



Rallying Behind The Workshop



"There were a couple of times today where I was so tired I just kind of closed my eyes and fell asleep."

"While you were riding?"

"Yeah..."

"Did it work out alright?"

"Oh, yeah—except when I came to the turns. Not only that, but I almost got *lost*! There was this one place where I took a turn and wound up going 180° in the wrong direction. But I said, 'Man, it's cool,' cuz I was out-to-lunch."

So reflected a worn but gratified Steve Tatsukawa, one of 44 participants in Creative Workshop's First Annual Bicycle Rally. All the riders, Steve included (Steve, by the by, is one

El Segundo, Torrance, Redondo Beach—and ending at Hermosa Beach.

"Everything went so smoothly—it was a beautiful, perfect day," remarked another rider. Out of the 44 starters, all but two completed the entire course. Carol Hatanaka, a member of the Creative Workshop staff, was forced out of riding after colliding broadside with a moving car approximately two miles from the starting point. "My feet couldn't touch the pedals when they were at the bottom end (much less the ground)," she said later. It was also the first time she'd ever ridden on a 10-speed bicycle. "Shoot, I must've fallen maybe eight, nine, or ten times. Shoot, I don't know. And when I hit that car, the man was so shook. There I was, sprawled out in the middle of the road..." Miraculously, Carol suffered only a scraped left elbow and sore knees. "Next year," she muttered, shaking her fist resolutely. Riding just behind Carol was a short-winded Kevin Arai, a spirited 8 year old Creative Workshop member, who decided he'd also had enough after managing to keep up with the "big bikes" through some furious pedaling on his single-speed Sting Ray. Although unable to continue riding, both Carol and Kevin helped out at the checkpoints during the day.

The first riders to complete the course were a trio of seasoned veteran riders, who managed to cover the 25 miles in 1 hour and 58 minutes even though they took an inadvertent detour up a menacingly steep grade. "How was I to know that that wasn't the right way to go?" protested Tomo Hisamoto, who'd sent them astray. "They just came riding up to our checkpoint and said,

'Well, which way do we go now?' None of 'em had a map, and neither did I, so I just pointed 'That way,' and they took off. Eddie and Joji went up alright, but Roger looked like he was having a rough time." It was also Roger who was later quoted as inquiring, "Who made up this dumb course—man, shit, I'm gonna kick his ass!" But all was forgiven later, when, at 2:15 p.m., the last riders rolled into the final checkpoint at Hermosa Beach and the pot-luck lunch prepared by the Creative Workshop members was devoured by the famished riders.

The whole affair was a fund raising event for Creative Workshop, an organization which, for the last two years, has been trying to develop a viable, imaginative alternative to the public school experience for youth within the Asian American community. The organization is currently involved in internal re-structuring but plans to re-open its operations at 10 a.m. on the morning of October 13th at the Yellow Brotherhood house at 1227 Crenshaw Boulevard.

For their truly selfless act of support, the Creative Workshop wishes to extend their sincere thanks to the following bike freaks, and their sponsors, for making their First Annual Creative Workshop Bicycle Rally a day to remember:

Jun Arai, Kevin Arai, Carrie Furuya, Norma Garcia, Ellen Hamada, Mark Hashima, Bruce Hatakeyama, Carol Hatanaka, Richard Hisamoto, Calvin Hosozawa, Steve Ikkanda, Roger Inouye, David Ishibashi, Gary Kawashima, Carol Kosaka, Dennis Kuba, Joji Kudo, Wally Lim, Jamie Maeshiro, Lloyd Matsumoto, Mitchell Matsumura, David Monkawa, Beverly Murata, Candace Murata, Janice Nabara, Steve Nagano, Steve Nakasoni, Mori Nishida, Stan Nishimura, Shar Palacio, Day Suehiro, Alan Tanaka, Laura Tanaka, Steve Tatsukawa, Bo-Gay Tong, Gary Uyekawa, Frank Valderrama, Bob Watanabe, Hector Watanabe, Harold Wong, June Wong, Edward Yamanaka, and Nancy Yamauchi. Thanks all!

—Jeff Furumura



of the three strapping young lads shown in the photo above—taken at a checkpoint not far from the start), had good reason to feel tired after traversing the 25 mile long course that began at the intersection of Crenshaw and Jefferson Boulevards—winding through sections of Culver City, Westchester, Inglewood, Hawthorne, Lawndale,

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Press run drags on—originally one week, then two weeks, pretty soon three weeks elapse. Ahhh, it's finally done. Sigh... A feeling of relief rather than accomplishment usually marks the end of press run. A week passes, and it starts all over again.

Well, this time we almost did it. We were only one day short of our deadline. We worked pretty consistently, and pretty collectively, too. But once again, our numbers were small and the faces were the same.

If you're a regular reader of these tiny messages, you've heard about our people shortage. So have others. In fact, some people, upon hearing about our troubles, come down—to contribute a drawing, a poem, article or their labor—to help us out.

But by what criteria do we determine what should go into the paper, and what should not. It's a question that we face every press run, and still we have no consistent way of deciding.

The criteria we try to use to decide is the energy and intentions put into producing it, how fine a piece of work it is, and how much it contributes to the change we at *Gidra* are committed to make. But too often, the criteria we do use is pretty subjective, hence not always fair. And we're no where near resolving this conflict. But maybe the fact that we continue every month to try to grapple with it is an important part of that change we're trying to make.

Cover courtesy of *China Reconstructs*

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GIDRA

ON THE SCENE

BEHEIREN ANTIWAR GROUP TO DISBAND

Kyoto—The Tokyo headquarters of the Japan Peace for Vietnam Committee (Beheiren) which has spearheaded antiwar campaigns in Japan will be disbanded late this year.

This was announced by Makoto Oda, a spokesman for the group, at a meeting of antiwar groups held in Kyoto late in August.

Tokyo Beheiren was founded in 1965 by a group of writers, critics and university professors. Its original aim was to stop the war in Vietnam but its activities have gradually been directed against the establishment.

At the Kyoto meeting, Oda proposed the holding in Tokyo next spring of an international conference of citizens' groups in Asia.

Through the conference, Japanese citizens' groups will be able to work together with similar groups in Asian countries to stage campaigns against Japanese enterprises which have caused trouble there, he said.

SECOND ANNUAL STREETFAIRE

Los Angeles—

On September 8, the second annual Street-faire was held in Little Tokyo. The faire was mainly organized by NYC (Neighborhood Youth Corps) workers from the Japanese American Community Services-Asian Involvement (JACS-AI) and other different community organizations. Various food and craft booths were set up and entertainment was provided by Saba, Barkada, and Streetflower.

The main goal of this annual event is to bring the community closer together to share information and to have a good time without spending a lot of money.

Groups and people who contributed to the all day event were: Chinese Youth Council, Joint Communications, Services for Asian American Youth, Creative Workshop, *Gidra*, Asian Women's Center, Involved Together Asians, Little Tokyo Redevelopment Task Force, Samoan Group, JACS-Asian Involvement, and many others.

If you weren't there, you missed some good things, but there's always next year! •

THIRTY-EIGHT MORE A-BOMB DEATHS

Hiroshima—Thirty-eight more victims of the 1945 atom bombing of Hiroshima undergoing treatment at Hiroshima Atomic Bomb Hospital died during the first half of this year, the hospital reported. •

WOMEN AND WAGES

Earlier this year, the Council of Economic Advisors, in its annual report, presented damaging evidence that women are a long way from job equality with men. The report noted that a woman's pay averages only two-thirds of a man's wages in equivalent job categories, but the CEA was unable to say how much of the discrepancy was due to outright discrimination. Recently CEA Chairman Herbert Stein revealed that recent studies show women get 10 percent to 20 percent less pay simply because they're women. •

FBI AGENTS BUG JAPAN CONSULATE

Seattle, Wash. (UPI)—FBI agents broke in to the Japanese consulate here in 1965 to rig a bugging device and gain information on a code machine, King-Television reported on August 24.

The station said in a copyrighted story that the FBI had a security guard and janitor on its payroll when the activities took place in the sixth-floor offices of the consulate in a downtown building.

The consulate offices here were selected to get the information because they were the easiest Japanese facility in the United States to enter.

Information on the break-in was contained in file No. 105, Internal Security Japan (ISJ), and came under the code name "Anagram," the story said.

The television station quoted "a source close to the operation" in reporting on two break-ins—one to install a listening device in



the code room and the other to photograph a coding-recoding machine.

Four FBI agents installed the listening device in a false ceiling in the code room and monitored activities from another office, the station said.

Consul General Yoshiru Yasui confirmed the existence of a code room but said he knew nothing of any special machine. He said his codes were in a book.

The Tokyo newspaper Yomiuri Shimbun quoted Japanese Foreign Ministry sources as saying, "This is news to us. If it is true, it is really regrettable."

The sources quoted by the newspaper also said they were puzzled as to whether they should protest to the U.S. government. •

U.S. INVOLVEMENT IN CHILE

Reports from Chile on the blood pool resulting from the military junta on September 11th runs as follows:

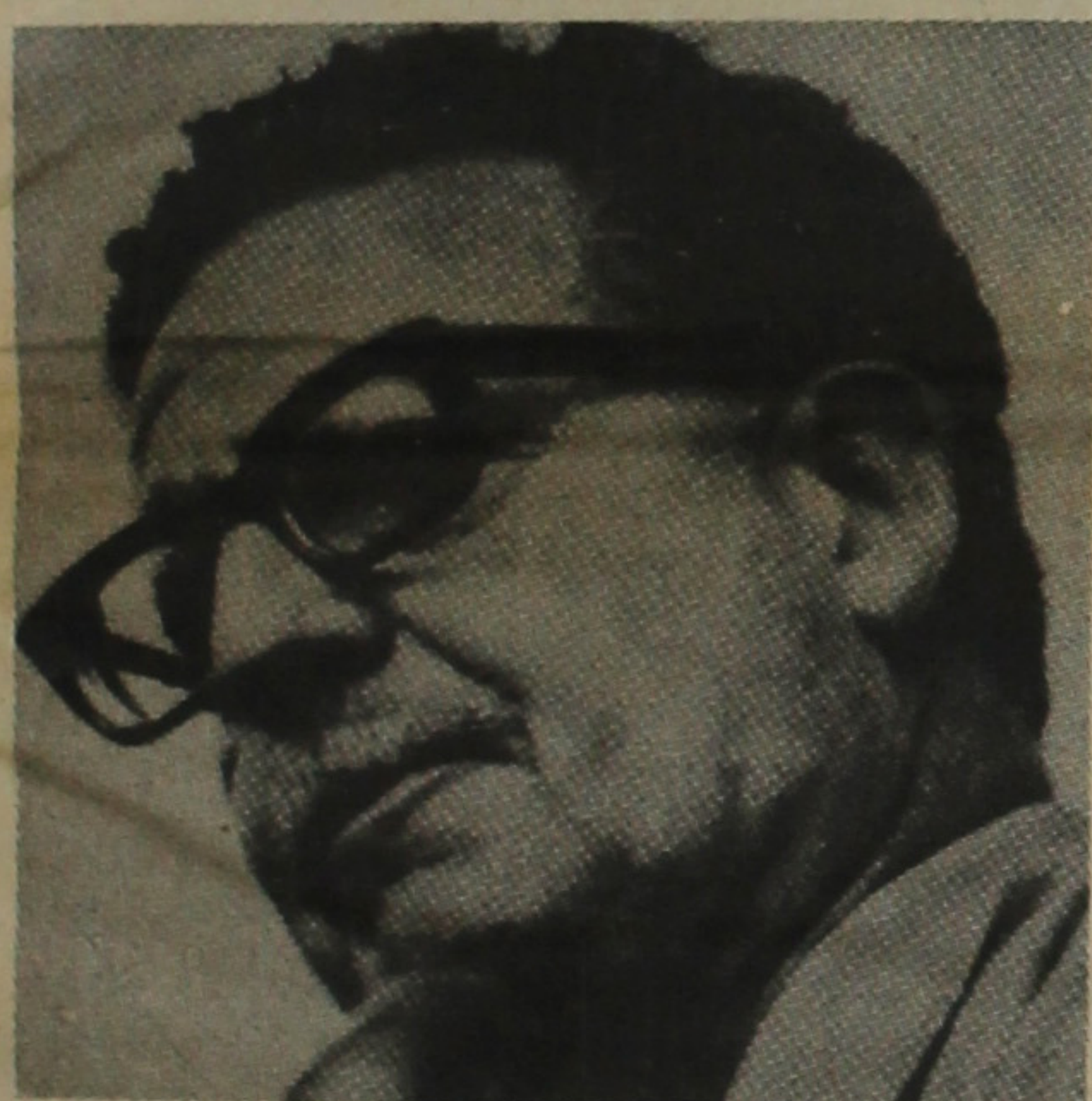
- 25 to 30 thousand people killed.
- systematic track-down of all left wing sympathizers, followed by execution.
- confiscation and destruction of all books associated with left wing ideas.
- tightly enforced curfew with a state of siege declared.
- the death of Salvador Allende, allegedly by suicide.

American Contributions

U.S. corporate investments in Chile over the last three years shrunk from slightly over one billion dollars to a mere 70 million. This was due to the seizure or purchase of U.S. corporate property by the Popular Unity Party of Allende.

In retaliation the U.S. imposed an economic blockade on Chile, also cutting off U.S. "aid" and preventing her from gaining loans from international banking institutions i.e., The World Bank, Inter-American Development Bank. This was done to strangle the economy, undercut Allende's popularity and contribute to an already soaring inflation. But at the same time continued the training of Chilean military officers in the U.S. to lay ground work for the coup.

U.S. ambassador Nathaniel Davis went home to Washington for instructions Sept. 6, returning to Santiago Sept. 9, only two days before the



The late President Salvador Allende of Chile

coup. Davis was a high ranking advisor in the National Security Council from 1966-68 and later served as U.S. ambassador to Guatemala, during the height of the "pacification" program against leftist forces there.

"Davis seems to be running the show in Chile," said David Tobis of the North American Congress on Latin America.

When Davis came from Guatemala to Chile in 1971 he brought a number of aides who helped him run the repression there. "The State Department trains people for special jobs," Tobis said, "And Davis seems to have specialized in these kinds of operations."

Whatever Allende's shortcomings were in controlling commerce, marketing facilities, prices and production, there can be no doubt that American subversion on a large scale over the last three years had greatly aided the opposition forces which culminated in the coup and terrorism that has followed.

Although ITT isn't the only corporation that participated in making the situation ripe for a coup, they present us with a good example of how large corporations maneuver to create certain situations.

In his March 21, 1972 column, Jack Anderson revealed that ITT had plotted with the Central Intelligence Agency "to reduce the Chilean economy to chaos" in September 1970, and prevent the election of Salvador Allende as president.

The vast holdings of ITT in Chile (the Chilean phone company, two Sheraton Hotels, an

electronics plant, and an international telegraph service) was the reason to fear the election of Allende, who promised to nationalize the country's major industries and utilities. But according to Anderson, neither the CIA nor ITT could convince other American companies with investments in Chile to go along with their plan, and Allende was elected in October 1970. (General Motors and Ford complained that they had too much inventory on hand to risk the turmoil that would result.)

Anderson produced several memos to document his story. The first was a memorandum by ITT official J.S. Neal about his communications with Henry Kissinger's office. Neal wrote: "I told them Mr. Geneen (ITT President Harold Geneen) is willing to come to Washington to discuss ITT's interest in Chile and that we are prepared financially to assist in sums up to seven figures." Another memo was an intelligence report from two ITT men in Chile which assured the home office that the Nixon administration was completely behind ITT's efforts, and reported that the American ambassador to Chile was authorized to do whatever he could to prevent Allende's election. The memo read: "Late Tuesday night Ambassador Edward Korry finally received a message from the State Department giving him the green light to move in the name of President Nixon. The message gave him maximum authority to do all possible—short of a Dominican Republic-type action—to keep Allende from taking power."

During the last week of September ITT Vice-President E.J. Gerrity met with the director of the CIA's Latin American Division of Clandestine Services, William V. Broe. At this meeting a detailed five point program to wreck the Chilean economy was devised, and it was around this time that the CIA and ITT began depending on a military coup to stop Allende. Gerrity wrote of his meeting with the CIA: "I was told that of all the companies involved, ours alone had been responsive and understood the problem. Broe added that money was no problem. He also indicated that certain steps were being taken but that he was looking for additional help aimed at inducing economic collapse." Within two weeks, ITT received word from Chile that Washington had asked former Brigadier General Robert Viaux to "hold off" and at the same time promised him U.S. "material assistance and support."

This sabotage attempt never came off, and Allende assumed the presidency after the Chilean Congress approved his election the following week. On September 11, 1973, Allende was dead three years after taking office.●

MARUMOTO RESIGNS HIS POSITION IN WHITE HOUSE

Washington, D.C.—Amid public disclosures of corruption in the Nixon Administration, one more White House staff member has resigned. William H. Marumoto, the Southern California Nisei who rose from the directorship of the Teacher Corps Public Affairs Office in the Dept. of Health, Education and Welfare four years ago to a post as staff assistant to President Nixon, has resigned from the White House spot.

Marumoto will become president of a new marketing and business consulting firm, Interface Group Limited, which will specialize in East-West trade.

The highest-ranking administration staffer of Japanese descent, Marumoto was primarily responsible for Cabinet and sub-cabinet level recruitment, particularly from Hispanic and Asian groups. Upon leaving his position, Marumoto said he thinks the Spanish-speaking and Asians have been too "passive and pedestrian in really getting involved."

In addition, he coordinated the special Spanish-speaking advocacy team within the White House. Charles Colson, a Watergate figure, was also involved in helping push through recommended policy and personnel changes.●

TUTOR ART PROGRAM SEEKS ASIANS

Los Angeles—

Flash! The Tutor Art Program is looking for young Asians (13-15 years old) who have an interest in art. Classes are held every Saturday at the Otis Art Institute (across from the world famous MacArthur Park). The purpose is to allow low-income minorities a chance to develop their artistic abilities under the guidance of professional artists. The classes will have a mul-



ti-ple-instructor approach to teaching and offer instruction in illustration, animation, commercial art and life-drawing (with nude models). And it's absolutely free. A selection process will be carried out in the near future to find those who show either talent and/or strong motivations. All interested applications should send their name, address, phone number and a few samples of their work to:

"Batman"
Gidra Graphics Dept.
P.O. Box 18649
L.A., Ca. 90018

FOSTER PARENT PROGRAM THROUGH ASIAN WOMEN'S CENTER

Los Angeles—

Asian Women's Center is working with young Asian sisters on probation between the ages of 14-18. The problem is we need homes for these sisters and the only way we can find homes is through foster parents. Certain basic requirements must be fulfilled for people who are interested in becoming foster parents:

1. 21 years or older (single or legally married is okay);
2. employed;
3. any ethnic background;
4. have available space;
5. bedding equipment;
6. closet area;
7. and cooking-eating facilities.

If you're wondering about the legal responsibility, it falls on the young sister's real parents. The period of stay would be basically up to the people involved; anywhere from one month to one year. At any given time the arrangements can be reconsidered. There will be one initial investigation, but no continued or periodic ones. Also, \$188.00 is awarded to the foster parent(s) every month.

These are just basic requirements, but the over-riding one would be for you to possess an understanding attitude of the difficult situation that these young Asian sisters face.

If you are interested please call us at the Center. You can talk with either Donna Mori or Tamiko Hirano at 387-1347.●

"The Wheels of Justice Do Not Move as Fast as Nature Grows Grapes"

—Cesar Chavez

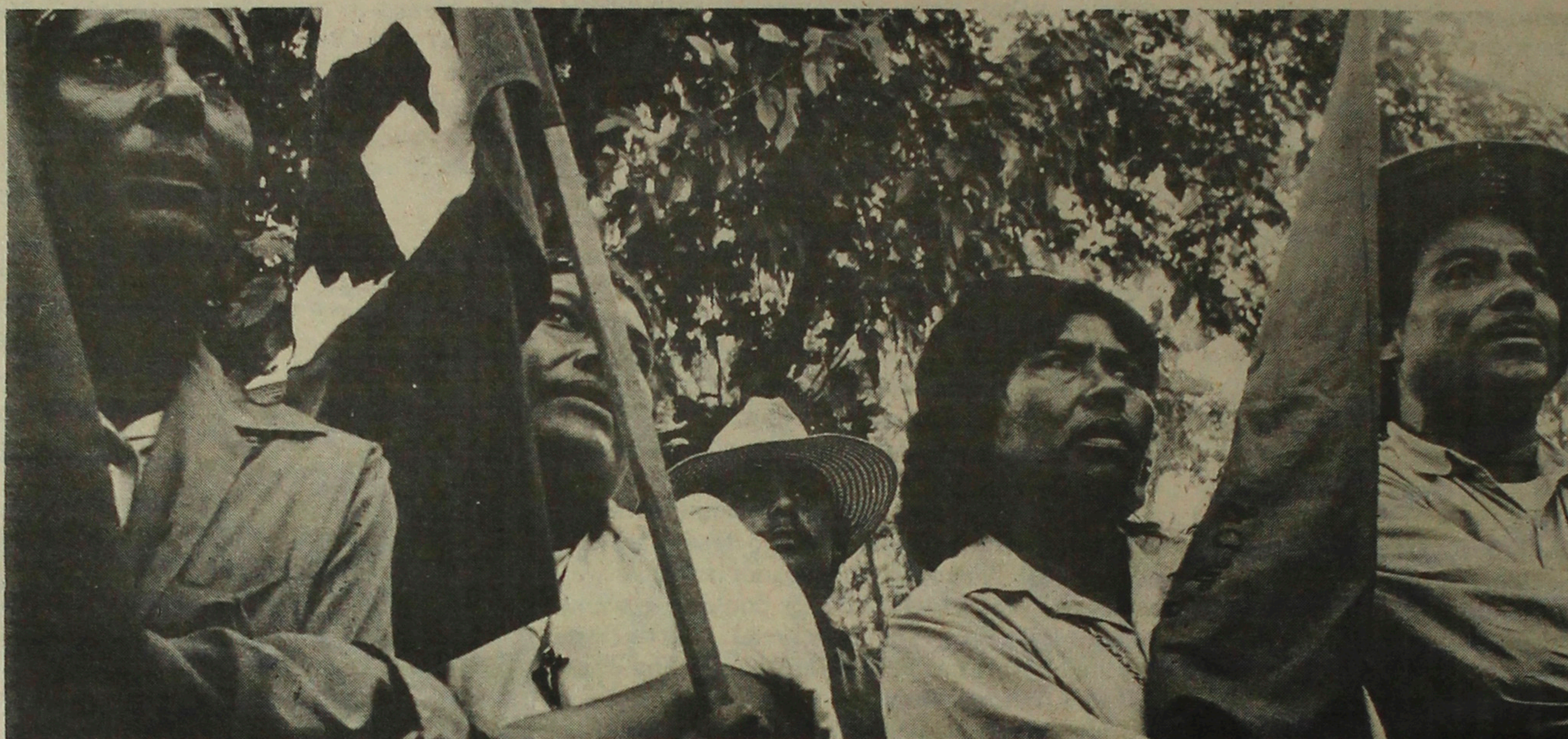


Photo: Rolling Stone

Throughout the history of agricultural production in California, Third World people and other ethnic and cultural minorities (like Irish immigrants and Appalachian whites) have gotten the worst end of the deal. Hindus, Chinese, Irish, Japanese, black and white tenant farmers from the South, Mexicans, Pilipinos—group after group came to California, believing the stories they had heard about opportunity, gold, freedom. What a rude awakening. Meager wages, when they *were* paid for work that made men become old in a few years; conditions that were unfit for animals; and for Third World people, there was the added burden of racism—beatings, lynchings—that found expression not only by white Californians, but also by poor whites that worked and competed for the same jobs. This racism was encouraged by the bosses because it kept the people apart and fighting each other. It existed between colored and white; but also was encouraged between the various people of color. But this attempt to divide people didn't always work.

For instance, in Oxnard, California, Mexican and Japanese farmworkers got together to fight against slave wages and miserable conditions during a sugar beet workers' strike in 1903. Despite the violent and severe repression that came down on them, and the use of racism in attempts to divide them, the Mexican and Japanese farmworkers remained together, and thus won a victory for more than 2,000 farmworkers.

Also, throughout the 1930's, thousands of farmworkers—Japanese, Mexican, Pilipino, and white and blacks united time and time again in dozens of strikes throughout the Central Valley to win decent wages and working conditions.

These are important lessons for us today. The farmworkers in California remain one of the most oppressed group of working people in the nation. Since 1965, they have banded together under the leadership of the United Farmworkers Organizing Committee (UFWOC) to fight for a decent life; and for the right to decide their own future.

The United Farmworkers Organizing Committee has been fighting the powerful growers, rich politicians, the court system and the police since its inception. In 1970, after five years of hard struggle, the UFWOC won over major contracts with grape growers, which gave more than 50,000 farmworkers their first real chance to make a better life for themselves. Having lost the first round of battle, the growers, who are part of a gigantic corporate network who control agriculture in California, have turned to the Teamsters union to begin a combined attack to destroy the United Farmworkers and crush the

fighting spirit of hundreds of thousands of farmworkers.

"Sweetheart" Contracts.

The Teamsters leadership has set out to undermine the United Farmworkers by using 'sweetheart' contracts. These 'contracts' between the growers and Teamsters are designed to eliminate the organizing base of the UFW; a union once controlled by the workers is replaced with one that can be controlled by the growers. Since February of this year, the Teamsters have signed 170 'sweetheart' contracts with lettuce and vegetable growers.

These 'contracts' are signed behind the backs of the farmworkers and give control of the farmworker back to the grower by eliminating the worker-controlled hiring hall won by the UFW and replacing it with the hated labor contract system that puts control of hiring, firing and wages back into the hands of the grower. Under these Teamsters' contracts the farmworkers have received no union protection against the growers and in many cases the farmworkers have never

even seen their 'contracts.'

Teamster "Goons."

Teamster officials have backed up their attack against the UFW with a wave of violence and terror that has swept the grape fields of Southern California. Teamster-hired goons have been paid \$67 a day to assault UFW supporters and members in an effort to break their determined spirit. Farmworkers have been beaten unconscious with clubs and pipes, UFW cars have been smashed with chains and there have been numerous other 'goon' attacks including stabbings, shootings and the destruction of property of UFW members and supporters.

The Teamsters' leadership has not even bothered to hide its racism in attacking the UFW. Under the Teamsters 'contracts' the farmworkers will be prevented from taking part in deciding their own affairs. Teamster officials have said that farmworkers cannot take part in Teamster union meetings for about two years until there are more whites and fewer Mexicans. As stated by Einar Mohn, head of the Western Conference



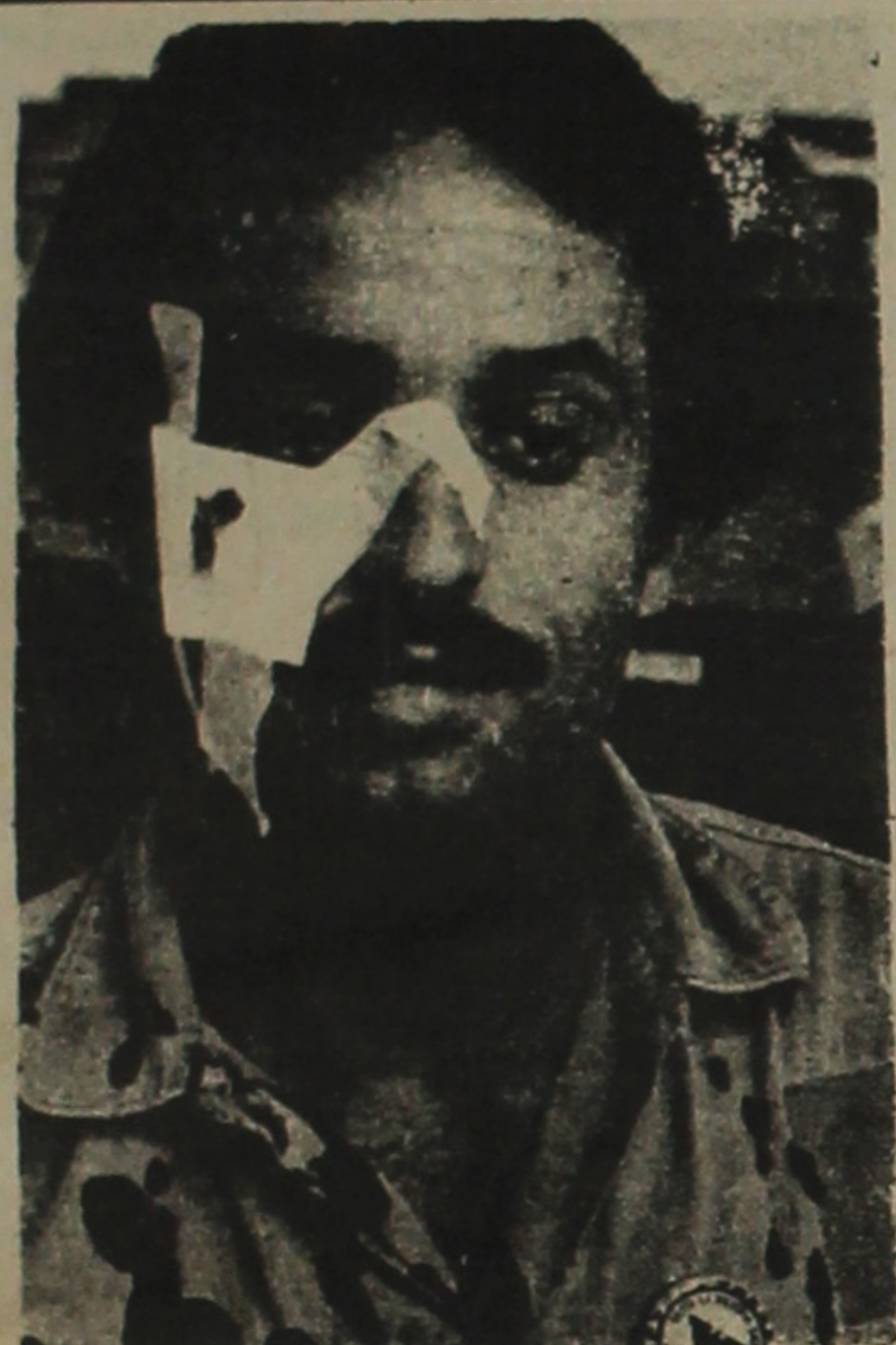
Teamster goons hired at \$67.00 a day to brutalize farmworkers.

of Teamsters, "I'm not sure how effective a union can be when it's composed of Mexican-Americans and Mexican nationals with temporary visas."

It's really important, however, to understand that the leadership of the Teamsters act this way not because they are irrational racists. For their part in helping to crush the farmworkers' movement, these officials have received huge illegal cash payments from the large growers and corporate farms.

The farmlands of California have long served as a stronghold for powerful corporate interests that have grown rich through illegal land grants, government subsidies and the super-exploitation of farmworkers. Today, the large corporations continue to reap in huge amounts of wealth off the labor of hundreds of thousands of farmworkers, small farmers and billions of dollars in tax money.

Known as *agribusiness*, these corporate giants own 6.1 billion acres of California cropland and monopolize an industry that is worth



A UFW member after his car window was smashed into his face by a Teamster goon.

more than \$16 billion annually. Among the large corporations that control vast holdings are Southern Pacific, Wells Fargo Bank, Butte Gas and Oil, Safeway Inc., DiGiorgio Corp., and the Kern County Land Co. (Tenneco). At the head of California agribusiness sits the Bank of America which finances half the agriculture in the state with over \$3 billion worth of investments.

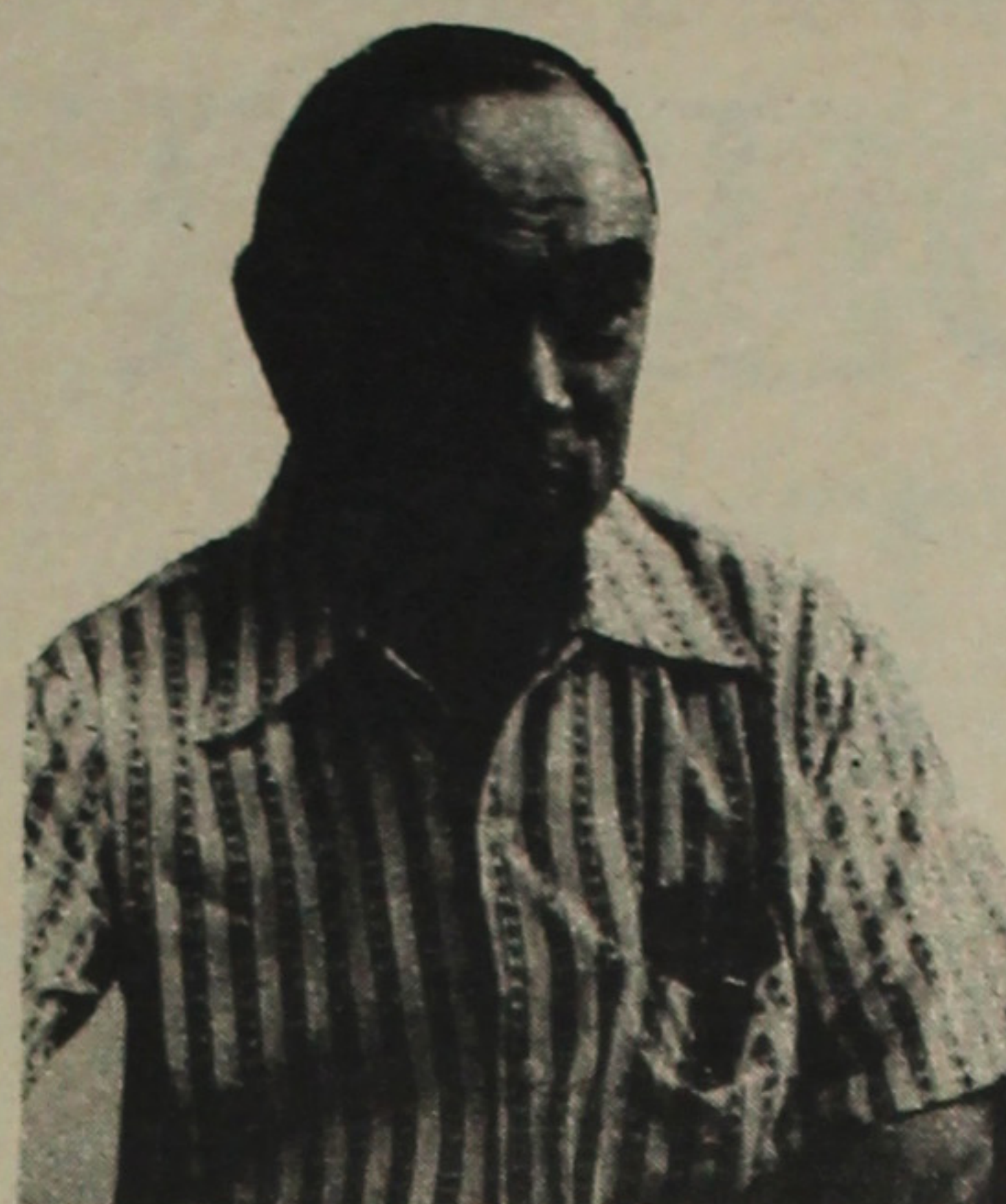
The vast power of agribusiness have given them virtual control over the entire food industry. Through vertical monopolies (ownership and control from the fields to the markets) the corporations have gained full control of food prices and made unrestricted use of dangerous and even fatal pesticides such as 2,4-D herbicide used by the Antle Corporation (lettuce) which is known to cause birth defects.

Agribusiness has further managed to gain control of \$4 billion in tax money for crop subsidies. These corporate farms are paid hundreds of millions for not growing food while farmworkers and over 35 million people in this country live below the poverty level with inadequate housing and food.

Mark Kamiya is a Nisei farmer in Ballico, California, owning 100 acres of land, he has been a strong supporter of UFW.



"The fight is a struggle between labor and capital. Justice for the farmworkers is long overdue."



"Racism against the farmworkers especially against the Mexicans has been really bad. It's a disgrace that some Japanese have been guilty of racism after having been discriminated against themselves."



"When Cesar Chavez asked for my support, it was my duty to help the farmworkers any way I could."

Agribusiness has been directly responsible for not only the exploitation of millions of farmworkers, but small farmers as well have suffered under the heavy hand of the corporate giants. In 1942, the California Farm Bureau, along with similar agribusiness "fronts," pushed for the mass evacuation of the Japanese into concentration camps. Prior to evacuation, the Japanese in California owned or operated approximately 7000 farms and produced 1/3 of the total output of California farms worth more than \$60 million. In the aftermath of the concentration camps, the Japanese managed to retain only 2000 farms out of the 7000 that they had prior to the evacuation. The loss in property and value amounted to hundreds of millions of dollars and many farmers were once again forced to become farmworkers without property.

Now once again, the question of survival against corporate control of agriculture has spread throughout the farmlands of California. Among those involved in the struggle is a group of farmers called the Nisei Farmers' League that has opposed the UFW. The 800-member Nisei Farmers' League represents the interest of small 40-acre growers and farmers who have banded together for economic survival. They are blinded by their self-interest and have opposed rather than united with the growing farmworkers movement. They do not yet realize that they, as small farmers face the same enemy as the farmworkers—the corporate monopolies in agriculture.

The power and control of these corporate interests can only be broken by a united front.

In order to achieve a unified attack certain obstacles must first be overcome. The Nisei Farmers' League must rid themselves of the illusion that "by working hard they can make it." It is clear that as long as the powerful corporations continue to grow, people everywhere will suffer. The small farmers are rapidly being eliminated and farmworkers have long suffered under decades of exploitation and oppression at the hands of powerful corporations.

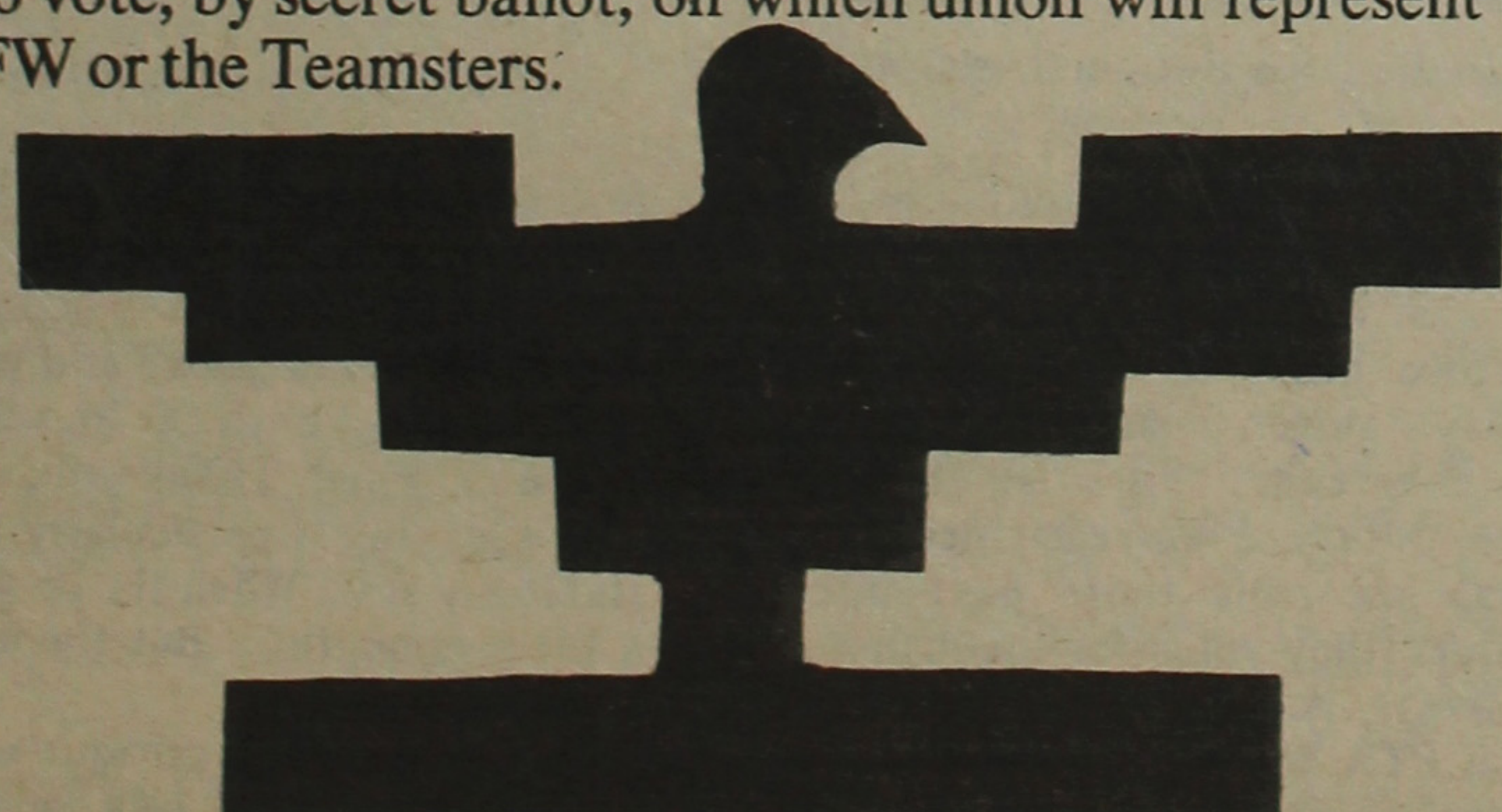
Corporate farming interests have stopped at nothing to destroy the UFW and the farmworkers movement. The use of Teamster violence and repressive court injunctions against the UFW have only been their most recent tactics. Their ultimate objective has been to pass anti-labor legislation outlawing strikes, picketing and boycotts. This anti-labor legislation is a vicious attempt at legalizing oppressive working conditions of not only farmworkers, but all working people. In supporting such legislation (Proposition 22) the Nisei Farmers' League can only further separate themselves from working people everywhere.

Which Road For the Nisei Farmers' League?

Victory against greed and exploitation will be won through the unified strength of the millions of farmworkers and working people in this country. The Nisei Farmers' League must work to unite themselves with the United Farmworkers in the struggle against a common enemy or face what can only be certain isolation and destruction in the hands of the corporate monopolies.

**We'd like to thank our sisters and brothers at New Dawn for much of the material and graphics used in this article.*

Boycotts are a drag. You're tired of them, just as the farm workers are tired of striking. But the workers will not be reduced to chattel again. Cesar Chavez asks consumers to unite as never before. Nothing less will cause the growers to grant workers the simple right to vote, by secret ballot, on which union will represent them: the UFW or the Teamsters.



TAKE A STAND

I enclose \$_____ to help the farm workers survive the coming weeks or months without a working wage.

☐ I would like to help with the boycott of grapes, iceberg lettuce, Safeway and A. & P. Please send me more information.

YOUR NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

Make Checks Payable to "United Farm Workers Union"

Mail to: United Farm Workers Union
3101 23rd Street
San Francisco 94114

Call (415) 864-5613 for further info.

REVIEWED: CANDIDATES NIGHT AT LVU/UN-ISA

The candidates are wary and nervous. A small film crew is here shooting the event, and so these seven men sitting in the glare of the floodlights are hoping that their appearance is... *statesmanlike... intelligent... honest... and appealing to voters.* They are all trying on successive different facial expressions: righteousness, determination, friendly-regular-guy-ness, concern, and nonchalant calm. (Look! One of them has overdone the calm face and has spaced out. His mouth is open and his eyes have gone blank.) As each expression loses its novelty or subjective effectiveness, it slips away to momentarily reveal the fearful eyes of prey.

They are sitting in their polyester suits, these guys, *jammed* behind a single L.A. City Schools type table of metal tube legs and formica top, of the sort designed for comfortable use by two school children. It's so tight back there that they must sit with their elbows pressed against their sides. They shift and negotiate for table space, and each gain made by one candidate is necessarily an encroachment upon and loss to another. *Kinda like the council race, I think.* And does the humorous indignity of this analogy strike the candidates themselves, I wonder?

They are jostling through this particularly narrow pass in the campaign trail for the 10th District Council race for one reason: whoever braves best the upcoming vicissitudes will walk away with the jackpot of possibly 400 votes. In a sudden death election involving an enormous field of 29 candidates and an expected turnout of only 20,000 voters, that is a prize of significant size.

The gentlemen crowded behind the little table are: David Cunningham, Jordan Daniels, Jr., Vincent Grizelle, Celes King, Henry Sands, George Takei, and Charles Williams. The fact that they are sweating and smiling back there is an early reward of a neighborhood process yet only months old. They have been invited here (No, we should say *summoned* here. It more accurately describes the strength of an organized community.) summoned here tonight by the La Vecindad Unida/United Neighborhood-ISA. In the LVU/UN-ISA's own words:

"LVU/UN-ISA is a non-violent, non-racist, democratically-run, self-supporting neighborhood union whose members live in the area between the Santa Monica Freeway, Adams, Hoover, and Vermont. In March and April of 1973, over 40 families in our area had meetings in their homes (so that they and their friends and neighbors could talk about what they wanted to see changed in their neighborhood). They decided that they could all work together to make their neighborhood a better place for their families.

"On May 8, 1973, over 70 families attended a meeting at Ward AME Church and voted to start their own neighborhood union. They chose the name La Vecindad Unida/The United Neighborhood and voted to affiliate with the Institute for Socio-Analysis (a group with experience in helping neighborhoods organize themselves). Then the families elected temporary officers and

formed committees to get action on neighborhood problems—needed traffic signs, closing dangerous vacant houses, closing the dangerous tunnel at Orchard and 22nd Street, etc.

"In just a few months, LVU/UN-ISA has gotten a lot done for our neighborhood. The dangerous vacant house on 25th Street has been torn down because LVU/UN-ISA members formed a committee and demanded that HUD do its job! The dangerous tunnel at Orchard and 22nd will soon be closed because LVU/UN-ISA members put pressure on the City Council and State Highway Dept. Our neighborhood union is leading the fight for traffic signs and a police foot patrol for the neighborhood.

"In addition to getting action on problems, LVU/UN-ISA members get car parts, fruits and vegetables, and clothing at wholesale prices because of our LVU/UN-ISA Buying Club. Because we all work together and buy together we can solve our neighborhood problems and save money.

"Each member family pays monthly dues. This money pays for a full-time staff organizer from ISA and also provides money for the organization. Because the members pay for their union and full-time organizer, they "call the shots." The LVU/UN-ISA constitution makes it clear that the members control their organization.

"We have invited some candidates for Council representative of the 10th District who we believe will respond to the needs in our community. We are planning to swing block vote—the only way to make votes count in this day and age. It is an organized effort to vote as a block in our organization and precinct. We have over 400 registered voters because people believe with unity, there is strength, and are willing to register and vote together. Why not? Residents all live in the same community facing the same problems of violence, theft, poor schools, lack of proper housing, recreational facilities for youth and senior citizens, lack of adequate and effective police protection. As a result of the neglect of our neighborhood by Lindsey and Bradley (past council representatives) and our abundance of common problems, community members decided to get together—Latinos, Blacks, Asians, Anglos, homeowners, renters, welfare recipients—to bring pressure on politicians so we can get some services in our community for the tax money we pay for daily."

Beneath the magnolias, the System stands vindicated....

Tom Bradley's inauguration on July 1st was a victory festival for a liberal sector of Los Angeles. Their man had reaped the harvest of an electorate grown heavy in discontent with Mayor Sam Yorty's dozen years of cocky excesses, and out they came this sunny Sunday noon to cleebrate. All those *nouveau*-sideburned California Casuals escorting those pant-suited wash-and-wear *coifs* (they-voted-for-the-man-not-the-color-of-his-skin). And those decent Negro housewives, local PTA treasurers; satin flowers on Sunday dresses. A Sansei eagle scout, a Better American in a Greater America, stiffly leads

the flag salute. A little bit of salt makes the cake taste sweeter, and there across the street we have the American Nazi Party vainly ordering the new mayor to, "Go Back to Africa." They are first met with angry boos and derisive curses, but the bitterness of this response is tempered by the exhilaration of victory. The Nazis are then defied by a multi-racial band of marching children bearing an American flag, and then again by the Marine color guard, all to the cheers of the exultant crowd. See? There on the green lawn beneath the magnolias, the System stands vindicated.

No, it doesn't. In the neighborhood of the LVU/UN-ISA, at the edge of his old 10th District, Bradley left behind a group of unhappy people. The conditions which plague their neighborhood were nurtured under Bradley's representation. Before the reapportionment of councilmanic districts, they had been similarly treated by Gilbert Lindsay. Before that....I don't know. Though deterioration of a neighborhood is a long process requiring the actions or inactions of many, buttressed and generated by the qualities of an entire political economy and while no one can blame a single councilman for all the ills of his district, some accountability can be attached. The expediencies of American electoral politics sets up a situation in which the candidate's essential and minimum strategy is to deliver only enough promises and services to grab the votes he needs to slide into office. Bradley didn't need their votes. Nothing was delivered.

So there's a lot of pent-up steam behind the machinery of tonight's meeting, and who do you think is gonna catch the flak but those seven bozos packed behind that table?

Somebody at LVU/UN-ISA has had the brilliance to go out and shoot Polaroids of each of the candidates houses. The photographs, two complete sets of them, have been stuck on sheets of corrugated cardboard, then labeled with the names, and are being circulated through the audience. The houses range from neatly modest L.A. stuccos all the way up to...*mansions*. The candidates are aware of this development, and must certainly have deduced that a matching game is under way. Over 40% of the houses in the LVU/UN-ISA area are substandard, said a spokesman. Now don't the comparisons clash harshly? A man's home is his indictment.

The volleys of questions and demands from the audience is met by a nearly monolithic "Yes I will I will I will!" from the candidates. The same issues keep coming up but from different people in the audience. They've talked this over thoroughly and they know what they want, need, and possibly can get. Can they get stop signs, better police protection through squad car and foot patrols, mini-parks for the kids, straighten out the absentee landlords? Clean up the vacant lots? Youth programs at the Hoover Recreation Center? Job opportunities for youth? Close the dangerous tunnel? Give us a Spanish-speaking field representative? Will you *really* respond to our needs?

"Yes." the candidates reply.

As the fusillades of audience anger strikes, the candidates respond with blearily desperate promises and flabby analyses of Why Things Are The Way They Are. The most inspiring aspect of this hour is the masterful way the LVU/UN-ISA retains control of the proceedings. Each candidate has been allotted three minutes of speech and seven minutes of questions and answers. Remember that any violation of the rules means a forfeiture of the bloc vote. The time limit rule is enforced by a bell. Three minutes into each candidate's opening rap, the bell is struck, the candidate garbles and gulps, and wonders what to do. Seven minutes into the questions, the same thing happens: Ping! Thank you, sit down. When the man speaking is particularly awful, each bell is a star in my sky. When the speaker is alright, I feel a little sympathy. But the aggregate whole is a thing of joy.

To give a full critique of every candidate's performance would be a meaningless tedium. Even a listing of a few of the evening's choicer

aberrations would only provide the grimly amusing highlights to a group I felt to be... (there is a prudent editorial substitution of words here)... disappointing.

Relative to the rest, Sands and Takei come off okay.

Henry Sands is a civil rights lawyer or something with a powerful, nervous delivery. He makes thrillingly audacious proposals of expropriation measures against absentee landlords who fail to decently maintain their property. He praised the food buying co-op that the LVU/UN-ISA had set up. "That's the way to do it!" he says. But... Sands happens to live less than four blocks away from just such a co-op, the Jefferson Community Buyers' Club (operating at the old Storefront), right in the neighborhood of the *Gidra* office. When questioned later he didn't know a thing about it. When asked later about shifting the tax base of L.A. city off of individual homeowners and retail purchases and onto, possibly, corporate incomes, he replied with a weak explanation that it would not be his job to bring up issues to his constituency.

A phoney.

George Takei's candidacy had been nagging at me for some time. His background is a portrait in very progressive Liberal politics. One could count on finding him at the leftmost edge of the establishment forces. The question was, considering that he is an Asian (perceived by the more reactionary elements in the Asian community to be a *radical!*), did I want him representing me?

His showing at Candidates' Night was decent: he seemed honest and flexible. But how deep were his thinking and principles? A potentially most dangerous issue was that of his position on the United Farm Workers' Union, whom he has supported in the past. But now, Takei's most reliable support was from the Japanese Americans in his district, many of whom identified with the Nisei small farmers, who are *seemingly* locked in intractable struggle against the UFW. Did his commitment of the extremely oppressed in this society prevail over his sense of expediency? Was his scope of analysis broad enough and profound enough to resolve the issue at a higher level?

I asked him what position he took on the UFW issue, and his answer was a supremely disappointing, "My record stands."

An Atavism.

Horrorstruck. Depression formulated into the question: "These are the best we have?" I really was disappointed. Regardless of what a rational scan of the political economy tells me. All those years of forced American Dreamism are enough to occasionally set me up into attitudes of naivete. An atavism, the ghostly bubble of unfounded optimism for the processes of bourgeois democracy, had risen through the surfaces of a murky but viable cynicism.

The central question, problem, and hope raised for me by the existence of the LVU/UN-ISA is this:

The LVU/UN-ISA is a neighborhood political organization presently built around the need to solve some of the problems afflicting that neighborhood. They deal with these problems now as if they were isolated phenomena in the blighted urban landscape of Los Angeles. Maybe this is wise. For the time being at least, a premature escalation to a viewpoint analyzing the reasons *why* such phenomena occur (that is, the capitalist mode of production) would probably be controversially divisive. But such an analysis, one which clearly identifies the structural features of capitalism as the culprit, will eventually be needed. Whether this analysis will be introduced suddenly or by slower degrees, the same questions exist. Will the experience and knowledge of the rewards of unity be enough to maintain that unity when such ideologically divisive issues arise? If the eventual answer is yes, the course of evolution of the LVU/UN-ISA is of great significance to those of us with "movement" concerns. It *just* might help us to chart *our* future course.

—Dean Toji

(Editor's Note: Takei carried the LVU/UN-ISA bloc vote but failed to capture the 10th District election.)

POEM

Within a prison's enclosure
Hidden from public exposure,
There is a hate and bitterness
More vast than any sea.

For social ignorance we pay with time
Social outcasts are we,
Where no hope for freedom can be
Caged like animals for none to see.

Our talents and skills wastefully used
Where nothing is gained
And much is lost
In paying society's unjust cost.

Lights glare both day and night
Hatred clouds our mind,
With each passage of time
Old age before our time;

The law of the jungle revived
Where only the strong survive
Acts of love and kindness a ruse
A game shamefully used.

Racial strife is encouraged and approved
To keep us divided and our keepers amused,
With convict knives
Taking its toll in human lives.

Years of pain and rage
within a prison's cage,
With insanity, perversion and brutality
A nightmare in cold reality.

There are ropes to scale the wall
Saws to sever the bars,
But each escape will only make
— a temporary break.

We hope and dream of the life we once knew
To live again as freemen and not as slaves,
But the future holds no meaning
In this hell enduring.

Past dead, future dying
All is lost, not even trying
A convict's life is one of strife
Lost illusions and shattered dreams.

Yet though they steal my youth
And rob me of my life,
Never will they take this mind
And spirit of mine.

I'll always be indifferent to their rules
Often trapped, never tamed
Unrepenting, violently proud
With head unbowed, standing forever tall.

To those who gave us 5 numbers
Chains, bars and walls.
To glaring lights and sleepless nights
And endless years of time.

To all the medieval thoughts which keep us here
And cheat us of all that is dear.
To our beloved keepers
FUCK YOU

H.K.M.

Gidra Staff:

Last month some copies of your paper, sent by Asian Joint Communications, came to Soledad Central. This was the first time for many of us to read your paper.

We have a group of Yellow and Brown Asians called the Sons of Hawaii. We would like to say that we are glad to see that all of you are doing something. We know the struggle gets harder as the commitment deepens.

This California prison system we live in is the largest in the world. Using bureaucratic window dressings to impress the public—like prison / correctional facility, prisoner / inmate, guard / correction officer, initial lockup / reception & guidance center, solitary confinement / adjustment center. Our sentences have no set time; rather, we are given indeterminate sentences (robbery: 5 years to life, etc.). Thus, Corrections can play God with our lives. The Adult Authority decides who is good enough to go home or not. (And how can nine members decide for 20,600 prisoners?) Under this means of sentencing, California's average time served for first offenders is the highest in the nation

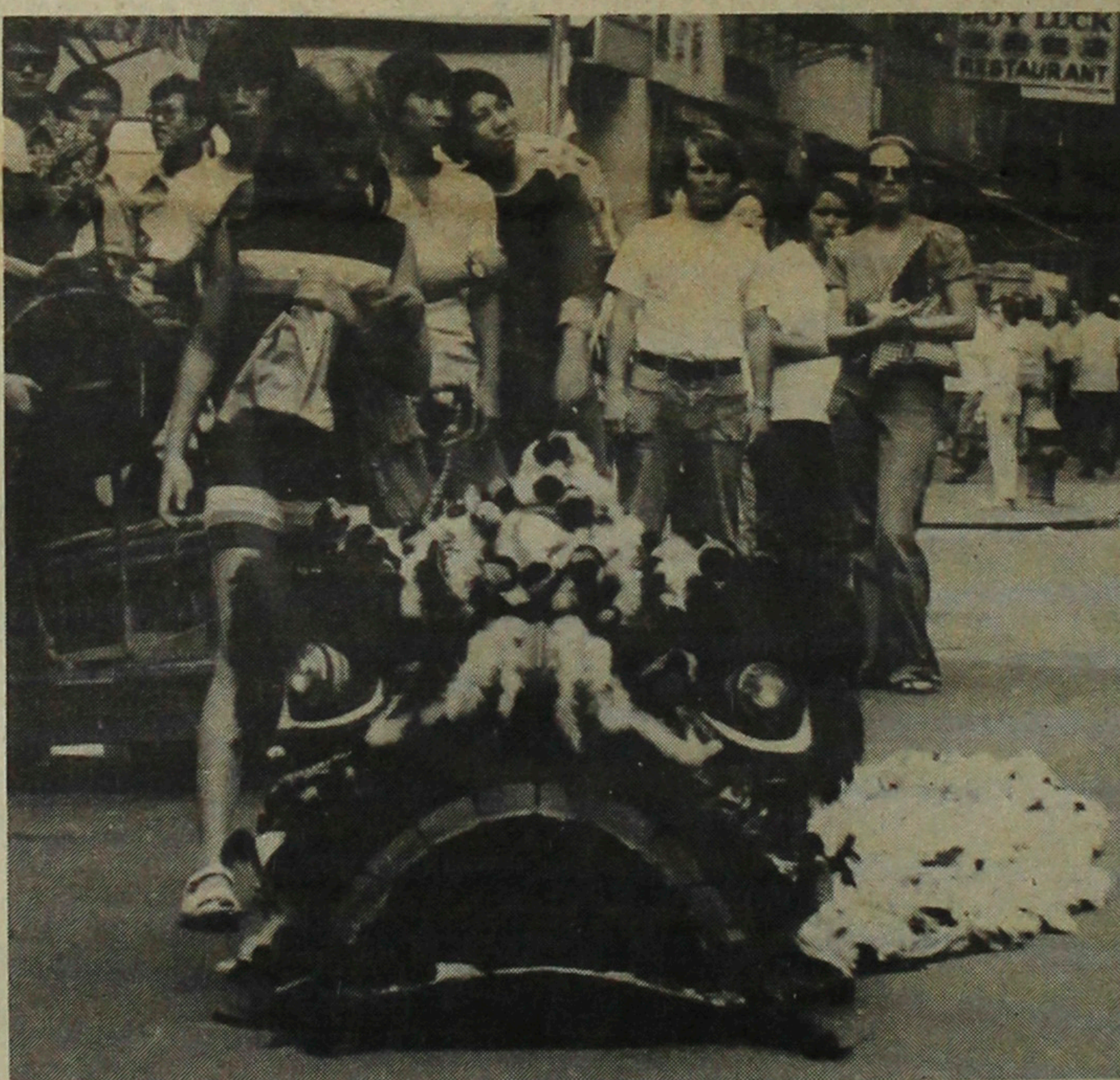
and probably the world. Though there is our usual grievances of lousy food, poor medical treatment and overcrowding that amounts to criminal neglect in many cases, it's nothing compared to the total arbitrariness of the bureaucracy that rules every aspect of our existence. The racial antagonisms traditionally fostered by the guards to divide and rule (with Soledad ranking the highest in the nation in number of killings) is fast breaking down. But it is still being tried, and to keep us together we need to maintain a strong alliance between political activists on the street and us.

We would appreciate any considerations you can give us on sending your paper or any relevant literature. If there is anything we can do in return, don't hesitate to ask.

In Unity,
Harry K. Miyaji B-43632
Richard Laird B-18892-B
P.O. Box B-43632
CTF Central
Soledad, California



The CHINATOWN STREETFAIR took place August 8 through August 15. The motto for the week-long event was "Unite and Fight for Our Rights". The Streetfair included a wide variety of health services (TB and anemia bloodtests, eyetests, and a special women's booth) along with information booths on worker's rights, housing rights, immigrant rights, and English as a Second Language. Child-care services were available to parents. Also a community video-tape team covered the event--(above) this older segment of the community watches a video-tape monitor set up on the street. (They are watching a tape which the older people help put together.)



NEW YORK CHINA TOWN:

The Streetfair also presented cultural attractions. The lion dance and kung fu exercises were accompanied by drum players. Crowds of people gathered on the sidewalks as soon as the drums started. The number of tourists in Chinatown became very apparent.



BELOW AND RIGHT: The youth in Chinatown have taken an active role in maintaining pride in their community.



LEFT: Pride also takes on other forms of community participation. Members of the Amerasian Creative Arts Program and Project Reach express the history of Chinese in America, as seen through a youthful perspective, under the City Arts Program.

august 1973

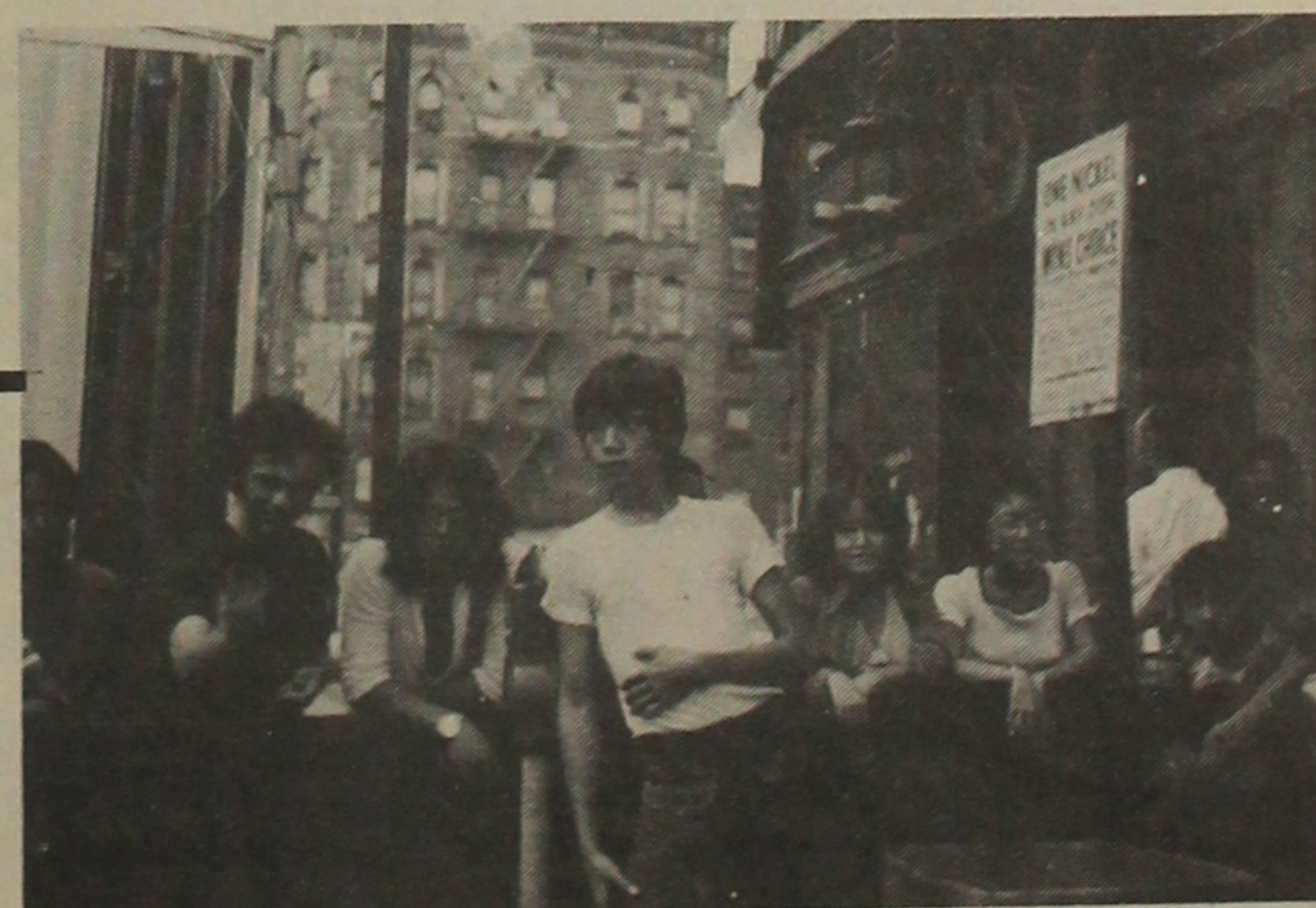
Photos and layout by Mary Uyematsu



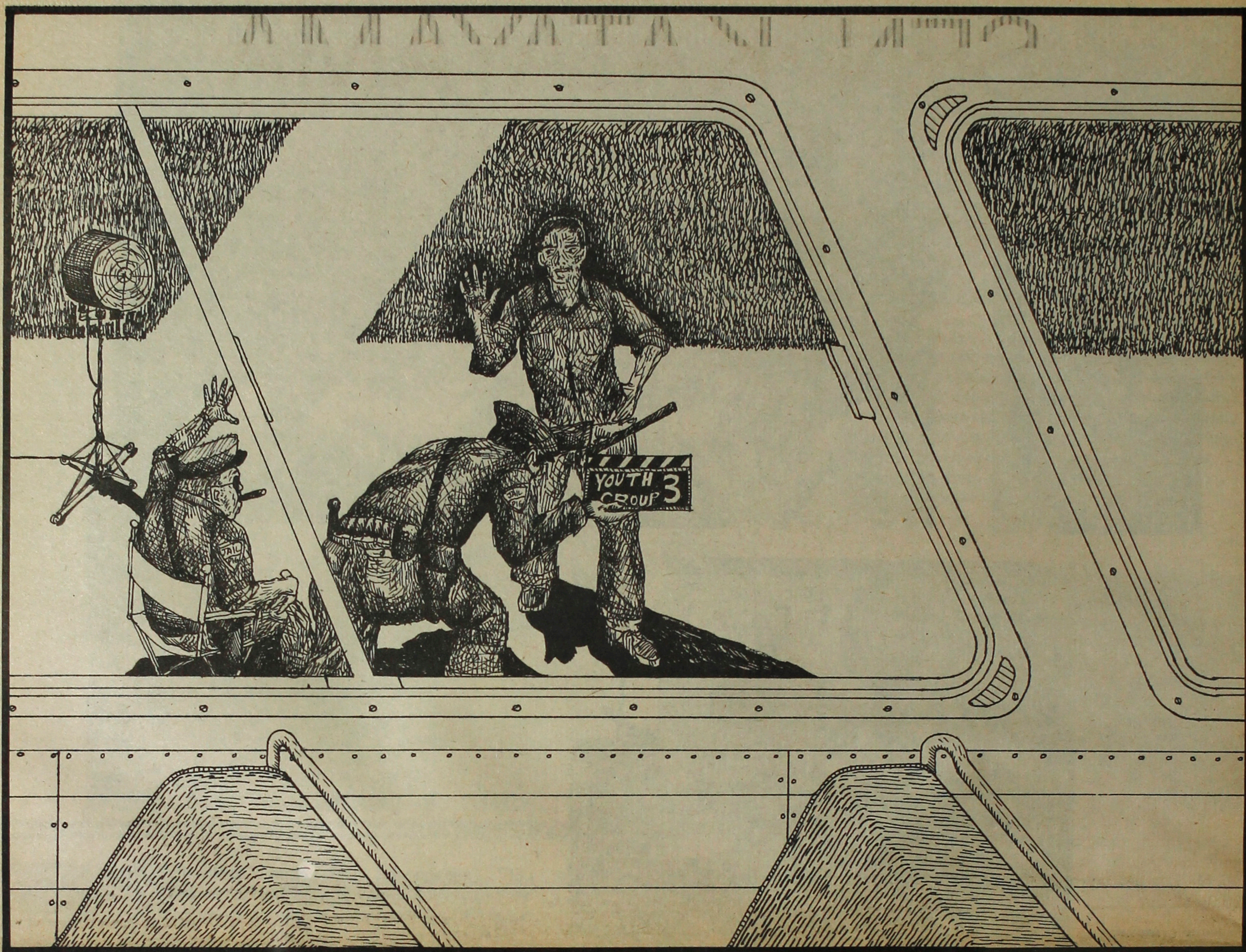
LEFT: This woman checks out the street action from her second-story window while eating dinner. With the density of apartment and project buildings, and the heavy density of people on the streets, there is a constant window-watching of the constant action on the street.



ABOVE RIGHT: These children play at a local playground (Columbus Park) under the supervision of a student-run daycare program.



ABOVE: In between Chinatown and Little Italy, there exists a small section where the two intermingle. This section is composed of both Italian and Chinese businesses. Chinese youth can be found taking part in the carnival/business activities of Little Italy. On other Italian holidays, "all" businesses close, regardless of nationality or faith.



Drawing by David Monkawa

THE TRIP TO CHINO

"We left the prison a little depressed..."

"Be at the office by 10:15 tomorrow morning if you want to go to Chino," was the message I was told. The Neighborhood Youth Corps had planned to take a field trip on the last two Thursdays of August, and the first Thursday of September to Chino State Prison. As a *Gidra* NYC worker, I was asked to go. I sort of had mixed feelings about the trip, since I have never been to a prison before. Just to think that all these men were locked up like animals in cages was a horrible thought, and it kind of scared me. But then again, they're human and have feelings just like anybody else. They need to communicate with others besides those in prison with them. So, I decided to go along with the other NYC workers and rap with our brothers doing time there.

The bus was late and everyone was anxious to hurry up and go. Finally it came and we were on our way. We arrived at Chino at approximately 12:15 p.m., but they wouldn't let us in the prison until 1:00 p.m. We got out of the bus and sat on some benches under the trees. It was a real nice place like a small park or something. You could see tall fences with barbed wire on top that looked like deadly giant springs. On the other side, there was a grazing spot for cows.

After sitting there for about a half-hour, we had to line up against the bus, and were instructed by prison officials to get out any ID of ourselves. Everybody thought we were gonna get frisked, but instead the prison officials lectured us for a pretty long time explaining the rules and regulations of the prison.

A few rules for the visitors were:

1. No firearms, weapons, narcotics, or medication are to be taken into the prison and must be turned in before entering. If medication is needed while in the prison, only the amount needed may be taken in.

2. While talking with the inmates, you cannot give out your home address or telephone number. This is for your own protection because you don't know who's going to call you or when.

3. No throwing of anything out the bus window. If you do, it will be thought of as narcotics.

Another thing he said was that if an inmate takes a visitor hostage, and threatens to kill him, the guards will not try to stop him from killing you. They will not compromise or let the inmate get what he wants. You're just going to be shot or stabbed without anybody helping you.

We boarded the bus even more hesitant about going in after hearing all this (after all, how would you feel if you were about to be killed and no one helped you). Some Asian brothers were supposed to come and board the bus with us to point out the different areas of the prison. Only one inmate came. The tour wasn't too good because the bus was packed three to a seat, so only about a third of us, those sitting by the windows, got a good look. I was lucky to have been seated behind the only inmate in the bus. It was still hard to hear because of the noise from the bus.

Our first stop in the prison was the deep-sea diving training facility where they teach the in-

mates how to dive. We were allowed to walk around and talk with the men. There were tanks 12 and 8 feet deep for them to dive in. Also there was an air-pressure simulator, simulating a dive into the water and up.

Everybody was getting hungry so we went to eat our lunch. There were tables and benches to eat on. I started to talk to a supervisor from the JACS (Japanese-American Community Services) NYC program and he told me that this prison is a model prison. He said when people from other countries want to see an American prison, they come to Chino State Prison or the California Institute for Women, which is also a model prison. Most money for prisons go to these two institutions and that's why these prisons have many things other prisons don't.

After eating lunch, we went to sit on the grass under the trees and to rap with one of the brothers for a while. He noticed that most of us were sitting there with long, sad faces and not saying anything. He was talking about his sentence in prison and how he doesn't know when he'll get out—just that he wants to get out. A prison official kept on interrupting saying, "You'd better cut it short, it's time for them to go." But still we just sat there as he talked on. Then the official got a little angry after telling us that three or four times so we got up to leave.

We left the prison a little depressed, waving good-bye to the inmates as we drove past them, wondering what was to happen to them, and what their future would be.

—Karen Nishinaka

SEN KATAYAMA

1859-1933

Forty years ago, Sen Katayama, internationally known revolutionary leader, died in Moscow on November 4, 1933, at the age of 74. He is buried in the Kremlin. His activities in the U.S. were many and notable. I would like to briefly mention just a few as part of the Japanese history in America.

Katayama was born December 3, 1859, on a farm in Okayama Prefecture, Japan (which today has a democratic coalition governor elected by a united front of communists, socialists, trade unionists, etc.). He left the farm for Tokyo in 1881, to further his studies, meanwhile working as both a printer and a Chinese literature lecturer. During this period, he became interested in Christianity.

Katayama came to this country in 1884 originally to study theology. However, but for one Mexican dollar, he was without money when he landed in San Francisco. Therefore a Japanese hotel guide took him to the Chinese Methodist Church, where Rev. Otis Gibson, who had spent many years in China, took care of scores of penniless Chinese and Japanese immigrants, teaching them English and helping them find employment. Katayama's first job was as a houseboy in a white family with pay of \$2.50 per week, but the work did not last even a week because of language difficulties and not knowing Western customs. At one time, he was kicked out by an employer without getting the three days' pay due him. Later, he found a houseboy job in San Rafael with pay of \$10.00 per month, where he was made to work from 5 in the morning to 9 in the evening. For his living quarters he was assigned to the coal bin shack. The work was unbearable but he stayed there 3 months to save \$20.00 so that he could pay off debts. Around this period, he met some political refugees who had fled the tyranny of the Japanese government.

In 1887, Katayama entered the Hopkind Academy of Oakland, taking English literature, Greek, Latin and algebra. He stayed there only one year because of the students' continuous taunts such as calling him "Hey, cat (Kat)." He enrolled in Maryville College, Tennessee, then transferred to Iowa College where he received B.A. and M.A. degrees. He studied further at Andover Theological Seminary and later received a B.D. from Yale in 1895.

After studying and working 12 years in the U.S., Katayama returned to Japan and established Kingsley Hall, a college settlement. In 1897 he also helped to organize the first Japanese trade union.

In 1904, he was elected by the Japanese Socialist Association to attend the Amsterdam Congress of the Second International. Traveling by way of the U.S. he organized the San Francisco Japanese Socialist Assn. with thirty-eight members and made anti-war speeches in various cities under the auspices of the Socialist Party. In the Los Angeles' Burbank Hall he made a speech which resulted in forming a Japanese Socialist Assn. Branch. At the Congress, Katayama became one of the leading world anti-war figures by shaking hands with the Russian delegate, Plekhanov; both pledged a common struggle against the Russo-Japanese War. On his way back to Japan, Katayama again visited the U.S. and reported on the Congress to the American people as well as speaking on labor conditions in Japan.

Gompers Called Him "Jap."

The activities of Katayama aroused the wrath of Samuel Gompers, A.F.L. President, a notorious anti-Asian racist, who characterized Katayama as follows in the May 1905 issue of *The American Federationist*:

"This presumptuous Jap with a leprous mouth whose utterance show this mongrel's perverseness, ignorance and maliciousness... Perhaps this Japanese socialist may be perturbed by the fact that the American workingmen, organized and unorganized, have discovered that the Japanese in the United States are as harmful to the interest



**NEXT MONTH MARKS THE FORTIETH
MEMORIAL OF AN INTERNATIONAL
REVOLUTIONARY LEADER.
THIS ISSEI WAS NO QUIET AMERICAN.**

of American labor and American civilization as are the Chinese."

In 1905, Katayama tried his hand at establishing an utopian rice colony in Texas (of all places), this failed.

He returned to Japan the following year, plunging into organizing the unorganized, writing articles for socialist publications abroad, publishing a labor magazine and making lecture tours telling young activists "to read the literature by Marx and Engels."

Anti-Imperialist Leader

Katayama was sent to prison during the 1912 Tokyo street car strike. After being released, his activities were handicapped by a 24-hour watch by plainclothes men. In 1914, Katayama, unable to cope with the persistent governmental persecution, decided to come to the U.S. "to appeal to comrades abroad to help the Japanese socialist movement," leaving his wife and three children in Japan. (His daughter, Yasuko, joined him later. She currently heads the Soviet-Japan Friendship Society in Moscow.)

The Katayamas resided in the basement of Mr. and Mrs. Shigeki Oka, where the local Japanese radicals met quite often. Here, too, he experienced constant harassment at the hands of the local Japanese consulate personnel. In spite of this, he made a lecture tour to Seattle and other cities under the auspices of the Socialist Party. At the same time, he worked as a cook, day laborer, interpreter and scrivener. In October 1915, Katayama helped to unite the San Francisco Day Workers' Assn. and the Oakland Laundry Employees' Union into the Japanese Labor Federation of America.

The following year, together with Oka, Seishi Nonaka, Reimon Chiba and Buhei Hirai, Katayama began publishing a monthly magazine, *The Heimin (Commoner)* in English and Japanese

to "speak for the interest of the majority of the Japanese in America and to study political, economical and social matters of the Japanese here from the view point of the commoners." (Nonaka later operated a printing shop at 218 S. San Pedro Street, L.A. and Chiba became a San Diego fisherman.)

Katayama organized a socialist study group which met on the first Sunday of every month in his basement abode. He also wrote many articles for *The New York Call*, the Socialist Party organ, and other left-wing publications of the day. At the invitation of S.J. Rutgers of the American Socialist Propaganda League, Katayama and his daughter left for New York in December 1916. He continued to publish *The Heimin* and made numerous speeches in support of the 1917 Russian Revolution.

Katayama's contribution to the anti-war and anti-imperialism struggles cannot be overlooked, nor his participation in publishing *The Class Struggle* and *The Revolutionary Age*, which assisted greatly in the eventual formation of the Communist Party of America. On September 1, 1919, Katayama became one of the founders of the C.P.A.

October 1919, the U.S. government sponsored the first International Labor Conference in Washington, D.C. The Japanese trade unions refused to participate but the Japanese government sent a hand-picked "labor delegation." Sen Katayama and two others of the Japanese Socialist League of America, informed of this, quickly issued a statement exposing the "Japanese delegation" as phonies. The statement was distributed among the delegates. This caused the resignation of the two "Japanese labor advisors." During the infamous 1920 Palmer raids, (when the U.S. Atty. Gen. launched mass arrests and jailings of all progressive people throughout the country) Katayama miraculously escaped the dragnet because he was not at home. He remained in an Atlantic City hideout (home of Kansaburo Naito) for 4 months writing chapters for his autobiography. Returning to New York, Katayama helped to unify the two American Communist Parties. Later, he made trips to Mexico and Canada to assist in organizing and unifying their respective Communist Parties.

Heritage.

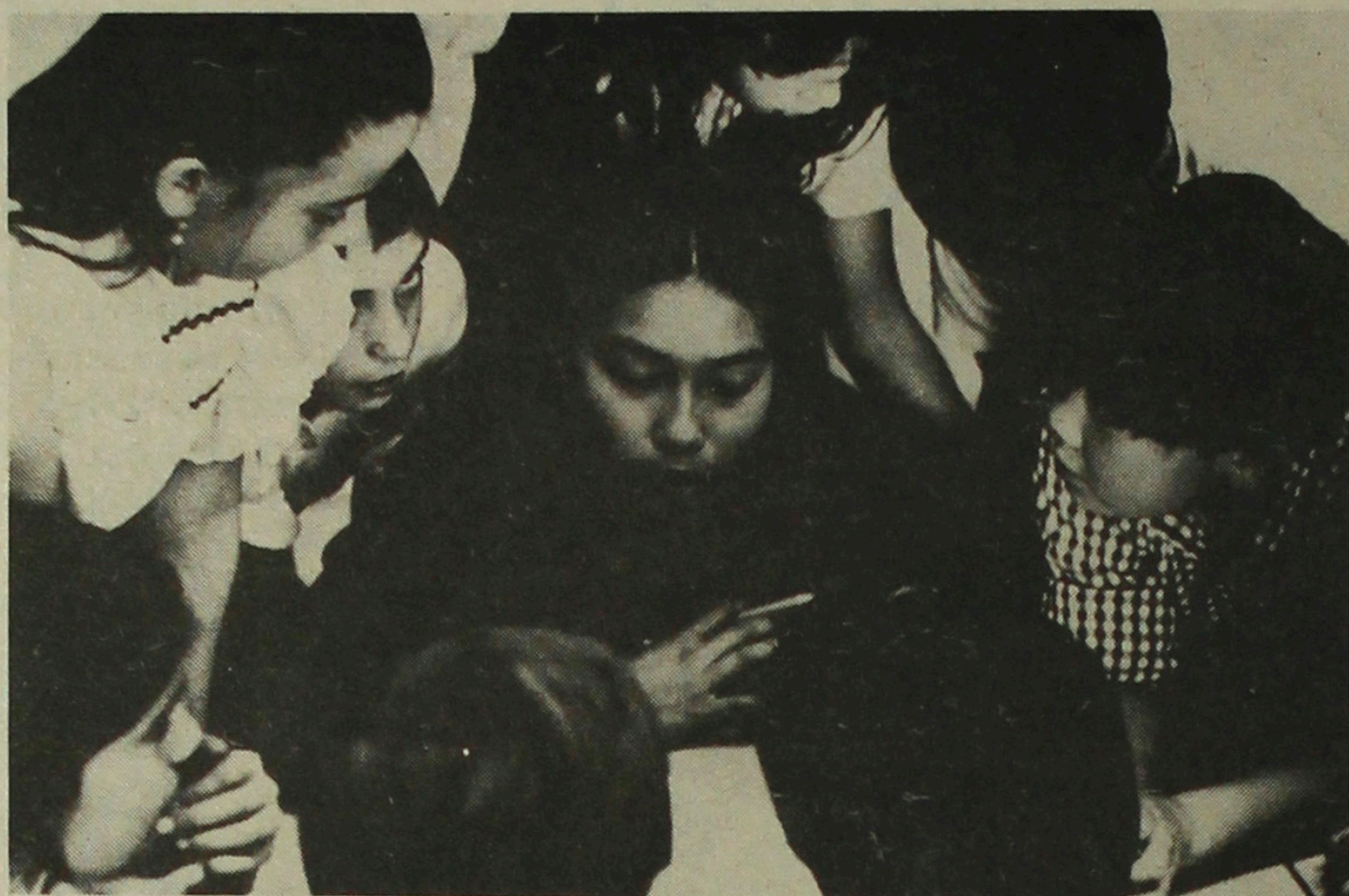
In 1921, Katayama went to Moscow to work at the Communist International headquarters where he remained until his death. At his funeral on November 9, 1933, more than 150,000 including many well known European and Asian communist and socialist leaders turned out, which attested to Katayama's greatness and standing as a leading figure in the world revolutionary movement.

There are some old timers living who associated with Katayama while he lived in this country. One of them, Mrs. Toshi Oka (90) of San Francisco, who knew Katayama since 1905 said: "We called him 'our old man.' He used to set up the English type for *The Heimin* and ran the hand-operated printing machine in our basement far into the night. He was a man of kindness and perseverance, one who never compromised his high ideals." Another close friend, Mrs. Yu Fujukawa (87) of Long Beach, who used to contribute her poems to *The Heimin*, said: "...during the San Francisco days Katayama went down to his study room with an oil lamp to work on the paper every night after supper. No one could match his indomitable spirit as an emancipation leader of the world proletariat."

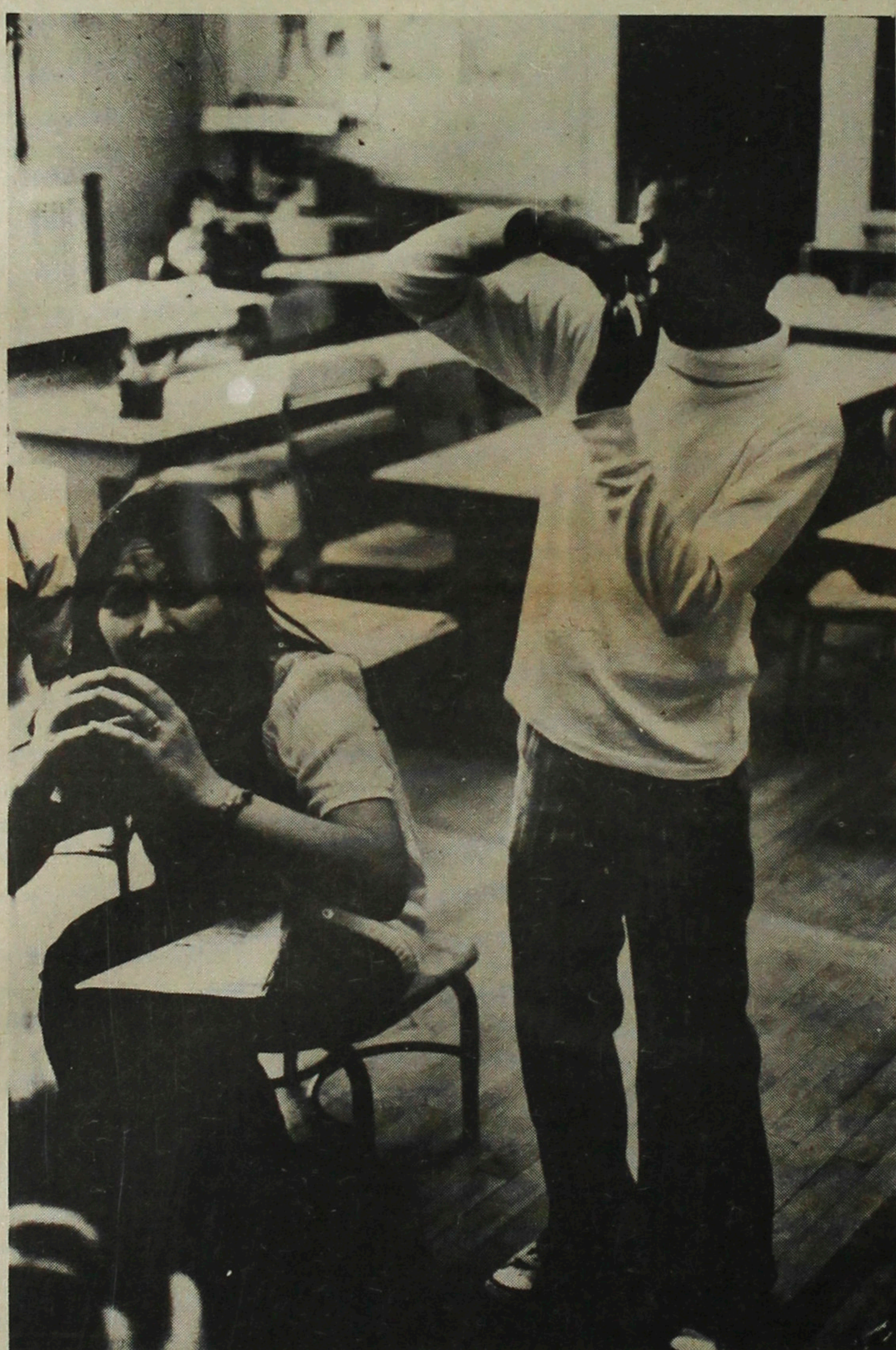
Sen Katayama's true heritage should be studied by all—including Blacks, Chicanos, Puerto Ricans, Native Americans and Asians, who are beginning to grasp the meaning of the Nixon-Watergate scandals, racism and repression. And this heritage should be carried on for world peace, justice and socialism.

—Karl Yoneda

Save Child



At home when I don't feel so good and I come to school and find out that Asian Pride is coming, I get excited in my heart.



The Asian Pride program is a component of Asian, Black, and Chicano (ABC) Pride at California State University at Los Angeles. ABC Pride is a federally funded program that is entering its third year of teaching. We devise curricula for and teach ethnic self-awareness, culture, and history to minority children in Los Angeles City elementary schools.

The program was created as a response to the need to counteract the insensitivity and racism present in the educational institutions. The identified problems to which we address ourselves are: 1) lack of positive self-image among minority children; 2) lack of cultural awareness or self-respect regarding their ethnic background; 3) stereotypes and myths perpetuated by textbooks and other media about minorities; 4) omission or distortion of minority contributions to the building of America; 5) lack of understanding and respect for people of other ethnic origins.

When Asian Pride comes I don't know why I'm so quiet. Words don't come out of my mouth. When I want to say something my mind tells me not to.



The majority of our youth are growing up with these distortions and myths about themselves. As a result, serious effects of low self-esteem prevail, affecting performances in school and alienation from all elements of our society. There is a strong correlation between this negative self-image and problems of drug abuse, low educational aspirations, and identity crisis.

In order to combat such effects of racism, trained and sensitive people who are capable of instilling Asian children with positive feelings acquired through knowledge of themselves and their people in America are needed. The Asian Pride program is a volunteer program in which volunteers from the campus and community teach a curriculum of ethnic self-awareness, culture, and history of Third World people in America (and because we recognize that we are not qualified to teach Black, Chicano, and Native American history and culture, the assistance of Black and Chicano Pride personnel, and Native Americans is acquired). The volunteers teach in a team to better facilitate individual attention necessary when discussing sensitive areas such as self-image, and also to give a greater degree of confidence to the volunteers.

Workshops are planned for the volunteer

the dren

teachers to assist in lesson planning and clarifying problems which may arise in the classroom. By sharing and discussing experiences, teams can learn from each other and can more clearly determine the goals and objectives of lessons, units, and the program. The workshops are an integral part of our program for strengthening the sense of collectivity.

As opposed to the teaching situation which faces Black and Chicano Pride (each of these programs teach in schools which have a predominance of either respective ethnic group), Asian Pride does not focus on the historical and cultural elements of Asians, exclusively. Since Asians in the Los Angeles area fall into pocket minority areas, the program chooses to cover a curriculum relevant and responsive to the needs of the make-up of the classroom. Schools chosen are those in which there is a high percentage of Asians, as well as Blacks and Chicanos. In addition, the economic situation of the area and the number of special programs within the school equally effect the final choice of the school site.

My favorite thing was the clay work. And the African games. When our class studied about Black History I felt sorry for them.

The curriculum entails introducing concepts important to studying Third World people (sharing, working cooperatively, recognizing ethnocentrism), and covers the cultural and historical experiences of Blacks, Chicanos, Asians, and Native Americans in this country. Because it is believed that the student should be involved in his or her own learning, the methods used in the classroom range anywhere from role-playing to cultural games, student created skits to open-ended discussions on slide shows or films. Those in the Pride program believe that learning should be fun as well as relevant, and the activities within the curriculum reflect this concern.

The Asian Pride program is soon to enter into teaching this year and any interested and concerned persons are invited to participate. Input from people concerning our program is welcomed for it is with our children that the future rests.

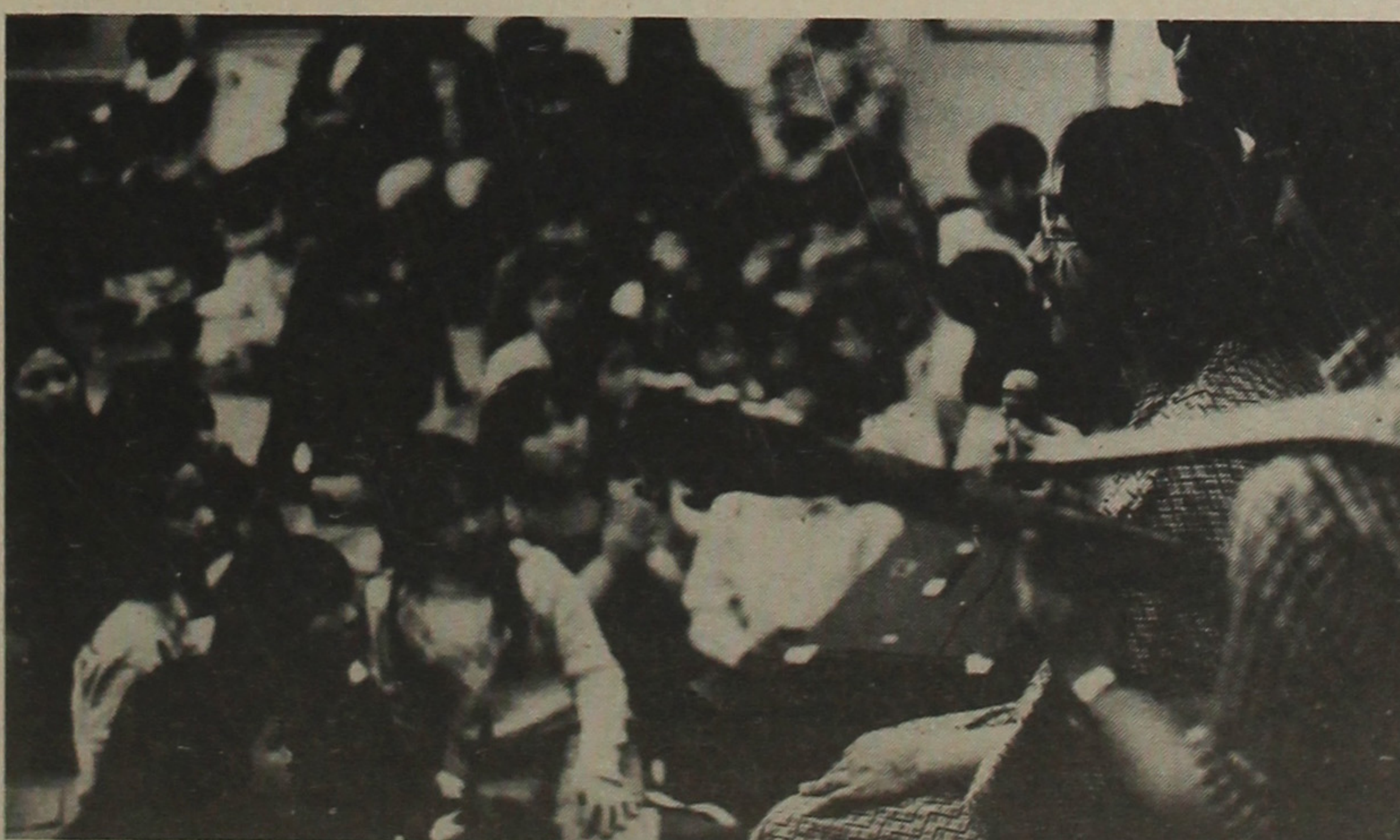
I think I figured out that Asian Pride were teaching to make friends

If you are interested in becoming a volunteer teacher, or just finding out more information about our services, please write or call us at:

—Asian Pride
CSULA
5151 State University Drive
Los Angeles, California 90032
224-3171



I think that Asian Pride is the best thing that came to Dayton Heights because we learn all about other countries religion, cultures, ways of life etc. We also learned histories of native Americans and people from Africa. During the past weeks Asian Pride has been here our class has learned a lot things and they have learned much from us.



CLOSING TIME

a tale of sex, drugs, and violence in the asian american community

by Stevie T.

"...and unless you pay for the damage you did and the four months back rent by tomorrow night, I'll have you evicted." Mr. Quits' face turned beet red as the decible level of his voice increased uncomfortably. "I'm getting sick of you hippies ruining the reputation of my apartment. I should have you evicted right now. Do you know how much heartache and pain you've caused me?"

At that moment, the acid which Stewie Imoto had swallowed a half-hour before began taking its toll. Now, Stewie had no idea what Mr. Quits was yelling about.

"Uh, Mr. Quits," Stewie deliberately attempted to emanate compassion to the strange creature before him, "I'm sure if you sat down with your wife and just talked the whole thing over, I'm sure you'll reach a mutually satisfying..."

Stewie wasn't able to finish before Mr. Quits stormed out of the room and slammed the door behind him. Stewie was watching the door bulge in and out when a voice came at him from the other side.

"Remember Imoto—you got one day to get the money together. Pay the rent and the damages. And no more bullshit either."

"Wow, man," Stewie thought, "that Mr. Quits is really upset about something. Maybe I should have kept the party more contained last night. I wish Mr. Quits would tell me when he's having personal problems. I would understand."

Lately, Stewie had been having problems himself. Two days ago he was kicked out of the university where he had been studying 'art.' From his side of the story the nude female on which he was finger-painting was just his latest creation—nothing more. The Dean wouldn't buy that.

"Sheesh..." thought Stewie, "I'm twenty-four years old now. I've got my head together. I don't need school no more."

Financially, Stewie was barely able to maintain balance. His educational loan checks had stopped coming mysteriously and the job he had at the record shop was no more just because he was sliding off free records to his friends. In fact, Stewie barely had enough bread to keep his stash together. And he loved his stash. He remembered in the good old days, how he would spend his entire evenings rolling joints then pouring some "Mr. Bubbles" liquid into the tub, turn on the radio to Wolfman Jack and with the assistance of a handful of joints, float away amid the bubbles and wolf howls into a liquid rock and roll wonderland.

And now Mr. Quits, that fifty year old, balding, failing businessman, the landlord, with his fat-legged daughter and his schizophrenic son, was trying to throw old Stewie out into the

street.

Walking through the apartment rubbing his shoulder length locks around his head, Stewie surveyed the scene left from the party on the previous night.

Stewie had invited forty or fifty of his most intimate friends over to his place in the hopes that someone would notice his financial plight and suggest having a rent party right there and then. As subtle hints of his destitute poverty, all six of his eviction notices were left in strategic places around the apartment prior to the party. They were put near the john, on the bed, near the record player, in the refrigerator, on the bottom of his now empty canary cage and finally, tacked onto the front door.

As it turned out, everyone at the party seemed to have better things to do than look at Stewie's eviction notices. In fact, Stewie himself had his eye on a young coed named Joey, of all things; a sweet twenty year old history major and part-time worker at a bank somewhere. She had seen the eviction notice on the front door (everyone had seen it) and mentioned to another fellow, within Stewie's hearing, that she wished she could help Stewie clean up his pad when he moves out. Well that was close enough for Stewie. He knew the girl was hot for him.

Just as he worked up enough courage to make "the big move" toward Joey, Fred Chan, a physics major at the university was demonstrating his latest invention. Fred's one claim to fame was that he knew how to manufacture LSD-25 in massive quantities. He used that one success to justify his many other "miscalculations." Yet his latest invention seemed to be the hit of the party.

Fred had managed to hook up a section of garden hose and some washer fittings to the gas outlet behind Stewie's stove. Also a hose was hooked up to the faucet in the kitchen sink and both hoses were united into another by way of some rubber tubing, scotch tape and airplane glue. By adjusting a nut at the gas outlet and turning on the water simultaneously Fred could fill balloons with a mixture of gas and water. And through the kitchen door he began floating an armada of gas filled water balloons into the living room.

Fred was ecstatic over his latest attempt to break the bonds of earth's gravity. The party crowd was truly in awe, staring at the strange air-suspended creations. After floating out a dozen or so balloons into the living room, Fred himself, who by the way was zonked out of his skull from inadvertently breathing the fumes of the gas and airplane glue, danced into the living room and pulled out his butane lighter to

ignite a victory joint. After lighting the joint Fred held the flame of the lighter under a balloon which floated nearby. Suddenly, "Kablam!"—in a ball of light and a shower of force and water the balloon disappeared. Unfortunately the force of the explosion had also knocked over a lamp, but Stewie shouted out, "Ahh, it's alright. That lamp was here when I moved into the dump."

So more fireball explosions occurred as Fred continued to fill up more balloons with gas and water and the crowd hunted them down with matches, lighters and candles. "Boom." "Boom." The bright flashes of light and the sudden down-pour of water was having a hypnotic effect upon the party. "Boom." "Kablam." "Man, that last one cracked the window." "Ah, it's alright," "Boom." "Boom." "Oh oh, Stewie another broken lamp." "Ahh it's cool. I'll get another one."

Stewie was busy watching Joey as she ran about the room holding a long candle under the suspended balloons and quickly dropping to the floor as the balloons exploded.

"Ahh..." thought Stewie, as he gazed toward Joey, "life is such a beautiful trip."

Fred stumbled up to Stewie offering a joint, "Man, Stewie, this party is outta sight."

Stewie hit the joint and then replied, "Uh... oh, yeah, man...those balloons you made are something else."

Fred, obviously proud of his accomplishment, boasted, "Man, I got this big old weather balloon in my car. If I fill that thing up it'll blow the roof off of the apartment. Shit, I'll go get it." Fred weaved out of the door while Stewie thought over the last idea. Something about blowing the roof off the apartment didn't seem right.

When Fred returned with the weather balloon under his arm Stewie cautioned him, "Hey.... uh, Fred...maybe we shouldn't do that trip with the weather balloon...it might wake up the neighbors."

Fred was dumbfounded. He dejectedly laid the balled up weather balloon on the sofa and softly stated, "Well it's your party Stewie. I'm only trying to liven things up a bit."

That was last night and now Stewie wandered about his wrecked apartment feeling not unlike Billy Pilgrim (he was a Vonnegut fan). He felt lost and with troubles of worldly dimensions on his shoulders.

"Man..." thought Stewie, "a broken window, two broken lamps and six cracks in the wall plaster. That party really got outta hand..... I guess."

The acid was hitting Stewie pretty hard and made it hard to think about things which had to be taken care of. "Lemme see...I gotta dig up some bread to pay that Mr. Quits." Stewie began wandering about his apartment in a psychedelic daze trying to find any money that might be laying around. Alas, nothing could be found.

"Darn that Mr. Quits. He's sure a drag, that dude, a real drag." Stewie laid on the sofa with his head on the weather balloon Fred had left there the night before. Then it stuck. It must be sheer genius or something. Stewie sat up grinning broadly. "Of course...the piggie bank," Stewie thought. He had a large piggie bank which he often stuck loose change in. "Well," thought Stewie, "I guess this is that rainy day that people are always talking about."

Now where was that piggie bank? Stewie searched through the living room then went into the bedroom to look. Under his mattress he found: four joints, seven parking tickets, a can of beer, a pair of moldy swim fins and a year old copy of *Gidra*...but no piggie bank.

He put on the swim fins just to see if they still fit, reflecting back over the times he had gone snorkeling in the cool Pacific Ocean. Then Stewie remembered he had put the piggie bank in a pantry shelf in the kitchen.

Flopping over to the kitchen with his fins still on, he opened the pantry doors and discovered a puddle of vomit. "Shit," Stewie cried aloud as he slammed the pantry door, "Where's that piggie bank?"

Looking around the kitchen he noticed that the hoses which Fred had hooked up the night before were still in place. He'd have to deal with that mess too, but first—the piggie bank. Finally, almost as an afterthought, he looked inside the oven. And there it was—a brown and

black piggie bank—fat and juicy.

"Ahhh hah! There you are, you sneaky little devil," Stewie spoke to the piggie bank as he set it on top of the stove. Pulling out a hammer, Stewie took one last look at the smiling bank and then whispered "Off the pig." Smash! A blow to the mid-section shattered the bank over the stove.

Stewie greedily grabbed the coins and began counting them. "Ninety-three... ninety-four... ninety-five." Ninety-five cents was all the bank had held.

"I've got to think about this some more," Stewie whispered to himself as he walked back into the living room with the ninety-five cents clutched in his hand.

Hours passed and finally a plan had been conceived inside of Stewie's mind. He'd have to move fast in order to pull it off. Yeah, it would work... in fact so confident was he that he wondered why no one had thought of it before.

With calculated quickness, Stewie shoved the ninety-five cents into his pocket, grabbed his jacket and dashed out of the apartment, down the stairs and out onto the street.

"Lemme see now," Stewie thought as he walked, "there's a bank down the street." Bouncing down the avenue, Stewie greeted the people he passed and hummed the melody to "What's Goin' On?" softly to himself.

At last he was at the bank. He brushed his hair back and straightened out his jacket before he entered. Once inside he lined up in front of a teller's window behind three other people. That's when he noticed her. It was Joey, the girl from the party last night, working at the window in front of him. A cold wave flashed through his body as he watched Joey working. She was beautiful. The most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

Finally he was at the window, "Uh... hi there." Stewie thought he was going to faint as he spoke.

"Hi Stewie. That was a great party last night." Joey's eyes actually sparkled when she spoke.

"Uh, I... uh, yeah, it was pretty nice. I gotta, I mean, you gotta drop by some time. I, uh, didn't know you worked so close, I mean, uh—"

"Yeah, maybe someday after work I'll come by for a visit."

Stewie was in shock. "Wow, yeah, outta-sight, why don't you come by tonight or, I mean, after you get off of work?"

Joey thought for a moment then said, "Well... tonight I have to get home pretty early because my boyfriend and I are going out to dinner."

"Your boyfriend? Oh yeah... well anytime you're around just drop in." Stewie was shattered. Joey has a boyfriend. All his dreams were gone; his fantasies were broken. He started to step out of line to leave the bank when Joey called out, "Hey Stewie, didn't you want some business taken care of here?"

Stewie momentarily snapped back into reality, "Huh? Oh... oh yeah. Uh, can I have change... uh, I mean can I have a dollar bill for this change?"

"Sure, just a sec." Joey was so beautiful, even radiant when she smiled. Stewie handed her his coins and she counted them out, then counted them again, then again, then looked up at Stewie and whispered, "Hey Stewie, you're a nickle short here."

Now the plan whipped into action. Stewie searched his pockets and patted himself down trying to maintain a puzzled look on his face, finally he looked at Joey and said, "Wow, I thought I had a dollar's worth of coins there. I guess I lost a nickle somewhere."

Joey shook her head playfully and smiled. Then she whispered again, "That's all right Stewie. I'll cover you, here's a dollar."

Stewie thanked her sincerely and for a while stood before her gazing into her eyes. Joey spoke, breaking the trance, "Is there anything else, Stewie?"

Stewie blinked, "Oh.. uh, no. I'll see you around." Stewie turned to leave and as he did Joey called out once again.

"Hey, Stewie," she giggled.

"Yes?"

"Do you always walk around with swim fins on your feet?" Joey brought her hand up to her mouth as she giggled. Embarrassed,

Stewie ran-flopped out of the door.

Outside Stewie was really confused. First of all, the acid was still producing fierce hallucinations. He had thought his swim fins were his feet (and he was evolving into a duck.)

Second, the plan had worked. He had exchanged ninety-five cents for a dollar. If he could repeat this stunt at other banks, and busy stores and shops around town, he would have enough money to pay for the damage in the apartment. After that, he was sure Mr. Quits would let him slide on the rent for one more month.

But lastly, Joey, his dream girl, his love light, his perfect vision of beauty, had a rotten, stinking boyfriend. Stewie's stomach was doing flip-flops and he felt a big lump in his throat. "A rotten, stinking boyfriend; my Joey has a rotten, stinking..." The bounce was lost from Stewie's stride. He no longer had the determination he had set out with. All because of a rotten stinking boyfriend.

Yet Stewie managed to hit two more banks, four liquor stores and a shoeshine stand, however it seemed as though his luck had run out. All these places refused to spot him the extra nickle or dime or quarter which he was seeking. Now it was already mid-afternoon, in a few hours many places would be closing up. Stewie returned home with the dollar in his pocket and sat on the sofa feeling the acid gradually growing more mellow within him.

"I'll call up Fred. That's what I'll do, I'll call up Fred." At this thought Stewie sprang up and went out into the hall to use the house phone. He dialed the wrong number twice; once getting a Hollywood massage parlor and the second time getting the Forest Lawn Cemetery. The acid was still working on him, obviously. Finally the third time—

"Hello?"

"Fred?"

"Yeah... Stew?"

"Yeah... Fred?"

"Yeah, what's happening Stewie?"

"Oh, same old bullshit," Stewie was trying to act calm. "Hey... uh, Fred, I was wondering if I could ask you a..."

Fred interrupted, "Hey, Stewie, I just remembered I left my weather balloon at your place last night. Is it okay if I come by and pick it up?"

"Sure man, come by right now if you want."

By the time Fred, who lived just up the street, came over Stewie had rolled nine joints and smoked two of them. Fred let himself in and walked over to Stewie, who offered a joint. Stewie spoke first, "Your smelly old weather balloon is over there on the sofa."

Fred picked up the balloon and examined

it, "You didn't burn any holes in it did you?"

Stewie laid the joint down and said, "Hey Fred... I have a favor I want to..."

Fred interrupted again, "Hey Stewie, man, I just ran across some really great acid." Fred reached for a small aspirin box in his shirt pocket, opened it and held out a small orange tablet, "Here eat this Stewie, it'll get your head together, expand your mind, and..."

"Okay, okay, give it to me," Stewie said as Fred dropped the acid into his palm. Stewie ate it, then said, "Hey bro, let's smoke the rest of the joints I rolled."

Two hours later, both Fred and Stewie were wandering around the apartment in a drug-induced daze. Stewie finally took off his swim fins, in fact, he also took off his shirt, pants and underwear, walking around with only his red socks on. Meanwhile, Fred had wandered into the kitchen with his weather balloon and was curiously quiet. That is until—"Hey Stewie, hey Stewie, come over here." Fred called from the kitchen.

Stewie was in the living room drawing on the floor when Fred called. At almost the same moment there was a knock on the front door and a voice shouted, "Hey Imoto, I know you're in there. Where's my money? Imoto, where's my money?"

It was Mr. Quits. Stewie had images of armed thugs standing beside the leering Quits. "Open the door, Imoto. Come on—open up," Mr. Quits shouted.

And then from the kitchen, Fred was heard yelling hoarsely, "Hey Stewie, come in here quick. Check out this balloon here."

What the hell is Fred doing in there?, thought Stewie as he was about to open the door.

Mr. Quits yelled again, "Come on, Imoto—open the door."

Then from the kitchen again, "Hey Stewie are you ready for this? Come over here, man. It's getting really big."

Stewie tried to ignore Fred and opened the door to face a scowling Mr. Quits who had his schizoid son beside him. Their scowls quickly vanished as they stared at the nearly-nude Stewie.

"Hi, Mr. Quits... uh, I got to have a talk with..."

And from the kitchen, "Hey, Stewie check this out! Stewie!"

The dull thud of the explosion was felt by Joey in the bank down the block. She looked up for a moment then continued to count the money in her cash drawer. She was a nickle short. And it was closing time...

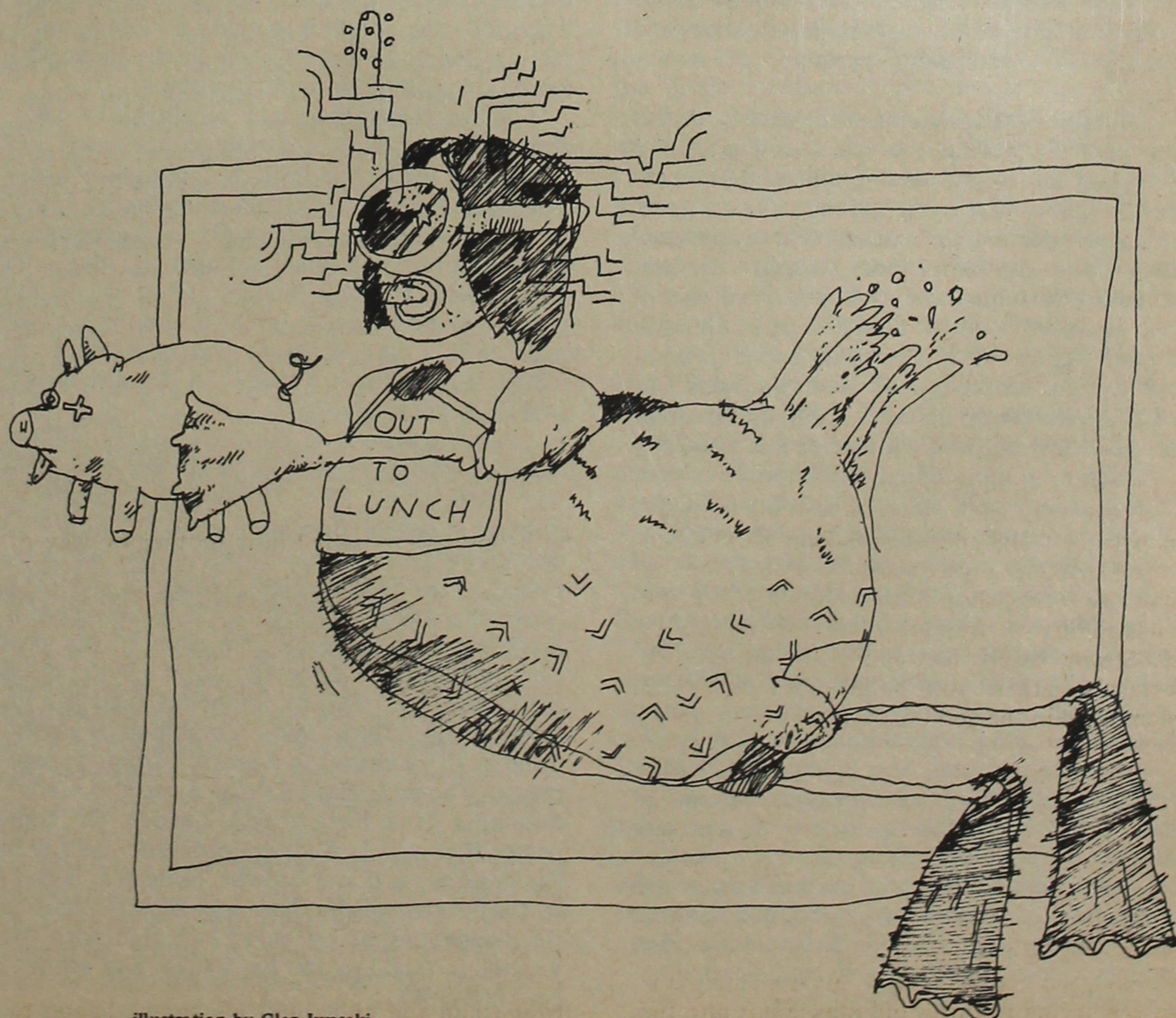


illustration by Glen Iwasaki

BOOK REVIEW:

Millionaires and Managers

by S. Menshikov.

Progress Publishers, Moscow, 1969,
327 pp., \$2.50

If Howard Hughes put all of his two and a half billion dollars in the bank and just sat around growing his fingernails, the interest he'd earn would bring in about \$3,000,000 a week. (Which would buy enough *Gidras* to lay end to end from L.A. to Philadelphia.)

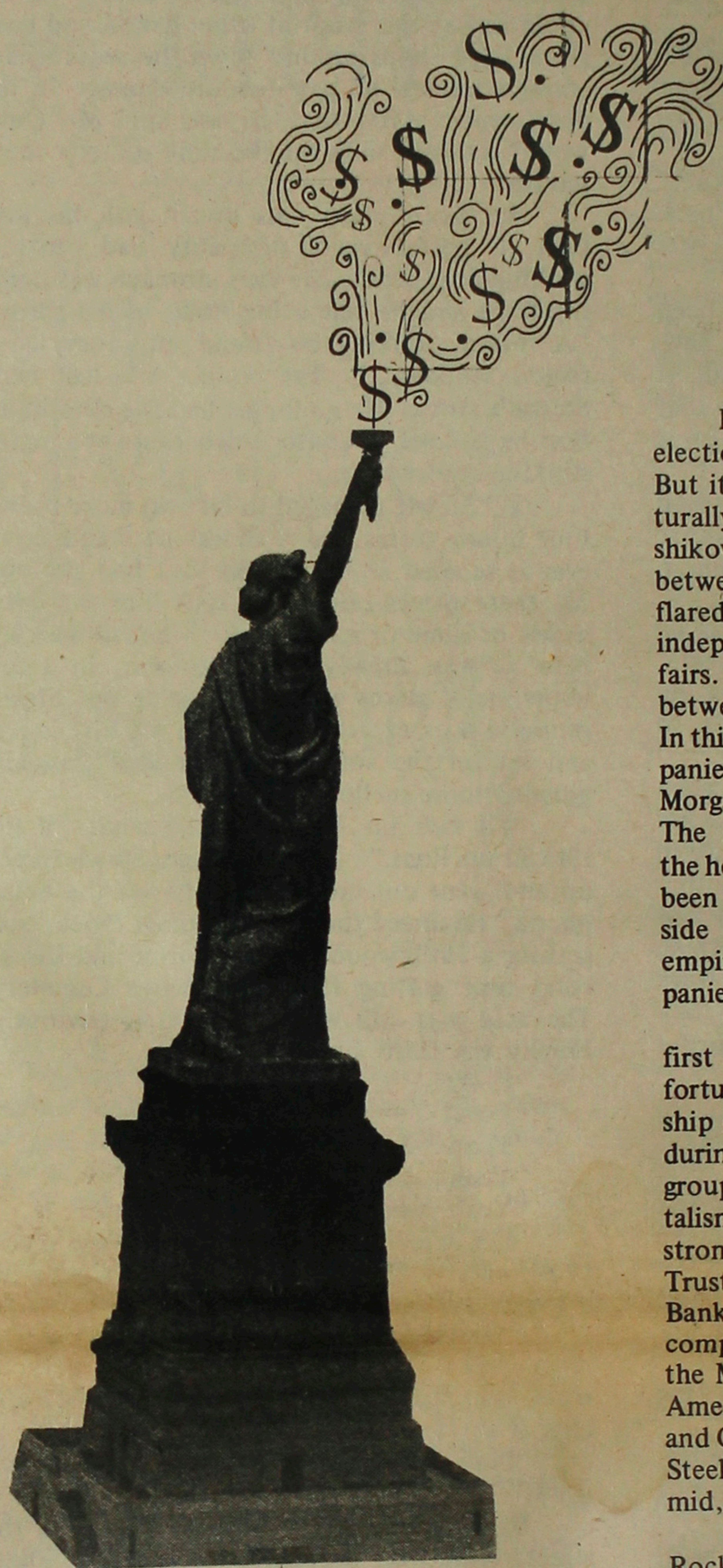
So, what a surprise when one learns that Mr. Hughes is regarded by the chief New York financial groups as just another "recalcitrant outside multimillionaire" whom they must compel to "toe the line." An example: Some years ago, an alliance of New York bankers (Dillon, Read; the Irving Trust; and Metropolitan Life) moved to head off the threat of Hughes, a growing Southwest region monopolist. Hughes held 78 percent of TWA stock, one of the biggest airlines in the country, but also one with considerable debts to New York banks and insurance companies. In 1960, these creditors wrested control of TWA stock away from Hughes and voted shares to Wall Street appointed trustees. Power stays in the Big Apple. But Who, and How?

A few months ago (July 73) we analyzed the Watergate affair as a confrontation between two wings of American power, the Yankees and the Cowboys. Menshikov, a meticulous Russian student of finance capital, goes further in his detailed analysis, *Millionaires and Managers*.

He begins by tracing capitalism's evolution of (1) ever-growing production units, (2) greater division of labor and (3) the introduction of state-monopoly ownership. These developments altered the position of the capitalist owner, ushering in a new group, *managers*, who work by directing other workers in behalf of the owners. Thus, there are two parts to the monopoly bourgeoisie, the millionaires and the top managers who serve them. That is, there are the large stockholders and family owners (the finance capitalists), and the company executives (the managers).

Menshikov then examines the history of the Very Rich as well as the social origins of the top managers. He musters significant data to refute the theory that the emergence of a category of managers portends a "management revolution" which makes capitalism more "equal." In fact, the author demonstrates that the hired executives, however wealthy and powerful, are subordinate figures. The biggest industrial corporations are not controlled by their managers. In fact there have been no cases of hired executives who advance to the ranks of leading stockholders.

With even more detail, Menshikov analyzes banking monopolies and the forms of finance capital. Finance capitalists, though small in number, are able to dominate the larger group of small and middle capitalists. How? The owner of an industrial concern holds capital in three forms: productive, commodity and money. But the finance capitalist who controls a bank has at his disposal capital only of the money form. Whereas the industrialist does not dispose of other people's capital, the finance capitalist is capable of attracting an enormous amount of other people's capital by virtue of the very character of banking. Thus, there is a "coalescing" of banks and industrial corporations which are bound by intertwining capital, old financial ties, and personal interlocking directorships. The result is a combo which is diverse, flexible, resourceful, callous, and a big mother.



Boiled down to almost nothing, as I understand it: The *financial group*, contends Menshikov, is the basic unit of modern capitalism. It transcends both the corporation and the larger and larger clusters of corporations: cartels, syndicates, trusts, concerns, and cartels of trusts. The financial group represents a higher, qualitatively more developed stage in the monopolization of production and circulation.

A financial group is a "coalition of many diverse corporations centrally coordinated and controlled through a leading commercial bank. The merger of large industrial and banking family fortunes leads to the formation of a group; under the direction of a small number of men, the group seeks, through financial relations, to expand its national and international power, maximize profits, and generate and maintain a climate of opinion favorable to its interests." (NACLA, October 72)

The final third of the book describes these financial groups, emphasizing those centered in New York City. Here Menshikov is careful to show how much *coordination* plays within a financial group and how little *real control* is involved. (The Left is often accused of holding a conspiracy theory of history. U.S. capitalism is much more complicated than many of our porcine adjectives let on.) He writes, "A financial group is a sum total of companies managed independently. Each one is a commercial entity. Control (if it exists) is separated from management. The activities of such companies are coordinated at a higher level, outside the companies themselves. Such coordination deals with the more general and broader problems; it is effected not so much by those who directly manage the companies, as by men connected with the wealthiest families, the big banks, and so on." (pp. 205-206)

Examples? One could look at our national elections to see how financial groups are arrayed. But it might be easier to focus on events—structurally identical—farther back in time. Menshikov relates how a price war on refrigerators between General Electric and General Motors flared in the 1930s. Both these giant firms are independent of each other in all managerial affairs. Under fairy-tale capitalism, competition between the two would seem normal and proper. In this case however, the executives of both companies were called in by a leading figure in the Morgan financial group who "educated" them. The middle level managers, (here for example, the heads of divisions producing refrigerators) had been unaware of the community of interests outside their corporations, yet *within* the Morgan empire—the financial group to which both companies belonged.

The first financial group emerged in the first quarter of the twentieth century from the fortunes of J.P. Morgan I. Though the dictatorship of the Morgans on the business world ended during the '30s (falling under the rise of rival groups and the growth of state-monopoly capitalism) the Morgan financial group remains strong. Clustered around the Morgan Guaranty Trust are other banking institutions including Bankers Trust and Prudential Insurance. Other companies which are part of, or controlled by the Morgan group are, Campbell Soup, Nabisco, American Can, ARCO, Standard Brands, Proctor and Gamble, Coca Cola, G.E., as well as IBM, U.S. Steel, Con Ed, B.F. Goodrich, American Cyanamid, and General Motors.

Descended of John D. Rockefeller I, the Rockefeller group clusters around the Chase Manhattan Bank, the Chemical Bank and the Bank of New York. Some believe that this group has eclipsed the Morgan group in recent times; in any case, both are enormous and both control assets several times larger than the nearest multi-billion dollar rival. Hundreds of millions of dollars are controlled by the family through The Rockefeller Center, Inc., the Rockefeller Foundation, and the Rockefeller Brothers Fund. According to Menshikov, the Rockefeller group has fewer strong ties with the largest industrial corporations than does the Morgan group. Still, its ties with oil—though contested—are formidable: Exxon, Mobil, Standard California, and Standard Indiana.

Millionaires and Managers cites other New York financial groups, including First National City Bank; Manufacturers Hanover Trust; Sullivan Cromwell-Marine Midland; Harriman-Newmont mining; and Dillon, Read and Co.

Financial Groups from other regions (including our Cowboys) are much smaller and only briefly mentioned. They include Mellons-First Boston Corp.; The DuPonts; the Boston Group (centered on the First National Bank of Boston); and the Cleveland Group (three families, the Eatons, Mathers, and Hannas). The largest regional group outside New York is the Chicago group with some large commercial banks, trading companies and railways.

The California group is divided among Bank of America; Western Bancorporation; Transamerica; and a combine of Crocker, Wells Fargo, and Security Pacific. Other "small" groups with total assets under \$20 billion are in Texas, Minneapolis-St. Paul, St. Louis, Hartford and Detroit. (Howard Hughes, part of the California and Texas groups, as we can now see, is dwarfed by the scale of capital controlled by a "group.")

continued

Though some training in economics (such as this reviewer dearly lacks) would help in grasping the theoretical fine points of this book, it should still be investigated by anyone dissatisfied with, and trying to change, the American political economic system. If for nothing else, to give an idea of its vast complexity. There are two areas where it seems much of the (L.A. Japanese American, or maybe beyond) movement has faulty vision.

One, in not seeing clearly. We can quickly dispose of, I hope, the obvious uselessness of any baby simple notions that the ruling class is one monolithic system which is to blame whenever our plans go awry. Of course there are undercover jobs like Watergate, but most of the time, to most folks, the injustices of the system are big, naked, *felt*, and don't need pointing out even when they urgently require a frame of reference. A paranoid devil theory however, this constant harping on a system we cannot even clarify, must to our communities, sound pretty raggedy by now. It's raggedy furthermore because it keeps the movement from accepting responsibility for its plans and actions while it lets us slide on our homework. Yet this naivete hides a more serious myopia. Briefly: the tendency to see social classes as *things*, as static political categories which are rigidly—and finally—defined. Instead, I think it more prosperous to think of classes as parts of a process, in constant change. We might then understand both our communities and our rulers more realistically thus to change the conditions which make both the way they are.

Two, in not seeing inward deeply enough. Related to the first one, in that: We really have a hard time conceiving of America. Oh, we know the Empire well enough—how it fits globally. But our map is far from adequate when viewing the U.S. domestically as a *Society*. *Millionaires and Managers* makes part of the picture, the ruling class aspect, much more concrete.

By describing both the dynamics of intraclass development and the complexities of interclass struggle, Menshikov's book is a useful lens for both eyes.

—Bruce Iwasaki



THEATER REVIEW:

“The Man From the East”

A one-act play called “The Man From The East,” written, directed, and composed by Stomu Yamash'ta and performed by the Red Buddha Theatre, ended a ten day stand at the Greek Theater on September 29th. This youthful, exuberant group of forty musicians and performers came from Japan to Los Angeles by way of Europe with a rock musical that was exciting, entertaining and fascinating. The unique part of the whole play was that it came across as totally Japanese. The music was rock, but could not be labeled as American. The choreography was graceful and animated, and each actor, no matter how minor his or her part, performed with great enthusiasm. There was pantomime in the play, and it was well done. Although the play's dialogue consisted almost entirely of Japanese, it was obvious that the understanding of the language was not essential in enjoying the play. One could still be grateful for the vitality in the singing, dancing and delivery of lines. There was much visual activity to take in, and an “understanding” was established between the characters and the audience.

Whereas “Hair” involved audience participation, “The Man From The East” sends part of the cast down the aisles maintaining their character which presents an extension of the stage. There was a bright “Peace Festival” number which opened the show with each performer doing something different that fascinated the eye. Projected images of Buddha statues dominated the stage in another scene. There is a snow scene with two dancing, drifting spirits. Among all of this was lively movement.

I've told you nothing about the story itself because I didn't fully understand it. I didn't understand the language and I couldn't immediately follow the bond between each scene. The title character journeys through humorous and tragic traditional scenes, modern day scenes

(catching the subway, working, playing). In the last modern scene, the actors become as still as corpses as the Man journeys away. Were their emotions dead? Were they, though years from their traditional ancestors, mentally still? Had they become physically dead? Since that was the end of the play, it became the responsibility of the individuals in the audience to come up with the message. Perhaps this demand was too much for the audience, and inconsistent of Yamash'ta to use specific situations, such as the modern day people pantomiming common everyday work; and then having them freeze. A girl poses a question in Japanese to the Man. He is silent and then rides away. And so the play ends. After the complex physical action, which one could just sit back and enjoy, it seemed to be too much of an overload on the mind.

But there was everything else to appreciate, and I don't mean just the costumes and scenery. The work of the Asian theater group is new. Their style is unique. The fact that one can experience Asian theater that is not a Chinese opera nor Japanese Kabuki is a relatively new concept. Yet while the Red Buddha Theater group is striving for new and innovative directions, they, at the same time, retain a quality that is “traditionally Japanese.” “The Man From The East” projects a refreshing view of the younger Japanese generation, it does not turn its back on traditional Japanese culture; i.e., Kabuki masks, rock music with definite Japanese flavor.

The group performs masterfully and delights their audience, and with all the excitement of the visual activities, “The Man From The East,” takes your mind for a very nice ride. When it does that, you can certainly feel like you've seen a good piece of theater.

—Jessie Cho

The Carnival

now and then the whiff of shoyu singed by coals flutters to the nose, on warm strands of ripe air. you wedge through floods of human traffic, with rows of moist elbows in motion. as the P.A. badgered it's nasal hard-sell, the jangle-chunks of bouncing dimes kept time, to the giggles scattered throughout like bee-bees dropped on a pan. assorted tassels of smoke weaved a spiral course through the chain of bulbs, while the neon winked cat-calls at the crowd.

David Monkawa '73

The Beauty Queens at the Carnival

anticeptically, powdered necks rotated like a toy wound one turn too tight. slender fingers reached to meet the flurry of admirers. a newly mastered poise bloomed as they sauntered in highheels, towards the spotlight stage where camera gangs waited sweating.

David Monkawa '73



Theater Review: AN ENCORE!

Imagine for a moment. You are standing in front of the Shinjuku Station (a district in Tokyo famous as a gathering place for the young and hip.) All around you are skyscrapers of steel and concrete. On the side of one building, high above the crowd, a giant red and white neon sign flashes on and off. Coca cola... Coca cola... Coca cola.. Down the street, there are golden arches beckoning you to bite into the six-billionth hamburger sold. At the theatre next door, people are waiting to see James Bond and Charles Bronson in a double feature. A big yellow Shell rotates endlessly in the sky.

A young couple bumps into you and walks by. Go ahead, turn around. The woman is wearing a midi-length skirt and platform sandals. Her long rust-colored wig sways back and forth. And the dude in the baggies is carrying a bag with red, white and blue letters on its side: "Beverly Hills Recreation Club, U.S.A." There are thousands of others around you, weaving and slaloming through the crowd. You are confused.

Japan's Stomu Yamash'ta has brought his production of "The Man From the East" to the Greek Theater in Los Angeles. At the age of twenty-six, he is unquestionably an accomplished musician with unique talents. He has integrated many styles of music as a player. A trained classical musician, he has also studied jazz and rock. He has played percussion for Hans Werner Henze (whoever he is) as well as traditional Japanese Kabuki.

The production in its entirety was entertaining, but also disappointing. Hailed by the media as an overwhelming success in Europe, the play turned out to be a poorly conceived experiment from the mind of a businessman-percussionist—a hustler on an international level.

In the Red Buddha Theatre, Stomu, with the aid of forty talented young people has crossed the entertaining and stereotypical highlights of the "American hippie culture" (e.g. long hair, rock music, light shows) with pseudo-traditional Japanese entertainment (e.g. folklore, costumes and customs of old Japan). The synthesis is what Stomu calls "the new Japanese Musical." "The Man From the East" is the final product of this attempt to cross elements from the western counter-culture with the perceptions and satire of the Japanese "counter-culture."

The music score is very well done; perhaps, it could be the best example yet of what could become "Japanese rock music." We have witnessed in the past how innovative, energetic and beautiful music has captured the rock 'n roll world after being developed in places such as Liverpool, Detroit, India and San Francisco. This "rock music" (for lack of a better term) is of a world scale, no longer the sole possession of American musicians. In the Red Buddha Theatre, we find a new style of rock music. The electronics are there but also present are definite "Asian" chords, melodies, themes and instruments (such as the *shamisen*). While listening to the music one can't help thinking of the beautiful music which Los Angeles' Hiroshima has been producing the past several years.

Yet, the music is only a supplement to the action on stage. And this is where a lot of confusion has arisen. Undoubtedly much of the content of the performance is meant to be satirical: A satire of old Kabuki theater, satire of modern Japan and satire of Broadway productions. However, much of the form of the satire conveyed is much too abstract for American audiences, therefore overwhelmed—by the colors, lights and action but not by the content of the production. Thus, form wins out over function. And many walk away from the play admitting that it is an exciting visual experience but hard to comprehend.

—by Mike Murase and Steve Tatsukawa

Meeting

What is it of Chinese porcelain

*buried in the dry earth at Kilwa,
treasured there deep in African
brown, sienna, ivory sand
that owns the journey of our soul?*

Fine pieces

*so strange from the native
lapis lazuli of Pharaoh's Kingdom,
North.
Delivered in care and safety
were the once whole vessels
of delicate porcelain.
Why is the porcelain
Precious?*

*Such value carried by feudal Chinese hands
bartered through Arabian merchant ships
traded for slaves and horn of rhinoceros.
Symbols of exploited China
passing through sold merchant hands.
Desecrated Black African soul and body.
Mind.*

Unearthed.

*Gathered together.
Still not whole in rounded unity.
Bits of almost transparent pieces missing.
Possession.
Kept
in tomb-like British museums
where sometimes
the air of death breathes.*

Remembrance-

*of Chinese porcelain at Kilwa
is the memory of feudal tyranny
through callous trade.*

*Sale of human honor in body.
These fragile bits of glass-like china.
An evil remembrance
that the world was once as now abused
in African, Arab, and Asian pillage.*

*There is a new change in this overwhelming vision.
An overpowering justice.
Righteousness.*

*As new Chinese hands
bodies in toil
join with Tanzanian men and women
in fusion
to build another vessel.
A chain
Railroad
Carriage
Of freedom.*

*A train through merging
Asian spirit
Across the blueness of Indian Ocean
Monsoon
Storm,
through the word
of Swahili language
and Tanzanian love and labor.*

*To Zambian tracks
meeting in conflict
along the Zambesi.*

Anonymous

AMERASIA SHOWS ART!

watanabe reviewed.



The Amerasia Bookstore has recently begun a series of art shows, primarily concentrating on Asian American artists. Each artist will receive about three weeks to display their pieces. Asian American artists will get a chance to show their stuff in an environment that contrasts sharply from the elegantly tailored facades lining the La Cienega gallery scene.

Located in Little Tokyo (388 E. Second Street), it's an ideal geographical location for preserving and extending Asian culture. The community will be able to view art work done by Asian Americans, hopefully reflecting some of our common experiences, past and present.

It's a tragedy that for an artist to receive validation as a "bonafide artist," one must have had at least one or two shows in an established museum or gallery. Since Third World people have no renowned authority other than these institutions to distinguish what's worth looking at, our tastes and sensibility, to a large degree has been dictated by a tiny minority of professional scholars. But we must also be wary of many half-ass artists who use this same argument to justify why they're not accepted into schools or galleries. When in actuality, their work shows no evidence of disciplined training or knowledge of art history. However, it is true that in most cases, racism and white standards are the reasons why Third World artists receive minimal attention. Unless one's art has been sufficiently neutralized or detached from moral concerns, it will be received as "guilt mongering propaganda." Most curators and exhibitors adhere to the belief that the problems of the real world

should not be taken into their hallowed museums.

To most people, art is a luxury, a far second to the basic needs like food and shelter. But to the artist, it's an internalized function like breathing. Therefore art should serve the community as a communications tool or meaningful decoration, while being the vehicle through which the artist develops him/herself.

So we come down to a few old axioms well worth repeating: If one is a serious artist, especially a Third World artist, who has evolved to a form unfamiliar to the majority of the people, one speaks to the privileged few who have enough time or money to support a formally progressive art form. Artistic advancement is diametrically opposed to social advancement, so the energy for creative art must be drawn from the tension between these two poles.

That's why alternatives like the Amerasia Bookstore are historically understandable and continue to grow in number as well as importance. They're another alternative to the museum and gallery system controlled and shuffled by the patrons of the arts, that is, land developers, industrialists, and heiresses like Robert Rowan, (Pasadena Museum of Modern Art), Stanley Grinstein (L.A. County Art Museum) or Frederick Weisman (Pasadena). People such as these, and their entourage of dealers, private collectors, other artists and art groupies are the folks that a serious artist is absolutely dependent upon, if he/she wants to make an income by doing art full time.

Review: David Watanabe

Currently on display are the works of artist David Watanabe, who shows us his technical flash and versatility with subject matter.

Three photos on the south partition wall are heightened and intensified perceptions of a fish in a tank, pancakes and eggs, and a bloodhound in a forest. He's emphasized the juicy organic textures with a slight nervousness in the close-up shots.

Appropriately, photos of a demonstration taken in Japan are shot from angles that suggest zeal and dynamism. With the high contrasts and plenty of empty space, it's reminiscent of a wood block print.

On the north wall, a family outing in the country, also taken in Japan, has the flavor of a flick by Ozu Yasujiro (Filmmaker who depicts Japanese family life.) It's shot in an unpretentious and straightforward manner capturing the intimacy of the group with a candidness that one doesn't see often.

Among the photos he should have left in the chemical tray, are a few shots of a dark interior (train station maybe?). It's supposed to convey solitariness and mystery, but it's such a photo-rag cliché that one becomes numb to them. How about an attempt to convey the same feeling without using the standard formulas like vast halls and dark lighting.

It's clear that the principle Watanabe stands for is: that the form or approach used is an extension of the content. This demands versatility and range since he has to choose the proper technique to accentuate what he's looking at. He's a good craftsman who knows the ropes and seems to enjoy what he does.

—David Monkawa



THRILLS FOR MISS NISEI WEEK

With the progress that has been made in the last decade by Japanese Americans in the realm of self-awareness, it seems strange that such a damaging remnant of the past as the Miss Nisei Week Beauty Contest is still so strongly ingrained within the community.

After speaking with several participants in the "contest," I learned of some of the evils that the skin show stands for and perpetuates.

"The Nisei Week experience opened my eyes to a lot of ugliness," said one sister who won the title of Miss Nisei Week in the late 60s.

She related a story in which a well-known Little Tokyo dentist made unwanted advances toward her one night in a parking lot after a banquet.

"I was only eighteen then, but I knew what he was after...and after I put him down he became really cold, saying things like, 'You shouldn't be so high and mighty—don't you know that you only won by the skin of your teeth?'"

Another contestant in the pageant said that one of their escorts, a Mr. T—, owner of a well known Japanese clothing store in J-town, would become obnoxious with the girls after having a few drinks.

"Most of the girls just shined him on, but sometimes it got too much to bear, especially when he asked about our personal relationships with guys, it was too much. I've heard he's doing the same things."

Other girls interviewed were in agreement that Mr. T—'s crude behavior was pretty sickening.

A couple of the girls said that they entered the contest with idealistic images of what the title meant.

"I didn't feel that I was going to be just

a body to be gawked at...I really felt that if I won I would be like an ambassador for the Japanese American community, but I found out later that this wasn't so."

"You're just a doll," said a participant in the 1970 contest. "One thing that you have to do is accompany a few business leaders to all the corporations and smile and show a little leg while they ask for contributions for next year's Nisei Week."

What the organizers of the contest attempt to do each year is select a Queen that will be accepted as representative of an Oriental beauty. A directive is issued each year advising the girls that tans are a no-no. After all, everyone knows that Japanese beauties have white, doll-like powdery complexions. Say whaaa?

One conclusion that hits in the face about the Miss Nisei Week contest is that the girls become nothing but business incentives. And isn't that about the right speed for most businessmen? That is, to disregard individuality and internal qualities for what will sell: raw sex, in this case, an exotic "look-but-don't touch" Oriental doll-beauty type exploitation of sex.

The worst aspects of the yearly flesh market are not the ego-tripping dirty old men, nor even the degradation of the sisters involved into a prostitution of themselves. The problem is larger in scope and more frightening than just the fact that the title of Miss Tomodachi is not actually awarded to the most popular girl in the contest, but to the girl who sells the most tickets to the coronation ball. It is the stripping of personal identity each girl must succumb to in order to fit in. It's an early exercise in compromise and selecting the lesser evil. For some of the girls, it was the first time in their lives they had to do something distasteful to their consciences

in order to get material reward.

The entire Nisei Week Beauty contest is taken completely too seriously by those involved and is not recognized as being as counter-productive as it really is by others.

The current Nisei Week Queen has been quoted as saying that her mother has been grooming her for the contest for nearly ten years.

"Some of the girls are in it only for their mothers and fathers. The pressure to do well is so strong that many are really shaking and irritable before the competition. I saw the one from E.L.A. shaking so much she couldn't light a cigarette...She broke down and cried after she lost."—Nisei Week Princess, 1970.

"The girls were so serious...I asked myself, 'What am I doing here?' I just wanted to get it over with."—Nisei Week Princess, 1968.

"When they prepare you for the contest it's like an assembly line. One lady does your hair, another puts on your make up. Everyone looks the same and is dressed the same.

"Mr. T—asked me to dance. I knew he'd been drinking but I couldn't say no. He held me really close and looked right into my eyes. I was sick the rest of the night."—Former Nisei Week Queen.

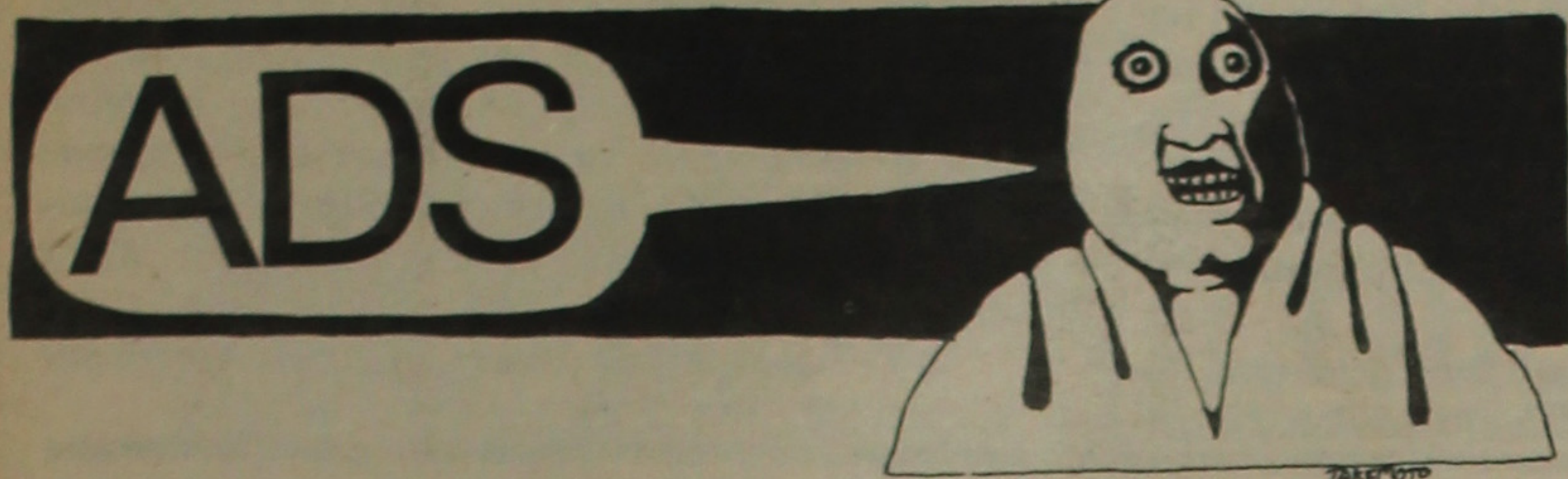
It's sad to realize that there probably will be another Nisei Week Beauty Contest and another and another.

And it's sad that right now some mother in West L.A. or Gardena is grooming her daughter for the "Big One."

And it's sad that next year some girl, sick of compromising herself and sick of smiling when there's nothing to smile about will be shaking backstage and fumbling her matches.

It's sad....

—Cecil Suzuki



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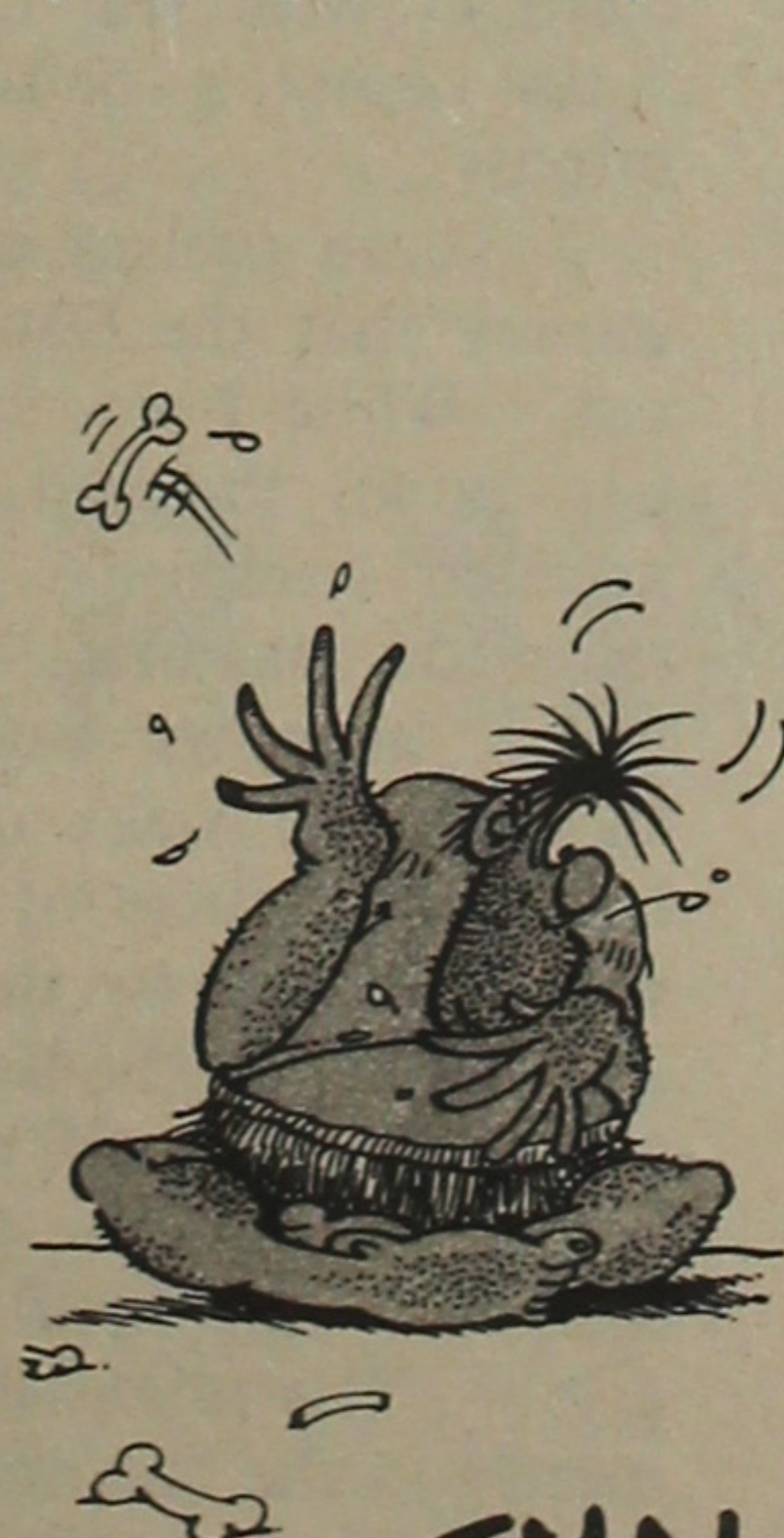
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Michio Kaku, Professor of Physics at Princeton University and formerly a graduate student at the University of California, was invited as the key speaker for the Hiroshima Day Commemoration at Columbia University's Pupin Physics Laboratory by SESA (Scientists and Engineers for Social and Political Action).

Pupin Laboratory has long been a target for protest because of its involvement with the Jason Division of the Institute of Defense Ana-

lysis. Jason is a collection of about 40 eminent academic scientists who volunteer much of their time to advise the Pentagon on military technology. These men are responsible for conceiving and designing much of the automated battlefield used in Cambodia, Laos and Vietnam; electronic sensors, mines, laser-guided bombs and counter-insurgency tactics.

Scientists and Engineers for Social and Political Action have been demonstrating, picket-

ing, and leafletting against Jason members bi-weekly since 1969. On this past Hiroshima Day, some 20 science and engineering students took an oath publicly on the streets, pledging not to participate in war research or weapons production; furthermore, to counsel other students and colleagues to do the same. Kaku also took the oath.

The speech is courtesy of Asian Americans for Action, New York.

HIROSHIMA NAGASAKI VIETNAM

WHEN IT RAINS IT POURS

Michio Kaku's Speech—Delivered August 6, 1973.

While I was still a graduate student in physics, I had the opportunity to ask a German physicist something that had been bothering me for a long time. I wanted to know how scientists could willingly work for Hitler during World War II. He thought for a while and then spoke slowly, "What was it like to be a scientist under Hitler? Oh, it was just like today. Scientists would say, 'Don't protest, you might drive Hitler to the right.' You know, when Hitler's tanks rolled into Czechoslovakia, there were some physicists still teaching class."

And while I was a graduate student, I used to wonder why two atomic bombs were dropped on Japan. Wasn't one enough to devastate Japan into submission? One of my physicist friends offered the simplest explanation. You see, there are two types of atomic bombs, uranium and plutonium. The U.S. military wanted to vaporize Nagasaki simply because they wanted to test both types of bombs on live targets.

The tragedy of Hiroshima and Nagasaki is being remembered here today. Several hundred thousand Asians perished in the senseless carnage of atomic holocaust. The events of August 6, 1945 are an indelible stain on the history of man.

When rescuers on that day tried to grab some radiation victims by the hand, their skin would peel off like gloves. One group of Japanese was unfortunate enough to have stared at the blast—only liquid was left in their eye-sockets. The unmistakable shadows of men were left imprinted on the pavements of the streets of Hiroshima. They had been vaporized by the blast, leaving only the impressions of their bodies on the street. Those fortunate to escape all this found that their hair and skin came off at the slightest touch.

There are those who say that the barbaric savagery of Hiroshima and Nagasaki could never happen again, that the world will never again tolerate this shameless travesty of justice.

Unfortunately, it has happened again, and it has been happening for several years. The mindless force of a technology gone mad has been unleashed in the senseless slaughter of the innocents of Indochina. Every week, the tonnage of bombs dropped in Vietnam and Cambodia equals a Hiroshima bomb. Every week, the force of 20,000 equivalent tons of TNT rains havoc and death on the lives of peasant villagers. Every week—for the past seven years.

Nixon, like Hitler, never hesitates to decimate his enemies with the highest level of technology. It is, of course, unfair to compare Nixon to Hitler. It is unfair to Hitler. Nixon commands the greatest war machine, the greatest array of scientific weaponry the world has ever known, something that Hitler only dreamed about.

The casualties of Hiroshima and Nagasaki number in the hundreds of thousands. The casualties of Vietnam and Cambodia number in the staggering millions. The victims of Hiroshima and Nagasaki died an agonizing death, virtually disintegrating from a massive dose of radiation. The victims of Vietnam and Cambodia die a slow death from napalm burns and shrapnel.

The hideous minds who designed the Vietnam and Cambodian wars were not content mere-

ly to inflict simple casualties, they wanted to maximize casualties per dollar. For example, some ingenious engineer devised the flutter bomb, which, painted in bright colors, resemble butterflies and are scattered over villages in hopes that children will pick them up. The flutter bomb can be set off by a small amount of pressure, such as that of a child's mouth, and has just enough explosive charge to blow off a child's jaw. If you kill a child, you don't immobilize the NFL. But if you blow a child's jaw off, you maximize casualties per dollar because many NLF members must supervise his or her hospitalization.

Years ago, explosive charges would contain thousands of razor sharp needles that could shred a man's flesh. But these steel needles could be spotted by x-ray. So some ingenious engineer devised the plastic shrapnel. These plastic needles cannot be detected by x-rays, so the only recourse is exploratory surgery, which turns tissue to mincemeat. But that's not all. These plastic needles are shaped in weird patterns so that the plastic penetrates deep into your flesh as you move about. Plastic shrapnel is a marvelous way of getting the most out of your tax dollar.

But it is not enough to merely denounce the vicious barbarism which characterizes U.S. foreign policy. We must begin to isolate those individuals who can self-righteously use technology to cremate its enemies.

In analyzing the nature of the beast, we find three distinct levels. At the lowest level of the totem pole, we see the average scientist who enthusiastically sells his brain to the highest bidder. Eager to line his pockets with fat, lucrative profits, the scientist chases after every defense contract with the I.D.A. and Jason. No task is too complex—or too hideous—for these moral infants.

These nuclear prostitutes flock to the easy money that the Dept. of Defense readily hands out. While I was still a graduate student, the guy down the hall from me was a world renowned scientist. His specialty was electromagnetic transmission through turbulent plasmas. In other words, how to communicate through the wake of atomic fireballs. In the last five minutes of humanity, the atmosphere will be ignited by the fire of a thousand hydrogen bombs. In the last five minutes of humanity, some computer will use his equations to communicate through the turbulent atmosphere. But, scientists, like hired killers, are only paid to do a job. The scientist, like the hired assassin, is merely at the bottom of the totem pole.

At the middle level, we have the corporations, those faceless giants who buy and sell whole countries like poker chips. Honeywell, for example, is an expert on electronic warfare. Going through their catalogue is like going through a sadist's collection of whips. The Vietnam War, for example was largely started out at the insistence of the oil companies, who wanted to exploit the vast, rich oil deposits off the coast of Southeast Asia, and the aerospace/munitions corporations, which stood to

reap billions in sales of weaponry.

The corporations, like pimps, merely exploit the assets of others. But, they too, are but cogs in the wheel. The corporations are also at the mercy of forces even larger than themselves.

Now—what, you might ask, is larger than a corporation? Unfortunately, there is no adequate word in the English language to describe this next category, which buys and sells whole continents like poker chips. For want of a better word, they are called financial groups. (See review of Menshikov's book, elsewhere in this issue). Each financial book controls the board of directors of several thousand corporations. For example, there are 340,000 corporations in America. The top 500 have 60 percent of all industrial sales; the top 100 have 40 percent of all industrial sales in the U.S. In turn, these top hundred corporations are controlled by two financial groups.

The first, the largest, is called the Rockefeller groups, and is clustered around the Chase Manhattan Bank. The second is called the Morgan group, and is based around Morgan Guaranty Trust. These two bands are the chief architects of all American domestic and foreign affairs. These two financial groups control most of America; all of Latin America except Cuba; all of Southeast Asia except Vietnam and Cambodia; most of Africa; large portions of the Middle East.

The corporations whose boards of directors are controlled by the Rockefeller and Morgan groups sound like the ads on television. The Rockefeller group controls the boards of directors of the following corporations: Chase Manhattan Bank, First National City Bank, Chemical Bank, I.T.T., Pan American, Eastern and American Airlines, Standard Oil, Texaco, Mobil, U.S. Steel, Monsanto, Honeywell, Con Edison, Time Magazine, C.B.S., MacDonnell Douglas, General Dynamics, PepsiCo, Proctor and Gamble, J.C. Penny, Macy's and a few thousand more.

The corporations controlled by the Morgan group are: Morgan Guaranty, Bankers Trust, Bowery Savings, TWA, Union Pacific, Ford, General Electric, Boeing, Allied Chemical, Avco, American Can Co., Newsweek, Washington Post, New York Times, Gimbles.

If you are looking for those individuals most directly responsible for the tragedy of Hiroshima and Nagasaki and Vietnam and Cambodia, you will find them in the Rockefeller and Morgan group, located a mile from here on Wall St. Yet, if these corporations are so powerful, then what can the average person do about it?

The Watergate hearings plainly show that Nixon, who got much help from the Rockefeller group, was clearly affected by the antiwar movement. It is clear then, that we must follow the example of the Vietnamese people, who showed us how a broad-based mass movement can overcome overwhelming odds.

We must continue to protest against the involvement of scientists in war research. We must persuade our friends not to be seduced by the blood money of the Defense Dept. We must continue to educate all people as to the true nature of American capitalism. Even the corporations cannot stop the will of the people.

人民友好庆祝日 PEOPLES' FRIENDSHIP CELEBRATION

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24th Anniversary of the People's Republic of China

I can remember growing up and going through school during the early 60's. Ratting my hair, listening to Barbara Mason sing "Hello-o stranger (shibop-shibop...my baby, ooo)", thinking about various guys around with their hair combed into unbelievably high fronts, wearing trench coats, acting baad, etc. Life outside the Westside, Gardena and weekend trips to Little Tokyo with my family was pretty distant, if not non-existent. My main sources of contact with that outside world were magazines, newspapers, and of course, TV. But as distant as it was, I ingested the influences, nevertheless. The invasion of the Bay of Pigs, the Cold War between Western imperialist powers and the "Socialist Camp," the beginning rumblings of the Cultural Revolution in China all brought forth a flood of stereotypical images of the "Commie Menace."

The Russian stereotypes were scary enough—with the Siberian labor camps, and children informing on their parents; pale, drab masses marching in uniforms in tight formation. Whew. But it was a stable kind of oppressive image compared to that of the Chinese. After all, the Russians were at least white. The Chinese, in the comic book tradition of the Mongol hordes, were depicted as crazy, aggressive fanatics, shouting "Heil Mao!" They seemed so unscrutable and cruel.

But the media is a very effective weapon of the rich and powerful people in this country who felt, and who still feel pretty threatened by countries like China and the kind of example they set.

During the past 24 years since the birth of the People's Republic of China, the Chinese people have built their country into one that is able to feed, clothe, shelter and provide work for all of its 700 million. This is an incredible thing, looking at China's pre-liberation history:

The 700 million Chinese people lived in misery under foreign domination and feudal control for hundreds of years. They worked and slaved for almost nothing while the few rich and powerful landowners and nobility, and the foreign imperialists lived in unbelievable luxury



Illustration by Betty Chen

and splendor. And for over a century, the Chinese people fought back. Independent, but spirited peasant uprisings in various provinces erupted one after another. In cities like Canton, Shanghai, etc., the workers fought back against the inhuman conditions, against the foreign domination. In coal mining towns like Anyuan, the miners staged strikes that began to shake the foundations of the palaces and mansions. For over one-hundred years the people fought wherever they were, and eventually they came together under the leadership of the Chinese Communist Party and its Red Army. It was a long haul, but the foreigners were driven from China, and the country was re-claimed by the 700 million people who had tilled its soil and built its cities.

On October 1st, 1949 the dawn was greeted by sunshine and billowing red banners over Tien An Men Square in Peking. Mao Tse-Tung, the national leader, issued a message to the rest of the world on behalf of the Chinese people. His words were simple, but they said it all: "The Chinese people have stood up!"

Since then, China has become one of the most important revolutionary examples for people all over the world. No wonder the rich and powerful of American try so hard to frighten the American people with all those negative images of the People's Republic of China.

But we're not going for it any more. Since the nations of the world voted Taiwan out of the United-Nations 2 years ago and recognize the People's Republic of China as the true representative of the Chinese people, the American government has had to change its tactics.

For the past twenty years the tactic was to isolate China. But within the past few years, China has taken a leading role in the affairs of the world, and Nixon has been forced to recognize this. As a result, trade relations and liaison offices have been established.

But the most significant change that has occurred is the trend of real friendship that has been growing between the Chinese and American people. With each returning American visitor to China, comes refreshing new perspectives on education, medicine, women, decision-making processes in work, role of the elderly in society, organization of communities, the role of the national minorities—the list goes on and on.

American people from all sectors of life have visited China and come back with pictures, experiences and accounts of a society that is based on principals that are practiced not only by the masses of its people, but also by its leaders. A society that is based on the well-being and the development of all its people; not on increasing the wealth and profits of a few.

The older people in China today—the ones who made the victory in 1949—fought for their independence knowing well what old China was like. Over twenty years later, when a American visitor asked an old peasant in northern China about personal freedoms and civil rights in China today, he smiled and replied: "Yes, now we have the right to live. We are free to work full-time, to have a secure home, to eat enough food, to have complete medical care, to receive education and culture—free to do all these things for the first time in our lives."

—Evelyn Yoshimura

OCTOBER 1973

- Oct. 1 - NATIONAL LIBERATION DAY OF THE PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA!
- Oct. 1 - October 1st Celebration. Skits, Songs, Speeches. 7:00 p.m., Alpine Playground, Chinatown.
- Oct. 4 & 5 - World premiere of Jon Shirota's "Pineapple White." East-West Players, 4424 Santa Monica Blvd. \$5 opening nites; \$3.50 thereafter on weekends. For reservations: call 660-0366.
- Oct. 5 - Tau Kappa Epsilon of N.T. presents an open dance at their house, 8933 La Cienega (next to Simmon's Bar) in Inglewood. Guys \$1.50; Girls \$.50. Band— FREE BOOZE.
- Oct. 5 - Cosmic Flash Bunch presents an open dance. Details to follow.
- Oct. 6 - Registration for Dai Jung School, 11 a.m. to 3 p.m., Castellar Elementary School, Chinatown.
- Oct. 7 - The Second Flu Shot Day, 10 a.m. to

- 3 p.m., Pioneer Center, 125 Weller Street, Little Tokyo.
- Oct. 7 - Opening of Nancy Uyemura's show of pots & prints, "A Personal Touch," at the Amerasia Bookstore.
- Oct. 13 - People of Today presents "You're Never Too Old," an open dance at the Elks Building, featuring Hiroshima, Stash, and Windfield Summit, from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m., for bid information call 660-1865.
- Oct. 13 - Dai Jung School begins sessions, 1:30—3 p.m., Castellar Elementary School.
- Oct. 19 - PYC presents "Monster Mash", an open dance — Cal State Long Beach Student Union, from 8:00 p.m.
- Oct. 20 or 21 - Asian Women's Center will hold a Pap Clinic at AWC, 722 S. Oxford. For more information call 387-1347.

- Oct. 21 - ELA JACL chapter holds its annual "Issei Appreciation Day" from 1—4 p.m. at the Chuo Gakuen Aud., 202 N. Saratoga St., ELA. There will be Shigin, Odori by the Komori Dancers, various Sansei singers and music by Frank Shinmei's Dream Band. Door prizes—refreshments. Public is invited.
- Oct. 26 - Mother Earth presents an open dance at the Embassy Aud., 843 S. Grand Ave. Open bar. Donation. (See ad.)
- Oct. 28 - Issei go on the Sunny Slope field trip.
- Oct. 31 - It's Halloween, huh?
- Through October - Fund raising sale of notecards designed by artist-author Taro Yashima. Available at Amerasia Bookstore, 338 E. 2nd St.; Sew What, Inc., 239 E. 2nd St.; and Japanese American Sightless Institute, 312 E. 1st St., room 503. Benefits for the Little Tokyo O-Shokuji-kai program. Notecards, \$2.00 per box.

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In Celebration of the 24th Anniversary
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