



RUSTINI



ASPIDISTRA is a journal of heavy raps and light natters, by and for science fiction fans (and sometimes about science fiction and fandom.) It is edited by Susan Glickson, with the invaluable assistance of Michael Glicksohn, in the editorial living-room of ENERGIEN PUBLICATIONS, 267 St. George St., Apt. 807, Toronto 180, Ontario, CANADA. I stress the Canada. This is not the 51st state. This is a whole, unique, other country-- so please stop sending us US stamps and cheques, and stick to money, which we can use at conventions. ASPIDISTRA is available for the traditional quarter, though contributions, letters of comment, and especially your ideas on how we can clean up Terra Polluta would be preferred.

ASPIDISTRA 2

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ASPIDISTRA TOO

Evolution and Imagination  
A synthesis by Angus Taylor

With art by Alpajpuri (III), Alicia Austin (V), Sandra Liesel (COVER,IV), and Cathryn Watkins (I).

"If political theory is not to be an instrument of mystification, then it must become an instrument of liberation, revealing to men the nature of the myths by which they live, so that they may dream new myths."

Clifford Stenberg, 1430 B Defence  
Muskegon, Mich. 49441

While it is true that such measures as buying beverages in re-  
turnable bottles, refraining from throwing papers on the ground,  
etc. are of relatively little value in the real battle against  
pollution, they are important. It is far better to treat the  
symptoms than not to treat the disease at all. Just because your contribution is of  
little real help is no excuse to live in a pigsty.

I am inclined to be extremely pessimistic in outlook as far as pollution is concerned. Indeed I'm afraid that our government will not move in any meaningful way until mass deaths do occur. Men of wealth and power will never, never never do anything to jeopardize their standing with others of their peer group, especially men whom power so ill becomes as Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew! Hell, every time I see Mr. Nixon on the telly he seems to be thinking: "Whee! Look at me; I get to ride on an airplane-- for free!!" What someone has to do is to bring home to these people that their lungs are just as susceptible to dirt as us common people. While we're at it, maybe we can also convince them that their shit does too stink!

Rosemary's column was very good too. I like the way she can handle a serious topic without sounding Voice of Doomish but can still get the point across. If everyone could do that (I can't) the world wouldn't be any cleaner but we'd all laugh a lot more.

All of this has led up to one point on which I must take issue with you: abortion reform. While you didn't say so in so many words I got the distinct impression that you are in favour of abortion on demand. I am not.

Overpopulation is indeed one of the most, if not the most, serious problem facing mankind today. Of all the scourges of man, none (with the possible exception of organized religion) has caused and will continue to cause more suffering and misery than overpopulation. However, abortion on demand is not the answer. I am one of those people who believe that a human being is a human being, from the very moment of conception until the day he dies, all protestations and pseudoscientific "evidence" notwithstanding. All my life I have heard people weeping and gnashing their teeth at the cruelty and injustice of capital punishment, staunchly maintaining that no man has the right to take the life of another. Is abortion any different? Is the death any less permanent?

Many critics of war act similarly, but is dropping napalm on a 3-month-old child any less inhuman than coldbloodedly murdering one at minus 3 months? How much more helpless can a child be?

I'm not trying to say that abortion is never necessary; in certain instances of course it is. The victims of forcible rape should not be suffered to bear the rapist's child. If there is a good chance that the child would be seriously deformed mentally or physically or if the mother's life is in immediate danger then abortion not only should be performed, but in the name of humanity, it must be.

I for one however do not wish to live in a world in which one citizen is given the arbitrary power of life and death over another, even if it is an unborn child's mother.

The worst thing about the abortion controversy is that if the abortion-on-demand bills are passed (and they probably will be) they will not help one iota in the battle against overpopulation. As a rule women who do not want children do not get pregnant. Those women who do not want children and upon finding themselves pregnant demand free abortion are only sacrificing their unborn children on the altar of their laziness and ignorance. Worse yet, those who would sacrifice a child to the god of Women's Liberation deserve an end that man for all his cruelty has not yet been able to devise.

((And so they are "punished" by bearing the child they do not want, or cannot support-economically and emotionally? And so the child too is punished by being unwanted? That seems cruel enough to me... I think, too, Cliff, that you contradict yourself by

saying that aborting a fetus is "cold bloodedly murdering" it, yet agreeing that under certain physical and emotional conditions, abortion "must" be performed "in the name of humanity." And I do not much like living in a world in which governments, legislators and the "silent majority" (who are usually pretty vocal) have arbitrary power over my lifestyle. And... but on to the editorial.))

Greg Shaw, ASPIDISTRA leaves me similarly lost for comment. I was most impressed with the artwork ("Yawn" say Mike and Susan), especially the fact that Bjo Trimble seems to have ended her retirement from fandom, unless you have raided some old fan's art file. I can't rouse the interest to read any fanzine articles about ecology and pollution. It seems to me that if I wanted these facts I could turn to any newspaper or magazine published in the last 2 years. You may think I'm a fink for not wanting to bone up on all the details of pollution, but my feeling is that I don't need to be an expert, since I have no intention of becoming an environmental scientist or even an eco-activist. I will support ecologically sound products and legislation, but I'd like to think I already have enough knowledge knocking around in my mind to tell good from bad in that respect. Percentage figures for atmospheric pollution or any other such technical information interests me about as little as could be imagined. I know things are bad, and that's all that matters. There are people around with scientific minds who will fix things up as soon as public support forces the govt. to take the problem seriously, and in the meantime the only good those endless columns of alarming facts can do is to outrage complacent people who have the mistaken idea that all is ducky. Surely fans know better already.

((Several other people commented on Ejo's fine art work, Greg-- I gather that Alicia Austin and George Barr have ~~added to~~ encouraged her to draw more, in her leisure moments between looking after a family, graduating from art school, publishing, planning art shows and all that, and the response to her work here and in **EMERGEMEN** would seem to indicate that fans are delighted that they have done so! When fans comment on the art at all, of course. +sigh+))

Mae Strelkov, Oh, but what fun is Susan! Susan's going to discuss Serious Problems? Yes? But when? Surely not in "My 2<sup>d</sup> Worth"? I laughed Casilla de Correo 55, Jesus Maria, Cordoba, Argentina. so much I failed to read between the lines where the Serious Problems undoubtedly pullulate!



I think the most serious problem is exactly one of those draconian solutions to pollution and waste-less-paper: "Don't publish the next issue of your fanzine." Yes, I've heard the paper mills are among the worst polluters, but what would we do without the stuff? I'm afraid despite my infatuation for "Mother Earth and Her Gang," if the only way to keep the paper-mills turning is to Pollute Her Planet, let's continue to pollute it and let Her figure out the solutions in her own way. She can't expect us to return to happy illiteracy? Of course, we could all start microfilming everything and sit around with a gadget to read the stuff. And what if we mislay that gadget as I expect you also (not only I) mislay every damn thing constantly? People try to get me to correspond with tapes... that's great and I like

tapes and having heard my voice on one (one of our sons has the taper) I was so impressed I'd happily have sent the tape to every last friend.... However, to use a taper I'd have to be more gifted mechanically than I am. I even have trouble putting a long-play on! (Back-to-front, as likely as not, I'd try to place it, if that were possible.)

So anyway, tapes, microfilm, and all modern gadgets are not for me in this paleolithic mood I got in. My typer works by threats and cries of dismay that cow it again into submission. I will soon burn incense to it as the folks in India used to burn incense to their tools.

Now, getting back to Susan (don't I wander?) DDT and I are friends ever since I had an invasion of cockroaches in the kitchen several years back. Shall I tell you the shameful story? First there were no cockroaches, and then the next evening there were thousands. The original Adam-and-Eve had immigrated from the peones' quarters, or maybe the almacebano had brought the pair up in a bag of potatoes from the squalid world at the foot of our hills. I don't know. All I know is we have a stove that burns on fuel oil always burning from dawn to late evening, and the cozy warmth behind it is unreach-able, and I have cursed the bright guy who installed it that way-- the "Administrator of this Estancia" before Vadim. Yes, there the eggs were laid and the eggs duly hatched while a population explosion proceeded merrily. We tried the various insect powders and sprays we had around. Nothing helped. The cockroaches and I developed telepath-etic links in no time. The moment I'd turn my back to attend to someone at the back door, out would pour the entire population to feast on the sugary pies on the counter waiting their turns in the oven. (I'd thought they were lemon pies. Turning back, I'd see they were "plum pies" til the little fellers poured out of sight behind the stove again or into the holes in the wall where the light-fixtures and plumbing lurk unreach-ably.)

My stocks had dropped to an all-time low in my eyes. I felt SQUALID! The wretches def-initely read my mind and anticipated my every movement. Besides, I hate squashing beet-les or flies (leaves an ugly mess, and I'm semi-Buddhist about "life" you see) and did they recon on it! They tried to win me over, make me "in tune with the Group Mind and their worthy, humble ambitions." I tried to like it and communicate. (Enough to drive one crazy? Thinking cockroach thoughts philosophically?)

However, Vadim remembered one day to shop downtown for a bag of PURE DDT powder. He dropped it amply behind the stove. We breathed in the fumes gratefully.... Even if it would cut ten years from our lives, it was worth it. I love cockroaches, butterflies and lice, oh, sure, why not? They're struggling to achieve an ecological balance along-side us if we'd only co-operate. (Also our dog's ticks and fleas. And certain human parasites I shan't now discuss, cozy on our backs throughout our planet.)

But... you know... visitors to my kitchen simply don't understand my love for pets. There's a skunk in our dining-room, for instance.... When my incredible husband started boasting in town that "We've a skunk in our dining-room," people sympathized, "Oh, how terrible! And can't you smoke it out?" It never dawned on them we deliberately spent our evenings communicating with it subtly!

Ah, well, I acknowledge we liquidated every last cockroach. Never has another appeared. Racial genocide! I committed it, woe is me! But a reputation's a reputation, and in this world of dog-eats-dog, could we keep up with the Joneses and Perezes if my kitchen was a cockroach stronghold, and stray ones showed up in my pies and cakes? Like raisins?

((Eech! The thought of bugs in my kitchen would send me running for DDT too, I expect-- if I could keep it out of the food. What I do object too is that the average North American supermarket (or 'Garden Shoppe' or farmers' supply house) is crowded with a deadly array of cleansers, disinfectants, caustics, pesticides, herbicides, "optical brighteners," scouring powders, jiffy sprays to whisk away grime and zap anything that

moves, detergents and other aids to Purity and Sterility-- which people use with absolutely no concern for the potential effects on the environment-- and on themselves. I'm not saying we should go back to pre-Pasteur days or lets the roaches overrun us; I am saying we should find out what we're spraying so cheerfully! Not to mention finding alternatives-- what's wrong with swatting flies, weeding the garden by hand (good exercise!) and scrubbing windows with warm water and vinegar; washing floors with hot water, soap, and a heavy-duty scrubbing brush? (What's wrong is that you can't find a good scrubbing brush, right?) As for paper, by now the Post Offices between me and you, Mae, will have delivered yet more ~~wasted~~ creatively used paper to you (Mae's loc was on E4, but I thought it so delightful I wanted to share it.) Fans are dependent on books and writing paper, though I expect the mundane world would survive nicely without them; I personally have become pretty dependent on kleenex to mop my streaming eyes when the pollution count goes up; but the real problem is not the use, but the waste of paper. Why are so few efforts being made to re-use paper-- particularly the billions of tons of newsprint incinerated across North America every Monday? Or will we only start recycling when all the trees are gone?))

Roy Tackett, Basic--the tap root of the whole problem: there are far too  
915 Green Valley Rd. N.W., many individuals of the species Homo Sapiens on the planet  
Albuquerque, N.M. 87107 Earth at the present time. Under the circumstances there  
is little that can or will be done about that. Little? Indeed nothing. Oh, certainly some of us will make a conscious effort to contain the population explosion but:

Not too long ago when DeGaulle was in power he called on France to produce a population of 100,000,000 by the year 2000. (If 50,000,000 Frenchmen can't be wrong, what is wrong with twice that number?)

Argentina, one of the more advanced nations on the continent which has the fastest rate of population growth in the world, offers a substantial cash reward for every baby born.

Japan practically has people stacked on top of one another now but Japanese industrialists call for more to support "economic growth."

In all of the so-called emerging nations the call is for more people to enable them to emerge more rapidly.

The supreme high priest of one of the largest religious bodies in the world tells his followers to be fruitful and multiply for it is the word of God (as set down by some forgotten writer years ago when world population was smaller by a factor of more than 10<sup>-2</sup>)

And the vast majority of people happily comply.

Obviously nothing is going to be done (consciously) about the basic cause of the problem. But can anything be done otherwise? Over the years, particularly the last 50 years, population growth and an increasingly high standard of living have led to more demands for goods and more sophisticated goods which lead to more industry and more demand for raw material and more and more and more and more

and one day we suddenly found that our lakes were cesspools and our rivers were open sewers and we were being buried under our own garbage and the air itself was becoming unbreathable. And people began to demand that something be done about it.

There was. Industry and advertising got hold of it. Our gasoline burns cleaner than their gasoline. (Both gasoline companies have the same owners and both burn dirty in an internal combustion engine.) General Garbage Producers Are Doing Something About The Environment (They certainly are and it isn't good.) Advertising is doing something about pollution. (Yeah, making a fortune off it.)

Ah, but let's get to the general public. What can they do about ecology and the environment and all that? They can get out and clean things up. Gather up all that trash and send it in to be recycled. Sure. Except once it all gets gathered up you can't get rid of it. Recycling? Don't be silly. Try to find some commercial outfit that is interested in buying old papers, or metal, or glass or whatever. Consider, for instance, that five or six years ago the junk yards were paying 7¢ per pound for scrap iron. Now the price is 1/2¢ per pound. What happened? The steel companies aren't interested in processing scrap iron; they say it is cheaper to process ore.

Automobile makers claim they are working on low pollution engines. A chap in Florida invented a steamer-type engine that used freon gas and was said to be almost pollution free. Detroit wasn't interested (My God! It will cut into the sales of gasoline!) so he sold it to the Japanese.

Politicians like the pollution issue. Being anti-pollution gets them lots of votes and lots of "gifts" from lobbies to make sure that pollution control measures do not pass.

Susan, you say you are pessimistic because you give us only another 50 years. I say you are optimistic. I don't think we'll make it to the end of the century.

The problems are world-wide and solution would take world-wide cooperation and education and effort. And that is, shall we say, unlikely.

((I'm called a pessimist, Roy, only by those people (the majority, I suspect) who don't believe we have a problem. I think we'll adapt to it-- living in our 3 square feet of living space, wearing gas masks, eating yeast cultures. I hope we'll do something about it, and I believe we still can. Optimistic? Maybe. I prefer to think of myself as selfish-- selfish enough to sacrifice the (North) American Myth of Progress, the bigger-is-better life, for impractical things like birds, trees, and the odd lungful of fresh air.))

Joan Bowers,  
P.O. Box 87,  
Barberton, Ohio 44203.

Barberton, which is smog  
and filth city, just pas-  
sed a law against selling  
nonreturnable bottles and

cans for soft drinks and beer. The law says nothing about hard liquor bottles. Bill brought that point up. The state sells the booze. It's a good law, but in Barberton it becomes a farce. Pittsburg Plate Glass company has a chemical plant here. It's just down the road from us. That plant throws out tons of soot, smoke and just plain garbage. I've washed the car at night and then gone out in the morning and wiped the gritty soot off it. The city will do nothing about the plant. It pays good taxes and employs too many people. The state, about a year ago, told PPG to clean up. PPG stated that in order to do so they would have to lay off several hundred employees. The whole matter was dropped. It's blackmail. Unfortunately, the air is black too.

((It all kinda makes you ask dirty hippy radical questions like-- who's running this world, business or the ordinary people? And what can we do about it? "Bill"-- is Bill Bowers, famous co-editor of DOUBLE:BILL your father? Wow! Looking forward to his next issue! I like your zine too, Joan-- uh, OUTSIDE, isn't it? An ecozine?))





Mike Juergens,                    Alright, Sue-- stop publishing ASPIDISTRA! I mean now! Or  
Box 128, Wehrenberg Hall,       else move to the U.S. to publish it. You're disturbing my  
Valparaiso, IN 46383.           world, Sue, can't you see that? You're a Canadian. Cana-  
                                  dians can't have pollution problems-- Canada has to be clean  
so I can move up there and escape all the shit when I graduate! So, tell me it ain't  
so, Sue. Tell me I still have a way out. Don't make me get involved-- please don't  
make me face the pollution, Sue. I'm -- I'm afraid, Sue.... Sue?

((Great. So am I. Now lets get up out of our fetal positions, go out in that nasty  
smog-- and make Pierre Elliot Trudeau afraid! Richard Nixon! Indira Ghandi! And  
especially the Fords! The president of General Motors! The president of.... Do it!))

Bob Vardeman,                    I am of the firm belief that the U.S. government will eventual-  
P.O. Box 11952,                   ly let us die a slow, lingering death from pollution, and that,  
Albuquerque, N.M. 97112.       due to the bureaucratic structure, there is absolutely no-  
                                  thing that can be done about it. Voting the current crop of  
clowns out means nothing to the bureaucratic structure. It remains intact and that is  
where major policy decisions have to come from. I sort of picture it as a huge mil-  
lion-tentacled blob of green jelly slowly spreading out in a slimy way throught the  
world, not destroying anything but just absorbing it.

Perhaps the best way of getting this great green glob to react is to set fire to other,  
more vulnerable globs and in this way force them to attempt to solve our problems since  
the government glob can't. I guess pollution fits well in this niche. The government  
isn't where any great change will come from. It has to come from the polluting com-  
panies-- and parties. Like 66% of all air pollution in the US comes from auto exhaust.  
One solution is to ban all cars which really isn't a solution at all. We have unfor-  
tunately created an entire lifestyle bound up in individual travel. The individual  
travel isn't the unfortunate part, but that we had to choose a machine that is less  
than 30% efficient is.

The motor companies are doing nothing about developing pollution-free cars because  
they know deep down in their jelly-blob hearts that the US fools will buy whatever the  
manufacturers offer. The US is just coming out of a fairly big recession (or heading  
for a whopper, depending on who you listen to) yet car sales are up 12%. That means  
12% more autos polluting our air. As long as the people as a whole continue such stu-  
pidity, our air will grow blacker and blacker. ... The car manufacturers won't give  
the people pollution-free machines because the public will buy anything. The govern-  
ment probably isn't capable of reacting within the next 15 years. So what can we do?

Gas mask, anyone?

But that doesn't mean that there aren't fields of endeavour which will turn up the very  
devices we need. Like the space program. What we learn about the ecology of a space-  
ship destined for Mars on a 6-month one-way trip could be vital to spaceship Earth.  
Air purification, water restoration, thermal conditions are all rather pressing needs  
on both a spaceship and good old Terra. Until the technological devices are develop-  
ed which may be 20 years now that the US has decided that the space program isn't needed  
as much as a war-- well, we're going to have to keep things in a status quo. We can't  
effectively do anything to improve our lot, but at least right now our lot isn't abso-  
lutely deadly.

Hi, Mike O'Brien. I remember you and your wonderful tour guide lecture thru the pictur-  
esque canals of floating garbage in Amsterdam. Did the seminar speaker also tell you  
that drilling holes and pumping all that nerve gas down into them has caused a couple  
earthquakes? I had wondered where Blish picked that up in "We All Die Naked." It  
turns out to be true.

Hey, Jerry, I think I can qualify for the hijacking in several fields-- I am a semi-  
expert in explosives, wave mechanics, have played with a laser on a couple occasions,

am a fair machinist and think hijacking the first starship would be a nice way out.

Right now, talking about stopping the world because we want off isn't good enough. With a starship, it would be. Hmm, that makes me wonder. Fans seem to represent a variety of fields with one notable exception. No dentists. I can think of a couple of fan medics (well, semi-fans like Alan Nourse plus some in the Good Old Days like Keller) but no dentists. I wonder how extensive a group of professions are represented in fandom...

(( I happen to think the only Way Out will be the one we make here. On which, more anon.))

Mike O'Brien,  
551 E. Hoover #11,  
Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104

I am not as involved in ecology as I might, or should be, primarily because I am a coward. I know that almost nothing is known about the incredibly complex processes now going on, and I also know that what is known is bad and is getting worse, so I admit to abashedly hiding my head in the sand to save my sanity. I'd rather go out ignorant and sane than informed and crazy. If I get a chance to employ my talents to the problem in what looks like an orderly and reasoned program, though, I'll jump at the chance. It's an ideal problem, really, if correctly approached. Not only does it stand a chance to save our skins, it's fascinating in its own right.



There appear to be four or five organizations loosely connected with the U. of Colorado at Boulder, and most of them seem to show some connection with study of the environment, some of them outright ecological studies. So there's hope yet. The lecturer who spoke here mentioned that there are many scientists in my position-- able and indeed all too willing to do research on the problem, but with a deadly abhorrence of going out in the public places and shouting their results through the flying clods and stones until people start to listen. At Boulder, they're trying the experiment of hiring public screamers to take care of getting the scientists' results listened to. On a regional level, at least, it seems to be working.

One thing about Alex's argument. Well, several things. True, if the no-phosphate detergents won't work as well as the phosphate detergents, people will use more, and the phosphate level will remain unchanged. However, if we get good results without them, using another process, well then it's OK. From what I've learned, the basic action of detergents is based on the hydrophobic interaction of long alkane chains with ionic charges on one end. The alkane "tails" bury themselves in the grease and dirt, the ionic "heads" stay in the water. The net result is to break up the dirt and grease into near-microscopic globules which are then washed away. So far as I know, there's no specific need for the phosphate group. Maybe it's just the easiest ionic group, giving the right pH, etc., to synthesize onto the ends of the alkane chains. Should be possible, with a little looking, to find a substitute that'll work just as well.

((Editorial intrusion. There is one. What do you think housewives used in Darkest pre-Detergent Days?-- pure soap flakes, with sal soda (washing soda.) Cheaper than detergent, and research (mine) shows it gives you that all important SuperWhiteness.))

Also, the phosphate argument Alex uses (eliminating 40% of the supply won't help) is

based on the well-known (to techies at least) idea of the "rate-determining step." The idea is that, if a process is made up of a lot of fast steps and one rather slow one, the rate of the whole process will be due mainly to the rate of the slowest step. Algae growth is this way. Accumulation of phosphates is the slowest step, so more phosphates means faster growth. Alex claims that with all the phosphates now being released, phosphates are no longer the rate-determining factor, and he may be right. Still, 40% is 40%. If once we get down to the point where phosphates are the rate-determining step, the rate law says the growth rate will fall off exponentially, with a linear decrease in phosphates. Of course, it has a long way to fall. And besides, the phosphates already released have to leave the system.

And all of this scientific stuff is just pure theory. None of this theory will be put into practice until politics does its thing, which it is famous for not doing.... We scientists actually stand ready anytime--for all the good it'll do.

Cy Chauvin,  
17829 Peters,  
Roseville, Mich. 48066.

Rosymary ((Rosymary?!)) might be interested in knowing that Wrigley Supermarkets conducted a survey in Michigan recently, and found that "of all the people who responded, two out of three preferred returnable bottles." So now they will stock returnable bottles in all the Wrigley Supermarkets in Michigan. Perhaps it will start a trend; at least I hope so.

Re "adaption" to pollution, overpopulation, etc., which you mentioned in your editorial: I recall reading an article about a scientist who let rats breed (uncontrolled) in a defined area, until they reached an over-populated state. He gathered a lot of data on how the rats behaved, divided their food, etc., in this state, and one of the most interesting results was the emergence of some "beautiful" rats. These rats were very plump and glossy-coated compared to the other rats, but were rather passive and did nothing. Evidently they had "adapted" completely to their overcrowded environment, and even when these "beautiful" rats were taken out of the experiment, they didn't return to normal. Rather frightening, isn't it? Will the "beautiful" people of tomorrow be merely plump sausages, with no goals or directions?

But I'm not really a pessimist about this whole thing; I believe the human race will pull through, though it will involve sacrifices. Alexis Gilliland may be right that using returnable bottles and no-phosphate detergent won't solve the pollution problem, but saying that individual action is a wasted effort and industry is the one that really has to do it sounds suspiciously like "passing the buck." Dropping a beer bottle into a ditch may not be as wrong as dropping ten tons of mercury into the Detroit River, but it's still wrong. Or maybe it's just a matter of "good example:" there was a protest march here recently concerned with pollution. Guess what the protesters did with their signs when they were done? Yup, they left them lying all over the place...

Really liked C. Lee Healy's artwork which accompanied "An Experiment in Modern Living." He has a nice sleek style, and his stuff is very modernistic and abstract.... I hope you get some good art criticism from some artists, since I think it would be very interesting, but I doubt that it will come to pass.

((I doubt it too. The art comments printed are what I got-- period.))

Jerry Kaufman,  
1485½ Pennsylvania Ave.,  
Columbus, Ohio 43201.

Sandra's story was certainly different for fanzine story, but I like her s&s better. Perhaps the dialog could have been longer and more brittle, like a Thin Man interchange.... I am also glad to see so much art from Bjo here. I have a Manekoneki I keep only for her cartoons that illustrate the Westeron report.

Lead poisoning is reputed to have added to the fall of the Roman Empire, since the rich ate from lead dishes. I heard on the radio the other day that some brand of dishware was ordered off the market in the States because of its high lead content. Just one

more parallel. I may make it a hobby, collecting parallels. Here's another. The Roman Army, especially that part that protected Rome itself, regularly changed Emperors. It kept close tabs on anyone it thought had influence with the emperors, and in changing emperors it frequently killed those senators or imperial servants who might later cause the Guard trouble. Our Army is now found to have been watching just about everyone in this country.... Worries, worries.

Lesley Luttrell, 1108 Locust St., Columbia, Mo. 65201. I think it is rather strange that Michael is forcing you to put out a separate fanzine to express your interests.... I have been co-editor of Starling since long before we were married, and I guess I have made the fanzine a little different than what Hank would have done by himself. But then we don't really have a strict conception of what our fanzine should be; we just print what we like and find interesting.

I really would like to see more elements of women's lib in fandom. I am very interested in it, and I think fandom, since it seems better on this point than many other groups of people, would be a good place to work on it. Certainly Richard Labonte has proven beautifully that he can accept the notion and enjoy it. The purpose of women's liberation is to liberate all people. Really, that's not just a slogan, it's true. If half the human race is limited to stereotyped roles the other half must have their own possibilities limited. That really is one of the biggest problems. Working on a campus organization called The Commission on the Status of Women, I've found that most of the colleges won't admit to prejudice in admittance or grading, but say the prejudice is in the applicants. Women don't think of becoming lawyers or doctors, men don't consider being nurses. Yet no-one has ever proved (in fact all the evidence is to the contrary) that women or men are limited by their ability to certain roles. I think people would be happier if their possibilities were limited only by their individual abilities, and I think the professions and trades would gain a lot of talented and skilled people if anyone felt free to try them.

((Right, as they say, on. Women's Lib is in many ways a misnomer-- "people's lib" would be more appropriate for many aspects of the movement, insofar as it aims at accepting each individual as an individual-- not a member of a mysterious "opposite sex" to be feared, resented, cajoled, seduced, looked down on, tolerated, but never, ever, liked or understood. And no, Michael didn't force me to put out ASP--we both agree that E. is a genzine concerned with sf and fandom. He does most of the work on E., but that's mainly because I've had more schoolwork (wait til next year!); and he gets 99% of the mail (but then I think your mailing labels on E. have just said "Hank Luttrell"--sorry, Michael makes up the mailing list! I'll change it...)))



Dean Koontz,  
4161-E King George Dr.,  
Harrisburg, Pa. 17109.

There is a place for a cooking column in a fanzine. Gerda and I enjoy nattering around the kitchen together, though I am unbelievably clumsy with pots and pans and ovens and refrigerators. I rarely manage to open a coke bottle (returnables, naturally) without spilling half of it. When I scramble eggs, I come up with what I call egg beads. Egg beads are scrambled eggs which, for a reason unknown to science or even Jeanne Dickson, finish up in thousands of tiny balls of cooked egg with which it is impossible to make a sandwich-- and which one can only eat with a spoon. When I am cooking something which requires soft butter, I invariably forget I've put the butter in the oven to get soft-- until it begins to smoke. When I fry onions and tomatoes for a side dish, they never come out crispy like they do for everyone else, but dissolve to mush that looks vaguely like something someone left on the morgue table after an autopsy. But I struggle on and try to learn. Maybe Elizabeth's column should devote a bit

of space to teaching the spastics like me how to manage the simple things of culinary finesse. Or is my case hereditary and incurable?

((Yes, if you're the absent minded type-- all your life will be spent remembering you were cooking chicken soup only after you smell it burning. Or maybe, subconsciously, you want Gerda to do all the cooking? No? Well, melt the butter in a double boiler or a dish over a pan of hot water. Turn the burner under the eggs to medium and don't chivvy them about too much; turn it up under the onions and make sure the fat is hot before you put them into it, so the outside is crisped immediately. And keep practicing!))

Ruth Berman,  
5620 Edgewater Blvd.,  
Minneapolis, Minn. 55417

My only previous acquaintance with Aspidistra was Dorothy Sayer's Busman's Honeymoon. "I knew it! You blasphemed the aspidistra and something awful has come down the chimney!"

Ejo's Flower Power cartoon is delightful, but it



seems a pity she portrayed the flower being tropped on by a hippie. The danger to flowers is probably much greater from the various carbons thrown into the atmosphere by cars, factories, etc., all of them (pretty near) as a result of solid citizens.

"An Experiment in Modern Living" is written beautifully.... But turning it into sf seems to negate the theme. It starts out like a satire on urban living, but it can't be if Bems are responsible.

((In Sayers' The Nine Tailors, too, the vicar's wife arranges her aspidistras around the tombstones to make a background for the Easter flowers, observing: "People may say what they like about aspidistras, but they do go on all year round and make a background."))

+++++

Roger Bryant, in a lo-o-ng letter, asked what made "Canadian fandom" or Toronto different from, say, "Indy fandom" or Chicago-- I point I hope to have an answer for by next issue. Generally, "we" are 50 or so years less urbanized, less freewayized, less industrialized than "they"; we have a strange love-hate relationship with the US (hate economic imperialism, but, oh, love them Yankee dollars)-- and maybe have a chance yet to solve our problems. He gave details of Akron's battle with detergent manufacturers over phosphate limits; observed that personal gestures can be important in persuading industry and government to work on pollution control since "it doesn't take that many committed people to start the ball rolling (witness Ralph Nader, who hasn't won the war but has made a good start)... And if not us, who?"; and proved that he was still stuck in some mental ruts by putting down Womens'Liberationists-- in "male chauvanist pig" rhetoric. Roger, lamb, can't you understand that it's people like you, who keep referring to women as "broads" and to feminists as "harpies" with "hacked hair" and "bra-less breasts" who turn normally sweet, gentle, un-hacked-haired people like me into "loud-mouthed exponents" of militant action? "Will Michael get upset if letters to you are longer than the ones to him?" you asked. And he replied "Why should I?" I know that was a joke, Roger, and I do appreciate your letter-- but why do people keep assuming that I am publishing in competition with Michael? David Hulvey, too, rapped about Amerika, sent poems, and said he hoped I would stick with ASP until "it attains true equality with zines like ENERGUMEN and SPECULATION." Huh? I mean, ASP is different! Separate but equal, maybe.

Alicia Austin called ASP "a zine with balls" and observed: "The idea of 'fandom as a microcosm' doesn't hold much water now with 99% of the fans ignoring the world around them and shooting for the stars. What the hell are they planning on coming back to if they ever do get off this world? I can just see us littering and polluting this universe. Then coming home to that big garbage dump in the sky... old Terra Polluta."

Jodie Offutt commented that Chris, the eldest Offuttspring, had to observe a creek for a school project, and came up with the following list: "Two Strohs and three Falls City beer cans, a Comet container, a coffee jar, two oil cans, an anti-freeze can, seven huge logs, 15 rusted tin cans, 19 other bottles and jars, bricks, two milk cartons, one tire, one large gasoline drum, one sack of garbage, lots of leaves on the creek bed. This is a very small creek in a very obscure part of our county." Oh yes, if Chris gets flu from wading in the creek in the rain, he gets an automatic A!

C. Lee Healy confided a Dreadful Secret; Dan Osterman sent art and his despairing belief that "Dreams are all we can possibly come up with to save this country" as there is no time to mobilize for constructive action; Sandra Miesel sent art, encouraging letters, clippings and a bibliography of environmental sf, if anyone's interested, and asked "If you get a mimeo, do you plan to call it 'The Tunafish'?" No, we were thinking of "The Richard A. Labonte People's Memorial Revolutionary Mimeograph." Elizabeth Kimmerly (who liked the back cover of #1 better than the front), Tim Kirk, Jack Caughan and Devra Langsam have already contributed to the next issue, which will have a cover by Connie Faddis. And thank you, Richard Labonte, Andy Porter, Deborah Langsam, Gloria Ptacek, Cy Chauvin, Ray Ridenour... and my brother Bob who gave us a sturdy stapler!

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It's about time I stopped procrastinating. I've typed out all the rest of ASP., I've laid out the ToC, I've tidied up the stencils and letters scattered over the floor and even cleaned the floor itself, I've turned the radio on and off and made notes and doodled and stared out the window (it's May 24th, people, Victoria Day, a national holiday-- and it's 48 miserable degrees out and pouring with chemical-laden rain.) Short of doing the laundry over again, there's no escape-- I've got to write my trenchant editorial.

Only I don't feel trenchant.

I don't feel like arguing with anyone. Or heavyrapping. Or trying to convince Greg Shaw and Michael Glicksohn that we should all be out fighting General Motors and US Steel for clean air.

People are selfish. We'll probably choke on our own garbage before we develop a sense of community, a concern for our world and each other. Or we'll simply adapt to this mess; our grandchildren will all live in concrete highrises (segregated by nationality or age, or income of course) under a grey sky. With grey faces, drinking grey water that comes out of the tap in a lump, eating yeast cultures that come out of another tap in a lump. ((Our great-grandchildren, of course, will live like Tarzan and Thongor because all the fuels and metals will have been wasted.)) And no-one will miss trees. Or care about the extinct wolves and golden eagles, or even about my favourite robin who sits in a small maple tree outside the university library being joyful.

That's on a bad day. Like today. But even today I'm not ready to give up, to say "The world is doomed, so lets all enjoy ourselves while we can"-- and toss my ASP. stencils into the street as I rush to buy myself a Mustang. I've noticed, too, that

the "gather ye rosebuds while ye may" people usually add that, no, they don't mean that everyone should stop planning for the future, and that I, sweet naive child that I am, am probably right when I say that if everyone tried, we could clean up our mess.

Even on a bad day, I try not to listen, or at least not to get too uselessly angry, at the "everything is beautiful" majority. "What pollution? The air is still blue." Except it's really yellowish-grey. And then there are the smartasses who try to make their selfishness look good by putting down the ecology movement. "Ya gonna save the world by collecting tin cans? Har, har!" No, but it's a start-- and I think it's a better way to spend my time than sitting on my butt watching the dirt in the air settle. "That woman, she's a real nut. Every club meeting she's on at me to put my cigarette out-- thinks she can save the world if I stop smoking." Well, it might help. Smokers are completely selfish. I'm fed up with people forcing their habit on me, filling the air with smoke; I've had enough of sitting in university seminars, or meetings, or buses or parties feeling sick to my stomach, my clean hair and clothes stinking of smoke; I resent having to clean up butts and ashes that have flowed out of my ashtrays onto my table and floor, or are carelessly scrunched into saucers and house plants. Ruin your lungs at home, but not around me, please. And don't dump your litter-- the cellophane and empty package, the matches and ashes and butts-- around me either! Fellow non-smokers, we're an abused minority; let's get militant. Get the smoke out of the air inside and make the world a little more pleasant.

Oh yes, and then there's -- "You ecofreaks are real hypocrites, just onto the latest fad." Well, yes, putting out a fanzine to tell people to stop wasting paper is a little silly; there are contradictions in the ecology movement, as anywhere else; and many people are only interested in Saving Our Stormy Petrels and holding Anti-Detergent Rallies because it's the In Problem. Sure, advertisers are using anti-pollution pitches while subsidiary plants still turn out napalm, and DDT and dump their chemicals into the nearest river. Many of us, though, are sincere-- a quality humans find hard to accept.

And finally, the clincher. "Haw, haw. Those ecofreaks. Half of them say all the pollution is going to cause a new ice age and we'll all freeze. Half say it's going to make the ice caps melt and we'll drown. Ridiculous! Besides--haw-haw--if there's gonna be a disaster, we should have more babies, not less, so more will survive! Haw, haw." No, Greg Shaw, fans don't know better. All of the above remarks are from Lunacon attendees. And while ASPIDISTRA is not a technical journal full of "percentage figures for atmospheric pollution" or even full of the interpretation of those figures, and the technical things we can do about them (read a journal like ENVIRONMENTAL SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY for that), it will be a place for discussion about the environment in all its aspects, and what can be done to preserve/improve it. We. Ordinary people. "I know things are bad and that's all that matters"-- well, Greg, I agree with the first clause but for the second, I substitute "and I'd like to know what, if anything, I can do about it." Maybe hijacking the starship and running away is all we can do, but I think it's a cop-out. Even if the starship does get built, I wonder if I'd like Grace Slick's world any more than Nixon's and Trudeau's? I mean, while we're all grooving on the free dope and free music, who's running the life-support system? Or is it getting fouled up like the one we have now?

On good days, I get quite positive. If this were a good day, my editorial would say:

"A discussionzine." Yes indeed. Thank you for the term, Cy Chauvin. Welcome to ASPIDISTRA 2, a magazine in which science fiction fans are invited to discuss pollution, ecology, and for that matter sf, fandom, and the fannish and serious writing herein. And the art. I printed the comments received, the "liked so-and-so's stuff," to dramatise the dearth of art comment. I think there's some good art here, and I've spent a lot of time experimenting with layout to enhance both art and text. Was it worth it?

It is not, primarily, a poetry magazine. Thank you to all the people who did send me



the "gather ye rosebuds while ye may" people usually add that, no, they don't mean that everyone should stop planning for the future, and that I, sweet naive child that I am, am probably right when I say that if everyone tried, we could clean up our mess.

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poetry, but please, no more! I don't know when I'll be able to use it, if ever, on my irregular publishing schedule, and while there is enough enthusiasm Out There to publish a monthly sf poetry zine, that zine is not ASP. OK?

It is not, either, a gung-ho antitechnology crusade, shrieking "Shriek! Technology causes pollution. Technology is BAD! Let's get back to Mother Nature's womb! Love a tree, yeah, groovy!" Now it is evident that technology as we know it-- the automobile, the Pittsburg Plate Glass factory Joan Fowers talks about-- is "bad." Progress, uncontrolled and thoughtless, is "bad." We don't understand our technology, much less its consequences, notably pollution and dehumanization at all levels (a Dow chemical technician is "only following orders" when he dumps chemicals into a stream, just like the soldier who uses the napalm the technician makes.) Technology is "bad" because it's misused-- and just plain inefficient.

The inefficiency is, of course, the real problem. Untuned cars. Sloppy--but cheap, and easy-- production methods in factories. And we're not about to get rid of the technology. Oh, people like me will still prefer the "personal touch," will fume when the sf book club computer fouls up their order again, will feel sad and a little frightened when they read a story like this one, from the Toronto Telegram, headlined "Tea served with love:"

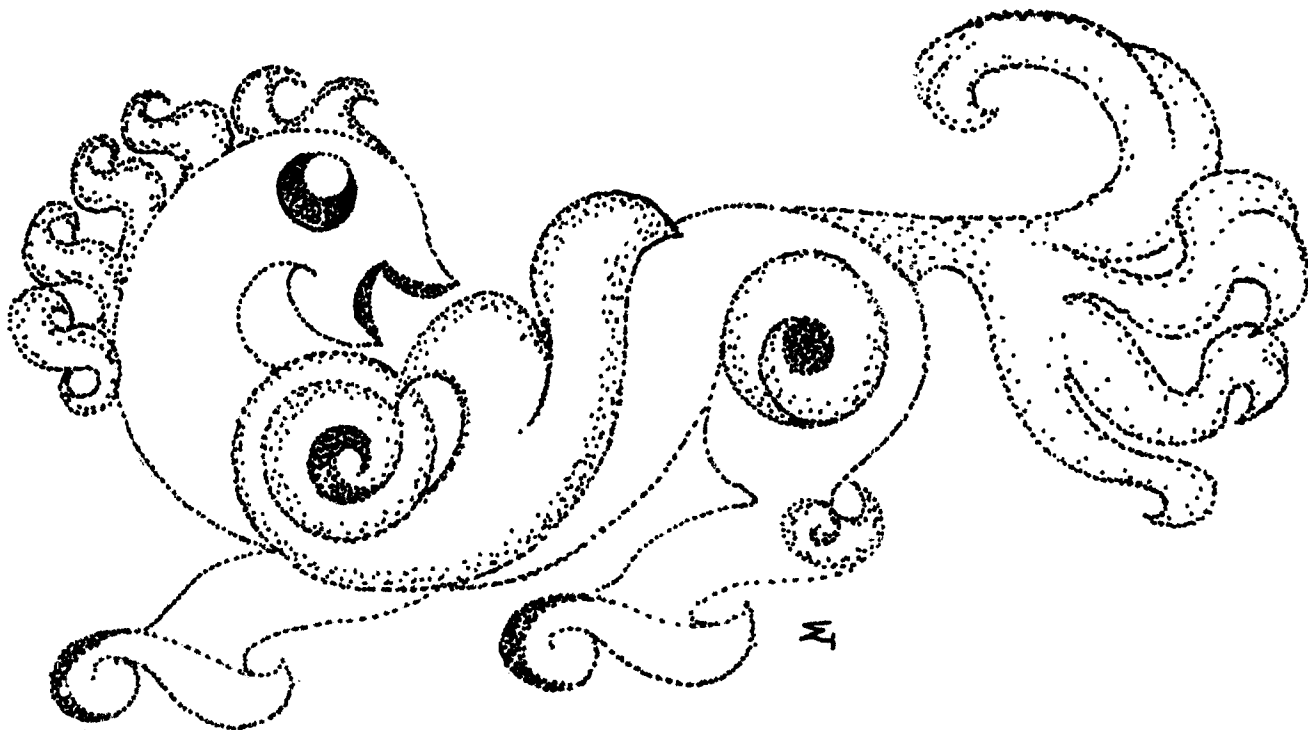
Students at the college of art, Harrowgate, England, were upset when a vending machine replaced their regular tea lady, Mrs. Hilda Crossley, 56. Now there's a recording next to the tea machine and anyone lonesome for Mrs. Crossley's voice can push a button and hear her say: "Do you want a cup of tea, love?"

There will always be people who'll react sympathetically to Mae Strelkov's "paleolithic mood." Like me. I wonder if burning insence beside this typewriter would persuade it to stick to my idea of a proper left margin?

But I'm not going to give up paper, or electric lights--and neither are you. We don't own a car; we don't need one, though the City Council is doing its best to turn the downtown core into "the Manhattan of the North" and force the people living here out into the suburbs, where we will "need" cars. (And then there are the taxi and truck drivers who think it's a great joke to scare the hell out of a girl bicyclist by pretending they're going to run her down, basketfull of groceries and all. Only half the time, as they edge into my lane or open their doors into my front tire, I'm sure they're not pretending.) I don't, for that matter, "need" all the wrapping paper and bags and plastigoop food stores try to give me. Have you ever, though, really tried to convince a checkout girl you have your own shopping bag, thanks, no, don't wrap that? I mean, one girl got so upset as I shoved a cabbage into my roomy purse-cum-carryall she grabbed it back, imploring "Let me wrap that! Please, let me put it in a bag!"

Michael and I do, however, "need" our new mimeo. Let me introduce you. It's a used Gestetner 366 which we bought--cheap-- from the A.B. Dick company, where it was sitting forlorn and obviously unwanted. (See how I personalize technology...) Even the Gestetner man who was trying to find things wrong to prove we shouldn't have gone to the competition seemed to think it was in good shape. Only Michael is unhappy, who welcomed it with a blood sacrifice by dropping it at the door and gashing his leg-- and who then had to help run ASP, not INERTUILLN, as the first publication! We're still playing with the baby, trying to get good reproduction, while eliminating pickup; we're getting the former (if the art looks grey, you're right-- the machine came with five tubes of ink, all charcoal grey) but getting the latter too and having to slipsheet every page. Sigh. Inefficient technology.

Another aspect of inefficient technology is birth control. Now, Cliff, and all you other writers (all amle-- is that significant?) who said you opposed abortion: fine. Support your beliefs. No-one is going to make you, or anyone else, have one. But since we're not going to give up the medical technology prologing life-- and leading to overpopulation-- we're going to have to re-think all our concepts of procreation and



the family. I mentioned the abortion question originally as an example of confused thinking about population-- I still think the statement I referred to, that abortion is wrong in Canada because Canada is underpopulated is ridiculous, even dangerous. And I personally, Cliff, am in full agreement with most of your points; I would, I think, only seek an abortion under the circumstances you give. But I would like to know I would get it then, and not be told by some pious legislator (or, in Ontario, a panel of (male) doctors): "The fact you have five children already, a weak heart, no money and German measles does not alter your moral duty to bear this precious life. Stop being hysterical, woman, you'll love it once you have it." Nor do I thin I have any rights over another woman's body. Nor is it true that "As a rule women who do not want children do not get pregnant." They may be ignorant of birth control methods-- and certainly abortion is a lousy method of birth and population control, and we need more, and more generally available, and more factual, sex education. Or, those methods may have failed. At the moment, there are only three totally "safe" methods-- tubal ligation for the woman (irreversible); vasectomy for the man (often not reversible, and confused in the popular mind with castration) and abstention. Many doctors won't perform the first two, especially if you're childless, while the last is rather impractical, isn't it? As for the statement that women seeking abortions are "sacrificing their unborn children on the altar of their laziness and ignorance" or "to the god of Women's Liberation"-- do you really believe that? Do you think Kate Millet lies in bed thinking "I'll get pregnant so I can sacrifice the baby to the god(dess) of Women's Lib." Or that a confused 16-year-old in a New York clinic doesn't want a child, and maybe a forced marriage, because she's lazy? Ignorant, yes-- fight that with education. But deliberately cruel? I think it's crueller to bear an unwanted child, and far more ignorant to swallow the "motherhood myth" that every woman, because she can bear a child, can also love it and raise it properly.

Welcome to ASPIDISTRA, the journal of radical lifestyles... except it isn't really. But obviously we're going to get into the problems of the human environment as we go along.

Welcome to ASPIDISTRA, the personal gesture. And it's a pretty useless gesture, too, because it's preaching only to the Aware Minority. I don't know how to reach that housewife in Hamilton, Ont., who told the Pollution Probe worker, no, she still used a high-phosphate detergent because water pollution was caused, not by phosphates, but the dirt you wash out of clothes! Still, you are the Articulate Minority, and if you can spend

time putting each other down, and saving STAR TREK, why not spend it cleaning up our world? Unlike you, Jerry Lapidus, I believe in personal gestures. Doing something is better than doing nothing. Saying "Well, no-one else buys returnable bottles, and it won't make any difference" seems to me like a cop-out. And yes, it does make me feel better. What's wrong with that, as long as I fon't lose the real goals? Mostly, though (and you should understand this, Jerry), it's a kind of guerilla theatre. A public demonstration of beliefs and ideals. Let me illustrate. A friend of ours, Jean Hutchison, is particularly interested in saving wolves. Like every other wild creature, they're becoming rapidly extinct, thanks to us, with the added problem that there is, almost everywhere, a bounty on them-- because "everyone knows" they're nasty, vicious, man-eating beasties. The Little Red Ridinghood myth. Except it's not true, as Farley Mowat in Never Cry Wolf or Jean herself will tell you. "Baby seals are deserving but they have all the help they need now. The wolves don't have many friends," she'll say, urging you to write to your representative in Parliament or Congress, your minister of lands and forests (Rene Brunelle in Ontario), and whoever's responsible for wildlife and conservation. But while she's taking, you'll notice she's concerned with the total ecology of which wolves are a part-- she's doing little things like putting litter into her purse, or a trashcan, not on the street; and pouring soft drinks from returnable bottles; and consciously trying to save water; and in general "living as if the tomorrow we don't want is here-- so it won't come." What she's involved in is a kind of guerilla theatre, dramatising that, in every aspect of life, we can live ecologically if we try.

And besides, positive anti-pollution action won't come from governments and industries until we-- with our hundreds of thousands of protesting letters, and our meetings, and our boycotts, and our demands to know what a candidate who wants our vote or a company that wants our money is going to do about the environment-- force such change. And these insignificant gestures are, at least, proof that we want action, that we are willing to give up something to get it, that "the public won't buy it" is no longer an excuse for not developing, say, a non-polluting internal combustion engine. Meanwhile, isn't it more honest to express your concern about the environment when you're not polluting it? How can you complain to GM about car-exhaust pollution when your untuned Chev is part of it?

Welcome to ASPIDISTRA, the journal of creative selfishness. I'm selfish too. I put my robin ahead of Toronto City Council's new Spadina Expressway, which will bring suburbanites downtown ten minutes faster to spend 30 minutes idling their engines in traffic jams, looking for a place to park. In fact, I put my streaming eyes and choked-up sinuses ahead of your "right" to drive your car downtown, or anybody's "right" to profit

from a factory that poisons the air for everyone else. I'm selfish enough to want my government to represent me and my rights as a human being-- not to represent industry, and property, and Big Money. I'll put people ahead of property and profits any day. Naive, aren't I? I'm selfish enough to work for-- read "try to impose on other people"-- an ecological ethic which will put concern for the future, for the (natural and human) environment, ahead of any other interest, even your material comfort and mine.

Can we do it? and how?

Welcome to ASPIDISTRA, the trenchant-mouthed discussionzine. Keep on discussin'.



MAN IN SOCIETY: DEATH SOON...

**the**  
**GOOD**  
**WITCH**  
**of**  
**the**  
**NORTH**

ROSEMARY ULLYOT

"Rosemary! What have you done?" Susan exclaimed one Saturday morning when I appeared on her doorstep with a new hairdo and a plastic bag full of cinnamon rolls.

"Bought some cinnamon rolls at Eaton's" I grinned, holding up the messy-looking bag. "They got kinda mushed. How's about making some tea. Queen Mary, I think. Yes, Queen Mary will be fine. The subtle taste of the darjeeling blending with the cinn..."

"What in hell have you done to your hair!!" the Boy Wonder roared from his typer. "It looks awful. All that beautiful long hair, gone... forever."

"I certainly hope so. I look abysmal in long hair. Even you have to admit that," I answered.

"No woman looks abysmal in long hair. It makes her look beautiful and feminine and..."

"Balls!"

"Well, in your case, even long hair wouldn't help. Besides, it's too fancy, all those curls. No, I really don't like it."

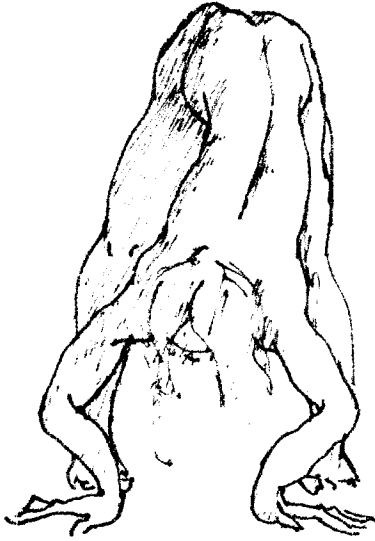
"Well, I do," Susan declared. "Maybe I'll get mine done like that," she added, winking at me.

"You do and I'll divorce you," Michael muttered ominously above the clacking of the typewriter.

"Where'd you get it done?" Susan asked, ignoring him.

"Bruce of Crescendo."





CATHRYN WATKINS

"He sounds like a real winner," Michael growled.

"Oh, he wasn't there. Vito did my hair. Susan, you are not going to believe this place."

"Early bordello?" she asked, pouring the tea.

"No, middle-aged Spanish. The whole place is brick and fake leather. You go in and there's this harpie who sits at the reception desk. She fills out a little black and white card with your name, what you want done to your hair, and whether or not she thinks you're good for a tip. Important things like that. Then she hands you a multi-coloured shift and tells you to be sure to sit in Vito's section or he'll never find you and some unknown will do your hair (horrors!) She neglects to tell you where Vito's section is. She is a very dumb harpie.

"I pulled the shift on over my sweatshirt and jeans, fluffed up my dirty, long hair and looked around, wondering which of the sweet young things was Vito. A girl with a broom came up to me and told me I was supposed to take my clothes off before putting on the shift. 'The hell you say,' I said. 'Where's Vito's section?' She took me to it, sat me on a chair in the farthest, darkest corner of the room, and handed me a magazine. 'No thank you, I have my own,' I smiled, and buried my nose in QUARK/#1.

"Two stories later, someone touched my arm. 'Miss, uh...Rosemary?'

"I looked up from my book and mumbled 'Uh huh.' I'm anything but articulate.

"My name is Vito and I'm going to do your hair,' he said, taking me by the hand. I was so dumbfounded I actually let the man lead me like a little kid into a huge magenta and brick and fake leather room where dozens of women were having their hair washed.

"He picked up a lump of my hair and asked what I wanted done with it. I told him. He looked a little strangely at me, then nodded affirmatively and said, 'Yes, that'll do nicely. Angelo will be along in a moment.' And off he went.

"Angelo turned out to be the little man who washed my hair. When he was through lathering my scalp three times, he led me (by the hand, again; they must think you're going to run away or something) into the sanctum sanctorum... Vito's section. Vito looked at me as if I had just crawled out from under some leaf mould, and attacked my hair with the scissors. One hour later, Angelo came back and blew my hair dry with his little blower and natural bristle brush. Then Vito reappeared and squirted some weird-smelling stuff all over my nicely dried hair and began to do perverted things to the top of my head with a curling iron. It was ten minutes before I realized that the weird-smelling stuff on my hair was beer. Well, my sinuses were clogged. The pollution index was 29.

"When he was finished he stood back and murmured 'Nice, hmm...' Nobody talks in that place, it must be a rule or something. 'I dunno, you have my glasses.' He gave them to me and it did indeed look lovely. All tiny little curls on top and long at the sides and back. For the first time in years I got exactly what I asked for at the hairdresser!"

"What did all that ridiculous nonsense cost you?" the Boy Wonder queried, sarcastically.

"\$12.50. Oh, by the way Susan, I need \$7.00 from you. You can give me a cheque made out to..."

"That's a hell of a lot of money to pay for a simple hairdo. And why do you want \$7.00 from my wife?"

"I don't know, how come?"

"Well, if that's what my Tweetie wants," he sighed, reaching into his pocket.

"Dear One," Susan cooed, sitting on his lap.

"Little Sweetheart," Michael answered, patting her bottom.

"I may vomit," I said, taking the money and slamming the door.

++++++

"Rosemary, has it occurred to you that there are no men in this audience?" Susan asked as she settled herself into her \$7.00 mezzanine seat at the O'Keefe Centre

"There must be," I answered, looking around. Taking into consideration that neither of us can see ten feet beyond our noses, she was right. All you could see for miles around were rows and rows of bright-eyed suburban matrons, their hair specially shellaced... for Him. "My God," I said, "if we look like that we'd do well to put bags over our heads and saltpetre in our tea. Hasn't anybody but us come to see the man dance?"

"No."

"Waddya mean, 'no'?"

"Rosemary, I'm willing to bet money that half the people in the audience wouldn't know a good pas de deux from a bad one until the rest of the audience started beating each other over the head with their programmes and screaming "Bravo Rudi"... or whatever."

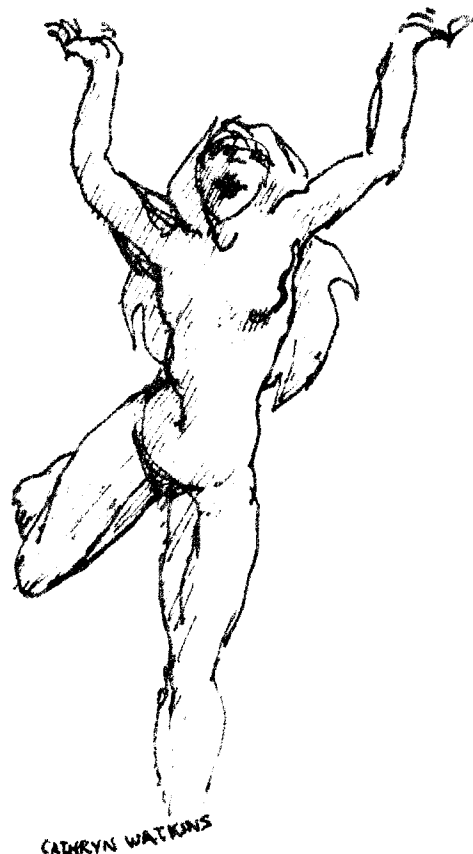
And do you know, she was right. Every time a man leaped across the stage the woman beside me jumped and asked her companion "Was that Him?" This woman didn't know a ballet slipper from a riding boot; yet she'd paid a lot of money to watch a man she thought sexy flit (as Michael and my Dad would put it) across a stage. In my naiveté, I thought people went to the ballet because they appreciated the grace of the dancers and the beauty of the dance and music. They will, apparently, flock to see a performer who has achieved some notoriety. "He was sleeping with Fonteyn, you know. And probably Jacky Kennedy too." I overheard that one in the lobby. No one commented on the man's performance, which had been exceptional, except to mention that on the previous evening he had fallen: a feat not unique at the O'Keefe, the stage is notoriously slippery.

Later, at the Glicksohn apartment, Michael asked how the ballet was. "Did Big Balls dance pretty?" he said, leaping about like a ruptured duck.

"Very good," I declared. "He's a very powerful dancer, and moves with an ease that's..."

"Did He notice that you'd had your hair done?" Michael asked, twisting his body into his idea of an arabesque.

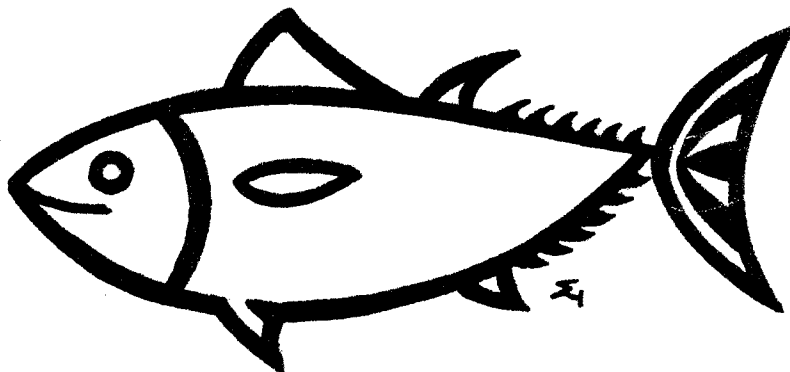
I merely sniffed disdainfully, tossed my freshly-washed curls, and pirouetted daintily out of the room.



mystic

# TUNA

revelations



Michael Glicksohn's Famous Tuna Fish Sandwiches are almost as well-known in fandom as his Fabulous Fannish Hat. Like pemnican, they have sustained many a hardy Canfan on treks into the jungle of expressways, the savage land of border guards and New York drivers. At last, the secret recipe is about to be revealed-- but first a word from the Boy Wonder.

"To the uninitiated, the recipe which follows may seem to be a completely ordinary method of preparing tuna fish sandwiches. The initiate, however, understands that its essence is not mere gastronomic novelty, but a grokking of the fullness of tuna. In preparation and consumption, one approaches the mystical Platonic ideal of tuna-ness."

Yes indeed. Take one 7-oz. tin of tuna fish. Use the flaked "light" as opposed to "solid white" meat as it is usually more flavourful, is pre-mushed for convenience-- and is 10 to 15¢ cheaper. (It also has more mercury. Be warned.) Drain off the oil. Place in a bowl with a couple of tablespoons of dressing of the Miracle Whip sort, 4 green onions, finely chopped (green stems and all), celery if you must, salt and pepper. Maybe a pinch of garlic salt? Mix, ritually and in fullness. Butter three slices of fresh wholewheat bread. Pile the tuna generously upon the bread. Note the esthetic beauty of the colour combinations. Butter three more slices, place on top, and cut the sandwiches in half, diagonally. Consume, appreciatively.

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Mother Haldeman's Tuna Salad: A Variation on a Theme

Add chopped-up pickles and sliced hardboiled eggs to the basic combination. Spread on white bread. The tuna goes further, and gains new richness and meaning.

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Richard Labonte's Tunafish Spaghetti:

Affable Dick Labonte, erstwhile Secret Master of Canadian Fandom and current President of Carleton University Students' Association took time off from training the student body to talk to the administrative body (and vice versa), training his puppy, and trying to persuade the RCMP to reveal their Top Secret File on him to communicate the following treat.

"Take two large cans tomatoes, lots of stalks of celery, a fair share of onions, mushrooms (if the price is reasonable), green pepper if you have it; fry the vegs in a large kettle, add the tomatoes as the frying goes on; then add a can or two of tomato soup. Let the mixture bubble away for a while, until it starts to look like a sauce, and in the meantime add the appropriate herbs and spices... basil and oregano and a bit of cayenne or chili, garlic or celery salt, thyme. And then, after you have a synthesis of good smells, and about twenty minutes before you are going to serve the meal, flake into the sauce as much (drained!) tuna fish as you can afford. The glory of this recipe is that you don't really need the meat; but it can be used if the hamburger is frozen or if you really feel a need for meat in your sauce. Don't add cheese, it tastes terrible with tuna. The recipe here feeds eight people in a co-op... probably ten or so in the real world."



Apart from spaghetti, and sandwiches, and the dieter's delight of plain tuna on lettuce, (with some dressing added in desperation), the prospects for tuna are dull. Most tuna casserole recipes are like everyone else's tuna casserole recipes: mix a can of tuna or so with a cream sauce (like cream of celery or mushroom soup); throw in a green vegetable (peas); serve it over, or with, a starch (macaroni, usually.)

And those ducky "cool salad treats for warm days"-- ugh! Flakes of tuna in jelly-- with green peas, and olives and stuff, and the jelly melting all over. Or the worst of both worlds-- tuna mixed up with cold peas and cold (shudder) macaroni, on lettuce.

Then there are the "tuna goes glamorous" recipes that start with basic old tuna casserole but try to fancy it up with sherry, or shrimps, or cashews, or slivered almonds sprinkled on top. Dear modern hostess-- it won't work. You'll still end up failing to impress your guests with good ol' tuna casserole, and you'll have destroyed it's basic virtue-- the fact that it's cheap.

Besides, does the thought of "tuna-horseradish canapes" really excite your taste buds? No, I didn't think it would.

You might, however, try tuna chunks as a substitute for other white fish, or meat, in a stew-- with a tin or so of tomatoes, chopped celery and onions and such, and some chicken broth. Or use it with bean sprouts, chopped celery (again!) beans, green pepper and such in Exceptionally Unauthentic Chow Mein. Stir-fry the vegetables in hot oil for 5-7 minutes; add soy sauce and the tuna, so it just gets warmed through (maybe some garlic salt, too); and serve over rice.

Or you could stick with the tried-and-true sandwich.

Just don't eat too many. Fish swim in water. Water is polluted. Fish retain concentrations of heavy elements like mercury. Warning: your lunch may be a health hazard.

## Why Tuna and Swordfish?

AS PETER AND KATHERINE MONTAGUE point out in adjoining columns, the danger of mercury poisoning in fish generally increases with the size of the fish. To provide an adequate number of marketable cuts, swordfish must run upward of 100 pounds in weight. Therefore, the chances are high that swordfish will remain off the market in this country because of the mercury threat.

There is a greater chance that tuna supplies will be less curtailed for the following reasons.

Tuna meat is classified by its color, with the white meat of albacore most popular, then the progressively darker meat of the yellow fin, the skipjack, the big eye, and the blue fin.

Albacore average 45 pounds, yellow fin 150 pounds, skipjack 13 pounds, big eye 235 pounds, and blue fin somewhat more than big eye.

The original sample that caused the U. S. Food and Drug Administration to order a million cans of tuna off the market shelves was made up largely of yellow fin. All samples of big eye and blue fin taken since Norvald Fimreite's alert of March 20 have measured above FDA's 0.5-ppm danger level.

SR/FEBRUARY 6, 1971

WASHINGTON (AP-Special) — A doctor said yesterday he has discovered what he believes to be the first American afflicted with mercury poisoning from eating store-bought fish — a woman who ate swordfish as a diet food and developed such baffling symptoms she spent two years under psychiatric care.

The U.S. Food and Drug Administration has recommended Americans not eat swordfish, but says all tuna fish on the market have been cleared for dangerous amounts of mercury.

### Note for tuna eaters

A card seen recently in Chock Full O' Nuts, in New York City, read as follows:

Dear Customer:

We're serving Tuna Fish Sandwiches today. We had this lot of Tuna Fish analyzed by a reputable, accredited firm of analytical chemists. They found .136 parts of mercury per million. The Food and Drug Administration considers .500 parts per million as safe. .136 is about 1/4 of .500.

### Mercury shipment spoiled

"The Union Chemical Co. has announced that a shipment of 5000 gallons of ultrapure mercury, destined for its giant petrochemical facility in Stumfton, Ind., was spoiled when a worker, during a routine inspection, inadvertently dropped a tuna fish sandwich into the tank car in which it was being transported. Company spokesmen said the mercury was found to contain 0.5 p.p.m. tuna and is considered totally unfit for industrial use."

National Lampoon, March 1971, p. 16.

# MY AFFAIR WITH THE OCEAN

JODIE OFFUTT

Our oceans are getting such bad press lately. Oil slicks in the Gulf of Mexico...beaches ruined and birds dying on the Pacific coast.. the horror of the not-so-Great Lakes...even in Hawaii the water is browning with sewage. Oh, it's not the fault of the waters; it's ours. Progress makes pollution.



One result of all this ickiness is bound to be that a lot of us would think twice before going to a beach for the pleasure of swimming. I'd like to counterbalance some of the bad things you've read about our oceans by telling you about my afternoon in the Atlantic.

It was the last weekend in January and we were in Florida for the Apollo 14 liftoff. We were staying with Joe and Nita Green. Joe called some friends--Jean and Ralph Dunning--and asked if he could bring some folks to their house to swim. The Dunnings live in Cocoa Beach, right on the ocean. We piled in Joe's car: Poul, Karen and Astrid Anderson and me.

On the way to the beach Karen and Astrid told me about taking care of the birds in California. (Us inland people pick up a newspaper or Newsweek and see a little article about volunteers cleaning and feeding the terns out there, and think "how nice," and give it not another thought.) It is an involved process, this reclaiming of our wild birds, and takes a lot of time. The first thing that must be done for them, after they are brought to the centres in crates or packing boxes, is cleaning. They are soaked in mineral oil to loosen the gloop, and then wiped off. They tried detergent at first, Karen said, but that also washed away the natural oils.

If the birds could be cleaned and sent on their way, it would be a simpler matter. But they're so frightened by the sudden loss of freedom and inability to fly that they must be forcefed. They must also be given something to rid their insides of any oil.

It takes two people about 15 or 20 minutes to feed each bird. (Astrid and Karen had places on their hands and arms where they had been pecked.) One holds the bird while the other puts a tube in the mouth and works it down its long neck. Through this tube it is given water, food and the cleansing tablet.

It takes about three weeks of this daily care before the birds can be turned loose to fend for themselves. Even at that-- and this is the sad part-- only a very small percentage of them survives. Less than ten percent.

A lot of people spent a lot of time out there trying to save our terns and it was fascinating hearing about it.

## 2: The Living Breathing Atlantic

Then we drove down S. Atlantic Ave. and saw the ocean...and smelled it...tasted it...watched...felt it...heard it...played with it.

OH WOW! I have experienced that first sight of the ocean, and I'm glad it didn't happen sooner. I might have accepted it or tossed it off as just another thing to see.

I walked into the Dunnings' living room and...

...there it was, framed by a big picture window. Moving...moving...moving. Imagine having a wall-to-wall picture of the Atlantic in motion as part of your decor. That's the way it struck me, that first sight of the ocean. All I was aware of was the water moving. The waves. I've been in rivers, but they don't move that way. And lakes don't move at all, except by boats making artificial, temporary waves.

The Andersons and the Dunnings were talking about the differences between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. (Whee! I thought-- I am a provincial!) At least nobody said, "If you've seen one ocean, you've seen 'em all."

As we walked across the sand (I kept twisting around to see my footprints), I said I'd never seen any ocean. Astrid gave me a funny look and asked where I lived that I'd never seen an ocean. I sorta shrugged and said I hadn't been around much and told her there was snow on the ground at home.

Astrid said she'd never really seen snow.

It was my turn to give her a funny look and wonder where she'd been all her life.



(As I write this, muscles still sore from swimming with an ocean wave, I wonder what it would be like to see snow for the first time. I'll bet it would be a lot like that first glimpse of the ocean. I'm sitting by a warm fire and there are eight inches of snow on the other side of the wall. The temperature is six degrees, and the wind has blown the

snow into lovely soft drifts, the way the ocean molds the sand.)

The first thing I did with the water was scoop some up in my hand and taste it. I think I was mildly surprised that it really did taste like salt. Then I stood there on the beach and watched the water come and go over my feet. I realized as I watched the breakers foam away why Tide is called Tide.

I began walking across the Atlantic, stopping every now and again to brace myself against the oncoming waves at my knees, hips, waist, chest.

Somebody asked me later how the water was. Compared to what? I didn't know. I suppose it was pretty cold; my fingers and toes sure numbed up in a hurry after I got out of the water. But at the time how cold I was was the least of my feelings.

Watching the waves coming, jockeying in front of a big one... getting on it to swim in with it...being bowled under...falling back on another one and being delivered to the shore like a raft...plunging my hands in the foam and watching the bubbles on my arms... diving right in front of a wave and floundering...trying to beat it to shore...swimming on my back and seeing only sky and water and the gulls swooping. I played with the ocean that day. I moved with it. I thought about all the ships out there sharing it with me. I marvelled at where the water touching my skin had been. I'd never get seasick, I know. I loved rolling with those waves. The ocean is alive and breathing and it took me back and forth with each breath. It was pure joy, being with that water.

I asked Poul why the waves came in unevenly. He used the beach as a chalkboard and gave me a quick explanation of all that's involved in breaking up a big wave into little ones.

Karen had gathered lots of shells for us--and knew the names of most of them. There were two little boys about eight or nine years old with rolled-up jeans and floppy hats gathering sand dollars. Their bucket was nearly full. I asked what they'd do with them; probably sell them. Who in the world, I wondered, would buy shells in Florida!

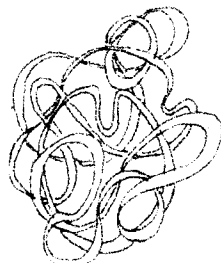
The last thing I did before I left the beach was write my name in the sand, and the date, and take a picture of it.

Would I like to take a shower? Lord no! I wanted to feel and taste the salt on my skin for awhile. Just before we left, our hosts did the nicest thing: they brought out a tray piled with perfect, clean shells and invited us to take a few. That extra little bit of hospitality was the perfect topper to an exciting day of firsts for me.

What a weekend!

To feel God's ocean and Man's rocket within the space of two days is enough sensation and excitement to feed on for weeks and weeks.

Oh, I almost forgot-- I didn't see one drop of oil.



Everyone who ever wrote a pome  
will write a pome about the moon,

and Man,  
Man and the Moon,  
the Moon and Man,  
the Relationship  
of Man to Moon,  
and Men to Moons.

What Man Can Learn from Lunar Rock.

MOON BRINGDOWN

Like Tallulah's death,  
the moon incites fresh  
interest at the city desk:

CAROL CARR

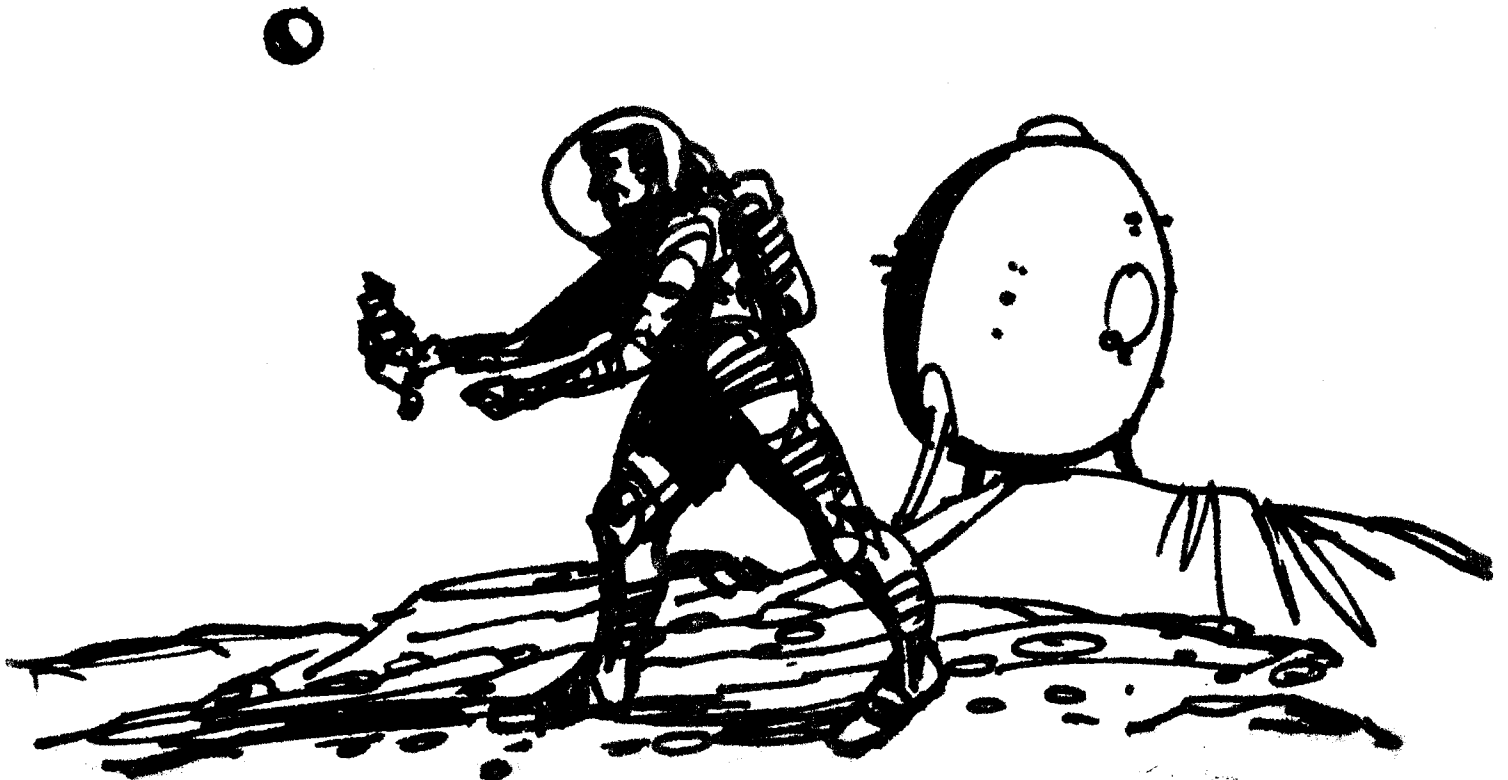
"Hey, Mac, dig up  
everything you got  
on the moon."

The green cheese bit,  
song titles,  
what lunatic means,  
Shakespeare,  
and a paragraph  
of all the scientific facts.

Do you think the moon  
has cured man  
of his virgin lech?

Or will it just arouse him?

Let's hear it for the moon.



# MIKE'S SMUTTERINGS

a column of no redeeming social importance

by mike glicksohn

It's taken me awhile, but I think I'm finally catching on to what's happening around here.

Now I'm known to be a somewhat unperceptive sort of guy. I can never remember whether or not a given person wears glasses, no matter how long I've known them. I don't spot eye colour, or what my wife or my friends wear, or any of the other details of everyday living. But hit me over the head with something often enough and it will sink into my consciousness. And there it will percolate until my pseudo-scientific brain can synthesize it and find a hypothesis that will fit it into the scheme of things as I see it.

So after nine months of marriage, I've finally been able to account --I think-- for several observations I've made since changing my life style. And the result is both puzzling and a little bit scary.

It only took me about four months to notice something strange in my new relationship with my wife Susan. I never see her in the morning. As far as mornings go, I'm married to a mole. I get up, any time between six and nine depending on whether I'm out practice-teaching or off to the college, and beside me lies a large, shapeless bundle of blankets. Sometimes it moans, more often it merely burrows some more, but Susan never gets up in the morning. I stagger out, on will power alone, get ready for the day, bring in a cup of tea for my loved one, and she just lies there totally flaked out.

At first, I put this down to differences in the physiology and metabolism of the male and female. But by accident, and admittedly through hearsay, I learned that some wives not only can, but also do, get up in the morning. Then why can't my wife? We go to bed at the same time, and while I know I have a bit more stamina than she does--con attending has proven that-- it doesn't seem quite right that I should be able to get up while she's still bone weary every morning. She doesn't complain about not being able to get to sleep. In fact, she's usually fast asleep long before I am. Or at least it looks that way. As I said, after the first four months this began to niggle at me.

About the same time, I started to take notice of the other dominant new feature in my life. My wife's hair. For those of you who haven't had the pleasure of meeting my wife, she's reasonably short, pretty, and has shoulder-length-plus blonde hair. Now I like this. I've even forbidden her to cut it, since I've always preferred longer hair to the short, mannish styles. But I began to realize that I was seeing an inordinate amount of my wife's hair.

No matter where I go in our apartment, no matter what article or possession I'm working with, I find at least one of my wife's hairs entangled in it. This, I started to observe, was an irrevocable law. Once I was on to this fact, the evidence built up at an

alarming rate. In the food, in my clothes, woven into my beard, between the pages of my books, everywhere I went, Susan's hair was there before me. Some time ago, I prepared a plate of smoked oysters on pieces of buttered rye bread as a snack to accompany my beer and hockey-watching. Leaving them momentarily in the kitchen, I went into the living room to turn on the TV set. All this time, Susan was working at her desk, and she never once left it. Yet when I brought the oysters into the living room and reached for the first delectable snack, one of Susan's hairs was draped across it! It was then that I started to worry.

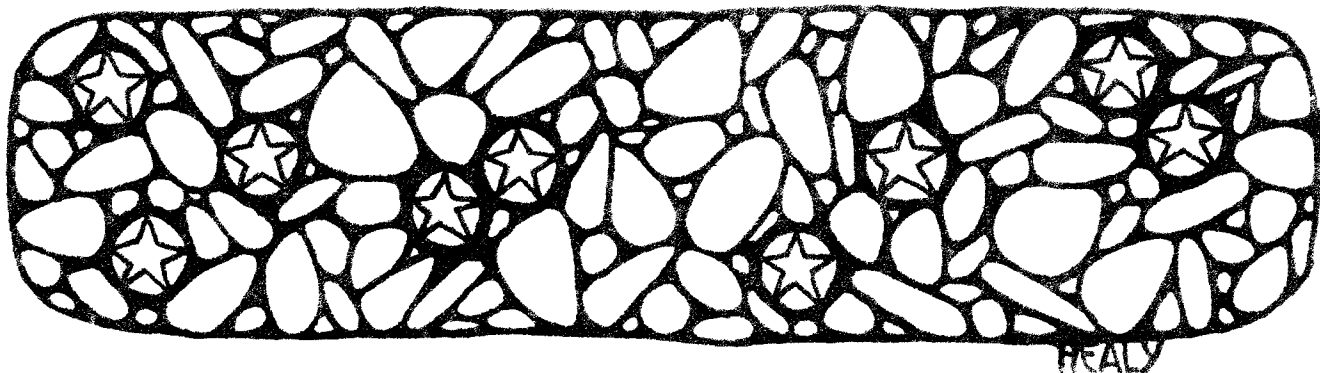
My thoughts began to crystallize. The omnipresence of this hair became apparent and the various symptoms that had been building up just beyond the range of my perception started to jell into a coherent theory. In a typical Boy Wonderish flash of insight, I put two and two together and got eleven. (All us Boy Wonders have our inspired flashes in base three.) So I've come up with a hypothesis which accounts for my observations but that I'm totally at odds to explain. But it fits the hair and the morning exhaustion beautifully.

My wife, for reasons that well may be beyond human ken, gets up after I'm asleep and goes through the entire apartment, pulling the hairs out of her head and planting them in our possessions! Don't ask me why; but it's the only explanation. I can see her, creeping silently through the darkened apartment tugging her hair out strand by strand and putting it in our books and in my underwear, opening my beer and dropping a hair in each bottle before resealing them, winding them around the keys of my typewriter and into my school notes and around the toothpaste tube and placing them in all the myriad other corners and crannies in which I later discover them. No wonder she's exhausted in the morning!

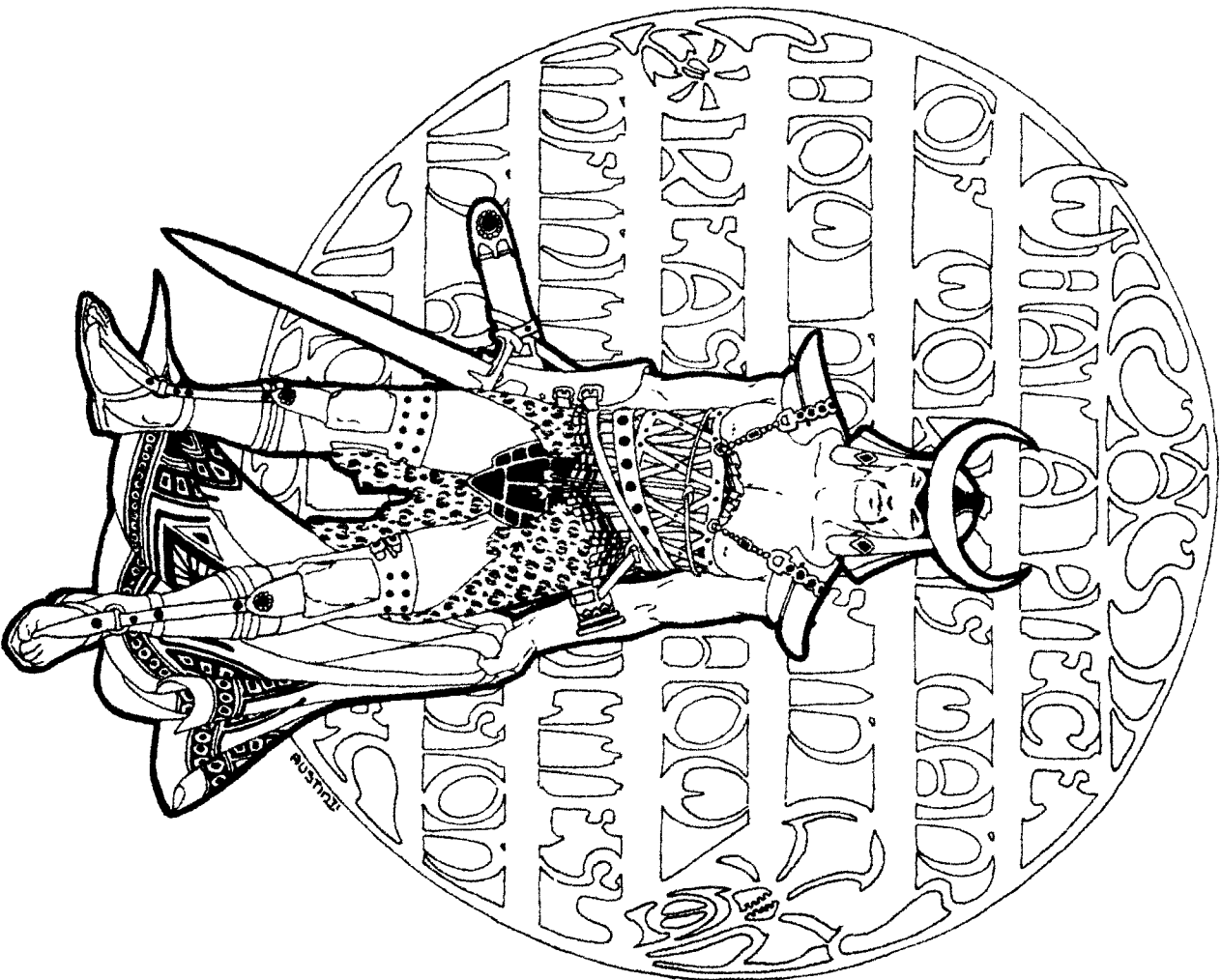
But what can be behind it all? Why am I supposed to wake up with her hair between my toes and in my beard and wrapped around places that I can't even mention in a family-type publication? Is it voodoo? Some identification pattern for an alien invasion? I'm bewildered and a little bit scared. Last night we watched Eurn, Witch, Eurn. Susan kept chuckling hollowly. Is it all some mystic rite to assure my success? If I stay up all night some time, and prevent this ritual, will my jeans fall apart the next morning? Will it all bring me a Hugo? or some dreadful fate at the hands of an animated gargoyle? or perhaps even Dave Lewton?

So I'm worried. I don't understand it all and wonder what's coming next. Those of you who read ENERGUEN 1 will recall that one of the reasons I got married was to regain at least partial possession of a painting that Jack Gaughan had given to me and Susan had appropriated in my absence. So every time I stumble across (or choke upon) the evidence of my dear one's midnight machinations, I'm reminded of that old proverb with all its ominous implications for my shaky-looking future.

You know the one I mean: Hair today and Gaughan tomorrow.



REALLY



Some Source Material:

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Fanon, memory is the key to alternate futures; through the processes of memory, past events reappear in new lights, thus negating the deterministic qualities of the material world. What we may notice here is a quantum jump--a leap of imagination akin to the gestalt switch. Man exists as a potential to become something other than what he is at present. In the process of recreating himself, however, he finds identity through temporary stabilizations--paradigms by which he defines his nature. Perhaps, then, creation can be viewed as a discontinuous process.

However, the creative imagination is easily thwarted. Fanon's wretched of the earth are victims of a totalitarian myth system which paralyzes imagination through an ontological destruction of the possibilities of their humanity. The colonizing force defines out of existence any reality in which the black man can be accepted--by others or by himself--as a human being with creative potential. The black is powerless because his experience has no validity in that realm which both he and others accept as "reality." Laing and Berger extend this concept to humanity at large in speaking of the reification of social relationships: man produces a reality that he experiences as something other than a human product. In terms of Fanon's model, human beings colonize themselves and each other.

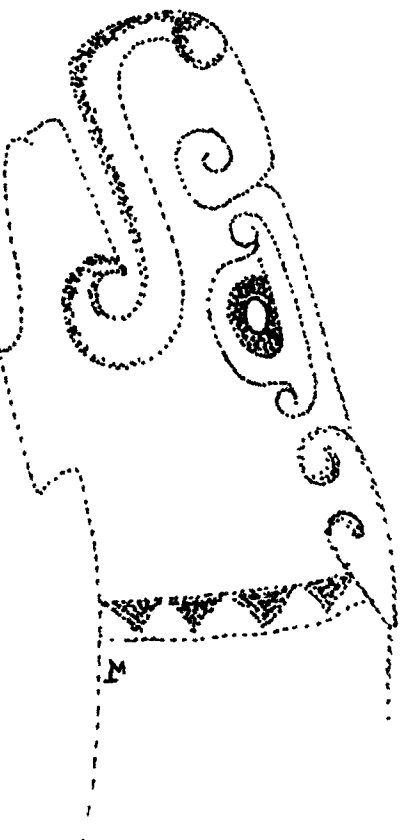
But if such a totalitarian myth system can destroy the human potential--or at least severely damage it--this is not to suggest that man can do without myths. A society exists and is transformed under a succession of world-views, which give stability and, if limited so as not to deny the creative imagination, a sense of identity, or integration with the world, to the man who inhabit it. The present level of psychological damage and confusion in the "modernized" world may perhaps be attributed not only to the dehumanizing effects of a totalitarian myth system, but also to the fact that while this world-view is becoming increasingly outmoded (unable to account satisfactorily for everything that is happening in the world), no coherent alternate world-view has presented itself to the population at large. The gestalt switch has not yet occurred. The development of the so-called "counter-culture" represents the movement toward a new,

as-yet-not-fully-articulated paradigm of living.

Under these conditions there is tremendous yearning for a new, or re-newed, equilibrium. The last few years have witnessed the political left and right engaged in a kind of politics-of-the-Apocalypse. The hope here is for a final change beyond which will lie the Millennium. But history does not end in this way. If evolution is an open-ended process, and not a movement toward some Eternal City, then any equilibrium is only a temporary stabilization before further change.

Man continually pursues integrity of identity by seeking to integrate wider areas of experience. Northrop Frye speaks of imagination attempting to swallow the universe. The success of imagination in this venture would presumably bring the Millennium, and yet the Millennium is not to be. Imagination, then, strives after the unattainable. Man dreams of the impossible, and so must dream forever. But far from being futile, dreaming is a special human talent: it is the path of safety between fossilization and chaos, the jump that allows man to become something new without losing himself in the process.

If political theory is not to be an instrument of mystification, then it must become an instrument of liberation, revealing to men the nature of the myths by which they live, so that they may dream new myths. In an imperfect world, rebellion must continue. The world can never be perfect, but it can always be better.



Discarding the old concept of scientific advance means changing the concept of progress; science must now be seen as evolving from-what-we-know, and not toward-what-we-wish-to-know. Progress is thus seen as an open-ended process, not a goal-directed one. Successive stages in the developmental process are marked by greater articulation, elaboration, and power to solve problems. Direction is more and more replaced by freedom.

Although Kuhn makes only brief mention of an analogy between scientific and political revolutions, it seems to me that such an analogy can be quite useful. There comes a time, either in the scientific or the political realm, when the dominant paradigm fails to adequately meet the needs of the community. With the emergence of a new paradigm to challenge the position of the old, a crisis point is reached; between proponents of the old and the new there is no common ground for arbitration. By definition, neither group can accept argumentation whose logical basis lies beyond the scope of its own paradigm. In the political realm it is at such a time that recourse to violence becomes most probable.

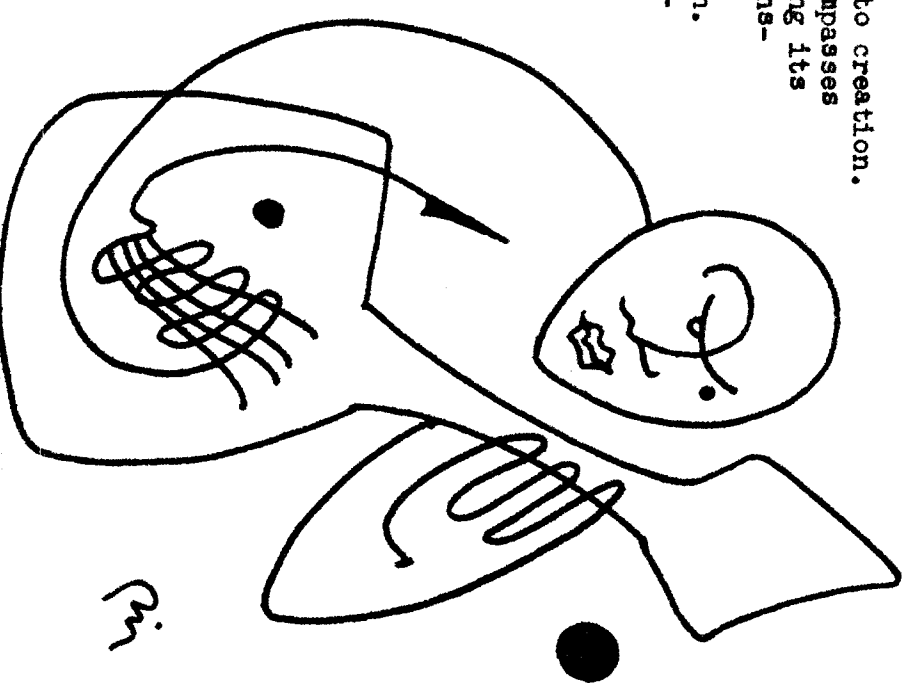
In either a scientific or a political community the re-placement of one paradigm by another is not an instantaneous process. However, viewed in the perspective of history, such a revolution may be seen to be accomplished within a rather brief period of time. Kuhn likens the process to a gestalt switch. The outmoded paradigm gives way to another which appears better able to integrate the particular forces to be understood.

Basic to the gestalt process is pattern recognition, or selection. Camus has described how the artist works through selection, by isolating the unique in the context of the universal. The artist plucks an instant from passing time and gives it a permanence, but a permanence which is shaped by the artist's own vision. Camus' rebellion expresses the desire for coherence and unity. Rebellion is a "fabricator of universes," a method of imposing pattern on the world, in much the same way that the artist imposes pattern on the world. We may also see in political and scientific world-views this aesthetic dimension-- the imposition of coherence and stability on incessant change.

In the movie Glenn Sheller we can follow the Rolling Stones on tour across the United States. At certain points in the movie the action of the tour to which the theatre audience is giving its attention is suddenly transposed to a film-editing room, where, in the context of the movie, it is now being viewed by the performers and the directors of the movie at a later time. Instead of filling the theatre screen, the on-tour action now occupies only a small portion; what the theatre audience had perceived as "reality" a moment before is now perceived as only a selected segment of reality. At the end of the movie, at the climax of an actual murder scene, a similar transformation occurs. This time the film in the editing room is stopped, run backwards, and then re-run in slow motion and stop-action to reveal details of the killing that had been imperceptible during the initial run.

Time is crucial to creation.

The present encompasses the past, allowing its events to be transformed into art through selection. Memory is the instrument of the mind by which the past is edited, re-created, and given meaning beyond that which it possessed originally. This recreation of the past through memory is the theme of Vladimir Nabokov's novel, Invitation.



that confronts modern technocratic society.

Technocracy is a form of rule common to both capitalist and communist societies today. The basis of technocracy is the myth of "objective consciousness," a mode of thought which denies the validity of subjective experience in favour of a postulated "objective reality," and holds the manipulation of this reality to be the domain of specialized experts. As Theodore Roszak points out, technocratic assumptions about the nature of man, society, and nature warp experience at the source, becoming the buried premises from which intellect and ethical judgement proceed. In the hands of ruling elites, expertise mystifies the popular mind by creating illusions of omnipotence and omniscience. The effectiveness of this myth lies in its invisible totalitarianism, its subliminal workings. The "end of ideology" nonsense that has pervaded liberal political science in the West is a manifestation of technocratic thinking, and its effect is to limit investigation of the political order to certain acceptable questions by defining all other questions out of existence.

The ability of a mode of thought to define the validity of questions concerning the nature of reality over an all-inclusive range of human experience qualifies it as a world-view. Roszak identifies technocracy with the scientific world-view. In advocating a new world-view which would validate and extend the range of subjective experience, Roszak therefore calls for the subversion of the scientific world-view. But such a call seems to raise serious doubts about the possibility of any new world-view that is not simply to be a reversion to pre-industrial forms of society.

What then is the relationship between scientific advance and the ability of man to effect a world-view that entails a minimum of alienation from the world? Roszak's perception of the nature of science seems to reflect that which is general in modern society--namely, that science advances through the gradual accumulation of ever more knowledge about the "true" (objective) nature of the universe. This conception has been impressively attacked

by Thomas S. Kuhn, who argues that science advances through the displacement of successive paradigms, broad conceptual models by which scientists work. In fact, these paradigms are different scientific world-views, since they differ fundamentally from each other, not merely in incremental changes. Newton's laws cannot be regarded simply as a limiting case of Einstein's, for the transition from Newtonian to Einsteinian mechanics involves change in the fundamental structural elements of which the universe to which they apply is composed. Differences between successive paradigms are thus irreconcilable. Paradigms are the source of the methods, problem-field, and standards of solution accepted by the scientific communities involved. The reception of a new paradigm tends to necessitate redefinition of the corresponding science itself, and the scientific tradition that emerges from such a revolution is not only incompatible but often actually incommensurable with what has gone before.

Thus it may be argued that there is not a scientific world-view, but many successive scientific world-views. What Roszak calls "the scientific world-view" is in fact that misconception of science expounded under the technocracy. The misconception of scientific advance as a continuous linear progression toward Ultimate Truth through the employment of a unique Scientific Method-- in fact a scientific method is only as permanent as the particular paradigm under which it operates-- is the prime mystification by which technocracy maintains itself. The answer is not to throw out science, but to throw out that misconception of science under which modern society labours. That misconception is entrenched by the persistent tendency under any scientific paradigm to reconstruct history in the light of that paradigm, to assume that previous moves, views, theories were aimed at the direction of the present state of knowledge and to obscure the discontinuous nature of long-term change-- that is, to assume the commensurability of successive scientific models, rather than realizing that what is being dealt with are often distinct world-views.

# EVOLUTION AND IMAGINATION

As I understand it, Sartre the existential philosopher, in espousing a Marxist view of history, has been faced with the problem of reconciling existentialism with historical materialism. In asserting the central position of the individual human consciousness in the social construction of the universe, he necessarily denies any strictly deterministic view. For Sartre, men exist in relationship to the material conditions in which they find themselves, but this relationship does not preclude choice. Indeed, the prime characteristic of this relationship is the ability of men to continually surpass the material conditions of their situations and thus make history.

In Africa the advocates of "African Socialism" have also been confronted with this need to harmonize the conceptual roles of mind and matter. The process of decolonization confronts African nations with the need for rapid economic development and the search for "authentic" psychological identities rooted in traditional values.

The paradigmatic African world-view asserts the primacy of spirit. It is not simply that nature is spiritualized in this view; but, on the contrary, that nature is "antedeedently spiritual," to use the words of W.E. Abraham. In the universe there exists a hierarchy of beings, with non-living things at the lower ends, objects associated with spirits, including the human body, in the middle, and spirits, including that spirit proper to man, at the upper reaches-- the whole forming one internally contiguous order.

Leopold Senghor, poet-philosopher president of Senegal, suggests a synthesis of socialism and spirituality which preserves the African view of the ultimate primacy of spirit, within a historical perspective which grows out of



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Marxism. Drawing heavily from Teilhard de Chardin, Senghor sees consciousness, through the process of the complexification of matter involved in evolution, gradually freeing itself over time from the constraints of matter to eventually emerge as the basic reality. Senghor finds confirmation for this view in the scientific revolutions of this century, such as relativity and quantum theory, which assign a central place in nature to the discontinuous and the undetermined.

What we may find here is a rejection of a view articulated by what may be called "traditional" Marxists and also inherent in an unconscious form in modern culture generally, which claims the existence of a social world independent of consciousness, into which individuals are simply thrust, contributing nothing by unique creation. It seems to me that this myth of a social world, a human context, which exists independently of individual consciousness is the myth which R.D. Laing and Peter Berger, for example, attack in their own ways.

The reification of the social structure, in which the power of the external world is enlarged at the expense of individual experience is, in terms of the historical mind-matter relationship outlined above, a devolutionary process. This retrograde tendency underlies the crisis



# ASPIDISTRA TOO

