

inside Gerard, for that moment of final, shattering defeat. The alienation ends before the ultimate horror. Ferreri has simplified his methods, he has pared down his style with meticulous concentration to an almost Bergman-like absence of stylistics. Instead of the elaborate systematic suicide by gluttony in *Blow-Out* we have to live through an impulsive self-castration by a man who values nothing except his penis. Multum in parvo - everything that needs to be said about our spiritually impoverished, sex-obsessed and sub-human fellow human is there in that little fragment of bleeding flesh.

Ferreri is a great master; a director of supreme discipline, control and self-effacement. After recovering from the first impact of emotional shock, it would be worth seeing *The Last Woman* again; but will it ever be shown again?

Mari Kuttna

In the woods

Through the trees, the blue mountains glimmer.
The soft wind sighs. There's a smell of pine.
A little girl is running, tumbling, flushed,
Her eyes bright with determination,
Like a sturdy peasant woman of Europe,
Dragging the logs home before supper.
Let all this chatter fade as the leaves go.
Let it fall. Let it go, my beloved.

Only the silence now and the pure soul
Of God moving among the trees.
A fox barks and the birds quiver and shriek.
Damp rises from the ground. On my knee,
Warm and solid, a human child sleeps.
Her weight leans right into the heart of earth.

Antonia Boll
