

Griffin Magazine

An occasional publication

November 20, 1978

Editors: Mary Evelyn Martin
Barry Basore
Staff: Lois Boschert
Paul Butts
Diane Gosnell
Ethan Hoskin
Cathy Logsdon
Sherry Park
Suzanne Smith

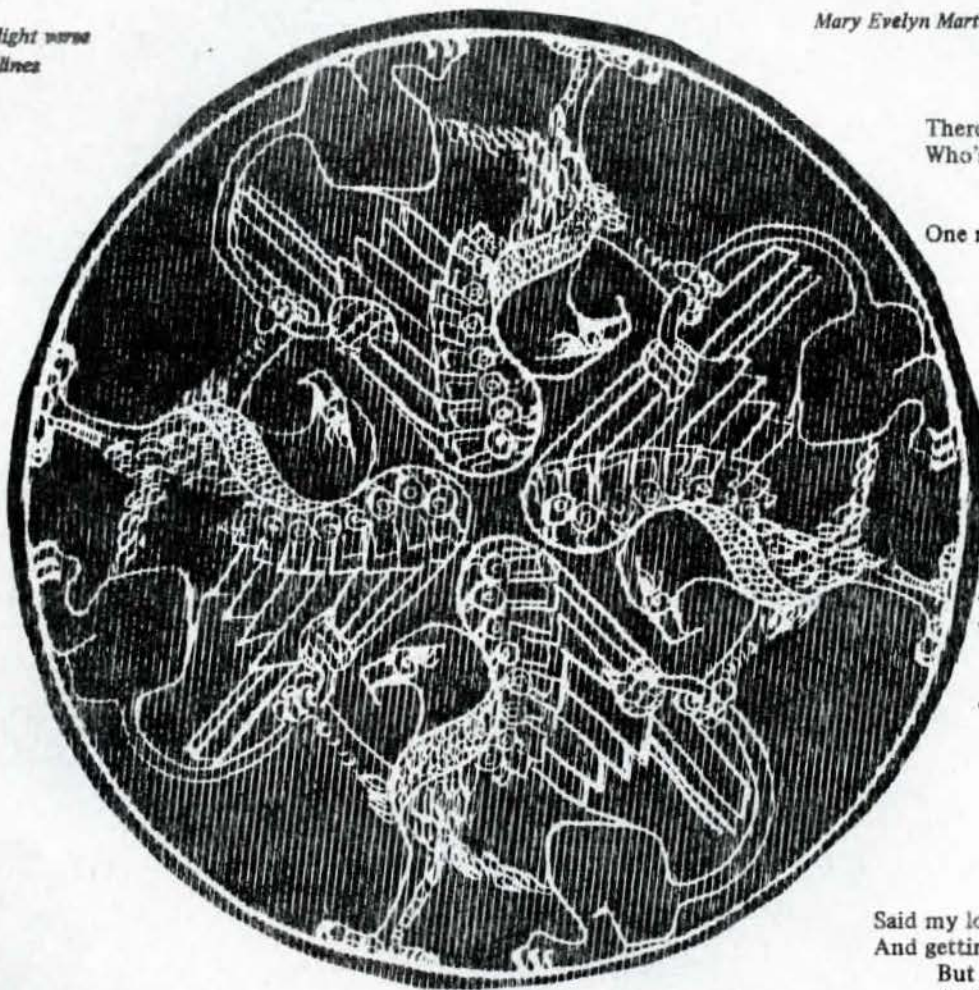
Neon streets stretched like crayolas;
Opaque queens tricking payolas .
Beneath dark lined eyes
A little girl cries,
"Marriage beds aren't what they told us."

Claudia Stedelin

There once was a man who had time
To study all lyrics for rhyme.
When the rhyme didn't come
He thought it quite dumb,
And thinking that way is a crime,
Isn't it?

Mary Evelyn Martin and John Feely

The limerick is a form of light verse of obscure origin, in five lines rhyming a b b a. It is possibly derived from "Diguerie, Diguerie, Doge", a 17th century french equivalent of "Hickory, Dickory, Dock". The name limerick may have been given to the verse form because of a song, "Will you come up to Limerick", which was sung at parties at which the verse form was extemporized. Edward Lear, in his "Book of Nonsense", helped to popularize the limerick, so much so that it is sometimes called a Learick. In early limericks, the 1st and 5th lines were the same. In the Learick, the 5th line is a variation on the 1st line. In the modern limerick, the 5th line is climactic or a surprising twist.



There once was a man name of Lear
Who's the master of this form here.
He took to perfection,
Without the erection
One needs for creation to sear.

Sherry Park

the griffin press

There once was a city of Dis
That emitted a horrible hiss.
When he was asked why
Dante replied,
"Because it poetically fits."

Barry Basore

Said my love: I'm tirelessly humble
And getting to old for a tumble.
But produce me a blonde
And I'm still not beyond
An attempt at a lusty young rumble.

Jeffie Feely

There once was a printer named Paul,
Who talked with a definite drawl.
He was hard to pin down
About his home town;
Till he said, "I'm from Hawaii, ya'll."

Paul Butts

There was a young junior from Lindenwood
Whose lady adored him but seldom would
So he howled in the trees,
Barled rude words at the bees,
Then mailed himself nude to the Board of Trustees.

Jean Fields



Kevin Maudlin

The Jabberwocky

The Jabberwocky is a mythical creature that has been captured for display. Watch for it.

トーヤベリは不思議なけま物

ニヤアサトヘニヤモアセ ニヤトリ捕ヘニヤウ

ほう、君アまわリニヤ意ハシケニヤらん

The Jabberwocky



おの
11/20

To see into the future a bit,
I grabbed a joint and it lit.
While puffing, I scribbled,
Things...somewhat ribald.
Got busted, not for the shit, but my wit.

Paul Butts

There once was a cold hearted man
Whose reason I accept when I can.
Though emotion is sweeter
His coolness is neater,
So it's my love he does painfully bann.

Jeffie Feely

There once was a man from the city
Who thought all he said was so witty
But he didn't look deep
So he missed all the meat,
And missing that meat is a pity.

Mary Evelyn Martin and John Feely

For this craft a most sullen-smelled fart,
Aimed precisely, then wafted, a dart.
I erupt in said rage
For my Muse in this cage
Has just shit instead of singing art's part.

Sherry Park

What is the truth said the child creator?
Is it possible that love is the greater?
From the source to the seed
All nature's ageed,
They're of one in the heart of this rater.

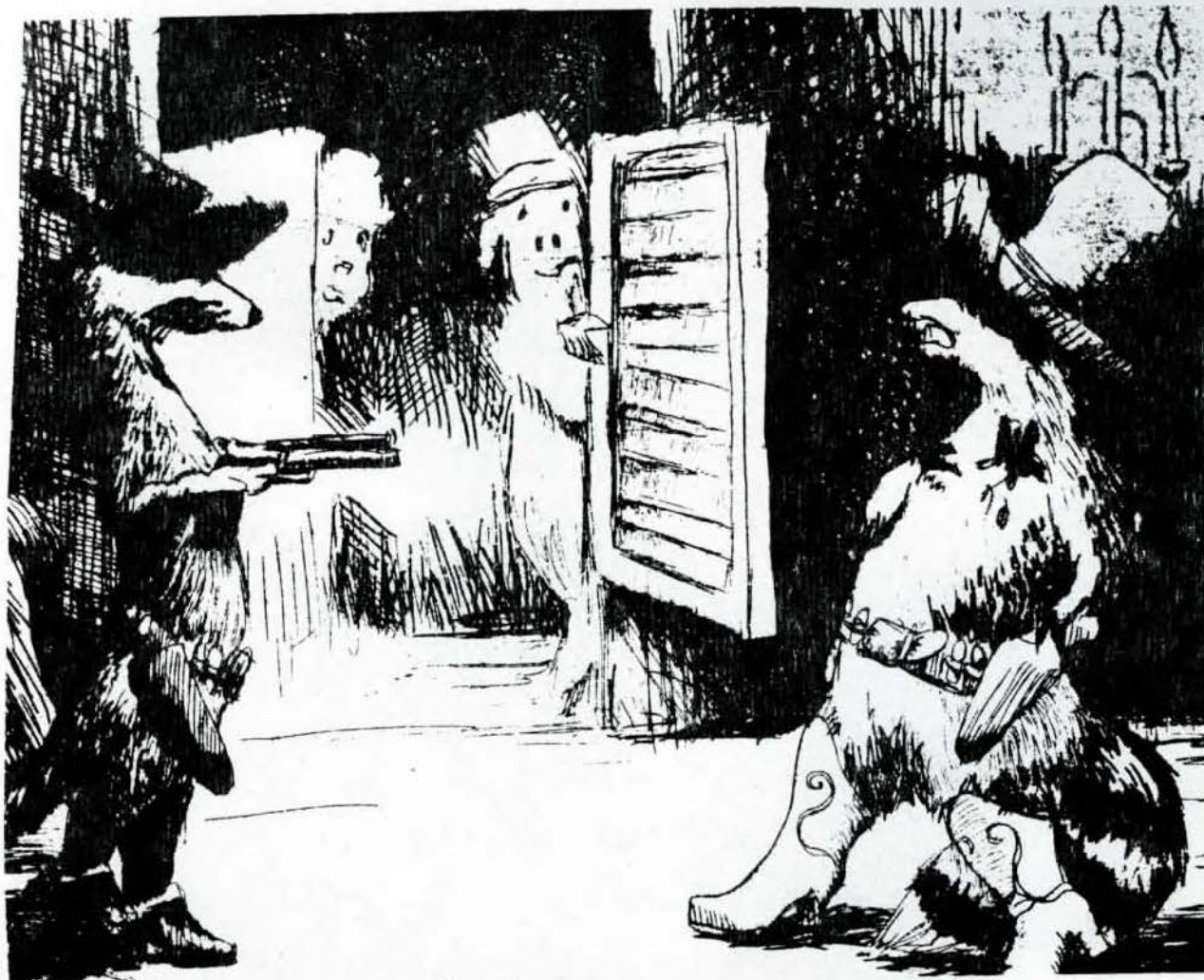
Jeffie Feely

There was a young man from Castile,
The Queen saw him and told him to kneel.
"You're lovely, my pretty,
I'll show you my city!"
He climbed her steps and saw a good deal.

Paul Butts

If you missed the deadline for the *Jabberwocky*, don't despair! The Griffin Press plans to put out several more publications next semester, so we are always looking for artwork - poetry, prose, short stories, plays, graphics, pen and ink drawings, photography, and possibly full color paintings. The more work you submit, the more often we can give you publications. THIS MEANS ALL OF YOU OUT THERE - students, alumni, faculty, staff, anyone who has work that they would like to have published. If any individual has enough work to fill a separate chapbook, we would be willing to publish a collection of his or her work. And don't forget about the contest for the cover design for our largest publication next semester, *The Griffin*. The design should include the mythical creature for which our press is named. Submissions for this and any other artwork should be put in either Box 42 or Box 380.

The Griffin Staff regrets the omission of the name of the artist responsible for the cartoon in the last Griffin magazine. The cartoon was drawn by Pam Schroeder, an employee of the Publications Office.



This is a detail from the drawing, "Rocky Raccoon", by Beth Setvig.

I love an old critical man
Who I'll change if I possible can.
But he'll hate and he'll hate
As I lovingly wait
For his heart to grow soft if it can.

Jeffie Feely

There once was a handsome man, Harry
Who attracted young beautiful Carrie.
But she ran out of luck
When she wanted to fuck;
For Harry, it seemed, was a fairy.

Mary Evelyn Martin

There was a young woman named Carrie
Who loved a young fairy named Harry.
Frustration made her write
(Her inspiration, quite,
A miscarried conception, Poor Carrie!)

Sherry Park

Levalley, an artist, has said that
Without a doubt, women should be fat.
I gave up my diet
My body ran riot,
Sleek Levalley should be fat, that lean rat.

Sherry Park

I ne'er thought twice 'bout Candy
Till the day we all went to Sandy.
She lost her bikini,
She isn't so teeny!
Now I just love having her handy.

Paul Butts

*A motley collection of verses from a
descendant of that ancient poet -*

*A. Nonymous,
Known in Elizabethan times as
Hey Nonymo.
Now known as Howard Barnett.*

In an age much influenced by Freud,
Man seems but a sick anthropoid.
But that all of the harm
Should be blamed on his marm
Has the women extremely annoyed.

Anonymous

Later in the barn, Jack walked on the rafter,
Then jumped in the hay with great laughter.
When finally Jill
Came in from that hill
She, of course, came tumbling after.

Anonymous

At a masquerade ball Dame Louise
Wore a bustle, her escort to please.
But oops - Mr. Finch!
You just mustn't pinch
Or the padding will fall to the knees.

Anonymous

Said my man who dwells in divinity
I'll pray you lose your virginity.
But I can't be the cause
Or wear the ripe clause
Of the grower of plucker of sinnity.

Jeffie Feely

It's my night!- so I'll wash my neck.
It's for sex that I hunt and won't peck.
Who cares what you render
Provided it's tender,
Let me sail through our love and not wreck.

Jeffie Feely

For the Limericks dealing with sex,
We apologize and rate them x,
But not for the ones
Dealing with puns,
For the others, it's just your complex.

The Griffin Staff