

AFTER THE CATAclysm

heavens above me; floating out on the still night air it seemed celestial.

Then as they slowly sailed away, the strains of Sebastian Davids' "Night in the Tropics" from "Christophe Columbe" orchestrated by Ripley with its luxuriously golden melody dying away in the distance, I fell asleep, and the dream-palms and lotus of the enchanted Land of Forgetfulness embowered me.