

# MO'MENTUM

The Asian American & Pacific Islander Publication at UC San Diego

Vol. 3, No. 1, November - December 1993



Ming-Na Wen, "June" of *The Joy Luck Club*

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- and Melting With a Bang



# ASIANS & AIDS

Educating

Asian

Americans about

the traditionally

ignored topic of

AIDS.

By Tina Wu  
STAFF WRITER

How prevalent is AIDS among Asian and Pacific Islanders in San Diego? As of September 1993, there are reported 64 cases of AIDS among the San Diego Asian and Pacific Islander communities. However, it is estimated that one out of 10 individuals infected with the human immunodeficiency virus (HIV) actually report it. In numerical translation, the minor 64 cases balloon into a more realistic model of 640-660 Asian and Pacific

Islanders infected with HIV, according to the "Asian and Pacific Islander Health Education Outreach Project," of the Legal Aid Society of San Diego.

In San Diego, compared to European American, African American, American Indian, Latino, and other racial groups, the increase rate of AIDS cases among Asian and Pacific Islanders is the largest in the U.S. Compared with the number of San Diego AIDS cases in 1988 to that of 1993, Asian Americans and Pacific Islanders topped other ethnic groups with a 7.25 increase rate.

The high rate of AIDS/HIV among Asian Americans is explained by a variety of social factors.

Methods of health education, the way in which information is presented, play an important role in the effectiveness of health education to the Asian American community.

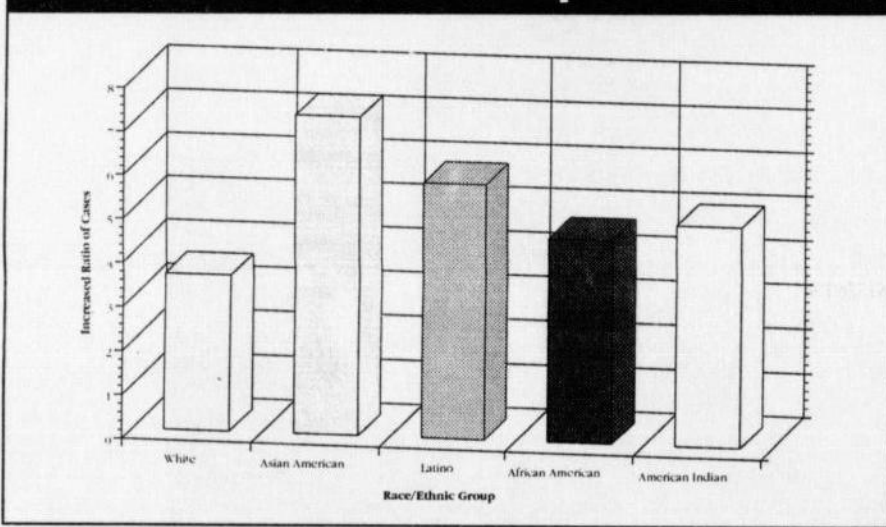
Because of a lack of cultural understanding, health education programs have not been effective, according to Project Outreach/Consultant Rosemarie Mirano. In addition, a

recent UC Santa Barbara study of Asian American college students found that "a conflict exists between traditional cultural values and the way in which psychological services are provided in the United States" (Atkinson and Gim, 1989).

In order to address the need for education in the Asian American and Pacific Islander community, the Legal Aid Society of San Diego, Inc. is conducting an "Asian and Pacific Islander Health Education Outreach Project." The one-year project will focus on the transmission of sexually transmitted diseases, including HIV, their prevention, the availability of related social, health, and legal services, and availability of testing. Vital to the Outreach Project is the survey/questionnaire, which seeks to find out the opinions and concerns of Asian Americans.

For more information on the "Asian and Pacific Islander Health Education Outreach Project," or information on legal services, health services call the Legal Aid Society of San Diego.

AIDs Cases — Ethnic Group Increase Rate



# CLINTON'S SOS

Fifteen Summer of Service Volunteers Help at the East Bay Asian Youth Center.

By Matt Baldwin  
STAFF WRITER

This past summer, as a pilot program for President Clinton's National Service Plan, the Summer of Service program paid 1,500 youth ages 17-25 for doing volunteer work in community service agencies in our nation's cities. Along with the minimum wage salary, the participants received a stipend of \$1,000 towards education or career training.

Last summer, fifteen Summer of Service (SOS) participants were placed at the East Bay Asian Youth Center (EBAYC), to serve the Asian community. At EBAYC, the fifteen participants were tutors and TA's for EBAYC's summer bridge programs. There were two Summer Bridge programs at EBAYC this summer,

one based in Oakland, and one based in Berkeley.

There were ten SOS participants working in the Berkeley Summer Bridge program, which was a K-8 summer school. The students were from diverse backgrounds. Some were from refugee families living in or on the verge of poverty, while others may have been third or fourth generation, or not even Asian at all. The curriculum consisted of some generic classroom material, but there was also an emphasis on keeping the material culturally relevant. The SOS participants in Berkeley helped teach and supervise the classes. Some of the participants even prepared their own curriculum to teach the students.

The Oakland Summer Bridge program was an innovative employment training program. Most such programs teach youth how to get jobs as janitors, laborers, or gophers in offices. This particular program through EBAYC was innovative in that it provided the participants with skills to serve the community. There were two groups of approximately twenty youth, with two teachers per group, and five SOS participants.

One group, called Healthy Neighborhoods, had two projects, a health survey about alcohol and drug abuse and an anti-tobacco campaign, including an anti-tobacco mural. The other group, called artworks, went to fourth grade classes and taught

cultural art—both hand crafts and dancing. The projects were done by the youth, with the SOS and teachers giving support and motivation. All of the youth were from refugee families in East Oakland, and several were in gangs. This program gave them insight into what they could do to help themselves and their communities.

The SOS program was one of the primary reasons for the success of EBAYC's Summer Bridge programs. Without the SOS participants, the programs would have been severely understaffed. More importantly, the National SOS program gave fifteen college aged youth in the East Bay the chance to earn money and serve the Asian American Community.

# Joy & Blues

The theme for this issue "Joy and Blues" came to me at three o'clock in the morning. For some strange reason I've been plagued with insomnia lately, so in the middle of the night I listen to different CDs and occasionally write (thank goodness for the PowerBooks and the Sony DiscMan). One of my favorite late night CDs is Ziggy Marley and the Melody Makers' "Joy and Blues," which was released this past summer.

The overall theme of "Joy and Blues" is that we are all brothers and sisters who experience happiness and sadness in a corrupt world, yet maintain hope. The new *Joy Luck Club* movie expresses a similar theme. Mothers and daughters experience happiness and sadness as they try to adapt to a constantly changing society, while maintaining hope. One of the five relationships — that between parent and child — provides excellent fodder for a blockbuster movie. A song on *Joy and Blues* entitled "Mama" states:

*If they could see where we're coming from  
Then they would know just where they belong*

The *Joy Luck Club* has given mainstream society a glimpse into where we as Asian Americans are coming from. However the universality of the mother-daughter nexus shows that we have more commonalities than differences. In a song entitled "Brothers and Sisters," Ziggy Marley sings:

*Some are black and brown,  
Others white and light,  
That's all the difference I can remember  
  
A different face, a different kind of smile  
That's what we see  
But this we must realize  
We are all brothers and sisters*

Racism, sexism, elitism, and all the other "isms" that plague society will always be with us. Hopefully, we can find solutions to some of the world's most pressing problems without having to smoke a lot of ganja.

Peace,



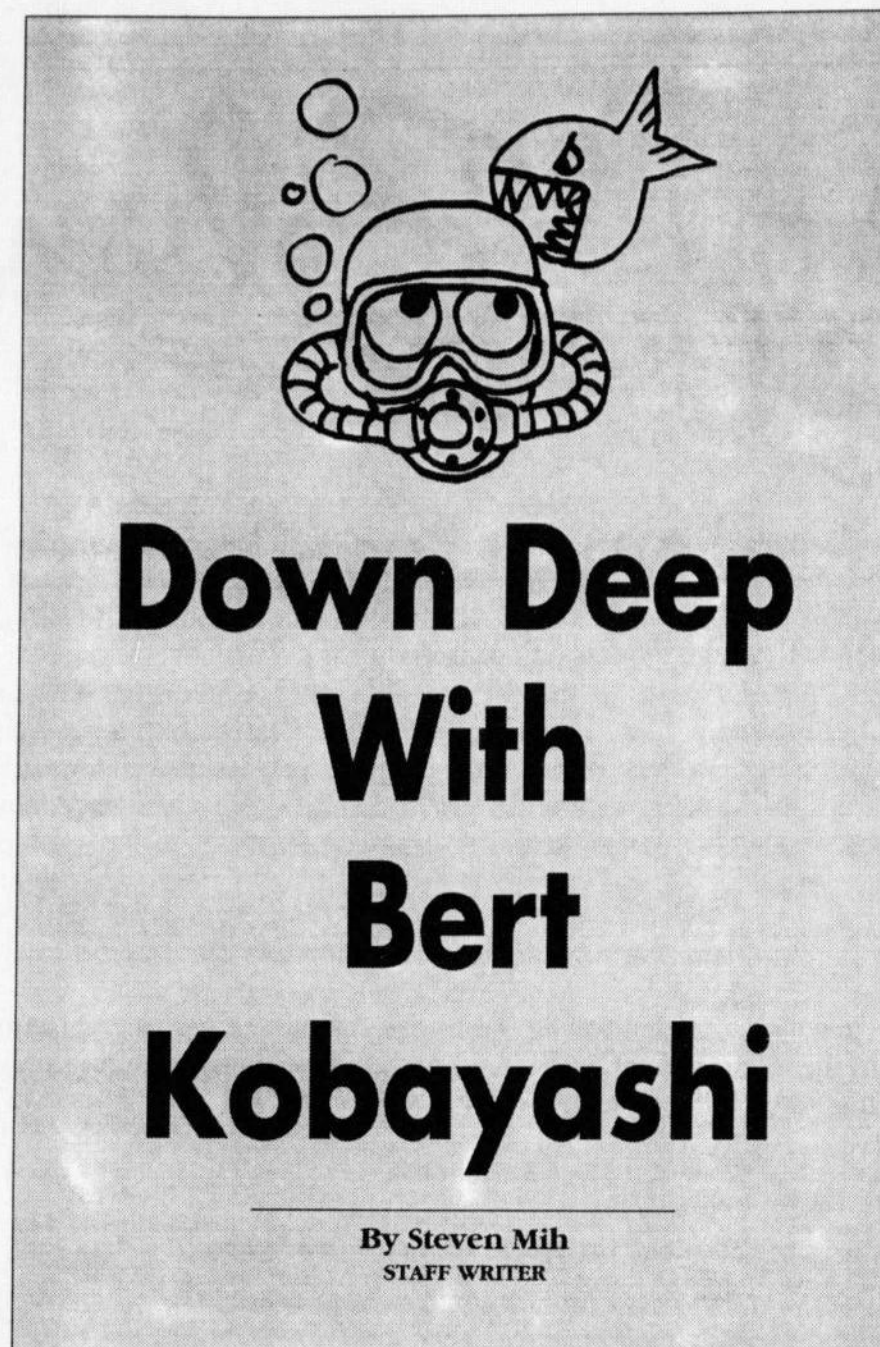


Did you know that UCSD's Physical Education department has a great scuba program? It's because of the efforts of people like Bert N. Kobayashi. He's been around San Diego since before UCSD was built. Everyone who's into diving knows or has heard of Bert because of his contributions to scuba and recreation in San Diego.

Bert grew up on O'ahu, Hawai'i, graduating as his high school's valedictorian. From there he earned degrees in Zoology and Limnology at Indiana University. He decided that he wanted to study marine fish, so he headed out west to the Scripps Institution of Oceanography in 1959. He fell in love with the people, the weather, and the way of life.

While studying at Scripps, Bert started scuba diving because he was good at finding game, plus fresh spiny lobster has some serious flavor. He also helped organize the fledgling Intramural Program at UCSD. Having finished his Ph.D. in Biological Oceanography, he faced a dilemma (which he now looks back on with a smile): take a position as the head of Campus Recreation at UCSD, or go into academia doing research. His parents and friends told him to use his degree, but he chose to become the head of Campus Rec and also become what he jokingly calls a "Scuba Bum."

Since then, he has been the chair of the Department of Physical Education, a lecturer for Marine Biology 24 and Con-



temporary Oceanography, a member of the Diving Control Board at Scripps, the chair of the Advisory Committee on the Development and Implementation of the Master Plan for Sports and Recreation Facilities (whew!), the Coordinator of the Scuba Program, and a teacher for a master's course in Marine Bi-

ology, to name only a few.

When Bert isn't teaching one of his four scuba classes, he writes articles on scuba and safety. He has been published over 25 times in diving magazines and handbooks.

He has been recognized with Outstanding Teacher awards by both Muir and Warren College

and an award for Excellence in Diving Instruction by the U.S. Diver Corporation. Last year, the Spiny Lobster tank at the Stephen Birch/Scripps Aquarium was named in his honor. Last February, he received the prestigious Platinum Pro 5000 Diver Award, meaning he is one of the few divers in the world to have logged over 5,000 dives, putting him in the ranks of Jacques Cousteau.

Bert loves to teach. His Advanced Scuba class this quarter has been full of stories and laughs along with instructions on how to be safe, experienced divers. "Scuba Bum" is definitely an understatement for Bert. He is able to use his extensive academic background in biological oceanography to make his classes interesting. His studies didn't end with his Ph.D.; he knows the ins and outs of all the fish and invertebrates that divers can encounter.

Bert feels that everyone needs a balanced life. "You should focus on academics and you should also pursue extracurricular activities. New experiences and making new friendships are a must to continue growing with an open mind," he says. He teaches Marine Biology to high school students in UCSD's special Summer Program. Every lunch he introduces three of his students to our favorite Noodle House. He says, "I wish that there were more opportunities to share cultures with one another."

**SPAM**  
**JAM**

**FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5**  
**TRITON PUB**  
**9PM-1**

**\$3 W/ CANNED GOOD · \$5 W/ OUT**  
**18 AND OVER · BRING COLLEGE ID**

**Mo' Writers**  
**Mo' artists**  
**Mo' betta**  
**ideas**  
**Mo' betta**  
**paper**

**MO'MENTUM**

Submissions or interested in joining, contact Momentum Office above Soft Reserves at the Old Student Center.

## A Stranger In A Strange Land

➔ A UCSD student visits the land of her roots

A celebrated essayist once wrote:

*"Send yourself packing! Traveling to new places is the surest cure for chronic boredom."*

My feet sloshed through warm waters of putrid water, brown droplets staining my ankles. All over my skin was the sticky residue of humidity. With each movement, there was this sickening sound, like peeling Saran Wrap. My ears were bombarded by noises: angry cab drivers cussing at the congested traffic, illegal street vendors hawking their wares at passers-by, dilapidated factories bellowing out clouds of black pollution as their machines clanked and roared.

I gave a long, shuddery sigh. Taiwan. According to my parents, Taiwan was chosen as our vacation spot for me to learn Chinese and visit relatives. While in Taiwan, my cousins, siblings and I were to abide by the new "Golden Rule": No English In Public. Our parents stressed the importance of this by telling us about ABC (American Born Chinese) kids in Taiwan who spoke English and got kidnapped and held for ransom. I was not scared by this little horror story until the other kids and I took a cab by ourselves. We gave the name of the destination in Chinese, settled down, and all was fine till Jonathan turned to Eric and said, "I'll trade you a Jose Canseco baseball card for a Mark McGuire one, OK?" The

taxi driver slowly turned and lowered his eyes. What that meant, I had no idea. But luckily, we just reached our destination point, and scrambling out of the cab,

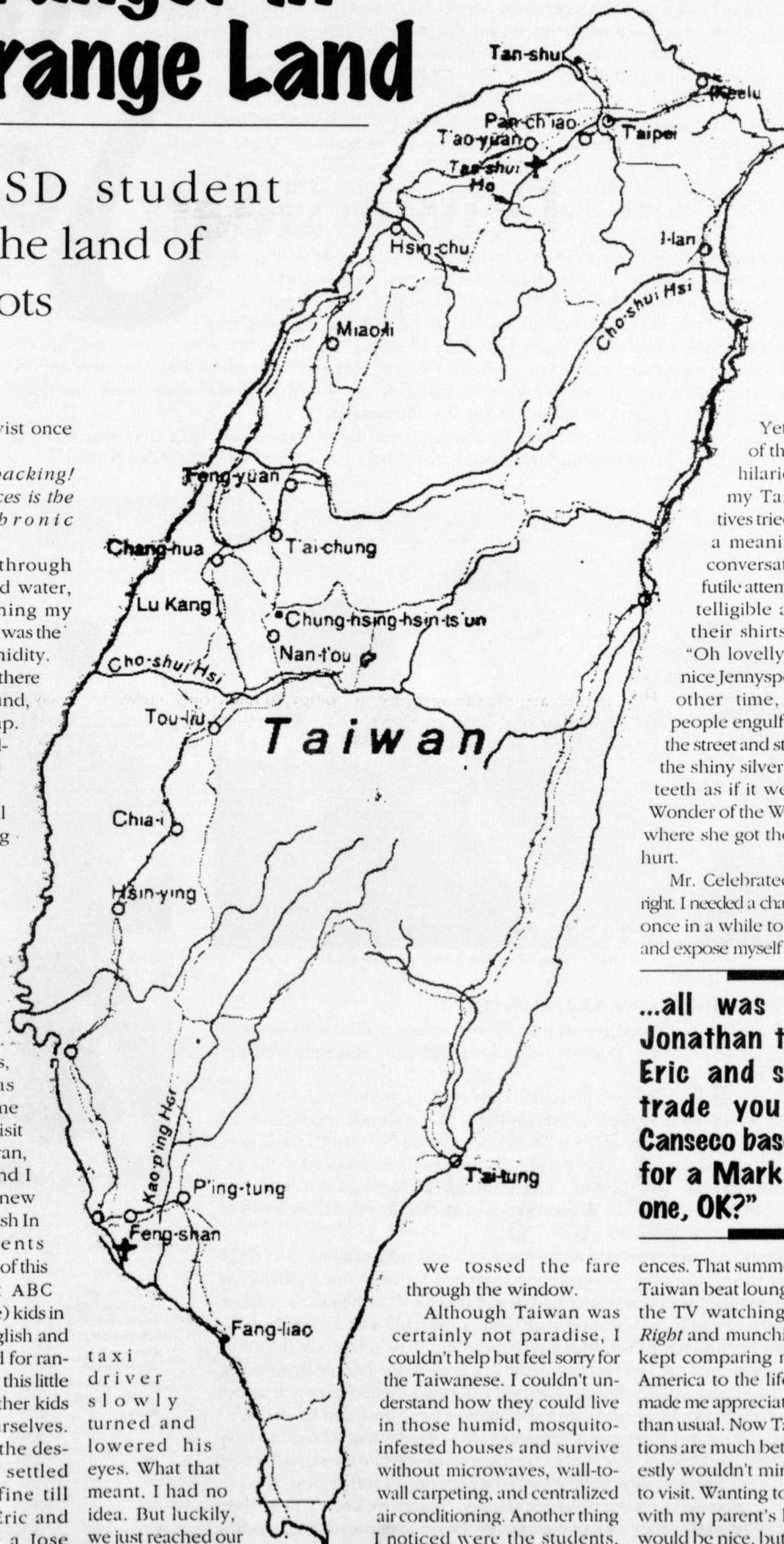
we tossed the fare through the window. Although Taiwan was certainly not paradise, I couldn't help but feel sorry for the Taiwanese. I couldn't understand how they could live in those humid, mosquito-infested houses and survive without microwaves, wall-to-wall carpeting, and centralized air conditioning. Another thing I noticed were the students, whom I pitied. They had exams every day, with no time to party.

Yet some aspects of the society were hilarious. A few of my Taiwanese relatives tried to sputter out a meaningful English conversation, but their futile attempts were as intelligible as the text on their shirts, which read "Oh lovely dog are well nice Jennyspeak town." Another time, a crowd of people engulfed my sister in the street and started admiring the shiny silver braces on her teeth as if it were the Eighth Wonder of the World, querying where she got them and if they hurt.

Mr. Celebrated Essayist was right. I needed a change of lifestyle once in a while to open my eyes and expose myself to new experi-

**...all was fine till Jonathan turned to Eric and said, "I'll trade you a Jose Canseco baseball card for a Mark McGuire one, OK?"**

ences. That summer, suffering in Taiwan beat lounging in front of the TV watching *The Price Is Right* and munching Cheetos. I kept comparing my lifestyle in America to the lifestyle—which made me appreciate things more than usual. Now Taiwan's conditions are much better, and I honestly wouldn't mind going back to visit. Wanting to feel involved with my parent's home country would be nice, but I guess I'll appreciate it when my maturity level increases.





## WHERE IT ALL BEGAN

The time was 1989 following the publication of Amy Tan's acclaimed debut novel. As Director Wayne Wang remembers, "I read the book when I was showing my movie *Eat a Bowl of Tea* at the Cannes Film Festival. I was very moved by the novel and determined that when I returned to San Francisco I would meet with Amy Tan." Wang responded to the book because of its non-stereotypical portrayal of Asian Americans and convinced Tan that her novel had the potential to become a mainstream Hollywood film that would benefit Asian American actors. "What I love about this project is that there isn't a single stereotype" Executive Producer Janet Yang says, "Each character is so individualistic and rich, which is rarely the case with Asian roles, especially those of Asian women."

When word reached Academy Award-winning screenwriter Ronald Bass (*Rain Man*) that Tan and Wang considered him to write a screen adaptation of the book, the three went to Los Angeles for a staged reading of *The Joy Luck Club*. Tan remembers, "While there, we met with Ronald who had the whole thing outlined, scene by scene. We were amazed. Finally we were able to see how this could be made into a film. He knew exactly how to translate this without losing any of the stories and characters."

Bass, a prominent entertainment attorney as well as a novelist and screenwriter, decided to become involved with the film project—with certain conditions. The most important was that he wanted to tell *all* the stories in the book. Hollywood nay-sayers had warned that the novel was too dense and thus impossible to tell more than two or three narratives. "I wanted to tell all 16 stories," Bass says, "because they are all really one. It is only in seeing diversity that you get the universality. I saw all the mothers' and daughters' stories as facets of the same experience. Put together they formed a mosaic. That's the genius of the book, and if we cut it down to just a couple of stories it would be like any other movie."

The another condition of Bass was that Amy Tan agree to write the screenplay with him. After some coaxing and assurance of her value to the project, Tan agreed to the collaboration and their partnership began.



Director Wayne Wang gives instructions to cast members.

## THE SHOOT: HAIR-RAISING EXPERIENCES

In order to fulfill the filmmakers' highest priority—to remain faithful to the spirit of Amy Tan's novel, it was essential to select precisely the right atmosphere in which to shoot *The Joy Luck Club*.

While the San Francisco Chinatown, Golden Gate Park, UC Berkeley and Bay area neighborhoods served the filmmakers' needs for many of the scenes, there could be no substitute for the authenticity of China. With cooperation from the Chinese government in Beijing, and the Shanghai Film Studio, the production moved to the ancestral land from which sprang the well of Amy Tan's famous stories and characterizations. There, in tiny, remote villages, unforeseen obstacles unveiled themselves to the filmmakers during a six week shoot.

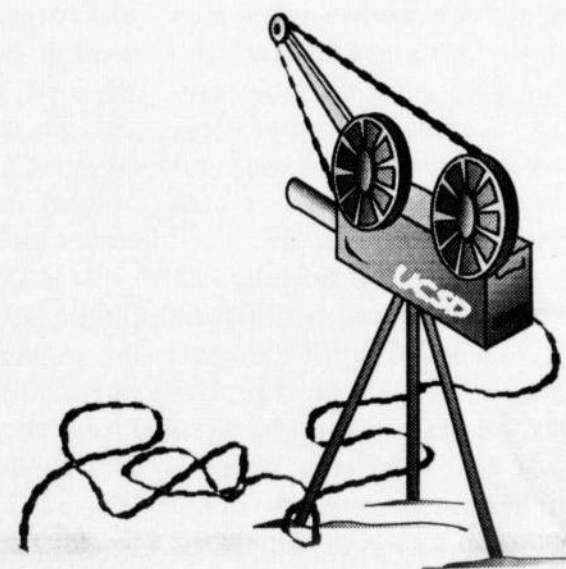
In one instance, a near riot ensued as the result of a misunderstanding in a village in the south of China when the cast and crew appeared for work one morning. As director Wang recalls, "A representative had negotiated for us to film in the village, but when we arrived and started clearing small trees, an old lady with a machete came up to the art director and started screaming in Chinese and chasing him around. Pretty soon we discovered that the representative had not gone to the people themselves, but rather to the village leaders. It almost started a riot and we had to negotiate our way out of the village first of all, and then to be allowed to go back and shoot there."

There were also overwhelming achievements such as the day that 1000 extras from the Shanghai Film Studio were expected for a crowd scene. "When we started setting up at 4:00 a.m. for a daylight shot, people started wandering in and getting off buses and out of cars," remembers Producer Patrick Markey. "Before we knew it there were upwards of 2,500 people. They all had their wardrobe on underneath their clothes. You would think it was a logistical nightmare, but it turned out to be easier getting extras in the middle of China than some of the calls I've had in the States."

# The Joy Luck Club



Yu Fei Hong stars as Ying Ying, an oppressed woman whose tragic life shapes the destiny of the next two generations of her family.



## WHAT THE CRITICS SAY

It was no easy task to bring to the screen the non-linear epic that had captured the hearts and minds of readers across America. The *Joy Luck Club* looked to be an extremely difficult, if not impossible novel to adapt, but having Ronald Bass aboard certainly helped fashion Amy Tan's literary vision into a faithful adaptation of the book. Critics have almost unanimously celebrated the film, noting its powerful emotional overtones and grand scope. In the words of one nationally visible film critic: "Bring tissues. Bring a whole box... a shamelessly irresistible tale."

Not all critical reaction has been favorable, however. Many Asian American men lamented their representation in the film. T.T. Nhu, a syndicated columnist of the San Jose Mercury News, wrote: "After coming to terms with your mother, happiness is a white man." Nhu was referring to the ongoing, painful polemic regarding what one Berkeley sociologist has called "hypergamy," the supposed practice of Asian women marrying into the white race for class advancement purposes.

This provocative criticism notwithstanding (and regarding which the jury is still out), most people seem to concur in that *The Joy Luck Club*, the story of a weekly mahjong group and the mosaic of events and conditions that shape the lives of its members and their daughters, is of universal appeal. However, for the Asian American community, Amy Tan and Wayne Wang have courageously shattered demeaning stereotypes of Asian American women in film with an enchanting mixture of love, tragedy and epic movie-making magic.



As the hypnotic family stories evolve, we discover the romances and tragedies of these women including heartbreaking events of Ying Ying's life with her cruel husband Lin Xiao (Russell Wong).

## CASTING CALL

Nearly 400 women showed up in the first open casting call to search for mothers in the story. "I've never seen people so happy and so touched to come in and read for a part," says casting director Heidi Levitt of the open call. "This was directly reflective of the impact of Amy's novel. The auditions attracted serious, educated and emotional people who loved the book and wanted to bring this experience to the American public. Every woman who came in had a story, whether it was about a sister, aunt, or grandmother that reflected these characters. Whether they were born here or in China, they all could relate to the script."

## Making Falafel With Li Po

I flip the door-sign to CLOSED,  
scrape rice, chicken bones,  
chewed morsels of lamb  
into the sink disposal.  
From the back-room my father  
has to shout, telling me  
business was good tonight.  
He pours ladles of chick-peas,  
tosses handfuls of cilantro and onion  
down the throat of the grinder,  
as tomorrow's batch of falafel  
twists out in strands. Tonight  
he begins to recite for me  
a poem of Li Po he loves,  
familiar song to my ears.  
My friends, Do you see the Yellow River  
Pouring from Heaven? Does it turn back  
on its way to the sea?  
Do you see in the polished mirror  
your white hair of sadness,  
morning's filaments of light  
that turn into clouds at dusk?  
I see the river in his hair  
turn gray in the fluorescent.

One winter he and I were driving from Louisiana  
to San Francisco looking for jobs.  
That blizzard near Topeka  
made us pull off the road  
beside a river speckled with snow.  
We waited for hours in the car,  
shivering, watching the snow fall.  
He said it was the Yellow River  
merging with the one on the roadside.  
It'll take us to Gold Mountain  
I watched the snow melt in the water.  
The mist of our breath on the windshield.  
Eight years ago his hair was black as tar.

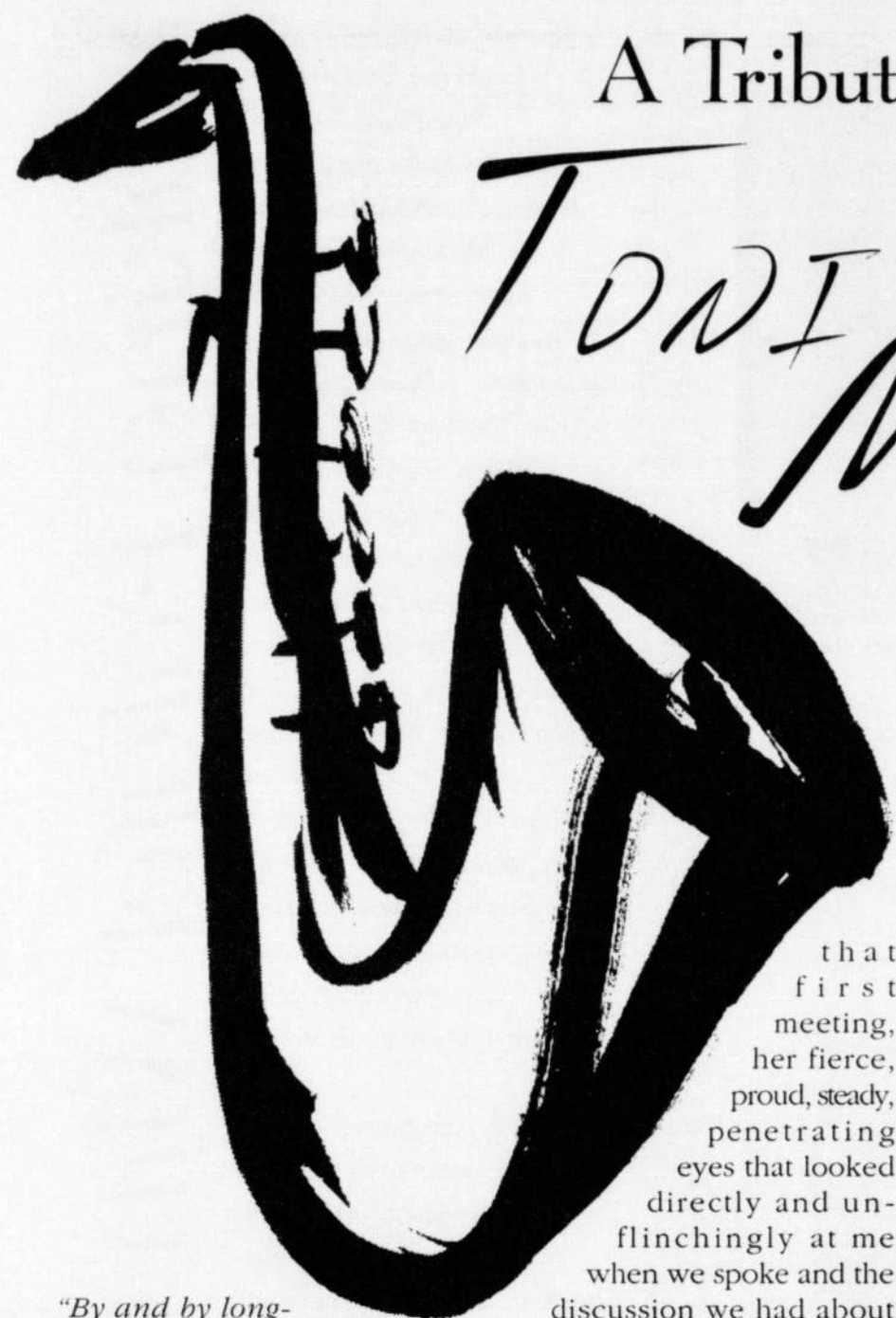
Tonight his bowed figure is  
like a small tree in a heavy rain.  
What river has led him so far  
to twelve hour days boiling chick-peas,  
dicing vegetables, kneading the falafel  
with hands seared by onion?  
Is it Li Po's river from Heaven,  
linking oceans, seas and lakes,  
claiming none, never turning back,  
he has followed all these years  
for the long crossing to the new world?  
I pull the plug from the sink,  
watch muddy dish water drain.  
He is still reciting, but I can hardly  
hear his voice now drowned,  
the words of Li Po churning  
with chick-peas, cilantro and onion,  
though I see him, almost home now,  
guiding with both hands strands of falafel  
flowing in to a bowl like a river of hair.

— Edmond Yi-Teh Chang



## A Tribute to Nobel Laureate:

# TONI MORRISON



"By and by long-  
ing became heavier  
than sex: a panting, unman-  
ageable craving. She was limp  
in its thrall or rigid in an effort  
to dismiss it. That was when she  
bought herself a present; hid it  
under the bed to take it out in  
secret when it couldn't be  
helped."

— Excerpt from *Jazz* by Toni Morrison

Introduction for Toni Morrison  
on the occasion of her Helen  
Edison lecture given at UC San  
Diego, March 10th, 1993 by  
Quincy Troupe.

I first met Toni Morrison about 20 years ago, in 1973, at a party thrown by writer Toni Cade Bambara (a mutual friend of both Toni's and mine, who was then, and still is now, one of this country's most luminous and original writers of fiction) at her spacious Manhattan, Harlem apartment.

I had never met Toni Morrison but had heard of her from Toni Cade; Ms. Morrison was, I believe, Toni Cade's editor at Random House at the time. The reason Toni Cade threw this party, if truth be told, escapes me now and I have forgotten who was even there, but I never forgot Toni Morrison, mainly because of the intensity I felt emanating from her being at

that first meeting, her fierce, proud, steady, penetrating eyes that looked directly and unflinchingly at me when we spoke and the discussion we had about third world literature that evening.

I remember telling her of a literary journal I had edited at Ohio University called *Confrontation: A Journal of Third Literature* and being surprised at her immediate response that this could be made into a book. She asked me to send copies of *Confrontation* to Random House. I did and that's how *Giant Talk* was published, I had already discovered the lyrical, poetic, beautiful, haunting and sometimes, yes, dark prose of Toni Morrison in her first two novels, *The Bluest Eye*, published by Holt Rinehart Winston in 1970 and *Sula*, published by Knopf, in 1974.

Those first two books disturbed me in ways that are difficult for me to articulate now but that had something to do with some essential truth we all recognize in ourselves: when the young black girl, Pecola, who is the central character of *The Bluest Eye*, longs and craves and dreams for something she cannot possibly have—blue eyes (though today she could have them in the form of contact lenses) until she goes completely insane, we all recognize a little of ourselves in Pecola be-

cause every one of us craves for, from time to time, something we cannot possibly have: and again, in the almost innocently portrayed dark side of the character Sula, in the novel of the same name, we come to recognize a little bit of ourselves when Sula throws Chicken Little into the river where he drowns: and when Sula makes love to Jude, her best friend's husband and gets caught, yes, by her best friend, and alter-ego, Nel.

It's almost as if Nel and Sula are two sides of one person, one evil, one good, both trying to win over the total person. And that total person could be all of us, or Ms. Morrison, herself, working out the problems of co-existing in one body with good and evil; there is no one among us who does not have a good and a dark side, and who is not attempting to coexist in one

"BUT IN THE END, EVERYONE HAS HAD THE BLUES AND TONI MORRISON WRITES A GREAT AND COMPELLING BLUES."

body with both these powerful spirits fighting for the soul of that living body and spirit; it is a universal no living being escapes: we only escape when good and evil leaves our flesh in death.

With *Sula*, the ark wins almost naturally as she just participates in and acts out her dreams, her desires, her needs; that's why, when she returns to Medallion, the town where the novel is set, in 1937, after a long absence, there is a plague of shitting, dying robins everywhere; this image symbolizes—for me—the return of evil in the person of Sula, which is set on a collision course with the good of her alter ego, Nel. And when Sula dies in this beautifully written, poetic novel,

Nel is left incomplete. The novel ends with Nel saying: "Sula?... Sula?... All that time, all that time, I thought I was missing Jude." And the loss pressed down on her chest and came up into her throat. "We were girls together," she said as though explaining something. "O Lord, Sula," she cried, "girl, girl, girl, girl." It was a fine cry—loud and long—but it had no bottom and it had not top, just circles and circles of sorrow."

It is Toni Morrison's use of poetic language and metaphor, her powerful, haunting, host of pariah like characters—Sula, Plum, Shadrack, Pilate, Pecola, Son, Beloved, Dorcas, Eva, Violet, and Guitar, just to mention a few that set her apart and make her one of the great writers of the world today. After all, the African American community is a pariah community, a colonized community within an Empire, if truth be told, and she, like her late, great friend before her, James Baldwin, is a witness to all of this, to the almost mythic dimensions of pain African American labor under in triumph in this country.

African Americans recognize, understand and see themselves in her complex, haunting, and yes, disturbing characters, too, whether they are white, Asian, Native American Indian, Latino, or even from another country. Because in the end, everyone has had the blues and Toni Morrison writes a great and compelling blues. In fact, her sentences sing, like those of a great poet—which she is. Her deep abiding use of metaphorical-figurative language, which has now become her own unique voice, is evident everywhere in the four novels—all published by Alfred A. Knopf—that follow *Sula: Song of Solomon*, 1977, winner of the 1978 National Book Critics

See Morrison, Page 12

### Chinese Student Association

CSA is a special organization which promotes a better understanding of the Chinese culture. It's a good way to melt lots and lots of people while having a blast. Come check out some of our upcoming events listed in the Calendar of Events.

In addition, we have a ski trip to Lake Tahoe, Dec 11 - 17.

Contact: Mabel at 622-9902.

### Psi Chi Omega

Our Psi Chi Omega brotherhood promotes excellence in every aspect of life, from academics to personal growth, while satisfying the need for Asian-American brotherhood. Joining Psi Chi Omega would not only introduce you to traditions we honor, but also involve you in establishing such traditions. Our brotherhood offers opportunities to broaden scholastic capabilities, and most importantly, involvement within the Asian-American community.

### Looking for Church?

AACF (Asian American Christian Fellowship) holds weekly Sunday Services at 12:00 noon, Peterson Hall.

For more information, call Kaena at 658-0268.



If your club would like to make an announcement or have events listed in the calendar, good news. It's free\*.

Contact Joanne at 558-9071.

\*Commercial ads are very welcome, but they are not free. (Which is why they are very welcome.)

Do you like working with kids?

Do you want to help the community?

Do you want to make a change?

## Be a part of the ASIAN YOUTH OUTREACH PROJECT

We are a community service student organization what works with kids from lower-income immigrant families.

Last year we had over 90 enthusiastic volunteers who loved working with the kids during Saturday workshops consisting of art sessions, indoor and outdoor activities and field trips to local attractions.

Respectively, we had over 100 kids who were really excited about our workshops and enjoyed participating in them.

Contact Richard at 558-7538



# CALENDAR OF EVENTS

N O V E M B E R

Tuesday, November 2nd

APSA Movie Night

Reflections: Return to Vietnam

6:00 pm at Price Center Gallery B

Friday, November 5th

APSA Spam Jam Dance

fundraising for charity

9:00 - 1:00 am at the Triton Pub

CSA Bowling Night

12:00 - 2:00 am at Sunset Bowl

Saturday, November 6th

Kaibigan Pilipino UTC Ice Skating

7:00 - 10:00 pm at UTC Ice Rink

(for rides meet at 7:00 pm PC fountain)

Wednesday, November 10th

CSA Movie Night

8:00 pm at WLF 2005

Thursday, November 11th

AYOP General Meeting #3

6:00 pm P.C. Berkeley Room

Friday, November 12th

CCC Fun Night

8:00 - 12:00 am at Oceanview

JaAmS Dance

9:00 - 12:00 am at La Casa

Wednesday, November 17th

APSA Movie Night

Slaying the Dragon

8:00 pm at PC Davis/Riverside Room

Saturday, November 20th

CSA Talent Show/Semiformal  
time & location TBA

AYOP 3rd Workshop

Friday, November 26th

CCC Bowling and Ice Skating

time & location TBA

Tuesday, November 30th

JaAms Mochitasuki

time TBA, the International Center



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A Little "Mail"

By Ivy Lee

Not being an Asian American male, it is nearly impossible to fully comprehend the plight of the Asian American man in our society — the problems he must deal with concerning his image, stereotypes and women.

When Junichi Semitsu wrote about the stereotype of the Asian man's penis (*Momentum*, Vol. 2 No. 5 May-June 1993) being more diminutive than normal, he seemed convinced that this stereotype was the White man's way of emasculating him.

Despite his adamant article, it was difficult not to just laugh and dismiss the issue. After all, Asian American men fail to meet so many other stan-

dards that penis size is simply lost in the crowd.

Asian American males are extremely short. Fashion-wise, this can be an annoying hindrance because heels and platforms are definitely out of the question for their female companions. No wonder Asian American men exemplify the ideal women as petite, thin, and delicate. Doing so probably makes them feel more masculine, much like a Chihuahua would seem when standing next to a baby chick.

As for physical build? Practically nonexistent: it's safe to say that most Asian American men are skinny to the point of scrawniness. Saints preserve us all from chicken legs! Brandon Lee, Jason

**Asian American men are extremely short...would you expect Asian American males to be athletic? Besides karate and kung fu, forget it.**

Scott Lee, Russell Wong? They are simply exceptions that prove the rule.

With such short statures and substandard builds, would you expect Asian American males to be athletic? Besides karate and kung fu, forget it.

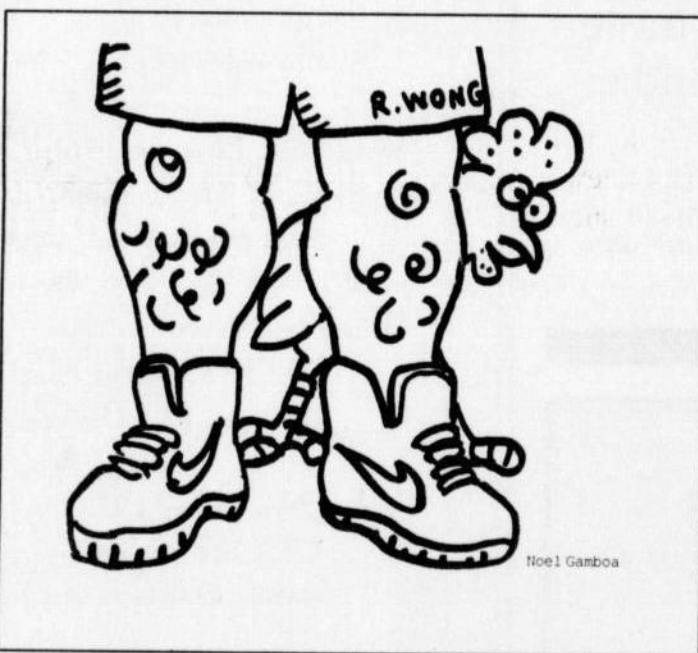
Alright, so Kansas University's Rex Walters led his team to the Final Four; so Eugene Chun was a first-round draft pick for the New England Patriots; so Kevin Wong plays for UCLA water polo; and so the Olympic gold medalist in the heavyweight division of taekwondo was Jimmy Kim. Yes all of these Asian American males are at least 6'3" and weigh in at 185 pounds plus. However, they must simply be exceptions as well.

But Asian American men are good for some things. Take a computer science or pre-med class. Why, if you don't get help

from an Asian American man when it comes to these subjects, where can you go?

If you're ever in need of rims, or tinting, or systems in your car, you know that any Asian American man is good for that. The only negative aspect of asking one of them for advice or help is that he'll be unbearably arrogant, chauvinistic, and egotistical; or else he'll bore you to tears since he's probably socially dysfunctional.

Maybe your friend, boyfriend or just some guy you know does not fit this profile. Perhaps he is an intelligent, laid back individual who surfs, plays basketball and soccer, and also cooks and does the dishes. That man may be all and more, but remember now... he probably has a small penis. And doesn't that just say it all?



Cultural Studies: An Emergent Discipline

By Richard Fernandez  
STAFF WRITER

Traditionally, the arts, humanities, and social sciences have been limited to several more or less sharply defined disciplines, such as Political Science, Visual Arts, Literature, Sociology, etc.

Each field represents the study of a particular facet of human relations and interactions. Until recently, there did not exist an arena in which the overlapping qualities of these fields, or the way they relate to and affect one another, could be examined.

Cultural Studies, an emergent discipline here at UCSD, was conceived with just such a premise in mind.

This interdisciplinary approach is applied specifically to the study of culture, which, as an extremely complex phenomenon, merits a broad ranging analysis.

A particular culture will play itself out in the art, music, films, literature, gender relations, etc. of a particular people. By looking at these forms of expression, we can get an insight into culture.

Unlike Anthropology, Cultural studies focuses

on the numerous factors behind the production of these characteristics rather than just surveying them.

The Rodney King trials and subsequent rioting, divisiveness over the NAFTA issue, Chinese immigrants in Mexico, all raise questions about identity and how this is expressed through culture, both on the individual and societal level.

These issues comprise potential areas of examination within the field of Cultural Studies. Cultural Studies is therefore a broad based program offering a wide spectra of

social relations and configurations.

Cultural Studies is a course of study that values interdisciplinary approaches and is presently offered under the auspices of the Department of Literature.

If you are interested in pursuing study in this field, please contact the Department of Literature to speak to an advisor.

The newly formed Cultural Studies Collective exists as a forum for students, faculty, and community members to meet and discuss issues related to the study of  
See Studies, Page 12

Letters to the Editor  
Readers Response



Words of Praise

Editor,  
I have been meaning to write you and your staff to express my deepest regards for the publication, *Momentum*. I read each issue cover to cover and it never fails to teach me something. It is always thoughtfully prepared and never avoids the complicated issues surrounding the lives of people of color in our

diverse society. The intermix of articles and artistic expressions is particularly effective in presenting the lives of the diverse Asian American and Pacific Islander community.

I hope that you and your colleagues will continue to publish this inspiring student paper. Congratulations!

Cecil Lytle, Provost  
Marshall College

Melt with a Bang or Go Back to Asia

Editor,

Ten years ago from last August, my nice little world was shattered when I left the ethnically homogenous Taiwan for the Melting Pot of America. I've found out then that the Chinese people were not the most superior people on Earth... as I was once led to believe.

I was caught entirely off guard by the vast stories of information, language, culture, and diversity... such diversity what I would only have considered as mere curiosities before I came.

Nowadays, having come a long way in the immersion of the local American culture, I'd get mixed feelings when I read those tirades popu-

lar in *Momentum*; tirades, as in long and vehement speeches, each pledging undying allegiance to respective Asian language, identities, cultures, food, what have you. And once in a while a hypocrite or two would tone down the fire a little by advocating gestural appreciation of other cultures. Why bother?

On the one hand we of Asian heritage should retain the Asian culture so rich and thick that no ambitious wipes could ever take away from our six senses. On the other hand, we are, here and now, Americans; we or our parents (or fore-parents) have chosen to become Americans. So like it or not, we will melt with our fellow Americans...

we must melt.

I too, have experienced my share of discrimination, venomous prejudicial slurs that really hurt, people curious about my "species" with no offense intended, people who supposed that I knew Kung Fu, etc. The frustration drove me at worst to hate all "Americans" until I've found that ignorance was the basis of prejudice, not the "evil nature" of the people of this country.

My conclusion: We must join with the American unit. We must leave our safe little Asian community havens and infiltrate America proper, assert our rights and inject our beliefs and recommendations into America... after all, it's our country as

well... it's our right. We must not accuse the Asian-American who has taken and embraced another culture of losing her/his heritage while with America, we must not suppress our knowledge of Asia to make room for that of America, for the Asian-ness we have we need to pass on to the locals. We also must not allow excessive Asian pride to cloud our judgments and hinder our absorption of American culture. If we don't like the culture that we have to absorb now, we should participate in it, influence it, change it, mold it into our favor. If any Asian-Americans cannot deal with this, I suggest that they go (back) to Asia where they belong (same goes for African-Americans, European-Americans, etc.) America is not meant for cultural purists (like #%@\$!! David Duke and Don Black).

It is highly unlikely that any Asian-Americans

who had it easy enough to have experienced Asian culture already will ever forget the ways. But in the process of melting with America, we must not suppress our knowledge of Asia to make room for that of America, for the Asian-ness we have we need to pass on to the locals. We also must not allow excessive Asian pride to cloud our judgments and hinder our absorption of American culture. If we don't like the culture that we have to absorb now, we should participate in it, influence it, change it, mold it into our favor. If any Asian-Americans cannot deal with this, I suggest that they go (back) to Asia where they belong (same goes for African-Americans, European-Americans, etc.) America is not meant for cultural purists (like #%@\$!! David Duke and Don Black).

No, the Chinese people are not the most superior people in the world; NO ONE IS. But the melting pot is a darn good idea... I subscribe to it, I believe in it. For now, I will continue to ha-

**We ...must not allow excessive Asian pride to cloud our judgments and hinder our absorption of the American culture**





**Studies**, Continued from page 10  
culture." All interested parties are encouraged to join; activities include regular meetings as well as other events such as film screenings, guest lecturers, and open forums. You may contact the collective by leaving a message in their mailbox, located in the literature office or by looking for their flyers.

Richard Fernandez is a UCSD graduate student in Literature.

**Melting**, Continued from Page 11  
rass those Asian-Americans who refer to white people as "Americans", who call the black people "blacks," and who ask fellow Asian-Americans the burning question: "So, where're you from?" I will call myself an American versed in more of Asian ways than your average American. I will call my home "Chula Vista, California." But I will not disappear. I will melt with a "Bang!" and the average Joes around me will get an education in Asia, and I will get one from them on local Americana.

I'm glad that my little world bubble had collapsed ten years ago, for I'm no longer the ignorant "frog at the bottom of a well" (Chinese proverb).

**Wei-min "Brian" Chiu**

**Morrison**, Continued from Page 8  
Circle Award for fiction, *Tar Baby*, 1981, *Beloved*, 1987, winner of the 1988 Pulitzer Prize for fiction, and *Jazz*, 1992. These are major novels that deal compellingly with the human condition.

Before she gave up her editing position at Random House, she was also the editor for a number of very fine African American writers such as Angela Davis, Lucille Clifton, June Jor-

dan Leon Forrest, Henry Dumas, Gayle Jones and others. And now, after six novels, a play, *Dreaming Emmett*, produced in 1985, lyrics for "Honey and Rue," an opera commissioned by Carnegie Hall in 1992 for Kathleen Battle, with music by Andre Previn, Toni Morrison has turned her attention to nonfiction and published—also in 1992—her first book of essays, *Playing in the Dark: whiteness and the lit-*

*erary imagination*, Harvard University Press, which are from three William E. Massey Sr. lectures given at Harvard University as well as from materials gathered from a course in American Literature Ms. Morrison taught at Princeton University.

Her latest book, a collection of essays on Anita Hill and Clarence Thomas by a number of writers, for which she served as editor, is *Race-ing Justice*,

*En-Gendering Power*, published by Pantheon. Currently, she is Robert F. Goheen Professor in the Council of Humanities at Princeton University. Ms. Morrison previously taught at Yale, Bard College and Rutgers Universities.

With all these duties—add to this the raising of two sons—Toni Morrison always gave back to the community by participating in local events. I know, because I have asked her to read or give support on a number of occasions for a local writing organization I am involved with in New York City and she has always helped when she could. And these, mind you, are benefits.

I would like to close on a personal note by saying, Toni Morrison and I have been friends for over 20 years: I gave her a Russian blue cat and watched over her son, Slade, when he would come down to New York City from Toni's upstate home on weekends: she even blessed me by writing some of *Tar Baby* in my apartment when she rented it while I was away for almost a year in Sacramento, California, in 1978.

But I think the greatest service Toni Morrison has provided me beyond her luminous, wise and necessary writing is when she told me one day that I would be a fool if I lost a certain lady I was dating, because as she told me then and continues to tell me now, Margaret Porter is the real thing. I listened to her and now, 16 years later, I'm still with Margaret, and she has since become my wife, and we have a wonderful son, named Porter and a great life together.

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A flavorful, tasty favorite that's sure to burn up the crowd with only three ingredients needed!

# EXTRA HOT WINGS

## THE STUFF:

Chicken wings (base on number of people to serve)  
Garlic powder or garlic salt  
Bottle of hot sauce

## HOW TO:

Preheat oven to 400°F. Arrange wings on foil-lined baking sheet. Sprinkle generously with garlic powder or garlic salt.

Bake for 25 minutes. Remove, flip wings over, and resprinkle with garlic. Broil for 10 minutes, watch carefully.

Remove from oven. Shake hot sauce over wings in plastic bag until evenly coated. Transfer to plate. Enjoy!

### Momentum

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