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Leslie Bechtel
Ursinus College

Craig Mally
Ursinus College

Cindy Poots
Ursinus College

Laurie Duff
Ursinus College

Bob Dean
Ursinus College

See next page for additional authors

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Authors

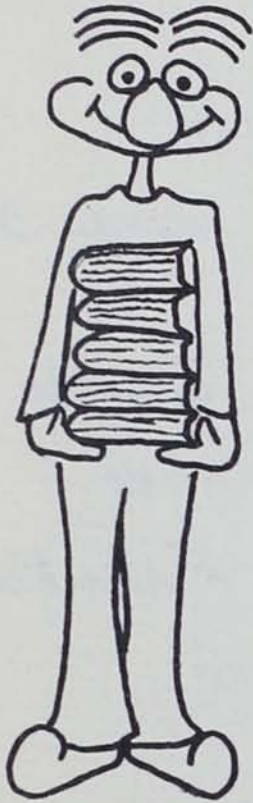
Leslie Bechtel, Craig Mally, Cindy Poots, Laurie Duff, Bob Dean, Donna L. Phillips, Tony Woodward, Jill Leuber, Craig Hoyer, Mike Hoffman, John McGonigle, Lisa Ungrady, Bruce Dalziel, Robert C. Lane, Alan Peters, and Barbara Ann Vincent

The Lantern



Cover Design: Karen Sheldon

Freshman



A Collection
of
Poetry,
Prose,
and
Photography

Composed for the
Fall Term 1976
by
the students of
Ursinus College

Sophomore



CONTRIBUTORS



Doug Bahney

Leslie Bechtel

Bruce Dalziel

Bob Dean

Dave Donia

Laurie Duff

Jeff Ettinger

E.T.S.

Mike Hoffman

Craig Hoyer

Ken Krasnor

R. C. Lane

Senior

Jill Leauber

L. S. III

Craig Mally

John McGonigle

Donna L. Phillips

Cindy Poots

Wayne Remington

Karen Sheldon

Sower

Lisa Ungrady

B.A. Vincent

Tony Woodward





Photo by Jeff Ettinger

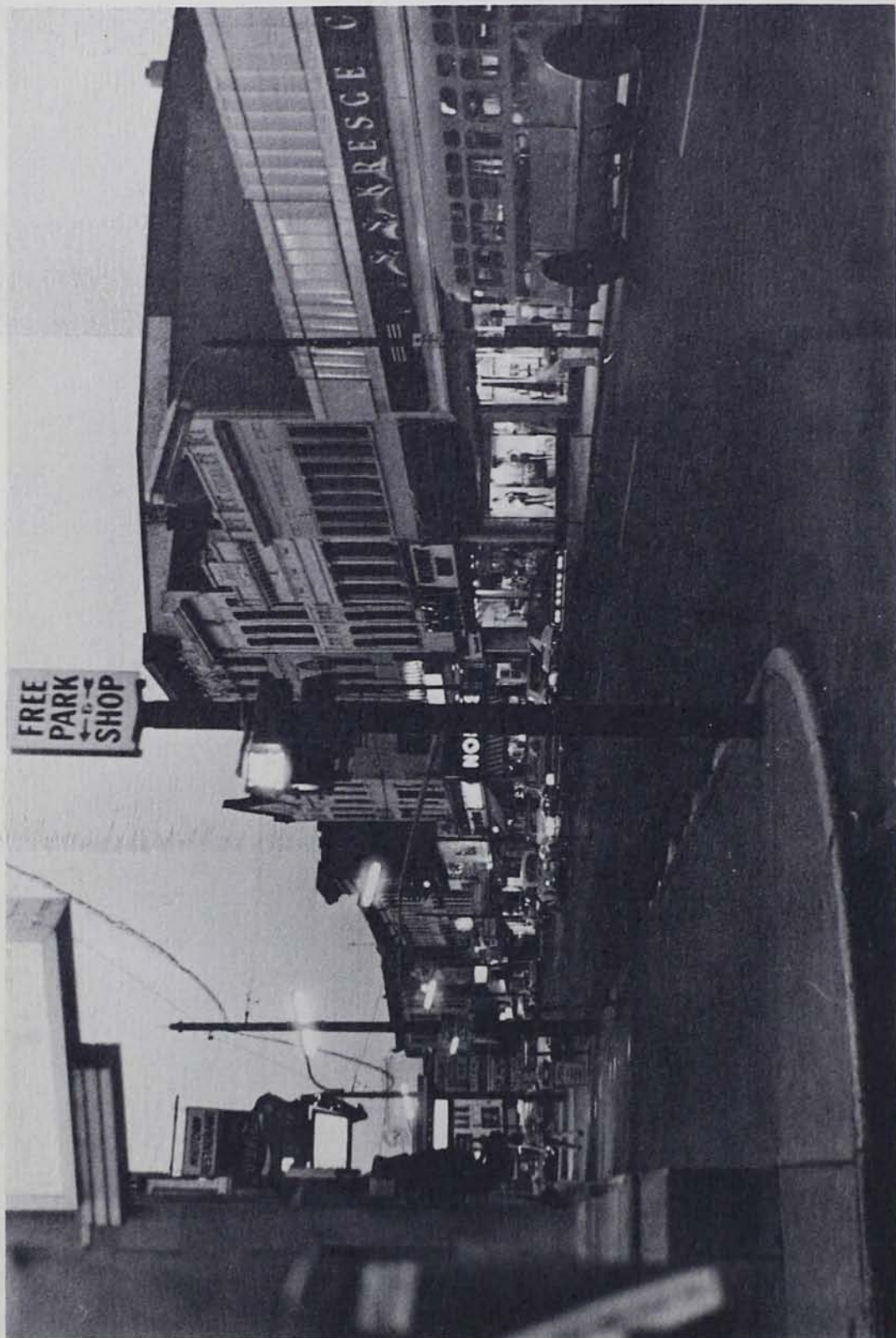


Photo by Wayne Remington

In the passing trains I search for you.

As I wander through the crowded streets,

I eagerly glance at the faces,

Trying to see some traces.

I've listened to sages and fools.

Hoping to find a trace of you,

Yet you've eluded me so far.

In alleys and throughways,

I've called your name.

The answer, though varied, is still the same.

Please, don't run from me any longer

I need to be with you

Yet you elude me still.

Can the world be so blind,

That no one knows your face?

Are they all so high in their own glory,

That the shadow hides your face?

I must find you before it's too late

Elude me no more,

Truth.

Leslie Bechtel

Frustration

I have words to write,
Whose sounds are a sight,
Whose meanings are trite,
And to no one's delight.

This poem shall be,
It is simple to see,
Of no importance to me,
Or to you probably.

So why waste my time
With ridiculous rhyme.
It is really a crime,
And quite assinine.

I guess I shall quit,
Trying my whit.
No more will I sit,
And shovel this stuff. That's it.

Craig Mally

Think Again

If you think I'm sad at losing love
You'd better think again.

If you're sure I'll miss your smile
Think again, my friend.

I don't care if you walk by
Without a word for me,

I don't need your tender touch;
I'm fine, just leave me be.

If you could only read my heart
I'm sure you'd see the truth.

So take the life you gave to me
And go enjoy your youth.

If you think that I'm not strong
Just because I've cried,

Give me just a little time,
Maybe I never tried.

If you think that I will want
To fall in love again

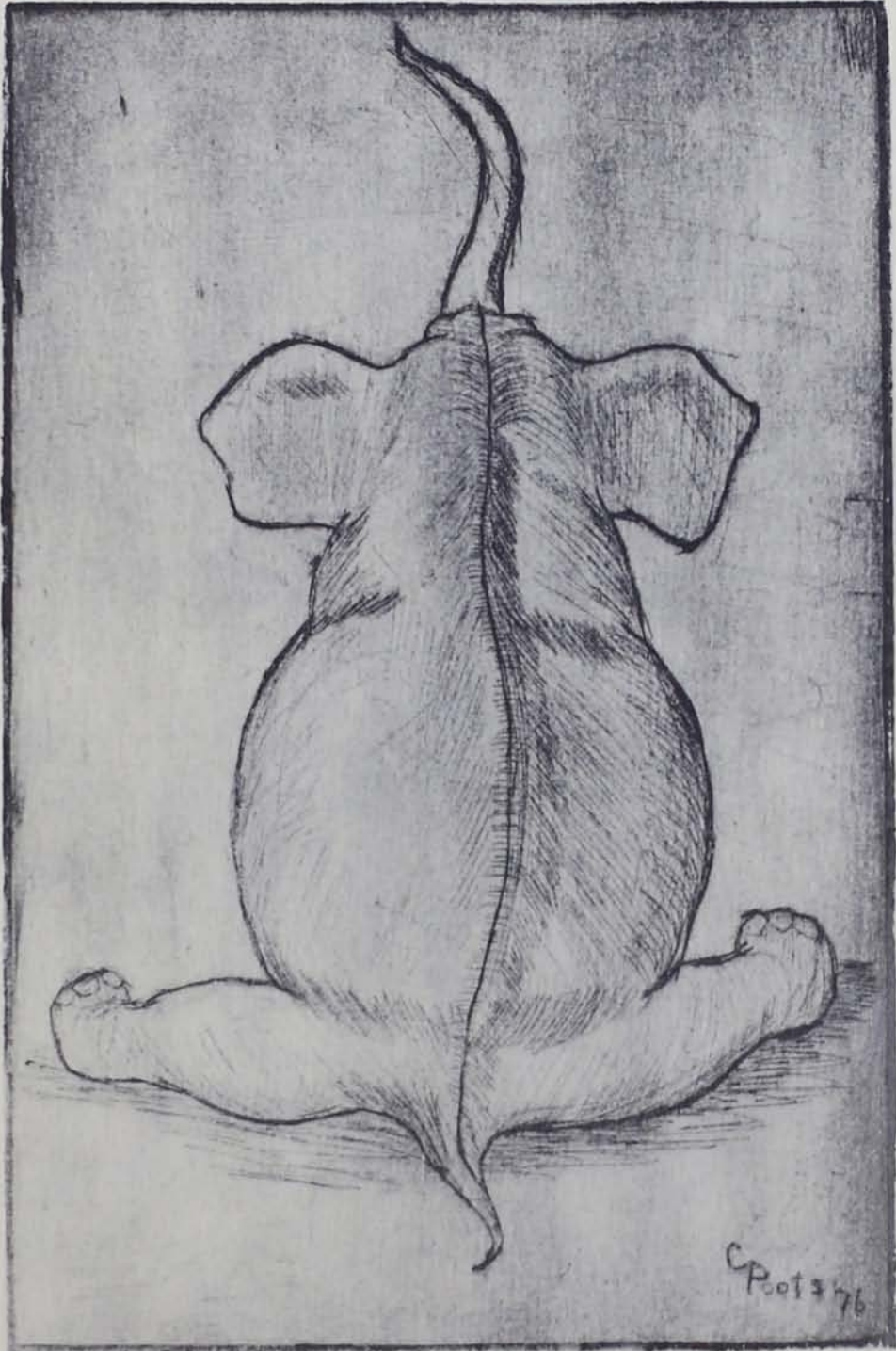
After all I feel for you--

Think again, my friend.

My Sweet

Silken strands of auburn hair.
A fleeting glimpse of trusting eyes.
Softly glowing cheeks.
The lure of tender lips.
A pantingly tenuous throat.
The rising of rapid breasts,
Of a gently trembling tummy,
Of a kiss-slaked, sleepy hollow.
Secret delights of your femininity...

--Sower



Etching by Cindy Poots



Photo by Jeff Ettinger

Secret Society of One

Dreams of crowds of worship and hallucinations
of adoration

Is saving grace for those who do not share
the give and take.

Activeness is a goal never to be reached,
only to be envisioned

For those whose sole friend is the darkness
of their solitude.

Their secluded corner is their only escape from
the society which they abandoned.

The fear of loneliness was never their goal
but their only success.

Alan Peters

November Ghosts

I could not see them at first but
Followed their progress by ear.
Silently, the clouds ripped apart.
Moonlight flooded down and I saw
The ghostly wedge flying home.

Laurie Duff

A Lonely Girl's Prayer

How is he doing without me, Lord?
Does he think about me at all?
Does he remember the times I've stayed at his side
And was there to answer his call?
Does he think of all the dreams we shared
And the hopes we had for our life?
Does he think of how he told me he cared
The very first time that night?
Does he know how very hard I try
To understand his mind?
Lord, does he know how long I'll wait,
Even to the end of time?
Lord--does he know how much I care,
That I love him with all of my heart?
Oh Lord, watch over the man of my dreams
For all of the time we're apart.

Cindy Poots

Visions of You

In the sky, and all around me

I have visions of you.

When I'm down, and I feel lonely

I have visions of you.

When I need someone to talk to,

And I'm asking myself, who.

When my world is crumbling slowly

And there's nothing left to do.

Now you're gone

And I have visions of you.

LSIII

A friend is like the ocean,

Always there.

Arms like cool refreshing currents,

Always near.

Remembered when miles away,

Always dear.

E.T.S.

The sun burst bright
on sightless eye,
as the walls of the mother
were torn from inside.

Look for the murderer,
fled from the scene,
bled in the night,
cried out in bed,
to the snakes of the thighs
where he'd burrowed to hide.

A blank sheet of paper
the worm had first seen;
Knowing, not caring.
Showing, and daring,
to fill the past void.

And the visions were glazed
of the two on the floor,
of the mother and son...
who were done.



Photo by Wayne Remington



Sketch by Karen Sheldon

Society

At times I hate you,
though I still have respect for you.
You brought me up; in a certain sense.
And my parents and theirs.
I feel trapped inside of you,
though you do hold some comfort.
You make some of my decisions,
though it's not what I really want.
You are the leader and controller of
Many helpless people.
But, I really can't complain
Because mankind created you.
And I am part of mankind
Which makes me part of you.

Donna L. Phillips

Silence

Jeans on the line
dance all the steps
to the breezy band.
Leaves echo the
drummer's beat and
the sun strobes
between heavy clouds.

I, a multitude of one,
watch this concert
and applaud.

Laurie Duff

What once had been embittered stone
came soft to life when love shone.
Joy blossomed, perfect and whole
in the barren soil of my soul,
Nourished by showers of tender affection,
Strengthened thoughts of that blessed election
In which he chose to cherish me
and set my entombed spirit free.

B.A. Vincent

Don't Turn Around

While gazing out the Porthole,
Life's evidence is clear.
for at this very moment,
The colors of life are here.

But turn away and not look back,
Life continually goes by.
for when you finally look again,
It will be time to die.

Put it off,
Time will always be there.
But when the time is right,
You may not be aware.

For while the greenless of leaves is here,
The freedom of life is that to choose.
But just as the colors of the world dissolve,
Your life is yours to lose.

Though explanations are not to give,
An understanding of these is a must.
For given the time to turn around,
Life will be but dust.

Tony Woodward

Waves

The ocean is a lover
who lies upon the beach
then gently quits
the breathless sands.

Laurie Duff

Loneliness

Slowly,

Yet anxiously

The stranger,

searching

Comes once more.

Groping

with extended limbs

To clench me

in its strong embrace

It feels...

I am found.

It clings...

I am victimized

by the clothed clutch

the glove-like grasp

That smothers-

does not strangle...

No outer imprint, then, is left

so as to safely smuggle

All that feeds my life

Then like a satiated leech
who's drawn its fill,
the force of suction is unloos'd.
But I am drained.
No resuscitation to be found.
Within the suffering
of solitude.

Jill Leauber

"Time Writer"

The writer sits in his room and stares into space
With nothing to write on his mind.
A blank piece of paper with hardly a trace
Of anything to write.
The writer thinks and ponders, but hasn't any idea
Of what to write about.
The time is passing and winning the race,
The writer wants only to shout.

Craig Hoyer

RUN, RUN WE ALL MUST RUN
SUN, SUN 3 UNWEDS DONE
MAKE ME FEEL ASHAMED
TELL ME ALL THE SAME
AND IF ITS NOT QUITE RIGHT
WE'LL LEAVE WITHOUT A PLIGHT
OR WAS IT THE PILOT
THAT LEFT ME A VIOLET
AND AS HER I SEE PICTURES,
MY MADNESS IS CLEAR,
FOR THERES NO LONGER LOGIC,
THEREFORE NO FEAR
SO SING UNTIL YOU CAN'T
OUR LOVE IS LIKE A GRANT
FROM UNCLE SAM
AN EIGHT POUND HAM
LEAVE ME
DECEIVE ME
BELIEVE ME
OR HEAVE ME.

Mike Hoffman



THE GHOST OF
EXAMS YET
TO COME



(SIGH)
Another
-F-



Brood

A life awakened, the birthcase cracks.
Hazards of the young pass as their down changes.
Their sky seems free and its use comes naturally,
But eyes are watching, for a toll is demanded.
With sport on the shoulder, a hand reaches for payment-
The debt is paid that walls may be covered.
Accuracy increases but the eyes are still blind,
For the fowl decrease as the tolls incline.

Some men are fools, their skill in death exhibited;
Their collection satisfies need, but not one of food.
Their pride is in tall stories, which warm our air.
Nature diminishes as sport flourishes:
The sky must be free for feathers to reap,
So the hunt must halt, or the yolk will forever sleep.

John McGonigle

It's Not Funny

It's not funny

When you're a funny person.

It's no laugh

When you laugh all the time.

When you try to be serious,

No one wants you.

And so, you play the joker

In a masterpiece of mime.

Lisa Ungrady

Benedict Arnold is Alive and

Well and Living in the U.S.

Some people think Ben died;

Surprise!

Some people trust other people;

Surprise!

Some people think they have friends;

Surprise!

E.T.S.

Four Haiku, Entwined

I wait here alone.
Searching blindly in the night
For a glimpse of You.

Find me if You can,
For I greatly fear the Dark.
Help! I cry once more.

Shine upon me, Love,
For You give me Life anew.
Chase dread Dark away.

Pull forth the Real Me
From sown deep within my Soul.
Bring me Home, bright Sun...

Anonymous

"We'll Have to Stop Meeting Like This"

I saw you again, this morning.

You were walking toward me, under the trees.

And we walked together for a while,

And were happy, just us two.

Too bad it was only a memory.

Later on, I saw you again.

You were smiling at me very warmly.

And your eyes were smiling, too.

We were together. Alone, again.

Too bad it was only a photograph.

And tonight, it was the same.

You came to me, in my room,

Like I always wanted it.

We were in love, peaceful, secure.

Too bad it was only a dream.

We'll have to stop meeting like this.

Lisa Ungrady

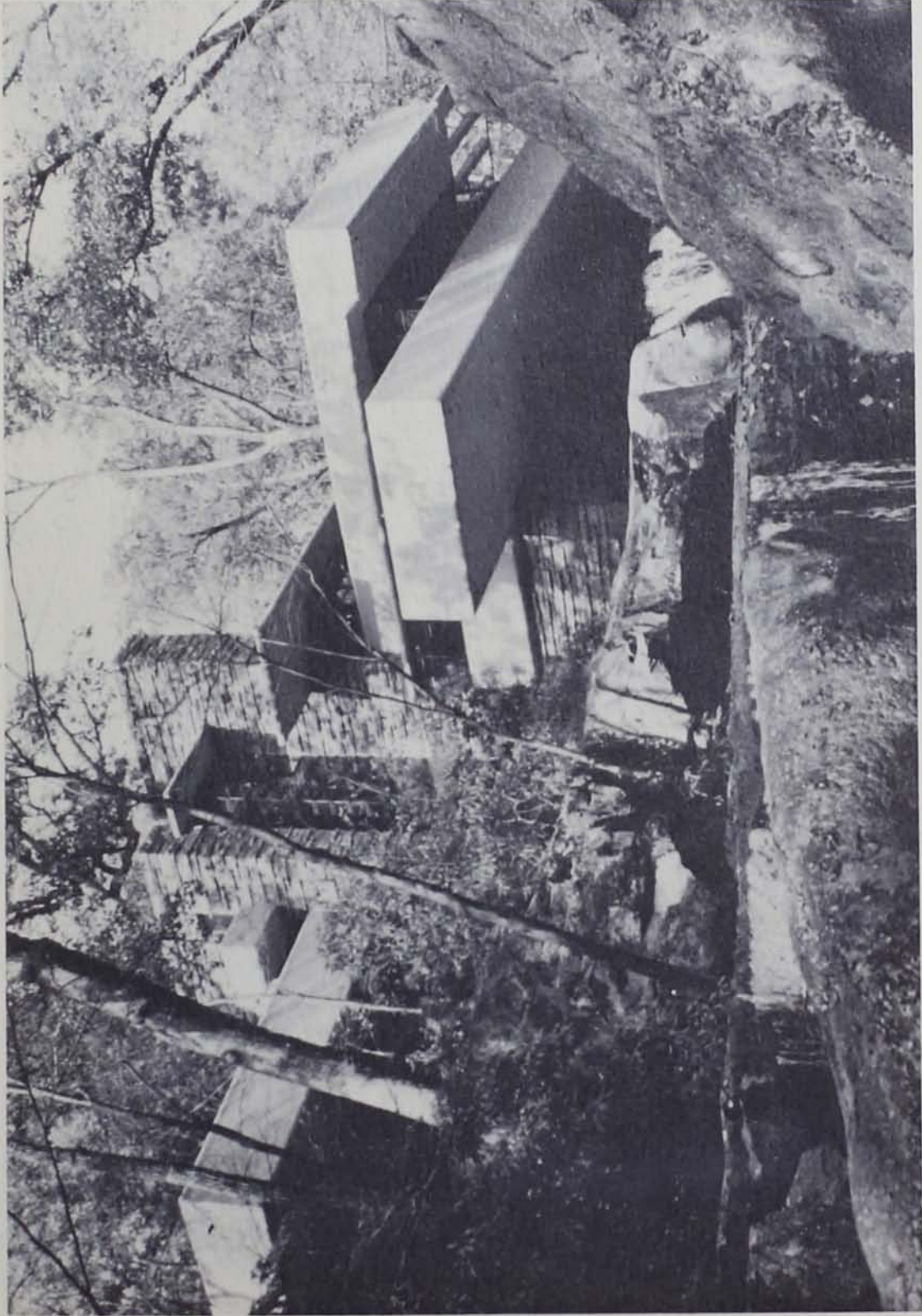
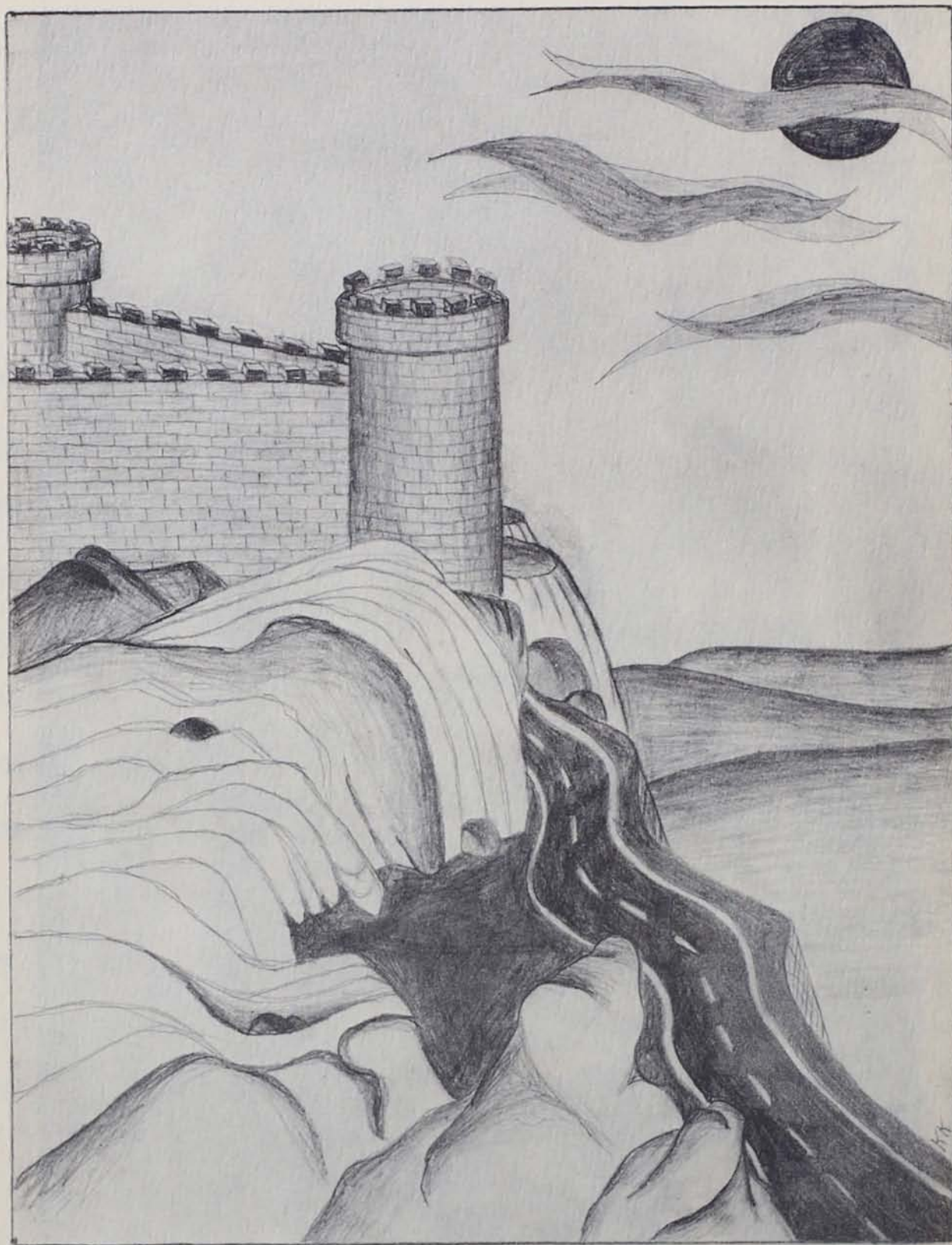


Photo by Doug Bahney



Drawing by Ken Krasner

Castles In The Sand

The dream came first,
then plans were made.
The sight was picked,
the foundation laid.
All construction was made
with a steady hand;
to securely build Castles in the Sand.

The wisest of men
sat and thought;
to write the words
to be followed and taught.
We use all our wisdom
and do the best we can.
The result is only,
Castles in the Sand.

You can walk for miles
and look all around.
The answer you seek
cannot be found.
Search every building

in every land.

The answer lies locked in
Castles in the Sand.

All the empires
which man has built,
like a dry flower
they all shall wilt.
The Romans and Greeks
thought they had the plan
but all they built were
Castles in the Sand.

Rust eats iron
but strangely I find
the greatest corrodent
is simply time.
Something of stone
for a long time will stand,
but the seas wash away
Castles in the Sand.

The Sea

Vincent and I loved the sea. We lived together in a small cottage on the beach on Cape Cod. It was a rocky beach. I photographed the textures of brown and grey rocks and the sunlight at dawn and dusk and pelicans and the New England children who played there. Vincent painted the crash of waves and the shouts of hungry gulls and the wind whistling in hollow driftwood. He was of the Jackson Pollack school and he was good and he believed that one day he would be great--perhaps another Van Gogh, he often mused. We got along well. We were both strong advocates of the Living Art movement sweeping the cape.

He won recognition as "the finest abstract expressionist on the cape," and was awarded a grant of a trip to Europe to study at the Prado, Rijks, and Louvre museums. He was gone for a month.

I met him at the airport and we spent the evening over a bottle of our usual cheap French wine.

"I'm amazed and bewildered," he said. There was a certain wondrous glimmer in his eyes. "For years I've tried to capture raw expression through an abstract form, and now I find it was done hundreds of years ago through realism. The art I saw had something mine doesn't-- a certain indefinable excitement-- and if I can capture it just once, I will be content."

He was in his studio early the next morning. For the next five weeks he emerged only for meals and sleep. I went on with my work, and he with his, and there were few words between us.

Then one day I came home to discover him in the corner of the cold room, hands buried deep in the pockets of his pea-coat. The remains of his broken palette and brushes were scattered around his wooden stool. He stared into the opposite corner deep in thought and a deathly silence filled the room. I left him alone and went to the kitchen. He emerged about an hour later and grabbed the phone book and a handful of dimes from the jar by the sink and left without a word.

He returned around ten p.m. with a bottle of fine wine and a loaf of bread. He poured the wine into two coffee

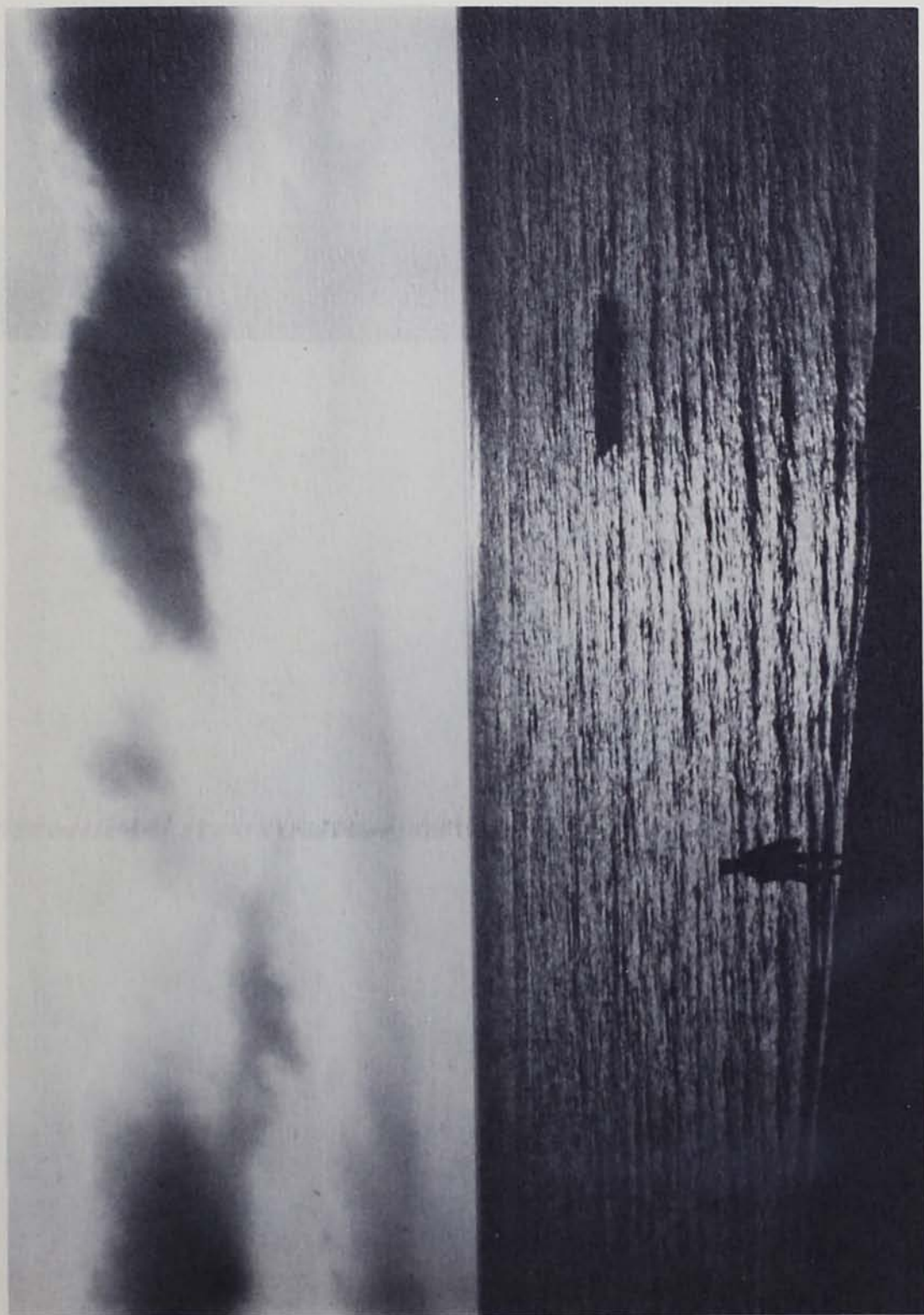




Photo by Dave Donia

mugs and tore the bread, giving half to me. He was solemn, but wore that same strange glow in his eyes he had worn when he returned from Europe.

The glow from the coals in the stove in the corner was a warm red that night. I sat quietly while Vincent formed his words.

He spoke. "It is to be a joint project, but I must have total control." I nodded in acknowledgement. "You are to photograph everything you see and are not to stop photographing until you are absolutely certain the experiment is over. It is to be the most significant work either of us has ever done. We will begin tomorrow at 5:30 p.m. Until then, you are to leave, go into town, and fill all your cameras with film, as you will not have time to change film during the experiment.

I spent the night on a cold damp park bench, and did not sleep well.

I returned to the cottage at 5:30 the next day. I discovered twelve of his best works set on new easels randomly displayed on the beach. Vincent was not around. Remembering his instructions, I began photographing.


From over the dunes, a large bulldozer plowed onto the beach. Vincent was behind the wheel. I kept the shutter clicking. He determinedly drove the bulldozer into his easels, crushing the paintings into the sand and piling the remnants at the water's edge. I did not stop him. He then drove the vehicle straight into the pile, pushing sand and canvas and wood and paint into the pounding surf. He kept going, and just before it went under, I saw his epitaph in spray paint lettering on the back of the bulldozer-- "Ars longa, vita brevis." He let go of the wheel and swam towards deeper water. I kept photographing until it was too dark to get an exposure.

It clearly was the most significant work we ever did, but I of course will not have it published for a good many years.

I'm on the beach often now, photographing the textures of brown and grey rocks and the sunlight at dusk and dawn and the crash of waves and shouts of hungry gulls and the wind whistling in hollow driftwood. I love the sea.

Bruce Dalziel

S T A F F



Editor:
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