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3, 4, 5 **AMPO FUNSAI**

Reflection, discussion and analysis of the Sato demonstration in Los Angeles' Lil' Tokyo, Japanese militarism, Ampo, Japanese minorities, and you.

by Tracy Okida, Alan Nishio, Linda Iwataki, and Mo Nishida. *To be or not to be, that is the question Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of Outrageous fortune; or to take arms against a sea of troubles And by opposing, end them.*

6, 7 **CHINA THROUGH CHINESE EYES**

Philip Huang, the former director of the Asian American Studies Center at UCLA, recently entered the Peoples' Republic. by Ted Hulbert.

8 **KEN AND KEIKO**

The plot thickens. But who is the old man, perhaps, Tracy Okida.

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You won't be the Lone Ranger (said Tonto, and all other Third World people).

Photographs

Cover—courtesy of the Japanese American Research Project and Alan Ohashi. Page 3, 4, 5—Mary Uyematsu. Page 6, 7—Philip Huang. Page 9—courtesy of Jonathan, the Sea Gull, and his partner. Page 16—E. Nagamatsu. Page 17—Alan Ohashi and courtesy of Ev.

Illustrations

Page 8—Tracy Okida. Page 10, 11—Susan Fujimoto. Page 12, 14—Charlene Narita. Page 13, 15—Dennis Miyahira. Page 20—Ken Hamada.

Pardon Us

In the October, 1971 issue of our dear rag, we made the big boo-boo of publishing the article "Asian Art in the North Country" under the *wrong* by-line. It was written by Ron Tanaka in Toronto and not David Suzuki. Tanaka adds, "I hadn't actually intended that you publish it since it is being revised. The only reason I mention this is that David don't dig anything I say in that paper even though I tamed it down for a general audience (it is to be published in Alan Hotta's new paper, *Tora*, coming out of Toronto). So just in case he gets pissed and says something, you can blame it on me. If you look at his [Suzuki's] thing 'on being Japanese in Canada,' it don't go with anything in that art paper."

—ATTENTION PLEASE!—

Next month, we are planning to have the issue devoted to Asian American Experience Throughout America. That is, an issue about (and hopefully by) Asians in places like the Big Apple, the City, Bean Town, the Windy City and here in Smog City. And places like China Hill, Georgia; Mikado, Michigan; Mandarin, Florida; Rising Sun, Maryland; Canton, Ohio; China Grove, North Carolina; Yellowstone, Wyoming; and Orient, Ohio. What we want, in short, is for every Asian in America (anywhere in America) to contribute to this issue, and more "far out" the place the better. We ask you to solicit contributions from your area.

What We Want: Articles, analyses, announcements, manifestos, poems, letters, photographs, sketches, essays, declarations, demands, and anything fit to print. Also, we would like to compile the most comprehensive list of Asian organizations ever by getting together names, statements of purpose, contact persons, and other pertinent data about all Asian American organizations in the nation. If you belong to one or know of any in your area, please forward the information to us.

When We Want It: As soon as possible, and no later than February 15.

Now let us give you a little preview of what we plan to include

in the issue:

*A wall size map of America pin-pointing where every single Asian in America lives.

*Census data about Asians in America.

*The most comprehensive list of Asian American organizations.

*A revolutionary travel-log by Asian brothers and sisters who have walked this land.

So we really need your help or it won't come off. Please send requested materials to *Gidra People*, P.O. Box 18046, Los Angeles, California 90018.

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We sometimes wonder how many people read the fine print messages we occasionally run down here—these whispered pleas. Last month we talked about the "hassle" we at *Gidra* go through. This month was no different; perhaps we felt the hassle even more. Articles came in late and were longer than usual, making editing, typesetting and layout more difficult. Then the printer couldn't take us in until six days after our press date. Trying to make *Gidra* a relevant medium for education and

expression in our community has taught us certain things. Most of them we really haven't figured out yet, but we do realize now that a permanent part of our lives is crisis. The alienation (and safety) of being asleep to our human potential is both the source and object of our hassles. Trying to be a collective is more important than calling oneself a collective. And much harder.

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you haven't been getting your monthly copy, inform us soon. And if you move, let us know and try to include the old address label. Finally, the top line of your label is the date you should receive your last *Gidra*, unless of course, you renew. Make sure you address all such mail to *Gidra*, Subscription Department, P.O. Box 18046, Los Angeles, Ca. 90018. If you have any ideas of what you want to see and read, please let us know. Also, feel free to send anything you would like to share with others—articles, poems, short stories, biographies, helpful hints, graphics, photographs, sketches, interviews, cartoons, announcements, and most of all, letters. Try to get things in before the third Tuesday of the previous month since we do have our deadlines. Printed in the U.S.A. ©Copyright 1972 by *Gidra, Inc.* All rights reserved.

AMPO

The "Sato Demonstration" put me through some changes because I didn't really feel that it was the right time, or that Little Tokyo was the right place, for a demonstration. I knew that many people were feeling kinda low and that a demonstration (a show of solidarity) could pep them up. But I also felt a danger in putting too many expectations on this one event. I also felt that I didn't know enough about the issues to really be able to demonstrate on this one—I mean, what would I demonstrate? But I was really interested in the teach-in because I thought of learning about the issues. And then it became a question of, well, how often is the Prime Minister of Japan going to visit Los Angeles? I felt that something had to be done to reach Sato, himself, and so this was the only time that it could possibly be done. What could be said to him? He is the Prime Minister of Japan, but recently he has the support of only 20% of the population.

The Japanese government allows itself and its people to be used by the U.S., and is considered to be a partner, in carrying out the war against the people of Vietnam, and in bolstering U.S. imperialism in Asia.

It is true that Japan was a defeated nation in war and with defeat had to accept many undesired conditions, but it was the one condition of disarmament and demilitarization that forced a national shift of emphasis into industry and trade—a shift that has

brought Japan to the top of international trade and industrial output, and wealth to Japan (although really only to the few super large corporations). Now the Japanese government, headed by Sato, and representing truly only the interests of these few large corporations are in plans of remilitarization.

If we identify with the people of Japan, we must say *no* to this militarism, just as we must say *no* to the U.S. military, with which the bodies of conscripted men (mostly from the working and lower classes) have been the force behind U.S. imperialism. But imperialism is just a word until you see that it means napalm, anti-personnel fragmentary bombs, M-16's, My Lai, burned and deformed babies, orphaned kids, scorched farmlands, people being crowded into hamlets (concentration camps) and cities where they are forced to prostitute themselves in order to survive. But if we only identify with Japan because we're of Japanese ancestry then we have to open our eyes to Japan as it is now. Even if we identify with the culture of Japan it means nothing until the power to form and create and preserve culture is returned to the makers of culture—the people of Japan. As it is now, there no longer exists much of rural Japan, the stronghold of the old "culture". Most of Japan is urbanized. Most of the people are workers working for the big corporations scheming their own petit bourgeois schemes for wealth and power.

Re-militarization in Japan would mean the reactivation of conscription and the re-birth of the old Japanese imperialism. Once conscription becomes law in Japan, then think of how hard it would be to abolish it again—think of the difficulties of the American movements against the draft, the war and the military. We must support the people of Japan in the struggles now against the re-birth of Japanese militarism and the struggles to crush the remnants of Japanese imperialism that maintain holds on Okinawa and the other islands in the area and off the coast of China.

If you think of Japan as only the geographic stronghold of Japanese capitalist-imperialists, then you would recognize that the Japanese communities in America are only colonies of imperialistic Japan. We certainly are if we bank at Sumitomo, or Bank of Tokyo, or Mitsubishi. These are some of the biggest Japanese pigs who favor militarism and support the U.S. war against the peoples of Vietnam and Southeast Asia because they profit from it. It's our money that finances their bit schemes, while individually we are made dependent upon their banking services.

Well, the question is again, what can we do? I think that's why I went to the demonstration. And teach-in. And I think that one of the reasons I felt bad about it was that that was not enough. It just was not enough.

— Tracy Okida

Reaction ranged from apathetic ignorance to the hostility of the Japanese Chamber of Commerce bigwigs. After all, the Little Tokyo elite had to cancel Eisaku Sato's "tour of the community" so the Japanese Prime Minister would avoid the Teach-in/Demonstration held in Los Angeles on January 8. Asian Americans for Peace sponsored the rally to protest Sato's meeting with Nixon and to express militant opposition to the U.S.-Japan Security Treaty (Ampo). Since the economic and military relationship between the United States and Japan has both generated controversy and created a dialectic within the Asian American community, this paper will try to clarify the issue of "Ampo Funsai"—Smash the U.S.-Japan Security Treaty.

Why Focus on AMPO?

Recent events such as the "dollar shock" and Nixon's planned visit to China emphasize the interdependence as well as the differences between the U.S. and Japan. Sato and Nixon realize that military and economic cooperation is essential for their continued control and exploitation of Asia. For the U.S., Japan has become the key factor to the success of the Nixon doctrine for Asia. This doctrine aims to reduce the American casualties by decreasing military commitments without altering American economic policies. This is exemplified in the Vietnamization program. Official statements on how the war "is winding down" are belied by the intensified bombing of the North and continued support of the corrupt Thieu regime. According to the Nixon Doctrine therefore, Japan is to assume an expanded military role in Asia to match its already massive economic incursions.

East Asia has now become the key area to the economies of both Japan and the United States in their ever increasing needs for resources and markets. The issue of the Tiao yu Tai Islands exemplifies U.S.-Japan imperialist policies. Since the discovery of oil on these islands, America has supported Japan's claim to jurisdiction over Tiao yu Tai. This is in spite of the fact that these islands have traditionally been identified with China. The fact that 99 percent of Japan's skyrocketing oil requirements must now come from abroad has led to Sato's frantic attempts to control these islands. The further discovery of new deposits along the Pacific Rim

means escalated attempts by the U.S. and Japan to control these areas for their use.

Ampo also symbolizes the interests of both powers in maintaining reactionary regimes in Asia.

Here again we find the shape of a New Pacific Age, where a new order will be created by Japan and the United States. (Sato, 1969). For the U.S., Japan exists as the "easter anchor" of its Pacific Rim Strategy. For the Japanese militarists, Ampo represents a step along the path toward a new Greater East Asia Co-prosperity Sphere in which Asia becomes an extension of the Japanese economy.

It is Japan that is gradually to play the leading role in the security of Asia with the United States cooperating from the sidelines. (Sato, 1969) For the people of Asia, Ampo represents how America and Japan have united to obstruct their struggles for national liberation.

History of AMPO.

After Japan's defeat in World War II, the primary concern of the U.S. occupation forces was insuring that Japan would never again have the potential to become a military threat to the U.S. Initial steps were taken to "democratize" Japan by instituting land reform, strengthening labor unions, breaking up pre-war *zaibatsu* (economic conglomerates), and establishing a "Peace Constitution" which forbade Japan from having a military force.

A series of events in Asia, however, swiftly changed the American attitude toward that of seeing Japan as the keystone of U.S. policies in Asia. The U.S. had counted on Chiang Kai-Shek's regime to maintain control over China and assumed that China could be the major base for its Asian operations. But with the fall of Chiang, (despite massive U.S. support), and the Korean War, the need developed to use Japan to protect U.S. interests in Asia. Therefore, all social reforms were ended and emphasis was placed on insuring that Japan would follow the dictates of U.S. economic and military interests.

The 1952 U.S.-Japan Security Treaty, though it officially ended the Occupation period, established Japan as a U.S. military base for staging operations throughout Asia. In addition, this treaty allowed for U.S. troops in Japan "to maintain international peace and security in the

Far East" and also the right to "put down large scale internal riots and disturbances in Japan caused through the instigation of an outside power." The U.S. could enact all of these actions without Japan's consent. The Security Treaty also provided for the re-armament of Japan by creating a "Self-defense Force," a move in direct contradiction to both Japan's Constitution and the united will of the Japanese people.

Large scale protests against Ampo led to the renegotiation of the treaty in 1960, but the renewed treaty still allowed the presence of U.S. military bases. The current treaty met vigorous protest in 1970 also because politically, Ampo was closely linked to the reversion of Okinawa to Japan. Although the U.S. displaced thousands of Okinawans by building military facilities, and now occupies 44 percent of Okinawa's arable land with its 117 military bases, reversion from American control will not appreciably change the situation for Okinawans. They will not get their land back, and Okinawa will continue to be used as a military base. One poll indicated that only 16 percent of Okinawans approved of the terms of the reversion pact. As U.S. military forces withdraw from Okinawa, Japan's Self-defense Forces move into the vacated facilities. Japanese corporations have already taken steps to insure that Okinawa continues to serve as a military and economic colony of U.S.-Japan business interests. The new treaty and the reversion agreement are examples of the shift in policy from that of deploying American troops to the re-arming of Japan under the guise of "self-defense."

The "Economic Miracle" of Japan—an analysis

Much has been said of the "economic miracle" of Japan and its post-war re-emergence as a world power. Japan has been set up by many Western economists as a model for development. Yet this "miracle," just like economic growth in the U.S., has been built upon the exploited peoples of the Third World.

The emphasis of Japanese economic growth has been upon massive capital formation and industrialization of the society. The results have been the re-emergence of the *zaibatsu* as the core of the Japanese economy, and a lopsided development which depends upon large scale arms production and foreign expansion for continued growth. American military expenditures which have long bolstered the Japanese economy, have made it increasing-

ly dependent upon military production to solve the problems of economic stagnation. Meanwhile, to insure continued economic growth, Japan's own military expenditures have increased at a yearly rate of 18 percent.

By 1975, it is predicted that 90 percent of the raw materials needed by Japan's industries will have to be imported. At its present rate of growth, Japan will require a doubling of its raw materials requirements every 10-12 years. This, compounded with the problems of an economy plagued by overproduction, has led to a frantic search for new foreign resources and markets throughout the world—with a particular focus on Asia. This expansionist economic development being pushed by the Sato regime is at the root of the re-emergence, with U.S. help, of Japanese imperialism.

Japanese Economic and Military Expansion

Japan has now supplanted the U.S. as the leading investor in Thailand, South Korea, and Taiwan, and continues to plan an increasingly dominant role in the Philippines, Hong Kong, Malaysia, and Indonesia. Without Japanese-U.S. joint investments, the regimes of Chiang, Park, Suharto, Lon Nol, Marcos, etc., would soon fall.

A leading spokesman for the Sato regime stated that "it is only natural that Japan will develop a military to match its economic might." Sato himself, however, continues to disguise Japan's growing military strength under the ruse of "self-defense" in an attempt to hide his true intentions from the Japanese and Asian peoples. What is clearly being defended is not Japan, but Japan's growing economic empire in Asia.

Japan's Self-defense Force now numbers 286,000 men. Of these, 90,000 are officers. With each officer training to have control over ten subordinates, the potential for this force alone approaches one million men in the event of conscription. In addition to this force, thousands of "reserve self-defense officers" exist, as well

of Nixon's "protective reaction," in which American planes bomb North Vietnam in order to protect U.S. interests in South Vietnam.

To "prepare" the Japanese people for the re-emergence of Japanese militarism, the Sato regime has stepped up its ideological indoctrination through controlling both the media and educational system. One hour of "moral education" is given daily in Japanese public schools to teach the students national loyalty and morals. There has also been the revival of films, books, and magazines glorifying the Japanese warrior role in samurai stories as well as in past Japanese wars with Russia, China and the U.S.

Future of U.S.-Japan Relations

The emergence of China as a formidable power, and the numerous struggles for national liberation have greatly limited the abilities of Japan and the U.S. to control Asia for its own ends. They will continue to do so. Increased competition between the U.S. and Japan for increasingly limited available resources and markets in Asia will inevitably lead to accelerated conflict and confrontation since the core of both their policies are greed and profit. It would be folly to assume that relations between Japan and the U.S. will continue in its cordial manner. Japan is no longer willing to accept its status as a junior partner to the U.S. and increasingly will be pursuing an independent course.

Implications to Asian American Communities

As history has demonstrated, friction between the U.S. and Japan will definitely affect the status of Asians in America. Because the U.S. has been continuously involved in Asian wars since World War II, ethnocentric education and brainwashing has conditioned the minds of Americans to think of Asian lives as cheap. The core of anti-war sentiment in American is to "bring our boys

the Nixon Doctrine for Asia. We must educate our communities and ourselves to this complex but crucial issue. "Ampo Funsai" should be understood clearly and fully to represent not merely a protest against a single treaty or particular policy, but an attack upon the whole system of international imperialism. Upon the basis of capitalistic growth—in the U.S. and Japan—itsself.

All Power to the People

Ampo Funsai!

— Alan Nishio

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

The following speeches by Linda Iwataki and Mo Nishida respectively, were delivered at the Teach-in on Japanese Militarism at Union Church in Los Angeles, January 8.

To understand how Japanese and U.S. militarism affects our community, we have to take a look at our history.

"I am for the immediate removal of every Jap on the West Coast to a point deep in the interior. I don't mean a nice part of the interior, either. Herd 'em up, pack 'em off, and give them the inside room in the badlands. Let them be pinched, hurt, hungry, and dead up against it... Personally, I hate the Japanese, and that goes for all of them." Hearst Newspaper columnist

Gen. John L. Dewitt, Head of Western Defense Command (in charge of camps): "A Jap's a Jap. It makes no difference whether he is an American citizen or not... they

as a police force of 200,000 men, half of whom are "nation's security police."

Japan's Fourth Defense Plan surpassed \$16 billion, more than doubling the previous Defense Plan and more than eleven times the First Defense Plan. The bulk of these funds will be utilized to establish "air and sea supremacy in Japan and its environs." Japan's military already possess a number of planes, including F104 jets as well as Nike and Mace-B missiles. Also available is a formidable force of 540 warships including submarines in addition to the world's largest merchant marine. Finally, though continuing to remain under the U.S. "nuclear umbrella," Japan is widely acknowledged to be technologically capable of producing nuclear weapons if needed.

Ominous Statements

All this military might for "self-defense" becomes especially ominous when coupled with recent policy pronouncements issued by Sato and members of his ruling clique. Sato stated in a joint communique with Nixon in 1969 that South Korea "was essential to Japan's own security" and that Taiwan "was also a most important factor for the security of Japan." There have also been similar statements concerning the Malacca Straits being "a lifeline for Japan's economic survival." It is clear that Japan's "sphere of defense" could soon come to include Thailand, Indonesia, Malaysia, Hong Kong, and the Philippines, given Sato's statements that "the meaning of national boundary in the past no longer exists," and that "the scope of Japanese defense will expand rapidly."

From now on it would be too late to attack the enemy after the enemy attacks us. We must take the initiative in destroying our enemy before they reach our territory, and particularly on the high seas and outside the territorial skies. (Sato, 1969)

This policy of "pre-emptive defense" is Sato's version

home" with little regard being given to the millions of Asian lives that have been lost.

American insensitivity to the humanity of Asians is exemplified in recent *Life* magazine articles. During the week that Nixon ordered intensive bombing of North Vietnam, *Life* had nary a word on the Asian lives being lost, the cover instead being devoted to the Super Bowl. In contrast, the following issue had as its cover and feature story the one American... I. who had died in Vietnam during that week with not one word of the Asian lives lost.

We as Asians in America have the most to lose from this process of dehumanizing Asians. We know only too well how ignorance breeds stereotypes and how the stereotypes of "industrious, intelligent, and hard-working" can easily be transformed into "sly, sneaky and subversive" in times of stress. For example, a recent segment of the program *60 Minutes* began by extolling the virtues of the hardworking Japanese and the fantastic growth of Japan. The commentator, Mike Wallace, then began a related segment on Japanese Americans by stating how the characteristics of hard-work and industry not only symbolized the Japanese but also their counterparts, the Japanese in the United States—thus tying the Japanese in Japan to the Japanese in America. The program then concluded with a segment on how "cheap foreign labor (specifically Japanese) was hurting U.S. industry—making the final transfer between "industriousness" to "unfair competition."

The heroic struggles throughout Japan over the Okinawa reversion and the U.S.-Japan Security Treaty is in profound contrast to the ignorance and apathy of the U.S. The people of Asia and Japan clearly realize that Ampo must be terminated and Japan returned to its Peace Constitution so that a just peace can be established in Asia. The people of Japan do not wish to see Japan re-emerge as a military force in Asia again.

Clearly we in the U.S. must begin to struggle on our part to smash the U.S.-Japan Security Treaty and end

are a dangerous element, whether they are loyal or not."

Congressman Rankin of Mississippi: He was in favor of "catching every Japanese in America, Alaska, and Hawaii now and putting them into concentration camps, and shipping them to Asia as soon as possible."

Our community has had a long history of racism that is hard to forget.

Isseis today tell the story of struggling through American universities like Cal Berkeley and receiving a Ph.D. in zoology only to spend the rest of their life vending fruit or on welfare because of racist hiring policies. Many Isseis have lived 50 or more years in America and yet, still can't speak the language because of the racial isolation they have been subjected to.

The horrors of the concentration camps our parents and grandparents were thrown into along with the racist hysteria of the media whose headlines screamed, "100,000 JAP TROOPS POSITIONED ON THE MEXICAN BORDER READY TO INVADE CALIFORNIA." And everywhere prohibitive signs saying: "THIS IS ROSE HILL. JAPS KEEP OUT." All this had deep psychological effects on our community, on our people...not to mention the millions of dollars worth of land and belongings that were confiscated and never compensated for.

All this harassment, hardship and unconstitutional detention was caused by U.S. Foreign Policy and its reaction to Japanese militarism and the heavy effect it had on white American attitudes.

Yes, our community has had a long history of racism that is hard to forget. Is it still happening today?

Today young people are suffering from the effects of the racism their parents and grandparents experienced so heavily in the concentration camps. We are struggling with our identity, struggling to establish an Asian Ameri-



can identity. Many of us haven't found this yet and have instead been dropping reds, shooting smack, spending 20 to 30 purposeless years in schools to become completely submerged in an unfeeling system which places monetary gain over human dignity and human life.

Some of us see no possible direction or solution so we enlist in the army. Others of us are drafted unwillingly and sent to Vietnam where we are forced to fight a meaningless (to us) war against our Vietnamese brothers and sisters who are merely fighting for their own land, their own dignity, their own preservation. In the meantime we are maltreated, abused, and degraded by the military that we are putting our life out for...we are called gooks, pointed out to other white soldiers as an example of what the enemy looks like, used as cannon fodder, dehumanized in every way possible and told that all Asian women are whores and hustlers. This attitude, this low grade mentality is brought back home by returning vets and perpetuated towards Asian American women...near some army bases Asian women cannot safely walk down the streets. This dehumanization of Asians is again brought about by U.S. Foreign Policy towards Asians and the reactionary effects it has on white Americans.

Yeah, our community has had a long history of racism that is hard to forget. Is it still happening today? Why is it happening?

In 1942, Japanese militarism in Asia was based on its desire to control and protect as its own, the vast natural resources of Asia. Under the guise of their East Asian Co-prosperity Sphere, the "military-industrial complex" of Japan developed their armies to conquer and control Asia. They finally came into conflict with their chief competitor (in Asia and the Pacific), the United States.

Today, a similar competitive situation is developing. Formally allies, with Japan as the Junior partner,

existence many communities in America lead today. A colony is a territory separate from, but subject to foreign rule (domination). In many ways we are separate from the American ruling class, but subject to their administration. We are separate from the production of goods which are manufactured outside of our community and brought in to be sold. We do not receive any benefit from the money which our people put into purchasing these goods. Thus, community money seems to be going in one direction—outside of the community. This situation denies the welfare of our people for the profit motives of outside forces. This situation negates the creation of self-reliance and self-determination of our people.

Neo-colonialism is where community people are put into administrative positions but controlled by foreign or outside forces that are not concerned with the welfare of the community. A neo-colonial type of situation is beginning to develop within the Japanese American communities with the appearance of many Japanese banks, etc. These institutions seem to be fronting off the Japanese American community by using its name and its people; and taking its money. Much of the money is funneled out of the community to use to develop other Japanese industry. Therefore nothing is happening on Japan's part to begin to build up a self-reliance or self-determination in the community.

Less than 20% of the people of Japan support the Sato Regime which is symbolic for this economic and military imperialism.

We, the Asian people of America, suffer under this same U.S. and Japanese economic and military imperialism.

We support the struggles of our sisters and brothers in Japan.

And we express our solidarity with them and all oppressed Third World Peoples of the world.

ALL POWER TO THE SISTERS AND BROTHERS STRUGGLING FOR LIBERATION!

with these peoples.

The modern history of the two groups in Japan started with the opening of Tokugawa Japan to the world. This event opened Japan to the world again and started the immigration of diverse influences and peoples as Japan evolved to meet mounting Western economic aggression in Asia.

The Chinese came to Japan mainly as merchants, therefore they settled around the trading posts and later in the budding trade centers. There are today in Japan, around 70,000 persons officially designated as of Chinese origin.

The Koreans also settled around the large cities and trade centers, but for entirely different reasons. They were brought over due to a labor shortage in Japan. Their presence in Japan was also helped by Japanese Imperialist expansion onto the mainland, namely that of the development of a puppet regime and country called Chōsen. Today there are approximately 650,000 Koreans in Japan.

The problems of the modern "national minorities" of Japan are similar to the "national minorities" in this country. These problems deal with discrimination in housing, employment, human rights, and a whole array of unjust and irrational practices. It doesn't seem to make sense since the groups are racially homogeneous, that is, all Asian or Mongolian. In fact, in Japan, when one asks people about discrimination, many say you can't tell the difference, therefore there isn't any. This isn't true. Just ask any of the Third World people there. In Japan, the minorities are referred to as Third World peoples, just as people of color are here.

What one sees in Japan is not racial discrimination or racism. However, it is racism or race chauvinism's next cousin—national or ethnic chauvinism. On analysis, we see that it is the old 'divide and rule' principle applied on a racially homogeneous population by an exploitative ruling class.

This national chauvinism has deep roots in Japan-



Japan and the U.S. have again become the major competitors for control of natural resources and markets in Asia. Now the U.S.-Japan Security Treaty has obligated Japan to share more of the military burden for "preserving peace in Asia."

What does this re-arming of Japan mean? First it means the probability of a Vietnam, Japanese style. This would mean Asians fighting Asians to protect the mutual economic interests of the U.S. and Japan.

But more importantly it means that a re-armed Japan will make the current U.S.-Japan economic competition as potentially explosive as that competition was in 1942.

Already we see billboards in Arizona saying "REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR! BUY AMERICAN!" as well as the sudden revival of the old 1940's war movies on the late, late show.

How can we see this competition in our own community?

Japanese banks and other corporate industrial bodies are now competing with American banks using the Japanese American community as a base to work from. They are competing for their own gains without any consideration for the people.

An example of this manipulation of the Japanese American community purely for the profit of Japanese business is the Japan Trade Center in San Francisco. This community redevelopment project was originally intended to be a community cultural center for the residents of that area. Enter Japanese big business as the primary financial source. The community center became a Trade Center primarily run and controlled by Japanese business. There was no allotment for community input. All profits were drawn out of the community without regard to the welfare of the residents. There are hints of similar trade centers being planned for other Japanese American communities in California.

This situation is similar to the colonial type of

Who are the minorities of Japan? There are two types, those that are considered indigenous to the land, and those that have come to Japan for a variety of reasons.

One of the indigenous groups is the Ainu, the natives of northern Japan. They originally inhabited regions as far south as the plains around Tokyo, but were pushed north as the war-like Yamato tribesmen extended their rule and occupation of the main islands. There was another group that occupied southern Japan which was completely wiped out, like many of our native American tribes. The history of the Ainu is much like the history of the conflict of the White settlers and the red inhabitants.

The use of alcohol, trinkets, superior organization and technical weapons were used to push, beat and oppress these people. In fact the T.V. and media portray a scene very much like the European American westward advancement. The statistics of today say that there are very few pure blooded Ainu. That their culture and way of life is fast vanishing. About the only thing left is for tourists. So, just as the Native American culture is fast disappearing due to cultural Imperialism of European Amerika, so, too, the Native Japanese culture of the Ainu is experiencing cultural genocide due to Americanized Yamato Japanese pressures for "modernization and assimilation."

There are others whose origins are in antiquity. However this article will deal with the problems and peoples of urban Japan, since Japan today is an industrialized urban country.

The two main groups that make up the minorities of foreign extraction in urban Japan are the Chinese and Koreans of Japan. The reasons for being in Japan are different for the two groups. The travel and exchange of immigrants from Korea and China go back before recorded history and most mainland influence was brought

ese society. A particular case in point was during the great Tokyo earthquake of 1923. The anger and confusion of the people were directed by the police toward the Koreans and Chinese there. In the ensuing trouble about 6,000 Koreans and 600 Chinese were killed. These roots also explain the anti-Chinese and anti-Korean sentiments of the older people of Japanese ancestry.

As we have stated earlier, the main problems facing Third World people in Japan are housing, employment, marriage, and lack of citizenship. There are second and third generation Third World people in Japan who are not citizens who still have to obey the laws, pay taxes, go to the schools, and yet do not qualify as citizens.

In the next issue, we will go into the specifics of the problems of Third World people in Japan.

CHINA: THROUGH CHINESE EYES

Near the Huang-p'u River in Shanghai there is a park, favored by many Chinese as a place of relaxation. If President Nixon passes by it during his February visit to China, it may be difficult for him, as it is for others not seeing through Chinese eyes, to appreciate the meaning of that park.

Historian Philip C. Huang of UCLA, eight years old when he left Shanghai in 1948, remembers how the park, in the heart of the international settlement, once carried a sign which read: "Dogs and Chinese not Allowed."

Dr. Huang only a few weeks ago visited the new China, and found in Shanghai as elsewhere changes overwhelming in their dimensions and deep in their meanings to Chinese. "I went to the park this time. It is marvelous to see workers exercising, and people strolling around."

Professor Huang, who has made two trips to China since July, was one of the first American citizens and the first professional China scholar admitted to the mainland after the thaw in Sino-American relations.

His precisely measured, scholarly observations of China's modern history are spoken softly, free of emotionalism. Yet there is an unmistakable and rightly placed pride when Dr. Huang speaks about the land of his ancestry, which now at last is "a nation that has stood on its feet."

Dr. Huang has an equally evident concern that Americans will continue in their failure to understand China, lacking as most do a perspective on China's past, and persisting in meaningless comparisons of present-day, largely agrarian China with fully-industrialized America.

A Different Perspective

Traveling alone and with no restrictions, Dr. Huang saw China as a Chinese citizen would. When he did identify himself to others as an American, their usual reactions were enthusiasm mixed with curiosity. "Oh, you've come from so far," they would say, "tell us something about the conditions there." The Chinese distinguish between the American government and people, believing that "fundamentally there is a reservoir of goodwill among the American people," and that currently the American government "has been pressured by the people to pursue somewhat more reasonable policies."

On his second visit in October and November, Huang saw more of official China, traveling as he did with fourteen scholars and businessmen, among them his sister, a New York hospital planner whose hobby is fashion design. She, incidentally has played a hand in the current American vogue of the "worker's suit," which stylish New Yorkers started wearing soon after China took its seat in the United Nations.

Dr. Huang ponders this faddish American interest in the "people's uniform." In China it is worn because "it's the most practical and economical thing, and China has to do it." Though the fad here may represent sincerely intended goodwill, it also represents a different point of departure. Americans value style and individuality; China has chosen equality over individuality, a choice which was necessary for national survival.

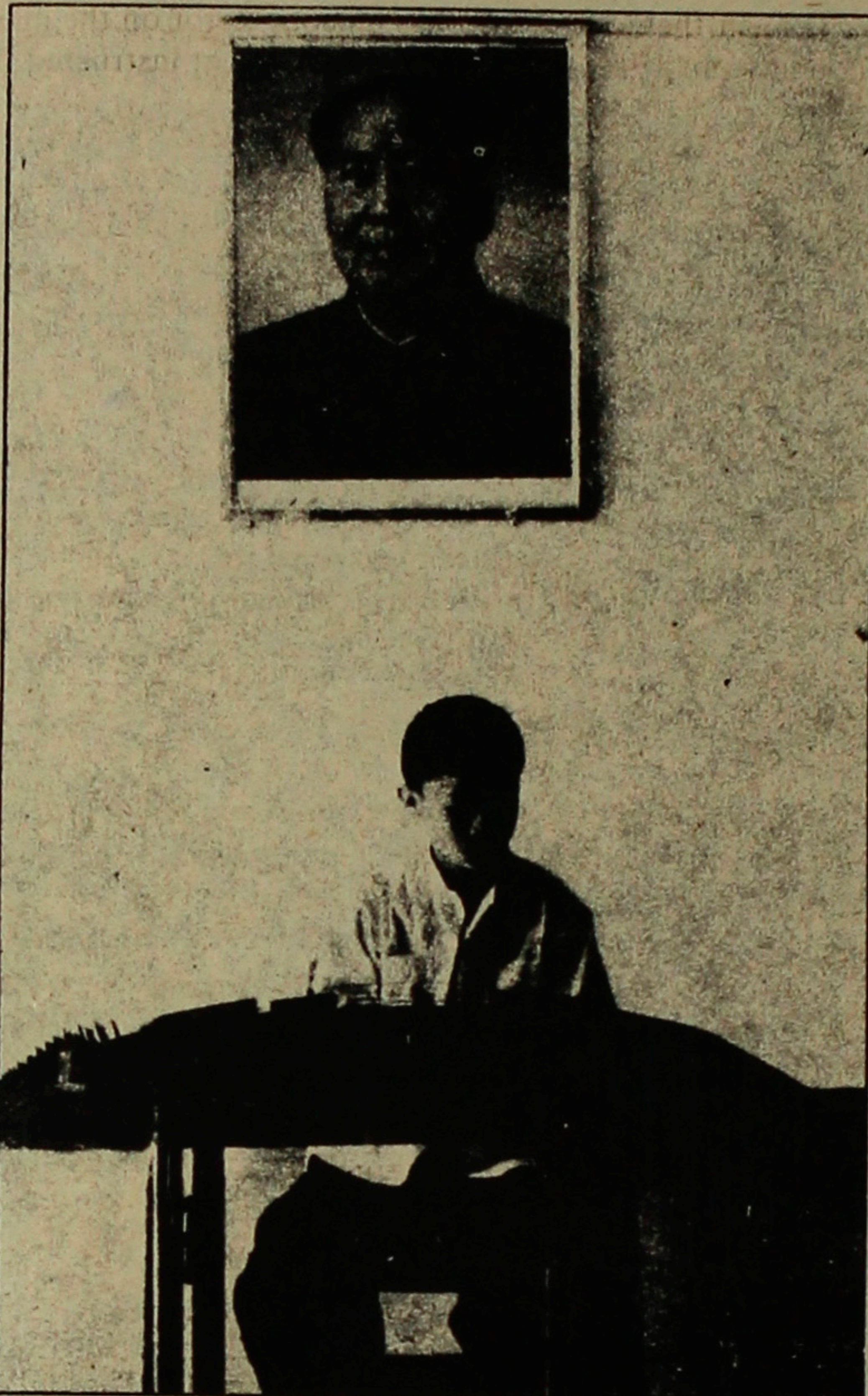
Canton, Shanghai and Peking were the cities Dr. Huang visited on his first trip. Some Western journalists getting first glimpses of those cities describe them as frankly a bore.

How could they know the excitement in seeing the Pearl River today as it flows peacefully past Canton, if they have not known it was up that river the British gunboats came to open the Opium War in 1839, bombarding defenseless Canton and beginning a century of China's humiliating subjugation by Western powers? "Everything hits you when you stand on the bank of the Pearl River," Philip Huang quietly recalls.

Visitors may wonder at today's lack of nightlife on Shanghai streets. In a 1936 guidebook to Shanghai, two Americans wrote: "When your rickshaw coolie starts to pant, you're approaching the Garden Bridge." They neglected to mention that in the famine of that year, 20,000 Chinese bodies were collected from Shanghai's sidewalks, dead from hunger.

Philip Huang remembers how as an eight-year-old in Shanghai, he was "inured when I read newspaper reports that on a single cold winter night, 3,000 people would freeze to death and sometimes the bodies were never even carted away."

In pre-liberation China there was practically not a single year without famine, and the deaths in each major famine ranged into the millions. Beyond famines, floods and wars, there was unequal distribution. In a



A.

PHILIP HUANG

typical countryside, 10 percent of the people owned 70 percent of the land.

All is changed in the new China. There are no "coolies," and there are no dead bodies on the streets.

Returning to liberated China, says Dr. Huang, "one of the first things you recall is the American myth that life is cheap in 20th century China. And it was in fact so; life was cheap."

"Today one of the first things that hits you is that life is just no longer cheap in China. Everybody is fed. There is no poverty, and no luxury. People are proud. They have a sense of purpose."

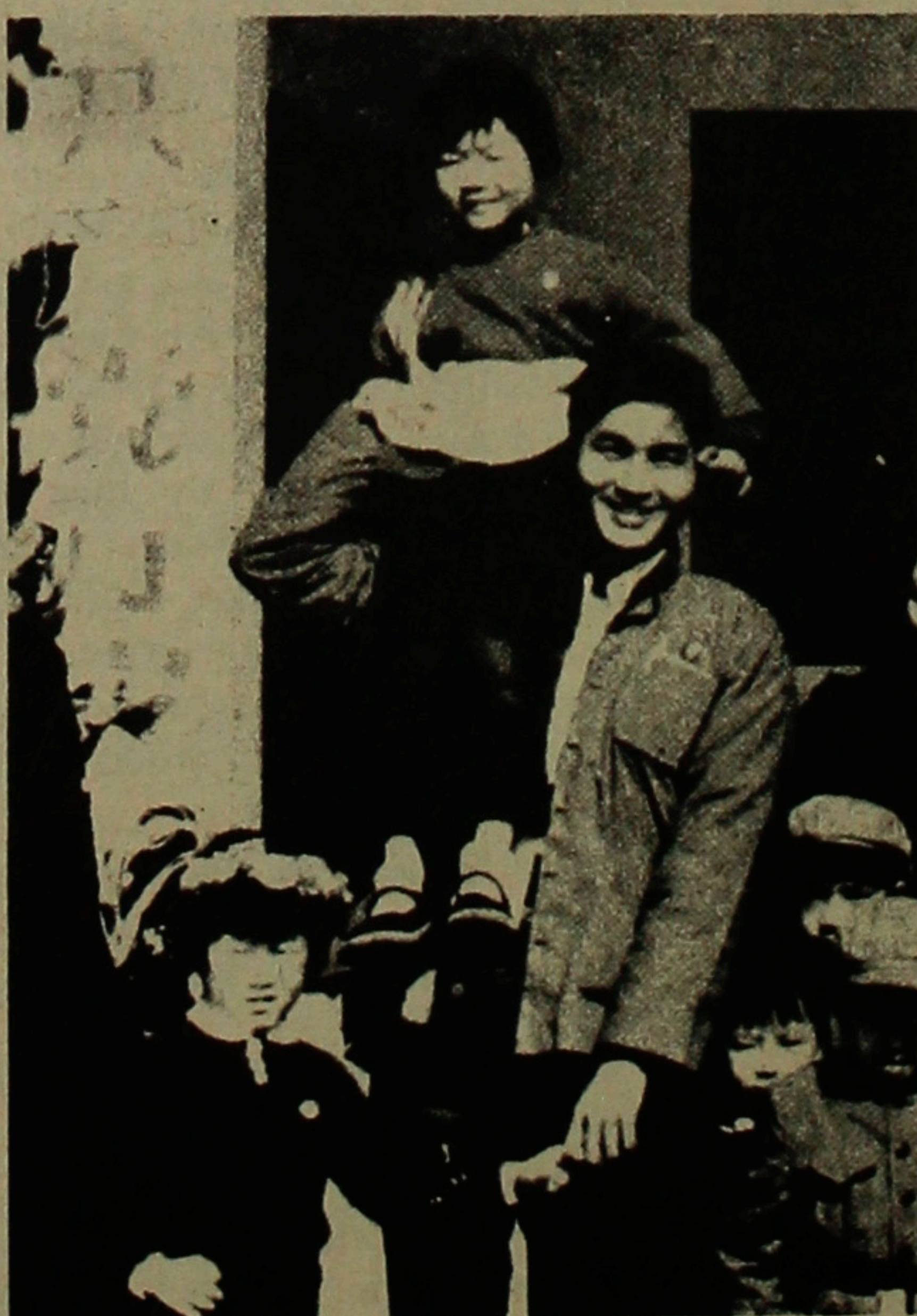
"The dimensions of the achievement are so great, whatever criticisms we can make are petty."

Humanitarian Victory

Achieving an adequate living standard for a poor nation of 750 million people is indisputably the single greatest humanitarian victory in recorded history.

Self-reliant China not only is feeding the masses, but is making phenomenal strides in literacy and medical care. In pre-liberation China, perhaps 10 percent of the population was literate. Today, Dr. Huang notes, that figure has risen to 85 percent. Only the rich had access to medical service in the old China. Now modern medical care is generally available to everyone in the cities without cost, and the gap is being closed also in the countryside.

"Tremendous things are being done through the barefoot doctors, a fantastic program to spread medical



B.

service throughout the country on a very efficient basis," reports UCLA's visitor to China. A promising young man is chosen from a production unit of a commune for training in a county hospital, and then returns to his unit, capable of performing basic services such as child delivery. Each commune also has a hospital with fully-trained staff, where the barefoot doctor receives further in-service training. The system frees hospital bed space for specialized cases.

Dr. Huang visited a Shanghai hospital which has a national reputation for rejoining severed limbs. Surgeons successfully have rejoined severed hands and fingers, including the nerves. Such medical advances are not surprising for a nation which in ancient times invented paper, the compass, printing and paper money.

While adopting Western medicine, China has not discarded the ancient art of acupuncture, needle and herbal medicine. A hospital staff of 50 doctors include five or ten well-trained in acupuncture; the remainder, though trained in Western medicine, know the uses of acupuncture.

James Reston of the *New York Times* experienced acupuncture after an emergency appendectomy in July. To relax painful pressure in the intestine, thin needles were inserted near the elbow and knee. As a Peking doctor described the procedure, "illness can be caused by imbalances between organs, and stimulation from acupuncture can help restore balance by removing the causes of congestion or antagonism."

The doctor treating Reston had practiced for years on his own body, explaining: "It is better to wound yourself a thousand times than to do a single harm to another person."

Dr. Huang witnessed acupuncture anesthesia during a woman's stomach surgery. "I talked to her while the surgeons were cutting, and I asked how she felt. She smiled, saying she didn't feel anything."

A major development in acupuncture today is among the deaf and dumb. Near the ear there is a point which traditionally was considered dangerous to puncture. Medical corpsmen in the *People's Liberation Army*, deciding to experiment on themselves, found that acupuncture near that point profoundly stimulates the hearing mechanism.

"The theory has not been worked out. You ask a doctor, why does it work, and he says, 'Well, we don't know why, but in a hundred thousand cases it seems to work every time.'

"I visited a school for the deaf and dumb," related Dr. Huang, "and saw beginning students trying to make a sound. I saw second year students who could say, 'Long live the Chairman,' and third year students who were reading. I visited one class where they were doing English."

Tremendous Spirit

Some China watchers speculate endlessly on the success or failure of the new values and attitudes in China. But, says Dr. Huang, "since no opinion surveys and no samples have been taken in China, I think they are speaking with no evidence."

Philip Huang frequently asked girls of marriageable age for their ideas about the ideal husband. "Most young girls think of the Liberation Army soldier as a very good catch. Young people aspire for military service. I realized the Liberation Army is in fact a people's army. It's an army that wears no weapons. It's an army that engages in production, public works, public service projects. It's a tremendously well-behaved army. Everywhere I talked with people—in parks and restaurants and on the streets—I noticed tremendous esteem and respect for the Liberation Army."

It is true that during the Cultural Revolution the army expanded its role in the government. "But the next conclusion, that China is under military rule, is a gross misrepresentation, because military rule as we would understand it is very different. The armies in the two countries are entirely different."

Dr. Huang was asked to give his one most central impression of China today.

"It is that you see everywhere tremendous spirit, involvement, a sense of purpose; people proud, people feeling they have something to do; people committed and involved. All this, in addition to seriously and sincerely supporting the government, believing that this is a government in the service of the people."

"The enthusiasm, the energy and the vigor, everywhere are present to the extent that the visitor just can't miss it."

Such attitudes are rooted in Confucianism, which

saw morality, values and attitudes as the root of all else. "If the root is strong, the branches will be strong. An individual's moral attitudes are more important than institutions and technology. You can still see this emphasis in present-day China. The content of the values of commitment is different. More people are more committed to a system of values today than probably at any other time in Chinese history.

It is difficult for Americans to accept this reality. "Americans seem to have forgotten a stage where people can be committed to a large public purpose. We're all cynically looking after our own interests. There were times in American history when people were more involved in the general public purpose, but we now seem to have forgotten that this is even possible."

Dr. Huang agrees there may be some facile analogies drawn between China's sense of national values and the trends among American youth toward new consciousness, antimaterialism, and a new religiousness. But the essential difference is that for many American youth "the point of departure is still the self," while it is "not the self, but society in a state of emergency."

Those different attitudes about individuality and liberty, Dr. Huang suspects, may be a hang-up for President Nixon as he visits China next month.

"Liberty and equality are uneasy bedfellows. If China had chosen liberty, allowing everyone to pursue his own economic interests, there would be tremendous inequality. In China's case, this couldn't be afforded. Inequality meant starvation for something like sixty to seventy percent of the people. Perhaps the United States is one of the few societies in the world which can afford the luxury of liberty.

"This talk of liberty of the consciousness to think anti-social thoughts, liberty of the individual to do anything he pleases, sounds well and good. But when millions are dying for no reason at all, then it's really a very small thing to ask for.

"Liberty can be understood in a variety of ways. In the Western tradition, liberty encompasses the whole thought of individuality as an element of individual well-being. Obviously, it should also encompass national liberty, the liberty of the nation to self-determination. It should encompass liberty from starvation and physical suffering.

"In China, what has taken precedence over individuality is national liberty."

A nation's right to self-determination at once raises the issue of Taiwan. Nearly all of the world's nations now recognize there is only one China, and that its legitimate government is in Peking.

China's position, says Dr. Huang, is simple. Taiwan is an integral part of China, as both Mao and Chiang agree. Peking has no plans to take Taiwan by force. At the same time, it does not want external powers interfering in domestic affairs. "I would think most Ameri-

cans would be in sympathy with such a position. Imagine if there were Soviet military bases present in Long Island."

What might happen on Taiwan once a political resolution is achieved through negotiation?

That can be answered by China's past behavior, Dr. Huang says. Considering the dimensions of change, transitions have been achieved without excessive violence. Though there was some spontaneous terror on the mainland from 1945 to 1950, the government instructed the masses to refrain from such excesses.

"If Taiwan were to come under the Peking government, we can be sure there would be no such thing as landlords, but we also can be sure that Taiwan landlords would not be exterminated. There would be a massive program to re-educate them; this is what happened on the mainland."

For Taiwan capitalists there would be a period of transition, says Dr. Huang, noting that China in 1960 still was paying dividend interest to Shanghai capitalists. Absorbed into a new system, those on Taiwan probably would perform important managerial roles.

"Bloodbaths, mass terror, executions, are just not the Chinese style."

Deeds not Words

Looking at deeds rather than words, there is persuasive evidence that China has few tendencies toward aggression.

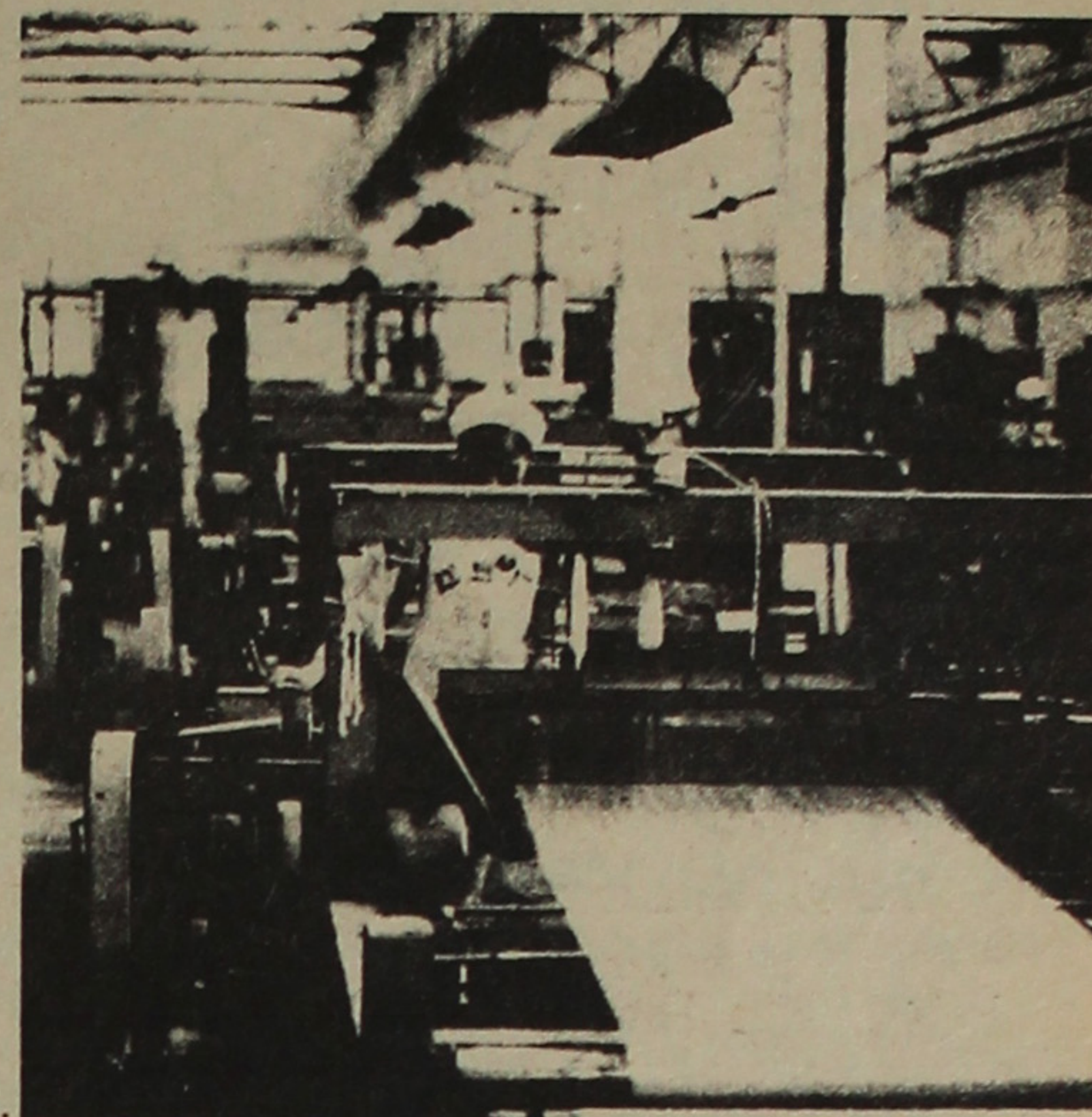
In taking its United Nations seat, China added to its history a pledge that "at no time, neither today nor ever in the future, will China be a super-power subjecting others to its aggression," and declared "solemnly that at no time and under no circumstances will China be the first to use nuclear weapons." UN delegate Chiao Kuan-hua, who spoke those words, said China wishes to work with all nations to safeguard peace and promote human progress. "Surely," he said, "the world will move toward progress and light."

Such statements often are discarded as propaganda.

On propaganda, Dr. Huang reflects: "One of the great lessons for me, after working in this field, is that what is called 'propaganda' makes marvelous sense when you are prepared to think Chinese thoughts. Once you have thought the Chinese thoughts, you are just amazed what marvelous sense it makes.

"I think, for example, larger segments in the United States are beginning to see the Vietnam war in the terms that China has always put it in."

If there now can be accommodation on the question of Taiwan, then Dr. Huang believes anything is possible: a great deal of trade and cultural exchange, and tourism on an open basis. "There's nothing like that kind of experience to help you think the thoughts another person is thinking."



C.

Still, historian Huang is fearful that "we have now probably as great a communication gap between China and the United States as we did at the time of the Opium War. Americans refuse to understand the Chinese way of seeing things. Somehow this communication gap must be closed."

This communication crisis indeed confirms the Chinese definition of "crisis" as being "a dangerous opportunity."

—Ted Hulbert

(A.) A schoolboy in Canton, southern China, plays the Chi'in—a stringed instrument predating the 10th Century B.C.

(B.) Professor Huang among several friends at a Shanghai child care center. Working mothers pay \$2.50 for a month's day care; their monthly earnings average \$25 to \$30.

(C.) Women in this silk factory and other light industries work an eight-hour day, six days a week, retiring at age 55 with 70 percent pay...

(D.) The ancient medical art of acupuncture has a new application in today's China—the restoration of hearing, witnessed by Dr. Huang at a school for the deaf and dumb...

(E.) "Welcome!"...waving pompoms to display their warm enthusiasm for American visitors, youngsters at a Shanghai child care center ran to greet Professor Philip Huang during his tour of China.



D.



E.

PHILIP HUANG

This article was originally published by the UCLA Monthly.

THE CONTINUING STORY OF KEN & KEIKO*

(or how my head goes
threw them changes)

as you all know, though,
"The wheel of the law turns
without pause..."

BUT, to go on from where
we did not leave off as of
last episode

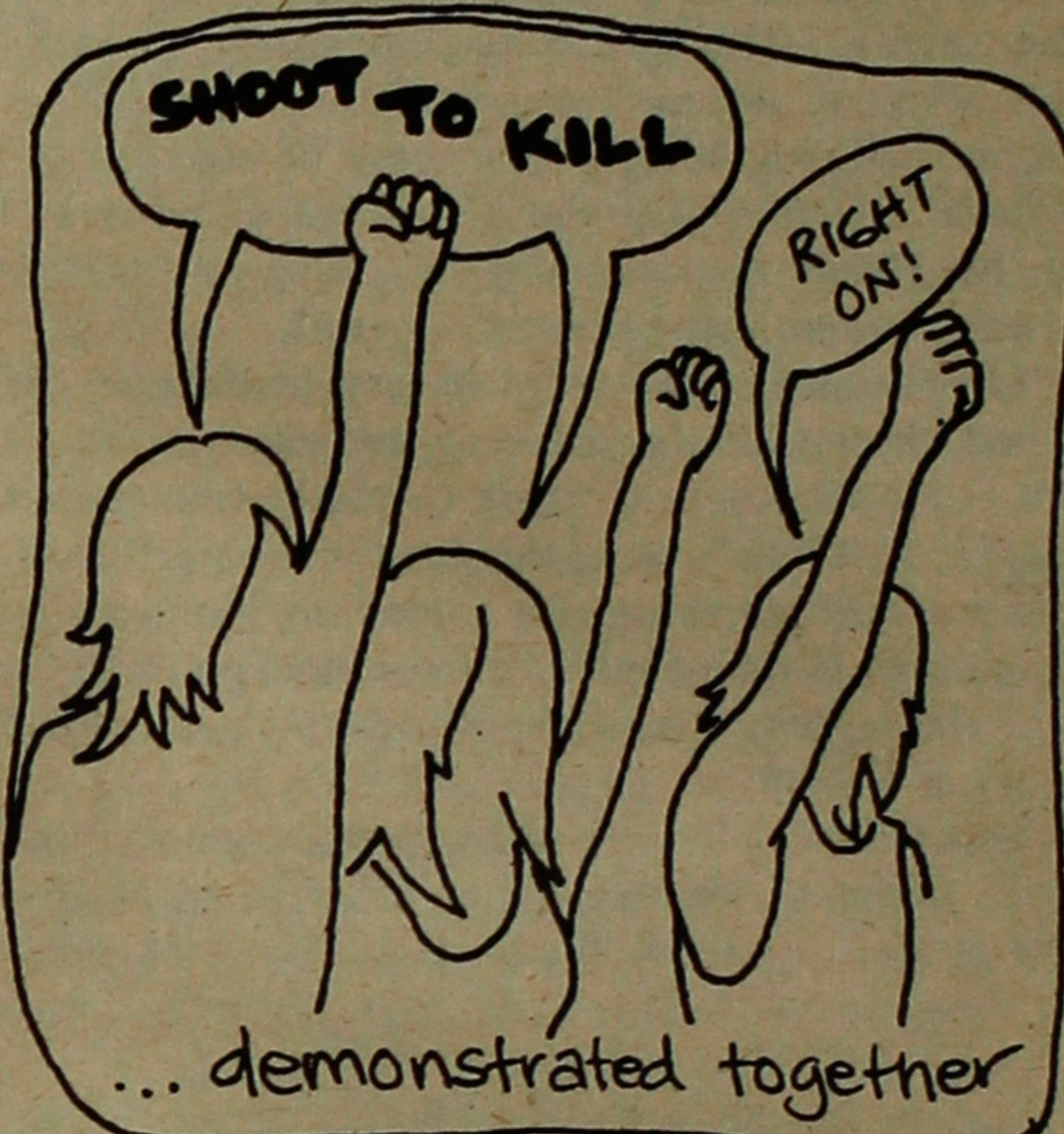
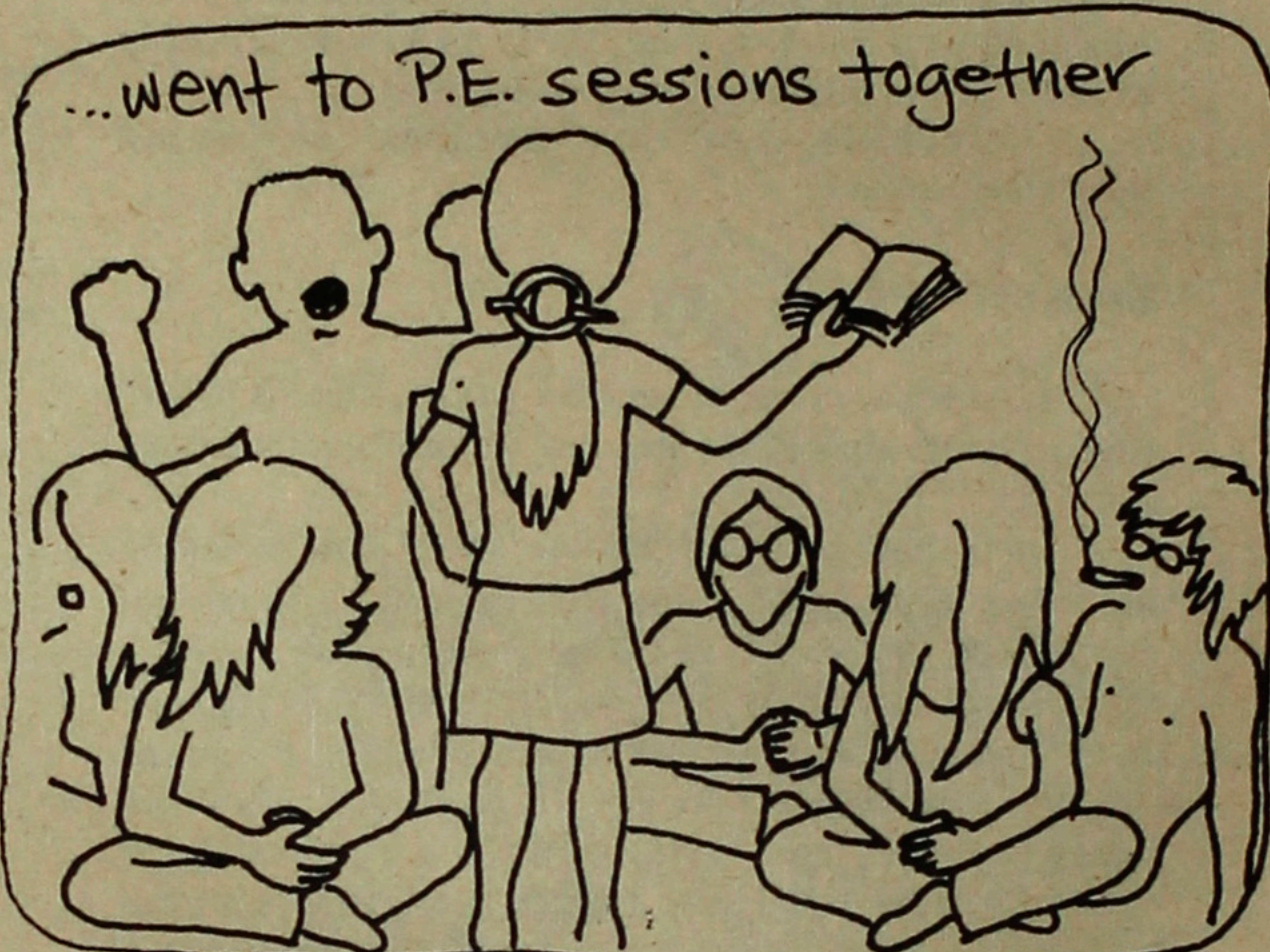
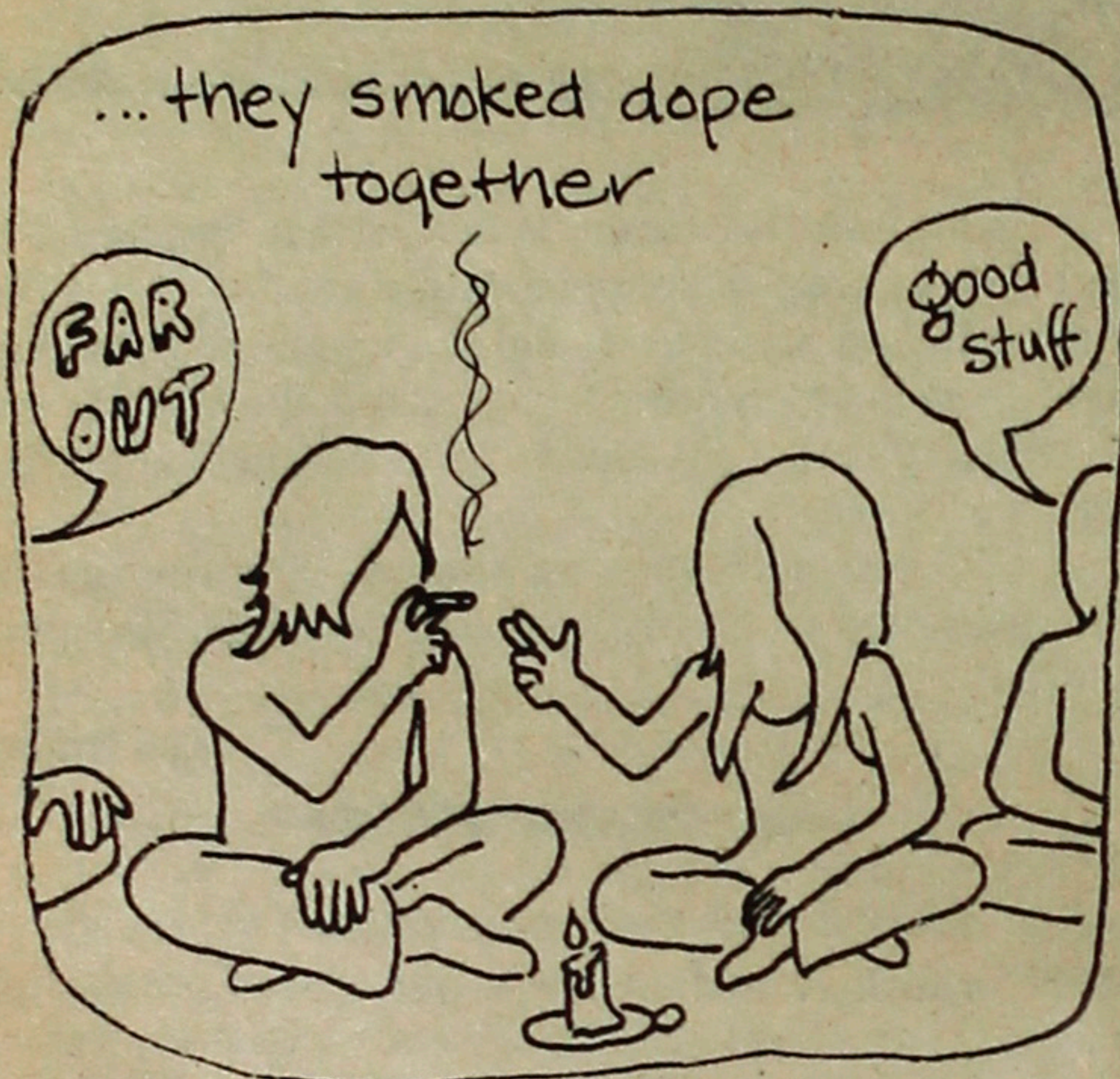


They dug each
other ...

"he's a right on
brother..."

"man, she's^{uh} right on
sister..."

plus she's got ideology



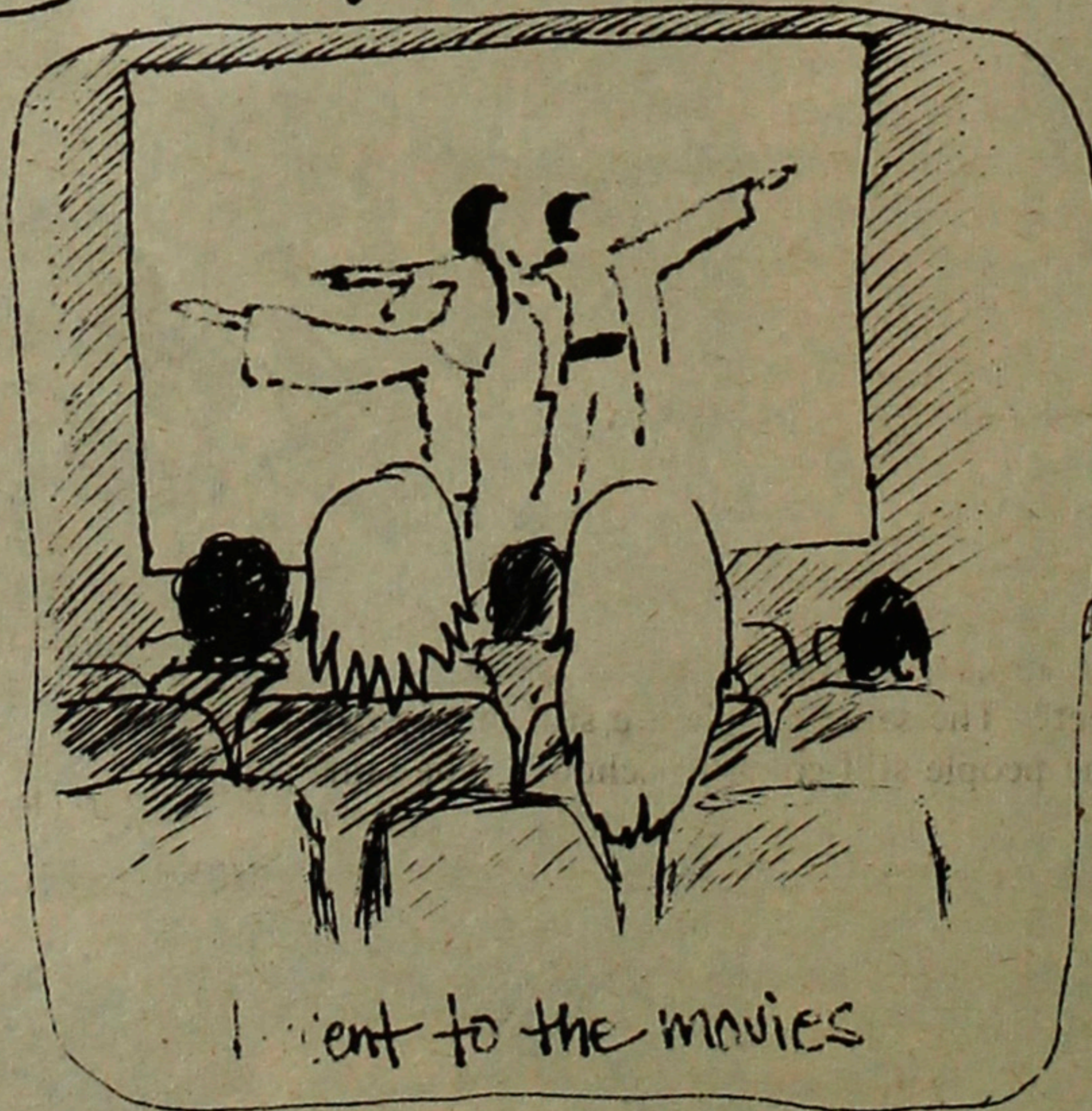
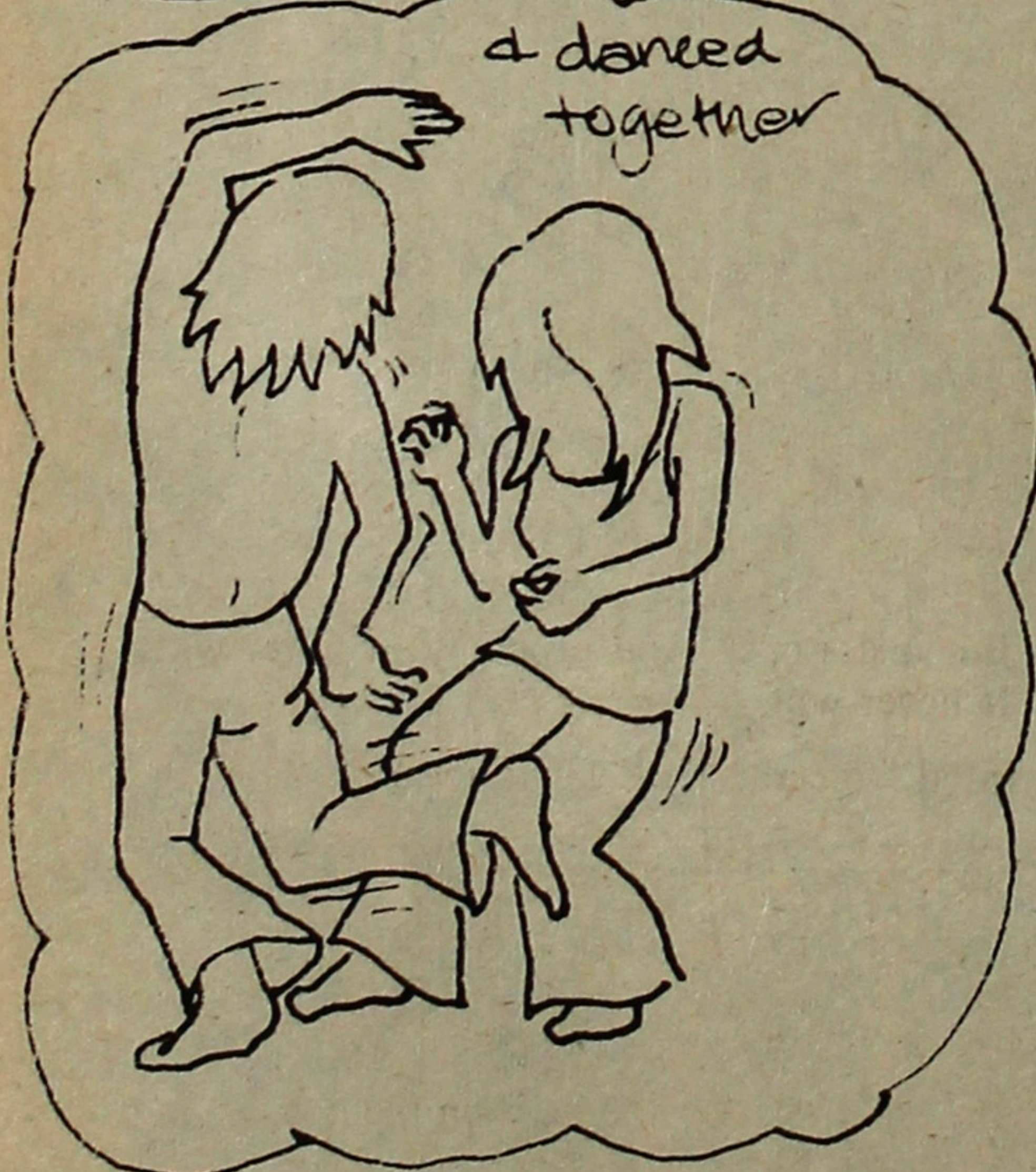
But, to get into some
interpersonal stuff...



there was some misery

KEN really dug **KEIKO**, but
he didn't know how she felt,
and he didn't know how to tell
her or talk to her about it.
So, deciding that life & the
struggle were both long
processes, he decided to
play the waiting game. He
watched Keiko closely,
hoping for some signs - giving
her looks when their eyes
met (trying to tell her)
but he never could say it...

OH, OH **KEIKO**

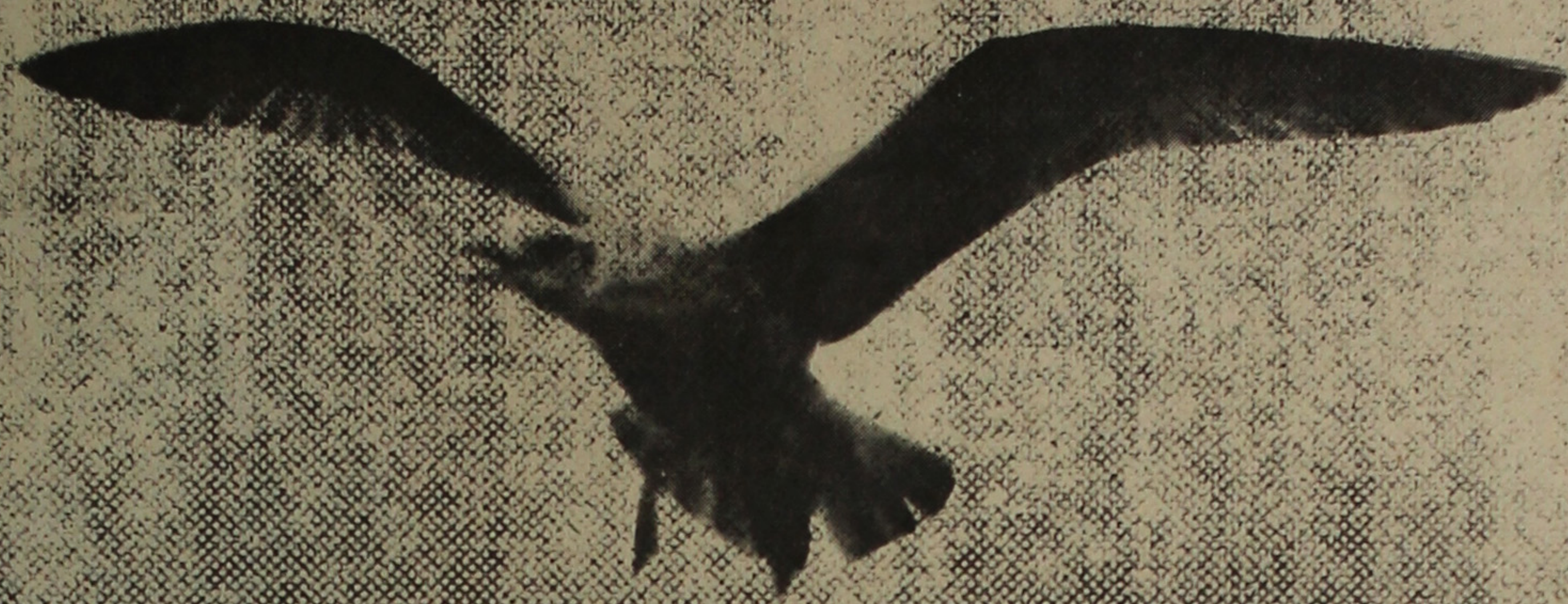


& **KEN** never once told
KEIKO how he felt.

hiding his feelings
beneath his casual
front he spent
his time in lonely
misery leaving
KEIKO in confusion
& in amazement at
his change in moods

Well, that's all for now. The question still remains,
who the H... was the old man of the last episode?
And what's so funny? **MAYBE NEXT TIME YOU'LL KNOW.**

* **KEN & KEIKO** are based on real characters, only the names have been changed to protect the innocent.



something to say...

My bicycle was stolen this week. It didn't really belong to me, but then, what does "belong" mean? I rode it all the time. It was a friend. Sometimes, in these last, strange, few months, it was my best friend. When I abused it once, showing off, clowning around on it, it threw me like a horse who didn't like what I was doing. Bruised, banged up a little, shocked, I stayed off of it for a week. When I started riding it again my attitude had changed. We were friends again.

It was blue, a lively blue color. It had ten speeds. It was light and fast and wonderful to ride. I used to ride it all over Berkeley, aimlessly, stopping for ice cream or to watch some high school kids playing baseball in the long afternoon.

I tripped on it, more than once.

I used to ride that bike and spin fantasies. It was a good place to fantasize and it was a good place to stop fantasizing, to be a part of the day, the motion all around me.

So what happened? I went to a movie, a fucked-up movie called "The Rain People." All about this housewife who jumps in her station wagon one morning and splits. Can't stand being married anymore, being penned-up. (I can dig it. I wish all the housewives in Babylon would do that. It would turn the country around. Still, the movie was fucked up.)

Well, anyway, I locked the bike (I always do) in front of the U.C. Museum on Durant. Locked to a pole. When I came out of the movie, it was gone.

City life is strange, full of strangers. Sometimes you get a smile and it's real and feels good and sometimes you look the other way. (Who is it knocking at the door and whose voice is at the other end of the line?) And sometimes you get ripped-off. Goods are transferred in the secret night, for a fix, for quick money, for want of something to do, for whatever. Not to mention class differences, such as the one between students and street people. Or differences of caste, like Black people. Or the one that seems to combine elements of both,

like the differences between men and women.

I've done my share of ripping off. By now, the term outlaw has become overblown and overly-romanticized but I've been some kind of outlaw nearly all my life. It's easier now, maybe because there are more of us and we're learning (maybe) not to rip each other off. But I've expended too much time and energy and resisting and rebelling against, not enough (inevitable cliché) on building positive things, relationships, etc.

When I knew the bike was missing, gone, lost, stolen, ripped-off, I freaked. Then I was furious. And then I felt hollow.

And I felt hollow because loneliness is a heavy part of my karma right now (though so are many other things) and I knew that one of the ways I was working that out was gone. So was my mobility.

And when I came home and told the sister, whose bike it was, what had happened, she said, "Don't worry about it. It wasn't your fault. It happens." Which to me was far-out, generous, altogether beautiful.

So these are the "little" crimes, the crimes against each other, the kind the pigs don't show much interest in: women raped while hitchhiking, bicycles (and peoples' houses) ripped-off, smack sold on the avenue.

Stealing from each other what we don't have and what none of us can really afford to give.

I don't know. Berkeley is such a shallow place. It makes it hard for people. It really does. Are the same people still into radical politics? The same people are still into radical politics. Are the same people still on the street? The same people are still on the street. Are the same people still going to school? The same people

are still going to school. Even the pigs seem, sadly, the same. Experts at the bland, bland, college-trained hassle. You can talk to a pig in Berkeley, banter with him, but don't mess with the S.F. Tac Squad or Oakland's finest. Don't.

You find, you know, that after a year in Berkeley, you're closer to fewer people than you ever were in Chicago. Berkeley, where people smile on the street and the favorite greeting is, "Have a nice day." Where people half-expect revolutionary change because half the city council is composed of relatively decent, progressive people. ("Radicals," as the media refers to them.)

In Chicago, in certain wards, ninety-eight percent of the people support hizzoner the mayor. Think of the nightstick and the gun and the badge as the flaming sword of vengeance on those pagan hippies and Blacks. God's angels wear blue uniforms and the government has as much relationship to democracy as the one in Saigon. Or Saturn.

But at least, in that kind of setting, you get a better sense of who your friends are and relationships form that go deeper and are a little more durable.

About the bike: It's shameless, I suppose, to feel so attached to something, to go on this way. But I loved that bike. I have a hard time feeling that way about anything.

So, whoever you are, it's naive and a little absurd, but if you're reading this it would be far-out (meaning: just, right, proper) if you returned the bike. If your trip is to sell it to get some bread, well, I'll give you some bread. Just call the Tribe and arrange to leave it somewhere. If not, not.

Sooner or later each of us comes to almost expect certain fucked-up things to happen. You get blasé, sort of, almost cynical, callous. Maybe on the premise that it makes things easier to live with.

But it doesn't. And probably, it never will. It never will.

(Reprinted from the Berkeley Tribe.)

On Saturday, December 18, 1971, Asian Joint Communications (L.A. Chapter) held its first fund raising project at Blarney's Castle. The theme for the night was "People need People." This theme, along with the music of Hiroshima and A Long Time Comin' helped to make the evening a great success. Throughout the evening the atmosphere was throbbing with good vibes and the solidarity of people looking after one another. This helped to combat the usual harassment from the establishment security.

To throw this dance, it was necessary for Joint Communications to seek the aid and support of the people. A special thanks goes to the people of Visual Communications, who helped to make the posters; Bob Oda of North Star Silk Screening for furnishing the bids, Atomic Nancy of Atomic Cafe, and numerous organizations (Amerasia Bookstore, the Storefront, UCLA and Long Beach State Studies', SBAI, NPP (Narcotics Prevention Project), etc.) who aided considerably with the distribution of bids, as well as the individuals who dis-

tributed the bids throughout the community.

Joint Communications would like to express an extra special word of gratitude to The People for their support and participation, and to the brothers (Ken Choy, William Phillips, Lyle Kurasaki, Robert Osborn) who were able to come out of CIM (California Institution for Men), and Jean Shibayashi, who brought the sisters from Penny Lane, a home for girls.

The Asian Joint Communications program maintains a line of Serve the People. The proceeds of the dance will go towards the costs of materials (books, literature, newspapers, etc.), transportation needs, and financial aid to the brothers and sisters upon release, for their immediate needs (housing, food, transportation, clothing, etc.). JC is also trying to attain funding for a half-way house to meet the needs of the Asian Community.

Through the concern and support of the community, the fund raising project was more of a success than was anticipated.

It went something like this: 285 out of 300 bids were sold; people were turned on to the goals and programs of JC, so there was \$42.00 in donations given at the door. When the proceeds from the door were added to all that, the gross profit for the evening was \$1,234.93. After the bands were paid (\$300), the security was paid (\$90), and the miscellaneous expenses were paid (\$32.57) the net profit was \$812.36.

Joint Communications will try and keep the community informed in the future as to what we are doing and what is going on in the various institutions through newsletters and articles.

Unity through Struggle,
Joint Communications

P.S. A pair of glasses was found after the dance. If they belong to you, call Joint Communications at JACS-AI office at 689-4413.

GOLD MOUNTAIN

The sun enters the Tang apartment from the west; for a few hours daily, the bright rays give warmth to the small one-bedroom home and bake dry the seasoned duck gizzards that are strung in gay, pungent rows across the kitchen window. From the east, only cold shadows and bleak light, for the three-storied building completely encircles a tiny patch of moss on the ground floor. Mrs. Tang often took a break from her sewing and looked out the living room window across this pathetic imitation of the traditional Chinese courtyard to see what her neighbors were up to. Sometimes women were hanging clothes on the railing to dry; other times they would be hanging stalks of Chinese vegetables which, when dried, be used for soups; throughout the afternoon the men would slam doors either coming from, or going to work.

But today Mei Ying Tang had no time for idle curiosity. Under deft hands the sewing machine buzzed, turning out turquoise blouses one after the other. At exactly two o'clock, Mei Ying combed her hair into a neat pony-tail, washed her hands, and put on the jade wedding ring which had a tendency to snag or rip the crepe material of the blouses. Then she moved across the almost barren living room to the one beautiful piece of furniture, a carved chest that came with her from Hong Kong to Los Angeles. As soon as she cleared the surface of books, the telephone, and other odds and ends, she lifted the lid and, scarcely noticing the woody odor, dug into the stack of cloths and linens. "Ah! There it is!", her hands brought out a small box. She reached for the phone and, "Wei! Wu Gu-niang, this is Mrs. Tang, Tang Sing Lee. I am coming to see you. No, everything is all right. It's just a small matter. Is that okay?" Happy to hear, "Yes" on the other end, her hand reached for the sweater even as she was hanging up the receiver.

With the gift for Miss Wu (Gu-niang is a title for an unmarried professional woman; Miss Wu is half of the bilingual team in Chinatown that serves as social worker,

vocational counselor, psychiatrist, immigration counselor, etc., etc.) tucked safely inside her purse, Mei Ying half-walked, half-jogged down the sloping three-blocks to the main streets of Chinatown. Excitement moved her feet and glowed in her eyes; she almost giggled out loud, picturing the look on Miss Wu's face upon opening the box to find an elegant watch. But the watch itself had little value compared with the significance of this particular act of gift-giving. Mei Ying hated to feel indebted to others. However, ever since her arrival in the United States ten months ago, circumstances had forced her many times to accept money, assistance, and personal favors knowing shamefully that while she could not repay, neither could she refuse. Now, by simply giving Miss Wu this gift, Mei Ying would no longer be obligated to Miss Wu. Essentially, the gift said two things: "Thank you for saving me." and "I am ready to return the compliment; just say the word, and I will help you, because I am strong again."

And indeed, life had changed immensely over the months. When Mei Ying and Sing Lee Tang arrived with their eight-year old son, Hon Chen, they had no idea of hurdles that had to be jumped in the months that followed. Mei Ying found herself thinking that had she known these potential problems, she would never have left Hong Kong. The first few days were spent with Sing Lee's stepbrother, Stanley, a product of America and a successful businessman. When he signed as sponsor for this family, he seemed enthusiastic, arranging for visas and tickets. But now that the three Tangs were

in his house, he seemed to regret everything. Neither Sing Lee nor Mei Ying had any desire to lodge with Stanley, but without a car, without language, and without any basis for judging what was reasonable and what was exploitative, they were not equipped for house-hunting. Everything worsened when they were notified that Sing Lee's routine health check-up indicated

The Tangs had paid plane fares and had given up friends, jobs, and a home to come to the States with expectations of an easy life and quick wealth in "Gum San."

that he still showed signs of tuberculosis. He could either take care of this matter or leave the country.

The Tangs had paid plane fares and had given up friends, jobs, and a home to come to the States with expectations of an easy life and quick wealth in "Gum San" (from the Gold Rush days, meaning Gold Mountain). Now the emotional disappointments plus the sudden expenses of doctor's fees, a three-month sanatorium stay and the concurrent inability to work turned the dream into a nightmare. Sing Lee was sick with worry; Mei Ying acted cheerful but was on the edge of hysteria; Hon Chen was bewildered by the nervousness and





by SUZI WONG

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constant "Aiya!"s that came from his parents:

Although legally, the sponsor is responsible for immigrants, Stanley made it clear that even kinship had its limits. Even now, Mei Ying cringed, remembering her husband's hurt and her anger when Stanley dared to insinuate that the Tangs have some desire to be forever dependent on relatives:

Of course, it is right and virtuous to look after one's own blood—but, you'll soon learn. In America, it is each man for himself.

"Well, of course, I can't throw you out, but finding jobs, an apartment—these are up to you; I'm a busy man. Why, most sponsors don't even go so far as to open up their homes." He continued to give excuses, making Mei Ying and Sing Lee feel guilty for their existence, "Since every immigrant is required by law to have a sponsor in order to enter the country, I was glad to do it for you. Yes, I mean that. But everybody, including the government understands that this is only a paper promise. Back home and sometimes even in Chinatown, people believe they can rely on the family for mutual support. Of course, it is right and virtuous to look after

one's own blood—but, you'll soon learn. In America, it is each man for himself. Your landlord will rob you; your boss will pay you the bare minimum; even the Family Association will beg you your last dollar for some "Charitable Cause for the Tang family." All those times you will fight for yourself alone, because everyone else has his own problems".

However, there was one other person concerned with the welfare of these particular immigrants. And Mei Ying tried to see her as she walked into the *Zhong Hua* (the Consolidated Benevolent Associations). Instead Stanley drove the family somewhere across the freeways to meet a woman who "might be able to help more than I can." But it took several agonizing hours before Sing Lee could accept Miss Wu's offers of assistance. Somehow, it seemed dishonorable to admit defeat after three days in Los Angeles. Pride and previous experience had taught him that social welfare was for people without repute, people disowned by family and deserted by friends. Besides, to open one's problems to a stranger and accept charity was unmanly. Mei Ying also suffered to see her man so powerless. Yet, she knew that there was no way to cure Sing Lee's condition or provide room and board for herself and her son unless she trusted the advice of this understanding young woman and set aside temporarily any thoughts of saving face.

Almost instantly, changes took place. Sing Lee's physician registered him to a private sanatorium. A few days later, he left to begin the hospital treatment and convalescence period, knowing that his son was enrolled

at Castelar Elementary School, which has a tutorial program for non-English speaking children; and that they now had a home, a cheap but adequate single in a hotel-like brownstone building one mile from Chinatown. They had received the first A.F.D.C. check (Aid to Families with Dependent Children); it was a thrill to be able to run out and splurge on delicacies and books for Sing Lee to take to the hospital and toys for Hon Chan (now known as Henry, the name given to him when he enrolled at school) and enough food in the cupboard for weeks to come. Yet, unspoken, in the parents' minds was the thought that this was unearned money.

Although she had never needed to work in Hong Kong, Mei Ying now wanted to take part in the support of her family. She knew several of the many women in Chinatown who worked for the small garment factories owned and run by Chinese entrepreneurs. At the market and at Mah-Jong parties she had listened to their chatter about the boss, the work, and payday. She longed to have status as a money-maker and as a member of this gossipy group of workers. So one afternoon, without telling anyone of her plans, Mei Ying got a job with one of the back-alley shops. All those complaints that the women joked about were true! In her shop sheets were tacked up against the window, so that little sunlight came in; the only other light came from the tiny bulbs installed in the individual sewing machines. She also wondered why the other women didn't mind the stuffy atmosphere, whereas she felt as if she would choke on the dust. But after a week, Mei Ying got so adept at simultaneously working and talking to her machine neighbor, that she was too busy to notice the dust. And, at the end of the week, when she received her earnings, in cash(!), she was reassured that she really had come to a land of opportunity for those of perseverance and industry.

Thus, it came as a blow to her complacency when Miss Wu disapproved of the job. She objected to the

shop's location saying that as long as Mei Ying worked in Chinatown with other Chinese women, she would never learn how to speak English or to relate to people who were not immigrants: for that reason, she would be chained to Chinatown forever for social, intellectual, and economic satisfaction. It was also pointed out that, although Mei Ying was understandably hesitant to work for Americans, at the Caucasian factories Mei Ying would earn much more for the same amount of time and energy. At the time, Miss Wu's lack of enthusiasm hurt but did not stop Mei Ying from continuing to work at the Chinatown shop. Later as the bills piled up, she was forced to see the wisdom of Miss Wu's argument and asked for help in finding another job. But not once, in her several months of working at the Jewish garment factory did she consider it a permanent job: since she did not know any English she spent most of the eight hours bent over her sewing machine, not communicating with anyone. As soon as Sing Lee returned home and secured an additional source of income for the family, Mei Ying quit the factory with a feeling of relief. She happily returned to work with and for the Chinese people. Even if she did earn less money and had no knowledge of work contracts and benefits, she was sure that these things were meaningless between friends.



It was almost six months since Sing Lee returned from the hospital. The Tangs had moved from the single to the present one-bedroom apartment in the heart of Chinatown. About the time of the Tang's move, Miss Wu also made a move into Chinatown. After months of fighting the Chinese elders' general attitude of mistrust of women and suspicion of social workers, Miss Wu gained an "office" in Chinatown; that is, she had access to the hatcheck room of the Zhong Hua meeting hall twice a week. During Mei Ying's first few visits to Miss Wu there, not too many Chinatown residents had heard of or had much confidence in this lady social worker. But now, two days a week did not seem enough time to see all the people who filled the high-ceilinged lobby which served as a waiting room. Today, Mei Ying resigned herself to a long wait, but was too excited to doze off or read the Chinese newspapers. She let her eyes and her imagination wander.

In one corner three generations of a family sat; there was a neat, elderly woman, her young daughter or daughter-in-law whose arms rocked a red-faced whining baby, and a little girl who bounced up and down on the chair, trying to distract her mother's attention from the baby. Three sisters with identical hair-dos ran around the room, playing some game. Their father, preoccupied more with inner thoughts than with the newspaper in his hand, paid them little attention except for a sharp glance now and then. It was not unusual for Mei Ying to see entire families waiting to see a doctor or counselor; when approaching a stranger, the family would always pull together and support each other. Even if only the girls had had to see Miss Wu, their father would accompany and protect them; children not only had the same protective attitude but also could be called upon to act as translators, since they learned quickly and had constant exposure to English. Many times Mei Ying spoke through Hon Chen.

The young soon forgot the emotional trauma of leaving schoolmates and familiar places; they would grow up regarding Los Angeles as their home. She looked across the room and knew that this had not been true for the two stoop-shouldered old men. Although they sat together on the sagging leather couch and probably had even walked in together, they sat as if alone. One sat placidly, roundly with his hands in his lap, his eyes vacantly resting on Mei Ying and an innocent smile wandering over his face.

In contrast, the other man was jumpy, alternately scratching his nose, clearing his throat, or wiping his glasses; sometimes he fell into a sudden stillness, as if restraining himself and trying to be calm. But, "What am I going to do? to do? to do?" kept nagging him. He and his friend lived in hotel rooms above the grocery store on Spring St; it had been his home ever since his return from the last visit to the mainland twenty years ago. But the last few years had been especially hard; when age forced him to retire from his job of delivering vegetables

These dreams had sustained them for many years. He tried now to live without them. And he was scared.

to the Chinese restaurants and markets throughout Los Angeles, there were empty hours from dawn till the well-

comed dark of night and dreams. But his heart could not believe in the dreams anymore—those dreams of returning to the native village with his modest savings,

...he knew how easily he, too, could lose his dignity and become just like them.

of growing old in the presence of his wife amidst the love and reverence of his children and grandchildren, of telling a rapt audience stories about his life in the land of the Gold Mountains, of seeing them nod and agree unanimously, "Yes, he certainly is an honorable man to venture so far and overcome so many hardships. It is good he is back to set an example for my children." These dreams had sustained him for many years. He tried now to live without them. And he was scared.

Sometimes without warning, he felt so much anxiety that his heart fluttered and his shirt stank with sweat from his body. Other times he sat alone in his lit-



tle room fighting the dreadful solutions that kept entering his mind. The only thought that brought any peace was the irony that he really was not isolated, that there were many other old men who had come to America in their youth and worked hard, looking forward to the status and tribute they would receive in their old age from family and friends. Sitting here at Zhong Hua, he could see them wander past the open doorway from time to time. Repulsed by the unkept appearance of these men, some of whom were obviously drunk or in a daze, he knew how easily he, too, could lose his dignity and become just like them. Up till a few years ago, the various family associations looked after homeless men like himself and his friend. They could always go to the family hall and eat potluck suppers there after work. On weekends, they remained late to play cards or Mah-jong or catch a Chinese movie or simply drink tea and chat with companions. Today, the family associations and tongs could not afford those services because young people were not joining to perpetuate them. He did not know where else to go for home-cooked meals shared

with friends in the warmth of a substitute home.

Once, he heard that Miss Wu might be able to help him, but he could not bear to have his problems solved by a stranger and a woman at that. But damn!, he had no choice. The landlord visited him, saying that in a month, the building would be torn down as a part of a housing renewal project. He had turned cold with fear and disbelief, for several days now, his imagination taunted him with miraculous solutions, perhaps he would run into a long lost niece who would invite him to share her home perhaps.... But the real dilemma was that the longer he waited for those miracles, the more likely it would be that the day the bulldozers came, he would watch the wall come down around him. He asked his

All he could do now was maintain hope as he waited.

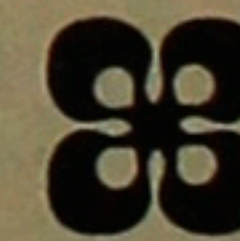
friend to come with him to see Miss Wu not only out of concern for him but out of his own fear to take this step alone. He didn't want to speculate what despair would lead him to do if Miss Wu had no answer. All he could do now was maintain hope as he waited.

Suddenly he was startled by the young woman who scurried across the lobby when the door to Miss Wu's room opened. Mei Ying smiled at the petite woman behind the desk, and waited for the young man to leave. After the customary greetings were hurriedly exchanged, Mei Ying was overcome with shyness. Never before had she faced problems as difficult as these in the last ten months. "Without Miss Wu I would not be standing up today. What audacity to think that the watch would weigh enough to balance the gift of a new life that she gave me! Ahh, she is waiting for me to say something. What if she doesn't like it! I'll be mortified! ...well, the gesture is the most important thing anyway...." With that thought, Mei Ying grabbed the tiny box and thrust it to Miss Wu's face. "Here!"

She knew that behind the gift lay centuries of Chinese tradition that he who receives is obligated to he who gives.

Even as she took it in her hands, Miss Wu tried to figure out a polite refusal. She hated to crush Mei Ying's pride and she herself was touched; moments like these made it almost worthwhile to tempt pneumonia in this drafty hatcheck room. She knew that behind the gift lay centuries of Chinese tradition that he who receives is obligated to he who gives. "It's so good of you to think of me, but I can't accept this, Mei Ying. It's too much."

"But, I want you to have it. Really, it's just a little thing...it comes from Hong Kong and it didn't cost me much at all...don't worry about that. Don't you think it's pretty? And I have to repay you for all you've done in helping me and my family. Remember when...and you...Remember when...Remember when...."



By the time Mei Ying stepped out of Zhong Hua with the watch still in her purse, she was not sad or demoralized—just annoyed at Miss Wu's firmness in refusing the gift. Miss Wu's excuse that she was a government employee paid to do this job was irrelevant. In China, Mei Ying and her family always brought gifts like bushels of yams and rice to the teacher even if he was being paid by someone else; besides, didn't Miss Wu deserve something for fighting the government just to get funds? No, Mei Ying would not give up; she'd have to think of another gift. Maybe Henry would have a good idea. The school was not far away, but Mei Ying walked faster, knowing that it was already after three o'clock and that perhaps she'd be able to catch him on the way home.

"Hey! Gimme that ball or I'll tell on you!"
 "No! I checked it out. Ask the coach! Hey, TomEEE, TomEEE, Sam's trying to steal my ball."
 "Run, run, run. Yea! Home run!"
 "My turn...my turn..."
 "Gimnee that ball! TomEEE...TomEEE..."
 In Chinatown five days a week one didn't need a watch to know it was three o'clock. All at once, the voices that had been stifled in classrooms all day long

and silenced by the threat of a neighbor's complaint to the landlord all evening, found release. Girls shrieked, although they were expected to be ladylike at home; everyone knew that *his* shout was the one that brought the teammate around the bases to home plate. They screamed in English, in Chinese, and in plain old noise, never thinking how curious that the only bilingually-staffed hospital be located across the street from two playgrounds.

Besides the schoolyard, there was Alpine Playground, a small plot of land containing a meeting hall, a basketball court and the newly-installed swings and jungle gyms. Henry remembered the fun of sneaking over to use the monkey bars before the play area was officially opened. Shee! Did Coach Tommy ever get mad! He would come running across the street, whistle blowing, shouting, "Get off those things before you get hurt! I told you kids no playing on those things before the sand comes in. Get out! *Now!*" Everybody would scatter only to stealthily return.

Henry would run over and play there now if he weren't so scared. But today, he'd better stick with the Coach, otherwise, Fook Li and Vic would get him. And

Henry just smiled and said, "Sure, sure." Then he ran up the hill, his tennis shoes barely touched the sidewalk.

they were big guys! Yesterday, they got him on his way home, and made him empty out his pockets. Terrified, he gave them his coins and bubble gum cards. They threw him the housekey, but told him. "You better have something next time." Henry just smiled and said, "Sure, sure." Then he ran up the hill, his tennis shoes barely touched the sidewalk.

Today at recess, Vic approached Henry, patted him on the back in a brotherly way but growled, "You remembered, huh?" and walked away to make the same gestures to several other boys in the second grade. Henry had heard about the big dudes from the scary tales spread by other kids in his class. They said things like, "You think Vic and those guys are big—you should see their friends, like a gang, man. And they don't want to get your money; they just want to see you cry. If you seem like a baby, it's all over for you." Well, they'd really have fun with him, thought Henry with a sick feeling in

As an only child, he had always been able to rule the family with his whim; he was the center of the family. Never did he learn the lessons of aggressiveness from sibling competition, or the inevitable sharing and compromising that goes on amongst brothers.

have fun with him, thought Henry with a sick feeling in his stomach. Most of the time people called him "chicken," depending on the situation though, the kids often substituted "spoiled brat," "Mama's boy," and Chinese epithets not printable either in Chinese or English. They really hurt Henry who knew better than anyone else that these names had some truth. As an only child, he had always been able to rule the family with his whim; he was the center of the family. Never did he learn the lessons of aggressiveness from sibling competition, or the inevitable sharing and compromising that goes on amongst brothers. He had always envied his schoolmates' large families because their living rooms turned into campgrounds at night when the stack of mattresses disguised as a sofa became separate beds spread on the floor. Now, he had other reasons to want brothers and sisters; they'd probably be here to fight alongside, or at least they'd have provided some practice in fighting.

Those were great times, watching the store window display change from week to week, making comments on the people that passed, and exchanging stories of all the new discoveries that they had made about America in one day.

Instead, the only hope left for him was his mother. At this hour she usually stopped by the school on her

way home from an errand in Chinatown. Henry suspected that these coincidences were not quite accidental; that in fact, his mother planned them because she didn't want him to have time after school to get too involved with the other kids and that she missed his companionship. When they lived two miles away from Chinatown, they would walk together—she to work and he to school. Whether it rained or blazed hot, at 5:30 p.m., they would walk back home, again, together. Those were great times, watching the store window displays change from week to week, making comments on the people that passed, and exchanging stories of all the new discoveries that they had made about America in just one day. Now that Henry lived so close to the school, he resented this protectiveness and what seemed to be baby treatment. But today, when his mother appeared at the



schoolyard, Henry rejoiced that in Chinese writing, the words mother [女] and son [子] make up the word good [好].

As soon as Henry charged out of the gate, he started jabbering to his mother about the "nasty kids... they had the nerve to come after him today! They'd be sorry if they *had* beat me up!"

"You, stupid monkey, you'll be the ruin of your mother's life—getting involved with those bad people. Why do you have to provoke them all the time? Aiya! These kids from Hong Kong are pretty upset; they're going wild here. And their mothers are so caught up making money or gossiping about each other that they don't even see what their sons are doing to their daughters. Disgraceful! And you, you have to try everything don't you? Why don't you try to study and ignore

those troublemakers?" But in the next breath, "They didn't hurt you, did they? You must not let them scare you, because your father and I will see that you are taken care of. If you're hungry we can go home and make something good to eat before you go to Chinese school. How about that?"

As soon as they entered the apartment, Henry switched on the T.V. Mei Ying muttered under her breath that this was a box that would make him nearsighted, but did not go into the usual lecture on why young boys should spend their time looking at books or doing something more useful than sitting in front of an electric box. Most of the time the Tang apartment had these characteristic sounds emerging: the sewing machine's hum and an assorted clatter from the electric box. Other households had these sounds, plus others—the larger the household the greater the number of levels of sound. So, Mei Ying blocked out the noise from the T.V. and the screaming of the neighbor's grandchild and the rhythmic thud on the ceiling ("Probably just that little monkey upstairs, playing ball again!"). She turned on the gas stove and went to the refrigerator, which reminded her that the rent was due on the refrigerator. Soon, she'd have to buy her own. Two doors away from the

Earlier this year she had bought some chairs from him; looking across the room she nodded in satisfaction, thinking how pretty they looked.

Zhong Hua there was a furniture dealer in a long narrow office stuffed with a few pieces of furniture and stacks of catalogues. Earlier this year she had bought some chairs from him; looking across the room she nodded in satisfaction, thinking how pretty they looked. Without the furniture man it would have been impossible for most people in Chinatown to furnish their apartments; he took care of everything—ordering, delivering, paying the company; all she had to do was select from the catalogue and provide the money. What Mei Ying really wanted for the apartment to make it homelike was a dining room table; it was so inhospitable to make guests eat with their bowls in their hands. She took pride in her cooking and liked to please friends with meals that took all day to prepare. However, she was pressed for

It was no wonder that foreign students in the United States rarely returned home; the conveniences available here were so easily taken for granted.

time now and had to make do with reheating the left-over porridge prepared with lots of water, little rice, and whatever bones and vegetables could be found, since this dish was invented to deal with famines. It was no wonder that foreign students in the United States rarely returned home; the conveniences available here were so easily taken for granted. She hardly remembered how she would have to buy kerosene or bundles of faggots even in Hong Kong in order to cook a meal.

As she dished up the steaming food she noticed Mr. Wong's station wagon driving up the hill. "Henry! Quickly go out and help Mr. Wong carry the bundles. Your food will cool in just a minute." Henry scampered out and returned momentarily with a stack of clothes under his arms; behind him Mr. Wong, boss of the piece-work sewing factory, carried two similar bundles. The yellow bundles were partially-completed blouses of the same material as the turquoise ones Mei Ying had been working on earlier that day. Her job consisted of adding quilted collars and cuffs to the bodies of the blouses. For completing this part of the piece-work chain she was paid 73 cents per piece; people who sewed the simpler parts were accordingly paid less per blouse. Nobody knew exactly how much Mr. Wong made from each piece, but at the stores, this particular line sold for \$15.00. Mei Ying was quite fast and at her maximum speed could finish three blouses in an hour. But with the normal interruptions of home and family, she rarely worked a full work day and usually pulled in about two hundred dollars a month. Twice a week, Mr. Wong would leave thirty blouses, each time picking up the finished ones so that they could be delivered to the next woman on the line.

"Henry, come eat now or you'll be late for school. Don't you dare take it in front of the T.V. Sit with us at the kitchen table. You will have a bite with us,

Mr. Wong?"

"Well, I...it has been tiring day, I'll sit a while, thank you. Hey, Henry, you must be a pretty smart boy to learn English and still do Chinese lessons. Good thing you realize the importance of an education. If you're literate, you won't have to do back-breaking work like me."

(Slurp, slurp)

"Aiya!, dumb boy, why don't you answer Mr. Wong? You are too polite, Mr. Wong; his English is bad, his teachers tell me his handwriting both Chinese and English is illegible."

"Mom, I'm going to be late! Gotta go now!" and ran out with his books under his arms.

After Mei Ying urged Mr. Wong to eat some more, she began to notice his preoccupation...but did not want to ask anything since he was, after all, her superior and could have private thoughts. Then, he said, "Yes, make sure he keeps going to school. The Army wants my boy because he is not in school right now. Yes, this morning, the letter came telling Joe to take a physical exam. Of course, when they arrived three years ago, one of the prerequisites to getting a green card of permanent residency was that one promise to serve if called upon. They just did not think it would really happen. But even so, what else was a twenty-year old guy to do when his English was so poor that school became a place of drudgery and humiliation. At best he could work, save some mo-

She hated war and hoped that Henry would never have to experience one.

ney and have a nice car, maybe marry a pretty girl and start a family...not such a bad life...It seemed unfair, he's not even a citizen yet...but then, there's nothing to be done about it. It might not even be such a bad thing. He'll be guaranteed citizenship and might even be able to use his veteran's money for an education if he changes his mind about school. Now, Mei Ying, don't you get worried. You worry for everybody! Like I said, there's nothing we can do. Now, work hard so when I come back you'll have lots of blouses ready. I'll let you know if we are giving Joe a sending-off party."

But despite his words, Mei Ying did worry. She felt panicky all of a sudden for all her neighbors who were young men working to support a family or to help pay back plane fares. She hated the war and hoped that Henry would never have to experience one. During the time when Japan was at war with China, she moved many places to escape their rule; but the only reason why the constant dislocation was tolerable was the notion that somehow there was a brighter future to be gained. She was beginning to have doubts. After all, when that chance for a future is taken away from you, such as putting your life in danger fighting for some government that ting your life in danger fighting for some government that didn't care for poor people in Chinatown, then you might just as well have stayed in Hong Kong. As the shadows lengthened, Mei Ying continued to brood.



The bus ride home always gave Sing Lee a severe headache. This condition was not surprising considering the physical discomforts of a slow, jolting "Rapid Transit" trip through the twilight pall of a day's accumulation of smog in downtown L.A. However, Sing Lee also gave credit to the fact that the long ride provided ample time for contemplation. Today was no different and the questions in his head revolved around, "Did I do the right thing, leaving Hong Kong to come here?"

As the light from the street lamps periodically fell on Sing Lee's face, fellow passengers (had they been interested) might have seen the changes of expression on

Curse that factory with its rows and rows of tables where hundreds of men and women work in order to perpetuate Men of Distinction suits.

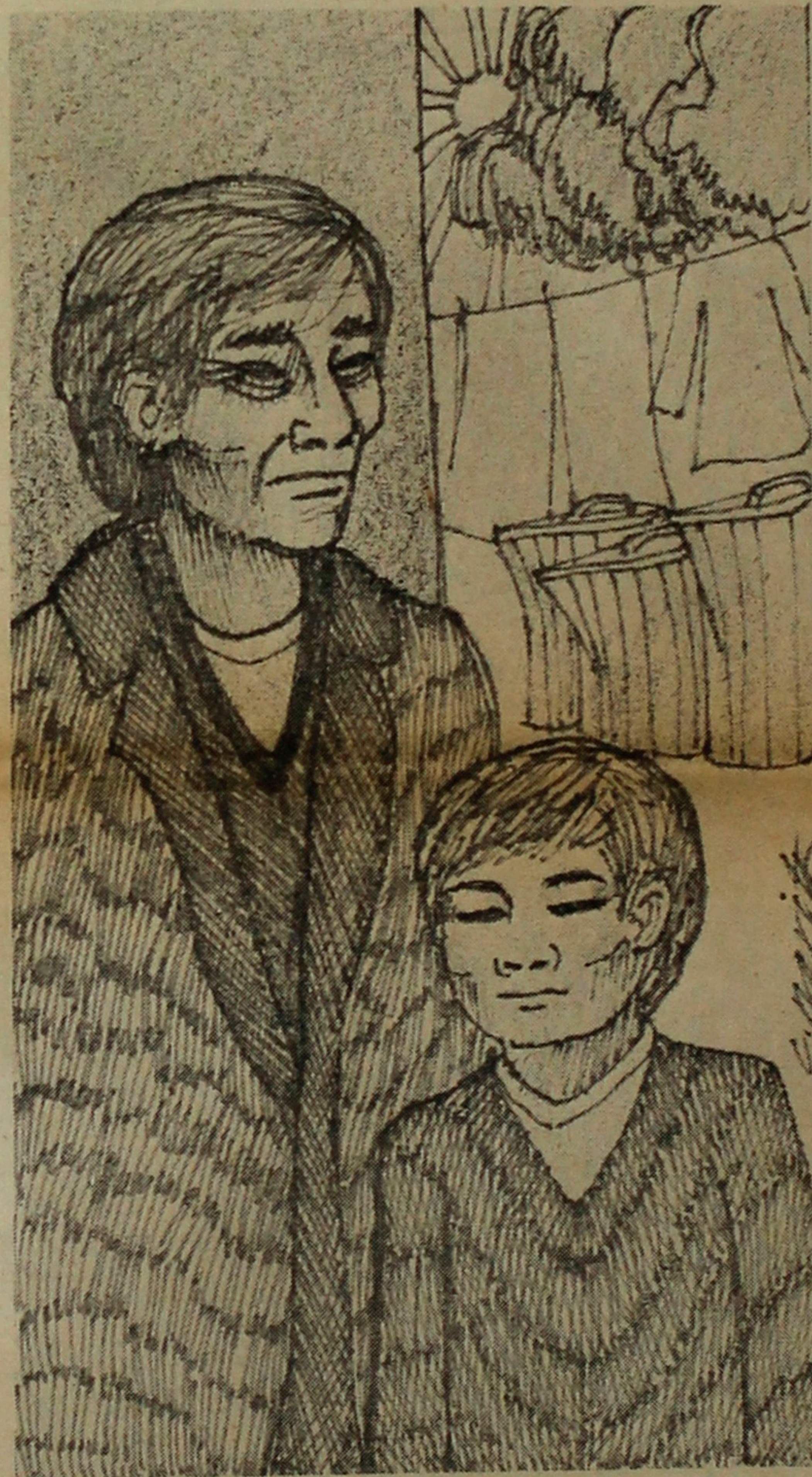
his strong features and in his eyes, as his thoughts evoked pain, hope, fear and love.

"I don't want to return to work. Curse that fac-

tory with its rows and rows of tables where hundreds of men and women work in order to perpetuate Men of Distinction suits. All day long—black lapels to black suits, blue lapels to blue suits, pinstripe lapels to pinstripe suits, brown lapels to etc., forever lapels, lapels. No way, could he ever identify with his work; his pride as a tailor could never stand the shoddy materials and sloppy work. When Sing Lee had his own shop in Hong Kong, he followed each suit from beginning to to end. Clothes began with the specific order from an individual expressing his personal idiosyncrasies and and tastes in clothing. Sing Lee designed the pattern,

Uninspired work was not to be tolerated, and employees knew that they could be replaced easily by any of the numbers of unemployed who roamed the crowded streets.

helped select the materials and cut the cloth. From that point on, any one of the half dozen employees in the shop could take over, but until the suit was on the



customer's body, Sing Lee kept an eye on the progress made by the seamstresses. Uninspired work was not to be tolerated, and employees knew that they could be replaced easily by any of the numbers of unemployed who roamed the crowded streets.

"In fact, that was a pretty good reason for coming here." In Hong Kong jobs were scarce and there was no job security whatsoever; rich people lived sumptuously above Victoria Harbor but if you had no connections, even your labor didn't mean much. Everybody looked at America as a place where the workers had infinite opportunities and "social security" was the password. Now that he was here though, some of the myths fell apart. Easy living and financial security did not exist like pebbles to be picked up. As soon as he was released from the hospital, he learned that immigrants like himself were limited to jobs where English is not vital, i.e., jobs that dealt with objects rather than with people. M.O.D. Clothes was not bad for a start since he had some skills and was earning \$3 an hour, but he had dreams of starting his own shop. In fact, he'd better get to work on designing a business card with his home address on it; if he could get some personal orders for suits, he would start building a reputation and make extra money on the side.

But learning English was still vital; it was annoying that he didn't have the discipline himself to learn at

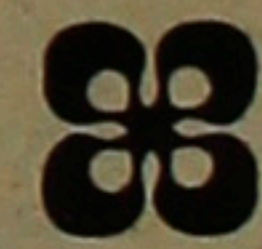
home. He smiled, remembering his first night at Adult School. Aie! He was all set to conquer the language... until he walked into the huge auditorium. Over two hundred people were there; after mimeographed sheets were passed out, the teacher, an old lady with white hair stood on tiptoe to look over the podium. She began to

Of course, by then some of her audience had left; others, like Sing Lee, determined to stick it out to the end found themselves nodding to the meaningless murmur.

read page one and progressed through page ten. Of course, by then some of her audience had left; others, like Sing Lee, determined to stick it out to the end found themselves nodding to the meaningless murmur that came over the microphone. He never returned. But when he got his job, the union ran classes that taught words pertinent to the trade, such as "button...collar...not so slow...timecard."

Still, he didn't learn how to talk to people or to ask for anything that was unrelated to sewing. By nature Sing Lee was sociable and enjoyed good conversation. Looking at the people jammed in the bus with him, was discouraged that even a knowledge of the language would not help. They all seemed so disinterested in life. Of course, he had to remember all of them had worked all day long also and probably cherished a little time of blankness. The alternative to relate to just other immigrants was pretty distasteful; of the crowd that he knew in Chinatown only two or three could talk about anything besides gambling and the personality feuds. Although he went to the customary tea-time chats among the men on their days off, he wanted nothing to do with the illegal gambling and smuggling that seemed to be the center of their lives. The consequences were too high for him or his family to consider. Why, last week, a man was shot and killed over some dispute about poker winnings!

Nor did he want Henry to have any part of the petty thievery and gangfights that meant so much to the teenagers living in Chinatown. It was really for Henry's future that the Tangs left the fairly comfortable situation they had in Hong Kong. For that reason, Sing Lee wanted success in setting up a business; then, Henry would always have some basis of security. Perhaps he might even want to take over the business some day. But that was way in the future. Right now Henry needed emotional security. He was learning to adapt much faster than either himself or his wife. Yet, it was hard to forget the trauma that their high-strung little boy went through upon leaving Hong Kong; he became much more dependent on his mother and had picked up the need to talk in a very fast, garbled way. This was evident in his English where he frequently transposed letters and dropped endings to words. Miss Wu found him a tutor, and the university student was the big brother that Henry never had; they went to football games together, played games, and although Henry was mischievous, one word from Alan was all it took to make Henry apologize in fear that Alan might never return.



Sing Lee was sad that he had to spend so much time away from his family. In Hong Kong, very casual business hours were kept; everyone knew they could take a break whenever desired as long as the job got finished. He missed the picnics and street adventures the three of them used to experience. Without a car, Sing Lee had no way to go on outings with the family. He knew without her complaining that Mei Ying hated the narrow lives they now lead. She, who was such a good swimmer, had not yet been to the beach or even seen a public swimming pool. Their shopping was limited to what could be carried by hand from the stores in Chinatown.

A car and a driver's license seemed to be necessities of manhood in America.

Even most of their new clothes came from stores in Hong Kong, where friends handled the ordering and postage. A car and a driver's license seemed to be necessities of manhood in America. One was helpless

without them. Ever since they had been in L.A. the family traveled in tiny circles from work to home to work again.

Before he left for work this morning, the Tangs breakfasted at a Chinese restaurant as did most Chinatown families maintaining the traditional habit of starting the day off with "tea," a light meal. Mei Ying and Henry waited with him at the bus stop; afterwards Henry would go to school and Mei Ying would return to the apartment to get some sewing done without interruptions. At the Tang house, the evening meal was the best time of the day. As the bus drew closer to home, Sing Lee felt better and better. Sing Lee always got off one stop further than necessary so that he could walk up the hill with Henry whose Chinese classes ended around six o'clock. Occasionally they stopped at the little markets

That strange Western custom of hugging and kissing was not necessary; all she had to do was lift her head and exchange looks to indicate her welcome and her happiness that the family was together once again.

and got Mei Ying a surprise. Maybe they'd do that tonight.

He could picture entering the apartment and the

warmth of lights and good smells. Mei Ying could either be over the stove at that hour or still at the sewing machine. That strange Western custom of hugging and kissing was not necessary; all she had to do was lift her head and exchange looks to indicate her welcome and her happiness that the family was together once again. As could be expected, sounds from the T.V. mingled with the sounds of running water, bubbling oil, and the "chops-chops" coming from Mei Ying's meat cleaver against the wood block. Because he despised American lunches of sandwiches, Sing Lee rarely ate much at noon. To him, American food seemed so unpalatable that when he and Mei Ying learned that Thanksgiving was a harvest holiday, they were crazed that Americans considered the feast a "celebration." Of course, Henry would argue that ham sandwiches were delicious and that *everybody* brought sandwiches to school; but the debate always ended when Mei Ying put the hot meal on the table. While they waited, Sing Lee had another ritual; to bait his hunger, he poured a small glass of beer and sipped it slowly. Over the rim of the glass his eyes followed Mei Ying's energetic, precise motions, not paying as much

attention to her words as to her presence.

When Sing Lee finally got off the bus, this image stayed with him, encouraging him to walk faster. They

Walking toward the school, Sing Lee was struck by the similarity between the old man leaning against the pillar and the silhouette of his son in the doorway of the school.

were both 48 years old, and had experienced many different hardships in their youth. The adjustments to a new city, a new way of life were often trying, but not impossible as long as they were together. He had faith in her strength and she, in his deep pride and perseverance.

Walking toward the school, Sing Lee was struck by the similarity between the old man leaning against the pillar and the silhouette of his son in the doorway of the school. Both stood alone. The old man, his life already history, was fully visible in the protective shadows. The boy, bathed in the light from behind, was a mere outline suggestive of many possibilities. Each day would refine the shape and etch in details—today was just one more experience in passing. The lines of fulfillment or sorrow, success or failure would not show up till *many years in the future.*



—AUTHOR'S NOTE—

To understand the real problems that face immigrants to a large urban center is to become intimate, to experience their lives as if one of them. That is to say, the said immigrants are not artificial props placed in ghettos for the sole purpose of becoming research subjects by budding anthropologists or sociologists. No, they face problems precisely because they are human beings, coming from distinct backgrounds, facing external circumstances often contradictory to their inner needs.

Being with a Chinese immigrant family needing a tutor for English, it was easy to see the practical problems that confronted them in their daily activities. Many times, English was ignored in favor of stimulating talks ranging from topics such as their life in Hong Kong to their personal hopes and disappointments. The "Tangs" and I spent some sessions watching television or looking at their photo album or discussing current events. Through these activities I learned much about their past, their opinions, and their curiosity about this culture. I also had the fortune to be present when they had visitors, such as the man from the piece-work shop with his bundles of blouses, and the old man who came over one night to see if the "Tangs" would lend him some money.

The most important contribution to my knowledge came from something which can be described only as "friendship." They revealed themselves three-dimensionally, openly sharing with me dinners, family jokes, arguments, and their sometimes dubiously-legitimate solutions to minor problems. Of course, they got to know me fairly well also. I talked about my own family (also first-generation Chinese), my political biases, my friends. I think they accepted me and understood that I was sincere in my concern for their well-being. In returning the compliment, they made me a part of the family.

The "Tangs'" sensitivity and candidness gave me great insight to the plight of people living in the "Glamorous Ghetto," Chinatown. Yet it should be understood that the Tangs are only one family among the 3,500 Chinese immigrants who enter and settle in Los Angeles per year. I do not believe that the solution to the problems in Chinatown and other ghettos lies in finding more individual English tutors or even in accelerated welfare programs. At any rate, solutions follow the acknowledgement and understanding of the problems in light of investigating the significance of social roles in relation to the hardships faced by newly-arrived immigrants.

Understandably, the Chinese immigrants with their impossibly high expectations of overnight success in America and their subsequent disillusionments suffer heavily from "cultural shock." To cushion this psychological

blow, the Chinese community works hard at perpetuating the traditional institutions and attitudes of the homeland. Unfortunately, organizations such as the family associations and Chinese Language School tend to encourage a dependency on Chinatown rather than a gradual easing-in to the life-style and socio-economic structures of the community at large. Many of these organizations are too proud to admit that they are unable to "take care of their own (people)." They insist on saving face by hiding from the general community such Chinatown tragedies such as the inordinately high suicide rate (as high as the overall city rate in San Francisco where the suicide rate is three times the national average; twice as high as the city rate in Los Angeles) or the soaring rates of juvenile crime, drug abuse and illegitimate births which destroy the myth of well-behaved, conforming Chinese youth.

A Chinese American law student put it this way. "Working hard, patience, and endurance are good virtues in any society, but when they become license for exploitation and governmental negligence...these 'virtues' must be re-examined in the light of American reality."

And yet, it is so easy for the immigrants to be totally oblivious to this American reality when their lives are centered on Chinatown. Many are afraid to venture beyond the limits of Chinatown. These psychological dispositions plus the physical handicaps such as a lack of English and transportation make them easy prey to the Chinese merchants who get rich off the isolation of the immigrants. In fact, there is a saying among Chinese businessmen: "It is good business to be able to speak Chinese." The furniture dealer is only one among many liaison people or gatekeepers who profit from the ignorance of Chinatown residents. Many of the dishwashers and waiters in Chinese restaurants were skilled technicians and professionals in Hong Kong, but the owners of restaurants and sewing shops know that as long as the immigrants lacked the English to get the jobs they deserve they could be hired to do menial labor at poverty wages. However, more often than not the Chinese immigrant workers do not recognize the boss as an exploiter. They are grateful to him for hiring them since being underpaid is still better than unemployment and the merchants at least provide the reassuring example of a Chinese who has "made it."

It is these successful businessmen and small-time merchants who direct the benevolent organizations (over two dozen family organizations in Los Angeles). Although these groups are supposed to be mutual aid societies for the welfare of the people, it is not in the economic interests of the leaders to expose the immigrants to labor laws, civil rights, or even English. Instead the dues collected from all members, including the immigrant workers, go to banquets for visiting dignitaries or

Chinese screen stars.

But it is not entirely the fault of the associations that poor housing, neglected health, juvenile delinquency, and underemployment exist. They are responsible for their refusal to acknowledge those problems and for their exploitation of cultural tradition as a front for reactionary programs in response to obvious need for change. Once, the benevolent association was all that was necessary to treat the problems of Chinatown. Today vast numbers of people crowded in a small geographic areas of metropoli across the country plus the prevailing social, political, and economic realities of this era make it impossible for a small organization, existing on dues from members of even begin scratching the surface of the problems in a ghetto. On every front of the "war on poverty," the Chinese immigrants are losing. In fact, they don't even have weapons. For instance, language is a basic barrier to assimilation, to better jobs, to self-confidence. In light of this need, only one bi-lingual adult education teacher works with the new immigrants; only three teachers out of a twenty-four man staff are Chinese at Chinatown's local elementary school; the English as a Second Language program was discontinued due to the government's standard that only areas carrying a specified percentage of welfare cases can apply for ESL funds. That brings in another aspect of need—social welfare. Many immigrants do not know about welfare programs. Many more are ashamed to apply for assistance. There are many who are objectively in need of assistance, but cannot qualify according to inapplicable government standards. Only nine percent of the over-65 group interviewed for a study by the Council of Oriental Organizations said they received social security benefits. This is because many are self-employed, and would prefer that to just sitting around even though their earnings are insufficient. The lack of recreational facilities hurts both old and young. The lonely senior citizens turn to alcohol, opium, and suicide due to the lack of emotional fulfillment and companionship. The youth turn to drugs and gang wars because they are alienated from white society and from their parent's traditional values. Both parents work, sometimes the older children hold part-time jobs, all in order to survive; but the combined earnings put the family income a bit above poverty level, so there can be no welfare assistance for most families. As second and third generations leave Chinatown, they return as tourists to do some shopping and eat a meal. They no longer see the overcrowded houses on the hills.

Outsiders with good intentions have not tried to understand the immigrant's pride and initial suspicion. Much work is to be done in Chinatown, but it must progress with tact and understanding of all the people ranging from the merchant-exploiter to the "Tangs."



Photo by E. Nagamastu

Black Skin, White Mask by FRANTZ FANON Copyright 1967 Grove Press, Inc. by permission

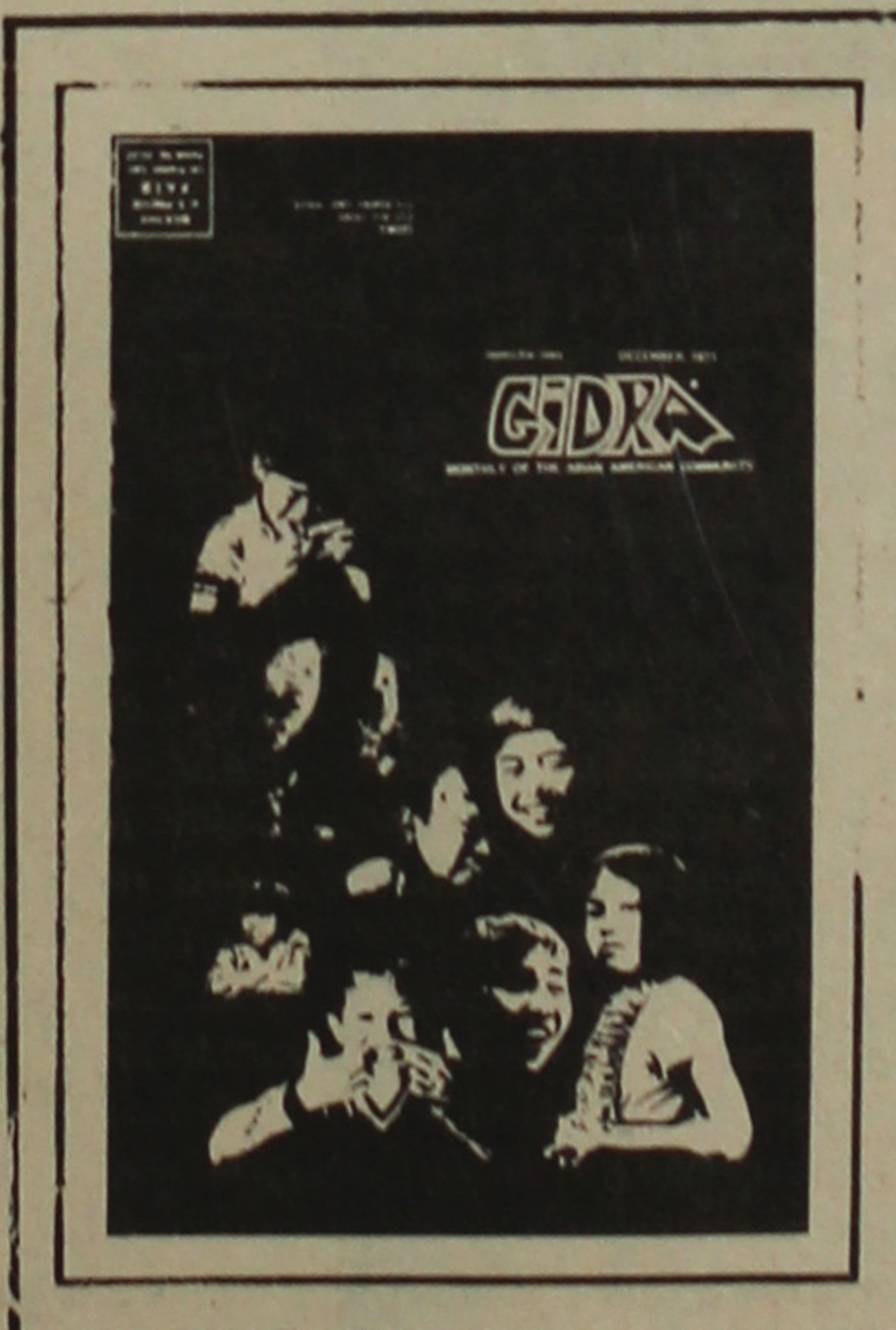
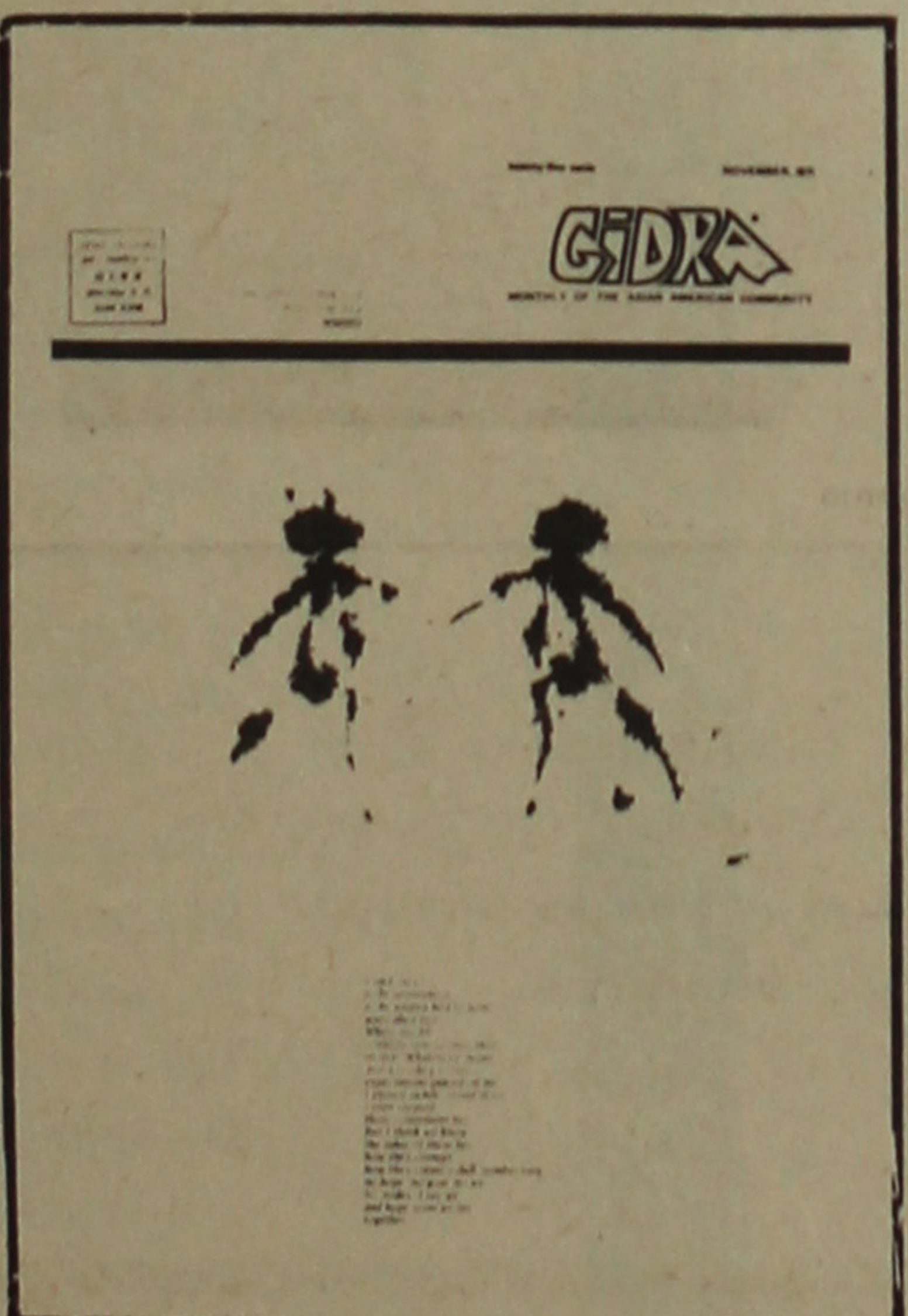
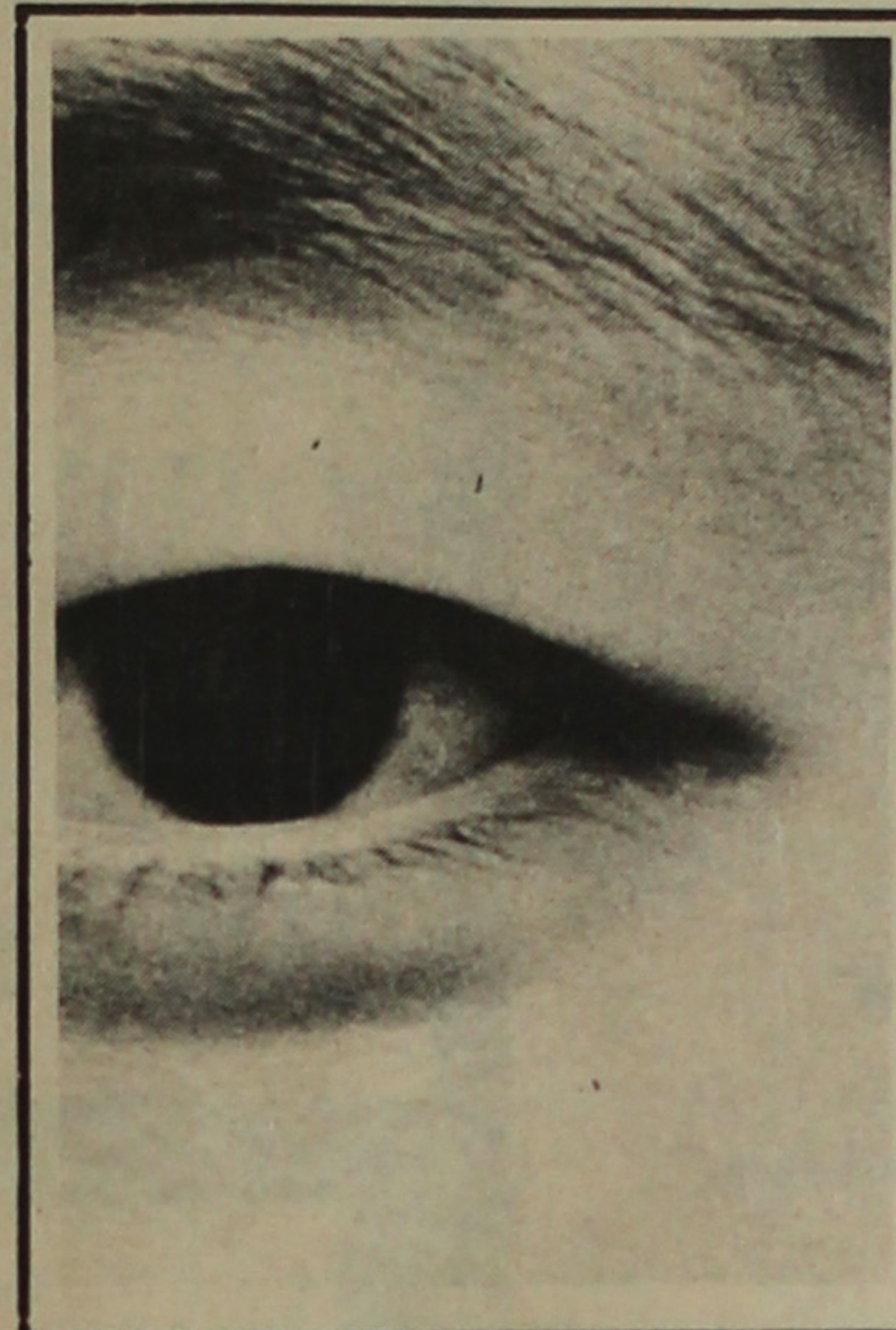
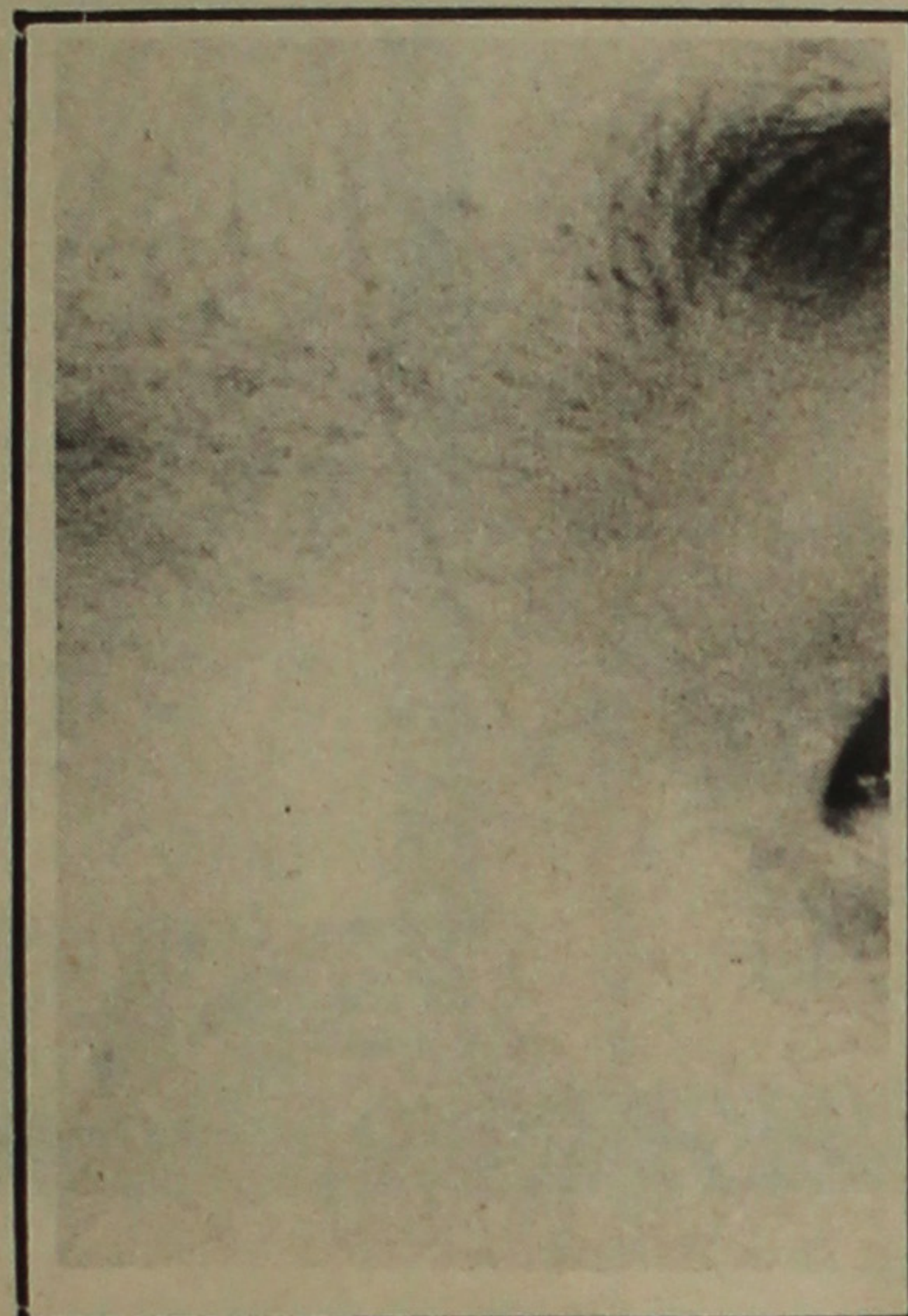
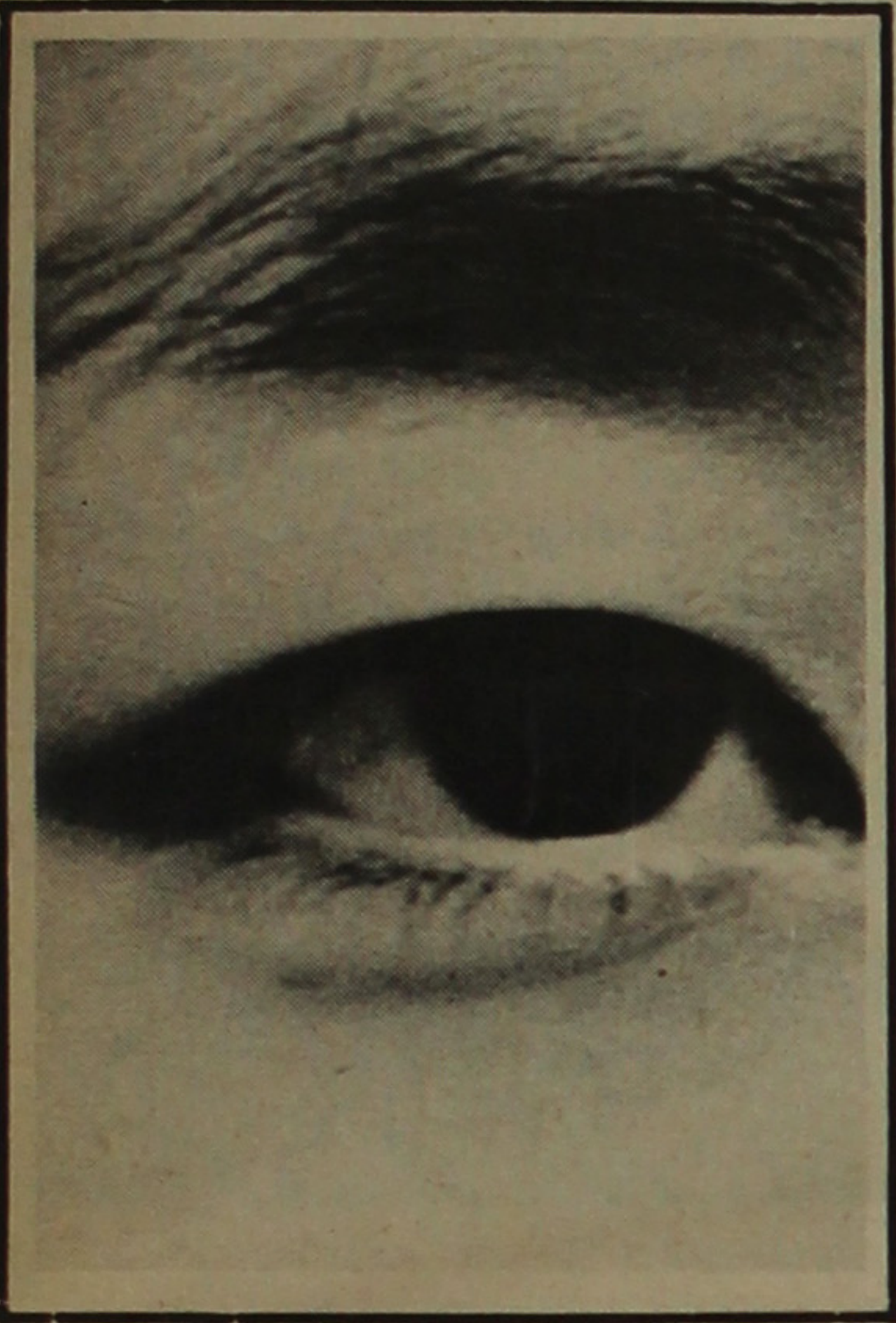
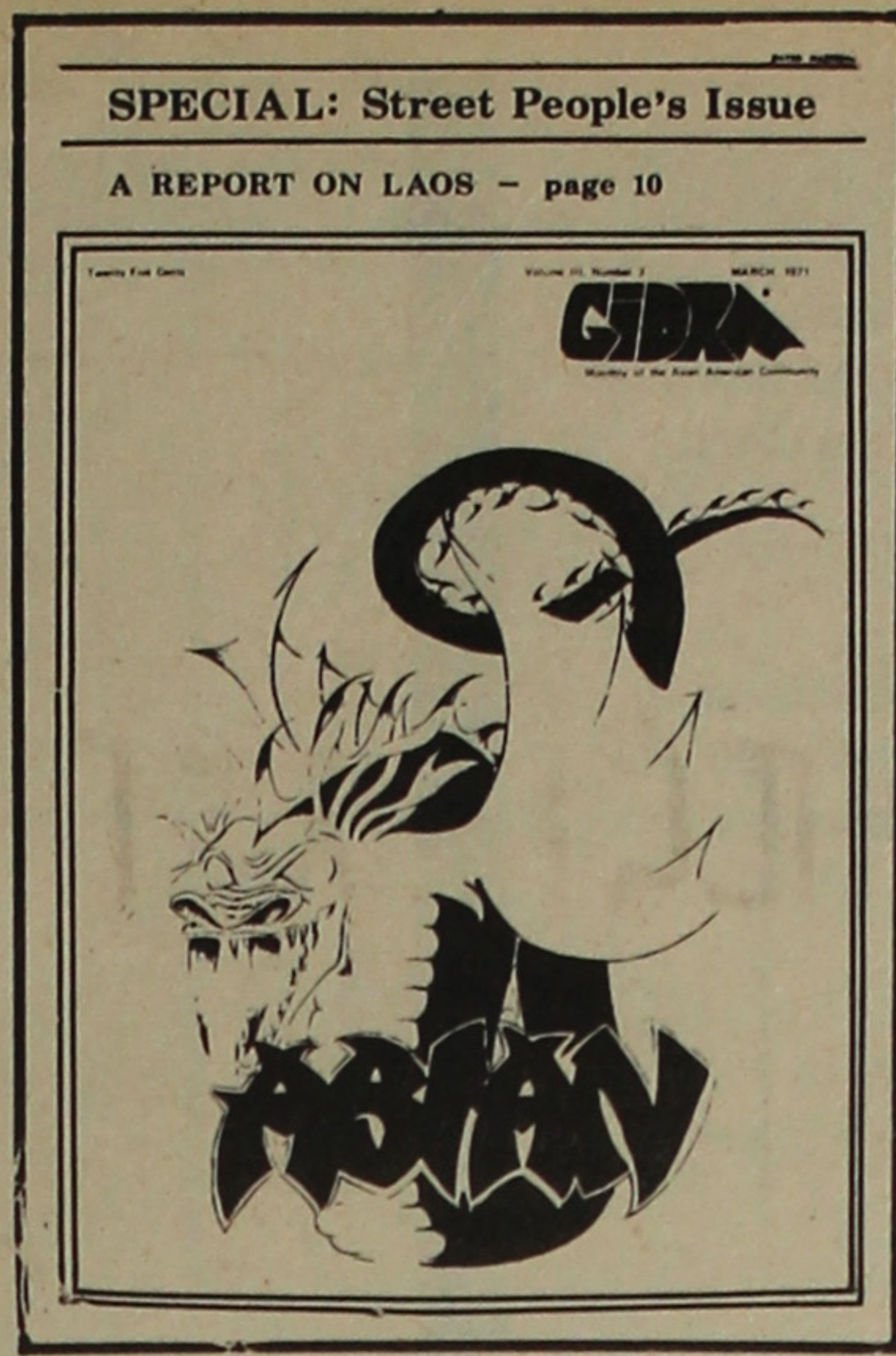
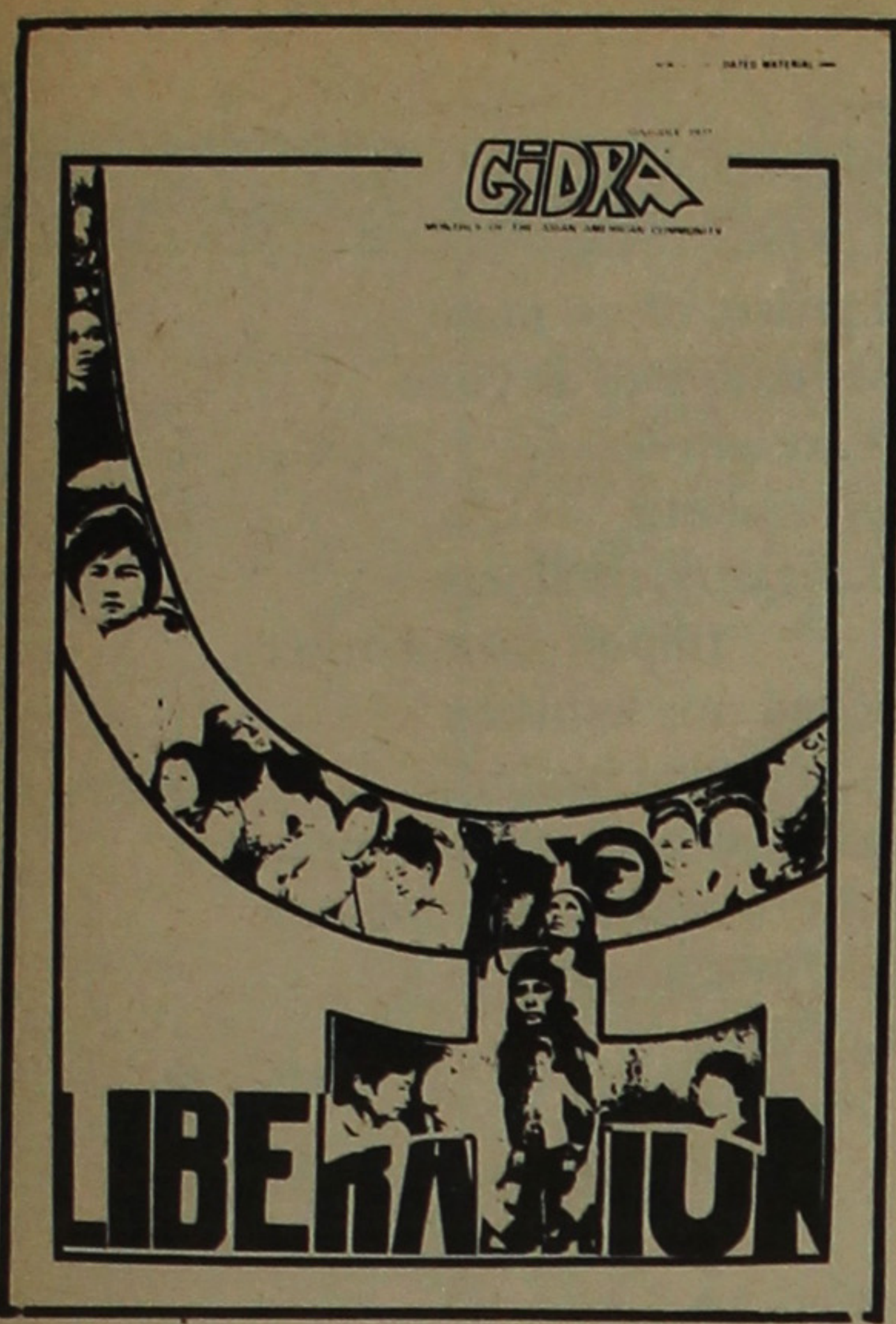
*"Every time a man has contributed to the
victory of the dignity of the spirit,
every time a man has said no to an attempt
to subjugate his fellows,
I have felt solidarity with his act."*

The photo in the poster above was but one of the many living, breathing examples of *serve the people* that happened at the second annual Community Information Service Day last June in Little Tokyo.

Anyway, some Asian American dental students and professionals who participated in Community Day got together and

put out the poster to try to communicate the feeling of *serve the people*, and also to put it into concrete practice by trying to raise some bread for a people's dental clinic they're trying to develop.

The posters are available at the Amerasia Bookstore, which is at 313½ E. First Street in Little Tokyo.



Mission: There is supposed to be a blurb in this space about Volume III of *Gidra*, and it should be meaningful.
 Precept One: It is almost impossible to have anything meaningful in this small space.
 Precept Two: There is already something in this space, now all that has to be done is to make it meaningful.
 Da Blurb: Buy Volume III of *Gidra*. Only \$3.50. Send in check or money order to *Gidra* III, P.O. Box 18046, LA 90018.
 Mission Results: Partial success.

One Year Can Be A Long Time.

He always wanted to explain things.
 But no one cared.
 So he drew.
 Sometimes he would draw and it wasn't anything.
 He wanted to carve it in stone or write it in the sky.
 And it would only be him and the sky and the things
 inside him that needed saying.
 And it was after that he drew the picture.
 It was a beautiful picture.
 He kept it under his pillow and would let no one see it.
 And he would look at it every night and think about it.
 And when it was dark, and his eyes were closed
 he could still see it.
 And it was all of him.
 And he loved it.
 When he started school he brought it with him.
 Not to show anyone, but just to have it like a friend.
 It was funny about school.
 He sat in a square, brown desk.
 Like all the other square, brown desks.
 And he thought it should be red.
 And his room was a square, brown room.
 Like all the other rooms.
 And it was tight and close.
 And stiff.
 He hated to hold the pencil and chalk.
 With his arm stiff and his feet flat on the floor.
 Stiff.
 With the teacher watching and watching.
 The teacher came and spoke to him.
 She told him to wear a tie like all the other boys.
 He said he didn't like them.
 And she said it didn't matter!
 After that they drew.
 And he drew all yellow and it was the way he felt
 about morning.
 And it was beautiful.
 The teacher came and smiled at him.
 "What is this?" she said.
 "Why don't you draw something like Ken's drawing?"
 "Isn't that beautiful?"
 After that his mother bought him a tie.
 And he drew airplanes and rocketships like everyone else.
 And he threw the old picture away.
 And then he lay alone looking at the sky.
 It was big and blue and all of everything.
 But he wasn't anymore.
 He was square inside.
 And brown.
 And his hands were stiff.
 And he was like everyone else.
 And things inside him that needed saying
 didn't need it anymore.
 It had stopped pushing.
 It was crushed.
 Stiff.
 Like everyone else.

[This poem was handed in to a teacher in Regina Saskatchewan by a twelfth grade student. Although it is not known if he actually wrote the poem himself, it is known that he committed suicide a few weeks later. It originally appeared in Generation, a Saskatchewan-based magazine. It was reprinted in both the Nola Express and the Chicago Seed.]

Have you even seen anyone die? Have you ever seen a man catch a bullet in the head that goes in a nice pretty little round hole and takes the back of his head off coming out and splatters his brains all over? Did you ever see a man get his leg blown off and he's all cut up and you run to him and tie a tourniquet around the stump of his leg and start putting bandages all over him and shoot him up with a grain of morphine and he's bleeding so bad and you're wiping the mud off his arm and slapping it, trying to make a vein stand out, and he's too weak to tighten his arm and make a fist and you can't find a vein and you mainline two bottles of blood expander into him, hoping you hit a vein, and you lean his head back and tell him not to look at the wound because you don't want him to go into shock and die before he dies from loss of blood and you watch the medivac chopper get shot down but you don't tell him and he can't see 'cause he's got blood all over his face and you keep telling him that he's going to be all right and how lucky he is that he'll be back in the states with his girl soon and that the war's over for him and that everything's going to be all right and all the time you know that before they get another chopper out to him, he'll be dead, and you hope to God you sounded sincere.

—George Koons

Reprinted from the *Chicago Seed*.
 ©Columbia College, *It Never Stops Raining*.

our thoughts shared

a poem for debbie tanaka, who lives
 in philadelphia, from her radically-
 minded brother.

when i think of you alone
 in that strange city, i
 want to feel something.
 but i can't.

you could send me a
 snapshot of your broken heart
 or a poster begging for love.
 then i'll weep for you
 and send you money.
 —ron tanaka

Once
 I thought
 I had
 everything
 licked
 but
 it's hard
 to see
 with
 your eyes
 closed

by Steve

brother/sister hood
 through the magnetism of no mind
 we didn't need to inquire of anyone
 whether you or i are/am
 chinese/japanese
 korean/vietnamese
 filipino/some other
 for as we approached one another
 our eyes met for a fleeting instant
 and we knew instinctively that we were/are
 brothers/sisters of oriental/asian parentage
 were/are rich/poor/middle class
 drug user/doctor
 lawyer/thief
 laborer/shopkeeper
 housewife/prostitute
 or whatever it is that we do
 within our little worlds of identity
 yet during this/that split second
 we chose not to acknowledge openly
 with even a smile/wave or simple hai
 not wanting/wishing to become contaminated
 as if some/one of us was/were plagued
 with deadly disease
 must we wait until we are faced/confronted
 with the catastrophes of mother nature
 or the demi god playing of man
 with his bombs and other life taking devastations
 as brothers and sisters
 chibi

If you want to know me, you must be patient
 I am lost and confused
 I need to know that you're there
 I need to know that you care

When you say that you know me
 Why are you not sensitive to me?
 When I am sad and you have to be told...
 then you don't know me
 When I am with joy and you think games...
 then you don't know me
 When I am hurt you don't see the tears...
 then you don't know me
 When I am at peace and you ask
 What's on my mind...
 then you don't know me

I do have a wall around me
 but when you try to understand
 the wall becomes less
 I do hide inside
 but when you take time
 I am curious for light

If you want to know me, you must be patient
 I demand alot
 and to know me is to give alot...

A.

Reprinted from *Yellow Journalism*.

FEBRUARY

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
Subscribe to.....uh,uh.....let me see, ...what the hell was that name.....uh... oh.....uh.....GIDRA.	GIDRA FORECAST: The month of February looks very exciting for those of you out there with eleven toes...for the remainder of us this calendar might offer some ideas.....	1 Jump Back and Git Down! The Amerasia Bookstore is presenting another of their super-fine happenings. This one is featuring: <i>Shizuye Takashima</i> , author of " <i>A Child in Prison Camp</i> " and <i>Gerald Oshita</i> , super-duper musician (and that's no lie). Union Church, 7:30pm to 9:30pm.	2 Youth & Drugs Parents Group Meeting 8:00 pm Senshin Church 1336 W. 36th Pl. L.A. every Wednesday	3 Lowriders go hide! Street racers rule! (at least this weekend) Winternational Drags at Lions Drag Strip Feb. 3,4,& 5, 1972	4 Storefront Film Program 2826 W. Jefferson Blvd. <i>The Women's Film & Childcare: People's Liberation</i> ...also for your educational benefit will be a panel of speakers to discuss the film. 8:00pm	5 Get your Ha-Ha's out! Brothers Cheech & Chong at the Santa Monica Civic 8:00pm
6 Watch the idiot box tonite! Drug abuse Program on that wonderful Channel 13 at 8:00pm (check listing)..... Featuring: <i>Asian Sisters</i> and <i>The Youth and Drugs Group</i>	7 Asian Sisters Meeting JACS office, 125 Weller St. 7:30 every Monday	8 Alright, all you cosmic kiddies...It's SBAI get together night at the SBAI Drop-In Center. 16408 Western Ave. in wonderful Gardena. 7:30 every Tuesday	9 Today is "I will try to go through the whole day without saying <i>Right On</i> or <i>Far Out</i> " Day....Is that cool? Right On!	10 Gardena Pioneer Project holds its regular meetings on this night (and every Thursday) at the Gardena Pioneer Center, 15350 S. Western Ave, Soul City.	11 YTF (Youth Task Force) Film Program in big, bad Gardena.....jump back! Featuring: <i>Wild Angels</i> and one other "Angel- biker" flick which I can not recall the name of plus three Roadrunner Cartoons. At the "y". 7:30pm	12 Chicago is gonna boogie with L.A. ! If you don't have anything to do on this nite go to the Forum and watch all the freeks go into the Chicago Gig.
13 Chinese Awareness Souvenir Booklet goes on sale—see if you're a tourist or not. Buy!	14 At noon today the planet Earth will split in half.....tickets can be bought at the regular places...	15 <i>The Peasants of the Second Fortress.</i> A film on the Tokyo Interna- tional Airport struggle..... Presented by Asians Come Together of ELAC. 12pm and 8pm at the ELAC Auditorium, 5357 Brooklyn Ave., East Los. No, it's not January 27 like we said last month, but <i>Happy Chinese New Year!</i> <i>Year of the Rat-4670</i>	16 The deadline for GIDRA articles was yesterday.... but then a lot of things happened yesterday.	17 Tired of seeing your parents strung out on drugs.....? Come to the Asian Outreach Meeting, at the Gardena City Hall, rm. A., at 7:30pm (tired of being strung out on drugs.....?)	18 Happy Chinese New Years! (big parade in Chinatown tonight, be there or be square) Los Asian Locos Meeting, Noon, Royce Quad, UCLA. (need we say more...?) Storefront Film Program: To be announced, but ... mark my words, there will be a program.....	19 Over this entire weekend the Chinese community will be celebrating Chinese New Years. There will be exhibits, art show, a big carnival, and talent show.
20 Chinatown Children Festival 1:00 pm at Castelar The Big Game The SBAI Space Brigade will play the ugly Gardena Pole-lease Department in football at around noon at Peary Jr. High, Gardena.... This is for real.....and the word is KILL!	21 The Gardena Pole-lease Department will be re- covering in the Gardena Hospital from its "big Game" with SBAI.	22 Today is George Washington's Birthday...remember George? He's the cat that introduced marijuana to Amerika..... Good going George.	23 Today is "Make friends with a wino" Day.	24 Official beginning of the Xmas Season in Southern California. Be the first on your block to buy a tree. Or better yet, just ignore the whole thing this year.	25 CYC-Teen Post DANCE further info: 680-0876 Cook! Guess what? The Deltas of USC are throwing a gig for the Asian Amer. Tutorial Project.... Blarney's. Do it!	26 This is it, baby! Amerasian Creation! at the Pasadena Cultural Center (pasadena?) Arts & Crafts, films and sensitivity games. Also a potluck lunch. The whole gig will last from 9:00am to 5:00pm. Presented by the Pasa- dena Asian Community Involvement people.
27 Today is national "Salute to Bernie Farber Day". (who is Bernie Farber, you say?)	28 This is usually the last day of February but.....	29Happy Leap Year	Coming at you in the future...	Involve Together Asians will open their Community Center on March 1, 1989, I mean, 1972.	SBAI is gonna have another one of its teenybopper/Freek gigs in Gardena on March 11 It is rumored that there will be several bands, alot of fun and a surprise event that will blow everyone's minds.....	Community Creative Workshop meets every Saturday, but if you want to know more about it, read the announcements below. (that's why we have the bottom of this page.....alright?)

GARDENA PIONEER PROJECT

Gardena Pioneer Project has been trying to fulfill many of the needs of our Issei community in Gardena for over a year. From our small beginning of just a few members, we have gained over 200 participants and a center for crafts and monthly social events. Also, the Project has provided many community programs for out Issei pioneers. In this growing program, we need more concerned people to help. Our weekly meetings are held at the Gardena Pioneer Center located at 15350 S. Western Avenue, on Thursday nights at 8:00 p.m. For further information, call 329-1966 or 327-2164.

CREATIVE WORKSHOP

What is the Creative Workshop? Of what importance is the Workshop to a child's education? The answers may be found at Marynoll School, 222 S. Hewitt, every Saturday from 10 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.

Public schools are often insensitive toward a child's identity problems. He or she may be exposed to a teacher's racial slurs or another child's unintentional insults. The child questions but receives no answers. Similarly, a young person may need to express his ideas but finds disappointment because of the educational system.

The workshops are open to all children ages three to thirteen. Interested people are invited to come down and observe. For further information contact Tomi Ohta at 931-2151, Robert Miyamoto at 294-0229, or Lloyd Tanaka at 734-9315.

UCLA SCHOOL OF SOCIAL WELFARE

MINORITY RECRUITMENT

The Asian American Social Welfare Students Organization is recruiting students for the 1972-74 school program from the UCLA School of Social Welfare. Asian Americans interested in graduate education in the field of social work can obtain additional information by contacting: Geri Mitsunage (213) 732-8275 or Mrs. Jane Kurohara (213) 258-1678 or write % UCLA School of Social Welfare, Los Angeles, California 90024.

The deadline for submission of applications is March 15, 1972. Early submission of applications is recommended.

Interested organizations are also invited to write.

COMMUNITY RESOURCE

BOOK PUBLISHED

The long awaited first edition of *The People's Book of Community Resources* has just been published. The booklet is a bilingual book in Japanese and English. It is now available to organizations and individuals providing services to people in the Japanese community of Los Angeles County.

The People's Book is a response to a long-recognized need in the Japanese community for a comprehensive bilingual resource book. A group of volunteer social workers and community workers from the Asian Social Service Task Force expended thousands of man-hours to complete this project. *The People's Book* includes over 200 groups and organizations providing services to the Japanese community and to the wider community. Major sections include: Multi-service; Information and Referral Agencies; Health Care Services; Mental Health Services; Financial Resources; Immigration and Naturalization Services; Legal Services; Youth Services; Family Services; Senior Citizens Services; Recreational, Cultural and Religious Organizations; Veterans Services; Educational Services; and Social Action Organizations. A brief description of the services provided and names of contact persons are also included. Particular emphasis has been given to grass roots organizations.

The two purposes for the resource book project are to provide referral information and to identify areas where service gaps exist. It is hoped that this book will stimulate other communities to develop similar booklets.

The limited first edition is being distributed to interested individuals and groups in the community. A donation of \$3.00 per individual and \$5.00 per organization is requested in order to defray costs and for future editions and projects. Those desiring copies of *The People's Book* should contact David Miyashita, 6538 North Oak Avenue, Temple City 91780 or Carol Hatanaka and Mori Nishida at JACS-Asian Involvement, 125 Weller Street, Room 305, Los Angeles, California 90012 [tel: 689-4413]. Checks should be made out to Asian Social Service Task Force.

PASADENA AMERASIAN CREATION

Amerasian Creation is to be a day where people can come together and enjoy the company of others. It will be held at the Pasadena Cultural Center on February 26 from 9:00-5:00. There will be activities in art crafts such as macrame, resin dipping, flour free form, potato prints, poster painting, and candle making. There will also be a showing of contemporary films and sensitivity games. We also plan to have a potluck at 12:00. Cook up what you can and come share with us. Anyone who wishes to participate in the potluck are asked to contact: Kathy Maruyama (798-1452) or Amy Ota (255-2969).

For further information, contact Gary Fujimoto (798-8478).

Pasadena Asian Community Involvement

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

DRIVE TO RECRUIT ASIAN STUDENTS TO THE SCHOOL OF SOCIAL WELFARE

The University of California, School of Social Welfare at Berkeley, is now accepting applications from students intending to begin graduate studies in social welfare during the next academic year beginning September, 1972.

Deadline for applications is March 1, 1972.

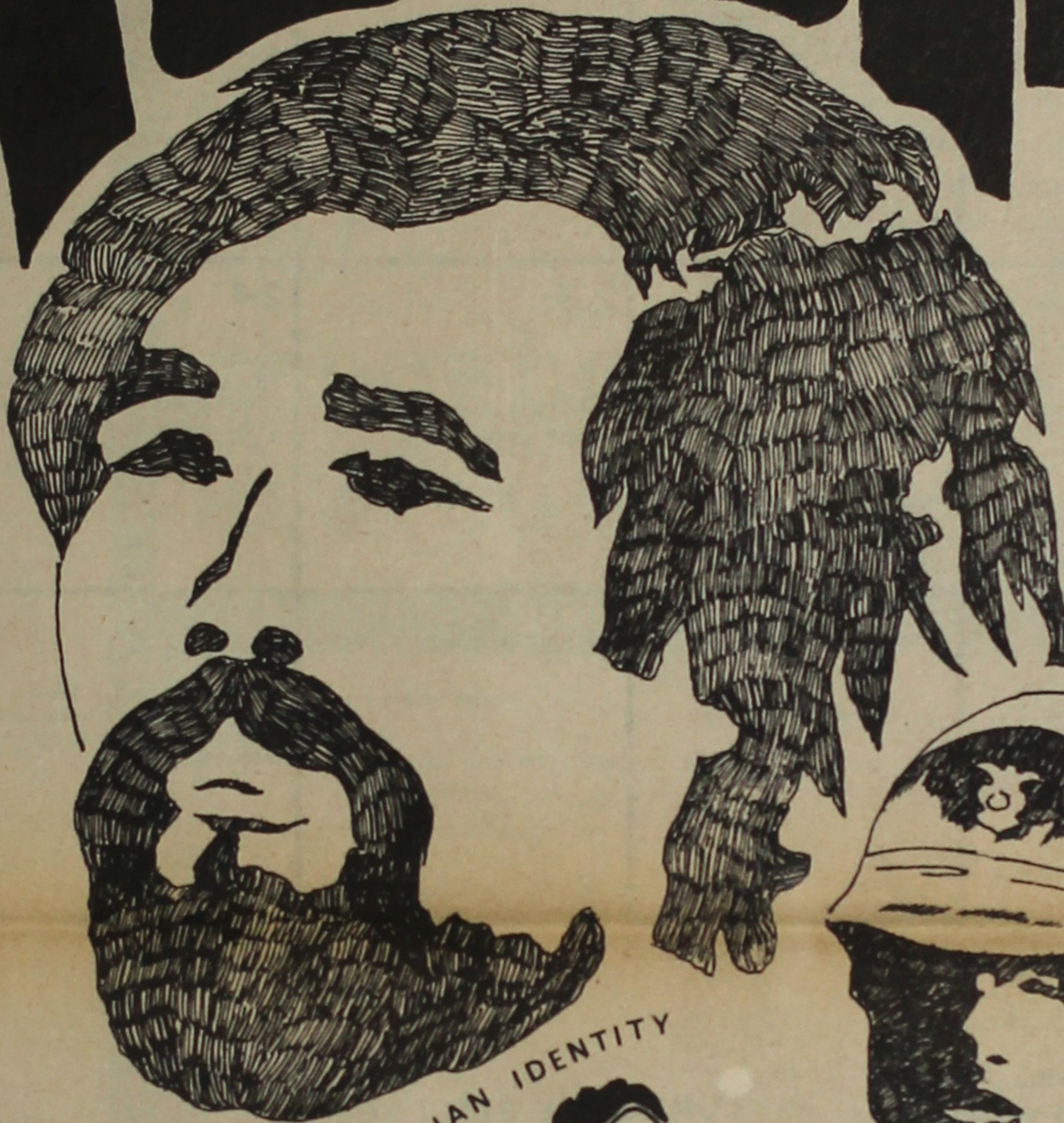
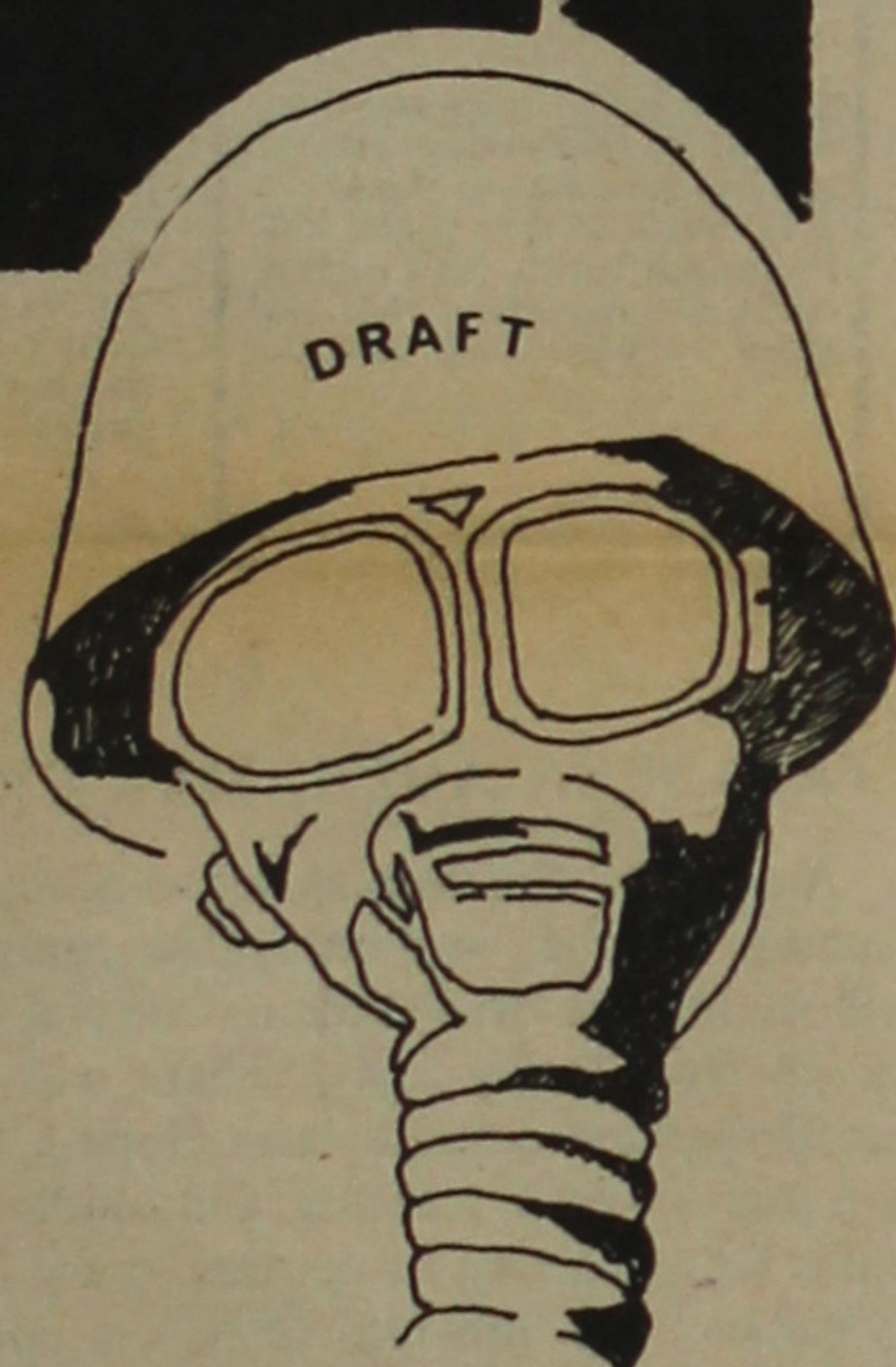
Send your request for an application to:

School of Social Welfare
120 Haviland Hall
University of California
Berkeley, California 94720

Also contact the Asian Caucus as soon as possible for registration information and assistance in the application procedure.

Asian Caucus
% Mr. Dan Lee
120 Haviland Hall
University of California
Berkeley, California 94720

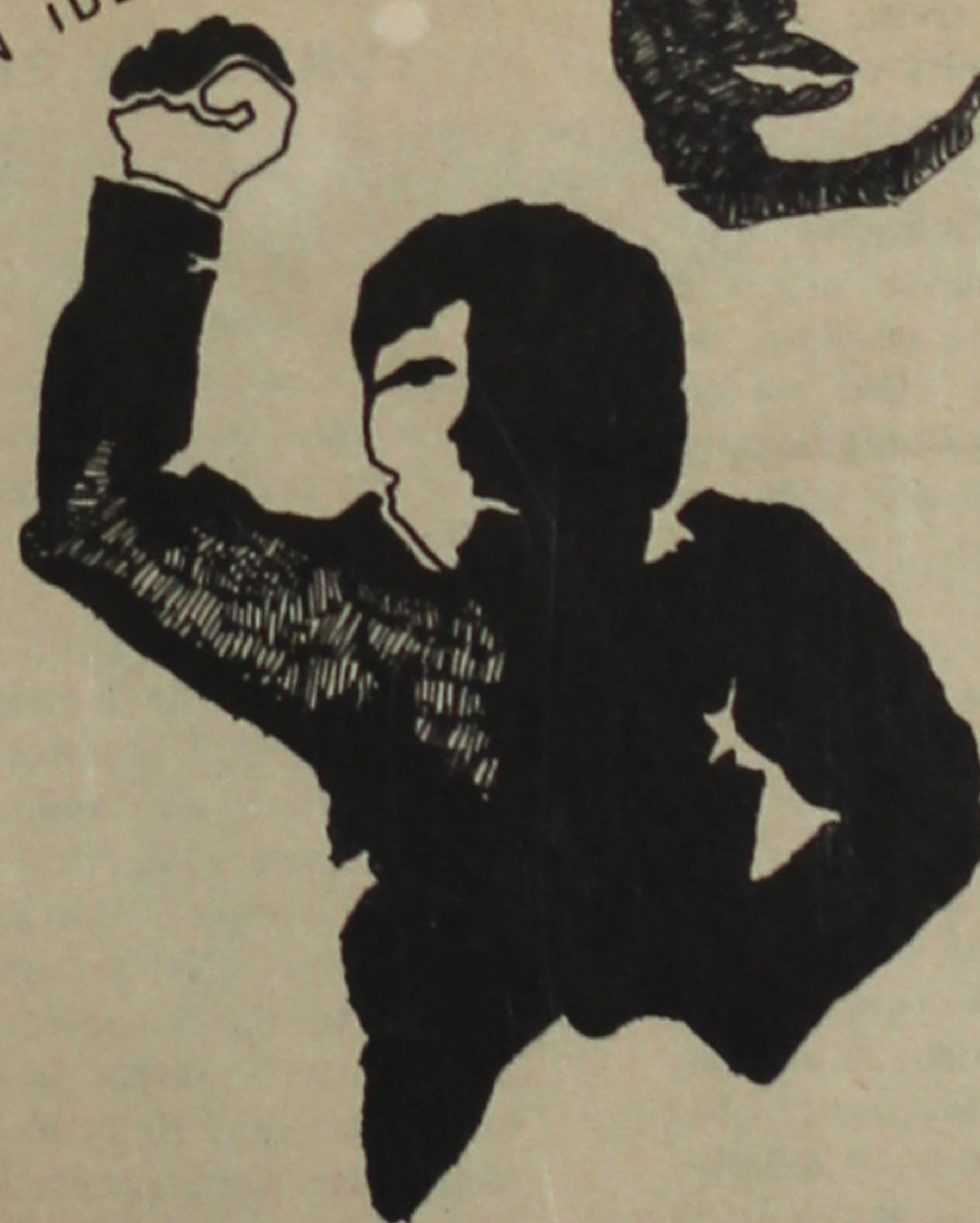
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