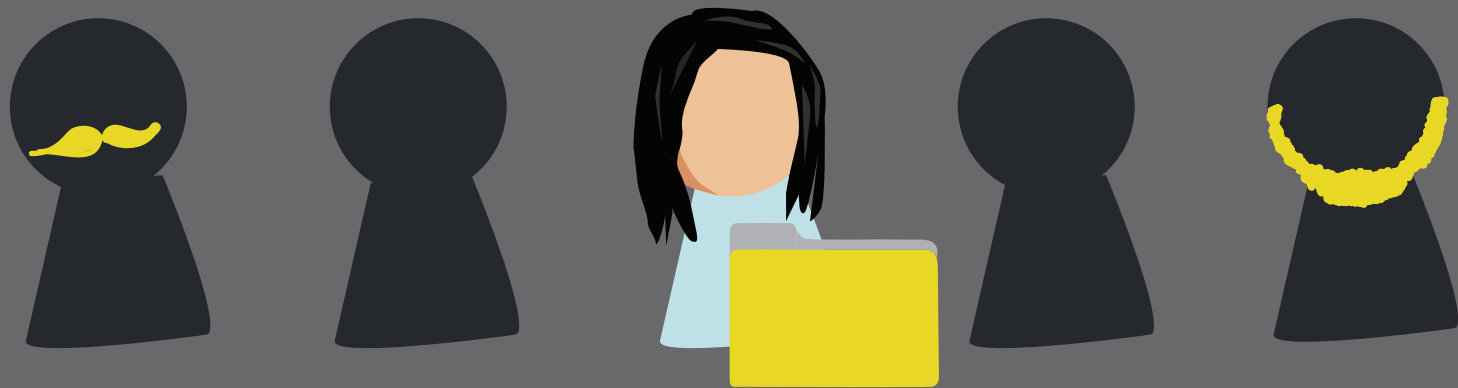


MICHELLE

PAO



2018 | 2019

PORTFOLIO



CONTENT

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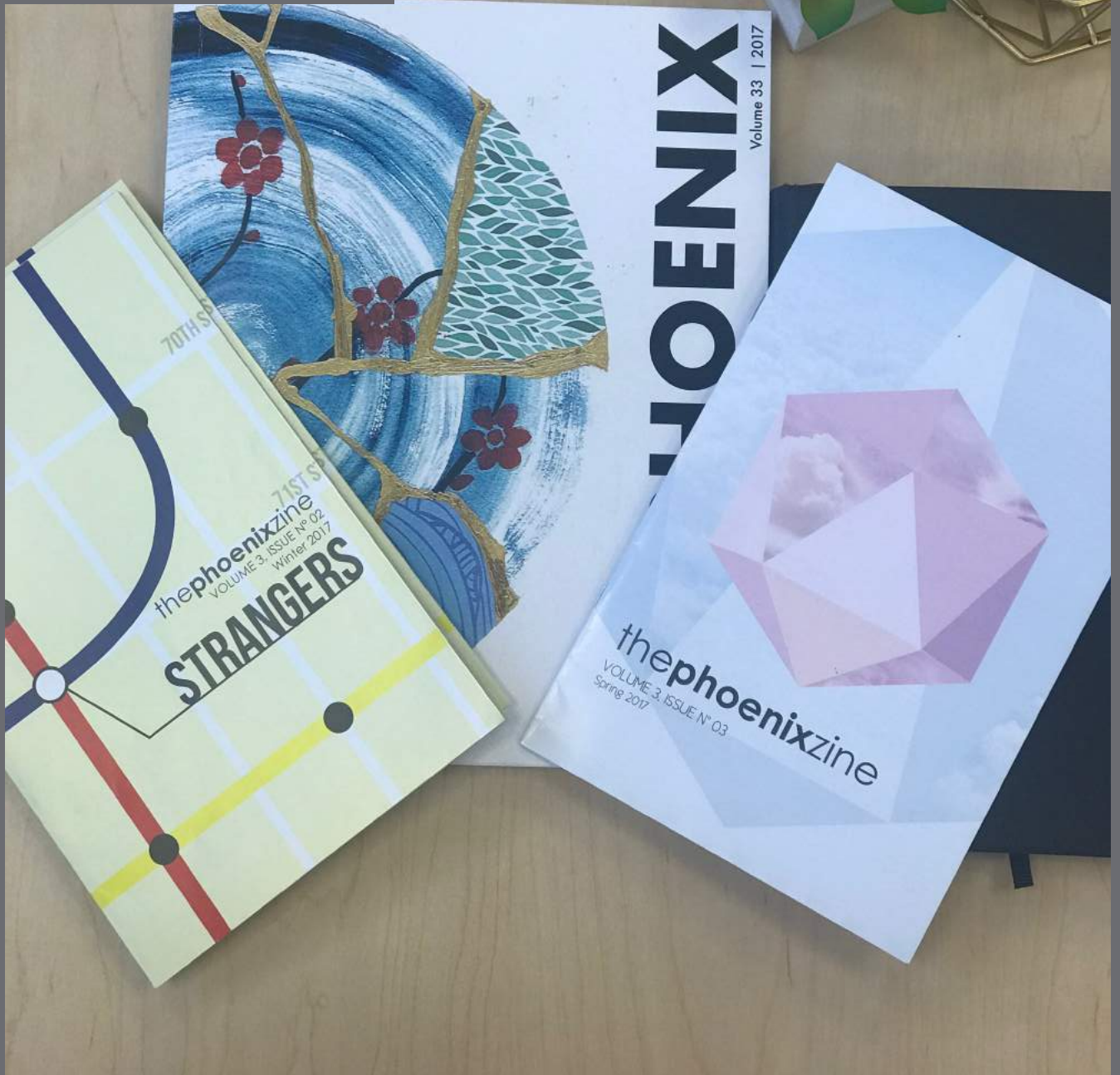
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Magazine Layout

WHAT IS SQUARE ONE, AND CAN YOU ACTUALLY GO BACK TO IT?

CASEY RAMOS

FRIDAY

"Excuse me, sir. I ordered a butter and cream cheese bagel, but I got a PB&J instead."

"Sorry, I think that's all we had today."

"Oh, I guess that's alright, thanks."

THURSDAY

"Excuse me, sir. I ordered a butter and cream cheese bagel, but I got a PB&J instead."

"So?"

"I just need my order fixed."

"Jimmy went on break 20 minutes ago."

"But I *just* ordered this bagel."

"...So?"

WEDNESDAY

"Excuse me, sir. I ordered a butter and cream cheese bagel, but I got a PB&J instead."

"So?"

"Do you think you could fix my order?"

"I don't know, I'm the cashier."

TUESDAY

"Excuse me sir, I ordered a butter and cream cheese bagel, but I got a PB&J instead."

"What do you want me to do about it?"

"I don't know, I'm the cashier."

"What?"

"What?"

MONDAY

"Excuse me, sir. I ordered a cutter and bream crease bagel—"

"You're going to have to try that one again."

A MONTH AGO

"Excuse me sir, I ordered a butter and cream cheese bagel, but I got a PB&J instead."

"Who puts butter with cream cheese?"

"... I have to go."

A YEAR AGO

"Excuse me sir, I ordered a butter and cream cheese bagel, but I got a PB&J instead."

He leans over the counter to get a look at your wrong bagel and goes, "Oh, I ordered that. Thanks."

10 YEARS AGO THE PEANUT ALLERGY EPIDEMIC

"Excuse me sir, I ordered a butter and cream cheese bagel, but I got a PB&J instead."

"Can't you just have your PB&J?"

"No, I'm allergi—"

The lights start blaring and the fire sprinklers go off, soaking your PB&J. It drips onto the floor, and everyone goes berserk.

"You're turning violet!"

Everyone in a ten-foot radius swells into a post-blueberry Violet wannabe, and Jimmy has to go around popping them with epipens.

THE EARLY 2000s THE OPRAH CRAZE

"Excuse me, sir. I ordered a butter and cream cheese bagel, but I got a PB&J instead."

"What did you say?"

A voice before behind you shouts, "He *said* he ordered a butter and cream cheese!"

Enter Napoleon Bonaparte, red as the jelly on your peanut butter. He tries angrily to hit the service bell, but he can't reach the counter. People begin to turn their sloppy heads. He picks you up by the ankles and throws you on Jimmy, strawberry jelly painting this a murder scene.

"If you want a thing done well, do it yourself." And he's off.

THE 1730s NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

"Excuse me sir, I ordered a butter and cream cheese bagel, but I got a PB&J instead."

She hears you, and you know it.

"You get a PB&J! You get a PB&J! You get a PB&J!"

You run—then roll—past Oprah as your little legs disappear into your blueberry body. She meets you later and asks for a picture.

"My nephews *loved* Willy Wonka."

SAVE THE DATE.



OCT 07

The Introductory Reading

NOV 04

Breathe: The Reading

JAN 13

TBD: The Reading

DEC 23

TBD: The Reading

FEB 17

TBD: The Reading





MARCH

Details TBA

MAY 26

TBD: The Reading

APR 21

TBD: The Reading

JUNE 09

The Final Reading

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Editor's Note

The intention of this artistic endeavor was to capture the moments in which we regard other people in our lives. Through a simple color palette of primary colors, artists were able to embody the complicated relationships humans have with one other, even in a passing moment with complete strangers.

Tara Jackson, Junior Art Editor

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Showtime
digital photography
Kostadin Kostinov

68 thephoenix | 2017



HUM

Aaron Fernando

The hum of fluorescent lights has a certain worldliness to it. Like the crackling embers of a bonfire. Or the run-on sentences of crickets at midnight. Or the breeze nudging the outstretched hands of a maple, as if to remind each and every leaf, *Hey, I'm still here.*

But the boy didn't hear any of that. What he heard was the hum of fluorescent lights, and the inhale-hold-exhale of his own breathing, and the occasional creak of the wood beneath his feet as he descended down the basement stairs. He had never been down here before, and he wasn't quite sure anyone else had, either. He glanced behind at his own shadow, wondering if he'd left footprints behind in the dust that would remain untouched—unseen—for years.

Creeeeek, groaned the step. The boy whipped his head around, realizing his error a moment too late. He didn't dare move as he heard his sin echo against the walls and stairs and the ceiling and the floor, and he could have sworn he heard it finally come to rest just outside his right ear in a whispered verdict of *Guilty*, before its inevitable dissolution.

The boy still didn't move. He knew that no one was around, but it seemed a crime to infringe upon such a silent peace.

Until a voice yawned and asked:

"Who's there?"

The boy wondered if it was possible to freeze even further while standing completely still. Maybe he could die of embarrassment and achieve rigor mortis. Or stretch his limbs to the point where they wouldn't stretch back.

"Hello?"

For some reason a second time jolted him out of stasis. His head turned to the left, just barely peeking over the banister. A small man in a blue sweater was seated at a long wooden table, his head down and his arms folded. He looked sound asleep.

And yet, he spoke a third time: "Don't worry; no one's using this room."

The boy hesitated. "No, no, I—I'm sorry. I didn't know anyone was down here." He turned to go.

"Wait. What...what do you need?"

The boy stopped. *What? Leave me alone!* But he didn't say that. "I'm part of the art class they teach two floors up. I was looking for some... something to draw."

"Well, why not here? I'm not doing anything," he said.

Crap. He sighed inwardly. "Okay." The boy gingerly came down the rest of the stairs, still avoiding its *creeeaks* and groans.

Now he had a better view of the entire basement, which was more like the corpse of a classroom with a substitute teacher at the helm. The tables were lined up in tight formation, contrasting with the metal chairs scattered haphazardly in a minefield that spoke of the strange contortions and positions of the basement's previous inhabitants.

As the boy made his way over to the man—his head still down—he wondered who the previous inhabitants had even been. In his time at the arts center, he'd never seen *anyone* go down to the basement before, much less an entire class. *Maybe this guy knows*, he thought. *Like I'm gonna ask.*

He sat down just across from the man's slumped figure, keeping as much distance between their bodies as possible. Setting his battered sketchbook on his lap, he detached a pencil from its rings and opened to a blank sheet.

"Nice book."

The boy's head flew up. The man was sitting up and leaning over the table to see what he was doing. He instinctively covered it with his hands.

"I—It's just for sketches."

The man seemed more engaged now, for some reason, and the boy got a better look at him. He wasn't sure what he had been expecting—maybe a scar? Or at least a tattoo. But reality was much different.

His face spoke of the space one stares into when they're trying to escape reality, and skipping rocks in rivers against the current, and reaching not for the stars but their entire galaxy. It spoke of films on rainy Sunday afternoons, getting off the A train at a completely random stop, and lamplight and moonlight becoming a single lense from which to see your work through in the dead of night.

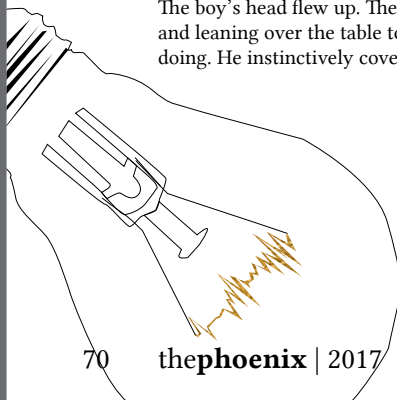
The boy was mesmerized.

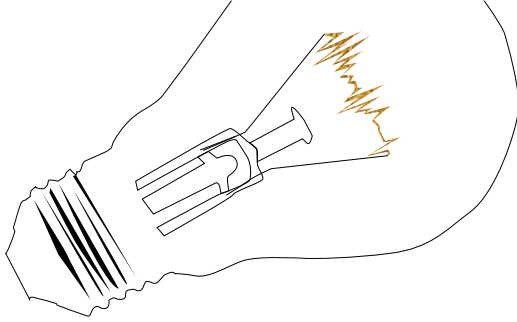
But the man didn't notice. "Really. What kind?"

The boy swallowed. *This is weird. Why is this weird? It's not weird. He's just asking a question; you're the weird one here.* "Well, we're supposed to be doing five-minute sketches from life. But I've already seen and drawn everything else in this place."

The man leaned back and raised his eyebrows. "Really."

The boy jammed the pencil into his sharpener. "Yeah. You see, every Saturday I'm here our teacher makes us walk around the building and





practice our lines and shading and whatever. And I've done so many sketches of tables and chairs and cars out the window that I feel sick whenever I see one."

The man studied him. "Well, I'm afraid there isn't much better down here."

Got that right. He looked around the room. "About that—what's with the chairs? Are your students always like this?"

"My *students*?"

"You teach here, right? Maybe 'Introduction to Portraiture' or one of those other artsy—" He was cut off by the old man's near-silent chuckles. "No?"

He shook his head. "Not at all. I haven't even attended one of these 'artsy' workshops they've been shoving down my throat for the past twenty years. And yes," he continued, seeing the boy's expression, "I said *twenty*. I've been down here for a while."

The boy pressed the pencil deep into the page. "But...why?"

The man leaned back in his chair in a manner typical of a third grader wanting to scare their mother. "To listen to *this*, of course."

Silence.

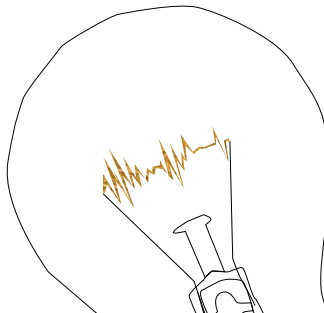
The kid was dumbfounded, and the man saw it. He gave it another try:

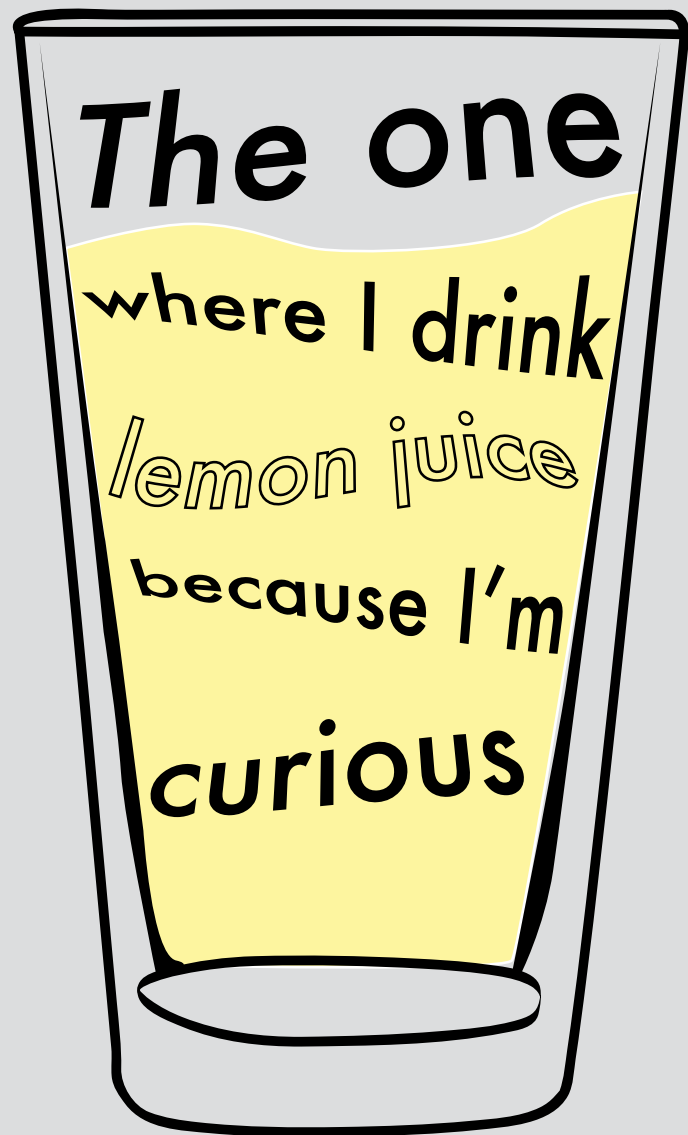
"You see, I've been walking around this city every day for the past two decades. And what always gets me about New York is the *noise*. And it's not your typical noise, mind you, as I'm sure you know—it's a silent noise. It yells and screams and moans and assaults your eardrums with its bells, horns, shouts, squawks, screeches, and sirens until it fades into a low rumble that you're always faintly aware of, and you can never seem to tune it out long enough to hear *anything* else properly."

"But here, in some random basement? There's none of that. Just a loud quiet. You heard it coming down here, I'm sure. Here, take a listen. Or even better, draw while you're quiet. No complaints!" he said, cutting the boy off. "We begin..."

He never finished his sentence, because that was when everything shut off: Their voices, their chairs rocking back and forth on their uneven legs, the boy's tapping of his pencil—all of it, drowned out by the boy scratching out a path through the paper and by the hum of fluorescent lights watching over their heads.

It was, to be sure, a simply deafening experience. ●





I could paint the sun in my head, breathe its heat,
Radiate the life it holds, my cheeks turning purple,
And glowing like cosmic blueberries; I could be
A beautiful kind of emotional.

I could cry to sad music and look complete in
My incompleteness, let the clouds mimic my mood,
Make art out of my unfulfilling tendencies; I could be
A film star in a light-polluted city.

I could squeeze each
And every one of life's moments, bite my tongue and
The blisters that grow alongside it,
Run my hands under trees to remember harshness.
I could enjoy every sensation and swallow what's left,
Including the seeds.

I was afraid and dreaming that
Forests would grow out of my mouth, and people
Would climb my branches; they'd never look to see that I
Was upholding them, and that I'd done all that I ever could.
I wouldn't be able to say a word, so I'd let my
Leaves rustle out a "thank you," preceding words of
A language nature never taught me how to speak.

I would paint the sky and run out of colors, using water
To fill in the empty spots on the paper, hoping
Colors would blend for me, that matter could bend
For me. I could swallow my favorite shade of fire,
And let people gaze into my tired eyes, try to love it all.
I would try to cherish it a little more, and we grotesquely
Could try to be trees,

But I have pits in my stomach,
And they're not sprouting; they're still, resting,
Upsetting my stomach the slightest bit; so
For the next moment I'll look at yesterday's sunset today
Since a moment takes just a little over a day to digest.



Was this the Asian version of Black Panther? Is our "Wakanda Forever" now "Bok-Bok, Bitch?" Not necessarily. This movie was highly publicized as the first big production of an all Asian cast ever since The Joy Luck Club. The publicity that this movie had under their belt was stifling. With 21st century means, trailers shown on television, advertisements popped up on Instagram, and heated debates about the movie were rampant before the movie premiere. What was the real reason for me to give in and watch this movie not once, but twice?

A CRAZY RICH REVIEW

by MICHELLE PAO



Family was a major factor. As my mom, sister and I watched the great story unfold before us, it was easy to recognize the song that my grandma sung to me as a lullaby: "Tian Mi Mi." Giving flashbacks to a sweet, youthful time, Jon M Chu directed the strong relationship between a single mother and daughter perfectly. This was a Cinderella story, but this Cinderella had an independent, hardworking mother as her backbone. Whereas the protagonist had a small family, Nick Young had an extended family, one that was extreme old money like Daisy Buchanan from *The Great Gatsby*. The displays of wealth from the extended family shed a light on the ugliness of money at the iconic wedding scene. However, the vivid colors, music, and language were rich in nostalgic culture.

There was no culture shock to me when the plot thickened in Asia. However, this movie brought the distinct divide between Asian Americans and Asians to my attention. Asian Americans are "soft" and following their dreams, while the Asians take the specific roles they were given from birth. Nick Young is an exception. He begins to adopt an "American" accent and rarely goes back home. Witnessing an Asian ready to conform to an Asian-American lifestyle, I questioned if I would do the same. I am a second-generation Asian American. I do not know how to speak or read Mandarin fluently. However, I know what real, authentic Chinese food tastes like. I know and respect filial piety as do many of us... that does not change the fact that my skin isn't as fair as rice or my Mandarin sounds like nails on a blackboard instead of "Tian Mi Mi".

They captured the strength of love too. Chick flick of the summer? Big check. There are hardships in every relationship. Canonically in every relationship, a mother doesn't approve, the whole family is too much to take in, there is jealousy from past relationships and the couple are from two opposite worlds. But, in love stories, sacrifices are always made. That is not the Chinese or Singaporean way; it is simply the language of love. Traveling great distances, being one with something out your comfort zone and finding what one is capable of is the power of love.

Finally, the song choices were unforgettable. The extravagant wedding with Kina Grannis' voice to carry the footsteps of the bride made every step to the altar feel important. The ending song, Yellow, was a melody of Mandarin honey. Not only did this color represent the Asians as a whole, the lyrics were changed. It changed the connotation slur from putrid yellow to a yellow that hugs, warms and soothes. Her voice was a blanket to the audience and couples in the movie. Yellow is now an anthem.



Bullet Journaling



crazy rich
asians

Atlas Park 8 (0688)
Presenting
Crazy Rich
03:30PM Wed 08/15/18
PRM 15 \$8.50

1 J 11
Auditorium Row/Seat
08/15/18 2:48PM
Patron's Priv

"look look,
Bitch."

old money.

review:

Initially, I was doubting the status of how much the cast with the
goal to be first. Yes, as my first, after is which reality and the
will to know the look with my first. I understand it
premier in the Asian society in America.

This movie reminds my childhood, watching my first
and childhood movie. I was in a middle school reality
in 1970. Love and family. I should be looking back. But
their rights, we didn't get new rights. Just let the audience
in the movie. The comic, however, is based on the
control. Control and without control is based on the
control. But it's about the music by the cast. The film is
about the music by the cast. The film is about the music
by the cast. The film is about the music by the cast.

"China is a sleeping giant.
Let her sleep, for when she wakes
she will move the world."

- Napoleon Bonaparte

wise men say only fools rush in

SMTWTFSS
 1
 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
 9 10 11 12 13 14 15
 16 17 18 19 20 21 22
 23 24 25 26 27 28 29
 30

mon

At the classroom! print
 DIFFICULTY: none
 SHARP: cut @ 2:15 - 2:30, and at 3:00

tues

test organization
 Wednesday for his
 start the work
 the discussion work

wed

Grammar P12

At 2:45 minutes
 OUTLINE 06: 4-8
 STUDYING 7-12

thurs

SAC meeting (11:00 AM)
 Psychol (08:30-11:50) AM
 GENE PRACTICE (12-2) PM
 BIO ARTS (2-4)
 (GENEHW (8-12)
 @ 11:16 PM-8)

sat

PHONE NUMBER PROTECTIVE W/ SWF
 12:30 PM
 AD BIL
 Study for his
 GAE HW

fr

BINGHAMTON STUDENT DESIGN
 AGENCY 8:00-8:00 PM (FASHY)
 CASU DA (PRESENTATION PLAN)
 TPA LUIE2
 Study for Dist
 MOVE ON BAEHW (12:00-...)

4 PM Fridays
 https://www.123nfs.com
 Theorem Graphics
 success.com(7)
 (MBA) CIPRU

sun

POLISH GAE FINISH
 study for his 7:45-8
 CHEN HW (DEF. from THU) due
 (trial) 7:50-12



Miscellaneous

ANTHROPOLOGIE



*unapologetically fresh,
keeping business in check*



*pockets, buttons, citrus
colors galore*



elegance from head to toe



CHIC
chic



