

RETROSPECT

ELLENSBURG HIGH SCHOOL SPRING 1979 \$1.00



FANTASIES 1979



Warren Clark

Time spent with you is precious time;
Remembered it will be.
I can unlock these memories
When you are far from me.

—Meg Gamon, "Time with You"

RETROSPECT

Ellensburg High School Literary Magazine Spring 1979

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Chris Blanton

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Melanie Males

Gigi Suits

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Cover photo by Dawn Allenbaugh.

i am a beast

i am a beast
with fur and claw
and a slobbering, slobbering
open jaw

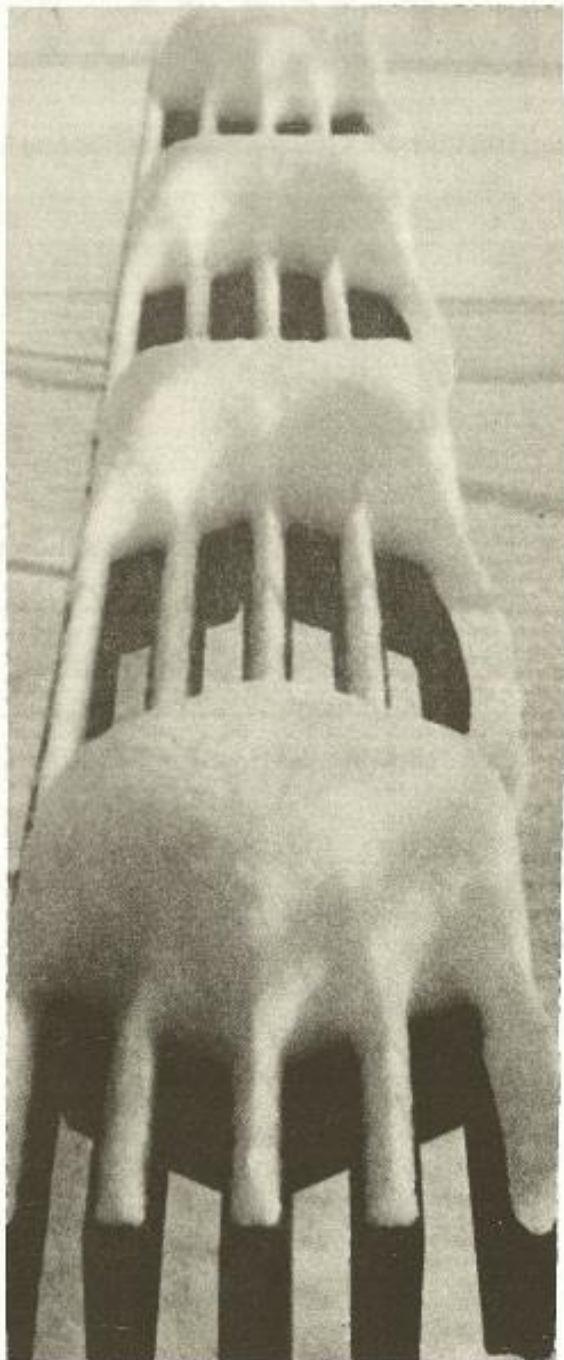
my food consists
of bark and bees
my recreation
chewing trees

i live at least
twelve months a year
with all my friends
the skunks and deer

a name i'm sure
i've never had
this makes the rangers
very mad

for when they find
a mangled tree
they know the culprit
but can't name me

jeff osborn



Warren Clark

f e b r u a r y i s h

by Gigi Suits

For a moment, hanging suspended, a raindrop paused on the window. While all the others were flinging themselves out of the clouds to be shattered on the sidewalk, a few had been blown off course and clung to the frigid glass.

I crouched at the sill, watching, the wind safely muffled outside.

The more ambitious ones didn't even stick to the window, I saw, but raced to the wooden pane and into painted oblivion. Some took their time, undecided if they should go or stay. Here, maybe? No, not there. And they, too, stuttered their way down. A few didn't bother to linger, but smashed themselves in front of me without warning.

But this one waited, seeming to sojourn for a short space of time and sit companionably with me. I tapped on the glass trying to dislodge it, making a thunking sound and bruising my fingernails. I held my fingers over the chill air coming from the crack at the bottom of the window to cool the hot, needly feeling and returned to my vigil.

In suspence I watched it stir, a little. Slowly, steadily gliding, leaving a monotonous trail of itself in the blue-tinted storm-light, it eased down the window.

Suddenly the wind changed. A burst of raindrops exploded onto the glass. Startled, I drew back a little while the window shuddered and rattled.

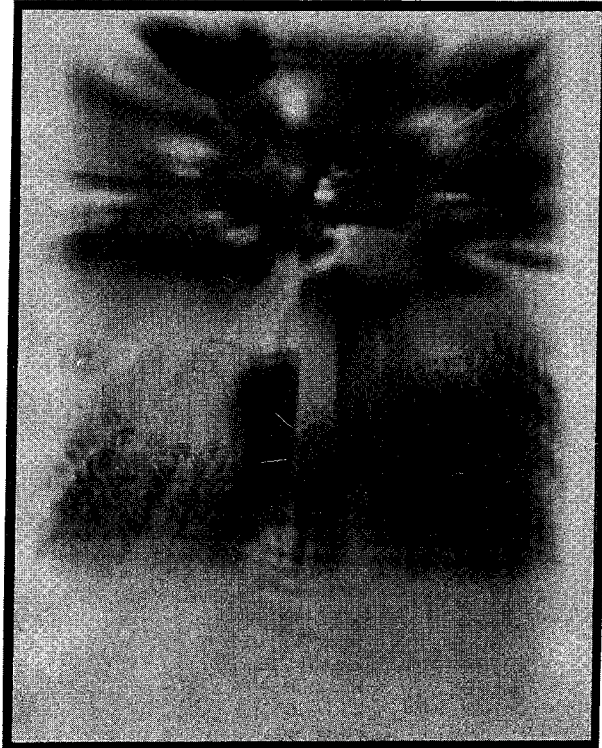
Then the gusts switched back to their previous course, leaving the glass so smooth and wet it looked greasy. The bleakness of it soon bored me. I got up off my knees and wandered away, absently looking for something to do. Behind me came the sound of water patting against indifferent glass, trying to burrow and shelter into its glacial comfort. I paused, contemplating the molecules of dust floating past my eyes. Then, roused from my reflections by the sound of my mom coming in the back door, I turned and shut the curtains. □

PORTRAIT

I AM SURED OF DESPERATION
BORN IN A GENERATION WHOSE LIPS FORMED NO WORDS
ONE WITH THE SETTING SUN AND THE STEEL MOON
YOU KNOW ME—YOU MET ME AT PHILIPPI
YOU SAW ME IN SARAJEVO, YOU HEARD MY SCREAMS, ECHOING
THROUGH THE JUNGLE AT JONESTOWN; ACROSS THE PADDIES AT MY LAI
I COULD NOT STAND THE BRIGHT NOONTIDE OF YOUR WORLD
AND IT SHAMES ME TO COME SLINKING NOW LIKE A DOG
THROUGH THE MOONLIT RUINS OF YOUR CATHEDRALS
YOU DON'T HAVE TO PITY ME:
WERE YOU NOT SO STRONG IN YOUR GOODNESS AND PERFECTION
I, LIKE A GIANT SERPENT, WOULD HAVE CRUSHED YOU
NAILED YOU UP, BLASTED YOU DOWN, HUNTED YOU LIKE DOGS
WITH SWORD AND SHOTGUN, THROUGH THE WILDERNESS OF THIS WORLD
BUT NOW, I AM ASKED TO BURN MY SCROLLS, LEAVE BEHIND MY ALCHEMIES
AND FACE YOU, ALONE AND HELPLESS, ON THE SNOW-COVERED PLAIN
THAT MEN CALL ARMAGEDDON.

CHRIS BLANTON





“...still want to take a shower?”

by Melanie Males

You might wonder upon entering the shower whether you will reappear cleaner than before, or with a second glance, reappear at all! The shower, from scummy floor to cobwebbed ceiling, would send tremors through the most fanatical of slob.

Starting at the bottom . . . well, let's begin at the top; the floor's pretty bad. As you know, there isn't anything particularly gruesome about cobwebs. Begin to dwell, though, on the idea of spiders, you know, those little black, hairy things that spin webs, noiselessly drowning in your sudsy hair. Gruesome? You bet! To provide suds for suicidal spiders, you need only grab one of eleven slimy, plastic, shampoo containers, and follow the directions. If you reach carefully,

you will not disturb the several year's collection of dust on the shampoo shelf above your head. Doing so would require much additional showering. Be prepared to grab more than once, as only three of the gummy containers actually hold substantial amounts of shampoo.

As might be expected, the thin, white metal walls aren't white any more. They're almost entirely shadow gray. I say almost because there's a somewhat blacker border at the bottom. On one gray wall is a dripping faucet, hot and cold handles—surprisingly marked correctly—and a bent soap dish that rarely holds soap.

Still wondering how the floor can be worse than that which has

just been described? Let me put it mildly. A microbiologist could spend many joyous hours observing just one sample of slime from the floor of the shower. If you are one who delights in oozing, black shower floor scum, do not hesitate to plow your toes through it. A relatively clean area surrounds the hair-clogged drain for those who are less adventurous.

When attempting to leave, do not worry if the door should stick. It's warped. Try again. The properties of the white powder on the cracked surface have yet to be determined, but you can lean against it for leverage if you wish. Now that you know approximately what you'll be getting into (it's worse than it sounds) are you sure you still want to take a shower? □

The gods lean tensely forward. Young David Whitmer has just entered the kitchen in the scene set before them. They fidget impatiently while David opens his morning mail.

"What? Me!"

David gasped at the letter he held before him. A warning from the I.R.S. He owed them what?

He stormed up from the table rattling the breakfast dishes. His arrival in his bedroom was accompanied by a flurry of unprintable words and steam. "Sue!"

From the adjoining bedroom a small woman appeared. "What's wrong? Now quit rantin' and raving. Sit down. Now, that's better. Tell me, what's the trouble?"

"Read this," he answered, resignedly thrusting the sheet of paper at her.

A Circle of Time

by Michelle Cox

"Even the very Gods make mistakes. . ."

Sue's green eyes quickly scanned the paper, then glanced up at David now pacing the floor before her. "You won't pay," she stated in a matter of fact voice, bringing David to a stop before her.

"Sure," he said sarcastically. "I just won't pay them! But how do we manage that?"

Much to David's disgust Sue seemed slightly pleased with the letter. A thoughtful expression spread over her face, followed by a cloud of doubt. "Read the letter very carefully. I've got to get ready for work."

David looked exasperatedly after his fiancée as she left the room and wondered what she had on her mind this time. Sighing he sat back down and began to reread the letter. This time carefully, reading what it had to say in detail.

Internal Revenue Service
David Whitmer,

It has come to our attention you owe us a sum of \$12,000 in back taxes. They will be immediately withdrawn. . .

Even after reading and puzzling over it several times he still could find no way to get out of it if that's what Sue was thinking of.

Muttering under his breath he strode into Sue's room. Tensely, David questioned Sue as he slapped the letter down on the desk.

Carefully Sue finished zipping her shirt and began, "I'll make you a deal; do my hair—"

"I'll make no deals," he interrupted angrily, "til you tell me what it is in the letter you're so pleased about!" There was silence for a moment as David realized he was taking his frustrations out on Sue. "Sorry, I didn't mean it. I just feel so helpless! Then, when you seem to hide something from me . . . it's as if the whole world has turned against me." He walked over and placed his large hands on her small shoulders.

Sue bit her lip nervously. "I'm sorry too. But, I know a way you can get out of it."

"As far as I can see, that's impossible."

Sue's face took on a determined look. "Meet me for lunch and I'll tell you about it."

David's hands dropped to his sides as he studied his worn shoes. "Sure, I'll meet you. What have I got to lose?"

* * *

It was a very depressed man who stepped from the elevator into Sue's office four hours later.

"Hi, David, go ahead and sit down," Sue nodded at the sofa. "I'll be done here in just a minute."

Except for the occasional rustling of papers the room was silent, for several minutes.

"David?"

"Mmm?"

"I've got something to tell you."

"About time."

"Not here. We'll go someplace else and talk." Sue seemed troubled about something.

"Want to get a bite to eat?"

"Yeah. We can talk over lunch."

Together they left the office and entered the elevator to the restaurant.

They chose a corner table away from the noise and people. After having ordered, David once again questioned the letter.

Sue took a quick breath, clasped her hands, and plunged in. "This will be hard to believe, but," she paused for a moment, then continued, "I'm from the future."

David tiredly raised his eyes to Sue's face. "This is not time for jokes," spacing his words.

"No, it's not."

Vickie LaFave



"I give up," he said determinedly. "I flat give up! Let me out of here!" He pushed his way away from the table.

Sue pushed him back into his seat. "It's true!" she insisted.

"Listen, here I am with the I.R.S. on my back and you're cracking jokes!"

"Technology can advance quite a bit in 150 years."

"Will you get off that kick?"

Sue continued, ignoring David, "In our time; excuse me, my time, there is a strange disease which only affects the males." David sat heavily back in his chair with a patronizing sigh and allowed Sue to continue. "It's extremely slow spreading. We've traced it back about 130 years. Most men die and all those who survive are sterile. The human race is dying! We couldn't even stop the spread of the disease, much less cure it until ten

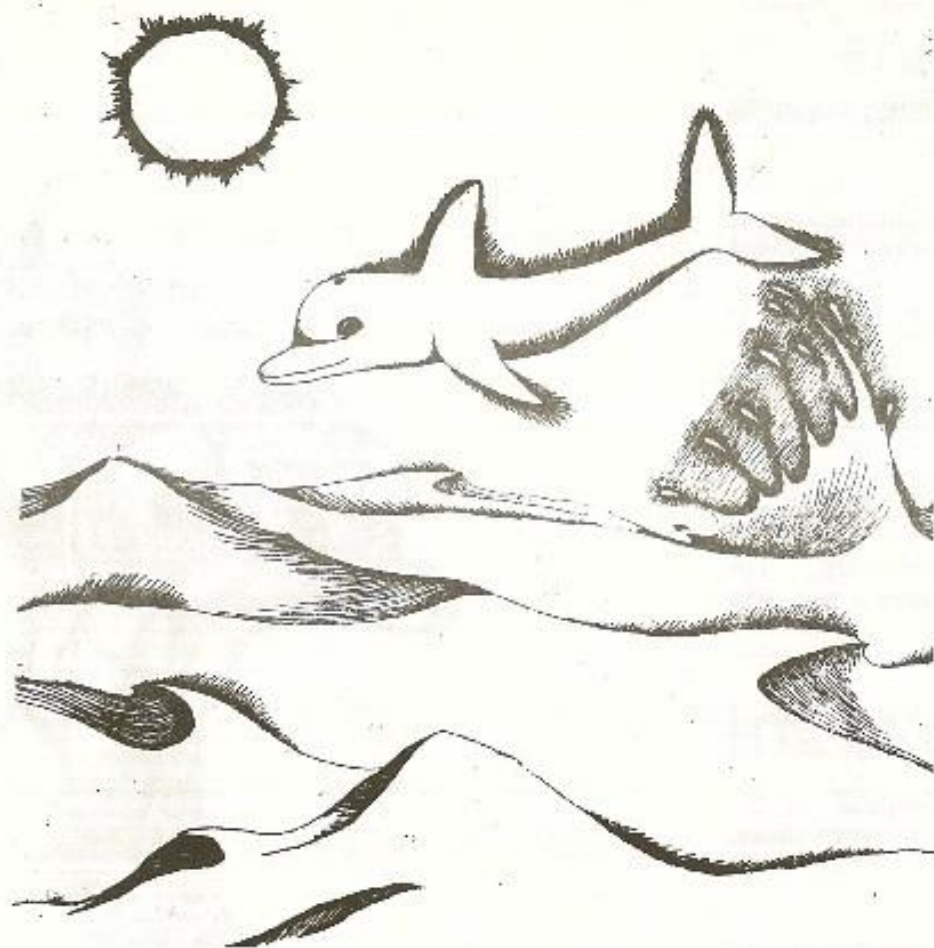
years ago. I came back to find a fertile man willing to go back and help repopulate the world! We need a man who can have sons!"

"I assume you want me to go with you! What would I be? Some sort of bull stud from the past?" David was getting totally fed up.

"David, please? We need someone desperately and I want it to be you! I love you and don't want to leave you. Compared to me you've been dead 150 years. I don't want it like that!"

"Wouldn't I get the disease?"

"No. We've developed antibiotics. Now." Sue looked down at her hands nervously playing with her napkin. "I need someone willing to leave," Sue enunciated her words with quick hand gestures, "or should I say anxious enough to leave to trust me. Here you have nearly no chance to make it. The future offers an escape! —will you come?"



"I . . . don't know," was the reply. "I just don't know. How do I know you're not putting me on. How do you travel back through time?"

"Time travel? Well, here's a very condensed theory. Time's like a film going through a projector, only one frame can exist at a time, but it's all there, rolled up. What we did was like cutting off a piece from my time and spliced it into your time, then rewinding the film back to here so this time period will exist over again."

While the waiter served lunch there was silence, each lost in his own thoughts.

"Should I go?" David thought. "I sure as hell can't stay here!" He sat mulling over the possibilities and wondering of the strange tale

he'd just been told.

Sue interrupted his train of thought when the waiter left. "Do you want to go?"

"It's not so much a question of whether or not I want to go, but that I have to go!" David reassured her. "Let's just get going and get it over with."

"Well," Sue began thoughtfully, pulling a small black device from her pocket, "I'll have to immunize you first."

David pulled up his sleeve. "Just do it."

Sue pressed the device against the tanned skin of his upper arm. There was a soft hiss. David flexed his arm muscles and pulled his shirt sleeve down. "Mmm, now what?"

"We can leave right now. This restaurant's so dim no-one'll notice

our disappearing. Now, hold onto my hand."

David held Sue's soft palm in his own large hand. For the first time that day he smiles and even Sue finally seems at peace.

Sue presses the control device and they escape into the future. They didn't know nor ever would that behind them they left the first cases of the disease. Several males Sue had known were already undergoing its dreaded effects, and many of her girl friends were spreading it among their friends. For there was one factor no one had considered. Unknowingly Sue carried the dreaded future disease with her in her trip to the past.

The gods have seen the scene unfold and were satisfied. They sit back and sigh. Their circle of time is complete. □

Smooth Dream

in the sunlight
let me see you

shy princess

of raven hair
breezy softness

and opal eyes
aqua depths

in the darkness
let me find you

gliding smoothly

through silver trees
shafts of moon

and misting rain
ocean's breath

in the silence
let me know you

close entwined

warm and silken
gentle feline

whispered passion
winds of opium

jeff osborn



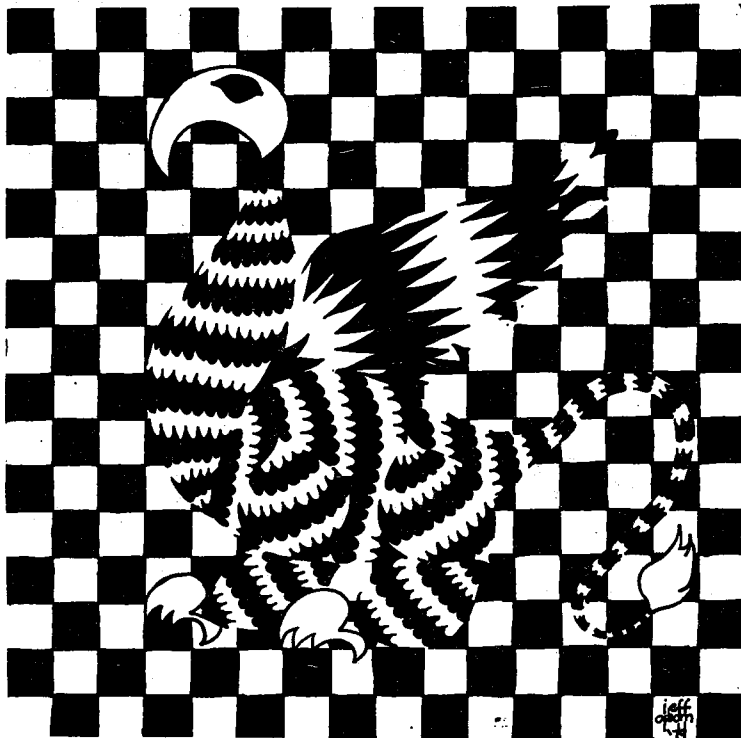
Shelly Grant



Feline Fierce

*Feline fierce prowls the starry night,
Cautiously creeps to a porch lit bright,
Squeezes silent through open door.
Purring, it pads, feline fierce no more.*

Melanie Males



Jeff Osborn

Time with You

I'll always keep you in my mind
Though we be far away.
I love to talk and share with you
And wish that we could stay.

Time spent with you is precious time;
Remembered it will be.
I can unlock these memories
When you are far from me:

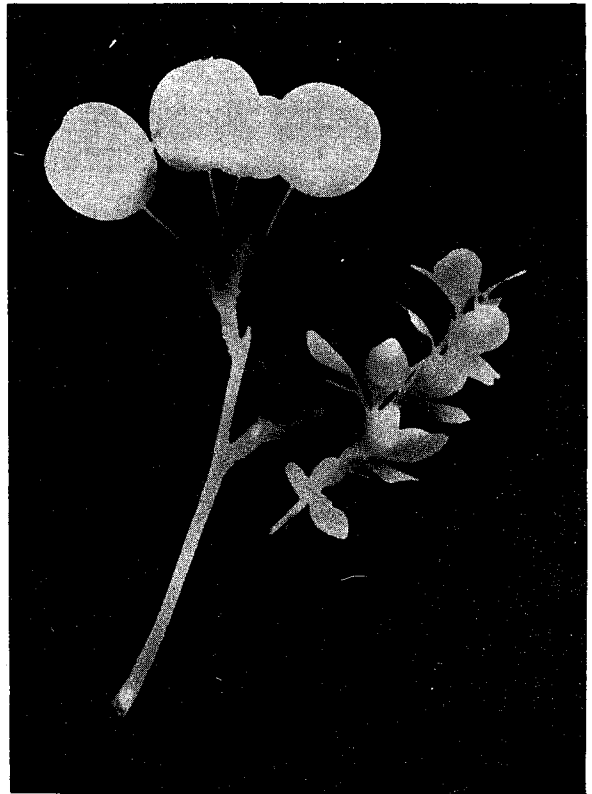
A bikeride to the river's edge,
A walk beneath the trees,
A play, a film, hot chocolate,
Among my memories.

I sort through thoughts of you, alone
In some untroubled place.
With recollection of your words,
My problems all erase.

I'd love to keep this reverie,
A portion more to take
Of this repast from time gone by,
But now I must awake.

Life must go on; I've work ahead
And things that I must do,
But sometime soon I'll stop again
And think of time with you.

Meg Gamon



Warren Clark

by Deborah Katz

She held her clenched fist suspended over the hot steaming cup. The knuckles of her hand were white and tired. She felt and examined their tiredness. Each finger seemed tight, strained; all the things they'd done weighed heavily on them now, caressing his hair, touching his cheek, holding his hand, and now they would open slowly allowing white poison to fall into her coffee. She let them open and watched as the powder disappeared into the liquid. Her wrist ached as she stirred and her mind whirled with the brown fluid.

As she looked into the drink became dark and deep. She felt herself being drawn into it. Her eyes clouded. A phone rang in her memory.

From somewhere in the distance a woman's voice had whispered, "I'll meet you as usual. Everything's on for tonight." The other woman had hesitated. "I—I love you." The phone clicked. Then a buzz, a buzz, a buzz . . .

The timer on the stove brought her back from the past. She reached over and silenced it with one motion.

He was waiting for her in the living room. She placed their cups on a tray and removed the steaming dessert from the oven, then a smile touched her. She cultivated it. He mustn't suspect; everything had to be perfect.

When the idea had first come to her she had grimaced, not because the thought was absurd, but because she knew it was what she really wanted. She would have been empty without him, but she could have survived. It was knowing that another woman would be full in her emptiness that made her want to die.

She lifted the tray gingerly and carried it to the table by his chair. He smiled, and when he did the room glowed. She sat gracefully at his feet shrouded in darkness. He took her hand. The touch stung and she drew back. He didn't seem to notice.

Hot Coffee

"The coffee smells good." His voice penetrated her. She took her cup.

"No dessert for you?" he asked. He seemed concerned. She shook her head, then lifted the cup. It felt warm in her hands. She held it to her lips, and the steam rose on her face. The scent of it revealed not even a hint of the poison. She closed her eyes, experiencing every last second before she would feel the warmth in her throat—a phone rang in the kitchen.

"Damn!" she whispered aloud.

"What's the matter? I'll get the phone if you want me to." He began to rise.

"I'll get it." She jumped up, taking her coffee with her. The phone rang again.

"Yes?" She stared into her drink.

"Is this the Peters' residence?"

"Yes it is." She lifted the cooling liquid to her mouth again. She could never stand cold coffee.

"This is Mrs. Robertson. I'm afraid my niece may have—well, did you receive a call this afternoon from a young woman?"

"What?!" Her hand descended. The cup fell to the floor and shattered. The china was dry.

"I'm really sorry. It was supposed to be a joke. A crank call."

She felt cold wetness drying on her lips. Her face was white and her throat constricted.

He entered the kitchen. "What happened?"

The voice on the phone was still there. "Well, as I said, I'm real sorry. I hope no harm came." A pause. "Mrs. Peters, hello? Mrs. Peters?" She heard a distant click, and then a buzz, a buzz, a buzz . . .

She fell to the floor. □



Dan Jeffery

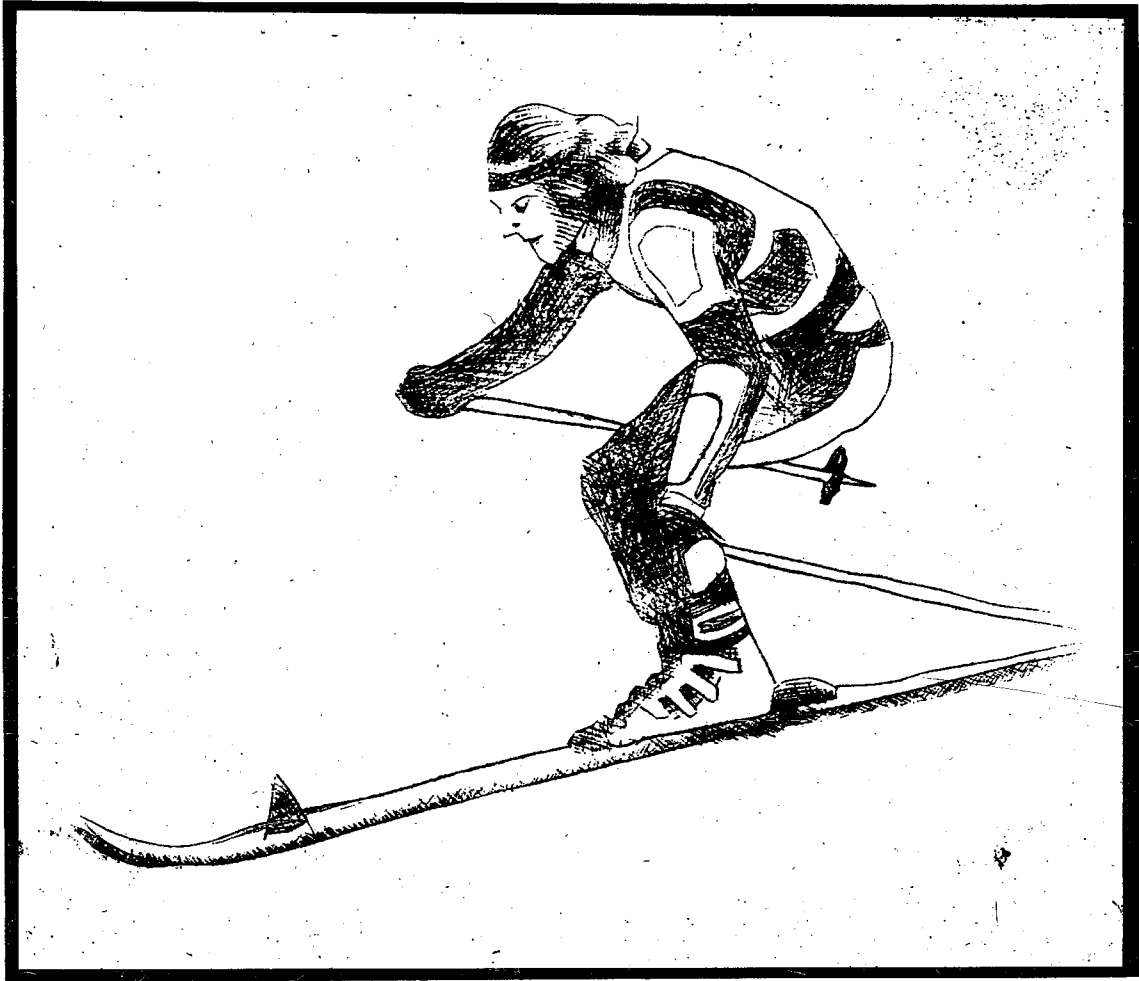
Up North

little children wake and find
Up North
polar bears
in yellow trenchcoats
and walruses
munching toast and marmalade

little children run and play
Up North
in castles of snow
with silly seals
whiskers tickling
flippers flapping

little children sleep and dream
Up North
of blue ice fairies
and chubby gnomes
with fuzzy red mittens
and frosty beards

jeff osborn



John Meekhof

Don Wright





Still Life with Apples

Gary Burrows

There aren't any unicorns, anymore . . . The explorers and foreign correspondents all have confirmed it. Men have searched the ice flecked deserts of Antarctica and the barren, sage-covered mesas of the Southwest, looked into diffraction gratings and test-tubes, paged through sea and star charts without finding as much as a hoof-print, or bone-cast. This was the way it had to be.

There aren't any unicorns, anymore; the world has changed. Cities have risen out of the prehistoric darkness, surrounded themselves with walls to keep out the night, and filled themselves with faceless throngs: blind prophets, painted whores, test-tube babies, belly-dancers and night-club wizards, defrocked popes and the peddlers of psychedelic drugs. No-one spoke out: this was the way it had to be.

There aren't any unicorns, anymore. Now in their place there are princes and parliaments and miles upon miles of barbed wire. The generals offer burned sacrifices to their god Satan, the smoking husks of cities their altars. It's a dirty world and an unfair world, but it's not entirely a bad one, for this is the way it had to be.

There aren't any unicorns, anymore. We don't need them today (if anyone ever did): in a world where "myth" means "lie" there is no room for such dreams. No, there is a new hope instead, a new hope that must be lived, not preached. There are no prophets to point the way, just a single rose pressing its own way upwards between two dead concrete slabs. Not to be surprised. This is the way it has to be.

Chris Blanton

Red Line March

across the tumbling grey
black river slides
over lips of ice
kissing the dust
of Red Line March

from under the graves
children's voices cry
in terror
at the rocking moon
of Red Line March

down flows the rope
into the pit
of swimming eyes
pulsating fear
of Red Line March

eager hands
reach for nowhere
and grasp the bitter
screaming laugh
of Red Line March

jeff osborn



Krista Willberg

by Rachel Williams

The sun starts to slide into the October evening and shadows grow long with a feeling of joy at reliving childhood traditions. I run through the garden gate and straight to the pumpkin patch.

Unlike my brothers', the pumpkins I chose tend to be small and symmetrical, and this time it is no different. With an old, soft toothbrush and a trickle of water, I bring the selected globe to the height of its color.

Returning to the deck, I survey the scene below me. Floor, recone with newspaper lining. Tools: spoon, paring knife, carving knife, all laid to one side. In one corner, a bowl. Setting the pumpkin on the center paper, I squat down beside it and reach for the carving knife.

After the initial incision, I settle down to the serious work before me. With precision strokes, I slowly zig-zag a line around the stem and carefully, very carefully so as not to snap the fragile handle, I pull the first piece away. It comes with a hollow, sucking sound, pulling a long train of seeds and fiber from the very heart of the ground. With the same knife, I slice the train off, set the knife and completed lid aside and pick up the spoon. With some satisfaction I begin my next task: the cleaning of the inside. This is always a step to take time over. There is a certain pleasure derived from scraping away every bit of fiber, every single seed, removing them to the waiting bowl. When the inside is totally scraped to smooth perfection, I move onto the paring knife.

By now, the sun is really setting, so I work faster, but with the same care. Triangle eyes, triangle nose, and the huge jagged grin slowly emerge beneath the blade. With the forming of its own definite features, it emerges as a Jack-O-Lantern. Now the spark of life is the only thing remaining to be given.

Once more I use the spoon, and with it, I gouge a depression small enough for a candle. The perfect candle: tall enough to last a while, but short enough to keep the lid

from scorching. With a few drops of its own wax, I firmly implant the chosen taper in the very center of the hollow, and prepare for the lighting.

Setting my masterpiece on the top step of the deck, I notice that it is almost dark. With a last look around at the dusk, I turn to the dark, grinning face, and with a quick stroke of a match darkness falls and the wick finally sputters and sends a long flame stretching through the open crown until I lower the lid upon it. The Jack-O-Lantern is truly alive now, winking and grinning and for this night, the king of the world. What a delight to have had a part in it. □



Sophia Eberhart

Mouthwashes, perfume, deodorants, air fresheners, soap, breath mints, Lysol. Smell is an American fetish. On a typical morning a person takes a shower, using a deodorant soap, and washes their hair with green apple or some other equally fragrant shampoo. Most use one of the deodorants that range from unscented to dry lime and put on April-fresh-smelling clothes. Many put on one of a million scents of cologne and use a toothpaste with a breath freshener in it. Possibly, on the way out the door, some blow their nose with a fragrant Kleenex. Every day, from toenail to split end, you use smell.

You are constantly reminded of odor by the television that makes it its business to tell you that there is protection available. As I sit sprawled in a chair, watching the boob tube, my brain waves are hit with, "Fried fish last night, dear?" and "I thought you got rid of the cat." My nose twitches and I take a sniff. Oh no! The house smells like the Avon lady's cigarettes. Meanwhile the commercial has ended. Hmm, I wonder what horrible thing happened to that housewife. I mean, heaven forbid her house should smell. I have visions of that little old lady coming to my house and decreeing, "Your house smells like stale cigarette butts." I can just see a gang of her followers grabbing me and dragging me to a noose. Just as I'm going to be hung, a man comes riding up on a white horse and says, "Mr. Clean to the rescue with this!" Everyone looks and exclaims, "An owl! How is that going to save her?" "Ah ha!" he says, "This is no ordinary bird. It's an air freshener by Wizard." I not only escape with my life, but the owl makes a beautiful rose scented mantlepiece. What-a nightmare.

Coming back to reality, I notice with relief that we do not only have a bird on our mantle, but we do have one of those air fresheners that has a big glob of colored gel inside that sucks up odors, and as it does so, it slowly shrivels and dwindles away until it dies. A horrible way to go. More and more they are trying to make these deodorizers inconspicuous. Pretty soon they will be just like phone bugs, and be hid-

den in your mouthpiece, or within the olive in your martini. Apparently everyone must have an odor eliminator, but it shouldn't be seen. In our house you can find them tucked behind books and stereo speakers.

Ostrander's first aisle is the smell center of Ellensburg. Delicate bottles of cut glass represent the ladies' paradise of fragrance. Each bottle contains a golden yellow liquid suited for every woman's taste of scent. Squarely masculine bottles represent the men's line of aftershaves. When you put all of these scents together you have an elegant dining party, for I'll bet that you'll never walk into a social gathering where no one is wearing cologne.

In the section of shampoos, thick and sticky within their plastic con-

chest, and the other fights morning breath. Which one to buy? Who knows. While rummaging through our cupboards I found both. I guess all we have to do is mix half and half. Yuck!

The candy counter is the "on the run" breath deodorizer center. You can buy minty round buttons for a quick freshen up. In the next aisle are wire baskets full of a jumble of soaps, another thing which is impossible to buy unscented. Deodorant bars are situated next to each other. Some of these I think are designed to be used by people who are in love with their doctors, for if you ask me, they smell like a medical practitioner's hands.

Next to the soaps are the gods of smell. Antiperspirants, stacked and lined in even rows, decorate the

WHAT THE NOSE KNOWS

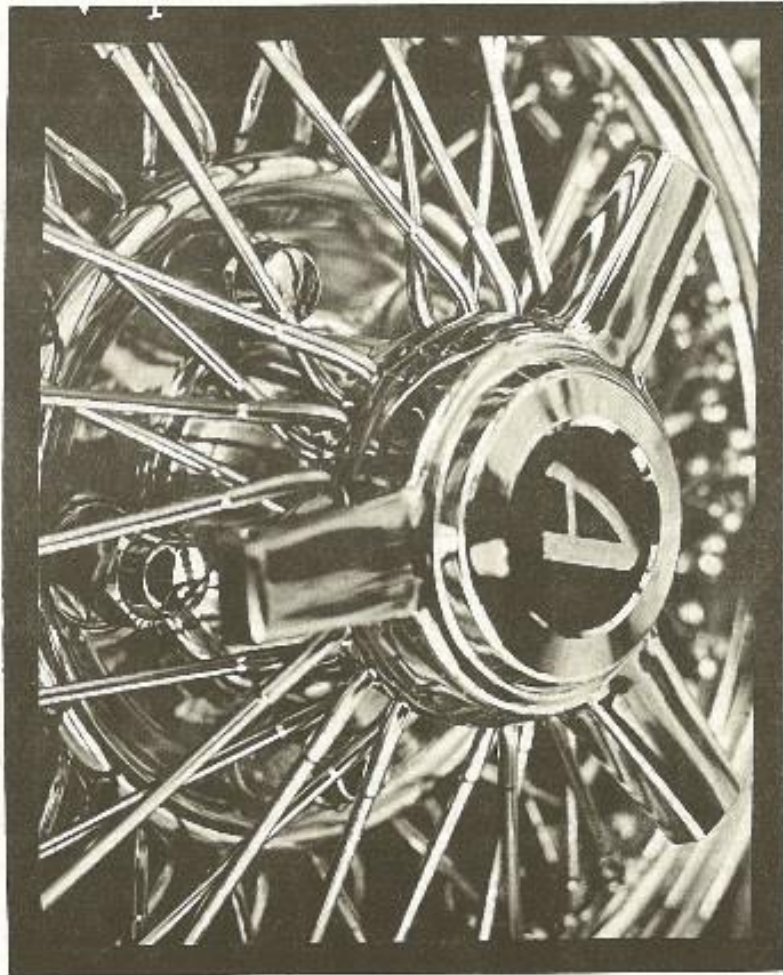
by Jill Shupe

tainers, it's impossible to find one which does not have some kind of aromatic smell. Everything nowadays has to be scented. Pens, furniture polish, stationary, Kleenex, candles, and even if that piece of toilet paper is going to be floating down the sewer pipes, it has to be scented.

In grocery stores, fragrant deodorants run from the candy counter to the household department. You can find "put your money where your mouth is" toothpaste lined up like boxcars. On the shelves next to them, indecorous bottles of mouthwash, looking like linebackers, stand ready to tackle bad breath. There's "minty green" and "mediciny yellow"; one of them eliminates onion breath, but causes it to smell like a medicine

shelves with a spatter of color. Each brand looks like an army, with the front row standing at attention and the ranks behind cowering in the shadows. The troops look similar in shape to real people. They are short, tall, fat, thin, top heavy, and pear-shaped. There is an antiperspirant suited for every American. Some are unscented, some smell like fruit, some are pumps and some are pads, some are men and some are women. There is one for every personality: Fickle Tickle, Macho Brute, Seductive Secret.

When you think about it, if this country didn't have deodorizers or fresheners it would smell like a pile of—well, let me put this a little nicer: instead of holding her torch, the Statue of Liberty would be holding her nose. □



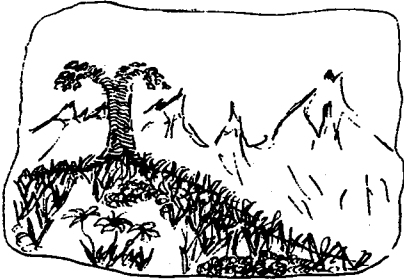
Dreamin'

Layin' in the grass, let the world and reality fade away.
Watchin' my thoughts mingle and swirl together, feathery
light and very pleasant.
Feelin' the beauty of the golden sun's rays create
beautiful rainbow prisms in my heart.
Slippin' deeper and deeper into the world of fantasy.
Rockin' softly on the waves of paradise.
Imagin' my problems far, far away.
Skippin' light-heartedly beyond all earthly concerns—
into the palace of thought.
Floatin' gently on the wispy pastel clouds of my
subconscious.
Seein' reflections of sublimity glide through my mind—
mirroring in the clear ponds of thought.
Relaxin' and enjoying in all.
Dreamin'.

Maureen O'Shaughnessy

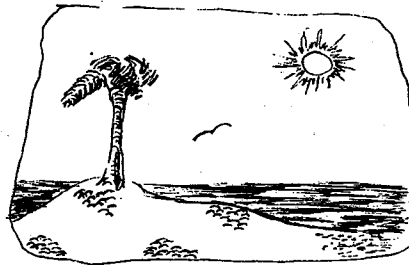
PHOTOGRAPHY

Warren Clark	2, 11, 15
Jill Delvo	19
Jim Redlinger	5
Bob Town	9
Don Wright	14



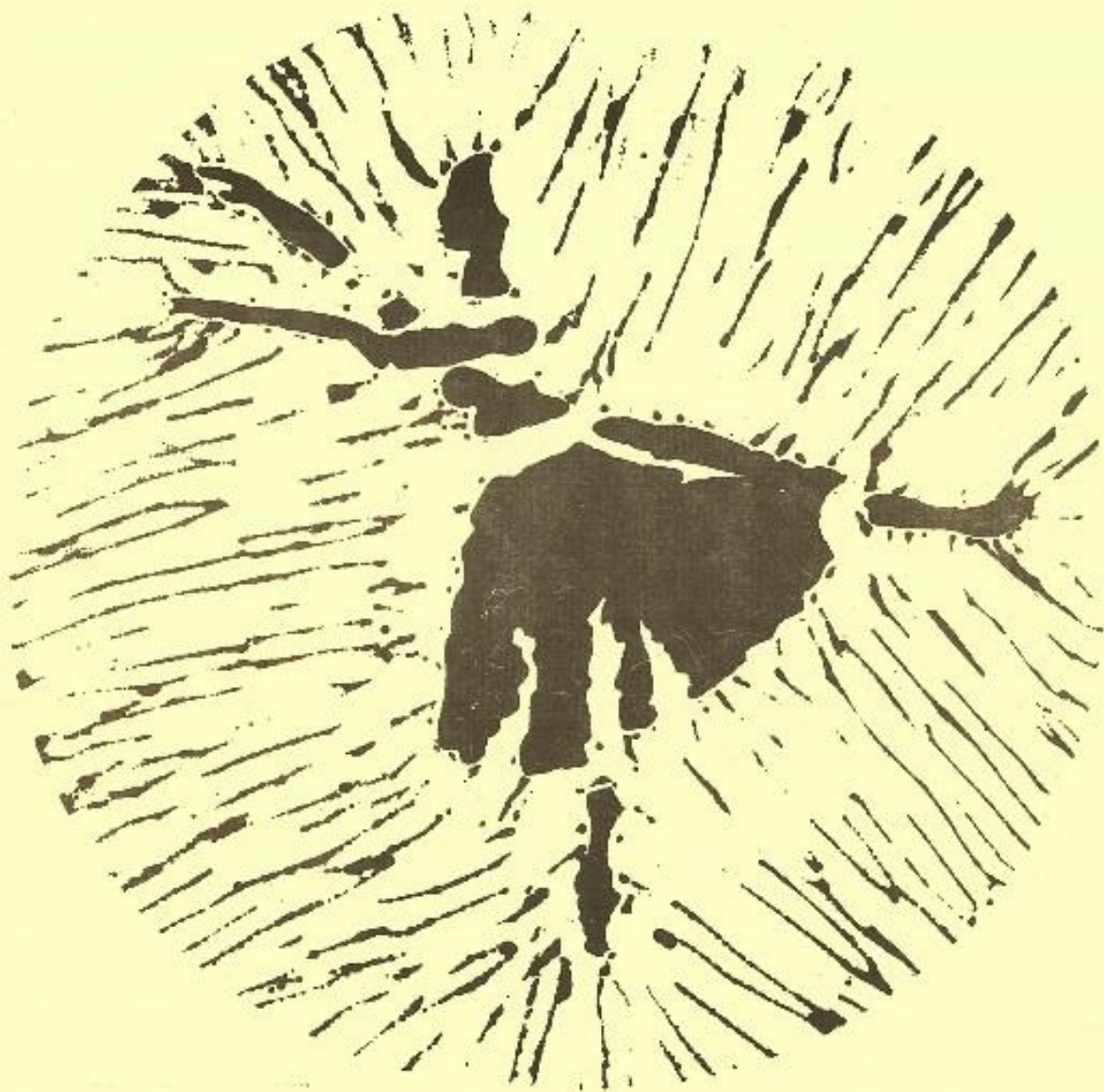
ART

Peggy Brown	20
Gary Burrows	15
Sophia Eberhart	17
Andrea Glauert	21
Shelley Grant	10
Dan Jeffery	13
Vicki LaFave	7
Jeff Osborn	10
John Meekhof	14
Patty VanLeuven	8
Krista Willberg	16



POETRY

Amy Barker	21
Chris Blanton	4, 15
Meg Gamon	11
Melanie Males	10
Jeff Osborn	2, 9, 13, 16
Maureen O'Shaughnessy	19



Andrea Glauert

Act II

Light refractions from a bare bulb dance across the mirror, making bright reflections throughout the dressing room. Three rickety chairs crowd the small room. They are tumbled high with shapeless billows of colorful gauze. Satin pointe shoes peer shyly from underneath a blue top hat while pink tights hang in free form expression on a doorknob. The sink is rimmed with an exotic array of creams and cosmetics, a heady, greasy aroma escaping from their half-opened lids. A wild arpeggio followed by thunderous applause is heard, discretely muffled by distance and doorways. In the midst of this chaos hangs a costume, brightly starched and unworn, eagerly waiting for Act Three.

Amy Barker

