

# NORTH COAST



# TIMES EAGLE

VOL26NO5 50CENTS

*'In a dark time the eye begins to see'*  
~THEODORE ROTHKE

MAY/JUNE 2005



## 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 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 of all the world's people.

The world situation perpetually eludes optimists and idealists. The balance of wealth and distribution of resources is dismally inequitable, which intensifies the disparity between rich and poor. Millions are out of work, their lives ruined by poverty. Millions more die from famine and epidemics. Oppression, tyranny and corruption infect the world's governments. World leaders move pitilessly against their own peoples and their neighbors. Armies and police kill innocent people in retaliation for terrorist acts, which perpetuates terrorism. Populations are the major targets of wars, contrary to pious perfidy, which makes war itself a foremost and persistent act of enormous terrorism. The terror of nuclear annihilation looms iconically sixty years after the first atomic bombs obliterated two Japanese cities and gave birth to the Nuclear Age.

We have built a global greenhouse and we dwell within. We have pummeled and plundered our home planet as if it offered an inexhaustible feast without charge or cleanup, but the consequences of our careless and excessive indulgence are converging approximate with our disregard and denial. Our probable proximity to extinction is not from any single cause or danger or combination of them but because we seem helpless as well as unwilling to undo the damage or change direction. Our paradox is that our opulent civilization is based on processes that threaten to obliterate it; we will most likely strangle on the effluence of our affluence.

The Millennium is an X-ray of our history which lies behind us like an immense junkyard that seems cluttered with artifacts of no use to us anymore. We try to escape history as if by accelerating past we are tefloned: but history brought us to where we are and made us who we are. This new Millennium evokes old prophecies; apocalyptic cults that believe the end of history is at hand flourish and seize theolitical power all over the world — inexorable bipolar dogmata armed with the means to achieve what ancient prophecy continues to incite.

The poets might be right after all. The prospect of peace is more irrational than the dark brooding desire for murder each of us hosts like a malevolent gene. Humanity's penchant for sinister error, folly, mass psychosis and loathsome horror gives us our sense of humor, our appreciation of the comedy of inescapable death.

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 in especially the worst times it is necessary to hope.

~Michael Paul McCusker (*Uno de Mayo*, 2005)