



## GRIFFIN

*"This creature was sacred to the sun, and  
kept watch over the hidden treasures."*

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## METAROMANTICS

There are three roads not two  
one is straight one to the side

the other is Eden road  
to take it is to get  
all caught up in things  
between death and act

there the grass is tall  
one can lie  
drift see sky  
there insects fly

and life is seamless  
self though less than ever  
more than never  
a middle length of waiting  
for some paradise

WHO SPEAKS FOR HIM a spirk  
drawn and quartered as by a king  
having lost his gamble on an edict

WHO FOR HER dear her  
sipping honey cups bringing gifts  
softly with a pansied breath

she didn't think he'd take it

here we are now  
between never and ever  
yearning for the city

he thought he had to take it

sweet and soft a mildly honied  
passion a quaintly green  
design the sense faints. . .

Along the straight and side roads  
there are railed and stone fences  
snow falls gracefully as it should  
and no questions just a song

one can't get out or find  
the sea for a quiet time  
one has to stay on those roads.

Better the tall grass  
the forest and green choices

than the city lit by some spirit  
underground in cables or stretched

against the sky choosing among cars  
following avenues of paved decisions.

Well after the fall  
after all the frost and winter  
can spring be?

Let us gather now by the shore  
and watch the returning storm-  
tossed boat from which he fell

not as a bird dropped  
to the Aegean  
but wind swept.

*Howard A. Barnett*

## TRACKMARKS

East starts the cycle  
a red sun rose for the journey  
Here where vacant wombs  
gape in the village square  
unaware of the dead wind  
that carries no seed.  
(hoofbeats echo  
on crusted streets  
banging no music  
on metal sewer covers)

South lies in dead heat  
the dark sun soundless in its wake  
vertical shadows  
encase the procession of prisoners  
whose sentences fall suspended.  
(each step drops  
marking no time  
and only dust answers  
the animal sound)

West sinks into desert seas  
no sun reflects its oceans  
and salt pillars  
topple with the tides  
while winds sweep the waves.  
(the horse canters  
where nothing will be  
his traces chased  
by restless sands)

North rises a mountain  
a white sun casts its shadow  
in black earth forests  
ripple with streams  
and burst  
into Spring and flames.  
(the beast surges forth  
singing its tale  
and finding wings  
the tracks disappear)

*—Quentin Hughes*

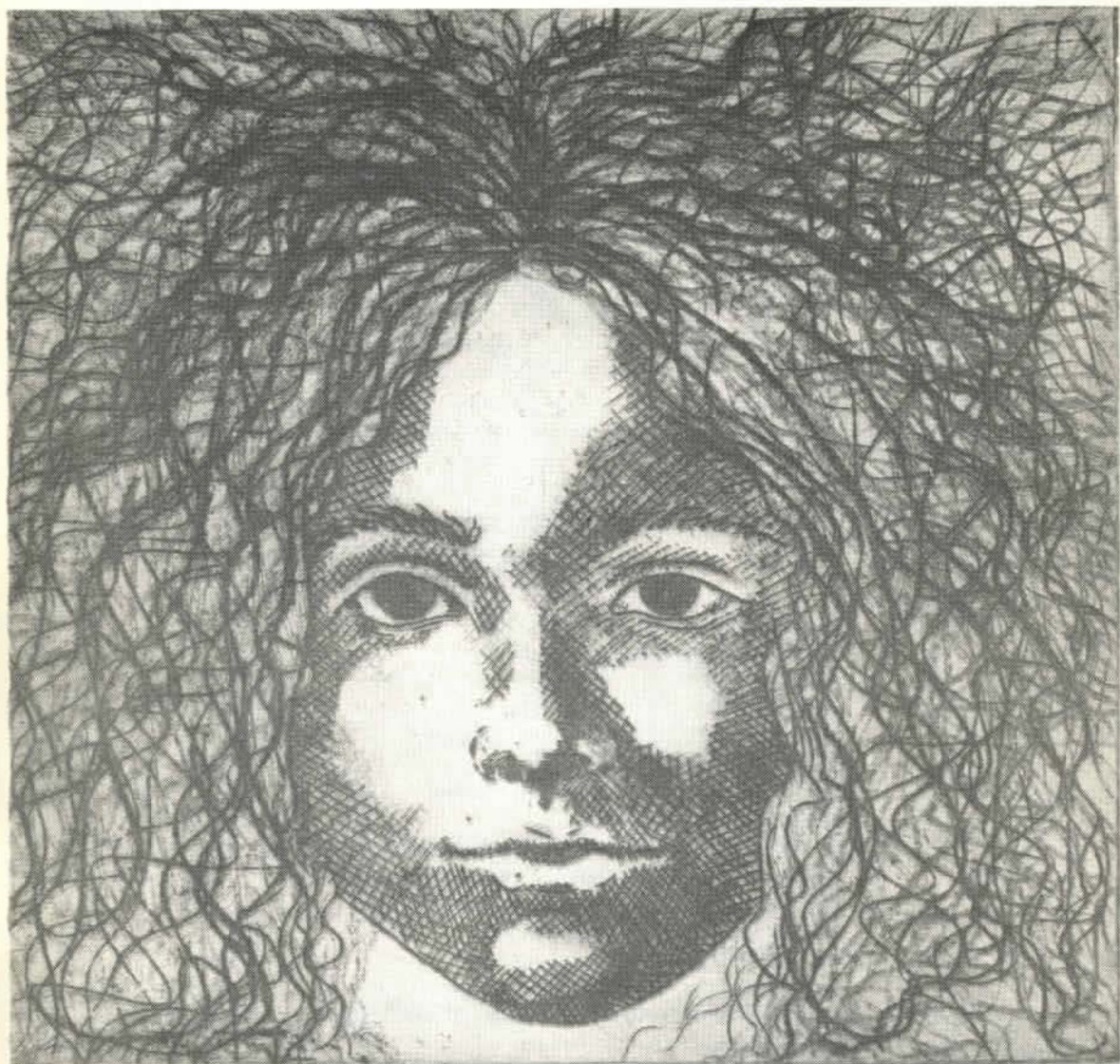


*Gene Koch*

## GOLDEN SANDS

Our golden sands are slipping  
between madly kneading fingers  
while a numbing wind is stripping bare  
the stubborn trees of autumn  
and the foaming tide's now ebbing  
at the shores of every city  
where the magistrates stare vainly  
into mazes built in panic  
so we'd better look beneath ourselves  
where naked earth lies trembling  
stretch our dangling limbs to touch her  
sink our hands into her bosom  
let our tears flow to her rivers  
wash the venom from our gutters  
feel the throbbing of her ancient wounds  
pulse blood into the future  
and we'd better grasp like iron  
not in anger but in love  
before the choking fogs of ruin  
smother all who dare to wander  
over lands where men greet others  
with a kiss and then a gunshot  
and old soldiers huddle mesmerized  
by their frightened flailing young.

*-Tom Greer*



## GEORGE MACBETH ON POP CULTURE

*Interview by Michael Donovan*

...their frenzy faded, the entire cast had joined hands in a child-line across the back of the stage...quietly at first, a gentle swell, a hymn to the evening's last lyric:

"there's a sun shinin'...

there's a sun shinin'..."

over and over again, their voices building in commitment, as well as volume. this long-haired line of post-war babies, some of the americans, some british, some european...all looking fiercely proud of the music and worship they had generated over the last two and one-half hours. they stood now, shoulder to shoulder, on the proscenium edge of the apron, irrepressibly laying "The Aquarian Age" most unsquarely in the middle-aged lap of london's fashionable west-end theatre crowd...america's infamous tribal love-rock festival, hair

...finding a home for nearly 1,000 performances in the same neighborhood that gielgud, scofield, and oliver had institutionalized.

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but after making the scene in london or paris or almost any major european city for that matter, the american visitor with even a passing knowledge of the so-called "pop culture" begins to wonder, finally, where it all comes from, anyway? how much of pop culture is genuinely american? what belongs to the british? or the french? or whatever?

in the past, specific nations could claim certain artistic developments as their own... a cultural heritage of sorts... the french impressionists in painting, the british satirist, the american ex-patriot novelist of the '20's, the spanish poet, the russian playwright...

and while Most-High Contemporary Critics still esoterically point out national influences within a single field, the global phenomenon we mortals label as pop culture cannot be characterized as basically an american development, or primarily a french influence, or strictly a british contribution. in fact, pop culture might well be the first truly international artistic movement.

the possibility is intriguing... it lolls on the brain teasing the who, the what, the where, when and how of a coordinated, international pop culture... a multi-lingual, multi-medial, multi-disciplined artistic eruption.

Does it exist?

on a recent soiree through great britain and france for the griffin, i interviewed a number of very "with it" individuals... looking for qualifications that would signal the international perspective necessary... in a few words: a multi-talented authority, hip to a variety of media, in a variety of countries. a unique individual, to be sure...

george macbeth is well-known in england, particularly london. he's a highly acclaimed, sensitive poet; a literary critic; and a respected drama authority. after recently completing an extensive and well-received reading tour of american campuses which featured selections from his published works, macbeth returned to his office in london... officially, he's a cultural talks producer for bbc radio... a title considerably more stuffy than the man who sat in the bbc commissary booth before me... in 1970 london, the length of his hair was of equal public interest as, say, the color of his eyes or size of his shoes... in mid-america, it would have been important and it would have been long... imagine the moustache of a well-adjusted walrus... a darkly handsome edwardian suit... and, this afternoon, a white plastic rain slicker. there was tea with cream... and amid the lunchroom confusion, a very dapper english gentleman answering my first questioning leap into pop culture...

donovan: in america, everyone's fixin' and mixin' media...what about england?

macbeth: oh, yes...there's a lot of it going on...especially in the generation which is, very roughly, under thirty. i think more and more young artists are disinclined to consider themselves "dramatists" or "poets" or "painters". they very much like the idea that you get involved in something and don't bother too much about labels. there are a number of art laboratories opening here in london and in other cities, whose whole interest has been in inter-medial development...and it's happening particularly in the relationship music has to the other arts. rock music has been a front-runner in england, as far as the arts are concerned, for the last three years, and it's had a lot of fall-out effect.

donovan: yet, rock music seems the most "pop" aspect of the pop culture...certainly the most financially rewarding... what gave the muscians such influence over the more graphic media?

macbeth: the whole climate created by these groups is partly connected with the climate of the art schools during the late 50's and early 60's. a number of muscians in rock groups today have been educated in art schools... which had a great deal of influence over all the art of the 1960's.

donovan: while pop art, theatre, and literature have gained significant acceptance from older americans, pop or rock music is still followed almost exclusively by the "woodstock generation"...is this true in england as well?



macbeth: very much so...i think the situation is exactly the same...an educated segment of the older generation has made strenuous attempts to come to terms with it, to understand it. but, a much larger section of opinion has regarded it as expressing all they think is worst about the young..."iconoclasm!"... "they're lazy!"...and so on, so that the music tends to be treated for its sociological rather than its aesthetic significance. they react against this kind of music because it's played by people with long long hair and funny clothes. and in england... i don't know, maybe even more than america.... the clothes you wear tend to mark you off very sharply. there's been a very long tradition, up until 1964 or '65, of extreme conservatism in dress. at that time, there came a very sharp change... very sudden...but affecting only one generation, so that clothes, almost more than rock music, has become the great generation divider.

\* \* \*

"MAYBE EVEN MORE THAN AMERICA..."

the conversation at this point conjured up visions of

captain america,  
the chicago seven,  
and the Spiro of '76...

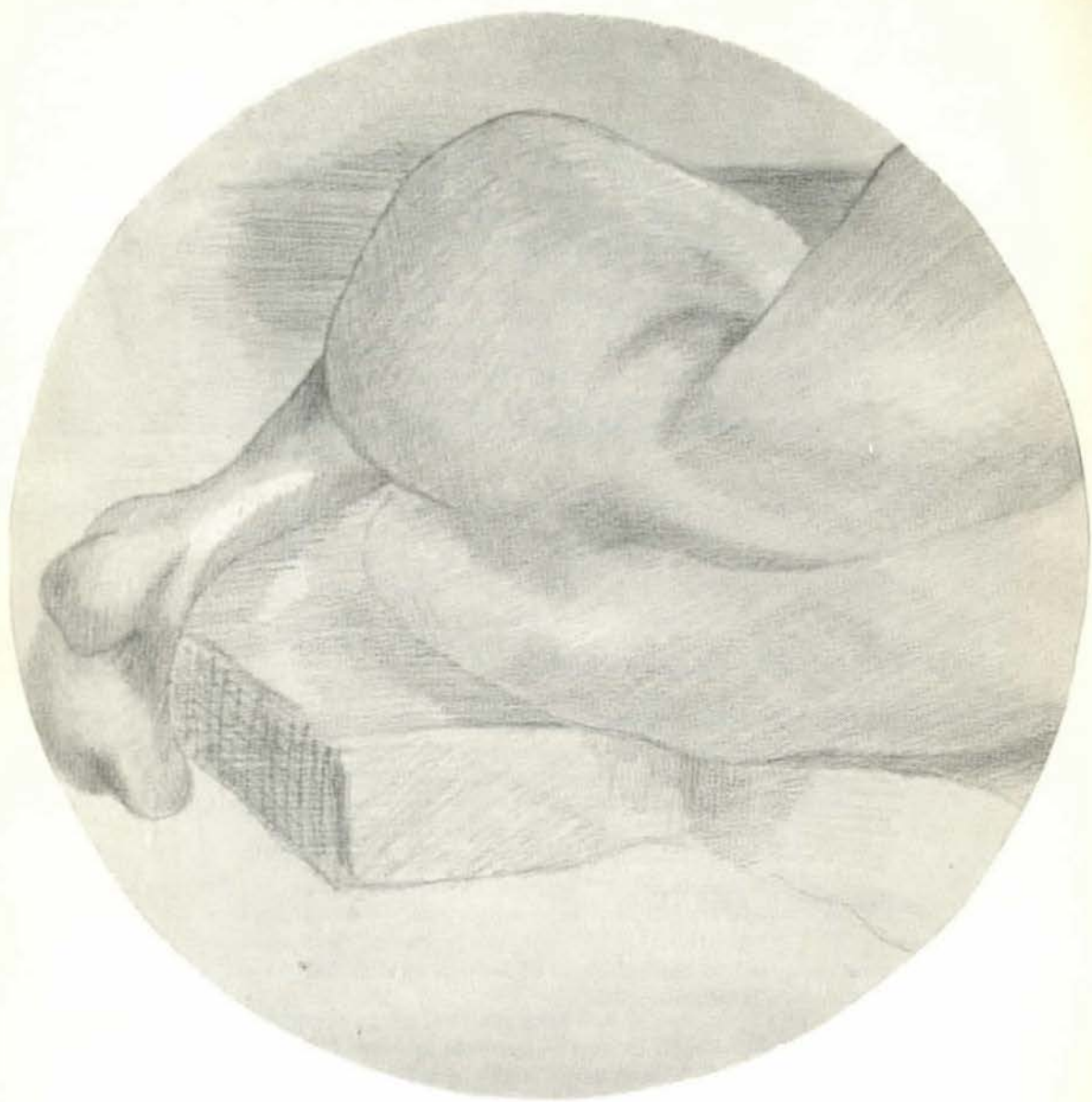
"EVEN MORE THAN AMERICA..."

but...london had seemed so refreshingly oblivious to one's style of dress or length of hair. was it possible that, beneath that cosmopolitan, stiff upper lip, there lurked in the middle-aged briton a layer social hate-fear that could surpass the one nursed by america's Silent Majority?

"MORE THAN AMERICA..."

no...oh, no...as they say in political circles: was america losing its hold on first place in yet another area?...first the olympic games, then missiles, then space, and now: was america teetering perilously close to an "Intolerance Gap"?

\* \* \*



donovan: in the theatre, how liberal is the london audience compared to an american audience?

macbeth: well, of course, one of the problems is the whole question of obscenity...what one can get away with. my impression is that it is currently a very liberal situation in the united states, particularly in new york, and you are able to do things which still would be risky, in terms of police prosecution, here in london. for a long time, we had the lord chamberlain...a censor...he's no longer here, but you may still be prosecuted by the police.

donovan: but what about nudity, obscene language, explicit sexual acts...do britons consider these as just additional signs of some kind of "moral decay", as many americans do?

macbeth: oh, undoubtedly...the older generation to some extent certainly does...and even more certainly, the older generation outside london does.

donovan: how do you account for this seemingly more liberal attitude in the united states?

macbeth: i don't know...quite frankly, it puzzles me. i'm not sure that it's actually nation-wide in the united states... there might be a sharp difference between new york and, say, certain cities in the south or the mid-west. my impression is that, in book publishing for example, you can get away with murder in new york...the various sex newspapers that have been coming very much astonished me this summer. undoubtedly you would not be able to sell this sort of thing up and down the streets of london. i'm sure there would be prosecution. but, i also wonder if you could sell a magazine like that in kansas city...or houston...or, or...

donovan: ...or st. charles?

macbeth: beg pardon?

donovan: it's not important...

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fortified for the moment with shared tea and sympathy, macbeth led the way to a waiting taxi in which we were to resume our conversation...the emphasis this time to be on a slightly higher literary plane. but our early mention of such ominous words as "prosecution"... "moral decay"...and "generation divider" had left both interviewer and guest in a temporarily thoughtful silence. was it possible, then, that pop culture could flourish only in some sort of suppressed society? it's only food, the outrage of the majority? was pop culture being lowered to the adolescent level of mere cultural misbehavior, the rebellious expression of odiously affluent anglo-american youth?

but, no...too many other people had confirmed the very real and very international scope of this hideously-titled "pop culture"...(london folksingers, young writers in cornwall, electronic media experts from plymouth, medical students fom odeon, a globe-trotting bachelor from flashy pigalle, and hundreds of others who'd left no identification within my memory)...all had identified with some sort of international communication, culture, or expression. the "woodstock generation" could, indeed, be found in the odeon section of paris...sort of "heads across the water". the door of the taxi slammed shut... directions were given...the conversation sputtered back to life...

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donovan : which contemporary writers from america have been most successful in england?

macbeth: well, with the older generation it would have been faulkner and hemingway...later on, salinger and saul bellow were very highly regarded...malamud, to some extent. as far as the poets are concerned, robert lowell would have been the first post-war figure to make a big impact. after him...well, with the younger generation, ginzburg, the beat poets, some of the black mountain poets, and so on...but something that distresses me is that only in the last five years has american literature been treated very seriously by a wide range of younger people. the older generation, on the whole, still doesn't read american literature very much...certainly, i think, not the poetry. the younger generation, the people in the universities, are very well disposed to it...much more of it is imported, much more published, much more read.

donovan : is there a black writing movement in great britain?

macbeth : virtually not, because we don't really have a big enough black population yet to sustain it the way i understand it is sustained in america.

donovan : some observers in america feel that with the coming of electronic pop culture comes the death of printed literature...is there a similar feeling of despair in english literature circles?

- macbeth : well, not really...i don't think so. it's very much more split up here. i think what people do lament about is the decline of the novel...the novel is in a very bad state. people say we haven't got any good new novelists...new novels don't sell. nobody's very interested...there isn't an exciting new development in the british novel...there hasn't been for years.
- donovan : ...and poetry?
- macbeth : well, as far as poetry is concerned, everyone talks about there being a boom, really for the past five to seven years...and there has been a small "boom", particularly through poetry readings, rather than books, and particularly in relation to the under-thirty generation. the literary arts exist very, very separately as far as the established people are concerned...they come to see themselves only in relation to the novel, or the drama, or the poetry. however, the younger people sort of turn right out of literature into the other arts...such as music, painting, and so on.
- donovan : if american pop culture can claim any one medium as its own, that medium would have to be film. has a comparable interest been experienced in england?
- macbeth : no, the commercial cinema is in very bad shape indeed... actually because of a decline in american investment. apart from the commercial cinema, we don't really have an underground cinema... we've had an amateur cinema for years, but we don't have a figure like, say, andy warhol. i think this is due to an unavailability of equipment... it may come, but it hasn't come yet.
- donovan : speaking of the commercial film, does england have a rating system... "G", "M", "X" or whatever?
- macbeth : yes, we do... an independent body set up by the film makers themselves.
- donovan : the films that are made in great britain, do they seem to be concentrating more and more on serious social issues... developing a penetrating sort of social conscience?
- macbeth : a bit less than in america, i think, because... (even though every country has social problems, god knows)... we haven't had anything corresponding to, for example, the race issue in america... or corresponding to the student issue. our main socio-political problems seem, to most people, to be economic, at least recently... ones which are less capable of treatment in cinematic or artistic terms in general. there hasn't been much drive, in fact, in the cinema... it's tended to go on producing the same good or bad films it did before. i suppose the cinema in england has never been the medium for protest or social change...

donovan : thinking of the international exchange of pop culture, would you say britons still base their concept of america largely on what they see in american films?

macbeth : much less.

donovan : ... no more cowboys and indians milling about the streets of downtown dallas?

macbeth : well, we get that more with television now, rather than the cinema. there are a tremendous number of old films constantly being shown over and over again on television. and i suppose for the older generation there might still be a bit of this... but for the younger generation america has begun to exist seriously. more americans have been here... not just tourists, but students. and at the same time, more britons have actually been to america. but most importantly, more and more people have come to realize that america exists in relation to painting, in relation to books, as well as in relation to the cruder sorts of hollywood films. the man in the street probably has a much more sophisticated view of america than, say, he would have thirty years ago.

donovan : there seems little doubt that american and british pop cultures are more thoroughly mixed than ever before... as briton, do you see this as good or bad?

macbeth : that's very difficult to say... in one way it is very much to the good, because mutual understanding is, obviously, always a good thing... and in so far as this meaning the two nations understand each other better, it is admirable. i think the danger, from the standpoint of the british writer or artist, is the recently american art in many fields has made colossal, sudden advances. i think, for example, that almost all american literature is 20th century literature... almost all american painting is post- 1945... so that american art today is tremendously and powerfully exciting. hence, the danger is of the british writer or artist being sort of submerged by it... becoming too fascinated by it, being too imitative of it. that, i think, is something to be guarded against.

donovan : do you think it is a permanent marriage... or, as middle- age approaches the beatles or andy warhol passes on to that big- soup- can- in- the- sky, this cultural union will fade?

macbeth : oh, i think it will fade... and when you mention the beatles, you mention a good counter- example. i think the beatles' influence on american rock music is comparable to, say, ginzberg's on poetry in england. it does work both ways... if you were an american rock group, i think there would be a danger of being over- influenced by a number of english groups, because this is a field in which we've been front- runners. but as far as over- all pop culture goes, given another fifty years, i think the whole thing will settle down.

donovan : what do you mean "settle down"... a return to two completely separate and distinct cultures?

macbeth : no... in mean, really, be together, but be together where there is neither too much fascination nor too much antagonism... where people may choose to read the american writers they think are good, and reject the ones they think are bad... not simply buy the whole packet or turn away the whole lot. that's the danger i see at the moment... somebody thinks that simply because it's american, it's good; just as in the past, because it was american, it was bad. i'd like to see some sort of balanced approach to the whole table full of goods... i think it will be a little while before that comes about.

... and there it ended, on what might be described as a somewhat "sour- dour- altogether- british" note... (or, "lemon- limey" if lengthy interviews leave you slightly giddy)... his white plastic raincoat crinkled and crackled as he extended his open right hand in a parting handshake... the firm and practiced tremor of his grip seemed to be the physical summary of the major observation made in our afternonn's discussion... his social blend of american strength and vitality, touching the individual, with the quiet grace and sincerity of british custom. i left george macbeth and all of europe with more than just the satisfied memory of foreign lands and people... more than geography, i felt introduced to a common cultural ground, which, only ten years ago, lay hidden and unexplored beneath a shrinking ocean.

for better or worse, then, the most definitive artistic force in today's world-- pop culture-- eludes the claim of any one country or people. as americans, we might boast of greater global influence now than ever before, but even in limited investigation, it becomes apparent that the roots of pop culture are buried as deeply in the midst of soho, the left bank, or the docks of liverpool, as they are in the studios of greenwich village. granted, all that has been gained culturally in recent international unity may eventually be lost in generational misunderstanding...like rock music, all pop culture may someday be symbolic only of socio-political battle lines, rather than universal aesthetics...high-priced catalysts in a cataclysmic world. or, maybe an artistic polarization by generation is the necessary storm before the calm...a cultural revolution that precedes a human evolution toward...well, toward something better.





## POEM IN MEMORY

Blue pale sky worn out by rain  
A thousand birds, black shuddering dots  
Silently fly, not singing

I find the times that I remember most  
Are music, warmth, a candle on the floor,  
And you, the long tall Sally of my life.

Clear light drizzles from the sun  
Wheeling birds fall up the breeze  
They do not care to sing.

We kept a room together for two years.  
The way your clothes would nestle next to mine,  
Troubles me still now that I dress alone.

Yellow light solidifies the sky  
Birds skitter in the heated air  
And nag their small complaints

We slept till noon on Sundays, then sped off,  
Exceeding the law to Lone Pine or Blythe,  
Racing the dappled shadows on the road.

Clouds molify the suns descent  
The trees receive their nightly guests  
Who do not dare to sing

I mind the rhymes and rhythms I have lost  
That moment a month when I may need your voice  
To tune me, and you are not there to sing.

*-David Dwiggins*

## MENELAUS TRIPTYCH

I

He never quite became used to the silence;  
but learnt to live alone  
feeling his affection grow  
to challenge her absence.

II

The first winter was the hardest.  
Of course we all suffered,  
but his wife slept with her lover every night  
less than a hundred yards away.  
Perhaps it was this that hardened him  
to the sight of his friends dying  
for the sake of his broken marriage.

III

And in the tenth year by the light of the flames  
we saw only the faintest questioning glance  
pass between them, before they began to talk  
as if she had never left Sparta.

*-Paul Merchant*

## MORNING SONG

If I am happier than you  
it is because my time lies  
heavy on this present not my hands  
and every ancient act is light  
and gentle

So may there be  
a day for you when a wish  
is gathered to a crest  
to fall upon a waiting shore

Morning is a walking woman  
taking silver from the rocks  
gold from a basket  
rubies from her hands.

*—Howard A. Barnett*

## SONNET

I miss tonight the worlds of you, though still  
You're mine, for thinking makes me hold you so;  
Yet till you're wholly mine, my love to fill  
A universe of wish for you cries low.  
I write that we, love, in some sense might feel  
The taste of touch, the sigh of night to dew;  
I have to write because it's hard to steal

From thoughts that solely know in dreams of you.  
Thus, love, I chart your perfect hemispheres,  
As here I stipple-kiss those fountains bare;  
And as I sound the well which makes my tears,  
I come to know that you are everywhere.  
My love, support my thoughts upon your breast:  
My then, my now, on you, my all in rest.

*—James Feely*

## CONTINUUM

Spring cleaning windex  
Clears off the present to  
Three years back when  
I ran the vacuum  
Sucking up imaginary dust  
In a house much too large for two.  
Mrs. Woolsey and I constantly  
Wiped at the pretense of routine clutter,  
Moving from room to room  
Arranging what we arranged the week before,  
Except for Mr. Woolsey's dirty lungs  
Which no amount of cleaning changed.  
She gave me a vest of remembrance,  
Hand-knit and forest green  
A bottle-smell of windex, a touch of dust cloths  
And \$5 a week.  
Mr. Woolsey's emphasema hangs on my body,  
A contagion caught in every stitch.  
I breathe better naked in the spring.

*-Margie File*

## MANHOOD

Mama was born  
into a mellow land of banjos and magnolia.  
The people wore patent leather faces, smiled  
watermelon smiles, ate chitterlings without complaint.

North crowded brothers and sisters  
into a canyon with window-scaled cliffs and a slab of sky,  
at the bottom  
    a gutter of pawn shops and pomade.  
Mama got tired and died.

Unwittingly she left a gaudy legacy:  
a string of beads that  
I found courage to wear  
I am  
I am  
I am  
Fingering the rosary of pride.

*-Nancy Fallingstaf*





*Cherie O'Brien*

## OF DEATH

Last years pin oak leaves hang like sleeping bats.  
Soggy, slushy, snow that slurps past my shoes.  
The stale fog that makes my wool coat smell damp.  
Dreary dripping, like a vault.  
Hanging like the last drop in the spicket.  
Distorting, forcing me to think of tomorrow or yesterday.  
Places one shouldn't visit or revisit.  
No use running;  
I sit and wait for her

*—Gary Robinson*

## DEMETER'S EXECUTION

by Debbie Shearer

-You're going to march single file from Arlington Cemetery past the White House enroute to the Capitol. Simply follow the people before you and try to stay as close as...Are there any questions?

Rapid candles in a procession burn their time and fall away, small wax shadows. She lit the candle of the first heaven while the remaining children took the other five, then settled down.

"It is a hollow day"

Walking slower now they shout their names at the light flooded lawn where building and soldiers fuse in a white explosion.

-Bob Dolen, Washington.

Names encounter no claim for ownership. Pat, her, Joe, Maureen, John and Eileen: three boys and three girls added together equalled nothing except six ghosts. That wind emerges from the Washington blackness to propel the hail and cold into the hills and private voids. Three hundred thousand whispers follow the force upward to the Capitol summit. Machine guns perceive no roar in the descent only wave after wave of decided whispers. Not echoing against the rain-sopped asphalt, their footsteps leave with the coffin titles.

-Your family will have the first pew, sir.

Count them all. The two eldest away at college, the next left home to go to prep school, and three little ones for grade school and family living.

-after the service, he continued, you will follow the casket out of the church to the cemetery. There your wife's remains....

"and i feel dead inside"

The candles around the box burned durably. And six years of conflict

-All literature, spoke one English teacher, is based on three elementary plot patterns: man vs man, man vs nature, and man vs himself.

ended in a nicely wrapped package with no surprise ending only red-turned clear time and the space escape. Setting the table, she listened to her father that long beginning ago.

-She'll have her gall bladder removed. The doctor's think that is what causes all her problems. Your mother will need about three months to recover. I would appreciate it if you would help her in the way you have been. And if she isn't well then, there is something much more serious, possibly even fatal, involved.

That in October of her eighth grade year. In March she had to go back again.

-Why won't she sleep more? I try to help but she won't let me. Every time I start something she tries to finish it.

In March and September and nearly every four months after that she was back again.

-Dad, I can't watch the kids and her too.

Yea, right, she thought bitterly, no more hospitals, no more work. Pat could do anything he wanted but she couldn't.

-No matter how hard the President may try he can't change the words to read 'of the people, for the people, by the people---with law and order for all.'

She was a child then.

The last summer together the family motored to Colorado.

-Let's find a motel with a swimming pool.

-That one has a bowling alley too.

Every night she and Pat could go where they wanted because he shared her necessity to escape. So she picked up pieces of pine wind and carried them back to the motel with the seventeen cents in her pocket, three books in her hand. Because she didn't look for souvenirs and postcards on the way, they wouldn't let her go out alone. Pat left the family after a week to go visit a friend in California.

-I live vicariously through my brother, she explained to a friend at the University. We let each other be. For very important matters we will run interference for each other. We are a bloc and the parents know that.

-Well, hello, I'm in downtown Washington. See you in an hour.

Pat comes four hundred miles, hitch hiking through a snowstorm, to be with her. The parents think they are both at school, safe and protected.

"and i can't paint without trying"

The Viet Nam soldiers are dead. They can't rise on the third day with sounding brass and solid footsteps; they are pictures in the newspapers. The broken minds are blown away with the wind as six children populated one home. Intense packed on color. Time is red, red. It is an electric cattle prod; and gas in the face induces crying, what faith?

-Don't worry, we'll all help

-Of course I believe in a God....Retreats are emotional experiences.....

Organized religion doesn't communicate with me.....The feelings haven't died but the trappings are gone.

-Pat and I were in Washington last weekend. No, nothing happened.

One million people become one hundred thousand in the annals of American history. There the peace march erupts into violence. The priest saying Mass in the Pentagon is arrested for using 'unintelligible' words.

-If you felt you had to do it, we're glad that you did.

That sweet tone of dedication and buried displeasure she expected. One letter home expressed the hope for communication and peace and trust. One indignant response and

-I can't be a carbon copy of you. I apologize for that.

-She apologized for everything, except the second letter.

"and i can't read and i can't think coherently"

-Mentally, he said as one equal to another, you are too free for the situation you are in.

Bending colors blend into the space but infinity is black while she is white. That he didn't have a long, technical term for it or a prescription to cure it closed the lid.

"and i threw myself into a lot of things"

Dear god who doesn't exist make me high my first trip and begotten puffs weave a shell around the magic, protecting it from the cold as she put on the pajamas with the feet for her thirty day ready made exodus. That second letter was as much an act of love as her father's pleas for a little help and her mother's chastisements. She had had ten yearbook lines, and even then some



was left out, lack of space. She watches the miles from the bus, jumping twenty hours. And the policeman makes sure the street is empty before he opens his coat to share a peace button. Yet she was still cold.

"but the wandering urge still didn't leave me alone"

-You see, sir, it's all one story. Hamlet was structured after the Greek plays such as Antigone. In his later tragedies Shakespeare merely reduced the concept to center around one tragic figure instead of two. It was much easier for him, that way.

The film producer leaned forward in his chair to declare that everyone has at least one movie they have to make in their lifetime. He had waited a long time, she knew, to say those words. And even then it couldn't be to his colleagues, the proclamation of the zero coming became manifest to a group of college students.

-I want peace just as much as the people who came to the March.

-Prove it, Mr. President. I call your bluff.

"so i wrote gospels in my mind where i could speak"

-They chose the omega for the resistance sign because one is physically killed if she doesn't resist while much of the built-in social mentality dies if she does.

"and where i couldn't speak through the gospels i drew parables of my feelings"

-It is terminal.

-No, it will be all right. I'll help you whenever I'm home. And next year won't be that hard. With me finally safe in college, there will only be three children left at home.

"and i died a little bit faster as the minutes passed"

-Maybe five, ten years more. One never knows.

The next year the trips home were much more frequent than she had originally planned. For some strange reason her mother became ill right after she returned home. Every time.

-I'm sorry, darling. I was feeling so well until yesterday. I really wanted to be on my feet and have everything clean for your homecoming.

-School is fine but I miss this house. You lie down and I'll take care of the kids. You've been working too hard.

"and i wrote more furiously"

And the undercurrent submerged her identity to the cushions lining the jar. The box past the coffins fills slowly as one more, half burnt, is dropped within the waxen, rippled stacks. They make their way wearily back.

"and through my writing i prayed to his Supreme hugeness to deliver me from my freedom"

-How could I possibly tell her that? For truth's sake? She would think she had failed. After a long difficult time for her, reason would prevail and she would be forced to accept it because I would have reawakened some doubt that she has tried to suppress for a long time. You do understand but you just can't know. Watch a person die for six years. See how the small things are readily contested yet large battles only destroy.

The name falls into place; she burns the candle to her fingers.

"and i amended it by tacking my existence to the wall"





## GWEAL

by Hila Jahsmann

Gweal was beginning to get very tired of the Aeneid, Book Twelve. At first he had enjoyed a sort of spiritual power over the youthful vigor of the boy lamed by the effort of rendering the Latin verse. But in time, even that became stale. He shifted in his seat, and yawned. Thorburn's voice droned on, losing in the struggle all sense of pitch and intonation, unheard by Gweal.

Gweal was writing. Writing furiously, impelled by a strange energy. Writing the greatest thing he had written in his life.

I am a rebel. Not joining one of their cliques, that's my rebellion. Sometimes I don't shave for days. But no beard. No hippie. They're conventional. Stereotyped. Just a few days' growth. Neither bourgeois nor hippie. Myself. A rebel. They must see.

They don't see. Create a reaction. 'Please forgive my untidy appearance.' Then surrender to an excuse. 'I've been rather busy lately.'

The answer, smiling---'Oh, that's alright, we understand.' Or false shock. 'Really, Mr. Gweal, you should be thrown out.' Phony shock or smiles disguising shock, denying reaction, denying my protest.

And I'm not one of your sporty, open-necked types proving his summeriness and his reaction against bourgeois stuffiness. I wear an untidy sports-jacket, a white shirt and trousers baggy in a nondescript way. They tell me I'm something of a character. Neatly labelled eccentric. Let them think it.

When I gave up being really typed it wasn't a strike or a gesture. Nothing like that. They didn't comment. They accommodated themselves to the new me. Now I was puritan and a wet blanket and afraid of the hurting and the vomiting and the guilt, and now I acknowledged the rude protest of the drunks near Carfax in Oxford and registered my disapproval in a high-minded gesture. But it wasn't that.

I write poems. I am a Georgian poet. My lyricism belies....No. They're not fools. What suffering, what despair, what inclination to protest I suppress.... But no. I had a heart for protest. But protest dies in the effort of formulation. And my Lord, imagine a room full of people protesting, stamping their feet and shouting! I'll use that for a scene in my play.

What I suppress....But they see it, they know.

'That's a fabulous image, Gweal. That's really super. You know, I like your poems. But there's always this uneasiness.'

They know. My calm is a lie.

A Georgian poet. But not labelled. 'Always this uneasiness.' Neither bourgeois nor hippie. Versatile. Sometimes I go to the other extreme. Devastatingly modern poems, taking their inception to perfection, almost to breaking-point.

'The editor thanks you for letting him see the enclosed contribution, but regrets that he is unable....'

That proves it. The truth always hurts. They talk of experiments, but they won't go too far. Bound by cliques and loyalties. It proves I'm right, right and great, martyred to bourgeois vested interests.

'For all we like to think of ourselves as Students, I think in the end we're all pretty bourgeois.'

The hasty, careless protest--'I'm not.'

'No, Gweal, I don't think you are.'

'Oh, come off it, Morton. Gweal's as bourgeois as the rest of us.'

'I'm not--I'm not!'

'All pretty bourgeois.'

Camp. Camp. Delightfully camp. They play with love and pleasure. They never understood about my little friend John. He wasn't so pretty. Of course, I could always borrow bits from the imagination, and shape an ideal face. But it wasn't that. Just an illicit passion. But you can't admit it. Can't surrender. That's like being brainwashed.

Just an illicit, impossible passion. Only this way it's better. He's a boy and it's illegal, and you've been brought up morally and in any case you don't want that because, after all, you are at best endowed with healthy desires and at worst you're a cabbage whose strongest impulse is to sneeze when you look at the sun, but you can't pretend you've got feelings.

You can go on wanting and wanting and you don't have to do anything because you don't want to and can't, and so your wanting is never put to the test. The Beast, now he's got the edge on them all. He can go on desiring Beauty because there's no hope of requitement. But they can bring their wanting to a settlement and they have to, they have to abandon their wanting and settle for second best. But he's got his uniqueness. They envy his wanting.

So it's still a protest. The protest of not protesting. My protest was sacred and it was in their not knowing. I hold myself....intact.

Possibilities. There are all sorts of possibilities latent in me. Can't commit myself. They accuse me of having no ambition.

'Have you thought of teaching at all? Security, good hours and pay, respectability. Why don't you have a go?'

No protest now. No concession. Silence.

In two years they'll be this and another five that, then forty, then dead. I go on. They go their way and shrivel.

'All pretty bourgeois.'

I go on, always and never about to take shape. Defying all labels. A rebel. I'm protesting still! The protest of not protesting. I've given up writing poems. No more rejection slips. I shave everyday now. They see me not shaving. I smoke a pipe now instead of cigarettes. They think this typifies me, but of course, that's not true.

I have no shape, no label. Freedom. Formless. My protest pleased them. Protests and images are part of the system. Keep you happy and out of mischief. My not-protesting, that's what bothers them. My silence.

'Sir!' said Thorburn's voice, loud, clear, almost insolent.

Intact. Shape in, shape out. Kaleidoscopic, defying definition. Because, you see, I haven't settled down yet.

'Sir!' said the voice, querying, sympathetic.

Gweal's eyes opened with a start. They were looking downwards and saw a book. Then the eyes lifted themselves and travelled around the room. They saw grins slinking quickly away from the mouths of the faces in the room.

'Dyso....' began Gweal. He stopped short, firmly and sharply, almost as if he had perfect control of the word, of its starting and stopping. 'Thorburn,' he corrected.

'Is something the matter, sir?' asked Thorburn's sympathetic voice.

'Nothing, it's alright. I just got a bit carried away. Continue.'

As his eyes had scanned the room, his mind's eye looked for some sharp focus point of truth, something to be angry about.

This was his class. His class! He was their teacher! He called to mind a voice from the past, a voice saying 'To teach is to create.' He asked himself what the devil it was he was creating.

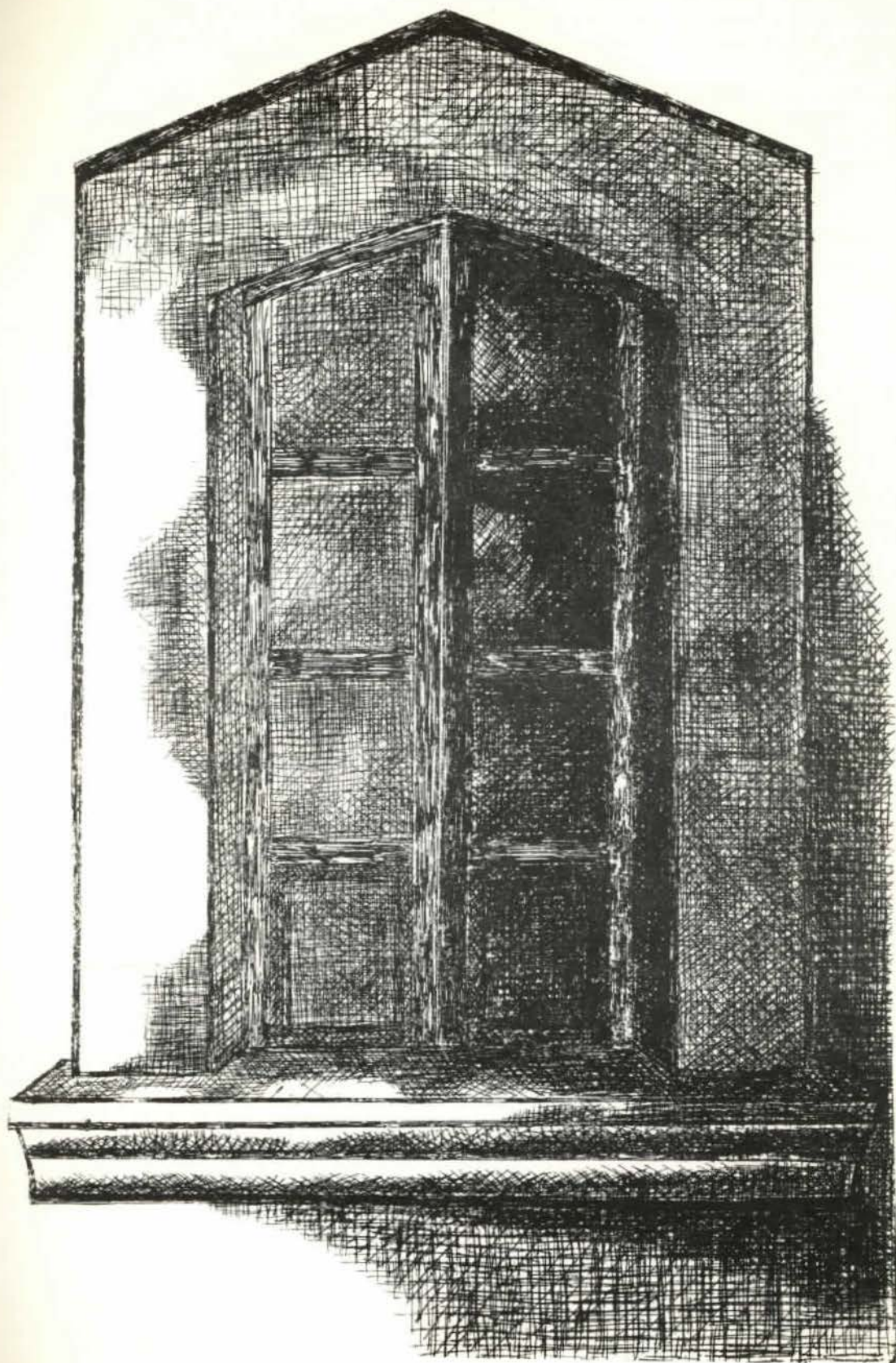
He thought of Thorburn again. He could swear he had seen John's face there for a moment, and that this had caused him to cry out, only the teacher in him had made him think in terms of surnames. It was John he had seen.

He had seen something else. It showed in the voice and the face of the boy. The boy was becoming a man. He was going to go through college and get a job in market research and have a wife and two kids and go for picnics in the clean parts of the country in a powder-blue car.....

Gweal perceived these things. But he perceived them indifferently, as facts giving no cause for astonishment.

He sat blinking slightly, like a man who has been sent a bit of truth as a birthday present by an anonymous stranger and isn't really surprised, but feels that he ought to be surprised if not even resentful in case the stranger is watching, and tries but can't.

He felt really rather uncomfortable. His buttocks and his belly felt bunched up and pinched, and his backside was glued to the chair.



## THEREFORE I AM

Once I lay on my back on the sand and let  
Midnight melt over me.  
My arms outstretched, the cool grains ran through my fingers.  
Here, over the diamond beach,  
The summer-memories hung like the wet mists of morning.  
Here, the old wharves, smelling of fish and water and men,  
Crawled out into blueness,  
And the sun-colored boats, the dinghies,  
Clung to the rotting wood.  
But in the blackness of that midnight  
The bright day-scenes passed in glints through my mind  
And soon were muted into nothingness.  
I could not see the white house standing against the Cape winds  
I could not hear the roughly pleasant sounds of  
Fishermen, storekeepers, ministers, mothers  
My thoughts floated in a void that neither  
The ocean, nor the beach, nor my presence could fill,  
And a thousand centuries of people marched before me,  
Their footsteps marked by the oceans cadence.

*-Linda Wyrock*





*Gene Koch*

### INSIDE BERGSON'S CONE

The earth aches  
as this dusk comes  
and in descending twilight  
the skies unfold in swirling winds:  
Somewhere rises the smoke of battle  
cannon clouds at Waterloo.  
And Birnam Wood walks  
while castles tremble  
watching kings ride away  
on dearly bought horses.  
The pilgrim's candle wanes  
as a chariot of fire  
falls into the evening sky  
And the sphinx watches all  
with eyes gone out.  
The time is right  
and the forsaken cry of the sun  
mingles with spirals of dust.

*—Quentin Hughes*

Men toured the moon at Christmas:  
no center stage or choir  
just sands of a curved  
and meteor- damaged plain.

Bath- robed kings and light-  
bulb versions of a star  
in childhood plays  
seemed stranger than before.

Space walk now  
to an astronaut's prayer  
and keep some metaphors  
intact . . .

white suit and thoughts of us  
where no one has dominion:  
priest of an alter hurled to space  
immaculate in his conception.

Curved plains and winter silence- -  
with the center gone  
the moon's no nearer heaven  
than the earth.

*-Howard A. Barnett*

## WEST VIRGINIA PHILOSOPHER

Food fumbler, you, hassled by  
Kids, poets, and dancing bears.  
Never on time, purse ajar, books askew,  
Your examples are all yourself.  
You wander through wild words  
Eyes ablaze, while the world's minions sleep.  
Coffee stained, nicotine scarred, with  
The dust of your days swirling behind.  
You trudge on tootling your world worship.  
Wise worrier, you, who  
Unfurls the banner, wacks the drum,  
Foray through your wild woods;  
We, your followers, march behind.

*- C. B. Carlson*

## SCAVENGER TIDE

Like the scavenger tide  
I'm back again  
rolling along with the moon  
foaming head on with  
scoured beaches  
towering rock  
and drifting steamers  
that scratch my back  
like day and night.  
Once more  
if I can't make it  
fake it  
or take it in stride  
I'll ease back down  
turn around  
roll in again  
against the wind  
with nothing to lose  
but time.

*-Tom Greer*

*All artists and writers, whose works have appeared on the previous pages, are students at the Lindenwood Colleges, with the exception of:*

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James Feely, Chairman, English Department  
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