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Eastern Tide
Fall 1988 Vol. VII no. 1

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The Eastern Tide, sponsored by BAASA, is the Brandeis Asian literary publication. Published each semester, the Eastern Tide includes letters to the editor, essays, news, interviews, literature, boosters, and advertisement 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 (The Brandeis Asian American Student Association).

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EDITOR'S NOTE

Another all-nighter, another Eastern Tide.

This is a semester of innovations for the Eastern Tide: the first time ever that it has had advertisers, providing the funds to improve the magazine; designs to enhance the appearance of articles; inside and outside covers front and back are printed with material; and full page illustrations of poems. These changes parallel on a smaller scale the progressiveness of such happenings as the introduction of a Japanese language course, the efforts of the Student Senate to create an Asian Study curriculum and the growing number of Asian undergraduates who bring a renewed energy to BAASA.

The freshman class has definitely made an impact upon BAASA, as evidenced by the fact that more than one person ran for office in the treasurer and the vice-president spots, eventually won by Kumin Yang '92 and Gloria Liu '92, respectively. I don't want to sound like a sentimental old geezer, but in all of my three years here at Brandeis, I can't remember a time when there was competition for even one office in BAASA, not to even mention two; I can even remember a time when offices were left vacant because no one even ran as the single, sole candidate for them. This is a giant improvement to say the least.

With regards to the Eastern Tide's production three members of the class of '92 have been invaluable both for their contributions and their efforts, they are: Kumin Yang, Joyce Chin and Anna Law. Thanks to Yin for allowing the use of her computer and for all her typing (rest those fingers, Yin). Thanks to Ken for his software expertise. The recipient of the "Semper Fi" award goes to Jon McIntyre '88, who still sends us articles and keeps in touch even though he graduated last year and has a busy work schedule.

All in all, the renewed interest in community leadership, the enthusiasm of the freshman class and of the new officers Kumin and Gloria and the experience of Yin and Ken who rescued a BAASA that was floundering only two years ago give me great hope for the future of the club and the Eastern Tide.

Editor: Bobby Wong
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ANNOUNCEMENTS

BAASA Fall '88 Wrap-Up

The semester started off on a fine note with a packed "open house" on September 8. Over 40 people filled the office for the first meeting. Many new faces joined those of returning students for a fun-filled night of refreshments and innovative "ice-breakers" led by president Yin Yan Leung.

For the BAASA meeting on October 6, we invited the New England Japanese American Citizens League's president to speak to our members about the recent history of the Japanese Americans' redress and reparation movement. He happened to be Brandeis' very own professor of fine arts, Robert Maeda. He also discussed the role of Japanese Americans during World War II and what the JACL's agenda may be, now that President Reagan has signed a bill to "repay" Japanese Americans who had been imprisoned in concentration camps during the war.

On October 28, fifteen members paid a visit to MING GARDEN in Chestnut Hill. The atmosphere was lively as we were seated at a large round table surrounded by other Brandeians dining there too. We got to know unfamiliar faces as we hungrily chowed down delicious Szechuan Spicy Chicken, Vegetable Delight, Shrimp with Pea Pods, Barbeque Ribs, various lo meins and, of course, rice. Definitely an "A+" restaurant!

Volleyball practices with members of the Korean Students Association have been held fairly regularly on Saturday mornings. On November 12, the tournament team traveled to UMass/Amherst to participate in the KSA Invitational Volleyball Tournament. In the team's first game against Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, the score was tight late in the game, when Jun "Fuji" Kim came down hard on his right leg and had to be replaced by a substitute. The game was lost at 15-12. The second game, against Brown U., was fairly easy for the team as they beat them 15-8. The last game, against Columbia, was the most exciting. Brandeis fell behind 8-0 early in the game; after a time-out, the game was later tied at 8-8. After a tough rally, the game went to Columbia at 15-13. Overall record: 1-2.

"BAASA throw a party?" You bet! With Interfaith and Friendship International, we held an awesome dance party on November 18 in Schwartz Hall. Entitled "Temptation," it successfully drew over 150 people.

On December 1, the Castle Common's played host to a workshop led by a volunteer from the Chinese Progressive Association (CPA). The video documentary, produced by CPA, called "Through Strength and Struggle," and the workshop focused on the plight of displaced Chinese garment workers in Boston as well as other Asian American issues. About 30 people from the Asian and non-Asian community participated in the lively and informative discussion.

Also on December 1, BAASA held elections for new officers for the Spring '89 and Fall '89 term (positions are for calendar year, as opposed to the school year). The new officers are: President Yin Yan Leung, Vice-President Gloria Liu, Treasurer Kumin Yang and Secretary Kenneth Wong. Congratulations! You all have a tough yet rewarding year ahead of you!

GOOD LUCK on finals, BEST WISHES for the holidays, and SEE YA next year!

ANNOUNCEMENTS

BAASA Fall '88 Wrap-Up
(Continued)
VIEWPOINT
By Joyce Chin '92

Critique of Orientation '88

The Students of Color Orientation was held on August 27, 1988 at Brandeis University. It was organized intentionally for foreign and minority students. The purpose of this orientation was to get the incoming students comfortable with college and to alleviate any culture shock.

The term "students of color" may or may not be as harsh as "colored" or "minority," but they all mean the same thing. Don't these terms acknowledge the separation of races? I always thought that we were working towards abolishing any forms of racism.

I understand that many of the incoming students would be uncomfortable by their new surroundings and people, but I do not understand why we need a separate orientation. The orientation may have given some helpful information, but couldn't this have been done at the regular orientation? I believe that students other than the ones who can be categorized as "students of color" have problems dealing with new surroundings and people.

Wouldn't it be better to distribute pamphlets consisting of answers to any questions that the incoming students might have? And then discuss these problems in the main orientation? I believe that the information would have been helpful to all the new students and not just the students that fit the "student of color" category. Another idea might be to organize a telephone service that deals with the problems that students may have the first couple of weeks. This way, there is someone readily available to talk to about their anxieties.

I just do not understand why we need a separate orientation and not a section of the regular orientation that deals with these anxieties. Placing these students into a group of their own race is not going to help them meet other students. They will still be in the same situation: being uncomfortable with students other than their race.


VIEWPOINT
By Anna Law '92

A HAWAIIAN IN BOSTON

Just a year ago, I would have never dreamed that my college education would take me on a journey from the "Paradise of the Pacific" (Hawaii) to the peripheral road of Brandeis. Nevertheless, in late August, I found myself plopped in the middle of the East Coast and actually on the continental United States.

The biggest difference that I noticed right away was the number of Caucasians (or "haoles" as they are commonly referred to in Hawaii) around me. In Hawaii, Asians were the definite majority. There I was never very aware of the color of my skin since almost everyone else was Asian too. But as soon as I arrived on the East Coast, I became very conscious of my race. For a while I felt very different, not exactly uncomfortable, just different. Suddenly, I was in the minority as opposed to the comfortable majority I was accustomed to at home. I wondered about all the preconceived notions I had about the East Coast and the people there. Would they be cold and unfriendly? Would they be obnoxiously aggressive? Would I have to deal with racism? Millions of questions raced through my mind. But surprisingly, it did not take me long to adjust to being a minority. After a while, I wasn't so self-conscious about my nationality anymore. During the first few weeks at Brandeis, I found myself taking a second look at any Asian that passed by and thinking to myself, "Oh, is that what I look like?" I had gotten so used to blonde and brown-haired Caucasians that seeing another Asian actually surprised me.

Being a Hawaiian and an Asian on the East Coast is a very interesting experience. It's as if I've come to a foreign country. Now that I think back, Hawaii didn't really seem to be a part of America. Hawaii was a potpourri of different cultures. There were many ethnic groups that retained their own foods and traditions, all which contributed to the unique Hawaiian lifestyle. The Japanese had their mochi pounding during the New Year and their sushi and sashimi, the Chinese had their traditional Chinese New Year's celebrations and their chow mein and dim sum, the Koreans had their kim chee and mungoo, the Filipinos had their adobo, and so on. Everyone took pride in their nationality, which was a big deal, even though we were all Americans.
Therefore, it took some getting used to, when I came to the East Coast, to find that Asians tended to be lumped together in one big group with no distinction between the different Asian nationalities. It was interesting to note that Caucasians could not distinguish Chinese from Japanese from Korean, etc. by appearance or even given a surname, something that comes as second nature to most Asians and Hawaiians. But then of course, in all fairness, I have to admit that I cannot make any kind of distinction between French, German, Irish, Slavic etc. by appearance or by surname.

And then I've had some interesting experiences that had nothing to do with my nationality, but with my home state. I've had to explain that I'm Chinese and not Hawaiian. I've explained that we really don't go surfing everyday and that I don't know how to hula either. A salesman in the shopping mall asked me whether my father was a farmer or a businessman when he found out I was from Hawaii. Even the simplest thing like what one called a refuse container led to a discussion. In Hawaii, everyone called a refuse container a "rubbish can". My roommate looked at me in a strange way when I asked her where the rubbish can was, since she had always referred to it as a "garbage can."

In general, everyone seemed knowledgeable enough about Hawaii in that they all knew it was the 50th state and not a foreign country, but few had any idea as to what everyday life was like there. I was horrified but amused that people got their images of Hawaiian life from such television shows like Magnum P.I., Hawaii Five-O, Charlie's Angeles in Hawaii and (gasp) The Brady Bunch Goes to Hawaii. Now I know where the distorted views of Hawaiian life were coming from.

Going to school at Brandeis and on the East Coast has been an interesting and educational experience. It's given me a unique opportunity to meet and interact with people from backgrounds different from my own. It has enabled me to see the world from other people's point of view. And, if anything, it's given me some unforgettable and humorous experiences that I will take with me where ever I go. And I gained all this experience and knowledge from just one semester here. I wonder what is in store for me in the next few years here at Brandeis.
POETRY

AUTUMN

Autumn came
I saw the leaves fall
One by one
They gracefully drifted to the ground
Until the once magnificent tree was bare
Its branches, once beautifully clothed with multicolored leaves
Are now naked, stripped of its glory
The leaves on the ground begin to die
They become dry and brittle
How easily the wind scatters them
No longer are the colors vibrant and alive
Instead the leaves have become dry, shriveled, and dead.

- Anonymous

POETRY

FROM DARKNESS TO DARKNESS

Sitting alone on a cliff overlooking the sea,
I watched the sun slowly set.
Its rays slowly became fainter and fainter,
Until at last there was only darkness.
I wondered as I sat, staring into nothingness,
What was fated for me.
Were my hopes and dreams destined to fade like the sun's dying rays?
The cold wind howled,
Mocking me in my sorrow.
It began to rain,
Blood red drops of liquid fell
Covering the earth in crimson sickness.
It choked and suffocated me
Until I could stand it no more
And I leaped to embrace the fluid blue
Hoping to find peace.
But instead, foreign demons tormented me.
In another land different from my own.
There is no solace anywhere to be found
It died with the rays of the sun long ago.

- Anonymous
A DIALOGUE

Don't make that expression,
Your face might freeze that way!
Would that it may freeze
Into the blanched mask
Of death.
How many times do I
have to tell you not to slouch? What are you
The hunchback of Noter Daim?
Ah, Quasimodo, brother of my soul,
Thou hast known suffering, as well.
What did I do so wrong
To deserve You for a son?
I ask myself
The same question everyday.
Why don't you ever say anything?
It's all those poetry books, they're messing
Up your mind! Talk
To me young man
This is your mother talking
To you. Talk!

Bobby Wong
VIEWPOINT

By Nancy Weiner '89

A BEGINNER'S JOURNEY

The wait at JFK airport seemed endless. On landing, the Japan Air plane we were taking to Tokyo had "ingested" a pigeon into one of its engines. It took them three hours to clean it out.

Those of us who were going to study in China quickly found each other. We were all nervous but Cindy kept saying, "There's nothing I'd rather be doing." All I was sure of is that I was glad to be getting away.

Because of the delay, we missed our connection to Hong Kong. A sign told us "Please go to the ticket counter." I realized then I had left the English speaking world far behind.

We flew out the next morning (in executive class due to a mistake the airline had made). The captain pointed out Mount Fuji as we flew by it. It was very majestic all alone against the clear blue sky.

Landing in Hong Kong was unusual. We passed right by the windows of apartment buildings and the laundry hanging out to dry.

Hong Kong seemed crowded, polluted and exotic. The next day those of us from the New York flight went out together to explore the city. Late in the day, we took a big, lime green double decker bus to the Peak Tram station and then took the Peak Tram up Victoria Peak. From there you could see all of Hong Kong, Kowloon and the Pacific Ocean. The sunset from up there made me feel like I had found paradise. I did not want to leave, but the next morning we flew out to Nanjing.

After going through customs, I went outside to the mini-bus that was waiting to take us to the University. Standing next to the bus were three young girls. They stared at us as we got on and sat down in the bus. Though none of us knew it at the time, we all would be stared at a lot in our next five months in China.

VIEWPOINT

During the drive to the University, I tried to absorb everything I saw. There were a few trucks (army-looking) ahead of us on the road. We passed a man on a bicycle. He had his child with him, sitting on a little seat fashioned over the handlebars. The child wore a PLA hat. As we drove further into the city, there were more cars and lots and lots of bicycles.

Once we arrived at our dorm and I got my stuff to my room, I went to check out the bathroom. It was at the end of the hallway. The entire suite of rooms was the wash room. It was filled with low, long "sinks" and clothes lines. There was also a big boiler to boil drinking water. To the left was a changing room that led to the showers (the doors to the stalls were like the doors to "Old West" saloons). To the right were the toilets. First there were two for men, and then there was a door leading towards the women's. The first thing I saw, as I walked in, was ice on the floor. I really wondered what I had gotten myself into. (cont. on next page)

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As it turned out, that was the only time we had ice in the bathroom. The day we arrived had been one of the coldest days of the winter. The ice formed after the daily hosing down of the toilets; someone had left the windows opened too long.

I adapted quickly to life in Nanjing, although I never quite got used to being stared at or to hearing the sound of someone spitting behind me as I walked down the street.

Early on, we all went to the Friendship Store and bought bicycles. We had been told that in China, traffic lights were meant as suggestions and were not obligatory. This, and the volume of traffic, made travelling scary. One day, after I had gone around the traffic circle (a particularly harrowing experience) at Gulou -- the Ming dynasty drum tower -- and gotten onto Zhang Shan Lu, I thought about how old Nanjing was and how long people had been travelling by here, and was powerfully struck by the feel of the history of where I was living.

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.
POETRY

LA VAGABONDE

Coeur vert au centre du soleil,
Boule de neige dans le désert brûlant,
La lune blanche fait son tour du monde.
La vagabonde se Nôle dans les ordures de vie.
Elle s'entoure d'une saison d'or,
Froide et chaude et rouge et bleue,
Sans conscience d'une limite imposée,
Sans conscience d'un monde en bataille.
Son coeur est un lac ou un volcan,
Où se fondent les couleurs du jour:
L'arc-en-ciel des peuples innomés,
Perfume heureuse des temps fugaves,
Hai lions parpillantes des choses inconnues.
Monalisa abusée, sale, mains écorkées
Abandonne son sourire éternel.
N'en rien dit, n'en rien entends, n'en rien comprends.
Elle écoute, elle est sourde;
Elle parle, elle est muette;
Elle regarde, elle est aveugle.
Un pas de plus vers l'horizon impossible,
Que l'on n'ose faire...

POETRY

Elle tombe, roule, une chute éternelle,
Vers le ciel ou vers l'enfer.
Le monde sorte de sa torpeur.
Sa promenade léthargique prends la vitesse;
Chaque personne, un enfant sur le carrousel,
Chaque objet, une couleur sur la palette,
Chaque mot, un souffle musical.
Tout s'écroule dans son tourbillon magique,
Immense, léger, à la vitesse de la lumière.
Eve rédemptrice, saveuse de l'humanité,
De ses vices et de ses vertus,
Comme un flocon de neige ou une fleur de feu.
Elle s'évade dans son royaume transparent ou boueux,
Où le ciel et la terre se touchent,
La nuit le jour, la femme le soleil, la lune l'homme.
Hermaphrodite aurait dû renaître.
Mais il ne se fonde une mas inconnue.
Car Eve en a horreur.
Je m'écrire des mots insensés,
Je ne puis trouver son nom.
Une paricule de poudre ou de lumièrre,
Une goutte de larme de ses yeux clairs et aveugles.
Invisible non invisible et visible non visible,
Elle s'appelle et ose s'appeler: (n) (€) (a) (n) t
Que sais-je?

A. D.
Tired...

"Hi, how’re you doing?"
"Tired... didn’t get much sleep..."

I tend to vary my usual “fine, how are you”s, but what really wants to come out is “I’m tired.” Yes, TIRED. Not just the sleepy kind -- although I could always use more sleep -- but the type of being tired of “making the first move.” No, I don’t mean flirting, its the effort put into the everyday interaction I have or, in most cases, do not have with members of this campus.

Being Invisible

Some people may hope to “change” and become more popular in a college setting; but I know that I could never consciously change a part of my personality to suit others. However, I can’t help but wonder, once in a great while, if I could somehow be more “forward” with people, be extra out-going, be a “touchy-feely” kind of person, etc. But all of that would be just an act.

Being on the East Coast, specifically on this homogenous campus, has made me look at race as a possible factor for feeling somewhat “alienated” from the so-called mainstream social sphere here. I even thought of doing this “viewpoint” anonymously, but that would only contribute to my feelings of being “invisible.” How do I feel invisible? As a minority who thinks I’m partly here to supposedly enhance this campus with diversity, I feel as if I’ve been labeled before I’ve been judged. Stereotypes of Asians lead people to think as if they already know you, that they don’t need to find out your uniqueness, that you are probably quiet, unassuming, won’t make waves -- justifying taking you for granted. Like women in a sexist society, Asians, including recent immigrants as well as ones who have been in America for generations, have to struggle much harder in a prejudiced society for a place in education, communities, jobs, etc.

Growing up in Hawaii has helped to develop myself outside the context of race. Having parents with strong immigrant work ethics have made me comfortable with my working-class background (I can now appreciate the years of weekends and holidays spent working in the family business, which have “toughened” me up). The hours spent watching television images of...
Heart and Mind are Two

Each culture is unique
each has its different ways
And here my mind divides
which leads my heart astray

For troubled I have been
asking myself for so long
May I love another
against a custom wrong

And more I come to realize
how life is so unfair
What have I then without Love
if family's rule I must abide and aware

So I live now, from one day to next
because my heart and mind are two
But forever in my soul shall be
one love which I hold true

Mi Lan
ESSAY

By Lan Xue '90

China's Students' Movement

On a freezing morning in January 1987, Beijing—the capital of People's Republic of China, was awaken by thousands of students. Students from several famous universities—like Beijing University and Hsijhua University, marched on the main street in Beijing, crying for more freedom to speak out and more efficient leadership from the government. At the mean time, in several other chief cities of China, students also went out on the streets, indicating their propositions and trying to enlist the popular support.

The main demand of the students was for more democracy in China. They fiercely attacked the corruption of the government and strongly recommended that the system adopt a more western style. Some students even suggested that China get a western premier for the State Council. Although this suggestion may seem to be very stupid, it, in some sense, showed the eagerness of the students to improve the situation of China. Besides the politics, there are also economic reasons for the student demonstrations—the high inflation rate and the depreciation of the Chinese currency were incidents that touched off the movement. The students blamed the economic problems on inefficient management and the corruption of certain high-ranking officials.

For about one week, the students kept marching on the streets and blocking traffic during rush hours. Violence broke out; the city of Beijing was in chaos. At that time, the government began to interfere with the matter. First, they sent several officers to attempt a negotiation with the students. But the officers' answer and attitude didn't comfort the students. In several meetings, when the students began to interrogate the officers regarding questions about human rights and the freedom of speech, the officers were left without an argument. When the negotiations failed, the police began to stand out to maintain order. Some students were arrested and the colleges began the winter vacation earlier than usual, which sent most students home. The movement then went to its low point. After the winter vacation, the schools came to order, everything seemed to be all right.

ESSAY

However, pressed by both school and family, most parents persuaded their children not to violate the order, also, the students didn't want to have a bad record on their student file, which can hurt their future; thus, the students gave up the struggle. The arrested students were already set free; also, the government gave some promises to improve the management. The movement came to an end.

The whole movement seemed to have had a very magnificent beginning, but a very quiet end. Another sad thing was that the students did not get the expected response from the common people. Furthermore, some students' violent actions during the march gave people a bad impression. Maybe the students' goal was too abstract, which could not be communicated with the common people's desires. People who went through the turbulent Cultural Revolution, and who were watching the government trying to improve the domestic economy, did not want another movement. This was very understandable. The movement failed for many reasons, but still it sounded an alarm to the government that the Chinese people do pay attention to the political system, and that the government needs to improve its policies.
THE REAL WORLD  (Here We Sit II)

Here we sit, listening supposedly learning Truth as he lectures on.

In our sheltered world, we see no True pain or death ignorant of Life.

Reading, studying worrying about unreal problems and issues.

Later, we are thrown totally unprepared out into a Cruel world.

Then, through much hardships, we finally see the World as it truly exists.

Ella Mae Gayoso
ANNOUNCEMENTS

By Jon McIntyre '88
(former BAASA officer & Eastern Tide editor)

The Asian American Resource Workshop (AARW) is a mostly volunteer organization started in 1979 and located in Boston's Chinatown. Among its activities, it has been very involved with Asian and Asian American student organizations throughout New England, providing them with educational literature and conducting workshops on campus. The workshops focus on Asian American history and issues which are not taught at most colleges (because most still operate under the frighteningly mistaken assumption that understanding White American history is sufficient knowledge). BAASA has in the past brought the AARW to Brandeis for some of these workshops, and hopefully will continue to do so as new students replace the old. The AARW draws much of its volunteer support from student organizations; in fact, leaders of Asian and Asian American student organizations often become active and influential members of the AARW.

The goals of the AARW are to document and promote the history, cultures and issues of Asian Americans, to work with the community in developing resources for organizing and education, and to advocate for the needs of the Asian American community.

New Projects
The AARW is undertaking three new projects:
-- Cambodian and Vietnamese Civil Rights Videos
-- an Asian American Reader
-- their Tenth Year Anniversary Celebration

These are ambitious and important projects; their success will depend largely on how much volunteer support they will receive. Few volunteers are expected to be "experts" in the projects' areas, but there will be many small but important contributions which anyone, who can spare a few hours, can make. Volunteers will always be provided with information and resources which will aid in gaining understanding and greater participation in the projects.

Cambodian and Vietnamese Videos
These will be bilingual educational videotapes directed towards the Cambodian and Vietnamese communities. With the recent influx and resettlement of Southeast Asian refugees in New England, many of them have become victims of racial violence and other civil rights violations. These videos seek to educate the community about civil rights from a local perspective, and provide an overview of civil rights in the United States, past and present.

The Asian American Reader
The reader will be a collection of essays, articles, poetry, illustrations and photographs designed to fill the great need for current and relevant material for use in Asian American Studies classes. Currently, instructors must search extensively for course materials from various sources. Readers written in the mid-70's have become outdated. With revived interest in ethnic studies courses, the need for such a book is even greater. However, these courses are vulnerable to budget cutbacks at many universities, making the reader even more vital for professors struggling to keep their courses.

The reader will make it easier to get a more accurate representation of all Americans' histories on the high school and college levels. Everyone should have the right, if not the opportunity, to study their own history, whether they be Native American, Afro-American, Hispanic American, Asian American, etc. Our present Eurocentric curriculum should be challenged.

Below is a list of possible topics to be included in the reader:
I. History, Immigration, Identity
   - People's History
   - Angel Island
   - Southeast Asian Refugee Experiences
II. Issues
   - Model Minority Myth
   - Anti-Asian Violence
   - Mail-Order Brides
   - Interracial Relationships
   - Educational Rights
   - Creative Expression

- Assimilation
- Stereotypes
III. Community & Student Organizing
- Ethnic Studies
- Community Control
- Ethnic Pride
- Role of Asian Americans in Mainstream Politics

Possible ethnic groups covered: Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos, Koreans, Southeast Asians, Asian Indians, Pacific Islanders

Anyone interested in these projects should call the office at (617) 426-5313, or visit the third floor of 27 Beach St., in Chinatown. (there's also an incredible collection of books and magazines!)

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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.
M, Thanks for the key chain and the paper birds! I hope you'll never use the white one.

M.

Heloooo Massah,
Your valuable piece of chicken has fled.
A Freedom Fighter

Hey Pee Wees,
Don't forget me when you guys finally decide its time to make that trip to the 6th floor window.
A.L.

Abuser:
I'm all scratched, slapped and bruised all over. Help me SADV.
Abused

J. M. C.,
You're never gonna tell us about how you're so "knowledgeable" huh? By the way, pick me up some rice cakes from Nature Food Center. Bldg 164 suite-mate

Bobby,
That was my best all-nighter! Too bad we weren't doing "real" work. Xie Xie Ni!
Karate Kid

Nif,
It's great to see the true colors of the carpet, no matter how ugly and Kismet-stained it is.
Vacuum Nag

Yin,
Thaxn for the potato chips!
Meng

J.S.R.,
Life is hard, then you go to med school. Loosen up! Take a Jamaican vacation.
A.L.

Yin,
Tap. Burp Queen!

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To the new officers:
Welcome aboard! This is your cruise director and we'll have lots of fun -- and work!
Yin

To the Terrified Helper:
Lead me away with you hair.
The Harvard Square Blind Man

M,
How to deal with your dad??
M.

Hot Air Woman,
Oh, I'm sorry. I f____ d. (Stop eating beans.)
Suffocated

Dr. Soohoo,
How about if I shave my head before heading home? Thanks again for the roast beef!
Karate Kid

Cheng,
WHERE ARE YOU?...
P.W.

To my eating disorder patient:
Take two chickens in the morning and call me.
A Starving Doctor

P.W.,
Wanna be advisor? I'm getting stressed out!
(Did you get more gray hairs while in office?)
Karate Kid

Hey Laughing Freak:
Hee, Hee, Hee, Hee. Pee-pee in your underwear, yet?
Impersonating a Comedian

L.C.,
Awesome Music
BAASA
Open letter to everywoman in C-2:
Wash the dishes! Vacuum! What do you think I am? A communal housewife?!!
A Vacuuming Fool

To the Ex-Prez,
Now do you think a woman can do the job?
Am not a militant feminist

To head & shoulders:
I don't mind the snowflakes. Your's the best.
A Groomer

Cheng:
"I hate You"
J.C

Nif:
The motor is still running but the tab is $1@*!.
Nifty's Car Service

K.S.W.,
The flood came and the pigs marched on
two by two. Oink!
A.L.

Wanted Dead or Alive:
$10,000 Reward for a shoplifter...
Description as follows: A short little teddy bear has been seen at Zayre stealing a head that was
jacking off in a messy conversion.
Security

V-ballers,
Times like these... A team really gels.
V-ballers

SCRACH ME!

To baby,
Which is it? Kismet So Cute, Og Bog
G’Dog, or Animal Toy Troy?
I Wuv you, little baby boy-
from Mommy

Nif and J.C.,
The walls are thin. Stop wrestlin' in there!
Teddy Bear

CHIPMUNK CHENG:
I don’t know how to...
Calvin, Alvin, or Melvin

SOME PEOPLE ARE WAITING FOR THEIR SHIP TO COME IN.
I’m just waiting for the tide to turn so I can swim to shore.

V,
Take risks!! Save your “soul” and have some fun -- or wait till grad or law school,
Haven't Been Mugged in the NYC Subways

UPDATE ON SHOPLIFTER:
It seems the printer made a slight clerical error... the teddy bear was actually stealing a headphone
jack converter.

DR. SOOOOOO:
Would you ride your bike up a mountain for me? Just kidding. We still haven’t done
Chumley’s yet!
Hawaiian Islander

CHENG (CHICKEN) LEE
What’s that? Mushroom chicken again?!
From a fowl murderer

K.Y.,
Come back here with my bag.
East-Paker

VCR WOMAN,
How about another rendez-vous driving lost in
Boston in the wee hours of the morning?
Your Chauffer

P.W.,
My bag is cleaner!
K.Y.

Hey, Brain-damaged!
Stop drinking that diet shit!
frum 1 hu nose

FUTURE RAILROAD TRACKS:
Don’t Worry. Be happy.
Buckless Teethed Wonder

DEAR EARTH:
It's a good thing I can’t put the ocean in a cup, 'cause I’d probably knock it over and flood the
planet.
Born Free? (no) Born Wild? (no) Born Clumsy?
(yeah, that’s the ticket!)

REPETE AND BOBBY,
Hey, ren! We should work harder at Chinese.
Losin' it

TO FRIGHTENING,
Ohhh, you’re scared me!!!
Frightened

STRAMEN,
Hack, Hack, Hack
Doctor

MENG,
Will you come to the meeting even if there’s no food? By the way, the Harvard man hasn’t called yet.
The Prez.

B.W.,
Next time, remember to boil the cabbage.
Maybe we should just eat out, huh? Chinatown anytime!
Late Night Pal in Grad

YIN; I mean Cheng; No, I mean Nif; No, Kismet:
Never mind!!!!!!!
Brain Damaged

P.L. & N.T.
WHERE IS THE DESIGN?
Dig! Sonna Dis!
P.W.

THANKS TO THE LADIES OF SUITE C-2, BLDG 164,
Grad. and Kismet for putting up with my mess.
Bobby
The Yang Yin and Pa Kua symbols.

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