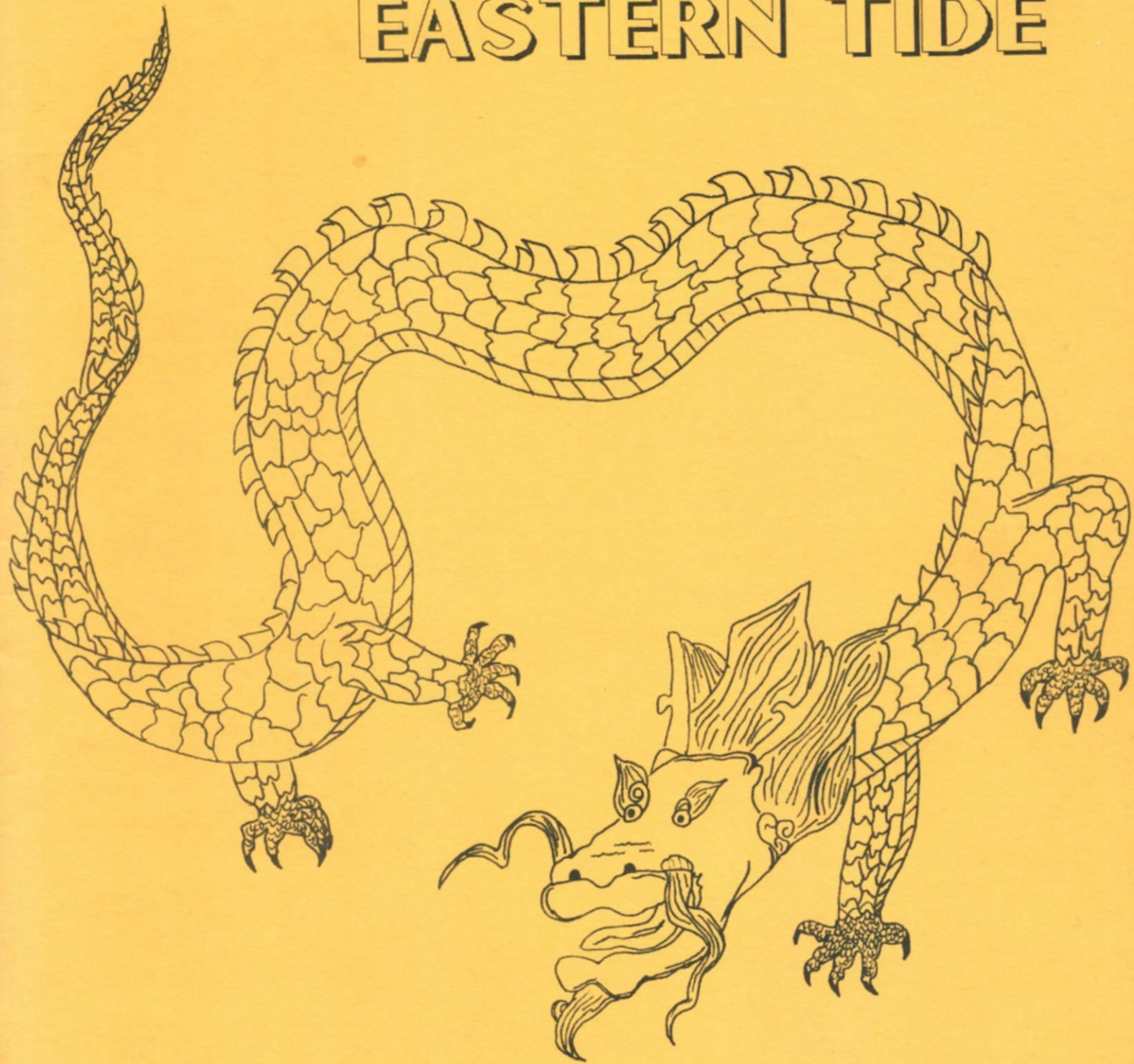


EASTERN TIDE



A Publication of the Brandeis Asian American Student Association
Vol. VII No. 2

Spring 1989

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Eastern Tide

Spring 1989 Vol. VII No. 2

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The **Eastern Tide** is a publication of the Brandeis Asian American Student Association. Published each semester, the **Eastern Tide** features essays, news, interviews, literature, boosters, and advertisement of interest to the Asian community at Brandeis University. We reserve the right to edit all submissions.

The **Eastern Tide** actively seeks students' submissions of any kind. Students interested in working for or contributing to **Eastern Tide** may submit their names and materials to any staff mailbox or to the BAASA office located in the Usdan Student Center.

The views and opinions of the contributors are not necessarily those of the editor, staff or the Brandeis Asian American Student Association.

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EDITOR'S NOTE

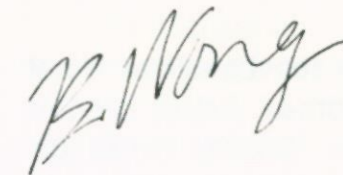
Welcome to the Spring issue of the *Eastern Tide*. The staff has remained the same from the last issue in the Fall, for once. The knowledge and experience from last semester has been applied to make production smoother and quicker, to create a more consistent format, to trim down excesses, to produce a lean--mean--fighting magazine (just kidding).

Special thanks to Kumin Yang who has worked like a madman on this magazine, missing dinners, risking academic failure, etc. Without his dedication and his status as Almighty God of Computers, this magazine would not be here.

Farewell to all the seniors who'll be graduating.

Goodbye and good luck to Peter Wong '89, the Advisor of BAASA, former BAASA president, also known as "The Old Man of BAASA," "Digmaster," "Cosci Geek," "Party Animal," as well as other unmentionable names. This man has been the "spark" for BAASA for the last four years, re-establishing BAASA's membership in the Intercollegiate Asian Students Social Committee and setting the foundations for the now thriving and successful BAASA/ KSA intramural volleyball teams, just two of his infinite contributions to the club. Thanks Pete, we'll miss you.

Yours Truly,



Editor:	Bobby Wong
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BAASA SPRING '89 WRAP-UP

On February 8, BAASA and NOSOTROS co-sponsored a coffeehouse at Chumley's. The purpose was to raise money for renowned Mexican painter Alessandra Della Valentina to come to Brandeis for the unveiling of a painting she is donating to Friendship Through Art, BAASA, NOSOTROS, and the Rose Art Museum. Entertainers included Gloria Liu, Wendy Beckerman, Srikant, and Grayson. Thanks to everyone who put their time and talents into this -- special thanks to Sunny Singh and Victoria Libin for organizing a successful evening.

It's the Year of the Snake! Chinese New Year's, co-sponsored by BAASA, Office of International Programs and Office of Residence Life, was celebrated in the Castle Commons on Feb. 10. The fun-filled evening featured, calligraphy, palm-reading, paper flower-making, folk dancing and singing, a movie and slides on China and, of course, delicious food!

An elegant evening at the Lafayette Hotel: BAASA along with other Asian student organizations in the Boston area co-sponsored a semi-formal dance on Feb. 24. Those who braved the snow storm were also treated to a preview of the all-Asian student cast of *A Chorus Line*.

Dispelling the stereotypes: On March 19, as part of Women's Month, BAASA and KSA invited four women to speak on a panel "Asian American Women at Work." Moderated by Associate Dean of the College Elaine Wong, the lively discussion and informal reception allowed both Asian and non-Asian students to learn more about the

interesting and important work and issues these activists are involved with.

ASIAN EMPOWERMENT THROUGH UNITY - A CHALLENGING FUTURE: The East Coast Asian Student Union's 11th annual conference on March 25 at Hunter College in New York City drew over 850 people from about 60 schools, including the Midwest and California. Keynote speakers (Ken Kashiwahara, national correspondent to ABC Network News, and Mabel Teng of the San Francisco Chinese Progressive Association), workshops, a student panel, and information tables from various Asian community organizations served to raise awareness of the different *and* similar issues facing Asians (and other ethnic groups) from all backgrounds. Brandeis sent a delegation of nine students and one alumnus.

Anyone hungry? This semester's restaurant trip took us to Korea House (off of Commonwealth Ave.) on April 1. About twenty of us took off our shoes to enjoy a deliciously spicy dinner which included chap chae, bull go gie, tang soo yok. Great food for people with non-boring tastes!

"In Between Days" was the theme of this semester's dance co-sponsored by BAASA, KSA and Friendship Through Art on April 8. Thanks to everyone for their muscles and creativity for a great set-up!

Volleyball '89

by Peter Wong

On Campus:

For the second year in a row, the BAASA/KSA A-league intramural volleyball team won the championship. The team, named A.M.E.N. (All Men Except Naomi), finished the regular season with six wins and no losses giving them a bye in the first round of the playoffs. The team made it to the finals by beating their next two opponents. The finals was definitely the match of the year. It looked bad in the beginning because A.M.E.N. lost the first game 15-1. The other team had put some big blockers up and had manage to shut down the offense of A.M.E.N. In the second game, things were still looking bad until Steve Treiman cut his chin on a great dive, running through fans and nearly hitting the gym wall. This great effort revived the team and they went on to win the game 15-13. The final game was even a bigger heart-stopper; The two teams battle back and forth until the score was tied 14-14. A.M.E.N. finally won the game with two straight points ending it at 16-14. In all, they won nine matches and a total of eighteen games with only 2 games lost. In the two years, the total was 17 matches won and none lost. A.M.E.N. is made up of Captain Kil "Boom-Boom" Park, Jun "Fuji" Kim, "The Twin Towers from California" Steve Treiman and Peter Li, Naomi "The Hawaiian Hammer" Takayesu, and Peter "The Digmaster" Wong.

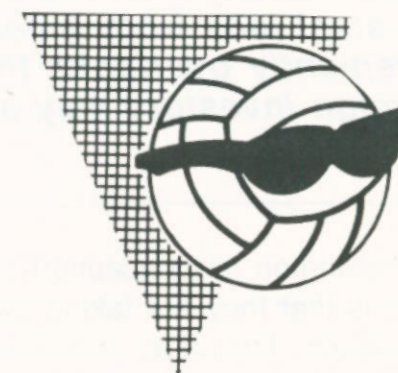
The B-league team, named "Ichiban," consisting of Captain Ken Wong, Yin Yan Leung, Andy Myette, Vicky Sakamaki, Alice

Wang, Sokunthea Oum, Anna Law, Gloria Liu, Kumin Yang, Neil Tan and Mark Schmidt, made it to the playoffs again for the second year in a row, this time with a 2-3 record. However, they lost in the first round to the team that eventually ended up second overall. The play of Ichiban was very consistent and fundamentally very good, but the other team was just larger and the plays at the net went to the other team.

Off Campus:

The BAASA/KSA Tournament team played at the MITKSA Invitational Volleyball Tournament on April 8. This time around, they had a record of three wins and three losses. All three losses came in the morning to RPI, U. of Delaware and Harvard. Their play was flat and the team just did not gel until the forth game. After beating Williams, the team took center court and defeated U. of Michigan and B.U., who was undefeated at the time.

Fun was had by all who played. Congrats to all the players and thanks to all who came down to cheer the teams on. Keep practicing and we will see you next year. Remember: **"Dig Some of This!"**



Dispelling Misconceptions of the Modern "Yellow Peril"

by Anna Law '92

Japanese are called "slant eye Japs." People shout "Go home chinks!" Just a few years ago, the Simpson-Mazzolo-Rodino Immigration Bill was proposed in an effort to curb incoming immigration. Evidence has been found that major universities have unwritten "Asian quotas" to limit the amount of Asians admitted to certain universities. Vincent Chin was murdered by two unemployed Detroit auto workers who were heard saying "It's because of you mother-fuckers that we're out of work." After a five-year legal battle marred by the use of unfair tactics and Chin's denied appeals, Ronald Ebens, who admitted to killing Chin, was fined \$3000 and put on a three-year probation. (Detroit law also imposed a \$3000 fine for shooting a wild goose.) All these incidents are evidence of a growing anti-Asian sentiment. These sentiments are based purely on misconceptions of Asians and Asian-Americans. The rallying anti-Asian cry that "They (Asians) are taking over," has no basis except one of hatred and prejudice.

"While this accusation may contain a bit more validity than the one that Asians steal jobs from Americans, it conveniently overlooks the fact that foreign investors may actually help America."

The most common misconception of Asians nowadays is that they are taking away jobs from Americans. First of all, immigrants or

non-citizens usually are forced to take the lowest menial jobs that few Americans would even look at. Furthermore, the language barrier prevents them from competing with Americans for the more desirable jobs. And if the "they" that are stealing jobs from the Americans refer to Asian-Americans, the charge becomes a contradiction. How can the charge be true when Asian-Americans are Americans too? In order for the accusation not to be a contradiction, it would have to be revised to say "Asians are stealing jobs from white Americans," which implies that Asian-Americans are less "American" than any other American. The revised accusation carries with it enormous ramifications and opens up a whole Pandora's box of prejudice and racism.

A variation of the misconception that Asians steal jobs from Americans is the belief that Asians, especially the Japanese, buy up American property and businesses and filter all the profits from these investments out of America into their own country. Examples of this are Japanese property investments in Hawaii and Japanese cars that compete with their American counterparts. While this accusation may contain a bit more validity than the one that Asians steal jobs from Americans, it conveniently overlooks the fact that foreign investors may actually help America. For example, many Japanese investors donate a significant amount of their profits back to various charity projects in America to benefit Americans.

Another common misconception about Asians is that they only want to stick to themselves; and, their refusal to be "Americanized" somehow dilutes American culture. While at Disneyland in California, I

overheard an indignant female saying, "What the hell? That food vendor hardly spoke any English? Why doesn't she go back to her own country if she doesn't want to learn English?" What these people do not realize is that Asians, or any immigrants for that matter, are struggling for survival and barely making ends meet. Often, a new immigrant will work twelve hours or more a day, struggling for survival in a new country. How then will he or she even have time to learn proper English? If immigrants or aliens do not speak English, it is usually by no means because they refuse to learn the language. Rather, they do desperately want to learn English in the hopes that speaking English will provide them with better jobs and some sort of identity in this foreign country. The other charge that Asians only stick to themselves is also untrue. Contrary to that popular belief, Chinatowns, Little Tokyos or Little Saigons were not formed to preserve the respective languages and cultures of the different nationalities. Rather, these clusters were formed out of fear of exploitation and fear of the unknown in a new and foreign country. Immigrants soon realized that there is strength, comfort and safety in unity. Yes, Asians tend to be very proud of their heritage and culture, but they are almost always just as fiercely proud to be an American. This desire to be American even goes to the extreme of Asians being ashamed of their heritage and culture and trying to deny their ethnic origin in an effort to fit in with other white Americans. Most Asians came to America of their own accord because they desire to share in the American dream, and succeed through hard work. They too wish to live in a country that guarantees freedom of speech, freedom of religion, freedom of the press; a nation that guarantees liberty and

justice for all. How can America deny the Asians or any other immigrants their dream, the same dream that the founding fathers of our country were striving for when they landed at Plymouth Rock? Asians want to be just as "American" as any other citizen of the United States or they would not be here. How then, can they be accused of diluting the American culture and not wishing to assimilate? If anything, Asians add to the diverse melting pot Americans are so fond of calling their country.

"Rather, they do desperately want to learn English in the hopes that speaking English will provide them with better jobs and some sort of identity in this foreign country."

Whereas Blacks were and still are the target of widespread racism, Asians have been proclaimed the new "Negroes" of the late twentieth century. There are many misconceptions and stereotypes of Asians that fuel the mounting anti-Asian sentiment. Perhaps if these misconceptions were dispelled there would be greater harmony between Asians and Americans.

jole de vivre.

I can't even say that I'm a disciplined writer. No. No. I am not a disciplined writer. But this morning I got up a little later than usual and twice in the first hour of my day I had coffee, nice Columbian-scented coffee, which I can really afford only if my pheno-menological antinovels of poetry get published and bought by an acceptable number of people apart from my sincere friends and relatives. At that moment, while my third, waiting-to-be-finished cup of coffee was cooling on the table, I looked into the mirror of the bathroom and, for the first time, noticed my nicely receding hairline. The woman I used to live with who now gets paid decently teaching at a competitive college called me two evenings ago; she said something about going out for our seventh anniversary dinner at Maxim's on Madison, all the way uptown. I wonder why neither of us anticipated that two years ago when I picked up the letter: Your manuscript has been enthusiastically reviewed but the editorial committee has decided that the material you are dealing with isn't appropriate for our publishing company. I stand at the mirror, now intensively studying my nicely receding hairline, thinking about the coffee stains on the cup that sits next to my new novel, generally pleased now that I shall have something to talk about over dinner. To the world, I want to thank you over and over: Thank you, Thank you.

calendar.

By twelve o'clock
I sat in the room
alone, again
left with nothing
but the wish
to die. Meaningful
days and holidays do this
every time. Each new time
I am shocked.

only the good things are remembered.

me and Ben each rode a tricycle
down the sidewalk and decided
to take the short cut, remembering
at some point that his father actually
expected us home for dinner before six.
We turned left into Mrs. Clayton's
lawn and took care not to hit any
of the little bushes she trims daily
and even if she has better things to do.
When we got to Ben's house
we ran upstairs to watch television,
the Addam's Family was on, I think,
and that was exactly what we were
watching when Ben's father whom I've
never seen grin came in and the only thing
I remember is him walking towards
Ben and moving him to the corner of
the room with no explanation.

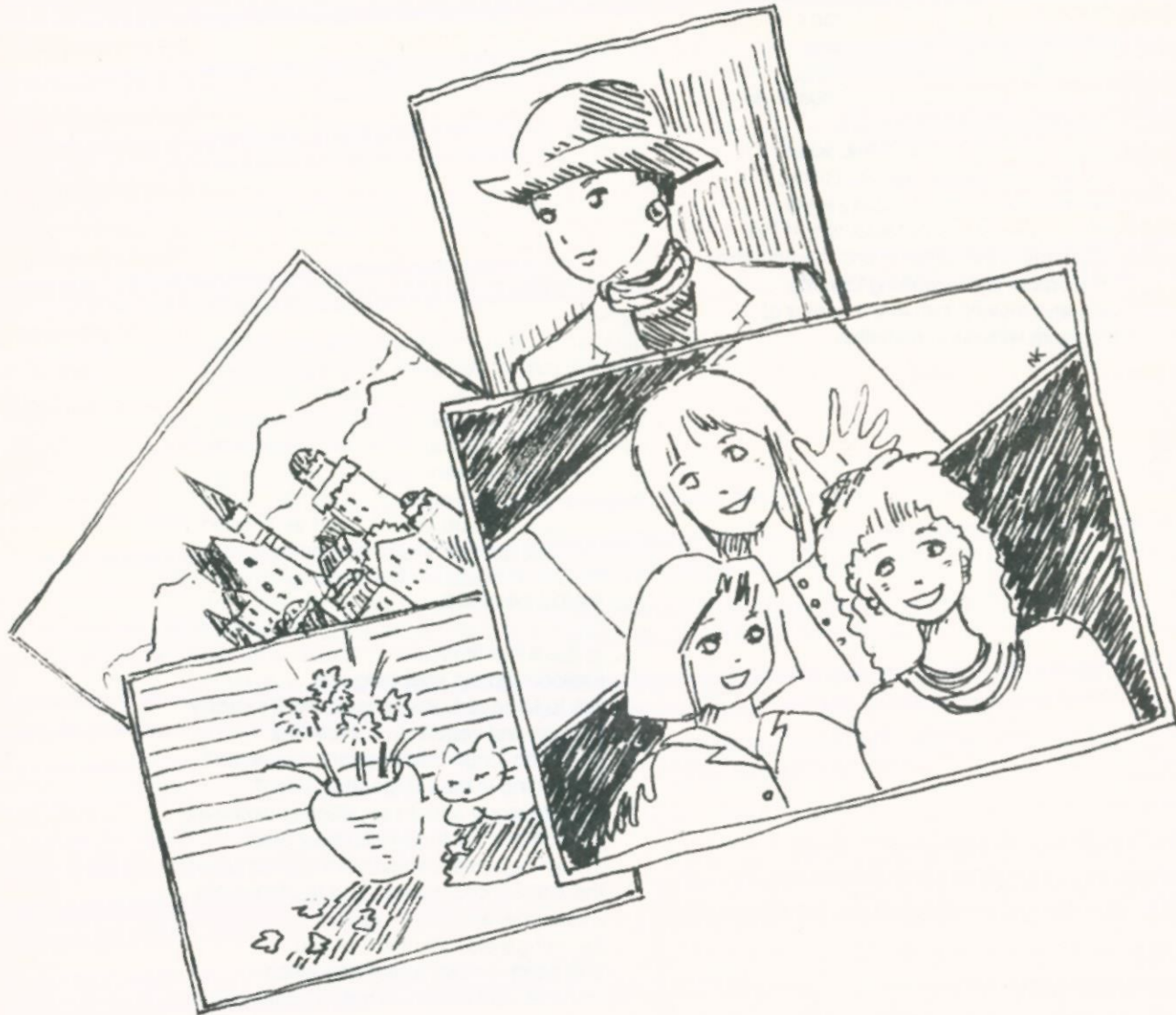
eating peaches.

In the wintertime
I seldom go out shopping and
like to keep at home a good week's supply
of fruits and vegetables. Now that
you're no longer sharing
everything in the refrigerator, I don't
have to worry about the peaches becoming
too soft and could always leave them
in the vegetable compartment, mixed in with
the lettuce, cucumbers, and the tomatoes.
Every now and then, I open
the refrigerator and think of you
and often wonder about why when
I do that I get hungry. I hold a peach close
to my face and imagine you in a foreign
country taking a bite out of a ripe, watery fruit.
Then I would eat it, cold
and crisp; with sounds of the peach-flesh
cracking and nothing spraying from the fruit.
If eating peaches could erase completely the
thought of you right now, I would eat and
eat as often as one can remember.

Your "True" Self

Behind those uncertain smiles and the cheerful exterior
 Lies the truth.
 Like a two-way mirror into your
 mind and soul,
 Only the select few can see it all.
 Project a (+) image for the many,
 be true to yourself
 for few
 Then deep into your own thoughts
 never forget what the real
 "you" consists of.

EMG



Images '89...



V-Ballers!



Similar Histories in America: South Asians

By Jon McIntyre '88

It is interesting to see how confused some people get, including the U.S. Government, when trying to determine how to classify South Asians: as Caucasian or Asian. It is, in fact, impossible to accurately classify all South Asians into one group or the other. The excerpt from the Harvard Encyclopedia of American Ethnic Groups, in an article on Asian Indians by Joan M. Jensen, shows the difficulties the U.S. has had with this matter.

Inspired by anti-Asian hostility in the West, the 1790 naturalization law--which stipulated that only "free white" people could become citizens--was interpreted to mean that declared Asian groups were nonwhite and therefore ineligible for citizenship. East Indians were in a legally anomalous situation: they were brown-skinned and from Asia but anthropologically Caucasian. On the latter grounds they were first declared eligible for citizenship in 1910 (United States v. Balsara) and in 1913... In 1923 the Supreme Court in the United States v. Bhagat Singh Thind declared them ineligible after all...

The ruling was reversed again not long after that, though Indians were not allowed to be naturalized in California because they legally could not own or lease land due to the Alien Land Law of 1913.

The same article claims that at least 85% of

Indian people who have entered the U.S. are Caucasian. However, the U.S. Government now considers South Asians under the category Asian/Pacific Islander for Census purposes. A trend several of the Brandeis students at the East Coast Asian Student Union Conference noticed was that ECASU is now pursuing more active involvement from South Asian students. Among other things, one of the workshops at this year's conference was about the history of South Asians in America, led by South Asian students from Brown University.

"It is, in fact, impossible to accurately classify all South Asians into one group or the other."

I attended the workshop, and with my notes from there and assorted publications I have collected over the last few months, I have compiled the following list displaying many of the similarities between the history of South Asians and the history of East and South East Asians in America. (Actually, the articles focus on those South Asians who have come from India.) My point in listing these similarities is to show that their histories are so similar that South Asian should be classified as Asian/Pacific Islander if one considers a historical perspective most important.

Late 1800 Immigration

There are similarities in the reasons Chinese and Indians immigrated at this time: their families were poor and conditions were bad, so men from these families went to America to earn money to bring back home. The jobs they took were very similar:

An article in the January 27, 1987 Wall Street Journal entitled "Indians in U.S. Prosper In Their New Country, And Not Just in Motels" talks about Indians around 1880: "...many of them returned and became farmers and foresters along the Canadian and U.S. west coasts."

From the Harvard Encyclopedia article: "From 1908 to 1910 thousands of East Indians worked on the Western Pacific Railroad in northern California."

From the Asian American Resource Workshop's "Our Roots in History: Commemorating the 100th Anniversary of the First Chinese Exclusion Act" (published in 1982): "The Chinese provided a source of cheap labor originally as mineworkers during the Sierra Nevada gold rush, and later as railroad workers, farmers, and fishermen." "From 1885 on, thousands of Japanese men came to the West Coast, and worked primarily in agriculture... The Japanese also worked in the railroads, canneries, logging, and fishing..." "During the 1920's, large numbers of Pilipino men migrated to the West Coast to work in the farms and canneries."

Fear of All Jobs Being Taken Over and Resulting Exclusion

From the Harvard Encyclopedia article: "When the (railroads) work ran out, the already established and unionized workers of European ancestry, suspecting that employers would use Asian competition to drive down wages, excluded them from industry. The Asiatic Exclusion League demanded total exclusion and the popular press warned of a "Hindoo invasion." The government complied by issuing a series of rulings excluding East Indians on the grounds

that job discrimination would cause them to become public charges."

"The threat of job competition from East Asians was labelled 'Yellow Peril'."

From AARW's "Our Roots in History": "...the Chinese began to succeed in independent mining ventures. The threat of economic competition, coupled with cultural and language differences, led to a growing anti-Chinese sentiment." "These discriminatory practices culminated in the Exclusion Act of May 6, 1882, which for 60 years, prevented the entrance of Chinese laborers into the U.S."

From Wall Street Journal 1/27/87: "From the turn of the century until 1965, only 16,000 Indians came to the U.S., largely because of a "Hindu exclusion" policy that paralleled that set by the Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882. There were anti-Indian riots in Washington State in 1907, and as late as 1935 billboards that read 'No jobs for Japs or Hindus.'"

From AARW's "Our Roots in History": "The economic depression of 1929-30, however, placed an increasing number of white workers in direct competition with the Pilipinos. Once more, extreme mob violence and the cry of yellow peril shook the West Coast." "The Chinese Exclusion Acts, National Origins Act of 1924, and the Tydings-McDuffie Act of 1935 successfully and successively excluded immigration of Chinese, Japanese, Korean, East Indian, and Pilipino workers. ...The pioneering Asians' hard labor directly accounted for much of

America's economic and industrial development at the turn-of-the-century. Yet, the historical cycle of exploitation was clear and complete: recruitment of cheap contract labor, immigration of young male sojourners, hard work, settlement, yellow peril, exclusion, and mob violence. Each Asian immigrant group fell victim to this vicious cycle."

Mostly Male Communities, Preventing Growth

From Harvard Encyclopedia article: "This return migration together with restrictive U.S. immigration laws and the predominantly male population caused the (Indian) community to dwindle to fewer than 1500 by 1946." "These were still mostly male communities - not more than 30 East Indian women emigrated to the West Coast in all the years before World War I."

From AARW's "Our Roots in History": "In 1900, the number of Chinese men in the U.S. was close to 85,000 while the Chinese female population was less than 2,000." "Because of the...exclusion of women, Boston's Chinatown remained small without a significant American-born population until the 1950's." "From 1920 to 1950, the Chinatown population grew only from 1000 to 1600."

Land

It is fairly well known that Japanese Americans in California had their land taken from them when they were put in internment camps during World War II. It is not as well known that no Asians were allowed to own or lease land in California from 1913 through the 1920's.

From the Harvard Encyclopedia article: "...East Indians in California were notified that

they must also dispose of their California landholdings because the state's Alien Land Law (1913) prohibited aliens ineligible for citizenship from owning or leasing land."

1965

A new immigration law allowing 20,000 immigrants per year from each Asian country opened up the growth of Asian American communities in the United States, especially for Indians. A total of 17,000 people immigrated from India in the 150 years before the 1965 law, and over 20,000 people immigrated in the 5 years following the law.

1980's Violence and Obstacles to Slowing It Down

From the AARW's "To Live in Peace... Responding to Anti-Asian Violence in Boston" (published October 1987):

"Since 1980, Greater Boston has experienced a sharp and documented rise in incidents of violence against Asians. Three of them have resulted in deaths: the 1981 beating and stabbing of a Vietnamese refugee in Brighton by two white male teenagers; the 1983 stabbing death of a Vietnamese refugee in Dorchester by a white marine; and the 1985 beating of a Cambodian refugee on the Revere Beach Parkway by two white men."

"More common...are the daily stone-throwing, vandalism, physical assaults, and harassment within their own neighborhoods. Boston records show nearly a 60% increase in reported incidents of violence against Asians since 1982..."

Official police statistics do not tell the entire story. In the Asian community, most cases of

racial violence go unreported due to language barrier, lack of familiarity with the legal system, cultural barriers, fear of the police, fear of neighborhood retribution, and other factors. Law enforcement officials estimate...5 to 10 unreported incidents [against Asians] for every incident that is reported."

Excerpts from handouts by Indian Youth Against Racism at the ECASU conference: "The New Jersey area has been plagued by racial incidents in the recent past..."

- 8/8/87 The author of the 9/25 article mentioned below broke into home and beat the Indian man with a steel pipe.

- 9/12/87 Two Indian students beaten with baseball bats and pipes by youths in Hoboken. Police refused to file a report when the victims went with a lawyer to report it.

- 9/24/87 Kaushal Saran (licensed M.D. in India) found with a battered skull (not a robbery, wallet intact). Survived critical condition.

- 9/25/87 "On September 25, the Jersey Journal published a letter from the 'Dotbusters,' announcing that the sole aim of this newly-formed group was to terrorize the Indian community until they were forced to leave the Jersey City area for fear of their lives"

- 9/27/87 "Navroze Mody of Jersey City was beaten to death by a group of eleven youths."

- 10/5/87 "Nimesh Kathiari was attacked by four white youths when he stopped at a red light. His car was demolished."

- 10/9/87 Shailesh Patel and his daughter sprayed with acid/severe burns, daughter's face disfigured. Assailants uttered racial slurs.

- 10/14/87 Two Indians assaulted by 4 white youths (one with a 'Dotbuster' ID card) at a bus stop.

- January, May, June, July and October, 1988: vandalism of homes, cars, predominantly Indian apartment buildings; one killing, two more Jersey City attacks and now attacks reported in New York.

- 1/31/89 Candy store owner shot by white man in late 20's; police not sure if any money was stolen.

From workshop notes:

The compilation of reports of these incidents is difficult because the community is very scared and there are language barriers. The victims are scared, they don't know how to respond and they don't know the laws that protect them.

Other Topics

I have more quotes that I won't bother to put down about other similarities between the experiences of South Asians and East Asians in the U.S. They tell of high median incomes for households, the model minority myth applied to Indians (including Grad students as assistants who work hard and don't complain), and discrimination which Indians feel keep them from moving into administrative positions.

" Il n'y a pas d'amour"

Il fait si beau. Le soleil éclate sur moi, mais pourquoi mon coeur est
si triste?

Papier, je te confie mes secrets que je en peut jamais faire à
personne.

C'est la première fois que je découvre la solitude comme si je ne la
savais jamais, étonnée, outragée, anéantie. C'est la solitude absolue qui
serre mon coeur comme une boîte en fer qui pèse mille poids, qui a mille
lieues d'épaisseur. C'est la solitude qu'on ne peut jamais briser, qu'on ne
peut jamais franchir.

J'ai marché mille lieues, traversé des océans, surmonté des collines
pour trouver enfin que mon amour n'est qu'un corps ridicule. J'ai t'écrit
mille vers, versé des torrents de larmes, fendu ouvert mon coeur, crié
tous les mots insensés, t'exposé la forêt profuse de mon âme, hélas, pour
trouver que je n'ai rien dit. Cruel, rocher silencieux, est-ce toi qui est
sourd ou est-ce moi qui est muette? Au pieds de l'horizon jadis glorieux,
maintenant morne, effacé, je me prosterne au bout du voyage, épuisée,
mutilée, me lève et trouve cette vérité affreuse: Il n'y a pas
d'amour.

Dis-moi, s'il faut pleurer ou s'il faut rire. Il n'y a pas d'amour. Le
poète d'en parle, tout le monde le cherche, tout le monde prétend de le
trouver. Il n'y a d'amour. C'est le refrain douloureux. Il n'y a pas
d'amour. Il n'y a que moi. Moi, le masque terrible qui m'emprisonne à
jamais, qui me sépare de toi qui a ton propre masque. Je ne vois que moi
dans tes étangs étoilés, dans tes flots salés et amers. Et toi, tu ne vois
que toi en moi. Il n'y a pas d'amour. il n'y a que toi et moi. Nous sommes
des atomes absolus.

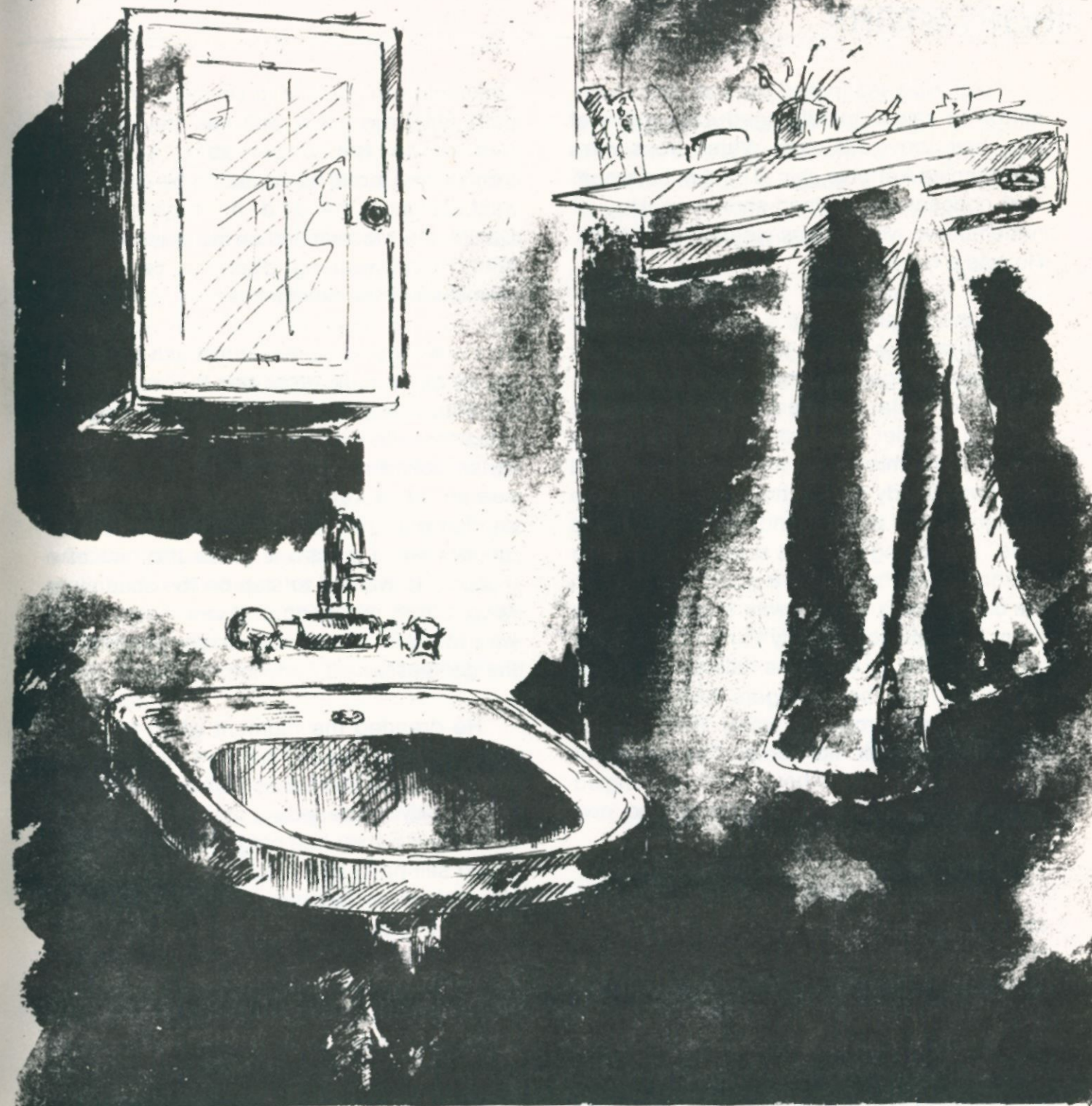
Est-ce que nos corps ne se mêlent dans un moment fiévreux et
éphémère? Moi, je ne sens que moi, moi en toute son intensité, moi plus
omniprésent, plus concret que jamais, moi seul. Est-ce que nos
poussières même ne se mêlent après nos décès dans la terre verte, molle
et insensible? Peut-être, je te dis. Peut-être est-ce dans l'indifférence
seule que nous puissions nous unir, ou est-ce dans l'azur bleu de nos
inconsciences seul que nous puissions nous aimer, où nous aurions pu
réussir enfin à nous laisser tomber nos masques.

Je veut le savoir. Il n'y a pas d'amour.

Il n'y a pas d'amour. Je veut le savoir.

AnhDang

Vitaly Ablavsky



The Death of A Young Writer by William Zhao

Peter Howard turned around, and in the mirror he saw a middle-aged man with wet gray hair above his ears. Water drops were still dripping from his chin. The dim bathroom light concealed his blood-shot eyes. He just remembered why he was wearing a black tie. He was a father, once.

As the steam from the hot running water accumulated on the mirror, he and his reflected image became more and more obscured. Peter recalled that when he was shaving, Daniel would draw pictures on the steam of the mirror with his fingers. He could also hear Sandy closing the refrigerator in the kitchen. Daniel would stand next to him on his toes, stretching out his arms to reach the mirror above the sink; he could only sketch the outlines of a boat. It was a long time ago then, for Peter could only think of Sandy as an obscure figure down the hallway. The lines which the little boy's fingers had sketched formed large drops of water that dripped down to the sink like tears. The sound of running water and the boy's laughter mingled together, bounced inside of Peter's head, and turned into his own weeping.

A cry issued from his lips, "I-- I can't stand it," yet he could not hear himself say it. He curled his fingers, and felt them press deeply into the palm of his hand as they closed tightly into a trembling fist.

He was feeling the cold wind trying to penetrate his short coat, when he realized he was in his own garden walking on a red brick path. The garden was bathed in the airy November sunlight, which put a magical golden veil upon every object. He could not remember the last time he walked down this path, but Daniel came here every day by

some intuition. Oaks and chestnuts lined the path. On the ground withered leaves drifted and made the unbearable sound of tranquility. Daniel had a leaf in his hand, and held it against the wind. As if trying to help Daniel, the wind whirled all the leaves around him. Peter, walking after the boy, could almost smell the dead leaves.

He wondered when Daniel actually grew up, for all he could recall was the little body of his son, and yet the coffin weighed beyond the entire life of the ten-year old Daniel. Peter looked at every corner of his mind in search of a teenage Daniel. He saw a shadow of Daniel's figure standing in a corner lurking like a ghost; it made the hint of a motion. He wanted to step on the shadow to keep it from retreating and vanishing, but he was too late, the shadow disappeared into the darkness.

He dreaded the moment when he could not recall the face of his son, then Daniel would be gone like Sandy, forever. He wished the ghostly figure would reside in his mind. He wished Sandy had not left him, so the boy would still have had a mother when he died. He wished he had not left the razor in the medicine cabinet. He wished he could have made it home sooner. He wished there was something he could have done.

He bent over, picked up a golden leaf, and held it up high against the sunlight. Through the semi-transparent leaf he saw the fragile living spirit that used to reside between the veins. Peter suddenly started running back to the house. He thought if he gathered every object that he and his son had ever touched he could recreate the past.

Pushing open the door to his son's bedroom, he smelled the fragrance of wet ashes and the odor of wax gushing toward him. He was a stranger to this room, it was a part of this big house he had never touched. He was too busy taking care of the business his own father had left him, busy living his life, searching for things to surround his loneliness. After Daniel's death, he was busy receiving condolences from people whom he had never met. The room, pervaded by the glorious light of the winter sunset, was full of strange objects Peter had never before seen. He did not find what he expected to. He did not see the little bed by the corner, nor the rocking horse that was set next to the window. Instead, he saw large posters on the wall, and a computer he remembered giving money to Daniel to buy. A half-opened matchbook with a burned match laid on the desk. He wondered when Daniel had learned to smoke.

There were also a dozen sheets of paper lying on the floor, numbered, and in order. Peter sat down, picked up one of the papers and started reading,

"I saw something strange in the garden, a moth burst its way out of a cocoon. So long has the creature been accumulating the strength to break its imprisonment, waiting to see the living daylight. Its wings were receiving the radiance of the sun, as the purplish eyespots glittered---"

Peter swallowed something hot, as he continued to read,

"I have sought a way out of this, an exit out of living, an entrance into the marvels of another world. Under the reflection of

streetlights, between the tears and the smiles, and above the weariness of human life, there is a place where I might find a home to reside, a space in which God has created to prevent human loneliness. So I shall break my cocoon."

Peter raised his head. He felt that the room was getting smaller, as if the very substance of the room was trying to confine him there. On the horizon the sun was emitting its very last ray of light.

'Up Where We Belong'

That One precious second, for One Moment In Time
 only to be cherished, belonging now to the Past
 But when it was shared, between You and I
 a magic it so held, Always and Forever to last

Where destined are timedrops, that so beautifully did fall
 Do they wither and dry, or do to Memories they fill
 We'll often wonder what If, for Didn't We Almost Have It All
 And our hearts shall remember, for all tomorrows, Still

All At Once did we then kindle, such a fierce, fervent flame
 to endure in its glow, still warm, whenever recalled
 Life's whole, are just chanced parts, and risk forfeits blame
 So one lives on and accepts, as The Winner Takes It All

One In A Million you, to feel such hope and love, such pain
 Even Now, You're the Inspiration, to learn how to feel and give
 To the past, you can say to yourself, I Made It Through The Rain
 Now to future goals and dreams, may you Truly have all, and live

If these lines should touch you tender, for what's remembered in a song
 Forgive me for my yesterdays, and grant a friends Hello, again
 Perhaps its by friendship true, we'll reach to Up Where We Belong
 And so to you, I write these words, to be answered, if and when.

Mi Lan

Le monstre amoureux

Le soleil brille dans mon coeur
 Après un déluge merveilleux.
 L'amour est un monstre sans tête ni queue;
 Tantôt ça rit, tantôt ça pleut.
 Il vient sans cause, puis il disparaît sans trace.
 On l'a en vaine gradé dans son cage.
 Toujours en faim, mangeur fou des coeurs humains.
 Mais il aime surtout ceux des poètes,
 Des coeurs naïfs, tendres, roses et sains.
 Le monstre furieux, devant de si belles fleurs paragaites,
 Salive, lèche ses lèvres, laissant des grognements désireux.
 Cupidon aux ailes dorés et au sourire de fée,
 Il apparaît aux poètes qui rêvent du soleil mystérieux.
 Puis, dès qu'ils s'évaporent au parfum velouté,
 Sorte sa forme hideuse, rugit, déchire, mastique, avale.
 Rassasié il va se coucher dans son coin puant,
 Laisant les poètes perdus, dévorés, sanglants,
 Dans son propre coin misérable se décompose le soleil fatal.

anH danG

浩浩愁，茫茫劫，
 短歌終，明月缺。
 鬱鬱佳城，中有碧血。
 碧亦有時盡，
 血亦有時滅，
 一縷香魂無斷絕！
 是耶非耶？化為蝴蝶。
 摘自金庸
 「書劍江山」



B-leaguers,
 It was good (No it was great). You'll get them next
 year. It is time to gel!

Doctor Wong

DL

Sorry, no key! I'll visit you next year in your new
 room, the shanty.

A

What Could Have Been?

D

Dr. SooHoo,

Yogi died...I need an alternative or I'll go crazy!

Karate Kid

PW,

So, you're finally graduating. That means you finally
 passed calculus. He He. Good luck in everything that
 you do. Be sure to stay far, far away from Ford Hall.

The Amazing Ella

(thanks Ken)

TO THE DIGMASTER,

YOU REALLY DUG SOM'OEM.

KAMIKAZE

Lynn,

Nice haircut. Quit buying black clothes!

A.L.

Jae,

Where is your nose?

PW

Pete W. & Yin,

Why don't you do some blocking at the net?

Huh? Huh?

A.L.

Nif,

Sorry our 4th year together won't work out. Hope the
 divorce will be nice and sweet! Don't burn anything!

The Dragon Lady of C-2

JC,

Did you go back to Nuggets? Will you even play
 some cool New Order tunes with me? Then we'll be
 "jammin"

Leader of the non-existent BAASA
 band

Seniors,

It is finally over!!! Let's Party.

Fellow Senior Cosci Geek

Leon & Bobby,

Can't feed you no more. I'm out of rice & fried dace!
 "Late Night at Yin's Place"

KW,

Thanks for the nickname. I'm forever grateful. I bet it
 will be placed on my gravestone.

The Amazing Ella

Husky,

Still pre-med huh? Buy some summer clothes!

A.L.

Max, Tai, Bobby, Leon,

As ex pre-meds we should party some more!

The Prez

Wimy,

Love the hairspray! My birthday is coming up hint
 hint! Just joking. Actually, gold would be nice.

A.L.

BAASA,

Thanks, it's been a good 4 years!! Keep in touch!

P.W.

LAME-DUCK-WONG,

GOOD LUCK! OUT ON THE REAL COURT OF
 LIFE!

THE LAMEST

YL,

Long time no see. Next time I see you, you probably
 won't need my ID except you own real ID to go
 clubbing.

"I've got 2 ID's" E

Mr. Lame,

"Where Are You??, OH! OK! See ya at 8:15, Bye"

TAXI-MAN II

DS,

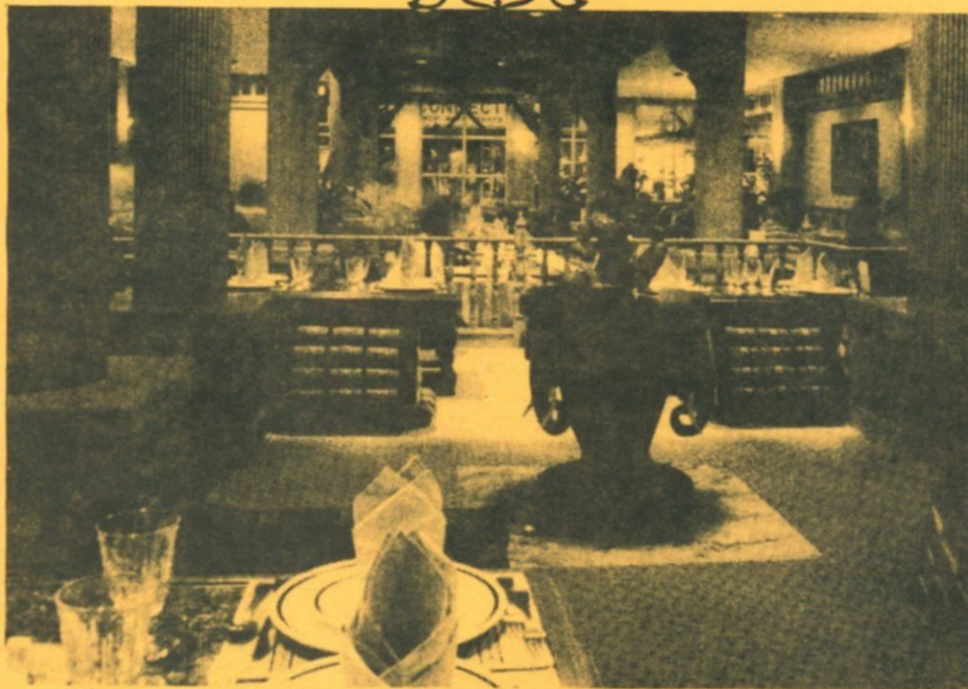
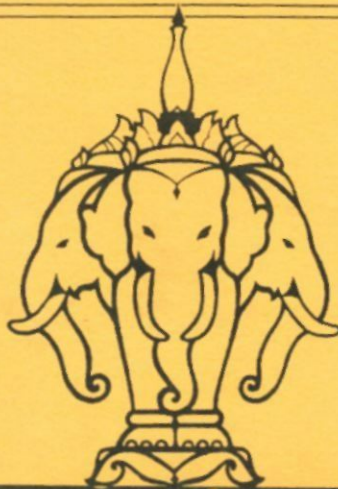
Come back soon. We miss you.

E & K

PW,

Glad it's over? Visit us OK? We can still party.
 Thanks for everything!

The Prez



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