

¹³ It must be said that Callicott's project, in his essay, and mine in this present paper are quite different. I am in no way arguing that his "holism" needs a classical realist defense.

¹⁴ Callicott, p. 202, note 37.

¹⁵ *Ibid.*

¹⁶ See p. 190, for example.

¹⁷ See Plato, *The Republic of Plato*, Allan Bloom. Trans. with notes and Interpretive Essay (New York: Basic Books Inc., 1968): 435b-c and 443a-e.

¹⁸ See the "Story of Gyges," in *Republic II*, 359b&ff. One point of this tale is that humans, "by nature," are unjust.

¹⁹ See listing of *phusis* in *Liddell and Scott's Greek English Lexicon* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1976).

²⁰ See Callicott, p. 202.

²¹ See *Republic*, 596 b-e.

²² Plato so often uses "health" as a metaphorical way of talking about order and nature or what is "natural." (In footnote 25, p. 201, Callicott notes that toward the end of "The Land Ethic," Leopold himself discusses "land health.") Environmental holists and/or ecologists could be encouraged to "push" such metaphors so as to uncover the metaphysical grounds of their own claims. Callicott is quite right to point out that "Ecology makes it possible to see land... as a unified system of integrally related parts... [as a] whole...." (p. 189). He adds that ecological science can do this "...without the least hint of mysticism or ineffability" (*ibid.*). However, metaphysics may provide a more all-encompassing conceptual framework from within which to articulate and defend environmental holism and the inherent value of nature and natural entities, including animals.

PRAYER for the Hearts of the Hunters

Let them remember,
God of all Life,
What it was like in the jungles of Vietnam,
To be stalked by silent killers,
To see their friends strung up and pierced by hidden booby traps,
Deprived of any final dignity.

Let them feel once again their sorrow
For life cut off in its prime,
For friendships ended by strangers with their own agendas,
Dealers in impersonal death.

Let them relive their horror
At seeing the chopped up bodies of their buddies
Stuffed into plastic bags;
Let them remember their secret longings
For a world
With no killing.

Betty Jahn