

Of all the fairy tales we know, surely none stands out more conspicuously than "Cinderella," and yet it is clearly the one in which the fairy element is least important. The notion of a glass slipper, that quaint result of a typographical error, caught the popular imagination, but it has unfortunately eclipsed the timelessly important things Perrault has to tell, and his mastery in the telling. With classical simplicity, his story

gives us the picture of innocence of heart, joined with intelligence and understanding, patiently waiting for its time to come, and, when the occasion finally arrives, rising to it with confidence, dignity, and generosity. It is the eternal story of triumphant faith in an ideal, and the eternal story of growing up, and of good and proper training, with just enough hardship and magic added to make it enchanting.

CRISTÓBAL MIRANDA  
(Shoveller at Tocopilla)

BY PABLO NERUDA

I met you on the broad barges  
in the bay, Cristobal, while the sodium nitrate  
was coming down, wrapped in a burning  
November day, to the sea.  
I remember that ecstatic nimbleness,  
the hills of metal, the motionless water.  
And only the bargemen, damp  
with sweat, moving snow.  
Snow of the nitrates, poured  
over painful shoulders, dropping  
into the blind stomach of the ships.  
Shovellers, there, heroes of a sunrise  
eaten away by acids, and bound  
to the destinies of death, standing firm,  
taking in the floods of nitrate.  
Cristobal, this memento is for you,  
for the others shovelling with you,  
whose chests are penetrated by the acids  
and the lethal gases,  
making the hearts swell up  
like crushed eagles, until the man drops,  
rolls toward the streets of town,  
toward the broken crosses out in the field.  
Enough of that, Cristobal, today  
this bit of paper remembers you, each of you,  
the barge men of the bay, the man  
turned black in the boats, my eyes  
are moving with yours in this daily work  
and my soul is a shovel which lifts  
loading and unloading blood and snow  
next to you, creatures of the desert.

*Translated by Robert Bly*