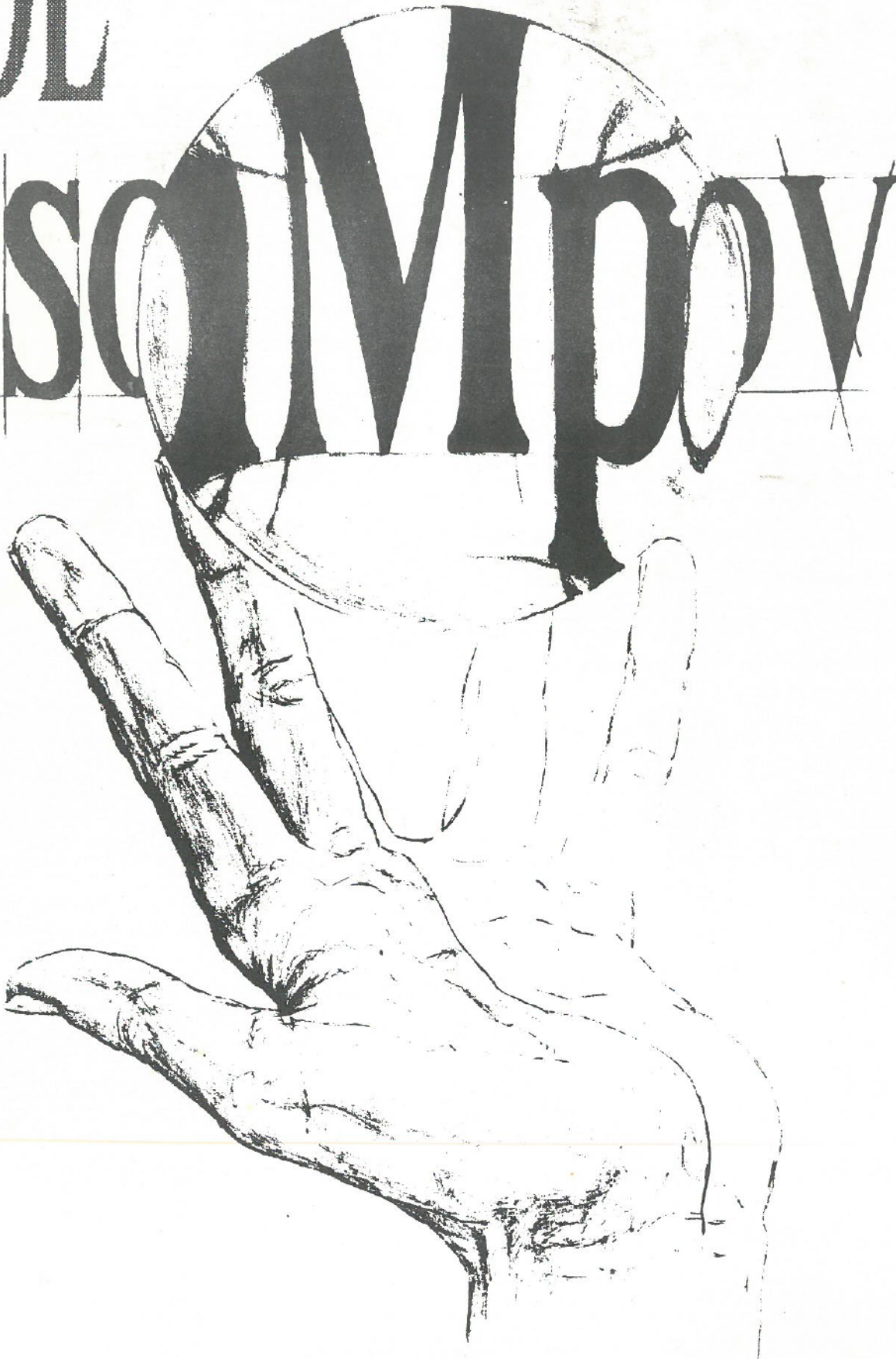


SOL iMpROV

An HMC Student Arts Publication
December, 1989
Issue 2



SOL

iMpROV

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AN HMC STUDENT ARTS PUBLICATION

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EDITOR'S COLUMN

Amidst the end of semester academic pressure, the second issue of *SOL iM-pROV* rises to existence. I would like to thank all of my staff and the contributors for taking time out of their loaded schedules and assisting me in this otherwise impossible task.

Many of you have heard that ASHMC has discontinued its funding for the *Muddraker*. This is an unfortunate event for the HMC community especially at a time when our school is expanding. New dorms and new facilities are being built and an increasing number of students are being enrolled at Mudd each year. Yet the *Muddraker*, an essential source of information for our community, is in danger of vanishing. If the *Muddraker* should vanish, information would be spread out primarily through memos from the deans and the president. Rumors could become the major medium of information.

Even though I don't have any authority in the

CONTENTS

Editor's Column
Hand of the Goddess
Prf. Beeman's Fractal Gallery
Vigilante
Moonbeams
Hoiwon Salutes
The Stars on Christmas Eve
Would You... Dance?
Captain Cardioid
Fractalian Sunset
Insider's Guide to
the Contributors

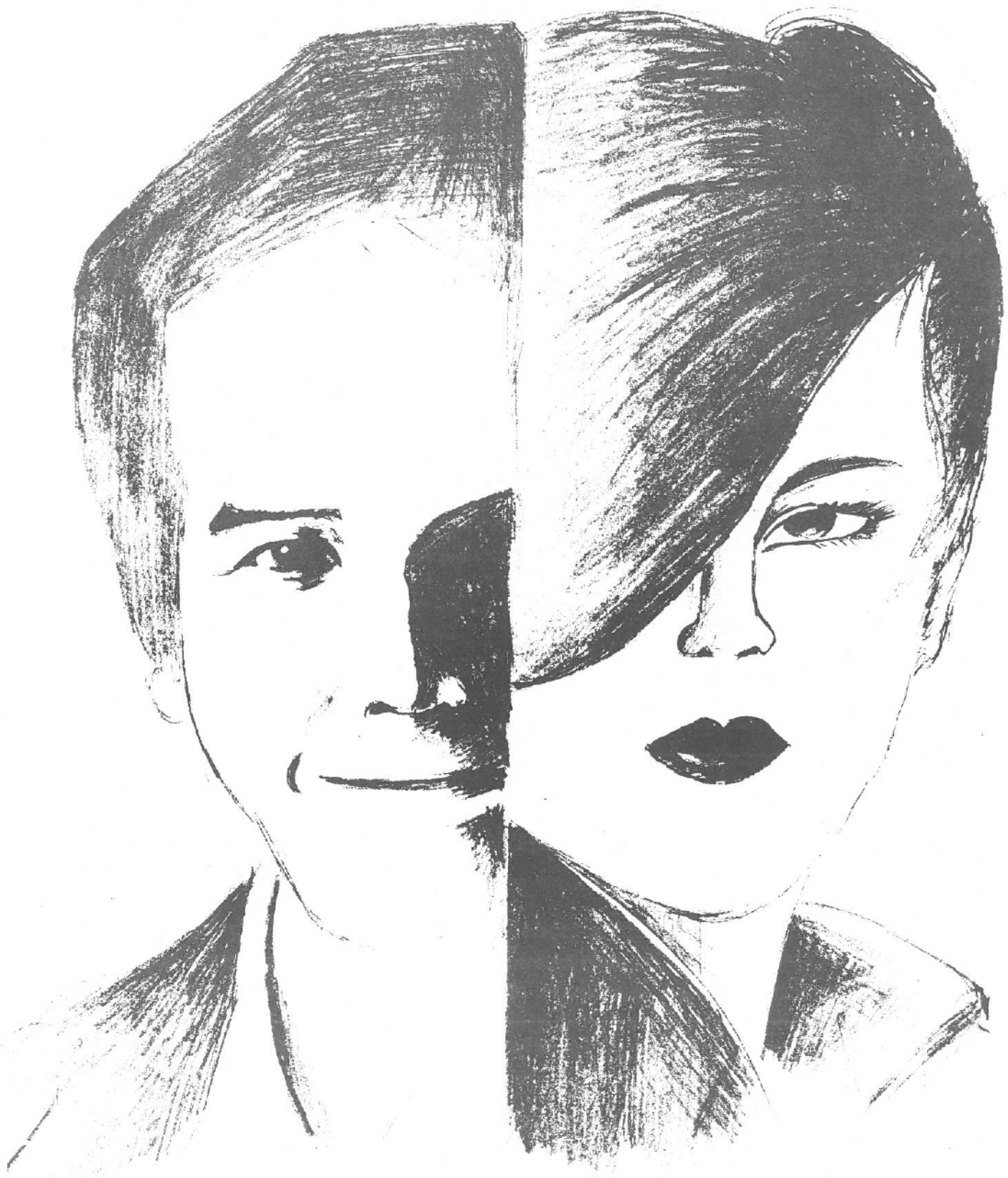
matter, as a student of HMC I feel that this situation should be resolved quickly. If it is not, our community will suffer—not directly suffer, but suffer nevertheless. We students should make an effort to respond to the quality of the paper and the *Muddraker* should make extra effort to collect, hear, and respond cordially to the suggestions from the students. All too often I have heard people complain about how the photograph captions have been misplaced or that there were too few pages. I think that these comments should be heard by the *Muddraker*

staff and not merely mentioned casually and then forgotten.

Now away with the troubles. We have collected for you here three short stories, *Hand of the Goddess* by Elisabeth Davis '92, *Vigilante* by Robert Knop '90, and *The Stars on Christmas Eve* by Hal Heinze '90, poems such as *Moonbeams* by David Nakayama '92, and *Would You...Dance?* by Doug Thompson '93, as well as a variety of visual works such as *Professor Beeman's Fractal Gallery*, and *Hoiwon Salutes*. We have also compiled short biographies on our artists in our *Insider's Guide to the Contributors*. We did forget to include Professor Beeman and we apologize.

So go now and find yourself a warm and cozy corner and flip through these few pages. See y'all next spring! ■

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BY CHUEN

Hand of the Goddess

By Elisabeth Davis

I am the hand of the Goddess. Like a child, I relinquish myself to my Mother, the mother of all. My mind, my spirit, and my will are Hers.

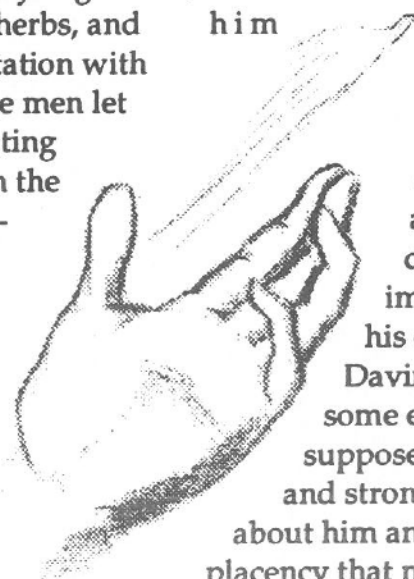
A simple prayer, sister, but how it rules our lives. Let Her command us, and we will obey, without question or pause. Do you remember? — no, you would be too young. It was, I think, twenty years ago, when the world went mad. The sky burned like fire, night and day. In one man's field, the earth was dry and barren, while his neighbor's flooded daily. Plagues of insects and rats ravaged the land, and children starved. Throughout, the priests who ruled stood silent. None of their petty gods held the power to create such chaos. We knew. History had shown us the magnitude of Our Lady's wrath. They know so little, those men, who forget so completely that their gods were not the first, that there was One who came before. They debated, each sect wishing both to claim their god had such power and to convince the others that he would

not work such evil. Finally, they theorized a war among their gods, and planned a pilgrimage to the great mountain where the gods once resided, in a time when they still lived like men upon the earth. That day, as I knelt in prayer, the Goddess came to me and directed me to join in this journey.

I came to them as a healer, for you know the priests deny our existence and they deny the Goddess. I had traveled before, in my service to Our Lady, and many of the hired men who guarded and served the priests knew of my slight reputation with herbs, and my greater reputation with the sword. Those men let me be, concentrating their attention on the few priestesses—weak, gentle women who made themselves subordinate to the ruling priesthood. The priests, of course, considered themselves above such corrupt and fleshly weaknesses, which pleased me well. To my dismay, however, I found that there was an-

other sort of man who traveled with us, and this sort was not so pure or so wise.

Have you traveled, sister? No? You will, and you will discover the young adventurer. These are the second sons, without title or great wealth, who hope to gain, through their exploits, the fame and glory they could not gain through birth. A few, I admit, are worthy men, but most are feckless children, and this expedition had many of these callow youths. One in particular took an interest in me, and try as I might, I could not convince him to look for weaker game. He called himself Davin, and was no doubt of some importance in his own country. Davin was handsome enough, I suppose, tall, dark, and strong, but he had about him an air of complacency that made him seem, to me, at least, a foppish boy, too certain of his own self-worth to care for another's. In short, he annoyed me, and had not the sense to realize it.



Our journey was long, across the Great Ocean, over the Burning Desert, through the Dark Woods, and then up the mountain which was our goal. For all its length, the journey was uneventful. I know, sister, I too have heard the tales that circulate, of the myriad dangers, of dragons and giants, wizards and witches who would stop at nothing to keep us from our goal. The days were long, and the nights were longer. What was there to occupy a man but to invent stories to share around the fire? Have you not noticed how, in every tale, the teller is the hero, the man who saved the entire expedition? We were attacked, of course, in that time, any caravan would have been set upon; these were hardly the powerful brigands of legend. Our attackers were feeble creatures, half mad with hunger. Defeating them was scarcely more difficult than swatting flies, and took about as much time. No, sister, there was little danger. The elements were against us, the sea tried to sink us, the desert to burn us, the forest to absorb us, but we had known of that and planned for it. I would have been happier if we had had some difficulty to overcome, for that would have given Davin some more interesting problem to

occupy himself. As it was, he spent his time trying feebly to impress me, without success.

We journeyed on, and as we came closer to our goal, I became more annoyed with my would-be suitor. Then, the night before we were to climb the mountain, the Goddess came to me in a dream and told me what I would do. She was angry, and She demanded sacrifice, but Our Lady is not like the priests' gods, who are satisfied with animals or trinkets. She is older, more basic, some might say more savage. That night I chose Her victim.

What, sister? Shocked? I know, we are supposed to serve selflessly, and I have, sister, as you will see, but in this case, my purposes matched Hers so well. Or does her demand of death surprise you? Have you doubted the ancient tales? The Goddess ravaged the land in her rage; is it unnatural she should ask for one more life? She has been gentle these last few years, but She can be cruel, and often is.

I planned well. The morning that the priests began their useless rites, I suggested to Davin that we escape to a clearing I had found on the mountainside. He agreed willingly, as I expected, and early that morning we disappeared. I

carried with me a sack containing, I explained to him, a bit of bread and cheese and a sack of wine. Within the sack, I also carried something else, which I did not mention: a ritual dagger, properly sanctified for the sacrifice.

We arrived in that clearing, and settled together in the shade. I opened the sack, and we enjoyed the small meal. Davin, in particular, enjoyed the wine, becoming more smug in his conquest with each swallow. I ate lightly and drank little, waiting for my opportunity to strike. At last he was sated and lay back, smiling like some overfed lap dog. I made as if to gather up the remains of our repast, then swiftly pulled out the knife and struck at his heart.

My aim was true, I am sure of that, and he waited motionless, drunk with pleasure and with wine.

The dagger flew from my hand, landing among the trees. Davin laughed, and for the first time, the complacent air he wore like a shield vanished. His eyes were bright, and I saw the intelligence he had disguised with lethargy. "The gods must have a father, too, dear Caphys."

Shocked again, little sister? Because you have never heard of such a god or of His following, does that

mean they cannot exist? The priests deny our existence, yet we exist as does Our Lady. We spoke for many hours that day, Davin and I, and I saw he wore a mask as well-crafted as my own. This priest of the ancient God played the young adventurer perfectly, to disguise his purpose, as I, priestess of the primal Goddess, played the healer. We had much in common beyond that as well.

What? Ah, you question his survival, how he could have escaped the power of the dagger, consecrated to the Goddess. You have been taught, no doubt, that nothing can withstand that, and you are almost right. No force can overpower the might of the Goddess, but the force of Davin's God, as primal and as strong as that of Our Lady, can equal it. Two forces met, collided, and flew apart. His Lord had seen my attack, and protected him. Without the consecrated dagger, the ward would have consumed me. As it was, it merely disarmed me. At least, that was Davin's explanation, which I accepted. He was very dear to me; that is, he became so.

We stayed on that mountain after the pilgrims

had departed. Together, we built a home and raised two daughters. I spent five years with him there, and in that time, the world rebuilt itself. I wonder, sometimes, what happened. The Goddess was placated without blood, an unheard-of event. Perhaps the God and the Goddess joined in my union with Davin, and let the world be. At any rate, for five years, the world grew green again, and I was happy.

Then, in a dream, the Goddess came to me again, and she demanded I return to our temple here, alone. Davin agreed, knowing I had no choice, and I traveled back, through the Dark Woods and across the desert. I bought passage on a merchant ship, and finally, after close to a year of traveling, I arrived at the Temple of Our Lady and awaited her command.

It has been fifteen years, and still I wait. How old are you, sister? Seventeen? My oldest would be almost that. I miss them, Davin most of all, and I wonder often why I was called back. The Goddess has not required my service. Surely I could have waited as well back on that mountain. I know, sister, the ways of the Goddess are beyond

human reason, but still I wonder. The deeper wisdom of age may be confused with the whims of senility. Are we answering a higher call, or are we as deluded as the priests, obeying the whims of a disordered mind?

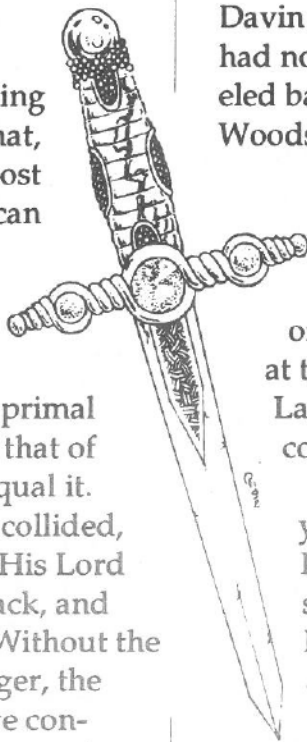
I am the hand of the Goddess, but She has many hands and cannot watch them all. Someday, she may find that one of Her children has turned on Her, using the sacred dagger for a different sort of sacrifice.

Fear not, little sister. I shall not be that hand. I have had fifteen years in which to question, and I think I have found my answers, but to take action? No. I am too old, too tired, and too weak. Far, far too weak. That day will come, the day of Our Lady's destruction, the day on which the children, finally grown, leave the mother, but I am not the one to hasten it.

On your knees, sister? Praying for my salvation, that the Goddess may forgive me? Yes, sister, pray.

I am the hand of the Goddess. Like a child, I relinquish myself to my Mother, the mother of all. My mind, my spirit, and my will are Hers.

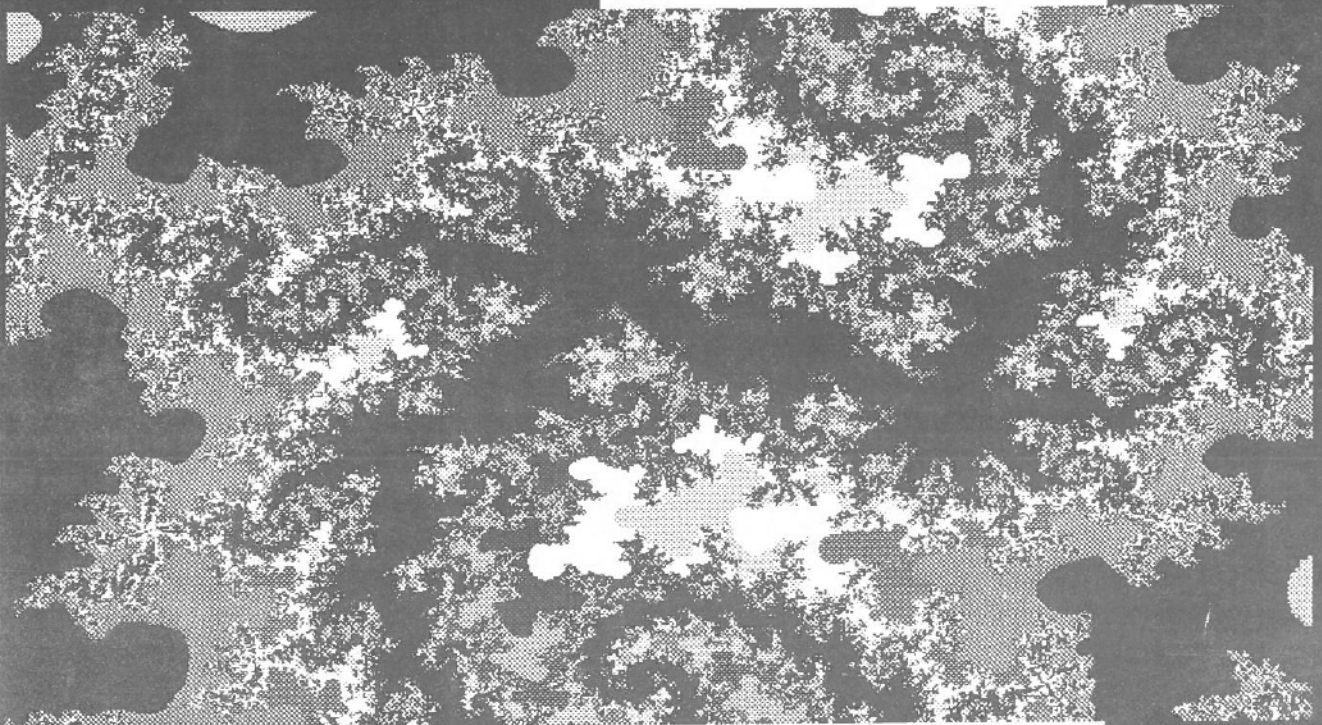
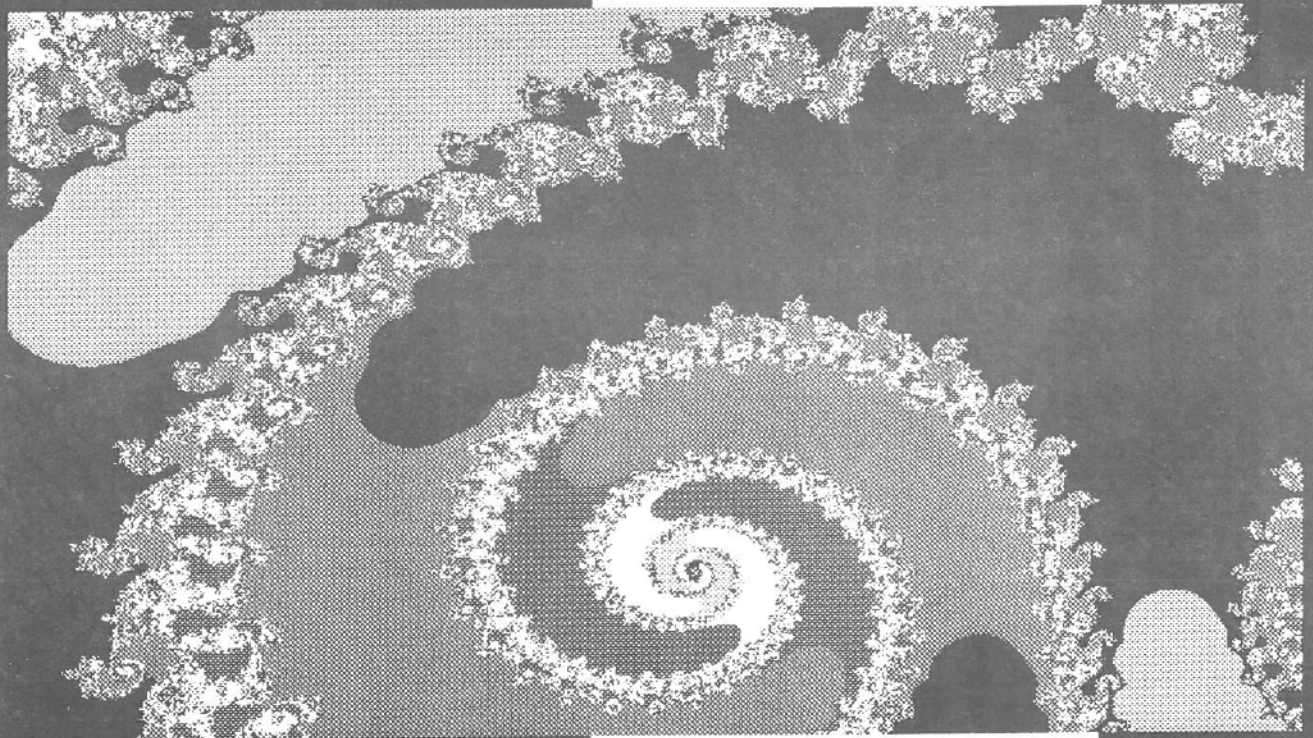
But my heart is my own. ■



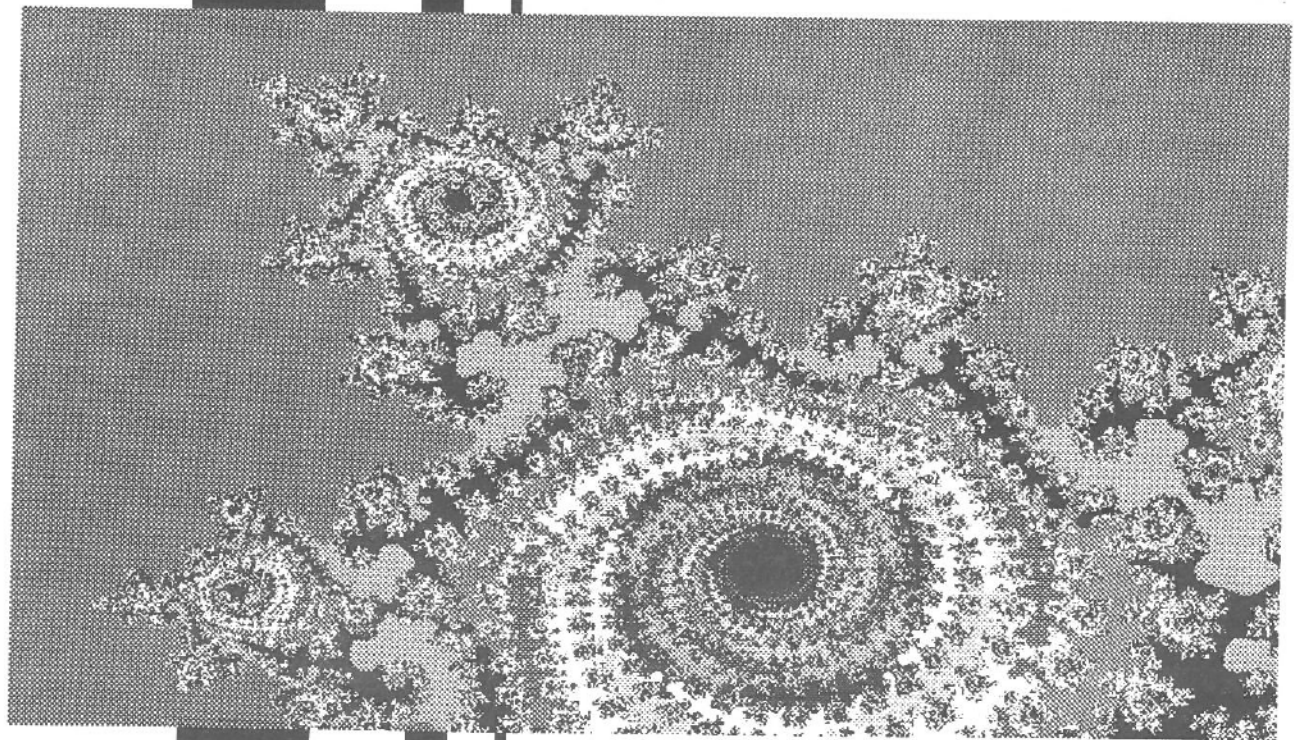
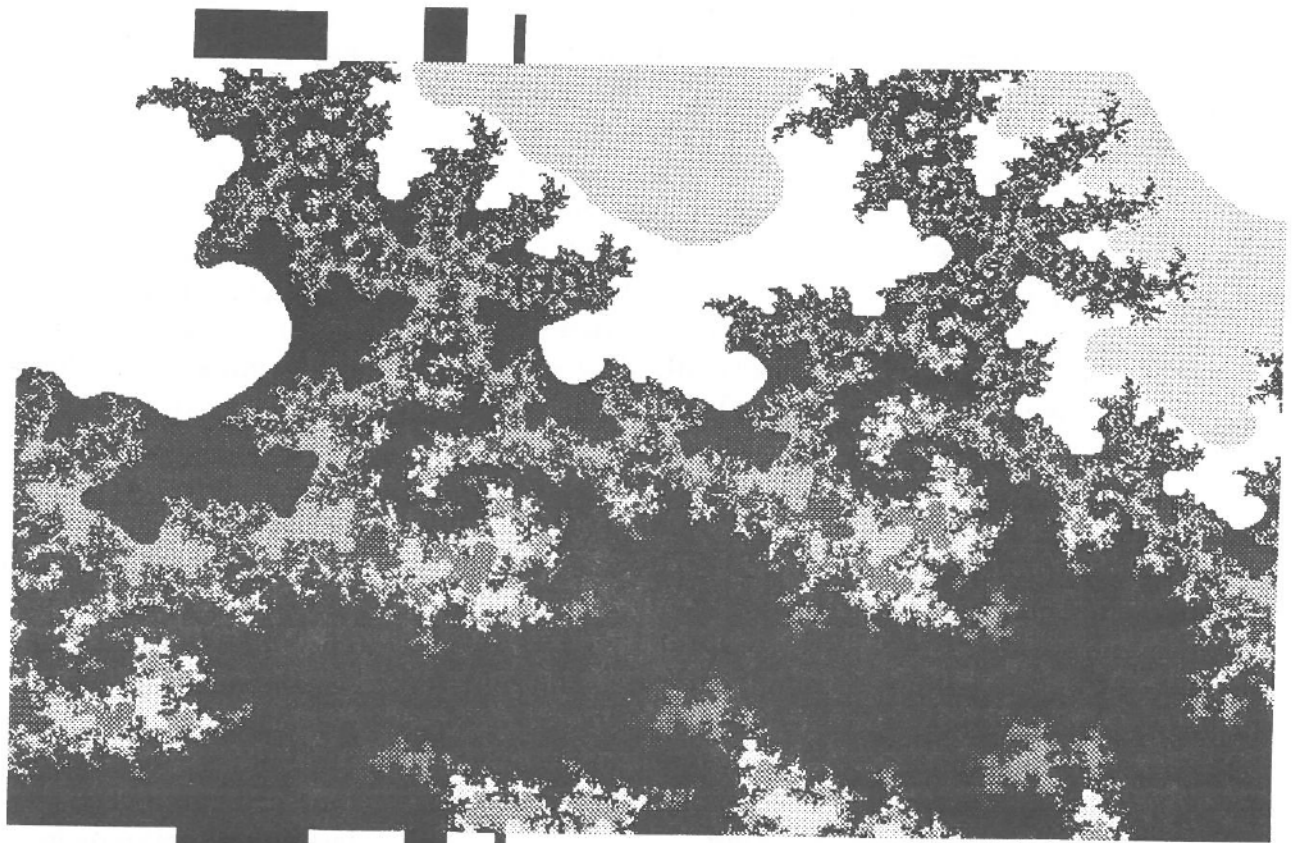


Clifford
Star
11-7-89

Professor Beeman's



Fractal Gallery



VIGILANTE

by Robert Knop

I sat there, inside, feeling comfortable with the wooden walls around me. I realized that the walls were not constructed strongly enough, nor were secure enough, to really protect me from anything save the weather, but something about having the walls around me made me feel secure. They separated me from the outside. I was able to feel covered, protected, without feeling claustrophobic or entrapped. The rain that was lightly falling outside emphasized this feeling. I enjoy the rain. I like to sit inside and listen to the rain fall on my ceiling.

Glancing outside, I saw that it was almost time. Soon I would hear the sound of the truck coming down the street out front, and I would go outside and do what I felt was my duty to my neighborhood. It wasn't much, but I knew that it was appreciated. Who knows, it probably didn't even make much difference. Perhaps the bullies on my street are like the bullies your parents always told you about: they want to look mean and scare others, but are not quick to take their bullying to the point where they might

have to risk getting themselves involved in something unpleasant. Nonetheless, they did harm enough with their threatening looks and noises, so I would always do what I could to soften their impact. I looked large enough and fit enough myself that the bullies couldn't ignore me.

There it was. I heard the distinctive rattle of the old engine up the street. I knew it would take it some time to get down to my house, so I didn't rush. I stood up, and walked out into the drizzle. The gate in the front of the fence stood slightly open, so I pushed it open enough for me to walk through.

Walking to the front, I stood, relaxed, behind a bush. Looking around, I saw the man walking from the front of a house up the street back to his truck. The short, funny-looking blue and white truck moved down the street, stopping just one house up the street from mine. The bullies were as yet nowhere to be seen, but I knew that they were waiting. The man stepped out of his truck, holding his bag to his chest, knowing that a confrontation was imminent. As he started to slowly walk up the street, I saw the two bullies, further up, appear.

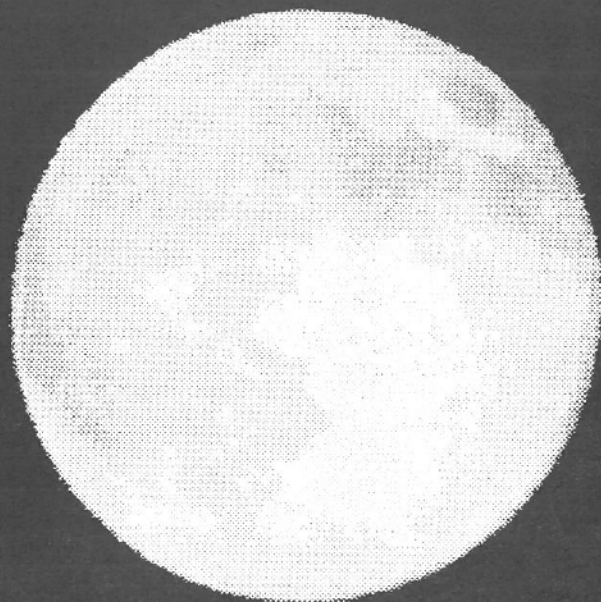
Snarling and making threatening noises, they started to walk forward. The man froze, looking ahead at the bullies. As they sensed his fear, they started to walk forward faster, growling louder.

At that point I stepped out from where I had been waiting. The bullies, seeing me down the street, slowed their stride, but kept advancing. I ran forward, past the standing man, and stood between him and the bullies, who stopped their advance. I snarled myself, and let out a low growl. The bullies looked back at me, defiant. I took one menacing step forward. The bullies, realizing that they had again been beaten, but refusing to admit it, backed off, and returned to their own houses, always with the glint of anger and dominance in their eyes.

Freed from the presence of the bullies, the postman continued his walk up the street. As he passed where I stood, he leaned over and scratched my head. I stood there, waiting until he was finished with our street, insuring that the bullies would not return.

The afternoon ritual finished, I returned to the comfort of my wooden walls, and went to sleep. ■

Moonbeams



by David Nakayama

Silver Rays of Moonlight pierce through the streaking clouds.
Her cool steady brightness hidden behind shrouds.
Traces of a short light rain fallen not long past
gleam dimly on the sidewalk from the filtered moonbeams cast.

photo: Steve Wakisa

Two boys stand in the garden
face to face
leaning forward,
held by pride.

One has a knife
he doesn't strike
to kill is wrong

They hold guns
poised to kill,
held by fear
pushed by pride.
They wait,
in anticipation,
they wait.
Two boys standing,
perfectly still,
in an uncultivated garden.

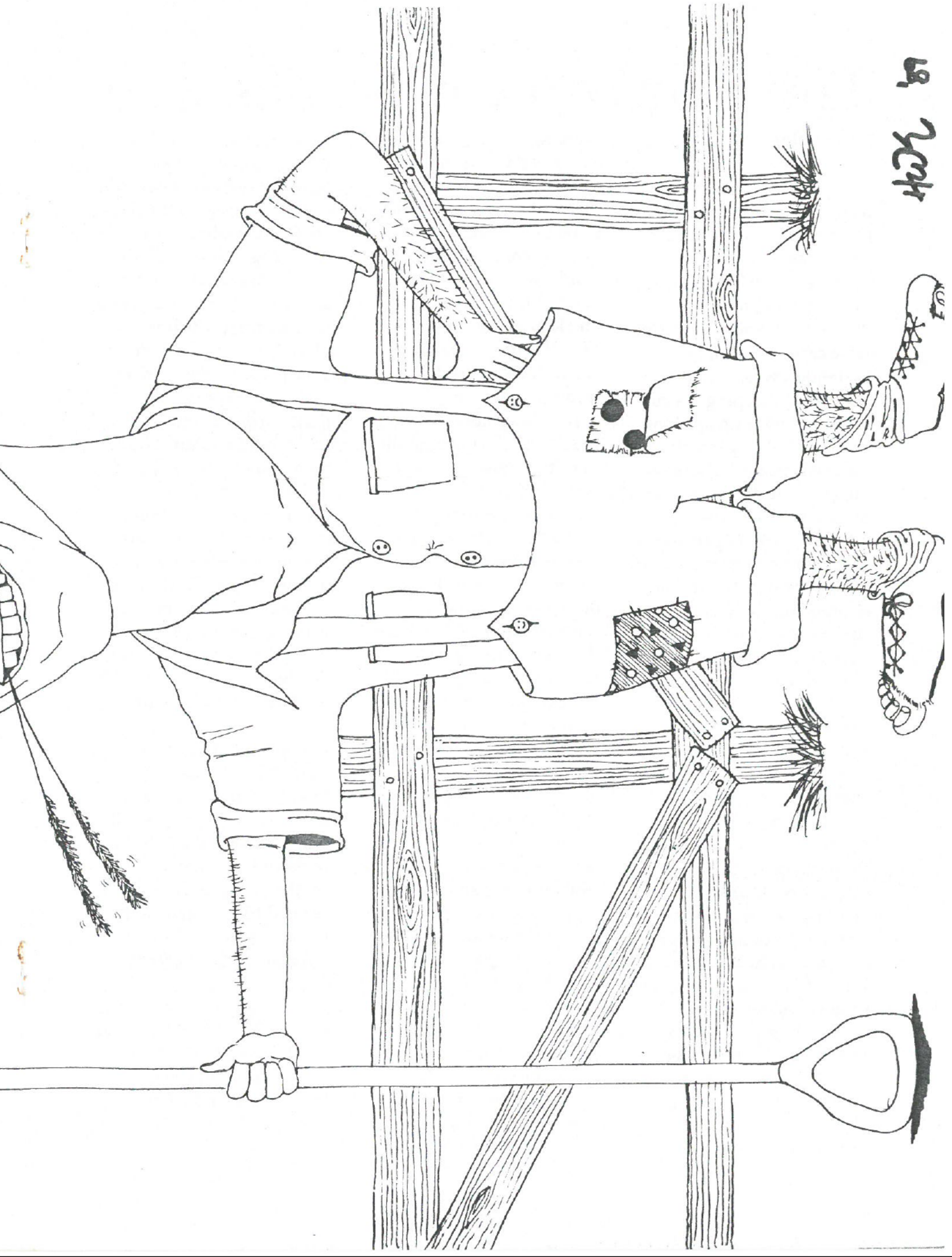
Scott Lewallen





Professor Van Ryswyk





W.H. '89

The Stars on Christmas Eve

By Hal Heinze

It was around nine o'clock Christmas Eve in the core of New York City. I was wasting away an evening at the Ice Breaker, my only companions a warm drink and a flickering table candle. John, the bartender, was busy serving drinks, keeping his customers filled with spirit on this cold holiday evening. Billy was in the back playing piano and flirting with a blonde sitting at the next table. The piano played no Christmas carols; those had long since run dry of their excitement. Billy played a simple up-tempo blues number that the regulars knew so well.

Many of the Breaker's regulars were here tonight celebrating Christmas with their friends. The regulars were easy to spot: a bunch of "nobodies going nowhere for nothing" was their trademark. Outside of the club they were nonexistent, strangers among strangers, so every night they would return to the only place that understood them.

I don't know why I was there on Christmas Eve. I guess I just felt like watching people. John always let me have the table by the pillar. It was dark

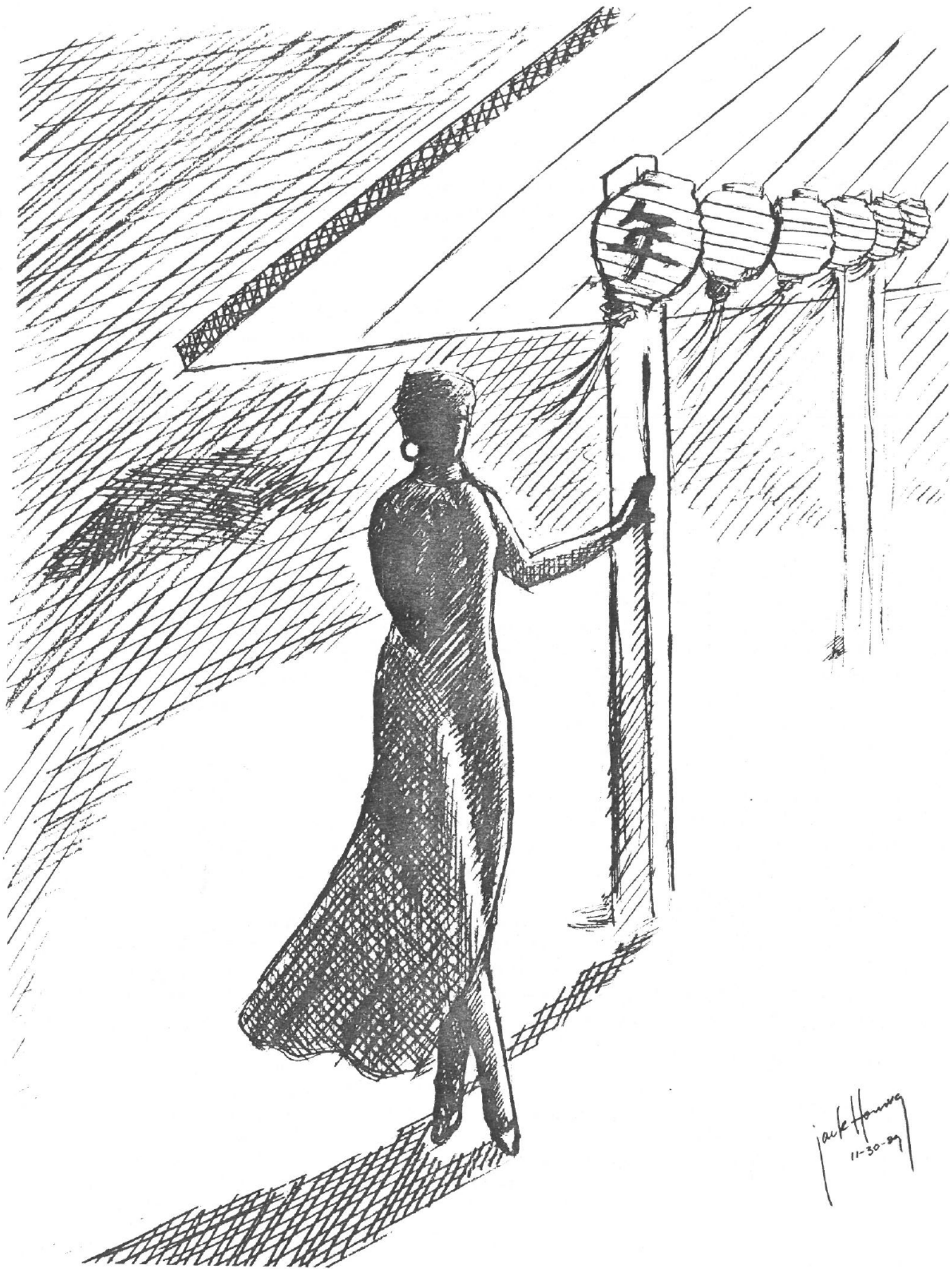
there so I couldn't be seen easily, yet it was in the middle of the barroom, giving it a view of all the other tables. I didn't mind being there that night; the drinks were warm, and Sandra, the waitress, was an old friend of mine. So I sat without a care or a hope . . . until hope strode through the door.

She entered without grace, pushed through the door by a gust of unseen wind which chilled that side of the barroom closest to the door. Her fur coat and hair were covered in snow, and as she shook it off, layers of snow hit the floor where the snow from the other coats and shoes had earlier dampened the red carpet. One of the men on the edge of the bar took her coat and hung it among the countless others. She grabbed her purse and strode past the bar to an empty table just a few tables away from mine. She didn't belong and the regulars knew it, but they never denied anyone the right to escape the cold, especially on Christmas Eve. She sat tensely, shaking from the cold, pulling her blue business dress closely about her in the hopes that the frail fabric would yield some warmth. Her hair was

sagging from the melted snow and her face glowed as water ran down her rosy cheeks. She opened her purse and pulled out a small bag. From the bag came a tissue with which she wiped her face dry, and later a brush which replaced the sagging hair. As Sandra came over to her table to get the young lady's order, I watched. Although I couldn't hear them I knew the lady had ordered a gin 'n' tonic. There was a story behind gin 'n' tonic because this young lady wasn't your gin 'n' tonic type. The blonde in the corner with Billy, she was a gin 'n' tonic type.

The young lady was lonely—you could read it in her face. The weak smile that drooped at the corners, the eyes that lacked the sparkle most blue eyes have, and the hands that fumbled with the glass all told the story of a holiday without joy or compassion for the young lady. Hope seemed to have left the Ice Breaker again . . . but soon it reentered by the front door.

The new visitor came in quietly without the wind to introduce him. He tossed his snow-covered coat on one of the few remaining hooks and took off his boots to reveal his



Jack Hanning
11-30-29

untouched black dress shoes. He stood up straight and gave a glance about the bar. I followed his glance and saw, as he did, that the only empty seat in the bar was the one opposite the young lady. He went over to her table and spoke, the affirmative nod beckoned him to have the seat.

He was the tall, dark stranger type, a sort of middle class James Bond without the flair or sophistication, who really didn't fit in the atmosphere of the Ice Breaker. Like the young lady, he was lonely. His face hung low and he rubbed his hands together slowly as his eyes stared about the room finding no place to fit in. He ordered a Scotch or something, then just sat there.

For minutes both of them just sat there alone on Christmas Eve, inches away from another person with whom to share their loneliness. I couldn't take it any longer. I wanted simply to walk over to their table and bang their heads together until they acknowledged the fact that the other existed . . . but that was too straightforward, too rash, too . . . easy. Instead I called over Sandra and asked her to tell Billy to play my favorite. Billy knew it well and the piano could play it equally well, and as he sang, the words seemed to head right for the

the lonely couple's table.

Now, whether it was the song or their own desire to cut short the silence and talk, I'll never know. For the next hour and a half I watched them. They talked and laughed together, sharing their loneliness until they had no more to share. He stopped rubbing his hands, and his eyes only stared at her. She smiled a full grin and the sparkle of her blue eyes lit her whole face. The table where they sat glowed brightly from the joy these two lonely people invoked.

No one in the bar saw what I was seeing. I wanted to stand up and shout out to the world, "Here! Here is happiness, here is joy, here is love!" The shouts would do nothing, for the people in the bar were deaf. They could hear, but they were still deaf. I continued to watch the couple as the seemingly uncaring world rushed about them. At the couple's table time stood still. There was no tomorrow, no yesterday, only now.

The young lady got up as the man threw a twenty on the table. They walked over to the door where he helped her with her coat, then put on his own. As they turned to leave I stood and shouted a quick "Merry Christmas!" The bar grew faintly silent as everyone turned to look

at the entry where the young man and young lady turned around and wished me a "Merry Christmas" in return. They left with a quick blast of cold air as the door opened and then vanished onto the snowy streets. The Breaker returned to its regular undisturbed state as though the couple never entered. Maybe they never did.

I moved away from my table and crossed the bar to the window that faced the street. Pulling aside the green curtain I looked out onto the snow-covered city and saw the young couple arm-in-arm looking upwards at the stars. The stars that night couldn't be seen through the city lights or the clouded sky, but the couple, they saw the stars. ■

Treat yourself to a view of the starry winter sky. This December, the planets have joined together for a brilliant show. Saturn and Mercury embrace each other as they follow the steps of the sun to twilight, while Venus trails behind with her incredible beauty (the brightest this year). Jupiter rises with Orion to tour our late night sky. The night ends as Mars leads the sun to dawn.

Make sure you don't miss the peak of the Ursids meteor shower on Dec. 22.



David Simpao

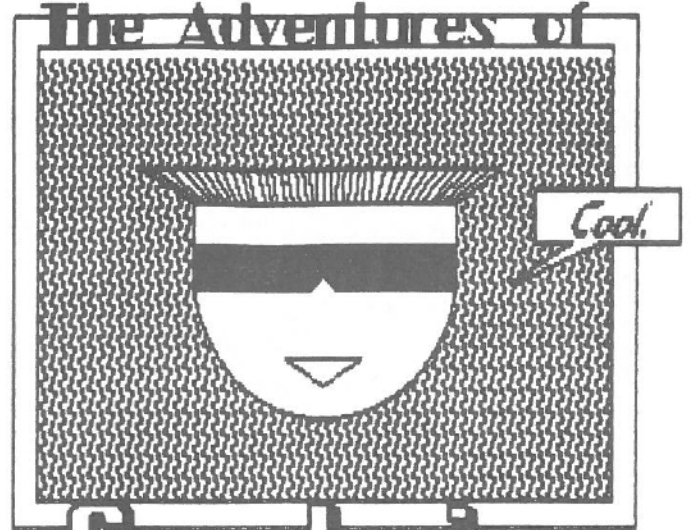
Would You... Dance?

by Doug Thompson

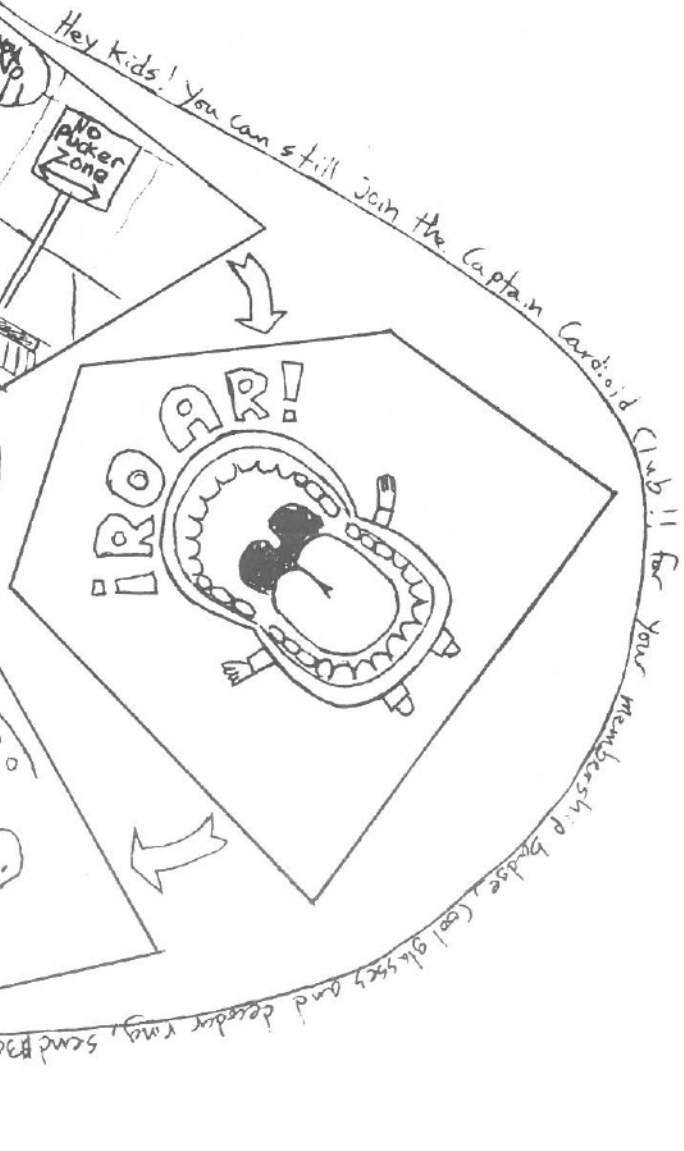
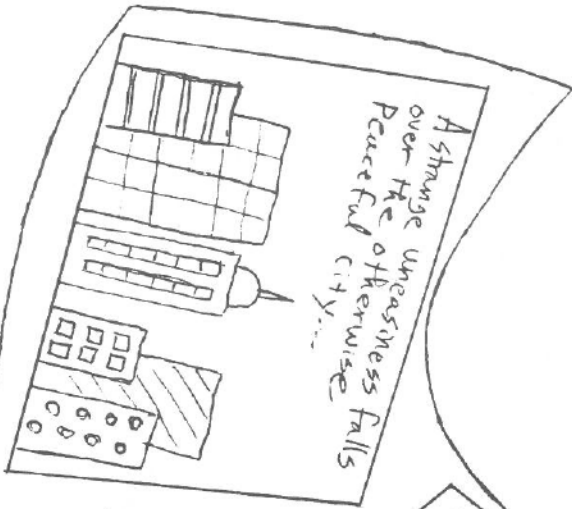
If you were offered this one chance;
Would you give your soul for a dance?
A dance of hate, a dance of love,
A dance with demons or a dove.
Which dance would you choose, do you know?
All you've to say is 'Yes' or 'No.'
There's no turning back once you choose.

So pick. What do you have to lose?
You think about it. You have some time.
Both dances are truly sublime—
And, there is no right or wrong here,
Only fantasies, only fear
You have, say, until it's seven.
Do you pick Hell or pick Heaven?

The Adventures of



Captain Cardioid



James Paik



Fractalian Sunset

Above is evidence that with the help of a little mathematics and a computer even those of us who can't draw can create realistic-looking images. The landscape was created by projecting the boundary of the Mandelbrot Set onto a perspective plane. The land represents the set of all complex numbers c that diverge to infinity when $z = z^2 + c$ is iterated—the ocean represents the set of those that do not. The black spleenwort ferns that grow on the hillside were function systems. Fractal ferns were modeled using only a photocopy of the plant on coordinate paper and a bit of linear algebra. Only 4 linear transformations, or 24 numbers, are needed to describe the entire fern mathematically—talk about data compression! Perhaps this is the real beauty of fractals: the simplicity behind their facade of utter complexity.

by Benis Babusis

MISSION STATEMENT

SOL iMpROV is a periodic publication that seeks to complement one of the main purposes of Harvey Mudd College as stated in the Preamble of the Student Handbook: "to emphasize an understanding of the human purposes and aspirations their knowledge can serve." To accomplish this end, *SOL iMpROV* promotes the act of 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 Insider's Guide to the Contributors to SOL iMpROV

"...So who are these people, anyway?"

by Andy Gray

When not wandering aimlessly around Seventh Dorm and touting the abilities of the University of Hawaii football team, engineering major Greg Furumoto '92 likes to actively seek new ways to put off his P-Chem. "Hi, my name's Greg. Nothing much to tell. Put me down as 'dorm bozo' or something," quoth he.

Soft-spoken Hawaiian Cheryl Okado '92 enjoys going running in the rain, and thinks that hamburgers are pretty terrific. "P-Chem's not hard enough for her; she also has to be doing DE's and something else," say some of her closest friends. The always-smiling Cheryl also has the reputation of being able to foil attempts to shower her.

Andre Sisneros '93 eloquently describes himself as "At least two parts mystic. At least two parts romantic. Two parts idealistic. One part musician. A dash of poet. But I'm also me, and the whole is greater than the sum of the parts."

Artist extraordinaire Greg Levin '92 is a familiar

face around the Harvey Mudd campus. Inspired primarily by comic book art, Greg would like to be known primarily for his *Muddraker* cartoon "Induction Proof from Hell" and his design for last year's South Dorm T-Shirt. Greg is also a fanatical John Denver fan; he asks that any other John Denver fans lurking out there make all possible haste in contacting him.

"If it's abstract and morbid, it's great!" says Doug Thompson '93 enthusiastically. In the art realm, Doug enjoys writing stories and poetry. Doug also enjoys messing with people's minds, preferably after midnight. Doug tells us, "Entropy is my friend. Randomness—yes, it can be your friend too!"

Scott Lewallen '90 feels that he is a "scattered, eclectic, obsessive fool" since he loves to experiment with all forms of art media. Despite his explorations, however, Scott remains obsessed with dance, as well as music to an extent. Scott tells us that he has never jumped out of an airplane, although he would like to.

The face of Cliff

Stein '92 is well known to *Muddraker* readers and "Steiner-Tee" fans everywhere. When he's not enjoying his birthdays, "Cliffie" enjoys computer graphics, playing the piano, sketching, and "raising fishies."

Chemistry major Elisabeth Davis '92 finds herself spending most of her time either doing classwork or reading, though she also finds some time for embroidery. Artistically, she prefers to primarily focus on writing. With her story included in this issue, Elisabeth wanted "to explore the relationship of people with religion."

A native of Korea, our beloved cartoonist Hoiwon Kim '92 has lived in such exotic places as Uruguay, Brazil, Taiwan, Oman, Mexico, Malawi, and Boston. An engineering major, Hoiwon likes to "think and question" the world around him. Impressing everyone with his quick wit, Hoiwon fondly recalls the joys of setting up a blind date for his roommate.

Benis Babusis '92 enjoys such diverse pursuits as playing the piano, backpacking, taking pic-

tures, and computer programming. Benis also likes to generate the beautiful fractal pictures that grace this issue. When asked about the craziest thing that he ever did, Benis calmly replied "Coming to Harvey Mudd College."

When asked about himself, Chueng-Pei Ng '93 speaks freely of his love of art. He primarily expresses himself in pencil and charcoal, though he also likes to experiment with acrylics and surrealism. A native of Taiwan, Chueng has lived in the U.S. for four years.

For friendly Eileen Tanng '93, art is a stress relief. When things get tough, "art is a way of making me feel better," she says. She enjoys expressing herself through calligraphy. As a freshman at Harvey Mudd, Eileen seeks a way to effectively combine art and science in her life.

Steve "I want a real weekend" Wakisaka '92 is actively involved in several aspects of photography, including photojournalism, photoediting, and portrait-taking. Recently Steve's experimental nature has led him to venture into the realm of sculpture, with his primary medium being Platt food. Steve proudly tells us that he got 4 hours of sleep last night, and felt good about getting so much.

Robert Knop '90's love of drama goes all the

way back to his tenth grade year, when he did tech work on a production at his high school. Since then he has been very active in HMC's own Etc. Players and has directed two plays here, including last year's renowned *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*. Rob, who believes that "wierdness is in the left earlobe of the beholder," is sincerely glad that the Oakland A's won the World Series, due to a personal bet he made with all of East Dorm.

In cartooning, James Paik '93 feels that he is exploring a type of art "that I don't see myself as being able to do well." James usually divides most of his artistic energy between music and writing, but he had an inspiration for a cartoon, "Captain Cardioid," during "a boring physics lecture." James plays the guitar and sings, and advises incoming Mudd frosh to "make sure to have extra underwear."

Cliff doesn't quite know what to say about his roommate, Dave Nakayama '92. Dave, on the other hand, says that he is an engineering major, "one of the few that haven't wimped out." When Dave has free time (which only happens when he is not at Mudd), he likes to play the clarinet and the piano. He is looking forward to going home to Seattle to "fresh

air, clean water, and good sleep."

In addition to sketching regularly for *SOL iMpROV*, David Simpao '91 loves to perform music. Self-taught, David has played the synthesizer for about three years and has done a few compositions. He hopes to put together a band, if only he can find a singer. David also enjoys all types of dance, including Latin and nightclub dancing.

Billy Joel's classic song "Piano Man" was an inspiration to Hal Heinze '90 for his short story "The Stars on Christmas Eve." Hal actually wrote his story when he was in high school, but after reading the premiere issue of *SOL iMpROV*, he was motivated to polish it and submit it for publication. Saying that he does "a little bit of art, a lot of music," Hal plays both the string bass and the electric bass.

Astrophysics major Jack Houng '92 lived in Taiwan for 10 years before coming to the United States. Strongly influenced by Japanese animation in his work, Jack does "a bit of drawing, mostly sketching." Needing something to occupy all of the free time that he has, Jack publishes a new art periodical called *SOL iMpROV*. Pick up your free copy at a dining hall near you! ■



Cheryl Okado

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 answering the following questions:

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

AND...

4. Would you prefer to see less frequent but larger issues of SOL iMpROV or more frequent but smaller issues?

Please send responses to "SOL iMpROV" via campus mail.

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