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PROSE AND VERSE

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# Beyond

Joe Kempf, '63

# the Portal . . .

*What is the significance of entering Marian's portals? That's a ridiculous question, one would be tempted to say, what significance can such an action possibly have? But there is a significance—a significance so important that entering between those pillars immediately differentiates a person and those like him from the rest of mankind.*

*Those brick pillars are time*

*machines, for beyond them there is no time; all of the past and future is cemented into an eternal now. Within the portals, the Greeks battle on the plains of Marathon; within the portals, the Romans hurl Hannibal back across the Alps and in turn are overrun by Teutonic tribes. Here Aristotle expounds his Physics. Mohammed hears the command of the angel Gabriel, and Shakespeare*

*lives again. The past is now, not only perpetual and revived, preserved and cherished, but questioned, studied and scrutinized.*

*Beyond the portal, the Fitzgerald contraction becomes a reality, and electrons spin dizzily around fantastically-heavy protons and neutrons; beyond the portal are the thoughts which will build the future and help make its dreams reality.*

*On this side of that portal are thoughts which transcend space and time, thoughts which were thought three-thousand years ago, and thoughts which will be thought a thousand years hence. Those ideas go out from one end of the universe to the other. Place cannot contain them, for they are universal; time cannot bound them, for they are eternal.*

*Beyond those pillars is knowledge, knowledge of all kinds, and knowledge about knowledge. Beyond those pillars are ideas about that knowledge which will inspire new ideas and new thoughts, thoughts which will in turn compile more knowledge, and so on in an endless cycle of mind-thought-knowledge.*

*The passing between those brick pillars is much more than a mere physical action, it is*

*rather an action of profound spiritual and intellectual importance. For within the portal marches a vast caravan of life, spanning the ages and rolling ever onward. Within the portal is an immense panorama stretching out of the past, drawing new life in the present, and challenging the future. Within the portal hangs the tapestry of life, knowledge, truth and beauty—woven from the shining threads of men's thoughts and deeds. But more important yet, within that portal lies the opportunity for you to enrich your life immeasurably and the lives of those who come after you. So prize that opportunity! Be aware of what lies inside that portal and grasp it! If you do not make yourself part of that relentless caravan and that vast panorama, if you do not add your own shining threads to the tapestry of truth and knowledge, you have failed yourself, mankind, and your Creator.*

*When next entering between those brick pillars, remember what they represent: they are the pillars to a fuller, richer, and more-satisfying life. When next entering between the pillars, remember what lies beyond the portal—what lies beyond the portal — beyond the portal—*

*the*  
*Sign*

Heavy fog  
spreads its opaque mantle  
over the rustic village,  
one by one candles are lit  
in the windows of cottages.

A vague feeling of dread and anxiety  
hangs over the settlement  
like a heavy weight  
awaiting the single blow that will sever the thread.

And everywhere there is silence,  
save for the roar  
of breakers against the rocky shore,  
the ceaseless, lashing hiss  
of wave hitting stone.

And when the dawn breaks  
villagers stream from doorways  
and gather on the beach,  
and shading their eyes  
with gnarled hands, they gaze  
toward the sea.

And when they are satisfied  
the horizon is empty  
they disperse  
some to mend nets,  
some to patch boats,  
others to clean the fish.

The ritual continues  
day in, day out,  
as it has continued  
these twelve months after the Great Storm.

Not a word is spoken,  
not a whimper,  
not a tear,  
not a curse ; but  
silently they hope  
and yearn  
and wait  
and pray  
for the sign which is long in coming.  
But it does come  
on a gray, misty,  
cheerless day.

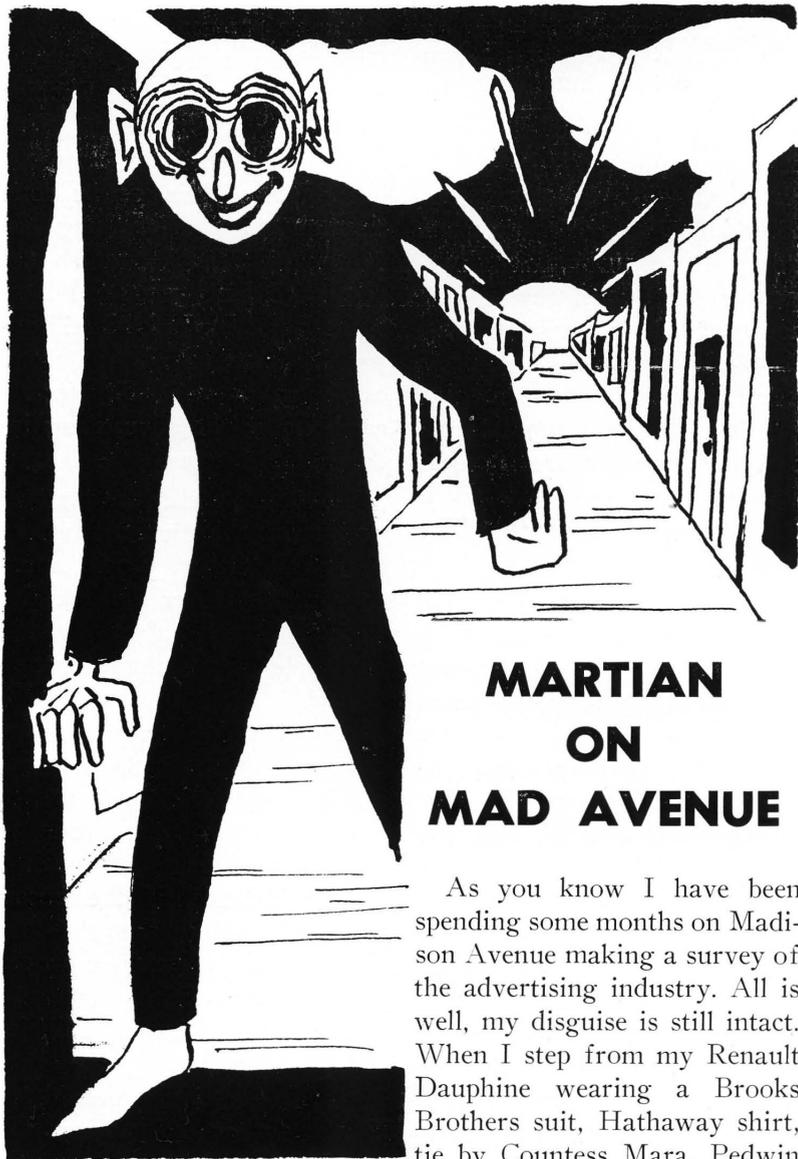
It comes  
by the sea as it was taken away  
by the sea.

Only a scrap of lumber,  
but it is enough ;  
it bears the inscription

“Bonnie Lass.”

The villagers look no more  
to the sea, but  
tend quietly to their work  
and murmur a prayer  
as the breakers pound  
against the rocky shore.

Theresa Meyer, '64



## MARTIAN ON MAD AVENUE

As you know I have been spending some months on Madison Avenue making a survey of the advertising industry. All is well, my disguise is still intact. When I step from my Renault Dauphine wearing a Brooks Brothers suit, Hathaway shirt, tie by Countess Mara, Pedwin shoes and light a Winston, no one seems to notice that I have one eye and a tail — both in the middle of my forehead.

ELSYE MAHERN '65

But excitement urges me on to the matter at hand. I first had this idea at the time of the hula hoop craze, and since then have seen much to confirm it and nothing to deny that it is a workable plan. I'm sorry, I forgot that you are unacquainted with earth ways and do not know about the hula hoop. A hula hoop is . . . A hula hoop is used for . . . Please forgive me, it will take a separate report and much more thought before I can hope to explain it. But the key word is *craze*. The hula hoop *craze*.

As you know, the Flibble-bound lands have ceased to be a problem to us simply because they were regarded as hopeless. Those fifty thousand square miles of Mars there are unusable merely because they are packed, stuffed, bulging with Flibbles. Daily it grows worse. But what are we to do? Tupper are a necessity of life — in the Mars, not earth sense — many died when we tried to decrease the supply. Tupper we must have, yet it is a fact of life that whenever a Tupper is picked it is replaced by two Flibbles. Those horrible, wasteful, space consuming Flibbles!

But try now to look on the Flibble as an indifferent object. You must do this or your mind

will refuse to comprehend what I am about to propose concerning them. We can make Flibbles a necessity of life on earth. Yes, I said Flibbles, not Tupper, but Flibbles. This can be done through the advertising industry. (Perhaps we should sign with the agency handling Mars Bars. Ho! Ho! I still enjoy my little jokes.) Anything can be made a necessity for an earthling if the advertising industry so decrees.

However there are certain very strict rules which must be observed. Other people must appear to consider the item desirable. But only *desirable* other people. If the item becomes desirable to an undesirable group then it becomes undesirable to the majority. The desirable people, to any group, are members of the group to which they are up and coming.

For instance, if the boss's wife had Flibbles, then the wife of each of the workers would look forward to her husband's promotion, and having Flibbles would be a status symbol to her. She would have to have Flibbles when he received his promotion; her position would demand it.

MK2, I know you well, and I can hear you at this moment demanding, "But what use

would they have for them?" On earth, at least in the United States, there doesn't have to be a use, simply a desire. This desire is created in various ways, including the one just mentioned.

Another way is to tell them that the item is desirable, or rather tell them how undesirable are all other versions of the same item. In our case we might try something like this. "No other soap has Flibbles." This simple statement of fact would be repeated constantly using every means of communication until the whole nation had been penetrated. Being penetrated would mean in this case, any bump, pimple, scratch or irregularity in the skin would automatically be attributed to the absence of Flibble in the soap. This would force all the soap manufacturers to include Flibbles in the ingredients of their products. The next step in the campaign would be, "The only soap with shredded Flibbles." The whole process would be repeated, and as you know, many more Flibbles would be used.

Another means of selling a product is to make it appear in short supply. No matter what it is, if it's hard to get, especially if he has to put his

name on a waiting list, an earthling wants it. That is why it is absolutely essential that earth not have a knowledge of the vastness of our supply. We must create the illusion that the contrary is true.

I am sure that this idea is workable; however, it may be advisable that you gather the secret council together and kick the idea around. Run it up the flagpole and see if anyone salutes it. Earth-wise, sales-wise and consumer-wise I see no wrinkles which need ironing out. Mars-wise, it should be best of all.

A colleague informs me that they're admitting new names to the Cadillac list this morning. The Renault Dauphine is sufficient for purposes of disguise, but a Cadillac would give a certain status which would be useful if I am to head up this campaign of the Flibble. I'd better dash if I'm to get there before they close the list.

Please send more coin. I must be ready at every moment to purchase what is necessary to continue the disguise. I cannot quote a figure of what this will cost as I have no idea what the industry will decree next.

END OF REPORT      EBG

# A JOKING



# M A T T E R

Peggy Knoll, '63

"There's a piece of chocolate cake in the bread box. Cokes and milk in the refrigerator. Help yourself, Julie."

"Thank you, Mrs. Mc-Daniels."

"Here's the number where you can reach us if the hospital should call. I don't think it will, but just in case . . ."

"All right, Doctor Mc-Daniels."

"Now, Julie, the baby shouldn't wake up. Just make yourself at home."

"Have a good time," Julie called, as Dr. and Mrs. McDaniels walked down the porch steps. Their blue station wagon was just pulling out of the driveway as she locked the front door. "Now for some real excitement. Let's see. Guess I'll study for the chemistry quiz first . . ." Julie mumbled to herself. She plopped down on the sofa and flipped the book open.

"Hmmm. . . in the commercial preparation of sulfuric acid,"—she began, repeating the formulas carefully. "Golly, bet I've said sulfuric acid ten times," laughed Julie to herself after some minutes of concentrated effort.

Julie bent her blond head over the book to double check her answer. She was a petite, blue-eyed senior at the academy. Graduation was just two months away and in September, she would begin her studies at Marquette.

"Right!" she exclaimed in a half-whisper. "Now for English. Come here, you." Julie addressed the large gray volume and soon it had carried her to Scotland to tell how a king was murdered by one of his ambitious lords.

CRASH! — She jumped so much that the book nearly flew

from her lap. Julie froze and strained to hear what it was that had startled her. The sound of tinkling glass died away as she realized that the noise was in the kitchen. As the back door closed with a muffled thud, she forced herself to stop trembling. Her mind raced back to Mrs. McDaniels' words. . .

"Everything's locked up tight. . ."

. . .and the doctor's. . .

. . ."Julie," he had told her the first time she came to stay with Billy, "I don't want to frighten you, but for your safety, you should realize something. Because my office is here in the house, I naturally keep narcotics here. If any strangers ever come to the door, don't unlock it. Keep it closed while you talk to them. But under no circumstances are you to unlock it. Understand?"

Julie knew what had happened. She leapt from the sofa with the silence and speed of a Persian cat and crept to the phone. But she wasn't fast enough.

He was tall, lanky, and in need of a shave. His coat hadn't been to the cleaners since the day it had left the store and his shoes had never seen polish. From the dingy gray blend of

his skin and clothes, his bright black eyes shone with a fiendish gleam. A cruel smile played at the corners of his lips.

"Well, aren't you a cute one." He crossed the room in four steps and reached the telephone stand just as Julie did. "Just so we don't have any misunderstandings. . . ." He yanked the cord out of the wall.

He grabbed her arm with a vise grip. "Do you know where the doc keeps the stuff? You know what I mean. Where is it?"

"Holy Mary, help me," Julie pleaded silently. She forced herself to control her trembling voice. "I don't know," she managed to stammer.

"All right, let's have it. Think I'm dumb or something? I'll tell you — I'm a patient man, but just don't press your luck. Now, where is it?" His voice rose with each word and the last four cracked like pistol shots.

Julie could see that he was in bad shape. Still she had to tell him, "I'm just baby-sitting here and I don't know. . . ."

SLAP! — his hand flew across her face. As he released her arm, she attempted to get to the front door. But he was quick enough to stop her. He threw her into the arms of the

doctor's favorite chair.

"It's all right. I don't really need you. I've got plenty of time to find it. But since you won't be of any help. . . ."

He started for the chair. Julie was paralyzed with fear. She tried to scream but the sound would not come out. His hands were at her throat. Her blows were all in vain. Kicking and hitting, gasping for breath, she was unable to break his grip. Julie sank back into the chair, back, back, back into the black nothingness. Round and round, down,

down,

down,

she sank.

Soon it didn't hurt.

The light was blinding. She looked around. There was her English book on the floor beside her. The silence pressed down on her like a heavy blanket. Slowly the realization of it all came to her.

"A d-d-dream," she murmured in half-belief, half-bewilderment. "Just a dream," Julie declared in amazement. "Oh, how silly. . . ." She started to smile. The smile blossomed into laughter.

Suddenly the laughter froze in her throat. The crash came from the kitchen.

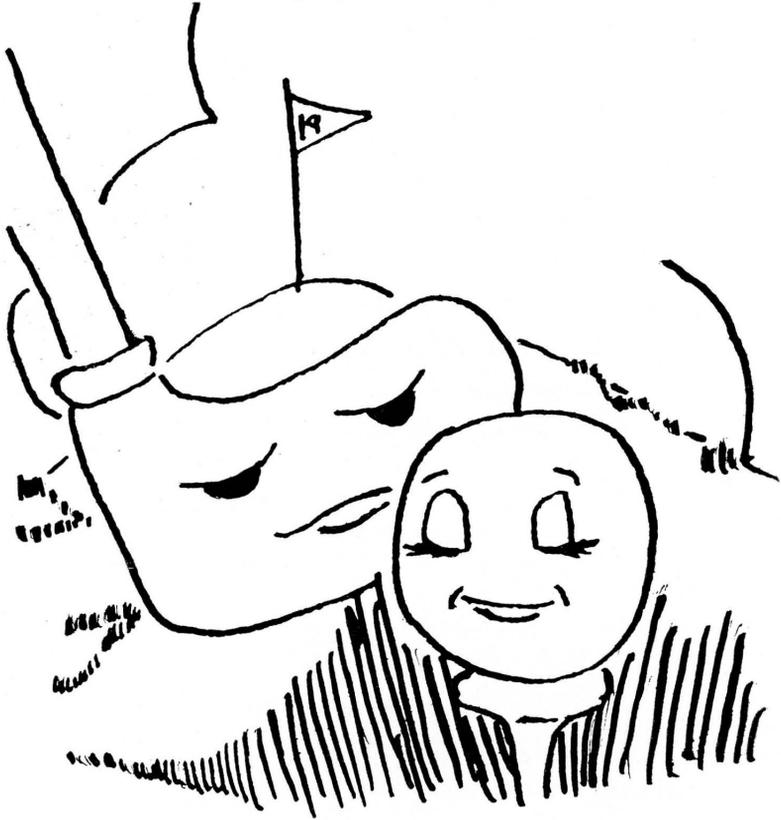


Golf is full of paradoxes. It is 98 percent walking and two percent shooting — too much walking for a good game, and too much of a game for a pleasant walk.

The harder you try in golf, the worse you do. If you try to kill the ball, you get nowhere; and if you make a good shot, you can't find it. If you concentrate, you get tense; and if you relax, you get careless. If you swing, you get no direction; and if you lunge, you

# Isn't Golf Funny

George Schmutte, '62



get no distance. If you try to steer the ball to the left, it slices to the right; and if you try to steer it to the right it hooks to the left. When putting, the longer you prepare to shoot, the greater grows the distance and the smaller the cup. After you shoot, the cup shows up in the wrong place.

After you have bought two or three sets of clubs, changed your grip, shifted your stance, altered your swing, and pointed your chin in several directions — after all this, you have everything mastered except distance and direction.

In almost every other sport, the ball comes to the hitter at a suitable receiving height, while a golf ball must be picked from a one-inch elevation, driven from off the turf itself, or even dug out of little pockets into which it all too frequently rolls to rest. Not only is the ball small and the lie embarrassing, but golf demands a control of distance and direction almost unequalled in any other pursuit jocularly referred to as play. For example, a baseball player can find safe territory somewhere in a section of ninety degrees; in this area are many open spaces to hit through or over; yet most players throughout an entire season

fail to hit even once the big twenty-four foot sign in right field, entitling the swatter to a free suit of clothes.

True, the golfer hasn't a bunch of hungry ballhawks eagerly waiting to grab his smack, but the golfer has trees, bunkers, traps, fences, rivers, and deep grass stretching up and out to snare his drive. While the safe baseball hit can drop in an area equal to that of a small farm, the golf ball must ultimately drop from view into an opening smaller in diameter than the width of a vest pocket. Really the surprise is not that some golfers take ten shots to a hole, but that they ever sink the ball at all.

Alibi-ing is the most distinctive part of the game. An alibi is a good explanation of a bad score told to someone who isn't interested. It's a process of putting a bad score through a sort of beauty parlor, which turns a ragged seven into a handsome four. All alibis have one object in common: to convince the listener that you're a better player than your score indicates.

But probably we don't need an alibi at all; perhaps we fail to appreciate the fact that golf, instead of being a simple pastime, is really one of the most difficult games in all playdom.



Mar clara y serena de mis días felices,  
Mar brava y oscura de mis días tristes.  
Mar que cuando amas, abrazas y besas,  
Mar que cuando odias, destruyes con fuerza.  
Mar que en días claros, llegas silencioso,  
Mar que en días oscuros ruges con pasión.  
Mar que como un niño amas sin dobleces,  
Mar que como un hombre amas con recelo,  
Mar, oye mis penas, oye este lamento :  
Mi alma no puede con su soledad.  
Mar ama y aprieta mi cuerpo cansado,  
Mar que entre tus olas busco descansar

# Loneliness

Sea clear and serene of my happy days,  
Sea dark and furious of my sad days.  
Sea that when you love, you hold and caress,  
Sea that when you hate, you destroy with force.  
Sea that in clear days, arrives silently,  
Sea that in dark days roars with passion.  
Sea that like a child loves innocently,  
Sea that like a man loves with jealousy,  
Sea, listen to my sorrows, listen to this lament :  
My soul cannot bear its loneliness.  
Sea hold and love my weary body,  
Sea that on your waves I seek for rest.

Adriana Guzman, '62

*Sweet*  
*Racket*  
*of*  
*Youth*

Marilyn Weinbrecht, '63

On the beautiful hot day of August 22, Johnnie, age 9 and a person of no little fame, was dragging a stick across Mr.

Rastors' rail fence. Any minute now, the old man would come flying out on the steps, jeans dragging, razor strap in hand and yelling down the wrath of God upon Johnnie who shouting gleefully and jumping just out of reach would continue to beat on the fence, happily yelling little ding-dongy epitaphs at Mr. Rastors. Today, he was unrewarded. Mr. Rastors did not appear. Johnnie beat harder, louder. The freckles on his forehead stood out with the effort. Suddenly the door burst open. *H o u s e w i v e s* stopped hanging up clothes, babies stopped crying — a hush came over the alley and silence descended apprehensively. A huge, redheaded woman came flying out. Johnnie took several steps back; his mouth hung down with awe. Then slam, crunch, he slipped on the cinders and darted off down the alley.

Safe, at last, he lay hidden under his front porch. The old porch brought back reminiscences of Sally's kittens last spring. He thought fondly of the kittens and cringed farther under the porch where the sweet smell of honeysuckle pervaded. But his heart was worried. Maybe something had

happened to Mr. Rastors. Johnnie savored that thought awhile. Then he could beat on the old meany's fence all he wanted. But the day stretched on and, somehow, it had lost its taste. He stole some strawberries from Mrs. Surgeonmaster, but she didn't chase him very far. Rather, having a nice, motherly feeling, she told him to be sure to wash them. He stole some tomatoes from Mr. Zeimers, but the old German didn't play properly. He promptly leaped on his motorcycle and gave chase. If Johnnie hadn't agilely scaled the roof, he would have been in trouble. Gretchen, Mr. Zeimers' pretty blonde daughter, offered him a chance to get a coke, but he knew Patty'd throw a fit. He and Patty were engaged. She was a ragged little witch with black eyes, short clipped hair and the bewitchingly romantic name of Patsy Raglioni.

So he went home, and for the first time, he felt all tired, hot and dirty and the concrete stung his bare feet — and there was no Mr. Rastors. Perhaps the redheaded woman was keeping Mr. Rastors prisoner! If so, Johnnie would have to do something. He had read about Federal agents in pursuit of Com-

munist spies, and he knew just how they went about it. Sweet visions of glory danced about Johnnie like the wraiths of a summer morn. He saw himself standing up and proudly accepting the decoration. "Thank you, on behalf of the F.B.I. I accept this solid gold medal." He could see tears in the ladies' eyes at the vision of the young boy, so brave, so young, so handsome and death defying. . . the dream gave way to the clear call of duty. He strode through the four o'clocks to find his second lieutenant. His second lieutenant rebelled. "Aw, please, Patty, come on down," he yelled up at her. Patty lived in the third floor back.

"I cawn't today," drawled Patty. "I'm busy."

"I've got something important to tell you," he coaxed. "Very important."

"I'll bet. Last time it wasn't anything," Patty came down slowly. "Do you know who I really am?" she asked, shading her eyes with her hand.

"Well, I know you're not Superman."

"Oh, I don't know," said Patty with a faraway look in her eyes. Patty was always pretending. Today, you could tell, she was a glamorous movie star. But Johnnie was anxious.

He had picked her for this dangerous mission because she was his girl. Together, they could lick anybody on the block and two streets over. He told Patty about Mr. Rastors and the red-headed woman.

"How will we find out?" she asked.

"We'll have to get in," he said.

"How?" Patty asked softly. Her heart was beginning to pound deliciously with the sensation of impending mischief. Together, they made their plans.

Patty was a real artist. When caught, she never ran away. She always ended up having something to eat with the people. Other than that, she was very good. They tied their tennis shoes very tight and crept stealthily toward Mr. Rastors' house. The door was open but that would have been too easy. A trap! They stopped about fifty feet from the house. The delicious sensation increased. "Quick!" muttered Johnnie. As one movement, they leaped across the alley, then flattened themselves against the wall. Johnnie sprang like a cat upon the fence just opposite the window. He waited, listening, heart beating, to prolong each luscious moment. Patty sprang

up behind him. Then she clutched Johnnie's arm and started to giggle. "Shussh," silenced Johnnie hoarsely.

They waited, and listened, swaying precariously on the fence. "All right, then, that's all your're going to get to eat!" The voice sounded like the red-headed woman. From inside came a faint groan. It was then that Johnnie lost all touch with reality. Patty watched, horror-stricken, as his lip stiffened, his sandy burr crackled and with a hearty yell, he sprang in through the window. "Never fear, Mr. Rastors, I will save you!" he shouted. It was then that Patty's nerve failed her. She ran away leaving Johnnie to face the terrible red-headed woman.

Johnnie landed precisely in front of the red-headed woman. He jumped back. The red-headed woman jumped back spilling the soup all over her starched white dress. Mr. Rastors sat bolt up in bed. "Eee-ouw!!!" yelled Johnnie. Down went the lip, down went the sandy burr. Once again he was only a little boy bent on deviltry. She made a grab for him. Johnnie leaped over the chair and into the kitchen. The red-headed woman started screaming. Mr. Rastors started

swearing. The kitchen door was locked; she was gaining; quick! back the way he came. Johnnie wheeled. She was coming through the door. Johnnie hesitated, then made for the door. She jumped aside as Johnnie, head down, charged back through the bedroom, bounced up on Mr. Rastors' bed, and out through the window. Mr. Rastors leaped out of bed, jumping up and down on his skinny legs. "Out! Out! All of you. Can't a man be sick anymore? First the welfare department — now you!" Johnnie cleared the fence and with one leap he made the ground and four feet of alley. Patty, the fainthearted, was waiting. Together they ran crazily in zig-zag fashion until they reached the porch. They burrowed far back. Hearts pounding, they stopped to catch their breaths. "You rat!" said Johnnie, "you ran out on me." "Well, how was I to know you were going to try a frontal attack," Patty softly giggled. "Well," began Johnnie. A slow blush suffused his features as he got a mental picture of his horrible red hair leaping through the window. Patty was still giggling, then she turned and moved closer to him. Snuggling very close, she said, "I think you are very

brave." He turned to look at her and they both started to laugh. Wasn't that funny when . . . They hid there laughing and whispering until dark. Then, in true comradeship, Johnnie wriggled out first and helped his dishevelled, charming starlet over the four o'clocks where for his chivalry, the startlet promptly kicked him in the shin and ran away laughing. "Crazy girl," muttered Johnnie, rubbing his shin.

He was kicking stuff down the alley when he saw Mr. Rastors lean out his window and throw him a quarter. Could he be mistaken? "Hey, boy," said Mr. Rastors, "that's for getting rid of her." Then before Johnnie could say anything, Mr. Rastors winked and roared in a voice familiar to the neighborhood, "and don't you dare let me catch you making that infernal racket!" Mr. Rastors was back! With a gleeful shout, Johnnie picked up a stick and went banging it down the fence. Ratta-tat-ratta-tat-tat! He jumped! He danced! He stood on his hands. He felt better than he had all day. He looked at the quarter. Perhaps he'd buy the starlet a soda. Cha, cha, cha! And off he went, gaily, jiggling it with two yells on every fourth fence post.

## *Neverland*

Come fly with me and far from here  
we'll rest on clouds of fleece,  
Ah, Love, high in the starbright sky  
we'll find a realm of peace.  
Dark night so fresh and airy,  
clouds gently drifting by,  
A floating heaven above the world  
and lovers playing in the sky.

Tom Molnar, '64

## If I Had Been There

If I had been there, would I have thought His precious Blood worth thirty silvers, or would I have bargained for His Sacred Corpse? If I had been there, would I have pounded the thorns deep, and spat, or would I have wiped the torments from His sad Countenance? If I had been there, would I have divided His bloody garments, or would I have wrapped Him in pure linen? If I had only been there!

Stephen McCracken, '64

---

# *Thoughts*

This morning  
I picked a  
soft bouquet  
of scented  
jewels and stars,  
the prettiest there were,  
and laid them on  
your pillow  
where  
you rest your head.  
If they are wet,  
dear friend,  
it is not dew  
but  
tears.

La Verne Gray, '65

EASY AS  
**F**  
**A**  
**L**  
**L**  
**I**  
**N**  
**G**  
OFF A LOG

Joe Kempf, '63

*monday, march 16, 1960*

It was 2:15 on a rainy morning when E.H. Moses first started falling. He had been strolling effervescently through a field of brightly colored daisies, when suddenly his little stroll became a nightmare. There was no ground when he began to fall, no daisies, nothing — only E.H. Moses plunging downward. It was no ordinary fall, with the kaleidoscope of colors rushing all jumbled past and the sound of air tearing at the eardrums. No, it was a slow-tumbling descent, as if in slow motion, yet terrifyingly rapid. It was black, with nothing to orient oneself by, not even one's hands and feet. E.H. Moses could have been falling up, sideways, or in circles; he had no way of knowing. Only hands clawing, lungs gasping, and dead eyes straining at the black.

He had been falling three hours when the bedsheets slid back under him and colors began to converge on his eyes. Up became up once more and down down. The dream puzzled E.H., but not to any great degree. It was merely another dream; after all, he'd had lots of them — ever since he could remember. But he was still

slightly disturbed as he noted his growing paunch battling the top of his pajama bottoms on the shiny surface of the full length mirror. Not what he had been when he'd wrestled for Yale 21 years ago! He'd have to start doing some pushups soon - maybe tomorrow, thought E.H. Moses.

At 9:15, he walked into the office and sat down behind the desk with "E.H. Moses - Efficiency Manager" etched neatly in black into the gold face of a name plate on top. He was 45 minutes late - an occurrence which was becoming increasingly common of late. He knew old J.B. would drift by soon and make a comment about his not setting a good example as efficiency manager by being late to work all the time. And after that, the young Harvard clod, Gordon Yates, sitting behind him would snicker ever so delicately and smirk behind his mustache. As E.H. predicted, the first event took place at 9:42, followed almost immediately by the second. E.H. didn't squirm, didn't even look up. Eight years behind the same desk with the same gold name plate had taught him that. He did, however, catch out of the corner of his eye the mustached grin

from the desk behind him.  
Smart aleck Harvard clod!

*tuesday, march 17*

This time E.H. Moses was climbing a tree when his foot slipped and he started falling. The last thing he remembered was his fingers clawing frantically at the wet, slippery bark of the elm tree in the back yard. The same thing had happened to seven-year-old E.H. Moses, and he had hit the ground on his back with a resounding thump. But this time there was no bottom — or sides — or top, and if there were, he could not see or feel them. There was only space - cold, dark, empty space. But this time his mind had remembered, and this time it injected a new element into the fall of E.H. Moses - the element of fear. It, too, was there (where?) falling with him, on all sides, creeping in ever so subtly and adding a new quality to the fall.

No pushups that morning. J.B.'s voice was a little more annoyed when E. H. arrived 32 minutes late, and the snicker from behind the shoulder a little more pronounced.

*wednesday, thursday,  
march 18, 19*

All that week E.H. Moses fell, each time a little longer, each time a little farther (how far?). It seemed as if he were falling even while he was awake; but the real fall came late at night - along with the black, the no-bottom, the fear.

He'd heard about people with problems such as this. They went to psychiatrists about them, but it hadn't really helped them he'd heard. The very thought of seeing a psychiatrist about falling in his sleep seemed quite absurd, anyway. He'd probably take E.H.'s money and time, and all the while he would continue to fall.

Friday afternoon Gordon Yates came up to the desk with the gold name plate and asked E.H. what was the matter. He had seemed sort of jumpy the last week or so, he'd said. At first E.H. muttered a few vague excuses, but the Harvard guy seemed so genuinely interested and sincerely sympathetic that E.H. found himself telling Yates about his falling at night. Yates listened in apparent absorption, once in a while bobbing his head and uttering a "Yes, yes, go on." At

the end he sat quietly for a moment and then began telling E.H. about his Uncle Albert, who had dreamed something like that. It seemed that Yates' Uncle Albert had always dreamed of monstrous waves rising up above the ocean, ready to crush him. "Of course," continued Yates, "Uncle Albert had been the skipper of a Norwegian fishing vessel for 30 years, until a storm caught him at sea. He floated on a life raft for three days before he was picked up, raving deliriously. Ever since then, I'm told, Uncle Albert had cried out in his sleep at night about the waves rising up high over his ship, ready to smash him. And then one night, Uncle Albert cried out considerably louder than usual: "The waves, the waves! They're falling! Look out laddies, they're coming down!" The next morning the old man was found dead of a heart attack." Yates paused significantly for a moment, shrugged his shoulders, and then went on. "You know, E.H., there's a saying I've heard about those dreams of impending doom. They say you're okay as long as the doom is merely impending, but if whatever you fear of happening actually happens — you're

dead. But that's probably just a bunch of rot — something somebody dreamed up." He chuckled in appreciation of his pun. "So don't worry about those dreams any more, E.H. You're okay, as long as you never hit bottom."

"Yeah," said E.H., "of course." And with a little grin, Yates returned to his desk.

That night, E.H. Moses experienced a distinct reluctance to go to bed.

*friday, march 20*

That night at 1:20 in the morning, his fall was accompanied by a new activity. All the old symptoms were still present, but another had been added. His sightless eyes started searching — searching for a bottom in that black abyss. His mind knew he couldn't see the bottom if there was one, but that didn't prevent his eyes from searching.

No pushups again that morning and late to work.

At 9:21 that evening, he picked up Daphne and they took in the floor show at the Blue Note. Later that night, over martinis at his apartment, E.H. tried to explain to her about his falling. Daphne listened, her

blue eyes showing interest for a brief second, but it quickly vanished.

"That's terrible, E.H., but what am I going to do about a lavender dress for the Bascombs' dinner party next week?" she had said.

"But, Daphne, about the dream. I'm about to go nuts."

"Yes, yes, Mosey, in a minute. Now, about the Bascombs' party. I really *must* have a new dress, and I don't have any money, Mosey! What am I going to do?" she whined, tossing her long blond hair.

"Damn it!" he exploded, "I'm about to go crazy over these screwy dreams of mine, and all you can do is babble about a new lavender dress for the Bascombs' party!"

"But E.H.," Daphne was suddenly formal again, "what can I do about your silly dreams? What can *anybody* do about their dreams? I really don't know what you expect *me* to do. Now Mosey, I've got to have some money for that dress. I simply *can't* go in my old blue one, honey."

Daphne went home eighty dollars richer that night, and E.H. returned to his apartment

worrying about the blackness, the silence, and the horrible falling.

*saturday, march 21*

But E.H. Moses didn't fall saturday morning, or sunday morning, or for a whole week after that. As a matter of fact, he hardly even thought about it until

*monday, march 29*

when Yates ambled up to his desk and inquired, "How're the dreams lately, E.H.? Still falling?" Moses chuckled.

"No, Yates, I'm not falling any more. It's like you said, Yates, just a bunch of rot."

"Fine, but watch out for those bottoms," laughed Yates and strolled back to his desk. Moses was almost certain he detected a trace of disappointment behind the well-trimmed mustache of Gordon Yates.

*tuesday, march 30*

That morning at 2:18, E.H. Moses began to fall again, but this time with a much greater urgency. There almost seemed an unholy purpose in his fall-

ing, and the fear became almost unbearable. It clutched at his bowels and his very soul, and a sickening dread spiralled up in his chest and finally into his brain. It was much harder to breathe now and Moses knew he was gasping and screaming, but no sound came to his ears. But his greatest terror was that maybe somewhere in that unfathomable black void a bottom was rushing up to meet him. And what then? He knew what Yates had said — but who the hell was Yates? What did *he* know about it anyway? Moses' eyes strained and strained into the black.

That morning he was later than usual to work, and sitting behind his desk he could still feel a disturbing tightness in his chest. When he breathed, his breath came short and hot, and his voice was rough and dry when he talked. His insides were still whirling and falling. E.H. had indigestion all day — it seemed to burn his insides out. Yates sat and grinned all day.

Moses had gotten to work late and he left early.

*wednesday, march 31*

When he fell that morning, he didn't go to work. He really

didn't feel any worse, but he couldn't bring himself to sit behind his gold name plate and let Yates grin knowingly at his back all day. The greater part of the day he spent debating whether he should consult a doctor or a psychiatrist. He guessed that he was in need of both, and all those sleepless nights weren't doing his health any good — to say nothing of the strain on his nerves from the falling.

Daphne had phoned him at the office, found out he was sick, and then phoned at his apartment. E.H. told her he had a bad case of indigestion but that he'd probably be okay for the Bascombs' party the following night.

"I'm sorry you're sick, Mosey," Daphne had said in her most sympathetic voice. "See you tomorrow night. Bye now. Oh, Mosey? Thanks for the dress, honey. You'll love it — wait and see! Bye." The receiver clicked.

He didn't want to go to sleep that night. He was determined not to fall, and at 11:34 E.H. Moses was still awake — growing drowsier every minute, but still awake. He paced the floor; he did pushups; he gulped coffee, each swallow setting his already tortured stomach on

fire. But it was the only way — he had to stay awake! And the thought of the blackness with its bottom down there somewhere helped to keep him from going to sleep.

*thursday, april 1*

Moses dragged himself into the office 15 minutes early that day — early the first time in eight years as efficiency manager. He had won his personal victory over sleep and he felt quite jovial, despite his drowsiness. He found he could smile at Yates when he greeted him that morning, and J.B.'s nod was decidedly more friendly.

By lunch time, E.H. was in fine spirits, though he didn't yet feel quite his usual self. He

was actually looking forward to the Bascombs' dinner party that evening. But he was terribly tired, and he decided to stay in during lunch hour and catch a little sleep so he'd be in top form for Daphne and the Bascombs.

*friday, april 2*

"How disgusting of the fellow to have a heart attack, and so inconsiderate, too! Right here on the desk!" It was J.B. talking and Gordon Yates was busily bobbing his head in agreement with the boss's words, a look of smug satisfaction behind his neatly-trimmed mustache. The new name plate with black letters etched neatly in the gold said: "Gordon Yates — Efficiency Manager."

(Editor's Note: This story, only recently finished, was found on the desk of the late Tom Brandon, author, who fell to his death from his

penthouse window last April 1, 1960. It is with the permission of his immediate family that we print it here.)

**the**  
**13<sup>th</sup>**  
**of**  
**the**  
**Night**

Pull the covers 'round your head  
Close the shutters tight  
A fog is creeping from the swamp  
It's the Thirteenth of the Night.

A damp is creeping from the swamp  
Cold as a ghost's embrace  
Pull the covers tight, child,  
For I see an evil face.

There, there by that gnarled oak  
A form is taking shape  
See its great, red-glowing eyes  
See its long white cape.

With stealthy tread it moves along  
Toward the sleeping town  
Watchdogs whimper, and with fear  
Slinks away the hound.

It may come for you, child,  
Close the shutters tight  
Stranger things have happened  
On the Thirteenth of the Night.

Maribeth Schubert, '63

|  
*of*  
—  
*Men*  
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“No man is an island.” I’ve heard it hundreds of times. I’ve sung it, thought about it, felt brave and patriotic and humble and united about it for years. Three days ago I realized that I don’t agree. In fact, I am convinced of exactly the opposite. “Every man is an island,” I say. “Every man must stand alone.”

After I decided I didn’t agree, I had to dream up a couple of good reasons for my position to impress a few of my friends. Funny, how the contradiction of something so firmly established can arouse more attention than a perfectly wonderful idea sounded for the first time—but that’s another story. Back to my islands of humanity.

To begin, did you ever see

two men just alike? Or, for that matter, two islands just alike? Confidentially, I’ve seen only one island in my life and that was in the middle of a creek where my brother and I used to swim years ago. But from studying maps with islands like England, Greenland, Ireland, New Zealand, Japan and Cuba and using a little inductive reasoning, I doubt that there are any two just alike. It appears to me that each has its own special bays and inlets, coves and peninsulas, hills and valleys, trees and rocks, animals and people. It also seems to me that every person I know has his own special brain and logic, shape and appendages, size and disposition, hair and eyes, pets and diseases. Both, island and human being, have

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*and*  
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*Islands*  
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Rita Moeller, '63

individual circulatory and respiratory systems, both have their own imports and exports of goods and ideas. This, I have decided is vital — that every man and every island retain individuality or lose identity entirely.

Then I came to the part about each man being a part of the continent, a part of the whole. This, too, is still possible in my theory. No island is complete in itself. It depends on the other islands or countries for the things it lacks. If it is an industrial location, it must get grain and vegetables from an agricultural area to feed its population. If it is a hot humid tourist attraction, it must bring in fans and air conditioners to keep its guests cool and comfortable.

A realist depends on the idealist for goals and equilibrium of thought. It is the very essence of a man to depend on a woman for the love and completion of his own nature and character. There is an interdependence for each man and each island that is necessary for existence. But through it all, each remains an individual, an island, so to speak.

Now look what I have done. I have made it seem that Mr. Donne and I would have noth-

ing in common, when actually I believe we would be most compatible. He says that no man stands alone, the very fact to which I have devoted several hundred words.

Yet I am not satisfied. If I am part of the continent — and I do take this personally — am I a hunk of soil just like all the hunks of soil all around me? Must I forever turn under the force of the plow as do all the other acres? Must I conform to the ways of my fellow men? Can I not be myself, an individual, rather than a part of the whole, a number in the census files? I prefer being an island.

A humbling thought has come to me. After straining my mind for this rather forced simile and the proof thereof, I must submit to John Donne. He is the poet. His ideas will persevere. People will go on singing his beautiful phrases, marveling at them. And those few souls who read my contradiction will raise an eyebrow and muse: "That non-conformist. Why, those words won't even lend themselves to music. 'Every man is an island.'" And that is just what I want them to say. That makes me an individual. That makes me an island!