



**Mark  
McCord**

## Destiny unfulfilled

So, after a long hiatus the group Destiny's Child has reunited and the result is an album entitled: Destiny Fulfilled. But after hearing their first single *Soldier* I have to wonder just how mature they are.

On their latest song *Soldier* they talk about wanting a man who's, "Status better be hood or I ain't checking for him, he better be street if he looking at me, I need a soldier that ain't scared to stand up for me, he gotta know how to get the dough and he better be street."

Perhaps they've never heard about what happens to chicks that get caught up with these types of characters. Maybe they've never heard the stories of the young women that have caught cases because they were unknowingly holding guns and or drugs for one of these soldiers.

When I hear this song, it makes me stop and think about a girl I dated a long time back, her name was Sheila, God forgive me but I can't remember her last name right now. Anyway, it was the 80's, and crack was all over like garbage on the street. Everywhere you looked you saw: this one on crack, that one selling crack. It was crazy. Girls at that time were crazy about guys that got their money that way.

Soon after I met Sheila it became apparent to me that she had dated a few drug dealers but was possibly looking for a different type of guy: Me. The only drawback was that she had gotten accustomed to the lifestyle that being a drug dealer's girlfriend could bring, like the cars and jewelry. Never the less our relationship was not meant to be.

I bumped into Sheila one night at a roller skating rink with her new boyfriend a well-known drug dealer, we spoke and we were friendly. For some reason, all of these years later, the last image I have of her in my mind still stands out like the shining glitter ball that shot lights all over the roller rink that night. Her smile, it was so big and innocent for a girl that had been exposed to what she had been doing.

Not too long after seeing her that night, I received word that she had been killed in a drive-by shooting. In a way it was a case of mistaken identity, she had been driving her boyfriend's car one night when some of his enemies came up on her thinking he was in the car with her.

So flash forward almost 20 years and here we have a platinum selling group of talented young women and what are they feeding to the minds of young girls? Poison. If Destiny's Child wants to fulfill their destiny they need to start with the message in their music.

## Rapper's delight

By ALISHA FRANCISCO  
Features editor

Ivy Brawner and his cousin Maurice Brackett, duo hip-hop group; Ijama, are spreading their unique form of positive music to the Ohlone campus and beyond.

The human percussionists have been at it for 23 years and have already produced three "cuts," or tapes. They'll soon have a DVD infomercial called *Bad Habits* along with a CD single.

They have performed in front of a variety of audiences, ranging from small groups to up to 2,500 people from senior citizen's homes to the Alameda County Health Department and even concerts at crowded pavilions. "We did a performance with Silk the Shocker from No Limit Records," said Brawner.

Ijama have made commercials for Popeye's, Burger King and other businesses. Channel 28, Ohlone's cable channel as well as KOHL, 89.3 FM have featured their musical talents.

Brawner and Brackett have

been rapping since 1981 and it all started out on the streets of Chicago "beating on pots and pans when we were young," said Brawner.

He then made his way to Milwaukee, Wisconsin and is now a resident of Fremont and a full-time student at Ohlone in which he may major in communications or business management. "I'm still behind the eight-ball in some of the classes, but I'm putting my nose to the grindstone," he said. Brawner is also a single parent of two teenagers who are in high school, who he said are his inspiration in life. He also finds inspiration through his spiritual relationships.

Brackett made his way to the Bay Area and lives in Oakland. He is attending school at Laney College studying Spanish and Carpentry.

Brawner, with Top Dog as his rapper alias, and Brackett talk about positivity and stopping those "bad habits" such as unprotected sex, drunk driving, alcoholism, unhealthy eating habits, child abuse and parental neglect. "We are



Photo by Daniel Kwan

**Maurice Brackett along with cousin, Ivy Brawner; duo human percussionists, spread a positive message through their music at the Alameda County Health Department senior citizen home.**

about fun and education," said Brawner, "We're not after the club scene. They have all the other rappers for that."

Brawner said his motivation comes from his performances and reaction from the crowd. He also said he wants to reach out and teach his audience and leave a footprint. "I want to talk to people who don't have -or to those who

have to help others who don't have. I can dig where they're coming from because I've been where they was."

Their upcoming performance will be at Laney College at Sobrante Park during Earth Day activities. Ijama hopes to make a change by bringing the fun back to hip-hop. With over 20 years of spreading a positive message to their audience.

## Persian club celebrates for the new year

By CLIFTON M. DER BING  
Staff writer

The Ohlone College Persian Club hosted the first-ever Persian New Year's Eve Celebration on Friday, March 18 in the cafeteria with well over 200 in attendance.

"Norouz," meaning "new day" in Farsi language, is celebrated on the first day of Spring, which always falls on either March 20 or 21. However the club decided to host it on a school day for higher attendance.

Before the new year begins, a special table is prepared which includes seven symbolic dishes called "Haft Seen," all starting with "S" in Farsi; Sabzeh, sprouts usually wheat or lentil representing rebirth; Sib, apple for health and beauty; Senjed, sweet dry fruit of the jujube for love and resistance; Seer, garlic for medicine; Somagh, sumac berries for the color of sunrise to mean "good conquers evil"; Serkeh, vinegar



Photo by Shai Wargo

**Pantea Izadi wished everyone at a happy new year at the Persian Club party.**

for age and patience and Samanou, sweet creamy pudding for sweetness and presidency.

The evening event opened with the club officers giving a brief history of the holiday, followed by a variety of cultural dance

performances. Afterward, the alluring scent of the countless Persian cuisines filled the cafeteria. The colorful array of the spectacular dishes included sabzi polo mahi, fish and rice; zereshk polo ba morg, cranberry rice with chicken;

fesenjoon, pomegranate juice with walnut and chicken and several other magnificent dishes partly sponsored by Marriam Restaurant in Fremont.

After dinner several raffles prize were given to participating guests with gifts ranging from specially designed candles to exclusive Persian pieces of art. The entertainment continued as most guests danced the night away to live music that played throughout the night.

Persian Club President Pantea Izadi is very proud of the event's turn out, "I was extremely happy with the event's success. With countless hours of support from my club members and advisor, Tina Mosleh, our celebration was a blast! As the first Persian celebration at Ohlone, I am proud to say that everything went very well."

Izadi's main goal of the event was to introduce the club's culture and traditions to Ohlone and the local community.

## Monarch migration



Photo by Shari Wargo

**The Monarch butterflies have been migrating toward the Ohlone campus for the past two weeks.**

## Woman of the year

By FRANKIE ADDIEGO  
Staff writer

Since 1987, the California Legislature has given the "Woman of the Year," award to women throughout California every year in March. This year, State Sen Liz Figueroa (D-Fremont) announced Fremont Bank Vice President and former Ohlone College Board of Trustees Member Gloria Villanas Fuerniss as "Woman of the Year" for Senate District 10.

Fuerniss is recognized for both Vice President of Corporate Banking for Fremont Bank, for whom she has worked for 35 years and her volunteer work. Mike Wallace, president and CEO of Fremont Bank, said about Fuerniss' achievement, "Gloria Fuerniss is a unique individual who is able to balance her time and energy with family, work, and service to the community."

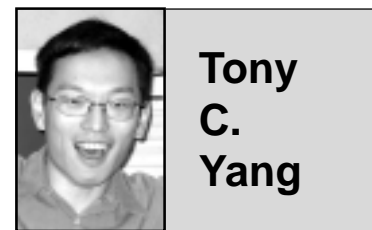
"We are so proud that Gloria is

being recognized as the 'Woman of the Year' by Senator Figueroa, an honor so well deserved," added Wallace.

Fuerniss is also noted for her volunteer work in the Union City Chamber of Commerce and the Hispanic Chamber of Commerce of Alameda County. In addition, Fuerniss was a member of the Ohlone College Board of Trustees from 1980 to 1997. She has also served as a member of the Ohlone College Foundation and in 1976, was named Outstanding Alumni for Ohlone College as well as the Distinguished Alumni for California Community Colleges that same year.

The ceremony took place on March 14, when Sen. Figueroa escorted Fuerniss on the Senate floor. She and the other "women of the year" were acknowledged by Sen. Don Perata, ProTem of the Senate and Senator Christine Kehoe, Chair of the Women's Caucus.

# How students spend spring break



Tony C. Yang

## Month of misery

Did you know April is National Poetry Month? It's also STD Awareness/Autism Awareness/Child Abuse Prevention/Organ Donation/Gardening/Humor Month. That's about it for the good side.

On the flip side, I believe it was T.S. Eliot who said, "April is the cruellest month." And why not? It is the cold, wet April showers, after all, that bring May flowers. The number four is also a symbol of death in some Asian cultures. Lastly, it's the month we pay taxes. Death and taxes- all packed into a month like sardines.

So I've decided to support my notion that April is indeed the worst month of all, with the following cherry-picked chronology of mistakes and blunders:

April 1, 1933- Dictator Adolf Hitler begins his "final solution" with a boycott of Jewish businesses.

April 2, 1982- Argentina invaded Britain's Falkland Islands; until Iraq invaded Kuwait, one of the stupidest acts in military history.

April 4, 1968- Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., assassinated, and part of his dream dies.

April 6, 1930- Twinkies hit the market, and our waistlines haven't been the same since.

April 11, 1970 - The ill-fated moon mission Apollo 13 launched today; "Houston, we have a problem," is coined.

April 14, 1865- Watching a play, President Abraham Lincoln is assassinated; needless to say, the theater kills.

April 18, 1906 - The great San Francisco Quake; it burnt down the whole city.

April 19, 1993 - Janet Reno's storm troopers massacre 82 Branch Davidian cultists in Waco, Texas.

April 19, 1995 - Oklahoma City bombing kills 168 people.

April 20, 1999 - Columbine High School shootings in Littleton, Colorado.

April 26, 1986- Chernobyl's nuclear reactor melts down; sets the stage for the current season of "24."

April 30, 1942- Japanese Americans are legally mandated to go to concentration camps.

Throughout this list of April's trials and tribulations, we should remember Mark Twain's admonition; "The first of April is the day we remember what we are the other 364 days of the year."

In the middle of all this, indeed, in the middle of the month, we become "fortune's fools." This is because on the Ides of April (the 15th), millions of us hard-working Americans must pay taxes.

However, there may be some redemption with this:

April 15, 1817- The first school for the deaf in the United States was founded in Hartford, Connecticut by Thomas H. Gallaudet.



Courtesy of Meenu Kaushal

The streets run beside the River Seine, and the lights of the city reflect in the water, offering a picturesque sight.

## Spending spring break eating croissant and baguettes

By MEENU KAUSHAL  
Staff writer

Spending a fortnight in France was a refreshing delight from the daily routine and a dream come true.

My husband and I had an official tour and it was a good opportunity. We landed in Lyon, a city in France.

It was the weekend and the city was alive with people moving all around on the streets, chatting and laughing amongst each other. There were hardly vacant seats at any restaurant. Most of the people had a cigarette and glass of wine in their hands. We relaxed at Bistrot Romain, one of the popular Italian restaurants. It was the best pizza my taste buds ever had.

Next day, we went to a museum. The museum opened a world rich in culture and heritage. There

were paintings and sculptures of the 17th century. There was an awesome collection of utensils and weapons used by early man. I was enamored by Lyon; little realizing that the best was yet to come.

Paris, the capital city, had so much more to offer. We started with the famous Eiffel Tower. It stands in the middle of the city. This landmark was completed in 1889, and is a famous symbol of French civic pride. Paris is also a candidate city for Olympics in 2012. Our visit was incomplete without the famous avenue Champs-Elysees and the Arc de Triomphe.

The Louvre Museum left me speechless. The monumental museum is divided into eight departments. It was impossible to see it in one day. There is an unending collection of paintings and sculptures. The museum had a wide collection

ranging from the early civilization to the 19th century.

The world-famous painting, Mona Lisa by Leonardo Da Vinci and the sculpture of Venus De Milo was the center of attraction for all the tourists. Louvre is considered as the world's greatest art museum.

Notre Dame is the famous cathedral in the city of Paris. It was constructed in the 12th century and is a masterpiece of Gothic architecture. It stands on the Île de la Cité and is the symbolic heart of the city.

Retro goes hand-in-hand with the modern technology and infrastructure of the cities. People are very social and pay a lot of attention to what they wear. Name-brand, trendy clothes with accessories to match seem to be everyone's choice. It was a privilege to be a part of them for a short time.



Courtesy of Meenu Kaushal

The author and husband in front of the Eiffel Tower.

## A memorable reunion

By JESSICA LOSEE  
Staff writer

I had the great fortune of taking a three-day, out-of-state vacation during spring break for a family reunion. Of course, as the only time when work or school wouldn't bother me, I was elated at the idea and visiting family is always fun for me.

The drawback? My destination: Arkansas.

With a grin I told my friends that I would be going to the southern state in the middle of the Bible belt, a complete opposite of California. They could hardly help but to laugh as they planned their ski trips and parties. There was no way anyone could comprehend why I would agree and even want to go there.

But I did.

The fact of the matter is that I had a blast, despite losing a lot of sleep.

My adventure, as I chose to picture it, in the wee hours of the morn. Rain showered down as my family and I drove to San Jose International Airport to catch the flight to Dallas, three hours in the air which would then bring us to the connecting flight to Little Rock, Arkansas, in a little over an hour.

We landed safely, despite some turbulence, three wailing infants,

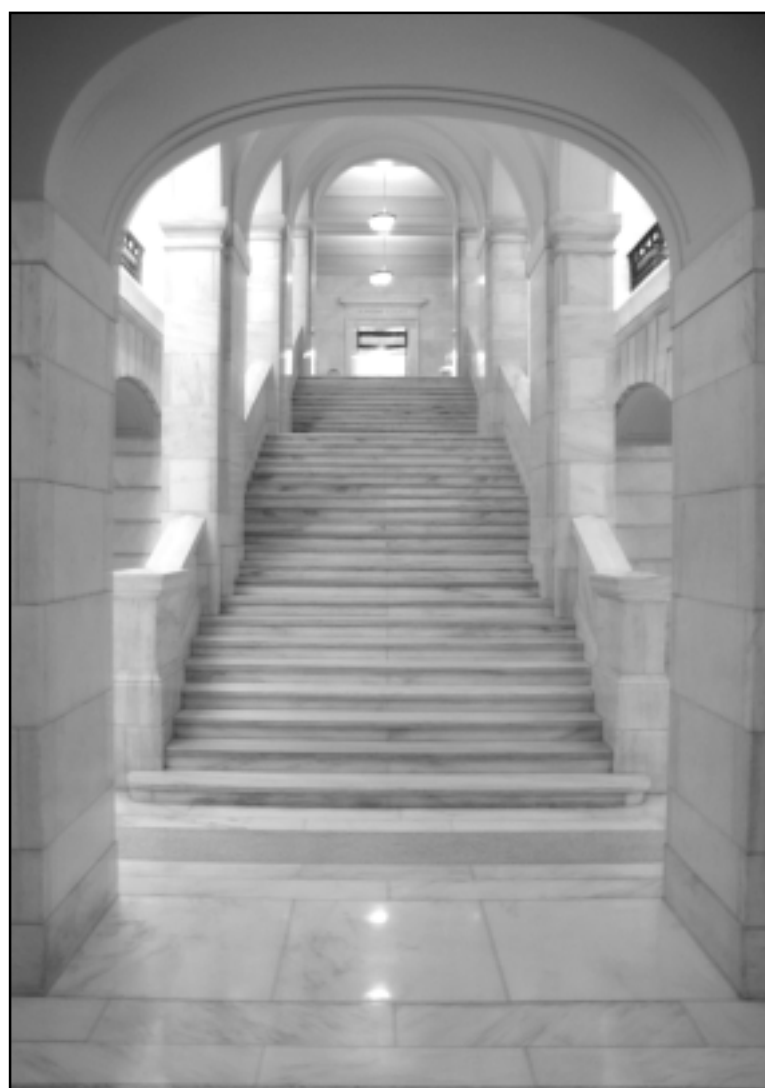
and a touchy flight attendant. The first day was spent touring Little Rock, the capitol of Arkansas.

My family and I rose early from our beds to visit the William Jefferson Clinton Presidential Center, which as my brother so wittingly pointed out, looks like a giant double-wide mobile home; nearly identical to those across the Arkansas River.

Keep in mind, Little Rock has a population of approximately 183,000 people, less than Fremont, but has about four high-rise buildings that pierce into the skyline; and all natives are raised to be polite to everyone, speaking in their pleasant Southern drawl.

They view Californians, not as arrogant and rude, with no accent at all; but as fast-talking, word-slurring weirdoes. The only excuse that the Arkansans offer us for being this way is that we are from California and something about the golden hills, hot sun, and turquoise Pacific must have addled all of our brains upon arrival within California borders.

In retrospect, Arkansans may have looked at my family and me a bit askew when they were told where we came from, but that hardly kept them for being themselves: pure, simple Southern.



Courtesy of Jessica Losee

Marble stairs lead up to the Arkansas Supreme Court at the State Capitol in Little Rock.