



The Griffin, 1992

Spring Literary Magazine

The Griffin is an annual publication of The Griffin Literary Society of Lindenwood College. The material enclosed in this publication in no way represents the opinions or views of Lindenwood College or its administration. These works are the creative laborings of the individual artists, and remain their property.

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April 12, 1992

"It's a long way to the top if you wanna Rock-n-Roll"
Bon Scott

To Whom It May Concern:

Well it certainly has been a long way...to this point. I will be leaving my post as Editor-In-Chief of this magazine, as of its publication, it is with fond adieu that I write this introduction knowing that it will be my last. This magazine has experienced a great many changes in my tenure as Editor, we have seen the Editorial Staff grow from three to over fifteen. I sincerely hope that the Griffin Society, the organization that makes this and the Broadside possible, will grow and prosper in my absence.

This magazine has a long tradition of serving the campus and the community as a outlet for literary freedom and self-expression. In light of the administration's view of freedom, I can only hope that it remains a publication void of moralizing and pandering, and remains true to the literary ideal of worth. In closing, I would like to thank a number of people who have helped and guided me through my three years as Editor; Jean Fields, Ann Canale, Wanita Zumbrunnen, Dorothy Payne -Brown, Nancy Webster, Sophie Michals (who was there from the beginning), Timothy James Stouffer (who always padded whatever we were editing with his own work), Ken Anderson and Joe Niblock (for always being there to berate and slam my work), and to Dr. Spellmann for not expelling me my freshman year.

I hope that my tenure as Editor was a productive one, and I wish good luck to anyone foolish enough to follow in my footsteps.

Ciao,

Bryan Simon Audrey

Song to Coyolxauhqui

gold Aztec tears drip,
leaving alleys through the blood
our stone provider
accepted fate
She,

our fair mother,

our fair sister.

Her brother the Sun butchered the gentle moon
we, the Aztecs, were given another chance, to live
our fathers paid no homage to the gods
they, risked our lives

She,

gave us back our lives,

She,

gave us back our souls.

we must appease her memory and redeem ourselves

She,

the ancient virgin,

ripped apart,

arisen anew,

with every soul given her,

while twin jade eagles,

devour,

still beating hearts.

-Bryan S. Audrey

Apocalypse Creed

Spherical garden
of Flora and Fauna
tossing, toiling
a well-traveled course

Sewer and shelter
of self-proclaimed sages
pocked with the scars
of a long thankless life

In the beginning
now, ever shall be
World with an end,
adrift and dissolving

Breeding ground shared
by prophets and pigs
caked with the waste
of advancements thus far

Infested, infected
a remnant of man
with no voice to protest
its senseless demise

-Kristen Stopp

Rheumy eyes and
trembling hands
time has not been kind
you long for freedom
from your shell
yet grasp to keep your mind

Desperate for
a catalyst
to peel away the years
they lay upon you,
folded blankets
heavy with your tears

A lifetime's knowledge
gladly sold
for age you could transcend
you'd yield your wisdom
just to feel
incomplete again

-Kristen Stopp

For Keats...(whisperings for the Dead)

A shadow along the edge
of a candlelight vigil,
sleeps in life.

Rise up, rise up...
This is my call to thee;
whisperings for the Dead.

Adonis, Adonis,
beautiful slave to the Lamia's curse.
why hath Apollo forsaken thee?

Rise up, rise up...
dance along philosophy's rainbow
and dream of paradise lost.

You, who were the Poet King,
fresh as tomorrow's sun
and clear as the nightingale's praise,

Rise up, rise up...
stand and hear the bells toll a thousand times
as though you were nothing more.

A shadow along the edge
of a candlelight vigil,
sleeps in life.

Rise up, rise up...
This is my call to thee;
whisperings for the Dead.

-Stephen Snipes
Nov. 1991

Reflecting Pool

You are going to break like a
glass thrown to the wall.
Alcohol
making its way to the floor
but I won't worry anymore.
You can drink from my conscience and
cover yours with a glass.
We'll sit hoping for the time
to pass. Ticking into the calendar
days my world turns blue, yours
drips red and you can keep screaming
asshole and fuck you, I won't
see you through.

-Ivan Tarnowski

Proclamation

The icicles have signed affidavits.
They have committed to a
stealthy, silent ambush.
They are daggers of animosity,
admissions of Nature's anxiety.

-Heather Caudill

Rabelais, the Rube

Rube of the thousand's years
Killing time in free love's rhyme.
Partake, and make your life complete:
Deplete the juice to keep the peace.

I take and partake;
I love and am loved;
I want and am wanted:

like a field,
vast and unmasted.
We fall into meadow grass
Twice green and so deep.
We kiss and are kissed,
until our great and deepest sleep.

-Eustace DelaVeritas

Swan Song

Aknatan fled Thebes
leaving it to the sands
its divine magic had tattered the new God
his royal flotilla
of papyrus and gold
shone down the Nile
asail to a brighter day
of Amen Rah's love
the twisted pharaoh wept
bleeding tears against the river,
leaving to find forgiveness or immortality
and to build anew the temples of the sun.

-Bryan S. Audrey

Shadows

I. "Temporal"

Terrible silhouettes lash
out of
the darkness harnessed

by these futile engines
of mass
interdependence; rematerialization.

I walk the night alone
in search
of terror - under covers

cracking watchtower -
ages
pass this point; in a minute

the hope, one dream, falls
into
the vast oblivion; a nowhere

beckons my return
to a
fleshy pale pink maiden's breast.

II. "Spiritual"

Flagrant footsteps pound
a stair -
well beyond the reach of an hour,

a year, an era lost, - within
a stare -
deep into her eyes dark and dim.

Turning - powered by the flight
of an
eternal darkness white

bouncing by a bedpost
to watch
an ecstasy - her sleeping smile.

-D. Louvall

A Child Should Not Be Taken To Dachau Or Auschwitz

What gave you the right
to subject me to ovens
that smelled like a world gone mad;
to stand me in the cold skeletal towers
overlooking the grimmest nations ever to exist;
to point out the rusty barbed wire
stained by the priceless blood of freedom bound;
to guide me through barracks with bare wood beds
packed tight with breathing corpses
fearful of being one of the chosen
to live and see tomorrow's pain;
and I swear that I can still hear the echoing screams
of each and every family torn apart by stupidity.

What gave you the right?!

I wanted nothing more
than to run carefree through wind blown daisy fields
with a kite in hand;
than to climb the highest oak tree that could be found
in a forest retreat that I'd call my own;
than to go trout fishing with my father on a secluded lake
mirroring the early morning sun;
than to fall in love with the girl next door
and feel the softness of her silken lips;
and to fall asleep
with the night calling to me to dream.

I wanted nothing more...

-Stephen Snipes

Grudge Match

She stared at me for hours.
I could do nothing but wonder;
she said I was hurting
from all the rancid structure.

She wore pretty gold jewelry
to remind that she'd loved once.
Of songs of the world,
she liked the sad ones best.

Like old copper pennies,
we collected dust,
losing our luster,
never knowing our worth.

-John M. Nichols

Dancing Hand in Hand with a Faceless Man

Dancing on graves,
I can't even make out the names.
But, I know where my name lies.
Two familiar faces slump over one tombstone.
I had not a care in the world
dancing with the dead,
In a small southern town.

Now the memory of that day and the dead man has faded,
I can't remember a conversation
or even a look in his eyes.
But, I will always remember
the day I danced on his grave...
and didn't know why.

-Jarrett Tindall

Struck,
by your eyes
that brought me
into a world
I thought
stopped existing.

A look,
for ever engraved
in my mind,
remembering me
of how you walk a path
of happiness and peace
of dreams, imagination

Your eyes...

-3 March, 1992
Vanessa van Parijs

Getroffen,
door jouw ogen
die me brachten
in een wereld
die volgens mij
niet meer bestond.

Een blik,
voor altijd
in m'n geheugen gegrift,
herinnert me
aan hoe jij een weg gaat
van geluk en vrede
van dromen, verbeelding.

Jouw ogen...

-3 Maart, 1992
Vanessa van Parijs

Purple

Smell the smell.
It is that smell
again.
Warmth comes with
it as well along
with I love you
and some hell.
But Inconsistency
is better than nothing
and you know more than
anyone that the
phone still rings
in my head...some
things remind me of
the time...Blue and
Red...when you said
I love you, but I have to
go away now.
How I ripped myself apart
searching for who I was,
only to find that I am you.
Black and Blue.

-Ivan Tarnowski

Bondage Music

The music plays, bold, pensive.
A myriad of moods, changing
gliding, ebbing - effortless.
Many emotions, visceral
some disappearing,
others to take their place,
while still others hang
and float above -
notes maintained.

The music shifts me internally.
I sway, hurt, suffer, then
fly upward in a scream of joy,
the dark pensiveness gone once again.
I become aware of a great need
to frame the overpowering sound with words
suddenly, a chill: I'd flattered myself
I did not wish to frame the music,
I wanted to cage it.

-Leslie Duncan

Speeding down an Arkansas highway
she sleeps in the back
of a beaten rusty green station wagon
tattered musical teddybear
in her five-year-old arms.

From a prone position
she wakes to sirens
red lights in her eyes
a decreasing car momentum
and Daddy's muffled cursing.

-Heather Caudill

Dandelion

The sun's warm rays pelt down
As I lift my face to shake my golden crown
No one else in the garden looks like me
While some are friendly, more greet in hostility
Who besides the gardener can answer my plea
Am I a flower or am I a weed?

-Maria Romine
1992

your cigarette butts are
smelling up my room but
I haven't got the energy
to dump them in the trash can:
just leave them in the ash can
until the thought of you
is staler than the remains
of the long gone cigarettes.

-Sophie Michals

Godawful

I feel self-centered;
The universe was Earth-centered;
I need another Newton
to straighten my ass out
I spend too much
on piss poor beer;
At least I know the Russians
are living vodka dreams.

I want to be explained;
I've aches and pains
in my body and soul
I struggle not to care;
Life runs steady
for those who don't.

-John M. Nichols

A day

Head staring at the floor,
Listening as you walked to the window.
Head screaming.
Mouthing, no more.
Head
hit
wall
fragile
inside and out
Nothing left to do
pull
scream
shout
Guess I was
deeper
in
the
end.

-Ivan Tarnowski

i watch the wheel head spinning
and i see the future.
my head is finishing its third revolution;
my dreams, they're my world
and i am queen.

6 march 1989
-Sophie Michals

Silence

I sat alone watching
dust swim in the narrow
streams of sunshine.
Slipping through the closed shade,
silence lingered on like thick fog
obscuring everything else.

-Angela Warren

Meditations in the White Garden

One

The humming engines of modern
monotony
roar in close proximity

shattering the tranquil
silences
of where seated - I notice

a throng of people
passing
while still I sit

positioned: I establish
over the months then
years spent here - until

now the dream pleases more
than reality
allowed to me in the simple space
of time.

Two

Superior sickness spawned
 outward
concentric circles from still point

lost upon the masses
 flowing
through the weakened tunnel

half-light, half-dark, yet all
 total
whiteness painted floor & tilted wall

returned from these people
 wishing
for the final rite - to learn

the inconceivable notions
 place them
in a cycling linear motion.

Wonderstruck by a rolled drunk
 lying
immobile in the frozen cold
 along with bitter pieces
of a worn soul.

-D. Louvall



-Marita Haugli

Uncle Ephos

Almost everyone has a relative who, as a child, they either disliked or were afraid of, but who later on turned out to be a terrific person and major influence on his or her life. All that was needed was time and experience to understand the fearsome relative. For me, this was the case with Uncle Ephos.

Uncle Ephos was already old when I, as a toddler, first knew him. My first memory of him was when he yelled at me, "Leave the cat alone! Go out and play in the traffic!" Even if I had known what traffic was at the time, his assignment would have been difficult. Uncle Ephos had retired to a small farm off an old country road well outside the city. My family visited him once a year as a sense of duty fulfilled my mother, who was his niece.

Each visit was almost identical in its boredom to the preceding one. We would arrive, my mother would make my brother and me give our uncle a hug and kiss on the cheek until we were teenagers, which wasn't nearly soon enough. Uncle Ephos smelled of woods and sweat and chewed tobacco. As soon as our yearly introduction was over, Uncle Ephos suggested that my brother and I vacate the premises until supper. He would give us encouragement with phrases like, "There's a rope outside; I bet you can't tie yourselves to a tree." We would stay outside until supper, as a preference to the company inside, but we had little to do. While it was called a small farm, Uncle Ephos kept no animals except Jackson, his cat who stayed inside all the time. The only out buildings were a garage-sized shed that was kept locked and an outhouse complete with its own wasps. We city dwellers abhorred and avoided the outhouse, and generally held it until we got home.

After supper, my brother and I had to stay inside so we couldn't get lost in the dark. The time we spent trying to amuse ourselves bordered on a millennium. My parents and uncle had a yearly routine of playing three-handed pinochle until the early morning hours. Since the house was small, containing only a

kitchen and bedroom, there was nowhere to go and nothing to do but sit and listen to the not-so-gentle sounds of country-western music of the 50's and early 60's. Uncle Ephos kept no toys for us or any other small visitors. He didn't seem to know what a book was, and his house, as small as it was, didn't have a place to go to get away from his music. My brother and I ended up in frequent fights as a result of the tedium. Uncle Ephos had a quick cure, "I got a bobcat that I caught down in the cellar. He ain't been fed this week, and the two of you would make a good meal for him if you keep scrappin.'" That threat worked for years.

Things changed when I was thirteen. My brother, older by three years, was away at camp working as a counselor, a job I accused him of taking to avoid going to see Uncle Ephos. Mom suddenly got sick and needed an operation. Dad was going to be working days and visiting Mom in the hospital at night, so I needed someone to watch me. My pleading that I would be alright under my own recognizance fell upon deaf ears. The last time it had been tried there had been a small accident. Who would have expected that an electric mixer would short out three fuses when dropped in a bathtub full of water. All I was trying to do was make a few waves for my toy boats. Besides, Mom had been complaining about getting a new mixer for years. The situation was resolved when Dad helped me pack to spend a week with Uncle Ephos.

It hurt my teenage dignity to cry and throw a tantrum, but it was my last resort. It didn't work; Dad was being unreasonable. There were other relatives, friends of the family, strangers who passed on our street, lunatics in asylums, who could spare some room. Anything would be better than staying with Uncle Ephos. I spent the entire trip to his house contemplating defenses against bobcats. Dad dropped me off, shook Uncle Ephos' hand, and drove back to the city. All those years I thought Dad loved me, and now he was giving me up for bobcat hash. How could I possibly behave for a week?

Uncle Ephos' first words to me that day were, "Your mother will probably survive the operation and be fine. It's a

shame." Well, I thought, at least he has a sense of humor, even if it is somewhat macabre. I found out later that he wasn't kidding. Uncle Ephos hated women, my mother included. It seems that as a child in school, Uncle Ephos had been severely put upon by a female teacher who favored girls because they behaved better and generally studied harder. When my uncle took exception to her opinion, he was punished. Uncle Ephos, never one to hold back an opinion, was punished often by that teacher who taught all eight grades in a one-room schoolhouse. Uncle Ephos quit school at the age of twelve and never got over his prejudice. Later, when my mother did survive the operation, he said he was less disappointed than if it had been some other woman. That was the closest he ever came to complimenting my mother, who was his favorite niece.

His second words that evening were, "Let's go to bed." These words were confusing and frightening to me. First, it was only nine o'clock, and every other time I had been here, Uncle Ephos and my folks had stayed up very late. But then, what was there to do? Second, there was only one bed. Was I going to have to sleep in the cellar and defend myself against a feline predator all night? Or worse, was I going to have to share the bed with Uncle Ephos and try not to breathe while being so close to him? It turned out for the worse, I had to sleep in the bed with him. This was new to me; my brother and I, while we shared the same room at home, had twin beds. However, Uncle Ephos, it seemed, was used to sharing a bed. Working at odd jobs all of his life, and traveling the country during the depression, he had become used to sharing a bed with other men, often complete strangers. Still, my olfactory senses had been assaulted every time I was forced to hug him. How could I spend a whole night next to him? I rolled over and turned my face to the wall. By breathing into the small crack between the wall and the bed, I found that I could get some relatively fresh air.

In the morning, my nose was assaulted by some new smells, but they were good. In fact, they were more than good, they were terrific. I smelled coffee brewing, bacon frying, and biscuits

baking. "I didn't know you could cook," I blurted as my morning greeting.

"Course I can. Good as some women, better'n most. How you think I get along by myself?" he snarled. Actually, I hadn't thought about it, and I wasn't going to spend much time contemplating the subject now. I was much more concerned with a more pressing issue that faces most people after a long night's sleep. Obviously, I couldn't hold it for a week. My uncle must have guessed my problem by the panicky look on my face.

"Put your shoes on and take that stick by the door," he said. I hurriedly put on my shoes and started to exit. "Take the stick, I said." The puzzled expression on my face told Uncle Ephos that I had no idea what one could do with a stick at a time like this. "I got a black snake named Henry that likes to crawl in the outhouse and sleep in the corner. He's generally friendly, but he don't know you. I roused him out once this morning so he might not be anxious to leave again. Course, if you'd rather pick him up..." That was enough explanation. When I got to the outhouse, Henry was gone, but he was there each morning for the rest of the week. Each day it was a contest of will as to whether Henry would leave first of my bladder would burst.

After breakfast, which tasted just as good as it had smelled, I followed Uncle Ephos out to his shed and into a whole new world. The shed had always been locked whenever I had been there before, and the windows were painted over so no one could see in. In the shed was the most complete carpentry shop I had ever seen. Power saws of all types, a lathe, a drill press, a router, hand tools, aprons, stains, and varnishes filled the floor and walls leaving just enough room for an expert to maneuver. In one corner was a supply of boards in their roughest form, while in the center of the room stood a nearly complete breakfront with each board finely fitted and sanded to a perfectly even finish that was silky to the touch.

I found a stool in the corner and sat down as I watched Uncle Ephos prepare himself for work. He tied long silver hair

back with a red kerchief around his forehead. He donned an apron and turned on a country-western station to almost full volume. Next he selected a board from the stack in the corner, and began sawing with a table saw to get it to the right length and width. I watched, mesmerized, as he processed that final board, sanding it silky smooth like the others, and carefully nailed it into place on the back of the breakfront. He worked carefully with a quick, yet unhurried, deft precision that told me he was an expert. As soon as the final board was in place, he pried open a can of stain and transformed the bare wood sculpture into a true work of art.

We broke for lunch and had the best pot of leftover stew I had ever tasted. After lunch, he pulled out four long boards and cut them into four foot lengths. He then showed me how to do the initial sanding, just to get the rough spots out. By the time I had finished my board, he had done the other seven. It was three o'clock by then and he said we would pick up there tomorrow. He gave me a broom and we cleaned the shop thoroughly for the next day's work. We locked up and went into the house.

I thought we were finished for the day, but I was wrong. Uncle Ephos went to the bed and pulled up the spread. I had never noticed it before, but under his bed were drawers. In each drawer were several rows of books. He pulled out Robinson Crusoe for me, and a tome the size of a phone book for himself. For the next two hours we read in silence at the kitchen table. After he put our books away, Uncle Ephos fixed a pot of chili that would singe a Mexican's eyebrows, but was the best I had ever tasted. The leftovers became the next day's lunch. After doing the dishes, we took a four mile walk down the road and back. It was nine o'clock when we went to bed. Whatever smells had bothered me the night before, had somehow dissipated.

The next five days followed the same routine. Only on Sunday did we change. On Sunday morning, after breakfast, Uncle Ephos took out two Bibles, and we read in silence for two hours after breakfast. Then we took our walk before lunch. After lunch, we loaded into his pickup truck the breakfront that Uncle Ephos

had finished that week. After the staining, Uncle Ephos had polished it to a high sheen, attached the hardware, and put in the glass. We drove to a small town nearby, and backed up to the dock of a furniture store. The store owner gave Uncle Ephos an envelope with cash in it and we drove back home.

Not having had much opportunity for conversation during the week, I decided to start one now. On our walks, Uncle Ephos had insisted we walk in silence and listen to the birds, or contemplate what we had read. The music in the workshop kept talk to a minimum other than instruction, and at meal times I had been told to shut up and eat. Without an invitation I opened a discussion. "I didn't know you were a carpenter," I said. "Hell, you never know most things about most people." End of discussion. Outside of being a carpenter, Uncle Ephos was a philosopher. A very succinct philosopher.

When my father picked me up that evening, he asked Uncle Ephos how I had behaved all week. "He wasn't awful," was the reply. From Uncle Ephos, that was a compliment, and I was pleased to be that highly praised.

In the ensuing years, our family visits continued each summer to Uncle Ephos. The only changes were that I always remained for a week, and the adults taught me to play Pinochle, a skill I found handy in college. I learned a great deal more in those weeks spent with Uncle Ephos. I learned a passable knowledge of carpentry tools, how to appreciate a good book, the names and songs of many birds, and that I missed Patsy Cline and Hank Williams.

While I was away at college my first year, Uncle Ephos died. He took his walks rain or shine, hot or cold. It was the rain that got him; he was struck by lightning on one of his evening walks. I missed the funeral. My folks said it was small and simple. Uncle Ephos probably wouldn't have minded that too much.

Not being a man a papers, he died without a will. The general family gathered one day at his house and divided his belongings. Uncles and cousins split the tools and furniture. My

parents got some of the books. When I got home that spring, I asked them to take me out to his place before it was sold.

When it was occupied, the house was small, now it seemed even smaller. The shed was bare and the outhouse torn down and covered over. Nothing was left. Uncle Ephos was truly gone, except in the corner by the door was a stick. I grabbed it as we left. "What on earth do you want that stick for?" my mother asked.

"Oh, you never know when you might run into Henry or one of his relatives," I said. How could I tell her it was just a simple reminder of someone I had once feared, but had come to love? Or, as Uncle Ephos once told me in a philosophical outburst, "Some people are less bothersome than others."

-Bryan Kastan

Welcome to



Saudi Arabia ?

-Bryan Bond

A Bird of a Different Feather

Once upon a time, someone said, "The early bird gets the worm." Our forefathers apparently thought it sounded like a good idea and proceeded to design a whole culture based on the concept that a righteous society rises at 5:00 or 6:00 a.m. to be at work by 8:00. In a gesture of generosity, they included we other types in their scheme, the ones who cherish sleep in the morning and simple gadgets like snooze alarms.

As an antidote for our slothful habits, they invented coffee, and it was good. Then they took it one step further and came up with the "automatic" coffeemaker. This was a lie. For the comatose, it's a complicated procedure, requiring five unforgiving steps: the water, the filter, add coffee, put the pot in place, and push the button. Screw up just one step and your coma takes on psychotic overtones.

The worm-lovers of the world chirp, "Fix your coffee before you go to bed. It's ready when you get up." While that does solve the coffee dilemma, it's still a foregone fact that I start my day with a bitch, and it's best for all if that bitch is directed toward the temperament of that damned machine.

Another good idea gone bad is that bra thing. When properly applied, one marches into the office with shoulders back and chest out. On a bad day, you give up after figuring out which side is the front. The front-snap ones that are so easy to take off are as complicated as separating coffee filters to put on. Fortunately, suit jackets conceal twisted straps and the telltale bulge of safety-pins.

At my office, we have a secret society of the Pseudo Astute. We've joined forces to conceal our non-human status of the morning hours. Our by-laws prohibit approaching a fellow member in a cheerful manner before 9:00 a.m. Calling meetings with fellow members before that hour is considered a direct assault; with non-members, it's an open declaration of offensive action.

That's because the signature stance of the Pseudo Astute in

a morning meeting is one of stoic doom. The gaze is fixed and lowered; the posture is weary and hunched. You ask unemotional questions from a list and note the answers without verbal response. An occasional "Hmmm" followed by a sip of coffee, is good. Most non-members fidget through the meeting wondering what the hell they missed; members simply call on you in the afternoon and ask for minutes.

I once ran for Director of my department on the platform of required houserobes and slippers before 9:00 a.m. Meetings before 10:00 a.m. must consist of slide presentations. Office extension numbers would be unlisted. A coffee pot for every desk. The concept was well received by the masses. I got a landslide vote. Despite the will of the people, upper management decided to keep the other guy.

He sent me a can of red wigglers for a consolation prize.

-Vicki Ensor

Fingerprint

you've laid out fine marble gardens to keep me from myself
I'm sorry, but even if something I did made you crazy

all I wanted was to be happy without losing myself in the bargain
some of us left home because we grew tired of our mothers
and now I have you, an all knowing matriarch with a body like sin
so when you break my typewriter, keep in mind that I will still
have your fingerprints on my ass.

-Bryan S. Audrey

Untitled

slightly disappointed i touched you the first time.
found your skin not as tight as hers.
my hand
didn't quite fit in the small of your back,
and the pit of your stomach was hollow and cold,
like you hadn't been fed
for a very long time.

the last time we kissed
your mouth tasted of cigarettes.
i don't know why this bothers me,
i smoke them myself.
it's the luxury of distrust on your lips,
and i wonder what else you do
that i've never tasted before?

no
YOU made my bed,
now i've got to sleep in it.
i use these coffee grounds again,
so all i'm drinking really
is just tempted water.
and i'm still finding your hair in my mouth.

--you made me nervous.

-Timothy James Stouffer

The Griffin Society, 1992

Faculty Advisors	Dorothy Payne-Brown Anne Brewster Bob Crafton
Senior Editor	Bryan S. Audrey
Short Fiction Editor	John M. Nichols
Poetry Editor	Heather Caudill
Lay-out Editor/ Assistant Editor	Jeffery S. Groby
Assistant Lay-out Editors	Vanessa van Parijs Stephen Snipes
Cover Design	Bryan S. Audrey
Creative Happening Publicity	Heather Caudill
Submissions Publicity	Sophie Michals Justin Thurman Stephen Snipes
Readers	Ivan Tarnowski Sophie Michals Daniel Louvall Maria Romine Leslie Duncan Justin Thurman Stephen Snipes

Contributors Page

- Bryan S. Audrey's** mind is confused by drink and insanity.
- Bryan Bond** is an aspiring writer and a sophomore.
- Heather Caudill** is a third year English major who hates being labeled as "one of those Birkenstock-wearing goat herder liberal types."
- Eustace Dela Veritas** is a consummate actor/ revolutionary who believes realism in the theater, and in life, is much too bourgeois. He loves history, science, logic and movies of a dark and horrible nature.
- Leslie Duncan** is a senior working on her Writing degree and is an avid lover of animals and the planet Earth.
- Vicki Ensor** is a Mass Comm. major and a senior in the LCIE program. She is environmentally active and loves to travel to out of the way places.
- Marita Haugli** is a freshmen from Norway and would like to major in photography.
- Bryan Kastan** is a graduate student in the LCIE program and has already completed a Master of Arts in Mass Comm. He is a teacher of Phys. Ed./ Health/ English at Rosati-Kain High School.
- Daniel Louvall** is a senior with an English/ History double major.
- Sophie Michals** is an English major who is rumored to be in love with the W.W.F. men.
- John M. Nichols** enjoys watching movies and staying out until the dawn.
- Maria Romine** is Mass Comm./ Theater major, who collects blonde jokes.
- Stephen Snipes** is an English major. "...and the man burned for his sins against God and himself."
- Kristen Stopp** is a freshman working towards a degree in Biology and she can't wait to get the hell out of Lindenwood and get into a real school.
- Timothy James Stouffer** graduated in 1991 with a degree in creative writing. He now works as a roustabout at a Chicago scrap yard.
- Ivan Tarnowski** is a guitar player, psychology major and aspiring human being.
- Jarrett Tindall** is a Mass Comm. major with an English minor. He enjoys music, ice-tea and brow beating racially motivated fascist pigs.
- Vanessa van Parijs** is an international Business major, who is fascinated by the English language.
- Angela Warren** is a sophomore majoring in Secondary Ed. English. She plays basketball and enjoys working out and being with friends. She feels that people our age should take the initiative to vote.

