

Kayaking the Baltic Sea

by Thomas Gustafsson, Sweden,
an I-Center resident, 94-95

Is it really possible to kayak from Stockholm to St. Petersburg?

Six years ago I had not given this question a thought, but I am quite sure that if I had, my answer would have been "Yes, it is possible". If the question had instead been an inquiry as to whether I am able to make the 800 kilometers from Sweden to Russia in a kayak, well I would not be that sure about my answer. However, the answer to this question was what I, together with 3 friends, attempted to find out in the summer of 1998.

With a total of only five days of experience in a kayak, I set out on what was to become a five-week journey that would make me the first Swedish person ever to kayak from Sweden to St Petersburg.

I got to experience a number of things during the trip, but there are three areas that I would like to emphasize: Very close contact with nature, trust in the people I kayak with, and that I enjoyed the monotonous life of kayaking, eating, sleeping and kayaking again.

Being on your own in the huge archipelago of Sweden and Finland, this sitting in a kayak that follows the mood of the water is magnificent. I got the chance to see a lot of birds, some seals, flowers and, of course, thousands of islands; all this, day after day, week after week, in good weather with only a few dark hours per night.

Even though we carried safety equipment like GPS, radio, and flares, the issue that really matters on the sea is the feeling that you can always count on your friends. In greater crossings, in the beginning we see only water and it may take hours until the first islands are in sight. It is not possible to bring even the best of friends if you don't have confidence that this person would do their best in a difficult situation. I enjoy uncomplicated, witty people that do their share of work, and so I find the people with whom I kayak. To be able to spend weeks together with such people in this absolutely marvelous nature forms an almost unique relationship that I expect to last for the rest of my life.

On the trips, I have visited lighthouses; I got to know Russian customs officials; I have slept on warm cliffs; I have visited restaurants and bars; I have enjoyed the lack of stress and noise; I have read a number of books; but what I have especially been doing is kayaking. In order to make a distance of 800 kilometers you do actually have to kayak. When the weather allows, I spend some 7-10 hours in the kayak in order to make some 25 to 60 kilometers per day - and I love it.



When I write this, I know that Stockholm – St. Petersburg in a kayak is not that difficult. I have crossed the Baltic Sea six summers in a row. Every year has made us faster, more organized, better prepared for troubled waters, plus that we feel safer in handling a lot of hours in the kayak.

This year, the same year that St. Petersburg celebrates its 300th anniversary, a friend of mine and I successfully did the trip from Sweden to St. Petersburg a second time. There is still no other person who has kayaked from Sweden to St. Petersburg. 🍏

A STRAIGHT LESBIAN

by Katerina Vati

Dear readers,

I am a Lesbian. I come from the Greek island of Lesbos. Most of you probably assume that I am a homosexual. And you're not the only ones. Whenever I tell people where I come from, that is what they think. "Lesbian" is a label that has followed me throughout my life. But have you ever wondered how lesbianism came to be?

Around 600 BC the culture of my island was very different from the way it is now. At that time there were two kinds of schools. One was a school where girls would go to learn everything about art, music, dance, poetry and painting. They would also learn how to cook, sew, and prepare for marriage. The other school was a school where boys went to learn math, philosophy, science, and prepare to become citizens and leaders. Although the school system sounds very backwards compared to today, in fact it was very progressive because women had a chance to get some education, whereas in the rest of Greece women were not allowed to go to school. What is even more interesting is that the teachers in the girl's school were teaching the students how to love and how to make love.

This kind of lovemaking was not in the way that you might think. The lovemaking was physical, but it was solely to gain experience so that

when the students were ready to get married, they would be able to please their spouse and create a loving environment with their future husband. When the time came that a girl and a boy got together they were considered as virgins because neither of them had been with a person of the opposite sex before then. The greatest teacher at the girls school was Sappho. Sappho, who?



Sappho was born between 630 and 612 BC. on the island of Lesbos. She was the daughter of Cleis and Skamandronimos, an aristocratic couple, but was orphaned at the age of six. She was the greatest of the early Greek lyric poets, whom Plato called "the tenth Muse." Judith Hallett explains that, "By calling her a Muse they [Greeks] ranked her an inspired and immortal figure to whom poetic self-expression and success came naturally" (Sappho and her Social Context: sense and Sexuality, 447-8). Sappho was characterized a highly sensual poet.



Sappho introduced woman-love to the rest of the world through her poetry. "She mostly wrote about love, with all its passion, joy, sorrow, jealousy, frustration and longing. Most commonly the target of her affections was females, often one of the many women sent to her for education in the arts" (Tufts Hellenic Society 1). Since she came from the island of Lesbos, the word lesbian is now synonymous with female homosexuality.

If you want to know more about Greece or Lesbos feel free to come and ask me: an original Lesbian who likes men. 🍏



Would you like some tomato sauce with those chips?

by Kirsten Hall and Sarah Kilby

Many people have asked us since we came to the States, what are some of the differences between the land of the free and the land down under? Well being fair dinkum, East Coast, Aussie girls kilometres (not miles) from home we thought we'd give all you blokes and sheila's a rundown on the specifics and a few anecdotes taken from our personal experiences. There are some frequent comments that us dinki-di Aussie's get every time we head out, ask any Australian and they can list them without a second thought. The favourite's seem to be: Can you say G'day Mate for us? Do you ride a kangaroo to school? Do you know the Croc Hunter? What language do you speak in Australia? Can you say beer please? And that's not a knife, this is a knife.

Lets start with tucker, one thing all Americans and Australians alike love. The thing is, how do you communicate to an American that you don't know what a bell pepper is? Or cilantro for that matter or that you would like a sultana muffin or some lollies... have you ever even heard of a cantelope...I thought that was like a deer... wait that's antelope.. Anyways for those of you who wish to know what a capsicum is just look at a bell pepper, sultanas are like smaller raisins, lollies are candy, cilantro is called coriander and cantelope? That's rockmelon! Now you may think that all Aussies are drongos for not knowing this but we can't help it if we have tomato sauce with our chips instead of ketchup with our French fries! Or that we wear jumpers instead of sweaters, bum bags instead of fanny packs and thongs (a g-string for the uninitiated!) instead of flip flops. We walk on footpaths not sidewalks, we ride lifts and not elevators, and we put things in the boot of our car not the trunk. When we go swimming we wear togs or cossies, and don't even think of stealing our trolley (cart) at the supermarket! At dinner we use serviettes not napkins, and cutlery instead of silverware.



Now American's are a strange breed of people. Aside from driving on the WRONG side of the road, they have a completely different college experience to most Australian's. We go to uni, and attend lectures and tutes, we don't play sport for the "school" rather for a club. So as you can see coming to the States to be thrown into college life with dorms, frat parties, tailgating on the back of trucks...sorry but those are called utes back home...(ahh the great Australian Ute, you gotta love it.) and football/baseball (depending on the season) was and still is an experience to say the least. The football boys running around in full protective gear bewilders the average Australian, Why the padding and helmets? Our Aussie boys can handle the force so why can't the Yanks! Pretty dodgy we reckon...maybe our men are just tougher, either that or it's because they're all built like a brick shithouse (not a refrigerator.)



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Now lets talk about these frat parties where college kids mingle and drink kegs of Millers Genuine Draft or "Fosters-Australian for Beer." Every Australian we have met since we arrived in the good ole US of A thinks this is an absolute marketing genius considering no Australian would be caught dead drinking the beer famously associated with our homeland! And as most of you will know us Aussies are well known for our drinking abilities, so take our advice and steer clear of the Foster's, we brew beer that will make hair grow on your chest! Vegemite on the other hand- yup, we all love vegemite! No matter how many times an American tries to tell you that it tastes like soy sauce on toast- don't believe them! It is the Australian's peanut butter and jelly, only slightly saltier... Don't worry all you Aussie's out there; we are slowly managing to convince the rest of the world that Vegemite isn't toxic!

Another thing to take note of is our animalia. When visiting America, Aussies will often find one of the most interesting and fascinating creatures to be a 'pest' otherwise known as a squirrel; these little creatures can provide hours of entertainment for most of us who have never seen one other than on the discovery channel. We certainly find it amusing to watch people stare in bewilderment at koalas (please don't call me a koala bear!) and kangaroos-which are really not that rare back home- talking about how adorable and cuddly looking they are-which of course is true, just don't forget they're dangerous and a bit on the smelly side!

And don't even get us started about the mutant sized seagulls! How are we to know that a seagull is "meant" to be the size of a small dog. Ours are the size of pigeons! All a bit too suss mate, all a bit too suss!

It's now our time to finish up, put another prawn (we don't have shrimp!) on the Barbie (that's a barbeque) and to lay back and watch the rugby (that's REAL football!) but cheers to you all for putting up with our often painful commentary on the USA. We've had a bonza time here and we hope you all come down under to experience what's its like living in the amazing

Land of jumpers, vegemite, footpaths and real footy! PS-if you come to Australia-make sure you check with the locals the differences between cookies, biscuits and scones before you order a meal from a café!! You might be surprised about what comes out otherwise!

Biscuit - cookie

Bloke – Man

Bonza – great, good, fantastic

Cookie – not used EVER in Australia

Dodgy, suss – suspicious

Drongo- idiot

Fair dinkum, dinki-di – honest, down to earth

Footy – any of the 3 codes of football that us Aussies pride ourselves in, and this does NOT include Gridiron

(American Football) -yes we do call it Gridiron

Scone – Biscuit (the American biscuit)

Sheila - Woman

Tucker – food

Tutes- Tutorials

Uni – University

Ute- smaller version of a truck (similar to an El

Camino), and the pride and joy of our blokes and many sheila's too! 🍏



India
by Mina Jain

India
With your Sultry
Kohl-Black,
Almond shaped eyes
Your figure Eight
I have never Really known you

Although I have entered your home and
Tasted your Masala Tea
We have never had the Opportunity
To really Talk about your philosophy
Your way of Being

India
With your Sparkling Bangles
Your jingle-jangle musical anklets
Although I listen for your footsteps
Through the alleys and streets of the 'Burgh
I have never really Seen you
Known you
Understood you
Not even gotten the chance to Talk to you

So what will we find in each other
When we finally meet ?
A mirror of each other's common physiques
Or a stranger groping for a light switch
In Unknown surroundings ?
Will we eventually Recognize
The Mother in you and the Child in me ?
Or the cultural Ocean of Disparities ?

It's been 13 years +
Going on 20

Mother India
Will you Finally Recognize me ?

I'm your
Semi-lost Child
In a Perpetual search
For her
Identity. 🍏

Not Quite Indian

by Mina Jain

Every day I look at her in the mirror. She stares back at me defiantly- almost taunting me to acknowledge this part of myself that I have yet to discover. I examine her thick, black, bushy eyebrows and her brown complexion. At times I listen to the music of her ancestors, eat her spicy food, and wear her sari at some temple function. But somehow I know deep inside that I will never be quite as Indian as what I see in that mirror.

I was born in Paris to a French mother and an Indian father. Being a bi-racial child has never been easy. In fact, it has felt like a curse at times. Then again, some say that being human and living on this Earth has never been easy either. But I have always felt different from the others- those who can claim one country as their homeland. Such a concept has never existed for me and yet deep in my soul I have longed for that safe nesting place. To make matters more complicated, we moved to the United States when I was about 5 years old. Like most Indians, my father had bought into the American Dream- work hard and you shall be rewarded with riches and opportunities. Yet at the same time my brothers and I were raised by Indian and French cultural values that seemed so strict compared to those of my American friends. It is no wonder that I have always felt torn between the East and the West.

As I grew up in America, I was called a “nigger” in the all-white private elementary schools my parents sent me to in their quest to give me a “solid education”. In my suburban public high school I discovered that if you didn’t have blond hair and blue eyes or weren’t on the cheerleading team, you were a “nobody”. And in college I found that although I was much more accepted by the African-American community on campus, I was still an outsider looking in.

Ironically, it was when I did my Junior Year of college abroad in Dakar, Senegal that I really felt “at home”. To this day, the memories I have of that year have been the highlight of my life. In Senegal I was mistaken for so many different African nationalities (Lebanese, ½ Senegalese and half French, Moroccan, Mauritanian) that I fit right in. Who would have thought that a Hindu-French girl would feel more at ease and free in West Africa? I felt such a sense of community there unlike the individualistic society of the United States that I have come back several times to work in West Africa in my search to find a home in this world.

Perhaps one of my most “enlightened” moments came to me somewhere between the time I was sent to a Quaker boarding school and my freshman year in college. Or as Oprah would say, “It was one of those a-ha moments”. It finally occurred to me that I didn’t have to choose a particular culture or race and that I should be proud to be of a mixed heritage. Perhaps it was the Sikh student who used to tease me in college and yell across the campus

“Hey Miss Hindu-French!” just so he could get my attention because he claimed I was always lost in my thoughts. (And it worked!). Thanks to him, this name has stuck with me ever since.

I am Hindu-French and American. They all co-exist within my Spirit like threads in a Persian carpet. Still, whenever I hear the tabla drums on my “Monsoon Wedding” soundtrack, I feel a tantalizing sensation and my blood pumps through my body faster. It is as if the ghosts of my Indian ancestors are beckoning me to come back to India and re-discover my Indian roots. I can only hope that it is not too late. 🍏

A Pleasant Surprise

by Hiroyuki Tsukamoto

One month has passed since I came to America. In the short stay, I was surprised at two things. One is that almost all non-natives can speak English fluently, and the other is that I was mistaken for a local.

Before coming here, I had heard that there are a lot of non-natives who speak poor English in California. But actually, they don't seem to have difficulties in conversation in English at all. As for Japanese, a lot of us can't speak English though we learn it in school for at least six years. I think the cause is the Japanese educational system. In school, almost all the time in English class is for grammar and we may learn more difficult or professional vocabulary than Americans in some cases. However, we can't speak and listen to it, which means we can't communicate with people in English. I strongly feel the necessity of changing the system as early as possible.

The next is about my own experience. When I walked around near International House on the next day I came to America, an old woman asked me the way to a supermarket. She mistook me for a local. At the time, I realized the incident indicated the backgrounds of people in here, in America. If it was in Japan and Japanese saw a foreigner, they would stare at him. And we never ask people who look like a foreigner about a way. I thought this experience represents the difference between American open society and Japanese closed society well. 🍏



“SOUL MATES”

by Amrit Dhillon

Wandering through the millions of couples on Earth who are attempting to achieve (or have achieved) satisfying contentment and fulfillment together—and those who are still struggling through heavy sexual karmic testing—are those rare ones esoterically called “Soul Mates”... or “Twin Souls.”



It sometimes happens that a man and a woman meet and instantly recognize the other half of themselves behind the eyes of each other. The eyes have been rightly called “the windows of the soul”. These are two who immediately sense the unalterable fact that they have been—are and must always be One; even though they might have fought against their fate for centuries and struggled in vain to escape their linked destiny.

Almost from the first moment they meet and gaze upon each other, their spirits rush together in joyful recognition, ignoring all convention and custom, all social norms & rules of behavior, driven by an inner knowing too

Someone, somewhere is made just for u

overwhelming to be denied. Often without a word being spoken, they know that only through each other can they hope to find ‘wholeness’ and ‘happiness’— only when they are together can they both be “Complete” in every way.

This kind of instant magnetic attraction is often called “Love at first sight”, which is no accident of fate, but very real. It’s more than curious coincidence that Soul Mates, out of the whole huge world, should be drawn together at the appointed time & place. The crossing of their path has been predestined on a Higher Level of Awareness. Certain spiritual energies are at work to bring about their meeting. Their coming-together is controlled by the workings of ‘Karma’, which is but the sum total of Causes set into motion in the Past—and these determine infallibly the conditions of the Present.

No man can break the tie between Twin Souls, not even they themselves. The words in the marriage ceremony refer to these— “those which God hath joined together, let no man put asunder...” The force that created them is all-powerful and indestructible. The bond between them may be weakened, their final union and consummation delayed due to the temporary ‘life & death cycle’ (for karmic soul-testing) but they cannot be separated permanently. During these periods of being apart, both persons are lonely, empty and incomplete. Yet there’s a constant, pulsing astral communication between them...

Its like a ‘cord’ which connects them together, by sending ‘positive vibes’, over the miles.

During the weary search for one’s own ‘Twin Soul’, there are often many side trips... Many relationships at first appear to be genuine, but soon fade into disinterest, boredom, dejection or failure. Even when the Soul Mate is at last discovered, there are often misunderstandings, complications and testings of worthiness, which might cause temporary pain and unhappiness. But if one consistently practices patience, tolerance and forgiveness, the magnanimous force and power of ‘true love’ will finally prevail.

“Someone, somewhere is made just for you...” At the ‘right time’ and at the ‘right place’, the two of you will meet and unite to become ONE---mind, body, heart and soul. 🍏



Our dualistic world

by Karolina Söderbäck Brantskog

The world we inhabit is shrinking and expanding at the same time. Metaphorically speaking, the world is getting smaller. The great distance between, for example, the U.S. and Sweden, where I come from, doesn't seem quite so great anymore. You can travel almost anywhere on the planet within less than twenty-four hours. My trip here took just a little over fifteen hours, excluding change of airplanes. Yeah, okay, it may have felt like a long time dozing in that plane, but just some forty years ago, that journey probably would have taken more than twice as long.

Now, time is one of the easiest things to measure. There is no doubt that time spent traveling to get to a particular destination has decreased significantly over the last decades. But this new closeness can be felt in more ways than one. I mean, it's easier to communicate nowadays since more people get to learn other languages as well as their mother tongues. English has proved itself as particularly popular these days when it comes to learning new languages. Additionally we don't have to send couriers with letters anymore, and then wait for them to return with a reply. Instead, we can just pick up the phone, or send an email or a normal letter. The point is, despite being on two opposite sides of the globe, two people (or more for that matter), can communicate in a number of ways relatively inexpensively.

Furthermore, there are several different coalitions forming all over the planet, between countries of widely differing constitutions and cultural backgrounds. Some of them turn out successful, and some not quite so successful, as history has proved. Entering an alliance can be good or bad for the inhabitants of the joining countries. The problem is that the outcome may vary depending on where you're from. Joining an alliance such as the UN is mostly positive since the UN is about preserving peace. However, even the European Union can

be said to exist for a good cause. Such coalitions certainly make it easier to travel, work and do business transactions, apart from the fact that the members are very unlikely to start wars against each other.

What's less good about unions such as the EU is that several different countries are left out of the equation, if you will. I mean, with all the rules that are involved in applying for membership, countries have to be reasonably well-off to join. I think, though, that coalitions such as the ones mentioned above, will make people who are in the coalitions more open towards each other in such a way that even though we're brought closer together, perhaps against our own will, people will start broadening their perspectives, thus creating a greater understanding towards each other. Really, this would make the world seem bigger, at the same time as it's "shrinking."

My idea is like this. We get people together, they're forced to meet each other, and welcome new citizens to their country. Now, in one way the world can be said to get smaller due to this, since it is so much easier to meet and greet. But on the other hand, people get to broaden their horizons and interact, perhaps leave home and study abroad, something many might not have done otherwise. Some people might just have stayed in their own safe little town their whole life, never venturing outside the city limits. In this sense, it can be seen that the world is also expanding. The unions and alliances that are forming around the world can prevent a scenario where people shelter themselves from each other, and create bigger obstacles for others to get around in order to communicate and interact with them. Instead, it can help people escape their innate destiny, and make it easier for individuals to create a life based on their own principles and goals. 🍏

My New Home

by Veronica Zacharie

I love my new home for many reasons.

I love my new home because of the trees in front of it where the birds sit and chirp in the morning.

I love my new home with the six colossal columns in front, and the door with 360 on the top of it.

I love the parking lots with the cars all lined up in a row as if they were standing at attention.

I love how the squirrels, Susie and Ed, play along the fence in the morning outside my window.

I love how the sun cascades down into the window and on to my bed in the early morning hours.

I love how my family from all over the world gathers together to share our life stories over a cup of coffee in the morning, and a bite to eat for supper.



I love the walls of my house that hold so many historical memories.

I love the stairs that seem to go as high as the heavens.

I love the basement walls where the pictures of my unknown family hang.

I love the voices and languages of my bothers and sisters.

I love their eyes, hair, and skin.

I love coming home to the many warm smiles and "hellos", and I love going to sleep to the sound of the many "goodnights".

I love the house that sits so proudly on 360 South 11th Street, with its many flags whipping in the wind singing the songs of the countries they represent.

I love my new home for many reasons.

I love, I love, I love...because...I have love in my heart to give for many years to come to my new home. 🍏



Nostalgia, Excitement, and Fun: A week in the company of 25 years of I-Center/I-House alumni!

I wish you could all have attended the 25th Anniversary I-House Alumni Reunion. What a memorable event that was for me and for so many others. From the first moment of the first event on Wednesday evening July 2nd, the excitement, happiness, and fun were nearly tangible. Alumni who came to the reunion recognized people; alumni also found that it didn't matter if they knew people or not since they all shared similar memorable experiences at I-Center/I-House over the past 25 years and thus shared a special bond. Along with the shared experiences came a common feeling that their time at the House had been very special, among the most memorable in their lives.

So many people contributed to the planning of the I-House reunion that it seemed as if the party began as early as last October, 2002 with the monthly meetings of eager alumni. As the word spread and we started hearing from alumni around the world, our excitement grew. For me, I experienced an emotional roller coaster as I rode the wave of excitement when I'd hear of someone who was planning to attend the reunion, and then dip down with disappointment as I heard of others who weren't coming. On the bright side, many of you who were unable to attend wrote to us, updated us on your lives, and gave us new contact information. Some alumni managed to visit the House just before or after the reunion, reminding us that we have the pleasure of rekindling the I-House contacts year-round, and year after year.

Alumni told me that they came to the Reunion with very high expectations and by the end of the Reunion, they felt that their expectations had not only been met, they'd been exceeded! I certainly felt the same way. At each event, many, many people came together. And most importantly, at each event, everyone seemed to have a wonderful time. Old friends fell back into comfortable relationships and new friendships began.

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- As we planned the reunion, we figured out that 95 countries have been represented by residents in the House in the first 25 years!!
 - At the Reunion, 33 countries were represented by 105 alumni (plus spouses, significant others, and children). Alumni flew in from 11 countries on 5 continents to attend the reunion!
 - We had alumni representing every single year the House has been open from 1978-present!
-

We ate, drank, and celebrated our way through five days of activities: The I-House Welcome Reception; a visit to Point Lobos and dinner in the Monterey home of Paul Belasky; July 4th (U.S. Independence Day) BBQ and Pool Party offered by the Lenz and Rooney families at their home; our Main Event at the Student Union Ballroom in which we honored Phyllis Simpkins and acknowledged the large group of Reunion planners, and a relaxed Farewell Reception at the I-House. Each time I thought that people might be getting tired out, I saw a surge of energy invigorate alumni so that even when we didn't have something planned, alumni arranged impromptu gatherings such as continuing the July 4th BBQ well into the night on the I-House patio, a late night party in the I-House basement (just like old times) following the Main Event at the Student Union, not to mention a swim in the frigid Pacific Ocean off the Monterey Coast.

It has been heartwarming to hear from so many alumni, how meaningful your time spent in the I-House/I-Center has been to you. It is also nice to know that many alumni actually do read the newsletter cover-to-cover twice each year; I encourage you to contribute an article!

We still have 25th anniversary alumni reunion t-shirts available. If you'd like one, then please send me a check for US\$20 (payable on a U.S. correspondent bank) and I'll mail the shirt to you. Let me know the size you prefer and if we still have it in stock, we'll send it to you, or we'll send you the next size larger. The t-shirt was designed by our very own, very talented long-time resident Peter Gikandi from Kenya.

Bob Aron, with the help of Kevin Howard, Jan Oeljeschlager, and Drew Weeks, created an AMAZING DVD of the first 25 years of the I-House. Ask anyone who attended the Main Event and we'll tell you that it was wonderful beyond words. No matter what year you lived at I-House, you're sure to recognize people. If you'd like to buy it, please send \$25 to the I-House (again, payable on a U.S. correspondent bank) and we'll mail the DVD to you. The presentation is so good that alumni gave a spontaneous standing ovation as it ended. It's a great tribute to Phyllis Simpkins, our Founder, and a nostalgic reminder of the best of the I-House. In the DVD, you'll also learn some I-House trivia such as how many couples (that we're aware of) who met at I-Center/I-House have married (and we've added 3 since the reunion)! You'll also witness alumni debating whether it's really the "I-House" or the "I-Center"...

We're working on a system through the SJSU Foundation that would allow you to pay for items such as the t-shirt and the DVD online, however, the system is still not yet in place so I have to ask that you pay by check for these coveted items. Please look regularly at our webpage for updates and we'll let you know as soon as payments can be made through a convenient online system (maybe as early as January).

Cliff van Amen, Bob Aron, and Jan Oeljeschlager have created a new, UNofficial I-House website. Make sure you look it up: www.ihousealumni.org Also, keep an eye on the OFFICIAL I-House website: www.sjsu.edu/depts/ihouse (the alumni section). On this page, you'll find a link to the snapfish site where you can see and order Reunion photos.

If you receive a December issue of the Washington Square Magazine (a SJSU publication), look for a feature article covering our Reunion. If you don't receive this newsletter by mail, look for it on the SJSU website: www.sjsu.edu, or call 408-924-1166, the SJSU Office of Communications and Public Affairs.

Remember, you need to send us your new e-mail and contact information as it changes so we don't lose track of you! ihouse@sjsu.edu

With warm thoughts and a hope to see you soon!

I would like to purchase an Alumni Reunion t-shirt

SM___ MED___ LG___ XL___ (*these shirts run large)

U.S.\$20 X_____ (quantity) = _____ (total cost)

I would like to purchase the amazing DVD of the first 25 years of the I-House

U.S.\$25 X_____ (quantity) = _____ (total cost)

Total due _____

*All international checks must be payable to SJSU Foundation on a U.S. correspondent bank payable.



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