

roar (rōr; 181), *v.*; **ROARED** (rōrd); **ROAR'**
raren, fr. AS. *rārian*; akin to G. *rühr*
Intrans.: **1.** To cry with a full, loud,
Specif.: **a** To bellow, or utter a deep, low
bull. **b** To cry loudly, as in pain, distress,
2. To make a loud, confused sound, as with
ing vehicles, a noisy crowd, or the like.

The brazen throat of war had ceased to

3. To be boisterous or disorderly.

It was a mad, *roaring* time, full of extravag

4. To laugh out loudly and continuously
roared at his jokes.

5. To make a loud noise in breathing, as in
certain disease. See **ROARING**, *n*, 2.

6. To go with a roar; to drive or fly with
the engine open.

—, *Transitive*: **1.** To utter with a roar
claim aloud.

2. To bring to a (specified) state by roaring
roared him to sleep.

r o a r

roar (rū:, 181), *n.* [Cf. AS. *gerār*. See **ROAR**,
sound of roaring. Specif.: **a** The deep,
wild beasts; as, the *roar* of a lion. **b** A
one in pain, anger, or the like. **c** A loud,
confused sound; as, the *roar* of wind, or

Arm! arm! it is, it is the cannon's opening



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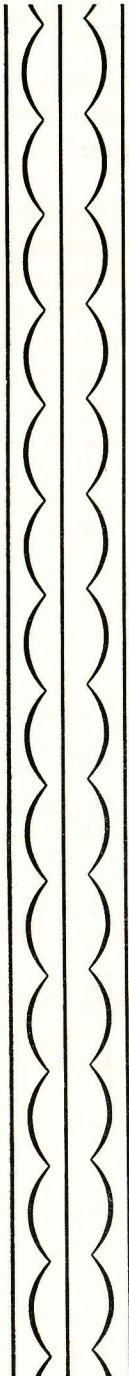
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TABLE OF CONTENTS

| <i>Article</i> | <i>Author</i> | <i>Page</i> |
|--------------------------------|---------------------|-------------|
| Five Poems | Alice Leah Cohn | 4 |
| Konrad | Susan Groner | 5 |
| I | Annita Perez | 6 |
| Tempus Narrabit | John Freed | 7 |
| Two Views of Insanity | Russell Block | 8 |
| We Are Such Helpless Creatures | Jacqueline Schwartz | 9 |
| I Scratched My Way | Susan Crayne | 9 |
| La Gourmandaise | Elisabeth Lehmann | 10 |
| Inquiry | Phyllis Campbell | 10 |
| The Musician | John Berman | 11 |
| A Mountain Stream | Linda Rosenfeld | 12 |
| Reality | Phyllis Stern | 12 |
| Veil of Many Nights | Jeffrey Tarter | 15 |
| Postlude | Phyllis Stern | 16 |

Five Poems

ALICE LEAH COHN, '60



I
Once, when I was little,
My mother let me wear lipstick.
That day I hardly talked,
And didn't eat or drink at all.
However, when I woke up
The next morning,
All the lipstick had come off,
And I ate a big breakfast.

II
I have had this very thought you speak of
And now I too want to express it.
But there is no room for me to add
To the perfection
You have created,
And this hurts.

III
I once knew a rich lady
Who never cried.
I think she was afraid
To lose her tears.

IV
I dreamt last night
That a bluebird taught me to fly
But then, when I tried to teach
 him my life,
He fluttered his wings and
 disappeared
 into the sky.

V
I looked down a highway
And said to myself,
"This road looks endless;
It must lead to paradise."
So I traveled it for many hours.
Then I came to a dead end,
And I asked myself,
"Are these dead trees and dried-out
 blades of grass paradise?"

Konrad

SUSAN GRONER, '61

I'M not going to that stolid farce of a Thanksgiving dinner! Are you? We're going to have a protest march to the dean's office and ask him to transfer the money spent on these affairs to a fund for an art show next spring. Come join us!"

The familiar voice of Konrad boomed behind me, innocently unaware (or perhaps intensely aware, with the alertness of a born exhibitionist) of some thirty worshipping freshmen ranged around him. Instinctively he had taken advantage of a slight rise to lift his enormous bulk even higher above the admiring crowd. There was something fanatical in his eyes that ordinarily meant some oratory—it was this, apparently, that his followers awaited. But the eager gleam, which animated his whole body, was today only the result of the anticipated march.

Protests were Konrad's favorite extracurricular activity. There were many close seconds: "beat" parties, debates (especially about politics and religion—he was a confirmed Buddhist and Fabian socialist), good speeches, heckling bad speakers, arguing against any custom or school tradition, meeting people, and taking forbidden trips into the city.

One of the freshmen hesitantly asked to join the march. "Certainly, come on! Everyone meet at the square at five!" and his voice automatically took in everyone within a radius of one mile.

I said I would see him and left him to his crowd. I had paid a good dollar and a half for my ticket to the dinner. (This was a special fund-raising event for the school; anyone who didn't at-

tend ate in the cafeteria.) I knew very well that the real reason for his not going was that he had forgotten to buy a ticket on time. But I couldn't resist seeing Konrad in action, so at five I was there.

That evening was like hundreds of others I had spent with Konrad and his audience. His pals had put together some twenty banners, an odd assortment of instruments and players which they called a band, and almost two thirds of the student body. The dinner was completely ruined. Those students who hadn't heard about his march or who had refused to join had had to rush to defend the dean's office and the helpless dean. Konrad himself explained the nature of the protest with what he considered quiet dignity, and then warmed up to his favorite piece of eloquence, a tirade against all dinners. Finally Mr. Ferris, who is now principal of Whitecliff but was at that time chemistry teacher and general disciplinarian, ordered him out. (No one really understood why he wasn't expelled on Admissions Day, but he managed to bluff and bully his way through all four years.)

There followed the usual dinner at the *Candlelight*, the only place in the town of Whitecliff which Konrad hadn't sullied with the label of "typical upper-middle class." (The *Candlelight*, as I have learned since, was definitely lower class.) Few of us had enough money with us for a whole dinner, so we pooled our resources and treated the four or five boys whose credit was good. They in turn treated us. Konrad had

(Continued on Page 13)

Tempus Narrabit

JOHN FREED, '61

“Gloria in excelsis Deo,
Glory be to Him Who made us,
Glory be to Him on high,
Laud and honor to our Lord,”

chanted the black-frosted monks with shaven pates as they left the chapel after their early devotions.

One monk, whose only distinguishing feature was his unusual size, walked staring at the ground in the prescribed manner in the corridor leading to the inner courtyard. Suddenly he lifted his eyes and looked to see who was around. Satisfied, he whispered to the elderly monk in front of him who was noted for his piety, Brother Sebastian.

“Shh!” came the instinctive and shocked, nearly inaudible reply.

“Brother Sebastian, I . . .”

“Knowest thou not, Brother Gregory, after fifteen years—yea, twenty—that speaking is against the rules of this order of the blessed Gregory, thy namesake?”

“Yea, this I knew. But I must speak to you, yea even if I am doomed to eternal damnation for committing the sin of the Tower of Babel!”

“Speak not thou so, lest we both be doomed! But thou knowest the rules, and there must be grave reason for thy breaking them! What dost thou want?”

“Thou must of needs know, Brother Sebastian, that in my humble service as Prefect to the World, I know more of external affairs than my brethren. One day an itinerant knight came to seek Christian hospitality. He was an unusual knight, for he had no armor. My curiosity, may Heaven forgive the sin, was aroused, and I asked him about this. He answered, ‘There is a new in-

vention which makes a noise like thunder and fire like lightning, and a man at a distance, regardless of armor, falls dead.’ Yes, I gasped, but I put this off as just a tall tale of a worthless wanderer.

“Three weeks later a man came whom I immediately recognized by his bearing as a lord. What a mournful tale he had to tell! ‘I had many enemies, but I also had the strongest castle in all of Burgundy! One day a small force of them attacked me with what can best be described as thunder and lightning. The walls began to crumble, my men ran, and the castle was captured. I barely escaped.’ If methinks right, he called the thunder and lightning “Gunpowder.” This, too, I put off, though not so surely, as idle talk of a poor general.

“Yesterday, a friar of that worthless order, the Franciscans, told the tale of a new weapon that could crush an army with one roar. This I could no longer deny, even if told by a member of that lying order, for he is still a man of God. If this be true, the days of anti-Christ are upon us! Brother, I would ask that thou, who art alone permitted to approach Brother Superior, would ask him to intervene in this matter with His Holiness, the Pope, who has the power of the Apostles Peter and Paul.

“Since thou worriest so, Brother Gregory, let me say that His Holiness is well aware of the danger and has already called a council in a city of distant Helvetia to look into the matter.”

“Will they succeed in this matter?”

“Tempus narrabit! . . . Time will tell! Go in peace!”

Two Views of Insanity

RUSSELL BLOCK, '61

I AM standing on a hill. In front of me is a weather vane. Beyond me are the fields and trees of farms, a town with its church and high steeple, a river in the distance; it is dark and the last redness of twilight still abounds in the distant horizon. A coolish breeze blows in the night's air of late August, and to my left on the road that runs below me there are people . . . a girl, blond-haired, with white blouse and a frilly skirt—and a boy. They walk and I know they are speaking, laughing, although I cannot distinguish their words.

They feel the breeze now. I can see it rustling in their clothes. The boy puts his arm around the girl—another outburst of laughter, and she puts her head on his shoulder just for a moment. They look at each other; the boy squeezes her gently with his arm. They

HE sat silently in his chair, the only sound being the dull hum of the fluorescent lamp. He sat and thought but his thoughts could not penetrate through that dull sixty-cycle hum. He got up, twisted the lamp base and then all was silent—silent and cold as the night; for it was the night. Quiet, absolute quiet, no sound at all . . . The silence seemed to cut the gloom and collect his thoughts. "Think, think back, back to the beginning," he said to himself. It was so hard to remember, to remember where it had started . . . It was all her fault, yes, yes he remembered now but, but no, no it was not . . . really . . . She had tried to help. But it was *there* at her office that he first saw the music room. She had shown

laugh again and continue down the road . . .

All of them are there . . . All of them pass by in front of and beneath me; all of them on the road; all are happy and laughing. Some wave their arms, some hold hands; all pass into the distance and disappear into the forest at the turn in the road. In the distance I can see the lights of a party in the village . . . It is dark now; the red sky is grey, and I can hardly perceive the figures on the road below. I turn away and begin to walk. The music seems far away to my chilled fingers, but I know that in the old house the piano waits, and I shall play it far into the night. My elders who are there do not understand but I care not, for I speak to them less and less each day. There is the church steeple in the distance. Tomorrow I shall go there and play the organ.

him the picture. . . It was a boy in a dark room looking out the window. And as he turned his eyes away from the picture he could see the boy looking out over the fields and the river and the red sunset and the train of people coming down a road just within his sight. He closed his eyes and the boy walked out into the corridor, shutting out the dark room and the window from him. He saw the solemn figure walk down the hall, pause before huge double doors and enter. It was a strange room with red carpets and shelves of music and a harpsichord. He took a hand-written manuscript from the shelf and sat down at the instrument. He relaxed and the music flowed from his fingers as never

(Continued on Page 9)

We Are Such Helpless Creatures

JACQUELINE SCHWARTZ, '61

If only we could break the confining bounds of our bodies
and of time
And gaze at infinity as it is,
And sense things objectively as they are.
This might be frightening.
This could be death.

While we are alive, we live in ignorance.
But this ignorance is pierced by a fierce, terrible, and yet
astoundingly simple beauty
That might not be there at all if we discarded the means to
interpret it.

I Scratched My Way

SUSAN CRAYNE, '60

I scratched my way like a cat up that wall,
Clinging with my sad eyes to the impossible smoothness;
Yet I knew the wall must have a crevice,
And it did.
I widened the crack until my claw got a grip and then
Leaped to the top of the wall, looked up at heaven,
And purred.
Then I saw the wall under me and, with disdain,
Tapped it with my paw; I crumbled the wall.
But I fell on the other, softer side.

(Continued from Page 8)

before. The themes were balanced against one another perfectly, the cadences were without flaw, the development sections which he found so difficult before flowed effortlessly . . .

The foreign sound of rain hitting upon his window imposed itself upon the music and interrupted his reverie. An involuntary shudder ran down his spine. He was back in his room now, but he had been there again—he had been in the music room . . .

All was quiet again and the room began to swim around him. The music room was just down the corridor, but

he knew that it was forbidden for him to go there—for each time it was harder to come back. Although he knew that he mustn't he opened the door, went in and took down the manuscript . . . It was so pleasant there and nowhere else were the themes so balanced, the cadences without flaw, and the development sections so flowing. For a moment he heard voices far away calling him by name.

"Come back! come back!" they said, but soon another cadence came up and the dissenters were drowned out by the bars of noisy tonic and dominant harmony.

La Gourmandaise

ELISABETH LEHMANN, '61

Allons, enfants de la patisserie.
Le jour des sveltes est arrive.
Contre nous de la confiserie
Toutes les patachoux sont levees
Toutes les patachoux sont levees
Regardez-vous dans les grosses louches.
Nous tenter de la creme glacee?
Elles viennent jusqu'a dans nos bouches
Ne vous gorgez pas donc, mes amies ! !
A bas calories!
Au regime, compagnons!
Mangeons, mangeons, qu'un seul bon bon
Grandisse notre poids!

Inquiry

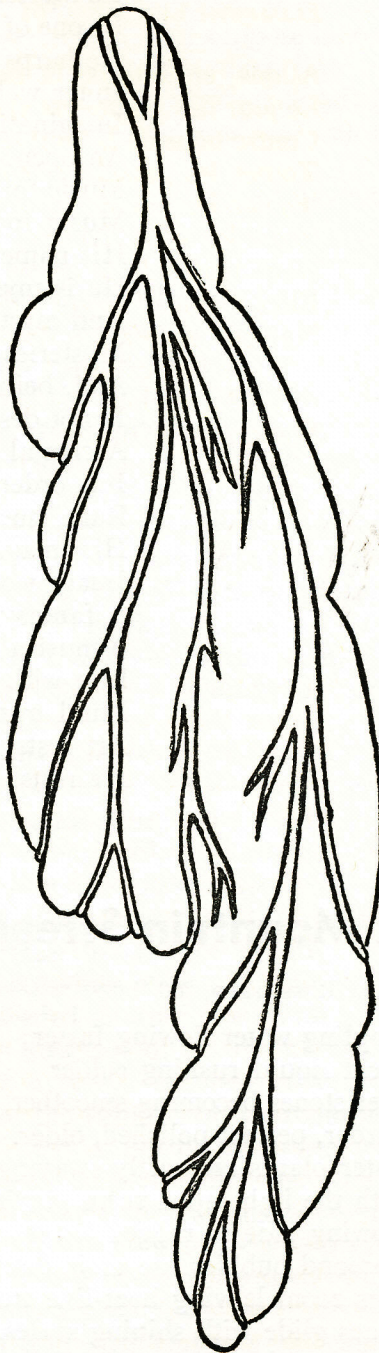
PHYLLIS CAMPBELL '62

The One is a whispering street
whose mind is a limitless thought.
The One is a whispering street
whose battles I, too, have fought.
The One is a whispering street
whose ideas tread silently into doors,
into doors, up stairs and down stairs and on torture racks,
and in bottles, in cages, under microscopes.
The dissecting knife, inquiry, cutting away
amorphic flab, cancer-tissue, rationalizaton,
to expose beneath the fibrous net-work of lies
the pulsing light that is truth, which prolific as
a geometric progression, cascades through once barred windows
and niagras out of doorways to merge in the streets
and tumble and foam and roar, screaming, flooding down the avenues,
the life-boulevards, the flat plains of ignorant content,
to envelope the world and be shunned by those
horrified to look into their self-mirrors, who revengefully reach down
to pick up black, oozing mind gobs of lies,
and stones of self-righteousness to smear and break the mirrors
into shards which they call conscience.
It's a symbiotic relationship:
you rape their minds,
they ostracize and damn you.

The Musician

JOHN BERMAN, '60

But he would make his music.
Confident, believing in art
And its power of transfiguring,
He wondered which was real:
The imbecile parade, the aquarium
Outside his window; or the solemn,
Untouchable vibrations which he
Loved into existence?
Vibrations! Vibrations!
An unsaid world of things,
No less beloved, never being said.
And what outside?
Reality, degraded.
And what was said seems wrong.
Flies, imperfection incarnate,
Sordid, floating in the soup
Of his consciousness. And yet,
What hell to shut the shade!
Idiots beautiful in imperfection,
And desires, no less exquisite
For being unworthy
And he himself, out there
In image. An imaginary part,
Musical and perfect,
In a brilliant world of discord.
Music to transfigure!
Music to transport!
Another plane, another way,
Another wheel, within another wheel,
An outer wheel, and faster,
Realer in its way.
An inner outer, knowing just
The chamber and its song,
But learning through being,
Becoming by having been.
Onliest entity! Shades of him
Who sits and loves his strings,
And knows and floats
And build his images
Of musical worlds without.



(continued on next page)

Add to the aquarium
The godhead. Set the imbeciles
To music. Play for them;
Be one of them.
He harps himself out of his
Inner walls, finds his
Imagination still intact and operating.
An opened world and
Music for his feet!
Music for his name!
His name is perfect;
He is mysterious
And mysteries respond to him.
Mysteries of desire.
And, being perfect and musical,
Is not desire, for him,
A crystal thing?
It is orderly, symmetrical of form,
Rare, hued, deep, real;
His image self, in
Image world, can be content.
A fantasy in time,
A musical existence.
Life with order imposed;
Mind transfigured.
Art rests, having served.
He rests.

A Mountain Stream

LINDA ROSENFELD, '60

Rippling water flowing faster;
Lucid liquid rushing colder
Over stones becoming smoother,
Harder, perfect-polished, older.
Water plants are softly swaying
With the light upon them playing,
Showing jade in ragged towers—
Diamond bubbles are their flowers.
Bugs zoom leaving boat-like trails,
Fishes glide with shining scales,
Flat eyes gleaming, never changing—
Our world, not theirs, is rearranging.

Reality

PHYLLIS STERN, '60

The way we walk is slippery
And undefined.
There is nothing here so dear
That cannot be negated by
And insignificance taking its place
In patterns of obscurity
To kill us.
It is too much to ask
An understanding of the constancy
Of us, and what we are in essence.
The world has only time
For checking us at intervals
And does not make distinctions.

instituted this delightful custom, and everyone eventually came out evenly except for Konrad, who had never been known to treat anyone to anything that cost money.

During the dinner, Konrad lectured to us about Medieval church art. I remembered how I had been terribly impressed as a freshman by Konrad's vehement defenses of Art and had asked to see some of his stuff. He didn't have any. Despite his constant reading, his writing was limited to propaganda sheets and political pamphlets, on which he was always working. His artwork consisted of doodles, usually on important papers, and he hadn't the least sense of how music was supposed to go. He did have a great appreciation for that which was really good in art, but I never could decide whether this was honest or a fraud.

This was the first way in which he didn't live up to my expectations: I afterwards found him a disappointment in many ways. He was supposed to be brilliant and I'm sure he was, but he never accomplished anything in particular. He was as completely generous with his time and his genius as he was miserly with his money. He would help anyone with anything, regardless of the cost to his own projects. Not that he was a bad student — he managed to get fairly good marks without undue studying. But he threw his best efforts into whatever was closest at hand, not bothering to consider the worth of the results. I don't think he ever realized that one thing may be worth more than another.

Someone once accused him of wasting his own best efforts in this fashion. He replied with this quotation from Thoreau: Goodness must not be a partial and transitory act, but a constant superfluity. It was a good answer, but

lightly given, and I have sometimes wondered whether he had read Thoreau for anything but purposes of argument. I suppose he had, as I suppose he really did a lot more thinking than he seemed to, but it was very difficult to tell how much of what he did was real and how much bluff.

The only characteristic of his which I could swear was perfectly genuine and natural was his leadership. He certainly had a real genius for leading people. He did more to shape our class than did any other person or group. He acted almost like a catalyst, unifying our crowd but rarely stamping his own personality on it. He gathered people, especially intelligent people, about him as naturally as most of us kept within our own groups. He had a real respect for all virtues, especially any sort of intelligence, and his friendship was quickly-won and firm. Too, he was extremely tolerant of almost all faults.

But his leadership was also a bit of a disappointment. He always had a crowd surrounding him, partially because he really liked all the people in it, but partially because he had to have an audience. More than food or books or a cause to espouse or any of the other necessities of life, Konrad desperately needed an audience. Without one, he was stripped of all his glories and became a weak, helpless creature. It was not the support of approbation he needed, for a hostile audience would do as well as a friendly one. Nor was it only natural gregariousness — individuals were never as good as a group. There was some egotism involved, but I've known people who were more egotistical and still had a great capacity for friendship. It was in good part because of the strong actor in him—as

(Continued on Page 14)

well as his extraordinary talent for making speeches. He could recite even a telephone book movingly, could mimic anything and anyone, and could be a comic par excellence. But the need for a crowd was also because his imagination had to see himself as the higher, central figure in any group.

And, too, he had never learned to give of himself to anyone besides a worshipper, or to concentrate long enough on one thing to get along with one person. Perhaps for this reason he never had a girl, although there was always a bunch of them surrounding him at parties. But Konrad was a spectacular individual, and somehow we didn't expect him to bother wearing his full plumage when alone.

Even his natural taste for the different sometimes seemed a matter of an extraordinary being seeking what was to him normal. It made him an expert on primitive customs and a gourmet of Indian food long before the rest of us had heard of such things. He knew Boston backwards and forwards after two trips, and dared to call the biggest place in our life "provincial." (We had to look the word up before we could be righteously indignant; Konrad, I am sure, had a bigger vocabulary than those of our teachers.) He had an intense curiosity, especially about people, and loved to begin a conversation with a total stranger. In such cases he gave his right name but seldom said anything else true. He had a store of facts on everything and imagination enough to bluff his way through anything.

His favorite characters for such occasions were a soldier on leave a psychologist (he knew quite a lot about the subject), a mystic, and an unemployed Russian emigrant.

Despite his tendency for the unusual, he made a poor nonconformist. He never merely protested against something; he organized protest marches or sent around protest petitions. His favorite expressions were, "*Let's* be different and . . ." or "*Let's* be individuals and . . ." He saw no inconsistency in these phrases. He wanted to be different, but not if it meant shedding the crowd about him. This was not fear. Censure or disapproval didn't worry him. It was just gregariousness, and to him perfectly logical. This is why, although I don't know where or what he is now, I don't think he ever followed his vow to be a bum and to refuse to do any useful work. He wouldn't voluntarily cut himself off from most of human society, even if joining it meant being a hypocrite and a conformist.

I have wondered many times what he does now. He could have, of course, become an actor, but he wouldn't stick with that long if he couldn't become famous or great. He could have stayed in the army—he was promoted to the rank of captain by the end of the war—but I doubt that he would. Army life was suited neither to his intelligence nor to his temperament. Nor can I believe that he ever became any kind of businessman. Somehow there is only one place I can see Konrad. It is in one of the great halls of learning that I can really picture him — reading, studying, teaching. There all of his talents could somehow be called to account: his brilliance, his wide knowledge, his sense of showmanship, his free generosity with time and efforts. (I bet he has even organized a Fabian Society on the campus.) And there he might finally be honored and respected as he deserves to be.

Veil of Many Nights

JEFFREY TARTER, '61

Our steps are set along the streets of night:
We wander damned and lost because we fear
To see these blinding streets as less than dear,
For past the veil yet creeps our gloom and fright.
Half blind, we called the stars to light our streets,
And told our hearts the light of suns shone down
Among our streets of night—yet still this town
Is darkened with the blindness of deceptions.
The blind may see their darkness gorgeously,
And do, it seems. But yet the nights remain.
O man! Throw off this blinding gloom, unchain
Your minds, and lose that posing dignity.
For truth dethrones false kings, but they can find
Their thrones anew—through honesty unblind.



CALVIN, a seeker after truth, and a brave, strong-willed man, who lived by his own code of righteous behavior, had his home on high ground, in the hills between a town and the lofty mountains. He sought, and had been seeking for thirty years, his place in the universe.

In the search for truth and meaning, he left little alone. His breadth and depth of knowledge were profound and, had he chosen, astounding. But Calvin, the seeker after truth, felt no need to astound. He lived alone, isolated more by the failure of others to comprehend, than by any antipathy to society.

And so time passed, seasons growing into years, and by steps the seeker found his truth. Not in one inclusive Truth, but in many—nor had he expected otherwise. The veil is pierced, never rent, Calvin often said to himself and the few others who knew him.

Contemplating life and its myriad of mysteries, Calvin in time came to meditate on death. In this way the seeker sought and found a truth.

* * *

“It is not death, but the uncertainty of death, that brings fear into men.

To know the exact moment of death and the metaphysical nature of it is sufficient. Physically, everyone must eventually accept death. Mentally, no one does—because they cannot. How can they ever know what to expect of death?”

Then at that time a miracle took place. Or, rather, since miracles are not allowable, natural law distorted itself so that the “expected” did not occur. Perhaps there was a supernatural element; perhaps not. Perhaps God is fact and fabric with the universe. Perhaps.

A miracle took place.

In some manner Calvin glimpsed and understood the time following his death. He saw through to the future moments of death—and there was nothing. Without any question or doubt, the processes of his death were revealed to him, and they proved to be absolutely physical. He found no mind, and so his mind was product and function of his body: as the body ended, so must end the mind. There was, he noted desperately, no mental continuation of any sort after his death.

The vision ended.

“Well,” mused Calvin, “so be it.

That is death. Not pleasant, but knowing the truth is better than *not* knowing but thinking so. And I have another twenty years, which is not bad to be sure of. I can live my life well, up to the last moments of it."

Elsewhere, night was falling. The cool evening winds blew down from the hills above the sleeping town, but the night was overcast and no stars appeared.

Calvin rose to his feet and walked out to a piece of high ground. The hills sloped off to all sides of him. Calvin, looking up, was suddenly moved by the total *darkness* of the sky.

The lights of the town, a small place, blinked out by twos and fours.

With a growing feeling of unease, Calvin realized that the gloom was growing increasingly deeper. The distant mountains, so clear even by starlight, could not be seen at all.

The night fell finally and definitely. There was no afterglow, no city lights shining on the clouds, no light; the darkness swept about and over the man, as if he were enclosed in a finite room: distant and spacious, but finite.

"I *know*, I know! But what *am* I now? How am I better than stones, than lifelessness? How can this life continue itself interminably—when there is an end after all?" His voice came loudly and harshly; he scarcely noticed. "Life, the deception that there *is* life, is gone completely. I exist by inertia until the inertia of life is not enough. And then nothing. Nothing . . ."

They found him the next morning, half dead, lying prostrate on the high ground. They feared for his life in those first few days, but he lived . . . lived, for twenty years more, though his mind was destroyed by fear, and never returned to him.

Postlude

PHYLLIS STEARN, '60

As the end of school approaches, the space in which to fit work and friendships and plans decreases too rapidly. Time tapers off according to schedule, and we cannot win the race.

At the same time, the warmth and sunlight slowly penetrates our stuffy winter minds and melts our disinterest and depression. Spring lures us away from work and stirs in us life and unformed thoughts. We want to express these thoughts, and we dip into our awakening and impatience and gather up stories, sketches, and verse. We weave a literary magazine.

"I know not how such things can be!

I breathed my soul back into me."
