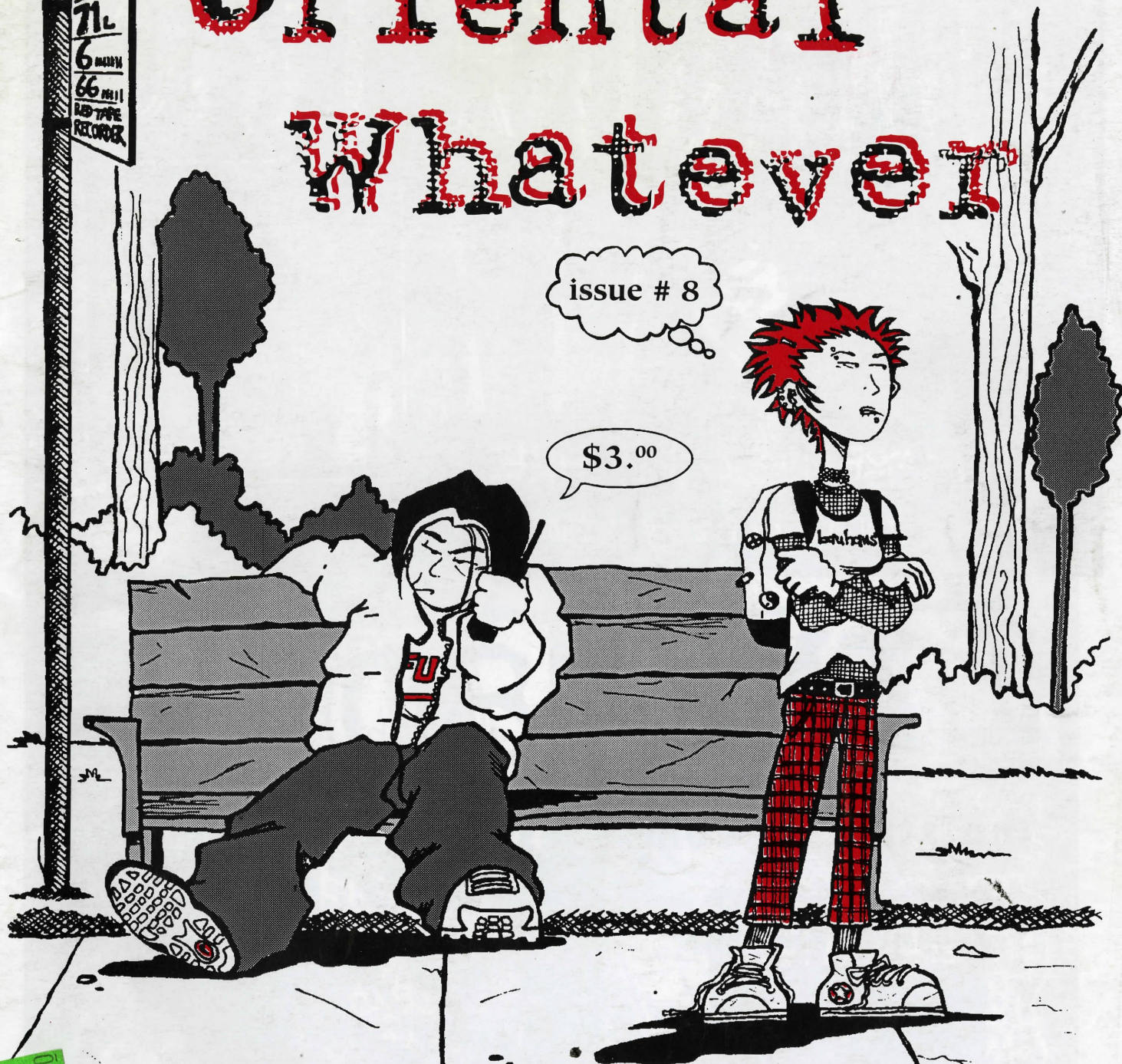


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issue # 8

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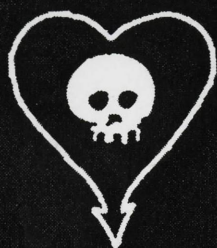


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Battle in Seattle
Red Panda Acrobats
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Ramen Recipes
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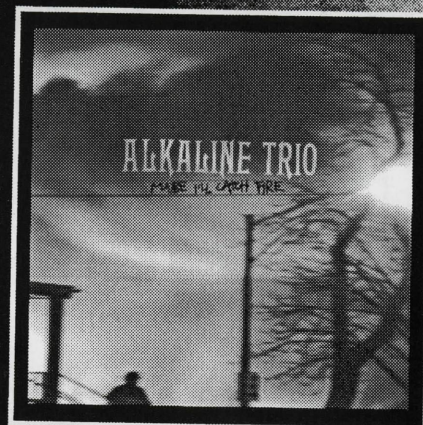
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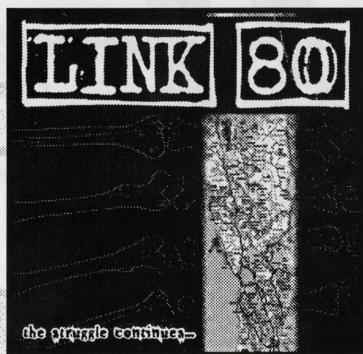
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oriental whatever

A Magazine of Asian American Issues and Antics

Issue #8 (vol. 2 #1) March 2000

The Official Magazine of the New Whatever

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Wayne Huey

Eric Mar

Props

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18 Mighty Mountain Warriors

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Theatre Yugen/Noh Space

Kearny Street Workshop

Southern Exposure

Tom Ammiano

Rex Navarrete

The Simpsons

Mom

Oh Hi There

, my name is Dan Wu and this is my zine.

Some of you may think this is a magazine. Well, that's fine, too. I've been dancing around the question of legitimacy for some time now. To stay in the comfortably dank and warm underground or to face the fluorescent lights of the mainstream —that was the question. I have come to realize that I wanted to reach more readers than a zine could. For models, I looked to *Bitch*, *Bark* and *Punk Planet* —all of which have glossified and improved their production values without compromising their editorial integrity. New face, same spirit. It is in that spirit I venture forth with the new face of Oriental Whatever.

Oriental Whatever #8 again explores the various facets of the wide world of Asian American-ness. We talk with a playwright, an activist, two acrobats and a puppeteer. We delve into a story of childhood racism, the legislated racism in New Jersey, getting gassed in Seattle, a love for Akira Kurosawa and the Simpsons' Apu. We give you new ways of cooking Ramen.

With this issue, Oriental Whatever begins its regular sections —True Stories of Asian America, an ongoing comic, Cherry Pop, a sex & love column, Shame of the Orient, a journal of embarrassment, recipes, letters, and the ever-present film and zine reviews. Coming soon: book reviews by our resident scholar Wei Ming Dariotis.

As a magazine getting on its feet and off the ground, Oriental Whatever needs your help. We are looking for writers, artists, photographers and people with stories to contribute to the diverse chorus of voices that makes up Asian America. If nothing else, write us a letter. Love us, hate us, just don't ignore us. Put us in your bathroom, on your coffee table or in your library. Pass it on to a friend. Leave it on the bus.

Thanks for reading,

Dan Wu

1/24/2000

Glossary of Frequently Used Terms:

APA	-Asian Pacific American
API	-Asian Pacific Islander
AA	-Asian American
hapa	-Person of mixed Asian ancestry

For submissions, subscriptions, ad rates or whatever, write:

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Coming Soon...**the Special Hapa Issue of Oriental Whatever.**

We are looking for essays & stories exploring hapaness in relation to things like films, books, ethnic group stuff, desire, food, etc. Let's please avoid the "Love Sees No Color" stuff, thanks.

Some questions to get you started:

- 1) Do you feel closer to your mother's or your father's culture?
- 2) Do you identify with the ethnicity implied by your last name?
- 3) What do your dating choices say about how you identify yourself ethnically?
- 4) What hapa celebrities do you identify with and why?
- 5) How does being hapa relate to being Asian Pacific American?
- 6) How do you answer the "What Are You?" question?

Deadline is 4/15/2000

email submissions to
orientalwhatever@hotmail.com

...and John Wayne as Genghis Khan

Great to pick up the new issue last night. About halfway through and enjoying every bit. Color on the cover--pretty slick. I too was interested in the appropriation stuff from #6 (then saw the echo of it in the Guardian). It's a tricky issue and I sometimes think it has similar problems/complexities that race-based casting has. There is no doubt that some things can make your stomach curdle (Cagney as an American Indian, e.g.--and sadly one of many. They used to spray whities red, and they even sprayed Indians red, for a more "authentic" look.)

But can you cast a Greek as an Italian? A German as a Swede? A Frenchman as a Tahitian? A Tahitian as a Frenchman? (Some are stickier than others, no doubt) I just saw Rushmore (wonderful) and noticed that the character of Margaret Yang (also wonderful--and no accent!) was played by a woman with a Japanese surname (I think it was Tanaka.) Whaddya think? Maybe she has a Chinese Mother. Maybe not. It's tricky.

I wish there were an equivalent zine to yours called Hebe Whatever or Yid Whatever or Jew Whatever. Is there such a thing? For now, I am already looking forward to #8.

Ben Brand
San Francisco, CA

The Muslim Stereotype

In issue #7, you have a page called "the Phantom Stereotype". I appreciate the way you pasted this together explicitly -it's one thing to hear this criticism of the movie, another to see it displayed visually. I also liked how you put the lyrics to Monty Python's "I like Chinese" in

LETTERS

there - I had completely forgotten about that.

HOWEVER, on page 46 you have "Fundamentalist Funnies". What's up with that? Pointing out stereotypes of Asians, then turning around and stereotyping Arabs and Muslims? I think it's inappropriate, on the same level as *Star Wars The Phantom Menace* and "I like Chinese".

I still like the zine though...

Harry Bridge
Berkeley, CA

Racist Whatever

I don't know if you caught wind of it on the zinesters mailing list or whatnot, but someone was saying something about your zine being racist -something about one of your statements about Hispanic dishwashers. I can't quite remember. And also how your zine in itself is very limiting and boxes Asians into a particular stereotype. I wanted to -I should have -come to your defense. Even though I couldn't remember the exact context of the Hispanic dishwasher statement, I figured it was sarcasm -something very tongue in cheek. As far as your focus on Asian pop culture, I've always figured it was a sincere expression of cultural pride, mixed with a bit of fun & geeky, slightly outrageous excitement.

Menghsin Horng
Sidetracked
Ann Arbor, MI

Ed: Wow, I thought I was oversensitive. The key is CONTEXT, people. Read between the lines.

Mad Max Meets Bruce Lee in the Dawn of 2000

Dan, you wouldn't believe the craziness here in Stockton on New Year's Eve. One party I went to looked like a bad war movie set. The food was good, but man, the weapons! It looked like "Mad Max Meets Bruce Lee in the Dawn of 2000". Old bolt-action rifles, shotguns, chop-pers (no, not motorcycles but kitchen knives), pistols and edged weapons from the past. I guess everyone was a little afraid of Y2K. To prepare for the new year, one of my friends got a used hibachi, 200 pounds of charcoal, a kung-fu broadsword and a Russian bolt-action rifle. He said that it was the type that his father used to shoot at Americans during the war. I asked him which war, but he didn't reply.

Alan Satow
Last of the Neo-Goths
Stockton, CA

Short Round update

I got some info on Mr. Ke Hay Quan (AKA Data AKA Shortround). I remember seeing him in an episode of "Tales from the Crypt" a while back. In the episode (sorry, name eludes me) he's some camcorder carrying kid running around with his cronies. They end up videotaping a "murder" or something. I forgot. But there ya have it.

If you look up his name in the Internet Movie Database (us.imdb.com) it turns out he also appeared in ER in 1994. Wow. So I guess he's still hanging in there somehow.

David K Song
Hard Boiled
Berkeley, CA

In Praise of APU

by Dan WU



Apu Nahasapeemapetilon is quite possibly the longest running Asian American character on television (no to mention the longest running last name). Former semi-documented Alien, price-gouging Kwik-E-Mart employee, workaholic turned loverman, Apu has been a regular citizen of the Simpsons' Springfield for the last ten years. Several episodes have revolved around Apu, tackling such issues as arranged marriages, immigration and love. Apu is expertly voiced by the multi-talented Hank Azaria (who is much more than Mr. Helen Hunt).

Homer and Apu 2/10/94

Apu becomes Homer's personal valet to make up for selling him expired meat. James Woods takes over Apu's job. Apu & Homer journey to Kwik-E-Mart's headquarters in India and seek advice from its CEO/guru. Apu saves James Woods' life and gets his job back.

Homer: Your old meat made me sick!
Apu: I'm so sorry. Please accept five pounds of frozen shrimp.
Homer: This shrimp isn't frozen and smells funny.
Apu: Okay, ten pounds.
Homer: (accepting) Waa hool

Marge: But, Apu, the vote on Proposition 24 is on Tuesday. You'll have to pass the test before then.
Apu: Oh, no. That is not nearly enough time to learn over 200 years of American history.
Homer: Oh, it can't be that many!
Cmon, Apu, I'll be your tutor.

Much Apu About Nothing 5/5/96

A bears wanders into Springfield and leads to the passage of Proposition 24 which calls for the deportation of all illegal immigrants from the city. Apu buys an American identity from mobster Fat Tony but ends up passing his citizenship test legally.

"I do like to cook, I'm not much of a talker but I love to listen, and in my leisure time I like to build furniture and then have a discussion about where it could be placed in a room."
Apu describing himself at the Charity Bachelor Auction.

The Two Mrs. Nahasapeemapetilons 11/16/97

Apu lies to his mother, telling her he is married, prompting her to come to Springfield. Apu pretends that Marge is his wife and the Simpson children are theirs while Homer hides out at the Retirement Center. Apu's mother uncovers the ruse and Apu comes clean. At his arranged wedding, Apu discovers that his bride, Manjula, is a beautiful and witty woman.



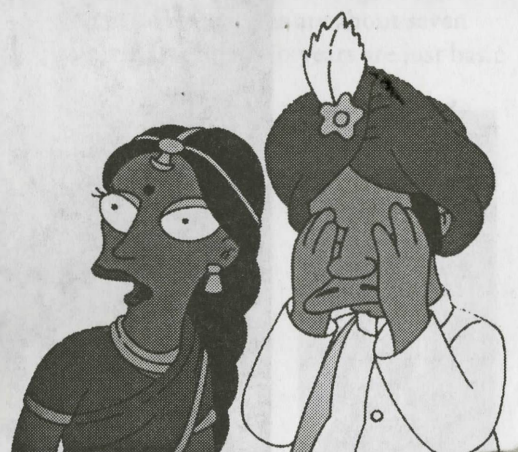
Andrea Martin
as Apu's mom

bibliography:
The Simpsons (ed: Ray Richmond)
The Simpsons Forever
(ed: Scott M. Gimple)
UPN44 returns

I'm With Cupid 2/14/99

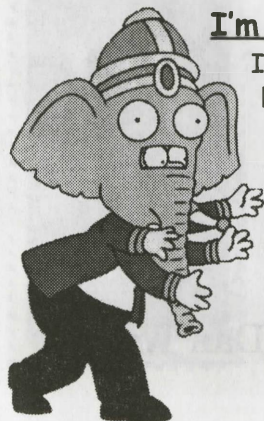
In order to make up to Manjula for his long working hours away from her, Apu showers her with romantic surprises in the days leading up to Valentine's Day.

Manjula: Until last night, I never knew Apu could be so romantic!
Marge: I can't believe it! He covered your whole ned with wildflowers.
Manjula: Oh, I'm sure Homer has done that for you.
Marge: Well, sometimes I find pickle slices in the sheets.



Jan Hooks as Manjula

Homer and the other men in Springfield feel upstaged and work to stop Apu's amorous efforts. Also starring Elton John as himself.



Homer as the god Ganesha

Don't Try This At Home

The Unicycle Bowl Flip

and Other Feats of Skill and Daring



an interview with acrobats Nancy and Wayne Huey by Dan Wu

Wayne and Nancy Huey are traditional Chinese acrobats based in San Francisco. Among their accomplishments is the Guinness Book of World Records title for "Most Bowls Flipped" by Nancy Huey. The interview was conducted after Thanksgiving 1999 in English and Mandarin.

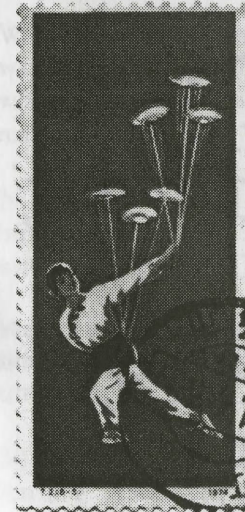
When did you start doing Chinese acrobatics?

Wayne: My situation was different than Nancy's because I was born in the United States, in San Francisco. I was what you call a late bloomer, I started when I was 22. I went to Taiwan for two years and then lived in China for five years. I met Nancy there, we got married and came back here. We've been back here for about seven years.

Nancy: I started when I was six. I am a fourth generation acrobat. I my parents decided for me (laughs)

Do you ever wish you were given a choice?

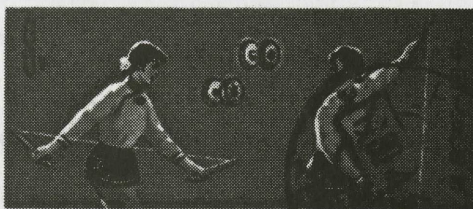
N: Oh yeah, of course I want to choose my own path. When I was young, my mom always asked me what I wanted to do when I grow up. I told her I liked painting and dancing. But why bother asking me.



(laughs) Actually I really enjoy what I'm doing. Other family members such as my sister didn't enjoy it as much.

How did you two meet?

N: We met in China, he was studying at the



Shanghai Circus School. I was performing with the Shanghai Acrobatic Troupe. They were both run by the same government agency.

W: We met through a mutual friend.

How long has your group, the Red Panda Acrobats been around?

W: The group was formed in 1991 in Shanghai.

How do you feel about the fact that something like Chinese acrobatics is not widely popular, especially here in the US and is seen more as an oddity.

W: When China opened its doors in 1979, you had a strong influx of acrobatic troupes coming to the US. It was probably more popular maybe ten years ago. As far as troupes based in the US, there aren't that many. For us that's good. (laughs)

Do you think that art form like this that's passed down within families is going to have trouble getting the younger generation interested and keeping the tradition alive?

W: It's kind of like Chinese Opera, it's slowly dying out. There's so much that

society has to offer now and it's not as glamorous as it used to be. It's not like athletes in America who are treasured and well paid. Unfortunately in China, performers aren't valued so the art forms are dying out.

N: And the training is so hard.

Tell me about some of the training you have to do.

N: You have to train six days a week, seven hours a day. When I started training with my family, I only had a half day off a week.

What kind of things did the training entail?

N: First you learn stretching, to make yourself flexible. Then you learn basic tumbling and dancing. You have to learn the handstand, which is really hard. Then the teacher will tell you which area you are best suited for and decide what you study next.

W: In China, most of the government acrobatic programs are about seven years. The first two years are just basic training. You don't learn any of the acts themselves. The training breaks down into four categories: stretching for flexibility, handstands for strength and balance, dancing for movement, and tumbling for strength and movement.



Did you select your own specialty or did the teacher?

W: For me It was my choice. Some acts were impossible for me to do because of my age.

What do your families think of what you do? (To Nancy) I know your family is probably happy. How do they feel about you being in the US?

Have you been back to China since you left?

N: I went back two years ago and four years ago.

(To Wayne) How do your parents feel about what you do?

W: Well my parents wanted me to be a doctor or lawyer...

...there are very few people who are "running off to the circus".

What made you interested in acrobatics in the first place?

W: Back in San Francisco Chinatown, I was very active in sports, I was involved in groups that performed the Lion Dance and martial arts. To make a long story short, there was one member of one of the groups that had gone to China to learn Wu-Shu. He provided the impetus for me to go to China to continue my studies. I had a strong passion for Chinese performing arts and it was difficult to get that training in San Francisco.

Since you started doing acrobatics about 15 years later than most practitioners in China, did you ever feel like your age hindered you at all?

W: Definitely. If I had started much younger I could've learned so much more. But you just have to put that aside and do your best. For me, it's more for the experience, the adventure, meeting people.

N: My parents, especially my dad, don't like me being here. He says I have everything I need in China, why would I come here?

What do you think are the main difference between the two countries?

N: Here, the sky's the limit. In China, you have deal with who is in control, who is in charge of you. If you deal with them the right way, it doesn't matter how talented you are.

It's more about politics than ability.

N: Right. No matter how talented you are if "He" says you're not talented, you're not talented. No how stupid

you are if "He" says you're capable, you're capable. You understand?

Someone in power can change your reality.

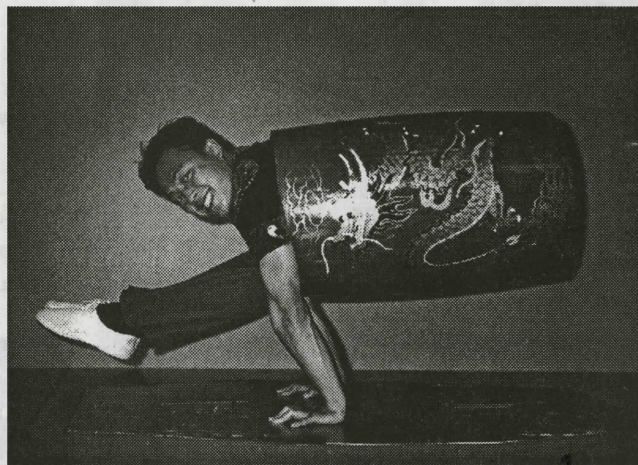
N: Right, it's totally like that. That drives a lot of people to leave the country.

Typical Asian American parents.

W: Very typical and understandable. They accept it to a point but they're still waiting for me to get a real job (laughs). I'm sure you have come across that. But being American, particularly in California, hopefully there's a bigger definition of a real job. Among my friends and among people in general, there are very few people who are "running off to the circus".

There aren't a lot of people you can look to for guidance.

W: It's very unprecedented. It was very hard for us in the beginning, when we first returned to the states, we had very little funds, we didn't know how to get it started. For the first half of the year, we had very little work, in fact we almost gave



**KICK IT,
CATCH IT,
KICK IT,
FALL,
KICK IT,
FALL...
KICK IT,
CATCH IT,
KICK IT,
FALL,
KICK IT,
FALL...**

up. Luckily, we had just played the Chinatown parade and there was a Disney scout there looking for talent. He saw Nancy on the unicycle and then contacted us through the Chamber of Commerce. Then we auditioned for Disney and worked for them for a year and a half at Epcot Center, Disney World in Florida. That provided us with the foundations on how to set up our shows.

(To Wayne) Tell me about your act.

W: My act is the **Barrel Contortion**. I get into a small 12 or 13 inch circular barrel that is painted in a Chinese style. What I do is different ways of going into and out of the barrel. It's not only comical but requires flexibility and strength. It's very physical in nature whereas the Unicycle act is very skillful. Besides the two feature acts, Nancy also performs some Chinese magic, Chinese yo-yo, I do some balancing acts.

(To Nancy) Describe your act.

N: The **Unicycle Bowl Flip** is me riding a seven and a half foot tall unicycle and placing bowls on my legs and flipping them onto my head. I set a world record for flipping six bowls at one time.

W: She goes from kicking one all the way to six at a time. She's the only woman in the world who has done this many at once.

N: After that I kicked a total of 31 bowls onto my head. So that's two world records.

Wow. I won't ask you how many times you actually fallen from the unicycle.

N: Oh, in the beginning, during the learning...it was terrible. Of course I

started on a smaller unicycle. First you have to learn how to balance bricks on your head. Then you have to learn how to balance the bowls on your head, then you learn to balance them on your foot.

When I came off the unicycle I was walking like a cripple.

W: With Chinese acrobatics there's a lot of repetition and difficulty. In seven years, you may not even learn it. You get to a point where you can spend two years learning one movement before you can move on to the next one.

N: Right. Kick it, catch it, kick it, fall, kick it, fall. Some days I'd do it 50 times and not catch one. When I came off the unicycle I was walking like a cripple (laughs). It was fun. 🐼

*The Guinness World Records
Prime Time should air this spring
on Fox.*

Wayne and Nancy Huey
are available for events of all sorts

Red Panda Acrobats
(415) 731-5037
2277 46th Ave.
San Francisco CA 94116
rpacrobats@yahoo.com



Nancy (l), Wayne (r) and Mark, the host of Guinness Prime-Time.

Pilipinos in Space!

Ramon Abad is the puppeteer for Tongue in A mood, a Pilipino American performance group that performs regularly at Bindlestiff Studios.

The first time I saw Ramon Abad perform I was astounded. He has an amazing Charlie Chaplinesque quality, which marries perfectly with the often frantic zaniness of the other Tongue in A mood folk. I've long wanted to interview this man whose work is mostly about silence, about action rather than words, and I was fortunate to actually run into him on the street near my house one day (it turns out we live, like, three blocks from each other). I think he was a little freaked out when I came up to him and said, "Hey, aren't you an actor?" and then, "Isn't your name Ramon?" Later, after he had been assured by a mutual friend that I am not some insane stalker, he came over to my garden apartment and let me bug him endlessly with my over-analytical academic questions.

WMD: How long have you been working with Tongue in A mood?

Ramon: Since August, 1997. I've been doing puppetry for 6 years. That was my "in" to tongue in A mood, being a puppeteer.

What else do you do outside of Tongue in A mood?

Shadow theater troupe called ShadowLight Productions. I've been a member for 5 years. I'm a freelance theater teacher, mostly with children, grade school, and stagecraft and puppetry. I got my experience doing puppetry at Filipino festivals and parties—a one man traveling show.

What do you feel you are accomplishing on a conceptual level with your work—what drives you?

The need to keep theater and puppetry alive in the Filipino American community, especially for kids. It is definitely part of our culture—especially theater, but it is often neglected, it's not supported enough. Especially puppetry. I have not met any other Fil-am puppeteers. I mostly work in collabora-

interview with Ramon Abad by Wei Ming Dariotis

tions. Working as a teacher I try to have more direct mentorship.

What can you tell me about working with a tight-knit community of performers?

It's great being able to learn, working with all of these talented people—learning so much about the art form. It's got to be an essential part—if you want to keep ethnic theater alive, working in a community. If you want to be part of a community you have to be able to work within a community.

The structure of the Tico Tico Puppet Show (which premiered March 9th, 1999 at Theater of Yugen's Noh Space) is half creation myth, half "Pilipinos in Space." Why this particular structure?

It was a matter of convenience. The first act was a collaboration between Lorna [Aquino-Chui] and me. She was the first other Pilipina who was interested in puppetry and mime, all the theater arts. The second act was a collaboration with Omz Velasco; he's a model maker at ILM [Industrial Light and Magic]. He was another Pilipino who was interested in Japanese Bunraku puppetry. With Lorna we were interested in doing folk tales together. And it just came out that we wanted to start at the very beginning. With Omz, we also shared a love for sci-fi, manga, and anime. We wanted to put that with Pilipino characters and context. All the cool cartoonish robots and spaceships are the physical manifestations of the larger narrative.

Do you like science fiction? What does it mean to you?

The survival of humans in the future and their relationship with technology, and nature, and outside forces, such as aliens. Aliens are a big symbol of hope for the continuation of life—more than the negative stuff—it's the hope that there are other life forms out there. . . there's this desire to meet, know, contact another forms of life.

What about the Star Trek reference, does ST have a particular meaning for you?

That just came out from trying to develop the character, working with the actor, Mark Marking, to get the character's voice. We had some general ideas about his attitude—to have the character "Jim" be a pompous conceited braggart—more interested in himself than colonizing.

What does the figure of the aswang mean to you? How does it relate to Western notions of the vampire?

The aswang character is part of these rich folk stories that I believe are indigenous to the people that have come up, and they are a way of passing on a certain respect and fear of nature. Aswangs come from nature, are part of nature. According to the stories, they come from the trees or the lakes, or the night. They are a manifestation of ways humans

can be harmed by nature if they treat it wrong.

In your show, it

Aliens are a big symbol of hope

seems as though the aswang are almost emanations or embodiments of nature—nature spirits. They have been driven out of the PI by the pressures of increased industrialization and colonization.

Yes. Also I thought it would just be fun to use a specific character from Pilipino folk lore as a way to reinforce, to continue folk lore here—to an audience that's never been exposed to it before.

So, are the aswang a kind of symbol of the dispossessed?

Yes, considering that they were forced out of their natural lands and habitat.

Do they symbolize Pilipinos in the Diaspora?

Yes, especially in the way that they have been able to adapt to a new environment and [they are] making it their own and being aggressive in being able to protect it, but with a certain sweetness, since they end up eating lunch at the end. When one of the characters speaks in Tagalog, that was the turning point for the aswang to stop her attack and reach out to her country-people.

Wei Ming Dariotis is enamored of labels. Her current labels include teacher, organizer, artist, writer, bi and hapa. She teaches Asian American Studies at SFSU and organizes artists with Kearny Street Workshop. She makes collages and she's writing a bi hapa vampire novel. She co-facilitates the San Francisco Chapter of Hapa Issues Forum (www.hapaissuesforum.org).



Koreans Go Home!

Racism is Alive and Well in Palisades Park, New Jersey

by PJ Kim

"KOREANS GO HOME"
"NO MORE KOREANS" Believe it or not, that's what a white middle aged man wrote in graffiti on the window of a Korean-American owned computer store in Palisades Park, New Jersey (about half an hour from NYC). He

**some of the protesters
carried signs that said,
"Go Home? We Are Home."**

was caught on surveillance camera. This and other acts of vandalism and graffiti occurred on the night of October 20, 1999, after a contentious town hall meeting between Korean American business owners and the town's other residents.

A little bit of background on the town: 15,000 residents, about 5000 of whom are Korean Americans. Mostly a residential town, except for a few commercial strips. 90% of the businesses are owned by Korean Americans, and they contribute 21 of the town's 42 million dollars in tax revenue.

The Democratic Mayor and town council have had a history of hostility and discrimination towards the Korean Americans in Palisades Park. The town passed an ordinance that shut down all business in town at a certain hour because of "complaints that unruly Korean American patrons were loud, aggressive and urinating in public after coming out of Korean restaurants and karaoke bars". There was one exception made for an "American Style Diner".

The Korean American merchants challenged this in court and won.

Some facts that came out during the trial: There were no citations of any Korean Americans urinating in public, but there were citations for patrons of the "American Style Diner" that was allowed to stay open. There were also numerous citations for public distur-

bance given to non-Korean patrons of the town's non-Korean owned establishments.

After the court victory, Mayor Sandy Farber asked the Korean American merchants why they didn't just give him "the finger" instead of publicly protesting his discriminatory policies. The mayor of this American Town in the 21st Century then proceeded to demonstrate to the merchants exactly what he meant by "the finger."

**"In my opinion,
this is all about business,
not about prejudice,"
-Mayor Sandy Farber**

from The New York Times
By Robert Hanley
Wednesday, November 24, 1999

"For two and a half hours, the protesters filled a block of this small town's main thoroughfare, Broad Avenue, in the largest demonstration since relations soured between town officials and Korean-American merchants in the mid-1990's.

Until now, the merchants' complaints about discrimination had been relatively quiet. But today, hundreds of protesters of all ages turned out, including six busloads from New York City.

Last month, a State Superior Court judge, Jonathan Harris, threw out a law that allowed a diner owned by a Greek-American to remain open 24 hours a day while three karaoke studios were required to close at 1 a.m. and three other

karaoke in restaurants were forced to close at 3 a.m.

The Council approved revisions of the law tonight, by a 4-0 vote, with one abstention and one member absent, that set uniform 3 a.m. closings for the diner, all the karaoke establishments, and all bars and restaurants in town. It also sets a 9 p.m. closing time for retail stores.

Toni O'Malley, a councilwoman who said her family had lived in the town for 100 years, called the law "a good balance for merchants and residents." She said that race "played no part in the passage of the law."

Afterward, Mayor Farber called the rally "very misguided." "In my opinion, this is all about business, not about prejudice," the mayor said."



He can be reached at 609.258.8418 or jhkim@princeton.edu

275 Broad Ave. Palisades Park, NJ 07650

<http://www.ppchamber.com/english/cvright/menu.html>

-Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

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Summer 1997.

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All Hail Keanu!



I first saw Keanu Reeves around '85 when he was in River's Edge. He was good in the part—a shallow teenager faced with his first moral dilemma—but there was something about his beauty, his WAY of being beautiful, that just tugged at me. A year or two later, when I read about him being mixed in an interview, I felt no surprise. In fact, I felt like I had known it all along. I think I *had* known it all along, and that was his appeal to me in the first place. He was the first hapa I had ever seen who was held up to me for my admiration, held up as a standard of beauty, and, in a weird, sort of racist way, it enabled me to think of myself as potentially beautiful. I mean "racist" in that it gave the element of physical beauty to the state of being mixed. You all know what I mean, "mixed people are always beautiful." But that was important to me in a way I can only truly appreciate now.



When I was a kid, I actually went to school with two different hapa girls at two different times. But neither was particularly popular, and both avoided behaving toward me as if we had anything in common. One of them just avoided me like the plague. The other was my "friend" but never got my back and made it clear to me that we were just friends because we were the two most unpopular girls in our almost all white school. So when I

met my first mixed girlfriend in college, one of our points in common was a crush on Keanu. the first movie we ever saw together was Point Break. We formed, jokingly, a club, called ourselves the "master race", and made Keanu our Fuhrer.



I was in the same room with Keanu once (didn't talk to him) I was backpacking around Europe and I took a ferry from Dover to Calais. He was on the same ferry. He was, of course, disappointing. He wasn't forty feet tall, he was actually kind of skinny, dressed terribly, and talked in a "Bill and Ted's" voice. He's probably not terribly bright, either. It doesn't matter. When I went to see The Matrix recently with my ex, he whispered to me in the middle of the movie, "You have the exact same look on your face that you get when you're singing."



Keanu wasn't raised by his APA father, in fact, he hardly knew him at all, so it's not surprising that he doesn't identify as Asian or hapa. But he doesn't hide it or act ashamed of it, either. He is what he is, and we're free to find that beautiful, attractive, desirable. These are not role models in the sense of people whom we should model our behavior after. But these are role models in that they are out there, as celebrities, as people who present their faces and bodies,

their physical presence and being to us every day for our inspection, in the supreme confidence that they have the right to be there, the right to do this, and the right to be admired and emulated.

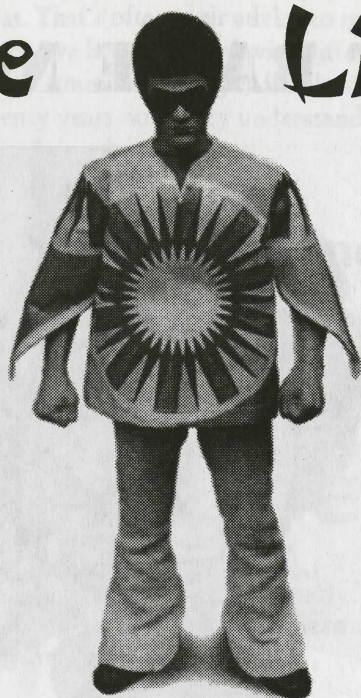
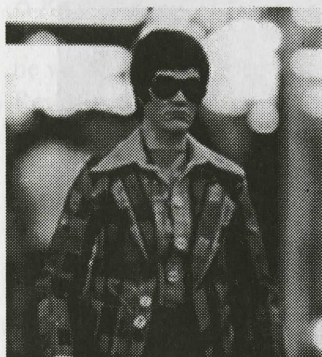


This type of role model, the image model, the pop culture icon, is fought for every day by ethnic organizations who boycott television networks for not presenting enough characters of color in their shows, or putting money into TV shows and movies, and artwork and books centering around and examining the experiences of people of color. We need to be able to see ourselves reflected back at ourselves in our popular culture. When we routinely miss seeing ourselves on the big and small screens of our society, the message is clearly that we don't exist, or else that we shouldn't exist. Keanu always felt like an ally to me, someone whose "what" was unclear to the public, but was out there anyway. I got his "what". I knew what he meant.

Keanu's a babe, and furthermore, he's OUR babe. He's us, only prettier. Like a movie star. 🍷

Claire Light just got her first flu shot. Her arm hurts. She lives in San Francisco.

Bruce Lee Lives Again!



The handsome Asian men you see here are Bruce Lee action figures hand-made by **Eric So**, an artist based in Hong Kong.

Eric molds them in plastic and also designs the ultra-pimpin' outfits you see here.

There are four different heads and twenty-four different costumes.

Yes, they are fully poseable.

His first Bruce Lee figure won ***Tomart's Action Figures Digest Award*** in 1998.

In 1999, Eric's creations have been shown in Tokyo, Hong Kong & New York City.

Eric So was born in Hong Kong in 1968 and has worked as a freelance illustrator for the past ten years. These days he is focusing more of his energy on his art

Unfortunately, they are currently **NOT FOR SALE.**

You can contact Eric So at:
sosyoyo@netvigator.com



MAMA DIDN'T RAISE NO ACTIVISTS



Gordon, Betty & Eric Mar circa early 70's. Photo courtesy of Eric Mar

Eric Mar is a San Francisco attorney and the former Director of the Northern California Coalition for Immigrant Rights. He also teaches Asian American Studies at SF State.

Where did you grow up?

I grew up in Sacramento and went to school at UC Davis. I became pretty active in Asian American studies and also the anti-Apartheid movement and Central American solidarity work.

Then I moved out to San Francisco in 1984 and got a job with the Chinatown Youth Center, became active with the Chinese Progressive Association and sat in on classes at SF State. I eventually met my wife, Sandy in an Asian American Studies class. She's a teacher in the school district here in the city. After '84, I pretty couldn't leave San Francisco. It's the center of the universe for the Asian American movement, I feel. I'm definitely San Francisco-centric.

What do you think are the main differences between a place like Sacramento—which is more like most American cities, and a place like San Francisco?

At for Asian Americans here, I feel we have a culture here which is unique and constantly changing. In Sacramento, it's a constant pressure to assimilate or to buy into fake Asian American culture—which is generally based on something that's coming from Asia or

interview with Eric Mar by Dan Wu

racist/stereotypical images of what people feel Asians should be in America.

Tell me about your parents.

My mom is forth generation (Chinese American), my dad was an immigrant. A lot of my family worked for the state of California. My dad was a draftsman, he worked for the Department of Water Resources in Sacramento. My mom was an auditor for the Department of Transportation. My dad was in World War II. He was allowed to naturalize by joining the army, so he and a couple of his brothers joined up. He was in the Air Corps. A lot of my mother's siblings were in the army as well.

Where did your dad serve?

In Sai Pan, in the Pacific. But he was stationed around the country during his training. A lot of my relatives got work in civil service for the state because racism barred Asians and other people of color from getting jobs in the private sector. So a public sector job in the 30's, 40's, 50's and 60's was one of the few options for them.

Do you think that influenced your interest in politics?

I think a lot of my family's experience made me understand my role in society. But it was taking Asian American Studies classes that made me put one and one together by understanding the history of immigration by people of color. I still ask my parents and my grandmother about their experience in this country—from Angel Island to what they do now. I think my parents' generation was trying hard to survive and make a better life for us. But they were also trying very hard to assimilate and not rock the

boat. That's often their advice to me. Since I've been involved with different Asian American struggles for about twenty years now, they understand now what I do.

my parents' generation was trying hard to survive... to assimilate and not rock the boat.

Can you recall any particularly defining stories that your parents or grandparents told you?

My grandfather on my mother's side was an alcoholic, but was also a very successful grocery and agriculture businessman. He was also very active in supporting a strong independent China. But he used to get drunk and drag my grandmother across the floor by her hair in front of my mother and my sib-

lings. My dad was one of the few people to try and stop that and see that my grandfather get some help. Some of the work that the Coalition for Immigrant Rights does is domestic violence work. Some issues like this that are hidden in our community

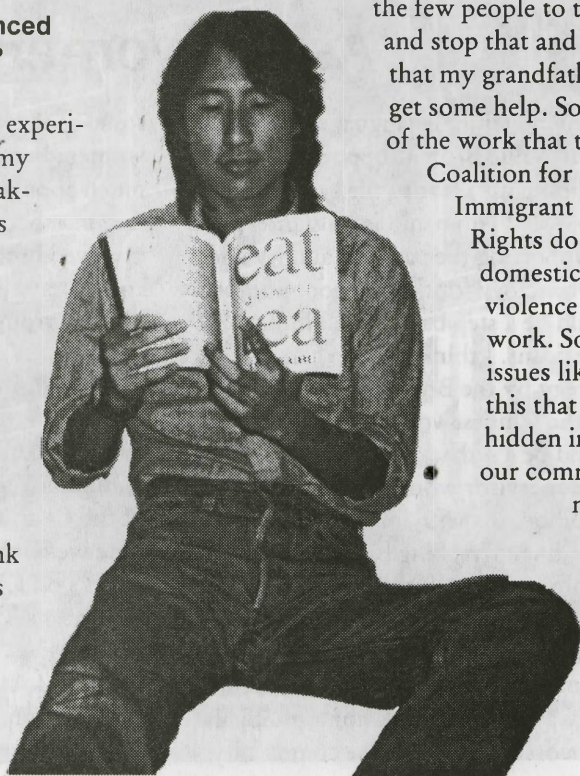
are really important. So it's not just about fighting racism or anti-Asian sentiment but also dealing with the demons within. The voices of the most vulnerable, the most oppressed are always the truest in any struggle.

Another defining incident happened about a year after the killing of Vincent Chin on June 19th of 1982, this Vietnamese high school student Thong Huynh was killed at Davis High School by a group of

white students. One of the students, James Pierman, killed him with a six inch scuba knife. They'd been taunting him, calling him "gook" and such, weeks before the killing. We formed a group called Davis Asians For Racial Equality in '83 or '84. I started taking more Asian American Studies classes. Even though Vincent Chin was more middle class but he was still an immigrant and Ton Nguyen was a refugee and I'm American born, I identified with them very strongly. Just because I'm perceived as Asian, it could happen to me, too. That's why the Wen Ho Lee case hits home for a lot of people.

What do you think of the whole Wen Ho Lee situation?

I think it's similar to the McCarthy era in the 1950's when the Chinese were scapegoated and anti-communism was so strong. The resistance within the Asian American community has been interesting to see—there are immediate responses from established Asian American organizations nationwide. I think individuals have really taken it on themselves to fight back. One of the most ironic things is that US and western imperialist countries have been spying on the third world for so long that it's ridiculous. It's clear to me from watching 60 Minutes and reading about it that they don't have anything on him. He's being singled out because he's



Eric in SF, circa mid-80's

Chinese...

I remember when this whole thing first started, some public official had said something like "Chinese or Chinese Americans had an inclination toward sympathizing with

it's not just about fighting racism, but also dealing with the demons within.

their motherland."

It's that same mentality that allowed 120,000 Japanese Americans, two-thirds of them US citizens, to be incarcerated solely because of their race during WWII.

I also read that there was not one documented case of sabotage by a Japanese American.

I guess the hysteria would be understandable under Republican administration but not under Clinton's administration which is supposedly more open and less racist.

What was your immediate reaction to finding out that Willie Brown had been reelected?

A little disappointed but not surprised. If anyone raises five to six million dollars—including \$2 million in 42 days, mostly from soft money contributions—you should win with 90% of the vote. That's one thing that Asian Week and the mainstream media—when touting a landslide victory—they selective leave out what Willie Brown and his corporate backers did to buy the election. What's interesting for the Chinese community is that a lot of the corporate money that come in through a political action committee called San Franciscans For Sensible Government

was funneled into the Sunset, Richmond and Chinatown. There were hundreds of thousands of dollars of mailers and billboards in Chinese and English that were heavily anti-communist propaganda against Ammanio. There was also a lot of smearing in the

Chinese press as well. That has a big impact on preventing us on making better decisions as an electorate.

How much do you think homophobia factored into the Chinese American and Asian American vote?

Lucy Liu...does play up some of the worst stereotypes of Asian women...

I know in Chinese language radio, different Willie Brown supporters were whipping up a fear of the gay community—that Ammanio is only interested in supporting the gay community and that a victory for the gay community would be a step back for Chinese Americans. I think it was a campaign strategy by the Brown people to turn out the Chinese vote by claiming that it would be a setback for the Chinese if a gay supervisor won. There were also big billboards with images of Ammanio and a huge wrecking ball and "Ammanio Tore Down the Central Freeway" in big Chinese characters, even though Willie Brown was another person that was opposed to the Central Freeway. I don't think homophobia is any worse in the Chinese community

than society in general. With Asians for Ammanio and People of Color for Ammanio, there was this amazing energy from younger activists and people in the community that hadn't been active in electoral politics before that were really energized by Ammanio's courageous write-in campaign. Another group I work with, APIFORCE (Asian and Pacific Islanders for Community Empowerment) was very in the campaign. We felt that if Ammanio weren't in the race, the issues of affordable housing and neighborhood empowerment wouldn't have been put out there.

Do you have any opinions about any current representations of Asians in the media—Like Lucy Liu's character on Ally McBeal, for example.

I do watch Ally McBeal and Lucy Liu is one of the attractions of the show. It's fascinating to me but I can't put my finger on it. Her character does play up


some of the worst stereotypes of Asian women, but I haven't thought that much about it. I am glad to see her getting in other movies as well. I was involved in the mid-80's with different community efforts to protest movies like Big trouble In Little China...

Oh, I love that movie (laughs)!

(laughs)...the other one was Michael Cimino's Year of the Dragon and some of the Charlie Chan remakes. At that time we felt that they were direct racist attacks on Chinese and other Asian Americans. Groups like the Chinese Progressive Association and NAATA (National Asian American Telecommunications Association) were organizing resistance to racism in the

media. Over the years, I've understood how difficult it is for actors and even those trying to create our own images to get into the industry. I'm definitely more tolerant of different images that come out.

What do you see yourself doing in ten years?

I think I'll probably be practicing law as a way of being independent, being my own boss. I'll probably still be supporting the grass roots organizations that I currently support and to help build more of a progressive electoral movement in San Francisco that holds the politicians accountable and helps to elect genuine community people to office. It's been hard — I've been working in these non-profit organizations for so long now — we're so limited in what we can do politically and creatively. But I still want to do my part. 

RESOURCES

Northern California Coalition for Immigration Rights

995 Market Street, 11th Floor
San Francisco, CA 94103
415.378.5864
nccir@igc.apc.org
www.nccir.org

National Asian American Telecommunications Association

346 Ninth Street 2nd Floor
San Francisco, CA 94103
415.863.0814
naata@naatanet.org
www.naatanet.org

Chinese Progressive Association

660 Sacramento St. Suite 202
San Francisco, CA 94111
415.391.6986
cpa@mail.ewind.com
www.progway.org/CPA.html

APIforCE

(Asian and Pacific Islanders for Community Empowerment)

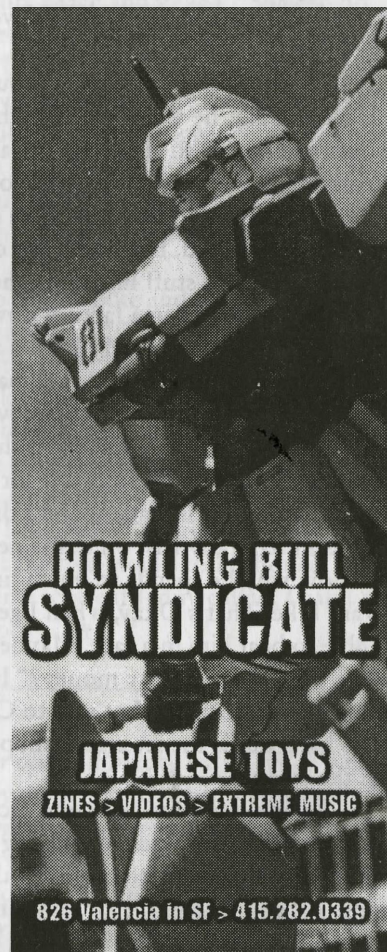
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summertime

a story by William Reed

"Look at this!" I yell. As my best friend turns to me, I lean back over the cross bar of the fire escape and pull my feet over my head, nearly dropping to the asphalt.

"Whoopee," He deadpans, while deftly picking a stray booger out of his pug nose. I wrinkle my nose and make a face. "You're so gross!" He ignores me and then drops to the ground, grabbing his bicycle. "Where are you going?" I yell.

"Nowhere" he says. Even though it must be ninety-five degrees today, he walks out into the sun. He turns his bike over and begins to clean the dirt and oil from the frame and from in between the spokes. He loves that bike. He put it together with his dad. The frame is an old Schwinn his dad got from the junkyard. His dad, a big ol' fat black man, is always bringing him stuff like that. They don't have much money. His dad works in a factory down the street and drives a big loud clunker of a car. My bike is a brand new purple Schwinn Predator with foot pegs. It has a rotor so I can spin the bars around and the brake cables won't get tangled up. When I learn how to do some tricks this will come in handy. My mom and dad bought it for me for Christmas. It's already rusty from me being impatient and riding it in the snow. His bike doesn't have any rust on it. He never lets it get rusty. I don't know why he spends so much time on it. It is still a junkyard bike. That's Okay, when I get a better bike I'll finally be able to beat him in a race. Maybe next Christmas. "Hey loser!" I yell. "You got any money?" He resumes cleaning his bike and says "A little." "Let's go to Cobbs!" I yell. Our place to hang out is the ice cream shop behind the school and across the street.

We jump on our bikes and race between the buildings and across Tiffin Avenue dodging parked cars and broken glass. After seeing who can leave the longest skid mark, we jump off and race to the counter under the patio. He gets there first, but only because he is two years older than I am.

Unrolling his sweaty mismatched tube socks he pulls out two wrinkled up dollar bills. He really needs new shoes. I can see his sock through a hole in the pinky toe part. "I got enough for both of us," he says, pulling off his hat and wiping the sweat away from beneath his nappy hair. It's this big, black, poofy, curly mess. A couple of times a year his father takes him into the bathroom and buzzes all his hair off. It must be about that time. "Hey Billy!" I hear as he leans against the counter. "Hello Jenny," he says to the pretty girl behind the small sliding glass door. After checking with me he says, "I want two Cobbs Coolers, please." "What kind?" Jenny asks. "Two strawberry with a twist." Our usual. Cobbs Coolers must be the greatest invention ever made. Imagine a big slushy with soft ice cream in it. Man! It makes the frequent brain freeze you get, from eating too fast, worth it. A few minutes later we are sitting at a big red fiberglass table under the patio enjoying the cold Coolers.

"Hey Billy, who's that girl?" I ask in a low voice. "That's Jenny Reiman. She's in my grade," he says. "She's pretty cute, huh?" I nod nonchalantly and stir my ice cream. After this summer break Billy will be going away to Adams Junior High School while I'm still in fifth grade at Mills. Lucky bum. I think that Billy has a crush on her. Every few seconds he looks over to see if she is looking at him. She isn't.

"Hey Billy!" We hear. Barely ducking the ice cream and spit that he coughs up, I start laughing at him. He turns red. Well I guess you can say dark red since he is pretty brown already. "H-huh?" he stutters. He's two years older than I am and he's never even kissed a girl or held a girl's hand. "Come here" Jenny yells through the screen. Pushing up his big clunky glasses and flashing me a cheesy gap toothed grin he walks up to the counter while I watch. "Yeah?" he says. She smiles and asks "What are you guys doing?" "We're just riding around." He says. I see her lean down close to the screen and Billy does the same. A few min-

utes later he comes back to the table, give me a funny look and grabs his Cooler. "Let's go." Glancing at the window I see Jenny staring at me and I ask him, "Well stupid? What did she say?"

By that time Billy had already jumped on his bike started to pedal away. I jumped on mine and went after him, nearly crashing into a parking block because I'm riding with one hand. Licking the reddish mixture that splashed onto my wrist I yell, "Wait up!" He slows and I get alongside. "Well?" I say. Without looking at me he says, "She wanted to know who you were." "She did?" I whisper. "Stop lying!" "Hey! Wait up!" I yell because Billy chucks his cup into the grass and tears off down the sidewalk back to the school. He's so fast that I have no hope of catching him. I really don't mind since he has this habit of getting hit by cars and sliding out in gravel. Billy has a lot of scabs.

I finally catch up to him and he's doing bike tricks in the empty school parking

lot. After a while of watching him spinning on his pegs and hopping all over the place, I yell, "Are you going to tell me what she said?" "She wants to go to Cedar Point with us tomorrow," He says. "She thinks you're cute."

Cedar Point is a big amusement park across the bay. Every year all the kids in town usually get season passes and take the ferry boat over to the park. During the summer time we scrounge up three dollars for the boat and go over a few times a week. Billy's never had a season pass since they cost a lot of money. My dad got me one already this year. "I gave her your phone number" Billy says. "Alright! Can you go? Do you have enough money?" I ask. "I don't know." He says looking at the ground. Billy always says that when I ask about money. "Let's go back to the fire escape." I say, riding off.

This time I beat him. After rubbing it in for a while we climb up onto the bars holding up the stairs. They're only about six feet high but we don't want the old people across the street to come out and yell at us. Billy's mom yelled at me before for tracking mud into his house. I couldn't understand what she was saying because she doesn't speak English that well. I think she's Chinese or something. When the street-lights come on, she walks to the corner and yells at the top of her lungs "BILLY! COME HOME!" She's a nice little woman that's always trying to feed me because I'm so skinny. Billy is skinnier than me but his little brother's fat. I don't think his other brother knows me. He's always gone.


I'm teaching Billy the diarrhea song when this blonde girl walks over, jumps on his bike, and starts to ride off. "Hey kid! I'm taking your bike!" She yells. "She's stealing your bike, Billy!" I yell. It's funny that she said kid because she looked younger than us. Billy jumps down and starts to run after her, yelling for her to stop. He gets around the front of the bike and grabs the bars slowing the bike to a stop. "Get off of it! This is mine!" Billy yells. "Fuck you!" she yells back. I get there just in time to hear this loud yell.

"HEY!" We both turn to see this big kid—he must be in high school—running over to us. He's tall and has long greasy blonde hair. He's got on tight jeans and a tank top with a red bandanna tied around his leg just below the knee.

"Get your hands off of her!" He shoves Billy away from the bike. "Who the fuck do you think you are touching her!" he screams. "I didn't touch her. She tried to take my bike." Billy said, trying hard not to show how scared he was. I could see his hands shaking as the big kid yelled at him. Billy flinched as the guy stuck his finger in Billy's face and yelled. "She can do whatever she wants, you fucking nigger!"

The girl got off the bike laughing and said "Yeah, you, nigger." I thought this was weird because my dad always told me that only bad black people are called "niggers", not the good ones. The big kid picked up Billy's bike and threw it as hard as he could. "There's your fucking bike, boy!" the guy said and then walked off with the girl, looking back with a satisfied grin.

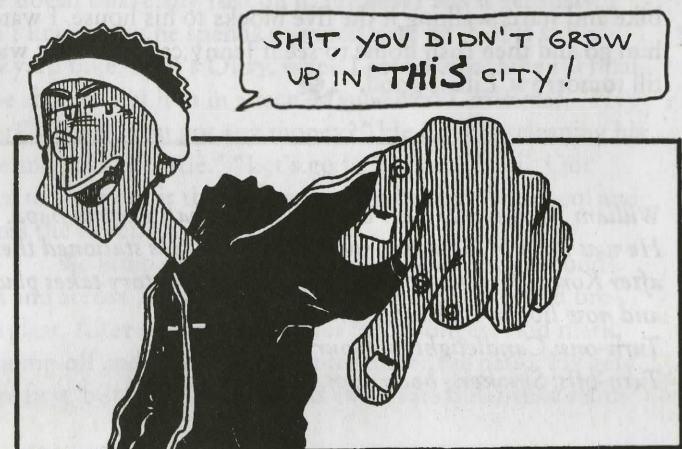
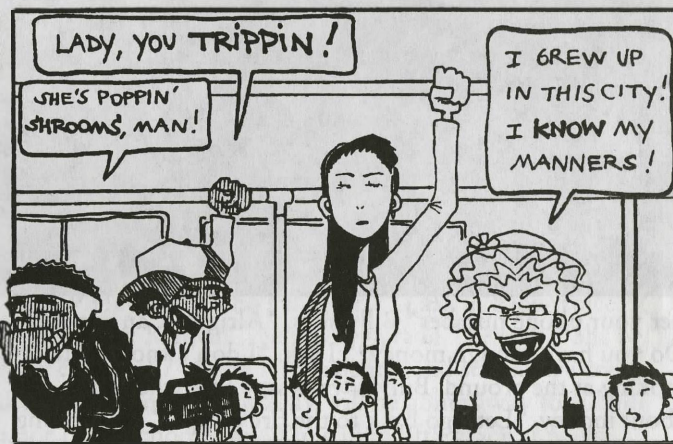
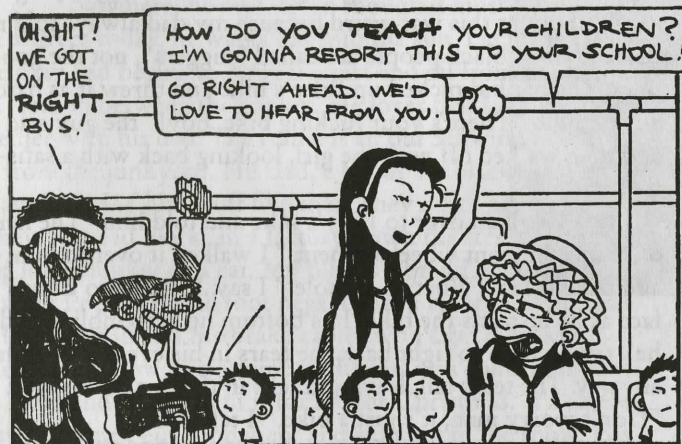
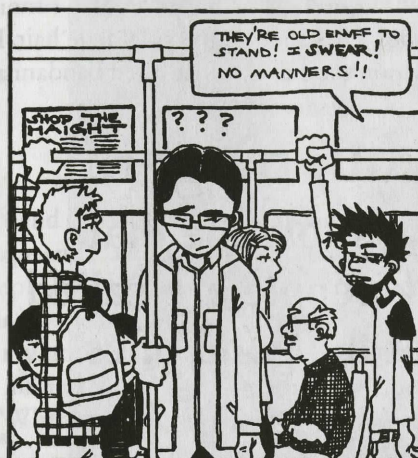
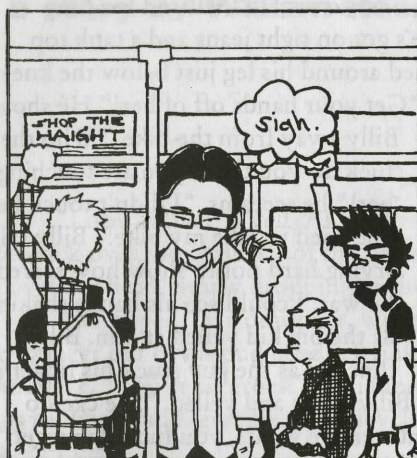
I walked over to Billy's bike and told him "The handle bars and front wheel are bent." I walked it over to him and he takes it. "What an asshole." I say. I look into Billy's face as he inspects the bike. His bottom lip is trembling and he's trying hard to fight back the tears in his eyes. They come anyway. The tears fall, leaving tracks in the dirt on his face. "Don't worry man, it's just a bike." I tell him.

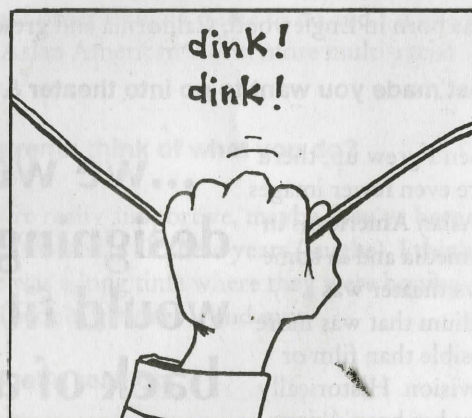
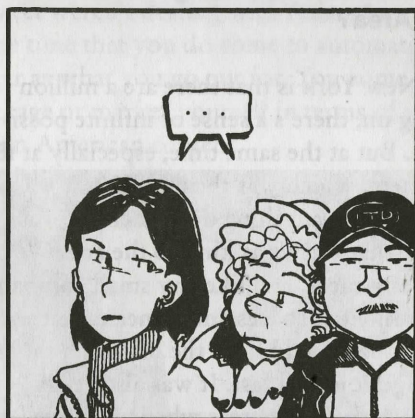
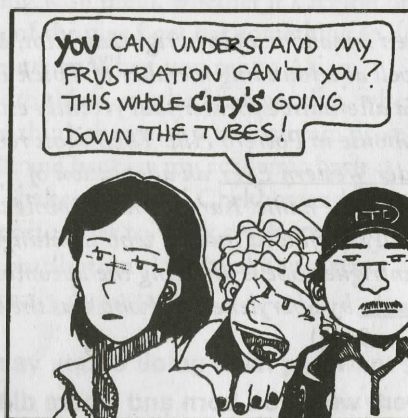
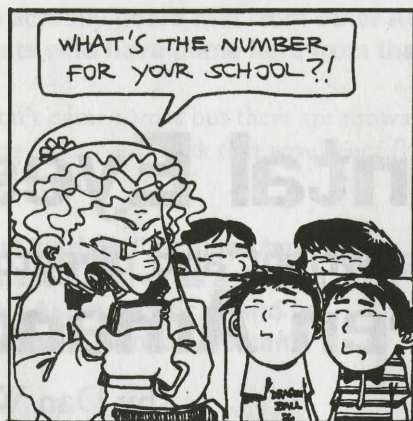
"I'll talk to you later, man" he says. He takes the bike and starts walking it the five blocks to his house. I watch him go and then rush home to see if Jenny called. I can't wait till tomorrow. Life is good. 

William Reed is a 27 year old half black- half Korean hapa. He was born in Germany while his father was stationed there after Korea. He was born in Ohio where the story takes place and now live in Lancaster CA.

Turn-ons: Candlelight, potpourri, and kittens.

Turn-offs: Smokers, body odor, and pudding.





Under Oriental Eyes

interview with playwright and director

Karen Amano

by Dan Wu

Karen Amano is a playwright, director, actor and dramaturge as well as a founding member of Thick Description, a Bay Area alternative theater that recently established a permanent playhouse in Potrero Hill. Their most recent production was Under Western Eyes, an adaptation of a Joseph Conrad novel of the same name. Karen Amano wrote the play about a morally conflicted student who is entangled in a web of political intrigue. She is directing the upcoming play Knock Off Balance by Sherylene Lee (who was the little girl in Flower Drum Song).

Where were you born and where did you grow up?

I was born in Englewood, California and grew up in the area.

What made you want to go into theater & acting?

When I grew up, there were even fewer images of Asian Americans in the media and in some ways theater was a medium that was more possible than film or television. Historically, there has been Asian

American theater that is created by and for AA in a way that only until recently has started occurring in film. I've always been interested in theater and its immediacy. I also think that theater is a medium that is kinder to the word, to text.

Have you always wanted to go into the arts?

It was something I've been involved in since I was a kid. Although my parents have a typical (Japanese American) bio: my dad was an aerospace engineer and my mom was a school nurse. I don't know what they did to my brother and me, but he's a graduate student in philosophy. I don't know if they dropped us on our heads or something.

You didn't follow the engineer/law school/med school plan.

(laughs) No, we didn't.

Tell me about moving to the Bay Area from New York.

I've been in the Bay Area for over ten years. I first worked as an actor in New York. I was in a doctoral program in comparative literature at Columbia and I basically quit to become an actress (laughs).

What are the differences between doing theater in New York versus the Bay Area?

The great thing about New York is that there are a million different things going on, there's a sense of infinite possibilities all the time. But at the same time, especially at the time when I was there, which was the mid-80's, it was a really difficult time to get anything done there. It was getting to be a time that wasn't as kind to the arts. We did start the company there, and like any small company we'd rent these funky little spaces and it meant that we were designing sets that would fit in the back of a cab (laughs). And that got old real fast. It was also really hard to make a splash there, whereas when we moved out to San Francisco, we were really able to make some noise in our first year, get press coverage, get people excited about what we were doing.

Do you think the audiences are different?

There's definitely an alternative art scene in New York, there's no question about it, but I think here it definitely flourishes. Certainly from an Asian American perspective, the audience here is a lot more politicized. The Asian American audience has come to expect a certain amount of political context with Asian American work. The mainstream press has also come to expect that from Asian American work.

**...we were
designing sets that
would fit in the
back of a cab.**

I've actually heard that from other Asian American artists who have come here from the East Coast.

I won't name names but there are shows that you hear about going on in New York that would not fly here. And I think that's good.

What kind of difficulties have you encountered as a woman, as an Asian American and as an Asian American woman?

Obviously it goes both ways. I would say it more has to do with being an Asian American than being a woman. It's only recently that women have reached the highest levels of leadership in theater organizations. For me, being Asian American is much more a part of the identity that I bring with me as an artist.

Do you think it's more of an obstacle as far as getting things done, getting gigs, getting media attention or do you think it helps more?

I've been doing this a long time and the benefits and the obstacles are so integrated into my being that it's hard for me to even parcel them out. I mean, obviously you probably wouldn't be talking to me if I weren't Asian American, if the project weren't dealing with Asian American content. At the same time that you do come to automatically censor yourself as far as what you go out for. You come to be able to only package or market yourself in terms of your relationship to Asian American content.



Harold Byun and Kelvin Han Yee in *Under Western Eyes*

That's always been a debate for women or minority artists, do you market yourself as this ethnicity or gender or sexuality or do you say you are an artist and "don't see me for all this other stuff."

I don't think you can even say "I'm an artist and I don't

bring any of that..." I think it's also disingenuous for a white man to say that

...obviously you probably wouldn't be talking to me if I weren't Asian American

they don't bring anything with them, whether it's region or class or whatever. Most of the gigs I get has something to do with Asian American content. When you see an Asian American gig, you start to think, maybe I can get that, whereas you don't necessarily think that with a mainstream project. It used to really frustrate me because my academic background was in classics, Shakespeare and Chekhov and I haven't had a lot of opportunities to work on that stuff. I think that the kind of contributions I can make to Asian American projects are really important.

All in all, would you say you're doing what you want to do?

Yeah. Sure there are other things I'd like to do and I'd like for there to be more Asian American work, more multi-racial work going on.

What do your parents think of what you do?

They're really supportive, maybe they've been beaten down by all these years (laughs). I think there was a long time where they were hoping that I would get over it and quit.

And get a real job.

I actually have a real job now (laughs). At this point they're really supportive. There was a time when I was really going to quit and my mom was kind of happy about it. When she started telling her friends, they were so disappointed. They were all really glad that I was championing Asian American works and in some way being a pioneer for Asian American art. That's something (my parents) have finally come to be very proud of me for, even if I'm not rich and don't have a Lexus (laughs).

The Taste of Tear Gas

First-hand Accounts of the Battle of Seattle



It was a grand sight, though, really impressive with "We Shall Overcome" wafting in the distance. -ihk

Rich Cranor

words by

Irene H. Kuniyuki (ihk)

Doug Lane (dl)

Gloria Pacis (gp)

images by

Rich Cranor

Irene H. Kuniyuki

Dean Wong

(The bus driver) stopped the bus and ran out onto the street. Most of the passengers were confused, pissed off and asking how they were going to get home. -dl

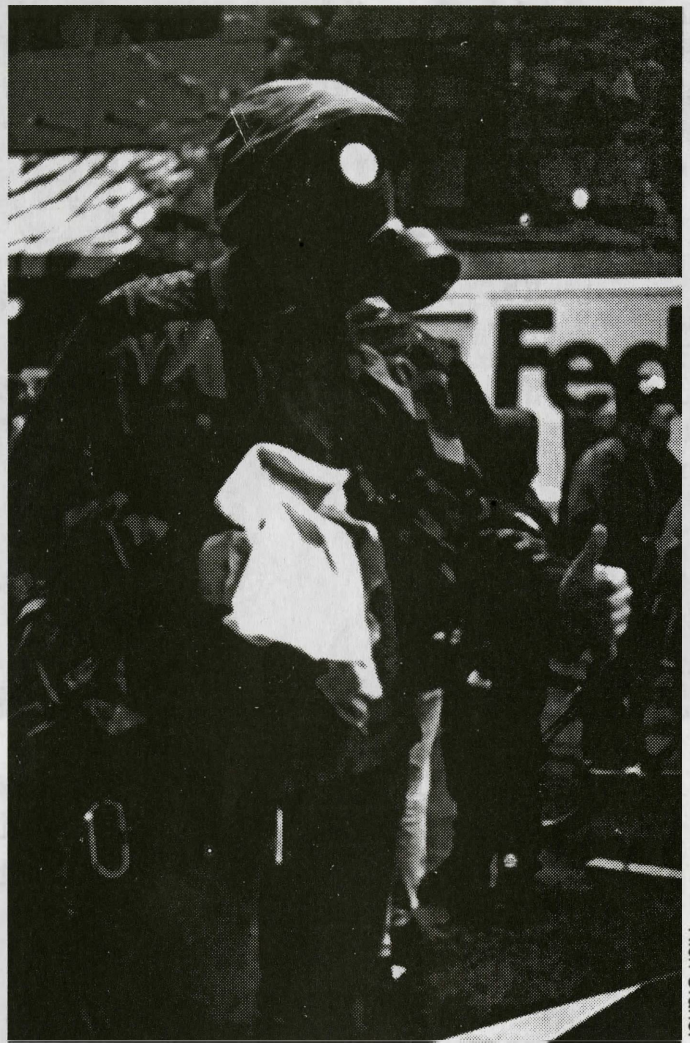


New art adorns the outside of Planet Anarchy Hollywood

Rich Cranor

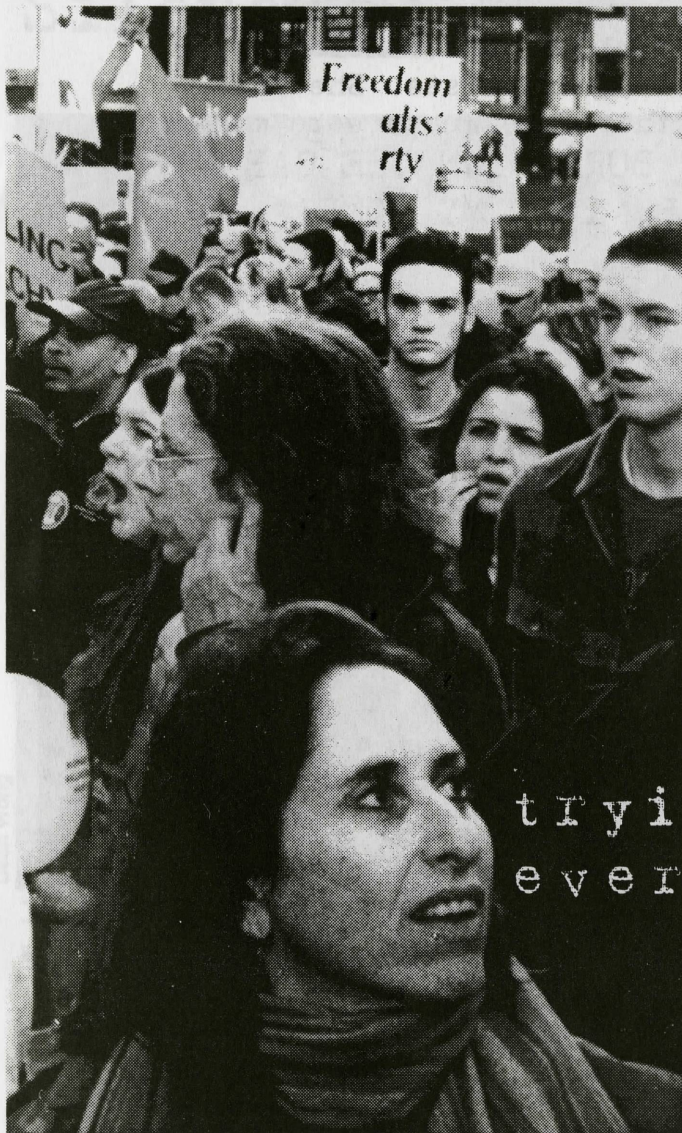
I can still hear the drone of big black government helicopters in the distance. I have a friend who says that the government can change the weather **-make it rain** for big protests by seeding the clouds with chemicals. -ihk

Behind me a girl followed, obviously trying to escape the pepper spray. I found out that she was from Portland. We both had to pee really bad. -gp



Rich Cranor

Tear gas? No problem!



Irene H. Kuniyuki

Most of the protesters were very concerned about the well being of others on the streets -sharing their water and food. I'd never seen that before at other Seattle protests. These people were well-trained in civil disobedience and were

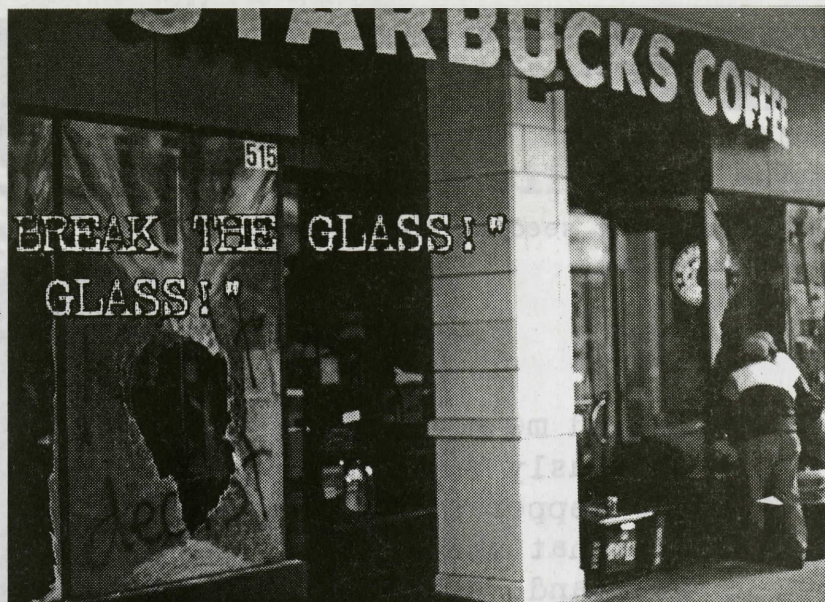
trying to keep everyone calm. -ihk

I heard this horribly shrill sound as the anarchists were swinging at the glass windows with hammers and crowbars. The Protesters were chanting

"NOOOOOO -DON'T
"DON'T BREAK THE

Some of the protesters were running up to the windows, trying to keep the anarchists away.

-ihk



Rich Cranor

There was an angry Cambodian girl on the corner cussing and spitting at the white environmentalists. She was yelling that she didn't care that foreigners were making her clothes... "JUST DON'T BURN DOWN THE GAP OR NIKETOWN... I LIVE THERE, IT'S MY HOME!"

-ihk

Across the street, we spotted some unsavory cigarette smoking men with squiggly wires in their ears, talking into their coffee cups. I film them. 'Bug 1' has a terry cloth roll-up hat on, smoking a pipe. As we approach, he turns and signals to 'Bug 2'. Jojo approaches 'Bug 1' with a video camera and asks him what he's doing. 'Bug 1' barks "Move On!" Where's Mulder when you need him?!

-ihk



Rich Cranor

Ka-Boom POP pop POP Pop
 The sound of people gasping
 Silence.

-ihk

Rich Cranor



Dean Wong

I got home about 6:40 PM, my family was eating dinner and watching the "Breaking News", probably looking for me. -ihk

Rich Cranor is a 25 year old student who works as an assistant photographer for a fashion photographer but he prefer guerrilla -style photo-journalism when the shit gets real.

Irene. H. Kunlyuki, sansel photo/video documentarian: Images from the mundane to the bizarre, she's got it all. Whatever/whenever. This year she's shooting pinhole and video, the two ends of the optical spectrum. She likes a good challenge.

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Pay attention youngsters, it's the
**Akira Kurosawa Essay
 Contest Winners!**



Akira Kurosawa changed my life. I was an unassuming, consuming, sexually charged, mentally challenged, wee-thing (female, of course) before I saw *Rashomon*. A former high-school cheerleader who watched sitcom reli-

The Seediness of Truth

by Shira B.

giously (i.e. *Friends*, *Melrose Place*, *Dawson's Creek*), ate at chain restaurants (*Olive Garden*, *Chevy's*, *Applebee's*, *Burger King*) and rendezvoused with tan, blonde, silicon-infested bubble-gum chewing girlfriends (my home-gals) at malls and outlet stores. We bought high-heeled shoes, designer bubble-bath, tight shirts and hair accessories. We congregated at

the mall's food-court and talk shit about everyone, over steaming plates of greasy chow-mein. We compared results to surveys we'd taken in *Cosmo* and planned outings to stiletto-friendly *Billboard* top-ten-hits-play-

ing dance clubs. I dated men whose six-packs and glowing, moussed coifs nearly

masked the fact that their IQs. were smaller than my bra size (I'm flat, OK?). These men took me to see formulaic, Hollywood flicks (i.e. *Flubber*, *Wild Things*, *Cruel Intentions*). Yes, extraneous violence, big tits and bare-ass close-ups were a must. They (these jocks) would get me boozed up on flat, American beer at sports bars and then allow me watch them wax their fire-

engine red sports cars. I was a consumer, in the classic sense. I lived and breathed for cosmetic-counter freebies, bitch drinks (i.e. *Sex on the Beach*, *Malibu*) with the gal pals, and hot sex with the jock flock.

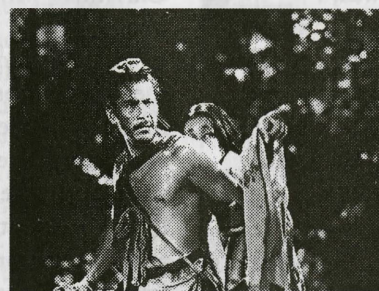
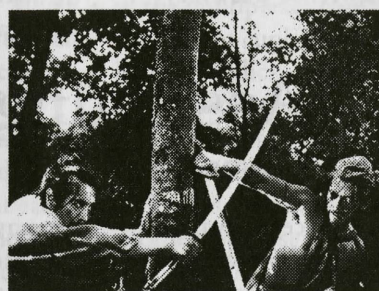
That all changed when I saw *Rashomon*, for the first time, during an Introduction to Cinema class at San Francisco State University. I had signed up for the course on default--Introduction to Swimming was full. Little did I know that this academic, general education fluke would alter my life. Forever!

As *Rashomon* progressed, I began questioning all that I held as true and precious. The film's depiction of different people stating clashing versions of a criminal act--more precisely the disparity between the varying (in

Winner

this case three) eye-witness accounts--led me to doubt the validity of the stability and security that I had always perceived as cushioning my life. I began doubting my friend's motives. Was Jen telling the truth when she swore she hadn't slept with Chad? Did Melissa and Yvette go to the Nordstrom's fashion show without me? Is Panda Express lying about no MSG? Has Chad really given up bestiality? Is Clinique really better than MAC? Is life as we know it an illusion, or do our senses perceive a reality that is indeed there?

My reality became



skewed. Time and consequence lost all meaning. Evil was indiscernible from Good. My flashy, trendy clothing appeared grotesque. I could no longer tolerate the scents of the perfumes I wore or the high-pitch cackles of my so-called friends. Like Roderick, hypersensitive strange-man extraordinaire in Poe's *The Fall of the House of Usher*, I ceased to venture outside the gates of my pink apartment. I could no longer blend comfortably at supermarkets and liquor stores. Colors bombarded me. Billboards and advertisements were trying to steal my mind and turn me into a Robot. My cluttered, colorful room

seemed infantile, extraneous, compared to *Rashomon*'s beautiful simplicity--its natural setting, incredibly executed long-shots, simple, yet deceptive rural characters, aesthetic black and white cinematography. *Rashomon*'s minimalist aesthetic (a Japanese earmark) prompted me to burn my belongings, disconnect from my social network (yes, they were baffled. But I assure you, they have continuing dining and clubbing in utmost joy without my presence).

I shop at thrift stores now. I walk barefoot in the park. I am careful to

fluttering leaf in one of Kurosawa's long-shots. *Rashomon*'s nuances have enhanced my being.

If Kurosawa were alive, I would kiss his feet. I would smear peppermint foot cream on his toes. It is because of him that I have been transformed from a petty, mindless, extroverted, materialistic bitch into a philosophizing, meditating, yoga-practicing, Kafka reading, soy milk imbibing, hemp-wearing, introspective poet.

And for this, I am grateful. I urge you to do the same, comrades. Leap the cliff. Fall off the pink, polyvinyl-chloride bicycle and let your sore butt touch unadulterated soil! Do it now! Now! Now!

believe anything that anyone says. My mind has expanded. I am willing to not take things at face value and acknowledge that different persons perceive events differently, not only because of physical variations in the optical apparatus. I read Nin, Joyce, Chomsky, and Pynchon. I no longer eat outside the confines of my home or go to movies.

I watch *Rashomon* everyday, however. And with every viewing, I pick up a new aspect of the film that I had previously overlooked--i.e. I realize that a quick burst of dialogue, formerly discarded from the subconscious, holds a plethora of meaning, or I detect a new

Shira B. holds B.A.'s in Cinema and Creative Writing from San Francisco State University. She once borrowed a dead bird from a science laboratory and forgot to give it back. She is weird, she is white, she is promised to the night, and her head has no room.

Shira won a life free from the shackles of Nordstroms, a lousy pack of postcards and a fistful of le video movie rentals.



The gorgeous set of Akira Kurosawa movie postcards that Shira won can be yours! Each specially imported set contains 30 glossy, full color cards reprinted from the original Japanese movie posters. There's also a booklet synopsis of each film from Kurosawa's long career. The Akira Kurosawa Movie Postcard Set is available for sale from Oriental Whatever.

Please send a \$30 check to Dan Wu @ 520 Frederick St. Box 24 San Francisco, CA 94117 or email me if you need any more info (I can even email you some full color jpegs). orientalwhatever@hotmail.com



Runner-up



Whenever I asked someone from Japan what their favorite Japanese movie was, I always expected to hear the name of an Akira Kurosawa film since he's the best known Japanese Director in the U.S. But each time I asked, I was surprised to hear it was not. And even more surprising, it was always the same film. All the Japanese I have asked named Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence by OSHIMA Nagisa as their favorite Japanese movie. I hadn't even heard of Oshima Nagisa.

I had to wonder what misled me to presume a Kurosawa film would be their answer. Similar to when I'm confronted with having stereotyped someone, I had to explore what led me to believe so strongly in a particular

response that I would be so wrong. I was also curious to why Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence was everyone's answer.

I'll address the latter curiosity first, but let me provide a very brief synopsis of the 1983 film. The film takes place in Java, 1942, at a Japanese prisoner of war camp. We first meet Sergeant Hara, a head guard at the camp, played by Takeshi Kitano, who's huge in Japan [see Oriental Whatever # 5]. The movie starts with Hara waking up Mr. Lawrence, played by British actor Tony Conti, to watch the execution of a Korean soldier for the Japanese Empire who was caught "buggering" a Dutch prisoner.

Here we begin to learn of Lawrence's role in the camp as cultural mediator and particularly Lawrence's and Hara's attempts to understand the

Assuming Kurosawa

by Adam Hartzell

"enemy," the other. The discussion of homosexuality sets up the underlying sexual tension between Captain Yanoi, the leader of the camp, and Major Celliers, a recently captured prisoner. Ryuichi Sakamoto, an ex-member of Yellow Magic Orchestra, which was the first internationally famous Japanese rock group, plays Captain Yanoi. Major Celliers is played by David Bowie, whom I'll assume doesn't need introducing. But, since my assumptions got me here in the first place, I'll say he was a major British rock star, noted for his gender blurring persona Ziggy Stardust. The movie goes on to show how different characters choose to relate to their "enemy" in order to survive, both physically and psychologically.

This opening scene also readies us to expect an open discussion of the atrocities committed by the Japanese during the war, the main reason it was the favorite Japanese film of all the Japanese I asked. My sample of Japanese was skewed by their age, basically twenty-somethings ranging from 22-32 years of age. Like that age group everywhere, it's the time when they continue to question authority but with more information at their disposal than during their blindly rebellious teenage



years. Plus, most of the people I asked were college students, a position in life where one may feel more capable in one's abilities to make change. This movie highlighted issues the young Japanese wanted addressed. These Japanese found solidarity in Oshima's forcing Japanese society to admit that it committed indefensible acts during the war, wanting their parents and grandparents to acknowledge what was done rather than continue the silence.

It's the Japanese Roots, or the Japanese Schindler's List. A cinematic acknowledgment of past wrongs. The latter comparison is mismatched. Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence came out well before Schindler's List and the latter was directed by a Jewish-American Director, Stephen Spielberg, not a member of the culture that perpetrated the crimes. However, the point is that each of these films were attempts to show the atrocities without cowardice or concern about face, knowing what was done was simply wrong.

However, Schindler's List follows the cliched route of many U.S. films where a white protagonist is portrayed rising above racism so the predominantly white audience can identify with that character and assuage their guilt by saying I would have been Schindler! Oshima's portrayal of Japanese soldiers doesn't allow that easy out. Sakamoto and Takeshi don't make many choices for humanity. They struggle at times, but they more often make the choices that continue the inhumanity.

The Japanese I asked appear to appreciate the upfront acknowledgment that horrible acts were committed by Japanese soldiers. They see this as a first step towards healing. It's what I wish our country would admit concerning the atomic bombs we dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Time magazine, in the 50th anniversary of two of our country's most shameful acts, stated only opinions that affirmed dropping them were the "sound" analyses. We have just as much trouble as

Japan when acknowledging our country's wrongs.

I hope I continue to be as critical of myself as I am of my country by continuing to acknowledge my wrong assumptions. This brings me back to the first curiosity I had in the beginning of this essay: What misled me to presume a Kurosawa film would be a Japanese citizen's favorite Japanese film?

This question is not meant to belittle Kurosawa's importance. The man's a genius. There has been a deserving PR campaign in the U.S. that has encouraged many Americans to get out of the multiplexes comfy chairs and convenient cupholders and check out a Kurosawa flick in the broken chairs and sticky floors of the arthouses. However, it's interesting to look at why it is that Kurosawa is the Japanese director to make it in the U.S. and not Oshima or another Japanese director.

What stands out to me is that Kurosawa is mostly known for one genre—the Samurai film. This genre fits nicely into Western reference points. Western audiences can process Kurosawa films within their framework of the Western movie genre. Others will contest to this pigeon-holing of Kurosawa. Just as recently as *Oriental Whatever #7*, Dan Wu states, "If you only

think Kurosawa=Samurai, then definitely check [out High and Low]" (pg. 28). But when I ask Americans what they think of when they think of Kurosawa, they say they think of Samurai.

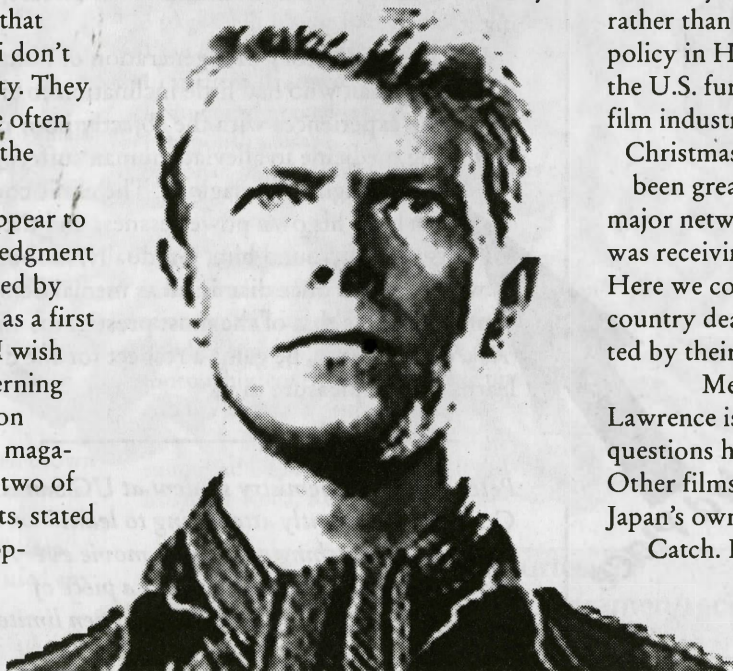
This association of Kurosawa with Samurai that brought many Westerners to see Kurosawa's films is the reason I stayed away from them for so long. I don't tend to like Westerns. But just as my friends have motivated me to see Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence, Wu's appreciation of Kurosawa motivates me to check out his films.

But sadly, we have to hunt for the other international films that don't fit nicely into accepted U.S. genres. As a result, American audiences miss amazing films that are nothing like anything being done in the U.S.. While John Woo's cop shoot-em-ups are easy to find at your local Blockbuster, we miss amazing films like Clara Law's *Autumn Moon*, arguably the best portrayal of the state of pre-hand-over Hong Kong. The movie Wayne Wang's *Chinese Box* wanted to be. Law's movie did not receive a large run even though it dealt with an international issue of immense importance.

Akira Kurosawa's films are obviously worthy of our attention. But rather than demonstrate an open-door policy in Hollywood, his reception in the U.S. further illuminates the U.S. film industries provincialism. Merry

Christmas, Mr. Lawrence could have been great synergy material for the major networks when Schindler's List was receiving the attention it deserved. Here we could have seen how another country dealt with the horrors committed by their military.

Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence isn't the only time Oshima questions his own culture's racism. Other films that deal directly with Japan's own history of racism are *The Catch*. Here, Oshima painstakingly depicts a village's transference of their own fears onto that of an

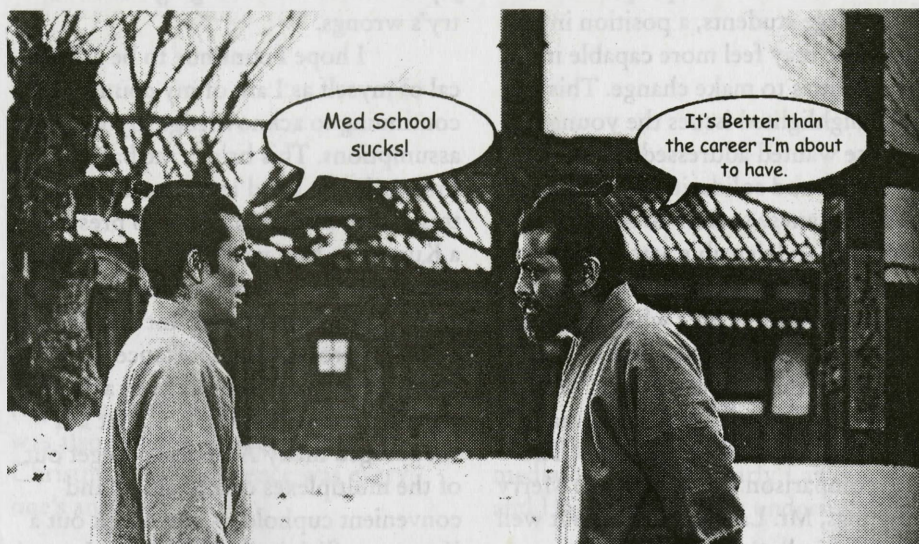


African-American soldier held captive during the war. Death by Hanging addresses Japanese prejudices towards Koreans and how laws are made and implemented based on those prejudices. In the U.S., we like to think we have a monopoly on multiculturalism. We don't. The tireless examination our lives is better served by more voices rather than fewer.

Rashomon illustrates this wonderfully as each character associated with the crime kneels before us, the viewer, telling us their side of the story, their truth. It's as if we are both judge and jury, which, well, we are. He shows us that we need more stories, not fewer, to make better judgments. Kurosawa's reception in the U.S. is well deserved, but so are the films of other international directors who have yet to receive an audience that so desperately needs to see their visions.

Originally from Cleveland, Adam spends his time trying to get his act together and appreciates his friends who accompany him in that journey. Shout Outs to OE Kenzaburo and SnowKuoNgocZane.

Adam Hartzell won Ryuichi Sakamoto's feather boa and a few Le Video movie rentals.



Red Beard is another example of the boorish... by Peter Zeitz

...but magnanimous hero who is a staple of Kurosawa's films. He is a sort of samurai in surgical scrubs, rude and lawless, but with a kind heart. Red Beard has a peculiar mixture of pride and humility and obscures his acts of generosity and kindness under a veil of fierce words, unprincipled deeds, and violence. If Red Beard was arrested for stealing bread to feed a starving man, it is doubtful that he would attempt to use the circumstances of his crime to defend himself. Red Beard's harsh character is revealed by the methods which he chooses to help people. For instance, he arranges the pardon of a woman who has stabbed her husband, an adulterer of extraordinary repulsiveness, by blackmailing the presiding magistrate. At times, Red Beard must be both violent and unscrupulous in order to allow the clinic to survive the disease, poverty, and greed surrounding it.

Red Beard is a story of regeneration of humility and humanitarian impulses in a young man who had little inclination to either at the film's outset. Noboru's experiences with the abjectly poor patients of the clinic show him that using medicine to alleviate human suffering is less straight-forward than he had originally imagined. The clinic continually confronts Noboru with both his own powerlessness and the boundless needs of the peasants who surround him. Gradually, Noboru recognizes that the work which he had once dismissed as menial demands as much diligence and intelligence as that of the most prestigious and highly paid medical position. As a consequence, he gains a respect for the difficulty of self-sacrifice and learns to find pleasure in it.

Third Place

Peter Zeitz is a chemistry student at UC Santa Cruz. He is currently attempting to learn Japanese by watching a Japanese movie every day with the subtitles obscured by a piece of cardboard. As of yet, his success has been limited.

Peter Zeitz won a few days off from the clinic and a couple of Le Video movie rentals.

ramen recipes

Mexican Chili-Cheese Ramen

Date: 11/28/1998

Ingredients

3-4 packs o' ramen w/out the flavor package
can of Hormel chili
cheese (Monterey Jack works best)
About 20 packs of Taco Bell hot sauce (or
tabasco)
Any assorted jalepeno or haperno peppers
you happen to like

Cook ramen without the packet. then pour it into a large bowl. Mix with the chili. Then shred the cheese and pour it on. Be generous with the cheese. Then pop it in the microwave on high for a few minutes until you see the cheese melting. Once its good and melted, stir it all up and then pour on as much of the hot sauce as you like, depending on how much your tongue can take, and enjoy!! This should last 1 hungry college guy a couple of days, or can feed an entire dorm room for a night.

submitted by August Brown

Thai Top Ramen

Date: 08/19/1998

Ingredients

Fresh garlic
Several boiled chicken breasts, cut into small cubes
Maggi sauce (like soy sauce), can be bought in almost any supermarket in the salad dressing, condiment aisle.
Juice of 2-4 lemons
Iceberg lettuce cut up
Cilanto leaves
Celery leaves
Bean sprouts
Red pepper flakes

Chop fresh garlic and fry until golden brown in oil. Make a lot, because the preparation is very smelly. Once the garlic is fried, put in a jar with a lid, cover with the oil. Will keep indefinitely in the fridge and can be used any

time you need to fry garlic in a recipe, but you will definitely need to keep some on hand for this soup. Prepare 2 packages of beef top ramen as indicated in directions. Spoon into bowl. Into bowl of top ramen, add the following: chicken to taste, 17 shakes of maggi sauce (do not be frightened, this is like soy sauce only milder), 2+ tsp. of lemon juice, bean sprouts, cilantro leaves to taste, lettuce, and red pepper flakes (be brave) to taste. Add 1/4 tsp. of the garlic, drained. Stir, taste. The taste should be a little (or a lot) hot, sour, and crunchy. I do this often for parties, with each ingredient in a dish of its own. I tell the guests how to mix it (each does to own taste, anything can be added or left out). This reminds me of the "fondue" parties we used to have. I have never met anyone who did not like this, rave about it, and really enjoy the participation part.

submitted by Karen Minerich (Puyallup, Washington)

Polish Chili Ramen

Date: 11/04/1998

Ingredients

3 pkgs Chili Flavor Ramen Noodle Soup
1 can chili with beans
1 can diced or stewed tomatoes
1 can mixed vegetables
1 lb. polish sausage
optional: tobasco sauce and/or 4 ounces chili sauce

Cook and drain noodles. Slice sausage into bite size pieces. In large microwave proof container mix all ingredients including drained noodles and contents of all spice packets. Stir thoroughly, cover and microwave until warm enough to eat.

submitted by Hasufin (University of Missouri-Rolla, Rolla Missouri)



recipes courtesy of

<http://www.mattfischer.com/ramen/recipe.html>

thanks to Irene Kuniyuki

Cherry Pop

Tales From the Hole

My Red Balloon

by Cherry Wong

All right, so a few people have been telling me that my writing hasn't been very sexy lately. Well, excuse me, but I can't be a hot little firecracker all the time. It's hard to write a sex column when you're not getting any.

The last time I saw my shrink, I told him that I wasn't sure why I was depressed--maybe the Prozac had stopped kicking in, or maybe my life just plain sucked. He asked me why a bright girl like me would be so down on myself. Well, for starters, I'm totally in love with this guy who doesn't love me back. What's most frustrating is that we seem to be getting along great. We talk; we have amazing sex; we have a lot of fun. I'm giving it my best, and yet, it doesn't seem to be enough.

At the end of our 30-minute session, the shrink told me, "Think happy things and work on your love life." Wow, words of wisdom. Then he wrote me another prescription for Prozac. I wrote him a check for \$85, hating him for being a rich bastard. He took out his sleek little Palm Pilot, which must be the most pretentious yuppie toy ever invented. He fingered the little stick that looks like a toothpick and "penciled" me in for next week. I blurted that it was hard for me to pay him \$85 each week. He told me to think of it as a personal investment. Yeah, right, you fucker, I pretty much bought you that Palm Pilot with my depression.


Now I'm trying to think happy thoughts. What makes me happy? Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens. .bright copper kettles and warm woolen mittens? Oh, get real. Let's see, how do I love me, let me count the ways. .I love my job--yes, I have a full time job aside from writing this column--when it's going well and when I'm not thinking about how little it pays me. I love my friends, when they bother to call me instead of hanging out with their boyfriends/girlfriends 24-7. A few more of my favorite things: Cute boys. Good movies. Good books by bitchin' female writers like fellow sex columnist Amy Sohn (Run Catch Kiss). Cute boys. Those days when I feel skinny--even after eating a Twix bar. Times like last weekend when Alien Boy and I went to a picnic on the beach.

We showed up late, so there was no food left,

only potato chips and half-empty bottles of soda. We threw around a frisbee and played volleyball. We shared a towel, and laid down, burying our toes in the sand. On the way back to his house, we stopped at a supermarket and picked up a couple of steaks. I took a nap in his bed while he grilled the meat in the back yard. When he woke me up, there was a full table set: the steaks, crisp lettuce, rice, kimchee.

Then we dug in. The meat, prepared Korean-style, had been soaked in a sweet and spicy marinade of soy sauce, sesame oil, and garlic. The smells triggered happy associations of our youth, family, and friends.

After dinner, we went out dancing. A very good-looking blonde boy came and talked to me. His name was Paul, he was a graphic designer, and he gave me his card. Later, Alien Boy teased me about it, pretending to be jealous. Then we danced the rest of the night together, staying out till 6am. When we got back, we fooled around for a bit, and then fell asleep, exhausted in each other's arms. I felt like we were becoming brother and sister instead of lovers.

On Sunday, I woke up to the sight of his bare navel. He's got a very taut belly with the cutest little bellybutton. It reminds me of the puckered end of a balloon. When I kiss it, I swear, it feels like it's kissing me back. I think I'd be the happiest girl in the world if I knew I could kiss that bellybutton every morning. 

Cherry Wong is the pseudonym of Seattle Weekly's reigning sex columnist (and now she's ours, too). She is Korean American, almost 5-foot-4, and probably cuter than your uncle.

Cherry Pop

Tales From the Hole

Rice Dreams

by Cherry Wong

I think I must know what it feels like to be a Microsoft millionaire. Just like rich men worry that women are attracted to them for their money, I suspect that some men are drawn to me for only one reason—the fact that I'm Asian.

The issues surrounding racial fetishes are complex, and I can't address them all here. But I will say this: Rice lovers, or white men who have a fetish for Asian women, give me the creeps.

They're easy to pick out: Within a few minutes of meeting me, they'll claim to have great reverence for Asian cultures. Maybe they've visited Asia, vacationed in Thailand, studied a little Japanese. They ask me where I'm from, and when I say New York, they're dissatisfied. No, where are you really from? Some have even asked me if I'm versed in the Kama Sutra. Many think that they're better than their fathers or grandfathers who lived through the anti-Jap and anti-Nam years. It's as if the younger guys are declaring, "Hey look, I'm into Asian chicks, so I'm not racist." (I knew a young woman from Berlin, Germany who was into Jews and blacks for the same reason).

I can't say how many times my Asian girlfriends and I have been approached by a fetishist. When you're an Asian woman, you attract a lot of jerks. Period. Several years back, when Hello Kitty Chick was visiting Amsterdam, some white guy on the street came up and touched her face, in awe of her "exotic" looks. Other rice lovers have been more subtle, such as this one guy I fell for who was 36, British, handsome, a Cambridge graduate, and spoke fluent Cantonese (I was only 22 at the time and was thrilled that such a sophisticate was interested in me). No matter who they were, though, all of them expected us to be flattered by their special attentions.

OK, I'll admit, I suppose it is better than being called a chink and having someone make slanty eyes at you. (I've had that done to me countless times in my youth). How much better is it though? People are pretty selective of when, where, and how they're being desired. For example, I love it when my boyfriend stares me into slipping off my panties. He gives me pleasure, respects me for who I am and values our relationship. It's a totally different thing when I'm leered at by some guy who can't tell me apart from any of the other Asian girls that he fantasizes about. Most men like that have set expectations. Just

the other day, as I was riding the Metro, a middle-aged man sitting next to me opened up the chit-chat with "Are you a Buddhist?" I answered no. "Are you an exchange student from Asia?" No. "Do you cook Thai?" No. He became more and more agitated as I failed to conform to his expectations. Sexually, Asian women are expected to be sweet, quiet, and always willing. We peach blossoms are the "virgins" to be taught and molded by "well-endowed white men." Hey, guess what, double middle fingers to that wet dream!

I am not your Lotus Blossom, I am not your Madame Butterfly, I'm not even your kung-fu mistress Michelle Yeoh—though I wouldn't mind learning some of her kick-ass moves. As much as the word is overused, I'm an individual, and you can't guess what my likes and dislikes are or what my life experiences have been just by looking at me.

Recently, a fetishist sent me a four-page e-mail cataloging his entire his-

tory of dating Asian women.

He asked me

out; I

replied I

wasn't

interested.

He keeps

persisting.

The fol-

lowing

note is just

for him:

I'm not

attracted to

rice lovers.

Heck, I'm not

attracted to most

heterosexual men. (I mean look at yourselves. Most of you don't work out, don't know how to dress, don't dance unless you're drunk.) If you're going to act like a jerk and still expect a woman like me to even consider sleeping with you, you better be 23 like my gay friend Chan and look like a Calvin Klein model. Looking like Jerry Seinfeld isn't going to cut it.

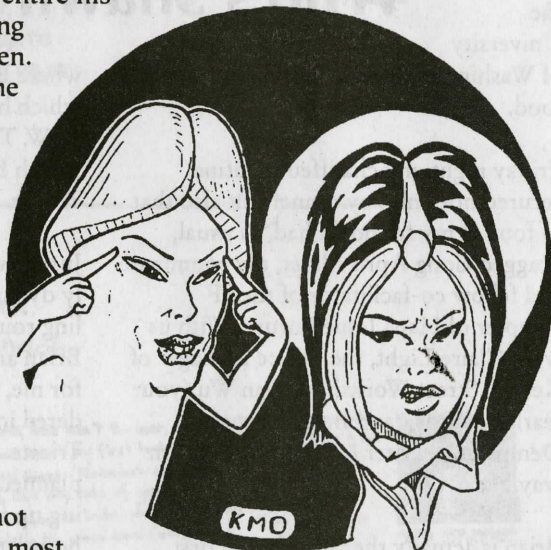


illustration by Kevin O'Connor

"Can you pick me up at the airport?" "Do I get a free dinner?"

Our Dinner with Shawn Wong by Wei Ming Dariotis & Dan Wu

WMD: "Can you pick me up at the airport?" What an odd question, I thought. Of course, no question. And no real need to ask my question, "Do I get a free dinner?"

It's the arrangement we have. Ever since I first became indentured to Shawn Wong, Asian American novelist and co-editor of the "seminal" (certainly NOT ovulal) anthology of Asian American Literature, Aiiieeeee!,

when I was a senior at the University of Washington, I have worked for my food.

Friday night, my chauffeur routine secured not only my dinner but also that of four of my friends. I had, as usual, dragged along April Elkjer, my roommate and fellow co-facilitator of the SF Chapter of Hapa Issue Forum. With us were Claire Light, the Office Manager of Kearny Street Workshop, Dan Wu (your fearless editor), and Brian Komei Dempster, a writer & near-sibling from way back.

Brian is actually the person who first introduced me to Shawn Wong, back when Brian and I were undergrads at the University of Washington. Brian kept telling me about this great professor whom I just had to take. So in my last two quarters of school I took three of Shawn Wong's Asian American Studies classes (up until then I was into Medieval Lit) only because Brian was TA-ing one of them and the others helped me fulfill

some sort of breadth requirement for Phi Beta Kappa.

I ended up becoming Shawn's Research Assistant and slave for life. (Or until I get my own full-time professor-gig).

Back to Friday, Dec. 17, 1999: After I picked up "the Boss" (also referred to by various folks as "Uncle Shawn"), we swung by this Buddhist Church in

Japantown where Brian is now living and out of which he teaches writing workshops for KSW. The three of us headed down to North Beach and ended up at Café Trieste.

Just as we were settling in to our old family dynamic-Brian and I with our hapa sibling routine, Shawn as mentor-uncle for Brian and mentor-dad

for me, Claire wandered into Café Trieste. We had planned on meeting up for dinner an

hour later at Helmand, an Afghani place down on Broadway, but Claire, even though she's only been in the City a short while, seems to already have that innate SF homing device that makes this place really feel like a small town. So when she walked in it was as though we had planned it.

Finally, we all got to Helmand and had a fantastic meal. So here I was, enjoying

being in the position of introducing my friends to this writer they've all read, perhaps admired (though some of us have issues with aspects of American Knees), and then along comes Dan Wu. When I had invited him to, "Dinner with Shawn Wong" (hey, at least I didn't charge admission!), all he had to say was, "Yeah, okay. Who's Shawn Wong?"

DW: Okay, so I admit it, I don't read much. Literature for me is often a Usagi Yojimbo graphic novel or the latest Time magazine. When Wei Ming told me about the reading by the old guard of Asian American writers in the Bay Area, I went along mainly to be social. I had no idea who Shawn Wong or Jeff Chan were. I had heard of Frank Chin, but may or may not have read anything by him. My only familiarity with AA authors is David Mura, who I picked up upon recommendation some years ago. I guess I never took the time or interest to look into what should have been in my literary canon.

It's beyond irony, beyond satisfaction

I met up
with
everyone
at this
great

Afghani restaurant. I knew everyone there except our guest of honor, Shawn Wong. He seemed to me a quiet, reserved man with a dry sense of humor. Despite his salt & pepper crew cut, he didn't seem old enough to be considered old school. It would be later in the evening before I realized just how young a thing Asian American writing is.

WMD: Shawn was in town for a reading at the Chinese Historical Society on

Broadway, a gathering of Chinese American writers who all got there start back in the day at San Francisco State University. Invited were Shawn, Jeff Chan (a current professor of English and Asian American Studies at SFSU), Russell Leong (editor of Amerasia Journal, UCLA), Frank Chin (known as the "Godfather" of Asian American literature), and Ruthanne Lum McCunn (author of Thousand Pieces of Gold). The latter two were not able to join the reading, so Shawn, Jeff and Russell told stories about Frank in his absence.

DW: The reading at the Chinese Historical Society was packed with mostly APAs of our generation with a sprinkling of the "old school". Jeff Chan was first to speak. He gave a brief history of how the "scene" came into being, recalling how he, Shawn, Frank and others found each other and started what we now take for granted; a community of APA writers. Later, Shawn recalled

the time when he was the **ONLY** Asian American writer he knew. This immediately threw me into my memories of college. Back at the University of Kentucky, I too had realized that I was the only APA writer I knew (not counting published authors etc). I knew of no contemporaries. I was always the only person of color in my writing workshops. Later, during the Q&A section of the reading, this issue was further driven home by Sabina Chen, who talked

about being the only person of color in her entire creative writing masters program at Stanford. For the Aiiieeeee! Boys, their "onlyness" was in 60's. For Sabina & I, our "onlyness" was in the past few years. I wondered how far we have come. I also knew why I moved to San Francisco.

I was very glad to have this history lesson from our elders, as it were. Jeff Chan was concerned with my generation's disconnection from its past. I admit feeling that disconnect despite my concerted attempts at digging up my own roots.

WMD: I'd heard all of these Frank Chin stories before, sometimes from Frank himself, like Shawn's story of how, as a young writer in Berkeley, he met Frank by calling him up and saying, "I'm Chinese American, I'm a writer." to which Frank responded, "Meet me at the Med in 15 minutes!" This time, one of the people sitting next to me was a student of mine from SF State. It's beyond irony, of course, and it is beyond satisfaction, for me to sit in a room with my mentor and to know that what he saw in me when I was twenty is what I have in fact become ten years later — a teacher and a writer. And just as important to me, I have become a member of a writing community that sustains me the same way his community — the "Aiiieeeee! Boys," as they are known — has sustained him all these years.

Shawn Wong's novel, American Knees, which features a Pan-Asian American cast of characters, is being made into a movie by an Asian American film production company. Shawn Wong and Jeff Chan are writing the screenplay. 🐼

6'4 and Full of Muscle... Postcards from Down Undah

G'day Dan and Susannah 01/00 POSTAGE PAID 58
I found this at a 24hr Diner called City Extra. Doesn't it evoke hunger for ice cream! I hear you've been going out with Wei and our cousin Hope the zine is pushing along. I've just been enjoying the warm weather, checking out malls and food courts and bars up to the typical debauchery. At one food court there was a Chinese takeaway place called Charlie Chan's! Over here the distinctions are made between Indonesians, Malaysians, Hongkies and Japanese. Then on the other side of the food court are Lebanese and the mix of Mediterranean, all reflected in the cuisine. And of all the people here with funny accents, I got to know a girl from L.A. Anyway I'll spill all my exciting tales back in the States.
Dan Wu + Susannah
San Francisco, CA
USA
Happy 2000 to you both
Chen, Alex

The postcards here aren't the best, but I chose this one because my first trek thru the Whirinaki Forest / fir-in-ach-ee / look! pretty much this way. lots of gormon and australian kids on the trees; plenty of friendly japanese kids in the urban areas (auckland & wellington so far.) Folks are plenty nice and my favorite beer (Deaves too) is Speitz. We plan to visit the brewery in Nelson (in the south island). Hithithiking has been one of the best parts - met a Maori who was the principal of his village Mingiwi, and a Kiwi (a New Zealander, white) who studied the dwindling populations of the Kaka, a parrot tyto bird, and a native pigeon.

The Kaka and Bush Environment, New Zealand whose name I forget. The favorite food here is fish & chips. The natural environment of New Zealand is good. The kiwi is a good pot pie too. The rainforest Whirinaki was the last native forest of this country. The kiwi nests in natural or excavated holes, under stones, in stream banks, between tree roots or even on open, flat ground, and uses its long powerful beak to dig for its diet of grubs and insects. It's wet and not so beautiful I am. The New Zealand Souvenir Co. Ltd. PO Box 558, Hastings, New Zealand

Oriental Whatever: Don Wu
Box 24 on 520 Frederick Street
San Francisco, CA 94117
USA

From Alex Dariotis (Wei Ming's brother) and Lark Pien

films

Fakin' da Funk 1998

Dir: Tim Chey

A Chinese kid is mistakenly adopted by black parents & raised in Atlanta. They move to South Central L.A. & the trouble starts. Part identity drama, part "race" comedy, it doesn't really succeed as either (especially when Dante Basco, a Pinoy, doesn't look very Chinese or act all that well). The movie is dragged down further by an excruciatingly unfunny subplot with Margaret Cho as an exchange student from China trying to become more American (or black). All in all an embarrassment. Yes, I watch bad movies so you don't have to.

Broken English 1997

Dir: Gregor Nicholas

A New Zealand spin on the doomed interracial love drama, a hot Bosnian immigrant (Aleksandra Vujcic) falls for a hunky Maori (Julian Arahanga of *Once Were Warriors*) against the wishes of her hot-tempered father (Rade Serbedzija, the default East European character actor who was last seen in *Eyes Wide Shut*). Somewhat predictable but still fairly heartfelt drama about the difficulties of overcoming cultural barriers.

Anywhere But Here 1999

Dir: Wayne Wang

Just as the *Ice Storm* influenced my opinion of *American Beauty*, this movie made me think of a superior film, *Slums of Beverly Hills*, which explored the idea of pretending & aspiring to be something you're not in much more original & daring fashion. For the most part Wang serves up a very forgettable mainstream piece that stands in stark contrast to oddball gems like *Chan Is Missing* and *Blue in the Face*.

Unfinished Business 1985

Days of Waiting 1990

Dir: Steven Okazaki

SF native Okazaki examines the internment experience from two different angles. *Unfinished Business* deals with three men who refused to go quietly to the concentration camps for Japanese & Japanese Americans. *Days of Waiting* is the story of Estelle Ishigo, the Caucasian artist who went to camp with her Japanese American husband. She details the experience through her words and wonderful illustrations that give a fresh look into the life inside.

Three Seasons 1999

Dir: Tony Bui

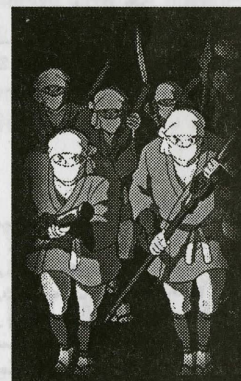
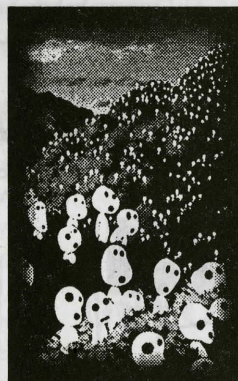
Finally, a film about Vietnam that ISN'T about the war. Bui interweaves three separate strands of modern Vietnamese life into a beautifully and quietly told tale of people searching for a new life out from the shadows of the not so distant past.

Fires on the Plain 1959

Dir: Kon Ichikawa

A bleak anti-war film that rivals the German film *Stalingrad* for sheer hopelessness & misery. These Japanese soldiers in the Philipines near the end of WWII have to struggle for survival against starvation, disease and a slow descent into desperate insanity. A truly desolate work that shows us once again that War is the enemy of us all.

Hayao Miyazaki, who has often been referred to as "Japan's Walt Disney" (which I find a little insulting) is perhaps his country's greatest master of Anime. Recent translations and releases here have finally clued American audiences (myself included) to his beautiful animation, fascinating characters and love of storytelling. *Lupin -Tales of the Wolf* is a spoofy goofy spy/crime adventure romp from the 1970's that sure as hell beats the latest James Bond film I saw. *My Neighbor Totoro* from 1993 is a charming tale filled with lighthearted kid's fare and lots of strange but cuddly creatures. *Pokemon Shmokemon*. His most recent and most visible film has been *Princess Mononoke*



whose US version was released in 1999. This eco-mythic-epic is Japan's most popular film (besides *Titanic*). A bit overstated for my taste but nonetheless filled with great storytelling, flawless artwork and enough adult elements to prove (to American audiences anyway) that Anime is not just for kids. The American dubbed version is hampered by spotty voice work, especially from Claire Danes who can't seem to act to save her life. I would recommend any of Miyazaki's works, particularly *Kiki's Delivery Service*.

Zine Reviews

The following periodicals are not necessarily Oriental or Whatever.

Peel #1 This brand new zine from somewhere deep inside UCSantaCruz is all about keeping it real. Full of political APA pride with a very strong HipHop slant (Black Power as a model for activism perhaps?). Interviews w/ DJ Shortkut, Michael Dyson & more...Did you know Hasbro makes a 442nd Nisei action figure (!!)

peelmag@yahoo.com

Unborn Rice Truth Speak

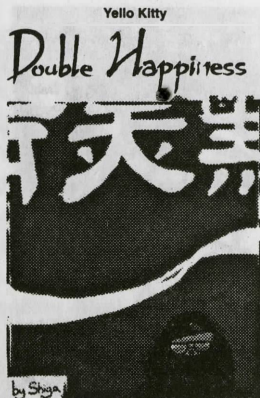
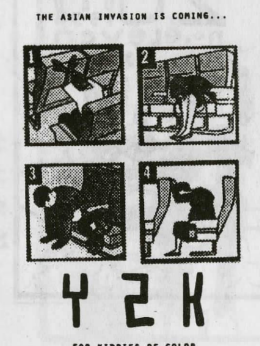
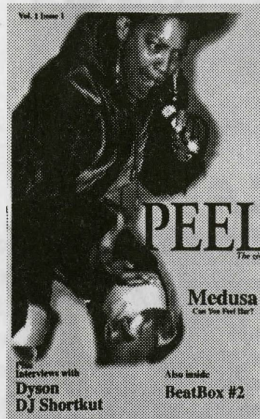
Speaking of keeping it real, Anita De Asis & The People's Artists Project do exactly that. I ran into Anita @ APAture in October & we swapped some reading goodies. Truth Speak is a chapbook of Anita's politically charged & lyrical poetry. Unborn Rice is an anthology of writing & art from young APAs of Oakland. The book is filled with a youthful energy & talent that shines a multihued streak onto the sometimes foggy future of art in America. Keep up the good work!

People's Artist Project c/o Anita De Asis 2924 -61st Ave. Oakland, CA 94605 (510) 444-0484

Yello Kitty #2

"The female response to Giant Robot" doesn't quite do this zine justice. It's simply a well-put-together zine of Asian American pop culture goings-on. Garrett (Star Trek) Wong, Korea Girl, Adrian Tomine, Seam...and the ever handy As-Am Scenester's Field Manual. I'm not sure why they generate those hateful letter, tho...

Send back issues of Giant Robot (kidding) to Yello Kitty PO Box 9770 Oakland CA 94613



Bitch #11

This "Feminist Response to Pop Culture" may look like a bonafide magazine but its content & spirit still qualify for zine citizenship. Lots of insightful & critical articles about issues that Glamour just doesn't cover for some reason. The heart of punk publishing in the guise of a big time rag. Editor Lisa Miya-Jervis also gave me lots of good advice on the biz. Send \$4 to Bitch 2765 16th St. San Francisco, CA 94103 or bitch@bitch-magazine.com online @ www.bitch-magazine.com

For Motion Discomfort #1

Congrats to Annie for finally finishing her little book of politics, clippings and great first-person narratives. Ranks right up there with Secret Asian Man. Send e-smoothies to purloinedpotty@yahoo.com

http://members.tripod.com/~fried_mandu

Double Happiness The Last Supper

This guy Shiga must be some sorta anal-sado-masochistic-autistic-savant. And I mean that as a compliment. Double Happiness is a strange comic (they're all comics) about trying to belong in Chinatown with a rather fucked-up ending. The Last Supper is a mind-boggling choose-your-own-adventure comic designed with Vulcan engineering & Oriental math skills. Shiga's definitely taking the medium into whole new levels (that we may or may not be ready for). Yikes. Jason Shiga 680 Santa Ray Ave. Oakland, CA 94610

Orange Tango

Brent was @ APature representing Jason Shiga, his brother Derek & Himself, quite a nice guy. His comics are full of honest, self-depreciating recollections of high school crushes, working @ Taco Bell, joining the Air Force & other true life stories. Great stuff. Send love letters to: Orange Tango c/o Brent Kirk PO Box 541 Pacifica, CA 94044 OrTango@aol.com

Just Another Naked Girl #1

a scrappy, per-zine from "anna jo grey" somewhere in Mass, filled with great relationship narratives, how to cook ramen in a coffee pot, and how to make a dental dam out of a condom. My copy also included a piece of duct tape which I can't use -thanks a lot! Send stamps or ramen to Just Another Naked Girl c/o anna jo grey Smith College Box 7961 -98 Green St. Northampton, MA 01063-0100

Adventures of an Unemployed Entomologist #10

A terrific newdletter filled with stories of her job hunting, a scientific analysis of A Bug's Life and Antz, funny MD notes and her father's death. Well written and completely out of left field. Unfortunately, the zine has ended now that our author has found full time work. Send unidentified bugs to Unemployed Entomologist PO Box 3026 Worchester, MA 01613-3026

Sidetracked #11

I do love the care that goes into each copy of this per-zine that Menghsin sends me. The little stickers, the personalized note, the Hello Kitty lollipop (!!!) In this issue, she tackles Anime lust, work, bicycling rage and feminism. Becoming her pen pal may be the best thing you do this year. Sidetracked c/o Menghsin Horng PO Box 4572 Ann Arbor, MI 48106



Off My Jammy #13

This music & culture oriented zine finds itself immersed in Brazil this issue, covering the local scene as well as Superchunk, Cibo Matto, Tom Ze & others. Not my cup of tea but maybe yours. Send a coupla bucks to: PO Box 440422 W. Somerville, MA 02144 off my jammy@hotmail.com www.sinkcharmer.com/omj

Monolid #1

A massive premier edition filled with fist-in-the-air semi-academic political content dealing w/ representations of APAs among other things. "Only Bananas shop at Banana Republic" -that oughta generate some mail. Send \$4 and a B.R. catalog to: Monolid PO Box 7646, Albany, CA 94706 monolid@yahoo.com

Rivals #5

Nerdy little Amy "Adoyzie" Lam writes mildly obsessive boy-crush tales and funny/odd family recollections. Her boy gus draws comic vignettes. Even though she thinks 25 is old, I think she's an okay kid. Send Oreos & prison letters to Rivals c/o Amy 16156 E. Denley St. Hacienda Heights, Ca 91745 sweaterpunk@hotmail.com members.tripod.com/~amyadoyzie

Zum #11

Spinanes, X-Ecutioners, Kid Koala and music reviews out the wazzoo. Yvonne & George Chen not only put together a nice indie-music mag, they also know my buddy AJ in NY, proving once again, it's an awfully small world. Zum PO Box 4449, Berkeley, CA 94704-0449 zum@sirius.com www.sirius.com/~zum

ESKAY-AYE #7

a strictly SKA-related music zine from Hawai'i -chock to the gills w/ reviews, articles & news on the scene, focusing (at least this issue) on Japanese SKA. send pork pie hats to Eskay-Aye c/o Craig Ho PO Box 6196 Kaneohe, HI 96744

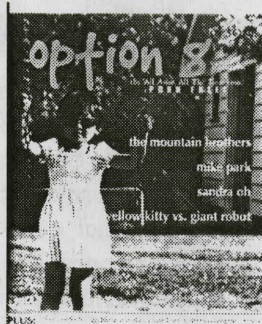
Stories From the Ward #3

Kitty Rabbit Kitty

My buddy Lark comes through again with her distinctive drawing style, at turns haunting, melancholy & whimsical. She outdoes herself w/ Kitty Rabbit Kitty, a mini-booklet about her 3 little four-legged kids. Someday we'll take our bunnies to meet hers. A sequel perhaps? p.s. Lark's currently frolicking around the globe & we miss her! Send carrots to: Lark Art Lab 2930 Shattuck Ave. Box #113 Berkeley, CA 94705



Kitty Rabbit Kitty



Option 8 #5

Like Yello Kitty, this zine also seeks to cover APA pop culture beyond the candy coating of Giant Robot. Interesting short interview w/ Mike (Asian Man) Park, the Mountain Brothers & Gedde (Long Duk-Dong) Watanabe. Write Bernice @ 1627 Woosley #2 Berkeley, CA 94703 or option8bv@aol.com



creme-filled

Creme-Filled #4

A zine centered around food and recipes. Ain't nothing wrong with that. Twinkies probably don't mail well, but.... Creme-Filled 3022A N. Fratney St. Milwaukee, WI 53212 jessicazee@chickmail.com

Red Tape Recorder

Tim Dukes creates such terrific little slice-of-life comics, I just had to wrangle him into doing some work for me. Lazy I Studios PO Box 190974 SF, CA 94119-0974 mrtimm@hotmail.com



Red Tape Recorder

-DW

Support these Zines!

Badazz Mofo

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Portland, OR 97240-0649
badazzmofo@hotmail.com

Bamboo Girl

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bamboogirl@aol.com

The Bark

2810 -8th St. Berkeley, CA 94710
staff@thebark.com
www.thebark.com

Breakdown/Chokehold

PO Box 188602
Sacramento, CA 95818-8602
ce7in@antisocial.com

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L3X 1V7 Canada

Dishwasher

PO BOX 8213 Portland, OR 97207

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Los Angeles, CA 90025-4012

Frolic

77 Vernon #6 Oakland, CA 94610
frolicmagazine@yahoo.com

Just Say No

1948 Corinth Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90025
jsn@anet.net

Nerd

347 Divisadero SF, CA 94117
brogrimm@pacbell.net

Placebo

510 lake #132 Davis, CA 95616
placebozine@hotmail.com

Secret Asian Man

Prince St. Station, PO Box 40
NYC, NY 10012

Status Unknown

615 N. Windsor Ave.
Stockton, CA 95205

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2336 Market Street (between Noe & Castro)

The Shame of the Orient



The Shame of the Orient was coined by me to describe the ubiquitous haircut that adorns/plagues the heads of many teenage Asian American boys in the Bay Area. Shaved below the ears, topped with a provocative bowl-cut or parted down the middle — hair dye optional, gel — a must. However, recent events have forced me to apply the term to the much greater issue of ignorance and stupidity committed by our yellow cousins around the world.

White Men Can't Jump and Blacks Don't Tip

Friday, November 26, 1999
[© Copyright 1999 The Washington Post Company]

MIAMI, Nov. 25—A Miami Beach restaurateur will pay \$15,000 to settle a lawsuit accusing him of violating Florida law by adding a service charge to an African American couple's dinner check and saying black people do not tip well, state officials said today.

Florida sued Thai Toni restaurant in trendy South Beach after its owner, Hiromi Takarada, stirred a storm of protest by adding a 15 percent tip to the bill of black diners Charles Thompson and Theresa White on Oct. 23.

As part of the settlement, Takarada and his employees will undergo sensitivity training and part of the fine will be used to design a program to instruct other businesses on their "non-discrimination responsibilities," Florida Attorney General Bob Butterworth said.

Florida charged Takarada on Nov. 8 with violation of the state's Deceptive and Unfair Trade Practices Act for adding the 15 percent gratuity to

Thompson and White's check.

When Thompson asked why a similar tip had not been added to the check of a nearby white couple, he said Takarada said "black people don't tip well." The restaurant owner later repeated the comment to a police officer, according to police reports.

Under the settlement, Florida will drop its lawsuit and Thai Toni will follow a policy under which a 15 percent gratuity will be added to every patron's bill and customers will be told they can increase or decrease the amount.

Takarada was beset by pickets, protests and a drop in business after the Oct. 23 incident. The restaurant was expelled from the Greater Miami Convention & Visitors Bureau and removed from the bureau's visitors' guides and Internet site.

Takarada could not be reached for comment. His lawyer, Kent Harrison Robbins, told the Miami Herald that Takarada believed education was the best solution.

"The best approach is to recognize the errors of the past and move on to the future," Robbins told the newspaper. "He's very sorry if he gave anyone the impression he was discriminating because of race."

Heil Warmth!

A Taiwanese ad agency came up with the brilliant and sensitive idea of using Hitler as the mascot for a German-made heating system.



A Brief History of Oriental Whatever

1989 Fed up with the lousy literary magazine at his high school, Dan Wu creates his first zine, Classic Clatter, a showcase of bad poetry and better collaging skills.

1995 Oriental Whatever, a zine more or less about Dan Wu, is born. It lasts 2 issues.

1997 Wu moves to San Francisco, gets temporarily sucked into the 9-5 quicksand. Creativity no where in sight.

1998 OW is reborn!

1999 OW gets slicker, computer replaces typewriter, ads appear. Cries of sell-out ring throughout the land.

2000 OW goes to full size, old fans don't recognize it, go back to reading A. Magazine.

2001 Controversial editorial leads to arm wrestling match between Dan Wu and Giant Robot editor Eric Nakamura. Ends in draw, leads to merger - Giant Oriental.

2002 Wu appears in Kikoman commercial, Asian American community boycotts OW.

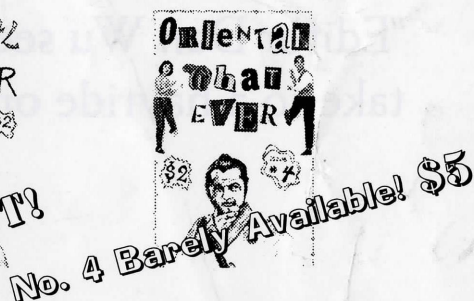
2003 Dan Wu runs for Board of Supervisors on platform of ramen for the homeless and mandatory art school for taggers. Loses to Mabel Teng's daughter.

2004 OW embroiled in Chinese Olympic Women's Volleyball sex scandal. Asian American zine editors lose jobs.

2005 Teen Oriental Whatever is launched. Seventeen Magazine's readership drops by 1.6%.

2010 Dan Wu's celebrity marriage to Margaret Cho breaks up. Wu calls marriage "Loveless and painfully unfunny."
Cho gets engaged to Woody Allen.

Do you have
ISSUES?
back issues that is.



Send cash or Makes checks payable to Dan Wu
Oriental Whatever
Box 24
520 Frederick St.
San Francisco, CA 94117

T-Shirts, stickers, and Terilyn Joe action figures soon to be available.

"A scattered, yet entertaining zine of West Coast Asian-American alterna-culture...pointed and smart."

-College Music Journal

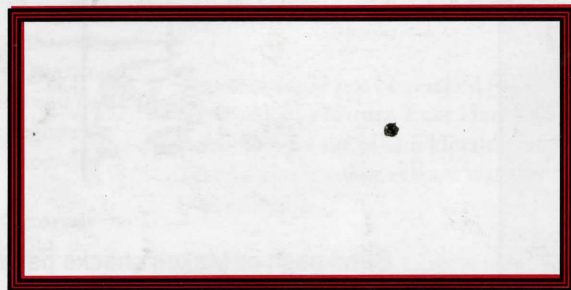
"Arts & entertainment, Asian-American style.
Very enjoyable reading; thoughtful, smart and justifiably proud. Recommended."

-Zine World

"Editor Dan Wu seems like the kind of guy you could take to a hayride or a restaurant called Eat."

-Creme Filled

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