

BRANDEIS UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

ARCHIVES



# EASTERN TIDAL

ARCHIVES

+  
LD  
571  
.B88  
E24

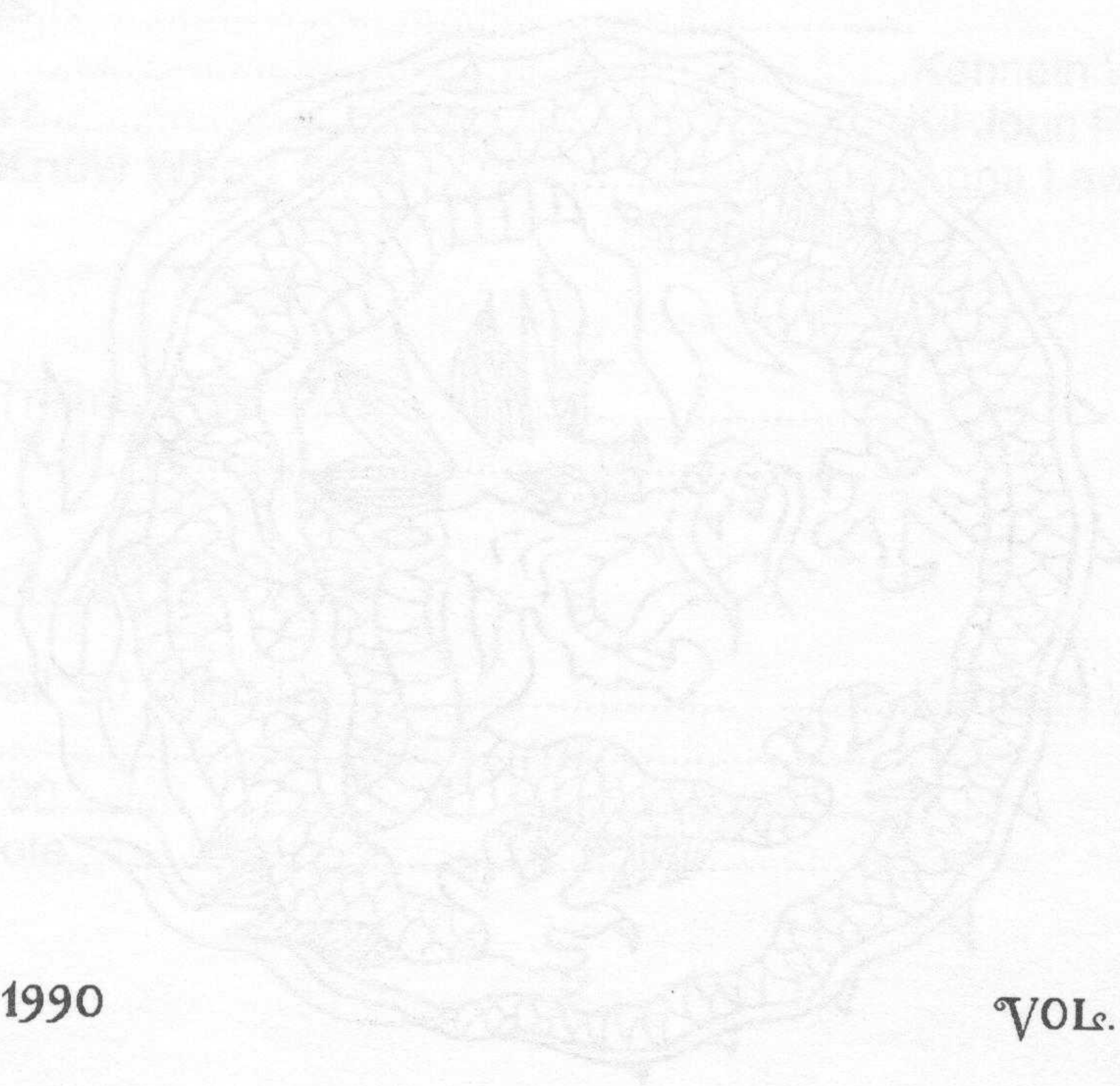
DECEMBER 1994

VOL. IX No. 1



# EASTERN TIDE

## LITERARY MAGAZINE



DECEMBER 1990

VOL. IX NO. 1

A PUBLICATION OF BAASA

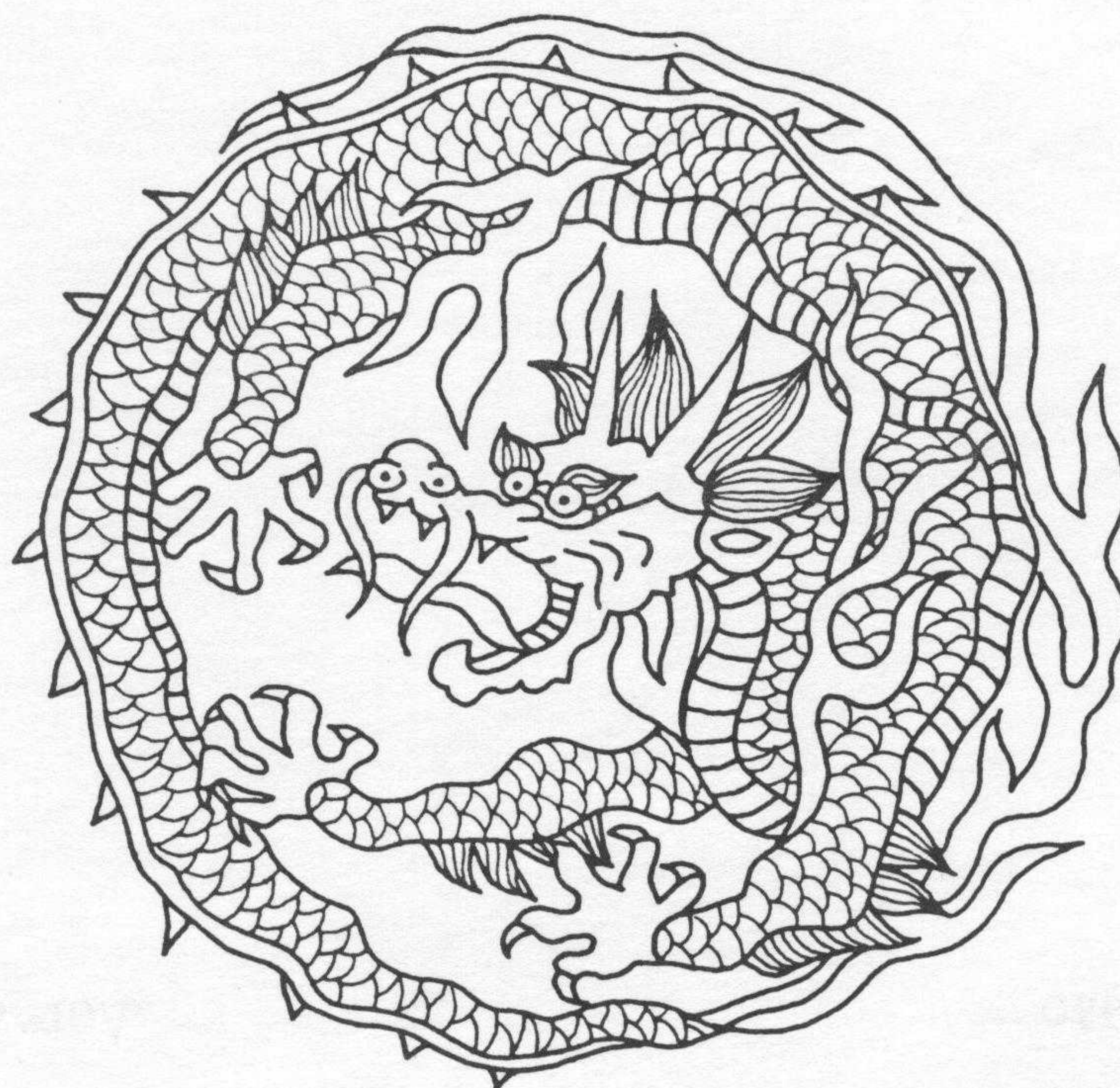


~~~~~

The **Eastern Tide**, sponsored by BAASA, is the Brandeis Asian literary publication. Published each semester, the **Eastern Tide** includes letters to the editor, essays, 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 **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 **Eastern Tide** or BAASA.





---

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

## VIEWPOINTS

|                          |                      |
|--------------------------|----------------------|
| 4 ~ The Back Stairs..... | Stephen Treiman, '91 |
| 8 ~ Grace.....           | John Lee, '91        |
| 18~Hisonori.....         | Stephen Treiman, '91 |

## POETRY

|                                           |                       |
|-------------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 3 ~ The Dream of a People.....            | Nyein Chan            |
| 6 ~ Our Heads are Bloody but Unbowed..... | Monique Thormann, '91 |
| 7 ~ Confusion.....                        |                       |
| 16~The Bracelet.....                      | BAP                   |
| 17~Two Sides.....                         |                       |
| 21~Haiku.....                             | Kenneth Wong, '91     |
| 22~Can It Be?.....                        | Kil Joon Park, '91    |
| 31~Do You Know Who I Am?.....             | Anna Law, '92         |

## ART

|                              |  |
|------------------------------|--|
| 14~Stephen Treiman, '91..... |  |
| 21~Ling Ling Koh, '92.....   |  |

## MISCELLANEOUS

|                                 |                   |
|---------------------------------|-------------------|
| 2 ~ BAASA Fall '90 Wrap-Up..... | Kenneth Wong, '91 |
| 13~Thoughts.....                |                   |
| 23~Boosters '90.....            |                   |
| 31~Editor's Note.....           |                   |

---



# BAASA FALL '90 WRAP-UP

~~~~~

Even without a volleyball court, or even a gym for that matter, BAASA had a productive and eventful semester, although things did get off to a slow start...

**BAASA and BBSO** started the year off right with the Back To School Boogie, which went well and was a lot of fun too. People were obviously not too tired from Orientation to party a little more!

On October 5th BAASA celebrated Jong Qiu Jie, the **Mid-Autumn Festival**, with tea and mooncakes. We had a relaxing evening arguing about whether or not to eat the egg yolks and similar vital issues.

We went for **Dim Sum** at the new and improved China Pearl in Chinatown. Only four of us made the morning train, but eventually all the people showed up, one way or another. The food was pretty good, and the restaurant has a fairly flashy atmosphere. I still can't believe, though, how many people were gung ho for chicken feet.

November 12th brought the play **Yankee Dawg You Die** (as said so loudly by Sara Miao) from the **Asian American Theatre Company** in San Francisco to our very own Nathan Seifer Theatre. The event was co-sponsored by us, the Dean of the College, the Allocations Board, Student Events, and had the much appreciated help of the Undergraduate Theatre Collective for technical assistance. The actors David Kim and Lane Nishikawa gave us a great show and most of the people came out really impressed. The actors stayed for a discussion in Ziv Commons afterwards, commenting on the issues of Asian Americans in the media which were raised by the play. This was the first time, but hopefully not the last, that an opportunity of this magnitude came to Brandeis.

Throughout the semester, BAASA members have been concerned with the situation in **Burma** regarding the **rights of students and ethnic minorities**. Having spent the summer there, Monique Thormann brought back a wealth of information about what needed to be done. A table in Usdan was set up in late November to publicize the plight of the Burmese and to fundraise for the democracy movement.

The annual **BAASA film fest** brought an afternoon of education and entertainment to the lovely Ziv Commons (there was even food left over from the Parent's Weekend muchies). Headliners included *Mishima*, the hilarious *Against Drunken Paws*, the controversial and very well attended *Black Rain*, and a moving film from Burma about the Karen resistance. People wandered in and out during the day, and there was usually plenty of Snackery popcorn to go around. Look for another one next semester!

Just last Friday BAASA members had dinner at the **Korea House**. I wasn't there, but those that I talked to said that it was good and that kim chee is still as hot as usual. When I asked if there was anything exceptional on the menu, I was told "Oh everything was good." Definitely a place to check out.

Well, that's that for the semester. I hope everyone had a great one. Best of luck for the intersession...enjoy the holidays and look for another semester of BAASA fun next time.



## THE DREAM OF A PEOPLE

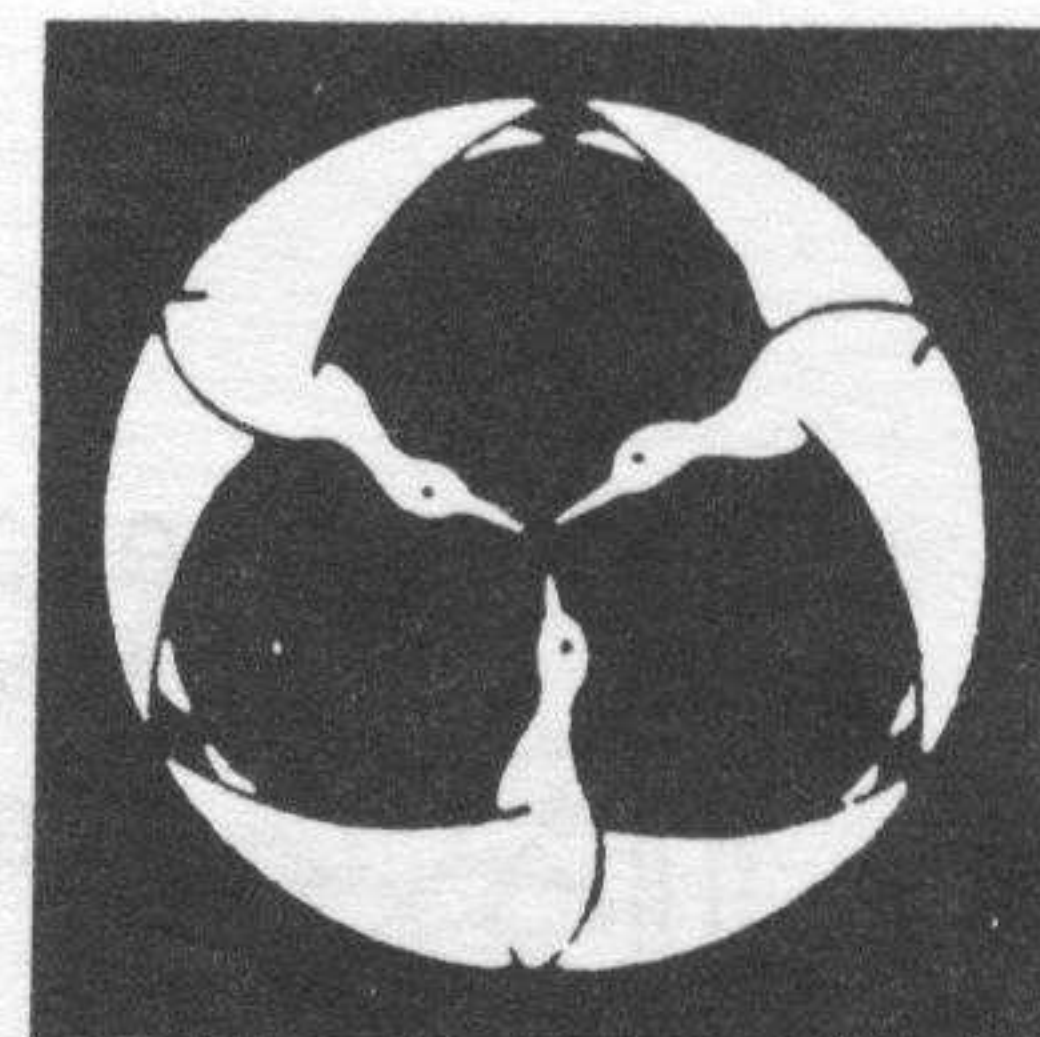
--NYEIN CHAN, A  
BURMESE STUDENT, IN  
VOICES FROM THE  
JUNGLE: BURMESE  
YOUTH IN TRANSITION

You who demand power!

Do you not know  
that  
even your greatest demonstrations of authority  
cannot take away  
the dream of the people?

To suddenly lose a dream  
just within grasp  
does not destroy  
the will of the people,  
but drives it deeper into the soul  
and even deeper underground.

It will continue to surface  
until it becomes a reality.





# VIEWPOINT

~~~~~

## The Back Stairs

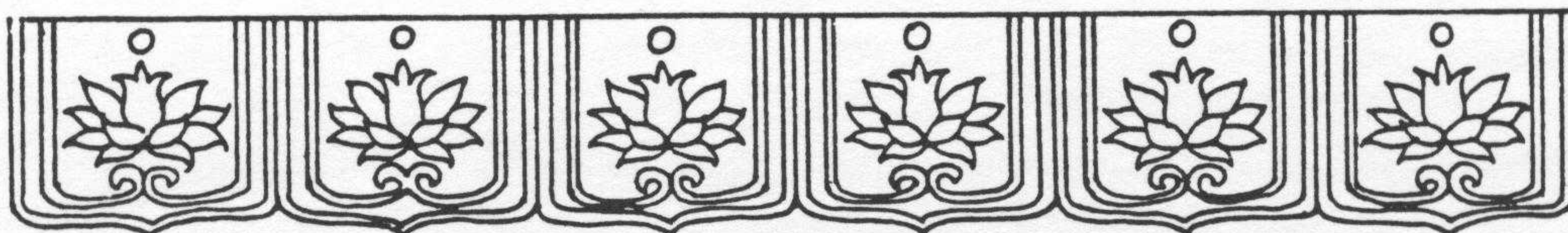
--Stephen Treiman

I honestly couldn't remember  
the last time I had visited her  
house. Too many things had  
happened. The times had changed.  
But, yet I still felt a need to go back, to  
revisit her old apartment, as if trying to  
find something that was lost. I parked across the  
street and looked up at the second floor. The  
flowered curtains her mother had put up were  
still there. I guess the new tenants decided to keep them.  
I walked to the back of the apartment building, thinking  
of how many times I had maneuvered the van down the  
narrow driveway to load something or another. Perhaps  
a visiting aunt's luggage, or the groceries for the week from  
Koreatown. Or the last time I loaded the van to take the  
remaining things to the salvation army as donations. The back  
stairs looked the same. I remember so many times going up  
and down these stairs, maybe to pick her up for dinner or to  
drop her sister off at her dance class. These stairs were  
like my own back porch. I knew where every crack was, so  
that my late night visits would not disturb her mother's  
sleep. Sometimes I would just sit, stare into the night and  
watch the planes land at LAX. And reflect. I thought about  
the vegetables drying in the sun on the steps. And the huge  
jars of homemade kim-chi sitting at the top, freshly made.  
And the clothes on the clothesline just hanging over the  
garden, the one her mom was so proud of. There were cucumbers  
and squash and sometimes a few green onions. Now, the  
garden seemed bare, as though it had not been cared for in  
some time. The ground looked dry and undernourished, and  
a few scant weeds were beginning to crop up around the  
fence. As the memories grew stronger, I sat down on the  
stairs. I knew her mother was a frail lady, but she was  
still so young. She had too strong a conviction, too strong  
a character. Even when I left for school that year, I  
remember thinking she would get back out of the hospital  
soon enough. Hadn't her mother gone in and come back out  
before? Hadn't we been to the Huntington Museum with her  
mother and her friends from church just a month earlier?  
And hadn't we been to her



~~~~~

r sister's high school graduation, and to dinner afterwards at her father's favorite restaurant? And didn't we go to the beach and go up in the mountains to pick the blackberries? I could remember so clearly the first time I met her mother. We were both in Junior High school. At first I was just one of her "friends". But then little by little her mother came to know. Oh, but if her father only knew about me back then, he might have moved the whole family right back to Korea! His daughter dating? He would have never allowed it if he had known. But those things seemed so trivial now, so out of place with what had happened since then. I remember the two of them, her father and herself, sitting silently arm in arm, trying to hold back the tears from slowly rolling down their cheeks. He had lost his wife and she, her mother. And neither one could really believe what had occurred in their lives. I sat on the stairs thinking of all these things, realizing how much life has changed for everyone. Her mother is no longer with us and her father has since moved back to Guam. She and her sister found apartments on the east coast. And I was left sitting on the back stairs thinking...thinking about how much one person can affect another person's life. And thinking how much it hurts when you lose someone you are close to.





# POETRY

~~~~~

Our heads are bloody but unbowed  
--Monique Thormann

We who sit to contemplate your life  
of guns and bullets and blood and malaria,  
to tell you that peace is coming soon,  
to persuade you to drop your arms,  
to analyze your politics,

we are unbloodied by your stains.

Your stains of revolt and revolution,  
of comrades, lovers, friends,  
falling down beside you,  
of electric prods, amputations, convulsions,  
skin stretched so tightly on your ribs it hurts.

No family left to run home to,  
No eyes left to see,  
No friends left to laugh with,  
Nothing left  
But resilience.

Resilience to death, proven by your life,  
Resilience to failure, proven by your stride,  
But no one is resilient to bullets.  
It is the dream which is resilient,  
And that dream will live on.

[Dedicated to the Burmese students who remain in the jungle to  
continue fighting for peace, freedom and democracy in their  
country.]



~~~~~

## Confusion

Here I sit, prim and proper,  
Staring out this clear, big window,  
Wondering, thinking,...  
Dreaming.

What will my life be like,  
Ten years from now?  
How will I act?  
Who will I know?  
Who will sit at this very spot,  
And wonder the same things?

Many thoughts fill my head.  
Many feelings fill my heart...

Will I ever be in complete control?  
Will I ever stop wondering?

Will I...



# VIEWPOINT

~~~~~

## Grace

--John Lee

There is a photograph of my father on my desk, a snapshot taken up in the mountains. It is my favorite picture of him. If you were to ask me who my father is, or want some idea of what he is like, I would not be able to do better than to show you that photograph. All you would really need to know about him is there.

The first thing that you would notice is my father's bright yellow shirt, standing out so vividly against the barren mountaintop landscape. You would see, over his shoulder, deep, deep distance falling down through the mist to a tiny village below. And you would see a cold, gray sky stretching overhead; and you might wonder, as I often have, what possible comfort a man could find in such a lonely place.

Perhaps I am underestimating my father. Certainly, in the photograph, he does not seem moody, or melancholy. In fact, he seems to be affecting a hearty, almost jaunty pose, much the way you imagine a sailor would: sitting with his hands planted on his thighs, elbows jutting outward, sleeves rolled up past his forearms. His hair is slick from perspiration and mountain moisture. You would think he was bred for the mountains; for, there is a certain toughness in his expression, a profound calm, that seems so proper for his surroundings. His eyes are gleaming with exhaustion and exhilaration.

This is how I like to think of my father.

Hard work, my father once told me, justifies itself. What else is there? Everything changes: the way we look at the world, even the people we live for. But how we live--that we do so honorably, with dignity--this is something that remains the same.

He has been away for three years now. Last night he came home and I could hardly recognize him.

I have my self-respect again, he said.

He had aged considerably. He sounded like a man who has lost everything, and must start over from the beginning.

I am reminded of a brief conversation I had with my father one summer evening two years ago. He was forty-nine then, and I was eighteen.

That year, as you may remember, the Boston Red Sox baseball team was struggling through a very typical season. They were in fourth place in their division and two games under the .500 mark at the time they played the



~~~~~

Minnesota Twins--the game we were watching one night. All hopes for the pennant were lost. But as I have suggested, this was not a situation unfamiliar to Red Sox fans, and in fact we continued faithfully to watch them year after year in spite of their failures. We were not blind to reality--we could spot a loser just as well as anyone--but to turn away from the home team, we thought, would be akin to disowning a son.

On the night that I am recalling, my father happened to pick up on the fact that it had been precisely twenty summers ago--on the final day of the 1967 baseball season--that the Red Sox had battled the very same Minnesota Twins for the American League Championship. The Red Sox, up until then perennial "weak sisters" and "cellar dwellers", embarked on a stirring campaign that summer, capturing win after improbable win on the shoulders of overachievers and unlikely heroes. The "Impossible Dream" season, as it has become known to New Englanders, ended in a winner-take-all final game from which the Red Sox emerged victorious, propelling them to their first World Series since 1946.

My father has an excellent memory and is not above a bit of showing off. That night it seemed, if you were to believe him, that he could remember every big game and every big play of that glorious summer.

I'll bet, he even said, I can name their starting lineup--in batting order.

I have always been fascinated by the Dream season. I have always wished that I could have been there to actually witness it, to see these tales of heroism and drama that I have heard so often played out on the field in the heat of a pennant race.

I wanted to see him do it. *Try it, I said.*

Three years ago my father experienced a mid-life crisis. He was unhappy. He was homesick for the country where he grew up as a boy, and he felt stifled at work. He decided to return to Korea, alone, and start his own business there.

When my father returned last night he had just received a verbal commitment from one of the major industrial companies in Seoul: they were to award his company, a small consulting firm, its first major contract. The job involved some testing on a faulty reactor--I was not completely familiar with the details. But I knew how desperately my father needed this job and how hard he had fought to get it. His firm had struggled from the very beginning, losing money every month and forcing him deeper and deeper into debt. My mother recently told me that they had taken out another mortgage on the house: my father did not want me to know.

But this new contract was to be his vindication. It had nothing to do with money: in fact, his compensation would not even cover the amount already spent on the requisite bribes. But if the job were to completed successfully,



~~~~~

perhaps other offers would follow. He would be in the clear.

I asked him, How long are you going to stay?

He had to go back soon, he told me. He wanted to be there when they drew up the papers. He was going to make sure that the actual work started on time, that absolutely nothing went wrong.

*I believe my father had been lying on the sofa; for, I remember him sitting up at this point, and leaning forward. He was wearing, if I am not mistaken, a plain white T-shirt and a pair of blue-and-white checked half-trousers that my mother would not permit out of the house.*

*The leadoff hitter, he began, was a man by the name of Mike Andrews-- a second baseman. He glanced over at me. Ever heard of him?*

*I nodded. Actually, I had only seen his name in a newspaper advertisement: the Mike Andrews Baseball Camp.*

*After him, my father said, came a man by the name of Joe Foy, the third baseman. He was a very bad hitter--I think he only hit something like .220 that year.*

*He paused.*

*You know, we used to make fun of the way he stood at the plate. Your mother and I used to call him the "Rifleman". Do you know why?*

*He rose to his feet, and right in the middle of our family room he demonstrated a very stiff, straight up-and-down stance, his head turned outward and an imaginary bat resting on his shoulder. Just like a rifleman at attention.*

*Try to imagine your own father doing such a thing. I burst out laughing.*

*And then, said my father, when the pitcher goes into his motion--*

*He bent sharply at the waist, thrusting out his buttocks. It was absolutely unbelievable.*

*My father, I remember now, had taken some scotch before dinner.*

*Joe Foy, he said again, sitting down. His eyes were very bright. He left the ballclub, I think, halfway through the season. So Rico Petricelli, who was the shortstop at the time, had to move over to play third base. Actually, he switched between third and short from time to time for the rest of the season. But do you know who the new shortstop was?*

*I shook my head.*

*He said, Jerry Adair! He said it with a flourish at the end: Jerry A-dair!*

*So, he went on, Mike Andrews was the leadoff man, and then Joe Foy, but when he left, Jerry Adair. That was a good thing, when Foy left. Jerry Adair was an excellent hitter.*

*My father leaned back into the sofa. Then came the big guns, he said, three, four and five: Carl Yastrezmski, Tony Conigliaro, George Scott.*

*I could only sit in silence at the mention of those huge, huge names.*

*And then, said my father, Rico Petricelli, number six. Number seven was Reggie Smith, the center fielder. Number eight was the catcher, Elston*



~~~~~

*Howard. And finally, number nine was the pitcher.*

*Right, I think I said. The names were spinning in my head.*

*I can even remember the base coaches, he went on. Bobby Doerr at first base and Eddie Popowski at third. Ken Coleman and Johnny Pesky broadcast the games. And the manager--the Manager of the Year, actually--Dick Williams.*

*How about that? he said. He said it after a very long silence.*

*Dad, I said, that is truly amazing.*

*I awoke the next morning to the sound of my father's voice.*

*It was still dark outside, but from the light coming through my door from the hallway I could see that my father was already dressed in a clean white shirt and a tie. There was a faint, dry odor of steam in the air: the smell of my mother's ironing.*

*I felt his hand on my face.*

*He told me, in a soft voice, that he had to leave suddenly. He was needed in Seoul right away to look over certain things. He would be back as soon as he could. Be a good boy, he said.*

*He kissed me, and before I could rouse myself to say something, he was gone.*

*I was to learn later from my mother that he had received a phone call in the middle of the night. He hurried down to the living room where he had left his papers and picked up the phone. My mother followed him and watched, silently, from the stairs.*

*The news was a complete shock. The company in Seoul was pulling out: they had gone over the numbers again and decided not to go outside the organization.*

*My father began to tremble. He is a strong man, but he shook like a child who has been caught at mischief. He clasped his hand over the speaker; and in a terrible, shaking voice, uttered the most horrible oath in his native tongue.*

*I remember a lot of things about that night.*

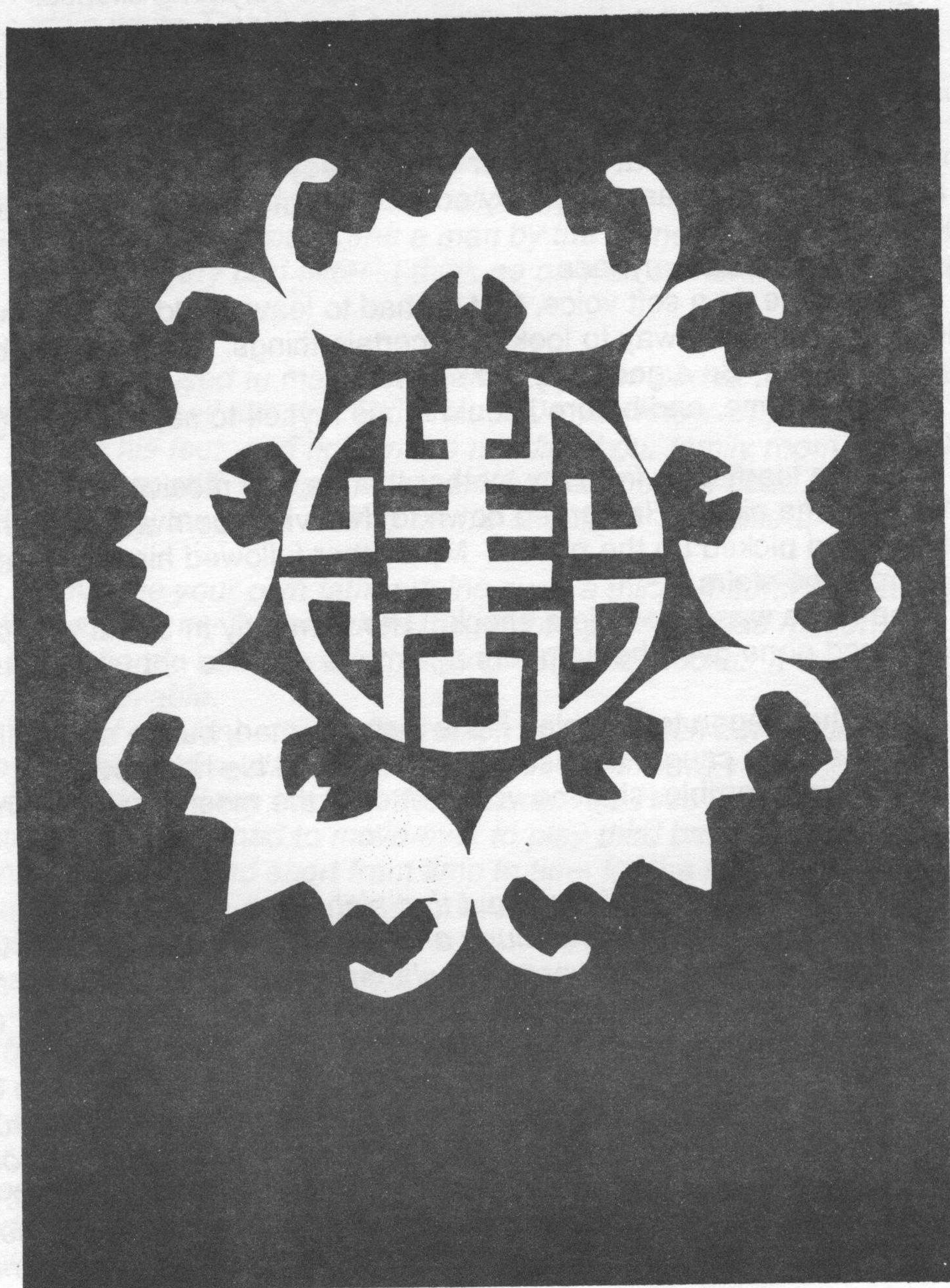
*In 1967 my parents were young and newly married. My father was in the second year of his doctoral program: he and my mother lived in a tiny second-floor apartment on a monthly stipend, provided by his school, of two hundred dollars. It was better than anything they had ever had.*

*I remember thinking of warm summer nights spent in front of an old black-and-white TV, my father with a beer in his hand, explaining the rules of the game to my mother. I tried to imagine what they were feeling in those days: what it was like to be in a new and exciting country; the nervous, hopeful anticipation of a bright future. I remember thinking what joy the heroics of those upstart Red Sox must have given to a young immigrant*



~~~~~

*couple eager to start a new life. And I knew that my father, too, was thinking these things; for, I could see it in his expression as he lay there in his sofa: a look of such graciousness and regret that I was moved to wish, so desperately, for things to go well for him.*





~~~~~

## Thoughts

What are you thinking about?

"...Why would it be unusual for someone non-white or non-black to consider themselves American? That's probably all they've known in their lives. I refer to myself as English-Canadian because English is my first language, not because I have ancestors from England (I don't). I played hockey when I was a little kid, watched the Beatles play on Ed Sullivan, saw Carmen at Lincoln Centre, and supported the federal cause during the Quebec Referendum...But people try to make me feel bad because I'm not Asian enough..."

"...We have been unconsciously indoctrinated by all these Western influences. We admire Western way of life, Western looks, Western religion, Western culture and, therefore, tend to judge things from a Westerner's perspective. It is unfortunate that we tend to have tunnel vision in a pluralistic world!..."

"...As for myself, I haven't met up with a good woman I could fully trust and who understood me or allowed me to understand her. I wish I had met one...Know any out there? Oh yeah, I may have a preference to American women but I'm pretty tired of the selfishness they seem to be imbued with in general..."

"...Let's stop pointing fingers at everyone around us and start the changes among ourselves, or should I say, within myself. We are the ones who are lucky enough to get an education in this country and can be a part of this country..."

"...We may find our selfishness, procrastination, and apathetic attitude the greatest mistake and disservice committed against our children and future generations if we don't act now..."

"...Campus racism is nationwide..."

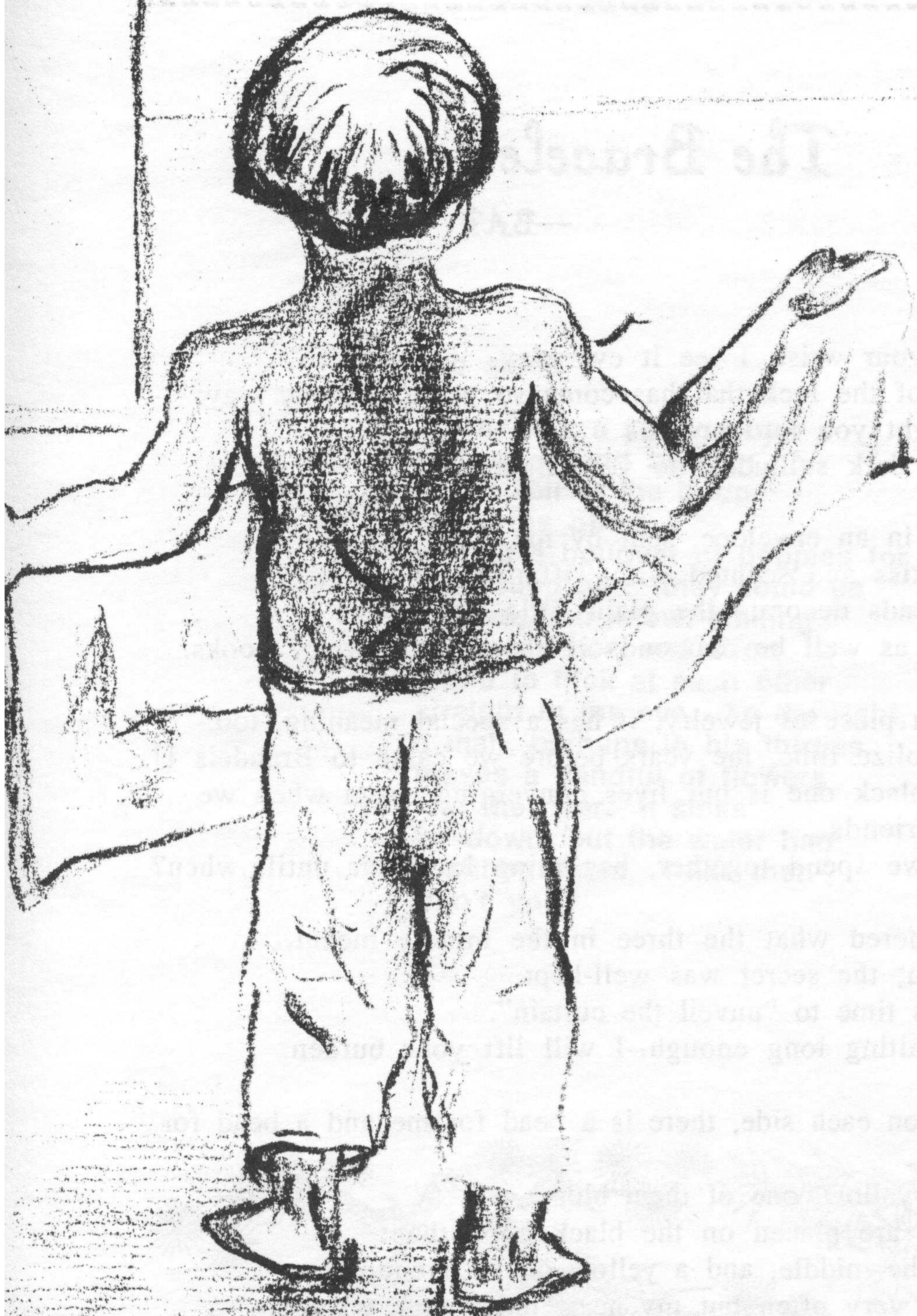
"...If we do want to achieve something soon, plan on doing it in this generation. If we plan on getting there the next or next next generation, we won't get there until the next next next...next. We must fight our fight and let our sons and daughters reap the rewards, not leave our fight for them..."



方 夫人夫人  
1 .  
人







STEPHEN T.  
3/90





# POETRY

~~~~~

## The Bracelet

--BAP

Wearing it on your wrist, I see it everyday,  
Reminding me of the luck that has come so graciously my way:  
Luck that brought you into my life  
And out of my dark solitude into your light.

It came to you in an envelope, sent by me,  
Sealed with a kiss and scented with Tiffany.  
Tiny colored beads decorate the plain little fish hooks  
But they might as well be diamonds in the finest jewelry books.

It's more than a piece of jewelry; it has a special meaning, too.  
The links symbolize time, the years before we came to Brandeis U.  
But the larger black one is our lives converging, from when we  
became friends.

It is the time we spend together, beginning last year until...when?

You often wondered what the three in the middle meant.  
I didn't tell you; the secret was well-kept.  
But I think it is time to "unveil the curtain".  
You've been waiting long enough--I will lift your burden.

You know that on each side, there is a bead for me and a bead for  
you.

One of them is yellow, one of them blue.  
And three more are placed on the black hook then:  
A blue one in the middle, and a yellow on each end.  
I don't say this very often but my heart tells me it's true...  
That these three beads stand for three small words, "I love you".

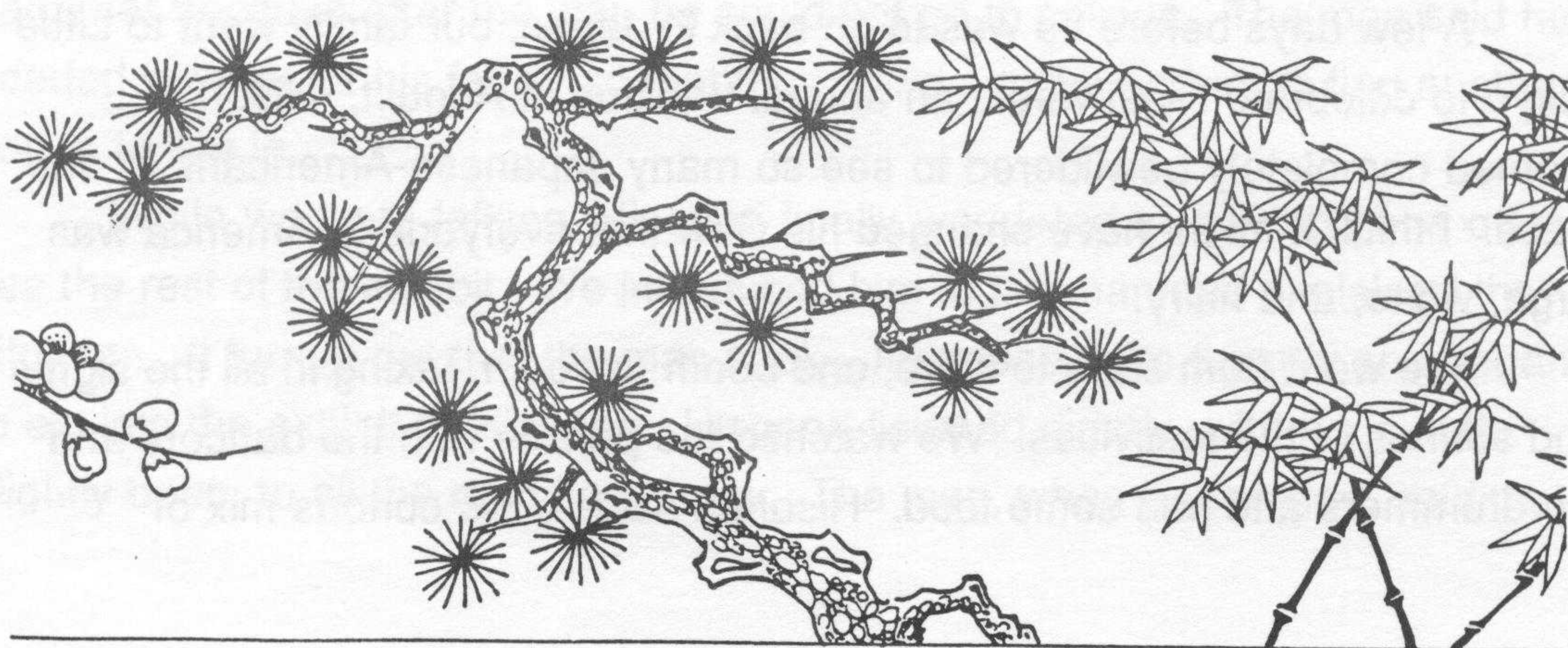




~~~~~

# two sides

To the left, a young boy  
with one hand holding on  
to the rail of the bridge  
while the other  
carries a bouquet of poppies for  
the young girl: they could be  
in love, you know, smiling  
at each other, and soon  
afraid to look at each other  
straight in the eye. To the right,  
a man, perhaps in his thirties,  
tosses a handful of flowers  
into the river. It sinks  
far down, but the water had  
it sitting again. I like that.  
Don't you?





# VIEWPOINT

~~~~~

**Hisonori**

--Stephen Treiman

**WESTERN DEFENSE COMMAND AND FOURTH ARMY**

**Western Civil Control Administration**

Presidio of San Francisco, California

**May 3, 1942**

## INSTRUCTIONS TO ALL PERSONS OF JAPANESE ANCESTRY...

I still cannot believe something like that happened in this country. The very United States of America. And it happened only forty-eight years ago no less. My father was two years old then. If he were of Japanese descent, what a different life he would have had!

I remember the summer Hisonori came to stay with us. He was a very small ten year old boy. It was his first time to America. His father, Mr. Toh, decided that he should see what America was all about. As my parents have known the Toh's for many years, as well as the fact that Mr. Toh was my sensei in kendo, the natural choice for a host family was ours.

During his visit, we did all the usual "California" things. We went to the beaches (he thought the people at Venice were kind of funny), saw Disneyland and Universal Studios, and did anything that might generally excite the spirit of this little kid.

A few days before he was to go back to Japan, our family went to Little Tokyo to celebrate Nisei week, an annual tradition in August. Hisonori seemed completely bewildered to see so many Japanese-Americans in one place. I think it might have changed his view that everyone in America was large, white, and hairy.

We went from store to store, and booth to booth, taking in all the sights and sounds of the festivities. We watched the parade with the dancers and the drummers and had some food. Hisonori said, in his curious mix of



~~~~~

Japanese intertwined with the few English words he had learned since the beginning of his visit, that he was happy to have some Japanese food again. I could relate.

As we were walking, my father noticed a sign for an exhibit in a nearby gallery. The exhibit focused on Japanese-Americans who were sent to internment camps during World War II. The exhibit was on the second floor and contained maps, wooden models of the various camps, photographs, and memorabilia.

Hisonori didn't really know what to make of it all. Actually, I don't think he knew what the whole exhibit was trying to focus attention on. My mother said that in Japan, the history books don't really talk about what happened to Japanese-Americans in California during the war.

As we looked around, I asked anyone if they knew how to speak Japanese and if they might be able to explain to Hisonori what the exhibit was about. A few could speak a little, but not well enough to relate the full picture to him. We continued to look around, meandering back to the second room, which held a number of photographs. They were of the camps and the people in them. My father struck up a conversation with the man who had taken the photographs.

The man said that he had taken them all using a hand-made pinhole camera. I couldn't believe him when he first told me. The pictures he had taken were better than a lot of professional photographers today could hope for even with their highly advanced, automatic everything cameras. He had been sixteen when he was sent off to the camps and today worked as a gardener because after the war, he could not go to college. The man said he needed to work for his family so that they could survive and try to find another house to live in.

While we were talking, Hisonori finally wandered in, having gone off to see the rest of the exhibit. We introduced him to the man and explained the situation. It turned out that the man spoke Japanese quite fluently and began to explain the exhibit to Hisonori. Hisonori listened quietly, with his mouth slightly open, to all the man had to say. The man, when he finished, said that





he thought Hisonori understood what he had said.

We said goodbye to the man and thanked him very much for sharing his story with us. As we turned to go, the man took off his hat and undid a pin that was attached to it. He said it was a pin from the time he was in the camp, but he wanted to give it to Hisonori. The man said that he wanted him to remember what they had talked about and to share it with his family and friends back in Japan. Hisonori took the pin and looked at it closely. I don't think he will ever forget the talk that he and the man had.





# POETRY

~~~~~

## Haiku

Splashes beside me

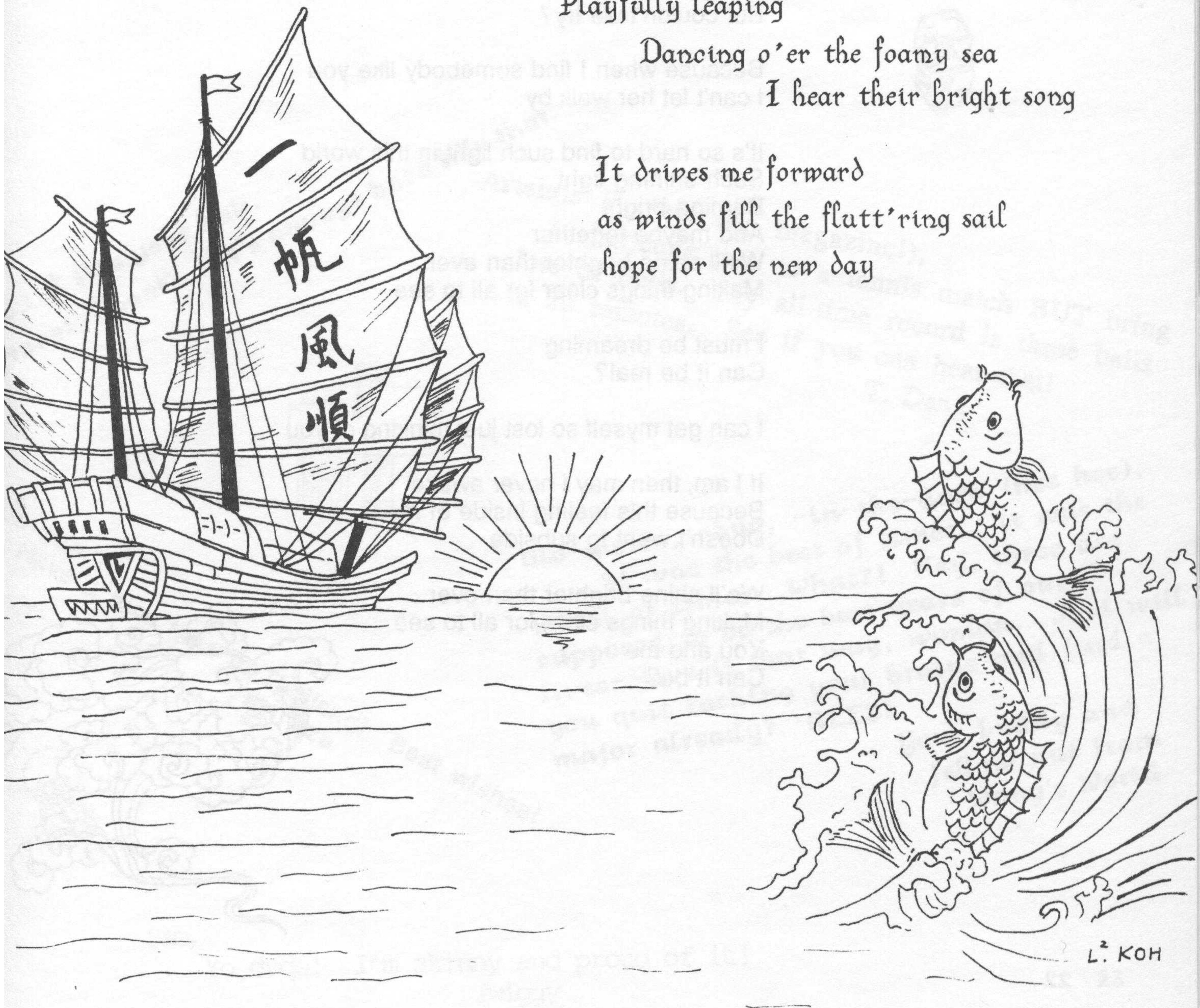
I see the ocean dwellers  
greeting the new dawn

The bright star rises  
lances of gold streaming forth  
smiting the darkness

Playfully leaping

Dancing o'er the foamy sea  
I hear their bright song

It drives me forward  
as winds fill the flutt'ring sail  
hope for the new day





# POETRY

~~~~~

## Can it be?

-Kil Joon Park

I must be dreaming  
I must be asleep  
For the world knows no beauty like this

More than a feeling  
More than a whim  
It might take us some time  
But couldn't we try?

Because when I find somebody like you  
I can't let her walk by

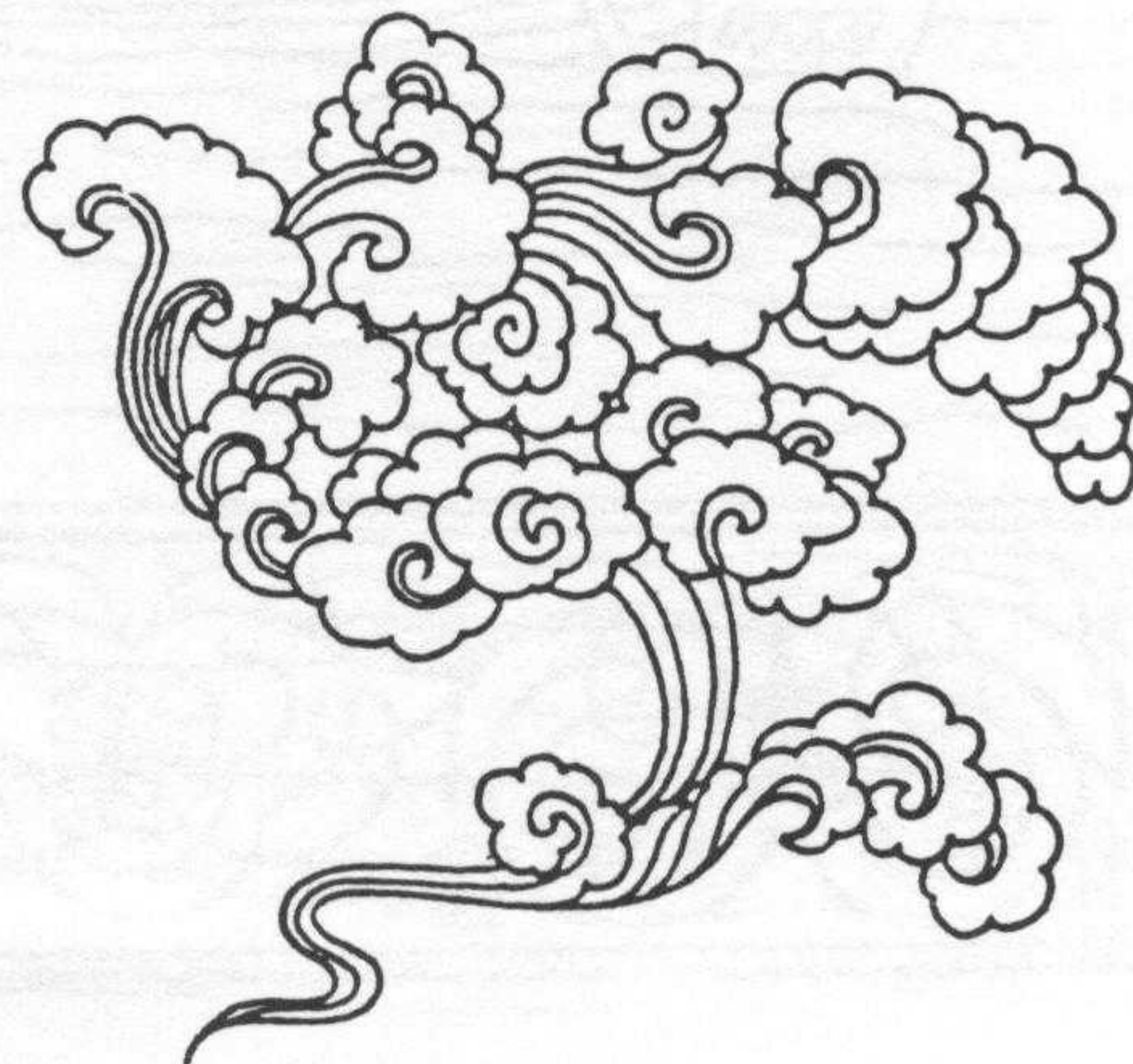
It's so hard to find such light in this world  
Such shining light  
Burning bright  
And maybe together  
We'll shine brighter than ever  
Making things clear for all to see

I must be dreaming  
Can it be real?

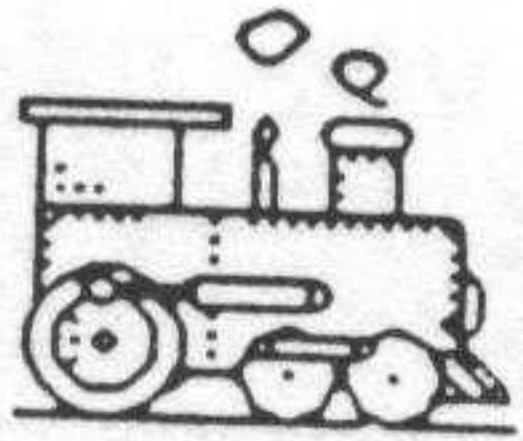
I can get myself so lost just thinking of you

If I am, then may I never awake  
Because this feeling inside of me  
Doesn't want to subside

We'll shine brighter than ever  
Making things clear for all to see  
You and me  
Can it be?







# BOOSTERS '90

winers in the Ballroom,  
Pass, Set, Crush! No, wait, don't hit  
e in the face...

Blue Kneepads  
Dude

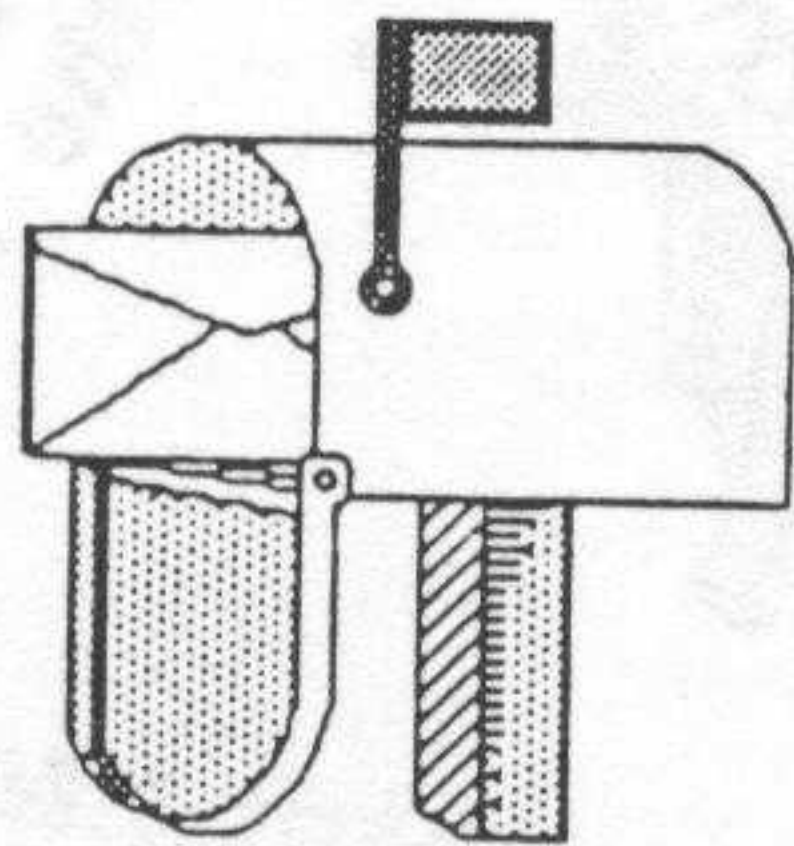
Pooky, Chinatown--2A.M.  
We're there.  
Babycakes

Dear Anna Law,  
Thanks for being there. Much appreciated.  
M.C.



... I like your hair.  
Steve: Thanks. It's always been like that.

Artemis P. (not the magazine!),  
I challenge you to a tennis match BUT bring  
lots of balls. My all-time record is three balls  
in 20 minutes. See if you can beat that!  
T. Dang



onique,  
Have a nice time in Thailand!  
Maritza Best wishes!



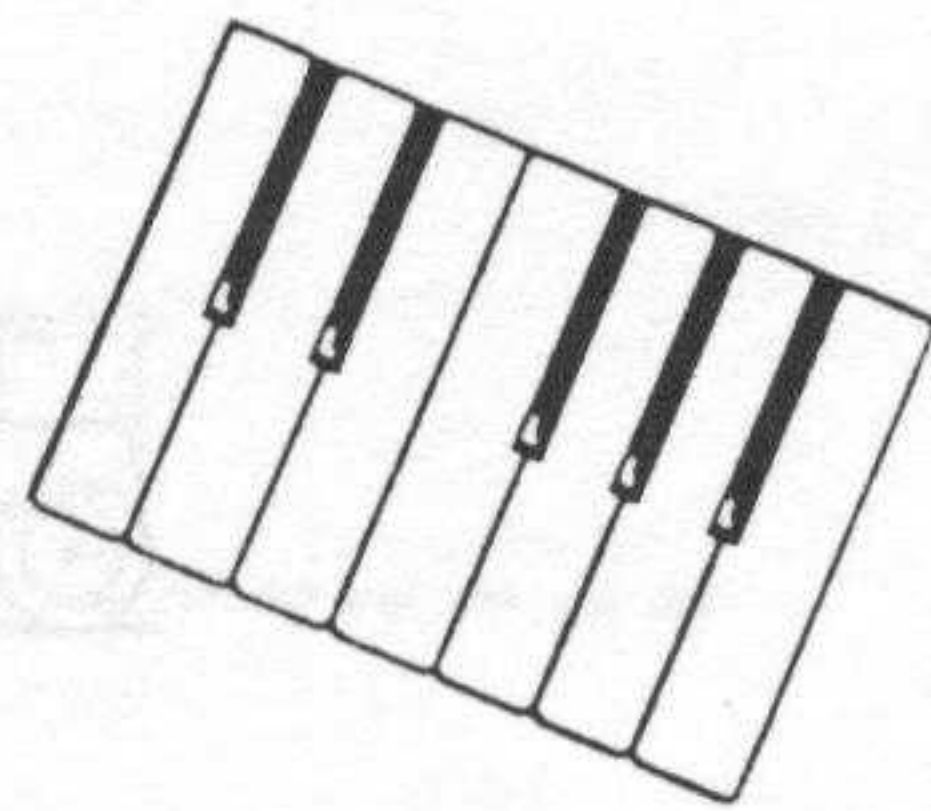
Glo-worm, -bug, -in-the-dark (hee hee),  
It was the best of times. It was the  
worst of times...What?! Hey, these are  
supposed to be the best years of our  
lives--live it that way, woman. And will  
you quit racking your brains and find a  
major already? GEEZ!

Your buddy and  
fellow nut from  
Wang's World

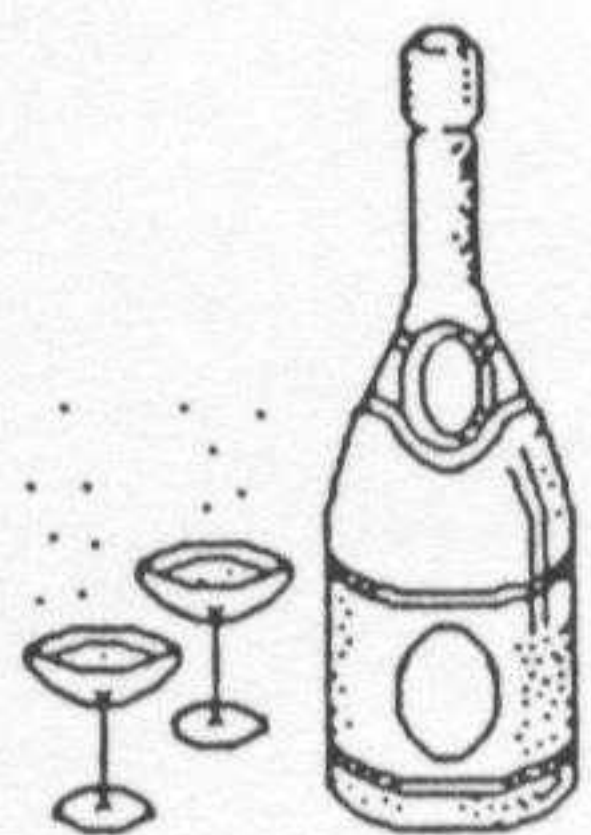
Sam,  
Yo dude! I'm skinny and proud of it!  
Twiggy



Hey Doris,  
When are you going to buy your  
computer? Huh?



The Gang,  
I wonder if we will be able to stand  
each other by the end of the year. Ha Ha  
Hannah

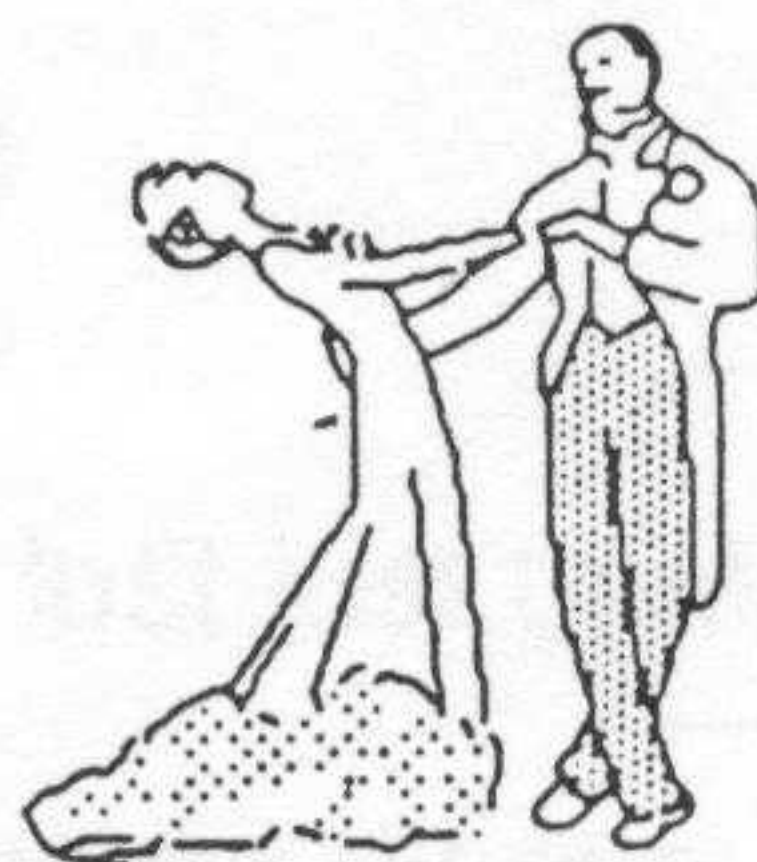


Babycakes,  
Ohhh, boy. I'd be in trouble if you left me now,  
'cuz I don't know where to look for love. I just don't  
know how...

Pooky

Hey Owen!  
I got your thumb!  
G

Jen Karas,  
Forget Mr. Sniff, sniff! Go for the blonde and bl  
eye dude before he's taken. Don't forget to use yo  
Econ skills to figure out the pareto optimality for th  
exchange.  
An economist to be!



Peter,  
The name is Darren...not Dan. Come visit  
Poughtown again, 'kay?  
The Poughkeepsie Woman



M.C., The oceans are wide, the moun  
are high--the mountains and the sea are  
both fertile. He that stands tallest will  
see the farthest. And he who dies with  
the most \$ wins.

Horatio ALger

Thuy,  
You're a nice weird kind of person! Glad to  
have met you!

Maritza  
P.S. Look, I even spelled your name correctly!



To my fellow officers,

Ken-what a super prez! I'll definitely miss you when you graduate; Max-you're crazy but I like you anyway, don't be a stranger after the semester is over; Anna-a dedicated officer, see you next semester; and how could I forget you, Gloria? Looking forward to working with you next year. We're gonna have an awesome club!

The editor



3rd floor Scheffres women,  
Yabaseyo? Yabaseyo??  
The Man with  
the Black Jacket

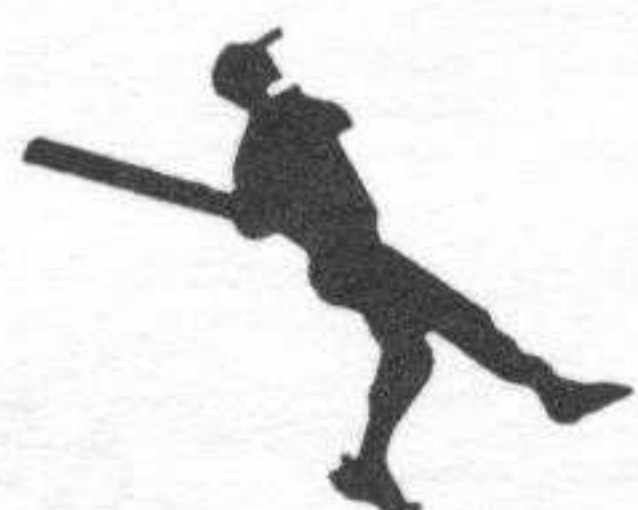
To Mr. Sniffle,  
We love your body when we can see it.  
JK and TD

Dear [redacted],  
Guilt is killing me. [redacted]

Miguel,  
Como estas? Bien? Bueno. Adios.  
Marizza



Yo-M.C.,  
BAASA, not BASAII  
The Officers



Howdy Slider, Trangster, and the rest of y'all!  
How's it goin'? BAASA--the club of all the  
few Asians on campus. Peace to Apesky, the  
Dumme, the Turtle, and Gumby.  
Amy--Class of '94

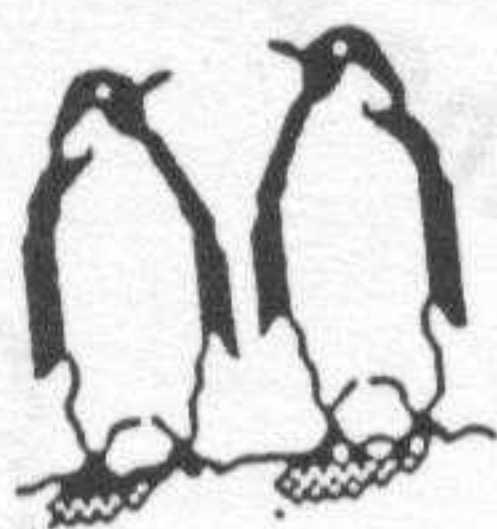


Hey G,  
Sniff, sniff? Munch, munch, yum!  
He-He-Me



Alice W.,

So when do I get to tour the Big Apple??  
Happy belated birthday and good luck on MCAT!  
Remember the late nights in Ridgewood and Cable?



Ken Ken,  
Someday I will be in your suite and  
actually find you there. Maybe.  
Steve-O



To the Fat Cats,  
You're just too sexy for words.  
Better keep those doors shut tight during  
late night study parties.

The Pseudo-Man

**Hey doo---de,  
Let's party.**



**Homer (Simpson), author of  
Iliad and Odyssey**

Jeff and Zach,  
You guys are the best. By the way,  
"shutuuuuuuup!"

Wangwoman

Sara Meow,  
Got any catnip?

Butthead



Len,

I don't know. What can I say?  
I still don't know. Well, I guess I'll never know.  
Just remember to be good or Sandy Claus won't  
give u what u want?!

Mitsy

Yo-B!

CHILL



s. B. Lee, Haven't seen you  
 What a semester. We'll always be good  
 friends but that's o.k. You still haven't  
 seen my birds yet, you DORK!  
 Miss L. Wang

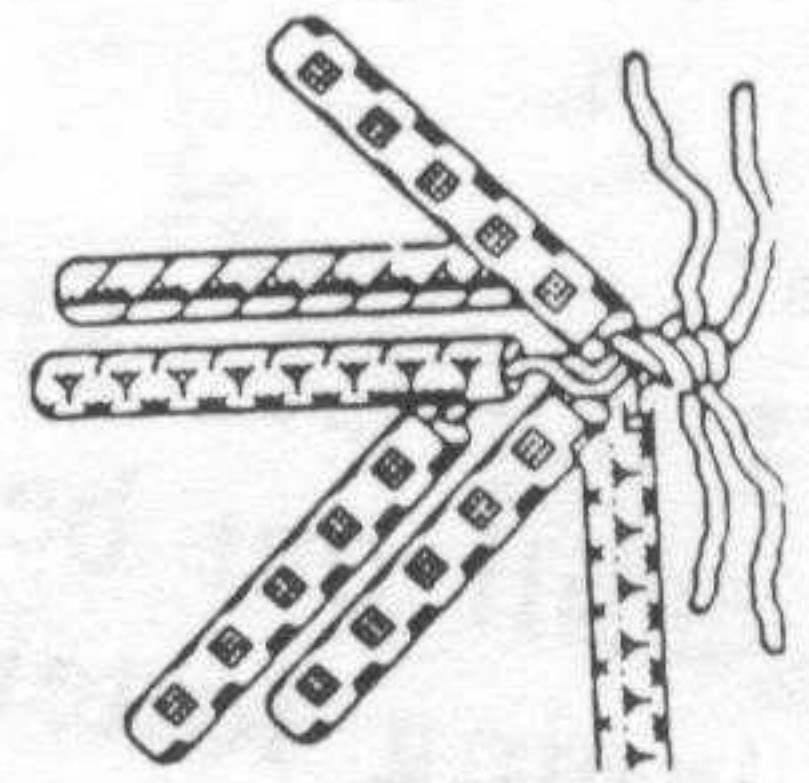


L2,  
 Care to go crossing Delancey with me?  
 Ken-O



KTTW,  
 Don't be silly!  
 Pee Jay G.N.Y.L.C.B.!

Hi! How art thou? Art thou lost yet?  
 Have thou been lost for awhile? (Just kidding)  
 Maritza



Thuyster,  
 Let's go shopping. I want to spend majorly and shop  
 'til I drop. (I promise I won't lose control.) I luv ya, hon!  
 Twignacious

Pedro Guerrero,  
 I don't change the rules; I just  
 like to improvise.  
 Your "1/2 Korean"  
 Bro



pooky,  
 you stink soooo good!  
 Babycakes

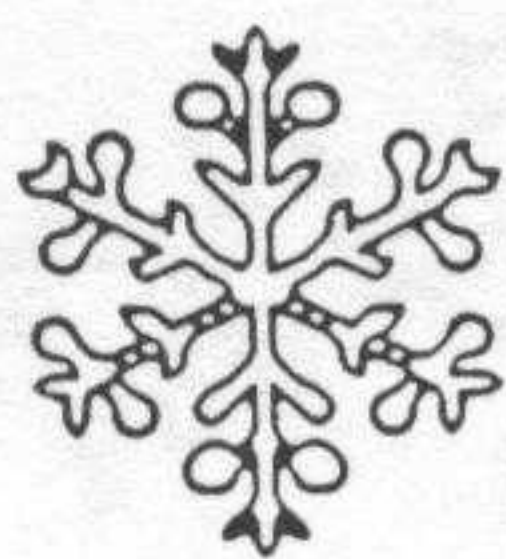
To "of age" BAASaites,  
 I turn 21 this Dec. Look me up if you're around!  
 Sorry, Holly and Sharon L.; we can't take you. Ssooo  
 sorry.

Dec. 19, 1969



Ken,

"Statue, Statue?" No. "Is that you?" Ya.  
Ling



To 4 male seniors who love volleyball,  
May you **PASS** over life's difficulties with  
the strength you have inside;  
As you **SET** your goals to reach for in life  
know that you can achieve anything when you  
believe in yourself and strive;  
So go into the world and **CRUSH** the enemies  
that await you because it's mind over matter,  
not matters over mind.

A forgotten friend

Baby Lisa,  
Chuck J the C! Sharon and I will do dinner  
for you! Chill out because Whoopie Goldberg  
feels a winning lottery ticket is in your path.  
Much Luck Gradmie



Kara,

What do you want for Christmas? A yellow mug  
Guess who?

SL, Teach me art! Let's drive to New York for  
coffee???  
TND

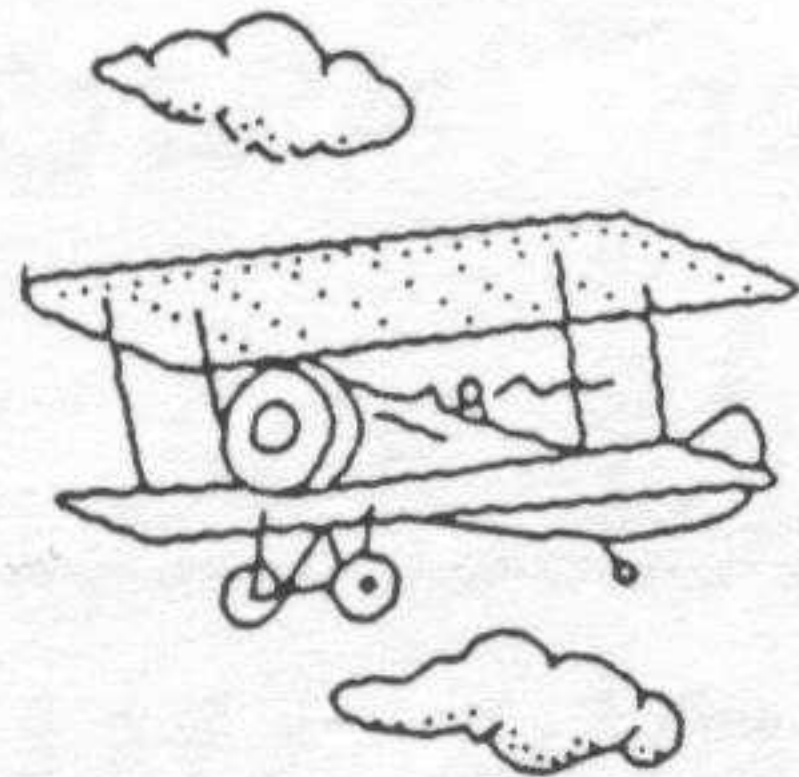


BASA, BASSA, BAASA,  
How do you spell your name? You have  
the weirdest bunch of people ever! Keep up  
the neat work!!

Mitz

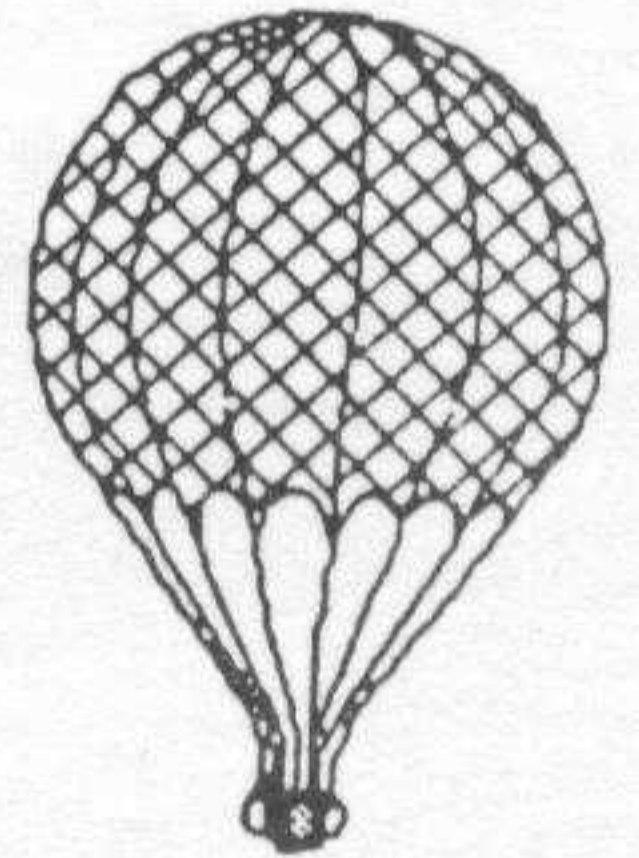
Jun Kyung,  
Those flying volleyballs are murder  
on the glasses, aren't they?  
Your Artistic  
Brother





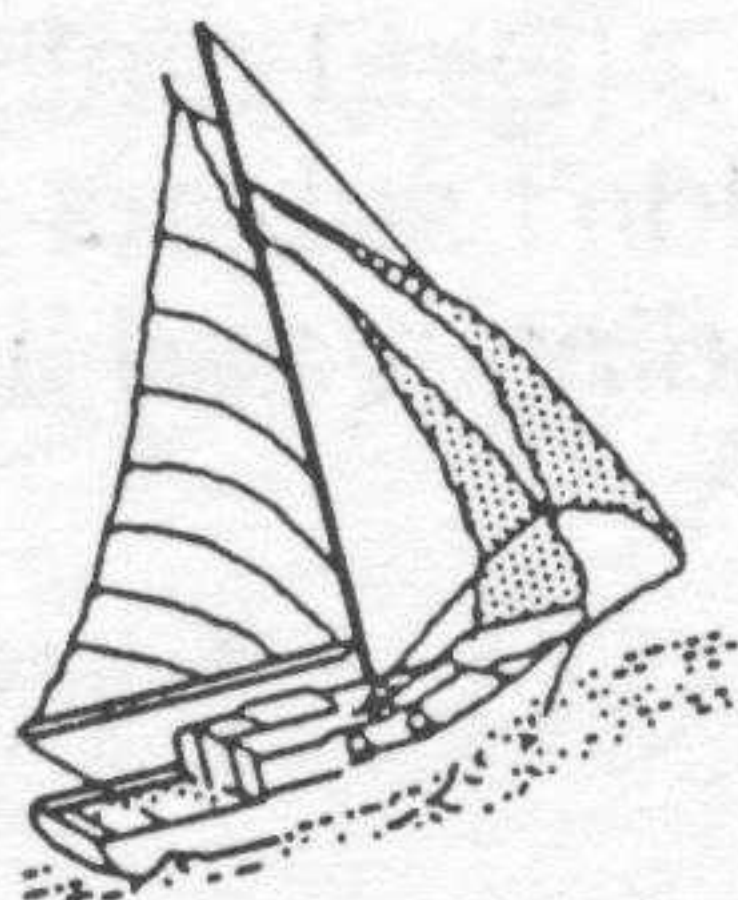
To my Social Dance partner,  
 You know who you are. Let's do the mamba!  
 Dance class was fun. My toes are happy, what about  
 yours? Good luck after graduation.  
 An Official Social Dancer

Boom Boom,  
 Tell me  
 you're the  
 once again how  
 one and only.  
 Mr. Flirt



Dearest Dorissa,  
 We'll get you next screw!  
 be prepared!!  
 So beware and  
 your screwwees

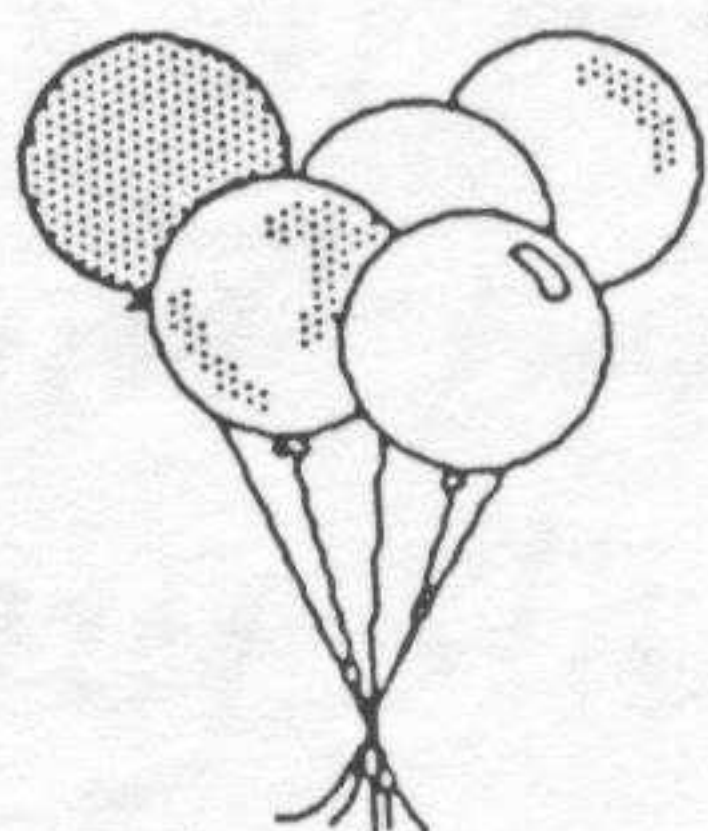
Maritza woMAN.  
 Keep kool but didn't your mom warn you  
 about older men??!!  
 A senior to be!



Baby Lisa--Nye...Nye...Nye...Nye (the nose thing, woman!)  
 Poke. Poke. Poke. Not weird, weird! Not ca, car!  
 Oh, how dedase!! I luv ya, chic!  
 Twignacious

Gee,  
 Stuffed animals only become real when a  
 child really loves them; my bunny can't answer  
 the phone and my pets can't help me with  
 Micro! So just give up!

Tee



To the wild women of Grad 178,  
 Thanks for the harassment--keeps  
 me sane. THESIS--DO THYSELF!! AARGH!!  
 The Man in the Blue  
 Bathrobe



---

## EDITOR'S NOTE

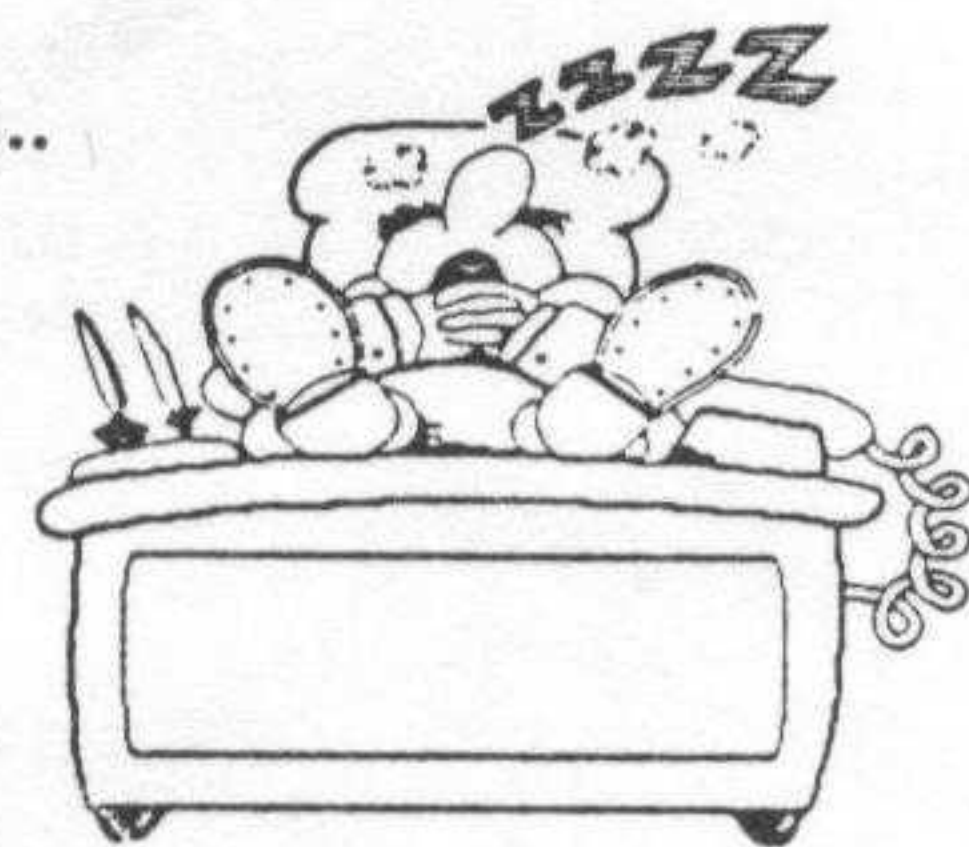
Sitting here in the Student Events office at 5PM on a Saturday afternoon, I thank God this is almost done with. As I think back to just a week and a half ago, I remember feeling disappointed that I had only two (count 'em, TWO) submissions even after 2 months of hinting and pushing and downright begging for them (pitiful sight, isn't it?). However, I'm sure you can see that many who had promised me they would contribute did come through and to them, I extend my sincerest thanks. Of course, I don't want to neglect those of you who submitted without my prodding. You're talents are greatly appreciated as well and I hope to see some more from all of you next semester.

I'd also like to thank Ken for his continuous help in encouraging people to contribute--it's a tiresome job but who better than the prez. to give some added pressure? (heh heh)

Well, everyone, I hope you enjoy this issue of **EASTERN TIDE** as much as I enjoyed putting it together. (Did I really say that?) No, I'm just kidding. If I didn't like it, I certainly wouldn't subject myself to this torture once a semester. So, my friends, have fun reading it and if there are any typos, just blame it on Pierre.

See ya in '91...

*Lena*



---

**EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: LENA WANG, '93**

**COVER DESIGN: STEPHEN TREIMAN, '91**



# Do You Know Who I Am?

Do you know who I am?

Can you see the color of my eyes?

The many wonders

That I can achieve—

With merely a pen and a clean white sheet—  
Powerful instruments.

I can become anything or anyone I choose—

Or I can remain nameless and faceless.

People say poetry is a window into a writer's soul  
I laugh.

In the graceful curves and precise lines  
I conceal my true identity

You know not my hopes, my fears, my dreams—  
Nor the color of my eyes.

Of course I reveal some part of myself

But my writing contains no foreign accent to  
irritate your ears.

You cannot laugh at my awkward speech and  
hesitant syllables.

Clean, crisp, black lines against a snow white  
background

Do not betray the "unnatural" color of my hair  
or my slanted eyes.

Search if you like—

For some telltale sign

But you will never find enough to judge me.