

graffiti on bathroom walls (that wasn't a quote, John). Well, I realize that you did not state any alternative to demonstrating nuclear war in your first letter. My purpose in answering that letter was to point out this deficiency and get your ideas about effective alternatives. As you know, John, trying to come up with such ideas is a difficult task; therefore, any suggestions would be helpful.

What the anti-nuke demonstrators need to do is translate their somewhat ineffective efforts into ideas for educating the public. As you pointed out in your description of a conversation you overheard on a bus, the stupidity of people's ideas about nuclear war is beyond belief. I wonder if the people on the bus have ever attended a public forum about nuclear awareness. If they have, it is hard to fathom their naive assumptions that it would be impossible for Libya to get the bomb, that nuclear missiles could not be launched by accident, and that New Zealand could survive a nuclear war because it is a nuclear-free zone. The possibility of Libya getting the bomb is, in my opinion, very likely. As for the contention that nuclear missiles cannot be launched by accident, I do not believe that for a minute. In fact, movies such as *If You Love This Planet* are quick to show that nuclear missiles can indeed be launched by accident. Finally, New Zealand could scream till it was blue in the face that it is a nuclear-free zone, and it would still suffer in the event of a nuclear war; neutrality is defied in our nuclear age.

However, if we view the situation optimistically, 25 years of anti-nuke demonstrations have inspired New Zealand and several Scandinavian countries to refuse to have nuclear weapons on their soil. A feeble beginning? Yes, but a beginning all the same.

As for myself, your suggestion that I stand on my head in a bucket of lime jello while yodelling would be futile. Besides, I much prefer raspberry and I can barely sing, never mind yodel.

Finally, please accept my humble apologies for quoting you as having written about "masses of marching morons disrupting traffic" rather than what you actually wrote, which was "masses of mindless marching morons disrupting traffic". However, given that a moron is, according to the Concise Oxford Dictionary, a very stupid or degenerate person, I think you will agree that I did not in any way distort your meaning. Additionally, the paragraph that particular sentence was in was referring to your sense of personal inconvenience at disrupted traffic, not at your description of the demonstrators.

Shona Welsh
Arts IV

P.S. Incidentally, John, I have a suspicion that we are more in agreement over this issue than we think.

Female demand

In response to Poetic Worms (Gateway, 27 Nov.), I am not a 'feminist', but I am female. With regards to the poem:

"No one in a civilization as advanced as ours could believe that a woman could make fortune by remaining a virgin. (that's for all those feminists (sic) out there)"
...which may have been left in the toilet?

The poet (itself) carries a possibility of being a young university student. Young being below the age of 55. One who has the probability of not earning much more than a dollar during its existence. Therefore, could probably gloat on the fact, it has never earned enough money, through time, to meet the feminine "high demand".

What is the feminine high demand? Here is a story that might help you to visualize the female demand:

In the past, I, at one time, shared a three bedroom platonic house with two males. During this time of residence, one Sunday, I found myself scrubbing the kitchen floor. How else does a kitchen floor get clean? On the occasional instant I, as a female, take advantage of the leisure known as thinking...and looking up from the floor (which did require cleaning) I saw these two young roommates engrossed in a football game via T.V. Each had an ice-cold Miller in hand and each acquired the benefits known as U.I.C.. I was prone to believe that my Father worked hard for 47 years so that these two perfectly healthy young men could enjoy cold beer, (provided for by U.I.C. and my father).

Then in a flash I realised... my Mother scrubbed floors for 47 years and me, well...I'm still scrubbing floors.

I guess I don't have to mention that the floor is probably still dirty today, (pat, pat).

If poets do not have the ability to recognize professions as they are, who am I to complain? I am only a female.

B.G.
SCII

*P.S. To The Poet:
If poetry is to be your career, may I mention that there is no "advanced" civilization as yet? Please stick to era and ode.*

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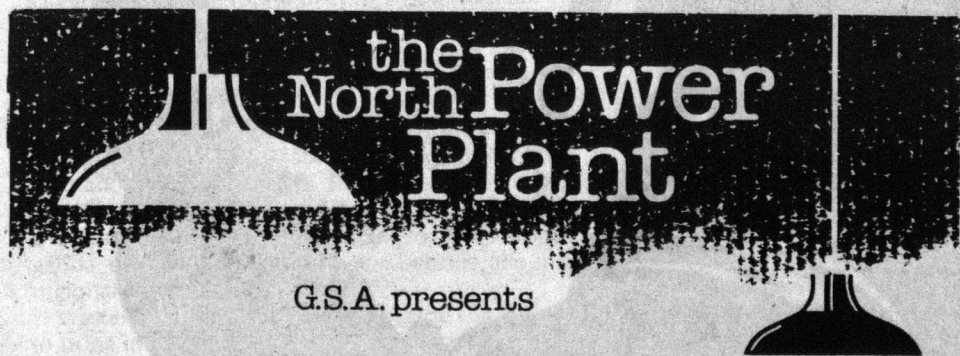
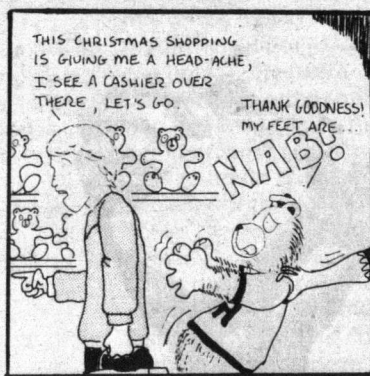
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