



Spring 1970

## The Lantern Vol. 36, No. 2, Spring 1970

Carol Wasserman  
*Ursinus College*

Sandy Case  
*Ursinus College*

Marc Hauser  
*Ursinus College*

Rob Hanlon  
*Ursinus College*

Gail Tierney  
*Ursinus College*

*See next page for additional authors*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern>

 Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Illustration Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

**[Click here to let us know how access to this document benefits you.](#)**

---

### Recommended Citation

Wasserman, Carol; Case, Sandy; Hauser, Marc; Hanlon, Rob; Tierney, Gail; Meade, Tina; Kurian, Joanne; Lancey, Janie; Dixon, Richard; Young, Denise; Kline, Donald; Wollentin, Lynn; Siegel, Jane; Hildebeitel, Cheryl; and Severance, Arthur G., "The Lantern Vol. 36, No. 2, Spring 1970" (1970). *The Lantern Literary Magazines*. 95.  
<https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern/95>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Ursinusiana Collection at Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Lantern Literary Magazines by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. For more information, please contact [aprock@ursinus.edu](mailto:aprock@ursinus.edu).

---

**Authors**

Carol Wasserman, Sandy Case, Marc Hauser, Rob Hanlon, Gail Tierney, Tina Meade, Joanne Kurian, Janie Lancey, Richard Dixon, Denise Young, Donald Kline, Lynn Wollentin, Jane Siegel, Cheryl Hildebeitel, and Arthur G. Severance

The Lantern

Spring 1970.

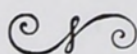
THE  
LANTERN

# THE LANTERN

SPRING 1970

Poems V, VI, VII	O. B. Gyne	1
Drawing	Carol Wasserman	2
<i>On a Plane from Here to There</i>	Sandy Case	3, 4
<i>The Earth</i>	Marc Hauser	5
<i>A Cry</i>	Rob Hanlon	5
Poem	estrella	6
Poem	buckwalter	6
Poem	Gail Tierney	7
starry-eyed	Tina Meade	8
Poem	Kind Woman	8
Three Poems	Joanne Kurian	9
To .....	Janie Lancey	10
Drawing	Richard Dixon	11
Mood	Denise Young	12
Poem	estrella	12
Frost	A Phys. Ed.'er	13, 14
<i>Island of Life</i>	Art Severance	15
Drawing	Donald Kline	16
A Non-Poem:	"Lenny"	17
cooky . . .	Cheri	18
Poem	Kind Woman	19
solar	Tina Meade	19

<i>Come Back</i>	O. B. Gyne	20
<i>The Hand</i>	L. T.	21
<i>Now</i>	Janie Lancey	22
<i>free</i>	Lynn Wollentin	23
<i>Vision of the "Action Scene"</i>	Jane Siegel	24-27
<i>Potpourri</i>	Cheryl Hildebeitel	28
<i>Confusions of a Stranger</i>	Art Severance	29
<i>Drawing</i>	Marc Hauser	30
<i>In The Darkness</i>	L. T.	31



## THE LANTERN

### *Editors*

Karen Crist

Wendie Eggleston

### *Staff*

Maria Arrington

Cris Crane

Al Faacet

Yolanda Roth

Richard Scheer

Carol Wasserman

## V

The green willow  
    Caresses the water's cool face  
With a slow - spring - kiss.

## VI

The cricket chirps amid snowflakes —  
    Not really caring  
That spring's not here.

## VII

Moist wind —  
    Steeped in flower petals  
And robin calls —  
    Green  
        Blue  
—Spring again.





## On a Plane From Here to There

The announcement came over the loud speaker that the airport would be temporarily closed. None of us waiting for the plane knew how long. But in our common misery we began to draw back the curtains from the windows of our lives; not too far but just enough to absorb a bit of the warm light shining from a friendly smile.

He was on his way home, after a year in Germany. A few days before he had turned nineteen and almost simultaneously become a Sgt. in the Army. He was so young to be so mature. On his way home to St. Louis, Sgt. Daryl Davis was already running his watch on Missouri time. He commented that he might have made it home by midnight, which was two hours away his time. He would have thirty days before he would once again find himself on a plane; but then it would be the inevitable Vietnam. Yet, he was not as cynical as I would have expected. There was something captivating about his sarcastic witticisms followed by a gleaming smile in his grey-green eyes which questioned whether or not I could understand him.

Although we must have spent almost an hour standing there, at Gate #27, I could sense a mutual feeling of enjoyment in our delay. As we boarded the plane, we were almost oblivious to the other passengers with the exception of a dignified angry man who told me I was in his seat in the almost empty cabin. We politely moved up about ten empty seats to the front where we asked the stewardess if it mattered

where we sat. She smiled and said no, which added to our amusement. As we flew west through the misty night, Daryl never ceased to impress me with his intelligence. He had read the *Bible* in its entirety twice. We openly shared some of our doubts, entangled with hidden beliefs. He admitted that he often had deep thoughts which he sometimes wrote down.

As we rose in a plane of our own, I could not help wondering what would become of his dynamic potential. The plane landed after what seemed like only a few minutes, although it must have been at least another hour. I was late getting off the plane because I went back to my former seat to check for my lost scarf. He was waiting at the bottom of the steps for me. As we walked slowly against the biting wind into the airport, I felt that we had somehow given each other a small part of our most precious possessions—a small part of our lives.

We exchanged one last smile. He turned to catch another plane. I ran into two open arms which had never carried a gun.

SANDY CASE

## The Earth

Dear one, you are so old  
what have you seen through those tired  
gray eyes?

Your sons have died,

Your daughters wed

Your life has grown stale.

No green thoughts trod upon your  
wrinkled skin.

Your streams are iced over forever.

But what you could have done if only  
you'd had more time!

The sun is beginning to descend.

MARC HAUSER

## A Cry

Man contrives contraptions

To audibly magnify the scintillations

And the enunciations

Of moribund nature

While nature cries

And dies

To be truly heard.

ROB HANLON

Salt-water seagulls are shrieking my mind into sun,  
 lighting my ears with a summer's cry that has begun  
 in January. My castles are snow—not of sand.

Full moon reflected from ice-coated evergreen pulls  
 mind to the beating of tide at my summer year's door,  
 Begging for time and to give me a sea change return.

May there be life again, if just a three month time span.  
 Time may go, but my mind never sees winter's domain.  
 Summer will rise from the ashes of August again.

*estrella*

I long to be a silent light  
     that views the world  
     or shines on some deserted street

I want to hang suspended,  
     to know my station  
     and have my world, like my inert body,  
     tremble only little from the distant floating sounds  
 I envy the stars.

If stars could only laugh . . .

*buckwalter*

Asseyant dans son grand fauteuil de velours bleu,  
Une solitaire, une fille timide, reve a sa vie.  
En attendant, l'encens fait flotter vers les cieux  
Pendant que les spirales de la fumee sourient.  
La jeune fille comprend ces cheres spirales souriantes —  
Le jasmin parfume disparaît tristement.

GAIL TIERNEY

## starry-eyed

You have to climb about three clouds up  
 And then slide down the nearest rainbow  
 And when your feet touch  
 You'd swear you were walking on air  
 You're so high

And you shake hands with this fellow who comes over  
 And says he's been watching you  
 He's friendly  
 And his smile says he means it

So you start to talk about the places you've hitch-hiked  
 and the air pollution problem  
 And you're gazing into his eyes  
 Like turned inside out black umbrellas  
 And you know you're going to stay here  
 And you know you're going to like it

He's friendly  
 And his smile says he means it.

inspiration: life  
 composition: *TINA MEADE*

Subterranean Feelings  
 Bubble to the Surface  
 Erupting Amid A  
 Flaming Sun

*KIND WOMAN*

## Day

Stillness, then a bird  
Begins his song, a sunrise  
A new day begins.

## Ticking Clocks

Whirlpools of the past  
Images, people, places  
Life's quick progression.

## Nadir

Much hardship, weeping  
Starvation, sadness, hatred  
Homes in ruins . . .  
War.

JOANNE KURIAN

## To -----

i hear her breathing  
 slow, deep, draughts of life,  
 but, only this.  
 strange, how silence  
 wrings memories from a clammy mind.  
 how many years now . . .  
 ten? or, no, more.

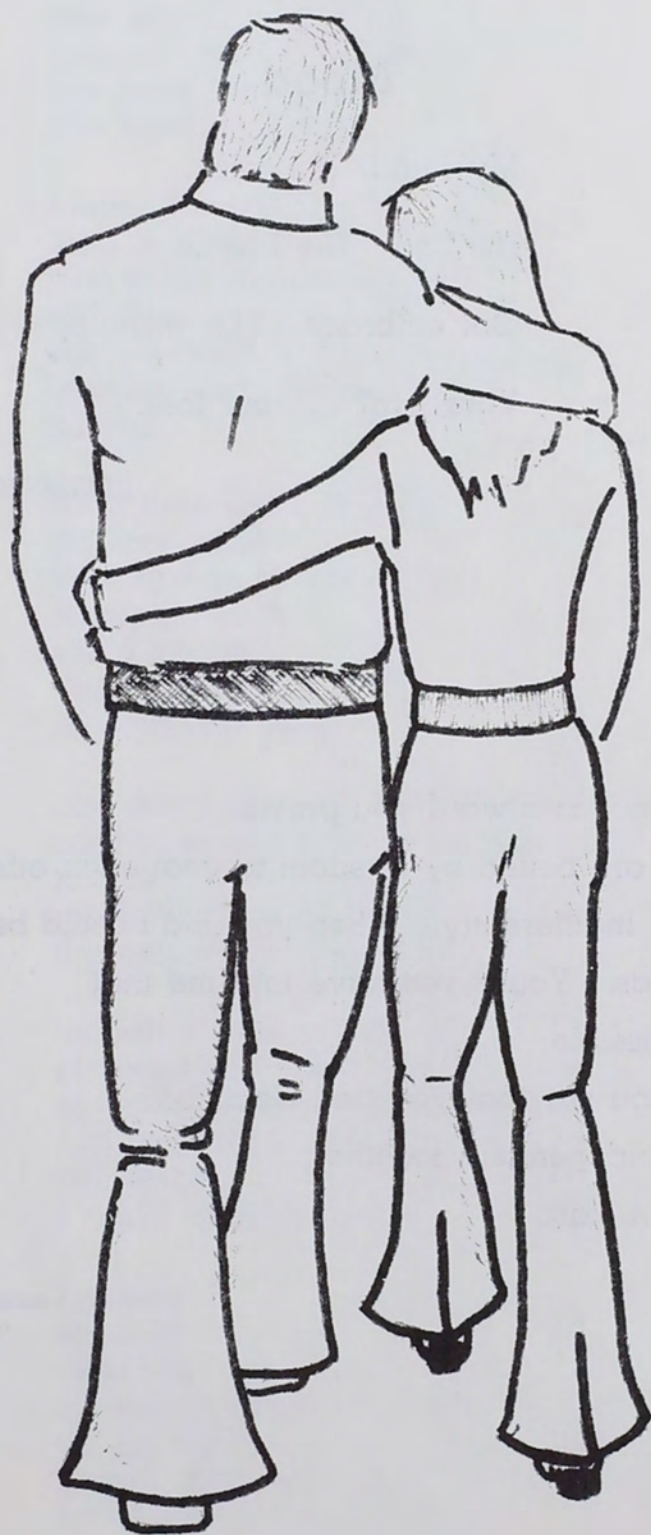
jigoondous fat footed mutt.  
 stealthy collaborator  
 on under the table dinner deals.  
 only you know that other me,  
 who shinnies up trees  
 and scampers along the creek.

a pulsating sense of youth lost,  
 vaulting, leaping, bounding forth.  
 there, oh yes, there,  
 in those bushes.  
 catch it!  
 quick girl, run, run!

softly, "good girl, good dog . . ."  
 you remember.  
 i know.  
 maybe they all know  
 about children and dogs  
 chasing shadows,  
 and other things.  
 peut-etre on sais la.

JANIE LANCEY





## Mood

My mind. The trees.

His lips. The breeze.

Our embrace. The warmth.

Your win? . . . my loss.

*DENISE YOUNG*

Independence is a word you prove.

You and I are bound by freedom to treat each other

Casually. Indifferently. When you and I could be much more

Than friends. Your eyes have told me that

We are possible.

But until you see that you and I can be

Free and independent together,

We will not exist.

*estella*

## Frost

Once upon a measured day  
a bird i spied in flight  
and somehow  
from a land bound chest  
my heart  
she upward swept

i longed to soar  
leap my bonds  
and in her freedom dip  
to follow her  
on fathomed flight  
and see such things  
as she

for a time she'd glide  
on lazy wing  
then like an arrow sprung  
snapping forth  
she'd swoop  
dive  
in acrobatic form

one day i climbed the mountain  
so that closer i might be  
to she,  
my lofty champion  
the empress of the skies

though it took hours  
of sweat and toil  
to reach the pinnacle of her nest  
i knew it was worth  
my effort  
i could not stop to rest

i pulled  
strained  
crawled  
till inches stretched to miles  
till my eyes  
turned ever skyward  
could see my distant goal

at last i reached the summit  
saw her perched upon the brink  
of her squawking summer's brood  
in their woven branchy nest

though her head  
in my direction cocked  
i'm sure she saw me not  
shifting from foot to foot  
as if waiting to be off

it was then that from  
the ground below  
i heard the yelp of hounds  
while she as if in proud response  
took flight upon the wing

BOOM  
it shattered the air  
rang through the trees  
rebounded off the ledge

then  
silence  
as she dropped  
to a dusty grave beneath

being the sheltered child i was  
i stung my eyes with tears  
covered my face in chubby hands  
and crumbled to my knees

i cried for the loss of an ideal  
i wept for a tear in a dream  
for a heart which would  
never soar again  
for the heart  
of a fallen queen

by a PHYS. ED.'ER

## Island of Life

Strange

How some people are lost

Like ships

wrecked

in the hurricane called life.

Thrown upon some distant shore

Away from any life.

Some

Are found

In time;

Some

Are not ever found.

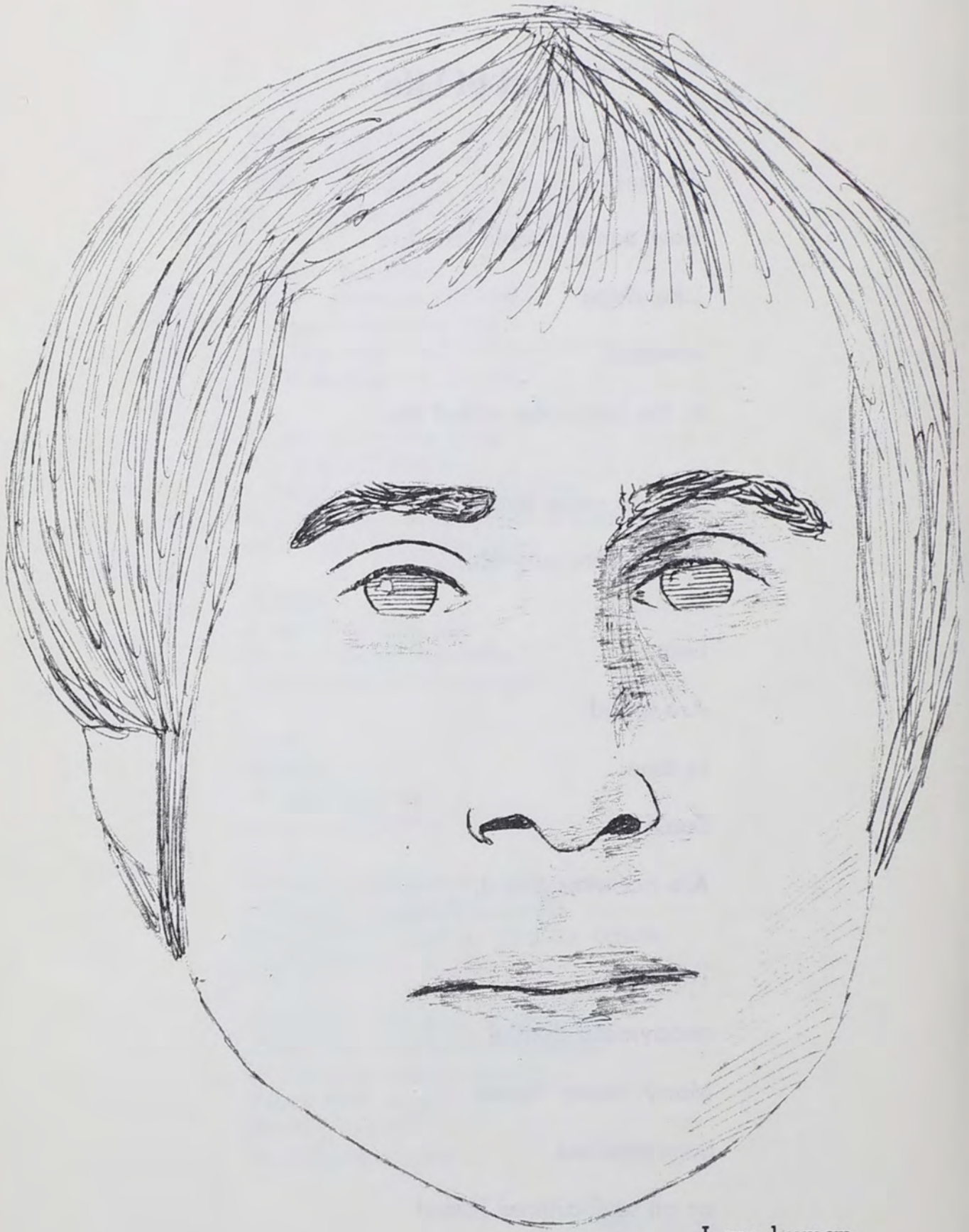
They die

anonymous deaths

Many, many times

hopewrecked

on an unchartered Island



I am human  
I am history  
I am made  
I am to be saved.

## A Non-Poem:

He was a strange and gentle man  
who lived in a fantasy  
of cokes and candy bars  
and all-night movies  
never separating fact from myth  
seeing only what is  
but believing only in what could be  
The light of his vision  
penetrated the world of blindness  
to show to each  
his own painful truth  
exchanging for man's hate  
the gift of laughter . . .  
and love . . .  
and himself.  
And he won . . . almost.  
But reality intruded  
upon his illusion  
destroying his dreams  
and him  
Suicide.

How sad that he who gave so much to others  
Could find so little for himself.

"LENNY"

**cooky - stillborn like mother used to make**

sometimes i wish i were the dough

(complacent flour paste)

that dispassionately lies on the baker's board

(ready to receive the tin cooky cutter)

living would be easier that way

but this dough cries out

it hates the assured ease of the tin edge

the prostrate condition of the dough around it

and most of all

the dull consequences of baker's shelves

cookies packaged

and eaten all in a gulp

*CHERI*



Sunlight like a spear  
 Cuts through the  
 Window  
 Chilly ghost light  
 Drifts with the currents  
 Of night  
 Chapel of giant-size  
 Candy bars  
 An audience of assembly  
 Line seats uncolored by  
 People  
 Uniformity  
 Unhumanity

KIND WOMAN

## solar

hey sun  
 i'm thinking you're a giant spotlight  
 and the people you beam on  
     outside  
 are the most beautiful of all.

they are the stars of the show  
     your show, isn't it  
 and they are crazy to be in your light  
     they know where it's at.

TINA MEADE

## Come Back

The pine—standing like Jove amid the forest's  
winter nudity;

Waiting—

Waiting until his brethren—the oak, the ash,  
the maple;

Waiting—

Waiting until spring thaws their winter hardened  
hearts with sap-thinning warmth.

So stand I—waiting—

Waiting here amid the scant nudity of my loveless  
soul.

Waiting until you return and once again warm my  
blood and my frostbitten heart with your gentle smile.

O come back—come back now—

For I have waited so very long.

Come back like spring—at its appointed time—

And warm my hardened heart.

## The Hand

Rolling over and over  
As my thoughts lie panting in the palm of your hand,  
Etherized and travelling upward  
As a velvet sigh shivers from my lips.  
Feeling it all over,  
Seeing it through shades of blue and stabbing red . . .  
Drawn and quartered.  
Far in the distance  
Apart from the crowd the sound of a voice  
Came whistling through the trees of the night  
Until it fell and settled on my helpless form and void.  
Touch, drop, see, feel . . . This is the waking from a haunted dream,  
A fitfull sleep of sullen sorrow in a disenchanted wood.  
Great tremorous untimely birth, beginning of mortality . . . or immortality.  
Naked and afraid, afraid to be naked.  
Must this life be covered with a veil, a cold clasping cloth  
To chase away the sun?  
To you I must remain exposed.  
In the face of all that you might bring, great love . . . irreconcilable  
sorrow,  
I stand before you.

L. T.

## Now

run with me!  
 butt your face  
 into biting breezes,  
 scream,  
 gallop,  
 let mane,  
 let forlock  
 fly.

run with me,  
 free from thought,  
 unharnessed  
 by laden traces  
 of truth  
 and reality

run free.  
 leap on wings  
 of emotion.  
 run now—  
 before  
 time  
 and others  
 destroy  
 recollections  
 of  
 yesterday's  
 sensations.  
 run with me!

JANIE LANCEY

## free

i'll be free someday          free like you my brother

i'll be free like you someday          free to go my own way

i'll have your home someday          not the home you gave me

i'll live like you someday          not the way you let me

our country may be free for you          but brother not for me

our country may be your country now          but someday it will truly

be ours

it can't be free if you won't let it be

we work together and fight together

and one day my brother we'll even live together

free together in our world          free because *together* we made it so

free forever for yours and mine

let's make it free for all of mankind!

## Vision of the "Action Scene"

Yes, this is the den of my existence, but tonight I enter as a stranger. The door doesn't really stare at me, but it is blank and does not know me. The hollow panel receives my knock of questioning impartially. I'm allowed to enter, though not really invited, and must cut through the leaden atmosphere to reach the lamp. I'm no one distinguishable and they are not people as they squeeze back, back beneath the tuggy air. It's gray and black and sweet within my lungs. It barely suffers to be moved as I pass through rippled curtains of it. There is no real light. I am not surprised. I knew it would be like this. There is no real light; only the priestly glow of the lamp.

Yes, this is my home, but tonight my eyes are filled with semi-familiar formlessness. Liquid shapes stretch agonizingly away from the heat. They expand, break off and rise above the hardening mass only to harden themselves and fall again. A tiny one floats helplessly, too light to fall and too heavy to rise any further. The lamp is the lowly iridescent focus of their lives in this time where there is no time. Back, away from the eerie ooze and flow of the lava, dusted with moistened darkness, shapes exist. Once there were chairs, a bed, books, and some people—my friends. Now, in the spiraling bleakness, shapes exist. Heavy, reverberating, breathing music rolls from the two open mouths. Stereophonic preachers drone on into the smoke. Do their ears really hear it? They seem to touch what it is saying and squirm beneath the floating rhetoric. The only other light, barely the shadow of a glimmer, comes from the numbered panel. Even this grows fainter as freshly poured smoke descends. Are they still here—somewhere in my shadow?

A match! The tiny torch of discovery. And a soft thickening voice of new innocence wavers behind the dying light. Sweet smog moves a moment and replaces itself with newly powdered clouds. A suffering red ember in the bowl of the tiny metal cup tells me she lives. It breathes with her and the lowly voice continues. Nothing of any superficial sense is said or asked for, but beggars do not always speak. Drifting up in unsteady steps, the sound is a hollow prism searching out assurance, friendship and a new beauty. Another milky shadow descends and I wonder, as I soothe the translucent speaker, if the beauty is really there. I wonder how shallow the depths of their oblivion are. Ignition, and another fuse breaks through the tar in bolts of razor light. Huddled, another one, my friend, sways to the great pacifier.

Blackness opened for a moment, and snapped shut. But I saw her—just barely. It must not consume her before my burning, drowned eyes can find her. Hardly a shadow distinct from the wall, the sticky whiteness of her face floats in the distance. Shadows, blue-green, of the amorphous lamp creatures cross her bleached countenance and light it. The features are dulled and lack relief and expression. The flashing mobility long ago settled to an unmuscled droop. But her eyes; I can see her eyes. There is no real light. It is just a reflection from without. There is no real light, only her eyes.

Pinned back, they are set in blooky-sore sockets. Hardly moving, barely seeing, never changing, they follow, in static concentration, the sweltering lava in the lamp. But she doesn't see. The other voice never spoke. The voice murmured and her eyes gaze. I shudder and speak out in order to catch her eye

beams. See me. Touch me. Know me. Hear me. In a giant effort, heaving in an excruciatingly slow arc, the deadened orbs reach me. I'm on the other side of the escaping blobs. See me. My face, too, must be within the glow. Eyes, blanketed in heavy red-dened layers of sleepless time, cannot seem to wake to know me. Unaware, they slip along the flaming edge back toward the circling, heat-crazed bubbles. Eyes, lapping at the edge of consciousness, where are you looking? Withdrawn, immobile, high and liquid like the turning globs you watch, what is the scene beyond that careless front? Fear for the virgin linings of your soul.

Floating, merging, rising and slipping, the scene and the set begins to sip from me, from reality. Outside it's raining. A fog threatens to roll over the outside and seal in the stale dankness. There are cars running in guttural bliss and that's outside. But now I'm not sure if they're cars or just double light beams swinging through the night-ness to enlighten the rain. That's outside. There is rain on my face. But I'm inside. We're inside, it's outside, there is a window between and it's dark on both sides. There is no real light.

There is no real light. There is only the grotesque shimmer of those perpetually rounding, naked forms. I want so much to deflate them, deprive them of the circling warmth—turn off the propelling light. I want to retrieve the torches, inhale the gossimer sweetness and move back the shadows. Resharpenthe edges and hone down the lines while I repaint the lights on. I would die just for the chance to de-



flute them—my friends must come down, harden and reshape. But there is no real light and I only have a feeling and a secret.

Deep within my midnight centre, tossed among the cold defiance, a liquid-lined emotion grows. Like dying hemp, it writhes inside me. I am the source that began this end. There was no real light or any light. I am the teacher and the serpent of oblivion. Before this, impressionable eyes watched a black light. It was the absence of all light. Thundering rays of three dimensional color and silver needles stole the real light and sapped the warmth. Then there was only the lava light and it needed heat to make it rise and glow. I know why we're here.

Yes, this is the den of my existence and I am still a stranger here. Only a very few moments have passed since I entered the room, but the scene has been here many weeks and it will be here. The smoke has been about my eyes and senses for many years. There is no real light. I'll leave them here. I'm going. The buttery chemical is still rising! I lit the lava light. They like the lamp and I loathe the light. It's black night and I have my black light. With the gesture of exit, I can still see the shadows. With silver needles I'm still sapping the closeness. Yes, this is my den of existence and I flatter myself that my clear eyes are those of a stranger. But I'm not. I was the source of the light in this action scene. I'll go, but there is no real light for them now.

JANE SIEGEL

## Potpourri

Life is a question;  
To live is the answer.

-----

Even as a surgeon's skilled hands remove  
    a diseased organ, the hands of time  
                    remove heartbreak.  
But a scar remains.

-----

My afternoon dreams  
                    are white and wispy  
    like clouds on a breezy day.  
never going anywhere;  
and yet, hurrying to get there.

    formless in the air,  
    impossible to trace,

they move and change,  
not real enough to touch.  
But I'm glad my dreams are like clouds  
    because I can always blow them away  
                    to make room for more.

CHERYL HILTEBEITEL

## Confusions of a Stranger

I am a stranger to life  
An alien to my country  
I am myself  
Me  
And  
Hopefully  
No one else  
A Little bit of everyone I know  
Tells me something  
About myself  
He is Black  
I am white  
So are they  
And yet I'm different  
In my own way, of course.  
My love  
Your love  
His love  
Her love  
All different  
Yet classified under a generalization  
I am a citizen  
by birth not choice  
Justice is my homeland  
Not a state  
Love and Brotherhood are my laws  
Not a book of rules  
I am a stranger  
Yet you think you know me.  
Confusions of a stranger.

ART SEVERANCE



## In The Darkness

In the laughing places in the center of town,  
As the lights and faces whirl and the sound of them  
Cascades upon your artist's mind  
You are alone.  
Every street is long as you try to dance along it  
To a tune that jars and sears your ears.  
No one sees you, though you think you might be Jesus,  
Or at least the friend of someone,  
But only the cold stays with you when the faces go away  
And you cup your artist's fingers to your lips,  
Breathing out the only warmth you know.  
Reading the graffiti to pass the time,  
The old family bible of the city.  
There is nothing here for you or of you so you walk on  
Over asphalt and concrete looking for a place to rest.

L. T.

