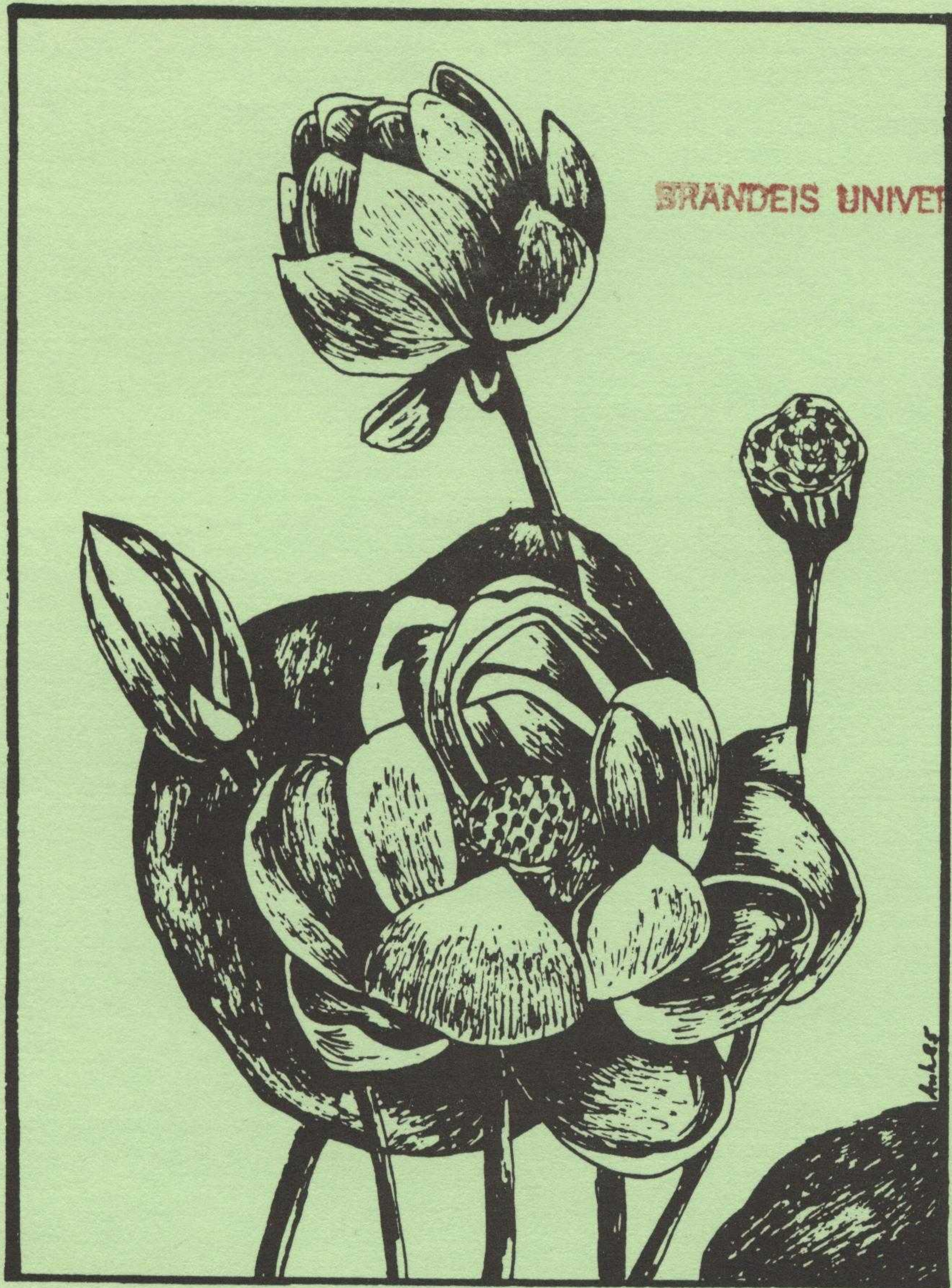


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EDITOR'S NOTE

"Better late than never" is rapidly becoming Eastern Tide's new (and improved) logo replacing the unofficial "Eastern Tide: If it's not junk, we'll print it.". But thanks to Mr. Budgetman upstairs and to the dedication of some staff members, we proudly (and finally!) present for your undying reading pleasures last semester's, also known as the previous two semesters', Eastern Tide.

Those who are familiar with Eastern Tide will find this edition to be somewhat less "dramatic" in its illustrations and overall presentation. Instead, you'll discover a more straight-forward "literary" style magazine. Integrity and humility are two reasons for this departure from a BAASA Newsletter-typed of image. We had hoped that this departure represent a step forward in gaining recognition and some respect from the Brandeis community. Our goal was to create diversity in the magazine's writings and so we tried many ways to reach out to infiltrate the entire campus in search for interesting writings from people with different backgrounds and origin.

I am working to establish Eastern Tide as the Asian magazine on campus because Brandeis lacks a source of outlet where Asians and other minority students can voice their opinions on issues that concerns them. It is a form of communication that can help to improve the cohesiveness within the Asian (not just Orientals) community at Brandeis. I think it's fair to say that those who have the intelligence to realize the importance of this medium have successfully taken advantage by sharing their talent and creativity with Eastern Tide.

It has been nothing less than a truly rewarding experience for me to have directed the making of this edition. Some famous dead person have said that patience is a virtue but he failed to warn that some virtues need practice to master. I think I had more than ample practice at this business of waiting and twisting arms for articles to come in on time. In some ways, being patience has been fun and it has been "real", but I assure you it has not been real fun -especially during finals week. Was all this worth it? Definitely.

My thanks goes to Peter Eng for his initial hard work, to Sunny for her spirited dedication, and to the rest of the staff members, lead by Farrida, for their much needed enthusiasm for the project. Enjoy!

Vu Truong.

EASTERN TIDE

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* * * * *

* Eastern Tide, sponsored by BAASA, is the Brandeis Asian
 * literary publication. Published each semester, the Eastern
 * Tide includes letters to the editor, news, interviews,
 * literature, boosters, and advertisements of interest to the
 * Asian community at Brandeis University. We reserve the
 * right to edit all articles and letters.
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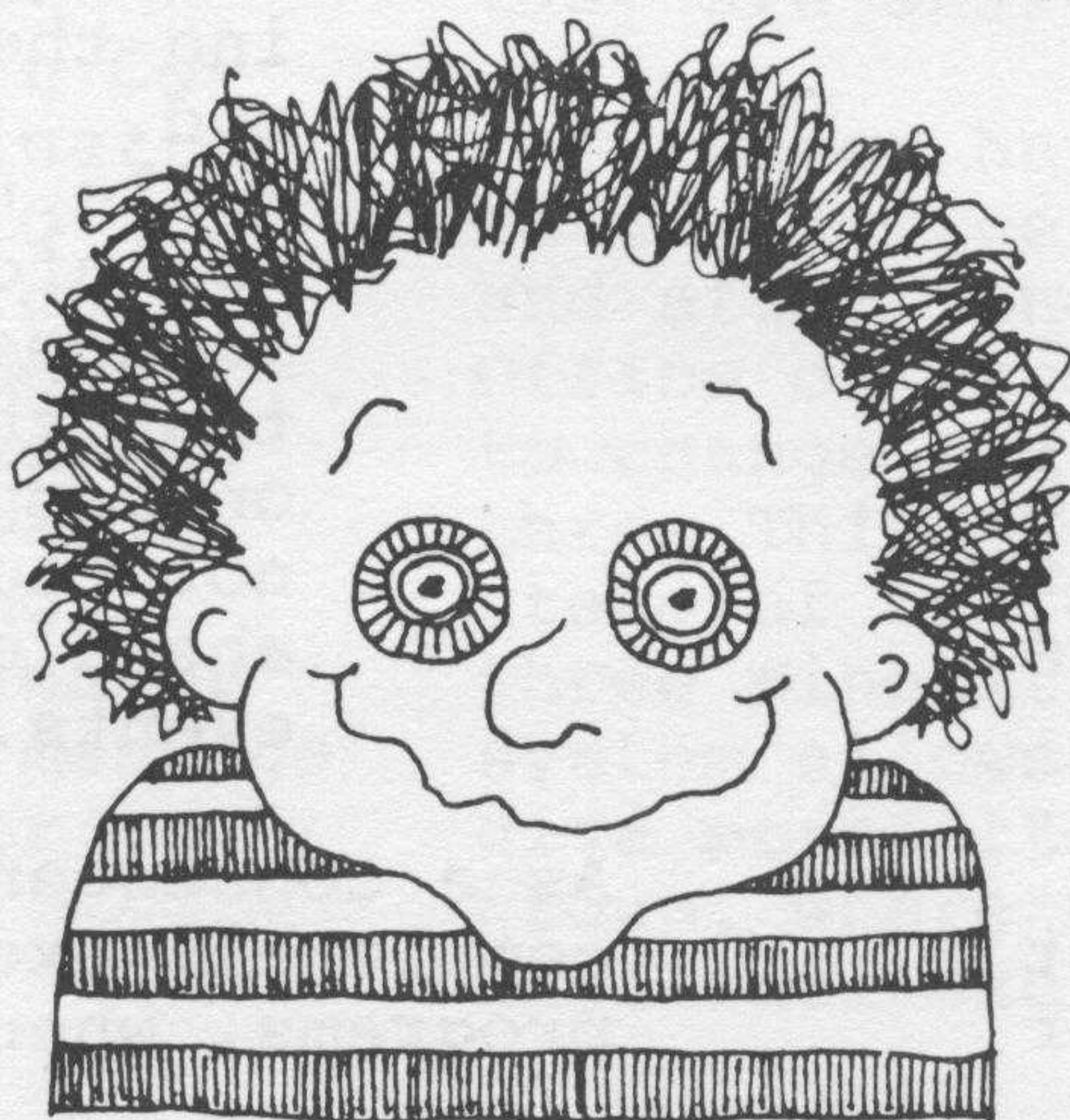
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Letter to the Editor

Dear Editor,

I am writing to you about the case BAASA had brought up against the Student Affairs Office/Third World Program Coordinator. In this past academic year, many concerned BAASA members felt that we have been ignored by the Third World Coordinator. No actions were taken to rectify this problem until April 27, 1985. On April 27, 1985 (Friday night) the Third World Programming Board presented a Brandeis Student Cultural Show. In this show, flags from many, if not all, international countries were displayed. However, the Chinese flag was missing. We were appalled by the simple explanation given by the Office of Student Affairs that it was just an oversight! Nevertheless, we accepted this explanation reluctantly. However, we felt that this incident could have been avoided if BAASA had not been kept in the dark. We felt it was time to take action to prevent any future occurrences of this sort.

We approached Rick Sawyer, the Director of Student Affairs. Unfortunately, he did not support us. In fact, he said "As Director of Student Life, it is my responsibility to make judgements about the success of programs coordinated by our office". Based on this statement, are we to accept the fact that we cannot comment or

express our feelings toward any events conducted by the Third World Program Coordinator and the Student Affairs Office? As minority students on campus, we strongly believe that we do have the right to criticize any programs run by the Third World Coordinator because we are directly affected by the Coordinator's actions. Our concern here is the Coordinator's responsibility toward the Asian minorities on campus, which he seems to be neglecting.

To our understanding, the basic duties of the Third World Coordinator is to program events among the three minority groups in the Brandeis Community--BAASA, BBSO, & Nostrosos. The Third World Coordinator should be impartial toward all three minority groups, giving equal attention and concern to each. We believe that the Coordinator has failed to fulfill this part of his responsibility and came upon this conclusion as a result of the following incidences:

1. Up until the last BAASA meeting before the Cultural Weekend of April 27, 1985, the Coordinator has failed to properly inform the general assembly of aspects concerning the events of that weekend.
2. While the Coordinator neglected to inform BAASA with this information, we learned that the other minority groups on campus were previously notified at least a month ahead of that weekend's events.

As a consequence, BAASA, has been completely excluded in this year's programs, when in the past, BAASA

has sponsored speakers, films, workshops, career nights, student talent show, etc., during the cultural week. However, this year, BAASA has minimally participated, if at all, due to the Coordinator's failure/neglect in coordinating events with BAASA.

We also approached John Hose, the Vice-President of Brandeis, and Rod Krafts, Dean of Student Affairs, concerning this issue. We stressed to them the importance of this problem and presented to them the following incidences in which we felt the Coordinator failed to fulfill his responsibilities:

1. The Coordinator should always be willing to hear suggestions and to initiate open communication with the minority students. On April 29, 1985, one concerned BAASA member approached the Coordinator to set up a meeting to discuss the outcome of the Cultural Weekend, which he agreed to with hesitance. However, the Coordinator was 25 mins late for the agreed upon 30mins meeting. Upon the persistent's request to meet for the remaining 5 mins, the Coordinator seemed inattentive and anxious to end the brief discussion.
2. On May 8, 1985, another BAASA member phoned the Coordinator to arrange for another meeting. Finding the Coordinator absent, he left a message for the Coordinator to

return the phone call, which the Coordinator failed to do.

3. The Coordinator showed this same impartiality & inattentiveness, when he was approached by three BAASA members later on that night. The BAASA members were most willing to set up a meeting at a more convenient time, but the Coordinator proved to be unresponsive and rude, by walking away without any explanation.

Clearly, the Coordinator has failed to carry out some of his responsibilities--impartiality among the three minority groups and disinclination to communicate with BAASA members. We realize that these are serious accusations, but we feel it necessary to unveil these weaknesses of the Coordinator for the sake of future Asians at Brandeis as well as other minority groups on campus. We hope that further actions will be taken to prevent any further exclusion of the Brandeis Minority Community.

To stress our concern, we circulated a petition throughout the Brandeis Community concerning this problem. The petition was signed which has proved that our beliefs are not frivolous as Rick Sawyer claims them to be, since they are shared by many others.

After having presented our case to the Office of Student Affairs, and after long deliberations, the Office of Student Affairs decided to change their system: to select three Third World Coordinators instead of one, chosen from each of the three minority groups. This new system allows each coordinator to give more attention to an individual group, where no one group will feel excluded or ignored, as in the past.

Violence Against Asians

In 1983, Anh Mai, a Vietnamese immigrant was murdered outside his own home in Dorchester by Robert Glass, a white 19-year old Marine, who had harrassed Anh Mai and his Vietnamese housemates for months. After a wait of two years, Glass was brought to trial. During the trial, Glass tried to use racist testimony to justify his murder. He claimed self-defense as Anh Mai allegedly used powerful "karate" attacks against him (everybody knows that all Asians genetically inherit this Japanese art). On May 1, 1985, Glass was convicted of first degree murder.

On that very same conviction day, Long Guang Huang, a 5 foot 4 inch 56 year old Chinese man was walking on Kneeland St. in Chinatown on his only day off from work. He was suddenly grabbed and brutally beaten by Francis Kelly, a 6 foot 200lb plain-clothes policeman. According to witnesses, Mr. Huang looked totally confused and offered no resistance and a prostitute repeatedly shouted, "Kelly, that's not him! That's the wrong man!" Bleeding and dis-oriented, Mr. Huang was treated at a hospital and left alone on the street in a daze to find his own way home. He had only

been in Boston for six months and wasn't familiar with the streets. Realizing his blunder, Kelly tried to start a cover-up by arresting Mr. Huang a day later at Mr. Huang's home (as opposed to arresting him at the scene of the alleged crime). He charged Mr. Huang with assaulting an officer and soliciting sex from a prostitute, although he couldn't speak a word of English. The overwhelming evidence supporting Mr. Huang acquitted him of the fabricated charges and helped to expose Kelly's lies. The police department found Kelly guilty of lying and behavior unbecoming of an officer and subsequently gave him a "punishment" of a year vacation with the position still open to him afterwards.

Anh Mai and Long Guang Huang are just two examples of violence against Asians. Violence against Asians occur regularly and isn't restricted to any particular group; Japanese, Vietnamese, Korean, Chinese, Philipino, Cambodian, etc. are all victims. All Asian-Americans face the same attacks and same racism. Therefore, it is necessary for all Asian-Americans to unite to fight against a common injustice. Nationalism among Asian-Americans is divisive when it is used against each other. Asian-Americans have much more in common than in differences and should fight together as they did during the Anh Mai and Long Guang Huang incidences because Asians should not tolerate denial of their rights to a normal life.

by Betty Szeto

Film Review

THE KILLING FIELDS

This is a film directed by Roland Joffe and is based on New York Times' reporter Sydney Schanberg's article, "The Death and Life of Dith Pran". The film is basically divided into two parts. The first and best part presents us with the events surrounding the last few weeks in Phnom Penh, before the Khmer Rouge came into power in 1975. Against this background we are shown the relationship between Schanberg and his assistant Dith Pran who is a Cambodian. Pran and his family are among the fortunate few who are given the chance to go to the U.S. through Schanberg's sponsorship. His family leaves but Pran decides to stay with his friend to cover the rest of the war because of his affection towards him. A few weeks later, the situation becomes so dangerous that Schanberg and other foreign journalists have to leave Cambodia. Pran, however, is left behind and at the mercy of the new regime because the Khmer Rouge would not allow any of their countrymen to leave. The rest of the film traces Pran's ability to survive in the extremely harsh conditions of a Cambodian commune and his determination to escape and find his friend and family.

There are many likeable moments in this film. It has an intense emotional feeling throughout. The images of war-torn Cambodia are harrowing and not easily forgotten. The director manages to capture the insane cruelty and horror of the Pol Pot government. We see endless rows of skulls

PETER ENG

lying along the rice fields and children who are brainwashed to hate their own parents. The acting by Haing S. Ngor who played the part of Dith Pran was superb and he won an Oscar as Best Supporting Actor. Best of all, however, is the final moment of the picture when the two friends are reunited in a refugee camp on the Thai border. In the background are poverty stricken children standing around innocently while John Lennon's "Image" is being played. In the theatre where I saw the film, much of the audience stood and clapped.

Yet, despite all the grim realities that the director has successfully brought to the screen, I found one glaring inconsistency that made me dismiss this film altogether. I felt that Sam Waterston's performance as Sydney Schanberg was rather arrogant and conceited. For example, during the first part of the film, all that Pran does is carry his bags for him and act as his translator. While Schanberg lives in a luxurious colonial style hotel, Pran and his family live in rather squalid quarters. Every morning, Pran appears in Schanberg's room to await the orders of the day. It seemed like a master/slave relationship and the question that kept running through my mind was why on earth Pran was willing to sacrifice everything for this man. The film did not manage to convince me that there was much basis for a very strong friendship.

The underlying theme of this film reminded me of "Lassie Come Home". In the Lassie picture, the loveable dog is left behind by his owner who has to leave for a big city with his parents.

Lassie however, is determined to find his master and in the last few scenes, finally sees him again but only after having overcome enormous odds.

Perhaps I am too shallow to understand the true depths of friendship but I feel that this example points out a very striking example of the way minorities are very often portrayed on screen. I do

not doubt Dith Pran's courage in having escaped but I am dubious as to whether or not their friendship was as sincere as shown in the film. Unless of course there are really such things in life as Man Fridays to the Robinson Crusoe's of this world.

In any case, it was only this basic flaw that I felt marred the film completely. Otherwise, the film makes a very important statement on the tragedy of war.

Guns over Rice

by VU TRUONG

The Vietnamese Communist Party leaders scrambles madly to bring about "drastic" and "extraordinary" economic changes, as it was announced recently at their central committee's eighth plenum. This marks a new phase in the overhaul of the country's economy, planning, and management. This action comes as little surprise to many Western analysts, because it is generally known that Vietnam, under communist rule, is on the verge of economic collapse. Is this just another case where history is telling us that communism doesn't work; it can't work; and it will never work? Maybe. The problem with Vietnam runs a little deeper than that.

Ho Chi Minh has always preached to his disciples to make more guns instead of butter. This is precisely the policy they've been carrying out in the past ten years ever since the fall of Saigon. They now have the fourth largest army in the world, and it is certainly the most powerful in its history. In Le Duan's view, Ho Chi Minh's spiritual successor and secretary-general, the country needs it more so now than ever, despite all of the country's painful economic failures that has brought them to a helpless state of poverty. The Communist leadership constantly stress that the country must be militarily ready to respond to threats from hostile forces--

threats which demand tireless commitment to defense, and a close relationship with the Soviet Union. So the idea here is that these threats would also require them to remain firmly socialist. This Marxist-Leninist state is now so dependent on the Soviet Union for military and economic aid, that it's hard to imagine how it could continue to exist under communist ideology without the Russians.

Like a heroin junky, they rely on the Soviets to keep them from going dry, and in return, they'll do anything--like conquering Cambodia, Laos, Thailand, etc....

But the focus of attention has recently been on economic policy. This burst of reform energy in Hanoi strongly resembles similar developments in the Soviet Union and China. Like the Soviet Union, they now realize that they can't feed themselves and continue on with massive military build-up. The problem the Soviets have is not as serious; as they only have to pause this build-up briefly through temporary arms control with the U.S. to make economic readjustments. But the changes called for in the Vietnamese Communist Party's latest plenum calls for major changes than simple economic reshufflings. They feel they urgently need to clear up their economic mess and political problems (such as with Peking and the Cambodian guerillas) before handing power over to a new generation of Stalinists.

In the past, their strategy to directly eliminate capitalism in Vietnam was to simply abolish private trading. This was tried in Saigon in 1978 and proved to be a total failure, as black market trading continued to account for more than 40 percent of the slaughtered pork

and 70 percent of the poultry, fruits and forestry by-products that the country produces. It seems to be the case that they don't even know how to make use of Vietnam's remaining capitalists in order to control and transform the free market to benefit their system. They have always tried to subjectively reject it. The new changes called for in this Eighth plenum include a change in their old policies of planning and pricing by administrators. This is to be replaced by a system of "socialist economic accounting and business", which basically means that capitalist methods are to be used in a socialist system. The price of a product, for example, should reflect, among other things, the cost of labor required to produce it. By far, the most drastic change called for is the end of subsidies. Previously, state employees, party leaders, and other similar rankings could buy a certain amount of food staples at intensely subsidized prices--when the state could actually provide the goods in need. But the latest results showed that the last food production goal of 18 million tons for 1984 has been far from achieved. As a matter of fact, their food production goals have never been achieved. It is simply impossible, considering the attention they give to the battle fields along their Chinese border and Thailand borders. They, however, no longer blame these economic failures on the U.S., but on China's devastation of Vietnam, along with poor managements and of course, the "unpredictable" weather. But as long as their official "build and defend the country" slogan remains to represent the government's direction, soon it will be too late to blame anyone.

BAASA Activities

by Farida and Monica

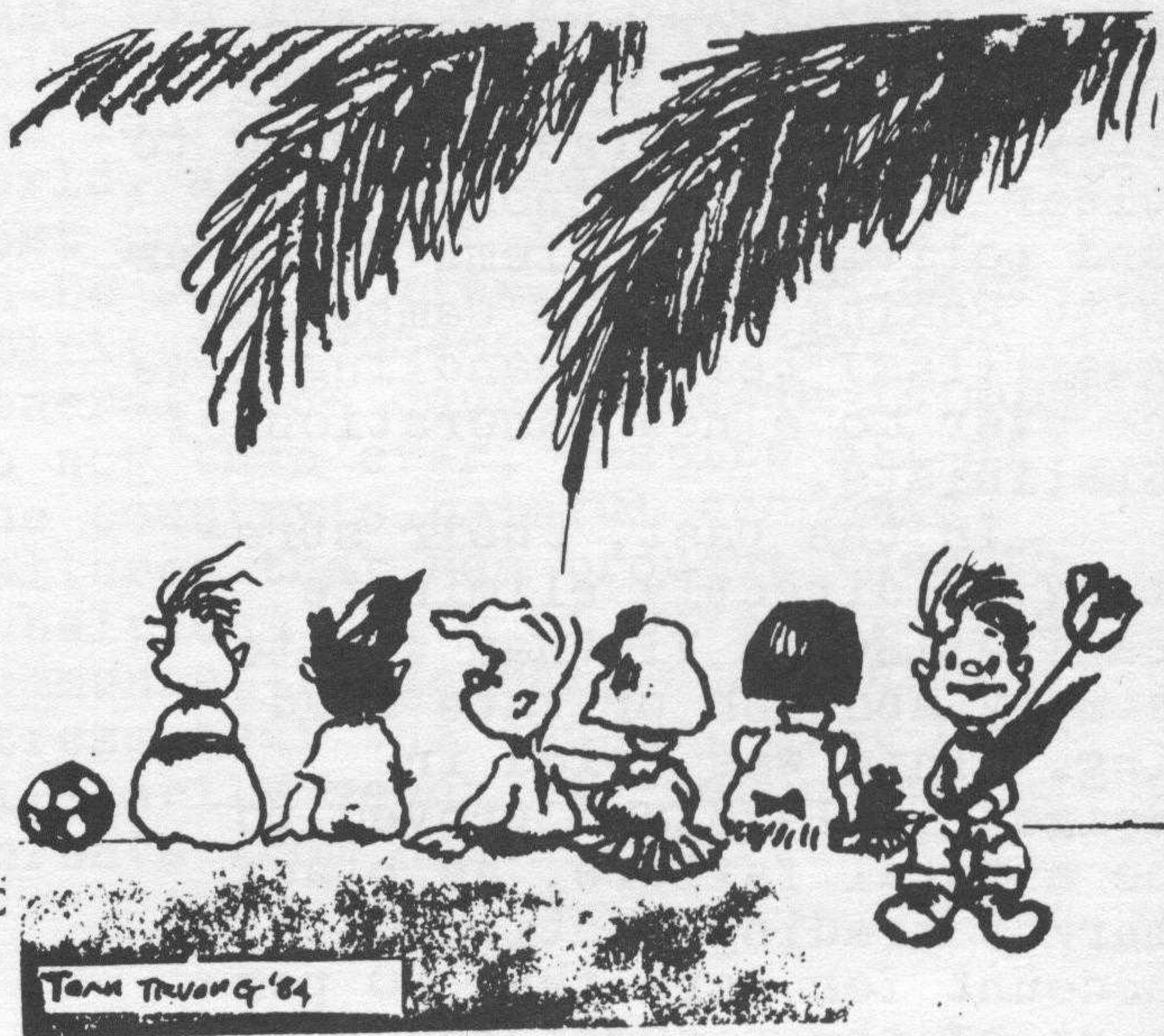
On November 19, 1985, Brandeis students had the fortunate opportunity of hearing a most renowned speaker, Dith Pran, the man whose life experiences were portrayed in The Killing Fields. The lecture was held at Olin Sang auditorium which had an audience extending out into the corridors of Olin Sang.

Dith Pran talked of his traumatic experience in Cambodia, which was portrayed in the film. He added that the film was quite genuine of its depiction of the circumstances surrounding the situation he was in. He went on to describe the dual struggle he had encountered while in Cambodia: one in which he and his companion, Sidney, had to convey the conflicts of Cambodia to the American public; the other struggle being that of sustaining both his friendship and his life.

BAASA started off well this semester with its array of activities, the first of which was a dinner at Chef Chow's restaurant. This group dinner, arranged by Sarah Tom, Helen Kwon, and Mi Young Lee, fulfilled its intended purpose of bringing together and acquainting the BAASA members, both new and old. The students found the cuisine and company delightful.

On Nov. 13th and 19th, BAASA held its first fundraiser by selling sweatshirts. The BAASA sweatshirts, which came in blue, navy, and black, were quite a success. The sweatshirt, designed by Diana Wong and the committee consisted of 'Brandeis' written

in several languages; Chinese, Hindi, Japanese, Korean, Urdu, Thai, and of course English. Confusion arose as to why the word 'Brandeis', in English was written backwards. Since many Asian languages are written from right to left, it was appropriate to have Brandeis written in the same fashion. Furthermore, the fact that the Brandeis bookstore has a copyright on the use of the Brandeis name on sweatshirts, forced the Sweatshirt Committee to think of a new or different means of writing Brandeis in English. Ingeniously, the idea of writing it backwards was the best way to accomplish this and avoid being implicated of plagiarism. The sweatshirt sale raised approximately \$770.00 at \$12.00 per sweatshirt with a sale of 65 sweatshirts. The sweatshirts and printing costed about \$500.00. Fortunately, with the collaborative effort of the Sweatshirt Committee, BAASA was able to produce a profit of \$200.00.



Islam: A Test of Faith

by Adeel Siddiqui

Islam is the name of the religion preached by the Prophet Mohammed in the A.D. 600's. Today, there are millions of Muslims living throughout the world, predominantly in the Middle East, North Africa, Pakistan, and Bangladesh. I am a firm believer in Islam. Even though I have been living in the United States for the last nine years, I have closely adhered to the principles of Islam. There are five "pillars" or duties that all Muslims should perform to the best of their abilities. First, in order to be considered a true Muslim, one must believe that Allah is the only God, and that Mohammed was His last messenger. I am a strong believer in this principle and am overwhelmed at the remarkable life that Mohammed led, despite facing constant adversity. Mohammed was chosen by Allah to spread the ideas of Islam. At first, the idol worshippers and the rich scorned Mohammed's teachings, and some wished to kill him. As a result, Mohammed and his followers fled to Medina in 622. This emigration is known as Hegira and marks the beginning of the Muslim calendar. However, in 630 A.D., Mohammed and his followers returned to Mecca and occupied the city. They destroyed all the idols in the heathen temple or Kaaba, and turned the

surrounding area into a mosque (Muslim place of worship). The Meccans acknowledged Islam as the true religion and Mecca and Medina became Islam's sacred cities. I admire Mohammed's life, and he has set as example of the kind of life I attempt to lead. Throughout his life, Mohammed was faced with a great deal of adversity. Yet, he was able to accomplish his goal, because his strong belief in Allah gave him courage. Thus, during difficult times in my life, such as taking exams at Brandeis, I often pray for Allah's help. Usually, I perform well because of Allah's courage and support.

The Muslim's holy book is the Koran, which contains the words of Allah, passed to Mohammed through the angel, Gabriel. I recite five pages from the Koran, aloud in Arabic, everyday before leaving for classes. Because I cannot understand Arabic, I have to rely upon the English translation of the Koran, to understand its meaning. According to the Koran, life is a period of testing for the eternal life that is to come. Each man has two angels, one sitting on the left shoulder and one on the right. The angel on the left shoulder records the evil deeds that men do, while the angel on the right shoulder records all

our good deeds. On the Day of Judgement, each man will receive the record of his deeds on earth. The record is placed in the right, for the good, who go to heaven, while the wicked, who receive the record with the left hand, go to hell. Thoughts about hell, with serpents, demons, beasts, and fire, prevents me from performing acts forbidden by Allah, such as drinking alcohol eating pork, committing theft, lying or stealing. On the contrary, the image of Heaven, with delicious fruits, rivers of honey, beautiful gardens and maidens, motivates me to lead a life of a true Muslim.

Muslims are required to pray five times daily: at dawn, at noon, in the afternoon, in the evening, and at night. While I was living in India, it was common for my family to attend the Mosque daily for prayers. Amuezzin, or caller, announces prayer time from the minaret (mosque tower) by saying, "Allah Akbar, Allah Akbar..." meaning "God is great, God is great..." Upon hearing this, we arrive at the Mosque, and ceremoniously perform ~~ablution~~ ablution by washing our hands, feet, and face before prayer. My father, brothers, and I stand with the men in the front while my mother stands behind with the women. The Immam, the leader of the prayer recites passages from the Koran, praising Allah. Prayers also include bowing from the hips, and kneeling with the face to the ground, facing Mecca. I

enjoy praying at the Mosque because the presence of other Muslims brings about the spirit of togetherness. Nevertheless, after moving to the United States, it has been difficult to attend the Mosque, in Quincy, Mass., regularly. However, I still pray five times daily, at home.

Furthermore, all Muslims are required to fast during the month of Ramadan. My father, mother, brother and I fast for all thirty days. It becomes necessary to wake up in the morning, before dawn to eat as much as possible and return to sleep. During the day, no food or drinks are taken and time is spent in praying and reciting the Koran. The fast is broken at dusk, by eating a large meal followed by a prayer. The end of Ramadan is celebrated by Id Ul Fitr, when all the members of my family attend the Mosque where special prayers are performed. At home, gifts are exchanged, and delicious meals are served. We can only eat "halal", a sacred meat, which results from sacrificing the animals in the name of Allah. This prohibits us from eating meat sold in the markets during Ramadan, and other times of the year, we receive "halal" meat from Boston. I have been fasting for the last three years. I experienced a great deal of difficulty fasting for the first time. I often became sick and spent time watching T.V., instead of praying. Because Ramadan usually comes in the

(Continued on Page 30)

A Moth to Flame

Something sparks
a flame is kindled
Warmth surges throughout
it turns weak our wills

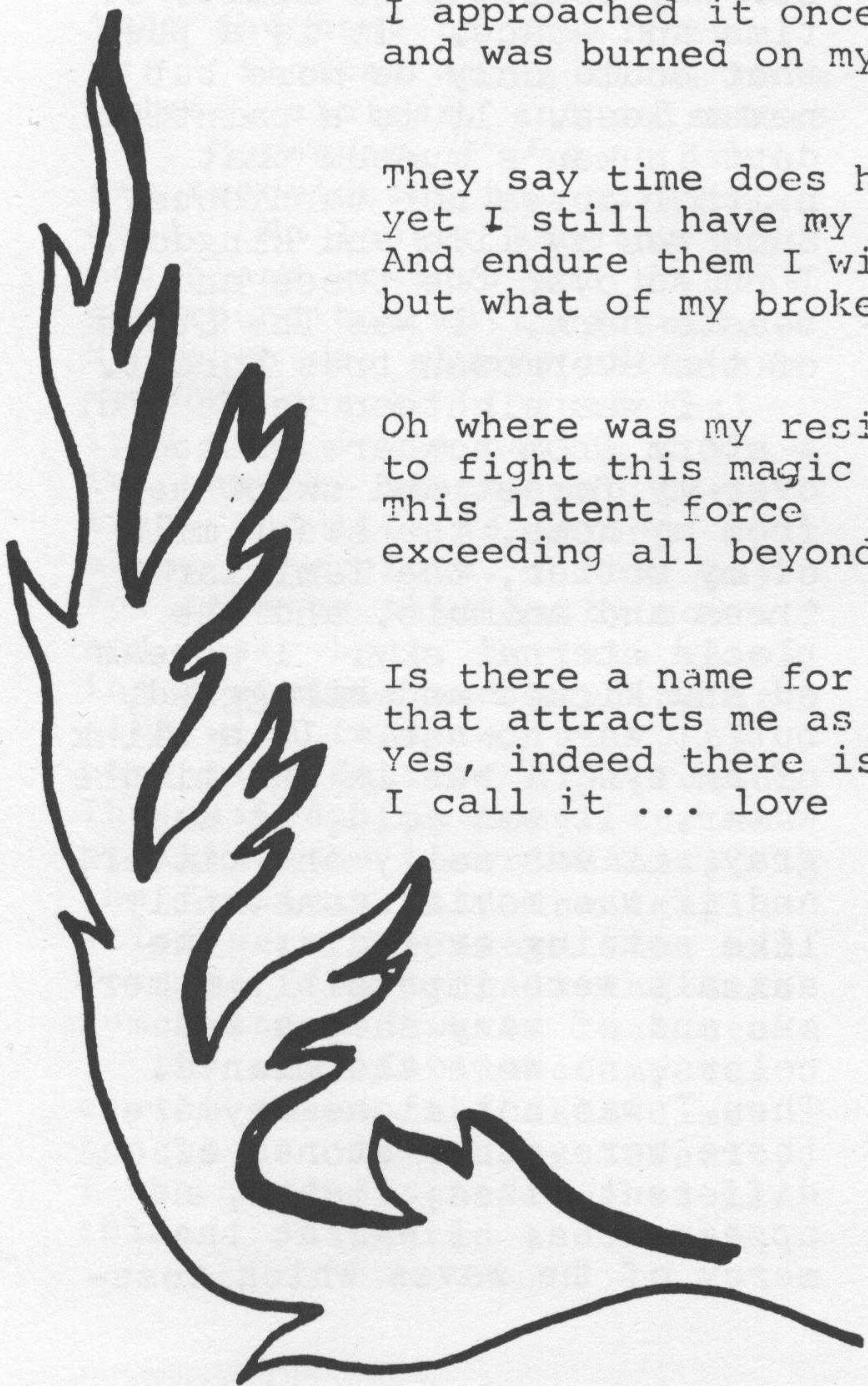
It compels with her power
all who approach
Beckoning us to come nearer
and nearer still

Yet knowing all the while
the hurt of her flame
I approached it once
and was burned on my part

They say time does heal
yet I still have my scars
And endure them I will
but what of my broken heart?

Oh where was my resistance
to fight this magic
This latent force
exceeding all beyond and above

Is there a name for this thing
that attracts me as a moth to a flame?
Yes, indeed there is
I call it ... love



Sunny-

I Am the Stone

by Anh Dang

And then suddenly I was thrown into the big ocean. The water, wind, and sand roared and swirled ceaselessly and vociferously around me. I was flung high up into the core of the world. My inside rolled up and out then back and up and out again, my brain rolled like a ball inside my empty but heavy skull, and my eyes went totally blind. The pain and shock were beyond description until my mind and body could take them no more and I lost my consciousness.

I was born to a single mother who is a mountain in the deep evergreen forest. As soon as I was put into the world I lived in my mother's milk, which people call "stream", I drank it, washed in it, and grew in it daily. At first I had almost no shape and was brownish, then my mother made me round and transparent like her with her milk. I was becoming very pretty, adamant, and proud at my thirteenth birthday. Everyone loved me and the whole world seemed to be there just for me: I could do anything I wanted and have anything I wanted. I was safe and happy in my home, the forest and the stream. The fish, deers, butterflies, and all other animals of the forest came to play with me every day, the sun shined on me,

and the trees, which were forever green and unchanged, sang for me all year round. There was not a stranger in my kingdom, a cloud in my sky, a speck of dust in my stream, and a noise in my air, ever. Life went on smoothly and naturally as a stream without struggle nor any concepts or limits of time and space. It is a poem that could only be more but never less. It is a painting deep in man's museum that neither moves nor tarnishes. Such was my life and kingdom. I ruled over the trees and beasts here. I was The Stone of the evergreen tree forest.

I was eighteen years old. A storm from nowhere passed over my forest and swept me from my home, the sweet milk of my mother, the familiar trees and animals, and the placid eternal sky. I screamed and kicked and struggled, but it was no use. In a blink of an eye, I was in the middle water. It was cold, it was gray, it was salty and bitter, and it was moving constantly like nothing ever did. The animals were impossibly numerous and of many shapes and colors, so were the plants. Then I was not alone anymore: there were other stones of different sizes, lights, and appearances. I was at the mercy of the waves which toss-

ed me around and teased me as they liked. I could not entreat them to let go of me, for they had no ears nor could

I fight against them, for they were nothing to fight against. Here I saw when the day ended or the night began, when a thing started and when it ended. A star was born, a star died; the sun set, the sun rose. I was born and I died to every beat of the ocean

marking the death of every second in my clock. I was only a particle among the million other particles, which came by mistake and went by accident. I knew none of them and none of them knew me; I floated among them, nameless, aimless, and noiseless

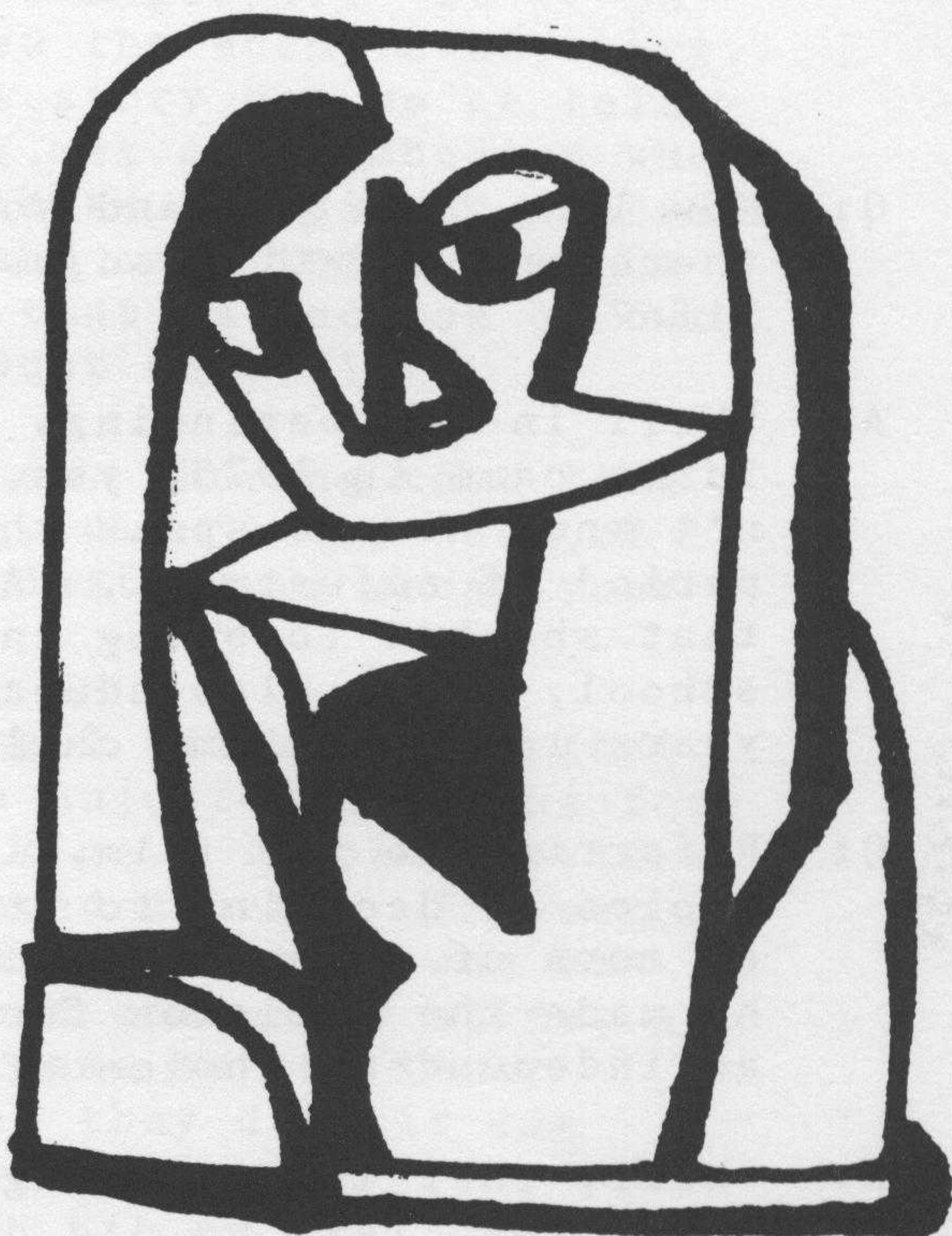
Moreover, I was no longer translucent but multicolored. No longer smooth, but rough and grainy, and no longer round but multifaceted. My mouth was always salty and my body dusty. I just realized that I was having a brain, memory, heart, and feelings, and life as anyone else. Therefore, I must pay for them by this salty mouth and dusty body; by this gnawing nostalgia and burning desire with fear to fail, or hope with fear of disillusion. The desire, the hope, the nostalgia, the consciousness, the feelings, and the imagination were the storm that had torn me from my painting-like home, and the waves that broke

the equilibrium of my day or the ocean that salted my tongue and damned my identity. I was at the same time so many things; scattered and stray-

ing everywhere in the universe and feeling like a viscous mass of something constantly seeking to reach beyond itself, but constantly held back by the essential weight of its own existence. I was only a stone among the thousand other stones. I ate the dust and breathed the sun...

But the ocean, the ocean would not let me stay in one place forever. There's a port at the end of the sky. I must go there. If only I could get there I would be all right. Yes, all right all over again. There I should find a place that is mine, among the thousand other stones. And there I should perish, to enjoy my eternal life as The Stone of the Evergreen Forest of the Everblue Sky.

The journey would be long and cold. But I was not alone then...even if I was, alone, I was only a stone.



Interview

DITH PRAN

For the cultural week at Brandeis University, we were fortunate enough to have as guest speaker, Mr. Dith Pran. Pran, as we all know, is a survivor of the war during the Khmer Rouge regime in Cambodia. His real life experiences are portrayed in the movie, "The Killing Fields". Fortunately, BAASA was allowed the gracious opportunity to conduct a personal interview with Mr. Dith Pran.



Q: How long have you and your family been in the U.S.?; are there any existing adjustments for your family to American life?

A: "Well in the beginning, when my wife and my four small children came in 1975, yes. Due to the fact that my wife didn't know how to speak the English language, there was a period of adjustment. Additionally, there was the fact that she had to bring and take care of our four children in school, while also educating herself. But four and a half years later, all my children became basically americanized."

Q: Referring to the film, it didn't seem as if you had a free choice of deciding to stay to cover the war. It appeared as more of a one-sided choice on Schanberg's part, as if he made the decision for both of you. Did you indeed have an independent choice of remaining there?

A: "Well, that is something that they didn't show enough in the film. Yes, we did discuss our choices and we did think over our options. We also talked about whether or not some-

things were worth it. Also, it is a part of the job. You have to know that I'm his assistant, so he has to have something over me because he has some job experiences that I don't have."

Q: Was this story that important to you that you were willing to risk your life to cover it?

A: "Yes. That is important to me because I love journalism, and I believe that the readers cannot go with me, so we are the ones who are to represent the eyes of the readers."

Q: What do you feel you gained for all your hardships? It seems that the misfortunes and pains of your surviving experience exceed any possible gain.

A: "You can say that I am getting my retribution. I want revenge, but peacefully, not militarily. Being a survivor who has suffered and seen the unjust treatment of people, I have to do something for them; for the people who were killed and the survivors who cannot speak. I have a way to speak, so I have to let the world know that the Khmer Rouge are really crazy, and have violated a vital human right. It's very difficult to express in words the crime they committed against their own people. It is unbelievable; it seemed as if they saw the enemy everywhere.. It was not easy, but we believe the story had to be told. I, myself, still have nightmares. I met one Cambodian who said to me that he had the same problem. I didn't describe my story to him, but he came to me and said that still he dreamt about Cambodia. I told him that is because of our sufferings, and because we cared about Cambodia."

Q: One last reference to your experience. During that time with all the immeasurable suffering, didn't the idea of terminating your life with a quick death ever cross your mind?

A: "Never. I never give up. One thing I believed was that my people can never remain in those unjust conditions forever. That was in my mind all the time. I told myself that someday the good people will predominate. I never gave up by saying 'no more' or thinking that no one can liberate them. I believe that a good communist abides by a good ideology, but if you are extreme as the Khmer Rouge by massively killing people as they did, it can never do."

Q: What kind of effect did your experience have on your children?; do you try to avoid mentioning it at all, or is it a learning element for them?

A: "Well, I told them how to survive and they learned a lot from me. But because they didn't know, it was different. They lived in America and saw only the plentiness. I often tell them not to waste food because it can save a human life. I explain to them that if you don't want to eat, don't take the rice and put it on your plate, because many people really need food and you have plenty."

Q: A Brandeis student wrote a commentary on "The Killing Fields". He brought into question the basis of your friendship with Schanberg, saying that it was portrayed as an unequal and rather subservient relationship.

A: "To begin with, I enjoyed my job. I didn't feel as if I served him in a subservient manner. I'm his assistant, and there is really nothing wrong with that. I accept it as a part of the job. Similarly, in America, there are the secretaries who bring things for their boss. It's the same thing. We hoped for a better portrayal of our friendship, which was a mutually strong bond. Nothing has changed today; we're still like brothers."

Q: If you had another opportunity to cover a story in a war affected area, knowing the risks involved, would you do that again?

A: "Not on the battlefield. I will go to the refugees. I don't care about seeing and meeting the ugliness and the poverty of the people. I think I had enough of the battlefields, but I still care about the refugees."

Q: There were also comments on the generally low portrayal of minorities in film. Do you feel it's an unfair stereotyping?

A: "I think for Asian cultures it is fine. If you're born and raised here, it may be different. But Asian cultures are relatively respected, so in the movie, I think it was alright."

Q: What about your future plans? Do you plan to remain working for the New York Times, or do you have further goals?

A: "No. I still enjoy my job. Even if I have ample money, I never would want to quit. I love photography. It's a very good job, and you have the opportunity to associate with all kinds of people; that's what I like. I don't want to sit in a desk and do just paperwork. I like to go around and meet the people because it makes me happy."

Q: Knowing the widespread viewing and success of "The Killing Fields", what personal message do you hope will be conveyed to the audience?

A: "The main thing that I hope for is that the viewers will write more letters to Congress, which will effect some pressure onto state departments to aid in stopping this war. This is America and I believe the elect officials have a duty to respond to the public."

Q: Would you encourage any of your children to follow in your footsteps?

A: "No. But it seems to me that they would want to help people in a different way. My daughter enjoys helping people and is now attending nursing school. My oldest son is 21, and he really cares about Cambodia. But I try to forget because he is too young, and I'd like for him to study first. However, he has Cambodian blood, and he will learn and he will come to understand very fast."

Q: It is said that a great experience changes every man's life. What is the most important effect of your experience?

A: "Deep in my heart, I still question why they killed the children, why my brothers and their children were killed. That's the subject that is forever impressed in my mind. I wish I could have my younger brother with me today. He was a student who didn't know about political affairs, and he was killed. When you talk about your relatives and family, you think about the really innocent people; compare all of my family members who were killed. My brother, a colonel, was killed; that is somewhat concievable. But when you talk about your brother who was a student, it is not fair. Then there is my sister who was married to an officer. She didn't know about political affairs and she was killed. That always remains in my mind and it makes me very angry."

by Sunny Park

STRUGGLE WITH A DUEL IDENTITY

by Anil George

" Indeed I often wonder if I represent anyone at all, and I am inclined to think that I do not, though many have kindly and friendly feelings toward me. I have become a queer mixture of the East and the West, out of place everywhere, at home nowhere. Perhaps my thoughts and approach to life are more akin to what is called Western than Eastern, but India clings to me, as she does to all her children, in innumerable ways; and behind me lie, somewhere in the subconscious, racial memories of a hundred, or whatever the number may be, generations of Brahmans. I cannot get rid of either that past inheritance or my recent acquisitions. They are both part of me, and, though they help me in both the East and the West, they also create in me a feeling of spiritual loneliness not only in public activities, but in life itself. I am a stranger and alien in the West. I cannot be of it. But in my own country also, sometimes, I have an exile's feeling."

The foregoing passage is contained in the autobiography of Jawaharalal Nehru, the first Prime Minister of India. Nehru lived and studied for several years in England and travelled the West widely before and after entering the politics of

India. What was he saying in the passage? My own life is an example of the personal conflict expressed.

As one who grew up in the West and was born of Indian parents I was often forced to make social and even moral choices between the Eastern and Western ways of thinking. My upbringing was such that my travels in India, my contact with other Indians, and the strong emphasis in my home on Indian culture and values were a major force in my mental and emotional development. However, counteracting this major force was another force created by my exposure to and practice of American lifestyle and values, resulting from my constant contact with personalities who were of a completely American mindset.

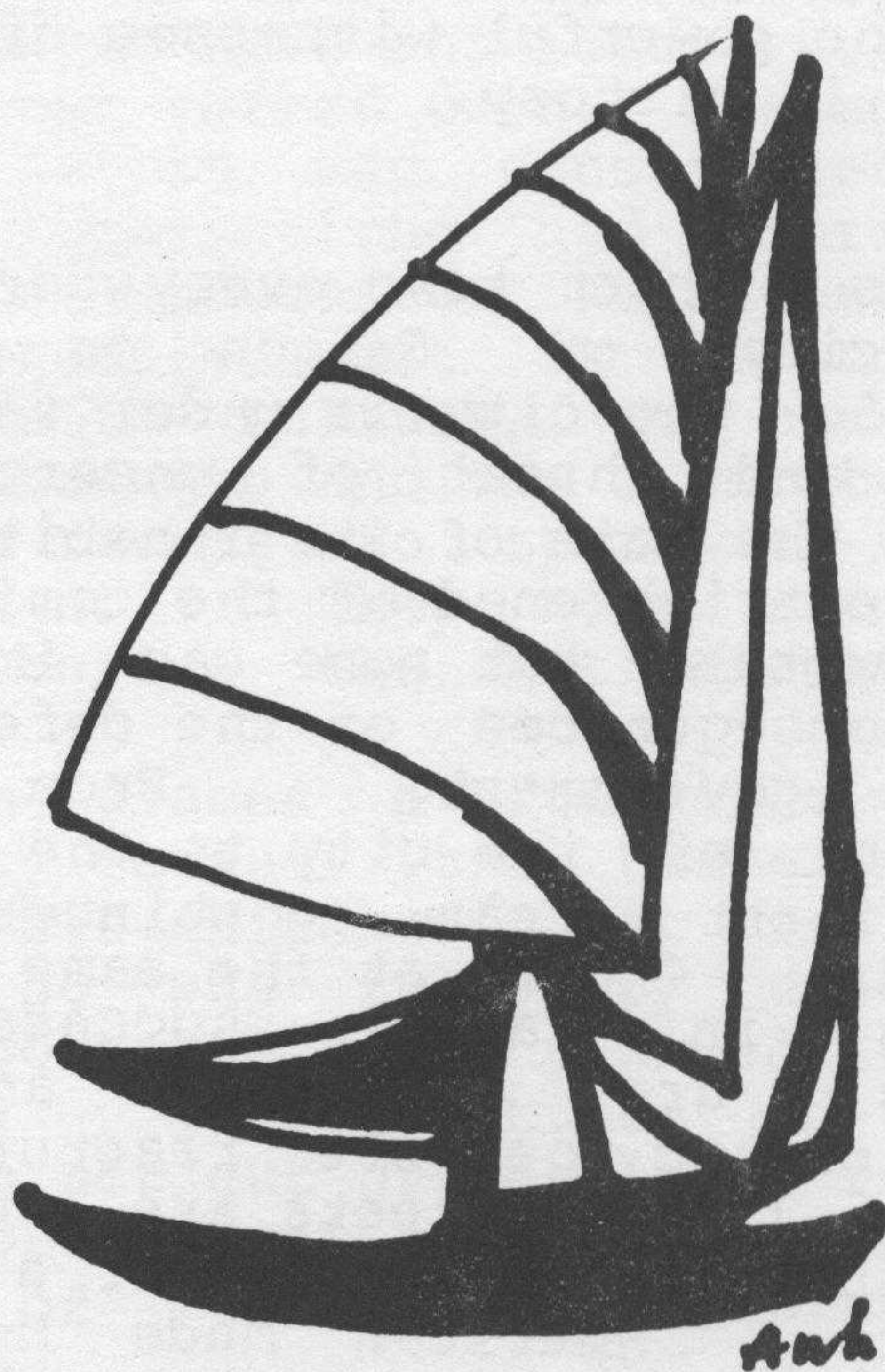
Many times these two forces meshed together conveniently; reinforcing whatever values I had. Notwithstanding these occasions, I was more often in a state of confusion, wondering what to do; both forces were pulling me in opposite directions, each tugging at the other. I was on a very unsure and sandy footing, always questioning the legitimacy of both culture's values. Certainly the cultural religious values imposed upon me by my family were a basis for my thoughts, sometimes predominating my thinking. But they were also, at times, weakened or annulled by the set structures in my American

environment. I was positioned between two cultures, but was never a part of either one. From this has resulted a constant struggle to find an identity, one that I could never grasp onto and say is mine. Instead it has always been buffeted and razed, in a constant state of erosion, disarray and repair.

I have become a rather droll hybrid in my outlook and judgments. Many times I have found myself analyzing situations in a very peculiar fashion and forming odd notions about life. It seems that God alone can understand my plight. I have never found any human comfort in my psychological wanderings—not from any acquaintances or close friends, and not even from my family. In fact, people have invariably perceived my sense of identity inaccurately. I have received contradictory signs about my supposed vantage point. Some have told me that I have an idealistic mythical illusion about India and the East, while others have stated that I have a cynical and critical understanding of India and the East.

Yet amid all the disarrangement, I can pause and examine the positive effects of having a twofold set of values. There is certainly merit to the things of both the Indian and the American societies. I cannot deny the effect both societies have had on my makeup. I can try to find some happiness in setting up a structure for my own personal life by incorporating values from both the American and the Indian cultures. I am perhaps aware of two different planes of thinking and have some added

insight into human nature and the role an environment plays on one's psyche. But this knowledge does nothing to relieve my insecurities. I can never hope to find complete or true happiness because my foundation will be based on an uncertain and obscure confidence in the values and merits of the two cultures. One can never hide from reality. I can never escape a feeling of homelessness. Usually, I can manage to cut myself a space among either the Americans or the Indians in their activities. But I never quite fit into either picture securely and am never completely at ease with either group. Hence my greatest loss is a spiritual one, an internal grieving and anguish, an overwhelming feeling of displacement.



Vision of chaos and feeling of despair had drowned out the sounds of gunfire of war. A decade later, after the smoke had cleared the land, the Vietnam remains an unforgettable event in American history as well as in the minds of many South Vietnamese. My friend, Lam, a young boy, who was growing up during the years of upheaval, recalls the tragic fate of South Vietnam during its final collapse in 1975.

"History has a way of reverberating itself through time and people", Lam says, "Reality is then and now. It stretches the pain and anguish of those who have lost their nationhood, their culture and society into infinity". There is nothing left from that last day of April 1975 when the communists of North Vietnam seized control of the South, not even the future. But nevertheless, memories are the powerful witnesses of that moment in history.

It's a ghost town everywhere in the city of Saigon on April 30, 1975. The city is under fire of chaos and threat of uncertainty about the fate of its inhabitants. All are frightened of the coming of the new rule, but none can imagine the consequences of the defeat of their government. From one district of the city to the next, the silent fear continues to spread. Chaos, at the same time, occurs in rapid successions. Houses are bolstered against invasion and possible fracture of family life. Streets are littered with rubbles and vestige of a dying society: American made M-16's, hand grenades, along with military uniforms, soldiers' helmets and boots.

The Road Back

To History

by L. T.

The scene on Tran Hung Dao Avenue resembles the aftermath of a tornado. There is no physical destruction of that sort, but yet another kind of destruction is everywhere and is approaching closer to home. Now and then, one or two bicyclists pass by. Some run to hide, as others look for places of belonging. Most airwaves of radio stations are blanked out, except for a few that are still emitting scattering signals of the arrival of the North Vietnamese troops, announcing the fall of the South Vietnamese government and its society.

In downtown Saigon, the rich, government officials and U.S. forces are withdrawing. Tan Son Nhut Airport is being shelled continuously, yet planes are taking off and people are leaving. The Vietnamese, as well as the people of Saigon have lost their nation, their freedom, their ways of life and soon, their family. People leave in panic, in hope of making that last flight out of the

American Embassy or that last ship leaving the Saigon harbor. In their despair, they have to leave everything, including members of their family, their possessions and their homeland. They seem to leave Vietnam without regret. But in truth, they did it for their own survival--they are petrified of the new world.

Back inside the house, apprehension dominates Lam's family. There are questions to be answered and emergency decisions to be made. Lam's father was a ranking military police officer in South Vietnam. In this case, death could be the consequence. His father has the option to leave the country for his own safety, but chooses not to. The war is ending and peace is near, his father believes and so decides to stay. His family then begins to destroy all evidences of its alliance with the old government. His father collects all his uniforms, his military identifications and other documents. The papers were burned and uniforms were taken to the dumpster. Similar things go on in other families that are part of the old world. At that moment, people not only face destruction from the outside perimeter, but are also forced to destroy themselves from within.

Lam's father did not realize his ill decision. He made a grave error and paid an enormous price for remaining in Vietnam: six years of imprisonment under the name of re-education and false promise of peace. The communists punished him for fighting for the

welfare of his people, the people of South Vietnam. He was condemned for aiding imperialist America. He endured six long years of hard labor, and mental indoctrination. Nevertheless, he survived the terror of the new world along with its deception of peace. Today, Lam's family is completely scattered with each member in a different corner of the globe. He left Vietnam while his parents were still there. Likewise, others have also exit the dark tunnel in search for better hope and brighter vision of tomorrow. In truth, we left because we could not recover from the defeat of our government, nor could we continue to live amid the destructions of our society and endure the reality of a new regime

The decade had gone by, but it left a harsh reality. The culture to which people are deeply connected had been exploded with brutish idealisms. Old traditions, along with arts and literatures all had been burned down. The society which people had constructed, in which generations had flourished, was also shattered. No society is a paradise, but it is unique. Along with culture, it nourishes the strength and the identity of a common people who speak a common language. They both form and characterize the nation-state of man.

Lam places a high value on his society because it is there that he spent his childhood; it is there that he was initially educated. His roots had been planted firmly there. They continue to grow, though not out of the land itself, but out of the heart and mind, and out of his understanding of

(Continued on Page 30)

Book Review

The Woman Warrior

by Peter Eng

One afternoon, I finally sat down to read The Woman Warrior written by Maxine Hong Kingston. I had wanted to read this novel for a long time not only because I had seen the great reviews in "Time" and "Newsweek" but also because I have always been interested in seeing how Chinese culture is related to caucasians. I was led to believe that this novel would differ from the James Clavell (author of Tai Pan and Noble House) style rendition of chinoiserie since it was written by a Chinese American woman; but, to my disappointment, I discovered the true meaning of chop suey.

The plot of the novel concerns a Chinese woman who is born and raised in America, and her two fold battle against discrimination against her race and sex. The discrimination against her sex is mainly by her Chinese peers who continue to foster the belief that all women are useless.

On reading the book, I found the author's style to be dizzying as many of her sentences are isolated thoughts that are unrelated to the next sentence. The language she uses is combination of Chinese, literally translated into English, and English, creating a sort of "Chinglish". It's difficult to understand even if the reader is fluent in both languages.

My major complaint, however, lies in the conception of the Chinese which she might imprint in the minds of those who are unfamiliar with Chinese culture. It seems to me that

she is trying to make the Chinese seem as alien as possible while convincing the reader that it is an honest portrait of the Chinese people. On reading the novel, someone who does not know anything about the Chinese will assume that they eat skunks and raccoons, treat women like slaves, and perceive all other races as "ghosts". The full list of such misconceptions are too long to list here. Two advantages that come from perpetuating this strange image of the Chinese is that 1. it makes the main character (i.e. herself) seem stronger as she ultimately wins her battles against a tradition of Chinese ignorance, 2. it probably sells.

Furthermore, the author does not seem to be as proficient in Chinese as she thinks she is. When one who is fluent in Cantonese reads this book, he is bound to notice how the gist of Cantonese colloquialisms are lost in the author's confused translations. She often translates slang literally and loses the true sense of the word. For example, the literal translation of the Chinese slang for foreigners is indeed "ghosts". The author takes this to mean that the Chinese thought of all other races as non-existent and that they were merely spectres. When someone fluent in Cantonese, can immediately discern the word "ghost" as either meaning a phantom or else a foreigner. Even though the Chinese may have at one point believed that foreigners were phantoms (such as during the Ching Dynasty), it does not seem

plausible that the Chinese she writes about would still believe this on the eve of the communist takeover in China less than forty years ago.

When I finished this book, I could not resist comparing it to the works of the female American author Pearl Buck, who is not Chinese. Among her novels "The Good Earth" and "Dragon Seed". The difference between the two women is that Kingston tries to portray her Chinese characters as being exotic living in the shadow of ancient myths and mysticism. Pearl Buck, on the other hand, tries to show the struggles of Chinese farmers in a way that plays down these elements. She stresses on the compassion of her characters in a way that all races can easily identify with. She is down to earth and realistic. In this way, Buck is able to convince her readers that a unified humanity exists while Maxine Hong Kingston, for reasons of her own, unduly accentuates the differences.

Two Haikus !

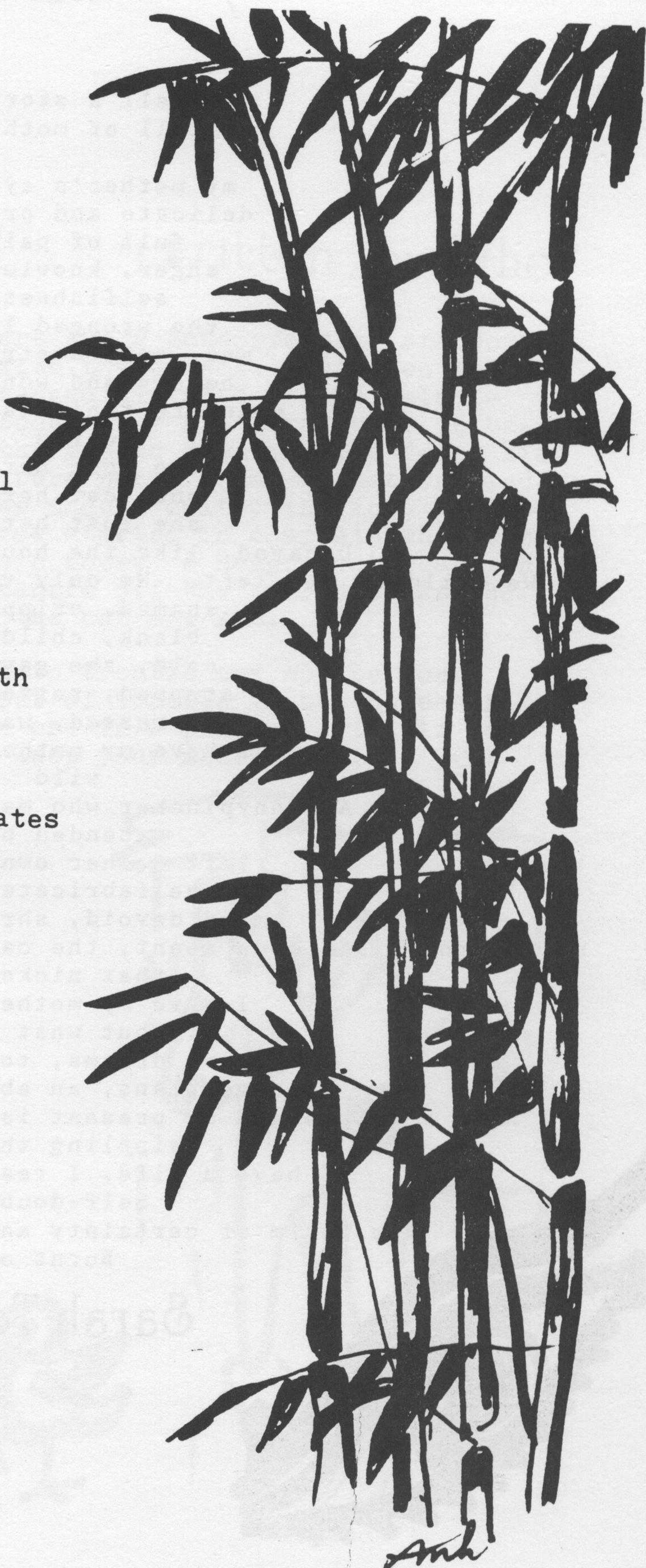
THE DARK

In a park at night
Spotlighting a wooden bench
The bright, yellow moon.

A NIGHT IN FEBRUARY

Driving into night
I saw a bright star twinkle
In the navy-blue

by Bey Chen



My Mother's Eye

Tell a story
tell of mother

my mother's eyes
delicate and pretty
full of pain
anger, knowledge
selfishness
the wronged look
mad, self-destructive
beauty and wonder
gone are their days, wasted
early

she lost her teeth
she lost her looks
she lost her shape

Decayed, like the house we lived in
We children who left. We only visit, but not for very long.

shamed, crippled
blank, childlike
cold, she gave up
stopped, retreated
suppressed, waiting
I have my mother's eyes.
wild

A pennypincher who married a gambler
extended beyond
left to her own inventions
she fabricates nothing
mind devoid, shrieking insanity
no return, a 55¢ soda spent, the can tossed and not cashed in for
that nickel.

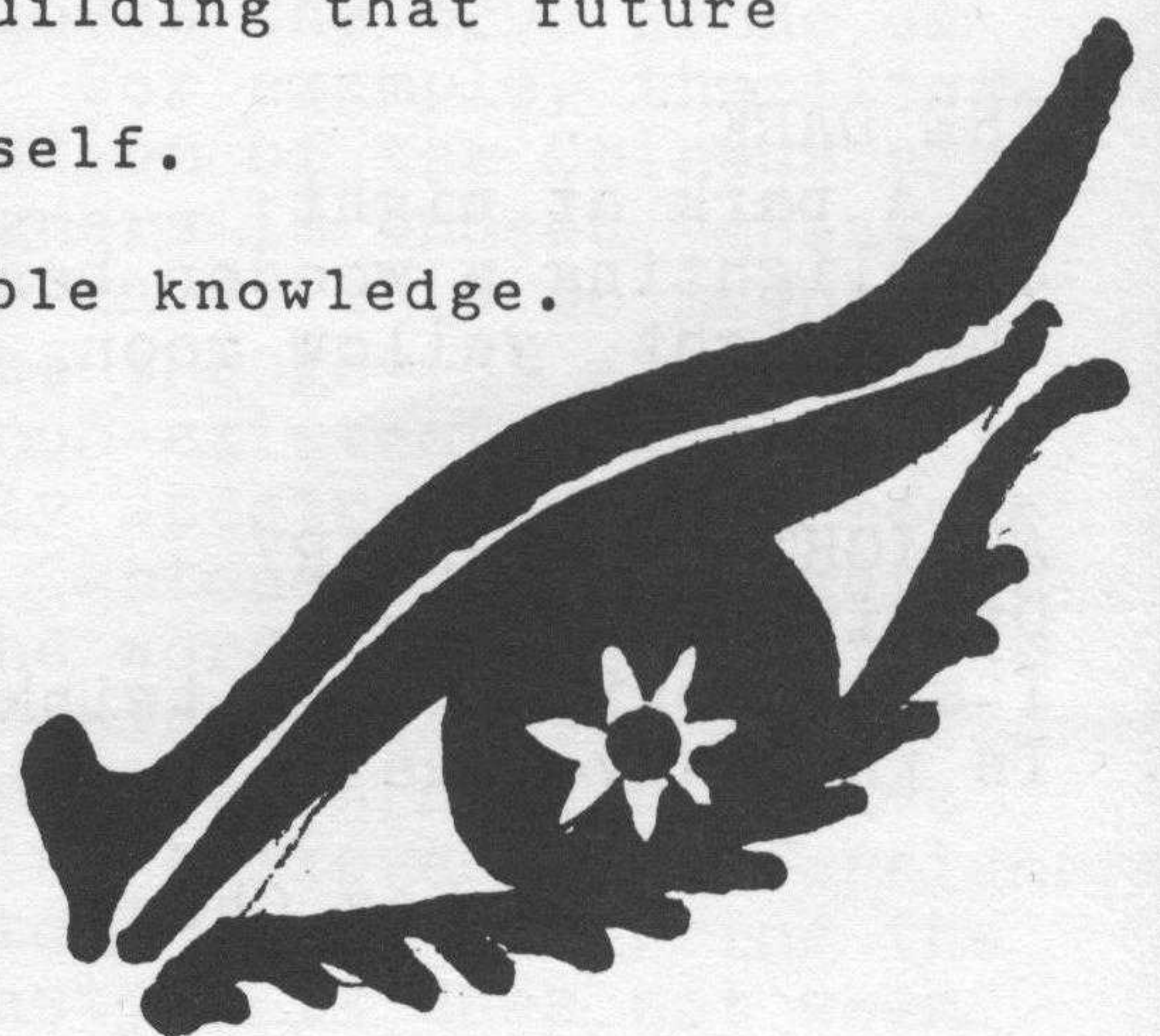
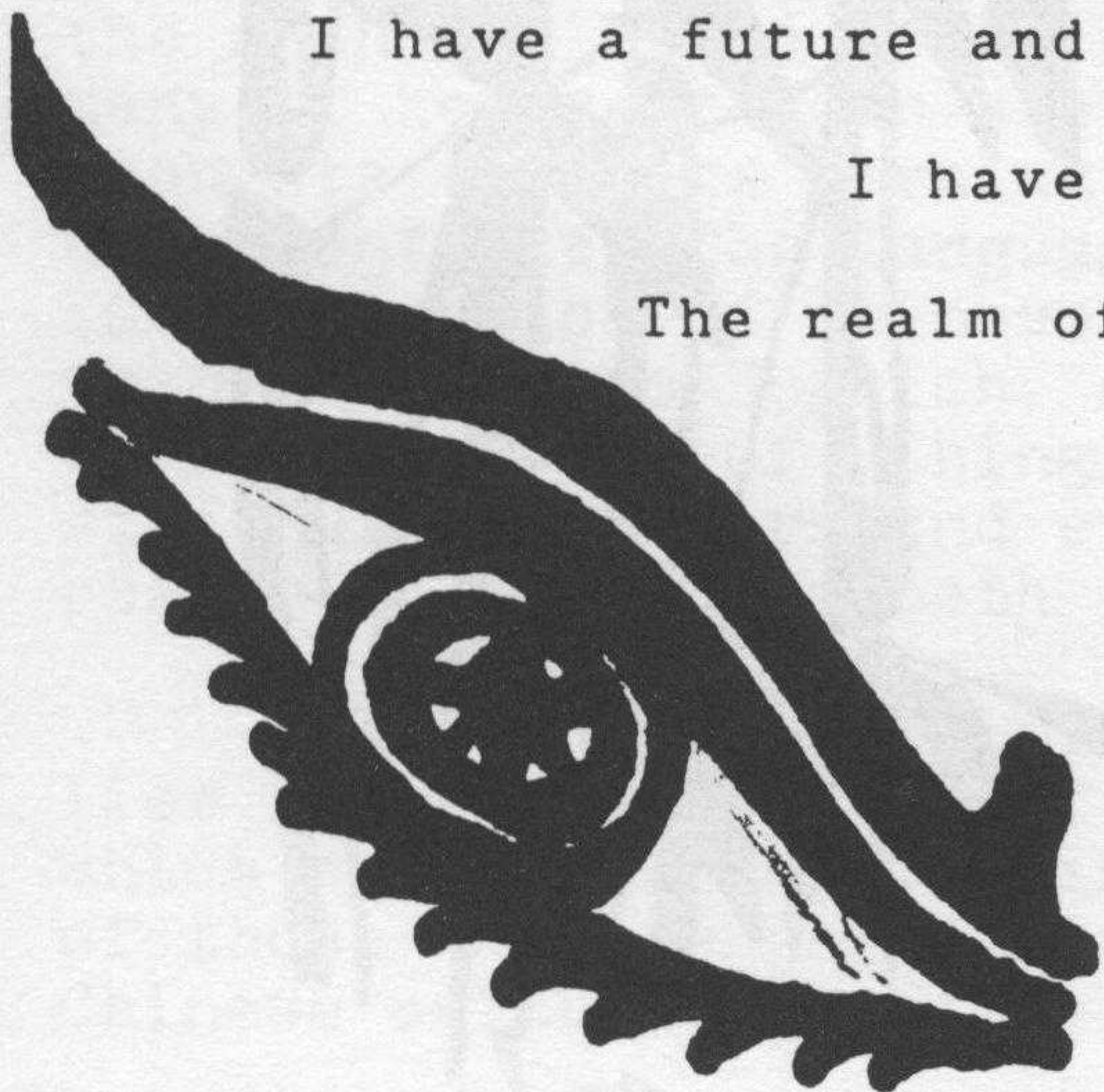
I have my mother's eyes.
...but what of it.

I have dreams, too many dreams
I have plans, an abundance of plans
I have a future and my present is spent building that future
crippling that past

I have a life, I reassure myself.
Self-doubt

The realm of certainty and of stable knowledge.
Burnt out.

Sarah Tom

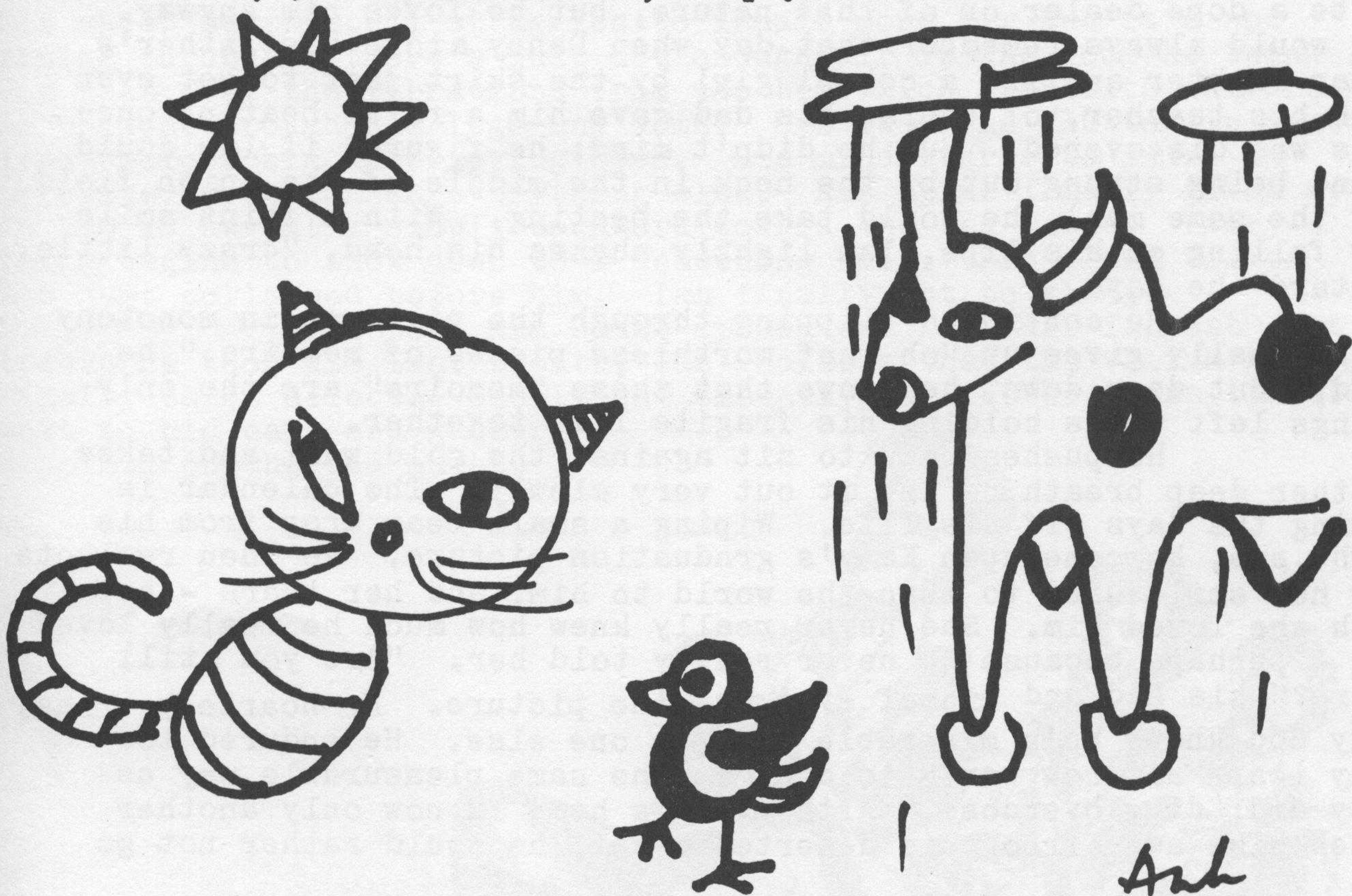


A SPARROW

written by Who?

Once upon a late morning, there was a nonconforming sparrow who decided not to fly south with the others. But when the winter came, the chilliness changed his mind and he reluctantly started to fly south. Soon after his departure, it began to snow. He fell down to the ground when the ice froze his wings. A cow from the nearby barn noticed the situation, and craped on him. The heat of the manure melted the ice, and he was saved. However, the sparrow started to complain when the smell of the manure got into his nose. A hungry cat heard the noise and came to remove the manure off the sparrow. As the sparrow was thanking the cat, the cat ate him.

MORAL: Anyone who gets you into trouble may not be your enemy; anyone who pulls you out of trouble is not necessarily your friend. Even though you are in a pile of shit, if safe and warm, yet uncomfortable, keep your mouth shut.



IT ALWAYS ENDS IN TEARS

by VU TRUONG

Lying in the fetal position, his eyes stare directly at a small crack on the ceiling. One could almost see his torn world from the entangled vein lines that paint his eyes red, as if to say that those dry and bloody eyes have seen too much. It's half past six now, he muses, as his two arms make another attempt to tighten the grip around his bare knees. His mind continues to wander aimlessly along with time. He jerks his head backward to take a deep breath, then forward, taking another painfully bitter swallow of his saliva. His eyes now open widely, scanning through his trifling belongings that lie scattered on the table. He leans forward trying to reach an old cigar box, in which he keeps fragments of his memories. As soon as Ian gets a hold of the box, then step by step, he kicks the white sheet free of his legs. Sitting upright on the bed, he opens and grabs the whole stack. Two pictures fall from his hands, but it didn't matter much because they all seemed the same to him. The snapshots came from some distance very far from the vacuous reality that he is trapped in. At each turn of his right hand, moments of time pass through the corner of his eyes. He flips quicker by the seconds, then stops at his little brother's picture. Danny was barely seven when Ian promised him a BB gun; and would teach the kid to shoot their neighbor's dogs on the next farm over. There is no doubt in Ian's mind that the kid would some day grow up to be a dope dealer or of that nature, but he loves him anyway. Ian would always remember that day when Danny stole his father's cigar lighter and lit a school girl by the skirt just to get even with his teacher, of course his dad gave him a royal beating once this was discovered. But he didn't mind; he figured if Ian could stand being strung out by the neck in the middle of the onion field (by the same man), he could take the beating. With a faint smile now falling on his lips, Ian lightly shakes his head, "crazy little bastard" he says.

He continues flipping through the pictures in monotony then finally gives up "oh what worthless pieces of memoirs," he said, But deep down, he knows that these "memoirs" are the only things left that's holding his fragile life together.

He pushes back to sit against the cold wall and takes another deep breath and let it out very slowly. The calendar is taking the days off his life. Wiping a small tear drop from his right eye, he came upon Katy's graduation picture. He then reflects how her smile used to mean the world to him, and her tears - how much she loved him. She never really knew how much he really loved her - perhaps because he never really told her. "Are you still there?" his sad and dismal eyes ask the picture. He hoarsely cries. Only God knows he's miserable now, no one else. He endured too many tears and now wants to die, in the same pleasurable way as Katy did: drug overdose. Although his home is now only another hitch-hike away from this deserted motel, he would rather not go

back to the old house - there are too many bad memories there. "They probably don't really care if I live or die" he thought. The sound of a passing automobile zoomed by caught his attention for a moment. He extends his thin body over to lift the edge of the Venician blinds. The sun quickly burns into his eyes. It's now almost eight which means another night without sleep for Ian. He shuts the blinds again and draws back to the bed with his eyes deeply closed trying to recover his vision. "I don't want to go back, I don't want to" he cried. He had to run away twice before and each time returned in tears. It has been four years since he last saw the old man. He doesn't expect forgiveness and knows that it would not come easily. For a brief moment, he became the child that he was before. The feeling of being insecure and totally left alone occupies his burning blue soul. But now at the age of 19, he is too tough to cry to anyone. So he cries to himself. He wants to shout at his world so hard until his neck turned blue. Then again, people just hear you, they don't ever listen to you.

He now fully recovers his vision and opens his eyes slowly to the blank wall before him. Slowly, it begins to push its way toward him. Fearfully, he pulls his chest backward and tries to open his eyes wider only to find his view narrowing. The other two walls to his right and left joined in motion; his blood has just turned cold, colder than a December night. The window and furniture start to transform into obscure shapes, the walls begin to swirl slowly about his mind. The ceiling is coming tumbling down closer to his head. His heart gradually beat more quickly and ever more heavily just to keep his blood from freezing over. His chest desperately struggles to inhale more air but it's not coming through - there's just not enough air in the room he thinks. His toes feel the vibrations from the bed which transmits shivers in unison through his legs and arms. His two arms flutter in turbulence before his unbelieving eyes. His mind starts to swirl in opposite direction as everything else. His spine finally gives up on him as he falls slowly backward toward the bed frame. Everything begins to slow down to a deadening halt. His blind vision has just collapsed before him. Ian finally got to sleep.

With both his hands sprung out to their fullest just before he took his last breath, Ian realizes that the valium had finally taken effect. Slowly and silently, a line of tears travel down to his ears and gather droplets on the bed sheet.



(Continued from Page 12)

hot summer months, I often became very thirsty; yet, I could not drink even water. I often spent the last minutes of the fast lying in my bed, with stomach cramps. Upon the end of the fast, I would rush to the table and eat everything in sight and would become sick again. Nevertheless, I became used to fasting during the following years, motivated by the eternal rewards I would receive upon successfully completing the fast.

Finally, Allah has asked able Muslims to give charity to the poor and make a pilgrimage, or Hajj to Mecca, at least once in a lifetime. Going to Mecca and kissing the Black Stone is something I am looking forward to doing in the future.

One would conclude that Islam is a strict religion, and that the life of a Muslim is indeed tough. Nevertheless, Islam has given me spiritual satisfaction and a sense of duration in life, which has made all the responsibilities worthwhile.

NOTHING

In me lies the fear
Of making something out of nothing
Something never there

Assumptions are easy to make
Hopes can rise too high
Dissappointments are hard to take
Best not to rely
On a quickly made conjecture
For it's heartbreak you'll get

For jumped to conclusions
Are easily shattered
In an illusion
All hopes are scattered

Sarah Tom

(Continued from Page 23)

tradition. The history and the tragedy that occurred, always re-emerge with the passing of time and the changing of place. To my friend, it's a tragedy in which words and descriptions of events lack the power to alleviate pain; only the appreciation of where one comes from and how one values the process of growth. For a moment, I feel myself absorbing his experience of the whirlwinds of war and the loss he endures. He ran away, as I too, ran away. We are all trying to run away, but no matter where we go, the collapse of our society still falls on our shoulders and the agony of it all is still dragging its weight inside each of us...Our world, our society, our childhood are all gone, but not lost, if and only if each of us believes that in leaving everything, we try to retain everything.

BOOSTERS !!

June, Farida, Monica, and Kiem!

You guys are wonderful! I'm glad that you came to the meetings way back in September. I can't imagine BAASA without your being there, helping me out and giving me much valued feedback! You are pretty terrific people and I'm glad we met through the group!

--Sarah

DIANA--Think of it!!

Eighty-four people are running around in your specially designed sweatshirts! What an impact on the ego! Your excellent work and fashion sense definitely added dimension to this campus! You absolutely should have your own line of clotheswear.

--Sarah

Was ist ein Wiener?-Antwort: Ein Raunzer. Was sind ziver Wiener? - Antwort: Ein Kaffeehaus.

--M.T.

Helen,

The care that you put into BAASA is inspirational. The bulk of what I've learned from your unassuming example. I recognize the quality of your care and your character and I also noticed that your cheerfulness casts a rosy glow to all you do. So tell me, What's your secret??

--Sarah

Mi-Young,

The ambition that you have for the group's activity is

by far the most motivating! I understand your desire for the group to be strong and to have a presense. You've helped to make me see this and I do respect the goals that you have for the group. I realize that the input that you've given into the group deserves recognition and I believe that you've earned more than you were given credit for. Don't worry. We'll get better this spring.

--Sarah

JUNG!--When's the next time for us to talk??? I adore our conversations!

--Sarah

Ming--You can always tell me what you really mean, I won't take offense

--ST

The Three Musketeers-

All for one and one for all... Hey Fritos, how's R.I.? Green is a nice color... New Man... Mon, where's Tarzan Boy--swinging off the left vine in Usdan?... Lunch hour...grease and Greek alerts,...June and Monica, it's not parallel...Fritos, it's a nice little red love machine...June, help I'm falling! Loverboys are always swinging, sailing, or racing...So dream on and avoid accidents..Hee, Hee Oh my God it's contagious.

Bey--Stop staring, you make me laugh.

If you don't agree with me--

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