

THE CHAPARRALIAN

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The Chaparralian #41

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Cover photograph: Desert sunflower (*Geraea canescens*) blooming on the desert pavement of Death Valley. Although most would call this a flower, it is actually a beautiful bouquet of two types of flowers, bright, yellow ray flowers, and delicate disc flowers.

Photo upper left: The rare resprouting pine, *Torreya californica* (note cut stump), a relic chaparral species. Sequoia National Park.

All photos by Richard W. Halsey unless indicated otherwise.



The Chaparralian is the quarterly journal of the California Chaparral Institute, a 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization that is dedicated to the preservation of native shrubland ecosystems and supporting the creative spirit as inspired by the natural environment. To join the Institute and receive *The Chaparralian*, please visit our website or fill out and mail in the slip below. We welcome unsolicited submissions to *The Chaparralian*. Please send to: naturalist@californiachaparral.org or via post to the address below.

You can find us on the web at www.californiachaparral.org

Editor and Publisher.....Richard W. Halsey
Copy Editor.....Bonnie Nickel

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NASCENT THOUGHTS

How It All Started

Being dismissed or ignored is a great motivator. Hence, the California Chaparral Institute was born around this time nine years ago.

After leaving public education as a high school biology teacher in 1998, I began working on the natural history book I had started several years before. During my research I discovered Dr. Jon E. Keeley's work on fire ecology. It was not only extensive, but it answered many of the questions I'd had about the role of fire in Mediterranean ecosystems, in particular California's chaparral. I sent Dr. Keeley an email during the summer of 1999, he sent me a box of research papers quickly thereafter, and our collaboration began.

When the Cedar Fire hit San Diego County during the last days of October 2003, I was pre-adapted to be an aggressive fire follower. I'd already worked through all the science, understood the role fire played in native shrublands, and had a genetic tendency to fight for the underdog. That underdog was the chaparral.

On November 2, 2003, Dr. Richard Minnich, a geographer from UC Riverside, wrote an editorial in the *San Diego Union-Tribune* falsely claiming the fire was the fault of past fire suppression efforts that had supposedly allowed an unnatural amount of vegetation to build up. While Dr. Minnich correctly placed the responsibility for unsafe homes on the homeowners themselves and the land planners who allowed the homes to be built in the first place, he unfortunately promoted a practice that had not only failed in the past, but could contribute to the destruction of our remaining native shrublands – the use of “planned burns” to create a “mosaic” of mixed-aged chaparral patches.

When I first encountered Dr. Minnich's ideas while coming up to speed on the science of fire, I found them inconsistent with the work of other scientists and my own observations in the field.

When his opinion piece came out, I was ready to respond. My editorial was published on November 4, 2003. 3

Thus, began my entry into the world of fire science vs. fire politics.

In December, Dr. Keeley alerted me to a group of citizens who were forming a science-based organization to help the community deal with the impacts of the Cedar Fire and suggested I might want to be involved – The San Diego Fire Recovery Network (SDFRN), organized and led by Dr. Anne Fege, the Supervisor of the Cleveland National Forest

Within short order, Anne, and number of other wonderful people became good friends and continue to inspire me today: Wayne Tyson, a long-time naturalist and truth seeker; Wayne Spencer, a gifted scientist and mammologist; Geoffrey Smith, Nature advocate and environmental activist; Tom Gillette, US Forest Service District Ranger and creative thinker.



Friends Anne Fege and USFS District Ranger Tom Gillette on an SDFRN field trip

It became clear after a few meetings that introducing myself as a former high school biology teacher to a room full of Ph.Ds, fire managers, and politicians wasn't really achieving an uplifting response. So, after consultations with my dogs, we decided I needed a more official title that was directly related to what I was currently doing. We created the Southern California

Chaparral Field Institute, and I became its director. After introducing myself with my new title, the press suddenly started asking me questions, random people liked standing next to me at seminars, and the funny looks stopped during those let's-go-around-the-room-and-tell-us-something-about-yourself meeting intros. The dogs still refused to listen to me, but that's a different matter.

My new job description still failed to impress a US Forest Service firefighter who challenged my knowledge about firefighting. So, I responded back by asking him to hire me. They did, and I earned my federal red card (a license to fight fire) after a rather intensive training program.



Some of the boys of USFS Crew 5, Cleveland National Forest

I started sending out regular email updates titled "Fire Bulletins," published my book, and slowly increased the level of irritation I was causing the San Diego County Board of Supervisors and their bureaucrats in the Department of Planning and Land Use (who were all adherents of Minnich's mosaic/burn-it-up philosophy).

It soon came time to have a serious talk with my canine directors and let them know I needed to transform the Institute into a legitimate non-profit, due to a looming court battle. So, on February 9, 2009, we shortened our name to the California Chaparral Institute, incorporated as a non-profit scientific/educational organization, and filed a lawsuit against the County of San Diego for trying

to avoid state environmental laws. As you probably know, we won. The full story of that event was in [issue #40 of The Chaparralian](#).

As the director of a non-profit, I could now actually fund the activities I wanted to do (pay for the gas, the printing, and the occasional legal activities required to keep the chaparral safe).

What's come of it all?

1. Because we won our lawsuit against the County of San Diego, **we protected more than 300 square miles of native habitat** that the county intended to clear.
2. We have submitted dozens of comment letters and have frequently testified concerning plans to destroy chaparral habitat in the name of fire protection. Most recently we have been successful in **stopping the inclusion of an environmentally destructive list of proposals** in the Monterey County Community Wildfire Protection Plan (CWPP).
3. The new California Fire Plan has **ditched the old anti-chaparral paradigm** and treats the ecosystem as an important and fragile part of the region's landscape.
4. The new state vegetation management rules recognize **the role of the homeowner** and how their homes are built as important variables in improving fire safety.
5. **Numerous publications of ours** have found themselves in the hands of the public and educators that describe the chaparral as a beautiful habitat worth protecting.
6. When you start hearing from other people the things you've been saying for ten years, it indicates **stuff is beginning to stick**. The word "chaparral" (instead of "brush") is now used frequently in news reports, conferences, and random conversations we've overheard. And the fact that chaparral is threatened by too much fire is finally making its way into the mainstream.

7. And government agencies know that the **chaparral elves are watching** them when they plan to grind up the delicate ecosystem they have been taught to dismiss (not anymore!).

Moving forward, the chaparral still faces many challenges. One of them includes California State Parks’ **ongoing effort to destroy large stands of ceanothus chaparral in Rancho Cuyamaca State Park**. The ceanothus has been growing there as part of the natural succession process after the 2003 Cedar Fire.

In order to skip the usual planning process, State Parks filed an emergency exemption to the California Environmental Quality Act (CEQA) on August 3, 2009, for a “Reforestation Project.” This allowed them to avoid not only public comment, but requirements that they consider the environmental impacts of their project and input from outside experts to assist in considering alternative actions. Why a government agency charged with protecting the state’s natural resources would not want to properly consider the environmental impacts of such a large, habitat-altering project is a mystery to us.

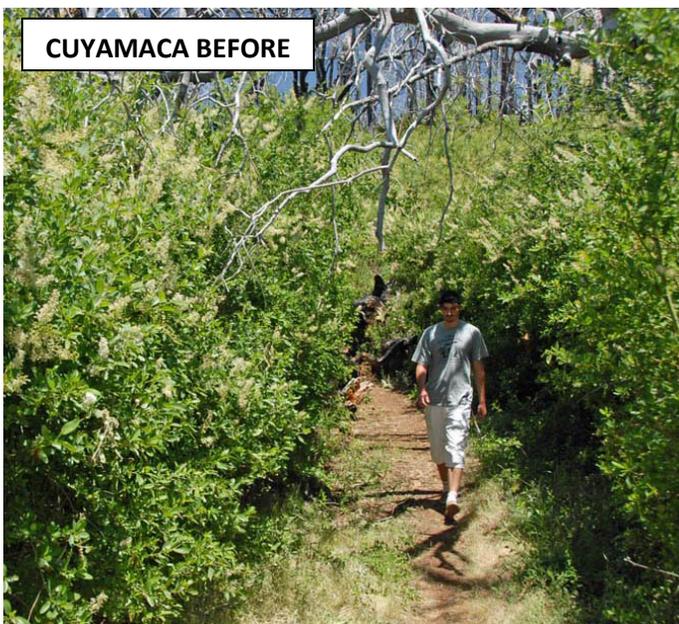
State Parks filed their CEQA exemption three months *after* we had filed our lawsuit against San Diego County. The county had tried the same

strategy for their huge clearing project – improperly using CEQA’s emergency exemption clause. Park officials were in close consultation with the county and so were likely well aware of our legal challenge.

We filed a public records request with State Parks on October 3, 2012, to obtain all the documents relating to their “reforestation” project. Claiming the need to submit our request through legal review, the state has yet to send us any material. Our attorneys are on it. In the meantime, you can read more here: <http://www.californiachaparral.org/elossincuyamaca.html>

Nature has always been a love of mine, as has the tendency to fight for the underdog. So it should come as no surprise that one of my primary passions is being an advocate for the chaparral.

Thanks to all of those of you who have supported the Institute either financially, emotionally, or both. In a world bombarded with angry voices and exclusivity, the beauty of the natural environment and the welcome voices of those who enjoy it always inspire.



Been Dead for Awhile

By Richard Halsey

Part III

Cody lifted himself up through the roof's trap door. Moonlight bounced off his thin, shirtless torso, creating shadows cast by developing muscle. His naked bicep flexed as he raised a cigarette to his lips. "Hey," he said between the inhale and exhale.

Hart looked up. "Smoking will screw up that bod of yours. Better quit."

"Won't. Besides, what do you expect me to replace twenty friends with?" Cody asked while tapping the cigarette pack poking out of the top of his Levis, wedged between skin and underwear.

Hart raised his half-filled glass of whiskey. "Let's hear it for our friends then. Michael Collins, meet Camel Blue."

"Drinking something new, huh?" Cody sat down next to Hart just below the roof's ridgeline. The little asphalt granules imbedded themselves into his palm as he shifted his weight to avoid the seams between the

shingles. Both stared out across the valley, watching the lights from the city below sparkle in a dark presence waiting to swallow up the world. The darker hillsides, uncompromised by the devices of civilization, reflected nothing. Minutes passed without a word.

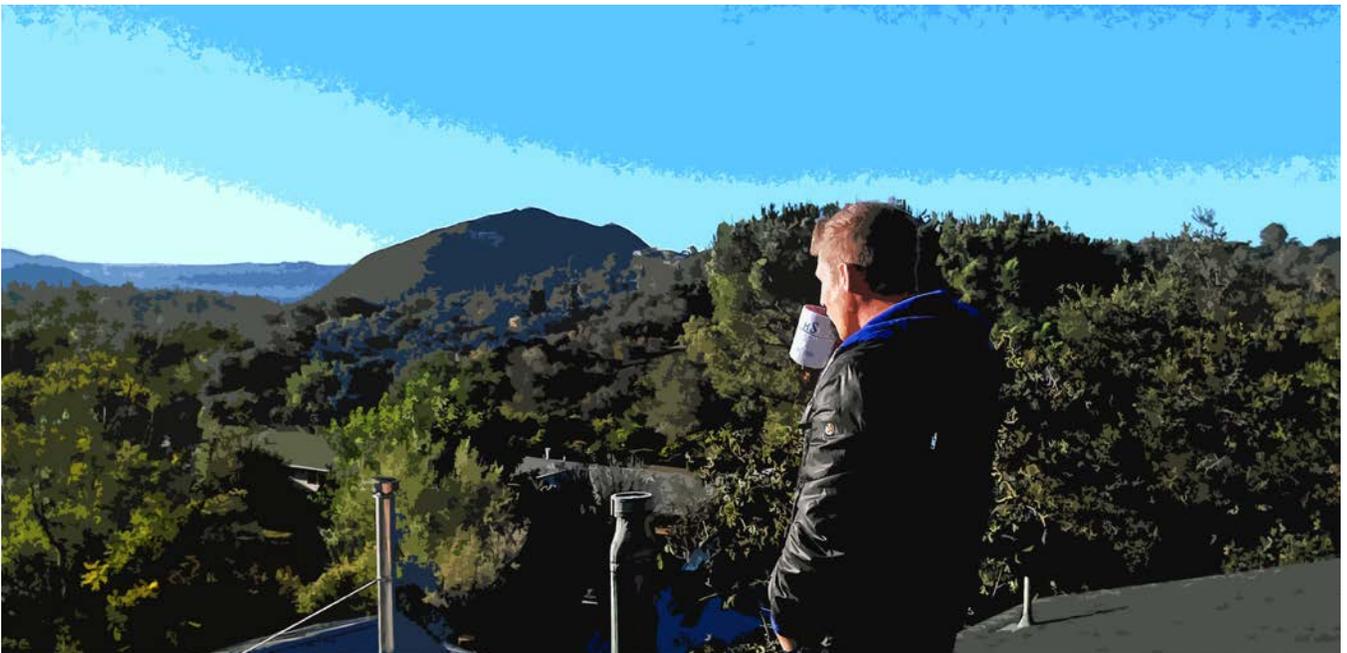
"Ever roofed with another guy before?" Hart laughed.

"Not this one."

Hart blew a little snort through his nose and turned his body toward Cody as far as he could without feeling like he was going to tumble down the incline. "What, we've known each other for nearly 6 months now? I really don't know much about who you are buddy, really."

"Really."

Hart ignored Cody's deadpan response as he usually did. "Most of the time all I get is one liners. Whenever we start getting to you, to us, you're up getting another drink, throwing on your headphones, changing the subject."



“You know more about me than anyone else.”

“That’s just it. If I really do, I’m not feelin’ it. I really...”

Cody interrupted, “Alright, alright.”

“Typical.”

“You’ve been off ever since that party you went to last week,” Cody said. “You know you want to tell me.”

Hart let out a deep sigh, took a drink, and nodded toward Cody’s cigarette. “Let me have one of those.”

“I knew that was coming,” Cody replied as he handed his friend a smoke.

Hart pointed towards the dark mountain beyond and mentioned the two bobbing lights creeping up the slope. “Must be a couple of hikers. We should do that sometime.”

All I was seeing were naked nymphs and satyrs dancing in the elfin forest. This was killing me.

Cody reached out with a light. “And so, the party?”

“I saw this girl. From a long time ago. I’ve never told you about her.”

Cody took a long drag off his cigarette and stared at Hart. Brown eyes fixed, unwavering, framed by a young, angelic face struggling between innocence and cynicism. “Always a girl.”

“Not always. Van’s her name. She was an intern in this Forest Service outdoor ed program I was in charge of. We went on a lot of field trips together. We were supposed to build this collection of native plants for local schools to use. But she wasn’t a nerdy nature nut. Carried a gun under the seat of her car, a jeep. Beautiful, long blond hair. Didn’t give a damn about convention. Her favorite line, ‘No regrets,’ no matter the situation. I’ve never been able to get that.”

“Situations?”

“Yeah.”

“Look what I brought,” she said. Van was at my door again, this time with a knapsack filled with collecting equipment, a round of sharp cheddar cheese in the side pocket, and a long loaf of sourdough sticking out through the upper flap.

“Wine?” I asked.

“Of course.”

She was a self-taught botanist and soon-to-be geology grad. “Gotta know the plants. They’re everywhere. The only problem is, they get in the way of seeing the rocks.”

I looked over at the driveway and her jeep was jammed up against mine. “We’re taking yours.”

She came in and dropped an envelope on the counter as I grabbed my gear, coffee, and hat. “Take a look. I got artistic with the manzanitas.”

I flipped through the photos within: beautiful details of peeling bark, dead wood contrasting with rich red, exposed burls, exposed breasts. The last two were of her, nude, with foliage, arms, and legs strategically placed. I felt her looking at me.

“You’re blushing.”

What’s a guy supposed to do, say? I was trying hard to be professional, whatever that meant. Last thing I needed was to mess around with an intern. The Service had been wanting to fire me from the moment I was hired. The damn district ranger was breathing down my neck every day. They probably had the FBI bugging my house, my phone. ‘Hart, you’re a real pain in the ass,’ was the favorite line in the office, *when* I had to go there. A bunch of monkeys in green pants devising ways to manage nature. Give a guy a forestry degree and all he sees is lumber and fuel, instead of trees and nature. All I was seeing at that moment were naked nymphs and satyrs dancing in the elfin forest. This was killing me. “Nice shots,” I said.

“Thanks!”

“Well, let’s get on the road,” I shot back. Yeah, it was abrupt, but at least it got me out of the house, away from the nature porn. On the way, Van stopped and stared at a bucket where I had stuck several fleshy

stumps of *Coreopsis*, a weird looking plant that looks like an elephant trunk stuck in the ground holding a bundle of sunflowers. “I rescued them from the bulldozers. Dug ‘em up and brought them home. Figured they were worth saving.”

“Mmm...,” she hummed in a voice with the texture of melted chocolate. “They’re all over the Channel Islands.” She ran her fingers slowly through the tuft of soft, green foliage. “Some in the Santa Monica Mountains too. There’s a lonely one sticking out of a cliff above the beach in Goleta. Didn’t know they were around here, though.” She picked one of the flowers, held it, looked at me, then stuck it behind my ear. “There. You’re pretty.” Her fingers gently tugged the top of my ear as she pulled away.

OK, so it shouldn’t have, but this all took me by surprise. Half my age and she’s putting a flower behind my ear. This woman was relentless. She said something like I should take a botany class and then went on about the plant’s history, taxonomy, that kind of thing. All I really remember was her hand. And her t-shirt. She liked wearing t-shirts. White ones. They were always so white. V-necks.



I was smiling. She was smiling. The birds were smiling. The whole damn world was smiling, if you know what I mean. Hot chemicals were disrupting my

fossilized emotions like a thousand little flat stones thrown across a fetid pond. Predictable boredom one moment, manic celebration the next. What changes in a guy’s mind, anyone’s mind, when some event, smell, person ignites a change of state? Nothing but perception. The sun isn’t any brighter, but it sure as hell feels that way.

“What?” she asked.

“Just enjoying the sunny day.”

After I slammed my door she asked, “Ever sex a plant?” I started blushing again. She pulled the flower from behind my ear, handed it to me along with the hand lens hanging around her neck. Standard equipment with botany freaks. “Pull off one of the yellow blades. Look at it.”

“What?”

“‘She loves you, she loves you not.’ They’re actually not petals you know, even though everybody calls them that. They’re individual flowers called ray flowers. Boy or girl?”

“Boy or girl what?”

“The sex of the blade, the ray flower you’re holding.”

My mind was wandering. “How am I supposed to know?”

“You know more than you think. Pluck one.”

She stared at me, then made some crack about me not wanting to risk saying what I really wanted to say. A girl talks like this and I’m supposed to say something? Not good. Then she said it was an age thing, to which I said “What?” then she said, “Being cautious, being dead.” I responded with something about how I didn’t want to come off like an old man but that life gets complicated and there are reasons for not acting on or saying the way you feel. She gave me this look that only someone punching out of their teens could give. I felt 95.

“You still dream?” she asked.

“Dream?”

“Dream about the future, your mission, your passion. What *are* you passionate about?”

“You’re too young for your age.”

“You’re too old for yours. There’s more to life, you know, than being excited about eating out at some cheesy restaurant and getting the early bird special.”

“I’m not like that.”

She shook her head. I was feeling defensive. “Look at the ray you picked off,” she said. “People think the whole sunflower is a single flower. It’s not. It’s an entire bouquet made up of dozens of little flowers. People just pass by these things because they’re so used to seeing them. They’ve stopped exploring. They’ve stopped asking questions.”

She kept rambling. I reached back into her pack and pulled out the wine. “Here,” I said as I handed her a glass and poured it half full.

“This is a whiskey glass!”

“I like to be different, take risks, challenge assumptions,” I said smiling. “And yeah, I know all about that whole bouquet thing. Learned it from an old friend a long time ago, a neighbor when I was a kid. Taught me a lot about nature, photography, life. How things aren’t always what they may appear to be. My dad hated the guy because I was over at his house all the time. Looking back, he was probably jealous.”

“People just pass by these things because they’re so used to seeing them. They’ve stopped exploring. They’ve stopped asking questions.”

“I’d be jealous.”

“Maybe.” I held the ray up close to the lens and looked at it. The tip was split into three little lobes. The other end had a tiny thread split into two curled threads.

“That Y-shaped thing? The girl parts.”

“Girl parts?”

“It’s a fertile ray ‘cuz it has a pistil, the female part of a flower. The tip, the little lobes you see, are what

remain of the sunflower’s *mysterious* evolutionary journey.” She said ‘mysterious’ like Bela Lugosi. I didn’t say anything. I just twirled the ray flower between my fingers. “So you want to hear the rest of the story?”

I said sure.

“O.K., so finish the job.”

I had no idea what she was talking about.

Van picked up the sunflower I’d dropped between my legs. “Have to pluck the rest,” she said smiling, waiting just long enough for me to start blushing again. I’m pretty sure she noticed. “She loves you, she loves you not, she loves you...” she said in a sing-song way as she plucked off one ray flower at a time. She stopped, looked at me, smiled again, then pulled off the rest in groups. “There! Now watch.” Putting the naked center of the sunflower head between her thumb and finger, she squeezed, and dozens of little filaments popped up. “See each one of these? Every single one of them is an individual flower, a little disk flower. Take a look.”

Through the hand lens I could see a miniature flower with little lobes flared out like petals. In the middle was a wad of pollen.

“How many lobes?”

“Five.”

“Hmm... three on the ray. Where’d the other two go?”

“Hell if I know.”

She grabbed my hand and squeezed my fingers together. “How many finger tips?”

“Five.”

She then let my clustered fingers go and slowly spread my palm out as she laid hers on top of mine. She gave me that smile again, then suddenly pulled away, jumped out of the jeep, ripped a dandelion out of the ground and tossed it into my lap while leaning over the seat. Her v-neck T revealed more of what I had imagined. “Check out the tips on the rays. How many little lobes can you see?”

“Five.”

“A ray with five, a ray with three. Any disk flowers in that thing?”

“No.”

“So if you split a disk flower down the side and flatten it out, you’ve got five lobes. Just like five fingers on an opened hand. If you split it again down the opposite side, you’ve got two little blades or rays, one with two lobes, one with three.” She hopped back into the jeep and just sat there staring at me. The morning light reflected off her blonde hair, her blue eyes. She smiled and put her hand on my leg and left it there. “So old man, did you know that out there in the chaparral somewhere is the missing link to it all, a relic, a flower that still has both blades, just crying out to reveal its secrets? *Acourtia microcephala*. Its flowers show the transition from a five-lobed disk flower to a three-lobed ray flower.”

I took another sip of wine. “I think I’m getting smashed.”

“And to complete the picture, think about thistles. Any ray flowers on those things?”

I had to think a moment. “Uh, no.”

“So just disk flowers. So we’ve got the *Coreopsis* looking like a typical sunflower with three-lobed rays and disks, dandelions with five-lobed rays and no disks, and thistles with only disk flowers. All in the

sunflower family. And that’s why...” She jumped out of the jeep again and came back with a little dandelion seed puff ready to be blown into my face. She paused for a moment, then blew the seeds everywhere. “Make a wish?” she asked.

“That’s what you’re supposed to do.”

“I did.”

“Did you ever leave the stupid car?” Cody asked.

“Not for awhile. We started talking about wishes. Her wishes, my wishes. She busted out the cheese and bread and we had a picnic in the jeep.”

“Then?”

“She stayed over. Made her breakfast the next morning. I hadn’t done something like that in years.”

“Why not?”

“Too much crap in my head, Cody. Too many years.”

“The past won’t change, Hart.”

Hart glanced at Cody. “Let’s go in. I need another drink.”



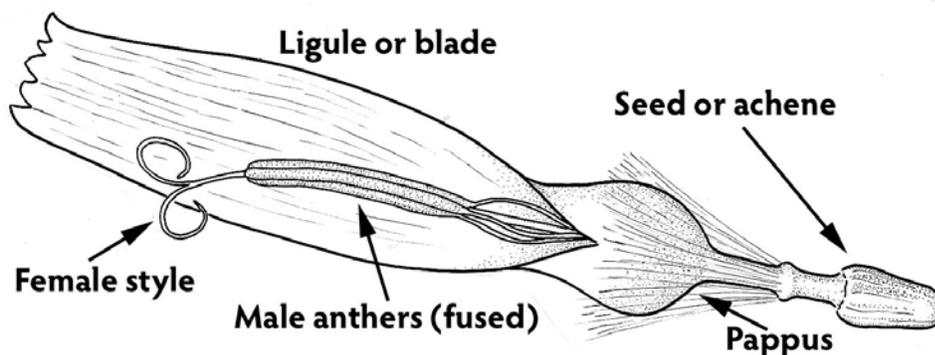
Double Bouquets of Sunflowers - Asteraceae -

The largest plant family in the world (orchids are second)

The key characteristic for this diverse family of plants is that what most think of as their flowers are actually a cluster of tiny flowers that come in two basic forms: disks and rays (fertile rays are called ligulates).



Gumplant (*Grindelia hirsutula*)



A ray that is fertile (can produce a seed) is called a **ligulate flower**. You can find these on dandelions. Notice the five little lobes at the end of the blade representing the five petals of the old disk flower. Drawing by D. G. Mackean with labels added by us.

Ray and disk flowers are assembled on heads that come in four basic patterns:
radiate flower heads (sunflower-like), **ligulate** (dandelion-like),
discoid (thistle-like), and **disciform**.



Radiate Flower Head
 Slender sunflower (*Helianthus gracilentus*)



Ligulate Flower Head
 Wreath plant (*Stephanomeria diegensis*)



Discoid Flower Head
 Cobweb thistle (*Cirsium occidentale*)



Disciform Flower Head
 Bicolor cudweed (*Gnaphalium bicolor*)

To add to the variety, some members of the sunflower family have separate male and female flowers:

monoecious (separate male and female flowers on a single plant) and **dioecious** (separate male and female plants).

Since each little flower can produce a single seed and considering there are large numbers per head, it should be obvious why sunflowers are one of the most successful plant families on earth.



Monoecious

Western ragweed (*Ambrosia psilostachya*)
The male flowers are the little upside down pollen cups at the top, the female flowers are below (one at the tip of the red arrow). The little yellow strings are the styles.



Dioecious

Mule fat (*Baccharis salicifolia*)
Female plant above, male plant below.



Poetry from a Kindred Spirit

Nancy Jordan



A Paler Yellow

These last few days
 The early morning sunlight
 Has been a paler, softer, gentler yellow.
 Although by noon
 It has become oppressive, baking,
 blistering
 She knows the days are on the turn
 For last night's moon
 Had the color of Fall.
 The time of sleeping
 Wrapped in a wet sarong
 Beside a well-directed fan
 Is nearly over.
 At least the end's in sight.
 Soon, she'll be able to walk again,
 Not just scoot from shade to shade.
 There may even be a breeze
 To accompany her.
 That would be nice –
 The play of air on her hands and face.

This undulating changing stuff
 That's part of the fabric
 Of our lives . . .

Heavenly Seasons

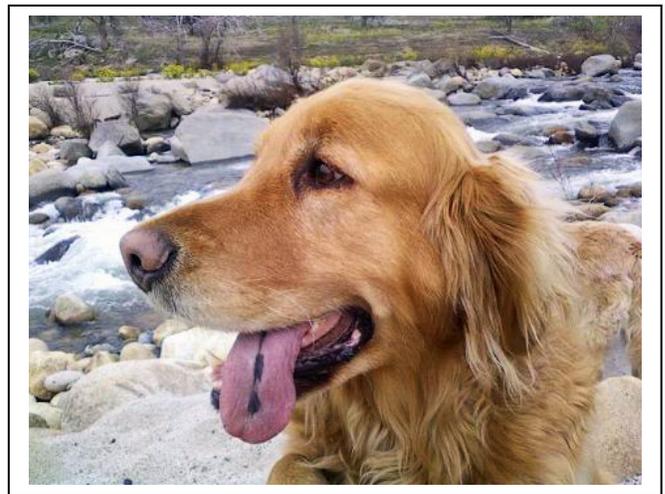
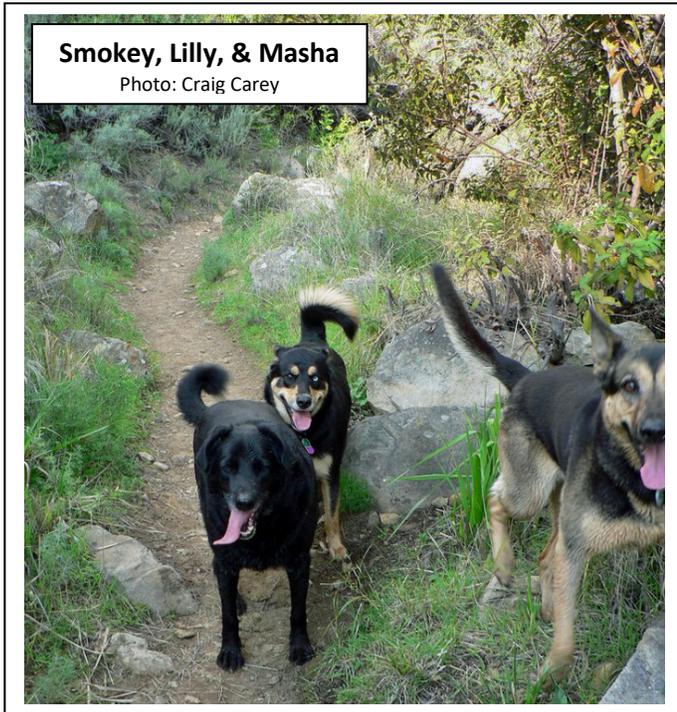
Ah, the early hours
 Of Autumn days
 In Arizona!
 The air so cool,
 The light yet brilliant,
 But with endearing softness.
 And growing things,
 No longer in defensive mode
 Against the scorching sun,
 Seem more relaxed and happy.
 The mountains, too, are different,
 Still standing tall reflecting light
 But giving off an air of patience
 And a more accessible presence.

It feels as if the days of summer,
 So baking hot that the mind
 Refused to function,
 Have been put away
 Safely tucked in some
 Distant inaccessible recess
 Essentially forgotten,
 And thus forgiven.

With slate totally clear
 She gives herself permission
 To drown in the experience

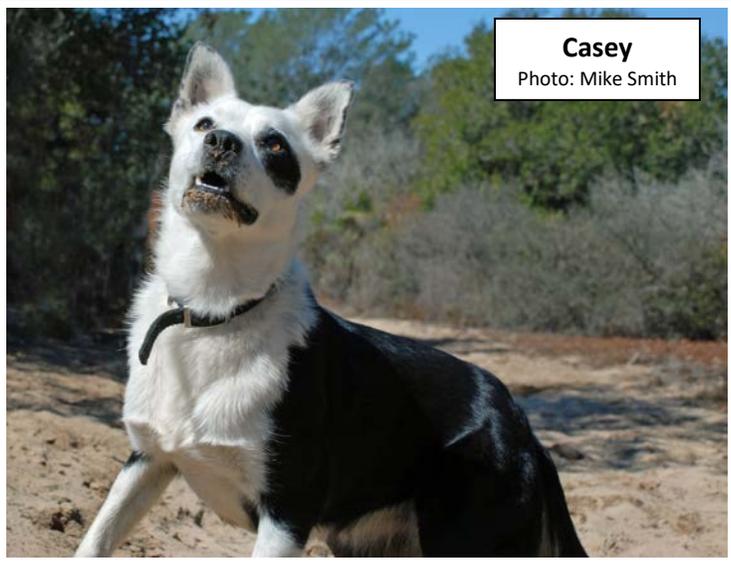
Of the blissful now.

Chaparral Doggies!

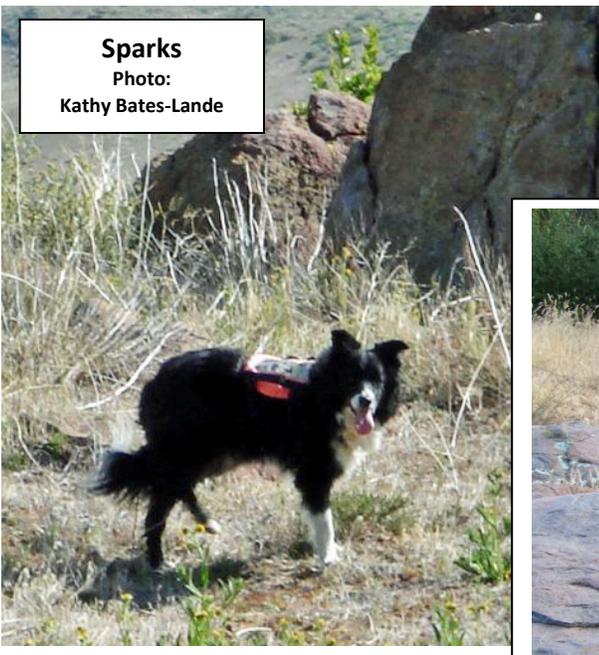




Cooper
Photo: Rick Halsey



Casey
Photo: Mike Smith



Sparks
Photo:
Kathy Bates-Lande



Gaby
Photo: Kevin Flynn

UNFOLDINGS

The most important thing in communication is to hear what isn't being said.

- Peter Drucker

Conversation, like certain portions of the anatomy, always runs more smoothly when lubricated.

- Marquis de Sade

People fail to get along because they fear each other; they fear each other because they don't know each other; they don't know each other because they have not communicated with each other.

- Martin Luther King Jr.

My mother and I could always look out the same window without ever seeing the same thing.

- Gloria Swanson

I would feel more optimistic about a bright future for man if he spent less time proving that he can outwit Nature and more time tasting her sweetness and respecting her seniority.

- E.B. White

The right to be heard does not automatically include the right to be taken seriously.

- Hubert Humphrey

A word to the wise is infuriating.

- Hunter S. Thompson

I consider conversations with people to be mind exercises, but I don't want to pull a muscle, so I stretch a lot. That's why I'm constantly either rolling my eyes or yawning.

- Jarod Kintz

Man is rated the highest animal, at least among all animals who returned the questionnaire.

- Robert Brault

Many times in life I've regretted the things I've said without thinking. But I've never regretted the things I said nearly as much as the words I left unspoken.

- Lisa Kleypas

Mother Nature is just chemistry, biology, and physics. Everything she does is just the sum of those three things. She's completely amoral. She doesn't care about poetry or art or whether you go to church. You can't negotiate with her, you can't spin her, and you can't evade her rules. All you can do is fit in as a species. And when a species doesn't learn to fit in with Mother Nature, it gets kicked out. That's why every day you look in the mirror now, you're seeing an endangered species.

- Robert Watson

President Obama promised to begin to slow the rise of the oceans and heal the planet. My promise is to help you and your family.

- Mitt Romney

I am not a scientist myself, but my best assessment of the data is that the world is getting warmer, that human activity contributes to that warming, and that policymakers should therefore consider the risk of negative consequences.

- Mitt Romney

Mend your speech a little, Lest you may mar your fortunes.

- William Shakespeare

Credit where credit's due. We wanted to let you know that the inspiration for this page comes from *The Sun Magazine*, an edgy periodical that is filled with observations of the world not normally found in publications. You might want to check it out:

<http://www.thesunmagazine.org>