

REPORTER REACHES OUT TO HOMELESS WOMAN

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Many times in my life I have looked at the world through my rose colored glasses. With a low toleration of people who, I felt, would not help themselves; often times I shunned the very people that needed my help the most. Countless times I passed a beggar on the streets without a dime to spare. It was through Louise Jubero that I came to realize that good or bad, we are nothing more than products of our environment. Furthermore, many of the nation's homeless are there because the need medical and mental treatment, not just a warm bed and a week's pay.

When Louise walked into Dunkin' Donuts she looked as if she was a preferred customer at the Seven Dollar Store. I watched from the corner of my eye as she fumbled through a lint filled pocket for some coffee money. "This should be rich" I thought to myself. My internal laughter did not subside until I caught a glimpse of her medical identification bracelet and her name.

"Louise is a nice name", I spoke rather directly. "I was in the hospital" Louise said

"What on earth for?" not that I didn't know. "Craft Disease" she replied smugly. "Huh?" feeling a little less brilliant. "Can't remember a f---ing thing" she blurted out. "Where am I?" was the question that broke our laughter.

I bought Louise a bowl of soup and went outside to the phone to find her a place to stay. After being passed through six departments the hospital kindly explained Louise was not their responsibility.

"Whose then?" was all I could ask as I slammed the phone down.

Louise kept a shirt, blanket and pants in a shopping bag, which she clutched very tightly as she got in my car. My cassette collection wouldn't fit in that shopping bag was all I could think as I headed out of the lot.

Louise was a 12 year old trapped in a women's body. I really wanted to help.

I started towards the Bethesda Mission in Harrisburg, this was the only place I knew that helped the homeless. If there are so many shelters for the homeless, why can't I name more?

"I've been on the road for about a year" Louise spoke hesitantly.



"What about shelters?" WASPy little me asked. "Nice ones is filled and the rest is jammed with rats and sickos, I ain't no sicko" Louise looked toward the floor.

As I walked the steps of the mission a maze of eyes and empty comments opened my mind just a little. Most of the men seemed to be missing more than hair from their heads, not everyone but they

needed more than just a spatula and an apron. But the Bethesda Mission doesn't accept women, so on we

trekked to the women's mission.

The women's mission was nondescript like faces in a crowd. I may have missed it if Louise hadn't been there before. At last the story comes to a happy ending, or so I thought.

India, the director of the women's mission met me at the dead bolted security door. Easy to find, to stay, hell you can't even walk in without permission. The shelter houses battered women so this is a good thing.

Louise began to pace frantically as India and I spoke.

"The shelter is filled, has been for months," India explained.

"What can I do with Louise" as if she wasn't human.

"She has two days left at the Warner," India said sadly.

"What then?" I asked. "Unfortunately, the street is where most end up." This was not the answer I was looking for.

"The Warner is a dump" Louise cried as we headed toward town.

At this point I fully understood why so many people are homeless. Nice shelters are full; places like the Warner are unfit for

human habitation, and people like Louise do not have the mental capacity to hold a steady job.

Over and over in my head "the Warner is a dump" all I could think as I drove down Herr Street.

The Warner smelled like piss and cigarettes, there is no nice way to say it. Louise sat on the steps and stared at the ground, no place like home.

"The Warner is a dump" was the last I heard from Louise.

LOSER CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

How could a song that boasts "I'm a loser baby so why don't you kill me" become anthem? Well, in this age of the "slacker" mentality it's relatively easy. In fact, the song is pretty cool as is the 4 song ep entitled "Loser".

Beck combines "Beastie Boys" style rap with overblown "grunge" guitar and hilarious lyrics to create this music. Beck also incorporates a type of psychedelia into his songs that is both innovative and different than alot of todays music.

"Alcohol" is an acoustic guitar tune with droned vocals that sound like one of the worst hangovers ever to infest a saturated mind. The tune remains pretty straight forward until the ending when the guitar feedback is introduced and then some type of ritual drumming on tin cans is incorporated.

"Fume" is by far the coolest song on this release and is a bit like something that Nirvana would be capable of doing. The song is a prolific recount of two guys hanging out, buying donuts and inhaling nitrous oxide. The chorus repeats a thunderous refrain "There's a fume in this truck and I don't know if we're dead or what. What the F***!!!!!!!"

If this is any indication of how the album "Mellow Gold" sounds, then it is apparent that Beck is experimenting with music and sounds that are in a class all by themselves. I would probably not recommend this album to anyone who is offended easily. But what the hell, America? Isn't it time we all loosened up?

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"My face was numb. It was maybe 25 degrees out, there was snow on the ground, and right in front of my apartment door was a bum wearing a Mets T-shirt freezing to death. I stepped around him and went in. I thought, 'great, just the ending I needed to an already lousy day.' Just then, this sick feeling came over me. Forget me, what about that guy? I went to my closet and pulled out a coat I haven't worn since college. I stood there, feeling dumb. Was he going to be mad if I give him a hand-out? He's freezing to death. I opened my door and handed him the clothes. He put them on and stared at me. Then he walked away. It was weird but it was good. I'm not the Salvation Army, but giving out a coat isn't all that hard."

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