

[Sic]

A meaningful collaboration as it stands
from a meaningful people as they write -



by The Claffin Society



Contributors:

in order of appearance

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Kara Cournoyer
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Cover design by: Kara Diver

A LOOK AT...

BLIND PROM DATES

A NIGHT IN CLEVELAND

NO!!
TAKE SNAGGLETOOTH
BOONSLICK
AWAY!!!



In the Land of Dreams

Promise and opportunity await all
Who would seek them, or
So the legends go
In the land of dreams

From poverty to luxury
From log cabin to whitehouse
From here to rainbow's end;
Ain't nothin' to it, but to do it
In the land of shining dreams

Just keep the faith,
Never question why;
Only do or die, and
Just desserts are plenty
In the land of dreams

Great expectations remain
Firm and clear, as
Visions in smoke clouds, drawn
From pipes of clay
In this land of faded dreams

Now all promises appear broken
Opportunity, unlike the postman, does not ring
The legends have died, and here
In this land are there no more dreams
Gary Orrick

Where?

Where did the tension be
If all had everystuff
They grasp to want

Be there
With the dead rule-Gods
Cause none punctuation
And loud seen subtexts
No none human ness

Just some bored
Listens to rain nights
Drips on panes
Heavy lids bed farts
and bad REM

Wes Morgenthaler

Kara Cournoyer

Decorate the amateur and
mimic all that moves.
Refuse the sweetest nonsense
and all that it behooves.
Make all of this look effortless
to agitate the weak.
As for the prince in his
negligee, call him a "stupid freak."

It's Now, It's New Wave,
It's the 80's

Bored synth-pop shoo-bop
Stales the air
Fading the colors of your walls
So pick your nose
With a painted pinky nail
Such cosmetic smirks
From modern me
Who can't seem to taste
What's in the water
These days
Much less even see the glass
Through the dark screen
Of mascara
Filtering what gets inside
To that drying sponge
Which sulks
Between the headphones
Doo-de-dah, Doo-de-doo.

Wes Morgenthaler

I
am/was/will be
life-light-born

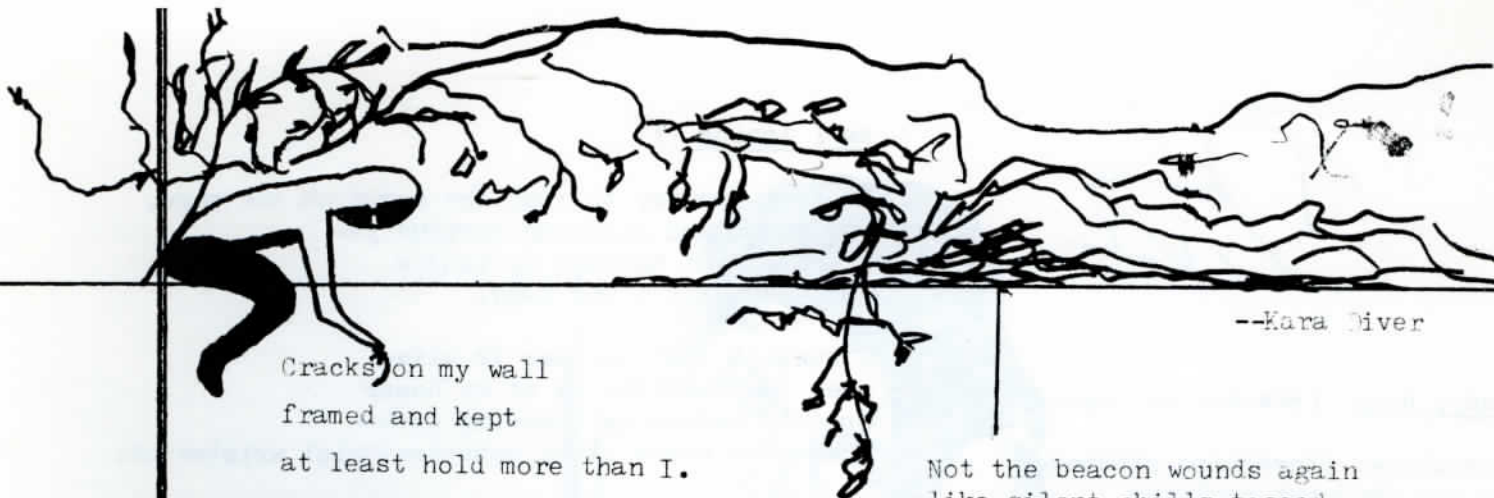
have/share
love-life
pain-love/hurt-good
friend-lover-mate

We
have/make/cause
love-breath/life-light
cut-clasp
cuddle-slash

us-pain
bound-near
love-cut
cleft-free

We
are/were/will be
life-light
dark-love

-MIRM

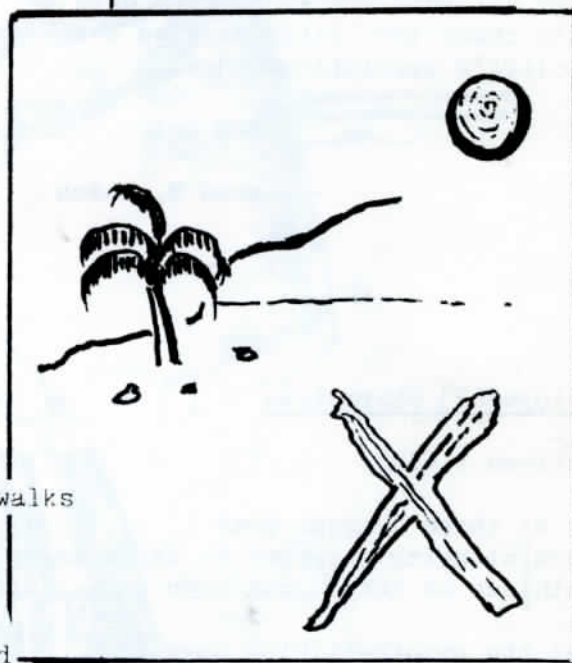


--Kara River

Cracks on my wall
framed and kept
at least hold more than I.
Processed are they;
geometric-like,
I guess I keep them for pleasure
like lyrics that come and go...
wishing they could have stayed.
Why...
but if I would have blinked,
or just stood there.
And still not enough
except to depict it all,
at least enough to make
cracks on my wall.

Not the beacon wounds again
like silent chills tossed
in electric times of pillow rocks
and flower smelling vomit.
Oh rain me in a haste
like tears from naked hookers,
and kill the pleasant looks
that send the daisies underground.

looking from a dimmed horizon
i could see the jaded shadows from yesterday
laughing in my eyes.
and with every shining flicker
i could feel the steaming heat from the sidewalks
and smell the musk that oiled the aire.
cardboard signs and plastic cups
raced each other, passing into tunnels and
out of sight.
screaming babies with amber scarves scratched
to scar and played to win,
but never won;
except when mother turned out the light
and finally said the prayer.
then the children would go to sleep and pretend
they were sleeping,
and make-believe, and dream,
and tuck away the little blond dollies
that always smiled,
to reach for something real---
but only when it was dark
because mommie always knew too much,
and baby cried black tears.



I thought of you today
and with the gift of time
I smiled at your face
and you smiled back.
I only want to give you
that time, for this time
so you will smile at me
and I will smile at you
when you think of me today.

Deanna Rasch

Busy, busy (revised yet again)

Unemployed fingertips stampede
on the innocent tabletop
mounting, moving
wild eyes mirroring anxieties
like reflective pools
the tempo increases
building, building
until--crescendo--
desperation tramples self-esteem.
The bullwhip of commitment
heads them off at the pass;
though all good cowpeople take care
not to chase the little doggies over
the cliff's precipitous edge.

Yee ha!

--Deanna M. Rasch

Developed(?) Characters

Sometimes I wish. . .

Look at those dragons soar
riders clinging carefree to their backs
breathless as they touch down on a ridge

Or at the smooth-talking spys
slipping behind danger's curtain
then rolling back under just before it falls

Oh and see the young lovers
shout and throw and slam doors
yet always kiss-and-make-perfect

. . .it makes you wonder what it's like
to be one-dimensional

Am I losing it?

I start and try to read the words on the page,
squinting and blinking furiously--
the sunlight through my window
escaped while I was away.

I suspect that the car is alive
when the familiarity of my house
appears before my focusing eyes--
that then stare at my conspiratorial wristwatch.

I see from a distance the moving mouth
but when the muffled drone ceases
I stare blankly at the converging face--
hoping that she'll repeat the question.

Am I losing my-Self;
or just Time,
to you?

Lisa Henderson

Imagine

your eye's too dazed to see
your voice too raw to speak

Imagine

your body tired; still
your mind too blown to think

Imagine

a breath a single chore
a smile an exhausting feat

Imagine

feeling nothing at all
your heart without strength

Imagine

praying to an invisible God
reaching for belief

Imagine

the pain of love crying
imagine it all; imagine dying.

Lisa Henderson



Yasukatsu Kudo

A Fairy Tale

Once upon a time, there lived a princess named Eudora. She was beautiful, spoiled, cunning, and she always got what she wanted. Eudora had a sister, too, a very sweet and good girl who was loved by all. Her name was Marygold.

When Marygold and Eudora were old enough to be married, the king announced throughout the world that he would give his daughters and their dowries to the two finest, most princely specimens who applied. Naturally, he expected thousands of suitors (as did Eudora), and had his servants make ready for weeks of contests and merrymaking.

After all of this preparation, only three contestants bothered to show up at the castle. The first was a very poor but very good prince who wanted to be Marygold's own true love. The palace guard threw him into the moat.

Next came a beggar, who entered the contest because he saw the first prince wailing and gnashing his teeth outside the castle gate. The beggar was certain he could fare better than that. He did. He was thrown into a nice warm prison.

At last, in pranced Prince Charmus. He was a selfish and nasty soul, who was dissatisfied with the smallish inheritance he would receive if his doddering old father would ever die. Well, Charmus minced into the castle--and smack!! He slipped right into love. Eudora and Marygold were very rich princesses, and Charmus swore to win a piece of this wealth for himself.

Eudora and Marygold fell in love, too. Eudora could not take her eyes from Charmus' dazzling good looks, or pull her mind from the golden opportunity to get away from her parents and be her own queen. Marygold, idealist that she was, admired his strength and personality and knew in her heart that he would be kind. She also loved Charmus' horse, Chargus, because he had gentle brown eyes.

With his quick, cold, calculating brain, Charmus sized up the two princesses. Instinctively, he knew Marygold would be a pushover to win, and later could be locked up in a tower and quickly forgotten, after her riches became his. On very bended knee, Charmus melted his lips around a sweet proposal to Marygold.

Upon seeing this motion, Eudora swiftly threw Marygold to the floor, grabbed a nearby guard's lance, and thrust it into her sister's oversized heart. She then curtsied to Charmus coquettishly, and while batting her eyes, cooed, "Won't y'all marry me?" Of course, with dollar signs in his eyes and a song in his heart, Charmus said yes.

After the wedding, while riding out of the castle, the happy couple encountered the poor, wailing prince who had longed to marry Marygold. "I've heard enough from you!" snarled Eudora. She kicked him in the throat and he fell to the crocodiles. "What a lively wench!" worried Charmus. "She'll never stay in her tower."

The newlyweds spent their honeymoon watching wrestling matches and roller derby games, and then lived happily every after, constantly plotting each other's demise.

Denise Hakenewerth



"UNERRINGLY SHE PINNED IT DOWN"

I made a bridge with a blade of grass,
 I made an ocean with a drop of water,
 I placed a rock to be a mountain,
 and then began to play...
 After an hour of eternity,
 I stepped on my world and ran away.

Kara Cournoyer



"I HAVE A HORSE"

The curtains fell and swept across the stage.
 All of the plastic words, clothes and faces
 gathered in silence before diminishing
 forever.

One man with a checkered tie sat in the
 audience and wept, thoughts of devoting
 his life to poetry slipped away,
 down the stairs, and out the door
 of the theater.

Kara Cournoyer

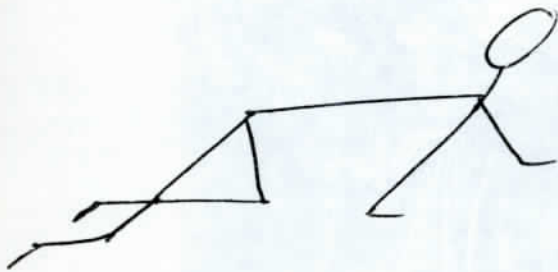
Wilson, The Home Robot

Wilson came to her,
In crates, shipped C.O.D.
Unassembled, with nuts and bolts,
A hundred wires,
And fifty program disks.
Attached, a free ten day trial
And a guarantee.

Assembled, Wilson was tall,
And shiney.
Programmed for chores.
He answered the phone
And he answered the door.
He planned her meals.
Sorted the master's socks,
And cleaned their humble home.
Gone was her privacy,
Along with the dreaded chores.

She, three days excited,
Seven days bored,
Unassembled, boxed,
And sent Wilson back, C.O.D.
For she, for thirty-one years
Had answered her phone
And answered her door.
She had planned her meals,
Sorted the master's socks,
Cleaned their humble home,
Oblivious to her privacy.

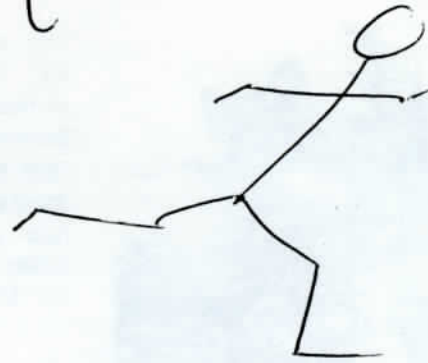
---Louise Sherrod



REALITY

A world without peace
A country in conflict
A city decaying
A family torn
No fear in the eighties
A fear in the nineties.
-- Gloria Turner

ROBOTICS



A Change of Seasons

Where have all the farms gone?

Into subdivisions of rows of houses
with two-car garages, concrete
Driveways, and black ribbons
Of snarled traffic, beeping,
Pushing, impatient to get along
In a cold world
Of computer-programmed ants
Scurrying their hill of buttons, metal
Gadgets and cabinetry.

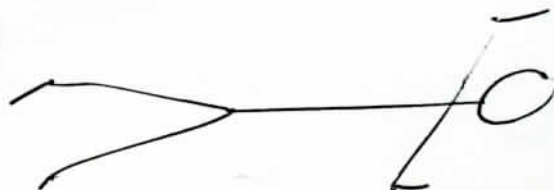
The seasons blended together
In a whirl of time give
No definition of winter, Spring,
Summer, Fall, the rhythm
That makes sense of who we are
Where we are going.

No browns, reds, greens, or yellows
Left to share on a front porch
Swing. No country kitty, damp forest
Or freshly plowed earth
Smells. Kather
Gas, acid, and tar.

Even small town
Streets are crowded with three-piece
Business suits, housewives and bums.

Where are the faded blue overalls
And work boots?

-- Linda Morhaus



Our Own Special Place

We fondly called it the "Forty Acres." For us it was a place we could call our own, one where we could go and always know that it would be the same, yet it would offer us a different face with each change of season.

You know you are on the property just by the smell. It isn't the kind of smell that assaults the senses; rather it gives you a feeling of sheer, perfect pleasure. The wild flowers growing along the road, honeysuckle, violets, moonvines, and others combine to make a sweet, subtle smell that fills the air. It's the kind of smell one can't capture in a bottle of perfume, it's better than that, because it has a character, a wildness, a freshness all its own.

Hidden by the thickness of the leafy, green trees is a sharp right turn in the old country road leading down a rocky, leaf-covered path to the first white, steel-plated gate, which is soon followed by the second gate, hanging from old, worn hinges. From here, the house, with its white siding and tin roof come into view. Below the little house you can see a cellar, with its two rusted, tin doors locked tightly with a padlock to keep the mice, rats, and other rodents from stealing its contents, the year's potato harvest. A hand-dug well supplies the house with fresh, cool spring water. Below the house a tall, tin outhouse leans to one side with its green, rippled plastic roof. Walking downhill from the outhouse takes you to the weathered barn with its rusted nails and its bird's nest resting on top. Huge, lush trees that almost seem to touch the sky surround the house and barn. The ground between the trees forms a rich, deep, green carpeting, spotted with wild flowers of every color imaginable. Shades and tints of blue and grey mixed with just a touch of white to act for clouds make up the sky.

The sound that is heard from such a place as the Forty Acres is a sound all its own. Bluejays, sparrows, cardinals, woodpeckers, and robins are always singing songs, sometimes sweet and sad, sometimes noisy and cheerful. In the distance you can hear the big, brown-eyed cows bawling in the sun-lit pasture. But the best sounds of all are at night when it's cool and only the wind rustles playfully through the trees, and the green and brown crickets call to one another a good evening. Sometimes there is nothing but a stillness, a quiet and peaceful calm.

This is the Forty Acres. When we need a place to be free; time to think troubles over, or forget about them, it is there waiting for us, offering us rest and a place where we can dream.

SHADOW DANCING

Beads of sweat
making lines
through the white face.

Constant action
even while muscles
strain to be still.

Concentration
making round movements
into sharp edges.

Introspection
molding
a happy face now sad.

Quite alone in a crowd,
the darker side of a clown.
Shadow Dancing.
Burma Wilkins

IMPRESSIONS

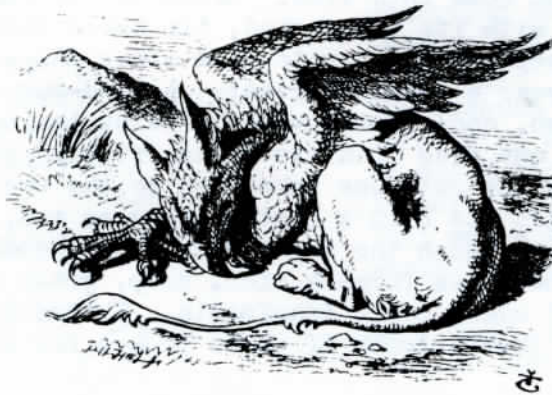
Sandy hooves
weaving
indented crescent shapes
filled with salty brine.

Circular rings
expanding
in a dark pool
after a storm.

Brush strokes
cutting
variegated lines through
palettes depths.

Souls passion
straining
to clasp another...
an impression in time.

Burma Wilkins



I can see your face in morning dreams
fading in, fading out
First a man, then a woman-
Someone speaks of gentle rain
Another sits and cries of pain
But I just keep on dreaming
fading in, fading out.

Kara Cournoyer



The Nineteen 90's

Here come the 1990's, six short years away!
Beware of them! Beware the waning century!
Beware of decadence and all these odds and ends of time!
But listen now to sounds of high technology in rhyme.

Yearn not--

Yearn not for the melancholy, yellow-tinted pose
Of aesthetes or of hedonists or any one of those
Who strolled a century ago along the Strand
And walked "through Piccadilly
With a poppy or a lily
In his Medieval hand."*

*(See Bunthorne in the opera done for actor and musician
By Willie Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan.)

Technology can save us all from this.
Think of how the models work, how outer space
Awaits our exploration and our organizing skills,
Our marks for boundaries with parameters and circles
Or with the parabola and with the paraboloid
Making territorial claim to that erstwhile void
For physicists and chemists and followers of Freud.

*(Think how that once mysterious and ethereal Other
Provides a place for the intensive care of Sigmund's Mother.)

Or we can turn instead to that even deeper inner space
And meditate on bits and figures rising dimly to the face
Of screens portraying mystic paradigms and nodals--
Some based on Hakenewerth's first law of auxiliaries and modals.*
*(Aux → t variable (M) (have -en) (be -en) — MV Av-t)

The lesson from the 1890's is to shun the plain and natural,
Shun the earthy--turn instead to the versatile but complicated Apple
(Following a brief apprentice slosh
Around the smaller, simpler Mackintosh),
Find your place, your voice, your image in convexity
And seek diversion in a sheer and unadulterated complexity.

What does the holy, the individual or the mystical
Have to fear if we think in terms statistical?
And what if some destruction's total?
That fact is only anecdotal.

Trust instead the abstract number, the ranging and holistic,
Rumbling deep within the womb of the computational statistic.

Yet--if even these diversions pall
And do not seem to satisfy at all,
Still--please--do not grieve.
From our place in Cape Canaveral,
We can launch you now, retrieve
You in September, like a soaring football pass
Thrown parabolic through the circumambient gas.*

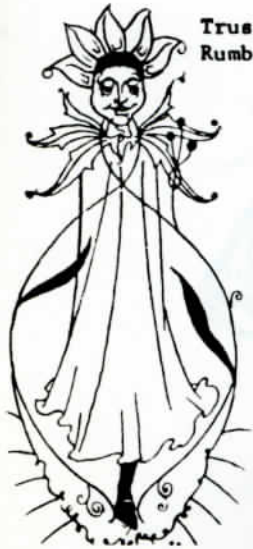
We'll bring you back in Autumn for the college Mecho-Metric Shag,
That super sophisticated,
Highly Rubistical
True Metaphysical
Hyper Mephistical RAG!

*(This option's open only to those determined worthy
In tests extracting the sophisticated from the swarthy,
Like techniques deriving perfume from oils of the tree Patchouli,
Conducted at the site by Soda and by Nichols, and finally by Dooley.)

Howard's page
for
[Sic]

by Howard Barnett

The drawings are
quotations from the
work of Aubrey Beardsley,
1872-1898.



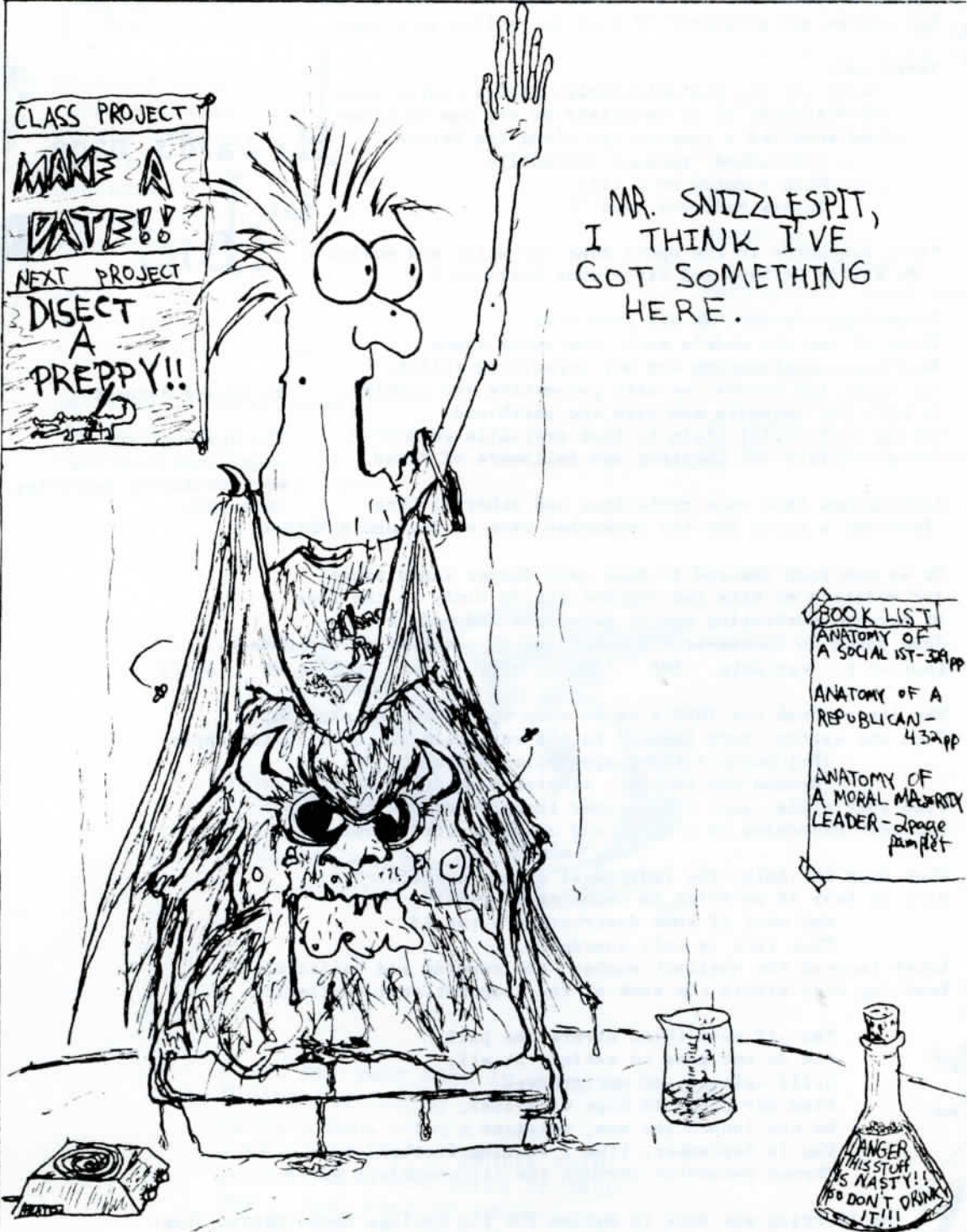
A LOOK AT...

GENETIC ENGINEERING

CLASS PROJECT
MAKE A
DATE!!
NEXT PROJECT
DISECT
A
PREPPY!!

MR. SNIZZLESPIT,
I THINK I'VE
GOT SOMETHING
HERE.

BOOK LIST
ANATOMY OF
A SOCIAL IST-30pp
ANATOMY OF A
REPUBLICAN-
43pp
ANATOMY OF
A MORAL MAJORITY
LEADER-2page
pamphlet



The Griffin Staff
Lindenwood College
December, 1984

Denise Hakenewerth
Howard Barnett
Sue Casseau
Kara Diver
James Feely
Michael Moellering
Deanna Rasch
Burma Wilkins
Anne Wochner

Honorable Mention goes to:

James Feely, Patient Faculty Advisor
Howard Barnett, Faithful Staff Member
Agnes Sibley, Griffin's Founder (in 1949)

december, 1984

