

the traveler



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the traveler

GLENDALE COMMUNITY COLLEGE CREATIVE ARTS MAGAZINE

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Awards

Short Story:	T. Cash — 1st place Jerry Sulkosky — 2nd place
Poetry:	Don Scott, Jr. — 1st place Stephen Neilson — 2nd place
Drawings:	Margo Marque — 1st place Steve Boyle — 2nd place
Photo:	John H. Walter — 1st place Dorde Cedic — 2nd place
Cover:	Glenn Helm

Special Awards

Cover Poem:	Franci Portillo
Cartoons:	Wai Hung Lai

Prizes to be awarded at Recognition Day Assembly — April 7, 1974

Trees

Fleeing the cold of winter
A tree's soul retreats from its trunk
For the warmth of the underground.
Cutting life from its limbs and leaves,
The leaves struggle for life
And in a burst of color
Dry and fall to the ground.
It's autumn.
Winter comes.
The limbs are frozen and cold,
Standing stark against the sun
December's sun doesn't warm
The hidden life inside.
They patiently wait
For warmth
And life
Through the freezing
Uncomfortableness
Of winter.

JO ANNE MICHELLE GARNER

Early Day

In the quiet of the early day
From far away
A dog barks.
Another answers him,
Faint and dim.
The sound fades.

The dog again
Barks.
The faucet drips,
A car goes by,
And here sit I,
So quiet
In the early day.

ELIZABETH BARNETT



Sunshine and Other Promises

The sun has a way of shining
Circling me in your arms
And we have a way of loving
Your showing me your charms
The warmth of being with you
Makes me soon forget
That the sun has a way of setting
And your promises don't come true

JO ANNE MICHELLE GARNER

Autumn

When Summer's green begins to fade
Replaced by Autumn's shrouding shade
Its brilliant incandescent tinge
Brightens Nature's varied fringe.
Then arrives the bold October
With its wild and blowing gales
Bending trees like open sails,
A-casting Night's weird, shadowed gloom,
Enchanted by a Mystic Moon.
Great Owls in search of hidden prey
Loom through skies of endless grey,
And myriads of fire flies
Blink kaleidoscopic eyes,
Darting in their frenzied flight,
Traveling through the trails of night.
The stillness of a darkened lake
Ruffles in its icy wake.
Where grass once grew there's a frosty hue
In the quiet of the early morn,
And on the wooden frill of a window sill
Suspended, hangs an icy ray,
Announcing to the world that
Winter's on its way.

DOUG DEFEVERE

Wait at the Station

They all stood, there at the station:

All of them standing, all in a row,
even the man kneeling off to one side,
even the woman wandering around back,
even the old man sitting in his chair,
 rocking,
 rocking
staring at yesteryear's dreams.

And they never bent or moved,
even when they walked
 or stooped
 or leaned
 or talked
 or thought
 or died

All of them standing, all in a row,
 waiting.

Waiting for the train.

And they were all dressed in black,
even the man in the
 (shocking!) grey-chequered suit, and the
 (obscene!) tramp in the brown knee-length skirt.

All holding their baggage by their sides,
even the ones with their hands
 in their pockets
and the woman clutching her umbrella;
even the man filling his pipe
and the old lady with the cloth,
 polishing her memories.

All of them standing, all in a row,
 waiting.

Waiting for the train.

Oh yes, the train might come someday,
but not from the east
or from the west
but from the inside,
going out,
going away, away from the
stagnant station of shattered windows
and broken visions,
away from the cracked foundation
poured from the slag-swirled cement
of yesterday's twisted memory.

But there they still stood, all in a row,
all at the station,
even the ones in their homes,
even the ones in their asylums,
even the ones in the colleges
and the high schools
and the grade schools
and the nurseries
and the cribs
and the hospitals
and the wombs.

All of them standing, all in a row,
waiting.

Waiting for the train.

STEPHEN NEILSON

God, etcetera, Love and the like
Are so worn out they're
Absolutely trite.
Ah, the Romantics,
Those absurd hypocrites,
No wonder they all died
In frantic, frenzied fits,
Possessed with fairy tales
About eternal lives.
Before them lies nothingness,
But with unperceiving eyes
They suck on dry sponges
While staring at empty skies.
And all the Hare Krishnas
Sing of Love and Joy.
Some have reformed
To a fourteen-year-old boy
Who sheds unto them hope
About a world that may be;
We all still must cope
With the law and society.
So cling to your idols,
Your myths and grand stories,
While the salvation of the Earth
Exists within he who perceives
The pain, suffering, and hunger
And aches until he relieves.

SASSAFRAS TED



Jasmine in Wonderland

(Confessions of the Starship Trooper)

GARY BLAIR

Think about free will.

*

The rules are simple. In fact, only five are written on the inside of the box cover. The outside of the box cover says "UNIVERSE GAME" in large black letters. At the bottom, right under "FOR AGES SIX TO ADULT," smaller red letters proclaim that the box contains all of the necessary equipment: one complete universe; a "habitable" planet; millions of people surrogates; five people; and a stack of experiment cards.

Dear David,

You are probably quite surprised to receive this letter after over two years and considering our relationship at that time. But, Dave, my life took wicked turns suddenly—and I must tell somebody. I've been thinking about you—everything almost seems nice now. I've been thinking a lot about seeing you—but I won't.

I always felt relaxed and secure when I was with you. Maybe that says why I sometimes acted like a fool, saying things that didn't make much sense, or seemed silly. I knew that you wouldn't ever laugh at me or think me stupid even when I thought aloud and tried to express ideas which were only half formed in my head. I hope you trusted me the way I trusted you and I hope that nothing will ever change that. Now I know—I love you.

I thought that what I just wrote would be the most difficult part, but it wasn't. The next parts are harder. I am stuck for words. That is probably because they are silly things, things that don't happen to anyone but the insane. I doubt it. Probably unstable, though.

When I left you I continued my unceasing search for a good reason to live other than mere curiosity. This probably sounds strange to you, Dave, but you, better than anybody, understood my great need for purpose—and my greater need to do what is right.

All went well for over a year and a half after we parted, or at least as well as could be expected considering my great fear of people, of many situations and myself. I was able to find a nice apartment near the university, and started on a doctorate in philosophy. (Isn't that a surprise?)

But then my world started breaking—shattering? Or was it me that started breaking? You must excuse me, Dave. I'm not really writing you a letter, merely using the paper for doubt and self-pity. I hope that it holds your interest.

Grandma died a couple of month ago in Norton Hospital. The day she died Jane called me from the hospital to tell me to hurry there. Grandma could go any minute and she was asking for me. I drove as fast as possible along Barberton Reservoir Road. (You remember it, the curves, the beautiful big trees, the placid water.) As I passed Nelson's Point I stole a peek at the swimmers to try to take my mind off Grandma. A child was floundering out past where it gets deep suddenly. A couple of other children were throwing sticks into the water for their companion to hold onto.

Thinking of Grandma, but knowing that the child would certainly drown, I stopped the car and ran down through the trees to the water. Nobody was there. NOBODY. No child in the water. No children on the bank. Not even any sticks were floating around.

Puzzled, I ran back to the car and sped to the hospital. Grandma died three minutes before I got there. I was troubled by this for about a week. But eventually I angrily put it off as a prank — a very cruel prank as it turned out. Now as I think about, I get paranoid. Better think about something nice.

I bought some pets, in fact, a lot of them. First I got some guppies and a large aquarium. It's so neat watching living things swim around. I also got a cat, Voltaire. He plays constantly with whatever is lying around the apartment: string, shoes, anything. Voltaire has a mouse trapped in one of the walls. My favorite new pet is Emmanuel, a puppy dog. He's so sweet. I've even taught him to fetch a bone and bring it back to me. I'm feeling a little better now.

A few weeks after the incident at the reservoir I got pregnant. I don't know how it happened. But, a doctor checked me out and then another and another, each concluding that I was definitely pregnant. I must confess that the first thing that popped into my mind was abortion. Being unmarried and likely to stay that way, I questioned having the child grow up fatherless. These thoughts conflicted heavily with my objections to killing a fetus. Jane told me I had better have an abortion immediately or be in a bit of trouble with school. The pressure built until I couldn't stand it any longer and one night I just cried and wished it wasn't there. That night I decided to have it aborted.

The next day I drove to a hospital in New York, but after a check-up they said that I didn't need an operation, that I wasn't pregnant. I didn't believe it and demanded another examination, which again proved negative. Dave, I WAS PREGNANT! Three doctors at home said so. How can a fetus disappear overnight?

This isn't fair. I can't understand what is happening to me. God is cruel. No, there is no God. Nothing makes any sense.

Mom and Dad celebrated their fiftieth anniversary last weekend. Leaving early Saturday morning so that I could get to Cincinnati by two and the start of the affair, I stopped at Columbus for a little bit to eat. Coming out

of the Howard Johnson's I found a purse in the middle of the parking lot. I picked it up, opened it and found keys, credit cards, a driver's license and about \$1000. Even though I knew I would be late for the party, I decided that the best thing would be to take the purse to the police. Especially since it contained so much cash.

After explaining the story to the sergeant at the desk, I watched him open the handbag. Inside were a bunch of dirty Kleenex and an old rag doll. The sergeant became suspicious of me and detained me for a couple of hours for questioning. I arrived in Cincinnati at about six. Meanwhile some friends had taken Mom and Dad out for dinner.

Dave, do you understand what is going on? Do you believe me? I have tried my whole life to be a good person and it has made me miserable. Why are these things happening?

I always found difficulty confiding in anyone and now is no exception. It has taken me all day to write this letter and now I'm emotionally exhausted. In just the past few hours I have been sincere, dishonest, scared, proud, brave, hypocritical, humble, bitchy, tolerant, lonely, understanding, hateful, furious and frustrated all with myself. Mostly I've been confused—and maybe insane. One thing is certain, I'm disgusted with life.

I'm looking at myself in the mirror. You always liked my blonde hair. Is your wife blonde? I have my long crimson dress on. Remember it? I just want to cry.

Please remember me. I know I spurned you when you said you loved me. I remember I said "friend," but it wasn't true. I'm sorry. Again, I love you.

Eternally,
Jasmine

Jasmine wiped the tears from her eyes, sealed the envelope, and went down to her car.

Driving to a mailbox she dropped the letter inside, paused momentarily and drove away into the dark. Half an hour later she was dead. The front of her car was wrapped around a telephone pole.

— — — — —
"Too bad Jimmy, you lose," Billy said, his voice leaking glee.

Jimmy put the free-will card back into the experiment pile as Billy drew from the top of the deck.

"Oh, boy," he exclaimed, "a war card!"

— — — — —
"What do you call yourself?" the Fawn said at last. Such a soft sweet voice it had!

"I wish I knew!" thought poor Alice. She answered, rather sadly, "Nothing, just now."

"Think again," it said. "That won't do." Lewis Carroll



Drawing by STEVE BOYLE

the snow
melting, dripping
drip drip dripping
drops
trickling down
tumbling rolling sliding down,
joining together
merging to form a creek,
running skipping jumping
over smooth pebbles,
faster and faster,
gurgling, giggling
through the trees
joining with other creeks
blending to make a stream
flowing fleeting galloping
faster and faster,
louder and louder,
combining with others
to become a river,
swift, cold
roaring, raging,
foaming rapids crashing
against boulders
eating the sand away from the banks,
twisting, turning,
zigzagging,
churning over trees that have fallen,
pouring down waterfalls,
impatiently racing, hurrying,
longing to touch
the sea.

DON SCOTT, JR.

Along Those Same Lines

this morning
i
got depressed
sitting alone in a soft yellow
ray of life
i
began
thinking
about love and hate
and
war
then
i
realized
i wasn't alone
that a hundred million other
people
are
jammed
into my little
life ray and they are
just as
confused
as
i

CATHY COUGHENOUR

Comparison

"Daily grind". . . "hum drum,"
"Merry-go-round". . . "rat race,"
All have been tried to describe
The blessed joy of living
To which we all seem wont
To part.

V. LAWRENCE JACOBS

The Homecoming

JONI NEVILLE

Jeff was coming home at last. The Air Force jet winged its way around half the world and was now only ten minutes out of Denver, his hometown. He sat motionless. Jeff was motionless most of the time now. He spoke very little and never seemed to hear. Anything he said or did lacked that small touch of human individuality, the characteristic that prevents people from becoming mechanical.

A bright red "Fasten Your Seatbelts Please" sign glowed in front of him and, without thinking, he strapped himself to his seat. That's the way it was now. He didn't bother much about thinking.

The plane was silent as men peered out the windows in quiet, anxious contemplation, wrapped in warm thoughts of glorious reunions. Not Jeff, though. He remembered something about a wife, parents, a brother saying good-bye, crying as he boarded the plane somewhere once, long ago. Perhaps it was too long ago. He stared straight ahead without blinking, stiff and cold, yet he didn't shiver.

His grip on the arms of the seat suddenly began to tighten. Terror seized him as his face turned white and beads of sweat rolled down his temples, and he began to tremble. No one noticed.

There he was, strapped in. Strapped in the smoldering, tangled wreckage of his fighter bomber. A warm, thick liquid oozed down his cheekbone. Stunned, he didn't feel or hear a thing. The screams and squeaks of the jungle surrounded him as the heavy, humid air closed in.

After a few clouded moments his consciousness cleared. Jeff was quite aware now as the jungle cries got louder and the muggy air denser.

He lay there for an eternity that seemed to pass in a few seconds. Then there was a sound! Jeff stiffened. A crunch! A crackle! He looked from side to side. Then he heard more. And now they were closer.

Jeff wanted to pray but couldn't. He wanted to cry but couldn't. It all seemed so unreal and he felt completely detached. He saw the soldiers then. They jerked him out of the mangled plane and the tallest one grabbed his shaking arm. He shoved Jeff onward through the damp thicket.

"Hey, man, what is it? Huh?" a voice yelled. Jeff looked up directly into the eyes of a puzzled soldier, who was shaking him. "Hey man, come on!" The soldier's firm grip dug deep into Jeff's flesh. "Look, it's home. We're home." He met a blank stare. "Are you okay? I mean are you all right?"

Jeff, turning away and lowering his head, stammered, "Sure." He descended the ramp, almost blinded by the sun. His eyes, unaccustomed to much light, blinked. A slow, quiet, but constant throb began to pound in his head.

Numbly and unemotionally he drifted through the next few days. Without protest, he was paraded here and there like a prize beef. He shook hands, smiled when the bulbs flashed, and answered the same questions again and again. Jeff was always quiet and reserved after all, so they said. But it had grown into remoteness, close to withdrawal now. No one noticed.

On Sunday, there was a large family celebration dinner. The long table overflowed. A gorgeous spring floral centerpiece sat as a decoration on the lily white tablecloth.

Everyone sat down to the attractively arranged table and silently bowed his head in thanksgiving. Jeff followed but in the middle of the prayer he lifted his head.

Jeff was pushed onto a broken wooden bench by a huge guard, who loomed over him and twenty other dirty, ragged, beaten men as they scooped up and swallowed the miserable, cold mush. The white skeleton faces of the men no longer betrayed emotion, but their eyes alone revealed all the anguish and horror. The prisoners avoided each other's eyes, each knowing that the misery they would see would be unendurable.

Jeff screamed violently and, jumping up, yanked dishes off the table and flung them across the room. Bowls were sent crashing to the floor. Glasses were hurled at the walls. Plates were smashed. Food was splashed on everything. Jeff continued to yell and scream as his head throbbed, louder and louder.

The crumpled centerpiece lay in the same corner in which Jeff, trembling uncontrollably, sank to his knees, covered his face with his hands, and sobbed like a child.

"A good night's sleep" — That was the recommendation of the family doctor. Later someone led him home and put him in bed. He was conscious and mumbled answers to the few questions he chose not to ignore. The green and white capsules someone handed him induced a drugged sleep. But would he sleep long enough, he wondered, as his heavy eyelids dropped.

Jeff's world was black for several hours. He was unable to feel or hear. Then the throbbing returned, starting out slowly and rhythmically, and growing louder and more violent than before. The constant pounding inside his skull was so great that when he put his hands to his head, he felt it expand and contract.

Jeff thought then. It had been a long time since he had last thought and he knew he was right. He had to get away.

He walked outside, drinking in the cool night air. A light breeze rustled his hair, and he climbed into the small green sports car. He raced the engine and roared off with the screech of tires. No one noticed.

Jeff raced up a steep, isolated hill near his home, increasing the pressure on the accelerator steadily until it pressed against the floorboard. His head continued to throb.

He was half way around the world already, as he steered the enemy jeep, speeding, and skillfully weaving through jungle entanglements. He had escaped, and held one thought — Fast! Faster!. Up the hill he flew racing towards the home base. Fast! Faster! He was almost there. But he didn't see the other enemy jeep on the opposite side of the hill.

On page seven of the Denver morning paper there was a small article entitled "Accident Claims Pilot Home Only A Week".



DORDE CEDIC

It's me, it's me!
After all my expectations
and waiting—my waiting
for his breakoff—it is
I. My love isn't
satisfied.
Something is wrong.
My dream image moved
too fast, and I awoke.
No longer do I sit
and wait anxiously—
but now sit and wait—
angrily,
wishing I could
revert and hurry back
to dream days. Once
again floating on my cloud,
happy—
it's raining.

KATE KING



TWO FACES OF A CLOWN

Common Sense

I sat and thought of when "the beginning"
began.
And after a while I did soon understand,
That nothing was something
in that great span
That existed before "the beginning"
began.

V. LAWRENCE JACOBS

The Grandfather

JERRY SULKOSKY

Stan Waslewski was awakened at six o'clock in the morning by the sounds of his father in the kitchen. It irritated him that the old man was making so much noise. He'd told his father that there was no reason for him to get up so early. The old man didn't have to make the coffee. Helen would be up in another hour and she'd make it. But the old man didn't listen and he was down there now raising a clamor. Stan slid out of bed and stepped into his slippers. I'd better go down there, he thought, and see if I can get him to sit down. Christ, I'll make the coffee. Any minute now he'll wake Helen and the twins. The twins wouldn't mind it, but Helen would be mad and he didn't want to pick up again this morning where they'd left off last night. He put on his robe and softly opened the door and went out into the hallway and down the stairs.

When he entered the kitchen the old man was ladling the coffee into the holder. As usual he was using twice as much as was needed. Stan walked over to his father and said, "Good morning, Pop. Here, let me do that."

"No, no," the old man said. "You sit. I do."

Stan sat down and watched his father place the coffee pot over the burner. Finished, the old man came over and sat down across the table from his son. They were silent for a minute, then the old man spoke up, "You get up early this morning. What for? You don't have to be at work until nine o'clock."

"I went to bed early last night. Guess I just had enough sleep, that's all."

The old man nodded. "Is good to go to bed early. I always go to sleep early. I get up, I feel good."

"Yeah, I know," Stan said.

"Helen? She still sleep?" the old man asked.

"Yeah, but she'll be up in a little bit. Then she'll fix us some breakfast."

"Oh, no, no," the old man said. "I fix myself. I no want to trouble Helen. She got to take care of you and boys. I take care of myself. Anyway, I be gone in little bit. I go to mass this morning, then I go to hospital."

"To see Henry?" Stan asked.

The old man nodded. Henry Klimkowski was in the hospital dying of

cancer. He'd been there for weeks now and there was no hope. Every morning Voyteck, Stan's father, went to mass to pray for his friend. Then he would go to the hospital and visit for an hour or so. Henry was in such bad shape that there was little that could be said during these visits, but the old man would sit there beside his friend anyway. Perhaps he felt that as long as he was there death would not come to take his friend. When he got home again later in the morning, he would be depressed. He'd go into his room and sit and smoke his pipe. He wouldn't come out again until late in the afternoon when Stan got home. It was sad. So few of the old man's friends were left anymore. His wife had died five years ago and it took the old man months to get over that. Stan remembered how his father had moped around after that, refusing to eat or even go anywhere. Henry was well then and he'd come by to play cards with his long-time friend. That was when his father was still in the old house where Stan had grown up. After his mother had died, Stan and Helen talked Voyteck into selling the house and moving in with them. The old man didn't want to. He loved the old house. He'd bought it shortly after Stan was born when he was working in the mine. The house was his pride. His children had grown up there and it was his. He'd come to America forty-five years ago from Poland. He'd come here to Creighton because his friend Henry was here, and in a strange land, he needed a friend. He'd found work in the mines and shortly after that, he met the daughter of another immigrant family and married her. When he had to sell his home, it broke his heart because it was like selling his child or a part of his body. He came to live with Stan and Helen because Stan was the oldest of the children and the only one who still lived in Creighton. Ann, the youngest, lived in Chicago with her salesman husband; Joseph, the next oldest, was in Seattle where he worked in one of the aircraft plants. Neither would have really welcomed the old man's presence nor would he have gone to stay with them. He'd uprooted himself once to come to America; he would not do it again. So he moved in with Stan and Helen and in a short while was doing much better. The twins were responsible for that. The old man loved them. He was always giving them money or candy. Around him, the twins did what they never dared to do around Stan or Helen. Even if they annoyed him, he let on as though they didn't. When Helen or Stan would get down on them in front of him, it was plain that he disapproved, but he never said anything. So often when the twins were carrying on in their grandfather's room and Stan would go to quiet them down, the old man would raise his hand, shake his head, and say, "Is okay, is okay, you don't worry, they no bother me." Helen was growing more and more disturbed, though. She and Stan had had several arguments and each time Stan agreed to talk to the old man but never did.

The coffee started to boil over. Stan reached around to turn the gas burner down. Voyteck was smoking his pipe now and gazing across the room at nothing in particular. Finally he turned his gaze back on Stan and said, "Helen, she's mad at me."

Stan shifted uneasily in the chair and looked down at the tablecloth, then said, "No, she's not mad at you, Pop. She does think you give the twins too much candy and stuff, though."

The old man nodded his head slowly and puffed on his pipe. "I try to be nice to boys. But if you and Helen no like, I no give them candy no more."

"Oh, you can give them candy, Pop, just don't give them so much."

Silence fell between them once again. After several minutes Stan turned off the flame beneath the coffee and rose to pour two cups. He shoved one across the table to his father and took a sip of his own. It was terribly strong and when he winced the old man looked at him. "Hot," Stan said.

They sat in silence drinking coffee. Finally the old man finished. He got up with his cup and went to the sink where he washed it and placed it back in the cupboard. He then left the kitchen and when he returned he had on his old brown felt hat and a sweater. Helen was stirring about upstairs. Within a few minutes she would be down. It was close to seven o'clock. The old man headed for the kitchen door. Stan looked up and said, "If you want to wait, Pop, Helen will take you in the car."

"No, no. She got to take care of you and boys. I go now, I walk. I be okay. You tell boys I see them later."

Stan watched him go out the door and down the walk. He picked up the coffee cup and took another drink. God, it was strong! But he drank it anyway.

Helen came into the kitchen wearing a housecoat. "Dad's gone, I take it?" she asked.

"Yeah."

"You know, I'd be glad to drive him up there if he'd just wait," she said.

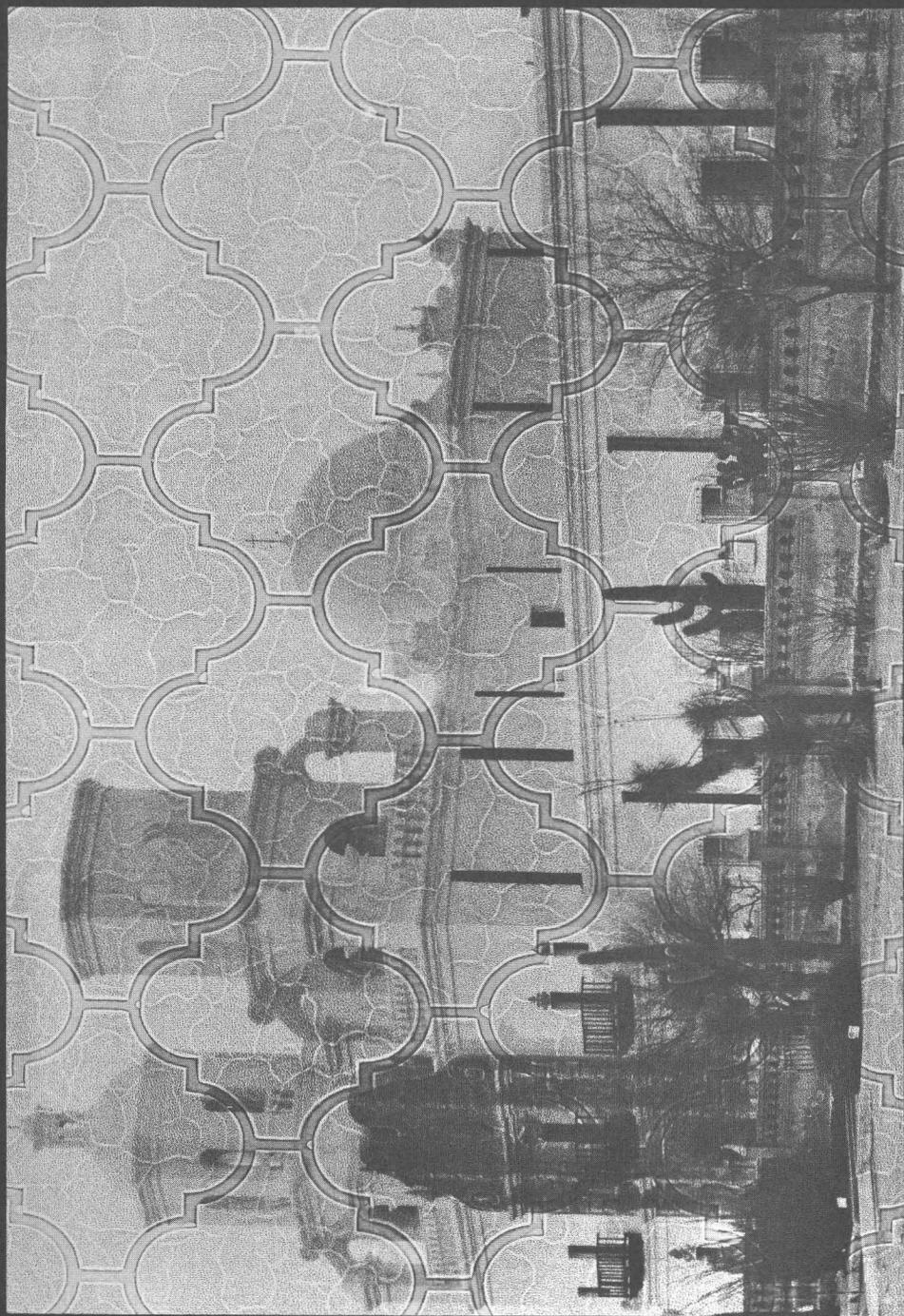
"He'd rather walk. He likes to walk." There was a small trace of anger in his voice.

Helen poured herself a cup of coffee and came over to the table and sat down. She tasted the coffee and made a face. "I see Dad made the coffee again," she said. "Stan, I wish you'd talk to him about using so much coffee. He just ruins it."

Stan exploded. "Christ! Make another pot and quit bitching!"

She sat wide-eyed looking at him. He fell silent, then said, "I'm sorry. I didn't sleep good."

He finished his coffee and put the cup in the sink. Then he went upstairs to get ready for work.



JOHN H. WALTER

Nuestra

from
my forefathers
and
my father
and
my generation. . .
we were born
in the midst
of
affluence
and yet
in an ocean
of poverty
it
made
me
ashamed of who i was
and
what
we stood for

alternatives
were
as
bare
as
the
trees in winter
and i was
marooned
with
lady starvation
and
we ate the hate
from the mad
ranchers table

yet
we laughed
played
in our agony
drank a drunkness
to the very still
of
morning dawn
and orange sunrise

we
said our
hail marys
our fathers
ate our beans
had communion tortillas
comforted
our children
buried our
dead
and
cursed
our oppressor
the grower

out
of the black eagles nest
the four winds
moved
the
spirit
and
it created our destiny
from the southwest
to the eastern states
canada
and
touched on the
european continent

we
migrated from
state to state
in the mysterious
still
of
night and
scorching
summer
days
proud alive . . alive
whispering
the
good news
love was
not forlorn

in
our
anguish
we
raised
our voices
and
shattered
the fetters
of our slavery

nuestra
madre
the
earth
responded
and
gave the harvest
of
free people
we
became
one
in
the
fields . . .
nuestra union

ALBERTO VILORIA



AGE OF LONELINESS

four of them are playing canasta.
their dresses long and faded,
their hair gray and white,
the wrinkles of their baggy stockings,
the kind wrinkles of their faces.

deep loneliness is hidden
behind the smiles,
the years have piled up.

two proud, white haired gentlemen,
talking about the navy
and playing checkers.

over half a century has passed
since first playing checkers as boys,
since going to high school,
since life was new

and the loneliness of age
was far away.

now all they have are the memories
of younger days,
the satisfaction of a full life lived,
the infrequent companionship
of their peers,
the loneliness.

DON SCOTT, JR.

On a Friend, Departing

DEREK JAMES

The parting time has come 'tween treasured friends
Who shared experiences of youthful days
Through triumph, torment of life's many ways.
Now wrenched apart, the closeness fate must rend
To separate life cycles each it sends.
But never seeing one another's face,
Or hearing music tender voices plays,
Disrupts contentedness and peace offends.
Throughout the course of tomorrow's events
New friendships and adventures shall be made
That raise restrictions of environments
And grant enjoyment more in earth's charade.
To backwards looking no one should regress,
So forward only may our lives progress.

The Sage

There it is!
The thought that I've sought
for a life-time.
It eludes me by remaining
on the fringes of my mind.
I've schemed enough
And tried to engulf
it, so as to make it mine.
But what would I do
With a thought so new
that it might revolutionize
Or dehumanize what we
consider civilized.
What if this thought can not
be individualized?
And to be understood must be
socialized.

V. LAWRENCE JACOBS

The Professor

ELLA SHAFFER

Tricked by his bashful country-boy appearance and his careless dress, one was never quite prepared for Professor Meek's authoritative, over-educated, opinionated lectures.

In a caged-animal pace, he orated a precise point-by-point lecture in technical language making argument impossible for all but the stupid. Then with a friendly, shy smile, he'd carelessly drape his awkward form over a table in a relaxed sleeping-cat pose. There he waited for some mouse of a student to nibble on the bait of open-class discussion that he always tossed out at the end of his lectures.

With innocent blue eyes half closed behind thick-rimmed glasses, he'd wait, silently fumbling a pencil, purring in agreement as some talkative student restated the lecture in layman's language.

But let some fearless "Mouse" puffed with fresh knowledge, saturated with self-esteem, and stupidity rise up, bent on impressing the class by putting down the Professor, and the battle was on.

To be contradicted aroused the killer-cat in the Professor. He'd spring from his table in full war-dress, ready to do word for word combat.

An angry flush quickly spread over a determined face changing the little boy to an indignant stranger, ready to strangle the "Mouse" on its own stupidity with more "cheesie" facts than "Mousie" could swallow.

When the Professor had "Mousie" choking on undigestible information, he'd stop pacing, turn quickly and confront a bewildered opponent. Then towering over his prey, Professor Meek continued to confuse and finally reduce his victim into a foolish, babbling school boy.

The "kill" completed, Professor Meek conceitedly waits before a silent class. . . a star waiting for a standing ovation. . . while another student licks his wounds, and learns not to fall into the trap of open discussion by disagreeing with Dr. Meek.

Yearbook

T. CASH

Warren was twenty minutes out of Los Angeles when he realized his yearbook had been left behind.

His first impulse was not to have any impulses. Lost and Found. Call Uncle Paul.

"North Hollywood," the driver said.

Yearbook. A Very Good Year, you might say. Warren Davis, living success story, finally bursts his shell, spreads his wings, and takes to the air—girls! scholarship! renown! The yearbook told the story, and Warren had gloried over the pictures, captions, and paragraphs committed to his triumphs.

But most of all there were signatures, many signatures, from those who had known him and those who wished they had. The love and respect of over a hundred classmates were crystallized in those pages. Having read over the more reverent ones some fifty times in the two weeks since the Annual Brawl, Warren knew them verbatim.

Dear Sweet Warren,

You must continue with your work and bring harmony to this world. You are an inspiration to me and I will never forget you. Peace to you always!

I love you,
Joanie

Joanie was the first to sign. She had run up to Warren as soon as the cashier handed him the book, stopped within five feet of him, and acted like she hadn't noticed he was there.

Warren smiled.

"Bakersfield," the driver said. The old woman sitting next to Warren left the bus, and an old man with a week's growth of whiskers took her place. Warren continued his reverie.

Ah, what a heady liquor love is! Warren was fond of his classmates before, but the signatures in the yearbook opened new depths of appreciation. Not to mention surprises! What had Martin said?

To the one other person on this campus with a brain, thinking and comprehending.

Someday we must join forces against this sea of apathy and self-satisfaction. Intellectual companionship is mighty rare on our fair planet; Warren Davis is a rare individual. We must meet again!

Until then, ol' buddy—
Marty

Warren grinned at the memory. A bit of the old Ego Mania had stricken his ol' buddy. That's okay, Marty. Here's to the heavy rap sessions, the double dates, the comparable test scores! As one Dickens character to another (*Great Expectations*) puts it: "Ever the best of friends, ain't us, Pip?" Good times—

Warren's thought was sliced off abruptly; the old man was nudging him. "Hey, kid," he said.

Warren looked at him.

The man pulled out a paper sack. "Know what I got in here?" he said.

Cheap booze, Warren thought. "No," Warren said.

"Whiskey," said the old man. He hunched behind the seat in front of him and tilted the flask. "Ah," he said. "Want some?"

"No, thanks."

"Well, I do." He drank. "I sure as hell do." More whiskey poured into the old man.

"What's your name, kid?"

The man made Warren very uncomfortable, and he did not want to talk with him, but there was the question that would lead to familiarity.

"Warren," said Warren.

"Well, Warren, do you have any spare change for an old man who's ready to starve to death?" said the old man in a voice suddenly made feeble and crackly.

"No, I'm sorry," Warren lied.

"Visalia," the driver said. Bodies shifted, feet shuffled.

Warren wondered why he lied, wondered even while knowing the answer, wondered to come up with answers better suited to a person held in high esteem. The man would buy liquor with the money people gave him. If he wanted food there was always the Salvation Army or some other thing; an old man like him would know his way around that sort of thing. Etcetera.

"I got cancer," said the old man. "I'm gonna die."

Warren was very uncomfortable and did not know what to say, if anything. But the old man saved him. "I gotta take a leak," he said, and left his seat. His pants were dripping.

Warren cried. Realization. Quite suddenly Warren was hating Warren as he had never been hated before, for Mary had called him a "prophet of peace"; Julie had thought of him as a "compassionate and loving person"; Sandy had said he "deserved the world"; to Lisa he was "beautiful, sensitive—"

Oh Christ, oh Christ, oh Christ—

Yearbook. Over a hundred persons put their faith and hopes into the ego of a miserable creature. They wished him well. They knew he would go far. They wished they were him.

The yearbook was in the Los Angeles Greyhound Bus Terminal. There it would stay. Hopefully some other dying old man would find it and write obscenities all over it and draw pornographic pictures in it and print YOU SON OF A BITCH all over the pictures of Warren Quentin Davis—

The bus driver said “Hanford” and jerked Warren back to the here-and-now. How long had the old man been in the bathroom?

Twenty-five minutes—

Warren got up suddenly and stepped quickly to the bathroom at the rear of the bus. He knocked on the door.

He knocked again. “Hey—you all right in there?”

Warren waited, then turned and ran to the seat behind the driver. “Sir, man sat next to me’s been in the bathroom half an hour and doesn’t answer when I knock,” he said.

“Drunk,” the driver said. “Passed out.”

“He looked pretty sick,” Warren said, as emphatically as he could.

“Well,” said the driver, “if he don’t come out by Lemoore I’ll take a look.” This was said in an annoyed tone of voice, and the driver’s eyes dismissed Warren.

But Lemoore was twenty minutes away. Warren went back to the bathroom and knocked again.

Warren put his hand on the latch. His hand turned the latch, and his arm swung the door open.

The old man sat/stood against the sink. His flask lay broken in the large drain.

“Are you all right?” Warren said.

“I’m gonna die,” said the man. “Thanks anyway.”

“Do you need any help—I mean, is there anything I can do for you?”

“Pray for me, kid. Maybe God will listen to you,” the old man said.

Change the subject, stupid! Warren thought. “Mister,” he said, “I lied to you. I’ve got plenty of change. I’ve got plenty of money. . .how much do you need?”

“Kid,” the old man said, “why’d you lie to me?”

“I lied because I thought. . .you’d buy more liquor with the money.”

They walked back to their seats.

“How much money you got, kid?” the man asked.

Warren got out his money and counted it. “Seventeen dollars and eighty cents,” he said.

“You don’t know much about old people, do you, kid?”

“I guess not.”

“Old people like me got no money of their own but what the Government gives us which ain’t shit. If we got no kids to help us out it’s bad news. Give me ten dollars, kid. I need it more than you do.”

Warren gave it to him. "Where are you going to?" Warren asked.

As Warren had hoped, the man began to talk. He talked about the friends he wanted to see once again, the times he had had, places he'd been ("name it, I've been there"), and the grin that grew on his face as he remembered was a beautiful sort of ugly.

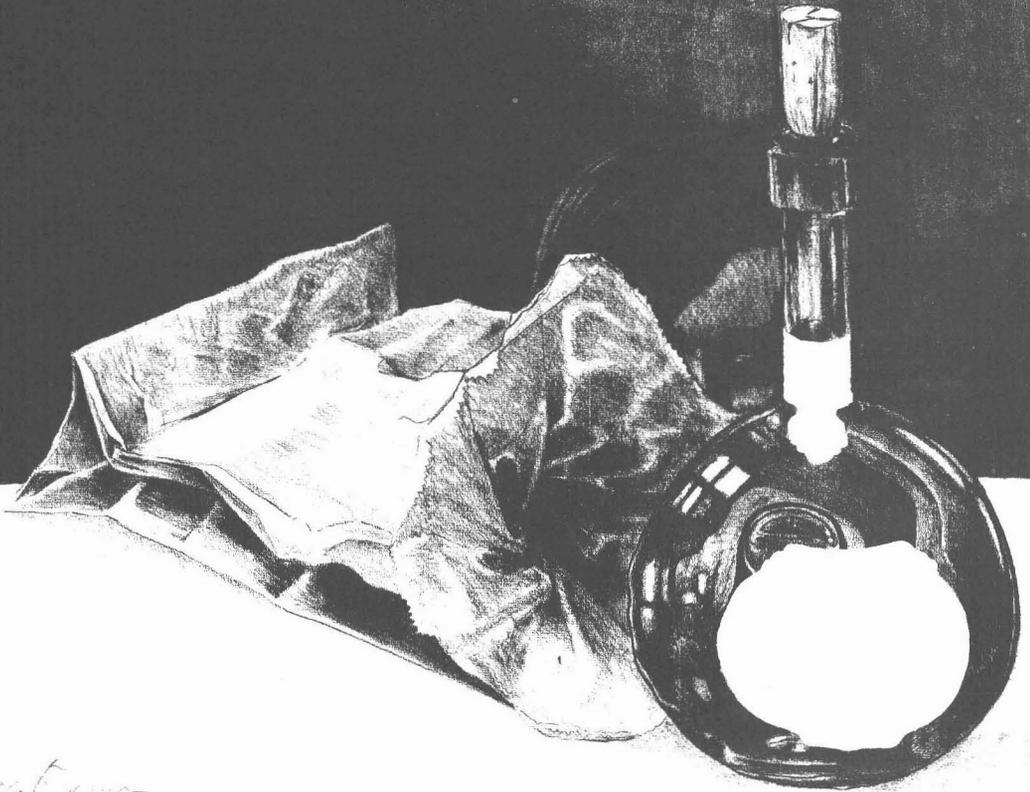
The old man stopped and looked at Warren. "Kid, I'm not dying. I don't have cancer or nothing. I just felt that way."

"Mansfield," said the driver.

The old man got up. "This my stop." He took his bundle off the rack and turned to Warren once more. "Thanks for the help, kid," he said, and left.

Twelve days later Warren got his yearbook back. He was thankful it was unharmed; he needed it.

One more signature has been added; in the most prominent space he could find Warren has written "THANKS FOR THE HELP, KID" in large block letters.



Drawing by GARY BOWERS

Each Time

My hand along your warm back finds
The familiar mole.
It should be gone
From years of gentle search.
Hand moves on to hip,
The unexpected cold spot on the side—
Still unexpected
After all this time.
Each time my hand explores you,
Each time new,
Each time known,
Your warmth comes to me through my hand—
Renews my love—
Relights the flame—
Each time different,
Each time the same.

ELIZABETH BARNETT

As I sat and thought of you last night,
I felt as if I were a boat and you were an
island.
Slowly I drifted away, and you were unaware
of the distance as it grew between us,
Further and further with each minute,
Until finally I was nowhere in sight.
No more could we see each other, and never
again did you see me.
Just like a person who cries at night when
they're lonely or away from the one they
love,
I felt like a ship with no port to return to,
Only the waters that were so open, so large,
and so blue.

I LOVE YOU.

SYLVIA WILSON

you and i
we
seem like minute
grains of sand
amidst the giant sand dune
called the planet earth

but
in reality
we
are essential particles in
this immense puzzle-like
feature

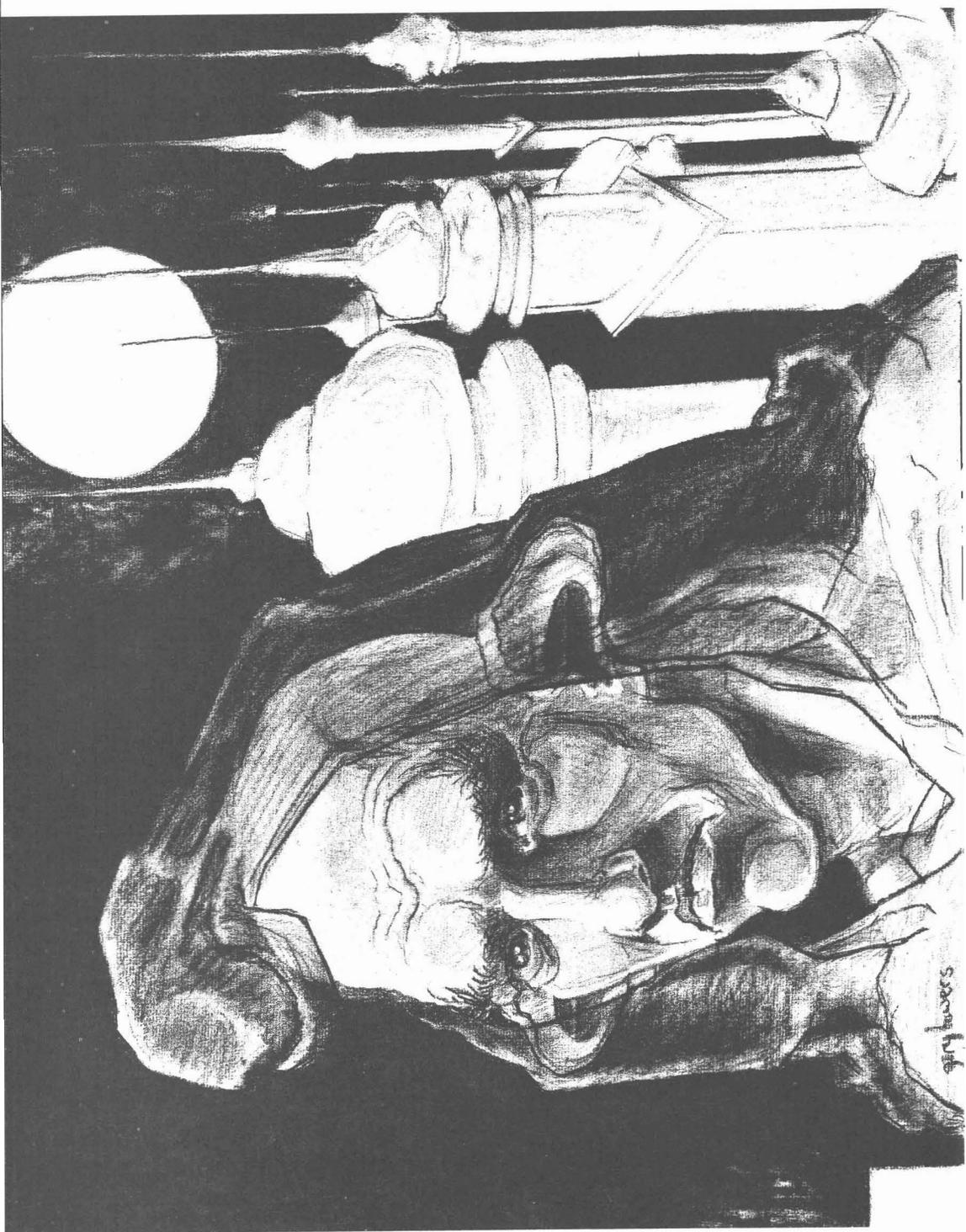
we
are capable of affecting
a great number
of
people
a vast number
of lives
in our
short and mortal
life span

but
to
do
this
we must not be afraid
to reach out
to others
to expand our
awareness of
intangible
concepts
and to do
this

we
must
face
each
new
day
with
a
free and
open
mind

Ode to Us

CATHY COUGHENOUR



Drawing by GARY BOWERS

It

JERRY LANE

It smelled funny. It wasn't just one odor, it was a blend of a hundred unknown scents. It was a mass of fur, with seven spindly legs jutting out at random. Deepset yellow eyes stared impassively at me. The hairy mass quivered, while two black antenna waved slowly through the air. The feet were scaly with three toes terminating in little, round, red suction cups. It was making a noise similar to water falling on rocks. I don't know what it was, but it sure did taste good.

when the night comes
i also will come.
i am the deep darkness,
i am your fear.
i am your fear.
you keep me alive
with your worries, your doubts,
and your ignorance.
i am always lurking within,
creeping into your thoughts,
creeping into your life.
i walk close behind you
on a dark and lonely street.
i am your fear
and one day you will
feel my hairy hands
clutching at your throat.

DON SCOTT, JR.

So we sit alone in the darkness.
It is useless to be told
light a candle
smile, be merry.
We crave the night.
When we feel a gentle touch upon our hand
only then do we rise.
The warmth has penetrated the void
the light is seeking for love.
We no longer sit alone,
and the darkness
is only
a passing time.

HELEN MITSIOS



now the day is still;
and yelloworange a sun
descending,
half-submerged
behind violet of mountains,
and round moon
yellow
rising,
and night
sifting
down.

DON SCOTT, JR.

Could I?

DORDE CEDIC

Touch the unwinding screen, before it unravels the story for you. Catch it! Stop it! The view will be so clear that it may seem like there isn't even a window.

Can you imagine the landscape being fully exposed, bare of the small wires which criss-cross so regularly, gaining such strength when knit together and pulled tightly across the window frame?

Though each wire is frail, the screen as a whole is a wall, keeping the world out there and me in here. But a few strands are torn apart. If I were to move, to take action, the whole army of wires could be divided and the wall of defense broken. No, not just now. Better to lend my articulate hands to the orderly cause of preservation.



After the Crucifix

r curtis lundy

IN THE SECURE surroundings of the psychology lab, he watched the rat wander within the Skinner Box. Set on automatic-response, the machine dully clicked and counted the number of times the rat pressed the metal lever for water. On seven, a drop of water was given. The rat would repeat. The process was endless. Boring. He spent the time reviewing his letter to the Cardinal-Protector. In general, it held no solution to the problem: an objection towards questioning; a suggestion for observing. And only to himself did he consider the possibility that a solution did not exist.

He turned his dark eyes towards the clock; it was 7:20 A.M.. Reaching into the pocket of his corduroy jacket, he removed a crushed pack of cigarettes; then replaced the pack, remembering there was only one left. With tiresome fingers he gently rubbed at his fatigue. The shrouded meeting of the night before had lasted until dawn. Stretching his arms as though drawing a curtain, he stood and surveyed the room. Seeing a familiar face, he smiled.

“Say, Fran. Would you please keep an eye on my rat, while I go over to the union?” he asked. “Thanks. You want anything?”

The house was a two story structure. A buttness. It sat alone, surrounded by citrus orchards, near the Glendale campus. In its kitchen Tracy Fitzgerald drank her coffee. It was almost 7:00 A.M.. Behind her eyes the consumed liquor of the party twinged. Painfully looking at the wall clock, she thought of her morning class, of her term paper due at the end of the week.

Oh, damn, she swore. Damn. . .damn. . .damn. . .Upstairs, she could hear her roommate, Gail Walker, fumbling through dresser drawers. A few minutes later Gail entered the kitchen.

“How do you feel?” Gail asked, reaching for the coffee pot steaming on the stove.

“Fine.” It was an obvious lie. “You missed a great party last night.”

Leaning against the sink. “I’m sure.” Sipping her coffee, Gail could not help a smile. “Well, anyway,” she mused. “I’ve got to leave for work.”

Later, a gentle morning breeze tossed Tracy’s hair as she walked down a shaded path towards the campus; to cross the parking lot; only to turn away from her classroom. Troubled. She went to the student union. At that hour the campus was almost deserted. There was just one other student, dressed in a corduroy jacket; he held the large wooden doors and waited for her to pass. She smiled. Noticed him briefly. Pixie smile. Dark eyes. It takes all kinds, she thought.

Inside, the dimmer lights of the room helped as much as the coffee. Friends began to drift by the table; some went to their classes, but most stayed to talk about the party. About the mystic with the Tarot cards.

“What’d he say about your future?” A friend asked. “Wasn’t it strange how he kept drawing ‘La Maison de Dieu?’”

“He said that I’d meet a tall, dark stranger,” Tracy said wryly. “We’ll fall in love because he’ll be such an easy lay.”

“Come on,” her friend said, taking a drink from her Coke; the sight turned Tracy’s stomach. “He told me that I was secure in my future. . .” Tracy’s mind drifted to the cards. “That the career I’ve chosen will be fruitful. . .” Solemnly, painfully, Tracy scowled at her coffee. La Maison de Dieu. Disaster. Refusing to believe in a card foretelling catastrophe. Refusing also her own bleak fortune.

“Oh, shit, Barbara, you can’t believe in that?” Standing, she moved to get more coffee. “Say, you want anything?” A few tables over, Tracy noticed the student who had held the door for her. He was sitting with friends, smiling.

Adrian Carrick, wearing a sweatshirt and torn tennis shoes, pounded the small, black handball against the court walls. Having spent the entire morning in the psychology lab, he now listened to the echoes of the handball, as he vigorously burned away his frustrations. What was wrong? Carrick wondered. What made youth deny the church? No, not all youth, he thought. Then what *was* the problem? Carrick swung and missed. Bending, he placed his hands on his knees and looked sideways.

“Hello.” It was a feminine voice. Carrick had seen her several times before, but didn’t know her name. “You aren’t very good at it.”

Straightening, Carrick walked to the fence. Exhausted, he took his towel and wiped the perspiration from his face. “Haven’t been at it that long.”

“My name’s Tracy. . .Tracy Fitzgerald.”

“Hello, I’m Adrian. . .”

“I know,” she interrupted. “Listen, can we talk?”

“Sure,” stooping to pick the handball up, Carrick looked towards the parking lot. “Can we walk over to my jeep, though?”

“I’ve been asking your friends about you,” Tracy said as they walked, watching as Carrick wrapped the towel around his neck and pressed its corners to his face. “How come they don’t know very much about you?”

Carrick smiled. “How much do your friends know about you?”

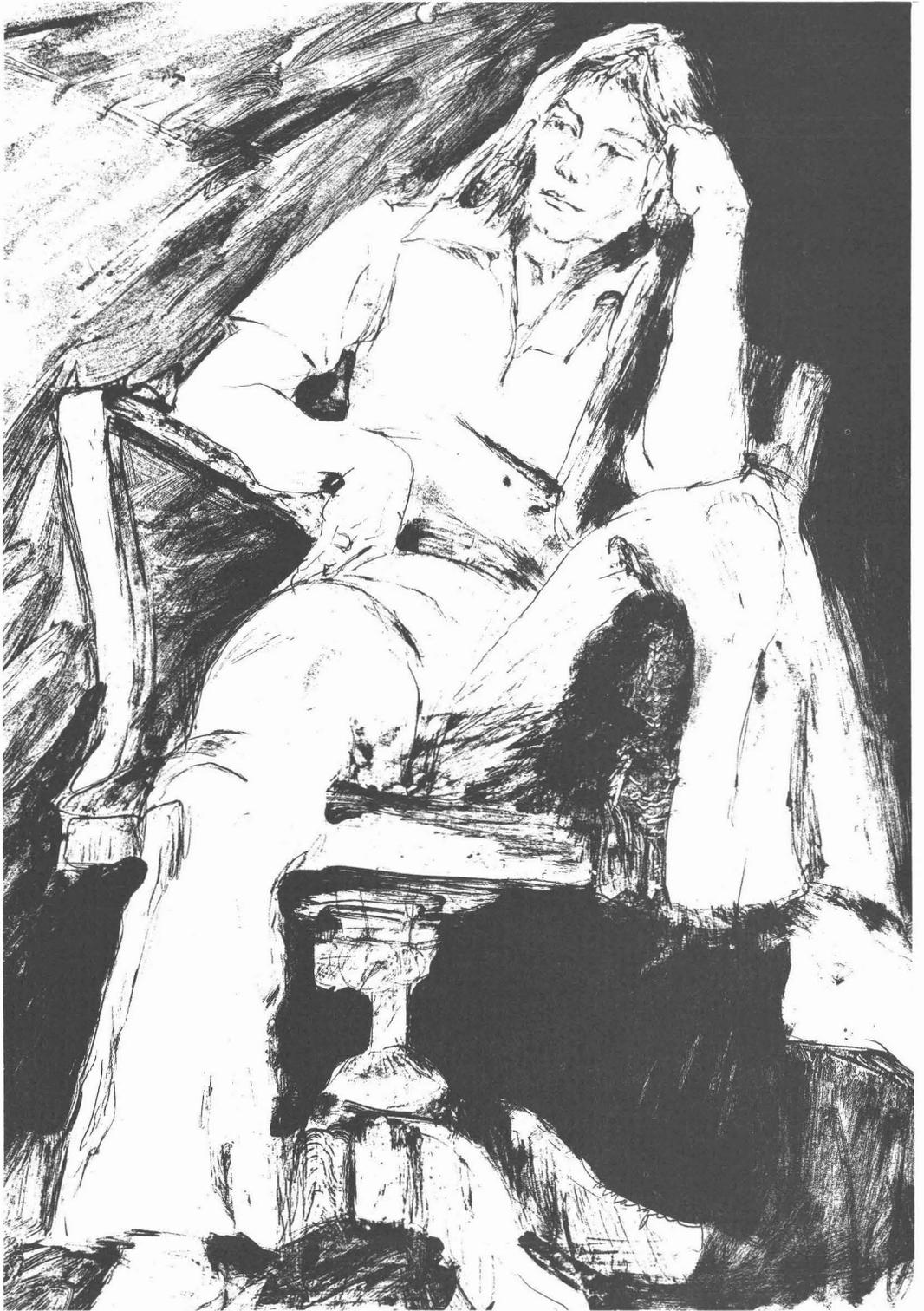
Tracy gazed forward, towards the parked cars. Thoughtfully, she turned a smile to Carrick. In the distance, along the horizon, storm clouds gathered, moved eastwards. Thick, Gloomy. They covered the afternoon sun, drenched the lot in shadows of weariness.

“Excuse me, Tracy; could I ask what this is all about?”

“Yeah, I want to go to bed with you.”

Stunned, Carrick said nothing.

“Good, then you can be shook,” Tracy laughed. “Your friends said that you couldn’t be.” She looked into Carrick’s dark eyes, wrinkling with humor. “Listen, the truth is: I need help with my English term paper.”



Drawing by MARGO MARQUE

"What's the paper on?" Carrick asked as they reached his jeep.

"It's entitled: 'Is the Church Still the Community?'"

Tracy frowned at the response shown on Carrick's face, a painful look of regret. No, it was much more than that, she thought. It was something like obligation. "Your friends did say that you're Catholic and know a hell of a lot about theology. Okay?"

"Huh? Oh, sure," Carrick agreed.

"Good," Tracy beamed. "I live right over there. . ." She pointed. "Eight o'clock, alright?"

"That's fine."

"You got a smoke?" Tracy asked as Carrick leaned over his jeep and brought out his jacket. Carrick reached into the jacket pocket and removed the cigarette, being careful not to remove the empty, crushed pack. "Thanks."

"Don't mention it."

"Say, by the way, do you believe in the Tarot cards?"

It was exactly 8:00 P.M., as the lights from the jeep moved wearily across the face of the house and cast eerie shadows among the Citrus trees. Exhausted. Engine stilled. Adrian Carrick rested against the wheel, listening as the rain softly drummed on the canvas roof. He needed sleep, saw the closed door and knew sleep would not be granted. With a heavy sigh, he pushed himself from the jeep as though climbing from one bottomless pit into another. Treading his way across the damp lawn, he stood on the threshold.

". . . 'Do you believe in the Tarot cards?'" Carrick stood, wondering if his answer had been adequate. She had seemed overly concerned. The door opened.

Inside. In the kitchen, the hollow room listened. The atmosphere was relaxed as Carrick drank coffee and concentrated on Tracy's explanation of her paper. She wanted to show the structure of the church as obsolete, and, therefore, separated from the community.

Gently smiling, Carrick sipped at his coffee and felt the recollections forming: theology classes; long hours spent in a small almost unfurnished room, bent over volumes of opened books; then restful sleep; morning, the long walks down corridors damp with the early morning air of California; attending Mass and receiving the Holy Eucharist. Memories of love.

Gail moved to the stove, drawing Carrick to the present, and poured herself another cup of coffee. Lighting a cigarette, he leaned his chair against the wall. As though talking to himself, Carrick gazed absently at the table top.

"I think," he began. "The church is well aware of the problem, maybe even looking for a solution. Maybe." He looked at Tracy. "Anyway, your paper is covering a lot of ground. First, the church is the community, and. . ."

Gail listened. Somehow moved by the gently, even chorus of words, she filled Carrick's cup. Jeez, she thought as she replaced the coffee over the burner. His voice flows.

Back in the living room, Gail took a book from its shelf and sat on the couch. Tracy walked Carrick to the door. It was almost dawn. The door opened into a distant rumble. Uncertain. It grew from the east. Thunder rolling across the sky. No, too continuous, thought Carrick.

"What the hell?" He asked, turning to Tracy.

As the rumbling increased, the floor began to shake violently.

"Jesus Christ!" Tracy gasped, watching the books slide from their shelves.

"Quick! Get outside," Carrick ordered, grabbing Tracy by the arm. Gail screamed. Carrick forcing Tracy from the house; staggering across the room; the deep rumble passed, drifting to the west. Stillness. Mist. Carrick carried Gail outside. Then another tremor. Passing beneath them, it drove westward into silence. An uneasy peace. Carrick stood, saw Tracy next to Gail, pressing her fingers against the deep gash on her friend's forehead, and felt the earth shake in fear. It was no longer a violent shake, but rather quivers of uncertainty.

The muffled popping of the helicopter engine rose above the campus parking lot. A green smoke shifted in thick columns, blended with the mist and covered the Citrus orchards. It would soon be dusk. Determining the wind's direction from the smoke, the pilot settled the helicopter onto the broken asphalt.

Adrian Carrick, leaning against the crumbled ruins of what was once the faculty offices near the fine arts building, smoked a cigarette. Cupping his hands to protect it from the mist, Carrick watched as the supplies were unloaded from the craft. Most of those unloading were National Guard, some were Red Cross, and a few were students.

Dropping his cigarette, he turned up the collar of his corduroy jacket; then walking slowly with his hands thrust deep in his pockets towards the library, he wondered if the closing of the day was not in some vague reality the restoration of Lucifer into a darkening world. The sight of the wet refugees, wandering aimlessly about the campus, struck a familiar longing in Carrick's memory. "The Tarot cards predict a disaster," he remembered Tracy saying. Hurriedly, he turned his back to the refugees. Entered the library. Inside, Carrick saw rows of cots filled with pain.

In the darkening room's center he located Tracy. Winding his way among the cots, he walked to her. Carrick stood beside the cot and looked down on Gail's bruised face. Tracy, a line of dried tears tracked over her cheeks, shook her head. Forlorn, a plea for help flashed across her face, but was quickly replaced by resolution.

"Could I see a priest?" Gail whispered weakly.

"Oh, my God," Tracy cried. Looking helplessly at her friend, she took Gail's hand and brushed her brow.

Unmoving. Hands still thrust in his pockets, Carrick stood beside the cot, looking into Gail's eyes as her free hand reached out to him. Carrick took her hand into his and knelt beside the cot. Carefully, he formed the sign of the cross over his chest, then again over Gail.

"Adrian? What in the hell are you doing?" Tracy asked.

"Tracy," Carrick paused. "I am a priest."

Tracy Fitzgerald cried, felt her tears streaming down the sides of her cheeks, tasting salty. She couldn't understand. The mystic had told her everything. Yes, the disaster, she thought. And a friend dies. Oh, God, not Gail, dammit. She could not stop crying.

". . . 'absolve you from your sins in the name of the Father,' Carrick was chanting softly. "'And of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.'" He again formed the cross over Gail, who squeezed his hand tightly to her neck.

"Isn't there something I can do?" Tracy shouted. "Anything?" She begged. Carrick understood. It was the same plea he had given to the Cardinal-Protector when asking to be assigned to his Inquisitor Staff. Stunned, Tracy sneered: "No, no, I get it. You're no more different than that mystic with his Tarot cards. Except that he was right. You can't help her either, can you?" Tracy's scream filled the dark library with hysteria, then they broke into sobs.

"There is a difference," Carrick sadly told her. "We don't give the future; we give faith to face the present."

"Bullshit," Tracy sobbed. "Does that help Gail?"

"Faith is love; I don't know if that helps anything," Carrick said finally. "Just stay with her. She'll be all right." And in the darkened library, among the cots, Carrick figured that for what it was worth, everything would probably be all right. So that in rejecting the problem, he was finding its solution.

Tinklesplat!

The tinklesplat of tiny wet
on a melancholy morning—
(where have you hidden, sun?)
A single saddened patch of glimmer
dissolving in the rain. . .
(there'll be no help from him!)

A Monday-morning-morbid mood
of soggy thoughts and visions:
I find no joy in drip-dry dreams,
or wishes wash and wear.

Oh, if I could but paint you white
With a crystal chill of wintersnap!
(A snowdrift can smile in a snowman's delight,
But a raindrop can only cry).

But the frosted blanket of cheer
is tomorrow's,
and I must spend today

In a sullen,
mottled,
grayly painted,
watercolor world.

drip
drip
drizzle
drizzle . . .

. . .tinklesplat!

STEPHEN NEILSON

Cloud fingers
touch the moon,
warm breeze
blowing.

Love lingers
minds in tune
hearts' ease
growing.

ELIZABETH BARNETT

To E.

Concepts genuflect before my mind;
I am the Cosmic Unraveler;
All you simpletons aren't my kind,
I have been printed in *The Traveler*.
I am a Poet, don't you see;
I am a living epitome.

HIERONYMUS PETRARCH



Go away people forever and ever,
Go to Venus, to Mars, go to Hell or wherever.
Just go away, far away,
I can't put up with you one more day.
You kill the ants who walk the earth,
To you the flowers are of little worth.
Cheat your neighbor and cheat your friend,
Feign friendship then lie once again,
It matters not who you deceive
For you are descendants of Adam and Eve.
Oh, go away people, be quick if you will,
Hide inside one of your pills
Or build a rocket. I don't care how,
Just go away people, go away now.

FRANCI PORTILLO

