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Robert Brancatelli  
*Ursinus College*

Stephen M. Lange  
*Ursinus College*

Chris Kile  
*Ursinus College*

Lisa Ungrady  
*Ursinus College*

Len Ulan  
*Ursinus College*

*See next page for additional authors*

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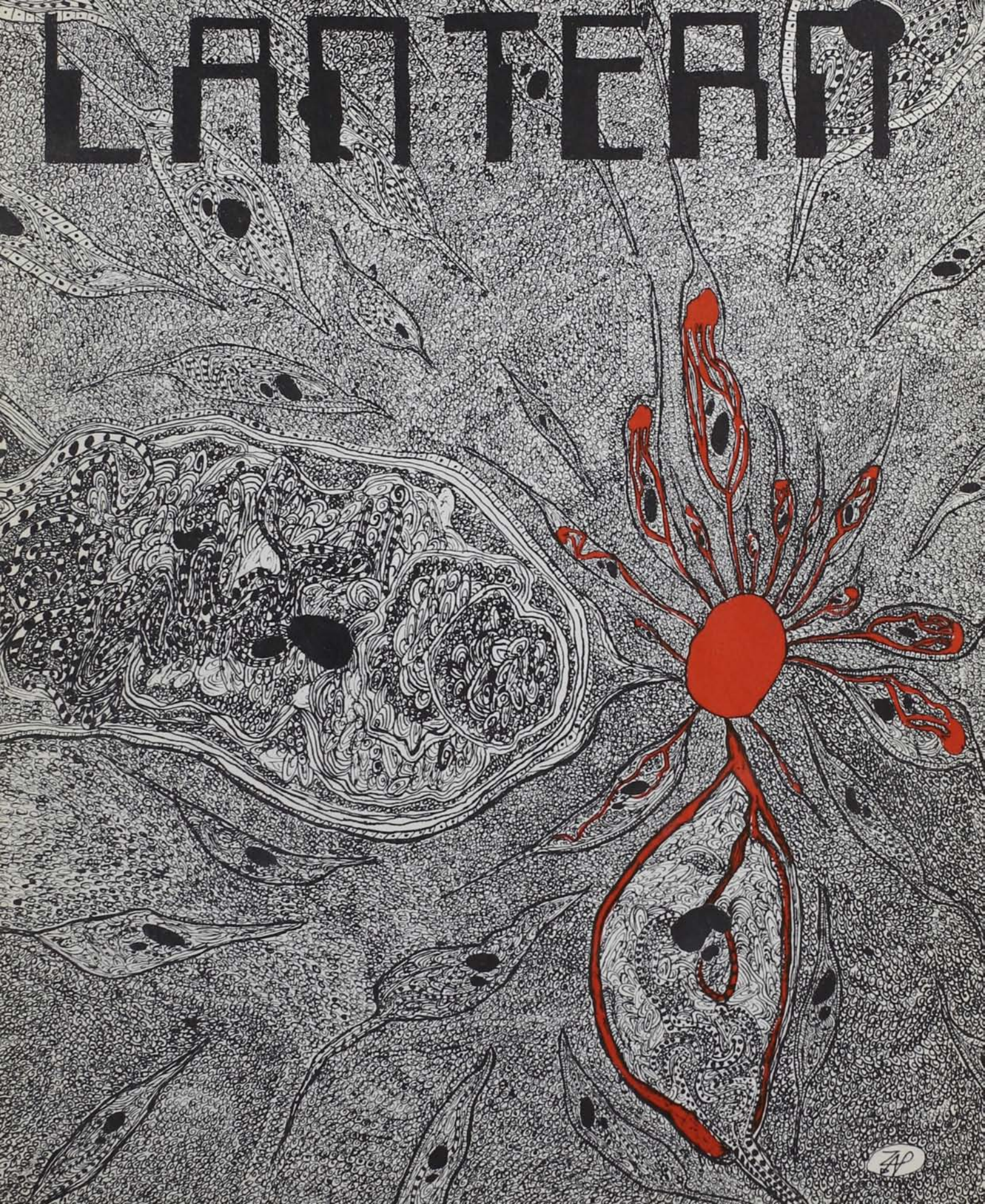
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**Authors**

Robert Brancatelli, Stephen M. Lange, Chris Kile, Lisa Ungrady, Len Ulan, Leslie Bechtel, Stuart Dearden, David Hoag, Ted Lis, Pamela Roediger, David Donia, and Jonathan J. Zap

# LANTERN



AP

A collection of poetry,  
prose and art composed  
throughout the Fall Term  
of the academic year  
MCMLXXVII-  
MCMLXXVIII  
By Students of  
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*Cover pen and ink by*

*JONATHAN ZAP*

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## Onto My Love

The burst of warmth in war is fear,  
and I have all to know of youth  
that tender is the touching feel,  
as dark the chestnuts in the glow  
your eyes to see the curl unfurl  
before the teeming flow.

The design is now, the engine set  
to let me know of what unyet  
has held my soul to two unknowns.  
Shine down strength my love for two if,  
tried in love, can light the spark of  
life which saves my heart from darkness.

ROBERT BRANCATELLI

## Saturday Midnight

Although I would like to tell you  
What hurts me, what makes me melancholy,  
What soothes me and how I would try to soothe you,  
I know that I can't.

The party demands an old charade.  
Witty over the noise of laughter, poised over the effects of beer,  
Content with a game perfected with long practice.

Too bad that I don't have the courage to tell you  
That I really do not like beer,  
And would rather not be witty.

*STEPHEN M. LANGE*

The walls are closing in around me  
My skull o'erflows with primal flames  
All thought departs, just fire remains  
And something, deep in Id's foul drains  
Snaps its wash and slithers free.

Shadows flood the halls of thought  
And something emerges behind the veil  
Before it sounds a damned soul's wail  
Fear skewers my heart with a tenpenny nail  
And fills my soul with frigid rot.

Something approaches through darkling space  
Fright gives way, I've got to know  
This thing, which lurks in the depths below;  
Whence it comes, what it is, where it will go.

It turns; I look it in the face

No, it can't be

Oh God IT'S ME

*CHRIS KILE*



## Michelle

Green eyes that sweep across the room and lock onto mine:

I can see reflections there

Of a time almost forgotten.

We, in sneakers and sweaters, playing, running, laughing, falling.

And yes, even fighting.

Not worrying about any damn thing.

— “What do you want to be when you grow up?” —

Who knew? Who cared?

Today, like a slap in the face, shatters the mirror-image of innocence.

And here we are,

After summers of making waves and whirlpools

And winters of pelting each other with snow:

I, carrying my books, my life of academics, sterility.

You, carrying your child, your life of wedded fertility.

Bonded still by a love

That reaches beyond distance and time.

Different, and yet the same,

We are two, we are one, we are inseparable.

LISA UNGRADY



You sit in your corner  
Silence and smoke  
Mingle around your eyes.  
They look on you as they walk in,  
Wondering why  
You sit alone and watch.  
I know, I see  
The pain and confusion.  
I feel  
You reach out to touch a soul,  
Withdrawing fearfully.  
You've got to reach out again.  
The people you love  
Do care,  
They are just as frightened  
As you.  
Trust me

ANONYMOUS

What's so great about being one of the group  
It gives you friends  
But if you say something wrong, you lose  
A hell of a way to end  
Break free to find yourself  
An entity unique, something of your own  
And you'll be left to quell  
That horrible feeling of being alone

*LESLIE BECHTEL*

## **Today**

Why worry about tomorrow  
when the present moment is here?  
Live this day, because it is the  
tomorrow of yesterday past.  
If you worry about tomorrow then  
you will lose the future, today.

*ANONYMOUS*

## Firefly

Friendly words upon a page

Yearning, learning to be free

Search for wisdom as a sage

Spring for light as if to see

Beauty bounds from deep within

Tawdry standards fade to shade

Hearts cry out not made of tin

Only to quicken their mass charade

Sculptured marble reflects the sun

Stone powerless to absorb or feel

Sol's rays dance a minuet in fun

He knows his purpose must be real

Straight stand words bred eternal

Meaning helping mankind's passing passion

Firefly sparks its light internal

Giving nature its own fashion

TAC

## Black Midnight

The hands on the clock  
Move steadily  
Gliding through space  
Passing the same spots  
Moving in perfect circles  
A brief glimmer of light  
Casts shadows on the face  
But soon they depart  
Leaving no trace  
Empty hands gliding silently  
They soon come together  
And point standing up  
A soft ring resounds  
Quietly, solemnly  
A passing salute  
To a day long gone  
Chiming twelve times  
And then gliding again.  
Other hands reach out  
To where something once was  
Where no answer had been  
And grasp a solution  
The hands come together  
And then they retract  
To point standing up  
A brief stillness at first  
Then a shot breaks the silence  
And then nothing at all.  
While up on the wall  
Other hands move steadily  
Silently  
In their unceasing rounds

As others lie tranquil  
Still and not stirring.  
Not moving at all  
Unmoving like a story  
Told on a day long gone  
That went unheeded  
Never to be heard again.

STUART DEARDEN

## Bamboo Arms

Sitting by the window  
Back to the sun that emits its light  
Through the blinds, forcing my shadow  
Into a twisted Statue.  
Eleven feet long, with bamboo arms.  
Although I stand upright, my double leans  
To an obscure angle.  
My slightest movement will cause this  
Gawky creature to jump and wriggle.  
I look at my silent friend,  
With strange square growths covering his torso.  
Does only the sun produce angular qualities,  
Or do the earthly nothings concoct this madness?  
Suddenly in regal splendor, the sun dips below the trees  
Fading my confrere into the gray linoleum,  
Hibernating until some other time.

DAVID HOAG

## Caesaropapism

Rancid is the scent of this new monarchy,  
With men not given the Ludden option to "Pass or Play."  
But being forced to submit to the whims of a Solo,  
Whose calafras decisions determine all fates.

These humanoids are made spineless by their overseers,  
And compelled to bark like spiders!  
To wear the king's chosen Utrou,  
To conform like so many nega-brains.

And shall not Don Budge,  
He shall head home with humbly bowed schwantz.  
There's no escape from his majesty's jaws,  
Tis all "existential menopause."

*HROTHGAR*



**Those Left Behind**



TED LIS

# A Day in My Life

By ROBERT BRANCATELLI

I remember it very well now, this image of my youth. The blackening surfaces of the passing front-stoops shadowed my little mind. My imagination played with them, transforming the steps into mountains of awesome slate. And I became a coalminer working at the bottom of these mountains. Only once did I nearly scale their sides, for my father would not have laughed.

We had to walk several miles past the depot-terminal, my father and I, through the dampness which soaked and inflamed my throat. It hadn't rained at all like that since the death of my mother. I remember because my grandmother picked a mum from our flooded flower garden. It was orange, and I recall that she said it would brighten-up my face. I don't know if it did or did not. I simply followed my father at that time hand in hand, no words exchanged, to the funeral. I followed him that morning too from the terminal seven blocks in the wet darkness to the Assumption School, and my first winter term.

"Well as you can see here Mr. - -, ah Mr. - -"

"Bernstein."

"Yes Mr. Burnstien, I was just about to say that, as you can see, I am sure, our boys here at Assumption School are quite satisfactorily taken care of."

Here my father's guide bent slightly forward extending his larger ear.

"Yes, I can. . ."

"And we do teach them so much more than those public places I'm sure you know of."

On this he turned about ever so slowly, and his left eyebrow rose as if being pulled with a tremendous strain by those tiny fairies which I was sure inhabited the woods around Assumption School, *don't you know.*

"Yes I'm sure you do, but I am a little worried about leaving (the boy) like this especially just after his mother - -"

"Have no fear of that Mr. Bildstern. We take care of our own here, and of course you may see him as often as you like. We have three child psychologists in residence, and naturally we are very experienced in developing young gentlemen."

"That's Bernstein."

My father was just as nervous as I was, perhaps even more. He had never really grown up. He never lost his fantasy world of childhood. He knew the terrors awaiting a young boy in a new world. For a lonely boy it was a world with no love, understanding, or patience. After all, I was a special case; I took after my father.

I can't help but recall the Venus de Milo of William Golding's essay on thinking as a child. But she was still only a plaster model. That was precisely how I saw my classmates, teachers, and everything even remotely associated with Assumption School. They knew nothing of the world of fancy. My imagination made me a grade-one thinker far beyond the cold world of mathematical precepts. I saw them all caught up in an artificial world of good and evil. I of course represented the sole good force of the universe which consisted of Pilgrim Yard where the daily debates were held. More often than not I was a truant representative for the powers of compassion. For I enjoyed Paula's company much more than Latin grammar, or the subtleties of comma usage. She was my very own Venus de Milo.

Paula had honey-golden hair, and freckles which seemed to hover about her dark-brown eyes. Those eyes created an atmosphere of three dimensional space so much more tender and true than anything Buckminster Fuller could devise. I say that because there were times when I wanted to live alone, and be a scatterbrained scientist.

O what rogues they were to taunt me when they discovered that Paula was somewhat fictitious! But it was true. My only affair, my first experience in the art of love ended with a sloppy burst. Only now do I realize how fortunate this was. For surely many of us seek self-destruction in the lure of a beautiful gaze.

At that time, as now, I found no peace in the wattle shacks or honey bees of Yeats. And to this day even the romantics remain taboo for me. To dream

the poet's dream only undresses the wounds of a very sensitive youth. It is in the blood, this feeling for folklore, love, and truth.

I went about my business as usual soon after my father's departure. I ran agonizing marathons, and held the runners' laurel of victory aloft for the fair maidens to see. I pictured myself walking-off my pains on the battlefield. I would always sweat furiously, and breathe quite hot and heavily. I gloried in my smooth, dark skin, and the rolling of my muscles along my back and chest when I ran. I was a sexy devil, and the women loved it when I shook my dripping hair. Then I would inspect the crowds, passing over the conceited, jealous harlots to find the one true, simple girl for my wife.

I masterminded revolutions usually aimed at the administration of the school. I was becoming more politically minded, a development from which I am only now recovering.

When it came to religion it was very easy to separate myself from the other Catholic boys. The monsignor allowed the non-Catholics free time to do as they pleased. This, oddly enough, was the only time I actually did get involved. I was fascinated by the statues of the saints looming over me with scented shadows, and the trace of echoing footsteps in their stares. The lure of dangling beads with wooden crosses, and morning vespers drove me on toward the vocation. It had a strange sexuality about it though which I never dared mention. The mass was a tradition rich in adventure for me. It was a miracle in which the material world finally dissolved, and the artist struggling inside of me could live. But it became a sickly living, and I soon outgrew my interest in mortal and venial sins.

I remember that time now, and it grows in importance for me in understanding my adult life. I am still half child, and it remains vital to retain that dream-like view of life. There must be true self-discipline in the art work. I must learn to distill and isolate the richest areas of thought in forming the art work. I am merely beginning now, and I have a pattern to follow. But I shall look back on the day I was left behind at Assumption School as my first meaningful and divine loss of innocence. It was also a gain in imagination. It is my strength, and yet it may be my ruin—if I let it;

The poet and the dreamer are distinct,  
Diverse, sheer opposite, antipodes.

—John Keats

## I Only

I only want to love and to be loved,  
To know that when the bad  
Gets worse  
That you will still care.

I only want to have and share  
Happiness,  
To know that when the tears  
Start flowing  
That you will be near.

I only want to solve our differences,  
To know that when I am wrong  
That you will forgive me.

I only want loyalty and to be loyal,  
To know that we will never stray  
Because we have each other.

I only want to love and to be loved,  
To be there when the good  
Gets better  
Because I know I only want you.

ANONYMOUS

## for stephen

at first you'd wink when i came by,  
and sometimes even smile.  
but soon the cold began to fall,  
it would only be a while.

you fought so bravely to the end,  
you could not even speak.  
i watched you waste before me—  
so pale, so scared and weak.

i fed you like a baby,  
and begged you to go on.  
i talked to you and held your hand,  
but your life was almost gone.

one day i found you crying—  
i tried to make you stop.  
you whispered, "i am dying."  
my own tears began to drop.

they warned me not to get so close,  
but my feelings only grew  
"a couple days more at the very most."  
i wondered how they knew.

i worked with you so long last night,  
i knew it'd be your last.  
you grabbed my hand as i left the room,  
your strength was going fast.

you smiled at me and winked your eye,  
and then your hand went slack.  
i smoothed your hair, and wet your lips,  
i tried to smile back.

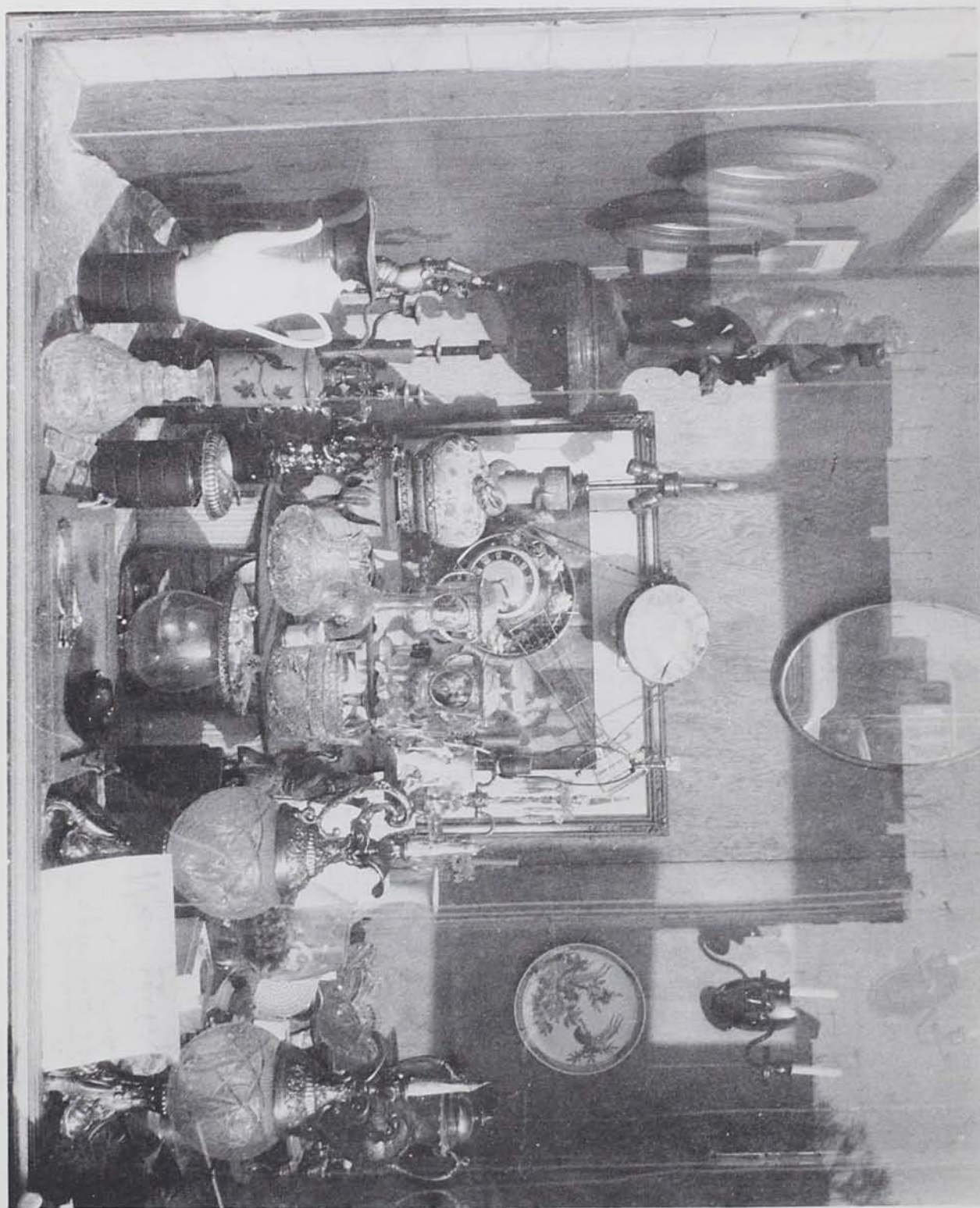
i left you then—what could i do?  
the look of death was in your eyes.  
more than a feeling, now i knew—  
stephen, this would be our last goodbye.

i didn't go to your room today,  
i knew that you'd be gone.  
i thought that death just took the old,  
yours taught me i was wrong.

*ib*

I, the stranger, watch the growth of myself  
As my self changes. Now no longer the  
Flaming radical youth who would move mountains.  
Now no longer the innocent.  
Now corrupt by this world.  
I would leave, at times, but He will not have me yet.  
So I wait: not for the telephone,  
Not for any man or woman,  
But for my self.  
For the complete arrival of my  
Strangely adult self.

*GWENIVERE*



IONATHAN ZAP



**April 18, 1958 to July 15, 1977**  
**With Emphasis on July 15**

standing on the summit  
wind against her back  
tempting with force  
she lets go of the world  
and plummets down  
the carpet of green looms closer  
then  
the current catches her up  
and bathes her in cool aurora  
she is absent of all forces  
with no stroke of wing  
she soars above the peaks  
all that is tense goes flaccid  
she looks down at the golden meadows  
swirling below her sight  
now she is released  
now she is alone  
now she is free

DAVID HOAG

## Ode to Little Sisters

Locked into a promised brighter day,  
My childhood dreams fade, shudder, and vanish.

The acts of this play were painfully slow:  
The overture ended; I no longer heard the reindeer on the roof,  
And Santa Claus had Daddy's handwriting.  
Mommy gave birth to a baby girl;  
I failed to understand why the stork did not leave her on the doorstep.

I thought that someday I could drape myself in furs,  
Dye my hair blonde,  
Generously apply powder, rouge, and lipstick,  
Drink coffee with every meal,  
And wear diamonds to the supermarket.

The curtain closed; the first act was over.  
The next was a frustrating delay:  
Pudgy figures,  
Crops of acne,  
Awkward, clumsy, dateless years,  
Unsuccessful make-up trials,  
Awesome stares at the flawless beauties in *Vogue*.

Now, as the final act draws near an end, adulthood is impending.  
I do drink coffee, but only so I will remain attentive.

I do wear makeup, but only to cover blemishes and  
the tell-tale circles under my eyes.

Most women wear old raincoats and pink rollers to the supermarket.  
Fur coats are for deserving mothers who pacify the fears  
of their maturing daughters.

The glory, laud, and honor of growing up have gradually  
Shifted to responsibility, independence, and realism.  
My dreams are no longer fantasies, but they are tangible hopes.  
Impatiently, I still await my acceptance into the adult world.

PAMELA ROEDIGER

She rises in majesty  
From her even' tomb  
The hour before morning's own  
Is hushed in somber silence seen  
Touched with subtle grey

High arching dignity  
Commands the ranges  
With the genesis of dawn hue  
Reflecting in tears of earthen dew  
Unseen strands homage her regality

LESLIE BECHTEL

## Privacy Warning

uneven green tile floors and once modern furniture  
reflects in the suffering faces  
veiled by re-read magazines  
waiting for what is yet to come  
the burning scent of antiseptic creates  
nervous coughs spaced by silent stanzas  
and the flipping pages of countless Readers Digests  
the storm breaks  
a trim woman appears and blankly asks  
with plastic smile if Mrs. So-and-so would like  
to come back now  
of course she doesn't  
shifting eyes dart and flicker,  
catching the numb shuffle  
of a body slowly levitating  
toddling towards the unknown beyond.  
with a squeal of white shoes  
the victim is gone with a coda of exchanging glances  
an encore of coughs echoes from the plastic plants  
unconscious fear swoops in and returns to its perch

DAVID HOAG

## **For Susan, Someone I Used to Know**

I've never written a love song.

I've tumbled from emotion to emotion

Much like everyone else,

But the words would never come.

Or if they did lines of verse would rush from my pen tip

In a race which would soon become tiresome.

My trash can's filled with poetry

Like a bad Browning imitation,

Or Italian Opera at its worst.

I began tonight to write you a love song,

And I don't know whether I have or not.

*STEPHEN M. LANGE*



DAVID DONIA

## **A Parting on the Night of June 26th**

I became much older  
on the evening when you left; I watched  
you catch the train, while I remained.

It was not the Great Father train  
rolling to a distant war, I knew I was safe.  
It was a little piece of mechanized high-speed line.

Peace is even harder to swallow sometimes  
as I very politely clawed at the fence  
to glimpse again, and again.

I played a beggar with my nose  
pressed to the gate. On one side your  
train had gone, and on the other,  
another slowly arrives.

ROBERT BRANCATELLI

# Infant's Universe

By JONATHAN ZAP

Allen entered the subway car and sat down quietly. He was a small boy, about eight years old. He had on a white shirt and a dark, narrow tie and looked like any school boy that had perhaps just been let out of parochial school. But there was something unnecessarily blank about his stare, and the books under his arm were on quantum mechanics and computer science.

Allen's blank stare surveyed the other inhabitants of the subway car. They were all so vile and disgusting. Eating, excreting, copulating and too stupid to realize their own beastiality. Yet he had to deal with them everyday, at the University, on the way home and at home. He had to deal with them every day and they tried to deal with him every day, interrupting his thoughts, interfering with his plans and disturbing his concentration. What really disgusted Allen, though, was the realization that it was only through his own failure that he had to bother with them at all. But to dispose of them he needed to concentrate, and their very existence kept him from it.

Allen suddenly glanced across the subway car. An elderly black lady on the other side of the car was napping. He stared at her left knee and began to concentrate. An involuntary muscle spasm would be a good test. Allen brought himself into a deeper level of concentration and visualized the joint surrounded by muscles, arteries and fat. He tried to concentrate on the nerves and finally on a single nerve bundle. He sensed the flow of energy between the synapses and he concentrated on producing a sudden impulse. He strained his will, but it was useless, her leg was as still as a tree stump.

Allen looked up in disgust. It was impossible to concentrate in this environment. But he knew the environment was not a sufficient explanation. His inability to transmit his will had to have deeper meaning. Allen, of course, had already developed a number of theories on the subject. He had thought at first that external reality was only an extension of his own being and that it was in some way generated by his subconscious. But why would his subconscious create an environment that he could not consciously control and that interfered with his own thought process? There had to be a logic behind the operation of his subconscious. The existence of people and things that distracted him, had no apparent logic.



The second theory Allen formed, and the one that still dominated his thoughts, postulated the existence of a being with a development similar to his own. Such a being could have created a physical reality to prevent Allen from concentrating and actualizing his powers. By providing an environment that surrounded Allen with material objects and organisms, his mind was imprisoned and he was limited to the perspectives of a three dimensional, physical universe. Allen was left powerless while the other being had omniscient control.

The nature of this being, "the other" as Allen referred to it, became more puzzling and disturbing each day. Was the other being equal to himself or superior? Had he created it, or it him, or had they both just existed for all eternity?

On a sudden impulse Allen glanced up at the subway doors and tried to will them open with a burst of concentration. He instantly visualized the circuit and concentrated on rerouting electricity to the door motors. No result.

Allen looked down again in disgust and began examining his hands. There was nothing that revolted him so much as his own corporeal existence. His body was a primitive organism that made constant demands on him. In the past, Allen had tried going without food or sleep and had often succeeded for long periods of time. But ultimately the flesh had always won. A full third of his time was dissipated by sleep and other needs had to be satisfied during waking hours.

All this, however, would not have been half so bad if the organism his body consisted of existed in an otherwise uninhabited environment. Instead he was a single organism trapped in an environment that contained whole swarms and colonies of such organisms. It would have been no worse had he been incarnated as a worker bee in a bee colony. The other organisms perceived him as no different from themselves and expected adherence to their behavior patterns. Complicating the situation even more, was the fact that the specific organism Allen had been placed in was already accounted for in their social order.

Allen had found himself, from the beginning of his consciousness, surrounded by two individuals that considered him their offspring. Of all the

others their presence was by far the most distracting and interfering. Allen had always had trouble anticipating the behaviors and reactions of others, though he had gradually learned a few basic principles and patterns. But the behavior of these two was far more unpredictable and unstable than any of the others.

Allen had often attempted to will them out of existence and had even considered using physical means, such as chemicals he had access to. But now he could not even be sure that would improve the situation. The total social organization was incomprehensible to Allen and he could not be sure, for example, that the two might not be replaced by others that would be less predictable and that his environment might not become even more unstable.

Allen decided that whole avenue of thought was useless and began concentrating on the other again. For some time now he had felt he was on the verge of a breakthrough. Allen closed his eyes and let the noise of the subway blend into a single, constant blanket of sound. He let his consciousness float through time and space and away from the surroundings that distracted him.

Allen considered the structure and organization of the material world. The very molecules and atoms and their wave-like motions could be the physical representations of the other's consciousness. The material world was the other's only observable behavior and the only way to make determinations about its nature. The other had no need for a physical reality in terms of its own existence or power, since its existence was obviously beyond the physical. Therefore, the creation of the external world had to serve an external purpose. That external purpose, as observed from its result, was the subordination of Allen's will. Allen had never thought of it quite that way, but it was logical. The physical universe that so successfully distracted Allen could have been designed for just that purpose.

The other sought to subordinate his will, and therefore, Allen realized with a sudden insight, it was inferior. Yes, inferior. In fact it was only the absurd obviousness of its inferiority that kept Allen from realizing it all along. If the other was not inferior it would not try to subordinate Allen's will, it would simply will him out of existence. The logic was so simple and perfect that only some tremendous concentration from the other could have kept Allen from realizing it sooner.

The subway came to Allen's stop and he got off. The station was always empty that time of day. Allen paced the platform pensively. All he need do is break the illusion of his corporeal existence and his power would be unlimited. Allen immediately resolved upon a course of action. He walked to the end of the platform and then jumped down on the tracks. He walked a few steps into the black tunnel and sat down.

The darkness was interrupted only by the red and amber lights that extended into the darkness as pinpoints of color. Allen stared blankly into the darkness. Suddenly the lights began turning green in sequence as the track was cleared. First he could only sense the vibrations, but soon blue-white sparks illuminated the subway train's huge serpentine structure. The train approached and the air filled with violent mechanical noises. Allen could see the operator in his booth in front, staring ahead zombie-like as the train rushed forward. Allen's stare remained blank as the train's giant metallic form exploded at him, pulverizing his small body in an instant.



JONATHAN ZAP

*Editor:* Leonard P. Ulan

*Co-Editor:* Cindy Poots

*Art Editor:* Leslie Bechtel

*Associate Editor:* Lisa Ungrady

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