Tal-Tan

Folder #2

TAL THOAT MAO
Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt
New York City, New York

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

For some time I have been an enthusiastic admirer of you and your late husband, the late President Roosevelt.

The passing of Mr. Roosevelt affected me very much because through his leadership, I was converted from a skeptical cynic to an optimist. His policy restored my faith in human destiny. I have found that he represented the same symbol to many others.

I have tried to express some of what I feel in the enclosed poem which I intend to publish sometime if opportunity for such should be possible. This does not carbon copy of photostat the emotion that I feel but perhaps might stimulate people into a realization of what Mr. Roosevelt and his principles meant, not only to America, but to the entire world.

I would sincerely appreciate any comments you may care to make if you should feel so disposed.

Sincerely,

D. Arlington Talbot

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Come, pentecostal fire of language, come.
Descend, and with the sound of rushing wind,
Fill this thy vessel with the purest flame
That I may speak to each in his tongue
And that each one the tale may understand. Amen

Who does the door to the last cavern guard?
Who bars the portals to the exitless realms
From which no soul has ever traveled back?
So zealously do you your watch perform,
To you this great petition I address.
It's signed by most of us who now inhale
The oxygen around the little ball
Whence you recruit your inmates. It is signed
By all who smell the flowers and taste the fruit
Of Eden in the folds of Time unraveled.
If you would take a census of your charges
Who, from this land into your courts have passed
During the time the earth its last four circles
Has made around the source from whence it fell,
They will advise if you would ask their counsel
That you, my earnest pleading should reward
With granting of the favor that I seek.
Some little time ago, there has fled hence
A great and noble spirit, bold in deed—
A warrior who, with brave and honest acts,
Scattered the forces of the Philistines
Who now are rallied for a fresh assault
Against the gains we won with such high cost.
We beg that this our leader be returned
To dwell with us, the living, who have need
Most urgently this moment of his skill.
Since that dark day when silently he slipped,
Led by the Angel of the Darker Drink,
To climes beyond the reach of Time and Space
Much has befallen—much against the flock,
And every forward motion of Time's whirligig
Worsens our chances and our cause betrays,
Since that black moment when we gazed upon
The Canaan of our quest with naked eye—
So close to vict'ry had our columns reached—
Then stealthily came the rival of all life
And snatched the chosen leader from our midst,
All has been dark. As on the battlefield
When some experienced scout, fully prepared
Invades the fortress of the hostile hosts
Does cunningly the sentinels evade
And hies him back to his own bivouac,
Custodian of their ranking general,
So did this sombre Spirit bear away
The well-beloved captain of our force.
So once before this sombre spirit took
With promised Jordan full within his view
Him, who did Israel's cohorts lead
From Pharaoh's slave-barns to the Abarim mount.
Why can not those who zealously have sown
Remain to feast upon the harvest yield?
O, Destiny! O, Fate! are you committed
To aid the cause of arrogance and greed?
The nabobs strut to full senility
Their imbecilic ravings to exclaim,
And they who would the wandering many save
Are early mowed down by the Reaper's scythe.
From nether hell you once did half-return,
Charmed by the bewitching music of the lyre,
The wife of him who authored the sweet tones:
Now listen to the chant of human misery
And let the tears of pity freely shed
Flow hotly down your hardened arid cheeks
To move you to repent your vigilance
And force him back with us to end the fight.
If aught could break the iron bonds of Death
It is the noise of human suffering.
It once had reached the highest throne of heaven
And forced the Immortal to mortality
From celestial palace to terrestrial manger.
Again the wailing of the multitude —
Pleads for some emissary from the heavenly court;
The blood of them that die under the lash
Cries out upon Elysium's golden stairs;
"Save us, we perish. Save Thy handiwork."

Who then are you to disobey this plea
Which the Omnipotent himself could not ignore?
Why do you close your ears and bar the door?
Why did we not with greater vigilance
Our guard around his precious personage keep?
We could have asked him ere he fled our earth
To leave a blue-print of his future plans.
Or ask him yet to remain some couple years
To amplify the instructions that he gave;
For, if the icy hands could not be stayed,
At least its frigid touch could be delayed.
Chaos is lord of this disturbed estate;
The dream of peace a nightmare has become.
The Lion, lured by scent of luscious prey,
Roars raucously and shakes his iron cage,
Threatening the safety of the little flock.
The Bear, fresh from the taste of alien blood,
His whirled appetite attempts to sate
With choicest morsels carved from ribs of lambs.
The Eagle, grown from Eaglet in the fray,
Attempts some times the gentler breeds to save;
But poisoned by the fruit of the lynch tree,
And silenced by a gag of sterling gold,
And balancing on its wing some new-found device
Which, it is said, can un-create Creation,
Can only vent some feeble angry squawk
And after that is said, can say no more.
The galaxy of lesser inhabitants
Seeks fearfully for refuge 'gainst the day
When all restraining bars shall give away
Before the mighty onslaught of the strong
Who, rushing out with cruel fangs full bared,
Shall feast like gluttons on all life they see —
And what they can not eat, destroy and bury.

O, woeful, dark, and dismal April day
Escaped from Winter's unlock'd chest to plague
The delicate buds and flowers of early Spring!
Why does the soil, so well manured with rotting flesh
Of youthful heroes full of pride and hope
And carefully and adequately watered by
The tears of maidens mourning a beloved,
Support such scanty yield? The toilers know.
A stoker stops from peering at the fire,
Removes the black dust from his wrinkled face
And shouts half to himself, half to the race:
"If only he were here. We need him now."
A cobbler, busy with his sole and last,
Loudly sighs; "Queledamage, il est mori!"
A youthful wife walks proudly towards her spouse,
Scrap book in hand, triumphantly exclaims:
"See, I was right. I told you so, didn’t I?

See, here’s the speech he made at B—, remember?
And here’s the passage I was looking for.
This book has all his speeches; it is precious . . . ."

"Dear, you are right,” the husband then replies,
"And Mr. J— is right; I’ll vote for him.
He says the same things that our champion said
And that’s enough for me. J— is our man."

Return to visit us. Come, speak for us.
Express our will and do our mighty deeds.
Come back, Great Conqueror over gruesome Fear.
Return, Mighty symbol of a planet’s hope.
Come back, Ambassador, from the Millenium.
Some seek the stars and thence expect your coming;
Others expect your resurrection from the earth.
You who have given the victory, give the peace.
Steal from the jungle depth of Death’s dark night;
As Denmark’s royal ghost did flee the grave
To bring some message to his saddened heir,
So come some sacred midnight to our watch.
Come point to us where hides the morning star.
The reason I did both groups was because I am not interested in political applications. I am interested, in knowing that actually, food & clothing, is received by poor people in Greece and as far as I can ascertain these organizations are working together & the
packages are actually being delivered.
Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt,
Hyde Park,
New York 

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

Recently, I was invited to a meeting of the American Relief for Greek Democracy, for which organization, I understand, you are honorary chairman. During the course of the meeting, I was elected secretary of the North Shore Chapter.

Since undertaking my duties, I have had occasions to wonder -- because of the political leanings of some of the local organizing members -- if the American Relief for Greek Democracy did not have as one of its purposes the direct support of the EAM and other extreme leftist units. I am writing for a statement, therefore, of the specific aims of this organization and for the guaranty, if any, that supplies gathered by our chapter will reach the democratic elements and not fall into the hands of the present monarchist regime or the EAM.

Very truly yours,

(Miss) Calliope Taloumis