away because it *is* what a lot of us are looking for. Needless to say, a sense of place can never be found; even those of us who think we have found something are still looking.

In this issue, we have eight artists contributing some thoughts about art and place: two poets, a painter, three photographers, a bookmaker, and a woodsplitter. I dare say the idea that the landscape itself is more important than the art made about it, and that an artist bears a responsibility to place would be fiercely resisted by many artists. I don't think we can insist that all artists shoulder this responsibility, but I do think we need a lot more who are willing to. The same might be said of our culture in general, and how.

The cover shows Cecil Johnson of Matfield Green with his restored 1951 DeSoto. The back shows Matfield Green rancher Carl Wagoner with a newborn calf. Both photos are by Terry Evans.

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Editor: Brian Donahue
Assistant Editor: Kathy Holm
Graphic Design: Scott Jost
Circulation Manager: Louise Sorenson
Photo Editor: Rebecca Geisen
Arts Associate: Terry Evans
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THE LAND INSTITUTE
2440 E. Water Well Rd.
Salina, KS 67401
913-823-5376

Lost in Quivira

Harley Elliott

The following is an excerpt from LOADING THE STONE, an account of a thirty-year exploration of flint and its uses by pre-European peoples of this area. The story is told from the viewpoints of three characters—Walker, Old Man Walker, and Young Walker. Quivira is the term given by Spanish explorers to a culture encountered in south-central Kansas.

You forgot your life. The weather was sweetly seductive or so fierce it squeezed everything down to footsteps and eyes. A pink and orange sky might eat your past, thunderheads float the future, darkness breathe over your shoulder. A mantra by an insect, coming stars, the shifting of owls, one hard mud footprint of a coyote's thought, the fragmentary echo of all that came before, and you were lost in Quivira.

Walker had been there, his son had been there, the old man had surely been there. It was not an event to be courted, it came along, like the call of the Take-it-easy bird. Tiki-dee´-zee, si, si. It was to hear this and remain thoughtless, when the Old West was more than white boys ripped on cheap grunt whiskey, and also less. When dirt was no more than dirt and the footsteps meandering beyond choice. When you didn't know you were lost, and only then, you were. Later you'd feel hunger, want to make love, electronically view men chasing a ball, but none of these things came to mind lost in Quivira.

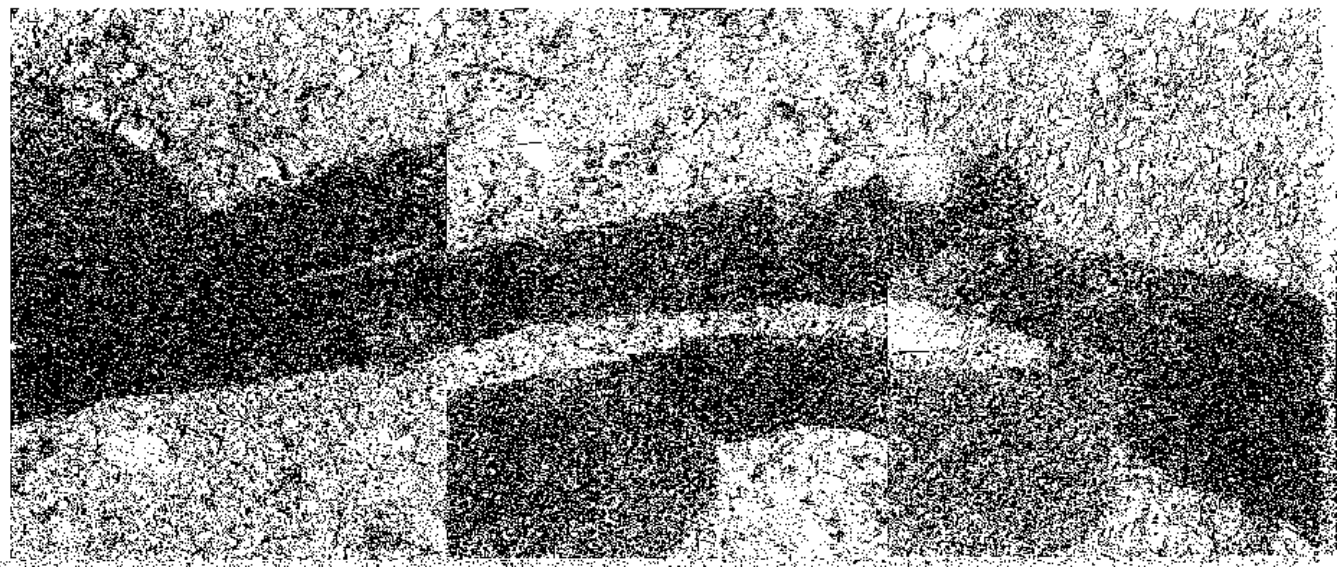
It wasn't a matter of walking the village of the Old People back into existence, that was all still there. But it was now the dust of mothers, hunters, flintworkers, fools, dust of dogs and robes, digging sticks, fly whisks. The shouts and murmurs long downwind, the rub of life remaining was held in stone. Seeing the arrowpoint suddenly eye-to-eye and falling into the old world, slapped in the chops, a flash of distant hands, a piece of work, a stone with the orderly scars of thought. But those were only dreams, the fall brief, the rebound quick. Walker thrown back into his shoes, the small, obsidian triangle flat in his hand. Young Walker sitting lost in the dust where no one ever found anything. His rolling gaze runs into the long red and white flint drill and he bounces back into himself.

You didn't have to be lost to find things, but finding them sometimes anchored the moment so deeply that you realized you had been lost in walking for an unknown span of time, without opinion, history, or want. No job, no car, no bed, goals, fears, a rabbit, a weed, something the wind moved over and around in a time without glory or regret.

Stepping into ignorance out of your own place and not yet into another, you could take no pleasure in simply being. The moment you recognized that the clutches of identity had fallen away, that you were free in mindless circumstance, you had revoked the condition. Though you might pretend you still floated like smoke, the mind was roused and gathering context, naming the weather, the time, the barking of a dog three farms away, and you were back in the smell of your clothes, charted by calendars, clocks, the turn of a key, no longer lost in Quivira.

So there were times, when Walker and his son found flint tools, that they found themselves as well, blinking confused, a chicken one of them had hypnotized by drawing the symbol for eternity in the dust, startling awake and looking round at the dirt, the others, the roost.

Harley Elliott is a poet and painter living in Salina.



To Fly an Earthen Carpet

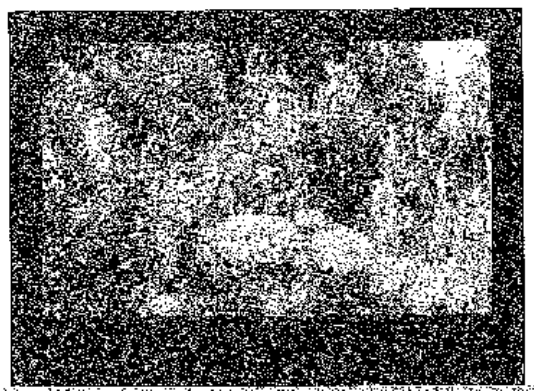
Mary Kay

I was born in the Chiltern Hills forty miles north of London, chalky escarpments with pockets of clay and flint, covered in woodlands of oak, beech, ash and cherry, pasture interspersed with common land of bracken and brambles. My home town lies in a deep valley through which the Flying Scotsman ran by the side of the Grand Union Canal. It was a small market town steeped in history, for there in 1066 William the Conqueror built a flint castle which in subsequent years lords and farmers pillaged in order to build their houses and barns, and nearby Mary Tudor was kept prisoner by Queen Elizabeth the First. Hundreds of years later my parents bought half an acre of land high on the steep, south facing valley side, and on it in the early 50's built a very ugly house, plain and square. They had very little money after the war, and a huge longing. It was with this longing that they compensated for the house by building an exceptionally beautiful garden.

For eighteen years this garden worked on my being. As a child, my whole sensibility centered around the garden. I saw my parents working there, weeding, burning, watering, planting, pruning, turning the compost, feeding the chickens, cutting hedges and lawns, picking flowers and dividing plants, digging them up and relocating them. Here we ate, talked, worked, argued and dreamt. Most important for me, I think, were the hours and hours of solitude. I was the youngest of three children with many years between us, so by the time I was born my parents were in their 40s and I was pretty much left to "get on with it." For me, "it" was complete and undisturbed absorption in the garden.

Lying in the dry grass listening to the aggravated flies, watching elusive grasshoppers, smelling the wafts of decomposing grass that mulched the raspberries, walking the shady damp hedged paths, hearing the faint sounds of activity at the top of the garden — being away, removed from all that, with the lawns, hedges, orchard and vegetable garden between myself and them. I traveled extensively within the garden limits, physically, visually, viscerally, sensually, and imaginatively.

I was never really interested in growing a garden as a child. I hadn't the will or stamina needed to dig and sow and weed. But I still have lists of names of plants in my head, and I realize so much conversation was about ceanothus, garrya elliptica, wisteria, jasmine, petunia, Jerusalem artichoke, stinking hellebore, purple sprouting broccoli, anemone blanda, the ranunculus family; and the names of roses: Phylis Byde, Peace, and Madame Isaac Pereire. These words evoke spaces, meals, color, weather, smells, objects and people; these names are locators for places and events. As I write and let the names course through my mind, I can feel a wave of sensations. My parent's garden offered a complete world, they seemed their happiest, least self-conscious when they were there. It was their place of reverie and so it became mine, a passed-on way of being.



Above left, "Flower Painting;"
Above right "Plague," oil paintings
on canvas by Mary Kay

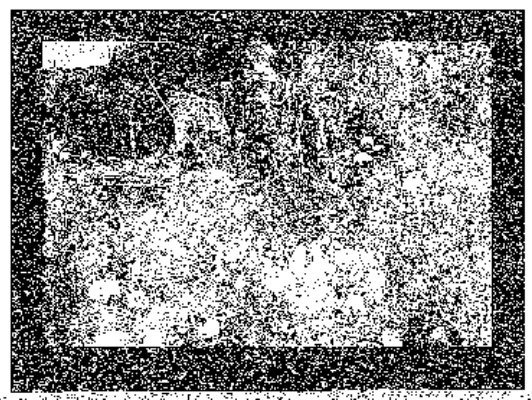
When I left home and went to art school I had not learnt to recognize, let alone value this thing which was so much a part of me. For the next twelve years I painted things that were outside of my immediate experience; the circus, the city and the outdoor markets. I filled my canvases with people leading lives that I longed to know, that I observed vicariously and wished to understand. I had a strange fascination with the lives that were beyond the edges of my experience. During all this time I owned a small garden flat in London. I gardened the tiny pocket handkerchief plot as a matter of course, with a thoughtless intensity, effortlessly.

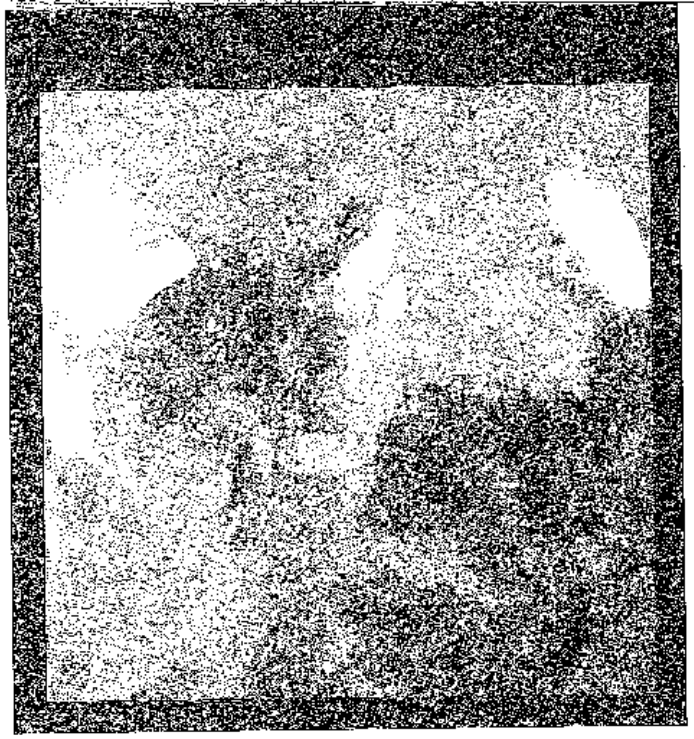
1984 was a time of abrupt and intense change for me, and I left my strip of garden. For the next five years my painting changed rapidly. The figures abruptly left the paintings — the subjects to which I had attached my emotions seemed no longer possible. I turned to the landscape of two London Parks, a small pond and shoreline of Suffolk. To all of these I became passionately and obsessively attached, to the extent that I think somehow I felt I owned them. I painted in watercolor from these places, and came back to the studio to paint canvases that overwhelmed me in scale and problems. This was the first time that I wanted to be swallowed up by the sensations of the place, where I wanted, despite the enormous scale, a sense of intimacy. I now see that I was searching through the images and the paint for a very specific landscape, a sense of place.

In 1987 I came to the United States to graduate school. Here I felt the most disconnected from myself, and from my subject matter. The naiveté with which I came to the States is painful to recall. I had not yet understood how essentially I was connected to the places in England that I had been painting, and I had not taken into allowance that it was going to be nearly impossible to slip into an intimate relationship with a place, landscape and culture that I had no attachments to, or understanding of. This landscape was both vast, abused, overwhelming, and actually in New Haven very dangerous — no more sitting alone in the countryside painting. I only had a bike. So I felt angry, what to do, where to stay? I flailed around a lot, and made a host of lousy paintings.

Then after taking a class which required that I take particular notice of my dreams, I found myself bringing together recalled memories of the garden of my childhood, of specific configurations of that landscape, and I began to paint. Once I had made these paintings I started to notice the flowers around me, especially the particularly sensuous ones, the peonies, the magnolias; and then also the insects that were in a profusion that I had never experienced before. Now I found that my place of connection was within immediate spaces, inside, around and across the surfaces of flowers and insects. These paintings were far more nearly like my earliest recollections of my parents' garden, where I encountered flowers and insects at eye level down in and amongst them, immersed in the sensations of being tiny and seeing the intimate and overtly sensual world closer, immediately, and often when very little, for the first time.

When I arrived with a friend in Kansas in August 1989 to take up a job teaching, we found ourselves in a ravaged, desiccated and seemingly inhospitable place, parched by drought. We set about finding somewhere to live, renting a place on the railroad tracks with a





triangle of brown yard containing a half-dead lilac bush, a cedar, a redbud, and an inordinate number of rabbits. The following March in desperation I rototilled two huge rectangular plots of land and set about fighting Bermuda grass, determined that if I couldn't have England, I would make it here in my yard — again wrong and naive, to say the least. We had terrible water pressure: the plumber said it looked like most people's idea of a leaking faucet. For three years I grew too large a garden for the water capacity and for my ideas of how to garden. It took me a long time to learn what, how and when I could plant. A flower garden was my foremost desire — I was not interested in growing plants to eat. I had an overwhelming desire to make something beautiful, to create a refuge, a place of reverie.

One aspect of the whole project that was the most unexpected was how difficult it was. It was an incredible ordeal: especially the relationship of my body to the heat. It took me at least a year to truly understand when to work in the garden. I don't think I have ever been so aware of my body as I have been in this climate. The almost total lack of control that I had in the garden was frustrating, and gave me a sense of humility. Seed beds were washed away in an hour, cracked dry hard-packed earth was impenetrable, hot scorching winds parched plants, and most of the species of flowers that I wanted to grow totally refused to even raise their tender heads above the ground. Then came the relentless Bermuda grass, and then, the grasshoppers.

Building the garden began as a psychological necessity; I simply could not have stayed here if I hadn't done it. It was a survival technique — I had no intention of painting it. Instead, I struggled hopelessly for a year to paint the Kansas landscape. Eventually, I collected insects from my garden and in exasperation and frustration I painted them, using them as vehicles for my expression of the human condition: violent, wasted, earth-bound, yet unbelievably beautiful and incomprehensible. I was caught by intense observation of them and the potential narrative they offered. Meanwhile I was building a more successful garden, constantly being torn between time in the garden and time in the studio — needing and wanting both equally.

I had been growing these flowers, cockscombs, haunting, vulgar as my mother would have said, sensuous beyond belief and totally extraordinary. I found myself involved again with the convolutions of the world inside the flowers. I was hooked. I started to paint outside in the yard.

When I paint directly from the garden I'm simply battling to hold on. Usually it's pretty hellish out there. Its far too hot to think and it becomes exhausting, small changes take on mammoth proportions. Turpentine evaporating up my nose, flies and mosquitoes constantly hungry, and a small mean area of shade under the umbrella, demanding that I constantly change the position of the table, easel, painting, paint brushes, myself, the umbrella, the ropes and rocks. Fighting with a Kansas wind that is always grabbing at the umbrella and when successful takes everything with it landing crushingly in the middle of the flower garden, creating havoc.

But it's so damned beautiful, incomprehensible, so complicated that I can hardly get close to expressing the sensations I feel and see. I am moved by the cumulative experience of seeing the garden pass from its slow struggle with winter, the rush of the lush beginnings, to its frenzied full blossoming and its growing fragility and poignant decline. Everything happens too fast to grasp and to be able to hold. That's why I stand there, just trying to see and to get a glimpse of understanding, to hold a fragment of it, before it changes, passes and is lost. Trying to find that place I know I had as a child of truly seeing, being totally absorbed, left alone and experiencing an un-namable extended time: an epiphany, being taken in, absorbed, held inside it, a place of exhilaration, transcending. That is when the earthen carpet flies.

Above, "Flower Painting," oil painting on canvas by Mary Kay.

Mary Kay is a painter and gardener living in Lindsborg, Kansas.

Texas Memories

Frank Gohlke

These photographs, taken together, comprise a story, but only a kind of story. There is no narrative, no plot, but the order of the pictures is crucial to the meaning of the whole and its parts. The captions are essential as well, because they locate the images in the particularities of an individual life history. What is the story about? Centers and boundaries, scale, memory, love. It is about the look of a place, about the persistence of the past in the appearance of the present. It is about me. At times it seems to me enough that the story be coherent and plausible, like any other work of fiction, since a viewer has no way of knowing whether it is true or false.

But this is too easy. Despite current theories to the contrary, it is clear that the world exists independent of our perception of it. I believe that it is worthwhile to seek the truth of a thing, even if the enterprise is compromised by the fact that we unavoidably act upon what we observe, that perception and desire are always commingled. My affection for the north Texas landscape is neither blind nor perverse; I know that by conventional standards of scenic beauty it is an unlovely place. But there is something about its hard-bitten and scruffy vegetation that suggests survival in the face of discouraging odds. (That the foliage so often seems luxuriant up close is more an index of our low expectations of the place than anything else.) And the easy access, visual and physical, to distant horizons tantalizes us with the lure of the unbounded. Because so much of the terrain just goes on and on, the little hills, buttes, and outcrops, the gullies, washes, and rivers are correspondingly more momentous, containing hints of undisclosed possibility. It is fertile territory for tellers of tales and provides good hiding spots for the muse.

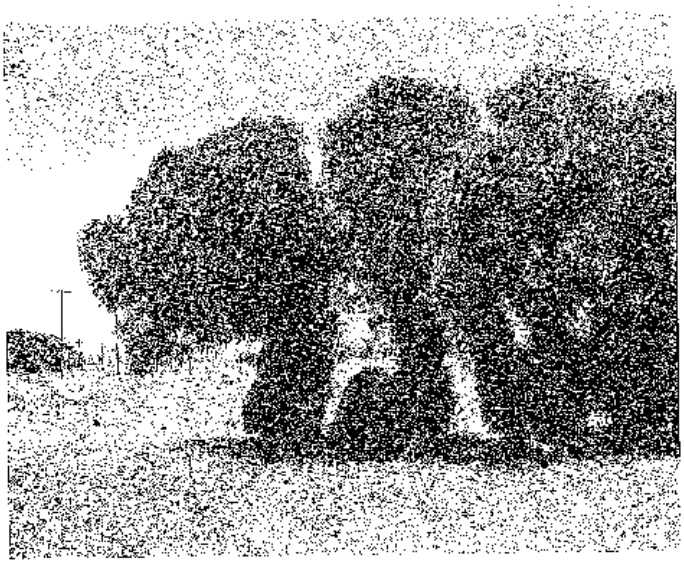
My hopes for these photographs are two: that they are accurate, in the sense that important features that characterize the landscape are represented in proper relationship to each other; and that they are persuasive, in that whatever beauty is found in the pictures does not seem to have been won at the expense of the facts.

1.

2.

1. Backyard of my parents' home-2201 Wenmak, Wichita Falls, Texas 1984.

2. Playground of Crockett Elementary School, where I attended grades 1-7. Wichita Falls, Texas, 1984.



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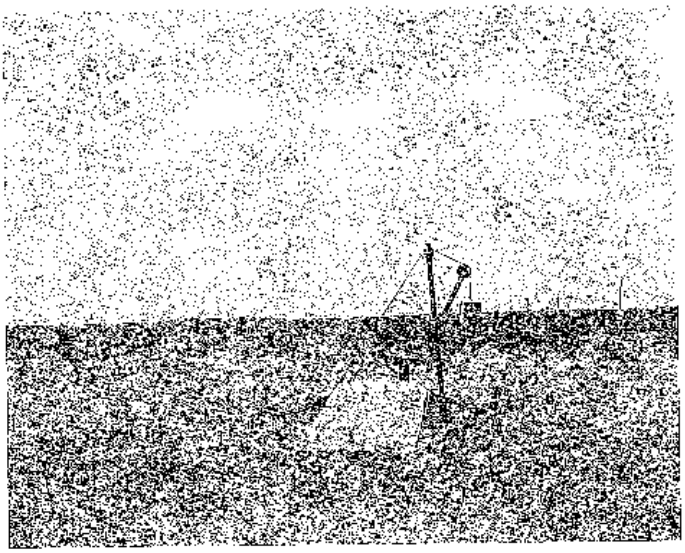

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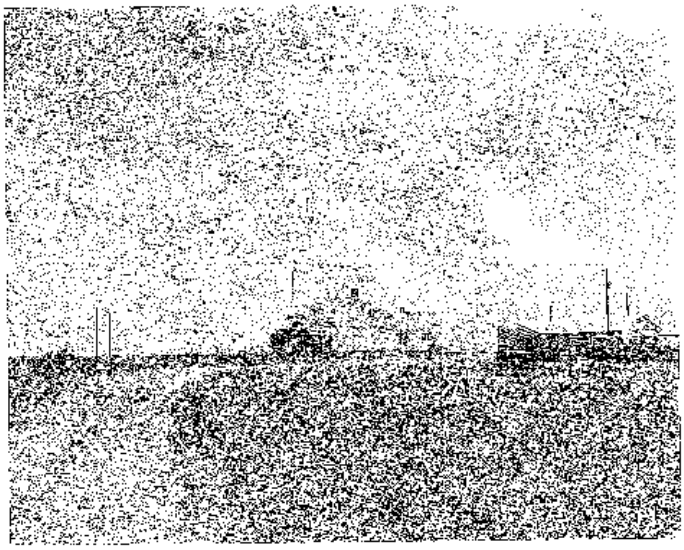

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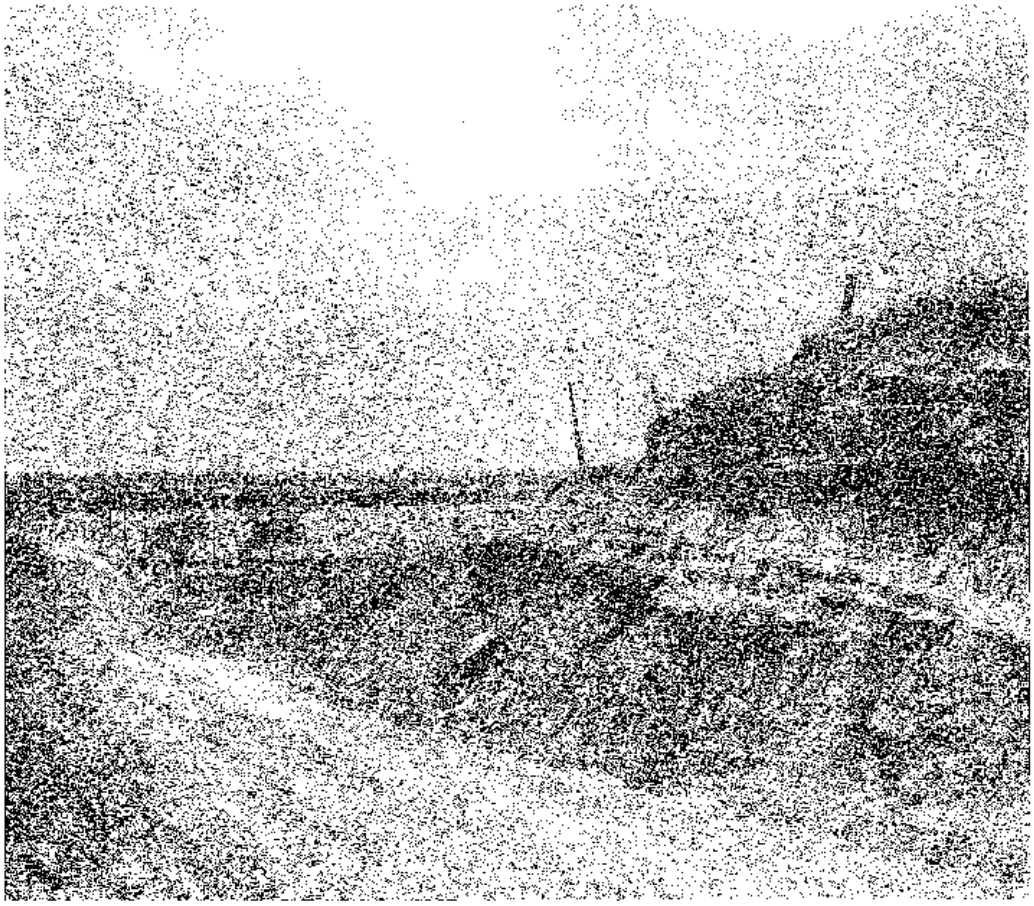


5.

3. Cedar trees (marking former house site) on Kell Blvd. Median— Wichita Falls, Texas 1984.

4. Wichita River, between Petrolia and Charlie, Texas 1984.

5. Road cut, sandstone strata—looking north across Red River Valley—near Petrolia, Texas 1984. (My grandfather's early ventures in the oil business were near here.)

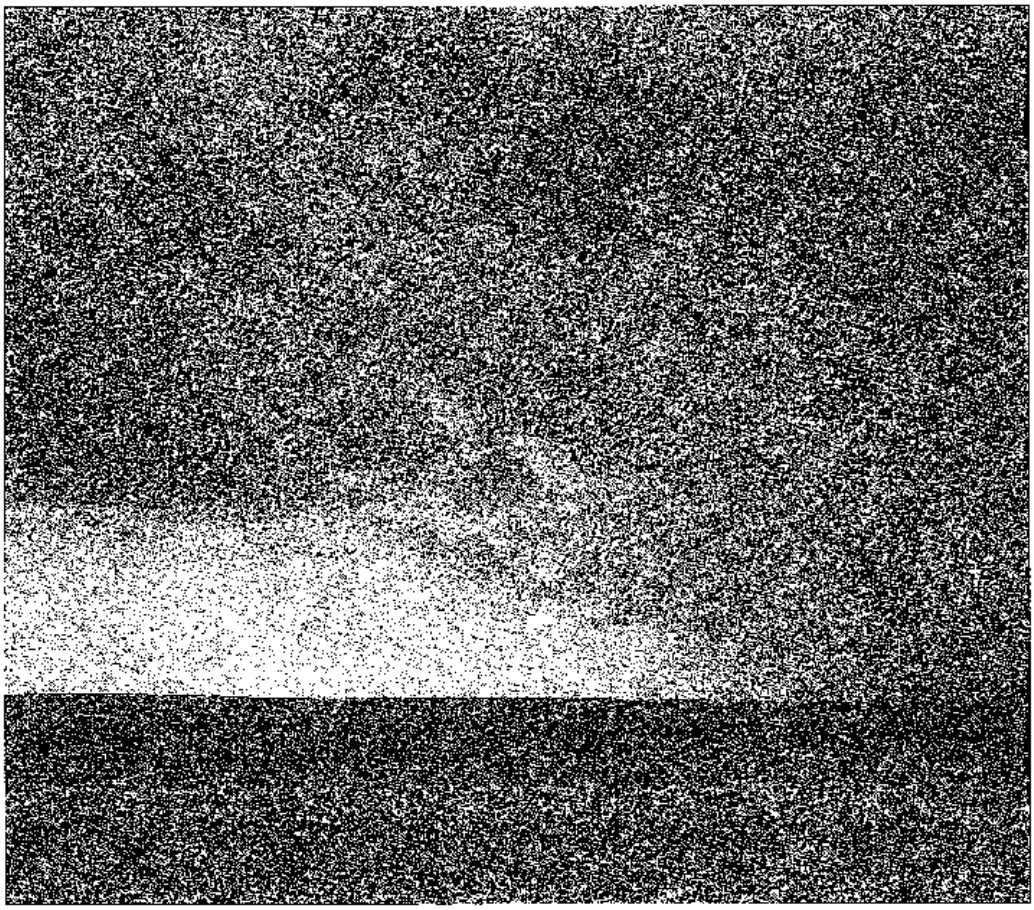
6. Looking south across the Red River Valley near Byers, Texas 1984.

7. Storm cellar behind (vanished) foreman's house—Ross family ranch, near Jolly, Texas 1984.

8. Ross family ranch house, near Jolly, Texas, where my mother spent part of her childhood (1919-1924), 1984.

9. Stock tank—near Lake Arrowhead, outside of Wichita Falls, Texas, 1984.

10. Edge of thunderstorm—looking south, near Dean, Texas 1982.



10.

Franke Gohlke is a photographer living in Ashland, Massachusetts. An earlier version of this essay appeared in Contemporary Texas: A Photographic Portrait, Texas Monthly Press, Austin, 1986.

Treatise on the Project of History

From ruins, restoration.

From restoration, redemption.

-Frank Pommersheim

The Art of Ruins

Scott Jost

There was a small watercolor hanging on my aunt and uncle's wall. It was painted all in browns, showing a fence row, long grasses bent down by weather and time, the remains of some snowdrifts. I was fascinated by the way its painter left areas of white paper that became snow, how a single brush stroke could leave an entire bunch of grass. But more importantly, this picture transported me to a place, past its surface.

In high school at the time, I too painted landscapes with oil set and canvas board. I liked the feel, smell and texture of places I painted. Being in these landscapes, painting, transported me to the places of pictures.

A few years ago I asked my father to describe his childhood. On photocopies of his letter describing the farm at night I remade that place in a drawing with ink and paint. I folded and refolded this drawing. With covers attached it turned into a book of pictures and words. Reading this book, I am transported to an imagined place, one I can name.

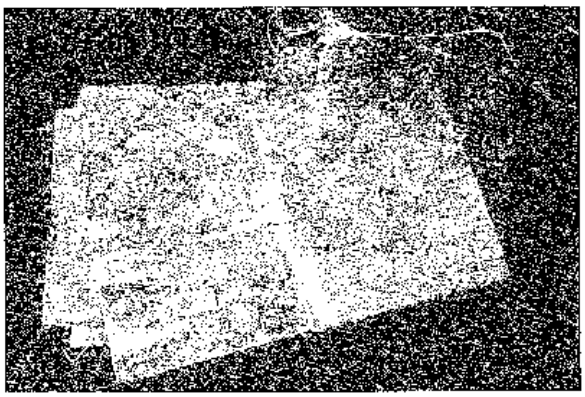
On a morning in late December I was driving in Kansas from Newton to Cassoday. At eight o'clock in the morning it was already much too warm. The sky was orange, not with the crisp light of a winter morning, but with a brown-orange light heavy with dirt, the light of a dirt storm, the light of my father's stories of dirt storms. Tons of soil had become airborne at forty miles an hour. This disturbing drama was tied into a network of personal stories told to me, tied into my knowledge of history and economics and farming practices: I was witnessing ruin. I made another book called "There Is No Rain."

"Landscape" entered the English language in the seventeenth century, originating from "landskip," a

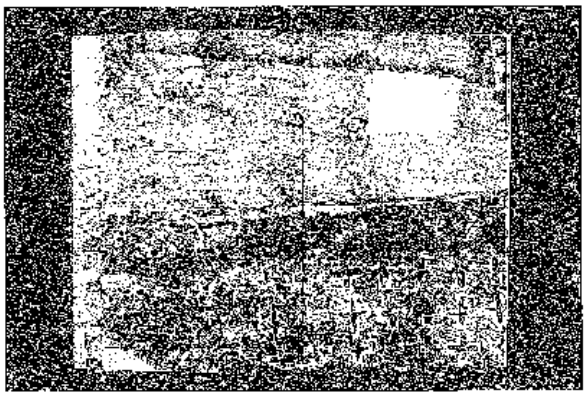
1. Leo Marx, "The American Ideology of Space," Denatured Visions: Landscape and Culture in the Twentieth Century, ed. Stuart Wrede and William Howard Adams (New York: Museum of Modern Art, 1991) 62.

2. J. B. Jackson, The Necessity for Ruins and Other Topics, (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 1980) 98-102.

"Book of Changes," a book made up of seven separate short books. Materials used include handmade paper, soil, acrylic painting and color xerox.



"You Asked Me to Describe the House I Grew Up In," an accordian-folded book made of ink drawings over xeroxes of letters.



3. Margaret R. Miles, Image as Insight: Visual Understanding in Western Christianity and Secular Culture, (Boston: Beacon Press, 1985) 144.

4. Wendell Berry, What Are People For? San Francisco: North Point Press, 1990) 47.

Dutch term which emerged with the landscape painting genre. It remains essentially an aesthetic concept.[1] But I looked out over the landscape that morning and found myself in it, not an observer who experiences the world as if it were a picture. Can landscape art be useful in restoring the health of land and our place in it?

I like making artwork in book form because it allows me to elaborate on events I experience. In my work I use pictures of my family and myself, and snapshots, drawings and xeroxes collected from specific places such as an abandoned farmstead in Afton State Park in Minnesota and Coronado Heights near Lindsborg, Kansas. I also use parts of mass-produced romantic landscapes from thrift stores and pictures made by others. I use these images and visual references as a way to look out over ruins, like the dirt storm. I also use words in my books—my stories and those of my ancestors, stories collected from landscapes I inhabit and stories I find. Words help me describe and take stock of ruins.

In the books, time rides a flow of words and images, inclusions and omissions as pages are turned. It follows the sensuousness or paucity of paper and binding, the smell of ink, the brittleness of page and story. When I structure all of these pictures and words in space and time in a book, new events, new stories result.

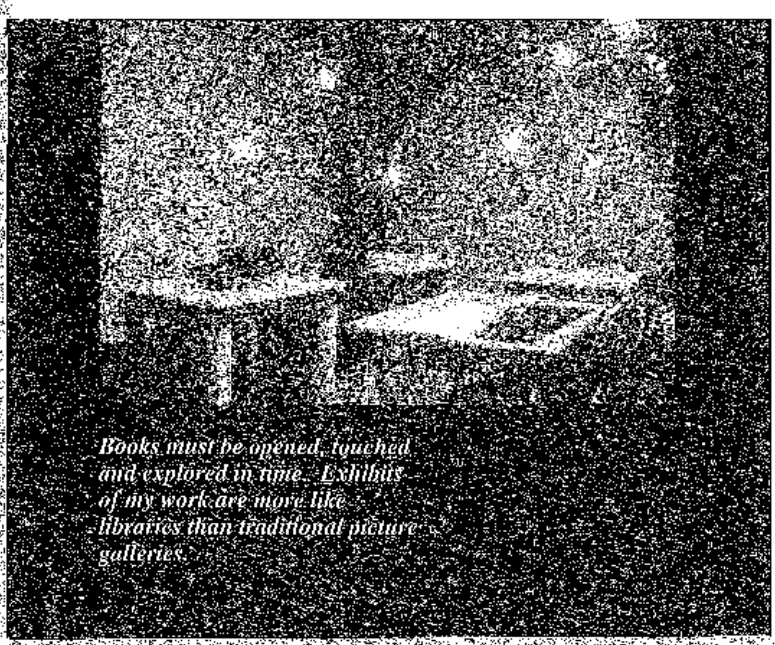
The new stories which come into being suggest a second aspect to "ruin," and a new possibility. According to J. B. Jackson,

Ruins provide the incentive for restoration, and for a return to origins. There has to be (in our new concept of history) an interim of death or rejection before there can be renewal or reform. The old order has to die before there can be a born-again landscape....Many of us know the joy and excitement not so much of creating the new as of redeeming what has been neglected, and this excitement is particularly strong when the original condition is seen as holy or beautiful. The old farmhouse has to decay before we can restore it and lead an alternative lifestyle in the country. The landscape has to be plundered and stripped before we can restore the natural ecosystem; the neighborhood has to be a slum before we can rediscover it and gentrify it. That is how we reproduce the cosmic scheme and correct history.[2]

I do not mean to endorse a need to ruin anything in order to further some historical process. Rather, I see in Jackson's idea of ruin the possibility of dealing with the reality of ruined landscapes.

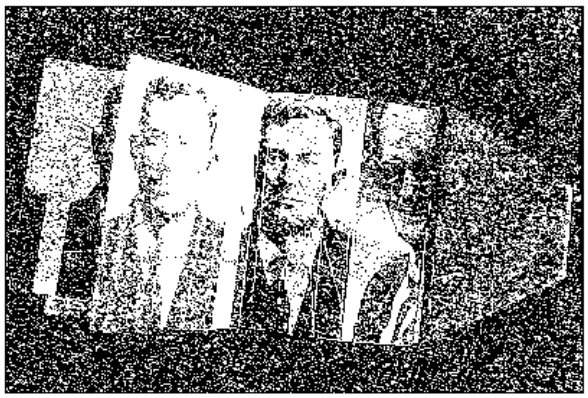
In his meaning of "ruins", Jackson is describing a cultural process by which things become images, which then compel us to correct our history. This is something that also happens to pictures themselves. Pictures are ambiguous. We affix to images "the complex of memories, associations, and longings" that we bring with us. At the same time, images "form by attraction:" they suggest meanings to us when we are drawn to them by our interests. They are the stuff of reinterpretation, the repossession of what has been missing or neglected.[3] Pictures become ruins, useful in the correction of our histories. Jackson is describing ruins as images in which a thing becomes a picture.

By mixing new and old stories and pictures, my art work seeks the point of ruin between decay and renewed address. This is the point where we recognize that something needs to be done.



Books must be opened, touched and explored in time. Exhibits of my work are more like libraries than traditional picture galleries.

"Wallet," an accordian-folded book made of xeroxed photographs, cardboard and layers of typewriter text.



Is art important when, as Wendell Berry says, "We are living even now among punishments and ruins?"[4] I believe it can be. Artists have a venue, a "voice" provided by their work and its distribution. This voice provides an impetus for artists to speak thoughtfully, not as prophets or shamans, but as people whose voices may be amplified through their work. There is power in one's artistic voice which can be raised in chorus with, or in response to other voices. This power is best employed when both the art and the subject matter are necessary and interdependent.

In Wendell Berry's view, an artist bears responsibility toward his or her subject. Where no inherent value in the subject matter is admitted by an artist, where there is only concern with what is made of the subject matter, both art and subject are abused: "[A]ttention [to a subject] is of value only insofar as it is paid in the proper discharge of an obligation. To pay attention is to come into the presence of a subject. In one of its root senses, it is to 'stretch toward' a subject, in a kind of aspiration." When the subject is trivialized in the interest of art, art is "industrialized." It becomes geared "exclusively to production "like coal mining. Like an industrial entrepreneur, [the artist] regards the places and creatures and experiences of the world as 'raw material,' valueless until exploited."[5]

For some academics, however, this aspiration toward the subject, toward the world, is suspect. Landscape work done without irony can be seen as having a "willfully innocent and anachronistic look." It is much more acceptable for a landscape painting to be about landscape painting as a genre. The work is then about "nostalgia for a lost world" that can only be "quoted" from other pictures, embodying "feelings of remoteness, as if nature were not only an endangered species, but practically extinct."[6] Some critics imply that if your art stretches toward land and place, you are at best a romantic or fundamentalist. If the work addresses specific places that you know, it may even lead to the invention of new blood and soil myths. Art should be about the picture of the thing only.

Others lament that art no longer seems to function within tradition and community. However, if images can serve as ruins, that lament may be misplaced. If ruins can lead to corrections of history, then both reclaiming old images and striving toward new forms are necessary. The Land Institute looks out over a ruin, the prairie, and imagines a new agriculture. I believe these corrections are possible. Can new relationships, built on ruins, be glimpsed through art?

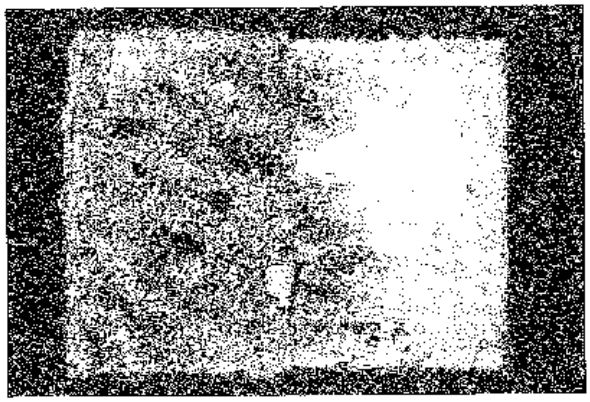
Art is useful in bringing ideas and perceptions into awareness for an artist. It can also do this for its audiences. Art becomes especially vital within groups sharing common interests, that is, local references. I felt this vitality surround my own work when I showed it at the Land Institute Prairie Festival more than when I showed it in an art gallery at the University of Minnesota. Art that is small-scale, produced by individuals and small groups, can be specific to its subject and locality. It can do this more easily than media representations which have wider but often less specific cultural currency. When stories and pictures start to narrate the land, or when stories inscribed on the land are given a voice, we begin to see land in new and renewed ways.

Frank Pommersheim sent me a poem written after my exhibit at the Prairie Festival. He said, "This poem just fell from the sky after your gallery talk..."[7] His poem is significant to me as an example of a response in which we build on the picturings of others, not as coal-mining critics, but as those who are paying attention. I can imagine that as ruins are re-formed, poems, pictures and stories we make as people who share particular places (geographic or other) may become continuously evolving, aggregated portraits of ourselves and our places. As these portraits evolve our places will also change. History becomes a continuously evolving picture representing a new kind of continuity able to transcend ruins.

Scott Jost is an artist and designer living in Salina.

Frank Pommersheim is a legal scholar and poet at the University of South Dakota Law School, Vermillion, South Dakota.

"I Will Make Your Descendents Countless as the Dust of the Earth," a codex book made of partially burned hand-made paper, turkey skin and rubber stamp text.



5. Berry 83.

6. Robert Rosenblum, "The Withering Greenbelt: Aspects of Landscape in Twentieth Century Painting," Denatured Visions: Landscape and Culture in the Twentieth Century, ed. Stuart Wrede and William Howard Adams (New York: Museum of Modern Art, 1991) 39-41.

7. Frank Pommersheim, letter to the author, 6 June 1994.

Home Landscape

Terry Evans

We should not use the word landscape to describe our private world, our private microcosm, and for a simple reason: a landscape is a concrete three-dimensional shared reality. (J.B. Jackson, Vernacular Landscape, New Haven, Yale University Press, 1984, p. 5)

Matfield Green has affected me powerfully since the first time I saw it about four years ago. It sits half-abandoned in a valley surrounded by prairie hills and sky, and it pierces straight to my deepest feelings about beauty and about loss. I began to photograph Matfield Green soon after I first saw it. Gradually I began to know the local residents. The 50 or so people who live in Matfield Green have a lively sense of community.

As I photographed the town, the people, and the landscape I began to wonder what role picture making might play in this community. Wendell Berry writes that community "is a locally understood interdependence of local people, local culture, local economy, and local nature." Does community also need a local image of itself?

Last summer, in search of an answer to this question, I organized a children's photography class. Six young boys and I explored the town with cameras. My intention was not to emphasize the fine art of photography, but rather to use the camera as a tool for recognizing the home landscape known by each child. One of our favorite times was when we discovered an old biology specimen, a formaldehyde frog, in the basement of the abandoned school. We didn't dissect it, but we did thoroughly photograph it. At the end of the summer, we moved from town to the surrounding prairie and spent one October afternoon in the hills.

After the photography class ended, I wanted to begin a photography project with adults, but I didn't want to simply teach a class about technical skills or personal expression. I wanted the project to have a strong connection to Matfield Green, so I decided to wait and let the idea emerge from the town itself.

Months passed. One evening, I was over at Eddie and Twyla's house where they and Carl were dressing a deer they had shot. Eddie said, "Terry, you ought to photograph that cross on the hill south of town. It would make a great picture."

Then Carl said, "Yeah, and you should go up to Roniger Hill and take pictures of the view from there."

I filed these suggestions. The next day, over at the Hitchin' Post Bar, Wilbur said, "Terry, you should take a picture out east of town in June of the way the shadows make fingers in those green hills at sunset."

Three suggestions in 24 hours got my attention. First I thought, I should make a series of photographs of those places and title them "Eddie's View" and "Carl's View" and "Wilbur's View." Then I thought, no, I should take them each with me so they can show me where to take the picture. Then I thought, no, I should let *them* take the picture, with my camera, my technical experience, and their eyes.

My friend Toots is the grandmother of Craig, one of the boys in the summer photography class. I asked Toots to take me to a place she wanted a picture of. She took me south of town to the ruins of the house where her partner Eugene grew up. "This is the house where Eugene's mom raised seven boys by herself after their father died," she told me. Suddenly the house and her photograph took on meaning for me, meaning that depended on a local story. I could not have seen this through landscape explorations on my own.

Carl has to work full time at an Emporia slaughter-house in order to practice the work he loves most, ranching. He took me to a pasture that belongs to his mother Geraldine. The land has been in the family since the 1850's. Carl has 70 cow-calf pairs, and his goal is to ranch full time. The thing that keeps him going is "keeping the faith" that eventually he will be able to make his ranching operation support him.

"I love ranching; I never tire of it. Every new calf is a symbol of a new season, a new start. Your personal year as a cow-calf man is starting again and it's your chance to do it a little more right this time. When I hear a cow bawl at night, I feel like a mother and I get up and tend to the calf." Carl photographed the draw in his mother's pasture, making sure to include a particular tree.

Ray raises rabbits and sells them to a man down the road. Ray also does mowing around town. When I asked him if he had a favorite place in the landscape, he said, "Naw, there's no place." I asked him to think it over and let me know if he thought of somewhere.

Early next morning, Ray brought me this poem that he had written the night before:

My heart is as big as this rock.
You can't break this rock,
But you can break my heart.

Then he took me to see the rock. It sits in a stream in a wooded area at the base of a cliff a few miles south of town. A tree leans toward the rock. Ray said he wanted the tree in the picture, too. So I set the camera on the tripod and asked him to arrange it as he wished.

"No, I don't want to take it. You take it," he said.

"OK, but you look through the lens and see if I have it right."

He did. He said, "No! You have it all wrong!"

He then moved the tripod, readjusted the camera, tried it one place, then another, and finally took his picture, including the tree and the rock. It is a beautiful photograph, and it is far different than any I might have taken of the same place.

Gradually, I am enlarging my own vision of Matfield Green through collaboration with local people. "People in the Middle Ages did not come to admire the sculptured tympanum over the portal of Moissac, but to worship Christ as he will appear on the day of the Last Judgment," Mikel Dufrenne tells us. The public did not come to the cathedral to admire art but instead recognized the collective understanding of their faith in the images they saw there. Is it possible that we might gather a collective image of our home landscape that would then remind us how to honor it and care for it?

The Plains Indians had a storycatcher in the tribe, the one who recorded significant tribal events with drawings on skins. These drawings reminded the tribe of who they were, where they'd been, and where they were going. Might not the residents of Matfield Green record its beauty and transform its loss by becoming storycatchers? Their individual views of the landscape could come together to form a shared image of their place, one that catches the past and suggests the future of Matfield Green.

Terry Evans is a photographer living in Salina.

Woodpiles

Brian Donahue

George B. Emerson was a man of vision. In 1846, when farming in New England was at its height, Emerson warned of the cultural decline he believed would follow ecological ruin. His *Report on the Trees and Shrubs of Massachusetts* demanded a halt to deforestation, and the restoration of a better balance between farmland and forests. By the middle of the 19th century, some parts of Massachusetts were down to less than 10% forest cover. Emerson called upon his fellow citizens to stop clearing pastures and to start planting trees.

George Emerson was among the first to recognize not only the economic value but also the ecological necessity of intact forests. But Emerson went still further: he made an *aesthetic* plea for trees in the landscape. Emerson saw a double bond between beauty in the landscape and love of home. He foresaw the decline of rural New England in the rise of emigration and urban industrialization, but also in the failure of farmers to reach a full understanding with the land they inhabited. Emerson urged the farmers of Massachusetts to "paint" at the landscape scale, by planting native trees with an eye for their colors and form, as well as for their more practical benefits. This would require great attention and care. Emerson wrote:

To get command of the materials for this form of landscape painting, the student must go into the forest not only every day in spring, but he must go in midsummer and in midwinter, and every day in autumn...The forest...affords us inexhaustible means of giving variety and beauty to the face of the country, and every person may avail himself of them...[1]

As it turned out, very few trees were planted in New England, nor was planting necessary, because reforestation occurred spontaneously. New England farmers began to buy cheap western grain to make their milk in the late 19th century, and abandoned their rundown pastures to the trees. Farming shrank nearly to nothing in the 20th century, and the forest returned unhindered.

Nature repainted with trees, but the canvas had been deeply marked. The pattern by which the land was reforested still shows the pattern by which it was once farmed: white pines have reclaimed worn pastures, red maple swamps occupy hay meadows, stands of white ash conceal rows of decaying apple trees, multi-stemmed oaks and rot-resistant chestnut stumps mark old woodlots. In my old town, houses have invaded the best tillage land—many of them inflated neo-Colonials, adding aesthetic insult to ecological injury.

The landscape of eastern Massachusetts records a long, rocky romance between nature and culture. This is lost on the casual acquaintance who sees only houses and trees. Between the reddening buds of a maple swamp and the dark green pines on a distant slope stands an invisible, tumbledown stone wall. There are miles of clogged clay tiles and silted ditches in the swamp. Layers of vanished landscapes stand behind what is now in sight, back beyond the Yankee farmers through thousands of years of barely imaginable Native inhabitation to the outwash plains and boulder clay laid down by the melting glacier.

The depth of our aesthetic response to this landscape is determined by whether we "see" these things or not. I look over the swamp to the pines and see a landscape I love in its own right, a once abused landscape that nature has partly recovered for which I am duly grateful; but I also see the failure of George B. Emerson's vision.

I don't mean the failure of Emerson's vision in the sense that landowners a century ago failed to remake the forests of New England from scratch by human design. That is probably just as well. I mean the near total withdrawal of our culture from any kind of deeply felt attachment to the landscape. When I first came across George Emerson's writing twenty years ago, his aesthetic appeal for tree planting was wasted on me: I dismissed it as fanciful, and focused on the solid ecological and economic parts of his message. But as time passes I am increasingly drawn to his vision of the importance of human-made beauty in the landscape. I think this appreciation has grown precisely *because* my functional involvement with that landscape has slowly deepened, through years of farming and woodlotting. I have come to believe, with Emerson, that the aesthetic bond to the landscape is as important as the economic and ecological bonds; that in fact the three should be inseparable and nearly indistinguishable. I have become

a landscape artist in spite of myself.

The most artistic tools I can handle are the chainsaw and the splitting maul. I have planted many trees in my life, mostly apples and other fruits, and I hope to plant many more. However, most of the landscape art I have practiced is less painting than sculpting. New England is thick with trees, and I leave the planting and replanting to nature, which is much wiser and better equipped. My business is the artful subtraction of firewood and timber. I began doing this work on its ecological and economic merits, without any conscious artistic intent other than to do a reasonably neat job. Since my outfit worked with local youths on conservation land, doing a neat job was mandatory: the whole town was watching over our shoulder.

The neatest thing we ever did was to start stacking our wood on the job. We did this because it was efficient. Stacking wood to season along the skidroads saved trucking it out and stacking it somewhere else. We did not foresee the good impression those woodpiles would make on people who walked in the woods — exactly the audience we needed to reach. Hundreds of small piles flanked the trails by the end of each winter, running in odd rows between the standing trees that buttressed them. Serious students of the arts might explain the sense of serenity expressed by these horizontal elements among the verticals of the thinned trees. They might point to the latent energy in the juxtaposed curved and sharply split log ends imbedded in the piles, and to the excitement of their unpredictable angles. This composition was "artless" in design, it was dictated by the discipline of building wood stacks that didn't fall over (too often), the framework provided by the trees that we left in the stand, and the rise and fall of the land. The stacked wood drew out all those things for the viewer. The stacks also neatly conveyed our care for the forest. Our woodpiles were an unexpected artistic triumph.

To me, a piece of firewood all by itself is an object of great aesthetic power. That is, there is one kind of beauty that resides in the landscape, in the woodlot with its interlocking natural and human patterns of trees and woodpiles. There is a related but more intense beauty that becomes concentrated in the wood itself once it has been worked up. The wood is a distillation of the forest, and of the art by which it was distilled. This is an intimate pleasure that belongs mostly to the artist and is all but invisible to the casual viewer, who sees only a hunk of wood. On the other hand, woodsplitting is a non-exclusive artform that anyone can enjoy. It has a nice rhythm coupled with endless variety and challenge, and generates a steady stream of small artistic solutions as the wood is halved, quartered, tossed to the base of the pile, and stacked up.

Wood splitting is winter work. Wood pops apart better when it is frozen, and the hard ground provides an unyielding chopping block. The air is still and clear, the body is ticking along nicely, and the sound of splitting cracks across the woodlot in the cold. Oak makes a resonant ripping sound; birch and maple ring like bowling pins. The color and grain inside each log is startlingly bright and is different for each species, and in fact for each tree. Each wood has its familiar smell, too. White oak is best: it is sweet and smells like wine; or it might be truer to say that wine tastes like oak, because part of the flavor of wine is drawn from the oak barrel.

All of these qualities are seasoned in the stack and come in with the wood to be celebrated when it is burned. Woods burn differently from one another, and that is part of their character as well. For me, burning wood recalls the stand it came from, the weather when it was cut, the pleasure of working it up, the way it looked and smelled green — not always consciously, perhaps, it is a matter of familiarity, it is just there, in the wood. For me, the beauty of the forest is deepened by this familiarity, the insight of practical reliance. It isn't the only aspect of the forest that is beautiful, but it adds

1. George B. Emerson, "Forest Trees," *The Transactions of the Norfolk Agricultural Society*, 1859, pp. 5 - 6.

something. Natural products and cultivated landscapes reinforce each other aesthetically.

This bond between product and land could be multiplied many times. I have chosen one of the most humble objects I know to illustrate the principle. I worked mostly as a commercial woodcutter and farmer, but I enjoyed enough of what I produced myself, ranging from apple cider and maple syrup to pine lumber and lamb, to get a very complete sense of connection with the surrounding countryside. I am not suggesting that it is necessary for everyone to become totally reliant on the local landscape. That strikes me as fine for some, but atavistic and parochial as a general prescription. I am also not naively claiming that attractive landscapes are always ecologically and culturally harmonious. I am suggesting that there is value in keeping alive a rich variety of these direct, functional and aesthetic bonds between ourselves and the places we inhabit. What I want to see are communities where such bonds are widely shared among the inhabitants, and reach into nearly every corner of the landscape at every season, forming an interwoven fabric of responsibility and affection.

What we have done to the American landscape in the past two centuries is an ecological and aesthetic crime, and I do not believe that it is merely romantic to think that the two are connected. There is a human capacity to create beauty in and from the landscape that I think we need desperately to encourage. At home, the products of this creation should be among the things we see, and touch, and taste every day, our closest sensual contact with the world around us. The power of these objects to please us is enhanced when they evoke a familiar landscape, and our appreciation of the beauty of the landscape is deepened by these functional bonds with it.

This is the most fundamental and important form of landscape art that we can make. In America today it unfortunately remains mostly a dreamscape, even further from the light of day than when George Emerson wrote a century and a half ago. It is a future landscape of small possibility, visible only in the same way as the vanished landscapes of the past. But it is still, literally, within our grasp

Where do you love?

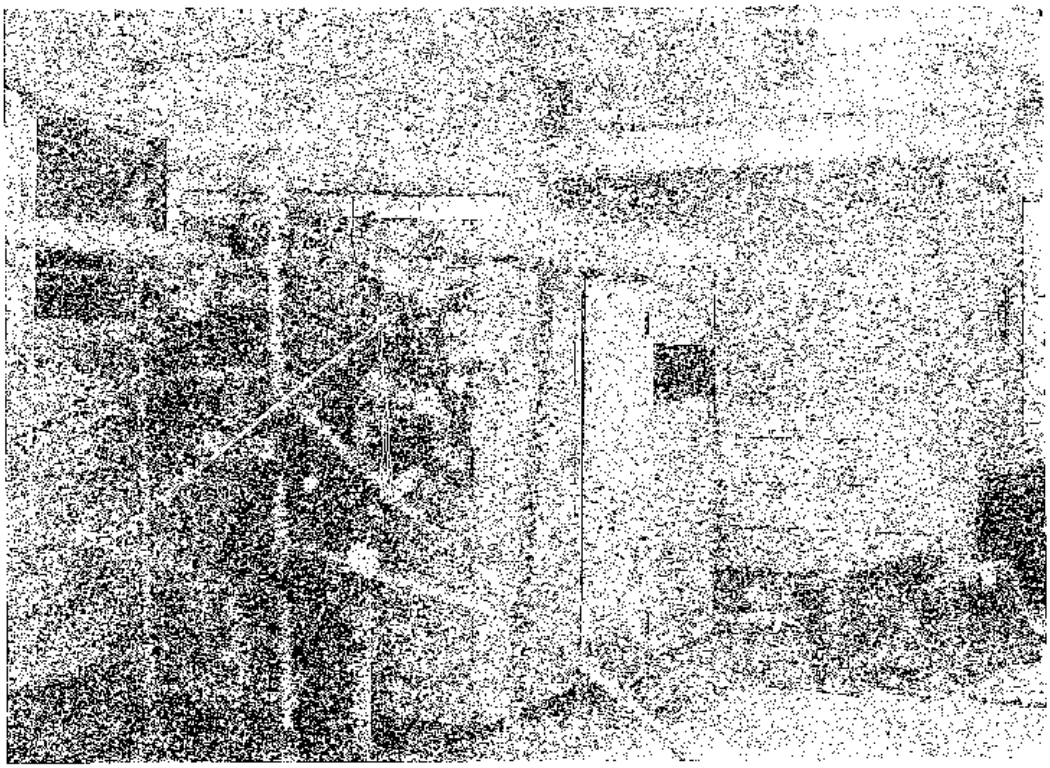
By Gregory Conniff

I make photographs of the places where people live. I am interested in their quotidian beauty, although I am aware that to some artists this is a reactionary pursuit. I am also a gardener, and I care more about how my neighbors' yards mesh with mine than about their ideas, most of which I have found I disagree with. Yet we get along, even enjoying each other's company, because we love the place we live in. Our neighborhood defines us.

When I get in the car, though, this sense of identification slips away. In traffic I become part of something else that I am good at but which is not me. I feel similar psychic slippage when I move about in activities that describe themselves as "worlds" — the art world, the business world, the world of academia. When I become part of the "we" of those worlds I do not feel fully a part of their culture; I feel my place is elsewhere. These days I sense that I am less alone in this feeling of displacement. Much of the country seems unable to locate itself. I think it is because our ideas of culture have strayed too far from home.

In the arenas of commerce, scholarship, and art there is reverence for intelligence and information, but little regard for an understanding of culture that rises from experience, affection and loyalty. These latter notions have about them a feeling of home life, something outgrown, or at least inappropriate to modern public life. They have little claim on the attention of people working under a compulsion to demonstrate themselves as seriously or ironically involved with the world. The rewards and perils of capitalism, the multicultural bazaar, the discontinuities of the deconstructed; all these sources of cultural identity overlook the irreducible reality that for all our vaunted intelligence we are still animals with a habitat, and this relationship to habitat matters.

Culture springs less from history and ambition than from the interaction of people and geography. The shape of the land, the humaneness of buildings and streets, how weather affects our ability to enjoy being out-of-doors, the presence of significant water, deep valleys, open sky, the smell of the air; every physical aspect of living in a specific place on this planet affects who we are as individuals and what we form when we



come together as a group. We are *where* we are even more than we are what we eat. It matters how things look.

Culture rises from geography because *place* is a primary shaper of the soul. Place, as I am thinking about it, is the character of a particular landscape as altered by human occupation. Culture is what happens when individual souls find themselves gathered and interacting in this place.

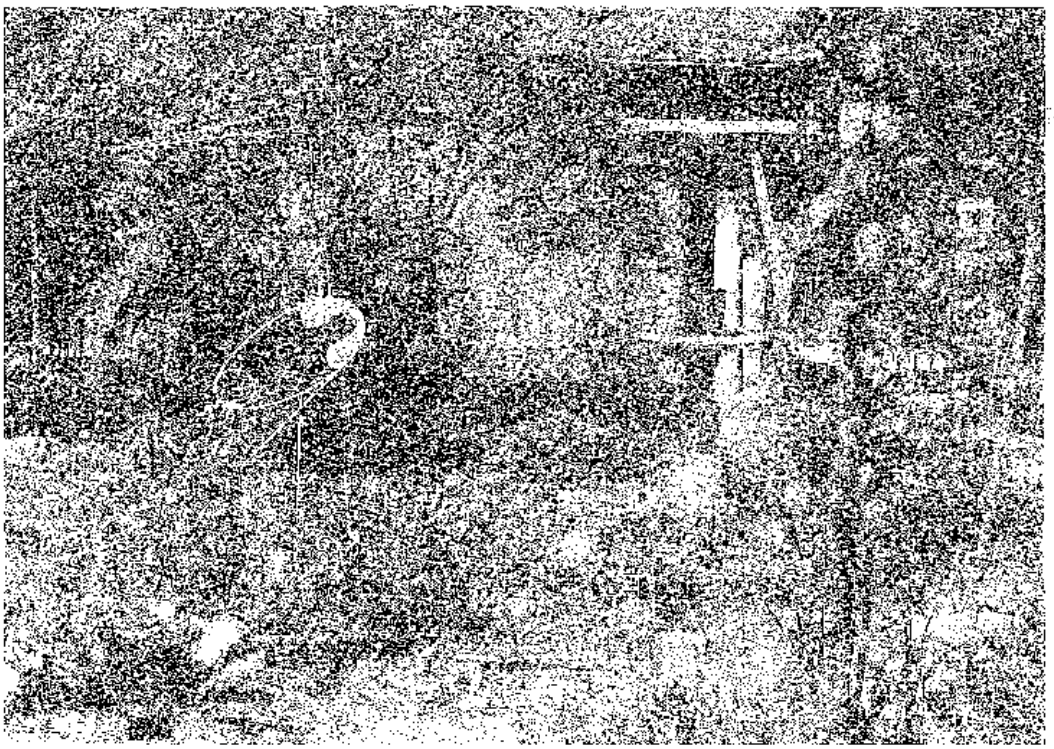
Place, in American history, has rarely been about geography and never about beauty. Place has been the *market*place. From the erasure of Manhattan Island's natural topography, through Thomas Jefferson's platting the irregular west into anonymous rectangular bits, to Bill Clinton's information highway, we have established an economic world parallel to the physical world; and we have accepted the degradation of our places as the price of the market. Part of this price has been the health of our souls and of the culture they engender.

To be healthy our souls need regular nourishment from subtle and specific moments of lyrical reality. Our main source of this essential soul experience should be the world we inhabit when we step outside the doors of home and work. Instead, what most of us encounter outside those doors is a world where ordinary beauty is suppressed in response to the needs of the economy. We see cities with streets built for cars, not people, leading to jammed highways walled by strip malls, which pass by poorly conceived industrial parks and residential developments. This visual deterioration encourages escape, enhancing only the value of commercial experiences of pleasure where mythic images of place are sold back to us. If you think this linking of destruction and value is farfetched, consider the wild success of Disney's fantasy worlds in despoiled America and the striking failure of its venture in the still-beautiful French countryside.

An ugly world, one treated as primarily an economic arena, is home to chaos, fascism and conversation by bumper sticker. It is home to sudden rude visual encounters which are a form of serial mugging. The powerlines running like giant sutures through the middle of the best view and the airbag mansion atop the heretofore unsullied ridge are blows to the spirit. We move through abused landscapes by hardening our minds to the spaces between our destinations and hardening our hearts as well to the people there with us in traffic. Then, when we arrive at those destinations the tension of that hardening persists as a hangover that poisons our work, our play, whatever we came to do. Beauty can be beyond price, but ugliness always exacts a toll. Vacationing in sublime landscapes to restore the soul is like bingeing to recover from malnutrition.

In a better world, a world of good visual character, people would be less likely, I think, to live with hardened minds or to need drugs for their spirits. This "good visual character" emerges in places which shape themselves to specific geography, show a respect for history, and offer inhabitants and visitors myriad unplanned opportunities

"The need to shock and do nothing but shock is an understandable response from young artists whose souls have become ill from feeding on decay. Their lives have been too limited in time and experience for them to recognize that the transformative shock delivered by beauty is a more formidable long-run agent of change than are explosions of rage."



to be swept up in pleasure at being alive. Tourism is the market's response to our fundamental need for this sort of environment. What these choice places have in common is that the mix of daily life includes the presence of beauty in areas that are open to everyone's sight.

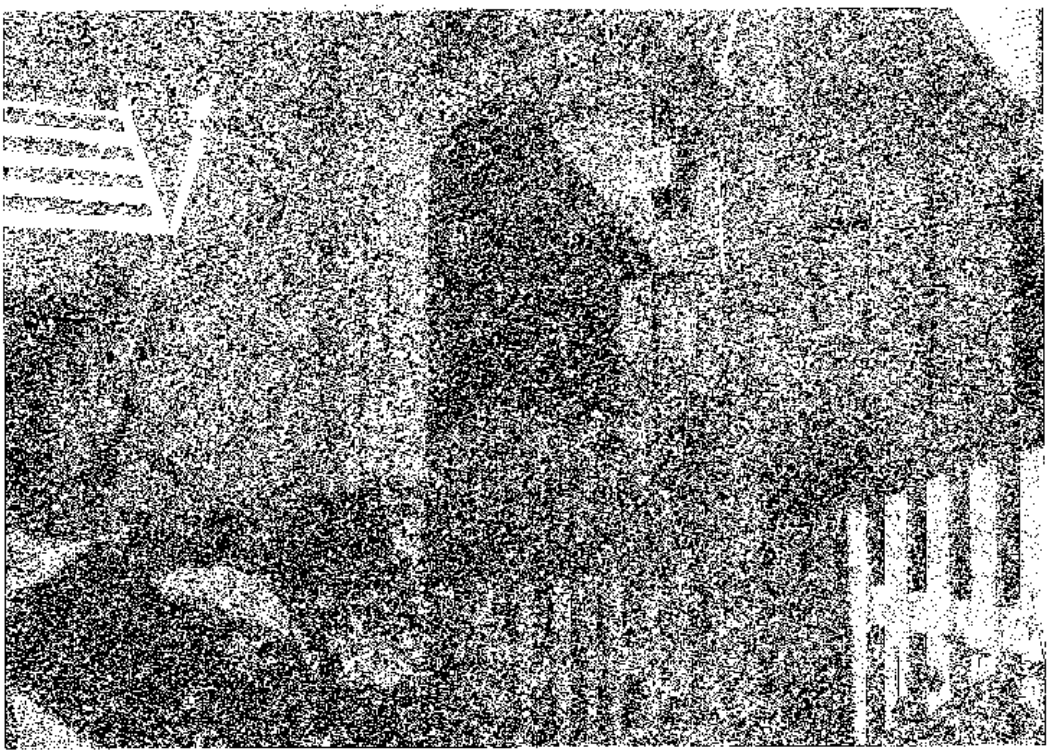
For the difference between these worlds, compare walking an urban block with boarded-up buildings, abandoned cars, and trash-filled vacant lots to walking a different block, even a short distance away, where people have put up window boxes, hauled away the abandoned cars, and turned the vacant lots into community gardens. Compare as well small towns separated by fields and wooded hills to new suburban developments cloned in misguided notions of class. There is a wholeness in the visual character of the older towns, provided by the economic and residential mix of an evolved community. This character is entirely lacking in the automobile-dominated monoculture of today's instant suburbs. Old town roads, frequently built over trails, are wedded to the landscape and can be true roads home. New highways are engineered in denial of place, giving us tunnels of ads backed with relentless sprawl. Next time you're driving through an area experiencing such "growth," ask yourself "is there anything here that tells me for certain that I'm not in New Jersey?"

In a recent *New York Times* interview the actor Tommy Lee Jones wondered, "what's missing in our lives that makes the devil be so comfortable on earth?" Well, for one thing, the steady decay of the visual environment has the place looking like hell. Most of us, fixed as we so often are behind a windshield or in front of a television set, can attempt to escape this reality simply by changing highways or changing the channel. The mobility is so seductive, and the interior spaces so protective, that we become numb to recognizing what's missing in our lives is the regular and direct experience of beauty in the world. We might receive *reports* of beauty, but in ordinary life beauty appears most often only in caricature in the service of advertising.

Local knowledge and the complex economies of local culture tied to place have little chance against Wal-Mart's sweeping appeal to the checkbook. Real estate developers turning every place into a suburb of Newark say their hands are tied — that the *market* makes them do it. No one is really responsible and, as long as we can afford our purchased pleasures, no one really cares. This blind pursuit of the best immediate deal is one vehicle that has taken us from the ideal of a *people* who saw value in being "citizens" to the reality of *people in demographic niches* accepting relegation to the status of "consumers."

In this consumer-scape there is no natural place for something as supposedly subjective as beauty. We have no system of measure for beauty equivalent to what we have for monitoring the quality of our air and water. We say "beauty is in the eye of the beholder," usually as a polite and easy way of dismissing another's taste. In this gesture, in its very casualness, we dismiss as well the idea that beauty is significant to daily life.

Beauty has become insignificant even in the art world. When you read artists talking about art you will run across, with brainwashing frequency, the idea that "The purpose of art is to make people uncomfortable, to irritate, to shake them up." The same could be said about slasher films, highways, and many urban neighborhoods. I will resist the temptation to enlarge this into



a lament. In addition I will disregard the arrogance implicit in the belief that one's role in society is to shake people up. Instead I will concede that art can be upsetting and that this is a legitimate, if overworked, tactic. But what is the *strategy*? What is the goal? And why must it be so often ugly?

I think that so much art is ugly because even the most cerebral of artists are affected by place and they certainly inhabit an increasingly harsh world. The need to shock and do nothing but shock is an understandable response from young artists whose souls have become ill from feeding on decay. Their lives have been too limited in time and experience for them to recognize that the *transformative* shock delivered by beauty is a more formidable long-run agent of change than are explosions of rage.

What is missing in an art of theories, rage and irony and missing in a culture that centers itself on individual economic triumph is any outward-tending energy of affection. There is no desire to persuade, there is only the desire to supplant and win, to push anyone aside to make a point. *My* point is that theories have little weight if you are my neighbor and we make our culture out of our physical proximity.

In my neighborhood of small lots and houses built before W.W.II, there are many people of the rigid political left as well as a few hard-line gun owners. It is difficult for me to enthuse with their patterns of thought (and I recognize that I present problems myself, thank you), but when my perennials grow too large I take their divisions around to plant in these neighbors' yards. Gardeners everywhere do this. We talk about our families a bit, and the weather, and the damned crows that are killing the songbirds. And we talk about where the plants might go; how the place might take shape.

Over time the spreading gardens have seen a dramatic increase in insect and bird life. There has been a similar increase in human interaction, in neighborliness. We all seem more tolerant in a place we have worked to make beautiful. There is respect and pleasure mixed with our awareness of significant difference. We learn from each other things you can't learn from TV. It is a *culture*, albeit a small one, but it is one that we have made on our own. And it is rooted in the common beauty of our place. Stepping out our front doors the world we see helps persuade us, day in, day out, that life is good and that there is hope for better if we will work at it.

The way it works is this: we are more likely to take care of something we love. We love good things we come to know. We come to know most readily that which attracts us. What attracts us is beauty. Beauty is in the world, not in the eye of the beholder. And it is there because people put it there, or see to it that it stays there: they take care of it. See for yourself — and lend a hand. It matters how things look.

Gregory Conniff is a photographer and writer living in Madison, Wisconsin. An earlier version of this essay appeared in Art Muscle magazine. The photographs are from his book Common Ground, published by Yale University Press, 1985.

Prairie Festival: At the Land

Genetics, T-Knowlege and Cinnamon Rolls

The 1994 Prairie Festival at The Land Institute featured diverse topics, speakers, activities and food. What follow are a few personal Prairie Festival Highlights written by 1994 interns. These are just a small sample of things they particularly enjoyed about the weekend, or reflections on what they heard. Tapes of the talks themselves are available—see page 27.

Charles Sing

Charles Sing Wakes Us Up: The Challenge of Building A Healthy Society

By Joel Gerwin

"This is a wake up call!" exclaimed Charles Sing at the start of his talk at Prairie Festival 1994. He warned his audience that, just as industrial agriculture has been mining our country's topsoil, industrialized medicine and biochemical research institutes may soon be mining our genes. Researchers are identifying "bad" genes linked to diseases and designing techniques to replace them with "good" genes. W. French Anderson, a leading scientist in the search for vectors to deliver "good" genes, was quoted in *Time* as claiming that "Someday...doctors will simply diagnose their patients, give them the proper snippets of molecular thread and send them home cured."[2] Fix the gene, say some scientists, and you fix the problem.

Dr. Sing's point was that this vision of health is fundamentally flawed. Genes alone do not make the man or woman; every person's environment has a large influence on the state of his or her health. As Dr. Sing put it in the last issue of *The Land Report*, "Your health is a complex emergent property of the interaction between the whole constellation of genes that are present at birth and the environments they are exposed to throughout your life."[4] The tendency to oversimplify and focus on genes alone is widespread. One scientist claimed that gene therapy would greatly reduce homelessness by making it possible to cure the 30-50% of homeless people that are mentally ill.[1] The presumption that mental illness has nothing to do with one's life history is as far-fetched as the implication that homeless people who have been cured could quickly find jobs and housing.

Dr. Sing raises an important question: how healthy is our society's predominant view of genetics? To answer

References

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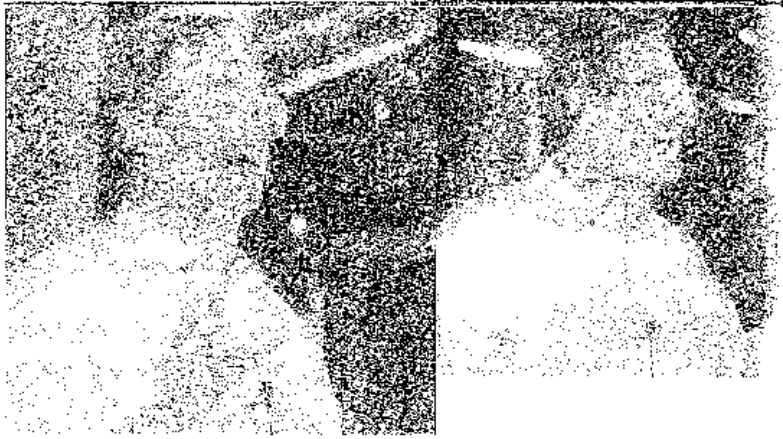
2. Dewitt, Philip Elmer. "The Genetic Revolution." *Time*, Jan 17, 1994

3. Rennie, John. "Grading the Gene Tests." *Scientific American*, June 1994

4. Sing, Charles. "The Complex Ecology of Common Human Diseases." *The Land Report* #49, Spring 1994



that question, this article will look back at a few of our society's experiences with the science of genetics. After all, like our health, our view of genetics is an emergent property shaped as much by the history of ideas about genetics as by the actual genetic facts that researchers have established.

The tendency to blame genes for everything from mental illness to heart disease is deeply rooted in the history of genetics. Such oversimplifications are unhealthy and dangerous to a society that values individual rights. Early geneticists used their science to justify the racist beliefs of their time and to support a growing eugenics movement. The movement resulted in most states passing laws that allowed sterilization for certain undesirable traits, and culminated in the passage of the Immigration Restriction Act of 1924, based on the notion that people from areas like Eastern and Southern Europe were genetically inferior.[1]

Abuses stemming from an oversimplified faith in genetics have not been limited to the US. China instituted a eugenics program last December, to "avoid new births of inferior quality and to heighten the standards" of the country.[2] In the US today, restrictions on who can have children are far more likely to come from health insurance providers than from the government.[3] What do the People's Republic of China and U.S. insurers have in common? They both place too much confidence in scientific objectivity and power. By dictating who can have children on the basis of new genetic tests, they substitute a clean and simple technology for the messy complexity of social and individual health.

Education is one important answer to the problem of oversimplification. Its value is made clear by two contrasting examples of gene testing in the US. In the first case, sickle-cell anemia testing in the early '70s, exaggeration of the power of the test, combined with the lack of careful education, led to unnecessary health concerns and discrimination. Testing for sickle cell, an endemic disease in the African-American community, had the potential to help a lot of people by allowing them to identify anemic children early. But the meaning of a positive test, which identifyied one as a carrier of one copy of the sickle cell gene, was misinterpreted. One can be a carrier, with only one copy of the bad gene, and not have any symptoms of the disease. Two carriers, however, may have children with two copies of the gene who would then suffer from the disease. In the case of sickle cell, even people with two copies of the gene may have symptoms of varying severity and duration, and they can be helped by medical treatment.

At the time of sickle cell testing, many people who carried only one copy of the sickle cell gene, and therefore did not have the disease, were led to believe that they were sick. The US Air Force and commercial airlines turned away applicants who were carriers, because of the mistaken belief that they were likely to faint at high altitudes. Insurance companies denied coverage to carriers. Some scientists suggested that carriers should not have children, prompting concern that the motive for the testing was genocidal.[3] The sickle cell case shows just how prone to misinterpretation genetic tests can be. Large institutions like the Air Force and insurance companies like tests that give them simple answers. Simple answers help them to deal with the enormous numbers of people they have to process. It is difficult to handle the complex information that people who tested positive were not sick, and that the health of such people's children could vary across the entire spectrum from completely healthy to severe anemia. Extensive education, regulation and confidentiality are all necessary to prevent the sickle cell example from repeating itself.

The second case is that of Tay Sachs testing, begun in the US in the early '70s, and since carried out successfully throughout the world. Tay Sachs, an endemic disease among those of Eastern European Jewish descent, results in a slow and very painful death within five years of birth. Couples who have both tested as carriers of the trait can test their fetus for the disease. If their fetus has the disease, they may choose to abort it. In this case, testing has always been voluntary, confidential and accompanied by extensive education. Even before testing began, over a year was spent working with the Jewish community and educating those who might take the test.[3] American faith in the power of science and the

industrial desire for simplicity often works against such education, which generally emphasizes the limits and the complexity of scientific information. To work towards a healthier view of gene testing, we need to turn away from our blind faith in science and appreciate the complexity of the world and the boundaries of human understanding.

Dr. Sing woke his audience up to an important point at Prairie Festival. Our health is the product of a complex interaction between environment and genes; neither one alone can explain our state of health. We need to apply his insight on a social level, turning from our society's traditions of simplistic faith in science and overconfidence in our power to successfully manipulate the biological world. Healthy communities must see people as more than just the sum of their genes. Every person is unique and defies the kind of categorization that can result from the wrong kind of gene testing.

It is easy to fall into the trap of overgeneralization. Even Dr. Sing, who warns us against overgeneralizing, spoke of the limited understanding of folks "who learned to walk in the city." City people do not understand the importance of the environment in the way country people do, he said, since rural people live closer to nature, and have to watch the sun and the rain carefully. In fact, the situation is more complex than that. Rural people face as much pressure to oversimplify their understanding of the world as urban folks, as we know too well from the way farmers specialize and streamline their farms, often at the expense of nature's health and their own. Dr. Sing's basic point teaches us not to assume too much about people because they fit into a broad category like rural or urban. To sow the seeds for healthy communities, we must spread the word that we are all complex beings, formed just as much by our experiences as by our parents' DNA.

Joel Gerwin is a Land Institute Intern.

Steve Marglin Talks About Knowing

By David Tepfer

"What brings a Harvard economist to a Chautauqua tent in Kansas?" Steve Marglin's opening question got my attention. It also brought to mind an old question of mine that has been intriguing me again at The Land Institute: why are all these people with different backgrounds and training, different agendas, different goals, so intent on getting together to reform agriculture?

Marglin's key concept meshed with my attempts at answering my own question. At the core of Marglin's presentation were two different ways of knowing about the world. There is knowing in a scientific way, which gets the most trust in our society. There is also knowing in a more intuitive, experiential manner, which generally gets less credence. For Marglin, both ways of knowing are important and using both is key to a desirable future.

These different ways of knowing help me explain why there can be so much common cause as well as strong differences of opinion among those around me. People feel in their guts that something is not right with how farming is being done. How they came to this conclusion, the specific problems and solutions that they see, and the arguments that they use differ. This intuitive way of knowing is not often acknowledged by those of us who aspire to be "scientific" but seems to drive us, and draws us together. It is also central to Marglin's view that communities with deep traditions of local knowledge are both necessary and desirable.

Community is desirable because of its contribution to a quality way of life. Marglin supports this notion by starting with a critique of high-tech agriculture, a thread which runs through his entire talk. Many concerned people focus on the long-term problems of fossil fuel dependence and soil erosion, the folly of "exchanging oil for soil". Marglin has another, more immediate, concern. The entire current economic system, with agriculture as a part of it, has long ceased to serve people's needs.

He believes the best that we can hope for from any economic system is to "provide a framework in which we can develop loving, caring, meaningful relationships, and in which these relationships can grow and flourish." But increasingly, we are expecting the economy to provide a substitute for these relationships; we want to "substitute having for being". The trade-off frequently presented between "the economy" and "ecology" is a false one in Marglin's view because it misses the point of what economics is really about. The focus on high production in agriculture has certainly been at the cost of ecological damage, but it has also run counter to human

concerns. If we understand that economics is really about more than production, there is less conflict between ecological and economic concerns. Even though there are many details left to be worked out in this view of the role of community, it is intuitively appealing.

Again drawing on a critique of high-tech agriculture, Marglin argues that community is also necessary because of the knowledge embedded in it. The argument here is based on the conflict between "technological optimists" and "technological pessimists". Since we can't really know the problems and opportunities of the future, there is room for full play of people's prejudices toward technology. To be fair to the optimists, in some ways uncertainty is on humanity's side. The process of ever improving technology hasn't let us down yet. We don't know what new problems will come up, but since we have solved all of the old ones, we should be able to solve the new ones, they say.

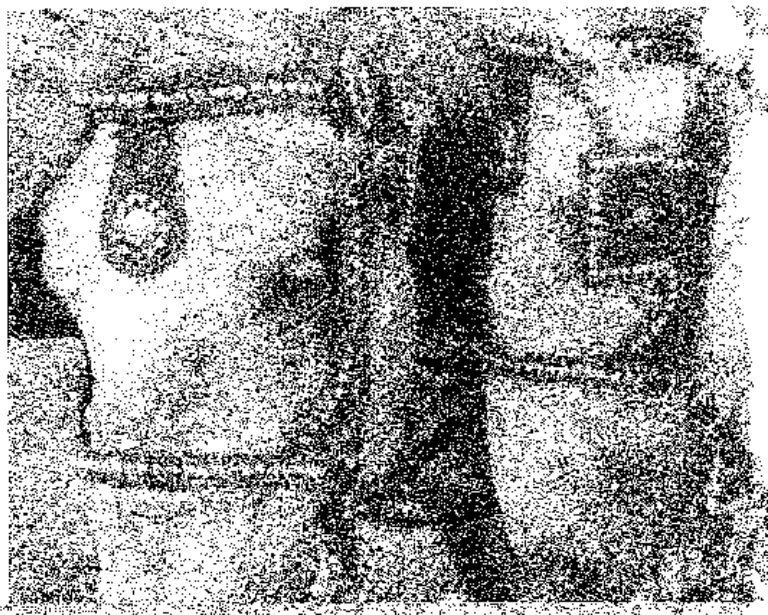
To be fair to the pessimists, the problems are getting harder to solve. Marglin stated, only partly in jest, that, "the height of the optimists was the day before *Silent Spring* was published". Since then we have had Three Mile Island, Chernobyl, Love Canal, Bhopal, and the seemingly never ending battle of plant breeders to stay ahead of new plant diseases evolving and spreading. The same problem is showing up in human diseases, such as the reappearance of drug-resistant strains of tuberculosis. It is not obvious which view, the optimist's or pessimist's, is more correct. Marglin's view on this uncertainty is that it all comes down to stewardship, "how to act when we do not know" what the future will be like.

Marglin sees two types of knowledge contributing to stewardship, "embedded, contextual knowledge based on intuition, authority and above all experience" (techne or T-knowledge); and knowledge based on the discovery of first principles and logical deduction from them (episteme or E-knowledge). More simply, T-knowledge is savvy, things that you just know. Although it can be conservative and rigid, at its best it is the wisdom of experience that can meet any new challenges. E-knowledge is classical science as taught in school. It has brought us much of the prosperity that we have today, but as the list of disasters reminds us, it has also brought problems.

All human activity involves using some mixture of the two kinds of knowledge, but our society views only the more scientific E-knowledge as *real* knowledge. When facing the fundamental uncertainty of possible ecological ruin, which defies any attempt to affix probabilities and where the stakes are very high, we cannot possibly have enough E-knowledge. We need all that we can get, but there is no way that we can get enough. Facing this paradox, Marglin believes that the intuitive knowledge of people embedded in a place for generations may be crucial. He is quite explicit that this does not mean abandoning scientific knowledge or returning to some pre-scientific past. It does mean reaffirming the importance of intuitive knowledge and forging a new alliance between the two ways of knowing. Marglin sees community as both the store house of intuitive knowledge, and as the site for syntheses of the two types of knowledge.

Many people see high-tech agriculture as neither desirable nor even feasible in the future. Marglin sees an alternative that is community based. Community is desirable because of the relationships nurtured there which provide meaning to life. Community is necessary because of the uncertain future and complex choices that we face. Good stewardship must rely on the knowledge that is formed in and resides in community as our best hope for creating and sustaining meaningful ways of life. It seems to me that this synthesis of kinds of knowledge is what brought most us to the problem of agriculture in the first place, and drawing on it more fully will help us solve the problem.

David Tepfer is a Land Institute Intern.



Jack Worman's Percherons

Prairie Festival

Ruth Worman's Cinnamon Rolls

By Kathy Holm

Ruth Worman and Lenore Bowles at Prairie Festival

Announcement

Fall Visitor's Day at The Land Institute will be held on Sunday, October 2, 1994, 1 - 5 p.m.

The day will feature research field tours, prairie walks and breads baked with perennial grains. This year at the Sunshine Farm there will be draft horse plowing demonstrations and wagon rides. Workshops and discussions with staff and interns about the work of The Land Institute will occur throughout the afternoon. Admission is free. Come rain or shine!

As an intern, I arose early each morning over Prairie Festival weekend to attend to assigned duties. Mostly that meant standing by The Land Institute entrance directing people toward parking spaces or working in the bookstore.

Not being by nature a morning person and exhausted from the previous week's cleanup duty, I had difficulty responding favorably to a holiday-weekend ring from the alarm clock. This task and my intern duties were considerably lightened when I thought of Ruth Worman's cinnamon rolls waiting for me at the Prairie Festival food stand.

Ruth, who is married to our Sunshine Farm Manager Jack, did all the catering for this year's Prairie Festival — no minor feat. Ruth doesn't believe in instant mashed potatoes or in cinnamon rolls she doesn't make herself. Of course this meant she smoked turkeys, picked fresh asparagus and made about a million cinnamon rolls (and numerous other foods as well) for Prairie Festival.

Ruth's cinnamon rolls are homemade raised bread dough topped with a thick buttery caramel nut topping. One of those and a cup of coffee first thing in the morning was the way to propel me into Prairie Festival nirvana. I asked Ruth if she would share the recipe with me and *The Land Report* audience. She said sure, as long as everyone promises not to make them within the state of Kansas.

Ruth's Cinnamon Rolls

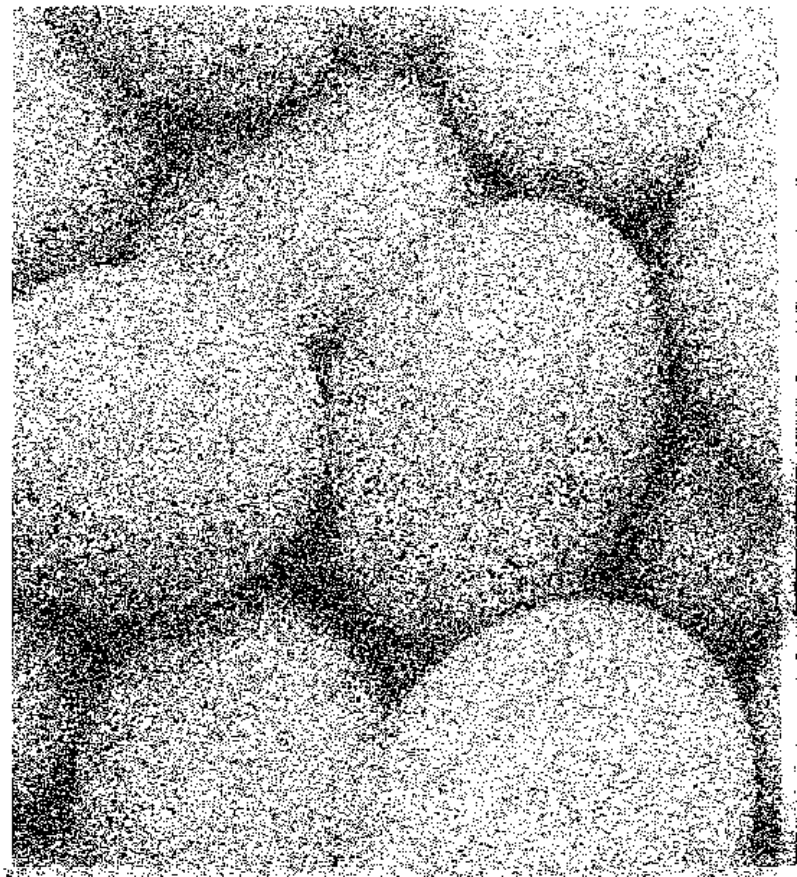
Makes two 13x9 inch pans

2 pkgs. active dry yeast
2 tsp. salt
1/2 c. warm water (105° - 115°)
1 egg
2 c. lukewarm scalded milk
5 - 6 c. flour
1/3 c. sugar
4 T. softened butter
1/3 c. oil
1/2 c. sugar
3 tsp. baking powder
1 T. plus 1 tsp. cinnamon

Topping — divide and put half on each bottom of two 13x9 inch pans: melt together two sticks of margarine or butter with 2 c. brown sugar, 1 tsp. vanilla, 4 T. water, 1 c. nuts.

Frosting— 1 c. powdered sugar, 1 T. milk and 1/2 tsp. vanilla for each pan of rolls.

Directions: Dissolve yeast in warm water. Stir in milk, 1/3 c. sugar, oil, baking powder, salt, egg and two to three cups of flour. Mix in more flour to make the dough easy to handle and knead it for 8 to 10 minutes. Place in greased bowl to rise, approximately 1 1/2 hours. Grease two 13x9 inch pans and place half of the above topping on the bottom of each. Punch down dough and divide in half. Roll each half to 12x10 inches. Spread on butter and 1/2 c. sugar and cinnamon. Roll and cut into 12 slices and place on top of topping in pans. Let rise 30 minutes. Bake in preheated oven at 350° for 30 to 35 minutes. When cool, turn out of pan and place frosting over caramel topping.
Note: You can refrigerate these rolls for 12 - 48 hours before the final 30 minute rise and baking. If you refrigerate, wrap the dough in foil.



Worldwide Sustainability and International Visitors at The Land

By Kathy Holm

A constant flow of international visitors passes through The Land Institute. They come to learn more about the research going on here in sustainable agriculture. They also come to tell us what they do about sustainable land management in their own countries. From each interchange we learn more from each other about the promises and difficulties of building sustainable societies worldwide.

When they arrive, many visitors say they want to take back something from their visit that would be helpful to people they work with in their countries. Not knowing exactly what we do, they hope to run across some useful practices or findings from the Sunshine Farm or perennial polyculture research that they can transfer directly to farmers interested in sustainable agriculture back home.

To some degree they may leave here disappointed. We are engaged in basic scientific research at The Land and do not expect to see tangible results, for example a commercially viable perennial grain variety, for several decades. But their visits here are successful in other ways. They may be stimulated to think about farming in their part of the world in new ways, and we are often inspired by what they are doing. Inevitably our discussions raise issues and questions about the connections between sustainable agriculture and sustainable living

worldwide. It is through these discussions that we move forward, exposing each other to new approaches between colleagues working with sustainable systems.

David Clark, a farmer from Australia, visited The Land Institute in late spring. David was awarded a Churchill Fellowship in Australia to study biologically diverse, sustainable grazing and cropping systems for dryland agriculture around the world. He said he was interested in touring The Land Institute to see its approach to sustainability and to gather information he could apply and disseminate to farmers in his region.

David runs a 250 hectare beef ranch in southeastern Australia and is the part-time coordinator for his area "Landcare" group, Lexton Landcare. Landcare groups have sprung up across Australia. Their primary objective is to bring together farmers from a "catchment" (watershed region) to learn from each other about better land management and to collectively address land degradation problems in their area.

Dryland salinity is the major form of land degradation in the Lexton catchment area. Rising water tables mobilize salts from underlying soil and rocks and produce saline seepage areas. To fight this problem, Lexton Landcare farmers have replanted local tree and shrub species that were removed when the land was put into more intensive agricultural production. These woody species act as natural pumps, soaking up and transpiring excess groundwater. This helps reduce salinization and reclaim land. A second major problem David spoke about was gully erosion, which was severe in his catchment region. Lexton Landcare constructs diversion banks to reduce runoff into rehabilitation areas and employs a variety of additional conservation techniques like gully plugs and revegetating control structures to stop gully erosion.

David pointed out that Landcare groups have broad support across Australia. The commercial farmers he works with recognize they must come together to deal with long-term land degradation problems to preserve their farms, even if it means short-term sacrifices.

Coming from a vastly different environment and society was Dr. Pamela Fernandez, a professor in the Department of Agronomy at the University of the Philippines in Los Banos, who also visited The Land in late spring. She spent part of her time learning about our research and the other part speaking about her work in agroforestry, integrating trees into cropping systems, in the Philippines.

Dr. Fernandez works with the Agroforestry Seed Information Clearinghouse Project (AFSICH), which was established in 1989. The project's purpose is to help farmers get seeds. It does this by sharing information about agroforestry seed sources and their availability as well as agroforestry technology among agroforestry practitioners and government and non-government organizations (NGOs). That information is exchanged through correspondence, publications, training and applied research.

The thrust of Dr. Fernandez's work is to return poor farmers (who form the majority of the Filipino population) to self-reliance. This means recovering traditional farming practices that include agroforestry systems and facilitating farmer-led sessions where indigeneous knowledge is shared. For example, farmers may want to know how to collect and process their own tree seed so they don't have to buy it. AFSICH will put them in touch with other farmers, NGOs or government officials who have that knowledge. Other examples include exchanging information on pest control, so farmers won't have to buy pesticides they can't afford, or learning how different tree/crop/animal interactions work together, so farmers can decide which mix may work best for them.

We welcome international visitors and their perspectives to The Land Institute. Talking with them is particularly important to us. All of us who care about land, our relationship to it and to each other, are searching for ways we can live sustainably on this planet. We want to live in a way that people can retain or regain human dignity, control their economic destinies, and go to bed at night without wondering where their next meal will come from or how their children will survive. We are all searching for "the" way in the context of the complexity of our own cultures, yet we know that what we do at home has global repercussions.

What we find that we have all discovered, of course, is that there is no one way, no one set of practices we can implement that will make people participate in more sustainable agricultural systems. We cannot make people care that heavy fertilizer or pesticide use may be polluting their own and their neighbor's groundwater if they need a good crop to feed their families for the year, and they see no economical alternative. We cannot make people buy locally-produced vegetables and pay a fair price for the work their neighbors have put into raising them if they can buy cheaper vegetables at a large-volume discount store with distant sources of supply. These issues are connected.

Farmers who pay attention to their land worldwide acknowledge and are beginning to address ecological problems. But that is a partial solution. We as consumers must support their efforts by paying a fair price for food produced by farmers who take measures to stop land degradation. Until we acknowledge our roles and

act upon them in our own communities, we will continue to see worldwide land degradation.

I don't know how to "do" sustainable agriculture in the Philippines. I don't know what fundamental rethinking needs to occur nor what policies and practices need to change so that people with scarce resources can feed themselves and care for their families and the land. I believe, however, that Dr. Fernandez has a piece of that puzzle and that she is committed to working on the interplay between sustainable agriculture and living in the context of her community and country. The same holds true for David Clark's work with farmers in Australia. What we have found this spring, through our discussions with international visitors, is that we all need to work toward sustainable agriculture and sustainable living by chipping away at the problems we see before us, through the organizations we work for and the day-to-day living we practice.

While I don't know how to work towards a sustainable agriculture in Australia or the Philippines, I do have some ideas about what needs to be done in the United States. I know that where I buy my produce, for example, whether I support local organic vegetable farmers or agribusiness operators, makes a difference. I want to support small farmers who practice good stewardship of their land on U.S. farms. I want my neighbors to be able to make a living in my community, to be able to support their families and perhaps to be able to employ other locals, even if it costs me more money to eat. I know that as a U.S. citizen, I need to reduce my personal consumption of scarce world resources if I expect others to live within limits.

As we struggle with questions about sustainable agriculture and see that they cannot be separated from questions of sustainable living, we will continue to welcome the international perspective. Our visitors energize us to consider the question of sustainable agriculture in the context of global sustainability. Consumers and farmers worldwide need to recognize the ecological degradation that is occurring, make changes, and support each other's efforts in the cultural context of our communities and countries.

Announcements

Building Community With Affordable Housing: Supportive Environment and Cooperative Living is the theme for this year's Community Service Annual Conference, October 14 - 16, in Yellow Springs, Ohio. Resource persons will include: Architect and Planner Ken Norwood, author of Rebuilding Community in America; Mary Meyer and Richard Cartwright from Michaela Farm in Indiana, who will lead a workshop on Straw Bale Housing; and two representatives from the Ann Arbor Cohousing Communities in Michigan. For information about costs, etc., write or phone Community Service, P.O. Box 243, Yellow Springs, OH 45387. Telephone: (513) 767-2161 or 767-1461.

New Development Director Matthew Logan Joins The Land's Staff

By Kathy Holm

Matthew Logan, who holds master's degrees in both Urban Planning and Environmental History from the University of Kansas in Lawrence (KU), has accepted The Land's Director of Development position. A Kansas native, Matthew began work on June 23.

"I have been familiar with the work of The Land Institute for a long time and have admired the research they're doing," Matthew said. "I've always been interested in managing non-profit organizations and this position gives me an opportunity to work for an organization that is highly regarded and pursue my long-term career interests."

Matthew said his development priorities for The Land Institute include providing financial stability from year to year and financial security over the long-term. Meeting these goals is essential for non-profit organizations to function smoothly, he said. He would also like to raise funding levels high enough to hire additional staff who are integral to the support and research effort here, for example a plant breeder, a plant pathologist and additional administrative support.

The Land Institute's message is not simple, Matthew said. "What we do here cannot simply be summed up with the words 'sustainable agriculture.' The challenge for me is to engage people long enough to listen, under-

Intern Rebecca Geisen

stand, and respond to the research and projects we work on. People who take the time to do that tend to be very committed to The Land Institute's goals and we value them, the Friends of The Land, very much."

For the past year, Matthew has worked as a Community Development Specialist for the Regional Planning Commission in southeast Kansas. He also has experience working with numerous environmental organizations. Those include the International City Management Association's Environmental Program in Washington, D.C., and a grassroots environmental group, the Kansas City Coalition for the Environment.

Matthew also holds a BA from KU with majors in political science and history. He spent a year studying abroad in Scotland as part of his undergraduate work. In his spare time, Matthew likes to run his dog, bike, read and play Ultimate Frisbee.

"I'm excited to learn more about the Land Institute and its operation," he said. "But I'm especially looking forward to meeting the Friends of The Land face to face. For a born and bred Kansan, it's exciting to be involved with a small, innovative organization right here at home that has support from so many other interesting, committed people around the world."

Changes at the Land

This summer has seen more changes at the Land Institute. Long-time secretary and receptionist Sharon Thelander has left, and her place has been taken by Louise Sorenson. Operations Director Stan Amick has also moved on, and his duties have been assumed by Farm Manager Jack Worman. Research Fellows Corey Samuels and Chad Hellwinckel are both off to the University of Tennessee. Chad will pursue a Masters in agricultural economics, and Corey a PhD in ecology with Jim Drake and Stuart Pimm. All will be missed.

Coming the other way was Julie Lockwood. A graduate student of Pimm and Drake, she spent part of the summer here helping with (among other things) our community assembly experiment, described by Jon Piper in the previous issue of *The Land Report*.

Matfield Green interns Sara Wilson and Caroline Mahon have completed their terms and moved on, Caroline to Massachusetts and Sara to Alaska, after a brief stop in Utah to be married to John Doyle this fall. Summer intern Susan Vickery has returned to North Carolina. Now in residence at the Lumberyard Cafe in Matfield is Cathy Bylinowski, a community gardener from Kansas City. Ron Armstrong is now in charge of maintaining our buildings in Matfield Green.

Interns Joel Gerwin and Antonio Serrano; right, Intern Coordinator Audrey Barker

By Kathy Holm

A family foundation has come up with a good way to get more involved with The Land Institute: they're sponsoring an intern.

In April, Bill Leighty of The Leighty Foundation came from his home in Juneau, AK, to visit The Land Institute. He toured the Sunshine Farm, visited the perennial polyculture plots and ate Sunday breakfast with several of the 1994 interns. His foundation was interested in helping with the work of The Land Institute and Bill wanted to develop and maintain a more personal connection to the place.

Not content with the traditional role that foundations play, Bill rethought how he wanted The Leighty Foundation's donation to be spent at The Land. After his visit, he proposed that his foundation pay the stipend of one intern for a ten-month term and keep in contact with that intern throughout their stay at The Land Institute. In his pitch to The Land he said, "We don't want to interfere with your intern selection, nor with your program definition nor management. . . . But we hope that some personal contact between our directors and an intern will be mutually supportive and enriching."

The interns greeted his idea enthusiastically. Several volunteered to keep in contact with the Leightys. They finally agreed that Rebecca Geisen would be the sponsored intern.

Rebecca said there were many reasons she wanted to take advantage of this opportunity. Writing periodically to the foundation gives her a chance to put down in words what her experiences at The Land mean to her. Knowing she is sharing her work and research experiences with a genuinely interested audience, she said, is a strong incentive to write.

Rebecca was also attracted to The Leighty Foundation because of their work with wind turbines. For the past four years she has worked with the Pacific Gas and Electric Company in San Francisco and is interested in

alternative energy practices. She spent a summer in Alaska doing an internship as an undergraduate, so in part, she said, she wanted to regain a connection to Alaska. The intern/foundation relationship is also a great way for the intern to learn about the foundation's objectives and concerns, she added.

"I think this is a tangible way to make a donation and watch your money at work," Rebecca said. Intern stipends help cover the costs of food and housing in Salina. "I think sponsoring an intern will make donors feel good, and it's a great way to learn more about The Land Institute," she concluded. "I really want to thank The Leighty Foundation for their innovative idea and contribution."

Since this is the first time an intern stipend has been funded this way, there are no rules or policies about how interns and sponsors keep in touch. Different sponsors may have ideas about what they want to learn about The Land by communicating with an intern. For example, sponsors may want to visit to see how intern research or classes are shaping up, or they may simply want to exchange an occasional note or phone call.

If anyone is interested in funding an intern stipend for 1995, please contact Sally Cole at (913) 823-5376.

Wes Jackson's Becoming Native to This Place

Not reviewed by Brian Donahue

Wes Jackson's new book *Becoming Native to This Place* is out. I offered to review it for him. He declined. We decided it was not appropriate for *The Land Report* to review a book by one of our own. However, I can tell you that Wes Jackson's new book is out, I have read it, and you can order it or any of the following printed material from us.

Books

[ ] Wes Jackson. Becoming Native to This Place. 1994. Cloth. $19.95.

[ ] Wes Jackson. New Roots for Agriculture. Second Edition, 1985. Paper. $7.95.

[ ] Wes Jackson. Altars of Unhewn Stone: Science and the Earth. 1987. Paper. $9.95.

[ ] Wes Jackson, Wendell Berry and Bruce Colman, eds. Meeting the Expectations of the Land: Essays in Sustainable Agriculture and Stewardship. 1984. Paper. $12.50.

[ ] Harry Morgan Mason. Life on the Dry Line: Working the Land. 1902 - 1944. 1992. Cloth. $19.95.

[ ] Judith D. Soule and Jon K. Piper, Farming in Nature's Image. 1992. Paper. $19.95.

Articles

[ ] Evan Eisenberg. "Back to Eden," The Atlantic Monthly, 264(5):57-89, November, 1989. $3.00

[ ] Wes Jackson. "Living Nets in a New Prairie Sea: New Roots for Agriculture," East West Journal, 13(8):49-51, 1983. $0.50.

[ ] Wes Jackson and Jon Piper. "The Necessary Marriage Between Ecology and Agriculture," Bulletin of the Ecological Society of America 70: 1591-1593, 1989. $0.50.

Textiles

[ ] Tee Shirt. Natural, Land Institute Logo; Cloth. Youth: Small, Medium and Large, $9.00. Adult: Medium, Large and Extra-Large, $10.00.

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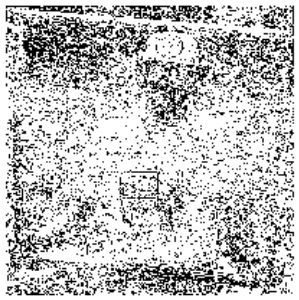

Left to Right, Intern Debbie Crocket, Ecologist Jon Piper, Intern Kathy Holm

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