

When one tugs at a single thing in nature, he finds it attached to the rest of the world. John Muir



TERRABYTE 04.06 – STOP FEEDING GAS TO YOUR GRASS

You're driving a Hummer.
Oh, what a bummer.
Now could you feel dumber,
When gas costs double this summer?

Last week my friend and I were walking to the local coffee place (oh, please, at least I'm walking!), and in the midst of tsk-tsk-ing a local who was spreading a big bag of name-brand fertilizer on his lawn, she said, "That lawn looks like a Hummer to me." I understood instantly that this landscape didn't have the sexy, worldly, forward-thinking appeal of a Prius or a Mini. NO, THIS landscape was a big, gas-guzzling, water-hogging SUV, and there was no better symbol of the THE-LAWN-IS-GREENER-HERE attitude than the huge, bright green, soggy turf grass now covered in little white and blue-green pellets of petroleum products.

The really funny thing about this particular landscape is that its owners routinely shop at the local organic food market and patronize the "low toxin process" dry cleaners. Don't they know that what's put on their lawn is brought into their home? They, their dog, their kids (who only occasionally play on the grass, there being a huge swing-set and jungle-gym park only two blocks away), and their guests are tracking the fertilizers and pesticides sprayed on their "Chem-lawn" into their bedrooms, kitchens, nursery, and living room, despite the groovy sea grass carpets.

What really worries me about drenching plants in "performance-enhancing" products is that, like doped athletes, these landscapes can't sustain the

