

Fall 1991
Vol. X

EASTERN TIDE

20 years
of baasa



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20ANNIVERSARY20ANNIVERSARY20ANNIVERSARY20ANNIVER

Happy 20th Anniversary, BAASA!!! This year marks two decades for this very important organization at Brandeis University. So much has happened and been accomplished since BAASA came into existence in 1971. This long-awaited issue of Eastern Tide is meant to pay tribute to those who participated and helped make BAASA what it is today: always strong and making an impact on this campus by educating others about the Asian culture while offering support to the growing number of minority students.

In this publication, we have made a compilation of some of the more memorable pieces which have been printed in Eastern Tide over the past 20 years. Some tell a little about the time in which they were written; others were just...interesting (just wait until you see for yourself!). For whatever reason they were chosen, it all comes down to one thing--these are people who care about who they are and want others to see beyond the yellow skin, almond eyes, and black hair, and instead appreciate the uniqueness which is in all of us by being ourselves and proud of our precious heritage.

For now and for the years to come, may BAASA continue to prosper, row, and celebrate the Asian culture!



Sena

Editor-in-Chief

20ANNIVERSARY20ANNIVERSARY20ANNIVERSARY20ANNIVER

Literature

History of the E.T.

by Joseph Lee

Reflecting back on the history of the Eastern Tide,
Journeying back through the Twilight Zone,
Traveling across the boundry of our imagination,
The first issue of the Eastern Tide was being created.

It all started on a boat called the "Eastern Tide,"
Drifting toward the gate of Port Brandeis,
Founded and edited by Tommy Chi,
In the fall of 1981, the so-called first issue was published.

The editor, Tommy Chi, and
The new assistant-editor, Joseph Lee,
Trying to improve on the so-called first issue,
In the spring of 1982, the second issue was NOT published.

Transforming itself into a newsletter/journal,
Including poems, short stories, news, and interviews,
Still not giving up hope,
In the fall of 1982, the second issue was published.

The new editor, Joseph Lee, and
The new assistant-editor Herbert Wong,
Taking the office,
Made every effort to improve this publication.

Adding new sections such as letters to the editor,
Introducing color to the cover page,
Adding more flavor to this publication,
In the spring of 1983, the third issue was published.

Changing the title of editor to the editor-in-chief,
Promoting the assistant-editor to the associate-editor,
Appointing two new assistant-editors, Sy Kim, and Carlton Chin,
The Eastern Tide has become an empire.

Further improving on the old issues,
Adding even more new sections such as commentaries,
Further increasing its circulation,
In the fall of 1983, the fourth issue of the Eastern Tide IS published.

Poems

The Storm

by Maria Lee

As the lightning flashes--
Lear raves in the midst of the storm.
The patrolling ducks paddle by.

As the time passes--
The rain shoots missiles at the earth's farm
From the electrified sky.

There are gashes--
The storm continues. The ground is warm
And begins to liquify.

There are clashes--
People stream and run and swarm
And begin to fry.

The wind shifts, bringing gases
Below, people promise to reform
Too late. They look like fireflies.

Overhead, another nuke passes--
Someone had been misinformed
And decided it was time to crucify.

Now, nothing but ashes--
Nothing is clear. It is all deformed.
Mother Earth lets out a final cry.



BAASA News

Cultural Week '84

by Herbert Wong, L.J.B.

The annual Third World Cultural Week, which was held from April 2-3 of this year, was once again a great success. A variety of events were sponsored by Brandeis' three Third World groups, BAASA, BBSO, and Nostros. Among the highlights of the week were lectures, workshops, and cultural and musical activities.

Two informative lectures began Cultural Week. The first was given by Professor Nyangoni of the Afro-American Studies department on Monday, April 2 in Shiffman 201. The topic of his lecture was "What is the Third World?" The second lecture was Robert White, former U.S. ambassador to El Salvador. On Wednesday, April 4 in Lown Auditorium, he spoke on U.S. involvement in Central America. Both lectures were well attended and quite interesting.

BAASA's first event, a student-faculty dinner at the Stein, took place on April 4, approximately 25 people attended the dinner including 5 faculty/administrators. The event continued the tradition of providing an opportunity for students and faculty to interact in a more casual and informal atmosphere.

A workshop in Pearlman Lounge on April 5 was also sponsored

by the BAASA. Susie Choi('84) organized the workshop which brought Kinlin Johnson and Peter Kiang to Brandeis to lead a discussion on "Violence Against Asians."

The highlight of the week took place on Friday, April 6, with a 2 hour Student Cultural Show organized by BAASA. Mi Young Lee('87) and Herb Wong('84) coordinated this event which involved all 3 cultural groups. A total of 16 acts were presented in front of an appreciative audience of approximately 150 people in Schwartz Auditorium.

The night began with a dramatic folkloric dance by Henry Herrera and Lilia Lubeznysz. Together, they presented the story of a man winning the love of a young woman. As with many of the other acts, striking costumes, representing specific cultures, added to the beauty of the performance. Following this dance, Ralph Conley and later, Luke Moissinac, delighted the audience with some very talented piano playing. This was followed by a number of poetry readings by Sylvia Casillas, Nolian Diaz, and Julio Ortiz. Throughout the evening there were some truly outstanding vocal performances by Lily Chang, Debby Chui, Huang, Helen Kwon, Maria Lee, Ya-lei, and Sze-See Wan. Geokming Ong displayed her versatility by appearing in two acts. First,



BAASA News

she sang the Chinese song, "The Moon Represents My Heart" and then she performed the "Malay Dance." There were a couple of other dances which might also be categorized as show stoppers. Alexis Coleman, who co-M.C. ed the show with Tina Chu, displayed great talent when he danced to his own choreographed version of the song "It's Gonna Be Special." He was followed by the trio of Amy Lam, Betty Szeto, and Joanne Yee who performed a traditional Chinese Ribbon Dance which truly delighted the audience.

All of the performers joined together with the audience for a singing of "It's A Small World" to conclude this thoroughly enjoyable and enlightening Cultural Show. Thanks should also go to the many people who worked behind the scenes including Susie Choi, Debby Kyong, Tony Ibay, David Najnam, and Sy Kim.

Cultural Week '84 ended with the two events on Saturday, April 7. A carnival, sponsored by the Caribbean club, was held in Levin Ballroom throughout the afternoon. Live music, dancing, clowns, and cultural foods all contributed in making it an enjoyable event. In the evening, Nostras sponsored a Latin Party at Grad Commons. Over 100 people attended the event which featured mixed drinks and Puerto Rican delicacies.

Cultural Week '84 was a big success. Thanks to all those who helped.



STRUGGLE WITH A DUEL IDENTITY

by Anil George

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



A SPARROW

written by Who?

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

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



Here We Sit

Here we sit
Gazing at the world
Through dark blinders
Dreams of money, success, and fame
Race through our minds
Talk of material things
Cars, property, stocks, and bonds
No worry of starvation or
mere basic necessities
No thought of welfare, unemployment
No thought of anyone else
Somewhere
An old man is needing of warmth
In a cold, dark alley
Somewhere a frail child dies of
Hunger after he tries to suckle from
His sickly mother's breast
Somewhere an old woman from the lower East End
Dies in a nursing home
Nobody notices
For them there was no hope
No one cares
And here we sit
Gazing at the world
Through dark blinders
Ready to face the world

by Ella Gayoso

The Day Before I Was Born

And here is tonight's news
(oh shit, not again)
for November 10, 1966:
(the roast is burned again)
in Saigon, the Vietcong attacked a first division patrol
(pretty bad, it's charcoal)
in Dautieng, Rev. Michael Quealy was killed
(like the smoldering bark on a tree)
while administering last rites to the dead
(and smells like a burnt body)
in Bonn, ex-Nazi party member Kurt Kiesinger
(and the gravy looks like outranged blood)
will be West Germany's next Prime Minister
(bubbling over a corpse)
in Norfolk, the first nuclear submarine, Nautilus,
(whose life was snuffed away)
rammed the aircraft carrier Essex
(too soon, and it is dried)
in D.C., Defense Secretary Robert McNamara said there was
(congealed bits clinging to the pan, which)
considerable evidence that the USSR is building & deploying
(after so much usage is as black as)
an anti-ballistic missile system
(the roast)
in Bangkok, Thailand is sending two ships
(which I'll probably have to start)
manned by 300 men
(all over again, which I don't have time to do)
to contribute towards the war in South Vietnam
(which means that)
in Cambridge, a letter signed by 2700 Harvard undergrads
(the dinner will be scrapped & we'll have to order out)
to Defense Secretary Robert McNamara in apology
(for Chinese)
for unruly behavior toward him
(which will take a while)
on Monday was sent . . . He was forcibly detained
(and dinner will be)
by members of Students for a Democratic Society.
(late again, oh shit)

by Barbara Shapiro

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

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



VIEWPOINT

By Ella Mae Gayoso '90

Anger boiled through my blood stream as I looked at the Ignorant man intensely. I wanted to scream vile obscenities and curses in his face, but I stopped myself short.

I turned and walked away without saying a word in response to his comments. He looked at me, thinking I was just too "stupid" to understand his vicious statements.

Knowing that he really wanted me to rant and rave and cause a scene, I went about my business, understanding that stooping to his low level of intelligence would not make me a better person or convince him otherwise in his views. The truth was that I was "smart" not to react violently to his comments.

As I exited the World stage, I left him wondering as to whether "chink, go back to your own country" was an effective statement.

GAME OF LOVE

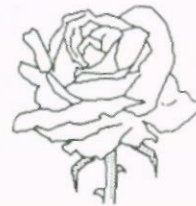
A love so full, to fill up life, was it then
Bursting, spilling over, all given over so free
Even when pierced and torn, his heart welcomed in again
Blind then to love's senses, now only too late do I see

To my empty heart, I now only pity with dry scorn
I curse it to death, for it mocks by pumping blood into tears
For his love was squeezed dry, a death never to be reborn
Leaving a scar for my medal, to wear for all my years

Fate's laughter I hear only, for with life's gamble I have lost
I echo back with silence, for my pain has no voice
How highly priced is Life, but Love has the greater cost
To lose one's whole future, with one blow of heart's false choice

A heart that can give with passion, or with ice, cold as winter's snow
Perhaps better to freeze it hard and cold, to preserve a love, and let it be
How black and hard is irony, for bittersweetness it does show
To such a one who forfeits all, in the game of love, as me.

Mi Lan



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!"**



Vitaly Ablavsky



The Death of A Young Writer by William Zhao

POETRY=====

Birthland

An ocean-sized goldfish pond, contained by a shore of stone,
Arms of green stretch fingers toward the sky,
Black and orange water butterflies swim,
Delicate fins of lace stir in the liquid breeze.



A hive of busy yellow flowers, petals like velvet tongues of honey,
Flow hungrily over an infant fist,
Stems grasped by baby fingers,
Or tuck behind a tiny ear.

A little girl's cherubic face,
Larger than the sweet, white moon,
Smooth, pink mouth sings "noi noi" like a dancer,
In her younger sister's toddler eyes.

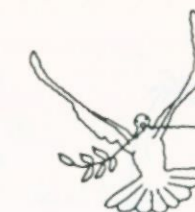


The strong fingers of Lek the maid,
In sweet rice, warm coconut, sweet mango,
Mold a little, sticky ball,
To be placed between baby lips.

The stinging fresh smell of teak,
Dark-lashed eyes and baby nostrils water for the first time.
Red-cushioned, finger-pinching "papa-san" chair,
Where long-limbed boy and soft-legged baby nap.

Outside, choppy waves of the creamy green-brown canal,
Scatter from the path of a flat boat, lion-motor roaring,
Spray confusion and fear into the air.
Water bugs buzz angrily to safety.

The fear, a stabbing in the marketplace.
The threat, "kimoi" baby?
The preparation, packing toys and dresses away.
The long, hot, sickening flight.



"Bangkok, Oriental city..."
The smokey road led away through the sky,
Dissipating as time passed.
Another day, clouds, white and pure on blue sky,
Part, rainbow path leads back to the Birthland.

--EMLE

POETRY=====

The Everlasting

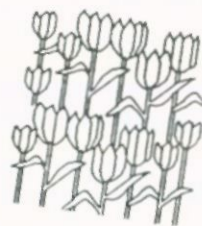
Seasons change.
Leaves turn from their bright green hues to warm reds
and glittering golds.
In the wintry frost, the world is blanketed under stars
of pure white snow.
With spring comes the promise of new life, new love,
new seeds to sow.
Blazing sun, children playing, wedding bells ringing,
memories of days long ago.

Yet through it all, one thing remains the same,
one that "endures all change."

It's not the passion of a one-night stand, not the
lust of a man watching the stripper on stage.
It's not the anger of one race against another, not the
loyalty between a servant and his mage.
It is that which is patient and kind,
never irritable or angry.
It is that which rejoices in the good,
never in the wickedness of human beings.

It is that which comes from above, from the heavenly Father
who is the Prince of Peace.
It is the love shared between He and I, a love always growing
and lasting for eternity.

—Lena Wang



Interview-----



Maxine Hong Kingston

Maxine Hong Kingston was the key-note speaker for the Women's Month (1990). She was on campus March 18. Prior to her speech, she met with a group of BAASA students to exchange views and address issues that are important to Asian-Americans today. Later, in an interview, Ms. Kingston elaborated on her views. She talked about her writing as an attempt to recreate the Three Books of Peace from the ancient Chinese mythology.

"We have lost the most important books. We have destroyed them...In ancient China, the books were memorized. This protected the knowledge even when the libraries were burnt. Then the soldiers started cutting off people's tongues and killing them to destroy the books. The Three Books of Peace were similarly destroyed. Now, we have no vision of peace. We can't imagine a peaceful world.

"Lately, I have started to think about these books. I like to think of The Tripmaster Monkey as my way of thinking about these books. It is my attempt to recreate, to write the books of peace. Now I am horrified that I wrote a book with the word 'war' in the title (referring to her The Woman Warrior)."

When asked about her childhood as a Chinese-American, she responded, "There was no way of making them (her parents) understand about America. So, finally after we tried to argue and explain, we just went off and did

it--whatever we wanted. Or we escaped to college. My sisters and myself would go away to college to get away from our parents."

Her experiences of dating and obtaining parental approval recall the situation in many Asian-American homes today. "We weren't allowed to date. My parents could not understand what dating meant. They had an arranged marriage, and had never thought about it. So when we got to college, we dated to our heart's content."

Her writing career started out from the song-stories her mother would make up as she worked. "I would follow my mother around the house as she cleaned. She would have a big broom, and I would have a little one. And she would make up songs about cleaning, and I would do the same. My uncles had a carriage, you know the ones with horses. Once, I remember, my mother put me on the window-sill and she sang to my uncles who were getting the carriage ready...and they sang back. I wanted to sing too, so I made up words about the horses and the carriage and my uncles. It was like a scene from those old Western musicals." Writing stories, however, was another matter. "I didn't let anyone see that I was writing. I would pretend to be doing something else." She drew a parallel to Jane Austen, "who would hide her writing so nobody saw it."

"I believe in absolute freedom. But that is not just a word...not really a word. It's like saying, it's not a flamingo. To define this word (freedom) is the task of the writer. I am trying to do the same." However, she differentiated her writing from a number of other contemporary writers who also try to define the limits of this "freedom". "It is the task of the writer to define this. But they somehow got carried away--so far out, writing outer space stories. I am trying to write a peaceful story on earth. I am trying to show that a vision of peace does not have to be way out there, unrealistic. But we can have it on this planet."

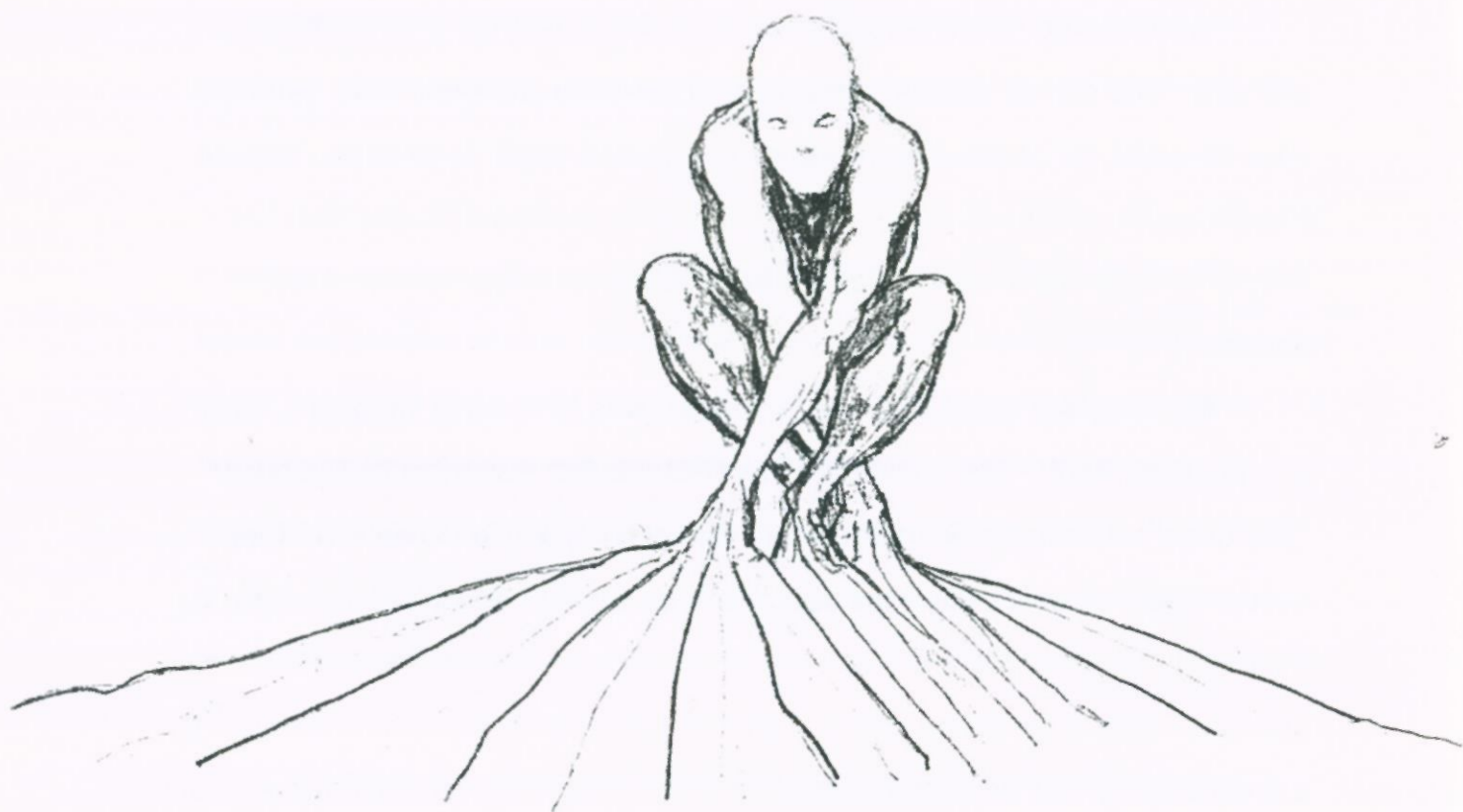
She objects to the American perspective of the history of this country. "They never showed the contributions of the other, the non-European immigrant. That's why I try to rewrite history. In my book, The Chinamen, I inserted a history of the anti-Chinese, the exclusionary immigrant laws. And I put it in the middle of the book...so people would read them. When you attach that to the front or the end of the book, no one would ever read it. But when it is in the middle, you think that it is important. So I inserted another view of our history."

When asked how she reconciles her cultural heritage with her feminism, she said, "You cannot start by reconciling. That is the last step. First, you must have rebellion...to prove your intentions and your strength to what you oppose. Reconciliation is the last stage. That is only when you have fought hard and long to establish your identity...only then, you can reconcile with what you oppose."

Ms. Kingston termed herself "a pacifist" who is trying to imagine a vision of a peaceful world. She contrasted this vision to that portrayed by Rushdie. "The angel tells him the word of God (to the prophet) a little to see if God will notice. Then he writes down the opposite. But God still doesn't correct him. By the time he realizes what he has been doing, he has changed the words to the opposite. That is the wrong vision. I am trying to write a true vision. America is a great country, but we cannot accept it blindly. The mistakes, the erasures from history must be put back in. That is what my writing is trying to achieve--a new vision, a pacifist approach."

Sunny Singh

RA. 11/8/91



Interview-----

Nobody Knows the Troubles I've Seen

When my Afro-Asian Music Ensemble's debut Soulnote recording was released in late 1985/early 1986, Martin Johnson, a young African American music writer, did a feature on me in The City Sun. A reader, Yusef Salaam, wrote a letter to the paper noting the political comments I had made about "jazz" but took exception to my use of the term "Afro" in the title of my band. To him, an "Afro" was a hairdo; he preferred that I use the phrase "African-Asian."

It was not until much later (1990) in another feature done on me by Esther Ivere, another African American arts writer for New York Newsday, that I publicly clarified my use of the term "Afro-Asian" as inspired by and taken from the "Afro-Asian Unity Conference" of Bandung of the mid-1950's. This was the initial summit meeting of leaders from the newly independent nation-states and anti-colonial movements of African and Asia that included Julius Nyerere, Chou En-lai, Kwame Nkrumah, Nehru, among others. The conference gave birth to the Non-Aligned Movement or "Third World" (not "third" as in lesser than first or second, but as an alternative to the major power blocs of the West/Europe-USA and the East/Soviet bloc).

I had begun my ensemble to express musically a vision of unity between the cultural-socio-political struggles of African Americans (the originators and innovators of "jazz") and Asian Americans. Since my teen-age years, the Black Power movement (particularly the leading ideas of Malcolm X) and the Black Arts Movement (especially the poetry of Baraka, Sanchez, Scott-Heron and the Last Poets, and the music of Mingus, Coltrane, Shepp, Parker, Ellington and Cal Massey) greatly inspired my social consciousness and identity as a

Chinese American to understand that I, as an Asian in America, suffered as a victim of white racism and the need to wage a comprehensive struggle to end this systematic oppression).

Because I did not grow up in a community with many other Chinese or Asian Americans, I looked to the revolutionary thought and cultural expression of the growing African American intellectual and artistic community who came to teach in the colleges of the Amherst, Mass., area in the early and mid-1970's (including Max Roach, Archie Shepp, Sonia Sanchez, Reggie Workman and others). I immersed myself in the music, literature and political activism of Black Power, finding analogous conditions and perspectives in the struggles of Asian Americans. Since those days, and having embarked on a career as a composer/baritone saxophonist/band leader, I have sought to promote the solidarity of Asian Americans and African Americans (musically, by forging what I have termed "an Afro-Asian New American Multicultural Music")...

...African Americans and Asian Americans exhibit common symptoms of their oppression: self-hatred with their physical features, weak cultural identity and infatuation with things-European, ignorance about their own respective histories and struggles, disunity and jealousies, etc. The struggle to unite oppressed peoples must proceed from an informed consciousness first as victims of oppression, and subsequent clarity about the target of our struggle: the system of colonialism, white supremacy and monopoly capitalist imperialism.

Fred Wei-Han Ho



20ANNIVERSARY20ANNIVERSARY20ANNIVERSARY20ANNIVERS

BAASA: 20 YEARS

This year, 1991, marked the 20th Anniversary of the founding of BAASA. We had a week to celebrate and learn about the history of the Asian community. On March 23, 1991, we held an Alumni Luncheon and several BAASA alums shared in a discussion with our Asian community at Brandeis. We talked about our experience as Asians on the Brandeis campus and about the meaning of BAASA for each of us. It definitely opened my eyes to the rich history of Asians who worked on this campus. We have every right to be proud. Now, it is our responsibility to uphold the history of Asian peoples.

THE BAASA/GRITO MURAL: Coalition Building

The first time I walked into our office, my eyes were drawn to the huge mural painted on the wall of a brown-skinned woman breaking her chains with the help of a fiery-red Chinese dragon. Many of us really liked the mural, but others have felt differently. They wanted to paint over its beautiful colors with white or design another mural that would be more "appropriate". I argued, and I still do, that this mural is history. We cannot "white wash" history. The art work that came off the brushes of Asian and Latino alumni must be respected.

Since then, for three years, I wondered what the story was behind this mural on the wall of the Ahora!/BAASA office. What were the artists trying to express? I interviewed one of our alums for some enlightenment. He told me that the mural symbolized the solidarity of Asians and Latinos with the liberation struggles of the people in Central and Latin America. This was a collective effort in 1977 to express the bond between BAASA and GRITO (Spanish for

"shout"), which was the Latino organization at that time. The artists were Delia (a Hispanic woman who withdrew from Brandeis eventually), Chi (a Chinese student), and Luis (a Latino student). Coalition building is not a new thing.

Right now, I am in a coalition of Black, Asian, Hispanic, and Sephardic students. While working on establishing an Intercultural center at Swig, we have discovered the power of working collectively from our perspectives. As Haunani Kay Trask, a Native Hawaiian professor and activist writes:

"...although Asians, Blacks, Chicanos, and Indians are unique cultural groups, they share a history of internal colonization as *people of color*. They came to be "Americans" under different life conditions than white ethnics. *Conquest* (Indians, Alaskan natives, and many Chicanos), *contract labor and peonage based on race* (Asians and other Chicanos), and *enslavement* (Blacks), characterized their historical experiences which have been different *in kind* from those of white people who were neither conquered nor enslaved, and whose labor was sold under freer market conditions than those surrounding people of color."

It is no longer a good idea, but a necessity for our coalition to unite on common struggles. We must seek to know our commonalities, differences, and the history of our people's struggles.

Sasha Treschuk



POETRY

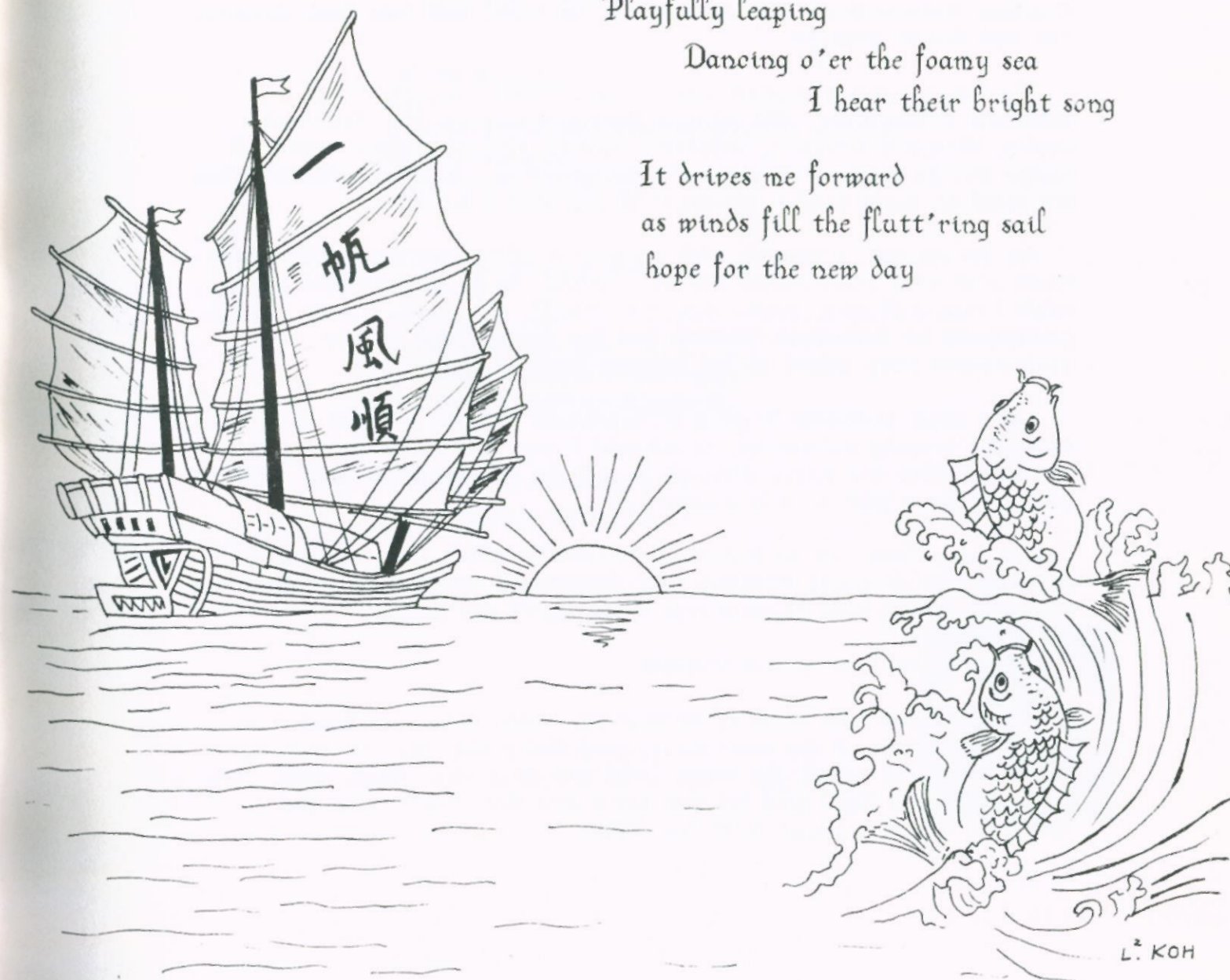
Haiku

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



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..."

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.

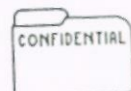




To Sasha,

Hi! Did you know you're difficult to locate??? I hope everything is going well for you! Have a superb, fantastic, mah-velous summer!

Love,
Maritza



To everyone and anyone who hangs out in the BAASA office:
You are the best! Have a great summer! And good luck next semester!



To the Younger of the Older Brothers,
Congrats on the new job. I'm glad your happy. I hope you'll be around in the years to come so we can still run to you for help.

Slider

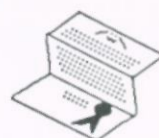
Len,

Don't leave your rotten bananas lying on the desk in the BAASA office!



To L2,
I wonder if I should go to math today.

Just kidding! You are smart, just a bit of humor from, TSHMW
You are smart, you are dumb, you are reading this, Really!
You are smart, you are dumb, you are reading this, Really!



SM

Len,
I hope you have a great summer. I'm glad neither one of us gave up on the friendship when times were tough.
SM

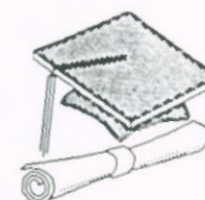


To the original 4 Asian freshmen who first rocked Brandeis,

How 'bout we relive the good 'ole days and cover the table with food while laughing until we can't breathe no more? Tsa rang he!
Wangwoman



To "Exotic Girls Inc.":
Mahala for all da good times my sistas. Let's keep the revolution moving!
Kehaulani



To: The Kenneth!

It was really nice meeting you. I only wish you the best in your future! Have a great summer if I don't see you in the near future! Good luck! Best wishes! Congratulations! Just think of it...no more classes...until GRAD SCHOOL! Hal Hal

From: The Maritza!

I'm your hero... I'm a "woman" who will fight for your honor.
Remember? Ha Ha
ling

The Brighton Bomber

To the Mississippi Missile,
Thanks for being such a great friend and someone who didn't mind showing a "dumb freshman" the ropes.
Keep in touch.

To Paula,

Hey, whatever happened to those classes at 2?

Guess not?

Sara



Stevie-Pooh,
Who sits in a lotus position, has a unishu, has his hands in the cakra mudra and becomes tiger meat?

K

Love,
Sara

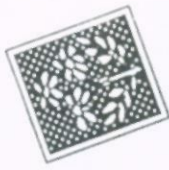


To Mitzy and Dorissa,
Wow---it's been a wild year. I hope I get to spend the summer here with you guys, the time off and pray for success.

Babycakes,
Everytime you go away...will I ever stop saying "See you later"?
Pooky

MV

Trang,
Stop dreaming about FAT guys! And your b-day should be in November!!!



To Peter Wong,
My friend.
Thanks.
Jun Kyung

Dorissa,

Did you buy your boots yet?

TH and ML



Baby,
Are you still on fire?
Your little noodle

Hi Triange, Miguel, Mitzy, Doris, Droopy, Bam Bam, Pauline,
Bonnie, Jules, Alvin, Glo, Gloria (the other one), the Chicago Cannon, and everybody else I can't think of right now!

Mouseie

ML



control (well, not really).

To the Thuyster,
How ya doin'? Haven't seen you in a while! Where in tarnation are you???

Love,

Mitz and Dorissa

Sweet Pea

To Monique,

I hope everything is going wonderfully. I regret is not being able to meet you sooner. a neat person! Keep it up! Best wishes in your near and far future! Good luck and have fun! Enjoy!



LW

Kate, Gaby, Laura, Carissa, and Lara:
It's been so much fun this semester. Hey--where's the party???

Well, I ain't Jewish. Slider
It's been a strange year and you've been a great friend.

To Amilia,
Spelling? Who knows?

BAASA:
Here's to our golden year. Let's make it shine.



Tranga,

Tranga, Tranga, Tranga...always remember you're in crisis!

Do you still have a potato because I've got the 'ce cubes! Love you lots!

Petite Chou,

I love the catalogs but I'm getting an identity

Hey Gala Bala,
Your name should be Gala Lee!

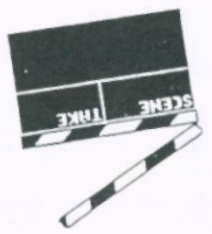
MV

To the 5 Diks of Ziv 130-304:

How many times do I have to tell you to be quiet? And stop watching those dirty movies!

...and a Wang

I2,
I spend the hour of 4AM discussing Q1-p1-Q2-p2 demand curve
What would I do without you? With who else could
forward to many many IEF papers with you!
tangent inelastic semi-conductor price renoberation? I look
Love.
Kenneth



Naomi Kehaulani

I love you with all my heart and soul.

To Jorge Fernandes,



Dear Bek,
I'm just glad to know that you're a beautiful
person and I'm glad to have met you. Amy

Dorissa,

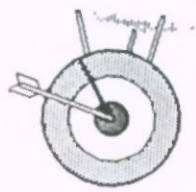
When are you coming to BAASA meetings?

ML

To Lena (who works so hard for BAASA, ET, academically,
etc.),
Stressed out yet? Hope not! You're doing a spectacular
job! Keep it up! Don't lose hope just because people are
not contributing to ET.

Love always,

Maritza



Franz

Thanks.
To Hans and Slidair,
You guys have been the best buddies I could ask for.



See you whenever!
Thank you, thank you, thank you for your friendship!
To Glo,

Jigar,

Go to class at least once a month even if
it's at Sachar. It's really worth it, think of tacos.

A

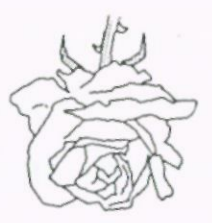
Hi big bad Double L!
My slingin' isn't that bad, is it?

Fuji,
You're such a nerd!
You're such a nice guy for a "non-chicken"!

TL and Ken

Paula,
Your life would be much better if you served
some drinks.

MV



Ling

major!)

Economics

due the next morning!

No more late nights!

Except when papers are

Ken,

999.
THROUGH. GOTT WORRY--ALL I HAVE TO DO IS THINK ABOUT YOUR MONEY
AND MY DOUBTS DISAPPEAR. HERE'S TO US...AND OUR FUTURE.
999.
MY MONEY. SOMETIMES I WONDER IF THIS IS REALLY WORTH ALL THE PAIN WE GO
THROUGH. GOTT WORRY--ALL I HAVE TO DO IS THINK ABOUT YOUR MONEY
AND MY DOUBTS DISAPPEAR. HERE'S TO US...AND OUR FUTURE.

