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## The Lantern Vol. 29, No. 2, Spring 1962

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John Cowen, Harry L. Serio, J. R. Cameron, Nikki Newcomb, Peter Vennema, Robert J. Broselow, and Bill Lybarger

# THE LANTERN

IN VERSE  
AND PROSE

being

A Literary Magazine

by

THE STAFF

with illustrations by the Staff



Collegeville  
URSINUS COLLEGE  
Spring Issue  
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# *The Lantern*



URSINUS COLLEGE

Spring, 1962

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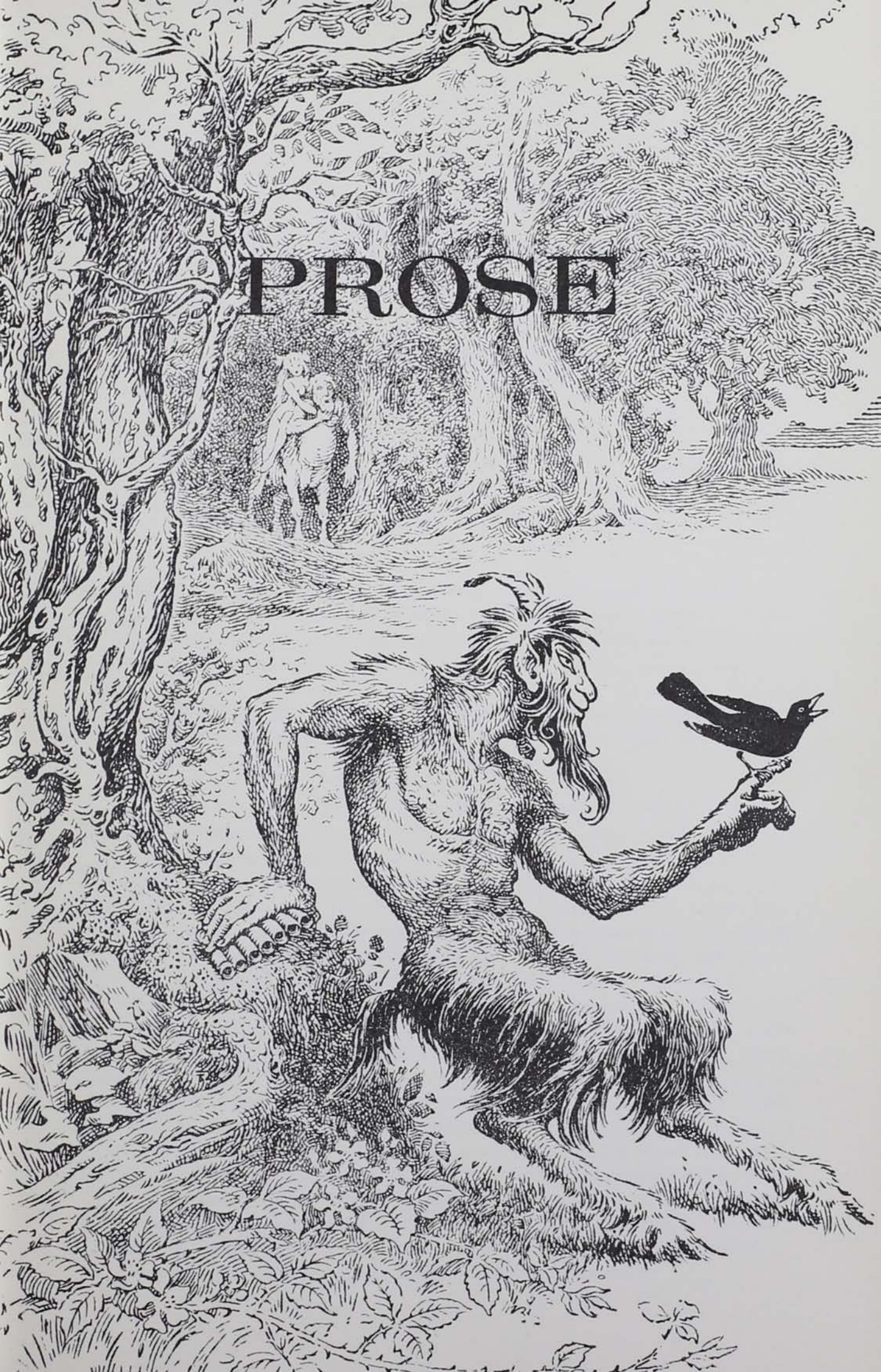
## ADVERTISEMENTS

## Word from the Editors

This issue of the *Lantern* is smaller than the last; there were fewer worthy contributions. We know that you can do more, better. We also know that you damned well won't. We hope, however, that you will continue, or start, writing for us. It's fun.

If you will permit us to make some pronouncements: it is better to write well than to write Truth; if you must write Truth poorly, do it in prose. Few poems convince us of anything, but many strike us as beautiful. If you must write Truth in prose, do *not* do it poorly. Consider the number of scientific journals that are crammed with Truth, but which have no ascertainable literary merit whatsoever. Think before, during, and after writing. Keep your emotions under control. Good writing is emotive, but controlled; poor writing is emotive. Make it be truthful, make it be emotional, make it be conversational, if you wish. But above all, make it be good.

# PROSE





# A Deadly Diatribe on Daydreaming

—John Cowen

College freshman Aloysius P. Frumpsy sat at his desk, flunking busily away. The textbook was open, his roommate had gone home for the week-end, and the dormitory was silent, but the text made little impression on his mind.

"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."

Now, Aloysius had a little hobby; he liked to collect and read books on witchcraft, and he got up from his chair, taking his latest acquisition, a rotting, leather-bound manuscript which a thoughtful relative, a spurious termite exterminator, had discovered in the attic of a house at Salem, Massachusetts. The nearly illegible script on the cover proclaimed: *An Begyner's Fyrst Boc in ye Art of Necromancie*, Wytchkraft 1-2, Profeysor John Proctor. Aloysius lay down on his bed, and began perusing the parchment pages of the book. Yawning, he leafed through the various chapters: "Love Philtres", "Unholy Communion", "Exhuming the Dead", "The Black Mass for Fun and Profit", "The Cabala, Made Easy", "The Relative Merits of Zombies and Golems", "Broomstick Aerodynamics", "The Care and Feeding of Vampire Bats", and "Your Wish is My Command". Suddenly Frumpsy became greatly excited, leaped to his feet, and grabbed a piece of chalk which he used to print witticisms on his fellow freshmen's doors. With open manuscript in one hand, and chalk in the other, he bent down on the floor, carefully transcribing a wood-block illustration of an inverted pentagram enclosing mystic symbols. This completed, he chuckled, discarded the chalk, and began intoning, falsetto, a lengthy Latin incantation. Then he stood up expectantly, waited, shrugged his shoulders, and went back to his desk.

# Iter Animae

—Harry L. Serio

His subjects called him *Sava Saeviter* and he deserved his name. Sava had come to the throne of Montenegro by wading through the blood of thirty-six members of the royal family. One by one he removed the heirs of Danilo's kingdom until he alone remained.

From the day of his coronation his subjects groaned under the heavy burdens he placed upon them. His chambers of torture echoed with the cries of his victims. The corridors of his palace-fortress heard the nightly screams of the *raptae puellae*, the young girls mercilessly dragged from their homes. *Saeviter*, the barbarous—that is what they called him; that is what he was.

But that was thirty years ago. In thirty years Sava aged three-hundred years. Since the *regnum occupare*, he had suppressed fourteen revolutions, executed over twelve-hundred rebels, escaped twenty-nine assassination attempts, raised taxes innumerable times, and engaged in four wars with the neighboring Ottoman Empire. This, along with a reign of continuous diplomatic intrigue with Russia, had worn the aged prince to a point where he hated everyone and trusted no one.

Though he considered mankind his enemy, he surrounded himself with a court of hundreds. Though he hated everyone, he loved to be involved in everything. Like the *Grand Monarche* of France, Sava wanted to know everything right down to the name of the winemaker on the smallest estate. He didn't trust his nobles but he couldn't live without them.

Sava was an intelligent man. You could even call him wise. He compared himself with Socrates and in his later years, tried to live like him, but he didn't know where to begin.

One day, after he had completed his sixty-seventh year of existence, he thought to himself:

"Thirty years have I spent in developing my own interests. Thirty

years of robbery—that is really what it was—and subjugation of my people. I have founded my kingdom upon my subjects' fear of me, and now in my old age I have come to fear them and what they would do to me if I ever fell into their hands. These young popinjays that strut around my court—I only tolerate them because they are the only ones that stand between me and the people. And they are leeches on me, living off my tables. And yet I cannot do without them. Life has back-fired on me. I have trained the animals that are to devour me. I have created my own hell."

Sava spent days in contemplation as a true philosopher. He shut himself off from his court. He hated everyone, but there was no escape.

Two years later Sava found a way out—the Socratic method. A cup of hemlock took him one step beyond.

The cup of death brought Sava to that point where the road of life ends and where begins that road which every soul must travel. An ardent follower of Pythagoras, Sava had always believed in the transmigration of the soul, but he had no concept whatsoever of what it entailed.

Sava knew he was there. His body was dead, but he was there. His soul, the real Sava, was set free to follow the road of all souls into the future to find another body to inhabit.

The soul is a peculiar thing when it is apart from the body. It is the personality, the thought, the habits of the person manifested in a loose mass like that of a vapor. This vapor or soul of Sava wandered down the path of souls into the future.

Sava had been in a hurry to rid himself of his earthly existence, and the inertia of his haste propelled him much faster than the other souls who had undertaken their migration with a bit of reluctance. In his haste, the soul of Sava passed through the soul of another—one Maximus Nauseus, a Graeco-Roman who had been an attendant of Nero Claudius Caesar Drusus Germanicus.

Maximus Nauseus was a buffoon—a professional clown brought to Rome from Ogygia to entertain the emperor. After twelve years in the emperor's service, Maximus developed a persecution complex which was to bring about his death. Constantly in fear of Nero, Maximus shook in terror everytime he appeared before the emperor. The Great Persecutor became suspicious of these actions and suggested that Maximus open his veins in a hot bath. To Maximus this was a command which had to be obeyed.

As the soul of Sava passed through the soul of Maximus Nauseus, their personalities were changed. The sly and crafty slayer of men, Sava,

retained his cunning and guile, but lost his cruelty and ferocity along with his hatred of men.

However the foolishness and buffoonery of Maximus took the barbarian element. Maximus was similarly changed. The clown in him was lost and the insane fierceness of Sava took its place. But he did retain his persecution complex.

This is what happened on the Road of the Souls—the souls of Sava and Maximus Nauseus, both on the way to enter the body of a new being, had their personalities changed.

Sava continued through time and space until he came to that point in time when he entered the being of Zog who was destined to become Prince of Albania. Maximus Nauseus (a little of the clown remaining) entered the body of an illegitimate Austrian painter named Schickelgruber.

Sava, in the new role of Prince Zog, enjoyed his new life as the crafty practical-joker of the Balkans. The worries of his former existence gone, he lived life to the fullest. When Hitler rose to power in Germany and his armies goose-stepped through Europe, the cunning Zog was well prepared for Hitler's troops when they came to Albania. It is this incident that exemplifies Zog's love for trickery.

Zog had prepared for the invasion well in advance. He had made preparations to remove his wealth from his Balkan palace as soon as word came that the Nazis had entered the country.

When word came, everything that wasn't nailed down (as well as everything that was) was loaded on the pack-animals and moved to the hills. Zog had the door-knobs and hinges taken off the doors, the lighting fixtures removed, the water and gas pipes were cut and loaded on the animals. He had his imported Oriental wall-paper carefully removed from the walls and the Byzantine mosaics on his private chambers torn from the floor. He even paused long enough to pull the gold fillings from his hunting dog's mouth. The old hound had become overly excited and died of a heart-attack.

Zog's wife had been pregnant and her time was coming quickly, as Nazi infantry moved towards the city. Zog ordered a bath tub filled with hot water and mounted between two mules. As the train moved from the city towards the hill country, Zog's son and heir apparent was born in a salvaged bath tub.

Strange things happen on the Way of the Souls. You never can tell—you may be the result of a Lucretia Borgia-Confucius fusion or a mixture of Geronimo and Lincoln.

# In Retrospection

—John Cowen

Mother and son walked together among the lanes of the landscaping by their apartment house. Joking lightheartedly, they entered the new building and stopped to stamp the snow from their boots. Frau Steinbach collected the mail and the evening paper from their box, and then young Gurault, in the manner of a novice cosmopolitan, grandly gestured for his mother to go ahead up the steps. On the third floor, Frau Steinbach removed her gloves and opened the door of their apartment. Hanging up their coats and removing their boots, they went to change into more comfortable garb, Gurault from his school clothes and his mother from her conservative librarian's outfit. Later he sat perusing the news while she made dinner ready. Calling over to him, Frau Steinbach asked if there was anything of note, to which her son, raking a hand through his uncombed hair, replied:

"Well, for one thing, today is Monday, the eighth of January, 1962; the Herr Ulbricht is still gnashing his teeth at us Berliners, and they fished out some drowned one-legged ex-Wehrmacht soldier from the river this morning, also some old woman gave flowers, heaven knows where she got them, to one of the Americans by the Wall."

"What's in the mail?"

"The usual, Aunt Hanna, Frau Hättenschwiller, and some bills, hmmm, but here's something, a letter for you and with no return address, also the address is wrong, and has been re-addressed."

"It's probably a Christmas card from Herr Forst, you know how absentminded he is."

"No, I don't think so, it's not in his Italic style, and I can barely make out your name, very shaky writing."

Setting the oven, Frau Steinbach wiped her forehead with the back of her hand, and dried her palms on her apron.

"Let me see."

"Here."

Gurault relinquished the comfortable chair to his mother, and went into the kitchen. Hash and potatoes again! Wasn't his mother's job good for more, and better food? Well, anyhow, she'd gotten the American cigarettes, Camels; that was one good thing about the *Amis*, they made good tobacco, even if it was more expensive. Opening the pack, he fingered one out and lit it with a Zippo lighter. With it hanging out of the corner of his mouth, he opened the liquor cabinet and took out a bottle of Bacardi rum and a coke. Having made his Cuba Libre, he held it up to the afternoon sun, but brought it down to his lips after seeing his expression, distorted by the curved tumbler, more bloated and unhealthy than before. The ice cubes tinkled merrily when he lowered the glass, and he decided to go to his room to meditate over the sounds of his Germanized American hits. "Charley Braun" was a particular favorite. Gurault had been too young to remember the Berlin Airlift.

"That's very strange." Frau Steinbach muttered, "That address is where I lived during the war. It doesn't exist any more."

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December 23, 1961

Dear Anna,

Please forgive me for writing to you like this, but there are some things better expressed on paper than in conversation; also, it is easier. When the Russians released me last June, I determined to look you up, which I did, and to meet you, which I did not. You have not changed much in nineteen years, and I have, I'm afraid. Yes, it is I, Klaus, back from the ghostly shadows of the Eastern Front. I was so surprised when they sent for me and some others, and told us that we had served our sentences. They had us sign some papers and gave us our old Wehrmacht uniforms. The others who weren't going gave a little party of sorts, and asked us to take messages to their relatives. At last by train and truck they shipped us to the border. There, we were met by those whose fathers and sons had been labeled as missing in action, or those who refused to believe they had been killed. There were a few happy reunions, but most just waved old photographs of their loved ones, and cried. It was pretty bad over there, and there are still a lot of ruins. I even saw one gutted building whose wall still proclaimed, with flaking paint letters, defiantly, "Wir Kapitulieren Nie". Ironic, that.

Remember way back when we were going together? The days in school, and the spring afternoons? How I used to read poems and plays to you under the blossoming dogwoods? Even how I once tried to translate Zorrilla's *Don Juan Tenorio* for you? I was quite a scholar back in those days wasn't I—"Vivat academia, vivant profesores!" and "Gaudeamus igitur iuvenes dum sumus; post iucundam iuventutem, post molestam senectutem nos habebit humus!" That is, "Let us rejoice while we are young; for after our pleasant youth, after troublesome old age, the earth

will claim us!" Ah, the songs we sang; even in war, I had a favorite, for it expressed my longing for you:

*Im Feldquartier auf hartem Stein  
Streck ich die müden Glieder,  
Und sende in die Nacht hinein  
Der Liebsten meine Lieder.*

*Vielleicht werd ich bald bei dir Sein, Annemarie,  
Vielleicht scharrt man schon Morgen ein,  
Die ganze Kompanie. Die ganze Kompanie*

That was a lot better than the Horst Wessel Song, I can still see the fools marching along, bawling out:

*Die Strasse frei den braunen Bataillonen!  
Die Strasse frei dem Sturmabteilungsmann!  
Es Schaun aufs Hakenkreuz voll Hoffnung schon Millionen,  
Der Tag für Freiheit und für Brot bricht An!*

Now, it would seem that the dawn of the day of freedom and bread has been brought to us courtesy of the Americans!

The music has changed, like everything else; why yesterday, I heard the Berliner Schuttpolizei sing *Märkische Heide* over the radio as though it were meant for some children's choir—we really bawled it out. But that was in '39, I liked it much better with Kant, Schiller, Schopenhauer, Goethe, Nietzsche, Uhland, and the others, remember Mann's *Buddenbrooks*? Forbidden, but enchanting. What am I doing? Back to the subject.

Well, I couldn't do much with my re-settlement loan, rooms are so hard to get, and so expensive. But I managed to set up a cot with the janitor in the basement of a hotel here, after I'd found out where you live. There was good food from the kitchen, and it was warm enough. So I waited, I don't know why. I noticed that you and the boy went across the bridge every day on your way to work, shopping, or to church. That is good, going to church. In war, one either laughs at, or curses God, or becomes a religious fanatic, mostly the first two, I'm afraid. As for the rest, who'd had some education, the frozen Russian steppes, the hostile shadow-land of a fear that goes back to the Greek's Great God Pan engendered a form of pantheism. This pantheism was no longer a smug concept of nominalism, but reality in its personal suspicion. One might say that the very force of God lies in the atom. Everything is God. Schizophrenic mutterings you might say, well, perhaps, at any rate, it was one of the cults that sprang forth from the terror of Cherkassy, Kursk, Kharkov, Minsk, and of course, Stalingrad.

Anyway, I'd stand under a tree near the bridge while you and Gurault, I'll have to toughen him up, passed by. Then I'd go on the bridge, and the people would look at me, and I at them. I guess that I was something to look at, thin clothes; however, the cold doesn't bother me any more, the crutch, and oh well. I suppose that it's my old infantry cap that they judge me by, its insignia, that is. Most look away as if ashamed; some spit at the ground under the loosely hanging folds of my greatcoat where once I had a right leg; and some, only some grasp my hand, leaving a few American dollars in it, then look at me as if to say, "I know how it was and is, soldier." Those dollars floated very nicely on the water.



One morning, last Thursday, I went to what they call the Wall, I left quickly though, because some of them wanted me as an exhibit to re-



mind the fellows over there. Reminds me of the invalid parades of the cases from the hospitals of those maimed in the Great War, protesting against the almost valueless Mark. The political situation is very bad, almost just as it was in '39. What scares me is that the people ignore the lessons of history, the moral lessons. Of course, they may read those lessons or have them shouted into their ears, but they retain only a nominalist's second-hand impression, and they remain as smug as ever. The masses move in herds thinking almost only as the newspapers, and radio and television tell them to. They go to schools, only to soak in facts like so many sponges, and parrot them out, remaining as smug as ever. Each year we know, in some ways, less than the preceding. We get smugger all the time, so full of confidence and Messiah complexes, that the forces of destruction and speed called progress are taken for granted. Individuality is disappearing. The unique, the gentle, and the wondering go down before a race of healthy parrots, because the unique are not tolerated; they must conform to the accepted standards of the State, so that the State may use them. Smugness plus increased power of destruction will equal *Götterdämmerung*. Remember Hamburg, July, 1943? Apply the Gommorrah of Hamburg in a thousand places at once! Again, excuse me Anna, more schizo-paranoic ramblings.

Last Friday night, you and the boy walked by; I stepped, or rather hopped out of the shadows—I'd wanted to talk to you, but you shuddered, and looking away, stepped around me, touching your right hand to your throat, where your cross is.

Well, I haven't really been able to say what I want to, Lord, I am not eloquent. I think that I'll try to see you if you'll have me; I'm at number 4 Treibgutstrasse; please write. There is a terrible thought in my mind that you did recognize me. I must know. There is nothing more to write—nineteen years Anna! I'm going to post this tonight. The cool air will be refreshing. If I don't hear from you in two weeks, I'll go along; I'm not sure where, anywhere. Should you not write, I'll understand. It's quite a sight from the bridge in the evening, people going to the night-spots, the holiday atmosphere, and the lights, so many lights.

*Servus,*

*Deiner Klaus*

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Albert opened the door and sniffed the air. "Mother, the dinner's burned up! Mother!"

# Collegiate, Collegiate, Yes We Are Collegiate

—*Like Anonymous*

**M**en of Ursinus—have you ever noticed the difference between the attitudes of freshwomen and upperclasswomen at the dinner table? Perhaps this question is unnecessary, because the difference is so apparent—the freshwomen are much more outgoing. Now and then something cute will slip by the upperclasswomen's sophisticated shells—for example, they'll eat their ice cream all around the sides, leaving a small piece in the middle, or they'll eat from the middle of the ice cream outwards so that only a thin ring remains—but, by and large, it's the freshwomen each year who are the most attractive.

Last year my dinner table had a memorable group. Let me describe them to you. Physically, Naomi was the only beautiful girl there. No one else thought she was pretty, but I thought she was beautiful. She had long black hair reaching down to her shoulders, and she kept such good care of it that you could see almost every strand on the top. She also was very alert; and if you ever asked her something, she'd give you a sharp answer in that bird-like voice of hers before you had time to take a second breath. Perhaps she was a bit thin, but that made her even more delicate, and more feminine.

Ruth was the least talkative one at the dinner table. This wasn't because she was shy, but because she thought that boys would rather do the talking; and when you talked to her she'd listen with shining eyes and a blushing smile. I suspect that she really wasn't so lady-like away from boys. (Once I saw her running across campus in shorts.) But if she ever put on an act in front of me, it was a charming one.

And then there was Esther. The first thing you would have noticed about Esther are those physical qualities unmentionable in an Ursinus publication, so I shall leave them to your imagination. Esther was also the most uninhibited girl I've ever met. She'd talk about anything, even at the dinner table; and you knew that she'd never change. Oh, perhaps with certain people she'd know when to keep her mouth shut; but with people like me she'd always be outspoken and honest—and because she could be that way with me, I could be that way with her without feeling like a fool.

Of the four, the only girl I didn't adore was Sarah. I must admit she was the most intelligent girl there, having graduated at the top of her high school class. Sometimes, it seemed that her intelligence made her superior to emotion. Everything was done and said in a perfectly logical manner with just the proper amount of interest. The only time you knew she was a bit nervous was when she would put her hand on top of her head for no reason at all.

There was one major flaw in Sarah's intellectual makeup, though. She had a black and white conception of right and wrong. Some people might argue that this is not a flaw; that, to be secure, you need to have rules all the time saying, "This is definitely right and this is definitely wrong." Maybe the argument is simply between security and pleasure.

Anyway, all eight of us—the four girls, myself, and the three other men—were gathered at the dinner table when Joe commented on how pretty Naomi's hairdo was. Her hair was arranged in a curious pattern this time. It looked like it was all pushed to one side, and then rolled up and clipped against the back of her head, so that on one side there was a big ball of hair, and on the other side there was a tuck. Personally, I liked it better just hanging straight down, but Joe said that the hairdo looked pretty this way. And then Dan commented on how much time it must have taken Naomi to fix her hair. But Naomi chirped, "Oh, no, it only takes me a few minutes." Whereupon I said, "If you think that's good, you should see David pass the butter."

This last statement unexpectedly confused them so I had to explain. "You see," I explained, "Naomi has a talent for setting her hair and I just wanted to make it known that David has a talent for passing butter."

Well, they were all very understanding, and Esther said, "Yes, I once broke up with a boy I had been going steady with for four years because he couldn't pass the butter properly." And then Ruth gave me a wonderful cue line by timidly asking, "Do you boys have any other talents?"

"David has perfect etiquette," I said, wrinkling my eyebrows. "Dan has some amusing political opinions; I have some logical political opinions; and Joe has sex appeal."

"What did you say his name was?" Esther asked.

"I have sex appeal too," I said hastily, "but it's latent on week-days."

To this last crudity they reacted typically. Joe burst out laughing and couldn't wait to tell his girl friend what I had said; Naomi gave me a sweet smile and said, "How expressive"; Dan, stung by my comment on his political opinions, challenged me to define "sex appeal"; David was overcome with polite giggles; Ruth's eyes shone and she blushed modestly; Esther's eyes shone and she immodestly didn't blush; and Sarah put her hand on top of her head and said, "We should all concentrate on getting a good college education."

# Saint Zachary

—*J. R. Cameron*

**I**t is generally recognized, even by the semi-literate autochthones of lower Trappe, that the name of Ursinus College is derived from that of a distinguished German theologian named Zacharias Baer. He Latinized his last name because he was a conformist and everybody in his day was Latinizing his name except a few way-out souls like Herr Schwartzerd, who put his into Greek: Melancthon.

Why the form chosen was Ursinus and not Ursus has given rise to some controversy. It has now been satisfactorily established that the determining factor was the name of the great Italian family of Orsini, which stood in the good graces of the thrifty Heidelberg scholar since they were opposed to the Medici, whose three-ball heraldic device meant pawn brokers, against whom Ursinus had a strong antipathy. The story of his pawning his silk academic gown and hood, and being given back later a sordid cotton garment is still told in the biergartens of the Neckar valley.

Of the first name, the figure in Luke's gospel is, of course, the progenitor. (Z's most famous remark, "John is his name." is still the motto of Puerto Rico.) What is not generally known is the existence of an intermediary character, Saint Zachary. He was of the abovementioned Orsini family, a student of considerable acumen but of retiring demeanor, not pushing himself into positions of prominence as did others in the University of Bologna, but confining himself to the less glamorous undertakings of note-taking and copying.

In fact his record was so little distinguished that he was released from the necessity of further residence at the University by action of the faculty, and in some discouragement travelled eastward where he had the misfortune to fall into the hands of a band of pirates who then frequented the shores of Dalmatia above Ragusa, the modern Dubrovnik.

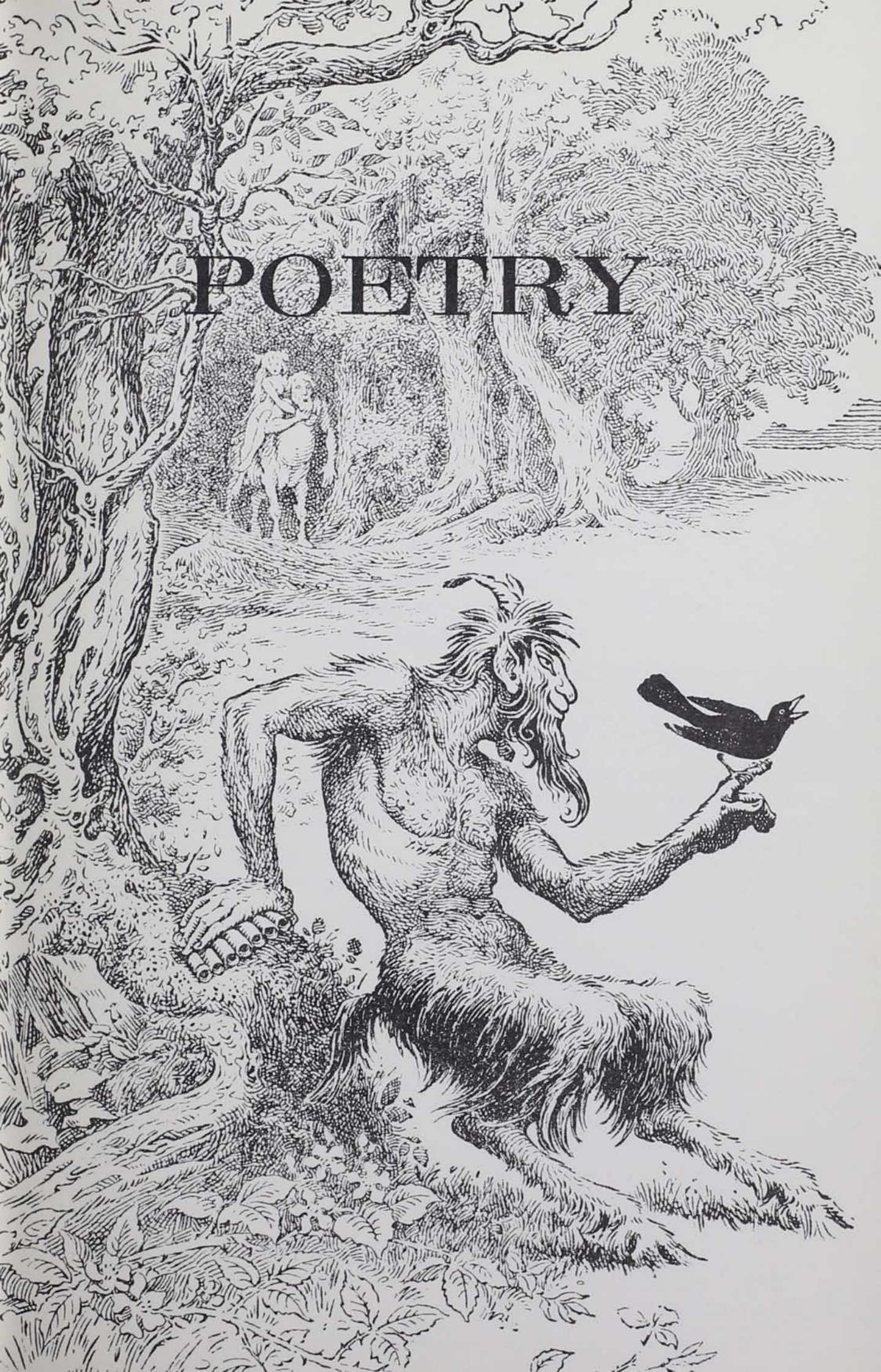
A lean period followed but one in which his fortitude had full scope. His recalcitrance to outside restraint, together with his insistence that he was descended from the original Zacharias, led only to further hardship at the hands of his captors. Finally, none the less, no ransom being forthcoming, he was freed.

Subsequently his circumstances became so straightened that he was unable to venture abroad from want of clothes. His procurement of provender was not aided by his literal adherence to the injunction "make a joyful noise all your days", for wherever he went, he continually shouted in a loud but dissonant voice the Golliardic song beginning "Felix Bologna". This won him neither friends nor bread, at least among those from whom advancement might reasonably be hoped. His demise followed at the unripe age of twenty-three. So obscure was he, that his name is not even listed in Hudnut's *Prosopographia Bolognae*.

His stubborn scorn of the Turks and Albanians and his almost Republican self reliance led to his canonization. St. Zacharias is the saint of genteel poverty; his day is the third Wednesday of January, which by a coincidence is the day of prayer observed immediately before the mid-year examinations here at College.

The Saint's bearded profile appears on the seal of the College, and it is a cause for satisfaction that the proposal is meeting with general acclaim to erect a bronze statue of him in the quadrangle before Paisley Hall with a half-loaf of bread in one hand and in the other a copy of his unfinished dissertation, "De Fraudis Studentium". The suggestion is less widely supported that a silver plated medallion with the head of St. Zachary and, on the reverse, an empty purse with legend "Arbeit ist Freude" be given the faculty in lieu of salary increments.

# POETRY



## LOST HORIZONS

At break of dawn  
Or dusk  
Windows show strange images  
(Utopian worlds; perfection  
In ideals and thoughts),  
Clear but for a moment  
In dark lifetimes.  
For the light that follows dawn  
Reveals the specks of dust  
Upon the window pane;  
The picture dims and fades,  
Then recreates itself,  
Too late . . . .  
No one listens to an old man's  
Chatter at twilight.

—*Nikki Newcomb*



## RUNE GREEN STONES

(For Betty-Gene)

### I

Ah, Jean, the night is cold.  
I think you sleep; and that's as well.  
The nights, a thousandfold,  
Have rasped against your ruin, Jean.

### II

Her eyes were cold; by God,  
A green that never knew a hearth,  
Nor gave a man a nod,  
Nor raised its arch for comforting.

We came, all of us that could.  
She had no need of lovers then,  
And summoned who she would,  
For she was different, you see.

For all your wizardry,  
She never quite was there.  
Her lips were sorcery  
To watch, to watch.

Her hair, no, not a wisp awry;  
She spoke a melody . . .  
Her softness just a lie . . .  
And warmth was only coquetry.

She smiled for us all—  
And touched, forever, everyone;  
A phantom Helen, sent  
To win all hearts, for she had none.

### III

The snows of new years followed,  
Seeking candlemas—  
Some love had grown to scorn  
And time, like all things, passed.

### IV

Changes come briskly, by the back stair:  
An old man, wizened, dry,  
Who ran the tinker store where  
No one seemed to go

(So pale he looked, she wondered if  
He were alive at all;  
His smile seemed a hieroglyph  
And presence bode no good).

And so to vend his wares he came.  
He smiled, and knew  
That she would never be the same.  
He smiled and knew.

In spite of all presentment,  
And even if all purgatory  
Rose in its resentment,  
One can not twist fate's allegory.

"I sell", he said, "what you would buy.  
I sate all appetite.  
And since I sell all valued things,  
What is your heart's delight?"

“They say”, she said, “I have no heart,  
I have all else, and so.  
If you are truly what you say  
That’s what you will bestow.  
My lovers call me fickle, for  
The lack of it. Exhaust  
Your wares, but get me it.  
And just what is the cost?”

“The price”, he said, “is only  
In the wearing of it. That”,  
He said, “is cheap, perhaps; I have  
No need of assignat.  
What’s done is done, to coin a phrase,  
And can not be undone.  
Accept this thing, I’ll go,  
And each to his own benison.”

He laughs; she smiles, and accepts....  
No low moans arose,  
But not because the specters slept—  
The choice was hers; she chose.

No sooner had the heart assumed  
Its place than it began  
To ache and burn  
As only nemsis can.  
There dawned surprise, disdain,  
And finally, pain.

## V

But, Jean, no night is ever cold  
For dreamless sleepers, you as well:  
We hear the tolling chapel bell.  
And shiver when a tale’s retold.

—*Peter Vennema*

## DRUIDICS

Brands, human shrouds,  
And the drifting moon  
Through white-cap clouds  
On the night were hewn.

Tall priests on a path,  
With excess age and evil bent,  
Followed ways to a dark God's wrath,  
To where no light is ever bent:

Great and small, then, by turns  
With seven white clad virgins,  
Passing by a brush of ferns,  
They went to where all night begins,

To where the frightful owl made nest  
Night-screeching through the rock,  
While wolves its craggy sides possessed  
And of God's earth howled mock.

Then deep within a blasted lair,  
Close came the hands with skin so tight  
That bones were close to bare,  
Then Yellowed skin approached the white . . .

*And out and cam the thick thick bluid  
And out and cam the thin;  
And out and cam the good hert's bluid:  
There was nae life left in.*

—Peter Vennema

## LEANTHALAMION<sup>1</sup>

*a fragment*

Domna vostra beutas  
Elas bellas faissos  
Els bells oils amoros  
Els gens cors ben taillats  
Don sieu empresenats  
De vostra amor que mi lia<sup>2</sup>

The dragon starts to rise and flick its tongue  
At fleeing hinds of goblins of the night;  
The cricket ends its aria among  
Some warbled choruses in praise of light;  
The poet snuffs his lamp and greets the sun,  
His singing just begun.  
Words, objects, images—fly to his aid,  
For all your selfish selves must join in one  
Before Parnassus consumates his trade.  
Apollo and Adonis, lend your traits  
To influence the Fates  
And make his music pleasing, through the years.  
But should it seem that he, the poet, prates  
Then let him state his own intent: "I guess  
If it amuses everyone who hears,  
And she whom it reveres,  
Then that's the end for all my artfulness."  
And Heaven has no need of more success!

NOTES:<sup>11</sup> 1) Dedicated to Miss Lee Ann X... in celebration of a projected occasion similar to those of Spencer's *Prothalamion* and *Epithalamion*. 2) Read as in English.

The whitest rose, the reddest, and a third  
Triumvirate before the louring cloud,  
And though they know the storm had once occurred  
They must take issue still, remain unbowed  
By what they know the Fates will still decree  
With horrid irony.  
Our vision tells us Southey crossed a Saint  
By writing poems much too liberally,  
And I, the poet, suffer Spencer's taint;  
Before this ancient history unbends  
And verbiage descends,  
I'll tell you briefly of my short, ill-got,  
Much used design; and here the story ends  
For those of you who study by synopsis:  
The white must reign, and so the red, but not  
That artless is our plot;  
The final rose is black and comfortless  
(The Heavens having need of more success).

### CANTO ONE

The windows, pavonine and pure in tint,  
Point slender gothic fingers at their Lord,  
And casements auger him in lines of flint.  
The doors swing open to a final chord  
And from the church the celebrants emerge,  
Again, returning surge.  
Two final forms appear, then pause;  
Their eyes in reflex scan the skies, converge.  
A passing stranger glances and withdraws.  
The two seem frozen in a fractional time;  
Above, the church bells chime.  
Inside, the sextons nod that all went right  
And soberly agree, the service was sublime;  
They all commend, Platonically, her dress:  
The laws of sanctity transcend the trite  
(The bride was dressed in white).  
An angel's pinions pride her artlessness  
That Heaven has no need of more success . . . .

END OF CANTO ONE  
BEGINNING OF CANTO THIRTEEN

Some floral tributes came—the fleur de lis<sup>3</sup>  
Was foremost with its delicate white bud;  
And someone else, a friend it well might be,  
Had sent a rose, the red of pigeon's blood;<sup>4</sup>  
A passing stranger paused to send white heather.<sup>5</sup>  
A garden altogether,  
The flowers graced the bower of the bride  
(Alone she saw the gifts; no one knew whether  
That was a tear of joy she wished to hide).  
But now's the time that tears are put away,  
(Her wedding is today)  
And all the guests expecting merriment.  
So let us not by moods be led astray  
But pattern in our lines the cheerfulness  
That thrived when all those sweet bouquets were sent.  
And since sweet stalks are hardly permanent  
Then may they increment her happiness  
And Heaven have no need of more duress.

Some presents of more lasting beauty came:  
A painted pardoner absolving sin,<sup>6</sup>  
Moss-agate cups, Murano glass, a lame<sup>7</sup>  
But valued unicorn of porcelain,<sup>8</sup>  
A mystic emerald (which self derides<sup>9</sup>  
A stranger's love at ides),<sup>10</sup>  
And many other worthy wonderous things  
To tempt the lovely bride with worldly prides:  
Books tell the fate that courting avarice brings;  
Then too, the prophets say there is no cure  
For wealth and its allure.

White nightingale, for poets sing again!  
What worth are moans and morals for succour  
When notes of self are songs of comeliness?  
Let gaunt Antigone inter the bone!  
Let gods speak on their own!  
But, teach the song to know its loveliness  
And Heaven has no need of more success,

—Peter Vennema

3) Pronounced *flur dub Lee*, see title. Also national flower of France.  
4) *Pigeon's blood*, refers to an obscene but obscure Arabian belief.  
5) *White heather*, has certain magickal powers, according to Scottish fable. 6) *Pardoner*, obsolete officer of the church. See Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*. 7) *Moss-agate cups*, obscure Renaissance belief in connection with Pope's drinking vessels. See Fr. Rolfe's *History of the Borgia*, or Baron Corvo's book of the same title. 8) For an excellent narrative of the unicorn myth, see R. Newcombe's lengthy poem on that subject. 9) From the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, edition of 1911: "Many virtues were formerly ascribed to the emerald. When worn, it... drove away evil spirits, and preserved the chastity of the wearer.... In consequence of its refreshing green color it was naturally said to be good for the eyesight." Also, the poet's birthstone, May. 10) Shakespeare? 11) Note to the graduate students and other literalists: For those of you who have managed to miss the point, see the Essay on Ancient Minstrels pg. 17, in *Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, wherein is written the song of Blondel: Your beauty, lady fair, None views without delight; But still so cold an air No passion can excite: Yet this I patient see While all are shunn'd like me. It will also have been some aid to have read all of English literature, and of this poet's works.



## THOUGHTS ON LEAVING DERR HALL

Farewell to that vastion of mediocrity  
That Hall of Breakfast-Goers  
The Late-Night Revellers' Home  
The Paradise for the Ex Pre-Med  
Derr Hall

Together in this Dormitory  
In splendid Comeraderie  
The A.P.O.'s retreat  
To talk of outings and  
Giggle at 6:45—A.M.

Farewell, Derr Hall  
Refuge of the Celibate  
A World of Unreality Apart  
And Talk of Water Fights  
And Giggle at 2:15—A.M.

Oh, Derr Hall  
Home of the Nonchalant Athlete  
Of the blasé Phys Edder  
Of the Hallway Frisbee Kings

Farewell, Derr Hall  
Home of the Cool Nonentity  
Of the Spring Catch  
And the Winter's illiterate  
And the Autumn's Hopes

The Water Fight is Ended  
The Resounding of Chris' Bucket Quiets  
Farewell Derr Hall  
May you Live to Eligibility

—*Robert J. Broselow*

### OPUS 36; LITERATURE 3

Pepys within his Diary wrote;  
Dryden, Swift from Tories Quote;  
Pope throughout his life was sick;  
Addison and Steele were thick,  
Whigs the party they provide:  
English lit. for some has died.  
Milton: man, his life explains;  
Donne's conceit: complex in strains;  
Jonson's lines unlike above;  
Shakespeare's Sonnets: full of love;  
Chaucer's Tale includes a nun:  
Lit. and love from hence, undone.  
Gawain and the knight of green;  
Beowulf: no rhyme is seen;  
Sidney's poems give defense;  
More: a better life invents;  
Bacon wrote of science new:  
Love and lit. from life withdrew.  
Choose instead, another way;  
Life will live another day;  
Sights are set and course is picked;  
Ship set sail, the log is strict;  
Daily thoughts, as kept by Pepys:  
Written codes my journal keeps.

—*Heinrich Fritz Leblös*

## CHINESE GILL

'Was sittin' on a window sill one sunny silver noon  
and dreamt upon a Chinese gill set on a shiny spoon.

The gill, he was from out a fish swam—used to—  
in a splooky pool. I said what the Hell

is a gill—Chinese—for on a spoon? The  
Opinion Opinion, or Opium Opium . . . . When I

was an eater; oh, but far worse now or  
why else would be settin' on a sill at noon

watchin' a gill on a spoon?

—*Judy Mc*

## TIMES OF SAND

I am an island, lone and free,  
Worn by waves and pounding sea.  
The earth and stone of which I stand  
Are eternal 'til the times of sand.

—*W. Merideth Lybarger*



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