

In Pursuit of a Dream: To Myanmar and Beyond

Charlie Counselman
Staff Writer

Visit a place not on any map. Discover a new species. Stay with the last surviving family of a near extinct race of pygmy people. Establish the boundaries for a new national park.

These were the goals of Professor Alan Rabinowitz when he set out on his expedition into the northernmost tip of Myanmar (officially called Burma until 1990), near the borders with China, Tibet, and India. It is a place where alchemy has not yet evolved into modern chemistry. Forest spirits are worshipped. Every ten miles hosts a different tribal group. The microclimates of the eastern Himalayas produce micro cultures of tribal people and species of animals little known to science.

The book chronicles of the five separate journeys Rabinowitz made to northern Myanmar over

the course of the 1990s. Most of the story deals with his experiences during the two-month expedition that he conducted with over 40 officials from the Myanmar Forest Department and military.

Having visited Myanmar myself, just the fact that the author was able to get all the permits from the government required for such an expedition made me want to read the book simply to see how he did it. Myanmar government bureau-

cracy makes a morning at the DMV seem like a quick trip to a

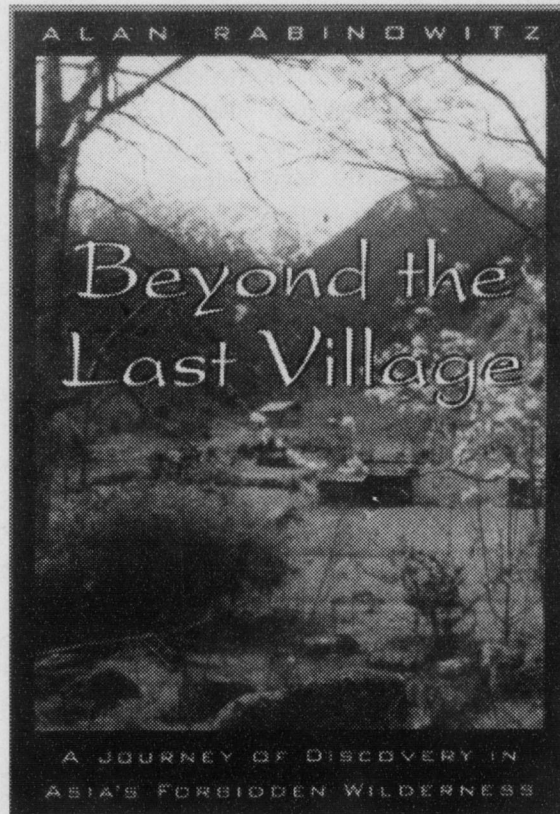
fast food drive-through.

The two month expedition takes Rabinowitz to Tahundan, the northernmost village in Myanmar at the edge of the Himalayas. With the cooperation of local villagers, Rabinowitz is able to journey and share the bond that they feel with the mountains. His descriptions of the stories that they told him about hunting in the mountains are hilarious. "They described feelings of 'love' that tormented them when they were away from the area," Rabinowitz writes. "One hunter said he asked his wife not to wash his clothes for at least a week after he returned, so that he would still be able to smell the mountains. She was convinced that he had

fallen in love with another woman. Another hunter told me of seeing 'snow people' covered in white hair. The snow women were beautiful, he said, but their legs were ugly. He too quarreled with his wife, who was convinced that he had made love to these women."

While the story takes 280 pages to tell, the writing style is kept simple providing for a quick, entertaining read. The author kept his scientific findings abbreviated to keep the attention of the readers not pursuing Masters degrees in wildlife biology or conservation.

Most of all, *Beyond the Last Village* offers a glimpse at the thoughts of someone who has pushed himself to the limit in the pursuit of his goal. As such, he accomplished what some Guilford College students might someday pursue, and what even more are capable of.



Your Tummy Will Thank You, So Will Your Date

Jeremy Ball
Greensboro Life Editor

The appearance of parental figures on campus usually calls for a nicer dinner out than a student could afford alone. When my own came to town last weekend, I decided to hit them up for Market Street West. I'd never been, but had heard rave reviews. They weren't unfounded.

One step inside and it became obvious that Market Street West is a far cry from family-oriented chain steak houses. The dim dining room is done in shades of maroon and mahogany, furnished with comfy

chairs and linen-topped tables. The staff was courteous and efficient, and didn't even frown at our blue jeans and t-shirts — although I'll dress more smartly for my next trip.

We decided against appetizers, but the server still provided us with massive hot rolls and a vegetable tray with berry cream cheese sauce for dipping. Soon after, salads were delivered; several entrees require salad to be ordered a la carte at a cost of \$4-\$5, but those chosen by my party included either salad or an "accompaniment." House and Caesar salads both proved ex-

cellent choices. A Beefsteak Tomato salad and Iceberg Wedge are also offered.

Three diners opted for the Choice Boneless Ribeye, eleven ounces of beef for \$17.75. Steaks were juicy and tasty — the natural flavor of the meat wasn't hidden under unnecessary sauces. The six-ounce Filet Mignon, at \$17.50, was just as palatable. As one diner put it, "Cooked to perfection. A little pricey for the portion size, but excellent." My steak was served with Au Gratin Potato Casserole, a large helping of rich, cheesy potato chunks that made me glad I had

decided on a side rather than salad!

A friend's Breast of Chicken Cordon Bleu (\$16) was cooked perfectly and presented well in a baking dish, but was almost too laden with cheese. To quote him directly, "Cheese. Cheese on top of cheese. Then some chicken...its still good, though!"

Dishes less "meat dependent" were also excellent. The sauce on the Pasta Primavera (\$14) was properly light and creamy. "The vegetables," quoth the lucky recipient of this dish, "are crisp and fresh."

The only true disappointment

of the evening was the dessert. The Crème Brulee (\$5) was a bit too runny, the crust a little too easy to crack. No other desserts were sampled; perhaps it was just a bad choice. At least the coffee was excellent, as Market Street West serves and sells their own blend.

Market Street West certainly isn't the place to go when you're down to pocket change. But if you can fork out the green (or get someone else to), you'll be rewarded with top-notch food in a classy atmosphere. Keep it in mind for family visits and impressive dates