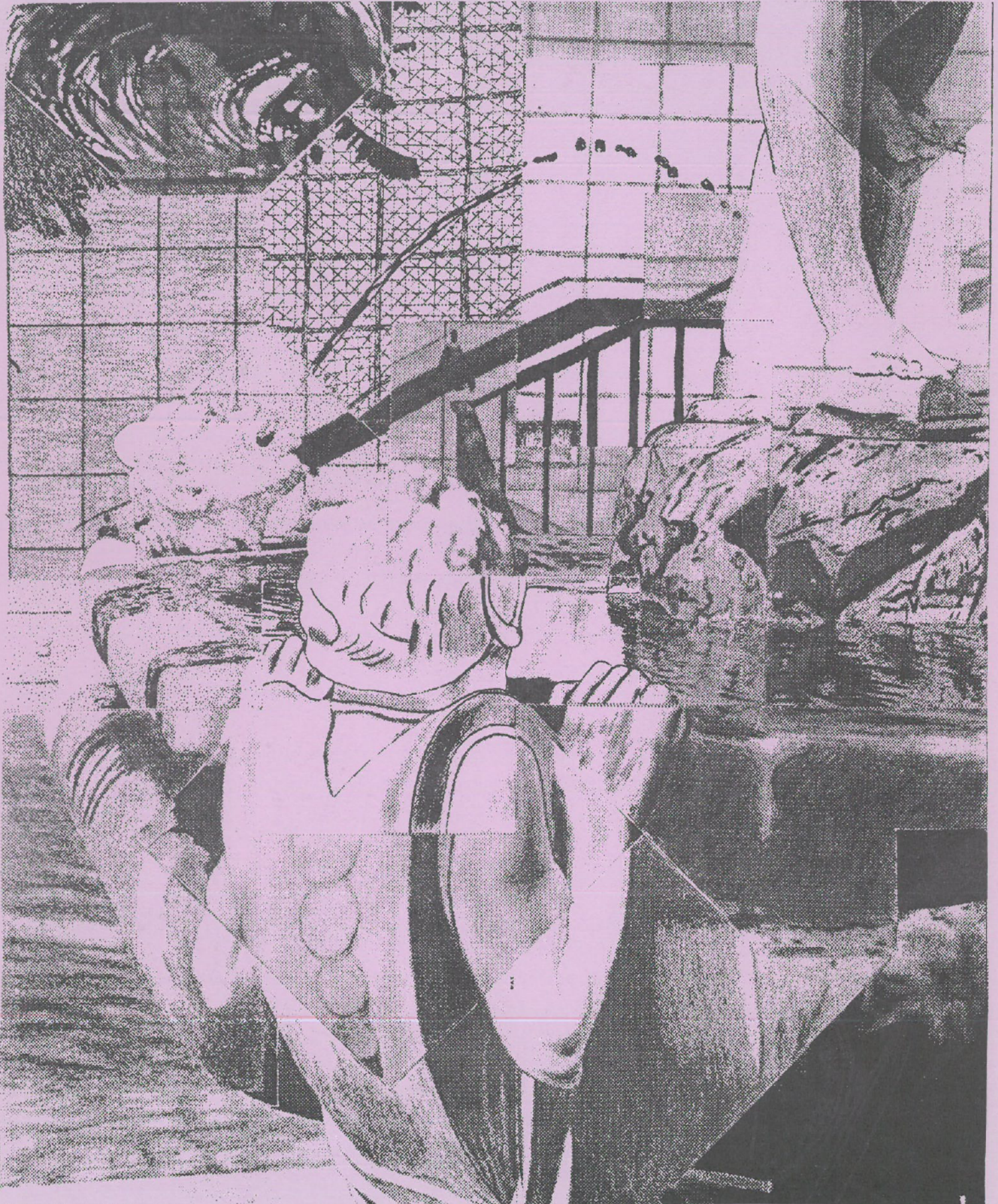


SOL iMpROV



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ISSUE 4

AN HMC STUDENT ARTS PUBLICATION

MAY, 1990

EDITOR SPEAKS

Thank you for picking up this year's last issue of SOL iMpROV. Putting out this publication has been really exciting for me, and I would like to thank Dean Cappeto, the Public Information Office, ASHMC, all the people involved in the publication, and Donato Cabal for helping out. Although this is the last issue of the year, SOL iMpROV will continue next year. Greg Levin, the present art editor, will take over my position as the editor-in-chief (see p. 8). I have confidence that he'll do an excellent job.

Now I would like to direct your attention to the cover of this issue. This piece of work started out as an actual photograph of the Hixon court fountain that I took. After being printed by Steve Wakisaka, Greg Levin proceeded to dissect the photograph into sixteen pieces. The artists were then each given a piece of the photo and a piece of paper twice the size but with the same shape. They were asked to duplicate the photo pieces without really

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knowing what they were. They had to rely on the shapes and shades that they saw. The cover is a scanned version of the final result. Notice that even though the pieces are drawn by different people, who claimed they cannot draw, in different styles, the final result is still recognizable and interesting.

In the sciences and in almost all areas of life, we often cannot see the large picture just like the artists could not tell where their pieces came from. But we work hard at our little areas in physics, chemistry,

engineering, fine arts, literature, history, civil service, etc. Sooner or later someone will come around and put some areas together and form a larger picture of our world. And at first glance the larger picture will be crude just like our cover. But people will slowly smooth out the inconsistencies as time continues forward. People will also have formed other larger pictures with other areas of life. These larger pictures will form even larger pictures. Our society often glorifies the people who form these larger pictures, but I believe that each individual in this world has to realize that without their work those larger pictures cannot be formed. If their true heart is in forming the larger picture and not in being glorified, then all they need to do is work hard at what they do best. Results will slowly manifest themselves. My art teacher once said, "The only way I could contribute anything to society is going into things that I do best. That is why I chose art as my career." ■

Dinner For One and a Half

by Jeff Vogel

It's sort of interesting watching drops bead up on the side of a glass of ice water. I've been trying to detect some sort of pattern, but I'll be damned if I can. I just get a napkin, and wipe off the side. Then, I watch. Eventually, the ice melts, of course. It's warm in here. My waiter brings them like clockwork; he's very persistent. I've been through five glasses of water already. I've only drunk two. The rest, I just sat and watched the drops form.

Jake O'Shaughnessy's is a nice name for a restaurant. As a matter of fact, it's a nice restaurant, too. It's large, a bit warm, and a bit busy, but it has a friendly feel about it. One thing I don't like though: this table. I'm seated facing the entrance. When you're waiting for someone, that's the worst possible place you could be. It'd be nice to be in a back corner, facing a wall. Then you could at least just wait. But that damn door needs oil. Whenever someone enters, it makes a banshee wail that you just can't ignore. I can feel it striking the very back of my brain, and I *have* to look up. I just have to. Each time I think it might be her. And it isn't. And I'm

disappointed. And I look down again. And I re-compose my thoughts and concentrate. And then . . . SQUEAK!

It's hardly like I have anything to concentrate on. I have to congratulate myself on my self-control. I've only made a little tripod out of my silverware twice since I got here. I've always done that while waiting in restaurants. It's fun, and it takes forever to get it just right, and, as an added bonus, if it falls over, it makes a crashing noise they probably can hear in the kitchen. Mom and Dad always told me not to do it, and I never stopped. Snicker. They never were happy with the way I acted in restaurants. I don't think they ever really minded, though. All parents have this genetic thing that makes them keep kids from doing what they want, but although I think he would die before admitting it, I think Dad wanted to see if he could make a better pyramid than I could.

Of course, making silverware pyramids isn't the only thing I've achieved in the last hour. No, I've consumed twelve thousand breadsticks, more or less. I've traced twelve words on

the lace pattern in the tablecloth, not all of them clean. I've made a house of cards with the saccharin packets. And I've stared up at that damn door again, and again, and again, and she never comes in.

I've only been to the bathroom once so far. I don't want to be gone when she arrives, of course. However, there comes a time when you have to go. When she shows, it would be nice to not have to grit my teeth and groan a lot.

It was a nice bathroom, the sort you find in nice restaurants. You know the type: small linoleum squares, mostly white but some black, forming lines and patterns across the floor. There wasn't a towel-person or a bellhop or anything, thank goodness.

While I was in there, I dropped my insulin. I pulled my comb out of my back pocket, and somehow it pulled the little bottle with it. It hit the floor, bounced nicely, and rolled into a corner. I retrieved it, of course, and it was undamaged. Those bottles are hardy. But when I picked it up, I just stared at it for a little bit before I pocketed it again. My diabetes was

discovered fifteen years ago, and I've dealt with it well. My only peculiarity is that I carry my insulin everywhere, and I mean everywhere. A walk around the block, a trip to Canada, it's all the same. I guess it's just that having my life dependent on it got to me.

I was staring at this bottle, though, and it was weird. Diabetes is genetic. My parents probably had it, or, at least, their parents did. This bottle is my legacy. My past.

I've dripped fear for the last month. I've developed a ritual. I get up to go to the bathroom in the middle of the night, and, while walking down the hall in a sleepy haze, I remember what's coming up, and I think, "Back out now." Willpower always weakens when you're tired.

Why did I even bother? There was no point, was there? She's not my mother. She's a person who I share genetic material with. Curiosity has always been one of my flaws, I suppose. I wanted to meet her. I wanted to know what she was like.

No, that's not it. Or is it? I don't know. I suppose I thought she might want to know who I was, too, and what happened to me. I'm sure she's worried.

Oh, damn it. I don't

know why I did it. Because I could? Because I thought it might be interesting? Trivia? Maybe she could tell me. She agreed to this. It was all in the letter. The hospital gave me the address, and I was able to get a letter. Seven at night. Jake's. The letter is in my pocket. It's eight-thirty now, and no sign of her. All I'm getting out of this are some breadsticks.

Have you ever waited for someone whose looks you didn't know? What happens is this: you try to convince yourself that everyone you see is who you are waiting for. Say your new business partner is coming. You see an old man. Ah, my partner is older. Oh, that wasn't him. Hey, there's a man in shorts and a tank top. That might be him; he likes casual dress. Oh, it isn't. This will go on until whoever you're waiting for shows up, and it's a pain in the ass.

However, not one person who's come through that door could have been who I'm waiting for. Sedate middle-aged business men? Yes. Couples with obnoxious children? Thousands. However, not one lone woman has walked through that squeak outlet yet. I'm not sure what that means, but it's striking. I wonder what the odds of that are. I wonder if she

even wants to see me.

Another hour has passed. Mom would love this place: she loves frills, and there's absolutely no shortage here. Every little while, they refill the complimentary basket of bread. Refills on drinks are free. (I'm still not sure why they keep replacing my water. I have iced tea.) Yes, she would love it. I'm not sure how the food is: I'm waiting to order. I think she'd be in heaven just being served and pampered.

Oh, my God! It's been a lot of squeaks, but it's paid off! There she is! She's middle-aged, and wearing sort of an average green dress, and she's black. OK, I'm white, but I've always had a sort of dark complexion, and she's light-skinned. It makes sense! And she does look sort of uncomfortable, standing there near the bar. Wouldn't you be nervous if you were about to meet your son?

Wait a second. White? I'm not white. I'm a minority? A black? No, wait. An African-American. That is what they prefer, isn't it? Wait a second. What do I prefer? I have the right to choose now, don't I? Yes! I do! I am! I'm black!

As if by magic, my waiter reappears with more water. He's black too. We

have something in common. Wait a minute. I didn't even notice his race a minute ago. I'm not exactly a notable person in anything, but there's one thing I'm proud of: I don't notice race. OK, I notice it at first, in the same way you'd notice someone's hair color, but it never mattered. After a while, whoever I know, white or otherwise, becomes simply a person, who I simply recognize and interact with, with looks totally ignored, just there. Well, I suddenly had a feeling of comraderie with my waiter, because of his race. I don't understand this. If I look white, what difference does it make how I'm made up?

I feel like laughing. What a sick joke. It wasn't her. Her husband, or whoever that is, just came in.

My waiter just returned with more breadsticks. I can barely look at him now. How could I have thought I was brethren to him. I feel like a fool.

"Would you like to order something now?"

"No, I'm sorry. Maybe later."

"Sir, you have been here for quite some time. Do you intend to order soon?" He's right about the time: over two hours now. He looks tired and impatient, like he can't believe the gall of this idiot who

just comes in and eats breadsticks.

"I'm sorry. I will soon. I'm just waiting for my mother, that's all. She's very late."

"All right, sir. Sorry to bother you," he tosses back in a much practiced martyr's voice. Then he stalks to the kitchen.

I order prime rib, the smallest cut. I'm not very hungry: it's nine-thirty now. The frequency of the squeaks is diminishing, needless to say. Sensible people don't eat this late. My order placated my waiter somewhat. He brought me yet another glass of ice water (my heavens, those beads form quick) and has stopped circling like a shark waiting for me to indicate that I actually intend to spend some money this evening. Kind of him. My brother.

My unpotential mom and consort are three tables down. Every once in a while I sneak a peek at them. A man and wife ordering dinner. Why does she draw my attention so much? A fascination with what might have been? She looks friendly.

Oh, good, another squeak. Look up. Analyze. A pair of couples, who immediately head for the bar. One of the men is wearing what has got to be the most ghastly ensemble I've seen

in my life. Anyone who designs a plaid with green in it should be burned alive in a fire, using for fuel every benighted article of clothing he or she ever brought about.

Another lone woman just walked in. She looks sort of nervous, too. This one's white, but also middle-aged. She's dressed neatly, but not incredibly, in nice pants and a blouse.

She's asking the reservation lady something. About me? For a lone man who's been waiting some time? She looks so average. Actually, on second examination, she's not nervous. She looks sort of self-confident. Those two are still talking.

The waiter clunks down my meal in front of me. It looks good, with lots of garnishes on the edge and vegetables, and sour cream and stuff on a separate tray for the potato. Mom would have loved it.

Those two are still talking. I feel disappointed. Why? That woman looks OK. Not too tall. Not too short. I felt a thrill go through me when that other woman walked in, but with

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this one, I can barely raise interest. She might be your mother, you idiot!

She just turned around and left. She was probably asking for directions.

The prime rib is pretty good, but I'm not hungry. I guess I ate too many breadsticks. Fortunately, my long-suffering waiter just brought the bill.

I get up, and leave money for the tab with a generous tip. He's earned it. I'm not going to ask for a

doggie bag. After everything else, he might kill me.

On the way out, I pass near that other guy, the one with the jacket from beyond hell. I can see now that he's wearing a pin. It says "Kiss me, I'm Irish." A pin. Goddamn you! Goddamn you to hell! You don't wear pins to a fancy restaurant! You idiot! GODDAMN YOU! YOU HAVE A PAST!

I grip a railing hard as I leave the restaurant. Outside, I pause a moment

to calm down. Then I stand there for fifteen minutes watching the street and the sidewalk for my mom. I get very cold and return to my car, and go home. The letter goes into a drawer. The handwriting was very neat. What can I tell from that? I think back. That waiter just didn't know what sort of a person he was dealing with. People who have coalesced out of thin air aren't all that common, you know. ■

Ten Little Mudders

by Dan del Rosario

Ten Little Mudders
went out to dine
one ate some food at Platt
and then there were nine.

Nine Little Mudders
staying up late
one played too much Moria
and then there were eight.

Eight Little Mudders
thinking about heaven
one said it's better than Mudd
and then there were seven.

Seven Little Mudders
playing lots of tricks
one got sent to the JB board
and then there were six.

Six Little Mudders
had Calculus with Ives
one just didn't understand
and then there were five.

Five Little Mudders
thought P-Chem was a bore
one got whirled to death
and then there were four.

Four Little Mudders
thought tuition here was free
one found out it was ten grand
and then there were three.

Three Little Mudders
had too much work to do
one couldn't stand the pressure
and then there were two.

Two Little Mudders
thought PFD was fun
one got Goldhammer
and then there was one.

One Little Mudder,
graduated and done
he became a great success
and then there were none.



M28 9/6/90

The Insider's Guide to the Contributors to *SOL iMpROV*—Revisited

"...What? There's more of 'em?"

by Andy Gray

Jeff Vogel '92 claims to be able to make pyramids of silverware well, but adds, "I usually get yelled at when I do." He says the restaurant in his story "Dinner for One and a Half" is based on Jake's, an actual (very good) restaurant in Seattle. Jeff would also like it to be mentioned that he is adopted.

This year's TBF (Tall Blond Frosh) Mary St. John '93 not only weighs more than Tom Crevier, but also knows how to hula, since she hails from Hawaii. She says, with a tinge of regret, that she's been "pretty tame recently." Mary likes to sketch, but doesn't do it as often as she'd like. Her wonderful sketch in this issue is of her roommate Nina as a young girl.

Stuart "Just call me Stu" Hooper '92 was born in Brazil and has lived in Chile for the last nine years. Nowadays, Stu can usually be found around South Dorm. The photographs that appeared in the last issue are just two of about 350 that Stu took in the port town of Valparaiso, Chile last summer.

Michael Yuan '93 describes himself as "The Eternal Amateur" since he likes to do "almost everything." He's a definite cat-lover, and is planning on being one of the first real-life actual bio majors at Mudd. He would like to dedicate his cat poem from last issue to "Cin."

If you can't find Dan del Rosario '92, you'll probably be able to find

him on the basketball court between East and New. When he's not shooting hoops or enjoying his engineering studies at Harvey Mudd, Dan loves to play cards—anything from pinochle to hearts to cribbage. Dan writes some pretty great poetry besides, as everyone who has read "Dreaming" from last issue will surely attest.

[As the ed-in-chief, I'm invoking my right to describe the author of this article, Andy Gray '92 (besides, he said he didn't know what to say about himself). He's a tolerable roommate majoring in Computer Science. He has a large CD collection. And he enjoying chatting with people. He also writes heck of a lot better than I do.]

NExT YeaR at *SOL iMpROV*

Next year our school's very own John Denver fan Greg Levin will be taking over the job of organizing *SOL iMpROV*. If you have any work you wish to submit but left it at home, bring them next year. Greg has great plans for next year. But he'll need the level of support that we received this year.

ASHMC has budgeted \$500 to this publication next year. This amount will only cover the printing costs of two of the four to six issues next year. The price of *SOL iMpROV* hence is uncertain. The survey we did a while back showed that of the 94 responses we received 10 are willing to pay \$2, 27 to pay \$1, and 21 to pay \$.50. 56 are interested in a subscription of some sort. Every staff member believes that the publication should be free, so if you have any suggestions as to how we could raise money please feel free to contact Jack or Greg.

JOHN DENVER



God for a Day

by Hal Heinze

In the beginning...

there were particles. The Great One, who ruled over the void, began to be bored with the particles. For a time immeasurable, the particles had rested in chaos. The Great One demanded change, and the particles obeyed the Great One's command.

New forms appeared as the particles moved to their destinations. The Great One did not whimsically place each particle. There was a Master Plan. The Plan had rules by which the universe was to be created.

First, the Great One created the Plane. A smooth area of particles where no particle was raised above its neighbor. Then from the Plane arose great mountains, and deep valleys sank in the Plane. To each place, to each object, to each thought, the Great One attached a name in a language very different from our own.

When the Plan was completed the Great One looked down upon his work and saw that it was good. Well, except that part in the corner of the Plane where the particles were not obeying instructions, and some more work might have to be done there . . . but other than that it was good.

In the middle...

the Plane still seemed empty to the Great One. The Great One decided that creatures should roam and enjoy the Plane. From a special box the Great One withdrew the Shells of Life. These empty shells the Great One filled with life and placed them upon the Plane. The shells became known as the Astics and the Plane was given to them.

Over many generations the Great One taught the Astics the language of the Plane. In time the Astics learned the names of all the places and objects of the Plane. The Astics lived and died upon the Plane, with the Great One watching over them. The Great One would create challenge in their lives, protect them from harm, and continue to teach them about their world.

In the end...

the Great One knew that soon he would have to leave. He told the Astics of his need to leave the Plane; they feared his departure. The Great One told them that they would live well if they remembered his teachings and remained upon the Plane.

"Ben!" cried a voice from outside the universe.

"Yes, Mom," replied the Great One.

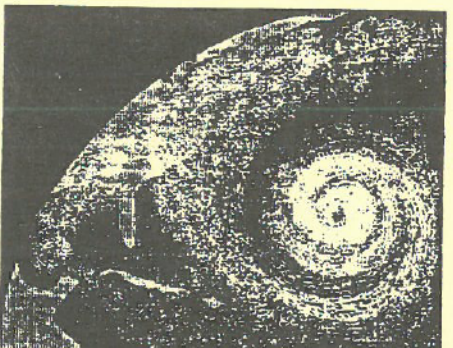
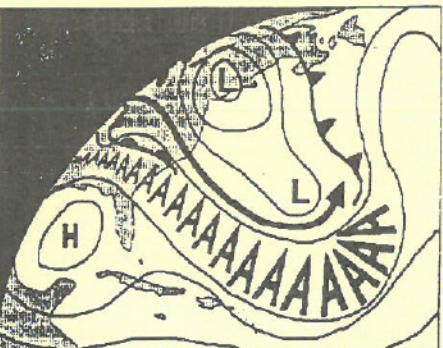
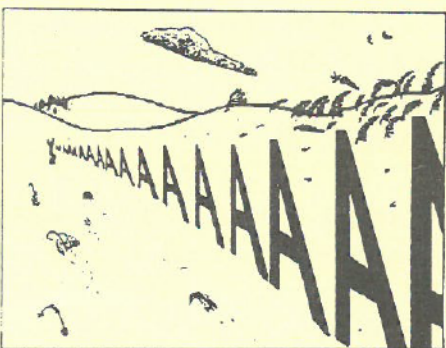
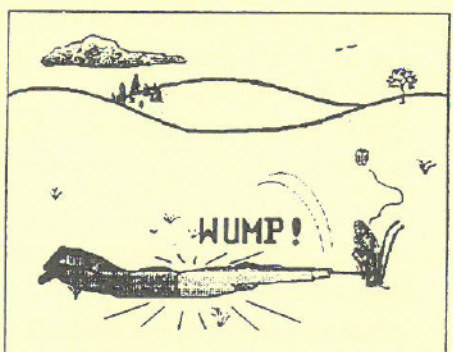
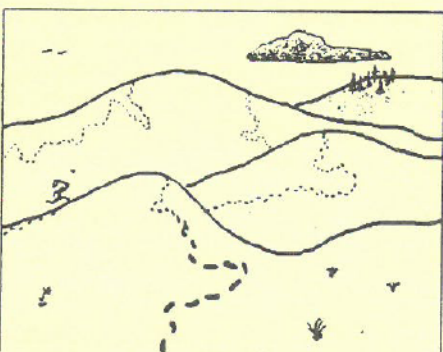
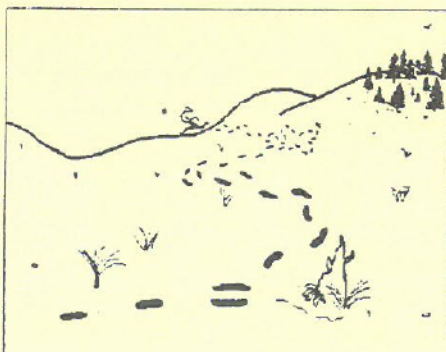
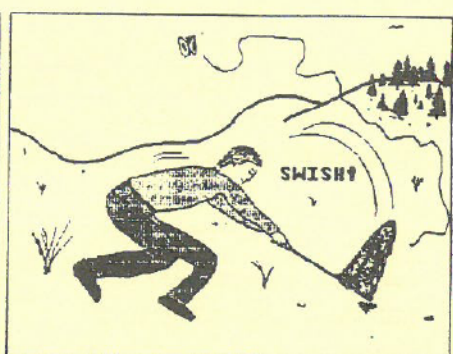
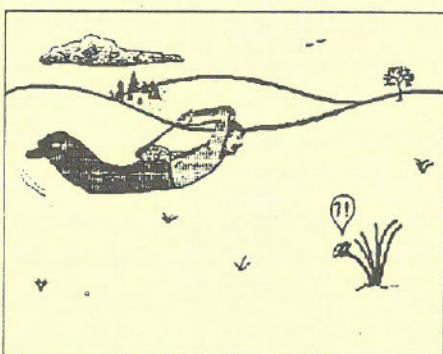
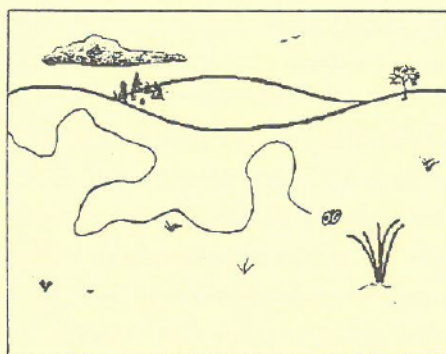
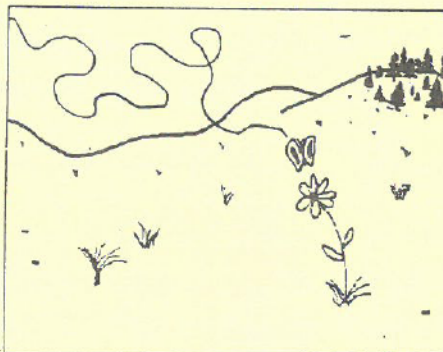
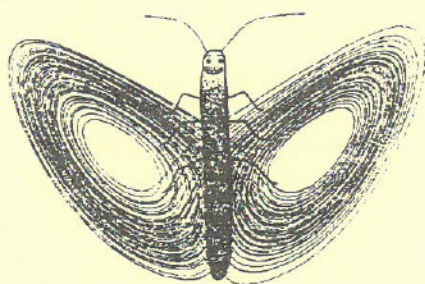
"Time to come in for dinner."

The Great One raised his hands and brushed them briskly against one another to remove all the particles. Mom would make him wash his hands before dinner, so the Great One tried to save as many of the precious particles as possible. When he decided his hands were clean, he quickly ran inside. The Astics were without the Great One.

The Plane stood for what was known as hours to the Great One, but on the Plane that was many generations for the Astics. When darkness fell and the Great One rested, a Great Rain came and destroyed his creation. The particles were once again washed into chaos, and the shells were buried deep, but the Great One planned to create again . . .

THE BUTTERFLY EFFECT

by Benis Babusis



"That your days may be long upon the land"

Exodus 20:12

by Michael Yuan

The door flew open and hit the wall with a resounding *crack*. Richard barely noticed it as he hurried to his room. He dropped his backpack on the floor and went straight to the closet without slowing down. The message light on the video-phone recorder was blinking, but he ignored it as he pulled out his newly purchased helmet from behind a sleeping bag. He had more important things to think about at the moment, like—

"Richard! Are you home?"

His mother. What was he going to tell his mother? She still treated him as if he was eight years old even though he was about to graduate from high school. Rich turned the helmet over in his hands. He had only once talked about his dreams of car duelling in the local arena, and vowed never to mention it again due to the reaction it evoked from his mother. But those dreams could become a reality that evening; he had just received a 'gram by courier that he had been accepted for the duel. Just thinking about it made his heart pound faster, not only with the excitement of the coming contest, but also with the knowledge that he would be deliberately lying to his mother, something he had never done before. Ever.

"Richard?"

He jumped; the voice sounded close. Rich quickly tossed the helmet behind him, wincing as it clattered loudly on the floor. The door swung open, bathing his room in the sunlight shining through a window in the hallway. His mother was standing in the doorway, the light giving her a dim halo and darkening her features so that he couldn't tell whether or not she had noticed the noise. But she had to have noticed the

expression on his face; he could feel it burning red.

"You shouldn't slam the door, Richard," she admonished.

"Huh? Oh sorry," he mumbled, expecting something else completely.

"That's all right. Are you hot? You look like you have a fever." She came into the room and moved to place her palm on his forehead.

"N-no," Rich denied, pulling away. He took off his jacket anyway, to convince her that he knew how to take care of himself.

She studied him for a moment, which made him feel even more uncomfortable. Maybe he should just confess to her right now; it would spare him at least this agony—but then he'd *really* get it. So he said nothing, instead rearranging things on his desk while attempting to block the helmet from his mother's sight with his body. Finally he heard, "If you say so," and then, brightly, "How was school today?"

He had given the same answer to that question every school day since fourth grade. "Fine, mom," he replied. *Might as well get it over with.* He took a breath and quickly added before he could stop himself, "But I have to go back later on."

"Are you going to duel?"

Rich was shocked. "Wha-what?" he stuttered.

"With your friends. Your 'Phaser' Club, right?"

"Uh," he said, inwardly sighing with relief, "yeah." He was so relieved that he did not even bother to correct her; he and several friends called themselves the "Laser Club" and met occasionally at school to have mock battles with low-powered laser

pistols and sensor "targets." That night, they would all be at the arena watching him try to survive against four opponents.

"That's right. Well, have fun. Dinner is in a few hours."

I might be dead in two, Rich thought, and told his second half-truth. "Er, we're meeting earlier today." Somehow, it was easier this time.

"I see. Well, will you be a dear and take out the trash before you leave?"

"Yes, mother."

Rich followed her out of his room, and into the kitchen. She closed up the full plastic bag lining the trash can and started to lift it up before Rich could take over. "I'll get that, mom" he told her, taking her hands away gently and pulling it out of the can easily.

"Rich, you're a good boy."

"Yes, mom."

Once out of the house, he started to breathe easier. *Mom doesn't understand*. He tossed the bag in a larger can at the end of the driveway and watched the flies swarm out of it. *I couldn't—can't—tell her*.

A sleek metallic red car came down the road; he recognized it as belonging to Hoss, his closest friend. "Hey," Rich said as Hoss stepped out of the car.

"Hey yourself, ace," Hoss shot back. "You ready for the duel?"

"Almost. But don't say anything about it in front of my mom."

"Gotcha. Mum's the word, right?"

"Wait, don't bring me flowers until my funeral."

"When we'll have a moment of silence."

They laughed, then they were inside. Rich's mother was coming down the hall, away from both of their bedrooms. She saw the two boys, exchanged greetings with Hoss, and passed by. "Is that your car out there?" she asked, looking out the door.

Hoss was about to enter Rich's room, but stopped and went back to the door.

Rich followed him. "Yes, Mrs. Douglas. It's a brand-new Firestar," he said proudly. "And it's equipped with one of the latest wea-OW!" he yelled, grabbing his side.

"Are you all right?"

"Yes, ma'am, I just—that is, I hurt myself during football today."

"You boys should be more careful. I always worry about Rich, you know."

"I will, Mrs. Douglas. Thanks," Hoss said as Rich propelled him away.

"We'll be in my room, Mom," Rich told her, and then, after he shut the door, "That was a nice one, Hoss! Just give her some more hints, why don't you!"

"Hey, don't get so riled up there, ace! I did cover for you when you attacked me there, anyway."

Rich calmed down. "Yeah, that's true." His tone changed, almost to admiration. "How did you do that so easily, though?"

"Oh, I lie all the time to my parents. They've almost gotten used to it, I think."

This was enough to shock Rich a second time; he was silent while he thought about that. *Have you ever lied to me, Hoss?*

"Hey, I brought Hastel's new micro-disc over, you want to listen to it? I haven't yet," Hoss interrupted his contemplation.

Of course you haven't, we're best friends, right?

"Sure, just pop it in."

An hour passed quickly. Martin Hastel and the New City had made such a good album that they listened to it again after it had finished.

"Wait, stop it there," Rich said.

"What did he just say?"

"I don't know, I think it was something like Hunh or Ungh . . ." Hoss joked.

"No, I mean the verse before that, dummy."

Hoss shrugged, then reached up from the floor and backed up the song. When he hit the play button, Hastel's baritone came out,

*Did you get out of the web,
To find you're still caught?
Do you always forget
The lessons you're taught?*

After several more bars of music, the song, and thus the album, ended on a high note.

"Hey, cool!" Hoss exclaimed, pointing at something.

Rich looked in the general direction that Hoss' finger was pointing. His eyes rested on the helmet, quietly sitting on his desk and staring back at him. Something bothered him about that. "Yeah, thanks," he responded slowly to Hoss' comment, going to the desk.

"Lemme see."

Rich picked up the helmet. As he did, something fell out of it. It was a piece of folded up notebook paper. "Here," he said tossing the helmet.

He still had his back to Hoss when he opened the piece of paper, revealing a picture. It was of his father taken eleven years ago, maybe twelve, right before the Second Mexican War.

"With this piece, you'll win for sure," Hoss was saying.

"What?" Rich replied absently, still staring at the picture. He did not remember much about the war except that his father was often gone for weeks at a time. And then, just before the war was about to end, courier had come to the house and talked to his mother in the kitchen for a few minutes. It was the only time Rich (peering through the crack between the door and its frame) had ever seen her cry. Written on the piece of paper was, "Whatever you do, remember that our love is always with you."

"I said that it's an awesome helmet."

There was a pause. "Hey, are you okay?" Hoss asked worriedly when Rich didn't respond, getting up and putting the helmet on a chair. "What's that?"

Rich dropped the picture. "Nothing.

It's nothing. Look," he said, indicating the door, "go to the arena; I'm not coming."

"Hold it, ace. Nerves aren't a reason for giving up your big chance! Besides, everybody will be expecting you."

"Tell them I'm sick."

"But you're not."

"I've got a note from my mother.

Please," Rich continued, practically shoving his friend to the door, "just go. And take this thing with you." He shoved the helmet into Hoss' hands.

"What am I supposed to do with this?"

"I don't care. Give it to the flies."

He waved at the garbage can and shut the front door.

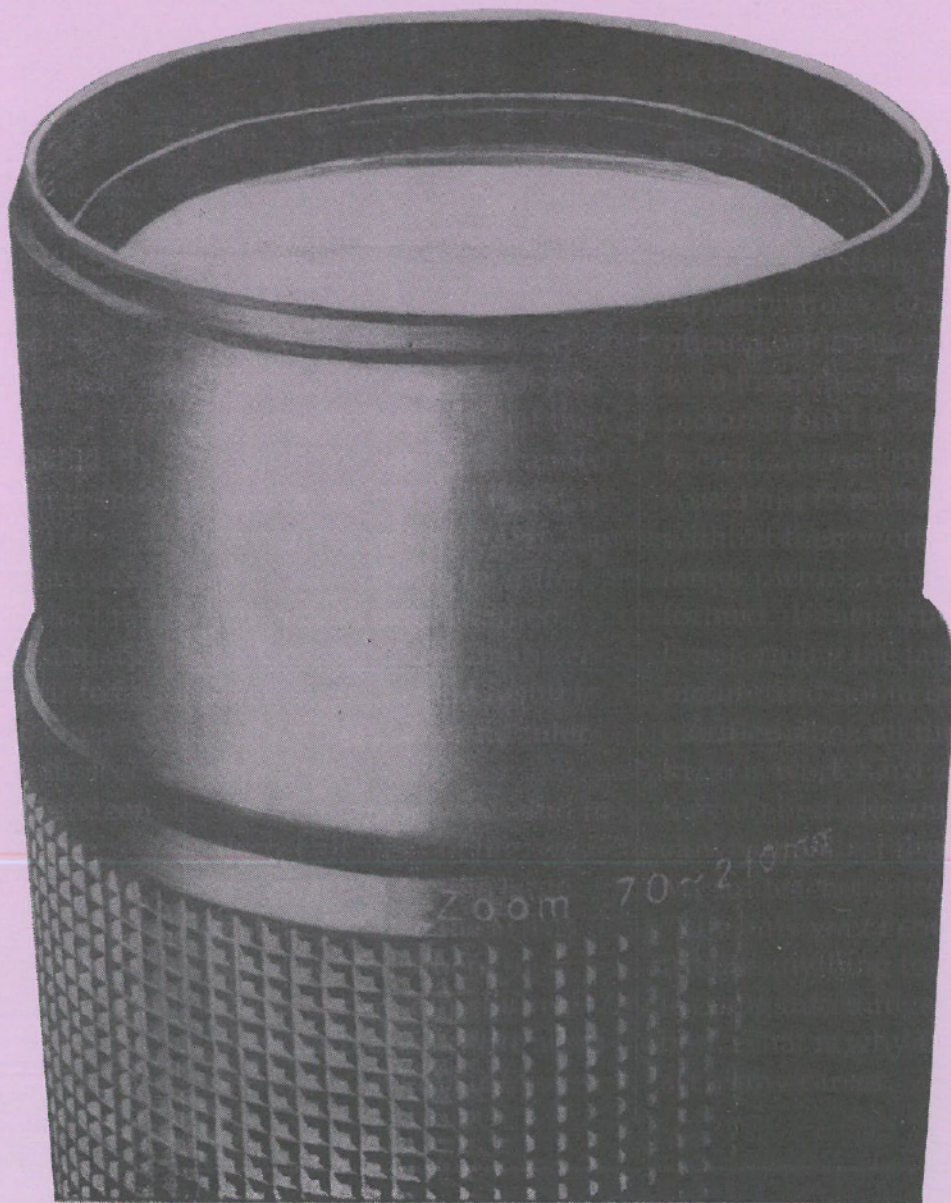
When he turned around, his mother was right in front of him, eyes shining just a little with wetness. "Rich," she started, but didn't finish, as she was enveloped by her son's hug.

"Yes, mom," he whispered, "I know."

A Domino Summer

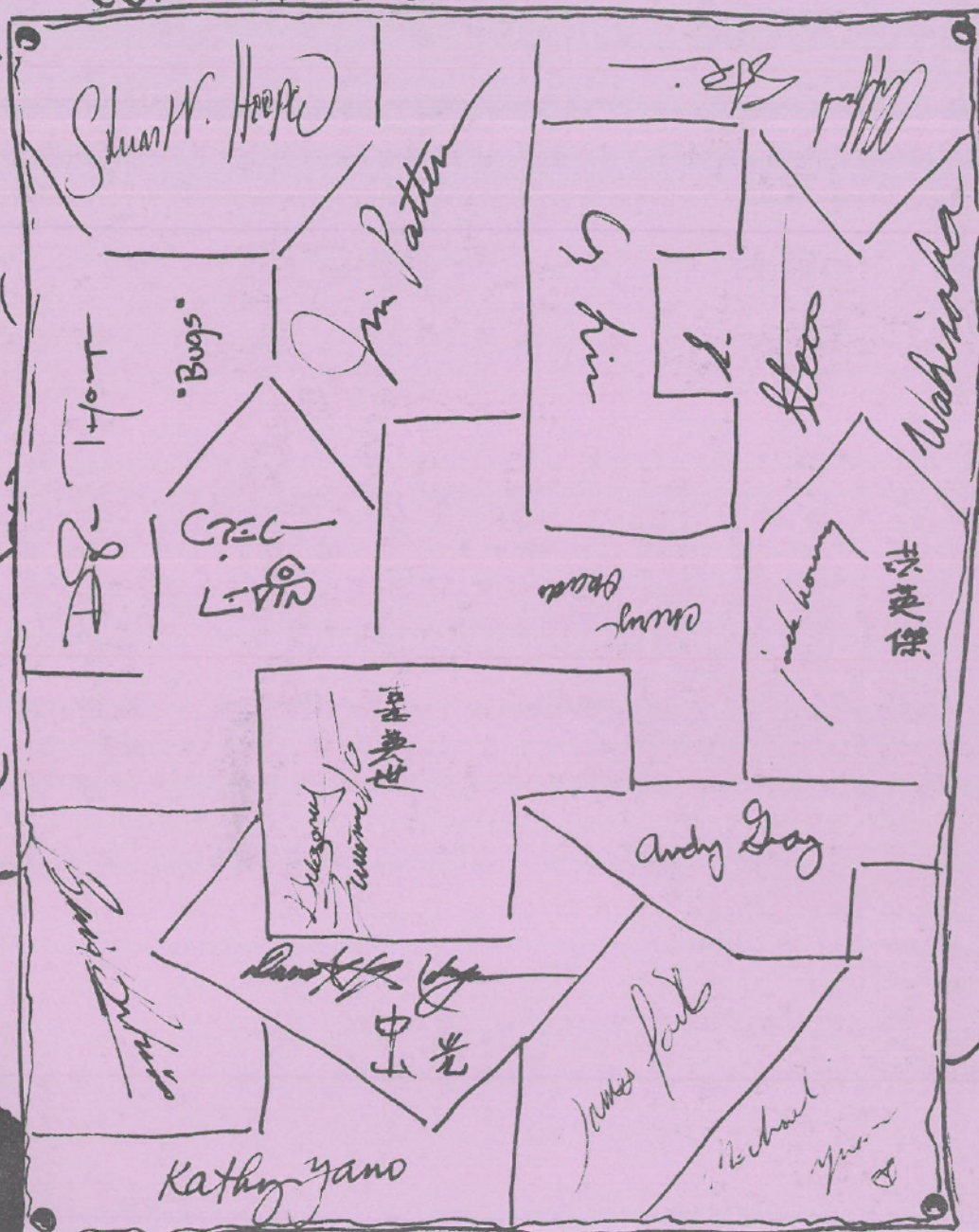
by Doug Thompson

Laughs of invisible children
Hanging thick and strong in the street
Fade like tunes from passing cars,
While carved, old men smoke cigars
Bought from the wooden Indian
That stands in front the Five and Dime;
And old men with flat, spotted bones
Lay down the tracks of lost glories
On tables in cafes 'round town;
And old folks sit fanning themselves
Remembering their childhoods
To a sip of cold lemonade.
But the others, still young and wild,
Don't know that when they are as old,
They'll sit in that immortal pose
Smoking a thirty cent cigar,
And with their own, black dominoes
Will one day tell their memories
To a cold, formica table
And a tall glass of lemonade.



Thompson's

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