

GRIFFIN '75



GRIFFIN

The Magazine of the Lindenwood Colleges

Cover: yin-yang by Laura Bland



Cutting wood I smell smoke
and feel a bond with the fire builder.
I wonder was the fuel of Joan's pyre
as fragrant as the censer.

Arthur Larner

PORTRAITS OF ESBY - III

Esby, westward in the stark
vacant blueness of the night,
carves his way alone.
Along with halos in his sight,
a winter of his own
keeps him sculptured in the dark;
there is no willing love
for brittle nights, no warm
closure and space
is vast -- only wish is form,
and dream a final place;
there is no willing love.

Howard Barnett

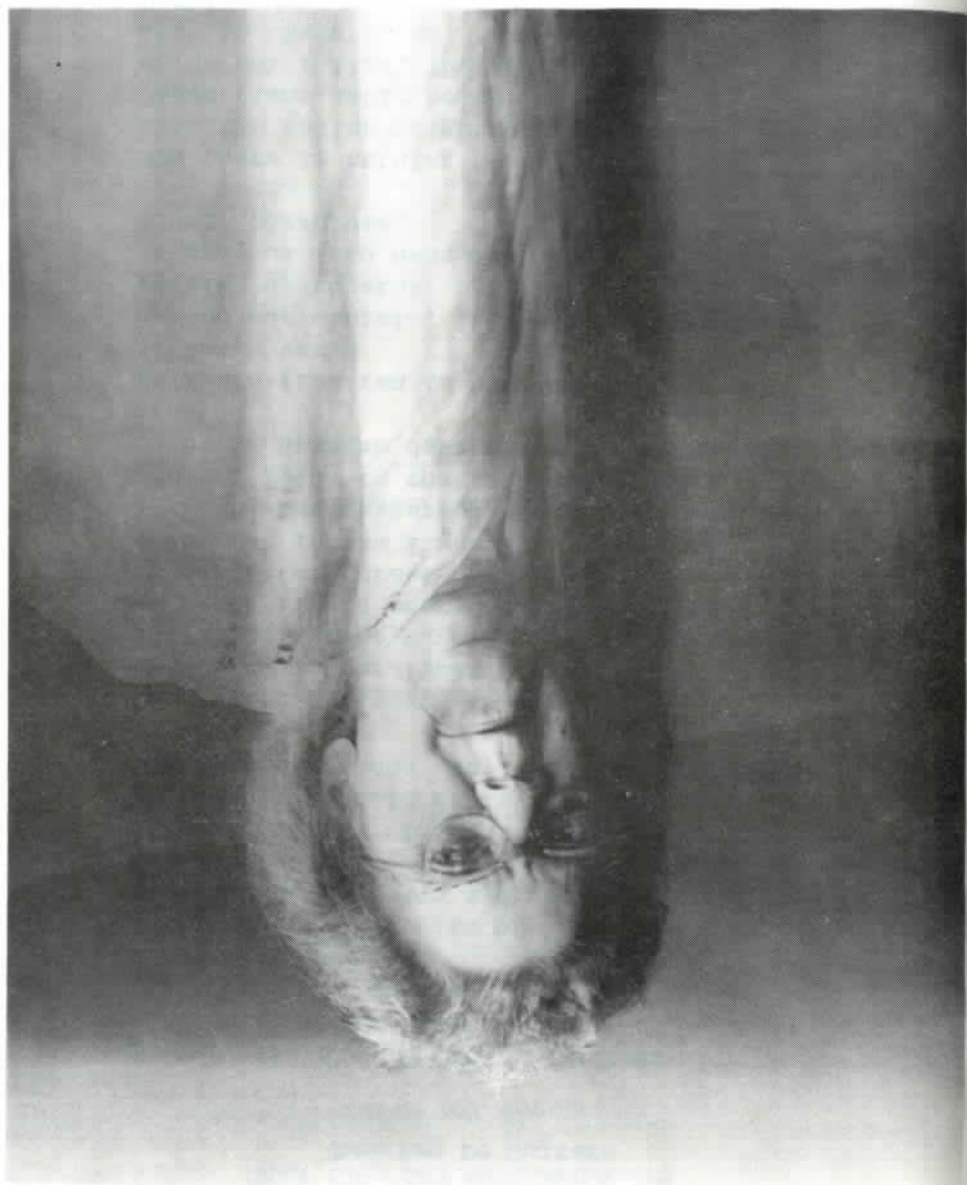
DEEP COOL WELL WATER

Photography by Jim Hedges









Dancing to Guitars

Summer, and the strings of guitars
go flat in their cases.
The living gut relaxes in its case,
and we eat little,
Surrounded by the buzz of flies and fans
our thoughts thicken and ooze. We sit,
eyes sore with rubbing away the sweat,
staring out the window at passersby,
and wonder, should we try to sleep
the flat afternoon away? Nothing solidifies.

Once there was power in summer--
unlocking in our limbs
to swim, to make waves,
to reach floats moored far out--
to scale tall trees--
a current in the fingers
to bring the guitars up to pitch
and set flies to rout with the buzz
of brisk Spanish dances.

Delicate fire ran in our limbs.
It was a verve
beyond our winters, it lay between us,
sucking us together.
It drew us into dances antique
beyond ourselves.

Now there is nothing more antique
than the sullen weight of our limbs.
Pedestrians amble below our eyes,
we do not follow. The guitars
stay in their cases.
Nothing dances.

Charles Hartman

PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND

poems for Haiti

by Chezia B. Thompson

Creole & French translations

with the assistance of

Lesly Pierre - Paul

1. Urgent Communication
2. Votre Bouche est Sucrée
3. The Dance
4. Creole Love Song

pour Menucie Alcide & Gertha Simon

Tu as vingt-deux ans
et tes songes de
gaieté frivole,
tes succès grandioses
sont déjà morts.
Le cycle qui t'avais particulièrement
choisi sera
brisé seulement
par le mariage,
la naissance, et
le mort maintenant.
Je pleure, non pas pour toi
mais pour la personne
que tu aurais pu être.

Tout ceci est évident,
puisque tu fais tout pour moi,
l'avortement et les aspirations
de ton esprit
ont été complets.
Je crie, non pas pour toi
mais pour la personne
que tu devrais être:
une brillantemais une cuisinière sans diplôme
la plus méticuleuse des ménagères
sous la surveillance;
Une extraordinaire blanchisseuse devetements

Urgent Communication
for Menucie Alcide and Gertha Simon

You are twenty-two
and already your dreams
of frivolous gaiety
and monumental achievements
are dead.
The cycle that has specifically
chosen you
will be broken only
by marriage,
by birth, and
by death now.
I weep, not for you
but for the person
you could have been

It is all too evident,
as you wait on me hand and foot,
the abortion of your mind
and aspirations
has been complete.
I cry, not for you
but for the person
you will have to be:
a brilliant but uncredited cook
the most meticulous of housekeepers
under pressure;
an extraordinary cleaner of clothes

qui ne t'appartiennent pas; Oui,
même une connaisseuse
des manières à table.
Tu développeras toutes les grâces
d'une grande dame
dans ce pays
sentant légèrement de parfum français
seulement pour qu'on te dise
que tu dois manger dans la petite
chambre comme une servante.

Mais nous avons fait
connaissance et avons partagé le
secret de la vie

Dans ce desert
J'ai vingt-deux ans et je vogue,
la fille d'Oshun.
Tu as vingt-deux
et tu es tempérée sous
la protectrice Erzulie.
Nous avons partagé le message

pour être étendu.
Les mystères herbiers de Mandingoes:
La compréhension du rite de Bouckman.
Aujourd'hui,
Toi et moi, Nous
serons dangereuses dans cette guerre froide
Oui,
Nous sommes dangereuses dans cette guerre
sanglante,

that do not belong to you; Yes,
even a connoisseur
of table etiquette.
You will develop all the graces
of "a lady"
in this country
vaguely smelling of French perfume
only to be told
you are a Maid and must eat
in your own lil room.

But we have met
and shared the secret of life

in this wilderness.
I am twenty-two and raging,
the daughter of Oshun.
You are twenty-two
and tempered under
the protectress Erzulie
We have shared the message
to be spread.

Mandingoe's herbal mysteries:
Bouckman's understanding of ritual.
Today,
You and I, We
will be dangerous in this cold war.
Yes,
We are dangerous in this cold war,

Nous avons partagé le message
pour être étendu
Peu importe que le procédé soit pénible,
Combat l'Indifférence
que les écoles répandront;
Recrée les Mensonges illustrés
que le gouvernement dira;
Tue la Rhétorique empoisonnée
que l'église avertira

jusqu'à ce que chacun
CRIE
contre le Mensonge
et abandonne le chemin avant
que l'esprit de vie
que tu portes ne le fasses:
Non pas une chose, mais
un homme ou
une femme.
Le Mot se déplace
par l'action. . .

VOTRE BOUCHE EST SUCRÉE

French translation by
Madame Anna Marie Prophete

Je suis une araignee
qui tisserait des pensees magiques
et de nouveaux mysteres pour vous tourner
la tete
fils de Zula transplante.

We have shared the message
to be spread no matter
how painful the process
Fight the Indifference
the schools will spread;
Recreate the pictorial Lies
the government will tell;
Kill the poisonous Rhetoric
the church will admonish.

Until, each in turn
SCREAMS
against the Lie
and gives way before
the life force
that you carry:
Not a thing, but
a man or
a woman.
The Word moves on
in action. . .

VOTRE BOUCHE EST SUCRÉE

French translation by
Madame Anna Marie Prophete

I am a spider
who would weave magic thoughts
and new mysteries to turn
your head
transplanted Zulu son.

Tout arrive dans les tropiques :
Il est si facile de suivre le chemin
serpenteant et hypnotique de la nature,
Colomb le savait et l'a convoité
Pour lui et les siens
a tue chaque indien indigène
qu'il a pu trouver dans chaque île
ou il a atterri !
Mais personne ne l'a accusé du massacre
Le soleil s'est levé et a pleuré, mais
La lune s'est assise pour compléter
La lune souvent reste immobile et stupefaite
Comme elle le fait ce soir car
Votre bouche est sucrée . . .
Je deviens un prodige
Pousse des ailes et
vole vers la Citadelle
ou le sang de milliers
poussent des cris dans les murs martyrisés
Je deviens un prodige
mes cheveux poussent
et des tours les plus hauts
vous dis de grimper et de me rejoindre dans ma révolte.
Nous sommes comme les bombes explosives
des fusées construites par les hommes
toute communication interrompue
à travers la face de l'espace
Nous sommes comme des gouttes de pluie
pures comme au premier jour et
aussi fertiles qu'un nouveau né et
Votre bouche est sucrée . . .
Nous avons tant d'ouvrage à faire :
reorganiser notre monde
ne sera pas une tâche facile.

Everything becomes in the tropics:

It is so easy to follow nature's
winding hypnotic path.

Columbus knew it and coveting it
for himself and his kind,
killed every indigenous indian
he could find on every island
he landed on!

But nobody named the slaughter after him.

The Sun got up and cried, but

The Moon sat down and plotted.

The Moon often stands still in amazement
as she does tonight for

Votre bouche est sucrée . . .

I become a wonder

Sprout wings and
fly to the Citadel

where the blood of thousands
cries out from the martyred walls

I become a wonder

grow hair

and from the topmost towers

call to you to climb up

and join me in my revolt.

We are like the plosive backfiring
of man-made jets

HAMSTRING

across the face of space.

We are like rainseed

pure as the first day

as fertile as a newborn child and

Votre bouche est sucrée . . .

We have so much work to do:

re-organizing our worlds

shall be no easy task.

Nos choix sont limites.
Pour aider et encourager l'ennemi, ou
travailler pour liberer notre peuple.
Non pas ou, non pas non plus
Mais jamais les deux
Vous voudriez que je vienne demain
Vous demandez:
Je voudrais que vous veniez
chaque lendemain, chaque jour
chaque heure, chaque moment et chaque seconde
Infiniment renouvelant votre energie
dans son propre cycle de vie
Infiniment recreant le meilleur
De l'ancien monde avec le nouveau
mais je ne peux pas repondre
parce que le melon, fruit sucre
que j'attrappe
ne me relache pas.
Votre bouche est sucree . . .

LA DANSE

pour Lesly Pierre-Paul

J'ai vu un garçon
CHANGÉ
devant mes yeux
transformé en homme
par une danse
tumultueuse et innée
Comme nous nous sommes
touchés l'homme devint
un esprit
complètement fait,

Our choices are limited:
to aid and abet the enemy, or
work to free our people.
Either Or or Neither Nor
But never both,
"You want I should come tomorrow?"
you ask.
I want that you should come
every tomorrow, everyday,
every hour, moment, and second;
Infinitely renewing your energy
in its own life cycle
Infinitely recreating the best
of the old world with the new.
But I cannot answer
because the melon sweet fruit
I grasp
has not released me and
Your mouth is sweet . . .

THE DANCE

for Lesly Pierre-Paul

I saw a boy
METAMORPHIZE
before my eyes
transformed into a man
by a dance
tumultuous and innate.
The man became
a spirit
fully grown
as we touched,

Balancant dans les cercles sans fin:
un tourbillon tirant quelque chose
de moi.

J'ai peur de savoir quoi.

J'ai peur de savoir quoi.

Aye ya yaye, Café au Lait!

Aye ya yaye, Café au Lait!

Je ferme mes yeux

et la barrière se balance largement.

Allant à grands pas vers la lune

la musique résonne.

Le rythme a été savouré

et le cosmos achève sa course

comme moi.

Un couris et la chanson d'une chèvre
est ce qui me tourmente maintenant.

De lourdes portes d'air compact

barrent ma vue.

Les fantômes de Mars trouvent mes
rythmes douloureux:

"Tout ceci est sauvage et étrange!

Je ne pourrais jamais faire quelque
chose de pareil.

Oui, Les Negres ont L'instinct pour
le rythme: mais tout le monde devrait
être capable de faire quelque chose!"

La guitare pleure et

les tambours attrapent les larmes

les ravant

Les portes disparaissent

et je suis sur le point de voir le Soleil

Je le regarde fixement

Touche son front de ma main

Mélange son gaz avec mon sang

Comme nous marchons vers la terre où les
hommes ont peur d'aller.

swaying in endless circles:
a whirlwind calling something
out of me
I am afraid to know what.
I am afraid to know what.
Aye, Yi-Yi, Cafe au Lait!
Aye, Yi-Yi, Cafe au Lait!
I close my eyes
and the gate swings wide.
Striding toward the moon
the music re-echoes.
The rhythm has been internalized
and the cosmos completes its course
as I complete mine.
One cowry and the Song of a Goat
is what drives me now.
Massive doors of compact air
block my vision.
The phantoms of Mars find my
rhythms distressing:
"How pagan and quaint all of this is!
I could never do anything like that!
Yes, Neegroows have much instinct for
rhythm: but everybody should be able
to do something!"
The guitar weeps and
the drums catch the tears
turning them into life.
The doors disappear
and I am on my way to see the Sun
Look him dead in his eye
Touch his brow with my hand
Mix his gas with my blood
As we walk no man's land.

Aye, Ya yaye, Café au Lait
Aye, Ya yaye, Café au Lait
JE SUIS DEVENU UNE PERSONNE
QUATRE DANS LA COURSE DU TEMPS
LA NOTE DE MUSIQUE 'DO' DANS LA MELODIE DE
LA VIE

"Ankin moun pa ka pab di moin que sucre
rouge se pas bagaye ki pi douce sous te ya."
Je vais à la maison, Je vais à la maison.
Et je prendrai avec moi la partie du Soleil

que j'ai touchée
comme un cadeau pour toi.
Le rythme a été savoureux
et le cosmos achève sa course
comme moi.
Je suis à la maison, Je suis à la maison.
"Ankin moun pa ka pab di moin que sucre
rouge se pas bagaye ki pi douce sous te ya.
Lordy Honey,
Je n'ai pas l'habitude d'agir en comique
mais cela fait tant de bien que je dois
dire Sucre Rogue doit être le sucre le
plus sucré au monde."
Et comme homme/enfant/esprit se
balance avant moi
lève sa tête
et rugit
comme un cheval noir
dans la chaleur
Je prends courage,
Les dieux du passé
ne sont pas morts
Et nous Vraicrons!

Aye, Yi-Yi, Cafe au Lait
Aye, Yi-Yi, Cafe au Lait
I HAVE BECOME A BEING
BEAT FOUR IN THE COURSE OF TIME
NOTE C IN THE MELODY OF LIFE
"Cain't nobody tell me Brown Sugar
ain't the sweetest sugar in the worl'."
I'm going home, I'm going home.
And I shall take the part of the Sun

I have touched with me
as a gift for you.
The rhythm has been internalized
and the cosmos completes its course
as I complete mine.
I am home, I am home.
"Cain't nobody tell me Brown Sugar
ain't the sweetest sugar in the worl'."
Lordy Honey,
acting a fool ain't my thang but
it feels so good I just got to say
Brown Sugar has got to be the
sweetest sugar in the worl'."
And as this man/child/spirit
sways before me
lifts his head
and roars
like a Black stallion
in heat
I take heart
the gods of the past
are not dead
And we shall Overcome!

Chanson d'amour Creole

Très bien merci
Pierre Andre Mizac
Arthur Francois &
Rudolphe Prudent
for your assistance with
the French & Creole
translations

parfois
Quand le diamant
dans votre oeil
attrappe le soleil
et courtoise ainsi
le feu, cela fait brûler
l'amour à l'intérieur

je suis endièremment brûlé
dans ce coucher de soleil
c'est l'été
et la maturité de la
brise
est infectueuse
Nous rions toi, moi
et les fleurs poussent
embaumées et chaudes
de vie

la terre est comme nous
noire et douce
La meringue est une
sauvagette dans mon souffle

CREOLE LOVE SONG

thank you
Pierre Andre Muzac
Arthur Francois &
Rudolphe Prudent
for your assistance with
the French & Creole
translations

there are times
when the diamond
in your eye
catches the sun
and so sparks
the fire within
that allows love to burn

I am all aglow
in this sunset
it is summer
and the ripeness
of the air
is infectious
we smile you and I
and the flowers bloom
fragrant and warm
with life

the earth is like us
black and sweet
the meringue is a
wildness in my breathing

Tu es un grand homme
brun
je suis la plume
à tourner
à glisser
à balayer
à travers le rythme
la terre nous invite
et nous répondons
avec la musique
de nos mains

je ne suis pas fatiguée chéri
je transpire seulement
je ne suis pas fatiguée chéri
je transpire seulement
tu peux essayer chéri
mais tu ne peux pas m'arrêter
encore

dis je suis fatigué
de la mauvaise façon dont
tu me traites
dis je suis fatigué
de la mauvaise façon dont
tu me traites
mon nouvel homme
vient dans la camionnette
Pauline

il pleut chéri
il pleut sur moi
il pleut chéri
il pleut sur moi
si tu viens ici chéri
je vais te bercer pour
dormir

you are tall man
and brown
I am the feather
to turn
to slide
to sweep
across the rhythm
the earth invites us
and we answer
with the music
of our hands

I'm not tired baby
I'm just runnin' wet
I'm not tired baby
I'm just runnin' wet
you can try baby
but you can't stop me
yet

say I'm tired of the way
you treat me so mean
say I'm tired of the way
you treat me so mean
my new man's comin'
on the camionnette
Pauline

the rain is fallin' baby
fallin' down on me
the rain is fallin' baby
fallin' down on me
if you come here honey
I'm gonna rock you to
sleep

le coumbite sonne
sonne dans toute la ville
le coumbite sonne
sonne dans toute la ville
balancer cette machette
tuera un gentilhomme

un jour chéri
seuls toi et moi, oui
un jour chéri
seuls toi et moi
partirons
au ciel
dans la camionnette
Pauline

l'enfant est comme toi
eveillé et curieux
comme toi il trouve
mon sein
chaud et réconfortant
je donnerais
tout ce que je possède
et même plus
pour la joie
que tu m'as apportée
cher mari de mon corps et
de mon âme
père de mon enfant
feu de mon coeur

the coumbites ringin'
ringin' all over town
the coumbites ringin'
ringin' all over town
swinging that machete
will break a good man
down

someday baby
just you and me, yes
someday baby
just you and me
we're gonna ride away
to heaven
in the camionnette
Pauline

the child is like you
vibrant and searching
like you he finds
my breast
warm and comforting
I would give
all that I have
and much more
for the happiness
you have brought me
husband of my being
father of my child
fire of my heart

Chanson d'amour Creole

Très bien merci
Pierre Andre Muzac
Arthur Francois &
Rudolphe Prudent
for your assistance with
the French & Creole
translations

pafois
leu diamant
non zien ou
trape soleil
la et lignin
du fue a, ca fait brile
lan mou en dedan

moin boule net
nan couche soleil ca
ce ete a
et matirite
brise
la contagie ampil
nap ri, ou min moin min
et fleu
ye embome
plein vi

te ya tau cou nou
noi et douce
meringue nan jé ou
sauvagette nan respiration
moin

Ou sé ou gran
nègre
moin se plime
ki ka viré
glissé
baléyé
à travé rythme la
te ya invité nou
et nou répon
liac misique
main nou

moin pa fatigué cheri
mape transpiré seulement
moin pa fatigué cheri
mape transpiré seulement
on mete essayé cheri
min ou po co cab rété'm

moin bouqué
de vié facon ouap
traite'm
moin bouqué
de vié facon ouap
traite'm
pou veau nomm moin
ape vini nan you
cammionnette Pauline

la pluie ape tombé chéri
la pluie ape tombe sous
moin
la pluie ape tombe chéri
la pluie ape tombe sous
moin
si ou vin ici chéri mape
bercer ou pou domi

coumbite la ape sonnin
sonnin nan toute ville la
coumbite la ape sonnin
sonnin nan toute ville la
balance manchette
ca ka pab tué you Nègre

ou jou chéri
moin mim avec ou mim
seulement, oui
ou jou chéri
moin mim avec ou mim
seulement
pralé
nan ciel
nan cammionnette
Pauline

ti noun nan
tan cou ou éveillé é
cirié
tam cou ou li join tété'm
chaud et réconfortant
moin ta ka baye
toute ca moin gain yin
et en plus
pou joie ou poté
ban moin
chè mari kom et nam moin
papa pitite moin
di fé coeu moin



bonecat

bonecat clatters across cage
(sound all muffled inside by skin)
but paws ply fat pads

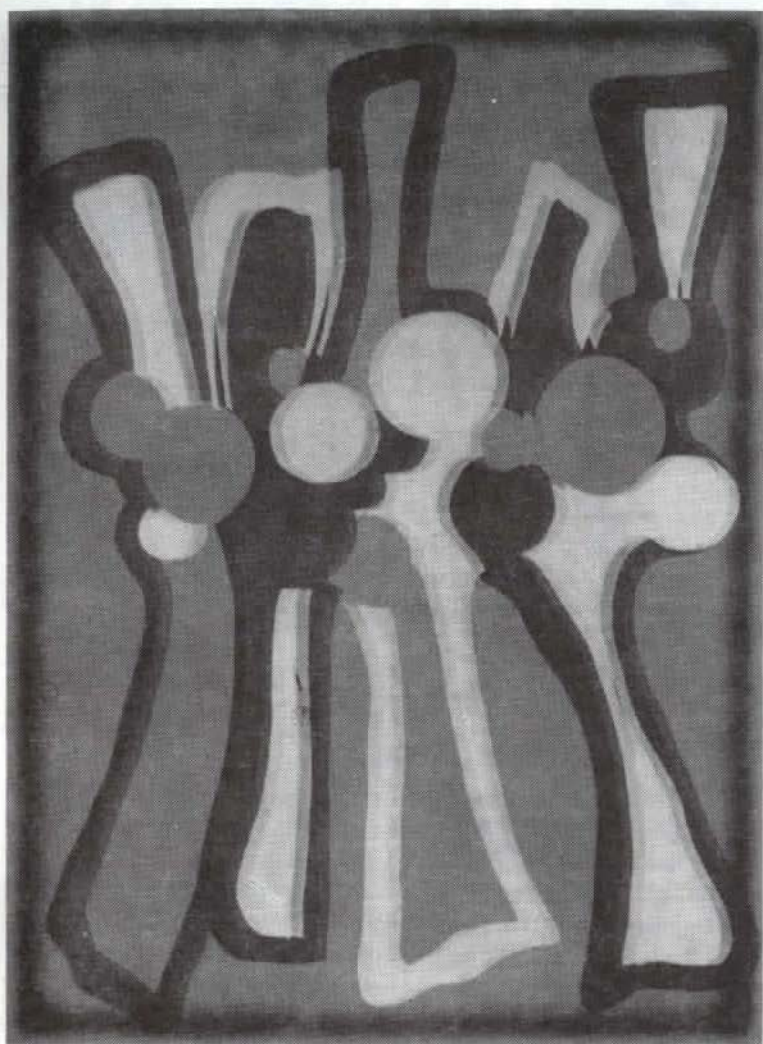
padpad. secretarybird starts up
foppish leg up franticking at no sound
of caged bonecat (image imaging:
crunchable bird bones cracked
marrowmash mixed in bloodmeat)
not nice bonecat
keep your bloody mind at home

keeper key-clanks tut-tuts captives
chides: noiseless nasty children
keep kindness :chides keeper
bonecat bares crunchbone at gibbered bird

keeperman slings meat inside cages
jolly gross fingers
clutching great jewelly hunks of hungerslake
slung in slaps bonecat sideskull

wolf it bonecat what the hell
crunch ruby cowmeat since secretary flesh
flaps hysteriastabbed
in steelbar barricadoed cage

Charles Hartman



Ghost Lines-

Susan Carey
Silkscreen print

A chocolate chair with an electric ant just ate
my foot. And all the radiation didn't count
because Rodan was here for his health.

See me, feel me, touch me, eat me.

The fish are all dead.

A guy just stood up with Lee Myles written across
his ass. Walls and ridges by S. M. Rose. We have
all the models, but the mysterians have all the
toys.

Just to prove the road is hot,
A jeep exploded, but my mind did not.
I can't get an erection,
So I should be shot?

Cross the bridge, quickly!

Cross the quick, bridgely!!

It's all too speedy for me. 100 men, 5 days, giant
trailers, with acrylic piles all over their spout.

Get Natola, No Drip!

Super Human Intelligence is only a blasted fragment
of a robot guided by electric wagons.

Can you answer that?

Looking for THC in a shag rug,

I saw the flying scientist

With a positive Pete in his eye.

No fish are caught here?

Well, look over there, where

Ten Toy Soldiers dripped like

Wax over an eyeball of shit.

How foolish it is to fight

Tens of years of Nuclear farts

When the field of global aggression

Is run by people of the Stoned Age.

A Base in Space,

And Strontium 90 in every pot.

So we can now approve

The marriage of Spacemen and Pessimists.

Edward Schavel



Mary Quinn - Monoprint

seventeen thousand one hundred eight

acid ungird oh poised tempest

Christ

Zoroaster

Aesepus

unto Alexander

bury

all

cynical

noiselessness

Exist between echoes into ashy aprils Oh sinister vortex.

Acquiesce !

Abandon acute admission upon amity Oh heteronym, compelling....

with any abject reconsideration Exists absurd APPLES upon

Berkshire Hill_s

Agape.

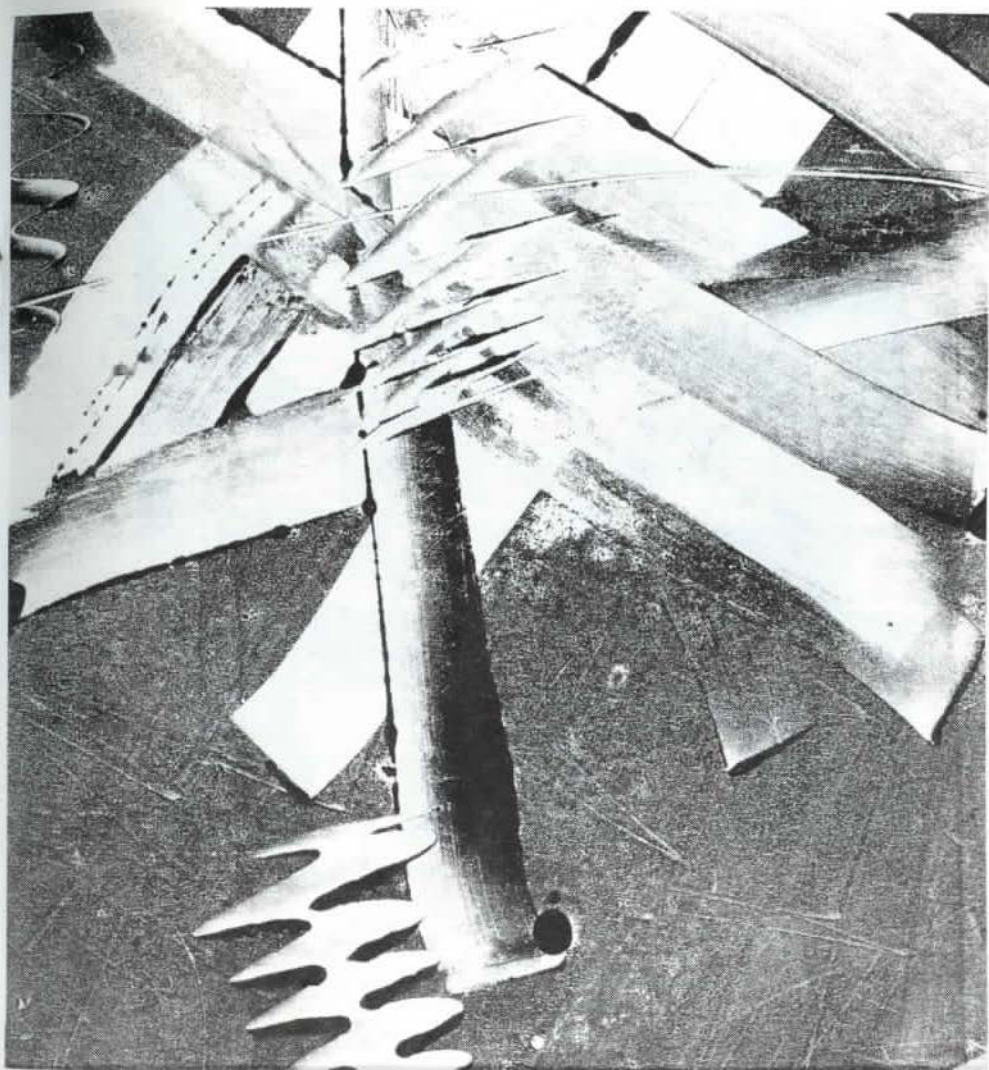
Jean Stewart Berg



Photograph by Lynne Smith



Photograph by Lynne Smith



Technique #1

ink by Daniel Burt

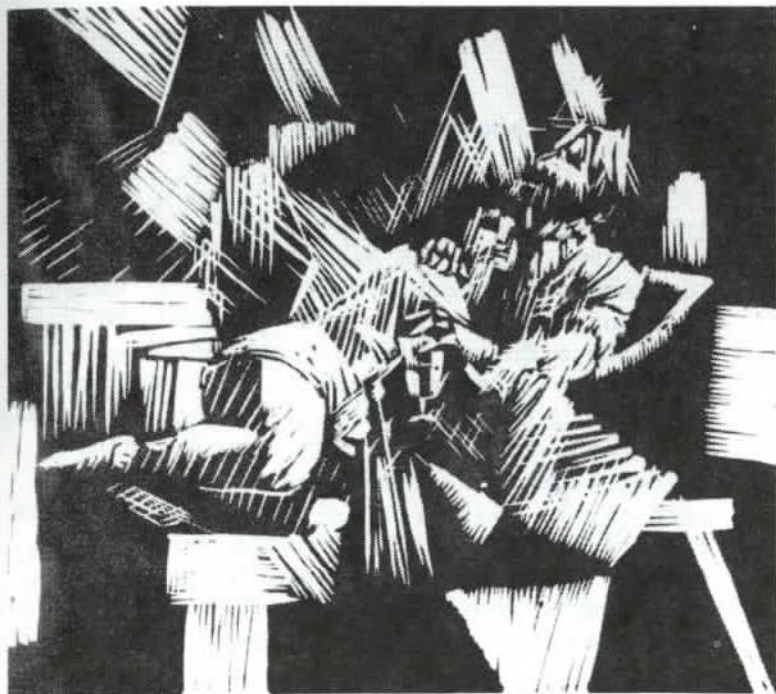
STROPHE/ANTISTROPHE

no desert here--
here is a flood-worn bank
gone dry and cracked;
June-green at first though
as if a million years
might pass before sense
filled and tipsy
embraces empty air
for a final kiss--
the desert patiently
waits the replenishing dew
and the ultimate rose

the young feel at times
a dryness not from loss
not having once been full
but thirsting O
to know through sense
what may be said
to call
wanton wild rose
or nothing O
no one will find me
at the brink
sifting the grain

of the silent sand

Howard Barnett



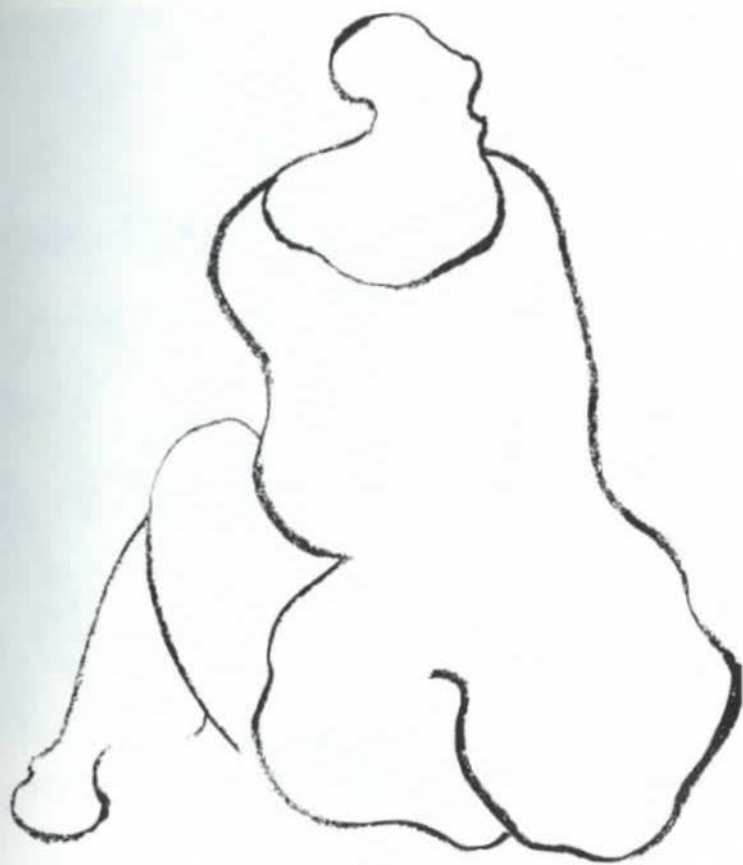
Evening Comes-

Linoleum block
Dave Johnson

UNCAMOUFLAGED THE ROSE

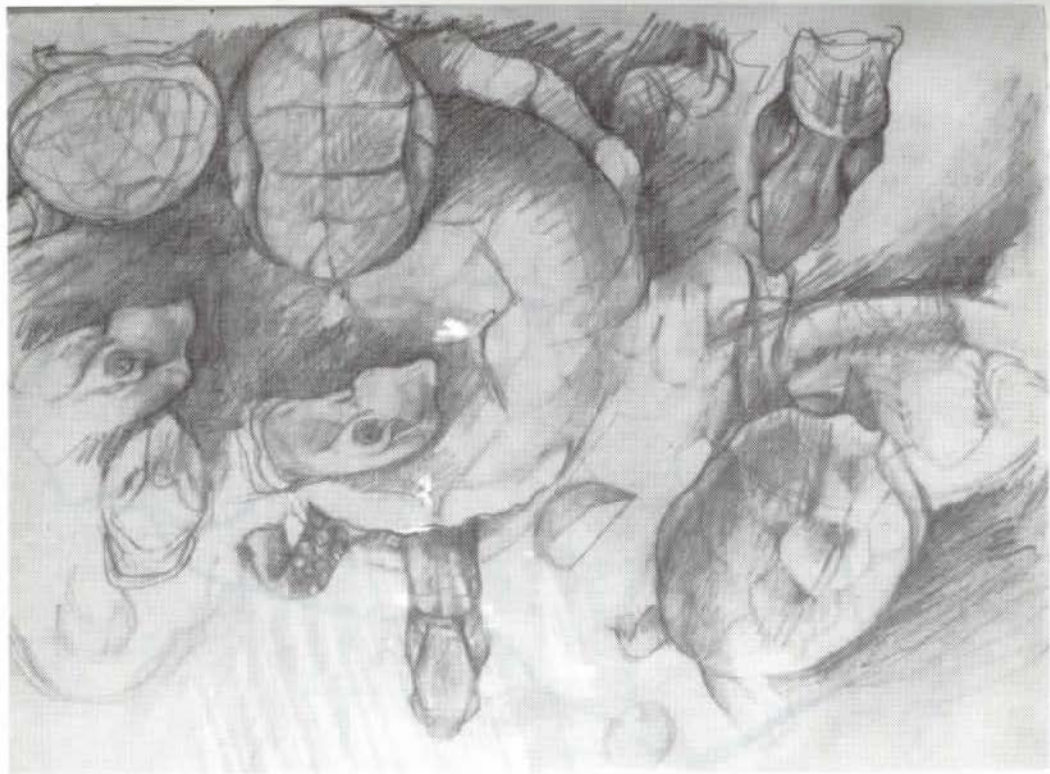
Between the fleece that lined his jacket suede
and jersey soft that zippered him within
the cautious green, my arms a circle made,
uncamouflaged the rose that bloomed for him.
But like a thorny vine I must have been
whose petal fragrance cannot mend the pain
that shorn a lamb must feel when cut the skin
and winter coats in bloody anguish rain.
In delicate embrace we wound around
each other, sighing plucked from me and torn
from him until desire arose, a mound
against my belly firm, a savior born,
when broken deathbed circle did he flee
persuaded fall within this tomb of me.

Cathleen Klohr

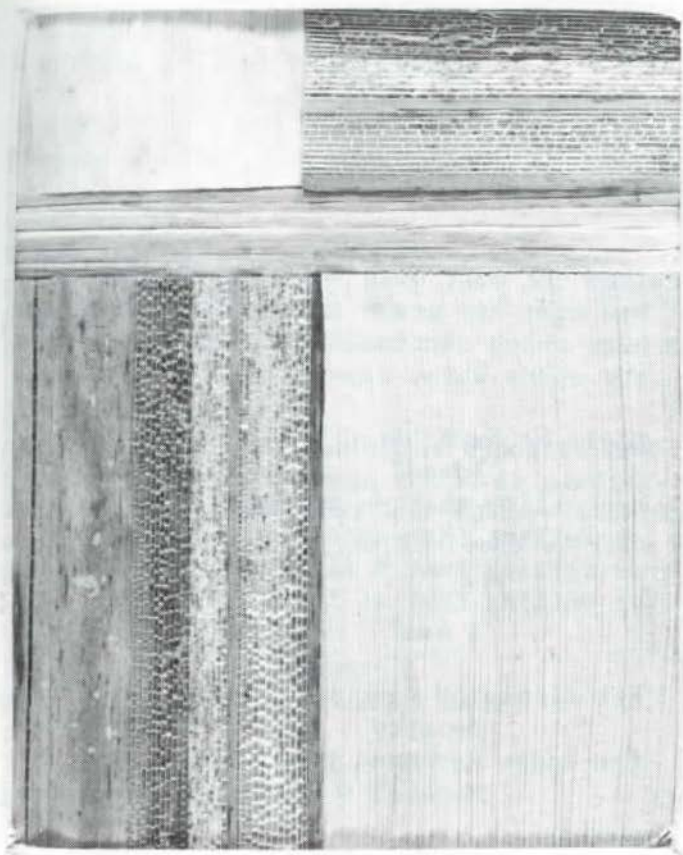


Line drawing-

Pete Cosentino



Turtle- pencil drawing by Pete Cosentino



Mixed textured paper-
cattail, milkweed pod, grass

by Daniel Burt

FAILING THAT

He walked the cage with half his strength,
his coat and grace in rhythmic interplay
with bars which sectioned off the space,
the space which separated him from time.

Would he have liked being
lover?
or failing that -- sculptor
or failing that an actor
or failing that a flautist
or failing that at least
a man?

All destinies denied
he eyed
the women gathered round
without a sound.

Howard Barnett

A LITTLE BITTA MAGIC
Copyright 1973 by Scott Boncie

Players:

AXEL (male)
BRUNO (male)
CINDY (female)
EVELYN (female)
DUANE (female)

AXEL and BRUNO are seated at opposite ends of a couch in BRUNO's room. BRUNO is reading a local radical newspaper and AXEL is leaning on a clipboard, writing. BRUNO looks up from his newspaper.

BRUNO

What year was Eddie Waitkus shot?

AXEL

1949. Why?

BRUNO

Was he really shot trying to catch a foul ball in Connie Mack Stadium?

AXEL

No. Who told you that, anyway?

BRUNO

Jehu. Last night.

AXEL

Jehu's such a romantic.

BRUNO

How did it happen, then?

AXEL

A woman left a note for him at the hotel desk. When he came to her room she shot him with a rifle.

BRUNO

Really? Why did she do it?

AXEL

She said she loved him.

BRUNO

It figures. What did he hit that year?

AXEL

.306. He was off to a pretty good start- 41 runs scored in 54 games, 16 doubles...

BRUNO

Was he respectable after that?

AXEL

Yes. The next year he hit .284 and led the league in putouts.

BRUNO

The fans booed him, of course...

AXEL

No, that was the year the Phillies won the pennant.

BRUNO

1950, yeah, the Whiz Kids- or Quiz Kids, as Stengel called them...

AXEL

As the Yankees beat them four straight in the World Series.

BRUNO

Reggie Jackson said the quote Weathermen unquote threatened to kill him if he played in the Series against the Mets.

AXEL

I don't believe it. The Mafia, maybe, but not the Weathermen.

BRUNO

You mean because of DiMaggio?

(BRUNO and AXEL laugh)

AXEL

Yeah. (mocking) "Reggie Jackson would help the team more if he stopped trying to hit the long ball... He just doesn't listen to me." DiMaggio wanted to send him down the year after he hit the 47 homeruns.

BRUNO

(sneers) DiMaggio.

AXEL

Joe DiMaggio and Marilyn Monroe.

BRUNO

(laughs) And how they laugh at Norman Mailer.

AXEL

(cautiously) So do I, but I love the man.

BRUNO

Do you still think Eddie Collins was a better ballplayer than Honus Wagner?

AXEL

Yes I do, but what I think I said was he had more style.

BRUNO

He never even knocked in 100 runs a season.

AXEL

Collins stole more bases, hit for a higher average, and fielded better than Wagner. Plus he was the smartest ballplayer who ever lived.

BRUNO

How are you going to back that one up?

AXEL

I don't know. I guess I'm more interested in power games than in getting laid.

BRUNO

Not me. (shouts) Women!

(Enter CINDY, DUANE and EVELYN stage right)

AXEL

As if on cue.

EVELYN

What are you guys up to tonight?

BRUNO

Conspiring against the government.

CINDY

Axel, you're always up to something.

AXEL

Bruno was being facetious. Actually our sympathies lie with the CIA.

EVELYN

You two want to take us somewhere tonight?

BRUNO

No. Neither one of us has any money.

AXEL

Besides which, Bruno is afraid of being assassinated.

EVELYN

Assassinated? (puts arms around BRUNO's neck and kisses him) Man, who'd want to assassinate you?

AXEL

Who knows? He spent the afternoon killing the Paul McCartney inside himself.

DUANE

Oh yeah? How do you do that?

BRUNO

Well I know this ceremony...

AXEL

It's easy, really, you ought to try it.

CINDY

What does Paul McCartney have to do with it?

AXEL

A little or a lot, depending on what you think. He did write "Helter Skelter", though, and "Hey Jude"'s about heroin.

EVELYN

(derisively) So says Dick Gregory.

CINDY

(ignores her) Did you ever finish "The Sexual Politics of Bobby Dylan"?

BRUNO

No, he got bored. You know how these artist types are.

AXEL

(to CINDY) What have you been up to, anyway?

CINDY

I went to the park today and talked to the squirrels. You should come with me sometime.

AXEL

I'm too busy writing my autohagiography. I'd like to come...

DUANE

Suppose we all go on a picnic tomorrow.

BRUNO

(surprise) What about Jehu?

EVELYN

Oh, she told him to go to hell. (shrugs) I never liked that man anyway.

CINDY

I don't know, he is sort of cute...

AXEL

(teasing) Clever and cute...

(CINDY seats herself in AXEL's lap and kisses him exaggeratedly)

CINDY

... A dangerous combination.

EVELYN

(loosening her hold on BRUNO) I want to hear some T.Rex.

DUANE

They don't have any. They like intellectual music.

BRUNO

Oh, Bolan's a fuckin' intellectual, all right.

EVELYN

I want to hear some music. I want to wiggle my ass.

(EVELYN stands up and goes into an impromptu song and dance)

AXEL

Dancing's a waste of energy.

EVELYN

(stops) I don't agree.

(EVELYN pouts, then goes back into her dance)

CINDY

(kisses AXEL to gain his attention) So what about the picnic?

(EVELYN stops dancing)

EVELYN

Who's got a cigarette?

(BRUNO produces a pack of cigarettes, puts one in his mouth, lights it, lights EVELYN's from his and hands it to her)

EVELYN

Thank you.

BRUNO

A picnic tomorrow sounds like a good idea.

AXEL

Yeah- as long as I don't have anything to do with the food.

DUANE

(by now seated across from AXEL and CINDY) Oh, of course not, Axel. All you have to do is come.

AXEL

(to CINDY) Sweet little thing, isn't she?

EVELYN

We're all such sweet little things...

BRUNO

(to DUANE) Flibbertigibbet.

AXEL

(nods) Good word.

BRUNO

Women are creatures of the devil.

EVELYN

Is that where that word comes from?

DUANE

Eros and Thanatos...

AXEL

Oh, those are the sides?

DUANE

I think so, don't you?

CINDY

(critical) The sides.

BRUNO

I don't know what the sides are anymore.

EVELYN

Oh, but Axel's got a pretty good idea, don't you, honey?

AXEL

(tiredly) Yeah, attack me, Evelyn, I'm in a very warlike mood right now.

BRUNO

The first shot has been fired!

CINDY

(excited) War games!

DUANE

Oh, how boring. (to EVELYN) Let's not be so obvious, Evelyn.

AXEL

The word's blatant, I think.

DUANE

Thank you, Axel, you do have a way with words, don't you?

BRUNO

Sometimes. He's smarter than I am, but inarticulate.

AXEL

Just the opposite, baby, just the opposite.

EVELYN

A weasel, a true pink.

CINDY

(urging him) Oh go, Axel, go. Make us understand.

BRUNO

(sneering) Eros and Thanatos.

(A Pause)

Me and Duane...
AXEL

Well.
CINDY

Well well.
DUANE

(CINDY stands up)

Rotate!
CINDY

(CINDY marches to where DUANE is seated and faces her. DUANE looks confused, and gets up and goes over to AXEL.)

Grace in defeat.
EVELYN

(sneering) Defeat!
BRUNO

(bruised) Grace is very important to us
Catholic girls.
CINDY

(CINDY pulls up a chair and sits facing AXEL and DUANE. AXEL takes DUANE's hand.)

Duane, again.
AXEL

DUANE

Axel!

(AXEL pulls DUANE toward him, and she kisses him animately.)

BRUNO

All right!

CINDY

I feel like a fifth wheel.

EVELYN

A clever pun, Cindy. Bruno doesn't get it.

BRUNO

Bruno gets it more often than Axel does.

CINDY

That's doubtful.

EVELYN

Aw honey, Bruno's got a lot more soul than Axel.

AXEL

(muffled) Tell us about soul, Evelyn.

EVELYN

Aw, you know what I'm talking about, honey, you discovered me, remember?

AXEL

(somewhat seriously) Was I the first?

CINDY

A busy, busy man.

EVELYN

Oh, Cindy, there'll be so many others.

BRUNO

The type of woman men eventually marry, he said in praise of her.

CINDY

Thank you, prick.

EVELYN

Hey hey hey. No rough stuff.

CINDY

Aw, Bruno and I aren't afraid of each other, are we?

BRUNO

Bruno fears no man.

EVELYN

Just woman.

BRUNO

Come over here and say that.

(EVELYN goes over to BRUNO. He throws his cigarette into the orchestra and she does the same. BRUNO grabs EVELYN and throws her to the floor behind the couch. They fight.)

CINDY

How interesting.

(Pause)

DUANE

So I become a main character again.

AXEL

You've always been a main character, Duane.

DUANE

You know you treated Cindy badly...

AXEL

You treated me badly, I treated Cindy badly,
I treated you badly. You treated Jehu badly.

DUANE

That's not true- I was gentle with Jehu.

AXEL

That's nice. You've changed.

DUANE

You too.

AXEL

Not much.

DUANE

I've been traveling a lot.

AXEL

Once around the league.

DUANE

You'd love Berlin.

AXEL

I hear it's quite like Kansas City.

DUANE

You left your heart in Cairo, didn't you?

AXEL

Or so it's been said.

DUANE

Do you love me?

AXEL

Yeah.

(They smile at each other, come together and kiss. CINDY, who has been watching BRUNO and EVELYN, turns to watch AXEL and DUANE.)

DUANE

Don't laugh.

AXEL

I'm not laughing.

DUANE

Yes you are. You're laughing at me.

AXEL

No I'm not.

DUANE

Please don't laugh at me now. I never asked anybody if they loved me before.

AXEL

I never said yes to anyone before.

DUANE

(shifts) Yeah, who's asked?

AXEL

Oh, those two.

(AXEL gestures with thumb. Giggles from EVELYN on the floor.)

DUANE

What did you say?

AXEL

I told Evelyn no and gave Cindy some bullshit story.

(DUANE laughs at him.)

DUANE

You're terrible.

AXEL

I'm fair to middling.

DUANE

I'll say.

AXEL

Duane, baby?

DUANE

Axel?

AXEL

(seriously) I missed your ass.

DUANE

(sighs) Oh Axel, you're so natural and unaffected. Unlike some of the other posturing assholes around here.

BRUNO

(from floor) I heard that.

(BRUNO and EVELYN emerge from behind the couch, a bit disheveled.)

BRUNO

You called me a posturing asshole and I resent it.

DUANE

Egomaniac.

AXEL

You are a posturing asshole.

BRUNO

Unlike yourself.

AXEL

Quite like myself, actually. I'm sure the differences are subtler than we'd care to admit.

(EVELYN nods wisely)

EVELYN

Degrees.

CINDY

And how many degrees are there?

DUANE

Thirty-three, if you believe in such nonsense.

BRUNO

So I'm a posturing asshole. So's everybody else.

CINDY

Me too?

BRUNO

Hell yes!

CINDY

In what way?

DUANE

(critical) You with your Little Ms. Advanced Christian.

(CINDY and DUANE make faces at each other.)

CINDY

At least I have something to fall back on.

DUANE

Yeah, you do. Your cute little ass.

BRUNO

(urging) Keep this bullshit flying, Duane, we've missed you.

EVELYN

(to BRUNO) I'll bet you have.

BRUNO

Yeah, and how do you mean that?

EVELYN

Oh, with conventional ambiguity. (aside) That's a little trick I learned from Axel.

AXEL

Let's get past this, Evelyn. You're getting entirely too much mileage out of two or three lines.

EVELYN

Axel, honey, you bore me too.

AXEL

I don't believe you.

EVELYN

It's really very difficult to ignore you, Axel, you do so much of the talking.

BRUNO

Will someone please read back the minutes of our meeting?

CINDY

No, it's just people tend to remember what he says.

EVELYN

You miss him already, don't you.

CINDY

Yes, as a matter of fact. Tonight I'll concede defeat, but someday I'll hurt you back, Duane.

DUANE

Defeat, baby? You don't even know the game.

BRUNO

Ego-tripping bitches.

AXEL

Know the game...

EVELYN

And listen to you two.

CINDY

I actually heard Bruno tell Axel he was being too pretentious the other night.

BRUNO

Not the case at all.

AXEL

Out of context, at least.

DUANE

(annoyed) I don't want to hear it. You never understood Axel and Bruno in the first place.

CINDY

And you do, of course.

EVELYN

Oh, tell us about this, Duane. I yield the floor.

DUANE

Bruno is very frightened. Axel is fearless. Axel takes greater risks than Bruno because Axel believes in an afterlife. In fact Axel believes that nothing we do in this life means shit to a tree. Bruno disagrees with this and is the more guarded of the two. Axel fears Bruno's intellect and Bruno fears Axel's sexuality. Thus a Manhattan standoff. Bruno has been more places than Axel. Bruno knows more things, but Axel knows them better. Axel and Bruno get along because they share some of the same interests- baseball, Zappa, Gnosticism and radical politics. They view other people with contempt and occasionally with a rather dilettantish amusement. Axel feels things more deeply. Bruno's going to get married someday, but Axel isn't. Bruno talks a lot about getting shot, but Axel's far more likely to be assassinated. Axel knows all of this but I'm not sure, Bruno knows any of it.

BRUNO

That Axel fears Bruno's intellect appears to be the contradiction in your carefully-constructed little thesis.

DUANE

Go piss up a rope.

AXEL

(amused) Very good.

DUANE

Oh, Axel, aren't we beyond the point of congratulating each other in public?

CINDY

This dialogue is now beyond the level of audience comprehension.

EVELYN

Leave it to Bruno to bring it back.

(All look to BRUNO. A pause.)

BRUNO

Well, what's bothering me is Axel's willingness to rate Dick Williams with John McGraw, Casey Stengel and Joe McCarthy as a manager. What nonsense!

CINDY

What's so outrageous about that?

AXEL

Could it be that you're waiting to see what history has to say about Dick Williams before you're willing to make up your own mind?

BRUNO

It could be, but I doubt it. I don't think Williams has been around long enough for me to draw any intelligent conclusions about the man.

AXEL

Isn't that what I just said?

BRUNO

Aw c'mon, Axel, you know better than that.

AXEL

You're not being fair, Bruno.

BRUNO

And you always play by the rules, don't you, Axel?

EVELYN

Honey, Axel just might have wrote the book.

(EVELYN smiles exaggeratedly at AXEL)

AXEL

(sarcastically) Thank you, Evelyn.

DUANE

(teasing) You told me something like that once, didn't you?

AXEL

Something like that. You didn't believe me then either, if I recall.

BRUNO

(bitterly mocking) Knowledge comes with death's release.

(A Pause)

CINDY

Well, I'll leave you kids alone.

(CINDY gets up to leave)

CINDY

It's been nice meeting you, Axel. (pause)
Bruno. Evelyn.

AXEL

(sincerely) You too, Cindy, see you around.

EVELYN

You going to be up later?

CINDY

I don't know, I might be over Jehu's.

BRUNO

Jehu's crazy. Don't go over there.

(DUANE shakes her head and smiles)

DUANE

Jehu.

CINDY

(casually, indifferently) Bye, Duane.

DUANE

A demain.

(CINDY leaves)

AXEL

I like her.

DUANE

Me too.

AXEL

I guess the picnic's off for tomorrow.

DUANE

That's good. I didn't want to go anyway.

BRUNO

It was your idea in the first place.

DUANE

It was a bad idea. I knew it was as soon as I thought of it.

EVELYN

Then why did you bother to suggest it?

AXEL

(annoyed) Evelyn, you haven't had an intelligent thing to say all night.

BRUNO

(quickly) I tend to disagree with that, Axel. Besides which, this is my room.

DUANE

(brightly) Oh well, we were just leaving.

(DUANE stands up)

DUANE

Coming, Axel?

(AXEL stands up)

AXEL

Where are we going?

DUANE

Home.

(AXEL smiles, DUANE looks very serious. They leave together.)

(A Pause)

BRUNO

The preliminaries dispensed with.

EVELYN

You're not so sure of that, are you, Bruno?

(BRUNO smiles)

BRUNO

Axel's the only one around here who's ever sure of anything.

EVELYN

It's just an act with him. He likes to impress people.

BRUNO

That's not true, Evelyn. (pause) I like Axel.

EVELYN

You really want to talk about Axel?

(BRUNO smiles and puts his arm around EVELYN. She draws closer.)

BRUNO

This marks our first anniversary, Evelyn. One whole week.

EVELYN

That must be some kind of record for you,
huh, Bruno?

BRUNO

Not quite. My record's thirty-two days.

(EVELYN pulls away a bit)

EVELYN

With who?

BRUNO

Barbara... the girl from Chicago?

EVELYN

Oh, I should have known.

(brief pause)

EVELYN

You've gotten over Barbara by now, haven't you?

BRUNO

(softly) Oh come on.

EVELYN

(a bit hurt) You still love Barbara?

(BRUNO smiles sardonically)

BRUNO

Love.

EVELYN

And you don't believe in love, huh. That's like
Axel saying he doesn't believe in people.

BRUNO

Axel doesn't believe in people.

EVELYN

Does Axel believe in Axel?

BRUNO

I thought you said you didn't want to talk about Axel.

EVELYN

(tears) I don't.

(BRUNO draws her to him once again. A long pause.)

EVELYN

Lost at sea.

BRUNO

Love is a farce, baby.

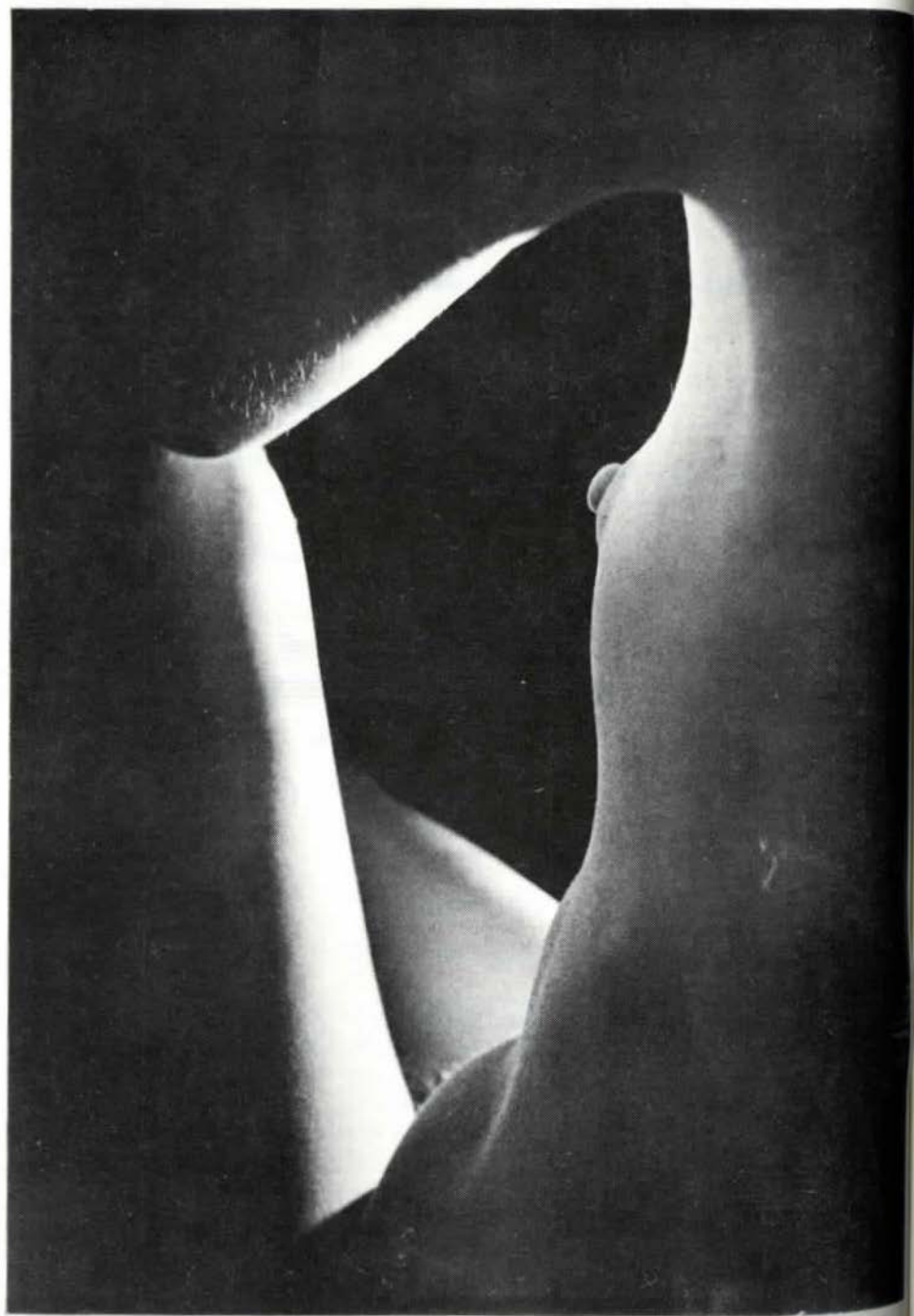
EVELYN

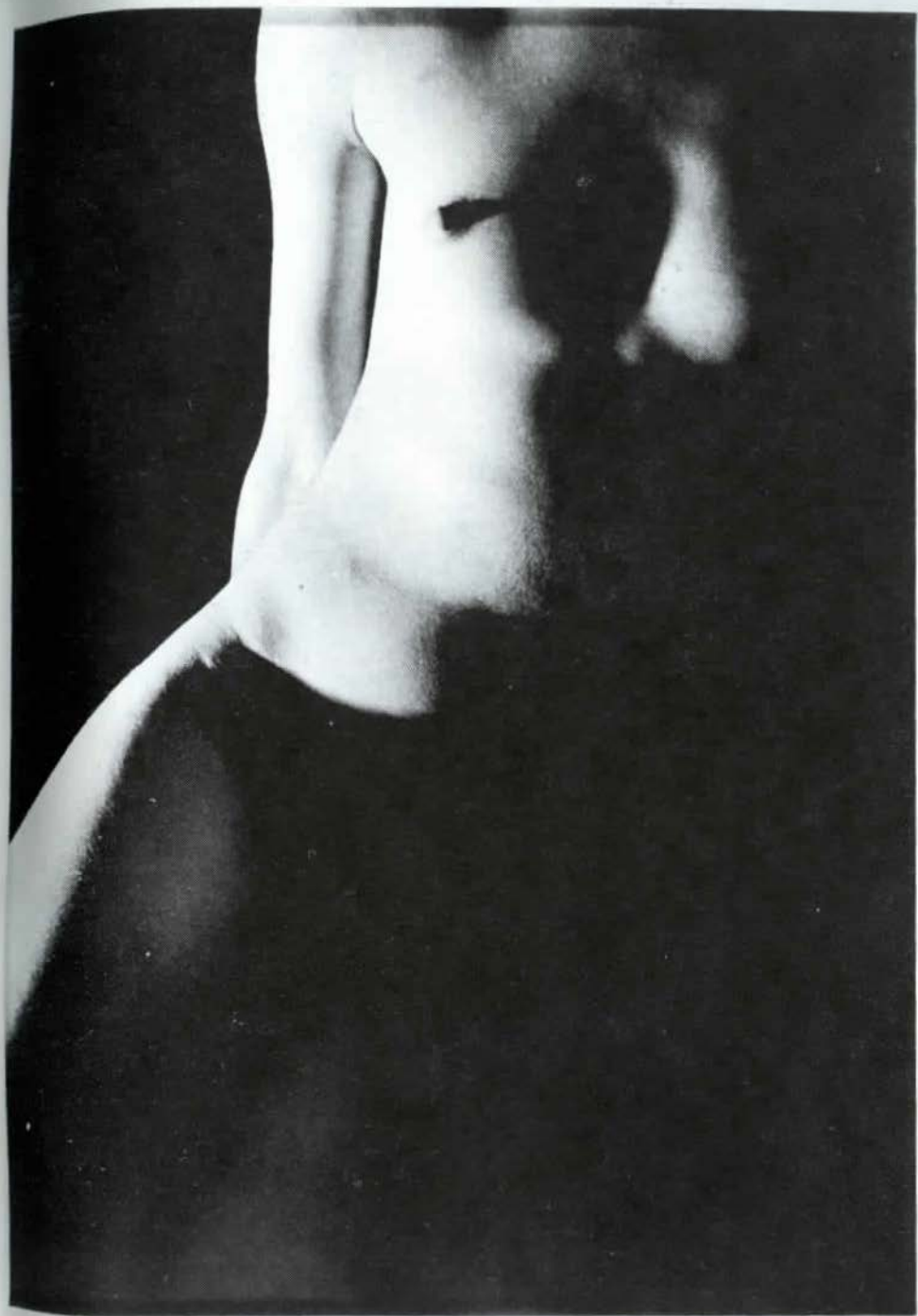
Let's drown in the ocean.

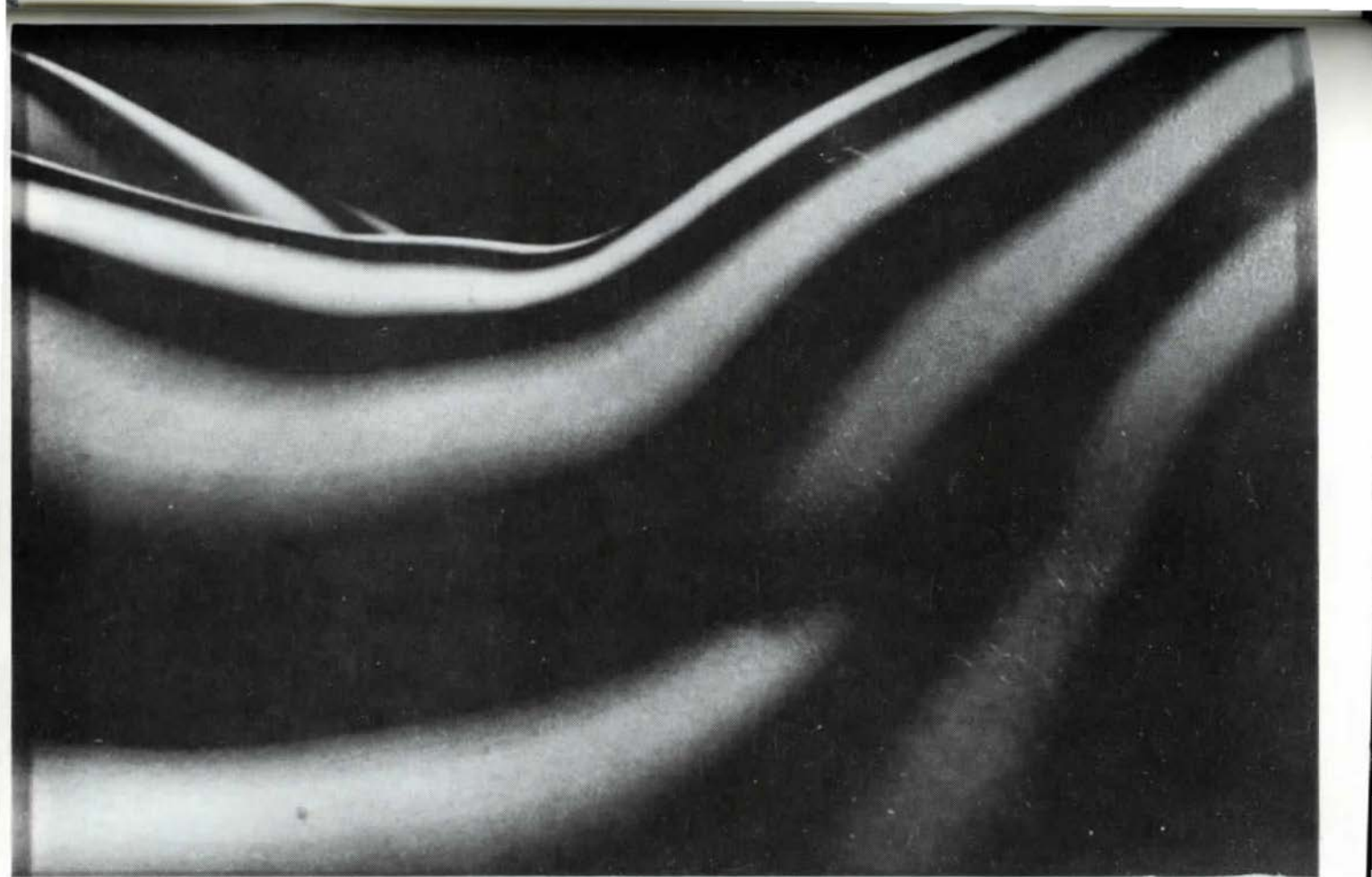
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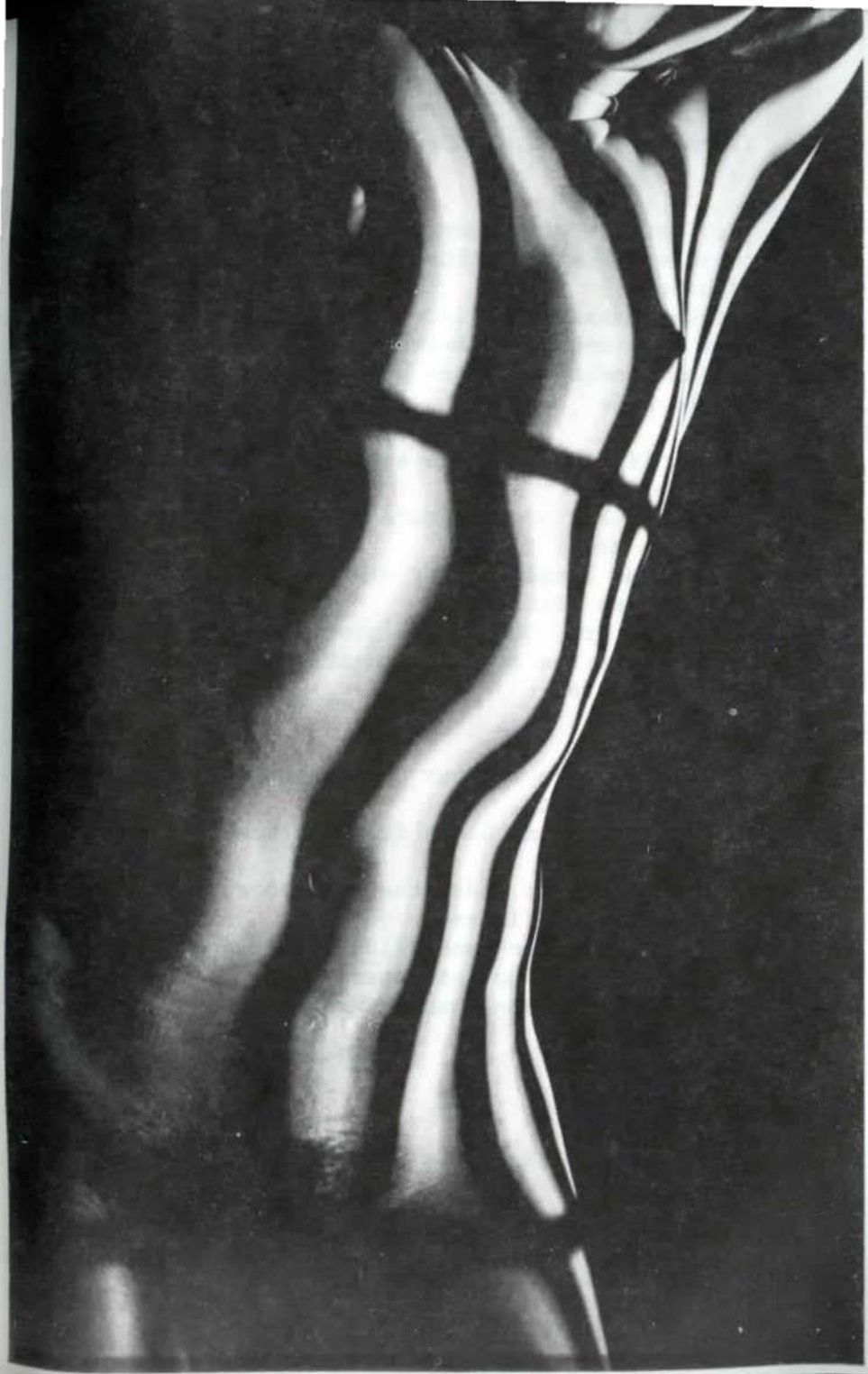
Photographs by Darrell Woodard

"LIGHT"









Homage to Jay Silverheels

(from the French of Alexandre Duchaconne)

From the Paris streets, horse-blanket grey, clouds
Rise to rejoin the dawn like steam from the dung
of cavalry,
Spoor of the passed night. Over the Mirabeau Bridge
The image of a monstrous American in doe-brown fringe
Bends to examine the crushed grass and broken twigs
of the Bois.

You listen, like the dog you are, for your master's
whistle;
Only a hollow wail of departure from the Gare du
Champ de Mars
Answers to your longing after his mystery. Playing
the Spanish "fool"
To the flannel grey Quixote of your windmill land
Could you answer the old last question of his
labors' heirs?
You, the unasked.

Savage, nearly noble in your absent grammar and
mindless loyalty,
Softened by a thousand blows from the butts of
six-guns,
Do you sometimes wake under the cold moon aimed
through cactus-fingers
To find your own brown hands fiddling at the mask?
Lift it, his face is not stranger
than that of Manhattan.

Charles Hartman

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