



**Negotiating Memories of War:
Arts in the Vietnamese American Communities**

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In the United States, the writing on the Vietnam War involves the highly organized and strategic *forgetting* of the Vietnamese people. In a highly original work that investigates the production of American cultural memory, Marita Sturken shows that in the United States, the narrative of the Vietnam War foregrounds the painful experience of the Vietnam veterans in such a way that the Vietnamese people are forgotten: “They are conspicuously absent in their roles as collaborators, victims, enemies, or simply the people whose hand and over whom (supposedly) this war was fought” (Sturken 1997, 62). Likewise, US scholars have refused to treat Vietnamese refugees as genuine subjects, with their own history, culture, heritage, and political agendas.

Conceptualizing the arrival of Vietnamese refugees primarily as a *problem* to be solved, most refugee studies have fixated on refugee adjustment, with successful adjustment defined primarily as the achievement of economic self-sufficiency (Espiritu, forthcoming). Scholars have also zealously documented the refugee’s damaged psyche, portraying them as passive and pathetic, “incapacitated by grief and therefore in need of care” (DuBois 1993, 4-5). This hyper-focus on the refugees’ needs and neediness has eclipsed other equally important questions about their complex personhood, their self-identity, their dreams for themselves, their hopes for their children, and their “ground of being.” In short, we know more about how others have constructed Vietnamese, but less about how Vietnamese have created their worlds and made meaning for themselves, including their own understanding of the before and after of the Vietnam War.

In discussing her novel *The Gangster We Are All Looking For*, le thi diem thuy (2005) suggests that Vietnamese refugees live in a state of “having departed but not yet arrived.” This “space between”—between the old and new, between homes, between languages—confounds

and expands existing notions of space and time and articulates the tensions, irresolutions, and contradictions characteristic of Vietnamese lives. Vietnamese American cultural forms offer rich and varied descriptions of the conflicting, ironic, and ambiguous nature of the “space between”—of lives that could or would have been, as well as lives that did emerge from and out of the ruins of war, and “peace.” As Lisa Lowe and others have argued, “Culture is a . . . mediation of history, the site through which the past returns and is remembered, however fragmented, imperfect, or disavowed” (Lowe, x). Accordingly, in this paper, I examine how three Vietnamese American artists—visual artist Long Nguyen; spoken word artist Bao Phi; and writer le thi diem thuy—have remembered the Vietnam War and how their remembering produces new forms of Vietnamese American subjectivity and community. In particular, I am interested in understanding how these cultural productions—which focus on fragmentation, loss, and dispersal—constitute countersites to U.S. national memory of the Vietnam War.

This paper is an attempt to take seriously the range of Vietnamese perspectives on the before and after of the Vietnam War. To take seriously Vietnamese standpoints on the war and its aftermath is to critically examine the relationship between history and memory, not as facts but as narratives. Like other communities in exile, Vietnamese in the United States feel keenly the urgency to forge unified histories, identities, and memories. Given the innumerable losses suffered by Vietnamese in the diaspora, and the ongoing erasure of *South* Vietnamese accounts of the war not only in the United States but also in Vietnam,¹ it is not surprising that Vietnamese American public retellings of their history often take the form of “anti-communism.” Repeatedly, we read media accounts of Vietnamese boycotting Vietnam-produced books, magazines, videos, and television broadcasts, waving American flags while shouting anti-Communist slogans, denouncing human rights violations committed by the “corrupt” and

“heartless rulers of Vietnam,” and plotting the overthrow of the communist government.² In her ethnographic study of the San Diego’s Vietnamese community, Thuy Vo Dang argues that first-generation Vietnamese deploy the narratives of anti-communism in part to keep alive their history and memories of the war, lest it be further forgotten by the American public and/or the next generation of Vietnamese Americans.³ As Vietnam Studies scholar Nguyen-Vo Thu Huong observes, “Vietnamese Americans as refugees occupy the position of self-mourners because no one else mourns us.”⁴ At the same time, it is important to recognize that this “anti-Communist” stance is also a narrative, adopted in part because it is the primary political language with which Vietnamese refugees, as objects of US rescue fantasies, could tell their history and be understood from within the US social and political landscape. Against this widely-publicized narrative of anticommunism, I examine the works of three young Vietnamese American artists with different tellings of the Vietnam War and especially of the thereafter.

Boat People and Visual Artist Long Nguyen

A “crisis”—this is how most scholars have approached the study of Vietnamese flight to the United States. In a study of the representation of Southeast Asian refugees, Thomas DuBois (1993, 5) posits that the refugee model in academic discourse renders Southeast Asians as “passive, immobilized and pathetic.” DuBois notes in particular a fascination with “refugee escape narratives,” with “the events belonging to the escape itself ... presented in minute detail” (p. 5). Refugee camp studies exemplify this crisis model, as researchers repeatedly portray refugees as abject figures who suffer not only the trauma of forced departure but also the boredom, uncertainty, despair, and helplessness induced by camp life.⁵ Popular oral history collections that detail the refugees’ traumatic escape, all done in the name of “helping” the

refugees to “express themselves in their own terms,” further reinscribe the refugees as only victims in the U.S. imaginary.⁶

Scholars often pair the construct of Vietnamese refugees as passive objects of sympathy with a plea for the West to “assume an *active* role in caring, counseling, or intervening.”⁷ An example of one such call to action:

The immediate moral responsibility of the Western world to relieve the increasing intensity of the sufferings of thousands of Indochinese refugees in transit camps in Hong Kong as well as those in the other major countries of first asylum in Southeast Asia, cannot be overexaggerated. Any further delay on the part of the western countries . . . will certainly allow an experience in transit to degenerate into one of “no exit.”⁸

Such calls to action naturalize and buttress the US self-appointed role as rescuers, whose magnanimity promises swift deliverance from a bleak life of “no exit” to one of boundless possibilities. Not only does this construct represent the Vietnamese as only passive recipients of such generosity, it also precludes any critical examination of US role in creating and sustaining the refugee “crisis.”⁹

Although fixated by refugee escape narratives, scholars represent these escape stories as contained within a specific time and space—and as being over and done with. Such an approach conceals the lifelong costs borne by the Vietnamese that turn the 1975 “Fall of Saigon” and the exodus from Vietnam into “the endings that are not over.” In contrast, Long Nguyen’s artistic depiction of the flight from Vietnam emphasizes the irreconcilability and ongoingness of these events, which has the effect of bringing to the fore the living effects of what seems to be over and done with. Born in Vietnam in 1958, Long Nguyen grew up in Nha Trang, a seaside

resort in South Vietnam. In April 1975, Long and his family fled Vietnam aboard a small boat that was improbably crammed with four thousand passengers. After their boat's engine failed at sea, they were rescued by a Danish vessel that transported them to a refugee camp in Hong Kong. By late August 1975, Nguyen and his family were flown to Fort Chaffee, Arkansas, one of the three largest refugee camps in the United States. They spent two weeks at the camp, and thereafter traveled to Memphis, Tennessee to join an aunt who had left Saigon with her husband prior to 1975. After graduating with a BS in civil engineering, and working for a stint as an engineer, Nguyen moved to San Jose and enrolled in San Jose State University's master of fine arts program. He earned his MFA in 1985 and has since shown his work throughout California and the United States.

Much of Nguyen's paintings feature Vietnam in various stages of being scorched and blackened; the paintings also convey the senses of irrevocable loss and yearning that he felt for Vietnam. By 1990, he began to address his actual life experience as a Vietnamese refugee: "the war, the people, the land" (Northrup 13, 22). In particular, his childhood recollections of the Vietnam War and of his flight from Vietnam are central to his work and provide a key to understanding its significance.

In the early 1990s, Nguyen began to use water imagery prominently in his work, which symbolizes in part the danger of leaving Vietnam. In his 1991 *Homage to the Boat People* (fig. 2), Nguyen paints two panels in rich, mineral blue: the smaller left panel depicts a cyclone, a symbol of unmitigated destructive force; the right panel features three flayed, disembodied heads. The heads are transported on a vessel floating on a fiery river past flaming branches, "as though on a journey through purgatory" (Northrup 25). In 1991, Nguyen also began his "Tales of Yellow Skin" series. Nguyen names the series after a popular Vietnamese antiwar song,

“Vietnamese Girl with Yellow Skin,” written by Trinh Cong Son, that tells the story of a village girl killed by a stray bullet, her blood flowing over her yellow skin. The young girl died before she ever knew love. Inspired by the song, Nguyen began to work on a series of paintings in all shades of yellow. The series addresses the terrifying experiences of his past, alluding to destruction and fragmentation, incorporating organs and fragments of the body, and aspects of nature, most significantly water, fire, and cyclones (Northrup 13). In 1992, he produced a suite of four similarly composed paintings. *Tales of Yellow Skin* #5-8 depict stacked body parts: heaps of hands on one (fig. 3), heads on another (fig. 1), and organs on yet another.

Featuring bones, tendons, and intestinal coils, and tackling directly the recurring nightmares of a people that emerged from and out of the ruins of war, Nguyen’s work rejects the “disappearing” of the Vietnamese war experiences, reminding us that that violence cannot be easily resolved by the process of resettlement or by the passage of time. The violence of that time and space spills onto the canvas, refusing to be contained—to be over and done with. These paintings, produced in the early 1990s, almost twenty years after the “end” of the Vietnam War, suggest that the war is indeed not over, and that the memories continue to linger, haunting the lives of those who once inhabit that space and time. Unlike the scholarly literature that depicts Vietnamese refugees as pathetic subjects, Nguyen’s paintings take on trauma in a more productive manner. Instead of featuring traumatized refugees, in which the refugees are conceptualized only in relation to pain, suffering, and distress, Nguyen’s depiction of trauma disrupts the US myth of “rescue and liberation” that narrates resettlement in the United States as the “happy ending” to the refugee story—a tale that “forgets” the US role in generating the refugee flight in the first place. Although not overly political, Nguyen’s gut-wrenching paintings prod the viewer to remember—and in that remembering, to pay attention to what modern history

has rendered ghostly, and to call into the being the seething presence of the things that appear to be not there (Gordon).

Interracial Relations and Spoken Word Artist Bao Phi

In the early 1980s, scholars, along with the mass media and policymakers, began to depict the newly-arrived Vietnamese as the desperate-turned-successful; that is, as the newest “model minority.” This model minority concept has an underside: scholars and policymakers often wield it as an ideological weapon to chastise and discipline poor black and brown communities for perceived persistent problems of poverty, unemployment, and crime. As an example, researchers repeatedly pit Vietnamese accomplishments against those of other communities of color: “the Indochinese had already begun to move ahead of other minorities on a national basis.”¹⁰ If scholars attribute Vietnamese students’ achievements to their “emphasis on education and achievement through hard work and the willingness to delay immediate satisfaction for future gains,” then the implication is that African Americans and Latinos fail because they do not possess these core values that are prerequisites for success.¹¹ More insidiously, some researchers suggest that the newly arrived refugees, many of whom live in low-income neighborhoods, succeed precisely because they refuse to adopt the wayward ways of their American neighbors, many of whom are people of color. As an example, Caplan and his colleagues contend that “the refugees see not only the necessity to rely on their own cultural value system for guidance but also the need to insulate themselves from the behavioral and value standards of their nonrefugee neighbors.”¹² Finnan likewise reports that Vietnamese electronics technicians in Santa Clara disparage their Mexican co-workers as those who only have a “fourth-grade education” and who “don’t speak English.”¹³ In their study of second generation youth living in a poor, biracial New Orleans neighborhood, Zhou and Bankston similarly conclude that

the most successful Vietnamese youth are those who show “strong adherence to traditional family” *and* who are not influenced by their African American neighbors.¹⁴ Finally, Freeman writes that Vietnamese refugees “try to insulate themselves from lower-class minorities, whom they associate with low education and poor paying jobs.”¹⁵ Together, these studies represent Vietnamese Americans as “exemplars for other, culturally challenged minorities.”¹⁶ Instead of providing a critical interrogation of interminority differentials and relations, these scholars opt to define and encourage a Vietnamese American, and by extension Asian American, subjectivity formed in part through a competitive distancing from other groups of color.¹⁷

Focusing on inter-minority competition, many scholars overlook the many ways that communities of color forge friendships—or what George Lipsitz calls “families of resemblance”—and at times social movements out of their shared conditions (Marquez 2003). Vietnamese American spoken word artist Bao Phi provides a dissenting voice: much of his work calls attention to the shared lives of “colored boys” who grow up in America’s neglected urban neighborhoods. Born in Vietnam, Phi left Vietnam at the age of six and settled with his family in the impoverished Phillips neighborhood of South Minneapolis. A graduate of Macalester College, Phi has performed at numerous venues and schools locally and nationally. He has twice won the Minnesota Grand Poetry Slam, and also won two poetry slams at the Nuyorican Poets Café in New York. He remains the only Vietnamese American man to have appeared on HBO's Russell Simmons Presents Def Poetry, and the National Poetry Slam Individual Finalists Stage, where he placed 6th overall out of over 250 national slam poets.

In the following poem, “For Colored Boys in Danger of Sudden Unexplained Nocturnal Death Syndrome and All the Rest For Whom Considering Suicide Is Not Enough,” Phi conveys the pain and experiences of “colored boys” growing up in poverty, unwanted and forgotten by the

larger society, trying to survive. This poem draws from Phi's memories of growing up as a young man of color in Phillips, "how sometimes it felt like being a young man of color meant either being a demon or not being missed when you passed on" (Phi website). Amidst these conditions, these men managed to create friendships that nurture and protect—and at times mourn each other's passing. Importantly, the poem links the deadly conditions of urban America to the Sudden Unexplained Nocturnal Death Syndrome, a condition attributed to the trauma resulting from war in Southeast Asia. This coupling—of the war in Southeast Asia and the war in urban America—calls attention to the relationship between war, race and violence. Although Bao Phi does not explicitly reference the Vietnam War, by linking suicide to the Nocturnal Death Syndrome, he denaturalizes the refugees' impoverished conditions and shows how the Vietnam war, haphazard resettlement policies and practices, and neglect of urban neighborhoods together produce these conditions.

I had a dream that we raided
the candy store dumpster on Bloomington
opened the defective packages we found
and had a candy fight
throwing fistfuls of color at each other
while the world waited for us to grow up.

We boys, colored boys, who ran through the streets
with heads spinning, languages spilling into summer
sticking into cracks on the sidewalks,
pulling up weeds with our laughter.

Through fits and fights we threw fits
knocked the pollution in our heads back
and saw the stars
our noses bleeding like the milky way

They told us the sky above our heads is the same
but we knew this wasn't true
the first time it rained
batons
we were the only ones getting wet

....

We hid each other
in the maps of memory
the garage that had a hole in the back of it
large enough to crawl into
on 14th avenue,
where O ____ scratched his name with a stiletto
or the upturned metal boat in the weedy backyard
on Bloomington
where P ____ hid the Playboy he stole from his father

We colored boys, who forged our IDs
to lie about our age and work for minimum age
unpacking dirt kissed vegetables,
rotating daily products,
working to pay bills that misspelled our parents' names
saving a little extra for that bus ride to the mall
for one pair of Girbauds and the newest Raiders cap
pearl handled switchblades and hidden gats
we stuck each other up for the things we didn't have.

....

Colored boys, who had no rainbows
and even considering suicide was not enough
for men like us, for men like _____,
who looked for his answers through a noose,
his mother found him, wide eyed at last,
swaying from the ceiling
like a pendulum from God
or B____, the only way he could get close to the world
was to jump down from a bridge
to embrace it
like a red winged angel
no one came looking for him
so he went to be found

I had a dream that we never woke up
and the world didn't miss us
the sons of fathers
who died in their sleep
hearts trying to keep up to the beating drum
of a land that did not want them dancing

What happened to their dreams?

Do they live on in us
the sons who have all the heart to feel love
and none of the words to say it

I had a dream
that we told our stories
in sleep
and the demons came
to sleep on our chests
before we could finish

and the boys, the colored boys of the future,
did not hear the end coming to them,
could only guess when the books would close,
that they wanted to hear how their stories would end
and leaned in close
to our restless sleep
but only heard a failing whisper
of escaping breath,
flavored with dumpster candy and gunpowder

their stories lost to sleep
they could not become men
and none were left
to dream for them.

(more analysis of poem needed)

Family Relations and le thi diem thuy

In many studies on Vietnamese American lives, scholars tend to naturalize intergenerational tension, attributing it to the “culture clash” between “traditional” immigrant parents and their more Americanized children (xyz). In this section, I am interested in exploring inter-generational strain *not* as a private matter between immigrant parents and their children, but as a social, historical and transnational affair that exposes multiple and interrelated forms of power relations. British cultural materialist Raymond Williams coined the concept “structure of feeling” to define social experiences that are often not “recognized as social but taken to be

private, idiosyncratic, and even isolating” (Williams 1977, 132). According to Williams, feelings, although “actively lived and felt,” are “elusive, impalpable forms of social consciousness” (Eagleton 48), and thus tend to disappear from social analysis altogether. Since the most common modes of social analysis define the social as the known and reduce it to fixed forms, they tend to miss the “complexities, the experienced tensions, shifts, and uncertainties, the intricate forms of unevenness and confusion” (Williams 1977, 129) that constitute the living present. However, Williams argues that the alternative to these analytical reductions is not the silencing or disappearance of these complexities and tensions but “a kind of feeling and thinking which is indeed social and material” (Williams 1977, 131).

This section analyzes le thi diem thuy’s novel *The Gangster We Are All Looking For*, which chronicles the lives of three members of a Vietnamese refugee family who are living in one place but are haunted by memories of their life in another. Part-memoir, part-novel, it is among the first book-length fictional works to come from the “boat people” generation of the late 1970s and early 1980s. In 1978, 6-year-old le and her father left their home village of Phan Thiet in a small fishing boat and were picked up by an American naval ship and transported to a refugee camp in Singapore. Eventually the group resettled in San Diego. In 1980, le’s mother and younger sister joined them in America, after a stint in a refugee camp in Malaysia. The family was stalked by tragedy: le’s older sister drowned at a refugee camp in Malaysia; her oldest brother drowned when he was 6 in Vietnam. Her parents toiled in a series of unfulfilling jobs: her mother as a seamstress and then cook in a Vietnamese restaurant; her father a welder, gardener, and housepainter. Growing up, le sensed an implicit silence in her family about Vietnam: “When my dad got together with his friends, they would sing songs and tell stories about when they were schoolboys. But there was a way they leapt over the war and the

aftermath of the war. There was no one for me to turn to with my questions: how did we get here? Why are we boat people? If my mom misses her parents, and our town, then why aren't we there? And because I had no one to ask those questions, I swallowed them inside myself."

le wrote *The Gangster* to put on record what happened to the Vietnamese people, not just during the war, but also before and after the war: "In this country, the Vietnam war is about what happens to the American GI and to the US. The questions about what happened to Vietnamese people don't get brought up For America to grow in its consciousness, it needs to ask what happened to the Vietnamese." When le first arrived in the United States, she was bombarded with images of the Vietnam War as a spectacle—and as an American tragedy: "The primary focus is American innocence and what's happening to the vet; you rarely get individualized portraits of Vietnamese people or even Vietnam as a country outside of a landscape where America lost its innocence."

In lyrical prose that reads like poetry, she depicts the United States not as the land of opportunities but as a place where for many refugee families, life will never be what it could or should have been. The young narrator in the novel *sees* poverty intensely, in the rusted gates of their small red apartment building, in her father's hopeless rage, and in her parents' "big fight[s] about nothing" and in the "awful quiet" that ensues (66-67). To be refugees in the United States is to toil in a series of low-wage jobs: "I lived upstairs, in a one-bedroom apartment with my mother and father. She worked as a seamstress, doing piecework at our kitchen table. He worked as a welder at a factory that made space heaters. Neither of them wanted to be doing it; Ma wanted to have a restaurant, and Ba wanted to have a garden" (p. 43).

Most poignant are the exquisite portraits of the father “who cries in the garden every night” (27) and who is “sad and broken” (117). His loneliness, isolation, and brokenness often turns into hopeless rage for a father’s order:

“He becomes prone to rages. He smashes television, VCRs, chases friends and family down the street, brandishing hammers and knives in broad daylight. Then from night until early morning he sits on the couch in the living room, his body absolutely still, his hands folded on his lap, pertinent. He sits in that position for hours, graced by the darkness, straining toward things no one can see.
(p. 116)

And yet the narrator’s memories of her father contain a mixture of both tender as well as terrifying moments:

To protect myself, I tried to forget everything: that first night at the refugee Camp in Singapore; those early morning walks after we arrived in America; the sound of his voice asking a question no one could answer; the shapes his fists left along a wall; the bruises that blossomed on the people around him; the smell of the fruit he brought home from the gardens he tended; the way the air seemed charged with memories of blood; the nets we fell through, faster and faster, year after year, dreaming of land (pp. 117-118).

In the following excerpt, he beautifully depicts the complexity of the father-daughter relationship, one that refuses to be privatized but calls into being the larger history of war, refugee resettlement, and chronic poverty:

Before I had run away for good, my father once came to pick me up at a shelter. As we sat in a conference with two counselors, he was asked if

there was anything he wanted to say. He shook his head. When pressed, he looked down at his hands. He apologized for what his hands had done.

The counselors understood this to mean he was taking responsibility for his drunken rages. They nodded in approval. But then he drew his palms together and apologized for all that his hands had not been able to do. He spread his hands wide open, and said, in Vietnamese, to anyone who could understand, there were things he had lost grasp of.

The room seemed to shrink in the face of his sorrow. Beside him the two counselors were like tight little shrubs no one had ever watered. I thought they had no right to frown at my father. I could not wait to get us out of there. I told the counselors that I was ready to go home. I remember crossing the parking lot, my hand in my father's hand, the two of us running to the car as though we were escaping together again (118-119).

In this excerpt, she shows how domestic violence is intimately linked to the violence of war, of urban neglect, and of poverty. Stressing the intersection of race, gender, and class, she makes clear how gender differentiation and oppression is not a universal experience but is structured differently, depending on how it intersects with other inequalities such as race and class. The novel thus exhorts us to acknowledge that “the voices of many men of color have been historically silenced or dismissed” (Cheung, 246). Given this context, the daughter in the novel abruptly and protectively took her father's hand and both fled—away from the oppressive state system that threatens to further humiliate a man who has just apologized for what “his hands had not been able to do.” In the end, the daughter sees her father as one who is never utterly

defeated: "His friends fell all around him . . . first during the war and then after the war, but somehow he alone managed to crawl here, on his hands and knees, to this life."

Conclusion

¹ Since the end of the Vietnam War in 1975, the current government of Vietnam has categorically refused to incorporate South Vietnamese perspectives on the war or to provide any critical evaluation of the war, particularly regarding the violence committed by northern troops on the people of South Vietnam. See Nguyen-Vo Thu-Huong, "Forking Paths: How Shall We Mourn the Dead?" *Amerasia Journal* 31 no. 2 (2005): 157-175.

² Scott Martelle and Mai Tran, "Vietnam TV Broadcasts Anger Emigres," *Los Angeles Times*, April 27, 2000, A1+; "Protestors Urge Boycott of Vietnamese Media," *Los Angeles Times*, April 30, 2000, B3; Bonnie Harris, "Ceremony to Remember Fall of Saigon Stirs Powerful Emotions," *Los Angeles Times*, May 1, 2000, B5; Binh Ha Hong, "Scars of Vietnam Drive Hunger Strike," *Orange County Register*, May 1, 2000, 7; Noelle Truong, "The time's not right for reconciliation," *Orange County Register*, May 14, 2000, 4; Bonnie Harris, "Ceremony to Remember Fall of Saigon Stirs Powerful Emotions," *Los Angeles Times*, May 1, 2000, B5.

³ Thuy Vo Dang, "The Cultural Work of Anticommunism in the San Diego Vietnamese American Community," *Amerasia Journal* 31 no. 2 (2005): 65-86.

⁴ Nguyen-Vo, *Forking Paths*, 170.

⁵ For example, Richard Harding and John Looney, “Problems of Southeast Asian Children in a Refugee Camp,” *American Journal of Psychiatry* 134 (1977): 407-11; Gail Paradise Kelly, *From Vietnam to America: A Chronicle of the Vietnamese Immigration to the United States* (Boulder, CO: Westview Press, 1977); Kwok Bun Chan and David Loveridge, “Refugees in ‘Transit’: Vietnamese in a Refugee Camp in Hong Kong,” *International Migration Review* 21, no. 3 (1987): 745-59; John Tenhula, *Voices from Southeast Asia: The Refugee Experience in the United States* (New York, New York: Holmes and Meier Publishers, 1991).

⁶ James Freeman, *Hearts of Sorrow : Vietnamese-American Lives* (Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 1989), 10; 291-352.

⁷ DuBois 1993, 4.

⁸ Chan and Loveridge, “Refugees in ‘Transit,’” 757.

⁹ David Palumbo-Liu, *Asian/American: Historical Crossings of a Racial Frontier* (Palo Alto, CA: Stanford University Press, 1999), 235.

¹⁰ Caplan *et al*, *The Boat People*, 75.

¹¹ *Ibid*, 131.

¹² *Ibid*, 132.

¹³ Finnan, “Occupational Assimilation of Refugees,” 299.

¹⁴ Zhou and Bankston, *Growing Up American*.

¹⁵ Freeman, *Changing Identities*, 73.

¹⁶ Claire Jean Kim, “Playing the Racial Trump Card: Asian Americans in Contemporary U.S. Politics,” *Amerasia Journal* 26, no. 3 (2000/01), 35

¹⁷ *Ibid*, 44.