Fall 1975

The Lantern Vol. 42, No. 1, Fall 1975

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**Recommended Citation**

Duff, Laurie; Malley, Craig; Roy, Felix; Poots, Cindy; Leauber, Jill; Lange, Stephen M.; Hoag, David; Brancatelli, Robert; Fielding, Ozzie; Clemens, Ted; Mathews, John; Davis, Phil; Moyer, Michael; Roeder, Nina; and Hadley, Frank-John, "The Lantern Vol. 42, No. 1, Fall 1975" (1975). *The Lantern Literary Magazines*. 106.  
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A Collection of Poetry, Prose and Photography

Composed for the Fall Term 1975

by the students of Ursinus College
Poetry

Robert Brancatelli
Laurie Duff
Ozzie Fielding
David Hoag
Steven Lange
Jill Leauber
Craig Malley
Cindy Poots
Nina Roeder
Felix Roy
Prose

Phil Davis
Frank-John Hadley
Michael Moyer
Felix Roy

Photography

Steve Bade
Bob Carty
Howard Lodge
The House

Just as Steven's Jar magnetized the primeval hill, so the old white house silenced the noisy surf.

Like the ancient eagle, the Stoic relic stood mocking the waves; its talons firmly gripping the cliff top.

Belittled by the house they could not destroy, the angry waves crashed upon the rocks in airy shrouds of foam.

But the house is gone now. That which mocked the sea had no defense against the craneman's steel.

The eloquence of the house is lost upon the pile of rubble that will be buried with dirt and forgotten.

And the waves? No longer rivaled by the house, they thunder down upon the stone louder than before.

- Laurie Duff
The Empty Man

The empty man walks alone.
None dare to stand beside him.
They fear a loss of self to the silent marauder.
But theirs is mistaken fright.
He is a gentle man,
Only in search of a lasting relationship.
For the love he has to give,
    if lost,
    is gone forever,
And he shall walk on, alone, silently.

Time

I only lived until yesterday.
Tomorrow will never appear.
The end is at hand.
I was at your command.
Now it's ended. Can't you hear?

I lost my future yesterday.
When you left me, I ran out of time.
My world is diminished,
And now I have finished,
Because I have run out of rhyme.

- Craig Malley
If a poem had legs instead of words,
This one would move near you
Its would-be arms would draw you close
As subtle wordings do.

Another heart would feel, not cause,
That beating in your breast
The rhythm, not of feet enforced,
But two forms onely pressed.

A native tongue would whisper liquidly
To an open face
A natural flowing blend would take
The classic style's place.

Powerful shoulders, not cadences,
Would move you manfully
Waiting for your will to nod
To its entirety.

Where tones once moved through every word
As a feeling overall
A hand would float, with your every part
Responding to its call.

Where a rhyme united thoughts
As one line touched the next
A tenderness would form, and last,
Replacing this poem's text.

If a poem had members instead of words
This one would form a bond
Til with a gentle cry, your body read
The meaning just beyond.

-Felix Roy
Take Me

Take me now, away from pain,
From sorrow and tribulation,
Take me from this cold hard land
To airy jubilation.
Let this doubt and grief-filled soul
Be changed for something new,
Let me feel the calm and hope
That come with trusting you.
Take these tears from troubled eyes
That weep from lack of life,
Fill them with the light of lights
Who makes my death seem bright.
Take this heavy laden heart,
And burden it no more,
With the fears and hope that seem to be
What love holds always in store.
Free me from this heavy yoke
Of ugliness and fright
That is mine from empty days
And long black lonely nights.
Take me now, away from earth
Wracked with despairing wails,
Fill me, blessed peaceful one,
And mend my tattered sails.

- Cindy Poets
Elements of Nature

Some people are the rain
    That falls lightly here and there
And nourishes the living
    And clears the troubled air
Or rain that pounds with fury
    And carves the mountain’s face
But both leave themselves
    Both touch the human race.

And some are the snow
    That gently blankets all
In beauty like a woman’s touch
    Sheltering the helpless and the small
Then melting, she flows
    Either quietly along
Or rages over rocks and lives
    Somehow serving weak or strong

And me - I am the fog
    I lack the sensitivity of rain
And give no life
    Passing, I leave only pain
Unlike the snow that lovingly clings
    I am gone before the morrow
In no way serving
    Leaving only a feeling, sorrow

- Felix Roy
Hope

The seasons are changing
Nights are longer
    but days grow short
And my days with you
    are but wilted buds
    blown from planted trees,
    Whose branches never bloomed.

I reach
With outstretched fingers,
    but can not grasp suspended boughs
    which yield forbidden fruit,
And my feet can not trespass
    on the secluded stratum
    Which nurtures your firmly planted
    roots.

Limbs
May shade me
From the season's blinding rays
But a mist still forms before my eyes.
Better I suppose
    For a summer shower
    To ease the autumn's arson
When verdant signs of life
    Transform to flames of fall...
    Whenever I burn.

- Jill Leauber
Acclimation

Powered earth
Foundations lay
For solid ground
Of molded clay
Calculated carpentry
Drafts blueprints of reality
Framed within the mind.

Pending time
Brickwork lays
On speculated
Land surveyed.

Manifested masonry
Forms structures of reality —
Cemented in a dream.

-Jill Leauber

Road to Elat

Still deserts sing with quiet
Warm and dry a song of death,
Covered are the olive trees
Bloomed long ago in times of kings.

Copper ore beneath the rock
No longer coins of Solomon,
Knotted fists of aging vines
Bear no sweet and bitter fruit.

Lord these lands Your gardens were
The earth bore fragrant citrus,
But still deserts sing with quiet
Warm and dry a song of death.

-Stephen M. Lange
Benjamin and Judah  
Your sons are still fighting,  
Children learn anew  
What the deserts have known.

Carry me to battle  
In armor of brass,  
Lead me with banner  
That bears the eagle crest.

Others will wear khaki  
and carry other flags,  
Though different are the legions  
The desert will not know.

-Stephen M. Lange

Gently, gently  
Night's veil unfolds  
From Temple Mount  
To Jaffa Gate.

Old men with sons  
Walk with their sons,  
Flowing white robes  
Mix with black coats.

Sabbath descends.

-Stephen M. Lange
Fatman

Yesterday, I was in the ACME
just hangin' around
When all of a sudden
This gigantic fatman
Came whippin' around the corner
and knocked down a whole display of
CANNED CREAM CORN
all over the place.
He bent down to pick them up
but slipped on one
and cascaded on the floor.
You never saw so many cans rollin' around.
And people whispering
"Look at fatso"
"Check porky over there"
"Brother, look at that lard bucket"
All of a sudden
big tears
big fat tears
rolled down his pink chubby cheeks.
And his little lips
neatly drawn on his face
started to quiver.

- David Hoag
Ode to Grand Rapids

If Grand Rapids had,
two major league baseball teams,
two pro-football teams,
two basketball teams,
eight million people —
and if Grand Rapids
had any sort of
style.
There would be two billion more
in a pile
and a Ford in every garage.

— Robert Brancatelli

Ode to Cora

Alas, Dear Cora
the years have been neutral
You are neither prettier nor
uglier,
more appealing or less so.
You have seen the Wizard
and stocked the best.
Cora, for God's sake
Give up.

— Ozzie Fielding

The Apple Cart

The silver wings glistened brightly as the jet
chased the sun toward the western horizon. One doesn't
describe the sky at 20,000 feet, one simply experiences
it.

Inside the little window, a young man put down his
magazine with an old man's laugh. "No one ever talks a-
bout apple carts anymore."
He made his way to the rest room, and began to drink from the faucet, "No reason some fine air hostess should have to wait on me."

One couldn't blame the young man for musing when he looked into the mirror, as he covered half his face with a paper towel. Then he did a little "peek show," gradually revealing that half, then quickly covering it again. Even with the right side scars hidden, the left side still was ugly. "At least I have an excuse now," he laughed.

Back at his seat, he leaned back for some impossible sleep.

"How'd it happen?" asked the little boy, as he leaned over his mother from his seat by the aisle.

"Timmy!"

"That's all right. If I were a little boy, I'd want to know how someone could get so ugly."

"I'm really sor-..."

"Don't be, he deserves some answer." With a great intenseness in his voice, as if this were the only time he'd ever tell the story as it really was, the young man said, "You see, I was in a fight with a great tiger. We fought for hours and hours, and he won."

"That's too bad," the boy said, with that sincerity which only a boy of that age is capable of.

"It's good, not bad. He was the most beautiful tiger I've ever seen, and he beat me fair and square."

The boy settled back for the daydreams that were to keep him busy for the rest of the flight.

"You might wonder, Ma'am, how that accounts for the
burn scars. Actually, it was a freak accident with church candles. That's how I got this ridge, and lost my eye. Like the new blue one? It doesn't match my real one, but that doesn't matter too much, does it?"

"Can't they do anything with plastic surgery?"

"In a couple of months they'll take care of my cheek and the forehead mess, but around the eye, most of the tissue's just too thin. As for this ridge, which you must admit is rather unique, I'm afraid I'll be seeing that for quite some time." Trying to find a way to stop, he said, "At least it doesn't hurt anymore."

Looking out his window, his mind flew ahead of the jet to the airport. "I wonder if she'll try to kiss me. I am in sort of a repulsive condition, ha, ha. I can just keep the luggage between us, as a shield!"

Below, metropolitan areas began to appear. "Attention, passengers." "

Disembarking from the plane, he gave a courteous and sincere "Thank-you" to the stewardess, and she returned, "You're welcome," and as kind a stare as a stare can be.

"I hope I get used to that soon," he thought. "No, I hope I don't."

Picking up his bags, he moved with a bit of uncertainty toward the established rendezvous.

Suddenly, she was there.

"Hello, Wonder-Woman! How do you like my disguise?"

"Oh, you nut!" she reminded him, knocking down one of his bags, as she embraced him and kissed him the way he seldom had the courage to imagine she'd kiss him. "You precious nut!"
Cruising down the freeway in the new family car, she repeated over and over the names that had always meant so much to him. The stories drifted lightly away, leaving only those names, and all their memories.

"What a shame," he thought.

"There's no one home now. In fact, I'll have to pick the kids up soon," she said as she opened the door. "But they left something ready for you."

"Welcome H..." was all he could read as his one eye got too hot to see with.

She embraced him again, holding him tight. "Hey, it doesn't matter, it doesn't matter," and she smiled to prove it.

Skipping over to the counter, she picked up a colorful envelope. "Here, this is for you, too."

Reading it quickly and slowly, he absorbed all she said and meant to say.

"It's very kind."

"It's not kind, it's what she wants you to know more than anything. Well, I have to go pick them all up. "A Mother's job is never done." He melted at her philosophy.

Moving close to him she said: Honey, we all want you to know all this is only gonna' be good for you and for us. The little incidental accidents don't matter. You're still ours, and we're still yours. Kisses, lover."

At the door she turned to smile a blessing. "Make yourself at home; no, this is home."

As the door closed, he sat weakly and warmly on the couch, turning the envelope over and over in his hands.

It was there on the couch they discovered his body. Some would say he died of a month's compounded shock. Some prefer to believe that he died of the warm tears they found on one side of his ugly face. I am a realist, and must admit the fact that he died of the truth.

-Felix Roy
Next Time You're Down South

Next time you're down south
go ask the three fat ladies
on the porch swing
Why somebody don't paint
the peeling Baptist church.
Each week it sings between the putty
by wiping Mrs. Elsie Barker Johnson's
pink gnarled hands constricted by her 1937
diamond, by wiping them over the brown
faded ivory keys.
How come
Lincoln's market
still charges twenty-two ninety-five
for them pretty dishes
hand painted by them coloreds
who say, "Ah did it, Ah did it"
and call everybody Jimmy.
How comes the windbag
over at the filling station
hangs that
Have a Coke
with the pretty yellow faced 1950 beauty
drinking out of the greenish tinted bottle.
Why does the diner leave them canning jars
full of moldy peach jam
stuck in the spider webs over top
of the pop cooler where
the stock boy stuffs the dirt
when he sweeps.
And why does everybody play guitars
when they really can't.
And why does eat fried chicken
and corn on the cob
when they hate it.
And why do you always see
red lipstick, yellow convertibles and 1964
pointy high heels
when you really don't.

- David Hoag
"Captain's Log, stardate 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-10 11-12-13-14-15," said a voice through space as a funny-looking starship whizzed by. "This is Captain James T. Jerk of the U.S.S. Doorprize recording. We have been summoned to a strange planet inhabited by only three people. They are in danger of becoming extinct because of an outer space demon."

Lt. Ohio. Captain, you left out something in the stardate.

Capt. Jerk. Oh, did I, Ohio? Well, what was it?

Lt. Ohio. (smiling goofily) The number "nine" (laughs jokingly).

Capt. Jerk. (looks at the script) You know, you're right. (looks backstage and yells) Should I repeat the stardate?

Mr. Schlock. I think that would be unwise, Captain. We've already wasted precious light-days screwing around.

(Yeoman Janice Hand BOUNCES out of the elevator onto the bridge.)

Capt. Jerk. (eyes popping at her) You're right, Mr. Schlock.

Lt. Soso. Captain, we're nearing the planet. What are your orders?

Capt. Jerk. Two B.L.T.'s and a hot pastrami on rye.
(The Doorprize is shown going into orbit around a planet while funny-sounding music with a horn at the end is played.)

Yeoman Hand BOUNCES over to Capt. Jerk while Schlock looks on.

Mr. Schlock: Fascinating.

Capt. Jerk: Oh... (winks knowingly at Schlock)!
    What's fascinating?

Mr. Schlock: That funny-sounding music with the horn at the end that was played while the Doorprize was shown circling the planet. I wonder how they do it up here in space.

Capt. Jerk: (disgustedly turning away from Schlock)
    Turn on the screen, Mr. Goofoff.

Mr. Goofoff: Aye aye, sirr.

Lt. Ohios: (pointing at the viewscreen) So that's how they do it - a big record player.

Capt. Jerk: Quick - veer off to the left!

(Alas, the warning was given too late and the Doorprize collides with the gargantuan orbital record player.)

Mr. Schlock: (bending over sensor readout) The record has fallen off and is spinning wildly.

Capt. Jerk: Just what we need - another U.F.O.

Mr. Schlock: It's heading down toward the planet and will impact in 33 and 1/3 revolutions unless deflected.
Capt. Jerk: Then we'll have to stop it.

Mr. Schlock: I believe I just said that.

Capt. Jerk: Lock main piggy banks on it and fire on my signal.

Mr. Schlock: Captain, I would not advise using piggy banks because statistically your money is safer in a sock.

Capt. Jerk: You're right, Mr. Schlock. Unlock main piggy banks from the object. (hangs his head down) What do we do now?

Lt. Soso: (interrupts) Buy bonds, maybe?

Mr. Schlock: Perhaps we could ask our creator, Greene Rottenberry.

Capt. Jerk: (gets up) Good idea, Lt. Ohio.

Lt. Ohio: Yes, Captain?

Capt. Jerk: Call Greene and tell him our problem.

Lt. Ohio: Yessir, have you got a dime? (dials phone) Captain, it's long distance. Shall I reverse the charges? Hello, Greene? We've got a problem up here. (pause) I know we're being paid for... Yessir... but the record... No, we're not forming a rock group. Please, sir...

Capt. Jerk: I can see that we'll get no help from Greene. Mr. Schlock, what do you suggest we do?

Mr. Schlock: We could go down in a stuttercraft and intercept the record at a safe angle with hand piggies.
Mr. Goofoff: Dis little piggy went to marrrrket, dis little piggy... (Jerk glares at him). An old RRRussian nursery rhyme, Keptin.

Lt. Ohio: (still on the phone)... That's nice... Well, happy birthday. (pause) But what about that record?...

Capt. Jerk: (yelling at Ohio while gesticering in Yeoman Hand's direction) Blast it, Lieutenant, can't you...

Lt. Soso pulls forth his hand piggy and blasts Yeoman Hand out of the script.

Lt. Ohio: (still on the phone)... Oh, you think it'd be a good idea if... But, we already know we've got to destroy it. (pause) What? What's that? Stuff it where?...

Capt. Jerk: I think that we should form a small party and...

Mr. Schlock: This is no time for fun and games, sir.

Lt. Ohio: (still on the phone) You want to be invited? (pause) Invited where?... But there is no party... YES, we know it's your birthday...

(Meanwhile, the record hurtles toward the most crowed portion of the planet.)

Capt. Jerk: (leaves the bridge with Schlock) I'm glad we got off the bridge. All that noise!

Mr. Schlock: Yes, it was quite noisy, but...

Capt. Jerk: Isn't that just like a woman... You know, blabbing on the phone so long?

Mr. Schlock: Yes, Captain, but what are we doing in this broom closet?
Capt. Jerk: Isn't this the elevator? Oh, yeah (trips over robot broom).

Jerk and Schlock stumble back onto the bridge. Lt. Ohio has finally left the phone and is cleaning her ear with the miniature receiver. Suddenly, there is a far-away crash. Capt. Jerk sits in his chair and switches on the Captain's Log.

Capt. Jerk: Because of a lousy creator, and the disorderly way things have been handled, there is no longer any threat of the people of the planet being eaten by the space demon. The record just hit the bottom of the charts. As for the people who got the record, they found it to be a real bomb and were all killed. The space demon will eventually die without food, so I think things have worked out for the best.

Mr. Schlock: Yes, it has been quite a record breaking experience, hasn't it, sir?

Mr. Goofoff: Maybe we will get in de Guinness Book of Outer Space Records!

Capt. Jerk: SHADDAP! Mr. Soso, go to Starbase 11, No!, 12. That way I'll pass "Go" and collect $200. Anyway, I'll get to buy Oriental Avenue and I'll have a monopoly. I'll build houses and then hotels and THEN...

The End.

by Ted Clemens
re-written by John Mathews and Phil Davis
Eulogy to John Doe

I am the face the camera decapitated
My back is on the front page
That's my shoe next to the President there,
Oh, and look, there's my car in this postcard.
That was my voice
That called up the all-night talk show
Ten seconds before the news.
"Hello, I'm sorry our time is up
I'll have to cut you off sir, Goodbye"
Oh good heavens
You can just see my hat
In the one, two... about the fifth row
Of this picture of the football game.
Oh and look at this
My name made the second page for jury duty.
Hey guess what
The magazine printed my letter to the edit.....
Oh that's not my letter
But it's the same name anyway.
Oh gosh,
Here's my obituary
First one on the list
Something must have happened to the printing Machine
It's all smeared, you can't even read it.
Oh well,
Oh and look at this.....

- David Hoag
Harry Guggenheim was a man obsessed with novelty. He loved to search for things he had never encountered. It gave him a sense of both excitement and adventure. He expended tremendous amounts of time, money and energy on his explorations. His chief tool in his quest for something new was the United States postal system. Harry expressed his interest by sending away for things through the mail.

Harry was a milkman in Dubuque, Iowa. At twenty past three in the morning, six days a week, he rolled out of bed and started his working day. After a stop at the bathroom and a gulp of instant coffee, he set out to spend the next ten hours delivering Sunnyvale Farms dairy products to the customers on his route. He did this to earn money. He needed to support himself, a loving wife, and two bratty children.

Despite the security and retirement benefits available to career milkmen, Harry knew that his job was far from a perfect vocation. He longed for a change. The pressing demands of family and mortgage, however, kept him firmly behind the wheel of his milk truck.

To appease his stifled yearning for change, Harry read any literature available to him. He subscribed to numerous journals and magazines. From the advertisements and catalogues, he started sending away for promotional gimmicks, samples and oddities. Odd things intrigued him. They helped him to pass idle time. Soon he filled a closet with merchandise and literature. Gradually, the motley junk and treasure in his home completely filled the family room and the pantry.
Guggenheim the milkman became refined. Previously, he had sent away for anything that mildly caught his interest. Now he began to be selective, mailing for only the most unusual or intriguing items. He organized his hobby in the family room, and formed a working area. He set up an indexed filing system. He forbade his wife and children from entering the room. He kept the door locked. His wife fought and pleaded with him, trying to convince him to throw out at least part of his collection, but he ignored her pleas. He became irritable when he was away from his room. His children began to fear him, and there were fewer visitors to the Guggenheim home.

Harry narrowed his efforts to a search for the ultimate item, the one that would provide the biggest thrill. He thought he found it when he bought a Sumatran Pit Viper, complete with cage. However, his wife threatened to leave him if he did not get rid of the snake. He relented.

Searching through the back pages of an occult journal, Harry was drawn to a captivating ad. It offered "amazing transformation of body and soul, and the absolute, timeless metamorphoses." He wasn't exactly sure what it was, but something about it held him spellbound. Excitedly, he wrote out a check and dispatched it by airmail to an address in India. Then he waited.

It seemed an eternity until the day arrived when a battered package greeted Harry upon his return from work. A broad grin marked his face when he saw the package. Gingerly, with reverence, he carried the box-like object to his collection room. Without even going through the formality of kissing his wife, he closed the door, turned the lock and pulled the shades. Heart palpitating, he took a knife and broke the wrapper.

Later, the neighbors would recall the blinding flash of blue light. His wife would tell of the anguished screams of smashing through the door with a chair. The fire company had responded, but there were no flames to be extinguished. In fact, there was nothing to be done but clean up all the acrid white ash.

Michael Moyer
The following conversation took place with a student who claims to have achieved a new level of consciousness due to the apocalyptic devices of the Tubes.

Q. Who are the Tubes and what have they done to you?
A. A very tough question indeed. Well, they are a traveling troupe of musicians, dancers and vagrants collectively known as the Tubes. Their number varies from show to show depending on whether the Marching Band is present or not. They work out of San Francisco but hail from Arizona. They once lived a scant five miles from the home of Barry Goldwater and one of their stage crew claims to have voted for that politician several years ago. The Tubes have changed my life.

Q. How so?
A. I once studied Zen but it proved to be nothing. Scientology put me in debt so I turned to rock music. Now all I listen to are a group of media people from the Coast. Seeing the band perform is like seeing Carlton Fisk hit one out in the sixth game of the World Series. A three hour show of constant pandemonium. I now see things I didn't see before. My friends say my glasses are responsible, but I know that I've reached new levels of nascent understanding because of the concert. My new-found empirical ruminations...

Q. Let's get back to the Tubes. What took place at the concert down in Glassboro?
A. I'm not really sure. Lead singer Fee Waybill came on dramatically to open the show. Dressed in a white tuxedo, with frilled shirt torn open to the waist, Fee sings a tribute to materialism while exercising on a Dyna-Gym. He is backed by a five-man rock outfit who somehow look stranger than their peers. The bassist, with his long, ironed hair, looks like a sci-fi beetle and the keyboard player sports wrap-around sunglasses. The drummer and two guitarists could pass in any disco but they spend much of the evening in various costumes
anyway. The synthesizer player is musically incompetent but he looks like he doesn't mind. So we don't either. The music was loud, and delightfully insane, and raucous.

Q. What next?
A. The astronauts, actually the band members, appeared while the three televisions onstage showed Apollo, with Fee inside sipping Tang, landing on the moon. Several space-garbed dancers did a slow-motion dance to the tune "Space Baby." Then a model of Soyuz was dragged onto the stage as a loud explosion took place. The flash blinded the audience and suddenly a group of white robed Tubette angels appeared in the back of the hall carrying candles. They started to do a commercial for the "Tubes" record, and promptly discarded their robes. 'Nuff said.

Q. Earlier you mentioned Fee Waybill.
A. Yes, he is the focal point of the band. During "What Do You Want From Life?" he uprooted the pyramid of Dash detergent boxes which served as a backdrop to the stage. He does a Tom Jones skit, complete with the histrionic "It's Not Unusual" standard also. That is followed by a mad dash into the crowd with a buzz saw. Buzz saws are scary.

Q. Who is Quay Lewd?
A. He is the leading rock star in the world, and is actually Fee. Lewd comes complete with 17-inch platform shoes, and a train of female admirers. The stage spotlights shine on a magnificent, silver stage while Quay strums away and calls for more decibel power. One clown cried, "No more power!" but he was yelled down by Quay and the mad crowd. The music crept to an ear-shattering level and the amps blew, collapsing on his head while twenty Tube people ran on stage for the finale. Their numbers included firemen, roller skaters, ballet dancers, and Quay, now bandaged and using crutches. Wowie Zowie!

Q. I think you made this whole thing up.
A. Think what you may but I gave you a break by not describing the seedier side of the show...

Q. Okay, okay. Decadence is decadence. Anyhow, this is all lunacy. A fabrication of your mind.
A. Maybe, maybe not. It's the American dream, live and in color. I believe it.

Frank-John Hadley
Winter Eve

The winter sun sets quickly
With a multiprint quilt
Across the evening sky;
And the cold wind cries
While darkness sneaks in,
And the fire's reduced to embers.
A carpet of moonlit white
Stretches far to meet
The sleeping mountains on the horizon.
Not a soul will be out
On this frosty night,
Where stars show off their finery.
So put more wood in the flames;
Then sit by me and take my hand,
As another winter night sets in.

- Nina Roeder
Winged, I again have taken flight;  
Flown again to avoid my plight;  
Escaped from confining cocoon,  
And soared to greet sun and moon.  
A butterfly; I, Monarch, grand.  
Deliver me from Fate’s cruel hand.  
My life: I, destined e’er to fly,  
Meditate and wing on by.  
Freedom, yes, but caught I’ll be  
When you set your sights on me.  
Oh, little do you know that I  
Would, into your hands, so gladly fly.  
You, as no other, soar free, too,  
And together we can sail the blue,  
While, meeting or not, and content,  
Pursuing our dreams till our lives are spent.

- Nina Roeder
My Love

My love
is pure and simple
she sits in the pasture
and stares.
Butterflies dance around
her flowing hair
and the sun shines
through her ears.

God's Children

Freaks of Nature
Heralds from the past
bring laughter to the hearts
of simple people.

A View From a Hill

Looking down
upon the valley
a peasant woman beats her son
the spark of Life
has stirred arousal
within his toes.

Freedom for Us

Picking potatoes for the
State
makes me want to jump
around
and dance.
But we are not allowed.

Ozzie Fielding
Sleep Demon

Hypnotically
the wheels run down the track,
clicking constantly.
The car lulls,
first one way,
then the other,
I am gradually
sinking within myself,
falling into sleep.
Then like a cold dousing of water,
I am awake.
My head flies up,
Blood rushes to by brain.
I am alert;
I can't doze off;
I'll miss my stop.
Then uncontrollably
the mysterious sleep demon returns;
running spiny fingers up my back,
over my shoulders,
tugs on my eyelids.
I try to fight it off,
but soon it wins.
Once more, I am possessed.

- David Hoag
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