EL PASAJERO

GLENDALE COMMUNITY COLLEGE LITERARY MAGAZINE

EL PASAJERO

(THE TRAVELER)

SPRING 1971

iv.i

STAFF

EDITOR: RANDY HAWKINS

ASSOCIATES: PAT BRANTON

DEBBIE COSTELLO

DEBBY WRIGHT

JOHN SCHWAB

COVER: "P.O.W. PEACE SYMBOL"
By DAVE CUTTY

ADVISORS: E. BLAKEY

B. COLE

M. FISCHER

F. DARLAND

CONTRIBUTORS

Ryan Bond	AN IDEA OF BEAUTY	37
Helen Brown	A LETTER	40
Barbara Bueker	PHOTO	14
*Geralde Chirol	NO HALTER . . .	32
	YOU WERE . . .	13
*Dan Clark	REMINDER	28
	TO SUM IT UP	15
	AFTER WEDLOCK	15
Debbie Costello	AND THEN?	33
*Dave Cutty	P.O.W. PEACE SYMBOL	Cover
*Joan DeWitt	CHRISTIAN JARGON	34
*Karen Eggleston	TELL ME PLEASE . . .	22
	SMILING	6
Elaine Hardt	UNEXPLAINED	19
*Linda Harker	THE HOPE OF THE FUTURE	26
*Randy Hawkins	PRAYER	5
	BALLOON	19
	PARENTAL	29
	SADNESS COMES . . .	36
	I AM SOFT IN MY PROUD NEED	41
Bernard Hechanova	ISLAND IN THE SKY	37
*Kimmer Herbert	THE SPEAK-EASY	46
	DECEMBER 29	31
Anita Hoffman	GOD IS . . .	42
R. Hornecker	YOU CAN LOCK IT IN A BOTTLE	7
J.K.C. Johnson	LAMENT	30
Darrell Keel	FRIENDS	47
Roy Kent	PHOTO	36
	PHOTO	31
David Kitchen	FREE	35
	MY TIE	15
	WONDER	6
*Pattie Leo Krohn	SUNFADED CHILD	11
	ALL MANY TIMES . . .	32
*John Lewis	PHOTOGRAM	44
	WORDS	46
*Jim Milton	WALTER WATSON'S LIVERY STABLE	9
Bill R. Moten	THE RIGHT TO QUESTION A GOD?	43
Gary Paul Munnell	UNKNOWN	29
Glenn Myers	LETTER	4
	FEAR	15
	A TURKISH BATH	47
Tony Ortega	REALITY	21
	MY STAND	23
	HATE, LIKE, LOVE AND UGLINESS	12
Richard J. Pakula	PHOTO	11
*Chuck Prach	WHY?	17
	THE LAST ONE	16
Paula Putao	POEMS OF LOVE . . .	22
*Linda Raymer	PHOTO	7
*John William Smith	INK DRAWING	18
	PAINTING	24-25
John Bertrand Scott Schwab	SONNET X	38
	DREAM CHILDREN	12
* John H. Walter	PHOTO	21
	PHOTO	39
	PHOTO	41
*Charles Reid Wheeler	EXCERPTS	40
	". . . DESTRUCT!"	14
	REACHING	42
	DAWN SONG	38
*Debby Wright	TO GRANDFATHER	18
	I AM AN ICECUBE	8
	SEPTEMBER 28, IMC	8
	I WAS WATCHING	20
	FIVE NUMBER ONE	33
	MAYBE SCHIZO	23
	PART ONE OF THE SIDEWALK	45

*AWARDS

*THESE PEOPLE WILL RECEIVE CASH AWARDS FOR THEIR WORK. HONORS ASSEMBLY — 12 MAY, 1971.

editor editor, where you be?

There are some poems i wrote in here somewhere. If you're interested in ~~it~~ any of them, please give me a call so i can set them closer to a final version. A couple of them need visual placement a little more effectively or even a word or two transplanted.

Whatever the case, please make sure the stuff isn't misplaced and either me or Russell Roush will be by to collect it. Now that i have thusly impressed you with my vericose grammar and American letters writing style, i will await some kind of reaction on your part, as whatever you see fit.

Mush gracs,

Glenn Myers

PRAYER

By RANDY HAWKINS

When blood curls weeping at your doorstep
Will you smile and turn away?
When bullets fly like tears wept
Will you begin to pray?
When hatred's wings blacken the skies
And the god of wars laughs
To see you die
And all the angels turn to God
And ask Him why,
Will He be there?
Or will we find a cairn
Of his tears
Gathered like the farmer's sod
Now cleared of earthly stain.
What will remain
When all heaven has closed its doors
And blood like wine rushes through the streets
Fed, fathered and fondled by sickly war?
At every doorstep you meet
A tear-shattered face
And every eye is on the sky
With every hand on the mace
Ready to strike down any passer-by.
When all the devils in hell
Run rampant through the streets like blood.
When the steeples are ringing their last bell
The skies are covered with hate like a priest and his hood
Who then will be so bold to say?
With blood gagging his throat
Choking the prayer he is trying to pray
And life's rescue gone with the last boat?
Will man fold his hands and start to pray
Lift his heart to the skies and start to say?
"Our father which art in heaven
Hallowed be thy name
Thy kingdom come thy will be done . . ."

WONDER

I wonder if you wonder if I'm wondering.
Do you wonder if I wonder if you're wondering?
I wonder about you, you wonder about me,
We wonder about each other . . . That's wonderful.

by DAVID KITCHEN

SMILING

It's hard to believe these last few silent mirrors of time,
ages that I must have spent
loving only
in the warmness of summer grasses,
and
the smiles that burned their way like falling stars
through to my heart,
passing thousands of rows of doors,
closed and tightlocked,
but opening them quietly
just
like
that
to the magic of growing and
the lightness of soft soft summer rain.

it's only impossible that such a warm and laughingrightoutloud
openness
should come to me,
holding with it in hands outstretched and reaching,
heaps of blackeyedsusan days,
glowing in pink and sapphire leaves of sky.
and nights of almost violet
with wind that ruffles the grass
and
somehowthreads its secret way through my hair
and I just can't understand
how it can be . . .?

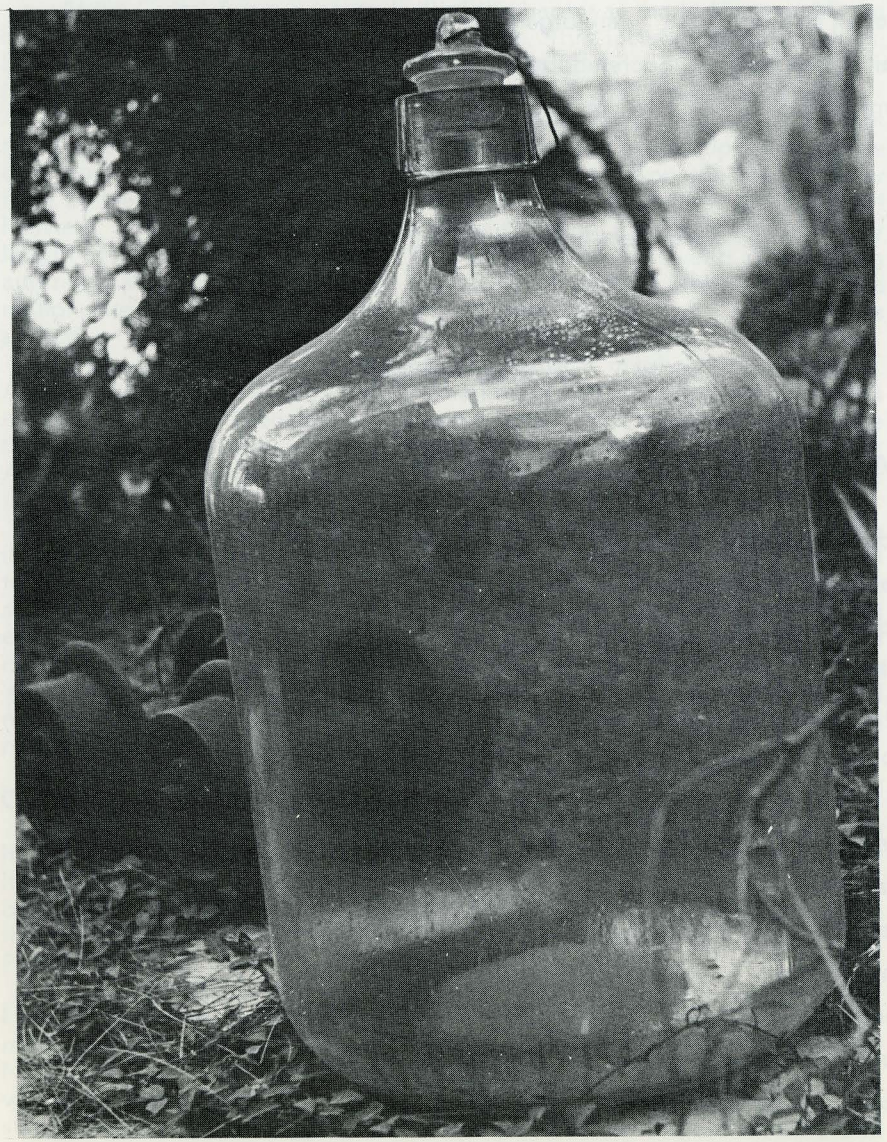
goldeyed sunsets only last a blinkingly short moment
and then pass away,
and god,
I know . . .
I've been smiling so long . . .

By KAREN EGGLESTON

YOU CAN LOCK IT IN A BOTTLE
The golden streams of life
You can see it in a picture
That's full of love and strife
You can feel it in your hands
And touch it with a star
And know that in your life is love
No matter where you are.

By R. HORNECKER

PHOTO BY LINDA RAYMER



SEPTEMBER 28, IMC

the palm trees
stand in neat,
orderly columns
like tall soldiers
waiting for their
commands —

the things,
i think to stop
and talk about
are organized,
stabilized, but
i'm not.

i have to wander
sometimes,
run and hide
sometimes,
and get away
from people
sometimes.

after all,
palm trees move a little with the wind,
why can't i?

By DEBBY WRIGHT

I AM AN ICECUBE.

i don't think you heard me.
i am an ICECUBE.
i doesn't matter.
what i am
to you —
you aren't listening.

inside the cold
walls of my
icecube
i have been
shouting for help
but you
don't want to hear me.

what shall i do?

finally, melt into
a puddle of ice water
and watch you take
a rag and soak
the last of me
up?

i am an icecube —

but i know you don't care.

Walter Watson's Livery Stable

by JIM MILTON

Water Watson's livery stable has been gone many years. It was at the northwest corner of Sixteenth and Grand Avenues in Phoenix.

The main barn was two stories tall, with the central area of roof-covered ground all clear for maneuvering the horses and wagons. Inside the barn, along each side of the cleared area, were stalls like individual apartments with the occupant's names on them. These names were painted by an old wino that used to hang around. This psuedo-Rembrandt was named Richard Overfelt. How that was twisted around by the tobacco-chewers, spitters and stick whittlers that used to fence-sit there!

At the Grand Avenue (south end) of the barn was the tack room. All the horsekeeping paraphernalia was stored here. This included combs, collars, bridles, saddles and shovels (lots of shovels). Oddly enough, I remember this tack room had a good and rich smell about it. Guess it was the leather.

The entire barn was roofed with sheet iron, commonly called tin, but there was not enough tin in the whole roof to cover a tin cup. It was pure bliss on rainy days to lie on the hay that was stored on the second story floor of the barn and listen to the water pouring down from the bountiful heavens. I had to be very judicious about selecting a spot to lie in for any length of time because of leaks in the roof as a result of years of repairing and re-repairing. From each unfilled nail hole, of which there were at least a million, the rainwater would slip in like a thief, and before I knew it I was soaked.

If the rain lasted over two continuous days it magically became mud. As far as the eye could see — MUD. The horses had mud up to their bellies and on their sides. Their legs were caked with it and their feet looked like they had elephantiasis, or more appropriately in this case, horseantiasis. As sure as the rains came, the mud followed, and mud was put here for things to get stuck in. And things did; especially wagons.

It was such a simple chore to get a wagon stuck that any fool could do it, and usually did. What looked like a little mud hole would often turn out to be a bottomless pit. The pulling horses would go through, breaking the supporting crust of ground, and the following wheels would drive off this earth and into instant oblivion. The skinner and his swamper would get down and walk 'round and 'round. I don't recall one time where walking 'round and 'round ever unstuck a wagon. Then they would cuss the damned mud, the damned rain, damned lousy luck, and damned anything else even remotely related to being damned stuck.

A stuck wagon called for the specialized services of Duke and Mr. Clyde.

Duke and Mr. Clyde were two purebred, perfectly matched, twenty-one hundred pound, seventeen hands high, dapple gray, French Percheron draft horses. These were not run-of-the-mill perches, but these guys were like the best of anything that rises to the top. These two guys were the cream. I think they were especially bred in France to pull wagons out of the mud in Phoenix. I also think they knew it!

Duke and Mr. Clyde gave permission to "Shorty" to be their skinner. I say "Gave permission," literally, because unless these two beautiful behemoths agreed with your plans you might just as well go soak your head. No one hundred and fifty pounds of man is going to tell two tons of horse what to do, and have it done, unless they really want to. Shorty was a small statured fellow, short legged, with disproportionately large shoulders and

arms and powerful hands. Like I said, about one hundred and fifty pounds, but he sure had a tender touch with horses — especially these two horses that loved him as puppies love their master.

Shorty treated Duke and Mr. Clyde with a fatherly love, similar to that of a good man with his natural children. He would affectionately brush and stroke them for hours. He made sure they had the best feed the cuisine at the barn had to offer. Always oats or some other grain at feeding time along with their hay. He would give them a little extra molasses. Slip them sugar. For sure and for certain: clean and fresh water. Stalls kept neat as a pin with ample lying- down straw. He put tiny little bells on their harness so they would tinkle musically as they majestically moved. He talked a steady stream to them. Soft even tones, no shouting nor hollering, just softly and firmly. They would listen attentively, ears bending and turning to catch each vowel and consonant. Duke and Mr. Clyde followed Shorty's every movement with their eyes and their bodies. In spite of their huge size, they would step around and away at the slightest hint of harming him. When work time came they would stand almost motionless while being gussied up.

Here they would come down the street, stepping briskly and proudly, in perfect military cadence and rhythm. Shorty expertly controlling the reins with strong hands and a soft cluck of the tongue for slight alterations in the course of progress to by-pass piles of water and all possible sink holes. Even with their huge overall size and gigantic feet, they stepped gingerly and smoothly. These fellows didn't lack for confidence. No Sir! They knew their purpose. They came here to get an impossibly buried wagon out of a mud hole. **Impossible!** They knew not the meaning. If man could couple them to an object, these guys could move it.

Shorty stationed Duke and Mr. Clyde in the most advantageous position possible. He then signaled that he and his fine family were ready. Log chains were brought out and coupled from the tongue of the mud-lost wagon, up between the horses of the defeated team, and on to the double-tree of the invincibles. Time stood still, the orbit of the sun was stayed in its trajectory, Samson looked down as an interested observer, silence was instilled by all — out of respect.

Duke and Mr. Clyde tensed for the signal they knew would come. A controlled tremor of the finely-tuned hands telegraphed through the reins and alerted the two giants. They leaned into the harness only to acknowledge understanding, and not to initiate maximum exertion. The signal for this would follow. Then, and only then, did Shorty give them the go-ahead for all out effort. A firm cluck of the tongue triggered a rippling of muscles that started in their shoulders, flowed along their sides, and converged into blanket-like folds at their haunches. Thighs and legs bowed with the strain. Water came through their skin from little factories working inside to create these visible waves of strength. Their faces were expressionless. They were fully aware that something had to yield; and past experience had proven repeatedly that it wouldn't be them.

The log chain snapped taut. So tight that no one dare lay a finger on it as the additional weight would have surely caused it to snap. The wagon tongue looked as if it might come out by its roots. With the slightest whisper, mud and wagon started to part company. Once they ever got the wagon to sneak a whisker of movement, the next action was inevitable. Duke and Mr. Clyde took one of their giant steps and old Mr. Mud had lost again.

They were remarkable animals. I'll bet, where the three now are, Shorty softly clucks his tongue, Duke and Mr. Clyde ease that golden chariot smoothly along, and Saint Peter says, "Well done."

Photo by RICHARD J. PAKULA

Sunfaded Child

the cheshire grin of
  the clock (clicks)
strikes twelve
  and the sun is out
of reach (far)
  and farther still
in the darkness
  as the cat (stalks)
paces on the world
  i can feel the rushing
dawn
  and the final (fall)
of the day through night.
number one domino
  i wait for a gentle
push on my weakened shoulders
  (softening)
a laugh of reassurance (winked).
as the sun meets itself
  over the sea
to forward the cheshire grin
and paint it on me.

By PATTIE LEO KROHN

Dream Children

By JOHN BERTRAND SCOTT

Her simple love grows gently through the wavering eve of night,
While lying shrouded beneath my spirit's shell.

Often in drifting sleep I've known
Her reflection through a misty vision sheltered by tranquil light,
Immersing me in the haze of night's drowsy whispering.

She is my key alone;
When I am lingering in the likeness of a tender dream, she warmly enters in
To soothe my weary eyes and still my fevered being. So quiet
Become the voices that sleep within our child-like spirits they never know again
Their innocence or guilt. Shadowed sea-green below their silhouette,
They slumber softly shining like forgotten pearls.

We have both sought
A dreamless dream, so we could sleep and stray into our corner
Of the night, for the flickering vision that lies before us is a short
And endless battle where darkness knows not pity to administer.

We turn our sympathy to one,
Whose fantasy affords compassion should we linger to disdain,
Once again that weary world which knows not joy from pain.

Hate, Like, Love and Ugliness

I have met people who have hated me,
and I also have hated them.
I have met people who have liked me,
and I also have liked them.
I have met people who have loved me,
and I also have loved them.

But; to tell you God's truth,
I can't stand myself . . .

By TONY ORTEGA

YOU WERE —

before the beginning
when just God was.
Before the word was forged in his mouth
you were a seed in his heart.
Then the word sprang forth
and the universe unfurled from his center
the planets were moulded and on them
trees grew and gave forth blossoms and marvelous fruit.
You were laid deeply in the heart of God
present to all and to him that held you.
Without eyes you waited
as the cosmos was colored in the luminous haze
and began to breathe of his life.

Breathless you waited
as the rhythms of his will were embraced
and the seasons of nature emerged.

You waited
as man was created and made to wander
and given time to measure his days with.

You waited and were born
into the body
to teach us
the ineffable joy
of love.

By Gerald Chirol

". . . DESTRUCT!"
screams my brain.
"Oh, God . . . NO!"
cries my heart.
and I dangle between the two
hopelessly drifting
. . . rising
falling . . .
Is it that my intellect
kills me slowly
and my instincts cause me to survive?

By CHARLES REID WHEELER

PHOTO BY BARBARA BUEKER

TO SUM IT UP

All of it
Would take a lifetime
So I'm content
To give a little
A little
At a time.

By DAN CLARK

MY TIE

I have a tie I sometimes wear,
with purpose of its beauty share.
I also have a special tie,
The one between my love and I.

by DAVID KITCHEN

FEAR

I'm too afraid
of who I am
to love you
or anyone else.
I came to ask
who you are.
But stop —
afraid you might answer.
And then
it would be my turn.

by GLENN MYERS

AFTER WEDLOCK

I begin to see your size
I begin to see your eyes
I begin to realize
That I was not so wise

By DAN CLARK

THE LAST ONE

By CHUCK PRACH

The shifting sands moved over the surface of the earth and would soon engulf it.

For millennia now the oceans had been dry and the last tide had washed against the unending shore. The earth was old. Its heart was cold, its skin dry and wrinkled with encroaching dust. Like a living thing, the sands multiplied, wombed in the deserts where navies once sailed.

The death of moisture meant the death of man. A human being is not watertight; his vital juices evaporate like water from an unglazed pitcher. One by one, and then tribe by tribe, and nation by nation, man disappeared as magically as he had come. His bones were powdered by the moving grit, his mineral salts dissolved into the sand.

Yet for a long time he managed to postpone his final extinction. With every technological device at his command, he fought off the deserts in a losing battle that was not lost for centuries.

Now the battle was almost over. The old pastures, the woodlands, the hills, even the regions of ice at either pole; all were covered by the sand. All the works of man, his cities, roads and bridges were engulfed by the dunes. Every bird, insect, and animal lay sleeping under that treacherous yellow blanket. Only in one last valley, in one last house, did one last spark of life remain.

The Last Man on Earth came out of his door and stood regarding the scene. His valley was small and shallow, and completely ringed around the top with glass walls. This morning there was something new to see; the sand had arrived.

The sand pressed and surged against the glass like a living thing; tawnier, and more terrible than lions. It rose and spread around the invisible obstacle. It could be heard whispering against the glass, trying to get in.

The glass cracked. Breaking under the pressure behind it, a whole section of it fell inward. At once, a great arm of yellow sand reached into the valley and spread its fingers around the house. More followed, and more behind that, until a great wedge sliding in from the rear buried the rear of the house up to the edge of the eaves.

Without revealing any great emotion, The Last Man on Earth watched this invasion from the front garden. Over the lawn at his feet spread the tide, looking harmless; it was irresistible; so golden and soft.

So little time now remained. There was one last thing The Last Man could do. Turning, he ran through the sand that lay ankle-deep over the porch, and hurried into the house to find a bucket and spade.

A moment later he emerged triumphant. He started to build a sandcastle; for The Last Man on Earth was only six years old.

WHY ?

By CHUCK PRACH

Before Andy went into the future, he bought a camera and a tape-recording machine, and went to the trouble of learning shorthand. That night, when all was finally ready, I made coffee and set out brandy and glasses for his return.

"Goodbye," I said. "Be careful, and don't stay too long."

"I won't," Andy answered.

I watched him carefully and could not discern the exact moment when he disappeared. He was back in a second, reappearing in the exact spot where he had disappeared, looking as if he had never left. He seemed in appearance not a day older; we had anticipated he might spend several years away.

"Well?" I asked him.

"Well," he said, "let's have some coffee."

I poured it out into our cups, hardly able to contain my impatience. As I gave his coffee to him I said again, "Well?"

"Well, the thing is, I can't remember," Andy replied.

"Can't remember?" I blurted out, "not a thing?"

He thought for a few moments, his face etched with deep lines of concentration, and finally replied sadly, "Not a thing."

"But your notes? What about the camera and the tape-recorder?"

When we checked them, we found that the notebook was empty; not even a single letter was recorded on the paper. The indicator of the camera rested at '1', exactly where we had set it, and the tape-recorder was bereft of a single word.

"But damn it all, man! Why? How did it happen?" I protested, "can't you remember anything at all?"

"I can remember only one thing," he said, looking confused.

"Yes, yes," I said, "what was that?"

"Well," he said, "I was shown everything, and then I was given the choice of whether I should remember it or not after I got back."

"And you chose not to?" I exclaimed, "But what an extraordinary thing to do!"

"Isn't it?" he said. "One can't help wondering why."

To Grandfather

by DEBBY WRIGHT

the chalk dust on the floor
like the dust on the books
tells what happened.
i don't need to ask.
he taught a lot of people to think
and in teaching them
he ground his life
away.
it may be a simple cloud
of chalk dust
but
it
was him . . .
and that counts.

DRAWING BY JOHN WILLIAM SMITH

UNEXPLAINED

The cool darkness of an October night
unfelt.
The steady drone of an automobile
unnoticed.
The laughter of a private joke
unfinished.

The sickening impact of steel and glass
The screech of tires
A heart-rending scream
A gush of warm, red blood
and silence merciful silence.

"Nearer My God to Thee", and
"Safe in the Arms of Jesus".
Gentle words of hope and consolation.
Muffled sobs,
Murmurs of sympathy,
A torrent of warm tears.
Goodbye, sweet Christine goodbye.

Still the sun shines, young children sing
unchanged.
Multitudes plod through daily routine
unmoved.
Sorrow's loneliness, my love for her
undiminished.
Somewhere in a new dimension of life
unseen,
Radiant, alive, is my Christine.

By ELAINE HARDT

BALLOON

Take one balloon it does not matter color or size.
Draw in your breath and then with a great sigh
Blow with all your strength and watch to see
How the balloon blossoms simply by the air you breathed.

Take one heart it does not matter color or size
Draw in your love and then with a great sigh
Blow with all your faith and watch to see
How one life blossoms simply because you breathe.

By RANDY HAWKINS

I WAS WATCHING

it was a sneaker-squeaking day
puddles of rain-water were clinging to the sidewalks
and we drank our hot cups of tea
surveying, analyzing
the world . . .
you looked into the steaming teacup as though
it were a crystal ball . . .
seeking answers you couldn't find.
and i sipped the sweet taste quietly
trying very hard
to organize
my unorganized mind . . .
i remember, you won't . . .
two little girls,
maybe eight or nine years old
walked by the window —
you were talking about some strange oriental philosophy,
ignoring the fact that i was not listening —
i was watching . . .
watching the little girls
explore fantasies in flowers coated with rain
and wondering . . .
maybe, you and i did the same
talking about things that didn't really matter
escaping through analysis and conversations
neither of us understood
i think now, if we had seen the raindrop fantasy, long ago
it might have changed things now . . . provided hope for hope . . .
the leaves are covered with diamonds, the little girl said
i wish i'd seen them long ago . . .

By DEBBY WRIGHT

PHOTO BY JOHN H. WALTER

REALITY

If you say you know me.
Look until you really see through me.
For you will see I am truly the same as you.
But a different shade of time . . .

By TONY ORTEGA

TELL ME PLEASE

in a softnote whisper that creeps ever so gently
deep inside me,
quieting the sometimes doubts and fears
that live there,
hidden deep away
and smiling . . .

and
tell me,
miles away from
shallow living
and the quiet low feeling that moves in
other worlds,
and only
hold me tight into you
and
let me breathe just a little . . .

then
if you tell me,
you know,
I will bury your mind in lavendar and
a notquitespring newness
with an inside smiling
as you heavily float above me
and whisper in love . . .

if you ever tell me . . .

By KAREN EGGLESTON

POEMS OF LOVE ARE BUT

words of folly
written in despair,
said in paper
for the voice would falter
if the listener did not care

thoughts of lust and
wanton desire
dreamt of by the shy,
knowing full well
it is but a dream
of a kiss and gentle sigh.

By PAULA PUTAO

MAYBE SCHIZO

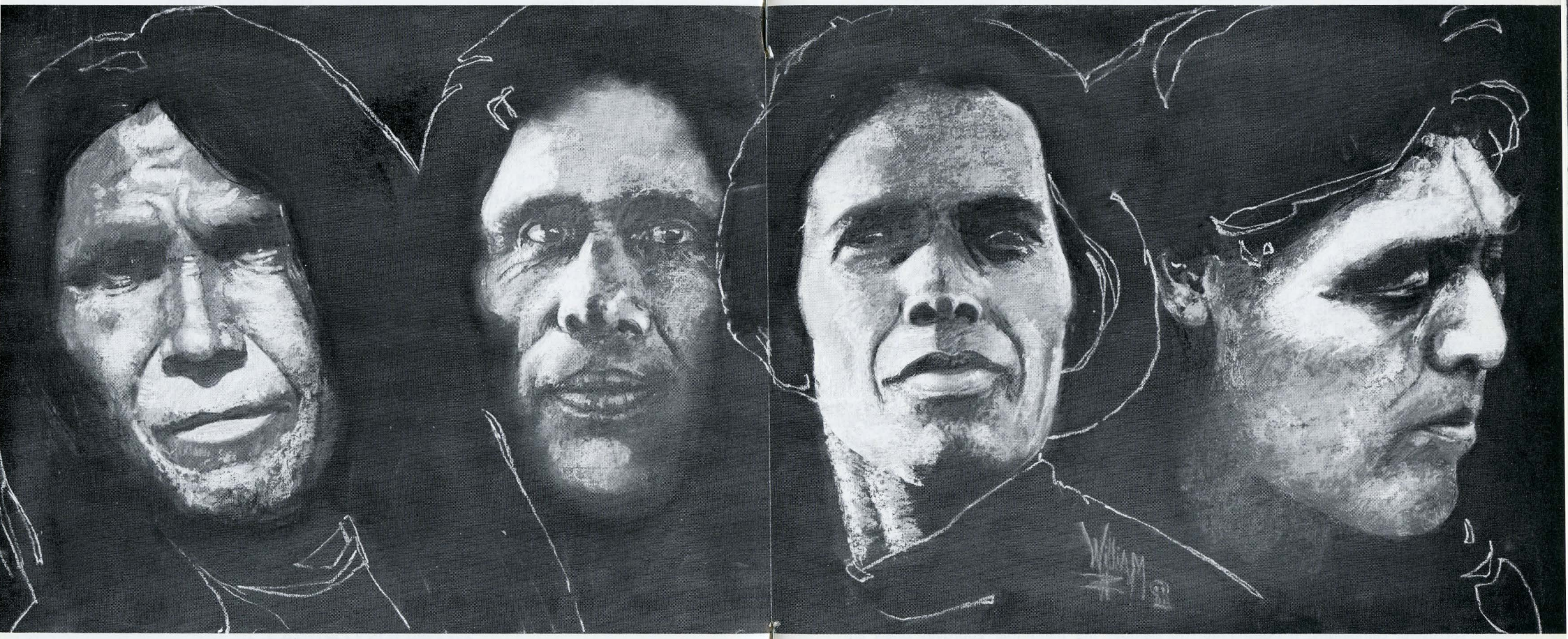
By DEBBY WRIGHT

if anyone can tell me
the secret of me
i will only laugh —
you couldn't really know —
i don't expect you to.
i can only show you the side
you want to see —
that's not
never can
nor will
be me.
the realness of me
is never to let you know
who i
really am
(it's a quiet plan)
deviously sweet
hatefully loving
sadly smiling
all at once
all at once
laughing
at all
who believe
they know
ME —
what a joke . . .
you'll never know.

MY STAND

By TONY ORTEGA

I do not fight for **white america.**
I fight for my people, our reservations,
our culture and our truly great way of life.
So that my children and all children can
grasp a piece of freedom and so freedom
can engulf them . . .



DRAWING BY JOHN WILLIAM SMITH

The Hope Of The Future

(An Almost Fairy Tale)

By LINDA HARKER

Once upon a time in the provice of Fastnfurious (which was in the country of Progress!), there lived an old corporation president by the name of J.P. Gizwidget the III.

His grandfather, the founder of Gizwidget, Inc., first perfected the plastic gizwidget, which is, as everyone knows, an integral part of the Wampajob 600.

After forty-five years of forty-hour-a-week employment, it was time for J. P. to retire. Unfortunately, there was no J.P. Gizwidget the IV to inherit the reins of power. So in the next two months, in addition to his regular duties as corporation head, J.P. had to select and program the fourth president of Gizwidget, Inc.

This parting duty disturbed J.P. His blue eyes (a little bluer when he wore his tinted contacts) were troubled, and his thirty-year-old ulcer regained the fervor of its youth.

J. P. had long heart-to-transistor consultations with his Whizkid 42 computer. Whizkid's suggestion was that J. P. select one of his three junior executives as his successor. (The mechanical coward refused to spit out just one of the executive's program cards.)

J. P. considered this advice and swallowed two Pain-No-More tablets in quick succession.

Calvin B. Noble, the executive in charge of Gizwidget's investments and finances, lived in a shrewd little world of stocks and bonds, equity, brokers and interest. His Midas touch had bloated his bank account and aroused his colleague's envy.

He fitted the corporate image with his graying temples, conservative business suits, expanding pot belly and monogrammed black leather briefcase. A summa cum laude from Ivy Encrusted University in eastern Progress!, Calvin was J. P.'s safest choice. J. P., however, worried (that's why your ulcer is so active, Mr. Gizwidget — you worry too much) about Calvin's success in a job where garnering associates' trust and respect was almost as important as harvesting profits.

Albert J. Emerson was in charge of the Research Department. Tall and pale, with electric-charged hair and an exotically stained lab coat, Albert was Gizwidget's resident absentminded genius. He had left Fastnfurious State University four years ago with a PhD in chemistry. Albert's preoccupation with science and the future bothered J. P., who felt executives should be down-to earth-right-now! men.

Fred Brown was in Gizwidget's Public Relations Department — only because "his father is head of the board of directors and I don't think he can seriously damage much in P.R." (J. P. had developed a healthy respect for the board after many unsuccessful campaigns; it doesn't hurt to pamper the hand that approves one's annual salary.)

Fred was just-average; in fact, one would never remember him except for his crinkly, hypnotic gray eyes that personalized all his actions. Fred had finally managed to graduate from Fastnfurious' ICC (Inexpensive Community College). His interests were listed on his job applicaiton as "walking, listening, talking, singing — being!" Fred was on J. P.'s consideration list only because he was Gizwidget's third junior executive and "what-would-his-father-do-if-I-excluded-him?"

With all the enthusiasm for a smashed bug, J. P. Gizwidget called a junior executives' meeting for the following morning.

"Gentlemen, this sudden conference was called for an extremely unusual reason," J. P. began at precisely nine o'clock the next morning. As some of you may know, I'll — "

(Con't.)

"Sorry I'm late, sir," Fred apologized. "You see I walked to work this morning and . . ."

"Forget the excuses. We just started." J. P. noted with a mental wince that Fred was attired in his all-too-usual outfit of black slacks, an almost-white turtleneck sweater and dingy sneakers. ("I find I can think better when I'm comfortable, J. P.")

"To continue with what I was saying before the interruption — As some of you may know, I'll be retiring in two months. It is my responsibility to make a recommendation concerning my replacement as president of Gizwidget, Inc., at the board of directors' meeting next Thursday. Unfortunately, at least for me, I have no clear recommendation. I scheduled this session to give each of you an opportunity to prove your potential as presidential material. In order to be fair, I will offer the same abstract challenge to each of you. I want you to bring me the concept of physical object you feel is the hope of the future by one o'clock next Thursday. I feel confident that I will have a feasible recommendation for the board meeting at one-thirty. Any questions? Well, good luck to all of you. Meeting adjourned."

The candidates left the meeting with diverse reactions.

Calvin Nobel thought "J. P. has finally cracked under all of his responsibilities. What does he think he is — a king offering his fairy tale kingdom to the knight that returns with the dragon's head? But next Thursday would be a good time to announce my investment suggestions for the next fiscal year. With Them invading new territory, that armament stock is the best market hopeful for the next few months."

Albert Emerson's portable computer began to whir and flash; the future was, after all, his business. "If I can finalize my Q-16 experiment by next week," the answer returned, "my appointment will be guaranteed. It should be the biggest scientific breakthrough of the year, besides paving the way for the final answer to earth's overpopulation problems. Yes, that should do it!"

Fred Brown, after recovering from the initial shock, began thinking about a subject for his presentation. He thought the entire day, expending more brainpower than he had in months. He was still kicking it around that evening when his father called. "Fred, I heard about J. P.'s proposal this morning. Have you pinpointed the hope of the future?"

"No, Dad, but I have a week to come up with something."

"I'll wager Noble and Emerson have their presentations roughed out by now. Fred, you just don't put forth enough effort. That's always been your problem. Your laziness was your shortcoming in college and you've been going downhill ever since. Why can't you be more like Calvin and Emerson? Don't you care? Don't you blah, blah, blah, etc."

After a futile conversation spiced with unfavorable comparisons and comments, Fred was conscious that he didn't care about becoming president. "What kind of a successor would I be? I hate bureaucrats and their confining offices anyway."

After a truth-tense evening, he switched on the record player. The last of six records had softly jerked to a start before Fred slept that night.

During the next week, Calvin prepared several charts and graphs to support the financial position in his presentation. He also began to devote some thought to his "impromptu" acceptance speech. "I feel very fulfilled and humble . . ."

Albert spent hours in the laboratory, painstakingly repeating each stage in the production of his synthesized brainchild, Qietarainzoytherixium. He plated a few gizwidgets and exposed them to various variables of brine, stress and temperature. Finally he emerged into the open-spaces world, weary but satisfied. "It will work — for both the Wampajob 600 and J.P."

(Con't.)

Fred spent the week in soggy-bathing-suit misery. The more mutable of the two, he had always capitulated to his father. Still under the influence of Little League fatheritis, his father had always wanted him to be something he couldn't — right now it was a corporation president. Tuesday afternoon, after he had wrestled with his decision alone too long, he went in to confront his father. He held up through the bellowing storm that followed and left the office with his decision and ego intact.

Thursday came. Fred walked to a nearby park during his lunch hour. He was going to have to inform J. P. of his decision in a few minutes. "I suppose Calvin and Albert have the hope of the future in their backpockets by now. I wonder what could be hopeful about the future. Sometimes I even doubt that there will be a future. If we all don't get killed by Them we'll die in our own filthy pigpen, fighting each other." Fred, sloshing in self-pity, deposited himself on a park bench and watched the not-quite-school children play. Soon he had relocated his optimism, along with a lightning-flashed idea. He turned it over in his mind and, finding it sound, sprinted to the playground.

"Mr. Gizwidget, my advice for the future is based in large purchases of Walk-Softly-And-Carry-A-Big-Gun stock," Calvin eager-beavered. "With the recent Them invasions around the world, new armaments programs will be initiated by Progress! immediately. As Chart I shows . . ."

"My hopes for the future are in that box, sir," Albert started. "This Qietarainzoytherisium-covered gizwidget will not crack under pressure or corrode. Therefore, the under sea Wampajobs can now be employed to build and maintain underwater cities for mankind. This should alleviate our present problem of world overpopulation in a few years."

J. P. finally harrumphed and said to Calvin's smiling, confident face, "Noble, I am suggesting to the board that you be promoted to the office of executive vice-president." Calvin's smile faded.

"Congratulations, Emerson! You will be my recommendation for the next president of Gizwidget, Inc. Today you have revolutionized the gizwidget line!"

By the time Fred reached the board meeting, the back-slapping and smoke was building toward a frenzied ultimate in bureaucratic pollution. No one could have, even if they had bothered, seen Fred's scrawny hope of the future. Pitying their blindness, Fred said, "Come on, kid, I'll take you back to the park."

Everyone, of course, lived with tears, tension and trouble ever after. (But Fred, knowing the real hope, breathed a little easier at times.)

REMINDER

I watch a snowflake
Fall to the earth
It reminds me
Of somebody
I know
I watch a leaf
Fall from a tree
It reminds me
Of somebody
Always falling
It reminds me
Of
Me.

By DAN CLARK

UNKNOWN

By GARY PAUL MUNNELL

I know as I sit by the shore
And watch the waves drift by,
There's carried life upon the froth
And it makes me ponder why,
We go through life so close yet far
With ever increasing speed,
Yet I'll never truly know you
Nor you me as we breed,
A veil so thin, a covering
That shields our inner soul
Creates a void that's rarely filled
Impeding life's real goal.
My heart cries out — please open me!
And share the beauty inside,
Don't let the key that turns the lock
Forever run and hide.
Pure blend of life, of truth and love
Perhaps a reality could be,
But sadly in death will it be revealed —
No one ever really knew me.

PARENTAL

By RANDY HAWKINS

I just saw love sitting in the kitchen chair
Rocking back and forth
Like a pendulum
The universal second hand.
Sacrifice lay on the living room couch
Hands folded protecting,
A leviathan heart beating in his breast.
Seeing is faulty
For I have seen before, only now I see.
Love in the kitchen chair,
Sacrifice on the living room couch.
All the wisdom that can be reaped
From the fields of men's minds
Is but a passing wave
On the endless beach of parental love.

LAMENT

By J. K. C. JOHNSON

I have waked to midnight knocking at my door,
I have waked to sobbing from another floor,

In a town where kids run up and down the street
shattering windows while their folks are sleeping.

Where the hard-hat's shout and the crunch of feet
on scattered glass are lost in the morning's sweeping.

I have seen the shanty houses
where the looped and ragged blouses
wait on the sagging line for spring to come.

I have seen each child as he plays
kicking dust up in a sullen haze,
dust that makes its mark to last a lifetime.

I have seen the myriad faces
of the bruised and angry races.
I have heard them burst their lungs, yet I am dumb.

I have seen the writing on the subway wall
and heard the rustling in the council hall
of reams of paper on which the eye can scarcely see the word
"liberty."
It's written so seldom and so small.

From where I stand so worn and beaten,
the price of freedom seems hardly worth the asking.

So you needn't tell me that your souls are weary
and the freshness of your youth is growing rotten.

I can tell you that man's seed is here to stay,
that we have a need to care and have forgotten.

DECEMBER 29

By KIMMER HERBERT

Sometimes I walk with my eyes closed
To feel the weight of my arms
And the lightness of my hair

While the wind assaults my thoughts
Glory, glory

Sometimes, all times, you walk thru my mind
I stop abruptly and hum

While my head sways in disbelief
Glory, glory

Sometimes I am not coherent as my
Emotions rise with the remembrance
Of our touching
Glory, glory

I am insane — I am more sane.

PHOTO BY ROY KENT

NO HALTER TO THE HEART, UNTIL

a cautious glance forewarns

not all love's ecstasy

but curbing of the will

the soul is up in thorns

no easy mastery

By GERALDE CHIROL

ALL MANY TIMES I HAVE TO SEE

then i smile and live

or feel like a flower alone

among such a field of growing weeds who

grow taller still

(but even so i can still see the sun)

becoming deeper of mind and distant to

their groping

solitude:

i find sanctuary there.

By PATTIE LEO KROHN

AND THEN?

By DEBBIE COSTELLO

what does it feel like to have peace of Mind?
to be rid of my anxieties, these hideous Feelings.
how is it to be at ease with the world, Myself?
to be carefree, perhaps . . . yes, young Again.
gentle streams
soft lullabys
sweet songs
peace
green seas
strong loves
silent stars
peace
glad singing
strange laurels
subtle sighs
peace
Peace
peace
Peace
peace
yes,
perhaps . . .
death

FIVE NUMBER ONE

i have five minutes . . .
i have celery colored grass . . .
i have silent white sky . . .
i have soft crying . . .
i have colors of blue water . . .
i have brown trees . . .
i have all this . . .
but no listening.
because when i hear my door open
i will go inside my house
and lock it.
(you don't hear me anymore)

By DEBBY WRIGHT

Christian Jargon

By JOAN DeWITT

English-speaking Christians have their own vocabulary. Mostly this Christian vernacular has been acquired from the Bible. In many instances this has been the King James version which was printed for the first time in 1611. Although some of its old spellings were changed as late as 1769, many of its words can be traced back to the English of the fifteeneth century and have become archaic. A peculiarity of the Christian is his ability to read and understand these no-longer-used-expressions and through his familiarity with the Scriptures translate them into modern English. These are not words that he uses in his everyday speech. Without effort he changes (in his mind) **suffer** to **let, whist ye not** to **don't you know, charity** to **love, harkened** to **listened,** and **tabernacled** to **dwelt.** These and many others he has made a part of his reading vocabulary.

Many Bible terms are derivatives of the Hebrew, Aramaic, and Greek in which the Bible was first written. To help Christians and Bible students know some of the original meanings and how they are used in context, many Bible dictionaries have been printed giving the Bible the distinction of being the only **book** to have its own separate dictionary. In addition to this, there is the rule of first mention to help Christians understand the significance of many words in the Scriptures. So, in a sense, the Bible also contains its own dictionary. For example, **fig leaves** are first mentioned in the first book of the Bible and were used by the first man and woman as an attempt to cover themselves after their disobedience. So all through the Bible when fig leaves are mentioned it is with the connotation of man trying to hide his own mis-conduct. Thus a Christian might speak of someone covering himself with fig leaves with some significance.

In our dictionaries there are many words that believers in Christ and non-believers hold in common. To the Christian, however, there is an added definition to these words. **Salvation, justification, grace,** and **rapture** are four such words. In this way also the term **angel** has two separate implications for the Christian. Along with most people the believer often pictures the angel somewhat like the charming little character which DeGrazia has created and portrays in much of his art. **Angels** in this sense are usually sweet, feminine little creatures. Being an angel would also have the connotation of being very good. In Biblical language, however, angels are always men and are never spoken of as possessing wings as artists have pictured them. They may be good angels and messengers of God or bad or fallen angels and followers of the devil.

Through the hundreds of years that Christians have used the Scriptures as their rule of faith, many of their expressions and Bible names have spilled over into the non-Christian world. One who is a **Jonah** is considered bad luck by most everyone though not all may realize how this expression came to be. Certainly a **Jezebel** is a woman who could be identified by anyone. The name **Methuselah** as a metaphor for one of venerable age is well known and the expression **feet of clay, Doubting Thomas,** and **a good Samaritan** are easily recognized as Biblical figures of speech adopted into our everyday language. Many speak of the **handwriting on the wall** when referring to the sensing of events to come. A betrayer as a **Judas** has become somewhat timeworn and no longer has the terrible connotation of evil it had at one time. The phrase **it's the Gospel truth** is such a familiar expression that one may hear it today shortened to **it's Gospel.**

There is another facet to the language of the Christian shown in the humor in which he indulges. Christian children learn to appreciate the wit of "Samson died from fallen arches" to learning that the first baseball game mentioned in the Bible was "in the beg-in-ing." Like one large family, Christians enjoy poking fun at themselves or gently at one another. In 1967 a book by Culbertson and Bard was published entitled **Games Christians Play** which exposed some of the traits of Christians which they themselves ridicule. Included in this "irreverent guide of religion" is a vocabulary section which includes such words as the following:

> **Adam** — Original sinner but not really his fault. If it hadn't been for the woman he might still be tending his garden.
> **fast** — Roman Catholics fast only because the Church tells them to. Liberal Protestants fast only because they need to lose weight. Pentecostals fast only because they are 'fanatical.' Fundamentalists eat all the time.
> **habit** — Always bad.
> **Indignation** — Always 'righteous.'

And then there is the definition of Christian Jargon:

> **Jargon** — You will not have arrived as a Christian until you can say five sentences so full of Christian jargon that an unbeliever thinks you're speaking a foreign language. i.e.: 'Since I surrendered at Calvary I have a personal quiet time where I break the bread of life each morning. Wouldn't you like to do that too?'

Biblical themes have been widely used through the years by writers and artists. Today these references have become so integrated into our culture through literature and art that many no longer realize their source. To some extent then everyone understands the Christian jargon.

FREE

Surrounded by mist
High above the crashing wave
I sit in calmness as the seas
mighty power breaks beneath
Shooting its water high
above my head
No, I'm not alone
The arms of God are around me.

Who else would put on
so much beauty
For Free?

By DAVID KITCHEN

PHOTO BY ROY KENT

SADNESS COMES, SADNESS COMES
Settling like a listless weight
Upon your heavy shoulders
Speaking and is heard of no one
The feeling of life deceased
Of all forms decaying, graying
Like a hollow wind
Playing a tune silent to the ear
Loudly speaking to the soul
Thoughts of no description
Write themselves on your being
Harboring in you a feeling
A feeling dark and cold
With weighted silence staring
And with it you are deserted
Standing or kneeling, cursed, unknown
Footsteps approach unheard
Unappointed coming and showing
Himself unseen to you weighting
You with a moan upon your
Lips watching to see your hands
Clench and lie listless unfilled
Casting a doubt that leaves a quiet fear
The fear is placed
Sadness comes, sadness comes.

By RANDY HAWKINS

ISLAND IN THE SKY

Majestic island floating proud
Upon your sea, a snow white cloud
That slowly ebbs as the morning sun
Rises from your sea, a vanishing one
A ground with the swells that vanish away
Slowly reveal a shape today
A mountain on a misty morn.

By BERNARD HECHANOVA

AN IDEA OF BEAUTY

By RYAN BOND

Beauty is anything that can be said to be natural. Beauty is anything that has evolved through the natural cycle of life. Since everything in the world is a product of a completely natural beginning millions of years ago, there is beauty in everything.

As years passed from the natural and beautiful beginning of life, man began to control his environment and alter some of the natural processes. And some people would say that man and his civilization have destroyed the beauty of many things.

But beauty cannot be destroyed. Man's alteration of nature may make the beauty somewhat harder to perceive, but unquestionably it is still there.

Beautiful things do not have to be tangible. An idea formulated in the mind of a human being is a natural process of the brain. This idea cannot be detected through the senses of another person but is still quite beautiful.

Artists do not create beauty, but rather reveal it. A painting in itself is not beautiful. The natural feelings, ideas, and emotions of the artist which are reflected in his work are beautiful. The painting is merely a medium through which the artist reveals his true nature. The talent of an artist is not to create beauty but to reveal his own beauty in such a way that other people can understand it and relate to it.

DAWN SONG

By CHARLES REID WHEELER

I woke up this morning
And the soft smell of summer
Met me as I rose.
It was so clean and clear
I could see all the way to sun-up.
Wish you were here.
  Yesterday fell back
Like the blankets of the dawn.
The thoughts of tomorrow never came
For today is too dear . . .
Tomorrow does change
Like a face in the crowd
And yesterday is forever planted
By the tired, and the proud.
This piece of today is mine to live.
Is yours too . . .
If you want it.

SONNET X

By JOHN BERTRAND SCOTT

Spring is the halo of the morning's misty light,
Upon the meadows where the virgin flowers serenade,
Of time's forgotten melody within whom they invite
A fragrance mellow to wander through the forest glade,
To settle drifting blossoms upon the chanting air,
Like children serenely sheltered by a cloudy dream.

A rainbow, the joyous morning's crystal stair,
Casts its glimmering shadow upon a limpid stream,
To blend the sodden earth to heaven's share
Of ripened fruit that grows by dawning skies,
Creamy colors that blend with angels' care,
Indeed are but the seeds of paradise!
Like love a vision, the way is but a light,
And time to her a wayside garden of delight.

PHOTO OPPOSITE BY JOHN H. WALTER

A LETTER

FROM HELEN BROWN

There are many changes that I would like to see made, and I know that there are many problems facing the world today, but I do not believe anything good will be accomplished by destructive methods.

My ancestors fought in the revolution, and I am grateful and proud that they had the courage to face death rather than domination. Because many men fought and died, we today, have the privilege of free speech, freedom of religious beliefs, and many freedoms denied in other parts of the world.

I despise war. I deplore Hiroshima — also Pearl Harbor. When will we develop enough love and understanding that these things need not happen?

As I go about this campus, I see many very fine young people who do not seem to be thinking about tearing down or destroying — or seeking ways to evade the problems of today, but seem to have the faith, the courage and the understanding to forge ahead and meet whatever is before them.

There have always been self-seeking, dishonest men, as there are today — but they are not the ones who have carried the world forward. I think today's young people are wonderful, and if I could say but a few words to them it would be — hold fast to the good of the past — keep faith in yourselves and in your unlimited potential — and above all — faith in your God — and you will carry the world forward and make it a better place to live in.

EXCERPTS

FROM CHARLES REID WHEELER

Where in history has Man destroyed Man
With such artfulness as now?

But he should see
That he is destroying
Only Himself.

And Man, in killing Himself,
Would cripple his Soul.

I see my Brothers putting Love
In delicate balance with Hate,
Alienating the Former,
And succumbing to the Latter;
And why should it be?

PHOTO BY JOHN H. WALTER

I Am Soft In My Proud Need

Delicately with soft hands I play
With the air. I am without noise
The sound is sweet and clear . . .
With gentle silence I hold myself,
Along the sores of solitude
I am the gatherer of warm stones
They are caressed by the sun
Smiling in their warmth I touch them.
With soft fingers I caress myself
Secure in the knowledge of my existence.
There is the need of control for which
The soles of my feet walk on.
With the air I wander
I am of earth. Without words I paint
Pictures on the shores of my existence.
I linger in the wind I smile
For the warm sun to see.
Open I stand in gentle silence
Waving with the touch of the breeze.
I am of myself not above.
My need is secure. Easy it
Goes with me. The song is
Of myself. I sing in words of silence,
Easy am I, I linger on . . . Soft is
My want, warm is my need.
With easy thoughts I comfort myself
I am soft in my proud need . . .

By RANDY HAWKINS

GOD IS . . .

In the beginning there was God, He created the heavens and the earth and all things there in, He looked down and saw that it was good.

God created man and woman, He gave them the gift of love, love for each other that they might become one in body and spirit and thus one with God.

What is God?

God is . . . the mind and soul of the universe, the power in the wind and thunder, the glory in the sunrise and sunset, the rainbow in the rain. God is . . . the trust in the eyes of a child, the love of a mother's touch, the miracle of a baby's birth. God is . . . the whisper of a brook, the smell of a rose, the taste of honey. God is . . . the warmth of summer, the cold of winter, the breath of life, the hush of death.

God is . . . many things to many people, all things to some people, all things to me. God is . . . that you and I might be . . . a part of this creation.

By ANITA HOFFMAN

REACHING

I choose not to reach beyond self —
But within
To discover my sources and be content
And as one with nature,
For nature is my beginning
And end.

By CHARLES REID WHEELER

The Right To Question A God ?

My eyes have never perceived it,
nor have my ears instrumented the sound of its voice.
Am I not a solipsist to the experience?
Contingency leaves me no choice.

I read from Bertrand Russell,
and I listen to Copleston.
Both men use intellectual reasoning,
but the argument neither has won.

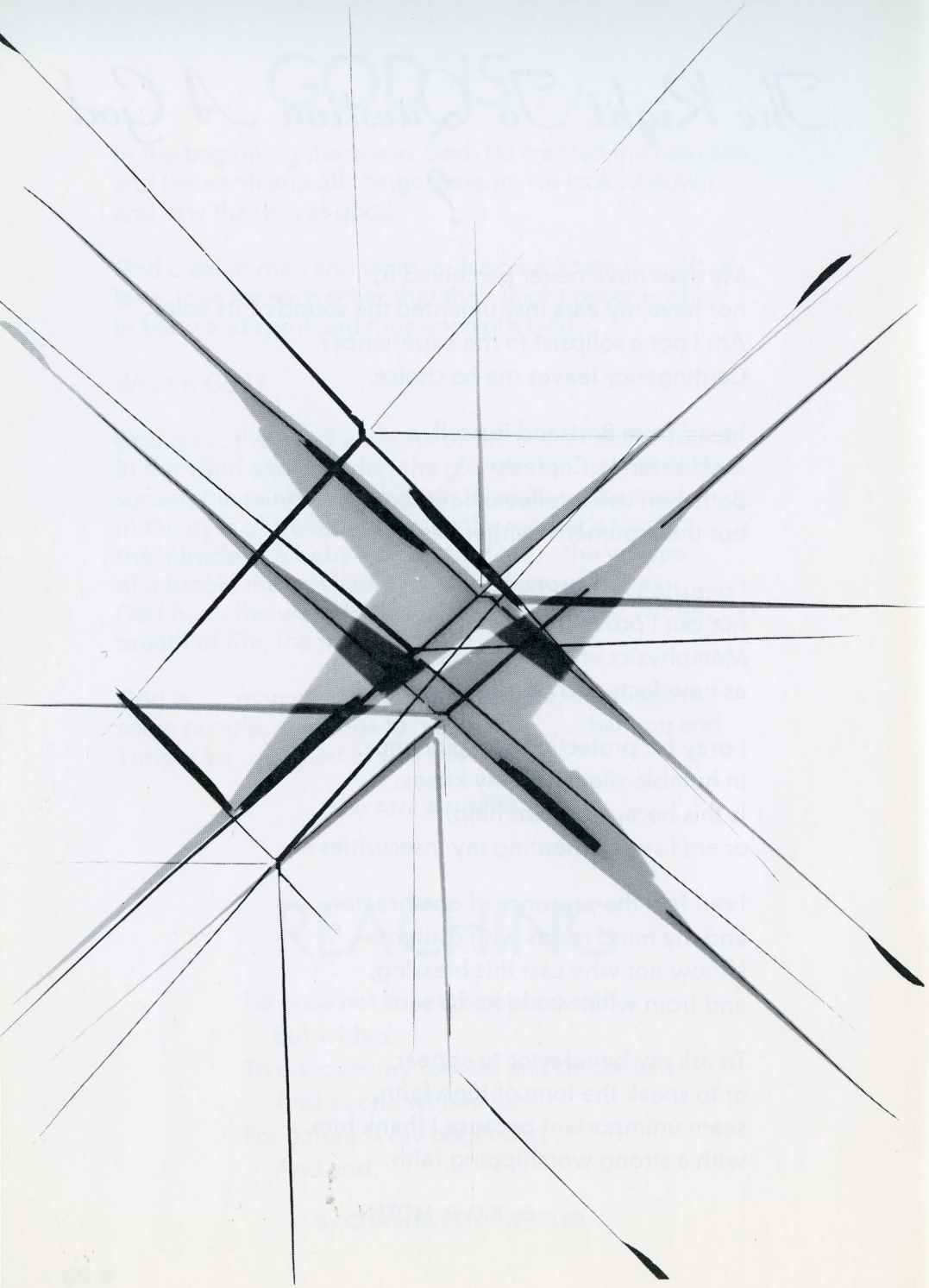
I question not God's existence,
nor can I prove it to my mind.
Metaphysics and science deceive me,
as new facts and figures they unwind.

I pray for protection and guidance,
in humble silence on my knees.
Is this because I need help,
or am I supplementing my insecurities?

I can feel the presence of one greater,
and my mind reacts with content.
I know not who cast this blessing,
and from what world he be sent.

To ask my benefactor to appear,
or to speak the tone of high faith,
seem unimportant because I thank him,
with a strong worshipping faith.

By BILL R. MOTEN



Part One On The Sidewalk

By DEBBY WRIGHT

it's kinda nice . . .

the quiet way

the square blocks of cement

are holding down the earth

and the green grass

in neat rows of rectangular

sidewalk . . .

watch the pattern

of the people

wearing the grayness down

by walking across it . . .

it's kinda nice . . .

seeing the secure sidewalks

hold the whole world together

like cellophane tape . . .

PHOTOGRAPH OPPOSITE By JOHN LEWIS

WORDS

A sound is formed and comes to me, I listen, but I hear nothing, I could have sworn he spoke, I saw him speak to me, yet I heard nothing. That is strange! I listen day and night and I have yet to hear anything that means anything, but still and all I see the movement of lips and hear sounds, that is strange! Today I heard another noise and then it came to me; the man said, He's dead, that is strange! . . . Words.

By JOHN LEWIS

THE SPEAK-EASY

By KIMMER HERBERT

And he reads to me in his voice so rare
Streaming, flowing alive
Pulling at my imagination
He — the completion of the soul
Smiling, beaming with a gentility
That slips away if not taken care of . . .

A TURKISH BATH

By GLENN MYERS

After pain
comes the sadness of hating.
The meaningless words
of reproach and disillusionment.
"It was all a put-on
She never meant it."

Now

she asks for a warm coat
from loneliness
and she asks a one-time friend
for friendship.

But you cry
through your Turkish bath
of scalded air and smog

"I can't"
I'm too busy
regretting
to forgive a friend
for asking friendship
and nothing more.
Nothing more.
Nor less.
Not even a shadow.

FRIENDS

By DARRELL KEEL

Jimmy and Billie,
Herbie and Tom,
Davey and Larry,
Freddy and Chawn
Are all at the front door
And wanting to know,
If you could come out
And play in the snow.

To Those Who Contributed Whose Work Does Not Appear —

We feel that creative work is an expression of the most intimate part of one's self. We found sincerity in every piece that was submitted to the magazine, and we tried to consider everything with equal sincerity. We cannot print everything; we are limited by space and time and money. Only two words can we offer to those who have given to us not only of their time, but also of themselves. We say to them, in all sincerity — THANK YOU. Without people like you the literary magazine could not exist.

The Literary Magazine Staff

EL PASAJERO (THE TRAVELER)
GLENDALE COMMUNITY COLLEGE
GLENDALE, ARIZONA 85301