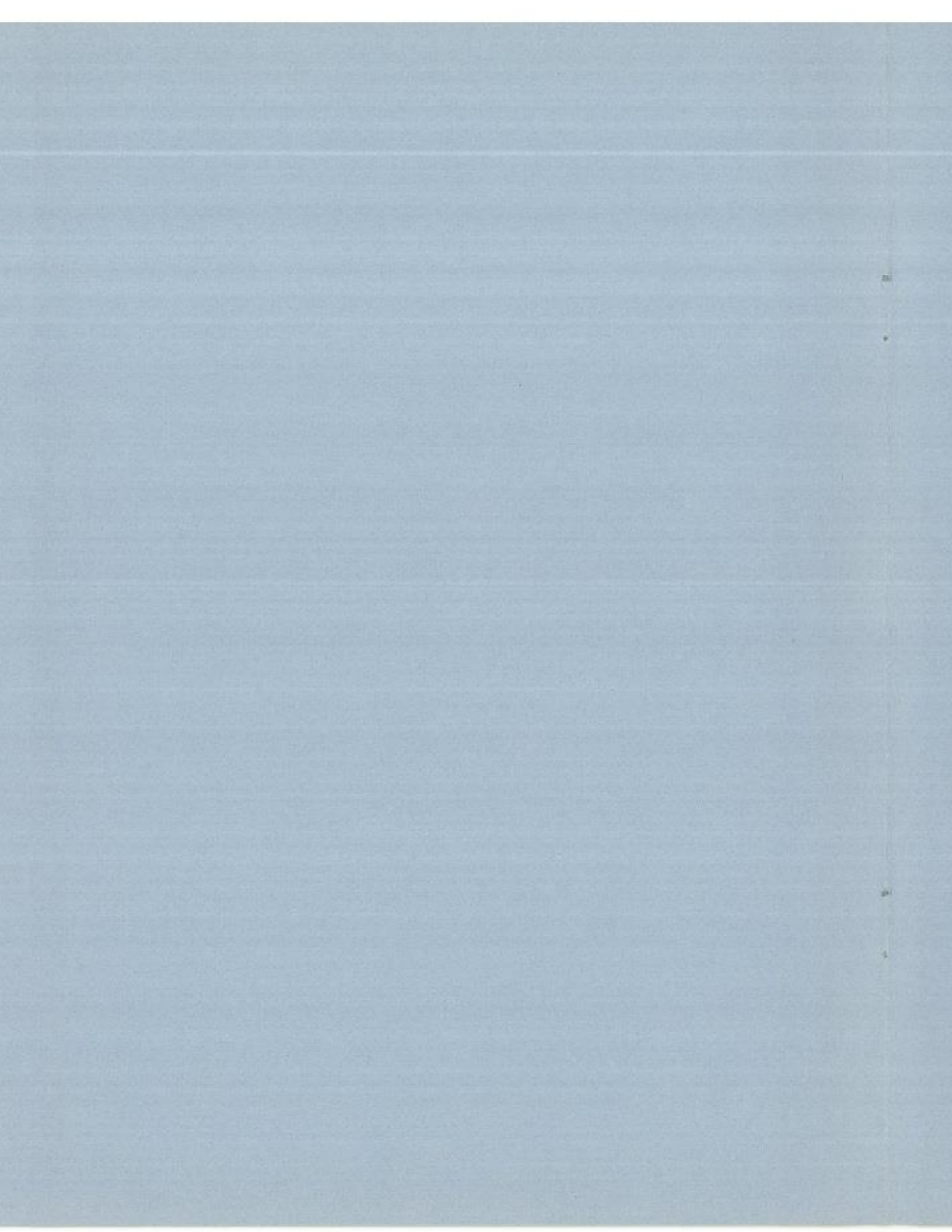


# Retrospect



SPRING 1981  
Ellensburg High School  
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# Retrospect

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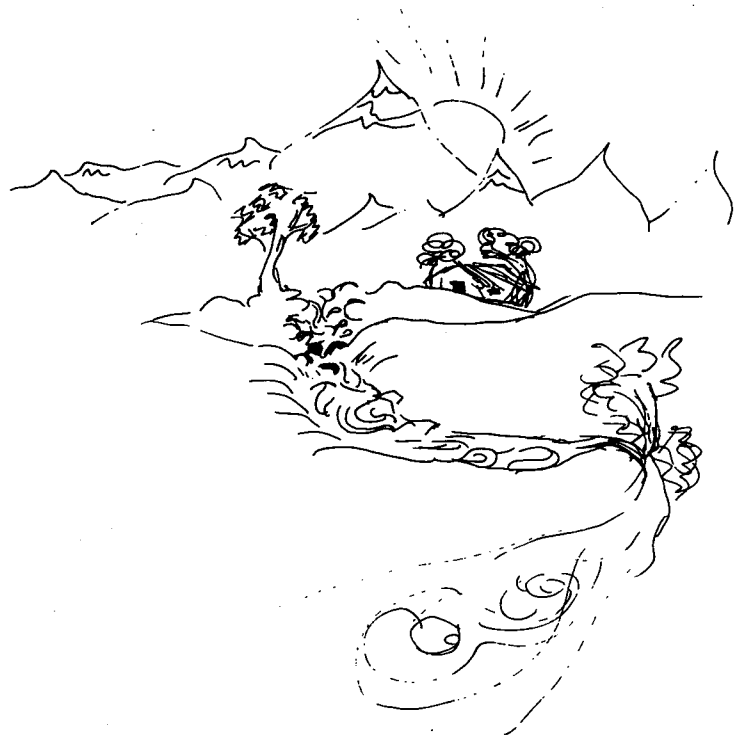
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The earth is like the sun,  
 Depending on the amount  
 Of life  
 We drink in  
 Determines the amount  
 Of enrichment  
 And warmth  
 We will receive  
 From it.

sketch and poem by Andrea Glauert



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Cover illustration by Paul Gauron



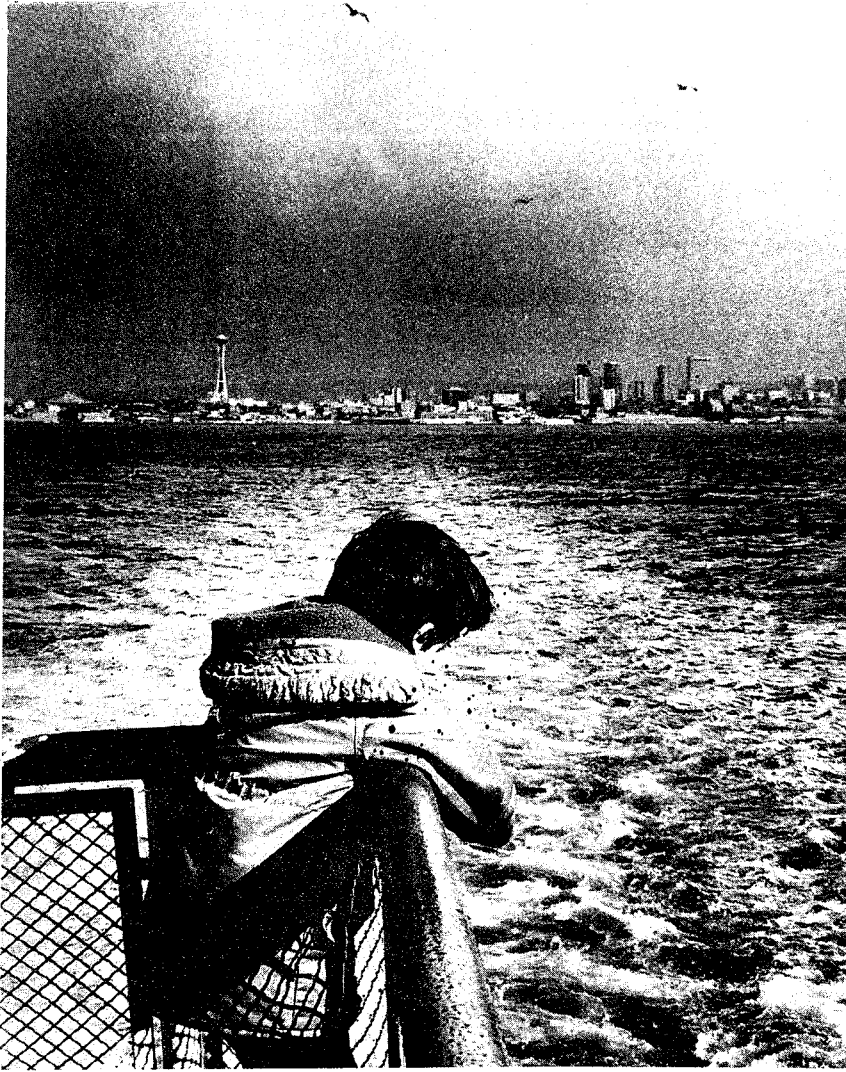
Tom Trainor

The moon is a maiden,  
dancing in the night.  
Moon beams are her beauty  
too brilliant to be held.  
The stars are her courtiers  
too enthralled to come near,  
so she dances  
and whirls,  
and they watch  
from afar.

Suzanne DeBusschere

Myself as a planet  
I'm so lonely out there.  
It's colder than ice  
But I don't care.  
I have my two friend-rings  
To keep me company  
Along with occasional  
Fly-by meteors and comets.  
It's so peaceful out there.  
All I have to do is shine.

Curt Frye



Chuck Borrud

Sonnet

His journeys took him very far indeed,  
He saw what most men only dared to dream,  
He told of poverty, the filth, the need,  
The men, they heard, but did not care, it seemed.

Returned they to their easy going life,  
Well off, they always had enough to eat,  
Said he, "You think you lead a life of strife?  
At least you've clothes and shoes upon your feet!"

Amused, they stopped to drink and laugh and gaze,  
Abandoned hope, did he, upon this sight,  
He knew they'd never change their wasteful ways,  
Prayed God that they would somehow see the light.

Alone he spent his last days in his den,  
And wrote his tales of rich and selfish men.

Leone Bicchieri

# What I Did This Summer

by Edna Yeh

This summer, I killed my boyfriend.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not a murderer or anything. I didn't even do anything like hit him with a car. I'm not old enough to drive, anyway. Actually, he isn't, I mean wasn't, my boyfriend. I just wish he had been.

Does any of this make sense? I hope it does. The English teacher I had last year always graded my essays down simply because she couldn't understand parts.

Maybe I should tell you a little about myself. My name is Caroline Elizabeth Anderson. My friends call me Carrie. I'm 5'7" tall, and my weight is none of your business. I'm 15, and I just finished 9th grade last June. I have shoulder-length chestnut-brown hair, and green eyes. Nobody can figure out where those green eyes came from. I must have inherited them

from somebody. Oh, well.

My, well, friend, is, or would have been, almost 17. His birthday's in September. September 16, to be exact. He was about 5'10", and his weight was none of my business. I'm not too sure how to describe the color of his hair. It wasn't blond, but it wasn't really just light brown. It was sort of in-between, but, then again, it wasn't. I think it was both. It depends on the angle from which you look at him. His eyes were sort of blue-grey. He played the cello, and I still play the violin.

Now that all of that is over with, the events with which this composition is concerned began on June 14.

"You're doing what!" I shrieked.

"I said, we're sending you to summer camp," replied my mother. "And don't yell. Now finish your dinner."

"But, but..."

"Listen to your mother," said my dad. "Besides, it can't be all that bad. You'll make some new friends."

Little did he know how right he was. The days sped by. In almost no time, it seemed, I was on my way to the Riverview Camp of the Arts.

I ended up in Cabin M-3. We, all 243 of us, were grouped according to our main interest. The "M" stood for music. That's simple enough. After that, "1" is for band, "2" for choir, "3" for orchestra, and "4" for miscellaneous. That's where all the composers and pianists and leftovers were.

There were ten other girls in the girls' half of my dorm. We were separated from the boys' half by a locked door. All we did that first day was fill out schedules.

I first met Ben, the friend I mentioned earlier, in orchestra the next day. He was in second chair in the cello section. I was buried way back in the second violins.

My finger is getting tired, so I'll stop typing for a while. Here are some excerpts from the journal I kept:

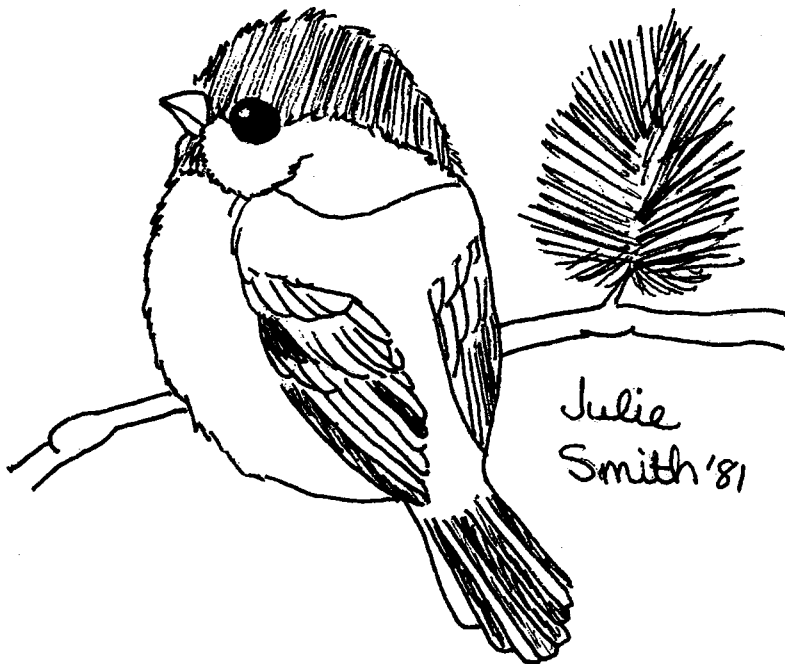
*June 27th*

*I met this boy today. His name is Benjamin Benedict Benson. What a name! He is cute! I sat by him at dinner.*

*June 30th*

*We had a dance tonight. I danced with Ben most of the time. The dance itself was boring. I've discovered that Ben doesn't like slow dances.*

*continued*



Julie Smith

July 2nd

I signed up for a square dancing class I talked Ben into being my partner These dances should be fast enough for him.

July 3rd

The orchestra's broken up into ensembles I'm in a quartet. Jessie Williams plays first violin, I play second, Kris Lathrop, viola and Ben plays cello! What luck! We're working on all four movements of Eine Kleine Nachtmusik.

July 4th

Some of the boys had some fireworks They set the roof of A-1 (Art, Drawing) on fire!

I think my finger's rested enough. Now I'll tell about the events of July 12. It was a bad day.

7:00 a.m. - Got up.

7:15 a.m. - Discovered my curling iron was broken.

7:20 a.m. - Finally borrowed Beth's curling iron.

7:41 a.m. - Spilled syrup in my lap.

8:23 a.m. - My "A" string snapped.

That's just how it started. It got a lot worse. I don't like talking about this part.

4:15 p.m. - Finally got Ben out of his cabin. We went down to the river.

4:30 p.m. - Somebody shot Ben. It's my fault. Everyone says it isn't, but I think it is. I'm the one who dragged him down to the river.

It is now September 12. I'm back at school. I've dropped orchestra. It reminds me too much of Ben. I think I had an interesting summer. Too interesting. □

Running--  
I did not feel the ground,  
My heart pounding like a drum  
I pull the door open  
I want to get my horse--  
She is here, waiting, the streaks  
Of light entering through cracks  
In the wall, she glows like the  
Moon through tall trees.

I am like quicksilver,  
The reins  
Coming alive  
In my hands,  
I dress her. The reins will guide  
Her, but she needs no  
Saddle, I want  
To feel her.

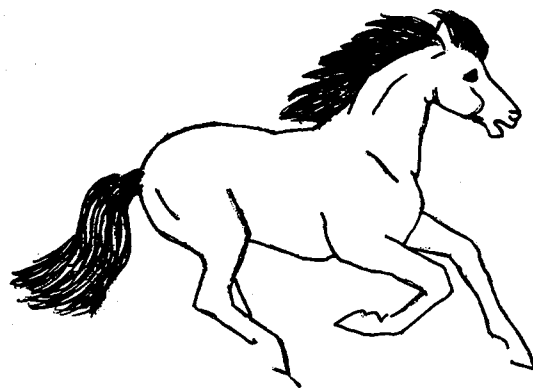
My legs

Dangle

Down

On either side  
Of her silky flanks. Again  
We are reunited  
For a time  
When no one  
Will intervene.

Leone Bicchieri



Julie Smith



Fear envelops me  
like a shroud,  
its shallow, cool beauty  
pierces me  
with its shrill voice  
lends speed  
to my sluggish nerves,  
taunts my pride  
with an icy spear.

Gwen Weidenbach



descending holy bright  
the moon, crystal china night  
tonight's star, he lives.

Diane DeBusscher

Gene Peterson

I cannot give the tiniest piece of my soul. I am too selfish.  
But here is my heart, open and frightened. Read and listen and be kind,  
For this is my secret,  
as no one else has seen.

Deborah Katz

## A LIFETIME

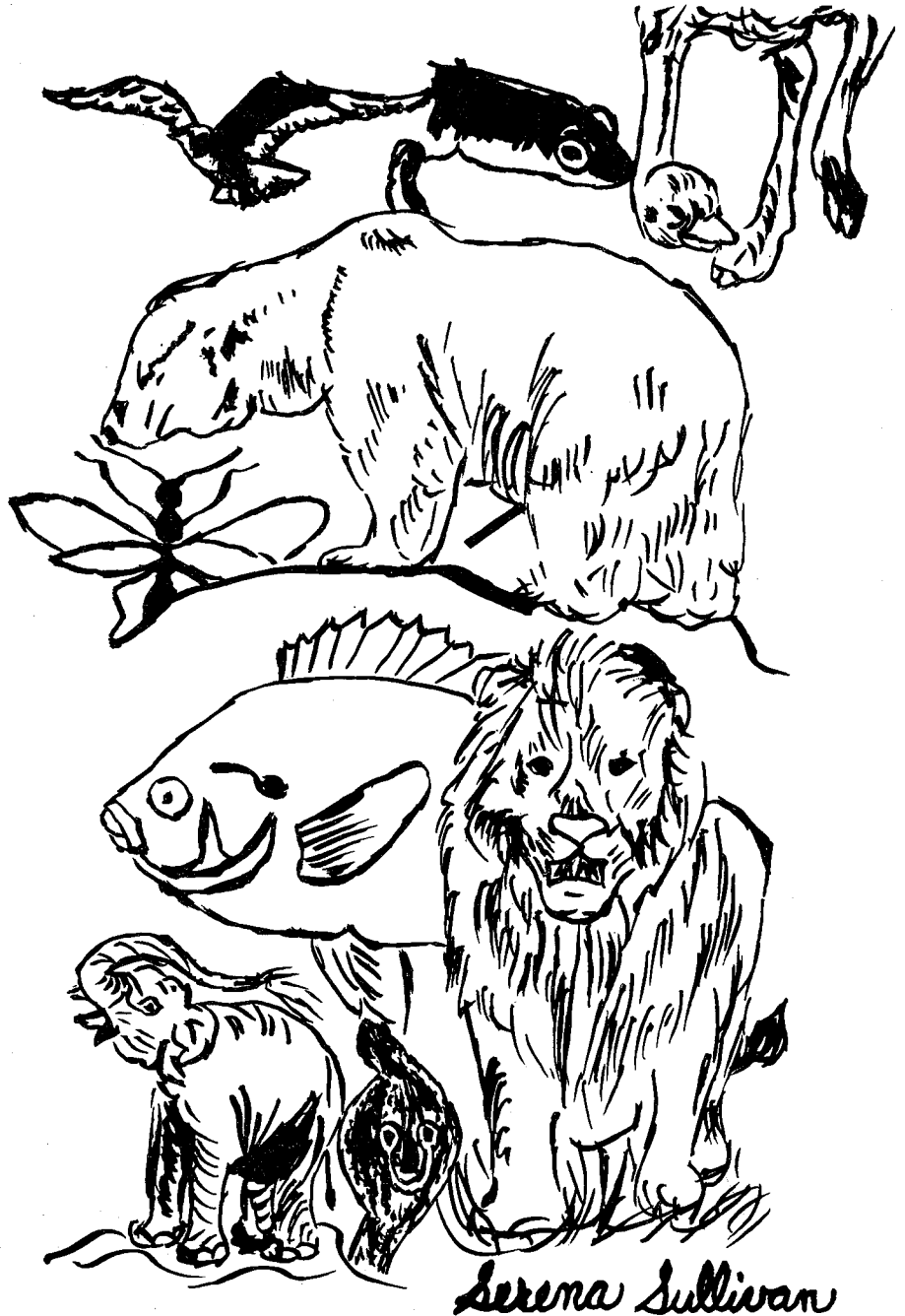
A tree is a rocket, ready to reach the stars.  
The silver-gray bark protects the inner core  
While gravity ends the dream and cuts short  
the heavenly ascent.

For years he makes the rings, candles on the cake.  
Spring is overwhelming for the tree. He sends out  
Buds to portray his emotion.  
All through the summer he sends roots down deeper;  
Fall is like the early nightfall, leaves drop.  
Sleep is coming.

Finally, the seasonal slumber lets the great  
Tree rest, to awaken when snows recede.

Serena Sullivan

Scott Sparks



## For All the Times

For all the times we've written  
letters.  
And all the nights that we have  
talked.  
For the precious days in the park.  
And miles, together, we have  
walked.

For the times that we played  
pinball.  
And the shows that we've gone to.  
For all the times I know I haven't,  
I want to say that "I love you".

The clock has just been started,  
But our time too quickly ends.  
And though we must be parted,  
I'd like to part much more than  
friends.

Heidi Weitz

# A Lazy Sunny Day

by Arjan Boersma

How could a summer day start better than to be awakened by the sunshine through your bedroom window? I just lie there for another fifteen minutes, indulging in its warmth before I even move. Then, turning on my back, I put my arms behind my head and lie with closed eyes, while the sunbeams warm my face, thinking about all I could do on this delightful day.

Remember, this is a day without screaming kids around, with no complaining senior citizens and no parents who make you help them. Furthermore, there is no homework, housework, or any other commitment. In short, this is a day that I have completely to myself, and I have to think about what to do with it; a day that could be boring if the sun didn't shine.

I could sunbathe all day or call a friend and sunbathe in company. We would just gossip a little, look through some non-intellectual magazines listen to the top 100, and drink lemonade with ice. One must be careful not to exhaust the mind!

In the late afternoon when we finally get tired from a whole day of doing nothing, we could walk downtown, eat ice-cream, maybe meet some friends who had the same thing in mind, wander around on the streets, do some window-shopping, and eat more icecream.

Or, if we choose to be a little more active, there is swimming, sailing in light sailboats that capsize as soon as the wind blows, a

bike-- or hike trip through the green pastures, or along a sparkling mountain stream.

What we need to complete such a heavenly day is a party, where my friends and I having fixed myself up a little after a whole day of life in the outdoors, could go. I guess a candlelit garden-party at somebody else's house would do, or a campfire on the beach, topped off by a colourful sunset.

Finally, on one hand with a little regret, because of leaving such a warm and cozy place, I climb out of bed; on the other hand, as soon as my toes touch the floor, no matter on what side of the bed,

(there is no wrong side today) I can't help thinking back to those cold, cold days not too long ago, when my bed was just getting to the right temperature, my nose feels frozen and I fear for a frost-bite when my feet feel the floor, and be glad for this warm, sunny day.

I take a quick shower, put on a shirt and shorts and fix myself a big glass of orange juice, a cup of Lipton's Earl Grey tea. Two pieces of toast, one with cheese and cucumber, the other with sliced tomatoe, and grab an orange and some grapes from the fruitbowl. After taking it outside, I put myself in a garden-chair on the terrace looking out over the blooming garden, and slowly eat this nutritious, low-calorie breakfast that leaves some room for ice cream some time later on this delightful day. □

Childhood

Give me back my childhood.

Give me blood-warm bottles of  
milk, and plastic toys--  
big enough not to swallow.

Give me a painted rocking horse  
with metal stirrups and a  
wind-up rabbit to sing me to  
sleep.

Give me frilly dresses to show-  
off to the other little girls  
and a box of potato chips,  
a coke and lollies--  
on a Wednesday night.

Give me pretty bangles  
and mother's stern brow,  
instructing me to "get my  
elbows off the table," or  
"hold my fork further down  
the handle."

Give me the farm, on a cold,  
wintery morning,  
cracking ice to sheets of  
shattered glass with my  
black gumboots,  
and the snow-capped moun-  
tains, rising above the willows.

Give me the cows, their strong  
smell,  
tufts of fur caught in the fence  
and the rhythmic pump of  
the milking machines--  
twice a day.

Give me dusty, golden afternoons  
of baling hay,  
afternoons of teapots,  
hot-buttered scones,  
grit,  
and raspberry jam.

Give me back my childhood---  
that's all I want!

Tammy Watson

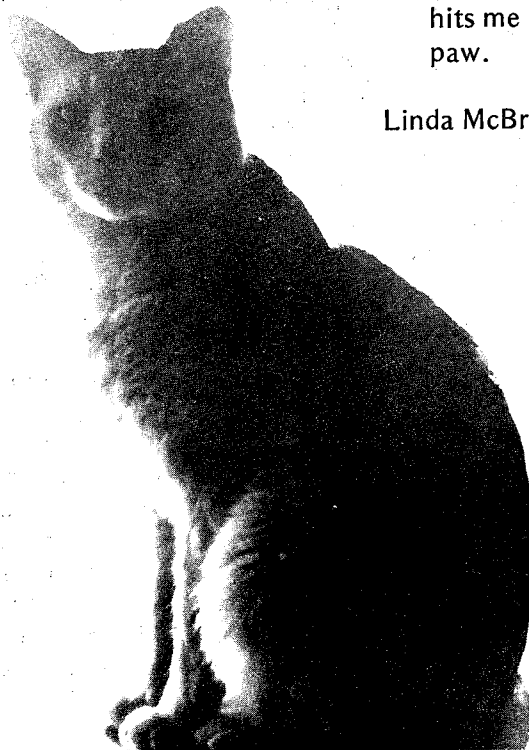


Diane Martens

Sam

I look in his eyes and he looks  
back.  
His eyes stare green and mine  
blue.  
I reach out to touch him and he  
hits me with his  
paw.

Linda McBride



Linda McBride

On a blade of grass  
By the old stairs in the back  
A ladybug climbs

As the world wakes up  
Water trickles over ice  
Old things remembered

Suzanne DeBusschere

The midnight forest tosses  
Silvers and greys,  
Afraid of the breaking dawn,  
A new beginning,  
Like a misty flame at first,  
Growing, all consuming in its  
Blind wrath  
Chasing the fleeting shadows,  
Slowing now,  
Stopping,  
Resting.

The day is come.

Pedro Bicchieri

**Haiku**

The wind blows cold!  
I know winter is here.  
Drift off to sleep.

Greg Selstead



**Winter**

Winter again—the  
early morning frost, frozen  
ground, tells me it's so.

Leone Bicchieri

Trisha Ooka

## The Brook

The brook with its ever-moving  
current,  
Like the ever-moving events of  
my life,  
Lapping at its boundries ,washing  
away the mud,  
Lapping at my conciousness ,  
Washing away the moments of  
my days.

Barbie smith



Geir Flikke

drip  
drip  
splatter  
a leaf seasaws  
like a little wooden horse  
on a clear muddy morning  
cast in gray.

Suzanne DeBusschere

# To A Soft, Sweet Brook

by Tom Alexander

Things we find unacceptable often times generate a passion for things we delight in.

Some people say "you have to know the opposite to truly enjoy what you love."

Imagine then if I had to experience the opposite of what I enjoy. It could be what others find delight in. In contrast to what I find delight in, it would be as close to a literal hell as I could come.

Imagine a blazing arid inferno, miles and miles of vast parched rock and sand, consumed by the eternal waves of unsundering heat, I would stumble, inch by inch, foot by foot, driven by sheer madness, in a hopeless search for an oasis. Then I would drop. My whole body would jerk and toss in uncontrollable grand mal convulsions. Vomitus gushes into the sand beside my head as another erratic wave of seizures pulsate through my already exhausted body and then subsides.

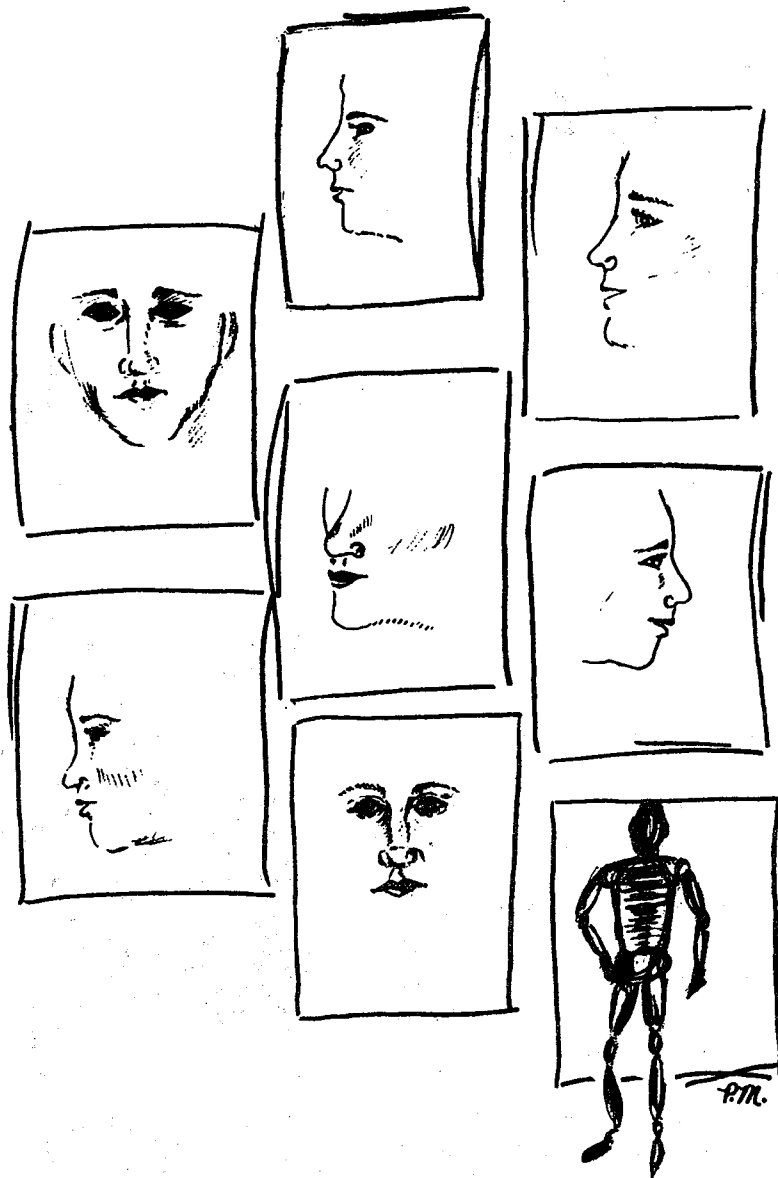
Left to the demons of the desert, here I lay until evening when the coolness of the night will refresh my doomed body for another day of pure hell.

As I awake, I feel the coolness of the night dissipates into the atmosphere. The sun's rays beat down upon my face. My mouth is still dry and gritty. A warm breeze dances on my cheeks in the same manner as an artists brush would touch the canvas.

As my senses return, I realize my right hand tingles with a paralyzing coolness. My hand twitches and I hear a long forgotten sound, a drip and a smooth gurgling. Before I open my burning eyes, I remind myself; to play on the mind is easily done here. Slowly, cautiously, I open my eyes to intense, piercing shafts of blinding light, shining through luscious, green fragrant leaves, dancing in the breeze over my head like a thousand angels. In disbelief, my left hand grasps the earth by my side. In my grip is a clump of velvety clover. My heart now beating wildly beckons me to investigate the soft gurgling. As I roll over on my side I see my reflection in the pool. I cup my hands and sweep the sweet mirror to my lips.

Oh, to the soft, sweet brook that I delight in. □





Look at me. Am I real?  
 Do you think I see, or feel?  
 Am I a clown that only exists  
 in fairytales , and a child's  
 wish?

Draw a smile to cover my frown,  
 show the crowd, I'll choke  
 it down.  
 But when the make-up is washed  
 away,  
 the clown is gone 'til another  
 day.

Then again the crowd will laugh  
 and stare,  
 Misunderstanding the meaning  
 there.

I try to hide my growing pain,  
 hold it inside, its all so insane.

Is there a knot I need to undo...?  
 I try to inform them, but they  
 don't have a clue.

I need a new reason, some reason  
 to live,  
 but the clown inside me,  
 isn't willing to give.

Here I Am!

Here I am!  
 Inside.  
 Do you see?

I look at you  
 Through my blue windows,  
 But I can't  
 Break them.

Help me to escape  
 My prison.  
 Care enough to find  
 The real me.

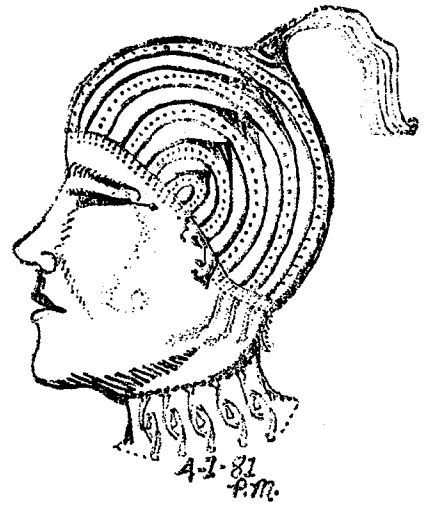
Deborah Katz

Kathy Messenger

It hurts to play the same song  
 twice,  
 but when it's your lifestyle,  
 gamble, and throw the dice.  
 Somehow I must shed my old  
 ways,  
 and grow with the future...  
 and oncoming days.

Dannie Bilyeu





Kathy Messenger



### Doshinkan

A way to achieve inner peace.

Doshinkan--

To change our lives,

Doshinkan--

Change lives through spiritual  
means,

Doshinkan--

Use movement to change spirit,

Doshinkan--

Principles for movement:

notice,

think,

and do.

These are the ways  
of budo.

Leone Bicchieri

Sophia Eberhart

# Papa Mio

by Leone Bicchieri

You know what I like? I like just sitting down with someone and listening to them talk. You know, just listening to someone spew out their ideas and emotions right there in front of you. Now, this I enjoy, but there is one situation in which I actually revel and delight: sitting down at the end of a long day, or any kind of day, at our large, banquet-sized table, with a glass of wine in hand, listening to my father re-create all the wild adventures of his youth. Having fought against the Germans in the Italian underground during WW II and later on becoming a big-game hunter in Africa, gives him quite the background to boast about. But it's not so much the story he tells as the way he tells it that makes him so much fun to listen to. He really gets into the stories he tells, and I have fun just hearing them.

"Ya," he'll say in his heavy Afro-Italian-European accent, blowing cigar smoke out of his laughing mouth and scratching his dark beard, as my eyes and ears open wide, "I never thought I'd live through that one."

It doesn't matter which one it is that he thought he'd never live through; I know them all by heart: the time he had to kick a leopard in self-defense or the times he was captured by the Germans and escaped or the time he shot an elephant and began skinning it – only to have the beast suddenly stand up and walk away. I've heard them all many times, yet the way he tells them makes every repetition a whole new adventure, filling me from head to toe with amazement and making me overflow with excitement.

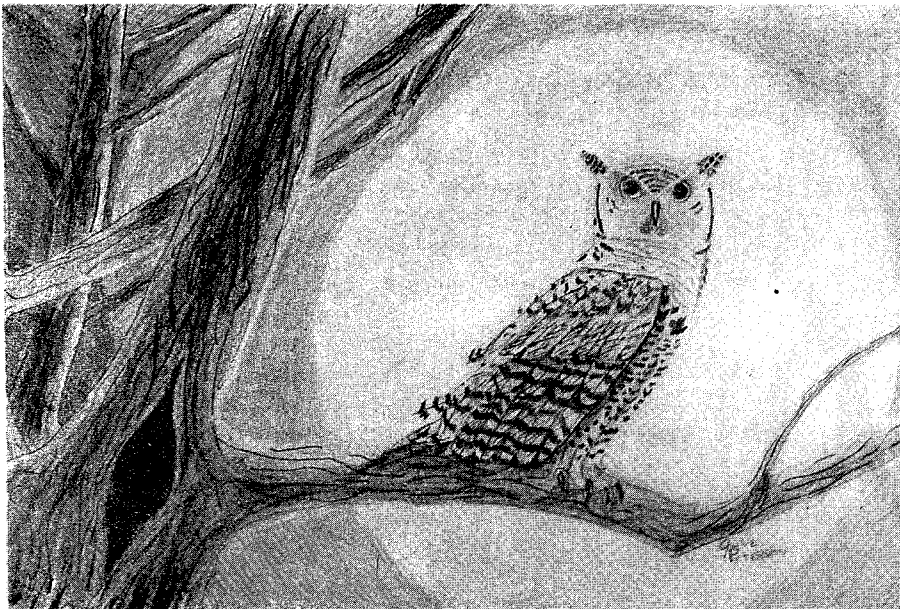
Now, a lot of people my age

think that listening to their fathers reflect back on younger days is about as boring as one can get. Well maybe their fathers just slump back in a Lazy-boy recliner, and say with a dead expression on their face and in a monotone voice, "You know son, I used to have to walk five miles to school when I was your age." I concur; listening to that kind of stuff can put anyone to sleep.

A story well told is a story told with joy and expression. To see and hear my father tell a story is to witness a master in action. The voice range, the exact use of the hands, the facial expressions, they're all done to precision. This, plus the plain, shameless joy with which his tales are told, makes the whole thing an experience not to miss. And the joy he exudes is absolutely infectious; I can actually feel it, and the feeling spreads like fire. He draws me to him with his open spirit of love, and he never disappoints me.

He'll pause at the end of a sentence to flick the ashes off the end of his cigar and take a quick drink of his steadily draining wine. I, too, want to take a drink of wine, but my hand stays lightly clasped around my glass and doesn't move. If I take a chance and raise the glass to my lips, tilt my head back and take another gulp, I risk missing a few more words spoken with sparkling eyes by my old father –and those words are magic to me.

He continues to drink and smoke, laugh and joke, and I sit absorbing it all in pure delight. □



Gene Peterson



Heidi Green

Colors are the magic of  
The spectrum.  
For without colors, what would  
Life be?  
Would it be black?  
Black, the night, fear, death,  
And the unknown.  
Or what if life was green?  
Green, the springtime,  
Happiness, and life.  
Would there be light?  
Do colors affect us a lot?  
What if life was blue?  
Blue, moody, speculative,  
Withdrawn, and sadness.  
Why are colors reflections?  
What if life was red?  
Red, aggressive, forward,  
Hostile, and blood.  
Why do we see colors?

Jeff Moisan

Burgundy is wine,  
quiet and mellow,  
distant bolero, an evening  
in a mountain lodge.

Kellie Haden

Maroon is a ripe, sweet cherry,  
makes me feel soft and mellow.  
Maroon sounds like the ocean  
in the wintertime,  
feels like a sheepskin rug.  
Maroon tastes like good red wine,  
and smells like fresh mountain  
breezes.

Jeanne Demorest

# Colors

Red is a screaming color,  
Yellow invites you in,  
Green keeps you at a distance  
though you want to touch it,  
Black is a color you walk around,  
White is just there, easy to touch,  
Gray seems never to be there,  
though things wouldn't be the  
same without it,  
Orange says it's O.K.,  
Blue agrees and,  
Gold remains ever undulled,  
unchanged.

Leone Bicchieri

Gray is a horse, anxious  
to be off and gliding,  
like a low whistle  
it kisses your cheek  
and dissolves in the air.

Tom Lynch



Yellow is like a yamaha,  
sounds like a beautiful song,  
feels like an uncontrollable animal,  
and makes me crazy.

Brian Huppert

Orange is a leaf in the fall,  
crazy wandering and free, sounds  
like a purring cat,  
although it feels more like  
the claws.

Theresa Rice



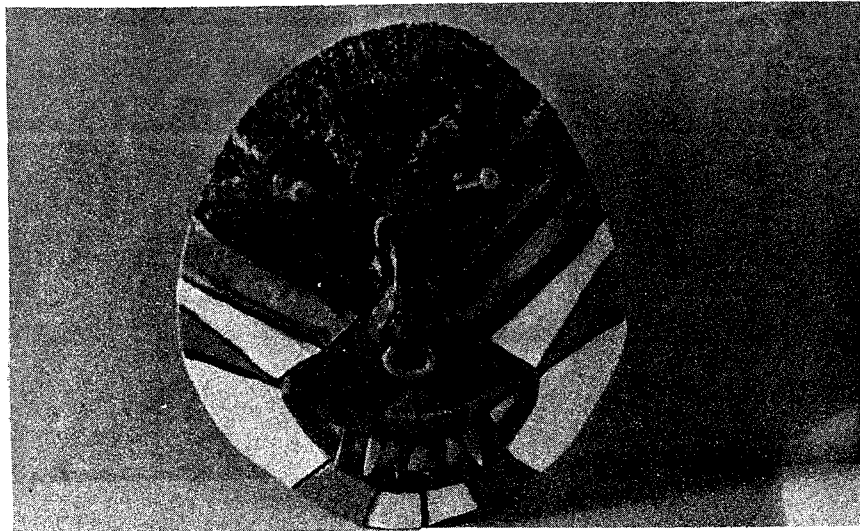
Peggy Brown

White is the first layer  
of snow, you play in it, freezing  
your hands, making snowmen.  
It is a night in the hills  
on your snowmobile  
sitting listening and not hearing  
a sound.

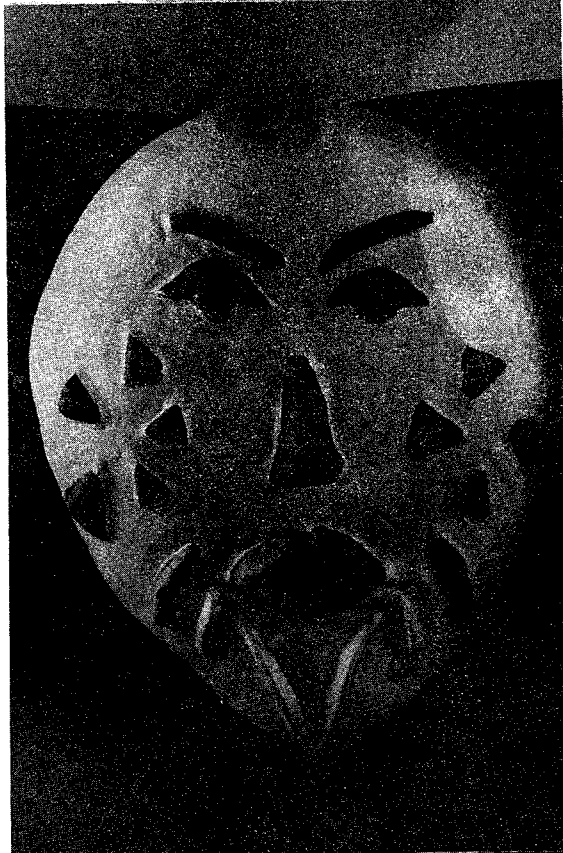
Dennis McPherson

Blue is a frozen lake in the forest,  
feels like losing your best  
friend slowly.  
Blue is a block of ice that is  
slowly melting,  
sounds like clanging pipes.

Jeanne Demorest



Jim Miller



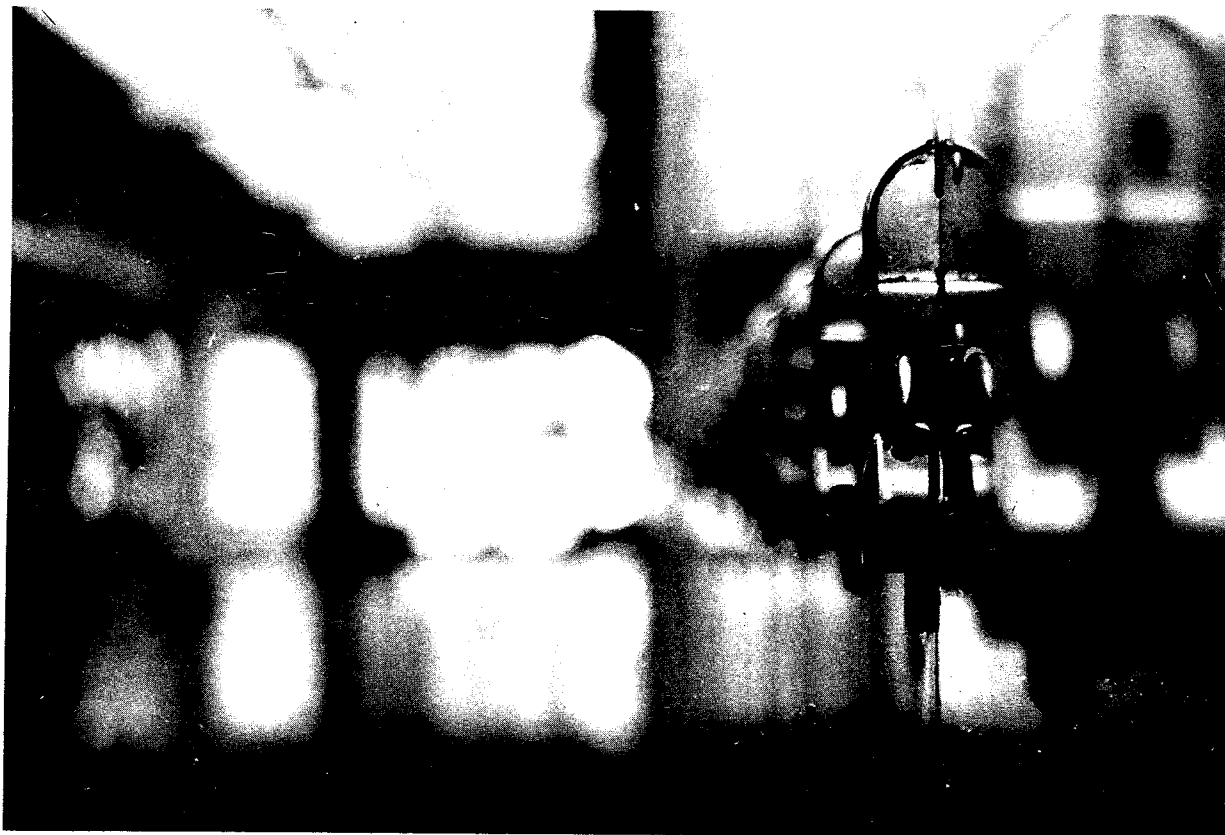
Lisa Pettigrew

My teeth are flexible and strong,  
my body is quite long,  
I see so many things in there  
that crawl and creep and wiggle.  
I am a comb.

Rick Stowell



Arlana Beckenhauer



Linda McBride

Black is as inviting  
as death, as lonely  
as the rolling thunder  
forever looking  
for a home.

Rolf Williams

I am a camera,  
seeing more than an eagle.  
My lens is long and my shutters  
click.  
I am often the center of attention  
because people love to get in  
front of me.  
I am a camera.

Rick Stowell

Fans

My collection of fans hangs haphazardly on my wall.  
Some of them, master pieces of netting, feathers, or lace.  
One, made of cardboard, pictures a young woman against  
a back drop of Old Glory.  
Big, bold--red, white and blue.  
Turned over for close inspection.  
What's this?  
Made in Japan!

Barbie Smith

In the darkest  
corner of my heart,  
there is a chill wind.  
I keep it locked away  
inside a little box,  
and,  
on occasion,  
when i have the strength,  
i venture to look in at it.  
But most often,  
i avoid the dread that lies there.

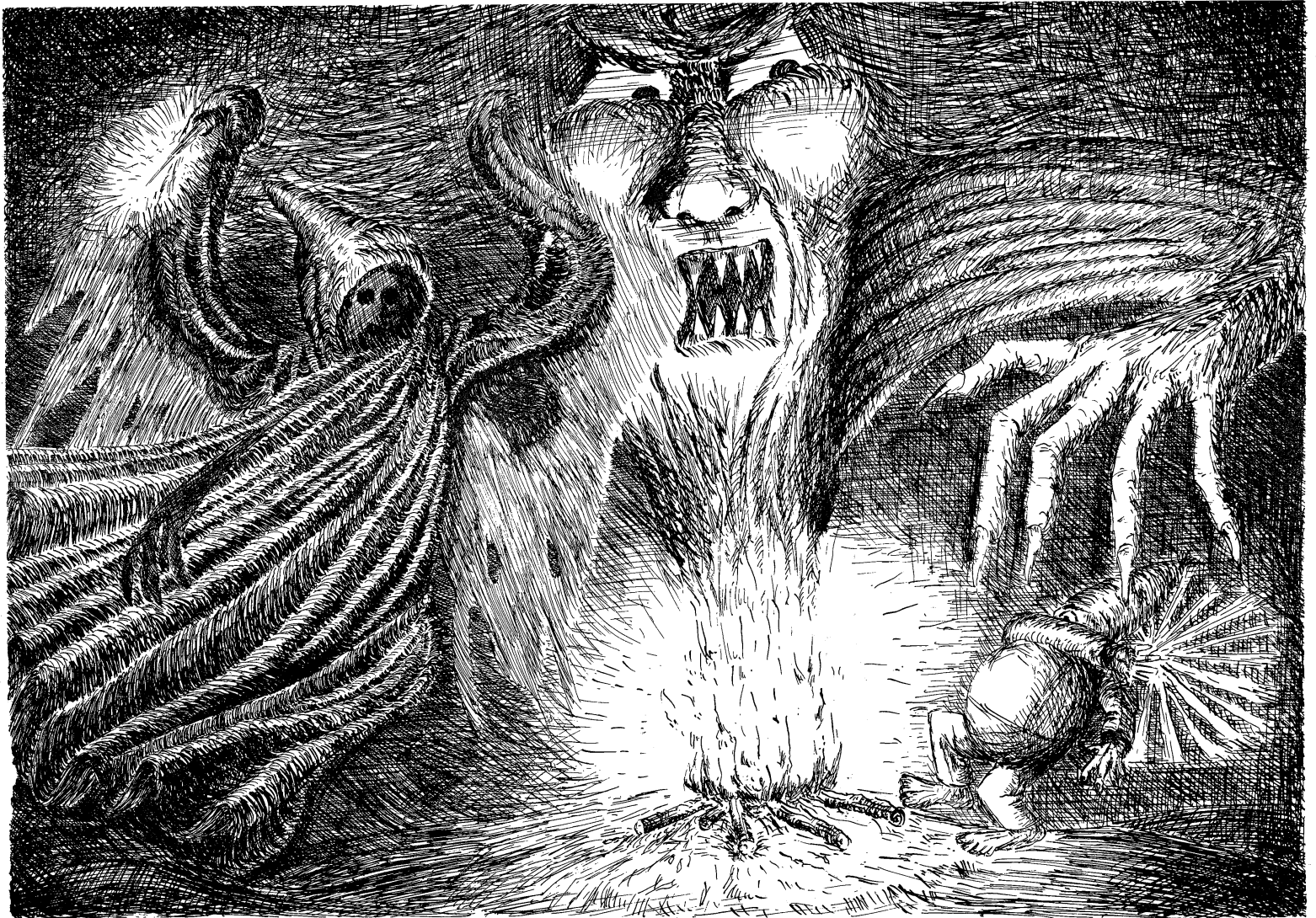
It is a fear  
about which i never speak.

Deborah Katz



drawing ing by Geir Flikke





Gran F. - 81

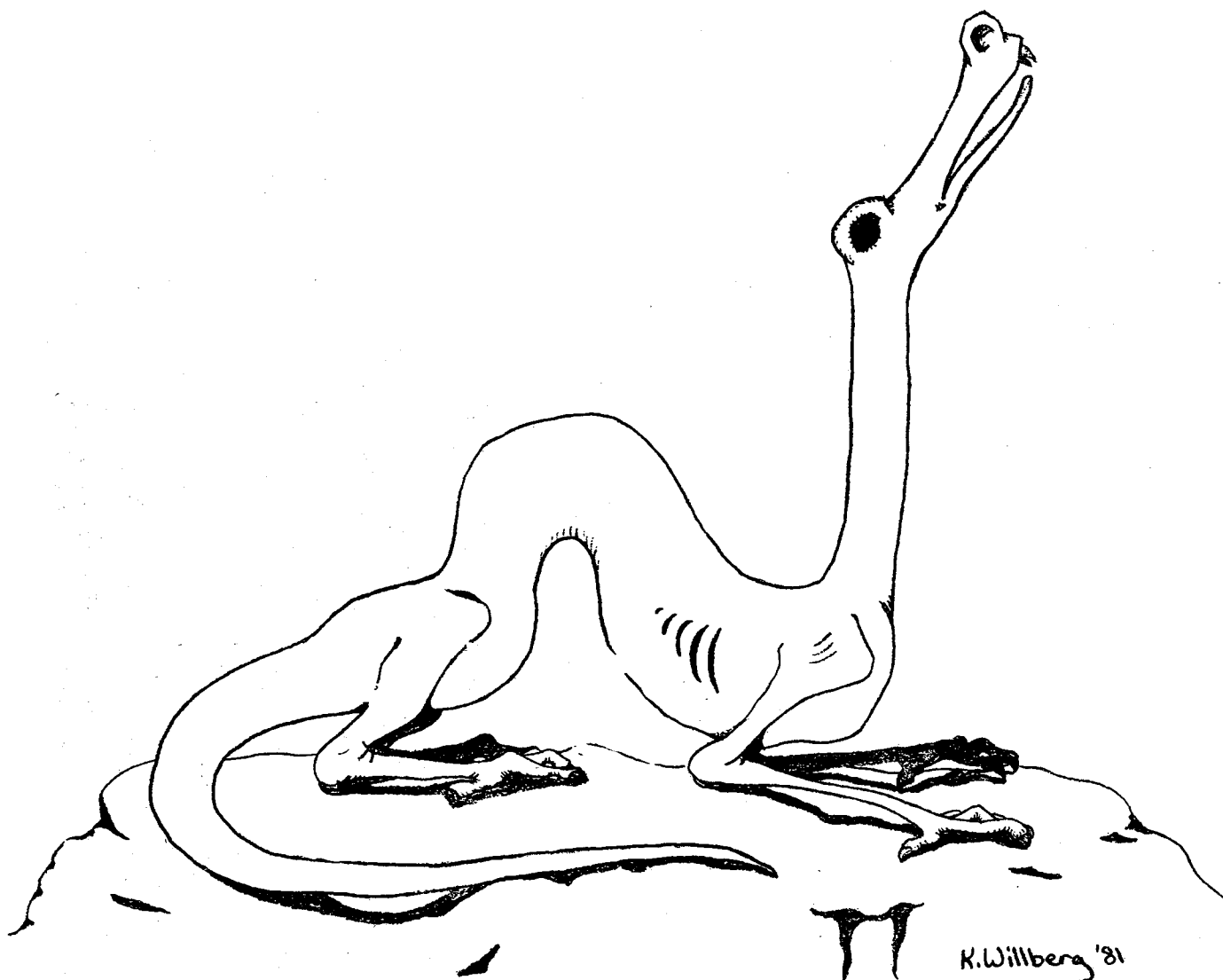
I am filled and colored and touched by fire.  
My scales glitter in the moonlight; and my wings are  
the wind.  
I am the kidnapper of kings, the guard of treasures  
stolen.  
My life is forever, and time is a meaningless word.

The Lord of Death did ride on my back, and no man  
could slay me.

But I, who have soared among the stars, doth now  
live within this frail body and my life is  
her death,  
but it does not matter,  
for I am a dragon called  
Moonbird,  
and I sail the stars.

Karen Brown

Krista Willberg





photos by Phil Klucking

I am Autumn  
my fruits I bring for all,  
the trees my chill amber,  
but my work is almost done.  
Then my sister winter shall  
do hers.

Jeanne Wick



# Views On Vantage

by Sarah Nelson

Many Ellensburg citizens believe that the only place to be on a melting hot summer's day is Vantage. Often, when people think of this place, they think of hot sand that burns their feet and the drone of high-powered speed boats off in the distance dragging windblown water-skiers. They picture the lush green grass of the park. They smell coconut oil in the warm air, and they imagine the feel of an inner tube that, when plopped into the water, dries and then fries them in a matter of minutes. I enjoy the river at these times, too.

However, if someone were to ask me when the most delightful time of the year was to go to Vantage, I would choose the dead of winter when the place looks forsaken and desolate. Summer-time bikinis are tucked away in the closet and everyone else is up on the pass skiing or curled up in an easy chair watching the Super Bowl. Then, the river reminds me of an empty stage, the actors gone home for the season.

At this time, my family and I take an old beat-up pickup truck and cross the bridge to the east side of the river where the rocks and the sand and the sagebrush paint a rugged picture.

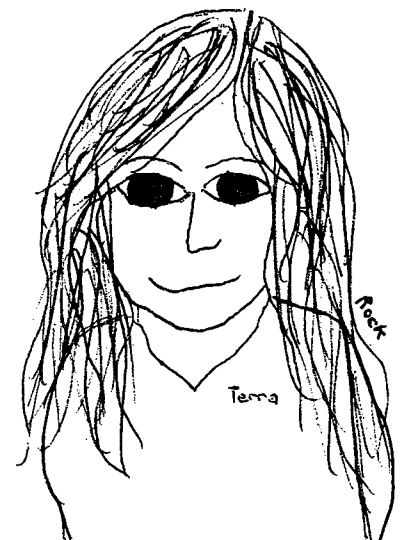


Gathering driftwood, we build a fire against a rock embankment. The wood smoke penetrates our clothing and hair, which leaves us smelling of the outdoors. On the fire, we heat some water and in doing so blacken the pan. We throw in some cocoa which is often either too strong or too weak and lumpy as well. We've brought a brown paper bag from Albertson's where we haphazardly purchased some hotdogs, an onion, a jar of mustard, buns, and some waxed cups. Somebody forgot the paper plates, and the only utensils we remembered to bring was a pocket-knife. The hotdogs taste like charcoal from being dropped one time too many in the ashes. One side of the bun is burned; the other side is still cold. Somehow, sand has gotten into the cocoa mixture, and when it's poured into the cups, a thin layer of wax forms on the surface resembling an oil slick. Nevertheless, the lumpy, sandy, waxy cocoa is also hot and steamy. We enjoy it. The food satisfies our hungry bodies.

After the meal and a short rest, we're ready for a climb among the rocks, a scramble up the sand or a walk along the water's edge. I gaze down at the river and try to think of how it would feel if I fell in with all my clothes on at this time of the year. The wind comes up and the river turns grey and choppy. Sand blows in my face. I think about being an Indian and surviving a winter out on the barren land. Some migrating ducks fly by overhead, and deep inside I get that lonesome feeling that comes when the raw wind howls, and the vastness of nature overwhelms me.

The sun begins to go down, and if it's a clear day, sets the river on fire with its orange rays. We gather up the remaining contents of our Albertson's shopping bag, toss them into the beat-up pickup truck and head for civilization.

As we're crossing the bridge, We spot a tiny canoe gliding silently along in the icy water. In it are two people crazy enough to be out on a day like this. We share a delight. □



sketches by Carl Ross

## Love

Love is like a flower  
It sprouts and it grows  
Little by little  
Until you wake up one morning and  
See how big it is, how beautiful, yet  
Fragile, but  
One slip, one mistake could mean ruin.  
Then you have nothing but remembrance  
And guilt.  
That is when love turns sour,  
Makes you want to forget it all  
And never get close again.  
It burns inside you,  
Until nothing is left, nothing to  
Offer nothing to receive.  
But you can't receive anything without giving  
Something.  
So you start again.  
Hoping and praying that it will be better  
Giving and receiving  
Love.

Michelle Gordon



Peggy Brown

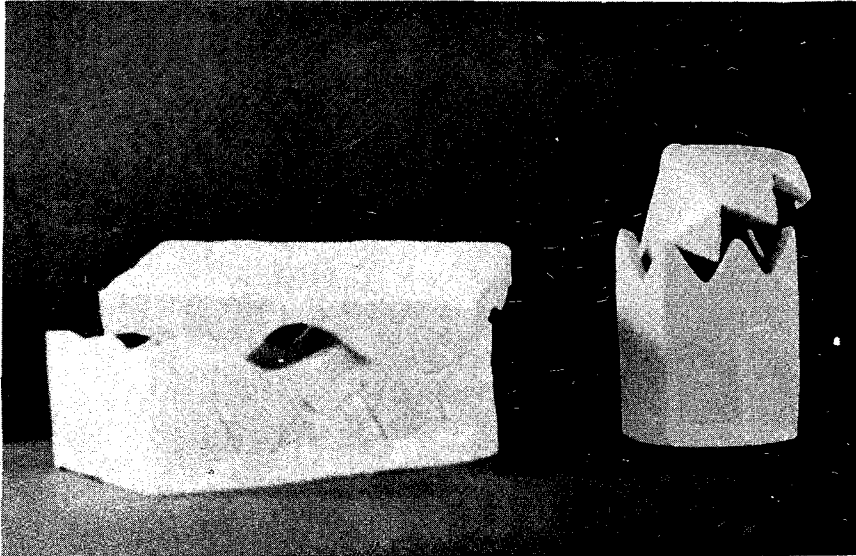


She was as warm as a furnace  
in the small shack.  
The heat was contagious  
spreading like a fever.  
The floor was a mirror,  
no blanket could disguise.  
The morning crept in  
to steal the night.  
The flame went out  
as he opened the door  
to let the wind come in.

Carl Ross

Kathy Messenger

Arjan Buersma

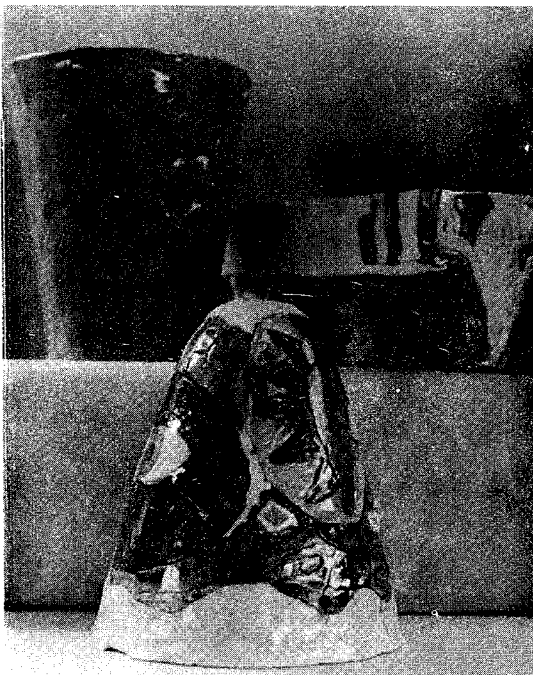


Pam Budan



Arjan Buersma

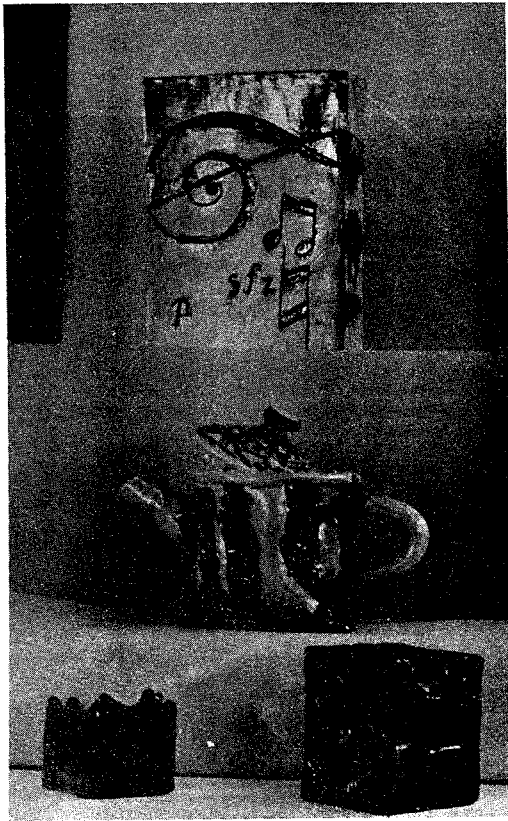
Mary Town



Diana Watt

Vibeke Soerensen

Kristi Miller

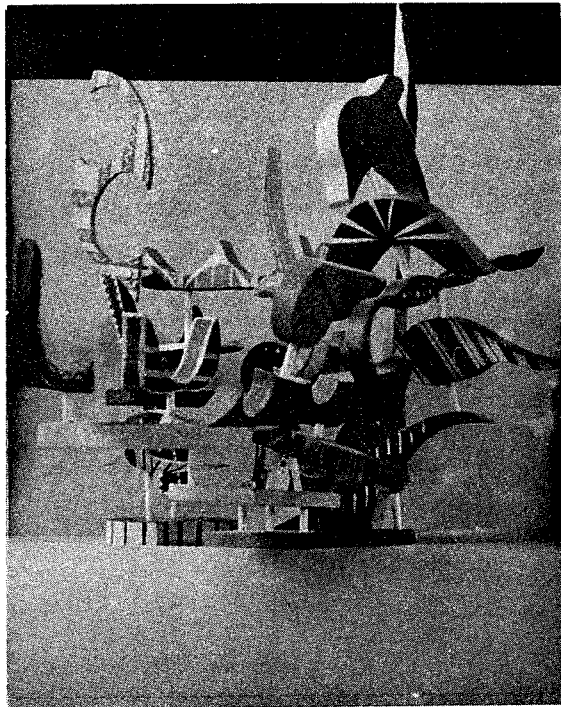


Kyle  
Willberg



Arlana Beckenhauer

Paul Gauron



Anne Miller

## Sleeping Beauty

My bed is the home of my conscience.  
When lying there at night, when thoughts are too  
numerous  
to forget, I cannot help myself but to feel badly  
about thoughtless words, careless actions, pain.  
When sleep does come, it is sometimes fitful,  
The mind puts more of the unfettered thoughts into  
the recesses of my mind where nothing save sleep  
can return it to consciousness.  
When morning comes early, the vigil from the night  
prods me on the conclusions my bed has  
sent me towards.  
For that day I am ready.

Scott Sparks



IS THERE LIFE BEFORE DEATH?  
DO PEOPLE REALLY LIVE BEFORE  
THEY EXPERIENCE THAT CRACK  
IN THEIR OWN COSMIC UNIVERSE?  
ARE WE TRULY ALIVE, UNTIL WE  
ARE SEIZED BY THIS MIND CONSUMING  
CONCEPT, OPENING DOORS PREVIOUSLY  
UNKNOWN, FOLLOWING PATHWAYS  
LEADING TO OUR SUBCONSCIOUS?  
OR CAN LIFE SIMPLY BE JUST BEING  
ALIVE, BELIEVING ONLY WHAT  
WE WANT TO BELIEVE, NEVER  
TRYING TO COMPREHEND SEEMINGLY  
UNREAL THEORIES, ALWAYS  
LOOKING AT THE WORLD THROUGH  
TUNNEL VISION?  
WHAT IS LIFE, BEFORE WE  
PROJECT A BEAM OF LIGHT INTO  
OUR DARK FOREST OF SUBCONSCIOUSNESS  
FROM OUR CLEARING OF LOGIC?

JEFF MOISAN



She is Fall always unpredictable,  
She is country music  
She is a tuba when she's mad.  
She is a little cottage sitting on top of  
a hill.  
She is New York City always moving.  
She is a big long couch taking up  
a lot of room.  
She is a hot fudge sundae  
She is a big truck going up a steep hill.

John Hightower

He is winter on the ski-slopes and summer  
in the sun.  
He is easy rock and roll on warm summer nights.  
He is a good acoustic guitar played by nimble  
fingers.  
He is a sleek silver Ferrari on the by ways of  
the mind.  
He is a Carribean Sea - blue and deep and clear.  
He is Luxomborg in spring time.  
He is "Saturday Night Live" it's jokes and songs and cheers.  
He is chocolate mousse and apple pie.  
He is Tahoe in the winter.  
He is a maple tree in Fall.

Kelli Haden

Thinking of you  
on a cold rainy day  
hoping you can hear  
each word that I say.

The raindrops remind me  
of fears that I've cried,  
the greyness brings memories  
of the day that you died.

I wish you were still here,  
this is your home  
I need you to guide me  
I'm so lost and alone

You've always been there  
when something was wrong  
I have no one to turn to  
now that your gone.

I know I should keep smiling  
and I'm supposed  
to be brave,  
but I'm hurting inside for  
the love that you gave.

I can't live any longer  
with the pressures I face  
I want to be with you  
I know it's my place.

I've thought it over  
and I've made up my mind  
I'm going to jump off  
the first bridge that I find.

I know you'll be angry,  
but please understand  
Daddy it's been a long time  
since I've held your hand.

Tana Thomason

# She Wouldn't Mind



by Sophia Eberhart

Jacob called the other day. He says to Mama that he quit his job down in Mackintosh. Don't suppose he really cared that much about his work. I heard from Sammy (that's my sister, Miranda Sue, she was listening on the other line when Jacob called) that he's planning to go back to school, though how he'll pay for it when he quit his job, I just don't know.

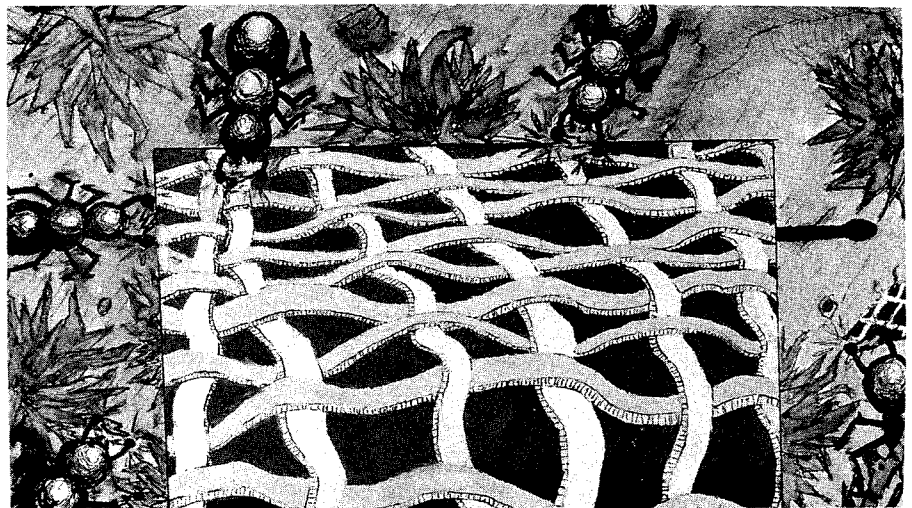
When he was home a few summers ago, he managed to get a job at the station-house sorting freight. Even that wasn't of his own doing. I had a friend, worked at Andy's Groceries and Dry Goods Store. He had the job all lined up for me, taking inventory at the railway yard. But no, the minute Jacob gets home, they all just know I'd be more than happy to help out my aspiring older brother. "After all," Sammy said, "You've got your vegetables to sell." As if I can make anything off of that! And when he wasn't at the station, he'd meet his buddies at the card room.

Well, after I finish this correspondence course, I'll see if I can't move to Aunt Janny's. She's Mama's sister, looks and sounds exactly like Miranda Sue. She came by last October for a visit. The day she arrived I was in the mending room. I heard Sam shriek about the cat on the table. You see, I had put it in for its milk and wormer medicine, then got busy on my green crepe blouse. Well, I guess it hopped up on the table, but Miranda Sue never made such a fuss before, and I yelled out just what I thought about her to do. You've never seen such a storm as when Aunt Janny stomped into the room. "Young lady," she said, "I'll thank you to mind your tongue and have a little respect for your betters in this house! Farm animals belong outside!" She carried on for a while about plucked chickens on the kitchen table and not cats, and by the time she ran out of air, I had the last button stitched. Well, now I always check to see which one has spoken before I say anything back.

I gave Aunt Janny my biggest pumpkin when she left that fall. She was all dressed up in her starched travel suit when I came running up from the patch. I was afraid she'd leave before I got the pumpkin to her, so I only took time enough to give it a quick rinse from the garden pump. I could tell she was tickled to pieces, but her mouth turned down and then I saw the muddy water trickling from her sleeves. Mama told me later that Janny always hated pumpkin pie.

I am sure she wouldn't mind having me for a while. But, now that I think about it, maybe I had better find out from old Andy what vegetables he wants this year. □

Pedro Bicchieri



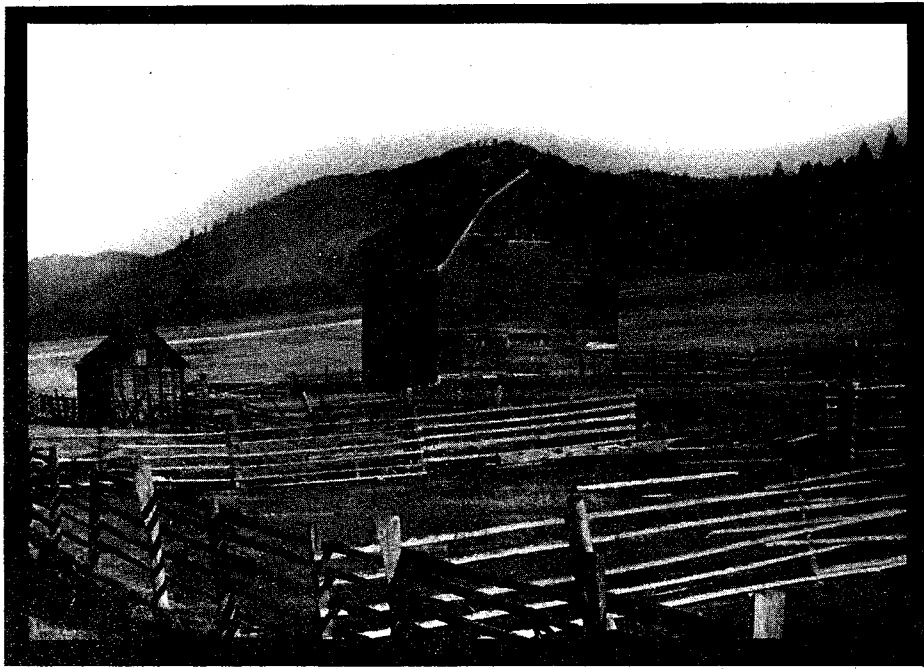


photo by Dee Ann Yuskoff

# My Grand - father

by Heidi Weitz

The screen door slams shut quickly as an old man enters the house. He removes his dusty jacket and manure-stained boots near the kitchen so he doesn't get the carpet dirty. He strolls to the bedroom to change his clothes before relaxing with a cup of coffee in his favorite chair.

His slightly-bent frame has remained remarkably erect for a man his age. His broad shoulders are clothed by a thin white shirt that snugly conceals his slightly-protruding stomach. It is neatly tucked into a pair of faded Levis that fit him loosely, but are held up by a western belt. His left pocket is called home for a can of chew.

He insists upon wearing a pair of worn slippers that barely cover his feet, even though his grandchildren buy him an abundant supply each Christmas.

The deep crevases lining his tanned face and neck were obviously earned by long, sweaty hours in the sun. The few silver hairs left on his balding head are slicked back to reveal his generously-proportioned ears.

He views the world through eyes once bright and sparkling with ambition that have been worn and tamed by time. But every so often, a child-like grin brightens up his face to prove that body and soul are not one.

One can often find him telling stories of the yesteryear. But that was the past, and over the years he, too, has slowly been modernized. He no longer lives on the multi-acre ranch he once owned. He and his wife of fifty years live in a middle-class brick house in the city, now. A few years back, he traded in his old red pick-up for a shiny, new Chevy that he drives everyday to what he calls "the Farm". The farm consists of a few acres out of town where he keeps several cows and an aging horse named Gin-Gin. "Gin-Gin" was one of the best stallions around," he boasts as he proudly displays many ribbons and trophies to back up his word. That was 25 years ago, and he still treats the old horse with respect. This old friend, a feeble reminder of his past, has been hanging on longer than anyone thought likely and when he dies, I think part of the old man will, too.

Like so many other older people, he is wedged between the past and the future. He holds on to yesterday, but realizes that his best days are gone. This is a man who once held the promise of the future in his hands, but now holds the memory of the past in his heart. His teeth maybe false, but the smile that surrounds them is surely on worn by a man content with the life he has lived.

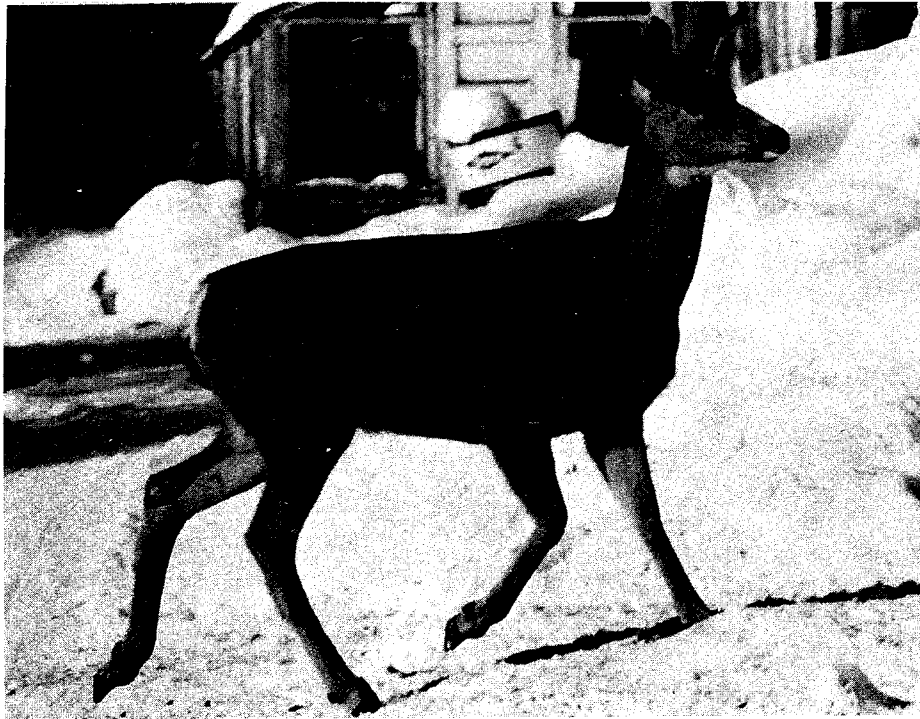


photo by Diane Martens

As lightning flashes,  
black clouds rumble in the sky  
while the canoe sinks.

Rachel Richardson

I am the most important one.  
I am used more often  
Than any of my 25 cousins.  
I am one of the "special 5".  
My dad is big and impressive.  
And so are his brothers, my uncles.  
At first glance,  
I may appear small  
And unimportant.  
But I am the most important one.  
I am used most often.  
I am a little "e".

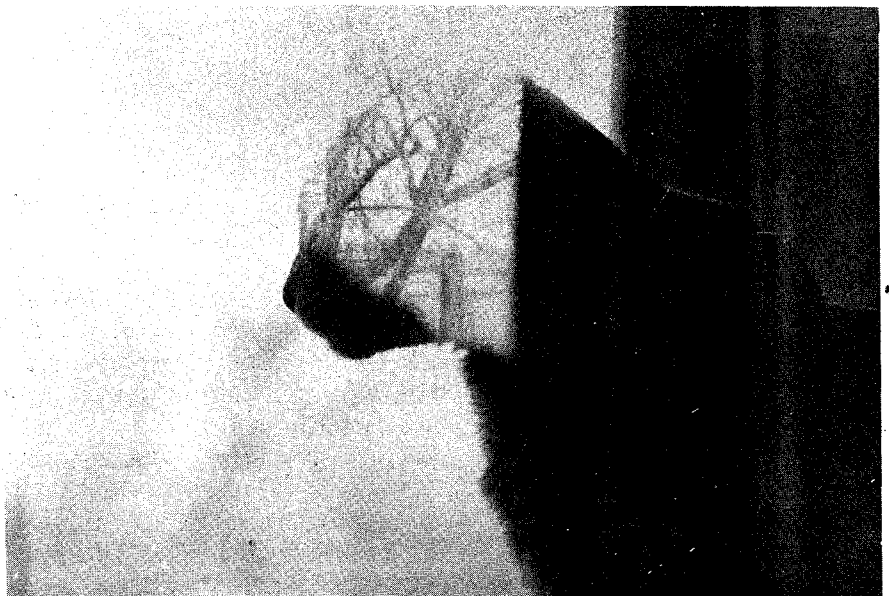


photo by Linda McBride

Tana De Vietti



photo by Linda McBride

The travel-weary dog whimpers  
as he runs into  
the heavy-laden tree of leaves  
that grows as does the sickness of a child  
when he plays  
in the colorless house  
on the corner lot  
which stands amongst  
the sinister reflections of time.

Dawn Petre

Ardent apples abound aplenty  
but bananas bruise badly because  
customers cruelly crush  
delicately delivered dainties,  
especially every edible  
fruit. Frequently fresh  
grapes get gulped greedily  
hardly handling half.  
Indians incise  
jujubes joyously  
kindly keeping  
laughing loud.  
Many mashed mangos make  
nasty no-nos  
often on one's pants. Pretty peaches  
quietly  
rest remaining south. Some  
tangy tangerines tumble  
unrelentlessly upward, usually  
violently.  
While watermelons weakly wash  
xenon  
yielding  
zirconium.



Cathy Bellande

We shall be served well--  
better than most.  
People will love us  
and give us great admiration.  
We shall survive  
annihilation.  
We will live on  
and on  
and  
on .

Michelle Gordon

# Genesis -

## The Last Chapter

- I In the end man cut down the trees and killed the vegetation and he saw that it was good and that evening and that day was the first.
- II And man polluted the streams and rivers, and man littered the oceans and saw that it was good and the evening and that day was the second.
- III And man strip-mined the mountains and drilled the valleys and filled the earth with waste and saw that it was good. And that evening and that day was the third.
- IV And man clouded the skys and polluted the air so no light would show and he saw that it was good. That evening and that day was the fourth.
- V And man destroyed the land animals and he shot the fowl and he saw that it was good. That evening and that day was the fifth.
- VI And man killed the fish of the sea and destroyed the ocean life and saw that it was good. And that evening and that day was the sixth.
- VII And on the seventh day man rested and God looked down on the earth and destroyed man and earth and it was good.

Rick Hutchins



Sophia Eberhart

You know me,  
My cloak ebony and silver,  
How it glitters and shines.

You know me,  
Birds don't sing,  
But candles burn for me.

You know me,  
I chill your blood,  
I rejoice at sunset.

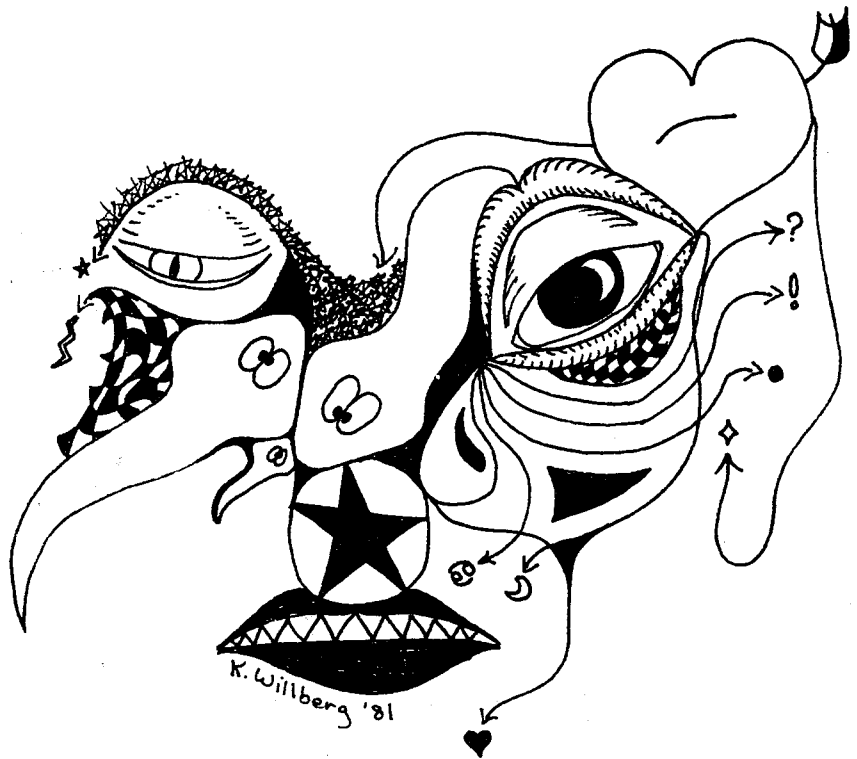
You know me,  
I'm hailed with blood  
And sent off by crimson  
Light.

You know me,  
Ghosts appear with me,  
You fear my mystery.

You know me,  
And I certainly know you.

You know me,  
I am the night.

Gwen Weidenbach



Krista Willberg

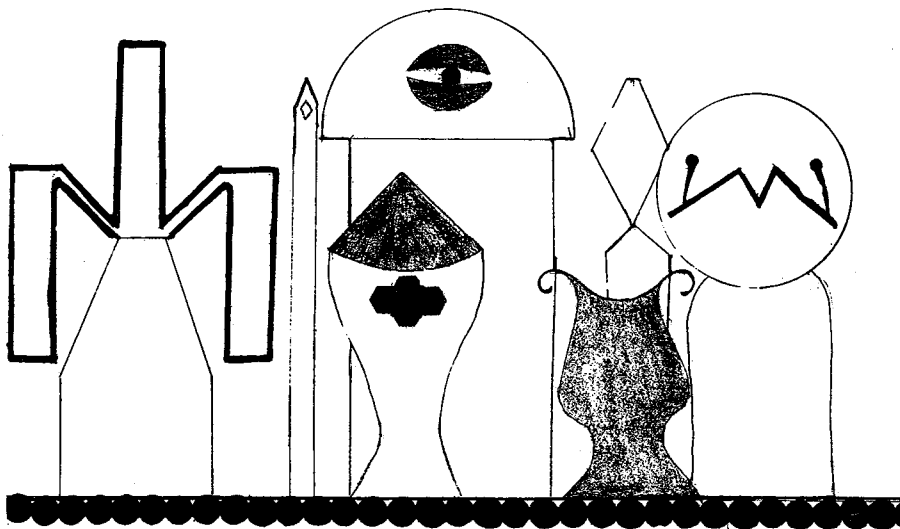
Black

Black is a dungeon,  
a frightening experience,  
an eerie moan,  
a sharp tingling pain,  
an execution,  
an awful smell,  
O.J. Simpson (Hertz),  
a hole in space,  
the coming of Death,

the bite of a count  
(Dracula),  
the coming of doom  
the witching hour,  
an organ in a low mood,  
the element of surprise,  
a '62 ford,  
a "honda", a "dodge",  
agony, Death by decap-  
itation,  
embarassment,  
flunking English, a

lynch  
mob.

Scott Johnson



Leslie Wright



The shriveled old man in a church  
full with darkness,  
just an ugly face in a world with  
no hope.  
Just looking in his eyes, you can  
see the fear plaguing his life.  
“Why?” cried the tear stained face.  
“Why?” echoed throughout the  
empty, cold church.  
His aged, wrinkled hands slowly  
clasped together as he mumbled  
some shaky words that could  
not be understood but to the  
old man himself.  
As he left the church you could  
clearly see him in a ray of  
light,  
heading for the door,  
Strolling, strolling  
strolling, strolling  
in his wheelchair.

Trisha Ooka

### Candle of Tomorrow

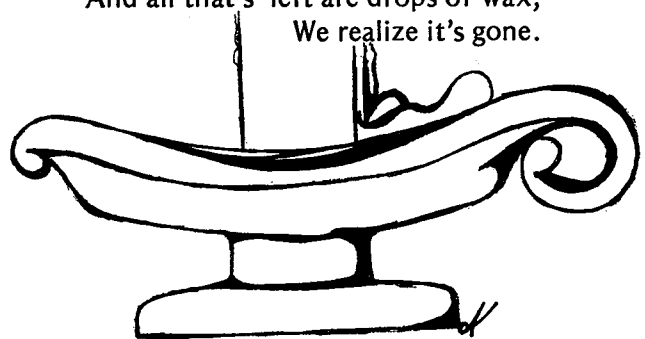


Heidi Weitz

While lighting the candle of tomorrow,  
And blowing out the past,  
We somehow overlook today  
And all the light it casts.

As today's flame too quickly starts,  
It also quickly dies.  
And even though we hold it near,  
Tomorrow's dances in our eyes.

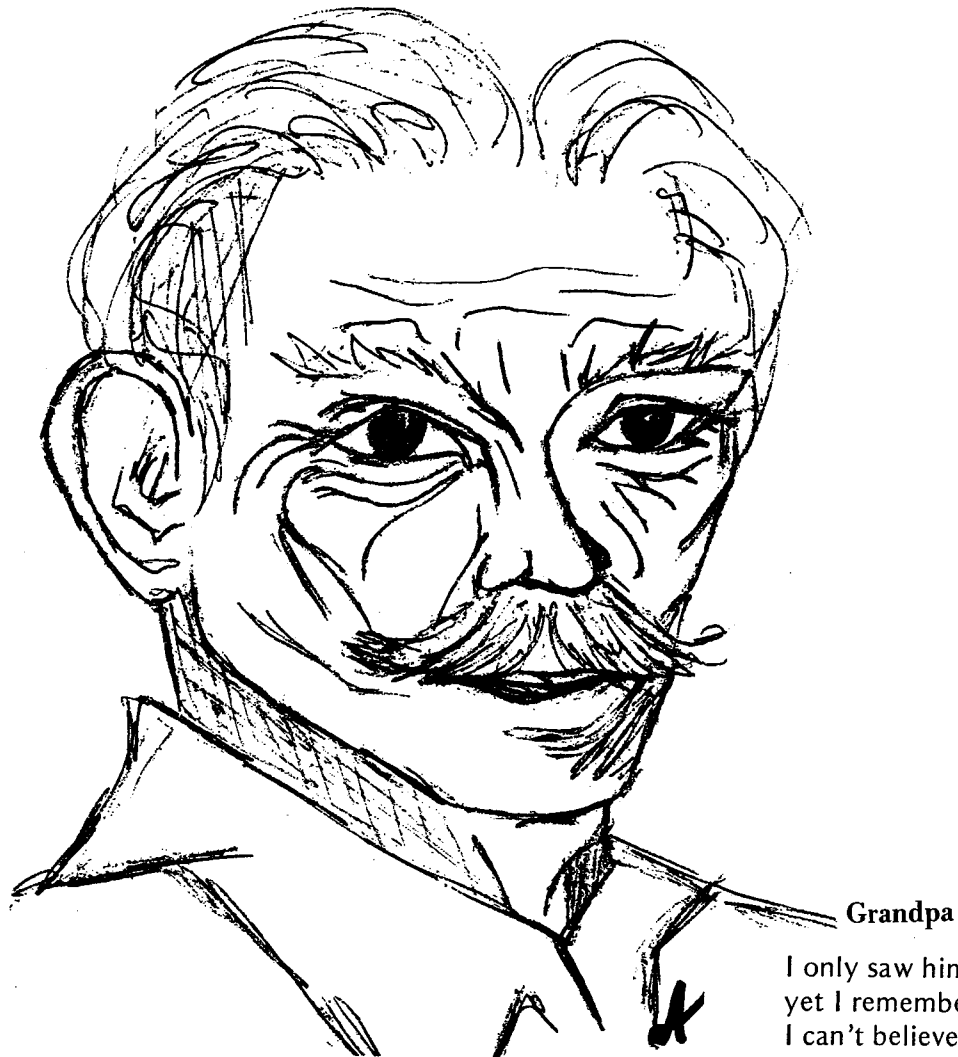
For when we see that today  
No longer flickers on,  
And all that's left are drops of wax,  
We realize it's gone.



## Thoughts of a Grandfather

It's so nice  
she only saw me twice,  
yet she remembers me.  
She can't believe I shaved  
my new beard just  
for a goodbye kiss.  
But what's a beard for  
my little granddaughter?  
And my son even cried  
when he heard I was gone.  
So nice.

Leslie Wright



Deborah Katz

Grandpa

I only saw him twice,  
yet I remember him.  
I can't believe he shaved  
his new beard just  
for a goodbye kiss.  
"What's a new beard compared  
to my little granddaughter?"  
When we heard  
Grandpa was gone,  
Dad cried.  
The first I'd ever seen.

Leslie Wright

Does time ever stand still,  
Like a warped board traveling at light speed?  
Or does time fly when you're having fun,  
Like the soaring spirit of an eagle on a cool,  
Windy spring day when you feel you could  
Explode with energy?  
Does time tell? Or do you?  
Does time mend heartbreaks, heal wounded  
egos, and knit bones together?  
Or does time leave you harsh and bitter,  
Senile, and racked with arthritis?  
Is time the healer?  
Or is time the ravager?  
Is time cruel?  
Or is time tender?  
I say yes.

Jeff Moisan



photos by Peggy Brown



This is the shattered house.

These are the thoughts  
that the shattered house thinks.

Where is the pathway  
of the thoughts  
that the shattered house thinks?

This is the boy  
that followed the pathway  
of the thoughts  
that the shattered house thinks.

This is the man  
that punished the boy  
for following the pathway  
of the thoughts  
that the shattered house thinks.

Marshall Luke

# Waffle - Stomping

The heavy, rompous thumping of my soles,  
whether in gravel pits  
or stubbornly moving along the sticky floor  
of the movie theater.

The uncomfortable touch  
of chewing gum wedging  
itself deep within my grooves  
and the thick, crusty dusted layer  
of mud running up  
my tearing arches.

It's a hectic life but I know I'll soon  
be discarded  
just like all the rest  
into a world of peace and tranquility  
which will take away  
all pain.

Lori Owen



Brendon Ressler

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