

griffin



THE GRIFFIN

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THE GRIFFIN

"This creature was sacred to the sun
and kept guard over hidden treasures."

TO
MAY SARTON
Poet in Residence at Lindenwood College
Fall, 1965

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Cover design by Peggy Reid

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The prints that appear in THE GRIFFIN were contributed by: Mary Richardson, whose biography appears elsewhere in this issue; by Emily Brock, an art major in her junior year at Lindenwood; and by Jane Orthel, a sophomore math major and economics minor. Emily is a day student from St. Charles; her interests range over a wide area, from costume design to printmaking to psychology, which is her minor. Her contribution to this issue is a pair of woodblock prints, *The King* and *The Queen*. Jane's diversified interests are reflected by the fact that she, as a math major, has contributed the fine snow-scene print to THE GRIFFIN. Jane comes from Lee's Summit, Missouri, and is a member of Alpha Lambda Delta.

And What Is There of Light

MARY ANN LENZ

The winner of this year's Freshman Writing Contest, Mary Ann Lenz, comes from Midland, Texas. She loves to write, contemplates a writing career, and thinks it would be lovely to "live all alone in a ruined temple on a South American mountain top and clack away at the typewriter all day."

AND what is there of light we do not know—
Who stood upon the crested waves of it
With diamonds through our minds and round our heads,
Ourselves half real, pale shadows whispering
Yet crowned like gods—for some such lucid jewels
Had in their facets snared our central flame
And wheeled it round and hurled it flashing out
To dance reflections on the high-domed night.

The Gingko Tree

Susan Hufford is a sophomore English major and member of the GRIFFIN staff. She lives in the City of Lake Waukomis near Kansas City, Missouri. Two of her poems appear in this issue.

SUSAN HUFFORD

PERCHED in our castle
Halfway between earth and sky
We ruled the world,
My brother and I.

He sat as our sentry,
Nestled in the crook
Formed by two mighty limbs,
And guarded against attack
From renegade parties—
“Arapajos!” he said.

I gathered the leaves,
Miniature green fans,
Of course I worried—
We might have been killed!—
Still, I sorted the leaves
And carefully stored them
In bundles of ten.

Our castle still stands
Halfway between earth and sky.
Who now rules the world?

The Welder

MARY RICHARDSON

Mary Richardson, a senior from Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, is an active Art major. One of her prints, "Poinsettia," appears in this year's GRIFFIN as well as her poem, "The Welder."

UP with this building!
Amid the din
Two girders meet with a shivering thud,
The welder's reverie stops.
White-hot heat to metal blows a hiss
To pierce and sew
Those sizzling rods of steel,
A solid shell
Fused by toil dripping brow.
Beads of sweat mirror beads
Of molten metal puddles
Seared from beams and melting to,
Up with this building!

Sparks of spatter lie around
Like scabs of frozen flesh
Refuse
Waste
His God hand aches
His sheltered eye burns staring.
Massive scars heal cool,
The building
Will
Go up.

To the Other You

Last year Doris Lindley won first place in the Freshman Writing Contest. Since then she has married, and moved from her home near Philadelphia to St. Charles. Doris is an English major and hopes to teach in secondary school upon graduating.

DORIS LINDLEY

YOU know, you woke me last night . . .
You, so self-assured and jolly by day,
Were crying, your face twisted in pain.
You, my cool and collected rock,
Were hot, disturbed, weak.
I bent to catch your words
But found only mumbles, half-words, nonsense.
And so I lay tensely still . . .
Unable to help; afraid to sleep;
Beside this other you, this stranger.

Four Pennies

PERRIE LITTLE

Perrie Little, a freshman from Midland, Texas, is the second-place winner of this year's Freshman Writing Contest. Throughout the year, Perrie has been active in helping with the St. Charles Boys' Club.

MORTY AIMS COULDN'T SLEEP ANYMORE. A fly had been buzzing around his head for half an hour. He kicked the sheet off the bed, and lay on his back, hands behind his head, watching the fly. It was big, fat, lazy, with a low buzz.

A streak of warm white light from a small window lay across his tanned chest. "Must be ten by now," he thought. Morty let the fly light on the end of his nose. He tingled all over, cringed, and swatted at it in the same moment. He caught hold of an imaginary bar and sat up, then on the edge of the bed, his feet propped on the side rail.

There were footprints in the dust on the floor. Just as a breeze cooled his back, a glob of fuzz danced in circles below his feet. He could almost hear its laughter.

As he stretched, the boy studied his bony chest and long slender arms in the hazy mirror across the room. He sat up straight, still looking at himself, licked the tips of his fingers and rubbed them over his thick, sun-streaked hair. His big brother did that all the time, until he went away to live. He was fifteen. Morty was old for nine.

He stepped down on the floor, not noticing the grime under his feet, pulled some khaki shorts over his dingy underwear, and walked into the kitchen. The air was hot, heavy, almost foul. The sink was piled with dirty dishes. On the stove sat a cold coffee pot. Morty opened the refrigerator.

"Something to eat," he said aloud. "Not mustard, or water, or beer, or, oh yeh." He picked up a piece of last night's fried hamburger, white with grease, and took a big bite, then put it back on the cracked saucer. He mumbled, staring into the empty cabinet, "Mamma never cooks for me no more. Always too tired."

The boy walked to the open front door and looked out. The sunlight was blinding. He blinked until his eyes got accustomed to the brightness. Across the street a girl sat in a new silver Cadillac, waiting for Waterloo Folder. She cleaned house for lots of rich people. "Damned old hypocrites." Hypocrites. That's what his mother always called people with new cars, especially on Sundays.

An old Studebaker drove by. White dust rose from the caliche road and small rocks bounced up on the sidewalk. As the cloud of dust drifted toward him, Morty wrote his name in the dust on a mirror by the door. M-O-R-T.

The dust had settled. He kicked open the sagging screen, and leaned out. Cars were whizzing by on the highway a block up. A big diesel shifted into second as it pulled from the filling station onto the highway, a trail of black smoke marking its path.

Morty walked out onto the small front porch, down the steps, and across the barren yard, to the sidewalk. The sun was hot, the sidewalk hotter, but Morty didn't mind. His brown body was used to it. The rocks hurt more than the heat.

Three houses down, a boy and girl were playing. The little girl ran out to meet Morty. She wore a torn and dragging green dotted-swiss dress over her T-shirt and large pink high heels. Plastic sun-glasses with figures of Cinderella on the frames covered her eyes. She was pleased with her appearance as she walked beside him.

"If we play war and kings instead of house, will you play with us, Morty?"

Morty threw her a disgusted glance. "Naw, I got better things to do."

"He don't like us," offered the homely little boy.

"Yes, he does!" she snapped.

They were silent while a policeman drove by. Rocks crunched under the tires, and flew up to beat the bottom of the car. The three stared with solemn, mistrusting faces, as the dust enfolded them.

"Morty," the little girl turned to him, "if you change your mind, you can be the king."

"No, he can't!"

"Oh, shut up and go find a sword. I'll go get some food."

They left Morty and walked out into a vacant lot by the house. The little boy found a stick and began stirring up a large red-ant bed.

Morty sat down with his legs crossed and began rubbing his hands over the hard red ground in circular motions. The loose sand felt like tiny balls under his palms. Faster and faster he rubbed until his hands felt numb. It was a good feeling.

Suddenly the little girl threw down the mesquite beans she had been gathering and squealed in delight, "Here comes the ice-cream man!"

Morty jumped to his feet, and looked around, almost panic-stricken. Then he tore off toward his house. "Gotta' get a nickel. Gotta' get a nickel," he repeated.

Reaching the house, he threw open the screen door and ran into his bedroom. Pulling out drawers, he ravaged through their contents, madly searching. "Four pennies! Oh god, why not just one more?"

If he waited, it would be too late. The pennies clutched in his sweating hand, he hurried out to the street. The old ice-cream man climbed into his truck and drove away from the little boy and girl as "Pop Goes the Weasel" started over again.

"Hey," Morty yelled. "Wait!" The truck drove faster toward the highway. He began to run after it. Off the sidewalk and across the sharp caliche he screamed, "Stop, Ice-Cream Man! Stop, damn you, I got some money." The fleeing truck reached the highway, halted for an instant, then turned into the traffic.

Morty stopped. Tears of anger swelled in his eyes as the white dust settled around him. It was hard to swallow the lump in his throat. His body ached with anger, hurt, hate, broken pride. "Shitty old man," he mumbled, as he turned and limped back to the sidewalk. The little girl walked out to him.

"Morty, your foot's bleedin'."

"It don't hurt," he said roughly, and walked past her, covering his tear-streaked face with his arm as he wiped his forehead.

Apology

A sophomore from Brooklyn, Iowa, Frances Santoro is the author of two poems in this issue. She says of "Croquet," "I still haven't figured out what it means, but I don't really want to know," leaving interpretation to the reader.

FRANCES SANTORO

YOU'VE forgotten that cloudy April day—
When buds were young on trees
And awkward branches patterned graying skies.

Through winter's mulch of leaves you walked
To where I played with Lucky on the lawn.
You squatted down beside us
And summoned all your father-love
To tell me you were going away.
You said it would be better.
Then you said you loved me—
Strange expression of your love—
And left, your heavy footsteps
Muffled by the soggy leaves.

I remember this in bleak November—
When memory has bred resentment
And leaves have fallen from the branch—
So sorry that our summer's passed us by.

Croquet

FRANCES SANTORO

YELLOW balls, brown balls, red balls, black balls.
You can't play!
Start at the stake, Petey, mallet's distance.
Hit the ball through the wicket.
Your damn dog's in my way.
Move him, Mary. Come on, Virg!
GgggggrrrrrF!

Through the arch, *through* the arch, Petey. Go back.
Go through. Go back. Go through.
Go back. Go through. Go back!
Then hit her ball if you can't go through.
Croquet! Send it skimming! Croquet!
Hit the black one! Two more turns!
Ugh! A dead bird. Leave him alone, Mary.

Seven arches, Petey. Hit the stake. Hit it hard.
Wait. It isn't straight.
Well, straighten it. Klok!
Ouch! He smashed my finger!
You got the stake all bloody!
Bloody stake. Damn finger.
Damn stake. Bloody finger.

I won!
Shut up, Petey. Pick up that crust of bread.
I won! What's the prize?
Ha-ha-ha! There's no prize;
It's only a game.
Besides, you're only half way around the court.

Sister

Gaile Haessly is a sophomore English major. She has lived in many parts of the United States and presently claims Amarillo, Texas, as her home. She plans to go to graduate school.

GAILE HAESSLY

SISTER, do you see
An ageless woman of ten years
Sitting cross-legged in our swing?
Sun plays on dark curls pulled back
From her stooped shoulders.
Her glasses flash now and she turns a page . . .

Sister, do you see a girl
Who squints into the sun and forever asks 'why?'
Through gold-edged circles of glass?
Who laughs and reads and talks
With her shoulders forward and her head back?
She laughs aloud and a bird sings with her . . .
Sister, where's she gone?

In your pink chapel, Sister Mary Joseph,
You play on marble floors,
A candle prayer dancing before stone eyes.
(I showed you my favorite place once—
On the shore of a magic sea. A ditch, you said,
And wouldn't have our picnic there.)
You count in white silence,
Fingering the tarnished gold of empty cups,
And always a beige painless christ
Shrinks from your ruddy face and those paled ones.
Cry now, Sister, my Sister—
And make your glasses flash again!

Morning Came

KAY KIRKLAND

Kay Kirkland has received third prize in this year's Freshman Writing Contest. Kay is a Physical Education major and comes from Troy, New York.

MORNING came
And I was thirsty.
And before I knew it
I had drunk down
The whole,
Sweet,
Refreshing,
And frosty
Day.

Afterthoughts

Muriel Sibley came to Lindenwood last semester to study creative writing under May Sarton. She has now returned to her home in St. Paul, Minnesota, where she is a student at the university.

MURIEL SIBLEY

THIN, red-haired girl who came to me last night,
How are your freckles and your tears by daylight?
In crumpled bed—in morning, filtered pale—
My brain is heavy with you—did I fail?

Thin, red-haired girl, I could not love
And yet not love! Pity is not enough
To make caresses true, and I could feel
But pity; it can only soothe, not heal.

Thin, red-haired girl, you left a living space
Of dappled misery and lonely face
Beside me, all the dark, accusing night.
How are your freckles and tears by daylight?

The Brooding Tree

CONSTANCE LOWE

Constance A. Lowe is a displaced Texan majoring in English. She loves books, cats, music, and travel.

THE tree stands in the rain,
A hulking presence, bristling
With rain-slicked leaves.

I Wander

MARY ANN LENZ

I WANDER slowly through pale printed leaves
Of other people's souls, and in the strings
Of other lyres I, whispering, lose myself,

And smile the traces of another smile
At skeins of beauty never spun by me—
I taste, I feel; I wonder if I am.

Dry Tracks

Marcia Shelton, whose story received first honorable mention in the Freshman Writing Contest, is from Fayetteville, Arkansas. She hopes to major in English and particularly likes the works of the Renaissance.

MARCIA SHELTON

THE BUTTERY, salty smell of popcorn diffused out of the kitchen as Mrs. Starre passed through the door. "What are you fixing, Helen?" she asked her daughter, who stood by the stove with her back to her mother.

"Oh, I'm just making some popcorn. Ray called, and we decided to go to the drive-in tonight." She slid over the last few words as casually as possible.

"Just be sure you don't do anything you. . . ."

"I know. I know," Helen broke in, irritated. "How many times have I told you, Ray and I are just friends. We only go out to have something to do. Besides, he's leaving tomorrow for Houston." She turned back to the popper. Mrs. Starre brought out a sack of beans, sat down at the table, and began to string them while the popcorn played in the pan. A silence followed. Then Mrs. Starre looked up.

"Do you remember the first time we let you help dye the eggs at Easter?"

Helen looked puzzled. "You mean the time I wanted to carry the pan of eggs from the stove to the sink and then spilled the boiling water all over my leg? Yes, I remember. I guess I just wasn't old enough to handle it, huh? What made you think of that?" she asked with sudden curiosity.

"Nothing special. I was just watching you and remembering how you've always liked to cook and make things. You certainly were lucky you had on those long pants. They absorbed a lot of the heat, and you didn't even have a scar from it. There wasn't a trace of it."

"Yeah, I guess I was pretty lucky, but . . ." The doorbell interrupted her. "Oh, that's Ray already!" Helen grabbed up the large grocery sack full of popcorn and darted out of the room. She called a short "Bye" back over her shoulder. "We'll be back early," she added as they went out the front door.

Ray let Helen in the black, compact car. She noticed the brown paper bags on the floorboard and examined their contents, two fifths of bourbon, a jar of sugar, a jar of lemon juice, and a shaker. She set the bag of popcorn down beside the others.

She said nothing. The first feelings of excitement had left her, and now the fear of the unknown set in. She did not want to go. She did not care if she ever got drunk, but still she said nothing.

Ray followed the highway to the drive-in. It was hard to see without the car lights on; yet Ray found a place and parked the car.

"I'll go get some ice and a couple of cokes. Do you want to go?" he asked.

"No. I'll just wait here."

"O.K. I won't be long." He closed the car door and crunched off in the gravel toward the concession stand.

Helen looked around. No one was parked very near. She was glad of that. Suddenly the lights came on, and people began to stir around; most, on the way to the concession stand. She was beginning to lose her fear now; and, by the time Ray got back, she was almost anxious again. Ray noticed the change.

The lights went out, and the first show started. Simultaneously, Ray brought out the equipment. He fixed Helen a whiskey sour, but it was too strong she said so he poured it in one of the cokes. She sipped it slowly, deliberately, and without concealing her obvious distaste. Ray drank his straight and more rapidly.

"I don't see how you can stand that stuff straight like that, Ray. It tastes just like hair tonic to me," she said. He laughed and poured himself another drink.

"You get used to it. Don't you want to try another one—without all that coke?"

"No. It doesn't taste so bad this way. I'd probably get sick if I drank it straight."

"But this way it doesn't take so long to get drunk," he said.

"No," she said. "Just put some more in a coke—for now anyway."

A station wagon drove up and parked beside Ray's car. Helen looked over. It was a boy and his date, but she did not know them. She turned back and took the drink Ray offered her. Ray had finished another in the meantime, and he was becoming a little slower in his reactions. She

glanced back at the car parked next to them, but now she could not see the couple. She did not look back again.

Ray scooted over next to Helen. "Why don't you try it straight, just once. All you have to do is hold your nose and shut your eyes, and you won't taste a thing."

"I don't want to, Ray. I can drink this by itself—by myself." She gave him a gentle shove, but he did not move.

"How do you know, if you don't try?"

"Oh, all right. Go ahead and fix me one." At least he had to move over, she thought.

Helen took the strong drink, held her nose, and gulped it down. She shivered from the shock and had to force herself to keep it down. Slowly a warm feeling came over her, and the lights fused into a single, pleasant glow.

"It's really no different," she giggled as they walked back from the bathroom. "The only thing is, I can't keep control of my body!" Ray took her arm as they weaved together back to the car. Once back in the car, Ray fixed her another drink, and moved over by Helen again.

"I don't want any more, Ray. Let's watch the movie for awhile," she said. Even then she did not want him close to her.

"But you were just getting used to it." He put his arm around her shoulder and brought the drink next to her lips. She shrunk back against the door.

"No, Ray! I don't want it."

Ray forced the drink into her hand and moved closer to her. She pushed him back, harder this time. Forgetting the drink, it dropped and spilled all down her leg.

"Ray, what's the matter with you? Help me clean this up." Ray retreated back to his side of the car. She knew he was mad, now she was mad too. Ray started the motor.

Neither said anything all the way home. The effects had worn off, leaving Helen with a painful headache and an uncertain stomach. She no longer cared what Ray thought. When he pulled up at her house, Helen let herself out.

"You can keep the popcorn," she said and shut the door. Once inside the house, Helen felt more relieved, but she glanced down quickly at her jeans to see if there were a stain from the drink. "Good," she thought, "it's all dried up. There isn't even a trace."



“After the Fall”

Jane Ortel



"The King"

Emily Brock



"The Queen

Emily Brock



Poinsettia, Christmas 1965

Mary Richardson

Spring Apple Tree

LINDA FIRESTONE

Linda Firestone is a sophomore from Joplin, Missouri, majoring in English and radio-television. She is program director for KCLC and winner of this year's Poetry Society contest.

FROM there, pink clouds,
 boughing to tall grass.
Close, thin bark stretched smooth,
 rain-soaked soft
 sun-dried warm,
 winds up, around, down,
 boughing to tall grass.
Close, separate petals,
 wide-opened to the sun,
 far-spread from their golden centers,
 bask in light, being drawn from inner-out
 as warmth and fragrance are held—suspended. . . .

From there, pink clouds,
 boughing to tall grass.

Evening

Viktor Kemper, a sophomore from St. Louis, is majoring in English and Psychology. His favorite poet is W. B. Yeats, his ambition is to write, and he wants to do research on European folk lore.

VIKTOR KEMPER

I, a Robin
Found dead
Last night
In the cold
Before St. Francis' door.
Its feet in prayer
Still clasped.
Its dim wings
Humbly folded back,
Its life still splattered
On the glass
It never knew was there.
"Who killed Cock Robin?"

Walking Through October's Chill

SUSAN MC REYNOLDS

Susan McReynolds is a sophomore from Webster Groves, Missouri, and a member of both Poetry Society and Orchesis.

THE frames of my glasses are cool against my face,
And a breeze slips up my sleeves.
My toes are cold and numb.
I walk through October chill.

Nature prepares for coming sleep
In the evening of her seasons,
Yet I feel alive and free,
Walking in the chilled autumn air.

Genesis

Ann Robinson is a freshman from England, Arkansas. The humor and vigorous tone of her poem bring to mind the poetry of Dylan Thomas.

ANN ROBINSON

WEDGED between Grannie and the Bible,
In an old stiff pew,
I sat, watching the dirty stained windows
Of First Methodist Church,
As they thrust light in my eyes,
Keeping me awake,
As the minister preached lousily,
And raged of sins
I didn't understand.
Chomping my gum,
To the beat of the choir,
I puffed bubbles,
Bigger than Grannie's breast,
Until I felt her hand
Shove the Bible into my palms.
Turning to first chapter Genesis,
Her fingers pointed at passages,
About something being created by somebody,
But I was unsure of who or what.
Soon I heard a voice behind me,
"Goddamn, I got a runner," it said,
As I realized it was brazen Milly Shackles,
Sitting righteously in the pew behind us.

"Impudent harlot," exclaimed Grannie
To my innocent ears,
As she motioned with her finger
At shameful Miss Shackles.
Finally, the sermon being over,
We rose to leave;
And I, with childhood wickedness,
Thrust my gum on first chapter Genesis.
Proudly leaving First Methodist Church,
Grannie took my hand,
Bible and all,
With only first chapter Genesis
Keeping us together.

Wind-Rush

GAILE HAESSLY

IT wakes, the wind; it lengthens out to run
The rock plateau. Its rushes over stone,
And flings its yellow dust into blue sky
And drives a tumbleweed across the sun.

The Face in the Crowd

SUSAN HUFFORD

IN a forest of faces
I see but one
That summons forth
A memory . . .

A great oak tree—
It stands so tall,
I can hardly see
The leaves at all.
And from its branch
A long rope swing—
Swing, swing,
I'm a king.
King of the mountain,
King of the sea,
Bring my pipe
And my fiddlers three.
Fiddle-dee-dee.

"I know you're there
Behind the tree.
1-2-3 on Mary.
Mary come out!
The game is over!
You're caught; I see you!
Mary, come back!
Don't go; not yet.
Please see me first,
I'm here.
Remember me?
We were friends.
Come back!"

Reflections in Haiku

MACKIE SILVERMAN

Mackie Silverman is a freshman English major from Sedalia, Missouri. Her minor will be Philosophy. Mackie plans to make creative writing a career.

MOUNTAINS of stone and steel . . .
Cold brick buildings claw the clouds.
Perfection in rain.

Why do you defile
the splendor with heavy boots?
Young grass is growing!

In the night's stillness
the fragrant roses slumber—
only the moon walks.

America—That's Where We Live

Barbara Armstrong, a sophomore, is from Madison, Wisconsin. She is majoring in Art History and French and plans to spend her junior year at Aix University in France.

BARBARA ARMSTRONG

OLD man, America, why do you sit
In swivel chair, behind a desk heaped high
With magazines and crossword puzzles, while
You send bright burning lads away to die?

Old man, America, why do you lie?
Feigning peace, yet struggling mad to win the race
And advocating hate that grows with war,
Where death comes hard—a bullet in the face.

A Cut Apple

JOY KRUSE

Joy Kruse's story won second honorable mention in this year's Freshman Writing Contest. Joy lives in St. Louis and is interested in poetry and music.

THE GIRL STOOD RIGIDLY on the back edge of the diving board waiting for the little boy who had gone before her to pop his head out of the water. As he appeared on her left, she sprang from the board with all the vitality of her seventeen years and flipped gracefully into the center of the pool.

Slicing into the water, she noticed how the water cooled her inch by inch until she was cool and exhilarated all over.

"Watch out!" Sue cried as Tracy surfaced. Tracy spun around to see Ted and Bill closing in on her. Without looking back, she tried to make a get-a-way but ran into Nancy, and they both were dunked.

How Tracy wished Donny could be there to join in all the fun. She knew things weren't very funny where he was fighting, and began feeling guilty.

The kids were trying so hard to make her forget—but how could she when she was always literally the fifth wheel? Unthinkingly she pulled herself out of the water and flopped on her Florida beach towel. As the sultriness of the day lay down upon her, she became depressed and decided to go home.

"Hey, where are you going?" Ted queried.

"Home for lunch."

"Good idea!" The boys were hep on that.

Tracy slipped her blouse over her half soggy two-piece and muttered, "See ya in an hour." As she started off down the street, her friends headed toward the hot dog stand. If Donny were here, that's what she would have done. If Donny were here. . . .

The farther away from the pool she walked the sultrier it was. She could hardly breathe, and thought only of the heat and the blinking noon sun which was causing her discomfort.

Two blocks later she entered an apartment and was hit by a wave of cold air from the central air conditioner. Her eyes slowly adjusted to the darkness of the lobby.

The first thing she noticed at the door was that her mother had taken in the mail. Tracy hadn't had any letters for two days and her hopes for having one today were high.

A moment later she was taking out her key and slowly turning it in the lock. The door opened soundlessly, revealing her mother in the glare of a pole light, the only light that shone in the darkness of the living room.

Tracy watched as her mother slowly sipped coffee and read from a letter. A cigarette sent up smoke signals from an ash tray nearby.

An outermost beam of light pointed to the envelope on the coffee table. It looked just like any ordinary envelope; it was the stamp that caught Tracy's attention. There was only one place in the world a stamp like that could be from.

"Mother." She barely whispered, yet the acoustics of the room echoed and amplified that one word until it seemed as if it were coming from all directions with a volume that could never be equaled.

Tracy's mother started. Maybe because Tracy had never called her 'mother' before. She had always used 'mom' or 'mumsy.'

"Mother, what are you reading?"

Tracy's mother set down the letter as if she had never been aware of its existence before.

"Mother, why did you read it?"

Her mother got out of the light as if she thought it were the pole lamp rather than Tracy's eyes whose glaring was burning her. She walked through the semidarkness to the kitchen as a sleepwalker, seeing or feeling nothing on the way.

Tracy picked up the letter and followed her to the kitchen.

"Alice, what have you and this young man been up to!" Until now, Tracy's mother had always called her by her nickname.

After a moment, "I don't think it's any of your business."

"Are you in love with him?"

"What a silly question!" Tracy's laugh stuck in her throat. Her mother took a bowl of apples from the refrigerator and sat down and began to peel one. Tracy leaned against the closed refrigerator door.

"Does he love you?"

"You read the letter, or is it letters?"

"Oh, come on now, Alice, you know better than to believe everything a boy says."

"This isn't anything from any boy, and you're avoiding the issue."

"Oh, and how do you know, miss?" The question was framed by a piercing 'you can't prove anything' look.

"You're always trying to tear me apart."

"I am not! I just find your antics amusing."

"And just what do you think is so funny?"

"Your true and lasting puppy love. I can't wait to tell my bridge club. . . ."

"I don't think they'd find this any more amusing than all the other things you've told them."

The peeler dug deeper.

"Don't you go and get smart with me, miss. I read that letter you got from whatever-his-name-is. How he longed to kiss your lips and hold you tight."

Tracy stared at the apples. Her mother cut through an apple core.

"Well? Aren't you going to defend yourself?"

"Why? He's in love with me."

"Sure, he is, honey. You just believe that. When I was younger I liked to dream, too."

"Don't you believe in love?"

"Of course, I love apple pie and cigarettes."

"I mean love between two people."

"What's love between two people? Explain it. Explain your love for this boy."

Tracy's eyes began to sting. "I can't. Love can't be explained. It just is."

"If it can't be explained, Alice, then it just isn't."

"How can anyone exist without it, or is that what's bugging you? Do you hate everyone? Are you trying to get hate to eat at me, too? Just because you can't love, won't you let anyone?"

Tracy paused a moment and the clock above the stove loudly beat the time before she spoke again.

"Why do you hate so much? Did Pops really bang you up that badly? I think he was smart to walk out on you. And now, all your men friends are just poor substitutes. And my love for Donny is yours for examination—so you can relive the happy moments of your long lost past. . . ."

"Shut up."

"It's too late now, I've said my piece. Only one thing more, you'll have to find someone else to dissect. There's not much of me left."

Tracy shuffled out. As she passed through the living room, she found her mother's coffee cold and her cigarette dead.

In a few minutes she was back at the pool on the diving board. Her bounce off the board wasn't as high this time; but she made it to the center of the pool. She floated on her back for a long time.

I Sat With My Love

BARBARA ARMSTRONG

I SAT with my love
At a table.
The drink was right,
So the music
And the light.
He held my hand
With a tight grasp.
His lips said kiss
His eyes said
I'm in a hurry.

The Lute

ALICE STRAUB

*Alice Straub, a senior from
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, is an
English major with a minor in
Philosophy.*

WITH a firm caress,
Schooled lithe fingers
Pluck
The stilled strings;
Slowly awakening sounds that sleep
Deep in the womb of a lute.
Slumbering undulations
Of suspended evolutions,
A humming trance
Spinning the fine, cool interludes.
A fragile spun-gold spell,
Suddenly stopped—by the
Delicate tingle of a triangle.

The Unforgotten

Sara Anne Russell is a sophomore from Shippensburg, Pennsylvania. She plans to major in English and has served as a GRIFFIN staff member, as well as being an active member of Orchesis.

SARA A. RUSSELL

IT rose out of the earth,
With an air of staunch aristocracy.
Leafless, the limbs veined forth,
As isolated and defined
As a lone figure upon the beach.

We

VIKTOR R. KEMPER

WE: dumb musicians, breathing, weeping, dead.
We who beat in vain on drums of lead.
We who cobweb finger strings of steel;
We neither see, nor hear, nor feel.
Shells of men, sunk in a sea of sounds—
We mutely echo the ocean's cries.
If our concert's end holds no surprise,
We'll find therein our wisdom lies.

My Small White Dog and I

A Translation from S. Walter, "Mein Kleiner Weisser Hund und Ich"

MURIEL SIBLEY

MEIN kleiner weisser Hund und
ich

Wir gehn durch alle Türen.
Wir suchen dich, wir suchen mich
Wir weinen und wir frieren.

Der Regen kreiselt gross im see
Wirft Ringen in die Runde.
Ich weiss nicht wo ich geh und steh
Mit meinem kleinen Hunde.

Die Welt is weit. Und weit bist du.
Wo enden Weg und Reise?
Ich hor dem grossen Regen zu—
Mein kleinen Hund bellt leise.

Ich find dich nicht. Ich find mich
nicht.
Mit dir ging ich verloren
Mein Hund blickt trüb, und Mein
gesicht
Press ich en seinen Ohren.

I HAVE a small white dog, and
we

Leave no unopened door.
We look for you, we look for me,
Our eyes and feet are sore.

The rain spins madly on the lake,
Blows ripples end on end.
I know not where I go, or stay,
With my small faithful friend.

The world is distant, as are you.
Where will the journey end?
My little dog barks softly, while
I listen to the wind.

Your steps and mine are hard to
trace.
We have got lost somewhere.
My dog looks sad; I press my
face
Into his warm white fur.

The Spider and the Sand

Leigh Ann Smith, a sophomore from Marceline, Missouri, is majoring in English. She is active in Poetry Society and Public Affairs Club. Leigh Ann's secret love is T. S. Eliot.

LEIGH ANN SMITH

THE spider slowly spins his silken strands
Of death around the docile green-eyed fly.
Must I break out? Yes, break out, now, for soon
The spider slow will move against the fly.

The sunbaked man lies in the shifting sands;
The salt-soaked grains pitting his glistening sides.
Must I get up? Yes, get up, now for soon
The shifting sands will move against the tides.

White Birch

GAILE HAESSLY

EVER-MOTION;
spindle branches pull white spindle shaft
to bend to reach the wind
as though their life lay there

Leaves are invisible in black night
but the white waits, first to catch the swell
of the wind
then

Arachne

JUDITH ZALEUKE

Judith Zaleuke, an English major, is a day student from St. Charles, Missouri. She has shown her interest in creative writing by trying out for and being accepted into Poetry Society.

HER fingers move swiftly,
sliding the shuttle to weave threads
of rainbow colors, silver and gold.
Her fingers rip, and the delicate web
is slit, and the colors mingle
as the threads shiver in the air.

Of Growing Up

DORIS LINDLEY

THOUGH I've never met him, I'm sure
This man knows little of trees—
Or of growing up.
In his garden grows a mimosa—
Pale, delicate, pink-blossomed,
This pliant pole he bandaged waist-high;
Bound it in a corset of garden hose and wire;
Demanded, "Grow straight!"
While just across the street
The graceful oleander salaams.

The Inside of Your Elbow

MURIEL SIBLEY

MY favorite place is the inside of your elbow,
Where my lips slide silky on the skin,
Where the veins beat blue, beat blue, beat . . . beat
In arm hollow of warm velvet,
And love pulses softly.

Girl and an Orange

MARY ANN LENZ

THE TOURISTS PASSED IN TWOS AND THREES in front of the man on the low stone wall. He sat regarding them with what he considered the careless, practiced air of a judge at a dog show. Measure, classify, compare—a slight, sardonic smile caught and twisted at his lips, but he quickly drowned it in august impassiveness.

He congratulated himself that he did not have to rely on the obvious ugliness of their dress for his judgments. There was the usual collection of loud shirts and near bursting shorts that is to be found on American tourists. And it was bizarrely combined with splashes of local color, in this instance Indian corn beads and serapes. But the cavalcade that passed before him would have been equally hideous nude. There was the ingratiating, flexuous curve of a middle-aged paunch beneath a Banlon shirt. And there was the caustic odor of sweat that surrounded a man with a beard whose scrubby orange hairs stuck painfully out of his sunburned flesh. He was entranced by the bare female foot; misshapen toes, chipped polish whose color fought with the red marks under the sandal straps, minute bristly patches behind the ankle that the razor had missed.

He was giving up classification in favor of pure observation when he realized that he had left his cigarette untasted. It had trailed upward unnoticed in a meager stream of smoke while he played his little game. Now that it had resolved itself completely into an ash, he wondered why he had lit it. He was not used to the altitude and had stopped by the wall to breathe. That a cigarette could hardly refurbish his lungs with needed oxygen had escaped his attention.

He sighed. The absurdity of the tourists had also escaped his attention, at least until he had stood apart to look at them. He wondered if Marge had ever looked like the woman in the flaccid orange slacks with the flabby freckled arms, whose offspring straggled along behind her in feathered headdress and Keds. Probably, he thought drily; Marge was never noted for sensitivity in taste. Doubtless she and the girls had headed gaily bareheaded up the steps of many a cathedral, and at their guide's reproof attempted to solve their dilemma with coils of Kleenex. He seldom thought of Marge and when he did, it was generally with relief.

A flash of a particularly jarring shade of lavender caught his eye. He turned to see a child clambering into a large shrub or tree of some sort. If it was a tree it was an ambitionless one. It had barely risen from the ground before it bent back to it once again. Its thin branches, curling and twisting out over the walk, moved peevisly as slight breezes shook its invalid languor. It looked hardly able to bear its own weight, much less that of the squat Spanish child, who had now seated herself, a raucous purple splotch among its sparse leaves.

He noticed with distaste that she was chewing on an orange. The fruit's artificial color was unpleasantly bright. It clashed against her cheap cotton dress with the insensitivity of a child's drawing. He could almost smell its sharp, pungent odor and see the tepid juice dribbling down her chin as she mouthed and sucked at it. He wondered if she would spit the seeds out or if she would let her tongue push them and the pulp through her teeth into her hand.

He hitherto had ignored children. At their worst, they could not hope to rival their elders in aberration of dress and manners. At best they were self-contained, unfeeling little islands, innocent only in that their imitations of the Seven Deadly Sophistications were inept. They bored or they annoyed. This one was at least interesting because she repelled.

Her skin was not so much olive as muddy brown. She was dirty. There was a slight tear at the edge of her skirt. Her hair was pulled back too tightly, leaving short, frizzy, sweat-coated strands about her ears and forehead. Her eyes were large, black, poorly drawn, and quite out of proportion with the small, rather bloated body. He was reminded of a frog.

For the first time that day he felt unpleasantly warm. He removed his jacket and looked up at the sun. It was an odd sun. It seemed to shine smaller, yet brighter here than anywhere he had ever been. Its light was pale, white, intense; the city was filled with it like a bowl with water.

Yet the morning had been cold. When he had dived into the motel pool, lured by the light patterns on its turquoise surface, he found himself betrayed into a region of liquid ice. It was as bracing as a blow in the stomach and its chill had stayed with him until he feared he had caught cold. The whole morning had gone sour. Sneering at passing tourists was hardly the way one would expect to spend one's own vacation. Nothing seemed to have turned out as he had planned.

The child stirred in the tree and he turned back to look at her. He decided that her ugliness came from her eyes more than anything else, and concluded that it was the result of their expression. She was daydreaming now. A fly crawled along the side of the orange while she stared off into space. Her eyes were a blank wall, a closed door, a refusal. He could not tell if she were dreaming or thinking, angry, sad, or merely stupid. There was a stolid dogged passiveness to her look, like the shrug of a servant's shoulder or a stubborn old woman. The ugliness of the look was that it was so aged, eternal, unchildlike.

He had seen it a thousand times on the faces of his own children. The look in her eyes was a look that had reduced him to frustrated impotence. It was a "Yes, Daddy" that meant no; the "Oh, nothing" to his "What's the matter now?" It was so completely unfathomable. There might be either fear or imminent rebellion behind it. Back talk he could handle, but this mask of apathy that descended over their faces, that was a slap in his face, was the one look he could not answer. It called up memories he did not wish to acknowledge.

"Don't you look at me like that, young lady!" he caught himself near shouting at the girl. And he was answered by the eternal expression.

He wished now that he had gone on, that he had not stopped there to waste the morning gawking like a child at the passersby. It was noon. He had no reservation for lunch. He would probably have to wait for a table if he wanted a meal away from the motel. He stood up and walked toward the plaza.

He wished he had not come. He could see now that the town was a place for families. There were very few young couples. The only unattached people were obviously artists or people from the summer opera company. It seemed impossible to meet anyone who did not have a beard or a string of children. Vacationing secretaries were nonexistent.

He had been correct about lunch. The courtyard outside the restaurant was crowded. He saw many of the subjects of his morning meditations waiting to be served. He gave his name to the waitress, looked about for an empty bench, but could not find one. He leaned back against a white-washed wall, preparing for boredom.

Almost as soon as he had lit the cigarette, he realized that he could

not have chosen a worse place to stand. There was a family seated on a circular bench directly in front of him, quiet, decorous among the chattering crowd. Their little girl had an Indian pottery bowl. She slid her hands around and around it and explored its insides with her fingers. She wore that serious, concentrating look of a child at play. She was halfway pretty. He felt rather attracted to her. Then her father spoke.

"Your lipstick is crooked."

The child's hands went round and round the bowl. Her mother did not answer.

"Why don't you do something about it?"

"I'll get at it later." The suppressed fury in the woman's voice jolted him out of his reverie. She and her husband began speaking back and forth in low, hard tones. He looked for a place to go, but saw that he would have to ask the man to move to let him by. He caught only snatches of their words now, so he stood there.

"If you'd phoned ahead for reservations. . . ."

The child had stopped playing with the bowl. She was holding it very tightly. Her body stiffened beneath her pink dress. He stared at her. The prettiness was vanishing from her face.

Her jaws tightened as her hands had tightened about the bowl. Her eyes held an embarrassed, hunted look. She glanced about the crowd and back at her parents apprehensively.

"I told you she'd get it dirty. None of the others are wearing dresses. It would have been quite. . . ."

Something passed across the child's eyes, a flicker, then it was gone. It was as if a window shade had been drawn. He wondered with surprise how he could have thought her pretty at all. Her face was immobile, a thing of stone. She was a stiff little gargoyle and in her eyes was a look of intense, stultifying nothingness. It was a look he recognized with a shock like that of cold waters closing over his body in the bright, lucid motel pool. He stared at the parents, then back at the girl.

From somewhere far away he heard the waitress call his name and he stepped away from the family as one steps back from the edge of a chasm. For the first time since his divorce, he remembered his children smiling.

*This was set in 10 point
Baskerville with titles in
18 and 24 point Garamond Bold.
The paper is Ticonderoga Text,
polar white laid.*

