

# NORTH COAST



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

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## MAY DAY

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 demanding 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 the world's people.

The world situation eludes optimists and idealists. Peace loving peoples commit genocide upon neighbors. Large parts of the world act as laundries for ethnic cleansing. World leaders move pitilessly against their own citizens and each other. Police and soldiers shoot into crowds. Terrorists discriminately murder indiscriminately. (Terrorism is truth, revealing monstrous

antipathy and disregard for human life regardless of rhetoric.)

The Millennium approaches. The future blows a sour breath at the present. Earthquakes, fires, floods and epidemics ravage the planet. Peace is not on the Earth but a few feet under it for millions who die from war, hunger, disease or abuse. Millions are out of work, their lives ruined by poverty. The balance of wealth and distribution is grossly unequal, intensifying the disparity between rich and poor. Nuclear holocaust remains probable 50 years after the first atomic bombs obliterated two Japanese cities.

If humanity survives the next five years to 2000, half at least will be starving unless limits are placed upon the population explosion and vital resources are more adequately distributed. At the rate they are being used up, few of those resources may be available.

Yet optimism persists.

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

-MICHAEL PAUL McCUSKER