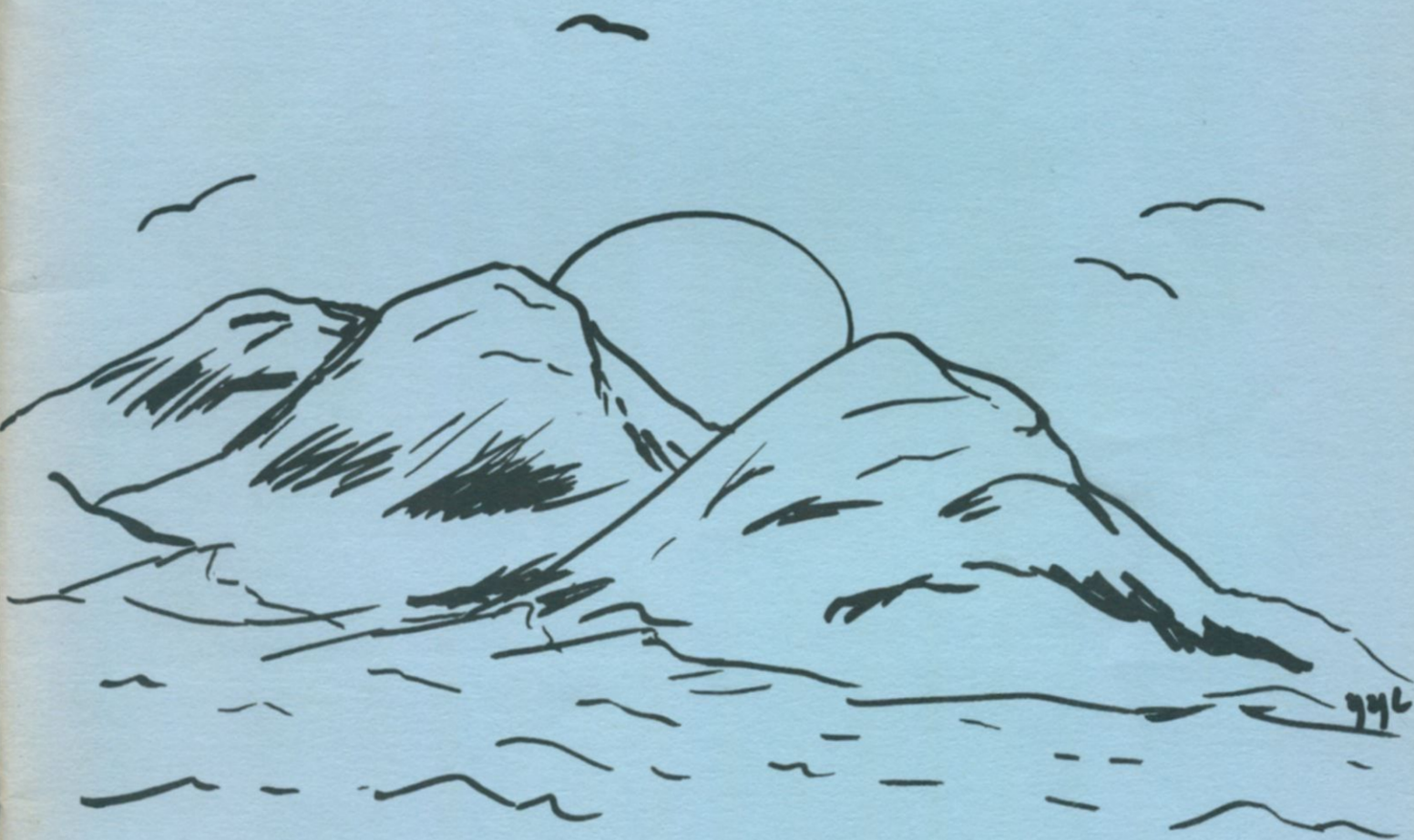


EASTERN TIDE



A Publication of the Brandeis Asian-American
Student Association

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The **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.

The views and opinions of the contributors are not necessarily those of Eastern Tide or BAASA (The Brandeis Asian American Student Association)

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Editor's Note

This has been one of the best semesters for Eastern Tide. We are fortunate that our Goldfarb Library Macintosh Computer Cluster has acquired a Laser Printer, enabling us to easily produce the publication with a new, improved look. We also added numerous artworks to accompany the many creative efforts of the Brandeis Asian community. So, Eastern Tide does have a more polished image this spring.

More importantly, however, there's a qualitative change in the publication that is derived from a change in the awareness of many Asian students on campus. As the number of Asian students entering the university increases, so does the concern for "Asian problems" on campus and off. There has been development in the understanding of the Asian experience in America, as can be evidenced by the increased participation in ECASU activities over the past year as well as the many articles we have received. Eastern Tide reflects this Asian awareness in the articles on Chinatown problems, Asian stereotypes, and other related issues.

Special thanks to Cheng Lee and Joanne Chao for their "sweat-and-blood" hours spent on typing boosters, Peter Wong for his layout and transportation assistance, Yin Yan Leung for the use of her computer in emergencies, and Ella Gayoso and Yin Yan Leung for their artistic works. We are proud to say that Eastern Tide is a reflection of this type of combined effort. We hope that you will enjoy reading this issue and that it will spark the awareness of its readers, both Asian and non-Asian.

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The Eastern Tide actively seeks student submissions of any kind. Students interested in working for Eastern Tide or contributing may send their materials to any staff mailbox or the BAASA office located at Usdan student center.

V-ball Wrap up

by Peter Wong

(Photographs by Joanne Chao)

The **BAASA/KSA Tournament Volleyball team** was at it again on Saturday, April 3, 1988. This time, the team went to MIT to play at the KSA Invitational Volleyball Tournament, the second intercollegiate tournament the team has entered. The team played much better this time around, finishing with a 2-3 record.

The day Started with a win against Williams, pumping up the team for the coming two games against powerhouses Harvard and University of Toronto. Although they lost both games, the team showed some of their best playing all day, pushing Harvard to a 15-9 score and Toronto to 15-10, which is better than most teams did against the two teams. The day ended with a win against Brown's B-team and a loss to Penn State.

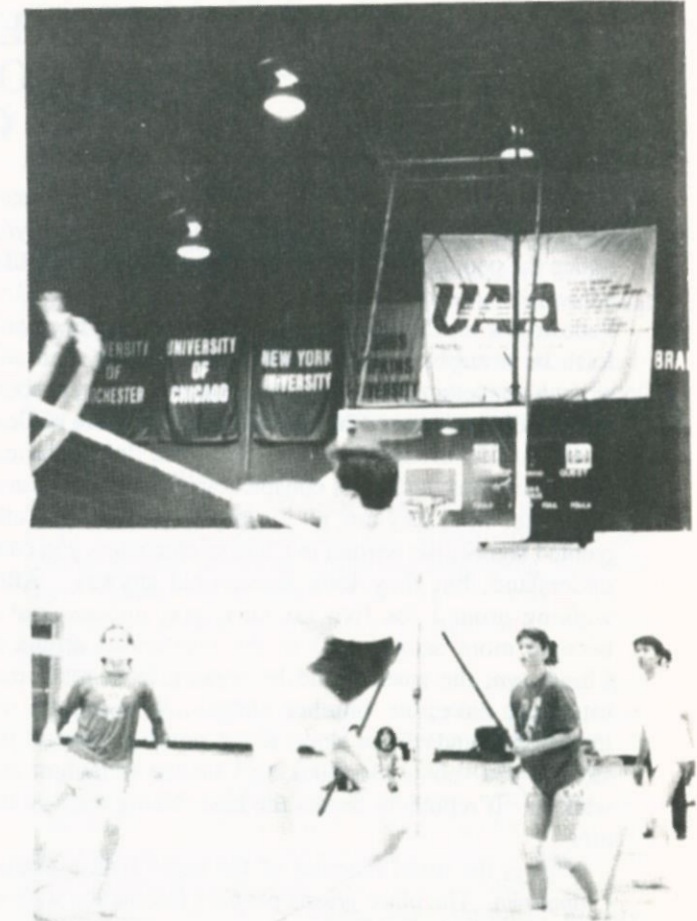
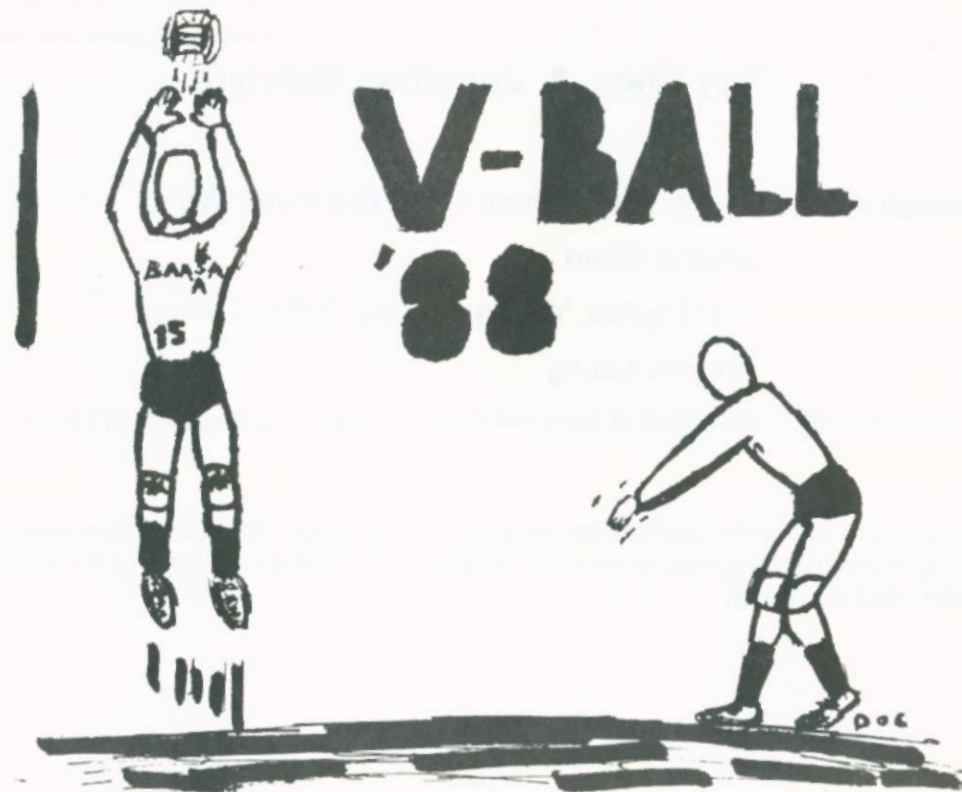
Back on Campus:

All those Saturday afternoon practices really paid off for the intramural volleyball teams. The **B-league** team, consisting of Captain Jon McIntyre, Ken Wong, Yin Yan Leung, Andy Myette, Noriko Kuge, Sunny Park, Aaron Ring, Yael Tamir and Mark Schmidt, finished the season with a 4-1 record, a great improvement over last year's record of 4-4. However, the team, playing shorthanded, was eliminated in the first round of the playoffs.

This year, for the first time, there was also a team which entered **A-league** intramural volleyball. The team, consisting of Captain Kil Joon Park, Jun "Fuji" Kim, Peter Li, Naomi Takeyesu, Lisa Vos, Jung Choi, David "Muka" Traenkle and Peter Wong, racked up an impressive regular season record of 5 wins and 0 losses. In the playoffs, they went all the way to win the 1988 Intramural Volleyball Championship! They did so by winning all three of their playoff matches. In all, they won 8 matches and a total of 16 games without losing a single game.

Six of the A-league team members, Kil Joon Park, Jun "Fuji" Kim, Peter Li, Naomi Takeyesu, David "Muka" Traenkle and Peter Wong, competed in the Peter Falk Olympics Volleyball Tournament Saturday, May 7th on sunny Chapel's Field. The team won four straight games to take another Brandeis Championship in a field of more than ten teams.

Congrats to all who played. We'll see you next year!



Standing (from L to R): Peter Wong, Dave Traenkle, Peter Li, Kil Joon Park, Jun Kyung "Fuji" Kim, Jung Min Choi, Naomi Takeyesu.
Flying: Lisa Vos.

CHINATOWNS IN AMERICA: A LOOK AT THEIR PROBLEMS

by Chao-Li

Walking in the streets of Chinatown is an experience that cannot be described in just a few words. First, you notice the people walking on the sidewalks which are like sidewalks you can find in any other part of the U.S. Pedestrians in Chinatown are usually jostling back and forth in strange confusion. Most are Chinese men and women conversing with each other and with storekeepers very loudly in various Chinese dialects. There are endless rows of wholesale stores, Chinese pharmacies, confectioneries, and most conspicuous of all, restaurants. No matter what they are, all businesses put up colorfully painted signboards written in Chinese characters you can't understand, but they look sensational anyway. After walking around for five minutes, you unconsciously become more accustomed to the mysterious aroma of Chinatown; the smell could be coming from restaurant kitchens, cake, or butcher shops. And amidst the imported sounds from Hong Kong you can hear in the streets, you spot a nice-looking Chinese restaurant and walk in. It reputedly serves the best Peking duck in the area

This is the usual reaction of the non-Chinese toward Chinatown. The place grasps people's fascination with its foreign atmosphere that makes it appear to be a different country entirely on its own. Behind the facade of delicious Chinese food and other exotic aspects, all the Chinatowns in America have serious social, economic, cultural, and political problems. These are all indirectly due to the people's reluctance to assimilate, or to absorb the American culture, and their slowness/inability to acculturate, or to adapt to the white culture. As a member of the Chinese community in America, I would like to explore the crucial issues that surround Chinatown and suggest possible solutions to them.

First of all, when the term "Chinatown" is used, it refers to the small Chinese communities set up in large cities (eg. New York, San Francisco, etc.) that have their own unofficial political and social functions. Chinatown is one type of a minority "ghetto." Ghettos are usually formed by people as a reaction to racial discrimination and oppression by the white majority. In order to look at the formation of Chinatowns, we must first examine the origins of Chinese Americans. After all, the problems of Chinatown today are the consequences of the past.

In 1850, the first Chinese people arrived in the U.S. to discover the last American frontier. It was during the gold

rush, so Chinese and other foreign labor were actually sought. Resentment toward the Chinese built up among the whites because the Chinese immigrants were classified as hardworking laborers, willing to hold any job the whites didn't want. As the Chinese population grew in number, the white Americans were feeling more threatened due to labor competition. The completion of the Central Pacific Railroad in 1869 triggered the anti-Chinese crusade. It left a large number of white Americans jobless, and they blamed their unemployment and lowered standard of living on the Chinese. State legislations passed anti-Chinese laws such as immigrant and other taxes to reduce the economic pressures on the white population. The social status of the Chinese was practically non-existent for the anti-Chinese feelings were being institutionalized throughout the whole country. There was even a law that tried to revoke Chinese customs and life-styles: at one point in time, carrying two baskets suspended from a pole across the shoulders became illegal (this was the customary way for Chinese laborers to carry things.)

Moreover, the Chinese were exposed to violence. Their houses were set on fire. They were often robbed, beaten, and killed by people who made the Chinese the scapegoat of their own misfortunes. In 1871, a white mob in Los Angeles hanged 19 Chinese and injured countless others. Despite all this, the police made little effort to protect them. Severe anti-Chinese violence continued and worsened after the government issued the Exclusion Acts in 1882, which established strict immigrant laws that forbade the Chinese to enter the U.S. (the Acts were not repealed until 1942.) Furthermore, the Chinese already in America could not become citizens. Thousands of Chinese who could no longer tolerate the violence and injustice imposed on them returned to China.

The 100,000 or more immigrants who stayed in the country decided to settle in the enclosed areas of large cities as a result of discrimination and fear. In addition, the majority of the immigrants were "sojourners," who, after having made enough money, intended to return to their home country. In 1949, however, China closed her door to travellers from the U.S., and the sojourners were "stuck" in America. These people had little, if any, intention of understanding the white American culture, thereby creating psychological and social barriers between themselves and others. Such as the birth of Chinatowns in America.

The two largest Chinatowns in the U.S., in San Francisco and New York, have a total population of about 60,000 people. Both towns face similar problems of preservation, conservation, and development. Their determination to retain their Chinese identity has led them to these problems. And after 1966, incoming immigrants from Hong Kong and Taiwan have only been on the increase. These foreign-born Chinese are crowding Chinatowns, and currently, 68% of the total Chinese population in the U.S. live in inner, segregated areas in cities. Housing is inadequate in Chinatown. On the average, two to four people share a bedroom. Because of this overcrowded situation, sanitation is also poor. The tuberculosis and respiratory disease rate in Chinatown is four times higher than that of anywhere else in the nation. Life expectancy in Chinatown is shorter than the national average. And this is only the beginning.

Senior citizens in Chinatown are particularly affected by housing problems. Thousands of them live in tiny, enclosed one-room spaces, or so-called "hotels," which are not exposed to sunlight and fresh air. Their only entertainment in life includes doing Tai Chi Chuan ("shadow-boxing") in the crowded squares, playing Chinese checkers, or just sitting on benches. Perhaps because of the poor living conditions, the suicide rate among the elderly is tragically high, although new programs designed by churches and Chinese cultural centers to help them has somewhat reduced the rate.

The suicide rate among the Asian population in the U.S. has been incredibly high for the past half-century. Although the white population averages about 23.9 per 100,000 between 1919 and 1921, the minority groups in the U.S. average 34.57. Between 1952 and 1969, 27.9 out of 100,000 Chinese committed suicide as compared to the national average of 10.0. These figures could possibly manifest the despair that results from the Chinese exclusion from the mainstream society. The majority of those who commit suicide are sojourners, who consciously don't make any attempt at integration.

Another crucial problem of Chinatown, perhaps the most serious of all, concerns the economic welfare of the people. For example, the garment factories, currently the largest industry in the New York and San Francisco Chinatowns, employ about 12,000 Chinese (one-sixth of the Chinatown population,) and that comprises about 10% of the national garment work force. Despite its prominence in the business (500 workshops currently exist), the industry abuses the rights of the workers. A 1979 report states that 90% of the San Francisco garment workshops violate labor laws. Labor regulations are not made known to the workers, and minimum wage laws are totally ignored. An average garment worker will work 50 hours a week for \$2.56 an hour and no overtime. A typical woman threadcutter averages about \$1.30 hourly again with no overtime compensation. In 1972, there were even 52 out of 200 workshops that paid only between \$.65 and \$.75 an hour to a female worker. The federal minimum wage, by the way, has been over \$3.00

an hour for many years now. One firm openly admits its violation with the following excuse:

"Chinese women like to work more than eight hours a day--that only gives them \$24 a day. But we can't afford to pay them overtime."

Another owner of a workshop claimed that women workers like to work overtime while waiting for their husbands to pick them up and that he was doing them a favor by allowing them to do so by not counting their work as overtime. The women continue to work under such absurd conditions because their lack of ability in English and of training eliminate all other occupational choices.

In addition, firms can employ workers at ridiculously low wages because there is always an excess of labor. The number of Chinese immigrants from Hong Kong and Taiwan is increasing by 4000 to 5000 each year. Although better results can be achieved by joint community, union, and federal effort, and the unionization of all workshops, Chinese men and women don't have any clue as to what unionism, collective bargaining, and even their simple rights are. They are merely jobless immigrants willing to jump at any opportunity they can acquire.

Could the blame for this situation be simply laid upon the garment workshop owners? After all, these owners, formerly garment workers, act merely as subcontractors to the big downtown New York and San Francisco apparel manufacturers. While the downtown workshops pay reasonable wages to their workers under union and government pressures, they lower the money they pay to their Chinatown subcontractors. The Chinatown laborers accept these "sweatshop" wages and conditions. Because of their desperation and ignorance of their basic rights, these Chinese workers are thoroughly abused by the large city manufacturers. Considering the fact that the New York Chinatown workshops produce half of the state's blouse and sportswear production and bring \$40,000,000 annually to the state's economy, don't these hard-working Chinese deserve more than mere exploitation?

Social as well as economic problems lie within the Chinese communities. The Chinese, unlike most other minority groups in America, have never been a homogeneous group of people. Harmony had been difficult to achieve due to the existence of different "tongs," gangster groups which operate gambling, prostitution, and drug rings. Since the increase of the female population in Chinatown, however, prostitution has no longer persisted and thus, most tongs have slowly vanished from Chinatown. But other conflicts within the community still exist today and make unity almost impossible.

One type of clash within the Chinatown community is that of the political rivalry between supporters of Taiwan and of the People's Republic of China. The nationalists and the communists, until late 1979, had violent confrontations with each other. Now that the U.S. has restored political ties with communist China, Taiwan supporters have become less active, but the basic conflict

still exists, stirring up feelings of animosity between the two groups.

The second major conflict is the one between immigrants from the different provinces in China, more specifically, between the Cantonese and the Northerners. These two groups speak different dialects, Cantonese and Mandarin, and this language difference makes them almost two separate nationalities. Up until the late 1970's, the Cantonese and the Northerners were raiding each other's offices.

In addition to the long-persisting social problems, new ones are surfacing. There has been a significant increase in juvenile delinquency and the number of Chinese youth gangs, as more immigrants start to enter the U.S. from Hong Kong, whose crime rate is comparable to that of New York. Since the 1970's, the San Francisco Chinatown has experienced a series of youth crimes, muggings and shootings. For example, a few years ago, countless innocent people lost their lives in a youth gang quarrel at a San Francisco Chinese restaurant. As for many juvenile delinquents, they belong to the existing tongs. As they taste more easy power and easy money (\$5000 a week for one gambling operation,) these youths terrorize and collect money from shopkeepers and restaurant owners. In 1977, there were more than 30 gang-related killings in San Francisco Chinatown alone, and not a single conviction. Police effort in these Chinatown cases seems to be minimal. In any case, the roots of the problems of Chinatown youths are unemployment, generation gap, overcrowded tenements, lack of recreational facilities, lack of English skills, erosion of old family traditions, and most importantly, lack of proper education.

A Chinese college student once said,

"I'm still trying to figure out what I'm supposed to be as a Chinese-American." Then another replied,

"I know how you feel. I don't identify with China either, and I certainly don't with the petty American middle-class values of my aunts and uncles."

The other young Chinese who do not belong to any gangs are torn by uncertainty about their personal identity. Currently, there are movements both to preserve the Chinese culture and to reconstitute the traditional life-style. While wanting to retain their Chinese values, many are eager to partake in the activities of the American community. Most are frustrated by the racial injustice. One young Chinese journalist wrote:

"We're not saying include us out. We want in. We've taken a look at New York brownstones, California adobes and we want in. We've heard and watched the white heroes on radio, television, and cinema, and we want in. We've taken orders from the board rooms of commerce and industry and we want in. Without consultations, we've accepted decisions concerning the Federal governments, and we want in. We've been shut out of unions, barred from hotels, turned away from hospitals, restricted from housing developments, kept out of decision-making bureaucracies, and excluded from newspapers and magazines and we want in. Dammit, we want in!"

When sociologists study the behavior of minority groups, they hold an assumption that these people lead their lives based upon hopes and wishes to join the mainstream. But the Chinese are different. Rather than choosing to assimilate into the white culture, they want to build their community based on what their ancestors brought with them from China. They don't want to see their ethnicity disappear into bourgeois America, although they want the benefits that the U.S. could offer them. So slowly, the Chinese American minds are evolving. The unwelcoming and hostile response of America to the first Chinese Americans led to the development of segregated communities called Chinatowns. The lonely male sojourners, with no wives, worked, gambled, and slept with whores, and thus, created the origins of many of Chinatown's problems. Now, with more incoming immigrants, Chinatown's present problems such as poverty, housing, working conditions, community conflicts, and juvenile delinquency will only increase.

In order to solve these problems, the U.S. government also has to provide aid to the Chinese communities. It cannot ignore Chinatowns because after all, they constitute a part of America just as much as anywhere else. Police forces must be increased to reduce the crime rate. The government should also provide help in housing and recreational facilities for the Chinese, especially the elderly (so far, it has only been the churches' and the Chinese Cultural Center's effort.) Programs to help youths find jobs, recreation, and vocational and educational training in English and other things should be established by the federal government. They should also see to it that labor laws be enforced in Chinatown and design a program to inform the workers about their simple labor rights. America cannot ignore Chinatown's problems, for it is white American animosity that helped to create the Chinese problem in the first place in the late 1800's.

The Chinese Americans themselves also need to make certain adaptations too. Parents should send their children to integrated public schools so that the young can grow up with open minds and possibly hold good careers that would enable them and the next generation to live in other integrated areas in the country, instead of over-crowding the ghettos. In order to be accepted by America, the Chinese need to learn to accept America first. If this happens, their ideal society that is "unmistakably Sinicized but not necessarily Confucian, adaptively progressive but not vulgarly conformist, proudly race-conscious but not chauvinistically bigoted, economically self-sufficient but not exploitatively capitalistic, and politically autonomous, but not oppressively authoritarian" can be achieved. The past sufferings cannot be erased but it is never too late to acculturate to lessen the problems of Chinatown's future.

SO...

People tell me it's not their business.
People say they have no right.
People assure me they do not judge.
With only half the facts, they try to see the truth.
So, they question and they probe.
Curiosity, concern, jealousy, anger.
Yet, there is no attack??
Where does it all begin
And when does it all end?
All I want is my life,
Happy or unhappy,
Loved or unloved,
My own way.
Still I listen.
The talk continues.
But, people are people; they are human.
Well, I am human too.

Anonymous



A Case In Point

by Kevin Lu

I was born in Saigon, Vietnam in 1959. My father owned a factory, and life for our seven-member family was quite comfortable, until the Communist take-over in 1975. Rather than attend school and allow the government to drill Marxism into my head, I stayed home with my parents. As a result of the take-over, my father lost ownership of his factory and was consequently unemployed. Nevertheless, I was relieved that the war was over, and welcomed the opportunity to live in peace.

Before the take-over had occurred, my father bought gold on the black market and buried it in the ground beneath our house. We later used this gold to survive: we used it to buy food and other goods from the black market.

In 1976, Vietnam went to war with Cambodia. By 1977, the price of gold had begun to dwindle, and I reached draft age. Finally, in 1978, I escaped from Vietnam. My father bought passage for me (\$3,000) on a delapidated wooden boat that carried 103 other Vietnamese. We left the country at eleven at night under the cover of darkness. Unfortunately, the border patrol boat spotted us and began to fire their weapons. One young woman was shot dead. Although we managed to escape from them (they were unable to see us at night,) our boat ran out of fuel only three hours later! We drifted out to sea for twenty days with only one day's supply of food and water. Everybody was sea sick. An old man, three younger men, two young girls, and a baby died. The others survived by collecting rain water in plastic bags and drinking it, and at certain times, when we had no rain water, we were forced to drink our own urine.

After ten days, we met a Korean boat which refused to help us. Another ten days after that, a Filipino fishing boat agreed to help us in return for \$500.00 and forty watches. Once we got on board their ship, they insisted on fishing for several days instead of bringing us directly to the Philippines. In all, I had travelled roughly six hundred sea miles during my journey.

We arrived in Mindoro. One week later, I was transferred to a camp in Manila. I basically had nothing to do for a whole year and was uncertain about which country I would eventually

resettle in. Finally, I was told to choose, in preference, three countries in which I would like to live. Australia was my first choice; the United States second; and Canada last. I filled out an Australian form and went to the Australian Embassy for an interview. They told me to study English for six months, and to come back again for reconsideration at a later time. Anxiously, I left the refugee camp, applied for entrance to the United States, and was accepted! The International Rescue Committee acted as my sponsor.

When I arrived in San Jose, California in 1979, I did not know how to speak English. I only understood the meaning of "thank you," "yes," and "no." For six months, I studied English in an Adult Education class. During that time, I received welfare: \$250.00 a month; enough for myself, but not enough to send money home to my parents who were still in Vietnam. I quit school and went to work in an electronics assembly line, until I was laid off four months later. My cousin in Minnesota told me that work was plentiful there, so I moved to that state in October of 1980, and shortly thereafter, found a job as a janitor. Eight months after that, I quit that job because the pay was not enough for me to send money back home.

I moved to a friend's house in Allston, Massachusetts. Then I looked around Boston's Chinatown for work, but it was summer and most of the jobs were already taken by students. I had another friend in Waltham who recommended the Job Center. The Job Center helped me get the position that I now hold at Brandeis University Food Services. Pay is good and I am given two meals a day. From my earnings, I somehow manage to save enough to send home \$3,000 a year. In addition, I live in a relatively nice apartment, and I have purchased a car.

I only hope that my family will someday be able to come to America, and be with me again.

This article was written several years ago. Kevin Lu was separated from his family for six years. In 1984, his family was given permission to leave Vietnam, and they currently all live together in Waltham. Kevin now works for B & G.

Postscript to a conversation among friends

by Vyjayanthi Rao

A few days ago, we were sitting at my table and talking... my friend and I. I remember we were talking about Cairo, Egypt. Had I ever visited Cairo? No, merely in transit on my way to the United States from India, I said. Cairo, it is a crazy place; so many cars about; the streets are so wide; yet they won't all fit in them; so they build streets over streets; so much noise; Cairo, it's a crazy place. You must be quite used to it, though, she said, but me, I have never seen anything like Cairo in Europe. At first I could not understand such reactions to cities in the 'Third World'. After all, aren't all cities a bit like like my beloved Bombay? Crowded, noisy, filthy and yes, quite strange.

For me the city is the only home I've known. Eighteen years of my life were spent in Bombay alone. The bucolic charms of the villages nearby and far away, where we spent our summers, could do nothing to keep me away from the city. It is true that the noise never stops in Bombay and yes, on reflection, it is indeed a crazy place, one might say, quite uniquely crazy. But sometimes I wonder, who am I to speak for it anyway? A city of nine million and thousands being added each day, its voice really belongs to those thousands of beings who have nowhere to go, no place to call their home but the pavements outside the huge colonial administrative structures which the British left us with. A home, yet not a home.

My world is a castle, a glass tower, an island within the vast island of Bombay. Just a few yards away from my house sits a peanut seller. He also sells a wonderful, savoury snack which we call 'Bhel-Puri'. Where does he live, I asked him one childhood day. Child, I live in a 'basti', he replied. Ma, what's a basti, I asked, knowing only that 'basta' in my language meant gunny (jute) sack. Have you been buying 'Bhel-Puri' again? she asked. What's wrong with that, I asked back, and to instill some fear in my child's heart, she said, did you know he makes his sauces from the stagnant water pool that lies

beside his hut? My aunt admonished from the background, you'll certainly end up with cholera! Well, Bhel-Puri tastes great anyway!

When I think of Bombay, I always think of the peanut-seller and his loud call on summer evenings - Bhel-vala! When it rains, he sells corn on the cob from a handcart - on his little coal stove he roasts the corn and turns it into a gourmet delicacy. The handcart is also his home for those three monsoon months - his gunny sack home has been washed away by the rains, he says. How many live like him, I wonder! For me, from the secure perch of my room on the terrace of our sprawling old house, the monsoons are romantic - a time when the grass, the trees, the earth itself turns green and beautiful.

Why all this free-flowing nostalgia, one may well ask. Well, my friend Jon suggested that I write about the film 'Bombay: Our City' which we showed on campus one winter day last November. The film is about what I have been rambling about, the city - in all its noisy, cruel, contrast filled splendour. Where men in power deny powerless people such as my peanut-seller even their little gunny sack homes, in order to make the city more beautiful. What can I say about this film, I thought - it is a statement unto itself. But while I cannot present as powerful a statement about what goes on in the city, how the immensely rich and the immensely poor coexist, the former living off the latter, I can do better by presenting my own images of life in this city - the images and observations of one of nine million inhabitants. I can do better, in my opinion, than intellectuals from the Third World, for whom poverty is an intellectual problem, for whom the poor are objects of intellectual manipulation, whom they may use in their lectures on 'Third World Development' in lecture halls in Cambridge, Mass. or Cambridge, England.

And so all this free-flowing nostalgia, a few reflections on what comes to mind when I am asked to write about home, in Bombay, India...

"Mandalay" Review

Mandalay Burmese Restaurant takes its name from an ancient city in Burma called Mandalay. The restaurant, at 143 First Street in Cambridge, serves excellent Burmese food, which is a blend of Chinese and Indian food. Our BAASA group got together and visited the restaurant just before the April break.

The restaurant serves many kinds of appetizers. Sar Moo Sar, a turnover with curried ground beef and onion filling, is spicy and delicious; it tastes almost like an Indian food. The Beef Sar Tay appetizer, which is spicy roasted beef on a skewer, is a great-tasting Burmese beef teriyaki.

One of my favorites from the noodle menu is the Coconut Khwasway, which, in Burmese, means coconut noodles. It is noodles with coconut sauce, seasoned with chicken curry and spices. This is a famous dish served in Burma when Burmese people invite their friends over for lunch or dinner on weekends. My mom often cooks it at home, and I never get tired of eating it. The other two noodle dishes that we ordered were Kung Lo Mein and Se Jet Jar San, egg noodles or rice noodles tossed in garlic oil and chicken or duck.

A new Southeast Asian way of cooking seafoods can be found under Mandalay's seafood specials. One such dish is the hot and sour pan-fried whole fish with garlic and vegetables. This dish tastes just like the fish dishes my Mom used to prepare back in Burma. Then there is shrimp, stir-fried with tomatoes, onions and coriander; it is one of the best seafood dishes served. The specials also include other seafoods, squids and scallops, cooked in different savory ways.

For those who prefer a lighter meal, Mandalay offers different Burmese salads such as Shrimp Paste salad, Eggplant salad, green bean salad, and others. We ordered Wet Thar Thoke, a lightly spiced salad mixed with some meat and lemon juice; it was a delicious salad.

The menu also includes other meats such as lamb, beef, and chicken, cooked in a variety of ways and with irresistible tastes. Most of us who went to the restaurant felt that the price was reasonable (unlike expensive Japanese restaurants). Also, Mandalay is quite easy to get to. So if you are searching for new tastes in Southeast Asian cooking, "Mandalay" is definitely the place to visit.

by May Lim

For those of you who enjoy **cooking, multinational cuisine**, and **novelty** in food, here is a recipe for a cross-cultural dish that might add some spice to your life. No, it's not Sino-Latino or Japanese-French . . . this dish is Asian in the truest sense of the word. It's **Sino-Japanese!!**

CHINESE-STYLE SASHIMI SALAD

(or in Japanese, "salada-kankaku chugoku-fu o-sashimi")

Ingredients: yellowtail or any other kind of white, raw fish (sashimi)
wonton skins
cashew nuts
scallions
celery
carrots
for the sauce:
sesame
peanut oil (or sesame oil)
sugar
vinegar
soy sauce
pepper
oyster sauce
salt

To prepare, start by deep-frying the wonton skins until crisp. Crush the crispy skins and mix them with crushed cashew nuts. Slice all the uncooked vegetable ingredients. Place the sashimi and the uncooked vegetables together on a large plate. Sprinkle generously with the crushed wonton skins and cashew nuts. Mix all the ingredients for the sauce together and mix it in with the fish and vegetables. And it's ready!

Simple, right? Remember that a lot of times in Oriental cooking, the proportions are not given. You can just estimate the right amount to put in. Especially for the sauce, simply taste it as you make it, and it will come out just the way you like it.

PAPER CRANES

by Kenneth Wong

One white paper crane
to dead trees I bring new life
I fold this for you

One white paper crane
Each crease I make precisely
defining the shape

At first a square
which is bowl and pyramid
at a finger-touch

Then to a diamond
which I shrink to make the tail
and craft the beaked head

I open the door
and shape the neck with my thumb
then repeat myself

And then it is done
except for one final touch
of spreading the wings

I bend them out wide
to catch the warm rising wind
and the crane soars up

Laughing it flies high
spins through the beckoning sky
wings softly flapping

Drinking from rainclouds
darting round the bright rainbow
chasing the warm sun

So free it flies on
liberated from the bonds
that held it to earth

Throughout the cosmos
flying like a shot arrow
in a blaze of light

Exploring the joys
wonders and marvels of life
to the nth degree

And then it returns
the crane-spirit comes back home
to folded paper

Thus I give you this
a token of my caring
the work of my hands

For you take my heart
on a journey like this crane
to places unknown

One white paper crane
seems too small to truly say
all you are to me

Like sibling babes we play
Together in a tub we bathe
Sleeping in each other's arms we lay

Brother and Sister you and i

MORMON MARRIAGE

by Bobby Wong



ENG
4-28-88

«Xuân»

by
Anh Dang

Xuân hát trên cành xanh
Nai Con về nguồn trong
Mắt to yêu hoa trắng
Tim non vốn nằng trính
Hồn mơ đuổi bướm xinh

Nhưng Nai Con chỉ yêu hoa
Hoa trắng mùa thủy tinh
Hôn mềm tuổi bình minh
Trên bàn tay chập chùng
Của núi đồi cao nguyên
Còn xanh hoài ngàn năm
Và Nai Con sẽ đem hoa
Về nơi chốn thơ ngây
Nói ngày hát quanh năm
Gieo giấc mầm giông tiên
Khắp vườn hồng an lạc

Xuân hát trên cành xanh
Nai Con về nguồn trong
Mắt to là vũ trụ huy hoàng
Tim non là cỏ mềm ngọt lịm
Hồn mơ là phép tiên huyền diệu
Để biến loài hoa trắng mong manh
Thành mùa hoa vô biên
Khép Vòng tay xanh biếc
Vòng thiên nhiên tuyệt vời

B B

星期天早上——正是賴床時刻
窗外細雨輕飄，伴清風
又不期然的想起妳了...

× × ×

圖書館里，食堂里，遇見妳
和妳談天，心里說不出的歡喜
但妳不允我作進一步的表示！
單思滋味不好受。

× × ×

想故意疏遠妳
以沖淡腦海中惱人的倩影
但妳總問我：
噠怎麼啦生我的氣嗎？

× × ×

欲一揮慧劍，談何容易？
情絲千萬，剪不斷理還亂
明天是討厭的星期一
星期一啊可否幫幫我
忘掉她俏麗的倩影？

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蔡孟傑

Stereotypes, Discrimination and the Model Minority Myth

by Jonathan McIntyre

There are many stereotypes of Asian Americans, some negative, some positive, but all of which have detrimental effects on large numbers of Asian Americans. Trying to apply certain characteristics to all Asian Americans is ridiculous in the first place, since Asian Americans are so diverse. Many were born in America, others are recent immigrants. The immigrants come from countries that have quite varied cultures and beliefs. They also have come from varied classes and educational levels. For those who believe that there are certain generalizations which apply to almost all Asian Americans, this diversity should be your first indication that that is not true.

This article will look at several common misconceptions about Asian Americans, why the misconceptions exist, and how they cause problems for Asian Americans and all minorities.

1) Many people assume that any Asian they see is an immigrant. Asian Americans often hear questions such as "Where did you learn your English?" or "What country are you from?"

For the many Asian Americans who were born in America or came here at a very young age, these questions can be very painful to hear. These Asian Americans identify themselves as American, and are native English speakers. For them to be considered any less American than anyone else is ridiculous. Questions such as those above make them realize that many Americans do not view them as Americans; they view them as something other than what they really are, as something different. This makes many Asian Americans feel as if they have no country that they can call home, where they are accepted as native to the country. Some, in an attempt to be more accepted by Americans who equate "American" with "white American", completely abandon anything about themselves that is Asian, and try to act and look as "white American" as possible. This can create great emotional strain and identity problems, especially when trying to reconcile their life at home with life outside the home.

2) These next misconceptions are also due to overgeneralizations: "All Asians study hard and do better than everyone else academically." and "There are too many Asians in the best universities in the country."

Why is it an overgeneralization to say that Asian

Americans are bookworms who never have any fun and who all do well academically? Because it ignores the fact that so many Asian students are having great difficulty in high schools, and are not even applying for college. Many students come from families which are very poor and in which every family member who is able to work works. These students have little time to be bookworms. One of the main reasons that some Asian students excel is that their parents stress the importance of education to them, and sacrifice a great deal to make sure their children get a good education. Time magazine's article on "The New Whiz Kids" (8/31/87), (though its title isn't great) provides much evidence in support of this. One example the article gives is David Kuo, who was born in Taiwan, and who was a finalist in the Westinghouse Science Talent Search. His older brothers were finalists in 1985 and '86. He said "My parents always equated a good education with doing well in life, so we picked up on that." He added that "Asian parents spend much more time with their children than (non-Asian) American parents do, and it helps." Time's article also gives an example of brothers who are doing very well at Harvard and MIT. Their parents moved to the U.S. in 1970 when the brothers were infants just so that they could get a good education. Their father left a good job as a professor of German literature in South Korea, and was forced to take a job as a house painter in the U.S. However, the article failed to mention that in poor families where the parents spend most of their waking hours working, there is little time for them to get involved in their children's education.

There seems to be a trend in all of this. Asian students who are doing well academically tend to be from families which came to America either during their childhood or not long before they were born. Their families also tend to have been doing well enough before they came to America to get a head start and find a decent living once they arrived, instead of being subjected to the kind of exploitation which many poor or uneducated immigrants are, as mentioned in the article "Chinatowns in America: A Look at their problems" which appears in this issue of Eastern Tide. A study of several hundred preteen high scorers on the math section of the SAT showed that the percentage of the Asian students whose parents held doctorate or medical degrees was twice as high as for the non-Asian high scorers.

Families not of type mentioned above have less successful children. The Time article mentioned a Chicago study of third-generation Asian Americans (children whose parents grew up in America). It concluded that they "had blended more into the mainstream, had a lower academic performance and were

less interested in school."

Asians who come to America during their teenage years tend to perform similarly to the way they did before coming. For example, in the Boston Globe's 5/22/86 article on minority valedictorians at Boston High schools, the only Asian American mentioned was a student who had come with her family to America in 1982 after having the highest grades in her eighth grade class of more than 400 students in Vietnam. Meanwhile, as mentioned in the Time article, "Many immigrant families, especially the Indochinese refugees who arrived in the years following the fall of Saigon in 1975, remain mired in poverty. Their war-scarred children, struggling with a new language and culture, often drop out of school." The Boston Globe Magazine's article adds "their academic skills are often so poor as to discourage both their teachers and themselves. Their families are under immediate financial pressures that at best make concentration on schoolwork difficult and at worst force young people out of school and into ventures where they can make money as quickly as possible." Boston has absorbed many of these Southeast Asian teenagers, and it has shown. Between 1982 and 1985, Boston's dropout rate rose from 14.4% to 26.5%.

For those who think that there are too many Asians in the best universities in the country, I ask you this: why punish anybody for doing well? It is in the best interest of this country to give the best education to the students who show great potential. Ivy League schools such as Harvard, Brown and Princeton seem to disagree. They are accepting Asian Americans at a significantly lower rate than any other racial group, including whites. Their excuses are as creative as they are diverse. Some say that few Asians are varsity athletes or children of alumni, which are preferred (This is clearly a poor excuse, because these schools are accepting a smaller percentage of Asian applicants than they used to). Brown says that so many Asian American applicants are from middle class backgrounds or were interested in medicine that they were accepted at a lower rate to ensure diversity. In California, where there is a large population of Asian Americans, UC President David Gardner worries that too many Asians in the UC system would make it difficult to increase Black and Latino admissions and would cause racial unrest.

Since almost all Asian American students in top universities are students who have earned their way there through good academic records in high school, the only reasonable explanation for people saying such things is out of a fear of "yellow peril", which dates back to the days of the Chinese railroad workers in the 1800's. The workers were originally brought to the country just after

the gold rush of 1849 by whites who needed many people to work in the mines and to build railroads in the western half of the United States, but who didn't want to spend the enormous amount of money that was needed. Their solution was to go to China and mislead Chinese men into believing that if they came to America and worked for them, they would become very rich. Before long, however, many Chinese started successfully mining on their own or taking other jobs. Whites were gradually suffering more from competition with Chinese laborers and were benefitting less from the exploitation of Chinese labor. Also, by the 1870's, tens of thousands of Chinese were entering the country each year. The resulting fear that Chinese immigrants would overrun the country, or the fear of "yellow peril", resulted in great discrimination and many laws passed against the Chinese.

While the fear of Asian Americans 'taking over' top universities is probably not directly descended from the fear of Chinese and other workers taking over all the economic opportunity in America, its causes are the same. Whenever a non-white group seems to be doing well and empowering itself, many white Americans, who are used to having power in this country and are fearful of giving it up, come to the paranoid conclusion that most of their opportunities for success and power will be taken away if they let the trend continue, so they do whatever they can to keep the minority group from further succeeding or empowering themselves.

As mentioned above, this happened in the 1800's. White Americans, as a result of their fear, passed the Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882, banning Chinese laborers from coming to the United States. According to the Boston AARW's booklet "Our Roots in History", Chinese immigration dropped from 39,500 in 1882 to just 10 in 1887, and the act legitimized violence against Chinese, which was extremely high for the next two decades.

It happened again when Japanese and Filipino workers took the place of Chinese workers in the following decades, resulting in more laws being passed, the biggest being a law in 1924 which prohibited ALL Asians from coming in to the country (this law and the Chinese Exclusion Act were continually renewed until 1942).

It is happening today with the limiting of Asian Americans from entering top universities by administrators who fear that Asians will take over all the academic opportunity in the country, resulting in more Asian Americans than White Americans being highly-educated. In the Fall '87 Asian Pacific Coalition Issues Newsletter, Don T. Nakanishi, assistant professor of Education at UCLA, was quoted as saying "Asian-Americans, in essence, have become victims of their own

academic success. They're viewed as a threat."

3) The Math/Science whizzes.

"Asians are naturally good at math, engineering or some science" is a common misconception about Asians.

Many Asian Americans will be asked by strangers in their classes for help in solving a math or computer problem. A common line is "You must know how to answer this". In the article in the 8/31/87 issue of Time magazine, a white Yale sophomore was quoted expressing a common fear: "If you are weak in math or science and find yourself assigned to a class with a majority of Asian kids, the only thing to do is transfer to a different section."

Why do people believe such things? Well, it is true that in universities Asian American students have majored in science fields more than other students have, with many Asian Americans going into medicine, engineering, etc., but there are many Asian Americans who are not good in science and are very good in other fields. By no means are Asians born with a special ability to learn math or science.

Still, science classes have somewhat higher percentage of Asian students than other classes do. Why? There are two major reasons.

Asians have chosen to go into careers in science fields because people are judged more objectively there and meet with less discrimination. Asian parents encourage their children to go into these fields because they have learned the hard way that in other fields, such as in the business or political worlds, it is much harder to get jobs they are qualified for and it is much harder to be promoted, even when a promotion is long overdue.

The other major reason is due to the large number of well educated middle class Asians who brought their families to America seeking economic opportunity in the years following the removal of the last of the discriminatory immigration laws in 1965. As mentioned above, these families tended to be fairly well educated or at least financially stable and able to provide their children with a great amount of academic support. The older children in these families could not master English well enough to be able to go into fields which required good command of English, such as politics, literature and journalism, so they went into the scientific areas which don't require great command of English and which pay well, such as engineering.

In recent years, there have been more Asian students from stable families who were born in America or came here at a very young age reaching the college age. These Asian Americans who are native to America and the English language, find that they are interested and talented in non-scientific subjects. Despite pressure from

society's stereotypes of Asians and from their parents to major in science subjects such as math, biochemistry, computer science or engineering, many of these students are majoring in other areas, such as English, sociology, politics, economics or art. According to an article by Pan Un in the 2/87 issue of the AARW newsletter, "at Wellesley, more than two thirds of the declared majors (of Asians) are nonscience." However, the stereotype of Asians as only good at math and science "can force students into roles that they may have no desire to fill; they become scientists and doctors not because they want to but because it is expected of them."

A look at Asian students at Brandeis shows that at least half are not science majors, with many majoring in economics, art, history, politics, sociology, etc.

4) Asians always stick to themselves.

This is a more dangerous misconception than it seems, because those who believe in it and who also fear the "yellow peril" might come to the outrageous conclusion that Asians stick to themselves because they are actually planning, as a group, to quietly "take over" many desired aspects of America, and that they won't want to share any power or success that they acquire.

In reality, Asians stick to themselves no more than Blacks, Whites, Italians, Hispanics, Jews, etc. stick to themselves. In school cafeterias, there is no more of a tendency for Asians to sit together than there is for Whites to sit together or Blacks to sit together. Students within these groups are more comfortable spending time with those who have similar backgrounds or appearances to them because they will be better understood and less likely to be judged by their appearance or treated as inferior. If people are talking about Chinatowns when claiming that Asians stick to themselves, they should know that Chinatowns exist not out of desire, but out of necessity. Poor immigrants with little ability to speak English must live in or very near a Chinatown (or Koreatown, or Japantown, etc.) because there aren't adequate support, protection and bilingual services available to them elsewhere.

5) "Asian Americans do not have the skills to hold management and leadership positions. They are good at hard work and technical work, but not at interacting with others."

This is just another example of a misconception which results from the view that all Asians in America are "foreigners", so they can't interact well with 'Americans', as well as the view that Asians stick to themselves and are all science and math whizzes.

Even more importantly, it is used by those who fear that successful Asians will take over most of the best jobs in the country (whether the fear is conscious or subconscious) to justify not promoting them to better jobs.

6) "Asians are successful", the Model Minority Myth

There are many Americans who blame minorities for their own poverty and who believe that with hard work any American will be successful. They like to argue that Asian Americans have gone from poor, highly discriminated against miners and railroad workers to affluent, successful people with good jobs by simply working very hard, saving their money and opening small businesses or giving their children a good education, making them a model for other minorities to follow. In the March 29, 1988 issue of the Justice, Robert Lax provided us with a typical model minority argument. He argued that Blacks were responsible for their own poverty because Asians had been under similar conditions of discrimination and poverty but had worked their way out of it. He said, "Most worked incredibly hard to make a living. When they had enough money, no matter how many years it took, they opened up laundries, restaurants and many other entrepreneurial enterprises. They constantly worked their way up becoming more economically empowered with each step of the way. Today some even own giant corporations, and nearly all have become economically successful in some way."

As I have indicated before, the idea that nearly all Asian Americans have become economically successful is just not true. Most are still struggling to earn a decent living. Many recent Southeast Asian immigrants, often without their full families, are in poverty and not moving up. In addition, I refer you once again to the article on Chinatowns in America in this issue of Eastern Tide for evidence on struggling Chinese Americans.

Whether it is intentional or due to a lack of knowledge, those who use this Model Minority argument always fail to point out that the majority of "successful" Asian American families are ones that came here as full families who planned to come here, who were doing fairly well economically and/or academically before they came and who came after severe immigration restrictions were lifted in 1965. Thus the argument that all successful Asian Americans had to work their way up from extreme discrimination and poverty falls apart. Also, these families did not start out in similar conditions as Blacks did, nor did they come here under similar conditions; they had a big head start on the Black families which Mr. Lax compares them to.

Many people who use the Model Minority argument

also like to point to the 1980 census which concluded that Asian American families have a higher median income than white American families. However, they fail to point out the following facts: 1) Most Asian American families live in the city, where the cost of living is higher. If you compare incomes of Asians and Whites in the same cities, you'll find that Asians make between 70% and 80% of Whites. 2) Asian Americans have more workers per family, with mothers and children often having to work. 3) Asian Americans work more hours than Whites. 4) White Americans earn 25% more than Asian Americans with the same level of education. 5) The Census is less likely to reach families in the ghettos and families in which no one speaks English, which tend to be lower income families. 6) Though Asian Americans supposedly have a higher median family income, White Americans **probably** (I don't have statistics) have a higher mean income, as their top earners have much higher incomes than top Asian American incomes. Again, this results partially from Asians being kept in the lowest levels of most white owned businesses.

7) "Asians are more accepted now, because of their success."

Robert Lax, in his article, said "It is no coincidence that these groups have become better tolerated with their success."

Maybe he tolerates them better, but much of the rest of America certainly doesn't. Many who believe that Asian Americans are all successful view them as threatening competition. This results in discrimination against all Asians, whether they are economically stable or extremely poor. There are many people who want to remove all Asian Americans from all Affirmative Action programs, believing that none of them need Affirmative Action anymore. The myth also creates resentment among other minorities, creating division where there is a great need for unity. This hurts all minorities, for only with a unified effort will they stand the greatest chance of ending White oppression.

Here are some examples of how the idea of Asian American success has resulted in discrimination:

- Several immigration bills have been passed in Congress almost unanimously which will make it more difficult for relatives of Asian Americans and Hispanics who are citizens or permanent residents of the United States to come here legally. They may soon become law.

- An M.I.T. student, Hung-Kwong Ng, submitted résumés to 24 companies recruiting at M.I.T., but only one offered him an interview. Convinced that his

qualifications were not to blame, he submitted the same résumé with the name Raymond Johnson instead of his own Asian name to 23 companies the following year. He received 11 interviews, 9 from the same companies which had rejected him before.

- Vietnamese fishermen in Texas have complained of excessive fines, harassment and restrictions placed on them by Texas parks and wildlife officials.

- As mentioned above, top universities are lowering the acceptance rates of highly talented Asian Americans

The lack of tolerance can also be seen in the amount of violence against Asians, part of a rising tide of violence against minorities in America in the 80's. (The reaction to increased discrimination can be seen in minority protests or racial incidents at Dartmouth, UMass, Hampshire, Smith, UConn and other Universities in the last few months) Sadly, some of the violence against Asian Americans is by other minorities who also are fearful of the "yellow peril".

- Korean owned stores have been vandalized in California, New York, Chicago, Atlanta and Philadelphia. In Washington DC, 12 Korean owned businesses have been firebombed since 1984.

- In August 1985, Bun Vong, a resident of Lowell, Mass. who had lived to the United States for six years, having been a Cambodian refugee, was beaten by two men on the Veteran's Parkway following a traffic dispute. He died 11 days later. The trial was delayed at least three times, frustrating the efforts of Asian organizations to prepare for the trials. (AARW Newsletter, 11/85 & 4/86)

- Gary Moy was stabbed in Brooklyn in June '86 by a Latino youth who yelled "These Chinks don't belong in this neighborhood."

- There was a 90% increase in acts of racial violence directed against Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Filipino and Southeast Asian immigrants in Los Angeles county, California between 1981 and the beginning of 1986. (Pacific Citizen 3/7/86)

- In early 1985, Long Guang Huang, a resident of Boston's Chinatown who could speak no English, was beaten and arrested by a police officer who claimed he had solicited a prostitute. After several months of community organizing, the trial concluded that the officer had stopped the wrong man, and had arrested Mr. Huang to cover up his mistake, using unnecessary force. The officer was suspended for one year without pay, but recently received one year's back pay, meaning he was really given a paid vacation.

- On June 19, 1982, at a Detroit bar, a young Chinese American named Vincent Chin got into a yelling match

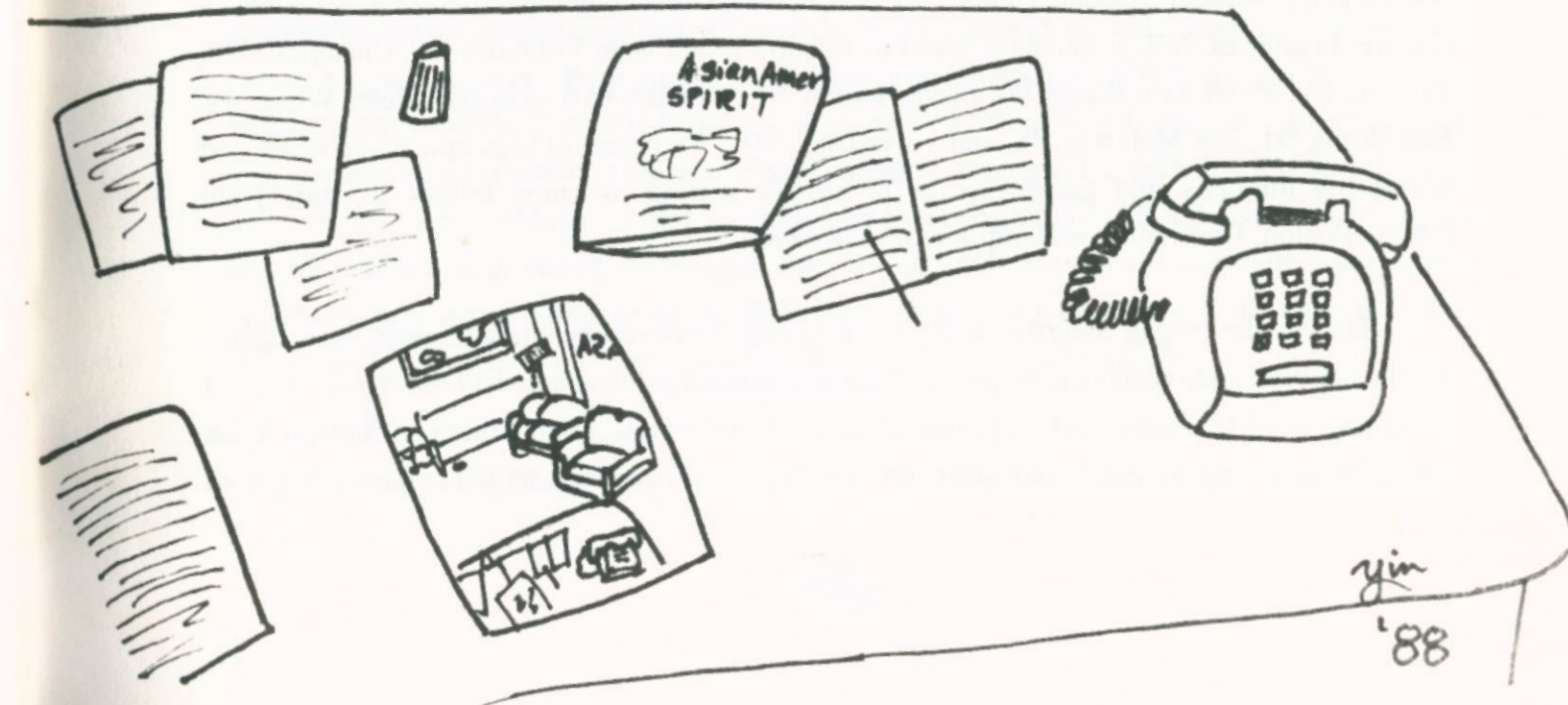
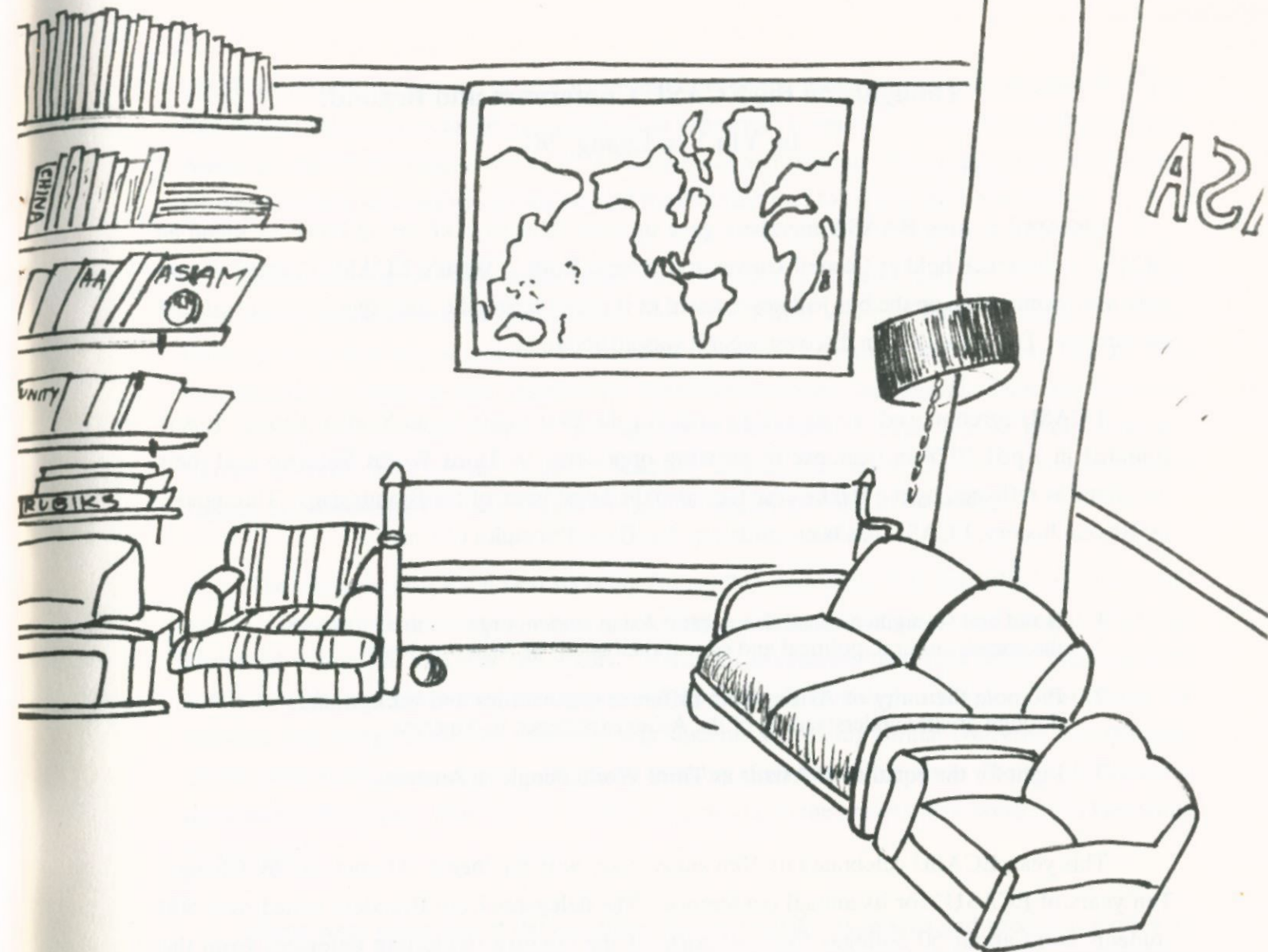
with Ronald Ebens, an autoworker whose company had laid off many people. During the fight which ensued, a witness heard Ebens saying to Chin that it was "because of you (Japanese)" that so many autoworkers in Detroit were losing their jobs (even though Chin is Chinese). Chin finally fled when Ebens and his stepson produced a baseball bat. They hunted Chin down and beat him to death in the head with the bat. Unfair tactics were used in the ensuing trials and appeals which lasted five years. Although Ebens admitted to killing Chin, he never went to jail, and only paid a fine of about \$3,000.

- Since 1975 about 14,000 Vietnamese, Laotians and Cambodians have settled in poor neighborhoods in Greater Boston, causing many impoverished White and Latino families to become angry at the increased competition for scarce jobs and housing. Although few cases of racial incidents against Asians are reported to police, the Boston Police Dept recorded 102 such racially motivated incidents between 1982 and '85. Some typical incidents since 1985: whites in South Boston throwing bottles, stones and racial slurs at new Vietnamese neighbors; 15 to 20 white men attacking 3 Cambodian men in East Boston; three whites beat four Vietnamese with rocks and a muffler pipe in Stoughton 12/24/86; a white Dorchester 16-year-old yelled racial slurs at a 24-year-old Vietnamese immigrant, then beat him with 3 white friends in May, '87; Vietnamese and Cambodian immigrants have repeatedly been left homeless by intentionally set fires.

- In California (and probably elsewhere) people have vandalized Asian owned homes in affluent suburbs while shouting slogans such as "Japs go home!" or "Chinks go home!"

To put this whole article in a more general perspective, the tendency for a few people in some group to rise and have their success publicized while others become more oppressed and have their story covered up happens to many groups all over the world. The cases are too many to list. Just keep your eyes and ears open and you'll find them everywhere.

"Second Home: A View In The BAASA Office"



Thoughts on the ECASU Conference and Beyond!

by Yin Yan Leung '90

On April 8, nine BAASA members gave up their final days of spring break to attend an ECASU conference held at Cornell University in New York. "What's 'ECASU'?" some of you may ask. Some of us on the bus had never heard of it either before the conference was announced on campus. They would soon discover what it was all about.

ECASU (pronounced "ee-ka-sue") stands for the East Coast Asian Student Union. It was founded in April 1978 in response to growing opposition to Third World Students and their programs as reflected by the Bakke case (see also the latest issue of the Brandesian). Throughout its 10-year history, ECASU has been guided by the Three Principles of Unity:

1. Build and strengthen broad democratic Asian student organizations to serve the social, cultural, political and educational needs of Asian students.
2. Promote the unity of Asians from different nationalities and backgrounds through greater understanding of the Asian experience in America.
3. Fight for the equality of Asians as Third World People in America.

This year, ECASU celebrated its 10th anniversary with the theme "Momentum for Change: Ten years of ECASU" for its annual conference. The delegates from Brandeis joined over 500 students from about 50 colleges from all parts of the country (including delegates from the Asian/Pacific Islander Students Union -- ECASU's West Coast counterpart, which was founded a few weeks after ECASU). On the 8-hour bus ride to Cornell were Vi Duong '90, Cheng Lee '90, Victoria Ko '89, Bobby Wong '90, Erika Atsumi '91, four BAASA officers - Peter Wong '89, Ken Wong '91, Jon McIntyre '88, and yours truly '90. We began in high spirits, debating and discussing minority and gender issues or simply getting to know fellow students from UMass/Boston, Univ. of New Hampshire and Brown.

The big day began Saturday with inspiring and dynamic keynote addresses by longtime student activist Linda Asato and respected musical artist and political activist Fred Houn. The rest of the day was filled with workshops on politics and civil rights, Asian American studies, Asian American unity and expanding our sphere of activism, Asian American art and culture, admissions

and financial aid, sexism and gender roles, and developing leadership and organization building. Our packed schedule included an exciting and informative panel of community activists, Asian American studies professors, and an ECASU alumnus and student. They urged us to continue our efforts and apply what we've learned beyond the college years to benefit our communities.

In the evening, we were again faced with the realities of being literally victims of a white racist society as we viewed the documentary film "Who Killed Vincent Chin?" (Vincent Chin was a Detroit auto worker who was clubbed to death by two white Americans who had been laid off. The men blamed the Japanese auto industry for their unemployment and thought Chin was Japanese. One of them was overheard saying, "It's because of you mother-fuckers that we're out of work." Neither of them spent one day in jail.) Made by veteran filmmaker Christine Choy and Renee Tajima, this disturbing film was a breakthrough for women of color in the media.

The bus going back the next morning for another eight-hour ride was filled with the same people - no, not really - I think we were all deeply affected with what went on and what was discussed within the past day and a half. Some felt encouraged and in a sense empowered to continue with their goals after seeing positive role models in today's struggles. Just seeing the emotions and energy shared by other minority students addressing similar concerns was uplifting. On the other hand, some of us couldn't help thinking if we were, in a sense, "better off" living in ignorance of the issues. Have all of the past struggles up to the present been worth it? Does white society care?

These were just a few of the questions that we verbally expressed and tried to wrestle with among ourselves and in our own thoughts. After returning to our respective campuses, we continue to feel the weight of all that still needs to be done, especially with the needs of the minority community at Brandeis. With a raised consciousness, BAASA became more involved with the Black Students Organization and Nosotros concerning the Director of Community Relations issue and meeting with President Handler to discuss support programs for students of color. There is still so much more to change - it may seem too overwhelming at times. But if just one more person becomes conscious of one of the biggest issues of our times, then that is one more voice against racism and prejudism. For now, as we all continue to struggle for equality in one form or another in this society, keep in mind these few words "Think globally, act locally!"

Want . . . ?

I sit here thinking that I will never find it
And when I finally get what I'm looking for
I don't even realize it.
But then it's too late,
I have lost it.
I continue my search without ever knowing
I found it.
It seems to be an eternal yearning
But really, I only let it slip away.
Someday, I will realize if I look close enough
I have already found it,
And maybe my search will end
Before I lose another
And never find it again.

-Anonymous

Alone

There she sat,
in the corner of the room,
with her blank stare
and motionless body.

She opens her mouth to speak
but, no one is listening,
So she sits and waits.

Ideas race through her head,
as thoughts drift in and out,
Yet, she says nothing.

There, in her torn dress,
she sits, wondering when
she will get her turn at life.

Maybe tomorrow, maybe never,
she doesn't care anymore.
There she'll sit forever, alone.

by Ella Mae Gayoso



THE INDIVIDUAL ABSTRACT

I am the Neo-Naz--....
Yes, I am the Neo-Conservative,
A real live nephew of my Uncle Ron,
"Born on the Fourth of July."
Yes, I am one of those Dartmouth students
Who harassed a black music professor;
No racist am I, but a humanist.
You see, his credentials (though impressive)
Lack the quality of a Dartmouth Man.
The only reason he got his job was
To be Affirmative Action's token.
A man should be judged not by color, class
Or creed, but by ability alone.
You see, I am more liberal than most
Self-proclaimed "Liberals" (hypocrites all).
Yes, I also knocked down the shanty-town
To protest South Africa's Apartheid.
But it's not racially motivated,
It's purely ideo-logical you see:
First, it is built on private property;
Second, the United States has no right
To interfere in another country's
Business;
(except for El Salvador, Grenada, Lebanon and Nicaragua)
Third, economic formulas
Prove sanctions won't work; fourth, South Africa
Is a most profitable investment.
Blacks, Hispanics, Asians, Jews, forget where
You came from, forget your creed and color.
You and I are in America now,
Where we are all equal, and we should work
For the good of this nation which grants us
Equality.
Yes, I am for quotas
Limiting Asian college admissions.
Ever since the empty-headed, "feel-good",
Pinko, drug-abusing Seventies, the
Institutions of "high-" education,
In trying to diversify their student
Bodies, have lowered their standards for the
Patron acceptance of Asians

(also for Blacks and Hispanics, but so few even apply to
college, we don't fear them overrunning the place)

Turning

Away those who are better qualified.
Asians are just like everybody else,
They don't want to be patronized. I'm sure
Even the intelligent Asians will
Quite understand, and support the quotas.
I believe in the ability of
The individual human being to
Achieve, regardless of race, religion,
Social background, handicap or sex. They
Are just crutches and excuses for not
Trying. Listen to Mister Malcolm X.

We're both idealistic and practical,
But most of all we are political.

Our souls are pure, our minds keen as a sword,
Our muscles hewn from the stiffest oak.
We are the new intelligentsia.
Yes, we are the Neo-Conservatives,
And we declare the Eighties the Age of
Ron. Long live The Führer, Zieg heil! Zieg heil!

Zieg heil!

by Bobby Wong

Boosters

Procom Stramen,
How is the Project going?
Jmiller, Doctor

VVV
As soon as I strike it rich, I'll drop by in Bombay.
Article suggester

GUYS,
My car blew up.
Friendless?
(Yes, cause you were all in it)

Alvin,
What's it like to have the President as a partner?
CS lab-skipper

Ken,
Look at all the condominiums...look at the
swimming pools...look at the anorexic cows with the
long tails...
Vi

JB
Pakistan? Pakenstine? Which one is it? I'm so
confused.

Taeko
Hai! We have a strong need for an intimidator on
next year's volleyball team. Will you take the position?
Boku no onee ga Nihongo o
benkio shte orimas.

To: Pete and Repete,
Ding lay go fai! (Just kidding) We'll have to go
dancing - no sneakers this time!
From: Karate Kid

Jennifer Blackhead,
Today I can't find nothing nowhere. Tomorrow I
might find something somewhere. Give me a future. I
need it so badly now. Oh, for tomorrow.
The Four Zits
(Only ONE now, the others got
OXY cleaned)

Karate Kid,
Chop chop here!!
Chop chop there!!
DOC

Cheng,
Time to burn our Stats book. Got a match? No
need- I have my blow torch.
The one with something
between her ears

Pete,
Recruit! Recruit! Recruit!
Former B-league captain

Alvin,
Beep Beep Beep Beep Bemco!
Vi

KW,
Happy Birthday.
Your older brother

To: B-League V-ballers
Call it! Call it! That's O.K., we'll get 'em next time!
From: Red Knee Pads....

Yin,
"I'M IGNORANT!"
C. and J.

To the nosey one,
Lay say bhat paw!!
From the quiet one

To all who come and go from Usdan,
We can't help it, we just love to watch.
Window Bangers

To Kiem
It's almost over.

Ella,
Again! Where is my money?
Pres.

To: Ken W.
Can't I hear any of your dirty jokes?
From: Mixed Company

To my users,
I have just decided to charge you for my services.
And no refunds or guarantees. See dumbos, you had
a good thing and you blew it.
Smartly Bought

Boosters

Vi,
Stop baying at the moon. You make my blood
curdle.
Cheng

Oki,
Now that you're burning candles, do you still wish
on stars?
C.

To: Jon
We'll try to carry on your newsletters! Can you be
our advisor in spirit?
From: The Veep

Bey,
I am not loud. Good Luck. You will always be
considered Filipino in my book.
EG

YINIF,
Thanks for making me fat.
Tubby

VKo,
Don't worry, I'll go to your graduation for you.
Cub owner

YYL,
Mark my words, it's him. There is no escaping your
destiny; we both know it to be true...
An opponent in Othello

Cheng,
Still feeling "bitter"? Just kidding-- but seriously,
you're right about a lot. But I do hope that you'll find out
soon that it's not as bad as you think.
B.C.

Imelda Chen (BC),
Be good and don't buy any more black bras or
shoes. 2,000 is enough. Buy more records. The last
time I checked, you were still listening to China Crisis.
Corazon

Erika,
Let's share the "Black and White" MIT man.
From one who shares your
taste in men

Niffy,
I don't believe it! There's an eraser on my pencil
and (oh my god) I don't have to put 0.5mm lead up
through the pointed end. Hallelujah!
The Better Pencil Operator

To: Meng "the chess nut"
Ni hao! When can we go for dim-sum?
From: Yin

Fuji,
You are where? Again? OK, 9:30. Be there.
TAXIMAN

P.S.: Just kidding

Vi Duong,
You give me such a hard time! Go take a long walk
on a short pier.
A teller of little lies

Cheng,
My car is not a chameleon. Get glasses, man!
Your eyes are screwed.
A Chauffeur

Babytoes,
I have a new toy to play with - the soft skin on the
neck. It's AWESOME!
Cold Sweaty Hands

Pete,
You're fired.
Everyone whom you've fired

Peter,
One more "Girl" and POW!!
Vi

Y.L. and J.W.,
Thanks for the second home and free rent (well,
almost).
The forever grateful and
unhomeless one

To: V
Remember: Battles big enough to matter, small
enough to win!
From:.....

Boosters

Ming-Kiat,
Saya masih tidak tahu bagaimana bermain catur.
Saya harap awak akan ajar saya sebelum otak saya
berkarat dan saya tidak boleh fikir bila dan bagaimana
mengguna "strategy"...

Kawan dari Malaysia

To Doctor,
Keep up the famous grin!
Buscar

Hi baby,
Kiss,kiss,kiss,kiss
Kiki

Ken,
Do you know Mandinka? I didn't think so. Ask
Erika.

.....

Vi,
You provoke me. I'm going to ?*@! Stop shivering
and shaking. As always, I'm only kidding.
A fellow Aries

To: Bobby W.
The natives are restless- we want Cecilia back! Be
our fearless leader, please?
From: Karate Kid

Naomi,
Defense!!
P.W.

P.W.,
No BAASA calls this semester?
Cheng

Khang,
You're welcome.
.....

To: C.L.
What drinks lots of coffee and goes "flush" in the
night?
From: Stripes

KK + DS,
Why Don't You Join ?
EG

Joanne,
!@#%\$&*!2^%&()!+(&%!@#%\$^&*#~*%
Vi

Vi,
Well....
%*~#*&^%\$#@!%&(+!%)&%^2!@#%\$#@!
Joanne

Dear Mary Wong,
Thanx for all your help and contribution for the
Eastern Tide. I know I can always count on you.
Just kidding

Andy,
BAASA- 1989 B-league volleyball
championships. Has a nice ring? But first, practice:
pass-set-spike drills. Drill it into their heads: You've got
3 hits, use 'em all; have confidence in the person you
set to.

Capt. Mc

June,
Life is great- invite me to your wedding- and let's
keep in touch this summer
A little moth

Bey,
Wait for me in California. I'm coming as soon as I
can. In the meantime, my bags are packed..
V

Ming- Kiat,
Let's bet on it; one of those 3 freshmen next year
will be from Kuala Lumpur or Petaling Jaya.
Cheng

Jonny Mac,
Your icecream will come soon! Sorry for the one-
year delay.
Your medical anthropologist

Bobby,
Where are you? What's your major now?
EG

Jon,
To my soulmate... you were my Julian...
"Alba"

Boosters

Officers,
Thanx!
Pres.

Vi,
May your head be as smooth as a freshly peeled
hard boiled egg!
The other half of the Gruesome
Twosome

To Bhaskar
Would you like to dance? Whoops, gotta go!

Bleeding-Heart Liberal,
I miss THE RUG. Are you trading it for a (to quote
you) "wispy" flying carpet in New York? Can't wait to
see it....
Carpet dealer from Baghdad

Jon,
PAID POSITION AS PERMANENT ADVISOR
OFFERED. Good luck in everything you do.
Tres.

Yin,
To The Karate Kid, sorry I disappointed you time
and time again.
From one who lives in the Ivory
Tower

Joanne,
Let's give Yin another heart attack...
Your accomplice in crime

Hey,
I "wicked" never "funny bitch" say "bogus" these
"bafroom" things.
"I'm sorry"

Ken,
When I come back, I hope to see an amazing
design painted onto the blinds.
Jon

Jon,
It's been fun waking you up every Friday, minus
two days. Get some sleep before you graduate
Brandeis! Thanx for all those Mexican chips.
Love ya,
?

Chili Wili,
We've been through a lot - 'currant plum', 'curried
rice', and 'milipedes'. But we still have to have a major
'pig out' session.

The 'Onion' who loves 'It's A
Sin'

Class of 1988,
Good luck in your future undertakings.
Cheng

YYL,
Stop tuning in to my thoughts! We just end up
looking like a couple of jailbirds in Chinese class. No
more ESP!

CYL

Joneeeee,
Are you still my neighbor or what? Good luck and
much,much fun!
Bhaskar

Hey Corozon,
Would you not publicize my musical interests and
slowness to adapt to trends? Anyways, I'm perfectly
happy these days with Carlos Santana on my stereo.
Chinese, despite what you say

Erika,
Do you know Mandinka? What can I call you? What
Israeli city do you visit? I killed a dragon for you. There is
no other Troy for me to burn. And you should have let
the light on.

The Other SO'C EG

To you know who,
You know what.
From you know who (Hint - Will
you forever remain on my wave length? It just saves
time speaking, writing, and hitting.)

To whoever,
"I have it all to give, but no one to give it to."
The Alarm

To: J.C.,
Hey man! Ready to arm wrestle again? Keep
working out!
From: Yinsky

Boosters

Cheng,
Anymore spit hanging and drooling out of your mouth? Sick, man. Hey, Eddy Murphy humor. (Will Vi get mad?)

The Not Disgusting One

To: C. "Forenza" L.
What should we do with our hair next time?
From: The Rug

Jonny Mc,
Thanx for everything. We will all miss ya next year!
BAASA
P.S.: Are you sure you can't stay another year?

Jon,
Good luck in everything you do.
The soulmate who made you a turkey sandwich

Sunny Onion,
Now that we're wiser, let's be owls out of choice and not out of necessity.
Chili Wili

To: Pete
What will you offer me to not study abroad? Your car?
From: The V.P.

Yin,
Can I have another memo?
Tres.

To the Spirit of '76:
To the future of badbacks (floor bound), bony bodies (starvation bound), fame (JCM covers bound), and handcuffs (drug and shoplifting busted bound)...but on the desert island, I'll kill and eat you before you can get to me.
Oh my friend, Oh my friend, Oh my friend

Joanne,
Tea time pictures?
I won't be here to nag you anymore

Fuji,
Awesome serves! Don't transfer and I hope to be on your team before I graduate. Smile and have a happy day.

Me

El-la. Hi EL-La. El-la.

V

Vee,
I guess this is our last semester of marathon dinner sessions. I'm going to miss them very much. Hope to see you often next year.

.....

Carolyn,
CMS?
Me too

Jensky,
Is this it? No, is this it? Wrong. So, move onto the next booster.
Not the "Old Raisin"

Niffer,
I just wanted to say - "But I can".
To bad you can't

Passive V,
Do you miss Pfeuffer? How many Soc. books left? What's that? A book a night.
"The Violent One"

Cheng,
ELECTROLYSIS!!!!
?

To: Dr. C. Soohoo
Any advice on where to eat out next? How do you stay so tan in the winter?
From: Lost my tan in Hawaii

To Cubby
I love your hugs.
VK

J.M.,
Thank you for being you! It was fun! Keep in touch!
Doctor

Boosters

V-ballers
Congrats!! Let's go all the way again!!
V-ballers

To?,
Who saze "hey man" ?
Clueless

To the swallow that hails from the Pacific Islands,
Your "wet" dreams have come true! Get this—there are two bathtubs in our Grad! You don't have to rely on hotel bathtubs anymore!
CIC Roomie

Vi,
I know it's tough, but just "hang" in there... until I find you a stronger rope. (Just joking!)
Extra-terrestrial from Uranus

Cheng,
"Bald is Beautiful"
from "Mr. and Mrs. Clean"

Cheng,
May your head be twice as smooth...
your fellow egg-head

Joanne,
Is that your car? It looks sooo different at night. Why won't you let me step on the gas pedal?
The Chameleon

Vi,
The Amazon Women Wrestling Team should recruit you for their Hair-Tearing division. You'd win hands down. So... how about a rematch?
Your soulmate

DL
No sleep. Tons of papers. Need a place to study?
EG

BAASA,
It's been nice knowin' ya
Jon Mc

Seniors,
Pack your bags and say goodbye!!
Ninja II

Vi,
May the snow never fall on your Christmas tree, may you never be able to cook your eggs sunny side up, and MOST OF ALL may your sink and shower ALWAYS be clogged by hair - YOURS!!
Cheng

Jon,
Are you dead or alive?
VVV

Yin,
You still have my "Faith" and I still have your "Crush," so why don't we "Tango in the Night" because "You Can Dance?"
A Woman of "Substance"

Knock Knock,
"Don't let a locked door stop you."
Foooooool

Peter,
Do you have the receipt? I've been looking for Ian....I've got to go...
Tres.

Peter C.,
"Some day when you're free
Memories will remind you
That our love was meant to be.
Late at night when you call my name
The only sound you'll here
Is the sound of your voice, calling
Calling after me..."
XYZ

IT,
Slap! I always get the last hit.
Bruised (but I win)

Vi,
Join the debate team.
The BAASA Lounge

BAASA Lounge,
Don't tell Vi to join the debate team. Without her, we wouldn't have very many lively discussions in you (when we're supposed to be studying).
BAASA

Boosters

Sunny,
Dinner every month?
Jon

Vi,
Girl (Na) female (Na) women (Na) lady (Na).
WOMYN (Ya)
You Know Who

To: J.I.W.
Thanks for putting up with me and the
newspaper. We'll have a bonfire soon!
From: Your Roomie
"Forever"?

Sunny,
Will you still wake me up Friday mornings, 8:30
a.m.?
V-ball classmate

Cheng,
Smile!
PW

Pam,
"Pam" is only six letters from "Jam", just like May
21 is only six days from May 27.
JAM

Vi
The phone is ringing
V

Pete, Yin, Ken, Ella,
The best team of officers I've seen.
Advisor

Sandi,
Will I ever see you on camera with Bernadette?
JM

SSY & JB
Sadat? Sudar? I'll get it right someday.
?

To the Emerman 121 girls,
Watch out for the BOOGIE MAN in the closet.
And Yinny watch out for your ears cause when the
psycho bitch screams, say good-bye to your hearing.
The Boogie Man's friend

Pam, Fune, Lillian, Francesca,
Where are you going to school? Will you split
yourselves up? Will you keep in touch?
Jon

Bey,
I really don't think fun is sinful, HONEST. Anyway,
good luck in everything you do. I'll miss seeing you
around. Thanks for listening.
Need I tell you who?

Bhaskar
I guess you'll need to find a new DJ for yuor
parties. I'm sure in two years you'll have an awesome
stereo system with CD's of all the major hits, so you'll
be able to pre-program the whole party before it even
starts. Other than getting water all over the place,
you've been a great neighbor.
Joneeeee

Ella,
I also like The Cure and Billy Idol!
"Tiny Bubbles"

Mukey,
Nice ass, but try moth balls.
Jo

Nlf, Yin, Cheng,
HIT ME!
J.C.

Hey Warf,
You lazy bum! Don't you know how to be witty
anymore? Where are my boosters? What, did Salada
Tea fire you?
Jo

