

THE WANDERER

AND SO THE WANDERER HAD RETURNED. All the pretensions which had so plagued his earlier life had been stripped away by the burden of his travels. He had come back to the place he had left, and now he chose it to be his home. Quietly, the facts of his birth and upbringing disappeared. No one would know and no one would ask after his family. He had chosen to discard his origins along with what he felt were a galaxy of vices, errors, and misfortunes, as if his new life could be as blank as a partially filled notebook whose used pages had been torn out. It was difficult for him to realize how suggestive the implications of that initial emptiness could be on what was to follow.

What some see as aimlessness can also be understood as that quality of detachment which brings honesty and emotional truth to life. One feels and reacts to one's actual surroundings and not to the interpretation of those surroundings according to some personal mythology. Those who seek to sta-

bilize or give focus to their lives with a framework as rigid as a novelist's plot inevitably begin to mistake this framework for the actual events of life. Carried to an extreme; one lives the fantasy of the grand framework rather than the reality of day-to-day existence. ¶ ¶

The wanderer, after the labor of his travels and in his anxiety to discard his old life, had also given up his ability to live his new life. His imagination now focused on the unreal projections of his desires, rather than on the more difficult but ultimately more satisfying illumination of that flow of moments and events and personages which constituted his actual existence. During his travels he had come to believe that the transient conditions of his life were less important than the fact of its existence, and it had become his intention to compose himself and no longer be swayed by what he thought were the illusions of circumstance. His intention and his composure grew into the central and enthralling illusions of his new life. ¶



COLOPHON

I had wanted to attempt setting a block of type around an illustration for quite some time, and I wrote *The Wanderer* just to have a selection that would be the right length, use three initial caps, and showcase the ship cut I wanted to use. The type is 10 point Goudy Oldstyle, the paper is an unidentified odd lot. The whole effort could be considered *FAB & P P No. 6*, depending on your point of view. Like all of my work, it is entirely hand set and printed on a 6" x 10" Kelsey Excelsior front-lever press.



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