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# The Lantern



# *The Lantern*



URSINUS COLLEGE  
December, 1961

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## Word from the Editors

We are very proud of the literary flowering which we have seen occur in the junior and senior classes. On the other hand, we have received few contributions from the underclassmen. *The Lantern* will need new writers, both for their contributions and their editings, during the next year. "The greatest literature has yet to be written. Write it!"

Another word on our policies—we do not compile a magazine so that the students may have a pleasant, easy, lazy hour of reading; there are dozens of such digests on sale at the drug store for less than a dollar. We choose those contributions which we feel show the elusive trait "literature", or works of those authors whom we hope will write literature if encouraged.

# Prose





# King Fitzgerald's Court

—*Peter Vennema*

Now, in the days of Good King Fitzgerald the Weak, the Knights of the Jawbone Long had gathered at Fair Kamerad. There was Baron Adlai DeCay, whose shield of shimmering yellow bore the device of three titmice, terrified. There was Sir Dean Demented, he of the broken lance. There was Sir Douglas Deficit, who at the tourney of Vienna was unhorsed twenty times, but rose each time with new promises. Not the least was Lord Robert Detroit, whose family arms proclaim the edsel recumbent gules, and whose work with the broadaxe while wading through fjords and fords still makes to wince both friend and foe in the Lake Country.

Below the salt were seated King Fitzgerald's motely crew of councillors and jesters, almost to a man from the depopulated village of Cambridge. In the gallery played the Crimson Minstrels, twanging their harps and playing their shoehorns to the merry tune of "Can't You Hear Me Running, Caroline?".

And after the banquet of spoiled codfish, King Fitzgerald the Weak was lifted from his rocking seat to his feet by a knave, Peter Scavenger, to address the assembled knights. He cleared his mind, and partly failing that, his throat, and his words were grim and foreboding. "Ask not", he said, "what your Court can do for you, but what you can do for your Court." The noble knight Sir Chester de Bowles interrupted: "Before we formalize that, let us specifize the meaningwise".

And so Good King Fitzgerald the Weak told the trembling knights that there was a dragon at large, breathing red fumes and nuclear threats. It was accidental, coincidental and perhaps meaningless, said King Fitzgerald, that where the dragon appeared, whole villages disappeared, like Ecuador, Cuba, Cambodia, Guiana. More disturbing really, said the King,

was that some barons, in their misguided, radical right way, thought something should be done about the dragon, and the question was whether to dispatch the Knights of the Jawbone Long against the dragon or the barons.

The debate was long and bitter. A messenger was dispatched to bring poisoned darts from the shrew, Dame Pearson. Women marchers were sent to picket the barons with signs saying: "Stop breathing fire at dragons", and "No one has the right to bite". While this transpired, the Knights of the Jawbone Long gathered their thoughts for less important matters.

Most all believed the dragon to be a reasonable but pawky beast, amenable to conciliation and understanding. The dragon, they said, doesn't really want to eat; it only breathes fire because it is stoked by the unreasoning antagonism of dragon-haters. A great number of the knights thought the best measure would be to disguise themselves as dragons, and by fellow-traveling with the brute, disarm it. They exclaimed that if knights were a little more like dragons, and dragons a little more like knights, a blissful neo-dragon world would result.

As the hours passed, King Fitzgerald the Weak summoned Merlu the Magician and his Aide de Sorcerie, Mermon, and asked their counsel. A little pot of dragon spew was brought to the Jawbone Long-table, and into it Merlu the Magician threw his potions: a small white feathered cap, a drop of obfuscation. He threw the potions with his left hand, because his right hand had been chewed, by mistake no doubt, by a dragon. And a message was cast out of the pot in white smoke: "Be good to cows and dragons".

And so a Committee was formed, and the knights rode off on quest. Sir Harlan de Cleveland carried the message on his blunted spear: "All is well. Fear not. The dragon's tail and mouth are falling out!" Sir Fowler de Hamilton was instructed to sharpen the dragon's claws and burnish its teeth. Baron Adlai DeCay was sent to clear a path for the dragon through the Disunited Forest.

A few details remained for Good King Fitzgerald. What to do about Lady Nancy Naive with her penchant for postcards? Would Duke Dwight de Gettysburg accept the leadership of the "Dragons to Dragons Program"? What punishment should be meted out to the recalcitrant Baron de Dodd-Conn and Thane Thurmond of South-Car?

"I will think about it tomorrow", said Good King Fitzgerald.

# Deliberate - Beyond Conception

—*Carol Flood*

Revenge—that was all we wanted, although at the time we had no conception of its macabre outcome. How I wish now that we had never settled on the idea! When I think back, nothing could seem more inhuman and unjustified when one examines the reasons, and nothing could seem more typical of private school brats. I know now that ever since the “accident” I have carried a deepening feeling of guilt within me. But at the time the only emotion embedded in our minds and hearts was one of revenge. Pure, simple, malicious, feminine revenge. How could I have ever let myself be involved in such a petty incident? It all comes back to me now as I think about it—those intervening years melt away . . . .

x x x x x x x x x

As I walked along the flagstone paved walk between the cottages, I asked myself, “What kind of retaliation could we use?” Before me stretched the broad expanse of our beautiful gold-course-like campus.

Fall was coming; one could feel it, and how it lifted the spirits!

Suddenly, I forgot all thoughts of Daphne, and I just wanted to go for a long walk during the time before the dinner hour. I went back to the porch of the cottage, took my bicycle, and rode down the lane past the younger girls’ cottages and the dean’s house, past the swimming pool and the cabins of a long since unused camp until I came to a turntable before tennis courts which no one used now. They showed their ruin

quite plainly—grass peered through cracks in the asphalt, and the guard screens were broken and sagging. I took my time strolling across them. Their melancholy air added to my now pensive mood.

I had no fear of meeting anyone in this part of the campus for no one bothered to come here anymore.

I now approached the path leading up through the rock-covered hill. Slowly wandering along the meandering path, I stopped and picked some thick blades of grass, and, placing one between my thumbs, I blew on it and listened to the hoarse, honking noise which issued forth. It was a trick which had fascinated me as a child; I repeated it now.

Memories from past years suddenly floated through my mind triggered by my childish game as I came to the top of the hill and started down the other side.

At the foot I stopped and went inside an old, deserted spring house to listen to my voice echo among the moss-covered stones. A trickle of water ran across the floor, and I stooped, cupped my hands and took a drink of its refreshing coolness.

Figuring it was safe now that I was far away from the main campus, I pulled out a cigarette from a concealed pocket in my coat and lit it, enjoying more the breaking of a rule which branded smoking as unlady-like than the act itself.

“Do you always come here and smoke?” a cold voice came out of the dim recesses of the spring house and echoed eerily. Startled, I spun around and saw Daphne step out of the darkness. Her eyes met mine and gave me that faintly amused look which seemed to be her perpetual expression.

“Don’t you know that young ladies don’t smoke? But, then, I guess one of your kind wouldn’t know about such things as being a lady.”

I looked at her cruel, mocking, yet beautiful face and felt the sudden urge to slap it again and again.

But, no! I’ll not do it; it would be just what she would want. Then she would have a good reason to get me into trouble.

“How much does it mean to you not to have me tell?” asked Daphne. “I could really get you in serious trouble, you know. No, I don’t think I’ll even demean myself by bargaining with you. I’ll just keep this in reserve for a time when you particularly irk me. Just watch your step.” And with that she moved past me, on up the hill, and out of sight. I watched her move away and noticed the provocative swing of her walk, part of the method she used in ensnaring the opposite sex.

I stayed in the spring house for a while longer and had another cigarette, hoping it would have a calming effect on me. But, as it did not, I finally climbed up the hill and down across the tennis courts to where I had left my bicycle. But when I came to the place, I found it gone. Immediately to my mind came a picture of Daphne happening upon the bike and deciding to ride it back to spite me once again. Looking around first to make sure she had not just hidden it, I finally decided that my first deduction was correct.

I walked quickly back to the cottage, fuming and becoming more angry every step of the way. When I came back, there under the porch was my bike, muddy from where she had ridden it through every puddle she could find, but at least it was in one piece. I went around to the side entrance of the building, opened the door, and walked in. Who should be standing there talking to our bloodhound of a housemother, but Daphne! She gave me her faintly amused look again, turned back to Mrs. Pippin, and resumed her conversation. As I came nearer, Daphne moved back so that I had to walk between the two of them to go upstairs.

Suddenly, Daphne commented: "Do you smell anything burning, Mrs. Pippin? I'm sure I smell smoke."

I could have told Daphne what she smelled if anything, but I decided it was better to let the chance pass. I might say something I would regret later.

Mrs. Pippin sniffed around suspiciously, and said, "I think you're imagining things, Daphne."

I relaxed, knowing she would not conduct her usual test to prove that I was smoking by having me come and kiss her.

I walked on up the stairs, gave Daphne a withering look, and said to her under my breath as I passed, "I'll get you sometime, and you'll never forget it when I do!"

X X X X X X X X X X

"Damn it all, she's done it again!" I yelled as I burst into my room. My roommate and some of our friends looked up in surprise as I plopped down on the bed.

"I tell you, I can't stand it any longer. I'm going to fix Daphne but good, by myself too, if none of you will help."

"But I thought we were all going to do it together," said Jayne, a small bouncy redhead. "I know that I'm not going to stand for some of the things she does any longer. I've had just about enough of her little tricks. Why just the other day . . ."

"I know," said Meg. "You don't have to tell us. It'll be just one more of the typical, little games she likes to play. I think she really gets a kick out of making people dislike her. I vote for doing something that will really give her reason to hate us."

"Another vote here!" spoke up Chris. "I'm sick of the way she goes around stealing my boyfriends. You don't know what it's like to have to room with her. It's plain hell!"

"I'm glad you all feel that way," I said, happy to hear that others felt the same way I did. "Now all we have to do is devise a plan."

x x x x x x x x x

I remember now how we thought out that calloused little scheme—how our diabolical and childish little minds took such delight in forming another's misery. But then this seems to be the way among adolescents. Indeed, I see how people can say that young people are more merciless than anyone in the world.

I finally devised our scheme. I thought then that genius had suddenly taken up residence in my mind for fashioning such a brilliant piece of planning. It fit in so well with the circumstances. I had hit upon the idea of posing as a fortune teller at our school's charity fair to be held during the weekend. We seniors were responsible for a tent. And since no fair could be complete without a fortune teller, I thought we could get back at Daphne by telling her a fortune that would really shake her into a better attitude, or so I had hoped then. I remember now how that ill-omened affair came about....

x x x x x x x x x

The evening of the great event turned out to be beautiful. It was a reasonably clear night. A few stars were out, and the moon was not entirely hidden by the clouds. A slight breeze ruffled the trees and blew the leaves down the paths. On the campus there was unusual activity as preparations got under way. Upon the lawn in front of the cottages, lanterns were being strung up, a few booths erected, and many stalls set up for selling refreshments and holding games. The fair was to include amusements, rides, ponies, a small circus, and the rest of the usual attractions.

I dressed in my costume, complete with long dangling earrings, bangles, and a full, peasant skirt. We had all pooled our clothes and jewelry resources for this get-up, and now I surveyed myself in the mirror while the others passed approval. But I could not decide whether to wear a mask or not. Finally, I determined not to, so as to get the full effect of Daphne's expression as she came in the tent and saw me there. I knew that she would not be able to resist coming in when she heard that the

tent held a fortune teller, for Daphne's one weakness that we knew of was her tendency to be superstitious.

"You look great; you really do," said Chris. "If I didn't know you weren't for real, I would swear that you just got off a cart and hadn't taken a bath in weeks!"

"You just be quiet, you jealous thing! You're mad because you aren't doing it to her."

I put on my make-up and really brushed the mascara on thick. Then I grabbed the crystal ball we had resurrected out of the costume room and walked to the fairground. Everything was in full swing by the time I arrived. And a good crowd was milling around, spending lots of money, I hoped. After all the work that had gone into the fair we should have a good take to show for it. I went over to my tent, pulled the flap back, and lit the lantern for atmosphere. It cast a dim glow throughout the room and made the dark shadows in the corners more pronounced. I stood back and surveyed the scene.

"If this doesn't make it seem real, I don't know what will," I said aloud.

"Are you open for business?" a squeaky little voice said. And around the corner peeked a little, old lady, her buttony, brown eyes bright in anticipation.

"Of course. Come right in," I said in a low voice, keyed for the role.

She scurried right in, sat down on the chair and gazed raptly at the crystal ball shimmering on the table. I thought to myself of how she would probably believe every word I told her.

"Cross my palm thrice with silver," I intoned.

X X X X X X X X X

The evening wore on, and I had many customers. The hour grew late, and I thought that Daphne would never come. After all the conniving we had done—what if she never appeared? It sure would be ironical, although the whole evening would be wasted as far as we were concerned. Many of the other kids had stopped in earlier asking me if she had come. I was really beginning to wonder if she would show . . . .

"Oh, so you're supposed to be the great fortune teller everyone has been talking about, huh?" said that low, mocking voice. And in walked Daphne, dressed for goodness knows what occasion, but certainly not this one. Her cocktail dress, chiffon stole, and silver heels were

entirely out of place.

"Yes, don't you want to know what the crystal ball has in store for you?" I mocked right back.

"Oh, well, although I'm sure you don't have any supernatural powers, let's hear it anyway," Daphne retorted.

"Cross my palm thrice."

"Oh, here. Cut out all the jazz. But remember in the future how generous I am." And she threw a five dollar bill down on the table.

I was almost beginning to believe that she was a little high from the cider that was being served outside.

"Put yourself into a communicable state of mind so that the spirits beyond can reach you and tell you what the future holds in store," I commanded, thus setting the stage for carrying out my plan.

Daphne leaned back in the chair and stared sardonically at me as I gazed at the ball. I could see in it the reflection of her beautiful, yet cruel face, and the light flickering on her gold hair, and bringing out the unusual formation of her high cheekbones. Her dark blue, brooding eyes—serious now—followed mine and contemplated the crystal.

I had a speech all rehearsed in my mind—especially made up for her and the occasion—and I started to say it. But suddenly out of my mouth came strange words forming themselves into even stranger sentences.

"You, Daphne, are one who is haunted by dark memories of past days and tales." And into her eyes flickered a startled expression. I paused, and tried to continue with my planned speech, but my tongue erratically rushed on, and the unfamiliar words came more quickly.

"In the dim past your grandmother died mysteriously by her own hand. And not so long ago your mother did likewise. You, also, will follow the same fate!"

A frightened and shocked gasp came from her whole being. I leaned back, exhausted by the effort my speech had caused me. Upon looking up at Daphne, I saw such an unmistakable expression of fear upon her face that I would never want to see again. She jumped up, knocking over the stool, gave me one bewildered glance from wounded and pained eyes, and rushed out of the tent. My spontaneous words had evidently hit home in some mysterious way. I began to feel a twinge of conscience, as I thought about it, and desperately wished I were anywhere but in that tent, and doing anything but being a fortune teller. Up to now,



I had gotten quite a kick out of the whole thing.

In burst my roommate Bobbie. "I saw Daphne run out of here back to the cottage. What happened? Did it go off all right?"

"I can't talk about it now," I answered. "I'm afraid that something else is involved here—something.... Whatever made me say it?"

"What are you talking about?" Bobbie asked. "You don't make sense at all!"

"I'll tell you later. Don't ask me now. Please go."

A remorseful feeling of guilt was by now quite persistently bothering me. I felt as if I had almost plunged a knife into Daphne's back when she gave me that one unforgettable look before she fled. I knew I would never forget it.

Bobbie finally left, but not before giving me a queer look and shrugging her shoulders as if offended. She must have told the others to leave me alone, because I saw no one else that I knew for the rest of the evening. The time dragged on, but finally the hour of closing drew near. I got rid of my last customer and left to go back to the cottage after turning in my profits.

I saw no one I knew on the way and guessed that they had all gone back to wait for me to tell them what had occurred. Slowly, I walked back brooding upon Daphne. I had had many odd and eccentric people in my tent that evening, but none had affected me as Daphne had.

Back in my room it was as I had imagined. All my friends were gathered eating, talking, and listening to records. But I knew they were in there primarily to hear my story. As I came in, all talk stopped. I sat down on the bed and slowly and painfully told them what had happened—how she had finally come, how different words as the fortune came to me, and how she had fled so suddenly.

"I know," said Chris, Daphne's roommate. "She's locked our door and won't let me in. She sure is acting queer. Before, I could even hear her pacing overhead."

I looked up as if I would be able to see Daphne walking, but instead, through a crack in the thin, white, plaster ceiling, there was a dark, red stain seeping through and slowly spreading.

The others followed my gaze.

# Jean

—S. G.

Jean and I had been up since dawn. The hills in the mist looked as if they were veiled in the finest lace; the netting was filled with smoke and the filaments were encased with a down like that growing on Jean's belly. The hills were wet and soft and green. They looked like velvet and felt like sponges, and as we walked, the dampness was squeezed out from under foot, coming noisily around the sole. What a vulgar noise it was, erotic in its connotations.

"I love you." Jean said, and the hand she was fondling turned into oak. It was pure solid oak, as sturdy as the tree under which we were passing. I looked down at our hands and saw her delicate fingers mixed up with a lump of wood and was confused. My hand looked odd, but it felt perfectly normal, so that at that moment I was resigned to spend the rest of my life with an inanimate hand, provided other lacy fingers were entwined.

"I love you, too" I told her, looking down at our hands because I expected another change, but there was none and her hand stayed soft and warm. On we walked, slushing through the obscene grass, and as we looked back over the path we had just come I wept as I saw how many pearls I'd crushed. "Think of the necklace I could have made you." I told her, but she didn't seem to understand because she didn't answer or smile or do anything; she simply stared and invaded my privacy. I could not help thinking what a fool I'd made of myself and said, as if to cover my shame, "I'm sorry."

"That's all right" she answered, "I knew what you meant, but I was thinking that I'd rather have you than all the pearls in the world, even though you do have a nasty wooden hand, covered with scratches and ingrained with dirt. Have you ever washed it, or are you afraid it will

rot and fall apart?—Look at the wild rose over there.” She ran toward the bush dragging me behind and, letting go my hand, she pulled the flower from its lover. Four white paper petals surrounded the yellow center which she passed under her nostrils. Jean breathed in and the stamens quivered as the morning air gushed inside to warm itself within her body. She looked up at me with a ray of sunshine on her nose and ordered me to smell. I put my nose to hers and rubbed off most of the pollen she had stolen.

“I’d rather smell you.” I said, at which she laughed and waved the ruined flower under my nose, knocking off a petal in so doing. I watched it flutter to the dewy grass which was parting its blades to provide a resting place. As soon as the grass had folded over the petal again, I felt Jean’s hand against mine. Something had happened during these last few seconds—not something I had done, but something Jean had done. Her destruction of the flower had reverted my lump of oak to a mortal hand full of blood and heat. In a way I was pleased, but then again I was disappointed, but as there was nothing I could do, I tangled my fingers like a honeysuckle vine among hers. Our fingers embraced, and we continued. On and on we walked through the grass, and in front of us stood a toad stool. It wasn’t a mushroom blending in with the grass and woods, but a fiercely inflamed toadstool dotted with white sores. As I watched it, the raw flesh began to stir then bleed. Blood poured from the cap. I felt sick and rushed on past, but Jean lagged behind and with her elfin shoe kicked off the cap which landed belly up on the pool of blood. The gills waved as the boat with its mast rocked, and the lily white contrasted with the red sea. The sight was fascinating and I wanted to see it longer, but by this time Jean was an arms length ahead of me, pulling me away as a master pulls his horse. We walked along in silence, but hand in hand.

# The Dumb Superman

—Bill Pratt

On the Ursinus Campus, as well as on a good many other campuses throughout the land, there is present (and rather audibly) a new version of the barbarian—The Dumb Superman. The basic difference between the traditional barbarian and this new type is that the latter has none of the attributes of the former. There is little comparison between the neo-barbarian and Rosseau's man in the state of nature. (The only historical connection would be with Habbes' state of nature and even this might be too optimistic.) The term "barbarian" is not too common in campus speech today; perhaps the phrase "cool guy" would be more fitting.

One of the main characteristics of our Dumb Superman is his tremendous volume. No matter what the situation (except when real representatives of authority are present, such as riot police and the National Guard) we can always be assured that the voice of our "cool guy" will rise for the occasion. One often hears the shouts across our beautiful campus from Bomberger to Pfohler and the library to the gym. It may appear to the indifferent observer that one's rank is determined by the degree of volume exhibited. However this is not the case, for reliable sources have confided to me that these across-campus verbal duels are merely warm-up drills for the Dorm championships to be held at 2:30 every night. Only at the daily finals can one appreciate the truly religious devotion of these American minaret callers.

Vocal volume is only one attribute of the Dumb Superman, however, for in his code, it is the degree and intensity of total noise and disturbance which counts in the end. The really "cool guy" delights in dorm bombing at various intervals during quiet hours. One nameless Dumb Superman placed the entire campus in ecstasy with his devilishly clever saturation hall bombing—exploding at least one bomb every  $5\frac{1}{4}$  minutes this past week, a truly commendable performance.

But of all the numerous disturbances or ear shattering noises of this semester, none can compare with the envious stroke of genius earlier this semester—the Curtis Hall fire alarm at 3:20 a.m. This performance completely overshadows all previous attempts at “cool guy” greatness and may never be surpassed. The hats of the Dumb Supermen are off in reverence to their “unknown” comrade. In terms of total discomfort what could hope to come close to this—60 students, totally awakened and those firemen—what a stroke of genius! Nearly unbelievable, if only the Algerian terrorists could achieve such success!

One type of Dumb Superman specializes in library stage whispering. And during finals his audible monotone from the far corners of the library reaches great heights with a tremendous rate of distraction. If he has not yet reached such a degree of proficiency he will make his center of action more centrally located, say the newspaper rack. This capable artist is sometimes outdone, however, by a less sophisticated stunt—like turning out all the lights in the building. That little cutie never fails to bring down the house.

The campus “cool guy” also is rather skillful at chair breaking and window shattering. And what could be more enjoyable than the satisfaction received from breaking a chair against someone’s door and then exchanging the now demolished chair with some unknowing soul’s upstairs? Library book defacing also ranks high on the list of desirable accomplishments. (Some authorities feel that tennis net cutting is one of the higher attainments. However, one Dumb Superman privately told me that last May’s brilliant stroke was committed, unfortunately, by an outside artist).

All in all, the noble breed of the Dumb Superman is best typified by the audible after dinner shout in front of Freeland. If one masters this basic skill he can go far in the Dumb Superman World. Therefore, we can be certain if there were national ratings of the Dumb Superman, few institutions, if any, would rank higher than U. C.

# Epilogue To Death

—*Ralph J. Kronwood*

At the time I was twelve. Buffalo in August was as filthy, hot, and ugly as a snake pit in a traveling circus. The very houses sweated, and their grimed and blistered faces were streaked where rain spouts had rusted through. The sky was bleary with factory smoke. The settlement house in Adams Street was poor in money and in spirit: two fifty-year-old houses and a brick structure, an abandoned parochial school. When we left the station wagon, I saw the yard was splotched with clumps of grass.

As soon as we went in, someone smelled gas. Another went into the kitchen and pulled knobs and turned switches, then returned to the living room and claimed it in the name of order. Miss Roblin asked where Henry was, since he had charge of order here. Miss Donahue called Henry, and the last person in the door said that he smelled gas. Someone looked at someone else, and we all ran to the bathroom door. It was locked. All the men started banging each other's shoulders, as they tried to break the frail, narrow door, but all they did was get some varnish on their coats, and in their cuffs.

Just then I began to be afraid, of what I'm sure I didn't know; I remembered feeling the knot inside me when Miss Donahue came with the keys. No one said a word all the time she was fitting them to the lock, searching for the right one. Finally, a key turned; on the bathroom floor lay Henry. I could only see his shoes, brown hobnailed working boots, one with a broken lace tied half way up the tongue. Henry didn't move when Miss Roblin screamed, and a man swore very quietly. Someone pushed the door back all the way, and I could see much better. Henry's overalls were very clean, but I did not see the broom he always carried in one hand, bristles to the sky so that if you looked, you could always tell where he had been sweeping: sawdust from the workshop, spiderwebs from the corridors, water from the tennis court, or bits of leaves from the

sidewalk. I guessed he had not worked that day at all. The cuffs of his yellowed dress shirt were frayed, but buttoned neatly at the wrists.

Still I could not see his face, but in one hand, bent up by the bathtub's wall, he held a silver stop watch on a leather thong tied round his wrist. It read four minutes, and the hand was still. Men took his shoulders and his feet to carry him. Lurching with the weight, they pushed through all the women and the furniture to the front porch. All the way, the watch dangled from Henry's wrist, clattering on the floor, nicking one leg of a coffee table, and glittering between the shadows of his bearers' legs. Miss Donahue phoned the police. Out on the porch, a man grunted and heaved his weight on Henry's shoulder blades. Henry didn't move.

In time the ambulance came, and uniformed men hurried through the crowd of hushed negroes in the street. A doctor fumbled for a pulse, and Henry was rolled onto a stretcher and disappeared behind the negroes where the red light on the ambulance turned round and round, flickering on faces.

The siren died away, the negroes all went home, I was turned out to play and in the house those who had been Henry's friends, creditors, or historians, began to talk.

# Afternoon In August

—Anne

Last night I dreamed of mountains and trees—a dream of fog and haze, as all dreams are, lifting me out of the world of busy people and stifling cities and into a cool wonderland of beauty and nature. I moved through the dream as a sleepwalker does, groping my way along unknown paths, curious at what lay around each new turn and twist in the road. I write it down now because my deepest thoughts belong on paper—where I can take them out of my misty subconscious and put them into the world of black and white. Thus, I begin a description of what was really not a dream, but an actual event that I look back upon now via a pen and a vague assortment of my own thoughts and words.

x x x x x x x x x

The office clock above my desk points to the hour of three. All around me are sounds of activity—of telephones ringing, men talking briskly, keys of typewriters making a steady hum—all blending into a general din that represents the world of business. Today, as I walk down the long aisle to the elevator, I seem more conscious of the noise than usual. And, although I nod politely to the familiar, friendly faces, my mind is elsewhere—drifting into thoughts far removed from here.

I ride down the elevator—descending the seven floors with that light, airy feeling that always reminds me of a childhood ferris wheel ride. The clicking noises made by my steel tipped high heels resound loudly as I walk out onto the highly glossed floors in the lobby. Catching a quick glimpse of my reflection, I push open the heavy glass doors and go out into the harsh sunlight of Broad Street.

Here is the writer's description of a pulsing, throbbing city—alive with traffic sounds, blinking lights, and people—people, always hurrying



as if they are intent on getting somewhere, but most of them never really knowing where they want to go. I know this feeling, but not today.

I turn left, walking down Locust Street. The burlesque houses and comedy revues are closed now, waiting for the dusk and the searching souls who drift down this long, lonely street—perhaps the loneliest street in Philadelphia, despite its abundance of gaudy, showy entertainment. Old men, shabbily dressed, lounge in the doorways—their tired eyes looking out at me as I walk quickly past them. Dirty, ragged children play in the street and on the sidewalks, tormenting equally bedraggled animals.

Crossing over to Thirteenth Street, I approach the parking lot on the corner, hurriedly pay the colored attendant, and get into my car—now uncomfortably warm after a day in the hot city sun. I start to drive slowly down the narrow back streets of Philadelphia, thinking that when I next step out of the car I will be far removed from these sights. Pine Street, as always, evokes vivid memories, and, as I pass the little apartment where I spent so many winter days, I wonder how it is furnished now, and whether the person who once lived there will ever return. But these thoughts leave me quickly as I settle down behind the wheel and begin the first step of my long journey north.

The Benjamin Franklin Bridge appears over the rooftops of Vine Street, and, as I steer my way cautiously onto it, the Delaware River seems muddy and motionless below. Small tramp steamers dot the water in front of the wharves, making an uneven checkerboard pattern in the water—light colors surrounded by darker, deeper ones. The smell of smoke, fish, and river produces a heady sensation within me. I am accustomed to looking at this sight from my seventeenth floor perch high above the city and now, as I see the river from a closer viewpoint, I realize it is ugly. I smile inwardly, feeling the harsh jolt of the romantic in me being reminded realistically that the beautiful skyline of the city is only so when seen from a distance.

Now in New Jersey I drive faster, speeding past the rows of brick tenements that enclose the highway on both sides. I imagine what it must be like to step out of one of them onto a thin strip of concrete, feeling the rush of air from a fast moving vehicle—to feel it day after day and know that you will probably always feel it. No children are in sight, for playing here would be hazardous.

The lights are timed well, and I enjoy my self-imposed game of trying to ride with them. Only once do I stop, the sharp red glare flicking on suddenly and my foot moves to the brake pedal. Traffic is light, even around the usually congested circles which appear all too frequently on Jersey roads. Following the green and white markers to the New Jersey Turnpike, I enter the smooth, black-topped road—its miles of highway stretching out invitingly before me. Familiar signs appear, as I begin the

count down of Exit numbers. This road holds no fascination for me. I try to drive at a steady pace, slightly over the speed limit—alert to other drivers and state policemen.

An hour goes by and I, lost in my thoughts and the tunes of the radio, make the turn-off onto the Garden State Parkway. New to this road, I am more interested in the actual driving now. The time is nearing five o'clock and, as businesses close for another week, more cars and trucks clutter the entrances and lanes of the Parkway. Every mile or so there is a stone bridge, transversing the main road and carrying more cars east and west, as I go north. North Jersey industrial and residential sections are marked by exit signs—Westfield, Rahway, and Newark. Used to the lonely sandy roads of the southern shore, I find the bustle of activity remarkable. Since childhood days, New Jersey has been one thing to me—home of the only ocean I have ever known—place of sand, salt, and endless stretches of desolate roads. Now it appears as something else. Corporations are situated along this busy road, each one proclaiming its product in great, bold letters. I pass two or three large suburban cities, food and department stores marking their size and wealth.

Traffic is heavy now, clogged up at the numerous stops along the Parkway. I go through four toll exchanges—tossing a quarter into each bucket-shaped container and then moving on. New York Thruway signs are becoming more numerous, and finally I turn onto it. Remaining on the Thruway for one interchange, I then proceed to the Palisades Interstate Parkway—via a somewhat confusing number of exit and entrance ramps, their spiderweb curves making the car wheels squeal. No signs point to a northbound direction, but instinct tells me I am going the right way. This road is almost devoid of all signs of habitation. Few cars pass me from either lane, and there are no houses or people in sight—only miles of trees and highway. The 5:30 news comes on the radio—an announcer speaking of Berlin, Soviet space achievements, and other events that move precariously along the world's immediate horizons. Yet driving on this quiet road, I seem to be drifting away from these pressing situations. It is almost futile to listen to them here, for they would destroy the aura of peace and beauty that begins to surround me. I push the button of the radio and find it out of range of the Philadelphia stations. Delaware Valley rock and roll has been replaced by Hudson Valley mood music and I, enchanted by the beginning of the sunset, ride on.

The day shows signs of retiring now, but the slight breeze, perhaps reluctant at relinquishing its warmth, remains fresh and pleasant. I am glad it is not cool yet, for the open windows of the car allow the scents and air of the surrounding countryside to blow away the wispy smoke that rises from my cigarette. About to flick the lipstick stained filter out of the window, I stop myself involuntarily—feeling something inside of me stir. I remember the many cigarettes I have thrown into the already littered streets of the city, and wonder why I should hesitate to do so here. Feeling almost flippant at this sudden concern for nature and

beauty, I want to laugh—but I don't.

I take my departure of Parkway driving for awhile and turn onto U. S. Highway 6. Gold letters show up clearly on the numerous green colored signs along the road, proclaiming the direction and distance from one place to another. I think of the stark black and white signs that mark industrial and urban Pennsylvania, and agree wholeheartedly with the people who placed these signs here, for they seem to belong amidst the foliage of the trees.

I stop at a picturesque wooden booth leading onto the Bear Mountain Bridge. An old man leans his head half out of the window, and I feel the slight pressure of his hand as he takes the money. He reminds me of an ancient watchman guarding the bridge, as dim memories of old tales about the Swiss mountains flash into my mind. I smile again, thinking that these imaginative fancies are caused by the new things I am seeing. And he smiles back—his facial muscles relaxing into an expression that comes only with age and wisdom—and somehow he knows what I am thinking.

Wordlessly, I put the car into gear and begin to cross the Hudson River. The bridge is not a modern one—no steel girders or blinking neon lights mark its newness—and only a thin wooden rail separates the car from the open sides. I look down into the blueness of the river—clean and cool, reflecting the glints of the setting sun. Great sheets of stone enclose it on both sides, the streaks of ore in the rocks catching the light and turning it into lovely prisms of color. Now on the other side, I follow the winding road along the edge of Bear Mountain. I seem to be moving through a vast panorama of beauty—for at this height mountains, river, and trees become indistinguishable from each other. One color runs into the next as shades of browns, greens and blues intermingle, similar to an artist's palette that has been recently used. Driving is treacherous here, and I find myself resisting the view in order to follow the hairpin curves of the road.

Descending the mountain swiftly, with a last backward look into the rear view mirror, I drive into the small town of Peekskill. Although originally planning to stop here for dinner, I decide to travel on. Friday night shoppers clutter the streets and shops, and cars move slowly through the center of the town. Unobserving, and a trifle perturbed at this sudden delay, I drive impatiently to the end of the main part of town, following Highway 6 through the more isolated residential area. The seven miles to the Taconic State Parkway seem endless, perhaps because I am tiring of my sitting position and the steady concentrating of my eyes on the road.

I make a right turn onto the ramp leading into the Parkway, note the mileage on the speedometer, and settle back for the last long stretch of the trip. This Parkway, recently built, is the most scenic of all the ones I have ever travelled. Unconsciously, I compare it to the Schuylkill

Expressway, as I remember the numerous times I sped over that highway en route to Philadelphia. In place of a concrete medial barrier is a wide strip of grass, green to the point of lushness, separating the four lanes. The billowing smoke from factory chimneys, the piercing sounds of train whistles—neither are to be seen or heard here; nor are there cities of brick and mortar to block the setting of the sun—now almost level with the distant horizon. None of those things could belong here, for the rolling hills and lofty mountains of New York State follow this road. And, as if proud of their triumph over civilization, they stand tall and beautiful in their wildness. I can look down into valleys and up at mountains—magnificent mountains with trees so green and dense that they almost seem to grow out from each other, having no trunk or roots in the earth.

The road curves gently—first one way and then the other—but no guard rails are provided...giving me the feeling that I am driving on an open plain that seems to go up and up, reaching further into the blue grayness of the now impending night. With regret I see a sign ahead that denotes the end of the Parkway, and realize suddenly that I have travelled seventy miles along this road. It had seemed only a brief interlude into a paradise land of loveliness and loneliness—the good kind of loneliness, where thoughts and senses are at peace with each other. Turning onto Highway 23, I now approach the outer limits of the town I am seeking. Enthusiasm rises inside of me, and the few signs of weariness I have felt are erased by the thought that I will soon reach my destination. Familiar signs appear, marking places I have only known through the pages of a letter. I cannot decide whether the air of the anticipation is making me feel light-headed and I wonder if I will ever outgrow the youthful delight I experience when I am doing something I truly want to do. Somehow I hope not, for these moments are all too infrequent in my life.

I flick on the headlights—the first dim beams hitting a sign directly in front of me. I am startled to find that I had completely overlooked my passage from New York into Massachusetts. And then I realize that I have been driving through a semi-fog since leaving the Parkway, and have not noticed it because of the similar foginess of my thoughts. Yet I cannot shrug off the fog—not outside in the atmosphere, nor inside in my mind.

The highway runs into the main street and, unable to distinguish between commercial and residential areas, I am confused. Then I remember that this is a New England town—that all of the buildings are clean and sturdy looking regardless of their purpose—and that one must look closely to determine whether a house, hotel, or bank resides beyond the stone walls and highly polished doors of all of them. Because the main street is a large one, I immediately note the absence of the purplish rays of modern street lighting, and observe in their place the softer, whiter glow of lamps—adequately placed and emitting a hospitable air. My eyes search keenly for a parking space as I circle the block once and then again before finding one. I pull in, taking my foot off the brake and turn-

ing the ignition key off.

Momentarily I feel saddened, knowing that my lovely drive is over. But then I look up unexpectedly into the smiling eyes of the person I have come to see, watching his hand move to open the car door. The fog in the air and my mind clears now, and I know quickly, almost as if I had always known, why I made this trip—and why my old dream of mountains and trees is becoming a reality. For in that often recurring dream I searched for freedom, peace, and goodness—looking everywhere, but never finding it beneath the misty confusion of the world around me...just as one never seems to be able to permeate the clouds of mystery that hang over so many dreams.

But now, as I end my wanderings for the day, I find that some of my mental wanderings are also ended. And, in that one short instant before I begin to speak, I wish for a way to thank him for letting me come here...for making me feel so whole inside, a feeling that has come so rarely to me in the past few years. Then I remember that there is a way, and I allow the things I have seen today to drift back into the dim recesses of my mind. Someday I shall write about this trip exactly as I felt it happening—the words and thoughts I put down replacing the flood of happiness that now surges through me. And I will read him a vague assortment of lines that will represent my way of expressing thanks—for the opportunity of living my dream along these lovely, lonely roads—and for finding him at the end of it.



# Hooley

## EICHMANN

Justice it is, I won't deny,  
    But there's that *ex post facto* thing,  
So if they say the man must die,  
Justice it is, I won't deny,  
But then our talk of law's a lie;  
    God's vengeance stolen, man's the king:  
Justice it is, I won't deny,  
    But there's that *ex post facto* thing.  
                                    —Bill Lybarger

## A NOSE THUMBED

When I first dabbled in this art,  
    I dared surmise  
That poetry would grant me part  
    Of history's prize.

But now they say my poetry  
    May well withhold  
Some little other fames from me, —  
    So I am told.

This would be justice, and well done  
    To my conceit,  
But I could never give such fun  
    The name defeat.  
                                    —Bill Lybarger

## OBSERVATION

I thought I had concealed it,  
Had hid the reason why.  
But then I knew that you knew,  
You said, "Good luck", when I said, "Good-bye".

—*Sharon Lucas*

## THE FORGETFUL EVENING

A glance across a noisy room—a key  
The memory of a thousand forgetful evenings  
In endless brassy, shiny rooms  
Of clear crystal filled with glee  
Man made and consumed in a hundred bawdy ways  
A forget in every drop—another dead memory  
And still another wrinkle, a tombstone raised to  
    a buried dream  
A thousand successful evenings—a thousand mornings  
With yet more crystal and light  
The mirrored sun, spotlight on a cemetery seen in glass  
Inescapable memories of a still warm grave  
Another exhumation, another pain  
Born to be buried again by another forgetful evening.

—*J. H. Ryan*



## TRUDITUR DIES DIE

to E. A. M.

Those segments of infinity, the doves  
And ravens, alternate supremacy.  
Most lives are resurrection's parody;  
Their piebald souls find fleeting deaths and loves.  
Then let the heavens have their rightful thanks  
For lives that break this dread monotony  
Of two notes making up all melody,  
Of sterile lives lined up in endless ranks.  
In being of an age's memories  
There is a greater worth than in an hour's.  
The eons scorn a lesser fame, that covers  
When momentary minds face centuries.

But lines, my love, of others veil my cries  
And I may not pretend to eternize.

By cyclic rule the winter lays its claims;  
A bitter sting of lashing frost on wind  
At seasons end—chill, bleak, undisciplined;  
But such a lovely time for children's games!  
It's Blind Man's Bluff; and not a game to play  
The while, in times deserted Heorot Hall,  
A toothless doddard swings his rusty claw  
Through ailing dreams and darkening decay.  
Absurdity negates, and that's the thing  
That makes the world, for me, so damned much fun.  
The poets pick a theme; before they're done  
They parody their own unravelling.

Why should death cause such impressive bother;  
Fools at one end, nothing at the other.

Once Arthur touched this tapestry. Through mime  
 It might respect in retrospect; and yet  
 The Frenchman touched it. So, confuse, forget,  
 Pathetic thing! Senility is time.  
 Between the man and beast stands one sole thing:  
 It is not Alpha and Omerary  
 (Charybdic, Scyllic bound theology),  
 But rather is our own imagining.  
 There, in a second, bides a single braid  
 From Caedmon to a morrow, not yet come—  
 It negates the absurd, the axiom,  
 And captures what continuum forbade.

If you, in other times and all made right,  
 Were she, our Guenevere, so might I write:

Sēo goldhroden beorht	gærsuman bið
Ond scīnð on mīn life	scyppende mē hæle.
Hiere goldfinger giefu	sē goldgyfa bið ic.

—*Peter Vennema*

## THE DESERTED PIER

When in a sad or despondent mood,  
I seek this spot for solitude.

The sea surged mournfully 'neath the pier  
Its rushing sound, music to my ear.

The gulls wheeled slowly above the bay,  
And all was peaceful both night and day.

Only here could I think my thought  
On the consequence my last deed had wrought.

The pier was sacred to me for years;  
It had heard my hopes; it had known my fears.

My place of refuge was not meant to be;  
It tumbled into a stormy sea.

My dreaming spot now out of reach,  
I sadly wander on the beach.

In thinking of life's furthest goal  
I must find peace in my inner soul.

—*De Chasin*

## THOUGHTS ON LOVE

“Many a sonnet betokens Love,”  
Said the demon in Hell to the angel above;  
Say the undying stars in Heaven high  
“Love is the genius that beckons us cry—  
Love is a goddess who never shall die—”  
“The throne of God is the Home of Love,”  
Said the demon in Hell to the angel above;  
Say the undying Flames at the Brink of the tomb,  
“Love is the silence amidst the dull gloom;  
Love is the hearts’ ease that silently bloom—”  
“Then how shall I know which is really Love?”  
Said the demon in Hell to the angel above.  
“Study the flowers and the trees;  
Hearken the wind in its saddest pleas—  
Ask me then of the meaning of Love—Question me then!”  
Said the angel above.

—*King*

## LAUGHTER

The dog she loved  
                    had chased a car.  
the driver, deaf,  
                    left behind  
                                    its mangled bloody body:  
and she laughed!

The thunder roared  
                    and lightning struck  
                                    in the night  
the aged tree fell through the roof:  
and she laughed!

Her husband lost his job  
                    and ran away  
                                    with the cheap little waitress  
                                    who offered sympathy  
he never thought of her:  
and she laughed!

She stayed with her child  
                    when the maid went home:  
she brought him toys;  
                    he shyly backed away  
                                    "Thank you, Ma'am," he said:  
and she laughed!

A telegram in the night  
                    The little boy!  
he had gone to his Maker  
                                    her son was dead!  
  she was alone!  
and she laughed!

She laughed as the curtain rose again  
She laughed as the applause grew louder  
She laughed as the curtain fell:  
she laughed  
                    until  
                            she  
                                    cried.

—Allison

## A WASTE ?

Lovers linger in moonlit corners before the last farewell;  
Taxi cab drivers sit and listen to the rhythm of their meters;  
Innocent babes slumber between white sheets;  
A sleeping, dreamless world awaits the sun.

It is now  
during the mad morning hours  
that a typewriter noisily resounds  
from a smoke-filled room  
on the third floor of a red brick rooming house.  
It is profoundly pounding—laboring Truth  
    it is speaking boldly and dangerously  
    in desperate tones  
    to weary and callous ears  
in a world  
    of sleeping tycoons  
    and dreamless old men  
        who don't care to listen  
        who don't want to know.

Yes, it is now  
(while the east prepares her horizon)  
that Life speaks  
to unhearing ears.

And why?

—*Allison*

When life is young  
    And March-grey snows  
Give way when April's  
    Green wind blows  
And chimney smoke's  
    Now's chimney-sweep  
And Spring's first flow'rs  
    Let memories leap  
And all is now  
    As it was then,  
I'll let my mind  
    Go wanderin'  
Through fields and pastures  
    Fenced for stock  
'Cross tiny bridges  
    O'er brook and rock  
To a fairy-land  
    Where words came fast  
And ardour grew . . . .

    But this will pass  
For it only is  
    A fairy-land  
And words weren't said  
    And plans not planned  
And bright winds ne'r  
    Let clouds unfurl  
And there was ne'r  
    A little girl,  
A girl I loved  
    And who loved me,  
A girl who's just  
    A fantasy . . . .

But why pretend  
    The past's not moved,  
For if all's false,  
    None lived, none loved.

## VILLANELLE: INTERLUDE

The moon's a bright new penny, still not spent,  
A gift for those whose love can reach the sky—  
Come walk with me, and dream, and be content.

I think they'd never give you their consent  
To love a bankrupt madman they've heard sigh:  
"The moon's a bright new penny, still not spent."

I know you're weary of their argument  
That those who live on love will see love die,—  
Come walk with me, and dream, and be content.

That two can't live as one without a cent,  
For their confusion, love, we'll not deny:  
The moon's a bright new penny, still not spent.

They think that love with pennies must be lent,  
They're right, if dreams and pennies have a tie;  
Come walk with me, and dream, and be content.

Their bankruptcy of heart we'll not resent,  
Someday, perhaps, they'll learn what dreams can buy:  
The moon's a bright new penny, still not spent,—  
Come walk with me, and dream, and be content.

—*Bill Lybarger*



Lines on a Rhetorical Question:  
"Can wisdom be put in a silver rod?"

—*William Blake*

I

See the crystal eye in the head of the all-knowing One,  
Lies shattered when the knowing's all dead and done,  
Hear the glass crack and rattle with a shamed delight  
Which black birds sing in the blue-bottle night.  
Now all the gods are hewn in quivering bone,  
The pods their fountain pens cut in rune green stone  
Are spewing their cracked and mottled silver rods in a blight  
Which black-birds sing in the blue-bottle night.  
What may the naming be that these things are?  
Is the fame of the silver rods to see too far?  
Is the rod a slack, or a throttle pushing shamed delight?  
Which black birds sing in the blue-bottle night?

II

It's true there's a thin and a cracked song of right  
Which black birds sing in the blue-bottle night,  
And it's so there's a bright and a moral thing  
Which soars in the clouds like a fiery ring  
To be blinding king where the bad men are bowed.  
And the mad in sorrow are a mind so loud,  
Both maniac and owl man, their time will borrow  
Great rhymes for the pleasures of the black-hooded morrow:  
Soul will be harrowed to a tomb-stone measure,  
And the best will be paid their dole from the treasure,  
And we'll slave at leisure for the One we've prayed  
To be done, to be dead to the grave we've made.

### III

Slow eyes are lost in a crystalline glaze  
Since only the old know rune-ways or the rose:  
Druid and parsee-man fade in the haze  
While a swan glides by with a silver feather:  
Good eyes in a rush of no good must transpose  
The rod to a whip and drink blood for their prize:  
Count the strokes falling, chant "rod" through your nose,  
And none will dare think there's no silver in leather;  
Eyes of those who absolve silver rods and surmise  
That black birds are milked for delight in their days  
Will never find fault in a shamed paradise  
Where good blood and sweet milk are spilled altogether.

For the student bent on brownie points: What does it say?

—*Bill Lybarger*

- a. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."
- b. "The proper study of mankind is man?"
- c. "Do not go gentle into that good night."
- d. "And he whose soul is flat—the sky  
Will cave in on him by and by."
- e. You can put Wisdom in a silver rod.
- f. Nothing
- g. "The woods are lovely, dark and deep,  
But I have promises to keep  
And miles to go before I sleep  
And miles to go before I sleep."
- h. You can't put *agua regis* in a golden bowl, either.
- i. None of these.

—*the author*

## VILLANELLE

The tragic eyes of night (withholding tear)  
Envelop misty silence o'er the town.  
Black-shrouded Death, I beg you, be sincere.

Your hidden mysteries are source of fear  
To those who cannot see, within your crown,  
The tragic eyes of night. Withholding tear

The frightened fawn becomes a stately deer  
Who pleads, with earnest eyes of velvet brown,  
"Black-shrouded Death, I beg you, be sincere!"

The ripples of the stream leap up to peer,  
Before the groaning current forces down  
The tragic eyes of night, withholding tear.

And so, though it may be but one short year,  
Though you may sense a harshness in my frown,  
Black-shrouded Death, I beg you . . . . . Be sincere?

'Impossible,' you say? I still would hear  
The final gushing breaker as I drown;  
The tragic eyes of night (withholding tear,  
Black-shrouded)! Death, I beg you, be sincere.

—*Allison*



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CARE, ACCURACY & PUNCTUALITY

Hilltop 9 - 1960

12 N. Manoa Road

(BASEMENT OF ESTELLE'S KIDDIE SHOP, HAVERTOWN)

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