Ecocriticism in an Age of Terror

Simon C. Estok
Sungkyunkwan University

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Abstract: In his article "Ecocriticism in an Age of Terror" Simon C. Estok argues that we cannot ignore the context of terror in and through which ecocriticism works and that the relationships between the imagining of terror on the one hand and of conceptualizing hostile environments on the other is in very serious need of critical analysis. Changes in how we think about nature are also long overdue, as are changes in how we think about doing ecocriticism. Working toward these changes now in our scholarship will take us leaps and bounds closer to the activist intervention about which ecocriticism has always fantasized. The contexts through which ecocriticism work today are much different than they were twenty years ago when ecocriticism made its entrance with such anticipation, hope, naïveté, and optimism. To mainstream ecocritics, theory was out, mimetic realism was in, and the future looked bright and restorable. The anti-climax with which the twentieth century rolled into the twenty-first was only outdone by the terror that blindsided the world and has grown like a cancer to involve many an unwitting accomplice. The "theory" that exploded onto the ecocritical scene in 2009 and brought us the term ecophobia has also radically altered things.
Ecocriticism in an Age of Terror

From Y2K to 9/11 to Katrina, we may rightly be said to have entered an Age of Terror. Unpredictability has become the new norm for an increasingly anxious global community and how it sees both social conflict and environmental events, and with the increasing perception of terror as the defining feature of our age is a concurrent slippage and evolution of thinking about tragedy. Terror and tragedy obviously have much in common: both attract and repel, both compel "us to approach with sympathy and recoil with alarm" (Douglas-Fairhurst 62), both exploit our aversion toward unpredictability (an aversion that is at the core of ecophobia), both stimulate our distaste for violence against our own agency, and both present unequivocal notions of right and wrong. They both also assert assumptions about positions, about what and where we are in relation to other things and concepts.

In this article I define ecophobia and explain why it is necessary for understanding not only our historically poor relationships with the natural world but also our current understandings of nature and how and why these are unsustainable. I show how the shift away from imagining tragic individuality to picturing tragic groups characterizes our environmental ethics and our entrance into an Age of Terror and will show that ecocriticism at this point needs to work through the paradigm of ecophobia in order to make sense. One of the most enduring problems for ecocritics has been about how to have measureable material effects on the environmental problems we are increasingly creating. This article will argue that until we start theorizing with an eye to how ecophobia works, how it is complicit with the writing of terror, there is little chance that ecocriticism will ever come close to achieving the activist interventions it has sought from the start.

In the spring of 2009, the flagship journal of the Association for the Study of Literature and Environment (ASLE) published an article of mine that was to change the direction of ecocriticism in the most unexpected of ways. The article evoked a fiery response from a fellow by the name of Sean Robisch and it was this response that really shifted ecocritical groundings. Robisch's article was a disturbing manifestation of a resistance to theory (replete with threats of violence and an accompanying and working email address) that had the exact opposite effect to what it seems Robisch had had in mind. Indeed, the decision of the journal ISLE: Interdisciplinary Studies in Literature and Environment to publish the incendiary and divisive rant against my "Theorizing in a Space of Ambivalent Openness" ironically ended up putting my call for theorization of ecocriticism at the center of a debate about the place of theory in the field. The editor of ISLE stood by his decision to publish Robisch but also faced such intense responses that he was compelled to issue "a call for submissions to a special forum on the broader topic of 'Ecocriticism and Theory' that would appear in one of the 2010 issues of ISLE" (Slovic, e-mail correspondence 6 December 2009). He stood by his word, the "theory issue" came out, and theory, it seemed, had finally arrived at the door of ecocriticism.

The term "ecophobia" survived the fire and brimstone of Robisch (who is currently no longer a professor but a high school English teacher in Indiana). Theorizing about ecophobia is now flourishing in the rich soils of ecocriticism — if the appearance of the term on four separate panels of the 2013 ASLE Conference program is any indication. Ecophobia is a spectrum condition. As I argue in "The Ecophobia Hypothesis," "often at the core of things such as ecophobia, misogyny, homophobia, specicism, classism, ageism, and so on is the whole matter of agency. Certainly a large part of what ecophobia is all about is an irrational fear (sometimes, of course, leading to a contempt or hatred) of the agency (real or imagined) of nature" (74). The problem for us now is in understanding how thoroughly interwoven the imagining of environmental hostility is with the framing of terror in this century.

One of the fundamentally different things about this century from the previous one is the proximity of unpredictable material danger. Those odd and terrifying moments when the world held its breath as the clock ticked twelve-ward ended up a dud of a firecracker ringing in 2000. The silence of the fireworks would not last long. As I sat working late on the evening of 11 September 2001 in Seoul finishing up my emails with the television minimized in a small corner on the top left of my monitor, what looked like an interesting movie brought me to a pause when remembered that I had had the channel on CNN. I looked quickly through other channels and the local stations were showing the
same images. And then the second plane struck. I realized that I was "watching a tragedy unfold" (to borrow a phrase that so many have used since the event). They say that the chances of being a victim of a terrorist event are less than the chances of being struck by lightning. This is little consolation if you are sitting atop a lightning rod. Or if you are living in an age of increasingly violent and unpredictable weather. How we represent these things is important.

Discussing 9/11, Bill Nichols notes that "we respond to this initial disturbance with a violent launching of narrative energy, but with what heroes and villains, with what sense of agency and responsibility, suspense and resolution shall we populate this narrative?" (131). Indeed, much of my article here is about how we populate narratives with villains and heroes, and with what sense of agency (and urgency). One of the problems is that the tragedies we want to write out of our current contexts are inconsonant with traditional definitions of what tragedy actually signifies. When Wai Chee Dimock wonders about the capacity of tragedy to represent big material realities, some immediate and some slow, that define disaster and adversity, the question as easily applies to 9/11 as to Katrina: Dimock asks "what sort of analytic language can capture this kind of plot, featuring a large-scale, nonhuman actor, on the one hand, and large-scale human casualties, on the other? In everyday speech, of course, we never hesitate to use the word "tragedy" (68). Dimock's removal of the human as a causal agent is important because it allows us to discuss events driven, to use her words, by "no malice, no intentionality" (67) as terrorizing and tragic. Ecological disaster and the framework of terror within which it is conceptualized urgently calls for theorization: along with the evolution of humanistic notions of rights extending beyond the human, tragic theory too must evolve to address what it is that patterns the perception and representation of ecological disasters as both terrorism and tragedy, how fear and contempt pattern varieties of exceptionalism, and so on. How we pattern the natural environment (whether as tragedy or terror) determines what minute and expansive regimes of violence we deem necessary or acceptable against it.

If tragedy has traditionally been about the fall of an individual, then no less has it had implications that radically transcend the individual. Death certainly is one of those things the individual finally suffers, but life goes on and transcends the individual, and, as Raymond Williams explains in his work on tragic theory, "the life that is continued is informed by the death; has indeed, in a sense, been created by it" (56). The move away from a focus on the tragic protagonist has been long in the making; yet, this move has been toward a no less hubristic site of troubled individuality — namely, the tragic group. For 9/11, this group was "Americans." Indeed, one of the things 9/11 did, threatened, or threatens to do, Judith Butler suggests, is to bring about a "dislocation from First World privilege" (xii) for the U.S. But there is a larger and more pressing dislocation, one that also rolls in tragedy, becoming increasingly clear post-9/11, one larger than US-American exceptionalism, and this has to do with the relative positions of humanity in the world in the face of those named (about which I will speak more below) and unpredictable subjects — Katrina, Sandy, Sendai. What makes jihad (whether in New York, Boston, or any other place) unsettling (indeed, dislocating) is its ferocity and unpredictability. Jihadists do not take notice of US-American exceptionalism. Nature does not take notice of perceived privileges human beings regard as their right — whether these people are US-Americans, Japanese, or religious extremists. The whole question of human exceptionalism emerging through Sandy or Sendai or any number of other natural disasters tells the world that we humans — the whole bunch of us — are nothing. The creeping fear in tragedy is that Shakespeare's Lear is right and that "man's life is cheap as beast's" (King Lear 2.4.267). Tragic theory has a long history, a daunting one for new theorizing. Rita Felski, in her Rethinking Tragedy observes that "to speak of 'new' tragic theory in the context of such a longue durée of critical reflection is to risk charges of hubris" (1). Such a notion, however, seems to ignore the fact that tragedy is a fluid and evolving thing. After all, Williams reminds us that tragedy is "not a single and permanent kind of fact but a series of experiences and conventions and institutions. It is not a case of interpreting this series by reference to a permanent and unchanging human nature. Rather the varieties of tragic experience are to be interpreted by reference to the changing conventions and institutions" (45-46). Tragedy can hardly remain static in the fluid of culture.

One of the defining features of tragedy has been with agency. Trademarks of tragedy are like a who's who in the character make-up of ecophobia. As Dan Brayton reviews the term, ecophobia is a "cultural tendency to relate antagonistically to nature" (226). We can say without stirring any
controversy that ecophobia is as inextricably involved with the broader category of anthropocentrism as misogyny is with the broader category of sexism and as homophobia is with the broader category of heterosexism. If we understand ecophobia as the imagining and marketing of badness in Nature, then we can see also that it is a central element of anthropocentrism, perhaps not the sole trait characterizing human relationships with the natural world, but a very important one nevertheless. Ecophobia textures humanity's relationship with the natural world. This is not to say that it does so exclusively and that Edward O. Wilson's notion of biophilia is worthless, but that ecophobia is a telling indicator of environmental ethics.

Ecophobia is all about frustrated agency. No wonder that ecophobia is so central in tragic narratives. Tragedy has traditionally been all about the frustrated assertion of human agency in the face of what Terry Eagleton has called "the unfathomable agencies of Nature" (33). Tragedy dramatizes the unseating of the preeminent subject from a position of an imagined singular embodiment of agency, subjectivity, and ethical entitlements. Tragedy measures out both human impotence before nature and a persistent inability to conquer, subdue, and maintain control over nature. It seems, therefore, incongruous when Eagleton mockingly asks "how a tragedy differs from a congress on global warming" (6). In point of fact, such a congress — in narrating a loss of human agency to nature — is in the very process of writing tragedy, while simultaneously announcing the ethical superiority of the human over the nonhuman. This is not such a new idea. Joseph Meeker was making the same argument four decades ago, arguing that "literary tragedy and environmental exploitation in Western culture share many of the same philosophical presuppositions" (24). It is precisely the loss of agency — often to nature — that has defined tragedy.

Fear of a loss of agency does strange things to people. Fear of the loss of agency and the loss of predictability are what form the core of ecophobia, and it is a fear of a loss of agency (or the proximity of things that would cause such loss) that is behind our primary responses, at least, to pain, death, and even sleep. When Dimock argues that one way to imagine tragedy is "as a particular kind of irony—an irony of scale—one that arises when the gravest consequences fall where our cognitive powers are least adequate" (69), a sudden reversal Aristotle called peripeteia, we have to wonder if it is more the case of an irony of proximity (of things we obsess over but that can take away agency) than of scale. Obsessed though we are with pain (which is an undeniably central part of human ontology), proximity is the key here: pain at a safe and controlled distance is fine, distance both in terms of affect and space. Definitions of tragedy (and we do well to remember that tragedies are enacted through the body) almost invariably distance the concepts of danger, pain, and suffering by elevating and ennobling them. Gilbert Murray argues that tragedy "attests the triumph of the human soul over suffering and disaster" (66), George Steiner that suffering "hallows" the victim as if he/she "had passed through fire" (10), and Eagleton (summarizing Schiller) that "the protagonist shakes himself free from the compulsive forces of Nature and exultantly affirms his absolute freedom of will in the face of a drearily prosaic necessity" (32). Pain brings us to the limits of who we are and threatens to take us beyond, a point Elaine Scarry made long ago about how pain makes the self disintegrate (35). That's a good reason to keep it at a safe distance. The stage of Tragedy, like the disaster narratives (real and fictional) that have recently been flooding the market, distances us from the material realities that surround us. Perhaps all the world's a stage, but all of the stages are not the world.

The arrogance of humanism is its belief that all of the stages are the world. Positing the notion of agency in matter, materialist ecocriticisms challenge human exceptionalism and unseat humanity from its self-appointed onto-epistemological throne, its imagined singular embodiment of agency, subjectivity, and ethical entitlements. Stacy Alaimo makes a similar point discussing what she terms "transcorporeality." Citing Andrew Light and Holmes Rolston III, Alaimo maintains that "If the predominant understanding of environmental ethics has been that of a circle that has expanded in such a way as to grant 'moral consideration to animals, to plants, to [nonhuman] species, even to ecosystems and the Earth' [Light and Rolston 7], trans-corporeality denies the human subject the sovereign, central position" (16). Literary representations of such unseatings have tended not to be celebratory: tragedy does not celebrate the rise and preeminence of the self but rather mopes and whines about its impossibility, an impossibility rooted in isolation. The spatial and environmental dimensions of tragedy chart connections, connections that make impossible the preeminent self.
Lear's inability to separate himself from the natural environment is his tragedy. What would the play be without his being locked out in the storm? His tragedy is his failure to see himself as embedded in materials with "interacting agencies" (Iovino 138). One of the methods of refusing to recognize and accept these agencies and of attempting to assert and maintain control over nature is discursive and has to do with naming things. Naming our environmental disasters — Sandy, Katrina, Ivan, and so on — bestows subjectivity. The ecophobic ferocity of the discourses that accompany the production of these subjects needs our attention. There are several reasons for this. One of these is that the writing of hostile environmental subjects is — at least in the twenty-first century — deeply implicated in many other things. I have argued, for instance, about the importance of seeing connections between ecophobia and homophobia (see "The Ecophobia Hypothesis") and have worked guided by the notion that "when progressive political movements fail to recognize the intersections of oppression, we lose political power" (Gaard 116). The goal here is activist intervention.

At this point, it is certainly fair to ask as Amber Dean does in an article entitled "Teaching Feminist Activism," "what qualifies as activism?" (354). One of the answers has been the trickle-down theory, where the seed we plant today may end up watered and, somewhere in the increasing haze and smog of the future, may bear fruit, but in my mind activism it seems is perhaps elsewhere. The trickle-down approach or idea seems less than satisfactory, consoling though it may be. Even so, we cannot in our pedagogy force activism on students. Glen Love has argued that "ecocritics have an opportunity to reinvigorate the teaching and study of literature, and to help redirect literary criticism into a significant, widely relevant social and public role" (561). Perhaps, but conferencing and print publishing—things most scholars unquestioningly support — are unsustainable pedagogies. As Aimee Carrillo Rowe observes, activism simply "may not be an identity we might easily claim" (801). The presence of theorists addressing both the question of activism in ecocriticism and matters of ecophobia at the ASLE 2013 conference suggests some things, perhaps the most significant of which is that we are beyond the days when people who insist on the importance of recognizing the activist roots of ecocriticism are accused of "hctoring" — a word used by Greg Garrard just a few years ago. Garrard is quarrelling not only with the notion that activism is and has been central to ecocriticism, but with the entire notion of ecophobia as a viable term for describing certain ways that humanity relates with nonhumanity. But if the term ecophobia is new and (to some) contentious, the notion of activism in ecocriticism certainly is not. Indeed, the call for papers for one of the ASLE 2013 conference panels asks, "what of the fundamental activist sensibilities that served as the impetus for a community of philosophically-oriented scholars to seek outreach-oriented endpoints within the realm of the humanities classroom?" (Lawrence <http://interversity.org/lists/asle/archives/Sep2012/msg00087.html>). While even a few ASLE Biennials ago, it was (or seemed, at any rate) still necessary to argue — sometimes against resistance — about the need for recognizing these roots (and growing them), there is increasingly less doubt that the work in which we toil as ecocritics is politically engaged. However, it remains a fact that "engagement" is a vague term that does not in itself earn the label 'activism'" (Dittmar and Entin 6).

Linda Dittmar's and Joseph Entin's accusation of vagueness is well taken and part of what we do here as theorists and scholars is to get rid of that vagueness. Theory is about defining, and part of the now famous resistance to theory that characterized early ecocriticism was, I argue, less a resistance to theory than a resistance to abstraction. Abstraction seems inconsonant with the kinds of material embodiment perceived as integral to activist engagement (which ecocriticism has always sought). In Skeptical Feminism: Activist Theory, Activist Practice Carolyn Dever makes precisely such a point about how "abstraction concerns a detachment from the material sphere" (6) — and her larger argument is that feminist theory has, by and large, been skeptical toward abstraction. Ecocriticism shares such skepticism.

I work on the assumption here that what counts as ecocriticism is any theory that is committed to effecting change by analyzing the function — thematic, artistic, social, historical, ideological, theoretical, or otherwise — of the natural environment or aspects of it, represented in documents (literary or other) which contribute to the practices we maintain in the present (see Estok, Ecocriticism 124). Eagleton once quipped that "Just as all social life is theoretical, so all theory is a real social practice" (23). Pithy, but I would rather hear exactly how. What ecocritics seek is a kind of applied theory, for it is this that moves us from interpretation to intervention. Certainly, "If we do not teach
students how to move from interpreting the world to changing it, our practice of politics is hardly a practice at all” (Fox 22). After all, “What good is interpreting the world if we are not changing it in material ways?” (Fox 15). And the time is certainly ripe for doing this. Indeed, the climate for activist engagement really seems to have changed in much of Western academia this century. Part of this may have to do with the growingly irrefutable realities of climate change, the ever-nearing materialities of palpable danger, and the tangible reversals that are increasingly becoming the "new normals" of our sad and diminished lives. A large part of it, however, probably has to do with the sudden presence of terror in the lives of people in fully industrialized nations. We have entered an Age of Terror. While the word "terrorism" has a clear political definition, which I am happy not to disturb, the broader notion of terror as an unpredictable and very dangerous thing (key words: unpredictable, dangerous) is one that has been with us since 9/11: "Post 9/11, it no longer seems responsible for theorists to engage in apolitical analysis," Jeffrey R. Di Leo and Uppinder Mehan argue: "there is an obligation to take theory out of the classroom and the library, and to bring it into the public arena" (18).

One of the most amazing recent efforts to put that theory into a frame that is both publicly relevant and explicitly activist has come from Jasbir Puar's book entitled Terrorist Assemblages: "9/11 ... [is] a particular turning point or a central generator of desires for expediency, rapidity, political innovativeness" (xviii). There is, however, much more to it than that. It is the very subjects of terror — or perhaps I should say terrorist subjects — that concerns me: how and why these subjects are mobilized with vociferous distress. Puar is perhaps the first to theorize on the placement of these subjects within the terrorist assemblage. He looks, for instance, at the increasing use of the figure of the "queer" as traitor to the nation, a figure of espionage and terror, at the imagining of gay marriage as "the worst form of terrorism" and gay couples as "domestic terrorists," and at the "effusive discomfort with the unknowability of these bodies ... the terrorist ... is an unfathomable, unknowable, and hysterical monstrosity" (xxiii).

Understanding the "constructions of terror and terrorist bodies" (Puar xxiv) is key to resisting participation, no less than twenty-five years ago unlearning sexism involved catching myself (still does) every time I participated — using the word "girl," for instance, to describe a woman. This unlearning is activism. Sucked into a patriotic vortex (even if we are not US-American) of nationalist, heterosexist, White, ableist, ageist, classist, ecophobic, US-American exceptionalism, we are complicit in the making of the terrorist assemblage — and it is a vast one, certainly not confined to descriptions of people who fly planes into buildings. Increasingly, humanity imagines itself under siege and vulnerable. Perhaps it is a sign of our maturity as a species that we see and try to understand the threats to our survival: colony collapse disorder, new and devastating diseases, global warming, 9/11 and terrorism, increasing food, water, and resource shortages, and so on. Perhaps it is a sign of our intelligence and wisdom that we narrativize our visions of apocalypse and that we entertain ourselves with stories of our own vulnerability before forces which we perceive as profoundly — indeed, lethally — violent toward our very existence. Perhaps our perceptions and almost fetishistic representations of ourselves as being under siege signals changes in our ethics toward other people and toward the natural environment. Yet, to borrow the words of political theorist Jane Bennett, "we continue to produce and consume in the same violently reckless ways" as if we do not take our own violence (or the violent reactions to it) at all seriously (113) — at least not on a level that would cause us to change our behaviors. Part of this violence has to do with the very basic issue of how we see the world.

For some time now we have seen the world in high resolution through images which travel with inconceivable speed and with incredible accessibility in many parts of the world. The sheer surfeit of information produces its own effects. For a long time now, it has been the case that the "kicks just keep getting harder to find" (to cite from the Paul Revere and the Raiders). We need more the more we get, but there is a numbing effect to all of this apocalyptic narrative — whether it is news, film, music, print, or other media — with which we increasingly entertain ourselves. Disastrous (as well as terrorist) events "have a visceral, eye-catching and page turning power," a power that materializes the present and dematerializes more longue durée emergencies (Nixon 3). Rob Nixon wonders "how can we convert into image and narrative the disasters that are slow moving and long in the making, disasters that are anonymous and star nobody, disasters that are attritional and of indifferent interest

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to the sensation-driven technologies of our image world" (3). Nixon's concern is with bringing those things which do not seem immediate into public consciousness, those things which are not Katrina or 9/11, those slow moving and more predictable things. Perhaps one of the reasons these are difficult to bring into public consciousness is the very fact that they are more predictable than the sudden surprises which kill thousands. One of the reasons terror has such purchase in the twenty-first century is that it remains one of the few things that still evokes our sense of tragedy and that can still stimulate us into action. Representations of disaster and environmental adversity, meanwhile, often take the same shape and effect of representations of terror, and we might just as easily use a description from Nichols of terrorism to designate a weather event such as Katrina as "an evil that lurks beyond the pale of diplomacy, international relations, or the rule of law" (136). The fact that sensational news does stimulate us into action, combined with the fact of overlaps in our thinking about terror and environment, on the one hand, and the fact that tragic narratives have extended their rather narrow focus from the fall of individuals to the fall of our entire species, on the other, puts ecocriticism in a good position. Ecocriticism in an age of terror is well situated to challenge how we see and represent the world and to do so specifically by unveiling the dishonesty and violence that populate our narratives and our imagination about the natural world.

Tragedy is no longer the sole domain of humanity: "Rather than limiting tragedy to an artistic genre — written by a playwright and performed on stage — it is helpful to loosen up these criteria, giving it a much broader scope. For tragedy does not always hinge on human authors and human victims" (Dimock 68). The collapse and derogation of the natural environment is a tragedy in itself: our being dislodged and our troubled individuality are surely tragic too, but the fall of that bigger body of which we are a part — the fall of nature — is a tragic one. The question is not whether nature will survive: it will, but diminished. The question — if we may borrow a line from Robert Frost — "is what to make of a diminished thing" (118). Theorizing tragedy for the modern world is necessary. Theorizing tragedy to address the diminishing of nature (a diminishing that is itself a direct result of ecophobia) is more than an act of political engagement: it is activist in the sense that it changes how we see and behave. Along with the evolution of humanist notions of rights extending beyond the human, tragic theory too must evolve to address what it is that patterns the perception and representation of ecological disasters as both terrorism and tragedy: "The moments of crisis in a community's understanding of itself" (Poole 36) that tragedy stages are moments in the narrative of ecophobia.

Notwithstanding sometimes hostile responses to the theorizing of ecophobia (perhaps from people who think that humanity is motivated only by altruism and benevolence), it is necessary to continue theorizing this sometimes contentious topic. No point in preaching to the choir. Marc Bekoff, one of the 2011 ASLE plenary speakers, made precisely this point and argued that for him, it is important "to appeal to people who don't agree with me, rather than to preach to the converted, because this is where change occurs" (11). This is at least one place where activism is to be found. In times like ours relocating the limits of activist and academic coexistence means taking to heart the importance of the work that we do, the budging of the mindset that is unsustainable, the constant hammering away at the problems — not with a shot-in-the-dark ("it might hit something") or trickle-down ("it might grow") goal, but with trust in the fact that the arguments and connections we are making are right, and every single person we teach or reach is one more person behind us. In times like ours when the natural environment increasingly intrudes into the affairs of humanity in ways increasingly understood in terms of terror, expanding the definitional range of tragedy to accommodate nonhuman agency will allow us to see the world more accurately. In times like ours, however much we may rail against elitism and hierarchy and class disparities, it remains a fact that all of us professors and students here right now reading this work and study in an elite venue, not a park setting where admission is free to all and sundry or a public square where we are likely to rile revolutionary masses, but a university or college, an institution at which most of our neighbors do not work. In times like ours, however activist we may want to be, our practices are unsustainable. In times like ours, when bombs go off in Boston and men fly airplanes into buildings; when hurricanes wipe out cities and other severe weather events randomly and unpredictably erase things humanity has tried hard to establish; in times like these when it is hard not to hear ecocritics grasping, struggling, and committed to having an effect but

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terrifyingly troubled about how theory distances us from intervening in real-world problems, it is necessary to theorize about ecophobia, terror, and tragedy.

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