

College students enter the world of tattoos

By Billy Berkenbile
 • The Daily O'Collegian
 Oklahoma State U.

No, they weren't drunk.
 Yes, it hurt. A little.
 And yes, damn it, it's real.

Above are the responses to the most commonly asked tattoo questions. Don't ever ask a tattooed person those questions. Especially the last one.

"It's so infuriating," said Dee Dee Parker, Oklahoma State U. senior. "Is it real? 'No, I draw it on every morning.'"

At the beginning of her search for the perfect parlor, Parker came across some shops straight out of a Hell's Angels textbook. "There were some really frightening ones," she said. "They smelled like urine." She also found a discount "Buy one get one free" parlor.

But the parlor in Houston where Parker had her tattoo "done" shatters part of The Great American Tattoo Myth.

"It was as clean as a hospital," she said. "It was strange. He sprayed all this junk on my leg and everything was in alcohol. He had (surgical) gloves on and every needle was brand new. I saw him take it out of the package.

"The people here are surprised. They think you probably had to go to this really seedy place with towels with blood all over them."

Chances are good the only parlors that exist in Oklahoma are the really seedy ones. In 1963, the state declared tattooing a misdemeanor punishable by a \$500 fine or 90 days in jail.

But David Adams, a Bennett cafeteria night cook, was tattooed in Stillwater without experiencing jail or seedy parlors. "A friend did mine," he said. "But I wouldn't advise anyone to get one unless it's professionally done."

The closest professionals are in Texas and Kansas, but no matter where the tattoo is done, the experience seems to be about the same.

"I'd be lying if I said it didn't hurt," said senior Joel Lynch. "It wasn't unbearable. But the guy right before me passed out, so it was like, 'Ohhh, I don't know.' It just felt like a lot of little pin pricks, though."

Adams felt more than pins. "It's like someone chewing on your arm for three hours," he said. "It bled bad."

OSU football player Mike Aboussie said the time spent in pain is definitely worth the gain.

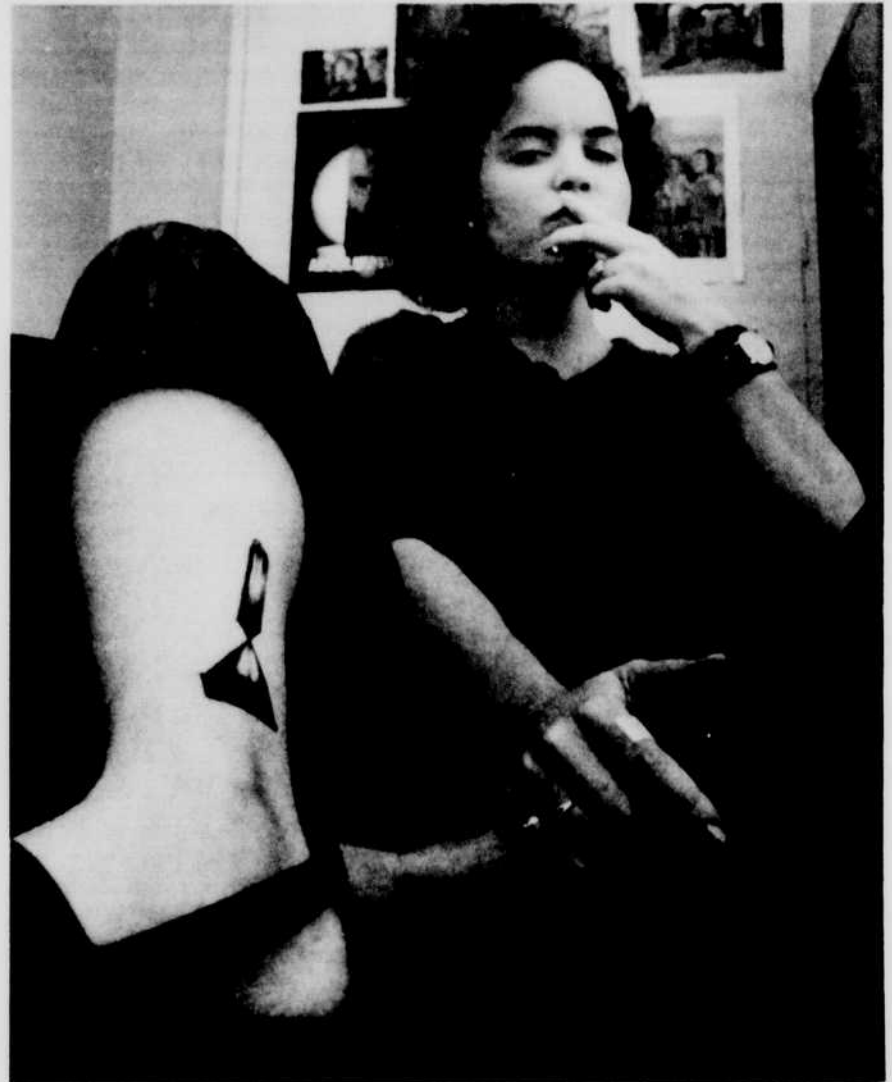
"Girls like it," he said of his Mickey Mouse. "It's kinda a come-on type deal. It helps strike a conversation. Girls go (in high voice), 'Oh! Where'd you get that? I love it!'"

Aboussie said his tattoo also serves as a permanent spring wardrobe addition.

"In the winter you can put on a short sleeve or long sleeve," he said, "and nobody ever notices it. When spring comes along, you can just throw on that tank top and it's like it's brand new again. Everybody starts asking you questions again."

Lynch said strange looks blossom when the seasons change.

"When it warms up," he said, "you start wearing shorts and people are like, 'Wow! He's different than I thought he was.'"



Oklahoma St. U. student Dee Dee Parker displays her tattoo.

Coffeehouse

Continued from page 8

in my class last fall when I was new at Penn," said Assistant English Professor Lynda Hart. "We talked quite a bit about the lack of a place here to test out a new play, have a poetry reading or just hang out."

The five partners, who started renovating the space in August, were able to get all of the furnishings at thrift shops. The major expenses were for a new cappuccino machine and electrical work.

Back in the second room, dubbed the "Leopard Lounge" for its striped chair coverings, George Pavlinsky, a recent graduate from Rider College, smiled as he listened to Harry Belafonte singing "Day-O" on the vintage hi-fi set.

"The place is just dripping with atmosphere," Pavlinsky said. "It's definitely something to see if you are bored with the local scene."

Out on the back patio, seniors Joe Nelson and Doug Lieberman huddled over a candle.

"It's really jumpy in there," Lieberman said, referring to the three rooms inside. "But out here it's really nice and peaceful."

The cafe is currently staffed by the five owners, who can't yet afford to hire help. Hours are 2 p.m. to 2 a.m. on weekdays and 2 p.m. to 4 a.m. on weekends.

At any rate, Thornbury said, the team's motive is really just to break even. More important than financial success, Thornbury said, will be the reward if Espresso Bongo turns into a cultural meeting place for both the university and the community.

Classic paintings adorn dormitory walls

By Eric Smith

• The Daily Californian
 U. of California, Berkeley

Signed, original prints of work by such artists as Picasso, Rembrandt, Goya and Chagall are gracing the walls of U. of California, Berkeley students' apartments and dormitory rooms this semester.

Students, faculty and staff were given the opportunity to borrow prints from the university's library at the beginning of the semester. The program is a revival of one that has existed at Berkeley in past years.

"It's a good service for students," said Alex Warren, head of the university library that provides the prints. "It gives students and faculty a chance to hang something on a wall they wouldn't ordi-

narily have.

"They can see the difference between a poster and a real work of art."

While posters are typically made through photographic means, Warren explained, these prints are etchings, lithographs, engravings or silkscreens usually produced in limited runs supervised by the artists.

Students pay a \$3 service fee to borrow prints, which range in value from \$500 to \$1,500, Warren said.

Borrowers must sign an agreement accepting responsibility for the print.

Many students expressed surprise that they could borrow the work of such artists.

"My cat hangs on the drapes, so I can't imagine what she would do to fine art," sophomore Maya Emshwiller said.

Faculty members were also surprised. "I knew you could check out works of

art, but I wasn't aware it was by such major artists," said history of art Chair Andrew Stuart.

Warren said he believes the collection is the only service of its kind in the Bay Area and "probably very unique" among major universities.

The collection was started in 1958 through a grant by the Columbia Foundation. The collection at that time numbered 158 prints; it now contains almost 2,000.

Journalism professor David Littlejohn was a UC Berkeley undergraduate from 1955 through 1959 and was one of the first to borrow from the collection. Littlejohn said he remembers that the two original prints he and his roommate put up "really did impress our friends."

"The only way you could get what you wanted was to get there early," he said.

Horror

Continued from page 8

it shows up, its cult worshippers come out of the woodwork.

Be forewarned, "Rocky Horror" is not for the weak of heart, and you will get wet.

Prior to screenings, restrooms are filled with fans getting ready to perform the movie on stage in front of the screen.

The plot involves a couple (Susan Sarandon and Barry Bostwick) who are traveling down a road on a dark and stormy night (yes, it really was dark and stormy). Their car just happens to break

down and they just happen to be near a castle, where they go to use the phone.

The fun really starts when the two meet up with the sweet transvestite from transsexual Transylvania, Frank N. Furter (Tim Curry), who makes a better-looking woman than man. What ensues is a lot of kinky sex and singing.

What makes the show, however, is the camaraderie, the atmosphere, and the chances to yell obscenities at a movie screen without getting in trouble. Usually, the louder and more obnoxious you are, the better. However, there is a certain organization within the chaos.

For instance, every time the maid and butler get together, people begin to chant

"elbow sex, elbow sex, elbow sex." Also, at designated times both toilet paper and rice are thrown throughout the theater.

If all of this isn't weird enough, there is always the infamous "Time Warp" dance.

At a designated point in the movie everyone files up to the front, and even the extremely self-conscious find themselves gyrating their hips to the bizarre tune.

There is some danger to all this. For instance, you could get hit on the head with an entire roll of toilet paper, or you could get soaking wet. Or worse, you could really enjoy yourself and become one of the regulars.