



LEAVES & LEAFLETS

Mother Earth must greatly enjoy issuing her flowery messages on leaves and wings of butterflies, each specimen a unique individual, botanists and entomologists study to their hearts' content.

When I hecto a painting and it has interesting flaws (from the gelatine and countless other causes), I treat each print needing retouching as a separate adventure. Giving over many hours a day for many days running to the task does not seem to me wasted time. I feel akin with Earth's own bounty, and her determination that each leaf she issues is a unique one all on its own, and unlike any other, exactly.

Text, printed text, is a bore for ne to print. Still, to explain why I hecto only scenery — not s-f-nonsters and such — I an printing this little leaflet so you'll approve, not ask, "What's this to do with science fiction?"

It is living in a narvelous universe, chock-full of wonder. And this is
my breathless exclamation of delight!
The pictures have flaws, the leaflets
may be blurry. But I say by it, "Hello,
letes celebrate Life, still!"

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