Basic Necessities
Contents

Around the World .................................. 3
One of the great things about studying in an international English program is the opportunity it presents to get to know people from all over the world. Here, you can get the inside story on various countries around the world and their special places, people, customs, foods, and viewpoints.

Class Photos ........................................ 12
Gracing the middle section of this issue are the beautiful faces of the Fall II Communication Seminar classes.

Stories & Poems ..................................... 17
What would life be without the inspiration that stories and poems provide? This section features the creative talents of some fine storytellers and poets here at EPI.

Personal Messages .................................. 32
Get your friends to fill these two pages with personal messages to you.

Metaphors for “I”
On pages 7, 9, 19, and 26, look for some interesting self-portraits written by the students of Reading/Vocabulary 60.
Editor's Note

What are the origins of Oktoberfest in Munich, Germany? Why is Puerto Palos, in northern Peru, such a great place to spend a vacation? What can you find at Pretty Place, near the border of South and North Carolina? Why are gangsters so lovable in Russia? How do Koreans greet each other? Who are the Millionarios in Bogota, Colombia? How can you calculate the price of your meal in a Japanese revolving sushi bar? Which mischievous EPI student once fell through his neighbor's roof? What is "blind contour drawing?" What is the story behind a constellation of stars called "the Chicks?" Does Pascale Sexton succeed in her quest to find her ancestral home in Ireland? Read on and find out the answers to these questions. And enjoy all the fine writings and art work in this issue of Sunrise!

Dick Holmes

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Sunrise is a publication of the
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at the University of South Carolina (USC)
Byrnes 207, Columbia, SC 29208 USA
Phone: (803) 777-3867  Fax: (803) 777-6839  E-mail: www.epi.sc.edu
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EPI Fall I Royalty (left to right) — voted
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voted FRIENDLIEST student: Rino Kawase

UNIVERSITY of SOUTH CAROLINA
JAMES F. BYRNES BUILDING

Break time!
One of the first things foreigners come to know about Germany is a certain public festival called Oktoberfest, which takes place in Bavaria’s capital, Munich. Because of the name recognition this festival has, at least in some circles, it is perhaps a custom in Germany that you might be interested in. I want to say a few things about it here to inform those who haven’t yet heard anything about it and to give those who have just a little information about it a more exact picture of it.

Oktoberfest is a long-standing traditional Bavarian public festival in which the whole town, rich and poor alike, come together just to have fun. People enjoy this customary event in a very simple and relaxed way. Bavarian festivals such as Oktoberfest probably derive from farmers’ markets or horse races. Even today, public festivals are sometimes connected to exhibitions of farm equipment or products.

Whatever the exact origin of the typical public festival is, the historical event leading directly to Oktoberfest was a royal wedding. In October of 1810, Bavaria’s crown Prince, Ludwig I of Bavaria, and Princess Theresa of Sachsen-Anhalt married, and the official celebration lasted around five days. In honor of the princess, the existing public festival was extended. In this way, the original public festival grew into a great party for all people. Everyone loved the festival so much that it became an annual tradition.

Today what is Oktoberfest? It is a great event in Munich held primarily in a lot of big, simple tents erected for a very special week. Inside the tents, stages for famous bands and thousands of primitive wooden benches and tables are set up. The amazing thing about the festival, even for me, a citizen of Bavaria, is to experience all the traditional customs practiced during the week. You can find people wearing traditional clothes, playing traditional folk music, and dancing traditional folk dances. On one day, a beautiful procession takes place, featuring people dressed in a great variety of traditional clothes along with prettily decorated horses and horse-drawn vehicles. I love that spectacle.

During Oktoberfest, everybody relaxes and speaks informally with each other. Sometimes people stand up on their wooden benches and sing and dance. But the most important and famous thing about Oktoberfest is the food and drink. People drink an enormous amount of beer—beer, beer, and more beer—and eat all kinds of good food, including special kinds of delicious sausages, cabbage, cheese, and—best of all, I think—Brezen, something like pretzels in the USA.

Oktoberfest is an event for young people as well as older people, so there is also a great amusement park with rides, shooting galleries, ticket kiosks, a flea circus, and various other fun things to do.

Besides Munich’s Oktoberfest, Bavaria has a number of other public festivals. Nearly every Bavarian town, in fact, has its own great or small public festival at some other time during the summer or fall, and each of them is no less enjoyable than Oktoberfest.

Prost! ☹
Puerto Palos
Gloria Salvadores
Argentina

and a salon equipped with TV, books, magazines, and table games. The salon is one of my favorite places to hang out at Puerto Palos. Sometimes I just sit there gazing at the sea.

A few steps from the pool, warm white sand and coconut palms await you, and the clear sea invites you to swim or at least to put your feet in. Depending on the season, guests can go scuba diving, swimming, or surfing when the waves are big enough.

For those who like to fish, there are a variety and an abundance of fish, tuna being one of the most popular catches. Guests who like deep sea expeditions can take advantage of the offshore programs Puerto Palos offers. Oscar, the host, gladly joins interested guests, and everyone has a good time fishing together.

Both Oscar and Gloria, his wife, are glad to help or guide guests in any way they can, and all the hotel employees are very warm-hearted, so from your first moment at Puerto Palos you feel at home.

And the food at the hotel restaurant is delicious. The classic Peruvian dishes served there, such as ceviche and barbecued lobster, are prepared using very fresh seafood and they’re sure to delight your taste buds.

A nice detail about Puerto Palos I can’t omit is the presence of Argos. This four-year-old Weimaraner seems to be talking
Pretty Place  
Pilar Soto  
Colombia

Nature is unpredictable and wonderful, and we can always be surprised by its greatness and simplicity at the same time. I like to walk through the mountains, to feel the breeze in my face, to set foot on the grass, to see the morning dew on the leaves of the trees, to watch the movement of the leaves, to recognize the plants, to watch the birds, to hear the singing of the birds, to climb the stones, to find the best way into the forest—to discover all the wonderful things in the mountains.

But manifestations of human intelligence in natural settings can be surprising, too. Human beings complement nature and sometimes build wonderful structures in beautiful natural places to enhance human enjoyment of nature.

Last Sunday, I went to the mountains, driving a long way to savor a few hours there. I visited various tourist attractions and interesting places, and they were all quite enjoyable, but the moment I came upon Pretty Place, the open-air church near the border of South and North Carolina, I was astounded. There, human art and nature blend to create an awesome landscape. Walking into the breezy church, I saw its benches advancing toward dawn, a big cross, and behind it space opening to infinity. What a wonderful landscape!

I walked to the other end of the church and stood at the edge of the cliff that the church was built on, gazing in amazement at the valley below. I felt such a big charge of emotion that tears came to my eyes and I was afraid that I might fall from the precipice. Turning back into the church, I read the beautiful, romantic messages on the walls.

Pretty Place is a universal church where any religion can be practiced. It is an amazing place and part of a wonderful landscape.
"Are you gangsters?"
"No, we’re Russians."

Questions like that make me wonder what people think about Russians. There are so many stereotypes: Russians drink vodka every day; there are bears in the streets; it’s so cold in Russia, etc. My favorite stereotype is the one about the Russian Mafia—about dangerous people living in my country that scare everybody around the world. Is it just a stereotype? Maybe, but I can say that even many Russians believe that there is some truth in it.

Proof of this can be found in a special genre of Russian music called “gangster romance.” As this name suggests, the ballad songs of this genre are about gangsters.

Most people around the world think that someone who commits a crime is a bad person. Of course, we Russians agree with this, but gangsters tend to be so glamorous, romantic, frank, and generous that we sympathize with them. In fact, we like them, we understand them, and we love songs about them. Listening to these songs, we understand that though gangsters do bad things, they are passionate, and can love women as nobody else can. So, we tend to justify their behavior. They steal money and cars, but we like them anyway. From our many songs about them, they have become cultural heroes.

Gangster romance is very popular in Russia among various groups of people. Some of its biggest fans are policemen, bandits, and, of course, girls. If you ask any girl at the age of 14 or 16 what kind of men she likes, she’ll no doubt answer, “Gangsters.”

A great number of Russians even like to consider themselves gangsters. If they have a lot of money, go to casinos, buy expensive cars, and put a gold chain around their neck, they might think of themselves as gangsters, but everybody knows they aren’t really gangsters. The real gangster’s life is the kind of life found in gangster ballads.

The story line in a couple of songs should be enough to convey what the lyrics of gangster ballads are like. One song is about a man who met a girl at a party one snowy day. Playing his guitar, he looked into her eyes and fell in love with her. Now he is in prison far away from her, but he still loves her. When it snows, he remembers her eyes and realizes that she is always in his heart even though she is not with him now. Another song recounts the experiences of a gangster who has seen a lot in his life. Because of his bad behavior, he can’t imagine how a girl could fall in love with him, but one has fallen for him and she loves him very much. She can forgive him everything, and she will wait for him if he gets caught and goes to prison.

In gangster romance, a woman is the most important treasure for a man. She is his heart, his angel, his soul. And I can say that this is generally true of real-life Russian gangsters, who shower their women with poems, flowers, and champagne. They deal with the worst part of life every day, but they tend to have deep feelings and a generous heart, and they give all their good feelings to their woman. Their love stories are really beautiful, like old legends. No wonder we love gangsters in Russia.
Korean Greetings

Jae-Woong Jeong
Korea

There are diverse kinds of greeting methods around the world. In some parts of the world, people hug each other when they meet, and elsewhere people spit at each other’s face or rub noses with each other. We Koreans, too, have our own distinct ways of greeting each other.

Korean greetings are divided into three forms according to the situation: everyday encounters, New Year’s Day, and performances of ancestral sacrifice.

Everyday greetings consist of nodding our head or bowing. When we meet a friend or a younger person, we just nod. On the other hand, we bow when we meet older or especially respectable people. The more important or respectable the person is, the more deeply we bow.

New Year’s Day requires a very special kind of traditional Korean greeting. When the sun rises on the morning of that day, we put on traditional clothes called Hanbok—usually Hanbok are made of silk and have beautiful, splendid colors—and then go to our parents and grandparents to make the traditional New Year’s bow, called Kyen-Jyel. We get down on our knees and make a deep bow, laying one hand on top of the other. Men put their left hand on top of their right hand, while women place their right hand on top of their left. At this time, we say to our elders, “Bless you” or “I wish you good luck all the year round.” And they, in turn, bestow a benediction upon us. After the Kyen-Jyel, adults give their children some money, wishing them good luck. What an interesting ceremony it is!

We perform an ancestral sacrifice on New Year’s Day, Thanksgiving Day, and the annual day when our ancestor breathed his or her last, to remember relatives who have died. Before the ritual, we prepare some traditional foods like fruits, meats, rice cake, and grilled fish, because we think our ancestors’ spirits come and enjoy these foods even though our ancestors are dead. We set up a folding screen behind the table of foods, light a candle on the table, and then start the rite. We make a deep bow like the bow we make on New Year’s Day toward the table, thinking that our ancestors’ spirits sit at the opposite side of the table. This bow is similar to Kyen-Jyel, but we bow twice and lay our hands on top of each other in the opposite order. In other words, the greeting method we use depends on whether the person we are greeting is alive or not.

As a Korean, I am proud of the courtesy reflected in our various forms of greetings. However, nowadays these displays of politeness are disappearing little by little on account of the influence of Western culture. Of course, there is no room for doubt about accepting new culture to keep up with the international age, but in preserving our traditional customs we can go ahead as an advanced country without losing our unique Korean culture and disposition.

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I am a bright shooting star, disappearing quickly in the vast night sky.
—Kuo-Yuan Hung, Taiwan

I am a countryside river, endlessly renewing itself.
—Abdulla Al-Nuaimi, UAE
Soccer in Bogota
Camilo Andres Villafrade
Colombia

The day: Sunday. The time: sometime between 2:30 and 3:30 p.m. The place: on the corner of 57th Street and 30th Avenue in Bogota, Colombia. Once you are in the neighborhood of the huge infrastructure waiting for you there, you start feeling a special kind of atmosphere. You become part of a unique mix of feelings and people gathered together for a single purpose: to have a lot of fun.

On your way to the entrance, you see plenty of people wearing blue T-shirts, as usual. After passing through the security zone and getting into the stadium, every step you take toward your seat warms up your feelings. Once at the top of the stairs, you look out onto a huge, green soccer field surrounded by thousands of seats. Then you make your way to the usual place where you meet your friends. When you take your seat, you feel right at home.

The wait before the kickoff is the perfect time to discuss your team’s coaching. This is a typical practice of the Colombian soccer fan. Every one of us has a different opinion concerning the way things should be done, first to win this game and then to win the championship. Our continuous exchange of opinions makes the wait less boring.

Approximately fifteen minutes before the kickoff, the cheerleaders hit the field. Their appearance constitutes a sign to the fans that it is almost time to meet the team again. At this moment, it doesn’t matter what the score in the previous game was; the only thing you care about this afternoon is to see your team play well and win this game.

Suddenly, a man wearing a blue shirt, white shorts, and blue socks runs on to the field, followed by ten more players. Yes, there they are—the Millonarios, the thirteen-time champion team of Bogota! This is the perfect time for the fans to show their appreciation to the team. Lots of applause, fireworks, and confetti come together to salute the team.

After the Colombia and Bogota anthems, the action begins. During the 90-minute game, there are all kinds of responses from the crowd and the team. Among the fans, there is a huge group of people who are always jumping, screaming, and vigorously supporting the team. They call themselves Los Comandos Azules (The Blue Commandos). The rest of the fans stay in their seats watching the game, cheering only when they consider it necessary. Meanwhile, the team continuously struggles to provide high-quality soccer to their devoted fans.

When the Millonarios score, the whole place erupts. Even though you are with your friends, you suddenly find yourself in a big hug with people you don’t even know. That is what makes soccer special.

Soccer is the most popular sport in Colombia. It has the power to bring together a great variety of people and to take them to a new world with new rules in which it is possible to enjoy life for two hours in the stadium. For a little while, people forget about their problems.
Have you ever been to a sushi bar? If you’ve been to one in America, you may not have experienced a real one. I’d like to introduce you to a real, Japanese sushi bar.

Standing before a sushi bar in Japan, the first thing you see is a noren (a short cotton curtain with the name of the shop on it). Usually, this curtain is a unique one dyed—often navy blue—and made especially for the restaurant. After you pass through the noren, you slide open the wooden door. Please watch your step here at the shikii (threshold). When I was a child, I was told that it represented the top of my father’s head so I shouldn’t step on it.

As you enter the sushi bar, you’re greeted by a loud voice calling out “Irashai! (“Welcome!”). Please smile at the chefs standing behind the bar. Now, you and your party have a choice between sitting on stools at the bar or sitting at a table with tatami (mats) on the floor.

If you choose to sit at a table, you have to sit on your legs, so you may feel as if you’re sitting on pins and needles and you may not be able to stand up at the end of your dinner. Some sushi will be brought to your table on a thick board at once. Of course, though you can choose what you want from the board, it’s more exciting to taste sushi at the bar.

I strongly advise you to sit at the bar. There you can see all the colorful, fresh ingredients in the glass case, including various kinds of fish, shellfish, and Japanese fried eggs. You can eat not only sushi (slices of raw fish or other food topping a mouthful of pressed-together rice) but also sashimi (unaccompanied slices of raw fish). I always judge the quality of a sushi bar by whether various other items in some kaitenushi—are served at revolving bars. You just select your favorite dishes from the bar, and then after your meal you take your empty dishes to the cash register to pay. The customers and the cashiers know the price from the colors of the dishes. It’s much cheaper to eat in kaitenushi than it is to eat in traditional sushi bars. Most kaitenushi customers are young people who don’t have a lot of money to spend on sushi. In kaitenushi, the ingredients are not as fresh as those in traditional sushi bars, but you can enjoy revolving sushi at much cheaper prices. Some kaitenushi have very long lines, but I recommend that you go to a crowded one because the ingredients may be fresher there.

I think everyone in Japan likes going out to a sushi bar, and I think you’ll enjoy the experience too. If you ever go to Japan, don’t miss your opportunity to eat at a real sushi bar! ☑
CS10 (left to right) — front: Bronia, Yilmaz, Ivy
back: Roman, Carlos, Cem

CS20 (left to right) — front: Essa, Hideyuki, Hideaki, Hua, Young
back: Jin, Jeong-Yeol, Freddy, Xiao-Mei, Ji-Hee, Jennifer, Hector
CS30a (left to right) — front: Hyoung-Yeon, Felix, Mohamed, Mosaed, Ali
back: Tae-Hun, Richard, Sun Hee, Isao, Shin, Dick

CS30b (left to right) — front: Gyeong-Seon, Soon-Jung, Margaret, Wafaa
back: Abdullah, Pon, In-Ja, Yaqoob, Un-Sung
CS40 (left to right) — front: Steven, Edilberto, Glen, Tiger
middle: Frank, Mayu, Hui-Fen, Ali, Mohamed
back: Eduardo, Mohammed, Yong-Karp, Young, Young-Woo

CS50a (left to right) — front: Adel, Kathy, Dana, Nagako, Ji-Hyeon, Korhan
back: Yujin, Dalmiro, Arcan, Masayuki, Saleh, Ali
CS50b (left to right) — front: Cinzia, Rie, Hee-Sook, Mohamed, Seok-Joo
back: Bruno, Rachael, Jonas, Mark

CS60AE (left to right) — front: Jae, Paul, Isao, Jin-Ho
back: Susan, Eun-Mi, Winnie, Xie, Kyung-Sook
CS601 UP (left to right) — front: Pi-Ju, Yoko, Akira, Jung Ho, Sanghoon, Ferhat
back: Hee-Jin, Hiroko, Mi-Hyun, Marit, Janeth, Juliana, Veronica, Chin-Keong

CS70 (left to right) — front: Terry, Andrea, Gloria, Abdulla, Abdulla
back: Sami, Yazeed, Angeline, Federico
Elke Schmidmeister, Germany
Yu Jeoung Chang, Korea
Ferhat Gureli, Turkey
Federico Gomes, Uruguay
Ji-Yeon Hong, Korea
Dick Holmes, USA
Jade Lee, Korea
Camilo Andres Villafrade, Colombia
Keiichi Hayashizaki, Japan
Loralee Donath, USA
Pascale Sexton, France
Adriana Salvador, Ecuador
Takayuki Okazaki, Japan
Gloria Salvadores, Argentina
Rachan Usaha, Thailand
Isao Sugimoto, Japan
Janeth Pachon, Colombia
Dalmiro Sanchez, Venezuela
Jun Tokita, Japan
Yamee Yang, Korea
Khaled Al-Abdouli, UAE
Birthday
Fun & Games
After a few days in Columbia, I arrived at my prospective host family’s house to meet all the family members and show them who I was, hopefully convincing them that I was a well-mannered, polite, decent, dependable, tidy person. They knew I was studying at EPI to improve my English, but naturally I wanted to prove my English, impressing on them and the whole world, including myself, that all the time I had spent learning English so far had been worthwhile.

I soon discovered, however, that all my English studies amounted to nothing. I couldn’t understand anything that was said, even when my host father spoke slowly out of consideration for my limited language proficiency. “Sorry!” I kept having to say, embarrassed. “Excuse me!” “Can you repeat that sentence? I don’t understand that expression.”

I became smaller and smaller. And I began to think that I might never manage English well enough.

During our meeting that day, the family showed me all the rooms in the house that I would have access to. We had a look at my future bedroom, bathroom, and living room, and also at the great kitchen I would be allowed to use together with the family members.

Well, at least we liked each other, and my move into their house was arranged for the next day. They even gave me a key so that I could enter the house by myself.

I descended on my host family’s house the next afternoon. The husband was still working, and the other family members were out too. So, a little hesitantly, I carefully opened the door and went in. First I entered the kitchen. What I saw there shocked and puzzled me. Shiny white name tags had been fixed on every object in the kitchen. There was a picture with the tag “PICTURE” on it, and the oven with the tag “OVEN” on it. I didn’t remember seeing these name tags the day before. Now I knew what my host family thought about my English: that I needed to start at the very beginning.

Slowly I began to move in and make myself comfortable in my rooms, where I found a lovely welcome picture drawn by the 6-year-old son of the family greeting me.

In the evening, the family arrived. Warm and friendly, they welcomed me to their home. For the moment, I forgot about the name tags and we talked about anything that came to mind. This time, the conversation went well.

But in the following days I still sometimes wondered about the name tags. One evening when my host father and I were in the kitchen talking about various kinds of delicious foods, I took heart and asked him what the name tags were for. He laughed and responded with a gleam in his eyes, “Oh, they’re for our son. He’ll be entering school for the first time in a few days, and we want to help him learn how to spell and write.”

We smiled at each other about this funny coincidence.

Anyway, at least I have drawn a lesson from this situation. Learning a new language is like going back to childhood and starting at the very, very beginning.

I am a glittering star in the sky. Everybody loves my brilliance.
—Yu Jeoung Chang, Korea

I am a thunderstorm that doesn’t know where it’s going.
—Ferhat Gureli, Turkey
Falling Through the Roof

Federico Gomes
Uruguay

When I was a child, I lived on a farm in Tacuarembo, Uruguay. Sometimes, I used to go into the city, where my uncle lived. One day, I was at my uncle’s house playing with my cousin. After a while, we got bored and decided to climb up onto the roof for some excitement. We thought that from there we might be able to see all the way to another city.

When we made it up onto the roof, we discovered that we couldn’t see another city, but we could see a lot of other roofs around. “Why don’t we walk across the roof and visit some other houses?” we asked each other. So we did and it was great fun. Nobody saw us, but we could spy on everyone else; we were watching our neighbor’s lives! Now I can’t believe we did that.

Some time after that first day of roof walking, we were out walking across the neighbor’s roof when it suddenly gave in and we fell into his house! At first, we were afraid of getting caught in Mr. Peluquin’s house. We thought he would kill us if he found us in his house like this. Fortunately, though, it was Sunday and he wasn’t home at the time. We tried to get out of there, but we found ourselves locked in. We couldn’t get out through the hole in the roof because it was too high to reach. We thought about calling my father, but we didn’t do anything. Of course, he couldn’t understand what we were doing there, and neither could we. We just wanted to run away. Then he saw the hole in the roof and called the police.

Soon the police arrived and took us all to the police station. What a terrible place that was, full of dangerous-looking people such as I had never seen before. We had to wait for four hours there while the police looked for our parents. When they finally found them, they asked them why we were allowed to walk on people’s roofs. We were less than eighteen years of age and under their responsibility. Our parents spent two hours in the police station discussing the situation.

When we finally got back home, my parents wanted to kill me, and I wanted to kill myself. Instead of doing myself in, though, I started working to pay for the damaged roof. My cousin and I worked for two months in my grandfather’s place of business, where we had to clean his office and wash his car every day.

Now whenever I remember that day, I smile, but at the time I was very worried. Of course, never again would I get up onto the roof of another person’s house.
Blind Contour Drawing

You wander into an art class and begin to observe. Students stand at long desks facing the professor and a nude model on the stage. The classroom is very quiet. Nobody looks around except the professor. The most distinctive thing about the atmosphere here is that the students’ eyes stick to one spot, all of them focused on the model. Now and then, you hear a sigh, the kind that accompanies a period of intense concentration. Finally, you can’t help having a look at their drawings.

Each sketchbook shows a different figure. Some are terrible, without shape, only irregular lines. Others are funny, like children’s out-of-proportion drawings. Your interest in this strange way of drawing is piqued.

Eventually, the professor has the students stop drawing and listen to his lecture about the method of drawing they’ve just been exploring. You listen in and learn all about it.

It’s called blind contour drawing, a way of drawing in which the artist traces the figure of an object for at least five minutes without looking at her/his sketchbook. When you make a circle, you put your pencil on your paper and make a continuous curving line back to the starting point. The same sort of continuous process applies to blind contour drawing. You begin at whatever point you want to—on the model’s hair, face, hand, foot, etc.—and make a continuous curving line according to the object’s figure.

You move your eyes and hand looking only at the model and never lifting your drawing instrument from the paper. Your eyes and hand are to be one. The closer your observation, the more sensitive your rendering will be. Of course, in this kind of blind drawing, it’s impossible to connect the starting and ending points. No doubt you’ll be quite surprised when you finally do have a look at your sketchbook.

The aim of this approach is to examine an object and find a potential line to represent it. Observation, one of the main requirements of an artist, is the key to expression. Line making, of course, is also essential to the artist since drawing is based on line. Consequently, blind contour drawing—though a very difficult, demanding exercise—is an instrumental technique in helping an artist develop the basic skills s/he needs.

The line in blind contour drawing may not be the intended one, but in art the unexpected result is often more impressive than the intended effect. Is there a difference between an accomplished artist and a beginner in blind contour drawing? No, there isn’t. Nobody knows how deep her/his hidden talent is. Why don’t you explore your own qualified line?
At last the big day had arrived, the day of his initiation. Soon, like all the other young men before him, he would be blindfolded, led into the woods, and left alone to meet his destiny. He would either return, finding his way back, or become a tree among the other trees in the woods.

As the sun rose over the hills, he took one last look around and breathed in deeply. Then everything dimmed to the starry darkness of the world behind the blindfold tied around his head.

How long did they walk? How many days? In the darkness, it was hard to tell. Time became nothing more than the sensation of the air cooling down or heating up, the sound of crackling leaves and twigs underfoot.

There had been no words to prepare him for this trek. The young men before him who had come back, and the ones before them, had been commanded never to say anything about any of this, just as he was commanded when the march finally came to a halt and the elders sat him down, still blindfolded, their voices encircling him. He was never to say a word about this experience, he was to return or not to return, he was not to remove his blindfold until he heard the roar of the Awesome Bear coming from all directions at once.

And then the voices became silent and he could hear the elders walking away from him, the crunch of their steps slowly fading in a widening circle around him until he could hear only the solemn song of insects and the flutter of birds coming and going. Tired from the long walk and lulled by the peaceful music of the woods, he was drifting into sleep when the roar of the Awesome Bear, resounding from everywhere around him, awakened him from the dreams of his youth.

Pulling the blindfold up over his forehead, he kept his eyes closed for a moment so that he could fully appreciate the moment he would open them. His heart pounded in anticipation of what he would see and know and become from then on. When he finally opened his eyes, they were instantly flooded with blinding light, and he immediately closed them again, the brilliant light turning into warm tears streaming down his cheeks.

Sun after sun, moon after moon, he wandered in the wilderness, stopping only to rest and to eat the fruits and roots his seven senses kindly led him to. Would he ever return to his beloved people—to Sky Heart, Young Leaf, and Smiling Moon? Or were these gentle beings he found himself among now—these birds that sang with him, these trees that swayed in the breeze, this stone he leaned back upon—to be his sole companions until he turned into a tree? It was up to the Great Spirit, he always answered the voice that asked these questions. All he could do was to keep going and watch for a sign.

One beautiful moonlit evening, he was climbing a small mountain that rose from the river he had been resting beside that afternoon. Nearing the top, he heard an odd sound in the distance. As he continued to climb, the sound got louder and louder. When at last he reached the top, he could see where the sound was coming from—from the bizarre scene that spread out in the valley below. There were two rows of giant, illuminated pictures of peculiar objects and strange-looking people atop tall, smooth poles, and between these rows two streams of sleek, shiny creatures rushing in opposite directions along hissing gray paths. A sign, he murmured to himself, gazing in disbelief and stumbling back a step. No doubt a sign... but what did it mean?

He looked up at the full moon rising over the mountains beyond the weird, comical vision below and saw in it a reflection of his own face longing for home. For a long time, he held his gaze there and nourished this pure communion, until every shred of self-pity and fear of the unknown had fallen away from him.

And then without even another glance down into the valley, he turned and tramped back down the mountain to the riverbank. Home, home, home, a voice kept chanting in his heart as he lay down on a fragrant bed of leaves, fell sound asleep, and dreamed as he did every night of real things and real people gracing the serene paths of paradise.
Open Your Eyes
Jade Lee
Korea

Here you see,
Everything turns into a dream.
Your face,
Your eyes,
Even your voice,
Are created by the dream.
Everything has just come from stars.
At the edge of the mystery,
Would you realize what you are?
Here you see,
Stand alone in the wind blowing,
Open your eyes.

Falling
Camilo Andres Villafrade
Colombia

It is not a dream to disappear.
And I will.
Swiftly, everything turns into
the mystery behind the darkness.
At the end, a deep voice
blossoms inside my head,
free from my dreams.
Now, I realize. I’m falling.

Baby
Jade Lee
Korea

Tears keep dropping
to the pillow,
baby sleeping.

Perplexity
Kelichi Hayashizaki
Japan

I will never forget your posture that day
when you looked so sad and perplexed.
You couldn’t understand why your parents
weren’t paying you so much attention that day.
We were busy preparing for my trip.
It was to be as long as a fourth of your life so far,
and my destination was far away.
You just stood there, still,
beyond my half-filled suitcase.
Oh, my little son!
I was so sorry.
I took you into my arms and held you tight.
Now time has passed and
I’m still far away from you,
but I’m glad to hear
you’ve gotten back your confidence
and are happy playing again.

Poem
Loralee Donath
USA

As moments weigh on autumn sun
My name still fills your mouth
As ever,
Unhurried,
Rolling softly over lips
Into first shades of night.
As ever,
You my day’s best warmth
My pink and golden moon
You my blue-green clarity.
Wander with me ever
Color thought and time—
Over sand
Among jasmine blooms
To meet life’s sweetest hope
With our every waking.
My Dream
Pascale Sexton
France

When you open your eyes,
I see a mystery.
Your face begins to shine,
and I see you among the stars.
I can't find where it comes from,
but everything turns into serenity,
I realize that you are all my dream,
that I'm born to live for you.

Moon
Adriana Salvador
Ecuador

When I see you
I can imagine your face,
Imagine you watching the earth
among the stars.
You've inspired poets,
artists, and lovers to fall in love.
It's that magnetism you have
that captures everyone's attention.
But despite all that attention
I can imagine how alone you feel.

Everything Turns into the Mystery
Takayuki Okazaki
Japan

You realize the real story the wind blows
Your writing as words found
Everything turns into the mystery

As real words as you open
Both I and others find
Serenely as each tree sheds its leaves
Everything turns into the mystery

Your stillness your darkness
Where does it come from?

The Necessity of Patience
Gloria Salvadores
Argentina

There are days when it seems impossible to learn something new,
but you have to be patient like a marathon runner
because you always have to overcome yourself to reach goals.
Always & Never
Rachan Usaha
Thailand

I always remembered when I thought
about my tears
I would laugh but I never figured it out.

I always figured when I thought
about my dreams
I would reach them but I never got there.

I always got when I thought
about my failures
I would cry but I never did.

If I Were a Candidate for President
Isao Sugimoto
Japan

I’d have to be an American
I’d promise everything
I’d think it was necessary
but I wouldn’t be sure
I’d go vote for myself
I’d smile at everyone
I’d think it was important
but I still wouldn’t be sure

By an Old Pond in the Woods
Dick Holmes
USA

each
falling
leaf
each
floating
word

Land of the Free
Pascale Sexton
France

I hope to find a place
where there’s no evil,
where people live in peace,
as it was in the beginning.
I hope to find a place
where only the wind can be heard,
where lands express life
as people express feelings.
I hope to find this place,
to feel happy, safe, and free,
to start a new life,
as life began.
I will find this place,
even if it’s just a dream,
even if it’s hopeless,
it will be born in my mind,
The last light fades from the horizon. The simple lamp posts, a series of tall poles topped with spherical lamps, have already been turned on, their long rays lining the sand. She likes the repetitive pattern these lamp posts make and the atmosphere of brown, warm tones they cast. The whole scene makes her feel lonely and thoughtful. There is so much unclear to her at nineteen as she stands by the sea, but whenever she feels overwhelmed the sea cleanses her mind. She is eager and frustrated, dependent and independent, between past and future.

The slightly cooling air and the slapping sound of the waves make her feel like staying longer. Suddenly she wants to stroll to the end of the beach, where she has never been before. She starts walking slowly, breathing in the rich, moist air of the sea.

Flowing through the sand between the lamp posts and the sea, she sees the full darkness spreading out overhead and white seagulls flying across the sky, just above the white edge of the black waves.

Almost there, she finds a pair of white sneakers someone has slipped out of, and near them a basket, some fishing line and tools, a first-aid kit, and some crushed beer cans. Someone is here . . . Who?

She hates this fearful feeling, and it bothers her. Thinking of turning around, she steps back. But a dim whistle catches her ears and she stops. Something stirs her mind. She stares at the rock between her and the dark waters. There is a tiny noise . . . surely someone? She stands still there until she sees a man in a white T-shirt emerge from behind the rock. He is bent over, apparently looking for something in the sand. She becomes curious. Ah, two fishing lines extend out into the sea. Though she feels that this is a private place, she now feels like intruding on someone else's spot, rather than allowing someone to discover hers.

He disappears behind the rock again momentarily and then reappears, this time crawling on the sand. She gazes at him until he notices her presence, and they catch each other's eyes. She gives him a brief smile and asks, "What are you looking for?"

"I've lost my fishing needle, and I need to find it for some children."

She nods.

After a moment, he finds it. Her eyes follow his hands—calm and neat, unlike his loose outfit, purposeful. Wearing beige cargo pants rolled up to his knees and a loose T-shirt, he seems like a casual sort of guy. She feels a little relieved and approaches him. He shows her how to bait a hook. It seems kind of gross to her, though interesting to watch.

He throws out his line, and they lean back against the rough rock, facing the sea. They talk about the sea; they talk about fishing and life. He has a calm, soft manner, and he is a good listener. She opens her mind to this beautiful night.

Standing there basking in the gentle sea breeze, they watch the seagulls attend the waves before them. The sea breathes out endless and steady energy, making them feel alive. She, nineteen years old, having so much unclear in her life, feels a passion deep inside her. He, having come only to fish, has found much more. Their eyes connect: eager and frustrated, dependent and independent, between past and future—all their abstractions float up to the surface of the water and disappear. The swelling sea mesmerizes them.

Suddenly, something hits the fishing line and he rushes over to it. Jerking back the rod, he reels in the fish as the girl gets ready to scoop it up in his net. Cooperation. He's very excited with his catch and so is she. But as she hands him the net with the flapping fish in it she knows it's time to go.

The slightly cooling air and the slapping sound of the waves make her feel like staying longer. Suddenly she wants to stroll to the end of the beach, where she has never been before. She starts walking slowly, breathing in the rich, moist air of the sea.

I am the wind blowing free everywhere. —Janeth Pachon, Colombia

I am a computer absorbing the knowledge of experts and helping people solve their problems. —Dalmiro Sanchez, Venezuela

I am a cook cooking cock. —Jun Tokita, Japan

I am your eyes, silently revealing your love, your tenderness, all your emotions. —Yamee Yang, Korea
The Chicks
Rachan Usaha
Thailand

"One morning, your dad and I met in the garden among the beautiful scenery and fresh air of our simple country life. We fell in love at first sight. He was very kind and gentle. I decided to live with him, and we had a good time together. After a while, I laid some eggs, and then a few weeks later you all hatched."

My mom usually told us about herself and us in that warm, kind voice of hers before we went to bed. Although I’d heard the story many times, I still loved to listen to it. And I loved to look up at the sky as we settled down for the night. There were so many wondrous groups of stars to see—the Big Bear, the Crocodile, the Turtle…

I was the youngest, and I had three brothers and three sisters. We lived with a farming family consisting of a married couple and their two kids. My mom told me that they called me “chick” and that when I became mature they would call me “chicken.” I thought I preferred “chick” to “chicken.”

Getting up early in the morning and following my mom around to find food were my main habits. My dad got up early too because he loved to sing a song at dawn. The farmer woman usually scattered some rice seed for us in the morning and evening. We really appreciated that. At night, I slept with my mom and my brothers and sisters. My dad always slept in the tree. He told me he would teach me how to do that when I grew up.

One day, I saw a lot of people coming to the farm. My mom told me that the next day was New Year’s Day and that the people were going to have a party. A party? I didn’t know anything about such an event, but it sounded like fun.

On New Year’s morning, I got up early, as usual, and I was beginning my routine with my mom and my brothers and sisters when the farmer woman came out to us. This time, she hadn’t come to lay out a meal for us but to catch my parents. I couldn’t understand what was happening. Why? I asked myself. I saw the farmer man make a fire, and then he killed my parents and put them on the fire.

“What are you doing?!” one of my brothers shouted at the man.

No answer. All the people just kept talking and smiling.

I was shocked and couldn’t stop shivering. Deep inside me was something beyond fear and panic. "We’ve lost our treasure!" I cried. "How can we live without them?!"

We decided to stay with our parents by running into the fire. The people were astonished to see us chicks doing that.

Then an angel who saw what was happening descended upon the scene and told the people that they were guilty and that they couldn’t eat my parents. The angel turned my family and me, all nine of us, into a group of stars in the sky called the Chicks.

Now I’m very happy, and I remain with my family. You can see us anytime at night. We live among the other constellations, next to the Turtle.

You
Jade Lee
Korea

You’re an angel, take me to Heaven.
You’re a sea, shelter me deep inside you.
You’re a mountain, give me really fresh air.
You’re sunshine, indulge me with your warmth.

Yes, yes, you.

You’re a forest, make it hard for me to find a way.
You’re a bird, fly wherever you want.
You’re a cloud, have no promise to come.
You’re a river, flow to the end of the world.

Yes, yes, you.

You’re a someone, one I want to be.
You’re a someone, one I’ve already become.
I stood among the crowd in the subway. The train was arriving, and everyone wanted to get on. It was a struggle to try to make it on. I was about to give up when suddenly a man thrust out his hand to me and pulled me aboard. When I turned to thank him, he was nowhere in sight. By then the door was closed and the train was moving. Through the window, I could see my family looking at me imploringly. It was a sight that touched my heart, and tears streamed down my cheeks.

Ring, ring, ring . . . Oh, it was the phone waking me up. My pillow was drenched with tears and sweat. I wiped my tears away and picked up the phone. “Hello? Cough, cough . . .”

“Hello? Are you okay? You still have a cold? Are you taking some medicine? Have you seen a doctor yet? Hey, baby, please take care of yourself and go see a doctor! And blah, blah, blah . . .”

It was my mom, talking nonstop.

“Okay . . .” was all I needed to answer until hanging up.

After finishing my final projects at the university, I’d started my summer vacation with a terrible cold from too much fatigue, curtailed sleep, irregular meals, etc. That’s why I had to postpone going back to my hometown. I had to suffer through this sickness for a few days before I could leave town.

One, two . . . I swallowed some tablets for my fever. I hoped they’d keep up their effect until I could get to the hospital. My fever was driving me crazy. The extreme rising and falling of my temperature was causing me to lose control of my senses. I really did need to see a doctor. I couldn’t endure any more.

During the summertime in Seoul, the high density of buildings and people exacerbate the high temperature, but despite the intense heat and my illness I left my apartment and walked to the nearby hospital. Unfortunately, though, it was closed on Sunday, I discovered. Reeling, I turned toward the subway to search for another hospital or clinic.

“Gasp, gasp . . .” As I trudged down the stairs into the subway, I became short of breath and started sweating all over.

“Today’s temperature is . . .” I heard on the radio, babbling inside the subway. The broadcaster went on to talk about the high frequency of suicide on sweltering days like this one.

The crowd in the subway was too much for me. I looked for a place to sit down while waiting for the train, but there wasn’t a single seat available. The next thing I knew, I found myself standing on the yellow warning line. I had to get a seat on the train.

BEEEEEP! the horn of the approaching train sounded through the darkness.

“The train is coming,” the recorded voice announced. “The train is coming. It is dangerous close to the yellow line. Back away from the yellow line!”

As the train neared, I could feel its speed, which seemed to suck me into . . . suck me into . . . suck . . . me . . . into . . .

SCREEEEEEEECH!

Then I heard people shrieking all around me. I wanted to see what had happened, but I couldn’t seem to make anything out. I was just going down into the darkness. Like a dream . . .

I remember listening some time ago to a researcher’s lecture on the suicidal impulse—something about the role of air speed along with changing psychological phenomena in stimulating people to commit suicide. But I don’t know why I mention this; according to my memory, I just fell down because of my dizziness. It just happened.

The siren . . .

I managed to hang onto my mind by keeping it on that siren, apparently that of an ambulance. At last I was going to the hospital. Since I no longer felt any pain, I was able to sleep well again.

I don’t know how long I slept. When I woke up, I heard
Switch...

the sound of a familiar voice
crying. Somebody was bent over
a bed wailing and wailing. On
the bed lay a bloody, mangled
corpse, disfigured beyond
recognition. I guessed that this
unfortunate person had been
involved in a terrible accident.

Something was drawing me
to the body. The closer I stepped
toward it, the stranger I felt
about it. Its clothes and figure—
what was left of it—were just like
mine. As I was contemplating
this resemblance, a doctor
suddenly appeared and covered
the body with a white sheet.
Then he turned and gazed at me
with a peculiar look in his eyes
until I left the room.

That doctor's face looked
very familiar, I thought, slowly
walking down the corridor, away
from the room. And then it hit
me: he was the man who'd
pulled me aboard the train in my
dream!

Marveling at this, I saw an
old couple rushing up the
corridor and into the room. As
they passed me, I felt panicked
again. They looked exactly like
my parents! For a moment, I was
so shaken that I couldn't move.
But before long I regained my
composure. After all, my parents
were in my hometown, not here.
And when this old couple had
passed me, they didn't recognize
me.

None of this made sense, if it
was true at all . . .

Now I'm in the USA, and I
keep thinking about that strange
time before I left Korea to come
here, mulling it over and over. I
still haven't been able to figure it
out. It was like a dream. Who was
that body? And . . . who am I? ☹

Night

Jade Lee
Korea

Night, you're right,
Now I've lost sight.

Trying to find someone,
Trying to find something,
It seems so aimless.

Losing confidence,
Losing difference,
It bothers me ceaselessly.

Knight, hold me tight,
Now I can't put up a fight.

Keeping being myself,
Keeping living a life,
It doesn't mean anything to me.

Staying here as you,
Staying here as me,
It's getting harder for me.

Night, as you cite,
Now I need insight.

Night, nervous might,
Now I need you, knight.

Saying what you want,
Saying what you keep,
It helps me survive.

Seeing you show me,
Seeing you judge me,
It's the only way I can see.

Night, you're right,
Now I need you, light.

Haiku

Keiichi Hayashizaki
Japan

Homework!
I work till late at night,
the sound of a train in the distance.

Someone

Khaled Al-Abdouli
UAE

Among the stars
A half moon
Appears and disappears
Inside my heart
Someone sparkles
Growing like a blossom
A breeze like a perfume
Created by God

No Title

Isao Sugimoto
Japan

No idea
Why I don't have
When I don't have
How I don't have
No sense maybe
The House
Pascale Sexton
France

The wind was blowing on our smiling faces, and the sea was breaking as if it wanted to reveal something to us. My father looked at us, and said, "Here we are, at the beginning, on the land of our ancestors." We all felt at home, trying to imagine what a wonderful place to live this must have been for our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers. Ireland is, to me, one of the most beautiful, pleasant, quiet lands in the world.

My family had heard about a house our ancestors had lived in, hidden somewhere in Clare County near the Southeast coast, and the purpose of our trip was to find it.

The first thing we did when we arrived in the county was to ask a lot of people what they knew about the Sextons who had once lived there. We learned that we had to search around Tarmon, a relatively unknown, sparsely populated stretch of land. There we met a very old, ugly man, smoking his pipe, living alone on his small, remote farm. At first sight, he looked too old and crazy to reveal anything to us. But after talking with him for a long time we discovered that he knew more than anyone else about our family's past. What he had to say was so interesting that we couldn't stop listening to him, even for a second. By the end of the day, he was no longer an ugly man but a wonderful friend I will never forget.

"Oh, yes, John Sexton was a great guy," he said, puffing on his pipe. "When we were children, he always brought us some gum after coming back from America, and we were so happy!" He told us that John was one of two sons in the family, which also included a daughter, but that he couldn’t remember the names of the other members of the family. John went to America, married an American woman, and had a lot of children (one of whom my dad, an American, descended from). John’s brother never got married and died very young. His sister married an Irish man but never had children. So, they were the last Sextons in that part of Ireland.

The old man also told us about a nearby abandoned cemetery where we could find the graves of several Sexton family members. But the only thing he knew about the house was that it had been destroyed and replaced.

"But we know there is still a house somewhere," said my dad. "You must know it!"

"You know," replied the old man, "there are many abandoned houses around here 'cause everybody left during the potato famine. The Sextons did move to some other house, I know that, but I’ve never been there. I wasn’t here at that time. I can’t tell you where the house you’re looking for is . . . but you can ask someone I know very well, a man who knows a lot about the history of families around here."

The old man gave us the name of this man and the directions to his house. But first we decided to go to the cemetery.

I remember that we stayed in the cemetery a long time trying to find the gravestone. In the oldest part of the cemetery, we found an attractive slab totally covered with ivy.

"It could be this one, but I
The House...

don't think so," said my brother. We cleared it and many others before our faces finally began to brighten. We had found them! Our great-grandparents were here, right in front of us. I am sure they were happy to see us, too, from where they were.

We were so glad and moved! One piece of the mystery was solved, and we knew that we were on the right track. The only thing we wanted now was to find this man who could help us locate the house.

We knocked at the door of a strange house situated beside a lake. A fifty-year-old woman opened the door and asked, "Can I help you?" We explained to her what we were looking for, and a short time later her husband arrived.

Over a cup of tea, he started speaking. We learned many things from him, such as that there were two big Sexton families in Tarmon, though not related, and that one of them still lived there. The man went on and on until we got bored. We couldn’t say anything during his interminable monologue! Finally, though, he said, "But I know what you want to know, and why you have come here! For the house, right?"

Suddenly, my brother and I woke up. "Where is it?"

The talkative man drew the way to it on our map, and then my brother and I were already in the car before we took time to say good-bye. It was late, but we convinced our parents to go that same day.

It was difficult to find the way, but we found it. When we were getting close, we started looking for the house. The man had told us what the house looked like and that it was not a ruin. He told us how many feet we had to count on the way to it to find it.

At last we arrived at an old gate. Behind it was a long, impassable path. We wondered if it was the right place but figured it must be since we had followed all the directions the man had given us. We went through the gate and made our way forward. The place was really spread out. First we saw a barn, destroyed. But then, looking to the left, we saw a brick house completely covered with bramble.

What a good feeling we had at that moment! It was still here!

It took us a long time to find the door. By the time we found it, my dad was bleeding all over his body, cut by the bramble. The door was locked, as if the house wanted to keep a secret. We broke in and stepped inside.

Amazingly, the place was clean and still furnished. A table and a couple of chairs stood in front of the chimney. We also found tumblers and plates, which dated back to a long, long time ago. And on the chimney was a picture of a woman, probably the wife of my great-grandfather John. We were so excited!

The most interesting thing we found in the house was a collection of letters, the handwriting of which was incomprehensible to us.

We kept all the little things that we found, considering it our right and also our duty. And we took lots of pictures of that wonderful place we will never forget.

A few weeks later, after returning to France, we received a letter from the smoking old man informing us that the house had been sold, destroyed, and replaced.

So, now there is no longer a house that can remind me how my ancestors lived. But there is still Ireland, the land of my roots, and one day I hope to live and die there.
Personal Messages
We hope that when you return to your home country you will share this magazine with your friends. And if any of them express interest in studying at EPI please copy or cut out the application form on the next page and pass it along. Thank you!
CONFIDENTIAL FINANCIAL DECLARATION

US Immigration requires EPI to have a letter from a bank to prove that there is enough money to pay for tuition, fees, and living expenses for one (1) term. This amount of money must be at least $3800. You may not need to use all of this money, but you must prove that it is available. If your sponsor is a school, company, or other business, please attach a letter of support on official stationery.

Name of student

______________________________/______________________________
(family/last) (given/first)

Name of person responsible for providing money for the student

______________________________/______________________________
(family/last) (given/first)

Estimated costs for one term: $1725, tuition; $75, fees; $150, books; $850, housing; $1000, food and miscellaneous expenses.

Please read the following statement and sign below: “This is to confirm that I will financially support the student named above. I certify that I am aware of the costs of EPI and living in the United States, and I guarantee that the money shown in the bank statement will be available to this student during his/her studies in EPI.”

Signature of person responsible for providing money for the student ___________________________

Date ___________________________

Name of bank ___________________________

Address of bank ___________________________

Official bank seal ___________________________

English Programs for Internationals - Housing Application

ENGLISH PROGRAMS FOR INTERNATIONALS
University of South Carolina, Byrnes 207
Columbia, South Carolina 29208, USA
Telephone (803) 777-3867
Fax (803) 777-6839
epi-info@epi.sc.edu
http://www.epi.sc.edu

APPLICATION FOR ADMISSION

Please complete this application and return it with a $75 NON-REFUNDABLE application fee.

When would you like to start?

___ Fall 2000 August 6 - October 6
___ Fall II 2000 October 15 - December 15
___ Winter 2001 January 7 - March 9
___ Spring, 2001 March 18 - May 18
___ Summer, 2001 May 27 - July 27

(Orientation first Sunday only; Classes Monday through Friday.)

Program costs for each nine-week term:

$1725 Tuition
$75 University fees

The program costs include instruction, activities, academic counseling, computer laboratory/listening laboratory fees, health insurance, and services of the campus health center. The student will have to pay for housing, food, and textbooks. All fees are subject to change without notice.

***

How did you find out about EPI? ___________________________
Housing Information

Average EPI apartments have one bedroom and one bathroom, providing space for four students. Apartments have two beds. All students share a bathroom. All of the apartments are furnished. Students have use of a study room with a microwave and refrigerator. The apartments are located in Keeping Village, a residential area of the University of South Carolina campus.

Campus housing is for single students of those who can't afford to live off-campus. EPI housing is usually available on campus for students who are unable to find or afford off-campus housing. EPI housing is usually available to students who are not affiliated with any other university or college in the United States.

EPI Housing: Do you wish to apply for a space in campus housing? Yes [ ] No [ ]

If yes, what is your visa status? Circle one of the following: P-2, F-1 or J-1

Visa: Are you in the USA now? Yes [ ] No [ ]

City
Zip code
State
Street/post office box
School name

If you are currently a student in the USA, please give the name and address of the school you are attending.

Are you currently a student in the USA? Yes [ ] No [ ]

Do you have any other university or college in the United States? Yes [ ] No [ ]

Education: Did you finish high school (Secondary School) in the USA?

Date of birth (month/day/year)

Telephone number
Email

Country of citizenship
Country of birth
Tax number

County
Post code
City
Street

Family name
Given name
Sex male [ ] female [ ]

Maintenance Fee (required)
$25

Two Bedroom Apartment Fee
$65

One Bedroom Apartment Fee
$875

Deposit: Non-refundable $35

Note: One or two bedroom preferences may be requested, however, preferences may not be available upon arrival.
Halloween Happiness