

nity to obtain refugee status, and they accuse Italian authorities of implementing anti-immigration policies that are fundamentally “anti-humanitarian.”

Berlusconi has forcefully rebutted these criticisms. “There is nothing non-humanitarian in it,” he told ANSA (May 28):

Extremely precarious boats are pinpointed, the illegal immigrants are given something to eat and they are taken back to Libya . . . We will no longer tolerate this immigration and we are prepared to accept into Italy those who have jobs and not those who are forced to resort to crime to live.

Criticism from the European Union is somewhat hypocritical, since, as Berlusconi told ANSA (May 14), the Italian policy “is in line with European Union directives,” including the 2008 European Pact on Immigration and Asylum. Berlusconi is convinced that the majority of Italians support his new immigration policies, which treat illegal immigration as a crime and send migrants back to their original points of departure.

“It’s a mistake to undervalue the alarm signs that have been registered here and there in our country,” Cardinal Bagnasco said at the start of the 58th CEI general assembly. “Immigration is a chaotic reality: if it isn’t governed, it is suffered.” And this is what Berlusconi appears precisely determined to do, after almost three decades of virtual inaction—or rather, inaction in doing anything serious to counter the phenomenon, but constant action to promote and foster it. The end result was effectively summarized by Berlusconi himself when, at a rally with his ally and Northern League leader Umberto Bossi on the eve of the European elections, he said Milan no longer looked like an Italian city. “As you walk round Milan,” he was quoted in *Corriere della Sera* (June 5), “the number of non-Italians makes it seem as if you are in an African city, not somewhere in Italy or Europe.” Thus, to remedy the situation, it was necessary to “proceed with the refusal of entry policy.” It does not appear to have been an exaggeration when Berlusconi boasted on the same occasion that, according to the latest survey, his approval rating has grown to 74 percent.

Milan is not an isolated case. Genoa, Turin, Venice, and virtually all of the major Italian cities find themselves in similar situations. In Brescia, for example, immigration is said to have been the main reason many former supporters of the opposition switched sides and threw their support to Berlusconi and his PdL party. “I am sick and tired that my wife is unable to stroll around in the evening and that non-EU immigrants are given a preferential track for state-subsidised housing,” a former left-wing worker told *il Sole 24 Ore* (May 5). “Here in Brescia there is a curfew, you know.”

The policy affects only 20 percent of immigrants and could be seen as just a first step in the right direction. It is nonetheless a landmark step, since it has demonstrated

the foolishness of those who insist that immigration, legal or illegal, simply cannot be stopped, and that we must accept it and try to get the most out of it. The Italian government has shown that these are groundless opinions, so long as the political will exists to take common-sense measures. The mayor of Lampedusa, Bernardino De Rubeis, is reported to have accused Mr. Maroni of implementing the new policy merely for political purposes. “After the European elections, you’ll see that the immigrants will come back,” he told *Corriere della Sera* (May 25). We shall see. 

Jetsam by John Quintero

He wrote a poem of saying good-bye
And left it swimming in the chaotic sea
Of the jumbled papers, clothes and bottles—
And it stayed afloat, like a seagull
Buoyed up by the chill, cleaning fog
Of a bright, clear winter day.
*“We go then, the wind biting our cheeks,
From here to heaven” . . . she told me so*
When she appeared in the dusky window of
My speeding car and smiled “*See you*” sadly.
And I cried, “*Goodbye . . .*” and sped off to the devil,
Who seemed lovelier and kinder and immortal.
Later, I found this piece of his heart
Which is long gone and forgotten.
But the moment is not, but will be, by here
And now-ness.
But a sparrow in Australia at this moment
Is preening itself to get at a louse,
And a bit of tiny sparrow-down floats
Up on a wisp of air, and He takes delight
In its Beauty. Only He.
This comforts me as I cast out my rhymes
To the weather of the world under the stars.
*“And remember my suckling days, when you
Held me, and he looked on wide-eyed?”*
See you, I say, when they bring the new mown hay.

Doubts About the Law

“Rawhide” Andrews was a Texas Ranger. He came to the force after it was reconstituted in 1874, the Rangers having been discredited in the years following the War of Yankee Aggression as an enforcement unit for car-pethbaggers.

Comanches were in decline from smallpox and cholera and from the near extinction of buffalo by hide hunters. The Comanche attack on buffalo hunters at the Second Battle of Adobe Wells in 1874 brought the U.S. Army against their diminished numbers. The last of the free Comanches were driven into reservation in 1875, two years after the advent of the Winchester Model 1873, the “gun that won the West” according to the myth, but in actual fact the Winchester was too late.

In 1876 a few Comanche warriors led by Black Horse left the reservation and renewed raids and attacks on buffalo hunters, but the Comanches lacked the numbers to make their frustration with reservation life effective, bringing to an end Comanche resistance to white encroachment on their lands that began in 1820.

With the Comanches subdued, the violence that confronted Rawhide Andrews came from the outlaws among the white illegal aliens who had overrun Comanche lands—lands the Comanche had taken from the less numerous Apache.

On the frontier, violence flared easily, and a badge was scant protection from a faster gun. Rawhide wore two Colts, tied down for a smooth, easy draw. The rare left-handed gunmen always wore two pistols. The opposing gunman, being right-handed, would watch his opponent’s right hand at the cost of his life.

Rawhide was equally fast with either hand until a Comanche arrow caught his right arm, an injury he kept to himself. Although still fast on the draw, he was now faster with his left

pistol.

Texas Rangers sometimes pursued wanted men into other states or territories. Few objected. To kill or arrest a Ranger could bring a dozen Rangers upon a settlement, regardless of jurisdiction.

The dusty street in which Rawhide faced the notorious killer, Abe Hindeshaw, was far outside his jurisdiction. Hindeshaw had survived many encounters with gunmen. He saw Rawhide as another body to fill with lead. The two tied-down pistols he regarded as decoration. Experience told him that any action would come from the right-side pistol, if it came at all.

Still, Hindeshaw wondered, why had this man accosted him? Was he a greenhorn hoping to make a name for himself as a gunman?

Rawhide himself wondered if delivering justice justified the extraterritoriality he was asserting and whether he had met his match in this dusty street.

Rawhide could not escape the fact that his pursuit of Hindeshaw left him no choice but to kill or be killed. It struck Rawhide, unnerving him, that he did not know if Hindeshaw had actually done the deeds attributed to him or whether his notoriety was a scapegoat for the crimes of others. It was too late to invite Hindeshaw into the saloon for a drink in exchange for his life story. He couldn’t tell Hindeshaw “don’t come back to Texas or you’ll be arrested” and ride away.

Here Rawhide stood facing death or the delivering of death. What had this to do with justice? Was Hindeshaw the murderer of innocents or a person demonized by authority, a person glorifying in the reputation that demonization had bequeathed him, a man too proud to be held accountable by liars? These questions arrived too tardy to avoid what was now inevitable. Swift movement, the flash of flame, vital organs smashed by lead.



Hindeshaw’s confidence gave Rawhide time to shake off his doubts, to recover his intent, to focus on the deadly situation to which his hubris had brought him. It was no longer a question of right or wrong but of live or die. Demonized or not, Hindeshaw was a deadly man with a pistol.

Especially at this range. Many gunmen preferred close encounters where speed couldn’t miss. Rawhide found his edge in distance. He was a good shot as well as fast.

He had let Hindeshaw get too close. Now he could not back up a ways without looking like he was running from the fight.

But he still had that edge. Let his right hand twitch while his left prepared for the draw.

Hindeshaw was fast—too fast. His bullet was several inches off and smashed Rawhide’s right arm as Rawhide’s bullet took Hindeshaw in the heart.

Rawhide had prevailed, but he realized that his injury was permanent. He had lost his edge. Henceforth he would be known as a left-handed gunman. He thought this over. Time to ask the Rangers for a desk job. Let younger, more certain men, unbothered by doubts, bring in the wanted. Rawhide had become too deliberative to serve justice. It could cost him his life—or the life of an innocent man. ◊

