

The "feeling" was setting in once more
I knew it was time to go.
For, when anticipation is the catalyst of rejection and confidence comes in pints and fifths,
your only escape is physical.
No one conquers the "feeling." It conquers you,
it is a plague, that spreads within a man
and sows the seed of doubt in the furrows of ability.
Its antidote is solitude.
Its cure is the sleep.

Michael Moore

MY AUTUMNS

Karlis Rusa

Now that the falling of the year is with us again, my thoughts naturally turn to remembrances of past autumns. This latter season of the year has a personal, albeit rather nebulous, significance for me.

It is true that I cannot remember having had any especially vivid autumnal impressions during childhood. Nevertheless, at least two different aspects of the season were clear to me: bitterly cold and rainy days, and still-warm days of quickly fading sun and of revels among myriads of dry leaves.

It was not until about three years ago that I first really opened my senses to autumn. I observed the magical quietness of early mornings when all is covered with a thin layer of frost. I saw reminiscences of summer in the still-blooming marigolds and petunias, undaunted by cold nights. And I marveled at a slowly forming sense of adventure, inexplicably brought on by the smell of distant burning leaves and the