

—DATED MATERIAL—

NOVEMBER, 1970

GADRA[®]

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

MONTHLY OF THE ASIAN AMERICAN COMMUNITY



NOVEMBER, 1970



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Gidra Staff: Doug Aihara, Linda Fujikawa, Warren Furutani, Carol Hatanaka, Seigo Hayashi, Bruce Iwasaki, Duane Kubo, Danny Matsumura, Vivian Matsushige, Amy Murakami, Mike Murase, Alan Ota, Candice Ota, Wendy Sahara, Pat Sumi, Steve Tatsukawa and others.

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TO MY ASIAN AMERICAN BROTHERS—

Clarity of vision
of perception
is a color not possible
in Los Angeles
To the far horizons
the city slumbers
smoulders
in its brown chemistry
of Babylonian chains

Chains
bind my feet
my eyes
as I stumble along the yellow mosaic path
Carefully, I search for the missing pieces
There...

a glittering piece
a sparkle of discovery
My family sword is found
to strike my chains of sorrow
But the chains merely part
then re-form

In despair
I stumble

Brother!
Now I see you so near
You give me strength to rise again
But why are you so still
so stoic
brother?

Chains of Babylon
bind us together
but we do not touch
With this sword
I would free you
But where are your chains?
They are not like mine
In your eyes

I see your spirit
bound by chains
by burdens
by weight
by heart
so heavy
the sword cannot free you
yet

As you stand so still
your eyes
steadily mirror
a painful past

Do you see
grandfather back bent
worked to the ground?

Do you see
father barb bound
concentration sent?

Do you see
brother Asian death
Vietnam sent?

Do you see
the unshed tears
the unavenged humiliation?

Do you see
as you stand so still
so stoic?

To be a man
to be free
to love
to walk proud
in a clear night
to a gentle lover
to a home
is a life not possible
in Los Angeles

But history is not defeat
weakness
sorrow
The back is bent but unbroken
The spirit is bound but unbroken
And you, brother,
are chained but unbroken
Strength is will
is spirit
is soul
is love
is unity

As we speak
the world has turned
a revolution
a great victory in the East

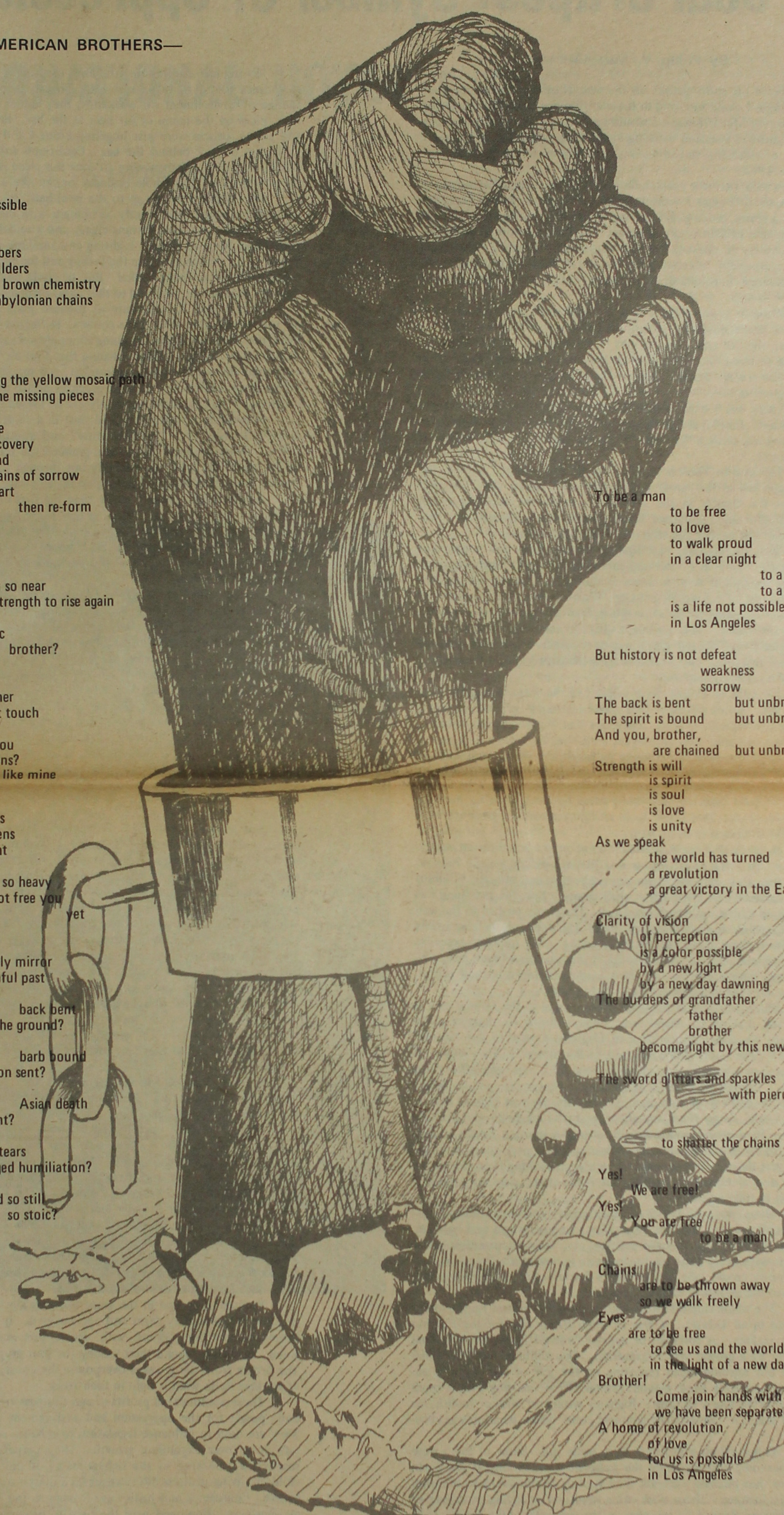
Clarity of vision
of perception
is a color possible
by a new light
by a new day dawning
The burdens of grandfather
father
brother
become light by this new day

The sword glitters and sparkles
with piercing red fire
smokeless
pure
to shatter the chains

Yes!
We are free!
Yes!
You are free
to be a man

Chains
are to be thrown away
so we walk freely
Eyes
are to be free
to see us and the world
in the light of a new day dawning
Brother!
Come join hands with me
we have been separated too long
A home of revolution
of love
for us is possible
in Los Angeles

—Pat Sumi



Sour Grapes: Symbol of Oppression

By Philip V. Vera Cruz

From the slum district in the near Northside across the river in Chicago, I came and lived in the shantytowns in California. Being used to city life, I thought I would go back and be with my friends again. Instead I started working in the grape vineyards in the early Spring of 1943 and stayed on until the Delano Grape Strike in September, 1965.

For the first few years in California, I considered Delano as my hometown. Though I went to work in the Arvin-Lamont area for thinning plums, picking and packing grapes for different growers, cut raisin grapes in Selma, cut asparagus in Byron and worked in the salmon cannery in Alaska, I always returned to Delano. There was nothing especially interesting for me about the old town. But, as I was a stranger in the state, it was the only place where I met most of my new friends.

While in town on Saturdays, I would walk across the railroad tracks to the business district comprising about two and a half blocks between the 9th and 12th avenues in Main Street. Country people coming to town once a week lined up the sidewalks and flocked into those few stores. Parents brought their children with them for new experiences in life.

There was a bank, a post office and a theater. All were small but quaint. Employees like those in the stores were lilly-white, arrogant and sarcastic. You could always feel their sense of racial superiority.

The Delano Theater practiced racial segregation. Seats in the northside and in the center were reserved for whites only. A small part of the theater in the southside was for the minority grape-pickers—Orientals, Mexicans, Blacks, Puerto Ricans, Arabs, etc. People didn't like or care for each other but themselves.

Even the attitude of Filipinos towards their own people was cold with indifference. An unpleasant thrill runs through my spine by just looking at acquaintances as they pass me by without the slightest sign of a friendly greeting. I had talked to them before and even ate with them at the same tables, but they moved around me as if we never met. This prevalent attitude has been hurting people. Communication among them was very slight because of strained personal relations. But, this damaging attitude is just a faint reflection of a racist community.

Filipinos in Delano have worked in the grape vineyards for a long time. Some of them told me the common practice of hiring during the depression years. They said that "in the pruning season, a grower required new employees to get to the labor camp two to three days, or more, for training without pay. In the training and practice period, those new helps were charged 75 cents for board a day. At least the black slaves in the South had their meals free. But, those Filipino trainees paid theirs while working in an agribusiness ranch for gratis. Then, after those recruits learned the job, they were paid ten to fifteen cents an hour.

In those depression years, Filipinos were blamed for taking the Anglos' jobs. Racist growers and politicians picked on the Filipino minority as an easy target for discrimination and attack. Filipinos were harassed and driven from their camps. But, the sad thing was they didn't have anywhere else to go. They were pushed to the wall and the whole town was against them. The police made false arrests and threw them in jail. In certain cases the courts imposed excessive fines. Those poor unwanted people risked their lives even just to go and buy their groceries. In those race riots staged in their camps, some were hurt and one was shot dead in bed.

While working in different labor camps in the Delano area, I observed that on Saturdays and Sundays during the harvest grape seasons, Filipinos concentrated in Chinatown west of the railroad tracks. (The habit still continued to the present.) They were not welcome in other places in town, so they didn't have any other place to go. Though their job was strenuous, it was also monotonous. After the day's work was done, a quick shower and hurried dinner, they would all go there and pace the one-block sidewalk back and forth. They would walk slowly by a small restaurant, or bar, and go close to those windows, screen their eyes and peep through to see who was there. They seemed to be always looking for someone, or some acquaintances or friends, but really there were no particular people in their minds.

There were many standing in groups talking about grapes—names of growers, location of ranches, acreage, wages and bonuses, hours of work, cooks, board per day, etc. Most important was how the growers were. Were they reasonable to work for? To go through that noisy crowd, one had to take a detour or get off from the sidewalk to the middle of Glenwood Street.

The whole sidewalk in Chinatown was the busiest Employment Service in all Delano. It was an open *Hiring Hall* for the Filipino grape pickers. A foreman or anyone ordered to get an additional worker by a grower was a dispatcher. One could be hired in Chinatown but rejected when reporting on the job, or one could be accepted and later fired without reason. That was why even a small owner acted like a dictator. Right or wrong, or wise or foolish, his word was law. He was the supreme court whose decision was absolute.

Other Filipino brothers were quite shy. Some of them were just standing and watching the passers-by, or looking at the north end of that buzzing sidewalk then turning to the south to see what was happening. There were some squatting or sitting on copies of the *Delano Record* on the edge of the sidewalk. Like brown owls, they turned their head from one side to the other to check if the entire flock along the block was still in peace.

Moving into the restaurants, bars, cardrooms and pool halls, I sometimes found them packed with Filipino grapepickers. For a change of environment on weekends, they didn't mind paying the high prices on the menu or for beer at the bar. Some were hungry and eating, others were just lingering around and flirting with the waitresses or girls behind the bar. Cardrooms and pool halls were usually together. Women were all over the place participating in all those activities. The whole business looked like a mixed-up affair.

One might prefer to go to the pool hall. To feel and look important, he would walk erectly, seemingly with dignity, stop at the counter and survey those Havana cigars, and would fill his shirt pocket with those long fat cigars. Lighting and smoking a big cigar in the corner of his mouth gave him the feeling and semblance of a prosperous grower, or maybe a banker. But, he could be easing his nervousness or could just be addicted to that habit-forming stimulant.

In that pool hall, sputum of tobacco juice spotted the floor along the walls, especially in the corners. Reflected against the bright light, the gamblers in the adjoining room played cards or dominos in the cloud of smoke. After inhaling that foul air for several years, each made his saddest and loneliest first, and maybe last trip—to the tuberculosis sanitarium. Loss of precious health and lives were the unnecessary but inevitably cruel effects of forced racial segregation.

Sometimes a squabble would start in a cardroom. A guy got caught cheating in a "paralasi game" and another stood up and pulled a knife on him. The others grabbed the former to calm him down, while the latter ran quickly out through the door knocking down a few men sitting and talking on the sidewalk.

Another fight ensued, worse than the first one. At this time, more men were involved. Thinking that those fights and the confusion were giving the business a bad reputation, the proprietor called the Delano Police Department. He believed that the good relations he had with the city police would always help him with his headaches with those roughnecks.

Within a few minutes, the police arrived and mixed with the crowd. Not knowing who were fighting, they arrested people on the sidewalk at random. But, before the police left, the chief gave a stern, curt statement, "You are suppose to be in the labor camps to pick grapes when the growers need you. If you don't do that, then go back where you belong, or I'll throw you all in jail. I don't want to see you here in town again."

An elderly man, reflecting on what had happened that evening remarked, "All these people have been moving from one place to the other. Wherever I went, there was a place for Filipinos to gather together and just be among themselves. Like any other rendezvous of our people (a slum district), Chinatown in Delano is a hobos' paradise. Unfortunately, most Filipino community leaders have taken advantage of this situation. They choose to live on the rackets—bars for the disgusted and despondent; gambling for the unjust and greedy, and dance halls for the lonely and unhappy. These businesses are the sources of easy but questionable money. But, since they are at the mercy of the city council, police and sheriff department, the proprietors align themselves with them and exploit the minorities. They must make money to stay in the rackets. They would sell a guy for a few dollars because they themselves have no guiding moral principles. As the growers control the town, so do these leakers take the employers' side in a labor dispute with management.

The next morning, the people in Chinatown went to work for the first picking of the seedless Thompson grapes. With many years of experience, they know grapes. They complained that the bunches were too green. But the growers gave the orders, through their ranch managers and foremen, to pick and pack more for the "high price in the market." The workers were bothered with their conscience but could not use their own judgement. So, they worked as ordered.

In the afternoon, an inspector went to a packing house and tested the packed grapes. He found the content deficient and told the owners to stop the picking.

The whole crew was ordered to repack the green grapes, without pay. While all the workers were busy repacking, the inspector was closely watching them. But when he went away, the big grower himself was there and told them to load those sour grapes, first into the boxcar with the repacked boxes on top. This is one of the magic tricks of the growers in the table-grape industry.

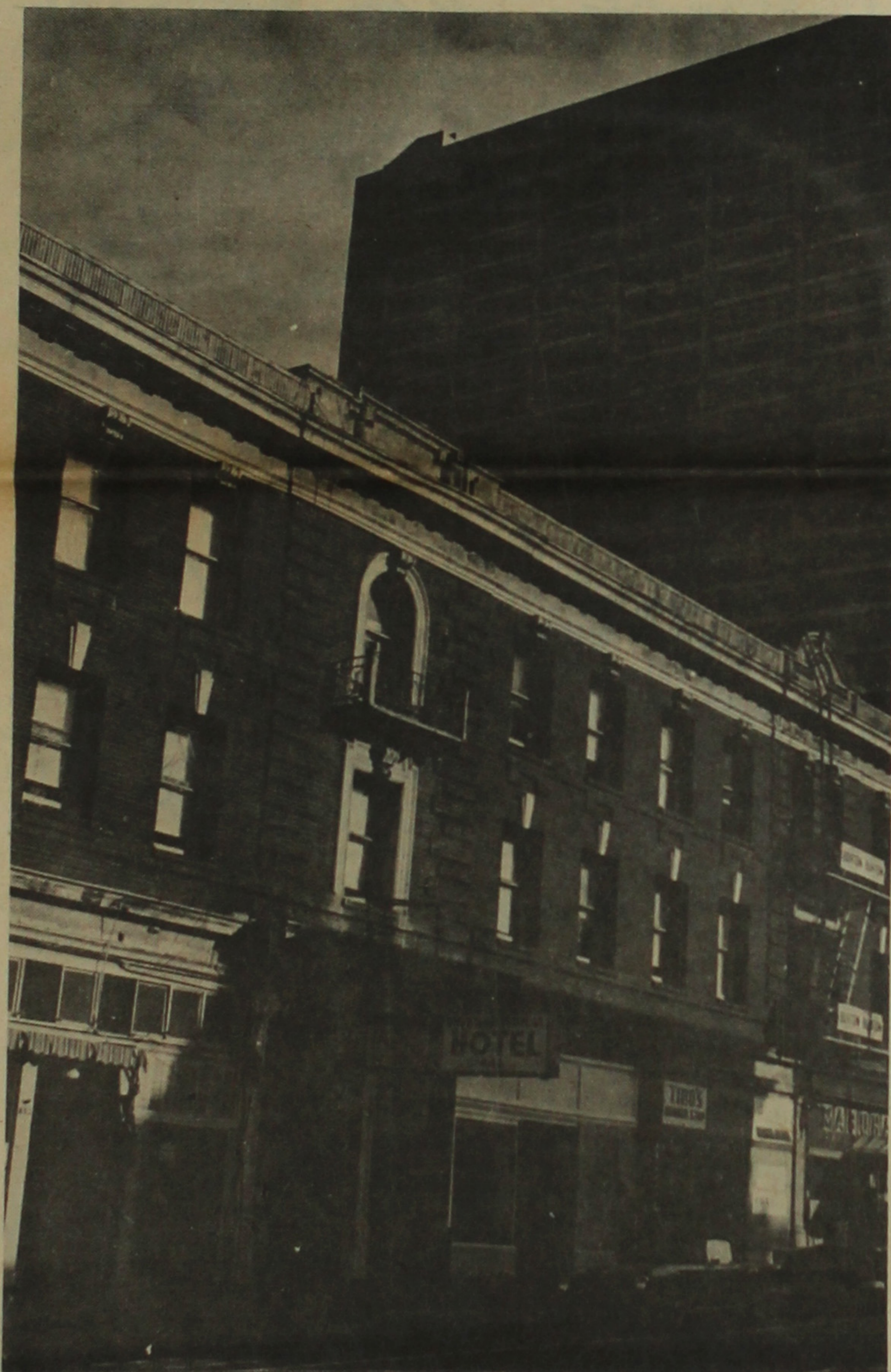
With brands from other ranches, the Delano Sour Grapes were sent as delicacies to the metropolis of the United States. The uniform bunches and solid berries, packed beautifully, could have been the choice grapes of the world if the growers had waited just a few more days for Nature to sweeten the fruit.

Premature harvest in the grape industry has been the common practice of the family farm and agri-business. It is caused by cut-throat competition tainted with deceit and unsatisfied personal greed. Customers spend their money for sour grapes not fit to eat. The orders from the growers overpower the conscience and decency of workers to do what is right in their work.

Those accumulated profits of agri-business are generating economic power for the oppression and enslavement of farm workers. They are used to influence legislation to enhance agri-business interests in an ever expanding growth. They perpetuate poverty and shantytowns located in the richest states of the nation. For the children, living in those filthy shacks is a disaster to their welfare and future. Conscience and justice are foreign to the ruthless nature of agri-business. Equipped with the right to property, agri-business is turning the United States into a fascist state. Excessive expansion and oppressive power of agri-business must be checked as a protection for the people's rights.

INTERNATIONAL HOTEL

By Emil Degusman



Photography by Duane Kubo

The *International Hotel* is a home that houses at present around 130 Chinese and Filipino elderly men, who for the most part exist on a meager pension from the U.S. government or some other retirement fund. At any rate, it is just enough to exist on. The rooming rates at the *International* are fixed according to the income and in most cases does not exceed \$45.00 a month. We at the *International* view this as low income housing for our aged.

The *International* is located in San Francisco's Manilatown which is directly adjacent to Chinatown. The building along with the area (Manilatown) has a long historic past of the migration of Filipinos to this country. It has housed and been a home for Filipinos for over sixty years. It is important to understand that the *International* stands on the last existing block of a once nine-block area which comprised Manilatown.

Milton Meyer Inc. is the largest real estate corporation in San Francisco. They are the owners of the property. A little over a year and a half ago, their chairman Walter Schoenstein threatened to tear down the building and replace it with a parking lot over the objections of the tenants.

A group of concerned students and community people got together with the tenants, all realizing the effects of demolition. In terms of value, the *International* has greatly contributed to Filipino-American history in this country. Without the presence of the *International* in Manilatown, the area would cease to be a community and therefore the fate of the men living there would surely be doomed.

We decided to fight on! For over a year and a half, we, along with many Asians who have turned on and joined in our struggle, have fought on.

Directly below the *International* are some commercial spaces (store fronts) which many community groups have utilized in trying to serve the needs of the community. The *Eastwind* is a drop-in center for newly arrived young people from Hong Kong. There is a *Legal Defense Center* for those needing draft consultation as well as legal matters relevant to Asians. *Lee-way* is a place where brothers and sisters can come to learn self-defense and photography as well as shoot pool. *Everybody's Bookstore* is a "right on" store concerning itself with movement literature, particularly with material from the People's Republic of China and Asia. Directly below the bookstore is the *Asian Community Center* which is really doing a great job in serving the needs of the people in Chinatown. It has initiated free programs for the community, such as films shown three nights a week for the elderly, a food program for families living in the community, and an art class for younger children. It is a place where the community can come and get together. There is also a *Chinatown Youth Council* which attempts to meet some of the needs of our young people in the community.

The people of Chinatown-Manilatown refer to the land that the *International* sits on as "The Block". As you can see, the fight to save the *International Hotel* has given the community a new life and has created in it a new force—Asians uniting for concrete action.

The fund-raising drive for the *International Hotel* was initiated to combat tremendous debts incurred (through no fault of its own) during the year. During lease negotiations with the owner, tenants were tricked into paying overwhelming amounts such as \$40,000 a year for rent (whereas the leasee before paid \$13,000 a year), \$25,000 a year for property taxes (of which the owner of the property is usually responsible for), \$43,000 for a loan from Bank of America for reconstruction due to fire damage (though \$45,000 was covered, and thus paid to the owner by the insurance company), and \$7,000 to complete electrical work (to bring the *International* up to city code).

Here again, injustice and inequality prevailed as it has done for over a century. Despite the financial problems, the tenants and workers have survived one year of the two-to-three year lease, and in the process have strengthened and educated themselves.

Now we are attempting to educate others of the just cause of our struggle through drawings. The *International* epitomizes the sacrifices and toil Asian people have been subjected to. Now, the people have asserted themselves before this repressive society. They stand as a symbol—for Asian community control, Asian self-determination, and Asian self-reliance.

The *International* is a home for Asian people. It has helped them to become strong. Hopefully other Asian people will learn of and from our struggle and through donations will contribute toward the buying of time to strengthen our position when confrontation arises. All power to those who work and serve the people. All power to the people.

Fund-Raising Committee
International Hotel
848 Kearny St., Rm. 110
San Francisco, California 94108

Standing there
in your
own
mad light

Some
(one)
may mistake
you for
the
sun.

Carole

This test —
This impersonal,
hollow
senseless
world.

I cry,
but suppressed
and hidden.

He answers:
Create;
Express.

Nancy



You say there is a God.
Where is this God of yours ?
You say, look around ———
see the trees, the green
valleys, the blue sky.
Look around, God is everywhere
Look around and you will see Him.

I look around, I see the trees,
they are bare, I see the valleys,
they are barren. I see the sky,
it is gray.
I look around and there is
only emptiness and loneliness.
I look around and there
is only strife and turmoil.
I look around and I
see only despair.

Hideko

Let's
you and I form
a net of wonder—
We could pull it over
our heads and ride
it into the night.

Freer inside;
We could make
a study of
comfort (Learning
to be comfortable
with all our thoughts).

Easier
when you share
The wonder with (one)
who too is searching
for the wonder of others.

Afterwards, we could
lift the net and
ride it into the
morning.

Carole

Drawing by Steve Tatsukawa
"All Power to the Imagination"

STORMY WEATHER...

I am an Ono,
who once was
a good Japanese
obeying Mother (OKASAMA)
Did well at AZABU Academy
Forest Hills High School,
Columbia College (Class of '64)
and all that.

When I was little
OKASAMA said: whatever you do
don't be satisfied unless you become
the top person in it.
Maids and neighbors used to say:
what a brilliant child! He could even be
a foreign minister
someday.

I'm in jail now
one of the two black sheep
in the ONO FAMILY (military officers, educators,
bankers, ambassadors, and me)
YOKO and SHIN'YA.

What would mother's peasant father, KUBO TSUNEZO,
think of me now? Living with robbers, pimps, thieves,
and hustlers like I do? What would he think?
He, a proud Japanese who led ISSEI farm-workers
against hakujin vultures in L.A. of 1910's?
He, an angry ISSEI who left for home in 1921,
saying "fuck America!" He wasn't one to knuckle under.

I am ONO SHIN'YA
who once was a Japanese patriot
proud of his father
(missing in action; presumed dead
Manila, Philippines
April, 1945).

When I was little,
I rooted for Tokyo Giants
valiantly defending the honor of our race
against the players from N.Y.
who smelled of butter.

I'm in Chicago now, # 70086474
serving five months
for bringing two hakujin poliko
down to the ground (allegedly).

What would the tutors of my boyhood
(Habo niichan and Yoichi niichan)
think of me now?
They who barely survived their training as young Kamikaze?
They who taught me the difference between
being a Japanese and being a mish-mush.

I am a 29 year old Asian
who once was a radical teacher in NY Chinatown,
for four years, I went through a thousand routines
making kids feel small, hating myself every minute of it.

When I was little,
I used to be good, taking all the shit in school,
keeping anger inside,
and regarded with contempt
any kid who couldn't be as good as me.

I live with *bad* people now
people who said: Fuck you! to the same teacher who praised
me to the skies. The *bad ones* who were marked in
the teacher's black book,
the ones who defiantly left the room, to be sent to the
Dean's office
Mad people. CRAZY MOTHERFUCKERS! every one of them!

What would my friends of AZABU days think of me?
Where are *they* now? MITSUI? MITSUBISHI?

BANK OF TOKYO? FOREIGN MINISTRY, perhaps
Still good Japanese, most of them, recreating the glorious Japan
that once murdered 20,000,000 Asians.....
only 25 years ago.

I am Shin'ya
and Asian,
who in the film *Vietnam*
cannot help
seeing
his own face
in the faces of the Vietnamese.

When I was 4
mother had to huddle us
daily
to protect us from the strafings and bombings
of p51's
which always disposed their unused ordinance
on our village. As a safety precaution.

When I was 5,
GI's used to laugh
in that Amerikan way
watching us scramble for chewing gums
thrown from their jeep.
Elders used to say:
"Have a pride. You're a Japanese."

By the time I was 6 or 7
mother, Tad, and me had subsisted
for 2 whole years
on diet of pumpkins and sweet potatoes,
in the occupied Japan.

When I was 8, Tad and me hurt mom's feeling
refusing to wear Amerikan style mittens.
which she spent night after night making.
We didn't like being called pum-pum-no-fu
just because we wore Amerikan style clothes
sent to us by our nisei relatives in L.A.

When I was 9
I went to Tokyo
to attend my father's funeral,
five years late.
I remember
a white box with only a piece of paper in it.
It said "The Honorable Spirit"
or something like that.

When I was 10
AMERIKA WAS
murdering
Asians
again.
The principal of my school said:
"Our neighbors in Korea are
suffering a
disastrous fire."

I'm happy now,
having faced the deadness and
bankruptcy of my previous life,
accepting, fully
what it means to be
a bad Japanese in the
white
imperial
Amerika.
Living the way I want to,
living and fighting for myself,
daring to be *me*.

What would my father think of me?
He, whose death weighed so heavily on all of us.
He, who tried to fight for tragic Japan?
(Japan, whose only way to save herself from
the greedy, presumptuous, brutal, devilish,
smelly hakujin was to become
devilish and imperialistic herself)
what would he think of me,
like this?

I don't know.
It doesn't matter, really.
As long as I am me.
As long as I keep on feeling the Japanese
and the Vietnamese inside me.

Inside us. With all my brothers and sisters
out there.
Our history.
Our biography
Keep on
feeling
the sadness of that.
the *power* of that.

Shin'ya Ono



Shin'ya Ono, shown at left, during the October, 1969 Weatherman Days of Rage in Chicago.

Photo reprinted from *The Guardian*.

WANTED BY THE FBI

INTERSTATE FLIGHT - MURDER, KIDNAPING ANGELA YVONNE DAVIS

FBI No. 657,415 G

Photograph taken 1969



Photograph taken 1970



Alias: "Jama"

DESCRIPTION

| | | | |
|------------------|--|--------------|-------------|
| Age: | 26, born January 26, 1944, Birmingham, Alabama | Eyes: | Brown |
| Height: | 5'8" | Complexion: | Light brown |
| Weight: | 145 pounds | Race: | Negro |
| Build: | Slender | Nationality: | American |
| Hair: | Black | | |
| Occupation: | Teacher | | |
| Scars and Marks: | Small scars on both knees | | |

"What people have to start doing is to build the collective spirit. To overcome that notion of bourgeois individuality which separates one person from the next and which defines the individual as someone who can assert himself at the expense of his neighbor, at the expense of his brother..."

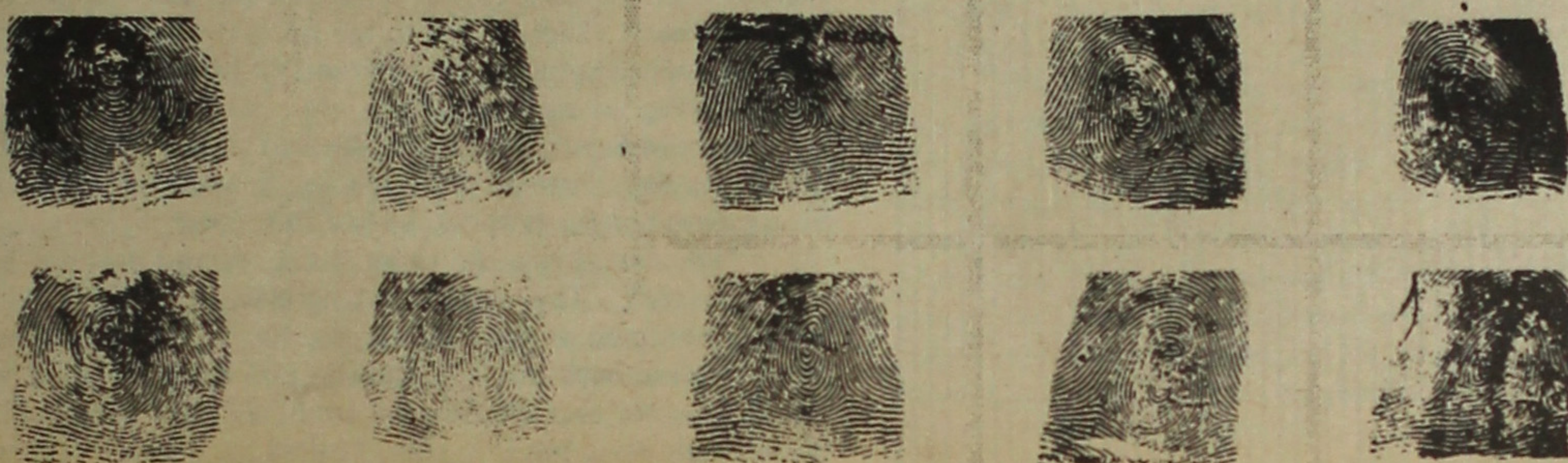
—Angela Yvonne Davis

WANTED *by the people*

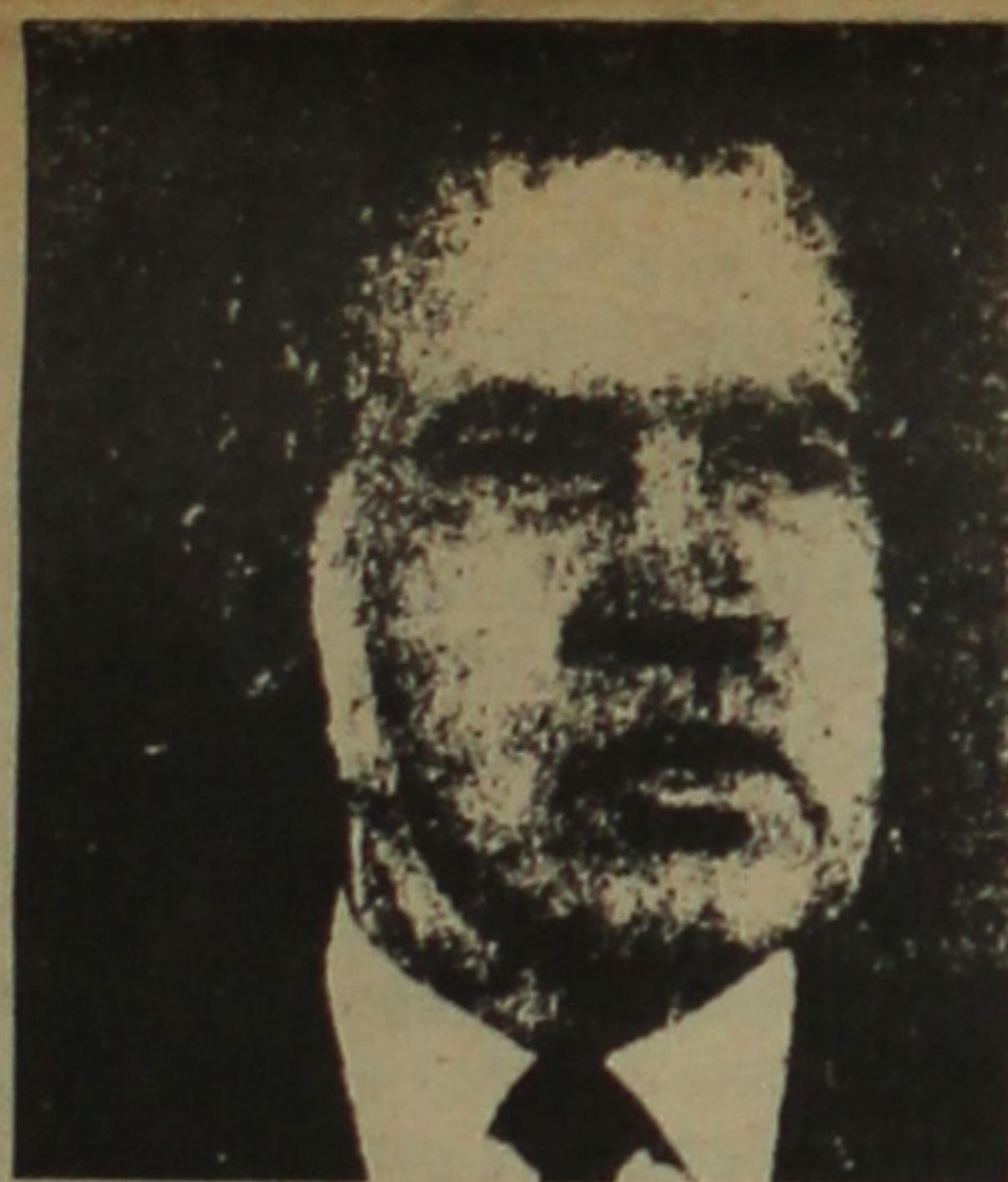
GENOCIDE; HOMICIDE; CONSPIRACY

RICHARD MILHOUS NIXON

OTHER NAMES KNOWN BY: Richard M. Nixon, Richard Nixon, "Tricky Dick"



Photographs taken 1970



Richard Nixon

DESCRIPTION

AGE: 57, born January 9, 1913, Yorba Linda, Calif.
HEIGHT: 5' 11 1/4"
WEIGHT: 170 pounds
BUILD: medium
HAIR: black
EYES: brown
COMPLEXION: mottled
RACE: white
NATIONALITY: American
LAST KNOWN ADDRESS: 1600 Pennsylvania Ave.
Washington, D.C.

CAUTION

NIXON REPORTEDLY HAS BEEN ASSOCIATED WITH PERSONS WHO ADVOCATE THE USE OF EXPLOSIVES AND MAY HAVE ACQUIRED FIRE-ARMS. CONSIDER DANGEROUS.

Nixon is wanted for conspiring to murder tens of thousands of American soldiers and at least one million Vietnamese. He is also wanted in connection with the murders of twenty-eight Black Panthers, four Kent State students, and two Jackson State students.

**IF YOU HAVE INFORMATION CONCERNING THIS PERSON,
PLEASE HELP TO BRING HIM TO JUSTICE.**

BARRIO BEAT

Aurelio Santana Sevilla, 22 year old resident of Boyle Heights, recipient of a 4-year Art Scholarship to San Francisco City College, was walking with his girl friend, Priscilla Tarin, on Cornwall Street on September 25 when they saw the police taking some young people out of a car and hitting them. Aurelio thought he recognized one of the victims and attempted to ask him his name. For this action, he was himself attacked, clubbed and arrested, and in addition, *he* was charged with *assault and battery* on a police officer!

After his release on bail, posted by the Barrio Defense Committee, Aurelio told us the following:

"I thought I recognized one of the guys that was being beaten and I asked him his name, and one of the cops said to keep my mouth shut. I must have turned sideways and I felt a big blow on my head. I remember going to Priscilla and kind of falling against her, and then they pulled me away. I was half-conscious and about to knock-out. While I was in the car, the policeman was pretty up-tight and kept hitting the other guy. We were both handcuffed, hands behind the back.

On the way, they stopped and left us with the doors open, for about two minutes, so we would try to escape. We waited for them to return.

They took us to the White Memorial Hospital through some back entrance and into a basement. They ridiculed, cussed, and laughed at me. Officer Findley, whom I know, called me a 'dirty s-- of a b----'. Findley looked worried until they had patched me up. Then he came right up to my face, within 2 or 3 inches, and smiling, told me I was a pretty bitch. I waited two or three hours at the Hollenbeck jail. When I entered the hospital ward (USC Medical Center) about 3 a.m., Officer Rice told me that Findley had hit me over the head. Findley tried to tell me that I had copped out. They accused me of using dope because my hands were shaking and I couldn't keep my eyes open."

Aurelio Sevilla was still badly shaken and had difficulty standing on Sunday, three days later, when he was interviewed by us. Of his treatment at the hospital, he had this to say:

"The doctor saw me about 4 a.m. (about an hour later) but I wasn't treated. They took booking pictures. They couldn't x-ray my head because of the bandage, so they removed it. They put the dirty bandage back on. My bloody shirt disappeared. I was in bed but the doctor said they needed room, so after he argued with the nurses, they took me to a cell. I asked for a phone call and to have my head cleaned, and I was ignored. About 6 a.m. they took me to the County. I walked out at 8 p.m., after everyone else was released. I waited four hours on a bench after my papers had been completely processed, while they showed me to other officers and took snapshots of me. I blacked out twice."

Priscilla Tarin, his girl friend, had this to say:

"The police had a hold on two kids by the arm and as soon as they had reached them, they began hitting them. They never really had even a chance to resist. Aurelio didn't resist either. When the policeman hit him, I saw him slump against a car. I pulled Aurelio away from the policeman and told him to stop hitting him. I started to help him walk away. He could hardly walk or say anything. There had been no words exchanged before or after. I told them that Aurelio was innocent and hadn't done anything, but they took him away.

I have blood on my clothes, it was dropping on me and dripping over my arms, and my hands were covered in it." There was also blood on her face and her shawl when we interviewed her two hours after Aurelio was beaten. She continued:

"When Ben and I went to Hollenbeck about 12:20, the desk officer said Aurelio hadn't come in yet. There was a partially empty bottle of whisky on the desk and we asked him if he hadn't been drinking it, but he just stared at us.

I should be used to it by now, but I just can't figure out why they do that. He was really innocent, and I know a lot of people won't believe it, but he really was. The only reason they might have to charge him with battery is because *they* beat *him* up and they have to make it look good somehow and that's the only way they can. Who's going to believe a bunch of people against the word of the law enforcement officers of this city?

Aurelio is not violent, and only 5'5" and about 140 lbs. He was surprised like everyone else, that he was being beaten.

There was a man there who saw everything, but said he didn't want to be a witness because he has a wife and kid and doesn't want any trouble. He works for a TV station.

We believe you, Priscilla, and a lot of other victims and witnesses, but we hope the man who works for TV lies awake nights until he decides to help his brother. Whether he accepts it or not, *he* is involved—we are—and unless we unite and help each other, no one is safe, and we're all in trouble.

The Barrio Defense Committee will provide legal assistance and medical care to Aurelio Sevilla. We trust the community will also help. Come to the next meeting of the Barrio Defense Committee on Friday, 8:30 p.m. at 1978 Brooklyn Avenue (corner of Cummings & Brooklyn), and find out how you can help and be helped. We need you. For more information, call 262-1502 or 262-8602.

LEGAL EDUCATION

Editors' Note: In these times of political unrest, it is important for the community to be aware of their legal rights and responsibilities. In order to fulfill this need, the Asian American Legal Services are sponsoring a continuing program of legal education geared to every level of the Asian community. For further information contact Russell Valparaiso at 689-4413.

Thursday, October 15, St. Mary's Episcopal Church, second in a series of the Legal Defense Educational Program sponsored by the Asian American Legal Services. Russell Valparaiso, a spokesman for AALS, defines the purpose of the classes: "We are making every effort to keep people from violating the laws or having their own rights violated through ignorance of law. More specifically it is for those who, because of their financial or cultural background, do not avail themselves to their full rights guaranteed in the legal system. Remember, the judicial system in this country is not a neutral institution. Although the courts hide behind a cloak of judicial impartiality, they are a tool for the so-called "Elite Rich"—a society based on race, sex, and money. The cop and judge wear different uniforms, but they both serve the same system. We must understand the function of each and be prepared."

Mark Kiguchi, an attorney, who is currently in private practice, opened his discussion of Wills and Probate by quoting the old saying, "There is nothing certain in the world today except death and taxes." He continued by saying that there was nothing that one can do about death but that there was something that could be done about minimizing death taxes. He went on to explain that upon the death of an individual both the State and Federal governments impose a tax upon the decedant's property (State Inheritance Tax and Federal Estate Tax). A fact brought out by Kiguchi was that the Federal Estate Tax alone ranges from 3% to 77%. He described a number of ways to avoid these high rates of taxation. He suggested divesting the estate of property before death, holding property in joint tenancy and the use of the inter-vivos trusts in order to avoid the costly Probate proceedings.

Evidently, the subject of Wills and Probate can be very complex and these methods for the avoidance of taxes and Probate costs are some of the more fundamental. In closing, Kiguchi stressed the importance of having a lawyer in making out a will and also in planning an estate. He pointed out that many times individuals will leave hand-written (holographic) wills which are legally valid but which incur costly Probate proceedings and Will contests due to the vagueness and ambiguity which inevitably results from this do-it-yourself practice.

Student rights were the subject of the presentation by Betty Chu, Assistant County Counsel working with the Los Angeles City Board of Education and Junior College Board of Trustees. Beginning with the topic of the student's freedom of expression, Mrs. Chu indicated that school administrators have traditionally been able to regulate the dress and grooming of students utilizing broad guidelines of health and safety. She also pointed out, however, that this area is undergoing a great deal of change due to the fact that students have been willing to sacrifice their time and education in order to challenge the dress codes with their long hair and unconventional clothes.

Another area which has come under attack by students is the restrictive policy regarding the dissemination of off-campus publications during school hours. A recent case, *Rowe v. Campbell Union High School District*, was just handed down in the Northern District of California, ruling that the sections of the Educational Code restricting the distribution of literature on high school campuses was unconstitutional. The provisions which were declared unconstitutional provided that politically-oriented publications had to be submitted to the school administration for approval in advance of distribution and, if approved, could not be circulated within an hour of the open-

ing or closing of school. Therefore, until appeal to the State Supreme Court, students may distribute political publications freely and without prior censorship. Mrs. Chu pointed out, however, that this ruling did not affect the school's right to prohibit materials which it considers obscene (this, despite the fact that a different standard of obscenity is applied to schools than is applied to the community generally), and their right to control the substance and direction of journalism classes held on campus.

The second area that was explored by Mrs. Chu was the area of due process in student disciplinary hearings. She pointed out that the school can discipline a student by expelling, suspending or transferring him, as well as other lesser penalties (such as temporarily withholding student body privileges, etc.). Given the impact which such action has on the educational progress of the student, it is obvious that the due process involved in the disciplinary proceeding takes on a major importance. In defense of their rights, students have demanded that they be allowed to force their accusers to identify the students they have accused. Also demanded are the right to confront and cross-examine their accusers; the right to keep irrelevant testimony out of the proceedings; the right to separate hearings in the absence of conspiracy or complicity; the right to an impartial tribunal (certainly not the administrators who are either investigating the case or bringing the charges); and the right to representation by counsel. Notwithstanding this pressure, the only rights that have been guaranteed by the courts are simply the right to notice (and the nature of the accusations) and the right to be heard (the right to submit a defense).

Randy Yamanaka, a state parole agent, spoke on a subject which struck a particularly responsive chord with that night's audience. Going through the processes of prison and parole, he described the Youth and Adult Authorities as administrative bodies whose purpose it is to handle the problems of convicted criminals and parolees. In 1943 and 1944 when the Youth and Adult Authorities were created, they were considered highly progressive due to the fact that their purpose was to take sentencing out of the hands of the courts and into the hands of specialists in penology.

He indicated, however, that criticism has been directed against these boards for a number of reasons. First of all, since the board members are appointed by the Governor, it has been charged that the boards have become a political arena (board positions being highly-paid after-election political prizes); that, instead of specialists from the broad field of penology, the board members have been chosen primarily from the area of law enforcement. Also, it has been charged that these boards have too much discretionary power and that they are subject to political pressures of varying kinds. A good example of this latter criticism is the case of one man who committed murder in the 1930's killing a Catholic priest. Every time this man became eligible for Parole, numerous Catholic organizations would send letters to the Adult Authority strongly recommending that he not be granted parole. As a result of this pressure, he holds the record of approximately 40 years without parole (he was recently released at the age of 87).

Fielding questions from the audience, Mr. Yamanaka was asked if the penal institutions really rehabilitate. His reply was, "Actually, in my opinion, no. Eventually, 90% come back into the community from which he was committed. However, in a sheltered environment like a prison he does not get the opportunity to learn. He is told when to get up, when to eat, etc. It is similar to the military."

He pointed out that the State Parole Office is currently manned with a number of ex-convicts and ex-drug addicts who, in his opinion are filling in a vital gap in their agency's ability to relate to the recently-released parolee. He felt that they have been very effective, and he saw some validity in the suggestion that the entire parole system be handled exclusively by ex-convicts.

LETTERS—

Gidra,

Via a brother here in the prison I heard of your *Third World* efforts. Realizing that your point of departure was the Oriental, Inot as a white, but as a Humanist brother write just the same.

In a recent grouping effort, a friend expressed a thought, and I thought I might pass it along to you. He said, "Horses cannot mate with cows, nor can a chicken fertilize a hawk's egg. But if I sleep with your woman or you, mine, a child could be conceived." What a trip. "So what does that tell you?"

I know what it tells me.....all of mankind is indeed my brother.

A prisoner who knows freedom

Dennis Mundt

Dear Editors,

I'm writing to inform your readers of a new Movement publication coming out here in Hawaii called the *Hawaii Pono Journal*.

To be published quarterly (the first issue coming out in November), *Hawaii Pono Journal* will critically report and analyze social-political problems in Hawaii and the Pacific/Asian basin.

Hawaii Pono Journal will keep you up-to-date on the developments of Nixon's Pacific Rim Strategy during the 70's, with the focus on the economic and military front.

Yearly subscription rates are \$4.00 a year. Checks should be made out to *Hawaii Pono Journal*, Wist Hall 208, 1776 University Avenue, Honolulu, Hawaii, 96822.

Yours in the Liberation Struggle,

Wayne Hayashi

to the brothers and sisters,

It has been a week since i woke up to a Los Angeles morning—it was hot and unclear (mornings in Mill Valley usually have blue skies) and beautiful. But then i seriously doubt that *Cincip* could happen here.

Cincip was an AmerAsian experience only an Asian could feel. A lot of beautiful things happened to me, and yet it wasn't my happiness or my experience alone. It was a collective spirit we, as Asians, could share.

It was strange to me to feel so much love. In terms of the day, i wonder and think about it, like some zen koan. There were a lot of really special brothers and sisters from all over the country.

i remember walking in some part of downtown LA and feeling like we were in Japan, or at least in some *liberated territory* because we had a *right* to be there. i felt really free, proud and safe to be walking with my people. It was like when i visited the Native Americans on Alcatraz and one woman said that she felt free because she was living on Indian land. i guess there was a feeling of pride, but it goes deeper.....

A large part goes back to the other part of the Asian American experience—of the Asian who denies his existence as an Asian. i remember, in my case, going to a 99% all white school and wondering why i was unfortunate enough to be born in this *condition*. Why me? What had i done to deserve this unchangeable appearance? i was called names, asked why i was short, flat-faced, what i ate, and where this *yellow* person came from. i was an example, more than a person, and i was suppose to laugh the loudest at their racist jokes and accept this status.

Could i strive harder and become one of them, hate my grandparents more, and curse the bombing of Pearl Harbour, call myself a Christian and forget my middle name and my culture?

There exists a limit. Sooner or later there is no place for you to go. You can never be white, sooner or later, you realize the color of your skin, your eyes, and facial characteristics.....that culture is a very important part of your life. And so you say.....shit, forget it. But then to be yourself, you can't pick up a *hippie* bag or assimilate into another pseudo-culture. You are an Asian American. There are a lot of other people—your brothers and sisters, the whole Asian American family has undergone a similar experience. We who are still alive, we can share in celebration. *Cincip* was an example. We are Asian and still alive—we celebrate our Asian spirits.

And then another experience.....where are we going from here? We as Asian Americans in this country that is going mad. The camps are not behind us, racism exists, yellow people die daily by the hands of this Amerika. i think this brings us together, but do we understand our part in the new world revolution? It was really a good feeling to see Asian leadership coming together, from LA (Yellow Brotherhood, Hard Core.....), Chicago, Stockton (Yellow Seed), New York, and San Francisco.

Here we are pulling ourselves together in native dance. All of us. There is a lot more than meets the eye.

We are in step.....moving together.

We are talking together.

We are loving together.

We'll struggle together.

Asians together.

i used to feel like some *yellow* stain in white Amerika. When we came together it was like golden suns, yellow suns.....*flowing* and *within me*.

Love,
Lucien Teruko Kubota
Mill Valley, California

Dear Editor,

After living for years under our system of the double standard will we never learn to accept this way of life and "join City Hall if we can't fight it?" Many do, but should they, should we? No, not if we know that life as it is meant to be lived is a gift from the Almighty, not from the state.

All our American life we've been systematically brainwashed, in schools and every other media controlled by whites, into worshipping the image of Anglo or White America and thus programmed into hating our non-white heritage and our second-class-citizen selves. Must we be forever enslaved to this image? It is not God's will that we be. It might surprise you, even shock you, as it did me, to learn that *America the Beautiful* is America, *the wild beast* whose number is 666 (of Revelation 13:18); and is *Babylon* (of Rev. 14:8). I hope it does not take others as long as it did me to see it, for time is short.

The closing of the Ruben Salazar case by District Attorney Evelle Younger's announcement that Sheriff's Sgt. Thomas Wilson will not be prosecuted has left many of us with a very bad taste in our mouth. Younger has been called *Evil* Younger for several years by J.J. Daniels in the *Herald Dispatch*, and now I see why. Younger also said, "The Salazar inquest was complete, full and fair." But was it? Among the questions NOT asked of killer Wilson was: Did he belong to the Nazi Party; the Legion of Justice; the Minutemen's Organization, or any of the right wing organizations dedicated to Upholding white racist supremacy? The weirdest thing about Wilson's testimony was that in all his day and a half on the witness stand, he never once expressed by word or mien, any sorrow for his killing Mr. Salazar, whether by accident or intent.

When I was NOT thinking about 666 (I had taken it for granted that 666 represented evil and gave it no further thought), one day in the fall of 1961, I was given a divine sign that the white supremacist structure of America was 666. (And a few years later that *Babylon* was the U.S.A.) Having been conditioned all my life to believe that our country was the best of any in the world, this revelation stunned me and I kept it to myself, telling no one. Later in the day while washing dishes I was reminded of the apostle Peter's experience in which he was given a divine sign that God's people were among the Gentiles as well as the Jews. Until then he had been conditioned to believe that only Jews were *clean* and that Gentiles were *unclean*. But thereafter he saw differently (Acts, chapter 10).

The white religions have been in the forefront promulgating white superiority—they having conceived in the first place the idea of white supremacy. They do this by taking a passage here and there, out of context, and with arbitrary misinterpretation weaving them together into an adaptation to their way of life. Have you ever heard any white preacher say that 666 is White America? I haven't. But the Muslims in America under the leadership of Elijah Muhammad also pointed to White America as 666 and as *Babylon*. I learned this in 1967-1968 from their publication *Muhammed Speaks*. They did not know I believed the same thing for I had told no one. So we had the same conclusion independent of any knowledge that the other believed the same about White America. God works in what might be called strange ways in a world whose god is Satan (—2 Corinthians 4:4; Matthew 4:9).

We are told to come out of *Babylon*, at Rev. 19:4, just as Abraham was told to get out of the first Babylon. In obedience he did and went to Haran, then on to other parts of Canaan (—Acts 7:1-4; Genesis 12:1). God could not mean that we should, like Abraham, leave the country for where would we go that the tentacles of the white power structure of the western world of Christianity, like a giant squid, have not touched or taken? Even the Communist countries developed as a result of and in reaction to the Christian, so-called, world and joined the nuclear club begun by the U.S.A. Events in Bible history serve as patterns for future events and as types for the future in a figurative or spiritual way (Galatians 4:26, for example). Accordingly, to come out of *Babylon* means to separate from its detrimental values, disengage ourselves from its wicked views and quit worshipping its image, no matter where we are located.

The wild beast whose image we have been indoctrinated to worship, *makes fire come down out of heaven or the earth* (Rev. 13:13). What else could that *fire* be but the atom bomb dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki? If it were not for Russia's and Red China's developing their own nuclear arsenal, to keep U.S. nuclear bombs at bay, would the U.S. not have dropped them on Vietnam by now? And who knows where else.

The prophet Jeremiah lived through the downfall of the first Babylon. In the book bearing his name we see a preview of the fall of the last *Babylon*. And as recorded in the last book of the Bible, the apostle John was given a vision of the fall of the last *Babylon* of this world (Rev. 14:8; 16:19; 17:5; 18:2, 10, 21). This may sound horrifying but it really isn't because after that true peace will reign throughout heaven and earth. There will be no more weapons of warfare, no more tears or pain, not even death to mar that peace, and the whole world will be a paradise the likes of which no man could conceive of. And there will be the resurrection of our beloved dead to look forward to seeing. And, at long last, the whole world will live in brotherhood under the parenthood of the Almighty God and His Son Jesus Christ (Rev., chapters 20, 21, 22). Is not such a world worth hoping for, giving up the things of this world for and even if necessary giving up one's life for as did Jesus Christ, the twelve apostles and others who believed in God's promises?

Sincerely yours,
Mary Tani

COLD DRAFT — COLD DRAFT — COLD DRAFT —

Flash: New Lottery Rules.

(Note: In the October edition of Cold Draft the Lottery System was discussed. Since going to press (September 26) Selective Service announced that it had completely rewritten the rules governing the order of call. The new lottery rules are contained in Selective Service Regulation 1631.7 and in Local Board Memorandum 99. The following is reprinted from the October issue of CCCO Draft Counselor's Newsletter).

One major change is the elimination of the old *administrative delay rule*, which used to require local boards to draft certain 26-year-olds. A counselor may now say that a draft board cannot legally draft a man unless the induction order is mailed before his 26th birthday, except under the doctors' draft. Therefore, disregard the article on drafting 26-year-olds in last month's Newsletter. Even I-A 26-year-olds are now effectively exempt, even if they reach age 26 by stringing out appeals or other procedures, just as before the lottery.

The other major change is the creation of an *Extend Priority Group*. If a man becomes I-A, I-A-O, or I-O by December 31, 1970, and his number is (or has been) reached by his local board at any time during 1970, but his is not drafted this year, he is placed in the *Extended Priority Selection Group* for the first three months of 1971. During those three months, men in this Group will be drafted by lottery number before a board drafts anyone from its *First Priority Selection Group*, but cannot draft him because he is going through a personal appearance, an appeal, a physical examination, or some similar procedure, the man can then be drafted once the procedural delay is over—even after the first three months of 1971—if he remains I-A, I-A-O, or I-O.

In many boards the *Extended Priority Selection Group* will be small. We can expect that these boards will draft most of the men in this Group as they become available, either during the first three months of 1971 or later. However, one Illinois board that reached lottery number 194 in August reached only number 11 in September, because formerly deferred men with numbers between 1 and 11 had been reclassified I-A. We can expect this board and others like it to have large *Extended Priority Selection Groups*. Conceivably a few men in the EPSPG will not be drafted, though the size of draft calls early next year will be the main factor.

A man in the *Extended Priority Selection Group* whose number has not been reached by March 31, 1971, will then be placed in the *Second Priority Selection Group* for the rest of 1971. On December 31, 1970, a I-A, I-A-O, or I-O man whose number has not been reached by the board at any time during calendar 1970 will be placed in the *Second Priority Selection Group* for next year—this is unchanged but clearer.

A man who is deferred or exempt on December 31, 1970, is unaffected by all this. He is placed in the *First Priority Selection Group* when he becomes I-A, I-A-O, or I-O, as long as he has not reached his 26th birthday. Unless he is drafted or again deferred, he remains in the *First Priority Selection Group* until the end of the calendar year in which he loses his deferment. At age 26, a I-A, I-A-O, or I-O man is placed below all priority groups, so low in the order of call that he almost certainly will not be drafted. This, too, is unchanged.

Whenever you are classified by your draft board, whether it is the first time or not, you have at least two rights: a *personal appearance* with your local board and an *appeal* to the State Appeal Board. It is very important to understand the distinction between the two; this column will try to briefly describe each.

You must have the personal appearance before the appeal; it is almost always beneficial to have both. The local board cannot refuse you an appearance. You do not have to request an appearance to retain your right to an appeal; nor do you lose your right to an appeal by making a personal appearance. Make sure however to include the words "personal appearance" in your request or your board will assume that you give up your right to it.

Personal Appearance

A personal appearance means exactly that—a meeting with your local board to discuss your classification. A request for the personal appearance must be made in writing and within 30 days from the date your classification (SSS form 110) was mailed, which is stamped on the card. This time limit is extremely important. If you don't make your request for an appearance or an appeal, or both, within the 30 day limit, you will have lost all of your rights for a reevaluation of your classification.

The personal appearance ordinarily is not transferrable to another board. This may mean inconvenience if you live far from the local board, but the effort may impress the board with your sincerity. Furthermore, the personal appearance is the only opportunity to personally confront the Selective Service System. Finally, where the classification you seek is a matter of judgement rather than an automatic right, the personal appearance is far more likely to succeed than the state appeal.

Preparing for a personal appearance can significantly strengthen your case. First, you should talk to a draft counselor. Second, you may want to arrange an interview with the government appeal agent attached to your local board before the date set for the appearance. The appeal agent may be helpful in anticipating the board's attitudes and in finding out what sort of evidence the board requires.

It is recommended that you take a witness with you, even though the local board usually refuses to admit them. After the appearance, you should prepare a written summary of your meeting as close to the dialogue as memory permits. This should be sent to the local board. (As in all correspondence with Selective Service, it should be mailed certified mail, return receipt requested, and you should keep copies).

Appeal

You have the right to appeal within 30 days after the board mails you a new classification card following the personal appearance. You aren't the only one with the right to appeal your classification. Three officials of the Selective Service System also have this power—the government appeal agent, the state director (in California, Carlos C. Ogden) and the national director (Curtis Tarr).

In preparing for a state appeal you should realize that you do not appear before the Appeal Board; it bases its decision solely on what is in the file. Any statements or further information should be submitted to the local board before or with the request for appeal. After considering all the information in the file, the appeal board sends its decision, including its vote, to the local board, which mails a new classification card to you. In practice, the Appeal Board merely rubber stamps the decision of the local board.

Past this point, a general article like this is not sufficiently definitive. If the appeal is unsuccessful, you and your counselor will decide the next tactic depending upon the Appeal Board's vote, the classification you seek, your local board, your case, your federal court district, etc. Other matters such as reconsideration by the Appeal Board and Presidential appeal are beyond the scope of this brief column.

The personal appearance and appeals are both very important aspects of the Selective Service System. Knowledgeable use of them may win a deferment that would otherwise be lost, and also gain valuable time, from 3 to 6 months. Be sure to observe deadlines, and always consult with a counselor.

—Asian Draft Aid

Sources: *Guide to the Draft*, Tatum and Tuchinsky; *The Draft and You*, Leslie Rothenberg; AFSC outline.

Draft Counseling Services in the Asian American Community.

Asian American Legal Services
125 Weller St. Room 303
Los Angeles. 689-4413
Tu 9-6
Wed 2-6
Thu 12-6
Fri 2-6

Asian Draft Aid
3222 W. Jefferson Blvd. Rm. 5
Los Angeles. 735-0833
M-F 8-11 p.m.

DON'T GET BLOWN AWAY

ROCK-A-BY BABY IN THE TREE TOP...

BY WARREN TURGTAN



"Rock-A-By Baby in the Tree Top...." Lean back in that fine contour fitting chair made of mahogany. Rest your back against a reputation which is suitable for the model minority, hum or whistle a lullaby to the tune of America.

Close your eyes and sleep, sleep, sleep, let your mind dwell on thoughts of sugar plum fairies, big rock candy mountains, take a trip on the good ship lollipop to the land made of dreams.

Mountains of gold, fountains of youth, the lost paradise, a modern day Rome or Atlantis, behold the Rise of Babylon, behold the American Dream. No, that is not the sound of snoring, it is the sound of bombs, earth moving machines, cars, factories, the rattling of the air-conditioning caressing my fluorescent light bulbs.

Ah, it's so comforting to know that all this hard work was not done in vain. I toil today as a gardener, laundry worker, or factory lead man so my kids will not have to tomorrow. No you can't Tomorrow, I don't care who does it, you can't!—Why?—Because!!! All I want for you is to be happy, and happiness is a comfortable house with two cars—Next stop Sears Roebuck....

"And they're off, Black with a good start is out in front, Brown is pulling up with a close second, here comes Red on the inside, and Yellow had a slow start at the gate. Around the first turn Brown and Red are gaining, Yellow is biting at the bit and what a racism is something that has been continually denied by the Asian communities. Being preoccupied with making money and with what other people think (White) has closed our minds and deadened our senses. We have been lulled into anesthesian sleep surrounded by wealth and make-believe much like a baby in the liquid of "your mama's womb."

We have ignored vatos locos with yellow skin, slanted eyes, and skyscraper fronts reinforced with hair spray, Freudian slips and Reds. Shined on pimping and strutting yellow niggers who wear hachimakis instead of black head rags, and we emulate big eyes, plastic tits, and Radcliffe and Yale. Your Mama, your Mama, your Maaaaaa.

In the past the Asian American could never sleep because the American Dream manifested itself into nightmares: Concentration Camps, Yellow Peril, Alien Land Law quota systems—sleeping with the light on didn't help and you couldn't snuggle up to your parents because they were just as scared. But that's past, the only thing that awakens our yellow bretheren now is an occasional reaction to those trouble making niggers or these damn dirty hippies. Racism—not me, I can live anywhere I want, eat at any restaurant, and I pulled myself up by the boot straps, why can't they?

Japanese girl is killed in Chicago, Japanese policeman killed in Berkeley. Asian travelers attacked and beaten in Georgia, and the beat goes on. These are some stories that have graced the pages of the ethnic press and what has the community done? Ten thousand dollar reward for information which will help capture killer of Stockton girl. My parents never hugged me or loved me, but I have a new Mustang. As if the incarceration of the Black killer would stop killing. Wake Up!! Look at the papers, people are being killed day after day in technicolor. "No more psychological alibis for Blacks attacking Asians," you say, "Those black people aren't any good, see I told you so." Did you know that in Junior High Schools and High Schools everyone (Blacks, Browns, Whites) is beating up Asian kids, taking their money, and the Asian kids don't fight back? They don't even tell their parents because Mom and Dad will get mad at them, their own kids. Proof of this is the immediate red baiting by many stalwarts of the communities toward anyone willing to bring about any change." Things are okay as they are, we don't have to worry," rock-a-by-baby....

In L.A. Doctor Thomas Noguchi was accused of almost everything perverted a man could do. He was proven innocent. How come his accusers were not apprehended for malicious slander? Engineers are being laid off from work because there are too many. The whole city council of San Diego was indicted for graft. You can't drink stream water in Yosemite because it's polluted. In L.A. you're lucky to see a horizon (the line where the sky seems to meet the earth) because everything is fused together (the buildings rise up into the clouds of smog). The war in the far East and soon the middle East keeps on keeping on. In the future when funds are cut for ethnic programs in the community or on campus the Asian programs will go first.

Alright, no more psychological rationalizations for colored folds or the present state of America. They're sick, we're sick. Don't you feel like you're peeling a grape with violin music and a fire in the background? Chicken Little is dead and there's no crying, "Wolf". The only thing to say is that when the shit comes down, being in the position of, "I told you so," won't mean shit. We are all going to be affected. Don't be scared, open your eyes dare to look beyond the black and brown kids who steal from your high priced stores (can't compete with the chain stores can you?) Understand why the windows of your all Japanese church located in the black community are broken (you know God moves in mysterious ways). Our Asian middle class communities have tried to assimilate so well into the white mainstream of American society that we inherited the traditional white man's racism. People of color on the streets are venting their frustrations on Asians who racistly segregate their churches and social lives, while the whites are being propagandized to fear Black and Brown power and also the root of the whole thing is epitomized by Chinese communism. When all hell breaks loose (riots, repression, etc.) the Asian communities will once again be the first victims because we will be fighting or moving as individuals and continue to perpetuate the selfishness that has imbedded itself in our psyche's. Understand that as an individual you are nothing, but as a people you have the power to determine your own destiny when the bough breaks the cradle will fall and down will come Babylon, Nixon and all....!

BOA - ROUND TWO

The issues are racism, equality, discrimination and freedom of speech. This was demonstrated by the 200 community people present on the 31st of October at the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion in protest of the racial discrimination in the movie and theatre industry, specifically, in the play *Lovely Ladies, Kind Gentlemen*. The male lead of Sakini was played by a white with no Asians even given the opportunity to audition for the part. Moreover, out of the forty-three parts offered in the play, only thirteen Asians were cast. The Brotherhood of Artists together with JACS, Asian American Hardcore, Asian American Legal Services, JACL, L.O.V.E., Gidra, Go for Broke, and the Yellow Brotherhood, acting as security, made it clear that the vanguard of the people will deal with any situation that condones racism and discrimination.

Let it be clear that Asian people face racist, discriminatory practices everyday. We still feel the injustices our people have faced for the one hundred and one years that Asians have lived in America. The only thing that White society, or the ruling class, can relate to Asians are gardeners, railroad builders, cabin boys, cooks or just short, squatty guys who can't determine their own lives. They call this country a democracy with all the righteous freedom of equality. That's full of bullshit—you know that and I do, too. How do we expect our children to grow up and become what they want to be when the country only intends to exploit the minority

people for their "righteous" use?

If we examine the issue more closely, we will see that our children are not really given the benefits of democracy. How do we expect our children to get into the field of theatre arts when the Establishment condones discriminatory practices? Who can relate to a John Wayne or a Ronald Reagan? Some of the bigger name stars like James Shigeta were there at the demonstration. If we could get more names like James Shigeta and Mako, we would have a better representation in the theatre arts in the near future. But if we run into situations where they don't even consider Asians in portraying Asian roles, you know Amerika doesn't follow a standard of democracy and equal opportunity. The people that participated in the demonstration know how good it feels to see brothers and sisters getting together and fighting what they felt was injustice to Asian actors and actresses. And when you have 200 to 300 Asian sisters and brothers chanting "Power to the People".... Wow!.... Solidarity.... hmmm.... Mellow Yellow.... Cambodia cambodia cambodia vietnam vietnam vietnam hiroshima hiroshima hiroshima okinawa okinawa okinawa sakini sakini sakini

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE
tiny black juans

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

LOS ANGELES

November 6 (Fri.)—Beta Omega Phi presents "A Long Time Comin'" at Surf Rider Inn, 1700 Ocean Blvd., Santa Monica, 9:30 p.m. to 1:30 a.m. Small Donation.

November 7 (Sat.)—Psi Alpha Gamma of UCLA presents "We've Only Just Begun," featuring the Prophets at Surf Rider Inn, 1700 Ocean Blvd., Santa Monica, from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. Casual. Donation.

November 7 (Sat.)—West Los Angeles JACL installation dinner, Lobster House, 4211 Admiralty Way, Marina Del Rey, Cocktail, 6:30 p.m.; dinner, 7:30 p.m. National JACL President Raymond Uno, speaker.

November 8 (Sun.)—Family Concert of Junior Dept., Japanese Philharmonic Orchestra. Koyasan Hall. 4 p.m.

November 8 (Sun.)—Dedication of Santa Ana Civic Center Japanese Garden, donated by Japanese community, 2 p.m.

November 8 (Sun.)—Nisei Single Club deep sea fishing aboard "New Hustler," Call RE 1-7261 or 675-4783 for details.

November 12 (Thurs.)—Legal Defense Education Program. St. Mary's Episcopal Church 7:30 p.m. Speakers are Robert Takasugi on Repeal Title II and John Kataoka on Personal Injury.

November 12 (Thurs.)—International Orphans, Inc., benefit luncheon, noon, Century Plaza Hotel. Tickets \$12.50, tax deductible.

November 13 (Fri.)—Yellow Brotherhood and Go For Broke present "When East Meets West," featuring Thee Prophets, the Emeralds, and New Liberation, at Parkview Women's Club. 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. Byo. Small Donation.

November 14 (Sat.)—Sansei Diablos present "It's Only the Beginning," a benefit dance for Asian American Tutorial Project, featuring the Zig Zags and Thee Prophets at Jimmy's, 403 Monterey Pass Rd., Monterey Park. Girls 18 years and older, guys 21 years and older, I.D. will be checked. For information, call 224-2594 and ask for Asian American Tutorial Project.

November 14 (Sat.)—TV program, "Minority Community Report," featuring Asian American students vs The Establishment. Station KCOP, Channel 13, 8:00 p.m.

November 15 (Sun.)—Asian American youth and parents of Gardena present a special community drug program at Gardena City Hall, 1700 W. 162nd St., Gardena. 2:00 p.m.

November 19 (Thu.)—Legal Defense Education Program. St. Mary's Episcopal Church, 7:30 p.m. Speaker Hiram Kwan will discuss Immigration.

November 19 (Thurs.)—Film on Aikido, featuring Master Koichi Tohei, sponsored by Torrance Aikido Club, Torrance Recreation Center, 3031 Torrance Blvd. at 7 p.m. Free

December 3 (Thu.)—Legal Defense Education Program. St. Mary's Episcopal Church, 7:30 p.m. Peter Young will lecture on the First Amendment of the U.S. Constitution.

November 21 (Sat.)—Gardena Valley Nisei Club presents "Aki no Odori," at the VFW Rosecrans Post 3261 Hall, 1822 W. 162nd St., Gardena, featuring music by Tony Trovato, 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. Donation.

November 25 (Wed.)—"Good Time Living," featuring Thee Prophets and introducing Smile and a Tear at the Surf Rider Inn, Santa Monica, from 9:30 p.m. to 1:30 a.m. Donation.

CONTINUOUS

Tuesday Nights—South Bay Asian Involvement Youth Group Meetings, 16408 Western Ave., Gardena, at 7:30 p.m. Open to the public.

Thursday Nights—South Bay Asian Involvement Youth Group Meetings, Western Ave., Gardena, at 7:30 p.m. Open to the public.

For further information on the above contact Asian Involvement, 125 Weller St., Los Angeles, 689-4413.

SAN FRANCISCO

November 7 (Sat.)—Placer JACL 30th annual goodwill dinner at Auburn District Fairground, Auburn, 7 p.m.

November 7 (Sat.)—Marysville JACL 35th anniversary banquet at Peace Tree Country Club, Marysville. Cocktails from 6 p.m., dinner from 7 p.m. Guest Speaker: Bill Hosokawa.

November 7 (Sat.)—"Enchantees" car wash, George & Jim's Richfield Service Station, Arguello & Geary Blvd., 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. \$1 donation.

November 8 (Sun.)—JACL Northern California-Western Nevada District Council meeting, His Lordship restaurant in Berkeley, from 12:30 p.m.; election 3 p.m.; panel discussion, 4 p.m.; banquet, 6 p.m.

November 13 (Fri.)—Post Troop 26 twentieth anniversary dinner His Lordship restaurant in Berkeley. No host cocktails, 6 p.m.; dinner, 7:30 p.m.

November 14 (Sat.)—United Foothill College Asians "Getting It Together" dance, Student Union Center, El Monte Rd., Los Altos, 9 p.m. to 1 a.m. Music by Intrigues, Enchanters, Am God.

November 14 (Sat.)—S.F. Golden Gate Optimist Club anniversary party at Empress of China restaurant, 7:30 p.m.

November 20 (Fri.)—Sequoia JACL 19th annual installation dinner dance at Marriott Inn on Bayshore Freeway in Belmont, from 8:30 p.m.

November 21 (Sat.)—Nisei Ski Club pre-season dance at The Franciscan, 1580 Hamilton Ave., San Jose. 10 p.m. to 2 a.m. Casual. Donation.

November 21-22 (Sat. & Sun.)—Central California JACL District Council convention at Del Web's Townhouse in Fresno.

CONTINUOUS

Schedule of movies for the Japan Film Festival at the Surf Theater, 4510 Irving St., in San Francisco.

Nov. 4-7 — Kurosawa's YOJIMBO and SANJURO.

Nov. 8-10 — Kurosawa's THRONE OF BLOOD and THEY WHO THREAD ON THE TIGER'S TAIL.

Nov. 11-17 — Kobayashi's THE HUMAN CONDITION TRILOGY.

Nov. 11-12 — Part I: NO GREATER LOVE.

Nov. 13-14 — Part II: ROAD TO ETERNITY.

Nov. 15-17 — Part III: A SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

Nov. 18-24 — Kurosawa's RED BEARD

Nov. 25-28 — Okamoto's KILL AND SWORD OF DOOM.

Nov. 29-Dec. 1 — Kobayashi's KWAIDAN.

Dec. 2-8 — Inagaki's UNDER THE BANNER OF SAMURAI.

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