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*is our paradise.
None that, in this bitterness, delight,
Since the imperfect is so hot in us,
Lies in flawed words and unbelieved sounds.
Wallace Stegner, "The Poem of Our Climate"*

*Though I personally would be satisfied to spend the whole
of eternity gazing at a blue hill or a butterfly, I would feel
the power of I accepted the idea of there not existing still
more vivid means of knowing butterflies and hills.
Vladimir Nabokov, "Prof. Woodbridge in an Essay
on Nature Postulates the Reality of the World"*

- 1 *Expostulations and Replies* 3
A hundred cultures, one nature. A hundred observations.
- 2 *Ecology Then and Now* 42
*and social science
is only presenting millions of pieces of information; one*
- 3 *The Science Wars, Ecology, and the Left* 83
Michael Service, The Natural Contract
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