IT WOULD NEVER HAPPEN HERE

YEARS LATER

TINKER v. DES MOINES

WAGE THEFT
GET YOUR HANDS OUT MY POCKET

REPORTER’S NOTEBOOK

IT WOULD NEVER HAPPEN HERE

RETIRRED PROFESSOR:
DA VINCI HALL CAUSED CANCER

50 YEARS LATER

DIGITAL DISRUPTER
PRINT PUSHES BACK
Can you see yourself here?

ACT NOW!

Follow the path of Collegian reporter, Tyler Lowell ... or just blaze your own!

Brown University, B.A. Theatre Arts
L.A. City College, Journalism, 2018
Syracuse University, M.A. Degree, 2019
News Associate, NBC, New York, September 2019

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Letter from the editor

Mainstream media push the idea that print journalism is dying. However, at the Collegian Times we began to work on this issue thinking about journalism’s bedrock. Print.

We also thought about the future that we see unfolding. Lynn James is a digital disruptor. She prepared for journalism steeped in print and broadcast instruction. Then she broke through as a mobile journalist.

A building’s base is the lowest load-bearing part and is below ground level. You don’t see it, but you know it’s there holding skyscrapers tall and straight allowing them to rise toward the sky.

Things are changing, but it is not completely clear how journalism will move forward without the rigors of print training.

Los Angeles City College turns 90 this year and the Collegian was here at the start to chronicle everything that happened in 1929 and in the nine decades since.

There’s a well-beaten path from the Collegian to the L.A. Times. George Cotliar was a managing editor for more than 10 years. Louis Desser, Norman Dash, Don Alpert, Robert Epstein and Bill Rivera all worked as editors at the Times.

The late Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter Dick Turpin got his start at the Collegian, and so did student journalists like the late Nick Beck who would one day cover the Olympics in Tokyo, Mexico and Rome.

Before the late Murray Fromson became a founding member of the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press in the face of a hostile Nixon administration, he studied here. Staff members documented elections, wars, Hollywood and the daily news.

The reporters who wrote for this issue drew inspiration from other elite alumni of Los Angeles City College. Max Fine went from the Collegian newsroom to the White House. Barbara Morrison spent three years enrolled in the LACC theatre arts program and went on to become a two-time Grammy nominee. They both built their foundations on City’s grounds.

More recently, Lynn James turned her training as a multi-platform reporter into a career. She created a niche for herself in the new media landscape. With Lynn, we learn something about how the next 90 years may unfold for student journalists.

For now, we cling to our foundation, but our eyes are open and we are looking for our space in the digital world.

Award-winning culture reporter, William Torres takes the road to Paradise, a city that lost its foundation in the 2018 Camp Fire. Meanwhile, news reporter Rebecca Grazier heads to downtown L.A. to check out students involved in the Global Strike movement, and Nick Moreland goes underground to explore the heart of punk culture. It is still thriving.

These are just a few of the stories that will take you on a journey to reveal the meaning of a strong foundation. We all need one to help us build our lives.
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ON THE COVER
“Print is the foundation” was shot on location at Los Angeles City College in East Hollywood. Photograph by Curtis Sabir
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Makeup and Hair: Lynn James
Model: Lynn James
STUDENTS SPEAK: CANDIDATES RESPOND

Bernie Sanders addresses the public saying the life of future generations is more important than the profits of fossil fuel.

STREET ART STEALS THE SCENERY

Flowers become subject matter in downtown Los Angeles murals, transforming city walls into landscapes.

STREETMEETLA

Photographers try to capture the mirage of purple fumes at a live show of STREETMEETLA.
Toward the end of my career as a nurse, I took care of a hospice patient whose name I could never pronounce, so I called him “Chingu.” I had done end-of-life care many times before, but Chingu was different. The physical and emotional strain would end up being the straw that broke my back and drove me away from the healthcare profession indefinitely.

Paramedics brought Chingu in while I lathered my hands in soap suds. His appearance at first sight startled me. He was tall, around 5 feet 11 inches, but only weighed 90 pounds. His skin and eyes were banana yellow — tell-tale signs of jaundice from a failing liver. The nurse supervisor came into the room.

“He’s dying,” she said without so much as a hint of emotion in her voice. “He has stomach cancer, and it’s metastasized everywhere. We need someone to sit with him.”

I asked for the pertinent information that I needed about him. All she told me was that he was confused and tried to get out of bed a lot — that’s all she knew. The rest I would figure out on my own.

We placed him into bed, and he immediately tried to get up.

“No, no, don’t get up,” I said. “Tell me what you need, and I’ll get it.”

“He doesn’t speak English,” the nurse supervisor said.

“Only Korean.”

“Wonderful,” I thought to myself. Administration provided us with foreign language sheets for situations like this. They contain common words and phrases needed for basic communication with patients.

“If he needs something, just refer back to the language sheets,” the supervisor said. “Or ask one of the Korean nurses on the floor to translate for you.”

This is easier said than done. When nurses work the floor, they really don’t have time to play translator on top of their other duties—especially if it’s not their patient. I asked for his name, and she muttered out something unintelligible to my non-Korean ears and then left the room. He tried to get up again. I quickly glanced at the words “friend” and “bed” in the Korean language sheet.

“No, no, chingu (friend in Korean),” I said. “Chimdae, chimdae (bed in Korean).”
He threw a surprised look at me. But not surprised that I said something in Korean — surprised that I spoke to him at all. He grabbed my hand and held it to his bony cheek. “Chingu,” he said with a whine. “Wae hanunim, wae.” He pressed the back of my hand against his forehead and began to cry.

I rubbed his back in an attempt to soothe him, feeling his ribs and spinal column stretching through his skin. He looked at me again. His eyes, so yellow and scared, showed me his soul aching to be liberated from the pain. “Chingu,” he said again. “Dowajuseyo.”

I pushed the call bell for help and asked one of the other nurses to grab a translator for me. I couldn’t leave him unattended.

“’Wae hanunim, wae’ means ‘why, God, why,’ the nurse said to me. ‘And ‘dowajuseyo’ means ‘help me.'”

She said something to him in Korean and left. He immediately sat up again.

“Chingu!” he shouted this time. “Chinguuuuuuu!”

I was standing at the foot of his bed. I don’t think he could see me; his agony clouded his vision. He grabbed my hand again and said in a soft, aching voice, “Mool, mool.” Water, water.

One of his symptoms was dry mouth. Since the cancer had eaten his stomach so much, he couldn’t hold anything down. Whatever he swallowed, he threw up within minutes. Dry mouth is also one of the side effects of chemotherapy and radiation treatments, so he was getting hit double.

Dehydration and thirst possessed him.

I gave him a sip of the water, and he spit it on the floor. He took another sip and swallowed it. Then the retching started and continued for almost two minutes. He finally spit out the water and about a shot glass-worth of clotted blood.

When he saw it on the floor, he cried out again then quickly stood up.

I grabbed him so that he wouldn’t fall. He pulled his pants and diaper down and tried to urinate where he was standing. Nothing came out. I tried to pull his diaper back up, but he squatted down and two or three large blood clots came out of his backside.

The smell was noisome. The smell was death.

I cleaned him up and got him back into bed. He had been sedated just before I arrived. His daughter sat two feet away from him and stared at him through watery eyes. She looked like a carefully crafted doll with a powder-white complexion and skin as smooth as an eggshell. The contrast between her beauty and Chingu’s horror made the scene surreal.

She sat for two hours and said nothing. She just watched her father sleep while unending streams worked their way down her cheeks.

I never saw her wipe away a single tear.

Later that same week, the winter rains of Los Angeles let and the sun returned. This would normally have raised my spirits, but nightly visits from Chingu had been disrupting my sleep for weeks. I was damn tired.
I sat next to him holding his hand. It was the only way to keep him in bed. An older couple came in to visit, neither of them spoke English. I smiled at them and got up, so they could have privacy.

The husband sat to Chingu’s right, and the wife sat to his left. They washed his face and hands, talking to him the whole time. They changed his shirt and wet his mouth with a moisturizing sponge. He was still heavily sedated and in the final stages, but they spoke as if he were talking back.

Then they began to sing.

Obviously, I couldn’t understand the words, but the melody is still trapped in my head, even though for some reason I can’t hum it. They started soft and slow, raising their voices only a little throughout. The song was simple — verse-chorus-verse-chorus — but it was powerful and warm.

A force came over me to get up and go into the bathroom. The melody permeated the room and echoed off of the bathroom walls. I felt as if it was a funerary song and began to cry. They went on singing for almost ten minutes, and I went on crying in synch.

When they finally stopped, I quickly washed my face and composed myself. But as soon as they left, and I looked at Chingu, I began to cry again. That night Chingu called to me three times in my sleep.

And three times I cried.

I wasn’t there when Chingu finally passed, and I’m glad I wasn’t. I had already seen enough. When I got to work that day, the curtain was drawn around his bed. One of his brothers was there pacing back and forth as he waited for the morgue to come. When he saw me, he smiled.

He knew what I felt, “he’s at peace.”

He walked over to me and thanked me through broken English for looking over Chingu. We shook hands and I nodded to him, “yes, he’s at peace.”

When the morgue came and took my friend away, I hid away and cried again.

“I have to get the hell out of here,” I sobbed to myself.

“This job is killing me, and I don’t want to die with Chingu.”

““ The melody permeated the room and echoed off of the bathroom walls. I felt as if it was a funerary song and began to cry. “”
Lynn James started her journalism journey in New York at St. John’s University and headed for L.A. City College and the Collegian newsroom to gain a foundation in print. Now, thousands of people watch her mobile journalism shows on LiveCam where her print experience made her a digital disruptor. She is an example of how the future will unfold for student journalists.

“Can you see me?” Lynn asks looking at her cell phone. This is how she starts her workweek every Monday morning. She sits on a chair in her “beauty corner” and turns on the LiveCam app.

“Can you see me?” she asks again after checking her Internet connection, as the app instructs every time before she goes live. She interacts with her audience, and for the next two hours she offers beauty advice and teaches them how to apply a certain type of eye shadow. She also plays their favorite songs, addresses them by their app names and responds live to all their questions. But above all, she tells them that positivity and kindness is what they need, as “everyone is beautiful just as God made them.”

Before going live for her first show back in 2016 Lynn knew she needed a little room-makeover. She rotated her small desk that faced the wall and gathered all the beauty magazines she collected in the middle of the living room. One by one, she flipped through their pages and selected the ones that might resonate with her audience. She returned to the wall behind her desk with a handful of magazine clippings and began creating the background of her first YouCam show.

She traveled a long bumpy road to get here. Lynn loved writing and being a host since she was a freshman in high school. She planned to be an anchor on Channel 7, New York City or a fashion host on E! Her journey as a reporter started abruptly. She was thrown headfirst into an industry that was unfamiliar with no time to contemplate the possibilities it would bring her.

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“I was booked as the audience live host on a show called ‘Cartel: Band in Bubble’ in New York City,” Lynn says.

She had no experience with different types of people, but somehow found the courage to dive into it.

“I was going to fake it ‘til I made it,” she says as she thinks about the moment she first stepped into the studio at ‘Cartel.’

She was enrolled in classes at St. John’s University but did not really have a clear vision of her plan until the live show experience with ‘Cartel.’

Later, she moved to California, enrolled in classes at City and “found a diamond to learn under.”

“Professor Guess helped me shape my vision and gave me the tools and confidence I needed,” Lynn says. Since she had the training she was moved to the forefront of the industry. She became the one the app later used as an example for other streamers to emulate, and for Lynn that also means higher pay.

Her first blog ‘My TV Show on the Internet’ started as part of the Journalism 101 class, and while students usually abandon them after the final grades are in, Lynn persisted and built on that foundation.

“I created this show after being inspired by my mentor Halle Berry. She said once that if you aren’t getting work, make your own work, and that is exactly what I did. I was heartbroken after I was fired from the show called ‘Criminal Minds,’ so I created my own show,” she says smiling.

She started filming every Thursday. She created about 15 minutes of live footage and stills on fashion, beauty and fun free activities people can do in Los Angeles.

Seven weeks later, the Perfect Corporation/YouCam contacted her with a proposal.

The moment she said yes, her life changed.

“I feel like my dreams are coming true. I am a world star at YouCam with over 102,000 followers, and this is just the beginning,” Lynn says.

She builds the content of her show and after three years of LiveCam, she says that advance preparation is the key to success.

“Building the content was my biggest challenge when I first started doing the show. Professor Guess did tell me to have 12 shows set up just in case. But it came to a point where they had me doing a show every day. So now I’ll do like a week in advance to have four shows in the bag. I won’t have to scrounge,” Lynn says.

Even though LACC was a transfer school, Lynn

I feel like my dreams are coming true. I am a world star at YouCam with over 102,000 followers, and this is just the beginning.

LYNN JAMES
developed her journalism skills in the Collegian newsroom. This experience helped her shape a clear vision of what she wanted to do in journalism. It also gave her the tools she needed to be successful.

“In entertainment you never know when you will have your big break, so I have my backup plan as a journalist I can fall back on,” Lynn says.

She currently works as a fashion model, actress, singer and writer. Everything she does helps her with her live show, including her experience with fashion modeling. She started off her modeling career when she was 16, at John Casablanca Modeling School. There she learned how to do “a little bit” of casting type makeup.

“Working with more than a thousand makeup artists over the years and acting, I picked up little tips. I literally worked with the best. I feel like every day is constant learning, like I am a professional student forever,” she says.

Her show is not limited to beauty. It’s about fashion, skincare, hair care, wellness, motivation and empowerment. Lynn says that even though she is now a mobile journalist, she still does shoe-leather reporting.

“I still chase the story. At PHAME Beauty Convention I was in the panel and also in the field, reporting from the event. I interviewed celebrities and other big influencers for YouCam. I miss writing stories though, I must admit,” Lynn says.

Earning a living as a mobile journalist is not an easy task and sometimes negative feedback or bullies can affect both the reporter and their audience. Streamers and corporate work together to resolve problems and stay ahead of cyber bullying. Some people even try to change names and identities, but Lynn did not need to do that. For her, reporting a bully is just a click away.

“Fortunately, we have a little tab. If there is somebody in our chat that is actually hacking or doing some bullying or anything negative, I have a control tab, which I can mute their chats with. I can literally report it to the company right there: I just press on their name and I can report it,” Lynn explains to Journalism 101 students during a Q&A session following a live demonstration of her show. She returned to LACC and the newsroom to share her experience with journalism students who were working on their blogs, like she did six years ago. She says she hopes that they will keep working on them after the semester is over.

“I am honored to be an example of journalism coming to life. I always thought I would be one of the students professor Guess would talk about in class one day. I always had a plan to be successful.”
TINKER v. DES MOINES: 50TH ANNIVERSARY REMEMBERED

[By Darcell Hoover]

Images Courtesy of the Tinker Family

Black Lives Matter or I'm with Stupid. These are some of the expressions that students are free to use since a small group of kids donned black armbands to protest the Vietnam War 50 years ago.

It began when John and Mary Beth Tinker led a protest to mourn the dead on both sides of the Vietnam War at Warren Harding Junior High School in Des Moines, Iowa. Their black armbands popped in color against John Tinker's bright white shirt and Mary Beth's pale sweater. School administrators learned about their silent protest and suspended them.

"I was very shy," Mary Beth said. "I was 13 years old and in eighth grade. It was 1965. So, I was very nervous and kind of scared about what was going to happen."

L.A. City College Law and Administration of Justice professor Camille A. Goulet remembers the era. She was in elementary school at a time when students chose to wear bracelets with the names of prisoners of war and those who were deemed missing in action until the service member came home from Vietnam.

"When I was in primary school, there was a movement amongst students to wear bracelets," Goulet said. "There was no objection raised by the school, and the decision whether this was all right was left to each student's parents. Although it was clear that individual parents disagreed about the war and the bracelets, there was no disruption to the school."

The 1960s marked the height of the civil rights movement, the Cold War with the Soviet Union and the turmoil of the Vietnam War. In 1963, the Ku Klux Klan (KKK) bombed the 16th Street Baptist Church in Birmingham, Alabama.

"Four little girls had been killed, Cynthia, Addie Mae, Carole and Denise," Tinker said. "And so, after that, that was our first experience with black armbands because James Baldwin, the writer, called for people all over the country to wear black armbands to mourn for the little girls."

Mary Beth says she drew strength and inspiration from the four girls. A small group of Klansmen and segregationists committed the murders according to FBI records.

The Vietnam War haunted her too. She says every night she would see kids running from burning huts on the nightly news. She knew the U.S. was killing people with Boeing B-52 Bombers.

"Also, there was something called napalm, which is basically chemical warfare that was produced by Dow Chemical Company," she said. "And so, they were dropping this gasoline gel stuff on the villagers in Vietnam and it was hard to wash off the skin. It was causing a lot of burning and these villages would be in flames and we would see this on the news. It looked like the whole world was on fire. It was just horrific."

The four girls, the struggle for civil rights and the images of war spurred Mary Beth and her brother John to action. They decided to protest with 30 other students. In the end, only 10 participated in the protest and administrators singled out five of them for punishment. School officials made them remove the armbands. They did. But the principal suspended them anyway for breaking the rules.

The students discussed their options with their activist-parents. Mary Beth's father believed in equality. Leonard Tinker lost his job for protesting a segregated swimming pool in Atlantic, Iowa.

The suspended students said the school district had violated their rights to free speech. The ACLU helped them file a First Amendment lawsuit and they took their fight to the courts.

They lost in the District and Court of Appeals for four years, but the Supreme Court ruled in their favor in a 7-2 decision in 1969. They got the justice they were fighting for.

Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas wrote, "...The students' rights do not end once they enter the school, cafeteria, playing field or campus, as long as their rights don't collide with others ..."

Students at the all-black Booker T. Washington High School in Philadelphia, Mississippi wore buttons to protest the killing of civil rights workers Andrew Goodman, James Chaney and Michael Schwerner by the KKK in 1964. Parents challenged the school district with a lawsuit, Burnside v. Byars. The case proved that students in Mississippi did not disrupt their school with their protest, nor did the students in the Tinker case. Burnside v. Byars set a precedent for Tinker to prevail.

Since the Tinker ruling, students have protested apartheid in South Africa, dancing bans at the Elmore City High School – the inspiration for the movie “Footloose,” where citizens thought dancing could lead to pregnancy – and the Valentine's Day shooting massacre at Marjory Stoneman Douglas High School in Parkland, Florida.

"I want young people to have input into the policies that affect their lives," Tinker said. "Whether it has to do with racial justice, where the climate is, the water quality, you know, all of the issues of student life, economic inequality, housing and homelessness."
No one can leave or enter the building. Those are the last words anyone would expect to hear in the college library. It was a cold and rainy day, unusual for the Los Angeles area. I sat at a computer table doing research for a biology assignment on Jan 15, 2019. I was dry, and it was cozy inside the bright and spacious Hayden Memorial Library at Citrus College during the winter session. Then I heard it. It came in the form of an amplified female voice – an alert saying, “No one can leave or enter the building.” I reacted. I rose from my seat, and I approached the woman with the megaphone.

“What’s going on, is this a drill?” I asked.

“No,” she said. “If this was a drill, I would know.”

I knew something was happening, and three days later I would learn that the librarian’s name was Sarah Bosler. She had already contacted campus safety, and she had a plan.

“They let me know that I needed to lock the library doors and not let anyone in and not let anyone out,” Bosler said later.

What can I do next?

I went back to my seat at the table, but I was clueless. I noticed the computer monitor was flashing a red “Alert!” warning with bright yellow highlighted text. It stated, “The campus is in lockdown. Stay in room, turn off lights, lock door, remain quiet and stay away from the windows. Do not open or unlock door.”

The library staff instructed everybody to gather their belongings. They divided the 40 or so students into three groups. I proceeded slowly. I thought ‘This might end quickly.’

Another librarian told me to follow her and the group to the all gender bathroom located behind the computer working stations. As soon as we had all entered the bathroom, she locked the door. She turned off the light and asked us to stay quiet. There were no windows. Through the darkness in the bathroom, I began to see cell phones light up. People inside the bathroom started to text. They shared all possible scenarios of the events unfolding outside.

A half hour later, one female student said that one of her friends had “shared” the reason for the lockdown. A man with a gun had threatened a Citrus College staff member. After hearing that, I began to text my newspaper adviser at Los Angeles City College on the other side of the county to let her know what was happening at Citrus College. I asked her to send the Collegian reporters to cover the events and she replied, “You are the Collegian!”

“S—-,” I said to myself. I knew at that moment I had to be alert, and do what she had asked. I began to record everything in my head.

What a situation.

While the drama unfolded in the library, a teenager named Angela Maldonado was experiencing something similar on the west side of campus. Maldonado was in her second semester of study at Citrus College. Before she enrolled at Citrus, she was home schooled.

I was really like, like, like scared, because I never had anything like that happen and just felt that the guy can come in anytime with the gun and start shooting the class.

ANGELA MALDONADO
"I was really like, like, like scared, because I never had anything like that happen and just felt that the guy can come in anytime with the gun and start shooting the class," she said. "And then, so I was really nervous and we were sitting down on the floor, then after a while … Everyone started like not taking it seriously and started opening like the blinds, looking at the window when they were not supposed to, and they started being loud, so that just got me more nervous."

"Maldonado says students were checking social media and seeing reports of an active shooter," she said. Maldonado’s "Speech 103" professor tried to keep the class calm.

"When I knew this was serious, I kind of panicked, because … I don't know, like you never know what can happen," Maldonado said. "I wasn't sure, like he was an active shooter … I didn't think there was actually a student on campus with a gun, so I didn't know."

**Drama in the bathroom**

A woman received a text in the library bathroom. It said that a suspect had placed some explosives somewhere on the campus, and police had called in the bomb squad. That turned out to be false.

Another student received word that the neighboring campus, Azusa Pacific University was on lockdown as well. As students murmured and exchanged information in the cold and dark bathroom, it felt like I was on the set of a horror movie. All the while, I maintained contact with my adviser. She told me what the mainstream media reported, and that a KTLA 5 TV crew was on campus.

Meanwhile, most students sat on the bathroom floor, and one woman even slept as the 30 minutes stretched into one hour, and then an hour and a half. Only the dim light of mobile phones and students sharing texts was visible.

I watched two women, but one in particular appeared to be so afraid that I could see it written all over her face. She probably thought that a gunman would blast the door open and begin shooting, something like Columbine or Sandy Hook. I don't think anyone could have comforted her. Only time would do that. Everybody stayed quiet.

"I am calling the police and let them know where we are," said the student who seemed agitated earlier. The voice came from that barely lit shape of a woman in the darkness who stood next to the toilet. A librarian told her not to call because the police knew where we all were: in lockdown. The student called anyway and shared with the group.

"The Glendora Police said, 'stay calm and eventually they will come and get us,'" she told our group of four men and seven women inside an approximately 64-square-foot bathroom.

**When will this be over?**

The woman was anxious, but she didn't reveal the other reason she had called. It was awkward: she needed to use the bathroom. We all came up with a plan to form a human barrier for anyone who needed to use the toilet.

As time passed, we felt more like prisoners of war, than students seeking cover, from a possible gunman. The air quality began to decline. I thought I could feel the CO2 levels rising. I thought about the Apollo 13 crew and the famous quote "Houston we have a problem." I wanted to say something similar like, 'Citrus College, we have a problem.' But I knew no one who could help would hear me.

"When I knew this was serious, I kind of panicked, because … I don't know, like you never know what can happen."

**ANGELA MALDONADO**

Space was tight. Every move I made, I would bump into someone almost every second, and I could hear someone say "sorry," and nobody bothered to say excuse me.

Most of the group wanted to lay or sit down on the cold and possibly not very clean floor. I stayed on my two feet.

Suddenly, the leader told my group to move quietly to a small office. She closed all the shades and told us to sit on the floor. I had a feeling she knew more than she let on.

Now, I felt better, I was finally breathing fresh air, and I could sit on a carpeted floor. Now I could see those faces clearly. The room had a window next to one of the parking lots, and light streamed in from the other side of the library.

I checked my phone. It was 4:03 p.m. I was able to rest and stretch my legs. I pulled a bag of peanut M&M's out of my backpack. I offered some to the group, and only two women and one man took my offer. I only heard one thank you.

I was able to close my eyes. Then, out of nowhere a Citrus College Security Officer said, "Now, you can go home.

Everyone rushed to exit the building into a pouring rain, but I think no one really cared. They had regained their freedom. I did the same thing. I rushed out the library to my car, and all the way I heard the voices of Citrus College Security Officers, "Let’s keep moving," I walked so fast I didn’t care much about the rain. It felt like a stampede of people and cars trying to leave the parking lot at once. About a mile away from the college, everything began to feel normal, like nothing had ever happened.

**SARAH BOSLER**

Police charged 30-year-old Terrell Lee Bennett of Pomona with one felony count of unlawful possession of ammunition and making criminal threats.

Photo courtesy of Southern California News Group and Azusa Police Department.
**ACTIVE SHOOTER INCIDENTS ON THE RISE**

*Quick Look: 250 Active Shooter Incidents in the United States Between 2000 - 2017*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Total</th>
<th>Killed</th>
<th>Wounded</th>
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<td>1</td>
<td>7</td>
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<td>2001</td>
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<tr>
<td>2017</td>
<td>138</td>
<td>13</td>
<td>591</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Source: Federal Bureau of Investigation, 2017*

**Faculty and staff should do the following if a lockdown is ordered:**

- Lock all doors and windows immediately.
- If a door can’t be locked, attempt to quickly block the door with heavy items.
- Never open doors or windows unless ordered to do so by a safety or school official.
- Always ask for documentation from an official to confirm their identity.
- Turn off all lights, and close the blinds or curtains.
- Instruct all students to stay low and away from the windows and doors.
- Keep students inside of the classroom.
- Silence televisions, cell phones and other electronics.
- Clear hallways, bathrooms and any area or room that cannot be thoroughly secured.
- Account for every student in the room.
- Assist those with special needs.
- Remain indoors and under lockdown until you receive an “all clear” from authorized personnel.

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Image courtesy of KTLA 5

Live shot of the scene over campus of Citrus College shows the police response on Jan. 15, 2019.
Global revolt escalates. Over 1,351 global strikes in 110 countries organized in late May to demand climate action from their governments and broke the previous record set in March. Unless humans make changes now, more wildfires, catastrophic flooding, severe droughts, hurricanes and severe heat waves could lead to mankind’s doom.

Imagine a World Without Polar Bears.
The World Wildlife Fund estimates there are only around 20,000 to 25,000 polar bears in the wild today. They are at risk because of melting sea ice, which is shrinking more than 14 percent per decade. The bears use the sea ice as a way to hunt for seals. They sit on the ice while they wait for a bubble under the water to pop up, indicating there is a seal underneath.
Polar Bears burn through more than 12,000 calories a day, and declining sea ice means fewer seals for them to eat. The ocean has warmed more than 0.4 degrees since 1969, when Greenland lost more than 286 billion tons of ice between 1993 and 2016, and Antarctica lost more than 127 billion during the same years. This affects the polar bears, and it also affects other wildlife like fish.

[By Rebecca Grazier]

Photos by Rebecca Grazier

Students carried signs that read “WE CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE, SAVE OUR PLANET!” and “PROTECT THE PLANET NOT THE PROFIT!”

They descended the steps of the south lawn at City Hall, in downtown Los Angeles. Hundreds of people gathered to protest and demand action to stop climate change on May 24, 2019, two months after the largest global climate strike organized by students.

Climate Strike Los Angeles organized the event, which is 100 percent led by high school students in partnership with organizations like #FridaysforFuture. An outspoken high school student and climate activist named Arielle Martinez was in charge. She says she is excited to see students of different ages and backgrounds come together for the same cause.
I think the key to creating change is just doing these actions over and over again, cause they’ll have to listen. It’s so important,” Martinez said. “We need action now because we only have 11 years to reduce our carbon emissions to zero. This right here gives me hope, just to see so many passionate students and to know we’re not alone.”

The initiative is part of a global strike on climate change. On March 15, 2019, hundreds of thousands of students worldwide participated in a climate strike. Marchers as young as five years old, up to college-age students and beyond, joined the strike to demand action. From more than 100 countries across the globe, Australia to Asia, Europe to Africa and North America to South America, what students want to know is this: what is the point in going to school if climate change might destroy all hope for a future?

The movement began in the summer of 2018. A 16-year-old, pig-tailed Swedish teenager began skipping classes every Friday. The girl who went on strike for the planet sat alone for months on a mat outside of Sweden’s parliament in the freezing cold. She held a sign that read ‘SCHOOLSTRIK FOR KLIMATET’ (School Strike for Climate), to demand that politicians bring the country in line with the Paris Agreement. One of the goals of the 2015 accord is to reduce the risks and effects of climate change.

That Swedish teenager is Greta Thunberg. She is a climate activist who has been vocal about the effects of climate change, and in December of 2018 addressed the United Climate Change Conference COP24 in Katowice, Poland. She called out politicians there for not being “brave enough” or “mature enough” to tell it like it is.

“You only talk of moving forward with the same ideas that got us into this mess, even when the only sensible thing to do is to pull the emergency brake,” Thunberg said. “You are not mature enough to tell it like it is. Even that burden you leave to us children, but I don’t care about being popular, I care about climate justice and the living planets.”

Thunberg says civilizing is being sacrificed to allow a very small number of people to continue making enormous amounts of money.

Young activists demand that officials cut greenhouse gas emissions. In an open letter published on “The Guardian” website, the young activists wrote about their concern for the future. They say the global climate system is at the brink of a catastrophic crisis.

“We finally need to treat climate crisis as a crisis. It is the biggest threat in human history and we will not accept the world’s decision-makers’ inaction that threatens our entire civilization. We will not accept a life in fear and devastation,” Thunberg wrote in the open letter.

Jesus Villalba, a soft spoken, dark-haired teenager, says he recently became involved in climate activism. He says that he is terrified about climate change, and that is the main reason he skipped classes and joined the protesters in downtown L.A.

“I’ve always known that the environment has been at risk, and that we’re really endangering our environment with the things we’re doing,” Villalba said. “But I don’t think I really realized the extent of what’s going on, because you know, we have 11 years to stop what we’re doing.”

If greenhouse gases continue to climb at the current rate, the planet will be 2.7 degrees Fahrenheit hotter than normal by 2030. The impact of climate change on the environment today is worse than previously thought, according to the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change. The report states that global warming at that temperature would put the planet at greater risk of extreme events.

There are 197 countries that signed the Paris Agreement. President Trump rejected it, but the United States cannot pull out until 2020. A United Nations report shows the majority of G20 countries are not following through on their promises. The report says the United States, as well as the majority of countries that signed the agreement are not on track to reduce their emissions. One of the world’s biggest polluters is China.

One student from L.A. City College recently moved to Los Angeles from Lahore, Pakistan. Lahore contributes less than one percent to the worldwide greenhouse gases, yet it is one of 10 countries most affected by climate change. The country has seen severe heat waves, droughts and flooding that threaten agriculture, health and water supplies. On May 28, 2017, the city of Turbat, located in southwestern Pakistan, reached 128 degrees Fahrenheit, according to an article in USA Today.

“It affected my city really bad because when I was growing up, like 15 years ago, it used to be super cold over there, and it used to snow, and now it’s super hot. The temperature rose drastically. That’s one of the reasons I came to Los Angeles, because it was getting unbearable over there,” said Muhammad Asaad Masood Khan, a cinema student.

Another major industry affecting climate change is agriculture. It takes more than 1,800 gallons of water to create one pound of beef compared to broccoli, which requires 11 gallons of water to create. Farmers slaughter more than 39 million cows each year in the U.S. Cows are one of the biggest causes of methane in the atmosphere, a greenhouse gas similar to carbon dioxide. Cow burps are one of the biggest sources of methane released in the atmosphere.

One college student in Los Angeles says she is fed up with the Trump administration and its policies. She says that we’re not taking climate change seriously.

“I’ve been vegan for three years, and I did it because of climate change, and for the fact that animal agriculture and the impact that it has on Earth,” said Julia Arce.

She joined the protests because, in her opinion, not enough people are paying attention, but she is encouraged to see so many passionate students take action.

“We have so many people across the world that are fighting for this, we’re kind of just sitting here taking steps backward basically. With all of the Trump administration’s new policies, it’s horrible. It’s important that we’re here today,” Arce said.

Jim Greenbaum, founder and managing director of The Greenbaum Foundation, says veganism is the best way to combat climate change. He says that if we get rid of animal agriculture and the methane it generates, the gas will disappear from the atmosphere in five years.

“Reducing down the number of animal based products that you eat makes the largest difference of anything you can do,” Greenbaum said. “There’s more damage done from animal agriculture than there is from all the transportation.”

He also says that reducing meat consumption to one or two meals a week makes a much larger impact than driving less, reducing the number of showers, or water usage restrictions.

Trees play an important part in the ecosystem by providing oxygen, improving air quality and supporting wildlife. Forests cover around 31 percent of the planet, and every year, between 46,000 to 58,000 square miles are lost to deforestation, the clearance or conversion of forest land, according to the Climate Institute.

Deforestation does affect Los Angeles. Lately, due to habitat loss, coyotes can be seen running through heavily populated areas of the city in search of food.

Wildfires play a big part in deforestation. In November 2018, the Woolsey Fire in Southern California, and the Camp Fire in Northern California destroyed over 246,949 acres of land. That’s the size of five football fields. Destruction of the environment and a bleak outlook for planet earth brought marchers to L.A. City Hall in May. It has also caused Greta Thunberg’s voice to go viral.

“We have the right to live our dreams and hopes,” she wrote in an open letter to “The Guardian.”

“Climate change is already happening. People did die, are dying and will die because of it, but we can and will stop this madness.”

SMALL GREEN STEPS TOWARD SAVING THE ENVIRONMENT

REDUCE, REUSE, RECYCLE
Recycle paper, batteries, plastic, glass, tires and even electronics.

EAT JUST ONE VEGETARIAN MEAL A WEEK.
About 24 percent of global greenhouse gas emissions are from agriculture, crops and livestock.

BUY USED
You can buy anything from clothes to furniture to housewares at thrift and consignment shops. This benefits the environment by using fewer carbon emissions as well as saves water and reduces waste.

PLANT A TREE
Trees produce oxygen, absorb carbon dioxide, and cool overheated urban areas.

SOURCE: Environmental Protection Agency.
HOW DO YOU PERSONALLY HELP THE ENVIRONMENT?

“I don’t use straws anymore. I have a metal straw.”

Melanie Padilla, Nursing

“We [my family] are very big on recycling. We actually just changed our diet, we’re starting a vegetarian diet since I heard that just raising cattle is affecting the environment, and the climate.”

Denise Gomez, Nursing

“I try to recycle as much as I can. I try to never litter. I think that’s one of the most important things.”

Ajr Hovakimyan

“I try to recycle and use as little plastic as I can. Which is difficult.”

James Dymond, Cinema

Save the Planet

Buy recycled paper and print on both sides.
Recycle your outdated technology. Americans throw out two million tons of e-waste each year according to the EPA
Use recycling bins.
Recycle your empty ink and toner cartridges. Almost eight cartridges are thrown out in the United States every second of every day. That’s almost 700,000 cartridges per day.
Buy remanufactured ink and toner cartridges. Each remanufactured cartridge keeps approximately 2.5 pounds of metal and plastic out of landfills and saves about a half gallon of oil.
Recycle old newspapers laying around the office. When finished reading the newspaper, either leave it for someone else to read or recycle it.
Look for the recycled option in all the products you buy.
Buy rechargeable batteries.
Source: Environmental Protection

PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES
SOUND CLIMATE CHANGE ALARM

Beto O’Rourke

“The mother of all challenges is before us now, and that is the fact that planet Earth has warmed one degree Celsius just since 1980. Caused not by God, or by Mother Nature, but by our own emissions, our own excesses and our own inaction in the face of the facts, the science, and the truth. It will continue to warm.”

“It will get existentially, extensionally worse for our fellow Americans, and our fellow human beings. Those scientists will tell us this; that there are 10 years left for us to get it right, to free ourselves from our independence on fossil fuels, to transition to renewable energy, to make sue that we bring farmers in to plant crops to pull carbon out of the air, and to do everything we can to set the example for the world.”

Sen. Kamala Harris

“Climate change is real and it poses a grave threat to our nation and our planet. It’s abundantly clear this administration won’t tackle climate change head on, so state and local governments must,” Sen. Harris tweeted.

Sen. Bernie Sanders

“The American people have got to stand up and say, for the sake of their children and their grandchildren, “We are going to have to take on the greed of the fossil fuel industry, who consider their short-term profits more important than the kind of lives my grandchildren will have,” Sanders said in an interview with CNN’s John Berman. “The scientists have told us -- despite Trump’s absurd thought that this is a hoax -- that the future of the planet is at stake.”
Mitch McConnell and Nancy Pelosi may not seem like bosom buddies, but they are downright lovey-dovey when it comes to killing the Green New Deal. In spite of the existential threat to civilization from global warming, both leaders are addicted to politics as usual.

In 2018, with at least $90 million from the oil and gas industry, McConnell was able to win the “flipable” Senate races to increase his majority. 2020 will be no different for either party. Pelosi will continue to recruit corporate do-nothing careerist Democrats to run in swing districts. All of whom will ignore the world’s scientists, while they sneer derisively at the Green New Deal.

We Are in the Age of Extreme Energy

Burning fossil fuel wreaks havoc on the earth. Last year, humans burned more coal than ever to satisfy an insatiable hunger for energy. The easy oil is now depleted in all regions of the world.

“We are now in the era of extreme energy,” says Amherst Professor Michael Klare of the search for fossil fuel. Klare wrote, “Rising Powers, Shrinking Planet, The New Geopolitics of Energy.” He says extreme energy means the price of oil will skyrocket. Oil extraction will be riskier for the environment and there will be more global competition especially from China for a dwindling resource.

In North Dakota, this decade’s oil boom would seem good news. However, North Dakota’s oil is extracted by hydraulic fracturing (fracking) dangerously deep at 15,000 feet. The cost to the region’s environment has been horrific. Oil drilling and flaring operations emitted 168.6 million metric tons of carbon dioxide in North Dakota from the production of 392 million barrels of oil last year. This is equivalent to the emissions of 36 million cars in a state with only 750,000 residents, according to the EPA.

Bill McKibben, founder of 350.org, compared the destruction caused by the daily burning of coal and oil to the atomic bomb. “We have trapped the greenhouse gas equivalent of 400,000 Hiroshimas.”

Green New Deal is a Bargain Compared to Invading Iraq

Would Exxon-Mobil operate freely around the globe without the muscle of the U.S. Military? Truth be told, the political establishment and the oil companies have hidden the true cost of gas.

The real figure must include this century’s $5.9 trillion war in the Middle East as estimated by the Watson Institute at Brown University.

Republicans keep saying Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez’s (AOC) plan is too expensive. While making up and publicizing unfounded, exorbitant cost estimates such as the guess of $94 trillion created by the American Action Fund, a right-wing think tank. But their own plan which is to ignore the climate crisis and to burn fossil fuel at will, has cost $300 billion a year in the past decade in economic damage from extreme weather in the U.S.

Heed the Prophets

The fight against global warming lacked leadership and a public face, until AOC arrived in Washington. The articulate legislator struck fear in the political establishment including her own party. Republican gas-bags from energy states such as Wyoming, Utah and Oklahoma bellowed that the Green New Deal would mean the end of ice cream, hamburgers, airplane travel and the military. Once they discovered that the public couldn’t stop laughing, right-wing hacks pulled out their favorite all-purpose bogeyman: communism. Godless, moneyless, “ice cream-less” communism.

Faster than you can say “oil depletion allowance,” lies gushed from Sean Hannity’s lips. The Fox News anchor seemed apoplectic when the resolution was first introduced.

“Let me explain what this green energy deal is, it’s like [Mao’s] Great Leap Forward, it will destroy America and America’s economy as we know it. And it literally will turn the clock back on all the progress that we have ever made,” he said.

Then for God’s sake, let’s not wait another second. Burn AOC at the stake, that brazen hussy. And, while we’re at it, let’s bar-b-que all those Prius drivin’, high school science teachers who started this whole blasphemy anyway.

What’s Scary About the Green New Deal?

Pssst-It’s led by women and children. By forcing the United States to become carbon-neutral by 2030, the Green New Deal threatens big energy, which is threatening to good ole boys in power ties. It’s people-friendly and democratic, which is tantamount to socialism. The Green New Deal, unlike Republican policies starting perpetual warfare, bank bailouts and savings and loan looting was introduced to Congress by your neighborhood
kids.
A year ago, AOC was tending bar in a taco restaurant. She represents a working-class community in the Bronx and Queens. Her district has the highest rate of childhood asthma in the country caused by air pollution. Her family immigrated from Puerto Rico, lost everything when her father became terminally ill. This of course, makes AOC a New York elitist, according to Republicans.

**Green New Deal is Smart. Peddling Greenwash is Not**

For the past decade, Exxon-Mobil has aggressively fought the science of climate change by casting doubt on the validity of climate science research. After BP destroyed much of the Gulf of Mexico, the company spent millions on “greenwash” spinning heart-warming stories of company employees bathing half-dead pelicans back to life. Fortunately, after being educated in the science of global warming, the current generation isn’t buying it.

**Heed the Profits**

They won’t be blowing kisses, running off to Acapulco together or penning love notes, but McConnell (worth $28 million) and Pelosi (worth $100 million) as bona fide members of the 1% will do well by their investments and wealthy donors. Sacrifice for the common good is not one of their virtues.

By remaining true to their class so they can maintain their power, Nan and Mac will ignore today’s prophets. By 2030, with the environment destroyed and Congress still in denial about global warming, we’ll be stuck in a hot, underfed, half-extinct world filled with oceans of jelly fish.
Millions of dollars spent to renovate Da Vinci Hall will bring a “new” building to campus that should provide a state-of-the-art space for the visual and media arts department. But an instructor who worked in the building 25 years ago says poor ventilation caused professors and staff to develop cancer.

Sunlit corridors of Da Vinci Hall always buzzed with art students carrying their ceramics, paintings and sculptures. The walls have framed their artwork for years.

The hallways lead to the campus Quad and the grassy area that served as the perfect place for painting “en plein air.” Da Vinci Gallery on the first floor often exhibited the work of established artists before the building closed for renovations in 2017. But a retired professor who taught Spanish on the third floor of Da Vinci Hall in the 1990s warns the building was unsafe when she worked there, made her sick and caused the deaths of several of her colleagues. Now, she is the only one left to tell the story.

“Frankly, I may be the only survivor … I went out on disability in April of 1994 and it’s galling to think that it sounds like only cosmetic changes have taken place in the building,” said Barbara Benjamin who also served as the president of the academic senate at L.A. City College in 1984.

“I was a victim of the inadequate ventilation system at Da Vinci Hall. I was teacher of the year and forced out on disability when I lost 63 percent of the use of my lungs to the building. And I was lucky!”

Benjamin said the smell of paint and art supplies would rise to the third floor where she worked with devastating results.

“In the two years before I was forced out on disability and eventually workers’ comp, eight people, my friends and colleagues, died from different forms of cancer caused by friable asbestos and the chemicals [benzene, nitric acid etching sprays] used in the art department,” Benjamin stated in a letter to the Collegian. “Since I’ve been gone, another six whom I knew, have died of different forms of cancer, all from Da Vinci Hall’s inadequate ventilation system.”

The former professor is afraid she may be the only survivor, and she worries that the ongoing renovations to Da Vinci Hall could just be cosmetic.

In the 1990s, the building housed the art department on the first floor, the office administration on the second and the foreign language department on the third. Benjamin says an ineffective ventilation system allowed the fumes from products used in the art department to travel to the upper floors where she worked with others.

“Two people that I remember who died of different forms of cancer were Anne Hoxie and Vauncille Jones,” Benjamin said.

Another professor who taught Spanish is dead too, but Benjamin is not sure the cause of his death was cancer. Collegian Times reporters tried to contact another instructor who currently lives in Alabama to confirm the cause of the Spanish professor’s death without success.

“Blanca, and I can’t remember her last name, taught for about two years in the foreign languages department and died of brain cancer. Michi Yahagi taught Japanese and died of a virulent form of cancer. George Lebecki taught Russian, developed cancer, retired and went to Ecuador. [I] don’t know if he’s still alive,” she said.

Khalil Harrington, LACC facilities manager says that everything in DaVinci Hall was replaced, and the asbestos used in the construction of the old building was removed.

In 2016, voters approved a $3.3 billion bond program, which included Proposition A and AA and Measures I and CC, to renovate the outdated college campuses in the Los Angeles Community College District. It will reopen this year if there are no additional delays.

“It’s being completely replaced. All new everything. New air conditioning, even a new chiller, new duct work,” Harrington said. “All that’s been updated and removed, it’s been taken all out and cleared up and gone and it’s a brand new building.”

Harrington says one of the first steps before renovation was to remove any asbestos, but the mineral can still be found on campus.

“We do have some asbestos in the floor tile that we are watching, but it’s not been exposed to the air. For the most part, most of it has been updated,” Harrington said.

He says that asbestos inspections should be performed every three years, but he does not know if there were any in that time frame since he only started to work at City College one year ago.

Collegian Times reporters contacted William H. Boyer, director of communications at the Los Angeles Community College District four times. On May 31, 2019, Boyer said he has no answer regarding the windows and the ventilation system in Da Vinci Hall.

“We would have an answer sometime next week,” Boyer said. Reporters also contacted the Division of the State Architect Regional Office in Los Angeles for comment two times and there was no architect available to answer questions regarding the project.

It is not clear what if any rules governed the use of art supplies inside buildings in the 1990s. Laurel Paley, chair of the visual and media arts department, says that there was no safety focus in the past, but things changed.

“When I was an undergrad at UCLA in the print-
making classes, teachers did not use gloves. They stuck their bare hands in the solvents. A number of them developed severe forms of cancer,” Paley said. “Since I started teaching, the first thing I do is a toxic tour of the class. When you tell students how much substance can kill them, they do wear their gloves.”

With all of the safety–usage measures, art professors at City are concerned how things will unfold.

“I don’t know of any case of cancer within the art department, but I am worried because here [in the Chemistry Building] and in the old Da Vinci, with the bad ventilation, we had the option to open the windows,” said Alexandra Wiesenfeld, a professor who teaches acrylic painting.

The majority of art supplies are toxic. Art students use paints, solvents, inks, dyes, glazes and glues—all of which have toxic ingredients.

Toluene and xylene emit fumes that can cause fatigue, confusion, nausea, headache and in some cases loss of vision or hearing. Artists who work with oil use a more pure and refined type of turpentine. The substance is still toxic and when used indoors, need proper ventilation at all times.

Varnish and finishing sprays have a stronger odor, and students are instructed to only use them outside in open air. Acrylic paint contains harmful substances like cadmium and even though safer options, like cadmium-free acrylics recently became available, their price tag is higher than what most college students can afford. Some of the chemicals Benjamin cited that art students used in the 1990s included benzene and nitric acid.

In her last two years of teaching, eight of her friends and colleagues had died from different forms of cancer. It did not end there. She says another six died from various forms of cancer after she left L.A. City College—all from Da Vinci Hall’s inadequate ventilation system.

Da Vinci Hall Re-imagined

An artist’s rendering in 3D of Da Vinci Hall is inspirational. The video moves from a state-of-the-art gallery into the sculpture class, then on to the oil painting studios, and travels through the whole building, and through academic offices. Everything is light, airy, even futuristic. The hallways and classrooms have white walls waiting for student art. From outside, Da Vinci stretches upward in a wall of clear windows. But the building on campus is different from the one online, and these are not the same windows the building has now. Brown and gray sheets of steel replace the bottom part of the glass that overlooks an area near the Quad on each floor. The new Da Vinci Hall will have everything, including ventilation, but there is one major problem that the art department professors identified and nothing was done: the windows do not open. “We are concerned about having adequate ventilation,” Paley said. “I know asbestos has been removed. I am not an engineer, so I don’t know, but I worry about the same thing, if there will be sufficient ventilation, to point out the fumes strategically. In the old building we would open the windows and place fans to direct the fumes outside. Just because it’s new [ventilation system] does not mean it will be enough.”

An independent audit performed by KPMG Management Consulting, LACCD’s go-to audit company, details the cost breakdown for Da Vinci Hall.

The costs detailed in the report should include a new ventilation system, but the Collegian could not verify that information with the district or the state architect.

As Da Vinci Hall nears completion, what happened here may raise concern among current faculty members. And the new construction comes too late for several foreign language professors who worked in Da Vinci Hall 25 years ago.

“We reported a lot of this, there was a group of us, we reported a lot of this to the L.A. Times, we gave them documented evidence, and they walked away from this,” Benjamin said. Wally Albertson was on the board of governors at that time, and she was head of the California democratic counsel, and she quashed anything, so nothing got published. She didn't even allow Cal OSHA to come in.”
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Rent is due. The bills are stacking up, and your paycheck can’t get here quick enough. After working like a dog and being yelled at by a boss who is a S.O.B., the least you can hope for is to get paid in full and on payday. And then you get screwed. Your boss pays you piece-rate instead of minimum wage, or he didn’t pay for the two hours each shift you worked overtime, or worse, he stiff s you altogether.

From small sweatshops in the garment district, to the Port of Los Angeles, restaurants, car washes, coffee houses, construction sites and elder care facilities in-between, Los Angeles is the wage-theft capital of the United States.

The problem cuts across the board from struggling mom and pop businesses, to many of the most popular and profitable concerns of the captains of industry in the United States.

In Los Angeles, 650,000 low-wage workers lose at least $26 million from wage theft each week, according to the UCLA Labor Center. It adds up to $1.4 billion every year.

The majority of wage theft violations in Los Angeles are the result of a failure to pay minimum wage. Workers who earn less than $20,000 are shorted an average of $2,070 annually. People in their 20s are the hardest hit population. They comprise 28 percent of all victims.

Women, Minorities, Immigrants Experience Higher Wage Theft

Margarita’s parents emigrated from Mexico over 20 years ago. She is a master’s degree candidate at Cal State Los Angeles. She did not want to reveal her full name or her family’s identity, but she says it is important to share how an employer stole her parents’ wages when they worked in the garment industry.

“My father’s case is pending. It’s a class action suit involving everyone who worked in the factory,” Margarita said. “On payday, without warning, the factory owner failed to show and no one was paid.” The unpaid salaries amount to over $100,000, and the case is still pending.

Margarita’s mother worked in a garment factory owned by a Korean immigrant. Work seemed fine at first. She says her mother’s employer gave her a full schedule, but only paid her at a piece rate of 2-to-15 cents per piece.

Just-in-time delivery has been a business practice for the past decade. Three major clothing retailers, Ross Dress
If you steal a candy bar from a store and a cop is standing nearby you will probably land in jail. But if the store owner steals wages, with luck, a cop will show up and say, ‘I can’t do a thing.’

CAL SOTO, DIRECTOR OF WORKERS RIGHTS, NATIONAL DAY LABOR ORGANIZING NETWORK

for Less, Forever 21 and T.J. Maxx, stay ahead of their competition, and they cut corners to do it.

Los Angeles sewing contractors provide fast fashion while employers wash their hands of responsibility for insuring that minimum wage be paid to the immigrant seamstresses who sew really fast but can’t talk very fast for themselves.

The workplaces that sub-contract from discount clothing giants like Ross are locked into a vicious cycle of competition with one another. It’s a race to the bottom that keeps wages and worker protections low. The conditions under which Margarita’s mother worked represent a reality for many Los Angeles workers.

“She usually completed between 200 and 400 pieces a day,” Margarita said. “It amounted to $200 a pay period for 10 to 12 hours of work per day. Pretty low wages. But then, when a shipment was returned by a store, she blamed my mother for bad workmanship.”

Margarita says her mother’s boss reduced her hours and stopped paying her.

“She continually yelled and screamed at her. Finally, my mother who is from Oaxaca and indigenous and who is quiet and dignified had enough and stood up to her,” Margarita said. “The woman told her to leave.”

Cal Soto looks forward to the day when “everyone can enjoy the fruits of their labor,” without exploitation. He is the director of workers rights at the National Day Labor Organizing Network (NDLON.) Soto has represented workers in numerous wage theft cases.

“When you are talking about a matter of practice where a company treats people poorly, or diminishes their humanity by stealing wages, it’s a criminal enterprise and we should prosecute them with the same effort we would with a cop,” Soto told the Collegian Times.

“Unfortunately, some cases pose barriers to securing full restitution for victims. Most notably, some employers either have minimal assets or take efforts to hide their assets, rendering collection of restitution difficult.”

Workers at the car wash received no overtime and no breaks. They also had to buy their own safety supplies, and the employer falsified and covered up schedules and employment records. The L.A. City Attorney’s Office will continue to monitor the workplace practices of the car wash in the wake of the 2018 settlement.

Even Cherished Brands Steal Wages

Gold’s Gym, Jiffy Lube, Pizza Hut and the 99 Cents Only Store paid more than $250,000 in back wages to victims in Los Angeles last year, according to the Los Angeles Department of Public Works. Even the ubiquitous Starbucks is not above reproach. The brand’s former CEO, Howard Schultz fought tooth and nail in court to force employees to work off the clock.

A former Starbucks shift supervisor filed a lawsuit against the company on behalf of all non-exempt Starbucks employees in California in 2012. Starbucks required workers to perform a number of tasks after they were already off the clock and no longer being paid.

The work included data entry, activation of the store’s alarm and moving outdoor furniture into the store.

The case dragged on for six years. Ultimately, the California Supreme Court ruled against the coffee giant. The court said that employees must be compensated for all off-the-clock work that occurs on a daily basis and is four to 10 minutes after an employee clocks out.

Los Angeles attorney Shaun Setareh argued the case on behalf of a Starbucks employee.

“In this era of hand-held technology, there is no excuse for a company like Starbucks to claim they can’t keep track of an employee’s time,” Setareh told the Collegian Times.

“If you ordered one of their drinks and it cost $4.60, and you only had a $1.60, do you think that they would give it to you for free? So why should you work for free.”

The City of Los Angeles hotline, an email address and even Twitter provides a channel to complain if an employee steals wages from workers. A mug shot of L.A. City Attorney Mike Feuer beckons to potential wage theft victims from @CityAttorneyLA in a 2017 tweet:

“For employees who feel they’ve been ripped off and not paid minimum wage, reach out to us. We will be vigilant. Workers have rights!”

Nearly 55% of wage theft cases involve failure to pay minimum wage.

Source: Wage Justice Center

Discrimination and wage theft go hand in hand. Women and workers of color face higher rates of wage theft than other groups.

Source: Wage Justice Center

Wage Theft Complaint

Resources in L.A.
Report violations anonymously by phone at (213) 978-1868, or Email at mike.n.feuer@lacity.org
PARADISE LOST
A small town dies and is born again from the ashes and dust.

It was a beautiful November day in the Sierra Nevada where Paradise, California is located – a two-hour drive from Sacramento.

Like any other Thursday, the locals started their day by going to work, dropping their kids off at school, or enjoying leisure time in the small canyon town of 26,000 people.

Around 8 a.m., a huge ball of pink smoke rolled through town. Within 10 minutes, authorities began asking everyone to evacuate.

A once tranquil retirement community transformed into a scene from the bible. It seemed like the rapture had descended to create havoc and chaos in November.

Allyn Pierce worked as an ICU nurse manager at Feather River Hospital, and he was one of the last people to evacuate town. When the winds drove the fire close to Paradise, he was in a meeting with the hospital’s leadership team. The administration staff decided to evacuate the hospital. Pierce says he felt responsible for the life of his patients. Pierce and his team pushed all of the beds from the emergency hospital into ambulances.

“We were singing along as we were surrounded by fire, going into the fire,” Pierce said.

Fire incinerated 14,000 homes, and it obliterated businesses and infrastructures with 85 casualties, making it the worst fire in California history, according to the L.A. Times. Yet, people had to continue living after fire ended their entire existence.

Once all of his patients made it safely out of the hospital, Pierce jumped into his white Toyota Tundra with two of his colleagues. They headed toward the canyon. Forest fires surrounded the truck within minutes.

“Just like I was trained to keep my cool during emergencies at the hospital, I was talking myself through it to keep my own cool,” Pierce said. “It’s OK, this is real. We are just going through a fire. Oh, now we are driving through a wall of fire — it’s OK. It was like I was my own absurd narrator going through the motions.”

He tried to keep his two passengers calm by blaring Peter Gabriel’s “In Your Eyes,” and other 1980s music.

“You eyes, the light the heat … I see the light and the heat, your eyes,” they all sang in unison as the music played.

“Fire changed Paradise, but it did not destroy it. Kelly’s Paradise Muffler on Skyway Road burned to the ground, but Big “O” Tires is still open for business a block away. And so is nearby Skyway Feed & Pet Supply.

Two miles away, fire charred the golden arches where McDonald’s stood. It is closed, along with KFC, Izzy’s Burger Spa, Meehos Mexican Restaurant and Debbie’s Diner. Paradise, California was on the verge of becoming a ghost town.

Fire incinerated 14,000 homes, and it obliterated businesses and infrastructures with 85 casualties, making it the worst fire in California history, according to the L.A. Times. Yet, people had to continue living after fire ended their entire existence.
More than 80 people died in the Paradise Camp Fire of 2018. Sean Patrick McAndrew survived the blaze but lost everything. The first thing he did after his house on Honey Road burned down was to rent a P.O. Box.

“More than 80 people died in the Paradise Camp Fire of 2018. Sean Patrick McAndrew survived the blaze but lost everything. The first thing he did after his house on Honey Road burned down was to rent a P.O. Box.”

“The day after the fire, you don’t know what to do and you’re walking in a daze, but you have to take a few steps back and figure out what you have to do in order to survive,” McAndrew said. “With all the smoke still coming down from the hill, you stand in line with the rest of people who lost their homes because they too need a P.O. Box to receive their mail.”

Cleanup continues five months after the Camp Fire. Bulldozers roll down every street. They forklift bathtubs, stoves and other debris. Construction workers pick up burned dolls, remnants of old picture albums and other personal effects that once belonged to someone. Over and over, masked workers handle debris that disintegrates into ashes. The smell of burnt paper, of burnt wood and burnt metal irritates the sinuses.

Months after the fire, people still feel the effects of the flames. To this day, thousands of residents are still trying to cope with the aftermath of the devastating fire that incinerated 90 percent of the town.

Pierce and McAndrew have been to Paradise several times since the fire destroyed their home and neighborhood.

“Every time I walk my old neighborhood, I feel like I am walking into a scene from ‘The Walking Dead,’” Pierce said. “It is an eerie feeling each time I go up to visit.”

The two men were not the only ones who lost their homes in the fire. Jeana Darby says she “lost everything she ever acquired.” She is a worship minister for Hope Christian Church.

“I’m still grieving for the loss of my house and the loss of my community,” Darby said. “I miss the simple stuff, like knowing where the groceries I want are in my local grocery store. On top of that, I’m still grieving lost relationships.”

Only 10 percent of the townhouses and structures still stand. Many residents had to move to Chico, located 13 miles from Paradise or to other surrounding towns. Many homeowners rented studios, trailer trucks or students’ apartments. Others slept on friends’ couches because some families could not afford a place to live. Some of the survivors packed up and moved away from California because they could not afford to rebuild their lives here.

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Pierce says he has been back to Paradise several times. He is not sure if he should rebuild.

Ava Jean Prinz is one of the fortunate few who did not lose her house in the fire. Her entire neighborhood, which included her sister’s home, escaped damage because it was five miles away from the blaze.

Prinz considers herself fortunate that the fire did not damage her home, but she still experienced a sense of great loss for the community she belonged to since 2004.

“By my house, everything is great, you drive five miles down, you see everything burned,” Prinz said. “All of our landmark and historical sculptures were gone in an instant.”

Regardless of her loss, Prinz says she’s not going anywhere. She predicts Paradise will resurrect stronger than ever.

“I feel like that’s where I’m supposed to be, or I might have lost my home myself,” Prinz said. “I feel like God wants me there [in Paradise] for a reason.”

The Paradise Town Council hired Urban Design Associates to develop a long-term recovery plan for the town, according to National Public Radio. Urban Design Associates consulted for the state of Louisiana after Hurricane Katrina in 2005. As of late March 2019, the town
The council had issued permits to rebuild houses in the canyon. McAndrew and Darby have been approved by the county to rebuild their houses.

“We were able to get the insurance going quicker and the debris removal was done in March,” McAndrew said. “The plans are to rebuild on my property and to live in our new home by September.”

Public schools in Paradise are accepting students for the fall semester of 2019, and Starbucks Coffee has been brewing fresh coffee since January. Many people who are renting trailers or studios in Chico say they have a second chance to start over.

“I feel like how many people really get the opportunity to look at what is important in life,” Darby said. “I’m not distracted by all my stuff. I’m not worried about how I’m going to organize it or clean a huge house. I have more time to spend with the people I love. This is such an opportunity for me. I have been given a new start and I’m determined to let this make me better.”

Paradise will never be the same. It will be remembered as the worst Camp Fire in California history. Most of the people who once lived there continue to be optimistic about the future, as they rise from the ashes to create a stronger, blissful paradise.
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Natasha May Platt is an East Coast based artist. She has deep roots in fashion and textile design, and she incorporates the embroidery and textile traditions of Kolkata, India that influenced her visions. This is important to note when taking in her murals. The delicate flowers and petals are striking on their own but are then complemented with even more natural beauty. Fruits, roots, stems, ivy, vegetables, butterflies and birds are intertwined to create a feeling that cannot be put into words. Taking in her art is very personal, Zen-like and peaceful, and it affects the viewer’s entire body and spirit.

Q: Your use of small studio size brushes is part of your workflow despite the size of your project. What is your approach for large-scale murals using this technique?
A: I use very small brushes when I paint, no matter the size of the wall, because my style is based on layered and visible brush strokes in hundreds of different colors. I build up all my paintings using different strokes of color side-by-side to almost “sculpt” the object I am painting in the dimensionality of its color. I use the same brush for all the tones and rarely rinse my brush, so a lot of the layering and blending happens directly on the wall as well.

Q: Interior and exterior murals present physical reaching barriers requiring ladders, lifts and scaffolds. The Ballston Quarter required a creative use of scaffolding. Your [Instagram] posts explored this in an entertaining way. How do you plan for precarious locations and what is it like working on heights?
A: For Ballston Quarter [mall outside of Washington D.C.], I was painting two murals on the sides of an up and down escalator, after the escalators had already been installed. It was a very tight space, and the machinery that I had planned on using could not reach past the low ceilings at the entrance of the escalator. The only choice was to use scaffolding constructed at two different heights that would become flat once placed on the stairs. It was a very rickety and shaky operation, and when I stood, the scaffolding rocked back and forth and I had to rock with it. I had a similar issue with a recent project at Maison Marcel in
Chicago. The ground under one particular area of the wall was a sloped pavement, and the scaffolding had to be at a 20-degree angle. I had to have someone leaning against the bottom of the scaffolding so it didn’t slide down the hill, and my knees were shaking the entire time. I never painted so fast in my life! I can never plan for these situations because they are always unexpected and no one considers these issues except for the muralist. No one would have looked for or alerted me to sloped pavement, so it’s always the surprise that’s waiting for me that ends up being the scariest part of the project.

Q: I had the unique perspective of photographing and watching you paint a large-scale mural in the heart of downtown Los Angeles. There was a consistent flow of admirers approaching you with questions and compliments. How do you handle public interaction and what impact does it have on you when you are working on a public mural?

A: Hearing people on the street say “good job” or “beautiful” is a huge motivation for me to keep painting for just one more hour, especially when my body is hurting, it’s freezing wind, or the sun is burning me. Those words of encouragement and appreciation are like spiritual fuel, and so much more powerful than food to keep my spirits high and my focus aligned. There have been several instances of harassment and even violence that I have encountered, but I’m happy to say that the positive has far outweighed the negative. Constant feedback and interaction is actually one of the main reasons I chose to be primarily a mural artist rather than a studio artist. I feel art is all about connection and emotional response, and I love that painting murals in public spaces keeps me connected to the experiences people are having with my art.

Q: Standing in front of your mural, I want to lounge on a recliner in a sunny room surrounded by Surface of Beauty drapes, wallpaper and upholstery as I inhale and exhale the beauty that surrounds me. Would you consider interior design?
A: Absolutely, especially since I started my career as a textile designer and continue to view many aspects of my art making process through this lens. I probably wouldn’t want to design all aspects of an interior as I don’t intuitively connect to 3D objects like furniture, but I am already planning to expand my business to surface design—including textiles, pillow covers/sheets, and wallpaper. I’m currently in India making big steps toward finalizing my wallpaper supply chain, so stay tuned! I hope to release my first products by the end of the summer, available through my Instagram @surfaceofbeauty.
My neighborhood nearly took my brother’s life.

We thought we heard fireworks, but we were wrong. My brother's friend could barely speak, but he managed to get this out: "Ray got hit."

At 12-years-old, I saw my brother lying in the grass in a puddle of his own blood. He had been shot five times.

After living in our new apartment for only six days, the excitement of five kids finally having their own bedrooms came to a screeching halt.

We visited Ray in shifts. My mom would come home, and then someone else would go see him. The first time I walked into his room at Cedars Sinai Medical Center I was afraid, but I put on a brave face.

"Mom told me you've been holding it down at home," he said. "I'm OK. I'm proud of you."

That was the first time I can remember hearing those words. We found strength in moments like these. I learned to look at tragedy and find the silver lining.

My grandfather lived in the same neighborhood for more than 30 years before we moved around the corner from him. More than a decade after my brother was shot, my sister and I drove by a crime scene about three blocks from our apartment.

We were headed to the next block to pick up shrimp fried rice from Ho Sai Kai. We rarely get food from here, but it’s popular with LAPD.

"The tent is up, and the pressure washer is out – the detectives just left," I said to my sister. "Call your twin to make sure he's OK."

We went home, ate and my sister talked to her twin. Our brother was safe and our day continued. Our last words. "There's no way."

I learned to look at our struggle and let it strengthen me to help the community I live in. And to take the good and urban redevelopment will always be one of the worst things that could happen to people in the area.

I cannot deny the uneasiness I feel when I see newcomers in my neighborhood. I am watching intruders invade my neighborhood. They are taking over.

My neighborhood has taught me many valuable lessons. It has given me the opportunity to have my daughter live in one place her entire childhood. This may not seem like much, but I cannot immediately recall all of the schools I attended, or the number of homes I've lived in growing up.

I've learned to look at our struggle and let it strengthen me to help the community I live in. And to take the good with the bad and all of the ugly in between and not let it define me.

In April 2018, the detectives working on my grandfather's case showed up at my house again - our last known address. They had questions and thankfully my brother was home.

"They came about granddaddy's case," Ray told me. "One of them said they had just cracked a 30-year-old case. And he was saying how it has been about five years, but cases like this take time. And technology has improved so much since then. So, they're working on it."

We had no idea the case was open. If we had moved away, we may have never found out.

"Gentrification ignites so much change, but its progress often excludes the original residents. People are offered hope about the “up-and-coming” area they live in. Too often these promises come at too high a cost."
The scene is different now. This is indisputable. Many go as far to say that punk is dead, and while this may be true in lands far away, in Los Angeles the story lives on. The punks are alive, and they are not going down without a fight.

It would not be uncommon at a punk rock show to see a chair flying over the crowd and crashing into the equipment onstage. The floor and walls smell intermittently of stale beer or urine. The audience feels like their ears are being subjected to permanently damaging abuse, and everyone looks a little bit insane.

Regardless of the time or place, punk rock is instantly recognizable. You walk into a punk show, and you’re greeted with the most beautiful display of chaos. A night at the punk show may be as close as it comes to being dropped straight into hell. Nothing in the world could be more fun. It would be impossible not to completely lose yourself. You can call this escapism if you’d like because the punks don’t care.

Punk rock as a genre of music has evolved over time, but the attitude has remained a constant. Punks have kept their middle fingers raised for over 40 years and will likely stay that way for another 40. Black leather boots, torn up jeans and discontent will never go out of style.

The legacy of underground punk rock in Los Angeles is both extravagant and uncanny. Punk music wasn’t born in L.A., but it showed up here fast and loud. The scene flourished almost immediately upon impact and shook the foundation of the city’s culture permanently. None of this happened in the mainstream. The punks of L.A. County would receive little recognition for their efforts, be it radio, written media or otherwise. Yet, they will forever live in infamy and leave behind shoes that prove to be pretty damn hard to fill.

Boots on the Ground
As mentioned before, Southern California cannot take credit for the birth of the punk rock genre. Fast cords, anti-establishment attitude and DIY ethos came a few years before. But that’s OK.

They don’t need to have created punk in order to own it, and, man, do they own it. They are the L.A. punk bands that started to grow legs in the middle 1970s. The bands were immediately forced into the underground and DIY way of operating. Popular rock venues in Hollywood refused to host acts that didn’t have record label representation. It would be a few years before promoters recognized the popularity of this fringe music and cultural movement. While the mainstream ignored the punks, they made it in their own way.

Pioneers of the scene set a tone unlike any other, before or since. Influenced by the new sounds coming out of the U.K. and New York City, bands like X, The Bags and The Germs took the entire attitude and flipped it on its head. L.A. punk was different from the New York scene. The bands and the crowds were welcomed for their individuality. They made the scene both wild and fun. They constantly poked fun at the ones on the opposite coast. “Let’s get rid of NY,” by The Randoms being just one example. Los Angeles made the underground hard rock scene fun and inviting, while the East Coast crews tried really hard to either be Lou Reed or a Ramone.
A few years later, strange things started to happen. Venues began to let the scummy gutter-kids play. Popular event spaces like The Whiskey and The Roxy opened their doors to this growing subculture. On paper, this sounds like a good thing. In reality, it was not.

Once the bands began to move out of the basement and into the mainstream, the scene imploded. The genre went through an identity crisis, and neither the bands nor the fans had the stomach for it.

By 1980, most of the groups that led the underground rock revolution began to evaporate, and some of the musicians had already tragically passed away. Excitement for the fast and loud lifestyle in downtown Los Angeles and Hollywood slowly fizzled out. The punk kids jumped ship and became metal-heads. A few die-hards likely stuck around hoping for a resurrection, but the death of The Germs lead singer, Darby Crash, in December of 1980 left the scene temporarily defunct.

Second Wave

Independent punk rock in L.A. proper may have suffered in the early to mid ’80s. Meanwhile, a few miles south, a new scene began to develop. The suburban kids of southern L.A. County heard about all the ruckus and wanted a piece of the action, only louder and meaner: thus we come to the birth of SoCal hardcore.

If the late ’70s were loud, then the early ’80s were deafening. Bands like Black Flag, Fear and Bad Religion would sprout up in the suburban beach communities and redefine what people thought of when they heard the word “punk.”

Many punk rock enthusiasts see the hardcore scene in southern L.A. County as being the truest embodiment of the culture. Next to 1969’s summer of love, SoCal hardcore in the early to mid-1980s may very well be the most nostalgic musical movement in memory.

Fast forward to today, right now, what has become of the genre? Is the scene alive in Los Angeles? Any would-be nostalgic musical movement in memory. It feels as though downtown Los Angeles has come full circle and more closely resembles the way it felt in the 1970s when punk was new. Only a half a dozen places have their doors open to the punks, but the few that do accomplish the task especially well.

Punks Live On

“There’s always a pocket of good things happening. Some people are jaded and some people are gonna say ‘yeah, it’s not as good as it was in ’86, but they’re missing out because there’s always something happening,” said Ramblin’ Eddie Lopez, a local musician and show promoter for The Redwood Bar & Grill. Places like The Redwood are few and far between. It’s common practice for clubs and venues to take advantage of bands by making them pay to even play or tax the band on the merchandise they sell. Some clubs will keep as much as 50 percent of the money made in ticket sales.

“A lot of these venues are just trying to make a quick buck,” Lopez said. “We just love music, we want to give everyone a home, even the underdogs and the forgotten.”

The underground L.A. punk scene is not dead, and hopefully it stays that way. But that responsibility doesn’t rest solely on the bands or even the venues. The fans make the scene what it is, and it takes very little effort to be a fan—especially a punk fan. Shows are still happening every weekend, more than likely just a short Metro or cheap Uber ride away.
Santa Ana-based punk band Apathy Cycle opens the set at Café Nela on March 22, 2019. The bar has a prestigious reputation among L.A.’s underground punk crowd.

Jazzy punk group, Atomik: Kangaroo, performs a set during “Queer Punk Night,” at The Redwood Bar & Grill on Feb. 23, 2019. Atomik: Kangaroo claims it has been voted “L.A.’s best band to see while tripping.”

Andre Lambert dresses up in drag and performs under his stage name, Pippi Kleinstrumpfe, with his band Rocket to Uranus, at The Redwood Bar & Grill on Feb. 23, 2019. The Redwood frequently hosts punk rock bands and has a monthly “Queer Punk Night”.

Fans crowd into close quarters to watch a four-band lineup of underground punk rock bands at Café Nela on March 22, 2019. The Café is a punk rock fan favorite that hosts shows nearly every weekend.
JAZZ TREASURE

‘Ain’t Nobody Gonna Break My Stride’

[By Diana Campbell]

Photos by Curtis Sabir

It is payback time for a legendary jazz vocalist and Los Angeles City College alumna, Barbara Morrison.

She becomes a living, breathing Valentine, as she delivers her thank you gift to a standing room only crowd at the Camino Theatre on Feb. 14, 2013.

Morrison performs on the same Camino Theatre stage where she studied acting and voice for three years as a student in the theater arts program at L.A. City College.

Morrison's long-time manager and booking agent Timothy Morganfield looks on from backstage during the performance.

“She told me this was her way of showing her appreciation for the education and training she got here,” he says.

The Recording Academy-nominated Morrison for three Grammy Awards including “Best Large Jazz Ensemble Album,” in 2015. Her voice ranges two and a half octaves, but even with that gift Morrison says it wasn’t always easy while she was in school.

“I supported myself and earned a living by performing and recording gigs,” she says. “I managed to fit in my studies by juggling my schedule around. I would like the success I’ve enjoyed to serve as an example for students who work their way through college.”

**Background**

Morrison was born in Ypsilanti, Mich., or Ypsi, as the locals call it and grew up in Romulus, Mich., where tornado activity is 47 percent greater than the overall U.S. average.

She comes from a solid working-class background. Her mother was a nurse, and her father worked in a Chevy factory. She credits him for her career path. He played drums in his own doo-wop group and sang at church.

Barbara learned to love music at an early age and remembers listening to her father’s rehearsals as she hid under the dining table. She sang on a local radio station in Detroit when she was only 10 years old. In her early twenties, she left home for the West Coast and never looked back.

Morrison joined the Johnny Otis Band shortly after her arrival in Los Angeles. Otis has been called “the Godfather of Rhythm and Blues.” He is a member of the Rock & Roll Hall of Fame and was said to have an ear for talent. Barbara sang with the band for 21 years. She followed that job up with simultaneous seven-year stints in Ray Charles’s and the Doc Severinsen orchestras.

Her illustrious career features voice recordings from a who’s who list of the genre including performances with musical icons like Dizzy Gillespie, Tony Bennett, Nancy Wilson, Mel Tormé and Etta James to name a few.

**Big Mama Thornton**

Blues singer and songwriter, Big Mama Thornton, aka Willa Mae Thornton died in 1984. Barbara created and performed a tribute to the influential African American artist. Thornton’s career spanned four decades from the 1940s to the early 1980s, and musical giants like Elvis Presley recorded her song “Hound Dog,” and Janis Joplin made “Ball and Chain,” famous. Morrison says that Big Mama did not receive the recognition she deserved emotionally or financially.

**Dinah Washington**

Morrison continues her tradition of one-woman shows and pays tribute to those who have gone before her. She produced, co-wrote and performed in “I Wanna Be Loved,” a musical about Dinah Washington, the self-appointed “Queen of the Blues” and one of the most popular black, female recording artists of the 50’s.

“When Barbara plays Dinah as being drunk in dialogue between songs, you can really notice her acting skills,” Morganfield says. “I think she not only wants to keep Dinah's song legacy alive, but this performance is a living reminder to young performers who need to pay heed to someone who threw away a career because of substance abuse.”

Dinah’s distinctive vocal style was at home in a variety of styles and her bluesy phrasing was accentuated by absolute clarity of diction. Her delivery was straightforward and restrained even when singing about love, which was in stark contrast to her turbulent love life. Dinah married eight or nine times and had devastating issues with alcoholism and drug abuse which led to her death. Dinah and Barbara were friends, and they...
performed together at various venues over the years.

"In the opening number the audience loved her belting out Washington's hit, "It Ain't Nobody's Business If I Do," and at the end of the performance she got a standing O for her rendition of "I Love Being Here With You" they could tell she meant it," Morganfield says.

**Ella Fitzgerald and the Jazz Museum**

Images of jazz and blues legends adorn the walls of the California Jazz and Blues Museum in Leimert Park. Morrison founded the nonprofit and it is what she would rather talk about at the moment. She brushes off queries about her tour in Japan last year or her upcoming tour to Switzerland. She has a different story to share.

The last rays of the sun fall on a green acetate pantsuit that hangs on a door jam in the back of the museum. It belonged to her friend and mentor Ella Fitzgerald who was considered by critics to be one of America’s best pop vocalists.

"After Ella passed, I went to her estate sale hoping to buy some of her things for our Ella's Pub display," Morrison says. "But I didn't have enough money, so I came back empty-handed. Most of Fitzgerald's artifacts of sheet music, arrangements and memorabilia were donated to the Smithsonian Institute and the Museum of Modern Art in Washington, D.C."

Then fate stepped in. A friend of Morrison's had the wherewithal to purchase something at that sale. When the friend saw the display with Fitzgerald’s picture, she asked Morrison if she'd like to have her pantsuit.

"I could hardly believe my ears, and I had to resist letting out a scream," Morrison says. "Once I recovered from the shock, I told her that this would be a welcome addition to our little museum. I was very grateful for her generosity. This museum pays homage, honors, memorializes and remembers the songwriters, and music arrangers, as well as the musicians and vocal artists that are here."

Morrison says some people don’t realize that jazz and blues are America’s only original music art form. She knows of what she speaks, because she not only founded a museum dedicated to jazz and blues history, she’s been educating students on the subject for 26 years in the Herb Alpert Music Ethnology Program at the University of California Los Angeles where she is an adjunct associate professor of jazz vocals and ethnomusicology.

The California Jazz and Blues Museum is an extension of that history. It is a space where curious visitors, as well as jazz and blues lovers, can come to pay respect for the rich musical history within.

Every week on a Monday night, "Ella's Pub" features open-mic jam sessions. There is no charge, just drop a few bucks in the donation jar to pay the musicians and cover the refreshments.

**Awards and Recognition**

The Los Angeles County Museum of Art presented Barbara with the Los Angeles Blues Society's "L.A. Jazz Treasure" award in 2018. She was the first woman to receive this honor. At the event she performed "I Wanna Be Loved" from her award-winning tribute to Dinah Washington.

"Barbara has faced many health challenges over the years, and she is hard-headed," Morganfield says. "We tell her to take it easy and slow down, but she always finds time to show up at most charity or fundraising events especially if it’s to help someone in the musical world. She never fails to go to a memorial service for a person she knew either."

Brittany Calhoun-Morris is the granddaughter of rhythm and blues artist Big Jay McNeely who died earlier this year. Morrison will perform at his tribute benefit.

"I am extremely excited about having Barbara Morrison on the lineup for my grandfather's tribute," Calhoun-Morris said. "That's huge! I love Barbara, she's such a sweet, loving person."

Morrison is in demand. She travels internationally to perform, but when in town she appears at Pips in Los Angeles on Tuesday nights, Catalina Bar and Grill and will gig at various other concerts and events.

"Barbara Morrison is an ultimate singer and performer," says long-time friend Cathy Segal-Garcia, who is a Los Angeles jazz vocalist, recording artist and vocal coach instructor. "Add to all that, she is a tireless supporter and creator of community. She stirred the pot for Leimert Park to become what it is today."

Morrison’s honors are evidenced by the many plaques and small statues that are on display in the museum office. Morganfield brings them out carefully one by one and positions them in a row on the grand piano. He runs out of room and mentions that there are even more awards at her home.

If Barbara Morrison wants to be loved, she has certainly gotten her wish.

Barbara Morrison is a two-time Grammy nominee and a Los Angeles City College alumna. She performs "I Wanna Be Loved" in her one-woman tribute to Dinah Washington on May 2019. The two women were close friends until Washington's untimely death in 1963.

Barbara Morrison founded the California Jazz & Blues Museum in Leimert Park, California to honor and share the history of jazz and blues artists. California introduced “cool jazz” or “West Coast jazz” styles in the 1940s and 1950s and is one of the most important locations for jazz music in the country.
“Invisible Man” marks a pivotal moment for Kerry James Marshall’s statement about blackness. It is one of his earlier works, and like the first book of the Bible, it poses an allegory for creation. In Genesis, God transforms the blackness of the void and creates light – and so begins the journey for Marshall.

Later works by the artist present colorful, fully-formed people in everyday places like beauty salons, gardens and bedrooms.

Marshall’s 1997 painting, “Past Times,” is a large canvas approximately 9 feet long and 11 feet wide and features black figures in various states of repose; they water ski, golf and play croquet, activities associated with the white upper class.

These images challenge racial stereotypes.

Rap mogul and entrepreneur, Sean “Diddy” Combs bought the painting for $21.1 million in 2018, the most ever paid for a work by an African American artist. Only the late Jean Michel Basquiat’s “Untitled” painting of a skull sold for more at $110.5 million in 2017.

But Marshall’s seminal work, “Invisible Man” is a visual id. Sigmund Freud’s psychoanalytic theory of personality described the id as unconscious psychic energy and a primitive component of personality tied directly to survival. Marshall’s figure, with its bent back, alert eyes and exposed teeth set in a tense grin viscerally encapsulates the essence of survival as the black canvas recalls the mysteries of the unconscious.

This work provokes the viewer. It invites close inspection. The eyes must work hard to make out what the artist has drawn. Immediately, the mind tries to understand and categorize the piece. There is an automatic reflex at play that demands we assess the subject. Do we like or dislike it?

“Invisible Man” takes hold of the viewer at the emotional level, at the moment they realize that in order to inspect the art they must enter the void and join the entombed subject looking out from within.

An artist’s intention when creating a work, and what it evolves into when seen through the eyes of others can deepen and expand the narrative on display. Indeed, this work makes incisive statements about past and present society.

Marshall was born in Birmingham, Alabama and grew up in the south Los Angeles neighborhood of Watts in the mid ’60s – a time when long-standing resentment by the predominantly African American working-class community was coming to a head. People protested and engaged in acts of civil disobedience to draw attention to their frustrations.

“You can’t be born in Birmingham, Alabama, in 1955 and grow up in South Central [Los Angeles] near the Black Panthers headquarters, and not feel like you’ve got some kind of social responsibility,” Marshall told Art21 Magazine in 2008. “You can’t move to Watts in 1963 and not speak about it. That determined a lot of where my work was going to go.”

Marshall attended Jefferson High School and Los Angeles City College and eventually earned an MFA from the Otis College of Art and Design in 1978. He also taught at Southwest College and at his alma mater, LACC, from 1980-1983.

Now, Marshall lives and works in Chicago, a city like so many others in the United States that witness the moral degradation of its communities. The deaths of two Chicago teens, Laquan McDonald, Paul O’Neal and 26-year-old Jemel Roberson are soul-crushing examples of black men killed by police. Roberson worked at a bar as a security
guard where there was a disturbance. The police arrived on the scene and shot and killed him despite cries from onlookers informing them that he was an employee there.

These stories make national news. Uniformed police officers are regular partners in the media alongside their slain black counterparts who only seem to possess humanity in death.

Like Ralph Ellison's novel, "Invisible Man," Marshall's artwork references the notion that visibility and invisibility govern the black man's existence. In the eyes of authority, the black form can be seen as a villain, a monster and miscreant but seldom recognized as a human being worthy of consideration.


"The title of this exhibition introduces the idea of mastery in an ambiguous, provocative form," says Madeline Grynsztejn, "Mastry" co-curator and Pritzker director at the Museum of Contemporary Art Chicago. "Here, the word may recall the old masters of Western art but also the owners of enslaved people in the United States. The idiosyncratic spelling, which may bring to mind a kind of black vernacular, is borrowed from the title of Marshall's 'Rythm Mastr,' an ongoing project referencing the comics form and featuring black heroes that extends Marshall's commitment to making black subjects visible in the realm of popular culture."

The "Mastry" exhibition at MOCA was curated in chronological order, and this allowed visitors to experience Marshall's development as an artist. That same year, he spoke to an audience of art lovers and students at L.A. City College. He deconstructed the ideas he explores in his artwork during a lecture.

"The nature of being the thing that it is, at the same time it's about the subject matter that it's in," Marshall said. "I tend to think having that extreme of color, that kind of black, is amazingly beautiful ... and powerful. What I was thinking to do with my image was to reclaim the image of blackness as an emblem of power."

Perhaps the figure in "Invisible Man" is wary from its burden of blackness, but the uncertainty of the black void in which he resides just might hold hope and the potential for greatness.
Max championed the cause of national health care insurance early on. He previously worked with the Health Insurance Institute, an arm of the Health Insurance Association of America.

“I tried to persuade the insurance companies to stop their opposition and endorse Medicare,” Max said. Because of that particular expertise, Max was an obvious pick to be on the first Medicare Task Force.

In 1963, Max accepted the position of chief of research publications for the Social Security Administration and moved his family to Washington, D.C. His daughter Jodie remembers.

“We moved … when I was 12 so my father could work for JFK,” she said. “Politics was a daily part of my life and dinnertime conversation. A portrait of Walter Reuther [president of the United Auto Workers and civil rights proponent] was in our home when I was growing up.” Reuther asked Max to head up the Committee for National Health Insurance and its Committee of 100 in 1968.

“The intent of the JFK task force my father was a part of was always that Medicare would eventually cover all,” Jodie said.

With his keen insights, Max discredited the insurance industry’s frivolous objections to Medicare.

“I was the expert on private health insurance,” he said. “I was the only one in the group who had worked in that area. And particularly, I knew the insurance industry’s positions and the validity of them and the non-validity of them. I was the designated debunker of the insurance industry.”

Max was acutely aware that as one of its architects, he was making history with the formation of Medicare. It would affect people’s lives for generations to come.

“Before Medicare, millions of Americans over the years worked for their full lifetimes and saved money for retirement,” he said. “When they reached 65 or older, had a sudden illness or accident and lost all their money because they could not get health insurance. Medicare is not an insurance program. It is a humanitarian program.”

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**LIFE AND TIMES OF A CITY NEWSMAN: FROM EAST HOLLYWOOD TO THE WHITE HOUSE**

“START HERE, GO ANYWHERE” is a catchy slogan that appears on many college and university websites, including Los Angeles City College. But what does that really mean? Max W. Fine, class of ’46 knows because he started out at LACC’s Collegian newspaper and followed a path that led him through some of the most hallowed corridors of power in New York and Washington, D.C.

[By Angela Johnson]
The next day, Max, Mills and the committee members listened to lengthy testimony. It all focused on the reasons doctors and insurance-industry-types opposed the health care bill, which they derisively labeled “socialized medicine.”

Lewis Rie, the chairman of the Health Insurance Association, spoke on the fourth day of hearings. It was Nov. 22, 1963. Oregon Congressman Albert Ullman began his cross-examination once Rie had finished.

Five minutes into Ullman’s questions, Max and everyone there learned President John F. Kennedy had been shot in Dallas.

**LBJ Picks up the Baton**

“Medicare” was a significant plank in Kennedy’s presidential campaign platform. He was deeply invested in its success. After the assassination, President Lyndon Baines Johnson promised to carry on the fight JFK started in his first State of the Union speech in 1964.

“We all stayed to work with [LBJ] on that,” Max said. Congress enacted Medicare in July 1965.

**Where the Jobs Are and the Life of a Newsman**

Before Max ever crossed the threshold of 1600 Pennsylvania Ave., he studied journalism at LACC. He could not find work; however, in the Los Angeles market in 1946.

Max was friends with legendary actor Billy Barty. The 3-foot-10-inch actor performed with everyone from Elvis, to Mickey Rooney, to Zsa Zsa Gabor. Like Max, Barty attended LACC and majored in journalism. He worked on the Collegian as public relations director and sports editor.

So, Max got on a bus and went to New York City. He got a job at International News Service (INS) as a copy boy. There were few jobs in journalism in L.A. “School kids had no money,” Max told the Collegian. “News is made in New York and Washington, not Los Angeles. There were few jobs in journalism in L.A.”

Max filed stories on Syria. He wrote about Mickey Mantle. He also covered the Rosenberg trial. A judge in New York’s Southern District federal court found Julius and Ethel Rosenberg guilty of espionage for providing the Soviet Union with classified information in 1951. The trial lasted for nearly one month. The Rosenbergs were executed in 1953.

**Early Career Milestone**

United Press Associations and INS merged in May of 1958 to form United Press International. Just like that, Max and everyone else on staff at INS was out of a job. But he managed to rebound quickly by landing a prestigious job. “I was out of a job for one day before being hired as the United Nations reporter for Reuters,” Max said.

The U.N. was literally a hive of activity. Covering the U.N. at that time had to be challenging. Peace negotiations, conflict resolutions and prevention maneuvers were the order of the day. The same month Max started covering the U.N. for Reuters, the Security Council formed and urgently dispatched observation forces to Lebanon and the incumbent Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld was unanimously reappointed for a second five-year term.

His job as U.N. correspondent for Reuters made way for Max to snag an in-house position. “I met [Hammarskjold] while I was working for Reuters,” Max said, “and I left in 1960 to become his press secretary.”

Emeritus Executive Director of the Dag Hammarskjöld Foundation in Sweden, Henning Melber, has written many books about the Hammarskjöld era at the United Nations. Melber described the atmosphere Max found while covering the U.N. for Reuters.

“Due to the Congo crisis, 1961 was a very tough year for the U.N. Secretariat in general and the Secretary-General in particular,” Melber said. “Hammarskjöld was facing strong criticism from the Soviet Union and demands to resign, to which he resisted. I therefore believe that the press secretary Max Fine had quite a busy and challenging time, with a lot going on, also on rather short notice.”

Melber says the atmosphere was tense. He says some of the African states originally in support of Hammarskjöld and the U.N. turned against them.

While Hammarskjöld was busy negotiating peace in what was then called the Republic of Congo, Max was the point person who conducted briefings and disseminated information to the press. He served in that capacity for seven months and met “daily with the press to keep them apprised of his activities.”

A resolution from the U.N. Security Council compelled the establishment of the U.N. Force in the Congo to facilitate peace. Hammarskjöld made four trips to the Congo to support these operations.

The fourth trip on Sept. 18, 1961 changed everything. That is when Hammarskjöld’s plane headed from the Congo to Northern Rhodesia crashed and killed the U.N. Secretary General and 15 others.

“I heard about it when everyone else worldwide did,” Max told the Collegian.

**Growing up in Boyle Heights**

Max was nine years old when his family moved from Nashville, Tenn., to a house on Fairmont Street in the Boyle Heights neighborhood of East L.A. Max describes the neighborhood growing up in the 1930s and 40s as low-income, working poor, “with a diverse population made up of Mexicans, Slavs, Russians, Italians, Jews and Blacks.”

An alumnus of Theodore Roosevelt High School, Max was the editor of the student newspaper, “The Rough Rider.”

He attended Malabar Elementary and showed a natural propensity for social engagement early on.

“I became a member of a social and athletic club founded in a playground on Wabash Avenue called the Saxons,” he said. The Saxons met twice a year until five years ago.

**Campus Life at City College**

A survey of past issues of the Collegian show Max’s five semesters at City College full of social activities and civic involvements. He was a founding member of the honor group, Club Adelphi, served a term as Associated Student President, a Collegian columnist, editorial manager and sports editor.

He was also a collegiate athlete.

He exhibited an indomitable sense of humor with his column titled “From Other Campi,” which featured funny, quirky, even outlandish news from other college campuses around the country. He says the idea for it just came to him naturally. And some of the cheeky blurbs might make you laugh out loud.

Excerpted of “From Other Campi,” November 1943: “Law students in Indian U. were challenged by the medical students to a ‘donkey baseball game’. They refused on these grounds: ‘We were at a disadvantage; the Medics have more jackasses than we have.’”
Max Fine, a man who witnessed much in his lifetime, passed away on April 19, two months shy of his 93rd birthday. A heart attack on March 2, 2019, preceded his death. In the months leading up to his passing, Max provided input for this story about his life and work.

“From [UCLA] comes the comment that in their honor system, the faculty has the honor and the students have the system.”

Max says he forged lifelong friendships with many schoolmates, “even though I moved to New York City shortly after graduation.”

“Among my closest friends were Jerry Brown who went on to be the executive editor of the Los Angeles Times and actor Billy Barty,” he said.

The More Things Change

Max Fine witnessed a lot in his lifetime. Americans elected an African American man president. He was born into the Silent Generation in 1926, and he watched the advent of the baby boomers, Generations X, Y and Z and the zombie age.

Jodie told the Collegian that she believes he is most proud of the work he did on the Medicare Task Force.

“My father is very proud to have been named to Richard Nixon’s infamous ‘enemies list,’’” she said.

In a speech he delivered in front of the Alliance for Retired Americans in 2015, Max strongly maintained his stance that the working poor of this country deserve access to quality health care. More than 50 years after seeing Medicare come to fruition, things haven’t changed that much.

“The struggle remains the same,” Max said, “and is exacerbated by a president who wants to destroy Medicare in order to build a wall.”
READ YOUR SUMMER AWAY

Many use the summer to get lost in a good book. Here are a few titles that should be on your list.

“The Reckoning” by John Grisham
Grisham’s “The Reckoning” is his most powerful thriller according to USA Today. It is “a murder mystery, a courtroom drama, a family saga . . . The Reckoning is Grisham’s argument that he’s not just a boilerplate thriller writer. Most jurors will think the counselor has made his case.” The book tells the story of a decorated World War II veteran who shoots and kills a pastor inside a Mississippi church and the events leading up to and after that event.

“Fire & Blood” by George R.R. Martin
Just in time to give us something to do now that Martin’s massive series “A Song of Ice and Fire”, known on HBO as “Game of Thrones”, ended after eight seasons. The New York Times Best Sellers list states that “Fire and Blood” is set 300 years before the events of “Game of Thrones.” This is the first volume of the two-part history of the Targaryens in Westeros.

“The Testaments” by Margaret Atwood
Atwood is the author of “The Handmaid’s Tale”, currently airing as an original series on Hulu. In that story, after the protagonist Offred steps out into the unknown, we were all left wondering what happened next. According to the publisher Penguin Random
that Lilith holds a power that should be both feared and respected to disgrace in this novel, centered on family and redemption. 

“L.A. Son: My Life, My City, My Food” by Roy Choi

Angeleno and a rising star in the L.A. culinary landscape, Choi chronicles – with charisma and sincerity – the story of his life and the Los Angeles food scene. From Korean taco inventor with his Kogi truck to Chego, to community-based initiatives in the inner city, Choi is much more than a celebrity chef. The book includes 85 recipes.

“Not Quite Not White: Losing and Finding Race in America” by Sharmila Sen

Sharmila Sen’s “Not Quite Not White” is at once a deeply personal memoir and a primer on race in America from the perspective of an Indian immigrant, according to Penguin Books. Sen's offers a richly literary examination of the various systems of class, race, religion, and culture that defined who she is, drawing on her familial and educational backgrounds in Hindu mythology, Indian politics, British and American literature, Bollywood, American television, and more. Even as she makes her way into narratives of success as whiteness in America, Sen challenges this yearning for whiteness and searches instead for a messy but fuller embrace of all races in America.

“The Taking of Annie Thorne” by C.J. Tudor

Narmer Tanjeem of Book Riot writes that Tudor’s second novel after her 2018 debut has the same “slow, chilling mystery and subtle twists” as her first novel “The Chalk Man”. In this novel, Joe Thorne is forced to reconnect with his old friends, all of who were present when his sister disappeared 25 years earlier.

“Where the Crawdads Sing” by Delia Owens

This novel, which tells the story of a young girl named Kya living in the swamps of North Carolina, was on the New York Times Fiction Best Seller for several months this year. The protagonist likens her dating life to those of the insects she studies in the swamps.

“The Care and Feeding of Ravenously Hungry Girls” by Anissa Gray

What happens when the stand-in matriarch of the family gets arrested, leaving the other three teenage sisters confused and dumfounded? Essence Magazine asks this question of Anissa Gray’s latest work. Readers will soon find out: The Butler family goes from well-to-do to community-based initiatives in the inner city, their family gets arrested, leaving the other three teenage sisters confused and dumbfounded. Essence Magazine writer Danielle Pointdujour tells us that “The Book of Night Women” by Marlon James’ latest work takes us on a journey. Night Women will take you through time and space, back to the eighteenth century, to tell you the story of Lilith, a girl born into slavery on a Jamaican sugar plantation. From birth everyone sees that Lilith holds a power that should be both feared and respected, but it is not until Lilith learns to accept that power that her life and the lives of the women around her begin to change.

“The Nickel Boys” by Colson Whitehead

When a black boy is sent off to a reformatory school called The Nickel Academy during the Jim Crow-era, he soon learns that it’s a terrifying, abusive place. “I loved this novel ... It is a coming of age story where that coming of age is warped by the atrocities of a school for boys in segregated Florida,” renowned author Roxane Gay said in her review.

“The Wedding Party” by Jasmine Guillory

Good Housekeeping Magazine writes that in Jasmine Guillory’s third book, Maddie and Theo can’t stand each other — until they spend the night together. It’s tough to resolve whether they have real feelings, especially when they’re in the throes of preparing for their mutual BFF’s wedding.

“Forgotten Country” by Catherine Chung

Book Riot recommends the “Forgotten County” by Catherine Chung. In it, Chung weaves Korean folklore with modern identity and immigration in this story about Janie and her sister, Hannah, who she feels a special responsibility to protect. When Hannah inexplicably cuts ties from her family, Janie embarks on a mission to find her sister before their family returns to Korea to seek treatment for their father’s terminal cancer.

“Gun Dealer’s Daughter” by Gina Apostol

Defying her wealthy upbringing, Soledad Soliman falls in with the radical crowd upon entering university and quickly transforms from bookish rich girl to communist rebel. Years later and far from the Philippines, Sol confesses her youthful indiscretions in hopes of finding salvation.

“The Last Illusion” by Porochista Khakpour

In a rural Iranian village, Zal was born with pale skin and light hair; according to Book Riot this convinces his horrified mother that she has given birth to a “White Demon.” For the first decade of life, Zal’s mother keeps him in a birdcage and away from human society. When a behavioral analyst rescues Zal, he awakens in New York a city of possibilities, but an emotionally stunted and physically unfit childhood makes for a bumpy journey to adulthood.

“The Namesake” by Jhumpa Lahiri

Book Riot says “Lahiri brings the immigrant experience and culture clash in this story of the Ganguli family from traditional life in Calcutta to their transition to Americans in Cambridge, Massachusetts.” Ashoke is a trained engineer adapting more quickly to American life than his wife, who pines for life back in India. Gogol is their son, struggling between tradition and assimilation along his first-generation path.

“The Re-education of Cherry Truong” by Aimee Phan

In Phan’s debut novel, according to Book Riot, Cherry Truong journeys from Los Angeles to reunite with her brother living with dystant relatives in Vietnam and uncovers how her family escaped during the Vietnam War, the forces that keep them separated, and the ties that bind them across three continents.

“The Samurai’s Garden” by Gail Tsukiyama

Book Riot tells us that “The Samurai’s Garden” is set during the Japanese invasion of China in the late 1930s, where the protagonist Stephen is sent to his family’s summer home in Japan to recover from a bout with tuberculosis under the care of housekeeper and master gardener Matsu.

“Crux: A Cross Border Memoir” by Jean Guerrero

Publisher OneWorld writes about the memoir “as anyone who has ever lived along the border knows, it’s far more complicated than a simple dividing line”. In “Crux”, Guerrero, who is trained as a journalist, investigates not only her own family’s relationship with the border across generations, but the life of her father, a Mexican immigrant, and the borders he traverses between mysticism and sanity, illness and health, drugs and medicine. “Crux” is as deeply reported as it is deeply felt.

“Lost Empress” by Sergio de la Pava

Remexia freelance writer Alejandra Oliva writes that de la Pava is a public defender in New York, and he uses his professional chops to write a kind-of-crime novel, kind-of-family saga, and kind-of-a-sports book. The work bounces between two equally compelling narratives: one of a criminal masterminder working his way through the justice system while plotting a new caper, and the other focusing on the disinherited daughter of the owner of the Dallas Cowboys planning her vengeance. The book is both a lot of fun and also a reflection on social justice and the criminal justice system.

For students, the summer usually brings a bit of a break from their studies. Some, however, use this time to catch up on reading for pleasure: works that either could not fit in with their studies or they simply did not have time for until now. Here is a list of a few titles worthy of consideration for your summer reading.
These days, I’m in constant fear for my kids’ health. This led me to become a vegetarian three years ago. When I decided to change my diet, I spoke with my 4-year-old and my 6-year-old about my decision and the difference between vegans, vegetarians and omnivores. We then decided to take on this change together.

I researched easy recipes and started cooking vegetarian meals. I immediately noticed a difference in how I felt and how my body functioned. For example, my bowel movements changed from every two days to twice a day. I also started to save money grocery shopping because I cut out buying poultry and meat, and I only bought vegetables, fruits and substitution meats.

All this in my quest to make sure my children were healthy. Not everyone jumped on board, however.

“You are punishing those kids,” my Uncle Lem said. But people like him fail to realize that protein does not just come from meat.

Besides, eating a plant-based diet may bring more rewards. Think about it: no animal slaughtered in the process. Plant protein does not contribute to global warming. It’s tasty and you can eat some raw. And where can you find plant protein? Soy, beans, chickpeas, spirulina and quinoa.

The World Health Organization classified processed meat as carcinogenic and red meat as a probable carcinogen, or cancer causing. It is paramount for people who are switching over to a vegan or vegetarian diet to understand a meatless diet does not grant you immunity from dread diseases.

Eating the proper foods is extremely important when adopting a new lifestyle. Commit to buying organic fruits and vegetables. When you’re first starting out, buying processed vegetarian food is simply convenient — sometimes too convenient. Also watch out for the hidden dangers in processed fruit juices, especially when preparing kids’ lunches. Processed fruit juices are known to contain massive amounts of sugar, but they may also contain potentially dangerous levels of arsenic, cadmium and lead, according to Consumer Reports.

The rise of vegetarian and vegan foods can be attributed to a more health-conscious population. Grocery store stockers have noticed the demand for organic and vegan foods. Now, when I walk through the grocery store aisles, I find an expansive selection of organic fruits, vegetables and other meatless meal options like nuggets, burgers, vegan cheese and hotdogs. Vegan restaurants are booming, and fast food chains are adding vegan and vegetarian items to their menus.
Meanwhile at home, cooking without meat ignited a creative spark. My children love cooking with me. We have turned dinner prep into family fun time. We make pizza with strawberry toppings, “grilled chicken” using cauliflower, and “spaghetti” made from zucchini. And we create “hamburgers” from Portobello mushrooms.

One of my favorite vegan dishes to make is called Mafé. Mafé is a popular West African peanut stew. It offers some spice, sweetness, lots of vegetables and natural herbs. The most striking element about Mafé is that it’s healthy, tasty and easy to make. And I’m sharing it with you, as a challenge to look beyond what we see every day. Let’s observe other cultures and people, and see how some of them are thriving without eating meat.

**SENEGALESE MAFÉ**

Start to finish: approximately 1.5 hours
Servings: 8

- Two 8-ounce cans of tomato sauce
- 1 large yellow onion, diced
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1/2 cup olive oil
- 2 carrots
- 2 large Idaho potatoes
- 2 large sweet potatoes
- 2 yuccas
- 12 cups water
- 1/2 cabbage
- 1 red bell pepper, chopped
- 2 cups peanut butter
- 1 halved habanero pepper
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 teaspoon oregano
- 1 teaspoon chives
- 1 teaspoon rosemary
- Garlic salt
- Onion Salt
- South African Smoke seasoning

In a large frying pan over medium heat, pour the 2 cans of tomato sauce. Add the onion and garlic and bring to a gentle simmer. Mix in the oil, cover and cook over low heat and stir occasionally. Season with garlic and onion salt to taste. Set aside.

Chop carrots into thirds. Peel the potatoes, cut in half, then quarter diagonally. Peel the sweet potatoes, cut in half and then cut those into thirds diagonally. Cut the yucca in half.

Bring water to boil and add carrots, potatoes, sweet potatoes and yucca. Cook for 5-7 minutes. Then add the cabbage and half of the red bell pepper and cook until all vegetables are soft.

Use a slotted spoon to remove the vegetables and reserve 7 cups of the cooking liquid. Dispose of the remaining water. Return the vegetables to the pot and cover with the reserved liquid. Let cook over medium heat.

Add the tomato sauce and mix in the peanut butter. Cook over medium heat for approximately 7 minutes before adding the remaining bell pepper, habanero, bay leaf, oregano, chives and rosemary.

Season with onion and garlic salt and South African Smoke seasoning blend from Trader Joe’s. Cover and cook for 30 minutes.

The Mafé should be a creamy brown color, speckled with spots of vibrant red. Serve over rice.

**NOTE:** For medium heat, include habanero whole. Omit for low heat.
Imagine acting on a famous TV show, but your role is a brief appearance as a naked prostitute. When I moved to Hollywood, I anticipated that becoming a successful actress would require sacrifices. However, I did not expect to sacrifice my self-respect.

No aspiring actress moves to Los Angeles with the dream of being cast as “Prostitute #4,” and no casting director says “Wow, that actress did a great sex scene! I think I’ll cast her in my next super hero film.” The reality is that after those five minutes of fame (and that is a generous amount of time to be on screen), cameo roles are forgettable roles.

One minute the actor is there, and the next minute they’re gone. It seems insignificant and almost like no one would notice. However, if you asked the actresses who invest endless amounts of time and money studying their craft, if they would like to co-star as “chick with the tits” or as “the reporter who asks a question,” you are likely to find that most women see the “tits for tits sake,” opportunity as rather demeaning.

Unfortunately, sex sells. Nudity has become part of the entertainment culture, and this leaves women to audition for demeaning roles with equally demeaning compensation. It takes a minimum of six years for an actor to land a career-defining role, and like every other actor (who isn’t connected to Hollywood royalty), you have to build your way up by taking smaller roles first. So, when actors are offered opportunities to be on notable shows or films, they see it as a stepping stone toward their goal of becoming a main character.

What many actresses are afraid to address, or are possibly not aware of, is that the industry is taking advantage of them by selling the fact that they will be on a career-building show, but require they show some tit for tat. These women try to convince themselves that it is normal to audition for such roles, and it is OK because they are “acting” when they are actually risking the fact that their careers may never flourish. As a result, they are left with a revealing scene for friends, family and the world to see, and they ultimately sacrifice their self-respect.

Art Versus Erotic

Many people think that being naked in front of the camera is not an issue anymore. As a fine art nude model, I’ve learned there is a misconception that fine art nude models are promiscuous women who lack self-respect. The opposite is true.

This misunderstanding is why casting directors, agents and producers assume art models are the target market for nude roles. In reality, they should seek out glamour girls. But how can anyone understand the differences between modern, fine art nude modeling and glamour/erotic modeling?

For starters, art models aim to show how and why nudity distinguishes them from sexual beings versus sensual beings. Fine art nudity is not about exposing the naked body just because it is a naked body. Art models see their bodies as forms and shapes accompanied with beautiful, real flaws like scarred skin or extraordinary features such as massive freckles or excessive wrinkles.

In the past, art models collaborated with creatives in an effort to showcase their flaws in tasteful ways. Over time, many male, so called “photographers, painters, sculptors
In third wave feminism there has been a shift, women are creating images of their own sexuality for their own gaze. However, the female body is still used as a commodity in popular culture. There is a fine line between female empowerment and exploitation, and where that line is, is entirely individual.

Elizabeth Preger, photography instructional assistant
television industry are unaware that they are asking fine art models to take on the very stereotypical roles that defeat the purpose of being a fine art model in the first place.

It is also unfortunate how many actresses are unaware that saying yes to nude cameo roles can be damaging to their careers. Once the industry casts them in a nude role, they are likely to be typecast in that same role again and again. If actresses want to progress in their careers, it isn’t a matter of how often they are cast, but what roles they are cast in. If all an actress can put on her resume is “Prostitute #4, Stripper #2, Porn Star and Topless Waitress,” it doesn’t necessarily showcase her talent. It implies she is OK being naked. With the way show “business” is today, it’s a safe bet Hollywood will capitalize on such resumes.

I’m not saying nudity is a bad thing. I’m saying that if a woman decides to be nude for film, television or modeling, I would advise her to ask herself, why is nudity something she is considering and how does she want to present herself? Some actresses may feel they are missing their opportunity to work their way up the ranks by saying no to brief nude appearances for shows and movies. However, by refusing to do such roles, what these actresses are actually gaining are better opportunities to audition for quality characters.

Agents will take the hint that actresses want the camera to focus on their faces and not their breasts. Not to say that reoccurring characters don’t have to bare all too. There are plenty of supporting and leading roles that require nudity. The difference with those roles is that the talent will be remembered for being the character, which is every actor’s goal in the first place.

If you’re reading what she’s talking about with the male gaze and this being such a hot topic in every legitimate art program ... I think the photos are beautiful. I think they are very much in alignment with how the figure has been used in fine art photography.

Hollywood has a long way to go in terms of creating dynamic, nuanced roles for women that are not mired in gender politics and the male gaze. Women taking charge of telling their own stories is powerful, and we need much more of it.

INSTAGRAM TIT FOR TAT – SURVEY:

I wanted to know if I wasn’t the only woman who felt Hollywood was taking advantage of actresses, so I asked my Instagram followers for their thoughts. Fortunately, I am not alone. I asked my followers, “Would you be a topless prostitute for a co-star role on a TV Show? These are some of the many responses I received.

SURVEY RESPONSES

“No, because it’s a co-star. If it would have been a guest star and above, I would of taken it. I wouldn’t be able to put it in my reel... I wouldn’t have made any money because I would need to join SAG. Nothing against nudity and all, I just want a better role for it.”
- Kayla S

“No. Tell yourself you are acting all you want, it is still basically the same thing as prostitution.”
-Calvin C

“My answer would depend on how badly I needed to eat. But it’s like how male writers write women in books. Tits for the sake of tits. No actual substance.”
-Kat W

“You would have to convince me that being topless for one line is essential to the story telling, because if it’s just shock value, then there’s no point.
-Ashley C

“Why don’t you just cast a real porn star? I mean they are actresses too.”
-Ciarra B

“There is so much nudity in film that it’s not even shocking anymore. I actually can’t even focus on the actors or the story because there are boobs in the background.”
-Anonymous

“The more important question is why are they showing male genitals now? Cause women want equality? I get men like to stare at naked women but women don’t like to stare at naked men. Objectifying men only makes objectifying women worse. Equality would be to tone the nudity down a bit please.”
-Sarah M

MEN’S VISTA is an online magazine

Elizabeth Preger, photography instructional assistant
BEYOND THE GLARE OF INSTAGRAM’S LOOKING GLASS

To Compare Brings Despair

[By Kayla Asha Hewitt]

Photos by Glenn Francis and Malice McMunn

Cheetah’s is a small, dark bar on Hollywood Boulevard. Inside, backlit glass walls are etched with images of Marilyn Monroe and swans floating on a lake. The bright, bustling bar sits on one side of the room, separated from the plush, red velvet seating on the other side by a long, bright stage that slices through the center of the room. This is the workplace and second home of an influencer known as Malice.

Malice McMunn is not your typical influencer. Originally from the Pacific Northwest, Malice is pale, with neon pink hair styled into a large deathhawk (like a mohawk, but with sideburns). Malice can often be spotted walking her two MinPins, Dahmer and Ramirez, around Hollywood Boulevard.

Malice is an interesting case because she amassed her popularity pre-Instagram. She is a mainstay in various West Coast punk scenes. Malice first rose to prominence on MySpace, where her brightly colored hair and tattoos raised many eyebrows and gained her legions of followers. Malice’s involvement in the music scene also helped her popularity as she appeared in many music videos and with many bands. She made the switch to Instagram once MySpace declined in popularity, and has stayed there ever since.

It was a late night at Cheetahs. Malice sat perched at the edge of her seat, her bright pink hair loose and gently teased. She’s uninterruptedly sipping a ginger ale and fixing her makeup. Her many tattoos are eye catching, but most prominent tonight are the words inked on her forehead—‘HALF DEAF’, in bold Gothic script, a cheeky reference to the fact that Malice is deaf in one ear.

“I’m a visual person,” she says, “so when Instagram came out and I saw it was about photos, I was like ‘oh, that’s for me.’”

She joined Instagram about a year after it started; a factor that she thinks helped her online success. Instagram, for her, was always a business. As a dancer, she used Myspace and then Instagram to help bring people out to see her. She didn’t expect to be as popular as she became, and is still confused as to how it happened.

“I have no idea why people follow me… I think people just like butts and stuff. And tattoos. And I have butts and tattoos,” she pauses to think, then continues. “And the overall image my butt is attached to.”

Instagram is all about image, and the ability to sell a distinct, interesting image. And while Malice may not have the ‘Instagram face’, she definitely has a distinct image, making her popular in alternative fashion circles. Even in subcultures that are considered explicitly counter culture, like goth and punk, there are standards of beauty, and Malice is the perfect prototypical punk girl.

Malice ponders whether Instagram changed her self-esteem or self-image. She thinks that it made her care about her image more professionally—since her face and body were assets. She was more motivated to care for her hair, skin and body shape. With this confidence, however, came increased scrutiny. Malice’s Instagram had been deleted multiple times, always through being reported by other people. Also, people are vicious in her comments, calling out every flaw visible in her pictures.

“The more [followers] you get, the more haters,” Malice says.

Mackenzie, an ex-influencer, agrees.

“You get more love than hate, but you’re only going to focus on the hate,” Mackenzie says.

Mac, as she prefers to be called, is a young woman originally from Washington State. She’s a young, slender black woman, with wide brown eyes and thick, curly blonde hair. Her Instagram rapidly gained popularity when she was in a photoshoot with more established models that went viral. As her Instagram grew, however, Mac grew unhappy with the app. She was not passionate about Instagram and resented the fact that all she did was post selfies, instead of expressing her personality or artistic side. Her Instagram was hacked and deleted early in 2018.

“I met more people, and I got to do more things, but it does make you more critical about what you post, about yourself,” Mackenzie says.

She began listing insecurities that come with having such a large following, such as not having the curvy body shape now popular on the app. She felt like she was constantly judging herself against the ‘Instagram standard’ and other popular influencers.

More and more, Instagram influencers are setting the beauty standards of our society. Social media was once hailed as a level playing field for diversity, a place where people of all kinds can be seen and heard. That has changed. Instagram influencers are beginning to become more homogenous, and many influencers are now sporting what the New York Post calls the ‘Instagram face’.

This face is basically a copy of the faces of Instagram titans Kim Kardashian and Kylie Jenner—thick sculptured brows, heavy contour, thin nose, and large, plush lips.

Of course, this isn’t necessarily the fault of Instagram—these women exemplify society’s current beauty standards. But the pervasiveness of these images is definitely due to Instagram, as is their accessibility—where before, you would have to buy a magazine or watch T.V. to be confronted with these images, now they are in the palm of your hand. According to the Huffington Post, plastic surgeons are reporting that patients have begun bringing their filtered selfies to consultations to describe the look they are trying to achieve.

“I wonder about apps that really distort your body, like what does that do to kids?” Malice looks at her phone trying to find the answer. “Now, people are distorting themselves on the ‘gram, and if people never see them in real life they think that’s what they really look like.”
Julia Layton, also known as J.Y. Layton, is a Tokyo born artist and designer, living and working in Los Angeles, CA. Her mission is to unite the methods of creative expression by tapping into her fine art and fashion training.

Layton's collaboration with LACC photographer, Sienna Benton, aims to capture the impressions of a utopian universe by reminiscing on memories, dreams, and the bittersweet feelings of nostalgia. The team shot “Vintage Vacation” at Malibu Creek State Park, where the legendary Woolsey Fire almost destroyed its ethereal beauty.
Credits:
“Vintage Vacation”
Models:
Nora Rosenberg
@nudenorora
Felix Lenz
@sir_felix
Designer: Julia Layton
J.Y. Layton
@j.y.layton
jylayton.com
**MIND BLOWN**

[By Sienna Benton]

Photo Courtesy Creative Commons

**Daytime Naps Could Save Your Life**

A nap in the middle of the afternoon can make you more focused, creative and better able to cope with the rest of the day. One study suggested that naps could even reduce your risk of heart attack. People who take regular naps are 37 percent less likely to die from a heart attack or other coronary ailments than someone who works all day without a break.

**Jupiter Rains Diamonds**

Dr. Kevin Baines of the NASA Jet Propulsion Laboratory says the dense atmosphere of Jupiter with its considerable gravity, pressure and heat can squeeze carbon in mid-air — and make it "rain" diamonds.

Baines found that lightning turns methane into soot in the upper atmosphere. After a 1,000-mile fall, the pressure increases and turns it into graphite like the kind you find in pencils. Diamonds only have one more molecule, so by the depth of 6,000 kilometers, the graphite toughens and turns into diamonds. Scientists speculate that cooler planets like Uranus and Neptune contain diamonds in their cores, according to the Business Insider.

**3D Printing Animals**

Scientists at the School of Engineering and Applied Science at Harvard University have recently created a 3D-printed stingray using heart cells from a rat, gold and rubber. This is a breakthrough in the study of robotics.

While excitement grows in the scientific community over the significance to bionics research, skeptics are concerned over ethical and moral questions this new technology may lead to as well as what is means to be a living being.

**Most States Charge a Tax on Tampons**

Women pay more for everyday products than men. A trip to Target could cost over four percent more for women's products that men also use, and over six percent for feminine products like tampons, sanitary pads or birth control.

According to the New York Times, only 10 states have dropped the tampon tax this year. In 2015, Buzzfeed conducted a study to see what the difference in costs was for women versus men shopping at a Target in California. They estimated women were spending an average of $1,351 more than men per year for the same products. Over a span of 40 years, that adds up to a grand total of $54,040.

**Wealth Gap**

In 2017, the Guardian reported that the world’s eight richest people have the same wealth as the world’s poorest 50 percent. In 2018, the Guardian also reported that the wealth gap continued to grow as 42 of the wealthiest people in the world make up 3.7 billion of the world’s poorest population. Below is a list of 2019’s 15 richest people in the world.

1. Jeff Bezos - $136.1 billion - Amazon
2. Bill Gates - $95.7 billion - Microsoft
3. Warren Buffett - $82.7 billion - Berkshire Hathaway
4. Bernard Arnault - $68.1 billion - LVMH
5. Carlos Slim - $64.1 billion - América Movil
6. Amancio Ortega - $61.5 billion - Zara
7. Larry Ellison - $59.6 billion - Oracle
8. Mark Zuckerberg - $54.3 billion - Facebook
9. Larry Page - $49.8 billion - Google
10. Mukesh Ambani - $48.8 billion - Reliance Industries
11. Sergey Brin - $48.6 billion - Google
12. Charles Koch - $48.5 billion - Koch Industries
13. David Koch - $48.6 billion - Koch Industries
14. Michael Bloomberg - $47.1 billion - Bloomberg
15. Jim Walton - $46.1 billion - Walmart

**Incomparable Artist ‘Doodled for Dinner’**

Salvador Dali, the great surrealist painter, loved money. He often ate at restaurants with students and friends. When the bill came, he would write a check and sketch on the backside of it as the waiter looked on. This would create a priceless work of art. No one would cash such a check, and Dali would get out of paying for the meal.

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**Degree Deodorant:**

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**Gillette Shaving Cream:**

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**T-Shirt**

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**Jeans**

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**Neutrogena Face Lotion**

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Giger’s ‘Alien’

40 Years of Fear and Fascination

Movie lovers across the globe lauded and gasped over Ridley Scott’s 1979 film “Alien.” The first installment in what would become one of sci-fi’s biggest movie franchises was an instant and surprising success. The six films in the series have grossed over $1.3 billion at the box office to date. “Alien” also introduced the creature who would become the stuff of nightmares and a symbol of human folly and greed.

[By Jason Piskopus]

Photos by Jason Piskopus
Raul and Gloria met at the Sepulveda Drive-in for their first date after being set up by a friend. They decided ahead of time to see “Alien.” “While talking on the phone, we found out we both love horror and sci-fi. It’s what brought us together,” Raul said. “I got lucky. You don’t meet many females who dig horror movies, and she’s crazy about them.”

Horror isn’t typically the genre of romance, but on that spring night for Raul and Gloria it was. Watching the destruction of innocent lives because of “the company’s” greed and desire for power gave the couple a lot to talk about after their date. “It started a long conversation between us,” Gloria said. “The way he reacted to [the film] said a lot to me about him. He was angry that [the crew] had been used like that — just thrown away. That told me that he cared about people and not just seeing bunch of blood and guts, or trying to get me to grab hold of him.”

Giger’s work disturbs us, spooks us, because of its enormous evolutionary time span. It shows us, all too clearly, where we come from and where we are going. - Timothy Leary

USC’s exhibit in celebration of the 40th anniversary of “Alien” displayed some of H.R. Giger’s artwork including (clockwise from top left) an alien egg, a cross-section of the alien embryo, a “face-hugger” attached to its victim and the original victim found by the crew of the Nostromo. The exhibit also featured other props and artistic renditions made by Giger.
The end of the spring semester ushers in the long-awaited summer. No, not summer session, summer – the season that makes Southern California the reason. The temperate climate lets locals enjoy nature almost year-round, but never more than when the sun shines brightest, the skies are bluest and the temperature is hottest.

Fortunately, the weather is not the only exciting feature about living in Southern California. There is an abundance of places students and their families can go for free. No admittance fees. Simply factor in the cost of a couple of gallons of gas and parking – this is L.A. after all. Don’t forget about the food, which you can find from a multitude of vendors, or go ahead and prepare own, and that’s it. You’re ready to go!

**Air/Space**
Griffith Observatory
California Science Center

The National Aeronautics and Space Administration, known as NASA, is the nation’s space agency. Check their website, www.nasa.gov, for a listing of aerospace and aviation museums locally and throughout the state.

Whether it’s making an appearance in a movie or just on visiting friends’ or relatives’ list of things to do, the Griffith Observatory is a popular destination. It should be visited at least once in your life. Check www.griffithobservatory.org for more info.

The permanent exhibits at the California Science Center, such as the air and space exhibits, are free; but the center offers so much more. Check californiasciencecenter.org to find out for yourself.

**Land**
The Getty
Hammer Museum
Grand Park
Runyon Canyon Park
Kenneth Hahn State Recreation Area
Baldwin Hills Scenic Overlook
Exposition Park, which contains L.A. County’s Natural History Museum; the Rose Garden; the California African American History Museum; and the California Science Center

Many museums charge no admission fees whatsoever. Others charge small fees for certain exhibits and others charge admission fees but waive them on certain days. Check www.socalmuseums.org for museum listings including annual, monthly and weekly “Free Days.”

The natural beauty of the region is most apparent via its dozens of parks and recreation centers. Hitting the hiking trails of these scenic wonders is also good for your health. Go to www.parks.ca.gov, or look up Southern California’s parks at www.stateparks.com to see what beauty awaits you.

**Sea**

California is on the coast! There are too many beaches to name! Some, like the Venice, Santa Monica and Redondo Beaches offer a flourishing pier life that is separate from the waters. Others simply allow you to take in the beauty of the Pacific Ocean unencumbered. Check www.californiabeaches.com.

The above is just a snippet of some of the places that are free to visit in L.A. County. Counties adjacent to Los Angeles also hold innumerable treasures to behold. Many of these places offer free or reduced general admission depending on the day or time.

In addition, there’s also the “secret weapon” we have at our disposal: your LACC student I.D.

Students usually get a discount just about everywhere. Most times discount pricing information is readily viewable. If you don’t see anything related to a student discount, just ask.

For rest and relaxation, a price tag is not always attached. When it comes to enjoying the beauty, splendor and wonder of California, the saying “some of the best things in life are free,” really rings true.

Now get out there and enjoy!
WWII guys still in school. Maybe they'd been discharged. Buddy with his fat Yid ass. His Chicago salami breath. Buddy with his sweaty face. His "Jewishness" in this day and age of assimilation and the nobody like Buddy. The Jews couldn't stand him because of attending State. There were plenty of Jews, all right, but Epstein, George Cotliar and Norm Dash were still around, like Buddy. Chicago style, he'd say. Make 'em read it.

Schools (all hot shot high school editors from Wilson and Roosevelt, Manual, Jeff and L.A.) we couldn't turn a phrase like Buddy, Chicago style, he'd say. Make 'em read it.

Dan Bockman was editor in Fall '52; Bob Epstein, George Cotliar and Norm Dash were still around, attending State. There were plenty of Jews, all right, but nobody like Buddy. The Jews couldn't stand him because of his "Jewishness" in this day and age of assimilation and the gentiles hated him because of his "Jewishness" in this day and age of assimilation.

Buddy with his know-it-all attitude. Buddy with his Chicago salami breath. Buddy with his sweaty face. Buddy with his fat Yid ass.

But he could write.

Veterans of Korea were in class. There were some WWII guys still in school. Maybe they'd been discharged and then decided on college. 1952 wasn't that far removed from Anzio and Tarawa although we didn't know that.

The Red Cars still ran up and down Vermont Avenue and there were cross-town streetcars and busses on Melrose and Santa Monica. I lived in the Valley and had a car.

It was a 1939 Oldsmobile that someone had painted gray with a brush. Truly, that Oldsmobile was a sight to behold. When I told people I lived in the Valley they kind of looked at me funny and said Jesus.

Thirty years later I was told that Mel Brooks had once said that if you liked the Valley, you'd hate Paris.

In those days there was a sign on Cahuenga Blvd. around Barham Blvd. erected by a real estate broker or the realty board. It read Get Lots While You Are Young.

The City I department was an island unto itself. We lived, slept, ate and died The Collegian. There was a little interplay with Theater Arts and Physical Education because we were all future Brooks Atkinson drama critics or Ned Cronin sports writers so we found ourselves going to their cast parties or beer busts. But, for the most part, the budding journalists did college on our own. Us against the world.

The editorial offices and presses were in the Engineering Building. In front of the City Room door there was a bench. Nobody ever sat on the bench. You sat on the back of the bench, with your feet on the seat. You smoked Luckies, read John Beckman's Santa Anita pix, looked at girls, laughed at the Oriental engineering students with slide rules on hip, made up limericks about girls, spoke unkindly about Mrs. Lambeau's daughter and tried to find someone who had actually done a report on the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Sometimes Mrs. Lambeau or Mr. Hoffman or Mr. Green would come by after a meeting with department chairs or administrators and sigh that sound of resignation to tell us they were on our side. Administrators and deans, department chairmen and others in the power structure were the guys who made it through the depression, made it through the war, made it through a university and crapped out.

City wasn't their first choice. It was hardly anybody's first choice. I wanted to go SC, but it was $15 a unit. Might have been a million. It was the time of Stevenson vs. Eisenhower. Intellectual against military. Nobody I knew voted for Ike. We hated him. Joe McCarthy was riding high. Everybody and his brother was a Communist, said Joe. We hated him. An anti-McCarthy group sprang up that had something to do with a Green Feather or Robin Hood. Matt Weinstock quoted me in the Daily News and I became a bit of a celebrity. Everybody read Weinstock because he went to LACC 15 or 20 years earlier.

Lunch was eaten at the Pepper Tree, a lovely shaded patio restaurant on the east side of Vermont across from school. The Pepper Tree Burger consisted of two hamburger patties, cheese, grilled onions, a special barbecue sauce on a giant sesame seed bun with a side of French fries. Correct me if I'm wrong, but a Pepper Tree Burger cost less than $1.

Problem was, nobody had the buck. A couple of days a week I ate at Ed's, a veritable sewer of your life. If I went more than a day or two without an Ed's 45-cent double-double dog, he'd put his fat fingers on my shoulder and say, hey, schmuck, you didn't violate. He meant validate.

The word was schmuck. No conversational sentence was started or ended without the use of the word at beginning or end or both. Schmuck, give me a 1A-1 head for Student Council story. Hey, schmuck, wanna get lunch? Did you see the game, schmuck?

But when you spoke about, with or to Buddy, he was a schmuck. His pants drooped and his shirts reeked. His hair was a mop and his shoes needed wiping.

He was in the City Room at dawn and at dusk. It was his home. "Earl, dollink," he'd whine in a mock ethnic sing-song, "maybe you could get this set sometime today?"

Buddy actually read editorials. The rest of the guys knew about Waterfield and Van Brocklin. Buddy knew about right to work laws. He read on the bus up Vermont Avenue and he read hunched over a hamburger. He read when he sat in the city desk slot and in the toilet. He read The Times and The Examiner and The Herald and The Mirror and The News. You could do that in 1952. He knew everything.

And he could write.

If there was a tough story about some convoluted stupid student government issue, give it to Buddy. If there was a lousy feature about some teacher's schmuck kid, give it to Buddy. If there was need for an editorial about keeping the campus clean, hell, give it to Buddy.

Buddy could write anything.

The year passed. And the next. Buddy and I became friends. In the final days of the Spring term, I ran for editor, Fall '54. Buddy Klang and Jim Butler opposed me. Buddy Klang? Jim Butler, OK. But, Buddy Klang? Mr. Sweat from Chicago? Garlic breath? The fat schmuck?

He almost won.

Buddy mounted a great campaign and convinced a lot of people that he could write, edit and run a college newspaper 20 times better than Butler and 50 times better than Mintz. Both of us were OK, he'd admit, but for the good of "The Collegian," vote for Klang.

He came in third. It was close.

I appointed him Managing Editor. We made plans. We would meet in mid-August and start it rolling. I gave him added authority. The truth was, he could run The Collegian 50 times better than Mintz.

Instead of going home to Chicago for the summer and a job in some clothing store owned by his uncle, he volunteered to go to UniCamp as a counselor. That's where Buddy Klang got polio and died.
STREETMEETLA

Photos by Alex Corzo
ARTIST’S STATEMENT

I discovered StreetmeetLA through Instagram this year. I realized that they had been around for many years doing the same thing. I am more of a landscape photographer. But when I saw the meetups, I fell in love with the creative people and how they create a different costume every time.

I met a lot of really good people—not only performers, but photographers. And also models who want to collaborate with me on my personal projects.

A group of people who want to perform participate in StreetmeetLA. They attend different meetings every month during the year. The purpose is to connect creative people with photographers, videographers and models and share information. A collaboration.

Alex Corzo @alxcorzoph
Page 60 (Top). Seraphina Rose
@demoniccupcake_official
“I guess you could say I’m just a space alien cupcake of doom who loves everything to do with art. As a queer and autistic artist, I spent a lot of my childhood and adolescence trying to mitigate my own personal sense of self in a culture that didn’t accept that. Visual expression of self, became super important in how I expressed myself and the world around me. This fuels the desire to build costumes, do makeup and even perform.”

Page 60 (Lower). Marquis Collins
@iamjustcause
“Define myself is hard. If I had to try, I guess I would simply be the guy you couldn’t define. I just work hard with all I do and put my heart into everything be it good or bad.”
THOSE WHO HOST LOSE THE MOST

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