

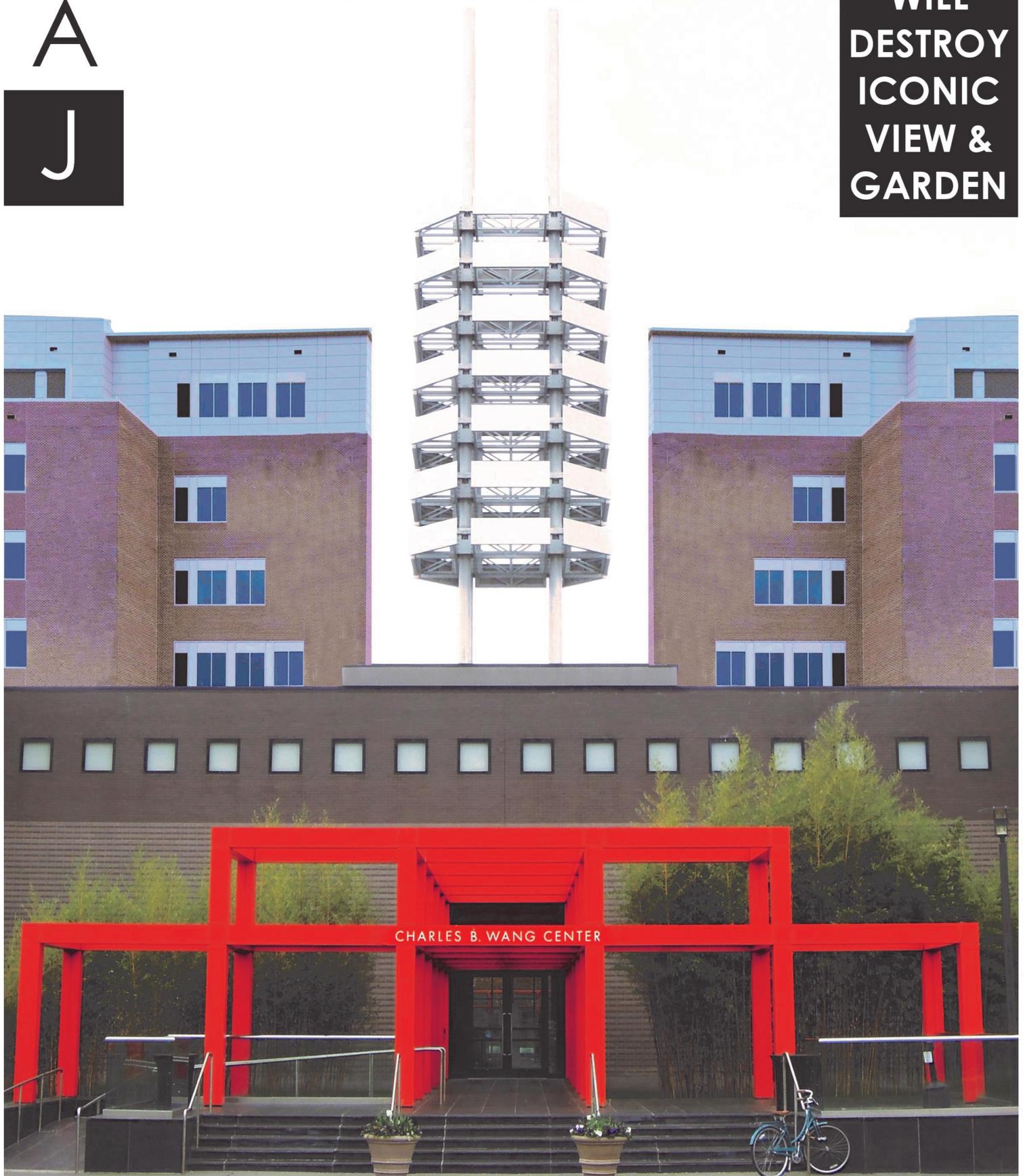
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HELP SAVE THE WANG CENTER!

NEW
DORMS
WILL
DESTROY
ICONIC
VIEW &
GARDEN





Every once in awhile a student passes through the University and changes the lives of those around them.

'Oliver' Hao Li
is one of them.

As the former Editor-in-Chief
of AA E-Zine
and the current Editor-in Chief
of AAJ,
both organizations owe him a
large debt of gratitude.

This page is our surprise to him.

Thank you Oliver!
Thank you Hao!

AAJ

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AAJ: Asian American

Journal, is an outlet

for Asian and

Asian American voices

to disseminate information

in order to promote

activism in the community

and awareness of

Asian American issues.

This issue is about journeys. My journey to the US began as a Chinese international student and ends as an almost American, EB-5 green card in hand. My journey from photographer to Editor-in-Chief of AA E-Zine and then AAJ ends with graduation as I embark on a new journey for my MBA. This issue is its own journey, dedicated to campus (April) and national (May) Asian and Asian American Heritage Months and what being an Asian American includes: fighting for justice, looking at the past to see where we have come from and to the future to see where we are going.

The Filipino American poet Carlos Bulosan said that "America is in the heart" - it is the ideas and ideals it represents more than the physical place. This year I participated in my first protests. I went to Occupy Wall St on International Day of Solidarity, and this issue of AAJ is protesting the disregard by the University of Asians and Asian Americans and the symbol of our heritage on campus. During my freshman year I won first prize in the Wang Center photo contest so it holds a special place in my heart.

Thus it is fitting that the cover story for Asian American Heritage Months is about a protest, though our hope is that by the time you read it, our actions online will have made it unnecessary. One part of history you may not know is that Asian Americans protesting is "as American as apple pie" (even if apples are of Asian origin). In 1882 the US passed the Chinese Exclusion Act, the first major ban on Asian immigration. In the next ten years over 7000 lawsuits were filed by protesting Chinese, the majority of which they won. Asian Americans do not sit idly by when injustice happens. One reason we come to America is to be a part of its ideals.

- 'Oliver' Hao Li, Editor-in-Chief

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Cover photo by 'Oliver' Hao Li of the entrance and pagoda of Charles B. Wang Center with an intentionally exaggerated Photoshop rendering of new dorms that will destroy the aesthetics of the Wang Center.

AAJ welcomes electronic submissions from SBU campus community.

AAJ / AA E-Zine meet Fridays during the academic year in Union 071, SBU. Check websites for times or email for info: aaajsbu@gmail.com. AAJ is online. Some articles are expanded on AA E-Zine; others are in SB Press.

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A Plea to President Stanley: Please Save the Beauty & Uniqueness of the Wang Center! Do Not Treat the Asian & Asian American Community As If They Did Not Matter!

The Charles B. Wang Asian /American Center was a \$60 million gift to honor his heritage and that of all Asians and Asian Americans and a place where Americans could learn about Asia “simply by being in the building”.

The Toll Drive Residence Halls were planned without telling the donor, the Asian and Asian American community, or anyone who appreciates the Wang Center’s beauty.

Dear President Stanley,

The Wang Center’s “Tower to Heaven” modern sculptural pagoda, meant to symbolize the uniting of East and West, has become the University’s icon. Its holographic coating changes colors with the sun. At solstices, Chem faculty watch the sun’s position within its poles, our own mini-Stonehenge. It graces campus brochures, web pages, even the Alumni Association credit cards. It has made us unique. At the Gen One Reunion you said you are not allowed to call us the “flagship” of the SUNY system, but many agree with you that we are. The uniqueness of our icon is a fitting tribute to what we have become and the future we hope to be.

A pagoda was chosen because it is the one architectural feature that united Asia in antiquity and unites the world in modernity. Look at the top of the oldest stupa in India at Sanchi and you will see our pagoda. With the spread of Buddhism pagodas traveled eastward across Asia to the Pacific and eventually to the world. What is the Empire State Building but a pagoda with an elevator. Our iconic symbol represents the world, just like the world class university you want us to be.

Last fall we had heard a rumor that two 8-story dorms were to be built behind the Wang Center. The FSA Executive Director was asked about it and he responded, “It’s all still in the planning stages, nothing has been decided yet, don’t worry about it.” This past week we saw the KSQ Architect’s plans - not two 8-

story dorms but four 6-story ones! How is that “nothing to worry about”?

Look at the photo below of the Wang Center pond and garden. It is considered one of the most beautiful spots on campus. Tranquil and serene. Imagine what this will look like with 4 stories of brick rising up over the red trellis’ rather than trees and sky. Imagine on a warm spring day the quiet lost to loud music emanating from dorm room windows towering overhead.

Now look at the panoramic photo of the front of the Wang Center. The University moved the main road into campus to make the Wang Center the first thing visitors see. We wanted to impress. If these dorms are built where planned, the Wang Center’s tower will be lost against a backdrop of red brick walls almost half its height, swallowing up our iconic symbol. At night, rather than standing lit alone in the night sky, there will be a checkerboard of dorm lights around it.

With our offices in the decaying Student Union, we understand that to rebuild it, a dining facility is needed to replace it first, and it would be preferable to have one on the same side of campus. But there are better alternatives. One of the original spaces offered for the Wang Center by President Kenny was near the tennis courts by the Student Health Services. If the new dorms were located there, simply at the other end of the Stadium parking lot, they would still be within close proximity to the Union without harming the Wang Center’s aesthetics.



“In my opinion, putting four six-story dorms that would pollute the harmony and pervert the aesthetics of the Wang Center is like a slap in the face to my culture.”

**Melani Tiongson
- SBU Student**



There was a time when there were only two cafeterias, Union and Humanities. For those living in Tabler, Roosevelt and Kelly who didn't have time to shop, walking across campus was the norm. Now that would be seen as a healthy lifestyle.

If a new dorm is near Student Health Services, (a building also scheduled to be removed), for H Quad residents it would be closer than by Wang. For Mendelsohn it would just be the reverse of the current plans. Anyone using the Rec Center to get in shape would hardly object to another minute of walking. That area also includes more space for parking.

Who on this campus so desperately needs a new eating facility behind Wang that it is worth destroying the aesthetics of our iconic symbol and the beauty of its garden? Are the feelings of the Asian and Asian American community worth less to SBU than maybe having to move the tennis courts? A Wang Center staff person even came up with a good solution - move the tennis courts behind Wang and keep a buffer of trees!

Your daughter's major at Stanford is Comparative Studies in Race and Ethnicity. Hopefully she has learned in her classes and bi-racial life to see the world through eyes that are not oblivious to white privilege. We wonder if she would be proud of her father if he allowed the destruction of the beauty of the one building on campus that has brought so much pride to the Asian and Asian American community. Nor is it only pride to those of Asian heritage. The Wang Center is the most heavily sought after event venue on campus because of its beauty. Departments have to book a year in advance to guarantee dates. Admissions wants students and parents to have their first formal introduction to the University in that building. Is the campus willing to give that up to save students a one-minute walk?

Melani Tiongson, the Asian American Journal VP, wrote about her feelings to give you a sense of the hurt that this decision will cause when it becomes known what the University intentionally did.

"I'm an overworked, stressed-out student. I have two jobs, 18 credits, multiple leadership positions. There are countless students like me with an equal or greater workload. When I want to relax, I need a place to retreat to - somewhere serene and pristine. For me, that's the Wang Center.

But it's more than just a spot of relaxation - it's a building that represents the meeting of cultures. It represents our school, which has one of the most diverse faculty and student bodies on the East Coast. I chose Stony Brook because I believed that I would feel welcome within a school that wasn't known as Vanillanova (Villanova) or some other derogatory nickname indicative of its demographics. As an Asian American, I believed Stony Brook would facilitate intrinsic growth without imposing on my heritage.

In my opinion, putting four 6-story dorms that would pollute the harmony and pervert the aesthetics of the Wang Center is like a slap in the face to my culture. It may be a bit of a stretch, but it's not too far detached from the days when people of color like me were shafted for the benefit of something allegedly "greater."

Please Dr. Stanley, listen to her feelings. She is not atypical. Tremendous thought was put into creating something that truly represents who we are and aspire to be. Please do not destroy that. **The Union has been in disrepair for years. A short delay to work out an alternative to destroying Wang is worth what will be lost. It is not only aesthetics. You will create negative feelings from those of Asian heritage for your lack of consideration for them. Why is SBU planning to build a dorm that was created without any input from those who will feel the most hurt from what you doing?**

Sincerely, Hao 'Oliver' Li, AAJ Editor-in-Chief, Joe Damiani, AAJ Sports Editor, Chenjun Feng, AAJ Culture Editor, Wilson Jiang, AAJ Copy Editor, BLoO, AA E-Zine VP, Adam Sue, AA E-Zine Editor-in-Chief, Hao 'May' Wang, AAJ Layout Editor, Ja Young, AA E-Zine Alumni Editor, and more signers on our website.

Reflection On My Parents And How They've Affected Me

by Wilson Jiang

This month is Asian heritage month, so I decided to write about my parents. To be more specific what I've gained from them, and what they've kept upon coming here. A bit of expository information, my parents grew up in a fairly rural part of the Guangdong province of China. As a result they didn't get any education past high school and grew up poor. They then moved to the US, had two kids in the form of my brother and I, and raised us up to this point. That's all I can remember clearly though, so the rest is based off my judgment and impressions.

As people they actually have some bad characteristics; they stereotype, are frugal but inefficient, and think a bit too highly of themselves. Not only that, they believed literally everything the news told them, spanked me as a kid (but then I didn't actually end up that bad from it so your mileage may vary), spout nonsense to try to make my brother and I do stuff, and treat us like we're still little kids, which is related to the think highly of themselves bit. That's not even getting to their tempers, which humorously leads me to enjoy being at Stony more than being at home, large amounts of work and mediocre food notwithstanding. A lot of this can be attributed with their upbringing in rural China and ever since I met my relatives while visiting there, it's kind of easy to call them bad

MY GRANDMOTHER AND MOTHER IN FRONT OF THE BIRD'S NEST



FATHER AND BROTHER OUTSIDE THE ENTRANCE OF THE GREAT WALL

people (well bad, as in they don't know any better, not the bad as in evil anyways).

Of course there's a difference between thinking a person's character is terrible and thinking their morals are terrible. This is the part that I like about them; they have and have taught me fairly solid morals. Some of them are obvious, such as be honest, respect others, and hard work pays off, especially the respect others and hard work part.

However, I think the best thing they ingrained into me though, is the fact that learning and having a good education is extraordinarily important. The motivation for this is actually less than noble, which was essentially to get a good job and lots of money, but the fact that my parents lugged me to the library and had me read loads of books, and went to the zoo with my brother and I, has had a relatively deep impact on me as a person.

Just this made me have an interest in science and math and eventually decide to pursue an engineering degree. This also eventually got me motivated enough to try to learn music synthesis by dry reading, (except that needs more explanation in order to understand it). I may not agree with everything they say or do, but I damn well respect them for what they've ingrained into me and that, at the very least, has my deepest respect.

Being a First Generation Korean American

by Noah Kim

Respect and Rebellion. Fresh seafood and greasy Big Macs. Being a first generation Korean American means growing up in a blend of two cultures that couldn't be more different. I think my parents first realized this when my older sister talked back to my strict father when she was just 12 years old. I still remember the shocked look on my dad's face and the awkward silence that took place soon after.

After that day my parents knew that raising us like kids born in Korea wasn't going to work. As much as they wanted us to stick with Korean values, adapting to the western way of living was inevitable for me and my sister. I think it was hard for my parents to understand at first, but they eventually accepted it.

Being a first generation Korean American has a downside. I often get weird looks from native Koreans, which doesn't surprise me. My friend James, a fellow Korean American, said it best regarding the way native Koreans feel about us.

"They think we're aliens or something", he said. "Like there's something wrong with us." James recalled a time when a group of them talked about him just a couple of feet away, thinking he didn't speak Korean. "I don't think the natives know we're actually Korean."

While native Korean's don't accept us, I feel it's the same for many other Americans. I think most Americans identify Asian Americans as "Asian" rather than "American".

It's not that I don't feel Asian Americans aren't Americans," said Joseph Molinari, an Italian-American. "It's just hard to tell sometimes if an

Asian person is from Asia or born here."

The way native Koreans and other Americans look at me is somewhat troublesome, but I love being Korean American. I feel as if we're a product of two cultures from two extremely different ends.

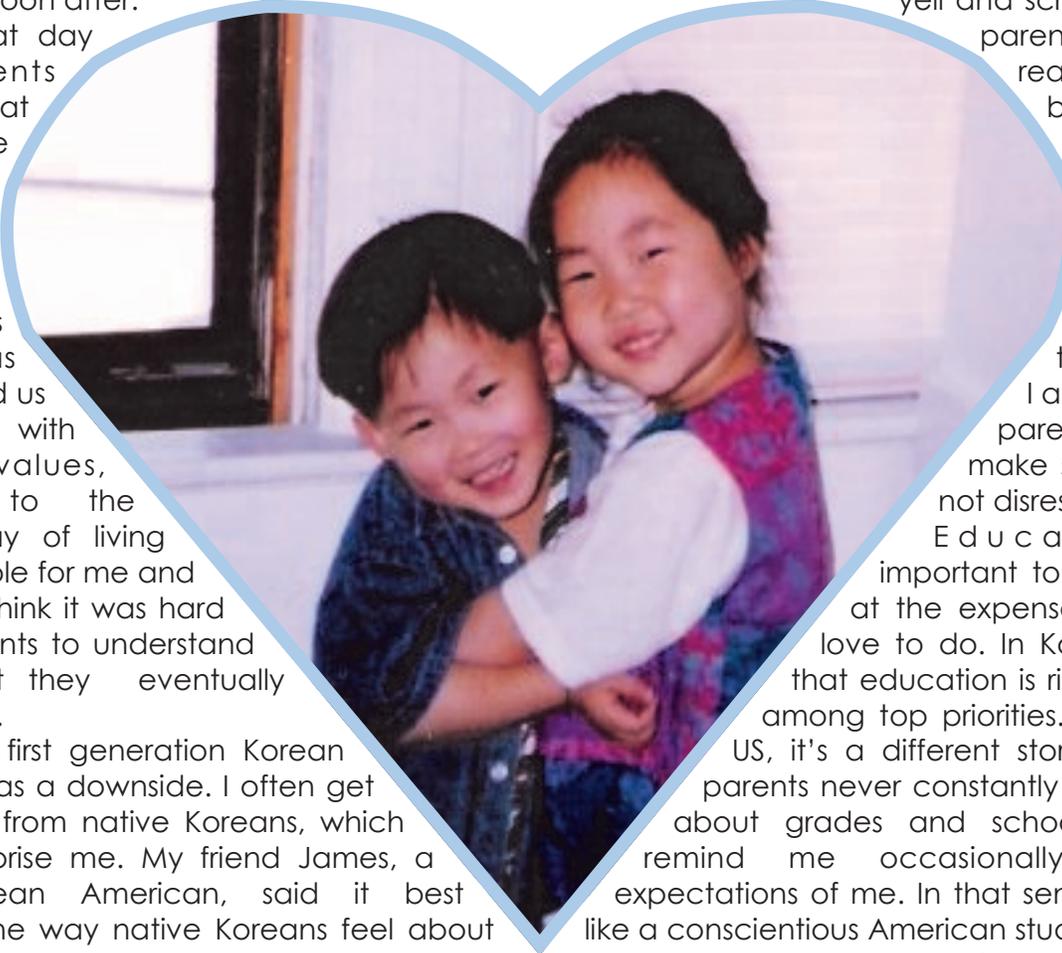
I respect my elders but will speak out when something's wrong. I always see American kids yell and scream at their

parents for no reason at all, but at the same time I see cousins of mine in Korea take verbal abuse from their parents.

I argue with my parents, but I make sure that I'm not disrespectful.

Education is important to me but not at the expense of things I love to do. In Korea, I know that education is right up there among top priorities. Here in the US, it's a different story. While my parents never constantly nagged me about grades and school, they do remind me occasionally of their expectations of me. In that sense I'm more like a conscientious American student. When it comes to regular schoolwork, I never tired myself out studying but I also finish my required work and put in effort in the classroom. But for something I'm passionate about, I put in all my time and effort without a second thought.

My American friends often ask me if I think of myself more as a Korean or an American. I'm 100% Korean. Growing up in a Korean household, I have more pride and love for Korea. However, I can't deny that I was born here. I dress like an American, speak like an American, and act like an American. So I like to think of myself not as just a Korean or just an American, but a Korean American.



Qingming (清明) — Remembering Where You Came From

by Brian Loo

While many college students were busy celebrating their Spring Breaks, traditional Chinese families were busy with the Qingming Festival (清明節). Qingming, or Tomb Sweeping Day, takes place 15 days before the Spring equinox, which usually occurs around April 5th. In a sense, it is not really a festival, but rather a day for one to remember one's ancestors and tend to their tombs. By tradition, Chinese families must visit their ancestor's tombs on or before Qingming to "sweep" the tomb, make offerings, and pay their respects.

Upon arrival at the tomb, most families begin with basic cleaning duties such as brushing off debris and removing overgrowth. Shortly after, a table or mat is set up that presents the deceased with offerings of fresh food and rice wine. At the same time, paper offerings are burned in order to transfer them to the deceased's possession. The most commonly



Grave with incense sticks



Burning joss paper

burned item is joss paper money, which serves to provide the deceased with currency in the spirit world. This is then followed by the lighting of joss incense sticks and prayers. The incense sticks are placed by the deceased's tombstone and by any other neighboring tombstones as a sign of recognition and remembrance.

The ritual is typically concluded when the family proposes a toast to the deceased, and proceeds to pour the offered wine onto the tombstone as well as any other food offerings.

Because Qingming occurs annually, Chinese families are reminded to visit and tend to their ancestor's graves, as everything one has today was influenced by one's ancestors in some way. As I was tending to my ancestor's graves, I learned about who they were and how much influence they made on my family. I even found the tomb of the first member of my family who immigrated to America in the 1920s.

This brought up a major point that will stick with me for life - **always remember your ancestors and where you came from.** All of your current and future success, your possessions, and especially your family, wouldn't exist if it wasn't for your ancestors. Never forget them.



A typical set of offerings to the deceased

I am AKO SI // 私は // 我叫

by Melani Tiongson

fil-ameri-asian-ish @ <http://procrastinazn.tumblr.com/>

Don't you love it when people play the "Guess The Ethnicity!" game with you?

I don't.

My friends always bash the way my family and I look. We're Filipino, but we look Chinese. We're "supposed" to be dark, but we're blindingly pale. Whenever we visit our relatives back home, we look like relief workers visiting the poor. We don't assimilate to the stereotype of a "typical" Filipino. And I'm proud of my contradictory existence. I'm grateful that I don't fit into any societal generalizations at all.

But it wasn't easy when I was growing up. When I was a kid, I never knew exactly where I fit in. And when you're five, ten, fifteen, and on — well, you just want somewhere to belong.

I was the quiet kid in kindergarten. I read every book in the room, but because I was Asian and taciturn, teachers thought I didn't know English. Little did they know that English was my first language. Little did they know that my parents *barely* spoke to my brother and me in Waray at home. Little did they know that even though I was an immigrant, I was coming from a nation with the second highest English fluency rate in Asia (the first is India). But thankfully, this all got sorted out relatively quickly. Gradually, I made friends and spoke more in class (and my mom had a screaming match with the school board). They realized that I knew English, and life proceeded as such.

It wasn't until 3rd grade where I started having issues with my ethnic identity. The teacher asked how many people were born in New York; everyone raised their hand. I did, too. Just because I would look weird if I didn't. I can say now that I'm



proud of my foreign-born roots, but back then I had never felt so ashamed in my life of the fact that I was Filipino. All the kids would make fun of me if they found out I had an Alien card, or that I couldn't be President when I grew up. At the time, I thought it was best to tell a little white lie, rather than face the ridicule that often comes with telling the truth. I apologized to God that night, telling the statuette of Santo Nino (Baby Jesus) that I really

was sorry, and I envied him for always being strong enough to stand for what he believed in. And I prayed that one day, I might be able to do the same.

The following week our class was

having an ethnic food day. My Italian friend brought garlic knots and pizza. My other Italian friend brought cannolis. My *other* Italian friend brought spaghetti. And my Greek friend brought pierogies, which were "a little weird" according to my peers, but good nonetheless.

I brought cassava cake; my mom's special recipe, to be exact. And considering all the *other* Filipino dishes I could've brought, I was pretty convinced that cassava cake would be a safe bet. I was still a little afraid that no one would like it — that I would bring food that wouldn't nourish people and make them happy. Every so often, I would look at my dish at the end of the dessert table —

And there it stood, in its lonely perfection: my mom's cake, untouched, save for a few sympathetic nibbles by parents who were chaperoning our luncheon. I remember wanting to cry that day; I didn't want to show my mom the tray that was completely unscathed. But when I

came home, she just smiled and said how great it was that we had leftovers. I baon'ed (packed) cassava cake for lunch that entire week. And I loved it.

The great thing about growing up is that as we grow, we discover - or perhaps, create - other facets of our personalities. We develop interests in sports, or the arts. We pick up a violin and fall in love, or photograph the memories we never want to forget. We start singing, writing, drawing, and experiencing life in different ways. We learn what we like and don't like. We learn to live with what we've got and work for what we've yet to attain. We carve our own niches, and eagerly anticipate for the world to accept the layers that lie beneath our skin.

By the time I was in sixth grade, I was known as "the writer." Not "the quiet Asian" or "the one good at math." I had won a poetry contest or two, and I just could *not* get my nose out of any novel I was reading at the time. My teachers all encouraged me to keep writing, even as I continued into junior high. They behooved me to join the school newspaper and to never stop writing, for even a single day. They sincerely thought I had a gift - and surprisingly, it had nothing to do with math, science, or playing the violin.

It was around this time I began abandoning my Filipino heritage; I had adopted this new persona as a "writer." I no longer cared about the color of my skin or the strange spelling of my last name. I was who I was. But unfortunately, whoever I was didn't fit in with the other Pinoys around me.

I always felt awkward around Filipinos. I loved my relatives, adored my titos and titas, but I never really meshed with the kids that drank, danced, and were in cotillions. I don't know why. When I think back, I can only say that *I probably wasn't cool enough*. Dancing was something my older brother did; he was a bboy and had the swag that comes with it. But me — I was a dork, to say the least. I got along with the Asians at my school; I shared similar interests in k-pop/j-pop/anime/video games/etc. I went to karaoke boxes in the city and watched dramas with Rain and Rainie Yang. I fit in well with Asians; but Filipinos were a different story. I tried during my freshman year in college to get involved with the Filipino cultural club — but I just couldn't find a place for myself amidst the tinikling, eskrima, and house parties. I didn't know half the chorus of Bayang Magiliw, and I just couldn't see myself in a modern dance crew.

Not to mention people would rag about the fact that I couldn't speak Tagalog:

A) I'm not from Manila.

B) My parents don't speak Tagalog at home, but Waray.

There was this one time - not during my childhood, but last summer when I was at a block party one of my friends was throwing. It was your typical Filipino soiree: line dancing, turon-all-around, lolos trying to jig with you, and some light-hearted gambling on the side.

And lechon (of course).

One of the titas that night was ranting about how Filipino kids today don't know jack about their heritage. They don't know who Lapu-Lapu is (A: Isn't that a fish?), they don't know how Marcos screwed over the nation (A: Don't they own Macy's?). Hell, they don't even know what the word *tubig* means (A: Did you just misspell 'tubing?'). But her biggest gripe was how kids today don't know Tagalog.

I could only wonder how many of them knew Waray.

Admittedly, however, I had lost touch with my Filipino roots. I was more into Japanese culture — to the point where my father criticized me for wanting to learn Nihon-go more than my "native tongue." My Filipino suitemates had to consistently catch me up on NoyNoy's latest political endeavor. My parents earnestly tried to rejuvenate my passion for the Philippines. But no matter how many scholarly books from UP my father threw at me, it was only through stories - of my mom's life on the farm, of my dad's doctoral residency in Baguio, of my relatives' tumultuous times living in the utmost destitution - that my heart came home.

I'm still a dork (I think, at this point, this is irrevocable).

But if there's anything Filipino about me - it's the strong sentiment for family that resounds in me.

To this day, I still struggle from existing in various medians. I'm Asian, but I like to write. I'm Filipino, but I look Chinese. I'm a girl, but I'm a (tom)boy. I'm not ashamed of my sexuality, but I'm a devout believer of Christ. Everywhere there are labels. Choices to be made, sides to take. Identities to adorn the personas we present to the world. But for every choice we make, there is a choice we don't make — and as human curiosity would have it, I sometimes wonder how life would be if I chose A instead of C.

But those contemplations are quickly dissipated by the overall satisfaction with my life. On the whole, I am proud of who I am. I couldn't imagine it any other way.

I am me. Ako si ako. 私が私だけ。我叫 Melani. And, y'know I'm okay, with the me that exists today.

Becoming American: The Side Effect of Study Abroad in China

by 'Jack' Jie Jia Xiang

Few people in their college careers decide to travel abroad unless of course they have a vested interest in doing so or they have what I call "wanderlust". For many like I who have friends that do travel often, they often return with stories of new friends, foreign lands, and experiences that stay with them for a lifetime. A few years ago I had my first opportunity to participate in a new study abroad trip, going to both rural and urban China in order to better understand the ethnic minorities of China and the effect of their local ecology on their cultures. For me this trip represented not only a unique opportunity to explore the world that I had been studying for 3 years but also the first opportunity that I would have to really experience China.

Somehow I envisioned my trip being somewhat like the movie *Shanghai Kiss* with me as Ken Leung. For those who don't know this movie, it follows a Chinese American who comes to Shanghai for family business but meets a beautiful girl and ends up falling for her. Finding himself more accepted in Shanghai, at one point he feels compelled to stay but ends up coming back to the States as this relationship falls apart. While I did not expect to meet a beautiful girl who would compel me to stay in China, I had expected a feeling of acceptance in China.

As a Chinese American, I had always felt a feeling of rejection from mainstream White America. If my beliefs or personality deviated from the norm it would be blamed on me being Chinese, I was not an individual, I was just 'Chinese'. In the back of my mind I had hoped that perhaps in some minute way it was true, maybe some of my personality derived itself from being Chinese and if I visited China I would see this. While this may seem strange to many readers, I doubt that there are no young Asian Americans who also do not share in this experience of being denigrated and

having some desperate hope of fitting in elsewhere. This trip has however showed me how wrong that presumption or idea was. There is probably no place on Earth I fit in less than in China.

My month in China, while informative and one of the experiences I will remember forever, maybe one of the loneliest of my college years. Many nights I spent in different cities in China, I always felt as if I did not belong, not because of any language barrier but a cultural barrier. Many of the Chinese I had the opportunity to speak to had very different mindsets and did not seem to share my ideas on the world and in fact seemed to see the world as a more hostile place than I saw it. Most Chinese however cared little about the outside world; many were complacent living their lives as either farmers or workers in urban

cities. For them, the world was as large as their homes, their workplaces, friends and family.

Growing up here in New York City, we often see ourselves as very worldly and are better informed than many of our middle state counterparts. For myself I had always been interested in exploring the world and understanding how different people lived. Going to China, there were very few people who



shared these interests or cared about the world outside of their own countries. In many ways this made me realize that far from what I had been told, almost none of my personality quirks or interests had anything to do with me being Chinese and in fact is probably a product of growing up in a diverse urban setting. While in many ways this realization is an affirmation to my individuality and personality, I found it strangely lonely sitting in a café at night drinking coffee and watching the Chinese live and play.

The study abroad however was not a disappointing experience and I did have a lot of fun travelling around China and learning about the different cultures that exist apart from the monolithic image of China. The best aspect of the trip by far would be the people I studied with who shared the same zest for experiencing the world that I had. There are little experiences I would trade this trip for and if I could I would do it all over again. For myself I would say that this trip was invaluable in helping me discover who I really am and where my home is.

The All American Kid Next Door Who Lives in Fear... The Government Doesn't Think She's American Enough

by Ja Young

You know her. Maybe she sits next to you in class. Or hangs out in your room. Maybe you both went to John F. Kennedy High together - giggling through Chem lab about some cute guy. Listening to N'Sync and the Back Street Boys but dancing to the oldies when volunteering at the annual dance for senior citizens your school hosted. Or maybe you were a cute guy in Chem Lab who had a crush on her but were too shy to ask her out.

She's obviously of Chinese heritage but you're sure she's an ABC. No accent. For this story we'll call her 'Mei Ling'. You both grew up watching Sesame Street until you morphed into Saved by the Bell. Passed around each others copies of the Babysitter's Club if you were best friends. Or teased her for reading girly books while you killed creatures with your keyboard. You both speak Lawn Guyland cultural lingo.

Although you both studied French in high school, she's studying Chinese at Stony because she never learned it growing up. Her parents, Hong Kong and Fujian immigrants, wanted her to be as American as a big Mac. What she doesn't tell you is that she's really learning Chinese because she's scared. Scared the U.S. government will send her back to a foreign land where everyone speaks a language she doesn't know in a place where she doesn't know a single soul.

Why? Like many immigrants, her mother saw coming to America as streets paved with gold. Until they get here and find the cobblestones of Chinatown. But that's still ok, because at home in the days when they came, they didn't have hope. But here, hope springs eternal. Hope led them to Brooklyn.

And it was college, the hope for a better education for his children, that led her father here. He was a college grad. He didn't care what the streets were paved with. He knew that coming here without papers and without speaking the language would be a hard life. To this day he still works in a restaurant. But once upon a time he had been a journalist on the mainland in the days when speaking truth to power meant prison. He spent much of the Cultural Revolution in jail. While being "reeducated" he knew colleagues who committed suicide when the pain and humiliation was more than they could bear. He was coming to the land of freedom so his children could get the educated life he craved for them.



And an American education, from elementary school through college, is what she got. Learning English was easier than for most immigrants. From Hong Kong, she just had to lose the British part - to learn to say eraser, not rubber; to line up, not queue; to pronounce schedule as skedule, not shedule.

To meet her parent's expectations she became a high achieving honor student. She was accepted to some of the best universities but you need a social security number to fill out a FAFSA to qualify for a loan. Without it, her parent's restaurant income and her part time jobs meant her only option was a public university. So SBU benefitted. She helped raise the SAT score level of our entering freshmen.

Her dream is to become a teacher. 'Mei Ling' is a pseudonym but in real life she is the story above - a SBU student who will stay a perpetual foreigner until the DREAM Act passes. Unable to get a job legally, unwilling to marry someone she doesn't love to gain citizenship, she has no choice but to stay a perpetual student too, working whatever part time jobs she can to supplement her father's support. To stop means to work illegally in his restaurant.

She cannot even have an American born child for the cycle to end. Legally, as it has done to many other parents, our government could still send her back. Then she would have to abandon her child to her parents, hoping they do not get caught too.

Anyone growing up in the US who is her age, or any parent whose child has done all the same things, would never question where 'Mei Ling' belongs. Though what her parents did was illegal, it was not immoral. All parents will sacrifice for what is best for their children. 'Mei Ling' was too young to know what her parents were doing. For the US To blame her now and send her back for their actions would be immoral.

This bright, creative, college educated young woman, like many immigrants to our shores, has much to offer the only country she knows. Hopefully passage of the DREAM Act will happen and she'll be able to use her talents for more than serving egg rolls.

DREAM Act: Development, Relief and Education for Alien Minors Act, is US legislation that if passed would give students like Mei Ling a path to citizenship.

Gambit at Rock 'Yo Face Case with Asian American Singer Lyle Kamesaki

by Adam Sue

like a soulless human being walking into that job every day."

And after the fantastic show Gambit put on at Rock Yo Face Case, it really is hard to

disagree with him.

Lyle leaves some words to anyone that is on the fence between doing what they really love and doing what everyone else says they should do: "I know it's scary – I really do. If I think about it too much, I myself get scared because obviously my financial security isn't there and all the "straight and narrow" kind of things that prop you up aren't there. But instead of it being a terrifying jump, I'm telling you it was the hugest sigh of relief that I've ever experienced in my life."

Gambit is still on the rise, and is currently working to tap into the vast potential fan base of the Asian and Asian American community.

Rock 'Yo Face Case is a musical showcase that happens bi-weekly in the University Café at the Student Union. For more info, visit: www.rockyoface.tumblr.com

For more info on Gambit, visit: www.gambitofficial.com, and we'll see you at their next show!



To start the Spring semester the New York-based band Gambit headlined a show hosted by Stony Brook's own Rock Yo Face Case. "Take Off and Landing", the band's debut album, had recently been released, followed by a sold-out release show at the Mercury Lounge. We had the chance to speak with lead singer Lyle Kamesaki, who gave us a closer look into some of his personal motivations behind Gambit's music.

Kamesaki, a Harvard grad working at a private equity firm who decided to quit his job to pursue a career in music isn't shy in telling us that it was one of the best decisions he's ever made. He talks about his struggle as an Asian American between the "right path" his culture set him on and his own aspirations and happiness.

"The fact of the matter is, my life is pretty much how I was brought up Asian in an American society and I kinda went on the "Asian path". A lot of people tell me it was a bad choice to quit my job and let go of all that money, but for me it wasn't even a choice. I felt



2012 PH Tuan's Annual CB Wang Center Photo Contest



AAJ/AAE-ZINE Staff with P.H. and Gwynne Tuan

*Photo Contributors
Used on These
Pages - Many
More Entered -
They Are on the
AA E-Zine
Photo Gallery*

Yan Fang Chen

Wilson Jiang

Hui Liu

Mihir Pandey

Efal Sayed

Katharina Schuhmann

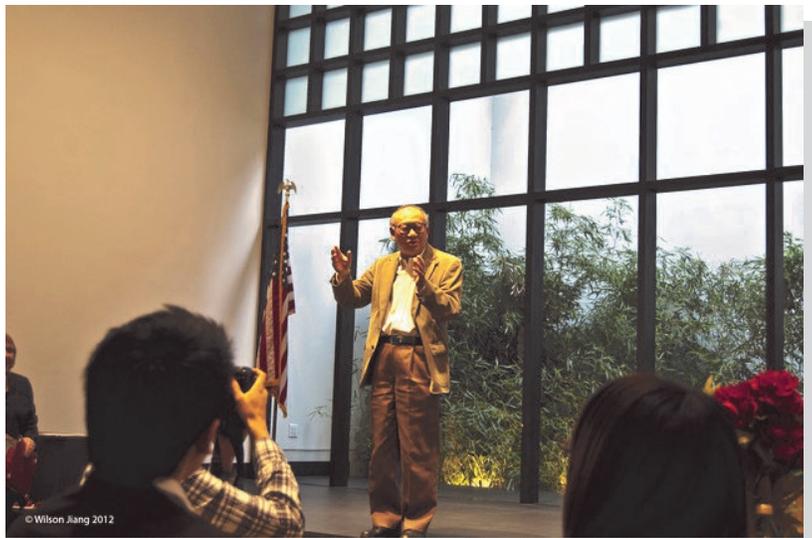
Adam Sue

Sharif Syed

Han John Tse

May Wang

Jia Yao





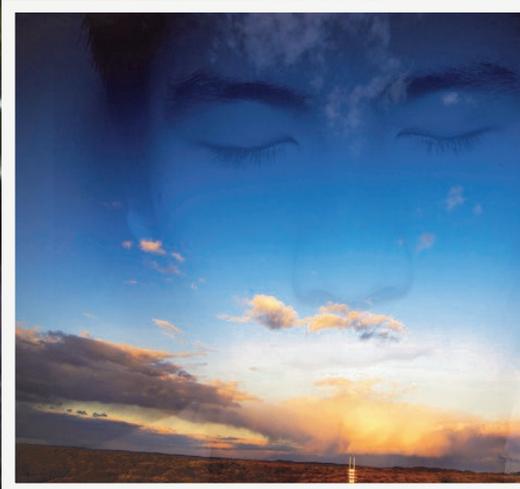
First Prize by Jia Yao



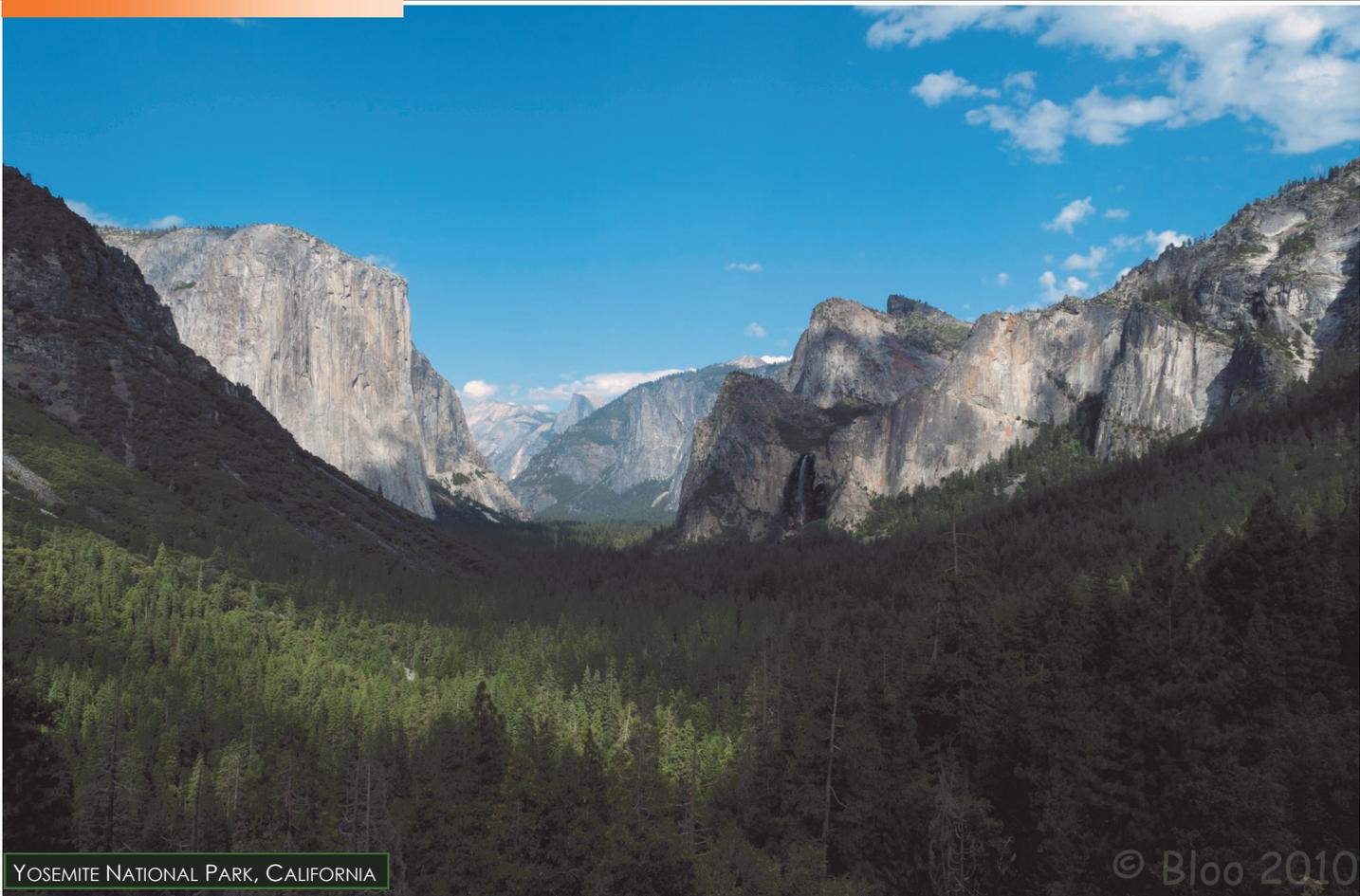
Second Prize by Hui Liu



Third Prize by Sharif Syed







YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK, CALIFORNIA

© Bloo 2010



LOCKS ALONG CHINA'S GREAT WALL

© Bloo 2012



Brian Loo - aka "Bloo"

Hometown: Bayside, Queens, New York

Major/Minor: Neuropsychology / China Studies

Interests: Photography, Nature, Marine Biology, Rock Music, Food, and Collecting Interesting Things



Bio: Back in my junior year of high school, I would be running around with my compact point-and-shoot camera trying to have fun and take interesting shots. After some traveling however, I decided to get serious with photography and thus bought a Nikon D40 DSLR in Fall 2008. Since then, I've done event photography for many clubs, including WUSB ChinaBlue 90.1FM, Chinese Association at Stony Brook (CASB), Asian Student Association (ASA), Vietnamese Student Association (VSA), Korean Student Association (KSA), Canto Club (CTC), and most importantly, the Asian American E-Zine (AA E-zine). While event photography is my main hobby on campus, my true interests lie in nature photography. I enjoy taking photos of landscapes and nature, such as Yosemite National Park displayed on the previous page. I also enjoy taking photos of things people don't see very often, like these water droplets. More of my photos (including major campus events) can be found at www.flickr.com/photos/bloophotography/sets or by scanning the QR code with a smartphone.

Besides photography, I also have big interests in nature and collecting Flytraps and Pitcher Plants in a fish tank in my interesting toys and gadgets. You may have seen me on campus carrying an umbrella disguised as a samurai katana or me carrying around a giant nerf gun for Humans vs. Zombies. I'm also growing carnivorous plants such as Venus Flytraps and Pitcher Plants in a fish tank in my interesting toys and gadgets. You may have seen me on campus carrying an umbrella disguised as a samurai katana or me carrying around a giant nerf gun for Humans vs. Zombies. I'm also growing carnivorous plants such as Venus



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I'm Hui Liu, a graduating senior at Stony Brook in Marketing and Environmental Studies. I'm a self-taught photographer and I use a Canon 5D Mark II with 24-70mm F2.8 lens and Lumix GF 1 with 24mm F1.7 lens now.

My favorite quote is "replace fear of unknown with curiosity", which is also my attitude towards everything. Therefore I enjoy life as an adventure. In addition to photography, I'm also enthusiastic about traveling around the world, music, reading and cooking. Enjoy my pictures and find more on www.flickr.com/liolizi





Crystal Lee

Major: Health Science

Interests: Eating, Reading, Music, China Blue



PAST PRESIDENT THOMAS SU
AND CRYSTAL LEE

On September 24, 2010, my fate was sealed. Blaring music and loud chit chatter assaulted my ears as I weaved my way through the bustling crowds in the SAC Plaza. It was an array of intoxicating feelings: pride, excitement, the lively energy of China Blue's Mid - Autumn Festival.

Contagious laughter filled the air, and there was not one guest that was not smiling. When I finally found the perfect location, I stepped back to view the scene. And in that moment, I knew. I knew I was in love.

China Blue is a media club that airs Chinese radio shows every Sunday from 7-8 PM on 90.1 FM. Although China Blue has its roots in media, the club is currently expanding its branches into hosting cultural events and developing films to help promote and share Chinese culture. China

Blue holds three annual events: Mid-Autumn Festival, Singing Contest, and Semi-Formal. When I waltz into China Blue general body meetings (GBMs) every week, my heart blossoms. China Blue has been an integral part of my college experience: I regret not joining as a freshman.

I thought I grasped the extent of my love for China Blue during the 2010 Mid-Autumn Festival, but I was not even close. When I became the President of China Blue for the 2011-2012 term, I was excited to be even more involved. With over 80 members attending weekly GBMs, it is difficult to explain how strong the bond among us is. But when one steps into SAC for a GBM, he or she simply cannot ignore the warm, welcoming atmosphere of China Blue.

Lastly, I would like to dedicate the rest of this page to my China Blue family: It has been an unforgettable adventure. I am extremely honored to have been a part of your lives, a part of your circle of friends, and a part of the China Blue family. Unfortunately, our paths will no longer travel in the same direction: I will be unable to participate as much as I want, unable to see the brilliant smile on everyone's faces, unable to join in the jammed pack China Blue GBMs.

One of the saddest things you can say to anyone is "goodbye," but sometimes, it is inevitable. I know I will miss China Blue, but I will remind myself how lucky I am to have something so special to miss. I leave China Blue with great confidence in the people here, knowing their abilities and that they are capable of overcoming any obstacle. Having such a talented and competent group of individuals instills me with an intense pride and gratitude that is indescribable.

I will miss you, my friends. It truly has been an experience.



The Next American Dream

by Ridwan Hossain

No other two-word phrase (a family-friendly one, at least) evokes such a strong reaction from me that a bone-chilling shiver races down my spine: the “American Dream”.

It's not something you hear much about anymore. While lauded for providing a singular, national ethos to a veritably enormous population of disparate origins and cultures, it is simultaneously vilified in the most vicious way for the great lie of life-fulfilling wealth and happiness it promised. Those who have achieved it remember it as a goal worthy of veneration in the highest traditions of America. However, those left disillusioned by the fruitless journey to attain it realize the ultimate “land of opportunity” is no more fertile than the next.

Some think the American Dream consists of nothing more than increasing the number of digits in your net worth. Certainly, material gains attracted the masses of immigrants who have built - through considerable expenditure of blood, sweat, and tears - a nation so great that even the most Facebook-deprived villager in the most remote corner of the world has heard its name and, perhaps, dreamed of one day living there. But such a definition is deceptive in its simplicity. People did not dream of owning a home, picket fence, and car because of avarice, but rather because these material things symbolized a new apex that they hoped to reach, an Everest that they felt compelled to climb. In critiquing the American Dream, people tend to forget that it was really about a dream, not four bedrooms, two baths, and a kitchen. In striving for the dream, Americans hoped to transcend the cruel boundaries that poverty and repression had commanded them to obey. It is from that fact that America's success has so spiritedly sprung.

We can bicker all we want as Democrats and Republicans, flag-burning liberals and bible-thumping conservatives, just as we did in the past as bluecoats and greycoats, Democrats and Whigs, Federalists and Anti-Federalists. In the final analysis, however, America is a land of progress and it is in our national character to always move forward. Unlike other countries, we do not have the ever-so-convenient glue of religion, culture, or language to bind us

together. What we do have is the “American Dream,” an aspiration for better things. And all we need do is peruse the disheartening pages of a single newspaper today to know that Americans can make ample use of better things right now.

Though we once defined “better” through the prism of material wealth, we must aim even higher for our next American Dream. The United States has already risen to greatness on the back of one dream, so why not another? We don't need houses and cars this time, and surely our wildest material needs have been more than adequately met in comparison to the rest of the world. The objects of our next dream will be difficult to attain, but so worthy of our values, necessary even, that we will gladly sacrifice to achieve them, much as our parents did before us. There are many unfulfilled aims that merit our pursuit, such as a healthy environment to live in, a healthcare system that reflects the nation's values and keeps all of its citizens healthy, and equal rights for every American, regardless of the classifications we use to divide ourselves.

It is too easy to dismiss environmentalists and “green” activists as alarmists at best, loons at worst. Unless we're willing to suddenly abandon centuries' worth of adherence to logic and science, we must simply admit that climate change is a fact, whether or not it is caused by human activity. Even if we are not concerned about a worldwide change in temperature of a few degrees, we know the local effects of our environmental disregard. No sane person would, upon first moving into their new house, throw a never-ending party of the most hedonistic quality that their home is eventually razed to the ground. So why do we? America is our home, and the world is humanity's. We've partied long enough, and it is time to clean up before mom and dad get home.

While you may very well disagree with the aims of the next American Dream, it cannot be denied that we need one. Ours has always been a nation of progress, sometimes at a sluggish pace, sometimes feverish. Where we see problems, we must fix them. Whether liberals or conservatives, we have a duty to the generations before us and the generations that will come after to put our American Dreams into action, whatever they may be.

- Author now an SBU alumnus, reprinted with his permission from *The Statesman*

AAJA and the Media

by Noah Kim



There was recently an article on Yahoo! News regarding the media coverage of Jeremy Lin, an overnight superstar for the New York Knicks. Because of Lin's Asian background, several racial issues have come up, which is understandable, since there aren't many Asian or Asian American athletes in American sports.

Because of these sensitivities, AAJA, the Asian American Journalists Association, made a guideline on what the media should and should not report on or talk about. This comes shortly after Jason Whitlock, a black journalist, made headlines after he made some stereotypical comments on twitter, and in a separate story, ESPN fired the reporter supposedly responsible for the headline "A Chink in the Armor" on ESPN.com.

It is unfortunate these racial issues occur, but I completely disagree with AAJA on their approach to solving racism in the media. When I first read the article, my first reaction was that many of the terms that AAJA called "danger zones" weren't even offensive to me, and I'm sure they weren't offensive to

many other Asians as well. I don't like how AAJA feels they can speak for all Asians Americans in terms of what's offensive and what's not. I think they might have some sensitivity issues.

Here are some examples that I disagree with:

"FOOD: Is there a compelling reason to draw a connection between Lin and fortune cookies?"

- Yes, there can be. Fortune cookies, even though invented by Japanese Americans, have become a part of American culture through their distribution in Chinese restaurants, so I don't understand how this is offensive. Tabloid papers may want to make this connection for a more interesting headline, but I guarantee if AAJA conducts a survey to see if this is actually offensive, 99% of Asian Americans will answer that it is not.

"MARTIAL ARTS: You're writing about a basketball player. Don't conflate his skills with judo, karate, tae kwon do, etc.

Do not refer to Lin as "Grasshopper" or similar names

associated with martial-arts stereotypes."

- Once again, AAJA thinks that writing about a basketball player means only writing about basketball. Journalists want to be creative, and martial arts has become a big part of American culture, not just Asian American culture.

Sure, racial slurs and stereotypes are offensive and there is no reason the media should use them, but some of the guideline points are just absurd. AAJA should stop pinning themselves as the spokesperson for all Asians and Asian Americans.

I participated in a student program run by AAJA, and I learned a lot and had a great time. They were wrong in this case, but I do agree with them that the double standard in this country is disgusting. Jason Whitlock didn't get fired for his tweet, but Don Imus did for his offensive comments on the Rutgers Women's basketball team. I say if the reporter or journalist apologizes and is sincere, then it's over and we move on.

On a final note, I don't know why AAJA got so worked up about all this in the first place. Jeremy Lin came out and said he wasn't offended at all and said he accepted ESPN's apology. So what's the point of making these guidelines?

I compare AAJA in this case to Al Sharpton and Jesse Jackson; they're promoting racism and they strive for attention rather than solving the actual problem.

Opinion pieces do not reflect the views of AAJ and all its members. Opinion pieces are solely the view of the author.

URECA Undergraduate Research & Creative Activities

by Paul Huynh

"A hospital treatment that's fun? Man, I definitely want to see one of those...?" chuckled Zach Mantica, a Stony Brook student who was going through physical therapy for his fractured shoulder a few months ago.

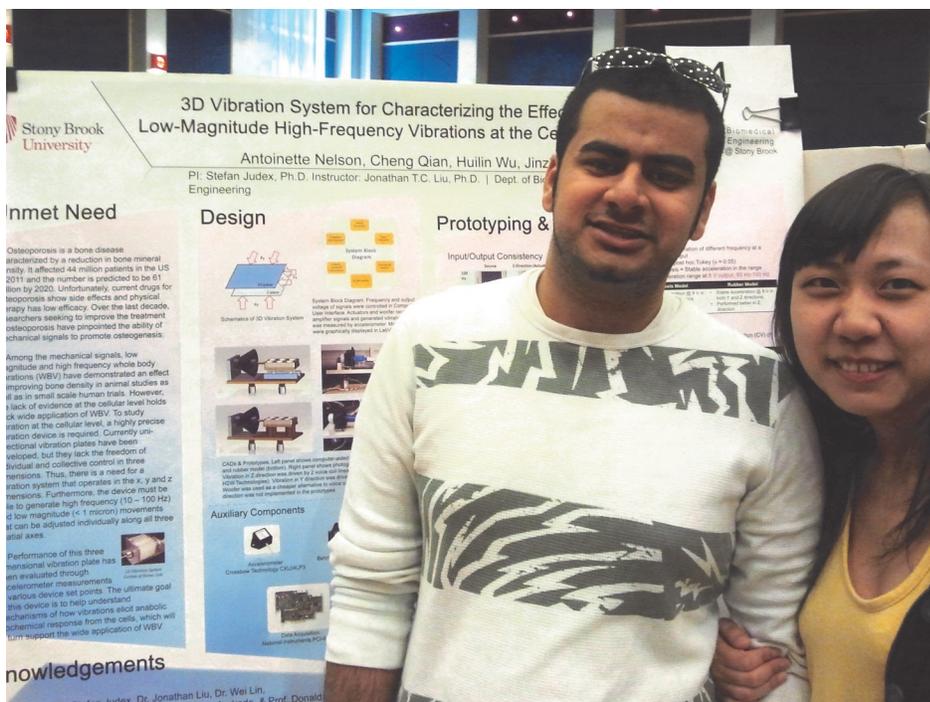
His wish may come true sooner than he can imagine. Victor Okon's project, Speedy Wii-recovery, involves designing simple games that are compatible with Wii controllers. The controllers are strapped onto the injured extremity first. As a patient slowly moves, the corresponding motion is seen as a character running on a computer screen. "We are in the process of designing more mini games to supplement physical therapy" he says.

But how does motion assist physical therapy? Jin Yu, a BME graduate student at Stony Brook University, was interested in modeling how vibrations can facilitate bone cell growth. She modeled their growth when subjected to horizontal and vertical motion on a wooden block. She determined the range at which bone cell growth can occur is above 30 Hz, but less than 100 Hz. "Knowing the frequency of the vibrations is crucial in treating elderly patients with osteoporosis. This is a breakthrough" Yu said.

While we are discovering new treatments to diseases, we're also finding that we aren't so different from our relatives after all. In a study with termite feeding, Uzma Rahman and Roberta Sulmi illustrated that gorillas and chimpanzees often use their right hand when eating or performing bimanual tasks. This result disproves the common notion that right-handedness is a unique feature of humans; in fact, it is a trait shared by our relatives as well.

Whether you are right handed or left handed might not matter as much, especially since religiosity may be linked to problems like income disparities and inequality. O'Shaughnessy attributes his interest to this project back to Catholic school teachers, who were extremely conservative in their religious and political beliefs. Sean O'Shaughnessy's basis for religiosity was

based on answers to two questions: whether one believed in God and how strongly do they feel its influence in their daily lives. He found a moderately strong correlation between religiosity and income disparity by comparing his results to the Gini coefficient. Nordic countries, Germany and South Korea had fairly low rates of religiosity and inequality, while the United States topped the list in both religiosity and inequality. What may strike some as surprising is that Iraq and Egypt are relatively equal countries even though they are very religious, while Japan had high



income disparity and low religiosity.

These projects were a part of the annual Stony Brook Undergraduate Research & Creative Activities (URECA) poster presentations, with a total of 200 presentations on a variety of social science and scientific disciplines. Students often apply for these summer stipends that offer \$3500 dollars to conduct independent research projects under an SBU mentor. Successful students are interviewed and given the distinction of Researcher of the Month on the URECA website. Karen Kernan, Director of the URECA program, says she is honored to head such a program that has produced such distinguished undergraduates who continue their research at graduate and medical schools.



Midi Rock Festival 迷笛音乐节

by Chelsea Xueqian Dong
with research help from Wilson Jiang

This year Midi Rock Festival will be April 29th - May 1st. In China, there is a three-day holiday on Labor Day. At this time, people usually go out for a trip because spring is the best season of the year. In Beijing, the Midi Music School holds a rock festival, and since 2000, it has attracted thousands of young people to come.

Ten years ago, Midi was just a name of a music school which mainly focused on drum sets, electric and bass guitars. In 2000, the school decided to hold a graduation performance for students. They also decided to open their campus to allow anyone who was interested in it to come. Unexpectedly, nearly two thousand people came by, and they all really enjoyed it. The performance of the bands formed by graduating students was perfect, and it looked like a one day festival for up and coming rock bands.

The next year, the school held the performance again and also invited some guests who had released albums. The campus was still open for visitors, but this time, the school decided to make it an actual rock festival. At that time, China did not have big music festivals such as the Woodstock rock festival in America. The school thought that it was time to hold their own music festivals in China. As a result, the first Midi Rock Festival took place in Haidian Park, which is big enough to hold thousands of people at one time.

It has a different theme every year that focuses on a hot social issue. For example, the theme when I went in 2011 was "loving moon bears." These are indigenous bears similar to American black bears but with a white crest across its chest. The festival associated with Animals Asia Foundation. During the three days of the festival, student volunteers from universities in Beijing played a short skit on the main stage, Tang Stage, to show the cage life of a moon bear. The screens at the back of every stage showed an animation of how bile is obtained from moon bears in cages but in a more innocuous manner as the actual process is a bit gross. Bile is used in traditional Chinese medicine.

Midi Rock Festival not only spreads the latest



rock music and also exposes everyone to critical issues that need to be solved. This year, the theme is PM2.5 (a fine, airborne particle which according to the EPA, poses a higher health risk) because Beijing had a thick fog of particles PM2.5 for a couple of days which the Beijing government refused to acknowledge because it uses a different standard.

Midi Rock Festival has three stages for nearly sixty bands and twenty DJs to perform on. The stages are Tang, Song and Yen Stage.

The Tang Stage is the biggest because the Tang Dynasty was the most flourishing period in Chinese history and so the size of the stage is a reminder of that. On Tang stage, the music is usually more metal. All the performances start at

2 or 3pm and last until midnight. The bands that play on this stage are either punk or metal.

Song Stage mainly focuses on folk and blues, so people can enjoy the music quietly in the smaller grounds; however, heavy metal bands also perform on Song stage at night.

The Yen Stage is usually the smallest because there is just one DJ standing on it, but the most foreigners gather there to dance.

The lights of each stage are unforgettable because they flash in sync with the rhythm of the song. At night, either metal or hardcore is playing. The strong rhythm leads the lights shining and also pushes the rock festival to climax and usually, the whole crowd of people around the stage jump together. Rock lovers coming from different provinces have their own organization,



PHOTO FROM WIKIPEDIA

KNOWN AS A "CRUSH CAGE", DOES NOT ALLOW BEARS TO MOVE FREELY, PREVENTS THEM FROM STRUGGLING WHEN TAKING THEIR BILE

an area the Midi school arranged for people to settle down.

The view in 2011 was really nice because the park holding the festival was in a suburb near a river which was very shallow and full of stones. Some crazy young men even showered in it.

People who stay in hotels often get together after the shows and chat until dawn. Midi is definitely unforgettable for anyone who has ever been to it. It is the only time that thousands of young people are encouraged to get together.

Midi is for the really into music young people.



PHOTO BY XUEQIAN DONG

TENT AREA AND THE FREE MARKET

and flags often follow them around different stages. People are screaming and flags are flying above them.

Sometimes, people get tired from the performances and go to their temporary tents to take a nap or meet their friends. Near the day time tents there is a free market. All the sellers are rock lovers from all over the country. They bring their traditional clothes and accessories which are redesigned with a rock-centric style to sell on the street. The whole street is just full of creativity and it surprised me no matter where I went. At night, some people who brought their own tents will sleep outside in

ON MAY 1ST, 2011 THE JAPANESE BAND MONGOL800 PERFORMED ON TANG STAGE.



PHOTO BY XUEQIAN DONG

Chinese Tea

By Chenjun Feng Photos by Gu Yong



treated after airing without fermentation. Green tea has strong fragrant, pure taste, and nice form. The famous types of green tea are Dragon Well, Dongding Green Spiral, Yellow Mountain Tip, and Luan Leaf. Much more different to green tea, is black tea which is a fully fermented tea (fermented greater than 80%). When black tea is processed, the fresh leaves will lose part of the water, and then will be fermented, so that the polyphenol contained in the leaves are oxidized, turning into a red

China is the birthplace of tea, and the culture surrounding it; so, it is the most popular beverage in China. The discovery and use of tea has about fifty thousand years' of history in China. Tea was discovered by Shen Nong, introduced by Luzhou Gong, was promoted significantly in the Tang Dynasty, and became universal in the Song Dynasty.

Shen Nong, a Chinese emperor in the remote antiquity, was dramatically related to most agricultural developments in the ancient China. It was said that in 2737 BCE when Shen Nong was boiling water in the wild, a few tea leaves happened to float into his pot. The water then turned light yellow, tasted sweet, and even could slake thirst and refresh consciousness. Judging from his abundant experience, Shen Nong deemed it as a new herb. This is the most common argument about the discovery of Chinese tea.

Chinese tea can be classified into six distinctive categories: green tea, black tea, oolong tea, post-fermented tea, yellow tea, and white tea. The largest factor in the wide variations comes from the differences in the tea processing after the tea leaves are harvested. Green tea is the most produced tea in China. It is made of fresh tea leaves, which are directly heat

compound. The most noted one is Keemun Black Tea. Oolong tea is a class of semi-fermented tea, between green tea and black tea. Oolong tea is the most complex and time-consuming one in terms of production process time. It not only has the freshness of green tea, but also the mellowness of black tea. The well-known oolong teas are Anxi Iron Goddess and Wuyi Rock Tea. Post-fermented tea has a long fermentation processing time, so that the leaf color is dark brown. It is an indispensable daily necessity for Tibetan, Mongolian, and Uygur. The most renowned post-fermented tea is Yunnan Puer. Yellow tea's making process is similar to green tea's. The critical difference is that yellow tea has a process of fermentation, called "stuffy stack", so yellow tea is a member of fermented tea. The most famed one is Jun Mountain Silver Needle. White tea is only made of tender tea leaves, which are full of short fuzz. They will be sundried or dried by low heat, with no fry and no fermentation. White tea has beautiful form, faint scent, and sweet taste. The most prominent one is White Tip Silver Needle.

The tea culture is a vital part of Chinese culture. Chinese tea culture seeks for the harmony of nature and the enjoyment of tea which blends concepts of Buddhism,



as Chinese pronunciation of tea. The reason is that the twenty-ninth successor of a Chinese traditional teahouse, Junzhou Liu, succeeded in cultivating Chinese tea in the area of the Georgian Black Sea coast in 1896.

Tea has extensive benefits for health. The Critical Ten are: (1) tea can make one in high spirits, and enhance his thinking and memory (2) tea can eliminate fatigue, promote metabolism, and maintain the function of heart, blood vessels, intestines and stomach (3) tea can effectively prevent cavities (4) tea contains many beneficial trace elements to human body (5) tea can inhibit the growth of cancer cells (6) tea can slow down aging (7) tea can excite central nervous system, and enhance athletic ability (8) tea has the function of weight loss and cosmetic effect (9) tea can prevent old age cataracts (10) tea can protect the hematopoietic function.

Confucianism, and Taoism. Through making tea, observing tea, smelling tea, drinking tea, and tasting tea, Chinese people regard these processes as the connotation of tea culture, which also showcases the typical etiquette in Chinese culture.

Tea was spread to Japan and Europe from China. Several Japanese monks, who went to the ancient China to study Buddhism, first brought some Chinese tea back Japan. However, tea was only consumed among noble monks in Japan at that time, so tea did not start popularizing in Japan until the Japanese Zen master, Rong Xi, reintroduced the seeds of tea to Japan during the Song Dynasty.

The Portuguese first introduced tea to Europe at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Later

the Dutch East India Company imported a small amount of tea as a kind of herb to European countries. Due to the high price of tea back then, it was said that French nobles once took Chinese tea as a treasure, and even put bricks tea into gold boxes as gifts. Britain also imported tea from the beginning of the sixteenth century. Although the British imported tea 20 years later than coffee, but the popularity of tea in Britain was definitely not less than that of coffee. In Russia and Georgia the pronunciation of tea is "cha", which is the same

Chinese tea has been making great contributions to the health of human beings. As Chinese tea spread to all over the world, it has improved people's health, enhanced people's physical and mental harmony, and promoted the popularity of the health philosophy and the tea culture.

Tea, in the form of the Boston Tea Party, was even a part of the American Revolution.



TAO: The Art of the Drum

by Dan Dilauro and Melani Tiongson

This past Spring marked the return of world-renowned performance group, TAO, to the Stony Brook campus. Although TAO only frequents Stony Brook every other year, they perform roughly 500 shows every year, and have had shows in over 15 countries to date. With such promising statistics, it is no surprise that TAO - yet again - engulfed The Staller Center stage with a powerful performance of both physical strength and musical prowess. The show was seamless and seemingly less than the two hours allotted for it - every transition was flawless and every performance organic and fluid. The group took advantage of the large stage with a plethora of ornate backdrops, large *taiko*, and multiple performers in perfect synchronization. Performers utilized the stage, whether they were dancing, drumming, or deeply engaging with the audience. The dynamism was booming. There were portions of hilarity, of drama, of suspense, and of action. It was more than mere entertainment - it was a story, much like life itself. A member of the Stony Brook Taiko Tides performance group noted that "you have to be really good to be that natural and relaxed while performing."

But it's no surprise that the members of TAO possess such skill when it comes to what they do.

After all, when they're not traveling around the world performing, they're training in their 120,000 square-foot base in the Kyushu prefecture of Japan. Located in the "picturesque" nature haven that is the Kuju Plateau, the TAO training base serves also as a residential area for members of the troupe.

TAO is led by director and founder, Ikuro Fujitaka, who created TAO in order to showcase not only the traditional beauty of taiko, but also its potentiality to continue evolving in this day and age as a new and novel form of entertainment. With their consistently sold-out shows worldwide, TAO shows that traditional culture isn't dead - even if they won't appear on mainstream dance shows or singing contests anytime soon, they remain well-respected and sought after to audiences both within and outside of Japan.

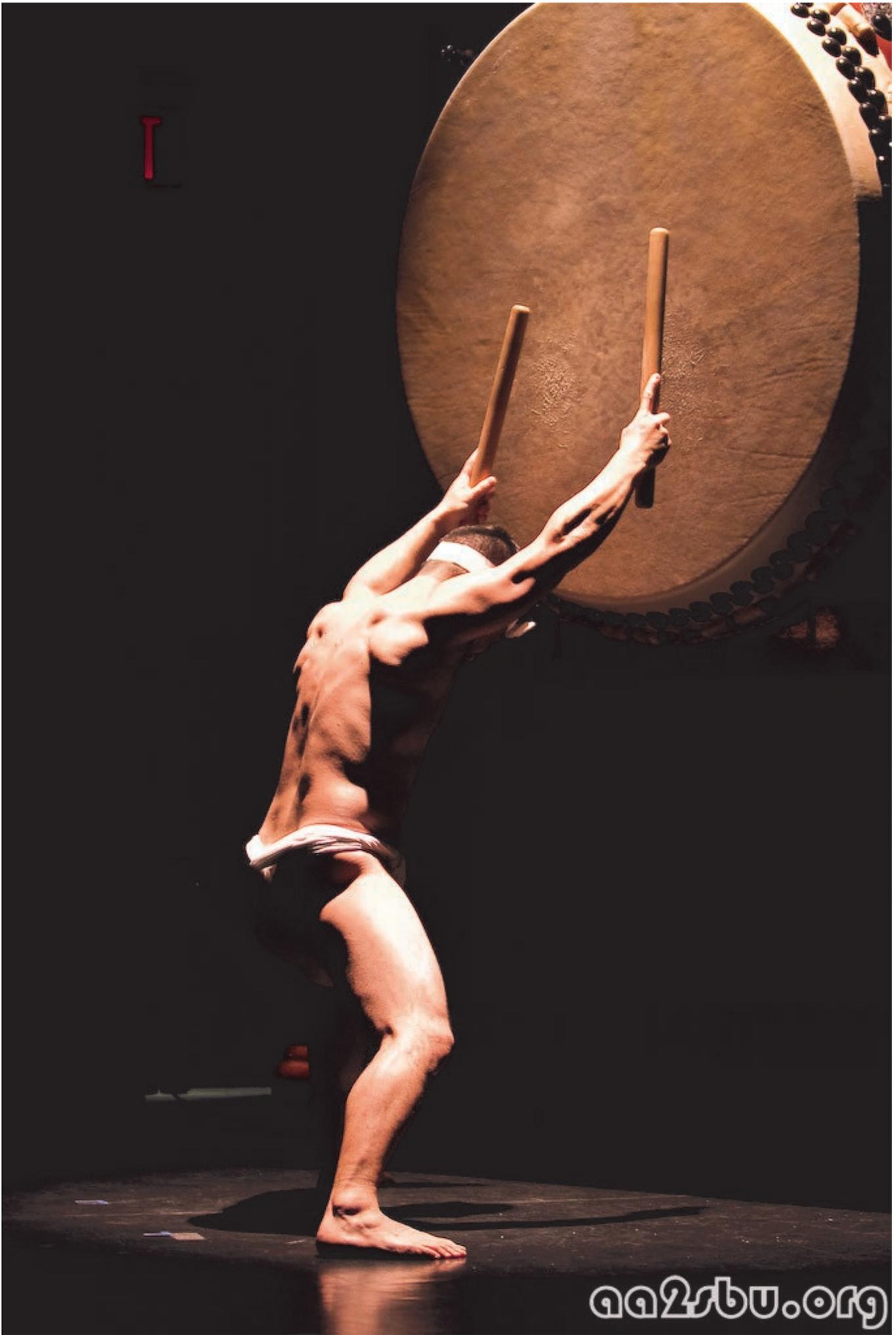
TAO receives much support from citizens of their native land, and is often referred to as "a Japanese Taiko group with a difference." This difference is evident in their one-of-a-kind performances that marry traditional music and physical perseverance with a boundless energy that is purely unique to TAO's theatrics on the stage.

TAO will not perform in Stony Brook until 2014, but tour dates in other areas can be found on their website: www.drum-tao.com (JPN only).

In addition, for other shows available at The Staller Center, please visit:

<http://stallercenter.com/>





TAIKO PROJECT, WANG CENTER. PHOTO BY 'OLIVER' HAO LI. WINNER, 2010 SBU STUDENT MEDIA BEST PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD

SAVE THE WANG CENTER



FSA/SBU has planned four 6-story dorms behind Wang Center. If allowed, looking out at the garden would be seeing 4 stories of brick walls above Wang's red trellises, not trees and sky. In warm weather the serenity would be a cacophony of sounds flowing out student's windows. Wang's pagoda sculpture "Tower to Heaven" has become SBU's icon, used on campus brochures and web pages because its uniqueness distinguishes us. Its holographic sides change colors with



the sun's rays and angle. That's why it was designed to begin over the tree line with sky as its backdrop. Instead, 6 stories of walls would go halfway up the pagoda's height. At night it will compete with dorm lights for visibility. It was a \$60 million gift to honor his heritage and that of all Asian Americans and a place where Americans

could learn about Asia "simply by being in the building". These dorms were planned without telling the donor, the Asian/Asian American community, or anyone who appreciates the beauty. Tell President Stanley to build these dorms by LaValle Stadium. It's a similar space nearby, with comparable cost, but will not destroy the Wang Center. Like, Share & Message your FB friends to show him the world is watching. Send an e-mail: "Don't expect me to ever donate to SBU if this is how you treat donors."

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