

Walking and Dying With Bears: An Ecopsychological Case Study of Timothy (Dexter) Treadwell

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*This is going to be the best year ever out there.
If I don't come back, it's where I want to be.*

--Timothy (Dexter) Treadwell's ritualistic farewell
to a good friend in Alaska prior to leaving the
grizzly maze every year.

Introduction

Should humans ever traverse a grizzly maze, they will find a fantastic, twisted grid. Because the brush is thick, bears tunnel a singularized and

vectorial space that also reflects bear consciousness: a dead-ahead mauling of vegetation on the way to sex or food. Any human, daring or foolish enough to enter these mazes frequently enough, if they survive it, enter bear consciousness and operate in totemic space. This maze-space is actually both totemic and mythical, a medusa's deadly hair or the Minotaur's labyrinth.

Timothy (Dexter) Treadwell entered the grizzly maze many times. In the keen words of Nick Jans:

. . . inevitably he was drawn into the shadowy world of the Maze. Crawling on all fours, scrambling through tangles of alder and snaking through tunnels in head-high grass, Timothy ventured into a terra incognita where the monsters were more than figments drawn on a map. Salmonberry thorns and willows gouged at his face and hands; his knees became bruised and swollen, his clothes crusted with bear scat, mud, and sweat. Any of a hundred blind turns could have been his last.¹

On a cold Alaskan autumn day, October 5th, 2003, Timothy Treadwell and his companion² were mauled and devoured by an Alaskan brown bear near one of these mazes. Two bears were also killed—two for two according to Judaic law—their stomachs inspected for human remains. Timothy had made a camp near converging bear trails of the grizzly maze. He chose this place to camp because very few humans went there. Again, according to Jans, “And in his repeated explorations over the next three seasons, deeper and deeper into the maze, he found his heart of home . . . he'd found his island of solitude.”³

Treadwell's need for solitude and his identification with bears becomes a real case study for Ecopsychology;⁴ specifically, it may provide useful information when assessing how diverse psychologies are shaped by raw wilderness inviting projection. Despite a past of drug addiction and an obsessed and driven personality, Treadwell was an intelligent and caring human being. His own video records, Nick Jans' outstanding book, and other witness accounts argue for a rich personality profile where heart, love, narcissism, frustration, commitment, paranoia, gentleness, and romance. Treadwell made seasonal comparisons of the decadence of Malibu with the purity of the Alaskan wilderness, with the bear as his central totemic spirit.

These strong emotions and conflicting tendencies easily divide an observing and judging audience. One side roots for Timothy and wishes they could enter bear consciousness like he did, while the other, in secret envy perhaps, deplors his actions as foolish, inexperienced, idealistic, and careless. To take a useful tangent, Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring* was a ballet and composition about shamans, the force of nature,

and human sacrifice. During its premiere in Paris in 1913, the French audience booed and menaced the orchestra and the dancers. Similarly, are we so removed from the wild and its experiences that we cannot accept Timothy's choices as normal? Are we like the hyper-sophisticated French public expecting tutus, pretty ballerinas, and recognizable melodies when they were introduced to relentless rhythms, human sacrifice, and folk-shamanic, Russian, inhuman crescendos?

As an ecopsychologist, I am seduced into addressing all of the above reactions and examining why I myself vacillate between both extremes. More importantly, when ecopsychology is therapy or a science, our field is given the task of predicting how "x" or "y" psychological profiles would react to the same set of wild environmental variables. In the particular case of Timothy Treadwell, wild bears become the fascinating singularity around which an urban psyche tests the possibility of continued self differentiation and integration imbedded in a wild, non-human, social, and ursine environment. In an opening quote by J. L. Henderson, Paul Shepard summarizes the possible dynamics of this identification that is specific to human-bear relations: "Bear ritual points to integration of the personality following a period of dissociation," to a chapter entitled *Ontogeny Revisited: Teddy, Pooh, Paddington, Yogi, and Smoky*.⁵ This chapter, as the title suggests, with bears as the central motif for identification, becomes a shorthand vehicle to the historically grander ontogenetic analysis that Shepard carefully and convincingly presents in *Nature and Madness*.⁶

Implicit in this introduction and in the following examination is the question of how even the most ecopsychologically well-intended intimations with nature, originating as they often do in mostly urban developmental contexts, oftentimes fail to close an almost incommensurable gap between the modern and the cynegetic or hunter-gatherer mind. Furthermore, the mismatch between the reality of the natural world with its complex processes and the inadequacy of human language to fully describe it is an ever widening noetic-existential gulf to the extent that our own experiences of the wild are less frequent. This word-reality gulf was recognized and made into the theory and science of *General Semantics* by Alfred Korzybski.⁷ Elsewhere, and specific to *ecopsychological estrangement* and *alienation*, I have referred to these problems as the "singularization of reality."⁸

If psychopathology is suspected,⁹ and it is known to precede an attempt at this natural intimation, then more difficult challenges can be anticipated. With this perspective in mind, what follows is a first attempt at *ecopsychologizing* Timothy Treadwell (and the rest of us).

Alaska: The True Ecopsychological Frontier

There are few existential safety nets in Alaska. Either you survive her beauty and uncompromising wilderness or you die. Either you accept her wilderness on her own terms or you return to easy Malibu. If the mosquitoes don't bleed you skinny they bleed you mad. One careless mistake will bring a truck full of mother moose your way so fast that the last thing you'll ever see is an unwavering and dark eye headed for your guts or chest. There are also many kinds of bears in Alaska: browns, brawny, grizzly, grays, blacks, and Kodiaks. There is also the Disney bear version that a float plane takes tourists close enough to, to take pictures of as if in an extended bear-theme animal park (float plane tourism). And then there is the spirit bear, the father bear, the bear that will, if you surprise him and he is close or cranky enough, kill you. Surely, one has to be mentally and physically tough to survive and enjoy Alaska. Timothy was not a wuss.

Not surprisingly, and according to an ABC News article,¹⁰ Alaska is home to the highest concentration of veterans in the United States, 70,000 to be exact. From an ecopsychological perspective it is not very difficult to hypothesize why they prefer Alaska over sunny Hawaii or California. According to the Alaska's State Affairs Administrator Jerry Beale, "There's a lot of open space . . . you can be an individual. You can move out into the bush as far as you want and not have to see anybody for a year if you don't want to." In the same article, another veteran is quoted self-diagnosing his choice, "You come to get away from everything, especially if you've seen stuff you don't want to remember." Their choosing the biggest sanatorium as a place for healing suggests that in the minds of many Alaska has acquired the status of a mythical space.

Before Timothy Treadwell ever visited Alaska he overdosed on a heroin speedball in southern California. Coincidentally he is helped by a Vietnam vet who directs him to Alaska for healing. It is certain that Timothy was mentally unstable before he went to Alaska and lived among brown bears. And yet, Timothy himself described his first experiences encountering bears as the turning point for quitting his substance addiction and then devoting his life to wildlife conservation. This is the first clue and reassurance for ecopsychologists, and those who are involved in adventure and outdoor education, of the power of raw nature, and its symbol the grizzly, to heal if not transform the psyche. But how much was Timothy's psyche transformed or what elements were transformed, we may never know.

There will be little argument about the power of wilderness to heal. The other argument is whether the expanded and defective ego projected into wild spaces could also be synergistic with respect to dysfunction or lead to misinterpreting Nature as something that it isn't—yearly, thousands of child-men, play-pretend with real guns while mounted on noisy ATVs. “A good time,” becomes a euphemism for an extended infancy or juvenile delinquency. In play-pretending to be real men and while compensating for deficient egos with bigger or noisier guns, they seldom meet Nature.

While escaping the world of humans and the environmental circumstances of his own failures and addiction, and while seeking kinship elsewhere, Timothy, lacking training in biology, mistakes bear tolerance as acceptance. He falsely interpreted their ignoring his presence as inclusion or invitation. Worse, he interprets their confusion to his jittery antics as love. Timothy's continued exploration of the grizzly mazes can be seen as transference from past actions to new ones, from old relationships to new ones. Is this exercise necessary naturalistic work, foolishly daring, thrill seeking, or suicidal behaviour? If these actions are an aspect of a thrill seeker's personality profile then addiction to drugs, to edge sports (diving for Timothy), or to being around grizzlies all fit together. If they are an aspect of self-destructive behaviour, then overdoses of heroin and of bear threats are seeking similar ends. To those who understand bear behaviour Timothy's seems suicidal. In Jans' words:

Their tunnel-like trails wind through the otherwise impenetrable alders and head-high grass, forming an unmapped maze . . . For a human, exploring these trails seems a poor idea of the first magnitude; *suicidal* is a word that comes to mind. Considering that *the* leading factors in brown-grizzly attacks are lone humans surprising bears in thick brush, and that such conditions define the Maze, we might cross off *suicidal* and substitute *insane*.

But there is something else. A maze is not the Minotaur's labyrinth. A maze may be complex and confusing but it has as many entrances and exits as it has dead ends. The tunnel or unidirectional construction of labyrinths makes it so that one will encounter and be devoured by the Minotaur sooner or later. On the other hand, the maze offers a way out if one is daring, resourceful, and intelligent. At least superficially, the psychological space of the maze seems more hopeful, a structure for discovering and re-discovering hidden or past psychic spaces. The psychological space of the labyrinth seems self-defeating and fatalistic, a place of resignation, a long and tortuous antechamber to inevitable death.

Both mazes and labyrinths can be useful allegories for the impending death of a false persona and for further development toward an integrated, authentic personality—its final unification with *Natura*. An ambiguous figure with dual function, in the Greek myth, the Minotaur could equally represent both our complex animal-non-human-animal existential and permanent condition, and our succumbing to his appetitive, the inevitable acceptance of our ancient, pre-historic, telluric origins. Both scenarios permit Jungian and Freudian interpretations. Specifically Jungian, the maze allows for free play and discovery of totemic selves on the way to Self unification. Ideally, in ecopsychological development, the exploration of one's own psychic maze precedes the inevitable and final death of the ego at the hands of our Minotaur.

Ecopsychologically sketched, one could venture to say, to compound and confound metaphors, that there was a Minotaur in Timothy's maze and he knew it. He also got to choose the Minotaur. Each of us has at least one Minotaur in our maze, but we don't necessarily know it. Our problems in adapting to artificial and synthetic industrialized environments may be less dramatic, with its unique set of psychological dysfunctions, but they are there nevertheless. Even if the solution to this stalemate is transformation in death, only Timothy opens the maze door and walks on all fours to meet it in Alaska's pristine wilderness. This is more than most of us dare to do.

Loving Bears, Hating Humans

Tom Hanks as Viktor Navorsky in the movie "The Terminal" illustrates a different sort of survival scheme facing off his own Minotaur: a sadistic immigration department's officer. The international terminal in New York is a more familiar maze to most of us. The terminal is a highly moralized space of transient consumerist living, where rules, prohibitions, and vectorial funneling are perhaps more disturbing than a grizzly maze. Biosemiotically speaking,¹¹ Viktor's limited understanding of English is analogous to our own incomprehension of the complexity of natural signs. Viktor not only survives this synthetic and restrictive environment, but is able to hack out a decent niche under ambiguous and adverse circumstances. Viktor, just like Treadwell, has a mission. He is to fulfill a promise he made to his dying father: to obtain one last autograph of a famous jazz saxophone player. The reward for Viktor, having survived his own version of terminal-maze and Minotaur, is stepping into the cold and snowy open air and listening to raw, untamed jazz, a relatively intense sensual ecopsychological

experience if one has lived in a confusing sardine can for weeks, or listening to predictably boring elevator music.

Ecopsychologically speaking, Viktor's adaptability is to be found in his tough-minded, resourceful, and kind-hearted personality. One suspects that Viktor would be up to the task of surviving Alaska and making the best out of his experience, perhaps even thrive there. No doubt he would encounter a Minotaur there, too. But one suspects that instead of death, Viktor would be transformed into the bear thus closing a transpersonal developmental circle. An imaginary sequel to this popular movie would find Viktor homesteading in the Yukon happily fishing salmon and given wide berth to curious bears. Judging by his flare for construction, one also imagines Viktor living, not in a tent in the middle of a bear maze, but inside a more secure abode, well-built to discourage hungry bears.

Fiction aside, Timothy, initially at least, was no less prepared for embracing his final path and fulfilling his own mission: to protect the bears. Psychoanalytically important, as a child, Jans tells us that Timothy experienced "a transforming event." He got into a fight with some older kids who were torturing frogs, and in his rescuing the animals, "an ecowarrior was born."¹²

Before trouble and bad decisions caught up with the adult Timothy the child was already a sensitive soul expressing empathy for animals. Then he sought trouble or controversy again, a revisiting of a childhood schema and drama. Ecopsychologist Theodore Roszak¹³ presented us with the idea that the repression of an innate *ecological unconscious*, or "the living record of cosmic evolution," leads to psychological instability or even madness. It seems as though Timothy's ecological unconscious was more effervescent and evident than those of some kids. If so, repressing it might have accounted for losing his way as a young adult. Ecopsychologists may also speculate that if Timothy would have been born in a different society, he might have been recognized as having shamanic potential and his life might have been very different indeed.

Short of an explanation that hinges on a difficult-to-test idea of an ecological unconscious, we can say at least that Timothy's transformation from Malibu actor-waiter to bear conservationist was facilitated by acquiring and developing a *feral consciousness*.

Nick Jans also alludes to a concept treated in ecopsychological writings,¹⁴ that of *feral consciousness*. He writes about feral

consciousness when he describes the common experience many individuals have had when immersed in wild places for long periods of time. Jans refers to this transformation into the feral as a “conscious and an unavoidable process.”

It doesn't take too many days camping alone before the sight of people, with their bright nylon and nattering voices and raucous airplanes, even far down the bay, becomes strange, a barrage on senses lulled by the rush of wind, the silent passage of bear.¹⁵

Our reactions to this existential disjoint, our way of coping with it, are multifaceted and, of course, determined by past experiences. If the human race was suspect to begin with and if we held it responsible for our own psychological demons, then it is even more sinister when encountered only infrequently, dressed in brilliant “bright nylon,” and chattering in “nattering voices.” If we were more than cynical about our species, repulsed by it, then its “nattering voices” would become insulting and menacing. If these differences are observed repeatedly and one continues to find solace and refuge in “the silent passage of bear,” then succumbing to a bear may be a form of communion and transmutation rather than a foolish death. In an absolute sense it may be more authentic and honourable to die mauled by a wild bear than driven into neutral insipidness or neurosis by a mob of pink nylon and nattering voices.

But the ecopsychological ideal is not alienation from the rest of humanity through Nature, but the integration of good-sustainable human culture into the natural. This ecopsychological ideal is still denied in mainstream psychology as the impossible truce between a “rational” almost godly mind and its beastly origins. By “beastly,” it is meant Freud's biological argument, congruent with Darwin's, that humans are animals—more irrational than rational—to more recent claims, as evolutionary psychologists would claim,¹⁶ that essentially we still inhabit a Paleolithic mind-body system. Thus, if we speak badly of feral consciousness, we do so only when the wild hermit is left without social resources, without the possibility of integrating the best that humanity, coming to grips and embracing his animal side, can offer. There are many moments, such as when seeking a vision, when temporarily isolating oneself from humanity and its distractions is an all-important ecopsychological trial or respite. There are still many uncountable moments when we do not wish the civilized to intrude on our experiences in wild nature. We also build tall fences around well-tended gardens in order to privatize a paradise lost. But at the end of

any of these moments we seek and return to a sharing of our impressions and wild conversions with a human other.¹⁷

Treadwell's Many Faces: Identification and Misidentification

Jans and others have reported that Timothy, the actor, was able to fool and con others by employing English or Australian accents. Harmless enough, but in Eriksonian developmental terms,¹⁸ it also seems that Timothy never grew out of the need for earlier types of identification. Jans tells us that in his empathy for animals, "All along, he sensed a kinship with animals; he "donned imaginary wings, claws, and fangs." In all fairness, Timothy is not the only child who, through role playing, brings the animal kingdom into fantasy life. Children who are given the opportunity to play in the woods far away from video consoles behave similarly. What is remarkable is that this role playing endures and later on becomes the vehicle for identifying with real, wild bears. Moreover, assuming the hypothesis of repression of a fertile and effervescent ecological unconscious once again, his fertile imagination not only led him to seriously pursue acting, but it seems to aid him as a skill when he seeks his final bear identification.

One could speculate that Timothy's undiscovered and latent shamanic talent for mimicry and *transpersonalization* is co-opted by the tinsel society he lives in producing little individuation gains and perhaps adding to the psychological chaos leading to serious substance abuse. Rather than committing to a stable personality, his acting restricts him to superficially hover from mask to mask. His father believes that after Timothy auditioned for and lost the part of "Woody" in the bar television comedy *Cheers*, his son's life spiraled down into seriously illness. In hindsight, this rejection can be seen as a fatalistic and perverse carrousel: *a blessing in disguise, disguised as a fatal misapplication of acting when bears are no drama critics*. Ironically and perhaps luckily, he was saved from playing the role of a bartender moron who serves the ecopsychologically ill urbanites and was given instead a chance very few of us take: to face all our demons inside a maze while confronting father bear, the creator.

Conjuring two great voices that write, one about human development and successive identification in civilized society, the other about ontogenic natural development, Erik Erikson¹⁹ and Paul Shepard,²⁰ respectively, the down side of Timothy's bear misidentification is that he might have been in an extended state of identity moratorium. The postponement of committed identification that leads to the Eriksonian "normal" outcomes of love and fidelity for example, are replayed in the

wild. Earlier we suggested that Timothy might have interpreted bears ignoring his presence as inclusion or invitation. He might also have interpreted their confusion to his jittery antics as love. Some type of arrested development is often the road to psychological dysfunction, to neurosis. Echoing Shepard's writings, a misguided adolescent trapped inside the body of a man could sum up many of the causes producing our present environmental and ecological woes.

More precisely, Paul Shepard delineates a developmental path reflecting our own modern culture's facile interpretation of and identification with "bear" where ". . . the juvenile, Paddington, comes to the adolescent, who is seen in the cartoon of Yogi Bear."²¹ Appropriate to some of the antics described by Jans, Timothy Treadwell, a.k.a. Yogi Bear, seems to behave as "he is 'smarter than the average bear.'" Moreover, says Shepard, "it is Yogi's destiny to outsmart himself. His schemes usually run counter to the rules and to reasonable caution. Unlike the compliant Paddington, Yogi is not to fit into the world but to test himself against the rules, authority, and custom in the form of the park ranger."²²

In a different time and place, rather than, in "Yogi" fashion, antagonizing park officials and biologists alike, Timothy would have had the privilege of undergoing an adolescent rite of passage when an accumulation of ecopsychologically relevant lessons and identification with animals and plants would have climaxed in a grander understanding of his place in the hyperbole of Nature. By pain, drugs, or extended ceremonies, he would have cemented a transpersonal and fully contextualized pronoun "me" into "we" or "us." From thence forward he would have inherited a snuff-bag full of totemic and taboo responsibilities making certain his role in the whole.

Alas, these experiences and opportunities are rare or gone for the most part. Industrialized affluent societies provide, as Erik Erikson wrote, a plethora of masks to try on—*trans-identification* from mask to mask, persona to persona, a *moratorium* of consumer fetishism. Timothy's experience in Alaska might have started with a feeble and ineffective misidentification, *trans-identifying* from Disney bear to imperfect self and back to another fox or eagle without ever owning them as sustainable and archaic animal totems. He never had the complete ancient cultural context for really appreciating bear as bear, or bear as totem, or himself as a bear—not brother, not friend, but an animal spirit that can kill you. The exercise of superficial persona identification and cohort custom dressing of various styles do not fool a grizzly bear.

Generally speaking, Treadwell's adult developmental task, if it involved a recapitulation and a healing of an adolescent in a state of moratorium or in crisis, does not seem so unusual except for its setting—wild Alaska—and for his chosen clique or preferred gang—the bears. The adolescent's task is a complex tug-of-war between newly discovered internal desires, moralistic societal demands, and the fulfillment of a lasting and genuine identity. In the words of Erik Erikson:

The evidence in young lives of the search for something and somebody to be true to is seen in a variety of pursuits more or less sanctioned by society. It is often hidden in a bewildering combination of shifting devotion and sudden perversity, sometimes more devotedly perverse, sometimes more perversely devoted. Yet, in all youth's seemingly shiftiness, a seeking after some durability in change can be detected . . . This search is easily misunderstood, and often it is only dimly perceived by the individual himself, because youth, always set to grasp both diversity in principle and principle in diversity, must often test extremes before settling on a considered course.²³

Simply put, and applying Erikson's insight to our case study, if "perversely devoted" to his chosen clique and cause, then Timothy died before he settled "on a considered course." He was put down by a fellow gang member when the situation suited the hungry bear. If the "considered course," in ecopsychological terms, is a mature intimation with wilderness and "bearness," then Timothy's is equally a failed mature ecopsychology. He only, partially, joined the ecological grandeur of wild Alaska in his obsession with a singular and exaggerated emblem.²⁴

Conclusion

Nature is as "confused" by civilized human hyperbole as we are by her strange and wonderful biosemiosis. It is certain that Nature has been endangered by excesses in human cultural hyperbole, the hyperbole of a gluttonous ape. Once, in a materially humble past, there was only one hyperbole and bears killed humans and humans hunted bears routinely. Even if deadly, entering the maze was partly individuation as a game, or an act of bravery. Either way, both the bear and humans understood the odds and gained: the bears tested their cognitive skills by being challenged by an equal, and the humans learned that there is, objectively speaking, a creature that is at least as strong and smart as they. The complete historicity of human-bear pragmatics and mythology is a highly complex hermeneutics which informed, in the words of Paul Shepard:

The world of real bears is not always safe or amusing, nor is it exploitative and despotic. It requires many generations of human attention, the pooled accumulation of knowledge, to grasp the full outline of the bear's life, the efforts of the poets, mythologists, metaphysicians, and artists. It is not only its likeness to us but its difference from us, working in tandem, that shape the watershed of mature reflection.²⁵

This is ecopsychological balance and maturity. At some level, it seems that Timothy went looking for this sort of balance and was honoured with death in Alaska rather than dying in a urine-stained corner of a forgotten tinsel city. Ultimately, it is hard to say whether Timothy was well versed in the pragmatics and mythology of "bear," the way Shepard describes it—in the full context of totemic maturity and in traditional societies. The conscious line between adhering to and respecting this mythology, as-it-has-been, and what child fantasies we bring to real natural interactions, may disappear when a firmly established ecopsychology is not already present.

Specifically, there are distinguishable degrees between anthropomorphizing nature, schematizing or *scientizing* it so that we pretend to be objective observers, identifying with it so that we are its brethren, or excluding it as if it does not matter. Some of us are perpetually in awe of Nature's processes and dramas. We use old-fashioned terminology such as "sublime" as a way to ease the saliva down our restricted throats when admiring Angel Falls. Perhaps the very word *sublime* is the only whisper-like sound that can be made when throats fail us while being overwhelmed by the beauty of nature. The roaring occurs somewhere else in granite or basalt in a cathedral *Tepui*.

Timothy Treadwell is us at our worst and our best—perhaps the best we could be and become given our present tinsel selves. Some of us could have done "better" or "worse." Admittedly, he points to a desperate way to reconnect with Nature and wild things. Nevertheless, he expresses our collective angst, and upon recognizing a personal ecopsychological disconnection, he rushes in our name into the wild, knowing that time is running out, knowing that time is precious.

His death, foolish or intended, is a reminder of the debt some of us could pay, the sacrifice some of us might make during *transpersonalization* into Nature. Without awareness of this deficit we all die more horrific, or simpler, tinsel, boring deaths every day at the mercy of hungry steel fangs, under the dead weight of concrete, little by little, but surely, asphyxiating in a smoke-bath of our own making. Alienated or estranged from an authentic and easily countable human

community or band of about thirty-or-so fellow hunter-gatherers, we are unaccountable to the masses. Also true, to be unaccountable to the masses could be a convenient hiding place when our individual psychology is not grounded on or responsible to the paleo-band. At some level, for some individuals more than others, this must be a horrifying prospect for their psyche if evolutionary psychology²⁶ is correct.²⁷ Almost any distracting fetish must necessarily fill that once authentic social-need hole.

Timothy Treadwell's death, although sadder still because it took a second human life, was an escape from personal and mass madness, from the amorphous human masses of "nattering voices" to "the silent passage of bear."

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Endnotes

¹ Jans 2005.

² Ms. Amie Huguenard

³ Jans 2005, p. 61.

⁴ Defined here as the study of psychological dysfunction with an etiology in dis-affectations created by nature estrangement and nature alienation.

⁵ Shepard 1996, p. 167.

⁶ Shepard 1982.

⁷ Korzybski 1941.

⁸ “The Singularization of Language as Ecopsychological Alienation,” in Conesa-Sevilla 2006, pp. 55–79.

⁹ It is an ecopsychological assumption shared by many writers that psychopathology, due to nature alienation, is rampant, the norm.

¹⁰ ABC News Nov. 11, 2006, by Jeannette J. Lee (through AP services)

¹¹ Biosemiosis as the area of *semiosis* that studies natural signs and their signification.

¹² Jans 2005, p. 11.

¹³ Roszak 2001.

¹⁴ “Meet Heinz Droz: An All-To-Real ‘Fictional’ Case Study of Ecopsychological Alienation and Singularization,” in Conesa-Sevilla 2006, pp. 22–31.

¹⁵ Jans 2005, pp. 63–65.

¹⁶ Orians and Heerwagen 1992.

¹⁷ In all fairness, Timothy also shared his “ecopsychological” experiences in his videos and with children.

¹⁸ Erikson 1963.

¹⁹ Ibid.

²⁰ Paul Shepard writes about both paths of identification in *Nature and Madness*.

²¹ Shepard 1996, p. 170.

²² Ibid.

²³ Erikson. 1965, p. 24.

²⁴ For the original General Semantics works and theses about the mismatch between language, thought, sign, and reality, (“map versus territory”) refer to Alfred Korzybski’s *Science and Sanity: An Introduction to Non-Aristotelian Systems and General Semantics*, 1941; S.I. Hayakawa’s *Language in Action*, 1943; W. Johnson’s

People in Quandaries: The Semantics of Personal Adjustment, 1946; and, more recently in J. Conesa-Sevilla's *The Singularization of Language as Ecopsychological Alienation*. In Jorge Conesa-Sevilla's *Ecopsychology as Ultimate Force Psychology: A Biosemiotic Approach to Nature Estrangement and Nature Alienation*. Pennsylvania: Xlibris-Randomhouse, 2006, pp. 55–79.

²⁵ Shepard 1996, p. 172.

²⁶ Tooby and Cosmides 1992.

²⁷ The argument being that being forced to deal with “uncountable masses” makes us unaccountable to them. It is thus easier to dehumanize a collective of this magnitude than a handful of individuals whom you depend on for survival.