Spring 1976

The Lantern Vol. 42, No. 2, Spring 1976

David Roberts
Ursinus College

Craig Hoyer
Ursinus College

Elizabeth Tibbitts
Ursinus College

Robert Brancatelli
Ursinus College

Stanley Cias
Ursinus College

See next page for additional authors

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern

Part of the Fiction Commons, Illustration Commons, Nonfiction Commons, and the Poetry Commons

Click here to let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Roberts, David; Hoyer, Craig; Tibbitts, Elizabeth; Brancatelli, Robert; Cias, Stanley; Poots, Cindy; Brinkerhoff, Thomas; Roeder, Nina; Mally, Craig; Manning, Colleen; Hoag, David; and Lange, Stephen M., "The Lantern Vol. 42, No. 2, Spring 1976" (1976). The Lantern Literary Magazines. 107.

https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/lantern/107

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Ursinusiana Collection at Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Lantern Literary Magazines by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. For more information, please contact sprock@ursinus.edu.
Authors
David Roberts, Craig Hoyer, Elizabeth Tibbitts, Robert Brancatelli, Stanley Cias, Cindy Poots, Thomas Brinkerhoff, Nina Roeder, Craig Mally, Colleen Manning, David Hoag, and Stephen M. Lange
A Collection of Poetry, Prose and Photography

Composed for the Spring Term 1976

by the students of Ursinus College
CONTRIBUTORS

j alvarez
k andrews
r brancatelli
t brinkerhoff
s cias
r henry
d hoag
c hoyer

s lange
c mally
c manning
c poots
d roberts
n roeder
e tibbitts
d tocco
CAPE COD

I

The cape is closed for the season,
But we three, like mischievous
Lads have hopped all fences,
Barrelling down Cape Cod
At seventy miles an hour
In search of a poem, of poetry
In old houses, meaning perhaps, in

Weathered faces, sculpted heads in windows,
Nets and lobster traps set To dry,
An old town set to receive
Its summer coursing
Blood.

II

We stand in the sea-town
Burial ground, beneath the Pilgrim monument,
Waiting for captains and their ships
To rise from their stones, to raise
Their deeds before us.

The beach boys see us,
Come from foreign countries,
Early strangers after magic,
Come to see their town,
Their women, hard and dull,
Wait by windows, gazing,
Biding time.

We have come to see
Their miracles, see the town
Show its stuff.
III

Sunday morning in Provincetown
we hear the wind whine through
the minaret, the call to morning

Worship, hear spice ships creak
at their moorings, fabled
birds cackling in the rigging,
pilgrims in thin ships rake
our ears with chatter;

and we see

Old wooden cages drying in the sun,
a solitary Moor glaring from a storefront,
one gnarled old mariner, shivering
down the street, staunch Pilgrims landing,
green, in bas-relief, and met by birds.

(It is a journey,
Not to the place
But the image.)

I was a fisher once
And slept by the beach.
Once I heard the sea
Cracking on the rocks
And watched, by lanterns,
As it cast up wrecks
And bits of trees in the dark.

Down from the hills with an old friend,
To the cabin within hearing of the waves;
We came in April and it rained
All the days and all the nights but one.
We walked the one clear night,
Sat tight the rest, spoke quietly
Of creations, in a time before verse,  
Missed all but the subtlety of words  
Cast to the rhythm of the flood.

We left in a savage rain.  
Next year the cabin was gone,  
Lost to tide and the ravages of boys.

The poetry is different  
We have spoken since.

V

The Race Point beach rounds  
Like no other I have known.

The sea is strange and green  
And too much like the sea I dream of,  
Strange and too familiar to me.  
The stones we find that fade on drying  
Suggest some elaborate metaphor  
That now escapes me.  
It is cold and grey and the sea  
Is green and strange and all the same.

Only curvature holds me.  
The yellow sand spit we stand on  
Stretches--arcs away.  
One line remains.

The Race Point beach rounds  
Like no other I have known.

-David Roberts-
THOUGHTS

The mind is a lonely wasteland
When one's thoughts are clearly confused.
When thinking dominates one's hours,
When thoughts become distinct and yet glued.

The mind is a lonely wasteland
When one's skull is about to explode.
When memories linger, yet falter,
When one realizes the last episode.

The mind is a lonely wasteland
When one finds himself all alone.
When the world has enclosed around you,
When there's nothing left but the bone.

-Craig Hoyer-
"All right. Hold it right there. Don’t let it slip until I see if it is right. This one must be exact." Cedric moved to the other side of the rock and scaffold. "Now, you men hold the poles steady. Bring that stone towards me. Let it fall!"

The rock slammed into place at the bottom of the hole. Cedric and his men fell to their knees and with their hands began to scoop the dirt back into the hole around the rock. They stomped on it to pack it down hard. Only a few feet away, Horsa’s team of men let their rock fall into place. Both teams of men packed the dirt down until it was solid. They stepped back to admire the labor of several weeks. The two identical pillars of solid rock stood starkly against the darkening horizon. Cedric and Horsa, the two work leaders, stood apart from the rest of the men, earnestly discussing the next day’s labor.

"Alcuin’s men are on the Avenue. If they work until the moon rises high, they will get their stone here and into position so we can begin to raise it in the morning." Cedric’s rough and weather-worn face showed his exhaustion of the day’s work. He drew a leather water-pouch from his belt; after spilling a few drops of water on the ground for the gods, he drank.

"But even if they do get it here, we must first pound out the holes," said Horsa, thinking of all the extra work. "I’m glad we didn’t have to put the points on these." His gaze indicated the two newly erected pillars.

"He’s already had it done! They were measured out by the priest who wants this built. If we did our job well, it will fit right on the top!"

Horsa turned to the resting men. "Your work for the day is done, and a good day’s work it has been. Go home and rest, for tomorrow we raise the lintel." The men dispersed,
travelling in all directions across the plain. Cedric and Horsa stayed, deep in discussion of their project.

"I wish the priest would tell us why we build this. They put us to work building circles of stone in the middle of a great bare plain. If it is to be a temple, look at this! There is no protection! No roof to cover us; no stone walls against those from the west! And he makes us bring the stones from so far!" Horsa scowled as he kicked at the chalky solid with the toe of his sandal. Cedric surveyed the stones. "All must be exactly the right size; they must be put in exactly the right stop. And he says that soon we will erect a lone rock out there in the plain. He says that it is a most important stone. We must wait until the midsummer dawn to chart its position. Most mysterious."

"Rumor has it that next we must go to the mountains in the west for stone. He wants those blue stones that are only on the top of those mountains." Horsa checked the position of the sun. "The sun sinks low. I must be home before dark." He picked up his tools and looking to the tops of the pillars, he said, "To get a huge, heavy boulder up there? It will take the work of the gods!" Horsa shook his head and slowly walked across the plain.

Cedric watched him go. "If only he could know," he thought, "but he must not." The priest had confided in Cedric about his plans for the stones. "Yes, it must be exact. We must know when the evil gods come to take our sun and moon. We will know the paths of the sky, and the path of our sun. Yes, this is most important."

For as long as Cedric could remember, men had been working on this monument. When he was a young boy, his grandfather had told him of his childhood. Then, they were just starting the inner circles of stone, and the huge outer circle had just been completed. "It must have been harder then," he thought, "for it was before the sailors from the east came and showed the people easier ways." He sighed and headed for home.

The only distinguishable spot on the long flat plain was the abrupt rising of boulders. It was surrounded by a mound of dirt and a ditch which set it off from the rest of the barren plain. A break in the mound marked the beginning of the Avenue which led to the nearest community of people,
most of whom spent their entire life dedicated to the construction of this monument. Just inside the ditch, surrounding the entire structure, were fifty-six evenly spaced holes which were filled with the white chalk, the natural soil of the plain. The upright stones of the outer circle of the monument were capped with lintels, joining each stone to the next by tongue-and-groove, making a continuous circle. Inside were four archways, the fifth and largest was yet to be capped by a lintel, but that was soon to be done by Cedric and Horsa. Markers lay about where other stones were to be placed; a few other boulders lay in the approximate place that they were to be raised. A great monument was soon to be completed, but to what purpose?

The Avenue was the only road to the monument. It came from the nearest settlement where the youth there carved the boulders into shape. It was worn smooth from the weight of many rocks, each weighing several tons, being dragged over it for so many consecutive years. Along this road a lone man walked, heading toward the monument. Behind him he dragged a cart filled with his instruments and tools. His was a lonely task, working only at night, for no one could help him, and no one was to know exactly what he was doing. He was one of the few people in the area who knew how the monument was to look in its finished state. His job was to put markers where the stones were to be and to dig the holes for them. Only he knew where to put the markers, where to dig, and how deep to dig each of the holes. He sat down and waited in the middle of the stones for the moon to rise; the moon was his only light.

The next morning, Cedric, Horsa, and their teams of men found the lintel at the foot of the two pillars, resting on two timbers which were the beginnings of the scaffold they would use to raise the lintel. A pile of timbers was stacked outside the circle; it looked to Cedric like a sufficient amount to build the scaffold under the rock.

The men were restless, eager to work. None of them had raised a lintel before, but they had seen it done when they were very small children. The art of constructing one was passed down to them by the old men of the tribe who were too old and frail to do the strenuous physical labor.

Cedric barked his orders to the men. "It will not change
position from what it is now. They have laid it down care-
fully so it is in the exact place; that makes our work easier.
If you let it move to either side, our work will be doubled.
It has been told to us many times of how it is done. Raise
one end with a log and put one of the heavier short ones
under that end, then we do the other end of it. When it gets
to high to be sturdy, some of the boys will come to bind the
logs together.

As the men scrambled to work, Cedric went over to where
Horsa stood. Horsa was much younger than Cedric and had very
dim memories of the last time that a scaffold had been used
at the site. Horsa was also jealous of Cedric's leadership
over the men. He was aware of the fact that Cedric knew
things about the monument that were not known by any of the
other men. "The priest confides in you, doesn't he? Has he
told you why we build this monument?" Horsa's eyes searched
Cedric's face for an answer.

Cedric remained silent for a moment while he pondered
Horsa's question. Should he answer him truly, or should he
try to satisfy him with glib answers? It was true that the
priest had sworn him to secrecy, but the fact remained that
Horsa was almost certain to succeed Cedric in the leadership
of the men. Cedric would trust him to keep his silence in
this matter.

"All he has told me is that it will help to predict the
seasons. It will help us trace that path of the sun and
moon as they rise and set at different places during the
seasons. If every stone is placed right, he will be able to
tell us when the evil gods will try to take away the moon
and sun. He will be able to tell us before it happens, warn
us so we can prepare for it. I don't know how he knows that
such a thing can be done; he must be speaking with the gods.
But he is sure that it will work. A marvelous project!"
Both of the men fell silent in wonder; the only sounds came
from the men as they groaned and hoisted the rock one level
higher on the scaffold.

By nightfall, the stone had been raised almost as high
as a man's waist, and the priest had arrived and praised the
workers profusely in their work. After all of the men left,
Cedric remained behind and slowly walked around the monument,
studying it from all angles. The priest had never really
made it clear to him of exactly how the monument would work.
Everything was laid out, ready to be erected; maybe when
it was done, he would understand, but until then ....

In a few week's time, the lintel was high enough so that the men could put it to its final rest on top of the two pillars. With a horrible screeching sound, the grooves in the lintel met the points on top of the pillars, and the final arch of the monument was completed. The priest was there to witness this great moment; when the scaffold was dismantled and cleared away, he stood in the very center of the stone monument and looked out in all directions.

"Everything is exactly as it should be. My superiors shall be well pleased. Since you have worked faithfully for so many months on this last arch, we give you no work for tomorrow. We owe you a day's rest."

On that day of rest, Gildas, the leader from the neighboring settlement, arrived. He and his men had been sent to the mountains in the dangerous west country to get a certain kind of stone from the top of the mountains. It was a dangerous sort of journey, for the men of the west country were known for their savagery and their distrust of any intruders. But Gildas was fortunate enough that he met with no danger and had succeeded in bringing the required number of stones to the construction site. He and his men first had to quarry the stones, then drag them down the steep mountain slopes. They pulled the heavy rocks on log rollers across the flat land to the sea, then put the stones on rafts and sailed up the channel to the river, and again they had to pull them across the land on the logs. Finally their work was done, and the men and the rocks arrived safely at the construction site.

Winter was approaching and the men were having a harder time working in the chilly weather. Finally for the winter months, all work ceased and all was quiet on the plain. The plains people stayed within their little communities during these months, and the men impatiently waited for the spring thaws when work could start again.

During the starkest month of the winter, the priest made it his duty to visit each of the tiny settlements on the plain. Before his arrival, there was much gossip and speculation concerning the monument; everyone knew that it was very near completion and all were eager to know why they had spent their lives, and the lives of so many preceding generations, in building the stone monument.
Cedric and Horsa were huddled around a fire with the rest of the men in their community, when a shrouded figure appeared from out of the shadows. The figure stepped into the lighted circle of men; it was the priest. He spoke very simply.

"Your people have worked for many generations of this monument. For this we are grateful. Since I was a boy being instructed in the priesthood, I have been told of this marvelous monument to the gods. My teachers have told me that it shall stand here for all time. People for many years to come shall marvel at its structure and its accuracy. One more circle of stones is to be built with the stones that Gildas brought from the mountains. The stones are small, and with all of the men working, it will not take long at all to complete it. After that, there is only one more stone to be put in place, but that will be done by the priests. I am an old man and I may not be with you at that time. When that stone is erected, my successor will tell you why you have built this monument. Until then, we are not free to tell you of all its inner workings. Your labors will be rewarded then." As silently as he had arrived, the priest melted into the darkness.

Heated discussion followed the departure of the priest. The winter seemed unbearably long and tempers were shorter with each passing day. The men wanted to know why the monument was being built. This question preoccupied each mind from the very first day that each man had been allowed to participate in the construction. Now that it was so near to completion, the men thought that it was only right that they know. Some men wanted to force the priests to tell them, some thought it wiser to keep silent until the priests were ready to tell them.

Horsa spoke for the younger men. "It is our generation that will have to begin learning how to work with this monument. If we do not even know what it is for, how are we expected to be able to construct it properly? They tell us that with it we can predict where the sun will rise and set. We already know that! There must be something else that is much more important. I think that the sooner they tell us of all the inner workings of this stone circle, the better we will be able to work with it when the time comes. This great secrecy must end at once!" With this final statement, he gave Cedric a look which indicated to the men that Cedric
knew more than they about the intentions of the priest.

Expectantly, the men turned their gaze to Cedric. Slowly Cedric stood and faced the men; the men in turn looked upon Cedric, their leader.

"The priests have not told us why they have asked us to do this huge project, and for many years they have been promising an explanation to us. Our forefathers have died expecting to know why they spent their lives lifting these stones into unnatural positions. We may also die as disappointed as they were. The priests must have a good reason for not telling us; I will respect their judgement in that respect. But I will tell you what they have told me. When the structure is completed, we will know when the new season is upon us. We will no longer have to guess for the right time to begin to plant our crops. They tell me that there is a pattern to the risings and settings of the sun and moon, patterns that may help us in some ways. They even tell me that with this monument, we will even know when the wicked gods will come and try to take away our sun and moon!"

One of the most frightening things in the lives of these people was when the sun or moon, the very objects that they worshipped, mysteriously disappeared from view. It was always attributed to the work of the wicked gods who tried to steal it from them.

The men slowly and silently left the comforting and warming circle of light. The announcement of Cedric gave them much to think about during the rest of the winter.

Finally the winter months ended and the men joyously returned to the monument. After being away from it for so long, it seemed as if they had almost forgotten what it was like. As the group of men approached it, all chatter ceased, and once again they were struck with the grandeur of their work. In spite of their agitation with the priests, they could not help but to feel proud of the work that they and their ancestors had accomplished. It was a beautiful structure; the continuous ring of stones gave it the appearance of a fortress, yet the wide spaces between the upright stones gave it the appearance of an open temple. The huge trilithon rising from the middle of the ring seemed to tie it to the sky, and to the gods.

When the priest arrived, he gave the men their orders; they were to make one final ring just inside the outer
circle with the stones that Hildas had brought from the mountains. The work was easy, because none of the stones were taller than any of the men, and the ground was soft for the digging. It did not take long for them to complete the final ring. While the men worked with the bluestones, many priests worked with the one lone stone that stood apart from the rest of the monument. It had to be set at just the right angle, and they were having trouble with it. Between this stone and the monument, one stone lay in the grass; it was rough and un-cut. The rest of the stones used in the monument had been hewn for the proper shape, but this one had not been touched. Some of the men began to move that stone out of the way, thinking that it had been carelessly left there, but the priests demanded that it remain where it was.

In a few days, the monument was complete. All the little settlements banded together to celebrate; for the moment, all the agitation of the past winter was forgotten.

In the midst of the joyous celebration, the old priest appeared. "My friends, this is the last time that you will see me; my age is advanced. These are my last words to you. Take heed! On the third night following, the evil gods will try to steal our moon! Be ready to scare them away! Your monument has let me know this fact! By observing where the sun and moon rise and set, we can tell you when these things happen so you can know and be prepared. Take my warning! It shall happen!" The old priest hobbled away; Cedric ran after him.

The men huddled together nervously. "If it does happen," began Horsa, "then we will know for sure that he is a witch. To predict what the gods do must involve all sorts of witchery."

"But the monument helps him," countered another man, "and have you noticed that all the seasons have a pattern, and that the sun and moon move with regularity? To chart this takes great wisdom. He must be a god himself!"

"Either a god or a witch. But we will not know even if he is right until the third night from tonight. Until then, I shall call him neither a god nor a witch; he is a mere mortal." Gildas' final comment terminated the conversation.

Cedric's pleading with the priest seemed to be in vain. He had heard the conversation of the men, and he believed
that the priest was deliberately trying to mislead them. Cedric demanded that they learn immediately of the workings of the monument. The priest acted as if he had not heard Cedric's anguished pleas at all.

Three nights later, everyone in the village sat in his home waiting to see if the moon really would disappear. It began getting late, and the people began to scoff at the prediction of the priest. The men began to cluster in the center of the little huts that comprised the settlement. As they began to plan to kill all the priests, the moon began to dim. The moon was no longer full, it became a crescent, then the crescent became smaller and smaller. Frantically, they summoned all of their gods for the return of the moon; the women and children slapped stones together to try to frighten the evil ones away, but to no avail, The moon had disappeared completely.

The stunned silence of the people was absolute. Not a sound came from the frightened people of the plain. "He is a god." The small whisper of Horsa broke the silence. A few more voices joined in the chant, and soon every one was appealing to their new god for the return of the moon.

A thin, but bright crescent appeared where the moon had been only a few moments ago, and soon the moon was shining as brightly as it had been before. No sooner had the people begun to proclaim that the priests were gods, that a thin golden crescent appeared in the sky. They watched in awe as the moon slowly came back. When we call them gods, thought the people, they return our moon. Yes, they are gods, gods in the form of mortals.

Cedric was not one to give up easily. The next day he went to the mound of earth that was the home of all the priests and requested to see the one that had been serving his community. The old priest had died at the precise moment that the moon disappeared. His successor was willing to see him.

"They now say that you and the other priests are gods. I demand that they be told how the monument works. It is not right that they should be mislead."

"No, it is not part of the plan. If they believe that we are gods, then they are at our disposal. They will do anything that we ask. We learned of this long ago from the
sailors from the east who told us how to build this. After all that work, they must not know that we are not gods."

"I will not have my people mislead in such a fashion! The sun and moon are gods, not you! I shall tell them that you are misleading them. My people are not so ignorant that they do not see through your plan!"

"But you will not tell them! We thought that you, being the wisest among them might join us as gods to your people. Think of all the power that you could hold! Does this mean nothing to you?"

"It means nothing if my people are mislead."

"Give us some time to demonstrate the monument to you. You saw the moon disappear last night. Tomorrow morning, bring all your people out to the monument at dawn. We will have something to show you."

The dawn was chilly; the crowd of men stood in the circle, huddled together for warmth. Above them the stars were shining, but the impending dawn caused them to dim slowly. The eldest priest raised his arms for silence. He stood with his back to the great trilithon in the center of the stone circle, and looked out across the monument, between the stones of the outer circle, and to the lone upright stone which stood by itself of the plain. The grey of the eastern sky slowly turned to purple, the west to red. Around the lone rock came a golden halo, it almost looked as if the stone was about to burst into flame. The sky grew brighter and brighter, and suddenly the sun appeared at the top of the stone.

The eldest priest turned to the assembled men. "Every midsummer dawn, the sun will rise from that stone. It is the beginning of the warm weather. Return to your homes and celebrate this day of the gods."

As one, the men turned from the priests and made their ways home in silence, indicating their respect for their new-found gods.

Cedric remained where he stood. He remembered the offer of the priests, to join them as gods before their people. It was a tempting offer. Suddenly all the priests surrounded him and ushered him to their home in the earth.

"I accept your offer," he said, "and I would like to learn to read the signs given by our monument. If your monument proves to me to be false in any way, none of you will live. If it does prove to help the people, I will allow
"You have made a wise decision. We will begin right away to teach you how to read the monument, but do not tell anyone how it works, or even that you are learning. The people will not understand. That which they do not understand, they will either fear or seek to destroy. We can not afford to allow the monument to be destroyed. If they believe we are gods, their respect and superstition will prevent them from interfering. Come with me."

They lead him to a dark and windowless room somewhere deep within the home of the priests. Several priests held torches high, and they cast light upon a model of the monument made of clay and pebbles. The long instruction of Cedric had begun.

The following year was a difficult one for Cedric. While receiving instruction from the priests he could not let the rest of his people know that he was learning all that was to be known about their monument. It was hard for him to listen to the people talk of their new "gods" and to hear the praise for them. Every time a priest appeared in the settlement, a feast was given in his honor. Like everyone else, Cedric participated and enjoyed the feasts, but each time his festive spirit was dampened by the observation that the priests accepted gifts from the people with looks of gloating and triumph.

"I am trapped," thought Cedric. "Whatever I will do will be the wrong thing. If I join with the priests, I will be misleading my people. If I tell the people, the priests will leave us or try to kill all of us; then the monument would be a total loss. I will let them continue to teach me, and when the time comes, I will make my decision."

Finally his instruction was over. The priests tested him in his knowledge, and he proved to be a master of the inner workings of the stone circle. Now was the time for Cedric's decision. The priests gave him a choice. He was given one week to decide whether he would join the priests in their plan to make servants of the people, or he could go on pretending that he knew as little as his people did. But by that time Cedric had already made his decision.

"The monument has greatly impressed me with its accuracy. It has proven to be a great help to the people. They have
never been happier; they work together and all work is done for the gods. But I can not let them be tricked into this. I will tell them what you are doing and instruct them myself in the workings of the monument. I must ask you to leave my people."

For a moment his words hung coldly in the air like ice, so absolute was the silence. This was not the reply expected by the priests, but they knew what had to be done. As if on signal, all of them rose as one and closed in on the confused Cedric. He was like a trapped animal, confused, scared, helpless. No amount of pleading by Cedric would stop them as they steered him somewhere into the depths of the underground home of the priesthood.

For the remainder of the day he was kept in a dark, windowless room. His cries and supplications went unheard, for the walls of his cell were of thick stone. He was without food or water, and the dirt floor was cold and damp, offering little comfort. Finally exhausted, he fell asleep.

Several hours later, he was awakened when the heavy stone door was opened. Several priests entered and flanked him on all sides; they led him out of his cell and out into the night. He was being led to the monument.

Between the monument itself and the stone of the midsummer sunrise there lay a thick sarsen stone; he had never been told the purpose of it. Cedric was bound and placed on the stone. Then all the priests turned their backs to him and faced the east.

The flames of the offering pyre leapt high into the dark sky, casting eerie dancing shadows into the stones of the monument. The priests moved inside the stone circle and waited. The glowing embers of the pyre slowly faded. As the last ember went out, the eastern sky began to glow. In a burst of flame, the sun rose over the single standing stone out on the plain. Cedric was the first offering to those whom the priests called gods - the sailors from the east.

Generations passed and invasions brought new ways of living and and new gods to the people of the plain. The cult of the priests died out, leaving no written record of their existence, nor of their fantastic work of stone.

The stones remain. They are still standing on the lonely
Salisbury Plain. They stand solitary, shrouded with mystery, and partially fallen. Who did build them? Why?

Elizabeth Tibbitts

moonbereft horizon:
monochrome nightspan and
hours, hours 'til firstlight.

launched in vast heavensea
small vessel song-laden
lost in immensity,

in bloated silence;
raisinsoul entity
mourns the lost litany

child of a child of the

godplundered cosmos rears
bleak host of hushed spheres,
dreamless anomaly
URSINUS

A COLLEGIATE GAME FOR ALL AGES
let's play pretend college

WHY GO TO CLASSES
WHEN IT'S MORE FUN TO PRETEND

For Example:

1) You can pretend that your president of our academic institution for a day or longer
2) You can pretend that your valedictorian of your senior class and give a fine, upstanding speech
3) You can pretend that your the lead in a Pro-Theater production
4) Or even the star of one of our ace athletic teams
5) You can even pretend that you like it here

Sounds like fun?
Sure it does.

Want to play?
Sure you do and here's how

RULES

Object) To break as many rules as possible and to end up with little or no demerits.

Apparatus) a) Official Campus Game Board
 b) Official Cut-out Game Pieces
c) A pair of dice
d) Ursinus Rules and Customs

How to Play) (for 2 or more players)
1) open up the game board and lay it flat upon any smooth surface
2) Choose a student cut-out that best fits your personality (or lack of it)

3) Read the Ursinus Rules and Customs

4) Since rules are made to be broken, select one that you would like to break

5) Place your game piece in YOUR dorm

6) Roll dice to see who goes first. Highest roller wins

7) In order to leave dorm and proceed to the place of crime, you must roll a double

8) Once you roll a double you can move your man to the building in which the crime is going to take place

9) Once there you must roll your dice to see what happens. The following rules apply:

   a) 8 or higher - enter building, chicken out and no score
   b) 6 or lower - reprimanded and sent back to dorm, no score
   c) Doubles - you succeed in breaking the rule without getting caught
   d) 7 - you got caught in the act, you score for breaking the rule but you also get demerits

10) You proceed from building to building by rolling doubles

11) The game ends when one or more players are told to leave school due to their collection of demerits

12) The winner is one with the most rules broken and the fewest demerits. However, if it so occurs that the only person left has no demerits due to the fact that he or she hasn’t broken any rules, then the game is a draw
Since breaking rules by yourself can sometimes be more fun than breaking rules as a group, this game can also be played as solitaire. The object of this game is to break a set number of rules within an allotted length of time while maintaining 5 or less demerits.

Hint) Four years is entirely too long to set as a time limit. Try something a bit more reasonable.

TEST FOR ENGLISH MAJORS

If you take your major seriously, like many of the students who go here do, then you should have spotted the 120 well camouflaged errors that we have carefully included within the confines of our game. Some of the errors, such as YOUR instead of YOU'RE, are a bit more obvious than others, but nonetheless, there are 120 of them.

GOOD LUCK
GAME PIECES

Jock

Pre-Prof

Typical
Well, it's that time of year again. Term papers due and oral reports, Not to mention the other work too. But it's that time of year again, What else is there to do?

The days are longer, bright, and sunny, But to no avail to me, For I am busy at work in my study, Wishing that I could be free.

Free from my work that has bogged me down, It seems like an eternity. But it's that time of year again, That's what they expect from me.

So I'll keep on working (until I get done), That's all that I can do. And the time that passes will surely bring another season, tis true. But it's that time of year again, Spring, how I miss you.

-Craig Hoyer-
"AND THE CLOWN SINGS"

All the world loves a clown but the clown not all.

To make people laugh, he would give his heart;
but his mind is with unworldly things.
with the bird on the wing.
And the clown sings ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling, ding.

His watchers watch on
' and laugh through the night
But he knows them all and their downtrodden plight.
To be with Ulysses, spray at his back, to write
like Shakespeare, to hail Caesar, to conquer, to fall,
to live and to love, to die in the heavens, and know
of the dove, to have the knowledge of so great a thing,

And the clown sings ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling, ding.
At the end of day
he finds,
the wreath of a living legend. He is a genius,
but 'tis a fraction of all.
Knowing how to make laughter, how to make scorn,
and how to use the scepter in the kingdom of life.

He is in a cosmic universe, a cosmic wilderness
of none, he is searching, alone, adrift, undone,
in an abyss of thoughts or high on the wing.

And the clown sings
   ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling...

Robert Brancatelli

moon sought by your eye
lies dazzled on the sky no
less light-struck than I

quivering still on
my guitar strings the song you
never asked to hear
Walking along dark streets.
Searching for the light at the end.
Colored visions encircle my shroud
Painted ladies on the prowl
Vehement whispers shouted aloud
Hurrying home to you.

Reaching the gate torn and worn
Creaking as I walk through
The dog gives his soulful sighs of alarm
To warn you to treacherous traitors
I open the door and see you lying
Dying there on the floor.

What have I done to your lively face
That met me always at the door
That fixed my supper and layed in my bed
Bringing me comforts of joy
T'was me who forced the shroud on you
To carry me solely through life
T'was my burdens that gave you no rest
And layed you there on the floor.

I have forgotten the woman I loved
Like a child forgets a toy
I have burned and tainted your life
With dreams of only a boy
It is now I that bury your bones
To your eternal bed of rest
It is now I that am left alone
To wander the road distressed.

Stanley Cias
He lay there cold, unknowing.
They looked and whispered, held hankies to their noses.
An arm around me, pointing over the figure.
A huge bouquet - "From the Grandchildren."
"That's from you girls," he whispered.
"These are from the Smiths, do you remember them?"
Trembling lips tasting of salt. I nodded, eyes shut.
I could not look at him. The flowers drew stares from me.
The frail woman, gazing, weeping;
Across the only man she ever loved.
Sobs wracked through me. I, the strong young one, wept
On my grandmother's shoulders.
"She's okay. This is the first time for her."
She strong; I weak. It was backwards.

The man with broad shoulders and God
Held me close and comforted me.
My faith, my faith, where was it?

The only man she had ever loved.
I couldn't look. The only man.
I saw him. I saw them, all lying silent, unknowing.
The last time now, alone.

In another room, I heard a muffled thump.
I cried for love and the pain.

Cindy Poots
It was your typical midwestern American town, dusty and decaying. Its people kept up the pretense of living only because dying would have been too complicated. They followed their daily routine, greeted one another perfunctorily if by chance they met on the street and generally were content with the security of the sameness which characterized their miserable existence. Until one day a mysterious stranger appeared in town and announced that he would conduct a meeting in the town's old auditorium that very evening. Come nightfall almost the entire population turned out to see the performance. After a considerable wait, the houselights went down and the curtain parted; dimly the crowd could see the figure of the stranger standing towards the back of the stage. Then as he advanced to the footlights, the spotlights hit him and with every light on him he began to speak, very softly at first, saying, "Flim-Flam Bedeedle-Bop Da Wham Bham Dam." At first everyone was stunned, not knowing what to make of this spectacle; but as he began to speak ever louder, repeating the phrase again and again, the crowd stirred to life and began chanting "Flim-Flam Bedeedle-Bop Da Wham Bham Dam" in unison! After that night life in town was never the same. The people, once sullen, became cheerful and even the appearance of the town seemed altered somehow. Every night the people would gather to hear our hero and repeat his magic saying. But there were those in our town who were jealous of our hero and sought to destroy his power over us. Eventually they succeeded, for he lost faith in himself; he just didn't have it anymore. Finally he sorrowfully left town and life returned to what it had been.

For years thereafter the people survived on the memories of those great days. They spoke fondly of the young stranger and his mysterious powers. Until one day the thing we had
never believed possible happened. Another stranger appeared in town and miracle of miracles it happened all over again. That night in the auditorium our hero whispered "Flim-Flam Bedeedle-Bop Da Wham Bham Dam" and the crowd responded as before. The town was lifted from the doldrums and the people began to laugh again. But there were those in our town who were jealous of our hero and, well you know the rest. Eventually they destroyed our hero's faith in himself, he no longer had it anymore and quietly left, and the town returned to what it had been.

By the way, how are things in your town?

by Thomas Brinkerhoff
idea by Ken Nordeen

CURIOSITY

Thoughts spin me, twist me;
I think too much.
So why not take life
At face value, for what it's worth?
I love to know what
Makes people run, the world go,
But often in so doing
I come too close to the sun
And blindly fly into its burning soul;
So then I know; I see
The inner cloud of a being,
Sometimes to our detriment.
Why can't I leave well enough alone?
But, no, I search;
I want to learn, and in life
Perhaps, too much, I know.

Nina Roeder
CRYSTALINE MAGICAL HUE

Blazing blue skies
Wither and die.
People stop and listen
To the early morning glisten.
People are always listening
But they seldom ever hear
Still caught up in life's emotion
Of silly rhymical rhymes.
They've never learned to see
The crystalline color imagery,
The blues and greens and purples
Of man's eternal pagentry.
Man is an eternal highway.
Rushing from shore to shore.
Stopping and saying how pretty
Without ever knowing why.
But one fine day you just may stop
To look at the world around.
Perhaps at that moment you will see too
The crystalline magical hue.
You'll then see clearly why
The birds never wonder why
They seem to possess a cue
To the answers of mystical hue.
They never stop or question
Or wonder why they fly.
Nor do they ever abruptly say
Or ask in alarm and dismay.
They accept the mystical creation
Of God's eternal rhymes.
And so they still continue to fly
The crystalline magical sky.

Stanley Cias
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 Mally

THE STALEMATE

I am but a piece on a chessboard,
Knowing the ways I am permitted to move,
And admiring the moves that I am unable to execute.

I am won and lost merely placed where my presence
will do the most good-
Or so the player thinks.
How odd that he should know where I belong,
Haven't I the right to say where I should be placed?

But the player says "NO"
Dare I rebell?
I fear the match would end a dull stalemate.

Colleen Manning
BACK PORCH GENOCIDE

In my back yard
after every rain
there is and earthworm exodus
to my back porch help me help me I'm starving

The dog runs by
squishing a few
they lie wriggling
in agony help me help me I'm bleeding

There is a concentration camp
on my door step
next to the milk bottles
from Sunny Brook Dairy help me help me I'm choking

They try to reach the garage
to die in peace
but the car pulls in
delight ing at destruction help me help me I'm dying

Instead of wearing arm bands
or pins to tell their religion
they have those funny lumps
near their heads like all worms do help me help me

David Hoag
The tap is dry
    The party's over
Who said there had to be more

The kids leave
    Some together
I alone. So

Melancholy
    In my room
I sit to write a song

Stephen Lange
My key to the executive washroom. It had taken me half a lifetime of honest sacrificing dedication to get, and now it was solidly jammed in the lock. I had always thought it a ridiculous security procedure to require a key to get both in and out of the washroom. But as is my way I didn't bother over such a trivial secular matter. I never thought it would leave me locked inside the washroom, too embarrassed to call for help.

So intent was I on opening that little vault that I didn't pay attention to the lengthy announcement coming over the public address, but the bizarre events that followed broke my concentration. A couple seconds of silence was followed by the whole installation being struck mad. Through the door I could hear hundreds stampeding like cattle — some screaming wildly and others crying bitterly, but all trying desperately to escape something. Glass and furniture began breaking everywhere, convincing me it was time to forget my pride and get out of the washroom. I began pounding on the door, screaming for help, feeling certain that one of the many security guards would come to my aid; but all in vain. People were all streaming through the hall, screaming wildly.

I then had a terrible thought. It must be a fire, and I would be fuel for the flame. I began pulling and beating at the door as I never imagined a sane person would. But quickly I realized that if I were to have any chance, I'd have to maintain my usual calm. I knew I would be protected. I began to carefully, systematically explore the lock when the public address came on. This time I hoped to find out what was going on, but all that came over was a booming voice which rang out the number "eighteen."

"Eighteen —" what could it mean? I must continue to get the door unlocked and not concern myself with puzzles. As I worked towards this the number "seventeen" sounded throughout the
complex in the same emotionless drone. Someone was counting
down from eighteen at one minute intervals. I was completely
perplexed. What by heavens could this countdown be for?
By now the installation had been cleared but I could
still hear wailing generated by the people all around the area.
I was now sure that whatever was happening was of far more
consequence than any fire. As I pried at the lock the strange
countdown continued:
"Sixteen."
"Fifteen."
"Fourteen."
The wailing from outside continued to mount as if all
mankind had surrounded the installation and were combining
their whimpering into a deadening roar of grief and protest.
"Thirteen."
It occurred to me that I might be able to effect my escape
by pulling out the hinge pins and prying open the door where
the hinges held it to the wall. All I needed was a thin piece
of metal to push the hinge pins out.
"Twelve."
I broke off the lever that opened and closed the sink
drain to use as my ramrod. The hinges were very tight and I
prayed that once I got the first one out the others would be
easier. Simple pushing did nothing. I had to use my hand as
a hammer, striking it sharply against the small knob on the end.
"Eleven."
This worked and with each blow the pin moved slightly.
In my desparation I didn't realize the brutal effect the
plunger was having on my hand until each blow brought tiny
droplets of blood showering against my face.
"Ten."
The pin was almost half way out and it moved a little
easier as it advanced from its housing. I gave it three sharp
successive blows which, to my delight, sent it flying. I
heard it clang against the tiles and knew that with the Lord's
help the other two would shortly be doing the same.
"Eight."
In my excitement, I had missed the number "nine."
Immediately I began working on the next pin which seemed
as stiff as the first.
"Seven."
"Six."
"Five."
The pin fell to the floor. Furiously I pounded on the single sliver of steel separating me from freedom. By this time all feeling had left the bloodied hammer.
"Four."
"Three."
It was out. I gripped the door from beneath and offset the hinges. The door was still held by the lock, which, with a mighty heave, I tore from the molding. Plaster flew through the air, the door smashed to the ground, and I was free.
"Two."
Initially I sought to escape the building, but found myself strangely compelled towards the control room where I might learn the explanation for the macabre proceedings. I ran up the corridor, dodging broken glass, furniture, and several repulsively crumpled bodies that were in my path.
I turned my head to see the ground below. People were fighting, vandalizing and fornicating in the streets - all the sinful behavior of this corrupt society. Father, save me, save all of us, from this madness.
"One."
What could it all mean? As I entered the control room I could see our commander sitting at the public address, his head unmovingly fixed on the tracking board, forcing me to look at the same revealing object, an object which apparently knew not my God nor Him it.
I was staring into space, the space where heaven had been, shaking my head in disbelief when the great white flash occurred.

G.G.
The Best of the LANTERN
The Best of the LANTERN

A brand new 8 by 10 glossy, hardback anthology that will make you proud to be an American. Yes, this book includes all the best loved poetry and prose that has made The Lantern one of the most popular magazines ever in the Whole Wide World. Yes, included are such favorites as:

Cyril Williams’ Poem for a Sordid Nun

Dick Speck’s Red on White Linen

Harold Palm’s award winning short story I’ve Got the Situation in Hand

and of course we can’t forget Ozzie Fielding’s Ode to an Orange Orangutan

Yes, this book is right in time for the bicentennial. So order now to avoid delay.

Mr. Postman, please rush me ____ copy(ies) at 10.95 each plus .50 postage and handling.

name: ________________________ zip: ______

address: ____________________________
No one can stop the sun from rising.
Not the ebony darkness of the moon's velvet cape,
Not the ocean in all its fury.
Not the mountains with all their strength.
All the guns in the world couldn't execute it from the sky.
All the politicians on the earth couldn't keep it from showing its true colors.
Not even the tears of a starving child can douse its glow.
The Sun, a star, the morning's symbol of rebirth and new hope.

It shines through all,
quietly,
timidly,
eternally,
but never futilely.

Colleen Manning

for you would fold your hands thus
cock your head so listening --

I feel you stirring behind my eyes!
we breathing in tandem
my blood lunging after your soul-surge
fleet wonder
shock through me -- it's over

no more I contain thee
leaves softly talking
drops of rain like words of comfort
        (slide like rain)
down the air down my hat brim
        strike cement
        pool together
running like tears they
        run to sea like so much
talking
        like so many words
PHOTO ALBUM

Wishing on stars, counting to ten
Falling down getting up again.
Finding a shell all shiny and new,
Wondering how it became so smooth.
Letting your hair be thrown by the wind,
Playing hop scotch like little children.
Feeling the sun beating down on your face,
Yet knowing the rain and its soft gentle pace.
Riding on swings and tying a bow,
Looking at cars, making angels in the snow.
Ruinng a pile of freshly raked leaves,
Asking dear dad for the car and his keys.
The picnic we went to on the fourth of July,
You sit back and see how the years have gone by.
Then smile and slowly shake your head and wonder what's to come.

As you close the book of memories,
Title: Photo Album.

Colleen Manning
windowseat vigil
a tally of passersby
harried and heedless

wary and anxious
a watcher at windows counts
hours and faces measures
cadence of passage
alert for the halt of the
friend lost, restored

windowseat vigil
the passersby endlessly
streaming and strange
I am less than a man.
I am less than a man because
tonight I am composing in my Mind
this poem at a beer party, half past midnight
on Valentines Day.

I am less than a man.
I am less than a man because
tonight I sit alone among the many people
drinking together.

People surround me
but are not with me.
carefully I am excised -- surgically removed from the party.
I am de-balled.

Instead I am composing
incoherent verse upon
a low stone wall outside a dormitory suite.
feeling so much alone.

When was the last date I had?
perhaps I am drunk and maudlin.
I am drunk.
I am a eunuch.

anon.
CREDITS

EDITOR: PHIL HENRY
ASSISTANT EDITOR: BOB MCFARLAND
LAYOUT EDITOR: CINDY POOTS
ASSOCIATE EDITOR: PHIL DAVIS
ART EDITOR: MIKE ACCETTURA
CENSORS: JOHN KNUDSEN III
STAFF: DAVE LISCOM
TOM BRINKERHOF
FRANK JOHN HANLEY III
JILL LEAUBE
LARRY PERSON
CURTIS TINKER III
LISA UNGRACY
DON WHITTAKER
ADVISOR: DR. PETER PERRITEN