



2-1963

## The Lantern Vol. 30, No. 1, February 1963

Harry L. Serio  
*Ursinus College*

John Cowen  
*Ursinus College*

Sandra Hoffmann  
*Ursinus College*

Larry Meyers  
*Ursinus College*

Ted Wilf  
*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

Serio, Harry L.; Cowen, John; Hoffmann, Sandra; Meyers, Larry; Wilf, Ted; Christman, Roy; Pollock, Woody; Vennema, Peter; Kechn, R.; Reuben, Esar; and Hallinger, Jeffrey, "The Lantern Vol. 30, No. 1, February 1963" (1963). *The Lantern Literary Magazines*. 72.

<https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern/72>

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**

Harry L. Serio, John Cowen, Sandra Hoffmann, Larry Meyers, Ted Wilf, Roy Christman, Woody Pollock, Peter Vennema, R. Kechn, Esar Reuben, and Jeffrey Hallinger



lantern  
winter

2  
63

# *The Lantern*



URSINUS COLLEGE

February, 1963



# Staff

*Editor-in-Chief*

Peter Vennema

*Cover Editor*

Mike Boris

*Associate Editors*

Pam Milner

Stephen Dearsley

Woody Pollock

*Faculty Advisor*

David Hudnut

This Issue of the *Lantern* Is Fondly Dedicated to—



THE M. S. G. A.

# Contents

Word from the Editors . . . . .	4
---------------------------------	---

## PROSE

Mechanical Duplicity — <i>Harry L. Serio</i> . . . . .	6
The Practical Profits of Purism — <i>John Cowen</i> . . . . .	10
'Tis Better — <i>Sandra Hoffmann</i> . . . . .	12
Misha — <i>Larry Meyers</i> . . . . .	17
Manuel — <i>John Cowen</i> . . . . .	18
An American Fairy Tale — <i>Ted Wilf</i> . . . . .	23
The Christ of Christopher Street — <i>Harry L. Serio</i> . . . . .	24

## POETRY

Nocturne — <i>Stella</i> . . . . .	26
Various Reflections — <i>Stella</i> . . . . .	27
He Came and Gently Lifted Me — <i>Gabrielle</i> . . . . .	27
Poem, in a Minor Key — <i>Stella</i> . . . . .	28
World Fell to Ruin — <i>Gabrielle</i> . . . . .	29
The Map — <i>Roy Christman</i> . . . . .	30
On Being Jilted — <i>Anonymous</i> . . . . .	30
Manna — <i>John Cowen</i> . . . . .	31
Traitor — <i>Anonymous</i> . . . . .	32
The Leaves Cling — <i>Anonymous</i> . . . . .	33
Oh Freedom! — <i>Woody Pollock</i> . . . . .	33
The Insurance Man — <i>Peter Vennema</i> . . . . .	34
Translation—The Vampire — <i>Peter Vennema</i> . . . . .	35
Four Poems — <i>Roy Christman</i> . . . . .	36
Sanguis — <i>R. Kechn</i> . . . . .	38
Phoney Is the Color of My Love's Life — <i>Esar Reuben</i> . . . . .	39
To a Barmaid — <i>Jeffrey Hallinger</i> . . . . .	40

# Word from the Editors

The *Lantern* feels that it can afford, this semester, to remove the financial burden of its advertisements from the Collegeville merchants. Our thanks to the following businesses, all of which have supported the *Lantern* faithfully in the past:

The Collegeville Laundry  
Provident Tradesmans Bank & Trust Co.  
Phoenix Steel  
Schulz Baking Company  
Foremost Dairies  
Superior Tube Company  
Ranch House Restaurant

Our thanks are also due to the Ursinus College Alumni Association for their support, and to Printmaster Press, which has done the hardest work of all. We recommend Printmaster to other organizations; at 12 North Manoa Road, Havertown (Hilltop 9-1960) the cheerful proprietors do excellent work at a fair price.

Finally, we wish to welcome two new editors to the *Lantern* staff. Pam Milner and Woody Pollock, both sophomores, have contributed their energies to the formation of this issue; with them and their contemporaries lies the future of the *Lantern*.





# PROSE



# Mechanical      Duplicity

—Harry L. Serio

**T**his is the biography of Dr. Johann J. Heidlestein, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of Physics at Zaccharias College, a small church-related coeducational, liberal arts college which seeks to help the student to understand and to emulate excellence in scholarship and in conduct. Zaccharias College, located in the Green Mountains of southwestern Vermont, is academically prominent, but for the last two decades has lacked good football teams.

Johann Heidlestein can be called a failure from the beginning of his career—that is if second place in anything can be called a failure. Dr. Heidlestein was never first, but almost always second. He had begun his career in his homeland, Germany, in 1923 following the Beer Hall Putsch. Though Adolf Hitler had failed in his objectives, Heidlestein sympathized with him and gave him moral support.

When Hitler finally achieved the power he sought, Heidlestein was among the first to seek a political position in the new government. Hitler had selected him for a special post, but at the last minute, under pressure from his advisors, appointed another, putting Heidlestein in a subordinate capacity. Years later, he reflected on this, saying that it was Hitler's greatest mistake in not appointing him to the position that was filled with gross incompetence by Adolf Eichmann.

Disheartened by der Fuhrer's failure to acknowledge his talents, Johann Heidlestein defected to the West where he was put to work by the U.S. Government in its Ordnance Department. Several years later, after Germany's defeat, Heidlestein was selected as one of the top scientists for the then secret Project Mercury. He was dismissed within two months in disgrace and ridicule following a congressional investigation of his formula for a rocket fuel. Heidlestein claimed that the prejudiced senators did not even allow him to test the fuel but merely dismissed it on the grounds of its apparent absurdity. He also claimed that any college student having a rudimentary knowledge of advanced physical chemistry and practical fraternity experience knows that when 18.34 parts of Seagrams Seven is mixed with 43.86 parts of 135 proof Kickapoo Joy Juice at 65.5° C and allowed to cool to 54° C before adding 26 parts of Old



Spice Pre-Electric, you will get the most powerful liquid fuel available to man. Heidlestein considered this the United States' biggest blunder in the series of great blunders that keeps us behind the Russians in the race for space.

Turned out by Project Mercury, Heidlestein was immediately seized by the Board of Directors of Zaccharias College who were looking for a national figure for their faculty in an effort to raise \$500,000 for a new football field. The good doctor took the opportunity and settled down for a brief period of complacency. But as the money poured in and the alumni were fast approaching their goal, the higher administration turned a cool shoulder to the physicist and sought a way to remove him gently from the faculty. These powers-that-be were noted for their gentle and casual way of dismissing both staff and students. Only the previous semester they had asked a student to withdraw from school. The student, editor of the campus literary magazine, attempted suicide when every contribution was censored by the faculty and he was without a publication. The official reason for the dismissal was "conduct unbecoming a Zaccharias student." Dr. Heidlestein, with the axe about to fall, desperately sought a means of staying in the good graces of the administration.

A long time amateur photographer, Heidlestein soon came upon the idea of a reversible camera. So much has come from the reversing of certain processes that this was certainly deserving of an attempt. The principle upon which he operated is simple: a camera makes images on paper of real objects. To reverse this process, the new camera would make a real object of a photographic image. This would mean that if a picture is taken of Mt. Rushmore and the reversible camera, which the doctor calls Macromex is placed over the picture, a second Mt. Rushmore would be realized.

Once the theory had been outlined, the practical and experimental stages fell in line with little difficulty though even a brief description of the mechanics involved would require more than a year's subscription to *Popular Science*. The machine was perfected but still Heidlestein refused to make known Macromex for this would be the means by which he would avenge himself on the world for treating him in such an average manner. Macromex would be his salvation.

The sages tell us that behind every great man there is a woman. Johann Heidlestein made one of few errors in judgment in believing this. He saw the need for a mate who would also be his lab assistant, his mistress, his servant, his ideal for beauty and intelligence, a mother with a knowledge of Freud and Spock, and a personality compatible with his. Failing to find this ideal wife in the pages of *The Ladies' Home Journal* or *Modern Bride*, the professor came across a stray issue of *Playboy* that one of his students had left in the Comparative Anatomy lab. After perusing the pages of this collegiate handbook, the doctor finally settled for the girl on page 45. Having adjusted Macromex to the proper focus, he proceeded to—well, you know.

With the wife and strife in his life, step two was to amass such a fortune that he could make his influence felt in his own rendition of a



plutocracy. This was done through his guise as an amateur collector of *objets d'art* on off weekends (when there were away football games.) He started with the small trivial stuff such as the Discobolus and the Herm of Pericles. These pieces of sculpture were Roman copies of Greek originals. Heidlestein reversed the images of these Roman copies and submitted them as the Greek originals. The authorities of classical art were unable to tell the difference (as there was none) between the so-called "originals" and the Roman copies. They came to the conclusion that the Romans were pretty good imitators and huge sums were offered to Heidlestein for his fantastic finds. Heidlestein soon became the world's most renowned authority (as well as its greatest liar) on matters of art, and he shocked the world when he claimed Da Vinci's Mona Lisa in the Louvre was a clever imitation by a disciple of the great artist, and that he had the original.

Having accumulated a sufficiently vast amount of wealth for one working year, namely \$7,625,802 (after expenses), Dr. Heidlestein planned his long-overdue vacation. The itinerary included London, Paris, Rome, Athens, Moscow, and Lhasa, but at a second consideration, decided to remain at home and bring the world to him. A quick trip to the library for several travelogues was enough and he was ready. After focusing Macromex he proceeded to enjoy his vacation. The observer should realize that this is no ordinary or insignificant vacation. It isn't everyone that can have the Acropolis in his own back yard or place the Eifel Tower atop Fujiyama with relative ease, requiring just a knack of focusing a camera.

Fame and fortune came swiftly to the doctor—too swift in fact. Lying in ambush for the ingenious physicist was that nemesis of all fortune hunters—the Bureau of Infernal Revenue—who eagerly sought to pounce upon the unsuspecting doctor. The District Director called Dr. Heidlestein and asked him to come to his office on March 15 at 3:30. Unfortunately Dr. Heidlestein was already engaged for that afternoon with a Senate sub-committee investigating the legality of his unorthodox world tours. There was some constitutional question brought up about foreign conquest as well as complaints by the foreign governments themselves. They claimed that the various areas that Heidlestein duplicated had failed to pass through customs and had not paid the tariff. There was also a complaint from the publishers of the travelogues who claimed that Heidlestein's gimmick had duplicated their pictures in violation of the copyright laws. In addition to these complainants, there were the numerous hundreds who had discovered that they had been deceived by Heidlestein's false claims in the field of art.

Heidlestein faced his hour of crisis. He had to appear in the Senate or face a charge of contempt. And he had to appear before the Director of Infernal Revenue or risk antagonizing that organization. The doctor solved this problem by focusing Macromex on a picture of himself. This duplicate being he sent to the Director while he went to Washington.

The events in Washington lose their meaning in the light of what happened to Dr. Heidlestein that evening. Returning home, he realized that two Johann Heidlesteins were one too many should someone discover this. He immediately set about to return his deuterotype to its status as



an image, but he made one fatal mistake. He had changed his clothes so that he was wearing the identical suit he wore when his picture was taken earlier. This was too much for the machine to bear. Confused between the two Heidlesteins, Macromex did the only thing it could do under the circumstance—it replaced both realities with images.

Dr. Heidlestein's Messiah had become his Frankenstein leaving us with the moral: never expect justice from a camera.



Ed.—The objects of this satire are neither specific events, nor specific people. The author is concerned with the "general spirit" of Zaccharias.

# The Practical Profits of Purism

—John Cowen '65

College sophomore Aloysius P. Frumpsy sat at his desk, flunking busily away. The textbook, *Oriental Semantics* by Anton van Stankt, Ph.D., was open, and his roommate had gone out in search of new conquests. The dormitory was relatively silent, but the text made little impression upon his brain.

"Jeez," thought Aloysius, "I haven't got a chance with semester exams just a week away. Man, if only some of my wishes would come true, then I'd show 'em."

"Why not, Aloysius?", spoke an empty jar of Rotgut's Instant Coffee that stood on Frumpsy's desk.

Aloysius stared hard at the jar and perceived that a cartoon of the Pretty but Practical Housewife on the label, who had hithertofore been mutely extolling the merits of Rotgut's Coffee, was now looking up at him with a conspiratorial grin.

"Why shouldn't you have a few wishes granted?", she added.

"You mean it?"

"Surely."

Aloysius stared at her for a few seconds; he pondered, then said,

"Well, if you're really serious, how about making me a good, really good cup of coffee!"

"With or without cream?"

"With, please."

"Sugar?"

"Sure."

There then appeared on Aloysius's desk a truly magnificent cup of coffee: hearty, aromatic, and whole-souled. Also, at this moment, Aloysius's roommate, Stanley, came in, grinning smugly.

"Now, where's that addled Aloysius away at?", he muttered.

Aloysius was not there; however, there was a cup of coffee on his desk, and that was just what Stanley needed now. He took the cup, raised it to his lips, and swallowed the brew without pause until he had drunk it all. Smacking his lips, and speaking aloud to no one, he mused,

"Aloysius has probably gone and gotten drunk, but he sure can make a good cup of coffee. Just what I felt like!" The Pragmatical Housewife, on her jar, smiled viciously.





# 'Tis Better

—*Sandra Hoffmann*

If anyone had asked me, I would have said twenty-five should be a good age, but, honestly, at the time I thought it was lousy. I knew. On my twenty-fifth birthday I was miserable, stuck on that huge ship, going home to Lord knows what. Memories. That's all I had—memories. Shouldn't a young guy like me have had something else? You're very right—he should, but he didn't.

My name is Donato Moreno (the Third, no less). I'm Puerto Rican (you'd never know it would you?). I was going home to that lovely section of New York fondly called "El Barrio" in East Harlem. I was fulfilling my obligations to dear Uncle in the service of my family's adopted country; dressed in the blue of Navy I had sweated blood on that ship. I can't really say I hated the service; it was an outlet, but I am getting ahead of myself. Yes, I was bitter, very bitter. Maybe after you hear my story you'll see why, as I packed my gear, I was so unhappy.

★ ★ ★

We came to the States when I was real young so I remember very little of my life before New York. I have vague recollections of many people kissing me and crying as they said good-bye, but this may be the result of hearing my mother talk about our departure—it was a hard thing for her to leave all her family behind and she often thinks about the time.

Once in New York my parents sent me to school—I was to have what they had missed. I learned English and did all the regular kid-stuff. I had plenty of friends; after all, we did live in a Latino neighborhood so I could speak my native tongue. Anyway, kids are the same all over the world.

As soon as I was old enough I joined my father in his little butcher shop, working afternoons and evenings. The business grew as our neighbors discovered our good prices and so when I was sixteen I quit regular school and began to work full time for Pop. I had big dreams then so I enrolled in night courses at City College and determined to finish high-school. The guys on the block teased me like heck, but I was stub-

born and I even got some college English courses in.

There was only one person who really understood me then. Raquel never laughed at my thirst for knowledge. Raquel. Raquel, the funny looking little girl next door who turned into the most beautiful creature I'd ever seen in my life. It was really funny—one day I was aiming my pea-shooter at her legs so I could see her run, the next day I gaped as she looked at me through those thick, curly eyelashes and cried because I had hurt her. We became sweethearts at sixteen, lovers at seventeen, man and wife at eighteen, and she died in childbirth at nineteen. The child, a boy, died also. I couldn't help thinking that I had hurt her again, but this time love wouldn't cure the hurt.

I continued working in the shop for a year—everyone said give yourself time before you make any rash decisions, but it wouldn't do. Every noise, every breeze, every happening reminded me of Raquel and I nearly lost my mind.

I joined the Navy just before my twenty-first birthday. My parents understood and gave me their blessing. Soon after "boot" in the Great Lakes I was shipped off to the Med. I saw everything—I saw nothing—I was a man in a constant daze. Luckily the routine of the ship became habit and I got everything done with a minimum of discipline from the officers.

A year passed as we traveled around the Med and made stops at Naples, Villefranche, and the usual ports of call. Then we were sent to Puerto Rico, the place of my birth. I was overwhelmed at the thought.

We put in to shore late at night; my first real view was that of millions of tiny lights that to me symbolized hope—hope for a new life—hope shining through the darkness of despair.

I applied for an extended leave in my native country and anxiously awaited the permission which came our second day in port. I was granted fourteen wonderful days. I had no real aim or destination although my application had referred to numerous relatives. My ever optimistic mother had lovingly presented me with a leather-bound address book on my departure and within were painstakingly lettered the names and addresses of each and every relative still alive—there was quite a list.

★   ★   ★

I first called on Manuel and Lucia Rodriguez, my mother's sister and her husband. They had a small house on the outskirts of San Juan and Manuel eked out a living by growing various vegetables. Like virtually all of my countrymen the Rodriguez' offered unstinting hospitality, but I could see that they could barely afford to support themselves; I told a white lie concerning a shipmate and a shared apartment in town.

I eventually did seek out Joel Thibault, an old bunk-mate, and we registered in a small, inexpensive boarding house. During my first week I was there only long enough to bathe and change my clothes and, of



course, sleep because Manuel and Lucia took it upon themselves to introduce me to the whole family in the traditional way—over huge amounts of home-cooked meals. I met Luis and Elena Gonzalez, Caesar and Maria Angulo, Miguel and Rosa Fernandez, Chalo and Beatriz Montoya, and Luis and Josefina Moreno—all related to me in some way or other. Needless to say, it wasn't long before I gave up trying to figure out each connection. You see, we Hispanos are very family-minded; any tie, no matter how strained or thin, is recognized and respected. Tenth cousins are treated as sisters and brothers. This is remembered here in the new country as well as in the old. Such is the reason for crowded tenements in Puerto Rican settlements—no relative is ever turned from the door.

After a week of togetherness, I decided to spend an evening with Joel in the house—I was very tired. I announced my plan to Dona Alicia, the landlady, and she happily answered that dinner would be served as usual and that the whole household would be more than pleased to meet me. Joel and I had been together so little in the past week (our interests differed in many respects) that I knew nothing of the household. What little was said late each night usually concerned his latest interest in town.

My first introduction to the other inhabitants of the boarding house was less than exciting. There was the usual feeble old woman covered with jewelry and a young married couple who were students at the University. Dona Alicia, a comfortable, motherly type, did her best to make me feel at home and Joel, normally reticent, was maddeningly quiet. And then, out of the blue, appeared what, at first, I thought was a vision—a young, dark beauty carrying a tray. How little I realized when my eyes met hers for that split second before her eyelashes were demurely lowered! Dona Alicia, amused at my reaction, did not hesitate to introduce her ward, Riga Reyes.

I must explain that normally the introduction would never have taken place had I been simply an American sailor (Joel was furious—he was never given a hint as to the girl's name), propriety would not allow such freedom for a Puerto Rican girl, but because I, too, was Puerto Rican, Dona Alicia deemed me fit for Riga's acquaintance.

★   ★   ★

Even the most ardent of Puerto Rican romances must begin on slow-footing because of chaperones and the like. I was lucky though; I could manage to see Riga day in and day out. Needless to say, it wasn't long before I had fallen in love with her and she with me. This we both knew before we were alone once.

Three days after my arrival in San Juan I managed to meet Riga "by accident" in the garden of her home. Silently, she took my hand and led me to a rose covered arbor where we sat and talked and talked and talked. What did we say? Who knows? What do lovers usually say when alone for the first time? Riga told me of her life. She was eighteen and was an orphan. She did not remember her parents. Dona Alicia had taken her in out of the kindness of her heart, but she was getting old—someday



Riga would have to go to unknown relatives in America and leave her beloved homeland. I told her of my life in New York and discovered that, for the first time, I was able to talk of Raquel and our lost child. Riga wept. As I held her hand I kept thinking, the scar has healed, you're a whole man again, you're in love!

★   ★   ★

The happenings of my last three days of liberty in San Juan are really of interest to none but those two young people who were involved. We lived and loved on the beaches, in the flower market, the amusement park, the department stores. We lived a lifetime, cramming as much as we could into a few short days.

Certainly my departure was sad, but, as my ship was in the harbor, I knew I would have weekend liberties and I promised to write and tell her when to expect me for, by this time, we had agreed on marriage as soon as I could take her home and support her. Riga remained dry-eyed, but those big, dark eyes which had first attracted me expressed a sadness tears could never tell.

All the way back to the ship I thought of Riga and the wonder of her amazed me. I was happy for the first time in four years.

My joy was short-lived. I was greeted on the ship with the news that we were sailing that night for ports unknown.

★   ★   ★

My remaining two years in the service were spent in Japan. I wrote to Riga regularly and, at first, she wrote to me—letters of pure, unbounded love. Then, suddenly, a year and a half after our meeting, her letters stopped coming and mine began to return stamped, "Addressee Unknown." Disbelieving, I sent more only to get them back. I wrote to Dona Alicia, same thing. Uncle Manuel obligingly went to the house for me only to find a family named Alonso living there. They knew nothing.

★   ★   ★

It had been six months since I had last heard from Riga as I celebrated my birthday on the homeward-bound ship. It is hard to reconstruct my thoughts on the voyage, but I do know I was miserably unhappy. I contemplated a quick death, but it takes bravery for such and I was too cowardly. I sought solace in the thought that I would have my family, but anyone knows that this really means little to a twenty-five year old—especially one who has lost someone like Riga Reyes. Her name repeated itself over and over in my head and all the time I had to share in the bantering of my happy shipmates who knew very little about my personal life. Sailors, like many people, are really only interested in themselves—as long as one questions them about themselves and listens, it is not necessary to tell them anything.

After entirely too short a time land was sighted and I began to

realize that decisions must be made and that I must settle my mind; my mother was always very perceptive and I knew I must assume a pretty good pose in order to keep her from worrying. I determined that the least I could do was be my old self for my mother's sake.

★      ★      ★

The ship docked. Slowly, deliberately I gathered my carefully packed paraphernalia. I bade farewell to my shipmates, especially Joel who was my last living contact with the world of Riga Reyes. I disembarked.

It was dark and rainy, cold too. Everyone was covered with rain-coats and umbrellas mushroomed all over the dock. It was difficult to distinguish anything, much less a form that I hadn't seen for four years. My eyes searched and, then, out of nowhere she came. I was engulfed in her embrace. She was so warm and soft. There, in my mother's arms, I remember thinking, maybe it will be all right after all. Then, still clinging to me, she said in her stilted English which always reminded me of poetry, "Donato, my son, I am so selfish. I have a happy birthday gift for you! Donato, you must meet your cousin who has come to live with us. Donato, here is the child of my beloved brother Felipe—Donato, greet Riga Reyes."

★      ★      ★

And that, my friend, is the tale you have desired to hear for so long. I tell you only because I love you and trust you. Grant the wish of a lowly man—never repeat this tale. You see, I promised to renounce my former life—every monk does.

★      ★      ★



# Misha

—Larry Meyers

Raindrops spattered onto the ramshackle mud and stick hut where the Kolacks lived. They filled the narrow winding street with streams and puddles of dirty water. The water trickled through the tracks, seeping under doors and through badly packed walls into the murky house. Soon the mud and straw floors became a morass of brown and tarnished golden ooze.

Winter was always like this. At least as long as Misha could remember, winter had always brought the giant, gray clouds which burst open and drenched the land. Summer had always been hot and dry. Many times very little water remained in the cistern. Then father had said that they must use it sparingly, or there would be none left before the cold winter rains. But winter, ah—winter was always cold and wet and ugly.

"I can't play with Jusa and Sochi, father, why not? I want to play with them. We make guns and cannons out of sticks. Jusa is our leader. Sochi and I, we follow him. . . . Mother. Let me go out and play with them. I want to play with them. They are my friends. What will they think of me? Let me go out and play. . . . Look at them staring at me like that, as if I were dead or something. Father! Mother! Just let me go out and play for a little while. Please let me go out. I hear Jusa and Sochi calling. I must go out. Please, let me leave. . . . Father. Who is that strange man? Why does he look at me so? Help! Don't let him touch me. He'll kill me, father. Don't let him touch me. Let me out! Please, let me out!"

The rain pelted harshly on the corrugated tin roof. Fine droplets of the cold wetness formed inside the ceiling. They fell silently to the floor where they mingled with the muddy ooze, dissolving into it.

"How long has he been this way?" asked the voice.

"Three days."

"It's double pneumonia. He won't last the night."

"What is he saying, Father? I'm fine. Keep him away. That's right. Can I go out now?"

# Manuel

—John Cowen

Clay lies still but blood's a rover  
Breath's a ware that will not keep.  
Up, lad: when the journey's over  
There'll be time enough to sleep.  
—A. E. Housman, *A Shropshire Lad*

**F**rom a pocket, Ramón took a pair of worn dice. Addressing both his saint and the dice, he rolled them onto the rusted metal side of a discarded ammunition container. The white cubes bouncing along produced a sound like the roll of an execution drum, and each face turned up one. Scooping up the dice, Ramón rolled again, yet another two, then twelve, and then three. He licked his dry lips and threw the dice away into the surrounding forest of the mountain.

"Ea, Ramón, do you not know that it brings evil luck to roll dice under a crucifix?"

"What crucifix, Manuel?"

"That which is nailed here onto the tree you lean against."

At this, Ramón got up and on perceiving the small cross suddenly saw himself as a Roman soldier casting dice on the robe of Christ. An evil omen, for this day was even that of the Nativity.

"Manuel, why is that there?"

"Who knows? Perhaps for prayer or for protection."

"Such is life. What do you wish, Manuelito?"

"Look there, to that hill."

Ramón removed his sunglasses and strained his eyes towards the spot. Then he raised his field glasses to his eyes and after some manipulation, spotted a column of smoke from a small fire.

"Ay, Lobo, did you smell it? Perhaps it may be that you know what is being cooked, and from the smell, who is cooking, eh?"

"No, Ramón, I have only just noticed it."

"Ea! Diego, Pancho; bring yourselves over here!"

Two men detached themselves from the group of resting soldiers.



and at Ramón's request they knelt down as he took out a well-creased map, spreading it open on the ground.

"So you see, *Chichos*, we are some thirty miles away from Bayamo and maybe fifteen miles away from the highway in the foothills. That smoke there might be coming from some Fidelista's encampment. Pancho, we three will go up there to see if it is so. It is nine-thirty; at eleven, if we do not come back, take the men and go to our positions near Cobre. Then make your report to Guillermo, that is, we have killed Comachos, have fought his men, and have blown up the depot at Bayamo. Extend my best wishes to him."

Pancho repeated Ramón's instructions and Diego, Manuel, and Ramón took up their equipment, chose weapons, and left.

Sometime later, they reached the top of the hill and found themselves gazing at a small adobe hut in a clearing some fifty feet away, from whose chimney there came the column of smoke.

Ramón, crouching low, made for a corner of the hut. Then with sub-machine gun at the ready, he edged up to a solitary window and glanced in. Suddenly he jumped back and fell heavily. Manuel reacted instantly and bullets from his light machine gun ripped into the hut. Ramón cried out,

"Stop! It's only an old woman!"

Manuel ejected the empty clip and, reloading the piece, walked over to Ramón. Diego had been too startled to do anything, but he regained control of himself and walked over with great curiosity.

"Ay, Manuel, you should not have shot; it was just an old woman. You see, as I looked in, there she was, staring into my eyes. This startled me, and I tripped. Now we are shooting even old folk!"

As Ramón got up, Manuel walked over to the door and kicked it open. The woman lay sprawled face down on the dirt floor. She raised her head, smiled, and said,

"Come in, come in, I'm all right. Won't you come in to have a cup of tea with a poor old lady who lives all by herself in the *Sierra Maestra*?"

The three guerillas looked at each other, then Ramón shrugged and walked in with Manuel and Diego following. Inside, they all seemed to fill the small hut, so they sat down against the wall and laid their weapons in a corner. Just now, she was brushing the dust, which had sprayed from the bullet pocked walls, off of her shawl. Miraculously she had been unhurt, but this did not seem to worry her, for her wrinkled face was creased with a smile. She hobbled over to the fireplace and withdrew a tea kettle from the smoking flames. Taking three small cups, she filled them and laid each at the feet of the soldiers. Then she got herself a cup and squatted down in front of them.

"Take up and drink! It is not every day that handsome young men such as you come to call on poor old Isabel."

Then the men laughed, and took up the cups, complimenting her. She laughed too, a dry chuckle like the rustling of bare branches in the wind before a storm. They talked, and she told them the story of her life, and how she came to be there, in the mountains of the Oriente. Isabel was kindly and harmless, preferring the peace of the hills to the commotion of the cities.

"What more would one want?" she asked.

They laughed, and Ramón said,

"Well, *Anciana*, I should like to kill many Fidelistas."

Diego said,

"I would pluck up courage for I am like a chicken."

Manuel said,

"Ah, *Senora*, I ask only to be alive when this is all over."

The old one chuckled, and the men laughed at their own foolishness. Then Ramón looked at his watch and saw that it was ten thirty. They had to leave or Pancho might go with the others. So they bid *Vaya con Dios* to her, and shouldering their weapons, left.

The others were there and were even roasting a wild pig on a wooden spit over a small fire. Some were dancing the Cha-Cha-Cha, shouting out titles of old songs to the amused, hand-clapping accompaniment of the others.

*Calculadora, Yo Tengo una Muneca, Sabrosoña!\**

On approaching them, Ramón cried out an order which was also the name of a song sung by the *Orquesta Aragón*.

*Silencio!*

Seeing the frowning brows of Ramón's visage, the men quieted down good-naturedly enough, and fell to hacking at the roast, for they would soon have to make the long journey to Cobre. Ramón and Manuel sat together, and as they ate, talked.

"That was a strange thing, Manuel, about the old woman. It is truly a miracle that she was untouched by the bullets. I would have been at fault if she was hurt—it was so silly to be startled by just an old woman looking out from her window."

"I know, Ramón, I too saw her at the window."

"You did! But why did you shoot?"

"I . . . I don't know. It was as if my hand suddenly clenched itself unwillingly against the grip and trigger, and did not relax until the last bullet was fired."

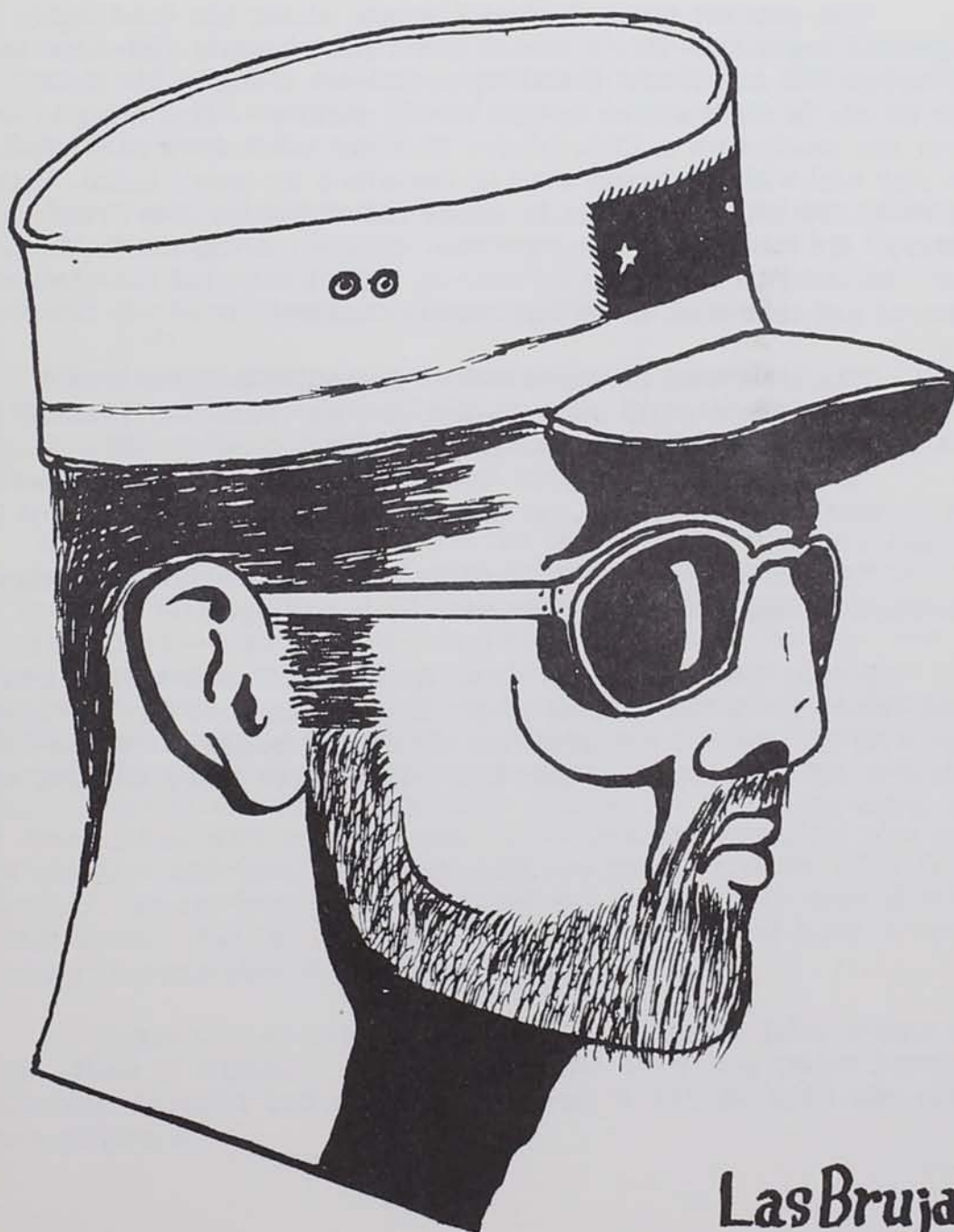
"Ah, Manuel, you are just a killer, a fine soldier, but one who likes to kill."

They then fell silent. Manuel did not want to tell Ramón of how, in that fleeting glimpse of her face, he had been reminded of a long-forgotten childhood fantasy. At the age of seven or so, he had once been

\* Schemer, I Have a Doll, Voluptuous!



sick in bed. To ease the boredom, he had imagined of a group of *brujas*, witches, who danced around his bed, singing incomprehensible songs and chants. For many days they were with him, and he would talk to them with his mind. Once, when he was looking in the bathroom mirror, one witch detached herself from the silent group. She came up to him and whispered "Manuel, your destiny is yet to come!" Manuel told no one of this fantasy, and now he could not remember how long the witches were with him, but he remembered that one night when he imagined a sort of room in the moon-lit wall and forced the witches to go in there with his mind, and there they had stayed and been forgotten. But, *Madre de Dios!* The face of the old woman had been the face of the witch who had whispered the empty prophecy into his ear!



**Las Brujas**

"*Haya! Arré! Arré!* We have rested enough. On to Cobre!", Ramón shouted. The guerillas arose, shouldered their equipment, and fell in, walking in double-file.

They were ambushed. At first, it was peaceful: a gentle breeze stirred the palm fronds, and only the songs of wild birds were heard. Suddenly there was the *palot-palot* of mortars and flashing explosions sent sharp shrapnel flying, clipping down the palm fronds. Machine gun bullets tore their paths along the heaving, spewing turf. Manuel stood, legs straddled, firing bursts into the bushes where he saw the muzzle flashes. He saw Diego jump up and rush towards the enemy positions, firing and shouting wildly, only to be cut down. He saw Ramón frenziedly jerking the pins from several hand grenades. And then the ground was torn from under Manuel's feet as a mortar burst flung him into the air from where he fell heavily to the ground, a tattered, smoking, unmoving bundle.

The peasant farmer Rafael Lombera shook his head sadly at the neglected sugar cane fields around him. The majestic *Sierra Maestra* lay off to his left and fertile plains stretched out along to his right. There was no one in sight and he thought that it might be a fine thing to supplement his lunch with a little beer. The man knelt down and lifted away the rich soil with his hands until he unearthed his small hoard. With great fondness, he lifted out a bottle whose Indian-headed label read *Cerveza Hatuey*. He looked up. Someone was stumbling along the fields towards him. As the floundering figure neared, Rafael saw that his clothes were tattered and that dried blood masked his features.

"Maria! Come, here is a wounded guerilla from the hills!"

Later the soldier lay babbling on a cot while the peasant's wife attended to him and put a wet cloth on his face.

"Look, Rafael, his eyes have been knocked from his head, and his clothes are full of holes, yet there are only a few scratches and bruises on his body."

"Ay, it is so, my wife, and he seems to believe that there are witches standing around him from what he is saying."

Rafael Lombera turned away from the cot and with a trembling hand raised the bottle of beer to his lips and emptied it. He wiped his lips with the back of his hand and hurled the bottle out of the doorway where it hit the ground, rolled, and fell into the hole, clinking against its fellows.



# An American Fairy Tale

—Ted Wilf

To begin this story, I must describe to you a hackneyed, sickeningly sentimental scene. A father is putting his adorable little daughter to bed; and the adorable little daughter looks up at her father and says, "Daddy, please tell me a fairy tale."

Now it is not the purpose of this article to ridicule little children. The daughter actually is adorable. I don't intend to present a thorough psychoanalysis, but perhaps one of the reasons for her adorableness is the fact that she hasn't learned yet how to hide her feelings.

For example, once she was having an argument with her mother about what time she was supposed to go to bed. First the daughter started crying, then the mother started crying. And then, in the midst of all this blubbering the daughter said, "Momma, I love you."

Anyway, this is the fairy tale the father tells his child: "There was once a feminine flower that grew sideways. And she passed over many beautiful things—fields, valleys, streams. And she passed over many ugly things—dead animals, burnt forests, refuse. But she kept on growing in her own peculiar way until she came to a masculine tree who said, 'Look at yourself! You're the most unsophisticated thing I've ever seen! Only seedlings grow sideways! Grow up!' So the flower, not to be unsophisticated, grew up. And she became like all the other garishly colored flowers of the field. But after awhile, the feminine flower became dissatisfied with her lot. She never saw the beautiful and ugly things she once had seen; She could only see herself and the other flowers like her. So she asked the masculine tree if she could start growing sideways again. But the masculine tree wouldn't hear of such a thing. So the poor flower withered slowly and died."

As happens in all stories like this, the daughter falls asleep before the father is finished. In this particular story, the father looks at his sleeping daughter and wonders how long it will be until she stops growing sideways.

# The Christ of Christopher Street

*(Qui vocabit hanc poesin exsecandus)*

—Harry L. Serio

He was not born in Bethlehem,  
But in the backroom of a Village bookstore.  
He did not preach his sermon on the mount,  
But on a soap box in Washington Square.  
He did not preach from Moses nor the prophets,  
But from Ferlinghetti and Ginsberg.  
He did not change water to wine,  
But drank wine like water.  
He did not condemn the scribes and pharisees,  
But passed judgment on tourists, capitalists, and Bob Wagner.  
He did not drive the money changers from the temple,  
But cried out against the Organization man and Madison Avenue.  
He did not meet in an upper room,  
But on the sawdust floor of an expresso house.  
He did not pour wine and break bread,  
But sipped Italian coffee and broke Chinese fortune cookies.  
He did not look to God for comfort and guidance,  
But searched for Dharma and for Zen.  
He did not appear before Pilate,  
But stood condemned by the bourgeois intellegentia.  
He was not mocked and stripped by Romans,  
But was robbed of his subterranean home by city ordinance.  
He was not crucified on Golgotha,  
But was shorn of his beard and stripped of his sandals,  
and forced into the conformity of the masses.  
He did not rise from the dead,  
But lost his identity among the blank faces of humanity.





# POETRY

## NOCTURNE

Amethyst of evening leans  
Toward deeper indigo  
While pools of shadows lengthen  
And lengthening shadows grow.

A girl, within a man's embrace,  
Hears a night-bird call,  
Twilights on the edge of womanhood,  
Waiting for the sky to fall.

A swallow darts in silhouette  
Across an ebon pond,  
Flits past the whispering giants  
And disappears beyond.

And all to loss will turn from gain  
If, wanting gone and getting got,  
They turn their eyes to love again  
And find they know them not.

Amethyst of evening leans  
Toward deeper indigo  
While pools of pale green lamp-light  
Softly downward glow.

—*Stella*



## VARIOUS REFLECTIONS

Mirrors can not emulate themselves  
Nor castles built on surfaces of ponds  
Exist below the depth that vision delves,  
Nor shadows sunless fall upon the land.  
Love should be the end of my conceit.

—*Stella*

He came and gently lifted me  
From out that dull and senseless void  
Into which I'd fallen after first love  
Broke me and left me empty.

I was not whole when here he came  
But rather biparted humanity  
One part was body, the other soul  
Now built anew within love's frame.

I kissed old love's words, bid farewell  
To them and turned my thoughts in.  
I split in two, body and heart,  
And dreams left both at love's Death knell.

—*Gabrielle*

POEM, IN A MINOR KEY

I did not know you then, and there was no one  
I could ask: I seemed so far apart.  
Advice came late and found my needing done.  
Forgive me, love. I listened to my heart.  
The season and my age were in their spring  
And love seemed not the end of anything.  
He came to me on evening's ebbing shore:  
He came as in my dreams and held me tight,  
And touched me as I'd never been before.  
Forgive me, love. I come to you in white.

—*Stella*



World fell to ruin by deed of man.  
Will words of peace be heard again—  
Or only perpetual war increase  
Till every life and movement shall cease.

Wild turbulence ravaged and rent the calm  
Till no remnant of rest remained  
And only perpetual war increased  
Till life was gone and movement ceased.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Earth became settled—calm and still.  
No one stirred in static remains  
No wind whispered over silent seas  
No life remained in either of these.

—*Gabrielle*

## THE MAP

A map of the world  
hangs on the wall;  
The countries colored  
whether large or small.

But the colors clash.

—*Roy Christman*

## ON BEING JILTED

To make a bond,  
to offer up your being,  
to let your secret self flow out,  
Does that destroy?

If tenderness cannot be poured  
into the mouth  
and eyes  
and hands  
of another,  
If when it's poured  
it does not swell and form a wave  
that floods the earth,  
But, in departing,  
slips and lets fall its hollow vessel—

Then wherein lies our joy and power?



## MANNA

A cracked pitcher with a faded blossom,  
A cheap room and one soul-empty man, one.  
A dirt-streaked window straining a half-moon,  
The chalice lies empty for she is gone.  
*Ab Love! could you and I with Him  
conspire*

Lying awake, thinking tiny thoughts great,  
Of churches and creeds, clans and congresses,  
Of fame and fate, life and death, love and hate,  
And so on, many sorts of distresses.  
*To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things  
entire,*

For too short a time has he drunk revenge.  
No, this is not the Handle, the Manna.  
Hansel has a handle, his H syringe,  
Hal drinks hard; Marie smokes marijuana.  
*Would we not shatter it to bits—and  
then*

Virginia, Catherina, Anna!  
Silently shouts he in his sorry sleep.  
Someday will he discover his Manna,  
But sadly now would he woefully weep.  
*Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire! \**  
—John Cowen

\*Italicized lines are stanza XCIX of *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*.

## TRAITOR

Happy knows  
no graciousness.  
She alights  
and vanishes.  
Whimsy is  
her entity,  
and rarity  
her lure.

Funny how  
she charms our hopes,  
And, chirping,  
summons spring.  
Then from haze  
of bliss,  
She's soon aloft  
and gone.

To welcome her  
is our abandon,  
So holding her  
is ecstasy.  
But losing her  
is bleak,  
and memory  
is pale.

Happy knows  
no graciousness.  
She alights  
and vanishes.  
Whimsy is  
her entity,  
and rarity  
her lure.



The leaves cling in brittle clusters  
to the trees, like withered gnomes  
whose prank of summer  
has taken treach'rous twist  
and stabbed them in their fev'rish dance.

A gasp, their verdant sweat to crystal  
vapor turned, dispelled and ling'ring  
in a grey October mist.

#### OH FREEDOM!

The shackles and chains of numberless encounters  
Are broken! My soul, enslaved  
By foolish ventures and sensuous desires  
Has been freed. The great gatekeeper  
Of my innermost atom has let loose  
A flood of passion the power of  
Which I cannot control. Inundated  
And befelled by it, I am  
Swept along its deepest channels  
Free of cumbrous debris. Desire, no  
Longer foremost, has given 'way to the  
Singing of my mind. If but I  
Could capture a moment of it  
I would reach the Foremost  
Nirvana of existence.

The search has culminated—  
I LOVE.

—*Woody Pollock*

## THE INSURANCE MAN

Moreham has dusty fingers, and he bores me.  
He talks of surety as though there were,  
And quotes me numbers 'till my head aches badly.  
(Statistics are the fallacy of number).  
He insures that I won't go before it's due  
Which is abnormally good of him.  
If all he says is absolutely true,  
His boss is liable should I lose a limb.  
Mortality's a very popular seller,  
He says. Almost everybody buys that policy.  
But from what I know of his own patter,  
Uncalculated risk is lunacy,  
So I'm not buying. Totus all in totum  
The dead, surely, can't sue for the premium.

—*Peter Vennema*

ed.—For those of you who have trouble with extended metaphors, try changing the title and subject of the poem to *The Preacher*.



Translation — THE VAMPIRE  
(XXXI from Baudelaire's *Fleurs du mal*)

Thou who, knife-like, cut in twain  
My plaintive heart and came . . .  
Who, paried and insane,  
As strong as Hell's own demons, came

Within my weakened spirit's hide  
To make thy bed and own domaine;  
O, infamy to whom I'm tied  
As is the slave to his own chain,

As is the stubborn child to play,  
As is the drunkard to his thirst,  
As is the corpse to its decay—  
Be thou cursed, cursed!

I've begged the rapid funeral blade  
To give my liberty its kiss;  
I've asked perfidious poison's aid  
To save me from my cowardice.

Alas, both sword and poison  
Answer me disdainfully:  
"We can not save who can not reason  
Out of Hellish slavery:

An imbecile of her empire,  
Delivered by the hand of fate,  
Whose kisses would resuscitate  
The corpse of his vampire".

—Peter Vennema

## FOUR POEMS

### I FOGGY WOODS AT NIGHT

A somber gloom pervades the cool night air.  
A weasel searching blood sneaks slowly through the murk.  
A grey possum softly leaves his musky smelling lair.

Thick fog over all—it clings to rotting soil.  
It slimes the black tree bark, it covers the cold rock,  
It hides the blacksnake's coil.

Down in the bottom land the still river swills.  
The oily bubbles rise, a frog croaks, the snake slides,  
A snapper kills.

### II LEAVES

The tired leaves fall,  
They are mottled and spotty  
They are red with blood from the fight with fall,  
And yellow with summer's age,  
And orange with the setting sun.

They skitter and take irregular skipping hops with the wind.  
Their noise is lonesome and eerie at night.  
Dead things they are, more float down to add—  
They brush my face and whisper of death.



### III CREEK IN WINTER

The trout moves slowly up the stream.  
Alone he swims in gloomy deep.  
The water slow, the water cold,  
The rocks are jagged, green mosses creep.

A pine lolls over the water.  
Down gnarled wood the black drops flow.  
They filter through the needles—and linger,  
Then fall to the melting slush below.

### IV NIGHT MIST

Cool night mist rises from the meadow.  
Blue and moist it clings to the grass blades.  
The air is chilled by the going of the sun.

A white-haired couple sits on the porch—  
    he with his thoughts,  
    she with hers.  
They sit in silence,  
    watching the meadow mist  
    and waiting for the night to come.

—Roy Christman

## SANGUIS

This poem that I have entitled *Sanguis*, delineates a cataclysm in the literal sense of the word. The blood is the blood of every member of the human race which has been totally destroyed because of man's inherently destructive nature.

I saw a valley dipped in blood,  
Where curled a river—surged a flood,  
Of emblematic, crimson tears,  
Embowed o'er black and eterne biers;  
Where mused a mountain—laden.  
The snows were gold;  
My dreams were bold  
Beneath Diana  
Bland and old.  
The valley stared toward the sea;  
Its pale-red eyes,  
Not two, but three,  
Fixed on the skies  
Tormented me.  
The third was monumental—huge;  
Its hue was of a milder rouge;  
I saw it blink not once, but thrice;  
Its soul, thought I,  
Was dipped in ice.

Blood—red and redder  
Than the sun,  
Throughout the valley's rillelets spun  
A rubied web  
Upon the sea;  
Then flashed the eyes—  
Not two, but three.  
The snow upon  
The mountain's peak  
Appeared to melt,  
And then I felt  
Its presence speak;  
For flowing o'er  
The separate tiers,  
It dripped bright red into the sea;  
And then I knew  
That valley's fears  
Were linked with destiny.

—R. Kechn



## PHONEY IS THE COLOR OF MY LOVE'S LIFE

Phoney is the color of my love's life,  
Make-up and speech deceiving me not.  
My Love is a person who causes no strife  
But nothing her own has she begot.

To dress the dress of Elizabeth  
To wear the hats of Jaqueline  
To play the sports of Jones and Smith  
Foreswear the occasion social sin.

Yet she is fine and impeccably attired,  
No flaw has she to mar her sight;  
But in this rut my love is mired,  
A flicker she has for eternal self-light.

My love, my love discover thyself  
Renew, relight, kindle a new being,  
Take down the mirror from the shelf;  
Cast off these garbs for the world's cold seeing.

—*Esar Reuben*

"TO A BARMAID"  
(à la inebriated Cavalier)

Chu' me thou art ye only one,  
With whom frew life I'd go.  
Thy shmiling eyes and golden braid,  
Wilt give me warmth when cold winsh blow.

For ush er shalt no troubles be  
To mar our future bright.  
My love ish trully deep for thee,  
Ash deep ash deepest night.

Thou be ye fairest of ye fair,  
Yea, fair ash Venus be.  
Thou hold me ash a flower rare  
In fondest rapture, me.

Bu' wait, my love, do not sho hashen,  
'Twould really be a shame.  
Chu' leave me in my nebriashen,  
Without tellin' me thy name!

—*Jeffrey Hallinger*

