





ASPIDISTRA

THREE

GOES BACK TO THE LAND

ASPIDISTRA is edited by Susan Glicksohn, with the invaluable (if coerced) aid of Michael Glicksohn. Production assistance, Rosemary Ulliyot and Randy Bathurst. It is available for an acceptable response (pointing out that the ed. can't proofread isn't an A.R) or 50¢ (NO CHEQUES) from: 32 Maynard Ave., Apt. 205, Toronto 156, Ontario, Canada. ASP 2 is 25¢, as are two extra covers to hang on the wall.

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ASPIDISTRA 3 has a cover by Connie Reich Faddis, and a back cover by Dan Osterman

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ASPIRATIONS: AN

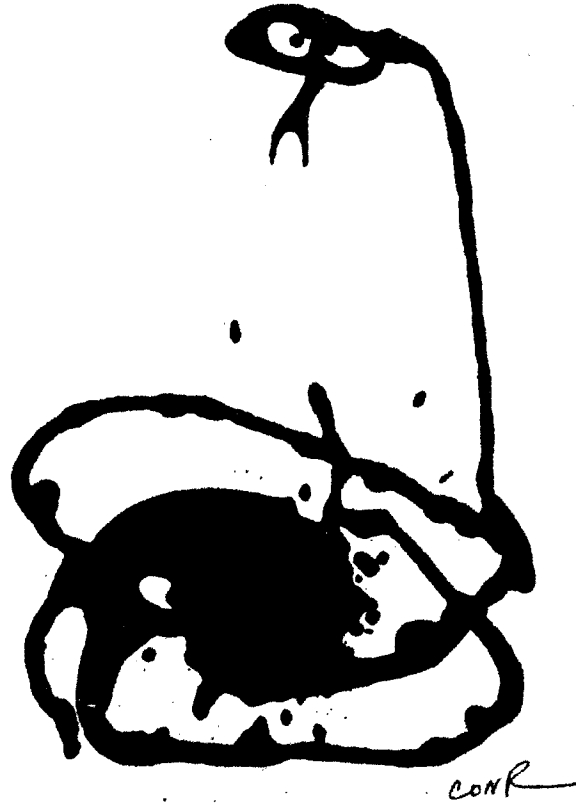
E D I T O R I A L

Welcome back to ASPIDISTRA, the sometimes-optimistic, sometimes-pessimistic ecology oriented discussionzine.

My causes for optimism recently include the success of various recycling projects in Ontario, and particularly in the Toronto area. Tins, bottles, paper-- people are learning that they can be re-used in various ways, and perhaps in the process they are becoming aware of them-

selves as part of a total environment, an environment which they should, and can improve. That ecological awareness is far more important than a few tons of new cardboard boxes being manufactured out of paper that didn't go into the municipal incinerators! Then, there's the constructive, non-sensational way the media are presenting environmental issues. And possible solutions. This past week, for example, the private Canadian tv network showed a Jacques Cousteau film about sea otters, and the public network, a National Film Board production on wolves. In both cases, the animals came off much better than most people! The attitudes of the scientists, trying to understand the animals as part of a total world, were in total contrast to those of ordinary people, completely isolated in themselves. The crew of Cousteau's Calypso, in particular, did commit the human sin of interfering in the environment-- they made friends with one particular otter (and who wouldn't try, with such delightful animals?), thus destroying its developed wariness of man. Soon after Calypso left, the trusting otter's body was found, riddled with bullet holes. Scientists, studying the otter in the hope of preserving it, had left it vulnerable to "normal" people whose only idea is to shoot-- shoot otters because they eat abalone (a people-delicacy); shoot wolves because they are a "menace" (though report after report indicates they co-exist with other game, only weeding out the unfit, and attack people only in men's magazines); shoot anything that moves for "fun."

Which is where the pessimism comes in. People are pigs. They are, if not deliberately selfish, at least self-centred. And they are incorrigibly blind. There's Nixon, pontificating that, sure, it's nice to be concerned about the environment, but the government won't let anti-pollution measures close factories or take away jobs. In a recession, what else could he say-- the air over all North America may be dirty in 1980, but the factory workers and owners will vote in 1972.... And there's John Wayne telling the world that the Amchitka nuclear test is necessary to combat Evil Communism, so Canada and Japan (who will suffer most from radiation, and shock waves in an earthquake zone) had better shut up. And our complacent, beaming mayor (like yours) talking about a "bigger and better" Toronto, the "Manhattan of the North" with lots of jobs building highrises and expressways, condemning "the Stop Everything" group of environmental activists, people like those who stopped the Spadina Expressway. (The Metro Toronto



government, to prove its independence from the provincial government, to please the suburbs and the labour unions, and generally to push its limited, outdated idea of 'progress' is doing its best to revive the expressway and halt any new plan for the land-- even the Ontario government's radical, exciting, Buckminster Fuller-designed idea for rapid-transit lines and total-environment housing. Meanwhile, we have a provincial election campaign on, and the "Davis Ditch"-- the stopped expressway-- makes a lovely political football. I should learn not to get so enthusiastic. Isn't it obvious people prefer cars for themselves to clean air for their children?)

What we "stop" types want to stop is unplanned growth; I happen to like being able to walk around in Toronto and see trees and not get mugged. But I'm a dirty-weirdo eco-freak, the token hippie in a workingclass neighbourhood, and what do I know?... And then there's the black militants who claim family planning is all an evil genocidal plot directed by whites against blacks and Third World people, who should breed, breed, breed. So it goes. In a few pages, Ed Connor is going to be saying much the same sort of thing. And we all know it already. People are selfish pigs-- or, to put it more politely, they have no ecological ethic.

Most people, more cynical than I, say that a revolution in consciousness just isn't possible. Individuals will never be able to think of themselves as part of a total life system. Mankind may change its materialistic ways, but only when (not if, when) the disasters for which we are heading arrive, the metals and fuels are exhausted, the seas and soil poisoned, when everyone (not just millions conveniently out of sight in India) goes hungry. Did'ya all read about that MIT computer study of the inter-relations of population, pollution, capital investment and technology, natural resources, food production and the quality of life? The computer predicted that, based on current trends, the quality of life will decline steadily until we reach a pollution disaster by 2020. The only "way out" predicted involved cutting the birth rate by 50% immediately, and (since this in itself would not avert catastrophe), cutting pollution by 50% and capital investment by 40% so industrialization levels off.

Buy a farm, while you still can; and turn it into a fortress.

While you're still worried about our collective future, let me tell you about the future of ASP. Response to the first two issues indicates that I'm not alone in worrying about the world-- at least, not quite. At the very least, ASP is serving a useful function as a sort of collective wailing wall! Problems, solutions, prophecies of doom, plans for action: I read all the letters as they came in, nodded sagely, filed them... and then I dug the file out, and had a mild fit! I have about three inches of letters to edit down. I apologize in advance if I hack your missive, or leave it out completely, and really, yes, I read and appreciated every one, they are full of urgency and concern and passion, and you obviously wanted to write them, eight pages at a time, but, but... maybe they should have gone to your mayor or congressman? Though I, at least, read them.

Several people have suggested that ASPIDISTRA, sans ecological sound and fury, would make a good personalzine. I thank them for their interest; it's nice to know someone appreciates the layout, and the articles whose only Redeeming Social Importance is to make people enjoy life while they can. I particularly thank Arnie Katz, and gracefully commend him for the Canadian-style contribution he so kindly contrived for me (damn Yankees taking over the economy, our land, our jobs, out cultural manifestations...)

Judging from the response to ASP, however, the people on the mailing list want to discuss ecology. The best course, then, would be to found yet another Glicksohn publication, a Fabulous Fannish Personalzine. And we can't do that. Michael is spending every night marking tests and preparing lessons for a singularly unresponsive set of high school math students (even I, notorious for "not understanding math," can at least add!) As for me, in addition to fulfilling my Little Wifely Duties (like making sure Mr. G. of Room 223 has a clean shirt to wear with his new suit, and helping with

ENERGUMEN mail), I have a share of NERG writing (which takes time) and production (which takes more.) Then there's Torcon 2, for which I'm handling advertising-- both our publicity, and the ads coming in for the progress reports. And I mustn't forget my Academic Career. The Canada Council, which is funding it, expects me to pass my three English Department comprehensive exams (failure rate, 50%+) and get my thesis done. By next year, too, I hope I'll be teaching, though all the numerous universities and community (i.e., junior) colleges in Ontario have a hiring freeze on. My record is seven "sorry, we regret we have no vacancies in the Department of English for September 1972, or the foreseeable future" letters in one day, though York University at least wanted to see a copy of ENERGUMEN!

Now I enjoy putting out ASPIDISTRA; but I don't have time to do it. I have enough material on hand, and promised, for another issue (and I do apologize to those people whose work got squeezed out of this one). After that, well, ASP 5 may appear eventually. It will appear if people keep responding the way they have been, if only because I'll feel guilty looking at all those unprinted letters!

Meanwhile, you can always read ORGANIC GARDENING. It'll probably be more useful.

This is the "back to the land" or Viable Alternative issue of ASPIDISTRA.

You know, no matter how much advertising degrades the "back-to-nature" ideal, with "Earthchild eyeshadow" and Sprite tasting the way you want the earth to be, it remains true and powerful. My family has done the whole cycle. My grandparents, living on small Ottawa Valley farms, the descendants of Irish potato-famine immigrants and such, moved into a small town. My father left Kemptville, pop. 2,000 (which was the only sane thing to do, Kemptville being one of those deadly places it was not even great to have been born in) for The Big City and a Civil Service job. He did, however, buy a half-acre lot in an ex-urb whereon he built a house. With a garden.

Here I learned all sorts of arcane lore-- the uses of buckwheat (plough it under to restore nitrogen and other nutrients); the art of creating a compost heap; how to tell ears of Golden Bantam corn from any other kind; what to do about potato bugs (sorry, folks, but my father, never having heard of Rachel Carson, smothered them in DDT powder) and how to tell the plant-sprouts from the weed-sprouts. I grew my very own flowers, and watched robins build nests, and picked raspberries, and all that sort

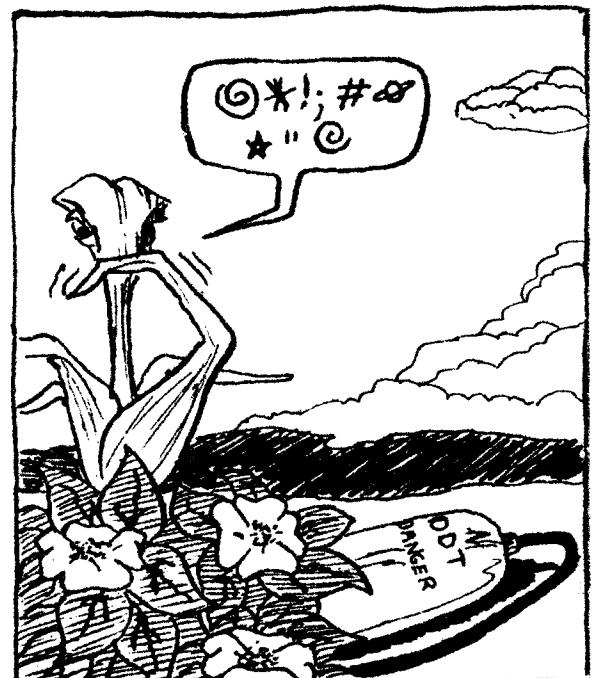
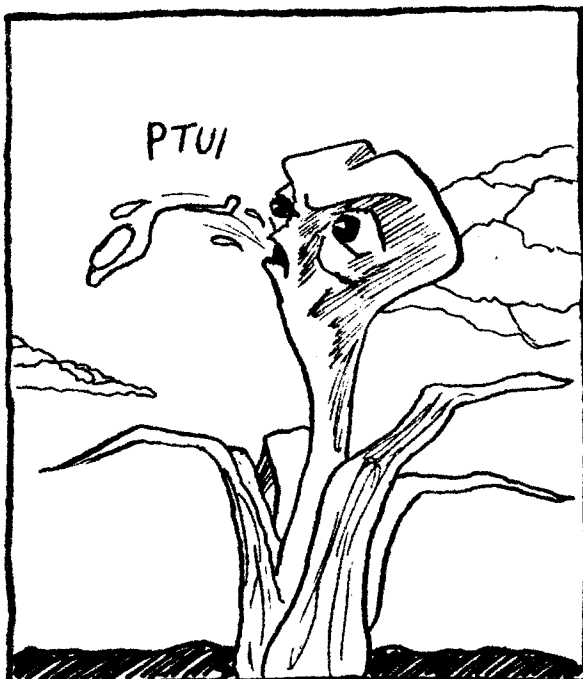


of idyllic stuff. I learned that weeding is an excellent way of working off your frustrations and restoring inner harmony (or rather, at age eight, of deciding you don't really hate your kid brother.) I learned that it is, indeed, very satisfying to go outside and pick your own dinner (though we did buy the meat!), to make jam and pickles and fill your cellar with Your Very Own potatoes and squash (and your very own field mice, too. Boy, did my mother ever live with nature-- dead mice in the washer!)

I also learned that, well, maybe Progress wasn't such a great thing. "Mummy, why are those men chopping down all the trees in Fox's field that we make forts in?" "To widen the road. You'd better be careful going to school, there'll be a lot more traffic." "But why?" "Progress, dear." Progress was what put houses, two shopping centres, a freeway, a gas station and two hot-dog stands on top of the-farm-behind-the-school-where-there-were-COWS!, the chicken farm (including that bit of bush where the violets were), the pond across the road, the creek 'way out in the wilds with the fascinating wooden bridge over it (of course I fell in), and all the other places I liked to play. So now the kids have asphalt roads to run on and a shopping plaza for gang wars and shoplifting. Big deal.

In the natural course of things, it is to be supposed that I, tucking my childhood memories of bunny-rabbits in the back garden (and groundhogs-- the babies were cute, but what they did to the tomato plants was selfish, almost human) away with my Winnie-the-Pooh books, would continue the evolution-of-modern-man cycle into a Sophisticated Lifestyle in a highrise apartment in a Large Urban Centre. Well, yes, except here I sit, being very glad we're only on the second floor so I can see my own personal tree with its attendant squirrels and sparrows. I didn't realize, all that year on St. George, how much I missed being able to see natural things, until we came here, apt.-hunting. The landlady (a Jewish momma to the whole building) had her doubts about Michael-- wouldn't let us into the building until she was sure he had a nice respectable job despite The Beard, The Hair and The Grubby Shorts. Me, however, she approved of, especially when I said: "What a nice, quiet place-- and such a lovely view!" "Yes," she responded proudly, "there is A Tree." Better than a linen closet and a stove, even.

I enjoy watching that tree (a maple: the maples in downtown Toronto "can't stand the conditions at all" according to biologists-- the leaves are turning brown and scorching from drought and air pollution.) I have my tree; and I still make jam, though it's easier to buy Kraft sugary blah or exotic Bulgarian imports at the supermarket; and my





family visits, laden with care packages of home-grown beans and tomatoes; and I still keep trying to convince Michael, urbanite that he is, that it would be nice to Go Back to the Land ("If we lived outside the city, dear, you could have a dog. A big dog!") Oh yes, and my thesis is on Man, the Land and Society in Canadian Fiction.

My brother, too, an electronics-age kid, who'll likely become a lighting technician--you figure the closest he'll ever get to The Land is lighting for an Ian and Sylvia concert. Except-- this kid never does his homework because he's either twenty miles out in the bush, setting baby ducks free for The Ottawa Duck Club, and planting millet in their preserve so they'll have plenty to eat, and camping out in 20 below zero weather because he likes it; or he's thirty miles away at Good Old Bill's farm, helping with haying or sheep-shearing. Um, anybody need help starting a communal farm? (In fact, I'd be happy to help interested people get together to talk about farm ventures.)

Farming, even gardening, is hard work. Dull, heavy work, a lot of it. Not paying work. It is estimated the average Ontario farmer actually earns about \$1 an hour; lower that figure if you plan to do it organically, without intensive cultivation, pesticides, fertilisers, the lot. It helps if you're an artist of some sort, an Ian Tyson or a member of The Perth County Conspiracy, a local acting-singing-crafts-farming commune, someone whose concerts or paintings or ceramics pay for the tractor; or a "weekend farmer," an exec. or professor or something (like one English prof. at Carleton who has his class collect egg cartons because he can't afford to buy them, and who pays the babysitter in organic carrots and pumpkins.)

Farming demands a lot of responsibility. If the goof-off in your student co-op never washes the kitchen floor, you'll survive; but if he neglects to milk the cow or hoe the soybeans, you're in trouble. Even living in the country brings problems. For every Ted White writing enthusiastically about moving back to Falls Church and foraging in the woods (aided by Euell Gibbons' STALKING THE WILD ASPARAGUS) are X number of back-to-nature types hassled by suspicious and ultra-conservative neighbours (its ok to look, and farm, like your parents, but not like your grandparents) and defeated by the realization it takes skills to grow food, not just seeds and some ground to shove them in.

It is not easy to get back to The Land. It is, however, getting to be a better place to go than The City, whose streets are no longer, even in dreams, paved with gold.

I came upon a child of God
He was walking along the road
And I asked him, Where are you going,
And this he told me:
I'm going on down to Yasgurs' Farm
I'm going to join in a rock'n'roll band
I'm going to camp out on the land
And try an' get my soul free.

We are stardust
We are golden
And we've got to get ourselves
Back to the garden.

Joni Mitchell
"Woodstock"





Year after year the world catch of fish from the sea continued to mount. Men of vision came to see the vast oceans as a potentially boundless breadbasket, with ever-mounting harvests, offering a real hope for curbing world hunger, which of course loomed ever-larger as a result of unabated copulation by the masses. For 25 years, then, the total tonnage of fish taken increased.

Until 1970, when the catch dropped 2% (representing some \$160 million.) The Big Q: What part, if any, might pollution have played in this decrease?

Many scientists are looking for clues and finding bad news-- and, it appears, nothing but bad news. A UN-FAO confab late in '70 brought hundreds of experts to Rome where scores of papers were presented to throw light on some sad ecological findings. We now know that it has been a common practice for many years to dump oil at sea for one reason or another; and lately some spectacular accidents have been reported. Even so, prepapred as we may be for bad news, the total yearly spill of oil is staggering; an expert from Woods Hole Oceanographic Inst. of Massachusetts reported in Rome that about 10 million TONS of hydrocarbon materials pollute the oceans each year. He noted that countermeasures are NOT adequate and that in addition to immediate danger there is long-term impairment of the marine ecology. In addition, two French scientists reported that the Mediterranean is being rapidly polluted, that it could no longer cope (via natural "self-cleansing" action), and that its complete contamination was only a matter of time. And of course the mercury-overload in swordfish (subsequently scratched from the Noreason banquet menu) was revealed at the Rome con, to add to the tuna; fish, in the event you didn't know, can retain mercury for as much as 500 days-- one reason why the problem is so widespread (another is that 5,000 TONS of mercury is being dumped into the ocean EACH YEAR).

As a result of the Rome talks, a worldwide monitoring system might be established; it would incorporate ships, sensing buoys, satellite observation and aerial photography. One of the primary objectives would be the pinpointing of sources of pollutants such as lead, mercury and oil. Hmm...getting certain nations to go along with the plan will be a problem...especially since finding a source of contamination is only a beginning; the spoilage itself must be terminated.

Russia has begun cleaning up the oil spills in Vladivostok's bay, posting a new "sea janitor" ship for the purpose. Which only tends to point up again the fact that leakage from ships is rather more common than we landsmen ever suspected.

Consider Britain, or rather those in charge there; they're resisting advances made by the US through NATO to have all deliberate discharges of oil at sea banned by 1975, saying that it can't be done prior to 1980. Wonder what the condition of the seas and the life therein will be, just nine years hence?

More and more industries are being investigated for their worth as performers in the ecological drama. Twenty-four of the largest pulp and paper producers of the US were found by the independent Council on Economic Priorities (NY) to consist largely of spoilers. Two "good guys" were found: Owens-Illinois and Weyerhaeuser, which mostly clean up after themselves. (If I wanted to indulge in fantasies I would imagine campaigns to channel business to such concerns and away from the polluters, but such a vast amount of work would be involved that even if it were a war waged by all of fandom-- just in an attempt to get the ball rolling-- one is tempted to cringe from the project in dismay. And that is only ONE facet in the vast ecological scheme of things.) The three firms with the worst records, indidentally, are Diamond International, St. Regis and Potlatch.

Paper plays a big part in the environmental involvement of a 10-store supermarket chain (Alexanders) in Los Angeles. Using the slogan "We've merged economy with ecology" the owner quit using plastic packaging and now packs eggs, meats and produce in biodegradable cardboard. His parking lots contain bins, placed by local groups, to collect newspapers for recycling. Phosphate-content of cleansers and soaps is posted. Grocery sacks are imprinted with pro-ecology propaganda. Overall sales have increased 5%. Sales of high-phosphate detergents in these markets have gone down 17% while sales of low-phosphate brands have soared 446%. This story could be a weapon to use in attempts to sting your grocer into action: locate TIME, April 5, 1971, p. 84; he might be induced to read it and, unless he is something of a fool, do a constructive bit as a result. (But be warned that such "crusading" can produce boundless frustration.)

A great deal of positive work is going on behind the scenes. Scott Paper Co. has already earmarked \$125 million for research into how paper and the various dyestuffs imprinted thereon or incorporated as coloring react with the environment. (Scott, indidentally, must



ATLAS SHRUGGED

be considered another of the "good guys.") Scientific teams at three universities are researching the biodegradability of these products, with added checking for possible effects on fish and plants. Most colors on or in papers do not seem to be as harmful as "scare" stories indicate. A tiny amount of dye usually goes an incredibly long way.

I noticed that at about the time ASPIDISTRA 2 was distributed, Nixon's aides in Internal Revenue were -- with his palm-rubbing approval-- working over the regulations so that Big US Industry would be allowed "tax depreciations" amounting to \$39,000 million over the next 10 years; this of course will amount to a gift of money that will then not have to be paid into the treasury. No mention has been made so far about even the possibility of requiring even part of such money to be used to stop pollution. It would undoubtedly come in handy for the latter in a group that includes Oil, Steel, Autos, Power, Rubber, Plastics and Chemicals.

Nixon recently made a profound statement about Power (the only kind you or I are likely to have for a while.) In essence, he stated that electricity has, throughout history, been delusively underpriced. Private and public power companies have long been contaminating the environment with their wastes; their profits have therefore been artificially high (and the costs to the consumers artificially low.) So, His Nibs brings up the point that to clean up the fantastic mess the production of power makes in our air and waters (and of course to keep profits suitably high for certain shadowy power-moguls), every user is going to have to pay a lot more; energy henceforth should be priced "on the basis of its full costs to society." But... to bring about that end it appears that there will be substantial economic disruption. Well... there may be that anyway.

The great automobile makers are hidebound to the internal combustion engine and don't seem to realize that their bread-and-butter power plant may pass from the picture with great rapidity. Ford's top executives in particular seem determined to stick with the world's principal source of pollution until doomsday (if they have to bring on the latter themselves.) One US Senator has proposed a legislative amendment to require a substitute for the internal combustion monstrosity in 1975; Ford claims such a thing is impossible. But the senator and quite a few of his colleagues think otherwise.

We all know about the Florida engineer (Wallace Minto) who couldn't interest a single US car maker in his nonpolluting freon-powered engine; the Datsun company of Japan subsequently bought the rights. And the auto industry also has spurned the gas-fed turbine and the Rankine Cycle steam engine, both of which tested out satisfactorily. Japan's auto invasion of the US now includes cars with the new, non-piston "Wankel" engine which produces twice as much hp per pound of weight as the piston-monstrosity. And it has already been announced that it can easily be adjusted to come up to the strict anti-pollution standards to be required for 1975. All in all there seems to be something of a tide beginning; it may be just a year or two too early to say just how deeply it might cut or how swiftly it might flow, but positive signs point in the right direction. Perhaps the monster has already been grasped by an irreversible undertow...

Speaking of Japan, I wonder if any readers are as yet unaware of the sticky multiplicity of pollution problems in which that nation has become mired? At least it has had the guts to ban DDT, following in the footsteps of Canada, Norway, Sweden, Cyprus and Hungary. In the US the administrator of the Environmental Protection Agency has given the green light for continuing use of not only DDT but several other poisons, including one that was used, not too long ago, as a defoliant in Viet Nam: 2,4,5-T. Further studies are being made as to whether or not these virulent chemicals are actually hazardous enough to outlaw; I wonder if they are still being manufactured? Of course certain states have already prohibited the sale of DDT, so some gains have been made, but as long as you can go next door to get what you want... like the sale of firecrackers to the general public has been banned in Illinois for more years than I care to think about, but it never fails-- when the 4th of July approaches the poppings commence.

A corps of Buddhists in Japan has been visiting industries which are major contaminants, performing "cursing" ceremonies. They admittedly felt foolish, but soon caught the fancy of the public, which became increasingly enraged as the monstrosity of the pollution problem, and the profligate way in which the environment was being destroyed, became quite obvious. Tough laws have already been enacted; violators face long prison terms.

The story widely publicized in North America last year concerned the city of Fiji (almost 200,000 pop.) and neighbourhood. We learned of pollution so extensive as to stun even those of us aware of some of our own worst cesspools. Every day the city's 150 paper mills spewed forth two million TONS of raw waste into the harbor, the depth of which had already been cut from 30 down to 18 feet. Methane gas and other poisons lurked along the surface of the water, causing health problems. The whole thing served to wake up the country, but for the time being the paper mills kept polluting. Oh-their trade association did impose a 20% increase, wholesale, in the price of toilet tissue, to raise money to install anti-pollution devices at the plants.

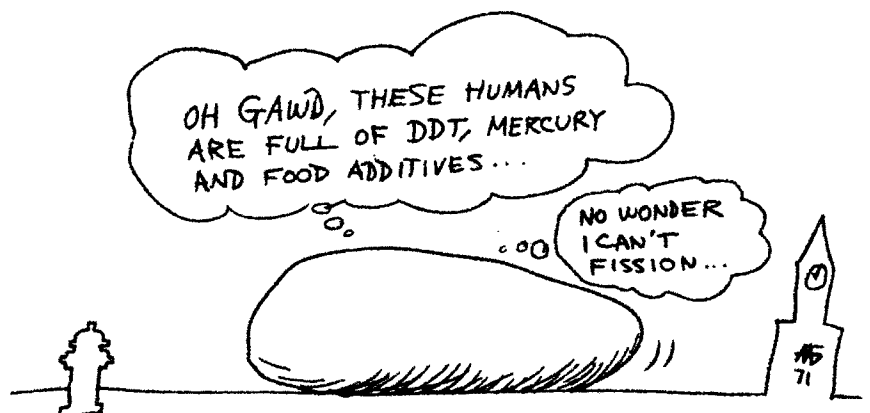
Tokyo, Earth's most populous city, suffers incredible pollution, worse than most of the western hemisphere's great cities combined. The smog is so thick, so continuous, that Mount Fuji can be seen from the area on less than three dozen days a year; the Sumida River has been nicknamed the "River of Death," its methane gas already responsible for at least one human death. But the people have been aroused, ecology is now a principal issue in elections, and much positive action is being engendered.

Early this year an architect at Southern Illinois University unveiled plans for a 900-foot high, $\frac{1}{2}$ -mile diameter domed city for 30,000 persons, complete with 10 levels for living quarters, shops and recreation, plus "climate regulation" equipment. This was "planned" for the East St. Louis riverfront, films were shown on several occasions, but nothing further has been heard of the scheme. One can imagine domes of this type as a refuge of humanity when the planet's atmosphere itself becomes largely unbreathable, but starting to use such things at this stage (considering the power required to operate it, etc.) would, it seems to me, only tend to bring about the ultimate catastrophe all the sooner.

That ultimate disaster is already approaching for California's major astronomical observatories, due to light-pollution, which includes mercury-vapor street lamps. Mounts Wilson (100-inch telescope), Palomar (200-inch Hale mirror) and Hamilton (Lick's 120-incher) are all fighting a losing battle. And the observatories around Tucson, Arizona, are starting to hold worried astronomers.

One other thing, concerning soft drink bottles; an effort to force the no-return bottles either out of use or out of the ecology is underway, with legislation suggested in several US states to require a deposit on all such bottles. In theory this would bring most of the bottles in for collection, keeping them out of the gutters, etc. (At the moment I've no word that such a plan has become mandatory anywhere.)

You might wonder whether I am a pessimist or an optimist on the ecological question. Well--both. Industries and governmental units can and will be made to clean up. Good, But individuals, the percentage comprised of destroyers, will continue to slaughter polar bears and eagles, toss cans and bottles where they will, and set forest fires-- hell, you name it; they'll keep on doing it.



MAE STRELKOV VERSUS



((The Amazing Mae Strelkov-- or, more formally, Senora M. Surtees de Strelkov-- should be well-known to fans from her letters in *ENERGUMEN*, *OUT WORLDS*, and, earlier, *CRY*. Her husband, Vadim, manages an *estancia* in the wilds of Argentina, where she lives with several of her seven children, a skunk, a goat, cockroaches, cows, pumas and various other exotic fauna. The following is an excerpt from one of her letters, edited as little as possible to preserve its unique spirit.))

... Our beloved pet goat, three years old and more, and with enormous horns and strength that even bends Vadim's back when he has to haul her on her great big chain, **ATTACKED ME**. I couldn't

believe it. The poor old girl lacks a boy-friend. How to create a male goat when there isn't one in many kilometres radii, around here? We bought her when she was a cute little ten-day-old hornless baby, and our two daughters raised her in their arms. We encouraged her to caper and butt, it was so cute. Now it ceases to be so. But we thought we were still "old friends," she and I, and I always took her on all my walks through the mountains, and each time she thought she heard a puma, she came back to me like a run-away express-train and hid behind my skirts, safely.

But jealousy has intervened. I have a nice husband who coos over me (and I coo back) when we go for a stroll, with Taki ("song-and-dance" in Quechua, the goat's name) along.

Well... who coos over Taki? Nobody! And her tail twitches indignantly and the hairs rise all along her spine and she arches her back and glares at me. Then she lowers the head and peers around those gloriously curving horns at both of us, but with Vadim there (who handles big bulls and charging steers with aplomb and an *Anda!* shout, Taki doesn't quite attack. Just thinks about it. Besides, she loves us like the family-goat-she-used-to-be. We took her on all our drives when she was a little smaller, and she used to sit on our laps or beside us looking out like a dog on passers-by, with her meditative eyes that have reminded me of my mother's. (Beautiful, brown, liquid, meditative, but so easy to fire with indignation if I failed to read a chapter in the Bible before breakfast. I usually failed. If I did read for diplomacy's sake, it was so swiftly, eyetracks were scarcely left on the page. I mean, I've read the Bible, over and over, but not compulsorily.) ((And to think dearest mother, may-her-soul-continue-to-have-fun-amongst-the-blessed, imagined herself a pet lamb in Jesus' Fold. Most likely she is-- I'm not doubting there is a Fold for the True Believers, bless-their-hearts.))

So let me tell you what happened.

It was a glorious hot day, some fortnight ago, though it's supposedly midwinter now (July 15) but our seasons change each week, so think nothing of that. I couldn't interest myself in study or fun-novels. The air smelled too good. So I said to Danny (to be mentioned further along), "Mind if I beat it?" "Sure!"

Up I went to the goat on the hill, tethered as usual to a stout oak tree, and eyeing wistfully every acorn just out of her reach. She greeted me with a delighted Bah or Mah (or maybe MBah, this is a moot question; Paleolithic-wise, there seems just to have been the one muffled lip-sound at the Beginning!) and I sang out a cheery "hello."

THE WILD

by Mae Strelkov

Behind and around me frisked our collie, Lamngen (Araucanian for "sister") reminding me by a bark she has perfected: "Walk!" that that was what I must do. She has tried other words, but her mouth isn't fitted for it, and she grows embarrassed when we laugh.

"Yes, walk!" I tell Lamngen, while Taki's spine begins to sprout huge black hairs. (Ah, yes, to make it worse Taki's black with just a few redeeming white spots to her hide-and-soul.) I get Taki unhooked from the treebranch, while she tugs to hurry me, thus tightening the fancy tying Vadim did that morning. In the olden days, we used to unhook the three (four, five?) meters of heavy chain from her collar. But now I don't dare. No sooner unhooked than she has a neat way of swinging her head sideways to pierce me to the bone somewhere. I have bonafide big scars in several places, mementoes of her past cheery moods.

Goats are goats, damn it. Jesus was right. I used to query his doctrines, when Taki was small...

Yeah... I will definitely keep the goats "on my left" if I ever have to sort out sheep from goats in my old age. Though I remember reading about a favourite ram that once butted Churchill's buttocks, so he had to sit suddenly down. It butted others before that, and he laughed himself to bits. But after that sudden personal encounter, it's recounted the ram vanished from his farm.

The goat decided for a start just to chase poor Lambgen (that's another way I pronounce it, after "Lambkin" for she is... she has been reared by me on the love-one-another principle, and she even let a new white kitten scratch her nose till it bled copiously, trying to return-good-for-evil, turn-the-other-nostril. Now, they're sweethearts, so you see this bit of Jesus' doctrine pays, as Lambkin would explain if she had the right-shaped jawbone, I'm sure.)

Lamngen let out a yelp and ran as if her life depended on it, leading our unusual procession down the sloping road to the mountain stream where the pumas lurk. You smell them sometimes. Once I walked right into one, when our youngest boy was just





three, and delicious-still. Being without the right glasses, I mistook it for a cute little fox... it's head was that size, and the rest of it was hidden by the underbrush. So I cooed. Cooing with animals, a certain way, while sending mind-feelers simultaneously into their heads, usually makes them friendly. If they're not goats. I bent to pet it as it didn't move, with a puzzled Tony right behind me. This was a dry winter, too, and the puma was undoubtedly hungry, to have thus in-

vaded the edge of the park-proper, as it did.

This gesture of mine, the puma undoubtedly found extremely puzzling. It decided to prepare itself if necessary for a spring. Cr-a-c-k! went a long strip of underbrush as twigs beneath its body snapped and the tall, silvery grasses swayed ominously.

"Nice puma!" I cooed, shoving Tony behind me and backing away. "Tony, keep going!" I said, for he wanted to stay and pet the nice puma too, little innocent! Walking backwards, inch by inch, over huge rocks and roots, down a steep bank, is no cinch, but we managed it while the puzzled puma continued to watch us motionlessly. "Nice puma!" I kept carolling, while Tony obediently allowed me to back him along.

We reached the swift, icy mountain stream with its slippery boulders (which you can use as stepping-stones, if you have the time to practise tight-rope-walking.) "We'll wade with our shoes and stockings on!" I said to Tony firmly. He was most surprised. We forded the icy current, thus, the two of us, and then sloshed homewards down the dusty driveway. In double-quick time.

When we were safely away, I told Tony, "That was a puma!" He was delighted, of course. I was shaking helplessly by the time I got home. MY DELICIOUS BABY! But he was safe!

The puma went and ate that night a mere ternero instead... a poor baby calf, a little higher in our same property. (I mean, our employers' property. Vadim administrates it, all these last ten years and more.)

Getting back to a mere goat now, you will see why I scarcely feared it. Like that professor (anthropologist?)... his students dressed up with hoofs, hides and horns, and woke him with an "I've come to eat your soul!" Far from mistaking the apparition as the devil, he only answered, "No you can't. You have only hoofs and horns, and ruminants are not carnivorous."

Well... I was planning to recount my brush-with-death, a fortnight back.

We happily made it to our summer swimming-hole, through deep growths of neglected pines and amor-seco. Pine-needles were clinging all over me, because I'd sat down en route, as Taki was grazing on blackberry bushes, at a safe distance. And the horrid amor-seco ("dry-love") had covered me like boar-bridles likewise, from waist to ankles, and would require hours of picking-off. Add to this armour, a tick or two that had missed dropping onto the fur of Lamngen and was ascending this "giant" of a human.

At the great granite (I presume-- it's a "Caledonian" range, this, I somewhere read, an extension of what's in Scotland) rocks of the river, I noticed that Taki kept trying to get higher than me, so I continually beat her to the point of each high boulder and waved my bamboo rod at her, in safety from that point. This amusement

went on for hours. At times she'd forget me in favour of amor-seco and blackberry (both delicious, in her view.) She also eats with joy a certain plumed bush by the waters, supposedly containing cyanide. She thrives on it.

Well, at last Lamngen got bored of the riverside and whimpered discreetly. "Okay, Lamngen, we'll go home," said I. But Taki didn't want to, and rushed to the top of the bank (thick with amor-seco growths) to fend me off. She's sly... if we ever return her to the Red Hill where we bought her, she'll be killing tourists right and left, pushing them off cliffs unexpectedly to the surprise of humans and goats (in abundance there.) She's studied our species so carefully, all these years, and learned every one of our weak points (buttocks, shins and so on.)

Sly Taki led me on by pretending to lose interest and nibbling ecstatically at a rich young-green cluster of pine needles growing right by. I bravely scrambled up the boulder-stairway leading to the top of the bank. Suddenly Taki whirled and, way above me still, rose to her full height-- including horns, by now, she's as tall as I am, and bigger than our poor daughters who have learned to dread her. I said "No, Taki!"

By chance I had right then two pretty sticks to play with, so I waved them both. Whish went the long bamboo and Whack went the stout oak-cudgel (but that's just poetic license. It wasn't stout!)

"Oh yeah?" said Taki, furious. "This for your bamboo and that for your oak-wand!" And with two tosses of her horns she brushed them aside, then lowered her head right to the ground and charged downhill at TOP SPEED.

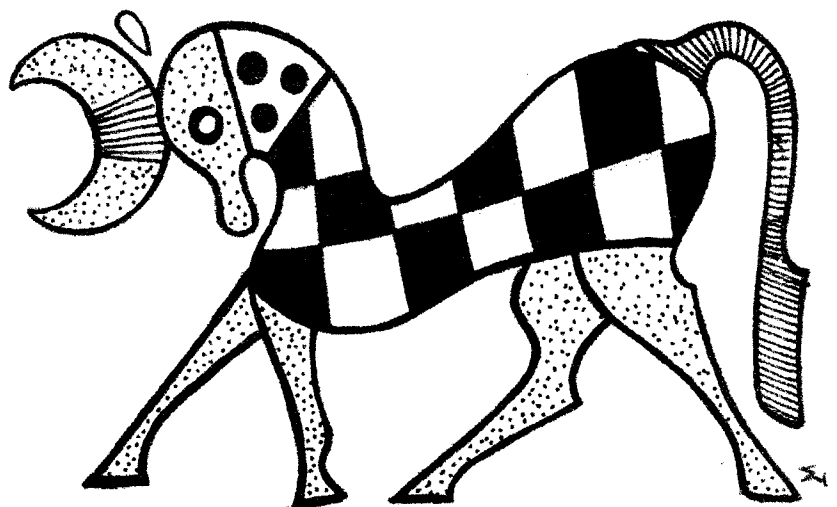
The last time she did it, I missed catching her Cretan-fashion ("taking-the-bull-by-the-horns") and she gored a huge hole in my palm which took almost a month to heal, it was so deep. Almost a stigmata!

So what did I do? I deftly took-the-goat-by-her-horns and hung on for dear life. You can't let go, once you've grabbed them, please believe me. She shook and capered and tried to get loose. Vadim always says, "Grab her just by her sensitive nostrils. When the cattle attack us, that's what we do." (Sure, try! I didn't risk it. Let go of the horns to grab mere nostrils, mebbly? Not I.)

So... we began a slow tug of war, Taki and I. My sun-glasses got lost in the deep growths of amor-seco. I held on. I was flat on my belly, like a sleigh being pulled. (Goats can and should only pull carts and sleighs. Otherwise I suggest eating them, though we can't eat Taki because we raised her from a kid and we're not cannibals.)

This tug of war was awful. She tried every trick to shake me off, then gore me in my head, so conveniently low and near. She meant--she'd really decided-- to kill me, to teach me a lesson, as mothers will do.

(And fathers. A poor fish in Jesus Maria, as per the papers the other day, whipped his 11-month-old son to death. To teach the poor kid a lesson. What's wrong with birth-control, for people like that? But our Cardinals still balk and refuse even to discuss the topic practically. Just imprractly!)



I was dragged all over the territory, up and down and around. With rasping breath, I knew the end was near. My only hope was to drag Taki to a pine quite near, with branches sweeping the grasses, and tangle her there, with the help of the chain (still dragging like the chain of a ghost in a castle) sparkling in the sunshine because it's unrustable, that pretty chain, and new. (We kept having to buy bigger and bigger chains, because each time she'd get loose, she'd eat up My Lady's best roses.) Mind you, I don't blame Taki. Wouldn't you be embittered if the best acorns were always just a little out-of-reach because of the chain? But what to do? Give her away to a peon? He'd eat her. And she enjoys so every minute of living, and she reads our minds and thinks deep, meditative thoughts that no doubt are clever, goat-wise!

Well, the fact that I'm writing this shows I got away safely, so to make a long story short...yes, I dragged her with my last-reserves-of-strength to the pine and began the tangling process, almost sobbing, because she was still trying to horn me, and I'd had to let go of the horns to grab the chain. Then I hunted the glasses... found them thanks to the sun glinting off the lenses. Woefully, deeply hurt in my soul by Taki's misbehaviour, I stumbled uphill, all the way home, with Lamngen (oh, she'd been barking ecstatically all that time, thinking "What fun! Taki! You're so naughty! Such an original new love-one-another game!"

Behind came foghorn wails. "Mama, you're forgetting me!" Taki mourned.

"May a puma finally eat you!" I thought back. "I should care!"

Danny was sitting on the front porch when I staggered in with Lamngen, goatless. His lovely novia was beside him. She's a marvellous girl, graduating at the University in English literature, imagine! They looked at my purple face and hanging tongue aghast. "The goat tried to kill me!" I wept.

"Well, I am your witness now!" said Danny, greatly pleased, "that all this has happened and we'll just have to convince Daddy that goat MUST GO. (Try convincing Daddy! Danny likewise has tried in vain-- a long campaign-- to convince Daddy THAT SKUNK MUST GO that nightly stinks up the whole house. Ugh!)

Just then, Vadim (in his office-- a building half-a-block uphill from our house) came forth to find out what was all the excitement. I just said "Taki tried to kill me!" and tears started to my eyes anew. (Matricide is always grievous.)

Danny rose like a lawyer to my defence. "I'm a witness of it all!" said he formally. That goat can't be kept here any longer. It's too big and strong. And besides, it's stinky." Alas, how true. That goat now occupies our lovely eastern porch off the dining room, nights, together with Lamngen's doghouse. The smells are double, now, and add the skunk-odor in the dining-room. Never have a goat, is my advice. Danny loved that porch for sunbathing and hasn't recovered from the deep sense of hurt that we love dogs and goats better'n him, evidently. For would we sacrifice the goat's happiness, AND THE GOAT, for a delicious asado (barbecue) to make Danny feel more loved by us two?

((Have you ever wondered what our bosses think of us? They used to be horrified, but now they dote and keep inviting us to dinner or tea, for the fun of it. Just to hear us joking as we do, Vadim, I, Danny and the pack. Such old dears. They are making me pro-oligarch, and I really have tried not to be...))

((Another aside. My Lady begs me to let the goat eat Vadim's Paltas (avocados, to you.) Vadim and she have a feud over them, long-standing. To her mind, the Paltas he grew from their pips look ugly in the garden here. To his mind, they're the PROMISE OF THE FUTURE, when we find our way back to Eden and eat paltas off of every tree.))

Oh, gosh, this is a novel yet. Danny and Vadim glared back and forth. As they're

identical (no question who sired Danny on Momma!) they both got red in the faces. At last Vadim snapped at me, "WHERE'S THAT GOAT?"

"Deeply tangled at our swimming-hole in a pine tree and I hope a puma eats her, and she reincarnates as a skunk for you."

"I'm going to get her now."

"Leave her there til she chokes. I hope she does!" said I.

Off he went. The hours-- minutes, but it seemed hours-- passed. I began to get alarmed. What if Taki were goring him? "I'm going to rescue him!" I gasped. (Danny can't walk far yet-- he's recovering from nephritis that nearly carried him off.)

"No! stay put!" said Danny, authoritatively, and his novia seconded the motion.

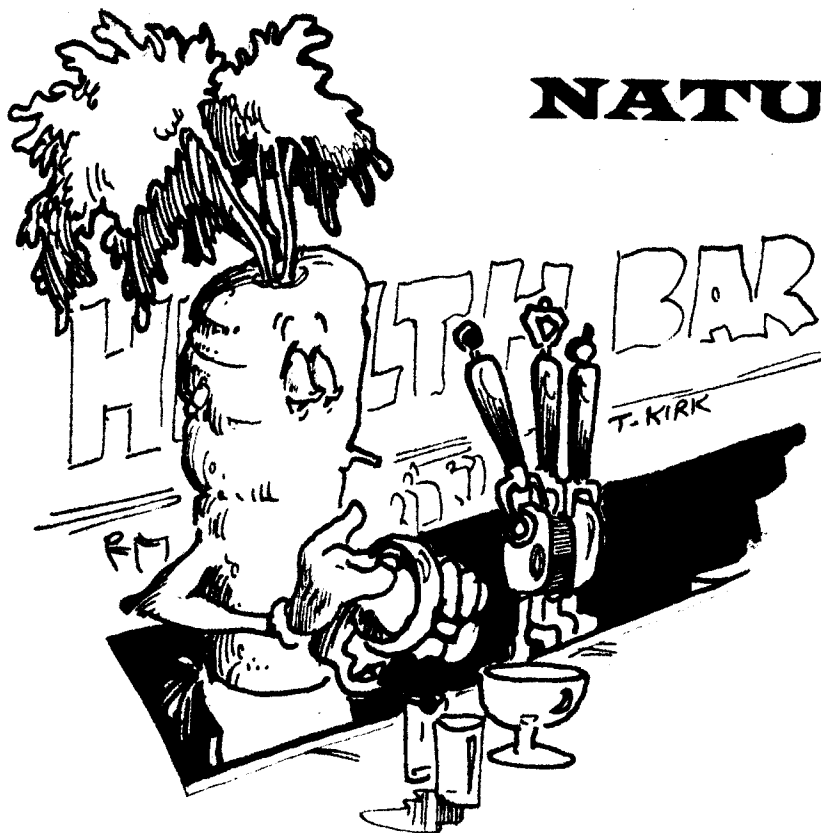
"I can't stand it!" I moaned, with visions of an unconscious Daddy gored all over and bleeding to death (the goat even nibbling his paltas, meby?) And off I dashed.

Uphill along the road came Vadim with a huge dog-like creature trotting sharply on a short leash. It turned out to be the goat.

"Maaa!" it wailed upon seeing me. "Rescue me from Daddy! He's choooking me, on this tight leash."

"Anda!" snarled Daddy, and Taki continued to trot to her oak, to be tethered.





NATURAL

FOOD

SUSAN

GLICKSOHN

While I am by no means a food faddist, I do happen to like to know what I'm eating. I tend, too, to enjoy foods which crunch or can be chewed and which taste distinctive, instead of foods which flop limply and have all the appeal of damp kleenex. Thus I prefer Chinese almost-cooked vegetables to boiled-for-an-hour peas, and enjoy whole-wheat bread and Baskin-

Robbins icecream which, purists, doesn't have chemical preservatives in it.

I have always disliked breakfast cereals (and breakfast, for that matter!)-- always, at least, until my healthy-food-loving inlaws introduced me to crunchy Granola. They even sprinkle the almond kind over ice cream! Imagine-- there was a Granola price war in Toronto about a year ago, during which various people came up with "make-your-own" recipes. You can even get "Granola kits." The directions below are from the Whole Earth foodstore on McCaul St. in Toronto.

MAKE-YOUR-OWN GRANOLA

Mix 8 c. rolled oats	1 c. wheat germ
2 c. shredded coconut	$\frac{1}{2}$ c. sunflower seeds (or slivered almonds)
1 c. sesame seeds	small palmful sea salt

Add 1 c. honey, warmed so it mixes more easily. Mix.
Add 1 c. vegetable oil. Spread on cookie sheet and toast, turning frequently, in a 350° oven about 15 minutes. Makes approximately 4 pounds.

GRANOLA COOKIES

$\frac{1}{2}$ c. butter or marg.	2/3 c. flour
2/3 c. brown or raw sugar	1 tsp. baking powder
1 egg	$\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt
2/3 c. granola	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. vanilla

($\frac{1}{2}$ c. coconut is optional if you like it, and the granola doesn't contain it)

Cream the butter and sugar together. Add the egg, granola, and coconut. Mix well. Sift the dry ingredients together. Add to the first mixture and mix well. Add the vanilla.

Drop by teaspoonsful onto a greased cookie sheet. Bake at 350° 12-15 minutes, or til brown.

MAKE-YOUR-OWN YOGURT

1 quart milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint 18% cream (optional)

3 tbsp. yogurt (vulgaris basilicus culture-- available at any health food store)

Read instructions carefully before beginning. Bring milk and cream, if used, to a boil; lower heat and allow to simmer for a few minutes; stir to prevent boiling over. Allow to cool to 115° F. or until you can count to ten when you test with your little finger. In a small bowl, beat culture with a fork; add a small amount of milk and mix well. Pour mixture back into warm milk and stir well. Pour into an earthenware bowl. Cover and wrap with a towel. Place in a warm place for 7-8 hours to set. Do not uncover dish during setting period. Refrigerate. Keep $\frac{1}{2}$ c. yogurt as culture for the next batch.

Notes: Do not use a metal bowl.

Be careful not to disturb the milk after culture has been added, as movement will stop bacterial action and yogurt will not set.

If mixture does fail to set, reboil the milk and add another 3 tbsp. culture.

WHOLE WHEAT SCONES

1 c. whole wheat flour
1 c. sifted white flour
 $3\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. baking powder
2 tbsp. sugar

$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
 $\frac{1}{3}$ c. shortening
 $\frac{3}{4}$ c. milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. raisins (optional)

Sift dry ingredients into a bowl. Cut in shortening until the mixture looks like coarse oatmeal. Add raisins and milk, stirring with a fork to mix.

Divide dough in half. Form into two balls and flatten into neat, $\frac{1}{2}$ " thick circles on a greased cookie sheet. Cut a cross in the top of each (do not separate.)

Bake at 425° 12-15 minutes or until brown. Break apart to make 8 scones. To serve, warm or cold, split each, butter, and spread with honey or jam.

COSMIC SANDWICH

This is an invention of Etherea Natural Foods restaurant, Rochdale College, Toronto. Run by a group of gentle, imaginative people, it does not serve meat-- or permit smoking on its premises. It helps you rediscover vegetables and your taste buds!

On a large slab of buttered whole wheat bread, arrange: layers of avocado (in season); raw mushrooms; bean sprouts (for crunch); tomatoes; cheese. Sprinkle on some sesame seeds, if you have any. And I'm sure no-one will mind if you add other veg. Broil until the cheese melts and everything else is warm and toasty.



**HOW TO FIND
YOUR WAY BACK
TO THE LAND.**

... and what to
read enroute

reviews by
**Elizabeth Buchan
Kimmerley**



WHEN THEY TELL YOU
TO FIND A NICE
HALF-ACRE NEAR THE
CITY, DON'T LISTEN.



WHEN THEY TELL
YOU COUNTRY
LIVING IS JUST A
FEW MILES FARTHER
OUT, DON'T LISTEN.

WHEN THEY TELL YOU
YOU'VE REACHED 'GOD'S
COUNTRY,' DON'T LISTEN.



AND WHEN THEY TELL
YOU PRIVACY AND
NATURE WILL BE
YOURS AT THEIR REMOTE
DEVELOPMENT, DON'T
LISTEN.



BUT WHEN NOBODY TELLS
YOU ANYTHING BECAUSE
NOBODY'S AROUND...

...LISTEN. **JEFF
COX**

ORGANIC GARDENING AND
FARMING, Rodale Press
Inc., 33E. Minor St.,
Emmaus, Penna., USA
18049. Published month-
ly; 1 yr. sub. \$5.85

You'll probably never
see this ecozine on any
newstand-- unless your
local newstand is run
by Rachel Roberts. It
is generally available
only by subscription.
Besides the publisher,
you can get it from
Publishers' Clearing
House Rip-Offs Inc.,
who will promise you a
\$77,777 house and sell
you a sub. for \$2.87.

Either price is a bar-
gain. OG has been pub-
lishing since 1953 or
so and is a very straight
publication. It doesn't
go off the deep end a-
bout "Oh, wow, look at
the pretty plants! Far
out! rilly gotta get
back to the garden"
freakout type stuff.
Instead it tells you
about dull important
things like compost
and organic fertilizers
and mulching and broc-
coli and bug control.

Not only that, but it tells you how to DO IT on a standard urban lot.

The editorials are really interesting. The political heads of the editors ((editor, Robert Rodale--J.I Rodale, his father and founder of OG, died recently at the age of 72--S.J.G.)) are somewhere back in the Cold War. Not McCarthyite, just verry suspicious of the Russians. The January editorial is titled "Will the Russians Bury Us In Sunflower Seeds?"

But this is no nut publication. The writers have a good deal of gardening experience, though few are professionals. They seem to be mostly back yard gardeners, which makes for rather folksy reading. They tell about stuff like what they did to their gardens in 1956 to grow fresh vegetables all year round and that sort of thing. You feel like you can trust them-- like they were your mother or something.

Some of the recent articles include: "Let's organize against plastic bags"; "Eating garden fresh all winter long"; "The new look in organic farms"; "The farm market" which offers properties for sale all over the USA, none in Canada that I've seen; "Getting the bugs out of organic gardening"; and "How much technology in the kitchen?" OG also includes for sale ads: organic seeds, a book selection, natural insect controls like ladybugs, and recipes.

OG is not aimed in any way at Canadians. They're not cultural imperialists, but it can be frustrating when you have five feet of snow left, as Ottawa does at this writing (April 7) to read that it's time for "northern" gardeners to start seed beds.

The editors seem rather bemused by the sudden interest in organic gardening. If you really are serious about getting back to the garden-- read this magazine.

THE CANADIAN WHOLE EARTH ALMANAC, 341 Bloor St. W. Box 6, Toronto 181, Ont., Canada. Editor: Ken Coupland.

The almanac is a hippy-freak, back-to-the-land, collection-collage thing that tells you where to find out about stuff you may want to know. The Spring Quarterly was on Shelter. The next issue will be on Arts and Crafts.

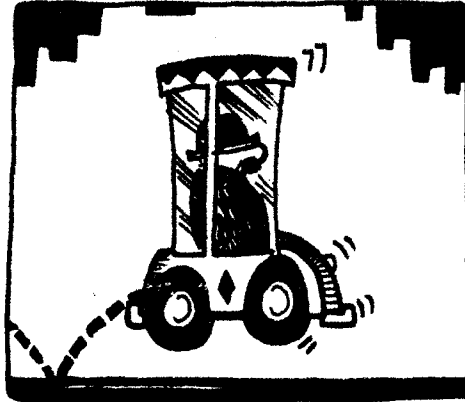
It tells you about tipis, domes, log cabins, privies, utherane foam, Plastic News (which is a newsletter about plastics), the Canadian Dairy Goat News, fireplaces, countermedia, inflated structures, wiring, grain storage, handhewing your own shakes, building igloos, sweat bathing, sensitive chaos, and some other things that might interest you.

Actually while the almanac tells you a little about all these subjects, it's mostly a lot of addresses (and prices) which tell you where to find out more.

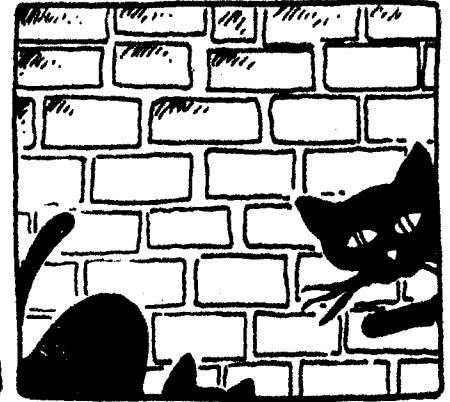
If it came out once a year, you'd still be reading it and finding new stuff at the end of that time. But it comes out four times a year.

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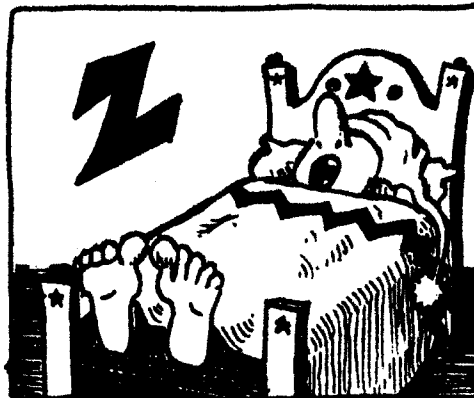
* it all gets back to compost *



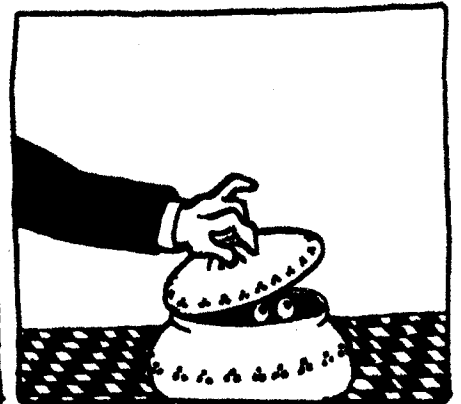
DERBY HATS.



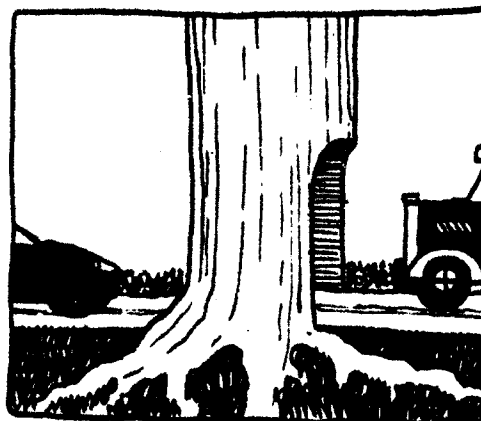
YOUR SISTER'S CATS.



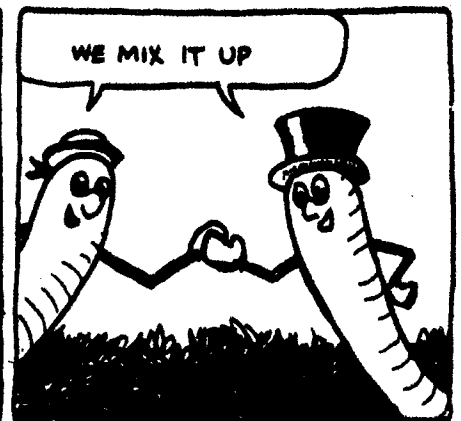
BEDBOARD, BEDPOSTS, FRAME AND SLATS.



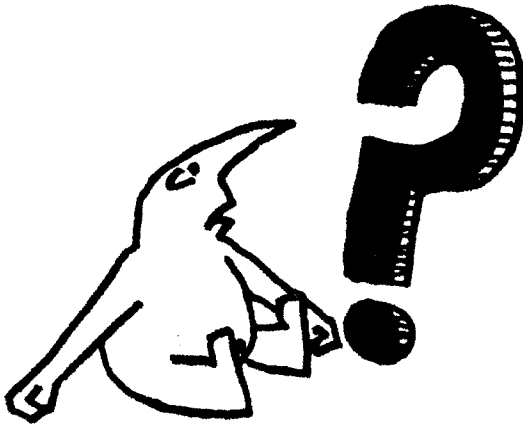
ALL THE THINGS YOU LOVE THE MOST.



EVEN TREES ALONG THE COAST.



WE MIX IT UP
ARE DESTINED TO BECOME... COMPOST!
Organic Gardening and Farming



LA BELLE FANNE SANS MERCI

a dialogue for two in Canadian
by Arnie Katz

"Boy Wonder... Boy Wonder... Boy Wonder...", Joyce muttered under her breath.

"Are you addressing me, dear?" I saw she had a copy of a recent issue of a well-known fanzine in her hand and was flipping the pages rapidly.

"No, sweetheart."

"Then, what's up, dear?" I persisted.

"Arnie, angel, can you tell me something?"

"Maybe yes, maybe no. What is it, dear?" I have an only slightly repressed streak of teacher in me; I love to answer questions and impart knowledge.

"Why is Michael the Boy Wonder?"

"Err, ah... well." For a dread moment, I thought she had me. My streak of repressed teacher is best placated if I know the answers to the questions and have some knowledge to impart.

"Well, honey, why does Michael call himself the Boy Wonder?" She repeated her question. It was as shocking as if she had unexpectedly challenged the existence of Ghu, or even Bob Tucker.

"Why, I think he named himself the Boy Wonder, dear. Or maybe Susan called him the Boy Wonder. Yes, it must have been Susan."

"Susan?"

"Yes, Susan Glicksohn. You know, La Belle Fanne Sans Merci of Canadian Fandom. She calls Mike 'Boy Wonder' all the time, dear."

"All the time?" Joyce gasped.

"I guess. Well maybe not then, but most of the time."

"Poor Michael," Joyce said.

"What do you mean, 'Poor Michael'?" I am a jealous husband and not one to underestimate the power of an imitation leopard-skin hat band on the feeble mind of a woman.

"How old is Michael?"

"I don't know, dear. Too young for you, I think." She hit me with her rolled up fanzine.

"He's about 22 or 23, right?" I nodded, since it seemed safer. "And he's been in fandom for about four or five years?" Again I nodded. "And now here he is, finally having arrived at what? 'Boy' 'Wonder' of Fandom?" You could hear the quotation marks dropping into place as she spoke.

I felt I must come to the aid of Mike Glicksohn. "No."

"No?"

"No, dear. He's called The Boy Wonder of Canadian Fandom."

"That explains it," she said. "It must be easier to be a Boy Wonder in Canada than it is here."

"I guess so," I said uncertainly. I sensed that Joyce was delivering some sort of underhanded blow against the ivory citadel of Canadian Fandom.

"Of course it's true, dear. We have Tucker, Carr, Warner, Rotsler, White... Who have they got in Canada?"

"Well--" I said, springing to the defense of Canada.

"I'll tell you. They have Boyd Raeburn, the Clarkes, a lot of snowballs, and Will Straw. And everyone thinks he's a hoax."

"Wait a minute, Woman," I said. "Wait a minute." She had gone entirely too far, wildly attacking our frozen fannish friends of the North. "They have a lot of things."

"...And a lot of places to put them in," she finished for me. "What do they have? Tell me, what?"

"Pipe down, Woman, and I will tell you." I was feeling very Canadian, and I fancied I could hear the wonderful strains of "Oh Canada" coming up full behind me. "Canada has a lot going for it. They have Richard Labonte and Rosemary Ulliot and her twin 40s and--and--and--John Millard and--" I was getting stuck already. The band hit a wrong note in "Oh Canada" as it faded down and out behind me. "They have Susan Glicksohn and--and--" and I was really running out of ammunition. "And they have lots and lots of beavers!"

"I don't give a damn about beavers."

"I am shocked. Insulting the Boy Wonder is bad enough, but this! You go too far, Woman." It was as though she had again challenged the existence of Ghu, or even Bob Tucker.

"What's so good about a dumb old beaver?"

"I warn you, Woman, you tread close to blasphemy. If you say so much as one harsh word about IPA, I shall be forced to beat you severely with my autographed Bobby Orr hockey stick."

Properly chastened, she hung her head and went off to work on the next issue of POTLATCH. I, buoyed by the knowledge that I had been tireless in my defense of Truth, Justice and the Canadian Way, went off to eat of the food parcel Michael and Susan had been so good as to send me. Ah, there's nothing quite like a Wax Beans and Okra Radio dinner.

Ah, yes.



When I first picked up *THE GRAND SOPHY* (secondhand, 196) from a rack in my local bookstore, the opening page seemed so dull I put it back again. Not exactly the usual beginning for a reading devotion, or even a mild enthusiasm. But somehow, under the urging of a now-forgotten friend, I got past that first page.

That was it. I was hooked, lost, sunk-- as gone as the wildest comics fan, the most rabid Baker Street Irregular, or the most avid Lovecraftian. I read Georgette Heyer novels constantly-- mostly the same ones over and over. I also read Heyer-like novels, even though they are AWFUL. I have even read Heyer's murder mysteries, which are worse. It's very sad to realize that I've read all but two or three very early Heyers, and that her last book wasn't nearly as good as earlier ones (though infinitely better than her first ones.)

Given this readerly devotion, and a thwarted passion for lace and frills ("Tall girls shouldn't wear...") it seemed natural to choose a Heyer character for the St. Louis costume ball. (It's true I had a bit of difficulty convincing Bruce Pelz that my costume qualified as sf. I cleverly pointed out that Heyerdom was a legitimate subgroup, and that you couldn't very well call her books factual... which naturally made them belong to a secondary universe. Dazed by my flashing logic-- and the hypnosis device concealed in my shoulderbag-- and muttering "fantasy world..." under his beard, Bruce let me through.) There might also have been a small element of necessity in this choice though. I have great trouble in visualizing things, and most sf writers' descriptions of their peoples' clothes are vague, to say the least. In contrast, Heyer's descriptions are clear, detailed and specific. Also, pictures of costumes from the period-- 1795 to 1821-- can be found in the library, and modern commercial dress patterns could be suitably modified to the purpose. (I never make anything without a full-size pattern. Told you I had trouble visualizing.)

Thanks to the indefatigable labors of Cory Panshin and Leslie Turek, who did a tentative dating of the Heyer novels by internal evidence (published in *NIEKAS*, 1968) I was able to find the exact year my character belonged to, and from that the typical dress styles.

My choice of Miss Sophia Stanton-Lacy (Sophy to her friends) as my persona was dictated primarily by my affection for her character, her charming and forceful (that's me!) nature, and only in part by her height (5'9", which just happens to be my height also... thus ruling out Lessa of Pern forever for me.) Considerable scratching around in the costume books gave me pictures of the basic lines favored by ladies in 1815.

Then I waded through piles of pattern books; naturally all the fashion houses had shown Empire styles last year. But virtue triumphs (I guess) and eventually the pattern and the medium green crepe were chosen. Plus thread, elastic, white organza and packages of little sew-on pearls.

Using my cousin Debbie's sewing machine, I happily fussed my way along. A major crisis appeared, however, when I finally tried on the pomona green crepe overdress (complete with elastic which had accidentally lost its spring via too intimate contact with a hot iron.) The waistline, which should have clasped me chastely over the middle ribs, instead hit me squarely across the nipples. Emergency surgery was out of the question so I managed with a three-inch wide elastic band, heavily disguised as a satin sash. Even this constricting, boa-like appurtenance had to be pinned securely to pull my main seam down into decency. The only difficulty with this ingenious solution was the extent to which the pinning and pulling depressed the front of my dress. Well, what's modesty at a costume ball I said cheerily, and went in search of that item delicately known as a 'push-up' to give me a suitably delectable cleavage (since it was ALL going to be visible anyway.) Unfortunately, people my size don't normally wear push-up bras, since there's too much to push effectively in any direction it doesn't feel like taking. I made do with a non-supported strapless. At the costume ball, I had a continuous insecure feeling of slippage and a mad urge to seize my underwear and heave...

After several nights spent fighting with the itchy-bitsy sew-on pearls, I abandoned efforts to embroider my sleeves, and concentrated on some other decoration. Needless to say, stores immediately began to sell colored lace and \$7.50 per yard imported French lace exclusively. Other items proved equally elusive. The ribbon-roses that I had meant to use as a wreath (thus avoiding the hairy problem of a tiara) vanished from the card-wrapping-paper-ribbon stores they normally frequented. Capezio dancing shoe stores pulled in their ribbons and slid underground, and knee-high white socks were non-existent. Only the fact that I already owned a small pearl necklace and dangling rhinestone earrings protected these items from mass confiscation by the Thought Police. Even when (by dint of perseverance and plain pigheadedness) I tracked down and captured the necessary furbelows, there still remained the problem of using them. Sewing satin ribbons on kidskin dancing shoes is a new high in blisters.

Eventually, however, complete with long white gloves, lace handkerchief, and a reticule of left-over dress fabric, ribbons, and one of those dumb roses, I made my curtsy to the Polite World.

Although the judges' doubts about the authenticity of my shoes eliminated me from the finals, I was delighted by the thought that I had been considered, and by the many people who recognized my character.

It's hard to determine the reason for Georgette Heyer's popularity among hard-boiled sf fans. Her plots (the mainstay of most sf) are notoriously weak; only once was I surprised by the ending of her book. She considers the most trifling aspects of life; she deals with a real past, rather than with a fantasy one, and with a near past, rather than a vague and nebulous mythical time. And she is definitely not relevant. Her characters represent the upper and upper middle classes of one country, living lives of interest but of very little significance. But her people have the appeal of dear friends, whom you are always glad to hear from, or of believable enemies, whose downfalls you celebrate. She excels in producing interesting, annoying, amusing people, whom you can read about many times, and continue to enjoy.

Well, that's how I entered an 1815 costume in a science fiction ball. I keep the costume in my closet, and moon over it occasionally. I've even gotten myself a fan to use with it, so that when I wear my dress to the next Almack's reception, perhaps people won't notice that I'm wearing last year's gown.

"Susan, my sweet, is this the mock-up for the new ASP here on the wall?"

"Yes, dear, that's it."

"Hmmm. Quite a line-up! Ed Connor, strange Mae, Devra, Arnie... it reads like a Who's Who! Twenty-nine pages plus the letters, eh? Looks like you'll be over the forty page mark."

"Yes! It's really shaping up quite well. Lot's of good material, a nice balance, good art, all sorts of meaty and interesting letters, a good-looking issue if I do say so..."

"But, dear, isn't there something missing?"

"I don't think so, sweetie. Here's Mae, with the Kirk title, and Arnie over here..."

"But, dear, I don't see anywhere where it says 'Dear One' or 'Mikey-Poo' or 'Boy Wonder' or even 'God's Gift to Fandom' or any of the little endearing names you have for me!"

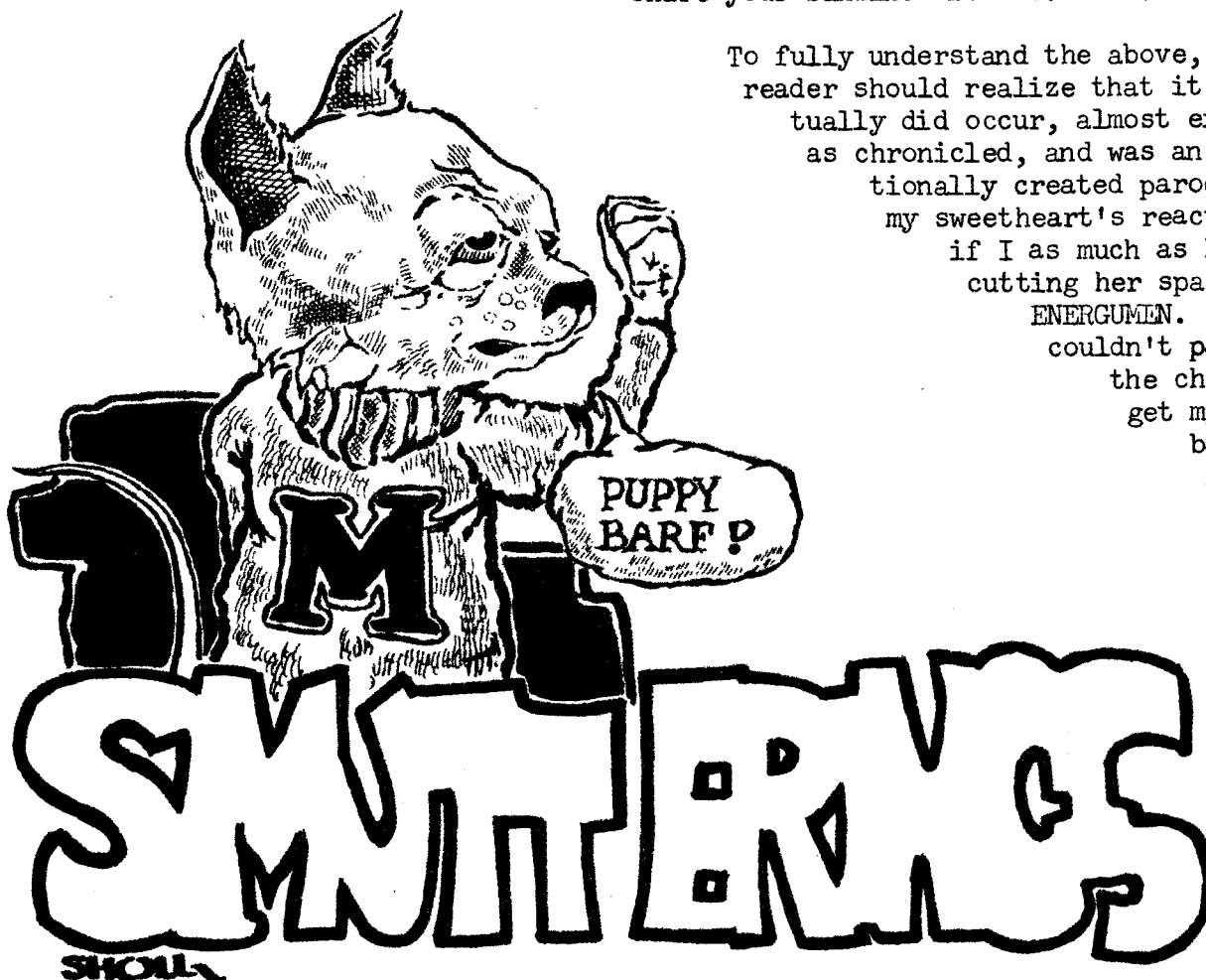
"Oh!...well...er...um...that is... I thought you were too busy, you know how hard you're working on ENERGUMEN and your schoolwork, and I didn't want to bother you, so..."

"Codswaddle! I've always got time for my dear one. You just forgot about me!"

"No, no, dear, not at all... it's just that...well, besides, this is my agrarian myth issue, you know, about fields and things, and I didn't think you'd have anything to say so..."

"Pollywog poop! Admit it, you forgot me! You don't love me any more! You don't want to share your fanzine with me! You..."

To fully understand the above, the reader should realize that it actually did occur, almost exactly as chronicled, and was an intentionally created parody of my sweetheart's reactions if I as much as hint at cutting her space in ENERGUMEN. I couldn't pass up the chance to get my own back, no matter what the



actual reason for my omission may have been. But basically I'm writing this column for three reasons: to use Jim Shull's fine logo; to thank Ethel Lindsay for her compliments on my last effort; and to show the faithless editor of this fanzine that it takes more than the mysteries of the agrarian myth to lay low the Boy Wonder!

++++

We've moved into a pretty weird neighbourhood, as those of you who read Rosemary's column in *ENERGUMEN* should know. But the winos and bums are not the only attraction, by any means. In fact, they're decidedly commonplace.

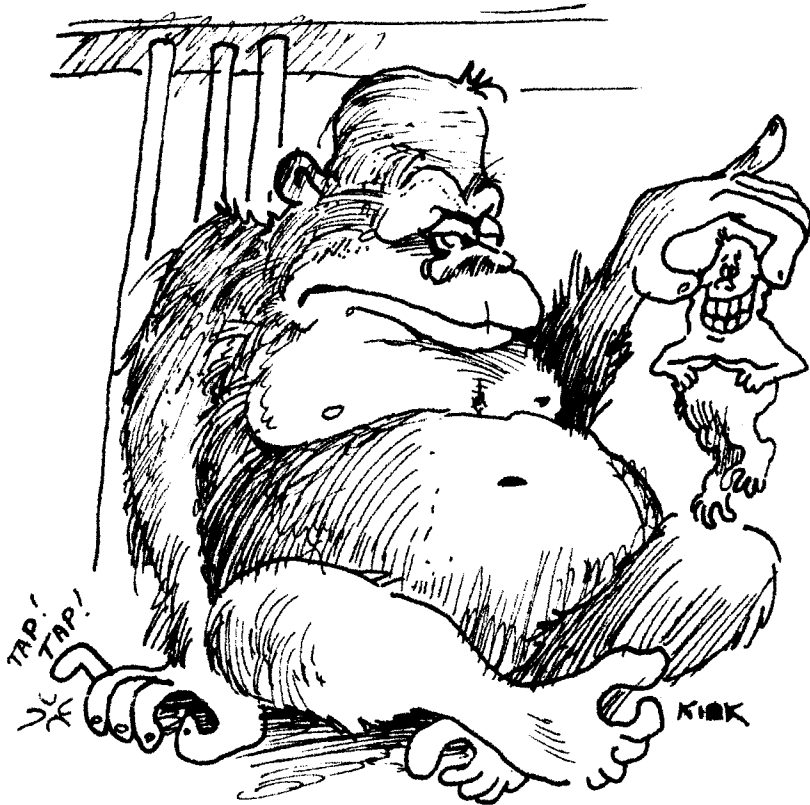
Shortly after we moved in, I decided to stroll up to a local tavern about a mile away since a good friend of mine is sling-ing beer there. I urged Susan to remain at home since she doesn't like beer and the patrons of this particular pub are among the lowest of the proverbial low. In good spirits, then, I set off.

The Parkdale area is what would be called in one of the new down-beat novels "an ethnic melting pot." Most of the people in the area are middle-European or Ukrainian in origin, and one gets used to seeing ancient women swathed in black mourning clothes on the streets. But as I walked up to the tavern, I couldn't help being struck by the appearance of a couple of people on the sidewalk ahead of me. An elderly man stood at the foot of some steps leading up to a house, and was talking to what had to be the ugliest old woman I've ever seen! "Mighod," I thought, "she's as wrinkled and ugly as a gorilla!"

Well, of course, when I got there it was a gorilla! A huge, fat, gross old gorilla, sitting on the front steps of a house eating a popsicle! I'll admit I was a mite surprised. But of course, I didn't show it. After all, I'm a science fiction fan, right? So I strolled casually by, nodded at the beast and pretended that I saw popsicle-eating great apes on a regular basis. When I was past, though, I did turn to a young girl who happened to be passing me and say "It isn't every day you see a gorilla on the sidewalk eating a popsicle." I thought it was a pretty good opening gambit, but she stared at me in a faintly supercilious way and said "Well I do!" and stalked off. Sigh.

Naturally, I told this to the guys at the pub. And you can imagine the reaction! "Was he on that damn blue elephant?" said the bartender. "Hey, why don't you do your drinking here, so I can get the tips?" said my buddy. And I faced the frustrating situation of telling the perfect truth and having everyone smirking knowingly at me. Argghh!

Many hours later, quite well lubricated, I returned home, eager for the comforting trust and belief of my beloved wife. "Dear," I slurred excitedly, "oh, hello Rosemary, hi, Elizabeth, guess what I saw on my way up to the tavern?" I told her the whole story, much as I've written it out here. And of course she was sympathetic and understanding. Ha! "Boy, you just can't hold your beer any more, can you? Did you hear that, Rosemary? He saw a gorilla on the way back from the pub!"



"Up! UP!! On the way up to the pub! Hadn't had a drop. It was there, I tell you!! And they clucked amusedly at each other. Argghh! I went to bed.

A week or so later, we were at PgHLANGE, in a party chatting with Judy-Lynn and Lester del Rey. I was sipping an IPA when Susan chirped something about being careful, it wouldn't do to have a gorilla invade the hotel. Ha, ha. Naturally, I had to tell the del Reys the story and I looked expectantly at them, hoping for some understanding. Sigh. Do I have to tell you?

I'd almost given up hope, when suddenly I was vindicated. Susan still doesn't believe me, but it doesn't matter now. I have several dozen collaborators! It was late afternoon, and classes were in session. It's hard at the best of times to keep the attention of a class of students struggling through the chain rule, but suddenly it was impossible. All along the west side of the school, windows were suddenly full of students.

"You, boy, sit down! Back to your seats! What's happening there?"

"Sir, there's a gorilla on the lawn!"

"Sure there is. And there'll be one on your back if you don't get back to work!"

But I knew better. Sure enough, there it was. My gorilla. Only this time it had green felt pants and a blue felt jacket on and was wearing a Davy Crockett hat and riding a bicycle around. Put on quite a show, too. 'Bout the best class I've had yet! And with all those students to back me up, I know he's real. Judy-Lynn, Rosemary, Lester, Susan, who needs ya!

I think I'll track him down, and see if I can enrol him in my senior year Calculus class. From the looks of it, he'll raise my class average considerably!

++++

"There you are, tweetie, my column for issue #3."

"Where? Let me read it! What? SCREECH! That isn't so! I never said that! WAIL! It's all wrong! You don't love me any more! And besides, it's about that damn gorilla. Even if it existed, a gorilla isn't agrarian! I told you you wouldn't have anything to write about for this issue! WAIL!"

"Not agrarian? Of course it is! Just look at it: the whole episode reminds me of the gorilla scenes from 'Never Give a Sucker an Even Break,' one of Fields classic films. And when the ape was on the school lawn, my Grade 10 class was studying the real number field. And the way I'm floundering about gives you "In Flounders Fields" while all the allusions I made make this The Allusion Fields. So there! Another triumph for the Boy Wonder!"

"All right, I give in, you win. But you missed the obvious, my sweet. I've just realized... how could a load of bullshit like you've just written be anything but agrarian?"

**BEFORE OUR PROBLEMS
WERE HOOKS AND
NETS...**



**...AND NOW WE HAVE
TO ADD WATER
POLLUTION! + SIGH +**



DS

D

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THE LETTERS



Clif Stenberg
1430 B Defense
Muskegon, Mich. 49441

wrote it. I typed my first letter over a period of two days, leaving off at the beginning of my remarks on abortion so as to have more time to get what I wanted to say down like I wanted to say it (if that makes sense.) On the evening on which I finished the masterpiece in question I attended a party. It was a pretty typical party for my circle of maniacs. Things went along as usual and I was about halfway buzzed when some strange people of both sexes came in. After a while, the talk got around to abortion and I was asked for my opinion. Now my friends who were there know my feelings in the subject, so I simply stated that except for the stated reasons ((ie, rape or danger to the mother)) I consider it tantamount to murder. These words were no sooner out of my mouth when this female person who was totally unknown to me shot up off the floor, stabbed her finger (dirty) in my face, and shouted "You stinking son of a bitch! How dare you tell me what to do with my body? My body and what's in it are nobody's business but my own. If I get pregnant and don't want it than I'm the only one who has anything to say about it. When we take over I'm going to see that motherfuckers like you are put where they belong!" This may not be the exact wording of her platform but the gist is there.

Ouch! he said. You are right about my language in my first letter. It was intolerable. In order to explain my rhetoric, it would be well to explain my emotional state when I

Never before or since have I gotten so mad so fast.... I returned home and vented my spleen. Unfortunately you, an innocent bystander, were the recipient of my anger. To this day I don't know how I managed to type the words on to the end.

As to my contradicting myself, I consider it a compromise with reality. There are times when one must either make such compromises or blow his brains out.

Now what I meant as an altar of WLib was not the woman's just fight for equality but the natterings of the lunatic fringe. I received the distinct impression that if free abortion were legalized and that scumbag became pregnant whether or not she wanted, she would have an abortion just to prove she could, maybe even brag about it. I'm sure you will agree such persons exist and in that way lies madness. I'm not knocking WLib, you need it and deserve it, but let's not go crazy and replace one set of ridiculous rules with another.

In summing up, let me say that we both went a little overboard but when important, even vital issues are at stake it is often easy to do so. We don't see eye to eye on this, but if we can continue to discuss this and other differences as reasonable men we will have gone a little way toward turning this into a civilized world.

On to Asp 2. Mae Strelkov: Only someone who lives in a city that does not have a paper mill could speak lightly of the problem. In Muskegon, Michigan, there exists a division of the Scott Paper Co., S.D. Warren. When S.D. Warren is pouring its own particular fragrance into the air the effect is nearly indescribable. S.D. Warren went on strike today, and the whole town threw a party.

((Thank you, Clif. We do in fact agree on most things-- like condemning the "lunatic fringe" and feeling that the real issue is the necessity of improved birth control methods (for males too!), improved dissemination of information, and a greater sense of responsibility on the part of both sexes so that unwanted children are not conceived. And thank you for everyone who wrote to me. Personally (and shall we end things here?) I think the decision to bear or not bear a child is a serious moral question that can only be answered by an individual. Neither you, nor I, nor Pope Paul, nor the 263 male members out of 264 Members of Parliament in Canada, nor the three doctors of the approval board to whom a Canadian woman must appeal for her abortion, have any right to make that decision. And this is something I believe as sincerely as Clif believes abortion is murder. After all, no amount of medical or religious opinion about the presence or absence of "life" (a life which after all is totally dependent on the mother's body, and cannot reason or act-- there are many ideas of what constitutes "life") is going to convince a frightened or desperate or resentful woman that the cells dividing inside her are a living individual if she herself does not feel that this is so! Another correspondant, Elizabeth Kimmerley, wrote:

"There was a show on W5((a public-affairs programme)) about abortion in which the anti forces demonstrated that a Swedish doctor studying embryology had kept aborted fetuses alive for weeks in order to experiment on them. Their attitude was that of the anti-vivisectionists... What I'd like to know is, can he keep that fetus alive and maturing? I want abortion on demand because I hate to see suffering. If the baby lives, so much the better. Mother isn't a mother and so is happy. Baby is alive and up for adoption. If the fetus is malformed it can be destroyed, before it begins to think." Someday. Some day every child will be wanted-- thanks to technology. And some day every child will be wanted thanks to social attitudes and consciousness-- the awareness that parenthood is not a biological accident or a right but a responsibility and a privilege. Someday.

Meanwhile, it is my turn to apologize sincerely to Roger Bryant, who is a thoroughly nice person and not Akron's own pet male chauvanist. Apparently he's been chided by Joan Bowers and Sandra Miesel (by proxy through John), had a threatening postcard and a crank phonecall. These are my fault, and I'm sorry. He was also turned (briefly) into a frog by Akron's resident witch but I believe the incident was unrelated... Anyway, Roger has forgiven me, and bombarded me with anecdotes like the following:

Roger Bryant
647 Thoreau Ave.
Akron, Ohio 44306

I wanted to tell you about my councilman, who's up for re-election. He's making the rounds of groups and gatherings to make speeches, of course. Not too long ago he found himself in front of a gaggle of girl scouts. Realizing, no doubt (he's a shrewd

political mind, my councilman) that these girls were not old enough to vote, he made a quick talk about "good citizenship" that would have made Andy Hardy proud, and then offered to answer questions from the audience.

Now Ray Kapper has fielded a lot of questions in his time, and no doubt he even answered some of them straight. And no doubt he expected some nice simple girl-scoutish questions (women's lib was never his strong suit.) So the first brat with her hand in the air asked, "What color toilet paper do you use?"

As a rule, politicians can talk for hours on any subject imaginable, but this one left ol' Ray speechless. He just didn't know what color was in use at his house (I mean, who checks?) and what's worse, he didn't know what difference it could make to this ~~little brat~~ fine young girl. So, with the patience of Job, the kid explained that colored toilet paper is bad for the environment because... well, you know that routine.

And by the time she was finished, Ray Kapper was rather embarrassed. In fact, you might say he looked (are you ready?) a bit flushed.

Is this what they call a "white paper" report? ((Ouch.))

Mae Strelkov
Casilla de Correo 55
Jesus Maria, Cordoba
Argentina

I applaud all your suggestions and resolutions and yet I am sure the only solution (besides slowing down the population explosion by no longer forcing parasitical types to multiply virtuously by dogmati

fiats!) lies in the following: learn the Savage View! Forget the "civilized" proud outlooks of Western man. Walk on tiptoe leaving no footprint...as does a savage. Respect all Nature as numinous... reverence it and you'll not leave litter on every mountainpeak which you "vanquish" or climb.

A savage is frugal by nature. What is frugality but sound ecology? But it means self-denial, a complete change in outlook and philosophy. As the "Great Society" becomes more and more squalid up there-- suffocating in her own wasteg-- she still looks for other lands to conquer and exploit and "civilize." So Big Business comes south! In a couple of years' time, several dozen new factories in Southern Brazil will turn the great Rio Parana into another open sewer. It's begun! We lived in the Argentine Delta of the Rio Parana from 1953 until a great flood swept us out in 1959. We came to these hills in 1961. Our water comes from mountain streams fed by springs and only a few cows pollute it higher up (who minds?) Well, now we have news from friends in the Delta region that the fish-- such a wealth there used to be-- are floating dead and stinking in every backwater already. We are paying, as the Great Society comes south to organize "us savages."

Years ago, I had an article published in BLUEBOOK on our former island life. My instructions for happiness included: "Use tin plates to avoid breakage!" I would add to that-- value yourself by your ability to shed unecessaries. Reduce your possessions to absolute ecessaries. Decorative trinkets are mere dust-catchers. OUT!

Copy the primitive--simplify! One cup and soup-plate (let it be as beautiful as an heirloom, by all means), one knife, fork and spoon per person is ideal. (Plus a reserve for visitors, of course!)

Is this dream possible? I say "yes." I've been ruthless in my own family doing this "cancelling-out" of non-essentials, Vadim co-operates gladly and even the children come around to our way of thinking (after a "rash of acquisitive measles" is over... due to exposure to the "We-must-keep-up-with-the-Perezes" humans, which briefly troubles them during their teens.) Books, art, music, friends... These are musts and cannot be denied. But most of the stuff advertisers cram down our throats enslaves us, that's all.

David Emerson
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New York, N.Y. 10027

There's an aspect to this pollution business that I haven't seen discussed too often, possibly because it's so discouraging. It seems to imply that the solution

is not just overwhelmingly difficult, but it is downright impossible.

Let's say John Q. Fan is reading the New York Times. Being conscientious about ecology he saves the paper, adding it to a pile of newsprint which he intends to take downtown to the recycling centre. Great. The paper is taken to a plant for re-processing. The reclamation process turns a certain percentage of the scrap back into usable newsprint. Not all--you can't expect 100% efficiency from anything. Second Law of Thermodynamics. But in the meantime, the plant has used a lot of foul, evil, ugly chemicals to accomplish this ecologically virtuous act, and the chemical wastes have to go somewhere. Usually it's the Hudson River.

Ok, do it again. Take the waste chemicals and recycle them. You run into the same kind of problem. After a certain point, the cost of all these reclamations is not just inconvenient, but prohibitive. You'll never be able to get rid of all wastes. Even discounting this, we still have problems. The recycling plant (indeed, all processes) generates a certain amount of heat, which is wasted in the sense that it dissipates into the surroundings and no useful work can be gotten from it. This is again due to the Second Law of Thermo. Every time you recycle further, more heat goes into the environment. Where does the power come from? Why, Con Ed, which must burn fossil fuels in great quantities (using up natural resources, pouring smoke into the air) in order to generate the power needed. Generation of power is pretty inefficient, so a lot of heat dissipats from there. Power transmission lines approach but do not attain 100% efficiency. Transformers at both ends of the lines are likewise not quite 100%. More heat leaking into the air. The processes used (if at all) to clean up Con Ed's plants are also wasteful. You get the idea? Every cleanup breeds more pollution and/or heat loss.

What's the big deal about heat? Ignoring the effects of raised temperature on certain ecosystems, there are still larger and more general effects to contend with. Earth, as a planet, has a certain maximum rate at which it can radiate heat into space. We receive a fixed amount of energy from the sun, and we produce some energy of our own through burning of fuels, animal muscle power, and now nuclear reactions. All this power, initially in use as electrical or mechanical energy, eventually ends up as dissipated heat. The Second Law again. Also the Law of Conservation of Energy. When (not if) the power produced on Earth plus the power received from the sun exceeds the power radiated away into space, the temperature of the Earth will rise. You all know the bit about ice caps and water levels and so forth. When it gets hotter, people will turn to bigger and better air conditioners, which demand more electricity, which needs more fuel for the generators, which generates more heat, which....

Society at present values consumerism. The rich man lighting his cigar with a \$100 bill is a stereotype, but the two-car garage is no exaggeration. The rationale for consuming is, "If you've got the money, you can afford to buy things." No consideration of whether you ought or ought not to buy them; it's implicit that Buying Things is Good. The new ecological awareness, seeing materials being bought and discarded, says "Don't discard, recycle." Likewise no questioning of the initial use.

But if recycling creates waste in itself, then what we need is to stop using things in the first place. Admittedly, this is difficult, especially for Suburban Housewife who needs a station wagon for the Little League carpool. You are going to have a hell of a time trying to persuade consumers not to consume. While our tiny gestures of mini-conservation may not by themselves keep the world's supply of aluminum from running out, they might possibly begin the cultural re-orientation towards non-consumerism.... console yourself with Peter Viereck's line, "Minute your gesture, it must be made!"

Eli Cohen
address as for Emerson

David and I went shopping today, among other things looking for detergent. I have been out of touch with the world; I simply was

not prepared for: PFD-- the pollution free detergent!

ECOLO/G-- contains no phosphates!!

BIO-D-- now you can wash without regret!!!

All, of course, in screaming coloured letters. We finally settled for something that mildly calls itself "The Unpolluter." I'm not sure why I was so disturbed, though I think it's because I consider ecology a stupendously complex subject, and if Madison Ave. reduces it to a few simple-minded slogans (Buy our product and save the world) people will just (at best) slightly shift their habits (as long as there's no inconvenience) and consider the problems solved. On the other hand, I doubt if anything will get done without Madison Ave. Sigh.

I don't like the implicit dichotomy you make, Susan, between business and ordinary people. Most ordinary people either own a business or work for one if a voter is asked to approve of a law that will clean up the air a little bit but put him out of work, would you blame him for refusing? Or blame his elected representative? This is an extreme case, but it works on a sliding scale to the point where the anti-pollution law will just raise your cost of living. And for that matter, how many jobs are tied up in the oil business? What I mean is, in the short run anti-pollution is costly, and lots of people--ordinary people, not only "business"-- aren't willing to pay the cost. You can tell them in the long run it'll be more expensive if they don't act now. But, as the saying goes, in the long run we are all dead. I guess that tosses the ball back to slogans-- Return your bottles for God and your country. The Russians are widening the re-cycling center gap!

There are no returnable ginger ale bottles in the neighbourhood. There are some recycling plants and collection points about the city, and during the school year there's one on the Columbia campus, about two blocks away. Meanwhile, we're hoping the various chemicals in the air we breathe will react with the glass to produce something the cockroaches can eat.

Jerry Kaufmann
address as for Cohen

The layout on Jody Offutt's article was a very nice idea, and gave the idea of flow and waves. ((You noticed! Thank you!))

I'm not sure I agree with Angus Taylor. This is because I'm not sure what he's saying. I'll think about it. ((A fairly typical reaction, alas. At least Eli commented on, and discussed, Angus' essay-- I passed the remarks on to him. So much for sercon-but-not-ecology material.))

Cy Chauvin
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Roseville, Mich. 48066

The most interesting ecological thing I came across in the paper was a piece concerning a pregnant woman and all the rude remarks she encountered, because she was

pregnant. For no other reason. I gather from this article that other pregnant women have encountered this hostile attitude too. Now, while I can't really approve of rude remarks and such, I think this article shows that there is a change in social attitudes coming about-- which is really quite important. Like John Brunner noted in part of STAND ON ZANZIBAR, and Isaac Asimov in one of his F&SF columns, it's far more effective to make it socially wrong to have more than two children than to make it legally wrong. People and society enforce their own rules, unlike the govt. which seems to be a bit lax about this lately.

Also read a series of ecological articles which centered around a supposedly typical family and the pollution they caused. Only this "typical" family had three cars, a swimming pool (built-in), 4 tvs, electric can-opener, electric knife, electric blender, electric toothbrush(es)...I wouldn't have been surprised if they had an electric navel-picker, though it wasn't listed. The thing that really got me, though, was the

reporter's crack that "there would be no point in the family giving up its third car, and depriving itself of transportation, since it would also pollute elsewhere..." Deprive themselves of transportation...? If this is a "typical" US family, no wonder America is going to the dogs! Or maybe I should say microbes and algae...

Despite what Bob Vardeman says, I don't think that the American Public (whatever strange beast that is) is quite as stupid as he thinks. It's just that they don't have any choice: either you buy a cruddy, polluting car or you buy none at all. And the way things are set up in most places, it's nearly impossible to do without a car.

((At least, though, those cars could be kept tuned properly-- and people who were really keen could write to the various US auto firms saying "I bought a Toyota instead of your car because it causes less pollution and the Japanese are working on a clean engine..." Loss of sales is one thing manufacturers surely understand.))

Harry Warner Jr.
423 Summit Ave.
Hagerstown, Md. 21740

There's a small-scale local version of the Spadina Expressway situation. The Maryland State Roads Dept. wants to build a new dual highway across about 10 miles of Washington

County, to connect Interstate 70 with Interstate 81 at points east and north of Hagerstown. This is intended to relieve traffic congestion on lesser roads to the northeast of Hagerstown, where there are both extensive new suburbs and a couple of large factories. It is also supposed to lessen the load on Interstate 70 for a short distance, putting off the day when the road will need to expand to eight lanes from the existing four. The state estimates that this "north-east bypass" will cost twenty million to construct, a figure which almost everyone else claims is too low for the realities of land acquisition, construction bids and inflation's effect on them by the time the project would be finished. So far we've heard no organized efforts to block it. But some local politicians are quite bitter about the matter, without openly condemning it in principle. It would ease traffic on some narrow roads and would undoubtedly add to the pressure on other narrow roads by its change in get-to-work and get-home driving habits. It might save from two to four minutes each way for local traffic. It would remove from the tax books hundreds of acres of land which are now covered with growing things, for the most part, and would soon be covered with blacktop and gravel shoulders and regularly sprayed with weedkiller. Meanwhile, Hagerstown and vicinity have lost their local bus service. If the useful life of the new highway proved to be fifty years, and if maintenance and repairs over the coming half-century cost five million, and the state is right on the construction estimate, it would be an investment of perhaps three-fourths of a million dollars per year, counting the interest on the bonds that would be sold to raise the money for construction. That \$750,000 per year would subsidize local bus service much better than was provided by the company that went bankrupt, and that bus service would both reduce some of the highway congestion and permit people on relief to use their money for more useful purposes than taxis. The local health officer has been raising thunder about the way people barely able to survive on welfare checks must pay nearly \$2 in cab fare every time they visit a health clinic.

Nobody in this ASPIDISTRA mentions the most difficult of all causes of the population explosion. It's bigotry. I assume that the portions of Maryland and Pennsylvania that I know are fairly typical of the rest of the nation. The WASPs are convinced that having lots of kids of their own is one of the weapons against the black man. Fear is the root of most prejudice, and racial bigotry is deeply involved in the white man's fear that he will eventually be outnumbered and controlled by the black man. You don't hear many whites coming out and admitting they've had four children because they feel it's their duty to the race, but I've heard enough of their frightened talk about the black birth rate to feel sure this is a factor in their own refusal to practice birth control. ((And the widespread condemnation of childless couples as "selfish" perhaps. Or maybe that's envy!)) Mike's Mutterings sounds startlingly like Ballard's THE VOICES OF TIME. ((Oh? responded Michael)) I liked the issue... and I hope you really exist instead of being just an extreme Geisian alter-ego. ((As long as The Boy Wonder lets me, I'll exist...))

Jerry Lapidus
54 Clearview Dr.
Pittsford, N.Y. 14534

I've always had the secret desire to carry around one of those little tiny bottles of air spray, in my fabled shoulder bag, any any time someone lights up a cigarette in a crowd-

ed elevator, to spray tye stuff right in his face. But I never really had the guts, and besides-- would it really be better to substitute air spray pollution for tobacco? But how I agree with you on the unthinkingness of cigarette smokers! It's funny how it's this one specific thing people are stupid about. They'd never think of dropping food or spilling drink haphazardly about, but they seem to think nothing of dropping ashes, matches, butts, the minute they finish with them. Feh.

((Yes, indeed. In our Noreascon suite, we made one room, with ashtrays, the "smoking room" and one the non-smoking room during our party. Many people thanked us for providing one place where they could talk to friends without inhaling everyone else's smoke, but-- many people also ignored the signs, even deliberately lighting up and blowing smoke at me; and even in the smoking area, even though I kept emptying ash trays, we cleaned up 3-4 dozen half-empty bottles and cans of beer and soft drinks, ruined because some clown had dropped his cigarette therein (and yes, people reached for their drink, to take a hearty swig, and...) Now that kind of behaviour I really don't understand. Unfortunately, I seem to be upsetting a lot of smokers, like Bob Toomey, who was going to write me a letter, he wrote, but realized I knew he (gasp) smoked and so decided "I'll just avoid you, I guess. That way I won't get guilty, and you won't get sick." Uh, gee, Mr. Toomey, when I met you, you were (gasp) smoking, and I talked to you, and you talked to me, and you seemed like a Nice Man and all... I mean, I'd like to talk to you, and I'll put up with the smoke, as long as we aren't at a party with half the immediate world also smoking, or someplace enclosed, like a car. It's just that for years, I've put up with things like attending compulsory Englit. seminars where all but two of us smoked, and the prof. chainsmoked Gitanes, and the airconditioning didn't work, and I just made it to the end of two hours without being sick, and had to g home and wash my hair and clothes twice to get rid of the stink. I don't think most smokers realize how foul they're being, that's all; so after all these years, I've decided to tell them so. If they stop inflicting their habits on me, great-- and you, Mr. Toomey, are a gentleman who didn't blow smoke in my face so I would be happy to talk to you (anyway, why should that affect your writing "a nice dutiful informed and indignant-type letter, filled with quotes and anecdotes and examples and the kind of solid heavy thinking that has made me justly famous and a legend in my own time", huh? It sounds phenomenal...) If they insist on inflicting said habits, I'll avoid them, same as I would a drunk at a party who's vomiting over everyone. Anyone with me? Oh, and, Jerry, handing the litter back, or throwing, say, that empty cigarette pack back through the window of the stopped car, with a polite injunction not to litter (I remind people there's a \$50 fine for littering) is a very effective bit of street-theatre.))

Bob Vardeman
P.O. Box 11352
Albuquerque, N.M. 87112

Clif Stenberg is partly right about the anti-litter campaign. Certainly no-one wants to live in 10 feet of trash but the drive for returnable bottles has a further reaching effect

than he is considering. In the US, the aluminium industry used approximately 10% of all electrical power generated. If we can markedly cut down on the amount of aluminium going each year for those millions (maybe billions) of cans, this means reduced consumption of electricity which means less pollution from the power plants. Granted, the amount of aluminum going into the cans is small, but every bit helps.

I saw one marvellous commercial on the boob tube the other day for Amana air conditioners. "The pollution in the air is so bad today you really need an Amana air conditioner to filter it out." Talk about adding to the problem! How is this air conditioner powered? Solar cells? Hardly. One of these days, people will learn that everything we do adds to the problem and it is up to us to determine just how far we want to go and what levels of pollution we'll tolerate. Frankly, I think the big cities have passed my limits already.

and now for a change of pace...
David Hulvey
Rt. 1, Box 198
Harrisonburg, Va. 22801

I am going to rap you, Susan Glicksohn,
with the blue-green fire that Mountain-
speak smiles. I was flying high, and I
came down to see the rhinoceros stones
throw pain at the rhodium.

I only hope you and the beautiful concept of ASPIDISTRA can survive the lukewarm fan reception. However, this is to let you know I agree with you almost 100 proof, and have been in some hellish situations because I tried to raise the eco-awareness of my Mundane brothers. Still, I raise this glass of pure water-- flavored with the sunny, fresh country air-- to you from Harrisonburg, even as the cracking facade of the rotting corporations throws a shadow over the land.

Hell, ecommandos, over the wall. Let's see the promised land before the angel of the lord is the only one that can lead us there. End of Heavy Raps thish.

Rosymary-- I love that Cy Chauvin's whimsical word-play, really I do. ((Gee, I thought it was a typo.)) However, being the existential wave-foma, I wanna call that good witch outta the Northern White-Light, Gwendolyn. Yes, from now on, when you see me loc, it will mention an ephemeral Girl Wonder... called by the wind, blown across the pages by time, until her august motion ceases in the temporal locus of 1971, as the CanFan who made Dave of Hulvey laugh uncontrollably (don't YAWN Sue and Mike. She is worth the egoboo.) Yes, it's the Girl Wonder, Rosymary, or as I prefer, Gwendolyn. Ah, Gwendolyn, ya can play mah mandolin, any time at all. Jest call.

I've never see the ocean either, Jodie Offutt. I fear, that by the time I have a chance to see it, I'll be wearing gloom for glasses...

"Halt" said the guard at the Top Secret Underwater H-Bomb Silo.

"Why, Mortimer," replied the benzedrine-submarine sea captain, "whatever for?"

"This Area is off-limits."

"Oh, that's right, I forgot. All Areas of Declared Water are off-limits. I'll have to head back into Oil."

"First, the password."

"Oh shit, I forgot... Hey it's fish. Whatever that's supposed to mean."

"Yeah, whatever..."

Smutterings (Hah! I caught the trick way the words were darkened) by your house guest, some guy named Mike-- and I have a long lost cousin named Mike (he escaped Lord Fruttlebottle's home for the Mentally Reluctant during August '62) who used to waer funny hats-- with athing about your hair. Fetishes I've heard of, but this is so utterly idiotic I'm still laughing. Hey, Susan isn't related to you by anything except marriage, is she? I mean, those nocturnal journeys could forebode an awftal and evial relation with an Antarian Kolluuma Shet. Yes, during the discharge of static electricity they exhibit on meeting a potential mate-- the prospective bride's hair sheds.

Alexis Gilliland
2126 Pennsylvania Ave. N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20037

ASP Too? Well, perhaps English majors shouldn't be expected to understand ordinal numbers. That was 2, sweetheart, T-U-E, 2.

The word on recycled bottles is: Corning has developed a one-way bottle in a 1-mil. plastic skin, which is under great stress. One tunk and pow, back to sand...or at least

gravel. They also have a returnable version, heavier glass, 1-mil. urethane skin, which should make more than 100 round trips. Obviously the round-tripper is to be preferred.

Coke, beer and what-have-you goes in round-trip bottles. Whiskey--in the US at least-- is one-way by virtue of 26 U.S.C. sec. 5301 which prohibits the reuse of distilled-spirits bottles "except that the Secretary of his delegate may by regulation authorize (their) reuse..." No act of Congress is required, merely the stroke of the Presidential pen (or, should the manufacturer apply in triplicate on letterhead stationery for the privilege: see 26 C.F.R. sec. 201.540f) If liquor stores paid 5¢ /bottle, there would be jobs for sorters and stackers, and 25 bottles gets you a movie and popcorn. Kids would sweep the streets of bottles.

At work I am on the edge of the problem of recycled paper. Properly speaking, about 10% of virgin paper is recycled in that the cuttings are returned to pulping vats, so we are really talking about reused paper. This matter of definition is serious; what about a small mill that operates off the cuttings from a large envelope plant? They claim 40% r recycled paper, but they are buying very special scrap. If you start in on boy-scout-collected paper you run into the very serious problem of sorting... which has to be done by hand, and is very expensive. Hand-sorted paper for reuse costs more than virgin pulp.

Vardeman is wrong about my beloved bureaucracy... green slimy jelly indeed! Its viridescent smaragdine verdancy is shot with citrine, olivine, chartreuse and glaucous streaks of poignant beauty. And he had better be wrong about us not being able to do the job, because it's so bloody huge only a bureaucracy can begin to handle it.

George Proctor
1524 S. Oak, Apt. 205
Arlington, Tex. 76010

I would like to bring to light a situation relating to a litter clean-up program here in the Dallas-Ft. Worth area. The program, one of the better-planned public relations

efforts I have observed, revolves around the slogan "YES, WE CAN." It is mainly sponsored by Aloca and has recently found interest with Dr. Pepper (that misunderstood soft drink) and Coors beer. In effect, Aloca is paying 10¢ a pound for all aluminum cans brought to special weighing-in stations. Dr. Pepper and Coors are paying the same for aluminum and a lower price for steel cans. The latter companies are also buying no-return bottles, if sorted to color.

This is all well and good, right? All three companies get favorable media coverage, plus the public thinks "Wowie, Zowie, those people really care about the environment." Those great youth organizations such as Boy Scouts and Blue Birds and local women's organizations can all go out with their picnic lunches and have a good time picking up old tin cans plus relieving guilt feelings by rationalizing that they have really got out and fought the pollution problem. Well, while covering one of these local outings for the newspaper I work for (if you are at the bottom of the totem pole you get the ass assignments nobody in their right mind would want) it suddenly flashed to me that these relevant companies were distributing plastic bags for everyone to run out and place the cans in: not only for their programs, but these companies were supplying local chambers of commerce with plastic bags to be distributed for use in their local clean-up-that-litter programs. The whole mess seems rather useless and deceptive.

((I guess you have to choose between evils-- litter all over, or using paper bags and thus burning up more trees in the garbage and polluting more streams with papermill wastes, or using more non-biodegradable plastics which release all sorts of nasty chemicals when burned. Or, as in New York's "starve a rat" campaign, between plastic-bagged garbage and unbagged food for rats! A local paper solved the problem nicely, though, by handing out nice, re-useable cardboard litter-boxes made from recycled/reused copies of the paper! The paper is, incidentally, folding in a week...))

No, Mike, there is no witchcraft involved in your hairy situation. It is common

knowledge, even if not scientific fact, that females are in moulting season throughout the year. Lana has waist length hair (or perhaps that is waste length) which has even found its way to my little toe and there wrapped itself around and around. To add to the problem, our house has two other females: a blue weimaruner and a blue long-haired cat, both of which leave thousands of hairs wherever they sit, eat, walk or run. Every hair waiting to attack an unwary male.

((To the numerous males who recounted similar hair-ridden plights: I got a haircut, which didn't please My Dear One either, but we still have hairs all over-- black curly ones, from his head, and his chin, and his chest! So love it or chop it...))

Rich Benyo
207 Center St.
Jim Thorpe, Pa. 18229

If a few people with big mouths get up a public-relations program keyed to the daily needs and wants and to the future of the status-quo, wonders can be performed. For

example: Jim Thorpe straddles the Lehigh River in central-eastern Pennsylvanis; Jim Thorpe (formerly Mauch Chunk) was, in the late 1800s, the prime shipping port for coal in the East, when coal was King for industry and heating. The place was thriving, millionaires were as common as coal dust, and the area was being turned into one huge festering sore from mining companies, prime among them the Lehigh Coal & Navigation Co., furrowing out the land with strip mining. Coal eventually began to decline in importance, and the area began to decay like a coal ash left out in the rain. People saw the mining jobs die, they saw the industry fall in upon itself. It hadn't the kindness to leave as quietly as it had come, though. The region paid a price for the short span of progress. The land was more grotesque than a close-up of an adolescent with terminal acne; mine acid drainage was flowing into the Lehigh River.

Recently, a few people with big mouths and the old stick-to-itiveness have begun examining the solid waste problem in the area. Each small town has its own dump (they call them landfills). Less then half of them are backcovered as they should be under Penna. Dept. of Health regulations; and it is costly....Some people are taking a long look at forming the boroughs and townships together and using a stripping (which would accomodate the county for the next twenty-five years) as a common landfill, which will solve innumerable problems, and will bring extra state money in, because of a clause in government forms that gives more for cooperation between municipalities. The touchy question now is, "Which stripping shall we pick?"

Then there is the Lehigh River. Because of the mine acid drainage, it has been, for 20 years, a 'dead river.' No fish, stunted plant life. The same people who are pushing for the dumping site, and local fishermen groups, got together and decided to do something about having a dead river. They went after State money on several levels, through Project 70 funds, the Penna. Fish and Game Commission, Penna Dept. of Environmental Resources, etc., and they got the funds for research into the problem. Within two years, two "yellow boy" projects were set up at the two streams dumping mine acid drainage into the river. The "yellow boys" introduce a certain chemical that alters the acid, and makes it harmless. We've now got fishing derbies along the river, some good-sized trout, the state saw the good points of the river valley (there are great rapids and white water for 22 miles above Jim Thorpe, and it is virtually inaccessible to vehicular traffic), and bought the 22 miles, turning it into the Lehigh River Gorge State Park. The river valley now has beaver, deer, bear, several hawks, and protected stretches of good kayak, canoe and rubber-raft rapids. A few people with a hot coal up their asses can do quite a bit to fight pollution-- and can do it within the system.

Terry Hughes
407 College Ave.
Columbia, Mo. 65201

It is thoughtful of a fanzine to devote a lot of discussion to pollution, although since it just goes out to fans it probably won't be extremely effective since fans

generally are opposed to pollution and don't need to be persuaded to do something about it. ((Yeah?)) So many people just don't think of pollution as a worldwide thing... It

requires immediate world action. There are many people who hide from facts. The Daughters of the American Revolution (ultra-conservatives-- but when I was a high school freshman they gave me the school award in citizenship, top grades in that course, I mean, how many other freaks can say that?) have been claiming that all this talk about pollution is being caused by communists who are trying to overthrow their beloved USA. And in the Nov. '71 AMAZING STORIES, Richard Shaver had a letter in which he said that pollution is caused by industries owned by alien beings who don't care what happens to earth!

Elizabeth Buchan Kimmerley
35 Willard St.
Ottawa 1, Ont.

I bought a copy of Orwell's KEEP THE ASPIDISTRA FLYING yesternight and discovered on seeing the cover drawing that I own an aspidistra. Two, in fact, since it has begun

to spread. Hardy beast; it fell off the front porch during a recent rainstorm and smashed its pot, but managed to live three days without it until I noticed and transplanted it. It also strangled a rather nice rubber plant I had in the same pot. I don't think its soul goes dreaming. I think that it plots and schemes.

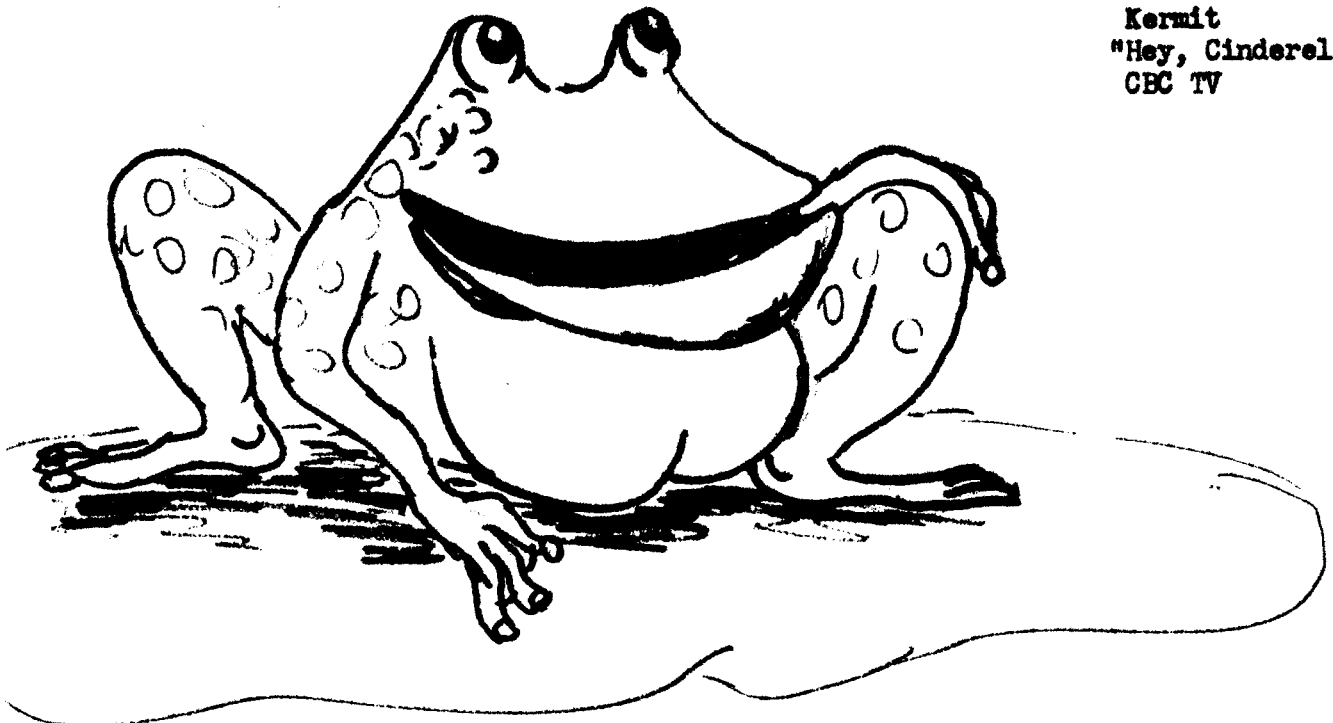
My sister-in-law also owns an aspidistra which she hates and cannot destroy. It thrives on ammonia, cigarette ashes, mauling by twenty-seven cats, detergent, chewing, bottle caps, champagne, fruit flies, javex, extract of wild strawberry, Comet, and small amounts of sulphuric acid. Hardy beasts, aspidistras.

All that this leads to, I guess, is that in spite of their unattractive personalities, aspidistras are survivors.

I just heard a commercial on CBC radio about how bloody Inco worries about the environment and what nice motherfuckers them capitalists are---"Elizabeth," I said to myself, "Wasn't it Inco that Morty Shulman ((local crusading-type politician, US friends)) sneaked into their Sudbury plant and tried to breathe? Didn't he expose those leeches all over the front page of the GLOBE AND MAIL? What have they done in a year? Built a whole new plant? Not bloody likely! I wish I was still a bank teller at the head office of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce. With my usual inept arithmetic, maybe I could send them bankrupt in six months!

"I could have solved this whole thing months ago--
but who ever listens to a frog?"

Kermit
"Hey, Cinderella"
CBC TV



ASP ALSO HEARD FROM: John Douglas with Paul Gallico's recipe for Cornish pasties in a garbage tin; and Lesleigh Luttrell, Sandra Miesel, and Devra Langsam with recipes (in next issue.) Devra advised Dean Koontz to avoid "egg beads" by "adding about a table-spoon of cotrage, farmer or pot cheese per two scrambled eggs. Practically guranteed to eliminate beads and squishies" while Jonh Ingham insisted that "Michael's tuna is

sadly lacking in tuna-ness. You should add about half a bottle-cap of vinegar and some chopped chives. Now that is a grokking of the fullness of tuna." Barbara

Wenk complained about complaints about her hair appearing in places she hadn't touched.

James Goddard described British efforts in cleaning up London's smog, treating

sewage and trying to solve the cars-in-cities problem.

John Mansfield told me of a Vancouver restaurant called

Aspidistra, and of what the Canadian army

cleaned out of the Bow River in Alberta-- 7 cars

and a phone booth, with phone. Paul Anderson described

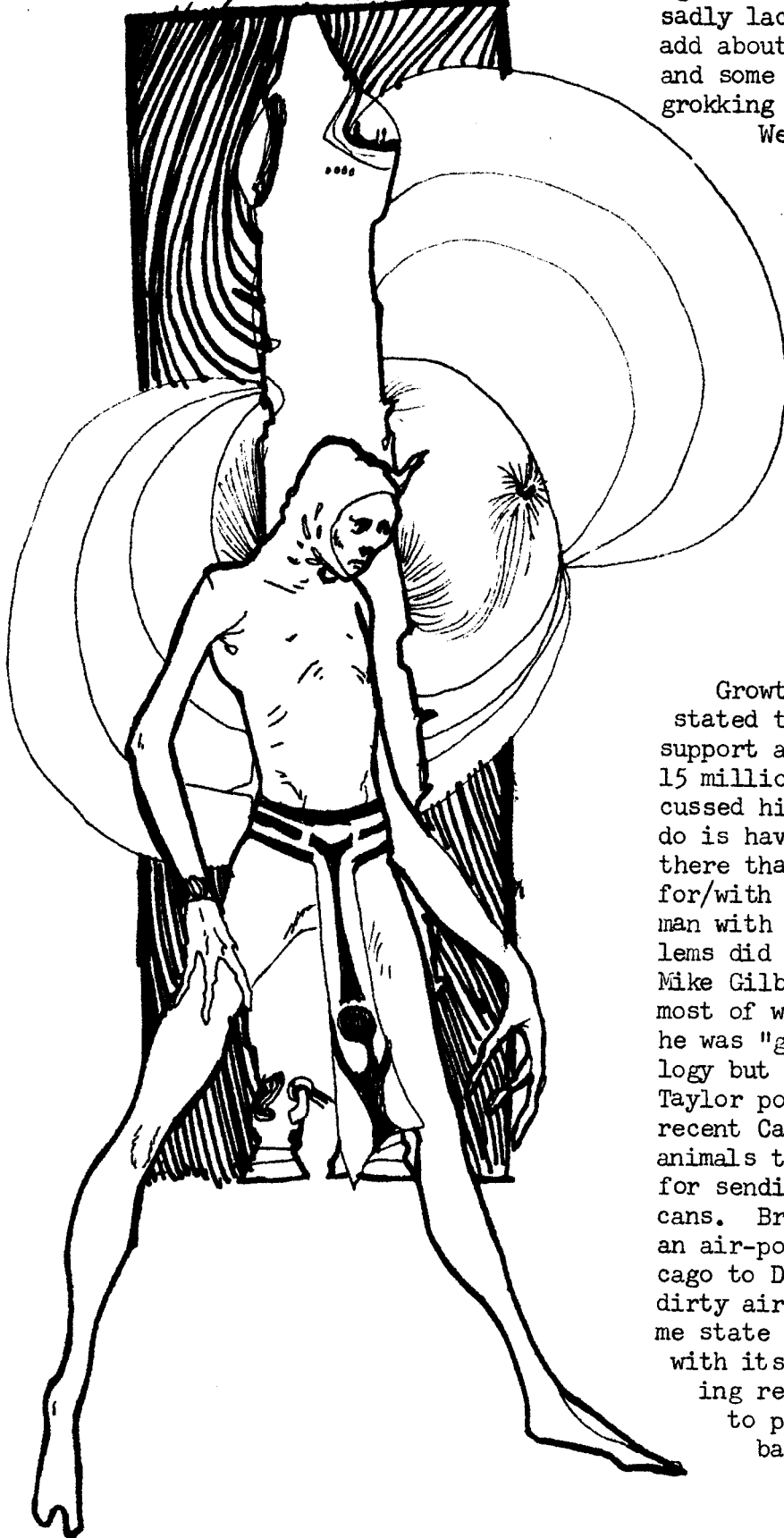
the Australian reaction to Dr. Ehrlich's visit to speak on Zero Population

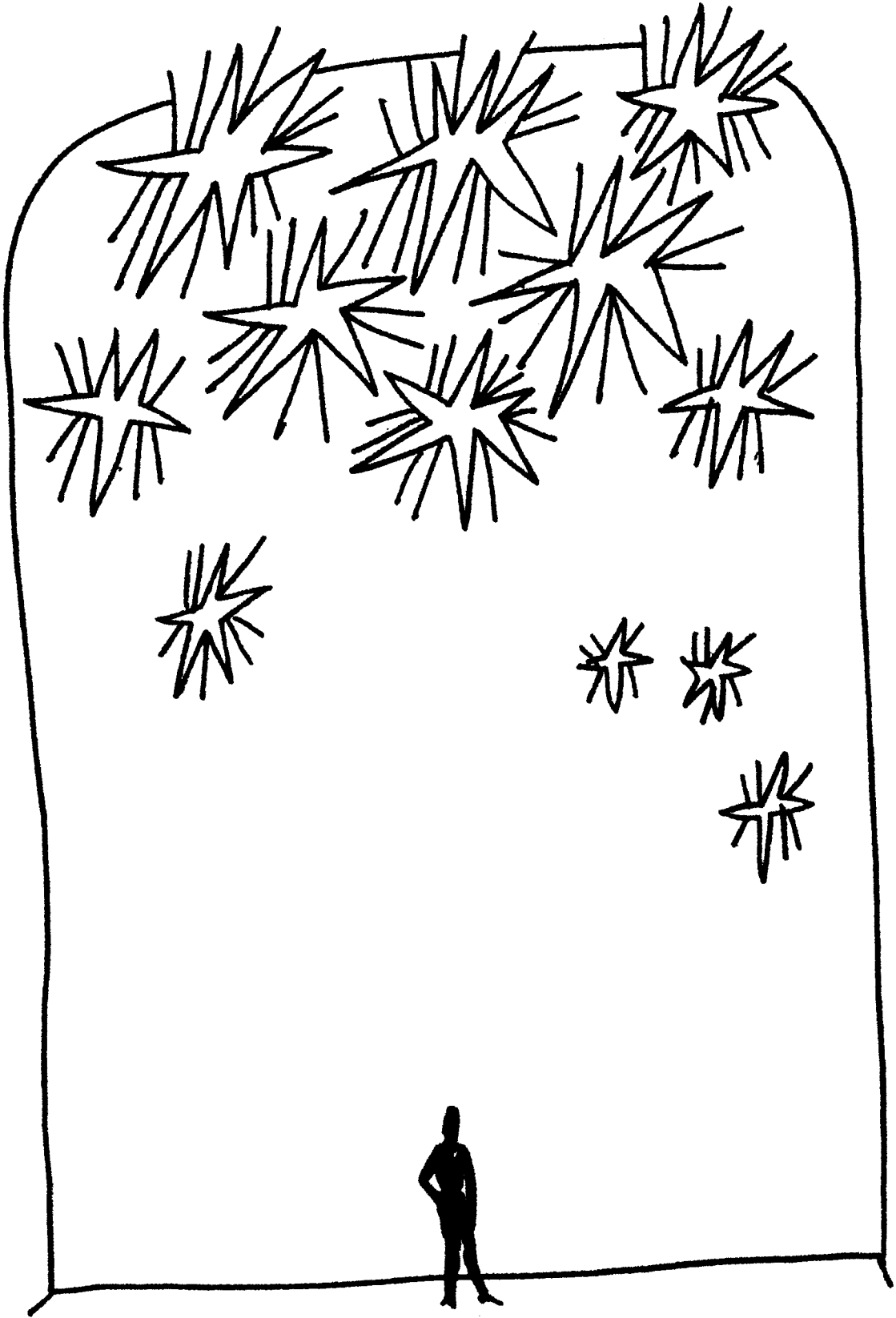
Growth-- predictably the government stated that it is "sure Australia can support a population well in excess of 15 million people." Dan Osterman discussed his philosophy that "All we can do is have faith that something is here/ there that is on a higher plane and live for/with it and ultimately attain it" as man with all his awareness of his problems did not work towards solving them. Mike Gilbert send an illustrated letter, most of which appears at right, saying he was "glad you weren't against technology but only the misuse of same." Angus Taylor pointed out the inconsistency of recent Canada Dry ads, offering a book on animals to understand ecology in return for sending in pull-tabs from ginger-ale cans. Bruce Newrock sent a clipping about an air-pollution belt extending from Chicago to Detroit to here, along which their dirty air is exported to us, and re^{re}inded me state governments, like New Jersey

with its many state vehicles, all burning regular leaded gas, actually add to pollution problems. Tedd Trim-

bath liked ASP because it wasn't "tainted by pollution-infested auras" but was "fresh, clean."

Tim Kirk told me he wanted to move to a farm. And Premier Davis was glad I was glad he stopped Spadina.





WE WONDER AND WE WONDER

ROSSINI

LIFE
DEATH
LOVE
AND OTHER MINOR QUESTIONS

ARE ASKED
INEVITABLY
BY EVERYONE

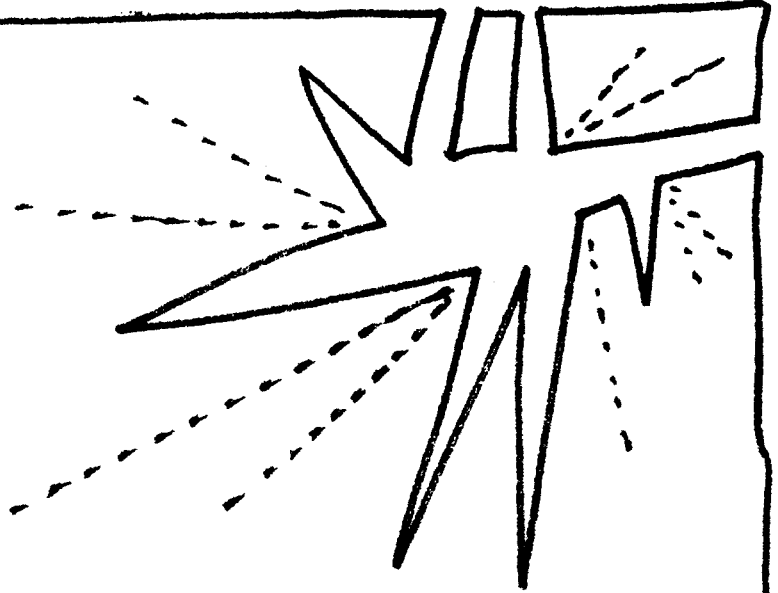
WHY?
THEY ASK

AND I HAVE THE ANSWER
PERHAPS THE FIRST MAN HAS COME UP WITH
ARE YOU READY?

REPEAT THE QUESTION, PLEASE
LIFE, DEATH, LOVE, QUESTION MARK
ANSWER: BECAUSE

WR

YESTERDAY
LAST NIGHT
DAWN
TODAY
MORNING
NOON
AFTERNOON
NOW
YOU
ME
US
MAN



ALL THE HISTORY OF MAN
OF PLANET
OF STAR
OF EVERYTHING
ALL LEAD TO THIS MOMENT OF NOW
THIS TRAVELING POINT OF TIME

NOW

AHEAD —
NIGHT
TOMORROW
DAWN
SUNSET
FUTURE
ENDLESS

FUTURE
KNOWLEDGE
UNDERSTANDING
KNOWING
DOING
BEING

LOVE

WR ♥

