

A Sand County Almanac

CLARK



Whoever owns land has thus assumed, whether he knows it or not, the divine functions of creating and destroying plants



JACKSON

That land is a community is the basic concept of ecology, but that land is to be loved and respected is an extension of ethics.

They [book-pigeons] know no

urge of seasons; they

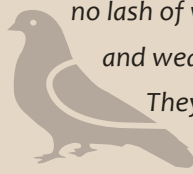
feel no kiss of sun,

no lash of wind

and weather.

They live forever by

not living at all.



Through this map we explore the work of Aldo Leopold as he writes about the relationship between people and nature and his work to restore land. Many of these passages were written at 'The Shack', his family's farm in the Sand Counties, a region of sandy soils in central Wisconsin.

I know a painting so evanescent that it is seldom viewed at all, except by some wandering deer.

It is a river who wields the brush, and it is the same river who, before I can

bring my friends to view his work, erases it forever from human view.

Few hunters know that grouse exist

in Adams County, for when they drive

through it, they see

only a waste of jack pines and scrub oaks.

This is because the highway intersects

a series of west-

running creeks,

each of which

heads in a swamp,

but drops to

the river through dry sand-barrens.

On this sand farm in Wisconsin, first worn out and then abandoned

by our bigger-

and-better

society, we try to

rebuild, with shovel

and axe, what we are

losing elsewhere.

Baraboo Hills

Devil's Lake State Park

I try to read, from the age of the young jackpines, marching across an old field, how long ago the luckless farmer found out that sand plains were meant to grow solitude, not corn.



The ultimate value in

these marshes

is wildness,

and the crane

is wildness incarnate.

But all conservation

of wildness is

self defeating,

for to cherish

we must see

and fondle, and

when enough

have seen

and fondled,

there is no

wilderness left

to cherish.



It was likewise in 1890 that the largest pine rafts in history slipped down the Wisconsin River in full view of the

What a thousand acres of Silphiums looked like when they tickled the bellies of the buffalo is a question never again to be answered, and perhaps not even asked.

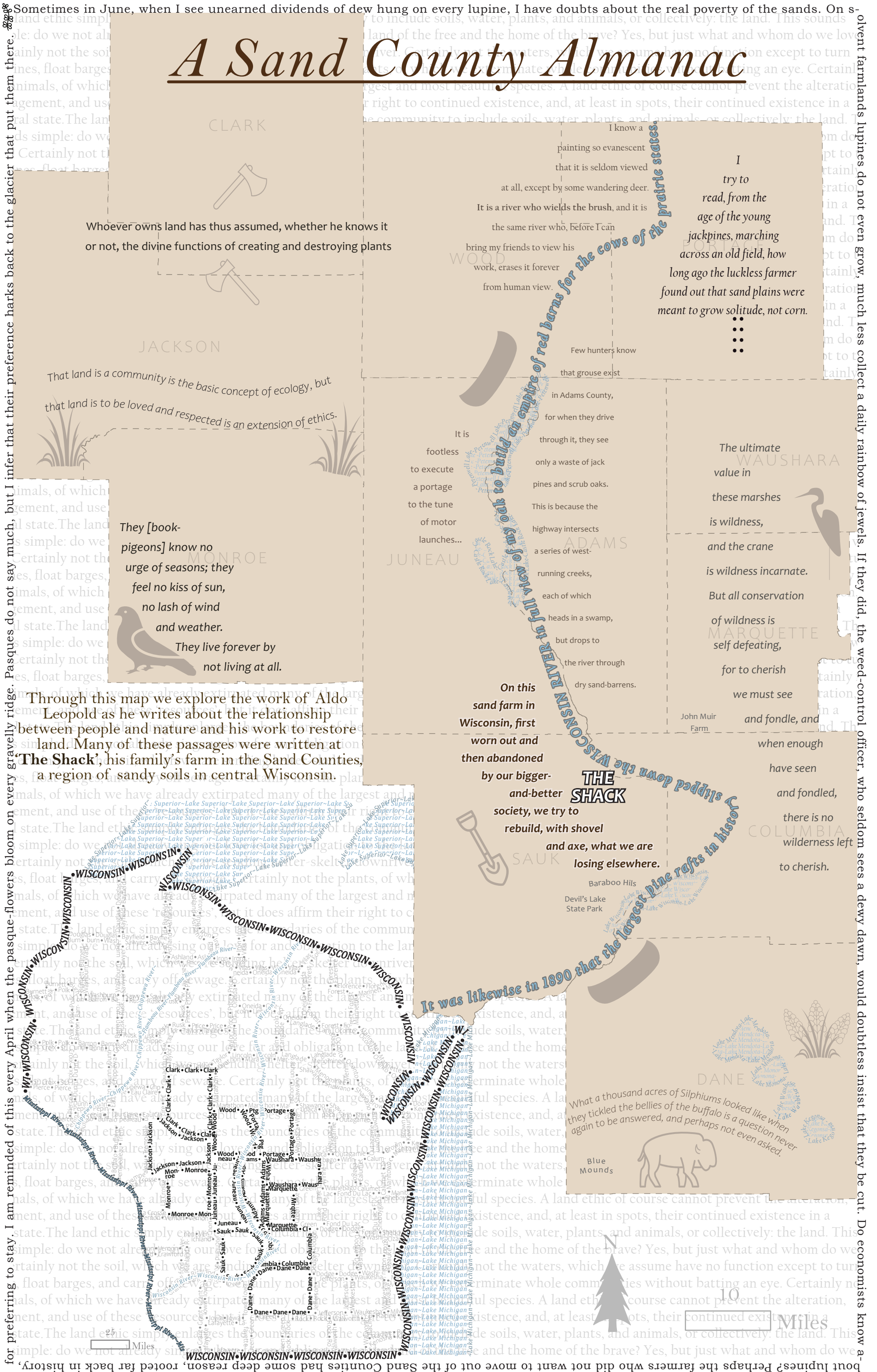
Blue Mounds



10 Miles



25 Miles



Cartographer | Jordan Schutz

Sources | A Sand County Almanac and Sketches Here and There, WI DNR, National Map Downloader

Projection | Lambert Conformal Conic

Standard Parallels | 44.25N and 44.5N