

Jaded

PROGRESSIVE CULTURE FOR ALL WINTER 2006 ISSUE 9



Coming Together

Two years ago, a few people stood together, formed an idea, and produced the first issue of Jaded. Since then, the Jaded staff has been fostering a community grounded on values of social justice, political awareness, independent thought and artistic expression. It is hard enough to measure our readership, much less to create a visibly progressive community. We do, however, create a space that encourages dialog, action and change.

This issue highlights political groups forming a community for change from the women in the Zapatistas movement to Asian Americans at UCI. We also include the hidden pockets of community, such as a society dedicated to mushrooms or the homeless people's theatre group.

I want to take this chance to thank all our friends and family who have helped develop Jaded as a community of ideas. Some communities such as the Asian American community at UCI consist of thousands of bodies, while others only have a few subscribers. Nevertheless, they are united under an idea and fueled by passion.

Diana Jou

MISSION STATEMENT

Jaded is an alternative media magazine that aims to encourage political, cultural, and social discourse among UCI students. This magazine was founded and supported by the Asian American community. Jaded remains respectful and committed to contemporary Asian American issues. We hope to make connections and bridge gaps between people of different backgrounds. The goal of this publication is not only to provide a space where students can voice different opinions and artistic expressions, but also serve as a form of community activism through education and awareness.

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DISCLAIMER

The ideas and opinions of the articles do not necessarily reflect those of the entire Jaded staff or the University of California, Irvine.



Labor Rights Movement Update

On January 26, 2006, after more than a quarter of protests and organizing from the Student-Worker Alliance, Chancellor Drake pledged to end the subcontracting of food service workers at UCI. Campus administration initially claimed that the earliest date employees of Aramark, the food service company granted a monopoly of on-campus food options, could be hired directly by the University of California and granted fair labor contracts was the fall of 2007. After increased pressure from labor rights advocates and student groups, the date was moved up to June 2007. While the University has a tentative timeline for the future of Aramark employees, the specific details of the new contract are still unconfirmed, and after three weeks of stalled negotiations UCI administration has agreed to meet with union representatives and student leaders on Monday, March 6, 2006. The fate of subcontracted landscaping and groundskeeping workers is still uncertain.

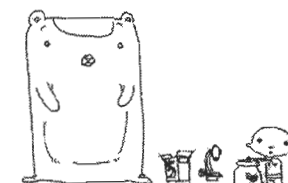
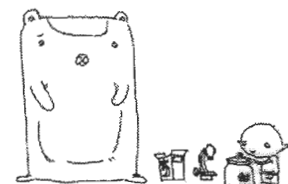
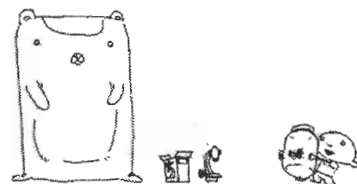
Hundreds Protest College Republicans Event Featuring Danish Cartoons

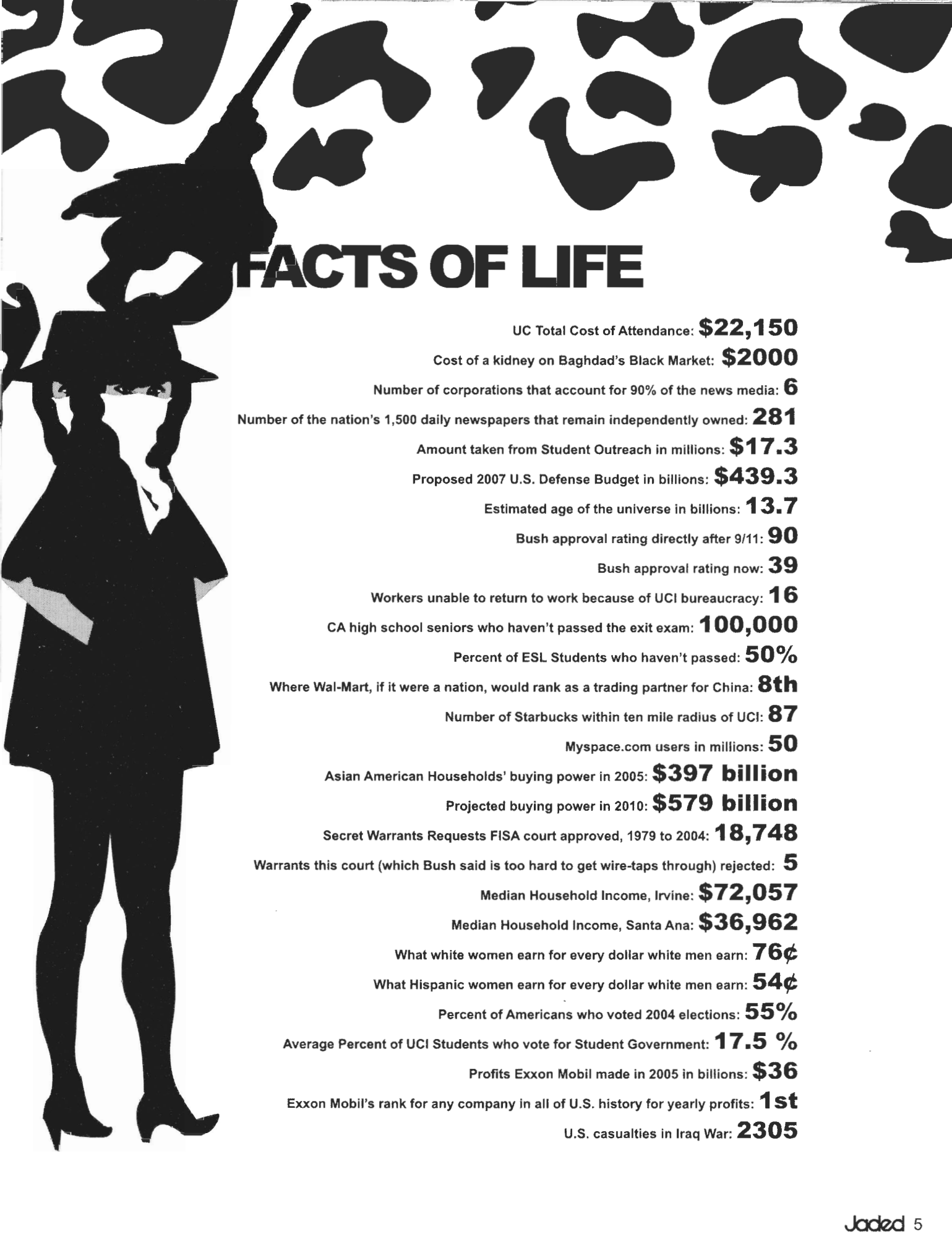
The Muslim Student Union held a demonstration and teach-in on February 28, 2006 at the entrance of Crystal Cove Auditorium where the College Republicans co-sponsored "The Unveiling of the Cartoons," an event with the Los Angeles-based United American Committee. The College Republicans event featured the cartoons, which first appeared in the Danish newspaper Jylland-Posten, and sparked mass protests from the international Muslim community. MSU urged the College Republicans to reconsider showing the inflammatory cartoons that depicted the Prophet Muhammad, an act prohibited by Islamic law. When the College Republicans refused, MSU organized a teach-in to educate the community about the international controversy and dispel stereotypes of the misrepresented religion. Hundreds of students and organization leaders from across the state participated in the peaceful demonstration in a public statement of community solidarity. MSU responded to the College Republicans' Islamophobic rhetoric with compassion and generosity; MSU pledged to make a donation to a homeless shelter for every person who signed a petition denouncing racist, essentialist anti-Muslim sentiment. Over 600 signatures were collected.

State of Emergency in the Philippines

On February 24, 2006, Philippine president Gloria Macapagal Arroyo issued Proclamation 1017, which declared a state of national emergency, or de facto Martial Law. Ironically, it was during the same week that Filipinos were remembering the 20 year anniversary of the end of Martial Law under former President Ferdinand Marcos. The proclamation banned all rallies and demonstrations, permitted unwarranted arrests and allowed for government control of media outlets. The president justified such actions as necessary to spoil a suspected coup. Her actions were interpreted as an overall effort to suppress opposition to her presidency which has increasingly lost support in light of accusations of vote-rigging, corruption and human-rights violations. Proclamation 1017 was met with immediate and widespread demonstrations by Filipinos in the Philippines as well as Filipinos abroad denouncing the de facto Martial Law. UCI's own Filipino American organizations were quick to act by protesting in front of the Philippine Consulate and organizing an educational discussion on the issue. President Arroyo lifted the state-of-emergency one week later on March 3, 2006 reassured that any threat to her presidency was disintegrated. Despite this verbal act of reconciliation, organizations like GABRIELA Network, a Philippine-US Women's Solidarity Mass Organization, continue to call for resistance amid dubious arrests based on "fabricated charges of rebellion" and continued restrictions concerning public assembly and freedom of the press. ■

frankandfrank: science
By: Chris Appelhaus





FACTS OF LIFE

UC Total Cost of Attendance: **\$22,150**

Cost of a kidney on Baghdad's Black Market: **\$2000**

Number of corporations that account for 90% of the news media: **6**

Number of the nation's 1,500 daily newspapers that remain independently owned: **281**

Amount taken from Student Outreach in millions: **\$17.3**

Proposed 2007 U.S. Defense Budget in billions: **\$439.3**

Estimated age of the universe in billions: **13.7**

Bush approval rating directly after 9/11: **90**

Bush approval rating now: **39**

Workers unable to return to work because of UCI bureaucracy: **16**

CA high school seniors who haven't passed the exit exam: **100,000**

Percent of ESL Students who haven't passed: **50%**

Where Wal-Mart, if it were a nation, would rank as a trading partner for China: **8th**

Number of Starbucks within ten mile radius of UCI: **87**

Myspace.com users in millions: **50**

Asian American Households' buying power in 2005: **\$397 billion**

Projected buying power in 2010: **\$579 billion**

Secret Warrants Requests FISA court approved, 1979 to 2004: **18,748**

Warrants this court (which Bush said is too hard to get wire-taps through) rejected: **5**

Median Household Income, Irvine: **\$72,057**

Median Household Income, Santa Ana: **\$36,962**

What white women earn for every dollar white men earn: **76¢**

What Hispanic women earn for every dollar white men earn: **54¢**

Percent of Americans who voted 2004 elections: **55%**

Average Percent of UCI Students who vote for Student Government: **17.5 %**

Profits Exxon Mobil made in 2005 in billions: **\$36**

Exxon Mobil's rank for any company in all of U.S. history for yearly profits: **1st**

U.S. casualties in Iraq War: **2305**

SKID ROW BOOGIE

TEXT BY: PATRICK APPEL
IMAGE BY: ALBERT OK

Inside the James M. Wood Community Center, it looks like the people are setting up for a PTA meeting. Men arrange plastic blue chairs into rows. Others talk to people on the street, coercing them into coming tonight. The tile floors and cleanly painted walls make the room look like a day care center or a school auditorium out of some American suburb.

A hazy Saturday afternoon in L.A. is the backdrop for the final production of "Fried Poetry" by Agents and Assets. The group is a part of the LAPD, the Los Angeles Poverty Department. For two decades, this organization has produced documentary-style performances across the country and around the world. The cast uses the social connectedness inherent to the performing arts in order to engage with the surrounding community. In this case, that community is the one in which many of them live: Skid Row, Los Angeles.

As it nears four o'clock, the seats begin to fill. Most of the audience members are people from the streets, people whose quality of life is evident even in their smiles. They speak through broken and missing teeth. It is one of their most obvious ailments, but by no means their only one. There are people outside who are barely able to stand on their own two feet.

"I'm so excited," a woman named Linda says to the man sitting to her right. She refuses the free coffee because she has a pounding headache.

"I get into my program tomorrow," she announces, and then she pauses awkwardly.

"I'm so excited," Linda says again. "After the show they're going to play some music and we're gonna boogie... Man, they throw on some country and I'll do some line dancing," she says as she bobs her head to imaginary music.

"I love the electric slide," she says gleefully.

As she reminisces on classic country dancing, her pinhole pupils stare off into space. Mouth slightly agape, Linda sits slumped over with her dirt-stained hands folded into her lap. For all her excitement, Linda doesn't last too long. Before the first poem has been read, she stumbles out of the community center and walks down 5th Street, merging back into the mass of homelessness.

Out where she walks, hundreds of people line the sidewalks; occasionally, a man or a woman juts out into the street. Some of the poor cling to a large, intimidating building that residents call "The Berlin Wall." Others live in sub-par housing or camp out in tents. Tonight's theater production is a chance for this haphazard community to find its voice.

The program for tonight's show claims that everything from drug and alcohol addiction to fossil fuels will be explored. There will be one-person poems as well as group readings and live music performances.

Early on, in a poem called "Don't Tell Me What To Do," John Malpede takes on the voice of the addicts he has worked with for decades.

"...I don't have a drinking problem," he states.

"I drink.
I fall down.
I black out.

No problem..." John says sarcastically, punctuating his sentences by shooting out his hand or tapping his sternum.

John had been a performance artist based in New York before he decided to move across the country to Skid Row. He founded the LAPD in 1985, creating the "the first performance group in the nation comprised primarily of homeless and formerly homeless people."

The poems that spill forth from trembling lips are infused with rage and humor. Speaking through foreign accents and street slang, their words sing with the electricity of lived experience. Actors springboard off the prose of Dickens, Eliot and Bob Marley. The stage presence they wield would make any method actor green with envy.

"[Fried Poetry] theater production is a chance for this community to find its voice."



"The poems that spill forth from trembling lips are infused with rage and humor. Speaking through foreign accents and street slang, their words sing with the electricity of lived experience."

One of the first numbers is Rick Mantley's rendition of "My Country is Dissing Me." An elderly man with the voice of an 80 year old chain smoker, sitting in the back row, repeats the title with awe. Rick has been "a poet, a pauper and a pirate on Skid Row for over 20 years." He writes his own publication, *The Hard Times*, which prints "all the news that gives us fits."

This might be theater, but it's not fiction. Many of the actors have lived these poems. This is about their lives, their addictions and their faith. The poems float between beat poetry and church testimonies. Someone even says an "amen" at one of the lyrics. It's evident that, for many of these people, faith still truly means something. The poetry only amplifies it.

"This gives people a sense of self-esteem that you can't get from a plate of beans," John has told past journalists. Patricia Smith seems to be an example of just that. As she reads her poems her arm hangs at her side and her fingers move like she's playing the piano. She's written poetry about everything from "chemical shivers" to "peering into the creative." Every time she gets up on stage she re-introduces herself.

"Hi, I'm Patricia," she states over and over again.

Gold glitter sparkles at her temples and her shiny silver dress trails down to her ankles. Black Converse low-tops cover her feet, and one long silver earring dangles from her right ear. Tonight, for her brief moment on stage, she is a diva in her own right. Patricia has taken on the appearance of Whitney Houston, Gloria Gaynor or maybe even the great Diana Ross.

Later in the night, the poets chant a three-part harmony of "911 is a joke in your town" and "Amazing Grace" is sung over a poem called "God Don't Like Ugly." The fifteen or so performers alternate time on stage and often accompany the band, using everything from an African drum to maracas. They funnel years of hard times into their creative outlet. The show goes on for about two hours. By the end it feels like the poets are hurling their words at the audience rather than simply speaking them.

A man wearing a camouflage hat clenches a toothpick in his mouth and nods approvingly. Along the streets, many people wear articles of army-patterned clothing; some are more than likely veterans. Others probably just realize that their struggle against an unjust system is another kind of war, one they fight everyday.

Ray Allen, Fried Poetry's director, gets up to close the show. His speaking voice rings with a gentle-heartedness. His

white suit emanates an aura of understated eloquence. Only the Velcro shoes strapped to his feet contradict this sense of decorum. However, in this place, such a wardrobe unites him with his surroundings. Here, matching clothes make one look out of place.

"You know I'm from Motown," he says.

"So, we gonna dance. Get up and dance for us!" he shouts as he beckons to the audience.

People bolt from their seats; within minutes, twenty or more people are on the dance floor. Young and old, activists and addicts, they are all together as one. They're wiggling and giggling, committing every dancing atrocity known to man. There looks to be a funky chicken, a robot and maybe even an electric slide in there somewhere.

Sometime during the dancing a security officer creeps into the back of the community center. It's his job to maintain order on and around the premises. His badge glimmers in the fluorescent lights as he stares into the mob of joyful dancers. For two minutes he bites his lower lip as if his pained expression will make it all go away. He is visibly perturbed that, for once, he is not in control, and he folds his hands across his chest. His look of surprise seems to say, I never expected the revolution to take the form of dance.

It's this type of interaction, this process of social inclusion, which has served as the keystone for the LAPD's success. Through community participation, this theater group has found a way to translate their twisted lives into a push against a system. The group has brought social inequality to light by disrupting power dynamics and placing the disenfranchised into the roles of the elite. Their words have made poverty real in ways most suburbanites cannot even imagine. The cracks of emotion running through their voices assault apathy, and speak directly to the depths of the human heart. It's a show that reaches out beyond the confines of time and place. It's a show that speaks not only to individual and societal pains, but to the incredible healing power of love and community. ■



MTV CHI: WANNA BUY CHINESE?

TEXT BY: GRACE HSIANG

"Are you an Asian American who has experienced depression? If you are an Asian American who has experienced depression either currently or in the past, appears to be between the ages of 18-24 and feel it's important for young people to understand this situation, please email us at ChiCasting@mtv.com..."

On December 5, 2005, MTV launched MTV Chi as a part of its new project, MTV World, calling it "the first television channel geared toward young Chinese Americans." It aims to reach beyond stereotypes that plague Chinese Americans everywhere by showing America what Chinese American pop culture is all about. However, the identity of the Chinese American will probably not be clarified by MTV Chi nor will it satisfy the Asian American desire to be represented fairly in the media. The station features ambiguous if not generic analyses of ethnic issues while focusing most of its attention on promoting pop icons from overseas that intend to crossover and break out in America. The channel comes across as one whose demographic lies primarily in those interested in Asian culture abroad and, in the process, muddles the concept of what represents Asian American television or media.

MTV Chi comes from a line of recent attempts to attract the attention of the Asian presence in America. Cable networks everywhere are looking at the statistics and recognizing the Asian American consumer market as one that is quickly growing, with \$397 billion in buying power last year and a projected \$200 billion increase by the year 2010. These corporations described this consumer group as tech-savvy (thus a prime target for advanced service advertising like high speed internet access) and launched attempts to draw the group into their company with programs that appeal to their demographic. However, the success of most cable-sponsored Asian television includes those such as New Tang Dynasty, promoting overseas imports and news broadcasts in Asian languages, rather than Asian American shows.

Predecessors of MTV Chi include AZN Television and ImaginAsian. The former and most controversial network was proposed to be the first

24-hour Asian American channel acquired by Comcast, but close to the eve of its launch the creative staff was let go due to a suspected fear of capital failure. At the time the project was axed, many programs had already been in development including the Asians in Excellence award show (which was allowed to be aired this year but has no security for future years). AZN, under the International Channel, continues to play mostly import shows that are hardly of the edgy groundbreaking content the ex-creative staff hoped it would be. While ImaginAsian will still air, it will be at selected times in selected major cities, strictly limiting viewer accessibility.

The difficulty of creating a large scale, successful Asian American network is puzzling, when the number of potential viewers has already captured the attention of multimillion dollar corporations. One may question inherent prejudice tendencies of the corporation, but even that cannot be attributed as African American network BET has succeeded. The finger could be pointed at the Asian American community for a lack of creative effort, until acknowledging the attempts of networks such as AZN and ImaginAsian, who both strived to put out unique and thoughtful content.

One likely solution could be that big budget enthusiasts like MTV Chi do not have a clear idea of what an Asian American network should put out. Their reliance on import shows to attract a transnational audience continues to alienate those that may not hold such native ties. Their analyses of obvious issues that barely penetrate the concept of pop culture's connection to identity reveals the inherent ignorance of the network programmers. They seem to believe that presenting Asian American pop culture involves merely finding an actor, musician or band that happens to be of Asian descent.

“THE DIFFICULTY OF AN ASIAN AMERICAN NETWORK TO SUCCEED ON A LARGE SCALE IS PUZZLING, WHEN THE NUMBER OF POTENTIAL VIEWERS HAS ALREADY CAPTURED THE ATTENTION OF MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR CORPORATIONS. WHAT THEN WOULD IT TAKE FOR A STRONG ECONOMIC DEMOGRAPHIC TO BEGIN INVESTING IN THEIR OWN? WHAT WOULD IT TAKE FOR ASIANS TO ESSENTIALLY “BUY ASIAN”, RESEMBLING THE “BUY BLACK” PHENOMENON?”

However, the issue also faces the Asian American viewers, who have not convinced the corporations to invest in Asian American television, based on lack of interest or even lack of potential interest. Is the Asian American community even interested in watching a network solely focused on their own culture? Kristina Wong, founder of culture jamming website www.bigbadchinesemama.com comments that “Chinese Americans don’t necessarily want to see other Chinese Americans perform ALL the time...the reality is that most Asian American artists are in some way influenced by aesthetics that come from other cultures.” This truth can be seen in the multitude of Asian media icons, who have chosen to present themselves as exclusively American or native Asian, and face scrutiny for such positions.

One cannot even doubt the possibility of a hyphenated minority to successfully hold a place in American pop culture, when both African American and Desi American cultures have accomplished this through the presence of jazz, hip hop and Bollywood. The Asian community lacks a common language and religion, two examples of major factors of cultural unification. Without cultural unification, it is difficult to create an interest or outlet representative of a culture. Wong further admits, “Unfortunately, I can’t say what the Chinese American aesthetic is...Any organic fusion of ‘ancient or traditional’ aesthetics, made more contemporary, still feels alien to me. And when I see artists trying to merge the two in order to make ‘an Asian American aesthetic’ - like in a college cultural show - it feels forced. It feels like visiting a museum.”

The lack of the Asian American aesthetic, as Wong calls it, is an important contributing factor to the lack of Asian American presence in pop culture. Without such a necessary element, it will be difficult for Asian Americans to develop interest in their culture. Corporations will not invest

unless they feel a demand in the product from the demographics.

What would it take for a strong economic demographic to begin investing in its own? What would it take for Asians to essentially “buy Asian”, resembling the “buy Black” phenomenon?

MTV Chi’s label as one that will solve these complex issues is admirable, but perhaps unrealistic without a strong analysis of the content they produce. There are some merits to the nascent channel, including features on Jeff Chang (author of hip hop historical book *Can’t Stop Won’t Stop*) and Southern California sex symbol Kaila Yu. However, the show, in its infancy, has resulted mostly in broadcasting anything that happens to use the word “Asian” within its content, a fallacy that has led other Asian American ventures, such as *Yolk* magazine, to their death.

How can someone define Asian American pop culture when perhaps Asian American culture has not yet settled in America? Is Asian American pop culture Zhang Ziyi or Jin or Lucy Liu? Or is it all of them?

A suggestion to MTV Chi: perhaps a segment entitled “Are you an Asian American who holds no idea what it could take for you to watch our channel? What do we need to do to make you interested in Asian American media?” The diversity in response would be enough to perhaps create a whole new direction of network programming. ■



A STRUGGLE WITHIN A STRUGGLE: ZAPATISA WOMEN'S FIGHT FOR EQUALITY

TEXT BY: CRYSTAL HWANG

IMAGE BY: ALBERT OK

On New Year's Eve of 1994, the same day that Mexico joined the North Atlantic Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA), a group of masked indigenous people seized the city of San Cristóbal de las Casas in the state of Chiapas. Calling themselves the Zapatista National Liberation Army (Ejército Zapatista de Liberación Nacional, EZLN), these armed revolutionaries declared war on the government of Mexico proclaiming their right to autonomous self-government and the end of neoliberal exploitation. The international community was shocked and intrigued; rather than a highly trained core of political rebels, the Zapatistas were ragged forces comprised mostly of peasants, some armed with makeshift weapons. Further investigation revealed the critical status of indigenous peoples of Chiapas, a region that seemed to have been left behind in Mexico's push towards First World development.

In a country with 56 distinct cultures and 100 languages, Chiapas is one of the Mexican states with the highest percentage of indigenous people, many whom are of Maya descent. Chiapas also suffers from the highest rate of malnutrition, with an estimated 70% of the population lacking adequate nutrition. The infant mortality rate is double the national average, wages are three times lower than the national average, and illiteracy among women is estimated at 63%. Chiapas produces 55% of Mexico's hydroelectric energy yet 70% indigenous homes have no electricity and 90% have no running water.

The roots of poverty and exploitation of indigenous peoples can be traced back to Spanish conquest in early 16th century, where as many as 12 million were killed by war, disease, famine and involuntary servitude. In 1917, Article 27 of the Mexican Constitution granted indigenous farmers the right to own the land they had been living on for centuries, promising the right to ejido or communal land. But in response to the Mexican economic crash and pressure from Structural Adjustment Programs (SAPs) put in place by the International Monetary Fund (IMF), 85% of public companies were privatized in 1994 and the government agreed to repeal Article 27 as a condition to joining NAFTA.

Calling NAFTA a 'death certificate for indigenous peoples,' the EZLN seized San Cristóbal de las Casas and six other municipalities in Chiapas on the same day that the agreement was enacted. Government response was swift and deadly; hundreds of lives were lost when the military was sent to pacify the rebels. Despite the cease-fire agreement in 1994, military occupation of Zapatista communities was reinstated in mid-1997 and, since then, over 18,000 Native Chiapans have been displaced as a result of harassment and raids by army and paramilitary troops. On December 22, 1997, 45 people attending a Roman Catholic town prayer meeting in Acteal, mostly women and children, were massacred by paramilitary forces. Federal "investigation" of the Acteal massacre has since resulted in the arrests and convictions of 55 individuals, all of them indigenous peoples.

What is the current status of the EZLN in Chiapas? After the first two weeks following the capture of San Cristóbal de las Casas, the EZLN agreed upon a cease-fire and immediately entered into peace talks with the Mexican government. Both parties eventually signed the San Andrés Accords on Indigenous Rights and Culture in 1996. But the consistent failure of policymakers to consider Zapatista demands (including the right to collective use of natural resources, representation at the national level, right to their own media channels and the recognition of indigenous communities as legal entities) and the passage of a spurious Indigenous Rights Law in 2001 prompted the EZLN to break negotiations with the government. Until recently the EZLN has receded from media coverage, focusing mostly on developing the 32 autonomous communities within their territory and seeking support from international human rights organizations. Within local communities, decisions about food production, health care, schools and communitarian projects are made through assemblies called the Juntas de Buen Gobierno (Councils of Good Government). The Juntas rotate membership continuously, allowing all members of the community to serve on the seats and preventing individuals from gaining too much authority.

Although radical democratic self-government has proven fairly successful, the transformation

of gender norms is still being negotiated within the Zapatista movement. Since its inception, the EZLN has mobilized the support of indigenous women. The successful capture of San Cristóbal de las Casas was headed by Major Ana María, a young Tzotzil woman who joined the struggle when she was fourteen years old. Indigenous women form the majority of the EZLN's support base in the various communities, making uniforms and weapons, securing supplies, preparing food, and staying constantly on watch for government soldiers. Women also comprise about 30% of Zapatista combat fighters. Still, improvements in the status of women have come slowly, facing resistance by many, and victories have been won at a high price. Indigenous women have often been ignored and subordinated even within the movement, struggling to learn Spanish in order to communicate and participate in assemblies and organizations (30% speak only their native languages, not Spanish). The custom of dowry still exists in some communities, and the reproductive health of women is limited by lack of access to health services, contraceptives, and medical abortions. Women and children are the chief victims in armed conflicts, comprising an overwhelming majority of the displaced refugees and of those who have been killed or wounded. By 1998, over 684 incidents of assault on women and girls in Chiapas were documented in the span of four years, over half of which were rapes committed by government and paramilitary soldiers.

As in many countries, poverty strikes women in Chiapas the hardest. "Nothing is said about the indigenous as peoples, and even less about the indigenous women; we do not appear in any law that the government makes because for it, we do not exist," declared one woman at a rally. Women typically wake up several hours before dawn to collect firewood and water and prepare food for their husbands and children. Many also work alongside men in the fields during the day and return home afterwards to cook the evening meal, do housework and care for their children. "Doubly humiliated, as women and as workers, the Mexican indigenous women are also humiliated for the color of their skin, their language, their culture, their past," wrote Subcomandante Marcos, the now-famous

A stylized black and white illustration featuring several faces with spiky, mohawk-like hair. The faces are rendered in a high-contrast, graphic style with large eyes and defined features. One face in the center is looking towards the left, while others are partially visible around it. The background is white, and the faces are black with white highlights.

“Zapatista women have firmly spoken out about the lack of access to health care and resulting deaths of their children and older family members from curable diseases as well as the dire shortage of schools and decent housing.”

pipe-smoking spokesperson for the EZLN. Zapatista women have firmly spoken out about the lack of access to health care and resulting deaths of their children and older family members from curable diseases as well as the dire shortage of schools and decent housing. At the National Indigenous Conference in Mexico City in 1996, their demands were presented by Comandante Ramona. In the “Women’s Revolutionary Law” they demanded fair wages, the enforcement of rape and abuse laws and access to education, health care and adequate nutrition for themselves and their children. They also defended their rights to decide the number of children they could have, to choose their partners and the right to participate and hold leadership positions in both affairs of the community and the revolutionary struggle. In March of 1996, five thousand Zapatista women from Tojobal, Tzotzil, Tzeltal, and Chol communities marched from various regions of Chiapas in celebration of International Women’s Day. “We have begun our struggle to make ourselves valued, to make ourselves heard, to fulfill the demands that have never been met,” one woman declared.

Demands made upon the government have yet to be recognized, and gender inequality is an issue that is still being contested. With the recent passing of Comandante Ramona after a long battle with cancer, and the release in June 2005 of the “Sixth Declaration of the Lacandon Jungle,” a proposal to collectively write a new constitution, the EZLN is once again garnering attention from the international community. The indigenous movement has been a war against the forces of colonialism and neoimperialism, as well as an ongoing fight for equality. Zapatista women spoke out at the march on International Women’s Day: “We struggle so that in Mexico there is justice, that our rights be respected, that we live as human beings and not as animals, that we be recognized as the peoples we are and as citizens.” ■

NO EXCUSES

THE SHAPE OF ASIAN AMERICAN ACTIVISM AT UCI

TEXT BY: JULIANNE ONG HING

IMAGE BY: ALBERT OK

UC Irvine has been a politically charged campus for the past few years, constantly puncturing the skin of Irvine's detachment from social reality by throwing itself into the melee of political dialogue and activism. On January 17, 2006, a protest in front of the Administration Building drew a large crowd of over a hundred students who voiced their support for UCI service workers' rights to fair wages and health benefits. But of over one hundred students at the raucous community event there were perhaps ten Asian Americans in attendance. OK, maybe eleven. On February 28, 2006 a teach-in and demonstration organized by the Muslim Student Union in front of the Crystal Cove Auditorium denouncing racist hate speech united hundreds of students. Of those in attendance at the demonstration, no more than a few dozen were Asian American. During events and within movements of social and political relevance at UCI, Asian Americans are consistently and noticeably absent.

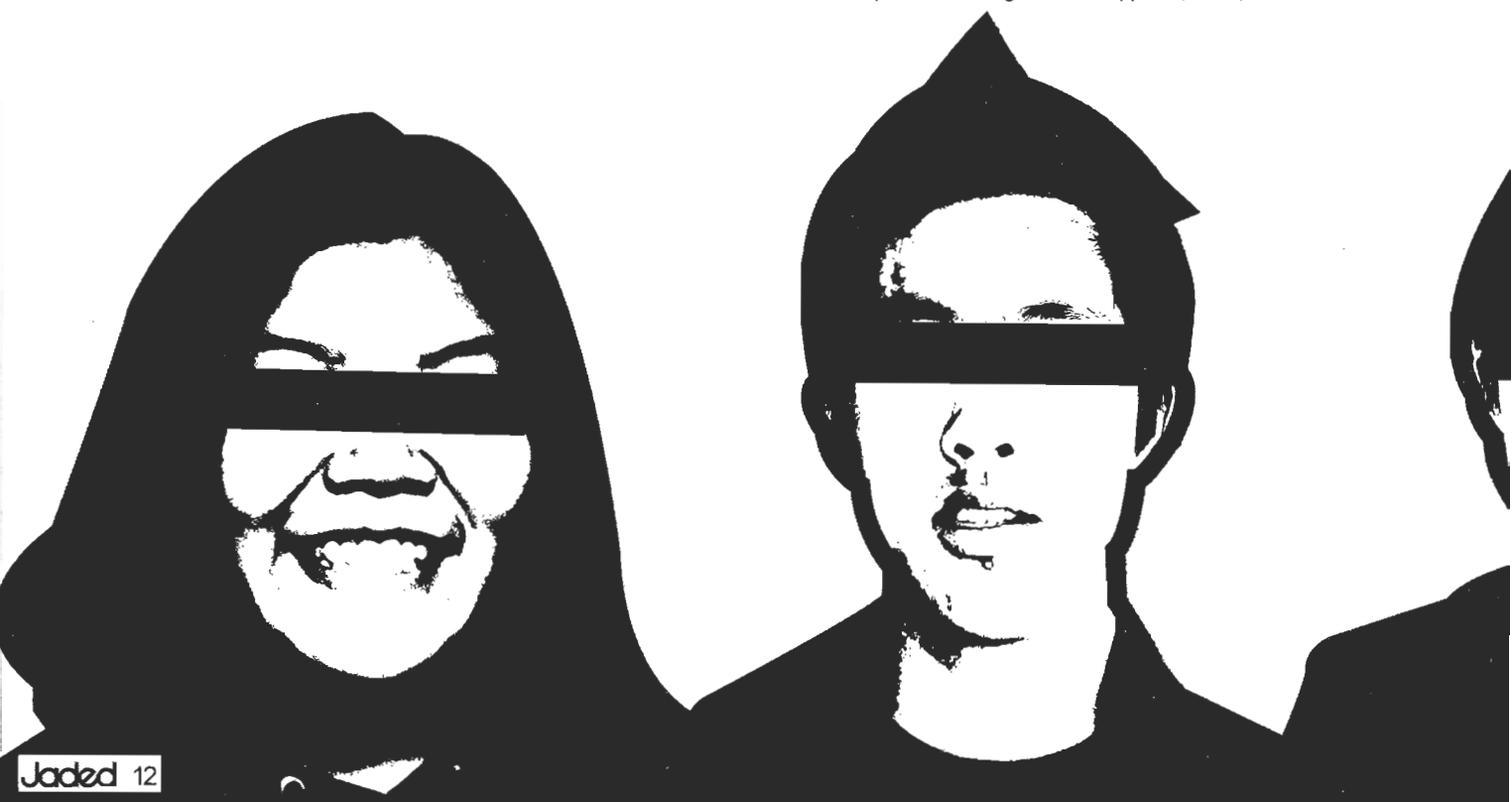
How do we account for this? Perhaps if UCI were a university in the Midwest, or even a university inland of California's metropolitan coasts, this observation could be swatted away with some quick reference to the demographics of our campus. One could respond with: "What do you expect? Asian Americans are only 4% of the national population. This student turnout is a simple reflection of the demographics." We could end this discussion right here. Regrettably, no such easy explanation for the lack of Asian American involvement in student movements at UCI exists. There are several reasons for this.

UC Irvine is like no other college in the country, and is unique even among the University of California fleet of campuses. Asian Americans may comprise a very small portion of the American population, but at UC Irvine, we are in the distinct majority. According to the UCI Office of Institutional Research, as of January 2006, 49% of UC Irvine undergraduates self-identified as Asian or Pacific Islander American. That's 9,721 Asian

Americans on a campus of 19,733 undergraduates. Clearly, Asian Americans at UCI have some explaining to do. I'd like to present my humble attempt at interpreting this disparity, an unscientific treatise based on experiences within the Asian American community during my three years as a UCI student. I write to you as an Asian American woman who was present at both of the aforementioned events, and looked around me wondering why not more of those 9,721 students showed up.

First, let me say that I refuse to accept the stereotype that being apolitical is some inherently Asian American characteristic. This is just as offensive and inaccurate as the stereotype that all Asian Americans are intravenously connected to their computers playing games, disconnecting only to study towards degrees in engineering and the physical sciences. When, as Associate Professor of Asian American Studies Linda Vo says, "around 68-69% of Asian Americans are foreign-born who are just trying to get by, most of whom aren't fluent in English and don't know the laws and understand their rights," the silence of Asian Americans is due more to structural factors than cultural values. Professor Vo pointed out that for young people socialized in the US, it's more natural to be outspoken and exercise our rights to fight against social injustice, but Asian American young people are heavily influenced by our parents. First generation Asian American parents, many of whom overcame tremendous sacrifices to establish their families in the United States, often discourage political involvement because they are reluctant to criticize the country that accepted them. Within the immigrant community, political involvement is highly suspect; it can be divisive and destabilize an already tenuous community.

This is not to say that people of Asian descent are blind to discrimination, political and social inequality, and the ravages of war. Quite the opposite. Grassroots movements for self-determination and against despotism and censorship are occurring in the Philippines, India, Taiwan and China as I



type this. Asia has long been a hotbed of social restructuring and activism from popular movements. So when others dismiss Asian Americans as voiceless and removed from politics, and worse, when Asian Americans themselves subscribe to these poor excuses for silence, the historical reality proves otherwise.

I also think that the unique racial makeup of UC Irvine plays a part in confusing the senses of Asian Americans. Asian Americans are but a tiny fraction of the American population, with most settling along the country's coasts in large cities. At UC Irvine, a school which draws most of its students from Orange and Los Angeles Counties, students live in an alternate reality where Asian Americans are the numerical majority of the student body. I think this creates a false sense of arrival for Asian American students who see themselves everywhere and are lulled into a hushed, narrow view of society. We do not question the social boundaries of something we cannot see, and I wonder if our own Asian Americanness has become invisible to us. Perhaps being in the numerical majority engenders complacency, and perhaps we stop asking questions when we refuse to look beyond the insular walls of UC Irvine.

Nowhere else does campus life quite resemble the experience at UC Irvine. This works both for and against Asian Americans. At other UC campuses with smaller proportions of Asian Americans, pan-Asian American student groups are generally much more cohesive. This is only logical; when we are outnumbered in any group we will gravitate towards those we identify with most while forgiving our cosmetic differences. At UCI though, the UC campus with by far the largest percentage of Asian Americans, students align themselves more along ethnic lines, which has a disjointing effect on the community's unity as a whole. There are, for example, at least three different ways to be active in the Chinese and Taiwanese American student community at UCI. You can join the large Chinese Association (CA), the Hong Kong Student Union (HKSU), or the Republic of China Student Association (with the best acronym of all: ROCSA!). With so many different ways to celebrate Chinese culture alone, is there room for a pan-Asian political network?

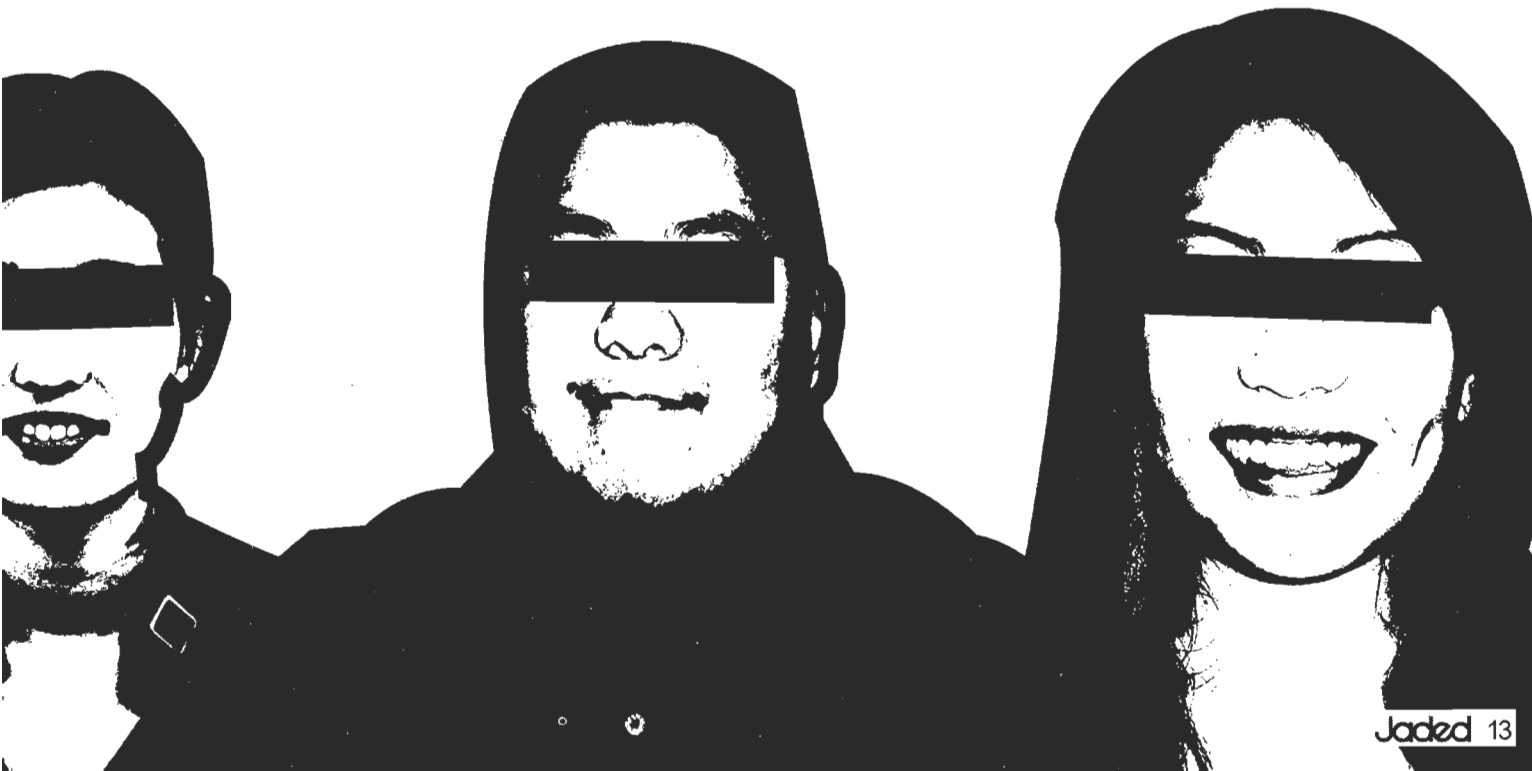
The campus does have outlets for Asian American students wishing to address pan-Asian contemporary issues. In fact, one organization, the Asian Pacific Student Association, is actively involved in the ongoing workers' rights movement. APSA is the designated umbrella representative of about fifteen Asian American cultural clubs and organizations as well as the political advocacy voice of the Asian American community, a large responsibility carried by a very small group of students. For several years the small organization has suffered from a lack of student involvement, perhaps due to Asian Americans' small appetite for politi-

cal nourishment, or maybe because of the historically narrowly defined parameters of what constitutes political activism. APSA is not the perfect political pan-Asian American student group. It is also the victim of an inefficient bureaucratic structure and an historically poor organization of the community, something this year's leaders are working to rectify. (Full disclosure -- I work closely with APSA.) However, the truth remains that everything short of organizational back flips and creative political contortions have done little to light the fire of social consciousness under the bottoms of the Asian American community.

But I would also argue that the very demographics that create roadblocks to community organizing also serve as valuable assets. Asian Americans at UCI enjoy a rare taste of what it is to live in the numerical majority, without constant reminders of structural injustice and overt racism. We defy easy categorization. No one can lump Asian Americans into just one of the many confining labels slapped onto college students: Actors, Nerds, Artists, Stoners, Athletes, Activists, Evangelists, Politicians, Partyers. Why, we have representation in all of those cliques! Such is the benefit of occupying the numerical majority. I believe this environment, however sheltered and ephemeral, actually helps Asian Americans develop with confidence.

On the national stage, Asian Americans must fight to build a platform from which we may speak. Our statements are always preceded by some disclaimer that we speak on behalf of a supposedly insignificant sector of society. But at UC Irvine we need no platform; our presence cannot be ignored. When just being Asian American is no longer its own political statement, people can stop being distracted by our identities and start listening to our voices. This, I think, is liberating. Asian Americans at UCI have the opportunity to transcend the limits of identity politics. We have the luxury of speaking out and being acknowledged for more than the color of our skin, but also as thoughtful, compassionate, enraged students. UC Irvine, a veritable Asian American university, is a stage set for collective Asian American political engagement.

Students of all backgrounds must recognize the insidiousness of economic injustice and institutionalized racism. We may live in a quiet town with consistently pleasant weather, but the tentacles of political dynamics know no boundaries. They curl and swirl everywhere around us. Be it ever-rising tuition, the War in Iraq (soon to be moved to Iran), the degradation of the natural environment, and women's health rights, we are already active participants in society. The only step now is to look within to draw on the strength of our communities. Look within and remember the rich traditions of protest we are all descended from. Then act. Stand up, and speak out. ■



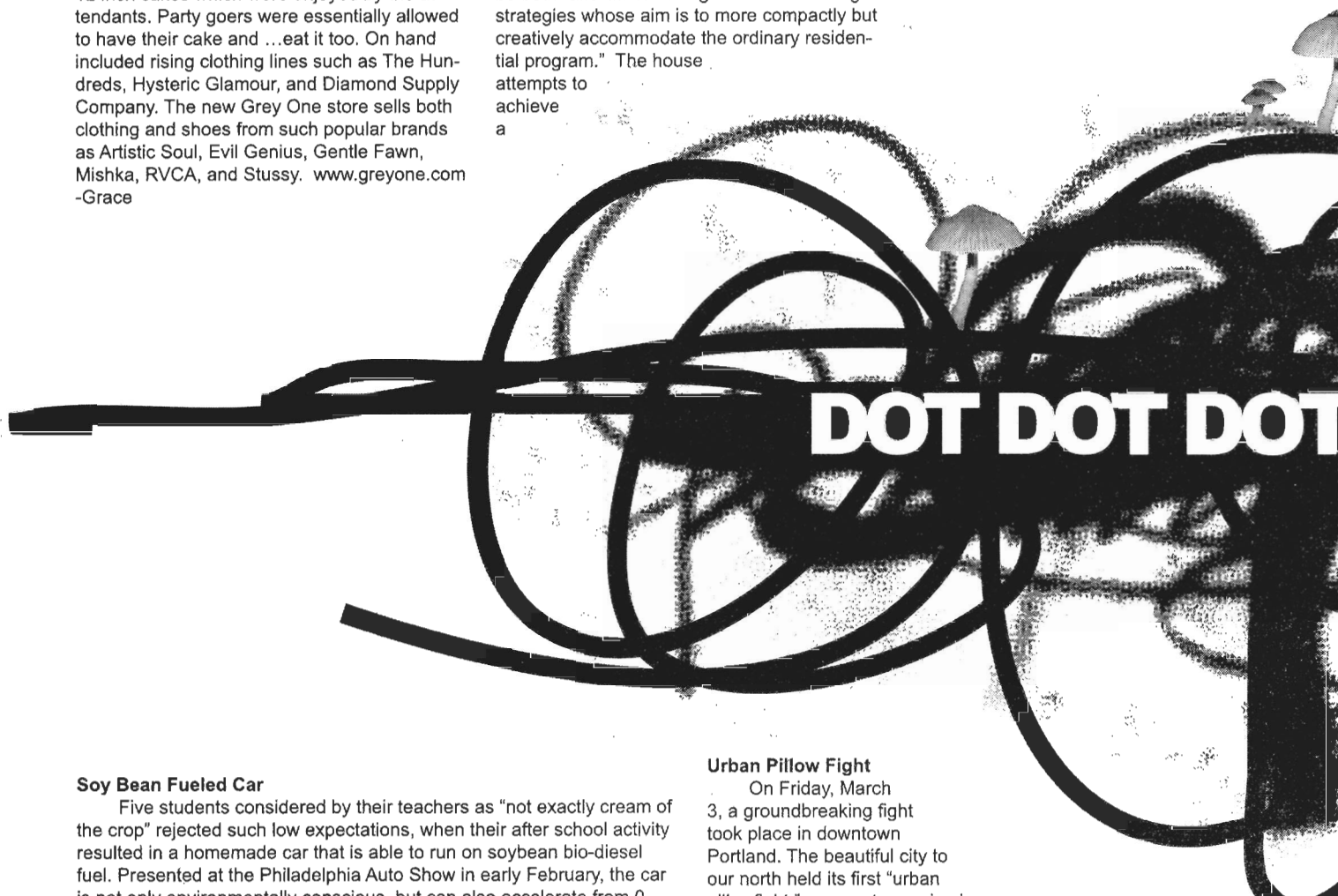
Grey One

Grey-One Grand Opening in Pasadena Parties of the Los Angeles art industry are often a repetition of a swollen crowd of hipsters standing around sipping cocktails, paying more attention to the free food than the art. The spectacle of all of this often frustrates the sincerity of the event. In an effort to make sure people pay attention, the people of Grey One celebrated the grand opening of their Pasadena store by putting the art on the food. Creative companies were invited to put their creativity where their mouth was, displaying ten 16 x 12 inch cakes which were enjoyed by the attendants. Party goers were essentially allowed to have their cake and ...eat it too. On hand included rising clothing lines such as The Hundreds, Hysteria Glamour, and Diamond Supply Company. The new Grey One store sells both clothing and shoes from such popular brands as Artistic Soul, Evil Genius, Gentle Fawn, Mishka, RVCA, and Stussy. www.greyone.com
-Grace

California Boom Home Tours

CBH is an architecture design company that will be stopping in California as part of their Home Tour. During March 23-26, visitors to Santa Monica, Venice, and Culver City will be allowed to take a tour of their most prized design, the 3 in 1 house. Huh? Yes, the 3 in 1 house accomplishes exactly what the title implies, a home that is multifunctional and can effectively fit the space of three houses into the area of one. Considered a collision of both form and function, the 3 in 1 home is a result of a goal to create a house that would be both "affordable through a series of design strategies whose aim is to more compactly but creatively accommodate the ordinary residential program." The house attempts to achieve a

glamorous and sophisticated design without overloading architectural budgets. Aside from efficiency, CBH has created a product that is aesthetically eye popping and sophisticated. The houses are designed in a contemporary fashion, with huge windows big spaces and fiberglass doors. As the space in SoCal gets smaller and the cost of living grows higher, the 3 in 1 home is a considerable look into the future.
http://www.caboomshow.com/home_tours/
-Grace



DOT DOT DOT

Soy Bean Fueled Car

Five students considered by their teachers as "not exactly cream of the crop" rejected such low expectations, when their after school activity resulted in a homemade car that is able to run on soybean bio-diesel fuel. Presented at the Philadelphia Auto Show in early February, the car is not only environmentally conscious, but can also accelerate from 0 to 60 miles in four seconds. The five students used knowledge gained from their high school auto shop program and compiled scrap parts over the course of a year to complete their project. Although not the most economically efficient or sophisticated car, the work of these students provides inspiration and motivation for big budget corporations to design and produce more hybridized cars or consider alternative fuels as a priority. The revolution does not have to start in an advanced laboratory or well supported think tank. It can begin in your parents' garage, in your leftover parts, and to raise the norm.
-Grace

Urban Pillow Fight

On Friday, March 3, a groundbreaking fight took place in downtown Portland. The beautiful city to our north held its first "urban pillowfight," an event organized online which attracted over 300 people. Of that crowd, approximately 100 took their pillows to the streets and had a grand, old-fashioned feather fight. The event spread mostly through MySpace bulletins and other online communities. The rules were that participants had to hide their pillows until the fight's start time at 7 p.m. Once the airhorn was blown, the fighters sprinted down into the plaza, pillows in hand, and began smacking and throwing their soft weapons about. Although a bevy of cops were on hand during the event, they were seen mostly chuckling and talking to one another. No one was arrested

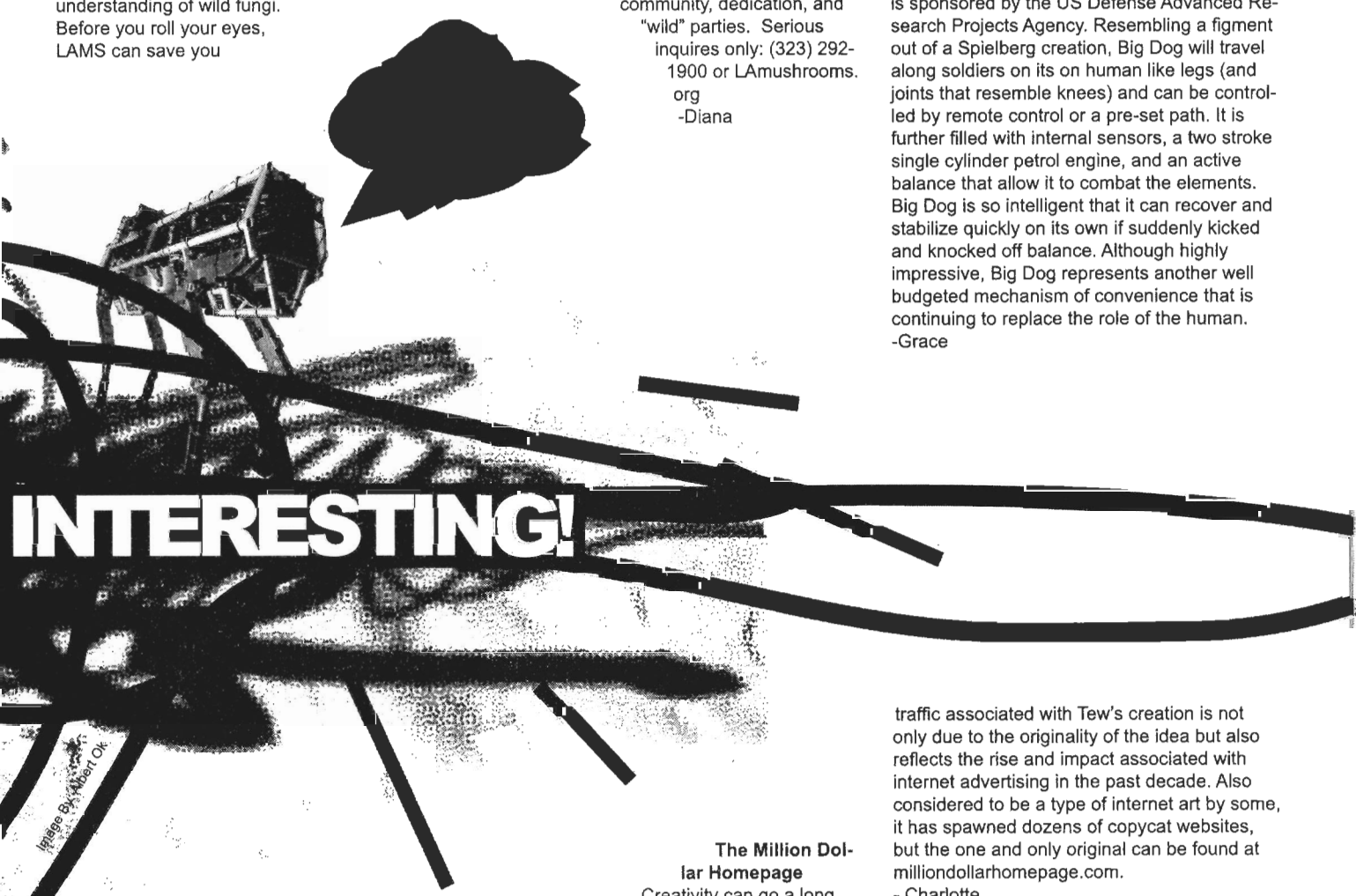
The Los Angeles Mycological Society: 22nd Annual Wild Mushroom Fair

It is safe to assume that mushrooms and fungi are generally misunderstood and underappreciated. The Los Angeles Mycological Society (LAMS) is here to resolve this problem. If you ever wanted to belong to something meaningful, you should join LAMS. They are dedicated to expanding the understanding of wild fungi. Before you roll your eyes, LAMS can save you

from deadly mushrooms or help you identify a dozen wild edible mushrooms in your back yard. When was the last Star Trek convention this practical? Nothing can beat the lineup of a Mushroom fair that includes a wild mushroom display, identification seminar, growing demonstration, and a cooking demonstration. This is a healthy and sometimes edible obsession that redefines the meaning of community, dedication, and "wild" parties. Serious inquires only: (323) 292-1900 or LAmushrooms.org
-Diana

Big Dog the Pack Mule Robot

Designed to go and carry what no horse, man, or regular vehicle can accomplish, the Boston Dynamics project has designed a quadruped robot named Big Dog that can carry up to 40 kilograms through difficult terrains such as snow, rock, or roads filled with potholes. Big Dog is considered one of the most advanced robots of its kind and his development is sponsored by the US Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency. Resembling a figment out of a Spielberg creation, Big Dog will travel along soldiers on its on human like legs (and joints that resemble knees) and can be controlled by remote control or a pre-set path. It is further filled with internal sensors, a two stroke single cylinder petrol engine, and an active balance that allow it to combat the elements. Big Dog is so intelligent that it can recover and stabilize quickly on its own if suddenly kicked and knocked off balance. Although highly impressive, Big Dog represents another well budgeted mechanism of convenience that is continuing to replace the role of the human.
-Grace



INTERESTING!

The Million Dollar Homepage

Creativity can go a long way, and in young entrepreneur Alex Tew's case paid his way through college using his million-dollar idea of selling pixels on a webpage. At only 21 years old Tew concocted the simple but effectual idea of selling these pixels at \$1 a square to companies who chose to invest in this mosaic advertising scheme. Visitors were able to wave a cursor over any pixel which allowed them to be only a click away from the advertiser's website. In a matter of months Tew reached the million dollar mark, which he considered to be a "surreal experience" after previously working for £5 an hour at a box company. The heavy web

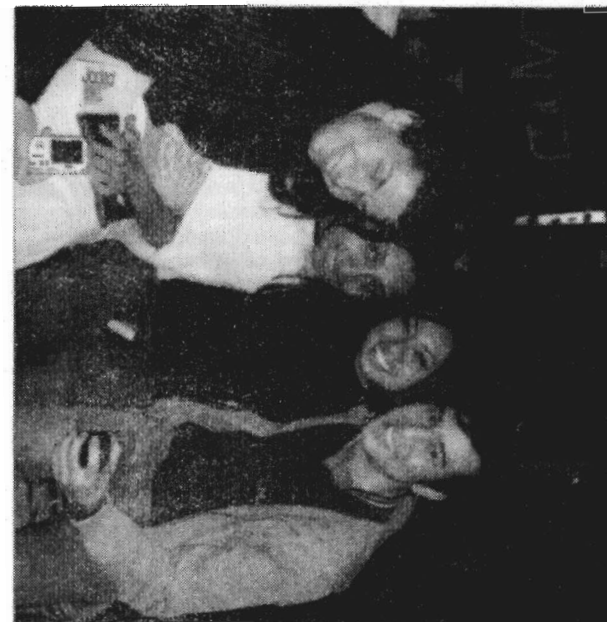
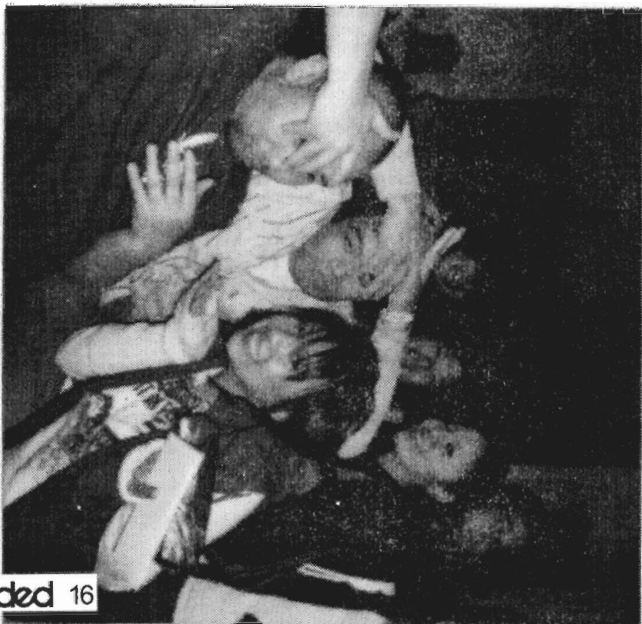
traffic associated with Tew's creation is not only due to the originality of the idea but also reflects the rise and impact associated with internet advertising in the past decade. Also considered to be a type of internet art by some, it has spawned dozens of copycat websites, but the one and only original can be found at milliondollarhomepage.com.
- Charlotte

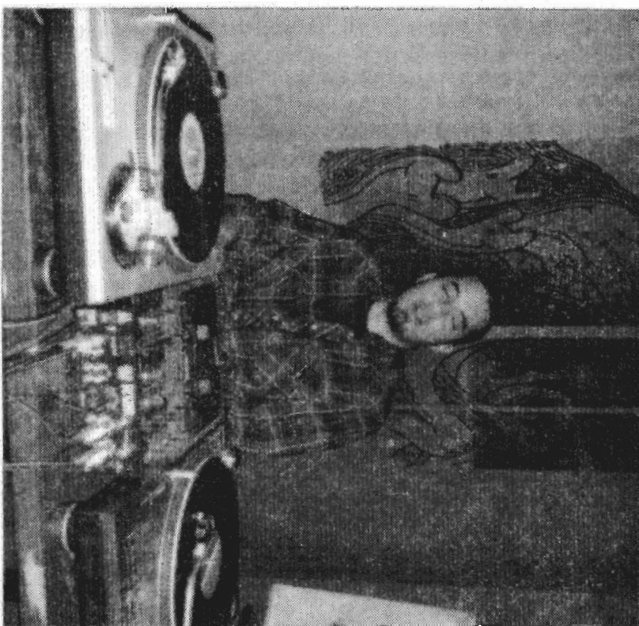
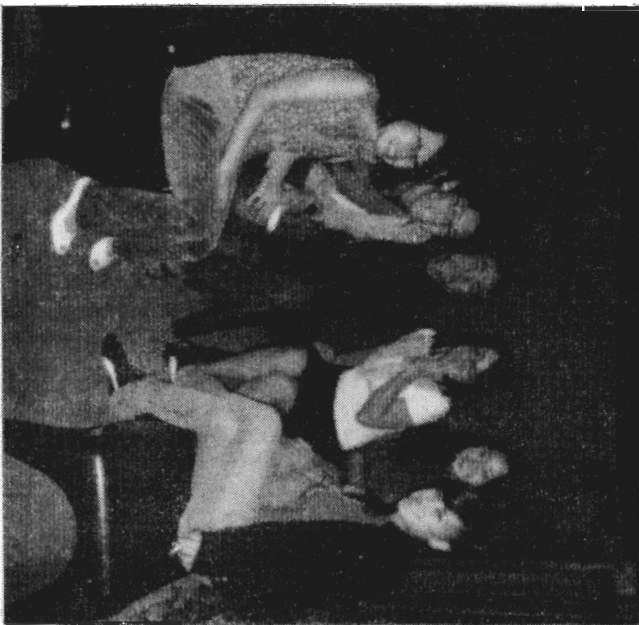
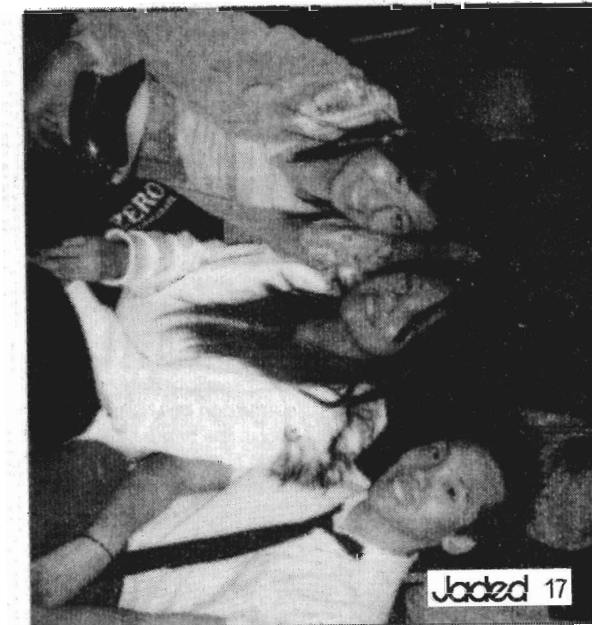
and no injuries were reported, other than feather inhalation. One fighter overheard a conversation between two officers: "Well Jim, I think you can retire," said one officer. "Yes, I think I've officially seen everything now," Jim said in response.

-Kayleigh



JADED ISSUE 8 MAGAZINE RELEASE PARTY @ SOLART





THE END OF SUB-CULTURE IN VENICE BEACH



Venice Beach Boardwalk's "Free Expression Zone," a public space, is no longer free. Famous for its eclectic smorgasbord of unique performers, musicians, philosophers and artists, the community of vendors of Venice Beach is being forced, by way of the new government ordinance 42.15, to buy \$25 "Free Expression" permits. However, these permits will in no way guarantee the performers a place on the boardwalk. Instead, each vendor will be thrown into a lottery in which 188 spaces for general expression and an additional 36 spaces for performance use will leave over 300 performers without business and income for at least one month, after which they go through the lottery again. The new ordinance, aimed at cleaning up the boardwalk, will establish a bureaucracy, allowing the development of corporate businesses and enabling gentrification, which will in turn displace many of the long time veterans and artists belonging to Venice Beach's captivating sub-culture.

Since the 1960's, the Venice Beach expressionists have been making Venice Beach one of the most fascinating tourist attractions. Today, it is second only to Disneyland as the second largest tourist attraction in Southern California. Allowing the ordinance to take place will damage the sub-culture of people that decorate Venice, as the majority of the tourism in Venice is credited to the west-side of the boardwalk's performers and vendors. "I came to Venice to see the performers my cousins have been telling me about for so long. The beach is not the same as any other one." A 22 year old girl from Sonoma, a small town in Northern California, explains.

One of the faces that color the streets of the Venice Beach Boardwalk is Abraham. Performing since 1968, the reggae musician and veteran of Venice Beach is a drummer, singer, dancer, entertainer and guitarist who believes in expression through music. He engages the crowd and neighboring vendors on the boardwalk to participate in a self expressive musical communication. "It's amazing how connected everyone performing is. They're not even all part of the band. I just saw that guy on the guitar in a store a little while ago buying his girlfriend a pair of pants," explains one tourist, unable to tear his eyes away. Enchanted by the sound

TEXT BY: JANE YUSIM
IMAGE BY: LOUIS TRINH

of the drum, spectators pick up tambourines sitting by Abraham and begin to furiously beat away in unison with the pounding of the drum. Venice Beach regulars pick up the electric bass, the acoustic guitar and one particular fan of the music begins to drum away on a water bottle. Tourists of all races and backgrounds stop in front of the reggae fest in admiration. The beat never stops and neither does Abraham, even as the musicians continue to rotate. Abraham is one of many who, under the new ordinance, may be forced to leave his home on the boardwalk, since the allotted 36 spaces for performers is not enough to accommodate everyone.

Venice Beach property values continue climbing, today ranging anywhere from \$2 million to \$20 million, per beach front property. These expensive properties lure more spending and higher demands for corporate takeover. Developers are planning another corporate boardwalk similar to Santa Monica's 3rd Street Promenade, occupied by brand name shops and conglomerates like Starbucks and Coffee Bean. Vendors and supporters fear that the corporate takeover will destroy the life of Venice. "Without the vendors, Venice Beach will die," argues Tiffany, a newcomer to Venice Beach, but a long-time vendor in Canada. Unlike 3rd Street Promenade or other boardwalks, the performers on Venice's boardwalk have always been able to assemble freely, without permits.

Others, like Abraham, who will suffer irreparable harm both to business and their involvement in the Venice Beach community, are vendors that sell artwork and items that convey personal philosophies or advocacies. The ordinance will not allow vendors to sell anything that they define as having a "secondary function". That is, if an artist on the boardwalk chooses to illustrate his vision on T-shirts, his work will not be allowed since it serves also as an article of clothing. "Artwork on canvas, T-shirt, spoon, jewelry, or face, what difference does it make what material an artists chooses to speak his message on?" a frustrated Tiffany questions. One particular artist spends days creating mosaic mirrors with designs such as moons and stars. His artwork may be representing his passion and enthusiasm for the solar system. However, despite its personal message, it will not be permitted under the new ordinance because of its secondary function as a mirror.

Beyond the irony of the Free Expression permits, the ordinance will break up a community and culture that represents a part of Venice Beach and its free spirit. The vendors are not the only ones frustrated by the ordinance. The community that surrounds Venice Beach, including home owners, visitors and supporters of free expression, have joined forces with the vendors and the judicial system's Carol Sobel, a Santa Monica Attorney, in filing a federal law suit against the city of Los Angeles alleging the infringement of their First Amendment rights. The performers and artists on the boardwalk will contend that their items represent their beliefs. The "legalize Marijuana" advocator stands on the boardwalk preaching that "there is no harm in smoking. It's a flower;" a personal philosophy of his that he hopes to extend to others. The anti-McDonalds health fanatic sells shirts portraying Ronald McDonald as the devil, and the Mc-rib sandwich as the "Mc-shit," will argue that this is his belief and selling shirts is a way for him to gain support for bringing down McDonalds.

Unfortunately, the limits being placed on Venice's street merchants and performers are nothing new to the veteran vendors and Free Speech extraordinaire of Venice Beach. They have been fighting local Venice authorities since 1991, arguing that "they will not leave until they absolutely have to," and "they will not sacrifice their rights to free expression." Their battle continues with protests in the hundreds along the boardwalk and at city hall meetings, in hopes that their united voices will be heard and the city will realize the irreparable harm it may do to tourism and, more importantly, to the diverse sub-culture that makes Venice Beach a Free Expression zone. ■



CARE REFERENDUM

TEXT BY: KAYLEIGH SHAW

IMAGE BY: ALBERT OK

Over the last six years, the California state legislature has cut education spending from its yearly budget at an alarming rate. The rising cost of attending a public university is no surprise to UC and CSU students. Yet while the state's willingness to provide financial aid is constantly dwindling but always being publicized, another type of education cut has taken place that has been given little media attention. The state of California has completely eradicated funding for all Student Initiated Academic Programs (SIAP), which are a vital and necessary aspect of campus life. Since 2001, over \$80 million have been drained from SIAP and last year the remaining \$17 million was slashed from the budget entirely. The new budget for student outreach at public universities: \$0. The Governor terminated SIAP faster than you can say "Cah-lee-for-nee-yuh."

As UC students, we are already shouldering the growing burden of attending college, through the rising cost of fees, textbooks, housing and basically everything else on the planet. And now the state has unfairly projected another expense onto us: the cost of funding SIAP programs. But unlike the aforementioned expenses, which are necessary fees in every student's life, SIAP is a much more difficult expense to sell. Most students are not familiar with the purpose behind the concept of college outreach, and many more could care less. Now that the state has put the matter into our hands, we must act together to revitalize the state of SIAP at UC Irvine and to insure that student outreach does not disappear.

As a response to the loss of SIAP funding, a group of passionate students at our own campus has spent months formulating the Campus Activities to Revitalize Education referendum (CARE). The CARE referendum establishes an entire infrastructure for maintaining SIAP at UCI through a \$6 per student, per quarter fee. The fee is an extremely minimal cost to students. You can't even get a burrito and a drink on campus for less than \$6. You can barely get two gallons for gas. Yet this small fee would raise several thousand dollars to be allocated for various outreach activities that are dedicated to giving high school students an equal opportunity at admittance into a UC school.

CARE is the solution to the state's eradication of SIAP, but it only can take effect if we, the students at UCI, vote yes on the referendum. The spring ASUCI elections will take place third week of spring quarter, and it is going to be a full ballot. It is imperative that we understand the enormous need for CARE and prove to the state, other universities and the students that benefit from SIAP that we want to give everyone equal access to the UC system. You may say, "But that's another fee that I'm going to have to pay every quarter!" And if that's your excuse for reject-

ing CARE's proposal, then put down that coffee, that US Weekly and everything else that you find the money to pay for every day. Because \$6 per quarter is far from unreasonable. And as required by UCI's campus-based fee policy, 33% of every fee, or \$2 in this case, automatically goes back to student aid to ease the burden on students who receive financial help. It's a modest fee, but when collected from every UCI undergraduate, it can make a world of difference.

Student outreach programs have a history of being cut from state and local budgets. In fact, they're usually the first items that legislators find easy to do away with, most of the time with the argument that these programs don't specifically benefit the students at a university. And they couldn't be more wrong. SIAP provides students at our campus with leadership roles and allows them to become involved in reaching out to communities in Orange County that are routinely ignored by the state and local governments. It's a chance for high school students from underprivileged backgrounds to attend workshops led by current UC students to teach them how to fill out a UC application, how to apply for financial aid, and how to become successful, college-bound individuals. CARE would intend to fund programs at Title 1 high schools (schools with a high percentage of students on free or reduced lunch, with low college entrance rates, higher than average drop-out rates, low AP scores), but would not be limited to one economic, racial, or geographic group.

While it's nice to envision UCI as a bastion of diversity, tolerance, and equal admittance access for all high school students, the truth is that without SIAP, the campus will only begin to look more homogeneous. The CARE referendum aims to bring students into UCI, and also to help them succeed once they are here. Outreach and retention programs, such as M.E.Ch.A.'s La Escuelita, provide guidance and assistance to students whose backgrounds have not adequately prepared them for entrance into a four year university. The dedicated students working on CARE have spent an unbelievable amount of time and energy in creating this referendum, but they need all of us to make it happen. Voting no on CARE will give a message to high school students that UCI wants no part in building a diverse student body. Voting no is voting against equal access to the UC system to underprivileged students. Voting no is saying that you truly don't care about the future of UCI. So the next time you go to Jamba Juice, or pick up the new Cosmo, remember that for the same price, you could be revitalizing SIAP at UCI. The spring elections will be held April 17-21 and voting will take place on www.elections.uci.edu. Vote yes on CARE, and show the Governor that you won't let him decide the future of public education in Cah-lee-for-nee-yuh. ■



JADED NEEDS ARTISTS
IF YOU CAN WHIP THINGS
OUT OF YOUR ASS LAST MINUTE
EMAIL AOK@UCI.EDU



SO HOT RIGHT NOW PLAYLIST

TEXT BY: DAVID FETTER

IMAGE BY: PAHOLE SOOKKASIKON

Dear Loyal Reader of the So Hot Right Now Playlist: Just in case you couldn't figure out from reading the hundreds of playlists I create: My musical taste is much more eccentric and clever and well-rounded when compared to yours. I noticed recently that we have some of the same bands listed on our music profiles, however when I listen to Arctic Monkeys it means a lot more than when you do! I knew about We Are Scientists when they were still an Interpol cover band.

The Books – That Right Ain't Shit
Thievery Corporation – Doors of Perception
This playlist offers a 2 in 1 special – which makes no sense because the number one is way too small. The list of songs in bold yields a totally different emotional response than that of the non-bolded songs. But you wouldn't know about yielding emotional responses because you never impressed vice chancellor Manuel Gumez with your playlist.

Primal Scream – Rocks
Primal Scream – Some Velvet Morning
Last week I was playing WOW (World of Warcraft to all you n00bies) with your mother (who is such a shady healer by the way!) and either one of these songs came on. We then decided to give each other haircuts and fill an entire album's worth of pics on the Facebook. We titled the album "So Wasted and Crunked! We Don't Even Remember Looking This Bad In Photographs But We Made Sure To Fill Our Entire Album With Every Possible Camera Angle Of The Same Horrible Pic!" Pwnd!
Bloc Party – Two More Years

Cymande – Brothers On The Slide
...Eatin' Shrimp Scampi While Amputees Fan Me...

My Morning Jacket – Wordless Chorus
My Morning Jacket – Off The Record
First off, before me, no one ever thought to suggest that even hipster dance clubs need to play Peaches n Creme by 112.

The Jesus And Mary Chain – Head On
The Specials – Ghost Town
I am the only person who can entertain my friend Dave McCoy who, by the way, knew about making indie movie parodies about knowing Stephen Malkmus before indie filmmakers could make parodies about knowing Stephen Malkmus first.

Slowdive – Machine Gun
Death In Vegas – I Spy
What!? You wanna talk about underground hip-hop? Well I knew Cannibal Ox when they was still vegetarian! They tossed more salads than mics back when I battled 'em.

The Stone Roses – Sally Cinnamon
The Clash – The Magnificent Seven
I choreographed the entire opening celebration dance for the 2006 Winter Olympics; the idea to include the flaming ice skaters out there – that was mine! (Someone else later suggested oddly they put fire on their heads).

Mint Royale – From Rusholme With Love
Toots & the Maytals – I Can't Believe
I was the first to say that Norms' food sucked, because they never close. I then created my own fusion of late night post-party combination-

al dining. I call it Roscoe's Pink Hot Dog.

Sia – Breathe Me (Ulrich Schnauss Remix)
Public Enemy – Black Steel In The Hour Of Chaos

This next song is dedicated to those who like to go to Memphis in Costa Mesa and find people to talk to. Literally, it's that dark!

Broadcast – Tears In The Typing Pool
Johnny Cash – I Walk The Line
By the way, when I grow a beard it never looks like a college professor's, like yours does. It always looks refined and attractive yet groomed and safe to possibly rub a kissing cheek nearby. Much like that of someone who you could talk or not talk for hours with. Much like Robin Williams' in Good Will Hunting.

Lou Reed – Perfect Day
John Lennon – Love
In closing Reader, remember: Listen to Music, Not Bands! Have an open mind, share music with all your friends, and take other people's musical suggestions with a grain of salt (not mine though).

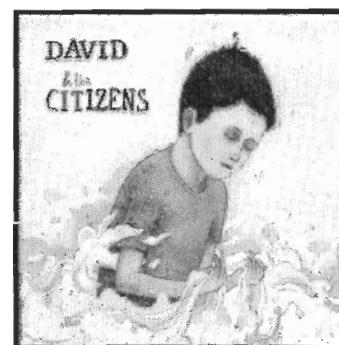
"In the end, it doesn't even matter..." - LP

Sincerely,
Davis Fetter
JadedDavis@gmail.com

MUSIC REVIEWS

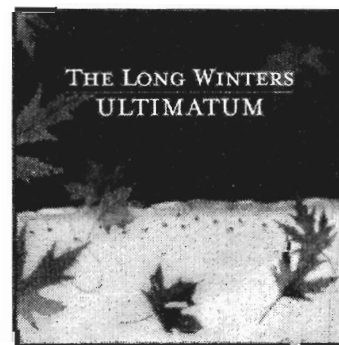


Photo By: Chris Dea



David & the Citizens [David & the Citizens s/t EP] Friendly Fire

Despite being around since 1999, this band just recently hit American soil. If you believe indie music has become monotonous, David & the Citizens supply the dose of breathtaking explosion you need. After you listen to the up-tempo, folksy, energetic, trumpet-core beats of this Swedish band, you will know why I bothered to write a blurb on an EP. This is the EP you need handy when you feel like shit and start to wonder if you just suck at life. It will make you smile, dance, and cry all at the same time. Put the Prozac away and listen to "Let's Not Fall Apart". Forget esoteric, heavy-handed metaphors, David & the Citizens tackle life, love, and heartbreak into simplistic messages with a dynamic twist. They provide pleasant melodies that make it impossible not to grin while listening to thought-provoking lyrics. You might be fooled by the opening track "Greycoated Morning". While the lyrics are melancholic, you will get this insatiable impulse to go outside and wrap yourself in the sunshine. Enjoy this EP if you have recently been rejected, school becomes overwhelming, or just contemplating the meaning of life. It is also a delightful complement for a coffee and cigarette session. Lovers of The Thermals, Neutral Milk Hotel, and gogogo airheart are especially urged to listen. -Lynly



The Long Winters, "The Commander Thinks Aloud", The Ultimatum EP

Far be it from me to want to ruin a good band's chances at success, but I may be doing The Long Winters a disservice by presenting you with their greatest recording. You never want to start with an artist's best stuff; anything that follows will leave you

impressions laced with traces of disappointment. Now, I'm a Long Winters fan—I highly recommend *The Worst You Can Do Is Harm* and *When I Pretend To Fall*—but when I eagerly sent “The Commander Thinks Aloud” to a friend unfamiliar with the band, he asked after a 5-minute, 26-second pause, “Are all their songs this good?” Right then I realized my error. I had to respond sincerely. “No,” I sighed, as much as one can emulate a sigh on AIM, “that’s their best one.” Even more unfortunately, this track opens the comparatively mediocre *Ultimatum* EP, which, though enjoyable, really undermines the pure elegance of “The Commander...” I won’t even begin to describe this song. I won’t go into the excellence of production. I won’t attempt to describe John Roderick’s achingly perfect vocals that falter with unapologetic intent, or repeat fragments of the vivid, mesmerizing lyrics. I’ll just tell you to listen to this song. I don’t mean on your iPod on the way to class or in your car stuck in traffic. Sit down at home. Put on your headphones. Close your eyes, even (ignoring your roommate’s concerned glances), and listen. You might be a better person for it. Or not. Either way, I hope you enjoy. -Eva



**Mogwai
Mr. Beast**

I’ve decided that someday I should go exclusively into critiquing only bad CDs. It’s a much easier task. When an album is awful beyond all reason, or even just kind of annoying, you tend to know exactly what irks you. The production, the musical skill (or lack thereof), the vocals, the lyrics... On the other hand, you’ve probably experienced listening to an album that at first seemed to bother you—but you couldn’t pinpoint why—and after a few more listens, you found yourself adoring it. Then there are the albums that are just plain good. Why are these types the hardest to explain? Technicalities aside, a good album has that extra something that just can’t be conveyed through words. Such is the music of Mogwai. Each release inspires new perspectives on life, love and whatever images the music conjures up in your twisted little mind. Mogwai pulls it off effortlessly with *Mr. Beast*, making sense of a chaotic mess of emotions to a euphonious soundtrack. The band already proved their artistic and technical skill on past releases (let me nudge you toward *Happy Songs for Happy People*). So what makes each successive release so innovative? Each album creates an atmosphere and interpretation of innumerable emotions

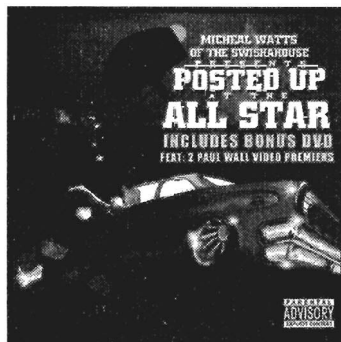
and the latest one does not disappoint. Each track beckons for your attention as a million tiny thoughts and memories start to stir. A lacking of lyrics (though Stuart Braithwaite is at his most verbose on *Mr. Beast*) allows your unmediated stream of consciousness to flow wherever it damn well pleases. I can go on telling you they’re talented, they’ve done it before and they’ve done it again, but Mogwai can show you themselves. Immerse yourself in this album and you’ll see beautiful things (no additional substances necessary). I can’t explain exactly what you’ll feel or when you’ll feel it—the imagery and its meaning change for every listener—but you will feel something. I’ll also contend that *Mr. Beast* will paint a masterpiece of your mind, and why wouldn’t you want to experience that? -Eva



Various Artists Soul Jazz Records Presents Tropicalia: A Brazilian Revolution in Sound

Every Wednesday night I work until 10:30 at a chain bookstore. During these evenings, I get to listen to a variety of new releases. Recently I have been subjected to the Jack Johnson Curious George soundtrack, something called *High School Musical* (like *Rent* for middle schoolers), and some fake Shania Twainish pop-country. When I get into the parking structure, usually between 10:40 and 10:45, I can’t wait to get in my car and put on some real music. The dilemma is always: what to play now? I sometimes spend ten minutes shuffling through all the CDs in my glove box. I can never settle. It’s as though I need something totally different from “normal” music. If I liked metal, I would listen to metal. But I don’t. And then I mysteriously got my hands on *Tropicalia: A Brazilian Revolution in Sound*, and it changed my ten minute Wednesday night routine completely. Like a gift from the gods of music salvation, *Tropicalia* is an excellent new compilation featuring the best of Brazil’s late 60s sonic revolutionaries. Although it is not representative of the musical movement in full, it is a great introduction to anyone who is unfamiliar with the unique sound of *Tropicalia*. Originally dubbed *Tropicalismo*, the movement began in the Brazilian art world, and was generally associated with a genre of Brazilian avant garde poetry. Now more commonly referred to as *Tropicalia*, the artists who developed the eclectic sound were part of the post-1964 counterculture in Brazil, which experienced a political coup that year. *Tropicalia* the album covers the music movement’s major

innovators: Os Mutantes, Gal Costa, Caetano Veloso, Gilberto Gil, and Tom Ze. The songs vary widely in influence and instrumentation, and its constant unpredictability renders it one of the most exciting and least well known movements of the later 20th century. Artists appropriated psychedelic rock with traditional bossa nova, African music, and experimental noise, among other things. Os Mutantes, the musical anarchists from São Paulo, are especially noted for their disregard of regular time changes and continuity. Trumpets, tape loops, cymbals, organs—nothing is outside the realm of *Tropicalismo*. And in my car, on chilly Wednesday nights, I no longer have to fight the demons of musical indecisiveness. I just pop in *Tropicalia*, and when the big band sound of Gilberto Gil’s “Domingo No Parq” causes my speakers to shake and rattle, I forget all about the last six hours that I spent helping old people find *The Da Vinci Code*. I need *Tropicalia*, and you need *Tropicalia*, because listening to Jack Johnson sing about an imaginary monkey who’s always getting into trouble just doesn’t cut it these days. -Kayleigh Shaw



Swishahouse Posted Up at the All Star

DJ Michael Watts and the Swishahouse camp return with some of the South’s finest in this chopped and screwed collection of new songs by Texan sluggers Lil Keke, Coota Bang, Archie Lee, Paul Wall and other favorites. An alternative to those fans sick of the Mike Jones and Slim Thug collabs with every R & B artist imaginable, Watts and company come strong this time with that Southern slab. Standout tracks include new Miami Def Jam signee Rick Ross’ “Hustlin” as well as an exclusive remix of Webbie’s latest smash “Like That” with UGK legend and recently released -Pimp C.

LISTEN TO THESE SONGS!

A MOUTH FOOL: THE COMMUNITY OF FOOD BLOGS

TEXT BY: DIANE CHANG

IMAGE BY: ALBERT OK

My boyfriend and I are stationed adjacent to a blazing fireplace, swimming in white, Victorian linen, while attempting to make out the dark blobs previously known as our respective faces. The darkness is no distraction from the curious smells lurking from all corners of the room. I am armed with my Canon digital camera—a birthday gift (my new eyes)—and sensory glands that perform on occasion. Moments later, sporting the same white linen as an apron, my ambassador emerges from the shadows with plates in hand. Hot, she says. All I hear is aim and shoot; my boyfriend hears only the animal in his stomach. Nevertheless, his darting fork yields to my zoom lens. There's a beast within me as well, but it answers to a different kind of force.

Hi, I'm a committed food-blogger, who while dining at Stella Mares, Santa Barbara's finest, is looking my finest, celebrating Valentine's Day and a soon-to-be journey into the vast unknown. Sometimes, I refer to myself as the poor-man's Zagat because access to my palette comes free, provided that access to the internet is available. Pictures and illustrative synopses usher in new dining experiences. For this reason, my camera has to be readily available and, really, I take pictures even when it's inappropriate. True foodies know that passive aggressive food blogging is a faux pas, yet one of many. And in the competitive market of food blogs, there just isn't room for sub-par reviews that lack visual insight. I can spend exorbitant amounts of time submitting entries because I know that my approval or disapproval of certain restaurants will be read, judged and even referred to. Credibility is necessary; without it, my blog just becomes another annoying pop-up.

There are many and more like me who exist as pieces to the whole of a constantly growing online community of food-bloggers. When I first began to document my eats, I stumbled across blog-rings of devoted foodies, all of who share my sentiment. An individual's personalized gastronomy—the art and appreciation of preparing and eating good food—is to be shared. If I find out about a restaurant that's worth a repeat visit, I do both the restaurant and my community a favor by spreading the gospel. There's something about seeing faces light up, in regards to food

I've recommended, that makes all the typing and awkward photo ops worthwhile. Plus, my mental tabula rasa can only be colored with only so much detail and sensory responses to what's being devoured. Haven't you ever attempted to reflect on the _____ you ate at _____ a long time ago but your mind just draws blanks? Being able to document everything from the food itself, to the environment in which you ate, to the wait-staffs' performance, and the idiosyncratic nuances of each meal is helpful for repeat visits or to deter you from making the same mistake twice.

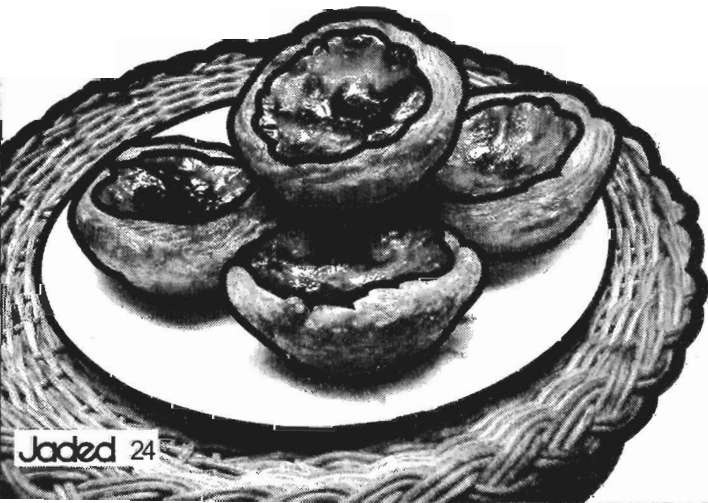
The food blog community is definitely a unique one. Aside from restaurant and food reviews, many people also devote their writing to explore their own culinary antics. Bloggers share recipes, techniques and importantly, all of this happens free of cost! These blogs allow both uncertified and certified chefs to detach themselves from the unfamiliarity of cookbooks and to make cooking unpretentious for the regular folks. Nothing is more inspiring than reading a fellow peer's experiment with constructing a delectable pie crust and then to realize that yes, an amazing pie crust is do-able, even by an average ninny. All one needs is the support, and the food-blog community always comes through with the encouragement—even if only in text. Entries are responded to by blog-regulars. One popular website, www.chowhound.com hosts a community of self-proclaimed food connoisseurs who share food and restaurant knowledge on the site's message board. Questions are posed in such a manner:

Subject: Meet the Parents (In the Valley?)
Name: HungryMungry
Posted: March 07, 2006 at 14:00:54

Message: I'm looking for a good place in the Valley to go with my in-laws. The criteria are simple - expensive but not ridiculous, nothing Asian or Latin (sorry - these folks are a bit older), and close to the 101. We're tired of Ruth's Chris. Help!

Following thereafter are your expected replies, often written with a competitive fierceness to stroke one's own ego. Every subsequent message is meant to top the last. There is a tacit understanding of posting-eligibility. If you don't know your Ribeye from your Chuck, you're better off herding out as a ghost-reader than to partake actively in food-related discussions. Chowhound is not for the everyman. It's for the walking tastebud.

I proudly identify myself as a true foodie. I have a love-love relationship with food. More so, I love contributing obscure knowledge to a community of people who appreciate both textual and visual illustrations of all kinds of food. Food blogs challenge both the writer and reader to open-mindedly experiment with cuisines that may otherwise have been avoided at all costs. Since beginning my own active involvement, I've been able to experience Los Angeles like never before. The diversity of Los Angeles cuisine is, after all, a huge part of our cultural make-up. We are communities of people that operate on the vast selection of flavors, textures, and spices. Blogs are free and offer the freedom of expression through other means. Besides, you might as well grab a bite to eat and write about it while you're waiting for My Space to load. ■



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A (MAD) DASH AWAY FROM COMMUNITY COHESION

TEXT BY: EVA MESZAROS
IMAGE BY: ALBERT OK

UCI's film community better be ready for an influx of new members. The UCI Computer Store's 24-Hour Mad Film Dash has opened doors for students, regardless of major or experience, to find their own niche in the film community, breaking the barriers of what can often seem like an intimidating assembly of experts.

"It started out with the people who have their own cameras and enjoy just going out and making short films, whether they're part of the film studies program or not," says Andrew Capra, Marketing Coordinator for the UCI Computer Store, of the Mad Film Dash's humble beginnings. "But this year we got to see that there's a side of the campus with people who really have an interest in this stuff and need the means to do it."

Just in case you've been out of the loop, here's the rundown: Teams of 1-5 UCI students had 24 hours to write, shoot and edit a complete film. The prompt specified certain criteria each film had to meet (a reference to a famous movie scene or quote, a shot of the computer store and of an Apple product, to name a few). Teams' interpretations of the rules employed the art of subtlety as well as overt product placement. The top 25 films were screened at an awards ceremony the following week, which was open to all students and supporters.

The Mad Film Dash revealed that creativity, styles and music tastes are vast; talent can flourish when opportunity knocks ... and a lot of people really like *Fight Club* (but hey, so do I). Looking past the individual film content, what does this sort of event mean for the film community at UCI?

In its first year in 2005, the Mad Film Dash involved a few dozen groups of amateur student filmmakers. This time around, the event has more than doubled in participants (75 teams) and caused quite a stir—at least to anyone on campus the night of the event. The successful second run hosted a variety of contenders, from teams armed with the latest equipment and know-how to other teams prepared with little more than caffeine and bustling imaginations.

The Mad Film Dash's planning committee "wanted to provide some way to give [students] the resources to get up...and make something," Andrew explains. Rather than catering to an established niche of filmmakers, the committee provided students of all levels of experience with

cameras, editing programs and even tutorials to prepare them for the competition.

Breaking into newfound hobbies and pursuits can yield a massive intimidation factor, particularly in film and other artistic endeavors. Events like the Mad Film Dash buffer the pressures of professionalism and seamless execution. Other creative outlets predate the fledgling Mad Film Dash—Zotfilm, for example. Clubs and organizations like Zotfilm bring students with common goals and interests together, producing a niche community. One unfortunate trait of many established groups, however, is that they often seem to reach capacity. At some point, such a developing community becomes so tight-knit that it feels like others can't get in.

Andrew points out that film and other art-related events are "something that that side of the bridge knows a lot about"—referring to the bridge leading to Humanities and the more isolated Claire Trevor School of the Arts—whereas the rest of the campus lacks interest or are simply unaware. Who is to blame for the students that miss their chance to get in on clubs and events that normally wouldn't cross their radar? It works both ways: the curious student should seek out these opportunities, and the established community needs to find ways to welcome them.

Opportunities like the Mad Film Dash are one solution to bursting the proverbial community bubble. "The more events we have like this, the more new faces there are to add to it," Andrew affirms. "That's the whole purpose." By creating new opportunities, keeping ideas fresh and audiences growing, the fluidity of involvement allows communities to expand, gaining well-deserved attention and respect for, say, creating an award-worthy film. A university setting shouldn't trap students in a narrow niche of habits and routine; it should be a breeding ground for ideas and opportunities to benefit students in a mélange of pursuits.

So hide not your secret artistic hobbies and undeniable creative urges! The Mad Film Dash is here to stay, and students can expect more creative opportunities in the near future (a photography competition is in the works, though details haven't been confirmed—24 Minute Mad Photo Dash?...). The success of the Mad Film Dash encourages a positive shift for community development and outreach at UCI and, as a fundamental aspect of college life, such unique opportunities should not be passed up. Besides, expanding your involvement and extracurricular horizons is also a great excuse to procrastinate on more tedious collegiate responsibilities. ■

MYSPACE EATER OF SOULS

TEXT BY: NICK REFUERZO



I'm currently still recovering from a year long addiction to this digital soma. I've been pretty sober for a while now. Towards the end of June of last year I told myself, "Self, you're too pessimistic and old fashioned. Go ahead and open your heart and try out this online world of meeting people and networking. You can't be a prude forever." What followed were crazy nights of binge Myspacing, endless lists of interests and bands, and a vicious cycle of random comments and messages that led to online <3's and screennames. I knew I hit rock bottom when I'd check Myspace before noon by myself, and I'd wake up afterwards not knowing where I was or who had my pants.

I, like many around the world, had fashioned myself a digital persona. Intentional or not, the easy path towards fame meant celebrity status, recognition around town ("I've seen him on Myspace! He read the same book I read and walks just like in his pictures!"), and a hollow list of words which attempted to define you. Thank goodness for style sheets and HTML customization: you could change font sizes and background images to better represent how amazing you are. You too can be the next Jeffrey Star. All he had was a shtick (to be an abomination and eat babies) and Myspace. And in no time at all, LA's own little transvestite Myspace digital star was born.

If you really must, you can let the identity consume you and just have the default myspace profile. And I'm not talking about the white page with the ugly orange bars. If Webster's dictionary defined Myspace.com's default digital identity and profile as:

•**Mirror Pictures** – because the self timer button, a tripod, or even a flat surface is hard to come by in today's post-postmodern architecture.

•**High Contrast Photography** – it clears up the acne and looks artsy.

•**Raunchy cleavage or abs pictures** – Classy.

•**Oversized pictures of things you thought were cool** – They suck up bandwidth and annoyingly make pages scroll horizontally.

•**Bad music in the background** – I usually open a profile then sip some Sunny-D. Sudden mad dance beats or bad screamo leaves Sunny-D all over my Sunny-Crotch.

•**Online quiz results** – I don't care which LOTR character you are. Everyone ends up Frodo or Sam anyway.

•**Your lowered car pictures** – If you include a video clip of the scratches underneath your lowered front bumper, then this is worth it.

•**Lame user names with XxX's** – Q's are kind of extreme too. And what about X's distant cousin V? V's half as straight edge as an X.

•**Images of couture brand names** – They have enough advertisements. Don't encourage them, you capitalist! Workers of All Lands Unite!

•**Constant bulletin posting** – Asking for comments on new pictures is like urinating on the Pope. You just shouldn't do it, unless he's on fire.

Now, not everyone takes it to that extreme. We all have different levels of tolerance. I myself am a light weight and get that lovely red Asian glow after a few shots, profiles or Myspace dates. But the digital identity I conjured started to conquer so much that I had to stop. Online drama began to pop up out of nowhere, with blogs and comments and sad confrontations in the real world. I realize our generation (and especially the young-uns after us) are knee-deep in this digital wasteland, but I still think it's quite odd when the "Online Now!" button of an unrequited love would bother you, or when blogs are used to get back at an ex, or when the number of friends you don't know is greater than the number of friends you do know. In fact, there may even be some sort of mathematical theorem for the friend count, the comments on user's images, and their real life personality and beauty. However, I have yet to do any substantial research on the subject.

So how real is the digital persona we create? Typically, it is just an extension of who we really are; a brief, convenient label of something we can never successfully portray with the confinements of language. And for that reason, it's okay. Myspace is okay. It's an amazing outlet for musicians to bypass labels and deal directly with fans. It's a great networking tool for finding people and jobs (I actually got a job offer from a store because of Myspace. Sad, no? Maybe?). It's an amazing way of still keeping in touch with old friends and be constantly updated with projected images of how they grow as a person. And yes, it is a good way to meet people.

However, Myspace is probably a bit unhealthy when you scour through dozens of profiles just looking for pretty faces, or when your digital persona is barely like the real you. It doesn't matter if you've become a clone or cliché; in the end we'll all die in World War 3: Revenge of the Sith. Just try not to let it consume you. I've met with some of the biggest "stars" and can say we're all the same (except their digital fame has slightly bloated their digital heads). Hell, I just broke up with a Myspace deity and sought forgiveness from my local parish.

I know it's tempting to check the 'space in the Langston or the UCI bookstore. Just remember you're still living in a tangible world with real people and real interactions. You can give someone an actual compliment about how they look in person, or literally see and talk to someone instead of commenting on their site. Myspace is there to facilitate communication – not replace it.

As for me, I'm on this big kick of distancing myself from this wave of the future. The digital identity I created for myself made me an Internet-loving Myspace-guzzling lush that got caught up in things that were unimportant. I'm now happily suffocating from school work, a job, and asbestos poisoning like every other normal person out there (well, everyone at Parkwest). Work and play in the real world are the most socially acceptable additions.

Oh, and btw – add me and comment on my new pics...I just made 3 bulletins about it. <3 ■

**THURSDAY**

6
ZM Radio Bday Party
Funeral Party
Epsilons

13
Ryan Video Star

20
Teenage
Talking cars

27
Dave show

30
Zoophilia
The jerks
Jungle House

FRIDAY

7
Andrea Herringer

14
Pop Noir

21
Silver Beatie

28
Odelia

SUNDAY

30
MOVIE NIGHT

SATURDAY

1
SolArt 2nd Anniversary Party
RSVP only 6 pm -12 am
Enjambre
The Panties
Bristol to Memory
DJ's Tito and ZM Radio

8
Grain Project Fundraiser

15
Muy Muy Fashion show
Martinis and Music
Tres tristes tigres jazz trio

22
Spanish Trova Night
El Sapo Cancionero

29
Glorious Drunk Show

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**MUSIC
FOOD
FRIENDS
ART**

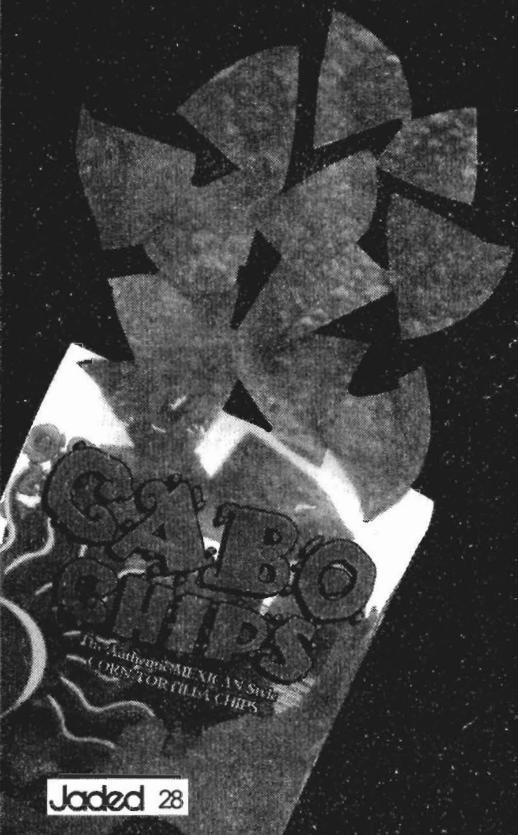
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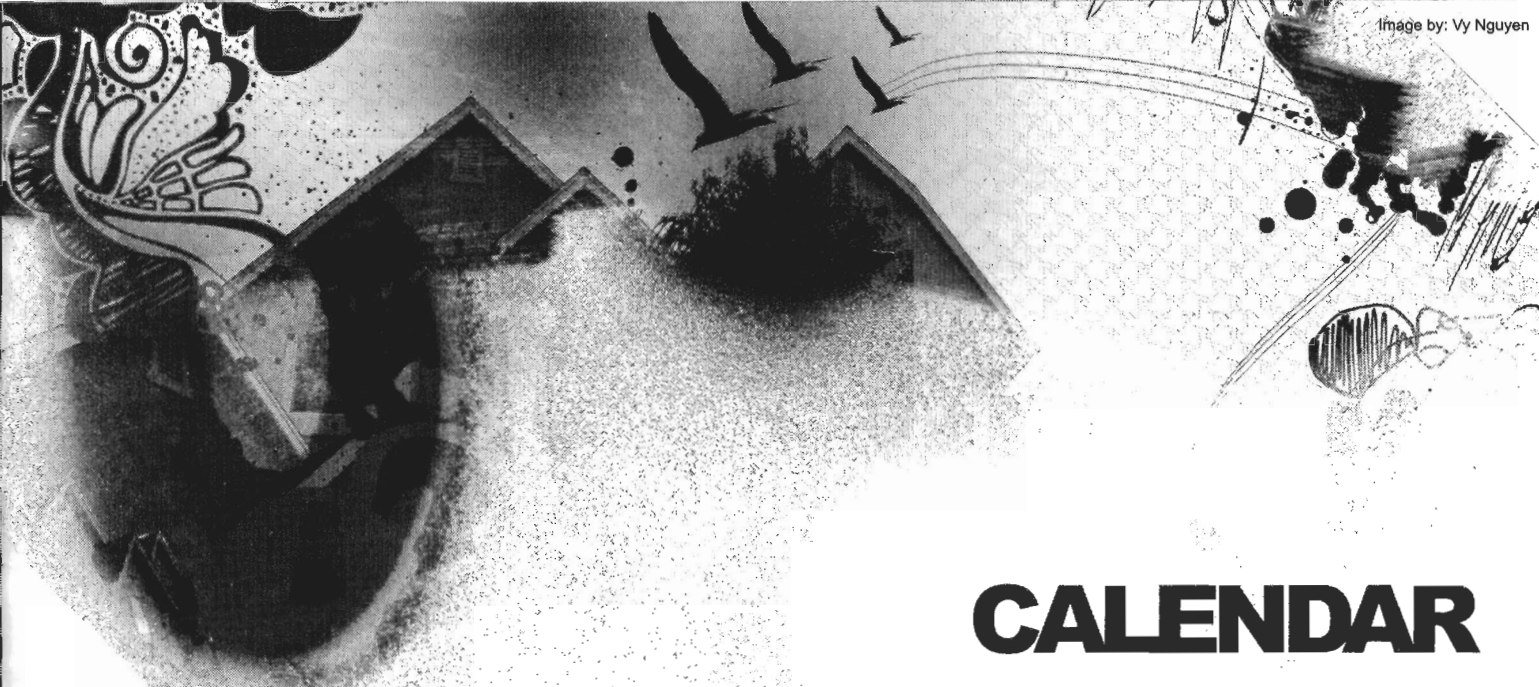
*MAKING WAVES:
LOCATING PROGRESS AND INCITING CHANGE*

The Asian Pacific Student Association (APSA) presents its annual conference at UCI. We proudly announce our keynote speaker, Helen Zia, award-winning journalist and scholar.



APSA Presents Asian Pacific Islander Heritage Month 2006

The Nostalgic Symphony: Asian America From a Global Perspective



CALENDAR

March 20 7:00 pm at Humanities Instructional Building, Room 100
Environment: The Language of Human Life
 2004 Nobel Peace Prize Laureate Wangari Maathai to speak.

All April at UCI Asian Pacific Islander Heritage Month
The Nostalgic Symphony: Asian American from a Global Perception
 Culture shows, workshops, discussions and other events celebrating Asian and Pacific Islander Heritage.

April 4 Noon at the Flagpoles
 Student-Worker Alliance action day. Come support the Commercial Landscaping Service workers.

April 5 Noon-1pm at CCC
 Cross-Cultural Center Leadership Panel
 CCC student leaders will share their experiences and provide information on 2006-07 internships and leadership opportunities.

April 8-9
Students of Color Conference at UCI
 A UC-wide conference on contemporary issues facing students of color. For more information please email Vera Konkankit at vkonkank@uci.edu

April 19 8:00 pm at Social Science Lecture Hall, Room 100
Einstein Meets Newton: Mapping Dark Matter in the Universe
 Margaret Geller, Senior Scientist at the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory, to speak.

April 20 8 pm at Orange County Museum of Art
 Free live music at *Orange Crush!*
 Limbeck and Shepard Fairey aka DJ Diabetic will be performing. Arrive early to waltz through the galleries at your pace, or take a guided tour of the current exhibition *Landscape Confection* at 7 pm.

April 24-30
Turnoff TV Week
 A simple act of resistance to corporate television and bad reality shows. adbusters.org

April 26 4:00 pm at Social Science Lecture Hall, Room 100
Globalization's Critics: Why They Are Wrong
 Jagdish Bhagwati, University Professor of Economics at Columbia University, to speak.

April 28 11:00-3:00 pm at Lawn Bowling Clubhouse 510 E. Memory Lane, Santa Ana, CA
Tamalada 2006, Cost \$15.00 RSVP llamas@latinohealthaccess.org, 714-542-7792
 Latino Health Access presents a tamale making fundraiser for those that are "uninsured and under-served". Tamale making represents unity in working together towards a common goal and achieving anything despite the odds. Includes a discussion from Consul of Mexico and America Bracho Dr. Alberto Manetta in between Tamale making and eating.

April 29 8:00-4:00pm at UCI
Asian Pacific American Awareness Conference (APAAC): Making Waves: Locating Progress and Instigating Change
 The Asian Pacific Student Association (APSA) presents its annual conference. Keynote speaker is Helen Zia- award-winning journalist and scholar and author of *Asian American Dreams: The Emergence of an American People*. Workshops, panels and films addressing a wide variety of contemporary issues facing Asian Americans. For more information please email Eileen Rosete at eileen.rosete@gmail.com.

April 30 6:00pm at The Bren Events Center
Tomo No Kai's 19th Annual Cultural Night
 Watch Acts Perform Including: Skit, Taiko Drumming, Traditional Odori Dancing, Tomo Modern and more!

Every Wednesday 3:00-7:00 pm at Corner of Bush and 3rd St. Downtown
 Buy fresh and local produce from the Grain Project, a nonprofit organization at *Santa Ana Certified Farmer's Markets*. Free parking available. www.gainproject.org ■

