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• You may have a secret admirer and not even know it. In the personal messages throughout the magazine, here’s your chance to find out.

• Congratulations to Ai Nagao and Berit Midtgaard (page 24), Salim Al-Saidi (page 32), and Mieko Sato (page 33), the winners of this issue’s poetry contest.
Editor's Note

It's always interesting to me to see how "the collective unconscious" reveals itself in the works of Sunrise contributors. In some issues—including this one—recurrent themes and variations on themes unfold almost as if they were emerging from the deliberate intentions of a single writer. I think this phenomenon is a testament to the fact that we all really are deeply interconnected despite our individual and national differences. The appreciation of nature and the concern for nature's future, the beauty of cultural traditions, the call for social justice, and the inspiration of love and friendship are a few of the major themes weaving through the pages of this issue. Enjoy!

Dick Holmes

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A Shining Blue Ocean

Ai Nagao
Japan

It's a small island surrounded by a shining blue ocean. The smell of flowers fills the air. An eagle is flying high up in the clear sky.

My father's hometown is on this island. Located in the southern part of Japan between Honshu and Kyushu, it's such a small island that even most Japanese don't know it. Its name is Himeshima, meaning "Princess Island." My father told me that a long time ago a princess had come to this small island and loved living there and that this is how it had gotten its name.

When I was eight years old I visited the island for my first time to meet my grandmother. She was seventy-eight years old, a very small lady. She'd never in her life left Himeshima and she knew everything about it.

One day she took me to the highest place on the island, where we could see everything around. On our left was an old, white lighthouse. In front of us spread the sparkling blue ocean, dotted with fishing boats. On our right were the colorful roofs of small houses here and there on the hillside and further down the village of Nagao. I'd never experienced such a beautiful scene. I just stood there holding my grandmother's hand without saying a word.

Suddenly she said to me, "Ai, it's such a nice place, isn't it? Whenever I feel blue, I come here and just sit here. This natural setting always soothes over my hurt feelings."

Now time has passed, and my grandmother has passed away too, but I still remember her warm hand. And I know that just as the shining blue ocean gave her energy, someday I will find something to sustain my heart.

Feng-Shui

Youn-Suk Cho
Korea

There are three essential elements in the life of a human being: clothing, food, and shelter. According to the traditional Korean viewpoint about shelter, not just any house will do; our ancestors considered that the location and position of a house decided the ups and downs of one's family.

Therefore, before making a decision about where to live, our ancestors meditated deeply on the landscape and circumstances of a prospective home. The theory and art of locating the best place for a house, a kind of geomantic study, is known as feng-shui. Feng-shui originated in China, but Korea has developed its own type of this practice.

First of all, if you want to have a well positioned house, you have to find water and mountains. The water provides us with life as well as wealth, and the surrounding mountains protect us from wintry winds. During the winter time, Korea experiences severely cold winds blowing in from Siberia, so mountains play an important role in feng-shui. In addition, a place where farmlands open in front of a house is considered a very good site for a house because our ancestors were agricultural people. For the same reason, the proximity of farmlands is also an important factor in determining the location of a graveyard. One final consideration, both in the cases of a home and a graveyard, is the type of soil, which should allow good drainage. If the soil is too fine and composed of reddish clay, it will not drain well in the rainy season and will be vulnerable to flooding.

So, then, what is the ideal position of house? A river flows immediately in front of the house, mountains surround the house from behind, and farmlands spread before the house. Our ancestors believed that if the house of a family was located in such a place, this family would produce a lot of celebrities.

Nowadays, however, most Koreans don't care much about feng-shui. People prefer to live in apartments instead of houses, and mountains are an obstacle to developed cities. Furthermore, Korea is not an agricultural country anymore. Young Koreans consider feng-shui old-fashioned, and this custom is disappearing in my country.

To Kun-Young and Jong-Sung,
I had a great time with you guys.
After you leave, I'll miss you. Thank you for your kindness. Have a lot of fun in Korea!!

Youn-Suk Cho
Seppuku
Amy Itagoshi
Japan

The practice of seppuku began about one thousand years ago during the Heian period in Japan. This special custom was a kind of self-imposed capital punishment carried out by warriors. When a warrior made a mistake in his work or attitude, he would take his own life—commit seppuku—as a way to show that he accepted responsibility for his action or course of conduct.

Seppuku was conducted according to a solemn ceremony. The warrior performing seppuku would wear a white kimono and sit properly on a mat. Other warriors would watch the ceremony, one of them standing next to him and handing him a sword. The self-condemned warrior would open his kimono, exposing his abdomen, and then wrap the sword in a sheath of white paper. Now, sufficiently prepared for death, he would cut open his abdomen with the wrapped sword, and another warrior standing behind him would immediately cut off his head to prevent prolonged agony.

Learning about this custom made me cringe with pain and fear. However, I admired the valor and courage of these ancient warriors who frankly admitted their mistakes to show their character and honor. In contrast, today’s Japanese politicians don’t show a honorable attitude at all when they make mistakes or project a bad attitude. They don’t even apologize. Considering the cowardice of today’s Japanese political “warriors,” I sometimes find it hard to believe that we modern Japanese actually descended from such noble war-

riors. I’d like to say to our morally weak politicians, “You guys should commit seppuku!”

El Dorado
Luis C. Dominguez
Venezuela

Do you know the story of how Venezuela was discovered by the Spanish and what they were looking for there? At that time people generally thought that the earth was flat and that if they reached the edge of it they would fall off, but some people like Christopher Columbus thought that the earth was round, and he was willing to prove it.

Columbus decided to sail around the earth to reach India, a project many considered foolish. Finally, he arrived in what he thought was India, and when he met the native people there, he called them Indians. After a few days, Columbus realized that he was not in India but on a new continent, eventually to be named America. The Spanish began to trade with the natives, giving them mirrors in exchange for gold. Wondering where the gold came from, they asked the natives, who told them that the gold was a gift from El Dorado.

According to the natives’ legend, El Dorado was a hidden city made of gold where their golden-skinned god, whom the city was named after, lived. The Spanish started looking for the city, sending explorers into the unexplored Amazon jungle to try to find it, but they never returned and the Spanish never found it. Nevertheless, the natives insisted that the city was there and that their god was angry with the Spanish because they were damaging nature. Nowadays, the natives still claim that the legend is true but that foreigners can’t find the city because they’re alienated from nature.

Many Venezuelans don’t know about the legend of El Dorado because they aren’t interested in it, but a lot of young Venezuelans are interested and like to travel around the country learning more about their history and the native people. I for one became interested, so I once went to the Amazon with some friends. There we met a native and asked him about the legend. After explaining it to us, he persuaded us not to look for the city; El Dorado might get mad and kill us in the jungle for damaging nature—we were strangers. Since that day I began to relate more closely to nature and to appreciate it.

If you want to know more about the legend of El Dorado, you too might try going to the Amazon to talk with some natives. Give them some clothes in exchange for their information. Good luck trying to find El Dorado!!!
As in every democratic country, the French people vote to choose a president. Last year, Jacques Chirac was elected president. I think it's not necessary for me to introduce him; I just have to say: "Mister Bomb!"

When I ask somebody who's not French to tell me what s/he thinks about France, you can be sure that the answer will be: "French wine is good, French bread, too, but I'm against the atomic bomb!" If I ask the same person what s/he thinks about China or Australia, for example, you can be sure, also, that s/he will talk about whatever except the atomic bomb! But while journalists all over the world were busy exposing the French government's nuclear bomb testing in Mururoa, very few people knew that the Chinese were doing the same and that the Australians were selling plutonium to France!! I point out these facts to raise questions about whether the media's sensational way of focusing on ecological issues accomplishes anything more than the stereotyping of a country. The truth is that, besides our bomb-supporting president, France has its fair share of ecologists. I count myself among them.

In contrast to the many big, mediated environmental associations, my perpetual ecological action in France has been to develop and maintain a certain kind of mindfulness, or what might be called an eco-logic. Every season and every part of the world has its own particularity, and by observing and appreciating my immediate environment, I've learned the importance and joy of being in harmony with Nature. The South of France is characterized by the singing of cicadas, les cigales, and the strong winds of the Mistral, giving life to everything he touches. If you are sitting under a big tree, a pin parasol, for example (so named because of its parasol-like shape), you can hear the leaves of the tree talking to you. And if you delve more deeply into your surroundings, you'll discover that the leaves are talking to the cicadas, too. Can you hear them talking together? But a huge, awesome sound arises suddenly and drowns out this quiet dialogue. It's the sound of a wave that has come to die on the rocks, just a couple of meters away from you.

Slowly pushing up the small branch before you, you can see an immense, heaving blue playing with the reflections of the Sun. The Sun—he's always here, always moving throughout the day, because he wants, he too, to see the forest and the Sea, the Mediterranean Sea, the sea I LOVE. I fell in love with her twenty years ago when I was born. It's been such a long, sweet story!!!

Love of Nature, I believe, is the foundation of ecology, and this love comes naturally to us when we don't ignore it or block it out. Let's all just wake up, open our eyes, and look around ourselves. It's the responsibility and pleasure of each of us to take care of Nature. If the media focuses its spotlight on a single country and tries to make it a scapegoat because one of that country's citizens made a wrong choice, we're free to be distracted by that focus if we want. But consider voting, I was under the canopy of a pin parasol picking up the plastic bags and cans that some unconscious tourists had left there. Nature hasn't got arms and hands to pick up after us. WE are her arms. Please, let's protect Nature! ♥

To Gilles, Suttel, Bernardo, Thomas, Shiro, Mieko, & Fumiko,
I had a pretty good time here, thanks to friends like you. I think the time we've had here together is really special. Though soon I'll have to return to my real life in Japan, I hope I'll meet you again someday.
Koji Kurihara

To: Koji Kurihara
Rina
Raden Ajeng Kartini, an Indonesian Hero

Admired for their bravery, goodness, or great ability, heroes perform acts of great courage under very dangerous or difficult conditions. War heroes, for example—whether soldiers who fight or nurses who help the injured—risk or sacrifice their lives for their country. Heroes spend most of their lives fighting for and helping others.

Teachers can be heroes, too, helping to educate us so that we can develop our country. Beginning when we are little children and continuing through our adolescence and young adulthood, we spend our time in school getting educated, and we would have few opportunities in life without teachers because everything starts with learning.

One of the heroes in my country, Indonesia, was Raden Ajeng Kartini, a great educator during the time that Indonesia was colonized by the Dutch. Kartini came from an aristocratic family who lived on Java Island. At that time, only people who came from aristocratic families had the opportunity to learn how to read and write. The colonial rulers feared that if poor people were allowed to go to school and become educated they would fight against colonialism.

Kartini was a very smart and active woman. She realized the injustice of the colonial government's education policy, and she could not just sit and watch her people sink further and further into ignorance. Influenced by her best friend from Holland, with whom she corresponded about the development of women's education in Europe, Kartini became determined to teach her people how to read and write. She started by assembling the women and teaching them how to read and write and take care of household matters. To avoid being arrested by the government, she conducted these educational activities secretly.

When Kartini died in the 1880s, she left an invaluable legacy to Indonesian women. Women's education continued to develop, and women attained higher and higher levels of social status. By the 1920s, women had secured their civil rights, including the right to vote. Inspired by Kartini's heroic efforts, Indonesian women played an important role in the fight against colonialism, and finally, Indonesia gained its independence on August 17, 1945. Since then, we Indonesians have all been working together to build our country into an independent, developed one. If Kartini could see how Indonesia is today, she would be proud and happy.

To Silvia García and Yuko Tanaka,

Thank you for being such good friends. You both mean a lot to me!!

Febrina Suprayogi

To my GW30 students,

It's been fun working with you this quarter. I think you learned a lot, didn't you? Have a good break and learn some more.

Bronia
I Have a Dream
Yuko Tanaka
Japan

Since I came to the USA from Japan several years ago, I have observed that prejudice against minorities, especially against blacks, still exists in this country. Having stayed in several cities in the USA, including Atlanta, the hometown of Martin Luther King, Jr., I can say that King's dream of a racially unprejudiced USA is not yet a reality.

Of course, attitudes toward race in this country vary from individual to individual and from one part of the country to another, but in general I can see that racial prejudice is still a problem here. When I was living in Boston, I experienced the racial discrimination against Asians there firsthand. It disgusted me and made me feel so sad.

In Japan, I have never been discriminated against because we are a racially homogeneous nation. However, we have another kind of problem with racial prejudice. Japanese people tend to be nice to white Westerners but to discriminate against other Asians. For example, if white people ask about something, we usually answer kindly, but we take a rude attitude toward other Asians. I've seen this in Japan a number of times.

I think racial prejudice is one of the biggest problems in the USA. Although civil rights issues have been settled legally, racial prejudice still exists. Martin Luther King, Jr., fought nonviolently, as Gandhi had done in India, to free society of racial prejudice. What King did is so magnificent, and I greatly respect him. If he had not been killed, he would have gone on to help more and more people, especially poor black Americans, and he would have become a great leader even among whites in the USA. I hope his dream comes true someday.

A Night in the Desert
Salim Al-Saidi
Oman

Most people have not had the good fortune to experience the beauty, the quiet, and the peace of the soft golden sands of the Arabian desert, a great inspiration to the poets and artists of my country. The next best thing to being there in person is visiting it in the imagination, so let’s imagine that you are a person fond of quiet and beauty who wants to free yourself from your sad, exhausting, depressing life in the city. Your thoughts turn to the desert, and one afternoon around the twentieth of an Arabian month when the moon rises around midnight, you leave the city behind you and head straight for the desert.

In the first part of the night there, you can enjoy the millions of stars in the sky. You can gaze at them for hours and hours. Some of them stand out alone and others cluster together in groups. Some are bright and others so dim that you can barely see them. Such a multitude of them filling the heavens in their various orbits! Now, in awe of the immense majesty overhead, you feel the quietness all around you.

The second half of the night begins with the moon rising and gradually starting to light up everything around you. You catch the breeze in your chest seeing the beauty of the shadows of the variously shaped sand dunes, the reflection of the moonlight on the sands, the dew kissing the few small trees and the thin grass of the desert.

Sometimes you can hear the wild animals singing one to another, an inspiring sound that will make you lose interest in sleeping, drinking, and eating. More and more deeply, you enjoy the quietness and the softness of the sands beneath you. You feel your head, stressed out by all the noise and hectic life of the city, at last calming down. Now, even a whisper is loud enough to disturb your serenity.

At the end of your night in the desert, you experience the sunrise giving birth to a virgin day. You might also meet the native people, the Bedouins, herding their animals and singing to them in the early morning. Look up and you see flocks of birds flying in all directions at various altitudes.

All this can be found in a place called Ya’aloony in the eastern part of the Sultanate of Oman, a natural paradise with a unique quietness. Ya’aloony is acknowledged by UNESCO as one of the world's cultural and natural treasures. As such, it should be kept safe from the greedy clutches of the tourism industry, which only rapes nature and robs it of its beauty.
The Saami

Berit Midtgaard
Norway

The native people in my country, Norway, call themselves Saami. They have lived in Scandinavia for 9000 years. Originally they didn’t belong to any country; they followed the reindeer herds wherever they went. Some old Saami people have Finnish names, are Swedish citizens, and have lived most of their lives in Norway.

The Saamis call the northern part of Scandinavia—their homeland—Sapmi. Here they lived freely before today’s Scandinavian countries established national borders. Over the centuries, this division of Sapmi into parts of different countries has resulted in many Saamis’ being forced to alter their lifestyle, give up their reindeer herds, or move from their homes.

In modern times, the Saamis’ rights to the land, their language, and their culture and handicrafts have been undermined, and their territory has shrunk. The Sapmi, formerly the land of the Saamis, now “belongs” to the Scandinavian public. Today the Saamis, spread out over four countries, roam the grazing lands left to them by the Scandinavian governments. There are nearly 70,000 Saamis living in Sapmi—40,000 in Norway, 20,000 in Sweden, 6,000 in Finland, and 2,000 in Russia.

In the old days when the Saami migrated with their herds, they moved from inland to the coast in the spring and back to the inland in the fall. During migration, they lived in tents called lavo, the shape of which were similar to native Americans’ tents. The winter houses were small and built of peat. The wintertime occupies more than half of the year so high up above the Arctic Circle, so their inland settlements were their home base.

At the end of the second world war, the Germans, who had been occupying Norway for five years, were afraid of being pursued by the Russians so they burned down the houses and damaged the roads and bridges in Sapmi before they left. They rounded up the people, mostly Saamis, and sent them on boats to the South of Norway. After the war the Norwegian government decided that the devastated northern part of the country should be left unpopulated and should not be redeveloped. However, instead of resettling in the South, most of the Saamis returned to their homeland without permission.

Up to the late 1970s, all the Saami children, beginning when they were seven years old, were required to leave their homes and live in a central school, where the adults and teachers were Norwegian. Saami children were not allowed to talk in their native language nor eat their Saami food. Many children were away from their parents for the whole term because of the long, difficult trip they would have to make to visit their homes. The only time they could be together with their families was during holidays and vacations.

I once talked with a man of my age who told me that in the wintertime he had had to travel for two days by reindeer sleigh when he went home for Christmas vacation. In the summertime it had been easier to travel by boat when the lake wasn’t frozen. He said he had hardly known his family when he was young because every year from the time he was seven years old he had lived together with them for only one week at Christmas time and three months during the summertime.

Until a few years ago the Saamis’ lifestyle was more natural but also much more strenuous. They followed their reindeer herds from summer land to winter land and back again. To keep the reindeer in tow the men had to ski long distances. The reindeer herds were not so many and not so large as they are today, and there was plenty of grassland to feed the reindeer. During the past fifteen to twenty years, the Saamis have been breeding bigger and bigger herds and consequently their formerly hearty grassland has become considerably sparser from overgrazing. The Saamis now use snowmobiles, motorcycles, and sometimes even helicopters to watch their herds. The modern Saamis live in permanent houses like all other Norwegians.

In the last few decades, the Saamis’ pride in their heritage has been reawakened. A new Saami flag was created in 1986. Now all the Saami children learn and speak their own language in school and live together with their families. The Saami language, once a spoken language only, has become a written language as well. Saami handicrafts are more accepted and popular than they used to be, and some of the traditional Saami Yoik singers are among the most famous artists in Scandinavia.
The Days of the Dead

Ana Silvia Garcia Castro
Mexico

Mexico keeps a number of its ancient traditions that contribute to its cultural richness. One of our most valuable traditions is the celebration of the Days of the Dead. The concept of death in Mexico is different from that in other countries and expresses a great deal about our national beliefs.

Mexican states like Michoacan, Morelos, and Oaxaca celebrate this holiday with beauty, care, and humor. Each November, the living invite the dead to join them in a special festival. Marigolds, figures of smiling skeletons made of colored paper, calacas (skeletons made of sugar or chocolate), and the "bread of the dead" (round loaves decorated with "bones" of sugar) are plentiful in homes and markets on the eve of this date. The skulls bear the names of friends, the bread suggests their bones, and cadavers of sugar lie in their coffins.

The ofrenda is another of our ancient customs honoring the dead. Our best traditional dishes, along with candles, photographs, and religious images are arranged in diverse shapes in homes and cemeteries. Many little towns compete with each other in the originality and coloring of their ofrendas. In some homes, people make paths of flower petals directing the dead to the ofrenda. Meanwhile other relatives keep a vigil in the cemetery and prepare for the celebration to be held there the next day, when everyone gathers for a fiesta of music, food, and wine. This celebration is a mixture of revelry and reverence for the dead, offering them a happy visit during the two-day holiday, the first day especially for children who have died young and the second for adults.

One especially beautiful, solemn ceremony held during the Days of the Dead takes place in a lake surrounding the small island of Janitzio in Michoacan. At midnight on October 31st and November 1st, fishermen spread their nets out over the sides of their boats and light hundreds of candles on their boats to illuminate the arrival of the dead from the spirit world.

Mexicans challenge their fear of death by enveloping it with fun and social closeness. Gossip, food and drink are shared over grave-stones during the Days of the Dead, and musicians play the favorite music of the dead. On the evening of November 2nd, the party is over. Then the souls of the dead return to their world, and as they go, the natural fear of death comes back to the living.

To Dick Holmes,
Do you think that I can by now manage the paragraphing of my writing, or do I need to start the article all over again?
Thanks so much.
One lazy student

To Koji Kurihara,
You have a good character. It's been a pleasure getting to know you.
Parting is such sweet sorrow. But I hope to see you again. Thank you for everything. Catch you later.

Shiro Yazawa

Dearest WATASHI NO OTOMODACHI (my friends)!
I really appreciate your kindness and your help. You always give me a lot of power and energy. I hope we can meet each other again in the future!! I don't want to say goodbye. See you, and take care!!

With Love, Kayoko
New Year's Day in Japan

Miki Tanaka
Japan

In America, Christmas seems to be the most important holiday. Americans decorate the Christmas tree, send Christmas cards to their friends, and celebrate Christmas Day with gift-giving and various ceremonies. But in Japan, New Year's day is more important than Christmas.

During New Year's time, we send New Year's cards to our friends, teachers, and relatives. We call these cards nenga-jou. The original meaning of nenga is "special celebration for those who have reached an advanced age," but recently it means just "greetings." It is one of my pleasures to distinguish whose card is whose when I receive these special greetings.

Another New Year's custom, otoshidama, is the present of money to children by relatives and parents' friends. In my parents' generation, children received oranges or rice cakes instead of money. When I was a junior high school student, I received $20-30 per gift. These days, children receive an average of $50 per gift, an amount too much for children, I think. This year, contrary to my expectations, nobody gave me otoshidama because of my age, even though I'm still a student.

On New Year's Eve, we usually watch a song festival on TV. The most famous musicians of the past year are divided into two groups, the whites and the reds, and they compete in a music contest. The musicians wear beautiful clothes for this contest. Two years ago one singer dressed up as a peacock. I thought her costume was silly because she had a lot of electric light bulbs on her peacock dress and her sleeves were so long that she couldn't move.

After this song festival, we eat toshikoshi-soba, buckwheat noodles. This custom began in the Edo period (300 years ago) and symbolizes the wish for a long and happy future. We also eat toshikoshi-soba to recover from bounenkai parties with friends or colleague. Buckwheat noodles are rich in nutrients, including protein and vitamin P.

New Year's Day is boring. TV is not so interesting. Many channels have a special historical drama. Sometimes the program lasts 12 hours, and if my father works on New Year's Day, I have to videotape this drama for him since he likes it.

When I was child, most of my cousins gathered at my house on New Year's Day, and we flew kites, played cards, or did fun things like that. Recently, children prefer to play TV games on New Year's Day. Nowadays, a number of traditional Japanese customs are disappearing, but I think otoshidama at least will never disappear because every child likes that custom.

To Joe,
Whenever we've been with you, we've enjoyed. Whenever we've been with you, we've seen your smile. Your smile, your words, your attitudes—we'll never forget you.
Thank you for your kindness, thank you for your encouraging us, thank you for your everything. We'll never forget you.

Mayumi & Hiro

To the people who help us day after day (especially Bronia Holmes, Ms. Gardner, and Ms. Liz Layman),

Today is a new day. It's a wonderful day and I'm ready to learn something new. I'm able to take it easy and not worry about how to study because of your excellent teaching and personal manner. You do such a good job. See you next quarter.

Gustavo Ledezma
New Year's Day in Korea

Sun Hee Park
Korea

Various countries have different customs for celebrating New Year’s Day. My country, Korea, has a number of interesting New Year’s customs that have been handed down to us since ancient times.

In today’s Korea, many people, especially young people, live in the city, so they usually don’t uphold all the traditional practices. However, some of our old customs are still practiced in the countryside.

On New Year’s morning, we wear traditional Korean clothes. In preparation for performing our ancestor-memorial rites, we make some traditional foods, such as rice-cake, liquor, Korean soup, dried fish, fruits, and herb salads. When all is ready, we place our ancestors’ pictures on the table and bow down on our knees to give blessings and respect. Usually women can’t participate in this ceremony because women are considered to have a lower stature. I think this is unfair.

After the ceremony, we can enjoy the feast. Traditionally, we think that our ancestors’ spirits join us and eat the aroma of these dishes as we offer them. To show our respect, we wait for our ancestors to begin eating before we begin.

After breakfast we make the traditional New Year’s bow to our elders, and adults give some money to children as a New Year’s gift. Then, children and teenagers make New Year’s visits to their neighbors, where they receive special compliments from their elders.

In the afternoon, we play yut, a game played with four wooden sticks on a game board. Boys usually fly kites, and play shuttlecock with their feet, and girls usually play on the seesaw. The scene of the children playing and enjoying this special day is a very beautiful one.

Unfortunately, these traditional customs aren’t followed much anymore, so I feel a sense of loss and disappointment for my country.

To my good friend Marie,
I’d like to thank you for your kindness with me and for your help, too. I’m so lucky to know a wonderful person like you. I really enjoyed the time that I spent with you. I wish you a happy life forever.

Naif Al-Rawas

To the little Japanese lady and the two ladies who love to speak Spanish,

Thanks for all the great times we’ve had together. Today we are just beginning, and tomorrow is another day, but we will always make excellent connections. Sometimes I miss my old friends, but it’s great to have you as my new friends. I like you very much. Let’s learn together. GO, GO, GO!!!

The tall guy in your GW and RV classes
Brazilian Holidays

Guilherme Segalla de Mello
Brazil

In Brazil, my native country, several of our holidays have special meanings and most of them are well commemorated.

The party starts with the New Year. The beginning of a New Year is regarded as a time for celebrating and making resolutions, when people promise that they will change their behavior or give up doing some bad habit such as smoking or overeating. On New Year’s Eve, Brazilians drink a lot and stay awake until midnight when fireworks announce the New Year and people hug and kiss their families and friends. In the streets, crowds of people make toasts to the New Year and shout, “Happy New Year!” On the beaches, the party is even bigger. People go to the sea and jump into the waves as a part of the ritual of making New Year’s resolutions. Fishermen and their families light candles in the sand and sing to their goddess, Iemanjá, asking for a good year of fishing.

The next big holiday is Labor Day in May, a worldwide holiday to honor workers. Two years ago, our best F-1 pilot, Ayrton Senna, died in Imola, Italy, on Labor Day, so we especially remember him at this time.

Some of our holidays are celebrated in honor of national occasions. On September 7th, Brazilians commemorate Independence Day and on November 15th, the Republic Proclamation. These holidays are full of military parades. There are also important dates that aren’t national holidays but local ones, such as city birthdays and saints’ days. Other holidays are regular workdays but days that have a special meaning, such as June 12th, Relationship Day, when boyfriends and girlfriends exchange presents with each other. The equivalent holiday here in the USA is Valentine’s Day on February 14th, although here the exchange of presents isn’t limited only to lovers.

On Christmas Day, December 25th, we commemorate the birth of Christ. People send Christmas cards to each other wishing “Merry Christmas” and “Happy New Year.”

Christmas trees decorate houses and streets at this time, and, of course, Christmas presents are given. People exchange presents on the 24th, Christmas Eve, and stay up until midnight to see the fireworks. We usually have a special dinner on Christmas Eve, a feast full of special and typical Christmas foods.

Finally the year is almost over and a new cycle begins seven days after Christmas Day. The New Year is coming.

To my friends,
I’ve met a lot of friends here.
Thank you for your friendship and understanding.

A special friend
Bahia: A Cultural Crossroads in Brazil

Lia Regina Abud
Brazil

“Northeastern Brazil is the most exciting place for tourists. The beaches and islands look just like Paradise,” said Roberta Bazzo, a Brazilian student in EPI.

And she is not exaggerating; the scenery of northeastern Brazil is really beautiful. The weather is always warm and the sun shines until evening; you are always his guest as you take a walk or just sit in the sand aimlessly flying in your thoughts. The water is light transparent blue, so beautiful that, as you watch it dance and listen to its music, it’s impossible to feel blue yourself. The waves, depending on the time and the place, can be very calm or very big and rough. In addition to the magnificent beaches in the Northeast, there are some uninhabited places featuring virgin forests waiting for people to discover their natural beauty and resources.

It is in this paradise that the state of Bahia is located. Bahia is especially interesting for its blend of diverse cultures. The people are of different origins and enjoy all kinds of food, music and habits.

Having grown strong and become independent and self-sufficient before other parts of Brazil, Bahia became an essential role model for the development of the country. In the beginning of its history, Bahia was the destination of a lot of the slaves brought to Brazil from Africa. Nowadays, Bahia is a land of mulattos, people whose ancestors come from Africa, Europe and America; consequently, there are no racial problems in Bahia.

The typical food of Bahia is delicious though not especially healthy because so much oil and hot pepper are used. Visitors who don’t have the habit of eating such rich, spicy food sometimes find it strange and even get sick. Perhaps the best food to try in Bahia is the seafood, which is prepared exceptionally well according to some special Bahian cooking secrets.

During the Carnival, a big festival time celebrated in Brazil, people from all over the country (and some from all over the world!) go to Salvador, the capital of Bahia, and play for at least ten nights and days in the streets, just following around the open trucks full of musicians. When the Carnival falls in the middle of February, people start playing in January. Once you begin dancing in the streets, you’ll find it’s so much fun and so crowded that it’s difficult to leave, especially if you’re really drunk, like most of the other people there.

Bahians have several local sorts of wrestling, such as capoeira and maculele—a kind of half-real, half-pretend wrestling game—and also various ways to dance to their typical music including samba, lambada and reggae.

Unfortunately, due to some difficult social problems Bahia is currently experiencing, especially low wages and high unemployment, many of its people are migrating to the South to look for better jobs or, in some cases, just to get a job. A lot of Southerners consider this a big problem and don’t readily accept Northeasterners. In fact, the South wants to secede from the rest of the states and form its own country with its own government. Southerners think that the South is the most important area of Brazil and that it’s not fair that they have to take care of everything, make all the decisions, and even provide money for the whole country.

However, the Bahians still have an important value to Brazil. They were pioneers in several fields, including trade and international business. Bahia contributes Salvador—an important beach city and port—and abundant agricultural resources to Brazil. And the beauty of Bahia and the special feelings this part of the country evokes has long inspired and continues to inspire many Brazilian poets and musicians.

To “All of you who were with us,”

Thanks for everything!! We had such a good time together and we completely forgot to feel homesick. I really love you! And you’ll still be present in all our memories... Don’t forget to keep in touch!

Lia and Roberta!
An Interview with Cecil

Cecil A. Melo is among EPI students' favorite teachers. "He's funny" and "I like the way he creates the class" are typical comments students make about him. The Sunrise staff decided to interview him to find out the secret of his popularity.

Mieko: How long have you been teaching in EPI?

Cecil: I've been teaching here since 1987. I'm going on my tenth year at EPI, and I'm still enjoying it.

Mieko: How have your teaching methods changed over the years?

Cecil: I'll give you the short answer (laughing), I think I'm more relaxed teaching today than when I first started teaching in EPI almost ten years ago. Although by then I'd already been teaching for five years, most of my experience had been teaching English to Brazilians and Portuguese to Americans. I'd never been in a classroom where I didn't speak my students' language. So, I started out with some degree of apprehension. "What if my students don't understand what I say? Do I need to learn Japanese, Arabic, Spanish, or Korean to be a better teacher?" I'll tell you a secret right now. During my first month teaching in EPI, I felt as scared as probably a lot of EPI students feel on their first day of class. Soon enough, though, I found out that some of my old teaching tricks worked (once a teacher, always a teacher, they say!). I also began picking up a few new tricks along the way. Now looking back, my teaching is better because I've had the privilege of working with great students, students from lots of different parts of the world who've taught me that respect, tolerance, and understanding are indeed beautiful human feelings that can help people learn languages and stay focused.

Mieko: Why did you choose this kind of work?

Cecil: I wanted a job that would give me an opportunity to meet new people. I was bored with the kind of work I'd been doing before. Before coming to USC, I was working in an international bank. At that point in my life, I had to make a decision whether to go into banking or to become a language teacher, and my decision was right.

Mieko: If you work a nine-to-five job, you're working pretty much with the same people day after day, five days a week, for years and years. But in EPI, you work with one group of people today; ten weeks later, you're working with completely different people; and you change and your students help you grow. Teaching in EPI has brought a lot of variety to my professional life. I like that a lot.

Mieko: I think it must have taken some courage for you to change your career like that. Did you already have your family at that time?
An Interview with Cecil . . .

Cecil: Yes. It was a big challenge, but I wanted to teach and be happy, not to drive the latest imported car and have a big house in Columbia.

Mieko: You’re originally from Brazil, right? When and why did you move to the United States?

Cecil: I was born and brought up in Brazil. I didn’t speak a word of English until I was 15, when I started attending English classes in an after-school language program at a binational center in my hometown, Recife. I came to the United States after graduating from college with a degree in English as a second language. What better country to continue my graduate education in than the United States? So I moved here in 1981, thinking that I’d go back to Brazil in a couple of years. And now here I still am 15 years later. My poor mother . . . She’s still waiting for me with her front porch light on at night!

Mieko: Your fluency and pronunciation is like a native speaker’s. How did you become so proficient in English?

Cecil: I wish I knew the formula—I could sell it and make a lot of money (laughing) ! Basically, it was a lot of work. When I was 15 years old, I started out not knowing a word of English. I went to Brazilian schools and studied English as a foreign language, but the learning methods there were so mechanical, you know. So, my parents enrolled me in a private after-school program at a binational center supported by the American consulate. I was not a poor student but a fair one—not so good but not so bad.

After my second year—I don’t know how to explain it—something happened. Things began to make sense from then on. It was a kind of snowball effect. The more I studied, the more I enjoyed it. The more I enjoyed it, the more I learned. And now 25 years later, I’m still learning.

Mieko: Do you speak Portuguese in your family?

Cecil: We all speak English almost all the time. My wife is Brazilian by birth but of American extraction. Our two sons were born here (one in Georgia and the other in South Carolina) and have grown up speaking English. But when we’re with Brazilian friends, we speak Portuguese.

Mieko: So, your children are bilingual.

Cecil: Yes, they speak Portuguese but don’t read or write it. They will be able to do that in a few years, though, because we’re planning to go back to Brazil in June. Recently, I got a job there as an academic director of an English school.

Mieko: Really?!

Cecil: Yes. It’s going to be something that I haven’t done before and it’s going to take me away from the classroom and put me in an office. I think it’ll be good for my career, though, too. So, in about 15 weeks, we’ll be moving back. My children will get better educated in Portuguese, and my mother will finally be able to turn off her front porch light (laughing).

Mieko: What have you gained here in the States?

Cecil: I’m very lucky because I’m going back with a lot more than I brought here. Such as the experience of working in an excellent program like EPI. That’s probably one of the best things that’s happened to me. And I’ve made lots of friends here in Columbia and had wonderful students, like you (laughing).”

Mieko: Is there anything that you’ve lost by coming here?

Cecil: I don’t think I’ve lost anything. Only my youth (laughing). I need to do something for my hair. It’s turning gray! ☺

To all my professors,

Thank you for the happy moments and for the sad ones too. This message goes to all of you with gratitude.

Brenda Reyes

To all my students and Sunrise collaborators,

Thanks for all your efforts and friendly spirits. It’s been great working with you and getting to know you. My best wishes to all of you!

Dick
A Cross-Universe Trip—
from Earth to Andromeda

By around the year 3000, we might be able to see a travel advertisement written as follows:

One-way fare to Andromeda—
$3,000,000. Departure from
the Moon Station on March
15, 2996. Arrival at Andromeda on July 17, 3009.

A cross-universe trip—the dream of a lot of people.
At the beginning of this century, Albert Einstein demonstrated the possibility of making such a trip through the universe. According to his theory of relativity, based on the fact that the velocity of light remains constant at about 186,000 miles per second, or nearly 300,000,000 meters per second, the pace of time can be controlled by varying the velocity of a moving object.

Consider a fast-moving train with an electric lamp on the ceiling and a mirror on the floor (see Figure 1). From the perspective of being inside the train and moving with it, the light from the electric lamp is reflected in the mirror and returns to the lamp in a straight line. The distance the light travels is two times the distance between the lamp and the mirror. From the perspective of being at a stationary point outside the train, however (see Figure 2), the distance the light travels is more than two times the distance between the lamp and the mirror because, relative to a stationary point outside the train, the train is moving fast.

Even though the velocity of light is always constant, the distance light travels varies. Therefore the time it takes for an object to travel a given distance depends on the object’s velocity and the perspective from which the object’s velocity is experienced. The relationship between time, distance, and velocity can be expressed as follows:

\[ \text{Time} = \frac{\text{Distance}}{\text{Velocity}}. \]

Accordingly, the pace of time in moving space is slower than that in stationary space. We experience various paces of time in our daily lives, but the difference between these paces is so small that we may not be aware of it. If the velocity of an object approaches the speed of light, however, the pace of time inside that object slows down considerably.

If we build a rocket that can fly close to the speed of light, spending several decades in the rocket will be equivalent to spending several billion years on Earth. The distance from the earth to Andromeda is about 2.3 million light-years, so with this rocket a trip to Andromeda can be taken in about 13 years.

A cross-universe trip. It’s not a dream.

To MINNA (Everybody)!!
I don’t really want to go back to Japan!!, but I have to . . . I hope to come back to Columbia if I can. I’ve really enjoyed EPI. Thank you for everything. If I hadn’t met you all, I couldn’t have enjoyed my life here. I hope to see you in our future. Thank you!!

A guy who used to have a skin head

Bernardo, Guillermo and Luis,
I had lots of fun with you all! I’m sure that I’ll miss you, but you can visit me in Brasil. That’ll be a big deal. Did you see my pierced belly button, Guillermo? I’m not afraid anymore and you don’t have to be angry . . . I did it!

Lia
Stories & Poems

Stories and Poems
When Charlie Met Crystine

Hyun-Jik (Charlie) Chun
Korea

By 1992 I was really eager to find a girlfriend. “Please introduce me to a beautiful woman,” I begged all my friends, but they didn’t have girlfriends, either, so, not too surprisingly, they weren’t able to help me. I was so sad and depressed by the situation.

Then I made a decision to study English and entered the Herald English Institution. My first day there, I met a tall, beautiful woman named Su-jung (Crystine) Chun. Even though this was her first day to study at the Institution, too, she was late, so my first impression of her was not so good. But I couldn’t stop thinking about her.

Then one day we met each other outside a restaurant. We stood there a long time talking about the best ways to study English. Finally, we decided to find a pub and have a drink together. We drank so much that day that we could barely recognize who was who and where we were. We were so happy telling each other all about our lives. Su-jung’s story was really interesting, and I was impressed with how nice she was.

The next day, hoping to catch her eye and capture her heart, I decided to wear a brand new suit and carry a bundle of roses to class. Unfortunately, though, she acted as if she didn’t even notice me, and I felt crushed. But I didn’t give up. I still loved her even though she didn’t ask me what I was doing with a bundle of roses.

After class the next day, I followed her home to find out where she lived. Luckily, her house was really near mine! I was so happy because now it was going to be easy to execute my next plan.

Every day for the next month or so, I placed a bundle of roses and a letter to her at her doorstep. But still no response from her!

I was desperate and felt like I had to do something drastic to get her attention. Finally, I decided what to do: I’d go to her house and demand to talk with her! And I did. I just walked right into her house and started calling out her name. Her sister was the first one of her family to see me.

“Who are you?” she asked, shocked by my intrusion.

“I want to see Su-jung,” I replied.

She left the room and returned a moment later with her father. As soon as I saw him, I fell on my knees and said, “I want to make friends with your daughter.”

“Which one are you after?” he asked.

I was embarrassed but said without thinking, “Su-jung.”

“Why not?” he said after looking me over.

Then he brought me a beer and we sat drinking and talking about Su-jung and me.

Following this episode came the most wonderful day of my life: the unforgettable day of our first real date. She wore a blue skirt, a little bit short, and a white blouse with lace around the neck. She looked fantastic!

Now, Su-jung and I are engaged to be married next fall. I still ask her sometimes, “Why did you avoid me so long?”

“No comment,” she always answers with a smile.

Maybe she’ll finally tell me when we’re on our honeymoon in Singapore.❤

To Gatinho,
I’ve had a great time with you and if destiny brings us together again, COOL! If not, see you when I see you. I.L.Y.B. Too. Bye!
Gatinho

To Gatinha,
I have no words to express my feelings! Just to say that I’ll never forget all the moments. Love you back . . .

Gatinha!
My Writing Life

Meejeong Song
Korea

When I was a child, I was very curious about everything. I was always questioning my mom and grandma.

My country, Korea, is a paternal society, and the first son is responsible for taking care of his parents. My dad was the first son in his family, so my family lived with my grandparents. My mom had to do a lot of things for our family. She was always busy doing household chores and didn’t have time to be a good teacher and answer all my questions. So, I often went to my grandma with my questions. But she always thought I was bothering her too much. She complained to my mom and even hit me sometimes as a punishment.

Consequently, whenever I felt curious about something, I began to refrain from asking someone about it. Instead, I wrote down things that puzzled or intrigued me and tried to think them through by myself. I found it very difficult to figure some things out, but I managed to find answers to some of my questions.

As a result of my first attempts at writing, I became good at it in primary school and was awarded several prizes. I also liked reading, and this increased my pleasure in writing. From the 5th grade on, I’ve kept a diary, writing in it often. I like keeping memos about everything that happens to me. So far, I’ve written four diaries.

During my middle school and high school years, I couldn’t write in my diary as often as I’d written in it before. Korean schools have an intensive schedule and require a lot of homework and tests in preparation for the university entrance exam. Because I had to study a lot of subjects late at night, I didn’t have time to formulate or develop my thoughts in writing.

By the time I got into the university, my imagination and creativity had become so stunted that I couldn’t write anything nearly as brilliant as I’d written when I was younger. I could compose just very common things. It made me sad that I wasn’t so curious about things anymore and that my creativity felt limited.

Today, I still write a lot of things in my diary, letters to my friends, and papers for school. Writing is a pleasure to me, and I believe that with time and practice the creative thinking and writing skills that I cultivated as a child will come back to me.❤️

A Kid in My Memory

Sangyub Lee
Korea

Do you remember
The day when you were a child?
I remember myself
wondering, seeing the sky,
“What’s over the rainbow?”
and wondering, seeing a pond,
“How many frogs are in there?”
I miss that kid with a mind
that loved everything with open arms
wondering like a kitten at whatever he saw.
But he has gone already,
leaving only his black hair
and brown eyes
to me.
Piano and Woman

Sun Hee Park
Korea

The whole scene is very dark. The only light comes from a single dim spotlight focused on two empty chairs on the stage. Soft piano music sets a solemn mood. From time to time, sighs and weeping can be heard coming from somewhere.

Finally, a woman emerges from one end of the back row. After some hesitation, she walks up to the stage and sits down on one of the chairs. She is very pretty but looks so sad.

Suddenly, she blurts out, "I’ve been in agony, and I’ve decided to tell you my story here. I need help because it’s too hard to handle this by myself. I’d like to talk about my boyfriend.”

The music subsides, and the director, standing in a back corner of the stage, asks her if she wants to have a talk with her boyfriend right now on the stage.

"Yes,” she says.

The spotlight brightens and illuminates the whole stage. Since the real boyfriend is not present, the woman has to choose someone from the audience to play her boyfriend. She chooses a severe-looking guy, and he steps up onto the stage, sits down in the other chair, and starts acting with her.

“What’s wrong?” he asks.

"... Well ..."

"I have to go to the library. Are you going to tell me what you want, or not?"

"Please, don’t press me for an answer.”

"But you wanted to talk with me.”

"I have something that I want to talk with you about, but I can’t explain exactly what I feel. When I talk with you, I’m afraid that you’ll misunderstand me ... I don’t know why. I feel that you’re going to leave me.”

She starts crying, and her boyfriend looks upset.

Finally, he shouts at her, "Why are you crying?! I like you, but I can’t stand your stupid way of talking and acting. You make me dislike you!”

Then he leaves. She sits there straight and quiet, staring at the chair he has just vacated. The piano music starts again and the room falls back into gloomy darkness.

A few minutes later, the stage brightens, the music fades out, and the director asks her, "Why do you feel like he is going to leave you?"

"I don’t know. I love him and do my best for him, and he loves me ... No ... He just says that he loves me. It’s not true. He’s domineering and I obey him meekly like a robot. I don’t know what he’s really feeling and thinking, so I’m always nervous.”

"Why do you like him?" the director asks her.

"When I first met him, I felt like he was special to me and reminded me of someone. I was very attracted to him. And the strange thing is that another guy really loves me! He’s very nice, but I have no feelings for him. He doesn’t mean anything to me.”

"Who does your boyfriend remind you of?"

"I don’t know..."

"Close your eyes and relax... Imagine that you’re a child again... Go back into your childhood... Who are you thinking of now?"

"... It’s too difficult.”

"Take it easy. You can do it.”

After a long while, she shivers and says, "I’ve got it! I know who he is! My father! He’s my father!”

"Tell me about your father.”

"... I loved him, but he was a strict, domineering, cold-hearted person. My mother and I tried our best to endure ourselves to him, but he didn’t love us. He always said that he loved us, but it wasn’t true. One day, he just disappeared. I hate him!”

"I’m sorry. But, you see, it’s not your fault. You’re still looking for your father. You’re trying to be loving and to be loved, still seeking the fulfillment of your father’s love.”

"Stop, stop, please, sir!” she cries out. "You’re disturbing me! I don’t want to remember my father!”

"No, you should remember this, and realize that your boyfriend is not your father, and believe that he will not leave you!”

"But I’m confused and afraid.”

"Now, stand up, please, and feel better. You have insight now.”

Slowly, weakly, she gets up.

"But... how do I let go of my fear?!”

The director turns his gaze to the audience, and the air becomes charged with some sort of wordless communication passing back and forth between them.

And then, one by one, the people in the audience walk up onto the stage and give the woman a hug. The whole world becomes only the woman’s small sobbing shoulders and the empathy of the loving audience.

Gradually, the room darkens and the soft, healing sounds of the piano fill the silence.
Pink
Ode to Sarah
Constance Myers
USA

Do stop the pinkness
A true, smooth goddess
will run away from those still, sweet
honey petals that
incubate, manipulate, and whisper
Woman.

The Whole Landscape
Ai Nagao, Japan
Berit Midtgaard, Norway

Neither I nor you
are able to imagine the whole landscape.
I saw your face in the moonlight
and someone touching your restless hand.
Slowly the heart brings back the morning light
and everything turns into peaceful yellow.
Both you and I
are to be born and live.

The Rainbow
Berit Midtgaard
Norway

My love for you is like the colors in the rainbow.

I love you in blue like the blue in a child’s eyes
and in blue forget-me-nots.

When I love you in red, we are eating raspberries
in a red autumn sunset.

Yellow and bright like a newborn sunny morning
and yellow roses.

The green in a forest meadow in early spring
just after a hot shower.

I love you in purple like the sky before a thunderstorm.

I shut my eyes,
hold you tight and
imagine the colors in the rainbow:
blue, red, yellow, green and purple.

My love.

The Voice
Kimie Okubo
Japan

The voice is not words,
nor sound only
It strokes, hits, tickles,
turns over, touches
the space and me
The voice is like
hands and tools
We Make A Difference

Emiko Itagoshi
Japan

One day, a little girl went on a school excursion to the Ecology & Human Life Exhibition and was greatly impressed. After visiting the exhibition, she was determined to start recycling and thinking seriously about the earth’s future even though she was still just a child.

That night, as soon as she went to bed, she fell asleep and began to dream...

Floating into a futuristic place where half of the earth is bright green and the other half is dark gray, she breathes in the fragrance of flowers and hears a peaceful voice calling out her name.

"Hey, Sophia! Come here and play with us! Come on!"

Delighted, she looks around for the source of the voice and finds a group of children. She rushes toward them and begins to play with them. After a while, she gets a little tired and sits down to rest. Suddenly, she becomes aware that there are only children around, no grown-ups. Curious about this, she asks her new friends, "Why do only children live here?"

They laugh when they hear her question, and Sophia doesn't understand why. One of the boys asks her, "How do you suppose we keep this a peaceful world?"

"If you don't understand," one of the girls says, "think about the past and consider the dark world."

"The dark world?" Sophia asks.

"See that wall over there?"

"Yes, of course. It's huge!!"

"That wall," another one of the girls tells her seriously, "protects the green half of the earth from pollution, and the robots can't get through the wall to this side."

Suddenly, the dreaming girl hears a scientist from somewhere shouting, "We have to make the wall higher!"

"The dark half of the earth is becoming more and more polluted," another one of the boys explains to Sophia, "and the dark gray sky is moving to the other side little by little. The scientists have no idea how to protect the green world forever. We'll probably have to move off the planet since the pollution is unstoppable."

The scientist shouts out again, "Otherwise, we'll have to move to the moon!"

Sophia was suddenly awakened from her sleep by someone shouting... She couldn't believe that she'd only been dreaming. She jumped out of bed, rushed to her bedroom window, and looked up into the sky... it was dark gray!

To all the children of the world,
The children of today are wonderful, cheerful, and gentle. They are as delicate as roses and need to be cared for with love. But many of them suffer, go hungry, or don't have families or a place to live. Let's remember that they are important for today, tomorrow, and the future of our world. They need us.

From someone who cares
Hootie & Friends

Patrizia Cancellieri
Italy

Have you ever heard of Hootie and the Blowfish? If not, you are probably green and your hometown is on Mars. It is impossible to live in Columbia and not know about them. Every day, twenty-four hours a day, radio stations play their songs and local newspapers follow the steps of their enormous success. They are the most famous band from South Carolina.

For those who still believe that Hootie is the name of a comic strip or a new restaurant downtown, I feel obliged to update you with some general information about the band, whose four members are Darius Rucker (vocals), Mark Bryan (guitar), Dean Felber (bass), and Jim “Soni” Sonfeld (drums). They all studied at USC and started their careers playing in nightclubs and bars. At first, their salary was just free beers (no kidding). It was tough playing and studying as well, but they succeeded in doing it.

In August 1994 I came to the USA on vacation and I met them for the first time. Since then I have followed their up trend closely, but I am not their manager as some might think... I am only a friend of one of them, Soni.

I met Soni by chance. Actually I met his mother and then him. He gave me a Hootie CD and t-shirt, and we decided to have a beer together. In the bar all the waitresses were after his autograph, and then and there I realized how famous the band was. I was astonished, partly because I felt terribly embarrassed and partly because he was embarrassed, too!

After leaving Columbia I kept on writing letters to Soni and he answered me with postcards. In February the group came to my home country, Italy, promoting their album in a famous show. When I got together with Soni in Italy, he treated me like an old friend. Popularity has not gone to his head or the heads of the other members of the band. The public loves them because they perfectly embody the ideal of the guys next door.

Their music is as sincere and direct as their attitude towards friends and fans. No definition can be found for their songs. Are they rock? Jazz? Pop? It depends on you, on what you feel listening to their songs. I am not an expert in the music field, and it is not up to me to judge them. I like their way of playing, but if you think I am not a reliable source, turn on your radio or take a look around the Russell House bookstore. Their logo is everywhere, and you will find that you are the only one who still lives outside the world of Hootie.

To everyone,
I want to thank all of you for having been so friendly with me. I’m sorry that this term has been so short and that now it’s time to leave. I hope that our friendship will continue and that you won’t forget me soon.
Patricia!

To my teachers,
When I first came to Columbia I was very nervous, but with your help and support you have made me feel comfortable here. Thank you very much. I hope someday I will understand ALL your lessons.
Fumiko

To EPI people—all of you,
Thanks, I enjoyed being with you in this wonderful academic climate. It was like a UN event. You internationals, please speak English, so we can share our cultures. Farewell!
Interested in you
Why?
Mohammed Abdullah
Saudi Arabia

Why is the candle crying?
Is it because of the heat of the fire?
Or because it's been separated from its honey?

Spring
Young Jae Im
Korea

I dream of you
as I hibernate in the cold world.
I miss your warmth.

But I know you're not far from me.
I feel you through the liveliness of nature.

God will smooth painlessly
the way you're creeping up on me.
He knows all of the living will get meaning
and life from death, thanks to you.

Friends
Luis C. Dominguez
Venezuela

Over the fields of friendship
blows the wind of love.
A love that empowers us and makes us
unstoppable in finding our way and growing.
We are bits and pieces of this,
this something that we've created
with our thoughts and dreams,
something made to have a goal that
we will reach.
On our way there we have to learn about
each other,
help each other in the dark and
celebrate in the light.
Staying together is the most important thing,
like a group of dolphins cruising the sea.
Together we're going to find happiness and peace.
And our trip will be complete.

Colors
Emiko Itagoshi
Japan

Spring is green
Summer is red
Autumn is brown
Winter is white
Today I am blue
Love is something so positive
that it exceeds the limits of poetry,
expression and demonstration. It's not necessary to expose it
if you want to make it real because it's a kind of wonderful feeling
that has a strong power in itself to change the mind of the one you love.
Love becomes real to the beloved
at the moment you notice somebody loves you. You don't need to hear "I love you" all the time.
Just by feeling the feeling in the air, you can be sure that somebody loves you.

Slippers by the Fireplace

"A leader" or "marriage": what a strange choice I'm faced
with here at the English Programs
for Internationals writing test! Since I have some experience with
marriage but know very little
about leading, I guess I'd better
choose the delicate topic of
marriage. Perhaps the two topics
aren't so different, anyway, since
in a married couple there's always
a leader, or "head of the family,"
as they say. The trouble is to find
out which one the leader is!

Hmm, let's see... There are a
lot of really deep ideas about
marriage I could get into, and all
sorts of facets—the personal, the
sentimental, the institutional
aspects, for instance, not to
mention the religious considerations. But let's get real here—I
have only 45 minutes to complete
the test!—that is, what's left of the
45 minutes I had! I'd better just
quickly write down whatever comes to mind.

So, why do people get married? In some societies, they have
no choice; parents and families
arrange everything for their
children, including finding a
spouse for them. Certainly this
can be a good reason to get
married—if the couple like each
other. I've been reading a book
lately, Clarissa Harlowe (in En-
lish, and I tell you it's pretty
difficult!), about a girl living in
England in the 1700s who doesn't
want to marry the man her
parents choose for her. So she
escapes with another man, who
makes her very unhappy, and the
poor thing finally dies. Sorry, but
I can't tell you what happens to
the seducer until I finish the
book!

Being free to choose for
oneself whether to get married
and whom to marry presents its
own kinds of opportunities and
challenges.

For years when I was single,
marrige meant slippers by the
fireplace to me. I wasn't at all
interested in slipping into such a
comfy situation. Then I met my
future husband, who was not
only a perfect guy but also an
American citizen (maybe this is a
pleonasm?). So, by marrying him,
I could share my life with the
most wonderful person and get a
green card (which is not actually
green, it turns out, but pink—or
maybe I was given a fake one?).
What a deal! And we've just
moved into a house that has a
fireplace, so now all we need are
the slippers. (I'm planning a trip
to Shoe Carnival soon.)

Well, that's the story behind
my choice to get married, but
what about all the other people
who take the big step? Some, I
suppose, get married mainly to
have children, who in turn when
they reach the proper age are to
get married and have children
themselves... and so on. This
idea is somehow frightening to
me. In Western society, at least,
you can have children without
being married, so children had
better not be the only reason a
couple tie the knot. There has to
be something else...

But—gasp—there are only 5
minutes left! I'm running out of
time! Well, anyway, if you want
to know what happens next to our
heroes and how the story ends,
you'll just have to wait until the
next time I take the EPI writing
test!
Lost in the Crowd

Salim Al-Saidi
Oman

Years ago when modern education was instituted, the only high schools available were in the cities. One of these schools was a boarding school in a "big" capital city which at that time was only one-third the size it is nowadays. This school was located in a very nice valley on the outskirts of the old part of the city. Next to it was a guest house for dignitaries from the remote provinces of the country who occasionally came to the capital for reasons such as to consult a medical specialist or to get help from the government in solving some other tribal problem.

One October afternoon, a village official in his mid-forties arrived in the area hugging his bundle and wearing his traditional dress, including his dagger. The first thing he saw was a group of schoolboys playing football half-naked. They were wearing nothing but shorts! A strictly religious man, the official was incensed to see such savage behavior and started shouting at the boys in his provincial dialect, but none of them listened to him. They were all busy breaking his taboos.

"Not only do they play naked," he said to himself, "but they don't listen and don't respond to an important person like me! Where are the family morals in this place?!"

Finally, he was able to get somebody to show him where the guest house was.

When it came time for the sunset prayers, the official went to the school mosque. There he experienced his second culture shock of the day. The boy leading the prayers was one of the same fellows who had been playing half-naked an hour before!

By the time the prayers were finished, it had become dark and the official wanted to eat, but where? After walking around the school grounds for a while, he came upon the school restaurant. Tired and very hungry, he decided he would eat there and went in. But the restaurant manager met him near the door and rudely told him that he couldn’t eat there because the restaurant was for the schoolboys only.

"But," the offended visitor protested, "didn’t the same government that hired you invite me? What confusion! I’ve been invited to discuss my village's new road project and I’m not being treated properly."

At last, the complicated evening began to settle down when one of the schoolboys guided the stranger off the school grounds to a suitable place to dine.

In his second evening in the capital, the village official marched out of the guest house proud of himself after a successful day at the Roads Department.

He was happy that he had finally learned how to deal with these vulgar city people. After the sunset prayers, a nice-looking chap offered to take him to a restaurant, and the official consented to go with him.

It was dark inside the restaurant, and they started their meal with a strange-looking beverage that tasted a little bitter, like nothing the official had ever tasted before.

"Huh! They don’t even have nice drinks like ours," he said to himself.

By midnight, the fire brigade was called out to rescue a man from the top of an electrical post. The lunatic was yelling, singing, laughing, and sometimes crying.

"The smell of alcohol was stronger than the smell of his sweat," one of the rescuers told his wife with a laugh when he got back home that night.
How Zebras Got Their Stripes

Elbia Gado
Nicaragua

In the beginning, God created the world. He created the heavens and the earth; day and night; land, seas, and vegetation; the sun, the moon, and the stars; the animals; and the humans.

Looking over his work, he noticed that everything was in black and white. "It's not good that everything on earth has only these two colors," he thought. "Well, the day hasn't ended yet. I have time to add color."

God then took his brush and palette and with his divine talent gave color to everything he had created. By the time he'd finished, it was almost the end of the day. A little tired from all the work he'd been doing, he sat admiring the beauty of Nature and its colors. He was very pleased with the job he had done.

But OOPS—suddenly, out of nowhere, appeared those playful, mischievous animals he'd named zebras, still white! Somehow, they'd escaped the magic brush of the Creator.

"Oh! Now what shall I do?"

God asked himself. "Zebras don't look good in only white. Well, I guess I'll give them some more color."

With a sigh, he reached for his palette and accidentally tipped over his bottle of black ink. The ink poured off the Heavenly desk, fell through the sky, and landed on the zebras, streaking them with their characteristic black stripes.

God looked at what he'd done and, beaming down a contented smile from Heaven, declared, "Now, I've finished!"

It was the end of the sixth day.

To Kazuya,
The busy days we've spent together seem like a dream. But the calm nights go on. We feel the moonlight on our eyelids, and we're dominated by the silence. As we begin to get lonely, our new lives set in. We'll never forget you, maybe . . . , and we're sure that you'll have great success in the future. Good luck!

Mayumi & Hiro

To Koji,
I enjoyed this term with you! I know I'll miss you so much. Don't forget how we played basketball till sundown. We had the best team. I'll see you in Japan. Later!

Peace . . .

Your buddy, May

To my RV40 students,
You have been the most enthusiastic group of students I have ever taught. It's great to spend time with such a smart bunch of people. You brighten up my day.

Bronia
The Woodcutter and the Nymph,  
 a Korean Folktale

Hak Jae Kim  
Korea

Once upon a time, a handsome young woodcutter lived with his mother on Diamond Mountain. He was very diligent, and every day he went into the forest to cut wood to sell to his neighbors. Although he was very hardworking and handsome, he was too poor to get married.

One day he was cutting wood as usual when suddenly he heard a strange sound . . .

"Help! Help! Please, help me!"

He was surprised to see a deer running toward him.

"A hunter is trying to kill me! Please, help me!" the deer pleaded with the woodcutter.

Quickly, the woodcutter, who had a good mind, hid the deer under some wood he’d cut.

"Did you see a deer passing by here?" asked a hunter, approaching him.

"Yes, it ran over there," the woodcutter replied, pointing in the wrong direction.

"Thanks!" shouted the hunter and rushed off in the direction the woodcutter had pointed in.

The deer crawled out from under the wood. "You saved my life, so if you have any wishes, I’ll help you make them come true," said the deer.

"Everything is okay except that I don’t have a wife," replied the woodcutter.

"Listen," the deer told him, "tonight the moon will be full. When the moon comes out, nymphs come down from the heavens to bathe in the lake. While they’re bathing, hide the clothes of one of them, and then she won’t be able to return to the heavens. She’ll have no choice but to become your wife. But you should keep her clothes hidden until she’s had four children."

So, that night he went to the lake and followed the deer’s instructions. When the nymphs had finished bathing and were about to return to the heavens, one of the nymphs cried, "Oh, no! Where are my clothes?"

All the nymphs helped her look for her clothes, but they couldn’t find them. Finally, the clothed nymphs had to go because the gate to the heavens would soon be closing. Reluctantly, they flew off, leaving behind their naked friend.

As soon as the other nymphs were gone, the woodcutter approached the one remaining saying, "Don’t cry. I can help you. Why don’t you live with me?"

At first the nymph just cried and cried, but because of his gentle, sincere manner, she finally accepted his offer.

Three years passed, and then one day the woodcutter confessed everything to the nymph, who had become his wife. At first, she was extremely upset, but eventually she forgave him because, after all, he was the father of her three children. But her clothes! What about her clothes?!

"I haven’t seen my clothes for three years! Please show them to me! I just want to see them, please!" she begged him.

The woodcutter felt sorry about having hidden her clothes all that time, and forgetting the deer’s advice, he brought them to her. As soon as she saw them, she took them from the woodcutter’s hands, quickly slipped into them, and grabbed her children, one in each arm and one between her legs. In a twinkling, she flew up into the heavens.

"Come back! Come back!" screamed the woodcutter, but to no avail.

The woodcutter was beside himself with regret for not following the deer’s instructions. Now, his life was empty, and without a reason to go on living, he soon died of grief.

The woodcutter was reborn as a rooster, and this story explains why the rooster crows with its neck stretched toward the heavens. ❤️

To my special EPI friends,  
Because of you I was able to find a wonderful life. Thank you, and please don’t forget me.  
Fumiko
Muse and Hugo

Dick Holmes
USA

Oh, so you weren't here when Hugo passed through?

No, I was in Nicaragua
basking in Sandanistan solidarity at the time.
Quite a storm, huh?

Yeah, it was something else, alright... woke me up
in the middle of the night
with the weirdest sound—
the leaves thrashing
outside the window
nearly drowned out by this
even louder, deep, distant roar... and then the eye...

You should write a poem about that.

About it? No, thanks,
I don't write about things.

Well, if you don't write about things, what do you write?

Y'know, maybe you should write a poem about something, huh?

Me? Oh no,
I don't like poetry.
I'll stick with history.

Ah. You don't like poetry but...

(And so it went—
two tongues
mired in the dumb mud
of one garden of delights.)

A Fit

Salim Al-Saidi
Oman

She taught me how to be cute,
but I forget how to be an angel.
When I came out into the "light"
my mind got a little foggy.
So sail me away to another port
where there's no address nor place to cheer
but just hurry and hurry and steam.
I might step on wisdom...
It might cut into my skin,
mix with my blood...
I might learn how to swim back
to my mother's beautiful womb.
She'll cleanse me of the world's dirt
and tell me a fairy tale about Adam's
accusing Eve of adultery as she was carrying
this crying world inside her.
My Seasons

Mieko Sato
Japan

Through the glass of water
I catch the fingers
They are stout but flexible
And under the torch
I discover the back
It is spacious but delicate
Is this my spring?
Yes, this is.

From the voice
I unearth a fountain
Of clear water flowing and flowing
And among the feet.
I dig the sun’s heat
Its rippling song
Is this my summer?
Yes, this is.

But when I close my eyes
My soul longs for the days of yesterday
When my blood flows at the edge of the abyss
My nerves feel there’s nothing to live for
Please let me flow . . .
Isn’t this my fall?
. . . Yeah . . . this is.

Between my eyes,
A lead slug begins to smolder
Quietly it spreads
Takes over my whole body
Blazing
Burned out
This is not my winter.
. . . Yeah

I am traveling
With my little bag of seasons

A Desert

Takayuki Hida
Japan

A desert,
nothing there.
There where there’s nothing,
you may plant some trees,
feed them with rain,
make mountains,
rivers,
seas.
You may call some clouds
and have a storm appear.
Shall you build a house, make a town,
have friends?
As you wish,
you’ll make your happy world.

When you wake up,
things might revert to the desert.
It wouldn’t be unusual for that to happen.

And then,
you try again, right?
Need
Jennifer B. Gardner
USA
Your need will always gnaw
And that you should never regret
primal, pulsating craving
which when not met
leads to a senseless raving
sopping up all one’s breath
ending in a kind of death.

Fire
Dick Holmes
USA
Take it and see what happens.
A little seed in your hand
will become a tree
and out of the blue keep growing
into the blue. It won’t live forever
and it won’t die either.
The water you give it
will return as air.

The Moment
Mieko Sato
Japan
The air is so mild
Under the moonlight
Seeing a lost little girl
I pause
Narrow my eyes
Behind the breeze
The nostalgia and the grief echo
Crouching down
I cry for her
I cry for myself
And fall into a slumber
Like a shell
At the depths of the sea
Art & Entertainment
DEAR PAT

"Got a problem? No problem!"
—Pat

Dear Pat,
I'm going out with two guys and I don't want to decide on just one of them. Do you think that it's bad for me to continue this situation? I'm full of love!
Ms. Full of Love

Dear Full,
I think you have a serious problem, and I prefer to work with you in private. How about getting together this Saturday night? My phone number is (803) 544-8490. Call me.
Pat

Dear Pat,
Whenever I drink beer, a strange thing happens to my face. My nose starts twitching and my lips become twice their normal size. What can I do about this problem?
Big Lips

Dear Lips,
Your problem with alcohol is a very common one; millions of people experience the same thing. It starts with the face and gradually spreads throughout the whole body. Before you know it, alcohol has turned you into some kind of weird animal. Try drinking mineral water instead of beer. It's refreshing, and you can keep your own face.
Pat

Dear Pat,
I'm used to British English, so the American dialect is giving me problems. A couple of weeks ago, I asked a clerk in a bookstore where I could find a rubber. He looked at me as if I were stupid and said, "What are you doing in a bookstore? Go to a pharmacy!" I meant "eraser," not what he understood. What can I do to make myself understood by Americans?
A Stranger

Dear Stranger,
With time and experience, your dialect problem will take care of itself. But you seem to have a more serious problem that apparently you're not even aware of: You ask a question and then assume that the answer doesn't apply to your question. How do you know that the clerk misunderstood you? Maybe he meant that pharmacies carry better erasers than bookstores do! Personally, I buy all my erasers at pharmacies.
Pat
Salade aux Lentilles
Sylvie Kenig-Dessau
France

Lentil salad is a delicious dish that will bring a bit of France to your dining table. Bon appétit!

Bløtkake
Berit Midtgård
Norway

Bløtkake, a layered cream cake, is the traditional birthday cake in Norway, but you don’t have to wait for a birthday to try this recipe.

Ingredients
3 eggs
1 and 1/2 deciliters of sugar
1 deciliter of water
3 deciliters of self-rising flour
3 teaspoons of baking powder
3 deciliters of heavy cream
2 tablespoons of sugar
2 or 3 tablespoons of fruit juice
cut fruits (bananas, strawberries, apples, pineapples, or whatever fruits you like)
shaved chocolate curls, chopped almonds, or fruits

Preparation
Pre-heat oven to 350°F. Grease a round pan and then dust it with flour. In a mixing bowl, beat the eggs together with 1 and 1/2 deciliters of sugar until stiff. Mix in the water, flour, and baking powder. Pour this batter into the pan and bake for 30-40 minutes. Take out of the oven and let cool. Cut the cake into two layers, and set the top half aside. Whip the cream together with 2 tablespoons of sugar. Drizzle the fruit juice over the two layers of the cake. Spread the cut fruit and a little of the cream over the bottom layer of the cake. Place the top layer of the cake on top of the fruit and cream filling. Shortly before serving, spoon the rest of the whipped cream onto the top of the cake. Garnish with shaved chocolate curls, chopped almonds, or fruits. Serve and enjoy! ♥

Ingredients
1 cup of lentils
6 cups of water
1 onion
parsley (to taste)
1 clove of garlic
dried thyme (to taste)
2 carrots
2 teaspoons of vinegar
salt
black pepper
2 tablespoons of Dijon mustard
1/4 cup olive oil

Preparation
Rinse the lentils. Chop the onion and parsley. Mash the garlic. In a covered saucepan, cook the lentils, water, onion, garlic, and thyme until the lentils are tender (20 minutes if you use green lentils; 10-12 minutes if you use brown lentils). Dice the carrots, add them to the pan, cover, and continue to cook for 10 more minutes. To make the dressing, transfer 2 tablespoons of the broth to a bowl and add the vinegar, salt, pepper, and mustard to the bowl. Slowly pour the oil into the bowl, whisk until emulsified. Taste and add dressing ingredients as needed. Drain the lentils, put them into a serving bowl, and toss them with the chopped parsley and the dressing. Serves six. ♥
Jagung Bakar Rasa Manis Pedas
Febrina Suprayogi
Indonesia

Sweet and hot toasted corn is a delicious Indonesian snack that can be prepared in just a few minutes—perfect for busy people like all of us at EPI!

**Ingredients**
- fresh red chili (not chili sauce) to taste
- a dash of salt
- a dash of sugar
- 1 teaspoon of sweetened condensed milk
- 1/8 cup of water
- 4 ears of sweet corn (corn on the cob)
- 2 tablespoons of butter

**Preparation**
Briefly blend red chili, salt, sugar, sweetened condensed milk, and water in a blender to make a coarse sweet hot sauce. Cover the corn lightly with butter and toast it in a greased pan, turning it frequently to brown it on all sides. Brush the sauce onto the corn as it's toasting. Serve steaming hot.

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**Dear friends,**
American life has been great. And I got to know various other cultures here as well. I want to thank each of my friends and teachers. I'll never forget you.
Kazuya Watanabe

All my classmates,
GW, maybe too early for this stuff, but the teacher was funny. RV, a lot of reading, headaches, but useful for TOEFL and a cool teacher. CS, long day but laughing with a wonderful teacher and a great time together. Bye!
Bernardo

Dear computer,
You know that I hate you.
I won't break your face, I mean your screen.
I can't do it because Timothy is behind me,
And I won't be here the next term.
You're lucky. But the world is small, and I hope For your sake that you won't be on my road again.

Pen Sil

To Susan,
YES, PDA!!! SURE! (laughs...)
Bernardo and Lia

Dear everybody,
This term is over,
Spring is just beginning,
The waves are bigger than ever,
The wind is stronger than ever,
Life is short, so let's go surfing!!!!

Wave Rider
Why “Fall” in Legends of the Fall?

Sung-woo Park
Korea

Fall—the season in the natural cycle when nature becomes especially involved in both taking away life and giving it. In the fall, plants lose their fruits, but their loss is the gain of the creatures who harvest and eat those fruits to sustain their lives.

The movie *Legends of the Fall* begins with the narration of an old native American man recalling the life of his late, close friend Tristan, the main character of the movie. The narrator muses that Tristan’s life has become “a legend of the fall.” As the movie progresses, unfolding Tristan’s story through the narrator’s reflections, the significance of fall in relation to Tristan’s life becomes clearer and clearer.

When Tristan is a child—in the spring of his life—he comes upon a ferocious bear in the woods that claws him and that he in turn wounds with his knife. As a result of this fight, symbolizing the human struggle with nature, Tristan’s blood becomes mixed with the bear’s blood, and Tristan is drawn into a close bond with the bear and with nature in general. The wilderness inherent in this bond makes it difficult for Tristan to harmonize with human society even though himself to do it. At the time, neither Tristan nor the narrator knows exactly why Tristan refrains from killing the bear. This encounter, symbolizing the summer of Tristan’s life, implies that his relationship with the bear is growing toward fulfillment. Just as farmers wait for the fall harvest, letting their plants grow during the summer, Tristan and the bear wait for the season of their destiny.

Tristan is an old man when he meets the bear for the last time. This time, Tristan and the bear fight again, and Tristan falls to his death. His bond with nature is now fulfilled; ultimately, Tristan, like every human being, succumbs to the more powerful force of nature.

At the end of the movie, the narrator declares, “It was a good death.” Tristan has died, but the legend of his life, like fall fruit, remains to nourish the living.

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Gatinha (2),

Gatinho 1 was just kidding, and you know how much I do love you, and how many wonderful times we’ve spent together. I’m sure that there will be more of them, because GATINHOS must be together forever. Bye.

Gatinho

Lia, Roberta, Gio, Flavio, Rodrigo & Mello,

I had a great time with all of you on weekends, at parties, in Cliff and at the barbecue last Saturday. I hope to see you again when I go to Brasil sometime. And, Parabens, Lia & Roberta, on your pierced belly buttons. Keep in touch! See you!

Bernardo
Go Alone Like a Bull’s Horns

Sun Hye Yook
Korea

The novel Go Alone Like a Bull’s Horns, by Ji Young Kong, revolves around three women friends. One of these women, Young-Sun, has been in France with her husband, where they traveled to study filmmaking. Even though she has more intellectual ability than her husband, she gives up her studies because of their financial problems and goes to work. She gives her husband her final graduation report, which she’s already prepared for her own graduation, and he gets a degree. Then they go back to Seoul, and he succeeds as a famous movie director. Taking her for granted, he ignores her and plays with the love of other women. Young-Sun falls into despair, and deciding that there’s nothing she can do to resolve her predicament, she attempts suicide.

Another of these friends, Kyoung-Ae was an announcer until she got married. Now she’s married to a medical doctor who’s very rich, and she ostentatiously pretends to live well with her husband. Although her husband ignores her just because she’s a woman, she pretends to be managing her married life without problems. She doesn’t want a divorce because she doesn’t want to give up being well-off. Living a lie, she’s afraid of others’ eyes.

Hye-Wan, a decisive woman, is a divorcée. Hye-Wan learns about Young-Sun’s attempted suicide from Kyoung over the phone. During this phone conversation, Hye-Wan recalls an argument she once had with her ex-husband. At that time, she was working for a book company, and her husband was a graduate student. One evening, after attending a company party, she came home to an angry outburst from him about her working and fought with him the whole night through.

“When our children are older, you can have a job. Then I’ll allow you to have a job,” her husband said.

“When our kids are grown-up and I’m in my forties, I can get a job! I’ll be praised by everyone for nurturing our children, right? You’re so pathetic. Why don’t you finish your graduate studies after you raise the children, ten years from now?”

“You have to choose one, either your work or your family. I can’t put up with your working anymore.”

“What’s the matter with it? I can manage both my work and taking care of our family very well.”


Hye-Wan felt the unfairness of her situation. Although she and her husband both worked, the housekeeping and care of the children had always belonged to her. It was unbearable. She felt that she had to get a divorce.

But her problems didn’t end with her divorce; they just changed. After the divorce, she realized, “When I was married, I suffered the insults of just one man. Divorce is suffering the insults of everyone.”

This novel well describes the situation of women who are unjustly treated by men and by the society as a whole. In my country, Korea, things are changing, but the thought that men have more rights than women persists. Why are women deprived of their rights? Why are women compelled to be obedient to men? Why can’t women do as they want? Seemingly, Young-Sun, Kyoung-Ae, and Hye-Wan have different ways of life, but their basic problem is the same: women’s inequality in Korean society.

This century is full of chaos and in a time of transition. Most women are trying to assert their rights, but they face numerous obstacles. Women will continue to suffer from this injustice until the oppressive social structure and men’s way of thinking is changed. In spite of the difficulties, women must keep pursuing their own human dignity. It won’t just be given to them freely.

May, Kayoko, Kimie, Miki, Gen, Shiro and Kazushi-san,

You can’t imagine how great the time we’ve spent together has been for me! Thanks for everything and wait for me in Japan!

Lia
Some news about this year’s sensational bands... METALLICA returns to the recording scene with all the power of heavy metal. Fans have been waiting for a new album from Metallica for five years. Band members don’t expect sales to compare with sales of the last album, which sold 8,000,000 copies, but they think that their new album is even better.

PEARL JAM is one of the year’s biggest bands, and maybe they’ll surprise us with a new album this year like they did in 1994 with Vitalogy, a great alternative music album even though it wasn’t their best seller.

The unexpectedly hot band of the moment, RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS, rose to its current heights thanks to its latest album One Hot Minute, which ingeniously blends classic rock with the original, unparalleled hot sound the Chili Peppers have always graced us with.

The three 16-year-olds that make up SILVERCHAIR are at an exciting moment in their lives after coming out with their debut album Frogstomp last summer. They’ve already reached the level of fame that many older groups only dreamed of reaching so quickly. Let’s see how they’ll continue to develop.

On the other hand, BLUES TRAVELER, with its latest album, has journeyed solo instrument on several of the album’s songs. Blues Traveler is a group of modest and really cool musicians worth listening to!

"VAN HALEN’s latest album Balance is so cool,“ remarked a fellow EPI music lover recently. He thinks this, he explained, because it’s different, because it shows how awesome music can be when a group is mature and can do whatever it wants with its sound, and because, in general, everything needs to change to avoid getting boring. Well said!

Last but definitely not least, JOE SATRIANI and his new album, entitled simply Joe Satriani to show that it’s nothing fancy. In this album, Joe introduces the crystal clear sound of a new kind of guitar, the chrome guitar. Joe Satriani is one of the best guitar players out there and considered by many fans to be Mr. Guitar Hero, but when he looks into the mirror, he doesn’t see himself as a hero. If it were like that, as he said in a recent interview, he wouldn’t be so good and so satisfied with what he really is.

To my friends,

I don’t need to write names—you’ll recognize yourselves. A Japanese guy who receives one letter a day and who loves motorcycles, a man who came from the north and loves boats, so many nice girls! (including conversation partners), teachers, squirrels. Thank you very much, everyone, for supporting me during this term. Thank you again. De Nada, A plus.

Gilles Surrel
Soe Tae Ji and the Boys
Songyub Lee
Korea

Soe Tae Ji, a 24-year-old Korean man, is leading the younger generation in Korea into a new world. He and his band, known as Soe Tae Ji and the Boys, is the most popular group in Korea today.

In the summer of 1993, Soe Tae Ji and the Boys emerged into sudden prominence with a song called "Blind Love." This song made them superstars in one breath. At first, they were considered just lucky, but once the popularity of their albums began to spread all over the world, they came to be recognized as great musicians and entertainers.

Soe Tae Ji and the Boys have put out four albums so far, all of them best-sellers in our country. The reason for their popularity is simple: Their songs are very special, incorporating a great variety of musical influences and trends, from trot to gangster rap, and their musical abilities go beyond description.

The most important thing about Soe Tae Ji and the Boys is that they want to change things that need changing. Unlike most Korean singers, they sing about important matters such as Korean unification, educational problems, and social diseases, and they sing about them with the expectation that these problems can be solved.

Their song "Come Back Home" in their fourth album inspired numerous teenagers who had run away from home to come back home and try to work things out with their parents.

Recently, Soe Tae Ji and the Boys won a battle against the rigid Korean Congress, which had unjustly restricted their songwriting. Now, every Korean writer can freely make a song without interference from the government. This was a great achievement.

The key to Soe Tae Ji and the Boys' excellence is their openness to change. As we all know, parents are anxious about the fact that young people tend to stop studying when they start following superstars. But in contrast to many other superstars, Soe Tae Ji and the Boys teach their followers the positive values of courage and enthusiasm.

People say that change is hard, but, as the saying goes, without change there can be no progress. I think that Soe Tae Ji understands the meaning of this saying perfectly and precisely. In my case, coming to America has meant a big change in my life, but I'm willing to undergo this change so that I can make progress. "No change, no progress"—I agree.

Hey, World!
Leaders with big nationalistic ideas are dangerous for the world. Their ideas favor one race, one nationality, or one religion, and this results in misunderstandings, intolerance, or even hostility.

Such leaders control the mass media, the police, and the army. Prejudice produced through government-controlled mass media results in hatred. Countries can be ruled peacefully or militarily. The usual way for nationalistic leaders' to reach their selfish goal—making a name for themselves in history—is through war, and they are ready to sacrifice their own people to accomplish this goal.

Hey, world, can you see the autocrats around? People must be treated equally regardless of their race, nationality, or religion. Let's protect people from leaders with big nationalistic ideas!

Emir Hadziahmetovic

Dick, Kathy and Mark,

Your classes were great. GW: I learned a lot about poems, essays, and the “tricky” TOEFL. RV: Time to Kill (Are you with me?), guessing, extensive reading. CS: Movies, surveys, and different values among cultures. What a great time! Thanks for being there when I needed you!

Lia
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