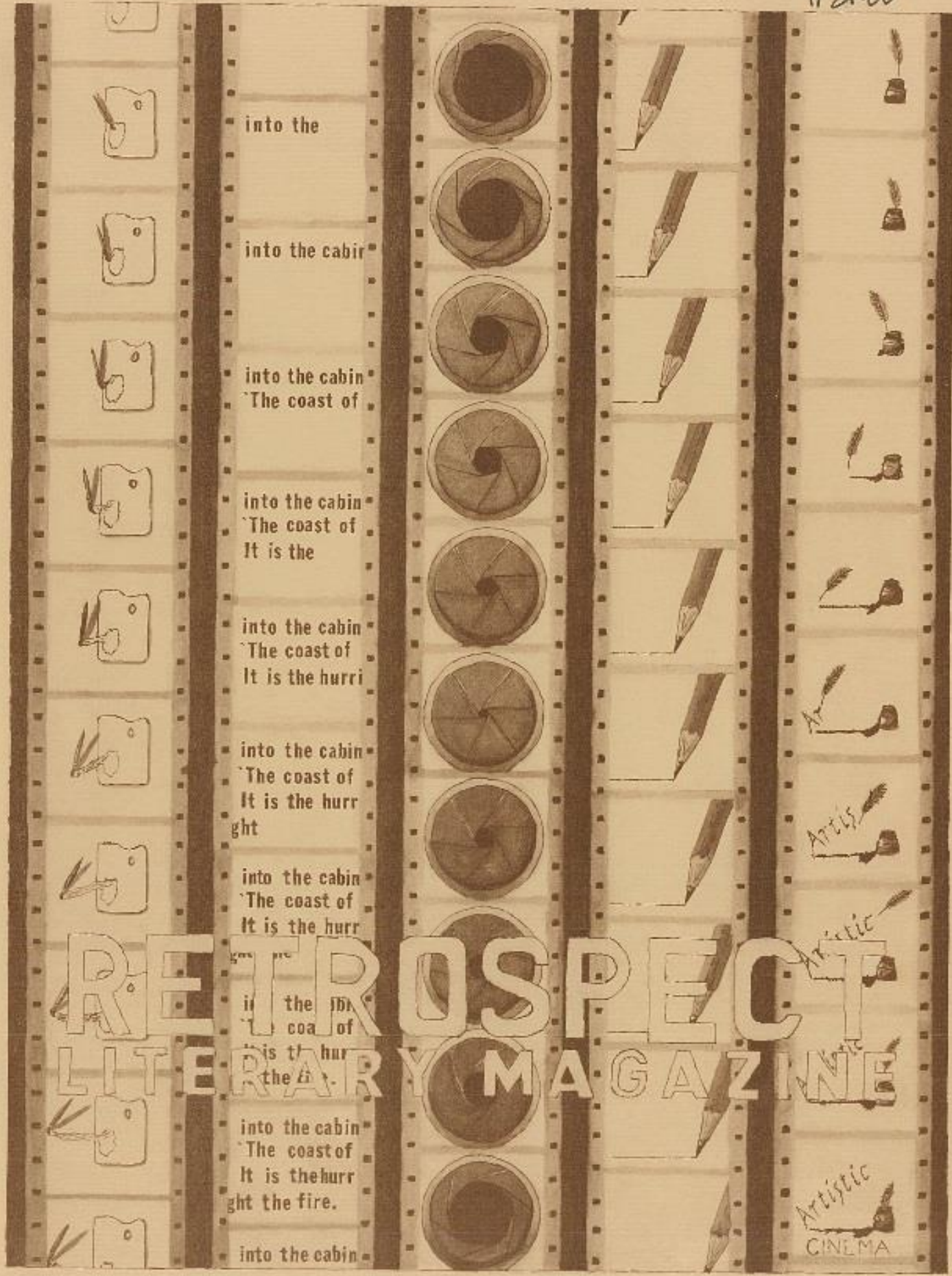


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RETROSPECT LITERARY MAGAZINE

Artistic
CINEMA

RETROSPECT

Art Literary Magazine

1986

ARTISTIC CINEMA

Volume 12

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Stephanie Moe

Director

Joy Lessard

Printer

Jeff Grover

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Theme and Cover

By Kevin Chase

Layout by Alutant Staff

TRACIE BRANTLEY, KEVIN CHASE, MEGAN DAHL, BRIAN DERRICK, TARA DIKEMAN,
SHANNON GAIRSON, MUNDI HAMILTON, KERRY HURT, BARBARA MANN, STEPHANIE MOE,
LYNN MOORE, LARA NESSELROAD, MOLLY NISBET, SAMANTHA SWAIN, TYE THOMPSON,
AND GINA UNKRUR.

ACT ONE

Writing

Justice on Adobe Ridge

As I came to the top of the ridge, open country spread out below me. Miles and miles of territory all to myself, or so I thought. It was getting dark mighty fast. There was some old adobe casas somewhere on this ridge, I'd camp there fer the night. In the mornin' I'd make for Mexico.

I was near the richest man in the union, and planned to keep it that way. Me, Joe, Kep, and Smith had robbed a bank back in Santa Fe. I saw it in their eyes, I knew they was gonna double-cross me, I shot 'em all. That taught them not to even think about duping me, Elder Roan. Then I took every last bit a gold. The law would never find me, I was goin' to Mexico.

Just ahead, in the half-dark, was the casas. Few walls were high enough to hide a horse or even block the wind, but I'd make do.

After unpacking the gold, I tied my horse to a bush inside the wall. I smiled as I thought of how stinkin' rich I was. Hearing the crunch of boot on rock, I grabbed fer my gun. But before I could clear the holster, I felt the business end of a pistol at my head.

"Drop it, Roan. Turn around— — —keep your hands where I can see 'em."

It was Kep.

My mouth dropped open. How...?

"Shut up and build a fire."

Kep stood back and watched me gather wood.

"It was my woman who saved me, Roan," he began, "She dug the bullet out and patched me up. She were furious you stole the gold. I don't know if it were me or the gold she was so stirred up about. 'Course I ain't healed yet, but I had to git here before you."

"But how...?"

"Remember when we was talkin' about gettin' to Mexico after the robbery? It were before you shot Smith and Joe and me. You talked about this place and I knowed you'd have no reason to change your mind, Smith and Joe bein' dead. My woman, she said if I didn't come after you, she would. But I wanted to see you die, nice and slow. I road fast and hard to get here, but it was worth it. To see you..."

Just then I saw my chance, Kep was caught up in hisself, not watchin' me. I pitched a handful of sand toward his eyes. I jumped him, knocked him to the ground. Before he could move, I grabbed his gun and stov in his head.

As I lit the fire, I put some coffee to brewin'. After I brought the gold over by the fire, I thought of all those pretty, flowered senoritas I would have. God, was I rich!

When the coffee was ready, I poured some into my tin cup. The fire sparkled like gold, like MY gold.

Suddenly, the cup was kicked from my hand. Surprised and angry, I looked up in time for a foot to hit me in the jaw, and knocked me backwards.

Cold and hard, a double-barreled shot gun poked tight against my throat. At the other end of the gun stooed a black haired woman in a buckskin dress.

She drew back both hammers.

"Bastard," she said, and pulled the trigger.

By Karen Strausbaugh

In the Glass Cage

Crystal-like souls
shatter at the
sounds
of the moaning
winds.
It whistles and
cracks
the backs
of old-age wishes
and honor
once known, is
found again
in its mourning
cries.

I mourn for
it,
trapped as it is
in the glass cage.
It sees its
captor.
It is bound to
cry with rage
forever.

They can read
its cries
They can master
its fears.
They can calm
its hurricane of
pain,
They can show it
love,
They can show it
life,
They can show
the truth
to those that
are willing to
believe.

Crystal-like souls
shatter at the
sounds
of the mourning
winds.

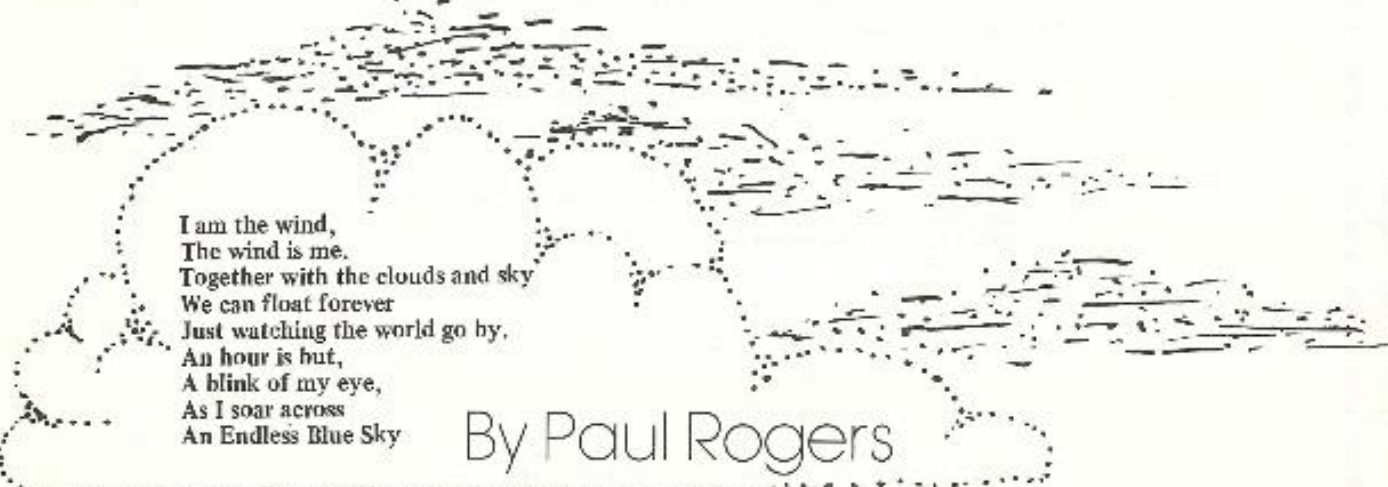
By Rachel Papadopoulos

By Paul Rogers

The Stars

Have you ever gazed
Upon the stars,
The ones way out there
By the Planet Mars,
Upon clear nights,
The stars, shine bright,
They are always there,
Just for you and me.
Perhaps they are
The only thing,
That is forever free.
For they belong
Not to you or me
But to a planet
Named Mars
That we cannot
Even see.
Just remember this
As you gaze into the night,
Everyone can see the stars,
But only a few can see the light.

The Wind



I am the wind,
The wind is me,
Together with the clouds and sky
We can float forever
Just watching the world go by,
An hour is but,
A blink of my eye,
As I soar across
An Endless Blue Sky

By Paul Rogers

The American Dream

Wailing like a beaten child, the god-awful sirens lifted me from my daze and made me realize where I was. It was April 6, 1996, and I was sitting on a bench in downtown Seattle staring dumbly at a newspaper and waiting for the transpoliner. A bit disoriented, I shifted my gaze to the chaos around me. People, their eyes wide open and their faces wiped clear of any features, showing only the gaping look of terror, flew past me in all directions. A vague feeling of fear gnawed at my stomach, but my initial response was to laugh at such a sight. The people resembled ants scuttling around an anthill after a burning match had been carelessly tossed upon it.

I started to laugh but a strangled scream gurgled from my throat instead. Now I saw what had frightened the people so; now I say the “burning match” that had made the ants scurry. Above the beautiful skyline of Seattle at sundown rose the cloud of death. Spreading higher and higher into the sky, the pulsating mass glowed magenta, deep purple, and crimson. Shaped like a mushroom, it rolled and pushed outward. It was the cloud of a nuclear bomb. As if in a dream, I slowly rose to my feet to join the mass of people running for safety.

I began to dizzily run but realized I forgot my briefcase. “Important papers, McClellan case. Do work . . . tonight,” I mumbled. I turned around, but it was gone. I was no longer even near the transpoliner stop, where I caught the 6:47 shuttle every night to go home. There was no bench nor briefcase.

Confused, I turned again and began to walk. The sirens kept wailing louder and louder. As I stared with eyes and mouth wide open, others shot past me in all directions, bumping me occasionally. I saw flashes of light and my mind was spinning as I walked numbly forward.

A shield of blackness covered my eyes, and I saw only black with bright splashes of color appearing for seconds at a time, then disappearing. I saw dots, like the ones on the TV screen when it’s not properly tuned. I heard terrible screams and moans, and children crying out for their parents. Over the top of the waves of sound that hurt my ears rode the screaming, ceaseless sirens.

As the mist of blackness dissipated from in front of my eyes, I saw dim forms in the strange red glow. Crouched in a corner of a gray, dusty room I trembled. The sirens were now a bit quieter, but they hurt my ears and pierced my heart with fear.

For the first time in this holocaust I became aware of the figures around me. They were other survivors like me. Dressed in tattered garments now blackened and sooty, they were disheveled and disoriented. A deep, painful ache ran through my chest as I wondered where my wife Amy and daughter Rachel were. I squeezed my eyes shut to hold back tears.

The figures in the room were mumbling. We sat encircling a small fire that kept us warm. Mesmerized by the flames, I listened to the pieces of conversation I could hear over the wailing of the sirens. The voices faded in and out and the flames flickered before my eyes.

“Rotten Russians,” one voice croaked. It then coughed and spit up blood.

“If I could only . . .” another started, but the rest of the sentence was overpowered by the sirens. Could only what?

“I’d zap ‘em like zits!” shrieked the filthy figure of a fifty-year-old man with radiation burns covering his whole face. Blisters were oozing and his gaping mouth was the only recognizable portion of his face.

“ . . . step on the dirty mothers like ants. . . .” “roast ‘em and serve ‘em to my dog!” “Slowly and painfully I’d. . .” the voices echoed and reverberated. The flames shot higher and higher and their voices grew louder and louder. “I’d cut them apart, piece by piece!” yelled a man with only a bloody stump where his left hand had once been.

“Why?” I tried to ask, but no sound would come. With such death and destruction – could none of them see what was around us? Why should another human being have to suffer? Couldn’t the understand that every person, be they African, American, Russian, Chinese, Italian, Polish, or Australian has as much value as the next? “We’re all equal!” I tried to shout but could only grunt. Death is the answer to nothing! In disbelief I realized that these men, in pain and dying, could only wish more suffering on others of their own race. A wave of despair swept over me as I realized that the human nature places more importance on revenge than it does on love for others. Competition receives more importance than does cooperation.

The voices around me carried on, louder and louder, circling my head and growing into a solid sound that soon matched the pitch of the sirens. The flames licked greedily at the scraps of wood and metal, and I felt more alone than ever in my life. I watched the fire intently – it’s beauty, depth, and mystery excited me. It glowed colors. It danced and wavered. Suddenly, I thrust my body into the flames.

I jolted awake, sweat pouring from every inch of my body and a strangled scream coming from my throat. Quietly I turned off the stove burner where the tea pot was whistling its wail-like tune. I refolded the newspaper and crushed out my cigarette. Silently I crept upstairs to where Amy and Rachel were sleeping peacefully.

Glancing out the window, I saw the dew on the grass and the golden sun just peeking from beyond the horizon, it’s light turning the sky a multitude of different colors. I leaned over and kissed Amy goodnight. Then I cried myself to sleep.

By Megan Dahl

A Child's Mind

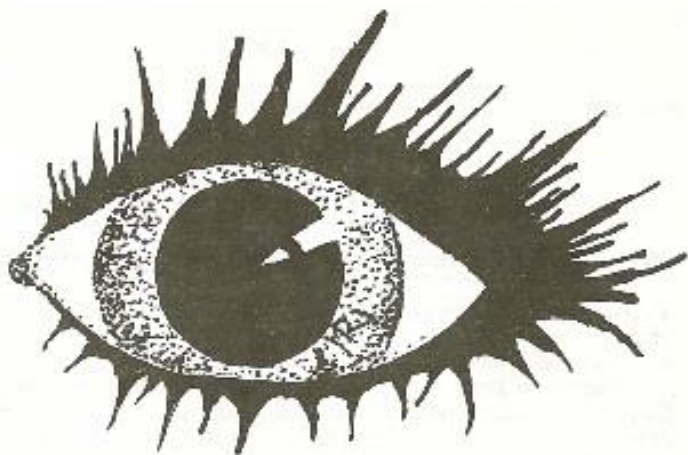
Innocent thoughts,
What to do when it rains...
getting out of being sick...
What to bring to show and tell...
A child's thoughts are few.

Frustration, anger, not understanding...
"Why can't she come out and play?"
trudging home, downhearted, somber.

Complications, hopes, wishes...
picked first on the softball team at recess...
chosen as leader for the day.

Getting to school early enough to play on the monkey bars...
Sitting up front for story time...
Who will be chosen as my partner today?

How simple and uncomplicated,
one day their lives will change...
I wish mine never had.



By Samantha Swain

The Ski Run By Eric Yoxtheimer

It snowed last night. My body and mind anticipate the coming ski run with joy and loathing. I know that both my mind and my body will be dead tired at the end, but neither will fail me in the actual skiing. I buckle on my boots and snap into my skis. The air is charged with excitement and little pins prick my skin. I ski down to the lift chair with the wind whipping through my hair.

While I'm sitting on the chair the sun comes out and touches my face with its morning warmth and sheds light on the spectacle below. The landscape is a ghostly scene of hulking white shapes, and flat white rivers. The sun highlights the snow with blood red tints of color.

Finally I reach the top. Standing on top of the hill my whole body trembles with excitement. With adrenalin pumping through my veins, I take one last look at the perfect scene, and hurtle over the cornice.

My skis soar gracefully into space, while my body experiences the brief feeling of freefall. The air seems to be a cushion of support around me, while the sun warms my skin. As my skis touch the snow I feel a slight bump, and I know that the snow too, gives its support.

As my skis glide over the surface of the snow, my legs move in perfect harmony tilting from left to right. The snow caresses my body with its gentle touch, while occasional flakes freeze to my face. My whole body feels as if it's floating on a sea of feathers.

Very soon I reach the bumps. Then my legs begin to pound back and forth. Keeping me upright, and always moving, but now feeling slightly tired. The wind howls around me, making my face numb with cold. My body feels a vague pain, which brings back some feeling into a numb body. It makes the run that much more exciting by seeing if I can make it down before my legs give out. My mind looks on everything as if from a distance, noting details but not really registering them.

All too soon the run is over, and my mind returns to its normal function. My legs feel as though they are weighted down with lead, while my breath comes in ragged gasps that rip through my chest. My pulse feels like a voodoo drum, pounding with heavy beats. As I look back up the hill I realize that my entire life can be expressed in that run. With everything from anticipation of life, to the final backwards glimpse of my past.

Chicago: In the Ghetto

As I strolled my way through downtown Chicago, I felt a gush of wind push against my back. The skies clouded over, making the ghetto seem more dismal and rundown. As the day gradually turned to night, I could feel tension, anxiety, and fear piercing through my body as I noticed shabby looking winos and strutting young men walking past.

Bumper-to bumper traffic rolled by, spouting fumes into the atmosphere, which was smothered with immensely thick smog and honking boisterous noises. The buildings surrounding me seemed like giant rat-infested tombstones ready to collapse. From somewhere in the damp darkness of an alley came a woman's cry for help as a baby's scream echoed out through a broken window.

Climbing the stairs to my one-room apartment I tensed as I heard steps following in my footsteps on the decaying staircase. I halted, petrified with fear, as I shouted, "Who's there?!" Picking up my stride, I dashed into my apartment, locked the door behind me, and crashed onto the bed, heaving an enormous sigh of relief. Hearing a rattle coming from the door, I looked up to see the doorknob pivoting back and forth. Suddenly, the door burst open as a huge black man with a ragged scar across his left cheek lunged toward me with a glistening switchblade in his hand. My body tensed and my reflexes took over as I reached for the baseball bat under my bed. After I swung the bat ferociously at my attacker, he cascaded to the bare, dusty floor with a loud thud as a high-pitched squeak escaped from his throat.

I looked around in the darkness of my room noticing that on the floor lay my calico cat, motionless as blood gushed from her tiny head. Red stains on my bat showed me the horrifying reality that I had been sleep-walking again.

By Nikki Wirth

Imperfect World

By Tara Dikeman

Where am I
In this world so imperfect
I look upon it as a solitary place
Unknown to only those who see it
This place is one's mind
It's eyes look unseeing into madness
Trying desperately to see peace
Through the haze a light shines
Tears wash the light away
Blink and it's gone.....forever
The heart beats pushing the river along
Until damned the river stops
Numb we are blind to feelings
Deaf except for the silent ringing
We reach into darkness only to find fear
Where am I in this imperfect world?

Suspended in Mid-Air

By Richard Thompson

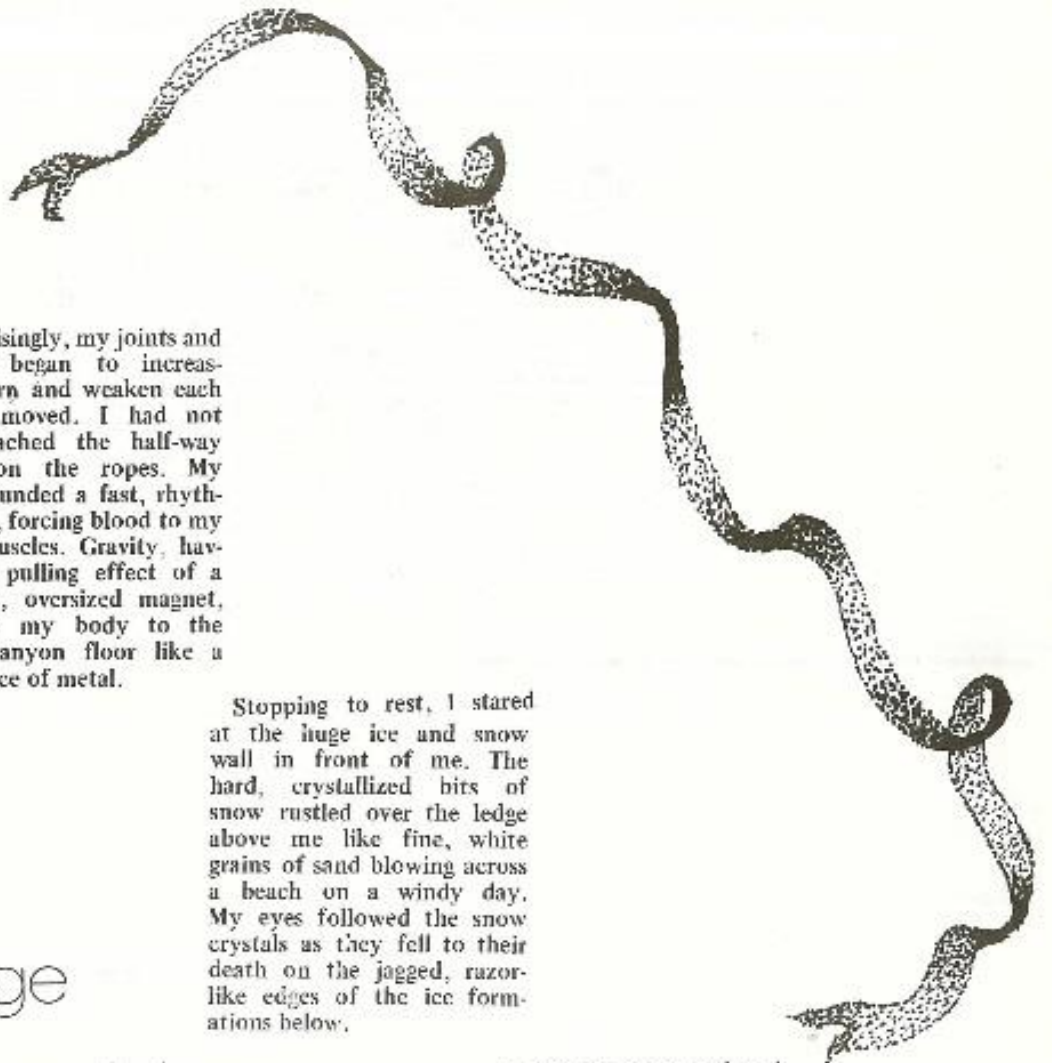
I could already begin to feel the salty sweat coming from my forehead freeze to my face as the icy gusts of wind skooting through the deep canyon slapped my body repeatedly. Feeling like a swinging pendulum suspended in vast, empty space, I changed my body position to get a better grip on the ropes as I worked my way over the large slice in the mountain.

Surprisingly, my joints and muscles began to increasingly burn and weaken each time I moved. I had not even reached the half-way points on the ropes. My heart pounded a fast, rhythmic beat, forcing blood to my tiring muscles. Gravity, having the pulling effect of a powerful, oversized magnet, attracted my body to the jagged canyon floor like a small piece of metal.

Stopping to rest, I stared at the huge ice and snow wall in front of me. The hard, crystallized bits of snow rustled over the ledge above me like fine, white grains of sand blowing across a beach on a windy day. My eyes followed the snow crystals as they fell to their death on the jagged, razor-like edges of the ice formations below.

I thought about what it would be like to fall from this tremendous height to ice spikes below. I could almost feel the sharp pain of breaking bones and tearing flesh on impact with the icy floor—the splattered crimson blood staining the beautiful white snow.

Another freezing gust of wind collided with my body, sending a cold jolt throughout me that brought me out of my dream-like state. With my muscles feeling rested, I felt a resurgence of hope as I steadily worked my way across the gaping canyon.



Knowledge

By Marra-Lynn Johnson

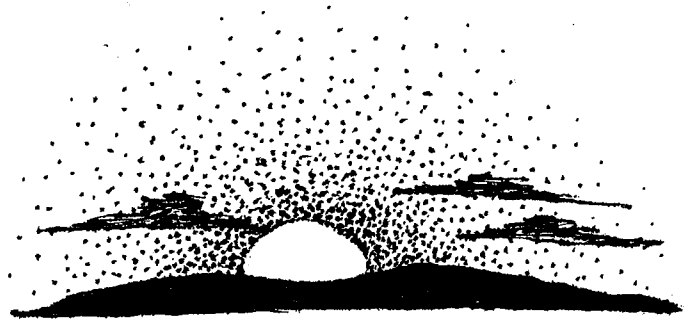
I have knowledge.
It is in me...
It is me.
I am only the mediator...
A fountain for factual evidence and theory alike,
For fantasy dreams in form of words
And shapes of mythical creatures,
For a rock band,
For a lofty studio with perfect light,
Or for a rainbow above wispy clouds.
Through the haze in my mind,
My knowledge peers through.
It takes over where chaos once reigned.

Ocean Blue

I'm sure there is nothing on the earth that is more delightful than the ocean, and if there is, I have not yet found it. When I hear the word, or if anything is mentioned of the ocean, great images fly through my head.

I walk the talcom smooth sand and feel the powerful gusts of wind pound against my body as they swirl from the water. It is a pleasant power that forces me to leave all my tension and stresses to drift away with the breeze. My body now feels as if it has been drained of all the worries that exist in everyday life. I am on a different planet; nothing can bring me down now. As I hear the huge waves crash down on the shore, I can feel the lukewarm water climbing slowly to my ankles and tugging at the sand beneath my feet. I look out over the top of the water to see enormous white caps mixing with the breeze to produce a foggy mist that carries the bitter smell of salt to my nose. The soft plunging sound of the sea birds missing into the waves gives me the incredible urge to dive uncaringly into the dark blue liquid. A childlike excitement grabs hold of my body and hurls me into the deep dark water. My eyes feel the pressure of the currents as they beat on my face. My taste buds explode as the strong saltwater fills my mouth. I try to swim, but before I take one stroke, I find myself lying face down in the sand. I roll over and look up. The skies burn grey as if they are about to erupt with thunder, but it doesn't matter because there is nothing more delightful than this day at the ocean.

By Steve Colbert



Life?

Wondering through life without an aim
Having no one but myself to blame
All smiles have faded - and ties are gone
Nothing to hold onto, not even the dawn
I shouldn't be here - this earth isn't my home
I want to be where spirits freely roam
I'm sorry for the pain and wounds I cause
Will any human live a life that heaven wouldn't applause?

By Megan Pickerele



What?

What makes me laugh?
a joke, a funny face,
the destruction of an enemy?

What makes us angry?
A put down, an evil glance,
the destruction of a friend?

What makes us cry?
A stubbed toe, frustration,
the death of someone close?

What makes us feel emotion?
being alone, being rejected, being loved?

What makes us human?
tolerance, dealing with emotions,
or setting them aside?

By Samantha Swain

Wings of Sound

By Paul Blanton

After almost a day standing alone in the corner of the bedroom without a single sound coming from anywhere in the house, I hear the click of the front door opening, coming like a lightning bolt to blow the cobwebs away.

A slight hum comes from the bos-like apparatus a few feet away. I hear the click of switch. The umbilical cord of black coiled plastic sways and pulls until it has reached a comfortable position.

A second of silence fills the room, the calm before the storm. Suddenly, the room reverberates with deep, powerful sound. Staccato bursts of machine gun fire contrast with deep bellows like a lion roaring. More switches are flicked until a satisfactory level is reached.

Now we seem to leave the earth, a deep space probe riding a huge wave of sound. Up and down we go, ploughing through any minor errors as if they did not exist.

We now seem to be locked into a series of intricate repeating passages. Finesse? I do not care for finesse. I live for barbaric power! Good. The other half of the team has decided he's bored with finesse too. A switch is flicked and again the four foot high box roars with sound-distortion, I believe. At least that is what humans seem to call it.

We now pause for a moment. A sheet of paper is placed upon a steel stand. It is scrutinized every bit as carefully as a connoisseur reads a wine list in an expensive French restaurant. More repeating patterns explode in the bedroom like a string of firecrackers. Above the strange writing the words "Solo 28 bars" leap off the page and burn in my mind like a ticket to freedom.

I hear the pounding of feet on the stairway! The One Who Does Not Appreciate Me has arrived. Now my partner notices it too. The door to the bedroom bursts open like the maw of a dragon ready to breathe scorching fire.

"If you're gonna play the damn guitar, put your headphone amp on!"

EDEN

I'm walking through
The garden of Eden
It's desolate and cold
I'm not sure I'm really here.

I see three apple trees
No fruit just right
Somethings looming
Makes no sound
I take a perfect apple
From the parched ground.

That somethings behind me
It feeds me...the apples of fear
I turn to fight
With only oblivion there.

I ride the icy highway
The fog so thick
The fog it engulfs me.
A creeping shadow
Escapes the roadway.

I reach for another apple
My bag is full
But I seem to feel
An emptiness
The hard, sharp pain has become dull.

I walk the streets
Of an ancient village
The crescent moon shines down
The misty people anger
No hope for a stranger
In this ancient town.

I walk through, a parched field
To see what Eden has become
To find it is oblivion
From what mankind has done.

When my eyes grow
To the darkness
I can see the
Thoughts that invade you
As the darkness wanes into an abyss
I see these thoughts
Are...true.

By Nathan Hill

By Matt Jarman

Ya, I Used to Live Here

I stand across the street from the old closed-down gas station and abandoned lot, popular for midnight fights under the street light. Remembering back to my first fight, my last fight, and those in-between, I sort through my memories, trying to recall my triumphs and forget my failures.

My mind comes back to reality, and I find myself staring at a Safeway parking lot. As I turn to go, I almost bump into a guy I used to know. "Do I know you?"

"Ya, I used to live here," I reply as I turn and walk on down the street.

Coughing, I feel my throat go dry from the shock of seeing my old territory, in moments, become a food store. Mentally pleading for an ice-cold Dr. Pepper, I turn the corner toward Ron's Pop Shop, where you could find the coldest, sweetest, and best-tasting pop on tap in town. Looking down the street, I feel a lump form in my throat. In the empty lot where the pop shop used to be, a sign now sits, saying in bright letters, COMING SOON: KEN'S LAW OFFICES.

Half dazed, I stare at the sign and watch my old memories extinguish like a balloon with an air vent.

Almost stumbling into Mark's Market Goods, I walk to the back where the cold drinks are kept. Walking down the aisle, I see a face out of the past confronting me. I find myself saying, "Hello Mr. Spangler." Not only was Mr. S., as we called him, my old math teacher. Giving me a strange look, he says, "You look familiar. Do I know you?"

"Ya," I reply, feeling the lump return to my throat. "I used to live here."

Walking out of Mark's Market, my feet dragging in bitter disappointment, I start for the only park in town, to drink my pop. Fortunately for me, Glees Park, or "Central Park", as we called it, hadn't been developed yet. As I amble through the park, I come to a tree I know too well. Looking closely, I can still see L.S. + M.J. 4 EVER. Giving a slight smile, I remember back to Lisa and the good times we had together, and then I stop suddenly at the thought of the accident.

I walk further into the park, past the wading pool and splashing children, toward the picnic area. I stop suddenly to see Shannon Ellis sitting on the grass. "Well,hello," I say, finally seeing someone who has to recognize me.

Looking up questionably at me, he says, "Hi," and then adds, "Do I know you?"

"Ya, I used to live here," I say in a shakey voice, feeling tears well up in my eyes.

Sadly looking out the car window, I see blurred visions of my past, knowing deep inside that it'll never come back. The Auburn, Washington, I left behind is now only memories.

Gone Forever

She's gone forever, everyone knows.
As soft as her hair, as red as a rose,
Struck down in the earliest of night,
not given the chance to struggle or fight.

Put away the pom-poms and the diary key,
the man at the bar had a bit of whiskey.
The people warned him not to drive,
maybe if he listened, she'd still be alive.

A sophomore in school, her whole life ahead,
now there lies nothing but a pillow on her bed.
Mom called saying how sorry they were,
they don't care, they didn't even know her.

What will I do after today?
She'll be buried, and her room packed away.
It isn't fair she couldn't say goodbye,
if you'll excuse me now, I'm starting to cry.



By Pat Fagen

Modern Mankind

What happened,
To the good old days.
The days when a horse
And a warm bedroll could get us by,
The times when the wagons
Used to slowly roll by.
Look at us now,
Polluting the sky,
Ruining the land
Damming all the rivers,
That used to, flow by.
Yes just look,
Look at you and I,
Pencil pushers
Underneath an artificial sky.
Just give me,
Some mountains,
Clean blue skies
A good horse,
Some blankets,
And I'll get by.

By Paul Rogers

A Consumer's Revolt

My goals concern some every-day products that need help. People need to be comfortable, instead of critical, of their purchases. Since nobody else seems willing to make changes, I'm going to do you all a favor by working my way through a few of the major companies.

I plan to find a group of investors whose money I will use and use their money to build a factory. I will be known as the creator of the world's first box of unbroken animal crackers. Yes, even the elephants will have trunks and the zebras will have legs. Since a new product requires a new marketing concept, I'm shooting for the "working-class." "The animals won't be shown in cages on the box. Instead they will be shown working in urban and city jobs such as buliding-demolition or riot control.

After making a tremendous profit, I plan to buy out Cracker Jacks. This product is a scam because of three services the company has cut in order to lower production cost. There must be a way to keep the peanuts from sticking on the inside of the boxes. Prizes will be put in at the top of the boxes (instead of the middle) so consumers won't be spending valuable T.V. time with a pair of pliers in their mouths.

Finally, I will personally terminate all employees suspected of keeping the "neat prizes" for themselves.

My last major effort to improve consumer goods concerns cereal. I'd like to soften Grape-Nuts so they can't be used as buckshot anymore. Then I want to go for a new high figure in healthy cereals could be sold if moms though kids might hate it. So, red lettering reading, "Mikey is a liar" will be showing up on all Life Cereal packages.

What would the future be without radicals like me? Thank me later.

By Jeff Raney

This Could Be...

The night was mysterious, a night of expectation and fear. The air was thick of blue fog. Street lamps were the only sign of life, but I still felt as though I wasn't alone. For some reason passing by the crowded lifeless buildings gave me a feeling of power. I was the only one to argue my own thoughts, no one was around to tell me wrong or to contradict my opinion. I now ruled what was going on in my mind, therefore I ruled this empty once socialistic street.

Somehow I knew I wasn't the only one who had these same thoughts on their mind, I knew I was to meet my equal, and to-night was the night.

I had been crossing endless valleys and mountains to join this other sense. Would this cause life or death? Would these two powerful survivors end or begin a civilization?

When the explosion occurred, nobody was left, so I thought. Buildings, homes, streets and land were all in tact, besides the radiating fog that never lifted or quit burning. I thought I was left alone in this world of nothing and continuous darkness.

But I am not, for tonight I meet the second survivor we see each other in the distance and we're both curious wondering what will be our fate. Which one of us will take the chance to find out? Who will surrender, or who will walk away and continue alone and inside themselves... This could be the question of life.

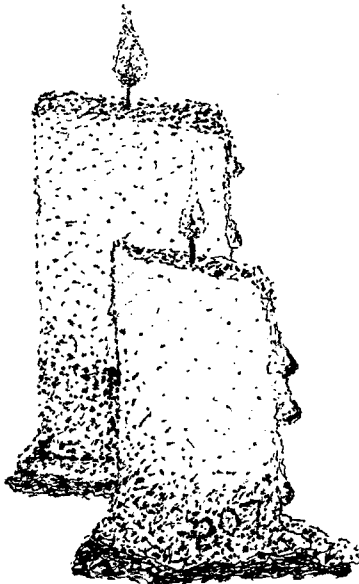
By Stephanie Moe

Candles

Delicately placed on the floor, we stand tall and proud, elegantly arranged in a pattern. In our silver holders we wait, wanting to be made more beautiful. A man walks in, towering over us, holding a magic wand between his fingers. Humming a random tune, he touches the warm magic to each of our ends. We are illuminated. We let the magic stand tall, flicker, then break into a secretly timed mazurks. As the man strides out, our dance moves furiously.

Our dance changes to a waltz, as a man with flowing robes come in. Only slight vibrations go up our slender bodies as he steps softly to the center of our formation. He sits down cross-legged, his every movement fluid. Chanting, his breath forces our light to move with it. After a time his chant quiets to a rhythmic hum. The backs of his hands lie on his knees, palms upward, letting our light rest on them. With his body, then around the room and out to the world. Beautifying us, the scene makes us weep. We shed large tears that harden on our shiny holders. Time passes; the man opens his eyes and floatingly leaves the room, gently moving our magic.

Tired and hot, we long for rest. The keeper of the magic comes in. Cool air streams from his mouth and drowns us with sleep.



By Megan Pickereel

Sneakers

Tied loosely around its neck, a bright blue ribbon dwarfed the fluffy kitten splashed with grey and white fur, resembling a pom-pom made of multicolored yarn. As it scurried across the dull grey slate, sliding uncontrollably, I watched it struggle to regain footage.

Years passed and Sneakers aged, growing into a massive tomcat, exploding fur matted and tangled against his flabby flesh nearly scraping the floor as he sauntered throughout the house. After he appeared miserably uncomfortable for quite some time, we decided to regulate his diet and shave the dirty ratted furballs.

His body now had short bristly fur, not quite thick enough to hide the pink skin, but in the hot summer sun he was cool and content. For weeks his playful attitude picked up; he even seemed to be slimming down a bit.

It was a sweltering hot afternoon late in August when I noticed Sneakers looking a little peaked and bedraggled. I immediately began to comfort him, but after several minutes it became obvious that his condition was very serious. Suddenly his body went into uncontrollable contortions, his eyes fluttered, his limbs stiffened and he shook intensely for about thirty seconds. Crushed by the sight of his helplessness and high screeched meows, I knew that I would lose him. This horrible seizure took over his innocent body again and again nearly every five minutes. Leaving him more and more paralyzed each time. After about twenty-five minutes, my mom drove me, with Sneakers held tightly in my arms, to the veterinarian.

As I set his limp body on the stainless steel table, a vet and an assistant quietly confirmed what I already knew: he would have to be taken from his miseries. As I held his paralyzed limbs which molded to my crossed arms, my tears clouded my vision and fell on the cold metal surface below.

The look of panic in his eyes had now changed; they were pleading for a way out of this hell, a relief, --death.

By Molly Nisbet

Nightmare Transformation

Those eyes I knew
But gone was their familiar smile
Replaced by something wicked, vile
Discomfort grew
You looked at me
With evil glitter in your stare
I cringed away, burned by your glare
My destiny
I fought to change
And push the knife you held away
The lighting swirled from black to grey
The setting strange
Your tender hand
Had now become a thing of pain
While searching for my vital vein
I tried to stand
My breath grew short
Repeated blows I tried to fend
As blood and tears began to blend
Of futile sort
Yet when you ceased
My wounds were healed, the pain erased
You drew me to your arms in haste
And killed the beast

By Heidi Eveslage

Colors of Life

Colors of Life,
Shades of Memories,
Brighter to behold
Than present hues.
I once asked why Love
is the same color as embarrassment,
The same color as anger,
and the same as blood...
Loving you told me why.
Your kisses try to apologize,
To make up for what I missed,
and heal the hurts
of my childhood.
An impossible task,
paint it blue.
Like the coolness of your
frustrations,
When I couldn't break the
grey steel chains that bond me.
Yellow is my mind,
The insane, the fantasy for
which reality does not exist.
And tomorrow, when I wake,
I shall live in
black and white.



By Nathan Hill

By Alicia Clark

Take these, my poems
For they are my weapons of war.
My undying energy
That gives life to my fortress.
See these, my paintings
They have survived through ages
My island, in this arcadian sea.
My past, my present
My soul on paper that describes
The future that one can lead.
Feel this, my music
To become a way of life
How liquid and crystal clear
It can all be.
To share my wisdom
To spread it through all the worlds
kingdoms and villages,
I, take these to inhale the clouds
And to breathe the atmosphere.
I see the world as a court
One judge and poor defeated belzebug
can't dance above him.
I see one universe, one interstellar love
And the boy can make Eden
Live again he can pronounce
The old world dead...
A poplace can indulge in its delights
From its golden avenues and silver cathedrals
Flows and breathes the life of gracious music
All the world's creatures
Rise out of extinction
The man of Nazareth, to touch their
Bowed heads, to bestowe immortality
To bestowe hedonistic immortality
Of the...human once great creature
Of the mother earth, sinful, greed infested
Monarch of the battered mother earth.
Now equal in wisdom to the owl of old.
All is now peace, free of warring
Nations and pestilence,
All is now peaceful.

Ripple Effect

The smothering grey mist enveloped land and sea causing them to become one. Damp greenery shrugged limply under the condensed coolness of the early morning fog, the burden causing it to appear tired and worn. Without hope. Resigned. The sounds of silence stifled the air. No stirring of emotion.

Looking out across the watery expanse it seemed an unending silvery mirror. A reflection of despair. A realization of a dream lost. A dream of death. A virgin stillness, unstained by the corruption of movement, totally undisturbed. And yet, is it so pure?

Upon closer scrutiny there exists a slight blemish on its apparent perfection. Nothing unduly disturbing; just a slight ripple upon a limpid pool. No, not unduly disturbing. Why should it be? Then why does a knot of fear clamp around your throat, and why do your heartbeats rapidly increase, making your chest heave with sick anticipation? Just a little ripple. Not more than a drop of sand on an ocean shore. A grain of sand that screams out to you, turning your blood cold and causing you to sweat with fright.

Haunted eyes refuse to turn away from the cause of your distress. Some unknown force unwilling to release you from the cruel trance. Your mouth opens in a silent scream. A scream in which your mind breaks the barriers of sound, but to which your voice will offer no assistance. For the small ripple is growing to a frothy turmoil of sea and debris, churning and bubbling in time to your pulse. Stationary, you cannot move. No matter what force of will you exert, your body is frozen, spellbound to your chain of horror.

Rising, falling. Rising higher yet again, the serpent-like beast closes the precious distance between itself and you, the rhythm of movement tiring your resistance to its spell. Rising, falling. Your mind begins to spin. Almost. Yet, not quite. You are undeniably his. Rising, one last time. His shadow falls upon you. Rising. Falling. One last time.

By
Heidi
Eveslage



Gopher Catching

When I was about five years old, we lived in a little country house in Walla Walla. My two brothers and I played mostly among ourselves, catching gophers as one of our favorite pasttimes.

I can remember getting up early one Saturday morning. First, I watched the early cartoons on television. Then, smelling the ripened onions in the field next to ours, I trotted outside to play in the midmorning sun. The gopher mounds were plentiful that morning. They were made of fresh dark earth, the tops just beginning to dry in the hot sunlight. Gophers stay underground most of the time, so we had to flush them out with water. Usually the gopher had more than one exit, or entrance, to his hole, so we had to watch both when flushing. The first thing I did was clear away the mound of dirt; then I fetched the hose. I had to drag the hose because the weight was too much for me to carry.

Cody, our dog, had been following me around all this time because he knew what was going on. As I turned the water on full blast, Cody hit me with his wagging tale, almost knocking me over. I jammed the end of the hose down into the deep hole. Water gushed down and filled the hole up quickly. There was no gopher at this hole. We moved to the next one, repeating the procedure. Cody stood over the hole with a flame-like redness in his eyes, ready to kill. He knew that under the lush grass lay a gopher with his name on it. This deep hole took a while to fill up.

Suddenly, a small fuzzy animal popped out of the hole. It didn't have a chance. My fearless dog pounced on the unsuspecting gopher. Taking it to his mouth, he shook the life out of the little animal. With his deceased gopher, Cody triumphantly marched to his doghouse to gnaw on his trophy.

Killing cute little cuddly gophers might seem a little cruel, but we didn't think of them as cute or cuddly. To us, they were nuisances that needed to be destroyed.

By
Trent
Blackmore



Wax Visions of Lunacy

There sat Person,
Candle on one side,
envelope on the other.
Envelope was white, black, sealed.,
Candle was tall, straight, new.
Person lit Candle,
and flame began to dance.
Leaping and Bowing, yielding to Breath,
but springing back to life to bow again.
Heart beat quickly as Breath became Angry.
Angry swept across Flame, and
Flame disappeared, remembered only by Smoke.
Heart beat slowly, Candle did not stand
quite so tall.
Heart beat a little more slowly, and a little more
Then Silence swallowed them all.

By Alicia Clark

All to A Still

High on the mountains rise
The goat takes its energy
From the snowcap peaks
And how the wind freezes
All to a still.

In the forest glade
The elk challenges
All to a still
To die in the underbrush
Would not be to kill.

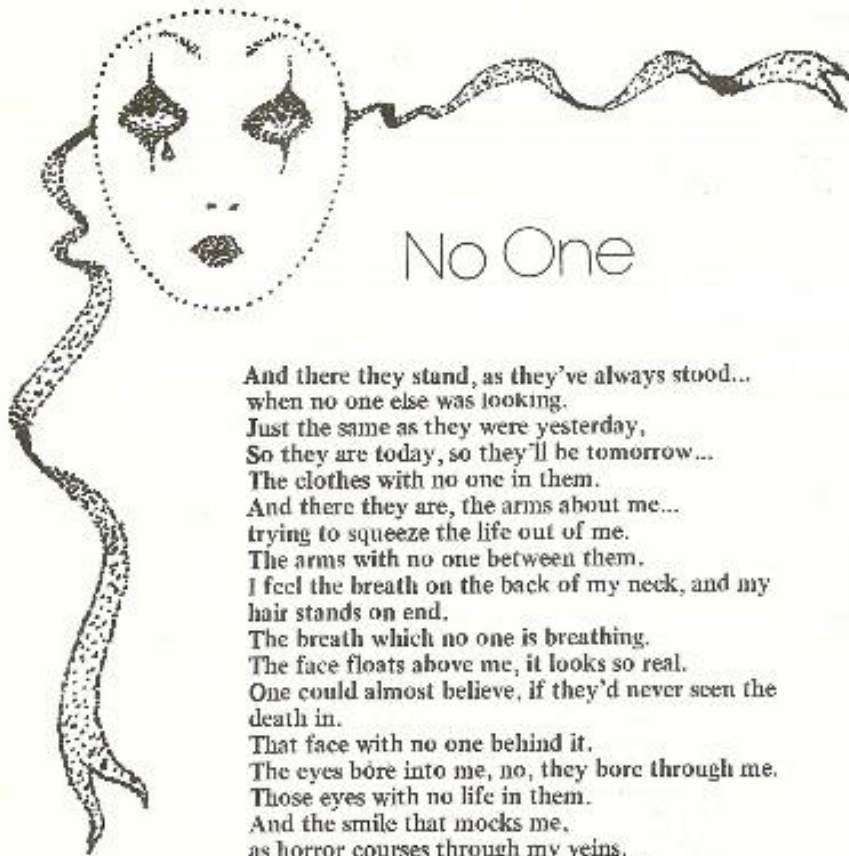
High above the trees rise
The eagle overtakes the sparrow...
Before the child's eyes.

Deep below the underbrush
The badger challenges
All to a still
Enter....
The hunter, one evil man to kill for lust
When all is at the still
The deer is downed
To kill, a lethal thrust.

High above the killing
The crow circles...death.
The crow's eyes see colors
Of amazing hue
He circles the bloody hunter
His gaze pierces through.
Enter...
The great grizzly
Awakened in a froth
It is not the claw of the grizzly
That shreds the hunter
But the fear of the moth.

By Nathan Hill

The great grizzly
Utters the forest glade
To a still.
And peace flows through
The veins of the creatures
And from the carcass of the hunter...



No One

And there they stand, as they've always stood...
when no one else was looking.
Just the same as they were yesterday,
So they are today, so they'll be tomorrow...
The clothes with no one in them.
And there they are, the arms about me...
trying to squeeze the life out of me.
The arms with no one between them.
I feel the breath on the back of my neck, and my
hair stands on end.
The breath which no one is breathing.
The face floats above me, it looks so real.
One could almost believe, if they'd never seen the
death in.
That face with no one behind it.
The eyes bore into me, no, they bore through me.
Those eyes with no life in them.
And the smile that mocks me,
as horror courses through my veins.
I've never seen it, though I've always known
it was there...
The smile which No One
is smiling...

By Alicia Clark

By Alicia Clark

Dreams

I must return to live in an opaque shell,
Into which none else can see.
I can't continue living in this hell,
And I can't yet cease to be.
God will be calling me home soon,
And with him I want to abide.
I will fly to the bright side of the moon.
Will you meet me on the other side?
My dance is hesitant, my steps unsure,
My movements remain unsteady.
God wants me with my heart and my mind pure,
I know I am not ready.
All around, all I see is false and untrue,
I need love, I need reality,
Could what I be looking for be found in you?
—Or are my dreams only fallacy?
I searched far and wide, and withing myself,
But have yet to find what I am looking for.
Some claim to have formulas for happiness, love,
and health,
But, in spirit, they all are very poor.
Give me power, I need support,
I can't mind my life alone,
I'm looking for more than passing rapport,
I need and eternity; I want to be yours from
now on.

By Karen Strausbaugh

"Four men and a women were found dead near a small Brazilian village. Their faces were mutilated beyond all recognition. It is evident that the mutilation occurred before death and that the victims wandered for miles before coming to the village. "The Commander-in-Chief of the Special Forces turned off the television. "But, that's not all. Professional trackers followed victims' trails for several miles. The trails converged on a small hill and lead into the rugged country of West Brazil. The trackers radioed in that they had found a small city and were going to follow the trail to the city. That was the last we heard of them. The alleged city is not on any map." He paused.

We have the approximate location of their last transmission. I'm sending the six of you to investigate the alleged murders and the disappearances of those trackers. It's pretty rugged country, so there will be no air back-up."

"You will be fully outfitted. We don't know what we have got to deal with. You'll be flown in as fast as possible to a base camp near the village.

"Any questions? No? Patrol dismissed!"

Wet with perspiration, their shirts adhered to their bodies. Beneath the trees the patrol journeyed on foot toward the rough country of west Brazil.

"Should be there within the hour." Lt. Hooker was tired of the miles of silence. No one wanted to talk. She gave in.

The course got steeper and the trees thinned out. Large boulders lay on the slope around them. Mounting a tall hill the patrol stopped.

"Holy---, this is it folks." Commander Baker glanced at his compass. "Mead, radio in , we're there."

"O.K., where's the city?"

"Maybe they had had a little too much to drink," commented Lt. Spurnam.

"These people were serious workers. There was no chance of mass hallucination," explained Sgt. Holt.

"Gorgeous valley," observed Spurnam, "Home of Jack the Ripper."

"Funny, real funny." The Commander was not amused.

"Sir," Mead cut in, "Communications are poor. There is a lot of static. Base said to turn on the beacon and proceed with caution."

Choosing his steps carefully on the rocky incline, Baker lead his patrol into the valley. The tree line was nearing when--

"Get a load of that," someone whispered.

At the center of the valley, a small city appeared out of the mist. Dome buildings and short rectangular structures were clustered around a central square. A silvery lake graced one side of the compound.



"Sir, what is it?" asked Mead.

"Whatever it is, tell base we're going in." Baker signaled the others.

"Communications are out. Sir, I can't raise Base."

Suddenly from behind the trees stepped beige skinned men dressed in green coveralls. All around the patrol were fierce men armed with machine guns.

They lead them down into the trees. Just inside was a wide path. Baker noticed that all their captors looked alike. Their cropped hair grew thick and black. Only one was perceptively different. He had purple eyes.

In the village the patrol was taken to a small cubicle and shoved inside. Their escort buzzed and the floor descended.

An elevator, thought Baker, is there more to this place than we can handle?

"I am Commander Baker of the Brazilian Special Forces. Where are you taking us?"

Silence. The other members of the group rustled quietly. They took their clues from Baker.

The floor came to an abrupt halt. A wall slid aside. Stepping out of the elevator the man motioned them to do the same, and to follow him. At the end of the long corridor a pannel slid open as they approached, revealing a dark room. Once all were inside the pannel closed.

A light clicked on, spotlighting a woman standing at the center of the room. Her eyes pierced Baker's soul.

"We know all, see all, speak all, and think all. Since you have come here in search of something we will not refuse you. You shall learn all you need to know."

The light blinked out then a flood of light filled the room. Men and women filed in to the room from doors at the front. They took the clothes off the patrol members and fitted each one with green coveralls. The mass of people filled the room and pressed the patrol into a small troupe. room was silent.

Hard to breathe or think! Baker gasped for breath.

A high hum resonated through the quiet room. The people in front of the patrol members moved aside, creating an aisle. Pressure from behind forced the captured party to the front of the room. Piercing eyes of gold met Baker's eyes.

"We are one mind, one breath. We are one thought, one idea." She looked from one person to another throughout the room and back to the patrol. The hum dropped in pitch.

All the same! thought Baker. Hard to think, it must be that insane humming!

"We are one mind," chanted the mob. "We are one being, one breath." The words repeated and grew louder and louder. Mead's Spurnham's and Hooker's eyes glazed over and they, too, began to chant with the crowd, becoming a part of the unity.

"Won't listen!" shouted Baker, his mind screaming from the effort. He saw Holt's eyes become vacant.

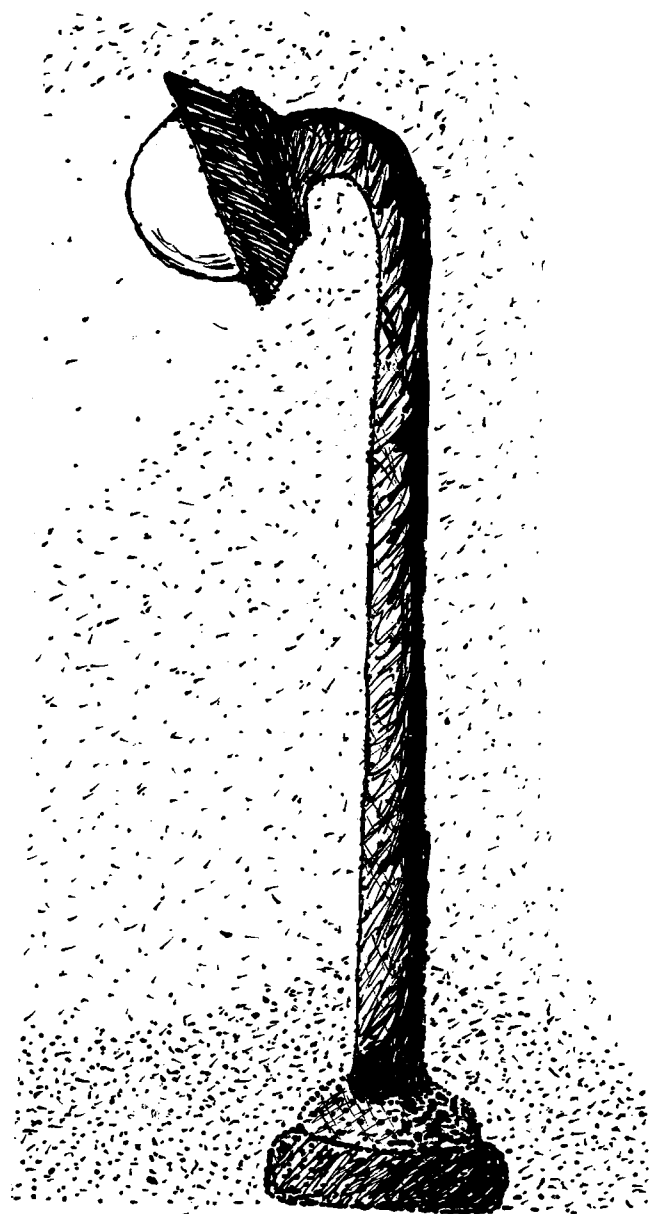
The chant repeated over and over. Baker fought fiercely to think of home and of his brothers and sister. He closed his eyes to blot out the mass of identical people and the eyes of gold.

"We shall see, Commander Baker." The words floated in to Baker's mind through the chant. The golden-eyed woman seized Baker's hair and pulled him through the door nearest her.

Dimly lit, the room had only a table in the middle around which eight women stood. Their purple eyes surveyed Baker viciously.

"You are iniquitous, Commander Baker," began the golden-eyed woman. "We shall wipe your face from the earth!" Four of the women placed Baker on the table and held him. The other four held triangular blades.....

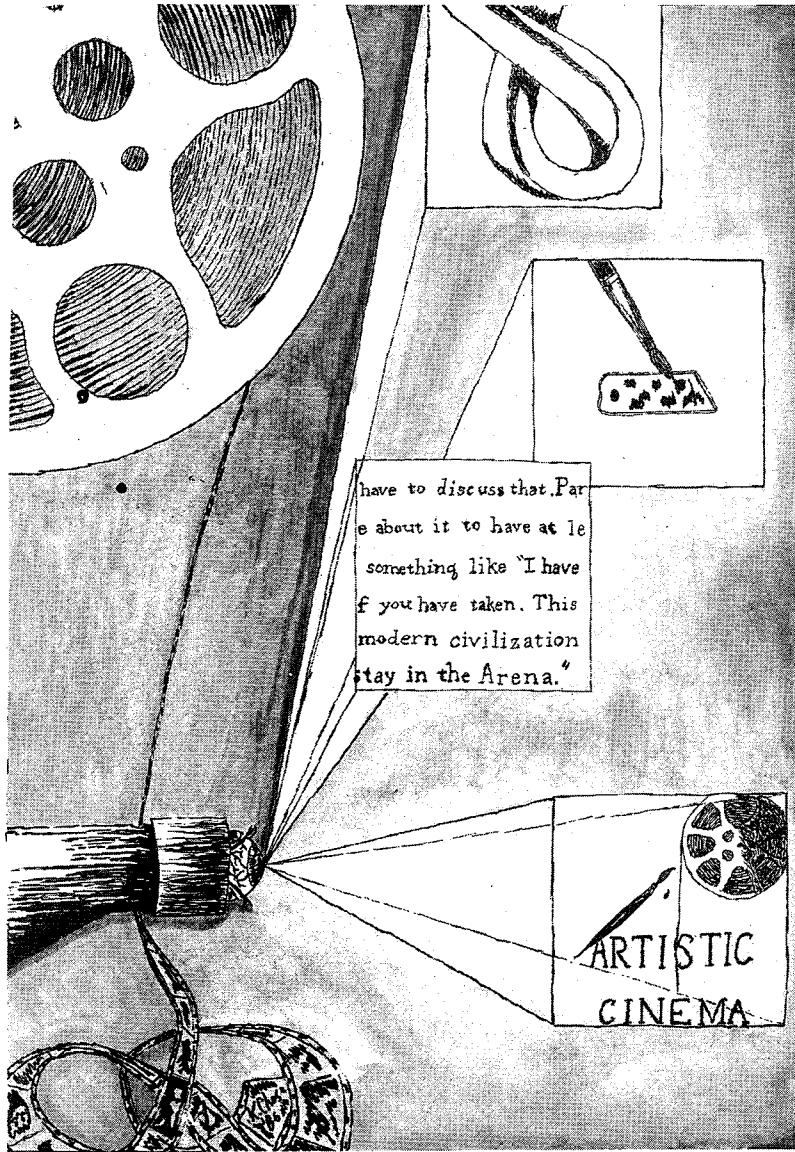
"God, what a mess. Just like the rest," said the investigative police chief. He frowned and ordered the body removed.



ACT TWO

Theme Cover Art

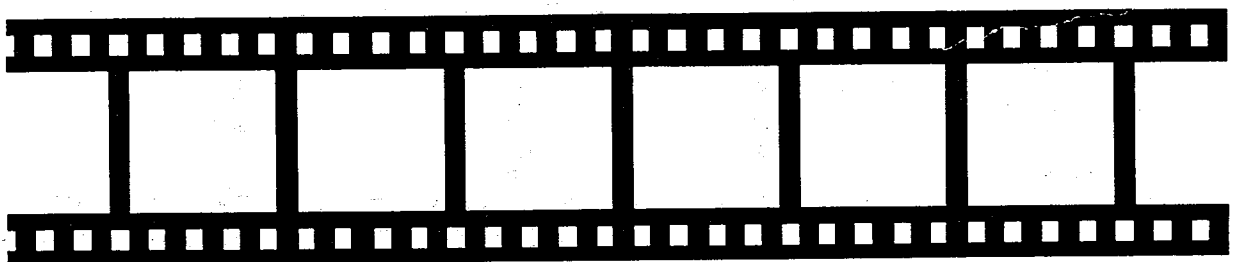
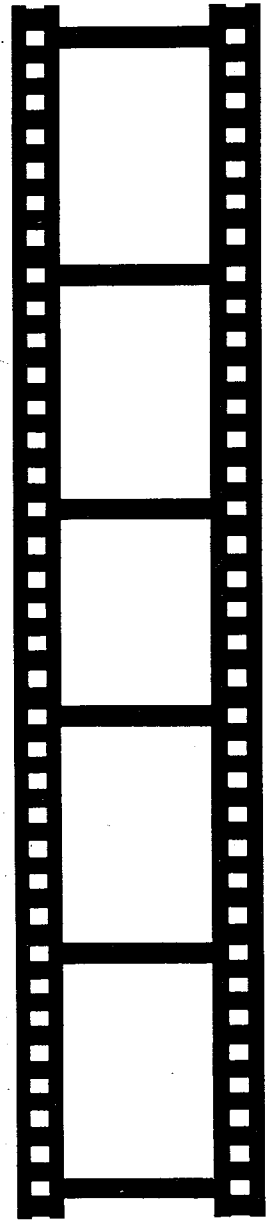




have to discuss that. Par
e about it to have at le
something like "I have
f you have taken. This
modern civilization
stay in the Arena."

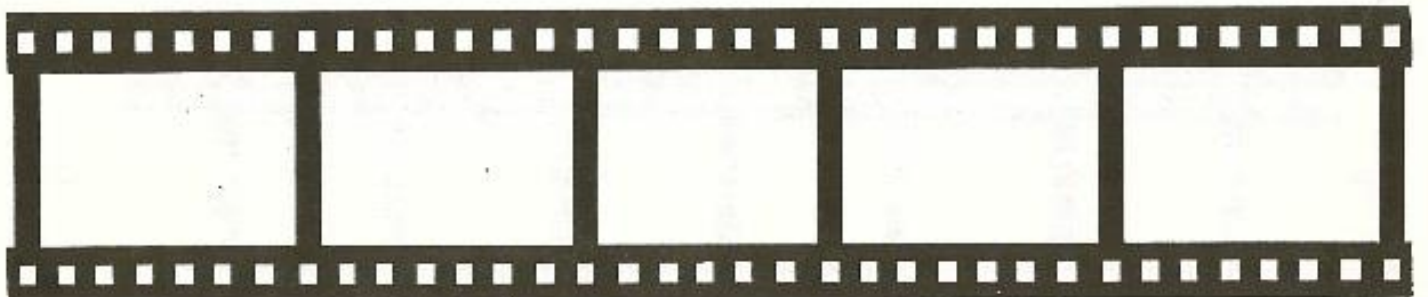
ARTISTIC
CINEMA

By Kevin Chase

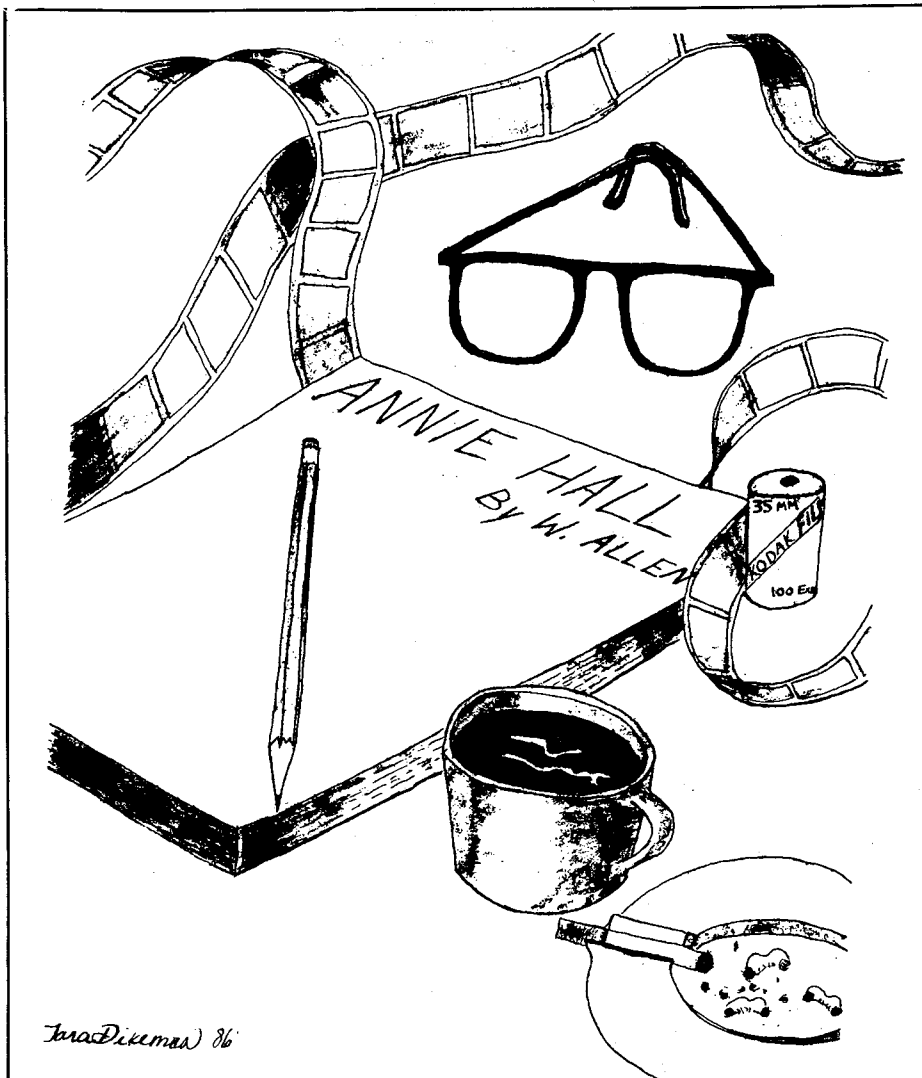
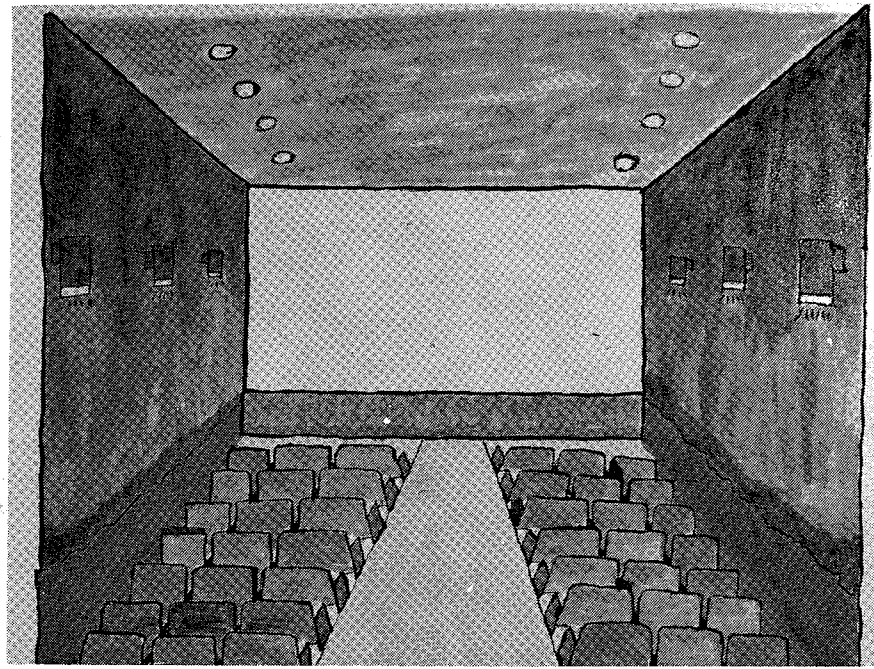




By Steve Colbert

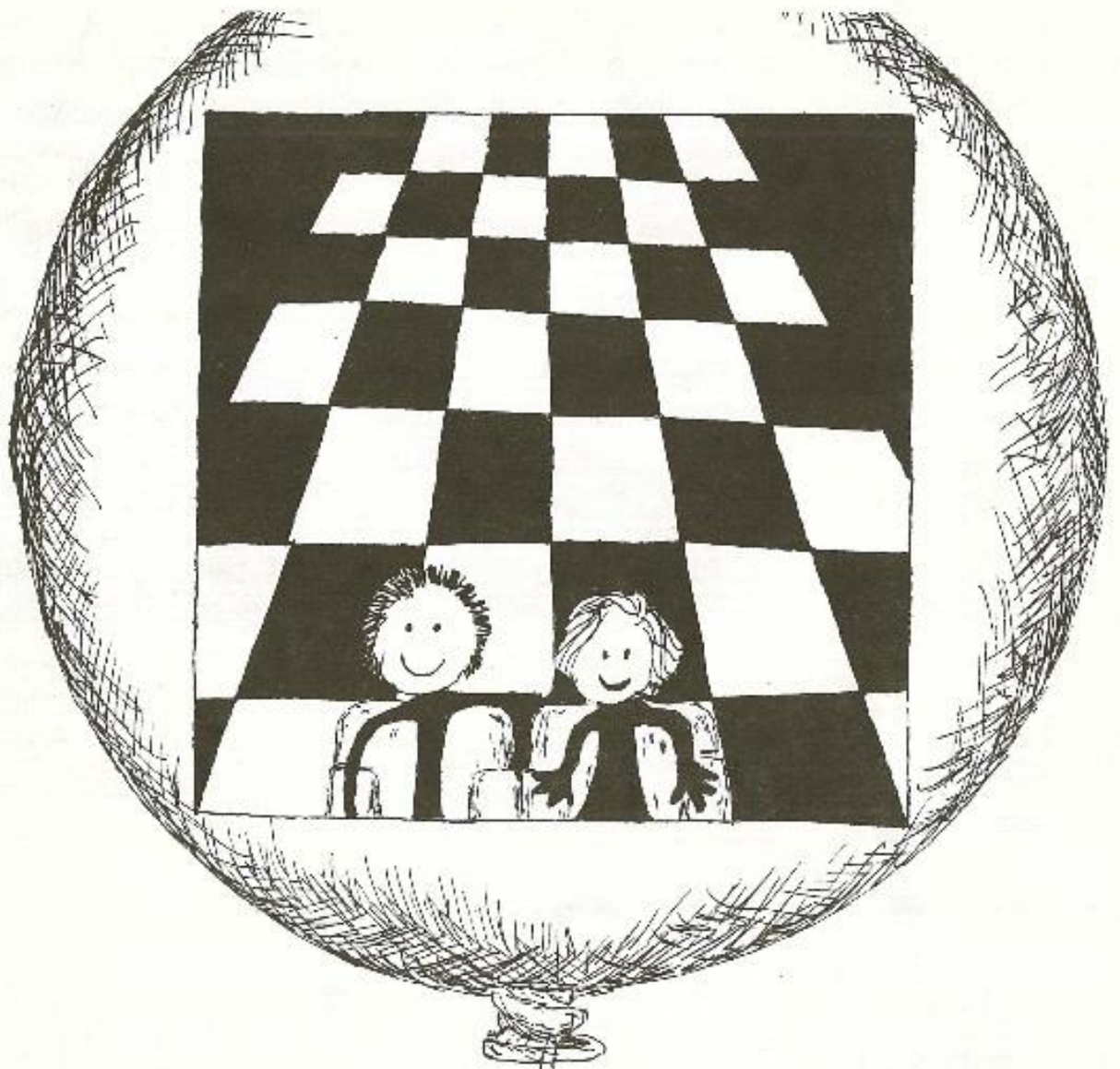


By
Roger Renolds

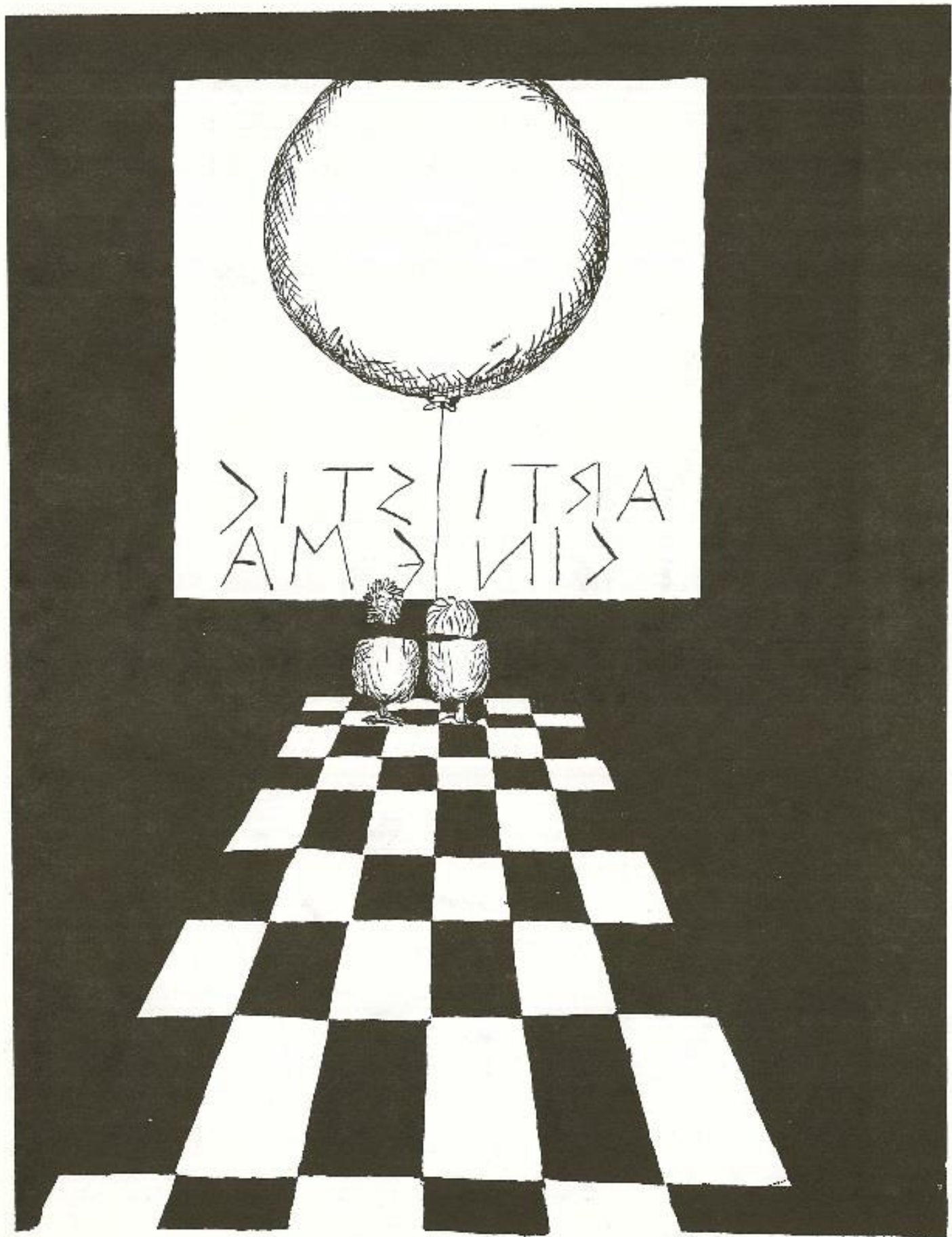


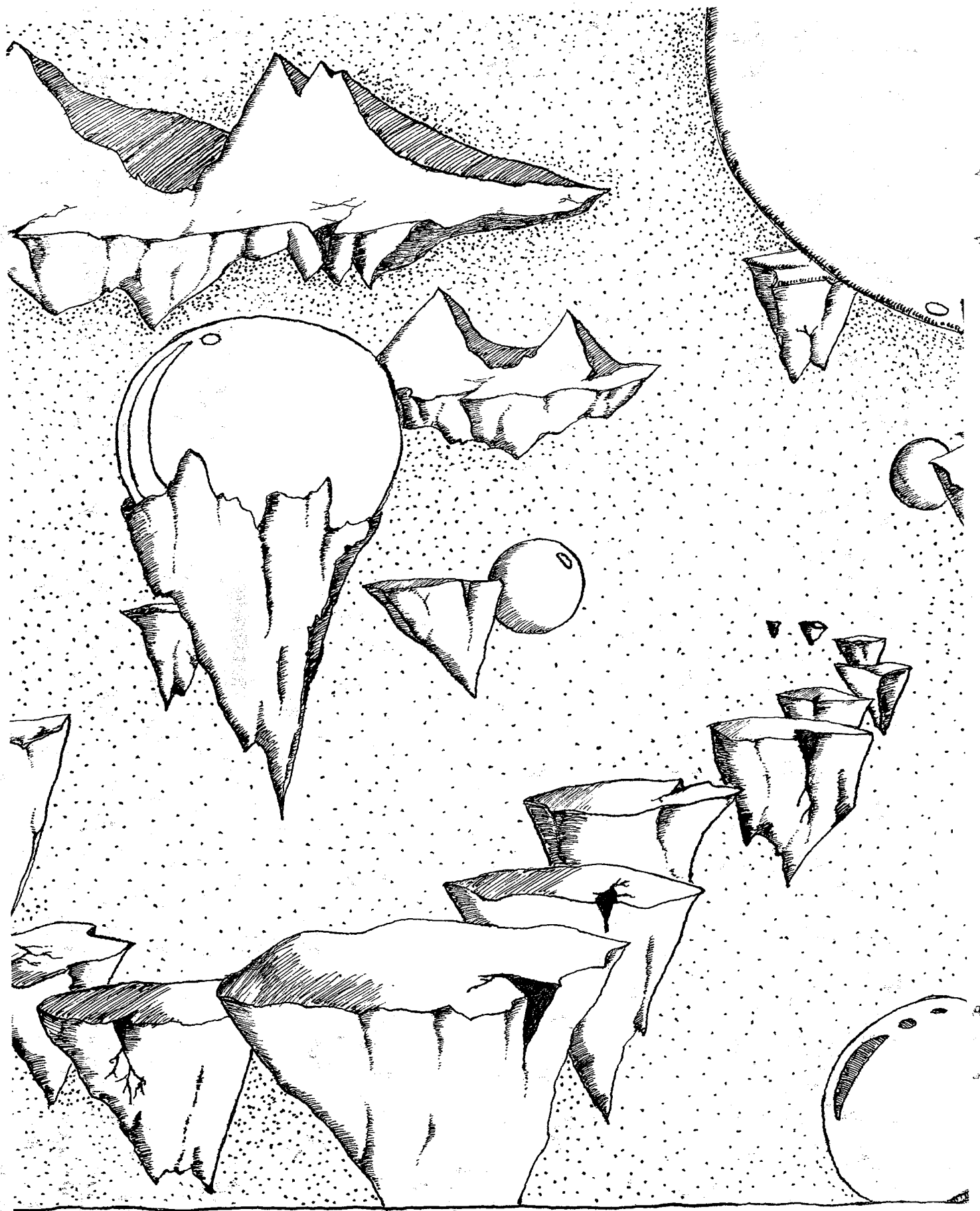
Tara Dikeman '86

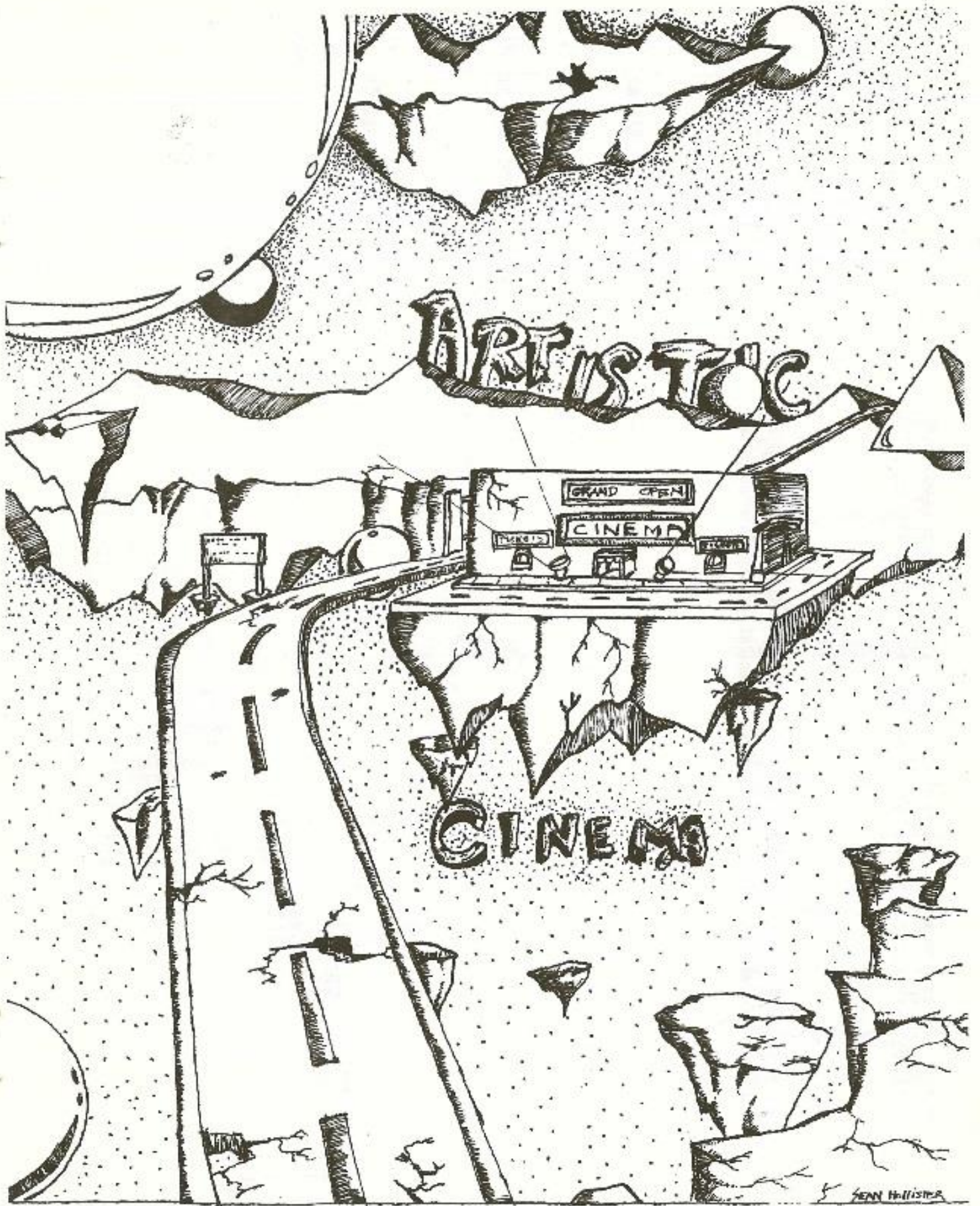
By
Tara
Dikeman

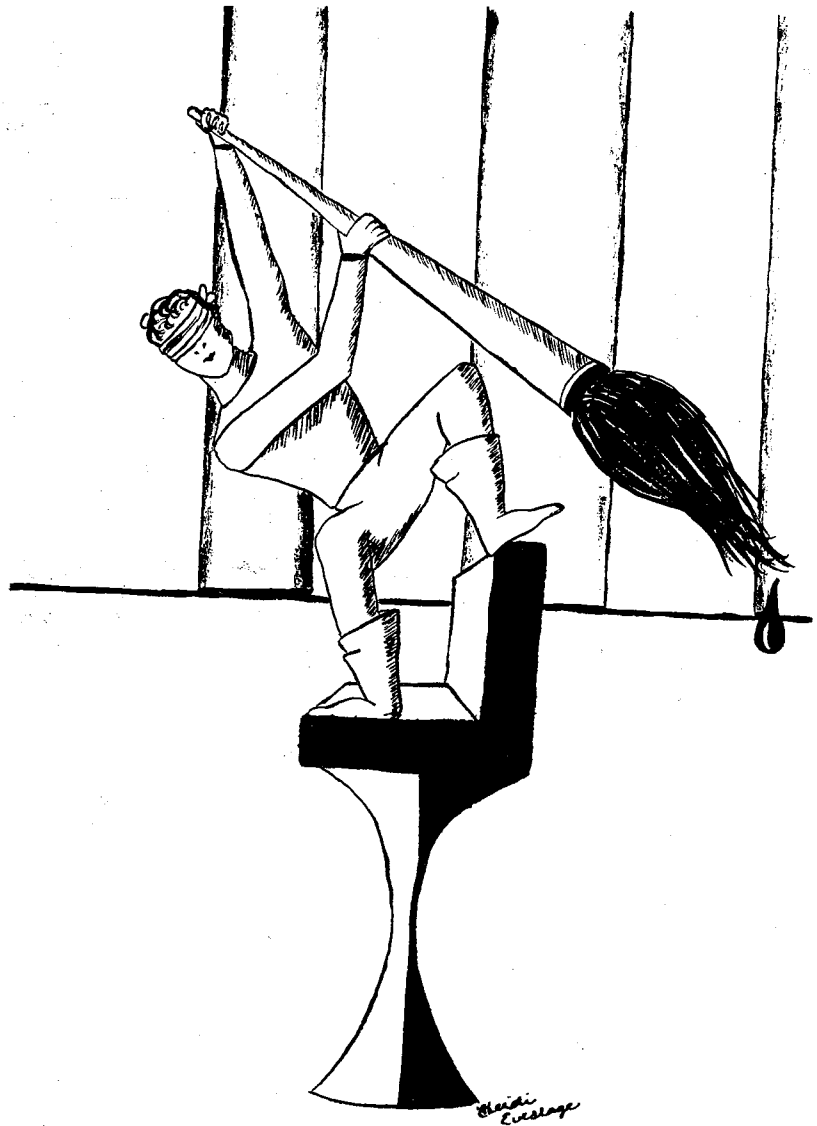
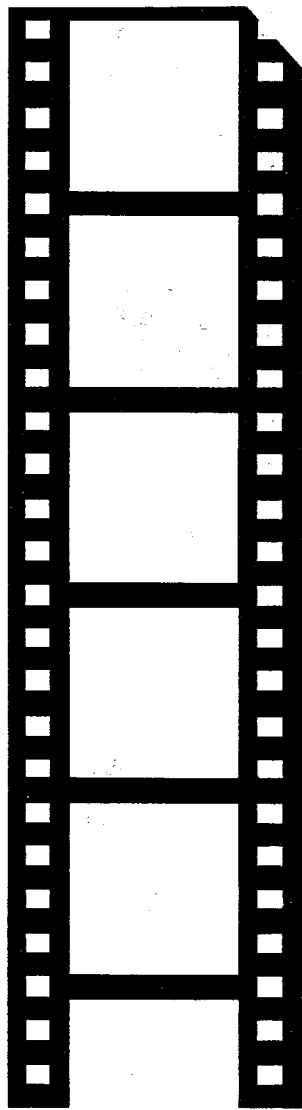
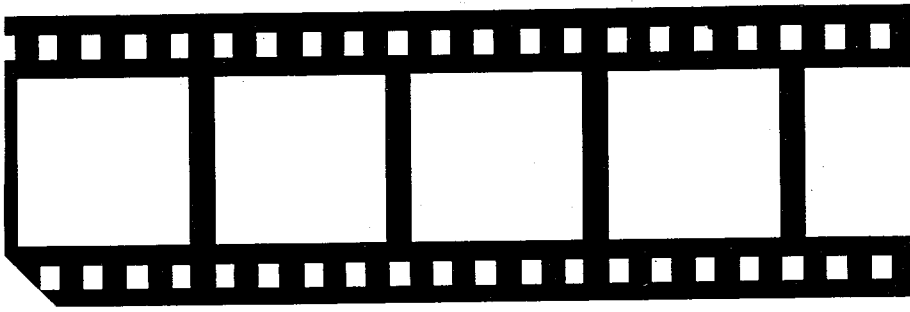


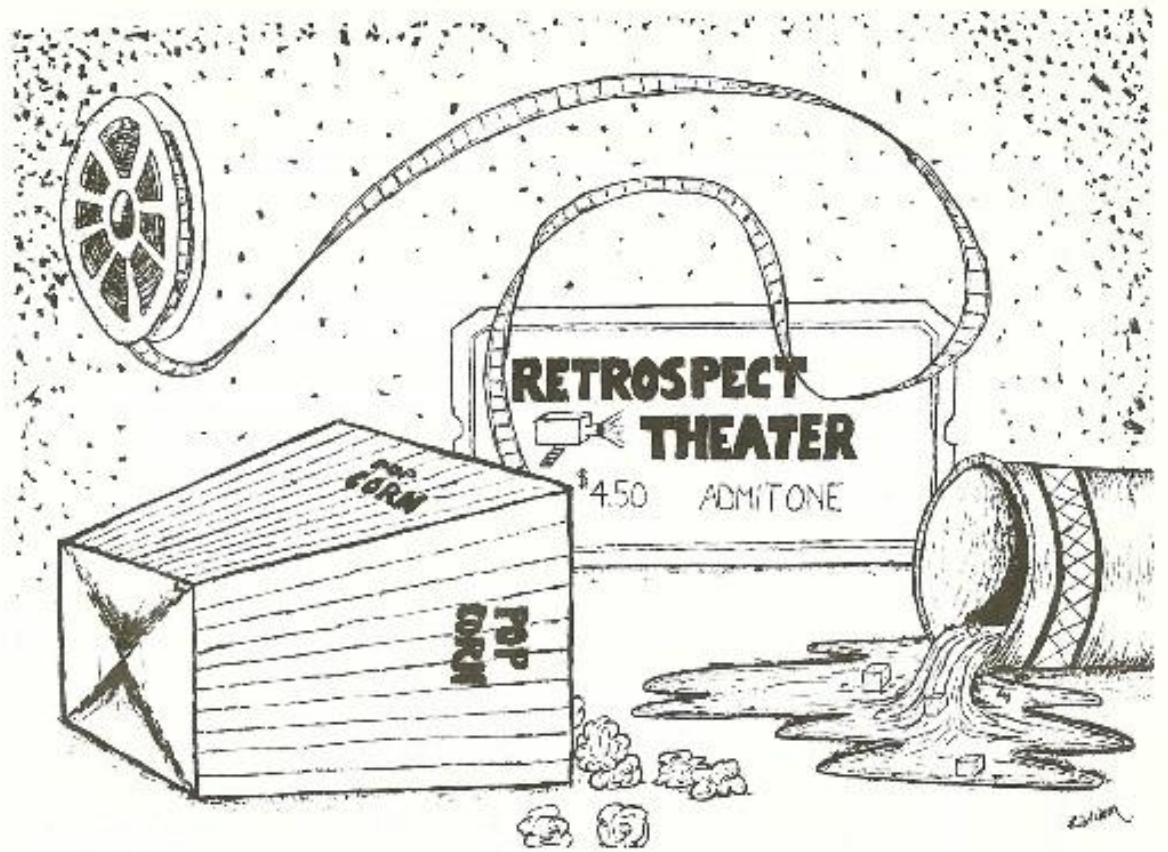
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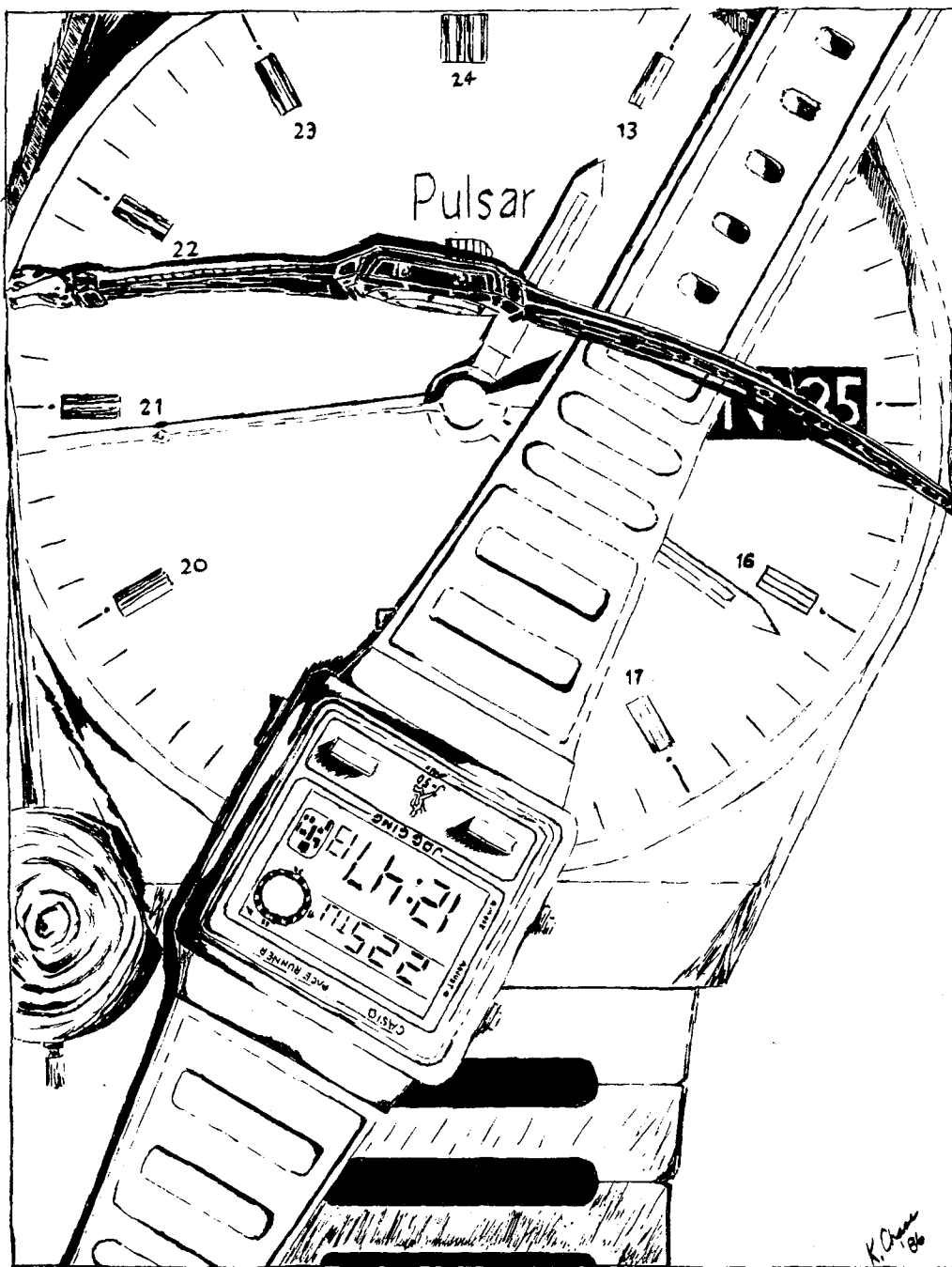
By Leah Wilson



By Kris Rasmussen

ACT THREE

Drawings



By Kevin Chase



By
Sean Hollister

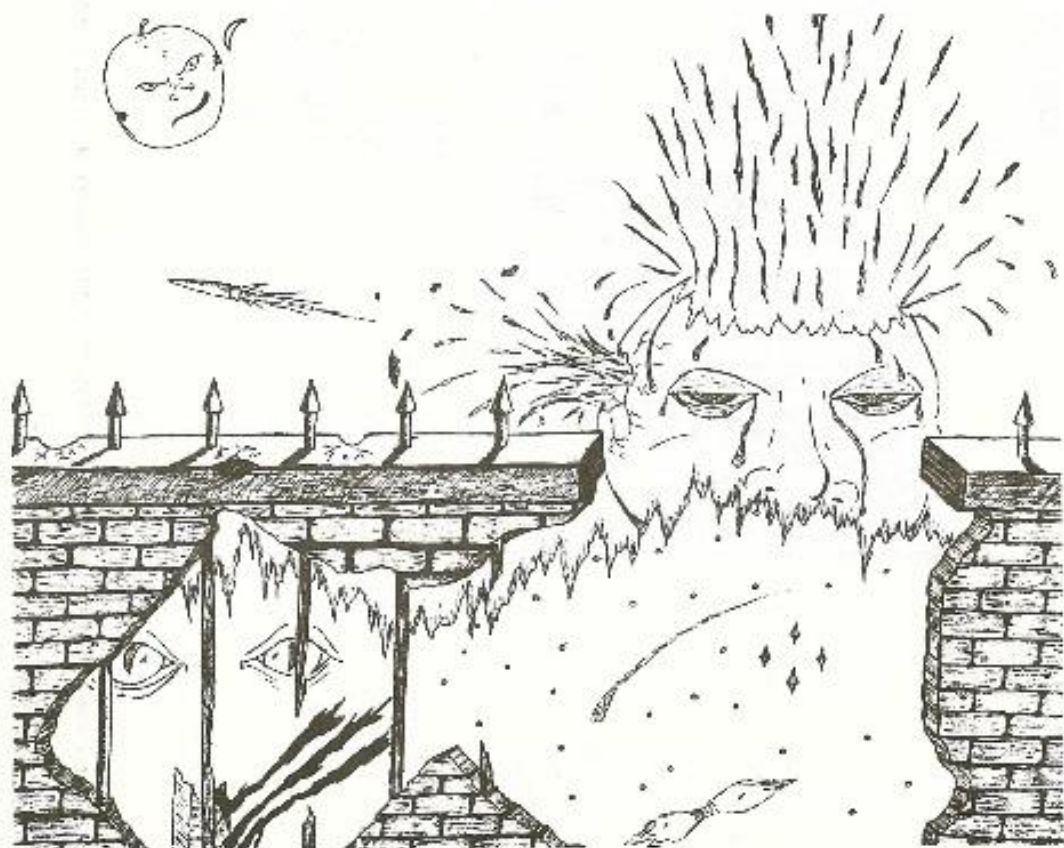


By Andrew Eberly





By Andrew Eberly



By
Matt
Jarman

ACT FOUR

Photography



By Molly Nisbet

By

Mike Montief



By

Stephanie Moe

By
Steve
Gardinier





By
Pam Smith



By
Eric
Yoxtheimer

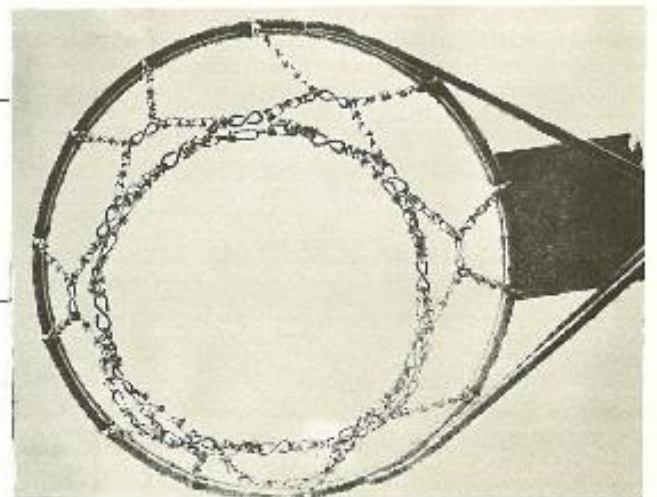


By
Stephanie
Moe



By
Russell
Huppert

By Frank Wilson

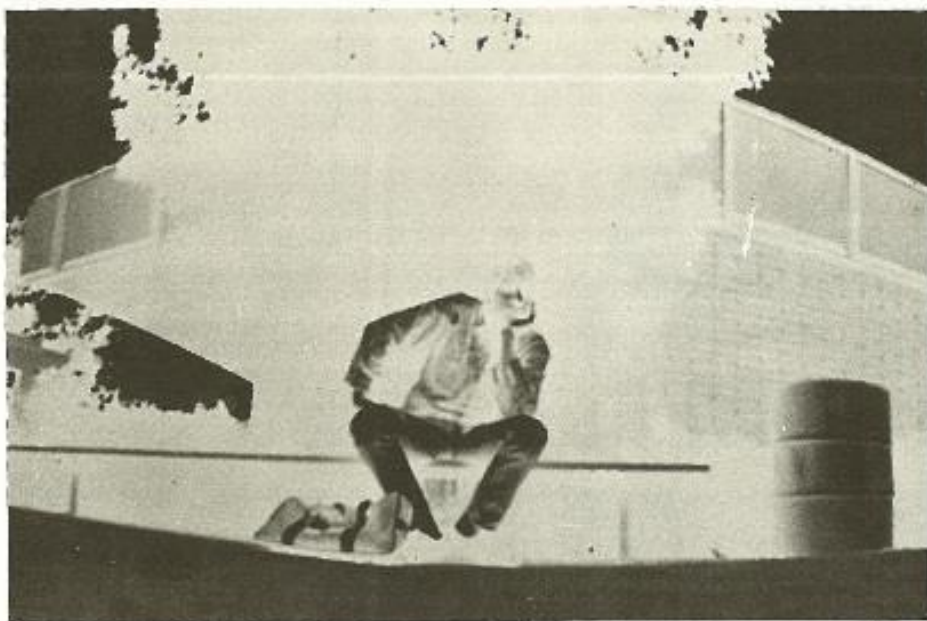




By
Tami McNeight

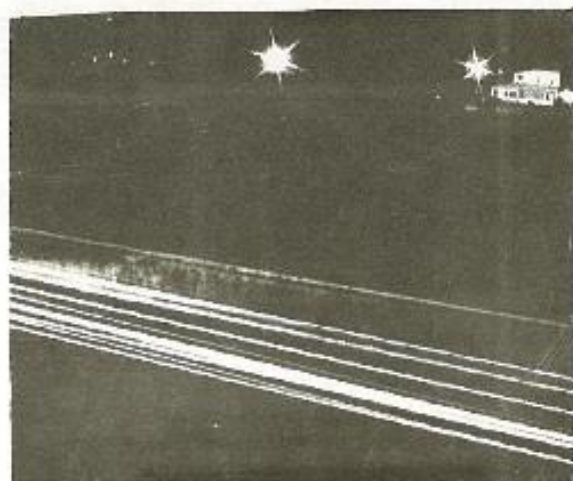


By
Stephanie
Moe



By

Heidi Eveslage



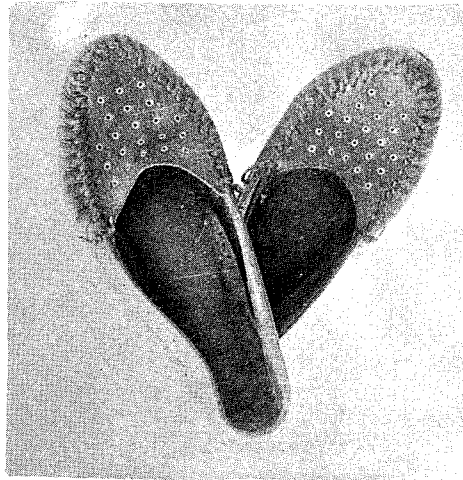
By

Russell
Huppert



By
Molly Nisbet

By Tami McNeight





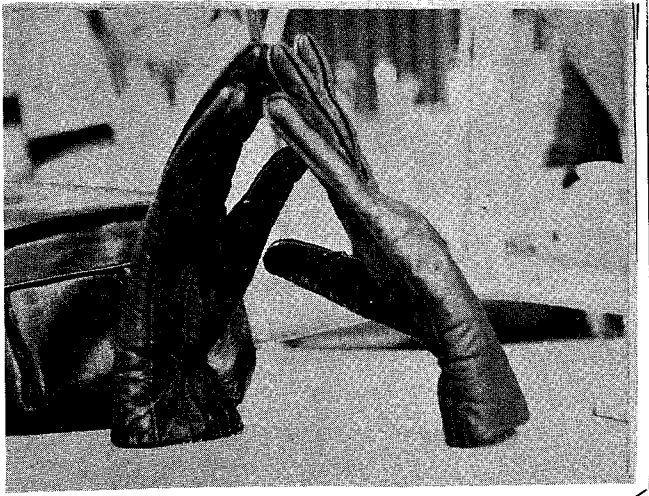
By

Kim Williamson

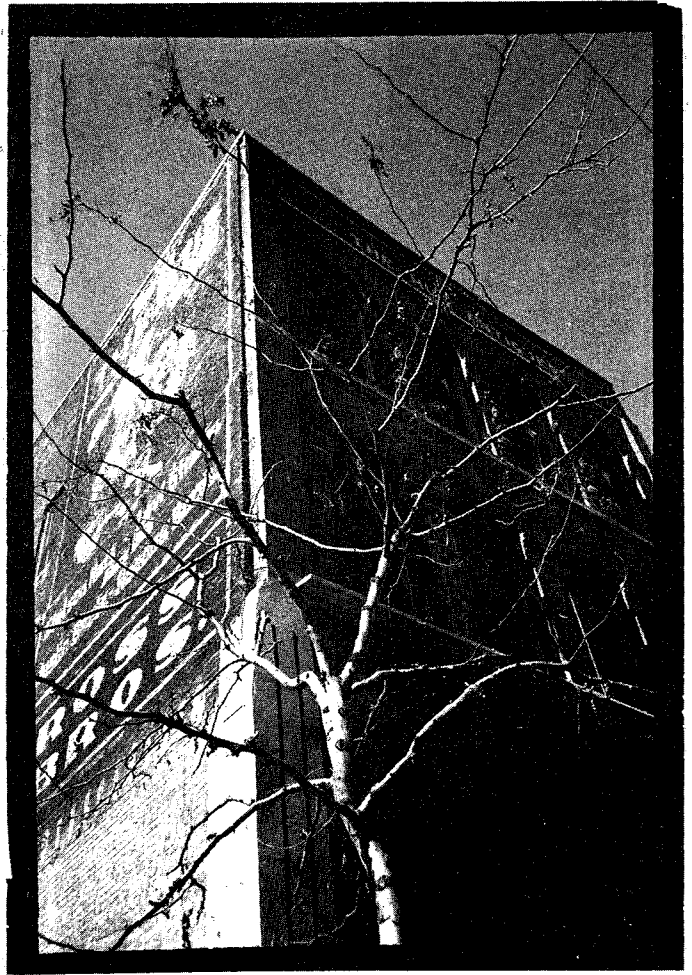


By

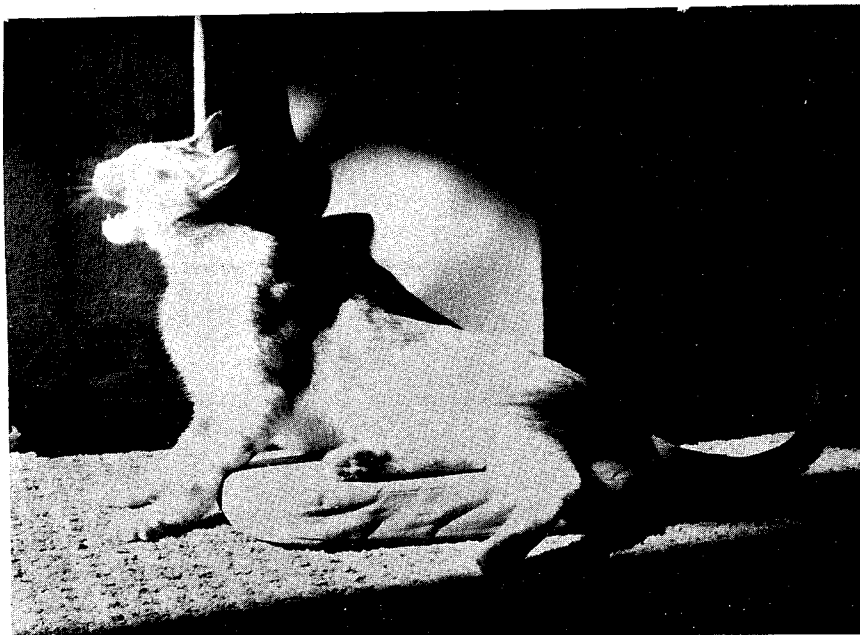
Stephanie Moe



By
Heidi
Eveslage



By Molly Nisbet



By

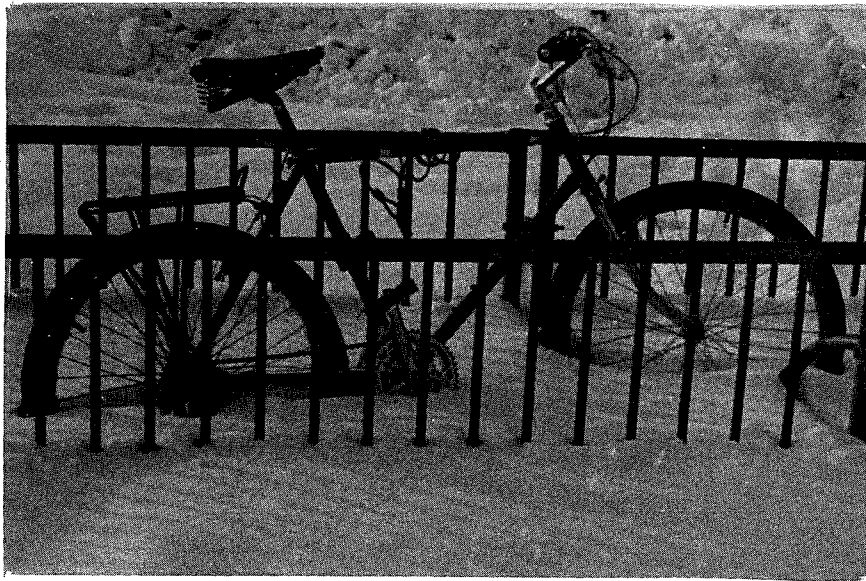
Eric Yoxtheimer



By

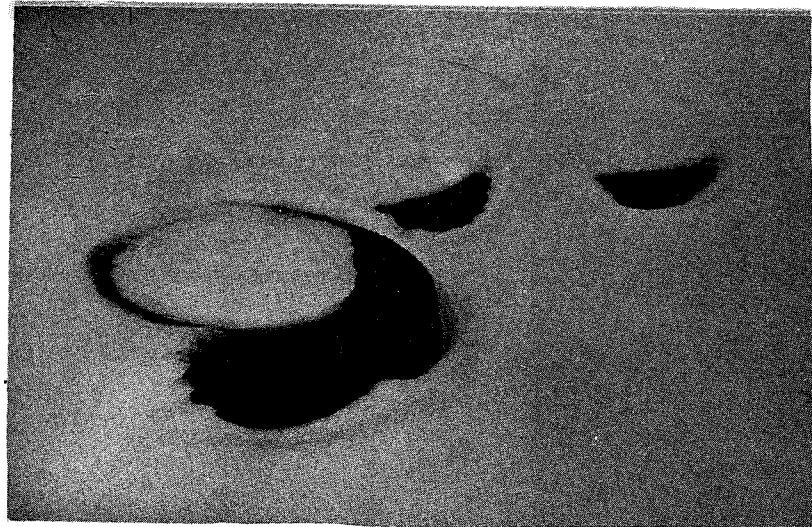
Pam Smith



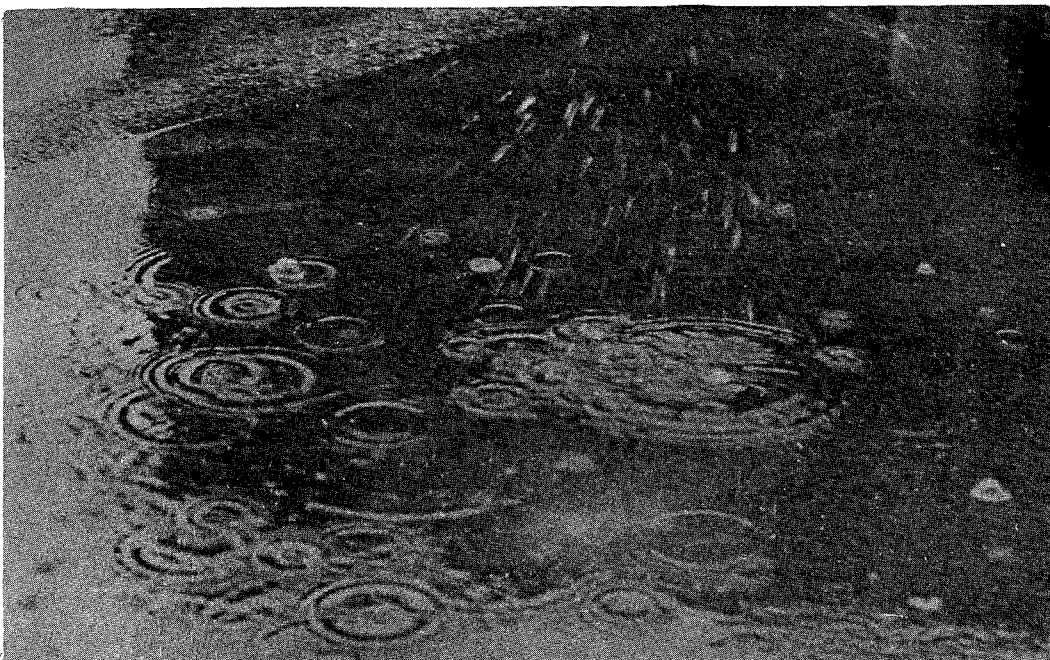


By
Frank
Wilson

By
Stephanie Moe



By
Mike
Rossow



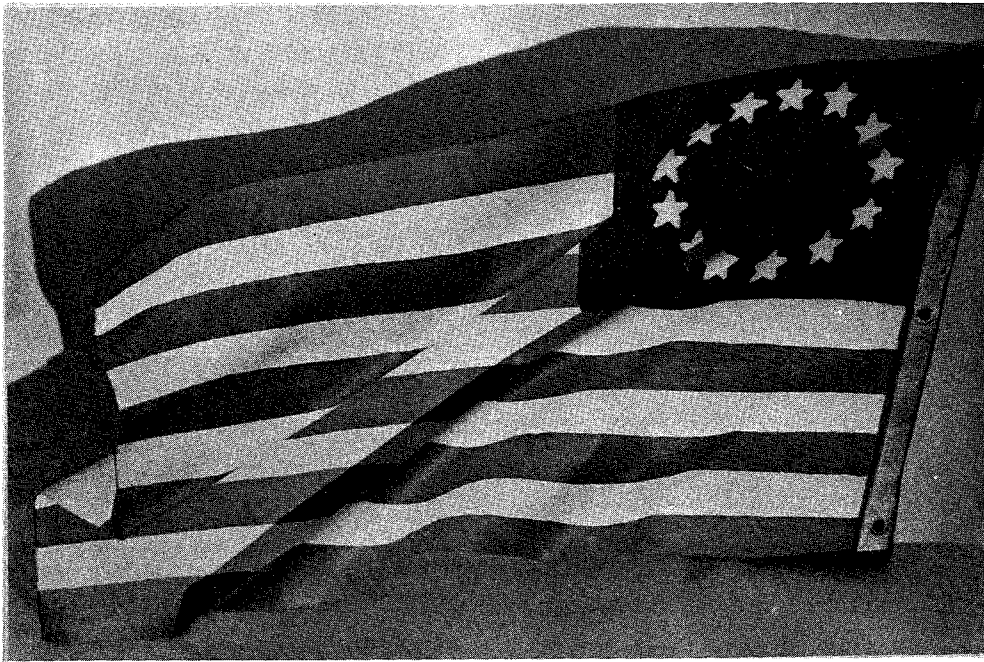
ACT FIVE

Pottery



By Jennifer Cotter

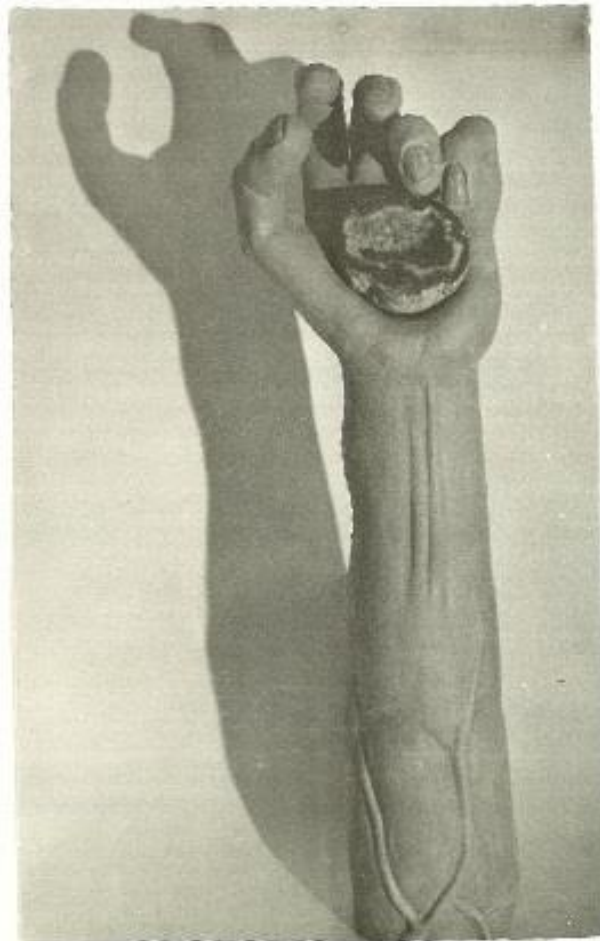
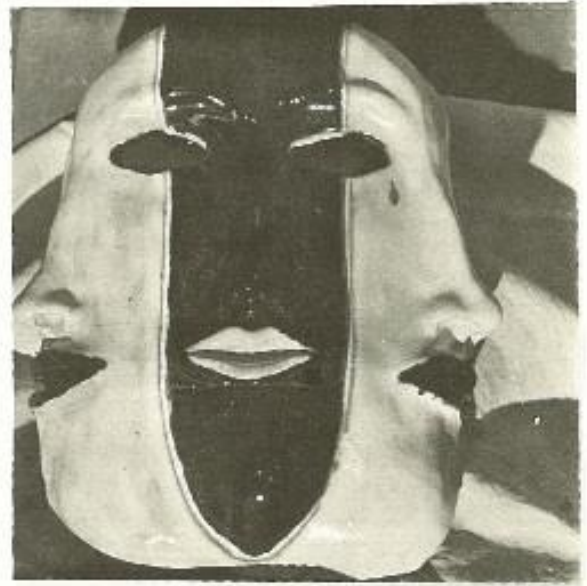
By
Tammy
Thorn



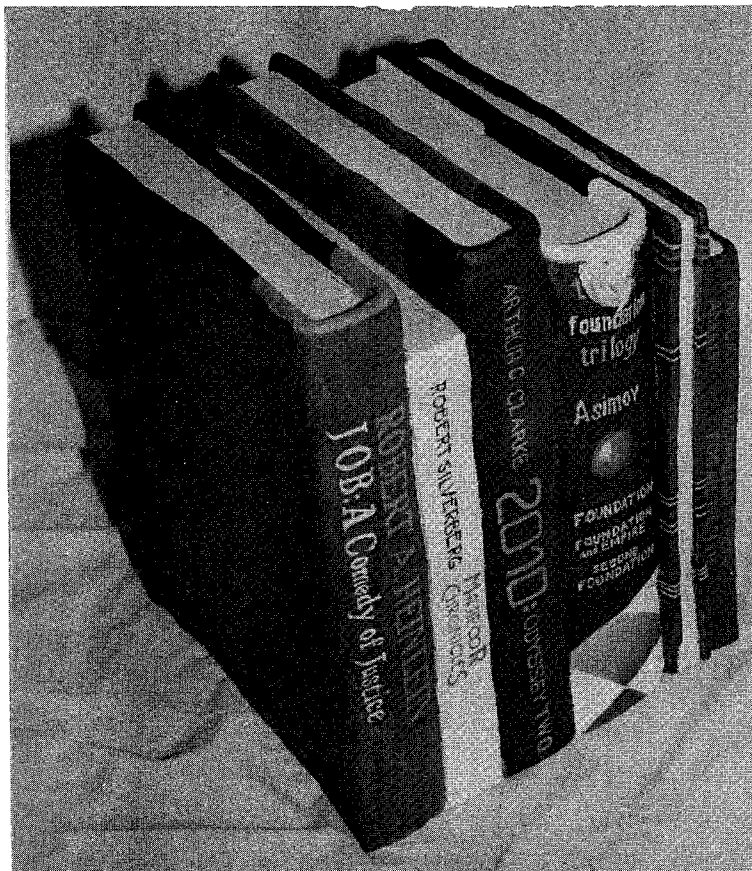
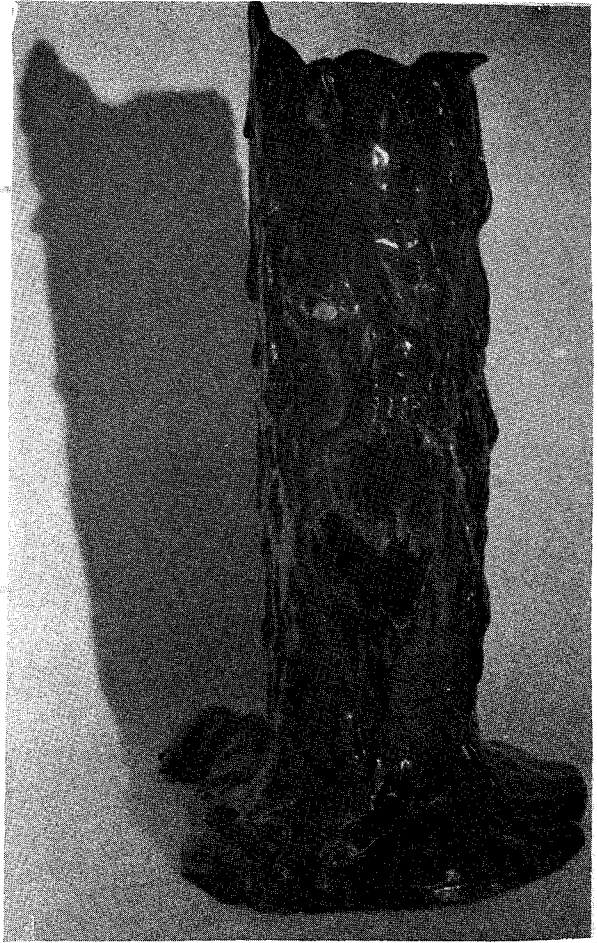
By
Sean
Hollister



By Carrie Ward



By Stephanie Tittle



By

Kevin Chase



By Ingrid Haglund

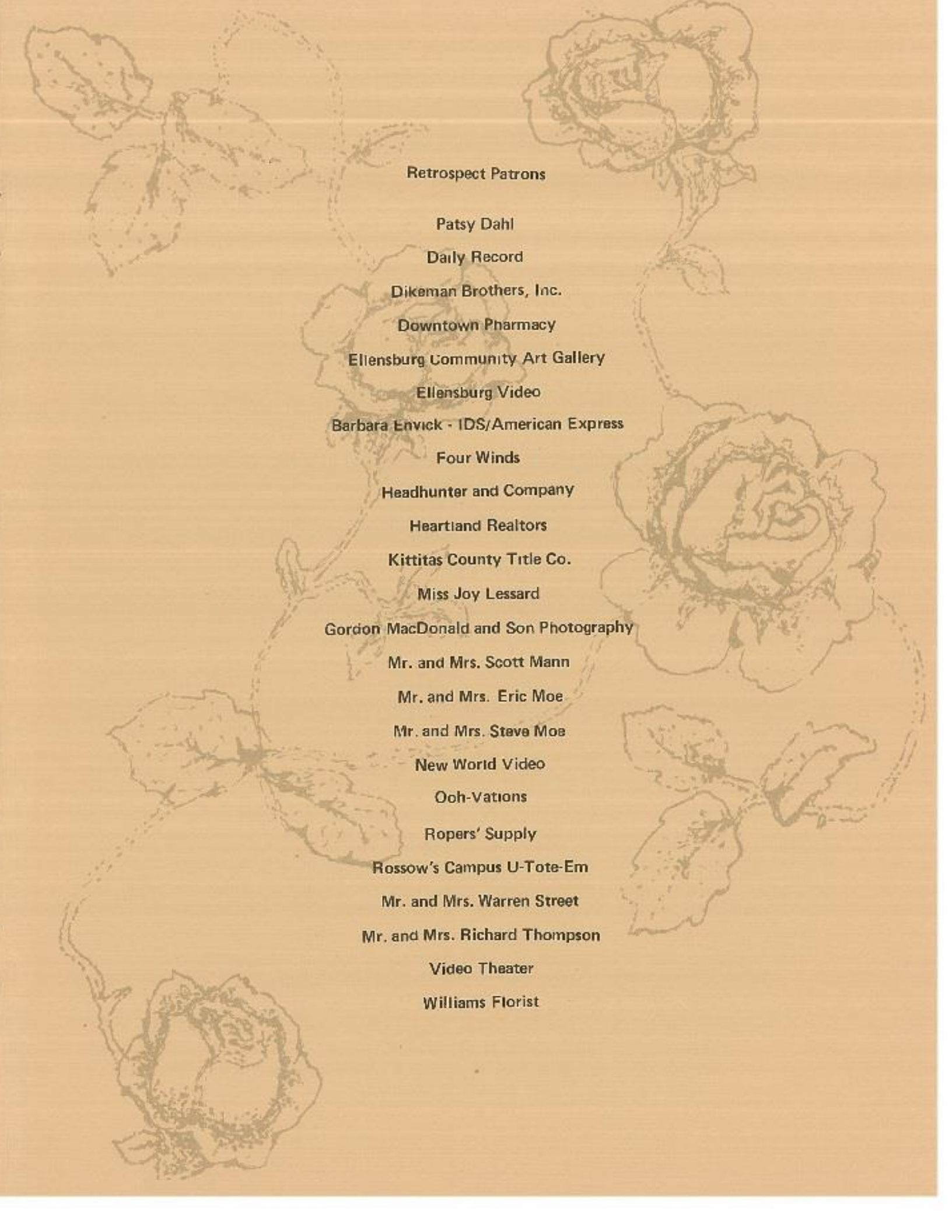


By
Tracy
Petre





By Andrew Eberly



Retrospect Patrons

Patsy Dahl

Daily Record

Dikeman Brothers, Inc.

Downtown Pharmacy

Ellensburg Community Art Gallery

Ellensburg Video

Barbara Envick - IDS/American Express

Four Winds

Headhunter and Company

Heartland Realtors

Kittitas County Title Co.

Miss Joy Lessard

Gordon MacDonald and Son Photography

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Mann

Mr. and Mrs. Eric Moe

Mr. and Mrs. Steve Moe

New World Video

Ooh-Vations

Ropers' Supply

Rossow's Campus U-Tote-Em

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Street

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Thompson

Video Theater

Williams Florist

