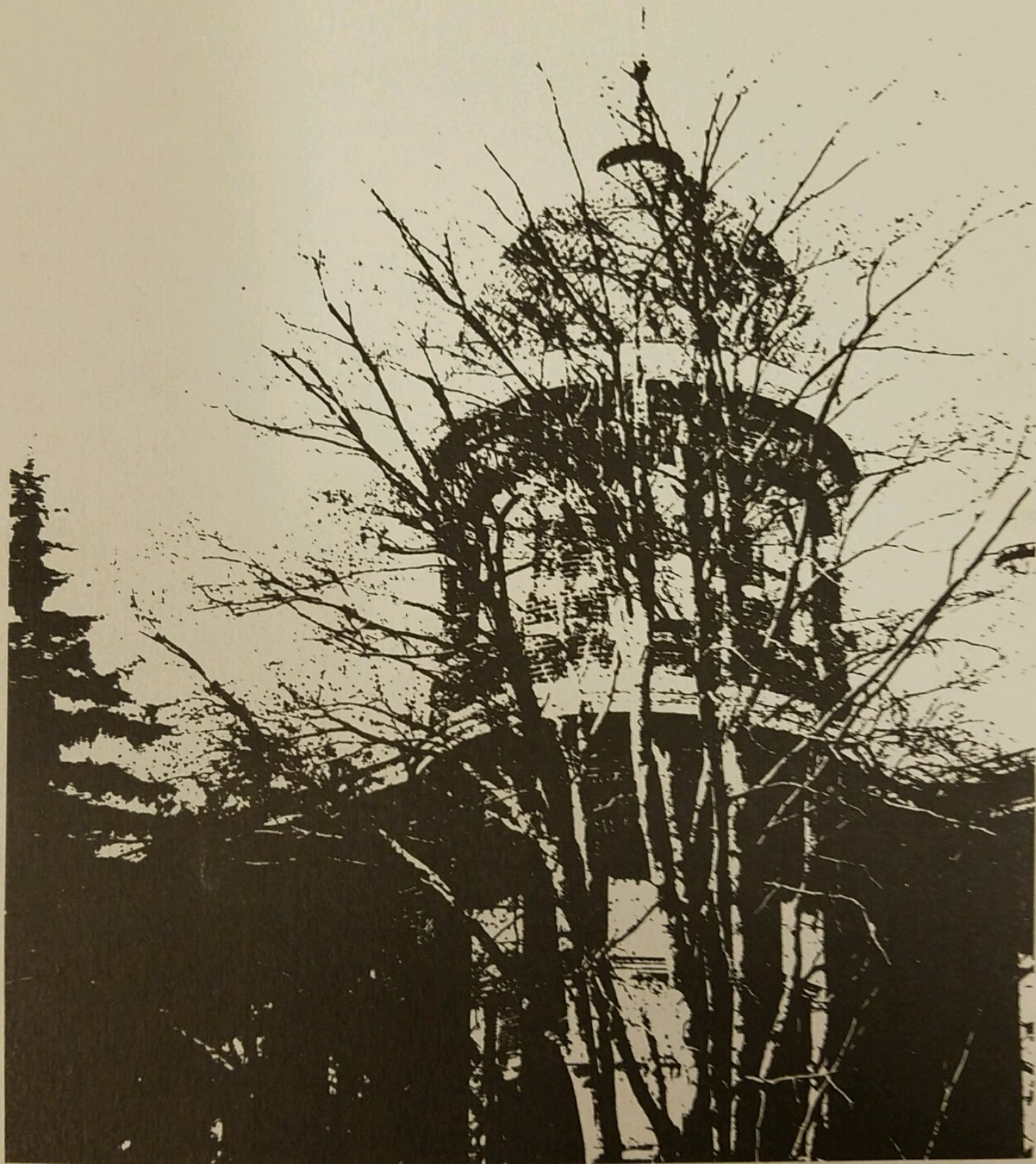


Retrospect

ELLENSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

SPRING 1977 \$1.50





Don Shreve

||
||
Silently falling from the white sky
Night was day and day was night
The water was blue, now it's white
Wind was still, breath was held.

||
||
--Diane Converse

Retrospect

ELLENSBURG HIGH SCHOOL LITERARY MAGAZINE SPRING 1977 VOLUME III

Cover: photo of
Barge Hall, CWSC,
by John Wines.

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The editors would like to thank Mr. Steve Rogers for his invaluable assistance in putting this year's Retrospect out: Mr. David Gaer and Mr. Bob Rock for assistance with art work; Mr. Lynn Weissenfels for photography; Mrs. Jean Smith, Mrs. Lee Gillam, Mrs. Naomi Denhart, Mr. Frank Johnson, and Mrs. Avis Ross for prose solicitations; Mrs. Ginger Harmon and the following students for printing: Sandy Noyes, Mary Plachta, Kris Jensvold, Nancy Kibler, Virginia Collins, Sheryl Maxey, Brian Kalakosky, Scott McIntosh, Kelly Thomason and Mike Dillon; and all of the rest of the Ellensburg High School faculty, staff, and students who assisted in some way with this year's publication.

the forgotten toy

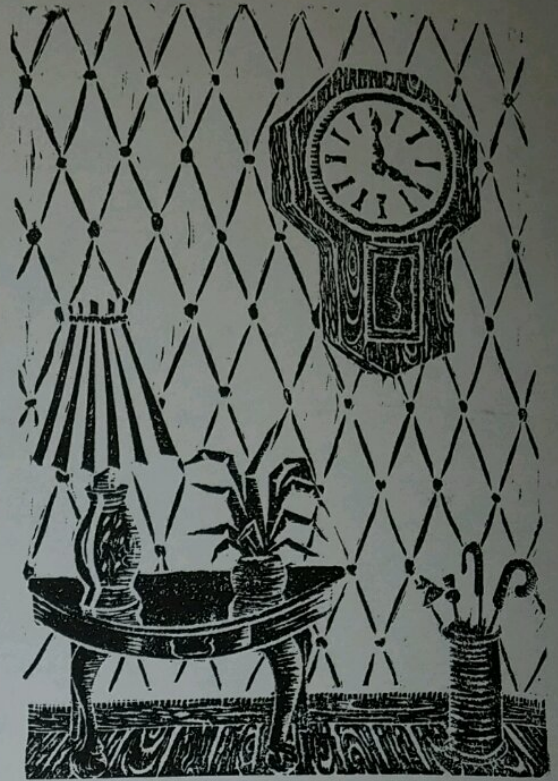
teething ring and baby blue rattle,
shiny button eyes,
fuzzy gold fur,
wood blocks and the alphabet

a new bike with training wheels,
faded loose eyes,
yellow fur sticky with bubble gum,
baseball cards and girl germs

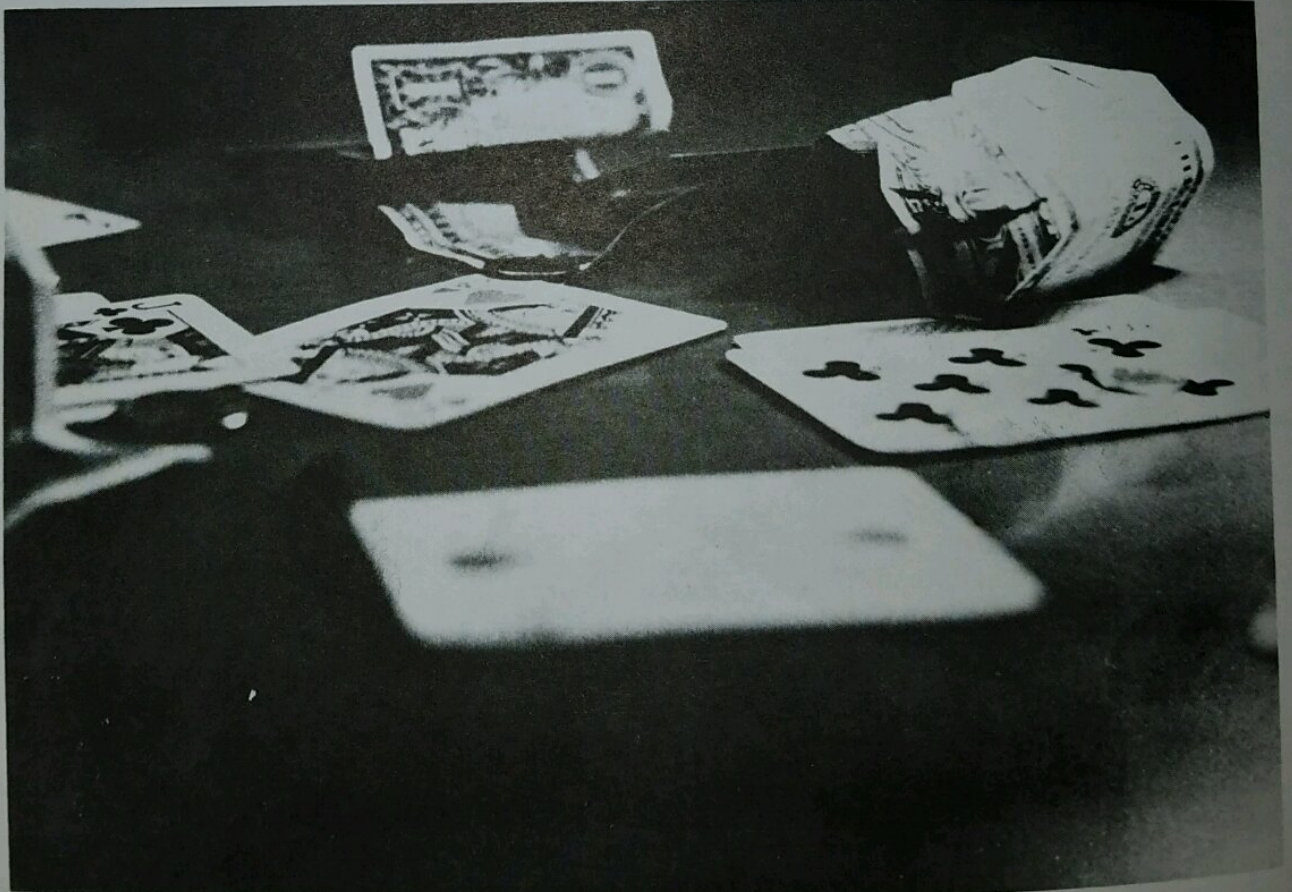
neighborhood football and friday night movies,
dusty brown tufts of fur,
scratched eye--one gone,
girls and drivers license and sports and grades and....,

the forgotten toy

--Jeff Osborn



Tom Kerr



Ron Swedberg

A strange amalgamation of oversized boy and undersized bicycle coasted down the leaf-carpeted sidewalk. It issued a newspaper toward a customer's house. The streamlined projectile sailed gracefully and unerringly into a rose bush close to the porch.

Frank Phillips, teenaged, lanky, scowling, got off his brother's bike and slammed the kickstand down. The tawny sea of maple leaves crackled as he shuffled through them toward the bush.

Once there, he fished out the errant paper, exclaiming loudly as he encountered the bush's army of thorns. He tossed the paper onto the floor of the large porch, cursing his brother's paper route, his brother's flu, and his brother.

Frank was pedaling away from the house when a backward glance

"Is that your house?"

"Oh—ye—yes," she replied, but her ingenuous face betrayed her.

"Well, uh, why don't you go inside then?" said Frank in his best "nice adult" tone, lauding himself for thinking of such a clever way to find out if she really lived there.

"Okay," she nodded. "My bike," she said, pointing to the small, green bicycle equipped with training wheels that was lying in back of her. She picked it up and wheeled it toward the house, rustling the leaves as she went.

But instead of heading for the porch, she started around the side. "Hey," called Frank. "Why don't you go in the front door?"

"I have to put my bike away."

"That's okay, I just want you to go in so I know that you live here."

The cherub slowly walked up to the door. She opened the screen door even more slowly. Her hand went to the doorknob.

Frank waited.

She turned to look at him, her eyes revealing that she would never turn the knob.

"It isn't your house, is it," Frank stated.

She shook her head sadly.

Frank walked up to her and took the paper from her chubby hand. "This isn't yours," he explained as he put it up in the mailbox. "You shouldn't take things that aren't yours. It's wrong. Understand?"

This time she nodded, still gazing at him with her deep, brown eyes.

"You better go home now," said Frank. He returned to his bike and started off. He looked back to see the erstwhile angel crossing the street—without her bike.

It wasn't her bike, he realized. It wasn't her paper; it wasn't her house. The little con artist! She, innocent? Not for a minute. She had tried to trick him every step of the way.

Seven years old and a con artist. Where had innocence gone? He hurled a paper toward a porch. It splashed into a puddle. □

innocence

By Pat Locke

revealed a little girl sneaking up the house's sidewalk. He stopped, wondering what she was up to. He had to smile when she appropriated the paper from the porch and started back toward the street.

"Ah," thought Frank, "the innocence of youth. She probably doesn't know that's wrong."

It was an easy assumption to make. The girl—seven at the most—had a round pixie face with blond pigtails falling across her shoulders. Her white dress and wide eyes emphasized her naive appearance. A pair of wings would have made her a perfect angel.

Frank forgot his annoyance at having to do his brother's route as he thought over how to tell this guileless cherub that stealing was wrong. He wheeled his bike around to intercept her.

"Hi," Frank said as she came up.

"Hi," she answered politely.

Frank attempted to be tactful.

Morning Mass

An empty church, a grey and silent hole,
Surrounds, surrounds me in a mocking rime.
With dust's lament I season my frail hold.

The "joyous schooldays," jeering, do unfold.
I search, to see a weeping, ersatz prime,
An empty church, a grey and silent hole.

What solace, tints from arched windows dolled,
They play upon the pews but vacant mime.
With dust's lament I season my frail hold.

Too Autumn seems my mind's recurrent role,
A poison, melancholy use of time,
An empty church, a grey and silent hole.

My youth, my love, my green and unserved soul,
In muted choir pine to wake my crime,
With dust's lament I season my frail hold.

But ever may I from the windows tole,
A sunbeam, colored, playing in a rime,
An empty church, a white and silent whole.
With dust's lament I season my frail hold.

--Tom Kerr



Karen Ooka

If a belief, introduced to the mind, plays on the
conscious and becomes affixed, then that con-
scious belief may become an unconscious desire.
That belief, if pronounced, may lead to reality.
Such is human frailty.

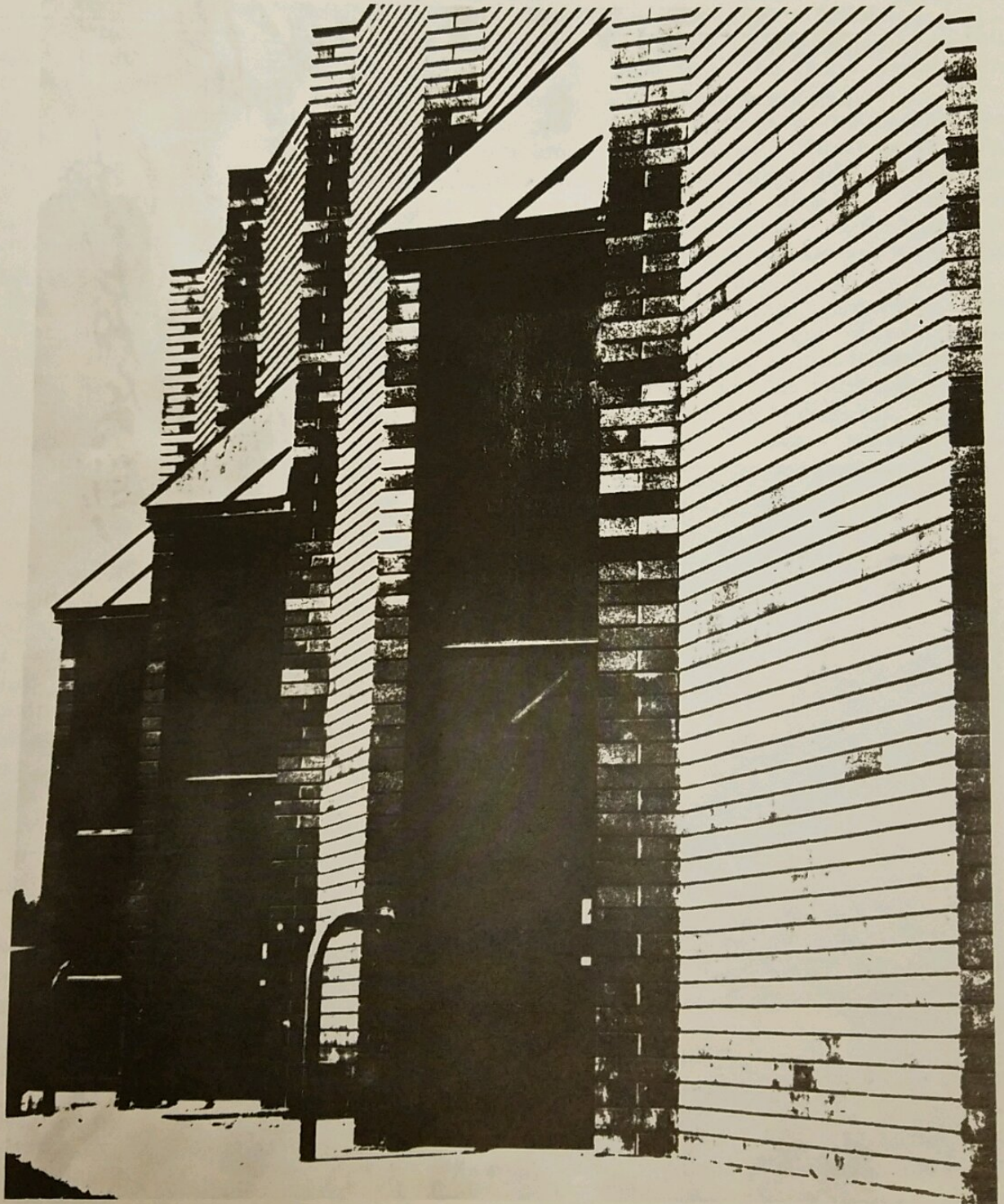
--Cliff Missen

Walking through a plain day
Needling my way toward a mirror
touching the pond
near it, the crystals come clearer.

Plain Day

The green bank edge formed into chains
pompous echoes.
Turning my back from the shallow image,
I left, closing my eyes.

--Sandi Poulsen



John Wines

Green as it can be
Refuge
A hoe
Sweet
Sleep inducing

--Kris Thedens

True delight is in doing something you never have, never would, never will, and never should do. I spilled a pot of India ink in my lap the other day. It didn't really bother me, though. In fact, I loved it, sort of. Don't get me wrong, though. I mean, I'm not some kind of a jerk who goes around dumping ink on himself for kicks. It was a first.

I was working on an Old English "E" with a pen, freshly dipped, starting the gothic wings and claws of the letter. In my amateur hand, the pen left a

Delight

by
Thomas A. Kerr

sharp trail of shiny black, scratching and spraying miniscule dots. The terrific part of calligraphy is not the actual lettering, but the black ink coating the pen like melted milkshake on a straw. It flows smoothly through the prongs of the pen and onto the white paper, creating the perfect contrast--the only honest-to-goodness opposite between white and abysmal black. There's something satisfying about seeing it, like a fair-skinned girl with long black hair, or the creamy center of an oreo. No crumbs.

Well, my wrist did it. The little pot was right by the edge of the table. I was so busy watching the ink slowly soak into the paper that when I tried to dip the pen in the well, I just missed and knocked the whole thing into my lap. India ink gurgled out onto my cords and bled through the sandy cloth like a black Amazon. It took me a moment to figure out what had happened, and I scooped up the dripping pot and threw it on the table. Drops of ink pattered on the rug, diffusing immediately, turning beige to black. Rubbing together my fingers, coated with sticky ink, I scanned the room for something to wipe up the mess with. Finding nothing, I wiped my hands on my pants. What the heck, they were gone anyway. The ink was drying and was kind of pasty under my finger nails. It smelled like the inside of one of Dad's pipes. When I was a kid, I used to love to smell them and think it was like the remains of a campfire, kind of dank and sweet.

I squeezed the cap back on the pot, to preserve what remained. It bubbled black bubbles around the rim. I went into the bathroom and threw my pants in the hamper, chuckling to myself. Delight. □



Tom Kerr

Hit and Run

by Cliff Missen

Dean took his hand from the steering wheel and guided the car with his knee as he accepted the hash pipe from the passenger next to him. As he placed the pipe to his lips, a whistling sound of air being sucked in filled the car. Murmurs of appreciation came from the back seat as he kept up the constant inhaling; and sighs of relief were emitted as he finally took one last gulp of air and held his breath. He handed the pipe to the girls in the back seat who were laughing delightedly at his show of expertise.

Dean then released the smoke and started laughing himself; and when the laughter had died down, he grabbed onto the stick shift and yelled, "Let's get this mother movin'!"

The car lept forward with the engine screaming its protest against the abuse. As they picked up speed, the lights flicked, soon becoming a constant blur, and the detail of the racing scenery melted into nothing.

The passengers scorned the thought of danger as they pressed their driver to go faster. As they rounded a curve in the highway, another car raced past them, moving in the opposite direction.

"Isn't that Bob Brussels?" Dean queried as he brought the car to a stop. After receiving an affirmative response from everyone in the car, he again put the car into gear and turned around with squealing tires and smoking exhaust.

"Watch me run his heap into the ground," he yelled to his passengers, as he raced the engine through all the gears and took off

in pursuit of the other car. He was soon forced to reduce his speed as he hit the city limit, but still he maintained forty miles per hour as he sped down the main drag.

It wasn't long before they spotted the car they were after, and Dean moved to a higher gear as he raced after it. He turned momentarily to request that another pipe be lit up, but before he was able to vocalize his desire, he saw a look of shock register on the girls' faces.

He turned back quickly, but not quickly enough, for he saw only a glimpse of the young girl's face before she was bounced off the hood of his car. Stifled screams came from the back seat as Dean floored the accelerator and raced away from the scene.

They raced across the town for ten minutes, with the passengers enjoying the ride, excited by the high speed escape. Dean felt his heartbeat quickening as he gasped for air; and the vision of the girl's face during that moment of recognition flashed across his mind repeatedly.

He turned down a quiet street, pulled over to the curb, and parked the car. He let his hands fall from the wheel and felt the sweat pouring down his face as he dumbly stared at the red streaks across the hood of his car.

Ecstatic, shrill laughter filled the car as the passengers expressed their admiration for their driver's skill. But Dean was unreceptive to it all, as the stoned feeling had disappeared, and he only felt a deep pain in his gut. He knew he was about to vomit.

The other occupants of the car were merrily celebrating their escape by lighting and passing around a newly-filled pipe. Unknowing of Dean's state, the boy next to him handed him the pipe. Unaware of his action, Dean accepted the pipe while mumbling, "I could have killed her," over and over. Then he looked at the pipe burning in his hand for a moment. Screaming "To hell with this!" he threw it out onto the street.

He turned to his companions and screamed, "Don't you realize what just happened? I hit a girl! I could have killed her; I might just be a murderer!!! And you sit there laughing. Do you think that girl is laughing?"

"But Dean," someone interjected, "We got away, man." They looked at him in amazement, puzzled by his outburst. Dean scowled back in disbelief.

"Out!" Dean yelled, "Get out! Everyone, just get out! Get out!"

The passengers slowly complied, troubled by Dean's reaction; and as the door closed behind the last departee, Dean gave the steering wheel a mighty blow and broke down crying.

Then he looked up, through the windshield, and saw his friends picking up the pipe and preparing to fill it. He watched in disbelief as they merrily bounced down the sidewalk, vividly and happily discussing the incident, without caring. All of a sudden Dean hated those people and everything they did or stood for; he despised their lack of concern, their carefree attitudes, their heartlessness. Then he realized that he was one of them, they like him, and he became angered. He started the car and let it idle. Then, as he saw them start to cross the street, he slipped the car into gear.

"I've done it once," he thought.

I look at the person staring
from the mirror,
searching for something I
cannot find,
looking beneath the face
deep into the eyes, trying to find
where are you, really?
do you belong? are you sure?
the face looks back--
 silent
saying nothing
 but the answer there--
it must be!
where do I go now?
what do I look for
 in the world beyond the mirror?

--Barb Jump

Night Whys

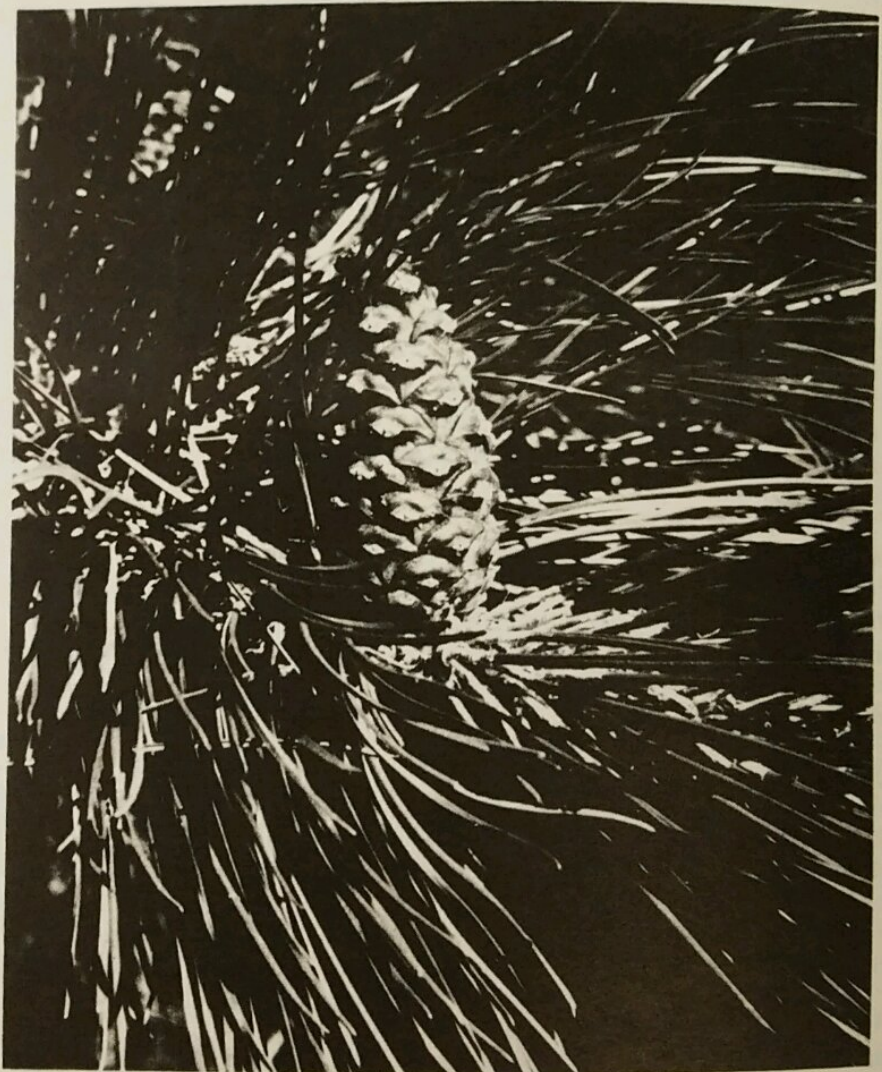
Why do the owls hunt at night?
Do they hate the pesky day birds
that dive and scratch and try to bite?

Why do the stars shine in the sky?
Are they really stars
or are they holes in heaven or blinking eyes?

Why do the coyotes yap at a full moon?
Are they hungry? Is it so bright that
it would scare a hare, or unmask a coon?

--Dan Powell

Ron Swedberg





Nolan McInelly

the Morning Air

by
Kathie Smith

The morning air is clean, tangy, with the odor of flourishing vegetation. Powerfully, the tractor surges forward, letting the plow take its first bite out of the land. The hills beyond look smug under the deep, velvet cap of evergreens, each individual tree a soldier of tantalizing aroma, each branch a soft feather lacing the sky and stretching into the blue hues of a warm day.

The hush of the forest is all about, teeming with life, small life running, running as the iron jaws of the plow rudely tear at each piece of earth. The sun grows hot. It rises higher in the persisting stillness, touching my face, teaching me to appreciate cold running water. Beneath me, the vibration of metal drones on as line after line of soil is uncovered. The dryness of my mouth is increased by chaff and flying debris. The tractor comes to an abrupt halt, the plow catching on a hidden root, jerking, jolting me out of my preoccupation. It rears forward, responding to my immediate touch. The dirt-turner holds in its grasp the offending intruder.

Evening comes, refreshing me. The pungent smell of freshly turned earth is vibrant in the air. A placid breeze plays along my cheeks. Finished, I feel a sense of satisfaction at the sea of brown chocolate behind me. As dusk approaches, the sky carefully paints itself in deep crimson, until it is washed out again and again. Finally, the trees are mere silhouettes in the inky darkness, waiting for time to turn its page to another day. □



David Richards

Under stone
the churning wave
The smell of salty brine
and wet shell
Where gulls' cries echo
the magic sleeps

--Jeff Osborn

It was almost Christmas, and the Yuletide spirit filled our small house to the brim. The lights on the tree twinkled merrily, shining in the excited eyes of my family. Freshly baked candy and cookies filled our house with hundreds of tantalizing smells. Christmas cards and holly decked the walls. There was a laugh tumbling from everyone's lips.

The Wednesday before Christmas we were going to have a Christmas party in our kindergarten class. I wore my beloved new dress, and my mother fixed my hair. The morning was monotonous; I thought it would never, ever end. But, finally, excited beyond words, we were on the way to school!

The room was bright and festive-looking. On the tree, lights glowed. We had strung popcorn and cranberries (the strings had many bare spots where someone had gotten tired of stringing and decided to eat for a while), and they now adorned the precious tree. Even the dolls brating, with a small tree, candles in their house, and berries in their hair.

The next two hours were ones of complete bliss. My dress had punch staining the front, but I didn't even notice, and I

ate cookies until I thought I would pop. We played all my favorite games, like pin the hat on Santa, and blind man's bluff. The party reached a climax when Santa Claus came, for he was my hero! I had never experienced a better moment in my life than when I sat on his lap!

On the way home, the whole bus was high-spirited. Oh, what a perfectly stupendous day! My small body quivered with the excitement it could not hold. I bounded off the bus at our stop, and was ahead of everyone else. Tom was right behind me, and soon the others caught up to us. Tom's older brother, Pat, began teasing Tom about believing in Santa. Tom absolutely refused that he ever believed in Santa, or that he ever would. Pat asked me if I believed

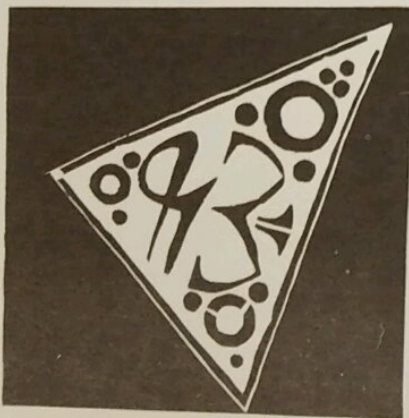
in Santa. What could I say? My day shattered before me like a fine Christmas ornament fallen from a tree.

I had a choice between being ridiculed by my friends or losing Santa Claus. My friends would be with me; Santa came once a year. Everyone was waiting. What would I say? What *would* I say! I had to decide.

I replied, "Of course not!" And I laughed. □

Santa?

by
Betty Johnson



Eugene Richards

Untitled

Echoing, echoing, now and ever dimly
taking no form at all
then, a needle-point, it becomes
far off, away, on the edge of infinity.
On the plain of forever, it approaches;
shallow indeed, with its covering of air,
it smells like salt in the sea,
nothing to touch but plenty to feel
burning like a white-hot forge,
the matter around it explodes all-color
as a crystal held up to the sun
no need for a mirror, your reflection is there
touching everything, all matter, all forms,
too late, it returns to the brim of the world
asking for no pomp and getting none,
only the echo remains, as in the beginning.

--David Bellande

The primest cocaine is evilly enchanting.
Hearing about it cuts me off from allowing
it to pass into me.

--Mark Snell

Heidi Nixon



The world revolves...
and as it turns
it casts off into space
a dream,
a memory,
an incident,
which go hurtling off
through the void
never to return.

Such is the life that man lives.

For the past is gone,
and the future will never come.

We all live in the present
and when we have lived the present,
it becomes the past.

Then the future dies
to fill the space
left by the devouring past.

Life is quick and merciless
now it is here,
now gone.

And man himself is forced
to struggle,
to grasp hold of and cling to time,
to make himself a reality.

—Cliff Missen

Untitled

Finding out about
reaching toward
everlasting
extra loud
whining, whizzing, whirling
always there
yesterday

—Chonie Tozer



by John Wines

A Regional Expression

By Christopher Suits

How dreary this barren, brown, dusty, scrub landscape is! I am told that the place at which we are to live now is only about one hundred to 150 miles distant. If this desert doesn't come to an abrupt halt and give way to a lush, green valley, I think I'll turn right around and head back to Illinois from whence we came.

Travelling in a dirty U-Haul truck, with torn vinyl seats, a hard metal interior off of which the paint is flaking, and an extremely noisy (but gutless) V-8 engine, has been exceedingly tiring, especially since this particular vehicle, the cab of which must measure something like five by five by three feet, has been a place of confinement to my father and myself for at least ten to twelve hours a day for the last seven days. My mother and sister travel in our blue Oldsmobile station wagon, which is loaded down with luggage, and carries, besides them, our two cats. The females don't have the annoyance of a truck's engine when climbing the steep grades of the Continental Divide, but the cats make up for this loss by providing frequent serenades of dischordant yowling.

But aroused out of my retrospective reverie, I take a dented metal canteen full of water and douse the three-legged dog, who travels in the truck with us, so that he doesn't become overheated. He is panting crazily, and his pink, furrowed tongue protrudes from

his black, sticky-looking lips like a dried-up worm that ones sees on the sidewalk on a hot day. His wet brown fur clings together on his back and stinks.

Ha! To reread this last paragraph is to become aware of how my mind tries to escape the ghastly spectacle with which it is presented by the eyes. Just this morning we left Spokane, where we arrived last night; and today we have set out on the last leg of our journey (odyssey?) from Normal, Illinois to Ellensburg, Washington. I know nothing of this last place, but I sincerely, vehemently hope that its surroundings do not consist of the dried, scraggly, frazzled sage brush that I see now. I have only read of the great Western deserts before now, and have never really thought of living in the middle of one. There is no sand here, but it would almost be better to be confronted with the easy rolling, smooth sands of the Sahara, so pleasing to the eye, than to have vantage over this irregular, blighted place.

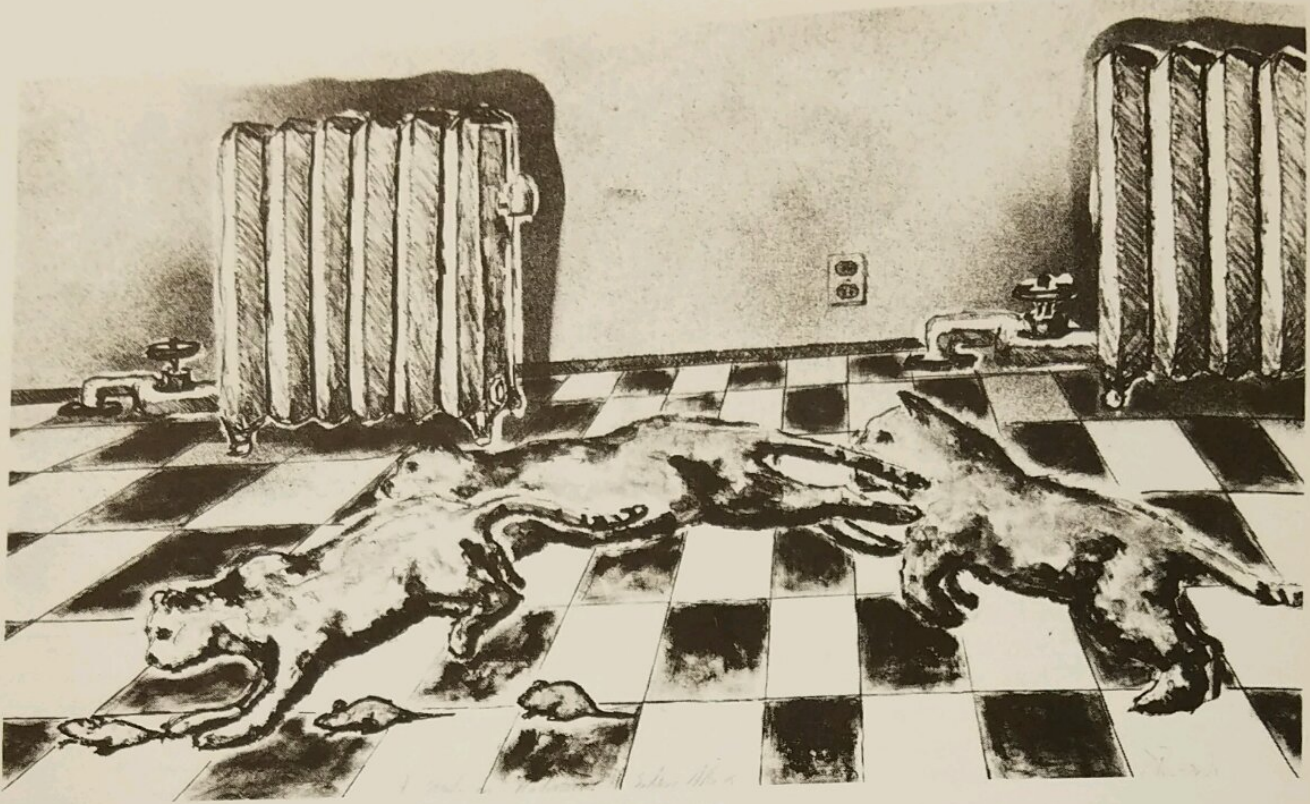
I said "place" just now, even though we are moving, at a rate of somewhat less than fifty miles per hour, I should guess; but the entire area that we have come through since just out of Medical Lake looks the same to me: scarred, ridiculously arid earth, marred with the stunted tan branches that are sagebrush.

Past Moses Lake, past George, past Vantage. And look at the river! Perhaps this sleeve of moisture, cutting between high brown

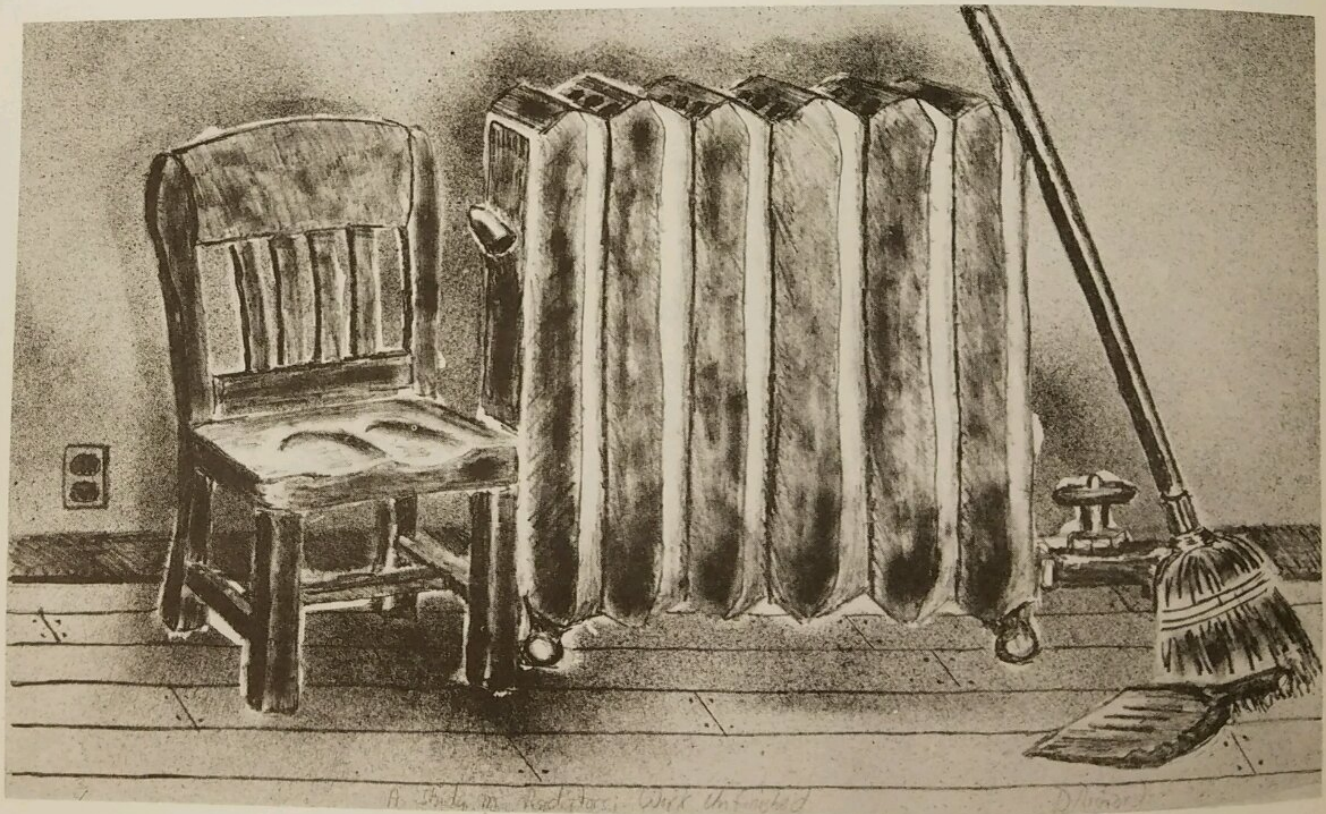
hills, is actually the boundary of a blessed new land, filled with tender green weeping willows hanging over mirror-surfaced pools of honey-sweet clear water; this vista spreading out before the mighty snow-capped Cascades, which provide a breath-taking backdrop for a new life.

Oh Misery! Take my life rather than let me believe that this is the place! The off-ramp of I-90 is exactly like the hundred-odd others I have visited, and yet it seems to signal an end to all that I have seen and done before. This is Ellensburg. It is bleak. I am now a Middle-Westerner, who has always thought of himself as Eastern, in a very Western town, cut off from all that I know by two thousand miles of wasteland.

The family has rendezvoused at the Holiday Inn, and we are registered there for the night. I prefer to remain within the universal, marketable comfort that is a room at any chain motel rather than foray out into the unknown, distasteful town. After having just looked down the ghastly, ugly, grotesque asphalt spaciousness of Main Street, I would cherish pseudo-luxury rather than attempt to reconcile myself to what the town has to offer. I pull the string that closes the drapes of the motel room, shutting out the view of the bacteria-filled green pool water; and as my bare toes nestle into the thick pile of the gauche red carpet, I am dissolved into shadow. □



Lithographs from "The Radiator Series," by David Richards.



Varnished Hardwood

Glowing zombies throb together
seals whelping.
Orange, by Wilson, mesmerizes
like balding German's watch-chain.
Human knick-knacks evaporate end to end
like gaseous decimals shifting.
Fat beard blares to anesthetized ears,
and eager scribes scurry with the 10
all pompous squirrels fenced by rubber chickenwire.
Grave patriarchs minister after posterity
defrocked pontiffs
shouting.
Condensed emotions fill intense closet
like covered Arctic volcano.

Each squints through mist
seeking to eye this frightful jungle
unveiled.
Terrified
by supercontinental horrors,
he swivels lens-set to X-ray
neighboring flesh. Two star-gazers
microscope,
view with ultra-miniature clarity.

As rushing progression of understanding
facets itself
on ever-propagating waves
of vision,
hysterical mood
consciously reverts
outward.

Burrowing into fog's fleece
of outer madness,
self recoils from inside.
Force of delusion
promotes mist
which obscures itself
and its source.

As clouds part,
spectators
cotton-blinded
timorous of introspection
and its growing clarity
discover next link in reality's chain
regressing
from wood
to pulp.

—Chris Suits

Barb Jump



Most of my waking hours this summer were spent in a restaurant called O Taco. I liked the atmosphere there, and found both the facilities and the associated people to be very colorful. The kitchen walls are painted the sharp yellow that belongs to only the largest and most cushiony dandelions, and a rainbow is sprawled across walk-in cooler door. Hung over the front counter is the menu, lettered in red, green, and blue. Many of the bright letters are almost as big as my hand, and together they describe each item and list possible choices, like sour cream or cheese on Mexican food.

Regardless of this, some cus-

tomers completely miss the imposing menu and order like this group did. The leader began, "I'll have a burrito," and stepped back.

"Wait," I called, "Would you like it made with beef, beans, or both?"

"Beef."

He didn't elaborate further, so I asked, "'Courageous' or regular?"

"What's 'Courageous'?"

I recited the menu: "A 'Courageous' includes beef, lettuce, onions, tomatoes, and sour cream, cheese, or both."

"'Courageous.'"

After a pause, I demanded, "Do you want sour cream, cheese, or both?!"

"Both."

With a wan smile, I turned to the next member of the party and asked, "What would you like?"

He replied, "I'll have a burrito."

Fortunately, the customers weren't always so frustrating, although they usually were interesting. One afternoon, a regular patron, a friendly man, although subdued and self-possessed, swung through the door and bounced up to the counter. "I'll have a Reuben," he announced. "Boy, that's a great sandwich. It's big and it's good, but I don't have to tell you how good they are. They're real good."

My lower jaw dropped to counter level, while my eyebrows shot into my hair. He stared at my shocked expression in surprise, and then laughed. "I'm sorry to be like this, but I have a son! At three o'clock my wife had a baby boy and I'm a father. He's a big guy, too. Eight pounds something, and twenty-one inches long. That's why I had to come in here for a Reuben."

Of all the shifts, early morning was my favorite time to work.

BEEF BEANS or BOTH?

" . . . Delicately sweetened bread pudding shot through with raisins, was especially lovely when done, with the custardy white pudding patterned with cubes of brown bread like a giraffe's coat . . ."

by
Lee Zwanziger

The kitchen was breathlessly still and as neat as a laboratory. I would creep about, enjoying the milky-smooth floor, free of the busy day's unavoidable stickiness. One of the first chores was the making of that day's bread, about seventeen pounds of either whole wheat or rye. The two types are quite different, but both are enthralling to handle. Wheat is slightly sweeter, and the fawn-colored flour is coarse with bits of bran. Its dough is very glutinous, so it grows springy and vibrant in response to energetic kneading. The greyish rye flour is finer, but the resulting dough is gluier and must be more roughly pummeled before it develops a proper network of gluten to trap the yeast-produced carbon dioxide. But in the end, either kind would swell in the pans like so many blowfish, and then bake until the smooth, stepping-stone shaped tops took on the hue of sun-dried soil.

Another chore that belonged to morning, but also to afternoon, was the chopping of meat and vegetables. I have a particular fondness for well-kept knives, so I enjoyed the hours I spent with them. We used broad French knives with triangular blades. These aren't gleaming silver daggers; their blades are smokey grey-brown, but so sharp that I could hack at fresh, juicy lettuce without ever bruising it. Those excellent knives sailed through two onions with one stroke and sliced fine cylinders of Canadian bacon into rounds of chiffon-like thinness. Many times I accidentally turned the blades on my own hands, leaving incisions as clean and true as the instruments themselves.

Another episode in food preparation was baking the next day's dessert, and what fun I had then!

It was a new and heady pleasure for me to make a cake using a full pound of suave butter mixed with equally rich eggs, honey, and hearty oatmeal. The other favorites were just as delectable. ...

Delicately sweetened bread pudding shot through with raisins, was especially lovely when done, with the custardy white pudding patterned with cubes of brown bread like a giraffe's coat. However, I always opted for fruit crisp, when we could get the necessary fruit. A buttery oatmeal and brown sugar bottom crust would be heaped with filling, sometimes soft peaches, the sunshiny pieces dripping mellow juice, and other times shell-shaped slices of apple. After the filling was lavishly sprinkled with more streusel, the whole concoction would be baked, emerging with sweet juice bubbling through the toasted topping.

I usually worked the night shift, which meant that the last three or four of my hours were spent in cleaning. We transferred all the left-over desserts, meats, and vegetables to storage containers in the cooler. Then the cooking areas and all the dining tables had to be scrubbed, and the windows on the display and walk-in coolers polished. These were time-consuming chores, but the real work came next. There were two jobs and two people—one for the dishes and one for the grill. My partner was usually a woman who preferred the dishes, and I always let her have her way. After all, if she still wanted to slosh through steaming tubs of water and wrestle with huge pots after doing another load or two during the evening, that was her business. The grill, however, was my specialty. Attired in a dirty apron and leather gloves, I climbed onto a crate with the spatula in my hand. First I

used the spatula to scrape long curls of scorched oil from the surface. The resulting metallic squeal was very like scratching a blackboard, but an octave lower in pitch. Next, I poured fresh oil over the sticky grill and picked up a brick-sized chunk of pumice. With the rough, sooty brick, I scoured away eleven hours of burnt grease. The flame under the grill had to be kept burning during the cleaning, and any spattering grease that hits the cleaner leaves scars for years. Drops of sweat fell from my face and steamed away as I threw both weight and strength into the job. A greasy, sulfurous odor rose from the oily soot, but when the black semi-liquid was wiped away, the grill shone a soft, rainy-sky grey. After the grill and the dishes were finished, the mop seemed to sail over the floor like a duck on a lake. Then we were done. The kitchen and the entire restaurant were well prepared for the next day's onslaught.

After a night's work, I was deeply thankful to walk outside and drive home. When I had climbed out of the truck, I was away from the lights and incessant clatter, and nighttime could shine through. A dependable breeze blew from the north, carrying the faint scent of fir trees and creeks on its cool back. Above me, the star-coated sky was like a skunk's back, with two great areas of deep black pierced by beads of brilliance, separated by a broad stripe of lighter grey. The peace of privacy peeled away the day's tension.

When this summer began, I loved to cook. After spending five days a week cooking professionally and time at home cooking for my family, I love it even more. □

a prism

A prism is like an arrow head moving sleek and fast
A prism is like a many-faceted diamond turning in a breeze
A prism is as a pyramid, stoic and everlasting
A prism is a rainbow darting in all directions
A prism is like a family crest saying "I am." and as easily recognizable
A prism is as clear as the sky in a moonlit night
A prism is like a drill spinning off light
A prism is an endless space, full and without void
A prism is as shining as a pair of gossamer wings at a distance
A prism is like a panacea given to cure disinterest
A prism is like me: reachable but never catchable

--David Bellande

cold steel
cold blood
cold wind

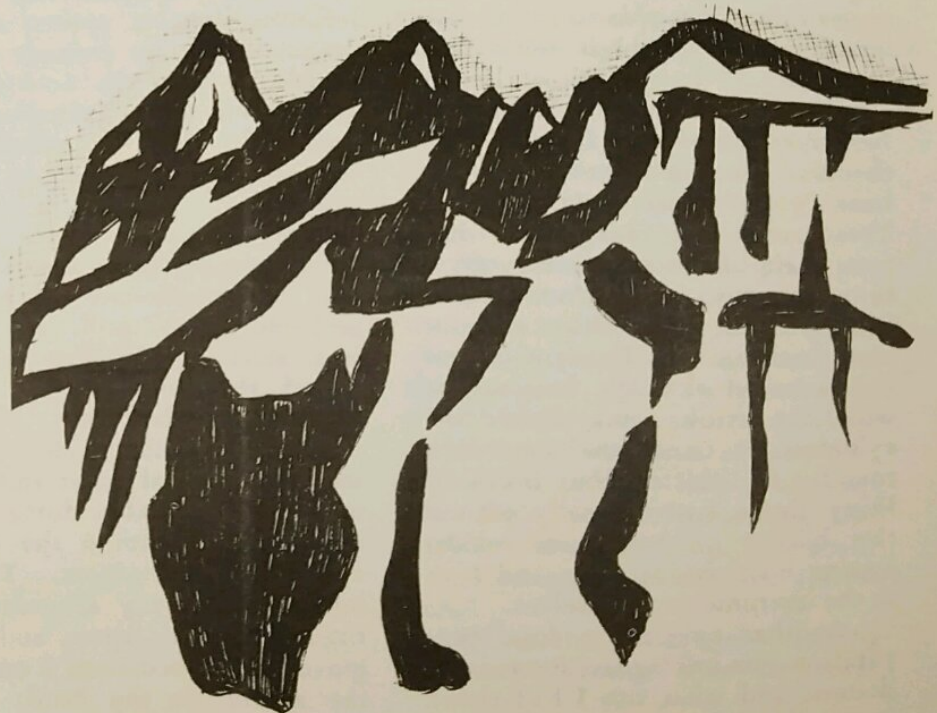
Twisted black earth,
grey moon and icy stars,
white faces turned upward

Crumpled dead machines,
burnt grass and crippled trees,
silent echoes scream

Dirty ragged flags,
damp fog and frozen corpses,
shattered hourglass

cold steel
cold blood
cold wind

--Jeff Osborn





by John Wines

Heidi Nixon

A sprig of grass
set in a crack
of a bare sidewalk
made me aware;
Growing alone in a concrete womb
is but a meagre existence.

--Mark Jaehnig



Saturday Afternoon

By Kim Cutlip

It wasn't a very big office. A better term for it would have been cubbyhole. It was just big enough for an old, battered, wood desk, a padded swivel chair with foam rubber bulging out of rips in the seat, a rather unstable looking bookshelf with many huge, solid biology books on it, a small wood table standing about two and a half feet high, and a little chair, painted red.

At the desk sat Bernie Hildebrand, graduate student, Michigan State University. The desk was covered with papers. The papers were covered with notes. And Bernie was covered with an old grey sweater with a large hole in the left side, a pair of light brown corduroys with most of the ridges worn away, a pair of thick yellow socks, and brown loafers with the stitching at the toe coming undone. Bernie's head was covered with dusty brown hair cut in a rather

short flattop. Bernie was very busy working on his thesis. At times he was carefully reading in one of the huge books and scribbling notes. At other times he was staring intently, with glasses off, at the brown stain next to the fluorescent light on the ceiling. And every once in a while, Bernie would look smilingly down

at the little table to the left of his desk.

At the table sat Lori Hildebrand, daughter of graduate student. The table was covered with papers. The papers were covered with scribbles, snowmen, stick figures, and blobs. And Lori was covered with a little blue sweater with one of the front buttons missing, a pair of blue jeans with a square red iron-on patch on the left knee, blue leotards, and radish-red rubber boots. Her head was covered with dusty brown hair, just long enough for most of it to be made into pony-tails. Lori was busy imitating her father. At times she was carefully staring at a picture of a clown in one of her reference books and madly drawing circles. At other times she was staring intently at the big brown bear painted on the ceiling next to the fluorescent light. And she was always glancing at her father so that she knew exactly what to do.

Lori went with her daddy to his office almost every Saturday afternoon. During the week she went to school just like Daddy. Lori asked him once if she could go to his school instead of hers. But Daddy said that there were some things in nursery school she needed to learn before she went to college.

Now Bernie crossed his legs, and turned some pages in his reference book. Lori attempted to cross her legs--leg with the iron-on patch over leg without--but bumped her knee on the table. This knocked off her book and papers; and, with a look of alarm on her round, full face, she hurriedly scrambled for book and papers and spread them out on the table again. This was definitely something one didn't let happen when one was working. Lori looked up at her dad in consternation. Bernie gave her a look of reassurance, one that thinly masked his amusement. Lori smiled in relief. She gripped her pencil with her fist again, and

Heidi Nixon



carefully turned some pages in her circus book.

Few words were spoken in the office once the light was turned on and Lori and her father sat down at their places. Daddy had told her the first time she came with him that they had to be quiet so thinking would be easier. So they just communicated with facial expressions. They winked back and forth. At first Lori had had to return a wink with a blink but now she was mastering the one-eyed wink.

As minutes went by, Lori watched her father more and more. When would he push away from his desk and heave his big sigh? Sometimes she couldn't keep her drooping eyelids up, and her hazy brown eyes would disappear for a few seconds to suddenly reappear and stare at her father. She still did some note-taking but now it was mostly just squiggly lines. And when she was staring intently at the ceiling, her thoughts weren't centered around the big brown bear, but on her dollhouse at home.

It was during a time that she was looking at the ceiling that Lori heard the squeak of the old padded swivel chair as her father pushed away from his desk and heaved his "I'm ready to quit" sigh. Lori scooted away from her table and heaved a "finally he's done" sigh. Then she carefully stacked her papers as her father was doing and put them in her manila envelope while Bernie put his things in his briefcase.

Lori put on her fuzzy green coat, zipped it up, and put up the hood. She held very still while Bernie tied her hood. While he was carefully tying it, Lori asked, "Did you finish your sothis, Daddy?"

Bernie smiled and tweaked her freckled nose. "No, I didn't finish my thesis today. Did you finish yours?"

"Nope. I guess we'll have to come next week, huh," said Lori as

her father climbed into his purple plaid coat.

"I guess so, Lori."

"Daddy, you must be smarter than everybody. When I get big I'm going to be just like you!"

"We'll see, honey. I want you to stay small for a little longer, though. D'you want a piggyback ride to the car?"

"I sure do!"

Lori climbed onto her dad's back from a perch on the swivel chair. She turned out the light by hitting the switch with her manila envelope.

"Giddyup, pony!" She nudged Bernie's ribs with her rubber boots and away they galloped. □



John Wines

The golden turrets of the castle shone brilliantly against the turquoise sky. An indigo, lemon, scarlet, or emerald banner hung from each of the numerous turrets. Inside the great banquet hall, all was in readiness for the large gathering which was to take place later that night.

As one entered through the golden doors, the first thing to notice would be the long, plush, red carpet that paved the way to the throne. Diamonds, rubies, and sapphires, encrusted in the sculptured gold throne, also studied the crimson velvet cushion that lay on the seat.

Richly woven tapestries, telling of glorious conquests over dragons, evil kings, and other such undesirables, adorned the walls of the hall. The green and white marble floor gleamed with a shine equal to that of any mirror. At least two thousand candles lit the hall. The coat of arms of every visiting knight was displayed along the balcony. Each of these banners appeared to dance in the candleglow as if there were a breeze.

The court historian stopped writing, interrupted by the commotion below. One of the knights

By Diane Waddle

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY

had just returned from a day of law enforcing. Heaving open the massive iron doors, he fell into the hall.

The knight's face was covered with dirt. The armor that protected him was lusterless and squeaked when he moved, rusted with his own sweat. He staggered, clanking loudly, across the hard stone floor of the hall to where his squire could help him out of his suit. Forty-five minutes later the knight had freed himself of his tin can entrapments. He immediately proceeded to scratch all the itches he hadn't been able to reach all day. The knight knew that his heightened body temperature and the chilling drafts in the castle would most likely combine to give him pneumonia within a few days. As he trudged out of the hall, he tripped once, neglecting to notice one of the many holes in the decaying floor.

The court historian surveyed the rest of the hall. Like the floor, the walls were also crumbling. Faded tapestries depicting grotesque hunting scenes were hung in an attempt to cut the drafts and cover the holes. The entire hall smelled of mildew and rotting food, food that could be seen disintegrating in corners and under chairs. Of course, this was the food that was too spoiled for the rats to eat. At the moment, a few of these rodents were asleep on the throne—if it could be called a throne. It was a huge oaken chair ridden with notches and gouges and stains gathered through years of misuse. The King himself rarely sat in it since it made him feel not unlike a pumpkin in a test tube.

Pillars, used to hold up the inadequate roof, could no more do the job than could a thistle stem.

The historian removed his eyes from this dismal scene and resumed his writing...

The gallant knight entered the castle, his head high and his eyes afire with the light of recent adventure. Nearly a hundred courtiers graced the hall, filling it with laughter and song and shouts of welcome to the returning cavalier. The knight went to sit at the right hand of the King for the partaking of the feast. His armor gleamed, reflecting the radiance of the candles and the light bouncing off the crystal wine goblets.

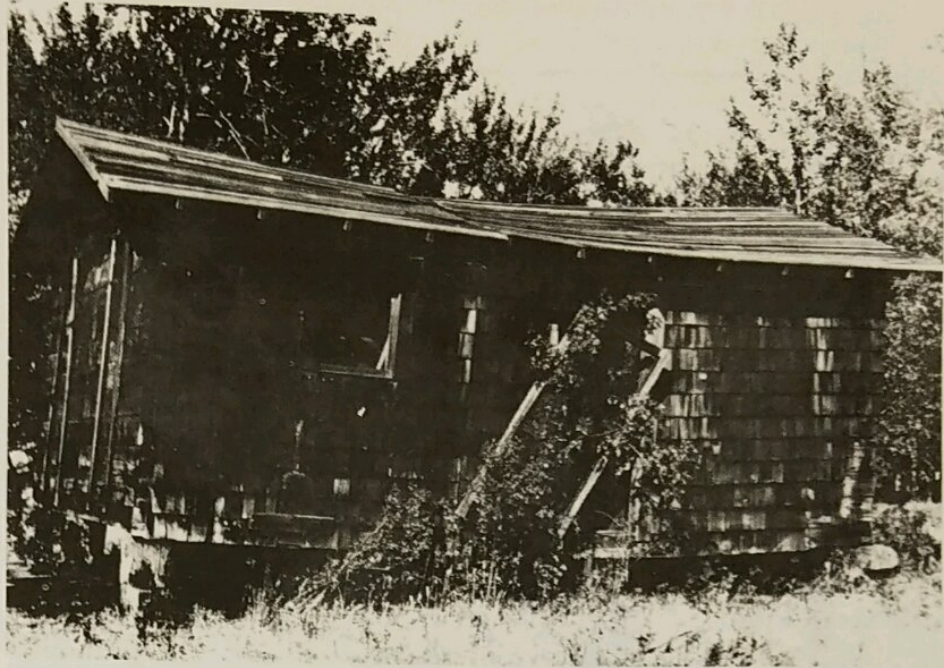
Inevitably, after a huge feast, which included at least ten main courses, there were loud cries for the knight to tell the tales of his adventures.

All the tales were exciting and told with avid enthusiasm. Tales of dragon slaying, rescuing damsels, and wrong-righting. Far into the night the courtiers enjoyed captivating escapades in distant places. In the young hours of the morning the knight arose to take a few hours of rest 'neath six down quilts before awakening bright and early to another day of good deeds and adventure.

Here the historian stopped. It was time to go to evening meal.

The hall was dim, the better to disguise what was to be eaten. The historian, the returning knight, and two other knights were the only ones present. The food looked like hash. It had been hash for a week, so chances were that it was hash that night. After a cup of stagnant water to wash it down, the knights went off to their stiff wood and rope cots. They would keep almost warm beneath a pile of straw. Thank heaven the straw was clean.

The court historian returned to his writing. Although he knew that it was wrong to deceive future generations, it was best they should believe the age of chivalry had died; not that it never was. □



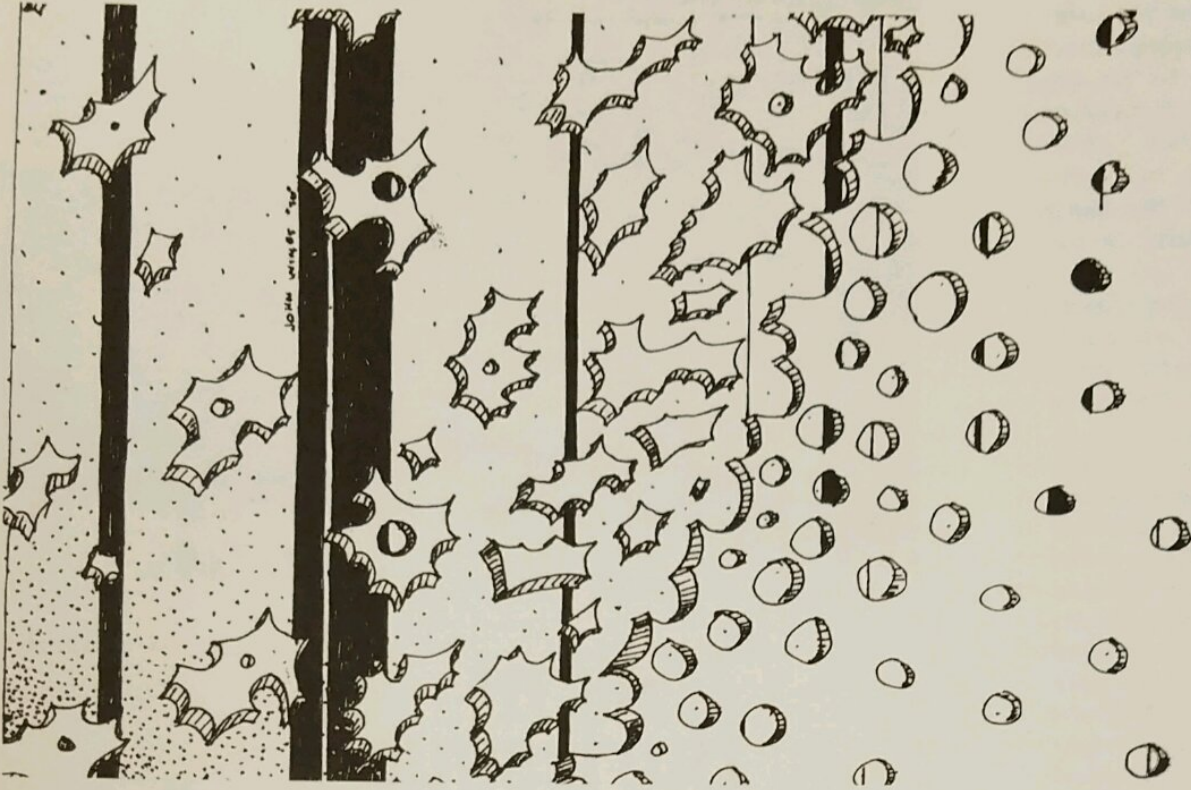
A Silent Burlesque

Ron Swedberg

Appears midst geographic textbooks there,
Beyond the sands of Oman, in the Po,
A man in book, a honeyed grey tableau.
Bent, slighted frame, with eyes incarnate share.
Burlesque, his muse's wand'rings, sensual fare.
Yet thoughtful flagging eyes raise from their Chloe,
In custody of far away's bright go.
No dust flies with the book's close, nor despair.

Though nearly empty be the ancient bowl,
The reds remaining, lusty plump, there dole,
An influence so luminous serene.
Enslave for now unto those left your soul.
Those stilly garlands far off rosy seen,
Present the blade of time's tide not so keen.

—Tom Kerr



John Wines

Climbing out of the deepest valley
Along the rugged edge
Listening to the rushing wind
Laughing at what it says

--Jackie McNerney

My head is like an empty cave
Waiting to be filled with hippos.
My head is like a balloon,
Slowing, expanding, growing.
My head is like a hollow rut,
ready to crack.

--Candy Ross

What qualities are most important in making a man the best human being that he can be, in insuring that he will contribute to human society to his utmost capacity? After due consideration, it is the opinion of this writer that four qualities of the foremost importance to man are intellect, eloquence, appreciation, and self-respect, alternately called an assertive personality.

Having intellect here means having great intellect, which is necessary in order to understand man's predicament. This conception is to be done, on the one hand, through the understanding of others' thoughts, and, on the other, through formulating one's own ideas and beliefs. Comprehending complex concepts requires perception; synthesizing new philosophies demands creativity.

Perception is hearing and seeing what has been heard and seen before; creativity is discerning a different drummer. Perception is knowing what's been done; creativity is putting the abstruse to good use. Perception is understanding calculus; creativity is rendering it obsolete by formulating a short cut. Perception is seeing the suffering of men; creativity is alleviating it. Perception is one leg of a tripod; creativity is another. Without either leg intellect cannot stand.

And to support the two-legged mechanism of intellect, one must endeavor to cultivate eloquence, for it is intellect's herald, and a more accomplished musician has never licked his lips nor flexed his fingers.

Eloquence is the means by which men project their intellect into other men's minds. If intel-

lect is a gift, eloquence is an art, an art that is at its best when tinged with inspiration, when bordered with brilliance, in short, when alloyed with intellect.

Eloquence is to understanding as the wheel is to civilization. Demosthenes is to other men as the sun is to the moon: brilliance, illuminating a sterile surface, warms it and lets it shine. Eloquence is to intellect as Shakespeare is to

umbrella offered by self-respect.

It is true that the camera of appreciation has not to be perched atop intellect and eloquence to function, but the pictures it takes from this vantage point are highly superior to those taken from the solid ground of ignorance. Being shielded and braced by self-respect and an assertive personality, the camera also takes much clearer and more accurate pictures of men than do cameras exposed.

Casting aside this insidious simile, let this paper now conclude by plainly exploring the interrelationship between the four

qualities which this writer con-
the most desirable to humans.

It has been shown how eloquence promulgates intellect, how intellect is a gift, and how eloquence is a gifted art. Some notice has also been paid to the fact that appreciation, the spice of human life, is entailed by tolerance, and controls temper. Appreciation is the great virtue that may be gained in the absence of intellect and eloquence, but is much complemented by them.

And one must have an assertive personality, or the quality commonly called self-respect, in order that he will be shielded from many of life's slings and arrows, and other, smaller men's capricious cruelties. Self-respect could be called the lubrication by which the machinery of human counterpoint is oiled, as respecting others, and appreciating their differences.

Intellect, eloquence, appreciation, and self-respect: would that we all had them; but in the event of their absence, men should try to cultivate them, working together, through understanding, to bliss. □

Qualities

by Christopher Suits

Einstein: both are brilliant, but one only can reach the common man.

However, eloquence is also the most efficient way of communicating new ideas between those who have intellect. Indeed, without eloquence, the brilliant would be like the cat who chases its tail: retreading the same ground, inefficient, and counterproductive.

Topping the tripod composed of the two legs of intellect: perception and creativity; and eloquence, is the camera of appreciation. Appreciation consists of recognizing, enjoying, and communicating our enjoyment of human achievement or natural phenomena to the world at large.

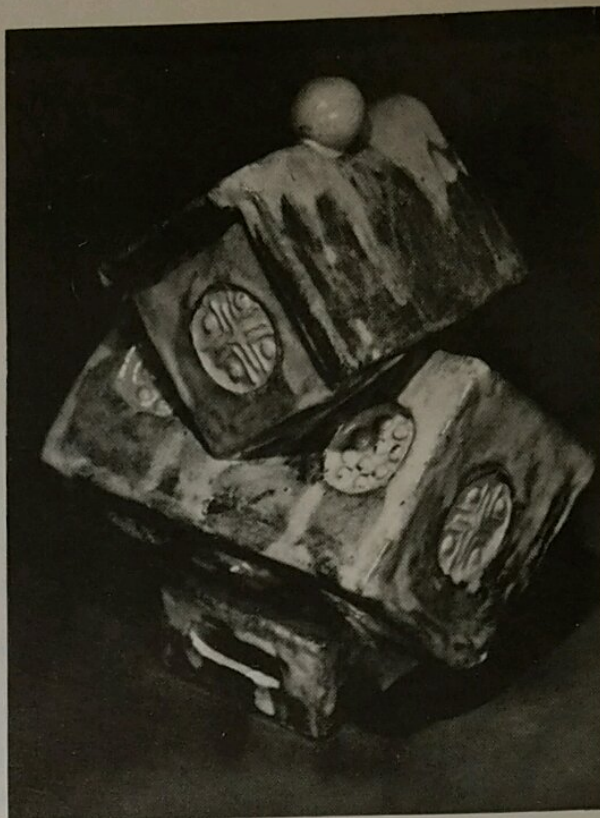
As the tripod upon which appreciation is fixed is very flexible, and yet quite stout, due to the bracing of an assertive personality, the camera is able to take pictures from all points of perception. And lest the glaring, searing interference of the sun of malicious criticism should pose a problem, the camera is also shielded by the

David Richards



Kelly Voss

Ceramics



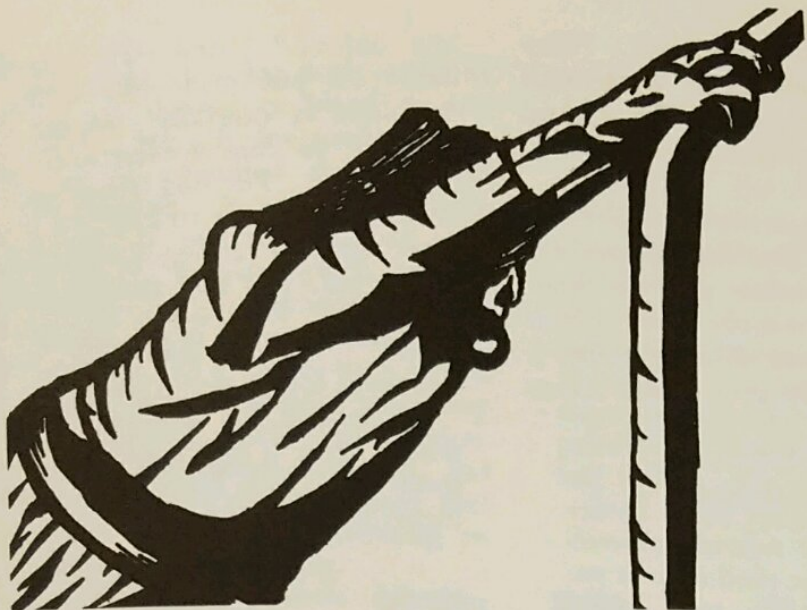
Ceramics is an important part of the arts program at Ellensburg High School. A great deal of fine work was done this year in Mr. David Gaer's pottery classes, and the editors felt it appropriate to include some representative pieces.



Chris Staloch



Kirk Rowbotham

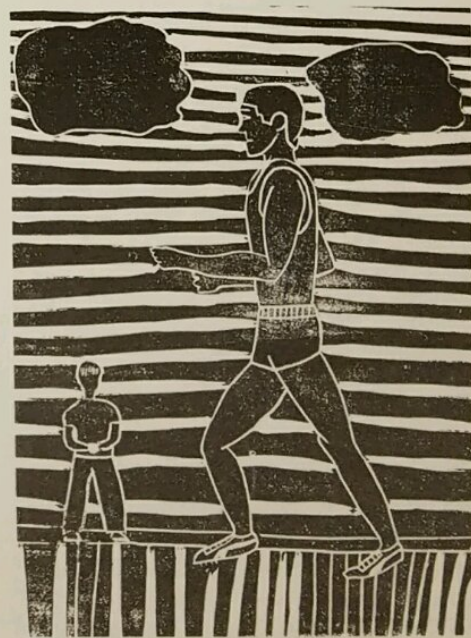


John Wines

Untitled

Deep,
dark and dead
it lies unmoving
without a sound...
Heaving mass, light appears...
sighing, the light fades.
Ugly
greasy
shining mass.
In slumber...or dead?
Lying there
quiet there
dying there...
Its skin quivers,
the light appears again, dim.
It breathes the small quantity of light,
grey its complexion now, skin jerking from unknown forces,
the light increases, bathing the mass, faintly glowing pastels,
throbbing, it inhales deeply the intense light, turning deep, rich colors...
but through the scene a jagged bolt of darkness leaps
growing darkness suffocates the light
gasp, heaving, then dead again.
The darkness grows blacker...
blacker, blacker,
black nothing...
dead.

--Cliff Missen



Tony LeFevre

It made me feel good deep inside just to think of him and to remember his smile and his hook nose. And I wanted to call him, just to say hello, and laugh about the things we had done.

It hadn't seen him since early autumn, and now the black skeletons of winter were flushing with color. Why I couldn't say, but I'd been preoccupied with seeing him for the past week or so. I realized that I wouldn't find his name in the directory—he'd probably never had a phone

have called him and said: "Hey old buddy, you gonna work with me again this summer?" And he'd have replied: "Right on, man!" I smiled.

I wanted to take him that paper, too. The first paper I'd written my senior year in high school had been a character sketch of him. He had said he'd like a copy. "Nobody ever wrote about

me before." And eight months later I'd just made him a copy. I folded it carefully. Maybe I'd mail it to him tomorrow. Or, better yet, I'd find those apartments and take it to him. I'd greet him with something stupid, like: "Hey kid, you still coming down with the Heidelberg flu these days?" We'd shake hands and exchange long time no see's.

I recalled the previous summer when, after a day's work, I had given him a ride home to an apartment he had just moved into on

by Rich Ray

Phone Call from a Friend

number in his life. A few days earlier, someone had told me where he was living just then. Some apartments downtown somewhere. He wasn't back to college yet; I guess he wanted to work a quarter or two, save some money so that school would be a little easier.

He really wanted that education, though, so I didn't doubt that he'd probably enroll again as soon as his wallet was a little fatter. He was one of the hardest working guys I'd ever met. Our boss always cursed him for the trivial things: a pop swiped from the office refrigerator, a door left open, or the usual "Too damn lazy. Why, back in my day..." But, for all his grumping, even the boss couldn't help but like Toby. He confessed to me once: "I kind of like the little Mexican bastard."

We had worked as a team, that "little Mexican bastard" and I, and we had moved more hay and made more money than the boss would care to admit. If only I had had the number of those apartments, I'd

Rich Ray graduated from Ellensburg in 1976, but he wrote the following story during his senior year; and so the editors thought that they would be remiss in not including it in this year's anthology, as it is an exemplary piece of work.



Bruce Guy

campus. Inside, the sticky July evening made the drab and naked little room seem doubly oppressive, the beaten up easy chair that I sat in worse than uncomfortable. "Well, here she is," he had said. "She's not much, but I plan on furnishing her in style here in no time." I had looked at the empty shelves, the barren refrigerator, and the bathroom without so much as a roll of toilet paper, and I'd laughed at his joke. We'd both laughed.

On a bookcase sat a portrait of an attractive girl of fair complexion and long blond hair. She was his wife, he explained quietly. Legally at least. He hadn't seen her for over a year.

As I rose to leave that night, he asked me, half in jest, to invite him over for dinner. I declined, saying: "Naw, I've already missed dinner, so it'll just be cold leftovers anyway. Maybe another time."

That night I'd grabbed a Sears and Roebuck and decided to help him out a little. He hadn't

any linen for his bed, curtains for his shower, or plates to eat from. My gift list totaled more than one hundred dollars when I'd finished. It would be a large chunk of my savings, but well worth it, I told myself; he was trying to put himself through school, I was living with my parents. He had certainly been a good friend, and it seemed a good way to show a little appreciation. Besides, he needed the stuff, and what would I use the money for? A car or a stereo. Nothing essential to my well being.

It was just shortly following my visit that he didn't show up at work. A week passed without a word as to his whereabouts. His only relative in town, a brother, neither knew nor cared. He turned up at the country jail on charges of disorderly conduct. It seemed that the proprietor of a local tavern had tried to kick him out, and failing had threatened to call the police. My drunken friend had jumped up on the bar and discharged his bladder on the telephoning barkeep.

Shifting uneasily under the threatening gaze of an obese Sheriff's deputy, I'd searched the visitors' logbook for his name. When I found it, the fat man behind the badge laughed: "Oh, he's back here again, huh? What's he done this time, anything in particular, or are we just sobering him up?"

Below each prisoner's name were twenty lines. Under his all were empty. I scrawled my signature and the time: two-twenty. The officer, suddenly all business, led me down a sterile grey concrete corridor. His spit-polish black service shoes clicked hard on the cold cement, echoing sharply through the long block of empty cells. We had turned a corner, and, halting abruptly, he lifted a small steel panel in the wall and, stooping, shouted into it: "Visitor for

Ayon." He looked at me and said: "You've got fifteen minutes," and then turned and left.

Lifting the panel again, I could look through a tiny slit of glass about three inches long and one half an inch high. Below the slot was a circular pattern of drilled holes. Beyond the glass I saw more grey concrete. Heavy wire cages on the ceiling enclosed the painful brilliance of clear electric bulbs. To the left was the stained white porcelain of a toilet. Slovenly inmates lay about on a row of iron beds opposite the john, looking like filthy rag dolls discarded on a rubbish heap.

He walked up in his undershorts with an open paperback in one hand and grinned. Shouting through the tiny holes, he thanked me for coming and asked how were things on the outside. "Fine," was my reply, and what about himself? He was "OK" just a little bored. "You'd think I's in the big house, huh?" he said, indicating the visiting procedures. He laughed: "Guess I gotta pay my debt to society." He was reading the *Gulag Archipelago* to pass the time. "Only thirteen more days," he said. The officer returned. I followed him back to the stark office with its IBM clock on the wall. I'd only been gone thirteen minutes.

Addressing the overstuffed, uniformed matron behind the typewriter, I asked if I could get him out. Coolly aloof, she wetted her fingers and thumbed through her catalogue of prisoners. Five days of his life could be bought for fifty dollars. Inwardly I raged. If they would let him out, he could pay their damned court costs with a single day's wages. I pulled the omnipotent green paper from my wallet and signed the bill of sale, vowing never to tell him.

He was evicted from the apartment because the rent hadn't been paid. I didn't buy the gifts.

We worked together for what little remained of the summer, and I returned for my final year of high school, hoping that he'd be able to return to his study of pre-law.

At Thanksgiving, our table was laden heavy with the bountiful holiday meal of affluent middle America, and I wondered about him. I wanted to invite him. But I thought of my Texan grandfather, and his hatred of blacks. What would he think of a long-haired Chicano? I decided that they wouldn't mix. And I stuffed myself with roast turkey.

* * *

On a black and windy spring night I sit in the comfort of a recliner in the warmth of our living room, and, resolving to take him that paper tomorrow, I put him out of mind and resume reading a book for my world history class. Jungian psychology: it is farfetched to my sensibilities: dream interpretation, premonitions, and the like, but a teacher asked me to read it, and it is interesting. The phone jingles and my kid sister answers it. "It's for you, Richard," she announces, giggling. "Sounds like some old grandmother." I recognize the voice; it belongs to the boss's bookkeeper. She speaks with a hushed monotone.

"Hello, Richard? This is Dorothy. Have you heard the news?" Silence.

"Well no, I guess not."

"Toby killed himself. Shot himself between the eyes with a .22. Feller went to pick him up for work this morning and found him...I thought you would want to know."

"Yes...well...thanks."

My guts churn, and inside me is emptiness. Nothing. And I wanted to call him...just to say hello. □

Beyond matter
on the edge of sleep
The unwinding forms of my mind
Distort a slice of life

A feather touch
The airy silver wisp of a cloud
Distant music
Brimming, bubbling, running over

Crystal in its most pulsating moments
An echo of time
Shadows, transparent in neon light
The form of a dream

--Kathie Smith



Ron Swedberg

faded jeans like the sky,
beads of clouds weaving through,
painted sand screening them,
powdered sugar whispering over.
quietly dusted, withered rose.

--Sandi Poulsen

Minuette

by Leslie Lewis

Andante Moderato
p

animato

mf *mp*

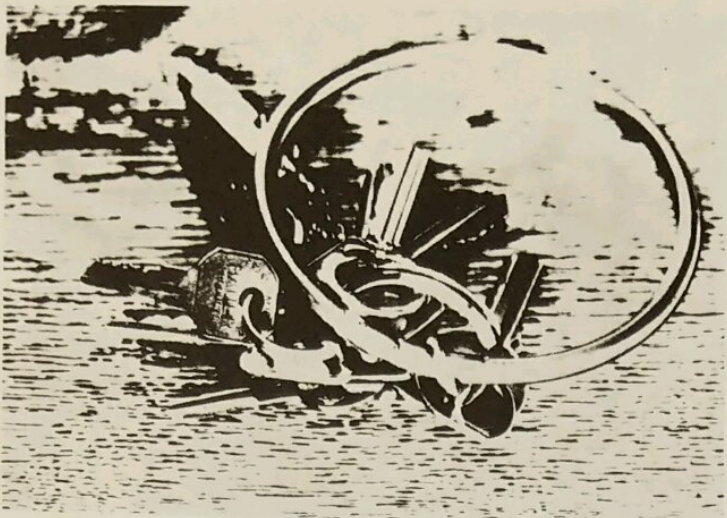
p *rit.*

Maestoso
f *f* *rall.*
8va.

Tempo I

rit. *Fine*

The musical score is written for piano and bass. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Andante Moderato' and the dynamics start with a piano (*p*) marking. The score features several measures with slurs and ties, indicating phrasing. A section marked 'animato' shows a change in tempo and energy. Dynamics fluctuate between *mf* and *mp*. A section marked 'rit.' (ritardando) leads into a 'Maestoso' section, which is marked *f* *f* (fortissimo) and includes a 'rall.' (ritardando) marking. An '8va.' marking indicates an octave shift in the bass line. The score concludes with a 'Tempo I' marking, a final 'rit.' marking, and a 'Fine' ending.



John Wines

An isolated incident

Out of cool, green woods
a doe emerges.
Ears shift mysteriously
nostrils dilate
cropped, bushy tail coils
and metabolism quickens.

Opalescent eyes cloud
in lucid bewilderment:
Is another side's pledge
worth immediate safety?
Nagging hope justifies the trip;
fear that present goal is insular,
isolated by roads farther off,
slows resolution's arrival.

Inevitable choice made,
cloven hoof moves inexorably
from field
to freeway.
Like lightning just bolting,
time freezes
as frothing 18-wheeler mows down
one more strand of Nature's grass.

Further along this redundant road
but on the other side
out of cool, green woods
a doe emerges....

-Chris Suits



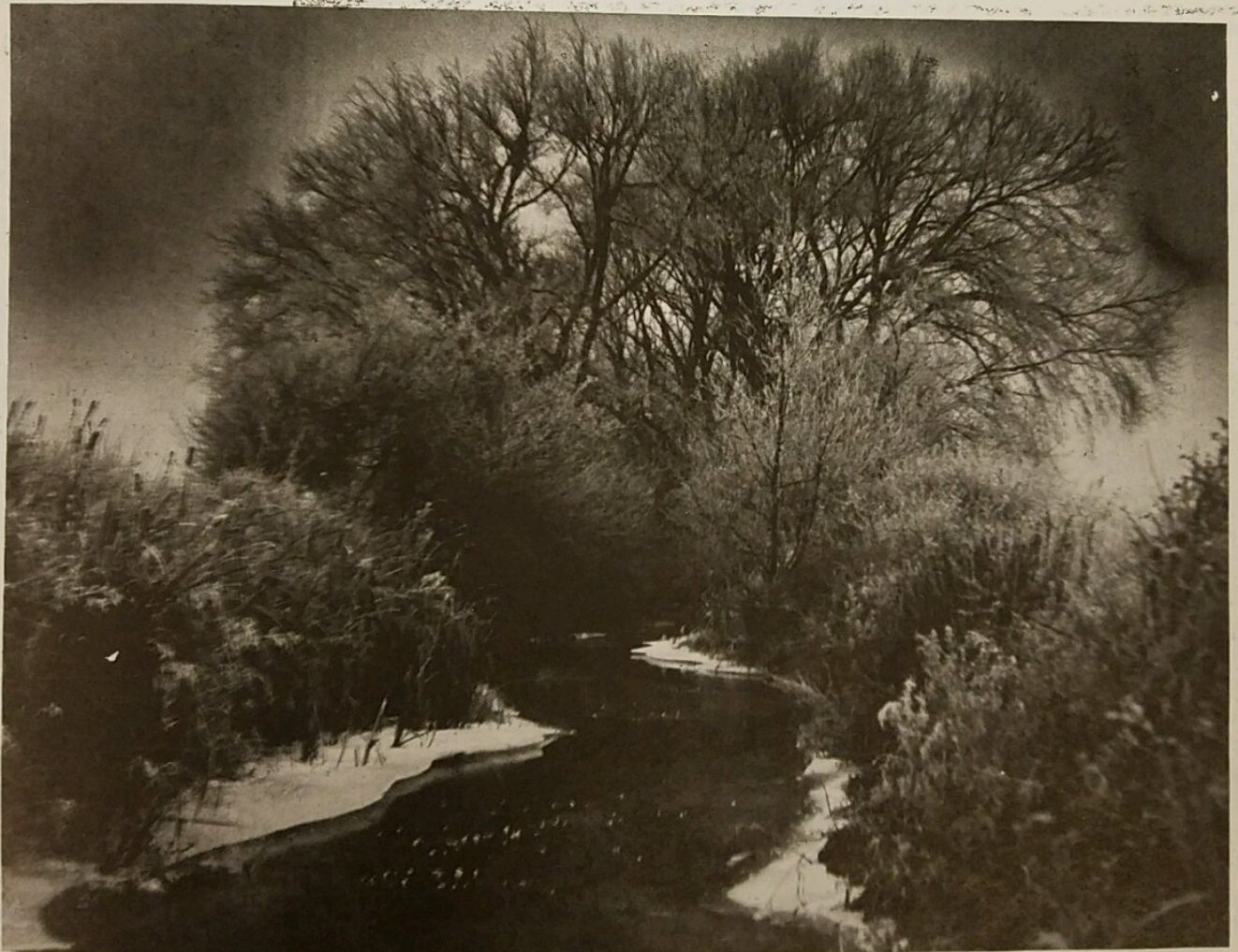
Susan VanLeuven

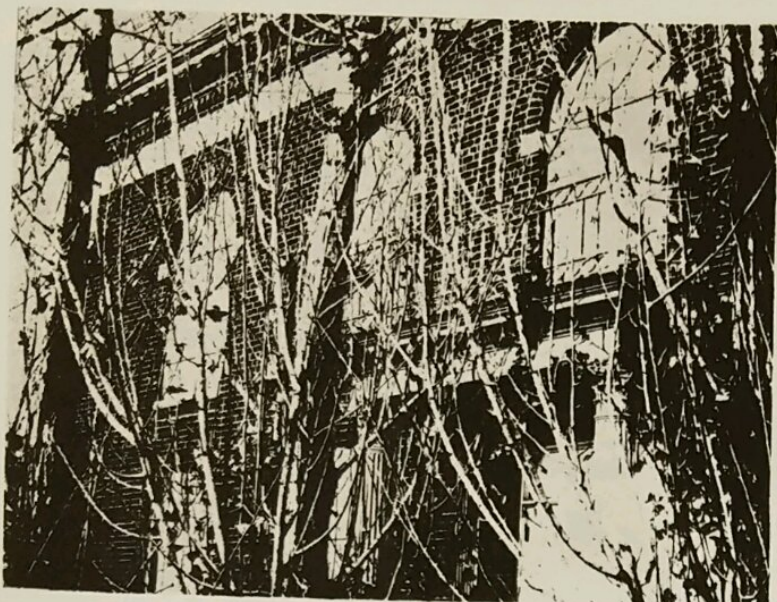
meandering quietly over the plain
wandering frighteningly close to the edge
it takes a form I cannot see, only recognize
the shallow smile
a touch without meaning
like a needle in my conscience
sharp, painful, never ending
it is as cold as crystal
beautiful, unfeeling, pompous as a thank you
forging backward against an incessant current
no matter how I try
my thoughts mirrored on her face
heart brimming with despair
face washing away in tears
all that remains is an echo of friendship
and I am still meandering.

isolation

--Kris Thedens

Lennon Lo





John Wines

the Recital

As Meg climbed the steps to the door, she tried desperately to ignore the thought of what waited on the other side. Forcing herself to breathe calmly, she tapped at it, and almost immediately found herself facing a welcoming smile. Her eyes fled to the floor and she barely nodded when invited to enter. Every wall of the room seemed to be solidly lined with chairs full of faceless people. She kept her eyes averted from the others, but no one even noticed her. Everyone's attention was focused on an object in the center of the room that basked in unchallenged splendor—the piano. She squeezed into a slot on the couch, oblivious to her companions on either side.

Meg laced her cold fingers together. Each sticky digit felt

by Lee Zwanziger

as stiff and thick as a broom handle. Inside her shoes, her toes danced in a furious attempt to convert nervous energy to kinetic energy. Her neck felt as tight as her toes felt vibrant. Unlacing her hands, she silently practiced on her knees, not noticing her comrades who were doing likewise.

"Well," bubbled the teacher, "Thank you all for coming. Now, our first performer will be..." Meg choked as her stomach surged up to grab at her tonsils. "...Steve." She gratefully allowed her held breath to escape, and felt her stomach return to a more normal position. She drew breath after slow breath, and let her hands lie tightly, but quietly, clasped in her lap. But soon, Steve neared

the end of his piece, and she realized again that she might be next. Her brain began to whirl with a dizzying variety of directions; stand and introduce your piece, don't play timidly, be bold. "I'm going to play a Bouree by...", finish with a bow, one, two, three, not too fast.

"Meg," called the teacher. But Meg was too preoccupied to notice that her name was being called. "Meg, will you play next, please?"

When she finally heard the teacher, Meg stood as though she were a marionette and stumbled to the piano. "I'm going to play a Bouree by G. F. Handel," she gasped, and plunked onto the piano bench. Her hands were like cold tomato soup as her fingers plinked on the keys. She watched them numbly for a few bars, and then the realization dawned on her: they knew where to be, they knew which key to hit next, and where to find it. Not only that, these were her fingers, and she had trained them. Furthermore, they weren't just hopping from key to key. She was performing the music of a master!

The audience faded and finally disappeared, overshadowed by the royal art of another age. Her body relaxed into the music, and she began to sway slightly. She was orbiting in a sphere of sound, with her hands leading the way. Her fingers marched in even steps toward their resolution. The volume swelled and rolled until finally her fingers settled on the climactic chord.

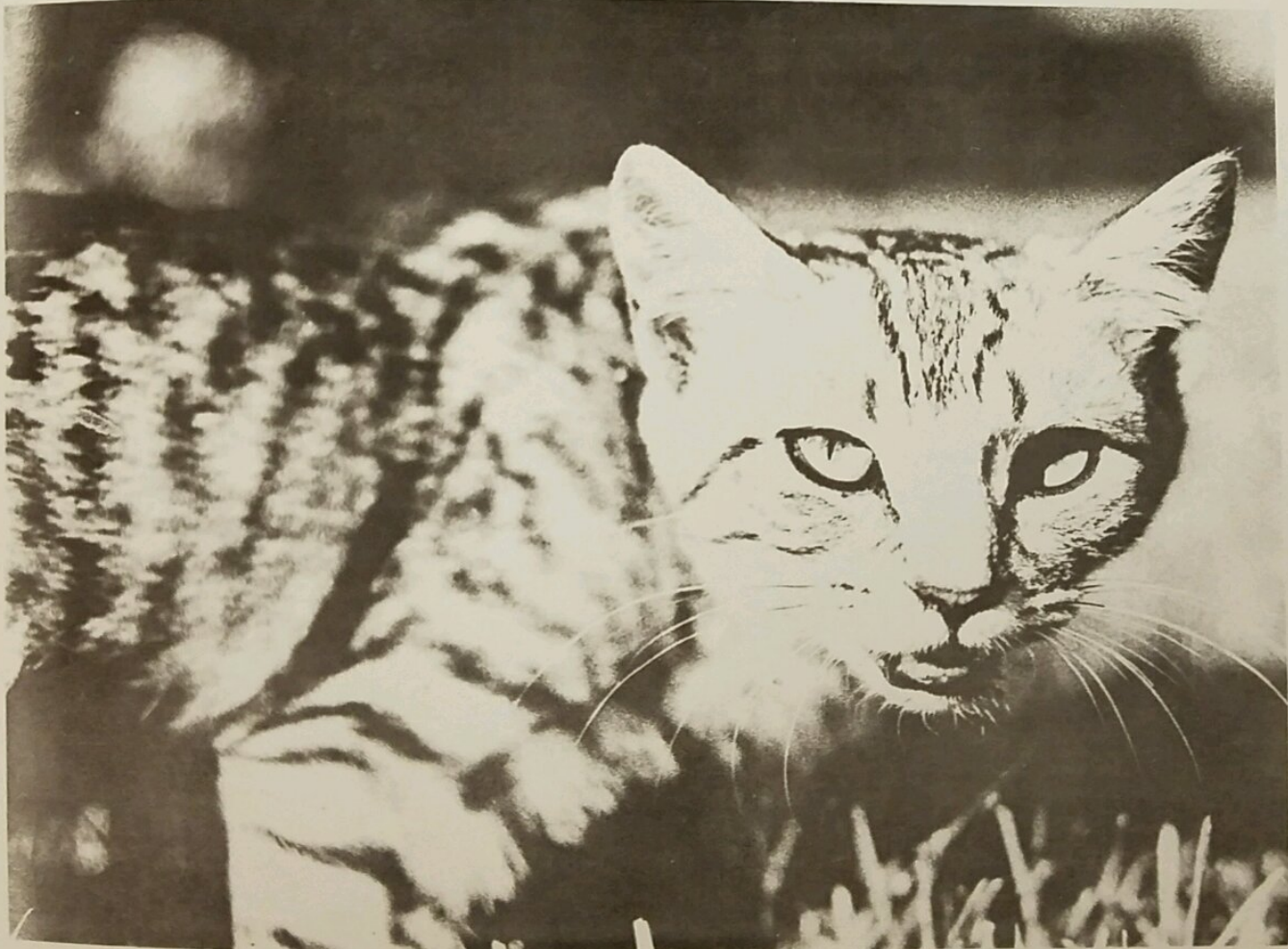
As the chord faded, the audience returned. Their abrupt applause startled Meg to her feet, and she bowed into the tumult. She glided over to the couch and collapsed into the relaxation of a veteran who has served her part. □



Ron Swedberg

enveloping
yearning to know
expressive
somewhere deep

--Chonie Tozer



Ron Swedberg

Untitled

Matter surrounds us
We touch it, we recognize some of its forms:
Crystals of salt under a microscope
A blacksmith's plain forge
A needle.
Then there are the untouchables:
The echo in an empty downtown street
The edge of the horizon
My reflection in the mirror of a shallow stream
Pomp in a parade
Laughter brimming over.

--Mark J. Snell



Brad Carlton

Jungle Road

Birds' screeches
emanating from the verdure
don't sound cold
so it must be warm.

Living leaves
obscurely revealing
look as pliant as old, cracked green paint
steaming—it must be hot.

Soled feet
feel curiously aloof
tied firmly apart
from floating dust.
They must be burning.

Sterile sunlight
smells romantically relentless.
Its stark shadows
taste intoxicatingly pure
as we drink the pretty poison.
Contented, this must be hell.

—Chris Suits



Ron Swedberg

Spreading her leaves
Proudly popping
Right and left
Igniting her colors
Nothing held back
Going into brown summer

—Kris Thedens

The scene is set. All the marbles are on the table. It is the championship game in the YMCA kids' basketball league.

In approximately ten minutes, nine o'clock, Saturday, the twenty-fourth of January, the deciding match will commence. First, second, and third graders are going to give it all they've got, all the blood, sweat, and tears coming down to the all-important game. Face it, these situations are where winners become men, while losers miss the boat to success.

Let me fill you in on the whole idea of kids' basketball. The number one goal of the instructors is to form winners for the future. Contrary to popular belief, winning comes first, while fun is really unnecessary. You don't win championships by having fun, but through hard work, determination, dedication, and team play.

Parents are the first ones to remind the participants of their jobs. Ten minutes before the tip-off, the parents of the opposing teams were already yelling obscenities at each other and the players. You must remember, kids learn from their parents, and it is vitally important that the parents set a good example for them. Realistically speaking, sportsmanship is senseless—you can't win being a nice guy. Remember, winning is everything.

We're almost ready for the tip-off. Wait a second, Jimmy Jumper is getting his usual pep talk from his dad. You see, Jimmy's dad feels a good bawling out gets his son mentally ready for the task at hand. We should be just about ready—Jimmy's crying and screaming. Yep, works every time. And now for our National Anthem.

* * *

Heading into the final minute

play by Tommy! Good job, kid! You can tell his coach taught him well.

And the first half comes to a close. The score: 8-4, Angels.

* * *

This second half has been a total turnaround. It seems the Prophets have been inspired by the loss of Layin. Also, both teams switched ends. Steve Sharpshooter has been shooting the eyes out of the basket. He has hit on three of his first fifteen shots this half. Here comes a substitution for the Angels, Gary Gouge. Gouge is reknowned around the league for his stout defensive play. Gouge moves over to guard Sharpshooter, while Tackle eats the bench.

Sharpshooter brings the ball down as play begins. He passes off to Delbert Dribble...oh, no, Sharpshooter is down. It seems as though he caught a Gouge finger in each eye. Gouge sits down with a smile of satisfaction as Tackle comes back in. Job well done, son.

* * *

Winning is EVERYTHING

by
Matt Holmstrom
and Brooke Frederick

of play in the first half, the Angels lead the Prophets 8-4. But look, Larry Layin, star guard for the Prophets, has stolen the ball, and seems ready for an easy layin. He skies at least eight inches off the floor, soaring to the hoop. But watch out, the Angels' Tommy Tackle takes aim at the guard's knees. What a hit! Layin missed the shot and seems to be hurt. Favoring both legs, he's carried off the court. What a heads-up

In the end, it was Gary Gouge's knife-like fingers that were the deciding factor. The final score of the game was 12-10, Angels.

Now we have an interview with the winning coach, Vance Victory.

"Well, coach, what do you think of today's win?"

"Our experience and desire were the key factors in the game."

Prophets coach Lenny Loser had this to say about the game:

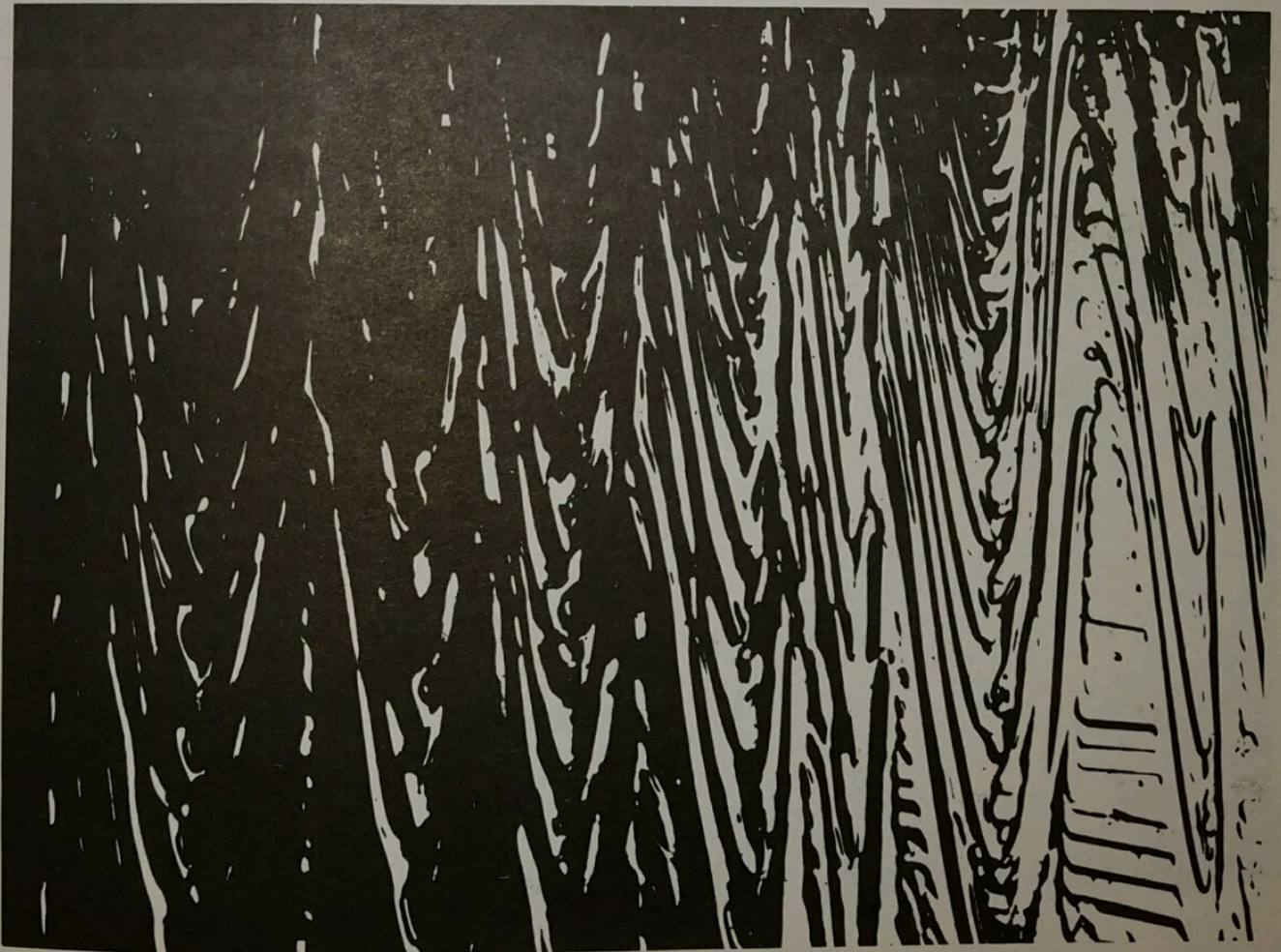
"We were screwed royal! Those goddamn refs ripped us off. Next year we'll have a few tricks of our own for revenge!"

This is the American Basketball Network saying goodnight from Lincoln School in Ellensburg, Washington. Always remember: winning is everything! □

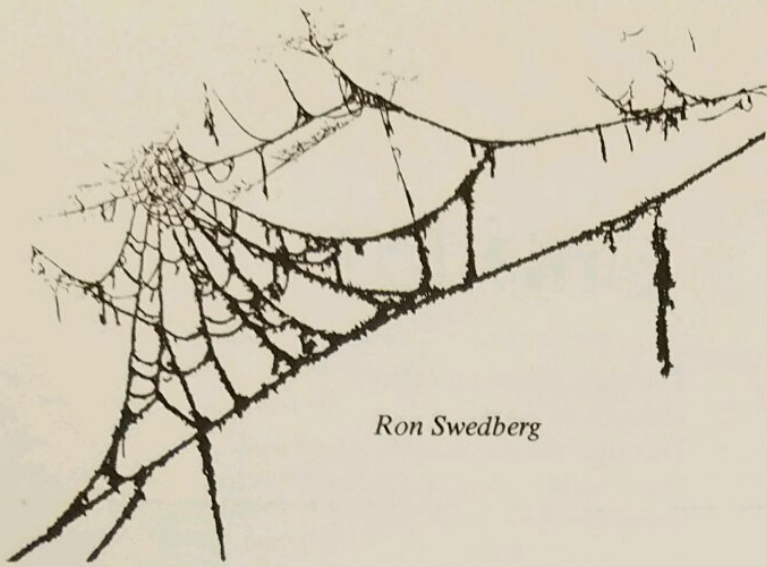
Untitled

The fluid form of a River
Threads to liquid
Through the needle of a canyon.
Shimmering shine, glassy as a mirror,
Slides through your fingers,
echoes from space.
Salt erodes the cliffs,
The shadow home of water nymphs
Space, time, and matter are forgotten.
The edge is the end:
A forge to the center of the earth.
Crystals form into spigots
Brims overflow, crashing down
The River slides and evaporates into the plain.

--Candy Ross



Brad Peck



Ron Swedberg

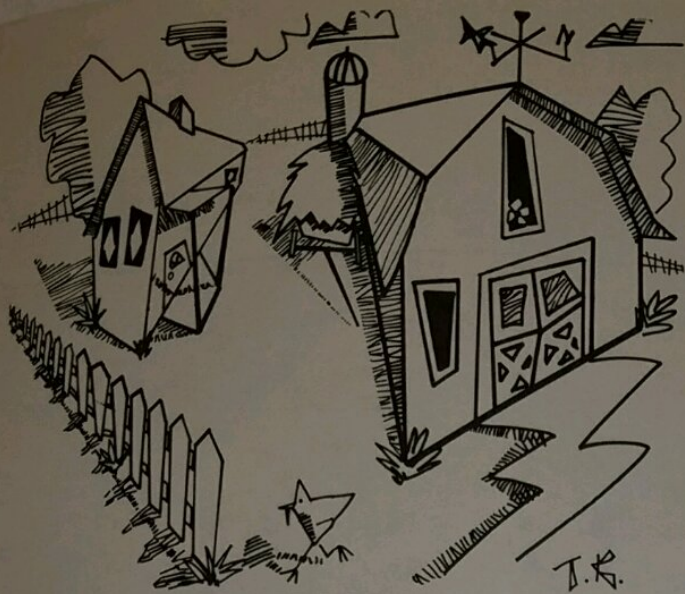
Home

To strong a shoulder
yields the door.
In its wake, the dust rises
for the newcomer, in honor.
Books, thrown onto the table, stand
proud and strong momentarily--
then meld with the drab, dull-grey jumble.
Eager eyes search the walls,
which fade and dissipate,
nothing seen.
A body sits on a couch that isn't.
Feet propped on a non-existent table.
Unexcited hands probe the drab, dull-grey jumble,
as expected--
finding nothing.
The body stops moving,
The eyes halt their search,
The dust slowly settles,
The room, along with
The added body,
loses color and, into itself, melts.
Still there,
Not living,
Without growth,
Never dying...

--Cliff Missen



Julie Day



Tom Kerr

Yearly Scrubdown

by Nev Carnrick

The present situation in America is most upsetting. We are faced with the threat of draught and water shortage on all sides in the western states. Yet, no matter what the circumstances, we continue to bathe daily or at least every other day. People take their morning showers due to mere habit—to wake up. The precious, life-sustaining liquid runs down the drain as pure as it left the pipes. Such an absurdity! If America will consider this following proposal, our fear of water shortage will end and various other benefits will ultimately occur: we must bathe a maximum of once a year.

Our bodies are designed to exist in their most natural state. Some people would label this condition "dirty"; however, since that particular word has such bad connotations, it will be more appropriate to refer to it as "organic." Our skin is necessary to protect our internal parts. In the same way, dirt is necessary to protect our skin from the harsh environment. When we wash our protective coating away, we become vulnerable to sun and wind burn.

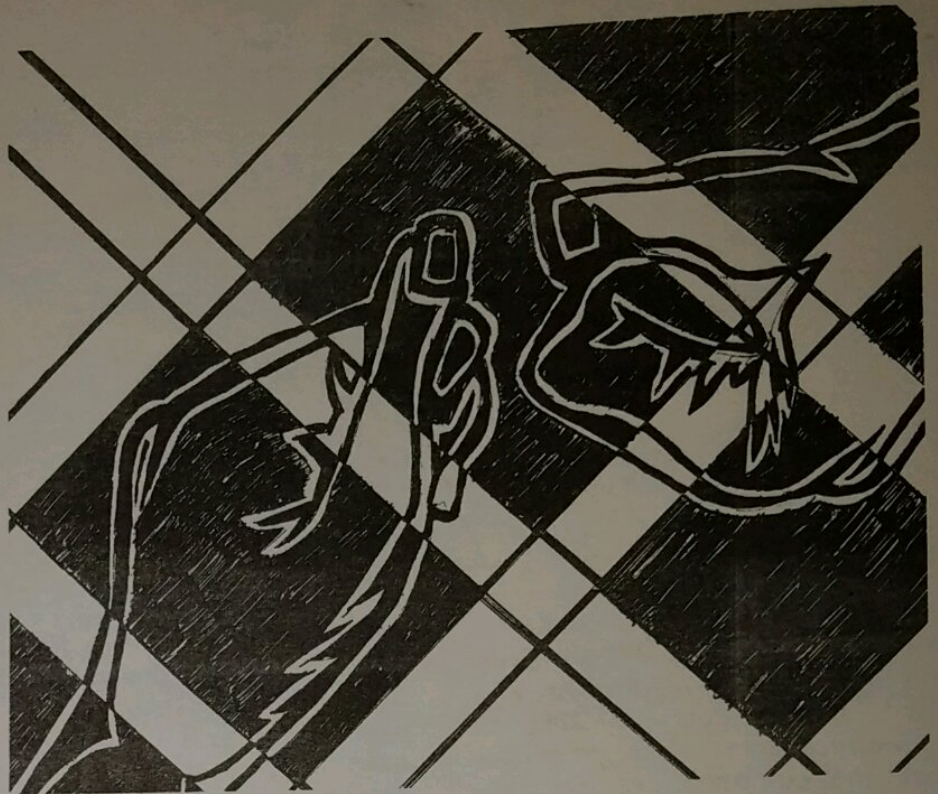
Cases of skin cancer have increased greatly in the last few years due to the increase in people's bathing habits. This is most alarming and must be combated by reduction, or complete stopping, of constant bathing.

We are not only concerned with protection when we speak of remaining in our organic state. Much benefit can result from our bodies' natural functions. When it is not washed away, an algae-like organism thrives on the surface of our skin, tongues, and teeth. Much research has been done to find use for these minute plants as food. Since huge animals, the sperm whale, for instance, live entirely on similar organisms, it does not seem impossible for humans to find great nutritional value in this scum. This idea has already started revolutionizing nutritional study, and may become a reality if people will only begin to bathe yearly, rather than daily. The body's scum may be removed and reprocessed regularly for retail sale. Invalids may provide additional acreage by allowing plants to be grown on their skin. Our

overcrowded planet yet may be relieved!

The last decade has brought about considerable concern with recycling. We have found recycling of glass, aluminum, and even human organs quite useful in our battle to conserve limited resources. Awareness of the ability to recycle has begun research concerning rescue of the human body's water. Due to technological advance, we will soon be able to retrieve water from our perspiration. In order to proceed with this perhaps life-saving water resource, it is necessary to take very few baths.

In order for our most important resource—water—to be preserved, we must take baths only once a year. Our yearly "scrub down" will begin a new cycle on our potentially productive skin. We will be able to reap the benefits from our organic state on all sides—economically, agriculturally—and we will conquer the needs of future generations. We should, therefore, shed the preconceived ideas of "cleanliness" and become primarily concerned with the welfare of our nation. □



John Wines

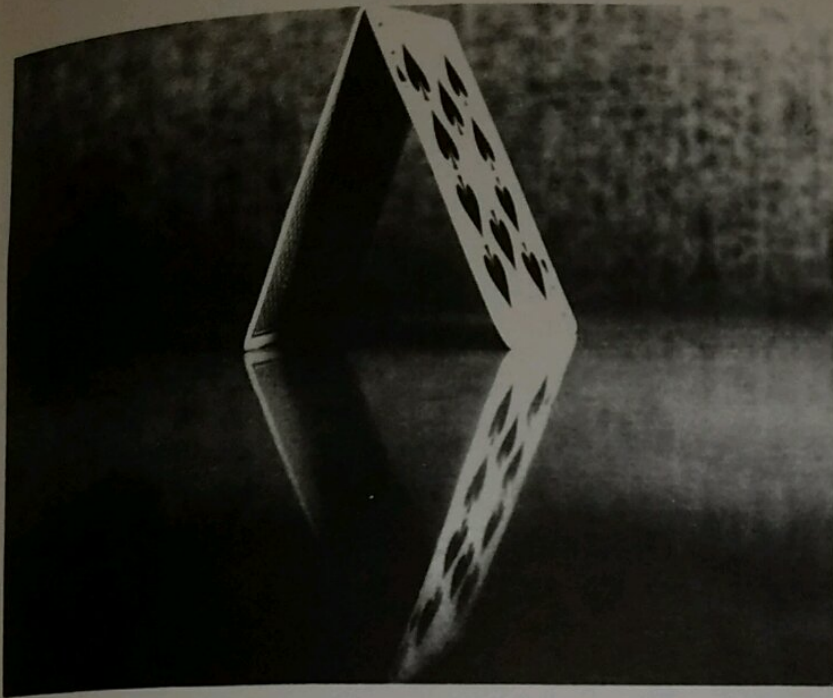


John Wines

Summer

Swimming in the pool,
Under the shining sun,
Making bubbles with my nose,
Moving like the breeze,
Ending at the other end,
Reminding me to do it again.

—Robin Schmith



Ron Swedberg

the History of GrammAr

By Cliff Missen

This is an alleged history of grammar. This paper specifically covers its introduction and a few points of its early history. The incidents revealed here may be true.

In 1486 an English teacher found that her job was threatened. It seemed that her course was “. . . much too simple, and boring to the students.” Indeed it was; for many of the student’s knowledge of the language equalled that of their teacher.

In an effort to save her job, this teacher, a Miss Grammer, invented a game to make the English language more interesting

and confusing. This game involved labelling and grouping all the words of the language to represent their use. This proved tedious. To relieve the monotony, she devised names for these groupings such as “nouns,” “verbs,” “prefixes,” “adjectives,” etc. When she introduced this game to her class, they were so confused that the school dean decided that she indeed was a fine teacher, and he let her stay on. For many years she taught her game to her students, and they in turn taught it to the future generations. Soon it was forgotten that it was only a game, and, due to a monk’s mistake in the early 1600’s, the spelling was changed to *grammar* from its former spelling with an “e.”

But back to the monk. His name was Jock MacGreagor, a relatively unknown Irish monk with poor eyesight. Due to his poor eyesight he was unable to read up on the actual history of *grammer*, so he improvised. Not knowing the correct spelling, he changed the spelling from *grammer* to *grammar*. He did not receive recognition for his work since he got lost in the abbey while searching for more ink. His work was discovered later by a fellow monk, although poor Jock was never found. An explanation as to the error never being corrected goes as such: The monk that discovered the works of Jock finished the writings and they became the authoritative manuscripts. Later, if any scholars submitted any manuscripts with the correct spelling, the editors immediately mistook it for a mistake and “corrected” it.

Such is the history of *grammer*: it was first instituted as a game, and still lives today to plague us. □

poetry

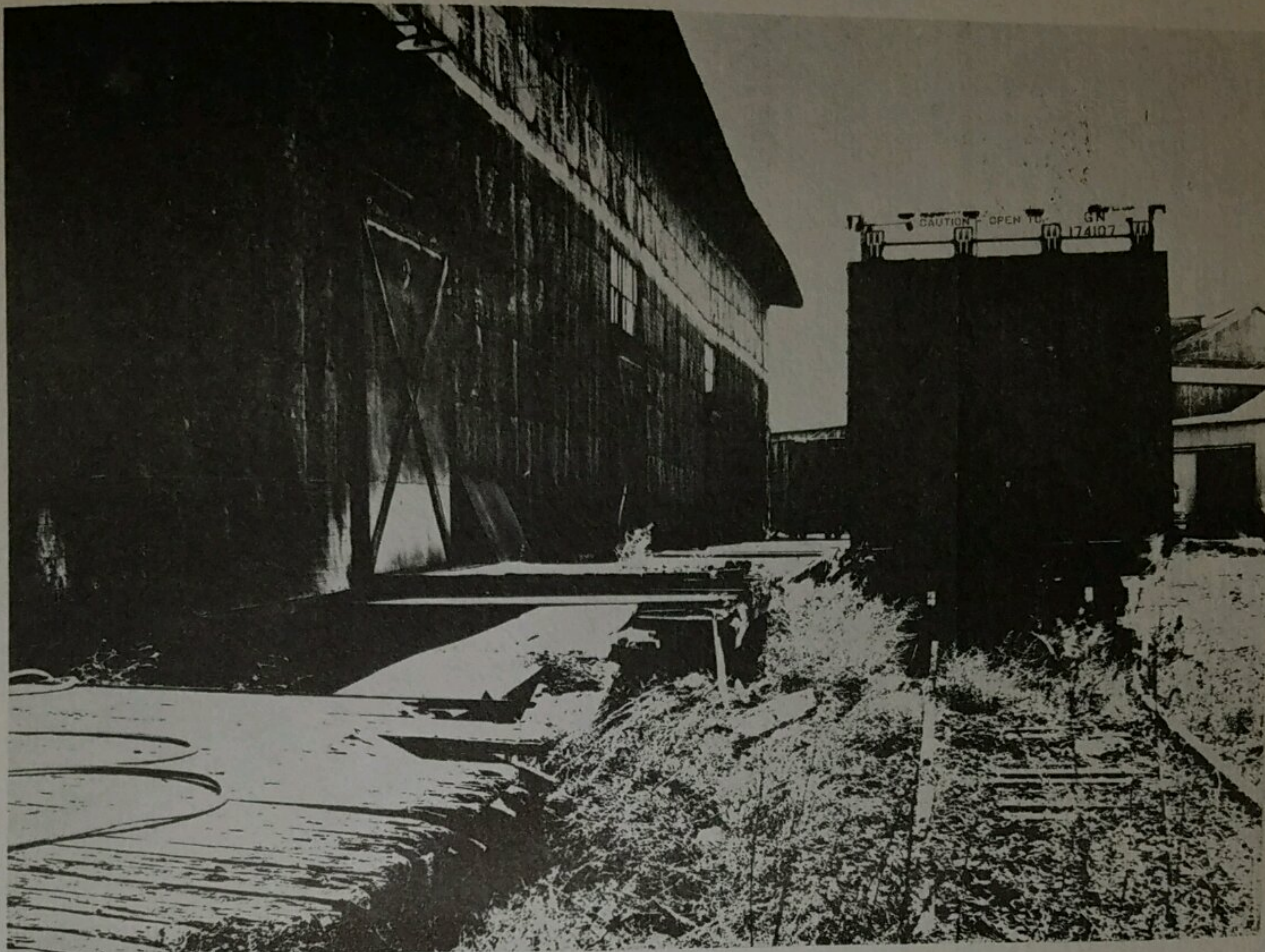
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John Wines

Lily covered field
Solitary child weeping,
Sweet scent unnoticed.

--Mark Jaehnig

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OF
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