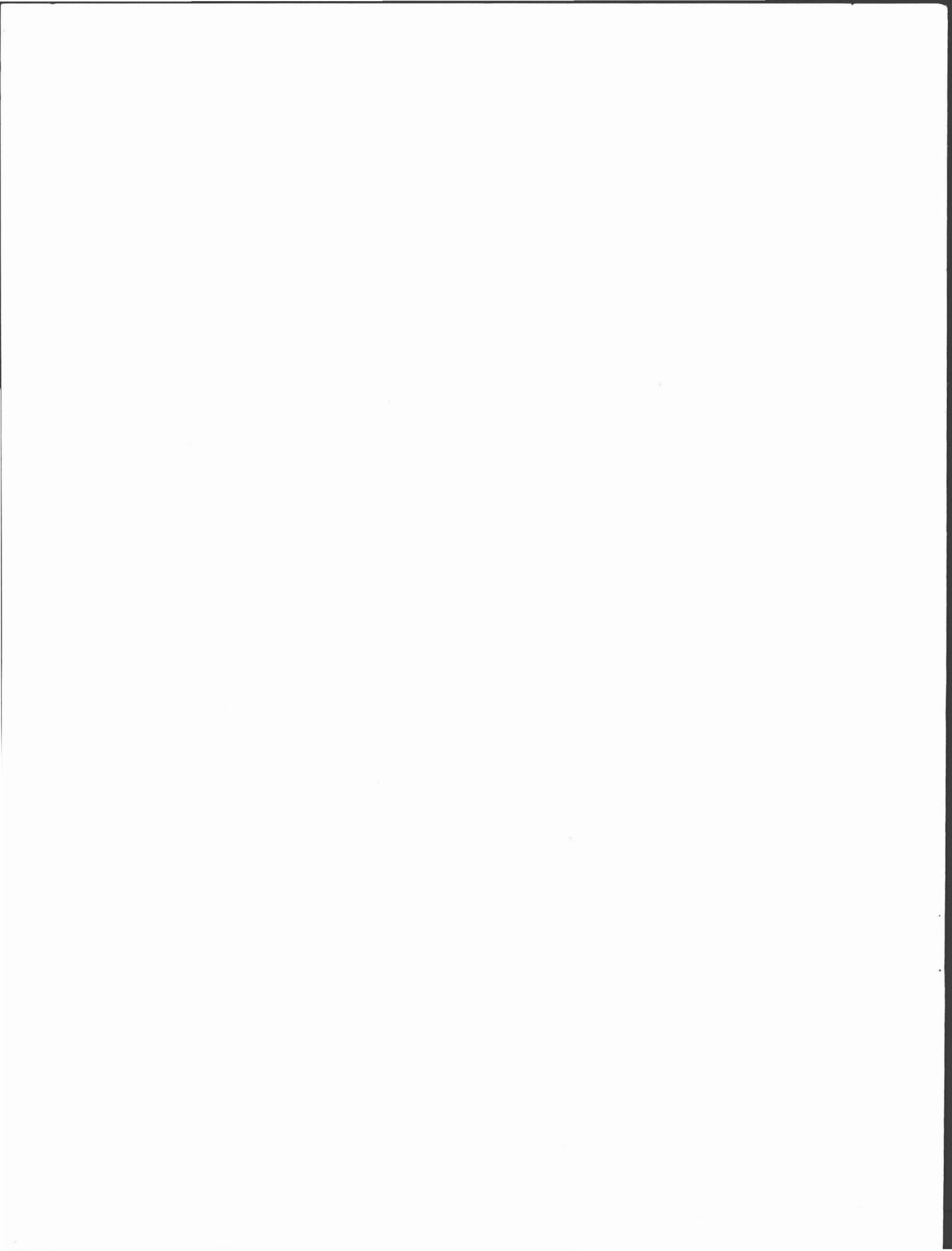


1973



gary bowers

the traveler.



the traveler

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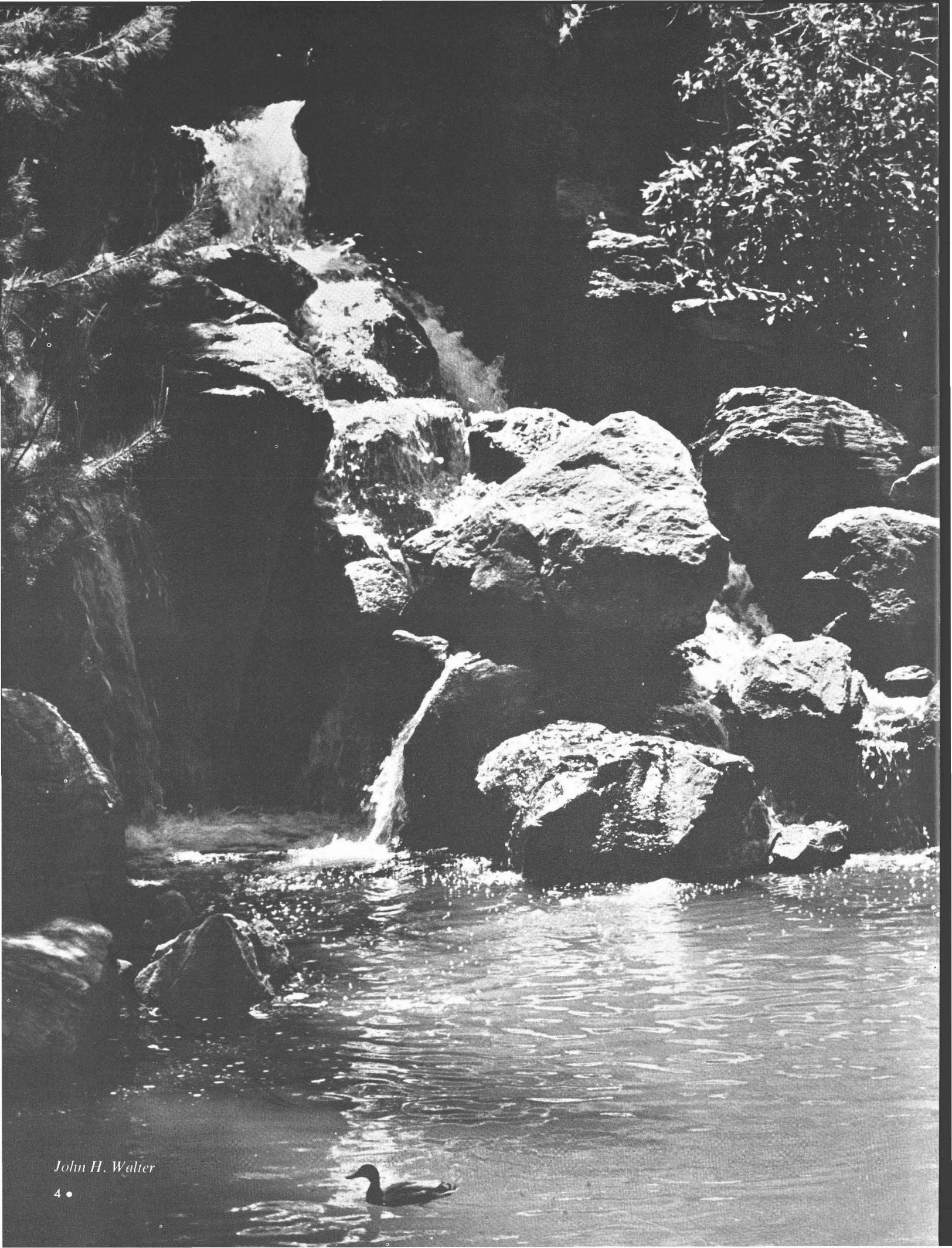
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CONTENTS

steve allnatt	quasi-liberal #1: an exercise in pretension	27
elizabeth barnett	the door ajar	18
carol basset	this is just to say i watched the world strange that we. . .	5 26 27
gary bowers	drawing drawing "uh" drawing the loss drawing	9 14 14 24 26 26
barbara brueker	your child	10
mary ann cameli	pictures on the wall the hands see sandy beaches	10 14 19
linda carter	why do you cry, child? the snow man up yo yo and down	6 9 19
andrea clark	reaching out criss-cross the death of old age	5 24 29
sandy clayton	shut	10
chuck cole	photo photo	17 31
cheryl costello and pam koll	what can i say	10
diane delander	now the waiting is through carousel rest easy	7 15 30
jan fiakas	let sleeping dogs lie	22
k. griffith	haiku	10
young harvill	ars	28

CONTENTS (continued)

r. curtis lundy	or i could give you monterey a quiet moment	20 27
j. manning	once the anxieties storm	5 14 28
chuck neff	and the rain comes progression eternal death of a combat squad leader	16 18 25
dave o'neil	the forgotten man	11
ron pavlik	to have loved a stranger (for mom) can't see the forest for the trees soul journey	8 18 30
sandy pizer	whatever happened to my fertile plain waiting, watching and wondering	16 19
randy	early mourning beach our thoughts will last statues	21 25 25
becky smith	a stand in time the planets gossip too, you know	8 23
clarissa smith	i grasped to feel	8
joel snyder	photo brawn	13 27
nick story	if i could only know a farmer's prayer	6 17
anita louise swan	our lives run. . .	18
robert wade	photo	23
john h. walter	photo	4



John H. Walter

IF I COULD ONLY KNOW

If only I could know today
The things that are yet to be;
What will become of the person I am,
Who am I yet to be?
How many tears will I stop from crying,
How many hearts will I heal,
How many times will I touch someone's hand
And tell them how loneliness feels?
How many times will I turn in sorrow
To think that I could be so cruel;
How many times will I say "I'm sorry"
And admit that I was a fool?
How many times will I act unmanly,
How many times will I die:
Will I have the courage to stand when I have to,
or be human enough to cry?
How many times will I cry out in anger
To a world without feeling or shame;
Will I have a chance to do my part
To ease humanity's pain?
How long will it be till I find the one
Who'll help me along the way,
How many more times will they leave forever,
How many good-byes will I say?
How much time will I spend for nothing,
Fighting a hopeless fight,
How many times will I say "It's hopeless—
It's a wrong that no man can right?"
Before I die, how much will I live,
In the end will I smile or cry;
How will I feel when my eyes are weary,
And it is finally my turn to die?

Nick Story

WHY DO YOU CRY, CHILD?

Because I am foolish and silly,
I want that which I cannot have.
I give that which is not appreciated.
I love the unlovable;
I live the unlivable Hell.
Why do you cry child?
I cry for those who need no tears.
I pray for those who need no prayers.
I see the things that others see,
But somehow they mean much more to me,
Or much less.
I understand the incomprehensible.
The simplest things are mysteries.
Why do you cry child?
I am growing up.

Linda Carter

NOW THE WAITING IS THROUGH

Words and Music by
Diane Delander

Moderato (♩=102)

1. Thoughts of you — in my mind, tell me of a love that's warm and kind.

Chorus Dreams of you — all the time, tell me that I'm glad you're real-ly mine. 'Cause

I've — wait-ed so long for you, my love is strong for you, I've nev-er done

wrong by you. Yes, I've wait-ed so long for you. But now the wait-ing is through.

2. When you're gone — I will cry, and if you ev-er leave me I will die. But

we can reach — for the sky, I know we can make it, if we try. 'Cause

Now — the wait-ing is through.

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TO HAVE LOVED A STRANGER (FOR MOM)

I have never seen the color of those eyes
Yet my eyes are heavy with tears
I have never felt the touch of those lips
Yet my lips tremble at the thought
I have never known her feminine ways
Yet I somehow remember them as soft and gentle
I can't recall sharing one another's heart
Yet my heart aches with the emptiness she has left me
Words which come to me now, will never be told
For though my heart surges wildly.
Her heart lies quiet and cold

Ron Pavlik

A STAND IN TIME

I stand in time, limbo. . .
 wondering?
Where is it?
What am I, how be I?
How can I grasp it?
Why am I here?
For what purpose?
They say,
 “You are still young.”
“You have time, plenty!”
 But will time have me?
 How long—how much?
 Will it be worth anything?
Questions, more questions,
 all unanswered.
I stand in time. . .
 lost in its vastness.

Becky Smith

I grasped to feel your hand
 to touch, to hear, to see
 and understand.
Why is it life
 must be continued
 alone
In another land?

Clarissa Smith

THE SNOW MAN

Once when I was little
I built a snowman.
He was way-high.
He had arms and
a hat and
a scarf that was red.
It took me all day to make him,
But he was big, and I knew that
He would stay the whole winter long.

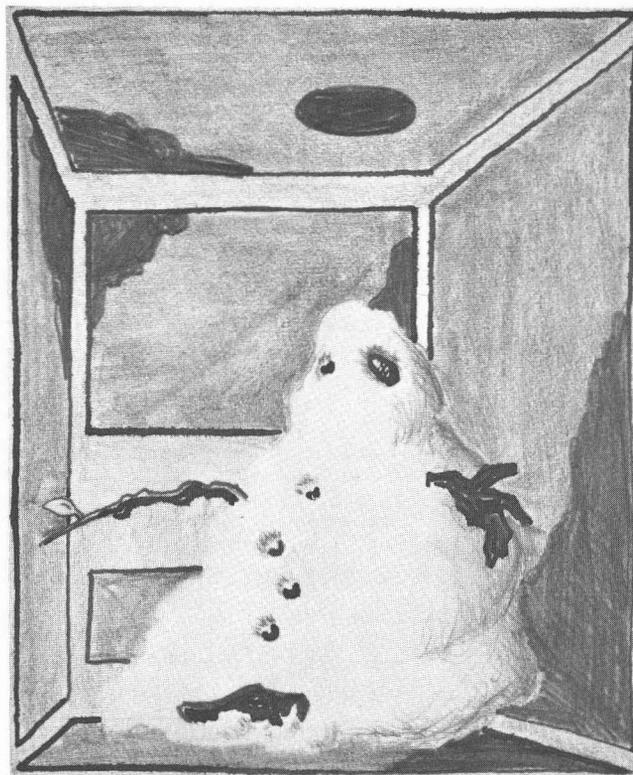
Every morning I went into the woods
just to make sure
that he was
still there.

The sun could not melt him away
And the wind could not blow him down.
He would stay the whole winter long.

Billie and Tommy made a snow fort.
I helped.
They let me live in the fort for a while too,
Because I helped.
I did not go into the woods for a while.

When I went into the woods
just to make sure
that he was
still there,
He was gone.

I think that the sun
must have melted him away,
or maybe
The wind blew him down.
But I ran everywhere,
looking for him.



Gary Bowers

All I could find was
a dirty mound of snow
and a hat.
I couldn't even find the scarf
that was red
that he wore.

I just sat in the woods
and cried.
I thought it was because
he was gone,
But I cried because
I had let
him go.

I sat in the woods for a long time,
And I wished that I was grownup.
Grown-ups don't cry
when snow-men die.

Linda Carter

What
can I say,
Far out
and
Solid

Love
is not
infatuation,
Like
is not
forever.

Sorrow
is Man's
own
invention.
Nice
is a word
I
regret knowing.

*Cheryl Costello
Pam Koll*

Pictures on the wall
Reminiscent of ourselves
Shadows in our past.

Mary Ann Cameli

Collect best lived days.
Line them on a dustless shelf.
Study them yourself.

k. griffith

shut.
the mind that couldn't be stopped
now clicked off:
where there were flowing thoughts
vivid images.
these are dusty, dark cupboards
that fell.
they have never been opened.

Sandy Clayton

Your child
is the daughter of my mind
blessed among the sunshine hours
pouring brightness into darkness
filling drawing books with line
taking her time

My mind
is the daughter of your child
what was it Wordsworth said?
from glory we have come
so far yet so close
the child, the man

The birth
will concede to death
taken lightly, unshared
you are here—speak your truth
dream and aspire, my child
listen to others
experience yourself

Barbara Brueker

THE FORGOTTEN MAN

by Dave O'Neil

In a forgotten corner of a forgotten land lived a forgotten man who spent his time doing things he liked to do the best. Most people would have said he didn't actually do much of anything, but the things he did had a meaning to him that most people would not be able to see. Not that there were many people who had a chance to see what he did; in fact there was only one, the only visitor the old man ever had. It was an interesting story of how the visitor came to him, and it was partly interesting because of the special day he came. It was a special day that the old man didn't know about. This was the first day since the man had come to his forgotten home a long time ago when he was just a young man. At first he came to be close to God, but then after a time he just stayed because of the special way that he loved other people. And ever since he first lived there he waited for the day that someone would come to visit him. But, as you see, when the day finally came, it had slipped out of the old man's mind completely.

The old man was doing a little bit of work in his garden on the hill when the visitor came up carrying a big bundle on his back and all red-faced and puffing. He was quite startled when he saw the old man, and did not know what to think, for he had been sure that he had left the last people far behind him. The old man was naturally surprised too, but he remembered his manners, and knew he ought to try and make the stranger feel as comfortable and welcome as he could.

The visitor was quite content to be quietly led around by the old man as he went around doing the little things he had to fill up his day. The stranger was awed with the presence of the old man; he was sure the old man's business must be very important, and asked no questions to avoid looking like a nosey child.

The day passed quickly; they sat under a tree to eat dinner, and the visitor spoke to the old man.

"It seems very pleasant up in the mountains

here. Do you like it?"

The old man nodded and smiled, "I don't think I would care to change anything about it. I am not exclusively happy, but different textures of satisfaction and disappointment and the happy sadness all fit together very nicely. Nice patterns."

"Oh, ah well, is it hard to live here?"

"No, not really." The old man was clearly not interested in conversation. "The honey, the fruit, the grain for bread all are close by. The milk comes from my goat."

"Nice, very nice."

The rest of the meal and the rest of the evening passed in silence.

The next day the old man and the visitor worked together most of the day. The old man seemed much more friendly and he laughed and joked about every little thing. It seemed that after some consideration he had found himself quite pleased to have a guest. The visitor was rather confused as to how long the old man expected him to stay, and just how long would be polite. He had some plans he considered quite important, and he thought then that it would be very bad for the plans to be upset.

But the old man never spoke about his leaving, and the time slipped away until the visitor became the one who stayed.

It was some time later that the old man opened up in conversation. He said, "When I was very young, as far back as the time when I still lived with my parents, I hoped to be a person who did great things. The painters and writers and inventors and statesmen I read about all made me long to follow in their footsteps. It was not important to me what field I might find myself in, what I cared about was leaving some great thing for humanity. But time went on, and I discovered that I did not have the talents to match my aspirations. My drawing and painting were

poor, and my writing was worse. I never mastered any complicated studies. Mathematics eluded me and the only language I ever spoke was the one my parents taught me. Chemistry and physics were beyond my grasp. I never learned how to play a musical instrument.

"I finally turned away from these more refined pursuits and tried to learn to be a watchmaker, and when I failed at that, I tried to learn to make shoes. Some time after, I became an apprentice carpenter, but before long I found that my skills more aptly suited me to work as a hod carrier. I did my work well, but it didn't give me the satisfaction I had hoped for.

"Now there have been some years between my time and your time, but I don't feel as things have changed too much. In my time my society was in danger of dying. The signs were all around, but people were all so blind to them. There were so few who saw beyond the day-to-day affairs, so few who saw that our society was anything but eternal.

"I told you the trouble I had with my various pursuits, and of the talents I lacked, but I did feel that I have two things—patience, and a kind of love for the people around me. And I thought that a patient, loving person had a special place in a dying society, so I came out here where I have waited ever since. For I cared enough about our times to not let it pass unmarked, and I felt that I would be able to do something about it. So, as the embers turn to ash, it will be my work to try and leave some sign, not for those who are gone, but for those who are to follow.

"Well, do I know how long it may be before the ones who follow will be in a position to appreciate what I have done. I am taking that into consideration as I work. I also realize that what I do will probably have very little effect on the ones who are coming. There is no matter

about that; my intention is not to end this cycle of events mankind is involved with, but only to put a little light on it. If there are some few who become a little more thoughtful about the circumstances of their times, then I will be satisfied."

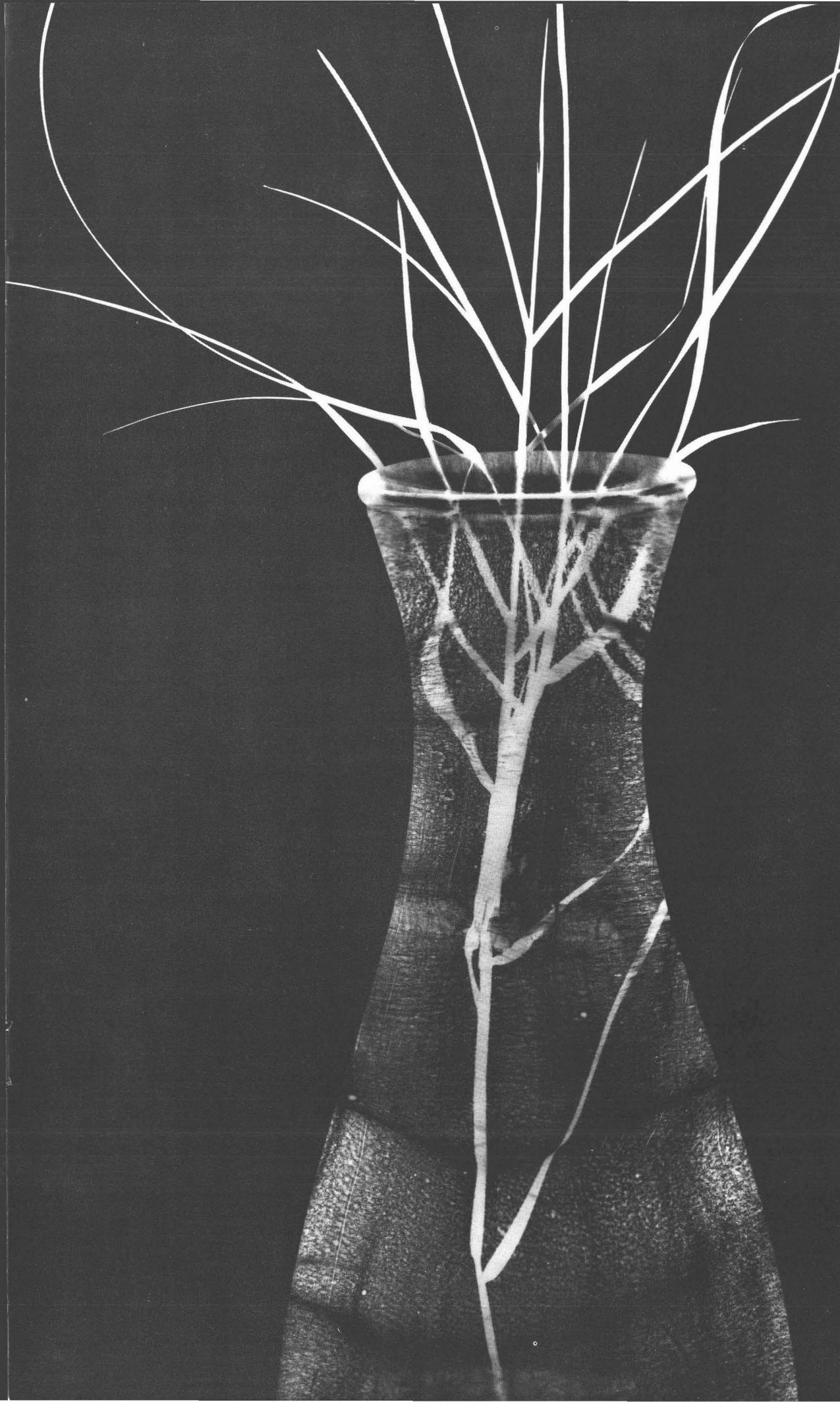
With that, the old man fell silent, and he did not speak again all night.

The old man's guest was quite touched by what had been said, and he found himself in sympathy with the old man's feelings. He thought for a long time about what he said.

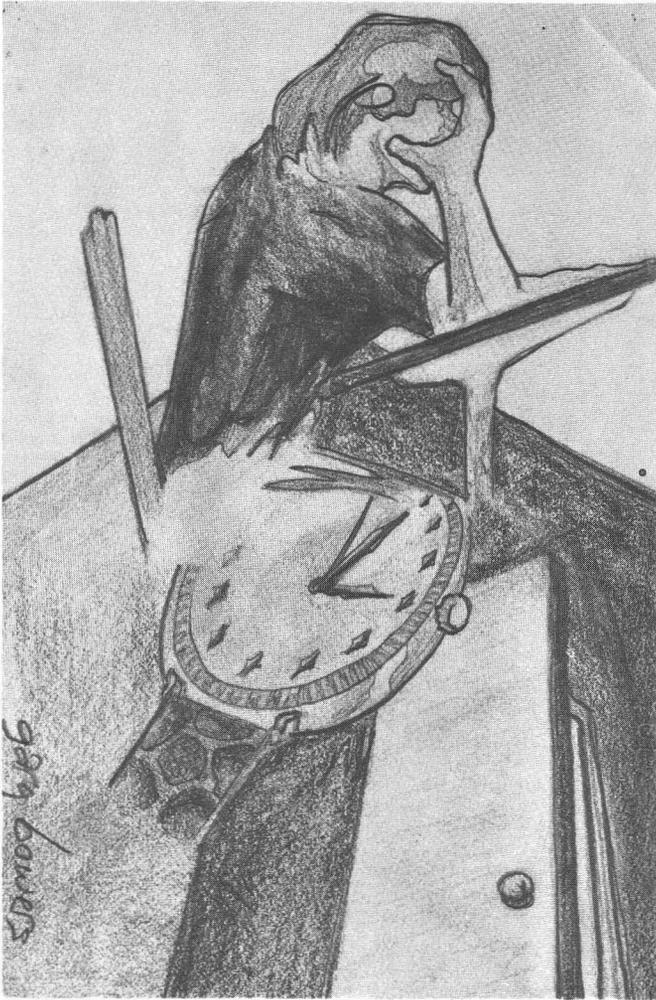
The days went on, and the guest became more and more comfortable, until one day he looked around and was quite surprised to see how completely he had taken over the old man's duties. The old man was aware of it too, and seemingly was quite pleased about it. For some time the old man had been a little anxious over whether or not he would complete his work, as it had gotten away from him to the point where he was not able to manage it.

The old man still spends his time puttering around with his work, his little effort for whoever might be destined to follow, but more and more the guest has taken charge of things. I know, and I am able to speak about these things, because I am the stranger who came so long ago to find the old man and his work. I think I was meant to come here. I'm sure there are not many people who could appreciate as I have what the old man had to offer. His work is not important to most, but I believe there are some who will have the reverence for the gentle flow of life and the continuity of all things, that will measure up to the love the old man has for the ones who are to follow.

And so, you see, I've finally come to love the life I'm learning.



Joel Snyder



Gary Bowers

“UH”

in philosophy class
 God lost.
in sociology class
 people lost.
in psychology class
 rats lost.

I tried to get a job today.
I tried to get a job today.
I tried to get a job today.

I can't find my cat.

Gary Bowers

The hands creep forward
Steadily unwinding then —
They run out of spring.

Mary Ann Cameli

The anxieties of those around me
 Who search for their plastic worlds
 In caravans of lies,
Often blank out my complacency
 With red hues of contempt
 And hatred.
In my quest for truth and consolation
 I have found a refuge,
And my tormented ego longs
 For the inviting sheath
 Of your warm arms.

J. Manning

CAROUSEL

Words and Music by
Diane Pelander

Slowly with expression

87

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO MY FERTILE PLAIN?

Oh whatever happened to my fertile plain?
Where it once was is desolation and pain.
My green grasses died today.
Oh whatever happened to my fertile plain?

The rain came in torrents, God it did pour.
Where once was richness, is terror and horror.
My two big oxen won't plow it no more.
Oh whatever happened to the labor I bore?

The fields that were fallow, were plain nourishment,
For rabbits and small things, but they were too spent.
Now the beasts and coyotes grew hungry and vent,
Their anger at me, and the law that I bent.

I can hear them taunting, as they grow near.
As they lunge and scratch, at the deer I peer.
And my friend I can tell you, I'm trembling in fear.
Oh what's gonna happen to the life I held dear?

S. Pizer

AND THE RAIN COMES

Parched and dry where nothing grows.
No blooms show, no seeds last, eternally
desolate.

A world of death never knowing life.

A world destroyed before it began.

Serving no one, generating nothing.

A vast desert of emptiness where
dreams are non-existent.

And the rain comes.



What was parched and dry is now
saturated.

What was desolate is now fertile.

The spores grow and the blooms enhance

A world of death now spawns life

Generating thousands of dreams

Millions of questions

All because the rains came.

Chuck Neff



C. Cole

A FARMER'S PRAYER

Well, dear Lord, another day is done.
I just seen the last of the setting sun,
And for my blessings one by one,
Dear Lord, I thank ye.

I got a letter from Bill today.
You know my son who had to go away?
Said the war's so bad, his hair's turned gray.
But he's alive!
Dear Lord, I thank ye.

I listened to the news at noon.
Hear tell more fellows are going to the moon.
It seems much too early; much too soon.
But that's progress!
Dear Lord, I thank ye.

I studied the paper and read and read.
But all I saw was "God is dead".
And when He died, not a tear was shed.
But you're not dead!
Dear Lord, I thank ye.

Nick Story

PROGRESSION

God's work was all things Beautiful
This world He gave us,
and we added:

disorganization
disruption
perdition
suppression
abolition
subversion
revolution
extraction
extirpation
abrogation
destruction
nullification
dilapidation
deterioration
execution
eradication
devastation
desolation
annihilation
extinction
obliteration

We call it production.
This is our progression.

Chuck Neff

THE DOOR AJAR

I can see far
Through the door that stands ajar.
I can see the sky
And the white cloud drifting by,
And I can see you.

Elizabeth Barnett

Our lives run in parallel
Sometimes they run close,
Sometimes far apart
But they never meet.
We are alone, even together

Anita Louise Swan

CAN'T SEE THE FOREST FOR THE TREES

We all touch
But do we feel
Is what we give
More than we steal
To conquer love
What must one seize
To find the forest
Look for the trees
We bind our love
Then break each stitch
A life together
Why must we switch
Though love is warm
There's those that freeze
To find the forest
Look for the trees
We build on truths
And break on lies
In love you're living
Or the heart; it dies
So in the end
Who will you please
To find the forest
Look for the trees!

Ron Pavlik

UP YO YO AND DOWN

yo yo's up and down,
yo yo's up and down,
yo yo's up and down,
yo yo's around and around
yo yo's are fun

constant motion machines

excitement on a

s

t

r

i

n

g

yo yo's are sparkling

white and red

pretty circles

in your hand

yo yo's make smiles

and

miles away in corners lay

pretty yo yo's never make

memories

and Tommy has

a new truck

Linda Carter

SEE SANDY BEACHES

See sandy beaches

White-winged waves, rocky ridges

Fathom distant caves.

Wing across the globe

Country-hopping hurriedly

Europe in twelve days.

Mary Ann Cameli

WAITING, WATCHING AND WONDERING

In summer days it would rain

and we would sit and wait.

Watching by the window,

We could see the drops fall from trees.

Rain is a precious thing;

It is never there when you need it,

And always when you don't.

Thinking now,

I remember the sound

Of droplets in abound,

Falling on the roof.

The roof being wood,

Burned so good,

But at the time,

I thought on only

The sound, sand and lonely,

And I wondered why.

Sandy Pizer

OR I COULD GIVE YOU MONTEREY

by r curtis lundy

IN March of any year when the sardine season finishes and the weather is wet and cold with the winds that come off the ocean pushing grey clouds that lie across the peninsula like a freshly washed blanket, you can stand at Fisherman's Wharf at Monterey Bay and watch the small fleets of purse-seiners as they pass into the calmer waters in back of the breakwater. You can stand there leaning against the damp wooden rails watching the waves lick at the barnacle covered pillars and feeling that soft kind of drizzle on your face.

You can go into Monterey when the fishermen are finished anchoring their boats, because there will be a lot of drinking being done at the end of the sardine season. You can have dinner and wait until night and wearing something warm and waterproof you can go from bar to bar and meet and talk to many fishermen who are all very willing to get you drunk. It would be sure to rain all night while you were drinking, and the bars would be crowded with people standing, singing and talking, and the tables would be filled and it would be very smoky and sticky hot with the humidity. You can drink your favorite beer or wine. Then when your head begins to swim, you can walk to another bar in the cold drizzle and when

you get to another bar you are ready to begin again.

But if you came to Monterey in hopes of finding part-time work, you would be smart not to outdrink the fishermen. You would have a good time and a good, small drunk and in the morning you would awake very early with only a small headache. You would dress in your dirtiest clothes and try to look like a very hard worker and a well-experienced worker, too. You would find a small all-night cafe and buy breakfast, so that you are eating at the same time the sun is coming over the pine mountains and the morning light is flooding almost purple over the damp streets. If it is still raining, as it might be, then there would be no sun, but there is nothing that can stop that purple morning as night departs and day begins and the droplets of water will shine like diamonds. You can watch the street change as you eat a light breakfast and regret having had such a good time the night before.

After your breakfast, you can then walk on down to the wharfs and piers and pick out a boat that looks in extra bad shape. There is where the work will be during March and April at the end of the sardine season.

EARLY MOURNING BEACH

A thousand thoughts ran through my head
as I walked the early morning beach,
but none so urgent to stop the flow,
none within my reach.

I met a young woman that morning
and thought how lonely she must be,
to have to walk the beach alone,
her only friend the sea.

We spoke quietly in the darkness
as if the world we might wake,
fearful of the morning sun
and the silence it would take.

I kissed her softly as I left
and walked slowly cross the sand,
thinking how good it feels
reaching out your hand.

I climbed the weathered wooden steps
of a lonely deserted pier,
and walked across the moaning planks
crying softly in my ear.

An old beaten man lay before me
the splintering planks his bed,
and, wondering when his last meal was,
laid a dollar by his head.

As I turned from him to leave
a tear fell from my cheek,
and the mighty ocean roared
laughing at the weak.

I cried softly on my way back home,
for even a man does cry,
thinking how lonely people are
and how lonely people die.

As I reached the door of my room
I saw the sun's first ray of light,
soon people will be starting a new day
but to me,
it will be a lonesome night.

by RANDY

LET SLEEPING DOGS LIE

by Jan Fiakas

If beauty is skin deep then John Doe's body has no flesh at all, just blood and bones, but blood is thicker than water. Really, John's face alone could force a train to take a dirt road. But, every rose has its thorn and every dog has his day.

John's parents' attitude was it's too late to lock the barn after the horse is gone and that all is fair in love and war. They knew that all good things must come to an end; besides, he who dances must pay the fiddler and nothing ventured is nothing gained.

Now, John's parents wanted more children and they knew that it was never too late to learn. So, since at first they didn't succeed they would try and try again. It's easier said than done even though experience is the best teacher, but practice makes perfect so they made hay while the sun shined. Well, two wrongs don't make a right and it looked as though one rotten apple had spoiled the whole barrel.

History marches on and since that was when John was just a shot high to a bourbon bottle there's no reason in crying over spilled milk. Now, misery loves company and John was looking for some because he knew that two heads were better than one. He believed that it took two to make a bargain, but with John it was more like armed robbery. So, to be safe rather than sorry he always dated girls in his caliber—girls that looked like they were run over by the train John's face had made take a detour, but one man's meat is another man's poison. John was a beggar so he couldn't be choosy and the two girls he dated weren't exactly U.S.D.A. choice.

Kate was the tall, skinny one whose personality could be best described as the empty wagon rattles the loudest. On the other hand, Edith's philosophy was laugh and grow fat. John had dated both Kate and Edith for some time and since we know a man is known by the company he keeps, it isn't hard to figure out that John wasn't the Rudolph Valentino of his day. But, he tried harder and where there's smoke, there's fire and John had been smoldering for some time now.

He finally decided to throw another log on Kate to increase their flickering flame. But, there are two sides to every question and John shouldn't have counted his chickens before they were hatched, because all that glitters is not gold and a miss is as good as a mile. What John didn't know was that Kate knew about Edith. So, Kate went as easily as she came.

Now John was left with Edith and necessity is the mother of invention. He knew that God helps those who help themselves and time and tide wait for no man. He moved in on Edith with the grace of a gazelle. One night, while they were cooing and wooing on the couch, the phone rang. John being the suave and debonair man he was said, "Edith, you're a girl I just can't get over—so get up and answer the phone!" Hearing this Edith took off like a bat out of hell, never to return. John had finally realized that you don't look a gift horse in the mouth. Now alone and lonely, he knew that there is no fool like an old fool.

Now the moral of this story is that birds of a feather flock together and you can't have you Kate and Edith too.

THE PLANETS GOSSIP TOO, YOU KNOW

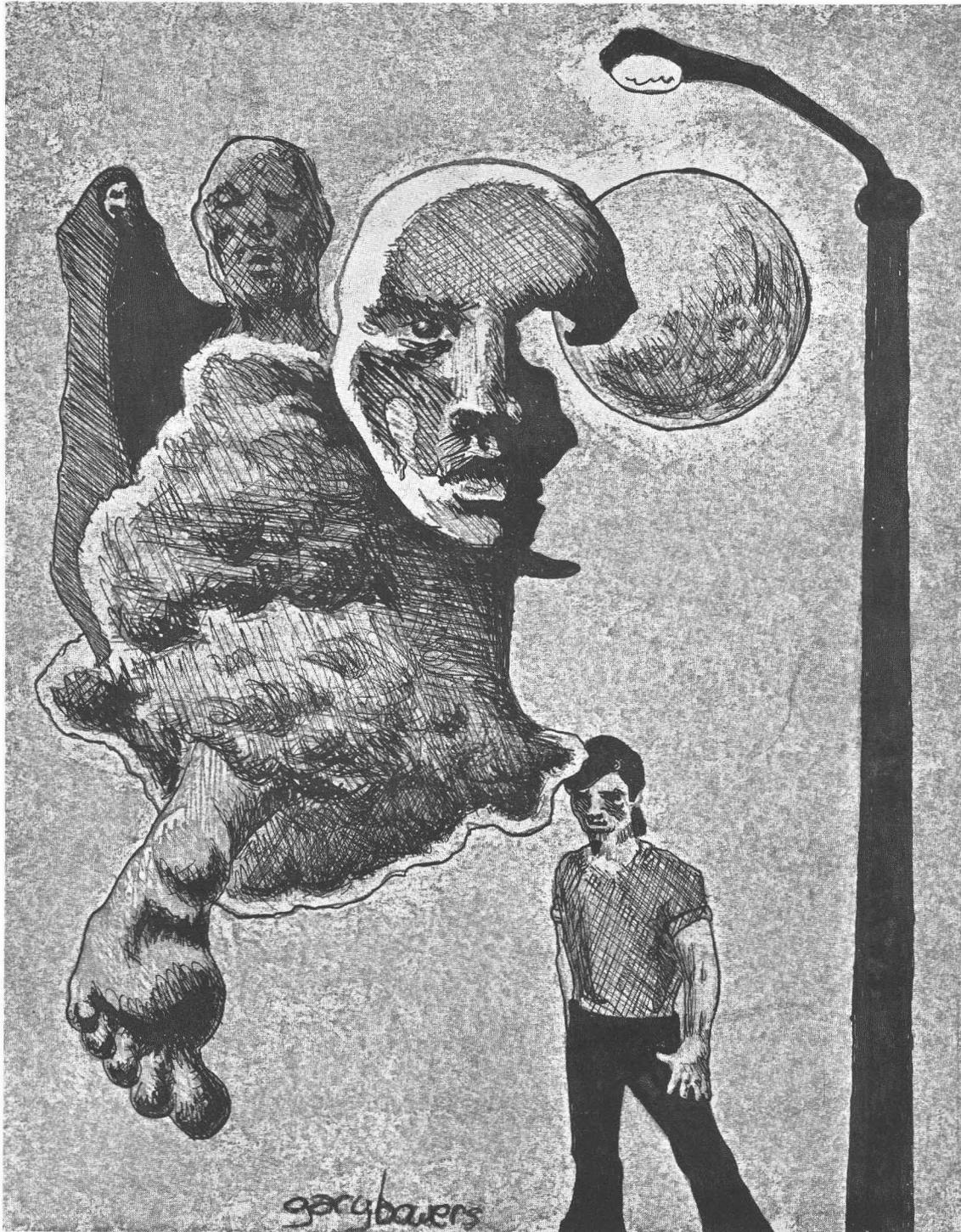
The messenger Mercury, and his fun-loving friend Mars
whisper through the solar system,
as Old Mother Earth, disgusted and disgruntled
at such behavior,
watches with deep uninterest.

"How shocking!" rumbles Neptune,
and quickly rotates to tell uniformed Uranus,
"Hey, did you know, did you hear,
that the Moon is blue," and
Jupiter is not too happy either?
Because Saturn told on Jupiter
to the Moon, about an affair with Venus."

"And all the time that lazy Saturn knew,
that devilish Pluto was really the one."
"She has a crush on him but,
why I'll never know,
He's such a cold and unaffectionate one, he is."

And all the while this is going on,
the Old Jolly Sun, sits back,
stroking his fiery beard, holding his earphone,
and laughs at them all and thinks-
"I've heard hotter tales than this."

Becky Smith



criss-cross
i miss moss
that used to grow
where i used to go
before
the war

Andrea Clark

ETERNAL DEATH OF A COMBAT SQUAD LEADER

Tranquility
laughter
smiling faces;

Explosions
machineguns;
blood
vital organs
fragments of once human bodies,
screams of the wounded,
horror on the face of the dying
cold, fixed faces of the dead.

Scenes of mourners,
tears of my own,
More letters to write,
A lump in my throat,
Always in my thoughts
always in my memory,
Always in my dreams,
Thank God. I now awaken!

Chuck Neff

STATUES

Statues are erected
by societies infected,
statues are inspected by you and me.

Some are carved of wood
and some are not so good,
statues for all the world to see.

Whenever we feel guilt
another statue's built,
we've carved ourselves a little piece of mind.

The men of Iwo Jima,
the unknown soldiers tomb,
and more and more day by day,
soon we'll have no room.

Randy

OUR THOUGHTS WILL LAST

Though black horses draw flag-draped coffins,
even as procession after procession
is led through our streets,
man's thoughts live on.

Our thoughts linger on
still after the living are gone
and the earth burn't up,
still our thoughts linger on.

And they are ours,
our thoughts.
They are the part which cannot be killed,
they are ours, our thoughts.

Though shots ring out
and people may scream,
the assassins' bullets
can't silence our dreams.

Our thoughts are armies
built from the past,
our thoughts are free,
our thoughts wil last.

Randy

THE LOSS

by Gary Bowers

Mark's head had never been more thoroughly populated. Besides his "regulars" (the disc jockey, the Council of Elders, et. al.), and the usual stray thoughts, he had inadvertently created and nurtured a new character, only just noticed; it was a wizened Rumpelstiltskin type whose only function was to sit on a stool and say "sheeit" at appropriate times. Just what he needed.

Mark was being tormented by the disc jockey, whose favor was fickle indeed. The deleterious DJ had been playing "Happiest Girl in the Whole U.S.A." for the past twenty minutes. Finally the station manager came in. "Give him a break, why don'cha," muttered the kindred spirit. "Beat it, Bub, you don't even exist yet," the Inquisitor replied, and cackled with sadistic glee as the hopeless Samaritan winked out.

(Jesus, thought Mark, now it's getting theological.)

The little man said "sheeit."

Gandalf was making fireworks with chemicals in his brain fluid (Mark's that is), causing violent headache (Mark's, that is.).

Henry David was making his usual babbling noises, as Mark's tricky unconscious had long since sent the errant cetoplasm on a useless quest to simplify the word "simplify."

The Marquis deJay renewed his attacks with a Buck Owens version of "Yore Cheatin' Hart," causing Mark and the little man to harmonize on "sheeit."

Mark had had Goddamn near enough.

Extensions of the personality or no, "whence sentience?" problem notwithstanding, interesting schizoid self-analysis, Mark's "old buddies up these", el cetera, OR NOT — they had to be destroyed.

For the first time Mark consciously created a character. It was Buck Rogers armed with a laser beam and a this-above-all sense of purpose: to annihilate every last one of Mark's charges.

Presently the job was done.

Except for Buck himself, who had just enough Impressive Mathematics to off this gem:

"A set is a subset of itself."

The deadly laser burned again, and Mark's essence was struck a fatal blow.

His lives flashed before his eyes.

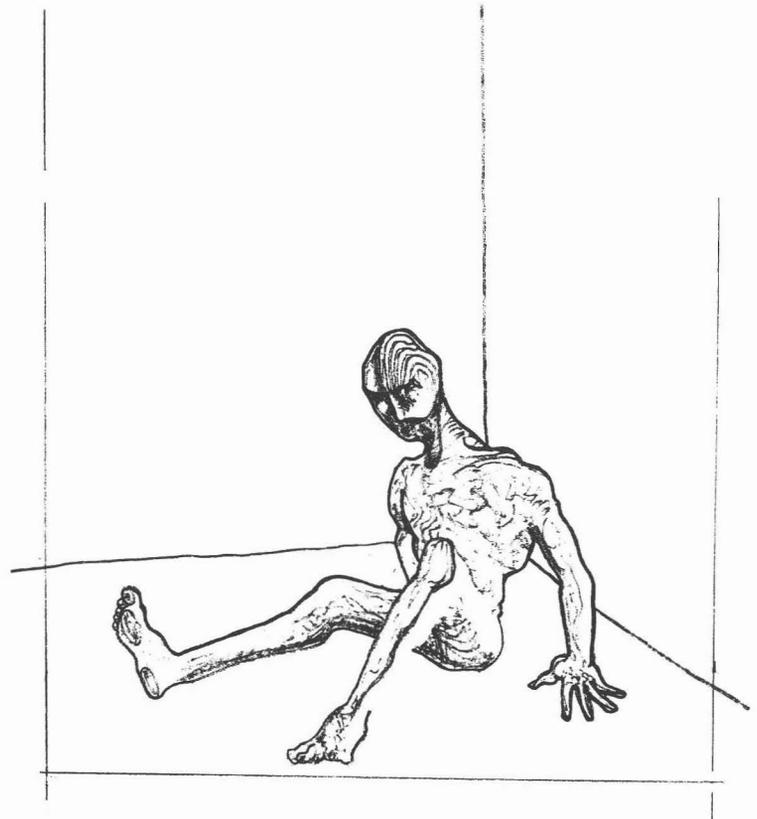
The disgusted little man in all of us mouthed a final "sheeit."

It was all over.

What a loss.

I have watched the world
from behind the reeds —
a perpetual movie
locked in there.
Sightless eyes —
only feeling
Who knows better than I
the beauty they see
the faces they meet
when my mind leaves to touch
alien lands
for eons.

Carol Bassett



Gary Bowers

A QUIET MOMENT

WHEN a man is pleased by what he is and cares very much for the woman that he is with and the place where they are, he has found the true peace.

There are many tricks which a man can use to reach peace. But he will know that he is using tricks and that the peace is not true.

It is no easy thing finding peace. It is a quiet moment given by fate and taken away by life. Time sips the moment away like a man drinking a vintage wine. If a man is wise, he will know this. He will not hold onto his moment, but savor it as time will. If a man is very wise, he will forget the memory and work for another quiet moment of peace.

by r curtis lundy

Quasi-liberal #1: An Exercise In Pretension

I may look like a honkie brother,
but oh man can I boogie (woogie?).

Steve Allnatt

BRAWN

Acting, Acting, always faking
We all knew you were
Joking, Poking, never lying
There was no admission fee
Giving, Giving, asking little
For all your love and smiling
Giggle, laugh, I never thought
Till you cried.

Joel Snyder

Strange that we do not learn
from irrational wishes
that never cease
like the eternal waves
in their eagerness
to clutch you with icy,
dripping fingers
on shores where
seagulls fly, screeching
through the bloodstreams of the mind.
But still we continue
to wish on burnt-out
stars in galaxies that
died eons ago.

Carol Bassett

ARS

by
Young Harvill

In the town where I live there is a museum; in this museum is a glass case holding a collection of Chinese ivory carvings. Each piece has been executed with amazing skill and considerable forethought. There are carvings of all the minor deities, each carrying the proper seals and fixtures appropriate to his office. There are larger pieces depicting the major gods, all bent at an angle, the last vestige of the tusk of ivory from which they were cut, all bearing his own unique countenance, varying from flawless impassive features to a figure alive with wickedness. Also included in this collection is a carving of a perfect sphere, patterned with an intricate lace design.

Upon first glance the piece seems to be no more than just that, a sphere with a pattern of holes meticulously cut in its surface; however, as one peers down through the pattern, it is possible to see a second sphere inscribed with lace enclosed by the first sphere.

The artist has carefully set free this second globe by working through the holes in the design of the outer sphere, and so he continued, for as one looks more deeply into this amazing piece there is such a large number of enclosed spheres that it is difficult to say how many orbs are contained in the outer sphere of ivory.

Of all the people who have had the pleasure of looking upon or owning this sphere it is possible only a very few ever caught sight of the innermost orb, for to do so one must line up all of the patterns of holes carved in each sphere until the proper relationships are reached, as planets must be in favorable conjunctions for the sowing or reapings of crops or the birth of a prophet, so too it is necessary for each of the orbs to be aligned before one can glimpse the center sphere.

Beyond this point the course this narrative takes is pure conjecture, for it is no longer based in the concrete. There are those who have peered down through the design and structures and say there is an inscription carved deeply in the center of things. And some of these people, being artists and poets have tried to describe what is written there, some are a bit more lyric than others, and a few are gifted with a remarkable clarity and directness; still others are content with defining the existence of the orders within orders and have let it go at that. At this moment and all other moments the spheres are turning and following their own movements and cycles. Soon we will find ourselves sifting down to the center of things.

STORM

by
J. Manning

It may begin softly, so subtly you may not notice. Perhaps some grass will move in anticipation or maybe the small leaves on the ends of trees will get edgy and flutter.

When the light fingers of the wind move, its cousins in nature come alive. In the still of the tired afternoon you may suddenly look up to find yourself immersed in a world of fascinating life.

In the horizon the clear blue of midday turns darker, then gray. Like an ominous monster the storm swallows more and more in its great, wet mouth, as it approaches. Once lazy fields ripple in its wake, and quiet trees speak of their excitement in soft rustles. The warm air turns chill and runs shocks up and down your spine.

The wind curls past your face in a caressing sinew. It rubs the hairs of your neck and runs its long fingers through your hair. Pulling and beckoning your soul to flee with it forever-travel high in the ecstasy of life.

You can smell the damp air. Not the air that has been withered and dried by the desert then thrown against the mountains and parched. No, this air is heavy with memories. It knew the moist grass of spring mornings and the kind shade of green trees. It rolled along rich valleys and floated in the heavens. Its ancestor was the ocean, so it knows many secrets. It holds the sorrow of tears on lonely days and the magic thoughts of lovers enjoying romantic evenings.

Breathe in, if only your lungs were as large as the sky. Breathe deep and catch as much of life as you can.

The violent and relentless storm reaches into us and grasps the very beat of our hearts. We are reminded of that from which we came.

On goes the storm, into the evening and through the night beating its unmistakable songs of living, creating a euphoria that engulfs the deepest thoughts and dreams of your nocturnal bliss.

THE DEATH OF OLD AGE

by
Andrea Clark

The shadow of age leaked slowly from the corner of his eye. His brow was etched with the worries of his life. The wrinkles rose and fell as the memories slipped through the antiquated mind. His small room also creaked with remembrances. The dingy walls still wore the same coat of paint. The paint that laughed with him at his children and wept with him when they were gone.

He slowly put his rusty joints into motion and rose. Across the room his hazy gaze touched a rotted frame and its yellowed contents. Though the photograph was blurred he could still envision his wife. His smile lines deepened as he recalled their love and youthfulness. They were so happy. He so strong and unerring, she an innocent belle, he remembered. He turned for a final glance and slowly closed the heavy door.

Today the stairs seemed steeper as he strained to reach the street level. His feet followed the well-known route without disturbing his thoughts. Still reminiscing, he turned each page of his life slowly and lovingly. Though his eyes were misty, he knew the way, besides there was nothing to see. The dimly lit cafe was still the same. Almost as soon as he was seated there was a cup of steaming coffee before him.

"You always remember," his voice echoed roughly.

"Yes, sir, every day," she smiled a smile that reminded him of his wife again. He sat sipping as the drink warmed him. He seemed to get cold more easily now. He thought about this again as the man handed him a paper in exchange for his cold coin. The man remarked that he looked fine, but the words stuck in his mind like tiny burrs because he knew they weren't true.

He shuffled along slowly not noticing the bustling city around him. The children played and he was oblivious to them, but not to the memories they jostled from the cobwebbed corners of his mind. He sat on the bench that he had come to know so well. Noiselessly the paper told him of things that happen now, all around him, that he doesn't see. His daily newspaper was his only reality. The rest of his day was spent within the shadows of his past, a time long gone when

his life was filled with the laughter of his children and the sweetness of his youth. And his wife. Her gentle touch and kindness to everyone were too dear to lose. They were gone now. Everything was gone, except in his mind from which they would never escape. He kept each thought captive in a tiny vubicle of his brain, releasing it for only a second to savor again. Too long he had tasted them now, and his eyes were blurred as he strained to read his paper.

As he shifted his weight the bench creaked and sighed with him, flaunting an air of oldness surrounding the two. This aged man was easily unnoticed. The greyness of his well-worn clothes blended well with the moist fog surrounding everything. And the light was very poor. It was hard to know when he was there and when he was gone. He rose to leave now and the bench squeaked a farewell.

At the cafe, the waitress had no words for him. There were many others and she was busy. He ate slowly at a meal that had no distinguishable taste. He paid his bill and closed the door quietly behind him. On the street it was dark and the soft yellow street lights did little to lessen the density of the fog. He did not need to see though, he knew his way well enough. Since he didn't need to watch, his eyes turned to inward things and he again visited with his sleepy thoughts of times long past.

The single lamp barely created a single shadow as the old man readied himself for sleep, a sleep that he knew would come easily. He lowered his head to the waiting pillow, and in the darkness his memories became more vivid. The smiles of youth creased his face. The tears of age leaked slowly down. The man started to sleep with knowledge that death would come slowly, painlessly as he slept.

The sun rose again though its only indication was a slight pink tint on the east side of the fog. His cup of coffee waited patiently, though it would never be sipped. His paper lay folded. Waiting. The bench sighed with emptiness. But you couldn't really tell when he was there and when he was gone. The light was very poor.

SOUL JOURNEY

From chained and humble
to proud and free
For as I look
So shall I be

I've stood so tall
Yet bent so low
And though I came
I too must go

In death again
To pass on by
But I the soul
shall never die

I've been the pauper
I've been the king
Spilled my tears
and learned to sing

In this outer world
I've reached and clutched
My inner world
I've just now touched

In death again
I pass on by
But I the soul
Shall never die

Ron Pavlik

REST EASY

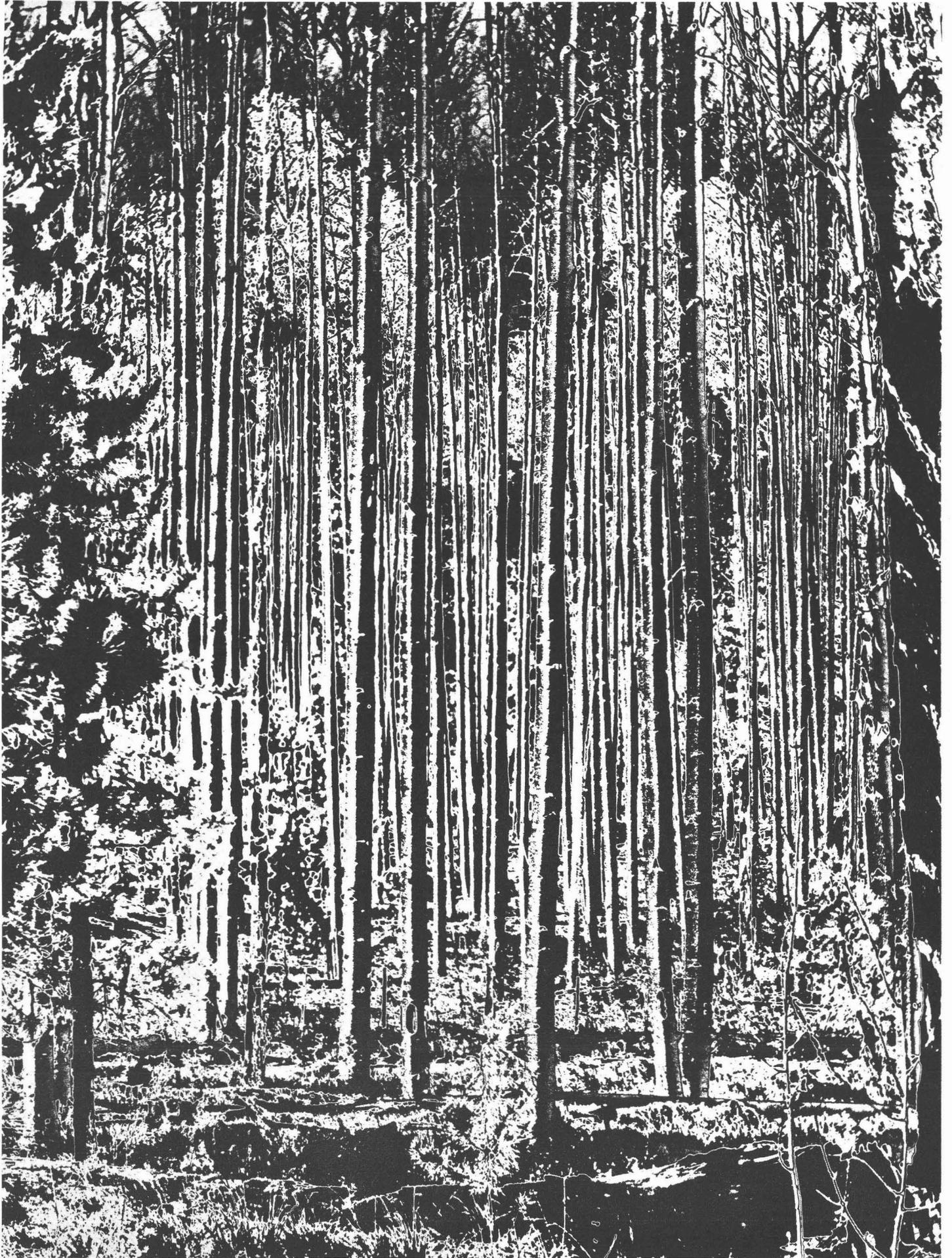
Rest easy, morning,
When nigh comes to stay.
Soon you'll be dawning
Into a new day.

Rest easy, summer,
Though you fade into fall.
Through winter you'll slumber,
Then wake to spring's call.

Rest easy; Be assured
Of vows that came from above.
Remember — I'll keep my word.
Rest easy,

Rest easy,
My love.

Diane Delander



WE THANK THOSE PEOPLE
WHO GAVE THEIR WORK
FOR THIS MAGAZINE OF THOUGHT
AND APOLOGIZE FOR THOSE NOT USED
FOR SPACE WE HAD NOT.

THE LITERARY MAGAZINE STAFF

the traveler

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