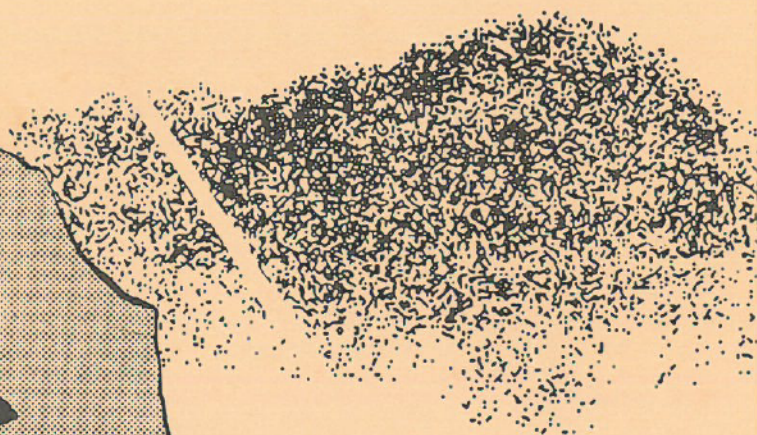


SOL iMpROV

An Arts Publication of HMC

OCTOBER 1989

ISSUE 1



SOL iMpROV

The Editor Speaks

So, you've decided to give this free thin pamphlet of 16 pages a try. I bet the first questions that you have are: "What in the world is this SOL iMpROV thing?" "Why are the 'i' and the 'p' in lowercase?" "And why should I bother reading through it?"

Well, the answers to all of these are very easy. First, the purpose of SOL iMpROV is to gather the artistic creativity in this college and present it to the community for enjoyment. That's about all I'm going to say here. If you want a more defined explanation, find the little box labeled "mission statement" on page 11.

Now onto the more important question: "Why are the 'i' and 'p' in lowercase?" I have tried very hard to come up with a reasonable explanation for that. But still the only one that I can come up with is that I like little dot on the "i" and the descender on the "p." They add abnormality to the logo.

In this first issue we

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Mona Hall
A Kiss

assembled a variety of visual and literary pieces that will be sure to entertain you. **Brainstorm** is a short story written by Greg Furumoto '92, on the subject of writing a Rhetoric paper. You freshmen out there should have a blast. Next is an emotional poem, **The Candle Dies**, by Doug Thompson '93, which is accompanied by a fantastic drawing by Greg Levin '92. The centerfold art by Hoiwon Kim '92 is sure to humor you. **Into the Distance** by Eileen Tanng '93 take you on a walk on the

abstract shore of memory. Then it's time for **CAPTAIN CARDIOID!** Drawn by James Paik '93, the cartoon strip records the exciting moment in history when we encounter alien forms for the first time. The delicate subject of friendship is presented by two poems. The first is **Friends** by Andre Sisneros '93, and the second is **Friendship** by me. Finally we end our issue with a ray-traced hallway of Mona Lisas by Clifford Stein '92, and **A Kiss** by David Simpao '91.

Coming up in the next issues look forward to some art pieces done by the HMC faculty. We will also have short stories, written by Gordon Hogenson '92 and Elizabeth Davis '92, and yet another centerfold from Hoiwon Kim.

At this time I would like to pause for a commercial. We at SOL iMpROV are looking for any random submissions from the HMC community. If you photograph, sketch, paint draw, and/or write at all, we would be glad to have your

please see page 11

BRAINSTORM

by Greg Furumoto

"It was a dark and stormy night..."

"Nooooo! No! No! No! This won't work," thought the disgruntled freshman. He was an average Harvey Mudd frosh, 18, about 5ft. 9in. tall, 135 lbs., SAT score of 1510, and absolutely clueless. Violently, he jabbed the delete key on his computer's keyboard, erasing the lone line of text he had just written.

"It's Monday and this thing is due on Wednesday," he murmured to himself. He looked around his room. It was the usual cluttered mess. His cheap Samsung IBM PC clone took up most of his desk (unimpressive but still a lot better than using the VAX). His bookshelf was overflowing with texts, dirty laundry was strewn about everywhere, and papers covered whatever floor space was left. Somewhere in that mayhem was supposed to be space for a roommate who hardly spent time in the room anyway.

"Aaaaaarrrrggggg," he yelled as he hurled a pen

across the room.

He picked up, for the umpteenth time, his assignment sheet and reread it.

"Ho boy. A 4-6 page creative narrative focused around a conflict with a resolution. I guess I'd better think of something really quick. But what?"

His mind drew a total blank as he chucked an issue of the Collage across the room. The lead article said something about fighting racism on college campuses.

"What can I do? Social issues would work, but I can't think of any right now," he thought as he tossed an ASHMC newsletter on possible changes in the five-college alcohol policy into the garbage can.

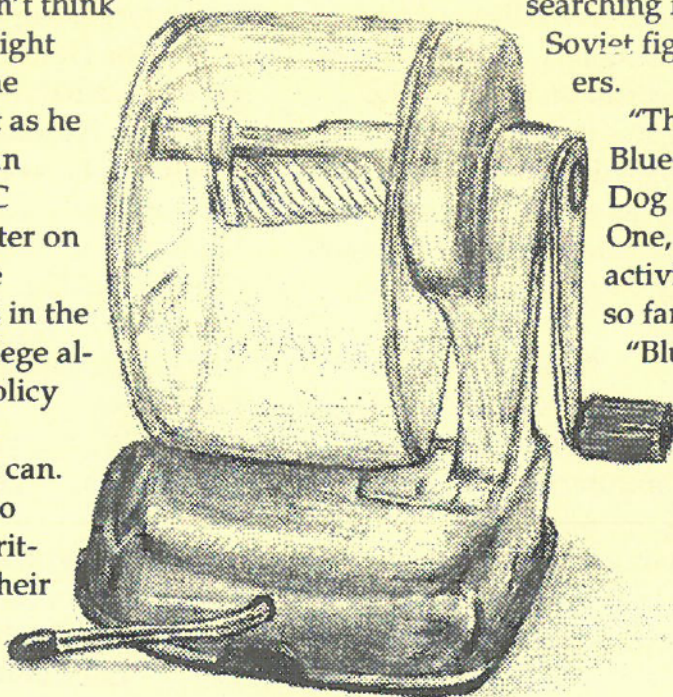
"How do those writers get their inspirations? Geez. I need a solid conflict to work with. Some sort of

dilemma to face a main character."

He leaned back in his chair and stared at some of the books on his shelf. Interspersed between his H&R, Oxtoby & Nachtrieb, Harper & Row, and Abbott and Costello were paperback novels. They were mostly science fiction and techno-thrillers. He loved Asimov and Clancy. As he stared, he began to day-dream.

In his mind, he became the pilot of an F-14 flying over the rough waters of the North Atlantic, searching for Soviet fighters.

"This is Blue-Dog One, no activity so far." "Blue-



*Off to the
1986*

Dog One, this is Control, we detect five incoming bogies heading oh-four-niner, possibly hostile."

"Roger, Control."

His jet went into a 5-g bank as he peeled off to meet the intruders. He kicked in his afterburners, all the while scanning both the sky in front of him and his radar scope, searching for the five aircraft that were supposed to be out there.

Suddenly, a high shrieking tone went off in his headset. Lights began blinking furiously on his control panel. All his electronic warning alarms had just been activated.

"There they are," he mumbled to himself as he spotted five silvery dots about five miles out and closing fast. Acting almost on instinct, he eased his fighter into a slow roll and toggled his targeting system switches. He was rewarded with the reassuring chirp of a lock-on signal.

"Here we go," he thought. He checked his IFF readout. The onboard computer displayed the incoming aircraft as MiG-29 Fulcrums, just as he had expected. A Soviet fighter sweep, probably out of Bodo. That was all the information he needed. His finger jerked back in the trigger, launching two radar-guided AMRAAM

missiles from their underwing pylons.

He watched as the twin high-tech javelins darted out toward the incoming MiG's. Two MiG's were engulfed in a fiery blossom, as the missiles scored direct hits. The remaining fighters broke formation as they fired their own salvoes. Aware of this, he wrenched his F-14 into a screaming dive.....

"Aw, heck," he grumped as he snapped back into reality. "I wonder how Tom Clancy gets all of his great ideas for novels. Oh well, I'd better think of something. Maybe if I talk to Corwin. He always knows what to write."

He got up and walked out of his room, as usual, forgetting to lock the door. (The Honor Code gave him a naive sense of security.) He stumbled down the stairway and ambled across the Quad to North, where his friend Corwin resided. Finding room 264, he rapped sharply on the old, drab green door.

"Whatta ya want," Corwin said as he opened the door.

"I need help, badly. I gotta write a Rhet paper and I'm totally clueless."

"Get a cluepon," chirped a high-pitched voice behind him.

"Oh God. Hi, Sherrie," he said rather sarcasti-

cally.

Sherrie was from East. That explained the cluepon remark and the fact that she was carrying a stack of textbooks. A typical Eastie squid. Behind her was Kelvin, a frosh from boonieland (aka New II, Case, or Seventh) and the butt of many temperature jokes, especially in chemistry. This group always studied together and were usually helpful.

"So what's the problem," asked Kelvin.

"I need an idea for a paper."

"You doing that creative assignment?" asked Corwin.

"Yup."

"Write a story like 'Rocky' or something," suggested Sherrie.

"I don't know anything about boxing."

"Try something you know then," said Kelvin.

"Like what?" He picked up Corwin's football and began to think about his favorite sport. "Who are the Niners playing this week?"

"Sheesh, concentrate on your work," commented Corwin.

"Ok, sorry, but I can't think of anything. Maybe I'll go talk to Kersens."

"Whatever," Kelvin replied.

"See ya later."

He left North and

headed over to Kingston to talk to his Rhetoric professor, Dr. Andrew Kerens. On his way there, he tried to come up with an idea.

"Geez, I need a conflict," he thought. "Maybe something to do with school. No, there's nothing there that would work."

He passed a small knot of upperclassmen fervently discussing a clinic project that was due. They were trying to find a solution to some tricky technical problem.

"Maybe I can write a human-interest type story. No, I need a situation with a personal conflict and I can't think of one."

He passed another student talking to a friend about a recent breakup with a girlfriend.

"Oh well," he sighed as he entered Kingston and strode over to Dr. Kerens' office. He knocked and entered.

"Dr. Kerens, I can't think of what to write."

"Well, try taking something from past experiences," Dr. Kerens began. However, the student's mind had begun to drift. He was remembering a time in high school when he was trying to learn to ice skate. It was very difficult, but he had finally done it, after several tries.

"... and so, sometimes an experience from

your past may help you to come up with a great story idea," the professor concluded.

"Gee, thanks," he said, not wanting to admit he had barely heard a word his instructor had said. Besides, something was tickling the back of his mind. It felt like an idea just beginning to bud. He got up and headed back to his dorm to figure out what was trying to emerge from the clutter of his brain.

When he got back to his dorm, he plopped in front of the TV in the lounge. That always helped him think. The news was on, so he watched while trying to solve his dilemma.

"Ok, there's got to be something obvious that's escaping me," he thought. "Could I be looking for a social conflict?"

A story about drugs, street gangs, and the associated violence came on the screen.

"Maybe it's an overt conflict I want."

The news switched to the latest reports on the riots in South Africa.

"Oh, I can't think of anything," he groaned inwardly. Yet, something in the back of his mind kept bugging him. It was as if a little voice was saying, "It's right in front of your nose, you doofus."

"I need a conflict to be resolved. Once I resolve

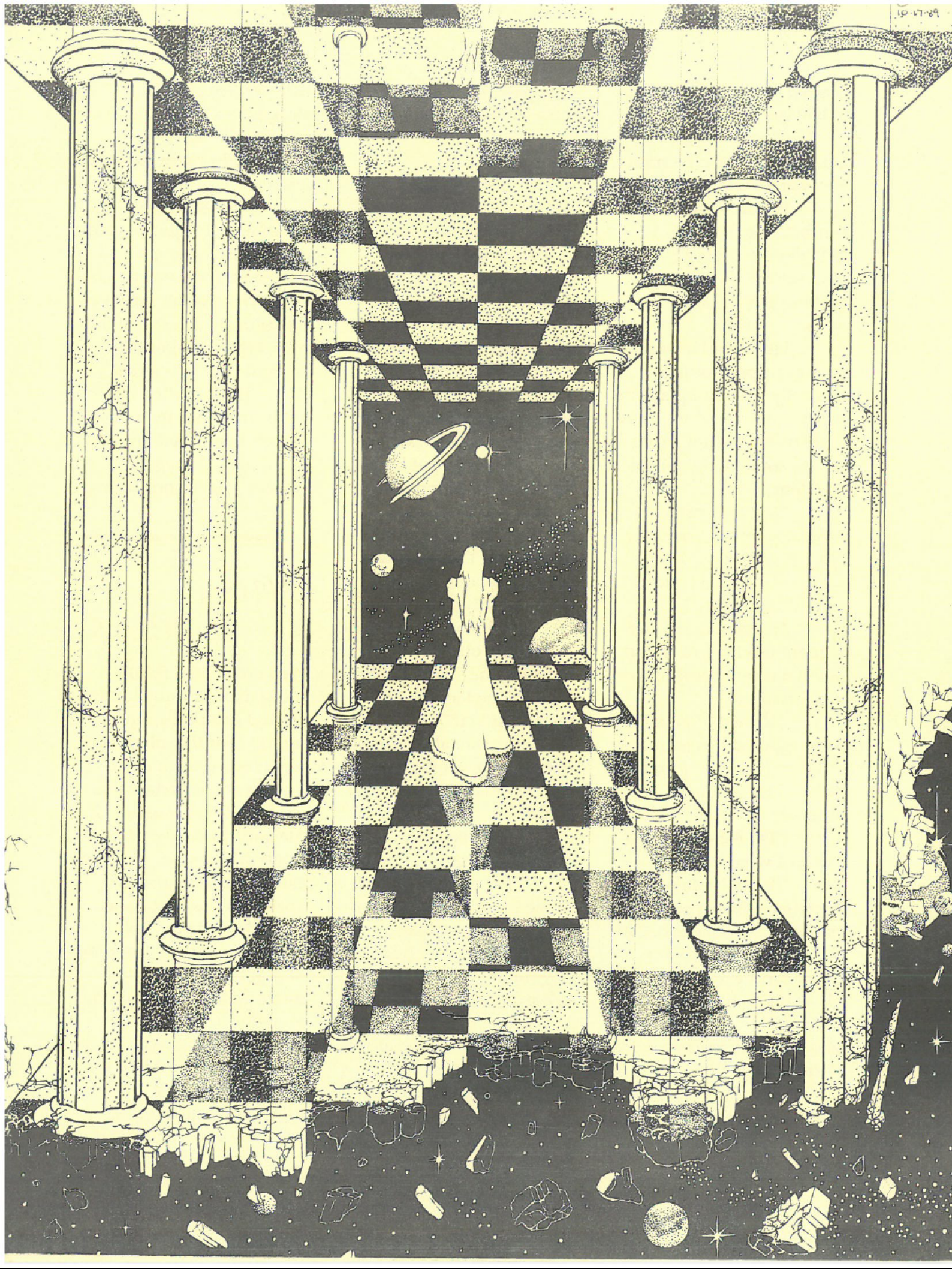
that problem, then I.... " he stopped and thought. An idea struck him like an elastic collision from physics.

"Wait! I got it!" he exclaimed. He got up and darted into his room and flicked on his word processor. "Why didn't I think of this sooner? It's sooo obvious! I'll write about a student trying to write!"

He assaulted his keyboard like a man possessed, and typed his story in a frenzy. It began: "It was a dark and stormy night..."

MUSIC LOVERS

We here at SOL iMPROV recognize that music is an art and should be represented. For this purpose, I have been chosen to enlighten and entertain you with anything musical. If the gods look favorably upon this venture then you can expect a column to appear in the next issue. Until then, if you have anything to say about music or you actually play an instrument, please call me or drop by. My name is Andre Sisneros in Case 240, ext 4274. I would also like to see if we can create some bands through this. So what are you waiting for — Let's Jam!



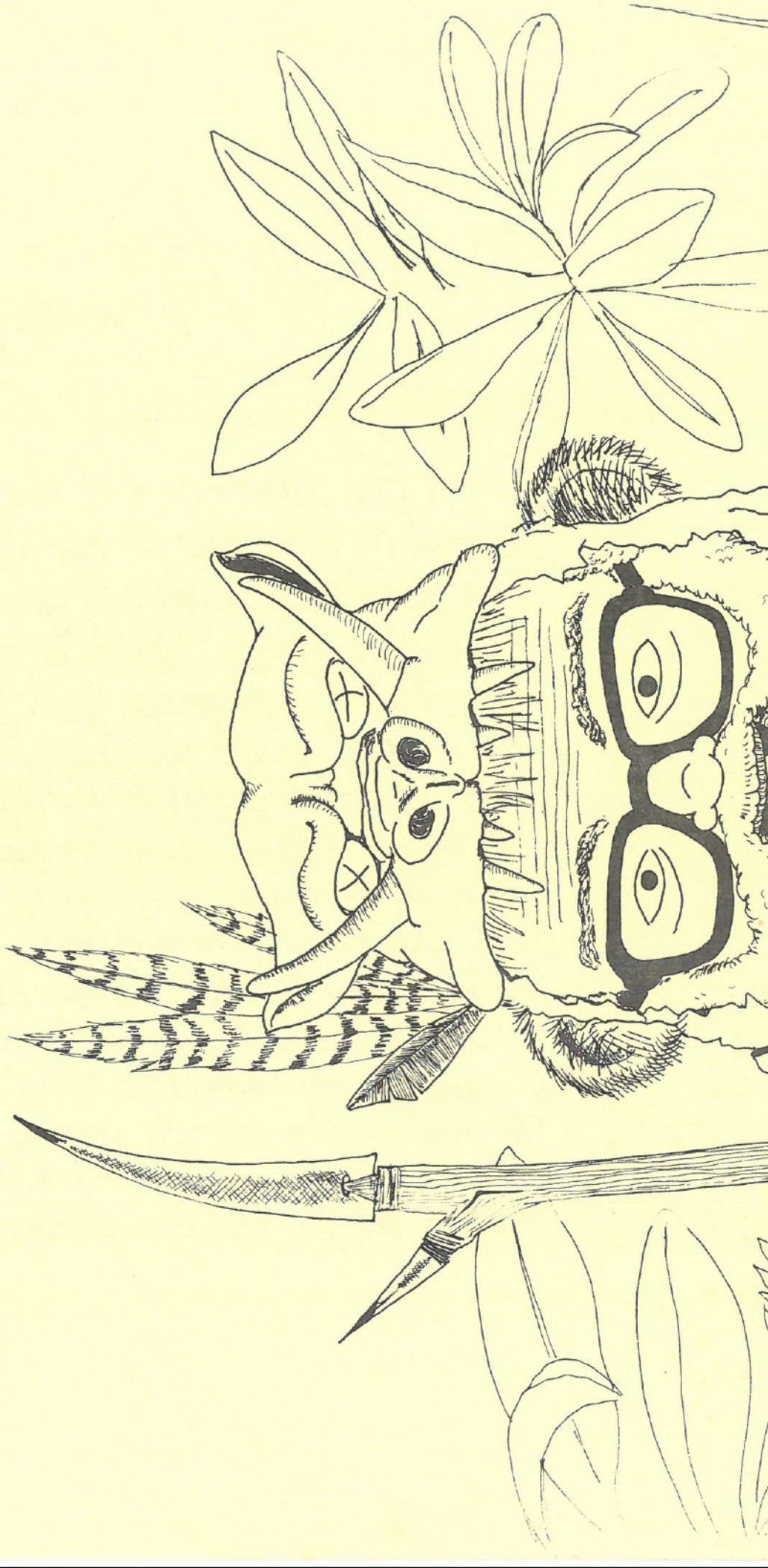
The Candle Dies

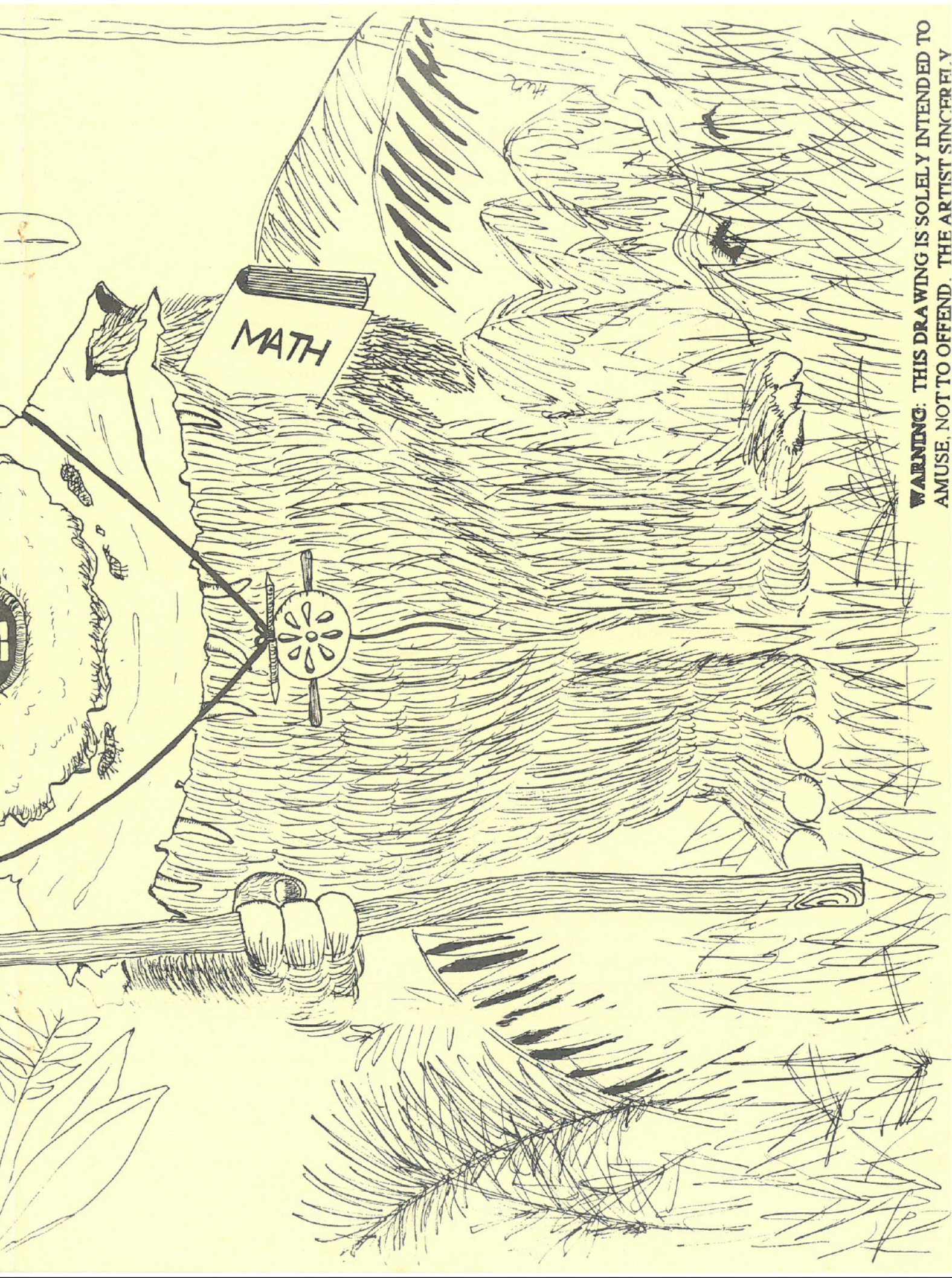
by Doug Thompson

Down the silver-cold of the marble hall,
Dressed in pure lace for the King's ball,
She floated with angelic fright.
She laughed at left, smiled at right,
Danced with a forgotten God's grace,
And silenced swift this royal place.
From off center I watched her game —
I knew her and I knew her name;
I had dreamt her once, and now look:
Just like a story from a book,
She has come to life; she has breath —
My dream has even beaten Death.
I went to my room, left that scene,
To find silence sweetly serene,
To wish she would die with the dawn,
And to cry for the dream's now gone.

Hoiwon Salutes:

Professor Melvin Henriksen





WARNING: THIS DRAWING IS SOLELY INTENDED TO AMUSE, NOT TO OFFEND. THE ARTIST SINCERELY

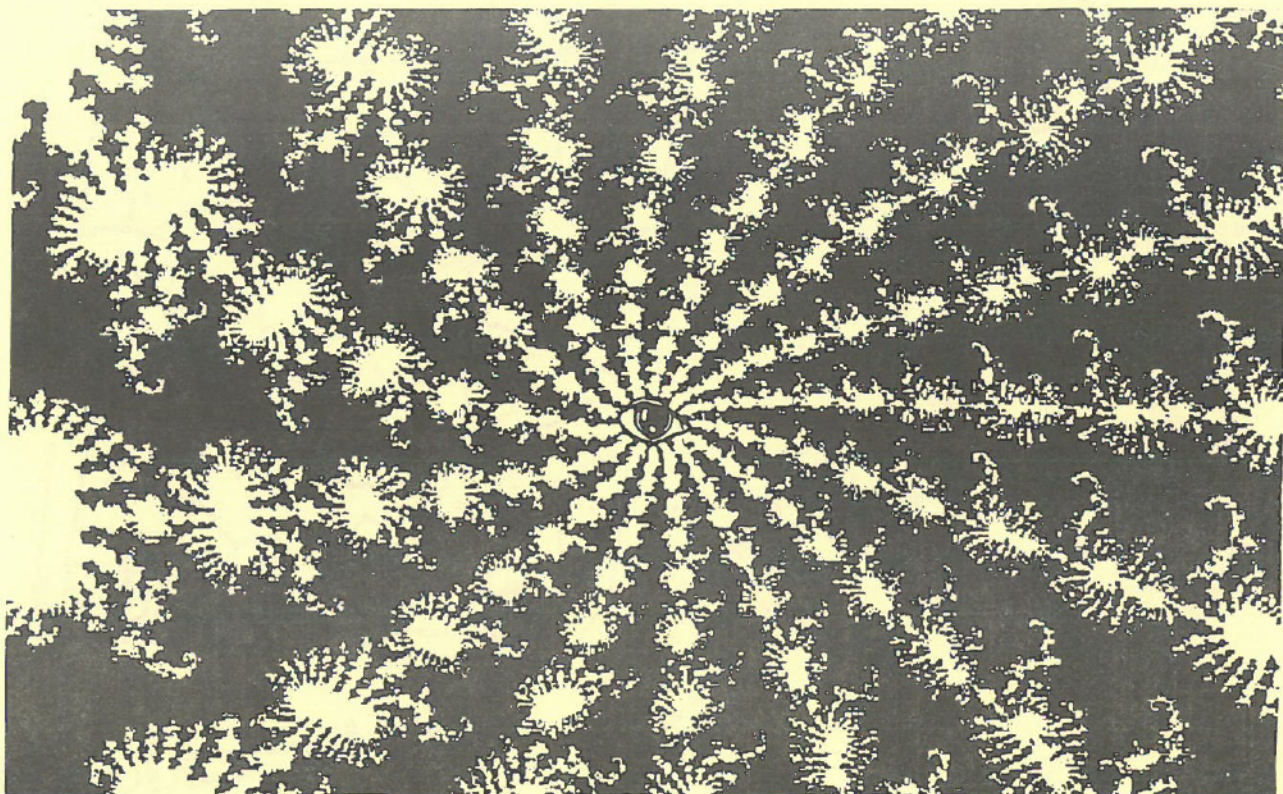
Into the Distance

by Eileen Tanng

As I walked along the shore
Deep in my thoughts
I saw a solitary figure
Standing in the distance.
As I approached the stranger
I saw it was a man.
He stood there quietly
And turned his face towards me.
With a smile on his lips
And a tear in his eye
He reached out with his hand
And touched me on the cheek.
That familiar touch
Tugged at my heart
And the memories came flooding back.
It was at that moment
That I recognized
My father

He was grayer now
With lines of tiredness
Showing around his eyes—
No longer that strong man
Of vigor I remembered.
Many years had passed
Since I had last seen him
But after that one touch
All those years of loneliness
Disappeared
And I was a little girl again.
Unwilling to lose him a second time
But he pushed me away
And looked at me.
No words were needed—
The guilt and torment in his eyes
Told me I would never see him
Again

As I stared at him
My vision began to blur
But then those tears of sadness
Turned to tears of anger.
My heart hardened as
My mind seared
With growing heartlessness.
My eyes filled with such hate
That my father backed away,
Fear in his eyes.
I brushed away my tears angrily
And vowed never to be hurt again.
My heart turned to stone
As his figure disappeared
Into the distance.
I struggled for inner strength
But nothing could prevent
That last tear from
Falling



Eye of the Storm

by Benis Babusis

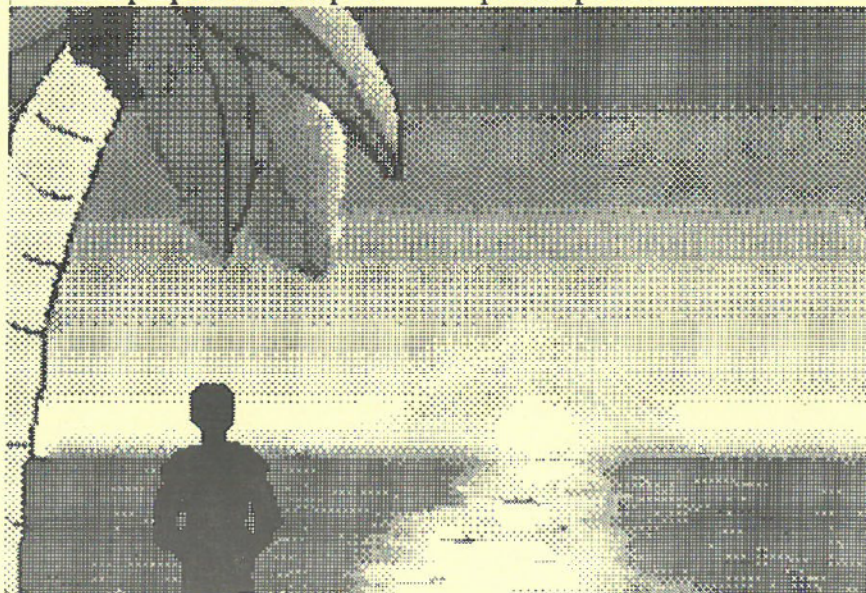
continued from pg 2
items included in our following issues. We'll take just about anything ranging from doodles to detailed drawings, poems to creative papers. If you become enlightened, please drop your submissions in my mailbox or hand it to me personally. We would also appreciate any donation to help us cope with the publication cost.

A few last technicalities: The contributors to this issue hereby retain all copyrights to their works. And the views expressed or implied by those works are not necessarily that of SOL iMpROV. ■

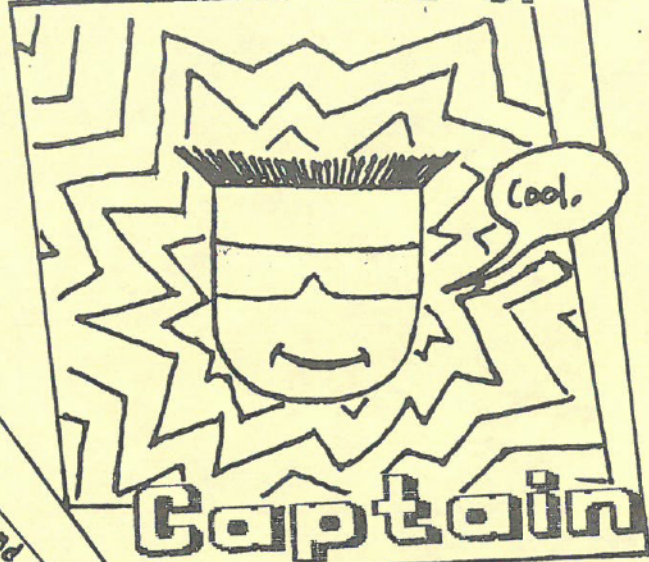
MISSION STATEMENT

SOL iMpROV is a periodic publication that seeks to complement one of the main goals of Harvey Mudd College as stated in the Preamble of the Student Handbook: "to emphasize an understanding of the human purposes and aspira-

tions their knowledge can serve." To accomplish this end, the SOL will promote self-expression by providing a forum for artists, both literary and visual, in which they can explore, express, and discuss their creativity, emotions, and philosophies.



The Adventures of



Captain Cardioid

Since the
Dawn of Time,
Man has endeavored
to fathom the depth
of the Cosmos - Our
Universe

Science, religion and
philosophy have always
gazed at the stars and
asked, "Are We Alone?"

At last! We make Contact!
The wildest dream of every
generation of
man is realized.

Greetings!

Ooooh!

Aaaah!

Our Kinetic Crusader,
Hero of a Generation,
is the first to speak
to the Alien.

Hey Dude,
is your
vehicle
insured?



Captain
Cardioid Says:

"NEVER Swallow Anything
Bigger than Your Head!"

"And remember, knowing
is only half the battle!"

HEY KIDS! Do you want to join the
Captain Cardioid Club? Just send
\$300 to James Paik in Atwood 127.
(And don't tell your parents!)

244P

What Is Friendship

Friends

by Andre Sisneros

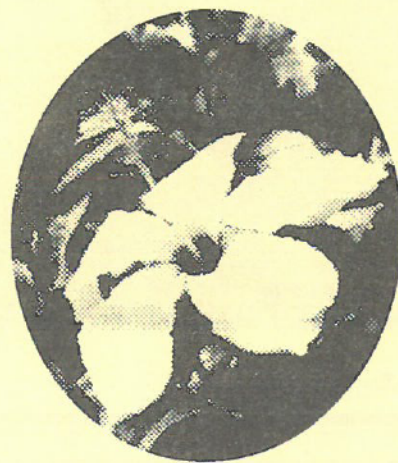
On a friend, you can trust
to find you when you are lost,
to each other you can be honest
and always forgiving and soft.

When the world seems dark and gray
your friend can scare it away
With a joke appears a rainbow,
together you laugh and feel the wind blow.

When you see them down, pick them up
Get together and plan a trip
Listen to music late at night
arguing over who's wrong and right.

Soon you know each other
as well as a sister or brother
Hurting them hurts you,
when you hurt they hurt too.

This is being a friend
Try not to let it end
But if it does, even though you try
then go find a friend who'll let you cry.



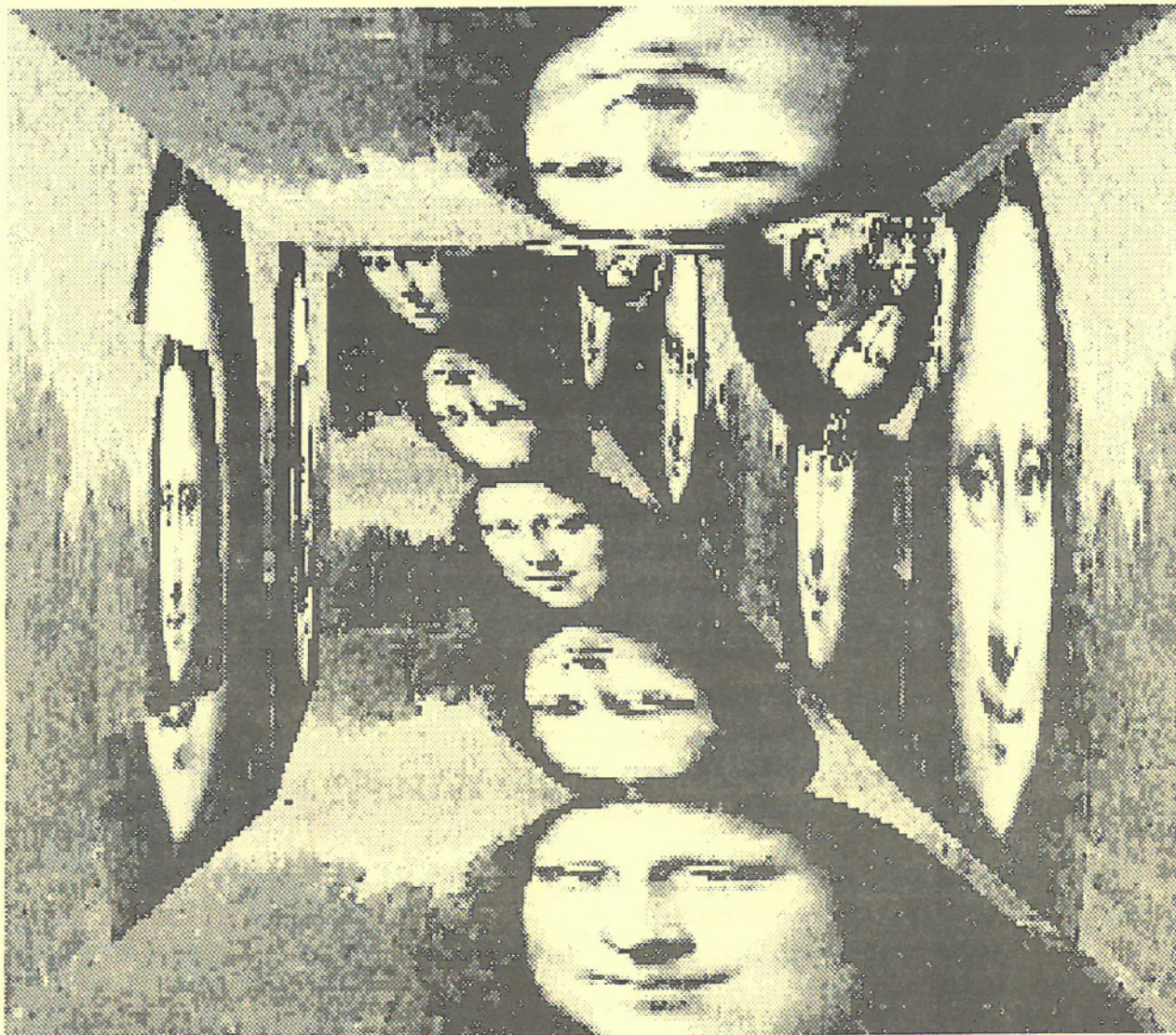
Friendship

by Jack Houn

Was there once in your time when you said HA!
And someone smiled?

Was there once in your time when you said ARGGH
And that someone understood?

Was there once in your time when you said nothing,
And that same someone said HA, ARGGH, PTHTHTH
And you smiled?



Mona Hall

by Clifford Stein

We Would Like to Know what you think

We here at SOL iMpROV are dedicated to the pursuit of excellence. But that excellence can only be achieved with your feedback. We would appreciate it if you could spend a few minutes and answer the following questions:

1. What are your impressions of this first issue?
2. What would you like to see or not to see in future issues?
3. Which is your favorite work in this issue?

AND...

4. Hoiwon wants to know which prof you would like to see in future issues.

Please drop the responses in Platt Campus mailbox, #203.



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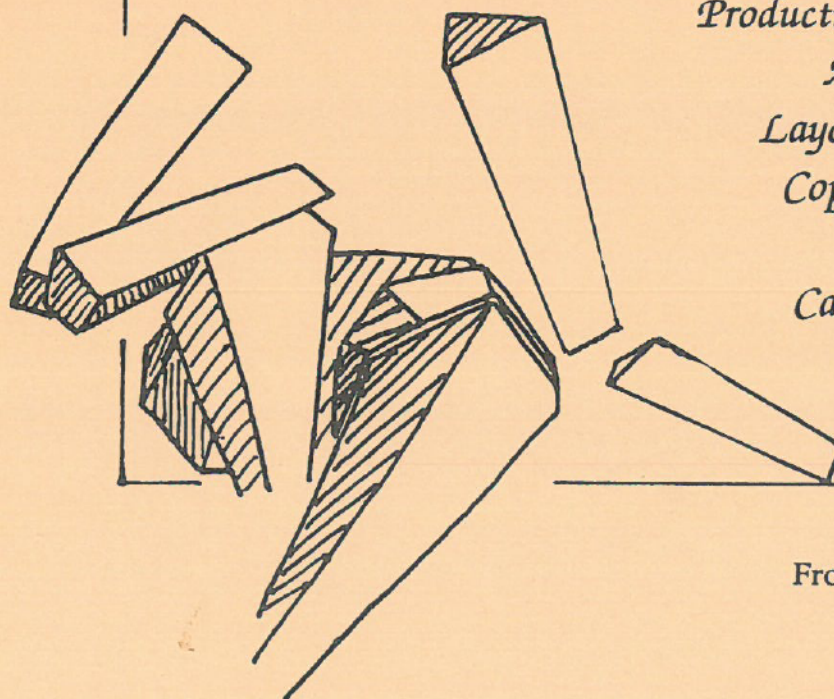
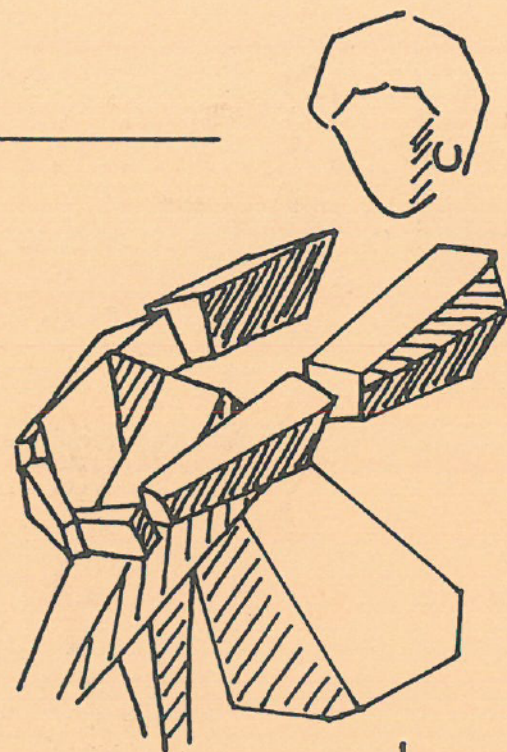
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