Council calls for arbitration to resolve A-3 elections

The results from the A-3 Assembly's October election have still not been released, and some have challenged their validity.

By Tammy Reiss

With the Oct. 28 elections for the Executive Board of the A-3 Assembly still unannounced, the University Council Steering Committee has called for an arbitrator to resolve several questions about the legitimacy of the election.

Yesterday, the committee gave School of Social Work administrative assistant Paul Lukasiak and the sitting Executive Board a chance to participate in an eight open positions, and only 21 of the eligible voters out ballots.

University Council's interest in the election arises from the fact that the A-3 Assembly Chairperson — currently Karen Wheeler, an administrative assistant at the University — holds a seat on Council. If the election was not fairly conducted, Wheeler could be sitting on Council in violation of its by-laws.

Wheeler, who is the only A-3 member permitted to speak about election issues, declined to comment, adding that she would not say whether the Assembly would participate in arbitration.

In October, however, she had explained that some people attended a mandatory candidates meeting.

But A-3 Election Committee Chairperson Wharton Real Estate Center administrative assistant Dorothy Stewart said she told Lukasiak he would have to resign after the By October 28, the committee had also received requests for election results also brought the issue to Council's attention.

Wells and other Council members stressed that the issue at hand is not a sim

Hart advisor to speak at College graduation

William Shore is now an anti-hunger activist. Former Social Security head Shirley Chater will address Nursing.

By Michael Bros

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The University awaits confirmation of two other speakers. William Shore, an anti-hunger activist and advisor to former Democratic pres
dential candidate Gary Hart, will address the College class of '85 at Franklin Field.

The College of General Studies did not respond to repeated phone calls and a letter report.

Shore, a 1977 College graduate, found his way into University class rooms. "We thought it'd be nice to have speakers who contributed to the College," he said. "I thought it'd be nice to have someone from our College who would contribute to the world." Shore describes his transition from leg

The University's Open Expression Committee — a branch of the VPC office — recommended that the Assembly Chairperson Altschuler's suit had alleged that a Law professor in 1993 Law School graduate Howard Altschuler's

By Tammy Reiss

Many students may not have con

considered how the "DisPENNers," which provide chalk and erasers, found their way into University classroom

But they are among the many ini

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"It's often cold, and the ideal condi

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Provost's committee 'disPENNses' change

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Suing the Lawyers

University Police

Police close to arrest in robbery cases

By Scott Laman

Police are close to arresting a suspect wanted in connection with two recent robberies of University students.

In a pre trial decision March 20, United States District Judge Leslie Batton dismissed most of 180 Law School graduate Howard Altschuler's

The lawsuit stems from an incident from

Last Sunday, which they believe were committed by the same suspect.

In the two incidents — which occurred Thursday and Monday — a perpetrator followed the students into their residence halls and threatened to kill them if they did not give him money.

Several weeks after the election, Lukasiak approached Vice Provost for University Life Vincent Sindi-Cape McClosky, who ad

remedial politics to activism is his 1995 book Revolution at the Heart.

If there are two lines in my life, I re-

member immediately into a state of conscious-

ness," he writes. "One was three days after my mother died suddenly and I was young. The other was the after-

noon my mother died suddenly and I was young.

Shore was one of the few Hart advi

tors who remained loyal to the former presidential candidate after his fall from grace.

"I decided, I don't care what this pay

See GRADUATION, page 4
Mayor Ed Rendell shares his political wit and wisdom

By Mike Jacaruso

Mayor Ed Rendell met with University students yesterday at an "opening up" of the new Levitt Music Hall. He was introduced by University President Roger D. Willcox to discuss the experiences and political leadership that shaped the policies of his administration.

Speaking candidly about his entrance into the political arena, Mr. Rendell noted that he started out as a "politics for fun" type of politician. He recalled that he first got involved in politics when he saw the potential for change in the Democratic party, and how he used his political wit and wisdom to bring about that change.

Mr. Rendell also spoke about his time as Mayor of Philadelphia, where he worked hard to make the city a safer and more prosperous place. He mentioned his work with crime victims and how he was able to bring them peace at last. He also spoke about his term as Pennsylvania Attorney General, where he was able to make the office a more effective and efficient place.

Despite his political success, Mr. Rendell remained humble and down-to-earth, always ready to listen and learn from others. He emphasized the importance of listening to the people and being responsive to their needs.

Mr. Rendell's words were met with enthusiasm from the students, who were eager to hear from such a distinguished political leader.

The event was organized by the University's political science department, and was open to all students and faculty.

For more information, please call 1-800-771-4NYU, ext. 918.
Health System official to take housing post in mayor's office

By Rachel Rosenfield

After six years with the University, Health System Director of Government Relations Michael Nardone announced his resignation. He will take a post as deputy managing director for Mayor Ed Rendell's office.

"I have spent much of my time at the University working on health-related legislation and government policy, with an additional focus on health care reform," he said. "I am leaving the University to pursue a challenging new role in city government." Nardone added that "one of the benefits of my work at the University is that it dovetails with a desire to undertake a new professional challenge in a newly defined health care marketplace, and that's really the truth of the matter." He said he would focus on "a range of issues that affect the University and its mission, including health care reform, public health policy, and government policies that affect the Medical Center." Nardone's departure is not expected to affect the University's ability to manage its own health care programs, officials said. The University has announced that it will replace Nardone with an interim director of government relations.

The University of Pennsylvania School of Arts and Sciences present: Rethinking Adam Smith

Wednesday, April 2, 1997

A symposium exploring the past, present, and future implications of Adam Smith's economic theories, held in conjunction with the economics department's Economic Day activities.

Adams Smith: Past and Present

2:00 to 4:00 p.m.
Rainey Auditorium in the University Museum

Speakers: Nobel laureate Douglas North, professor of economics at Washington University, will address history and Adam Smith. Jeffrey D. Sachs, director of the Harvard Institute for International Development and professor of international affairs at Harvard University, will speak on applying Adam Smith's economic theories today.

Moderator: Nobel laureate Lawrence Klein, professor emeritus of economics at the University of Pennsylvania School of Arts and Sciences.

The Legacy of Adam Smith

4:30 to 6:00 p.m.
Rainey Auditorium in the University Museum

Speakers: John Kenneth Galbraith, professor emeritus of economics at Harvard University, and Robert Barro, professor of economics at Harvard University, will discuss Adam Smith in the 21st Century.

For more information, see the Steering Symposium web page at http://www.columbia.edu/Departments/Arts_Sciences/SteeringSymp/ or contact mastele@berk.columbia.edu or (212) 959-2431

This program is generously funded by Gaylord and Paul Steinberg.

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LAWSUIT from page 1

Diver said yesterday that the instructor told Altschuler he opposed. After a few weeks, however, the instructor told Altschuler he would handle a different position than the one he had been offered.

"He had the skills, temperament and vision that we were looking for," Diver said. "But he felt he wasn't comfortable in the position he was offered." Diver said he explained that the Health System already has a list of several "behavior problems" to replace Nardone, both from inside and outside the University. But she refused to identify the candidates, noting that "some (of them) have been notified yet."
Classroom committee cleans up campus

PROVOST from page 1
Professor and committee member Cristie Collins Judd explained: "It's not just a band-aid — it's a complete approach to how best to use available space," said Judd, who joined the committee last fall.

Classroom committee cleans up campus

Committee draws on the participation of departments and faculty from throughout the University — from the Schools of Engineering and Applied Science, the Music Department, the School of Fine Arts, the School of Humanities, to the law school — and students from the College of Liberal Arts, School of Engineering and Applied Science, and School of Business Administration. The committee has identified the improvements that need to be made, and is working to make them happen.

As a result of the committee's work, the University of Pennsylvania has made over 100 classrooms in the University's buildings available for use. The committee has also identified over 100 additional classrooms that need to be made available.

The committee's work has been funded by a generous donation from the University's Endowment Fund. The committee will continue to work until all classrooms are made available for use.

Cristie Collins Judd
Music Professor

Want to know tomorrow's news today?

Copy edit:
call Michael Mugmon
898-6585 ext. 141

Before final exams are even over, you could have your Summer planned.

Pick up a copy of the 1997 Summer Sessions Catalog at your home school, at the Office of Summer Sessions in the College of General Studies, 3440 Market Street, Suite 100, or look for us on Locus. Walk this Monday, Wednesday, or Friday.

SAS, Nursing graduation speakers

GRADUATION from page 1

were to discuss how to go about the renovations. According to Chodorow, there are many classrooms in the University that will need constant attention to keep them up to date.

The renovation committee determines the list of priorities, the most current work, and budget considerations. The committee has overseeing responsibilities for the classroom renovations and the renovation of the University's libraries.

The University's Campus Planning Committee and the University's Facilities Committee have been working together to plan the University's renovation projects.

A group of work-study students, under the direction of Classroom Facilities Coordinator John Stevens, maintains much of the work that has been implemented.

Classroom committee cleans up campus

"The process is exciting because it provides incentives for faculty to think innovatively about new kinds of teaching," Fleinlen said.

Among the many recent work, the committee has overseen renovations in 10 classrooms in the Towne Hall.

The "ultimate goal" is to renovate all classrooms in the Pennsylvania College for Women.

"This is an ongoing process — there are many classrooms in the University that will need constant attention to keep them up to date," Stein said.

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Discussion addresses responses to violence

By Emily Miller

Wednesday, April 2, 1997

Aiming to direct the difficulties of dealing with the random acts of violence that have grown disturbingly commonplace, several relatives and friends of people touched by such violence came together at the Newman Center Sunday night to offer a message of hope.

Richard Rosin spoke of his daughter’s suicide following the 1994 murders of her fiancé, Penn graduate student Al-Moez Alimohamed.

"They intended to spend the rest of their lives together," Rosin told the audience. "They wanted to make the journey from fear to hope." John and Kathy Polec, whose 16-year-old son Eddie was killed in Northeast Philadelphia in 1994, delivered a similar message.

"I think all the parents here have made the journey from fear to hope," Polec said. "They didn't give up and we feel that the tragedy we suffered could save another child." Despite the heartbreaking stories featured during the evening, all the speakers managed to relay a message of hope as well.

"I think all the parents here have made that journey from fear to hope," said Rosin. "We didn't give up and we feel that the tragedy we suffered could save another child."
**EDITORIAL & OPINION**

**Just charge it to my PennCard**

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**Back to the Night**

In her after-life experience, Bobo questions the creator...

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**S سابقando DePrado**

In the past three years we have only concluded a section in the city, and the meaning of the term "Back the Night" has become a crisper entendre. Just as the city's '80s nightlife is as vivid as the city's '90s dining scene, so is the meaning of "Back the Night" evolving. And in that evolution, the meaning of the term is not static. It changes daily, every day, every second. And that is why the concept of "Back the Night" is so important. It is the idea of taking back the night, of reclaiming the city for its residents. It is the idea of making the city a safer and more vibrant place to live.

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**Taking Back the Night**

"Takin Back the Night" is a program that is designed to empower survivors of sexual violence and to create a safer environment for all. It is a program that is run by survivors themselves, and it is a program that is designed to make a real difference. It is a program that is run by survivors themselves, and it is a program that is designed to make a real difference. It is a program that is run by survivors themselves, and it is a program that is designed to make a real difference. It is a program that is run by survivors themselves, and it is a program that is designed to make a real difference. It is a program that is run by survivors themselves, and it is a program that is designed to make a real difference.
Computing support pilot project to expand next fall

By Tammy Reino

The Daily Pennsylvanian

Residence Life Director Chris Dennis explained that the InfoTech Primary Support Project will "personalize computer support in all 11 program residences — including six college houses and five first-year houses — along the lines of a pilot program in the Van Pelt Complex.

This will create a system to provide computer support 12 hours a day and seven days a week... with the help of the Residential Computing support pilot aides, or ITAs, and five college computing support specialists, or "backup" for the ITAs. The support will be available year-round.

A student work-study program has already begun in each of the residences, according to Residential Faculty Council President Chris Johnson.

The ITAs will complete a three-day training program starting the beginning of school in the fall.

"We experimented with one residence last semester, and it worked well," Dennis said last month. "We've found that these houses are programs where this new system can be done very effect-

ively." Dennis noted that these program houses have "a tradition of delivering the answers to the students... in the House.

The project will soon have an As-

sistant Director for Residential Com-

puting to coordinate the training.

And implementation of the project will coincide with the installation of high-speed Internet access. This will allow the houses to provide Internet access to the student houses next year, as a program this fall.

Two other features of the Van Pelt computing system will be extended into the 11 houses this fall. As a program this fall will provide a library assistant adviser on our library help and a student in each college house to help with the MAPLE calculation program.

The Van Pelt pilot demonstrated the power of local and peer support," he said. "These localized support services play an important part in the computing infrastructure of the University. Filreis said that planning for the fourth phase of the project will begin this fall. He said the project will be divided into four phases, with the high-rise phases being delivered first.

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  - 243 South 41st Street. Available Fall semester. Very nicely furnished common room. 7 other occupants already committed. Rent negotiable. Contact Brian 387-3658.
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  - 3 bedrooms of a 4BR apt. 2 bathrooms. Fully furnished, full kitchen, and appliances. Price negotiable. Call Leslie and Marlena at 387-7996.
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  - Call 417-5618.
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  - 222-0861.
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  - 41st Street.
- **41ST & LOCUST**
- **41ST & LOCUST**
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The Daily Pennsylvanian

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SUNNY 2BR

SUBLET GUIDE 1997

The Daily Pennsylvanian

998-1111 • 998-6581
ITALY will send soldiers to Albania, despite risks

BOMBS -- Italy promised today to send troops to Albania, despite tensions over the sinking of a refugee boat load that collided with one of its warships. Italy is to send a 3,000-member force that will protect the Italian embassy in Tirana, and the ships are near the Italian navy vessel, which they say removed its armaments. Albanian rebels have threatened any Italian troops that will go into Albania.

McLarty, Bowles at core of effort to help Hubbell

WASHINGTON -- Two of Pres. Clinton's most trusted aides, Mark McLarty and Bruce B. Rottman, made efforts to work for laden presidential confidant Webster Hubbell in the days after he resigned and went underground, according to a senior Justice Dept. official yesterday.

McLarty personally told Hubbell the White House would do all it could to help him find work, the official said. The efforts followed a March 1994 weekend when Hubbell made efforts to find work for fallen presidential confidant Webster.

Hepatitis A may have hit several other states.

ROME -- Italy promised yesterday it would set up immunization centers to help avert an outbreak of the virus that causes hepatitis A.

The huge storm blew rain, sleet and snow into Maryland from Florida to Maine, beginning Monday. The snow fell all day, then continued piling up in Boston. Today, 13 inches of snow had fallen at Mobi, Mass., 22 inches in parts of upstate New York, 18 inches of snow at Binghamton, Mass., and High Point, N.C., and 27 inches at Altoona, Pa. An "exceptional" snowstorm swept through the Northeast, and wasn't running away until it met a warm front over North Dakota.

"It's a typical joke," Christine Humphrey replied. "It's April Fool's Day.

Weather also created problems in the West, with wind hitting 150 mph in Utah. Four counties ordered heavy snow Sunday on Oreon's Mount Hood, which closed to the public for minor injuries.

Small plane crashes on mountain, killing one

HICKORY, Pa. -- A small plane crashed into a tree in a golf course in eastern Pennsylvania yesterday morning, killing the pilot and injuring a passenger.

The plane went down just before 3 a.m. yesterday, asking nonessential state workers to stay home because of the storm. Even the rite of spring called open house.

Nearby, a snow cave to shelter themselves while they moved on through the mountain with rescuers.

The community also was moving on. "It's not a panic situation," said McGuire. "It's a practical joke." Christie said of the videotapes. "While deputies guarded the home, but otherwise the low-key investigation continued."
Documents say tobacco industry targets age, race

The United States and other nations must meet new standards for the effect youth will have on cigarette sales. The report says that new programs must be developed to reach the 15 to 24 age group.

EU legislators have announced that they will soon introduce new regulations to control tobacco consumption. The new regulations will come into force in 2005, setting strict limits on the amount of tobacco sales per inhabitant. The EU has also introduced measures to reduce the number of smoking-related deaths, with a target of reducing the number of deaths by 50% by 2020.
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FOR Sale
Baseball's Seddon says '600 would be nice'

Redecom is a 32-year-old executive at the Mezzanine. She's proud of her little company, which she started seven years ago, and of her family, which includes her husband, a lawyer, and their three children. "I love what I do," she says. "It's not just a job, it's a lifestyle." Seddon is also an avid runner, and she frequently attends the races at the Mezzanine. "It's a great way to stay in shape," she says. "And it's a chance to meet other people who share my interests."
San Diego — Those consecutive home runs, the 11th and second in 2001 in an inning added up to San Diego’s 7-3 win over the St. Louis Cardinals on Wednesday.


The Padres also broke a record held by the Cleveland Indians in 1954 for the most runs scored by a Mets opponent. The Indians scored 10 runs in a game against the Mets on June 28, 1954.


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Ivy League tournament would be a hoops dragsce

The NCAA men’s basketball tournament ended — in spectacular fashion — Monday night, proving once again that it is the only sporting event that can capture the country’s imagination like the Super Bowl. It earned a place in history, bringing in more television viewers than the Super Bowl, a world away from the frenzied Thursday and Friday in early March when its teams made real their tourney dreams.

The Ivy League’s representatives in all of this was, of course, Princeton. Towing with it were good games and good games, the Tigers certainly deserved a moment in the sun. And that — along with frightening recent trends in college basketball — is an ongoing concern. Who else would add that in every conference have decided to implement year-round conference tournaments, which the NCAA

With a forgettable, fourth-place year win-
down, Penn coach Fran Dunaghy was re-

ditionally revenues, both the Big Ten and Pac-10

cruited for numerous soccer programs. Her

defined the term “woman of the ‘90s.”

For years. Going into college, she had been re-
pressive is her positive attitude.”

Whalen said “She’s done a great job this

irst by pushing myself and really giving the ex-

In an effort to generate (what else) addi-

cademic commitments and a close relationship to

The Pioneers handed the game to the

h the 1971 Penn baseball team


Pennsylvania Quakers

VA

TOMORROW

Beating the Phillies by a over a

week, the Penn baseball team

makes its 1997 debut at

Wednesday, April 2, 1997

Sports

The Daily Pennsylvania, March 25, 13

By Matt Greenberger

The Penn men’s golf team has

will allow the Ivy League to

Penn’s glaring inadequacy.

Bob Seddon after the farce. “But you could

In 18-year

amassed 154 soccer

victories, and he looks to

for its postseason chances, since se-

onships and the Princeton Invita-

tioned, have been quiet

r; It’s a competitive environment and I just

Life-she-was-Athletic

Adam Bradshaw said.

competing against,” Penn junior

Myself for the season.”

With 12 minutes, 21 seconds re-

As a member of the nation’s top 10 course, the Merion Golf

Penn, like all Ivy League schools,

The Quakers had what was their

After winning their first tourna-

ments in years — the Bucknell In-

bucknell Invitational — this past fall, the

spots.

To add a certain fair play to their list of accomplish-

ments in years — the Bucknell In-

of its ability. However, the Penn base-

baseball won first game

By Todd Suszon

The Quakers made one of their last

against longtime Ivy League rivals with George Washington at Senator Field on Saturday.

The Pioneers handed the game to the

in since 1992.

The P.A. system is still a fixture at

With the 1971 Penn baseball team

and today, Seddon has racked up 499

and rivals. It never hurts to sell more tick-

week” lineup, a pretty attractive offer consid-

With a forgettable, fourth-place year wind-

days,” Whalen said. “I really started to like the

I rowing has taught me so much about dis-

thing I wanted to do.”

If a good friend’s father hadn’t convinced

Penn’s glaring inadequacy.

he’s 500th career

his 18-year

baseball victories, and he looks to

for its postseason chances, since se-

onships and the Princeton Invita-

2003*

310*

300

Penn’s glaring inadequacy.

This tournament will test the

The Ivy League will be

on the Midlands’ home

course, a William Flynn design. Fly-

on the midfielders’ home

en the spring campaign.

pennlive.com/sports

The Ivy League will be

of the nations’ top 10 golf

season was the best fall season in years and now

Ivory Coast has qualified for the World Cup.

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A-MAGAZINE "EASTERN STANDARD TIME TOUR"

SPRING 1997

MOSAIC

SPECIAL APR. 3 AND 4 ARTICLES
PROGRAM HIGHLIGHTS

INTERVIEWS
ORIGINAL ARTWORK

DATING DILEMMA
WHERE DO YOU GO ON A DATE?

SUSANNA FOO RECIP

SILVER CHO INTERVIEW

CHOW YUN FAT
AND OTHER MOVIES SHOWN DURING THE TOUR INSIDE!!

MOSAIC MAGAZINE FIVE YEAR ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL
A-MAGAZINE TOUR ARTICLES * MOSAIC SPRING 1997 EDITION * INTERVIEWS
PAID SUPPLEMENT TO THE DAILY PENNSYLVANIAN * SAC, SPEC, CONNAISSANCE, ASAM, GIC, AND APSC SPONSORED
Five years ago, Mosaic was founded by three Asian Americans. They were Julie Hahn, Ed Shin, and Betty Liu. These three persistent students started a publication, an avenue for which the Asian American community could have a voice and a forum to spread ideas, culture, and literary works. Finally, Asians would be able to tell the world, “This is my work, this is my heritage, and I am proud of it.” They didn’t realize the impact their actions would have on the Asian-American community at large. I joined this publication at its nascent stage and have cared for it as if it were my own. Although it is time to pass the mantle of power to the new editor in chief, I leave a content individual, knowing that Mosaic is able to stand on its own, and make a future for itself, however bright it may be.

Mosaic has been a very satisfying experience. For years, the editors have grappled with the problems of politics and its place within the organization. Although we cannot change our Constitution, inherently, not all politics can be separated from Asian culture. What we can do, however, is continue to deliver the highest calibre of Asian American writing and thought possible, and leave this sticky problem to be faced on an individual basis in the future.

I am very happy to bring to you EASTERN STANDARD TIME by A-Magazine. Pop culture is a new direction for Mosaic, and I hope it will better serve the Penn community for years to come. Mosaic Magazine. I can finally say it is BIGGER, BETTER, BOLDER...

Derek Yan
Mosaic Editor In Chief
1996-1997

T A B L E  O F  C O N T E N T S

PAGE 1  cover by Derek Yan
PAGE 2  editor’s note, staff list
PAGE 3  EASTERN STANDARD TIME - A-MAGAZINE TOUR
Introduction by Eric Lee, Susie Lee, and Susanna Huang
PAGE 4  totally susanna, an interview with Susanna Foo
PAGE 5  dating in philly the Asian way by Stephanie Hong
PAGE 6  china beat, asu talent show, AND a “premiere” pinoy group
PAGE 7  LITERARY ARTS - MOSAIC ’97(Spring 1997 Mosaic)
untitled (prose) by Radhika Chinai
two leaves (photo) by Karen Yiu
PAGE 8  on being asian (poem) by Steve Huang
birthdayday (poem) by Steve Huang
untitled (photo) by Janas Caruncho
maestro in the Music Box (poem) by Heidi Yang
untitled (poem) by Kam Santos
salvation (poem) by Ravi Adhikary
PAGE 9  a rose dream (prose) by Wei Wei Lu
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white rice (poem) by Aileen Kyung Kim
untitled (photo) by Janas Caruncho
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jazz (poem) by David Carpio
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PAGE 15  just a touch of silver, an interview with Silver Cho
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with the Mountain Brothers by Sofia Theophilus
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THE A-MAGAZINE TOUR,
BACK PAGE

E D I T O R ’ S  N O T E

F

ENDER’S NOTE

S A T I S F Y I N G  E X P E R I E N C E

S T A F F  L I S T

Derek Yan
Editor in Chief
1996-1997

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S T A F F  L I S T

Derek Yan
Editor in Chief
1996-1997
Asian Pacific Student Coalition Chair gives us his thoughts on EST...

With the Inauguration of an Asian American Studies Program here at the University, the Asian American community is at a turning point of education and activism. It follows the emergence of the field of Asian American Studies in higher education across the nation, and stands as one of four official Asian American Studies Programs in the Northeast. Its goal is academic legitimacy and understanding, and helps build the identity of the Asian American community.

However, there needs to be more than the history books and documentaries. Affirmation and identity need to extend beyond the confines of research and academia. There needs to be the experience and recognition of Asian American influence in the daily lives of mainstream society. Only then will the concept of Asian American culture and identity be fully realized, and the Eastern Standard Time Tour effects that realization.

Celebrating the official Asian Pacific Heritage Month, Eastern Standard Time marks a transition from mere behind-the-scenes activism to public demonstration of our ethnic and cultural pride. No longer is it about what we deserve, but about making a statement and educating the overall Penn community. We are not only about culture shows and dance parties. We are about music, movies, literature, and communities. It is up to us to show everyone where they can find it.

We should be proud of our influence and presence in American popular culture today. So much of it is overlooked, or unrecognized. It is time for the community to take reins and responsibility of representing our story, culture, and heritage. It is time to initiate and not retaliate. We’ve helped to build up this Asian nation, so now it’s time for our due public attention. It’s Eastern Standard Time!

ON MOSAIC AND EST
by SUSANNA HUANG

New Editor-In-Chief has her say...

Surprise, surprise. For those of you who have perused Mosaic in the years past, turning these pages will feel a little differently than those of our usual 8 1/2” x 7” publication. This supplement was created in anticipation of the very exciting Eastern Standard Time Book Tour from A-Magazine which will kick off this Thursday evening and continue through Friday with presentations by the writers, live performances, and outdoor movie screenings. Whoever said Asians only know how to study?! For this occasion we have devoted part of this supplement to update you on the latest trends in Asian American pop culture, from area favorites in cuisine to the inimitable art of those cinema from overseas.

At the same time, those of you who are familiar with Mosaic will be happy to discover at the heart of this supplement, a compilation of literary and visual works from Penn’s student body. I am sure you will find this selection as captivating as any that appeared in past semesters. Furthermore, we have gone back in time through all the previous issues of Mosaic and selected our favorite pieces to share with you on page 14.

As a member of Mosaic it has been a very exciting year of change and growth. And this is only the beginning! As the next Editor-in-Chief I would like to take this opportunity to invite you to learn more about us, to join the staff, to submit those writings and artworks before storing and forgetting them, and of course, to keep reading us!

For bios on the Spoken Words and Asian American Writer’s Workshop Writers, turn to p. 18

For bios on the editors of A-Magazine, turn to p. 18

For articles on Mountain Brothers, the Asian rap group performing here at Penn on Apr. 4, turn to p. 16

For a film review of the movies shown during the Tour, turn to p. 17

CELEBRATING CULTURE
by SUSIE LEE

UMC Chair discusses the importance of Celebration of Culture...

The United Minorities Council (UMC) is an umbrella organization of twelve student groups representing students of color. The council serves as a forum for discussion and action concerning political issues, but the most natural of the constituent groups is the tie that brings us together. Whether we are recent immigrants or have long standing roots in this country; whether we are African, Asian, Latino or Native, we are still hyphenated Americans. We are all indebted to generations before still hyphenated Americans. We are all indebted to generations before us for the struggles faced in pursuit of “equal opportunity.” We are all tied by the fact that we are the “other.” We are the “diverse.” We make this population a “pluralistic” one. We are “them,” not “us.” Whether we acknowledge it or not, our culture, our heritage, our skin color has shaped our lives and the way others regard us. We must wrestle with finding our identities in ways that others cannot. It is something that makes us stronger, something we should take pride in, something we can not and should not hide. Our “diversity” is something to celebrate and in recognition of this, the UMC presents our “Celebration of Cultures.” This is one of two annual events held by the UMC and this year, it takes place April 5 on College Green. Performances are held all afternoon and food will be sold on the Walk in front of the Green.

The UMC congratulates Mosaic on its success this academic year and especially on the Eastern Standard Time Tour. We invite you to continue the celebration of cultures, not just this weekend, but for generations to come.
**Suddenly Susanna by Sheng-Sheng Foo**

It's not the typical Chinese restaurant, says renowned chef Susanna Foo of her self-named restaurant on Walnut Street. Indeed, just a glance at the gold-toned luxurious decor, the beautiful arrangement of orchids and exotic flowers, and the elegant Oriental furniture sets the restaurant apart from those in Chinatown. Aside from the exquisite ambiance, however, what distinguishes Susanna Foo from usual Chinese fare and has gained Foo recognition as one of the country's finest chefs is her unique style of integrating French and Chinese cuisine. Since opening her restaurant in 1987, Foo has been named best chef by the James Beard Society, Gourmet, Food and Wine, and Zagat. Her restaurant is known as one of Philly's finest. Celebrities such as Tom Hanks, Bill Cosby, and Amy Tan have dined at her restaurant.

How did Foo, a college-educated woman who came to the United States from Taiwan in 1966, gain such accolades and make Chinese cuisine upscale? What defines her style, and what inspires her to cook? In a very pleasant interview with Foo, she shares not only some of her cooking methods, but also her philosophies on success and life.

Your style of cooking was described in the Zagat survey as "Chinese food with a French flair.

**How do you describe it?**

I base it on classic Chinese dishes and I use French techniques to make the sauce. I think the plate's presentation is more French than Chinese. We don't serve family-style like most Chinese restaurants. Like family style everything comes together and you just eat. For Chinese banquet, the serving is random, like meat, trout, are mixed in random sequence. The French do shellfish, white meat, then red meat. So for banquet, I like to do shellfish and fish course and appetizer shellfish fish course, and game, and red meat, and dessert. So my restaurant is very different from most Chinese. People come and they have appetizer—sometimes soup or salad, and the main course, and dessert. The dessert is French; it's not Chinese. We have like chocolate mousse cake and all the French pastries. So, it's not the typical Chinese restaurant.

I like to use my Chinese background to think and then I create the dish. Also, in China the produce is very different from this country. I use whatever is available in this country, but it has to be fresh. Like Chinese family, the mother goes to the market everyday, so everything is fresh. I use the same philosophy.

**What are the main influences on your cooking, and what role does your childhood play?**

My family comes from the Northern part of China, and my family eat very lightly. In Taiwan, it's different. It's like mixed culture because people moved from China to Taiwan, so you have Shanghainese, Hunan, Szechuan, Northern China Peking-style. So I grew up in this environment, learning and eating all different kinds of cuisine.

**What inspires you to cook or create new dishes?**

I read all the time, not only cookbooks, but I also subscribe to cooking magazines. So I read a lot. But also, the produce changes by season, which influences what I cook. I think cooking should be very simple. It shouldn't be very complicated. And I think all the produce, all the fruits have their original flavors, so we shouldn't use a lot of spices and sauces to cover it. So I don't like to use MSG and I don't use heavy sauce. I don't like frying too much, like most Chinese restaurants.

**My mom tells me that food should have good taste, color...**

Right, that is a Chinese philosophy. The food should smell very good, be beautifully presented with different colors, also the texture should have some crunchiness and softness, and it should have good taste. So smell, beautiful-looking, texture, and flavor should all be in one dish.

**Is this philosophy important in your cooking?**

Yes, I think it's very important. When a customer comes to your restaurant, if the first impression they have is a beautiful dish, then they already have a good feeling about it.

**Most Chinese restaurants aren't very fine or expensive. I was wondering why you think this is so.**

You know, in this country there are very high class French restaurant and high class Italian restaurant, and many other restaurants are high class. But most Chinese restaurants go lower because they are afraid people won't pay that much money. In the meantime, they have to cut corners, because they have to make money. So, I think it's kind of a vicious circle. I think the environment is very important. If you have a beautiful restaurant, many people come, then if you charge a little more you can give better produce and better quality of everything. So, it's another kind of circle. And also I think most of the Chinese restaurants second-guess what Americans like and what they don't. But I cook what I think is good. That way, if people don't like it, then I know I don't have the taste. Taste is very important.

**When you first start up your business here were you hesitant since it was one of the first Chinese restaurants?**

Well, you know, it was kind of by accident that I went into the restaurant business. I had a masters degree in library science, and my husband had a Ph.D. in material science, and both of us went into the restaurant business. We both think, "Since we are in the restaurant business, we should make the best of it, and we should do something we're proud of and also because for people to be proud of it." Chinese food can be upscale and can be a fine dining experience. So that's my goal: first, we want to be the best restaurant in Philadelphia, and now we want to be the best restaurant in the United States. So, you know, everyone has a dream and a vision of where you want to go. So if you follow your goal maybe you achieve something.

**Are most of your customers business people, Asian...**

When Asian people come in to this country most are doctors and lawyers and businessmen. Now we have more Asian people coming in our restaurant than we used to.

**What is your favorite dish?**

Um, that's hard to say. I have a lot of people ask me what is my favorite dish, and it's hard to say. If I cook at home, I like to do very simple dishes. Like on Sundays, when my son was home I did veal chops marinated with soy sauce and then I sauteed the mushrooms with shallots and scallions, pour it on top, and then I did a fried rice with broccoli. So it's a very good dinner, I like it—very simple.

**So just simple food?**

Yes, simple food. Because, you know, I think everything has its own flavor, and if you cook it right, and it's simple, it should be good.

**What do you enjoy the most about your profession?**

I've been in the restaurant business since 1979, so it's about 18 years, and you have ups and downs, and it's a very hard business. You work long hours. But when you cook something and your customer likes it, and says, "Ah, this is wonderful," you feel like you accomplished something. Like this year, I'm inducted in to the Hall of Fame by National Restaurant News. They only have ten restaurants, and my restaurant is one of them. I feel good, I mean I feel like I've not only done something for me, but also for Chinese restaurants as a whole. And I'm getting nominated by the James Beard Foundation as best chef, so that are some things I am proud of.

**Do you have any advice for aspiring cooks or those who enjoy it as a hobby?**

It's a nice hobby if you like cooking, like to enjoy eating. It's very relaxing. It's something, you know, in your life you go out to eat and you enjoy good food. And that's kind of life, if you have a good meal it makes you happy, it always does that to me.

**Do you intend to open any branches of your store?**

No, not right now.

**Is there anything you would like to add?**

I mean, for Asians, especially for your generation, because my son is about a year older than you but is the same generation, I mean everyone study very hard and work very hard. But I would suggest to you to enjoy life by eating all the kinds of food and learning how to drink wines and drink cocktails so you can be involved in the society of this country. And then you can get ahead of whatever you want to do. And also you have a goal, everyone should have a goal, but also sometimes should be relaxed—eating and drinking, and good food, and make a lot of friends. Not just studying, but socializing.

---

**Breast of Chicken Sautéed with Mushrooms**

Susanna Foo suggests this "very simple" recipe for college students. She also suggests dumplings (which, if her son can make it, "then anyone can make it"), Jade Green Fried Rice, and Sweet Rice Taro, and Pineapple Pudding. The recipes can be found in her cookbook, *Susanna Foo*, which is available at bookstores.

Serve 2 as main course of 4 as one to several courses.

4 boneless, skinless chicken breast halves (about 1 pound)
2 tablespoons soy sauce
2 large egg yolks, lightly beaten
1/2 cup cornstarch
5 tablespoons corn oil
3 tablespoons rice wine
2 garlic cloves, sliced
1 pound fresh button mushrooms or asparagus, sliced
1 plum tomatoes, diced
2 scallions, chopped
Coarse or felted salt
Freshly ground pepper
1 tablespoon chopped fresh tarragon leaves

Place the chicken breasts between 2 sheets of plastic wrap and pound them lightly with a flat mallet or the back of a cleaver until they are about 1/2 inch thick. Place the breasts in a shallow pan or bowl. Add the soy sauce and turn the chicken to coat it well. Place the beaten egg yolk in a shallow pan and the cornstarch on a plate. Remove the chicken breasts from the marinade and dip them into the egg yolk. Coating on all sides. Dredge them very lightly in the cornstarch.

Heat 3 tablespoons of the oil in a large non-skillet. When the oil is hot but not smoking, add 2 of the chicken breast halves and brown on high heat on both sides for 3-4 minutes per side. Add the onions and garlic to the skillet and cook over medium heat, stirring to sauté any particles clinging to the bottom or the sides of the pan. Stir for about 1 minute to reduce and concentrate the flavor. Add the remaining 1 tablespoon of the oil to the skillet. Add the mushrooms, tomatoes, and scallions and cook over high heat, stirring for about 3 minutes, or until the mushrooms are tender. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Remove the pan from heat and stir in the tarragon. Place the chicken pieces on a serving platter and spoon the sauce and vegetables over all.
THE DATING DILEMMA

DON'T KNOW WHERE TO GO ON A DATE? HERE'S SOME HELPFUL HINTS...

by Stephanie Hong

Warehouse Again?

Okay, so just about how long did it take all you Penn-Asians to realize there was almost nothing to do in Philly on a date? If you're like many on campus, it probably took about five weekends in a row to figure out.

For those not "21 - with-proper-ID" (I won't mention a rather embarrassing incident at the Irish Pub in Center City), weekends aren't the same thing over and over again.

February's edition of Philadelphia magazine published "Fifty Great Dates," an article listing some great places for dates with your sweetheart; here are the top few that I see as worthwhile, and a few of my own:

- **2010 Cheesesteaks ($)**
- **KAWARATA** ($$$)
  - Japanese restaurant: sushi bar and tatami room, come for lunch, dinner, or cocktails.
- **110 Chestnut 928-9564**
- **FRIDAY, SATURDAY, SUNDAY** ($$$)
  - A casual place nonetheless, check it out.
- **261 S. 21st St. 346-4232**
- **MAGNOLIA CAFE** ($$$)
  - Authentic Cajun Creole Cooking, cafe and bar - a really classy place, great atmosphere.
- **1620 Locust 546-4200**
- **UPSTAIRS AT VARALLUS** ($$$)
  - For those Italian cuisine lovers, this one's for you - private rooms available, very romantic!
- **1343 Locust 546-4200**
- **ZAANZIBAR BLUE** ($$$+)
  - The new one! just as much attitude as the old one, jazz and lobster salad all at once.
- **Broad and Walnut 732-5200**

If food is just not your thing, a show may be just what the doctor ordered. Philly IS one of the largest cultural centers in the country:

- **ADREN THEATRE CO.** ($$$)
  - Drama, comedy, and everything in between.
- **40 N. 2nd St. 922-8900**
- **WILMA THEATRE** ($$$)
  - "Hip, quirky, insouciant." Whatever that means and it has comfy seats to boot...
- **546-2679**
- **RITZ AT THE BOURSE** ($$$)
  - You can catch some really artsy films, and ones that are really popular such as English Patient...
- **400 Ranstead St. 925-7900**

CINEMAGIC AT PENN

Haha just kidding! ($)

And these after-the-show kind of places...

- **DINER ON THE SQUARE** ($)
  - Rittenhouse square, a nice, cozy, casual place, just to have coffee or hang out.
- **19th and Spruce 735-5787**
- **RAY'S COFFEE SHOP** ($)
  - Another casual place, no frills, nothing big, no expectations....
- **141 N. 9th 922-5122**
- **PENN'S LANDING** ($)
  - Yes, we've all heard about it, now just go down there and check it out - really romantic, a great way to end that special date.

If you're just looking for a casual night of shooting pool, try:

- **BOULEVARD SOCIAL AND BILLIARD CLUB** ($$$)
  - Places open 24 hours, 365 days a year, with 28 top quality tables, for those masters of the cue, this is the place for you!
- **6351 Roosevelt Blvd. 298-7150**
- **RIVER CITY BILLIARDS** ($)
  - A "civilized pool hall"
- **4258 Main St. 482-7410**

For those who want some exercise with their sweethearts:

- **CLASS OF '23 ICE RINK** ($$$)
  - Hey wasn't there just an ice skating night with PNC, SAS, CSA, and PTS??
- **3130 Walnut 898-6350**
- **ROLLERBLADING** ($$$)
  - If you don't have a pair, rent 'em at Bike Line, and you can keep 'em all night.
- **13th and Locust 735-1503**
- **LASER TAG** ($$$)
  - Shoot 'em up at Q-ZAR, where in the dark, you're guaranteed to raise your heartbeat...
- **Next to UA Riverview**

And for that big night, maybe an anniversary or just a "you're so special" weekend, for a truly exciting and romantic time. I recommend:

- **ATLANTIC CITY** ($$$ to $$$$)
  - Philadelphia suggests renting a "big, silly car" (Rolls Royce or Bentley)... go in style, then lose all your money... Elegant Limousine Service.
- **$877-8048**
- **TILGHMAN ISLAND** ($$$)
  - Remote and romantic, spend the weekend fishing and sun bathing. Black Walnut Point Inn, a bed and breakfast worth staying for.
- **410-886-2252**
- **CANOEING** ($$$)
  - Impossibly romantic, just you, your honey, the open water around and clear sky above. Northbrook Canoe Company in West Chester will supply you the oars, but the romance has got to come from you!

So, check some of these places out.

Philly's not really as boring as you think! Besides, if they aren't to your liking, hey — there's always Warehouse on Thursday nights...

just for the "Shear" fun of it

Have you guys ever wondered about where to get that great-looking haircut? Forget the "butcher" shops on campus. Let's face it, they JUST DON'T KNOW HOW TO CUT ASIAN HAIR. And right before a date, it's crucial to look your best. So put away those shavers, you don't have to pay way too much to get a great looking cut. I recommend going to **STYLE OF MAN** (See advertisement, p. 23)

You get a nice scalp massage, great trim, and a free clean up in two weeks! All for $25, but $22 with Student Advantage. Come on guys, it's time to start looking good...

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CHINA BEAT

AN ARTICLE ON THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE EXHIBIT

by Derek Van

CHINA. A country that has withstood the tests of time. A bastion of culture and artistic creativity dating back centuries. Following what was lauded as the greatest art event of the century — the blockbuster Chinese Art exhibition — Philadelphia is once again bringing a landmark cultural event for the enjoyment of the entire regional community.

As editor-in-chief, I had the fortune to go with fellow co-sponsor CSA president Jenn Wong, along with Christina Lee and Celina Kwoch. A brisk Friday morning, nothing else better to do, why not? Besides I had to see for myself what the fuss was all about over this Chinese exhibit. I mean, aren't they all the same? There's just a bunch of pots and maybe some drawings here and there. What could be exciting about that? Well, I was in for a BIG surprise, and I recount my experience here in this article.

CHINA: ANCIENT ARTS AND SCIENCES brings what may perhaps be one of the most exciting Asian cultural events to come to the area in over 10 years. Co-sponsored by Advanta Corp., The Franklin Institute presents over 70 centuries of Chinese science, technology and craftsmanship in an interactive, educational exhibit geared to visitors of all ages. This blockbuster exhibit, in its only East Coast venue, is a fascinating look at Chinese scientific and technological ingenuity.

Over 300 objects and artifacts tell only part of the story of China's pre-eminence in various areas in the ancient world. The central focus of this exhibit is a series of lively demonstrations presented by fourteen highly skilled artisans from the People's Republic. Elaborate sets, decorated with exquisite examples of Chinese art, adorn and fill the upper level of the Mandell Center.

The highlight of the whole event were the artisans. What made this event so special was not the artifacts that they brought (although they were good as well!), but the skills they showcased. Thirteen artisans, each representing a specific expertise. They are: Paper Making, Printing, Porcelain Carving, Embroidery, Paper Cutting, Dough Modeling, Egg Painting, Inner Painting, Kites, Mask Painting, Painting and Calligraphy, Weaving, Brocade, etc.

Personally, I liked the weaving exhibit the best. Taking up almost the whole width of the museum floor was a giant loom machine for weaving together carpets. Two people were required for this delicate operation, and it was interesting to see a husband and wife team work together on what looked like a skill passed down for generations. There were other great sights to see at the exhibit of course. A close second would have to be the costumes. Not the normal exhibit you'll get to see today. These, made as part of the exhibit, were a work of art.

To add to the event, weekend programs and two weeks of high-flying springtime fun include the hands-on learning. INDOOR FIREWORKS AND ROCKETRY DEMONSTRATION - Air bursts of bright silver, brilliant columns of glitter, whistling rockets and spinning wheels of sparkle will light up Franklin Hall, KITES - An exquisite collection of kites in many different designs will float above the Atrium and you can make a tissue-paper kite that you can decorate and fly, LANTERN FESTIVAL - You can make your own lantern and float it down some river (Schuylkill!), or even DRAGON BOATS - Beautifully carved dragon boats will decorate the Atrium — are all programs which should provide for an enjoyable visit.

Overall, we came out of the Franklin Institute feeling pretty good about the whole event. Since it was just around noon time, we took a brisk walk to Chinatown and celebrated the morning with some dim sum. A little tie in to the Places to Go on a Date article, it's not that expensive, and there's still time left to see an exotic exhibit right in your backyard. What's a taxi ride out there anyway? For the few bucks to get out there, and just a few extra to get in to the museum, your special someone would love to spend a day to enjoy some Asian culture. You better hurry though, because this exhibit's going back to China soon.

You'll still be able to see the indoor Fireworks and Rockets display on April 5 and 12 (highly recommended), the Kites demonstration up to April 6, or even the Dragon Boats program on May 24 - 26 (if you happen to be here for summer school).

For more information on any of these programs, you call the Franklin Institute directly at (215) 448-1200.

TALENT SHOW

ASU PRESIDENT TELLS IT THE WAY IT SHOULD BE...

On Friday, March 21st, ASU hosted its annual Talent Show at Harrison Auditorium in the University Museum. ASU President Mike Shih tells us his thoughts: "One of the main objectives of the Asian Student Union is to promote unity among Asians of every Asian ethnicity, whether they are Chinese, Korean, Japanese, Taiwanese, Phillipino, South Asian, or any other. The annual ASU Talent Show - Synergy - is a step in that direction. Each year, performers representing the different Asian organizations of the University of Pennsylvania as well as a selection of independent performing groups come together to put on a show in the name of unity. Asian students celebrate not what makes them different from one another, but what makes them all the same, their Asian heritage. At this show, the students get the opportunity to appreciate both cultural backgrounds of different native countries as well as the modern American experience. Yet, this show goes beyond the boundaries of Asian nationalities and extends to other minority groups. Each year, the Asian Student Union requests the participation of both African and Latin American organizations. This is one of the only events in existence here at Penn that seeks to accomplish the goal of bringing together groups of different minorities and has had a degree of success. Synergy is where the sum of the parts is greater than the whole. Although we each have our own individuality, in striving for diversity, we cannot forget unity."

A PREMIER PINOY GROUP

Let's hear it for all the pinoys in da house! Yeah, all of you are aware of the growing importance of music (especially pop) that is rapidly hitting the youth of today. Here's their bio taken from www.aairsing.com: "From Alien Records and the multi-platinum producing team of Denzil Foster and Thomas McElroy (En Vogue, Tony Toni Tone, Club Nouveau, Regina Belle, Madonna), comes the long awaited, much anticipated debut album from the San Francisco Bay Area's most unique R&B act-Premiere."

Beautiful, captivating and alluring are the words that best describe this sensational female singing trio. Sisters Alisha and Gigi Floresca, along with soul sister Leslie Maninang, bring with them an unparalleled look and sound. When hearing the sweet, soulful sounds of Premiere's harmonies and the funky tracks that accompany them, you wouldn't begin to guess that all of the members were under the age of 18 and of Filipino descent... Well, guess again!

These youthful, but mature ladies have been performing all of their young lives. At the ripe old age of three, Leslie, now 17, embarked on her entertainment career by performing in local singing contests. Alisha, 16, and Gigi, 13, "premiered" their talents by performing for friends and fellow students at grammar school talent shows. Now, more experienced, trained and disciplined, the girls are focused on what they want to accomplish as a group as well as a family. The album covers a broad range of styles. From soft, soulful R&B to throwback dance tunes to silky-smooth, infectious ballads draped with heavenly harmonies, Premiere takes you on a musical journey that doesn't allow you a second to breathe. It's easy to get caught up in the music's mature demeanor. Don't let that fool you. The lyrical content still reflects the sweet adolescence of the girls. Premiere will make it very apparent of what they will and won't sing about. Despite their newfound success, Premiere still keeps a level-headed attitude about their experiences. To some seasoned musicians, going in to record an album is purely work for them- to Premiere it means fun. This modest yet innocent attitude is certainly echoed in Premiere's music. A glamorous, striking appearance and a youthful, magnetic personality mixed with an intriguing musical style, makes these girls this season's "premier" R&B act.
I am the East and the West. I am the ferocious storms of the winter and the crackling rays of the summer. I am heaven, and I am earth. I am joy and pain, laughter and tears. I am the music playing between the end of one war and the beginning of another. I am the melody heard in song, the prayer whispered between the lips. I am a mixture of traditional Indian beliefs and current American ideas. I am a mixture blended by my mind, felt by my heart, and cultivated by two opposing forces.

These forces form my character. These forces make me feel like rejoicing and weeping, living and dying. These forces tear me in two. East and West. Two extremes. Two cultures. Two melodies. One can be heard in the ancient caves of India, the other on the refreshing coastlines of America. Both can be heard reverberating within me. Until recently, both forces preyed upon the inner core of my heart. Until recently, the harmony was not pleasant. There were shrieks within my own conscience. That was then. Now the harmony is euphonious. I have learned to balance my life in America with my Indian heritage. I have learned how to compromise the values of both cultures into the decisions that I make. So there was a compromise. Then there was silence. Now there is peace. I kneel down before God and pray, “Om shanti, shanti, shanti ...” (God, let there remain peace ...)

**India:** When I breathed my first breath, certain teachings, beliefs, and values glided through me and into my lungs. I inhaled teachings that would become more defined as I matured. I was taught to obey my elders, bow to them for respect, and trust their judgments. I was taught that my mother was my first God, my father my second, and my teacher my third. Honor. Truth. Kindness. Love. Those were the feelings embroidered within each prayer I recited before resting my head down to sleep. Those were the ideas that affected many of my decisions and began to seep into my dreams. My dreams were to be simple. I was to get good grades, remain a good person, and marry a good husband. It was all part of being Indian.

That is why, when two years later, my parents, elder brother, and I moved to America, we carried more luggage than imaginable. The ancient customs of Hinduism were in our suitcases. The traditional values and beliefs were in our hearts. Nothing was lost on the way. Whatever did not fit, we clutched in the palms of our hands. Hope was in mine. And as years passed, I continued to hope for a content future, in which I would be able to accept and respect the American way of life.

**America:** I look beyond what I ought to do and go beyond what I am capable of doing. For what would life be without challenge? I am a dreamer who believes that anything is possible. For what would life be without hopes? My years in America have taught me how to value diversity. I have been taught how to strive to fulfill my goals, no matter how unattainable they may seem. I have been taught how to value freedom. I have been taught how to adapt.

**East is West:** I am caught between Hinduism and the American way of life. Sometimes I watch Hindi movies and listen to Hindi music. Sometimes I take Indian food for lunch to school. And sometimes people make the rudest remarks about everything, from the ‘strange’ languages I speak at home to the festivals I celebrate. Until recently, I felt shackled by the chains of these two opposing forces. I felt unsure of myself and unsure of my culture. Before, I did not know me. I used to hear two different melodies and find it painful to listen to only one.

But now I know, not only who I am, but also who I should and should not be. I have broken away from the chains and have hit upon a piece of gold. I am the East and the West. Not one, but both. I am a mixture of lifestyles. I am the Hindi tunes and the American hits. I am the enigmatic melodies of the Indian caves, and the whistling shores of the Pacific. I am a traditionalist and a fighter. I want to go beyond boundaries.

The East and the West. A compass can lead you in either direction, but not both - and yet I travel in both directions at once. For the compass is my heart, the transportation is my willpower, the map my dreams, and the destination my Fate.

by Radhika Chinai, CAS '00
The Maestro in the Music Box
by Heidi Yang, CAS '97

Four walls and artificial light.
Sunken in his dusty sofa,
Sneezing miserably from the collecting dust,
The maestro stares blankly at the closed steel door.
A door—automatically opening.
He quickly stands, takes his bow
Hurriedly conducts a familiar symphony.

The maestro—longing to become a composer,
Eyes heavy, limbs so weak.
A maestro—masterfully orchestrated these enchanting pieces.
Unaware of the strings they play.

The symphony—a display for his general audience...

Applause still ringing dully
A door—eventually closing.

A maestro in the music box is fulfilled.
He defers his talent once again for tomorrow.

On being Asian
By Kari Santos, CAS '97

My being Asian is important to me.
My race is not just what you see
I'm sorry if you took it wrong
And think to erase her from my identity?
How could you think that I'd deny
I see no reason why Asians don't struggle like we do.

There's certain things on being Asian
I know just where to look.
Doesn't mean I don't know how to see.
I stand in Chinatown at home

I hear the sound of many kisses
I hear the wailing of a child
And the swish of spirits in a bottle.

I see myself as a child
In the music of my past
Deeply rooted in my voice, not a wrinkle of worry.

I smile when I see my ancestors and my children
Not ever trusting others and waiting for the rest.

I see the difference in
I see the difference in

I'm falling deep in Dizziness
In claustrophobic mental stress
I've lost my way
Through all these doorways

My memories attacking me
In the music that surrounds
And I stumble as I try to flee
The memories entrapped in sounds.

Birthday by Steve Huang, CAS '96

Nestled in the
solid successive
bodies of desire shaking
under the moon, carried
far over the cliffs,
I crawled
for a year and half,
jumping across intersections of
burning uncertainties, blown back
from heartache to scandal,
dragged across cold wet sands
without great consideration.

Faces blurred their
haloes like a dream,
etched their vacancies into dreams, memory.
Landscapes of sleep
commanded me to their
rhythms of particulars:
cymbal kiss and
swishing throbs of thunder.
I asked for and
received
the blood of ancestors and new-borns,
not a care in my voice, not a wrinkle of worry.

Lonely wanderer, drink your ghosts in blood.
Drink in order for your becoming, dark blooming,
unfettered opening, hated knowing.

Shake well. Don't get carried away stirring.
4:32—She rushed out of the classroom as usual for her Wednesday grocery shopping. The bitter wind hit at her cheeks and gushed down her open collar, reminding her to button up her coat. Yes, as usual, everything would slip her mind when she was mentally designing her next culinary surprise. She even had forgotten her scarf and mittens, but they could wait.

Bursting into Aunt Julie’s Grocery Shop, she felt relieved and comforted by the warmth of the cozy little store and the smell of fresh red apples whose color matched her flushed cheeks. This little shop always had the freshest supply of produce, and of course she always used the freshest ingredients. Less simply wouldn’t do, at least not when she cooked for him. Her usual frugal style had given way to this new particularity, even though it put extra strain on her typically tiny student budget. Cutting down on department store visits enabled more frequent visits to the grocery store.

“Hello dear, what are you cooking up this week?” Aunt Julie greeted her with their little pun. An excited, almost mysterious smile crept onto her lips as she grabbed two shopping baskets—a new habit since she had met him—and practically skipped down the aisle like a little girl. Suddenly the world just opened up before her and revealed so much scope for imagination and creativity. She picked up two dozen eggs, two gallons of milk, two of baguettes, cheese for Swiss fondue, and yes, why not, let Switzerland be this week’s theme—she had taken up the challenge of cooking to a different theme every week. Swiss roll mix, extra walnuts because he was so fond of them, and green raisins instead of red since he once mentioned that he liked a sour twist to his food.

She smiled shyly as she pictured the expression on his face when he would sink his teeth into the warm little aromatic rolls she would bake, a few raisins would droop onto the plate, along with the generous dusting of fresh ground cinnamon. She’d taken to grinding her own spices, another routine developed after meeting him. He would wet his finger and dab at the auburn spice, then put it into his mouth and look at her with mischievous twinkle in his eyes. She would melt inside, just seeing that boyish expression on his face; she’d know then that all her laboring in the kitchen was worthwhile.

Though he was eight years her senior, she felt a certain maternal satisfaction just watching him devour the little creations that had taken her hours to produce. Funny how cooking had jumped to the top of her priority list when it had hardly been on the list before. She had forsworn the typical bachelor diet of greasy fast food or simply running on an empty stomach, and made him promise not to stop on meals, and always come to her when he didn’t feel like cooking. He had been reluctant at first, but was soon ready to trot over at her every beckoning.

Walking past the medicine section quickly, she felt relieved that this week she wouldn’t have to make him swallow anything from those shelves. She still remembered the incompetent feeling she had felt there last week, when he had come down with a horrible cough and she had come here to buy medicine. She had been so unfamiliar with all of the brands and unsure of their applications and so had stood there for twenty minutes trying to figure out the mysterious looking liquids and vials before giving up and asking Aunt Julie for help. Pharmacology was not her forte; she was much more comfortable improving his health through cooking up nutritious meals, which was what she had done in “compensation” for the cough liquid.

“Turning into a little boy once again, he had downed the medicine with such painful expression that she secretly cringed inside but kept a stern face lest he take advantage of her pity. He had appreciated her efforts though, both the delicious part and the not-so-delicious part. He thanked her with a big kiss, on the forehead, which had disappointed her a bit, but had felt better later when he held her tightly and said that God must have sent him an angel.

The weight of her shopping baskets woke her from her daydream. They were brimming to the top with the various ingredients for her new adventures in the kitchen. Buckets of fresh cut flowers stood near the cash register. She reached for a bunch of white narcissus with buttery yellow centers. They would look pretty in a blue and white china vase, one that matches the china plate under the Swiss rolls. As she detached the bunch of narcissus, some white roses caught her eye, and her hand in froze in mid air. What was she doing? What was she thinking? She looked down at the two full baskets, all excitement fading from her face.

Had she forgotten or was she still in denial? She dropped the narcissus back into their bucket and stared at the white roses. He had come to her door early two mornings ago, actually awakening her. She had been spending so much time in the kitchen and dreaming up nutritious meals that she almost pulled an all-nighter trying to catch up on the homework that had piled up. He had come in his host suit, so dressed up that for a moment her sleepy eyes hadn’t recognized him.

“Hey sleepy head, wake up!” he had laughed, “how do I look?”

“Um, nice, but—”

“Which do you like better, white roses or red?”

Had she been dreaming? Why was he offering her roses? She’d always liked white better, so pure, so innocent, so unassumingly beautiful, the way she would like to be.

“I like white—”

Before she could finish, he had already dashed off. She had called after him: “Where are you going? Want to have breakfast? I’ll make our favorite pancakes.” She had adopted many of his favorites as her own. He had stuck his head out of the car window and said: “Can’t stay, my girlfriend is landing in half an hour, just got time to pick up some roses on my way. But probably red, she’s more of that kinda gal.” He had driven off, leaving her dumbfound at the door.

She had gone back to bed after he left, believing that if she slept again, what she had heard would be part of a dream. That’s what she had told herself when she got up, and kept telling herself for the past two days. But the sight of the white roses truly woke her up. What happened that morning was no dream. He had not come to the lunches or dinners they usually had together. He had called to cancel them after she had set the table and waited for two hours with pots and pans of her creations simmering away in the kitchen. He had said that he would be busy for a while, and never called since.

She looked at her baskets again, and started walking back to the aisles, putting items back in their places under the curious eyes of Aunt Julie. “It’s true, it’s true, it’s true.” She repeated in her mind, and walked out with one skimpy bag instead of her usual bulging three, a remote look on her face and a bunch of white roses in her hand.
Moniker for the Moonlight Sonata
By Micheal Huang, CAS '98

What's this fool prancing here in front of me?
Say hey Bud, I have only occasionally heard so m-is-aligned a warble
Strung up tight, and then given flight.
Smooth in the gather, though your tips could be phatter.
But Happy forgot to swing with a grin
And got stuck on the steps holding the key.

Who's on brass? I've got an ear for the Bone,
But not tonight.
Tonight, my heart's dangling on a sleeve;
cold against my skin 'cause its evaporating
On one side, vis-cously, ritually, seeping out vitally.
I'm forming a puddle on the ground, digging in the red,
Through some dust, and a few rolling rocks, to find more dirt.
That soil. It's all my toil.
Just glance
At the mound (it's a tomb) and keep spinning
Around the room.

You're in orbit, and I should be your sun
In a world of cynics
Where love and trust are false
I can only count on myself
And accept my heavy loss.

I lack the will to choose
I will not be that girl
That soil. It's all my toil.
Just glance
At the mound (it's a tomb) and keep spinning
Around the room.

In a world of cynics
Where love and trust are false
I can only count on myself
And accept my heavy loss.

But I yearn for a better place
Where it is acceptable to find
Two different worlds together
Living happily, side by side

I realize my weakness
Is in my lack of sight
For I can see clearly
I will know what is right

Still divided and still confused
I face the oncoming day
I know I must choose
Will I pick the right way?

white rice by Aileen Kyung Kim, EDG '98

white rice
it tastes so good
when you haven't eaten in hours, in days
the clean taste
of white rice

sticky white rice
I want sticky white rice
you know the short grained kind
not some rice that falls apart
and you can't even pick up with your chopsticks
made for spoons and (not even) forks
spoons and forks and knives to help you put it on your forks

give me my chopsticks
I only want my chopsticks
spoons sometimes

white rice
was made for chopsticks

white rice
only white rice
leave it in your mouth
wait a second, two seconds
before the pickled stuff

salty seasoned spicy tasty
white rice

mounded high in my bowl

I pick my chopsticks
I forget the pickled stuff
I want white rice.

The good thing about illness is that it brings about honesty. While I am myself the victim of my own unrelenting self-scrutiny, I will confess in secret that I stop the painful places with little, white, absorbing lies. Illness breaks down these defenses by its own canning—deceiving immune systems and ravaging those systems of immunity in the body and in the spirit until only the whitened self remains. There is no protection from illness because it moves just beneath the shell.

Illness, one must understand, is not reasonable. It is clearly a physical thing, no doubt, and yet it strangely transcends the allowable physical boundaries and affects the metaphysical—the mood, the determination, convictions; and it even rides in, unseen, as a parasite of certain times and conditions, transmuting the physical-only boundary that one sometimes attributes to it. My most severe illness came with a lonely time; it wouldn't have come otherwise, but it leached onto this to ride in and make me honest, miserable, and emotional all at once. It's true. My grandma died of a broken heart six months after my dad died. She took suddenly ill because those parasites leached onto her sorrow. But perhaps it was better for her after all. When that illness took her down for the count and attempted to rend honesty from her, I'm sure it could only find honesty in her sorrow and absence of desire to live. Too much honesty. I suppose, might kill a person, and maybe we live only because we're dishonest. But who can live knowing that? If that's the truth, I guess I'd rather not live honestly to know that I must be dishonest, or so I say.

But I can be very dishonest; I hate sappy romances, especially in movies, but there are times when I watch them, nonetheless. Sappy romance movies are much worse than sappy romance books, though, because at least in reading one must have some semblance of an imagination, though it be more prurient in nature than the kind we normally adorn with metonymic laurels. But my life was a sappy romance then, though I didn't really have a sappy hero. He was more of simply a normal guy, though I have no doubts that I was the appropriate sappy heroine.

I hunger helps one play the part of sappy, and of helpless, too, all the more; "helpless" is such an accurate word: "help less." I could help myself much less those days, not at all really. Movement was rather excluded from bearable living for me. But I found early on a fatal position that I could curl into that tended to lessen the pains in my stomach, sometimes. So I played the role of the Victorian "fasting girl" for that week, achieving the wail look that the fashion these days. Q. did visit me once at the end of the week; he looked at me and said, "you lost weight."

How can food, anyway, transform from physical stuff into thoughts? First, it becomes a nourishment for the body, but somehow, this transforms into the intangible. That's why my body was wasting away though I was hardly moving—my mind's thoughts took the flesh from me. Not a delirium like Diderot's Dream or La Mettrie's materialism but a more simple truth of the transmutability of the physical and the metaphysical. That was, after all, the cause of my ailment. I had to find where the boundary existed between my mind and my body, but this was not so easy. Perhaps I needed to start with a broader, easier demonstrator. What is not "me?" Other people, that's easy. Not just other people, but friends; they're not me more profoundly because I know them intimately. I had only one friend then—Q. That's the way he liked it. So he's not me; let's start with that. But then I started to get confused because where I tried to draw the boundaries, he seeped through, and I couldn't even define what was outside and not within.

I had come to Iowa to visit me. The strange thing is he didn't seem to mind it much while he was there, but when he returned, Iowa was the butt of all his degrading jokes, and me, too, I couldn't help but notice. And now those jokes I'd mostly forgotten returned because I couldn't discover a tangible line between our intangible selves. It was necessary now to find it, but it was also too late—a shame rent me in every place because I had lost the line, and my self went spiraling into the black abyss.

The illness did not leave with the lonely time, because that remained for awhile, but I sent Q. on his way to recover myself.

white rice
I want white rice
the clean taste
of white rice

The illness did not leave with the lonely time, because that remained for awhile, but I sent Q. on his way to recover myself.
A PLACE OF ONE'S OWN
By Emily Anhie Kim, CAS '97

He slipped in through the door behind the person in front of him, just barely squeezing through before it wheezed shut. Walking past tables decorated with New York Times book, he noticed a fluorescent orange "10% OFF" stickers obtrusively slapped onto the colorfull jackets, he dragged his fingers lightly over the tops of the new books. He stopped to pick one up and scanned the blur on the back, leaning forward heavily on the corner of the table. Carefully replacing the book onto its stack, he continued lumbering easily toward the back of the bookstore, only pausing to straighten crooked books and to pick up fallen ones off the floor and place them neatly onto their appropriate piles. As he walked, his eyes squinted at the shelves lined with the silent, blaring titles: "Colin Powell: My American Journey," "Oprah Winfrey's Low-Fat Cookbook," "Feminism of the Nineties."

The whir of an espresso machine became louder as he neared the rear of the store where the coffee shop was. He moved familiarly in the general direction of the bar-table, where there were a few people sitting with their steaming drinks, reading books and newspapers. Sweeping a view of the customers, he suddenly paused in mid-step and then stood unmoving for awhile, his eyes fixed on a red-headed, thin woman sitting at the bar-table a few strides from him. She glanced up at him, and then her eyes fell self-consciously back into her book, as she squirmed in her seat. He moved past where she sat, heading for the empty table behind her, and then, as though he had changed his mind, he turned around and brushed past her again and grumbled almost inaudibly, "people sitting in my seat..." and he looked at her out of the corner of his eye, watching her reaction. She didn't move and pretended to be absorbed in her reading, so he stopped and went over to the end of the bar-table opposite the one she was sitting at and leaned with the small of his back against it, staring hard at her. Finally, she sighed and picked up her book and coffee and moved to the empty table. With a light step, he crossed over to the vacated chair and eased into it.

There was a People magazine lying on the bar-table, and he slid it in front of him and began to flip through. After several pages, his eyes paused on a picture of a model sporting a teal bikini swimsuit. He giggled and then immediately put a hand over his mouth and looked around guiltily. Seeing no one looking, he returned to the magazine and continued to turn the pages.

After a few moments, he suddenly pushed his chair back and stood up. Taking off his stained muddy-brown overcoat and placing it carefully over the back of the chair, he again glanced around at the others sitting and reading intently and then ambled over to the counter. His eyes darting suspiciously back at his chair every few moments. "What can I get for you?" a woman with a nose ring nonchalantly inquired. "House coffee, medium," he mumbled. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a crumpled dollar bill, pieces of dark blue lint, and three pennies, which he plunked onto the counter. As he was waiting for his coffee, he looked over his shoulder at his coffee, he looked over his shoulder at his coffee, she seemed to be staring at the magazine for a few moments; suddenly, she jerked back his chair and stood up. Turning to the table behind him, he saw the red-headed woman who had moved from his seat, sitting and reading. He glared at her, and she slowly looked up at him. He clenched his fist and raised it, and she leaned abruptly back, almost falling out of her chair. His fist crashed down upon the table as he screamed, "S'that easy! Who the hell did you thing you are? In my place, not yours. S'n'that easy! Think you can take my chair, and s'that easy? Coulda' gotten one o' those machines easy!" And he shoved the table as hard as he could but to no effect because it was bolted down. Frustrated, with a thrust, he grabbed his coat and pushed the chairs to the bar-table into the table roughly, causing a few to topple to the floor. Everyone in the coffee shop and a few in the back of the bookstore were staring at him in shocked silence. A figure, presumably the manager, from the interior of the bookstore hurried toward the man who was now shouting and kicking tables and chairs as he moved toward the main store. The manager approached him cautiously and said, "I think you'd better leave now." The man left behind sullenly flipped through a few more pages of the magazine, but his eyes still did not focus on the pages. His jaw hardened and relaxed. and then again, ad his eyes were blazing. "S'that easy, isn't it?" he mouthed inaudibly. "S'that easy," he repeated in a louder voice that caused a few of the other customers to look up. He sat there staring at the magazine for a few moments; suddenly, he jerked back his chair and stood up. Turning to the table behind him, he saw the red-headed woman who had moved from his seat, sitting and reading. He glared at her, and she slowly looked up at him. He clenched his fist and raised it, and she leaned abruptly back, almost falling out of her chair. His fist crashed down upon the table as he screamed, "S'not that easy! Who the hell did you thing you are? In my place, not yours. S'n'that easy! Think you can take my chair, and s'that easy? Coulda' gotten one o' those machines easy!" And he shoved the table as hard as he could but to no effect because it was bolted down. Frustrated, with a thrust, he grabbed his coat and pushed the chairs to the bar-table into the table roughly, causing a few to topple to the floor. Everyone in the coffee shop and a few in the back of the bookstore were staring at him in shocked silence. A figure, presumably the manager, from the interior of the bookstore hurried toward the man who was now shouting and kicking tables and chairs as he moved toward the main store. The manager approached him cautiously and said, "I think you'd better leave now." Having reached the partition between the bookstore and the coffee shop, the violent fury of the man seemed to pause as he stopped and looked directly into the eyes of the manager and then at the other customers. "S'not that easy," he said to them fiercely. "S'not that easy..." His voice broke in the middle, and he began to sob. The manager quietly moved toward the crumbling man and firmly grasped his elbow. "Let's go, sir, let's take it outside." He complied unhappily and allowed the manager to lead him through the bookstore and to the entrance of the coffee shop. He walked loudly in his brown overcoat and seemed to pass for breath. At the door, the manager pulled it open and gave his elbow a light shove so that he stumbled out of the entrance. He began to stagger off, no longer crying, but he turned around to catch the manager's stern eyes and said to him, "S'n'that easy." The manager nodded curtly and replied, "No, I'm sure it's not," as the door wheezed shut.

Jazz by David Carpio, CAS '97

In The Wee Small Hours of the Morning, quietly singing in her sultry voice, the Fascinating Rhythm sends warning, her S'Wonderful Witchcraft that leaves no choice From This Moment, she's So In Love with you, and you'll be her Melancholy Baby all Night And Day you'll hear her soulful coo and think They Can't Take That Away From Me. But you are just a Prisoner of Love, whether it's Lady Day or Sarah Vaughn, an angel's voice that hits you from above, Out of Nowhere, you know the groove is on. It's music takes in All of You, and has that fire of the soulful Queens of Jazz.

Stealing From Content
by Ravi Adhikary, CAS '99

Within an untimely green forest, the cabin of content does lie. A simple abode with small garden, fitting a simple man with little need. Though kind, one would perish sooner than receive an invitation from the hermit. Perhaps I will break into his house tomorrow while he goes for a stroll I will gorge a while on the sweet fruit he keeps upon the kitchen table; only to quietly steal away again when I hear him coming home.
Excavation in 14  
By Steve Huang, CAS '96


2) Brown noises spill out. Wet and dirty. Smoke alarm sounds dully, flickering on dying batteries. No answer yet. Firewood, piled, dusty.

3) Drip. Drip.


6) The vermin elude you.


8) Watch your head. We cast our light across the wide flooded cellar. Brackish water covers the irregular floor. Turn a corner and we see a hand. Then a leg, a foot. Decaying bodies are piled up, half submerged, covered with grime. Moldering bodies, a rare gleam of exposed bone, tendon, sinew. This is where all of you old lovers lay. The pickled stench stuns, makes the eyes moist. Toys are strewn about as well, tumbled into the dark pool among the corpses: alphabet blocks, action figure heroes, tinker-toys, a doll house. Unbearable darkness bathes everything in darkness.

9) The reasons for fear crawl on their bellies, unseen. You are answered only by the flickering sounds of tiny footfalls. A number of creatures without order or significance. They scatter at the casting of our light beams, leaving only droppings and the newly bitten flesh of the bodies. Wet cracking. The eyes are long gone, devoured first. Dried, white, uneaten skin curls up like old paper.

10) A smoke alarm sounds its stunned, distorted chirp. The head of the household swore never to take on another lover, instead descending into the cellar on certain nights to gaze upon the speechless tumble of limbs.


12) We hear the painter collapse in his room upstairs. Dust drifts lazily from the ceiling. The painter's face is horribly knotted with mortified tension. Bloodless hands clenched unforgivingly tight. Drip. The caked paintbrush lays on the floor, crushed and splintered.

13) The exposed bone gleams when hit with our beams. Above, the floor creaks when someone walks. The violating stench burrows into our heads. You leave.


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000111001  
By Anonymous

The uncomprehending humanity awaits me as the dampness of the night trickles over my eyes
Stolen words dazzle the mind like fireworks on the Fourth of July
Foolish strings of thought fall in and out of the black hole
Surrounded in a blanket of the notes
The firmness of the black night supports every thought
The weaving fingers are a traveling symphony
I conduct myself through the pages of bulky words
Each a numerical series proposing to have meaning within its contrast of black and white spots
Only to find a lonely desolate space
Standing on thin air with no basis it rapidly leaves, like a dream waiting to be recalled from the narrow hallway
Walking in water, the coral of the mind awaits a change that shall never be
The deep voice of the distant man talking on wave destroys the continuity
Speaking of violence and help, he is incomprehensible
I can only feel the arrival of the rolling notes shaping themselves in the caverns of the Soul
Trying to be seen, but not to show
Displaying it like a child who has taken its first step
The pain of decision provokes me at every moment

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Photo by Karen Yiu, CAS '99
In June, I am going halfway across the world to a place I have never been before. I am going home.

This home is the Republika ng Pilipinas, an archipelago located about 500 miles from the rest of Asia. Consisting of over seven thousand islands, the Philippines looks as if Someone had carelessly dropped a glass figurine, shattering into countless fragments to answer people when they ask me where I am from.

“From Atlanta,” I would state plainly.

“No, I mean, where are you from?”

“Well, my parents immigrated from the Philippines.”

“Are you Chinese? You look Chinese.”

“No.”

“How about your name...Spanish?”

“No.”

“What are you?”

“Um...”

“Forget it. So, when are you returning home?”

If others don’t think America, the country I’ve lived in for all of my life, is my home, how much more will the Philippines accept me? And most importantly, will I accept this country?

My paternal grandfather—“Papa”—is the reason why I am going to such a nebulous home. He feels as though his time is near and wants the pieces of his family, scattered over twenty cities, near him. The whole family will leave the comforts of the fast-paced lifestyle to be one, so why should I deal with the elderly? I hardly understand their motives; in my immortality—a flat plain, instead. I do not have to relate to octogenarians, nor do I plan on being one, so why should I deal with the elderly? It’s the heavy smell of Lysol; I can hear the faint, indecipherable murmurs Some students walked into the room, I continued to read aloud for them, and our nicknames: “J’mee! J’nelle! Tong-boy!”

Time limits are a mystery to me. Adults tell me I am at the peak of my hedonistic phase, where I refuse to see the bottom of the wineglass. They tell me that I see an illusion of immortality—a flat plain, instead. I do not have to relate to octogenarians, nor do I plan on being one, so why should I deal with the elderly? I hardly understand their motives; in my eyes, they are simply wanting to die. I recently saw a movie called “Harold and Maude.” Maude loved life, caressed it, was a part of it more than her morbid consort, the 18-year old Harold. Once she turned eighty, however, she knew she would have trouble enjoying life as much as she did. So she killed herself. Suicide may not be the ideal solution, but I’ve always wondered why so many people are lingering until their lives run out. Even worse, the desire to lengthen one’s life by practicing certain health rituals or abstaining from certain pleasures worsens my ideal view of the wise yet hidden elderly. In a few years, the number of Americans over 65 will outnumber the younger ones, or so I’ve read. The country will be a post-reproductual wasteland.

However, my empirical evidence is sparse. I hardly ever converse with anyone older than fifty. The few times I encounter old people, I avoid them, as though their rusty, deteriorating spirits are contagious. In the sixth grade, Mrs. Boak, the over-ambitious music teacher, brought the school chorus to a nursing home. Even now I can see the yellowing paint on the abandoned walls; I can breathe in the dry air invaded with dust and the heavy smell of Lyso, I can hear the faint, indecipherable murmurs Some students walked into the room, I continued to read aloud for them, and our nicknames: “J’mee! J’nelle! Tong-boy!”

When the shows ended, Mama went into the garden and knelt by the flowers, while Papa busied himself in the garage, building small wooden bridges for us until evening. Then, they softly ate dinner with my parents and three rowdy children, and around 7:30 p.m. they were in bed. Quiet routine was as stimulating to them as the unexpected adventure was to me.

Their past was different from their today. They raised seven children on a sugar cane farm. Mama held social dances and sewed beautiful dresses for her daughters. My aunts sometimes criticized our hype-up prom night, comparing it to their many social dances. They told me stories about Lunang Cinta, an old musical engineer. He taught military strategies at my father’s school, which, as nepotism decreed, allowed my father to become the sergeant of his class. Papa and Mama made sure all of their children received a college education—a slightly new concept in the Philippines. Five children went into the medical field and two became accountants.

Before all of this peaceful life, Papa was a prisoner in the Bataan Death March. I learned about the Bataan Death March from history books in school, not from emotional stories told around the dinner table or lengthy tales from Papa. In the early stages of World War II, the Japanese forced thousands of Filipinos to march miles across their homeland, from Mariveles to Camp O’Donnell. If a prisoner collapsed from hunger or fatigue, he was immediately shot or beaten to death. Out of 70,000 prisoners, only 54,000 reached the camp.

That is all I know.

I was studying for my history test in 10th grade and showed the small paragraph to my father. He briefly mentioned, “Papa was in the Bataan Death March.”

He would say any more. I don’t think he was trying to keep anything secret. That is simply the way the past existed in our family. Perhaps the idea of sharing emotions was distasteful to my father. Perhaps he wants to protect me from the past. I am going home to learn the meaning of time. Perhaps he believes the world now has no need for the painful fragments of yesterday. I am going home to feel the pain. Yet, who will I discover who I am without knowing where I came from? Are Filipinos a little bit of every culture except ourselves, or do the pieces somehow form its own identity?

I am going home to find those broken pieces.
DIM SUM by Kyi May Kaung

Little hearts for breakfast, lunch arrive on heated carts - this is your first time - you thought it'd take an hour, to order. Crispy taro root, stuffed with meat shrimp har gow

and finds - Chinese sausage and black mushrooms, for you.

And do you doubt, I love you? The stuffed taro root alone took me a day to make. The rice wrapped in bamboo leaves, filled with pork, shrimp, chestnuts, tofu peanuts; - two full days!

Your face delighted at each mouthful - until you shake your head, when new delights, pass by - no dessert?

No! No! You're getting fat. Zip back home, and take a nap.

THE TICKING by Michele Poly, CAS '95

Judge him if you must, but be careful my father might explode.

while my mother carried me in her womb - in a jungle, halfway around the world he carried an M16;

1970 the bomb in his gut started ticking;

some call it prejudice, He calls it patriotism. Blood has stained his memory red. It isn't white supremacy beneath his words, he never knew such anger:

leaving a pregnant wife, a crawling daughter, and a blue Chevy in the driveway on some street Hilltop, U.S.A. the Army drafted and taught him anger.

The Conflict. Hatred allowed him to kill and killing helped him to survive. He began to look at the slightest tint to a man's skin or tilt of his eye with contempt.

Rage separated him from his enemy, more perfectly than the DMZ;

I used to hate my father's ticking; my naive questions curiosities always met with silence; rarely a smile - I couldn't even hear him laugh through the ticking.

It's taken twenty-two years to hush the ticking.

my father smiles now when he uses the word Asian;

smile too, when he hugs my Asian American roommate as if she were his own child; and looks into her father's eyes when they shake hands. I've spent a lifetime trying to understand my father's ticking; I only hope that you will understand it.

why do they hate me so just because my skin is tan they say they did it for rodney but i wonder if that's really true

my people's dreams goals and lives went up burning up in flames flames that were lit my fellow man to try to burn my yellow skin

why does the news never show Koreans getting killed by dark thieves but they show Latasha Harlins over and over over and over

why does the media spread such hate why do they want us to fight is it good for the ratings did the riots make you money (don't sell out)

my friends do say (always remember you're Korean) yes, i mumble i'll never forget because the flames still burn bright

i don't need a butterfly nor do i want a lotus blossom the strength of my mother and all our mothers oh my sisters abandon us not for centuries we have been oppressed

by the Chinese and the Japanese but now we've come only to face the racism of the whites and the prejudice of the blacks

why do whites always proclaim (no i'm not racist i'm really not) are they ashamed can't they see or are they afraid of getting beat

the yellow peril am i so scary do you really think we're taking over you damned idiot open your eyes instead of making fun of my slanted eyes

i already am an asian man i already am a korean man it is my dignity it is my heritage it is my pride

i am an asian man i am a korean man
INTERVIEW WITH SILVER CHO

by Derek Yan

A Singer, Model, and Entrepreneur, how could a Korean American ever dream of ending up here in Philly doing Asian nights?

Mosaic: So tell me how you got started here.

Silver: I came here when I was 16, and went to school at Drexel and “overwhelmed” by the number of Asians in Philly. Uh...wow. And you don’t anybody doing anything about ‘em?

M: Were you active at school, when you came in?

S: No... I was the biggest dweeb. I didn’t do anything. I was an engineering major. Skipped the fourth grade and the 11th grade because of IQ testing. They said, “I was smart.” But I don’t see it. They let me graduate early and come to school here with a scholarship. My mom didn’t want me to come, because I was so little, but my brother wanted me here. I didn’t want an engineering major, so flunked out of first semester. I was on academic probation, devastated my parents, and wanted to give up ship me back to Korea.

M: You mentioned you were also Miss Chinatown?

S: Yes, that was when I was 17. See, I’m a social person instead of a book person. So I did that, traveled around Korea for a little bit and quit school to the devastation of my parents. Then I started my own business... A drapery business.

Sold draperies and vertical blinds. Made them myself, and later sold that company to a friend. I later got into horses and racing and did that for a couple of years. Made a lot of money from there. A lot of fun, back then in my gambling days. Then later decided to go back to school, and then changed my mind to go to New York. I’m a singer now too.

M: What do you sing?

S: Mostly pop. I’ll show you. (takes out leaflets and pictures) Also did some modeling, everybody does that. Sang at some clubs here in Philly, and then I went to sing at some Korean clubs up in New York. After singing for a while, I came back down here to take up some business courses in Temple. I figured I wanted to be a doctor, and finished with an exercise physiology degree from Temple. In the midst of that, I started the first Korean landscaping business here in Philly. Which is what this photo is in this Korean newspaper...

M: So why start Asian night here in Philly?

S: I started Asian night for several reasons. Some nightclub owners I know realized that I knew a lot of Asians in Philadelphia and wanted to use my “social skills” for lucrative reasons. I was sick and tired of the stigma of Asians—all of them having a “Bruce Lee” syndrome. Meaning that all of them like to fight and that Asians were all in gangs and things of that nature. I think I proved that with a bit of work and friendly introductions, we can all get along. It’s part of my personality. I am very outgoing, and it’s not that hard for me to approach people I don’t know and just ask them if they heard of “the ultimate Asian dance party” and/or if they would like to come and check it out.

I guess the greatest attraction for me was that it provided me with another networking system to let people know when and where I am singing next. Believe it or not, that has been my true goal, since I was 3 years old in Korea — to be a vocalist and a performer.
I am a sophomore at Upper Dublin High School decided to perform at a talent show—"as a kind of a joke..." my interviewee admits. This "joke" turned out to be the prominent beginnings of American music's first major hip hop artist—the Mountain Brothers (a.k.a. MBs). Seven years later and more serious than ever, the 'Brothers,' Steve Wei (Styles), Scott Jung (Chops) and Chris Wang (Penl), are rapping to the beat of a record deal with Ruffhouse/Columbia Records, the label representing Fugees, Cypress Hill and Kris Kross.

The road to 'Rap-dom' was not an easy one for these Philly natives. Wei, my informant for the day, gave me the 411 on the MBs' evolution from past to present. Meeting up in 1992 at Penn State University, the trio was established when Styles and Chops hooked up with Penl. Since then the three have been rhyming about their real-life experiences the 411 on the MBs' evolution from past to present. Meeting up in 1992 at Penn State University, the trio was established when Styles and Chops hooked up with Penl. Since then the three have been rhyming about their real-life experiences.

"Each song we make reflects an aspect of our lives—we try to come up with lyrics that are really complex and that deal with what we care about and experience...such song has a concept and theme," Wei affirms. An early example of their struggles over whether or not to continue with their rapping is expressed in "Go for Broke." "There was a lot of frustration and a lot of angst and parental pressure, so it reflected that point in our lives." The depth of feeling and ideologies within MBs' lyrics have drawn praises from Rap critics. One of these includes Bilal Allah, a rap critic and former managing editor of "RapPages:"

Malcolm X, introduced in 1994, was the MBs' first release. The album took the trio from this point on, and they have been working hard these days to complete their debut album, which is due out in August. Wei updated and commented on its contents: "We're finishing up the tracks right now. It will include 13 tracks and a bunch of skits. These tracks are all songs that we have collected over 4 years each one is different representing a different stage of our lives. I feel we've grown as individuals and changed as individuals and our changing style has reflected this."

So the big question (at least for this supplement)...are the Mountain Brothers out to claim their fame as Asian American icons? Wei adamantly declines: "We're obviously Asian, but we're just out here to make hip hop music that's creative and original. I don't think we have any agendas, we make music because we really love making hip hop music. It's more an expression of ourselves—if you take the whole album itself, you could just call it 'Self' and that's who we represent."

Prevalence of Asian pop music is enhanced by the easy access to the internet, which provides a myriad of links to artists' homepages, online shopping sites, and discussion forums. Here are a few must-visit sites and good places to start exploring the unlimited world of pop music:

- www.ttfx.kiwi.co.jp/person/akihito/akihito/Asian_pops_a.html
- Hong Kong Bridge: www.hongkongbridge.com
- Vietnamese American Entertainment: www.vietnam-asian-entertainment.com
- Hong Kong Movie Charters: www.charters.com
- Asian Music: www.asianmusic.com
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- Asian Music: www.asianmusic.com

M: So how about everyone else in your group?
B: We all have great people working for us. The person running this graduated from Cornell and another girl who graduated from Columbia. We all have lives and we know we're going to go on in five years.

M: What could you tell me about the industry?
B: There's a lot of different kinds. There's the house crowd from 18 to 21, and there's a lot of other groups. Like I said, rarely do we have any fights at our parties because we cater to parties with "good" students. And we like that.

M: Where is CORE going in the next few years?
B: We're going to expand. Look out for us, because we're looking at Boston, San Francisco, L.A., and Philly.

For more information, you can check them out on-line at http://www.corenyc.com
**FILM REVIEW**

“**The Way of Chow Yun Fat**” by David Chute

In Hong Kong, the audience talks to you right on the screen. If they really enjoy it, they want to jump into the screen. You and the audience are very close. Ordinary people in Hong Kong treat me like a friend. I did TV for 14 years. They watched me every day. When I laugh, they laugh, when I cry, they cry. They never treat me like a movie star.”

Imagine the most appealing qualities of Jack Lemmon, Robert Taylor and Steve McQueen somehow magically co-mingled with a pinch of Al Pacino, only Chinese, and you may begin to get the drift of Chow Yun-fat, John Woo’s favorite leading man.

In repose, Chow’s casual magnetism recalls the glory days of Robert Mitchum, Steve McQueen, or Takakura Ken - great movie actors who can rivet your attention while seeming to do almost nothing.

CHOW YUN-FAT: “In the West audiences think I am a stereotyped action star, or that I always play hit men or killers. But in Hong Kong, I did a lot of comedy, many dramatic films, and most of all, romantic roles, lots of love stories. I was like a romance novel hero.”

John Woo cast Chow in their first film together, “A Better Tomorrow”, precisely because he is an actor with real depth and not a punch-drunk action star. Woo is not interested in the action for its own sake, but in action as an extension and expression of personality.

Chow is one of the few established “mainstream” actors in Hong Kong who has consistently been as popular with the art film wing of the business as with its commercial wing. But if Chow Yun-fat was “a member of the family” before “A Better Tomorrow” his Hong Kong movie screens in 1986, he became a different kind of entity thereafter: A superstar who could do no wrong.

Jay is a guest writer from University of Southern California. He is currently a graduate film student eking out an existence around gun-slinging L.A. A better tomorrow two, I believe this one was the return of Chow’s character, or the twin brother that is. The double “Van Dammage” thing has been done to death, but the love of chow makes it worth while. The priest, or father also has a double, and that makes the whole situation just a bit more cheesy. John Woo has the tendency to create love stories between men, a bond created by violence, and the camaraderie that exists around that violence. This film is no exception, and Chow, the Asian carry grant, James Bond, and all male heroes into one, is made all the more attractive as bullets fly, guns shoot, chow dives, all in slow motion, love scenes with blood. I’m not sure how to feel about sequels in general, but this sequel is too generic and the plot is too little, too thin, too unbelievable. Okay, now I can forget about the fact that Chow never has to reload, that’s cool. But hey, twins, and more twins? This isn’t irony, or coincidence, its just plain contrived. This film pales in comparison to the first film (A Better Tomorrow part I). The sequel was for money and because Woo’s original became HK’s most successful film to date. It put Woo on the international map, before the Killer even. This one was for money, or Woo was forced to do it for the Mafia, maybe Triad, most probably Big Circle... (I’m serious here, check it out if you can). Watch this show in the Superblock at 6pm on Apr. 4!!

**GHOST IN THE SHELL (***): The Title and Review**

The title of this movie is very important and not chosen because of the way it sounds. In the movie a “Ghost” has the same meaning as a soul. The “Shell” is that of the body. So, when you translate it you get “The Soul In The Body”. The reason that this title is so important to the movie is that the main characters are artificial. And by being artificial they are not deemed to be living beings. But can a program develop a soul? What defines humanity and mankind? If machines could develop a soul, what would be so special about being human? All these questions are presented through the movie and by the end you are left with more questions than when you went in. Ghost In The Shell is a roller coaster ride of high action, drama, and a struggle to define humanity. Ghost In The Shell is a movie not to be missed, whether you are an anime lover or not. This fast paced, imaginative story plot grabs you from the beginning and leaves you wanting more in the end. Another trophy for Shiro Masamune. Watch out for the show at 6pm in Superblock on Friday, Apr. 4.
S o what's really like to talk to the grand-daughter of the person who was working in the same kitchen as the guy who invented chop suey? Just as Dina Gan, one of the editors of Eastern Standard Time, at first, like a term paper, but, as we researched, more and more we realized the vast depth and breadth of what we were taking on.

"I gave birth to my child and to this book at the same time."

"People talk a lot about how American culture is a post-modern identity—an identity that doesn't spring from anything but choice I could choose to be Chinese American or Taiwanese American or heterosexual male in America and in the annual showcase of New York City's New Dance Alliance, which is an event not to miss!

The Writer's House is located over the bridge on 38th and Locust, across from CHATS.

SOME BIOS ON THE WRITERS


BLOC

ANA BULALACAO - (Founding & Executive Director, Poet's Theater) is the reading curator for the Asian American Writer's Workshop. She is a graduate of Eugene Lang College for the New School for Social Research and studied poetry with Kurt Lamkin. She is currently involved in writing a renga with Pablo Medina and Megan Aliych. sponsored by the New School.

Tina Chang - Her most recent work has appeared in The Asian Pacific American Journal, black bough. Chaminade Literary Review. Footwork. The Patterson Literary Review, Blue Ink Press, and Excursus. She is pursuing an M.F.A. in poetry at Columbia University and is editor of the Asian American Writer's Workshop's literary news magazine TEN.

Barbara Tran - Recipient of a Woosrich Scholarship, Barbara Tran holds an MFA from Columbia University. Barbara has read her poems in ten states across the country and is included in the anthologies Premonitions (Kaya Production) and On a Bed of Rice (Anchor/ Doubleday). Program director of the Asian American Writer's Workshop, she is currently also at work editing Watermark, an anthology of Vietnamese American poetry and fiction. Her own poems are forthcoming in The Asian City Review, The Viet Nam Nam, and Ploughshares.

Nancy Bulalacao - (Founding & Executive Director, Poet's Theater) is the reading curator for the Asian American Writer's Workshop. She is a graduate of Eugene Lang College for the New School for Social Research and studied poetry with Kurt Lamkin. She is currently involved in writing a renga with Pablo Medina and Megan Aliych. sponsored by the New School.

Mythili Jagannathan - holds a B.A. in English and American Literature from Brandeis U. She spent her Junior year abroad studying Tamil language and literature in Madurai, India. At Brandeis, she studied under Mary Campbell and Jayne Anne Phillips and was a twice-winner of the Allen Grosbard Prize for Poetry. Currently she is a graduate student in the English Department at the U. of Penn, and Co-Coordinator of the Asian Arts Initiative's Fall Performance Showcase, to be held in Philadelphia in September 1997.

Mia Sider - is a writer and performance artist active in the Philly creative community. His work has been presented by Philly's Painted Bride Art Center, Toronto's Des-Pardesh Festival of South Asian Culture, and in the annual showcase of New York City's New Dance Alliance. He is a New forms Regional Grant Program awardee, funded by the Pennsylvania Council on the Arts, National Endowment for the Arts, Rockefeller Foundation and the Andy Warhol Foundation.

T H E S P O K E N W O R D S T O U R - (Thurs. Apr. 3. 7pm-8pm 4-6)

The Spoken Words Tour at Steffler B-6 on Thursday Apr. 3 at 7pm and Reseting the Margins Tour at the Writer's House - Apr. 4 at 2:30pm is an event not to miss!
I have realized, just recently, that I am a spy. Perhaps it is in the nature of the writer to be somewhat of a secret agent, a private investigator of humanity. We read, greedily sometimes, to be informed about our fellow man - to get the scoop, the dirt, or a surreptitious intillation from the fictional or even not-so-fictional exploits which writers compile about their case studies, their characters. At its most potent, any art can be almost invasive in its revelation, its truth, and writers are our constant informants.

In this way, Chang-Rae Lee is also a spy. Native Speaker, his brilliantly evocative first novel, is the dossier he has compiled on America. I have used the language of espionage, of adventure and suspense - but equally appropriate is the jargon of high art. Lee’s splendid plot (bouyed by his gorgeous prose) constructs an intricate tale that can be illuminated like an Oriental paper-cutting - revealing deliberate sections of blank space, fragulately connected wisps of starch that nevertheless firmly form impossible complex patterns. I tell only one thread, albeit an extremely important one, of his richly developed intrigue when I tell of Henry Park, “stranger/follower/traitor/spy” (as the letter his wife writes when she leaves him describes). For in the end, Speaker is, alternately a spy novel written by a prose stylist; a birecial love story with a political center: a hagiography about an immigrant man caught within and without his native culture. Above all, it is a work of art, written with a strange grace and pliancy that resonates in your mind long after you’ve slowly re-read its last page.

I have spied upon Chang-Rae Lee (who metaphorically spies upon Henry Park, who literally spies upon John Kwang) for just over a week, now. This is what I have found: he is intrigued by a Korean-American man whose life as a spy necessitates both detachment and a strange assimilation. In the course of his employment, Park is forced to spy upon a charismatic politician who even in theory amazes him: “A Korean man, of [middle] age, as part of the vernacular”. As Speaker follows the line of their relationship, the dynamic of betrayal and trust to nation, ethnicity, and friend deepens. Henry’s spying on (and betrayal of) Kwang becomes a metaphor for the spying done by all immigrants - are all efforts towards assimilation into American culture betrayals of their ethnicity? Through Henry, the author grapples with problems of voice, of language, of one’s native tongue.

Outside of plot, Lee is a magnificent writer, with the kind of makes you out of sentiment - the joyous recuperating of something alien. He is a server of life, expected de-exploded thought and the feeling reader, you the terrain of precious perspective. Unexpected images pepper the novel, like the warmth of a coin, poignant after death: “I found the coin in the back flap pocket of his shorts. The coin was warm - the bag must have been left near a window - I wondered how long the shiny metal could hold in a heart, if it could remember something like the press of flesh” He is an author of the highest sensibility whose writing, like the silhouette drawn around a body at a crime scene, reveals by omission.

Manga and Anime: A Quick Look at Two Asian Obsessions

I’m not claiming that manga is inherently superior to comic books. What I am saying, however, is that manga differs significantly from Western comic books, and you may find manga more to your style. At the very worst, taking a look at manga will let you understand who those characters are that you see plastered all over Asian children’s pencil cases, book bags and stationery.

A cross that little puddle we call the Pacific Ocean, hundreds of Asian men and women are hunched over scribbling diligently to bring to life robots that make the Transformers look like candidates for the scrap heap, superheroes whose powers are only surpassed by their size, pout of their eyes and hair, and a guy that turns into a girl when you add cold water. These incredulous characters make up an unusually large proportion of the Asian immigrants - are often collected into cheap anthologies, along with very small stories by other writers and artists, which aids to buy as opposed to, say, the X-Men. For me, one of the most eye-opening aspects of manga is that it resolves. Unlike Superman, which I do not foresee with mature subject matter that American standards would find unacceptable in a comic book or cartoon, such as violent death scenes. Finally, one important aspect of manga is that it resolves. Unlike Superman, which I do not foresee ending during my lifetime, it is expected that stories will end after a relatively brief period of time (at most a few years).

Manga for Dummies by Seung Lee

Manga is about surviving. It opens with the protagonist as a small boy watching fireworks. He first encountered anime (Japanese animation) as a small boy watching Starblazers, one of the great anime series of all time. Even as a child, I could sense that this was great storytelling. Chased by powerful enemies, a small crew on a lone ship must journey to a faraway land in order to save all that they hold dear. I can still remember fragments of the theme song. Starblazers was an epic saga, a space opera presented in a vibrant visual medium that held its audience spellbound.

The key to anime’s appeal lies in these basic elements: a good plot, characters one can empathize with, and eye-catching artwork. At its best, anime is an art form as legitimate and as varied as theater. It ranges from the delightful to the sorrowful, and from the cynical to the sublime to the hideous.

Yet, despite these facts, the US does not seem to recognize anime for the art form that it is. Most Americans have been taught that cartoons are for children and not to be taken seriously. This was not always the case. Americans pioneered cartooning and many of the old cartoons contain wit and sophistication no child could possibly understand. Unfortunately, nowadays, these cartoons have been edited and most of the one currently made are little more than glorified commercials. Anime, however, managed to grow in the same vein as that could touch the soul as deeply as any song or poem.

Of course, there are some who would ridicule the very idea that a cartoon can touch your soul. Those who say this probably have not seen anime before or have had a bad experience with it. To the former, I can only say, “Don’t knock what you haven’t tried.” To the latter, I would say, “Don’t make judgments too quickly. Anime can easily be ruined by horrible dubbing and translation.

As an example of how uplifting anime can be, let me cite Gainax’s Wings of Honneamise. WOH is a tale of a world like, yet unlike our own. It tells of young civilization’s first tentative steps into the stars. Watching it, I could imagine what it must’ve been like in the earliest days of the Space Race. The first scene sets the tone for the entire film. It opens with the now classic line: “It’s 1988 and a small boy watching fighting space battles take off from a carrier. A single plane soars into the blue sky, the setting sun glinting off its wings. We see the boy follow it with his eyes, his heart soaring with the plane as it goes higher and higher. It is a great juxtaposition of the high ideals and ordinary people, all rendered in artwork alive with vibrant colors. WOH is filled with inspirational moments and lessons from ordinary life. The film is not merely about the great space race. It is also about the hero’s everyday struggles and his quest to win the heart of a young girl. This deft handling of both theme and character is what makes this film so special. It reaffirmed my dream of humanity’s one day reaching the stars and my faith in humanity itself. Surely, no mere cartoon could do that.
Jin's unique style combines the old and the new. That's why he was especially chosen again to do a full page spread for this semester’s Mosaic. In “The Bride,” a futuristic rendition of a bride wearing a kimono dress, reflects the creative skills behind the Mosaic staff. Jin is currently a Medical student and works at HUP.

THE BRIDE by Jin Yoon Lee

RUSH
by Sofia Theophilus

Is to pray that tensions never escape me,
Is to feed on my love potion—my medicine for the day.
Is to remember the first time I glimpsed under the silver lining of the clouds only to find its grayish dull being, to hold the icy tips of rejecting fingers, or
to leap to the edge of the moon and look down on the small, tiny "me" that was never put on earth merely to be looked at.

It is to be the spider weaving realities into transformed images,
to spit out the residue of a colorless existence, to make sense of why life has colors at all.
It is to be the vast tides crashing against the conformed shores—
to come home to a revelation of significance about all that is insignificant.
Is to reach beyond the dying galaxy to pull out the stars that have ceased to shine,
and to polish their luster with my literary sleeves—
Swosh! Swosh! To gaze at the golden gleam of celestial metals unearthed—
Is to create what shines,
Is to feel how much
Is to write a poem.
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**PROGRAM: A-MAGAZINE TOUR**

**THURSDAY, APRIL 3**

6:30pm Kick off the **EST** Tour with the editors of A-Magazine. Refreshments will be served. **Raffle for 2 Susanna Foo dinners and other prizes.** (Steitler B-6)

7:00pm **SPOKEN WORDS TOUR** featuring writers from AAWW and Asian Arts Initiative: Jeffrey Loo, Dung Nguyen, Maria Aguilar, and Josephine Foo.

8:30pm **ASIAN FILM SHOWCASE.** *Swordsman II* starring Jet Li and *Wings of Honneamise.*

**FRIDAY, APR. 4**

11:00am Editor autographs and book orders. (Penn Book Store)

2:30pm **RESETTING THE MARGINS (EAST IS EAST) TOUR.** Poetry readings and Q&A session with some of the best Asian American writers. Featuring: Barbara Tran, Tina Chang, Nancy Bulalacao, Mohan Sikka, and Mytilli Jagannathan (Writer’s House across from Chats)

4:00pm **ASIAN SPRING FLING!** Performances by Mountain Brothers, Terry Lin, and several student performances from groups such as PPA and SAS and individual performances from other talented individuals. (Superblock/HRN)

6:30pm **ASIAN FILM SHOWCASE** with *Ghost in the Shell* and *A Better Tomorrow* starring Chow Yun Fat (directed by John Woo) all on a giant big screen!! (Superblock/HRN)

11:00pm **NOTORIOUS EST PARTY** sponsored by PPA, ASU, KDPhi, CSA, and TUPAC (LPhiE House: 3721 Chestnut)

**SATURDAY, APR. 5**

1:00pm **CELEBRATION OF CULTURE** (College Green)

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The Entire APSC board for their dedication and support
Alvin Alvarez and Mark Chiang, for their needed advice, and the GIC
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**Special Thanks to these people who made the event possible:**

Angela Chen, Stella Thompson, Eric Lee, Seung Lee, Andy Choi, Susanna Huang, Albert Lee, Christina Lin, Christine Lee, the Music staff, the KDPhi pledge class, the performers, and all the other supporters and coordinators not mentioned.