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ABOUT THIS COVER

With the advent of YouTube, creative Asian Pacific Americans finally have a way to express themselves that challenges the stereotypical model minority image that has been subscribed to the community. Talented individuals are making gains in the cultural arena and continue to fight to break through the media glass ceiling, and slowly we are showing the world that we are a gifted and talented group of people that has more to offer than just high GPAs.

editors' note

wow, it's finally my turn to take a crack at writing this ed note! i've been in **hardboiled** now for seven semesters, an editor for five, and this will be my first written piece. let's hope i do it justice. ah, but what to say? i'm the layout editor, for crying out loud! my thought process is very visual and i'm a firm believer in that a picture can say a thousand words. but rather than just pasting in a photo of myself and calling it a day, i'll give this writing thing a shot.

so as i mentioned above, i layout the newsmagazine, and let me tell you, it can be really tough sometimes. sometimes you get an article from a writer and you don't have a single clue as to how to provide a visual representation of that topic. there are times where i just wanna say "eff it, let's put it in helvetica, overlay it on grey, and call it a day." but when these moments of hopelessness happen, i always need to remind myself to stop, take a deep breath, and consider the larger picture at hand. for layouters, the details are everything. three pica to the left, changing the resolution of a photo from 200 to 300 dpi; it's seriously a world of change in our books. but at the end of the day, when you're zoomed into the screen at 500% trying to see if everything is aligned, you tend to forget why you're actually doing that in the first place. i joined **hardboiled** to engage with the two things that i am passionate about: design and the proliferation of the asian pacific american voice. as layouters, we use shapes and images to bring a story to life and connect with our readers. we live in a very aesthetically-driven world, and when we are able to create meaningful design with powerful messages,

that's when we can create greater change. i say all this to mean that **hardboiled** pushes me to go beyond. i'm not going to stop harping on the small details any time soon, but i will say that i strive to make **hardboiled**'s role as a publication more than just that of a news source but more so, a call to action that inspires people both politically and aesthetically.

always in bold,

tt tu
layout editor

ps i caved



in this issue...

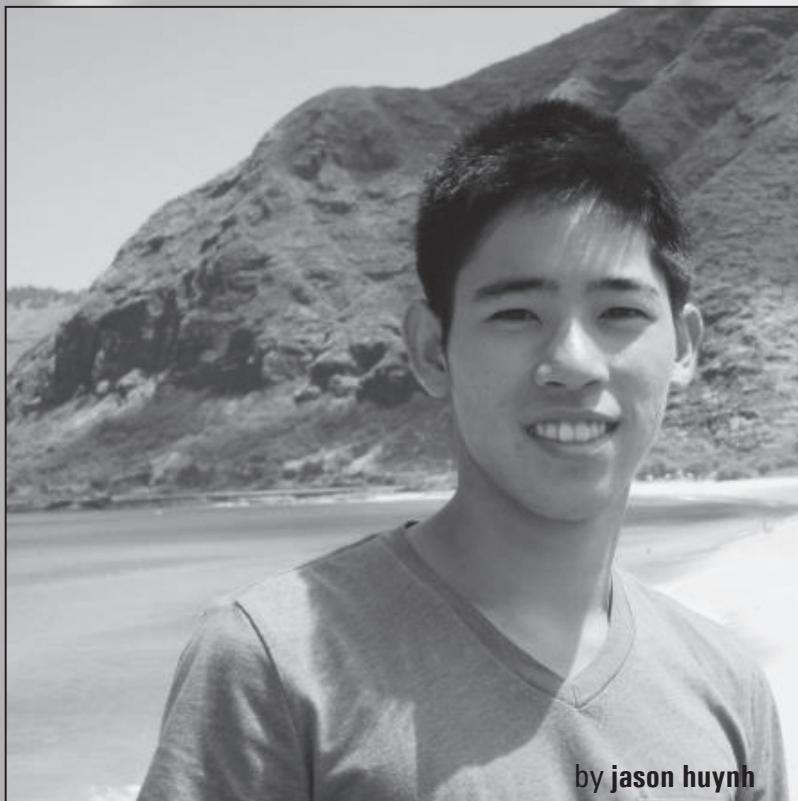
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telling my story: adopting asian



by jason huynh

They call me an "Angry Adoptee." It is because I speak out against the widely believed stereotype of a miraculous, happily-ever-after, and rags-to-riches story of a poor, ethnic orphan adopted by wealthy, white parents. I accept the possibility of these amazing stories; however, I see the many ugly truths that exist behind layers of misleading media portrayals and perpetuate in the everyday lives of adoptees, many of whom who still cope with the underlying faults of today's adoption process. I must add this caveat before I continue: Every adoptee has their own experiences, whether positive or negative, and my personal experiences cannot dictate how another adoptee feels about the same situation. I share my story because there are underlying themes that affect us all.

Adoption, in itself, is extremely complex and becomes even more so in transracial adoptions where parents, usually white, adopt a child of another ethnicity/race." Between the Korean War in 1950 and up until today, there has been an extraordinary increase in transracial adoptions from Asia; hundreds of thousands of orphaned children from South Korea, Vietnam, China, and other Asian countries have been physically displaced among Western countries into the possession of white parents. The increase in orphans as a result of war-torn countries in Asia coincides with the seemingly philanthropic view of Western countries to adopt helpless children. A statistic that still surprises me is one that describes: 10% of Koreans residing in the United States are adoptees. In Berkeley, it is difficult to imagine that 1 out of every 10 Korean-identified student is an adoptee. In fact, it is unlikely to be true, at least in a place like Berkeley, because many adoptees are adopted into predominantly white communities in the Midwest.

For the many transracial adoptees growing up in predominantly white communities, they lose the ability to learn and identify with their own ethnic backgrounds because their connection has been severed on two fronts: their adoptive family and their community are unable to properly prepare them for experiences of discrimination and prejudice as a person of color, even within the family unit or community itself. There are many cases where parents approach adoption as "color-blind", where the adoptee's ethnicity is completely disregarded. It is unacceptable to pretend that ethnicity does not matter when adoptees will be judged by that very same factor for all their lives. Nearly every

day, they will be confronted with Asian stereotypes that they will be unable to cope with in the white community.

Within the Asian American community, Asian transracial adoptees often have difficulty "fitting in" because they did not grow up with the same cultural familiarity. Although I am physically Asian and can blend in, I had considered myself mentally "white" and acted as such. My connection to my own ethnic background was severed, and I was unable to fully fit in with neither the white community nor the Asian community because of the dichotomy between my physical side and my mental side. As a result, I personally went through a variety of identities, none of which fully represented who I was. I remember thinking in middle school that I considered myself white, while fellow schoolmates would consider me as Asian. I didn't know what Asian really meant, and so I naturally believed all of the stereotypes I heard because I didn't know the truth. For example, I became good at math just because other people inferred that about me. Once in high school, where there was a larger population of Asian American students, I didn't know how to fully connect with them because I still didn't know what "Asian" meant. I would think, "I look like you, but I have no idea what you are."

At that point in time, I was desperate to learn what "Asian" really meant and I wanted to be able to "fit in." I took classes in Chinese, Japanese, and Korean. I learned how to use chopsticks. I watched Asian dramas. I listened to K-pop. And over many years of learning what "Asian" meant and disentangling what I had initially believed, I was finally indistinguishable from any other Asian. Yet even though I got what I always wanted, to "fit in," I found myself stumbling over residual issues as a product of my adoption. Although I did not initially consider my adoption as the source, there were recurring issues involving identity, abandonment, perfectionism, issues with my own adoptive family, and thoughts of my own birth family...

Over the past two years I went through a "birth family search," which I would consider one of the most emotional times of my life. I was born in Hawai'i in 1990 and adopted by a Caucasian family at the age of 4. We then moved to Washington D.C. where I grew up in a community where I was the only Asian person up until high school, where it was slightly more diverse. After high school, I decided to move to sunny and diverse Los Angeles, California, where I attended various community colleges. Then, before I transferred to UC Berkeley, I went back to Hawai'i because I felt an intense internal pull for me to learn about the circumstances of my past. There is something special about knowing where you come from that is only intensified under circumstances where it is inaccessible or ambiguous.

There are special experiences of being an adoptee, which I feel makes it an identity in itself. I am currently trying to define and empower the word "adoptee"; however, it is difficult when adoption has become a huge taboo in today's society. It is not talked about within friends, families, and communities, and all that is known are the Cinderella-like stories shared widely by the media. When all I wanted was to "fit in," I wouldn't disclose my adoptee identity to my friends, and much less to myself. There was a stigma against it, but in retrospect, being an adoptee was influential in so many of my experiences.

Currently, I am still in the process of connecting with other adoptees to share and learn from our experiences. It is extremely difficult to connect to other adoptees because of the stigma against it; however, I am hoping that by sharing my story, it will inspire other adoptees to do so. I am in the midst of starting a new organization at Berkeley named "Adoptee University," which I am trying to get the word out about. I am also involved in a large theatrical production of Operation Babylift, which was the airlifting of thousands of Vietnamese orphans at the end of Vietnam War to the United States where they were adopted into white families. With all of these projects, I am pushing for the empowerment of adoptees to strengthen our own futures, to end the silence of our scattered community, and to shape the futures of younger adoptees.

For more information, contact Jason at adopteeuniversity@gmail.com.

“It is an unacceptable practice to pretend that ethnicity does not matter, when the adoptee will be judged by that very physical factor for all of their life. Nearly every day, they will be confronted with Asian stereotypes that they will be unable to cope with among the White community.”



Asian Americans have often been misrepresented in popular culture, whether it be in TV, film, or music videos. We have been gendered, hyper-sexualized and desexualized—all at the same time. The media has found ways to massively characterize Asian women as “dragon ladies,” or men as “emasculate.” Most importantly, we have been silenced. Even today, we are continuously misrepresented with stereotypes that neither voice nor represent us. Countless Asian characters in media don’t even properly portray Asian Americans, but instead perpetuate the same stereotypes that degrade our community.

Although Asian Americans are underrepresented in mass media, we have found a new source to showcase our talent: YouTube. Famous Asian Americans—from singers and dancers to comedians and filmmakers—are taking YouTube by storm. Even though YouTube doesn’t guarantee a massive audience, that audience is important. With independent channels boasting millions of subscribers each, success would be an understatement.

The YouTube community shines a spotlight on many Asian Americans who want to pursue entertainment as a career or just as a hobby, such

as singer David Choi and comedians David So, Kevin Wu (KevJumba), and Ryan Higa. YouTube even allows already famous Asian Americans, like basketball player Jeremy Lin and artist Jay Park, to update their fans through a personal outlet. Through collaborating with each other, these YouTubers have created a tight-knit community of talented Asian American artists who aspire to make a difference through music, film, and acting as well as inspire others to pursue their dreams.

Another famous YouTube group is Wong Fu Productions, a group of three Asian American men from California who write, film, edit, and produce their own shorts, series, and videos. Their videos range from love stories and humorous shorts to video logs of their lives. Wong Fu Productions often casts other Asian Americans in their videos, giving these artists an opportunity to display their talents as well as connect the Asian American YouTube community through their collaborative efforts. Although Wong Fu Productions has the talent and potential to address Asian American issues through their work in order to progress toward change, their presence is already enough to pave the way for and encourage other Asian Americans in media.

The existence of famous YouTubers like Ryan Higa and Wong Fu Productions is vital to our community. They represent Asian Americans in a way that society isn’t accustomed to seeing: as normal people with no stereotypical baggage to carry. Yes, some of Ryan Higa and WFP’s humor is senseless and stupid, but they’ve broken down barriers for Asian Americans. We don’t have to always be represented in cultural or ethnic ways. As cliché as it sounds, WFP is the perfect example of Asian Americans who are straying from the stereotype of becoming doctors, lawyers, or engineers, and achieving their own dreams.

The very presence of Asian Americans who are experiencing success in media and passionately doing what they enjoy is breaking down the model minority myth. After the history of oppression and silencing our people have endured, we are challenging the silence that once held us back in the past. We are able to pave our way into walks of life that often aren’t welcoming to us. The best part is, you can look at Wong Fu Productions and enjoy their work simply for their work, not for whether or not they accurately portray Asian Americans.

Just Another Hollywood How Wong Fu Productions continues to misrepresent APIs in media | by sam lai

After seeing the link posted again and again on my Facebook feed, I finally caved and watched Wong Fu Productions’ newest short film, “The Last.” Ever since I first heard about Wong Fu five years ago, I have never been able to fully comprehend their popularity. None of the videos I watched induced any sort of fangirling in me, and if any of my friends burst into adoration for Wong Fu, I could only look on passively. After avoiding the hype for years, I decided to give WF another chance at impressing me. “The Last” opens to Kina Grannis (hapa singer/songwriter) and Harry Shum Jr. (the only cute guy on Glee) lying blissfully in bed, the afternoon light making their flawless skin glow. After Shum whispers “I love you” to Grannis, she sits up and drops the question, “How many were there before me?” Then Shum goes down the list of five questionably-named women: Who, What, When, Where, and Why. I won’t spoil the ending, but the short predictably finishes on a happy (more like sappy) note.

To be honest, I could not even watch the full video continuously. I had to stop once or twice and shake my head in confusion before exclaiming, “Seriously, what the hell!?” The lengthy, scripted confession of love made my eyes roll. Everything in the short film, from the lighting to the female characters, looked airbrushed. However, what upset me the most about “The Last” wasn’t just the way it glamourizes and objectifies Asian Pacific American women because the rest of Wong Fu’s work repeats the same old clichés. The short confirmed why I’ve felt so disappointed with Wong Fu’s work: applauded for raising the profiles of APA entertainers, Wong Fu focuses too much on the young, privileged, and educated. Essentially, they flatter the well-off population of APAs who don’t deserve any more attention in independent media like Wong Fu’s than they already get in Hollywood. Yes, Wong Fu does get credit for their artistic talents, but their unoriginal pieces only reinforce the model minority stereotype that has limited APA representation in the first place. By emphasizing a predominantly upper-middle class, heterosexual, East Asian population,

Wong Fu Productions lose out on the potential of their art to tell stories about struggle and conflict.

Founded by Philip Wang, Wesley Chan, and Ted Fu, the independent production company now attracts an international fanbase spread across the United States and the rest of the globe. In addition to creating short films, videologs, and music videos, Wong Fu also co-founded a concert called ISA, or International Secret Agents, with pop/hip-hop stars Far East Movement. Phil, Wes, and Ted also receive rock star treatment in their own right on their tours to universities, including UC Berkeley. Their online store sells a series of “Awkward Animals” toys that go for up to \$45, and I’ve seen several people who own an Awkward Panda keychain or Awkward Turtle plush. Wong Fu’s popularity has turned into a phenomenon that mainstream media has taken note of: CNN interviewed them on television, and AT&T worked with them on a web series. What has their “success” amounted to, though?

No doubt when Phil, Wes, and Ted first set out to produce their own videos in their undergrad days at UC San Diego, they wanted nothing more than to express their own views of life. They explored stereotypes, awkward situations, girl problems, guy problems, and girl-guy problems. I admit I haven’t watched every single piece by Wong Fu, but I also argue that you need only see “The Last” to know who their target audience is: heterosexual, most likely underage/twenty-something hopeless romantics. As someone who previously fit into that category, I know how Wong Fu draws in its fans: through shiny-looking actors like Shum, cheeky humor, and a pro makeup and hair team. The videos that Wong Fu produce aren’t groundbreaking or politically conscious, preferring to parody rather than directly critique misconceptions about Asian Americans. The videos that do attempt to present a more sensitive depiction of APAs do so only for a limited group: the straight couples who get together, frolic around, and then tragically break up. I can forgive Wong Fu for their absent political agenda: plenty of filmmakers in Hollywood who

hope to make some sort of commentary about equality end up perpetuating problematic images of APIs (e.g. white savior movies).

To be real, though, as much as I gag whenever I watch Phil and another recycled actress from other videos go through a doomed relationship yet again, I realize that my own biases color how I perceive Wong Fu’s work. I grew up in San Gabriel Valley where Wong Fu keeps its offices, and I know too well the luxuries of suburban life for the US-born Asian Americans who live there. I’m sick of seeing them. Their life, my own, belong to an exclusive group, and all that Wong Fu reflects is that existence, not what the APA community has struggled through and still does. Wong Fu functions the same way Hollywood does by featuring the people who have the privileges that everyone wants: education, economic status, and damned good looks, if not a girlfriend or boyfriend who has them too.

In a blog post from November 5, Wong Fu commented on the amount of press that their latest video “The Last” had received since its debut: “We’re so lucky to have such an amazing fan base, and that technology can keep us all connected, and most of all, that people can still understand and be open towards content like ours. Despite the style, tone, our race, the platform...it’s really awesome.” I’m sorry to say this, but I just can’t love you, Wong Fu.



Speak Now or Forever Hold Your Peace

WHY WE CANNOT SIDE
WITH ABIGAIL FISHER

by nate lee

The Asian American community has long been voiceless. We have seen our identity molded and shaped by other communities, people who seemed content to label us however they pleased—model minority, yellow peril, Linsanity. The unfortunate truth is that many of us have not challenged these shallow, hurtful, and imperializing labels. Even more unfortunate is that many of us have not challenged them because we think they're true, and we don't know ourselves well enough to have any real alternatives.

Abigail Fisher has slapped a new label on us: Ally. Fisher, a 22 year old white woman from Sugar Land, Texas, was not accepted into the University of Texas at Austin and has recently taken her grievance all the way to the Supreme Court. Claiming that she was denied admission to UT-Austin because she is white, Fisher, who ended up attending Louisiana State University, is challenging affirmative action. She says, "Just being in a network of UT graduates would have been a really nice thing to be in. And I probably would have gotten a better job offer had I gone to UT." She has called upon the Asian American community, a group often seen as a victim of affirmative action measures, to support her cause.

To some, the white-Asian partnership to bring down affirmative action makes sense. Isn't affirmative action just "reverse racism?" Didn't whites and Asians, after all, earn their way into the top universities? And if the proportion of Asians in the top colleges actually outpaces the proportion of Asians in society, don't Asians have something to lose if affirmative action is upheld?

To answer the questions: no, not really, and no.

My hope for this article, however, is not to break down the nuances of affirmative action, but to address the ugly underside of an iceberg of which affirmative action is just the tip. Racism has its grip on the very roots of this country and the Asian American community, if it refuses to buy into the dominant culture ethos, has the opportunity to reconfigure and challenge the racial landscape.

Asian Americans find themselves in what some have called the "racial middle." While black communities may readily identify as oppressed and white communities privileged, Asian Americans have some sorting out to do. Yes, we are oppressed; yes, we are also privileged. In many ways, the Asian American community finds itself floating around on a continuum between white and black, unsure of our own identity, of what we offer to the conversation, unsure even if the term "Asian American" really gives us extra capital as a social bloc if it actually ends up silencing the diversity contained within itself. And if we are unsure of our identity, unable to agree on what it is exactly that makes us who we are, then we are very susceptible to lies. Lies that, if not confronted, start to sound more and more like truth the longer they persist.

And so we believe them. We believe Abigail Fisher when she says that we stand to benefit from the annulment of affirmative action. We believe dominant culture when they call us the model minority. We internalize the belief that we actually do work harder than other minorities, we do deserve more than

those who are poor, and we've earned our way here in a vacuum without any structural or external forces to push our sails. In the end we believe that we are worthless, because these lies are nothing more than colonizing compliments, fake praises that chain us down more than they uplift us.

We may even believe other marginalized groups when they say that Asian Americans are just like them, that we can be included too in fighting for equality. And it seems like this is the route of choice for progressive Asian Americans, but what often ends up happening is that we simply latch onto a black or brown movement; either way, we still lose our voice.

And what breaks my heart is that whether you're complicit in the American machine or not, whether you've bought into the model minority myth or not, whether you've sided with the white community or the black community, many of our stories have still been swept away under the tide of someone else's. And I believe this country will never see wholeness as long as the Asian American community does not know the power of its own voice.

Mari Matsuda, in her famous speech "We Will Not Be Used," says, "[The racial middle] can reinforce white supremacy if the middle deludes itself into thinking it can be just like white if it tries hard enough. Conversely, the middle can dismantle white supremacy if it refuses to be the middle, refuses to buy into racial hierarchy, if it refuses to abandon communities of black and brown people, choosing instead to form alliances with them." And Matsuda is right—if we are to challenge racism in America, we cannot abandon other communities of color, but I think we can even transcend this dualistic way of thinking about minorities.

The Asian American community does not exist on a continuum where one side is white and the other is black, and where we are forced to pick a side. If that is the case, whatever choice we make, we still end up having our voices trampled beneath the feet of someone else's march to power. Instead, the Asian American community must challenge the black-white binary itself and imagine a space where black, white, and Asian American (and other minority) communities each have an equal say in the conversation, a space where our stories are not just a footnote on someone else's agenda.

But America will not give us this space. We must claim it for ourselves. We must first identify the lies that we have so readily consumed and begin to challenge even our own conceptions of who we are. We must be able to look at our history and determine our own names, our own identity, and our own voice. And when we have that foundation, when we understand who we were created to be, we will be able to move with courage to challenge the insufficient labels and structures that society has offered us. We will stop being puppets for other people's causes, mere commodities to be used and thrown away whenever convenient. And when Abigail Fisher asks us if we will join her on her mission to defeat affirmative action we can respond in one voice, "This is who we are. This is our place in America. We will not be used."



THE PERKS & PAINS OF STUDENT ADVOCACY

An Insider's Account: What We Can Learn from APA Student Development

by sam lai

More often than not, the people who pass by the Multicultural Student Development offices in the Cesar E. Chavez Center don't know what goes on there. The daily foot traffic that flows through the hallways rarely takes a moment to stop and read the signs on each door: Native American Advisory Council (NAAC), Chicano/Latino Student Development (CLSD), African American Student Development (AASD), and Asian Pacific American Student Development (APASD).

When I fill in office hours as an APASD intern, once in a while someone will wander in asking for directions to another part of the building, not bothering to ask what our section does. On a regular basis, APASD interns tend to see familiar faces from student organizations that relate to Asian Pacific Islander culture or identity. Not often do we get to know the interns in the other offices, except for a brief "hello" when they come into pick up something from the printer.

For the cohort of interns who organize events for APASD, the mission is clear: to serve the diverse and changing needs of the API community through programming that promotes cross-cultural relations and advocates for civil rights and social justice. Yet to the broader on-campus student population, for those who have never heard of APASD (pronounced ah-pahz-dee) or been involved in API groups, the offices mean little. As a current APASD intern, I hope to give an insider's account of the challenges and privileges that the position brings, at least for me.

The history of APASD begins with the struggle in the 1990s for the establishment of programs that aimed to support ethnic minorities. In 1989, when API students made up 26% of the Berkeley campus, a report titled "Asian Americans at Berkeley" and compiled by a task force looked at changes in admissions policies over the past seven years and concluded that no long-term systematic bias had been shown towards APIs. The report looked at the impact of decisions in 1984 that halted the guaranteed admission of low-income students who had the academic qualifications, and while it hinted at the possibility of "anti-Asian" policies, no concrete evidence for the deliberate

exclusion of APIs could be found.

Spurred on by the findings in this report, students pushed to have staff and resources at the administrative level that directly addressed API issues. Eventually, communities of color merged to form the Multicultural Action Team (MAT) including the Native American Advisory Council, Chican@/Latin@ Agenda, African American Agenda, and the Asian Agenda.

Towards the mid-1990s, each office remained focused on its respective community but added "Student Development" to show solidarity and a shared purpose to support students who continued to be marginalized. By bridging the gap between the scholarly work done in Ethnic Studies and activism in the community, the MSD offices aim to recognize and fulfill the needs of minorities on-campus.

Today, the MSD offices operate as an administrative unit, with directors overseeing students who provide staff support through internships. For APASD specifically, the major programs that interns plan are CAPAW (Celebration of APA Womyn) in the fall semester and APIICON (API Issues Conference) in the spring. Interns also can initiate their own projects or events, such as book signings, film screenings, panels, etc.

In addition, interns act as liaisons to student orgs and on-campus agencies to work with students, faculty, and administrators on issues such as retention or career counseling. APASD's director, Jere Takahashi, has been a part of Berkeley for over 30 years, and for new interns like myself, his insight has proven instrumental in my own growth as a student and aspiring activist.

With a background in Asian American Association, this APA newsmagazine, and Cal Queer & Asian, I entered APASD with the hope that I would be able to fuse together my experiences into a project or event that addressed the intersections of identity: gender, sexuality, class, and ethnicity. What could be more appropriate for an Asian American Studies major than an internship in an office that shared the history of ethnic students' struggle to gain equity?

What I've realized this far along

into my first semester in APASD is that I have much to learn about the dynamics of those identities and what role they play in API activism. First, the perks of being an APASD intern: I have found a new home in the office, where interns take care of logistical tasks but also study or hang out between classes.

Now a 5th-year Psychology major, fellow intern Alyssa Ablao recalls attending APIICON while in her second year at De Anza Community College in Cupertino. Alyssa says, "It was a life changing event that influenced my decision to pick UC Berkeley." After being involved with the organization APA Student Leadership (APASL) at De Anza, she wanted to find out more about the planning team for APIICON and join a committee. Now Alyssa also sees the office as a second home: "Everyone there is a representative from a different community, so I'm constantly exposed to the events and interests of a variety of spaces. I also get to interact with everyone who comes in and out of the office, so I feel like I'm always connected to the rest of the API community."

The best part about being an intern for me is that it doesn't feel like work: besides the regular events like CAPAW and APIICON, interns have the freedom to come up with and implement any ideas for activities they want. From collaborating with interns and other students outside of MSD to help plan CAPAW (a semi-formal banquet which took place on November 18), we built a bond through our shared interest in illuminating the stories of womyn who have struggled in silence. I'm proud of the small but strong team of womyn who put in hours late at night to make CAPAW happen, and it was inspiring to hear activists like Mia Nakano and Julia Rhee tell their stories.

Ruby Lim, a 4th-year Anthropology major in her first year at APASD, summed it up best: "This year's cohort is actually smaller than in the previous years, creating a more intimate space. Each one of us all come from different groups and organizations that helped mold this unique cohort. This space helps build cultural awareness not only in just API and APAs, but also cross-culturally because APASD is one of the Multicultural Student Development offices."

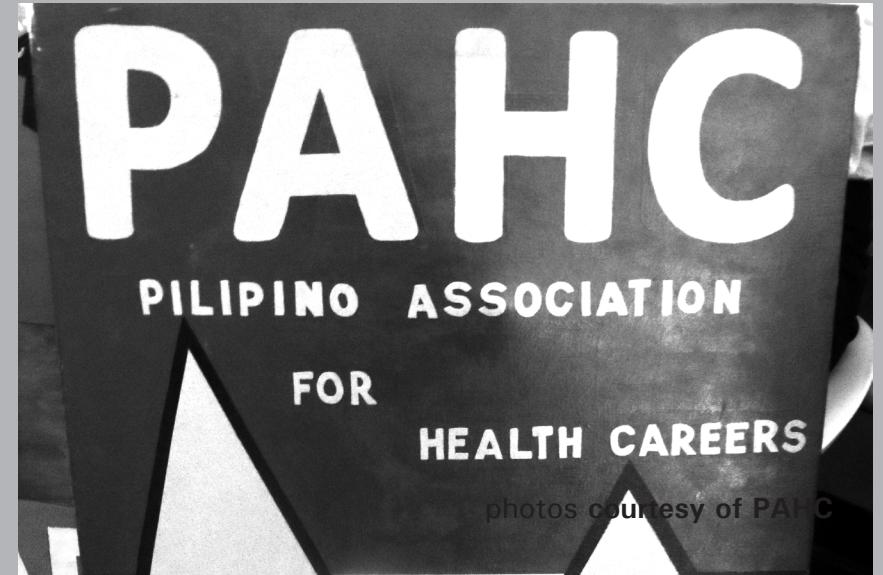
Let's be real though: events like CAPAW are a privilege to put on and attend. Not everything that happens in student advocacy work looks that glamorous, and it never should appear that way.

Interns sit through weekly meetings that sometimes end past 10 pm, often after a long day of classes. For those who were involved in either CAPAW or APIICON, that meant additional meetings throughout the week. We have our disagreements, and we're not all best friends with each other or our neighbors in MSD. Few people outside of the space make use of the mental health services provided by API Connect, a counseling resource for students seeking support either in academics or personal life. Last-minute complications will often arise the day of events we plan, and we just do our best to deal with whom and what we've got. And therein lies the beauty of APASD: we make the most of what we have because our predecessors did the same in order for us to have a foundation on which to build.

My own experiences in APASD do not reflect those of current or past interns, but I can say with conviction that it is a space where anyone can find a way to become engaged in API issues. A program like APASD has its benefits and frustrations, but as a collective, the interns communicate with one another in order to stay conscious of those factors.

A more experienced intern who has been involved in APASD since planning APIICON in her first year, Sina Aumoeualogo is now a 3rd-year Music major. "APASD is a space that developed out of student struggle and remains rooted in serving not only the API community but as well as the broader multicultural community. Through APASD you can really feel and recognize that your contributions to the API community matter," she commented.

In the short period of time I've been in APASD, I've been able to grow so much as an intern but also as an individual because of the hands-on approach encouraged in the space. The perks of being an APASD intern outweigh the demands, and as long as we recognize our roots, we can move forward in pushing the API agenda to serve the community.



ONE HEART ONE BEAT

by pahc and jessie kong

Since time immemorial, the end of fall semester ushers in the usual season blues and feelings of excitement for the holidays, but for the student organization PAHC, the Pilipin@ Association for Health Careers, it brings forth a different vibe—a feeling of compassion and passion to give back to the community. Since 1998, PAHC has held the Annual Medical Mission Benefit Concert in an effort to raise funds for PMSNC's (Philippine Medical Society of Northern California) Annual Medical Mission to a province in need. This year's theme is One Heart One Beat, a phrase that emphasizes the collaborative efforts of the community, both within PAHC and beyond the UC campus, to raise enough funds for the select few individuals to embark on the medical mission. Beyond the obvious student effort that goes into the process, the support of local businesses and collaboration between professionals in the health field make this Medical Mission a reality in changing the lives of those in need.

Long before the fifteen-year history of the Medical Mission Benefit Concert held at Cal, PAHC and PMSNC have been working together with the Medical Mission. In the beginning, past PAHC members were oftentimes related to doctors within PMSNC. Emily Cabebe, the first PUMP (Pilipin@ Undergraduate Mission Program) Coordinator, describes, "The mission is very much coordinated by these doctors who were born in the Philippines, and they knew the provinces." Students on the mission were able to go to areas where the doctors had actually practiced before, and the development of a familial bond helped shape the care given in previous medical missions. Fifteen years later, Cal alumni on the medical mission still work to serve underserved communities, preserving the tradition of familial connection. Last year's PUMP coordinator Melanie Dumalag relates, "I think every time you see patients it's refreshing to be able to connect with people in your homeland and

have similar stories in terms of how their family lives. Every minute you're there it's rewarding because you're out of your comfort zone and vulnerable to change. You're allowing yourself to change your mind, outlook, and perspective, and that's the most rewarding part of it all."

The impoverished conditions and rural areas within the Philippines were of no surprise to past Medical Mission volunteers Mark Esguerra and Patricia Mora. However, the extent of their contribution and compassion behind their efforts were surprisingly unexpected. As Patricia expresses, "It blew my mind... there were so many people, and we were there for only four days." The volunteers provided a number of medical services addressing a wide range of health conditions, including vitamin deficiencies, coughing, cyst removal, tumors, and other common conditions found amongst a large population of patients in the provinces.

Unfortunately, setbacks such as the depletion of supplies called for improvements within the program, including intervention of preventable diseases through proper nutrition and increased education. Despite these setbacks, every volunteer gained a unique, enlightening experience. Mark and Patricia both expressed a reinforced desire, motivation, and force in pursuing a health career. Overall, the impact of the medical mission was emotional and heartfelt for the volunteers.

The Medical Mission Benefit Concert held during the fall semester calls for awareness and support for the Medical Mission and selected candidates. This year, the two PUMP coordinators in charge of organizing the Medical Mission Benefit Concert, Mark Arganda and Michael Valerio, will partake in the Medical Mission to Pangasinan. Before applying, Mark was already familiar with the health and community issues that he will face on the Medical Mission. According to Mark, although different provinces have

different issues, "many have the same similarities such as lack of access and resources... Because these communities lack access to health care or medication, they probably have conditions that are not very prevalent [in the United States], such as the large tumors that many patients were seen with last year." The chance to see illnesses that are not common in the United States is one of the things he is most excited about.

Although the Medical Mission is only a temporary bandage to the greater issues of health care in the Philippines, as the same problems from 15 years ago recur today, the PMSNC's Medical Mission serves as a vehicle for change in many reinforcing ways. Despite thousands of miles in ocean, Pilipin@s in their homeland receive the warm compassion of care from their "kababayan" fellows who are there to effect change, including a change in the life of a mother who gets a five-pound tumor removed from her neck. The students are the mobilizing forces of the future who will learn from these experiences and continue to change the lives of their fellow people in the Philippines.

Other than the Medical Mission Benefit Concert, in the spring semester PAHC, along with the Chicanos/Latinos in Health Education (CHE) and Black Students in Health Association (BSHA), holds the Minorities in Health Conference to inspire minority high school and college students to pursue careers in health. PAHC also has an internship program that provides professional and emotional development for students to pursue a career in the healthcare community. Beyond all the wholesome work PAHC does, it is important to remember that 27 years ago PAHC started off as an actual family of brothers and cousins, and to this day PAHC continues as a space for a group of people to feel that familial aspect.

So come to PAHC's Medical Mission Benefit Concert, Saturday December 1 in Wheeler Auditorium at 5 PM (doors open 4 PM) and join the PAHC Family. tickets start at \$12 and go up to \$15 ; featuring Legaci, Jayne Rio, Dustin Ako, Summer Breeze, Peter Chung

THE RACIST FASHIONISTA

VICTORIA'S SECRET'S "SEXY LITTLE GEISHA" CONTROVERSY

by stacey nguyen

Tasteless, trite, and troubling, Victoria's Secret's release of its "Go East" collection with the notorious "Sexy Little Geisha" outfit on its website sparked an online controversy.

Recently, the lingerie company released an "Eastern-inspired" cutout sheer mesh teddy—with matching removable obi belt, fan and chopsticks—describing it as a "ticket to an exotic adventure." Many considered the outfit racially insensitive and objectifying of Asian culture. Opinion articles exploded on the Internet, spreading the controversy like wildfire. Since then, the company has decided to close the "Go East" collection, redirecting users who search for the product to the Victoria's Secret homepage.

Seldom tasteful, Victoria's Secret reached a new low by releasing a product without being sensitive to a history of messy racial politics, in which Asian women faced exploitation, colonization, and sexualization by Western culture. These racial obstacles are clear in the portrayal of Victoria's Secret's outfit; the diction of the product description and the way that the product is modeled is charged with negative racial and gender connotations toward Asian women. These two problems stem from a history of European colonization in Asia and a paradigm of white (male) privilege in our society, which often go unnoticed because of the degree to which they are culturally normalized.

First of all, the product's intention is to make the wearer feel like a "Sexy Little Geisha." Through sexualization, Victoria's Secret waters down the history of Japanese geishas, who offered much more artistically and culturally than just sex. This particular incident shows us how Asian women are portrayed as mindless objects of eroticism in Western culture. Rarely do we see intelligent, gumption-filled Asian female characters like Cristina Yang from the television show Grey's Anatomy. The media glorifies the perfect Asian female as docile and submissive in both the white and Asian communities.

In addition to the way the product description is worded, the portrayal of the outfit also raises a concern. Note that a white woman modeled the "Sexy Little Geisha" outfit. The painful implication is that the outfit is only "sexy" on a white female body, or what our nation normatively deems as the universal woman citizen. Western fantasies cannot involve women of color even if they are the ones being directly exploited; the fantasy must be executed by a white woman. This brings the issue of race to the table—why is Asian so often considered "foreign"?

Upon hearing about this controversy, I was reminded of an observation paper I had to write for my Gender and Women's Studies class here at Cal, in which I studied cosmetic product arrangements at Walgreen's. Unfortunately, the subjugation of Asian women is not a new idea. When I entered Walgreen's, I analyzed the arrangement of beauty products and how well they were divided into social categories. When I passed by the cosmetic and hygiene products, I noticed four shelves of hair dye that featured primarily Caucasian models—there were very few Latina, Black, and Asian models.

Interestingly, the hair dye boxes with the non-Caucasian models were placed together. What does this show us? Asian women, and more broadly, women of color, are seen as less important within our culture, and the number of nonwhite models displayed on beauty products reflects this claim. Women of color do not fit the heteronormative standard of white beauty. When they are visible in the media, they are rarely celebrated because of a long, negative history of sexualization. The



"Rarely do we see intelligent, gumption-filled Asian female characters like Cristina Yang from the television show Grey's Anatomy."



"Sexy Little Geisha" outfit is a primary example of this history—the fact that the outfit is sported by a white woman insinuates that white is associated with beauty, while color is associated with promiscuity and cultural inferiority. Such a pattern of racist body politics repeats endlessly in the beauty industry through the commercial promotion of different garments and cosmetic products.

The idea of a sexually and mentally submissive Asian woman is so culturally and historically ingrained in Western culture that the notion of the "Sexy Little Geisha" outfit seemed immediately harmless, maybe even funny or hot. But the very notion of the "Sexy Little Geisha" operates on power dynamics between race and gender. Products like this render people of all different races and genders insensitive to a history of Orientalism, which has reinforced xenophobia against Asians throughout history. The concept of Orientalism implies that people of Asian descent do not belong within Western culture, that they are foreigners who should remain silent and submissive. If issues like the "Sexy Little Geisha" outfit aren't addressed, Asian stereotypes will be recycled throughout many more generations.

By capitalizing upon stereotypes, companies like Victoria's Secret reproduce negative ideas about Asian women in mainstream society, portraying them as "exotic" and sexually attainable. And this isn't the first time the culturally-insensitive fashion industry has capitalized on racist and sexist stereotypes; the controversies not only extend to Asian women, but also other women of color. Issues revolving around the portrayal of African women and Native American women also sparked up in the fashion industry lately through, interestingly enough, Victoria's Secret. These controversies are relevant to the Asian community because it too has suffered from cultural objectification on top of many negative stereotypes. Communities of color must work together and strive to deconstruct many hackneyed portrayals of people of color.

Why is it so important to address the racism and sexism in this particular item as well as other countless products that convey similar messages? One might say that this controversial product is an innocuous caricature of a long-worn stereotype, and that it is about as racially harmful as a French maid costume. While people do have individual sexual desires, the social construction of sex, along with race and gender, have an intricate relationship, in which they are created through each other through historical and social reinforcement. With more and more reinforcement, Asians and Asian cultures are belittled and caricaturized to entertain Western audiences.

It's hard for me not to cringe or feel indignant when racially-insensitive portrayals appear in mainstream media. The "Sexy Little Geisha" costume is harmful not in what it shows, but in what it implies about the role of Asian women in our culture. When we buy into racialized stereotypes, we help reinforce negative cultural norms and we strip people of their dignity. Racism today differs greatly from the racism that people of color experienced 60 years ago, but it is still very much alive today in politics, media, and even daily interactions.

Christina Yang from Grey's Anatomy, played by Sandra Oh
photo courtesy of <http://www.bgawebsites.org>

WHITE-WASHED

by alex lee

When I eat dinner with my family, I never say a word. While my parents and sister converse with each other in Korean, I pick at my food completely ignorant of what the conversation is for I never learned how to speak my parents' native language. In some ways it's sad to acknowledge that I am every much the twinkie or banana (yellow on the outside, white on the inside) some of my fellow APIs have called me, as the very basic root to my heritage, a language that connects me to my family at home and abroad, has never established itself into my being.

I have no explanation. Perhaps it was the fact that I went to schools where most of the time I was the only Asian kid. And it's not like my parents didn't try to teach me. They enrolled me in Korean Saturday schools where we had to drive an hour away from home to attend, they taught me basic words and phrases, and were upset when I spoke to them only in English. Somehow, I never made that jump to fluency. And I can't blame my environment either. I only have to look at my sister to see that lack of Asian peers doesn't stop one from learning another language. One possibility was that my sister was more outgoing while I was an introvert who shied away from his own parents.

Still, for the most part I grew up more or less alone in my ethnicity, having neither peer nor family to really connect to. Whatever void I had from not being truly Korean was filled with Americanization. I grew up to like Punk rock. I ate pizza and would try to skip Korean dinners. I played football in high school. In essence, I was "white washed".

I suppose the only real Asian thing about me was my parents insistence that I go to college, which meant a great deal of scrutiny on my academics. Although there was perpetual difficulty with communicating with my parents, my mother knew enough English to tell me why an education was important and checked in on my academics frequently. My father on the other hand was a specter in the background, who would have something to say, but only in Korean, and so my Mother or sister would have to translate for me to understand.

So now here I am, a Berkeley student, and all of a sudden there's fucking Asians everywhere. It's strange, it's frightening, it's new, but most of all, it's exciting. Coming to college was my first real experience with Asian diversity. Yet I soon came to realize how different I was from many of my fellow Asian peers, especially the Koreans.

For starters, most of the other students knew how to speak their heritage language to some degree. Many also seemed to have a strong sense of community with fellow Asians in general.

To be ignorant of the culture and not being able to identify with it is an interesting challenge. I am in a perpetual state of limbo between two cultures I can never fully participate in. On the one hand, I am an industrious working citizen that is a product of the American education system. But I'll never be just American. On the other, I have an obligation to a culture that is undeniably connected to me through my ancestry and marks my physicality. But I'll never be just Asian.

So how can a person participate within the Asian American community when he feels like a white guy with Asian skin?

It's hard. It's a day to day process that requires proactive involvement with the

issues, educating myself about the struggles the Asian American community faces, and the history from which those struggles came from. But it has only been through participation have I been able to overcome the cultural gap separating me from the greater Asian American community.

Despite all the gains I've made by becoming more active with the political struggles of the API community, there is still something lacking in my life, something that continues to deeply unsettle me.

The greatest fear in my life is this haunting scenario I wish to never face. It involves my father, on his deathbed, and he is struggling to explain how much he loves me, giving me last second life advice in his broken English because he knows I won't understand his Korean. He desperately translates his Korean thoughts into fractured English, and when he's said all that he can, he'll smile, close his eyes, and then pass away, gone forever.

I know I won't cry at first. The shock will be too much, but eventually it will sink in. When it does, I will break into pieces, cursing myself for not knowing enough Korean to understand my father completely and hear him speak uninhibited by the cultural barriers that have long separated us.

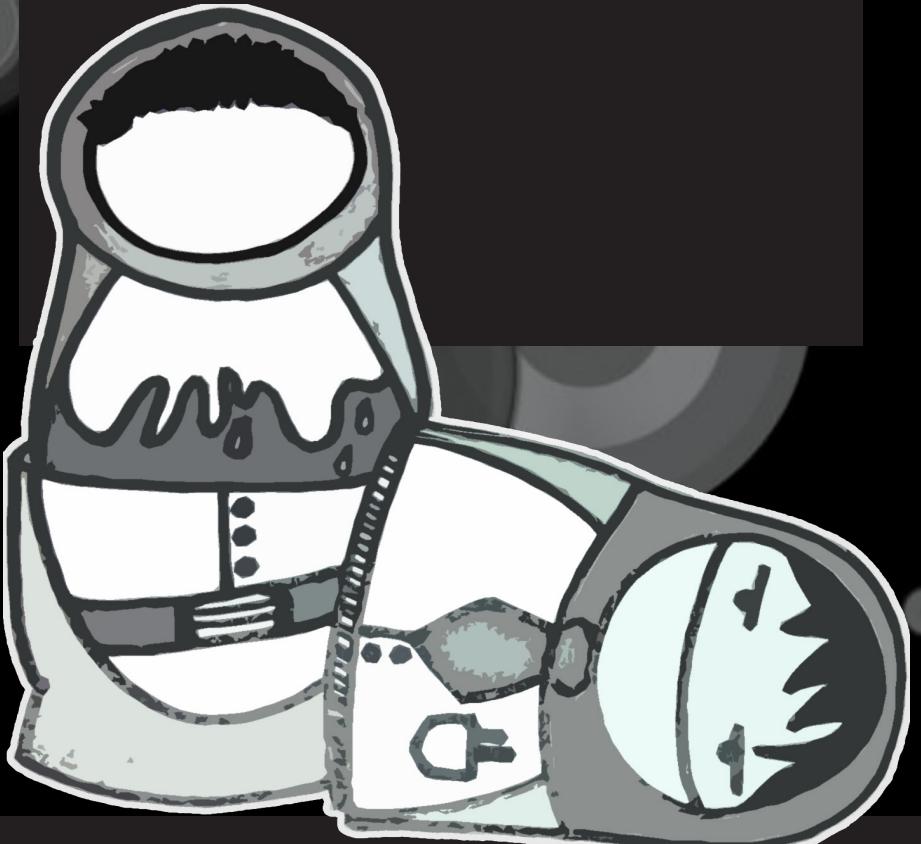
This is not a fear that I've kept secret from my peers. Yet somehow, the response comes to me as callous.

"It's not that big of a deal, just learn it."

I can. I'm trying. But what saddens me is that I've lost the opportunity to have that fluency option available only to kids. I will be more like a foreigner trying to learn Korean, and will always sound like a foreigner every time he speaks it. I will never truly be that Korean in Korean-American.

As sad as this truth depresses me, I refuse to give up. No matter how white I am on the inside, my tan Asian skin will always serve as a connection to the greater API community. I continue to be emboldened to fight the struggles APIs face and

And when the time comes for my father to leave this world, I will make damn sure that I give him the best conversation an *abeoji* (father) could have.



R E P R E H E N — A S I A

CLOUD ATLAS AND THE YELLOWFACE CONUNDRUM

by christian ting

With a budget of over 100 million dollars and boasting an international ensemble cast ranging from Tom Hanks and Halle Berry to Doona Bae, Zhou Xun, and Hugo Weaving, *Cloud Atlas* may appear to contain all the elements of the standard Hollywood blockbuster.

However, *Cloud Atlas* distinguishes itself from the recent glut of bombastic mainstream cinema. For one thing, it's not even a product of Hollywood. The Wachowskis and Tom Tykwer triple-directed mega-feature is actually a German-produced film, and stands as one of the most expensive and thematically ambitious independent films of all time. For another thing, there is one ingredient in *Cloud Atlas* that has stirred up controversy since the release of the 2012 sci-fi film: Yellowface. Accusations of Yellowface have been issued by MANAA (Media Action Network for Asian Americans). Racebending.com defines Yellowface as "the practice of applying prostheses or paint to simulate a crude idea of what 'Asians' look like; it is non-Asian bodies (usually white) controlling what it means to be Asian on screen and stage, particularly in lead/major roles."

Here we'll examine just exactly what's up with



Yellowface, a system of codes and practices that has left a tainted presence on the representation of Asian American culture ever since Warner Oland first donned the Fu Manchu moustache in 1929. However, I'm going to pump the brakes on the all-out barrage against this unsettling portrayal of Asians in a big-budget feature like *Cloud Atlas*—not because I don't care, but because I feel like a more substantiated approach toward examining the film must be taken in order to find the merits and even the reason behind this controversy. Therefore, I contend that the use of Yellowface in *Cloud Atlas*, while visually problematic and occasionally bizarre, should not be seen as overtly racist and/or discriminatory, but rather as a testament to the complexity of the casting process for film adaptation. This article will provide a spoiler-free overview of performance within the film, with an emphasis on Jim Sturgess, a man who has increasingly become the yes-man for Yellowface.

I have nothing against Jim Sturgess as an actor, or as a person for that matter. I've enjoyed his performances in *Across the Universe* (2007) and *The Other Boleyn Girl* (2009). But it's become clear that Hollywood is gearing him to be the go-to guy to represent Asia—through the body of a brunette, green-eyed English male. Sturgess was cast as the lead in *21* (2009), a film based on the story of a primarily Asian American group of MIT students who take Las Vegas by storm. I mean, sure it was disappointing to watch Hollywood once again white-wash a true story and reinforce stereotypes for the sake of higher box office returns, but it was still an entertaining movie. The film was a veritable missed opportunity to launch the career of an aspiring AA actor or actress, and a shame at that, but the economy of entertainment is such a prominent force in driving the studio system.

So what's up with *Cloud Atlas*? As I mentioned earlier, it's not a Hollywood film. But even so, after viewing the three-hour epic, I was still able to identify how deeply embedded some ideologies about race, cultural exclusion, and perfunctory stereotypes are from

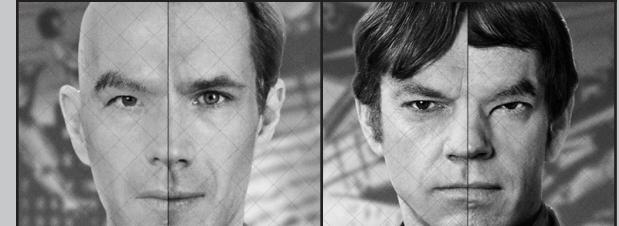
the perspective of white directors and screenwriters. Sturgess is one of eight main characters in *Cloud Atlas*, in which he dons roles ranging from Adam Ewing, an American lawyer whose health begins to deteriorate as he journeys home to San Francisco during the gold rush on a ship, to Hae-Joo Chang, the charismatic leader of a rebellion set in futuristic, dystopian "Neo-Seoul."

Without ruining any of the plot points, I would like to say that it's lamentable that Hae-Joo Chang had to be portrayed by a white actor. It really is. Chang kicks ass. He saves the leading lady Sumni (played by Doona Bae) multiple times. He brings Sunmi to his perfectly quaint Oriental home (where he proceeds to have sex with her). He's incredibly intelligent and thoughtful. Not a single thread of his fake black hair is out of place. This character is a genuine action hero, in the same vein as Ethan Hunt or James Bond. Chang could have been a true revolutionary in his own right with respect to breaking the glass ceiling on the limited roles available to actors of Asian descent, yet all of our community's media dreams and aspirations are discounted when Sturgess puts on the prosthetics and his meek, yet firm take on a Korean man's voice and mannerisms.

The Wachowskis have come to their film's defense by urging audiences to reflect on their own viewing biases and asking us to see that "humanity is the true character of the story." I do respect that perspective, but I can't help but feel cheated when I see such a well-developed and significant role fit for an Asian (because the character is Asian) go to someone who doesn't really need this kind of screen credit. Sturgess already claimed his mainstream breakthrough with 2007's *Across the Universe*, and his screen credit as Hae-Joo Chang will likely go down as yet another controversial casting decision mired in his young but successful career. But I digress. The "inter-connectivity" of the film—having the same actors play different characters and bodies throughout—makes it hard to thematically justify having an Asian actor replace Sturgess (as that same actor would have to play five other characters, likely resulting in Whiteface). Therefore, one can argue that Yellowface was an unavoidable byproduct of the source material's cinematic ambition.

Well...it could have at least been done well.

James D'Arcy and Hugo Weaving, from left to right
www.collider.com



My goodness, Hugo Weaving as a Korean consulate member looks like Spock. And why the heck did they have to yellowface African American actor Keith David? They didn't even bother lightening his skin pigment! He literally just had black hair and slanted eyes! Come on!

Doona Bae's character Somni in *Cloud Atlas* continually references the fact that she "will not be subjected to criminal abuse." Though our viewing of *Cloud Atlas* is hardly seen as an abusive experience, the (poorly done) use of yellowface sure feels criminal. Somni repeatedly asks Sturgess's Hae-Joo Chang, "Who are you?" throughout the course of their encounter and romance, to which he replies: "Our lives are not our own."

Clearly, the actor didn't realize the irony of such a statement.

THE BREAKING POINT

THE BATTLE TO RECLAIM DWINELLE HALL AS AN OPEN AND INCLUSIVE DANCING SPACE

What's one of the first things people say about Dwinelle Hall to new students on campus (other than that it's a ridiculously confusing maze)? They talk about how it's home to many campus and Bay Area breakers, or break-dancers, and how you'll find yourself weaving your way through flying limbs when they train on Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

For over a decade, Dwinelle Hall has been a hot spot for seasoned and budding breakers all over the Bay Area, a large number of whom are Asian Pacific American. These practices attract breakers from all over California as well as other states and have even attracted international dancers. Dwinelle Hall is a space where hip-hop dancers of all styles have congregated and built a community and is part of the UC Berkeley culture.

"To me breaking is two things. Breaking is a means for learning how to empower, understand, and express myself... Breaking is also about community and connecting with people."

- ANDY HU, 3RD YEAR

Throughout the years, these dancers have encountered numerous issues with campus administration over use of the space—the building managers and janitors did not like the scuff marks left on the hallway floors by the dancers nor the loud music being played. Despite their long history and visibility on campus, the community was never an official organization and thus would often be kicked out of Dwinelle without warning. In the hopes of settling the issue of using Dwinelle, 3rd-year Political Economy student and b-girl Lilly Sedaghat found a faculty sponsor and filled out all the paperwork to legitimize the Dwinelle Hall Breakers as an ASUC student group this past year. By becoming an official campus organization and following all safety rules, the Dwinelle Hall Breakers thought they would finally be recognized by the administration.

Unfortunately, this wasn't the case at all. In October, they were kicked out of Dwinelle Hall and barred from dancing there once again. The new building manager, Rubin Mejia, expelled the breakers from their home despite the fact that the Dwinelle Hall Breakers followed all fire and safety regulations. Without Dwinelle Hall, there would no longer be a space for these dancers to come together as a community.

"Breaking is my escape... I know this seems really cheesy but it's literally that best friend I could turn to if I have to. It's also a way to better learn myself."

- RAHUL DORAI SWAMI, 2ND YEAR

Dwinelle Hall is a space where people have come together to dance, study, hang out, and in some instances...sleep. If the Dwinelle Hall Breakers were kicked out and banned from using the space to dance, all other students who use the hall would be susceptible to vacating the space as well. After all, the Dwinelle Hall Breakers are not the only ones throughout the school year who use Dwinelle Hall to dance, sing, and hang-out. This fight—at its core—is not just about giving Dwinelle Hall back to the

Dwinelle Hall Breakers. It is about the basic right every student and person who walks onto this campus has to use public spaces.

Breaking is more than a hobby for these individuals. It is an art, a culture, a community. For this community, breakdancing is a form of empowerment and self-expression. It is a creative outlet and can even be an escape from stress due to school or home. Losing Dwinelle

a public space and a large number of those who had come there to dance are not students at UC Berkeley. Most of the dancers would never be able to go into Hearst Gym or the RSF in the evenings because they either do not have a Cal ID or cannot afford to pay ridiculously pricey gym membership fees. Also, moving to another open campus building would result in the dancers being kicked out anyway. Dancing in the gyms would make practices inherently exclusive. That is not what this community is about nor is it what the administration should be indirectly trying to impose. Dancing at Dwinelle Hall has always been open to the public. It has always been a free, all-inclusive, and multicultural environment. The color of your skin, your age, your school, your economic background, the skill level and style of your dancing, even your preference in socks and shoes—none of this matters when you walk into Dwinelle Hall to dance. That is how it has always been and how it should continue to be.

"...as I began to learn more about the history, culture, and dance, my thoughts rapidly changed. Breaking has become a lifestyle to me. It isn't just a dance, but it is a culture."

- DYLAN TONG, 3RD YEAR



"Taking away Dwinelle Hall for the breakers would be equivalent to taking away a photographer's camera or a writer's pen and paper."

www.bboycandido.tumblr.com

Hall wasn't the loss of an arbitrary space for the dancers. It was the loss of home and their identity. For dancers of all styles, a place to train, practice, and hone their craft is essential. Taking away Dwinelle Hall for the breakers would be equivalent to taking away a photographer's camera or a writer's pen and paper, the mediums that make their passion possible.

But why Dwinelle Hall? Why not go to another campus building? Why not go to Hearst Gym or the RSF? It's simple. Dwinelle Hall is their home. It is where they began and where they want to continue to be. Dwinelle is

In an effort to demonstrate just how important Dwinelle Hall is to the dancing community, bill SB 167 was created. SB 167 is a ASUC Senate bill in opposition to the removal of the Dwinelle Hall Breakers from dancing in Dwinelle Hall and was unanimously passed in the Senate meeting held on November 7 this month. When presented to the ASUC the bill was unanimously supported by all senators and was even sponsored by senators across all party lines. Although the bill has passed, the struggle is not over. The bill wants ASUC President Conner Landgraf to work with the dance community advocate, Senator Rosemary Hua, to write letters to Vice Chancellor Harry LeGrande, the LEAD Center Interim Director Jeff Woods, and the ASUC Auxiliary Director Kelsey Finn, urging them to have Dwinelle Hall building manager Rubin Mejia lift the ban on the Dwinelle Hall Breakers.

"To me, b-boying is more than just a physical art form that expresses power, creativity, and finesse. While on a visual surface it embodies all of these aspects, it is a way of life that harbors love, pain, frustration, and soul."

- LILLY SEDAGHAT, 3RD YEAR

This campus is famous for the 1960's Free Speech Movement, a movement where students fought and protested for their right to free speech and by extension, the right to free expression—one of the most fundamental purposes of breakdancing. By denying the Dwinelle Hall Breakers an open, all-inclusive space to dance in, the administration is going against one of its greatest legacies. Because of their presence and contributions to this campus over the years, the Dwinelle Hall Breakers more than deserve Dwinelle Hall has a dancing space. This community of remarkable dancers and individuals deserve recognition and respect at all levels.

CHECK OUT HARDBOILED.BERKELEY.EDU FOR MORE FROM THE DWINELLE HALL BREAKERS!

A

Sweet

Confession

By Adelyn Chan



Artist's Commentary: Some Thoughts on Innocent Love

This comic was based off of an actual high school experience, but I tweaked the events a little bit. What I actually did was walk to my crush's large circle with my sister and a friend. They stopped to the side while I walked up to my crush and handed him the letter. Without saying anything, I turned around and then ran away. Luckily, my friend and sister stopped me and we acted like it was nothing. Now when I think back to it, I laugh at how silly I was. To all of you, please enjoy this sweet confection!

Adelyn Chan is a 1st-year at Berkeley, a big fan of Hayao Miyazaki, and an aspiring animator.