

THE CARAVAN

NEWSLETTER OF THE FRIENDS OF LOREN EISELEY

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Loren Corey Eiseley
September 3, 1907 - July 9, 1977

"We have joined the caravan, you might say, at a certain point; we will travel as far as we can, but we cannot in one lifetime see all that we would like to see or learn all that we hunger to know."

-- *The Immense Journey*

PRESIDENT'S LETTER

As the new President of the Friends of Loren Eiseley, I would like to introduce our new board members to readers of *The Caravan*. We are looking forward to increasing our activities in the coming months with their help.

Michael Antrim: Curriculum Director for Math and Science, Burke High School, Omaha. **Jim Bert:** Executive Director, Strategic Air Command Museum, Bellevue. **Ken Finch:** Executive Director, Fontenelle Forest Association, Bellevue. **Mary Liz Jameson:** First Winner of the Nebraska Academy of Sciences Loren Eiseley Essay Scholarship (1982) and Ph.D. graduate student in Entomology, University of Nebraska-Lincoln. **Christine Lesiak:** Writer/Producer/ Director of the Nebraska Educational Television's documentary on Loren Eiseley, *Reflections of a Bonehunter*. **Steve Shively:** Ph.D graduate Student in English, University of Nebraska-Lincoln and Co-Chair of the 1993 Nebraska Literature Festival. The board met with Gale Christianson, Loren Eiseley's biographer, in March. Gale was in Omaha giving a paper at the Missouri Valley History Conference, on astronomer Edwin Hubble (the subject of his latest biography) -- for whom the Hubble telescope is named. The Program Committee, chaired by Vice President Barb Sommer, is working on bringing Gale back this fall to be the speaker at our annual program in October.

Friends of Loren Eiseley will be celebrating the 25th Anniversary of Earth Day at Oak View Mall (144th and Center Omaha) on Saturday, April 22nd with a continuous showing of *Reflections of Bonehunter*. The Education-Outreach Committee, chaired by Bing Chen, is interested in hearing from you if you would like to arrange additional showings of the film.

We invite you to join us on the first annual Friends of Loren Eiseley Spring Caravan Tour on Sunday, June 4th. Minivans will be departing from Lincoln for the all day trip to Ashfall Fossil Beds in northeastern Nebraska. Board member Mike Voorhies, the University of Nebraska paleontologist who directs excavations at the dig site, will give us an extra-special tour of one of Nebraska's most popular tourist attractions.

With the death of Bertrand Schultz, our only board member who was a "Friend of Loren Eiseley," we mark the passing of an era with regret.

Kira Gale, President

ЛОРЕН АЙЗЛИ
Взмах
крыла

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И ЭССЕ**

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ИЗДАТЕЛЬСТВО
МОСКОВСКОГО УНИВЕРСИТЕТА
1994

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EISELEY ESSAYS PUBLISHED IN RUSSIAN

We are very pleased to announce that Dimitri Breschinsky's translation of Eiseley essays were published by the University of Moscow last fall. Dimitri has given us a copy of his book to place with the foreign language editions in the collection of the Heritage Room in the Lincoln Public Library. We also plan to place copies of it in the other university libraries around here. These are available and anyone who would like to know how to get a copy can write to our box and we will send you the information.

He has given us the following essay to tell about his work. We thought it would also be interesting to display the title page and table of contents as reproduced from his volume. A translation of the contents is provided in the essay.

Congratulations Dimitri for the accomplishment of your project. We express our gratitude for your dedication to making Loren Eiseley available to the new audience.

LOREN EISELEY'S RUSSIAN DEBUT: THE SEQUEL¹

Dimitri N. Breschinsky

As was reported in the Spring 1993 issue of the *Caravan*², I have for some time now been translating my favorite short stories and essays of Loren Eiseley into Russian: he had been completely overlooked by the Soviet literary establishment, and the lacuna, it seemed to me, needed to be filled. Since 1988, nine of my translations have appeared in Russian periodicals (a Purdue University Center for Artistic Endeavors fellowship, which I was awarded several years ago, helped considerably to advance the project). Though Eiseley is not likely to become a household name in Russia anytime soon, the reading public has at least been exposed to him. He is on record and available.

My ultimate goal, however, had always been to produce something more permanent -- a representative collection of Eiseley pieces in Russian translation. That collection, annotated and with a critical introduction, has recently been brought out by Moscow University Press. Titled *Wingbeat (Vzmakh kryla)*³, it is divided into three sections, each containing four essays-cum-short stories -- twelve works in all. The Table of Contents lays out the basic design:

I. MAN

The Gold Wheel
The Places Below
The Rat that Danced
The Palmist

II. LIFE

The Flow of the River
The Bird and the Machine
The Judgement of the Birds
The Brown Wasps

III. EVOLUTION

[The Comet]
The Last Neanderthal
The Coming of the Giant Wasps
The Star Thrower

The selections reflect a wide range of Eiseley's writings. Let me quote my initial *Caravan* report, which was written after the envisioned volume had begun to take on shape and substance:

Section I is largely autobiographical; section II, for the most part, concerns the miracle of life; section III -- the most theoretical of all -- contains speculation as to the significance of evolution and man's place in the Universe. There is a clear progression here from the simple to the complex, and within each section, from an optimistic to a pessimistic view of life. The book, however, does end with the cautiously upbeat "Star Thrower," which has been called Eiseley's "seminal" essay.⁴

Anyone familiar with Eiseley's works will be quick to note that the sections are not in chronological order vis-à-vis dates of publication. The short stories constituting section I ("Man") -- and in terms of genre, they are short stories rather than essays, with character development and the meanderings of plot -- were all published in the late autobiographical collections *The Night Country* (1971) and *All the Strange Hours: The Excavation of a Life* (1975). Only one of them, "The Places Below," was written earlier (first published in *Harper's* magazine in 1948, it is actually the earliest work in the book), but the story belongs to the later works both in spirit and stylistic strategy, which is why Eiseley included it in *The Night Country*. The reason these pieces come first in my collection is that, being simpler in style and content, they serve as an excellent springboard to Eiseley's weightier (though still very personal) essays.

As they are arranged in section I, the autobiographical tales focus on four different stages of the narrator's life: childhood, adolescence, youth, and maturity -- in that order. In "The Gold Wheel," for example, the protagonist is four or five years old; in "The Palmist," the last of the tales, he is attending a

scientific symposium on the island of Barbados, battling as always with his personal demons. Thus, from the outset, the reader gains a certain perspective of Eiseley the man (or at least of his literary persona), which is why I titled the section as I did. The man in question is Eiseley, but it is also every one of us who strives to understand what it means to be human. This was Eiseley's ultimate quest, and I do not mean that in any trivial sense: he was, after all, an anthropologist.

Sections II ("Life") and III ("Evolution") are composed largely of essays taken from three earlier Eiseley books: *The Immense Journey* (1957), *The Unexpected Universe* (1969), and *The Invisible Pyramid* (1970). The only exceptions are "The Brown Wasps" and "The Coming of the Giant Wasps," which appeared in *The Night Country* and *All the Strange Hours* respectively. Apart from the two so-called autobiographies, the earlier books represent the best of Eiseley's literary achievements-- those for which in 1971 he was elected to membership in the National Institute of Arts and Letters. They include his often reproduced essay "The Flow of the River" and, of course, the archetypal "Star Thrower."

It should be noted that I did not deal at all with Eiseley's poems, which, together with many other commentators, I consider secondary to his richly allusive prose. Nor did I translate anything from the realm of the history of science, to which Eiseley made significant contributions-- *Darwin's Century*, chapters of which are read by many a university student, being a case in point. As stylistically refined as the historical works may be, they lack the unreserved "artfulness" and flights of fancy that I tried to capture on the pages of *Wingbeat*.

The title is a reference both to Eiseley's frequent use of bird imagery and the soaring quality of his prose. The term actually occurs in the essay "The Bird and the Machine": "In the next second after that long minute [the sparrow hawk] was gone. Like a flicker of light, he vanished with my eyes full on him, but without actually seeing a premonitory *wing beat*."⁵ The quotation was to have served as an epigraph of the collection, but

unfortunately was deleted by the publisher for technical reasons.

As indicated above, the collection is furnished with an introduction ("Loren Eiseley and the Art of the Essay") and a set of annotations, which, not only give the publication history of each translated piece but also offer detailed commentary on textual points that might otherwise elude the Russian reader. Concluding the volume is a bibliography, which, though it focuses primarily on the works at hand, gives the interested reader the opportunity of accessing a much larger storehouse of information.

The book is imaginatively illustrated by Joyce M. Crocker, an Indiana artist and fellow Eiseley enthusiast. Her three illustrations, one for each part of the collection, include motifs from all twelve translated works.

There are, of course, many other excellent works by Eiseley left to be translated, and perhaps I will yet do a few of them myself. The rest I leave to my successors, who might wish to translate, as the next step in an ongoing process, not individual essays but whole books. Without question, Eiseley's most widely translated book is his first one, *The Immense Journey*. It should be the first one to be rendered completely into Russian, with *The Unexpected Universe* and *All the Strange Hours* following in close succession. This will give the Russian reader a solid foundation on which to build a true understanding and appreciation of the writer, whom my effort did little more than introduce.

As experience has shown, there will be a copyright problem with *All the Strange Hours*. The book was published in 1975, after the Soviet Union became (on 20 September 1973) a signatory of the International Copyright Agreement, which means that permission must be obtained to reproduce the book or "any part thereof," even in translation. Simon & Schuster, which holds the copyright, will readily grant that permission, but not without imposing a stiff fee in hard currency, which most Russian publishers, given the disarray in the post-*perestroika*

publishing market and the skyrocketing inflation, will probably be unable or unwilling to pay (in my case, the necessary funds were generously provided by a Dean's Faculty Incentive Grant from the Purdue University School of Liberal Arts). Fortunately for the translator, most of Eiseley's works are not covered by the provisions of the Copyright Agreement, which is not retroactive, and remain in the public domain.

The question, however, lingers: why was Eiseley not translated into Russian earlier? After all, he has been rendered into all the major European languages, including Greek and Portuguese, as well as into a large number of non-European ones, such as Arabic, Korean, Hindi, and Urdu. Why then not into Russian -- especially in view of the fact that Russia has always had a respectable translating industry?

The answer is unsettling. Russians do not know where Eiseley is coming from; they do not understand him. He is apolitical and does not concern himself with the vicissitudes of everyday life to which the average, "people-oriented" reader is accustomed. The problem is compounded by the fact that the personal essay (not to mention the more specific genre of nature writing) has never made a stronghold in Russian literature. Nor do most Russians know Eiseley's nineteenth-century precursors -- Ralph Waldo Emerson and Henry David Thoreau (though excellent academic translations of both exist). What is worse, they do not really know Darwin, whose philosophy informs Eiseley's *oeuvre*. It is symptomatic that the Russian intelligentsia, which produced the Tolstoys and the Dostoevskys of the last century, turned largely mystical before it was destroyed in the October Revolution. Darwin, with his unrelenting positivism and materialism, was never a part of the Russian intellectual landscape, which was dominated by the likes of Madame Blavatsky and Rudolf Steiner, purveyors of the occult. The hardheaded Marxists who succeeded them also had little use for Darwin: "survival of the fittest" was not a slogan they could readily exploit to their political advantage. So the question put to me by one worthy critic, a vestige of the great pre-Revolutionary age, did

not surprise me in the least. "Your translations are beautiful," he remarked, "but why do you waste your time on Eiseley?"

As I see it, I have not been wasting my time. On the contrary, I have been building a bridge -- one of many that will be needed if Russia is ever to fully enter the modern world. And Russia's acceptance of Loren Eiseley may be a measure of how far it is willing to go in that precarious endeavor.

Purdue University

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1. This is an abbreviated version of an article submitted to the journal *Interdisciplinary Studies in Literature and Environment*.
 2. See Dimitri N. Breschinsky, "Loren Eiseley's Russian Debut," *The Caravan*, Vol. 7, No. 2 (Spring 1993), pp. 2-3.
 3. Loren Eiseley, *Vzmakh kryla: Rasskazy i èsse [Wingbeat: Short Stories and Essays]*, comp., trans., introd. and notes D. N. Breschinsky (Moscow: Moscow University Press, 1994).
 4. Breschinsky, p. 2.
 5. Loren Eiseley, *The Immense Journey* (New York: Random House, 1957), p. 191; emphasis added.



George C. Meyer, Mabel Langdon, Loren Eiseley



Loren Eiseley, Helen Hopt, George C. Meyer

AN AFTERNOON IN THE PARK

Many thanks to Louise Meyer Bereuter (wife of Congressman Doug Bereuter) for sharing snapshots of two young couples out on an afternoon perhaps in Lincoln's Pioneer Park. These were probably taken within a couple years, one way or the other, from 1930. They show two young couples: George Meyer, Louise's father, and Helen Hopt, and Loren Eiseley and Mable Langdon. George Meyer and Loren Eiseley were classmates at University High School. We imagine that each of the girls took one of these pictures, but nothing more is known about the occasion or the circumstances. The names of the subjects are clearly written in George Meyer's hand on the back side of the originals.

We are very grateful to Louise for making these available and also to Dick and Jacqui Herman for their help in making it possible for us to share these with you.

CHARLES BERTRAND SCHULTZ

We have lost our friend Bert Schultz who died on March 7, 1995. Bert had been a friend of Loren Eiseley since 1930 and had been a stalwart supporter of our organization since its inception. Having met in anthropology class, it was Bert who introduced Loren to Dr. Barbour and who thereby helped Loren join Dr. Barbour's early bone hunting expeditions. Rev. Eckdahl told the funeral gathering that Bert found it hard to grow old gracefully for he was so filled with that youthful curiosity about things which still needed discovery and needed to be recovered. Eckdahl said that he always planned extra time whenever he went to visit for he knew that Bert would regale him with stories and adventures. Indeed, we have also felt that if anyone we had ever known had seen and done everything, it must have been Bert for he was filled to bursting with all that he had experienced. It was an marvelous opportunity to hear him recount these things.

Rev. Eckdahl concluded the service with a reading of the judgement of life against death from Eiseley's, "The Judgement of the Birds." Then after the service, family and friends joined in a reception at the home at Hilltop north of Lincoln where the Friends of Loren Eiseley have so often gathered and where we have so many happy memories. We especially remember that time Bill Gaffney told how years before Bert's house was built, that it was to this very hilltop that he and Loren Eiseley had so often walked out from town to bask in the sun, read poetry and discuss the important things stirring in their fertile minds.

The funeral service folder presented a short summary of Bert's life and it seems fit that we should share this with you:

C. Bertrand Schultz was born June 17, 1908 in Red Cloud, Nebraska. Upon graduation from high school in 1926, he pursued college and graduate education at the University of Nebraska-Lincoln, receiving B.Sc, M.Sc, and

Ph.D Degrees. He also engaged in additional graduate studies at Columbia University in New York City.

Dr. Schultz's association with the University of Nebraska spans a period of 58 years, and his faculty rank dates back to 1938. He served as Director of the University of Nebraska State Museum for 35 years, taught in the Department of Geology and in 1967 was named Regents Foundation Professor of Geology. Dr. Schultz represented the University for 35 years in a cooperative paleontologic and geologic research project with the Frick Laboratory of the American Museum of Natural History in New York City.

Dr. Schultz pursued a distinguished professional career studying the changing world environment and the migrations and extinction of animals and plants. He and his late wife and research partner, Marian, studied in over 60 different countries and published over 200 scientific articles and monographs. He is recognized internationally as an authority in the fields of Paleontology, Geology, Water Resources, Ecology and Early Man. In recognition of his global accomplishments, the Nebraska Legislature declared May 30, 1971 to be "C. Bertrand Schultz Day," and Red Cloud has designated him as a "Notable Native Son."

Throughout their lifetimes Dr. and Mrs. Schultz have generously endowed the Nebraska Academy of Science enabling them to purchase and conserve a remaining untouched section of native mixed grass prairie, to establish a research arboretum at their home estate in Lincoln and to establish annual scholarships. They also funded the renovation of a wing at Trinity Methodist Church (Lincoln) where they were members and taught Sunday School for over 25 years. Among the many societies and organizations in which Dr. Schultz was an active member are Kiwanis, Theta Xi, Interfraternity Council, Willa Cather Pioneer Memorial, Friends of Loren Eiseley, Geological Society of America,

Paleontological Society, American Association for the Advancement of Science, and Sigma Xi.

Dr. Schultz is survived by two daughters, Tranda Fischelis, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and Donna Wilcox, Papillion, Nebraska.

EDITORIAL EXCAVATIONS

The Nebraska Public Television production, *Reflections of a Bonehunter* continues to receive much favorable comment. The third showing on the Nebraska network in late January produced a new wave of interest.

We are very grateful to the producer of the documentary, Chris Lesiak, and to the network for donating to the Heritage Room the full transcript of the many interviews she had with all the people she went out to see in preparing the film. Time constraints allowed only a small portion of this wealth of material to be included in the film so there is much more to be found in this wonderfully fat notebook. It is a treasure which will increase in value for scholars and interested parties in years to come and this gift is of great importance to us all.

The February 1995 issue of *Museum Notes* from the University of Nebraska State Museum is devoted to an article, "Evidence of the First Humans in Nebraska," by Steven Holen, Public Archaeologist, Nebraska Archaeological Survey. This article presents a history of the thinking about when early man was first present in North America and in this region, telling of the many expeditions which have found the evidence that bear on these matters. We were especially interested to find Holen telling of explorations made by Bert Schultz in Nebraska and he says:

Schultz, assisted by Loren Eiseley, excavated the Scottsbluff Bison Quarry near Signal Butte southwest of Scottsbluff in 1932. Eight artifacts, including four spearpoints and four cutting and scraping tools, were found in a two to four feet thick and 30 feet long mass of

deeply buried bison. Several noted scientists visited the site during the excavation to confirm the find. . .

The tools found offer evidence of the presence of the Paleoindians that killed these animals and dating the fossils thereby also date the presence of humans in the area. The bison they found here were the Large-horned bison and you can see a beautiful fossil specimen from this site in the State Museum in the hallway on your right as you face Elephant Hall. Eiseley called this the "heavy headed beast of the gone time" in his poem, "Flight 857," found in *Notes of an Alchemist*.

Schutz and Eiseley wrote of their findings in a paper published in the April 1935 issue of the *American Anthropologist* under the title, "Paleontological Evidence for the Antiquity of the Scottsbluff Bison Quarry and its Associated Artifacts." An added note on this subject followed in the magazine in July, 1936. Although Eiseley had often appeared in print for his literary efforts, this joint effort was his first appearance in a professional scientific journal and the subject of this material was the basis for his Master's Thesis.

We were pleased last year when the double issue of the *NEBRASKAland Magazine* featured the paleontology and archeology of the state using an Eiseley quotation, *The Cellars of Time* for its title. This year they have produced another spectacular under the title, *The Road Home*. Featuring beautiful photographs of Nebraska scenes not seen from the Interstate, this magazine is complemented with quotations, many of which are from Nebraska writers.

On one beautiful double page spread showing a Goldenglow Daisy and a clump of Blue Larkspur, we found a familiar quotation from *The Immense Journey* essay, "How Flowers Changed the World:"

Flowers changed the face of the planet. Without them, the world we know -- even man himself -- would never have existed.

Francis Thompson, the English poet once wrote that one would not pluck a flower without troubling a star. Intuitively he had sensed like a naturalist the enormous inter-linked complexity of life. Today we know that the appearance of the flowers contained also the equally mystifying emergence of man.

And as we enjoyed the pages, we then came upon pictures of the forest floor, a yellow Lady Slipper and mushrooms, and a quotation taken from *The Forest and the Sea* by Marston Bates:

Awe and wonder come easily in the forest, sometimes exaltation -- sometime, for a man alone there, fear. Man is out of scale, the forest is too vast, too impersonal, too variegated, too deeply shadowed.

There was something very special about this meeting of these two who had been friends. We remember that in 1958, Bates reviewed the *Immense Journey* in *Science* and in 1960 Eiseley reviewed *The Forest and the Sea* for the *New York Times*. Each saw in the work of the other a scientific book that was also good literature. This coincidence gives us an opportunity to quote from these two reviews.

Marston Bates was born a year before Eiseley and died a couple years sooner. He grew up in Florida and his first job out of college was with the United Fruit Company in Honduras and Guatemala. He spent most of his early career in the rain forests of the tropics, coming back to this country only because he needed to raise his children in a place having proper educational opportunities. So he took a faculty position in the Zoology Department of the University of Michigan in 1952 and there he taught for 20 years. Bates has at least a dozen books including his popular *The Nature of Natural History* and *A Jungle in the House*. He also wrote reviews of Eiseley's *Darwin's Century* and *The Unexpected Universe*. In his review of the *Immense Journey* from the April 25, 1958 issue of *Science*, Bates says:

Loren Eiseley has taken an immense journey through time: backward to catch tantalizing glimpses through the fog of our ignorance at the beginnings of things; forward to wonder, a little pessimistically, about the future of man. It is an imaginative journey, reported in an imaginative and evocative prose. Eiseley is not trying to popularize science. He is writing about his own inward experiences, about his reactions to the paleontological record, about the wonderment at the world in which he finds himself. He is writing for the love of words and metaphors and ideas -- I wonder whether love of words and of ideas can be separated -- and he should be judged in terms of this intent.

I suppose scientists can be roughly divided into two groups: those mostly impressed by our knowledge and those mostly impressed by our ignorance. The "look-at-how-much-we-know" people will not like Eiseley's book. The others will find the reading a pleasant and rewarding experience, often provocative, often stimulating, often aesthetically satisfying because of the aptness and beauty of the phrasing. . .

. . . Eiseley is looking at man in a quite hard headed fashion, because he is willing to sketch problems for which he has no present and sure solution. We are not going to find the answers in human evolution until we have framed the right questions, and the questions are difficult because they involve both body and mind, physique and culture -- tools and symbols as well as cerebral configurations. These are now the separate problems of many different sciences, but the understanding is a single problem for all science.

Now we shall turn the tables to see what Eiseley said about Bates. In the *New York Times Book Review* on March 20, 1960, Eiseley considers *The Forest and the Sea*. After a brief summary to introduce the author's views, Eiseley speaks of Bates as a supporter of "a new ethic which would extend the golden rule beyond man to the soil and the environment upon which he exists" and

he says that he deals with the great biological systems that encompass all forms of life. Eiseley tells us:

There is, he (Bates) informs us, an analogy between the ecological distribution of life throughout the light levels of the sea and the similar zoned response which organisms make in the forest. From the tree-top region of leaves that produce the energy supporting the animal life below, one can descend into the forest gloom of splintered sunlight and fallen fruits that nourish the life on the forest floor. The radiant energy originally derived from the sun through the photosynthetic process in leaves, descends by long food chains for jaguars and soft-footed Indians on the jungle floor. These food chains through which courses the transformed light of a star, underscore Bates' emphasis upon the interlinked nature of life: nothing, he reminds us, lives to itself alone.

. . . parasitism is rampant. The whole animal kingdom is indirectly or indirectly parasitic on the plant kingdom . . .

After further illustrating the interdependence of life in this great system Eiseley concludes the review:

. . . We live by the chain and we feed the chain. As our population density mounts, so do the dangers from epidemic disease multiply. What we do to nature, what we destroy, what we modify affect the chain of sequences by which we live.

"What good is that?" the layman asks, bringing a rare animal specimen to Mr. Bates. The question reflects man's self centered attitude toward life. The question could well be countered with "What good are you?" The universe might return to man the chuckling answer: "a snack bar for vampire bats."

The Forest and the Sea goes beyond such casual pleasantries, however. It probes deep into man's danger to himself and that

interlinked organic web by which he lives. Increasingly urban, increasingly forgetful of the soil from which he arose, man threatens the natural balance that has maintained this planetary haven. Primitive man, for all his fear and ignorance, knew well the ethic that modern men have forgotten: the ethic that one does not harm the great dark Mother out of whom we sprang. Only as she lives, with her great freight of life, can man live, man who may play, in the end, only a small dim part in the story that *The Forest and the Sea* recounts.

In 1964 *The Forest and the Sea* was reissued and published by the Book Division of Time, Inc. as a handsome paperback volume for the Time Reading Program. They had also done the same for the *Immense Journey* in 1962. This new edition of Bates' book contains a fine introduction written by Loren Eiseley. Bates' popular book is available in all libraries and it would not be hard for you to find a copy to read. However, finding the edition with the Eiseley introduction has for us been quite another matter. For many months we have looked in used book shops and checked library catalogs without enough luck to find one. We even used the Internet to look in library catalogs in other parts of the country. Always we would find the 1960 Random House edition, but not this particular paper back edition. However, recently in a very disparate collection of well worn paperbacks piled in a dirty corner of a used bookstore in Omaha, a golden ray of light fell on one very sad copy without its cover. Quickly seizing it, we left in triumph. Now from this precious relic we can conclude with a brief sample from Dr. Eiseley's introduction to *The Forest and the Sea*:

Modern technological man increasingly sets up unexpected reverberation in his universe. More and more, a kind of dissonance is communicated from the human world of invention to the world of nature. In the most scientific age in history we are losing the ability to marvel at any but our own creations, . . . a superficial adulation of our

own short lived cleverness.

After giving a little on Bates' background, telling of his many years of work in the rain forests, Eiseley compares him to the great scientific travellers of the 19th Century:

. . . there is something in Bates' approach to the awe-inspiring diversity of life on our planet, particularly in the tropics, which compares favorably with the best scientific writing of the voyager naturalists. They were learning about the web of life, but they had no means of realizing how quickly scientific technology and the rapidity of human increase were destined to alter the wild places of the earth.

With one or two exceptions, the 19th Century scientists saw man's evolutionary rise a natural event impossible to control consciously. They seem not to have visualized the possibility that man himself might direct the life about him on a major scale. Not even Darwin seems to have realized that man was on the point of escaping the forces which dominate the rest of life and was about to alter the face of the planet beyond recall. . .

In recent times, however, a persistent few have raised their voices, not alone against the reckless consumption of irreplaceable resources, but also against the whole philosophy that man can stand totally apart from nature. He cannot array himself against the old green world that made him and escape unscathed from her embrace. Man too, is part of nature; he, too, draws his energy from the sunlight on the leaf; he, too, feels comfort in walking under the quiet of great trees at evening.

It is one of the terrors of our urbanized civilization that within it arises the man totally alienated from nature. Food comes from shelves, animals are strange things in cages before which one makes faces in the zoo. There is no surcease of noise. Daylong and nightlong, subways screech, trucks rumble,

people shout. Outside is the green world, a world of little sunlit particles which in every meadow leaf or in the wide pasture of the sea, are turning sunlight into life. Outside is the quiet, the quiet of an old rock in the sun. It is for these things that the minority has begun to express concern, to say, "Man has an ethic toward man, however badly he misuses it at times. He knows good from evil in human relationships, but toward the dust from which he came, the sunlight in his eyes, the breath that warms his lungs, he has no ethic."

Man has lived within nature and taken her for granted. He has lived with nature like an unquestioning child. This is no longer enough. Man must now face the prospect of destroying nature and, in turn, being destroyed, or he must learn to protect and cherish for himself and unborn generations this beautiful planet with all its strange lifeways from which he has been granted the privilege of emerging. Marston Bates happens to be one of those farseeing people who glimpse the hope of a new pact between ourselves and mother earth. Behind the calm lucidity of *The Forest and the Sea* is the passion of one who loves life in a myriad of forms beyond his own.

Eiseley presents some examples from the book and then makes a comment about Bates very much like what Bates has said about him. He talks of Bates as "a scientist . . . willing and able to say simply that for all our hard won knowledge we (are) still in the midst of a great mystery." Again much as the comment Bates had made in his review about Eiseley's writing, Eiseley now says of Bates:

The reader will not be long in sensing a . . . deep and unpretentious sincerity in this book, for as is true of all good writers, the man and his book are indivisible. . .

Eiseley then concludes his introduction:

The Forest and the Sea contains the kind of elementary knowledge which a good wizard

would strive to impart to novices setting foot on a new planet, whose mysterious forces they were inclined to ignore. Bates is warning us gently about the intricate chain of living matter of which we constitute a part, and he is saying, as did Francis Bacon over 300 years ago: "Force maketh Nature more Violent in the Returne."

These two friends have said much for us to be thinking about on this 25th Anniversary of Earth Day.

Morrie Tuttle

The dues structure is as follows:
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