

# SILENT SPRING

# Rachel Carson

# CARSON

The author of THE SEA AROUND US and THE EDGE OF THE SEA  
 questions our attempt to control the natural world about us

RECENT SPECIAL RELEASE



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This town does not actually exist, but it might easily have a thousand counterparts in America or elsewhere in the world. I know of no community that has experienced all the misfortunes I describe. Yet every one of these disasters has already happened somewhere, and many real communities have already crept upon us almost unnoticed, and this imagined tragedy may easily become a stark reality we all shall know.

What has already silenced the voices of spring in countless towns in America? This book is an attempt to explain.

No witchcraft, no enemy action had silenced the rebirth of new life in this stricken world. The people had done it themselves.

In the gutters under the eaves and between the shingles of the roofs, a white granular powder still showed a few patches; some weeks before it had fallen like snow upon the roofs and the lawns, the fields and streams.

The roadsides, once so attractive, were now lined with would-be no fruit.

Among the blossoms, so there was no pollination and there would be no fruit.

These, too, were silent, deserted by all living things. Even the browned and withered vegetation as though swept by fire.

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over the fields and woods and marsh.

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BY RACHEL CARSON

- Under the Sea-Wind*
- The Sea Around Us*
- The Edge of the Sea*
- Silent Spring*

# SILENT SPRING

FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

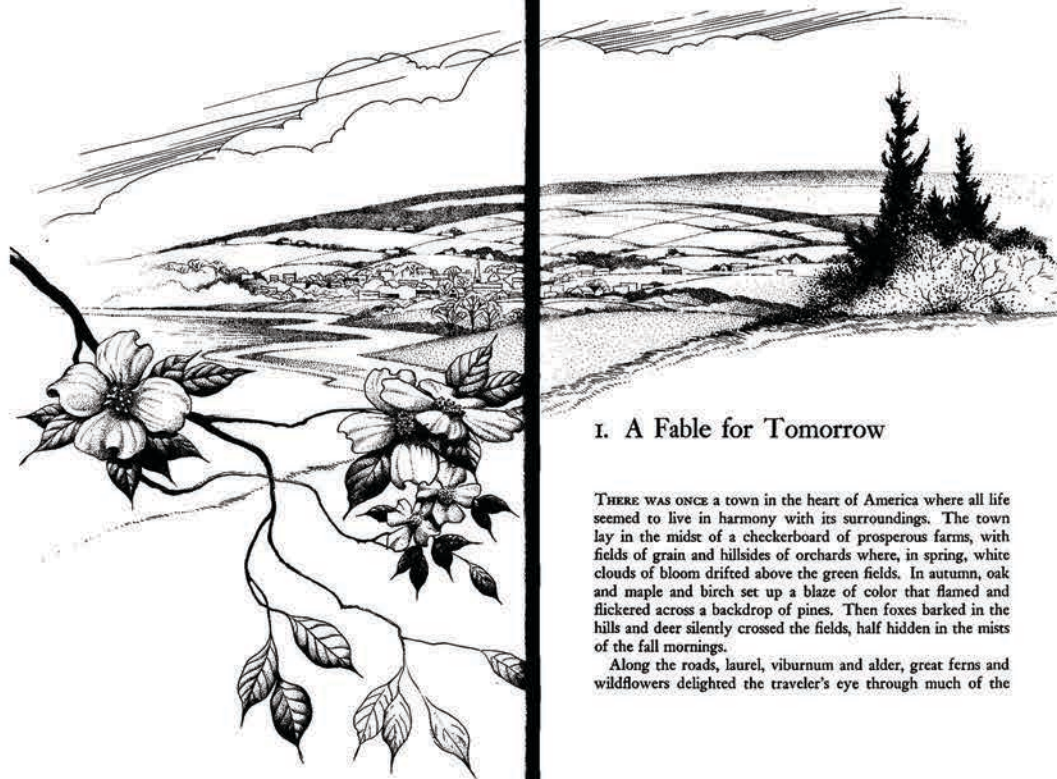
RACHEL CARSON

Introduction by Linda Lear

Afterword by Edward O. Wilson



A MARINER BOOK  
 HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY  
 Boston New York



## I. A Fable for Tomorrow

THERE WAS ONCE a town in the heart of America where all life seemed to live in harmony with its surroundings. The town lay in the midst of a checkerboard of prosperous farms, with fields of grain and hillsides of orchards where, in spring, white clouds of bloom drifted above the green fields. In autumn, oak and maple and birch set up a blaze of color that flamed and flickered across a backdrop of pines. Then foxes barked in the hills and deer silently crossed the fields, half hidden in the mists of the fall mornings.

Along the roads, laurel, viburnum and alder, great ferns and wildflowers delighted the traveler's eye through much of the