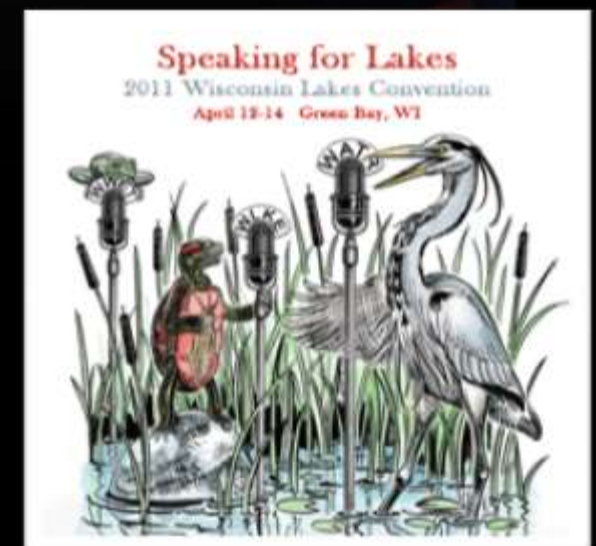


# John Bates

Author of Books  
about the  
Northwoods and  
Upper Midwest



# *My Stroke of Insight* – Jill Bolte Taylor

**“Although many of us think of ourselves as thinking creatures that feel, we are feeling creatures that think.”**

**How does emotional response trump logic/data:**

**Loss aversion**

**Distrust**

**Group Identification**

Teachers must go beyond the body of information  
to “project the soul of things”

Freeman Tilden

“It is not half so important to know as to feel.”

Rachel Carson

“A teacher who can arouse a feeling for one single action, for one single poem, accomplishes more than he who fills our memory with rows of natural objects, classified with name and form.” Goethe

“Science in isolation from the humanities, from poetry, music, literature, art, and philosophy, is something barren and even destructive.”

Leopold

# **The Intersection of Art and Science**

**“Science is the one truth system committed to change rather than preservation . . . Science is conservative, but of all truth systems that propose to explain the world, it also the most progressive.”**

**Physicist and author Chet Raymo**



**“Knowledge is an island in a sea of mystery . . .  
We are at our best as creatures of the shore,  
with one foot on the hard ground of fact and  
one foot in the sea of mystery . . . It is at the  
shore that the creative work of the mind is done  
- the work of the artist, poet, philosopher, and  
scientist.”**

**Chet Raymo**

**“Art and science are each sublime activities of  
the human mind; we are less than human  
without either.”**

**Chet Raymo.**

“Interpretation is the study of life, not of still life.  
It’s an exercise in human psychology, not in  
upholstery or antique collecting.”

Freeman Tilden

“The specialist’s abhorrence of artistic form can  
empty a room more quickly than a cry of  
FIRE!”

Freeman Tilden

Pines have earned the reputation of being 'evergreen' by the same device that governments use to achieve the appearance of perpetuity; overlapping terms of office. . . Incoming needles take office in June, and outgoing needles write farewell addresses in October. All write the same thing, in the same tawny yellow ink, which by November turns brown. Then the needles fall, and are filed in the duff to enrich the wisdom of the stand. It is this accumulated wisdom that hushes the footsteps of whoever walks under pines."

Aldo Leopold, ASCA

“As I stood there, I could hear the soft moaning of the wind in the high dark tops and feel the permanence and agelessness of the primeval. In among those tall swaying trees was more than beauty, more than great boles reaching toward the sky. Silence was there and a sense of finality and benediction that comes only when nature has completed a cycle and reached the crowning achievement of a climax, when all of the inter-relationships of the centuries have come at last to a final glory.

Sigurd Olson, Listening Point

"Pine is the larynx of the wind. No other trees unravel, comb, and disperse moving air so thoroughly.

Yet they also seem to concentrate the winds, wringing mosaics of sound from gale weather - voice echos, cries, sobs, conversations, maniacal calls. With the help of only slight imagination, they are the receiving stations to which all winds check in, filtering out their loads of B-flats, and F minors, processing auditory debris swept from all corners of the sound-bearing world."

John Eastman

“All sciences, arts, and philosophies are  
converging lines; what seems separate today is  
fused tomorrow.”

Aldo Leopold



## Small things

In late April, I find trailing arbutus in flower  
under the ridged old white pines.

In early May, I discover the first hermit thrush  
singing within the hemlocks  
its spiraling opera.

Every day, new things arrive,  
or bloom, or are born, or die.  
I try to find as many of them as I can.

I don't collect them in plastic bags,  
or put them in vases,  
or pin them on cardboard,  
or exile them to my freezer,

or eat them.

I just try to find them.

Sometimes I find them with my ears,  
sometimes by nearly stepping on them,  
sometimes they just come to me.

If I were to put them all in a container,  
they would look like nothing more than where I am now  
which is lying under a white pine  
that is leaning over the river  
a river flowing so softly I can only hear it  
now and again  
amidst the birds that sing  
among the needles that fall.