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## The Lantern Vol. 21, No. 1, Fall 1952

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# The LANTERN



FALL ISSUE 1952

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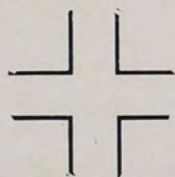
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# The LANTERN

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# Editorial

*"Let me sing the songs of my country and  
others can write her laws."*

We don't know who wrote these words or even when they were written, but however long a time ago it may have been they are still applicable to us today. For many of us singing the songs of our country will always be the prime form of expression, even of living. Writing the laws or building the bridges are fine for some, but for the Davids, the Shakespeares, the Goethes, the Beethovens, the Wordsworths, the Van Goghs, the Poes, the Fosters, the Ghekhoffs, the Gershwins, the Shaws, the Sandbergs, the Picassos, the Eliots, the Hemingways—for these the only living is in expressing the emotions and feelings of the people and hence, the countries. The man who puts on canvas, or into music, or into words the tempo and color of the world he occupies is contributing to that world as much as any of the builders. The singers add zest to life and open the public eye to the beauty of that which surrounds it. What is the thought of the man who sits down at his typewriter and, feeling a sense of perception arise within him, is compelled to tap out the phrases which will make others perceive? Is he interested in how many others will see and feel as he does? Is the engineer interested in how many people cross his bridge? The two have a common approach, for they both are motivated by a purpose in the sense that every singer expresses himself because he wishes others to see something of the thing that he sees—to reach the level of appreciation he has reached, and every engineer designs a bridge because he wishes the multitude to go where he has gone—to the other side of the river. It is the same. Read or listen and you feel what the poet has felt; cross the bridge and you go where the engineer has been.

We recognize the need to get to the other side of the river and we certainly feel the singer deserves a place of equal importance beside the builder, but we must define and defend the singer's rights, whereas, the finished product, the bridge, is all the proof the people need that the builder deserves his place. Everyone talks today of hurry, worry—go, come. The doctors prescribe "a change of scene—a good, long rest" for anything and everything because men are all suffering from diseases of the times. Society has raised itself to a level of complexity that is almost more than its components can bear. So the songs of the country become simpler and the laws more involved. And the singer must not only define and defend his right to sing but also fulfil another purpose. He must express the basic emotions of the people so that even the people themselves can understand them. Do that and do it simply?—A gigantic task! But it is one which he has gladly accepted and is trying to do more than adequately.

The singer is hampered, however, because everything he puts down on paper reflects the feelings of the times. He is hampered probably no less so than the builder whose bridges have become functional and simple nowadays, but the

builder has had an easier time because of that. He can throw out the trappings and trim, make every piece of wire and every link of steel simple, useful; that's the rumble of direction he receives from the tempo of the times. And the singer? How does he reduce complex human emotion to "Follow the simple directions on the package and you will know what healthful, happy, wholesome living can be"? So we have the singer doing or attempting to do a job which is nearly impossible and, as so often happens when the impossible is attempted, we find the method takes an odd form and a circuitous route. The singer is dictated to in these terms; clarify the basic emotion of man,—let him understand himself. Well, the singers are only men, too, and they find themselves in a quandry. They look beneath the surface of the society and find things that aren't so nice. They find disease in the hearts and minds of men as well as in their bodies. Explain this to a people who would rather not know? The conflict of motives leaves him lost in a maze of forms and means of expression. But because of this conflict he finally comes out with the form which is most appropriate—he parades someone else. Yes, the ideas are his own, the thoughts and deductions of *him*, but who can tell it when he puts them down in the words of another man? Who can criticize when one doesn't know of whom to be critical? The singer is safe behind the swinging doors of anonymity. And in the end, the form becomes the expression itself. The complexity of life has made the people afraid and what else can the singer do but echo that fear? His purpose is to help man grow in appreciation of living. Since such is the case he must do this in the manner which will be understood by man and no better way could be found than expressing himself in man's own terms. The singer is diagnosing fear but he, too, is afraid and he makes it evident.

The "singers" in this issue of the LANTERN have given substance to what we are trying to say. A cursory examination of the material at hand indicates obviously four or five pieces in which the authors have said something in the form of another, and in most cases have said it very briefly, as is noted by a glance at the table of contents. Brevity is as much a sign of fear as is the parody itself. Is it criticism the singers fear? We think it is. And we think it has grown out of the public's increased means of expressing criticism. We have always had the prerogative but when before have we had so many media? Everywhere we look we face public censure and since the singer attempts to explain man to himself he becomes the main target of criticism from the man himself. "Tell me what I am but tell me what I want to hear." That is the task the singer accepts when he puts just one word on paper or expresses one thought. The contributors in this issue are no more at fault than any one else who is attempting to do the same job. Since it is a trend in the society which he is portraying we cannot say that he isn't accom-

*(Continued on page 14)*



Fog rising from the river played about the concrete bridge and the two who stood on it.

She said, "I'm ready, Manny. Seems like we just met. And thanks for the good times we known. And I'm ready now."

Dolly placed her palms on the rough edge of the foot wide cement guard and looked down at the fog that hid the river from her. Across her small elfish face with the big mouse-like eyes echoed a smile. She wore a washed-out looking blue dress and white high heels scuffed on the tips from too much dancing. She didn't wear stockings. Woolworth and his ilk had conspired to hide her coarse face with cheap make-up. As she turned around to Manny, still smiling, the movement of her body made it quite plain that she didn't wear a girdle.

"I'm ready, Manny," the echo of a smile became a shout. Then confidentially she said, "Don't ya think it's a great thing to do, Manny—to die?"

The "Uh" he uttered was intended to mean that no, it's not a great thing to die. If Manny, shirt collar open, necktie dangling loose with unconcern, could feel strongly about anything, it was probably that it was not a great thing to do—to die. That conviction he no doubt acquired the moment he was born, like an animal's fear of fire.

"Manny, I'm going to die." Her eyes were like big white buttons and a strange note of delight shimmered through her cheap voice.

Across the city a clock struck three times.

"It's three o'clock," she said. "That's a funny hour to jump, aint it?"

As the corners of Manny's mouth turned down slowly, they seemed to squeak dryly, like rusty screen-door hinges. He looked at the cigarette butt he held between his thumb and forefinger. Then he looked up at Dolly: "You're drunk. Le's go home." As an afterthought he added, "To bed." He lit a fresh cigarette off his old one; the rusty screen-door hinges at the corners of his mouth remained turned down. He said a little more brightly: "This dyin' business ain't no good, Doll. C'mon, cut it out an' le's go home."

"No." Dolly nonchalantly took the cigarette he had just lit from between his fingers. He closed one eye and looked at her, annoyed; then he lit another cigarette for himself.

"You know why, you know why I'm gonna jump?" she asked eagerly, with an appearance of grotesquely inappropriate naivete. She stood under Manny's nose, beaming broadly, and tapped him with her finger on his chest. "You know why?"

He brushed her tapping finger away like a fly and moved to the edge of the bridge, leaning against the guard with his back.

"You know why?"

"No, why?"

Her eyes were big, white buttons again. "Because I've seen everything and don't have no more reason to live anymore!" She seemed to

dance without moving as she said it . . . the body standing still, the wildness of the spirit within performing an orgy of glorious abandon. "That's true!" She thought Manny didn't believe her.

Manny squinted at her as before with one eye. Then he turned his back to her and leaned over the bridge, looking at the fog below; Dolly was as deep as the river. "Whinin' and carryin' on like this most of the time, tryin' ta attract attention." He chose to ignore completely her supreme achievement in life.

The shouting smile on her face died as she looked at Manny's back. Across her face came a look of compassion. The big white buttons decreased in size somewhat as she moved up beside him, taking hold of his forearm lightly. For the moment she chose to put away death and offer consolation to him who was bored with her.

"I'm sorry, Manny," she said quietly, her voice cracking as though it were unaccustomed to this lower volume. "I'm awful sorry. It's not easy to realize, I know. There is certain . . . aw, I shouldn't of hurt your feelin's this way, huh, sweetie."

He thrust his hands into his pockets and moved away from the bridge guard, looking down at his feet. One just happening on the scene would have said he was pouting like a little boy. He wasn't; he was bored—just bored with the whole dam crazy business of doing it—of dying.

"But, Manny, I'm gonna do it. I really am!"

Manny took his hands out of his pockets. He said, "Look, go ahead, do it! Jump! You want to? Well then go, jump!" He lit another cigarette. He put his hands back in his pockets, and he squinted one eye as the cigarette smoke curled irritatingly up one of his cheeks.

The wave of energy spent its force rapidly, leaving Dolly still with the urge to console her boyfriend, Manny.

"We seen a lotta fun, us two, huh sweetie?"

The barest shadow of pleasure sneaked across Manny's face, and the boredom and half-anger with the crazy business of death was obscured. For Dolly's death urge had melted for the moment, yielding to a nostalgic reminiscence of their escapades in the three months they had known each other — of thoroughly hilarious drunks, and parties, and nights together alone in bed that ended in bittersweet exhaustion.

"Yeh," Manny said with the faintest trace of enthusiasm. "We had our good times, huh kid?"

The gentle chuck he gave her under the chin was like a paper hat or a squeeze in a dark room falling to them from out of the era of good times. Both of them were oddly out of tune for a moment with the clammy, fog-bound night.

"Manny, honey, why don'tcha give me a kiss?"

The rusty screen-door hinges squeaked dryly once more; he let her slide out from under his arm. He turned his back, lit a cigarette and put his hands in his pockets. He did not object to the physical union suggested; he objected only to



Dolly's commanding insistence. He was supposed to do that, not her.

And the moment had passed, and now the fog and the dampness of the night broke in on their consciousness again—and both remembered what they were doing above the river.

"Manny, ya see, it's just impossible for me to try and keep on, because I can't—I just can't."

"Uh—yeh, sure." He looked over the rail at the fog and death below, uninterested in Dolly—or the fog or death.

"Manny, I tell ya, I done everything there is and you gotta accept that!"

Manny removed the cigarette deliberately from his mouth with a belated look of surprise on his face. "I gotta accept it? Who the hell's arguin'? Who? I accept, hell, I accept!"

She was left crestfallen by his sudden spurt of enthusiasm, for she had thought that Manny didn't quite believe that the little circle of her life had rounded out to premature completion. The supreme and consummating thought of her entire existence . . . to be accepted placidly, without a ripple, without the slightest questioning doubt. Manny smoked, unconcerned. And Dolly, overwhelmed, looked at his cigarette butt and broke out in tears.

Manny softened, but before he could show it, she shouted. "You *don't* believe me! You can't!" She moved to the guard and looked down at the fog and hidden river of infinity. She turned around deliberately and, looking at Manny, climbed up backwards and sat on the cement guard, her feet dangling above the sidewalk. Manny was once more unconcerned.

"But you will—you'll believe me!" Big, white buttons for eyes again and a shouting smile. "Manny, dammit, there's nothin' I ain't seen that's worthwhile and you know it's gotta be sudden quick like this, you see? There's just no use to keep on living 'cause there's no use. There's no use, you see."

Manny didn't see. But he did see her raise her left leg up on the guard and look long and intensely at the short longness of the space below. His eye squinted as he looked at her perched atop the cement guard. There was more curiosity than anxiety or fear in his squint. Until now, she was just acting as she always did when she got drunk—she was a dud, a dud, then. She was boring as hell when she was like that—when she was her humdrum self.

What he liked about her was her crazy way of not being humdrum. He liked her when she smoked reefers or performed sexual acrobatics—or sat on a bridge and promised to jump off. She was a dizzy one; no damn good, but dizzy.

The mist nurtured by the beckoning river rose around Dolly as she sat on the guard, seeming to absorb her into itself and make her a part of the Mother of it all. Her hair was becoming matted and her dress began to cling to her back and her unstrapped hips. But for her wild, smiling face and wonder-filled eyes, she was seemingly already one of the perpetual seconds of endless time.

Manny stood motionless and watched; he was not bored. With the detached fascination of a

scientist observing a drugged guinea pig, Manny watched her. Life or death was unimportant—only the question of pure science: would she jump? He really didn't know; he was inclined to think not. He would stay, at any rate, to find out.

He noticed she was leaning out over the guard more and more—slowly, but more and more all the time. She was playing a silent crescendo with her body; the unheard wild music playing along the fog and the river and Manny, who through his squinting eye could see—almost feel—the mounting emotion—the primitive longing for death by violence.

"So long, Manny, so long!"

Manny made no move to seize her as she threw a look of wild rapture at him. He watched her look out into the fog. She hesitated. And in the end she did not jump.

"Manny, Manny, I . . ."

Heavy, muffled footsteps approached as Manny moved towards her with the faintest trace of disappointment on his face. As the cop on beat came into sight like a robot out of the mist, Manny slipped his arm quickly around Dolly's waist and looked into her face: the life force, Love, concealing the death force both had felt tonight. The cop's suspicious face didn't utter a word, and he was gone.

Manny immediately removed his arm. He turned his back, lit a cigarette, and put his hands in his pockets.

"Le's go to hell home, Doll. You're drunk. This is crazy." Already he had forgotten the moment before—the emotional absorption, the scientific fascination.

Dolly, no longer rapturous, sobbed, "I gotta, just gotta. Manny, I hafta jump, you see? Why not go home and let me here." She shivered.

"Look, cut the crazy bull—come on!"

"Go on alone, dammit!" she shouted shrilly. "I told ya I'm stayin' here—go on."

The fog whispered "Enough" to Manny, and he shrugged his shoulders and walked away, his hands in his pockets. Dolly's deep laugh seized him by the shoulders suddenly and turned him around. Dolly was poised, ready to let herself over the side. The cigarette dropped from his hand. She was going to do it after all. "Damn if she aint!"

He walked forward, wrapt, a step at a time, completely absorbed by the miracle unfolding before him. It seemed he was delirious with a wholly new emotion within him, as if some dead ancestral instinct had been awakened . . . a strange thrill of joy—fear swelling inside . . . and then it was gone.

He rushed forward, making a frantic effort to seize Dolly before she threw herself over the side.

In the mist, she tried to push him away, but he got a firm grip on her arm. He threw a leg over the guard to reinforce his hold. Dolly, mad with rage, made a final, desperate lurch with her body. . . .

The scream sounded brief and indistinct as it issued up from the river fog. Dolly clasped both hands over her face and staggered away from the cement guard, where Manny no longer was.



The business day was at an end in the great financial section of the city. The tickers had ceased their sounding. The offices had emptied themselves of their great throngs. The doors of the great banks and brokerage houses stood shut and locked. Well locked. Along the narrow streets there was no rush, no bustle. The few footsteps that did challenge the quiet were soon gone.

Along one of the narrow crooked streets a lone man staggered. His clothes were old, well worn and stained; his hair was long and wild. Up the street he came, slowly, painfully. Finally he threw himself down on one of the many well-worn stoops which jutted out into the sidewalk. And there he lay for a long time, moaning.

Now the sun painted the tops of the buildings a rosy red. The last customers of the fashionable restaurant on the narrow street entered briefly on the scene; they hurriedly hailed a cab and left. The patrons of a not-so-fashionable Bar and Grille on the opposite side of the street appeared from no-where and entered. A bus made its way down the street.

The man on the stoop had stopped moaning and had fallen into a restless sleep.

The sun had left the city and night had entered. In a few of the offices in the towering buildings some lights flickered on. A streetlight illuminated the front of the Bar and Grille. Some of the patrons left; some more patrons arrived. A short, stout woman came down the street with two children at her side. They hurried past the sleeping form and entered the Bar and Grille.

The man on the stoop stirred.

Harbor sounds drifted in from the river. The woman and the two children came out of the Bar leading a swaying man. They hurried down the street and past the sleeping form. The last lights in the great buildings flicked off.

The man on the stoop stirred again.

A cab rushed down the street. The patrons flocked out of the Bar and Grille; they went off in all directions. Finally the lights in the bar went out and the street was quiet. The streetlight burned on.

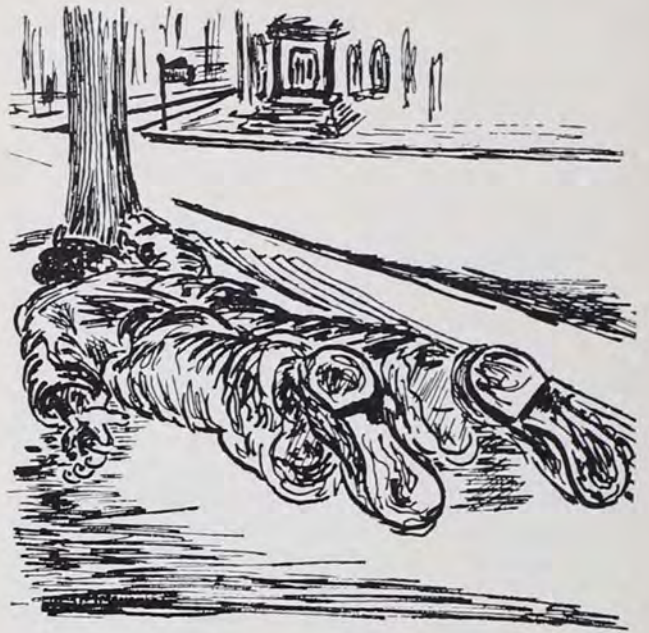
The man on the stoop did not move.

A faint glow appeared in the east. Still all was quiet on the street. A few more sounds came up from the harbor. There was more light in the sky. The buildings, the streets, the very heart of the city awoke; there was a new day. The tickers waited. The banks and brokerage houses anticipated. The sky was full of light.

The man on the stoop did not move.

The pulse of the financial section grew strong. People appeared from no-where. At first a few came and slowly. The pulse grew stronger. People appeared in ever increasing numbers. The gates of the banks and brokerage houses were unlocked and swung open. In the offices men and women labored. The streets were busy.

And the man on the stoop was dead.



## Winter's Loneliness

ROLAND DIDEKIND

*The room was dark, the fire low,  
When I came home that night.  
The snowflakes fell in swirling clouds,  
A blanket glistening white.*

*The knocker hung as tarnished brass,  
An outline in the gloom.  
But I was cheered by pleasant thoughts  
Of my cozy sitting room.*

*I turned the key, the door swung wide,  
A smell of books and leather.  
And I remembered the happy times,  
When we were here together.*

*I closed the door on the frosty wind,  
And glanced at my fireside chair.  
I thought I saw the shadowy form  
Of you reclining there.*

*Your hair was bright as the firelight  
And fell in gleaming curls  
About your shoulders, and round your neck  
I saw a string of pearls.*

*Your face was sad in the fire's glow  
As it never was before.  
For when you were here on this wide earth  
Our love was always more.*

*I looked, and slowly turned away,  
And tears were in my eyes.  
When I looked back the chair was bare,  
And the fire slowly died.*

*The wind howled by, the snowflakes flew,  
The smell of books and leather.  
And I sit down and close my eyes,  
As when we were together.*



(With thanks to Max S.)

A woman with a kind, motherly face opened the door. "Hello," I said timidly, "I'm calling for Ruth."

Her expression immediately changed to one of cold suspicion. "Are you the young man she signed out with?" she inquired.

"Why, yes," I answered. "Is something wrong?"

"No, no," came the reply, all sweetness again, "but we have to make sure there's no funny business."

I was ushered into the reception room, and told that Ruth would be ready any minute. Two issues of *Time* and one issue of *Woman's Home Companion* later, she came tripping into the room, bubbling with excitement, gaily inquiring whether I had been waiting long. Shrugging my shoulders and shoving the magazines onto the table, I lightly replied that I had been waiting only a few minutes. She looped her arm through mine, blew a goodbye kiss to the kindly old lady, and led me out the door.

As I opened the door of my car, I heard her sharply ask, "What do you think you're doing?"

"Why, opening the door for you," I answered feebly.

"Now isn't that silly," came the retort. "What fun could we possibly have in a car?"

Grinning slyly, I answered, "I don't know, but we certainly can't walk to the theater."

"And just *who* is going to the theater?"

"Why, we are. I have tickets for *North Atlantic* — Isn't that a nice surprise?" I added weakly.

"I certainly hope you don't think I am going to the theater! Why, that wouldn't give me a chance to show you off in front of the other girls! We're going to the 'rec' center!"

Being a person of very strong will, I told her that since I had the tickets, we would go to the show. If she didn't like it, she could just turn right around and go back to the dorm, alone. I was firm!

I threw the tickets into the waste basket near the 'rec' center door. The place was filled with football players keeping in shape in front of the television set, basketball players keeping in shape in front of the television set, baseball players keeping in shape in front of the television set, and pre-medical students keeping in shape in front of the ping-pong tables and the dart boards. There were also numerous young ladies keeping very nicely in shape by various mysterious contraptions.

Seeing as how the television set was occupied by athletes, the ping-pong tables and the dart boards by pre-medical students, and the dance floor by the numerous young ladies, we settled down at a card table for a snappy game of "War." Being rather clever at "War", I beat her in three out of seven games.

Presently, Ruth announced that she felt dizzy, and that maybe a walk would do her good. This seemed reasonable to me. Anyhow, I was getting a little annoyed by one of the athletes who was trying to attract Ruth's attention by telling obscene jokes while standing on his head.

Once outside, she delicately steered me towards the football field. As we passed under a large tree at the far end of the stadium, she turned suddenly and charged towards me, lips puckered.

As I picked myself up from the ground, I inquired, "What was that?"

"Why, this is kissing tree," she replied, "and this is leap year."

"Oh. Was that a kiss?" I answered. — "What's 'kissing tree'?"

"Why, didn't you know? There's an old legend that if a boy and a girl pass under this tree without kissing, the tree will fall down."

I looked up to see if the tree was still there. It was. I rapidly came to the conclusion that it was her kiss that had knocked me senseless. We walked on a little farther, and then turned back. Not being one to test the validity of a time-honored legend, I let her charge me for a second time as we again passed under the tree. We continued towards the drug store.

I asked for a large chocolate soda with two straws. The waiter gave that "Humph, college kids" look and shuffled off to place my order. I moved closer to Ruth, squeezing her against the side of the booth. If I could squeeze her tightly enough, I would be able to get most of the soda, I thought. Just then the waiter came back and gently threw our drink on the table. We took a sip, danced a few measures, took another sip, danced a few measures, took another sip, put another nickel in the juke box, and so on until curfew time.

Squeezing her against one end of the dormitory porch, I said goodnight to my new found love. "Goodnight, my love, my own true heart. You'll never know what this evening has meant to me."

"And goodnight to you, my dearest," she cooed. "I love you. I love you with a burning, yearning passion. I've never loved like this before, and never shall. There shall be no love like mine for you until the end of time. Au revoir, my sweet. The curfew tolls the end of life. Will I hear from you soon?"

"How about going to see *North Atlantic* with me next weekend?" I feebly ventured.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she soothingly answered, "but I have a date with Larry Cadillac next Friday, and with Jerry Parksinparks on Saturday. But I am free three weeks from today. I'd love to go with you then, darling."

I kissed her once more, and then retreated to my car. I watched her slip through the doorway as I gently pressed the starter. As I drove back to my room, I thought of her undying constancy and affection, and sighed passionately.



# If Damon Runyon Had Reviewed George Meredith's Novel, "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel"

Georgie writes this sob maybe ninety years ago which makes it even older than Ancient Giuseppe, a bookie friend of mine at Garden State, and that is very old, although Ancient sometimes drops hot tips my way and I do not call him old out of disrespect. Anyway, like I say, this book of Georgie's is pretty old, but not too old to teach a lesson about fathers rearing sons like they were machines or something.

This Richard Feverel, or as I call him, Dick the Pride, because of what he has an awful lot of by the end of the sob and which makes me glad I borrowed it from the Brooklyn Free Shelves, cause otherwise I would have considered it a waste of four slugs, is raised by his old man stricter than Ben Jones ever trained a Derby winner.

There are lots of characters walking around this book but the mains in the plot all seem to be high class relatives of each other and the Feverels. Then there is one upturned nose who has a crush on the old man but objects to his stern measures with Dick the Pride, which hardly seems the way that Judys with imaginations should act when they are hot after so much ready. Another character, who sounds like Georgie himself, pops up now and then, mostly at meal time, with witty and cynical statements that are supposed to wake up everybody at the table, and those reading the sob, too, for that matter.

The first half of the plot is about how Sir Austin Feverel thinks up and strictly follows a System whereby Dick the Pride will grow up to be real neat stuff like the baronet. Sir Austin Feverel, it seems, got the wrong end of the match, shortly after Dick occupies the nursery, when his not-so-loving wife evacuates with his not-so-best friend—a long hair at that. This is slightly vexing to Sir Austin Feverel and he wants to be sure that his chip does not get charred like the old block.

The rest of the plot shows the System getting punchy from too many rounds with Life. Still, the ordeal of Richard Feverel is not much of an ordeal when you take into account the good-looking Judys throwing eyeballs his way and an old man with so much ready to keep the Judys interested, but, as Georgie points out, by the time Dick the Pride leaves the gate he is late starting and finishes like 100 to 1 shots should finish.

Dick looks good in the first bright light of freedom when he has enough sense to run away with a real sweet, country type peach. However, the old man had other plans for his machine and is slightly surprised to say the least. Well, it is not long before Dick the Pride takes one of those business trips to London, and is pounced on by a beautiful Judy who also has a figure that does not need improvement. Actually, Dick loves his peach back home but he can not resist the professional approach of this Judy, what with no improvements needed and all.

Georgie has a good laugh when he sends Dick the Pride home to his peach and little heir. Even



the old man forgets himself and forgives the machine. I say Georgie has a good laugh because no sooner is Dick the Pride home when he catches a rowboat to France and fights a duel with a man who was trying to ripen the peach while Dick was on his business trip. Dick is no slouch with that thing but this other gent is a quickie and sticks our hero faster than the best work of Joe Dagger, the professional who takes care of Duke Costello's clients.

Of course the peach dies of a broken heart when she hears the news, which makes Georgie very happy because now he has finished the book and can go down the street to the Tally Ho and drip tears in a sloe gin.

HAL GOLD

## Birth

PHIL LEWIS

*New life—a baby,  
New birth—a child,  
New mind—to seek,  
New love—to guide;  
The baby squirms, it cries aloud,  
Potential here!! Don't crowd.*



## Of Thee I Sting

BILL LUKENS

*(if e.e. cummings had written Philip  
Wylie's essay on Moms)*

babe take it from me  
Mom  
is the end product of She

a country tis of thee,  
*(crossed with silver cords  
and apron strings) as freedom  
rings (on your fingers and so forth)*

you'll find: mom is a jerk  
in  
this  
land of liberTV  
she's a great little guy (and  
a highflying bag) you get me?

i say: i see it is dawn in our  
RobertHallmarkgreeting—cards are  
mom's best indoorsport, herspark(pursued  
with the voracity of a shark . . .  
—along with  
candies  
cookies  
cocktails . . .—junk  
if it's Borden's it's got to be  
good old mom and her tongue  
and teeth

and razzamatazz

babe (and mom), of thee i sting  
—oh brave new world  
that has such:  
moms with purplescented SenSen breath  
and lifts  
that never never  
let  
her  
down in the caverns measureless to  
man

dwells

mom

## For Your Knowing

ANONYMOUS

I will not hold you captive  
On the sense-steps of time.  
—There's little joy in loving  
When only half your love is mine.

I'd have you walk unfettered,  
Into a wind that's free  
—And learn that loving freedom  
Is part of loving me.

## Beauty Defined

PHIL LEWIS

My gallery of beauty has but twenty objects in it.  
Come with me and look a while at them.  
See my vase with golden handwork,  
Paintings limitless in depth,  
Doilywork of bays and inlets,  
Asphalt highways, from the air,  
I would have you smell the diesel,  
Watch its big blades cut rough earth,  
Hear a small girl say her prayers  
Or a boy, apologize.

Taste the Chinese food our chef makes,  
Stroll hilltops, watch it rain below,  
Look at geese in "V" formation,  
Pigeons flying in a squadron,  
Rainbows on lawn sprinkler's water.  
Come and smell the snow of winter  
Or the promised rain of fall,  
Dust in whirlwinds on a ballfield,  
Leaves come raining off a tree.  
The green-tipped spruce in spring.

Playful puppies fighting, yelping,  
Copperhead's new skin when shedding,  
Both are beauty of a sort.  
Beauty is not hidden treasure,  
It is boundless, without measure,  
And so the tour is ended.

## Daybreak at Home

PHIL LEWIS

I rose early in the morning  
And a cup of coffee drank,  
Put on my old, warm sweater,  
And strolled out the door to see  
The sun rise.

The next door neighbor, a greenhouse keeper,  
Strolled smoking his old briar pipe.  
And the fragrance of the smoke emitted  
Of his own raised tobacco ripe  
Turned my eyes.

We waved hello,  
And predicted the weather;  
The youth and the sage  
Just a moment together  
And parted.

I rose early this morning  
To smell the clean air of the dawn,  
And put out some ashes  
And rake some leaves from the lawn.  
Day started.





## Mood

MARNA FELDT

*This is now and it is never.  
We are here and we are gone.  
This is all we are and were, have been and will be.  
This is Life and this is Death.  
Eternity and not at all, at once.*

*The wind-waving weeds hide one side of the world.  
The wind-waving sea, the other.  
The cloud-moving sky is the top.  
The life-ebbing sand, the bottom.*

*We are alone and the weeds cut the outside.  
The charging sea keeps out intruders.  
Restless sky overhead, restless spirits beneath.  
Changing sand to wash away footprints, words,  
life.*

*I am god and you are god.  
We are all things and all people.  
People? What are people?  
We are the world!*

*In the midst of the turbulence  
We are peaceful.  
The clash of the elements  
Recede as the tide,  
Smoothing the sands as it goes  
Clearing and cleansing our minds and our souls.*

*For one instant—only one—  
The wind relents;  
The surf quiets down;  
Waves, weeds, winds, clouds  
All hesitate.*

*This is the moment.  
This is happiness.  
This is peacefulness.  
This is life.*

*The moment is gone.  
But there was a moment,  
One instant to remember forever.  
The precious, golden moment,  
And yet an eternity.  
I have waited so long.*

## Leaves

HAL SMITH

*Leaves in endless numbers fall to the ground.  
Bright patches of color everywhere  
Are soon snatched by the wind and tossed around,  
And carried away by the fall air.  
How like the leaves we all are;  
Full of brightness and color for a few days,  
And carried by the wind of chance near and far,  
We rest at a thousand places; we see a thousand  
ways.  
Some of us in the lake of pleasure float and  
swim;  
Others brighten the common land.  
But all soon grow dim,  
And then withered leaves are at every hand.  
See the leaves being carried by,  
Watch the leaves as they twirl and fly.*

## Love Recaptured

PHIL LEWIS

*Here I am again—Love.  
Faith another time is mine.  
The mist is gone, the sun breaks through,  
Once more the light does shine.*

## Awake Again

MARY LOU KILHEFFER

*Quiet was the heart, and calm, and free.  
Memories that once it wept about  
Now were only pleasant thoughts of joy  
Once known, and then forgotten, as a dream.*

*Sounds of leaves that crackled underfoot,  
Bonfire smells and windy autumn air  
Made the memories of other days  
Clearer in the heart, but pleasant still.*

*Rain that fell at night, and mist that cloaked  
Streetlights in a silken fuzz of glow  
Brought a sad sweet pain into the heart;  
Kindled in the heart a tiny flame.*

*Then, a voice the heart remembered well;  
Then, a smile the heart long yearned to see;  
Then, the eyes that pierced the heart's safe shell  
Tied the free heart; broke the calm with storm.*

*Heart that slumbered through the summer night,  
Know you not that autumn's not the time  
For a dormant seed to start to grow?  
Why did you awake again . . . to pain?*



Bill surveyed the girl sitting across the bar. Her eyes had answered him more than once with an open frankness. She obviously was not a common bar fly. Bill sipped his drink and glanced away. Yes, the invitation was there. His thoughts rambled. "But what about Betty? This is the first time I've stopped for a drink after work since I've been married. How long has it been? Not even a year. Funny, when you stop frequenting these places, you never miss them, but when you do return, the old feeling comes back too."

The bartender stopped before Bill with a fresh glass of whiskey. "Haven't seen you for awhile, Mister Harvey. Still working for Reagan's?"

"Yes," Bill answered, pleased that the man still remembered him. The bartender left to fill another order, and Bill again glanced at the girl. She was drinking now from a tall frosted glass, and she wrinkled her small nose when the ice touched her lips. The fresh drink was soothing to Bill, and he relaxed his arms against the bar.

His stomach began to protest mildly from its lack of food, but another sip of liquor silenced the complaint. Betty would be doing the dishes now after realizing that he wouldn't be home for dinner. This was the first time he had not phoned that he was working late. "Well, I intended to work. How did I know that Mister Franks would change his mind?"

Bill raised his drink and saw the girl was again staring at him. He lowered the glass and felt the warm weakness with which his muscles responded. He smiled, and the girl returned it with a surprising warmth. There was even a slight twinkle in her eyes. "What the hell," he decided while motioning for the bartender.

"Do you know that girl over there?" Bill asked in a subdued voice.

"First time I've even seen her, Mister Harvey."

"Give her another drink on me, will you?"

"Certainly, Mister Harvey."

He watched the bartender stop before the girl and place the glass on the bar. She smiled slightly as she heard the words spoken to her. As the bartender moved away, she nodded her head toward Bill in a gesture of thanks.

"Hell, I'd forgotten how easy this was," he thought. Picking up his glass, he slid from the stool and walked around the bar in a nonchalant manner. The girl turned her head as Bill sat down beside her.

"Thanks for the drink. I didn't plan on another one. Never have two before dinner is my motto."

"You don't have to drink it now; it's served the purpose," Bill remarked with a grin. "Would you like to have dinner now?"

"All right, but let me go to the powder room first. I won't be long."



Bill watched her body sway as she crossed the room toward a curtained door. When she disappeared, he rose and went to the phone booth. "This won't be much trouble," he thought as he dialed the number.

"Hello," Betty's soft voice answered.

"Hi, baby. Listen, I have to go over some accounts tonight with Mr. Franks. I'm afraid I'll be later than usual."

"Oh. How late will you be?"

"I won't get home very early, baby. We're going to have dinner now. Don't wait up for me. O.K.?"

"O.K. By the way, Mr. Franks called about an hour ago and left a message for you. He said he was sorry that he had to leave early, but he would help finish the accounts on Saturday."

The receiver clicked loudly in Bill's ear.

## Silence

SALLY CANAN

*Before a storm crashes  
No sweet thrushes sing,  
In sun and in silence  
The wild insects sting.*

*A woman, forgotten,  
Her love gone away,  
In pride and in sorrow,  
Has nothing to say.*

*Oh, better the thunder  
Of anger and rain  
Than this stinging silence  
Which none can explain.*



# A Treatise on the Noble Art of Warfare

HAROLD SMITH

Since time immemorial man has engaged in his magnanimous calling; namely dissipating, dispatching, and expelling human life from this terrestrial sphere. For how long this has been going on, no mortal can tell. But, according to the antediluvian register, in the form of a rhombohedral cylinder, I discovered on the shore of Issuk Kul parsimonious to the Przhevalsk (Karakol) in Kirgiz (while I was searching for a szaibelyite), it originated in a manner somewhat like this:

Ever since Cain rose up against Abel and slew him; the Tien Shan, Muyum Kum, and the Golodnaya Step echoed with the shrill screams of those being murdered. These, along with hundreds of Lemurs, even began to have their effect on lethargic Or, the caveman. He, while rambling among the accumulated carcasses, watchful of the slightest movement, fell upon a large, dense, denticulated, elevate denroid. With this instrument he proceeded to neatly cleave the cranium of the first passer-by. Soon the cream of the pugnacious combatants were using this more advanced method of slaughter.

The next great advance was made by a more diligent and inventive member of the species *homo sapiens*, Gy, who carefully constructed an implement for discharging a slender, pointed missile weapon, feathered and barbed. Oddly enough, our old acquaintance Or was the first to fall before this improved instrument of death. Heute mir, morgen dir. Once again the faddists took up the cry, and the pointed missiles darkened the sky. And, once again shrill screams re-echoed off Mount Ozero.

These screams were heard as far east as Wanchuan (Kalgan) in Chakar. In this small assemblage of primeval abodes, bogged down with much muck and mire, there dwelled a quick at contriving, ready in expedients, inventive genius in the form of Gore. He, with the aid of an explosive stuff composed of sulphur, nitre, and charcoal, devised an instrument for discharging shot. This, he felt, would put an end to the screams of those turbulent, inhuman barbarians to the west (or any other barbarians of the same or other degrees). So the fame and use of the device spread from Wanchuan to Luangprabang to Darbhanga to Canddhar to Kermaushah to Adapazari to Beograd. When last heard of by the venerable sage who inscribed the cylinder it was serving to pulverize Austrian knights before the gates of Wien. And it is at this point that the record of our sage closes with a lengthy section full of grave forebodings.

The learned sage was, naturally, quite ignorant of recent, pis aller, developments. *Hominis est errare*. Therefore, with the reader's permission, I shall pick up the thread of the narrative, in extenso. After the spreading of the latter implement, sic possim, the advancement of new methods in the act of laying waste was sadly slow. There were, however, many modifications of the

# My Neighbor, Zakeya

There is no woman in the village of Chem-Chemal more beautiful than I. My husband is next only to the Sheik in rank and even my children reflect my nobility. They are awed by my queenliness, stand up when I enter the room, and answer respectfully when they are spoken to. Even in all Bagdad there is none more respected and beautiful than I. I have no enemies for I envy no one. When I sit at my window like this and watch the common people going about their daily tasks, I take time to pray faithfully, thanking my God that I am not as they are. I can see my neighbor, Zakeya, sitting on her door step holding her child. Of all the people I know, I am most thankful that I am not Zakeya.

I have known Zakeya for a long time and I suppose that she really is not an evil person. But Zakeya is ugly—very ugly. The village people say that she was not always ugly. She was once beautiful even as I am. But she had not chosen her friends from among the right people—poor, pitiable Zakeya—and when, in those last dreadful days of the war, the massacring Kurdish tribes came—there was no one to protect her. Her husband died in the massacre, I believe, and her baby was very young. The women of the village tell me that she was baking bread in a mud oven the morning the troops came. In her panic, she took her baby and hid in the oven. The coals were still hot, and she had to crouch, doubled up, pressing the side of her face against the oven wall. I do not know how she kept the child from crying or how she managed to keep quiet herself, for the glowing bricks seared deep into her face and the red coals charred her bare feet. The soldiers searched the whole house before they found her. One of them finally uncovered the oven and they say he screamed, (although I, myself, cannot imagine such cowardly conduct on the part of a soldier). Seeing her bravery, they spared her life and that of the child.

That was two years ago. And now Zakeya sits in the sun and holds her child on her lap. And the little girl puts her chubby childish fingers into the deep scars on her mother's face and looks up with a puzzled little frown. Yes, I am glad that I am not Zakeya.

---

same delightful principle, ad nauseum. So it remained for some four hundred years; through the rise and fall of Austria, Italy, France, and Germany. So it remained through Triple Alliance, Entente Cordiale, Blut und Eisen, vive la république, Kultur, semper eadem.

Then, at the end of a second great period of destruction, which was just a little more recent and bloody than some others, a great new herald of death was introduced, the A-Bomb. Then a greater improvement on the improvements made on death was made, the H-Bomb. That is the situation now. That is the situation until Doom finally will pull that handle which will set man against his brother until he and his race will be no more. Sic transit gloria mundi.





## The City

HAL SMITH

*Endless streets, countless doors,  
Wires, steel, wood, stone,  
Thousands of buildings, millions of doors,  
This is the city flesh and bone.  
But the matter of the city is its people;  
The essence of the city is its folk.  
It is they who raised every tower and steeple;  
It is they who turn the wheels and make the  
smoke.  
Seeking money, love, thrills, play,  
Faith, truth, knowledge, and so they pass.  
And so the city moves from day to day.  
The city laughs; the city cries.  
The city lives; the city dies.*

## The Voice of Autumn Earth

ANONYMOUS

*Don't tell me winter comes  
With storm—  
I know only that her white arms  
Are warm.*

*Nor tell me I shall miss the song of birds  
And bumblebees in clover—  
Winterlong, I'll listen to the music  
Of a child's feet running over.*

## Sea-Song

ANONYMOUS

*I'll tell you this, my darling,  
Where we have stood today  
Our love is made eternal  
Between the sand and spray.  
The world will welcome other hearts  
To watch this constant sea  
And they will wonder at a song  
The waves sing, tenderly.*

## Elegy

ROLAND DIDEKIND

One quiet spring evening, I, in a melancholy mood and thinking of nothing in particular, happened to glance out of the front window of my home. The time was about six-thirty, and the sun had settled in the west just enough to create long-fingered shadows. The windows facing west of the house opposite me caught the last rays of the setting sun and reflected the beams of light in a blinding flash of orange and yellow color. The drooping branches of the willow tree drifted gently to and fro, and the twilight insects were already making their appearance.

My little six-year old brother ran across the yard in front of me, and I instinctively looked up to the top of the hill across from me. The house with the sun-blazed windows, which my whole family hated to see built, obstructed all but a small part of the hill. However, I didn't need a full view of "the hill," as my family so aptly describe it, to bring back the memories of the adventures and thrills I had on the sides and top of "the hill".

The hill now, though, is quite different from the hill I used to know. When my family moved up here to West Lawn in 1939 from Philadelphia, "the hill" was covered with a thick underbrush. A large old tree always frustrated my kite flying efforts. Wild apple and cherry trees grew on the top of the hill, and, looking down the farthest side of the miniature peak, one could see, as far as the eye could reach, the multi-colored fields stretching out like a vast checkerboard. These were the glimpses of the hill I knew with its mysteries, secrets, and explorations. Every time I wandered through the tangled brush and along my newly discovered paths, I discovered new sights. I spent many happy childhood hours browsing through my looking glass—"the hill".

It makes me sad indeed when I look at the hill today. There was the old rock pile, where, as children, a neighbor and myself spent hours playing "cops and robbers", soldiers, and many other games I have long since forgotten. At the foot of the rock pile was a small baseball field. Four players usually composed a team, and it was a very seldom occasion that one of us left the field without some minor mishap.

Now, the rock pile and baseball field are gone. In their places are new, modern, box-shaped houses. No longer will youngsters be able to play baseball there in the summer or flash down the grassy slope next to the diamond on sleds in the winter. The thrilling sled run and baseball field are now parts of back yards. The building up of every childhood playland—that is what people call progress.

The old trees on "the hill" with their branches clinging to the tattered kites—which I had tried many times in vain to recover — have been



chopped down to make room for the new monstrosities which are called houses these days.

The old woods are being cut down to make way for gardens. The old strawberry patch I used to diligently look through years ago has been turned over. The water tower, which provided many thrills and explorations, now has "No Trespassing" signs all around it.

The images and memories suddenly begin to fade, and I notice with a start that the sun has set and night is beginning to fall. Again I return from the world of bygone years behind the looking glass to the hustling, realistic world of today. However, the past pages of time cannot easily be forgotten. They will lie dormant in the subconscious mind until a nostalgic word brings the memories back—and then I can, once again, forget my troubles and cares and return to the world behind the vale of years.

## What's This Card For, Offisser?

WILLIAM LUKENS

But honessly, Offisser, I wa'nt speedin'. I mean if I was, I din mean to. You see, Offisser, me an' my sister-in-law, Doll—we all call her Doll because she's so cute and small—well, me and Doll are drivin' to visit my sister in Philly who jess had a baby, and I guess I'm kinda nerviss an' all, ya know. You see, my sister's husband, George, is s'pose to take care of the house and get the meals and such, but he's not so good of a cook, and anyways, what with the baby and my sister comin' home fum the hospital today, me and Doll was ast to help out for a couple a days, ya know, to get things runnin' smooth around the house.

How long have I been drivin', Offisser? Oh, I bin behin' the wheel fa about nearly six years now. Yeah, I'm gettin' pretty good at handlin' a car, 'specially in teraffic. My brother-in-law, George—ya know, the one that jess had the baby, I mean his wife that had the baby—well, anyway, George taught me howta drive, and, as I was tellin' Doll here, he did a good job of it. As a matter of fact, Offisser, I hate to admit it, but when I took my driver's test after all that good teachin' by my brother-in-law George, I akshilly flunked it 'cause I went right through a stop sign. O' course, I watch all the signs *now*, an' I wou'nt think of goin' through a stop sign deliberate like on that account, 'cause, what with all the cars drivin' around nowadays, it's so easy to have an accident if ya ain't watchin' their step.

You say you want my license, huh, Offisser? Well, I have it right in my hanbag. Uh, oh, I guess I musta left my card-case at home on my dressing table. What with all the excitement gettin' off this mornin', I musta jess forgot it. We had waffles fa breakfast, and the house was turned upside down an' ev'rything, and my mother was complainin' about her arthritis, and the dog was raisin' a fuss. Oh, this is ter'ble. Now Offisser,

## EDITORIAL

(Continued from page 3)

plishing his job. The songs of our country begin with exercising the right to sing them. Freedom only lives in self-expression and we feel the mediums of expression should be utilized for that prime purpose.

We don't like to change the tone of the essay but we think a word or two must be said in defense and explanation of the changes which have been made in the LANTERN policy this year. Heretofore, the size of the staff, art as well as literary, has indicated a very selective choice of contributions because of the people on that staff. We have enlarged both departments to reach a larger group on campus with the idea in mind that the more people we have represented here, the more people on campus we are representing. We hope that you feel the same way. Whether you do or not let us know about it. The enlarged art staff has brought an artistic competition into the illustrated as well as the literary material. Although the artists were limited in their work by the themes of the stories, they were all competing for the right to illustrate the same material and hence a partial form of originality was necessary. The cover is the result of the staffs' choice from six which were submitted, not the work of one person whose creativeness must be accepted. We feel this change in method and policy will make you more aware of the purpose we are trying to fulfill.

MARNA FELDT

please don't go thinkin' up things. I always carry my license with me around home, because you never can tell when some person's goin' to ast you for your credentials and such. It's jess like I was tellin' Doll here, these people that think the're so important that they can go flingin' important documents aroun', well, they ain't really such hot stuff.

What's that, Offisser? Did you say you wanted some kind of indentification? Sure, Offisser. I always have several business cards kickin' aroun' the bottom of my purse, and I'll give you one a them. I hope you ain't goin' to arres' me, or stick me in jail for speedin', 'cause I don't make much money, and besides, I'm in a hurry to get to my sister in Philly, P.A. I was tellin' Doll how I never seen a state like this New Jersey for policemen. I swear, ev'ry other car belongs to a cop—I mean an offisser. And all these speed zones where you could be goin' fifty, well, the're all marked twenty miles an hour. It jess don't make sense! And when I wanta go fum my home in New Yawk to Philly, and go quick like, I don't wanta waste time slowin' down all the time. My mother told me an' Doll when we left not to dawdle along the way gettin' cups a cawfee and such, but to get to Philly soon so 's to help George out, 'cause he really has his han's full, what with my sister and her baby an' all.

What's this green card for, Offisser? . . . A ticket? . . . For speedin'? Whadda ya think of that, Doll? These cops jess don't know good drivers when they see 'em. Oh, well!



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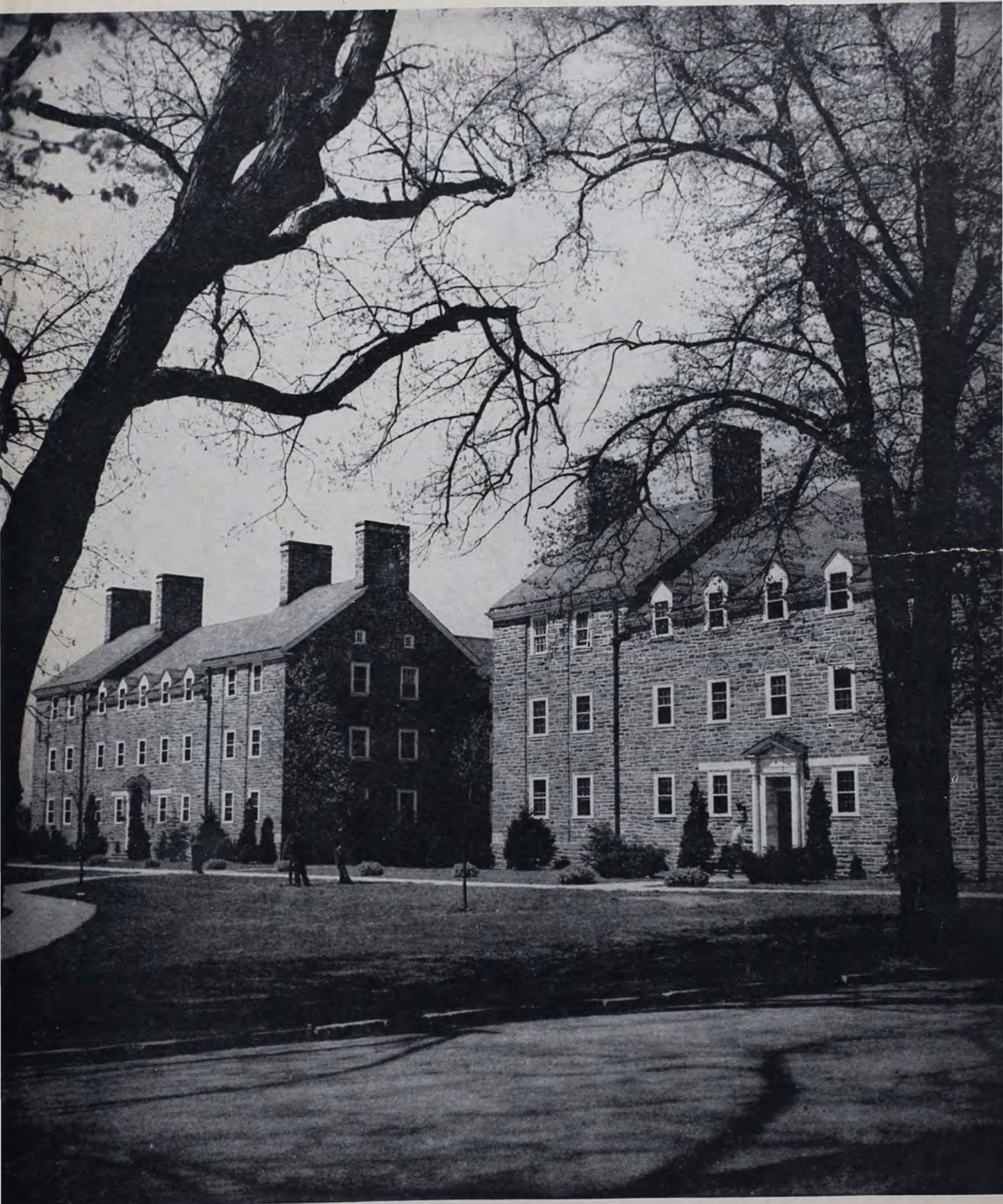
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HE'S REAL GONE!

MAYBE WE'VE GOT A BIX IN OUR MIDST!

HOW CAN THEY TELL SO SOON? ONE TOOT DOESN'T MAKE A TRUMPETER

**ONLY TIME WILL TELL** ABOUT A YOUNG MUSICIAN! AND ONLY TIME WILL TELL ABOUT A CIGARETTE! TAKE YOUR TIME...

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

# Test **CAMELS** for 30 days for Mildness and Flavor!



- Every smoker wants a cigarette that will bring him pleasure, pack after pack. More people find more pleasure in Camels than in any other cigarette. So try Camels as your steady smoke. Try them for 30 days and see how mild, how flavorful, how thoroughly enjoyable Camels are, week in and week out — and you'll see why

**CAMEL LEADS ALL OTHER BRANDS BY BILLIONS OF CIGARETTES!**