

both by Shakespeare. Like to sing? Take part in a madrigal round or the church choir. Go to a square dance or take in a planetarium show. Day and night, night and day, city country, country city, peasant and peerage, peers and peasantry. Imagery? No, just life, about three thousand years of it.

The Riot

Pat Mahoney

HUNDREDS of screaming schoolboys fled down Shara Istaklal, their banners dragging in the dust behind them. White-helmeted policemen, in Land Rovers and on foot, herded them toward the wide Shara Omar Muktar and the roadblock. Loud-speakers, mounted on trucks, waited there to give orders to the mass of humanity as the excited students milled before bayonet-armed soldiers.

Realizing their encirclement, they threw their placards and banners into the gutter. Shouts of innocence reverberated across the square.

"Death to the French Barbarians!" "Avenge our Arab Brothers!" "Frenchmen, Go Home!" Gaudy banners were now trampled underfoot.

Stone-faced policemen struck down ringleaders with short, thick billies. Screaming agitators tried futilely to rally support. Frightened boys were carried bodily to waiting patrol wagons.

The demonstration had been scheduled for three days, but as usual the police knew about it an hour afterwards. "Riot Plan Two" had been put into effect immediately, and by the time the marching students approached the Royal Palace the police and soldiers were waiting for them.

A cordon of police, three rows deep, surrounded the French Legation as well as the residence of the French Minister. Mounted police, armed with axe handles, patrolled the main avenues of approach.

At the Legation, steel shutters had been lowered and bolted to prevent window breakage. The high steel gates at either end of the garden were secured, and members of the Federal Police, armed with riot guns, stood solemnly inside.

The demonstrators, led by members of the Ittihad Sporting Club, assembled in the Fiat Garage parking lot. Placards and banners, prepared three days earlier, were taken from their hiding place in the garage's grease pit. Under shouted orders from a minor official of the Egyptian Embassy, the group marched out of the alley and into the main street.

French-manufactured automobiles, Citroens and Simcas, parked along the streets, had their windows smashed and fenders dented by the club-wielding mob. A small Renault was overturned, and its gas tank set afire.

On they came, chanting freedom mottos and singing their national anthem. As they made the turn into Shara Baladia, the police went into action.

Armored cars drove into the mass of demonstrators at twenty miles per hour. This surprise move broke the phalanx-like formation, and mounted police rushed in behind the vehicles, clubs swinging wildly, to further disorganize the mob.

A small boy tagging along with an older brother fell and was stepped on by a surging horse. As the leaders broke in full retreat, the small boy did not follow.

Behind the horse police came a solid line of bayonet-armed reserves, forming a wall of flesh from curb to curb.

Injured demonstrators were carried to the rear by police and thrown into open trucks. A screaming boy, his arm dangling uselessly at his side, was silenced by a heavy-handed sergeant and thrown into a truck with the others.

Shopkeepers hurried to lower their steel shutters as the herd of rioters rushed headlong down the street. The big window of the Café Sardi was smashed by a policeman's billy, which had flown from his hand in the *melée*.

An hour after the demonstration had gotten underway it was all over. Broken windows, wrecked automobiles, and blood in the streets gave mute testimony of the riot. The government-owned newspaper reported that evening that three persons had been needlessly killed, ninety-four injured, and that a staggering amount of property had been destroyed.

The following morning the city was back to normal, with signs "Open for Business" hanging over the doorways of many ruined shops.

A MINOR TRAGEDY

Feathers soft
 of quivering gray,
 Pinned against
 a summer day. . . .

Shimmering arrow
 straightway spun,
 Crimson blood
 beneath the sun. . . .

Gentle life,
 flecked by pain,
 Gentle death,
 its last refrain. . . .

—SUE WINGER