EDITORIAL

Much of the printed material within Gidra is that which is submitted for publication by individuals and groups outside of the regular Gidra staff. However, that the paper as a whole, reflects a certain perspective is not by sheer accident. We are, hopefully, an organ for social change. It is with this in mind that we of the Gidra staff ask that those of you who have written, or plan to write articles to be printed in Gidra, grant us certain trust in regard to the handling of such material. Give us the same consideration that you give to your articles, and that is how we will consider it. Write on!

CALENDAR


May 5 (Tues.) – Strategies for Community Action, a one-day workshop for community organization leaders offered by UCLA Extension. From 9:30 a.m. to 3 p.m. at the Extension’s Downtown Center in Los Angeles.

May 9 (Sat.) – Los Angeles Pioneer Center Talent Show. For more information, call the Center at 680-1656.

May 16 (Sat.) – Red Guard Benefit Dance for Free Lunch Program to be held at the Telegraph Hill Neighborhood Center, 660 Lombard, San Francisco, at 7 p.m. Featuring the Magic Colors Blues Band, United Sounds, Choice of Colors, and the Enchanters. Light show direct from Los Angeles by Slanted Eye. Donation: $1.50.

May 16-17 (Sun.-Mon.) – Four Generations of Art at the Harbor Community Center, 1657 South Preston Beach. Co-sponsored by AASA, Kyodais, and the Long Beach Community.

May 24 (Sun.) – Workshop for the So. Calif. Education Committee of the JACL. For further information about time and location, call 257-5737, 792-7574 or 794-5276.

June 27 (Sun.) – Meeting of the So. Calif. Society of the Japanese Blind at the Pioneer Center, 125 Weller St., Los Angeles, from 11 a.m. For more information, call Roy Yamadera 262-2224 or Harold Honda 262-7709.

Bi-Monthly (Thurs.) – Regular meetings of the Young Brotherhood Advisory Committee, Thursday nights at Centenary Church, Los Angeles. Community invited to attend.

ARM-SDS TRIAL

Santa Monica –

On Monday, May 4, Laura Ho of the Asian Radical Movement (ARM) from UCLA, in a surprise move, waived her right to a jury trial and consented to the verdict of Judge Lawrence J. Rotenberg in Santa Monica Superior Court. The verdict will be based primarily on testimony as appearing in transcripts of the preliminary hearing for misdemeanor false imprisonment charges. Ho has faced further charges stemming from an ARM/SDS sit-in on November 19 in UCLA. Sentencing will be on Thursday, May 28, in Santa Monica Superior Court, 1725 Main Street, at 9:00 a.m.

In the same session, Linda Aratanha, Kay Tauer, Roger Tauer, Jim Prickett and Frank Coffman were granted a continuance until May 18 for the start of their separate trial proceedings.

On April 5, five others found guilty of misdemeanors false imprisonment charges were sentenced. Suzi Wong was given one year probation; Michael Fong, thirty days suspended sentence and one year probation; Michael Schwartz and Amy Holloway, fined $250 and one year probation. Sentencing for Jane Hefner was postponed until a later date.

Alan Ota

EAST WEST

The East-West Players will present Tendemdon–Never Happen as the second play in their Season '70. This play is the prize-winning drama written by Soon Takh Oh. It is set in the time of the Second World War. It will be the first time this play written by the Asian on the Japanese-American during this period of American history will be prod- uced and performed by an Asian company.

The East-West Players is the first and only professional Oriental repertory company in America.

The play concerns a man who was educated in Japan, caught in a web of emotion and patriotic difference. The narrative portrayal of the lead role is Mako. John Mamo and Shinko Iwami are his parents. Also supporting are Alberto Isaac as a young Chinese homosexual. Beatul Cao as a Japanese War Bride, Ernest Harada as an ambitious Nicei and Elizabeth Berger as Mako’s wife.

Producer is Guy Lee and director is Soon Takh Oh. This play will run for six weeks only on Mondays, Fridays and Saturdays beginning May 28, ending July 4. It will play at the Players' Lab, 1629 Griffith Park Blvd. Tickets are $3.50. Student discount $2.50, with the usual group rates available. For further information or reservations call the East-West Players box office, 660-6366 from 1:00 to 5:00 p.m. weekdays.

-East-West Players

HIGH POTENTIAL CUT

Westwood–

Breaking an “institutional commitment”, the UCLA Administration has cut the number of slots promised to the Asian American High Potential Program (AAHP) for the fall, academic year 1970-71. Instead of the fifty slots that were to be used by AAHP, there is now to be only 25 slots according to a memo, dated April 22, from Vice-Chancellor David Sarnoff.

In a meeting of the High Potential Council (consisting of the coordinators of each ethnic program) in February, a decision was made to divide 625 EOP (Educational Opportunity Program) between the 200 cut-off point and the 200 slots which were to be used for the High Potential Programs, while the rest was to be used to support present EOP and HP students who will be continuing next quarter. The 625 slots came from a quota of 1800 total slots allotted to EOP/SEP (Special Education Program) on this campus.

Of the 200 slots to be used for the EOP, it was unanimously decided in the High Potential Council to divide them equally between the four components. A memo informing Vice-Chancellor Saxon that such a decision was made, was to be written by Joe Barry, Director of EOP, within a week. Such a memo has not been written for at least 17 days after all re- cruitment procedures for fifty candidates and twenty alternates were completed by AAHP.

On April 22, the decision of the High Potential Council for parity in number of slots was rescinded by a single memo from Vice-Chancellor Saxon. The memo contained previously unknown information about the existence of an Engineering EOP, and the development of a similar Nursing Program. It also presented Saxon’s “recommendation” to a cut in the number of slots from 50 to 25 for the Asian and American Indian HP’s.

The total number of slots recommended by Saxon to be distributed among the four components was 150, not 200. The number of Asian American and American Indian students had been reduced to the newly “discovered” Engineering and Nursing programs totaled 50.

The other components of the HP’s were, in fact, already accepting a cut-back. When they agreed to cut-off point to 200, it was explained to them that Chicano components had 100 slots apiece this quarter, while the American Indians had 75 slots. The decision that all groups accept parity was made in consideration of the ceiling of 200 slots that the components had agreed to set up themselves.

As there is no reply as yet from Saxon to the components who had written to him concerning these cuts and the possible repagation of parity, it seems that this problem in the High Potential Program, aside from the structural problems of EOP, in general, will become a very important Strike issue. The Black, Native American, and Chicano students have been developing the idea of establishing the idea of a “Third World” College, or department, on this campus as a possible means of dealing with such problems. In such a framework, each group would have autono- mous control of their own programs, enabling them to suit the content of the program to the needs of their own students. Also considered was the idea of consolidating EOP and HP into single programs administered by the four respective groups.

After three months of recruiting and over 250 applicants, the AAHP had notified 70 young people from the community of possible needs. They had been told that 50 of them would be accepted. Will more now be discontinued?

—Tracy Okada


Gidra is published monthly by Gidra, Incorporated, a not-for-profit organization, F.O. Box 19044, Los Angeles, Calif. 90019. (213) 734-7638. All labor is donated. Subscription: $2.50 a year, $5.00 a year. Seven week notice is needed to change subscription address. Please give both old and new addresses, code numbers. Address all subscription mail to Gidra, Dept. 3B, P.O. Box 19044, Los Angeles, Calif. 90019. Contributions are welcome. Manuscripts, photographs, poems and drawings submitted for editorial consideration should be accompanied by return postage. Publishers will not be responsible for the return of material. Address all editorial material to Gidra, F.O. Box 19044, Los Angeles, Calif. 90019. Printed in the U.S.A.

May, 1970 Volume II, Number 8

Cover design by Linda Shintaku and Frank Ogata. Cover photo reproduction by Barry Askam.
heads popped

by TRACY OKIDA

On Tuesday, May 5, a force of 250 members of the Los Angeles Police Department marched into UCLA and ordered the dispersal of 6,000 students from the area around Janss Step and the Men’s Gym. The gathering of students in protest to President Nixon’s decision to send U.S. troops into Cambodia, and the killing of four students at Kent State University was declared an illegal assembly by the LAPD.

Moving in long skirmish lines, the police then herded the retreating students up the hill and through various parts of the campus. Suddenly, when students and police reached the area between the Administration Building and Social Welfare Building, a small group of policemen broke from the line and charged in the direction of a group of students. This was the beginning.

Caught in that charge and brutally beaten by three officers was one man, Dr. Peter Ludfoged, a professor who was just coming out of a building. Many students stared in shock and disbelief, many shouted angrily for them to stop, many continued to run in panic, and many more of the police began similarly to charge small groups of students. Although still few in number, some of the students began a counter-attack with the only weapons available to them; dirt-cloths and small rocks were thrown at the police who were armed with long night-sticks and pistols, and protected by helmets.

In one of the sweeping, charging outrushes by the police, Steve Tatsukawa, a junior in arts, was trapped and beaten by two officers. His head bleeding from a severe blow, Steve was then handcuffed and pulled along at a run as his captors continued to charge at the crowds. Steve was spotted and recognized as he was being dragged along by some of his friends who were on the balcony of Campbell Hall.

Four of his friends, Colin Watanabe, Ph.D. candidate in Chemical Engineering, Alan Mushin, teaching staff of the Asian American Studies Center, Voji Ichikawa, Acting Director of the Asian American Studies Center, and Ronnie Ohata, freshman in Engineering, immediately ran down after him to the police van to inquire after Steve’s condition. As these four approached the police command post, Colin was grabbed and clubbed by four policemen and then arrested. The other three were able to escape without injury or arrest.

Steve, found with four small rocks in his pockets, was charged with felonious assault with a deadly weapon. Colin, who had merely been concerned with Steve’s condition, was charged with resisting arrest, not at the time of his arrest, but only as he was being booked. (At his subsequent arraignment, other charges such as failure to disperse, participating in a riot, unlawful assembly, and interfering with the duties of a police officer were also added on.)

As the assaults and arrests were being conducted against Steve and Colin, other members of the LAPD began storming through a few of the buildings. Students, and faculty members alike, who were standing on the stairs and in the doorways of these buildings were recklessly clubbed. Campbell Hall, which houses most of the minority programs on campus, was charged twice in this manner. Upon the walls and floor was splattered the blood of three Chicanos and that of a Native American. Black students were being attacked and arrested on all parts of the campus. Students with long hair, students with books in arm, women, and even faculty were indiscriminately attacked.

At 5 P.M. most of the crowd of students still remained. Slowly the police began leaving. Squads of ten to fifteen marched stiffly off campus with their rear geared by police who walked backwards. As the police left, so did the students. Many concerned students dousing violence expressed their thoughts that had the police left campus earlier, the crowd would have dispersed. In comparison to the damage done to some property (windows and doors), the violence unleashed upon these students seemed totally negligent and unjustifiable.

By the end of this very long day, 74 students were arrested (many of them beaten beforehand), and still more left injured or bruised. Some received very serious injuries such as the girl who’s back was broken from the assault of two policemen. There were many head wounds, such as the one suffered by Steve, and some hidden bruises such as those suffered by Colin whom beaten in the abdomen. But the most frequent wound of all was the sharp slash of realization felt by most everyone who was there to witness the rampages of Tuesday, May 5, 1970.
ASIAN SUPPORT PANTHERS

In New Haven, Connecticut, another major struggle is being waged by minority peoples in their quest for justice and an end to repression. Bobby Seale, National Chairman of the Black Panther Party, and eight other Panther members are on trial in connection with the death of Alex Rackley, another Panther. To depict the distortions of the truth that have arisen from erroneous television and press coverage and to insure that all third-world peoples are alerted to the urgency and significance of Bobby Seale’s trial, the Yale Asian American Students Association have distanced this statement.

"It should be evident to all but the most short-sighted that Bobby Seale’s prosecution is undeniably motivated by political considerations and that some coordinated effort on the part of the federal government to suppress the activities of the Black Panther Party dots in fact exist." The recording of over 300 confrontations made by David Hilliard, BPP Chief of Staff and Emory Dollars, BPP Minister of Culture, are encouraging minor reversals of this trend. Seale’s indictment itself remains shrouded in duplicity and confusion as evidence so highly questionable as to force the majority of Asian American students at Yale to conclude that no fair trial is possible in New Haven."

As an initiation, the Asian American Students at Yale (AASAY) is attempting to canvas the entire New Haven Asian American community and Asian American faculty and inform them of the issues at hand. With other minority groups of the Third World Liberation Front at Yale, they share a profound concern for this trial and its impact upon international relations in America. If Bobby Seale is sent to the electric chair, the Panther Party has pledged to free him at all costs. Such an action would certainly seem to signal the outbreak of a nation-wide race war as was witnessed in the Korean Community Support on Riots and Civil Disorders. While it is possible that Asian Americans might be spared the persecution that Blacks would be subjected to, it is impossible that they would not suffer in general from the racial horror and anxiety that would occur. The report of Title II of the Internal Security Act of 1950 which the Japanese American Citizens League has so diligently been laboring at would surely be jeopardized in the Senate. Repression of Asian American political prisoners and the surveillance of radical Asian American groups everywhere would surely be tightened.

They are also insidious international parallels between the efforts of the Vietnamese people to win self-determination in their homeland and the struggle of the Black Panther Party to achieve self-determination for blacks in the United States. It is difficult if not impossible to distinguish qualitatively between the moral and economic imperialism which white America practices against third world people at home and abroad. We believe the residual hatred and bigotry cultivated from World War II against the Japanese, the Korean War, and the War in Vietnam — particularly in the context of the current suppression of the Black Panther Party — gives Asian American and other subversive cause for alarm. Viewed in this context, the rumors of concentration camps being prepared for Chinese Americans in the event of war with Red China, expressed in the May 7, 1966 issue of Saturday Review by Jerome Beauty Jr, are most disquieting. The remarks of FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover before House subcommittees in 1968 concerning increased surveillance of all Chinese Americans assume an eerie and frightening reality. If Mr. Hoover’s statement is not true, it is still at best a gratuitous and hysterical invitation to anti-Asian American prejudice. As such it is not only dangerously irresponsible and salacious, but flagrantly bigoted and obscene as well. If Mr. Hoover’s statement is true, it represents an unconstitutional form of institutional racism that is intolerable. Furthermore, it strongly reiterates our conviction that the Black Panther Party in the United States is being victimized by a wave of oppression that must honestly be characterized as racist in nature.

The implications of the trial of the New Haven Nine are many. The trials’ success is immense. All Asian Americans and members of the Third World are called upon to join in the efforts to seek an end to the repression of the Black Panther Party, to guarantee justice for the New Haven Nine, and to preserve peace throughout the land.

— Asian American Students Association, Yale University

TEACHERS’ STRIKE

For three weeks teachers have been out of school on strike. Criticized by the general public for illegally striking, they have been told to go back into classrooms to give the students an education. However, before we ask the striking teachers to return to school, we should closely examine the conditions in our schools today, and the laws worthy of being added. The schools in Los Angeles, especially the "inner-city" schools, have been gradually deteriorating. The school buildings are poorly maintained and poorly equipped. Some classrooms have chalkboards twenty years old and paint jobs seven years old. Our classrooms, having an average of 35 students, are the most crowded in the U.S. Thousands of students don’t even have a textbook or no textbooks. Teachers have trouble in the classroom that they do have over forty. Because of the large ratio of students to counselors (500 to 1), first-class students may see only their counselor twice throughout his three years in high school. The overall condition in the L.A. City Schools is poor and has scared away many qualified teachers. As a result, our schools (especially inner-city) have been forced to accept teachers who are not very qualified. This has also contributed to the deterioration of our educational system.

The cause of this deterioration, however, is mainly due to a lack of funding from our state. In the richest state in the country, the state’s educational budget in the Los Angeles City schools has been cut. Allocations to the schools have been reduced from $500 to approximately $485. As a result, the L.A. Board of Education has made a $41 million budget cut which will eliminate interscholastic sports, one class period, and 20% of the schools textbook purchases for the next school year. Money cut backs will not only contribute to the deterioration of our schools, but to the deterioration of our students.

What has this deterioration done to our students? It has given our students an inadequate education. Some of our students graduate and cannot even read or add and subtract. They have not been adequately prepared to enter college or even get a decent job. Because of the poor guidance system, many of our students are not encouraged to focus their studies on a specific field. When they graduate they often have no goal in life. The general attitude of the students is one of apathy and rejection toward school. The students just aren’t stimulated, so they often drop out of school and turn to drugs or crime. 33% of our students drop out of school and 90% of our junior and senior high schools are infected with drug abuse. Students no longer care whether they get a good education or not. If they don’t give a damn, then who does?

The teachers give a damn! The teachers are striking so that we, the students, can have better schools. Some of the things that they want are smaller classes, special classes in reading instruction, a smaller counselor to student ratio, better facilities, extra-curricular activities, and higher pay. The teachers are putting their jobs on the line so that the students can get a better education. It is apparent that they aren’t striking just for higher salaries, because they lose fifty dollars a day! The total amount of money they stand to lose cannot easily be accounted for by a possible increase in their salaries. The teachers are willing to put their jobs on the line for better education, we, as a community, should give them our full support.

It is just as important for the Asian community to support the strike as it is for any other race, because we need a good education in order to get decent jobs in America. For the past three weeks, I haven’t seen any Asian parents support the strike and I have only seen a very few Asian Students support it. Again, Asians have become apathetic toward something which will affect their future severely. It is time for the Asian community to become active in the fight for better education. Write, wire, visit, or call the members of the Los Angeles Board of Education to tell them you are concerned. Tell them you believe in good schools, that good schools mean a better America.

Tell them to do something. Now. Los Angeles Board of Education 450 N. Grand Avenue L.A. 90017 Telephone: 625-8911 Arthur F. Gardner, president; J. C. Chambers; Robert Docter; Richard Ferraro; Georgia Hardy; Julian Nava; Donald Newman; Robert Kelly, superintendent. Tell them to sign a contract with the United Teachers-Los Angeles that will guarantee a better education for every child in the Los Angeles city schools and end the crippling teacher strike.

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STASH

We have a small number of back issues of GIDRA and have decided to put a limited number of these complete sets on sale.

The price is $10. The first twelve issues of GIDRA, starting with volume 1, number 1, in April, 1969, will be sent. (Please fill in a first-first-year basis until our stack is depleted. Payment must accompany your order.)
peace rally
by CAROL MOCHIZUKI AND VIVIAN MATSUISHIGE

About fifty Asians met at the JACL office on Weller St. on Wednesday, April 15 to march together to the City Hall peace rally to show Asian solidarity. It was a cold, windy evening and as I was marching I thought how hostile the climate was. When I arrived at the rally, the faces of the other demonstrators turned to us in full recognition of our presence. Their looks were strange. My presence was disquieting. I thought, "You sit here protesting the genocide of the Asian people in Viet Nam and yet you look at me with indifference."

I went over to the speaker's platform to listen to the speeches. There were many speakers and I felt that their speeches were too long. Much of what they had to say I had heard many times before at other Moratorium rallies. The crowd listened with polite sympathy to all the speakers but after a while its responsiveness began to wane. The "Right On!" became weaker: calls for Rubin increased. Finally Warren Furutani, JACL Field Director and Gidra columnist, came to the speaker's platform. The few of us cheered him on, but I felt the rest of the audience thought, "Not another one."

Warren began, "...We'll come over here and add a rainbow perspective to those of you who want to put an end to this genocide in the Far East... Although a lot of you are professing a lot of guilt—that you feel sorry for Asian Americans or Asian people dying in Viet Nam—and I question that. I really do. Just because you come here one day out of the month to exercise your liberal conscience, don't think that's going to change your mental attitude at all. What do Moratoriums mean to Asian people?"

Jerry Rubin wanted to know what happened to Bobby Seal. He was surprised that Bobby had not been mentioned before at this Moratorium rally because "There's not only a war in Viet Nam but there's also a war at home...in ghettos and campuses in this country" between conservatives and radicals. And in this war, according to Rubin, the radicals have more to fear from the "gutless liberals" than from the right wingers because the liberals compromise with the right wingers. I can still remember Rubin's story of "Liberal Mrs. Baldwin." During the Conspiracy trial, one juror whom the Conspiracy nicknamed "Liberal Mrs. Baldwin," represented their last hope for acquittal. After two days of jury deliberation, "Liberal Mrs. Baldwin" broke down, reasoning that "the government had spent a lot of money on the case—and the jury had to come to a decision so that the people could have faith in the judicial system."

Pacifism could also be a dangerous game, but David Dellinger, one of the Chicago defendants, clarified the role of the pacifist in an incident that happened during the trial which Rubin related to us. When the marshals were attacking Bobby Seal for speaking out in court, David Dellinger jumped in front of the marshals to protect Seal. Of the incident, Rubin quoted Dellinger as saying, "It is the purpose of the pacifist to put his body between the oppressor and the oppressed."

There were some meaningful things said at City Hall peace rally, but the problem I see is that Moratoriums are losing a good deal of their impact and, in Warren's words, "becoming a spectator sport." People are becoming aware of the movement against the "establishment" and are catching on to the general feeling. But I see that most of us are not aware of the fact that in order to be of any use to the movement, we must not only understand the causes and the goals, ever-changing as they are, but we must also understand the means to obtaining these goals. This is where action and initiative come in: this is the grassroots step in the process that takes the hard work. It is obvious that the goals are not going to be obtained by the mere asking—the outcomes of the Free Speech Movement, the Third World Confrontation in Berkeley and San Mateo, the Chicago Trial, and various Peace marches and confrontations that have taken place all over the U. S., have proven that the establishment is not going to give in to us. To cause awareness in the established elite is probably going to take more "blood, sweat, and tears" than any of us want to give, and more noise than any Moratorium that I've heard reverberate. What are we really doing when we protest the war in Viet Nam? Are we protesting the war in Viet Nam or the war at home?
Year of the Dog...

last night i dreamt
the friendship train passed me by
i was crying myself
when i looked up
at the sound of my name
there it stood, waiting ...
the people on it
were laughing & waving
and calling my name
i looked down wondering ...
weighing ...

friendship tears
against drops of loneliness
when i looked up again
the friendship train
had pulled away

Jo Hi

And, now, I cross many streets
wondering which way you’ve gone
and where you’ll be tomorrow.
I notice the ground where you stood,
has, from the many years of use,
grown old and gray and sad.
And sure you’re only a dream now
and dreams do go.
But someone said
some dreams are wishes,
and wishes sometimes come true.
So please don’t be scared
if we ever meet
I just
want to return
for a while
your Hello.

Name withheld

Gidra Staff,
The mere existence of Gidra is enough to give
yellow pride a “High,” a natural “High,” for that’s
what we’re all about.

We exist, the Sun being
our source,
Through vision and
touch, we feel
the Sun.
We love together for
the Sun and yet
at night’s darkness,
“Hello,” who do we become?
Ride the Sun, the Mighty, Yellow Sun...

Jerry Sakata

Photo contributed by the Archives of the Los
Angeles County Museum of Natural History
The way some comrades look at problems is wrong. They do not look at the essential or main aspects but emphasize the non-essential or minor ones. It should be pointed out that these non-essential or minor aspects must not be overlooked and must be dealt with one by one. But they should not be taken as the essential or main aspects, or we will lose our bearings.

Mao Tse-Tung
Some Lines for a Younger Brother...

by SUE KUNITOMI EMBREY

I still remember the day he was born. It was early April and Papa was home from work with a smile on his face. He said he had a baby brother. In the months to follow, we were busy car-
ing and cuddling the brother who was many years younger than the rest of us. When he cried from hunger and Mama was busy, one of us would run into the bedroom and rock the bed or pick him up and quiet him.

But we were a family of five sons and three daughters. Money was scarce. My father ran a moving and transfer business in L’il Tokyo, the Japanese community in the shadow of City Hall in Los Angeles, but he had little money to pay you a job. They wanted us to have experience to land a job, but how can we get experience if we can’t get a job?

"I asked him what he was going to do."

"I’m going to join the Army," was his reply.

"So I found out," he answered. "Learning to say ‘no’ isn’t the same thing at all. I think you have to do something you like and be happy."

"I’m tired of holding up the buildings in L’il Tokyo. There’s nothing to do and no place to go where I can be with my friends."

He was sure that wars were over for a while and there would be no danger. He signed up one day and was gone the next. He came home on furlough, husky and tanned, a lot taller and more confident than when he had left. He had been in training camp in England and had seen much of the country. Before he left, he broke the news to us that he had signed up for another three years so he wouldn’t have to serve in the reserves. He was trans-
ferred to the West Coast and we saw him often when he hitched around on weekends. One day he phoned collect from San Jose. He was being shipped out to Japan and it would probably be a year before he came home.

"I hitched around over when the Korean War broke out."

"So after his 22nd birthday, he wrote that he hoped to be home for Christmas. He explained that he had not been sleeping well lately since some veterans had been brought into his barracks. They had nightmares and they screamed in the night. The stories of war they told could not be shut out of his mind. There was a rumor going around that his company might be going over to replace the first groups. He hoped his timetable for discharge would not change. He was worried and that was why he had written.

"Tets came home before Christmas. He came home in a flag-draped coffin of his beddies as military escort. The funeral at the Koyasan Buddhist Church was impressive. There was a change of guards every few minutes. Their soft-
spoken words mixed with the solemn change. The curling incense smoke made hazy halos of the young faces who came mourning a dead friend."

On December 26, 1969, I joined several hundred young peo-
ple inside the Japanese mission to protest the invasion of our neigh-
bor in Vietnam. While I helped clean out the sagelike and manzanas, pulled tumbleweeds out of my boots, I was interrupted many times to receive a call on the walkie-talkie. The CBS television cameramen who were there to record the event.

Mr. Williamson’s peak crested somewhere in the gray clouds that cloaked the tops of the mountains. The sun was shining on the mountain pass. Since there was no sun, no seven-mile shadow lay across Owens Valley.

"I would like your views on these questions:"

(1) Are Asians (Japanese) social problems being met?

(2) Do Asians take care of their own? Truly?

(3) Have Social Agencies really looked into our problems, including drugs, neglect by parents, poverty, juvenile delinquency, education, transportation, programs for half-Asians?

(4) Should we join with other minorities such as Blacks, Chicanos, and Indians to fight a common cause?

(5) At what Asian tax-payers of this country is so affluent, and so advanced in technology, why can’t we solve the problems of human needs?

I ask you to voice your opinions in a letter form to this office: Japanese American Community Services, 125 Weller St., San. 305, Los Angeles, Calif. 90012.
The Ballad of Ho Chang

by I. LERIK

The following is an adaptation for Gidra from an article originally published by Zenith Papers of Hollywood.

Ho Chang rests his rifle across a branch and focuses its telescopic sight on the American infantryman wading in the rice paddy. Ho Chang is seventeen years old. He is a guerilla fighter—a skilled assassin, a sniper. Concealed high in a tree, a tree that short years ago he climbed in play, he reaches and methodically places a leaf from his line of fire. He feels his familiar anticipation for the kill...killing is his single remaining pleasure.

Ho Chang is a fanatic. He became a fanatic six months earlier while watching his mother, father and beloved sister run screaming from the hideous glare of curling flame and smoke that had been their home. He watched a loved one—each a gaping mouthed, wildly gestulating torch trembling crazily through the village. They were finally fleeing, laying in the dust—eyelashes, hairless, black, smoking hulks that twitched and emitted sounds not human. In the terrible racking, sobbing agony of his grief the boy, Ho Chang, knelt beside the charred remains of his family and pledged that he too might die—but only his fire-seared soul would die. That hope had been struck by a napalm bomb dropped from a low flying American fighter...

DON'T GO

The American infantryman, Private Robert Sasaki is in his first day of combat. Always a peaceful boy and raised on the Westside of Los Angeles, Private Sasaki, other than playful wrestling on the lawn with neighborhood boys, had never been involved in physical conflict until today...Today he has killed three people. A few hours earlier his squad was fired on from a dense thicket by a number of the enemy. The boy beside him, his only close friend in the service, suddenly stopped and turned, a surprised expression on his face and a small, red, oozing hole in his forehead. The boy was dead before his body hit the earth...

DON'T GO

Alone now, lost from his squad, wandering aimlessly, helmet gone but still carrying the heavy rifle with its blood-dipped bayonet dired to a rust hue. He blanks through the rice paddy, its muddy water almost to his knees...Dazed, oblivious, munching to himself, his mind returns home...to Los Angeles, to the high school he last year graduated from, to sixteen year old Donna who still attains the school—Donna, who promised to wait, who writes long, chatty, lonesome letters on ruled notebook paper, who has been with no other boy. Both slim, both with hair long and straight, both tanned, with suede boots and bell-bottoms, walking hand-in-hand down the street looked much the same. School days together, stoned together, laughing together, their eyes closed, staring inquisitive, innocent, learning one another, touching one another, loving one another in gentle tentative passion...

DON'T GO

The sergeant shouted a command and Private Sasaki in a blurring rage of revenge followed his combat training: Running, zig-zagging, firing from the hip, he charged the thicket with his squad. A flurry of shouts, of confusion and violent hand-to-hand combat resulted in Private Sasaki shooting two uniformed boys and pulling his bayonet from deep in the breast of a third—a slim uniformed enemy, a girl enemy, a girl younger than he. Their eyes had locked...his in young horror, hers in brown, grace-ful, tilted, long-lashed acceptance that glazed to death while he watched and whimpered.

DON'T GO

Others wait: his younger brother who brag of a big brother hero in uniform; his father, veteran of an earlier war, 442nd Combat Team, proud of his fighting son, his mother, a science of mind student who, in spite of often graphic, televised combat death, successfully impersonates the war news and ignores Robert's safety by prayer and daily holding an imaginative vision of his safe return...perhaps a medal, a slight, romantic wound. His familiar stock GTO has been sold but not his pool cue—the cue he wrapped and finished himself waits stored in the closet.

DON'T GO

Private Sasaki's head looms large, framed in Ho Chang's telescopic sight. Ho Chang feels grim satisfaction at the imminent destruction of another American and carefully begins squeezing the trigger. He pauses. Deciding against quick death, he holds the rifle sights on the enemy figure. The rifle jumps, kicks solidly, satisfactorily against his shoulder and a violent crack of sound shatters the insect-buzzing, bird-calling tropical day...the immediate absolute silence that follows hangs still and ominous on the warm heavy air...

DON'T GO

The hate-altered hollow-nose bullet leaves a small, smol-dering hole in Private Sasaki's tunic, enters his side below the ribs and above the hip bone. Expanding rapidly it plows a deep trench through the abdomen, leaving his body in a slightly lower location on the left side. Private Sasaki throws up his hands and, as a wind-up toy soldier, whose spring has spasmodically burst, staggerers crazily, wildly, awkwardly. He does not fall. Stunned by the bullet's stunning impact, he fails to understand what has happened...but immediately the numbness begins to change to pain, a trail of dull pain across his belly. He looks down and in confusion, vomits his sweet nectar. His shirt front is soaking red...blood...

DON'T GO

He stands there swaying in shock and bewildered comprehension and with fear-fumbling finger, tries to unbolt the shirt. Sweat pours over his face and his lips move trembling. The real pain hits him then. His white hot fear is terrible. He rips frantically at the red seeping cloth—buttons fly—the shirt open. Private Sasaki blinks unintelligently at a jagged, gaping, horizontal wound across his lean, smooth skin, young belly. A wound from which in entrails now bulge, a wound that now sluggishly disgorges long grotesque ropes of mangled gut, of yellow, dismembered, quivering glands, of blue muscles—a dangling, mutilated mass of brown, leaking intestine that droops and dangles and splashes the muddy water of the rice paddy...

DON'T GO

Private Sasaki begins shaking his head in unbelieving protest. He mumbles, "No...no...oh God...no..." Swaying, crying, still moving his head in denial, he clumsily graps the mangled mass of maimed entrails and begins to stuff them back into himself, into the pulsing open wound of his belly. The blood, the undigested food, the waste from the destroyed colon are an overpowering stench of bile that stubbornly slips and slides between his fingers. A few seconds he plays the hopeless game. His legs begin to shake violently, to jump uncontrollably. They buckle...

Still striving to hold his intestines within himself, Private Sasaki slowly sinks to his knees. He kneels there, the muddy water mixes into the wound and his blood spreads out upon the scummy surface of the rice paddy. He understands then, the futility—dimly understands his death as head bowed, he watches his weakened hands fall away and his bulging intestines stream—floating long reaching tendrils across the water.

DON'T GO

The sun catches the colors of his death—a lovely reflected spew under the noonday, tropical sun. Private Sasaki's tears splash the water. His face works. No glory, no thoughts of country, no audience, no movie soldier brave, clenched cigarette, wisecracking death, no patriotic slogans in his fading mind. As thousands and thousands more of dying soldiers before him, he pitifully asks for the woman who bore him and taught him—softly, quietly, speaks her name...

DON'T GO

He soba his last now, shakes his head sadly, futilely once more and painfully whispers, "Donna...Donna...Love...I..." His mouth moves grotesquely and open-eyed he falls, splashing forward into his floating guts. And upon the sunlight surface of a far distant, native, rice paddy only a red smear remains...nineteen years of clean young promise gone. Shot to Hell...
The following is an interview of an ex-G.I. named Sam Choy who describes the events that took place from June, 1967 when he enlisted to May 1969 when he was released from prison. The interview was conducted by the Woy Kuen, a social action group from New York.

**Question:** How old are you, Sam?  
**Choy:** I am 20.  
**Question:** How old were you when you enlisted in the army?  
**Choy:** About seventeen. I was a junior in high school.  
**Question:** How come you enlisted?  
**Choy:** Well, you know, I didn't like school and they said the army would make a man out of you and give you a skill, you know.  
**Question:** How long was it before you were sent to Vietnam?  
**Choy:** I didn't even know I was going to fight. I was told to go to basic training to be a man. They said they would teach me a skill.  
**Question:** What happened?  
**Choy:** First, I went to boot camp for six months. I was the only Asian in bootcamp. It was bad enough. When we got the call to go to Vietnam, one half of the company didn't show up?  
**Question:** A half? Whatever happened to them?  
**Choy:** I don't know. I never found out.  
**Question:** What happened when you first got to Vietnam?  
**Choy:** We went over by plane. They took us to our quarters to teach us about booby traps and weapons.  
**Question:** Where were you stationed?  
**Choy:** We were in the Republic of Vietnam. That's as far as I've heard of supply post. I don't even know where that was. They never told us.  
**Question:** What was your job?  
**Choy:** I was with a combat unit, up next to the front lines. I was the heavy equipment operator. They didn't want me to be on the front lines. They didn't trust me.  
**Question:** Were you the only Asian in the unit?  
**Choy:** Yes.  
**Question:** What kind of treatment did you receive?  
**Choy:** Well, a couple of days after the Viet Cong started shelling us, then the other G.I.'s started to make comments about me looking like the Viet Cong.  
**Question:** How did you react?  
**Choy:** I didn't do nothing. I was just doing a job.  
**Question:** Did this treatment go on?  
**Choy:** It went on and got worse. They asked me what I was doing on the front lines. I told them I was just doing a job. I didn't have any political awareness.  
**Question:** When was this harassment the worst?  
**Choy:** Right after the G.I.'s got back from patrol. They really gave it to me. They asked me where I was born, where my parents were born, if I was a Communist. They even asked me what I thought about America. They thought I could turn traitor anytime.  
**Question:** What kind of job did you have at the base?  
**Choy:** They made me the cook. The mess sergeant was mean. He made me do all these things and kept hounding me around. The time I couldn't take it anymore. One day I got so mad I threw a knife on the floor after he called me a chuck. He ordered me to pick it up. I flipped. He kept yelling all kinds of remarks, like slant-eyed Chinaman, geek, chink, and he went on and on. I just got mad. So he went to get the staff sergeant. I went to get my rifle. I waited for them to come back and when they started to sweet talk me to get me to pick it up, I said, "If you come closer, I'll shoot." I fired a warning shot and they froze. Then I left the tent and the corporal came after me. He tried to grab my rifle. I fired once and he froze. He was scared as hell. The M-16 has three notches and I shot at them, too. I had bad eyes, so I missed. By this time I was near the perimeter of the base and I thought of joining the Viet Cong. At least they would trust me. But the M-16's are for tanks and armored carriers, so I got caught.  
**Question:** What happened then?  
**Choy:** They beat me up and sent me to the hospital for observation. They said I was wrong but they put me up for court-martial.  
**Question:** Did you have any friends to help you out?  
**Choy:** No, the only friends I had were the blacks. They couldn't do anything though. They were just regular G.I.'s and if they did, they'd get in trouble. They used to protect me from the white G.I.'s when they picked on me. Like I took showers only with black for protection and because they were my friends.  
**Question:** How long was it before the court-martial?  
**Choy:** They sent me to the Long Binh Remand Hospital. That's where all the G.I. dissenters were.  
**Question:** How was it?  
**Choy:** The place was bad. The conditions were unfit for animals. Everybody was in a cage. Most of the dissenters were black. They were there because they refused to fight any more. The place was so bad they had a riot. It lasted all night and into the morning. The black G.I.'s were beating up the guards and smashing everything. They were getting back for all the army treatment they had been given. It was so bad, they had to surround the camp before it stopped.  
**Question:** How long were you in Long Binh?  
**Choy:** Four months. They were preparing my case.  
**Question:** Where did your court-martial take place?  
**Choy:** Pleiku, Vietnam.  
**Question:** What was your judge?  
**Choy:** They had a board of majors and colonels.  
**Question:** How long was the court-martial?  
**Choy:** Three hours.  
**Question:** What did they charge you with?  
**Choy:** Aggravated assault and culpable negligence.  
**Question:** Did anybody know what was happening?  
**Choy:** No, they censored all my mail. I couldn't even tell my parents.  
**Question:** What was your next?  
**Choy:** The army sentenced me to eighteen months of hard labor at Fort Leavenworth. These are maximum sentences, but they made a deal with me. If I pleaded guilty, then I would only get eighteen months.  
**Question:** What happened at Fort Leavenworth?  
**Choy:** Fort Leavenworth is the worst place in the world. They beat me up everyday, like a time-clock. It makes me mad and sick to think about it. Right now, I don't want to think about it any more.  
**Question:** When did you get out?  
**Choy:** I only served nine months. I kept quiet, so they discharged me.  
**Question:** Is there anything else?  
**Choy:** One thing, I want to say, all Asian kids that the army made me sick. They made me so sick that I can't stand it.  
By Warren Furutani

From the outside it looks like many other clothing shops. The big green letters register the name JULIAN in your mind. The doors (screen and glass) are often closed and the shop looks deserted, but just knock because the proprietor is usually there.

With the click of the latch and with a sniff of the euphoric incense, no longer does Julian’s shop look like any other. The tasteful integration of East and West is almost overwhelming. The contemporary oil paintings and the ancient Chinese tapestry create an Amerasian montage that reflects the inner being of its creator.

The owner is a third generation Chinese American. His mode of dress and style of speech is that of modern hip, but over-all he cannot be categorized as one of the many boutique owners on Sunset Boulevard. Julian Folk has made a statement which relates respect and honor for his heritage and an enthusiasm and love for his future.

His life style borders on the new. He has shucked the usual in hopes of being his own man. He has quit his designing job and has gotten, as a reward, the control of his own destiny.

It is refreshing to see an Asian seek a more meaningful life. It appears absurd to watch so many people scurry around and spend years eating a lunch box or brief case—they’re both the same. What else can you say other than “dig yourself?” I think Julian has. He has dug himself and also his people. He has created and communicated a statement that can be seen in his shop and through his design and work. Come to Amerasia and see what Julian has to present—3707 Sunset Boulevard.
ONE ACTIVE STEP

by Charles Wong

Until we discard our false notions of freedom and realize our true status, that of being commodities, we cannot begin to be free. The most prominent false notion is that of equating choice with freedom. It sounds very good andtaken to its logical conclusion, we are "condemned to be free" because we are constantly being faced with choices. Life is a perpetual confrontation with choices: a choice between a Chevrolet and a Ford, between a Democrat and a Republican, between Campbell and Lipton soup—vote for John or Robert.

It is this aspect of daily existence of not seeing any real alternatives in our lives, that we shall now briefly focus upon. By virtue of living within a bourgeois society, we live with a false sense of freedom and a pseudo-reality of reality. We are only aware of the world in terms of objects and relationships between objects: we even view people as objects—b bourgeois society must. By this, we refer to the essential fact that relationships among people are what really cause the material and social life of the people.

More specifically, do we not interpret the grapes we eat as the result of a mechanical balance between supply and demand instead of human exploitation? Do we not interpret laws as extended neutral arms of society instead of human, political motivations and purposes? Do we not share a more rewarding relationship with a box of cigarettes than we do with the tobacco grower?

In fact, object-consciousness functions to legitimate capitalism. Instead of people-conscious, aspects of society (the laws and judicial system, the production of goods and services, and the workings of politics) require object-consciousness because capitalism recognizes both people and (people-made) things only as commodities.

If you are still in doubt, here are some examples: knowledge is a commodity because students are readily taught economic exploitation. The teacher is a commodity because he can do counter-insurgency research, but cannot work for the elimination of imperialism. To be sure, he can yell all he wants about academic freedom—until he is fired. Also, a worker can be a strike-breaker or a grace picker, but not a socialist.

Freedom means, first, being aware of our existence and the things we do as daily as commodities and the attendant subjugation to its hardships. Second, as a real alternative, in order to negate object-consciousness, we must have liberating activities of self-realization (on the collective level this means for the common good).

The first aspect is much easier to attain than the second. It is the difference between liberal and revolutionary; the liberal thinks it is, and the revolutionary does it! Most of us have been unwilling to practice the real alternative of freedom and say, "No, I won’t be a part of the game of middle class America." Understandably, we don’t want to suffer the social consequences of breaking the rules, but then a bourgeois society with its values and practices is not intended for the maximization of the individual of the people at large. A fine example of a growing issue of human ecology. The processed, de-naturalized foodstuffs we eat daily are not for healthy consumption. The smog destroys us.

If you really want to be free, you’re going to have to practice revolution. Be a health nut, a political activist, or whatever—but to be free, your life style must change. Like Jerry Rubin in the 60’s, it should also mean being more radical on the other side of "one dimensional normality"—short, to be labeled "deviant." Ours is enough thought and inquiry to be a meaningful group or if enough people transgress, deviency becomes institutionalized and thus legitimized.

Freedom does not mean non-conformist behavior in the guise of usiness or escapism, but rather, being consciously and constructively radical. Unfortunately, as with "deviant," the word "radical" scares a lot of people. The words signify an opposition to the status quo. But if we can understand that "radical" means "root" and that the root of our existence is man himself, then radicalism is one of the most human words known. Can we not see the need to be radical as well as to be humanistic? We need humanity in our lives, not objects.

Only by transcending individual selfishness, can we fulfill the promise of a better world. There is nothing eternal about any state of human affairs, in fact, the essence of man is that he creates his own being. At this time there flourishes radical spirit within hundreds of thousands, of people, in the deep-seated desire to creatively liberate their lives as well as the lives of others.

Once, in one such example, its members seek to get themselves together as individuals, as a collective group to get others together. The change in strength, as a whole, is a victory for the idea. Cindra, as an organization, are all part of the creative process. The point is—freedom lies within all of us. It is born from our need for self-realization and community good. Since Cindra is both an enterprise and a political organization, it has the obligation of telling truths about American society via its analysis, selection, and presentation of news and ideas. Cindra is one active step forward. ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!
**HYPOCRITES**

**UNEDITED AT AUTHOR'S REQUEST**

The anti-war movement is primarily centered around the war in Vietnam and "bringing the boys home." The anti-war movement, which consists primarily of white liberals, completely forgets the war in Cambodia, Laos, Thailand, Korea, Japan, the Philippines...The total number of American deaths in Cambodia, Laos, and Thailand has reached over 20,000. In Cambodia last week the American mass media openly acknowledged that a state of crisis between the Vietcong and the American imperialists can no longer be ignored. Cambodia has now asked for American intervention just as the South Vietnamese have done for the past several years. They are now million napalm bombings of countless My Lai's, hundreds of thousands of half-breeds and orphans, and innumerable deaths and innocent ravagings. The fact that the media only last week publicized the crisis does not negate the years of struggle in Cambodia. The same can be said for Laos, and for the whole history of the "ugly American"'s intervention in Southeast Asia.

The anti-war movement can afford to be composed around "pet peevs" because they are not a boat which might be caught up in a possible Viet Cong. The My Lai atrocities are an example of innocent people being slaughtered—"a cook is a cook." All Asians are Cooks. So is it any wonder that religious draft deferments do not recognize Buddhism, Taoism and any other eastern religion?

**CHICKEN CORNER GANG**

**UNEDITED AT AUTHOR'S REQUEST**

The Asian American Community is looked upon as a fairly bourgeois white-washed community. We are the ones who "have it made"; we are the ones who are wealthy, educated; and the ones with all the doors open to us. Everywhere we go, we hear; "Oh, do Orientals have problems?" I didn't think this would be an appreciating community. There is a rising drug problem. Kids in every economic bracket are turning towards "red devils" (heroin). We have people who are unemployable, who cannot get decent jobs because of their foreign background and their lack of education. We have old people who wander aimlessly during the days, stretching their social security (if they are lucky enough to have social security) or what little money they have to last. Our students have one of the highest rates of suicides. Agreed there are Asians who have become successful, but what price have they and their families paid?

In Chinatown, one has to look closely behind the neon lit facade of tourist traps to see the ghetto life, to see the cracks in the smiling face of Buddha. San Francisco Chinatown, outside of Harlem, New York is the nation's most densely populated sector. Seventy-five percent of the population are immigrants, with few jobs available, they speak little or no English, have little education, and they have the highest rate of tuberculosis. After building this country's railroads in slave camps, after paying as much as 75 cents a day to a resident of the United States for the dignity of their district have some of the worst schools and hospitals. There is but one playground for all the little children to play in; most people have no extra money to hire babysitters; and there are no free child care centers in their area.

According to a study done in 1965 by the Fair Employment Prac- tice, the Filipinos were found to have the highest number of residents of the United States. Their problems are even more acute than the Chinese or Japanese because they represent a smaller minority, and they are often forgotten. The seriousness of the Asian American problems can no longer be ignored. Cultural pride can no longer hide the pressing social needs of both immigrant and American-born Asians. The first and foremost problem is that the Establishment refuses to recognize the fact that we have problems, and our cultural pride refuses to point out the needs of the community. It is needed to return to society like a group of broken Indians, the Japanese bitterly realized that their whole existence was dependent upon their assimilation into the existing society, "The White Man's World." Why was it only here, in the mainland United States 3,000 miles farther from Japan than Hawaii, that the Japanese were sent to camps? What happened to the land after the Japanese were round- ed up into camps? The land and farm they built they built up and made for- tifi. How can anyone in their right mind question the vengeance they ex- erciuded to become successful?

In Chinatown, one has to look closely behind the neon lit facade of tourist traps to see the ghetto life, to see the cracks in the smiling face of Buddha. San Francisco Chinatown, outside of Harlem, New York is the same—and that'll be beautiful.

**LETTERS**

James Hooker, Ontario, Calif.

First of all, I want to tell you about myself. I was born Yoo Sun Jai in Seoul, Korea; I'm 19 years old and I'm a fairly leftist Asian Blackman. In short, I am the product of American aggra- sion. I grew up through the efforts of a very wonderful Black mother who will forever be my Mother. I came to America because of racism which forced me to leave the cradle and birthplace of racism it- self. I have had my share of the lunacy, tunes, I've despised Koreans and Orientals in general, but now I re- alize that it was all my fault. I have ex- perienced at the hands of Koreans was but a small reflection of ra- cism which they were and still are subjected to by the white race. I can now write of Koreans as among the great injustices that I had suffered because I now am aware that the Orientals are recipients of mass in- justices at the hands of oppressive American government. I now have the common goal of all people of color: Freedom from exploitation. In reading your October issue of "G'day", your paper has filled my mind with an insight into the A- siatic American situation. I was par- ticularly enthused with Amy Uye- motoru's article, "The Emergence of Yellow Power in America." I think that Miss Uyemotoru is a very conscionable person and should be congratulated for an article well done. Also it is my wish to be able to communicate with her, since I feel that we can gain mutual benef- its from such a correspondence. Although I am presently incarce- rated, if Miss Uyemotoru isn't too pressed for time, I would very much like for her to receive my present address and would encour- age her to get in touch with me by some form of communication.

I am very much involved in Black Cultural Nationalism and would like my address be made available to any Asian person who might feel sympathetic along this line. I would also like to be- come a correspondent to your news- paper in ways of articles and poems. Although at this time I'm not able to write about my physical support, my spiritual support is more than enough. In this would I like to close by saying; Keep on pushing, for without a doubt, I am pushing for this cause.

Francis Takashashi, Brooklyn, N. Y.:

Hello, a long time ago I heard about your group but with any information I have finally gotten together. Is G'day organization? Please in- form me.

Actually, I don't believe in sep- arating into different racial groups —togetherness is the way to prog- ress. I meant to say what you have done, and to be honest, what the Orientals—Third World people can do.

I hope that someday there won't be any organizations like this; because on that day men will be the same—and that'll be beautiful.
We may reco in disgust from the label: "Nisei, the Quiet American." We know the danger of such oben stereotype, yet it is essential for young Asians to respond to them not merely in terms of verbal indignation, but in terms of action. For in a broader historical perspective, many of us are the children of the most silent of the Silent Generation. We are the children of a generation which, through no fault of its own, suffered a profound loss of their security. Our parents worked very hard, and along with their scale of values, they have succeeded. They've moved to the suburbs, joined various home, organized athletic leagues, attended the na- of education to their children and sent them to colleges. And that is what many young Asians are doing now, commuting to the university from the suburbs.

Some of these students, however, have begun learning and working in the community, gaining a deeper education than from books. No longer ivory tower academicians, many are beginning to relate to Asians who are considered to be the "outside" bro- thers on the street, and our elders. Some students are putting bodies in the field, refusing to separate thought from its conse- quences. This is work of immense importance and certainly of the first priority. Those of our brothers lacking material needs will be helped, for in this case, the path is clear, the problem is known, and can be overcome.

SPIRITUAL EMPTYNESS

Community work is urgent because the problems are so great. These problems are also more apparent. But there are not less apparent affections among Asian youths—more subtle and less obvious. But I think very real. It is in this way that the people of the community are much more together than the students, for they have a gut level feeling for the situation—the problems—and the enemy—that students arrive at after only some time. When students went into the community, they had there an un-derstanding of needs, and yet, they were leaving behind a majority of Asian college students who were relatively inarticulate about their own problems. It is this point, the spiritual malaise of affluent Asian students, to which I would like to address this treatise.

There are many symptoms of this spiritual emptiness. A struggle for identity being forth the establishment of Asian studies classes. A search for meaning exemplified in the popular novels of Hesse and Salinger. The irrational acceptance of the hot consumer culture: we are made to believe we really want to ride around in Cougars, Mustangs, and Camaros; that we really want to shop at Jean West. Affiliative needs are served by fraternities, sororities, and other social rituals of the past. It is exemplified by smoking dope on weekends without a cultural and political understanding of such an activity. It is exhibited by aspiring dentists and lawyers, accountants and teachers wishing to secure a career; by art students going into design. Jerry Rubin said that the only difference between Santa Rita and UCLA is that those in Santa Rita know they're in jail. The poor and disenfranchised in our community know their problems. Many Asian students, how- ever, believe in relativistic well being, yet their anxiety, though sublimated and inarticulate, is amorphous and ubiquitous.

STRATEGIC RESOURCES

So what should a radical Asian student do? Continue com- munity work? Definitely, of course. Accelerated, intensified. Yes, at the same time, we recognize that the people in the community are the leaders of the community. Involved students must realize that the other Asian students on their campus are their responsibility.

So how do we move the student with such shallow roots? I think it is important primarily because there are some resources and channels students have that will be helpful to the movement; and the most students that are radicalized, the more possible stra- tegic resources. One of the things that an academic background may be helpful in is a sense of history. It's very easy for a group of Asian Americans who want peace to come to Little Tokyo on a sunny Saturday. It's more difficult for them to accept an anti- imperialist position. For this reason, it's hard for me to convince them of the inevitability of revolutionary violence and to show that such means are called into being by the violence of the enemy. They are afraid of the violence of the enemy, but the movement needs radical historians and social scientists. They are also needed for self-criticism and re-evalu- ation of our movement, and so on. (One consi- der the witheringly honest and courageous self-criticism in April's Girard) When the authorities attempt to opt-out or compromise, it does not good to shout "Bullshit!" Rather, the prediction of such action and the preparation of cogent responses might be worth the training of all those research papers in school. Radicals in this sense are also in an active political role in the power structure; exposing it for what it is will weaken it.

AN EMERGING CLASS

The skills garnered in the schools are one reason why more so-called comfortable Asian students must be organized. Another is an emerging class perspective. That is, in 1970 post-industrial America, the multi-university has become the new factory. In this way, students are a new working class. They may thus be thought of as a potential revolutionary force. To try a reversal of middle class values and radicalize the many Asians attending col- lege is the job of the radical Asian student. This viewpoint gains more power by the pronounced and growing isolation of students from the rest of society. Previously, "effete snobs" could demon- strate and protest without real fear of the police harassment that was standard for people in the community. Now, however, re- pression is beginning to come down harder; students are being arrested and framed without crisis of outrage. Witness the recent deci- sive purging of justice unfeathered on the students in the ARM- WSA trial at UCLA, and the heinous, racist imprisonment of Darryl Sukekawa. Student solidarity is absolutely the first priority if one is essential to combat such repression. I'm not talking about "stu- dent power," rather, the organizing of students around a radical, Asian, student perspective in that order.

PIE CHART CONTEST

So, though working to help materially alienated members of the community should receive the greatest energies, Asian students who are spiritually alienated—those who are in the academic-con- sumer rat race—should be kept in mind. This "consistency" should be urged not to seek a larger slice of the pie; rather, per- suaded that the pie is not even a very nourishing one. In short, our goal should be to help our fellow Asian students as much as possible. Social scientists will not try to patch up the system, but instead, make radical critiques of it. Teachers will not smother chil- dren but will set them free to create and act. Children will not adopt the repressive dogmas of the AMA but will work for the benefit of the people. Artists will not go into commercial art to create a greater audience but will make revolutionary statements. Scientists will not work for war industry or government, but try to save the planet and the species. Lawyers will not represent big corporations and try to become judges, but will defend the rights of the people.

FREE 'EM ALL

Non-movement Asian students must be confronted squarely with the realization that they, the unhappy not because of grades or money, but because they have been a deviously manipulated class. Without arrogance or elitism, the movement must show students from whence this manipulation stems, why this repression occurs. Affluent Asian students are political prisoners. They are shackled in their split level homes, their De- troit apartments, in the country, in the black—there are at least 3 billion reasons, and you're one of them.

One way to obtain a useful perspective is to try to transcend (regard as you like the word better) your consciousness and make like your cat (or dog), who lives now and therefore cannot have anxieties about past or future, cannot have an identity crisis, etc... If you're in an establishment or revolutionary freak, then you proba- bly think man is beautiful and superior because of his mind. Another useful perspective: Man is a misfit of evolution because he has a mind—a sort of time bomb—a self-destruction system. Biologically, he's inferior because apparently he can't perpetuate his species for more than a few thousand years.

To sum up a monumental quantity of contemporary thought, there is no hope for man and the technology; no matter what do our last generation of human beings.

Moral I: Why hassle?—Life is organic as you make it. Actually, nothing really matters.

Moral II: Everyone's right. Every individual makes his or her own criteria for being right. If someone uses some one else's criteria, then he's wrong, and we're all wrong. What's the use of talking about it?

Moral III: Try to respect everybody's trip. Be pragmatic. Evaluate an action by how it affects the happiness of people—not whether it's right or wrong.

Civilization has spent several thousand years trying to build better bridges. Now, it's run into problems. Biologically the human mind has been changed. How can we suddenly adapt to concrete and computers where yesterday there were plains and fields. But, we are lucky for we are the generation that gets to get this world without having to waste our time, planting and cultivating more and better products. The point to be made here is that whether or not you eat your pie now, it won't be around tomorrow.

Moral III: Eat your pie.

Moral IV: Don't have kids—there won't be any pie for them.

Of course, before you do anything drastic, you better get your head together. Here are a few ways:

1. Do a Nature trip, try to acquire an anthropological per- spective of man. An anthropologist who instead of developing narrow, hairier coverings, and other physical means of adaptation, developed a mind which could manipulate the environment. Learning with the mind came concepts like: "consciousness," "alienation," "self," "ego," "identity crisis," "heroin...". Result: the species doesn't survive because of the black—the there are at least 3 billion reasons, and you're one of them.

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2. If you can't get into this, do dope (e.g. mescaline). After that your head will be somewhere and it probably won't be the same place. What have you got to lose?

3. Do any non-establishment trip (e.g. a professional bum, a master criminal, an amateur cook, a hermit...).

4. Freak out on anything.
Asian American Education

There is a great deal of talk today about Asian American identity, relating to others, and communicating. However, it seems that this has stopped at the adult level. We have seen the development of Asian American student courses on college campuses along the west coast primarily and throughout the country during the past year.

There is still a crying need for Asian American curriculum and material development at the pre-school, primary, elementary and secondary school levels. Our schools either continue to perpetrate racist attitudes and subject matter in regard to people of color, or completely ignore our experience in this country.

It seems rather incredible that in our society today, an Asian American boy in the fourth grade can turn his back on the system saying, "What's the use, I'm going to be a gardener anyway?" Or when children of color are taught in a very insidious manner that they cannot be Americans if they even up to their race or if they are other than white.

The time has come when we must reverse the process. Our Asian American children are being brainwashed thoroughly by a very racist educational system. We can look at ourselves as living examples of what is being done. Is the damage ever undone?

A positive step forward would be to develop material for the use in schools for the Asian American perspective in hope of eliminating the biases and omissions which now exist. Understandably, writing for children seems a difficult task. However, if we are serious in our talk about communicating with others, it is this not an extension of what we hope to do. We are talking about communicating with other human beings who happen to be our Asian American children.

Another direction would be for us to educate the educators on the specific needs and problems of Asian American children.

The Southern California Education Committee of the JACL was formed to try to deal with the particular problems which Asian Americans at the elementary and secondary school levels face today. We will hold a workshop on Sunday, May 24, 1970. For further information about time and location call: 257-5737, 792-7524 or 794-5726.

We hope to look at and confront several issues regarding public school education as it affects Asian Americans, curriculum and material development, and community organization. But there's still a lot of work to be done. We need interested people who are willing to contribute their ideas and to work.

Education Committee of JACL
The duty of the police officer is not to create disorder. The police officer is there to preserve it.

Mayor Richard J. Daley
Chicago, 1968

Photos by Colin Watanske