

1/13/68

1st

THE YEAR TWO THOUSAND, FORECAST BY HAPPY JACK

Since 1900 was but three years old when I was born,

Simple mathematics make it highly ~~probably~~ ^{improbable} that I shall be around to ^{watch} ~~see~~ that great sunburst of civilization that ^{many} ~~its~~ ^{you are told} ~~will~~ ^{great} be reported with the advent of the year 2000. That is fine with me; for ~~for~~ ^{may} ~~past~~ I ~~feel~~ ^{do} think we are too close to it already it will save me the awkward ^{misadventure} ~~awkwardness~~ of slitting my throat. ~~It is~~ ^{the} ~~unhappy~~ ^{unhappy} prospect with ~~nothing~~ ^{nothing} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~horror~~. If in the unlikely event that ~~you~~ ^{you} ~~by~~ ^{by} the year 2000 we ~~have~~ ^{will} ~~not~~ ^{not} yet ~~blown~~ ^{blown} ourselves to oblivion or -- how can I ^{possibly} ~~put~~ ^{put} this? --

This is how I envisage the year 2000:

~~It is~~

procreated ourselves there, I regard ~~the~~ ^{the} mankind's prospects for the year 2000 with nothing short of horror. ^{by far} ~~the~~ ^{the} greatest horror, from which all ^{the} ~~other~~ ^{other} little horrors will flow, ~~will~~ ^{is} that there will ~~be~~ ^{be} simply ^{but} too goddam many people ^{the} ~~very~~ ^{prospects are bright but they} ~~step~~ ^{step} ~~on~~ ^{on} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~face~~ ^{face} of this tortured planet ~~will~~ ^{and} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~swarmed~~ ^{swarmed} with them; the whole ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~earth~~ ^{earth} will be one vast ^{graveyard} ~~graveyard~~ and ~~clean~~ ^{clean} water and fresh air will be a ^{nostalgic} ~~nostalgic~~ ^{memory} ~~memory~~ of the ~~past~~ ^{past}; ~~garbage~~ ^{garbage} can; ~~solitude~~ ^{solitude} and ~~repose~~ ^{repose} and a time for ~~contemplation~~ ^{contemplation} will have ~~fled~~ ^{fled}; ~~if~~ ^{if} I want ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~participate~~ ^{participate} in it, the individual man will be reduced to zero.

I want no part of it.

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the thrust and trend of our times
Already, alas, our talented and sensitive
^{resulting} has forced all
~~our~~ ^{so} sensitive and talented American -

Edward Durrell Stone the architect - to have
made the following bleak pronouncement:

So much for 1968; how about the year 2000?

Feb. 10, 1968.

Year 2000

Dear Bill,

Page 3, 1st. line -- If you find
"fornicating" too harsh perhaps "copulating"
might be better, your choice.

Page 3 - 4th. line. Revise so that it
reads: one vast vermin-ridden garbage
dump, junkyard and cesspool, etc.

(In other words, delete "combination of" and replace with
"vermin-ridden" and delete "can" and replace with "dump.")

Regards,

John Voth

P.S. Revise and to read: This is what I see ahead.
I hope I am wrong, but of one thing I am dead sure:
if I am only half right I still want no part of it.

Feb. 8, 1968.

Dear Bill,

Thanks for your good letter of Feb. 5th. sending me what you there describe, including a Xerox copy of No. 26, on ^{the margin of} page 3 of which I have ^{made} handwritten the only addition I now want (except those I already made by hand on it when I first sent it to you), and which I now return, along with my hand-written letter of Feb. 3rd.

I also have one small change to make to the Year 2000 piece, thus: On page 3 please join two separate sentences with a "but" so that it now reads: I hope I am wrong, but of one thing I'm dead sure: if I am only half right I still want no part of it.

Tell Bill Noble Jimmy Stewart was smoking my cigars.

What in hell is a Kelly Girl -- I lead a sheltered life?

Regards,

John Volker

Feb. 16, 1968.

Dear Bill,

Please add a brief paragraph just before the "Granville Hicks" paragraph on page 2 of my Year 2000 piece, as follows:

Already we have in so sensible and well-ordered a world that half the people in it ~~starve~~^{are starving} because they have to while the other half starves because it is fashionable.

Cheers,

John Volker.

Written by:
John D. Voelker
Deer Lake Road
Ishpeming, Michigan
No. 36

THE YEAR 2000: A MINORITY REPORT

by

Robert Traver

Since 1900 was but three years old when I was born, simple ^{arithmetic makes} mathematics make it mercifully unlikely that I shall be around to greet that great ^{pastoral} sunburst of civilization and ^{pastoral} gracious living that so many ^{folly optimists are predicting} predict will be upon us by the year 2000. That will be fine with me; it will save me the awkwardness of slitting my throat.

God knows that things are bad enough already. Already we breathe chemicals, drink chemicals, wallow in chemicals. Already more and more of us inhabit--I can't quite bring myself to say live in--dirty, noisy, sprawling, swarming man-hives, whimsically called ^{cultural centers} cities, where it takes longer to get to work than to Paris. Already we live in an era of increasingly canned and synthetic food, clothing, entertainment, music, books, communication, laughter, even emotion and thought itself.

Already we live in a snarling suspicious world that has rarely been at peace in the memory of most of its inhabitants. Already we live in an explosive civilization of mounting crime, violence, intolerance and terror. Already we live in a time when people are rapidly being reduced to faceless numbers to be coded, carded, computerized, processed and, presently no doubt, bored, punched and drilled. Already the individual man is ^{becoming} being swiftly reduced to zero.

Already we live in an era in which two of our oldest ^{sophisticated} and most civilizations, China and France, continue cynically to spurn the efforts of the rest of a terrified humanity to limit the spread of the world's most dreadful weapons and to stop the further poisoning of the already critically irradiated air we breathe.

26/68.

↑ Already we live in so small a world
well-stated a world that half the people
in it are starving because they have to while
the other half starve because it is humanity.

Already our earth is so teeming and crowded that a sober
psychologist and biologist, Rene' Dubos, has ^{declared} said that future
survival depends not merely on avoiding famine but on the quality
of our lives, ^{added adding} and declared that "privacy, independence, initiative
and open space...are not luxuries but...real biological necessities."

Already the corrosive greed ^{the shrill "what's-in-it-for-me?" acquisitiveness, the relentless} and compulsive lust for advantage
and gain of our times ^{has forced} can force so sensitive and talented an
American as Edward Durrell Stone ^{blast:} the architect to deliver
himself recently of the following bleak pronouncement: "Everything
betrays us as a bunch of catchpenny materialists devoted to a
blatant screeching commercialism. If you look around you, and
you give a damn, it makes you want to commit suicide."

Already our prospects are so glittering and rosy that
Granville Hicks can write ^{the other day} in the Saturday Review that "the
central fact of our time is that the human future may be very
short."

Already during those moments when I can bring myself to ^{face}
contemplate that ~~foreboding~~ ^{the world} future and look at my little
grandchildren I could weep. ^{Already -- but no, I could go on for hours.}

In the unlikely event that by the year 2000 men will not
yet have blown themselves to oblivion or procreated themselves
there, I nevertheless regard the prospects for mankind with
nothing short of horror. If present heedless trends continue
(and the prospects are ^{flowing} bright ~~if not inevitable~~ that they will
continue) by far the greatest horror of all, from which all lesser
horrors will flow, is that by the year 2000 there will be--let ^{us}
face it--simply too goddam many people.

I, for one, shudder at the prospect of existing in a world
where every square foot of our planet will be crawling and aswarm with
a hopeless people ^{humanity} aimlessly milling and groping and thieving and

bickering and fornicating, like roving bands of chattering monkeys,
amidst a landscape as ravaged and plucked and forlorn as that of
the moon; where the tortured earth will have become one vast
combination of ^{vermin-ridden} garbage can, ^{dump,} junkyard and cesspool; where the
last lingering vestiges of serenity and solitude, privacy and
dignity and repose and contemplation will forever have flown;
where, finally, the wonder of the lone unique individual will be
but a haunting nostalgic memory. ^{I hope ~~with~~ I'm wrong, ~~of~~ one thing I'm}
^{This is what I see ahead and ~~lots of~~ I am only half right,}
I ~~for one~~ want no part of it.

(P. S. to Editor: Well, you asked for it, and ^{there} ~~ther~~ it is.
Otherwise "Happy Bob" Traver feels dandy and is looking forward
eagerly to that annual miracle: the great unlocking of spring
and another new trout season.)

I am
but
I am only half right I still

Already during those moments when I can bring myself to ^{face}
~~contemplate~~ that foreboding future and look at my little ^{then I}
grandchildren I could weep. *Already -- but no, I could go on for hours.*

Initial In the unlikely event that by the year 2000 men will not
yet have blown themselves to oblivion or procreated themselves

Written by:

John D. Voell

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No

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THE YEAR 2000: A MINORITY REPORT

by

Robert Traver

**ROTO
COPY**
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Initial Since 1900 was but three years old when I was born, simple
mathematics, ^{arithmetic makes} make it mercifully unlikely that I shall be around
to greet that great ^{pastoral} sunburst of civilization and ^{pastoral} gracious living
that so many ^{jolly optimists are predicting} predict will be upon us by the year 2000. That
will be fine with me; it will save me the awkwardness of slitting
my throat.

God knows that things are bad enough already. Already we
breathe chemicals, drink chemicals, wallow in chemicals. Already
more and more of us inhabit—I can't quite bring myself to say
live in—dirty, noisy, sprawling, swarming man-hives, whimsically
called ^{cultural centers} cities where it takes longer to get to work than to Paris.
Already we live in an era of increasingly canned and synthetic
food, clothing, entertainment, music, books, communication,
laughter, even emotion and thought itself.

Already we live in a snarling suspicious world that has
rarely been at peace in the memory of most of its inhabitants.
Already we live in an explosive civilization of mounting crime,
violence, intolerance and terror. Already we live in a time when
people are rapidly being reduced to faceless numbers to be coded,
carded, computerized, processed and, presently no doubt, bored,

punched and drilled. Already the individual man is ^{becoming} being swiftly reduced to zero.

^{sophisticated} Already we live in an era in which two of our oldest ^{and most} civilizations, China and France, continue cynically to spurn the efforts of the rest of a terrified humanity to limit the spread of the world's most dreadful weapons and to stop the further poisoning of the already critically irradiated air we breathe.

9 Already our earth is so teeming and crowded that a sober psychologist and biologist, Rene ^{or} Dubos, has ^{declared} said that future survival depends not merely on avoiding famine but on the quality of our lives, ^{added adding} and ^{declared} that "privacy, independence, initiative and open space...are not luxuries but...real biological necessities."

Stet
Already the corrosive greed ^{the shrill "what's-in-it-for-me?" acquisitiveness} and compulsive lust for advantage and gain of our times ^{has forced} can force so sensitive and talented an American as Edward Durrell Stone the architect to deliver himself recently of the following ^{bleak} pronouncement: "Everything betrays us as a bunch of catchpenny materialists devoted to a blatant screeching commercialism. If you look around you, and you give a damn, it makes you want to commit suicide."

the advertisement

zzh
Already we live in so sensible and well-ordered a world that half the people in it are starving because they have to while the other half starves because it is fashionable.

Already our prospects are so glittering and rosy that Granville Hicks can write ^{the other day} in the Saturday Review that "the central fact of our time is that the human future may be very short."

Already during those moments when I can bring myself to ^{face}
~~contemplate~~ that ~~foreboding~~ future and look at my little
grandchildren I could weep. ^{then I} Already -- but no, I could go on for hours.

Initial
In the unlikely event that by the year 2000 men will not
yet have blown themselves to oblivion or procreated themselves
there, I nevertheless regard the prospects for mankind with
nothing short of horror. If present heedless trends continue
(and the prospects are ^{glowing} bright ~~if not inevitable~~ that they will
continue) by far the greatest horror of all, from which all lesser
horrors will flow, is that by the year 2000 there will be--let's ^{us}
face it--simply too goddam many people.

I, for one, shudder at the prospect of existing in a world
where every square foot of our planet will be crawling and aswarm with
a hopeless ^{humanity} people aimlessly milling and groping and thieving and

bickering and fornicating, like roving bands of chattering monkeys,
amidst a landscape as ravaged and plucked and forlorn as that of
the moon; where the tortured earth will have become one vast
~~vermin-ridden~~ ^{combination of} garbage ~~egs~~ ^{dump}, junkyard and cesspool; where the
last lingering vestiges of serenity and solitude, privacy and
dignity and repose and contemplation will forever have flown;

where, finally, the wonder of the lone ~~a~~ unique individual will be
but a haunting nostalgic memory.

This is what I see ahead ~~to~~ I hope I am wrong, but ^{of} one thing
^{am} I ~~am~~ dead sure: ~~a~~ if I am only half right I still want no part of
it.

(P.S. to Editor: Well, you asked for it, and there it is.
Otherwise "Happy Bob" Taver feels dandy and is looking forward
eagerly to that annual miracle: the great unlocking of spring
and another new trout season.)

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1/23/68

2 serial, please:

Written by:

no. 36

THE ~~SLITTING~~ YEAR 2000: A MINORITY REPORT

Since ~~the year~~ ^{by Robert Brown} 1900 was but three years old when I was born,

simple mathematics make it mercifully unlikely that I

shall be around to greet that great sunburst of

civilization and gracious living/^{that so many ~~glaring~~} ~~our happy optimists~~

~~promises~~ ^{predict} ~~will~~ be upon us ^{by} ~~with~~ the year 2000. That will

be fine with me; ^{for one thing} it will save me the awkwardness of

slitting my throat.

7

God knows that things ~~are~~ quite are bad enough
already. Already we breathe chemicals, drink chemicals,
and wallow in chemicals. Already more and more of us
inhabit—I can't quite say live in—dirty, noisy,
^{bring myself to}
^{whimsically called cities}
sprawling, swarming man-hives where it takes longer
to get to work than to Paris. Already we live in an
~~era~~ era of increasingly canned and synthetic food,
clothing, entertainment, music, books, communication,
laughter, even emotion and thought itself. ~~Already~~
we ^{live in} inhabit a snarling suspicious world that has rarely
been at peace in the memory of most of its inhabitants.

~~live dwell in~~ ~~inhabit~~ ~~confront~~
Already we ^{live in} inhabit an explosive civilization of mounting
crime, violence, and bitter intolerance, ^{and terror.} Already we
^{dwell live} ~~live~~ in a time when people are rapidly being reduced to
faceless numbers to be coded, carded, ^{computerized,} indexed, processed
and, presently no doubt, bored, punched and drilled. Already
the ~~miracle~~ ^{strange} of the individual man is being swiftly reduced ^{to zero.}
to cipher. ~~nothing.~~ ^{dream and shadow.}

7

Already we live in an era ~~when~~ ^{in which} two of our oldest
civilizations, China and France, continue ^{cynically} to spurn the
efforts of the rest of a terrified humanity to limit the
spread of the world's most dreadful weapons ~~of mass~~
~~destruction~~ ^{and} ~~to~~ ^{and} ~~stop~~ ^{the} further poisoning of the already
critically irradiated air we breathe. | Already our earth
is so teeming and crowded ^{with people} that a sober psychologist
and biologist, René Dubos, has declared ^{said} ~~that~~ ^{would} future survival
depends not merely on avoiding famine but on the quality
of our lives, ^{and} ~~has~~ ^{and} ~~warned~~ ^{declared} that "privacy, independence,
initiative and open space...are not luxuries but...real
biological necessities."

+

corrosive greed and ~~combustive~~ ^{combustive} lust for ^{advantage} ~~gain~~ ^{and}

Already ~~alas~~ the foreboding thrust and trend of our times can force so sensitive and talented and American as Edward Durrell Stone the architect to deliver himself recently of the following bleak pronouncement: "Everything betrays ~~us~~ us as a bunch of catchpenny materialists devoted to a blatant screeching commercialism. If you look around you, and ~~if~~ you give a damn, it makes you want to commit suicide."

← ROSY

~~Already~~ ^{glittering and} ~~rosy~~ ^{rosy} ~~are all prospects, in fact,~~ ^{that} ~~already~~ ^{usually} ~~Granville Hicks can write in the~~ ^{that} ~~Saturday Review that~~ "the central fact of our time is that the human future may be very short."
 ~~Already~~ ^{those moments when} ~~during~~ ^{contemplate that} ~~can bring myself to~~ ^{foreboding} ~~consider that~~ ^{future} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~look at my little grandchildren,~~ ^I ~~I could weep.~~

+

In the unlikely event that by the year 2000 men will not yet have blown themselves to oblivion or procreated themselves there, I nevertheless regard the prospects for mankind ~~in the year 2000~~ with nothing short of horror. If present heedless trends continue (and the prospects are bright if not inevitable that they will continue) by far the greatest horror, ^{of all,} from which all ~~the~~ lesser horrors will flow, is that by the year 2000 there will be-- let's face it--simply too goddam many people.

F

I, for one, shudder at the prospect of existing
 in a world where every square foot of our ~~bleak~~ tortured
 planet will be crawling and aswarm with a hopeless
 people ^{aimlessly} milling and groping ^{and fornicating} aimlessly amidst a
~~bleak~~ landscape as ravaged and plucked and ^{witherly forlorn} monotonous as
 that of the moon; where the ^{tortured} earth will have become one
 vast combination of garbage can, junkyard and cesspool;
 where ^{the last vestiges of} serenity and solitude, privacy and dignity ^{and} repose
 and contemplation will forever have flown; where, finally,
 the ^{wonder} ~~miracle~~ of the lone unique individual will be but
 a ^{nostalgic} haunting memory. I for one want no part of it. ~~But~~

*thinning and
and leeching like roving
and fornicating
chattering hands
of chattering
monkeys*

to Editor:
 Well, you asked for it, and ~~there~~ ^{there} it is.
 (P.S. Otherwise "Happy Bob" Traver feels dandy and
 is looking forward eagerly to the great unlocking of
 spring and ^{another new} ~~the dazzling prospect of a new~~ trout season.)

f

Already we live in an era when two of our oldest civilizations, China and France, continue to spurn the efforts of the rest of a terrified humanity to limit the spread of the world's most dreadful weapons of mass destruction or to stop further poisoning of ~~the~~ already critically irradiated air we breathe ~~atmosphere~~. Already our ~~crowded~~ earth is so teeming and ~~overpopulated~~ crowded that a sober psychologist and biologist, ^{Rene Dubos,} has declared ^{flatly} that future survival depends not merely on avoiding famine but on the quality of our lives, warning ~~flatly~~ that "privacy, independence, initiative and open space ... are not luxuries ~~but~~ ... real biological necessities."

X

~~it must now be evident that~~
~~It must now be evident that,~~

the unlikely event that by the year 2000 men will
not yet have blown themselves to oblivion or ~~an~~ procreated
themselves there, ~~however~~ nevertheless heedless
I regard the prospects for mankind in the
year 2000 with nothing short of horror. ^{if present trends continue} by far the greatest

horror, from which all the lesser horrors will flow, is

^{by the year 2000} be
that there will—let's face it—~~be~~ simply too goddam many
people ^{existing} every square foot of our tortured planet will be
crawling and aswarm with ^{a hopeless} people milling and groping amidst

a landscape as ravaged and plucked and monotonous as that

of the moon; ^{where} it follows that the earth will ^{have become one} be one vast

~~any~~ combination of garbage can, junkyard and cesspool; ^{where}

^{serenity and} solitude, repose and contemplation will ~~forever~~ have flown
in a world where ^{where} the lone ^{and} individual ^{the miriads of} has been ^{unique} squeezed ^{will} ~~to zero~~ ^{be} ~~reduced~~ ^{but a}

^{for one} ~~to zero~~ I want no part of it.

P.S. "Happy Bole" Traver
dandy

Personally I want no part of it, but otherwise I feel fine

and ^{is} looking forward eagerly to ^{the great unlocking of} next spring and the ~~new trout~~
^{dazzling} prospect of ^{the} new trout ~~season~~
season.

and the prospects are bright, that they will continue
it's not inevitable