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The Lantern

VOL. XLIII No. 2

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KLS

A Collection
of
Poetry,
Prose,
and
Photography

Composed for the
Spring Term 1977
by
the Students of
Ursinus College

Jeff Ettinger

B. Bloemfontein

Craig Mally

Cindy Shelmire

Peter Geoffries

M W

Leslie Bechtel

Joanne McPhillips

Steve Lange

Lisa Ungrady

Risie Power

Doug Bahney

Janet Knauerhase

Ron Baltz

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Contributors

Bruce Dalziel

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JR

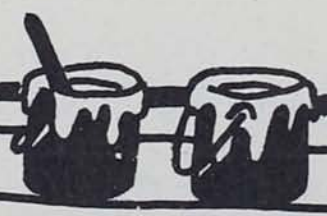
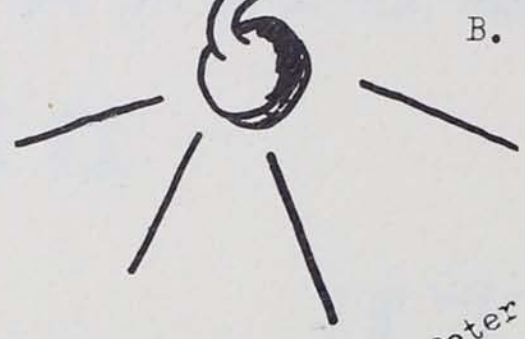
Bob Shuman

Donald Philhower

David B. Donia

Karen Sheldon

KLS



WINTER SUNBURST



Photo by Dave Donia

TREE STUMP



Photo by Jeff Ettinger

Ode to Loneliness

Get ye back; I cannot bear your looks.
Loneliness to come, be stayed by your leash.
Your lair in the shadows suits me well.
I am content with your ambiguity,
Never to see your ugly form.
And yet your ominous growl encringes upon my joy.
Knowing that I must soon leave the sunlight of my
 love to join you in the shadows,
How can I help but be melancholy at times?

Karen Sheldon

Windy Grief!

Alas, short grief, bear I not;
for with the wind, short grief is gone.
Long grief bear I, with withered eye;
for with the wind, long grief is not.

Donald Philhower

Death

I feel death and my fear is very real.

It surrounds me like the air after a storm and presses in on
all sides.

I cannot turn from it.

My eyes are closing but they have no purpose closed excepting
to rest.

My energy is spent and I cannot go further.

I cannot move to save myself;

Yet my mind still functions and I can write and predict my fate;
Such an ironic torture to be so helpless yet so aware.

Maybe rest would be pleasant now.

No! I will not diminish from life yet!

The world is unaware of my existence.

I want to fall into the oceans of the world and send my vibra-
tions forth as a pebble in a lake.

Even though I am minute, potential encourages me,

Yet I am being robbed of my individuality by numbers beyond
comprehension.

The world and the universe stagger me.

I fall back, afraid to explore, but craving the whys of the
scientists,

But they do not get answered often by thoughts in the wind.

They must be chased just as death must be run from,

And I will run. I will hide behind youth and dodge between
health and time to avoid its grasp.

My eyes will not finally close without a tear,

My sound will not cease without a moan of regret.
My thoughts will never end idle,
And I shall wrestle and fight with fate,
I shall bite and kick as an animal cornered,
I shall kick and scream to scare it away,
But when I can fight no more--

Ron Baltz

The Icicle Vase

Dizzied and drifting, slowly
Nearer shoved am I, to the
Mammoth palisades, the plunge.

Dormant weits of lost passion
Rejuvenate, affecting
My chilled facade's endurance.

Then, past the icicle vase,
Flits my last rose petal as
You finally flaunt away.

Risie Power

To Ellen

I blew the part.
Tried to play it smart.
I hit the wrong key.
I should have been me.

But I don't know where I am,
Or where to start looking.

And I can't change my ways.
Like a record that plays, plays, plays.
I keep scratching out the same old song.
Guess that's how I get along.

I wish you knew the man,
Not the piano-playing Sam.
I play my song in a travelling show.
When the last number's finished, I pick
up and go.

Now I must be on my way.
You know that I can't stay.
And I can't find me.
As if I've been lost at sea.

So. I guess this is one tune
I'll just have to keep playing.

No one knows who I really am.
Maybe I'm only a piano-playing Sam
Destined to play in each noisy place
Where I can be lost in my musical space,

And you'll remember me; what you began
With me, or was it a good friend Sam?

Craig Mally

The boredom I've so often felt,
Makes me want to take a belt.
So long, so slow, I watch the clock,
Tock, Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock, Tick, Tock!

Why drink to make the time pass by
When boredom alone will get me high.
Sitting, listening, like ether, like booze,
In time I want to take a snooze.

I just can't bear to waste an ear,
On lectures that are so unclear.
Don't judge me bad for what I tell.
Take my place and you'll know well.

This professor surely can't prophess.
He'll leave your mind a total mess.
He will unteach all you've learned.
His sheepskin was surely bought not earned.

I'm bored, of course, I have just cause,
With a proph disproving Newton's Laws.
When E's no longer MC squared;
I have good reason to be scared.

If I would listen to his lecture,
He'd surely drop in some conjecture.
Yes, I know it can't be true,
But who am I to lie to you?

You take my place, and hold my drink.
Sit awhile, and in it will sink,
That I've been right in what I've said,
And it's not just drink gone to my head.

Craig Mally

GRADUATION



Cartoon by Karen Sheldon

SUNSET



Photo by Doug Bahney

The arrival of night

Night in the East, like to a shrouded nun,
Comes pacing, slow and melancholy,
forth,
With all her mystical austerity,
Darkening the hills and valleys: but the West
Still holds fair Day, who, like a dying saint,
gleams with a holy joy in her last hour,
Mantled in gold and azure; and two stars
That on her lessening boundary hang in
light
Seem angels ministering to her last breath
Some heavenly consolation. Like death on life,
The pall of Night spreads ever on the track
of fading Daylight, till the West, as East,
Is darkness. Lo! The stars, Day's funeral lamps
Hang thick and clustering in the vault of heaven,
mirrored along the ocean, which peals forth
A requiem to the Sun; whilst those two orbs
That leant above the death-bed of the Day
Set, as in righteous sorrow, leaving night
To all the wide inheritance of Heaven.

B. Bloemfontein

The Reserve Clause

An obscure name,
Say a Herb Score of sorts.
Where does it get us.
Are we yet on par with,
The Worsleys, Gladdings and Thronberrys of the world.
Nay I say!
We shall not be subjected.
Will America take a back seat to a Dalrymple.
We must go on,
Expand ourselves,
For Bill Veeck and his genre;
May bring about our demise.
We need not take Psychology,
For we can figure out the societal weeds,
On our own cadence no less.
And as Mr. Kuhn is "Shooting the Gap,"
We will attend "Paperbag High Schools,"
Where we are left to become "Onion Washers,"
With no more education than Amy Carter.
Host, Ghost, Most and Washington's brother Wilber P_ _ _ ,
So we persecute the Marvin Millers,
The free agents and the scalpers,
But who pays the price...
Leonard Nemoy? Barbara Walters? Wrong again sir!

It is you and I the average fan.
An obscure name...

Kcir Sirrom

Again I play the fool
Seems I always have
And always will
Faces, hopes and dreams
Whirling 'round like the
Wheels of a mill
Ceaselessly grinding
What is it they say
Grind slowly
But grind fine

Haven't I been ground enough
Am I small enough yet
Am I sufficiently insignificant
To fit in your comfortable
mold of me.

Leslie Bechtel

Your structure burns my soul
Your being floods my intellect
I have seen your vileness
 tasted your bitterness
 touched your running sores.
Yet most view you as Adonus
You shine like some terrestrial being
Speeding through the vast blackness

Why do I not see your luminance?
Am I incomplete?

Peter Geoffries

"Out of sight for the ends of Being"
Floating free from all constraints
Against all myriad of human complaints
Stoned again

Leslie Bechtel

GRADUATION DOG



Sketch by Karen Sheldon

BASEBALL
(Batter & Pitcher)



Photo by Doug Bahney

The Unspoken War

It started with a murmur.

But when did it start? Days ago? Weeks? Months? Or was it that she had only noticed it recently? Could it really have been there all along? No, she thought, I'm just getting old. There is no murmur, just silence.

Just silence like there had been for almost as long as she could remember. Forty years ago was the last time she had heard a real sound. Forty years ago, the last car roared by on the dirt road in front of their secluded country house. That same day her husband hadn't returned from the office. The children hadn't come home from school. They only had had one car and no phone. They had not seen the need. She was marooned. But she managed. In a room meant to be used as a place of refuge during the great war which had never come, they had stored enough rations to last three lifetimes. Yes, she managed.

It is good that the rations were there, she thought, because I don't think I could kill any animal so that I could eat. What animals? There were none. There were in the beginning but they had gradually vanished. She thought, where are they now? Where could they have gotten to?

Her thoughts were interrupted by the murmur.

Wasn't it louder this time?

"No! Stop it!" It was the first time she had spoken in too many years. She collected herself for a moment and then continued.

"You've lasted this many years. Don't break down now!"

She returned to her thoughts. Yes, the animals were gone. But the plants had seemed to flourish. Even her house plants were at least twice their expected sizes. It made her happy that her plants were so healthy. They were, in a way, her companions. No, she rethought, that's ridiculous. And she decided to stop daydreaming.

The murmuring was still there. Yes, it WAS there. She was sure of that now. But where was it coming from? She searched the rest of the evening for the source and then gave up and went to bed.

The next morning her question was answered as she was awakened by the african violet on her nightstand softly whirring in her ear. She nearly became hysterical. But after she calmed down and began nursing the idea, she thought, this may even have possibilities.

"Yes. After all these years, I finally have someone to talk with." She laughed. Turning to the first plant she saw, a spider plant as it happened, she opened her mouth as if to speak. What should she say? It had been so long. Well, why not start with the usual conversation opener?

"Nice weather we're having. Isn't it?"

No response.

"For Christ's sake, answer me!"

No answer.

"Say something! ANYTHING!"

Nothing.

She began sobbing. The murmuring started once more.

"Stop it! I won't permit it! You musn't talk amongst yourselves! Talk to ME!"

But the murmuring continued, constant and unaffected.

She sobbed for several more minutes before that telltale pain streaked from her left side to her heart. Funny, she thought. How typical! Isn't this the way it always happens in situations like this?

She collapsed in her chair and died.

Then it began one last time. First a murmur, then a whisper, then just barely audible:

"The war is over. Peace has come. All is ours..."

Karen Sheldon

"The problem, Albert," I scolded him, "is that the tail on your kite is too damned heavy." He looked at me with his face screwed up in a confused stare.

"It worked yesterday!" The confusion was bordering on indignance.

"That's because the wind was heavier yesterday." He had to think about that a minute. He dug his hands deep into his dungaree pockets and stared at some unseen spot on the dusty ground. He kicked at it with a small sneakered foot.

"So?"

"So, today the wind isn't strong enough to pull a heavy kite up into the air." He looked at me, then at the kite, then at the sky, then back at me in annoyed frustration. He picked up his kite and started to walk away, the long colorful kite-tail dragging behind him.

"Hey Albert," I said, "you know, you can fix it."

He stopped. "How?"

"All you have to do is cut off some of the tail, and your kite will fly fine!"

His blue eyes bulged in horror. "Cut off its tail ?!"

How I was confused. "Yes, what's wrong with that?"

He burst into tears and ran from me, clutching the kite close to his small body. The red, blue, yellow, and green of the kite-tail danced behind him.

I felt ashamed of myself, and very proud of Albert.

Bruce Dalziel

DOG FACE

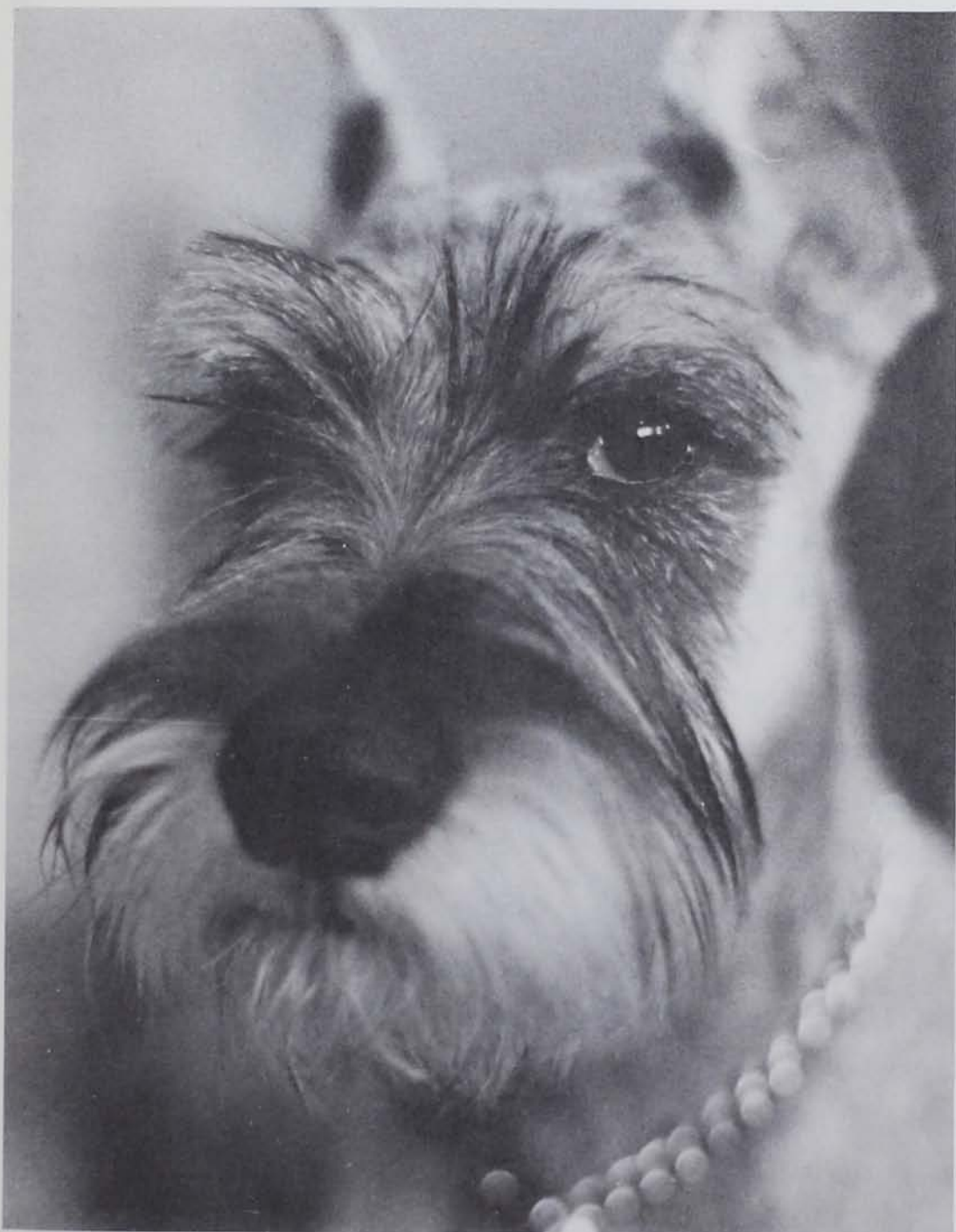


Photo by Jeff Ettinger



EYE & TEARS

Sketch by Leslie Bechtel

Bull's Eye

Little did he know, as the car jolted over the driveway entrance and slowed to a halt, that the large green house which used to be his domain had been invaded by a sleek red alien. At this point he entered his home, still confined to a dark basket covered by a towel. Once he felt the movement stop, and gazed upon the dim light of the orange room, he knew he was home.

From somewhere near by, the sound of thunder filled his ears. What seemed to be an immense animal came galloping down the stairs toward him. He started, and froze like an icicle on a winter morning. There was something confronting him which he felt sure hadn't been in his house before. The glance of the shiny red Setter's soft black eyes remained fixed to the glance of his glaring yellow ones. She yapped; he hissed and remained steadfast as a soldier. No one was going to take over his domain without a sufficient battle.

Confrontation number two occurred the next morning as he stretched his back and yawned while sauntering to his yellow food bowl. Adjacent to his bowl appeared those warm black eyes. This was too much! His paw slowly ascended and struck out with the agility of the healthy cat he was. He stood prepared for any counterattack from his opponent, but the

obstruction shied back a few steps, wheeled around and ran. No more than thirty seconds later, the monster reappeared prepared to renew the battle. Noticing the Setter's strategy, the cat just lay on the rug observing her slow advances. He rose and advanced a step toward his aggressor. They eyed one another cautiously and quickly retreated to their original corners like boxers at the end of a round.

Feeling that victory was near, the cat initiated the final move. He advanced cunningly as though he were stalking a wild animal in the African savanna; she moved cautiously as if she were entering an old, abandoned house. They paused: checking their strategy. He arched confidently; for he knew this would be the last time. His hair stood on end as if it had been induced by an electrical current. The Setter watched frightened and trembling. He quickly lashed out with his two front paws. A howl which almost shattered his ear drums resounded throughout the room. A shiny red droplet appeared, suspended from the black, sandpaper-rough lump lying between the two velvety black eyes. He knew he had been victorious. The once shiny Setter pivoted slowly and slunk off towards her corner as if accepting the defeat.

Janet Knauerhase

Closing Scene

Half-glass of claret glistens,
in cafe candle's flickering bursts. Your face
maps light and shade -- secrets told and kept.

Thin night-cat breaks the city path,
of sole sojourn homeward. Flash of
grace that startles -- Beauty in darkness.

Room for one, alone with Time,
silent stealer of life-force. Walls
delimit voids -- being in non-being.

Flashing neon pulse cuts the black,
of Night and sleep. Till stares
lose objects -- diffusion and rest.

Cool, thin sheets in thick, hot air,
that chokes and claws. An empty lusting
stifled at birth -- flickering burst.

When I see you standing there,
I know that I'm aware
Of a love
That I've never
Known before, nor will know ever.

When I see you walk away,
I know that you can't stay.
And my heart
Cries out,
And the cry
Dies out,
Drowned-out in the slamming of the door.

Lisa Ungrady

Lone finger
Raised in anger --
Rockefeller Salute.

Steve Lange

DUCKS ON POND



Photo by Dave Donia

**GLASS BUILDING
(Reflections)**



Photo by Dave Donia

She couldn't stand it anymore,
the yelling and the slamming doors;
she found a bridge and used it for a diving board.

Afterwards, they studied her
and muddied reputations.
They analyzed, they publicized
results all through the nation.

She was a star--
bigger than Kirk Douglas, Shirley Temple,
Sally Starr!

Everybody knew the dead girl's name
so widespread was her fame.

A celebrity to cry about,
to lie about,
to worship...

And before they even knew it was a crime
Suicide became the national pastime.

Cindy Shel mire

Brown Bottle Candles

Flame flickers brightly,
as wax beads creap;
Over wax columns deposited,
upon brown bottle beauty.

Lower and lower,
creap beads of wax;
Till finally at rest,
at brown bottle bottom.

Turned slightly round,
as flame still flickers;
Brown bottle beauty,
disappears the quicker.

Donald Philhower

Goodbye

I must leave you now.

There is neither the strength
nor the desire to finish the
adventure we began together.

How high our ideals were when
we came here but the task has
proven to much for me and I
must seek a path less steep.

A path less steep -- seemingly an
easier way but how hard to
leave you, gentle friends, and
my broken hopes behind.

So what is left me -- a broken
hope, a futile dream, a
half-filled page in my
almost empty book?

No, nothing so bleak, for in
finishing one thing, we begin
yet another and that is
what life is made of.

I will never forget you or the
days we spent together though
time will yellow the pages of
our memories, yours and mine.

Whatever our futures are, be happy
and, please, occasionally think
of me as I will of each
of you -- Goodbye.

Laurie Duff

There's Individuality In The Surf

There's individuality in the surf
For I've never seen the same wave twice
And I've never seen two flames that flicker just alike;
No fire the same at equal heats

There's a blazing red fire on the water
And the sandpipers have come to watch
I hear one say, "That is the struggle of life out there."
All eyes glued in conformity.

Bob Shuman

Impermanence

Strolling hand-in-hand;
Frolicking in the sand;
Becoming one with the band;
It was all only a dream.

His soft caresses,
The scarlet dresses,
Our probing embraces
Were all only a dream.

His emotional security,
Our growing maturity,
My sexual purity.
All only a dream.

His ambient confidence,
Personal percipience
And cascading ebullience.
Only a dream.

The enchanted dances,
The affectionate glances.
A paragon of romances?
A dream.

TWO SKIERS



Photo by Doug Bahney

WINDOW



Photo by Jeff Ettinger

Dark Nights

Silent minds and emptiness
I recognize the pact
The ability to conquer
The precious gift to act
The loneliness and feelings
The frenzy of the mood
The sweet taste of emotion
Passions favorite food
Dreamless nights of exhaustion
Fleeting visions not remembered
Stolen smiles fevered brows
Ideas taken and dismembered
Long dark hallways empty rooms
Final words and thoughts
changing situations
and battles never fought
No treaty will ever be signed
even though the war was lost
patching up the wounded
I contemplate the cost.

Joanne McPhillips

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The Lantern, the literary magazine of Ursinus College, symbolizes the light shed by creative work. It is named after the top structure on Fahler Hall, which has the architectural design not of a tower or spire, but of a LANTERN.