

# Griffin Magazine

An occasional publication

October 23, 1978

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The Griffin Press is exactly that—a press. It is not just the publication of the *Jabberwocky* and *The Griffin*; it is a comprehensive press with an interest in producing chapbooks, magazines (like this one), and bound collections of the work of individual writers and artists.

This opens exciting opportunities for students, both present and alumni, to submit their work for publication. The work may include poetry, short stories, plays, graphics, pen and ink drawings, and possibly full color paintings.

All students, and by this we mean to include international students, are asked to submit their best work to help us make the Griffin Press representative of the entire Lindenwood community. One of the editors, Barry Basore, is giving special attention to submissions from international students. He will work closely with them to set up ways for the translating to be done.

With greater opportunities for more publishing, the students, we hope, will be served better than ever.

The first Griffin Press publication will be the *Jabberwocky*. The deadline for submissions is November 20, 1978. Students with work to be submitted are asked to observe that deadline, since the editorial staff must have adequate time for preparing copy.

All students who are submitting material and other who may be interested are invited to come to Butler Hall to see the off-set press which makes this expanded program for the Griffin Press possible.

## CONTEST FOR GRIFFIN COVER

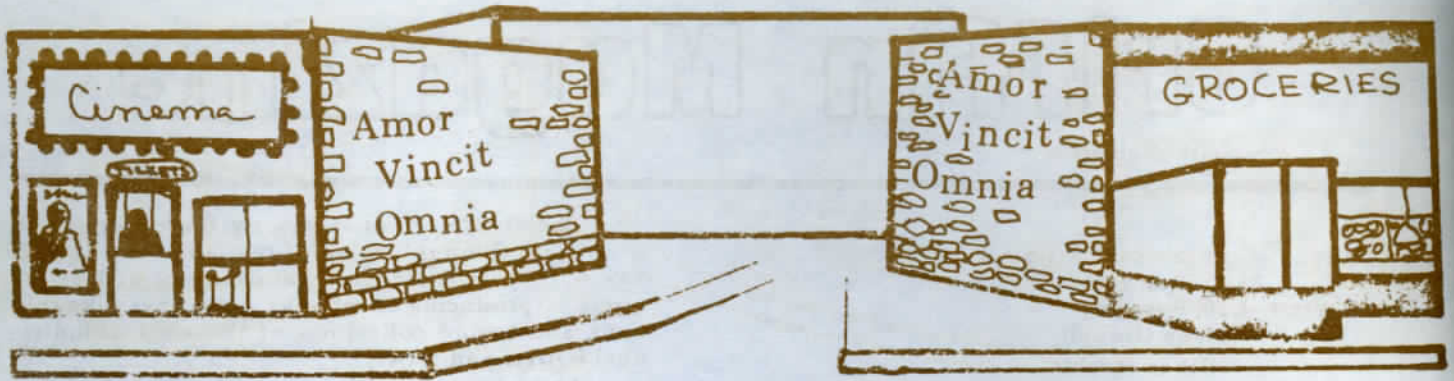
The griffin as it appeared on last year's cover of *The Griffin* is shown at the left. The Griffin Press will award a prize for the cover design selected to be used for the spring issue. The design should include the mythical creature for which the publication is named. Further details of the contest will be announced later in the year.

## SPACE FILLER

Sometimes it takes  
a little more for  
plenitude  
like this  
final  
dot



the griffin press



#### THE GRIFFIN SPONSORS POETRY READINGS

The Griffin has sponsored poetry readings for the past few years and has had an excellent response to them. In fact, our first reading was yesterday, Sunday, October 22, and the attendance was wonderful!

We hope to have readings every few weeks, and would like to branch out and try some new things this year—maybe a reader's theater, for instance. How often do you get the opportunity to be Stanley Kowalski, Hamlet, Clytemnestra? An occasional reading of short stories is another option—or if you have a song or piece of art work you want to share with us, that's fine, too. And it doesn't have to be original—read Shakespeare or e. e. cummings, or anybody.

What we want to do is to give people who love to read or just to listen the opportunity to do so. So—all you closet showoffs, come out! We want you, and any ideas you have for readings, publications, anything. Let us hear from you. . .

#### WHERE IS THE NEW WRITING BEING PUBLISHED?

In little magazines and with the small presses . . .

|                                |  |
|--------------------------------|--|
| Cedar Rock . . . . .           | New Braunfels, Texas                           |
| Cape Rock Journal . . . . .    | Cape Girardeau, Missouri                       |
| Icarus . . . . .               | Riderwood, Maryland                            |
| Trike . . . . .                | San Francisco, California                      |
| Kudzu . . . . .                | Cayce, South Carolina                          |
| Voices International . . . . . | Hobbs, New Mexico                              |
| Bonzai . . . . .               | Phoenix, Arizona                               |
| Poetry Venture . . . . .       | St. Petersburg, Florida                        |
| Kaldron . . . . .              | Grove City, California                         |
| En Passant . . . . .           | Wilmington, Delaware                           |
| The Griffin . . . . .          | St. Charles, Missouri<br>and about 200 others. |

We have copies of the above if you would like to see them.

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*Griffin Magazine* is published at The Lindenwood Colleges, St. Charles, Missouri 63301. Manuscripts, art work and correspondence should be addressed to the editors, box 42 or 380.

#### DISTANCE

Lights. A grid of diamonds from my toes to the state of Wisconsin—they were bright white diadems strung square on square over black velvet. Among those stars twinkled red, green, yellow and blue glitter from a handful of jewels scattered by a broadcast.

A diagonal rip of highway cut the pattern. Eyes of autos, two by two, flowed down it as certainly as glycerin drops slip along a taut strand.

It was the cleanest, clearest night in memory and Chicago sparkled.

I stood looking out in wonder from a window halfway up the Sears Tower. My simple wool coat hung, (I knew for I saw them stash it), in a vault with others of thick mink—the kind you can lose your fingers in during an ecstasy of cool softness.

All my companions but one were millionaires. I was welcomed because it had been a good year, and I was wife to my husband. No matter—I can enjoy most company and this was a celebration.

Looking across the city at my feet, I dreamed. I dreamed away the lights, wondering where along the shores of the great inky void Indian campfires had once burned to embers in the night. I listened to woodland noises and smelled forgotten scents. I felt the furs that warmed the sleepers and waved away a mosquito's curious hum.

"A penny for your thoughts."

It was Junior; outrageously handsome, young and rich. He stood expecting a reply.

"Where do you suppose the Indians had their camps, say five hundred years before the white man came?" I asked.

"Yes There's sure been a lot of progress."

I said nothing, but grinned understanding. He nodded; then turned to others, leaving me to consider that spectacle of lights.

Enchanting. People so easily become forgotten, invisible.

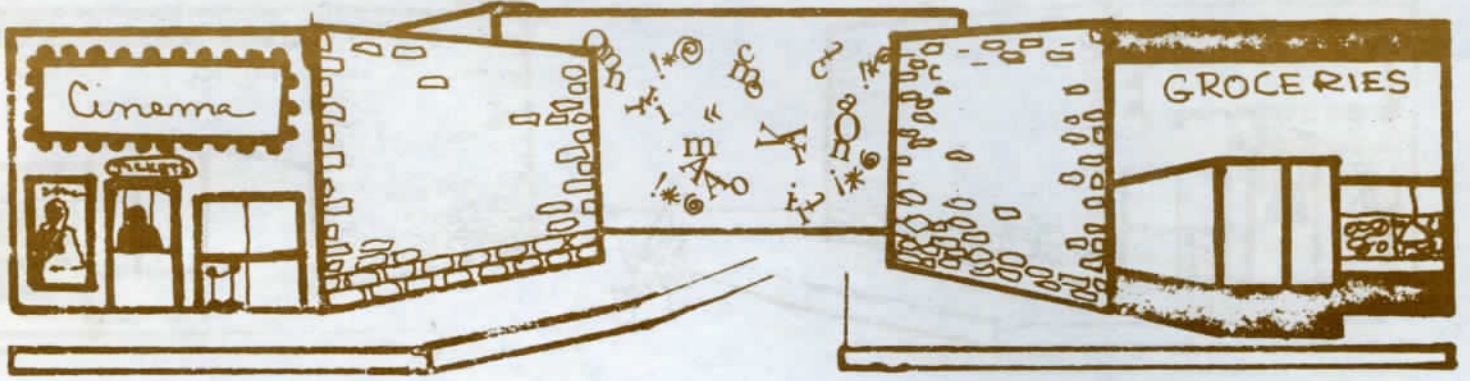
A familiar arm wrapped a hug around me. The usual cotton shirt was gone, traded for a suit.

"Used to be, only stars could look like that," he whispered.

"And moonlight on rippled water," I replied.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" Then he confided, "I wonder where the Indian wkiups were."

—Arleta Witwer



بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم  
 والصلوة والسلام على رسول العالمين  
 هذه القصيدة باللغة القدرية  
 بتعليم الطالبة نهد الوهبي

سمعت خريد الماء بالليل سائل  
 لماذا يا أبل الوردي كدم

فقال الوردي الحمر باسمها  
 لماذا يا أبل الضابي الحبي لا ترمم؟

تهلوت الرمة من خديمتي  
 تعيد شريطاً من الذكر فلكم  
 فقلت لنفسي يا نعد لماذا القدرية؟  
 إن الحياة ثوانٍ درنا فلكم

يا أبتل النفس الخفيدة ارحمهم  
 أظان بعد ثوانٍ سوف أصبح فردم

لدمت من الزيام من فضة لؤلؤي  
 يا عشرين من وقت كان بالزمن صدام

فقلت لنفسي يا نعد لا بد للصبر قصيري  
 إن الزمان الصدام ليس بمرغم

فلكم من حبيب في الحياة مبتلى  
 وبعد ذان الصبرين ارحمهم

إن الحياة ليست بأكمل  
 فكل وجود في الحياة عنهم

### Life

I heard last night the ripple of the water asking why those roses are feeling sad.

The roses answered the water with smiling faces, saying why don't you forgive us:

The bees were crying over hidden thoughts.

I asked myself, why are you hurting? This life is seconds and minutes only.

I told myself, forgive. Your brother after seconds will be buried.

I felt sorry for those days that I had been working hard.

I am sick about that important time I wasted.

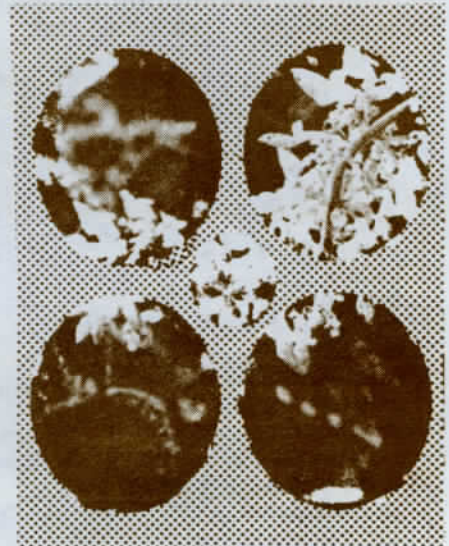
I told myself to be patient, that time will prove to have been the best time of my love.

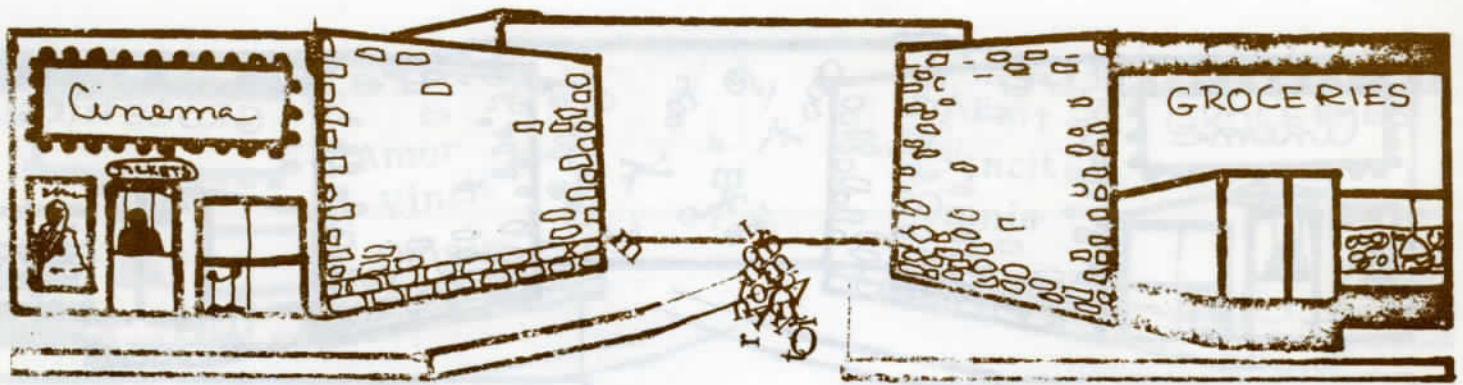
There are many lovers in this life that had been sick before. But, after the sickness passed, God forgave them.

This life is not completed.

Everything in life is just a step to completion.

Nasr Wolhaibi





No Honor in my Promise

Bargain not sweet love, for my lips won't tell  
 Of our hidden hearts, intertwined, that dwell.  
 It's forever, our love that's buried damp,  
 Yet sharp eyes and tongues cut me as a tramp.  
 For their only means in finding us out  
 Lies deep in worded chaos and proud doubt.  
 Our nights, they're lost to your planned, honored  
 joys.

Our days, I fear drowned, my drenching tear  
 destroys.

Of your sleepy judgements that lie as true  
 I die of reasoned silence, only that you knew.  
 Flaming silence flew with your feathered dart;  
 Burning, screaming, through my enamored heart.  
 Let those worded fools try to write our course;  
 Scribbling proud laws can't bar our loving source.  
 Eyes see not the mingling of our pleasures;  
 Spoiled hands shall never touch our treasures.  
 Seeing with ignorance holds their delight,  
 Deaf first to truth, that later echoes right.  
 Truth's light stares, and lies within your eyes,  
 Which blinks us through love, and with darkness  
 dies.

Love owns no trophies that we need to fear,  
 Nor bent, plaguing words that poison the ear.  
 Let enemy spies seize our virtued art,  
 For they can't bombard or whisper it apart.  
 Your eyes weep pure, to drown my flaming fire;  
 My innocence brings fright to dry desire.  
 Triumphant love, there are no sins of youth;  
 To well in hidden love is wisdom's truth.  
 We bargain not with loving spirits wise;  
 My promise forever loves in your eyes.

Jeffie L. Feely

Turning Point

Another  
 season's pulse  
 quivers  
 in the quiet of  
 leafless trees —  
 An eager wind  
 scatters the memory  
 of a knowing smile  
 among  
 the fallen leaves  
 and deep autumn shadows  
 swallow golden pride  
 like yesterday's nectar.

Lois M. Boschert

Vines

Like You and I  
 Twine and cling  
 Tenaciously to  
 the love we found  
 and are not willing  
 to forfeit.

Not even as the  
 plant sucks sustenance  
 from mother earth  
 You and I  
 draw life from one another.

In the face of great adversities  
 torrential downpours  
 Throughout, be steadfast  
 Vine and love.

Libby Spillman

Sidewalk Injury

hopping from crack  
 to  
 crack  
 two children  
 wonder  
 "how does mother look with a broken back"

Barry Basore

— † —

Grasping hands, they grope for me  
 To make me flesh and blood  
 Reaching through eternity  
 Past sun and wind, to mud.

The mud they mold to shapes they've seen  
 Yet haven't really known.  
 The figure first is crude and mean  
 But hands through it have grown.

They twist, they shine, they writhe and bend  
 And create all I am  
 But when my faults they can't amend  
 They crush — I'm mud again — God damn!

Mary Evelyn Martin