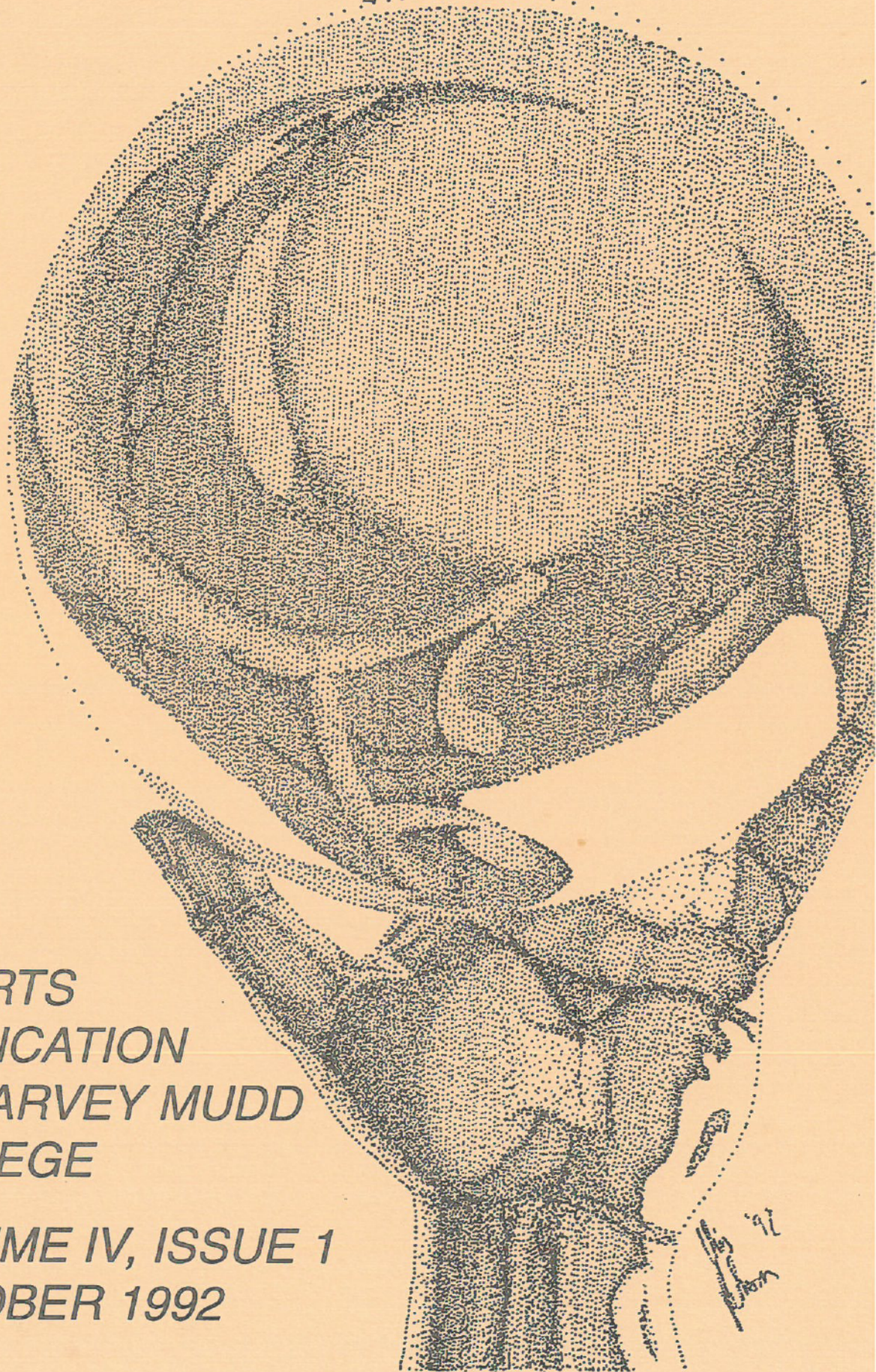


SOL iMpROV



*AN ARTS
PUBLICATION
OF HARVEY MUDD
COLLEGE*

*VOLUME IV, ISSUE 1
OCTOBER 1992*

1992

SOL iMPROV

VOL IV, ISSUE 1

AN ARTS PUBLICATION OF HMC

OCTOBER 1992

Daniel's Diatribe

Welcome to SOL iMPROV's fourth year providing the Harvey Mudd community with some much needed artistic class. Whoa—enough of that! Actually, the only reason for that outburst is to fulfill the requirements of this column's title, so thoughtfully suggested to me by last year's editor, Jonathan Giron, and other members of SOL iMPROV's staff. On the contrary, Mudd is full of closet artists, poets, writers, and other creative geniuses. Hopefully, many will show the rest of the college just how talented we all are.

And what do I do, you might ask?

Comment on it. It's a rough job, but somebody's gotta do it.

And just who are you, you may retort?

I'm Daniel McClelland, Editor-in-Chief, Junior physics major, and resident of Boring, Oregon. Yes, I said "Boring," and yes, it's as dull as it sounds, but I must

CONTENTS

Daniel's Diatribe
Faceless Parade
Nevermind
Dueling Poems
Flow
Vashti
Shattered Homes,
Shattered Hearts
Morphos
There are Two Sides to
a Sphere

say that at least there the air is clear and water doesn't remind you of chemistry lab. Also, I'm the first Editor to not pull an all-nighter trying to finish his first issue, breaking a three-year-old tradition, despite the fact that fate, homework, and Computer Services were against me. So if you see some character walking about the campus wearing a sweatshirt that boasts the word "Boring," it's me. Say "hi," or even, "hi, Boring," if you're daring enough.

But enough about

me--let's talk about the issue at hand. The photograph on the facing page is by a Mudd alum, Tom Wayman, who took this picture up at Stanford after the earthquake that rocked the Bay Area three years ago. Besides this, we've got some excellent artwork supplied by Chris Johnson, Thomas Chong, Jocele Wang, and Erika Kirchberger. Nate Cook and Elecia Engelman have a trio of poems that play off each other while Bob Mitchell, Eric Pesheck, and Martha Foley have each graced us with their poetic talent. "Faceless Parade" is a powerful short story written by a recent graduate, Jenny Juhl. She presents us with an image of the fashion industry that few can—or should—ignore. The second story is written by yours truly, but I won't comment on it since I've said way too much about myself already.

Something veteran

please see page 6

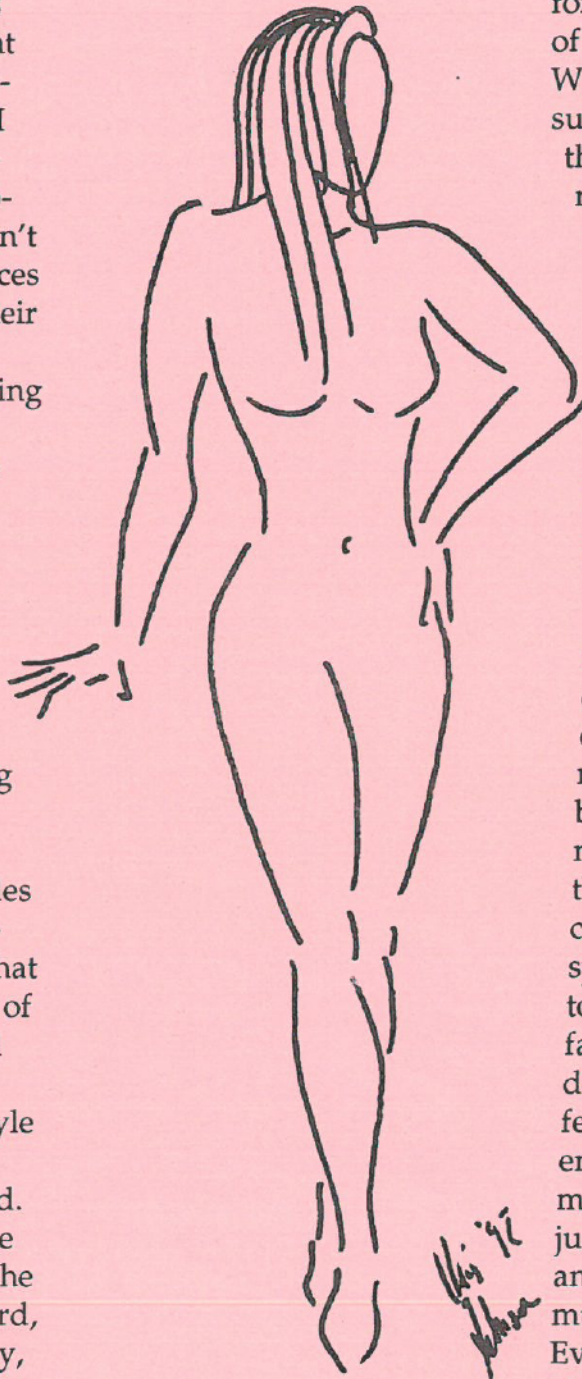


Faceless Parade

by Jenny Juhl

The music pumps the room with excitement and expectation. It is upbeat — to set the mood, I suppose. No one is supposed to remember problems tonight. Real life isn't given admission. The faces melt into one another, their identities hidden in the darkness. People are filling every seat available and then spilling out into the aisles to line the walls. They remind me of the Metro riders in Paris — devoid of expression, prepared to share nothing beyond the next few hours with the men and women pushing against them.

These people, the watchers, make my insides burn and fill with abhorrence for what I do — what they make me do. Some of the watchers are deemed important. They decide what will be the latest style for fashion-conscious women all over the world. The people from Paris are the most influential, for the world hangs on their word, or maybe more accurately, on their photos and ads, to see alluring preludes of fashions for New York. What will the Vogue-worshipping junior high girls ask their parents for this



fall? Will it be mini-skirts cut to show pre-pubescent thighs? Or maybe oversized shirts made for men but modified

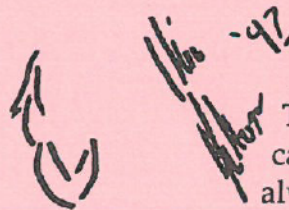
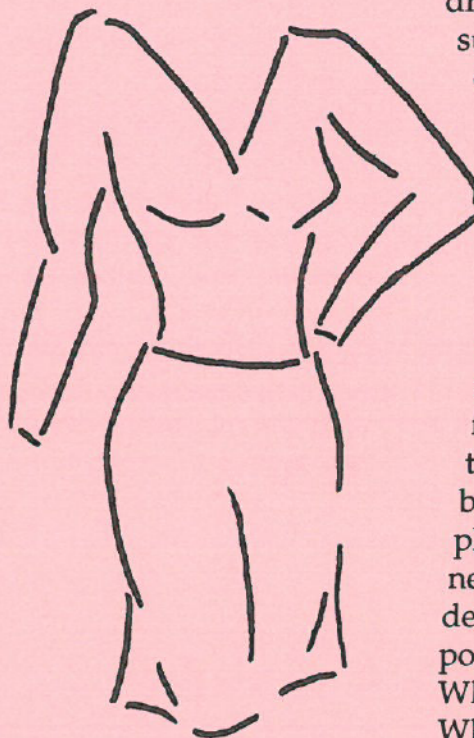
for women by the addition of inch-thick shoulder pads. What will the dress-for-success executives add to their already packed wardrobes? Whatever the styles, it is these men and women, the watchers tonight, that decide them. It is at their whim. They design, sell to manufacturers, and fill the racks of stores so that trend followers everywhere can be popular too.

The music pushes me forward much as a charmed snake at the carnival. The snake rises majestically from the basket, unwillingly moved by the magic for the benefit of the gaping crowd. Now I am in the spotlight, on parade for all to see. I have become a facilitator of the watchers' desires. As I walk, I can feel the eyes of the audience follow my every move. Up the ramp — it's just one foot in front of another. But of course it's much more than that. Every move is planned to give an effect. I know how to angle the foot to reveal a feminine ankle. I know how to hold the shoulders back to appear to be one long flowing body. I know

how to make my long legs look longer so that all eyes watch the curves of my calves and, when I let them, the thighs. The walk can be sensual or just graceful and easy. They want to walk like this and wonder what the secret is. It's all in the attitude. You believe you are better than they and then you are. You walk with your head up — neck long and beautiful. Every muscle in your body speaks that it is beautiful. In their beauty, they play with the emotions of the audience until every being watching becomes their toy. The eyes finish the tale that your shoulders, fingers, and legs began. They tease their captives, gazing into them and then through them, speaking to them in a way that is more effective than mere words. There is no doubt that your eyes are those of a goddess. This picture is worth far more than a thousand words, yet, somehow, it tells so much less.

Middle of the ramp and time to turn. Such a simple maneuver but so practiced. Who watching would know how many hundreds of hours are in this one turn? I cannot see beyond the bright lights and into the people of the audience, yet I can feel their gaze. The agents and scouts looking for new human material measure me with

their eyes. Waist: 23; hips: 34; breasts: 34; height: 5'10". I am a piece of flesh for their use — just so many dimensions. If my ass is too large, there is another girl right around the corner



with a smaller ass. It makes little difference to them who we are. We are all the same. My ideas are unimportant. My background is unimportant. My wishes are unimportant. All that

matters are my sizes. I am a conglomeration of measurements, designed merely to hang clothes on.

The turn is complete. I had drawn it out to its fullest value, to entice the audience into entering the dream with me, yet I am not sure that I am in this dream. It is an easy dream to enter, yet it is also easy to walk away from. The walk down the ramp to the top of the "T" is brisk after the slow turn. Cameras are still flashing, threatening to throw me off balance if I am foolish enough to believe that they matter. Their brilliance seems out of place in this hall of darkness. They reveal imperfect details that are not supposed to exist in goddesses. Why must I be a goddess? What makes a goddess? Sometimes I don't feel much like a goddess.

As I reach the end of the "T", I slide my black sequined jacket off of my shoulders. It gracefully falls into my fingers as if no effort were required. Thank God it didn't get caught on my ring. I have always had a problem getting jackets on and off — wearing costume rings twice the size of my fingers doesn't help. Now other models are making the same descent down the ramp that I just completed, yet buyers' eyes are still on me. They

are interested in the dress I am wearing. I was told that its ruffled mini-skirt and negligible back may become a standard for prom dresses. I wonder if there shouldn't be a law regulating how much skin a girl under eighteen can show.

I feel the eyes again as I seductively step down the stairs built into the ramp. I know that these eyes do not look at me — the material attached to my body is their only prey. They take away my identity, replacing it with that of a faceless mannequin. Sometimes I think that a wooden doll could do my job better than I. It wouldn't have to resist the homemade pumpkin pie or the Lay's potato chips. Ah, but it couldn't move the way I can move. It couldn't control the audience's emotions by the turn of a head. Somehow that isn't consoling. I never intended to grow up to be a moving mannequin.

As I complete my glide down the ramp, models pass me wearing their share of the new season's ideas. The unseen eyes are now on them, the new subjects of wonderment. Reveling in the awe of the audience, they walk with that same practiced ease. I have been dismissed as if I never were — still in the light, but moving unseen. I continue to walk my

walk as if I had importance, having no other choice but to continue the parade. I am now a part of an unremembered past and desire only to be out of the false light.

Finally off the stage, I find my dressing area. Bodiless hands reach out to peel off the dress of the future. There is no privacy even behind the curtain. Hands, and now arms too, reach for a silk jumpsuit for me to step into. Choosing to remember nothing of the last three minutes, I allow myself to be dressed and prepare to begin the parade once again.

*Jenny Juhl, class of 1992,
graduated last year with a
degree in physics.*

Spot art by Christopher Johnson

from page 2: the diatribe continues...

readers should note is the lack of advertisements in this issue. SOL iMpROV was given enough money by ASHMC that, with a little help from T-shirt sales (Coming soon to a dining hall near you!), should hold us over for this years' planned four issues. So, if you like what you read, support us and clothe yourself by buying a SOL iMpROV T-shirt.

For those of you who would like to learn more about SOL iMpROV, see past issues, or even submit some of your own work, stop by one of our weekly meetings in the Case dorm kitchen lounge Wednesdays at 6:30pm or drop us a line at improv@jarthur.

That's it for this installment of Boring's, er...Daniel's Diatribe, so enjoy the issue!

THE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE HEREBY RETAIN ALL COPYRIGHTS TO THEIR WORK. THE VIEWS EXPRESSED OR IMPLIED BY THOSE WORKS ARE NOT NECESSARILY THOSE OF SOL iMpROV OR HARVEY MUDD COLLEGE.

"never mind."

oh...
no...
no, nothing.

just...
just...

no, never mind.

it was nothing.
nothing...

no...

no, i mean...
just...
just...

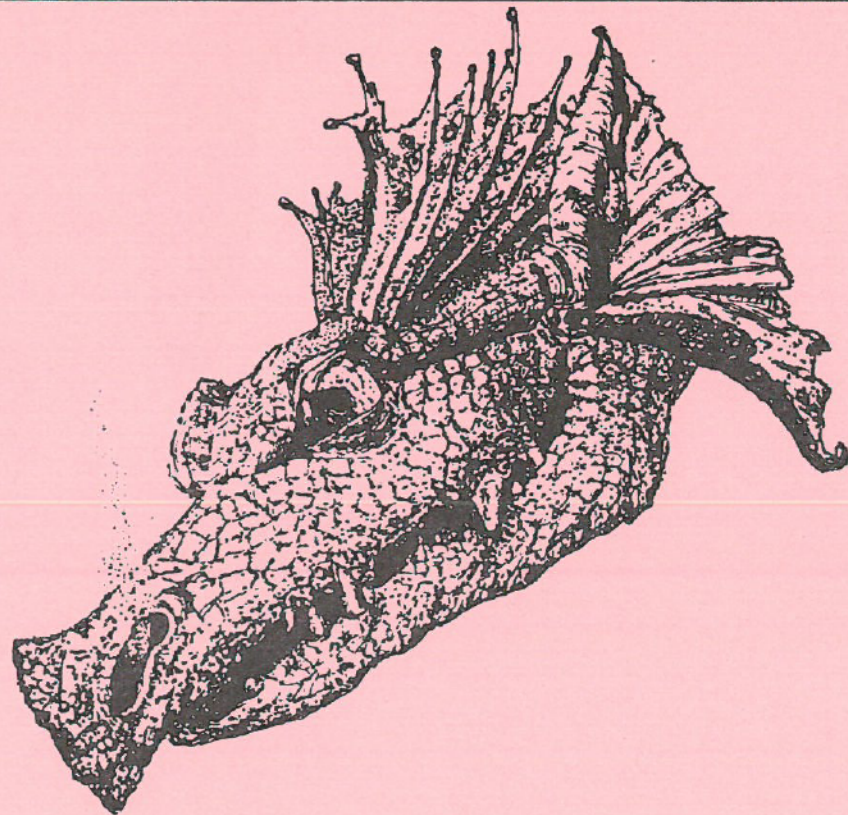
never mind.

-bob mitchell

Nevermind

UH...

nothing



Dreams Winging Out of the Blue: Sonnet 3

Dueling Poems

by Elecia Engelman and Nate Cook

A broken spirit on a window sill
Watching a body as it dies of age;
My own destruction I would rather will
Than be trapped within that awful cage.
I say, live for the moment while you have it
For moments soon flee and all men do die.
Live by honor, live by courage, live by wit
Live each moment for death is always nigh.
Only this way can life be truly won:
Carpe Diem; certainly! Seize the day.
A candle is naught compared to the sun;
Better to burn out than fade away.
Of my life, let heroic songs be sung.
Live fast, I say, my friend, live fast, die young.

-Elecia

Nice plan....

Be glad for the timid ones
Those who never take the chance
Be glad for the meeker ones
Who never learn to dance,
For if we all lived and died
And laughed and cried
In the space of a few short breaths,
Why then, the world would have nothing but deaths.
No one to live live on and sing
No one to take care of the things
So necessary to daily life....
No one to sharpen the knife
That slices

-Nate 11:19 PM 9/21/92

Nice return...

At night, I can see a star,
Only barely beyond my hand.
I never will believe it is too far
To that other land.

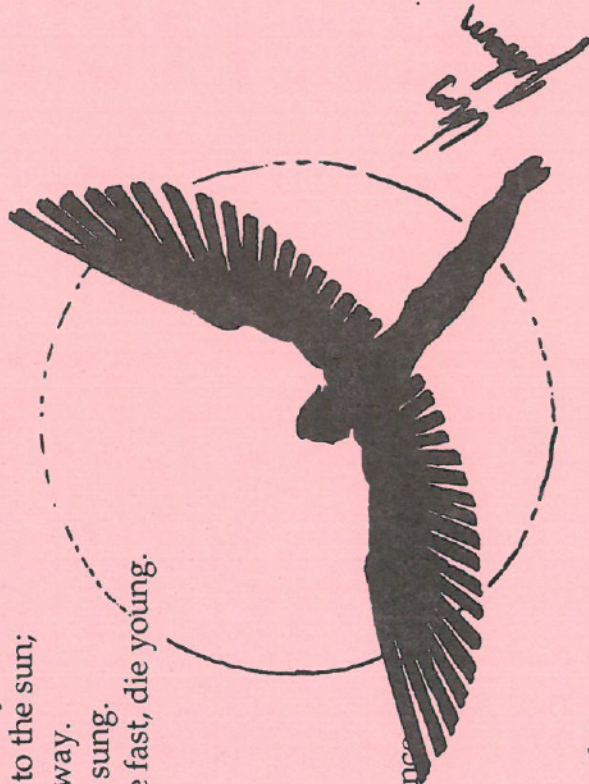
There are those who make
The world revolve each day;
Who unflinching only take
Life's little joys: the rest at bay.

A comforting way it might be,
But I say there is more:
Knowledge, defeat, ecstasy;
There exists passion in the core.

Sitting here in the sunshine,
I comprehend your view.
But I cannot make it mine,
Nor believe it represents you..

Because, as for me,
Sometimes thier song I'd like to sing,
But without this intensity,
I fear I would be nothing.

Elecia 1:00pm September 23,1992





Flow

by Eric Pesheck

Your eyes shine through your tumbling hair like the flowers in the grass
And when you smile, it is like a clear sunrise over a rain-soaked savannah

As you walk, 'tis as a willow waving within a wandering breeze
And when you talk, it cascades
Like slow-motion rapids
Buried deep
Within a green forest glen

Like the hair across your back

If you were to smile, then allow your eyes to fall,
'twould be the essence of a solar eclipse

On occasion, one is sure
To see the nature of beauty in the beauty of nature



Vashti

by Martha Foley

Deep mahogany skin
shimmers through
her flowing veil

Cryptic cat
of a woman
with virile strengths

Almond-thin eyes
peer with an air of
surpassing maturity

Her wanton silhouette
idles behind a beaded entrance-way
to entice King Ahasueras

Persian aristocrats
admire her aura which
seeps through the air—

like the thread of life
discovered in a genie's lamp
pleasantly unexpected.



Shattered Homes, Shattered Hearts

by Daniel McClelland

"C'mon, I'm telling you, this'll be a hit." John paced about in the office of his executive producer, waving about his much worked-upon script excitedly. "Ted, you've got to give it a shot—you know the public's in to this tragic homelife-drama stuff. 'Shattered Homes, Shattered Hearts' will bring big ratings. We've got the abusive father who gets drunk and beats his co-dependant wife who comes from a family background based on shame and guilt. The oldest kid does drugs, gets his girlfriend pregnant, and they try to get an abortion without either one's parents knowing. The daughter is doing poorly in school because of an undiagnosed learning disability, and her grades are heavily criticized upon by her father who constantly yells at her. Their neighbor, a minister-turned-atheist, finally steps in and tries to convince the family to get counseling but—"

"John, I know, I've read the script." Ted leaned forward on his elbows, his hands palm-up, trying to show he was being as fair as possible. "It's just that it's like a lot of the other

stuff circulating around; it's nothing new. Look, it's popular now, but it'll be six months before we could film the thing and by then the public will be on to some other craze. It's just a passing interest." He gestured outward, lightly bumping a portrait of his family on his desk as he did so. "You know how it is."

John slammed his front door shut, the sound giving the family dog a start and causing the numerous China plates along the shelves in the dining room to rattle precariously. His son, John Jr., bounded towards him with a broad smile and yet another page of crayon art. "Daddy, lookit what I—"

"Not now, Jonny, daddy's had a bad day. WOULD SOMEONE SHUT UP THE DOG!!"

Jonny ran off to hide like he always did when his father yelled, and John's wife Lois emerged from the kitchen hurriedly. Her prematurely graying hair only added to the aged look of her face. "Duke shush!" She lowered her eyes. "John, you could at least look at Jonny's picture, he's been working on it all day."

John grunted. Lois wiped her palms down her apron covered legs, still looking at her feet. "Dinner's ready."

John walked into the dining room and sat down while Lois fetched Jonny. *What does Ted know? He lives in his perfect world with his perfect job, his perfect family, and his perfect life.* His wife returned with Jonny in tow. "John," she ventured with cautious excitement, "did Ted like the script?"

"No." He took a bite of the roast beef, then spit it out. "This tastes like *crap!* Nice dinner Lois," he sneered. "Just what I want: a lousy dinner to top off a lousy day!" John stormed out of the house and slammed the door behind. A china plate wobbled too much and fell to the floor with a crash. Jonny whimpered a couple of times and then ran to his room again. Stifling a sob, Lois knelt down to pick up the shattered pieces.

Daniel McClelland is a junior physics major and lives in East dorm.



There are Two Sides to Every Sphere

by Nate Cook

The life I lead is full of yin
The life I lead is full of yang
I am happy, I am sad
I am everything, for that I'm glad

But if you see the yin
And yang remains unseen
Don't be fooled
I'm not the same
As you think I am...

I am more...

Here's some more:

I am drained by you,
Pouring out my heart and mind
I am drained by you,
Giving all my art I find
I am drained by you
I stopped...short
started again



Iamdrainedbyyou,yougavenothingbacktoreplacewhatIhadgivenandIamdrainedbyyou

You are a black page where nothing
shows
nothing
grows
nothing
flows
and....



I am drained by you

And some more:

I yet to see you cry...
Know that I've shed tears for you, for me.
I've cried and smiled
Laughed and wailed
What a wonderful thing it is to feel
What a strange thing, to be real.

Perhaps, some more?:

Those who say they've learned to love lie
They've learned to hide themselves
The fear and frustration,
 joy and elation
Are not things to be plucked off a shelf
No well-laid markers, no milestones
No clear cut path to ecstasy
Just stumble along
 screaming pain singing love songs
Try not to miss the forest for the trees
As you bushwhack a path

Submissions

SOL iMpROV is always looking for art, poetry, short stories, photographs, prose, and production volunteers. For more information, send e-mail to improv@jarthur or drop in on one of our weekly meetings, Wednesday at 6:30 in the Case dorm kitchen lounge.

What It Is!

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 this end, SOL iMpROV promotes the process 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. SOL iMpROV is also an ongoing process, and for this reason, we depend on your input to continue our publication. If you have any creativity that you would like to see published, or if you have any suggestions, comments, or criticisms about SOL iMpROV, please don't hesitate to contact us. We have a jarthur account (improv@jarthur) for your convenience. We appreciate your input in all its forms.

SOUL iMPROV

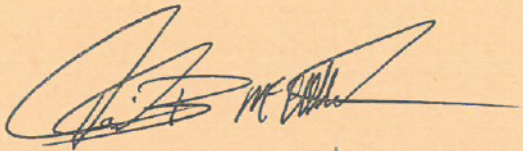
Thomas Long

Eric Pelt



Nathan E. Cole

Erika Kirchberger

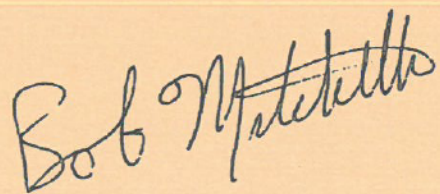


Martha J. Foley

... With the stroke of the pen
the soul of the artist is revealed.

Staff:

Editor-in-Chief:	Daniel McClelland
Secretary:	Melissa Aczon
Treasurer:	Jonathan Giron
Art Editor:	Christopher Johnson
Layout Editor:	Ingo Muschenetz
Copy Editor:	Denis Moskowitz
Editing Staff:	Joseph Chen
	Mark Huber
	Eileen Tanng



Socle Wang