



**NORTHERN LIGHTS . 89**

# NORTHERN LIGHTS

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. carol ebsch

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## THE BAY: NIGHT ICE, ENTICEMENT

. geoffrey kain

Solid as stone  
invitingly open, support me.  
Your polished composure  
urges a night journey  
another commitment to uncertainty  
further and further from shore

out  
to where white stars show sharp  
as crystals

out  
to where winds share  
a deepening darkness

out  
from where lights  
along the frozen beach  
are as a pearl necklace  
removed and dropped  
onto a cold, dark dresser top.

Come out, out, further out

Privacy  
such as this  
is rare

But  
I am warned to beware  
of your capricious  
shifts  
your sudden wrenching  
dislocations  
your frigid and merciless snare.

Of this,  
step by faithful step,  
I am warmly aware.

## AMIGOS . ramon zelaya

Hoy yo quisiera decirte que te amo;  
cuando te miro me dan ganas de abrazarte.  
Algunas veces nos miramos a los ojos,  
y quedo mudo, no sé como enamorarte.

Yo sé que tal vez nunca seras mía,  
aunque en tus ojos puedo ver que por mí sientes  
ese cariño que nació desde aquel día  
y que tan solo sé quedará en nuestras mentes.

No sé porqué no pudo, ese romance, ser posible  
que sucediera entre tú y yo que lo deseamos.  
Aunque tal vez yo fui cobarde y fué imposible  
que te dijera frente a frente "yo te amo."

Hoy es muy tarde recobrar tiempo perdido  
pues la distancia cruel y amarga nos separa;  
pronto el destino apartará nuestros caminos,  
tengo que irme, devolverme hacia mi patria.

Hoy es muy tarde recobrar tiempo perdido,  
aunque mi amor por ti "por siempre" está presente;  
y aunque en silencio nos amamos, seamos concientes  
de que tú y yo sólo podemos ser amigos.

## FRIENDS . translation by moises leon

Today I would like to tell you I love you;  
When I look at you, I feel like holding you.  
Sometimes we look into each other's eyes  
and I turn mute, I don't know how to love you.

I know that, perhaps, you will never be mine  
even though I can see in your eyes  
the tenderness that was born that day,  
which will remain only in our memories.

I know not why that romance wasn't possible,  
that it could happen between us two, who wanted it.  
But perhaps I was a coward and it  
was impossible to tell you face to face, "I Love You."

Today it is too late to recover lost time  
since cruel and bitter distance separates us;  
soon destiny will split our paths,  
I have to leave, to return to my home country.

Today it is too late to recover lost time  
even though my love for you is forever present,  
and even though we love each other in silence,  
we must remember that you and I can only be friends.

## JAZZ . aimee fifarek

Cool,

Swaying with fires of human need  
And the sorrow of Yesterday

Dreams,

Screaming of Love and Wisdom  
Fame whispers in their

Music,

In the ultimate arena of ego,  
Humility reigns

Master,

Of all the great talents,  
Forcing them to act as

One,

Creating harmonies soft,  
Low, while one

Shines,

Ripping away the walls  
To show the anguish of

Humanity,

Coexisting with the rapture  
Of Forever.

Silently,

Praise is acknowledged  
As new innocence is redressed in old

Sins,

Too delicate to shine on  
In this concrete world.

## GOING HOME . steven j. thayer

I was happy to be on the bus, happy to be on my way. I said goodbye to those who came to see me off. It was difficult looking out and seeing the sorrow-filled faces of my friends, my family for the past year. I knew that they would someday understand the feelings that I had at that moment. I noticed the outlines of the aging buildings, barely visible through the darkness, that had been my home.

One of the Turkish NCO's boarded the bus with me and talked leisurely with the driver. After a couple of minutes, he turned to me and said, "I told the driver to let you off at Adana. Don't worry, everything will be OK. Have a safe trip."

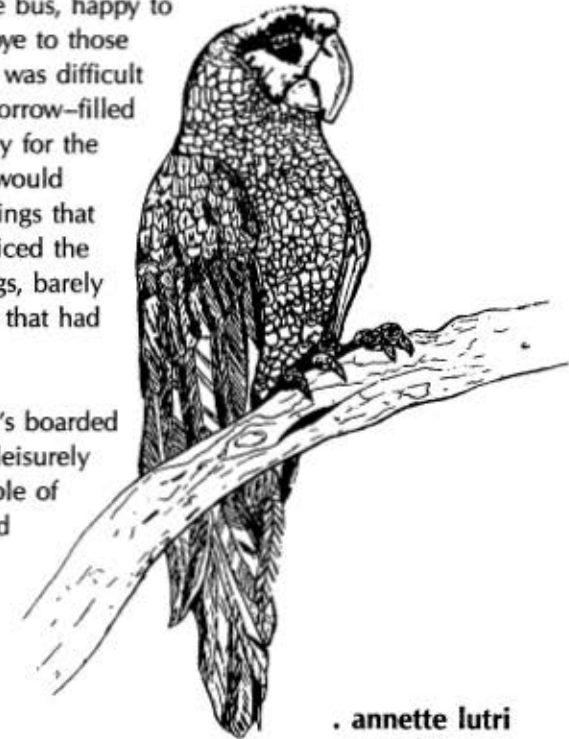
"Thanks, Ahmet," I said. "Goodbye."

"Goodbye, Sergeant," he said as he got off the bus and the driver closed the door behind him.

I took one last look around and waved as the bus slowly picked up speed and pulled away. My heart was pounding. I was finally on my way home.

The buses were quite similar to those in America, except that the seating, designed for Turkish passengers, offered less legroom. Luckily, I had paid the extra fare for a front seat. I stretched out and tried to relax.

About a half an hour into the trip the driver slowed and pulled off to the side of the road. At first I thought we were taking on passengers, until I heard one of the other riders say "Gendarme," which meant that the police had stopped us. I stiffened, knowing that trouble was very



. annette lutri

close and very real. I had had to surrender my Turkish identification before being allowed to leave, and I knew the consequences of having none. As they boarded, the driver said something to the officer in charge, and he glanced at me as the others walked down the aisle. After checking the papers of a couple of passengers, they were satisfied that things were in order and left. The driver gunned it, and, catching my eye in his mirror, smiled slightly.

I relaxed and turned my thoughts toward home. I thought about what I would do first. I thought about what it would be like to walk the streets and feel safe. I thought about which kind of junk food I would gorge on first. I thought about bottled beer, about music, about American women. Though many things would be the same, other things had changed.

I had lived with the Old Man, my grandfather, as long as I could remember. We had a good relationship. I understood him and he knew me. One day, though, he gave me the lecture about how I should get out and do some things, see some things, learn how to take care of myself. Because I was 21, he felt he owed it to me to push me out, and that at 70 he owed it to himself to enjoy a little freedom before he passed on. I understood his logic and accepted it. The thing that had hurt was not that he had kicked me out, but that he was right. The Old Man was always right.

That led me to join the Air Force. The day I enlisted, I went to his house to tell him. He was playing cards with some of his friends, and was mad at my interruption. I knew he was proud, though. He had a smile on his face, a rare thing for him.

His friends said that they would take care of him, and that I shouldn't worry too much. When he died they arranged everything, as I had not been allowed to come home.

The driver startled me back to my senses as we were entering Úrfa.

"Sir," he said, "we will be stopping for a while."

"How long?" I asked.

"About an hour or so," he replied. "I will be getting off at Gaziantep, and will tell the new driver where to let you off."

"Thank you," I said.

Soon we were back on the road. Riding through the moonlit night, I noticed that the terrain was beginning to change. We were heading into the mountains.

Once again my thoughts drifted towards home. I began to wonder why I was going home. Many of my friends were gone. The Old Man was gone. Even I was different. I wondered what would be left for me.

I thought about Mary. I had met her just before I left for Turkey. She didn't fully understand my situation, and I wasn't as good to her as I now thought I should have been. She had wanted to wait for me to return, but I discouraged it. I wondered if she would still be around. I wasn't missing her, but I was hoping just a little.

I began feeling alone, and my thoughts travelled back a few hours. I felt for those guys. I knew that some of them would meet with tragedy as well. Too many bad things happened there.

I imagined that they were over at the NCO club, drinking and wishing they were me. They were probably talking about the crazy stunts I had pulled while trying to break the monotony. Things like replacing bed bolts with pencils and propping up water-filled waste baskets against doors in the barracks. And then there were the barracks parties. I chuckled to myself knowing that I had helped a few people forget their hardships for a little while, and I realized that these folks were all that I had left in the world. Sure, I could pull the same stunts elsewhere, but taken out of the context of remote Turkey, they would never produce the same results. Our situation had created a bond that could not happen under other circumstances.

I sank back into my seat as I realized that I was leaving everything behind and heading towards nothing.

**MISTAKEN SILENCE . sandy harper**

Listen well to the sleepless sound of a melancholy night.  
Not quiet by any measure of vibration,  
But a clamorous rustle of misguided thoughts and ideals  
The conflict of careless deeds against hesitant refuge  
You see, he can't hide from time.  
The solitary man of forever illusions.  
He lives in a backdrop of a cold torn horizon.  
His tears sound a new noise of shattered fragments  
In displaying a cold echo of a perfect dream.  
A bib change from the misty dances of his childhood  
And the silence is louder than thunder!  
The solitary man must heed the waited consul:  
"You can't save the world,  
But you can save yourself."

**THE LAST CARD – A WINTER SCENE  
. dace cook**

Inside  
Paper filled with ink  
Picking out hieroglyphics of you  
Outside  
The mind asks the heart if  
this is you  
Inside  
Can the card dare be  
seen in winter  
as if  
inside you  
Calm, white silent  
Outside  
The hope is the picture  
on the card,  
In the top of your head  
Melting, melting, melting



**NUDE**

**. terri van eyck**



## THE REPORT . ronda f. straitt

He sat upon a cushioned chair across from me. Upon his oak desk, he searched for a piece of scrap paper and a pen. Once he found what he had wanted, he eased his chair back and, from across his cluttered desk, he eyed me curiously, studying me. He lifted his chin slightly as words formed on his lips. His sharp voice uttered, "What does it feel like when you are trying to save a man's life?"

His question echoed through my mind as I rested my eyes upon the floor in front of me. I shook my head, no. Slowly, I looked at him, avoiding his eyes as if I had something to hide. Trembling, I forced myself to respond. "Why ask me this? I am no doctor, no nurse. I am a simple college student."

"A 'simple college student'," he repeated with a small hint of mockery, "with First Aid training."

I felt his eyes cutting me, searching for the answers he wanted. Defensively, I said, "As do many other students, Mr. Kirkland. Why do a report on me?" I felt his stare as I nervously shifted positions on the hard wooden seat below me. Perspiration formed under my arms; I moved my shoulders slightly, trying to fight back the wetness.

The reporter nodded, shifting his eyes to the paper in his hand. His eyes found their way back to me. "You saved a man's life today. Tell me . . . how does it feel? What goes through your mind?"

I looked at the ceiling above him. A chill inched up my spine as my mind raced through the event he had mentioned. Unconsciously, I spoke, "You're afraid. You keep . . . you keep sayin' you're not gonna be able to help . . . you don't know enough. There's a crowd of people around, you just tell yourself that somebody will help . . . there's somebody better than you, yah know. but then you're there, and it's, like, up to you. And you keep sayin' you don't know it, you're not good enough, you're gonna mess up. The panic hits yah . . . and yah know yah gotta fight it . . . yah gotta fight all those things. Yah gotta push 'em outta your mind."

"Why?" he pressed slightly.

I closed my eyes as I lowered my head. Opening my eyes, I stared into a tape recorder upon his desk. "Becuz you have to. You have to rely on, like, instinct. You second-guess yerself, yah don't help anybody, especially the guy in front of you. He needs help . . . and he doesn't care who you are . . . he believes you'll help. You've gotta." I closed my eyes, remembering. "The worst is a baby or a kid. I don't know . . . I think what goes through yer head is if . . . if . . . well, they haven't experienced life yet. And they sit there. Sometimes they just watch you . . . and you look at them and see their fear, and you can't stop the bleeding, or . . . or their heart won't start beating, and . . . and you say you're not doin' somethin' right, cause you can't blame them right? It's not like they don't want the bleeding to stop, or they're not wanting to live." I drew in a deep breath, trying to relax.

The reporter smiled slightly, almost unnoticeably. "What if it was a suicide?"

"You don't know that when you see someone dying! If there's a heartbeat . . . or . . . or a breath, I'm gonna do what I can, cause life's too important . . . much too important."

"But some feel it's not," he said in a much stronger voice. He leaned with his elbows upon his desk. He stared at me. "They want to die. Do you let them?"

Shocked, I replied violently, "I do not 'let' people die. All lives are important. Maybe those who want to die just haven't discovered this. If I come upon them and they're alive, I'm gonna do my best to keep them that way." I breathed heavily. As I looked into his recorder, I blinked several times, thinking. Our conversation had become different.

I shuttered slightly as I looked deep into his eyes. "What do you want?" I asked in a near whisper. "You want me to give you some words to the wise — to the young people out there?" He looked away without a word; I had received my answer. "I don't know what to say." I paused, then added, "And neither do you, Mr. Kirkland, or else you wouldn't be a reporter."

He glared at me and nodded. And then I understood. He didn't want to know what it felt like to save a life; he wanted to know why I would, whereas many people my age would take their own.



## **LAVA BEDS . geoffrey kain**

Gnarled stunted bluegreen sage  
the sour expression expected  
of an earth melted then  
recooled into deformity –  
Hephaestus.

Myriad creatures, strangely,  
call these hell-beds  
Home.

Witness the jackrabbits  
smeared on the highways  
and the hawks, hovering.

An infinitude of flowers, too,  
find this char this  
pock and bubble  
a place to grow in;  
as though it has to be –  
vibrant white red  
                yellow blue  
straining upward from the  
                Black

## **COMMUNICATION: A Common Occurrence**

The rug soaked the footsteps  
As I moved  
Directed towards the bent of your head  
The curve of your hand  
My note clutched hand  
holding  
Gave your hand a note  
Instantly  
The footsteps moved away  
And waited for the sound of reading.

## **OLD OYSTER VENDOR AT THE OPEN MARKET, FUZHOU**

**. geoffrey kain**

In banyan shade  
under soiled scarf  
you squat through the day  
cracking and scraping  
channelmud gems –  
a basket of them  
cold, wet, and gray.

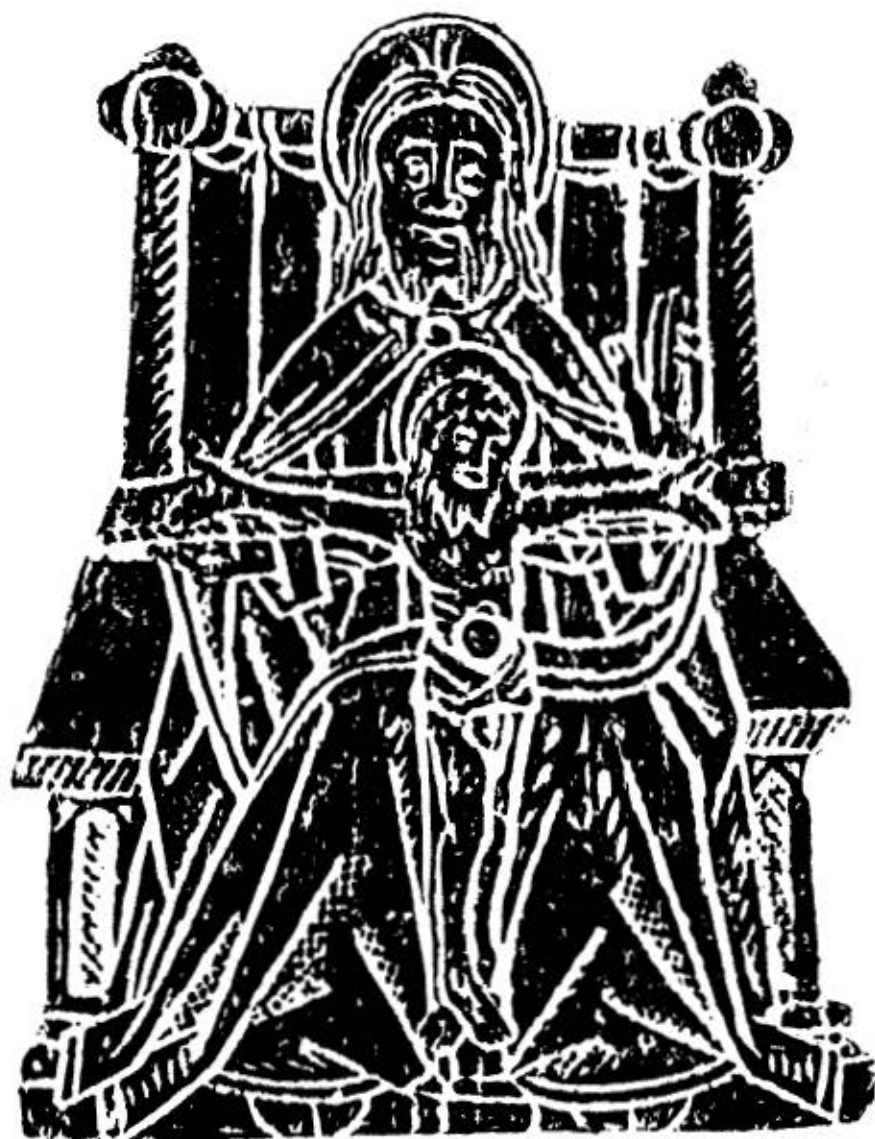
What you seek  
though little  
slips through your  
long worn fingers  
and you are left  
holding shelled halves  
hard, empty, brittle.

Yet, you sing.

## **I WANT TO GO HOME . . . . . dace cook**

Hello Dorothy.  
I remember you.  
You're always on TV. with Toto.  
You always hide your tears so well,  
Wearing those red shoes,  
That I wanted for my journey.  
Looks like we are both going home,  
Bringing back the spaces,  
Between the stars:  
Our proof of where we have been.

I asked the  
Lord how  
much he  
loved me...  
And he  
stretched  
out his arms  
and died.



"TRINITY"

. betsy la malfa

## SOME THINGS NEVER DIE

. aimee fifarek

Vacant eyes  
and dreamless faces  
stare as they drift Passively by  
With no hope of change.

They  
are lost and lonely people,  
Crushed when their dreams  
didn't come true  
Living lives  
Too easy to leave.

I'm young  
I still believe man is good  
War is wrong  
and people are able to change;  
Idealistic but true  
I still believe in love.

I'm strong,  
but will I last if my dreams crash?  
Will I accept the comfortable  
when the world goes cold  
And I'm all along?

Feeling  
will keep me strong  
Support my heart  
in the long days of dawn.  
When the night's magic lays bare  
Life's truth  
And seeks to kill  
my tender youth  
Love will surround my heart  
Reassure my soul  
That some things never die.



“FAUN’S FIRST FLIGHT”

. james la malfa

## EVERYONE’S A CRIMINAL . helen f. rose

When I was very young  
my Uncle Mel got sick  
my father said, “Before he’s dead,  
lets visit the old prick.”

“You never know,” Dad continued,  
“This is a world full of swill,  
And since Uncle Mel’s a cheapskate  
He might cut us from his will.”

So we went down to the hospital  
where he was hooked to a machine,  
And Uncle Mel didn’t look too good  
he was shriveled up and green.

We all made stupid small talk  
As we sat around his bed  
But when Mom and Dad went for some air  
I stayed with Mel instead.

The minute my folks left  
Old Mel’s eyes seemed to clear  
He grinned and pulled me toward him  
And whispered in my ear.

“Sonny boy when I was young,  
’bout the same age you are now  
I thought that right would always win  
And that truth would shine somehow.”

“But now that I’m a sick old fart,  
And I’ve learned a thing or two  
Take these tips from Uncle Mel  
’cause I’d never lie to you.

Everyone’s a criminal  
Everyone’s a con,  
Your mom and pop, your cousin Mitch,  
the list goes on and on.  
Everyone is guilty  
of some little crime  
like spitting on the sidewalk,  
I do it all the time.

And everyone’s a pencil thief  
no matter what they make

when congress meets they legislate  
how many bribes to take.

And everyone’s a sodomist  
who’s given head a try.  
If they’d give the chair for tonguing it  
then most of us would fry.

And everyone’s a litter bug  
And who hasn’t left some poop  
For someone else to step in  
’cause they just didn’t scoop.

And everyone’s forgotten  
some income here and there,  
like that ten bucks Grandma sent,  
you figured nobody would care.

And everyone has jay walked  
And never even paused  
to think about the ten car crash  
their careless rush just caused.

Everyone has loitered  
or trespassed once or twice  
or lied on some insurance form  
or played a little dice.

Everyone’s a bookie  
the papers give the spread  
your pop has got it eight to five  
that I never leave this bed.

Yeah I know that they’re all schemers  
They’d love to see me kick,  
But Old Mel is no one’s fool,  
I’ve still got one last trick.

You’re the only one that I can trust,  
So here is what I’m gonna do  
Before I go, just so you know,  
I’m leaving it all to you!”

Well, I just stood there speechless,  
Then I gave him a big hug,  
And as I wiped away a tear,  
I pulled out my uncle’s plug.



"NATIVE PROFILE"  
 . betsy la malfa

**PARTS OF TODAY . aimee fifarek**

It is the parts that make the whole  
 Which becomes more than what it is;  
 But what makes the parts?  
 Day after day, the static impermeability remains,  
 Setting, reliving, and propagating  
 Alienated rules by which we came about.  
 But within the grandiose boundaries,  
 And rigid personas, beat human hearts,  
 Passionate, as a lover  
 Freed in the primeval forest,  
 Testing his body against the Green Mother,  
 Forcing his mind and soul to limits he cannot see;  
 But we live acquiescent, Dulled by standardization,  
 Accepting vicarious routinization  
 As the norm.  
 Terrified, demeaned by superstition and precedent,  
 Living as if we have no soul,  
 Hiding trueness from all.  
 Every conscious and unconscious moment is spent hiding –  
 From others with our masks,  
 From God with our justifications,  
 Even from ourselves,  
 Covering beneath yards of material and chemicals –  
 Anything not to have to open our eyes.

**BOB . marge kehoe**

My car bumped down the dirt road as I wondered what Bob's mood would be today. I reached the last turn to the river bank, viewing Bob's car parked along the side as if abandoned.

I stopped the car near the bank and blew the horn twice. Two ducks flew across the river. Many days Willie, Bob and I enjoyed fishing on this lazy old river. After a couple of minutes Bob emerged from the woods. I yelled, "Your welcome wagon is here!" He smiled, but I could see the troubled look on his face.

As Bob walked over I remember thinking, "How can you live like this, what are you going to do?" Who would have thought this man in wrinkled dirty clothes and unshaven face had once been a manager in a prosperous electronics firm?

When I asked him how the fishing had been, he replied that he had run out of worms and even resorted to looking under logs for them, without success. Laughing, I told him he would be in trouble if he had to live out there permanently. Even though we were close friends, I felt uncomfortable. The tension between us was obvious.

For the last several days we had been joking about his camping out, but today it just didn't seem very funny.

I wanted to yell at him, "See where your gambling and drinking has led you!" How many times had I suggested he start looking for work if he was really serious about leaving Chicago and moving up here. His money running out and rent due didn't seem to concern Bob very much though, and I couldn't understand why. He must have known his money wouldn't last forever.

I walked over to my car and came out with a cardboard box. "Here's dinner, it's still warm." Bob glanced inside and thanked me. He turned, walked to his car and placed the box inside. As he returned I handed him a pack of cigarettes; he opened them and lit up.

Bob asked if I could stay a few minutes before going to work. We walked over to the river and sat down. As we talked, Bob kept pushing his glasses up on his nose, a nervous habit that made me think back to the events that led Bob here to make the river bank his home.

A week ago Willie and I drove over to Bob's apartment. It was a beautiful afternoon so we all decided to try our luck at perch fishing on the little bridges along the lake. As we were fishing, Bob told Willie and me that he had better start looking for work, as he only had enough money for about one more month's rent. I told him that might be a smart thing to do and the subject ended.

As we drove from bridge to bridge, we came into a little town and decided to stop for a drink. It was a hot day.

We found a little place and went in. Willie and Bob played a few games of pool; then Bob noticed a machine against the wall. "We have machines like this in Chicago," he said, "I wonder if they pay off like in Chicago." Bob then asked the bartender if they did, and he said yes.

Bob got a couple of handfuls of quarters to play the game. His luck went up and down and soon he was back to the bartender getting more change.

After awhile I told Willie to go over and suggest to Bob that he quit. His continual trips for change made it obvious that he was losing. Willie came back and said Bob told him he was going to keep playing until he won his money back. I knew he was in trouble.

The hours ran into more hours and even the threat of leaving him there would not sway him from the machine. We sat there helpless until Bob had lost all his money, and there was no more to gamble with. The next day he left his apartment, and now he was living out of his car near the river bank.

As Bob and I sat there on the bank, he told me he had went into town that morning and called his parents. He had asked them for a loan and asked them if he might live there until he could find work. They told him he could. He told me in a day or two I would be getting his check in the mail and asked if I would bring it out to him.

I knew calling his parents was not an easy thing for Bob to do, but he had finally made a decision and I was glad he had.

As I got up to leave I could see a look on Bob's face, as if he wanted to say more, or he wanted me to say something, but no words came out.

## RIDING THE UNICORN . aimee fifarek

And the Unicorn grazed in the misty fields of my mind,  
Nuzzling softly tufts of grass, here  
and there,  
Taking some, leaving drops of fresh dew behind.

As the mighty creature ventured into other quarters  
Of the fertile  
Untilled ground,  
Each singular drop grew,  
changed,  
Into the most beautiful of flowers:

The stem grew thick and strong,  
Prepared to support;

From it branched delicate leaves,  
Each an esoteric intricacy  
Evolved from that which came before;

Becoming, nurtured by the Cosmos,  
Cradled in Nature's arms  
Until finally,  
The head bursts forth, with the force  
And need  
Of life itself.

Created of the iridescent colors of existence,  
The Unicorn leaves it to shine forth,  
For is is worthy, and good.



. kim hohman





NATURE  
. sharon lund

## A TALE OF TWO CITIES . carl krog

It has been claimed that a picture is worth a thousand words. The aim of this short essay is to provide a brief word picture of two capital cities. Writing an account of one's travels is one of the oldest forms of non-fiction writing in the Western world. Herodotus, a fifth century B.C. Greek writer, sometimes called the father of both History and Geography, has left us accounts of how the Persians, Greeks, Egyptians, and Babylonians lived in ancient times. I wish to give you an account of how Londoners and Parisians live in more recent times.

Upon landing at Orly Airport in Paris and then driving into the city, my first reaction to Paris was one of disappointment. As we drove down a crowded expressway looking out at industrial parks and modern office buildings, I thought I was in a French speaking Chicago. Once inside the city the famous landmarks began to appear and the feeling of being in a different place became more pronounced.

The center of both London and Paris are nineteenth century cities. Much of Paris was built and designed by Baron Hausmann during the middle decades of the nineteenth century when Napoleon III was emperor of France. Modern Paris in many ways dates from this period,

although there are many historic buildings which were built in an earlier age. One is struck with the uniformity within the city.

Many buildings have the Mansard roof, which give the appearance of an added attic story of dormer windows with part of the roof showing. In spite of the fact that Paris was basically designed and built in the nineteenth century, the city accommodates to twentieth century traffic problems very well. Twentieth century French autos traverse wide boulevards dating from the last century.

Unlike the British, the French government has ruled that no tall buildings are permitted in the core area of the city, although new tall buildings can be seen on the horizon, on the periphery of the city itself. The French government has conceded to the dictates of the auto age by drawing up plans for expressways. This has caused cries of outrage not only from tourists who will no longer be able to return to some old haunts, but from Parisians themselves, and the government has dropped plans for an expressway in the very heart of Paris.

I saw few bicyclists in either city. Given the hectic pace of Parisian traffic, and lack of patience when dealing with pedestrians, it may be that the bicyclists have all been run over by now. A large number of people in both cities use the excellent subway systems. In London, because the bedrock is far from the surface, the subways are four to six stories within the earth. The "underground" was used as bomb shelters by Londoners during World War II. Both cities also have a number of train stations from which railway lines project from the capital out into the suburbs and countryside like spokes from a hub. Although the British drive on the left side of the road, pedestrians coming out of subways or walking on the sidewalk sometimes walk on the right, which can cause confusion.

Parisians tend to be more open in showing affection in public. I saw more lovers waiting for subways in Paris than in London. Although, curiously, the only pornography I found was written on the subway walls of a London subway station.

Vietnam, which was part of French Indo-China until 1954, has retained a French cultural influence; and the Vietnamese, in turn, have had a limited cultural influence on the French, and a large number of Vietnamese restaurants are found throughout the city. In contrast, in London one finds a large number of Indian restaurants, and "curry" has joined "roast beef" and "mutton" as part of a number of Englishmen's diets.

French children seem to be regarded as miniature adults; I saw no

playgrounds within the city of Paris itself, although I did see a couple of small boys sailing their sailboats in a pool in the Tuileries Gardens. One morning I saw some boys playing soccer in a small space in front of a fire station.

Judging by appearances, Paris seems to be more prosperous than London. I realize that appearances can be deceiving, but there are a number of reasons why Paris seems more prosperous. Before the Industrial Revolution, France was the wealthiest country in Europe; and in the seventeenth century, it was not only the most prosperous but the most powerful on the continent. One out of five Europeans was French then. When one looks at some of the public buildings dating from the seventeenth century such as Hotel Invalides or Versailles, one sees not only the grandeur of these monuments of Louis XIV (1643-1715), but also the wealth of an admittedly extravagant King and a kingdom which made these buildings possible. In contrast, British public buildings appear smaller, less grandiose, for a number of reasons. Before the Industrial Revolution, Great Britain was smaller than France both in land area and population (one-third as large in the eighteenth century). Although Great Britain had a smaller land area and less population, its developing commerce, the founding of a national bank in 1694 to marshal the resources of the kingdom, the Industrial Revolution, a limited monarchy which could not tax without Parliamentary consent, all worked to increase British wealth and power. The habit of thinking small, architecturally speaking, persisted however. The magnificent veterans' home and barracks, Hotel Invalides in Paris, has its counter-point in London in the Chelsea Hospital. Both buildings were constructed in the seventeenth century — Chelsea by Sir Christopher Wren, and Invalides by Jules Mansard — but Chelsea is built of brick and is many times smaller than the baroque Invalides with its great dome, a fitting burial place for Napoleon I (1769-1821). The Marble Arch in Hyde Park commemorates the Duke of Wellington's defeat of Napoleon and would be dwarfed beside the Arch de Triump in Paris honoring Napoleon. France, or at least Paris, appeared more prosperous not only because of its impressive public buildings but also because many of these buildings were sandblasted and cleaned under Andre Malraux, De Gaulle's minister of culture in the early 1960s.

While traveling around Paris, I was particularly impressed with the architectural homogeneity of the city in contrast to London where Victorian architectural individualism is at its best or worst — not unlike what remains of the older buildings still standing in downtown Marinette and Menominee. Ironically, although Paris was occupied by the Germans

during World War II, it did not suffer much physical destruction. London, in contrast, particularly the East End, was bombed during 1940 and, therefore, the financial district near St. Paul's Cathedral now has a bewildering variety of architectural styles within a few hundred yards. An old Roman wall stands next to an office building dating from the inter-war years which survived the Luftwaffe blitz. Nearby is a tall post-war modern office structure of glass, and immediately behind it is a rebuilt seventeenth century church designed by Sir Christopher Wren.

London and Paris are studies in contrast, both cities having highly individualistic characteristics which have not only inspired poets, composers, writers and artists, but continue to be a source of wonder and fascination to travelers.



. sharon lund





. gary motte

## ALLUSIONS 2 . david la fave

Scrambled Eggs And  
The Village Voice  
Copies Of Morning R Burnt In The Toaster  
Our Faces,  
Funny And Screwed Up.  
Tied Up over Our Friends And Their  
Allusions 2 . . . .