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# THE LANTERN

DECEMBER 1967

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Cover design by Katy Smith

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## Foreword

The poetry and prose in this issue is varied with regard to both style and content, and we are not going to attempt to extrapolate a vague "intellectual-literary climate" of the campus. In judging the work submitted we (and we feel we speak for the entire staff here) look primarily for sincerity of feeling and overall impact. Minor flaws are at times overlooked, but we do not mean this as an apology. It is rather a recognition of the "humanness" of the college-age poet, a humanness which finds giving form to deep feeling an exacting art.

Thanks go out to those who made this issue possible: the administration for its financial support, our many contributors, and Katy Smith for her patience and industry in designing the cover.

L. BARRY ERB  
THOMAS MILLER



## il se fait tard

Time is that old shed, childhood submarine  
 and memories of your Mike Nelson identity.  
 It is the gray-splattered fur of a mongrel,  
 once coal-black,  
 Or the "bug" with the beer-spotted seat covers  
 and your name on its back — Now  
 chromeless with cinderblock wheels.  
 Time is the rust on an empty cage,  
 weeds and broken slats of a garden,  
 begun in farmer-like frenzy,  
 Or the faded black year and fractured stone  
 of a class ring,  
 an invitation to "your" first love's wedding.  
 Time — mender of all wounds, soother  
 of all souls, River of Lethe  
 Is what's stashed in a drawer —  
 labeled "junk."

BARBARA BALD

## il pleut

Yards of downed wires resembling the many  
 pull-cords of abandoned toys,  
 A mud-splattered sheet of an Ajax wash,  
 A party-boat batted with the dark granite  
 paddles of a merciless inlet,  
 Freshly sewn seeds afloat a now water-logged  
 version of a hard day's work,  
 Mustangs, Renaults, Lincolns — randomly scattered pawns,  
 equally immobilized on a Venetian chessboard,  
 The country's oldest landmark, toppled like the  
 tinker-toys of a frustrated son  
 Silence at the labs as computers choke on  
 words of dying electricity,  
 Hundreds of grounded tourists, forced to endure  
 a neighbor's gaudy shirt.  
 "Vote for . . . Strike . . . Pray, Brother" — mingled  
 with the rubbish of a city street  
 A green rubber dinosaur, shovel and pail,  
 showered with tears of a pleading child.  
 — Paralyzed by a natural drug, bounded  
 by a climatic straight-jacket  
 — A momentarily humbled world  
 waits for the rain to end.

BARBARA BALD





## A Fragile Fragment

I wasn't in love for a whole afternoon  
 because of calculus and algebra  
     but then  
     we had apple pie at dinner  
     and I was suddenly in love again  
 and later  
     finding unit tangent vectors  
     I was seized by song and delirium

VICKI VAN HORN

## Epic In Stereo

Time dissolved like jello

    Italian loneliness

lacrimae desiderio  
     tears of desire  
 blushing tears

Bombed on Brahms  
 high on ideology  
     hymen of mind  
     stretched tautology

Then there are those who  
 keep their braces in the  
 living room, Sexus in  
 the kitchen, and treacle  
     in the bath.

The baby goes in the garbage  
 disposal or would have if  
 they could have caught  
 it soon enough.

    Lady Macbeth waits to  
 scrub your back with  
 parsimon juice and  
 dust covers all like a  
     benediction.

VICKI VAN HORN

## Kisskraft

Too damned efficient. Two damned efficient. Twice damned efficiency. Pencil sharpeners and small boxes and clothes brushes and travel irons in a petty (bourgeois) monolith with baby peonies (or whatever the plural is) sneakily attacking the meek, monk of meek, meek monkeys to crow bars the Crow Bar Happy Tap bird bars bird bath turkey bath turkish bath bathe. Bathe in sweat and mucous to clear the stench of civilization, the smelly non-smelling of commercial smell conformity. Ditch digger and duchess, his and her matching smell. Hospital smelling tonsils. Poor old poet, trying to find a mouth flavored mouth. Flavor of the month, mouth flavor, flavor favorite of the divine marquis, a man of faults who nonetheless would approve of mouth flavored mouthes as part of the sexy holy, wholly sexy, y, ici, toutes les places. Deodorant was invented by the Pope as part of a plot to discredit sex, which, I proclaim, is neither sacred nor profane. Sex is messy he said in a pained way, the way of all frosh through the sterile corridors of Senior Health class. Of course it's messy. Some cool divine copulation, for unoriginal sinners and weeping virgins, delicate as gossamer, more sterile than a polluted handshake, delicate operation of a surgeon's needle. A new needlepoint to take the worry out of being close. That's next. Flower flavored fornication.

VICKI VAN HORN



## The Critical Marquis

The Marquis de Sade is, in the main, unimaginative and unattractive. His putative unfettered imagination is merely the guilt-tickled mind of a repressed Lutheran five-year-old. Any man with an ounce of imagination and a modicum of stomach can devise exquisite and marvelous means of torture equaling or surpassing the Marquis' sanguine efforts.

Dear Sade also finds pleasure in numbers. However, there does not seem to be any basis for the assumption that twelve maidens unmade should be twelve times as thrilling as one beheaded. Size, too, loses its charm after several splendid successions of superlatives. One's patience, as well as one's credulity, is strained.

The Marquis, justly, devotes most of his verbiage to pain rather than pleasure. His woeful presage of Freud's "love and hate" allies pain and pleasure; no, fuses them till heaven is hell is humiliation, by God's . . . teeth.

Ferlinghetti and I are waiting. In my "rebirth of wonder" I want to read the book with six hundred forms of tenderness, 120 days of sweet symbiosis with not a bruise given or received. I am waiting for the day that brings a thousand ways of pleasure without pain, humiliation, and all the other delightful devices of civilization. I wish the poor mad Marquis an eternity of having his back rubbed.

VICKI VAN HORN

## Sea Flame

(A Poem For A Child)

Of all the clear remembrances  
That comes with nighttime's dreaming sleep,  
I love the many darknesses  
Of the silent ocean's deep.

Sea flame, sea flame  
Burning on the water;  
Sea flame, sea flame  
Can you burn forever?

Sea floss on the wave  
Cheering on the sea;  
Sea horse, little slave  
Still beneath the sea.

Sea flame, sea flame  
Burns the starry night;  
Sea flame, sea flame  
Will bring the wondrous light.

EDWARD SINNE

## Belladonna

Darkly do I know her  
 She who lives in fairy forests  
 Far away;  
 Revelling lately, oh so lately  
 Underneath the three-pronged trees  
 In henbane forests.

Cold ones know her,  
 Cold ones love her  
 And they call her  
 Belladonna,  
 Dark and handsome  
 Belladonna.

Let me leave them!  
 (Can I leave them?)  
 These fairy forests flaming bright;  
 I can not kiss her  
 Nor can I touch her—  
 This belladonna of the night.

But then I know this pretty maiden,  
 Fairy lovely  
 Belladonna;  
 She would kill me should I kiss her,  
 Lovely, lonely  
 Belladonna.

EDWARD SINNE

## Haiku

Look to the stars!  
 They shine brightly in the night  
 Over all the dead.

EDWARD SINNE



## Symphony

We are to make love by the moon-red sun,  
 Sleeping, drawing our breaths as one,  
 Our skins touching, knowing each touch as lust;  
 With your soft fingers on my shoulders,  
 Your warm breath billowing in my eyes,  
 Your redful swollen tongue in my mouth,  
 Your warm urgent lips now to my ear  
 Whispering mist-laden words of sin.

It is past the time of boisterous feasting  
 When the cups of golden flame were given  
 Unto our waiting mouths, and our hands  
 On silken selves sought soft symphonies;  
 And we held on firm to our singing  
 To green chime and silver melodies.  
 Stir within me whispering long fires  
 That burn the black thoughts of hate away  
 For we shout the lusty songs of day  
 That float the blood-red rivers of time.

We wildly wrote long verses of stinking love  
 While our eating flesh devoured more;  
 Where a million eyes gazed drunkenly  
 From the slumbered folds of darkened rooms;  
 Our verses were soft and cool with thyme,  
 Our thoughts flying too fast and too far.  
 And so we left the land of the feast,  
 Riding slowly on night-colored horses  
 Now aware of the tastes in our mouths.

EDWARD SINNE

---

## Ziegfortenblat

Ze people in ze back of ze bus,  
 Love to watch ze people in ze front of ze bus,  
 And ze people in ze front of ze bus,  
     odd as it may seem,  
 Don't give a damn.

SCOTT ESSLINGER

---

It's one of those nights  
 Dear Moon, I'd be happy to  
 Meet a friendly dog.

BRIAN MAR

## Contentment

Sunny sad daisies border my whistle-footed  
 Sand path to the pristine morning beach  
 Above the dunes and early silver mist  
 Floats a happy spirit, too exuberant  
 To be contained in today.  
 The beach and I meet in salt grass  
 And soon pass each other smiling  
 As I go seaward and it rolls upward.  
 Thrashing into calmness, I swirl white about me.

Last night's dim, exhausted dancing seems a  
 Brief wink from the dazzling sun  
 Which gathers pale blue and white  
 Around it like a cape.

LEE MARCH

---

## Short-sighted and Mildly Unbelievable

Crag in the eye where evil  
 stare landed,  
     something pretty here, no doubt.  
 Wounded eye grew in pity,  
 Rhesus monkeys retold the scene.  
 All at once the flood wind entered,  
 caught the men of Csepel stranded.  
 Earthbound jungle status-seekers  
 told a wild-eyed Birch Beer Maker  
 there was no air in Buda-Csepel.  
 Incoherent Birch Beer Maker turned upon  
 his own surroundings,  
 scathed 3 hounds in Jersey City,  
 burned up his own mother's air.  
 On the seventh day of justice,  
 Birch Beer Maker crowned himself  
 "The Commissioner of Freedom in the World  
 (not Buda-Csepel),"   
 told his mother to breathe relief,  
 then lost his title to a Texas Ranger,  
 who already had assumed the pose;  
 nowhere else to turn but painting,  
 wild-eyed, bitter Birch Beer Maker  
 colors aging Voodoo dolls  
 shades of red for his country's sake.

(Dedicated to the Fermenting Birch Society of American Hotel)

GEORGE EASTBURN



## Society's Children

As the summer ends society's children are drawn together into obstreperous companionship for two semesters filled with the unexpected and anticipated pleasures and misgivings of society. The retreat for hundreds of uninhibited, neurotic children is a neurotic, God-fearing town called Collegeville. Thrown together in an orgy of personality conflicts and frustration syndromes, these children perform magnificently in one of the greatest carnivals in the universe, commonly known as society.

Here we are; the future of a society is in our hands. It is a society built up and expounded by our omniscient elders, those righteous members and crusaders for the "great life" full of ludicrous virtues, false values, and God, that supreme unknown, unmoved and unconcerned producer and ringmaster of the carnival.

Here are six of society's children, three girls and three boys, who are now serving their apprenticeships at Ursinus College and who together in an unreal atmosphere of self-gratification and the hope of social acceptance search for something a little better than that which is really attainable.

*Child #1:* A man on the move who doesn't know what he wants but he knows he wants plenty of it. He is master of the inane and the inconsequential. Females take him at face value never seeing beyond the marble smile and alabaster exoskeleton that is his only claim to fame. The Wismer Hall wall is his stage and performances are given every meal, much to the appreciation of those who would win his acceptance of them by providing him an audience.

He is quite content to take the free ride that society provides for him, and even at that price he manages to come out ahead of the game.

*Child #2:* A girl lost in her own confusion she lives in a senseless world of her own design. Anyone entering near the walls of her personality becomes a mass of unhappy inquietude. Basically she is a worthwhile and probably desirable person but until she suppresses her idiotic id she will forever be a source of grief to those who are around her.

She is usually seen wearing a sorority blazer which in itself is no crime, for clothes do not make the man. Perhaps, but then sorority blazers do not provide a means of elevating stand-ins in this great carnival to full fledged midway freaks. Even sororities need a few months to accomplish this.

*Child #3:* Usually locked away from the outside world in his own solitude he is a stage manager and part time spiritual leader for the clowns in the carnival. He is an advocate of the Hippie Ethic and thus he is frustrated because he is forced to conform to a society which he respects less than the food in Wismer Hall.



He is an enigma to gynecomorphous beings because he presents a perpetual challenge to their never ending stream of trivia which could eventually soften his mind if he allowed it to.

Nonetheless, frustrated he stands along with the rest in a sea of electric jello which charges the mind while it restricts the senses.

*Child #4:* A by-product of an overly protected life and the inability to think for herself this poor creature is continuously in a state of euphoria except for brief interludes of tear ridden agony each and every night and twice on Sundays. She inhabits a woman's body but she has the mind of a child. Emotional problems are her specialty and resolving them would take the combined efforts of Aristotle, Freud, and Captain Kangaroo.

She is unfortunately a product of her environment, and until this problem is alleviated she will remain forever an emotional invalid under the supervision of an even more diseased society.

*Child #5:* Searching for a way of life that has never existed, he thinks he can perceive the clowns in the carnival but little does he realize the existence of a fright wig and a rubber hose on his own head. Purveyor of social inequities and leary of social dogma, this self-styled advocate of the Kantian ethic lives each day the same as the next hoping for a change that never comes. He is immersed in the inadequacy of his desire to free himself, at least mentally, from his peanut vendor existence.

*Child #6:* An individual in search of herself and the rest of humanity, she puts on the guise of an outwardly stable girl with none of the problems that plague the rest of her friends. However, deep inside she is trying to resolve various conflicts, the most important of which, to her at least, is her recent de-pinning. Now she suffers because she has allowed herself to become subjected mentally and emotionally all for an abstract called love. She has had this problem before and she'll have it again. How many times will she open her heart and her mind to this means of social security?

So here we are society's children, clinging to each other in desperation in a profound sea of electric jello. Some are playing the game, some are trying to escape. The escape mechanisms take the form of pot, smack, acid, methedrine and many others; and "feed your head" is the rallying cry. The escapees believe whoever gets the best "high" is that much closer to escaping, but they aren't any closer than the rest of us. Each of us knows what is wrong with the other, but none of us stop to think that we are not the focal point for everyone else's eyes. Each of us is striving for self-expression but it is becoming more difficult in a heartless, obsequious society that is penetrated with platitudes and non sequiturs.

Children . . . on with the show.



## Crowded Mirrors

Purple sunsets turned off and on  
 as the buses landed on their platforms.  
 The passengers didn't notice the solar light show.  
 The passengers didn't notice the buses burning,  
 leaving, turning into purple. On the roofs of the  
 stations, babbling song birds with crooked beaks  
 called to the streaming passengers  
 tempting them to look up above their  
 own glistening and numerically tattooed foreheads.  
 The passengers entered waiting rooms  
 glowing with bright white candle lights  
 that outlined writings of tortured exclamations  
 and other personal expressions  
 on the might-as-well-be-gray walls.  
 Nothing was read very closely.  
 Hundreds of thousands of passenger pilgrims  
 entered the stations to gaze intently  
 into crowded mirrors. No one recognized himself,  
 no one stepped back to take a better look.

*B. JEFFERSON E.*

## Child in Bright Colors

On green leaves,  
     the rains came down,  
 filtered thru silently rising blue vapor.  
 Caught in the shower,  
 a child in bright colors silently danced thru the grass  
                     past the trees, under the leaves,  
                     to shelter in a fountain of silvery air.  
 A cascade of orchids flowed to her eyes  
 and she wove them into her dress  
 as a social misfit folksong collector  
 stood at the fountain and noted her music  
 in his rainy day book of poems.  
 He went off to the city  
 following the rain  
 and caused the swirling masses there  
 to turn their static and immobile heads  
 as he noiselessly sang of the child  
 in bright, flowered colors under the rain  
 and the fountain of silvery air.  
 Immobile heads moved within,  
 smiled inside of themselves,  
 and as the day grew later the masses breathed  
 freer as the thought  
 of the child in the rain forest air  
 opened some minds  
 toward the deep river sky.  
 And the sun was shining.

*B. JEFFERSON E.*



## The Long-range Accident

In the misted gloom of twilight  
wounded cattle crossed the desert

beneath economic advisors,  
who were wondering whether Eternity could be gained  
if time were lost forever.

These were the new international wisemen,  
carrying gifts of gold and prophecy  
to the underdeveloped virgin lands,  
hoping that a messiah of material wealth  
would materialize in their midst. Wild-eyed politicians  
and soft-skinned public servants walked beneath a flag  
of stars that seemed to cover the earth. And they  
were not American stars, they were not Red stars,  
they were ideal stars fixed high above the reaches  
of mankind. And the politicians & the public servants,  
though different in principle rather than office,  
were the new international shepherds walking on  
paths toward revealed governments of refuge in  
the images of the minds' images. And they too  
went to the virgin lands in search of the messiah  
of material wealth. And the shell-shocked common  
man served as the new international Joseph,  
wondering where promises of the social, political,  
economic gods would lead his misnamed holy family.

The search for the messiah of  
material wealth faltered & completely failed  
one day. The desert and the common man remained in  
the misted gloom of twilight. The common man had  
mentioned before that something was missing from  
the prophetic works & greenish-gold philosophies.  
His misgiving was now fulfilled & he wondered if  
the desert would last forever.

B. JEFFERSON E.

---

## The Ultimate Machine

Great black clouds of sand and dust roll across the charred plains,  
the pulverized cities, the lifeless sea. For a brief moment a peephole  
opens in the dark cover, and a ray of yellow sunlight explodes through,  
destroying itself in a shower of glittering sparks on the surface of the  
water. A brief, precious moment; molecules, using the energy of the  
sun, rearrange, combine . . . . Some other solar day, PERHAPS, some  
other solar year, PERHAPS, some other millenium, PERHAPS the right  
combination will occur. More time will pass, and the world will  
patiently wait for the next step, then the next, then the . . . . The machine  
will wait for another ray and more energy. The machine has forever.

PAUL L. SAUTTER



They live in a crowded area  
 Of marble  
 Concrete  
 Stone  
 Cement  
 Tar  
 Steel  
 Shaped into buildings that block the sunlight  
 Streets and walkways that cover grass  
 Brooks  
 Where once were trees.  
 The air above  
 The rivers around civilization  
 Bear man's waste.  
 Nature's beauty fades.  
 People pass  
 Meet people they don't know  
 Will never know.  
 The motives have changed  
 Living is something you do  
 Regardless of your neighbor.  
 Lonely people find no comfort  
 As hungry people are able to find food  
 No human feeling is involved.  
 The senses are dulled  
 The thoughts remain inside.  
 The body just moves  
 Usually through habit.  
 A world is lived in  
 Not enjoyed.

K. CRIST

---

## Beastuary

Hard concrete beneath my feet,  
 Stone walls rising on all sides,  
 I feel the pulse of the city.  
 Today it beats slowly,  
 But there's a sullen savagery  
 Lurking in the trash filled alleys.  
 On the busy thoroughfares  
 There's a vague fear of that brutality lurking near.  
 In man there's something beastlike and unreasoning;  
 A summer's riots remind us of it.  
 Presidential speeches cannot exorcise it.  
 Fact finding panels cannot deal with it.  
 It remains, in spite of poverty programs and job training.  
 The public doesn't really care for the poor and outcast,  
 But rather it fears the mindless animal lurking within man,  
 Under the veneer of civilization.

LINDA RICHTMYRE

## Nocturne

Sleeplessness —  
 Too much tea, drunk too late —  
 But no will to study.

Restlessness —  
 Fog above the gloomy lawn —  
 But no inward quiet.

Uselessness —  
 A mind teeming with creation —  
 But nothing left tomorrow.

Hopelessness —  
 A world of waking dreams —  
 But none come true.

No wonder man has always feared the night.

SUSAN KEGERISE

I am like a candle in a fancy cup. I struggle and struggle desperately to get out of my container. Pushing one way then the other. Recklessly, trying all angles. My reflection on the curved glass is everchanging, bobbing one way then the other as I try to figure out where I am going, what I am doing, and all the time I'm burning up the wax, my life I'm wasting trying so hard to get out of myself. If like the candle, I were never lit, I wouldn't burn myself out. But then I wouldn't be alive and striving, illuminating the world around me, giving light and sunshine and fire and hate and love and life to all around me.

So like the flame, I burn and struggle. Trying to find me or an escape, yet burning nearer and nearer to my creator who looks on from above, giving the life that lets me keep living. Watching my useless wrestling. Waiting and watching. Watching from above as I burn myself up.

So as a flame, I must hope that my powers and existence are doing some good. For even this tiny flame in its fancy cup is filling my room with sweet fragrant perfume as it is slowly nearing its end.

So I want to spend myself doing something, no matter how little, that some small sphere of this cold, cold world may be warmed by the light of my life.

WILHELMINE J. LYSINGER



## Two A.M. and After

2 A.M.

"Charlie—Are you asleep?"

"Hummmm?"

"I guess you aren't. Charlie, do you think that I should get a job in the Rockies next summer?"

"What?"

"Well, I've been thinking—you know how things are at home—I don't think I can spend another vacation there."

"Honey, what are you talking about?"

"The way my father and brother fight is disgusting, and if they get sick of bickering with one another, they start picking on me—so I thought that maybe if I could go West at the beginning of the summer, I could stay away all summer."

"And just what are you going to do about me?"

"You want to come with me?"

"Come off it!"

"Well, it was an idea . . ."

"I think that you just wanted to wake me up — confess!"

"Okay, Charlie, you're right . . . I just couldn't stand to have you there beside me asleep while . . ."

"Right, well, you know me—"

"Yes sir!"

### RELATIVE SILENCE

"Nancy, I love you."

"I love you too."

"When do you think we can get married?"

"I don't know."

"I'd like it to be soon."

"Me too."

"How 'bout tomorrow."

"Yeah, how 'bout it? I have to go back."

"Well then, next weekend?"

"Charlie, we can't get married now—there's school and all that."

"I never thought I'd hear a girl refuse to set a date."

"Things are fine this way, really—"

### MORE SILENCE

"Night, Chet."

"Good night, David."

"Love you."

"Yeah."

8 A.M.

"Nancy, What's the matter?"

"I just wanted my history book—I'm going to study until it's time to get up."

"Okay, be sure to wake me at nine—we have to be out of here by eleven."

"Sure, lover."

8:55 A.M.

"Hey, you have another five minutes yet to sleep."

"You have a beautiful body woman, and I want it!"

"Oh, you wild impetuous boy!"

9:25 A.M.

"You know, there's a naked man in my bed."

"Where, I don't see one?"

"Right there—"

"Funny, I think you're right."

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"Get some breakfast?"

"Right again, Boy Wonder."

"I love you."

11:16 P.M.

"Oh, hello Mrs. Bower."

"Did you have a nice weekend, Nancy?"

"Lovely, my room-mate's family is so nice."

MIKE - 67

## Question Times Ten

A mental maidenhead.

A mind unpregnant.

A desire unawakened.

These are the trappings of a virgin.

Violate the mental maidenhead.

Knock up the mind unpregnant.

Stir the desire unawakened.

And then you'll be as mixed up as I.

But funny, you look virgin!

But funny, I don't feel virgin!

All right, tell me I've learned to sin.

I'll tell you I've learned to live.

Living is thinking, thinking is living.

Life and love and dust to dust,

We take what we can.

MIKE - 67





*"Victory, who needs it?"*

## College Blues

I have proceeded from the preceding years like a man going somewhere,  
without heading anywhere special at all.

Now, I'm about the most ridiculous person around because I didn't get  
there.

I mean I didn't get anywhere.

You see, I'm just a student.

The world of education, what is it?

Where does it begin?

Where does it end?

And how do I get out?

So filled with the triviality of history, with its so-called significance,  
with social science in its unscientific best, so filled with the trash  
produced by two thousand years of scholarly fopishness, I have  
indigestion.

Give me a respite.

Give me a change.

Give me a spring vacation that doesn't end.

Give me a dozen unforgettable moments from the past so that I may  
proceed to forget them.

Give me a text with all its words of wisdom underlined, shaded-in, and  
colored-out ahead of time.

Give me direct quotations from great minds so that I may periodically  
misquote them.

"The moving finger writes and having writ moves on . . ." to light a  
giant bonfire engulfing a glorious ten-foot-six effigy of Zwingli, our  
ancient lord and master, our noble predescent, born of a  
degenerated anthropological absurdity, or so they say.

Halt all biological study.

The missing link has been found.

He lives in a cave, otherwise known as the Snack Bar.

See him; he is on display, surrounded by hamburger machines, and  
candy machines, and cigarette machines, and bun machines, and  
milk machines, and machine machines.

Listen to the rantings of the jukebox as it permeates the numbed ears of  
the ape-man college student.

I'd write more, but I have to go study.



## Poem at Midnight

To say that men are crazy is only half the jive.  
The other three-fourths of it is neither here nor there, except that  
a good ten-eighths is about ninety proof.

Which goes to show that alcoholic subjects dominate my poetry.

I've heard a lot about people who go around saying things that aren't  
true, even though they are,

Guys who think that everything's a gas, gas chamber,

And chambermaids you can't turn on at all,

And various other things the facts of which I know very little, outside  
of my having experienced them at one time or another.

The whole history of Western uncivilization could be summed up with a  
few grunts, a couple "oohs" and "ahs," with a few "heretofores"  
interspersed amidst "thereupons."

It all comes down to where you are at the moment unless you're some-  
where else in your thoughts;

Which is tantamount to saying that you're either here or having  
hallucinations, which are really hypothetical constructs falsely  
attributed to the entity we call illusion.

Calling up images is no problem at all with *TV Guide* in hand.

Goes to show how terribly desperate people are when it comes to  
imagination, even though some housewives are good cooks.

Politics can be a bore if you get too enthusiastic about it.

And as to "left" and "right," well, it's all a matter of opinion anyway;  
So, who cares?

As long as one's a little right of the left of center, assassination  
is a sure thing, provided some wine-blooded, carpetbagged,  
American citizen has the right kind of efferent nerve ending as well  
as a gun.

Give me a man with two wives instead of one, and I'll show you an  
over-sexed criminal, according to various statutes herein granted  
the authority of a mistake.

But the anonymous "they" will send that poor case of double-masochism  
to the local home of correction, as long as he's underage, which  
means he's still young enough to know better.

And any man who marries two women at the same time for the same  
reason must be.

The average, struggling poet, when reaching the end of his line, usually  
puts all the extra clothespins there.

Logically speaking, anyway, there is no such thing as a subjective  
verity outside of the fact that each man makes his own crying towel.

And any extra rope the poet has should be put to good use, such as  
in writing essays and other foul tricks of the pen.

Besides, I've always been kind of hung up on paradox because it's  
so clear.



## Love Chaos-Style

Blobs and bagels and rotten tomatoes,  
 Chalk-marked sidewalks,  
 The jowls of monsters,  
 Slacks the size of an elephant's leg,  
 And watches that never strike twelve,  
 Useless key chains,  
 And slide-rule minds,  
 And maidens that gargle with  
     toilet bowl cleaner,  
 All remind me of you.

THOMAS MILLER

Once knew a homespun nanny hooked on tea  
     who sat on the back porch of an old broken-down house  
     looking at the river every morning,  
     hoping it would flood her out  
     so she could collect the insurance  
     and go to conservative Maine  
     and stay there.  
 She had no respect at all for other people's lives;  
     thought everyone owed her sympathy for being old.  
 Stuck her pet mad dog on traveling salesmen and such.  
 Threw her ninety-year-old husband out of the house  
     because he laughed too much.  
 Chewed tobacco so she could hurl projectiles of brown  
     spittle at her talking parakeet.  
 It all goes to confirm my notion that the Salem experiment was  
 not a complete success.  
 Witches still exist!

THOMAS MILLER

---

He who argues does  
 Not love and vice-versa  
 He argued lovingly.

TOW CHAIGN



## Dying by the Water

I can smell the taste of rusty tears  
 Brought by a harsh car crash, but  
 Yet the fish do not rise; they are dead.  
 Drums of the years in the ears by the gears  
 When will your conscience grow?  
 It is too pleasing to see the crow  
 And listen for quiet drops of cream.  
 A dead bear by the house of God  
 Came into his unknown, why see you,  
 With plastic bells and scallop shells,  
 All in rows two by three. Once  
 Upon a time there was a hare who felt  
 Like dying, yet without razors  
 Could not dye like you or eye or him.  
 Spit on a dried popsicle stick, dried  
 To a crackle.

The cowabunga choo-choo  
 Of tareytown is morbidly dead. Died to death.  
 Tragedy. The noise of the red light.  
 Death at night.  
 Oh the pleasure of it: awl. Yeech.

And they tied the tiger down and  
 Put him in a net and cage  
 And took him to a zoo and  
 Put him on display. Children  
 And tired mothers growled and  
 Put him to sleep, really,  
 And bothered him and  
 Put twigs in his cage.  
 And he was unhappy  
 Put in the cage like that.  
 And he grew restless,  
 Put in the cage like that.  
 And the keeper came and  
 Put him to sleep  
 And they stuffed him and  
 Put him in a museum.  
 And he was unhappy.

You light a match and the  
 undertaker comes to you—  
 Says hey, girl these are very  
 explosive times, be cool  
 So you quickly call the green—  
 eyed miner who pants  
 He tells you its ungroovy  
 to do your dance.

But *I* know that you will dance  
 You *would* dance you know, I say.  
 Then the yellow clown enters  
 And says, man; the cave is  
 Hot, that the cook is  
 Trapped, that the food  
 Is getting over-cooked  
 And the oven will blow up!  
 Moral: Say it with oatmeal.



You dance upon your shoes  
 And then you cannot breathe—  
 For you know  
 You must go—  
 How soon or when?  
 You want to die soon or not  
 You cannot say, but *they*,  
 They know when—  
 Why, where, and when . . .  
 Will it be now or then?  
 The giant artist elephant doesn't speak  
 His trunk is tied in a knot  
 They took his brush  
 And his palette, too;  
*This* must happen soon to *you*.



## Is This Prose

He was going to be busy that night, so she decided to go somewhere alone. The Y drama group was having its annual production, she noticed. She had been a member of the theater group for three devastatingly dull seasons. Yes, she would go, she decided. It would be predictably dull but Jean was in the cast and her brother David would probably be there.

It is with all feminine logic that she thus found herself at a Happening at Memorial Park. She felt ancient compared with the listless high school kids wandering around with flowers so they would look cool. She felt pretty cool herself in hip huggers, brief top and eye makeup out to there, and especially cool in the belly area after the sun went down.

There was a convention of rock 'n roll combos christened and garbed felicitously in refuse from Roget's and the wildest of *Women's Wear Daily*. They were all young, enthusiastic, and competent in varying degrees. It's an experience, anyway, she told herself, feeling isolated and remote. A Happening, she decided, can easily flop. People want to be entertained, not provide the entertainment. It's that damned television. The only way people can amuse themselves is with booze and sex and maybe lampshades, though that probably comes under booze. Mechanized toys, too. Dolls that wet and cry and talk and do elementary algebra and seduce your boyfriend so that all the little kid has to do is let the doll take over. If there's anything absolutely revolting, it's a little rubber monster with blonde curls who can—

"Hi! We just came from the play at the Y." She returned to earth, died a thousand deaths, and collected her cool in .7 seconds.

"Oh, hi, David," she said casually. Hooray for feminine logic. He was just as edible as ever. "How was it?"

"Oh," he dismissed it with a nod, "one of the guys wrote a play and he made himself the lead, a genius with an IQ of 178. Conceit? You look cold." Since she seemed to be turning blue, she decided to admit this. They talked at random; the play, the combos, his school, her school, his father, her mother. Abruptly he said, "You're really cold, aren't you?" Rhetorically, too: he put his arm around her. Nice approach, she applauded. Only one problem; now she was shaking and it wasn't the cold. Breathe deeply, clasp your hands, and constrict your stomach muscles. Um, he's warm.

"I think," she reflected later over pie at Dempsey's, "that everyone should have one vice. One vice, properly cultivated, is an art if not a virtue." Their words overlapped and collided, and she was finally getting warm. He turned and peered at her.

"What's the matter?" she said.

"Nothing, I'm just looking at you. I haven't really looked at you yet."

"My eye makeup is probably all over the place," she mused.

"Why worry about it?"

"I don't. Not now, anyway. After I get home I'll look in the



mirror and then I'll worry."

They walked back hand in hand. Their steps matched well. "You walk pigeon-toed," he commented. "I have to take my sister to Ursinus for a conference. You might as well come along." She recalled telling her mother that she would probably be home by 9:30.

She brought the car home while David took Jean to pick up her luggage. By the time he arrived, she had changed her shoes, put on a sweater, touched up her makeup, combed her hair, put on perfume, and brushed her teeth. It was a curious intermission between twin unrealities.

Jean properly placed, or displaced, she and David stepped across the staid threshold away from scrubbed Presbyterian youth registering while registering nothing. They wandered along the path overlaid with lamplight and shadow. She showed him the ivy-covered gymnasium, the track around the football field. "Ursinus is the only college in the world with a tree in the end zone," she informed him gravely.

"No kidding?" he asked. "Is it really in the end zone?"

"That's what they told us during orientation," she said doubtfully. End zones were not her strong point. They were approaching the tree, like some mourning deity, through the dusk and crickets.

"It is in the end zone," he said, moving toward the goal posts. She leaned against the impregnable breast of the tree, sunk into the earth and flung to the stars past the arthritic arboreal fingers. He came to worship, melting into the night as his arm clasped her waist. Diffused among darkness, then concentrated at his hands, she waited, he waited, at the command of the graceful hands, the slow night, for his kiss. Time choked on the spell, slowly he lowered his chin to her cheek, rubbing it slowly against the warm skin and cool evening. It had to be done, then. She turned to face him, fitting like the completion of a perfect square, a subtle yang and yin jig saw puzzle with not a peace missing.

"I had astronomy last term," David told the stars. "I hardly remember any of it now, though." He told her about certain bodies that moved so fast that the waves shifted in the spectrum . . . was that it? She pounced on Doppler effect—a good old standby from physics. Between the two of them they couldn't find the North Star. David told her about the plans for new observatories in the southern hemisphere, because the southern skies had been so neglected compared with those of the north.

They were walking back to the center of the campus, past the chapel, down almost to the gate, and back on one of the twisted pathways among the elusive trees. "That one's good for climbing," she pointed.

They climbed over the ruts and rubbish around the half-finished dorm to the shadowy, echoing quad inside. They crossed it carefully to one of the flights of outside stairs. She leaned over the railing into the gloom. David encircled her with his arms. "I could throw you over," he said.

"Yes," she said contentedly, leaning against his chest.



"What are you thinking?" he asked.

"Oh," she answered reluctantly, "Just thinking how nice you are to touch." Her fingers strayed under his shirt. "Oh! You're not—"

"Yep. No hair. Well, I don't care, even if it's supposed to be a sign of virility."

"Don't be silly. I don't like hairy apes." Her hand roamed his taut chest. "It doesn't have anything to do with virility, anyway. It's just heredity. Does your father?" She played with the soft, longish blond hair falling over his forehead.

They sat on a step, talking, talking. "How many people do you sign 'Love' to?" he asked suddenly.

"No boys," she answered. "That's not really honest. To other girls, though."

"With boys it's different," he mused. "I could sign 'Love' to you, but not to any boys, no matter how close we were. I had one friend. I was as close to him as . . ."

His friend Larry. David hadn't had close friends as a child. Real friends are rare, though. Sad to lose one like that. Probably studying to be a hairdresser now.

It was getting late. They were melted into each other by the stillness. Home, now, through the enchanted forest.

She stood on the step. He kissed her. "Good night and thank you," she said. "Good night," he said. She went in. He left.

It was two-thirty.

VICKI VAN HORN

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## The Subintellectual

Kylie Van Locker is a famous television writer. Some very rich people know him. They have become rich by cutting other people's throats. Hooray for rich people! Hooray for personable Kylie! Hooray for money, money, money!

Kylie has written many funny, funny dramas. Today, he wants to do a drama on Hippies or Beatniks or Hell's Angels. Kylie always says that they are all the same—except that Hippies wear flowers in their hair & Beatniks wear cotton in their ears & Hell's Angels wear holes in their heads. Kylie is funny that way.

Early this morning Kylie left for the police station where he was sure that he would find a Hippie or a Beatnik or a Hell's Angel. After stopping on the way for a two hour haircut, Kylie has finally arrived. Oh, look, look at handsome, well-done Kylie Van Locker.



Kylie sees a young man with long hair in the police station & exclaims, "Oh! That must be one of them!" Kylie asks the young man with long hair, who obviously had middle class parents, "May I do a program about you & your friends when they are brought in yelling naughty words like heck and darn and jeez?" And then he very politely asks, "Are you a Hippie, or a Beatnik or a Hell's Angel? I cannot tell, but I do have a funny joke about them." The young man with long hair smiles handsomely and replies, "My name is Robert Kennedy. I am here as a Good Samaritan to bail out a former television writer who wrote a very, very bad show about the First Lady's Funny, Funny Husband." And Robert Kennedy courteously adds, for Kylie Van Locker is older than he is, "The Hippies are in Central Park separating. I do not know where you can find Beatniks or Hell's Angels, sir. What sort of people are they? My Time Magazine does not mention either of them. What do they think about the First Lady's Funny, Funny Husband?"

Hoppity, skippity, hop goes Kylie Van Locker to Central Park to see the Hippies & to avoid involvement. Big Central Park. Pretty Central Park. Dangerous Central Park. Kylie finds the Hippies or Beatniks or Hell's Angels, he can not remember which now, sitting on the grass looking very happy as they smoke their peace pipes. Kylie Van Locker likes the smell. He does not like the colorful people. He decides to create a story with a happy ending. It will oppose the Hippies or Beatniks or Hell's Angels. A very pretty girl with blue eyes and blond pigtails is sitting on the grass with her friends. Kylie decides to rescue her from the savages. Big, big, nasty savages with flowers in their hair. Kylie lovingly takes her into his arms. With the help of 10 loving policemen, Kylie Van Locker takes the grateful and pretty girl home with him. She will be happy there. She will not have to sit with the big, big, nasty savages with flowers in their hair any more. The pretty girl with blue eyes and blonde pigtails has a name. It is Cynthia Van Locker. She is the daughter of Kylie Van Locker. It is a happy, happy ending for a Kylie Van Locker funny television drama. Too bad Cynthia will go back to stay with the big, big nasty savages in Central Park tonight while Kylie is writing about Hippies or Beatniks or Hell's Angels. Ho - Ho.



## I

The moon is empty;  
 Dead branches droop to my passing  
 As tears trace their lonely patterns.

The cold whispers ageless solitude  
 Alone, forever blowing—*la desolee*

The midnight as we walked  
 The soft shadows of her hair  
 Enclosed the shadow of her eyes.

The moon on the rails  
 Haloed the moment in light  
 And blest the smile she gave to me.

But now, the wind brings—*la desolee*.

GERALD MILLER

## II

I knew the covered bridge that we touched,  
 The stream where you watched  
 As I skipped stones.

I knew the sad happiness as we saw  
 The sun disappear behind a cloud,  
 The solitude of our first kiss,  
 The tenderness in your eyes.  
 I know that the love I felt for you is not gone.

GERALD MILLER

## III

Love is not forever only you are so.  
 In time the grass grows over our footsteps  
 And waits the step of new love.

Once you pass this way the grass is gone.  
 The silent wonder of afternoons by the river  
 Is soon turned to churning chaos.

You cannot be forgiven much less to be blamed.  
 The sky cannot be blamed because it is blue,  
 Much less the love that I have felt for you.

You cannot be blamed for the rainy days of enchantment,  
 Again not for the stormy days of my unthought passion.  
 I am to blame, for I loved the sadness that was you.

GERALD MILLER

## IV

The bridges are no more.  
 They have burned them down  
 Causing miles of green sedans  
 To pile their human cargo  
 Warehouse-like on opposite shores.

The men shout across the river to each other  
 Flinging ropes half way across  
 Only to fail the other side.  
 No one has jumped in to swim the distance;  
 There is no Byron to swim this muddy strait.

Then out of the shifting masses of  
 Alpine hats and ski jackets  
 Comes the lonely, wild-haired poet  
 With ashen blue jeans.  
 He has gone over the rivers  
 Hazarded the heavy current only to be weak  
 And unable on the other side.  
 The river is not for eternity; it begins somewhere,  
 And taking a book of poems, a hat, and pencil  
 The wild young man with sad, hurting eyes  
 Walks around the river  
 To climb the mountains of city dumps  
 To see his next river.

GERALD MILLER

sunset skirmish  
 old warriors and young boys  
 playing the cloudless game  
 before the night

GERALD MILLER

lyrics of the field  
 run through head  
 filled with coffee and ideas  
 of all truth and shoelaces  
 to be cheese in a dark cellar  
     part of the wall  
     a rock  
 that can't grasp leaves  
 and say to the sidewalk  
 timor mortis condurbat me  
 cogito esse the following act

GERALD MILLER



That day when I see all the stone bridges have been replaced  
 By stressed concrete and stainless metal,  
 I will wonder whatever happened to the good old times  
 When we replaced wooden bridges with those of stone.

GERALD MILLER

Haiku:

I

Dust over the field;  
 The symphony of high clouds  
 Hidden from my view.

II

Pines pierce the new sky  
 Impaling clouds on green spears . . .  
 Sun on gold needles.

III

New moon on the rails  
 Haloed light on rusted ground . . .  
 Bottle on the ties.

IV

The gray-white sparrow  
 Lands by the river and drinks  
 The muddy water . . . gone.

GERALD MILLER

when the shadows stopped  
 and the yellow walls ceased harmony,  
 the night, in shades of  
     city neurosis, fell unseen.

when the mystical creation  
 was dissolved by words,  
 I, in shades of terror,  
     fell unseen.

I the foolish creator of  
     non-existence  
     fell unseen.

when the autobiography was read,  
 the brown stairs creaked and paint fell  
 to the street,  
     unseen.

GERALD MILLER

## Luz-Maria

Exquisite woman!

Men have struggled, starved, killed and died  
 To look, but for a moment, on your face.  
 Men became animals to earn the right  
 To be destroyed by your Laser glance.

Poets have tried to capture your loveliness,  
 Most realizing that words could not convey  
 Eyes that sing, and promise dark joys;  
 Or hands softer than fog.

Painters have cursed, and shouted and cried  
 Because no oil or chalk would show  
 The true line of your smile  
 Or color of your wind-fresh cheek.

Musicians have sung-out their souls,  
 Chasing your spirit of youth and love  
 Through passages of brass tears  
 And along strings of pain.

Now I've heard your voice,  
 Talked to your eyes,  
 Touched your cheek,  
 And chased your loving spirit through the Colombian clouds.

Exquisite woman!

You belong to the centuries,  
 Each man loving you for a millisecond.  
 But I, I've seen, talked to, touched and loved you  
 For one full day.  
 How blessed can one man be?

LANCE DISKAN



## Prayer

Into each life  
 The Flood must come  
 Blotting out the sun  
 And filling the sewers to overflowing.  
 So we swim in the crud  
 Dog-paddling our way to Eternal Bliss,  
 Never guessing that God pushed us off the dock  
 And stands holding the life-preserver  
 — If only we will get down on our palms and beg.

But . . .

If you can find a shoe with soul  
 You can walk on water  
 To the land  
 Of milk and honey  
 Where all God's chil'en got wings,  
 And for one brief shining moment  
 The two of you can make it —  
 If you're lucky.  
 Maybe.

LANCE DISKAN

## The Lantern

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