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JANUARY, 1972

GIDRA[®]

MONTHLY OF THE ASIAN AMERICAN EXPERIENCE

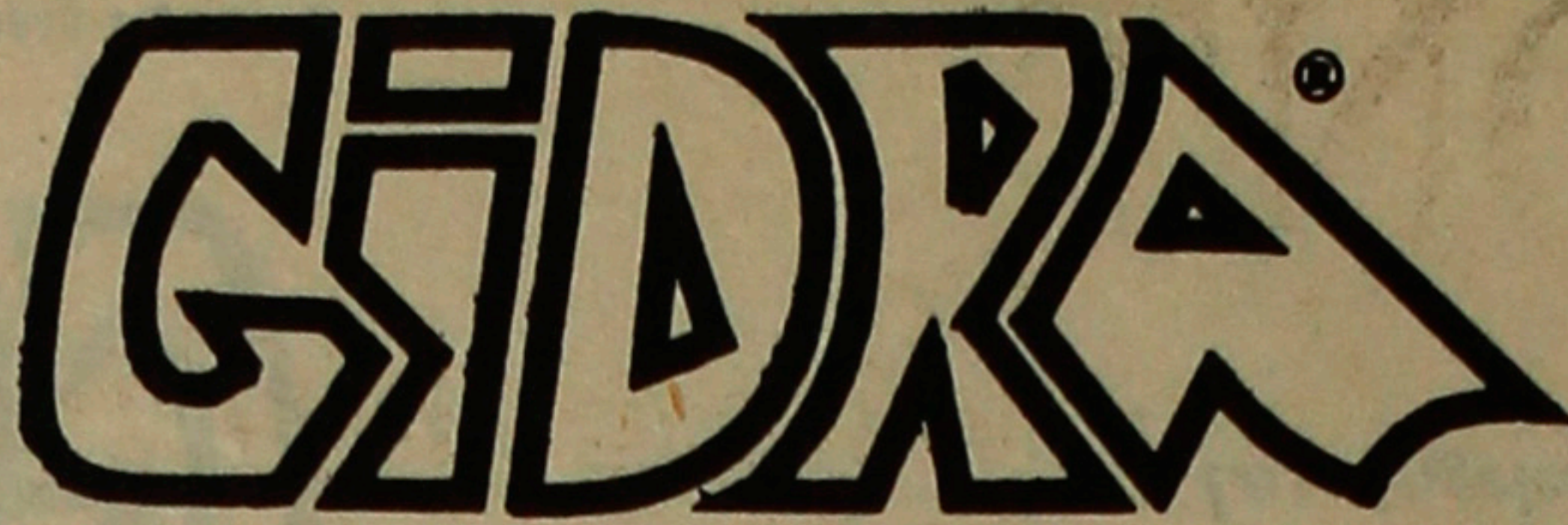
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MONTHLY OF THE ASIAN AMERICAN EXPERIENCE

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Gidra Staff: Doug Aihara, Linda Fujikawa, Susan Fujimoto, Jeff Furumura, Ken Hamada, Bruce Iwasaki, Mitchell Matsumura, Bob Miyamoto, Jane Morimoto, Amy Murakami, Mike Murase, Teri Nitta, June Ogawa, Tom Okabe, Tracy Okida, Alan Ota, Kyoko Shibasaki, Steve Tatsukawa, Colin Watanabe, Mike Yamamoto, Evelyn Yoshimura, and others.

"Struggle"—no, "hassle"—is perhaps the best way to express our work here at *Gidra*. Each month the *Gidra* staff hassles to become more meaningful and relevant to the people in our community. *Gidra* people work and hassle on the paper in order to fulfill a need—both to ourselves, and to our people—to bring us all closer not only through community news but also through very personal and often commonly shared feelings and experiences. But in order to become your paper, you must help us in our hassles by letting us know how you feel and what you want and need. Is the *Gidra* just good "benjo" reading or does it touch you in any way? Help us by writing to us or writing for us. "Hassle" with us and work with us for we are one. *Gidra* is published once a month by *Gidra, Inc.* Our mailing address is P.O. Box 18046, Los Angeles, Ca. 90018. Give us a call at (213) 734-7838. Subscriptions are \$2.50 a year. Additional postage of \$2.00 is needed for Canada, Spain and Latin

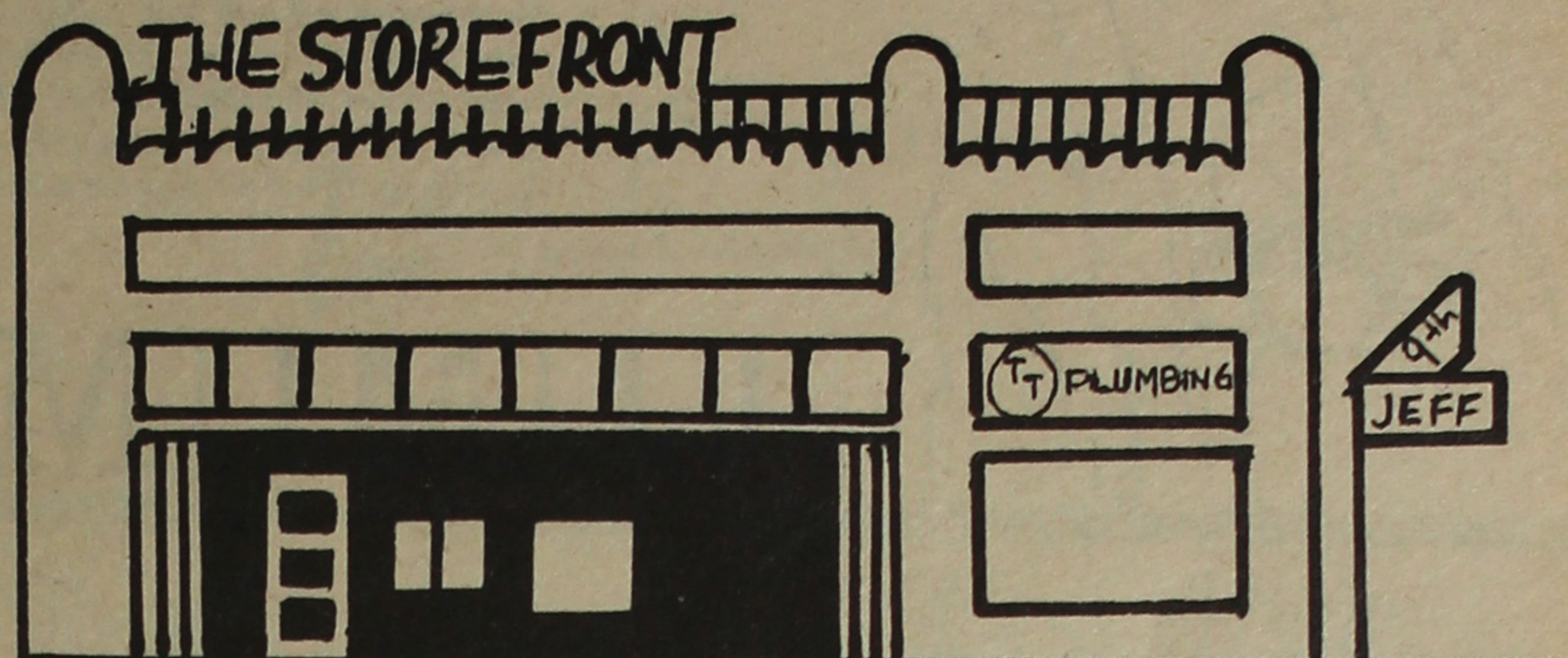
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January, 1972. Volume IV, Number 1

Cover: Sumie by Mits Fujimoto

STOREFRONT

cooperation over competition



It used to be an old neighborhood market and it had an open air flavor because of the accordion doors out front. It went out of business because of untimely robberies, and now it has been transformed.

Now, it is a strange entity located on the "Block." People walk by and curiously look things over. "What cha gonna sell?" everyone asks. "Whatsit gonna be?" The answers to these questions are what this article is about.

The Storefront grew out of a logical progression of movement work. Those of us involved have different experiences in the "Movement," but our work has led us to this same point. This point is where things need to be more concretely defined, and where principles are the primary basis for deciding our direction and actions. At this point the Storefront is dealing with general principles, nevertheless, it is a step toward developing a disciplined, principled, and humanistic organization that is serious about the liberation of all people.

The Storefront is dealing with community organizing on the grass roots level. We are relating to a geographical community and believe that this is a concrete basis upon which to develop the principle of self-determination. The community is composed of blacks and Asians with a few whites, Chicanos, and Latinos. The question of nationalism is relevant and has provided a serious topic of struggle. The outcome has been that revolutionary nationalism would be used to enhance our community organizing which is based on Third World Unity. The logic behind this is that in organizing there must be a common bond. In the Asian Movement the bond has been color of skin, history and culture. The Storefront plans to use and share with each other these points of revolutionary nationalism, but just as importantly the common bond geography provides a basis for unity. The people live next door to each other, go to the same schools, buy from the same stores, are

affected by the same drug peddlers and police. Therefore, they share the same oppression.

True, there are many differences among the people in this community, but our belief is that we must maximize our similarities and understand our differences.

For example, we believe that the way to cope with internal racism in the community is to promote human dignity, self respect, and respect for others. This is being dealt with by mutual education programs (film program, newspaper and a reading room) and, in the structure of the storefront, ethnic caucuses. The caucuses provide a more intimate forum where members of a specific National Minority can discuss racism, identity, and other relevant questions. Also the caucus provides a vehicle to approach the people in the community who have understandably fallen victim to the tactics of "divide and conquer" by their racist attitudes towards each other.

We see the primary vehicle for mobilizing and unifying the community as education. By education, we mean the way in which we inform the community about local, national and international political situations and how these things relate to them. Education is also what we organizers will get out of our experiences in the community.

It must be clearly understood that education is the most important aspect of our programs. The primary purpose of the "Serve the People" program will be education, not service. For example, with the draft counseling, the education given to the individual about imperialism and genocide (killing of Third World people-Vietnamese people and Third World GI's) is more important than merely getting someone out of the draft. Also programs like "young people's workshops," and "food co-ops" (both of which we plan for in the future) will educate the people to the advantages of cooperation over competition. This will put meaning to the principle of building socialism, which is another thing the Store-

front believes in.

Through the efforts of the Storefront we plan to affect the community by the examples we set and the work we do. We understand that we cannot just move into a community and expect them to come to us. We must go to them, knocking on their doors, visiting with them on the streets, and going to places where they hang out.

Also, we understand that in the community the people will be at different levels of understanding and awareness. This means that our approach should be as broad as possible, and it should provide a process where more political people can find their place in the Storefront.

This will be done with our community programs (mass programs) which have a wide range of effectiveness. (Film program, draft counseling, Come-Unity Paper, Young People's Workshop, Reading Room and Library, and our general meetings which have discussions sessions.) Combined with this we have our caucuses (Black and Asian) where individuals who strongly relate to the Storefront can participate in the policy and decision-making. Also on the caucus level political discussion and education will take place. Coordinating all of this will be a steering committee composed of the leadership of the Asian and Black caucuses.

The Storefront is a political organization that believes in the liberation of all people oppressed by imperialism, capitalism, racism, and sexism. We are an organization that plans to direct action and minimize reaction, and also we realize there is a lot to be learned. Therefore, the Storefront is a vehicle, a means of social change and not an end where dogmatic politics or revolutionary elitism prevails. —The Storefront People
The address of the Storefront is 2826 W. Jefferson Blvd., Los Angeles 90018. Phone: 737-8887. Hours: Mon. & Wed. 1-10 pm. Fri. 1-11 pm. Sat. 10 am.-6 pm.

COLD DRAFT

We had planned a long discussion on draft procedures this month, but the Selective Service System is in such turmoil, we thought we'd print only the most important changes. For example, you've probably heard of the controversy over Section 20, which has frozen induction notices in many areas of the country. Also, because there has been so much protest over certain provisions of the new regulations, the National Director is reconsidering some of them. Therefore, in many ways we are at the same point of uncertainty that we have been for the last six months. Some things are definite however, and you should know about them.

One change is shortening the time in which one may request personal appearances and appeals. The regulations now allow a man a personal appearance with his local board, or an appeal to the state appeal board, if he requests them in writing within fifteen (15) days (not 30, as under the old rules) of the date of mailing of his classification card. Tardiness here could cost valuable appeal rights. In addition, certain technicalities also make it likely that a registrant will have to request both of them within the same fifteen day limit. Therefore, those who receive a I-A classification should, within fifteen days, send a letter to the local board and: (1) Request a personal appearance before your local board; (2) Request an appointment with the advisor to registrants before the personal appearance; (3) Appeal the I-A classification; (4) Request a personal appearance with the State Appeal board; and finally, (5) request reasons in writing for the I-A from your local board.

I-Y Abolished

Classification I-Y has been abolished. All men who fail physical examinations are to be classified IV-F, except that those recommended for re-examination will be held in I-A until the additional physical examination is completed. Therefore a man who passes a re-examination is to be denied the appeal rights he now gets when reclassified from I-Y to I-A. It is unclear what will happen to men already classified I-Y; probably those not to be re-examined will be classified IV-F, and perhaps those to be re-examined will remain I-Y until after the new physicals.

I-H, a Holding Category

A new classification, I-H has been established. Probably, men will be classified I-H soon after they register, without being sent the Classification Questionnaire. After the lottery drawing for men born in their year, there will be an announcement of the next year's tentative lottery cutoff number. Those whose numbers are likely to be reached will be sent the Questionnaire and classified. Men in the Second and lower Priority Groups will probably be classified I-H, too.

Other Changes

Other changes are listed in Local Board Memorandum 99.

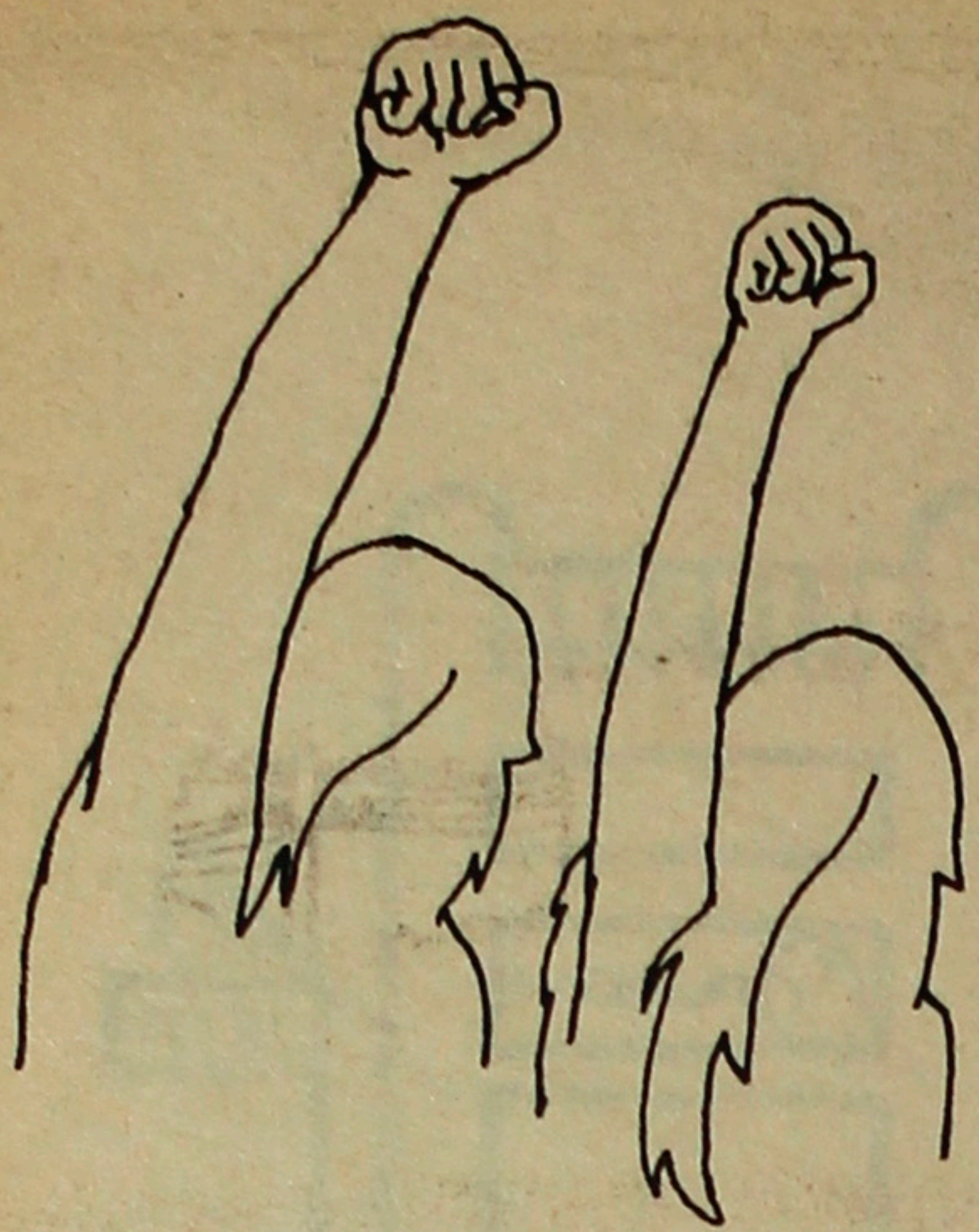
Among them defines a man's official birthdate which he gave when he registered and which appears on his registration card, unless he proves a different date by the last day before the lottery drawing which affects him. Thus, a man will no longer be able to register with a mistaken birthdate, then correct the error if the real birthday gets a more favorable lottery number, even if the "official" birthdate is later found to be erroneous.

Unchanged however, are the rules for Extended Priority Selection group. As before, a man in First Priority on December 31, whose number was reached during the year, moves into Extended Priority on January 1st of the following year. Also as before, a man who sends a claim for a deferment postmarked by December 31, but whose board does not act on it until after January 1st, is retroactively reclassified "as of December 31" of the year he sent the claim, and therefore does not fall into Extended Priority.

Most counselors expect new changes. Keep in contact with an informed counselor and find out before it is too late.

Asian Involvement
125 Weller Street (Lil' Tokyo)
689-4413 (call first)

The Storefront
2826 Jefferson Blvd. (near 9th Ave.)
Mon-Thurs 3-6; 7-10
737-8887



"We demand that the Third College be devoted to relevant education for minority youth and to the study of the contemporary social problems of all people. To do this authentically this college must radically depart from the usual role as the ideological backbone of the social system, and must instead subject every part of the system to ruthless criticism. To reflect these aims of the college, it will be called Lumumba-Zapata College."

LUMUMBA-ZAPATA

A THIRD WORLD COLLEGE

Thus read part of the demands made in March, 1969 by the Black Student Council and the Mexican Youth Association at the University of California at San Diego. The demands, issued after an occupation of the Registrar's office, were delivered as an ultimatum to the faculty senate in order to establish relevant education for Third World people. The students' efforts led to replacing the original faculty plan with a Third World studies program based on the demands.

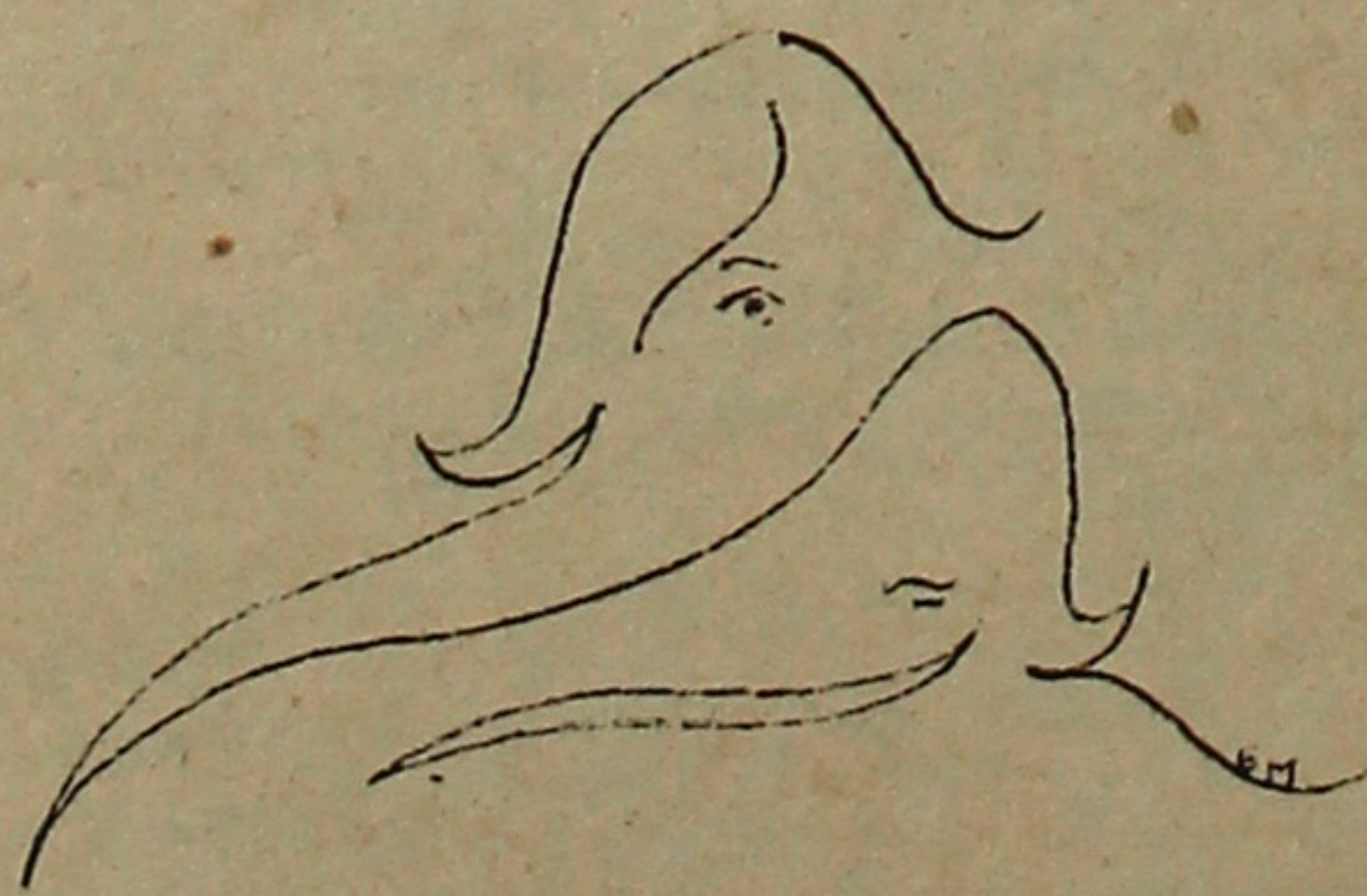
Today, the curriculum includes Third World studies, urban and rural development, communications, and science and technology, with other majors available. Students may enroll in Lumumba-Zapata to gain awareness in a community's cultural, social and political problems, while pursuing a "traditional" major sequence in, say, psychology. This flexibility allows for the realities of graduate school requirements which still do not find "people's education" acceptable.

But there are problems at Lumumba-Zapata, especially for the interested Asian student; the college often falls short of providing a Third World perspective. Established by blacks and Chicanos, it has not fully considered the needs and struggles of either Native Americans or Asian Americans. For example, a student board which works with the provost has one representative each for blacks and Chicanos, and one for all "others": Native American, Asian and white. A recent move to equalize representation was opposed by the provost and the black students. Speculation that the issued enrollment percentages for black and Chicano students would decrease (presently 35 percent black, 35 percent Chicano, and 30 percent "other") has caused further friction.

Unfortunately, the college has only one Asian American studies class under Third World studies, which is an elective. This in itself means that many Third World students will not have the opportunity, or take the initiative, to begin relating their struggles to the struggles of Asian Americans. The class has yet to be taken by a black or Chicano, not a very promising sign in promoting a Third World liberation education.

The oppression of the people in America and the world cannot be understood when one falls victim to divisionary games, small group mentality, racial intolerances, and reactionary cultural nationalism. Many students seeking a "people's education" may be disappointed, certainly frustrated, by finding the same insensitivities here as those they are trying to alleviate by promoting Third World unity. But the struggle may be worth it. It is the only college of its kind striving for political consistency in education, with the aims of educating the people about themselves in relation to their communities, and the world.

—Lloyd Tanaka



The following reflections are by an Asian sister now attending Lumumba-Zapata. The record of her personal experiences conveys the emotions of the struggle necessary to attaining a "people's education."

Cornbread and tempura.

Hey, lady, how's it going?

Chorizos con huevos.

Wow, I could sure dig on some cha shu and rice.

35% Black.

"Do yourself a favor; educate your mind."

People to meet, places to go, things to do.

"Now Eli, you get the hell out of my room!!

Shit! I am tryin' to study. Out, out, out!"

Good night, darlin'.

35% Chicano.

Hey bendejo, que esta pasando?

Viva La Raza.

Hey man, where you from?

Chula Vista, El Centro, National City, Boyle Heights...

17%.

"Gimme Shelter."

Equal representation.

You have no color, whitey.

Black is a state of mind.

"All my life I've seen black men die because of the whiter man. And I feel slighted. Slighted because I know that equal representation for the whites will lead to their demanding equal proportion in the college."

Right on, right on, right on, right on (sic)!

That man Shaft is a bad motherfucker.

In order to compensate for past and present injustices and to serve those most affected by white racism and economic exploitation, Lumumba-Zapata College must have an enrollment of 35% Blacks and 35% Mexican-Americans.

—X Lumumba-Zapata demands.

"Hey man, wait a minute. I am Chicano and my people helped get this college started but Lumumba-Zapata College is for Third World people. We should be tryin' to help our Asian and Native American brothers and sisters!"

Right on, right on, right on, right on!

Simon esse!

6% Asian.

Twenty Asians on Third, Wow.

2% Native Americans.

Board of Directors. One black, one Chicano, one Other.

"The denial of equal representation is a result of the nationalistic paranoia that threatens to internally destroy Lumumba-Zapata College. The needs of Asian American and Native American students must be met." —A Black brother.

Hey, what role do I take today?

Oh, it feels so good to take myself away into the skin of another.

But isn't it a way of understanding of achieving knowledge, of being more sensitive?

I want to perceive the way you perceive.

I want to know your hurts.

Even though I never met you.

But isn't it Brotherhood?

The concept: A school whose goal is self-determination for all Third World peoples through defining our own needs, developing appropriate means of re-education in which self-education should become our basic principle, and applying this knowledge to the resolution of Third World people's problems.

The first week.

I was scared and feeling just a little bit shy. But the whole concept of the place, the idea of its birth

was so beautiful.

I let my mind run free, imagining the college as Angela had, when she'd written the demand: Lumumba-Zapata College. A college, a school, a place to learn. For Third World people. For all oppressed people. For people of color. So, so beautiful.

They assigned me a roommate one day.

A white girl from Whittier. (Honky-town, California.)

Hey, what is this? She has no color.

What's she doing here?

Oh well, make the best of it. Just don't

let her get too close; then she can't hurt you.

"Where'd you go to high school?" she asked.

"L.A. High," I said.

"Where's that?" asked Roommate.

"In L.A.," I said.

No more small talk.

The second week.

Definitely a feeling of Brotherhood.

Started meeting lots of people. People

from the ghettos, the barrios.

Majority of the dorm was Chicano.

But girls in my suite were all black.

Roommate and I were the only non-blacks.

The black chicks weren't too friendly.

I couldn't understand. An Asian sister explained.

"You said your roommate is white? Wow, that makes it even worse. The B.S.U. is very strong here. Their women are "black queens." The black guys aren't supposed to get involved with any non-black chicks, but of course some of them try. Now, suppose some black chick finds out that her man is trying to make it with you. Well, she doesn't say a thing to him. She can't because he's her man. But she's after your butt because... well, that's how it is."

A while later.

Rip-offs were getting to be a big problem. Food, bikes, soap, stereos, dope, underwear, more food...

"Rip off from the System, not from your brothers & sisters."

To ease tension headaches we smoke, and listened to Cheech & Chong.

Even though Nationalism was holding back the progress of uniting the students as

Third World people,

People still managed to get along, Eating together, cooking together, just plain living together.

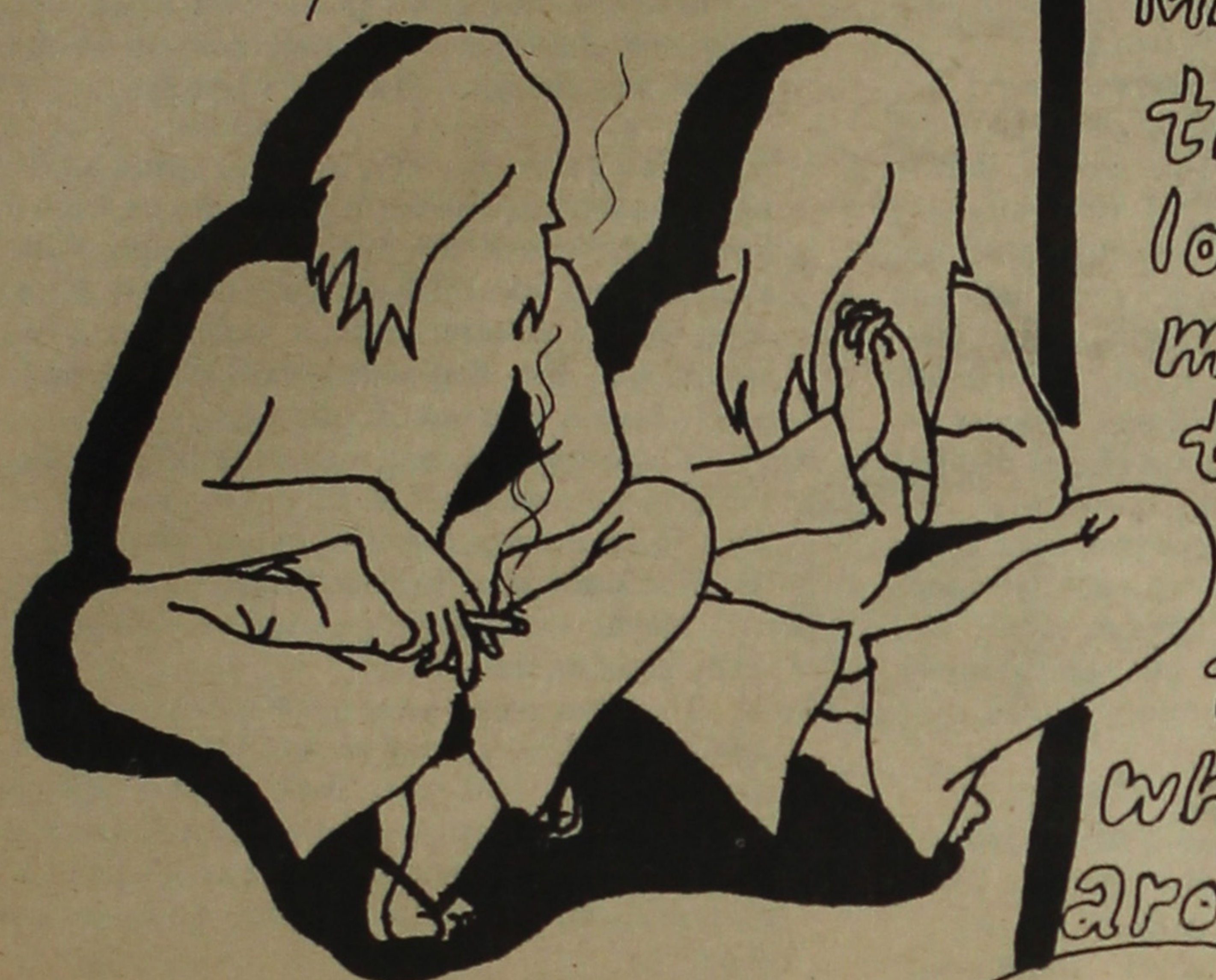
—Karen Saito

KEN & KEIKO FUNNIES (LIFE IN THE BIG CITY)



-by Tracy Okida

This is KEN & KEIKO
a couple of kids from the
Community... the BIG CITY



THEY HAVE
MANY PROBLEMS
they spend a
lot of time
moping over
these problems
looking for
the answers
while the world
around them goes

thru them
changes...
they are on
bummers ("in the
dunes") going up
dead-end streets
looking for
Identity think-
ing it can be
found in a bag

one day as usual
they were hanging
out in their usual
misery when this
old man came by
whistlin dixie &
singin folk songs
in many different
languages

"I got my piece,
I'm ready,
ready to face
the end...
because I
know my
condition
& it's the
same for
my friends"



"Hey kids, he said, why
don't you come with
me to make the REVOLUTION.
'Revolution is the main trend in
the world today' c'mon."

KEN & KEIKO said, "no
we can't, we have
problems, we can't
find no time & no
identity & no dope"

"Wow, said the old man,
you're really in the dunes."

Suddenly he was quiet & he spoke:
"I don't have any dope and I, myself,
don't have much time but time is
all around, it just has to be seized.
The old man looked thought-
fully at the city & spoke
again (quietly): "And no wonder you
have an identity crisis, there are
not many people or things in this
city worth identifying with. Everywhere
is greed, & selfishness, & hate and
plastic & steel & concrete, and fear
with no purpose or reason. It is bad."

"THAT'S LIFE IN THE BIG CITY..."
sighed KEIKO & KEN

WOW, THOUGHT THE OLD MAN.

will KEN & KEIKO find
the answers, the time,
their identity, or the dope?
WHO IS THE OLD MAN, ANYWAY?
BE LOOKING OUT FOR THE
NEXT FUNNY EPISODE
of the Life in the Big City.

A PLAY: RUNAROUND

Scene: Present. Small den of a very modest but contemporary apartment. Downstage right, a faded, comfortable sofa. Behind it is a big, chrome Harley chopper with only the upper part visible to the audience. Rick, 19, curled up sleeping on the sofa, wears a denim jacket over bare chest; blue jeans rolled up half inch at bottom. Heavy black boots, quite broken in, are scattered in front of sofa.

At the back wall are low board and brick book shelves, half-full, mostly with paperbacks. Above them are four black and white photographs, about 30 by 20 inches, unevenly tacked to the back wall. The pictures depict "youth gang" situations. There is a picture of three young men and two girls loitering on the street. The boys wear identical denim jackets; one has shaggy long hair, the other two have it sprayed into high fronts. The girls are extremely made-up. Another picture shows two very fancy choppers—rigid frame 74 panhead Harleys. Upon one, a youthful male smokes a cigarette, mugging toughness for the camera. The third photograph, slightly blurred, is an extraordinary "real" shot of two guys stomping another youth. One of the attackers has the money out of the victim's wallet. The last picture looks as if it were a posed shot affecting realism. It is a group of six or seven young men, armed with home-made street weapons, in a parking lot at night.

Upstage left on a desk cluttered with papers. A 3-ring binder lies open upon it. Barry, 24, stands over the binder.

Barry. [Loudly.] "Then get your bloody paws off my property you goddam pig!" Hmm, that'll do. I'll finish off this second scene yet. [Pacing the room, holding pen like a sword, eyes to ceiling] Now something for the other members of the gang—but not so trite. [Thrusts pen at "not" and "rite"] [Sidesteps out of character, looks sideward] "Come on Roger—cool it!"

No—auhhh—"cool it"! "cool it"! I'm beginning to sound more like a TV show than a playwright. [Looks down at desk] Some playwright [Thumbs through binder] fourteen pages written on his only play. . . [Thumbs through obviously blank pages] Why didn't they assign me something else, like a short story?

[Out of character again] "Don't hassle the man, Rog, maintain, maintain."

[Thinking] Don't hassle. . . "him"!

"Don't hassle him Rog. . ."

No, no, no, shit.

"Will you maintain Rog. . . let's just get out of here."

[Writes in notebook briefly] Goddam I hope Rossett doesn't call again today. [Checks watch] Yeah, 48, 72, . . . 74 hours and 20 minutes to go. . . Let's see, 3 hours for typing, fifteen for sleep—better make that twelve. I can do it. Goddam, I've got to do it. But I don't know. . . [Walks to photos on wall] Dialogue—they never taught me to write dialogue, just talk. I need narration, description—a story. Why a play to go with some damn photo-spread on youth gangs? [Strikes picture] Writing about kids on the street is old. And why does Rossett want a play? [Thrusting with pen now] It seems to me that if a magazine like *Dawn* wanted some story on kids, they'd talk to the kids. I mean, how long has it been since I was on the streets? Four years, five? I don't know, Christ, now they're taking things I never even heard of. Feel like an old man. . . I don't know. Three more days—! That parking lot scene:

[Bounces back and forth, reading from notebook] "Well, you know—Jackie was loaded at the time."

"M and M's?"

"Nope, F 42's"

"Fuck."

"Yeah, anyway," she told Roger to go to hell, so Roger was going to beat her up, when Steve talked him out of it. I think they ended up breaking into Lincoln."

"What'd they get?"

"Someone said, two tape recorders from the audio-visual room."

[Pause] Another thing, what does Rossett think the street is like anyway? Standing around all day. . . How am I going to make interesting dialogue out of

such a drag? And Rossett seems to want it like it's all one sex and blood orgy. How many fight scenes did he want? [Looks through papers] Wish I knew what other pictures he got. [Thumbs through a handful of photographs absentmindedly] Man, if he was here now he'd fire me for sure. Haven't even got the scene with this street fight written yet. [Looking at one] Hah, he'd think I'm as crazy as this dude, talking to myself like I'm stumblin' on reds.

[Phone on bookcase rings; Barry answers]

Hello. Well, who is this? [attempting charm] I'm not either but I wish I did. Who? [looks around, then to Rick on sofa] Oh yeah, still dreaming. Hey you sound kind of excited; hope it doesn't have to do with that sleepy younger brother of mine. Important huh, sure I'll bet. Well okay. You'll call again? Fine. Hey, what's your name?—[Obviously getting no response and somewhat put out] Well good bye. [Hangs up. Barry goes back to desk as Rick gets up, looks around]

Rick. [Yawning] Fuck, there's so much noise in this damn place, how are you supposed to get any sleep? [Up, stumbling around, blinking. Checks clock] Not even one o'clock yet, and you're out here stomping around so loud. Bet you're still working on that story.

Barry. Play.

Rick. Whatever. Sure is loud anyway.

Barry. That was from the phone call, some chick for you—cute voice—said she'd call back though. Who is she anyway? Really sounded excited.

Rick. Probably Lori. Wonder what she would want? Saw her last night. Oh. . . what a night!

Barry. Anyway, don't blame this play for waking you up. [Aside] I've got nothing written to make any noise with.

Rick. We were so stoned. . .

Barry. It's so hard to write this kind of stuff.

Rick. Then we drove down to the beach; that crazy Victor even jumped in—he's probably sick by now.

Barry. And that Rossett doesn't help by calling all the time.

Rick. [To Barry] Oh yeah, that's too bad. . . [Remembering again] Then, dripping wet he tries to swipe this towel from inside this Pontiac. . . man, he was out of it.

Barry. You guys are crazy. Better get back to work—I'll skip to the third scene. . .

Rick. Barry, ever since you let me crash here, you've been working on that story. When you going to help me find a new paw?

Barry. [Writing, catching only the first sentence] Play.

Rick. Yeah, but does it take four days to write something?

Barry. Look, I've got three more, and I don't think I'm going to get it done by then. . .

Rick. You mean it takes a week to write some little play? You know what I've done this last week. . . ?

Barry. Better know it. This is the first thing Rossett's given me to do beside copy reading.

Rick. Tuesday we went ripping off tape decks, got four of them and already sold three. Broke into Dommler Chrysler and got some tires. Then the other day I scored that hash from Wally.

Barry. I hope you guys are careful.

Rick. Oh man—you used to do the same stuff.

Barry. Yes, but there weren't as many kids doing it when I was your age—wasn't so easy to get caught. Besides, I never stole a police car. . .

Rick. Oh we didn't steal it—just drove around for awhile. No big thing.

Barry. [Imitating] No big thing. . .

[They separate. Rick gets on bike, wheels it to center stage; Barry goes to notebook, thinking. Rick poses, looking over shoulder at photograph]

Rick. Are you writing a story about these pictures?

[Barry nods absentmindedly]

So you're writing about someone with a chopper. [Mimics sound of revving up engine and riding]

Barry. Yeah, well so far I've got this gang of kids, some of them have bikes. . .

Rick. Wow, you should show what it's like building our machines together. What it feels like riding together.

Barry. [Hesitantly, as he pulls out crumpled letter from desk] I'm supposed to fit it into these pictures. [Indicates stack on desk. Quietly] I really want it to turn out good you know—something Rossett'll really like.

Rick. Yeah, I can relate to that. You don't want to do things half-assed. [Barry concentrates on desk, eyes on paper. Rick speaks more or less to himself] But it sure does depend on who's looking at it if it's okay or not. You [points to Barry] could fake the teachers out, even when you were a biker, when you were loaded. Me and my friends: they see us nodding off once and they kick our ass. Worst part about it, only half the time I was really doing reds—mostly, school was enough. That Mr. Clayton. . .

You know, if you're going to spend all of this time, you should write about those schools, from 53rd Street School to Madison High. You know, with me, a lot of them asked if I was your brother. Here you were five years older and the teachers still hold it against me. Man, that place wasted me; at least I quit before I got kicked out like they did you.

Barry. [Looks up] Maybe it was a little different though. I'm glad I finished off at City—kept me out of the draft for one thing, but it wasn't all that bad.

Rick. That's not what I remember you used to say. . .

Barry. Maybe so. I guess you only remember what's really good or really bad.

Rick. Then I'm going to remember this week forever. That ass Gottlieb kicking us out of the apartment Friday, and then that great hash we had last night... Things sure do change on you; sometimes it's like I've got no control at all—sometimes it's like I know everything that's happening to me. You should write about that.

Barry. I've already got too much to write about—I just can't get it out. So far, I've done two of the four gang wars...

Rick. [Genuinely confused] Gang wars?

Barry. ...and one rape scene done...

Rick. Rape—?

Barry. Then there's supposed to be this dream sequence of someone stoned out...

Rick. Wait a minute. Is this supposed to take place ten years ago, or way in the future? There weren't even [spoken foreignly] 'gang wars' when you were running the streets, were there? And there sure aren't any now, no gangs.

Barry. Well, there were the Bandits, I knew most of the Tiny Bandits, and some of the Baby Bandits...

Rick. Oh, they weren't for shit. The originals, they're either dead or over 30 by now...

Barry. Most of them.

Rick. So what are you writing this shit about gang wars for? It's not your real past, and it sure isn't happening now. [Phone rings]

Barry. Look, it's not supposed to be my past, or real life, it's a play; it's not like I'm lying or something. [Picks up phone on "lying"] Hello. Oh, hi Mr. Rossett. Oh, really well, really well. Yes, the first rape scene is done and—the big drug—oh. Well, yes. I suppose that could be juggled. Two drug scenes? Before the final gang war. Over a girl? Between two guys? Oh. Oh. I, well, Mr. Rossett, it's not clear to me—new pictures? [Pause] Well, if I could see them, I'll try to work around it. [Pause] Well, I'll have to imagine it then. The cover, huh? Must be a really great shot. No. Sure. No, I'll be here all afternoon; call anytime. Okay. Bye. [Hangs up. Jots something down quickly.] I don't know...

Rick. [Awkward silence] You know as little about gangs as I do. You—

Barry. [Testy] Don't you think I know that? I haven't forgotten everything about the street you know. But I've talked to more people than you, and I've read some more, and if Rossett wants a play that's ten years old, that's his money.

Rick. And make us look stupid. Me, now—and yeah, you. Even back then you weren't killing off each other all of the time.

Barry. Oh, those fights are still happening—guys getting their friends together for revenge. At Casey's just last month, some kid got blown, young guys fighting each other. Don't you see, that's what I'm writing about—that's so senseless, we're so divided, we're wasting so much...

Rick. But it sounds to me like you're talking about those big gangs. Sure there are some fights every now and then—one on one, revenge things, or like when they're loaded or something—and



that's screwed up. But those—armies—they were coming apart about when you were my age—no, before, years before you were nineteen. You know the story, all the organizations just crumbled after pills really hit the street; lot of smaller groups with pieces—no need for chains and all that stuff when they had guns. So all this stuff about "turf" and "wars" and "presidents," that's all from that movie, you know, with all the singing. . . ?

Barry. *West Side Story.*

Rick. Yeah.

Barry. [Slow, explanatory patience] Look, I know that this [points to papers] isn't what's going down anymore. But it's only a play. And it's my first try and I don't want to blow it. Besides, it's got to fit in with those pictures. Maybe if people look at the pictures, and read my script, they'll understand you—us, better. We won't seem so strange.

Rick. Those pictures—well, a couple of them are pure bullshit. Especially that one—[indicates one with group in a parking lot]—how fake. All they do is blow up everything...they just sensationalize us so they can sell us. [Pause] They're buying and selling you, man.

Barry. [Angry] Look, what else is there to show anyway. You know it's a boring scene. No work, scrounging for bread, maybe dealing, maybe some rip-offs—everything else for that chopper...

Rick. Look. Once Oscar disappeared. Girl friend hadn't seen him. Hadn't been home in two days. Well, the dudes got together; we called some other bikers on the Eastside—Carlos, Luis, and within forty minutes man, we'd combed the city and we found the dude, unconscious—OD on reds. The doctor said a few more hours and he might not have made it... But the thing is—we all knew we had to find Oscar—and we did. [Pause] Shit, maybe that's the problem. Not just with this play you're doing, any play that'll be done on us. You've got to show why they don't understand us, why they can't. And they're sure not going to know what's happening now any better by reading some fifteen year old dreams. You can't really feel it unless you're part of it. So a play that really knows what's happening will—[pieces falling together]—will show why they can't really understand us. But one that tries to really show what we do, one that thinks it knows what's going on—that's what your Rossett wants, I guess—it just shows they really don't know. [Pause] Look, if you do it Rossett's way, it isn't true today, right?

Barry. Yeah...

Rick. ...and it really isn't even true for the past...

Barry. ...well, now that—

Rick. ...It's not. You've got rapes and gang fights, but it doesn't sound like people are ripping each other off because they need the money. There aren't any jobs, the schools are even worse. People are still fighting each other, lots of that—but people around here don't have any more than us: we've got to go outside. When we stripped that Porsche a couple weeks ago—that dude could afford another one. When we rip off the department stores, do you think they feel it? And that's all small time stuff anyway. Nothing big. Just survival.

Barry. It's a dead end, Rick. I've tried 'em both.

Rick. Maybe. But what have you got?

Barry. [Tries to conceal the irony] Something I want to do. [Holds up notebook—happens to be on blank page.]

Rick. Different strokes for different folks.

[Telephone rings.]

[Kicks on bike, tremendously loud roar. Telephone rings but can't be heard. Barry, shocked, shoves Rick into realization that they are indoors.]

Barry. You damn fool—you want to get me kicked out too?!! [Rick cuts engine. At last phone can be heard.] Oh shit... [Answers phone] Oh, hello. [Tone of voice toward girl] Yes, he finally woke up. Do you want to talk to him? Who should I say is calling? What? [Obviously didn't get name] Okay, here he is. [To Rick] Same girl, sure is an excitable chick. [Rick takes phone]

Rick. Yeah—Lori, hi. [Pause] Where is she now? Okay, did you try and make her throw up? Lots of warm salt water. Don't give her anything hot though. Just

keep her calm—do you want me to come over? [Pause] I'll try and find his number. Want to hold on? Okay, I'll call back. Bye. [Hangs up phone] Lori's little sister—rainbows. Looks pretty bad. This is the fourth time she's OD'd. Got to her in time.

Barry. Downers—how old is she?

Rick. Thirteen. She's crying a lot now. Took a lot.

Barry. Thirteen, shit, shouldn't you call a doctor, an ambulance or something?

Rick. Are you crazy—get her busted? I've got to look up the number of this guy—some kind of community worker.

Barry. What good will he do?

Rick. He works with kids, you know, strung out on drugs. It's in my stuff somewhere. [Exit stage right]

Barry. Thirteen. Just a kid; god, they're taking the stuff young. What for? Things are bad enough without something like tuinal. [Phone rings. Barry, distractedly, answers.] Yeah, oh hi Mr. Rossett, What now? Oh. The final gang fight isn't quite done yet... Well, I haven't done that yet either. Mr. Rossett, you know, well, those gangs used to—they have—a pretty strong code of honor. You know. I was wondering [Rick enters in a hurry to use phone] You don't think it would work huh? Well, maybe it could be linked with some kind of...well, I'll put it off then... [Pauses, looks at Rick. Rick gestures to phone insistently] The drug scene—longer? Buying the stuff, heating it and shooting it? And then the drug trip? How can we do that? I mean, we can't play music, at least not for the magazine. [Feeble laughter. Rick exasperated, waving slip of paper with phone numbers on it.] So the drug scene will be the main scene or what—to start the play? I thought it was going to be toward the end? The big gang war at the end and the drug scene... I don't know. Well, [Rick nudges him, Barry waves him away] why all the change? [Pause. Barry, sickly] Well, how many photos of these kids shooting up do you have? [Rick furious, pushes Barry again] Look Rossett, someone's at the door, call back alright? Yeah. Okay. Bye. [Hangs up. Rick pushes him over to use the phone.]

Rick. Fuck that Rossett.

Barry. Hey, no call to get physical, man... [Rick dialing] I don't know how I'm going to do this thing now. Rossett keeps throwing in so many new things. [Goes to notebook.]

Rick. [On phone] Hi, Lori—yeah, I found it. Sorry to take so long. Okay, 689-4414. Yeah. Laughing now, and crying? Who else is there? That's good. Okay, I'll try to get there pretty soon. Bye baby. [Hangs up. Rick stares at Barry who is writing. Barry finally looks up at him.]

I don't get it man, what—what, exactly is important to you anyway? I mean, here's this sister, fucked up on about four rainbows, and you're going to write some godam lie for some magazine about kids strung out on heavy drugs like it was some kind of happy picnic or something. You're writing about street sisters and brothers like they were some kind of subhumans who still fight each other like cavemen.

I mean it'd be one thing if you were some kind of goddam, uh, sociologist or something, but here you are—off of Central and 46th Street, just like me—and you're not telling nobody why you were the way you were, what it's like to feel out of it all the time, why the only thing to do is get what you can just any way so you can get up every-day instead of wanting to sleep forever.

Barry. Look I'm no fool, you dumb kid. I know what's going on. I was doing reds before I started drinking. I know what the fuck's happening, but what good is it now—that's all a fucked up past for me, man. Don't ask me if I remember what it was like, god damn it, I remember it too well. I used to be the baddest dealer on the street, years before you punks [points pen] were anywhere. I used to... [Rick stares at him slowly, slightly shaking his head. Barry quiets, looks at him slowly, looks down.] [Slowly] Yeah, I know...big shit.

Rick. I guess I'm sorry. I now you'd have to remember. But it's also what you learn. [Barry nods leaning through notebooks, shakes head. Barry continues to go through notes, Rick mounts bike; looks over at him.] Hey, you dummy, no big thing! Hey man, you

know what? [Smiles] You're so dumb, you can't even chew gum and walk at the same time!

Barry. [Dazed] What?

Rick. I said, you're such a fool, you got an appendix transplant.

Barry. [Waking up, smiles in recognition of the ritual.] Oh, well your mother wears combat boots.

Rick. You're mama shines 'em!

Barry. [Laughing] You think you're hot don't you? [Takes marking felt tip pen off of desk, throws to Rick.] Catch! [Both take knife positions, crouched low, pens held underhanded. Barry thrusts, misses, Rick jabs, Barry moves to block, then Rick thrusts and marks Barry's forearm.]

Barry. Hey! [Laughs]

Rick. [Bravado] No more of this light-weight shit.

[Pulls out flat gravity knife, which has been greased and filed. Rick opens blade with flick of the wrist. Barry, still smiling, rummages through desk. Pulls out identical knife. Opens it with both hands. All of this is done in light spirit—fun, with the hint that this ceremony has taken place before, but not recently. They lunge out, stage left of bike—between bike and desk—with back to audience. Clinch. Rick thrusts. Barry groans, very loudly, seems to relax, collapses clutching stomach. Rick holds knife with blade hidden. Barry finally hits ground, sprawled out, hands leave stomach and spread out. There is no blood. Suddenly both laugh. Barry gets up.]

Rick. Man, I would have 'barried' you!

Barry. [Groans with laughter. Grabs stomach again in mock pain; very animated.] I guess my reflexes ain't what they used to be. [Barry turns back to Rick jabbing with knife at imaginary opponent. Rick comes up behind him. Suddenly, Barry spins and accidentally cuts Rick's arm, pretty deep.]

Barry. Oh shit, I'm sorry I didn't...

Rick. Oww, oh fuck. What'd you do that for. Goddam it! [Holds out knife to side with other hand, then clicks it shut, shoves into pocket.] Don't know when to cool it do you? Damn! [Goes over to couch. Telephone rings.]

Barry. There must be bandages around somewhere. [Distracted.]

Rick. That's alright—[Puts handkerchief on wound]—no big thing. [Bike separates them.] Shit, sometimes you really are stupid. [Obviously trying hard to control anger, laughs, clams up, sitting/lying on couch.]

Barry. [Coming over touching handlebar of bike absent-mindedly.] Hey, Rick, I'm sorry, okay? Are you sure it's not that serious? Didn't mean it.

Rick. Yeah, I'm okay you crazy jerk... [Last lines are more of impatience than real anger. Rick looks up at him, sees that Barry, with bike between them, is lightly touching handle and seat of chopper.]

[Real threat] And get your bloody paws off of my property you goddam pig!

[Barry instantly removes hands, folds them together. Rick shakes his head. Telephone rings. Black-out as phone continues to ring.] Curtain.

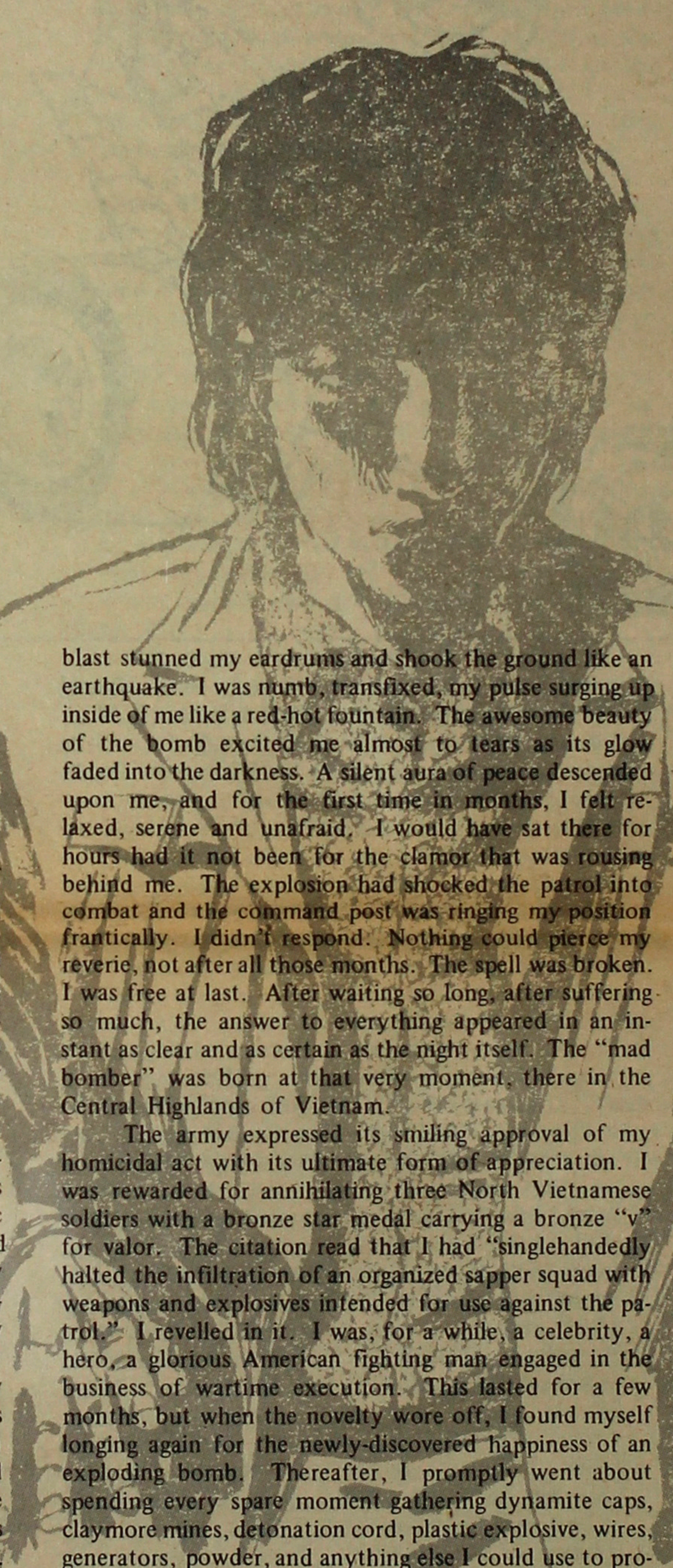
—Bruce Iwasaki

I Want to Die Exactly As I Was Born

I don't know if what I'm going to say will be either sane, coherent or comprehensible. My long period of isolation seems to have altered my perception of reality to such an extent that I doubt whether I can communicate, even minimally, with others. Nonetheless, I feel compelled to tell my story in the hope that someone somewhere will understand and judge me accordingly.

Despite the fact that I have achieved some measure of notoriety as the so-called "mad bomber," let me say that I was not always engaged in the practice of demolition and destruction. I was, at one time, a church-going, tax-paying, law-abiding member of society. I knew very little and cared even less about the social and political upheavals which marked the decline of the American empire. My entire life had been carefully planned by the generation of bureaucrats that preceded me. They had me programmed for a rigid succession of traditional, time-tested roles which were meant to maintain me in a lifelong state of subservience. Boy scout. Choir boy. Honor student. Soldier. Veteran. Businessman. Husband. Father. Senior citizen. Corpse. It was so very neat, so perfect. How did it go wrong? I think it started when I got drafted. That's where I first got sidetracked.

The army exposed me to so many things, things I had been shielded from by the gentle censorship of a dotting suburbia. I began to understand the thousand little perversions which were being used to warp normal human beings into machines of death. So outwardly innocuous, so simple, yet when they were used on me, they cut deeply and permanently. I participated in a routine of systematic cruelty and sadistic brutality so vicious and so savage that I couldn't believe it was all a part of the program. I began to realize that this was the procedure that was employed in order to indoctrinate the citizen soldier—a procedure which had been used on millions of people before me and which would probably be used on millions of people after me—yet something went wrong. The wires got crossed somehow. Something backfired and the process created a freak, a terrorist, a wild-eyed maniac murderer with no conscience and no heart. But before I get too far ahead of myself, let me back up a little and explain if I can. Initially, my reaction to army training was a kind of schizoid withdrawal. My body responded to the signals and commands with a kind of machine-like precision, never doubting, never hesitating, never deviating—at least not outwardly. Inside, the forces of rebellion drove themselves deeper into the psychic underground mazes of my own subconscious. I learned to absorb the horror and cruelty of the modern military machine without externalizing the hatred that was precipitating and condensing itself inside. I hated the army with a consummate passion that clashed furiously against my own docile obedience to their authority. In time, my two coexisting personalities began to define themselves more distinctly and I began to feel the tension which arose from their conflict. I would be standing guard alone in the night and I would feel their struggle inside of me. I wanted to scream and lash out, but I was helpless. The frustration rose to a maddening torture. There was nothing I could do to alleviate the strain within me; nothing that could distract me from the contradictions and confusions which clamored hysterically inside; nothing, that is, until my first explosion. It was so beautiful! We were set up inside a town called Ia Drang in the Central Highlands. I was isolated from the rest of the patrol because it was my turn to man an observation outpost beyond the primary perimeter. I had just placed three claymore mines in a protective semicircle well in front of my position and dug myself in a little deeper. I just sat down and was trying to relax when suddenly I noticed what seemed like furtive motion on my left. I froze. I kept blinking to make sure it wasn't just my eyes staring at the darkness too long. Then I saw it again. Motion. Darting motion. More than one. I grabbed my rifle then remembered that the muzzle flashes would only betray my position to them. I forgot completely about my radio. All I could think about was the mines and how I wanted to use them before they got any closer. I grabbed the hand generator and started pumping desperately. The left mine detonated, blowing a huge column of dust and smoke into the air over a flash of blinding, blue-white luminescence. The



blast stunned my eardrums and shook the ground like an earthquake. I was numb, transfixed, my pulse surging up inside of me like a red-hot fountain. The awesome beauty of the bomb excited me almost to tears as its glow faded into the darkness. A silent aura of peace descended upon me, and for the first time in months, I felt relaxed, serene and unafraid. I would have sat there for hours had it not been for the clamor that was rousing behind me. The explosion had shocked the patrol into combat and the command post was ringing my position frantically. I didn't respond. Nothing could pierce my reverie, not after all those months. The spell was broken. I was free at last. After waiting so long, after suffering so much, the answer to everything appeared in an instant as clear and as certain as the night itself. The "mad bomber" was born at that very moment, there in the Central Highlands of Vietnam.

The army expressed its smiling approval of my homicidal act with its ultimate form of appreciation. I was rewarded for annihilating three North Vietnamese soldiers with a bronze star medal carrying a bronze "v" for valor. The citation read that I had "singlehandedly halted the infiltration of an organized sapper squad with weapons and explosives intended for use against the patrol." I revelled in it. I was, for a while, a celebrity, a hero, a glorious American fighting man engaged in the business of wartime execution. This lasted for a few months, but when the novelty wore off, I found myself longing again for the newly-discovered happiness of an exploding bomb. Thereafter, I promptly went about spending every spare moment gathering dynamite caps, claymore mines, detonation cord, plastic explosive, wires, generators, powder, and anything else I could use to produce bigger and better explosions. I knew that I would be rotating back to the States very shortly and that there would be little time in which to gather materials and acquire the information I needed to effect the plan that was forming in my mind.

Deciding that I was inexperienced in the care and use of high explosives, I undertook a series of practice hits as a tune-up for my return home. I blew up a total of five helicopters, six jeeps, one supply room and an ammunition dump before they figured out that it was coming from inside the base camp. No one was killed, but my escapades nonetheless spread fear throughout the area. Infantry units (including my own) were recalled from the field to patrol within the defensive perimeter. The area command mobilized for two weeks in order to reorganize division security. At every level and in every unit, speculation raged in an attempt to isolate and identify the saboteur. The paranoia was hilarious. Everyone suspected everyone else. Everything was suspicious. Since my unit had been recalled to patrol inside the base camp, I rejoined their mission and undertook the search myself. In the midst of the base camp's tension, I spent my last few weeks of military service secretly

packing explosives into my hold baggage to send back to the States. The only ones I left behind were the ones I had planted, along with a timing device, in the officers' latrine at Division headquarters when I first started my spree. I took care of that last detail by activating the timing mechanism on the eve of my departure; however, it wasn't until I was already back in the States when I read about Division headquarters being blown sky-high right in the middle of a high-level command briefing. As expected, the incident drew impassioned Congressional speeches, outraged public outcry and more intensive security measures in an all-out effort to stop the "mad bomber" of the 4th Division. No one even guessed that they themselves were responsible, that they had created their own frankenstein with their own machinery. No one guessed that the war was coming home.

Things might have gone differently when I returned had it not been for the fact that I came home after just two short years to what seemed like a strange and hostile place. Everywhere I looked I saw the wheels of the Corporate State grinding everyone and everything into a trance-like state of submission. The structure of my own society had been monopolized by the forces that sent me to war; and now they needed more and more mindless robots to do their bidding. Their logic was as fundamental as their war and their techniques no different from their army. I saw them as one and the same and decided to treat them no differently. So I set about to add a catalyst to the melting pot.

My first target was the local draft board—an old score I wanted to settle. I picked a clear summer night in order to get a good view of my fireworks. It was a fairly good blast, considering the small amount of explosives I used. It really lit up the block, smashing windows and scattering debris all over. Fairly good, but not enough. I wanted to see how far I could go. I wanted to press my luck and pull off the biggest, most destructive, most extensive, man-made terrorist explosion ever seen. That night I went to bed fantasizing myself into my dreams. The police department was erupting orgasmically in flame and smoke. City hall was being launched into space, along with the mayor and the whole city council, propelled by the majestic pyrotechnics of TNT. I could feel the rush of power flowing through my body, tingling euphorically in my sleep. I felt myself wanting to sit up and alugh out loud, it was so fantastic.

But morning changed all of that. The newspaper headline stared at me through the open door on my front porch. "Four Dead in Draft Board Bombing." At first it didn't register, at least not consciously. Then, as I began to read further, I realized that I had taken the lives of four people who happened to be walking nearby when the bomb went off. Four lives. For the first time I could feel the burden of remorse. It wasn't that killing was new to me. I had done it to both sides when I was in the war; I did it then without feeling or regret. But this was altogether different. Those four people weren't at war with anyone. Or were they? All I could see were four faceless, lifeless bodies from whoknows-where, blown to bits by accident. Who were they? How did they fit? What was I doing? I was confused. I had been prepared to make war upon society just as I had done against the army, and yet this time the justification seemed more tenuous, less real. Slowly the doubts began to gnaw at my conscience as a new realization began to struggle to the surface. It was not what I expected. There was no feeling of righteous indignation, no hate, not even revenge. There was only pleasure. Cathartic release, ecstatic and hypnotic, was the end itself and the bomb a form of psychotic release for it. I did it because I loved it. I needed it and I wasn't going to stop for anything or anyone—ever.

So, I hope that whoever reads this will understand what I'm trying to say. I don't know if I can understand my own unholy obsession, but I don't know that it matters because I will continue to bomb, kill and destroy until I am stopped. This compulsion is so much a part of me now that it can only be halted by death. I only hope that when the time comes it will be done by bombs and not bullets. I want the lights to blow out in a blaze of sound, sensation and color. Hurlled into oblivion by the very gift that sustained me, I want to die exactly as I was born. —fiction by Mike Yamamoto

Handwriting on the Wall

A little conversation about a lot of crazy people
and how it relates to drugs in the community...

By Doug Aihara

Scene: The Kid is driving into Holiday Bowl parking lot with Mr. T. for lunch.

Mr. T. [Amazement] Hey, when did they clean up the walls?

Kid. [Amazement] Long time ago! Where've you been?

Mr. T. [matter of factly] Oh, I've been eating at Walt's lately. He kinda got mad at me for not eating there more often.

[Conversation tails off as they enter the coffee shop]

Mr. T. [Sitting down, in deep thought] Why do kids paint on walls like that? It just doesn't make sense.

Kid. [quick to answer] I think a lot has to do with a lack of means of communication.

Mr. T. [still confused] But still, that doesn't give them the right to paint up another person's property. They're just making things tougher on themselves.

Kid. Yeah, that could be true but something like this probably would have never happened if whoever did it had seen some kind of result of their trying to communicate. You can't blame them without blaming yourself and society.

Mr. T. Ahh, come off it, who are you trying to kid? The problem nowadays is that your generation lacks respect. You just don't want to admit it.

Kid. [With a little disgust] Man, how can you stereotype an entire generation?

Mr. T. [Determined] No, really. Your generation just does not have the same respect as my generation had. Why, when I was your age I did what I was told. We didn't question why. You kids have it easy.

Kid. I won't argue about how times have changed. The problems you had then were quite different from the ones that are facing kids today, and that is exactly the reason for the communication gap. To attempt to understand a child, many parents make the mistake of trying to relate those feelings, those ambitions, those securities of "way back" to "what it is" today. Man, that ain't gonna get you nowhere. All you get is friction.

Mr. T. So you're saying it's all our fault, that we should bend to every demand made. You've got to be kidding!

Kid. No! No! What I'm asking is that you keep an open mind to what I or anyone else may have to say and really take the time out to think about it.

Mr. T. [chuckling] If I did that I wouldn't have time for anything else.

Kid. Come on, seriously, I think too many parents are caught off guard when their child starts asking them why he can't stay out so late or why he has to eat his fish, or whatever. "It's bad for you," or "It's good for you," or "Jus do as you're told." Man, what kinda answers are those? It's answers like that which can cause trouble. And the parents keep asking themselves "Where did I go wrong?" Man!

Mr. T. Man, you make it sound like parents are evil



demons or something. We are only trying to do what we think is best for you kids. I know we make mistakes but what do you expect? Just wait until you have kids, then you'll see.

Kid. All I see is that it'll be a struggle with a lot of give and take in their teenage years. I'm not saying that raising kids is easy and I'm not saying that I know all there is to know about raising kids, but I know that when they have something to say I'm going to be there to listen and learn.

Mr. T. Very good, now will you hurry up and finish your sandwich.

[The meal ends without further incident]

Another little conversation begins about a lot of crazy people out in the community and how it relates to drugs. Enter Mr. G.]

Mr. G. [Thoughtfully] Boy, better be careful now days. Some crazy guy knocks you over the head if he sees a big wad.

Kid. [Kiddingly] Yeah, I know all about 'em. We got some on our routes.

Mr. G. Yeah, did you hear about that robbery on Washington Blvd? Man robbed a store and pushed an old lady as he went out for no reason. Man, there are some crazy people around...

Mr. T. [Over-hearing the conversation injects] Probably on dope.

[Mr. T. and Mr. G. nod assurance to each other.]

Kid. And why do you say that?

Mr. G. [Considers carefully] I don't know. Dope just seems to make them braver and crazier.

Kid. Tell me what kind so I'll know what to stay away from...

Mr. T. [Serious now] Is the drug problem really as bad as they say it is in the Asian community?

Kid. [nods] I'd say so.

Mr. T. [Shakes his head] Why do kids take drugs? It's so senseless! I don't see what they're trying to get out of it.

Kid. I suppose for the same reasons people drink—something to do, to be sociable, because their friends do it, they're trying to escape something or it just plain kicks.

Mr. T. Yeah, but don't they know drugs are bad for them? And it can lead them to stronger and worse things.

Kid. Man, people do a lot of things that might do them harm, but half the time that won't stop them. Why do millions of people drink and smoke? It affords some kind of psychological crutch and it's easier to rationalize and accept doing 'cuz so many people do it and it's legal. Have you heard about Lilly Mfg. Co.?

Mr. T. [Shakes head] No.

Kid. It's where most of the reds being bought on the streets are manufactured. Reds are the most widely used drug and the one that most kids OD on in our community.

Mr. T. [Flashes] There should be more stringent laws and penalties. Really crack down on the pushers. Throw them in jail and keep them there.

Kid. [Shakes head] And what will that take? A bigger police department which means more centralization of forceful power. Something that goes against the very grain of democracy. Now, I know you don't want to think about something undemocratic would you?

Mr. G. Yeah, well, you need some kind of law and order or people will be robbing everybody dry.

Kid. [Eyes light up] Ah-ha! And now you see the fatal flaw of capitalism. Although capitalism has pushed this nation to the top in the world of business, science, power...it has also created some of the worst ghettos, criminals, wars...each is a by-product of capitalism, not democracy. It is impossible to eliminate this without changing the system. So the way I see it, since so many people are getting screwed up, there must be a change in the system.

Mr. T. [Pessimistically] Eh, something like that is gonna take a long time. The system is too big. How do you expect to change it? Be writing on walls?

[He ends the last line with a laugh, and gives "The Kid" a friendly nudge.]

Kid. [Kiddingly] Man, you sure are stubborn. Don't even know when you're licked. Why don't you just try and believe what I have to say sometime, instead of always arguing for the sake of arguing. Argue, argue, argue. Man!

Mr. T. [Chuckling] Look who's talking! Kid, you won't stop talking till someone agrees with you.

Kid. [Still joking around] That's 'cuz I feel it's important that people know and realize the truth.

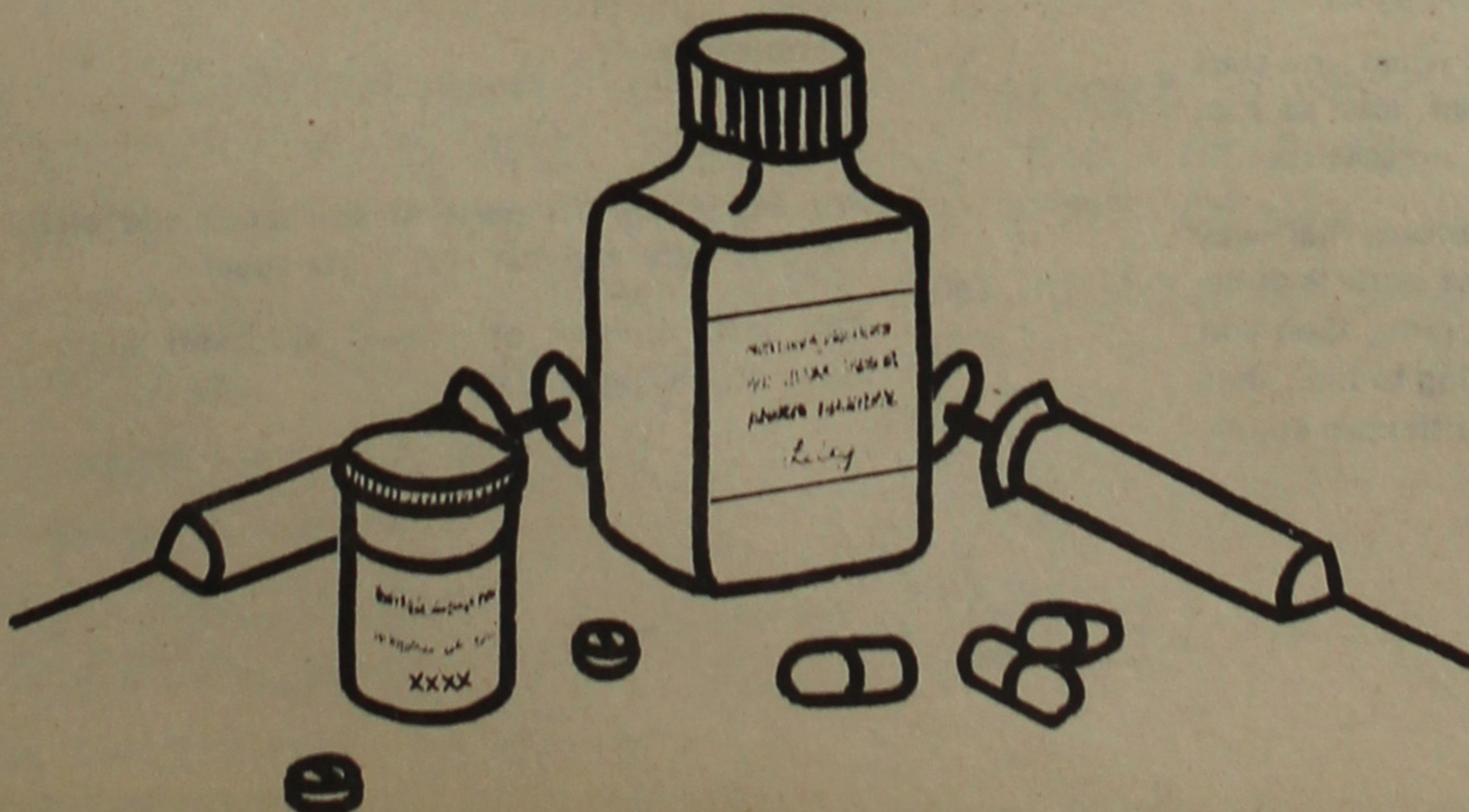
Mr. G. [Lighting up a cigarette] Yeah? And you know what is the truth and what is right and what is wrong?!

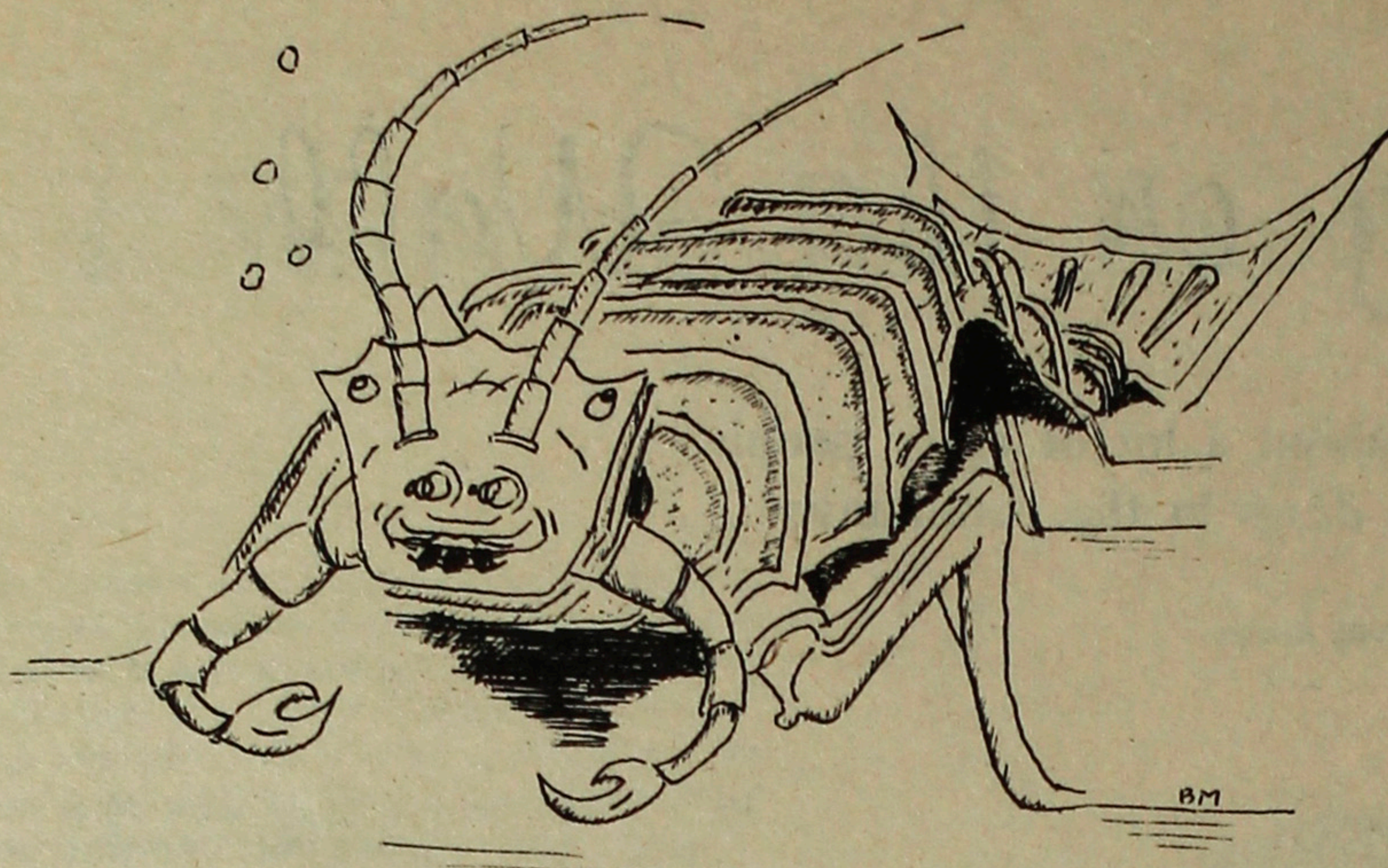
Kid. [Nods confidently] You better know it! Just like I know that nine regular Schlitz is \$2.04 and not \$1.81.

Mr. G. [Smiles and shrugs his shoulders] No one's perfect.

Kid. You don't have to apologize. You're the boss, remember?

END





FISH 'N TIPS

A couple of years ago, there was a big hassle about the mercury content in fish. This resulted in many people being afraid to eat fish. No one wants to eat contaminated fish such as swordfish (don't ever buy swordfish). But there are a lot of fish that aren't touched by mercury and are "good eating" as well as "good" (high protein) for you. If you dislike seafood (maybe due to bad luck when you go fishing), this article would probably not interest you. But if you dig fish, then I hope to offer some helpful hints when shopping for seafood.

The best way to buy fish is to see how firm it is. The firmer the meat, the fresher the fish. Color is also a way of telling freshness, but the color varies with each fish. The following list gives hints and suggestions for purchasing and preparing fish.

Inexpensive Fish

- Spanish Mackerel - firm meat
fry or broil in teriyaki sauce
- Red Snapper - nice red color
bake whole or fry
- Mackerel - slimy and firm
fry
- Sand Dabs - slimy
teriyaki fry or broil
- Squid - white and slimy
cook (boil) in teriyaki sauce
eat raw with soy sauce
- Salmon collars - nice color (red or pink)
steam with vegetables
- White Sea Bass collars - nice white color
use for soup (as soup base)
- BEST BET - Spanish Mackerel**

Moderately Priced Seafood

- Crabs - should be heavy; Dungeness are the best; fresh or frozen are good appetizers or crab salad
- Clams - should be closed which means they're alive
bake with butter or use meat to make chowder
- Barracuda - firm meat
broil with teriyaki sauce
- Perch - firm meat; usually fresh year round;
watch out for small bones
fry and eat with lemon and soy sauce
- Sculpin - slimy and firm
steam with spinach and tofu
- BEST BET - Barracuda**

Expensive Seafood

- Mountain Trout - slimy and firm
fry in butter
- Salmon - nice color (red or pink) and firm meat
fry or bake
- Abalone - buy live ones in the shell; if they bounce back when you touch them then they're alive
fry or eat raw
- Halibut - buy when fresh, but usually comes frozen
fry or bake
- Sashimi or Raw fish - eat with soy sauce and mustard
- White Sea Bass - firm and white

Tuna - Blue Fin Tuna is the best; the freshest kind have a dark red color; tuna gets lighter in color as it gets older; frozen tuna is OK if it has good color but don't keep it more than one day.

On the West Coast the best is local Blue Fin; on the East Coast ask for Boston Tuna

In Hawaii buy Hawaii Tuna

Shrimps - usually fresh because they are packaged fresh-frozen

appetizers, salad, tempura

Oysters - should be clear; if it's muddy then they're not as good; dark oysters have a strong flavor

West Coast - Pacific Oysters

East Coast - Maryland Oysters
eat raw or fry

Lobster - if you can afford lobster then you probably wouldn't have read this article this far.

A cooking suggestion - Tofu (soy bean curd cake) goes well with any type of seafood. It's also cheap and has lots of protein.

Stay away from the pierside fish stores because they rip you off and their fish are not as fresh as you might think. Try to shop at fish markets or other small markets where fish is displayed in the counter. You're taking a chance buying fish from supermarkets where it's always wrapped up, because you really can't tell how old it is.

Good luck and good eating.

CHARLIE TUNA

GREG'S

SHRIMP WITH LOBSTER SAUCE

- Pork
- Mushrooms (fresh)
- Shrimp
- Vegetables: Water Chesnuts
Bok Choy or Napa
Chinese Peas
Green Onions
Carrots

- Chicken Broth (can)
- Shoyu
- Eggs (beaten)
- Corn Starch to thicken sauce

First prepare ingredients so that when you start to cook it will be in one motion, also so that you won't overcook any of the ingredients.

Cook pork first. Add mushrooms half-way through cooking pork. When the pork is done, add shrimp. Cook shrimp until pink, then add vegetables, broth and shoyu. Bring to boil, then mix in egg. Later, thicken sauce with corn starch.

TOMMY'S TERIYAKI SAUCE

- Soy sauce (shoyu)
- Ginger
- Garlic
- Aji-no-moto
- Sugar
- Sake

For every five (5) parts of soy sauce add one (1) part sake and two (2) parts sugar.

Add small amount of ginger, garlic and aji-no-moto according to taste.

Revolutionary Recipes

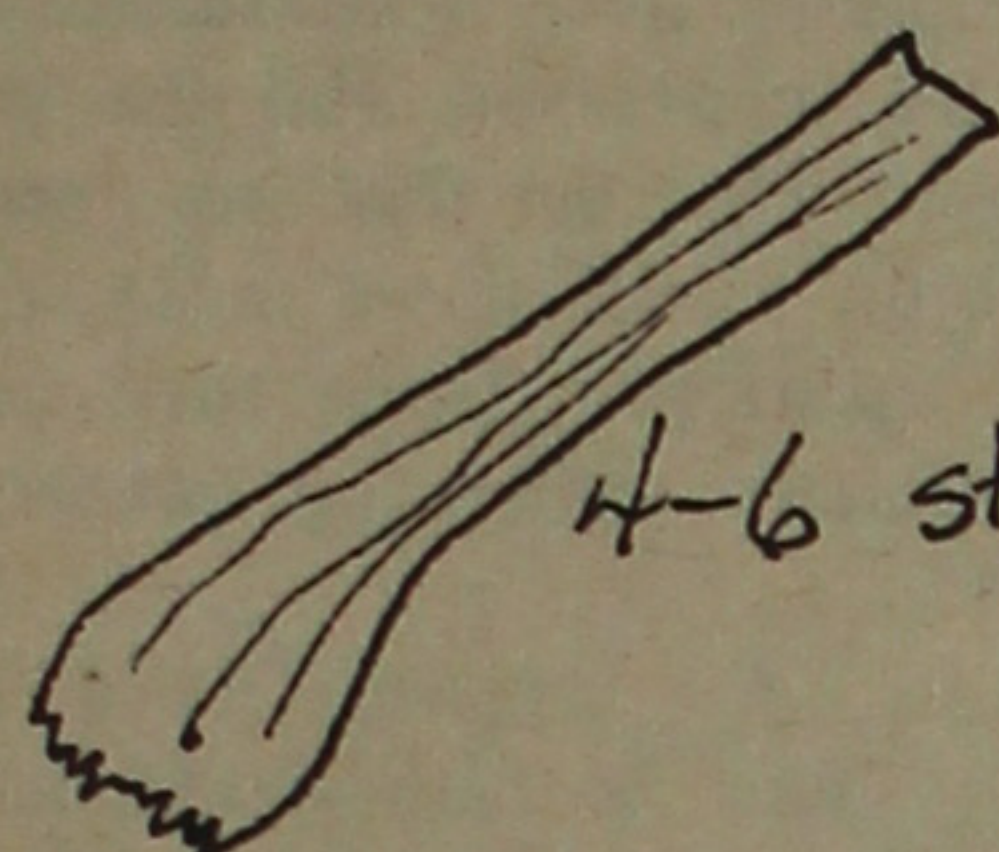
Feed More for Less

Killer Fawn Ox Tail Stew (2 POTS = SERVES 15-20)

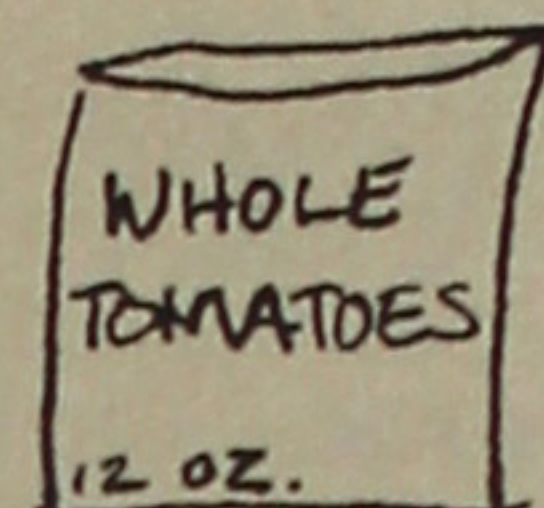


3 lbs. ox tails
(\$1.00 on sale)

-lots of small pieces
easier eating & more
flavor.



4-6 stalks of celery

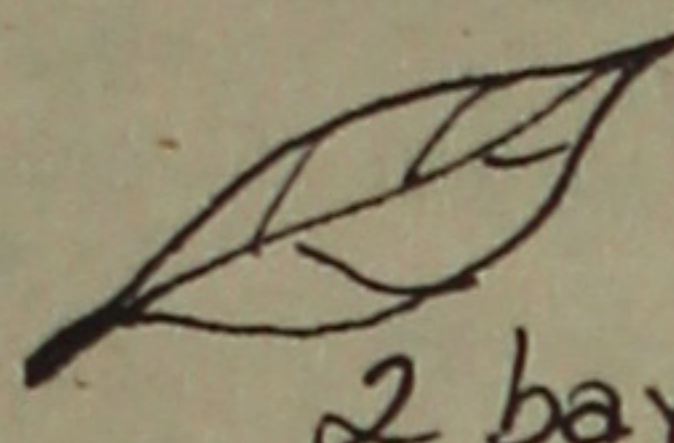


2 lg. cans



2 lg. cans

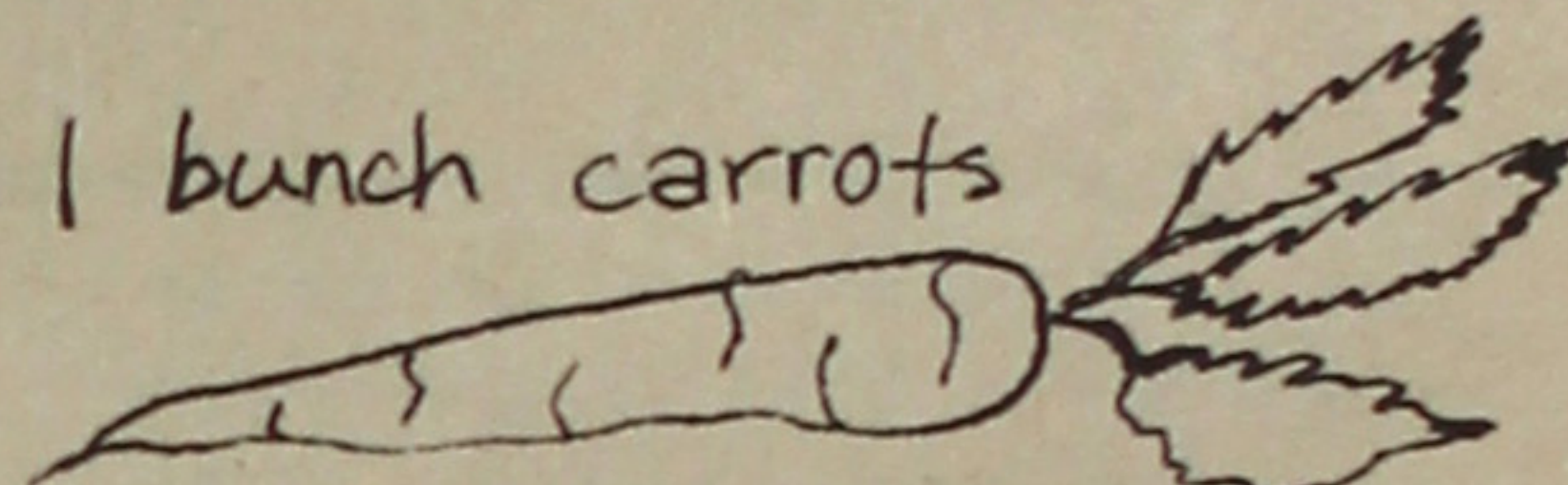
OIL &
FLOUR



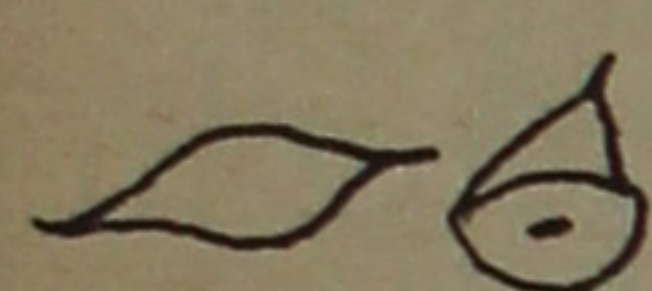
2 bay leaves

salt
pepper
ajinomoto

to taste



1 bunch carrots



4 cloves garlic



4 medium
sized potatoes

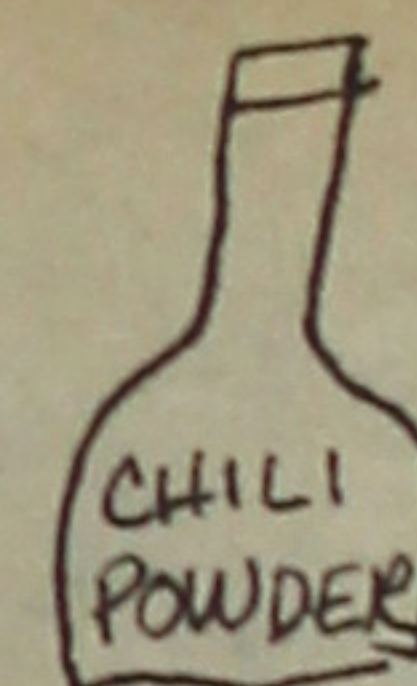


A pinch (per pot):

marjoram
thyme
rosemary
sage (opt.)



4 lg. onions



2 healthy
sprinkles
(per pot)

People of color have been cooking ox tails for as long as the ruling classes have been discarding them. And they make a flavorful, soulful stew.

First, get two pots (this is for a lot of people). Cover the bottom of the pots with a little oil, and brown some garlic cloves (just a few—they're pretty intense). Then, roll the oxtails around in some seasoned flour (salt, pepper, what you like). Put them in the garlic oil and turn them around for awhile until they're brown. Then, add a can of tomatoes and tomato sauce to each pot, plus at least one can of water each. Add the vegetables, other spices and cook until it boils. Try the sauce to see how it tastes. If it's alright, let it boil slowly for about two hours. When it's ready, you can share it with fifteen to twenty sisters and brothers, and it comes out to less than 4 dollars. (Over rice, of course).

Oh yeah—if it tastes too tomatoe-y, add a little brown sugar or honey. If it's too watery, add a cube or two of beef boullion. If you want it thicker, add some corn starch mixed in water.

"The movement has to eat in order to live."

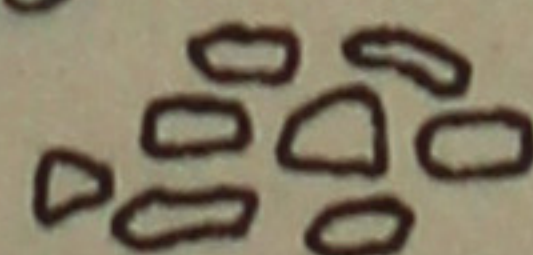
Linda Swataki

("...and remember: 'a revolutionary army travels on its stomach!'" —UNCLE MEAT)

CHINESE CHICKEN SALAD (for 10 or more persons with large appetites!)

First, broil 3-4 lbs. chicken breasts

chop { 2 heads of lettuce
4 stalks of green onions
cooked chicken meat



Deep fry maifun (noodles) until it curls (about 3 seconds)

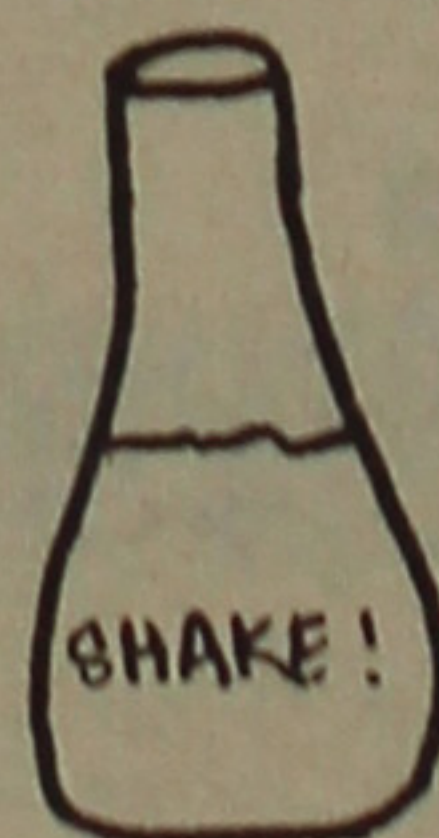
[You can buy the maifun in the oriental food section]

When cool, mix the maifun in with the rest of the salad

Dressing (make in a separate bottle with the following ingredients)

SHAKE!!

{ 6 Tablespoons sesame oil
2 Tablespoons vinegar
1 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons sugar
1/8 teaspoon ajinomoto



Add dressing to salad and toss — that's it!

Lessons of the U.N. Vote

Reprinted from *Chinese Awareness*

It took the United Nations twenty-two years to recognize the fact that the People's Republic is the sole legitimate representative of the Chinese people. Now that the first group of the Peking delegation have arrived in New York to take its rightful seat in the world assembly, we wish to extend our congratulations to the victory won by the People's Republic of China, and our sincere welcome to her delegates.

This decisive victory is also a victory for the people of the world, which means, a decisive defeat for the government of the United States. Ever since the founding of the People's Republic of China in 1949, the United States government has used every trick in the book to block the rightful seating of China in the United Nations. As the world refused to tolerate this atrocity any longer, the United States ruling class created the so-called "two China policy," hoping it would keep the Chiang Kai-shek regime in the world organization. The nations of the world answered with an overwhelming 76-35 vote. For more than two decades, the United States ignored the existence of one-quarter of humankind, and supported

Chiang Kai-shek who represented only the ruling capitalists in Japan and America. Realizing that the tide is changing against her, the United States then decided there are "two Chinas," when, in fact, there is only one China, which is the People's Republic of China.

The tide is indeed changing. Commenting on the UN decision to restore China's rights, Senator Goldwater said, in all sincerity, that "we had countries voting against us that we have literally kept ever since World War II." Right on! The UN vote tells us in the clearest possible way that the people of the world simply refuse to suffer any longer the arrogance and interference of any superpower. The 76-35 vote is impressive indeed. Yet, as the New York Guardian points out, if population figures are considered in adding up each nation's vote, the tally comes to 2.5 billion for China, and 0.6 billion for the U.S. Peoples of the world are uniting, both in the United Nations and throughout the world.

But what has all this got to do with the Chinese-Americans here in Los Angeles? With the immigrant woman who sweats ten hours a day behind the sewing machine? With the seventy year old man who is still unable to speak English? With the cooks, the waiters, the laundry workers, or the gift shop clerks whose survival depends on smiling and catering to white people's long, hard struggle towards

freedom, equality, and independence? Must we know about the exploitative and aggressive nature of U.S. imperialism in America? In the UN. In the world?

The answer is yes.

Because the Chinatown community in which we live is full of problems, full of contradictions. Because the relationship between the Chinatown society and the larger American society is quite similar to the relationship between China and the Western powers before liberation. Because it gives us pride and confidence to know that no matter how tough the obstacles may be, the Chinese people can overcome them when united together. When Mao Tse-tung proclaimed in 1949 that the Chinese people have stood up, he was stating a fact which took years of hard struggle to accomplish, culminating with the UN recognition. Problems and contradictions will not simply go away by themselves; and the struggle of the Chinese people tells us that no problem, no contradiction can't be solved if we unite together and struggle for its solution. Only then are we able to gain our legitimate rights and privileges in this American society.

As individuals, we get crushed; as a group, we become a force. This is true in China, and this is true in the UN. This is also true in Chinatown U.S.A.



Chinese Awareness

Los Angeles Chinatown is neither as large nor as problem-infested as the San Francisco and New York Chinatowns. Yet the persons of Chinese ancestry in the L.A. Chinatown community number over 35,000 and with the influx of new immigrants, this rate is increasing at the rate of two to three hundred per month.

The social and economic problems, though not of the same
twelve **GIDRA: January, 1972**

magnitude as those of the other two cities, nevertheless are similar and of crucial nature. *Chinese Awareness* was created in response to these problems; it attempts to serve the community by establishing a forum of expression for both English-speaking and Chinese-speaking groups in the greater Los Angeles area.

The maiden issue of *Chinese Awareness* rolled off the presses

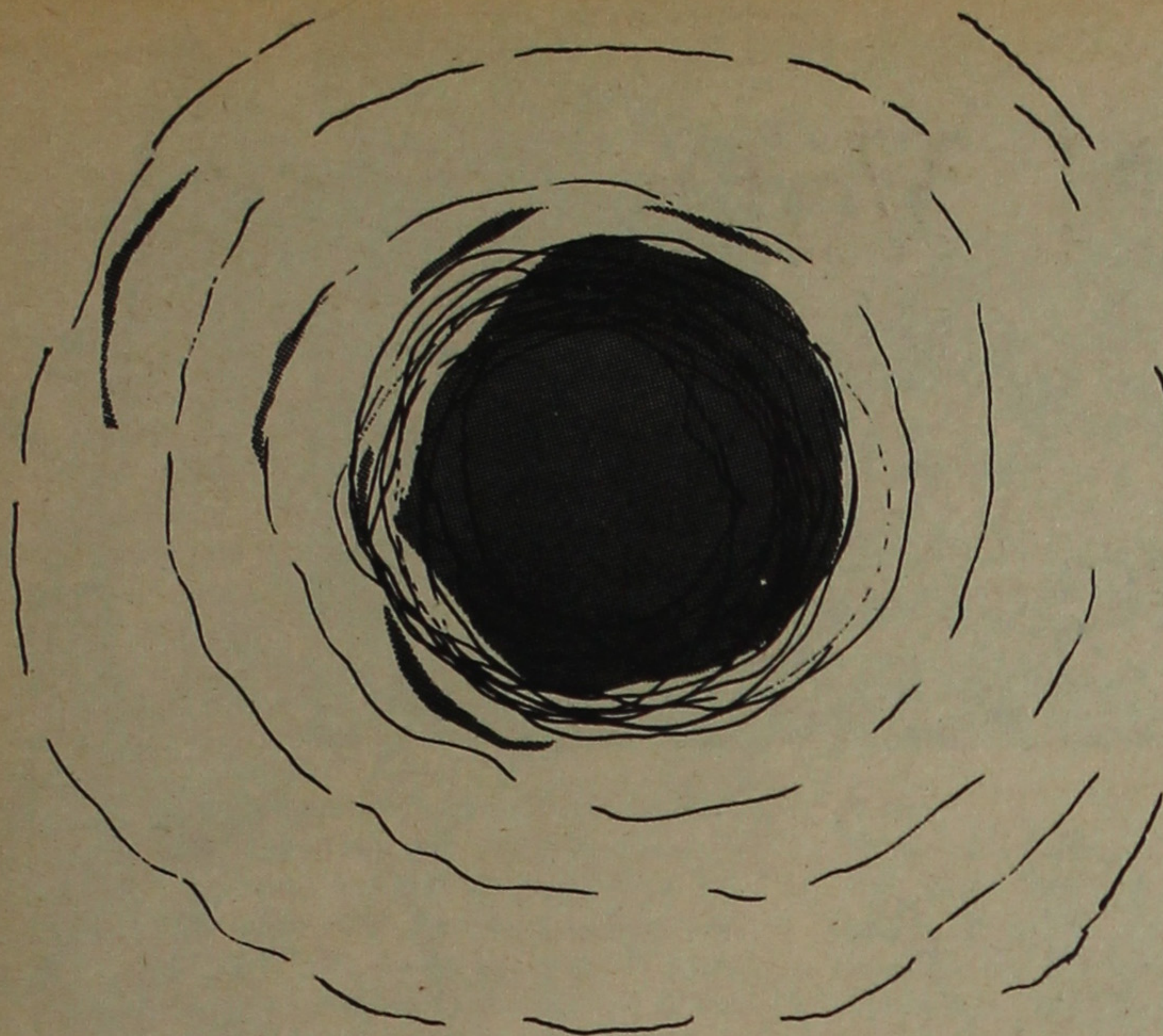
in July, 1971 and has been providing essential information on current events, social services and social and recreational events, as well as thought-provoking and informative literary works written by members of the community.

Some topics projected for this month include: immigration problems, reviews of the film "Red Detachment of Women," street youth, senior citizens' activities, news about China, and community announcements.

For subscriptions or copies of past issues, write to:

Chinese Awareness
971 Chungking Road
Los Angeles, California 90012

Subscriptions are \$1.00 for six months. [Institutions, libraries and overseas subscriptions are \$2.50 for six months.]



change the world

looking back one year
seems like
another layer of hang-ups gone
and so many more are now up front
and so many more I'm hiding
behind
under all these
somewhere inside
is me

somewhere inside is me
that's what I want to be
that's who I want to see

and this time that peels off the calendar
like the layers around myself
and this time I can feel that this time
is gone
and there is the present
to do the things I need to do
and there is the future
to do what I've been putting off
only this time I feel that this time
is gone
and I am left with something
I can't leave behind
and I feel like it's holding me down

I see the people all
around me moving
all round me
will I be left behind?
left alone?
let me move with you with me
with everyone

— tracy okida

KENNY

I was born in December near Christmas time
And that was my awesome fate
For birthday presents I was born too soon
And for school I was born too late
So when I started school I had a year's head start
But that quickly disappeared
And except for the other kids on my block
Kindergarten kids were weird
I remember the first day and my initial shock
When Teacher called my name
For I learned that I was a Japanese
And that in English, Kenny meant James
And I also learned how to tie my shoes
And how to tell the time
And because girls are dumb they got to go first
And must walk in a separate line
But when Christmas time came around that year
And that meant my birthday too
I learned the Japs had bombed Pearl Harbor
Which was a very bad thing to do
And I knew that I was a Jap
Because it wasn't easy to forget
But I hoped that maybe Santa Claus
Didn't know that yet
Then when I was in Jr. High
I got to see the film
How the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor
Because they like to kill
And when I was in High School
It happened once again
"Today's Pearl Harbor Day"
"Don't turn your back to him"
And I even went to college
And guess what happened there
When December 7th came around
Nobody even cared
So I said, "Hey, today's Pearl Harbor Day
"And I'm 100% Japanese"
This guy said, "Boy, that's all right
"Cause y'ain't part Vietnamese"
So I said, "I'm glad Red China got in
"And I love the Viet Cong"
He chased me saying, "I hate you Slants
I hate you and I hate ping-pong"
And it seems like year-in-and-year-out
Nothing will ever change
This year I was twenty-two
And no birthday presents came
But it's not just me getting older
Or some vicarious regret
It's just that I'm still Japanese
And I wonder if Santa knows yet

JAMES Nishita



thirteen GIDRA: January, 1972



Even in Hanford
a small town
in a big valley
of the richest state
in the most powerful country
of our earth
history lies hidden
down a dusty road
in the oldest cemetery of town
in the segregated section
once reserved for japs.

There
a tombstone
for a two-year old boy
deceased 1926
still lovingly tended
with flowers and a small toy truck.

Each week
his mother comes
in simple memory
to remember the past
with a small gift
to the present spirit.

How painful it must have been
to lay a child in the foreign soil
of a separate section
reserved for japs
How painful it must have been
in camp
behind barbed wire
to make this pilgrimage
in spirit only
to remember, but not to see.

Of such simple things
throughout history
have the hearts of mothers
concerned themselves.

Even in Hanoi
a large city
by a big river
in a small country
in the most cruel war
in the history
of our earth
a mother there
sometimes turns her eyes to the South
to remember, but not to see
two children.

How painful it must have been
seventeen years ago
to leave them and go North
because the French demanded it
How painful it must be
to have only memories
of small children
now grown up
without their mother.

Now she works very hard
and hopes to return
if they are alive
to find them
if they sacrificed their lives
to bury them
if they are behind barbed wire
to tear it down
to reach through and unite
the past with the present
the spirit with the body
to lovingly tend
the memory and the reality

flowers on a grave
memories of small children
a toy truck
and barbed wire

of such simple things
is human history made.

—pat sumi

WHAT VIETNAM MEANS TO US

The following article is an excerpt from *South Vietnam*, a book written by Marta Rojas and Raul Valdes Vivo, two Cuban journalists who visited the liberated areas of South Vietnam a few years ago.

Many Asians are trying to find a deep and true sense of identity but have thought that this identity was a "psychological" problem in their minds. If we read and think carefully about this article, we can see that our identity rests not on metaphysics and "vibes" but on a concrete sense of oneness with the fighting revolutionaries of the world. As these two Cubans point out, the victory of the Vietnamese people is *our* victory because it signals the defeat of the very people who, in America, have tried to impose their racist and decadent society on us. And each time these racists retreat, we can and should find our own strength growing.

The people who wrote this article think well of us. They see that we all have an identity with each other

against the American system which makes concentration camps in Colorado and strategic hamlets in Vietnam; which teaches honest young men categorically to hate "gooks" as well as chinks and flips; a system which tries to exterminate anyone and anything in its way. But we must make up our minds about whom we identify with. "Either we act as human beings, as one more member of the great human family, or all the other peoples will increasingly regard us as ignominious, stupid and bloody assassins."

We must stop seeing ourselves as individuals groping about for something "real" in our minds and start seeing ourselves as part of the great masses of American and world peoples who have been shedding their blood and waging a courageous fight against the very system which oppresses us here. Nothing can be more "real" to us than the fighters of Angola and Mozambique, the women guerillas of Indochina, the daily growing pro-

ductive strength of the Cubans. These two Cubans, citizens of a nation we have been told is our "enemy," have a great deal to teach us, even though they are writing about people in yet another nation we have been told is our "enemy."

Our tasks are clear. How many more rock concerts will we go to while stoned out of our minds in an empty search for identity? How many times will we look at our "personal" problems as so important while the world's peoples wait for our decision? How can we be too tired to work against the Indochina war when the Indochinese have been fighting for 25 years? These are questions Asian Americans should be asking themselves when they think about their identity and the meaning of the following article.

—Pat Sumi

Man was born of his hands

Deep in the recesses of remotest antiquity, so long ago that it is lost to us like a column of smoke dissipated in the clouds, man developed his hands through work. And through work with his hands he developed his mind. With his hands he learned to count, in Arabia, from 1 to 10.

Let us then make us of our hands to define what we mean by "us" in relation to Vietnam.

With one hand, let us take the fingers of the other and begin to mark off.

Let our minds and our hearts, born of our hands, also participate in our efforts to find our definition.

"Us" is a word which extends from myself to all those known and unknown to me, to all who have died and all those yet to be born.

So we begin. . .

When "Us" means the "Tricontinental"

What is involved is not merely the fact that what is valid for Latin America is also valid for Africa and even more so for Asia, where Vietnamese is flowing. The United States' retreat from South Vietnamese territory would also mean abandonment of its criminal plans against neutral and peaceful Cambodia and against Laos, whose courageous people have already liberated two-thirds of their country.

Washington would have to cancel its diabolical project to convert the lands of Indochina into a fortress from which to stage flanking attacks upon China and the entire socialist world.

Without the presence of the U.S. assassins, the revolution would advance in all of Southeast Asia giving land, rice, liberty, education and dignity to peoples who have suffered for centuries.

The people would convert this part of the world into a garden. In all certainty, every corner of Asia, Africa, and Latin America would feel the enormous impact of the military defeat of the largest and most aggressive imper-

ialist power at the hands of these small Asiatic peasant nations.

What unprecedented enthusiasm there would be in the Second Tricontinental Conference if it were to convene with Vietnam entirely liberated and at peace!

When "Us" is Synonymous with "The World Revolutionary Movement"

When one visits a school in the jungle and sees the children learning to live as well as to read; to fight as well as to write, he realizes that he is simply visiting one classroom. The entire school is all of Vietnam.

It is a school for all revolutionaries, and not just the children.

It is a school for all revolutionaries, beginning with Viet Nam's own revolutionaries. And not because this is an "extraordinary" people. Time and again, Vietnamese comrades of all walks of life rejected this term.

"If you present me as an extraordinary peasant, you are separating me from peasants in all the other countries of the world."

And when I asked of their 20 years of warfare against superior enemy forces, I heard this reply, "When I was an illiterate, I thought that all men who knew how to read and write were extraordinary. When the guerillas came and liberated the village, they taught me. Did I stop being myself and become something different from the peasants who are still illiterate? They will soon learn." The world revolutionary movement learns in Viet Nam what they learned from the experience of other peoples and are learning from their own experience.

Instead of seeing the different forms of struggle as alternatives, they use them all. They use armed struggle to confront the troops of the ruling class and foreign imperialism when there is no other way to defeat them. They use political struggle among the unarmed masses to raise the morale of the people, to demoralize the enemy, and to unite all who are opposed to oppression.

They use the tactic of infiltration in the very columns of the enemy to win over or neutralize the masses of

soldiers and even some of their officers.

The Vietnamese have learned that the important thing is to fight ceaselessly for the victory of the people, that is, for the triumph of the revolutionary power of the people.

Anything which helps them advance toward this objective is good.

Anything which postpones victory is bad.

And when they say all forms of struggle, they mean all weapons.

"What is that hanging from the trees?"

"Wasps' nests."

And we saw the fine vines that extended from the nests through the jungle to the hands of guerillas, lying in wait to ambush a detachment of soldiers approaching at a slow pace, bowed down under the burden of their heavy weapons, apathy, and fear.

When "Us" refers to "The People of the United States"

The main idea to be understood is that if the United States should somehow win in Viet Nam, this would be a major defeat for the people of the United States. Because this dirty and cruel war is not being waged in the interests of the laborers and farmers, the office workers and traveling salesmen of the United States. And certainly not in the interests of the black and Third World Americans!

This name which now appears so often in the U.S. press—a press that defends banders against strikers, lynch mobs against decent people—this name which was hardly mentioned before in the United States, the name of "Viet Nam," means much more than the average U.S. citizen has understood.

"Viet Nam" is something as far removed from his experience as the Waldorf Astoria for a jobless youth, but with the difference that Johnson has reserved this youth a "room" in another "hotel" which is, naturally, not quite as comfortable as the Waldorf.

The "room" may vary: a jungle with serpent and mala-



ria; a jungle filled with hatred wherever a Vietnamese is found; a jungle with booby traps and poisoned arrows. The Vietnamese earth also serves as a lodging for many simple soldiers dispatched upon the Pentagon's errands. They are the thousands who die in the orgy of death which their chiefs have unleashed. The United States can never defeat Viet Nam, no matter what weapons it uses, the number of soldiers it sends, or the number of crimes they commit. But if such a victory were possible, what would it mean for the people of the United States? The victory parade would begin in New York and the imperialists would do everything possible to continue it through Vientiane, Phnom Penh, Peking, Moscow, and Havana. Dead U.S. soldiers would be counted by the millions, and not by the thousands.

The most rabid reactionary groups would be the unchallenged masters of the United States, with a program which may be summed up in a single hideous word: *fascism*.

The fate reserved for blacks by the conquerors of the yellow peoples is no secret: physical extermination, absolute slavery.

The defeat of the United States in Viet Nam would not be a defeat for the people of the United States, just as the defeat of Nazi Germany was not the defeat of the German people.

Moreover, it would not mean the loss of a single inch of U.S. territory, thousands of miles away. It would mean bringing home the U.S. soldiers who were sent there to kill and die.

Something new is already appearing in the peace movement in the United States. Numerous mass demonstrations demand withdrawal of the occupation forces from the distant peninsula and cessation of the "undeclared war" (undeclared through fear of formulating an absurd declaration which the people would neither understand nor support).

It is a broad, militant movement, including all democratic sectors with youth in the vanguard, in defense of the interests, honor, and security of the people of the United States.

All the people of Vietnam welcome this movement.

They wish to live in peace with the people of the United

States.

The historic march on Washington had hardly ended when U.S. Army Sergeants Smith and McClure, a white man and a black man, marched through the jungle toward freedom. As prisoners in Viet Nam, they came to understand that an invisible prison encloses their people: the war policy of the manufacturers of napalm, poison gas, B-52 planes and M-113 tanks. This prison is awaiting them with iron bars and silence for having raised their voices to speak the truth. "Viet Nam" (not as a proper noun, but as a common name for that people and all others who in Asia, Africa and Latin America are fighting against imperialism) is forcing the people of the United States to face themselves in their tragic dilemma, "To be or not to be."

Either the people of the United States must begin to act as human beings, as one more member of the great human family, or all the other peoples will increasingly regard them as ignominious, stupid and bloody assassins.

When "Us" means "Viet Nam"

Here, there are no dilemmas or doubts.

It is clear to all that the border between North and South is no more than an artificial division established at Geneva along with the agreements decreeing peace and respect for Viet Nam's independence.

Would the people of the United States ever accept a permanent division of their territory?

Lincoln could answer that.

The Vietnamese people have been one people through forty centuries of history.

They were one through their years of struggle against French domination.

Even Johnson reveals the artificiality of the division when he bombs the North exactly as he bombs the South.

Just as one cannot be satisfied with half of his wife's love, the Vietnamese people from the northern mountains to the peninsula of Ca Mau, fight for their total freedom.

Their watchword is "Defend the North, Liberate the South and Unify the country."

I saw them courageously offering their lives to fulfill these goals, in the jungles near Saigon and in towns near

Hanoi. The Vietnamese people have fought for the last twenty years for their sacred right to independence and happiness.

They will fight for 20 more years.

They will fight for 20 more centuries.

They will fight for as long as is necessary; they will make all necessary sacrifices, but they will triumph.

Now we arrive at the Hand's limit:

What is Viet Nam to "Us"

When by "Us" we understand "mankind"?

Think it over and give us your answer, kind reader, you who are part of mankind.

Your own destiny is being decided in a part of the world where the fires of war burst over a green sea of trees, over rivers of blood and tears, the thunder of guns and the songs of revolutionaries.

Because the fight in Viet Nam is not only between Viet Nam and the power of dollars, but between humanity and anti-humanity.

Either the peasants win, or the generals who serve the landowners.

Either the workers win, or the millionaire parasites of the technical era.

Either the women win, or those who violate women "following superior orders" as a means of intimidating the population and sowing terror.

Either the children win, or their murderers.

Either liberty triumphs, or fascism.

Either progress, or reaction.

Either the peoples, or imperialism.

These are the possibilities that anyone can check off on his fingers.

Finishing our check-off, I, we—this "we" felt by all of us in the depths of our hearts—see a Vietnamese peasant clench his hand firmly upon his rifle, just as he would grasp his plow if he were left in peace to do so.

It is daybreak in the jungle; the sun proudly salutes the guerilla fighter moving forward to fight. . . .

For Vietnam.

That is to say, for us.

For all of us.

Reprinted from *Tien Phong*, a magazine from the Association of Vietnamese Patriots in Canada, P.O. Box 32A, Station N, Montreal 129, P.Q. Canada.



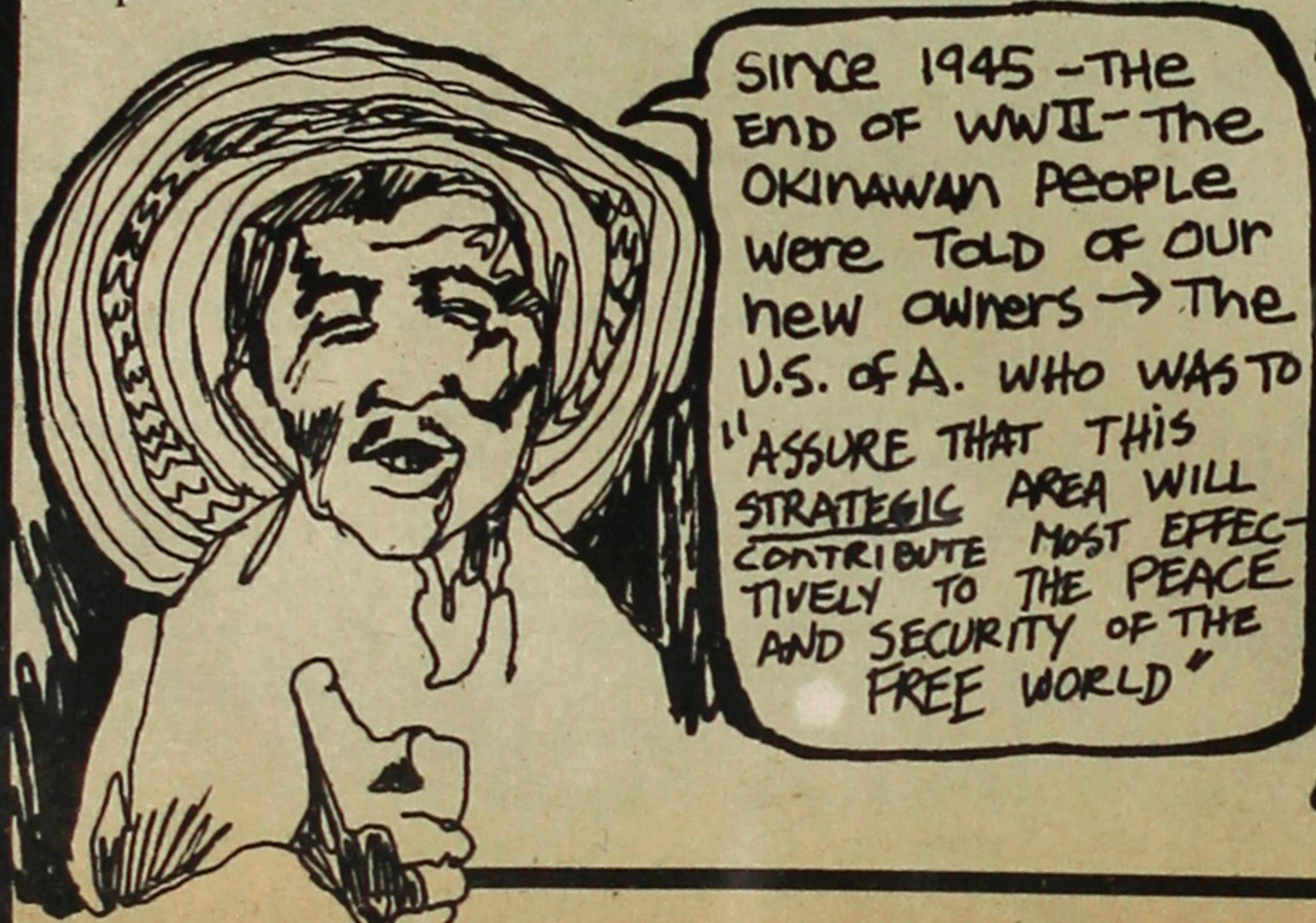
NEW DAWN RISES

The J-Town Collective has come together to form a revolutionary organization that is working in the San Francisco Japanese American community. The J-Town Collective has begun to organize the struggle for community control of the institutions that determine our lives: law, education and health. They are waging a people's war for the right of self-determination; control not in the hands of ruling few but in the hands of the people.

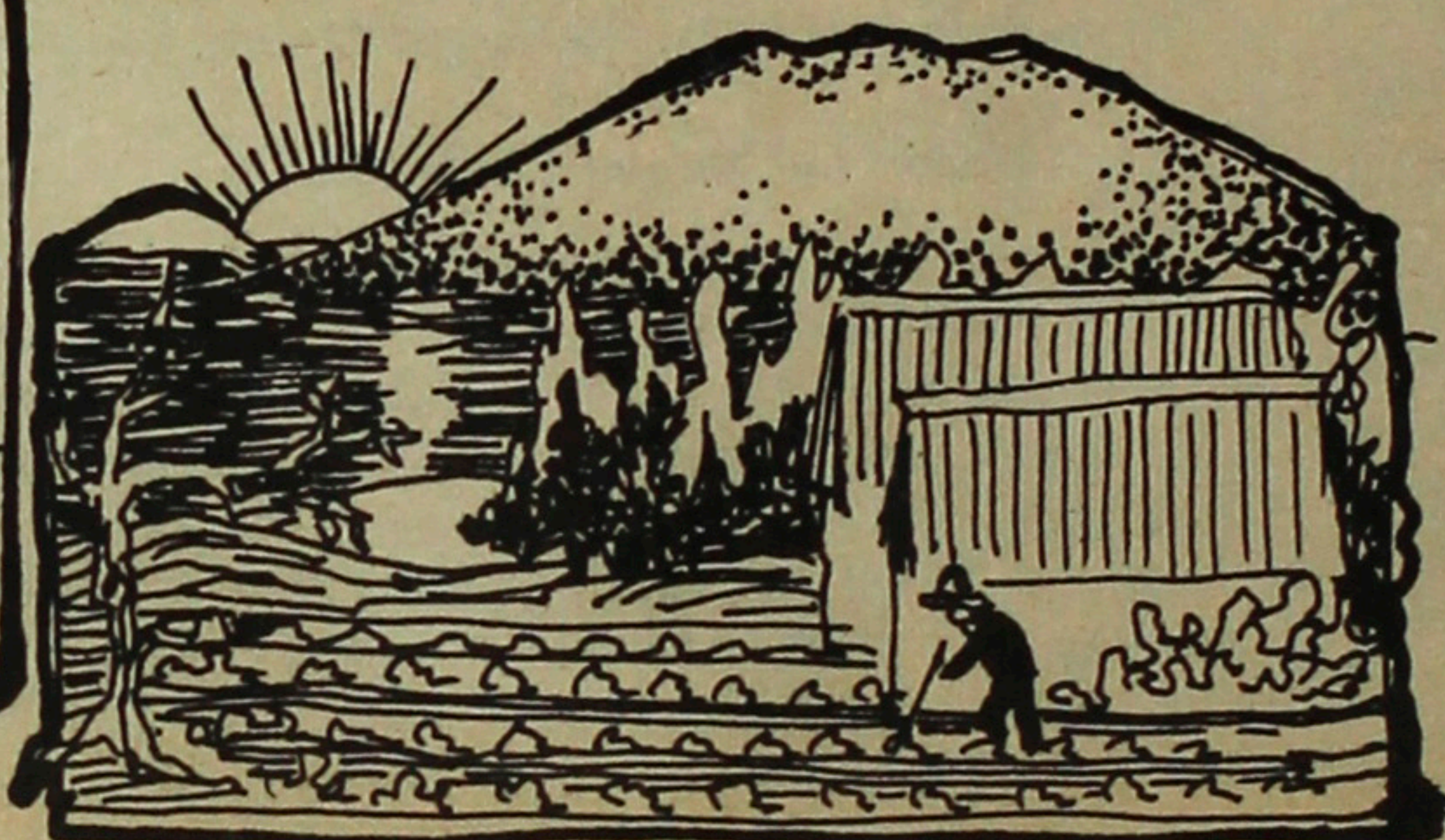
In the furtherance of exchange of ideas and information, and to serve as a link from their organization to the community at large, they have started a newspaper called *New Dawn*. It is the expression of both the ideological principles and the practice of their collective.

For back issues, subscriptions and information about other revolutionary literature, write to: *New Dawn*, c/o 1837 Steiner, San Francisco, California 94115. Annual subscription rate for *New Dawn* is \$1.80.

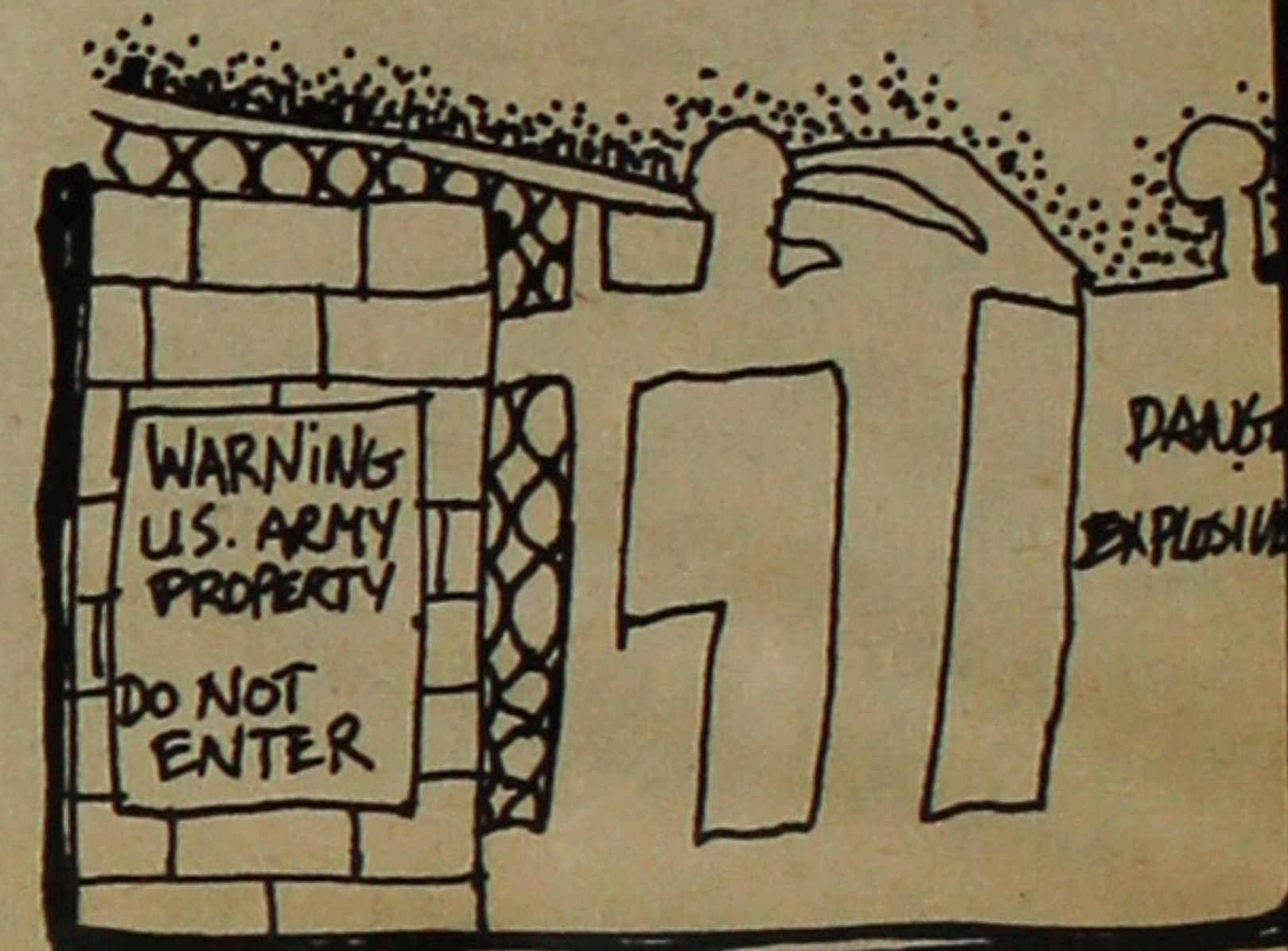
Reprinted from *New Dawn*, J-Town Collective



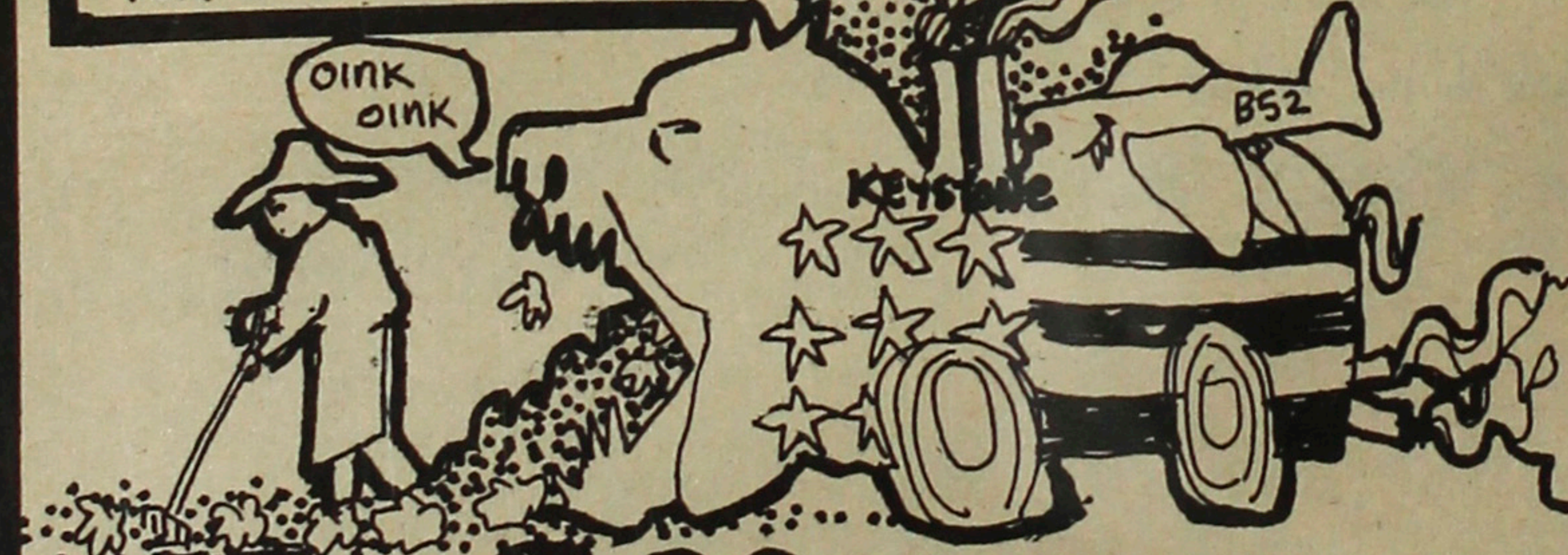
WE WITNESSED OUR BEAUTIFUL LAND, OUR SOURCE OF LIFE, KILLED



FOR COLD WAR BASES



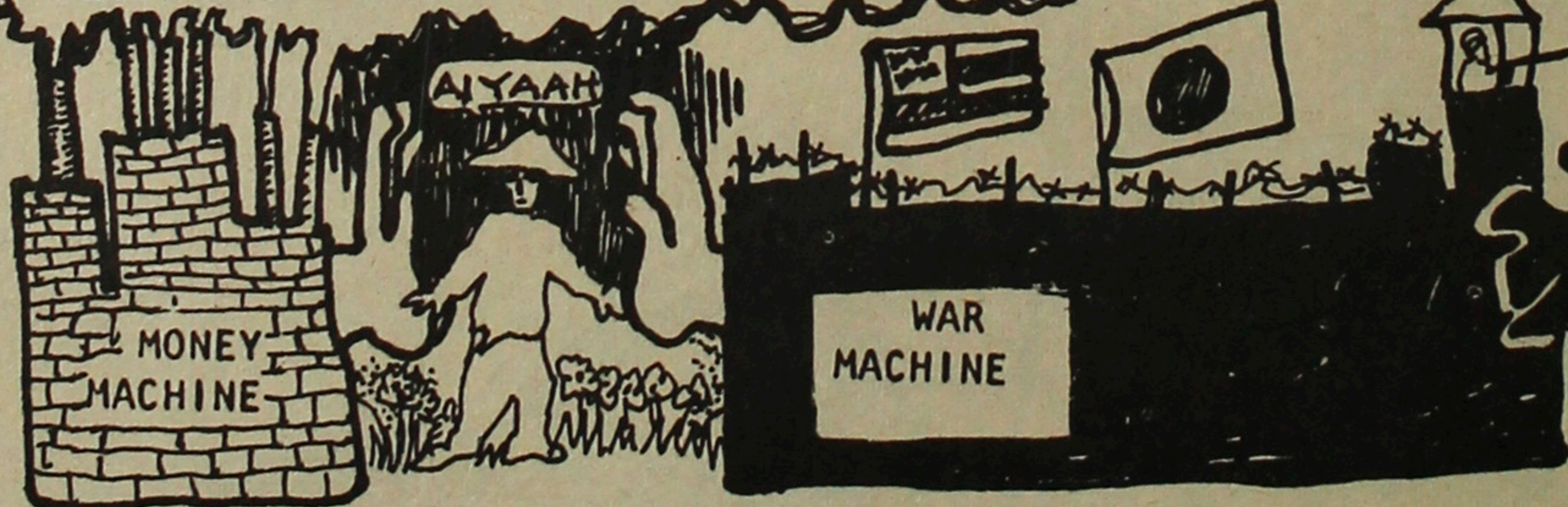
WE WITNESSED OUR GOOD PEOPLE HAVING NO OTHER ALTERNATIVE BUT TO PIMP, OR BEG, OR BECOME MAIDS FOR G.I.'S



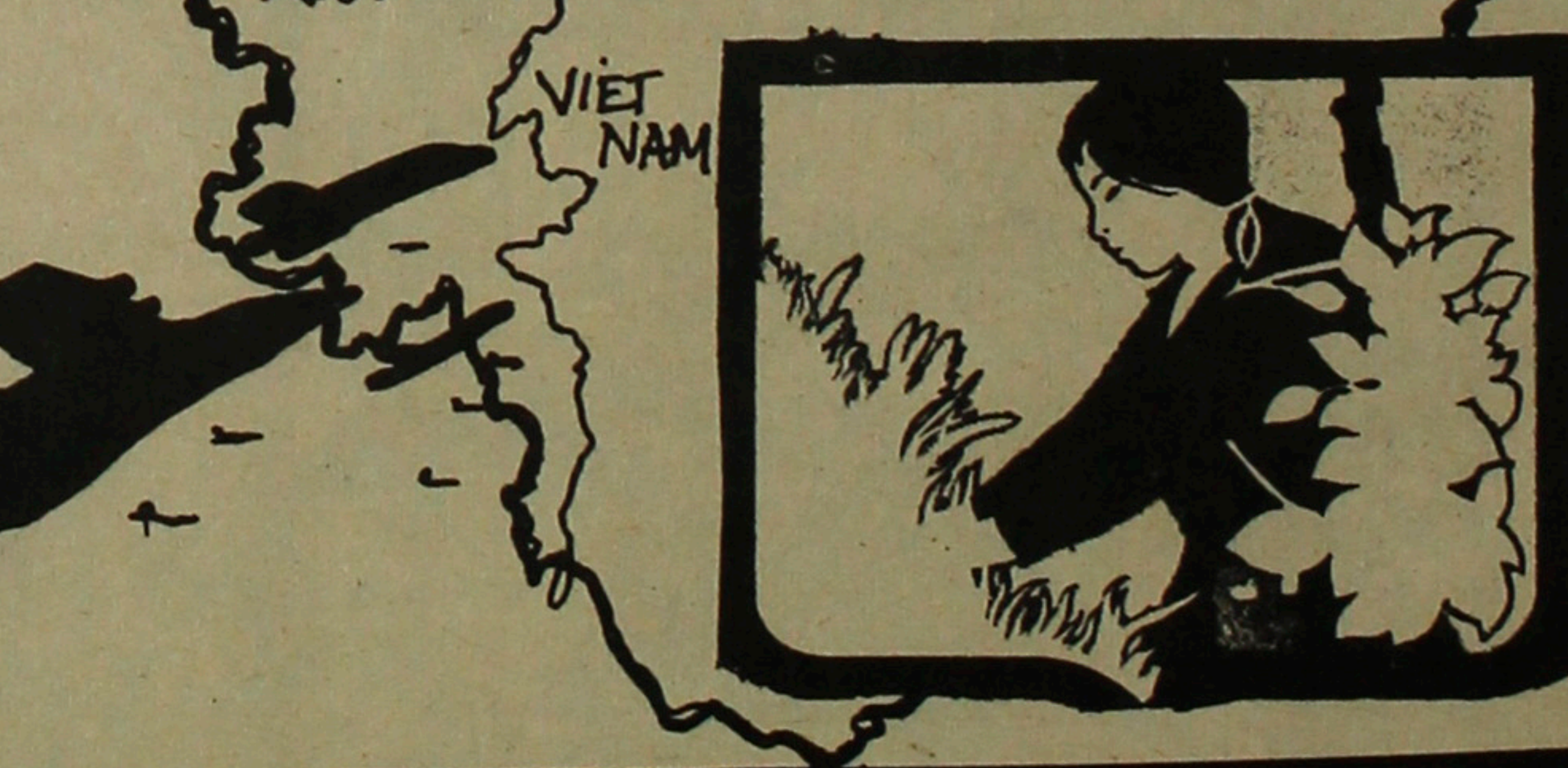
THEY TAX OUR MONEY - THEY CONTROL OUR JOBS - THEY OWN OUR LAND - THEY DISCRIMINATE AGAINST US - THEY ARE THE GOVERNMENT IN OUR LAND - WE'VE BECOME FOREIGNERS IN OUR OWN LAND!



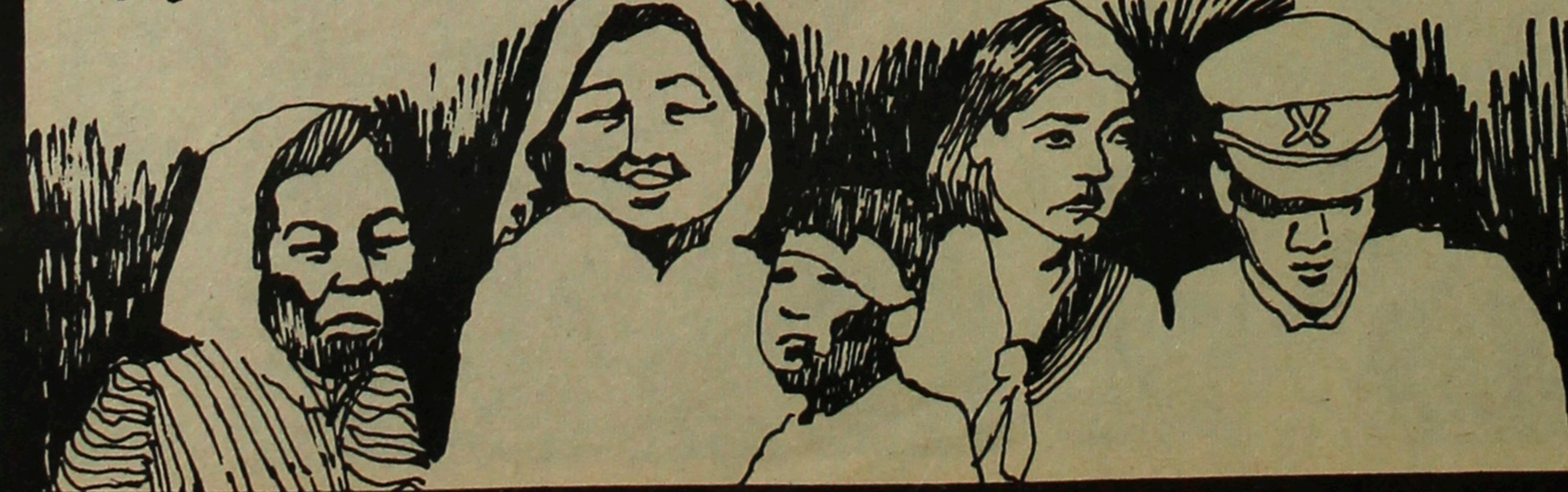
NOW WE HAVE NOTHING - ON MY LEFT ARE INDUSTRIES ON MY RIGHT ARE WAR BASES HOLDING BOTH U.S. AND JAPANESE FLAGS



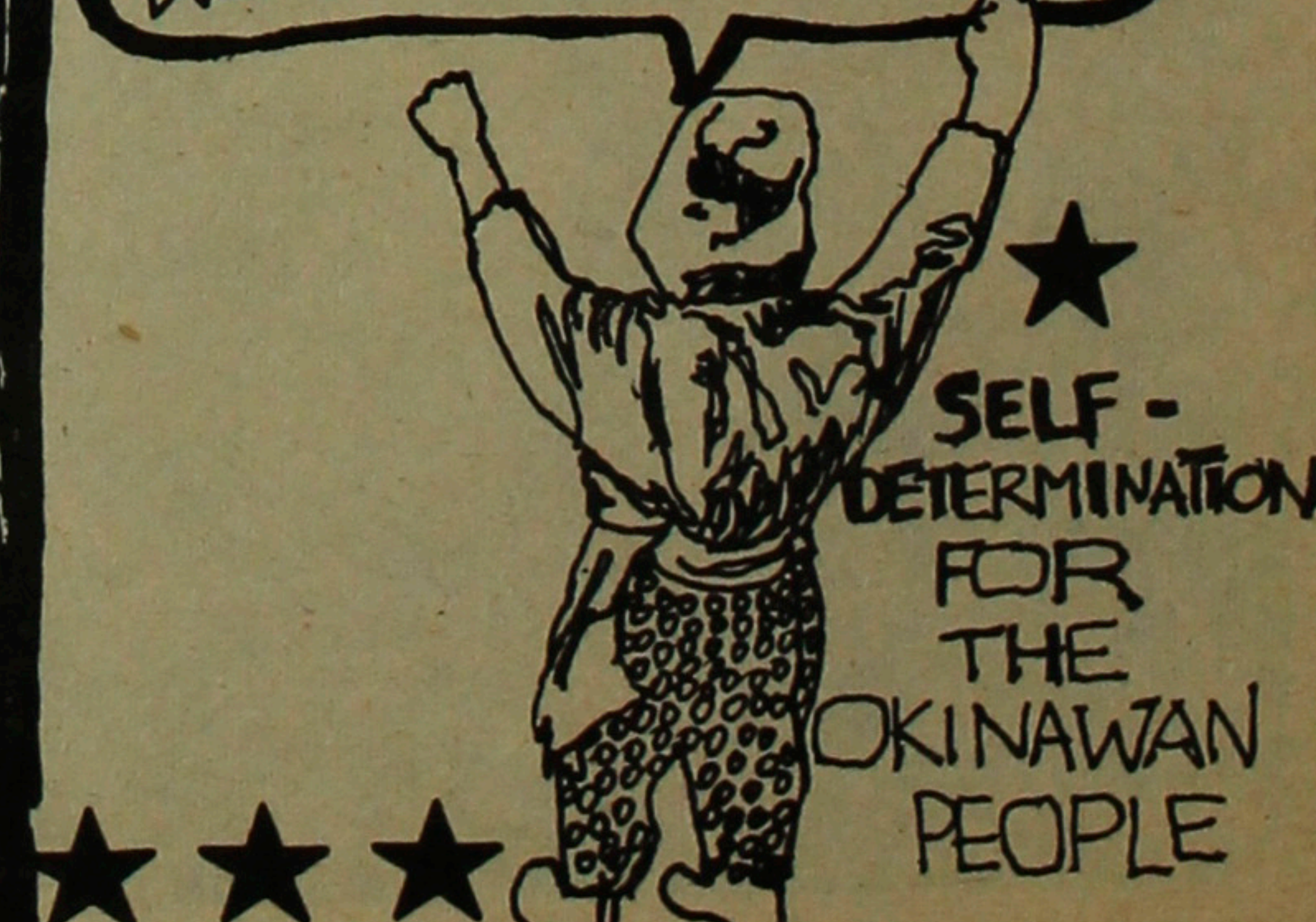
THEY USE THE BASES AND INDUSTRIES TO MAKE WAR ON MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN KOREA AND INDOCHINA.



THEREFORE THE OKINAWAN PEOPLE KNOW AND HATE ANY KIND OF MILITARISM



WE'VE HAD ENOUGH





JAPANESE MILITARISM

Reprinted from *New Dawn*, revised by the *Gidra* staff.

After World War II, the American government promised the people of the world that the roots of Japanese militarism would be destroyed: the *Zaibatsu* (Japanese corporate-monopolies) were to be dissolved, war criminals were to be permanently excluded from public office and Japan was never to maintain an army, navy or air force again. Instead, the U.S. occupational forces, headed by Douglas McArthur, reorganized militarism to serve the needs of U.S. imperialism.

The *Zaibatsu* (Mitsubishi, Mitsui, Sumitomo and others) who were intimately linked to and controlling Japanese militarism before World War II has steadily been revived under U.S. influence. They again control key branches of the economy and direct the government of Japan.

Officers of the Japanese Imperial Army during the war years were resurrected during the Korean War to help rebuild the military in Japan. Today, more than sixty percent of the Sato cabinet members are such veteran officials. Nearly all the high ranking officers of the "Self Defense Forces" are veteran officers of the Imperial Army.

The Japanese Constitution, which was drafted as part and parcel of surrender terms at the conclusion of the Second World War states, "land, sea and air forces, as well as other war potential, will never be maintained." In violation of this Article, the very clause of the Constitution that the Japanese people took to heart, Self Defense Forces were established at U.S. military experts' insistence. Today, Japan is rearming itself, as Sato and Nixon continue to make "secret agreements." With many fascist military men as the backbone, the air, land and sea forces number more than 180,000. More than half of these are officers; the 90,000 regular officers and 10,000 reserve officers make up a core of 100,000 officers. Each officer is adequately trained to handle ten enlisted men, which means Japan is capable of rebuilding the war machine to number over one million men within a very short time. Along with the ever-

prepared American military forces, Japan and U.S. can police the world and commit acts of aggression on Third World peoples with a force of four and a half million men.

Japanese ruling circles are using the media to prepare the public for a war of aggression. Radio, television, books, records, magazines have been used to rewrite history and "pretty up" the military. Recent films glorify aggressive wars and fascist war criminals.

In education, textbooks are being changed to omit any mention of World War II. In the courts, the Japanese Supreme Court, dominated by reactionaries, rejected seven judicial nominees because they were "politically active."

Militarist forces in the Japanese ruling class are trying to change the Japanese Constitution to eliminate the section renouncing war (Article Nine). Former prime minister Kishi, Sato's older brother, is leading this move. Recently, he called the present constitution the source of "all evil."

The *Zaibatsu* have been expanding so rapidly they cannot sell their goods. This has created a demand for more markets to sell these goods. Furthermore, because Japan has almost no natural resources, the *Zaibatsu* continually looks for sources of raw materials.

The result is that Japan steals raw materials at low prices while controlling the manufactured good market.

Thailand, the Philippines, Indonesia, and especially South Korea and Taiwan are in this way systematically exploited and developed as Japanese colonies. This is part of an attempt to revive the old fascist dream of the "Great East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere."

But even this economic exploitation is not enough. An ever-increasing part of Japanese industry is being used for war manufacturing to absorb extra industrial capacity. Today, twelve percent of Japan's machine building production is in munitions. Last year, the Sato government released the "national defense white paper" and the Fourth Defense Plan. These documents show

clear signs of the revival of Japanese militarism:

—The Fourth Defense Plan totals more than \$16 billion, \$5 billion more than the first three defense plans combined. It makes special efforts to build up the navy and air force, expand the army's fire power and mobility and develop offensive weapons.

—The white paper alleges that "it is permissible in the constitution" for Japan to possess "small-size nuclear weapons of minimum strength necessary for self-defense."

—The original wording of "denial of re-introduction of a conscriptive system" in the Constitution was deleted by the Sato government, showing they will renew the military draft when they think it necessary.

—The perimeter of "defense" of the Self Defense Forces is to include South Korea and Taiwan. But the desire of the Korean people for peaceful re-unification can never be achieved if Japan intervenes "in self-defense." And Taiwan province is a part of China. For Japan to claim Taiwan as an area of "defense" is the same as Japan putting Hawaii in her zone of "defense."

These are the signs that Japanese militarism has been revived through the encouragement of U.S. imperialism. The U.S. has encouraged Japan to develop her military as it became clear that Nixon's attempts to hold off U.S. defeat in Southeast Asia would not succeed. Nixon's "new Asia policy" is to have Asians fighting Asians. The Nixon Doctrine pushed Japanese militarism to take over as the shock force of aggression in Asia to relieve the Green Berets in Indochina and throughout the rest of Asia.

But the people of Asia will never allow this to happen. The Japanese people have demonstrated their refusal to go along with the imperialists' plans. Every year, the demonstrations in Japan have grown stronger and stronger in opposition to Sato's and Nixon's schemes. The people of China, Korea and Indochina have stated their absolute determination that no militarist adventures in Asia will be allowed.

MINORITY PICKETS

On Wednesday November 24, 1971, and again on the following Monday and Tuesday, members of Third World communities picketed at the city hall construction site. The reason for the picket was to urge construction unions to hire and train more minority workers. The picket action came about after a long series of fruitless negotiations, which included fifty-nine meetings over an eighteen month period. The negotiations are part of the Third World communities' efforts to bring about more job opportunities in the building and trades industry. The general plan, which calls for minority participation in the build up and development of Los Angeles and involves federal funds is called the Greater Los Angeles plan.

The Greater Los Angeles plan

The Greater Los Angeles plan was initiated to bring about equal employment opportunities to Third World people within the construction industry. This was the intent of the city council, federal government and the Department of Labor. This idea was then accepted by management, labor and the minorities as a serious tri-party agreement to bring about equal opportunities for the minorities within the construction industries.

To help implement this attempt, Tosh Terazawa, JACS board member representing the Japanese commu-

nity; Rod Estrada, the Filipino; Bill Quon, the Chinese, and others of the Black, Brown and other minorities, worked and served on the corporation board and administrative committee.

Third World Demands

The minority demands for the Greater Los Angeles plan are: (1) 27 percent minority representation in the construction labor force; (2) apprenticeship and training programs; and (3) minority members who can be bi-lingual in the operations committee, the tutorial staff, and the job coaching staff.

The minority caucus has asked 117 labor unions of the Trades Council for minority ratio statistics and have been consistently denied. The reasons for the data request are obvious: (1) To find out where we are starting from in terms of numbers; (2) How many people to recruit; (3) To set up appropriate training programs. The statistics would also reveal any trade union discrimination and institutional racism.

The unions claim that there has been a "tremendous slow down" of the construction industry. Yet, published figures tell another story: In 1966 the total estimated dollar value of all building permits issued in the city, county and the 30 independent cities receiving county services was \$653,840,922. In 1968 the figure reached

the \$1 billion mark. In 1970 the figure was \$1,349,314, 570 and for the first ten months of 1971 the amount was \$1,200,782,380.

The original agreement in the Greater Los Angeles plan called for 15,000 jobs for minorities within the first five years. The initial negotiation reference was 3,000 jobs per year. This was cut down to 2,100, then to 1,300, and then to 650 job slots. The last offer before the picket action was 245 jobs. . . a 2,755 drop from the original promise. 245 is inadequate in view of the approximately 2.5 million minority population in Los Angeles.

Union History

The minority community, and especially the Asian community, as one will recall, has suffered under the racist practices of the unions. Many will remember the crucial role that the labor unions played in the development of anti-Asian agitation, and finally racist anti-immigration laws. As long as minorities are virtually excluded from the work force the other workers will continue their racist attitudes. The minorities must be represented in order to force the labor bureaucrats to comply with the law of the land, and to change white workers' attitudes. It must also be remembered that federal funds are involved which means our taxes. If the federal and city government cannot enforce the law, then the people must stand up for their own rights.

Announcements

Jobs. For example,

The Council of Oriental Organizations, delegate agency for the Oriental Service Center, announces that applications are now being accepted for the position of Japanese-speaking Social Worker and Clerk-typist. For further information contact:

Oriental Service Center
1215 S. Flower Street
Los Angeles, California 90015
(213) 748-6171

Campus Organizations. Such as,

The Andres Bonifacio Chapter of the Ad Hoc Committee on Pilipino Student-Community Affairs at San Diego State College is a student organization dedicated to active participation with the Pilipino community for the advancement of the Pilipino people. The Pilipinos constitute the third largest minority group in San Diego and the fifth largest in the state; the lowest income level group

attainment group in California. The Ad Hoc Committee is sponsoring the only Pilipino EOP program in the country. This program is designed to recruit not only Pilipinos but Guamanians, Samoans, and Hawaiians into college. The only basis for acceptance will be a sincere willingness on the part of students to complete at least four years of college.

The Ad Hoc Committee is also planning to initiate Pilipino Studies Courses at San Diego State, which may eventually lead to the development of an institute of Asian-Pacific studies, and in March 1972, they plan to hold a state-wide Pilipino Student Conference at San Diego State to facilitate the unification of all Pilipinos in California. If you have any questions or comments, please contact:

Ad Hoc Committee on Pilipinos
Student-Community Affairs
Andres Bonifacio Chapter
San Diego State College
San Diego, California 92115

Study, Study, Study. Study:

The Asian American Studies Center at UCLA announces Research Assistantships in Asian American Studies for 1972-73. Applications must be on file at the UCLA Asian American Studies Center by March 27, 1972. For further information and application forms, write to:

The Director—Research Assistantships
Asian American Studies Center
University of California, Los Angeles
Los Angeles, California 90024

Happenings. Besides the Rose Bowl...

Amerasian Creation is a train of thought—it's the freedom to individual creativity which has been subdued by Amerika. So come join us in Pasadena on Saturday, February 26. For information, call PAC (Pasadena Asian Concern) involvement at 798-8478 or 255-2968.

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REVOLUTIONARY LITERATURE

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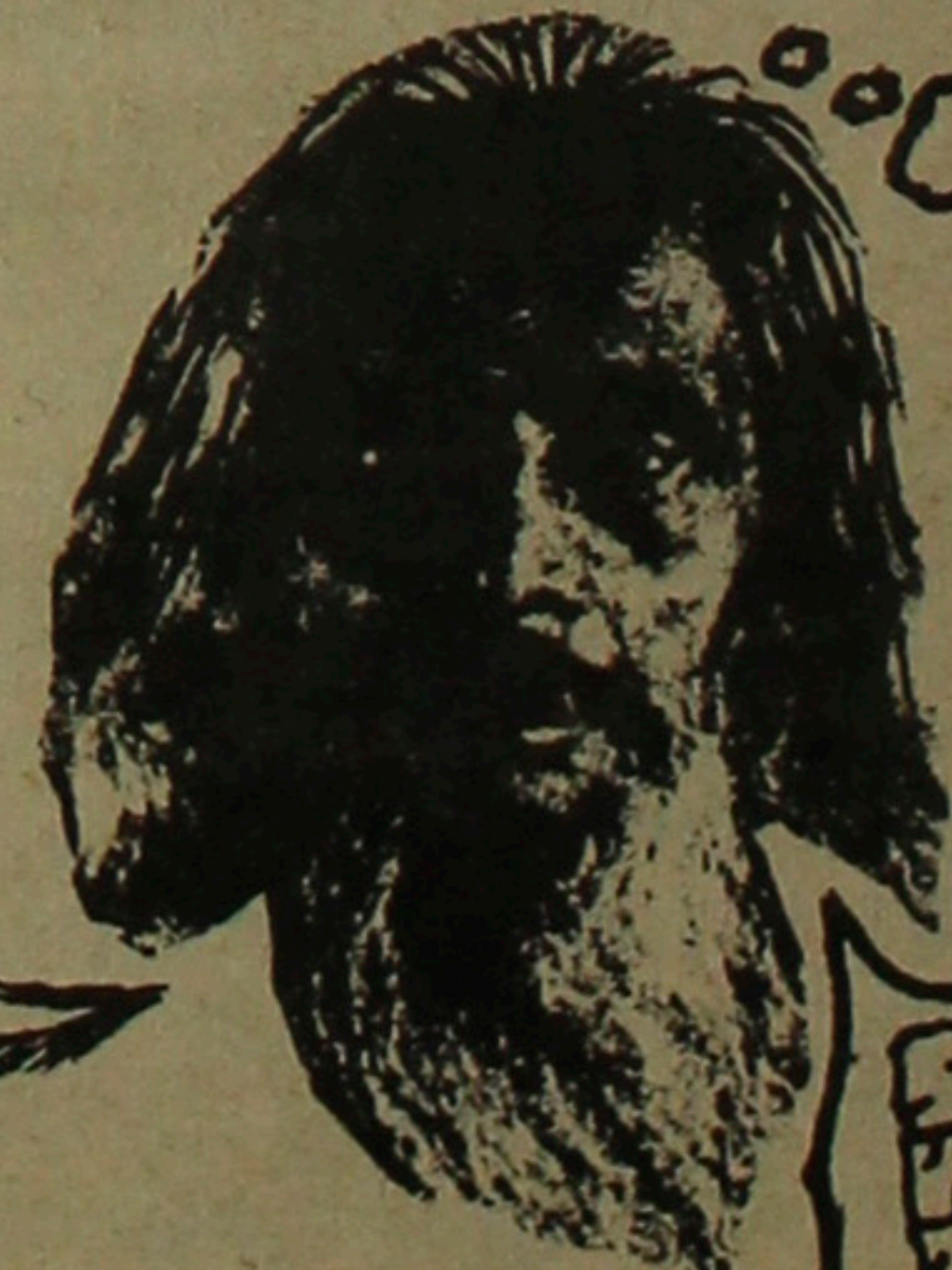
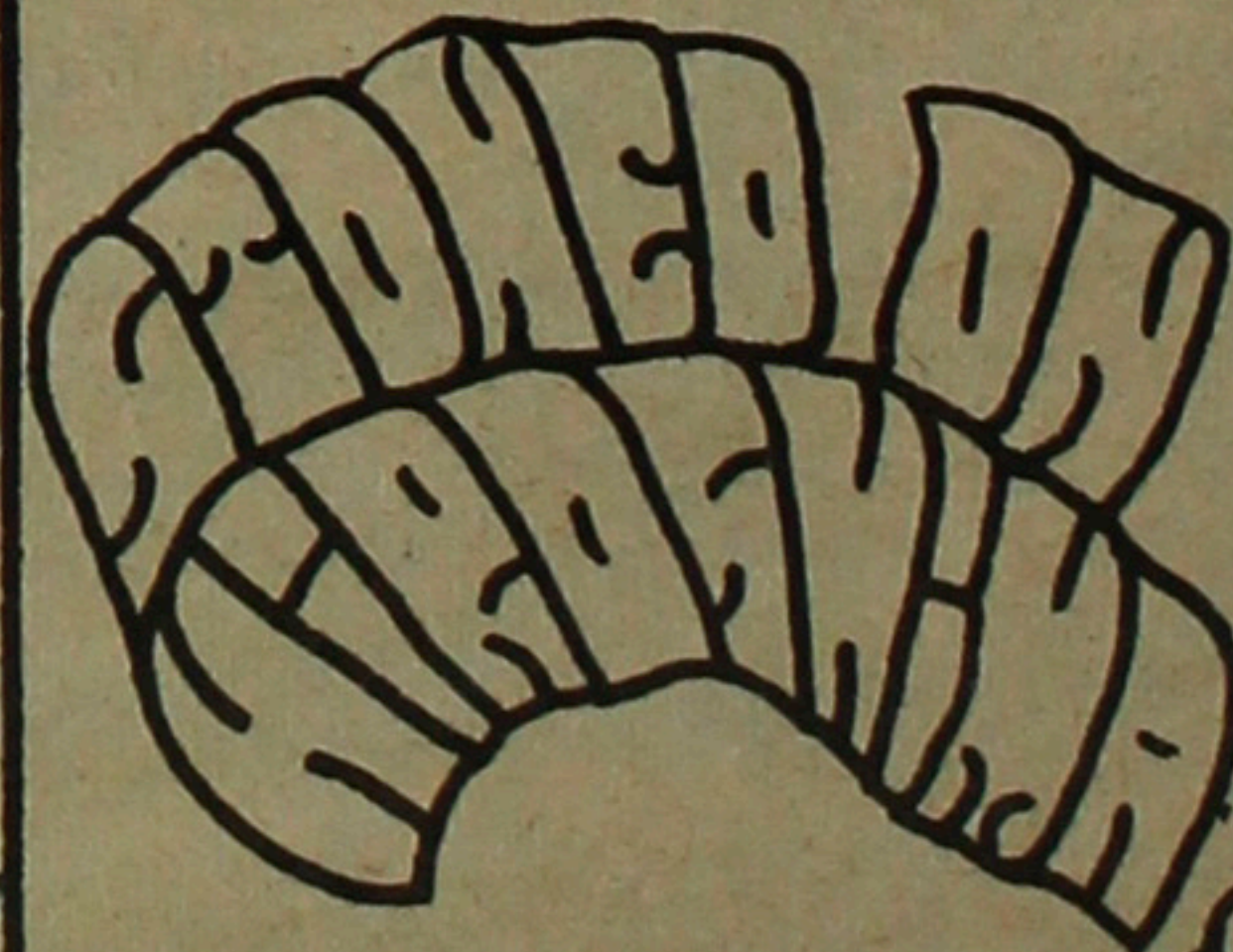
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PHINIUS... 1812 E. ANAHEIM STREET

Oh, before I forget,
Watch out dopers! Bad news for the month of January: a lot of mini-pills have been cut with more strychnine than usual. Categories affected include not only downers, but also stuff sold as acid, mesc, thc, dmt and others. Window panes are clean. Hmmm.

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SO YOU
WANT
TO BE
A ROCK
STAR

1 For those who missed it last night, the celebrated *Red Detachment of Women* is being shown at the Alpine Playground gym, at Alpine and Yale, in Chinatown. 7 pm sponsored by CYC

2	3	4	5	6	7	8
				Sato (Japan's big hancho buta) is due to arrive in L.A.	For all you snow bunnies & ski bums out there, <i>Go For Broke</i> is having a Snow Trip From Jan. 7-9. For more info call them at 263-1107. O.K.?	Sale for you these two days: books, clothes, arts and crafts at the Amerasia Bookstore. 313½ E.First St 10 to 10 refreshments.
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	First meeting of a course on Asian Women. The class will meet from 3 to 5 Mon. and Wed. 825-2974 for more details. Spread the word on this one.			For those who understandably want to see it again, <i>The Red Detachment of Women</i> , will be screened at UCLA tonight at 7:30 pm. 825-2974 for details		
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	Two years ago we had a rally against the War in Little Tokyo. Remember?					
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
				<i>Chinese New Years</i> "China-India Border Dispute" and another film will screen tonight at UCLA. 7:30 pm. Call 825-2974 for details—like, what room?		
30	31			FEB. 26, 1972 The Amerasian Creation Is Coming... For more info call: PAC-Involvement at 798-8478/255-2969	From the deep reaches of outer space (Gardena) is... <i>Thee SBAI Total Freak Out Nite</i> . Be ready to "git down".	

Remembrance of Films Past a french cinema festival

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CHILDREN OF PARADISE

In this film, director Marcel Carne and scenarist Jacques Prevert have fashioned a work as elaborate and complex as a Stendahlain novel. A whole range of fascinating characters from the 19th Century Theatre de Funambules and the streaming humanity of the Boulevard du Temple in Paris come and go through the fabric of a moving love story: Baptiste (Jean-Louis Barrault), the brilliant pantomimist who makes audiences laugh though his soul is sad; Garance (Arletty), who loves him through years of separation; — (Ferdinand Pierre Brasseur), the flamboyant actor; and

DEC. 29
TO
JAN. 4

(les enfants du Paradis) the entire 3hr. version

Lacenaire (Marcel Herrand), a villain as black in heart as Iago — who manipulates the action as if he were himself the author of the piece. Rarely have characters of such dimension occupied the screen. How extraordinary that so rich and opulent a film, encompassing an expanse of humor, tragedy, excitement and romance found only in great novels could have been made during the last days of the Nazi occupation of France as the allies were advancing and the bombs were falling.

ALPHAVILLE

DIRECTED BY
JEAN-LUC
GODARD

Godard's harrowing futuristic vision of a society in which human emotion is controlled by a giant computer (ALPHA 60) - appropriately shot in present day Paris. Arriving from the alien "Hinterlands", a forties-type hero modeled after Humphrey Bogart of *THE BIG SLEEP*, (a secret agent named Lemmy Caution) displays cunning and physical toughness, as well as a stubborn romanticism as he sets out to defeat the ruling forces of this evil science.

JANUARY
5 TO 11

BOUDU SAVED FROM DROWNING

DIRECTED BY
JEAN RENOIR

In one of the earliest of Renoir's masterpieces, Michel Simon prances about irrepressibly like an oversized elf. For all its humor and charm, a fundamentally serious work celebrating the potential limits of free will. Reminiscent of impressionistic paintings in its incidental rendering of an earlier Paris countryside.

HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR

DIRECTED BY
ALAIN RESNAIS

Alain Resnais' first feature and one of the most influential of all 'new wave' films. In the midst of a brief affair between a Japanese man and French woman, the tragedy of the bombing of Hiroshima as known to the man is equated with the woman's tragic love affair, as a younggirl, with a Nazi soldier. Resnais weaves time with fragments of memory and the present, making both more vivid and real.

JANUARY
12 TO 18

ITALIAN STRAW HAT

DIRECTED BY
RENE' CLAIR

The film that made Clair's reputation, an uproarious farce revolving around a wedding and the absurd events surrounding it. As deftly paced as the silent comedy of Chaplin and Sennett with which it has much in common.

EARRINGS OF MADAME DE...

DIRECTED BY
MAX OPHULS

A rare showing of one of the greatest masterpieces of the late Max Ophuls, director of *LOLA MONTEZ* and *LA RONDE*. A graceful rendering of a tragic love story, the sympathetic triangle consisting of Charles Boyer, Vittorio de Sica and Danielle Darrieux at her most beautiful. Distinguished as much by its nuances of character and milieu as by Ophul's constantly and irresistibly moving camera.

JANUARY
19 TO 25

ZAZIE DANS LE METRO

DIRECTED BY
LOUIS MALLE

Louis Malle, director of *THE LOVERS*, *THE FIRE WITHIN* and the currently lauded *MURMUR OF THE HEART*, made this wild blend of farce and surrealism with almost every resource known to the cinematic imagination. The frenetic adventures of a little girl let loose on Paris have delighted audiences ever since the film was first released in 1963.

PIERROT LE FOU

DIRECTED BY
JEAN-LUC
GODARD

Considered by many critics to be Godard's greatest film, it is certainly his most personal and emotional, a record of the far reaches of love and obsession, expressed by the most adventurous use of image and sound in the last decade. Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina play the fugitive couple, the most romantic of their kind. Enriched by the beautiful color photography of Raoul Coutard.

JAN. 26
TO
FEB. 1

A NOUS LA LIBERTE'

DIRECTED BY
RENE' CLAIR

A hilarious early sound comedy which satirizes the mechanization and industrialization of the twentieth century in the same brilliant and forward looking way as Chaplin's *MODERN TIMES*. As entertaining and pointed today as when it was first released.

RULES OF THE GAME

DIRECTED BY
JEAN RENOIR

These two films are arguably the greatest of Renoir's many masterpieces. *Rules of the Game* is a beautifully complex social comedy in which a memorable galaxy of characters express the entire range of love and class-consciousness. The graceful transition from uproarious farce to sublime tragedy in the final reel puts the film in a class by itself. Renoir himself movingly plays one of the principal roles.

FEBRUARY
2 TO 8

GRAND ILLUSION

DIRECTED BY
JEAN RENOIR

Grand Illusion is probably the greatest of all anti-war films as well as an inspiring evocation of camaraderie and courage in the face of adversity. During World War I, a diverse group of Frenchmen are taken as prisoners of war. The story tells of their undaunted spirit in attempting to escape. An aristocrat by nature and a progressive by choice, Renoir gives special poignance to the characters played by Pierre Fresney and Erich Von Stroheim.

LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD

DIRECTED BY
ALAIN RESNAIS

This film carries even further the style of fragmented time and space employed in *HIROSHIMA MON AMOUR*. Here it is unnecessary to know what is real and what is not. A dream-reality pervades each sequence as the characters walk about a visually stunning void in a trance of repeated words and gestures. Director Alain Resnais and novelist Alain-Robbe Grillet have blended vision with wit and daring to structure a richly baroque work.

FEBRUARY
9 TO 15

LE MILLION

DIRECTED BY
RENE' CLAIR

Another early sound film by a director who was as brilliant and courageous in perceiving the possibilities of a changing medium as Jean Renoir. The slight plot hinges on a winning lottery ticket but the visual and musical hilarity sustains it admirably, climaxed by an unforgettable scene at the opera which anticipates and betters that of the Marx Brothers.

CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS

DIRECTED BY
JACQUES
FEYDER

Jacques Feyder's brilliant comedy in which a town invaded by Spaniards is protected by the guile and cleverness of the women. As the mayor's wife who leads the disarming resistance, Francoise Rosay gives a memorable performance. Feyder was one of the finest French directors of the thirties along with Renoir, Clair and Carne and this is his most popular and well remembered film

FEBRUARY
16 TO 22

ZERO FOR CONDUCT

DIRECTED BY
JEAN VIGO

The second of three strikingly original films by Jean Vigo, whose tragic death at the age of 29 robbed the cinema of one of its greatest potential talents. Often named as one of the ten best films ever made, *ZERO* takes place in a boy's school and features one of the most charming rebellions against authority ever seen. The film combines comedy, fantasy and surrealism in a poetic manner which influenced Francois Truffaut in *THE 400 BLOWS* and Lindsay Anderson in *IF*.

WIND FROM THE EAST

DIRECTED BY
JEAN-LUC
GODARD

Godard has bravely abandoned all of the classical conventions of the traditional cinema in favor of making films of a strikingly revolutionary nature. *WIND FROM THE EAST* is one of the resulting works, marked by a political consciousness totally in the spirit of today. The opposition of Godard to the bourgeois and fascist elements of a declining culture mark his as the cinema of the future.

FEBRUARY
23 TO 29

Au Hasard Balthazar

DIRECTED BY
ROBERT
BRESON

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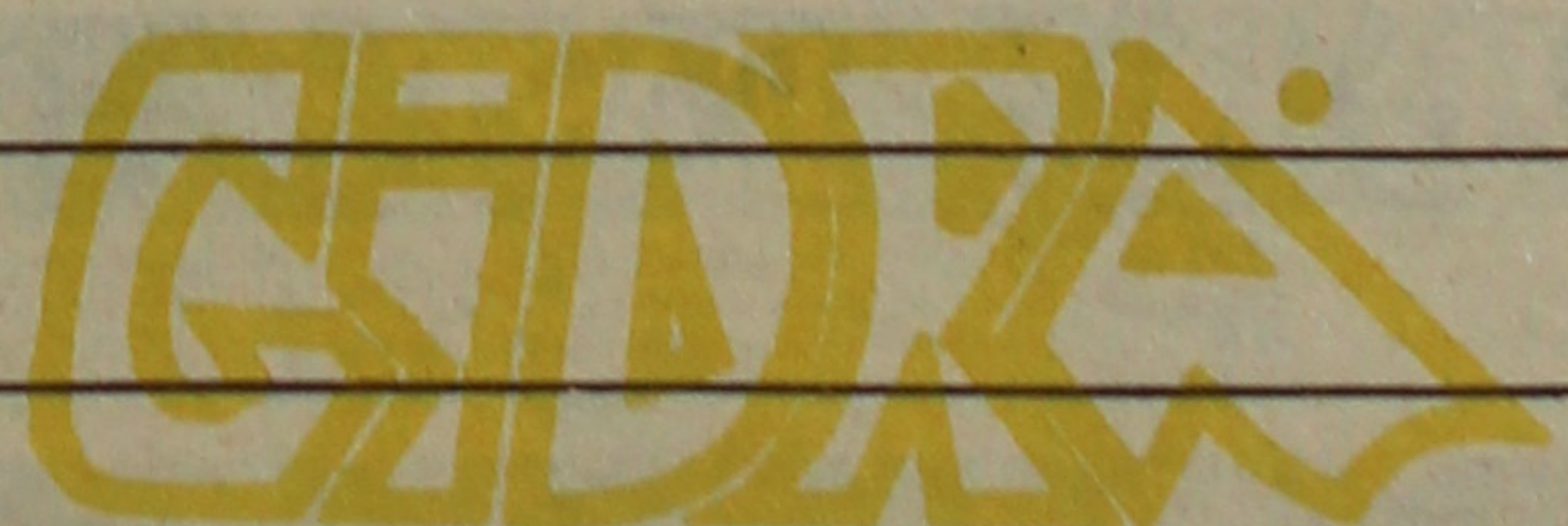
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