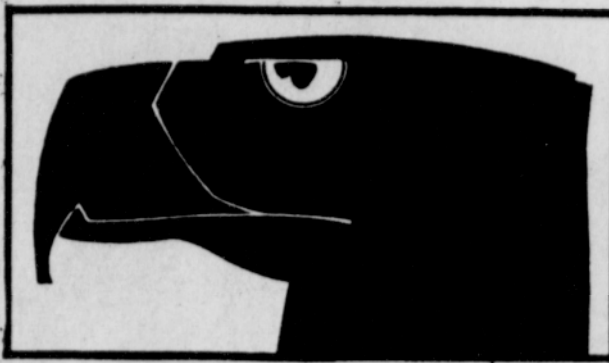


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*In a dark time the eye begins to see.*  
- Theodore Roethke



GLORIA HUSTON

A call for rebellion. A call for change. A call for help. May Day. The ancient celebration of Spring. The festival of rebirth.

May Day is celebrated all over the world, in every culture and kitchen. For many it is Labor Day in honor of the anonymous billions who break their backs or wear out their nerves for their daily bread. It is the symbol of seeding the Earth in hope of a good harvest to ease the dreadful hunger that stalks the human race.

May Day is also a day of revolution, a charge against history that demands sweeping changes among the world's societies. This claim usually originates from compassion and the perception that there is no excuse for anyone to go hungry, be without shelter or denied adequate health and medical care. It is the demand for freedom and respect for all of the world's people.

The world situation continually eludes optimists and idealists. The balance of wealth and distribution of resources is increasingly inequitable. Millions are out of work. Millions more die from famine and epidemics. Oppression and tyranny infect the world's governments. World leaders move pitilessly against their own peoples and each other. Police and soldiers shoot into crowds. Nuclear obliteration remains probable. If humanity survives the next ten years to the year 2000, at least half will be starving unless limits are placed upon the population explosion and vital resources are more equally distributed. At the rate they are being used up, few of those resources may be available by then.

Yet it is a good season for optimism. The Cold War is thawing. The nuclear superpowers embrace glasnost and talk about ending the arms race. War industries move toward conversion to perestroika. Captive peoples seize freedom. The rape and plunder of Earth finally provokes worldwide condemnation.

Optimism persists.

Perhaps because in even the worst of times our predecessors always raised a Maypole for themselves and their children to dance around on May Day. Perhaps especially in the worst times it is necessary to hope.

-MICHAEL PAUL McCUSKER