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The Shipwrecks' Cabal

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THE SHIPWRECKS' CABAL

What goes on at night, or even during the day, in the high rugged mountains, I do not know. I can, however, speak with authority of those strange, enigmatic ghosts which make their solitary homes atop the desolate hills. I could speak at length of their habits, how they never remove from the spot—invariably the highest—which they've chosen as their permanent abode. How the traveler, going past in the near or far distance, at the height of day or at evening, describes them—sees them—now fluttering like standards of war, now assuming outlandish shapes, seeming to prefer that of four pieces of wood, with a dry pine-branch canopy, like those hutches raised, flute-like, by the shepherds of Albania. Still other times they voyage to far and uncharted seas, shipping aboard obsolete tankers, though always under the Greek-Catholic flag—in memory of the god Pan. With the simple, physical, logical and perhaps even psychoanalytic result that even at night the lights of factories are left burning, not to mention the huge piles in the fields of tin cans and garbage. All for the great god Pan. The electric lights, however, are perfectly useless, and only here and there, at very considerable distances, serve to illuminate a windswept shore or two, some abandoned wood huts, seaweed, and the petrified bones of antediluvian monsters, as well as the marble busts of emperors and poets.

Translated from the Greek
by **Martin McKinsey**