asian



women

Stacy Sai

The ABC's: Contents

INTRODUCTION: This Isn't One of Those Blondes You Can Pick Up in the Supermarket. 4

I. HERSTORY
- Issei: The First Women 8
  Emma Gee
- Obachan 16
  Gail Miyasaki
- Chinese Immigrant Women 18
  Betty Jung
- Forgotten Women 20
  Gayle Louie
- Oppression & Survival 24
  Lai Jen
- Women in Modern Japanese Literature 27
  Carolyn Yee
- Crisis in the Japanese American Family 31
  Ann Umemoto
- Going Home 35
  Kitty Tsui
- Paper Son 36
  Stella Wong
- The People's Artist: Mitsu Yashima 40
  Suzin Fong, Joyce Kawasaki, and Jeanne Quan

II. REFLECTIONS
- The Who and Why of ONNA 44
  Women of ONNA
- Reflections 46
  E.H. Kim
- Lessons of Tai Chi Chuan 47
  Lily Chang
- Sex and Taoism 48
  Arlene Nobusada
- Backstage 52
  Veronica Huang
- Cultural Determinism 56
- I Forgot My Eyes Were Black 57
  Jan Masaoka
- The Half Closed Lotus Blossom 60
  Ellen Higa
- Life in a Fellini Flick 62
  Ann Umemoto and Suzin Fong
- The Maid and the Mistress 64
  Veronica Huang
- Your Children Are Not Your Children 68
  Mu Lian

III. THIRD WORLD WOMAN
- Chairwoman of Chongsan-ri 72
  Anonymous
- GI's and Racism 74
  Evelyn Yoshimura
- Indochina Women's Conference 77
  Asian Delegates from Berkeley
- Open Letter to Sansei 82
  Kiku Uno
- Six Years in a Tiger Cage 83
  Dinh Thi Huong
- In Solidarity 85
  Third World Women Delegates
- Arab Women's Liberation 87
  Anne Shammount
- Women in Iran 89
  Persian Woman

IV. POLITICS OF WOMANHOOD
- Working in a Cannery 92
  Shirley Hom
- A New Family 97
  Bea Tam
- Birth Control as Genocide 99
  Marsha Takayanagi
- Asian Women as Leaders 102
  Reprint from RODAN
- Congresswoman Patsy Takemoto Mink 104
  Jeanne Quan
- Pat Sumi: Off the Pedestal 107
  Cindy Takemoto
- The Future: Politics as End and as Means 112
  Grace Lee Boggs
- Woman + Man = Political Unity 115
  Margaret Woo
- Three Steps Behind and Three Steps Ahead 116
  Yuriko Payton-Miyasaki
- One In Sisterhood 119
  G.M. Lee
- Sisterhood Is Powerful 122
  International Hotel Women's Collective
- Q: Carmen Chow A: 125
  Cindy Takemoto and Ann Umemoto
- Politics of the Interior 128
  Journal Staff

V. BIBLIOGRAPHY 131

VI. ACKNOWLEDGMENT 144

OUR EFFORTS ARE not meant to be a manifesto nor an apocalyptic statement. There are no instant answers to Asian identity or women's liberation. This is not the answer only the beginning...

This isn't one of those blonds that anyone can pick up in a supermarket.

During this last year a group of us in Berkeley began to meet to critically examine and discuss our roles as Asian women. Significantly, our efforts have been met with enthusiasm, hostility, curiosity, understanding, caution, relief, anger, joy and always ---- controversy.

We discovered other Asian women were meeting, too, so we decided that we should begin to share our thoughts, ideas, and experiences. As a vehicle for this communication, we would attempt to publish a journal in April on and by Asian women.

We contacted Asian women in all parts of the country, of many political beliefs, of all ages and backgrounds. We invited all women in the Asian community to submit articles, whether historical, analytical, or personal, art work, photos, poetry, and short stories. We hoped that this journal would give more Asian sisters an opportunity to express their opinions.

In the process of creating the journal, we discovered that we were ill-prepared. Most of us met in Asian Studies 170, a Proseminar on Asian Women given by Asian Studies at UC Berkeley. We came to the course seeking knowledge and relief to the uneasiness in being Asian women. We faced a dilemna. We were not satisfied with the traditional Asian roles, the white middle-class standards, nor the typical Asian women stereotypes in America. We wanted our own identity.

Beginning with this course we saw the roles of women in history were ignored even though women had played a large part in making history. In addition, we saw that we faced a double oppression not only as being women but also as Asians. The white middle-class woman's liberation movement was not totally relevant to our lives. We had to create our own roles as Asian women.

WE BEGAN ENTHUSIASTICALLY because we were not alone anymore in our struggle for womanhood. At first we expected the journal to be published in April, but as you can see the journal was not completed until July. Articles were late, and the deadline was pushed back again and again because the writers and our group had so many other commitments -- school, jobs, families -- and significantly, because we were reluctant to write. There seems to be a mysticism about putting ideas and experiences onto paper. We would talk to women about writing articles about some aspect of their work or lives and they answered: "Oh, not me. I can't write."

We constantly struggled with this problem in our sisters and within the group. In fact, the articles from the group were the very last to be completed for the journal.

For a while in the beginning, we worried if anyone would submit articles, but they did eventually trickle in. When we had the articles, we were unsure as to how much or what kind of editing we should do. Some of us in editing found that we differed with what articles said, and if we ourselves had written them, we would have written them differently. We questioned ourselves. Were we trying to make the articles represent our thoughts and not the author's? We finally resolved this by printing the articles essentially as the authors meant them to be except for grammatical corrections. The articles vary in topics and vary in quality in terms of writing style. Some are well-documented research papers and others are intensely personal essays. The Journal is a wide assortment of articles, photos,poems, graphics, and sundry papers.

This journal has no heirarchy. We feel that every woman has something to say, and



each is valuable. Though we did not always agree with the articles, we feel each article has something to offer.

Another delay in the completion is that we as a group in the course of the last six months found other projects that needed attention--Chinese New Year's Dinner in S.F. Chinatown, working with new students in the Asian women's course, Asian political organization, organizing Bay Area Third World women for the Indochina Women's Conference in Vancouver. It is not to say that these projects were not worthwhile, but that there is so much for us to do as women, as Asians, and as Asian women.

Within our group there were so many problems for us to deal with. Most of our meetings were involved with the mechanics of printing the Journal--when could we all meet (minor you think, but it was major fitting our 12 odd schedules together), division of responsibilities, finding a place to work, what format and type to use, which printer would give us the best price, what should be the price of the journal, and how to finance the cost. Not only did we have technical problems but we had policy questions like--editing and whether we would accept article contributions from men or white women. We decided that our first priority were Asian women. We felt women must learn to work collectively and to be self-reliant. It is more of a unique building experience for women to create something by themselves, and to know they did it together without men helping or directing. There are only three incidents of this policy breaking down--- 1) the printers, 2) use of historical photos, and 3) the annotated bibliography which white sisters from the Asian women's course worked on.

WE HAD MANY PROBLEMS WITH OUR brothers, they would say:

"oh, one of the women's group..." with all-knowing smiles. They would classify and lump us into a women's liberation stereotype without knowing very much about it, except for images from the mass media or images conjured up by their own prejudices. They somehow assumed to know everything about the women's liberation movement, without ever bothering to do serious reading or bothering to have serious discussion about the multipicity of perspectives and politics in the movement. So we became the target of joking and ignorance. Individuals became so identified with the group that it inhibited our participation in other activities....our suggestions and questions were written off by calling us "one of the women's group". Even our most progressive brothers were guilty of this! In fact it was even more discouraging to hear lip service from supposedly "together, radical" brothers. As for ourselves we were often guilty of not confronting our brothers and sisters on the problems of sexism out of weariness, fear of destroying our relationships or inability to deal with the situation in a constructive manner.

The most crucial problem that we realized happened while we were writing our position paper. We discovered that in putting out the journal we neglected the personal development of the group. We failed to explore ideologies and analyses of other women's groups. We failed to discuss our personal problems in being women. As a result, we have yet to raise our consciousness as fully as we hoped. In reflection many problems about the direction of the journal

coll. Yoshida kogoro
late 19th century

came from the need of discussion sessions.

IN SPITE OF all the problems in putting out this journal, we feel it has alot to offer to our sisters and brothers and would appreciate hearing your feelings.

As a result of this journal, we would like to work on anothere with more definite positions on institutions which affect women. If there is anything that we have learned in the last year, it is that personal experiences are not private but common to all women. Out of common experiences political struggle is created.

SISTERHOOD IS POWERFUL

女

For My Sisters

it gives me so much joy
to relate to my sister
how much she means to me.
--she is a part of me--
--i am a part of her--
she smiles ☺
and is touched,
embarassed...
but feels so good
when i tell her
hello, sister
i care about you
about us





we are one and the same;
when you are ripped off
then i suffer too;
when i break
you try to feel my pain
and i/we are not alone.
together we pick up our pieces
and move on.
this new kind of comradeship
bursts out in smiles
all within me.

my love
does not show in words,
but my sister/the people
know
and feel it
because we are
for each other
and that kind of power
stands
solid.

23 march 1971
Carole Tokeshi

HERstory



Issei : The First Women

Emma Gee

*To my mothers:
Tom Shee Gee and
Sei Ichioka



Emma, an original member of the Asian-American Political Alliance, teaches the Proseminar on Asian Women at UC Berkeley.

THE HISTORY OF THE JAPANESE immigrants in America, not to mention that of the Issei women in particular, has yet to be written, Existing historical works on the whole have treated the Issei as "objects" of the past exclusion movement. Emphasizing this aspect of Japanese immigrant history, hostile as well as sympathetic writers have been responsible for creating a one-sided picture in which the Issei are depicted as a nameless mass victimized by history rather than active human participants in the making of history.

In this sense, the Issei have been portrayed as devoid of human will, initiative, and ability. This sad state of affairs in our historical knowledge has led us at times to herald romantic notions or exaggerated horror stories about the Issei. The oppressive conditions under which the Issei were forced to live were very real, but Japanese immigrant history does not begin and end with them.

Rather than just asking what was done to the Issei, we should examine the human drama in their history by raising new questions. How did the Issei, for example, view themselves? How did they respond and adapt to the hostile, foreign land which was America? What kind of meaning did they derive from immigrant life? What accounted for their tremendous strength of character which enabled them to survive an unkind world of racial injustice, poverty, hard work, and loneliness with dignity and humor?

In short, we need to ask: what is their history? This article will not answer these questions. It will merely attempt to give a glimmer of the rich history of the Issei pioneer women by presenting excerpts from accounts of their own experiences written by a few of them, illustrating the human element in their history which had been neglected too long.

Background

Before presenting them, the general background to the immigration of Japanese women to America should be given. Like the Chinese pattern of immigration in the 19th century, very few Japanese women came to America in the early period of Japanese immigration during the late 1880's through the 1890's. Unlike the Chinese pattern, however, within a couple of decades many young adult Japanese males began to bring over wives. The turn of the century signalled the beginning of Japanese female immigration to America which continued until the Japanese government curtailed it in 1920.

In 1900 out of the total Japanese population of 24,326 in America, there were

only 985 females, making for a sex ratio of approximately 24 males for every female. During the succeeding decades this ratio was significantly reduced with the arrival of additional females. In 1910 the number of females jumped to 9,087; by 1920 there were 22,193 out of the total population of 111,010.[1] The immigration of these women made the Japanese American family unit possible and produced the second-generation, marking the transition from a society of single, male sojourners to permanent immigrants.

This remarkable demographic change stemmed from the so-called "picture-bride" practice. For the Japanese males in America, there were a number of ways to secure a spouse. On the one hand, the problem was straightforward for those who had married prior to their emigration. Upon establishing themselves in this country, they simply summoned their wives to rejoin them, and so, properly speaking, these wives were not picture-brides because they were married before their husbands had departed alone for America.

On the other hand, the problem was not as easily solved for the majority of Japanese males who were still single. If they had the opportunity, some married single Japanese women already here, but the these cases had to be rare because of the small number of such women. Most single men resorted to one of two other ways to secure wives. Many returned to Japan to seek them, usually to their home villages, married while there, and then came back again to America with their new brides. Though widely practiced, this method was not the most common, reserved as it was for those who had the economic means, for not only did the return trip but also myriad of social festivities and responsibilities of marriage in Japan entailed onerous expenses. Hence the majority of the single Japanese males adopted the last method, the often misunderstood and maligned practice of picture brides.

Picture Brides

Picture-bride marriages grew out of the omiai-kekkon or arranged marriage prevalent during late Meiji and Taisho times in Japan (and indeed still in practice down to the present). Since marriage was considered a family matter, not an individual affair, Japanese families exercised almost complete authority over it. Their control involved careful scrutiny of any prospective spouse and the spouse's family and its background. To insure an appropriate marriage, socio-economic factors, physical and hereditary traits, and even political considerations were given their due attention by respective household heads.

An agreed upon go-between or go-betweens carried out the negotiations between families throughout the selection process, and the initial customary meeting or omiai between prospective brides and bridegrooms often was preceded by an exchange of photographs, especially in cases in which the families were separated by long distance. For a marriage to be legal in Japan, both parties did not have to be physically present for a wedding ceremony, though customarily, of course, they were. The crucial factor was the bridegroom's koseki or family register. The bride's name had to be entered officially in her husband's family register at the local government office, signifying that she had legally become a member of his household.

Thus the picture-bride marriage, though conducted on either side of the Pacific Ocean separated by some four thousand miles, was essentially an extension of an established Japanese social customs. Since physical presence was not an absolute requirement, a proxy assumed the ceremonial role of the absent bridegroom usually in the person of a family representative. Apart from the fact that the partners to a union neither met during the course of negotiations nor were both present at the wedding ceremony, the picture-bride marriage satisfied all the recognized social conventions in regard to marriage in Japan.

Moreover, it became a legally recognized marriage as soon as the bride was entered in her new husband's family register. To apply for a passport to America, the Japanese government required the bride to present a certified copy of her husband's family register with her name entered in it for at least six months which bore the registrar's official seal.

Anti-Japanese Movement

The coming of the picture-bride added fuel to the anti-Japanese movement.[2] One of the chief arguments against the Japanese was their "non-assimilability." To the rabid exclusionists, the picture-brides provided additional substantiation of this allegation, for they interpreted, and hence condemned, picture-bride marriages as an immoral social customs antithetical to American Christian ideals. That the Japanese engaged in such a degrading practice was evidence of their non-assimilability.

In their condemnation of picture-brides, the exclusionists circulated exaggerated figures on Japanese fecundity, conjuring up the ominous specter of picture-brides breeding like rats and producing even more unas-



Issei Women arriving in America
(Compliments of JARP-Japanese-American
Research Project)

similable Japanese. They also charged that picture-brides became laborers as soon as they set foot on American soil. Since the Japanese government had consented to curtail the emigration of laborers with the Gentlemen's Agreement of 1907-1908, the Japanese, according to the exclusionists, violated the spirit, if not the letter, of this agreement. Thus, immorality was linked to Japanese governmental treachery in the exclusionist's virulent attacks upon the picture-brides.

Because of these attacks and U.S. government pressures, the Japanese government discontinued issuing passports to them in 1920 which, along with the subsequent 1924 Immigration Act, left 42.5% of the adult Japanese males still single in America with no hopes of getting married[3]--a cruel blow to a people who believed that "no matter what possessions a man may have, he is not a success unless he is married and has a family," because "to fail in this is to fail in life."[4] With this general background to the immigration of Japanese females in mind, let us now turn to the experiences of a few Issei women.

Pioneers

It is difficult for us today to imagine the experience of the Issei pioneer woman from the time of her marriage to her arrival and settlement in America. The following excerpts from accounts written by some of them, hopefully, will provide some insight into their experience.[5] To begin with, just how did she feel and think about her marriage and her future in America? One picture-bride comments on her husband:

> I had but remote ties with him. Yet because of the talks between our close parents and my parents' approval and encouragement, I decided upon our picture-bride marriage.

The family in her specific case--indeed, in most marriages--had played the decisive role, and her decision was dependent upon it. But however the decision was arrived at, the prospects of coming to America must have been viewed with mixed emotions. On the one hand, there is the example of a wife whose husband had preceded her to America:

> I was bubbling over with great expectations. My young heart, 19 years and 8 months old, burned, not so much with the prospects of reuniting with my new husband, but with the thought of the New World.

Many women like her placed great store in America, and their glowing images of America accounted for their enthusiasm. This same person continues:

> My husband who had returned to Japan to seek a wife wore a Western style high-collar suit at our omiai. He told unusual stories about America which were like dreams to me. Being reared in the countryside, I listened intently with wide-opened eyes. Thus, I thought about how heavenly America was.

Attired in latest Western suits, Japanese males who returned to Japan naturally told tales which, while not necessarily fictional, were problably embroidered to impress prospective brides. After all they were the "successful" individuals who had the economic means to return to Japan! Other women received similar impressions from letters and photographs from their husbands-to-be in America who were equally anxious to secure wives. An element of vanity no doubt was intermingled, especially with a captive audience eager for news about foreign lands, and the tendency was toward the hyperbole.

Still there were husbands who were candid. "My unknown husband had said," according to another picture bride, 'If you come with great expectations about living in an immigrant land, you will be disappointed.' I had received letters which said that if I intended to see things through without giving up, then I should come to America." And this particular woman, having this understanding clearly in mind, made the following resolution:

> On the way from Kobe to Yokohama, gazing upon the rising majestic Mount Fuji in a cloudless sky aboard the ship, I made a resolve. For a woman who was going to a strange society and relying upon an unknown husband whom she had married through photographs, my heart had to be as beautiful as Mount Fuji. I resolved that the heart of a Japanese woman had to be sublime, like that soaring majestic figure eternally constant through wind and rain, heat and cold. Thereafter, I never forgot that resolve on the ship, enabling me to overcome sadness and suffering.

The passage across the Pacific was a mixture of sadness at leaving Japan and apprehensions concerning the future. Having left families, relatives, and all that was familiar to them, now the women were actually enroute to meet and live with their husbands in an alien land. In this regard, a picture-bride records:

> I left Yokohama on the Minnesota. Passengers from Yokohama were placed into rooms partitioned by canvas. Besides myself and two other married women returning to America, there was a couple. The two married women had left their children in Japan and would cry when they talked about them. I, too, broke out in tears when I thought of my father, who had passed away just before my departure.

Yet the passage was tolerable, for in most instances there was the companionship of other women who also were coming to America under similar circumstances, among whom the sadness, excitement, and uneasiness could be shared.

As the ship neared the port of debarkation, the excitement of the future prevailed over the sadness of leaving. Apprehensions also increased as the ship pulled along side the pier. One of the most typical scene was the sight of the brides on board and the bridegrooms on the pier both trying to match the photographs in their hands with their respective partners. Since some individuals had forwarded old photographs of themselves, taken as much as ten to fifteen years ago, in such cases both sides had a difficult time of it.

And in other cases the photographs did not match with the actual person--the village "old maid" or the "ugly old man" may have sent someone else's picture out of a fear of rejection. One of the most fortunate picture-brides who quickly recognized her husband, describes her experience:

> I landed in Seattle in 1911 as a picture bride. I am a native of Yahatahama City in Ehime Prefecture, and my husband... was also from this city. I had no memory of him after he had gone to America, not only because he was 14 years older but because he had left when I was 13 years old. I searched for him by comparing his photograph with the people who had come out to meet us. Fortunately, my husband looked very much like his older brother in Japan, and so I recognized him immediately and said to

myself, 'That's he!'

What a relief it must have been for her! And by the same token what a source of continued anxiety it must have been for those who could not match the photographs with their husbands.

Another trying experience was to run the gauntlet of immigration inspectors. Before being allowed to join their husbands, they first had to pass immigration officials who, no doubt, were officious and who, in any case, spoke a foreign tongue. The fear of being sent back to Japan was ever present. And since these officials had the power to prohibit debarkation, nervous questions haunted them. Were my documents in order? Would I be detained for trachoma, an eye disease for which the inspectors were on the look out? Would I have to speak to them in English? These were real anxieties which gripped these women as they prepared to go through the immigration process. Unlike the picture-bride who recognized her husband much to her relief, another one was not as lucky:

> Upon disembarking at Seattle, I was detained for two weeks in the Immigration Center on suspicion of having trachoma. My husband had come from Spokane to meet me, but he returned alone because of my detention. On the first morning of my two-week detention, there was oatmeal for breakfast. In Japan the poor eat wheat, and I cried thinking that I would have only that to eat in America.

After two weeks she was finally released, and "traveled 350 miles alone without any knowledge of geography or English" to Spokane where her husband was.

As soon as they were able to debark, it was common for the husbands to whisk off their new brides to a clothing store. The Japanese were well aware that the Chinese had been exluded in 1882. Since the Chinese had not adopted Western-style clothing, according to the common belief among the Japanese, they had provided substance to the charge that they were non-assimilable. To avoid any recurrence of this accusation, Japanese husbands had their new brides fitted in a new set of Western clothing to replace the traditional Japanese kimono in which they had landed. A picture-bride describes this event in the following manner:

> I was immediately outfitted with Western clothing at Hara's Clothing Store... At that time a suit of Western clothing cost from $25 to $27-28. Because I had to wear a tight corset around my chest, I could not bend forward. I had to have my husband tie my shoe laces. There were some women who fainted because it was too tight. There are stories of women being carried to the hotel rooms by their husbands who hurriedly untied the corset strings which were not joking matters. In my case, I wore a large hat, a high-necked blouse, a long skirt, a buckled belt around my waist, high-laced shoes, and, of course, for the first time in my life, a brassiere and hip pads.

For these women unaccustomed to wearing Western-style clothing, their new wardrobe was as strange as it was uncomfortable. This same woman goes on to say:

> What gave me trouble was the underwear. Japanese women used only a koshimaki (a sarong-like underskirt). Wearing Western-style underwear for the first time, I would forget to take it down when I went to the toilet. And I frequently committed the blunder.

Once the ordeal of landing and the initial encounter with America were over, their new life with their husbands began which was anything but easy. For not only did they have to adjust to an alien environment, they also had to establish a new household. On the lack of modern amenities, a woman writes:

> At the farm on Vashon Island to which I went, I had to draw water by bucket from a well. There was no furo. I boiled water and put it into a tub. There was no electricity. I used oil lamps. No matter how backward Japan may have been, this was life in the hinterland. Still I toiled in sweat alongside my husband.

In rural regions, especially in the remote areas to which the Japanese went, the living quarters were primitive.

> ...I discovered that our house was a house in name only, a shack where hunters had lived located in the middle of the field. There was only one room with beds placed in three corners. My husband was living here with a younger boy and older person. Since he and I had no honeymoon period, a makeshift curtain was created by stretching a rope across the room and hanging clothes from it. It was unsuitable for us newlyweds to say the least! ... The shack had been fashioned out of boards and leaked. There were no eaves to drain the rain. Sometimes we passed the night with raincoats over our beds.

Small hotel rooms were common quarters



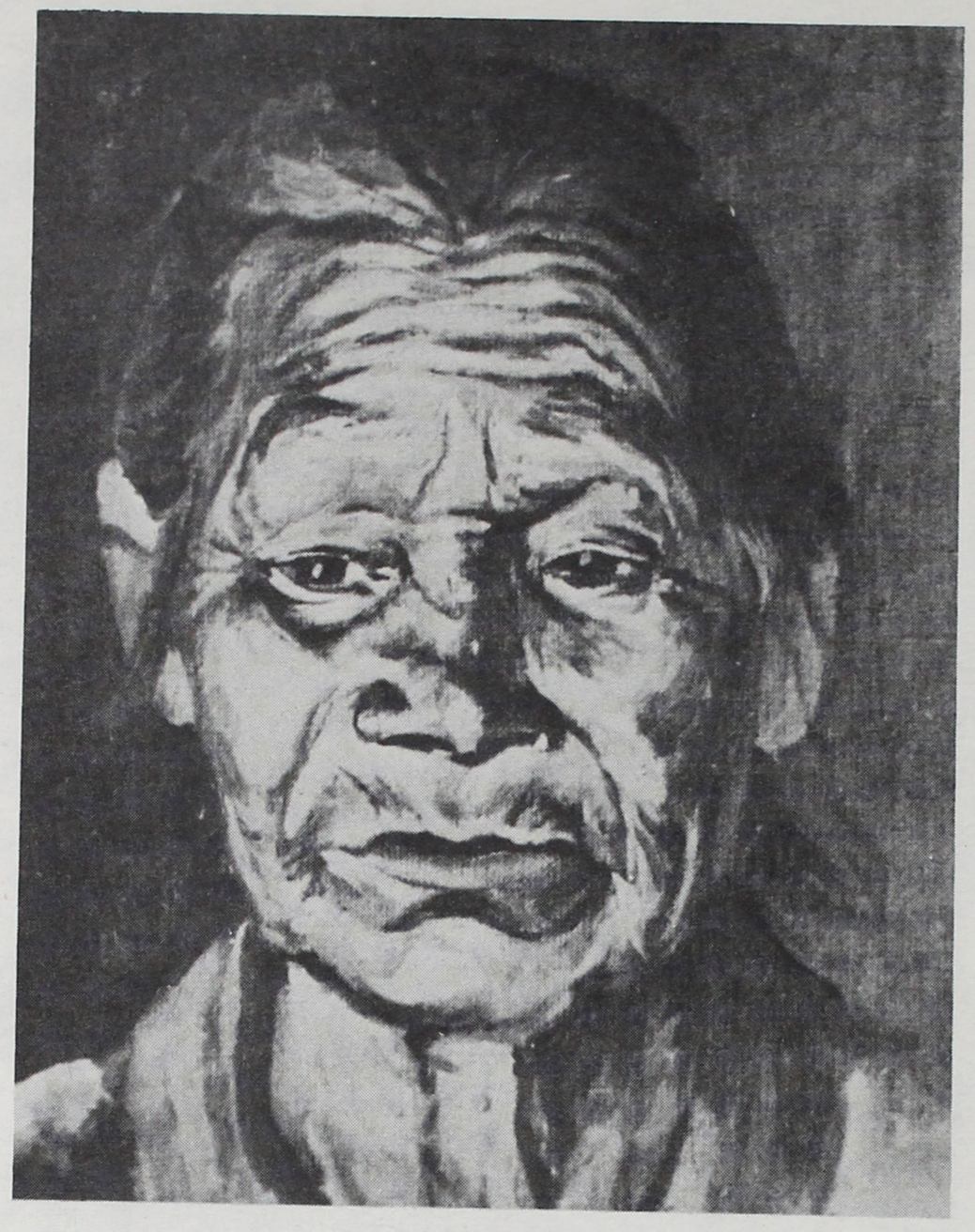
(JARP)

for those who settled down in the cities.

> Everyone lived in a hotel. We ate beside the beds. And since we had the minimum amount of eating utensils for two persons, if friends came during mealtime, we said 'just one minute please,' washed our bowls, and then had our friends use them. The room was about the size of six tatami with a coal stove which we used for cooking meals. The room had only cold water.

Most Issei women immediately began to work alongside their husbands. Because of the need to eke out a living, they could not afford the luxury of a honeymoon. Besides doing the regular chores of cooking, washing, cleaning, and sewing, they also labored long hours in the fields or shops. A woman recounts her early agricultural work:

> At the beginning I worked with my husband picking potatoes or onions and putting them in sacks. Working with rough-and tumble men, I became weary to the bones; waking up in the mornings I could not bend over the wash basin. Sunlight came out about 4:00 a.m. during the summer in the Yakima Valley. I arose at 4:30. After cooking breakfast, I went



Mitsu Yashima

out to the fields. There was no electric stove or gas like now. It took over one hour to cook, burning kindling wood. As soon as I came home, I first put on the fire, took off my hat, and then I washed my hands. After cooking both breakfast and lunch, I went to the fields.

Work was not less difficult nor shorter in the urban occupations. Take, for example, the case of a woman whose husband operated a laundry. After working the entire day, she records that

> ...I started at 5:00 P.M. to prepare supper for five to six persons, and then I began my evening work. The difficult ironing remained. Women's blouses in those days were made from silk or lace, with collars, and long sleeves and lots of frills. I could only finish two in one hour, ironing them with great care. Hence, I worked usually until 12:00 to 1:00 A.M. But it was not just me--all women who worked in the laundry business probably did the same thing.

Soon after these experiences with the harsh realities of life in America, Issei women began to bear children. In most rural areas were the Issei settled, doctors were not readily available. Even if they were, either the white doctors refused to treat them or the Japanese could not afford their services. Certainly no such institution as a prenatal clinic existed to which the Issei women could turn and prepare themselves for childbirth.

As a general rule, midwives substituted for doctors in the delivery of children. One woman whose inexperienced husband performed the role of a midwife for their first child writes about the advice which he received from a friend who had successfully delivered a child. She quotes this friend as stating:

> The cutting of the umbilical cord is what is important. First, you must firmly tie the cord near the navel with a string in two places. Then you cut in between the two knots with a scissor.

Following this advice, she reports that she and her husband gave birth to eight children in this manner. "As a wife in a farming household there were many trying matters," another Issei woman states, "but

the most difficult was giving birth." But unlike the first woman, working right up to the moment of childbirth, she notes:

> My bedside midwife was a man. He was quite knowledgeable. But hearing that cutting the umbilical cord was the most important, I did it myself. Since I gave birth ten times and was myself knowledgeable, I often served as midwife for others.

We can safely assume that not all Issei women were as stoic as these two incredible females. Think of the young women in remote isolated areas who did not have the benefit of advice and comfort, and who had no one with whom to share their anxieties. What courage it must have taken to bear their children alone! And what happened to the women who developed complications during pregnancy and in the act of giving birth? Until detailed studies are undertaken, we will have to rely upon our imagination to answer this question.

Problems of post-natal care and child-rearing naturally followed successful childbirth. In households where the women also performed crucial economic functions, especially in farming areas, a reasonable period of post-natal recuperation was considered a luxury which could not be afforded. Commenting on her experience, an Issei woman writes:

> Twenty-one days of post-natal rest was common even in Japan. Even busy housewives with household chores to do took this 21-day rest without doing anything. I, however, could not rest for more than three days.

Being a member of a farming household, she had to resume her agricultural work responsibilities after only three days of rest. Most Issei women had to raise their children by themselves because of the sharp sexual division of labor within the home. Even if they worked in the family economic unit, they still had to carry the entire burden of housekeeping and childrearing. As an Issei woman reveals:

> My husband was a Meiji man. He did not think of helping in the house or with the children. No matter how busy I may have been, he never changed the baby's diapers. Though it may not be right to say this ourselves, we Issei pioneer women from Japan worked solely for our husbands. At mealtime, whenever there was not enough food, we served a lot to our husbands and took very little for ourselves.

Despite long, arduous hours of labor and the innumerable difficulties of childbirth and childrearing, the Issei women persevered.

From the foregoing brief excerpts, it is clear that these were truly remarkable women. From their initial decision to come to America, whether as picture-brides or not, through the Trans-Pacific voyage and ordeal of disembarkation, and finally to their adaptation to life in America, they had the physical stamina and moral courage to persist and survive. In spite of the primitive conditions, particularly in the rural areas, they worked unremittingly with a minimum of complaints. They never thought solely of their own welfare. They thought more about giving then taking. They labored beside their husbands and raised their children as best as they could within the framework of the beliefs and values with they had been taught in late Meiji Japan. Their lives were not sensational. Possessed of an extra-ordinary strength of character derived from quiet fortitude, the Issei women found life meaningful.

Many Sansei today are decrying the image of the "Quiet American" with some measure of justification. Yet amid the clamor for social change, accompanied at times by loud political rhetoric, we should not disparage the quiet fortitude of these Issei women. In America quietness and modesty tend to be equated with weakness, but with these Issei women quietness and modesty are sure signs of strength.

Just how typical these women are of Issei women in general can be determined only by later historical studies. Still I venture to guess that they indeed are representative. By looking only for the dramatic and heroic moments in history, we tend to forget the small struggles and little victories of human beings. We are here today because our immigrant parents and grandparents--ordinary people--had the strength to survive. One way we can begin to value their struggle is by uncovering their buried history, for their history is in essence our history. 女

1 Almost 40% of the new arrivals in 1910-1920 were females, of which 3/4 were wives of residents. Dorothy Thomas, Charles Kikuchi and James Sakoda, THE SALVAGE, 7.

2 For details see Yamato Ichihashi, JAPANESE IN THE U.S., Roger Daniels, THE POLITICS OF PREJUDICE, and Thomas Bailey, THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND JAPAN-AMERICAN CRISES.

3 Ichihashi, 92. Moreover, they could not marry whites due to state anti-miscegenation laws. See Ichihashi, 216-219 and Milton Konvitz, THE ALIEN AND THE ASIATIC IN AMERICAN LAW, 231-232.

4 R.D. McKenzie, ORIENTAL EXCLUSION, 79.

5 These examples have been translated fr from Kazuo Ito, HOKUBEI HYAKUNEN SAKURA (Hundred-Year-Old Cherry Blossoms in North America), Seattle, 1969, 311-358. My deep thanks to Yuji Ichioka for his sensitive translations.

Obāchan

Gail Miyasaki



Her hands are now rough and gnarled from working in the canefields. But they are still quick and lively as she sews the "futon" cover. And she would sit like that for hours Japanese-style with legs under her, on the floor steadily sewing.

She came to Hawaii as a "picture-bride". In one of her rare self-reflecting moments, she told me in her broken English-Japanese that her mother had told her that the streets of Honolulu in Hawaii were paved with gold coins, and so encouraged her to go to Hawaii to marry a strange man she had never seen. Shaking her head slowly in amusement, she smiled as she recalled her shocked reaction on seeing "Ojitchan's" (grandfather) ill-kept room with only lauhala mats as bedding. She grew silent after that, and her eyes had a faraway look.

She took her place, along with the other picture brides from Japan, beside her husband on the plantation's canefields along the Hamakua coast on the island of Hawaii. The Hawaiian sun had tanned her deep brown. But the sun had been cruel too. It helped age her. Deep wrinkles lined her face and made her skin look tough, dry, and leathery. Her bright eyes peered out from narrow slits, as if she were constantly squinting into the sun. Her brown arms, though, were strong and firm, like those of a much younger woman, and so different from the soft, white, and plump-dangling arms of so many old teachers I had had. And those arms of hers were always moving-- scrubbing clothes on a wooden washboard with neat even strokes, cutting vegetables with the big knife I was never supposed to touch, or pulling the minute weeds of her garden.

I remember her best in her working days, coming home from the canefields at "pau-hana" time. She wore a pair of faded blue jeans and an equally faded navy-blue and white checked work shirt. A Japanese towel was wrapped carefully around her head, and a large straw "papale" or hat covered that.

Her sickle and other tools, and her "bento-bako" or lunch-box were carried in a khaki bag she had made on her back.

I would be sitting, waiting for her, on the back steps of her plantation-owned home, with my elbows on my knees. Upon seeing me, she would smile and say, "Tadaima." (I come home) And I would smile and say in return, "Okaeri". (Welcome home) Somehow I always felt as if she waited for that. Then I would watch her in silent fascination, as she scraped the thick red dirt off her heavy black rubber boots. Once, when no one was around, I had put those boots on, and deliberately flopped around in a mud puddle, just so I could scrape off the mud on the back steps too.

Having retired from the plantation, she now wore only dresses. She called them "makule-men doresu", Hawaiian for old person's dress. They were always gray or navy-blue with buttons down the front and a belt at the waistline. Her hair, which once must have been long and black like mine, was now streaked with grey and cut short and permanent-waved.

The only time she wore a kimono was for the "Bon" dance. She looked so much older in a kimono and almost foreign. It seemed as if she were going somewhere, all dressed up. I often felt very far away from her when we all walked together to the Bon dance, even if I too was wearing a kimono. She seemed almost a stranger to me, with her bent figure and her short pigeon-toed steps. She appeared so distantly Japanese. All of a sudden, I would notice her age; there seemed something so old in being Japanese.

She once surprised me by sending a beautiful "yūkata" or summer kimono for me to wear to represent the Japanese in our school's annual May Day festival. My mother had taken pictures of me that day to send to her. I have often wondered, whenever I look at that kimono, whether she had ever worn it when she was a young girl. I have wondered too what she was thinking when she looked at those pictures of me.

My mother was the oldest daughter and the second child of the six children Obāchan bore, two boys and four girls. One of her daughters, given the name of Mary by one of her school teachers, had been disowned by her for marrying a "haole" or Caucasian. Mary was different from the others, my mother once told me, much more rebellious and independent. She had refused to attend Honokaa and Hilo High Schools on the Big Island of Hawaii, but chose instead to go to Honolulu to attend McKinley High School. She smoked cigarettes and drove a car, shocking her sisters with such unheard of behavior. And then, after graduation, instead of returning home, Mary took a job in Honolulu. Then she met a haole sailor. Mary wrote home, telling of her love for this man. She was met with harsh admonishings from her mother.

"You go with haole, you no come home!" was her mother's ultimatum.

Then Mary wrote back, saying that the sailor had gone home to America, and would send her money to join him, and get married. Mary said she was going to go.

"Soon he leave you alone. He no care," she told her independent daughter. Her other daughters, hearing her say this, turned against her, accusing her of narrow-minded, prejudiced thinking. She could not understand the words that her children had learned in the American schools; all she knew was what she felt. She must have been so terribly alone then.

So Mary left leaving a silent, unwavering old woman behind. Who could tell if her old heart was broken? It certainly was enough of a shock that Honolulu did not have gold-paved streets. Then, as now, the emotionless face bore no sign of the grief she must have felt.

But the haole man did not leave Mary. They got married and had three children. Mary often sends pictures of them to her. Watching her study the picture of Mary's daughter, her other daughters know she sees the likeness to Mary. The years and the pictures have softened the emotionless face. She was wrong about this man. She was wrong. But how can she tell herself so, when in her heart, she only feels what is right?

"I was one of the first to condemn her for her treatment of Mary," my mother told me, "I was one of the first to question how she could be so prejudiced and narrow-minded." My mother looked at me sadly and turned away.

"But now, being a mother myself, and being a Japanese mother above all, I know how she must have felt. I just don't know how to say I'm sorry for those things I said to her."

Whenever I see an old Oriental woman bent with age and walking with short steps, whenever I hear a child being talked to in broken English-Japanese, I think of her. She is my grand-mother. I call her "Obāchan". 女

Gail Miyasaki is a recent graduate of UC Berkeley in English. Now home in Hawaii, she plans to work on the Hawaiian Ethos, a student newspaper exposing the exploitation of Hawaiian resources and people.

to be oriental
is to be ding and dong cling and clang
tinkle trinkle.
identity is singing windchimes
blasting firecrackers
the old bum sleeping at the door of the sun
sing theatre
chopsticks and clean laundry
the ping yuen housing projects
rice and tea
and more
identity is me.
oriental is a color, a culture, a language, a tradition
oriental is often a role -- high. low. middle.
i am me.
oriental is snicker, snicker
sigh
ooh ahh
ling ling dong
huh?
oriental is our history
and history is just the present -- without a past
i am not our history
i am my present with a past.
When is oriental?

Beverly Lee



Chinese Immigrants

Betty Jung

Betty Jung is a member of the Journal workgroup and recently graduated from UC Berkeley as a social science field major. The following is taken from her senior thesis:

Since the late 1840's, some 441,727 persons of Chinese ancestry have migrated to the U.S. on an average of 3,320 annually. The reasons for migration have been many. Some of the early immigrants came here in search of gold, some for economic betterment, and some for political and religious reasons. The droughts that caused a great crop failure in China from 1847-50 in Canton province were another contributing factor for the large Chinese immigration in the 1850's.[1]

Whatever their reasons, the Chinese immigrants were different from any other previous group. The Chinese had stronger family ties, and because of this, planned to return to China, while groups like the Irish and Germans came to stay permanently. For this reason, the Chinese immigrants were known by the term "sojourners" (here to visit, complete their work as soon as possible and then return to China).

Most of the Chinese immigrants were married men who had come to America only to earn enough money to buy land in China. Some were only recently married and arrangements were made by the parents to insure their return. Their wives and children were thought of as "bait" to lure them back to China.

THE WIFE IN CHINA was also there to take care of his parents while he was away, for it is the male's duty in the Chinese tradition to provide not only for his wife but his parents and family as well. Should his parents die in his absence, the wife was expected to perform the burial and mourning rites in place of her husband.[2]

If the immigrant male had no parents, his wife was not allowed to leave her home with her husband because Chinese tradition at this early period was strongly against any respectable woman leaving her place of domain. Even if the husband could bring his wife, the trip to the U.S. was often too expensive. In many cases the male's

family borrowed and raised money for his trip over, and, bringing another person, especially a woman, was out of the question.

It was common to hear songs like this in the villages of South China:

Flowers shall be my headdress once again
For my dear husband will soon return from a distant shore.

Ten long years did I wait
Trying hard to remember his face
As I toiled at my spinning wheel
each lonely night.[3]

Besides the hardships the women had to endure without their husbands, there were many others which lay ahead of those women who came to America, a land unknown to them.

Many of the women who came over in this early period either did not survive the journey or the rigors of American life and returned to China. By 1890, only 3,868 Chinese women were reported in the country. During the same period the number of Chinese men immigrating to America was much larger. The census reported 33,149 male Chinese in 1860; 58,633 in 1870; 2,106 in 1880; 2,678 in 1890; and 1,887 in 1900.[4] The sex ratio between the Chinese male and female in the U.S. was so out of proportion that it was fated to produce problems.

One of the inevitable conditions which arose was prostitution. As early as 1852 there were several hundred Chinese prostitutes who arrived by ship from Hong Kong. A large majority of these women were not originally prostitutes but had been sold to men in Hong Kong who later forced them into prostitution. There was much money to be made in the business which was controlled and run by men. The women were ususally bought in China from $100-300 and sold in the U.S. for $300-600 and up. It was common practice to sell the women in terms of years of bondage; that is, the woman agreed on paper to prostitute her body for her buyers' profit for that specified number of years.

The average Chinese prostitute came to California as a slave and remained one for life.

The average life expectancy of a prostitute in San Francisco's Chinatown was short. In most of the cribs and houses a girl was not allowed to refuse a customer, even if he was obviously diseased. Most died young and few escaped before the 1890's and the slave freeing raids of the Presbyterian mission ladies Margret Culbertson and Donaldina Cameron.[6]

By 1890 there were only 3,868 Chinese women in the U.S. compared to the 103,620 Chinese males here. The immigration laws that were passed during this early period contributed to the high disproportion between the Chinese males and females.

THE FIRST FEDERAL EXCLUSION ACT was passed in 1882. Under the law, teachers, students, merchants and their servants were allowed to come and go as they wished. The suspensions only applied to the Chinese laborer, "the undesirable." The laborer was thought of as a threat (yellow peril). The Chinese laborers who were in the U.S. previous to the Exclusion Act were permitted to stay, or depart and re-enter. This law, however, required that the immigrant upon departure must obtain a certificate from both the Chinese Consul General and the immigration inspector at San Francisco.

These two certificates were the immigrants' rights of re-entry. Since the Exclusion Act suspended the entry of new immigrants, the immigrant laborer was unable to bring his wife and children over. Upon marriage, the Chinese woman acquired the legal status of her husband and if he was a laborer, this would bar her from entry. Therefore, both the wife and laborer were excluded from coming to the U.S. by the same law.

The consequences of the barring of Chinese women were many and tragic.[7] Many of the men were separated from their wives for decades and, with the passage of this law, could not have their wives join them. The single men were forced to marry back in China because of the shortage of Chinese women in America. The options of either temporarily returning to China to produce heirs or of permanently returning to China were possible only if the immigrant had enough money saved. Many immigrants were not as fortunate and had to remain in the U.S. where they died without a family and an heir, a traditionally important responsibility in the Chinese family. In 1890, the married Chinese male immigrants were 26.1% of the whole Chinese population and the single Chinese males comprised 69%.

By 1920, the population dropped to a low of 61,639 despite the admission of 21,907 persons. There were mainly returning residents on visits to their families in China, since women very seldom qualified under admissible categories. The growth of the population thereafter was attributed to the American-born segment of the group, whose

> increase was all the more remarkable in view of the few women permitted entry from the very early days of Chinese immigration.[8]

The years between 1930 and 1945 show an increase in the percentage of women in the Chinese population -- from 13% in 1920 to 26% in 1940.

In 1943, the Exclusion Act of 1882 was repealed and amendments to the Immigration Act of 1924 permitted a great number of alien-born Chinese wives and their unmarried offspring under 21 years of age to enter as non-quota immigrants. Similarly in 1947, the amended War Brides Act with the removal of racial restrictions enabled Chinese ex-servicemen to go to China to marry and bring their alien born wives to the U.S. as non-quota immigrants. Under this amended act 6,000 alien-born Chinese women and 600 young babies entered the U.S.

THE UNPRECEDENTED NUMBER of Chinese women entering the U.S. during the 1940's shows the reversal of America's policy toward Chinese immigration, for the repeal of the Exclusion Act of 1882 and the amendments to the Immigration Act of 1924 and the War Brides Act were in accordance with the U.S. new policy of "promoting family unity."

From a total of 15,022 immigrants who entered the U.S. between 1941 and 1954, there were 12,177 females and 2,845 males. The females comprised 81% and the males 19%. The new policy of promoting family unity has helped very much in raising the proportionality of the sex ratio in the Chinese-American population. Although the present sex ratio has improved greatly, it is still highly imbalanced in certain age categories.

Betty Lee Sung states in her book, Mountain of Gold, that "Fortunately, recent immigrants have been overwhelmingly female so that the sex ratio has been lowered significantly and within another decade, should even out." 女

---

1 Calvin Lee, CHINATOWN USA, p.2.

2 Stanford Lyman, "Marriage and the Family Among Chinese Immigrants to America, 1850-1960," PHYLON, pp.323-24.

3 S.W.Kung, CHINESE IN AMERICAN LIFE, p.12.

4 Lyman, OP. CIT., pp.322-23.

5 Curt Gentry, MADAMS OF SAN FRANCISCO, p51.

6 IBID., p58.

7 C. Wollenberg, ETHNIC CONFLICT IN CALIFORNIA HISTORY, p.85.

8 Rose Hum Lee, THE CHINESE IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, p22.

forgotten women

Gayle Louie

In the late 1800's in San Francisco, a system of prositution developed to serve the sexual needs of the single or married Chinese population, which was largely male with no familial ties, domestic life, or recreational outlets other than gambling or smoking opium. The prostitution trade was controlled by the tongs which were societies that provided jobs, credit, protection, and security for its members.[1]

Women were obtained as prostitutes by several means. Some were sold or given away by their parents in hopes of avoiding the sickness, famine, over-population, and poverty of China. Others came with the impression that they were to be married once they arrived in America. Contracts were made in which a woman agreed to pay back her passage fees and other expenses by working as a domestic for a specified number of years. These contracts were supposedly valid until the woman's 18th birthday, after which she was to be freed. She was often held responsible for debts alledgedly incurred during her years of bondage.

Once the women arrived in San Francisco, they were ushered into a "barracoon" or detention house, also known as a "Queen's room"[2] where they awaited bidders. They were stripped and were struck by bamboo staves or seared with hot irons if they resisted in any way.[3] Young girls were often used as servants until of age to become prostitutes. They also did temporary work in industries, such as stripping tobacco. Older women became cooks.

Prices were regulated by "supply and demand" and ranged from as low as 35¢ to $3,000, depending on one's age and physical attractiveness. In China the women cost $100-200 each. Passage added another $40. San Francisco's average prices for Chinese women were from $1,200-2,000.[4] After the Exclusion Act, the demand rose. Highbinders or tong members offered up to $600 for the kidnap of Mission-protected Chinese women on their way to and from Church. Lawyers were given $800 to regain



Bancroft Library

the control of runaway girls from the brothels.[5] Police as well as tongs were paid to insure that the women would not runaway from the brothels and would be returned if they did.

The Hip Ye Tong, an offshoot of the Triad Society which was active in the Taiping Rebellion, was originally formed in S.F. to protect Chinese women from "slavery." They tong began importing women in 1882 because of their high market value and later offered protection to the brothel owners. They joined other tongs to fight whites that tried to interfere with the "slave girl" traffic.[6]

The Quong Tuck Tong formed to oppose the Hip Ye by going to the docks and identifying "slave" women to immigration officials. This tong became quite money-conscious; instead of sending women back to China, they decided to keep them for themselves.[7]

The Six Companies in 1854 tried to send women back to China but later abandoned the attempt as it proved too costly. In 1878 the Six Companies engaged the services of Assistant District Attorney Darwin to capture 60 prostitues. Twenty-five were taken to City Hall, but all said they were brought to the U.S. by their own free will and had certificates from the U.S. Consul in Hong Kong. They were later released and rounded up by the highbinders.[8]

AN AGREEMENT to assist a young girl named Loi Yau. Because she became indebted to her mistress for passage, food, etc, and has nothing to pay, she makes her body over to this woman Sep Sam to serve as a prostitute to the sum of five hundred and three dollars...Loi Yau shall serve four and one-half years. On this day Loi Yau may be her own master, and no man shall trouble her. If she runs away before the time , and any expense is incurred in catching her, then she must pay the expense. If she is sick 15 or more days she shall make up one month for every 15 days.

translation of actual bill of sale



Donaldina Cameron and rescued slave girls and their children. --CAMERON HOUSE

Various schemes were used to recapture runaway women. As the women usually wore elaborate costumes with precious jewelry belonging to the brothel owners, they could be arrested on grounds of larceny. Women were stolen from brothels often with the assistance of sheriffs and constables who were paid up to $500 for their services. Even judges were bribed to issue warrants for arrests, so that police officers could legally capture the women and be paid a fee.[9] Highbinders would go to the Missions with the intention of marrying a woman then would sell her as a prostitute.[10] Police were bribed to guard women from escaping from the barracoons. Even wives of businessmen were kidnapped; in one week of February, 1898, there were eight such instances of kidnap.

By 1865 three-fourths of all Chinese arrests were of prostitutes. 160 were convicted in court; some forfeited bail. In 1866 the Calabozo or "Little Jail" was set up for Chinese prostitutes. Ninety were locked up with fifty still in the streets.[11]

There were three kinds of brothels. The family houses were for the common classes. The proprietors were not necessarily members of any tong. They could make their own rules and compel the women to do anything for money. The middle class brothel had about ten women who were supervised by a male "duena" under whose eyes the relationship with the male customer progressed. The women were kept in small apartments which lined the long corridor that men passed through. In the 'upper ten' or 'hightoned' resort women who failed to obtain customers the previous day peered through the wooden bars of her window. Other women were seated in a group around a table facing the bars of the windows.[12]

A man could buy a prostitute from her owner and marry her as a secondary wife. He may have intended to bring her to China to be his second wife or a servant to his first wife. If he decided to abandon or sell her, any of their offsprings would be considered under his custody. He could take the children back to China to be reared with his original family.[13] If, however, a man attempted to steal a woman from the brothel, the highbinders would be authorized to kill him.[14]

Chinese prostitutes were the targets of much legislation. In 1860 S.F. policemen asked that a special committee investigate the prostitutes. Police were authorized to remove houses of prostitu-

tion to other parts of the city in 1865 where they would be "less offensive to public opinion." All houses "kept, managed, inhabited, or used by Chinese women for the purpose of common prostitution" were declared public nuisances in 1865.[15] The California State Legislature made it unlawful to land any Mongolian, Chinese, or Japanese woman without evidence that she was a person of good character. Punishment for violation of the law was $1000-5000 fine, two to twelve months in jail, or both.[16]

The Commissioner of Immigration could exclude "lewd and debauched" women from landing in the U.S. unless the owner of the ship posted a $500 bond in gold coin to insure that said woman would not become a public charge.[17] This bond was good for two years; however, the Commissioner himself pocketed a sizeable proportion of it.[18]

San Francisco's Board of Health issued a statement in 1880 entitled, "Chinatown Declared a Nuisance." The Chinese people were charged with living in violation of the following: Health Ordinance No. 1196, Section 20, Part 9: Lewd or indecent acts, Part 14: Lewd solicitation, and Part 33: Operating houses of ill fame, and gambling houses.[19] Most of the laws directed against Chinese prostitutes were not enforced. Similar laws were not enacted against white prositutes[20] nor were white prostitutes charged with corrupting the morals of white youth or infecting them with contagious and "ruinous" diseases.

Chinese women were accused of stealing the jobs of white boys and girls, thus forcing them into lives of sin and crime.[21] There were also numerous accusations concerning the spread of disease among young white boys, some as young as five or ten years old. Chinese prostitutes supposedly had lower prices than white prostitutes and would entice young boys into the brothels. Dr. Toland, a member of the S.F. Board of Health, believed that all boys in town with venereal disease had contracted it in Chinatown.[22] This is indicative of the vehement xenophobic and racist attitudes held by many white San Franciscans. Not until the 1930's was there a sizeable proportion of Chinese females for families.

The literature concerning the history of Chinese women in that earlier society views them either as degraded animal-like creatures spreading disease and corrupting young white boys or as untouchable objects of leisure and irresponsibility. Their roles were limited as merchant wives, domestics, or prostitutes. Often the police, labor leaders, the courts, and public sentiment were directed against them. Prostitutes contended with the demands of brothel owners who had an eye out for money and profit. They were victims of abuse by their customers who were often lonely Chinese men, sailors, and white men. Brothel owners had almost total control over a prostitute's actions and would beat her if she failed to attract customers. 女

GAYLE LOUIE is a junior at U.C. Berkeley. She is also a member of the Journal workgroup and was a delegate to the Vancouver Indochinese Women's Conference.

1 Leong Gor Yun, CHINATOWN INSIDE OUT, p.192.

2 "Chinese Women in California, S.F. CHRONICLE, p.227.

3 IBID, p.230.

4 IBID.

5 IBID.

6 IBID, p.231.

7 Robert Woltor, A SHORT AND TRUE HISTORY OF THE TAKING OF CALIFORNIA AND OREGON BY THE CHINESE IN THE YEAR A.D. 1879, pp.407-408.

8 Richard Dillon, THE HATCHET MEN: THE STUDY OF THE TONG WARS IN S.F. CHINATOWN, p.235.

9 Woltor, p.418.

10 Dillon, p.224.

11 IBID, p.229.

12 Pamphlets on Chinese Immigration, in Bancroft Library, UCB.

13 "Chinese Women in S.F." OVERLAND MONTHLY, (April 1869), 349.

14 "Chinese Slavery," NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW (1897).

15 Stanford Lyman, CHINESE IN THE U.S., p.384.

16 Elmer Sandmeyer, THE ANTI-CHINESE MOVEMENT IN CALIFORNIA, p.53.

17 Ira Condit, CHINESE IN AMERICA, (pamphlets on Chinese Immigration from Bancroft Library, UCB).

18 Lyman, p.384.

19 Board of Health Statement, "Chinese Declared a Nuisance," March 10, 1880,

20 Curt Gentry, THE MADAMS OF SAN FRANCISCO, p.55.

21 Mary Coolidge, CHINESE IMMIGRATION, p p.91.

22 Willard Farwell, CHINESE AT HOME AND ABROAD, p.13.

OPPRESSION & SURVIVAL

I WONDER if my mother slept when I was a child? Every morning my blurry eyes would focus on the neat, wrinkleless bed at my side. When calling "Amah!" her voice would often answer from outside. Running and looking through the wire fence I would come eye-to-eye with our rooster. If she was not gathering eggs from our chickens or hoeing her vegetables I would run to the front yard to see if she was watering her flowers.

Now that I look back, I realize that these hours before I left for school or for the sitter were her rare quiet hours outside in the sun. Everyday for 14 or 16 hours she prepared hundreds of meals in the noisy, steamy, greasy kitchen of our restaurant. After midnight when she came home, my mother was still busy at some task---cleaning house or cooking "real" Chinese dishes for my father. I remember falling asleep to the rhythm of scrubbing on the washing board or to the dim light by which she sewed by hand clothes for us.

I have known few first generation Asian women who were not martyrs for their families, heroines in a struggle of survival...The scene might have been different --small rural town or crowded Chinatown, sewing factory, laundry or grocery store--but the selfless sacrifice and endless tasks were always the same.

This is not to say that Chinese mothers are the formless, faceless characters of Pearl Buck's The Good Earth or Michener's Hawaii. They are real human beings with emotions, dreams, and pride. Their selflessness is the response to feudal customs and to hardship and oppression in a hostile foreign land--not a subservience innate to Asian women as now implied by racist stereotypes.

On the contrary, my mother was the center of our family, her strong character dominated most of our young world. Her role was as an Asian woman that of a living "vessel of culture." She carried out the rites of ancestor worship, taught us Chinese etiquette, observed the traditional holidays with tantalizing delicacies--in essence, she taught us that we were Chinese and that all things Chinese were best.

My mother's oppression as an Asian woman took many forms, at many levels:

She was a peasant....as with the masses of the Chinese people, she was born into poverty, subjugated by a feudal system which had outlived its time propped up by centuries of foreign intervention.

She was a female, the victim of feudal traditions. After four years of school, she was withdrawn because her family could not pay the tuition of two children; her younger brother replaced her. On her marriage she was consulted, but the decision was made by Grandfather. Her life was patterned on the Confucian ethic, to serve her father in youth, to serve husband, and then to serve her sons in old age.

My mother tells of the birth of her first child...She worked all day in the field though the labor pains began in the afternoon. She worked until dinner time and then prepared the food for the family. There was the fire to start and water to draw from the well. Afterwards, she lay down; my sister was born in an hour or two. By the next morning she was doing the dishes from dinner and completing the housework.

As the wife of an immigrant, she was separated from father for most of her marriage because of the racist exclusion laws in America. My father had little choice but to work 6,000 miles away or see his family suffer. Raising the children and caring for a bitter, aged mother-in-law, my mother faced long years of loneliness and the terrifying years of the Japanese invasion. Often she was cut off from letters and money from America. She was sometimes afraid to even leave their house, lest she become the victim of an imperialist soldier.

After the war, the same racism which separated her from her husband forced her to leave for America without her children - her recently married daughter and her adopted son.

She speaks of the weeks of isolation in the prison-like detention center in San Francisco when she arrived in America.

> "I was so afraid, they would ask questions again and again...then make you wait for days and start again. I wanted to return to China."

My brother was adopted as an infant from a starving family in our village, but immigration officials who assume that Chinese are lying would never allow him into the United States through regular channels. Five years later, he was finally admitted as the "paper son" of my uncle. For years and years later, my parents would invest their hard-earned dollars into bringing my sister and her family to America...it took 15 years to realize this family reunion.

Once settled in America, the Chinese immigrant mother is faced with the economic struggle of survival in a strange, hostile country. She is too often the "cheap labor" for white America's ruling class.... sewing a $50 dress for 50¢, washing dishes at a "cheap" Chinese restaurant, making beds for tourists in a luxury hotel, or keeping house for whose who just "love their industrious, amusing Chinese domestics."

THE CHINESE MOTHER SACRIFICES for her family and does it without spoken complaint because all of her hopes are expressed through her children. Decades of kow-towing and toil are redeemed when her children receive their diplomas from the educational institutions of this land. I know that my own mother is mystified by the university , it will always be an uncomprehendable entity; but she has prepared us all of our lives to go there to get the magical diploma that represents security. She knows all about racism and exploitation but when I began to challenge the role of the university in these processes, she cannot understand me. The irony of the educational process is that it separates Chinese-Americans from their parents and introduces contradictions into our families. The very process of achieving in a white-oriented educational system for 12 or 16 or more years makes us strangers to our language and cultural values.

The daughter of a first generation mother in White America, I was frustrated into tears when prohibited from the dates, dances and parties of my seemingly "freer" classmates... I was discouraged from participating in any activity which would take me out of the safe circle of my family...I remember the jealous anger I would feel when my brothers would be allowed to do things denied me because "I was a girl"...I felt ashamed of my mother who was so old-fashioned. Mother still has a difficult time trying to understand why I want a career or interests of my own or why I am spending so much time doing things outside of our home:

> When you were young, I worked because I had to...But you won't have to work, what good is a Ph.D. when you'll have to stay home and take care of the children, anyhow?

And she still waits more anxiously the birth of a grandson, than the births of her granddaughters.



Bancroft Librar

SO I TRY TO EXPLAIN TO HER, not only my opposition to feudal ideas about women but also my growing rebellion against my adopted American values. Sometimes, I think, she understands and sympathizes, but when it comes to practice, paradoxically she who has been oppressed so long by feudal values and American exploitation as an Asian woman, perpetuates these systems by teaching us to accept them. She seems both oppressed and oppressor.

She demands from her daughters and daughters-in-law subservience to their husbands careers and wishes. "It is the woman and her mother who is chastised when her home, cooking, or children are unpleasant," she tells us. And when either sons or daughters are involved in politics, she im -

plores us not to challenge the authorities. When we protest against the racist war or go on strike for Asian studies programs, she cries and tells us that we must be faithful to the welfare of our family, that all else is beyond our concern.

Filial piety and the strong family unit were the basic elements of Chinese society. The individual was defined in terms of her role within the family and her family's position within society. Conversely, this traditional inward-looking family unit might also have been one of the weakest elements.

Individuals were taught to be extremely socialistic persons, first concerned with the welfare of the group at all times, but only within the context of the family not within the context of the total society. The women, who were low in family and societal hierarchies, probably gave the most.

So when I speak with my mother, I try to understand the importance of the Chinese family in the struggle for survival, that our mothers teach us only what they have learned in fighting to preserve their families.

I remember a story of the famine during the Japanese occupation, of how my mother locked the windows and barricaded the doors to quiet the begging of hungry people at the door. To look outside her household and to share her rice meant possible starvation for her own family.

I try to remember that in previous generations the Chinese in America were forced to assume the most servile roles to escape lynching mobs, house burnings, and that even today they must kow-tow or be the first to be fired and the last to be promoted.

OUR PARENTS HAVE GIVEN US the family and economic security to challenge racism, capitalism, imperialism and sexism in America. Our struggle is no longer on the level of physical survival but of changing the conditions which oppressed our parents and now oppress us in new ways.

The family of each woman and man must now expand into a new political concept. Our "sister" and brothers are now being defined in terms of common goals. In this redefinition our parents may seem to be our enemies, but too often we forget to understand why they are the way they are and we forget to learn a lesson from their struggle.

In many ways we haven't even begun to talk to them in a serious manner...I vividly remember a "tea" held by the women in our Asian Women's History seminar for our mothers. We talked about sexism, racism and about the war, and it was surprising how interested and open they were. As one mother put it:

> "I've sent three children through this university...this is the first time I have been invited by my children her to meet a teacher, visit a class, or to talk about what they are studying."

女

---

i climb the mountain in the morning rain,
the sky is grey.
brown mud oozes down cracks in the rocks.
i pass earth mound graves
of an ancient family's successive grandmothers.
the tall grass bends to the blowing wind,
the dewy rain enshrouds the air with a bitter cold,
my arms are soft and warm
beneath this old coat.
i climb the hill harder grip the outjutting rocks
heavy breaths fall from me;
the hill on which i stand
responds in answer to me.

after the rain
the ominous sky hangs heavy
i lay and pressed my face to the good earth
and heard a sigh passing over the mountaintop.

Kitty Tsui

Women in Modern Japanese Literature

MUCH HAS BEEN SAID about the post-war Japanese man in terms of his personal suffering and anguish. In modern Japanese literature, the Japanese male has exchanged his traditionally heroic stature to become a figure of heroic suffering, true to the Western existential tradition.

Writers like Yukio Mishima, Yasunari Kawabata, Dazai Osamu and Junichiro Tanizaki who have led personal lives of "existential" suffering, including suicidal attempts, have paid great attention to the fate of the modern Japanese man in a nation which shares conflicting Meiji and Western traditions.

Donald Keene, editor of Modern Japanese Literature and noted Oriental literature scholar remarked of a new literary hero: "He is timid before the woman he loves, he loses his job and becomes the object of laughter and contempt.1 The implication of this statement is that Japanese man not only faces humiliation from loss of his job but also he becomes equally worthless when becoming timid before a woman.

The recent emphasis on women as castigators and perpetuators of man's sordid condition is a subtle theme which can be understood in terms of traditional Japanese versus post-war Western influence. A study of seven popular works of modern Japan reveals an interesting dual role of the modern Japanese woman as both a servile female as well as an agitator of men's social and psychological condition.

In most cases it is interesting to note that even though she may be treated as a main character in a story, the modern Japanese heroine is extremely one-dimensional in nature; that is, she is never a successful combination of physical, intellectual and moral attributes. The suffering of most male heroes, in turn, is usually attributed to the failure of his wife or lover to completely understand, but more important, to completely satisfy him.

From old hags to young girls in love, each female is seen as a threat to the male's emotional stability. Although our sympathies may lie with a woman's current personal troubles, we are almost never led to doubt the inevitability of her unhappy destiny. In all cases, we are sympathizing with the tragedy of the masculine or stronger element of life, for this element in both Oriental and Western tradition is what is considered stronger and thus more tragic in defeat than the feminine element.

Many women no longer fit into the traditional husband-wife and family roles-- there are divorcees and prostitutes, for example, and these consequently comprise a new group of degenerate, outcast females. Like a new race, these women form a new social class whose emotions and lifestyles are totally alien to their men. A woman in modern Japanese society is defined by her relationship to the men in her life (e.g., her father, her husband, her son, her lover) and thus she is deprived of or forsakes these traditional ties; she is no one.

In some cases, this social estrangement is manifested in the Japanese woman's own instability as she sacrifices much of her traditionally passive "charm" for a distasteful social aggression, often symbolized in the Western comestics she wears.

In Dazai's Setting Sun, Kazuko, a 29 year-old divorcee who lives with her dying mother suffers as one of the last members of an aristocratic family who has lost its money and social standing. Re-marriage does not become a goal for her; instead, an illicit affair with a bawdy novelist, Uehara, becomes her main preoccupation. Writing impassioned love letters to him six years after their initial and only encounter, she tells him that her love for him is simply one of wanting a child from him. Kazuko is a deviation from the woman's ordinary role as a man's wife, yet her simultaneous desire for his child is indicative of a growing trend of depicting women as rootless, alienated from tradition and thus forced to resort openly to seeking illicit relationships to satisfy their personal romanticism.

In any case, the double standard openly prevails, encouraging the man to seek other females to satisfy his desires, yet harshly reprimanding women who are not faithful to

him. In Snow Country by Nobel prize winner Kawabata, Shimamura, an upper-class urbanite, seeks the company of a country geisha, Komako, who depends on him for emotional support yet whose fidelity for him is immensely greater than his for her. She is pictured as a wasted beauty, bordering between a modern prostitute and a traditional geisha artist, a habitual drunk whose life is restricted to pleasing men.

Kaname, Tanizaki's hero of Some Prefer Nettles, blames his ambivalent, almost masochistic state on his wife's love of another man. He even reaches the point where he encourages her to dress fashionably in the Western style, though he does not fully respond to her in it. Meanwhile, Kaname is like a man torn between two worlds -- attracted to the traditional reticence in Kyoto geisha O-Hisa yet also to the outspoken Eurasian prostitute Louise. Ironically, he also nurses a strange attraction for O-san, the de--voted wife in the bunraku or puppet theatre, a self-sacrificing figure of a wife whose husband loves another. Immediately Kaname draws the contrast between the devotion of this tragic puppet and the nonchalance of his own wife. Described by Tanizaki as a "woman worshipper" for wanting his women either on pedestals or as courtesans, Kaname's predicament is that he can find no women to meet these requirements. His superficial relationships with the three women in his life are used to characterize his alienated state.

The majority of man-women relationships in these examples of modern literature appears to concern that of the lover and the loved, rather than husband-wife or son-mother. This lack of emphasis on the traditional family structure allows for a relief of filial piety responsibilities and enables a diversion to themes of sexuality and eroticism, illustrating the curious reality of modern Japanese relationships.

Kawabata's House of the Sleeping Beauties portrays the cynicism and guilt of an old man who has already lived a life as a husband, father, and lover but who, at over 60 years, seeks erotic pleasure sleeping with drugged young girls. Obsessed with the reality of the young girls as virgin prostitutes who sleep but have no sexual realtions with men, old Eguchi conjures up ideas of making one pregnant, for the "purity of the girl was like the ugliness of old men."2 Emasculation is thus regarded as the antithesis of sexual eroticism, thouqh directly related to the "ugliness" or incapacity of old men.

Tanizaki, famed for his early perverted themes, tells "The Tattoo," a tale of a tatto artist who decorates the body of an innocent girl with a hideous tattoo of a spider. Expending all his energy in his work, the artist finally collapses and dies from weakness at the end of his work while the girl, just awaking from her anesthetic stupor, gazes at his prostrate form with an eerie voluptuous satisfaction. Eroticism is parallel to mysticism and is utilized as a means of projecting the Japanese woman as capable and desirous of sensuous domination.

EXPANDED, THIS SEXUAL THEME applies to an even greater number of works of modern literature, including those which view women as purely sexual beings. "It was the body of woman that drew men into the lower circles of hell," muses old Eguchi next to a sleeping beauty.3

In the widely-acclaimed Sound of Waves by Yukio Mishima, this theme is cruelly applied to Chiyoko, a University girl who goes back to visit her island home, a social misfit. "What she regarded as ugly, however, was actually only the plaster-of-Paris mask of self-preoccupied virginity,"4 Mishima describes, equating self-concious virginity with total anti-social behavior. His main characters, Hatsue and Shinji, are allowed a sexually "pure" relationship only because "city dwellers learn the ways of love early from novels and the like but on Uta-jima, there were practically no models to follow."5 The sexual naivety of their love is characterized as relatively extraordinary.

The element of love, though mainly linked to the theme of sexuality, also includes an interesting aspect as a feminine and generally irrational concept. Surprisingly enough, many male heroes admit that they cannot cope with it and thus resign themselves to states of romantic disillusionment.

Dazai's Setting Sun gives the clearest example of both the woman: Kazuko, devoted to romanticism, and her contrasting younger brother, Naoji, who cannot cope with these emotions. "Revolution and love are, in fact, the best, most pleasurable things in the world," Kazudo says, later dedicating herself to being a revolutionary for love, even at the expense of "violating the whole code of young ladies' etiquette."6 (The man she loves is ironically a "sad, sad accomplishment of love," 7 a man soon to die for his indulgences in carnal pleasure.)

Meanwhile, Naoji, who has committed suicide, has written to Kazuko before his death saying that it has been only "Mama's love"8 that has kept him from dying. His disappointment in love with a painter's wife, he claims, had forced him to throw himself into orgies. "In the last analysis, my death is a natural one--man cannot live exclusively for principles," Naoji writes, disillusioned both by his mother's death and his failure

express love for either her, or Kazuko, or even the painter's wife.

"O-san," another of Dazai's stories, concerns a wife whose husband has another lover but who cannot bring himself to talk to his wife about it. Finally, he and his lover commit suicide. Bitter, though not shocked, his widow expresses, "Why could he not have loved her happily and openly, why could he not have loved so that even his wife might have been happier? Quite aside from the suffering of the lovers, a love that is hell is hardly pleasant for the bystander."9 Total love seemed to be completely out of the capacity of man.

On the other hand, Komako of Kawabata's Snow Country tries to rationalize her dejected romantic relationship with Shimamura as: "And I can't complain. After all, only women are able really to love."10 The combination of women conditioned to be mainly capable of sexual attraction and limited in their rationality by emotional concepts of love serves to relegate them to a position of intellectual and emotional inferiority to men, a masochistic theme most frequent in modern literature.

Though it is necessary to confess ignorance of the Japanese language and its literacy subtleties, it is interesting to note instances of style which have been capable of some degree of translation. One of these, symbolism, has been the most significant in the study of women. For example, we are made sensitive to the contrast Shimamura makes between Komako, the snow country geisha and the majestic calm and purity of the white mountains outside. Obsessed with the contrast between the beauty of nature and the imperfections of Komako, Shimamura is constantly making mental references to the snow country outside the window:

> The whole of the night scene came together in a clear, tranquil harmony.
>
> As she sensed Shimamura's approach, the woman fell over with her breast against the railing...against the night, it was the strongest and the most stubborn she could have taken.
>
> Black though the mountains were, they seemed at that moment brilliant with the color of snow...The harmony between sky and mountains was lost.11

THE IMAGE of the serpent or snake arise occasionally in relation to themes of the rejected woman. Quoting "O-san", the faithful wife of the puppet stage Dazai's O-san mourns to herself: "Why am I so alone? Do I nourish in my breast a demon? A serpent?"12

The self-sacrificing attitude of the wife which would place the blame and fault on herself rather than her husband is repeated in a more modified form in Setting Sun. There



I, a serpent ?

is constant reference to a snake, and, at one point, when Kazuko and her brother childishly kill some snake eggs, they are reprimanded by their mother. Later they note that their mother's face surprisingly resembled that of the female snake who came looking for her illfated children.13

The "snake dwelling in my breast" theme is thus used in reference to Kazuko's and Naoji's mother, whose fidelity to her children and to her aristocratic tradition have been rejected by modern times and whose outcast state is enhanced by the restlessness of her own children's lives.

Similarly, Tanizaki's "The Tattoo" emphasizes the ominous malevolence in the ugly black spider, tattooed on the back of the innocent young girl. When she awakens from her stupor and sees the dead artist, we can guess from her cunning smile that she has assumed the inherent evil of the creature on her back.

In addition to the use of nature images to describe woman's relatively unhuman nature, even sensuality is strangely symbolized in sacred religious terms. Sleeping close to one of the drugged "virgin prostitutes" of the sleeping beauties' house, Old Eguchi wonders to himself whether the young girl next to him might not be the incarnation of a buddha. "Were there not old stories

in which prostitutes and courtesans were Buddhas incarnate?" he muses.14

Whether women are described as Buddhas, snakes, or contrasted with the environment, they seem consistently categorized as anti-naturalists. The elements of the mystical as well as the undesireable are ironically evident in major symbolic references to women.

Although it appears simple to recognize the mystical, non-human quality of women in Japanese literature, it is difficult to understand why the emergence of technological Japan has not altered women's character to a more rational level.

Misako, Tanizaki's Western-styled heroine who prefers modern Tokyo mannerisms to traditional Osaka, cannot even resolve her own identity for herself. Although she, like her husband Kaname, agree to divorce, neither can take the necessary steps to initiate the proceedings. Her indecision, coupled with her husband's, are characteristic of the undefined woman who has emerged in modern Japan, escaping traditional relationships and responsibilities, thus adding to the confusion and alienation of herself from male society.

THE STATE SHE SHARES with many other female characters in modern Japanese literature is directly related to the alienation of the male from himself. Without his relationship to a woman, he becomes a figure of existential suffering, a man who knows no place or purpose in life.

Yet, even in his relationships to women, the superficialities dominate and emphasize the fact that man himself has created his own alienation from his women and himself. Women are ultimately his sensual life and this proves his downfall for he can never recognize the limitations of his own definitions for her set by this attitude. For once he has limited her as a sensual being, he has not only deprived her life of meaning but he has deprived himself of an emotional, intellectual and even domestic companion.

Japan's literary failure to deal with her women as humans capable of self-determination may prove her downfall in the long run. Society's alienation of women from the dominant mainstream of political and social activity has heightened the alienation of her own men. Described by one Western scholar of modern Japanese literature as still anticipating a long-overdue "Golden Age" in literature,15 Japan may well have reflected her own social ignorance in her failure to acknowledge the capacities and achievements of her own women.

女

CAROLYN YEE is from Hawaii and has just graduated in Journalism from U.C. Berkeley. Next year she will be a student at Boalt Law School.

---

1 Donald Keene, MODERN JAPANESE LITERATURE: AN ANTHOLOGY, p.18.
2 Yasunari Kawabata, HOUSE OF THE SLEEPING BEAUTIES, p.25.
3 IBID., p.81.
4 Yukio Mishima, SOUND OF WAVES, p.62.
5 IBID., p.27.
6 Dazai Osamu, SETTING SUN, pp.114,120,81.
7 IBID.,p.150.
8 IBID.,p.158.
9 Dazai Osamu, "O-San," JAPAN QUARTERLY, Oct-Dec 1958, 486.
10 Kawabata, OP. CIT., p.129.
11 IBID., pp.44,45.
12 Osamu, OP. CIT., p:483.
13 Osamu, SETTING SUN, p.16.
14 Kawabata, OP. CIT., p.72.
15 IBID., p.116.

Yellow is the Color

Yellow is the color
Wear it like a banner
Flying over every corner
Yellow is love and tender

Yellow is the color
Be proud and show its golden dignity
For the time is right
To defend your yellow line

Yellow is the color
Let it be a mighty song
Soaring loud and sound
With no moan or cry.

Yellow is the color
Wear it not like a shroud
Like a poem of gold
That troubles your soul

Myra Moy



Umemoto Family: Heart Mountain

Crisis in the Japanese American Family

Ann Umemoto

In Japan, the family is the basic social unit; its importance is reflected in the persisting values and traditions of the people. The Japanese family system adheres to the concepts of filial piety, senority and strong solidarity expressed through "mutual helpfulness." It is patriarchal in allegiance to the concepts of male superiority and the desirability of male children. Within the tradition, marriage provides familial continuity. And in cases of families without sons, a son may be adopted to continue the family name.1 On the whole, the Japanese family tradition is reproduced by the Japanese American family and was particularly strong in the first two generations of immigrants. Home became the chief institutional agency for culture conservation. From this base, Japanese Americans created support and strength to face the hardships of life in America.

During the confinement of Japanese Americans in World War II relocation centers, this family tradition was to suffer a severe test. Relocation centers were artificial communities where customary family patterns were forced into adaptation; the participants entered not by choice but by Presidential decree In face of open hostility to the Japanese in America, the people turned to their culture for support.

The policy of the Wartime Civil Control Administration was to evacuate family units and communities together whenever possible. The creators of this policy did not understand Japanese cultural traditions, rather the policy had its roots in the European experience.The attempt to evacuate families as units did not however, insure the transfer of cohesive family units. In many cases family members who did not live at home returned home in order to remain with their families, but not all families grouped together prior to the relocation.

The crisis of war and the resulting evacuation temporarily increased familial interaction as well as familial tension.

Privacy

Housing in the relocation centers was dismal; overcrowding resulted in a tense intimacy within a tiny space. The standard barrack measured twenty feet by one hundred feet, and this area was partitioned into six rooms. Each room served as an apartment furnished with steel Army cots and mattresses. The average size living quarters for a family of five was a single room twenty feet by twenty-five feet. Smaller families were cramped into even smaller areas, and detached individuals were housed with small family groups. In some cases, two families, often strangers, shared an apartment. One Japanese woman wrote, "When we first saw our living quarters, we were so sick we couldn't even eat or talk--couldn't even cry til later."2

Although families were housed in separate rooms, construction was so flimsy that auditory privacy was nonexistent. Family quarrels or celebrations were never free from intrusion. One lived with the constraining thought that the entire community was always just outside the door or ready to break instantaneously through the walls.

Lovers felt inhibited or defiant or both in a situation where total lack of privacy was a day to day condition. The barracks offered no comfortable field for courting or even private conversation. One newlywed complained:

> "Married life is no lark in camp when you're in love and don't mind if people know it. You want them to know it, but, of course, social pressure prevents it. Seeing the same Japanese neighbors day in

and day out while you pass by those gossiping groups of men and women makes you freeze up. In my own vicinity I rarely hold hands...but my conscience doesn't bother me when I'm away from home where I don't know the old people. I guess we can't blame the oldsters for making meaningless comments about those passing by, but pretty soon they become rumors, etc. All of this conservative behavior is only because our parents didn't experience the same type of sex behavior during their prime. In fact, my parents have never seen us kissing except once at our wedding ceremony.3

Family Roles

The family housing units soon reduced themselves in function to little more than sleeping quarters. Barrack apartments offered barrenness in place of a treasured home atmosphere and a situation where few normal social activities could occur.

Just as the function of the living quarters had to be redefined, so did the roles of individual family members. The relocation centers displaced normal family functions: there was no household routine, little work to do, and communal services assumed priority over previous family functions.

Genevieve Carter described the displacement as follows:

> "The person most completely displaced is the hard-working mother who now has no kitchen to cook in because all families eat in common mess halls, no field to work in because they left their farms at evacuation, no children to romp in a room already filled with five or six bed."4

But Daisuke Kitagawa perceived a completely different situation:

> "Ever since they arrived in the United States, many of them as 'picture brides,' most Issei women had had no time to enjoy themselves. They reared children, kept house, and helped their husbands in every way possible, day in and day out, year in and year out...To such women life in a relocation center was really and truly a well-earned and highly deserved holiday. It meant liberation from lives of continuous drudgery."5

Kitagawa contends that "Issei women thus unwittingly became the happiest people in the relocation center." They even bagan to look younger." 6

Both perspectives are true depending upon the individual mother and her background. Some saw their lives in the relocation centers an improvement upon their previous experience, some claiming that barracks were less crowded than their previous homes. Some were relieved by the lack of household and family duties, but others were confused and found little to do.

The War Relocation Authority developed new options for women. One of these options was camp employment; for women it was an invitation to the world of outside the house. Job categories included mess hall worker, hospital helper, file clerk, and at rare times farm laborer. And here women's wages were comparable to the wage scale set for men. Adult classes were also offered. Some were directed specifically to those interests defined as women's, e.g. sewing or flower arranging. But mothers could also learn English in the adult classes. Men also participated in many of the classes. At Topaz Relocation Camp, 3,250 adults attended 165 different classes, including auto mechanics, cabinet making, carpentry, radio repairing, practical electricity, public administration, first aid, shorthand, current events, American foreign affairs, psychology, English, German, American history, and democracy in action. The most popular classes at Topaz were American history and English.7 Other camps offered classes related to Japanese interests including cultural courses like Japanese music.

Camps Concentration

Within this framework, for the first time, Issei women found outlets for future lives as more aggressive and less timid women. Kitagawa claims that mothers "took active part in the PTA in which, before the war, they had seldom been able to participate because of the language handicap and their confining domestic drudgery."8 Another important thing happened to these mothers, mostly Issei, they began to develop relationships with women of similiar backgrounds and situations.

In the Japanese family, as in any patriarchal tradition, the husband and father is expected to be breadwinner and decision-maker for the entire family. He is the authority. In the camps, family and parental authority diminished but were not lost. The father remained the dominant household member, but he was forced to create different authoritarian roles when inherited techniques and traditional roles were denied him. Sometimes a man, his wife, and his children were in an equal economic position, earning the same low wage.9 In many cases the husband felt lost prestige as the wife developed more independence. Kitagawa has noted that, "No matter how hard he worked in the relocation center, he could not improve the living condition of his family. Children were fully aware that he was no longer indispensable to them."10 The father was just as much a ward of the government as his wife and children were. In a sense, the WRA assumed a paternal relationship with the eva-

cuees. The government supplied the family's basic needs, made the important decisions, employed them, and paid their wages. The WRA employed evacuees as individuals without consideration of their family situation. Except for housing, the WRA did not treat the family in the relocation centers as a unit.

The father had few options to develop reinforcements for his fading importance. Much of the evacuee leadership sprang from the ranks of the English-speaking Nisei, and in some cases, the Issei father was too proud to subject himself to learning English from the Nisei. Due to his alien status, the WRA barred the Issei from participation in political activities within the camps. And many Issei considered the PTA outside their realm. There were few civil or social functions to compensate for his fading status. Some centers complained of the loss of morale among the Issei men. There were many instances of gambling and drinking. Hard liquor was prohibited from the camps, so home-



National Archives

made sake flourished as an underground substitute.

A specific example of family disunity could be constructed from the changes occuring at dinner time. Traditionally, families eat together, but in the relocation centers that practice broke down. Mothers and small children usually ate together. Fathers often ate at separate tables with the other men. The older children ate with their peer group. There was a mess hall in each block, and children often would enter the nearest mess hall at meal time, not necessarily returning to the mess hall nearest their living quarters. The mess halls, needless to say, were uncomfortable dining facilities, a bleak surreal semblence to the family home. Benches were attached to the tables, so mothers were forced to feed babies by cradling them on their laps. Some families compensated for the mass community feedings by drawing the cooked food from the mess halls and serving themselves in the apartments. In the Gila River Project, over half the families in several blocks followed this practice.11

Issei and Nisei Conflict

In all, the relocation centers made each family member a free agent. Small children detached themselves from parental supervision. Many would leave home in the morning and return only to sleep at night. Growing concern over familial disintegration reached an extreme when some parents afraid of losing their children refused to let their grown Nisei children resettle outside the camps. Toddlers were not allowed to walk alone by some mothers at Manzanar. And the first several months at Manzanar, mothers carried their little ones to the mess halls, to the latrines, to the laundry room, in short, everywhere.

Most of the Sansei children did not understand the relocation camp experience. Younger children, born before the evacuation, had forgot what real houses, stores, street cars, and streets looked like. Others had not seen a kitchen stove, a bath tub, a family dinner table, a private backyard in three years. Children expressed themselves within the limits of their one-mile radius, and their artwork and literature depicted watch towers, barbed-wire fences, barracks, and desert.

Organized education was the primary time-filling device for the school-aged children. And the government attempted to use the schools for American cultural indoctrination. Some students were able to perceive the contradiction between their imprisonment in concentration camps and American concepts of democracy, but others did not understand the experience. School life was discouraging. Often an empty barrack without school equipment

served as a classroom and teacher turn-over was rapid. Industrious parents built classrooms and classroom furniture. And Nisei college graduates volunteered as teacher aids. But the growth of an adequate school program was, nonetheless, tedious.

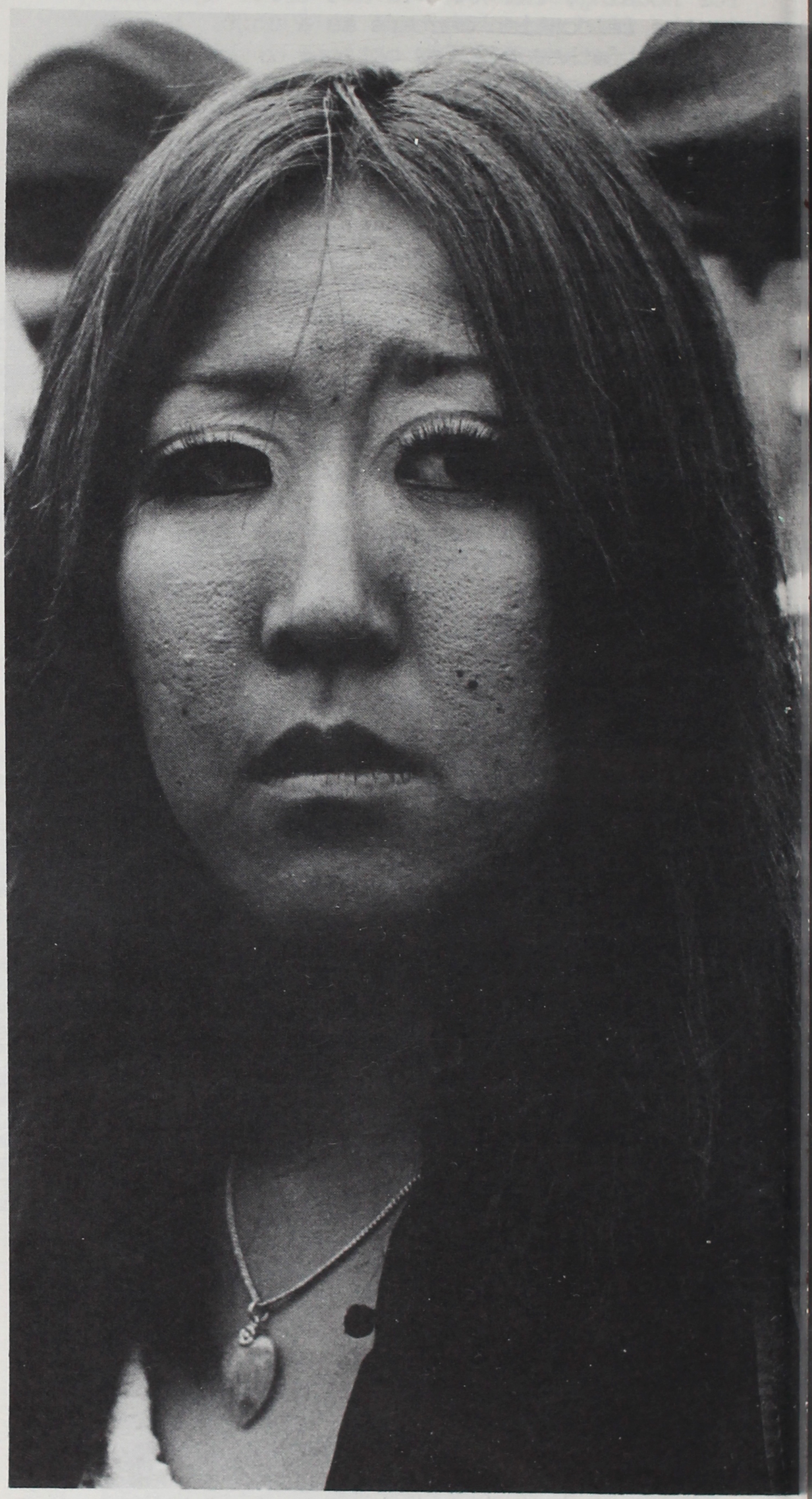
The relocation centers developed and exposed the gap between the Nisei and Issei. Although the generation gap existed prior to camp life, the relocation camps experience intensified the gap. The Issei's major concern was maintaining family unity believing that their future was bound to their children. The evacuation experience shattered their security. The Japanese community was disorganized, and the Japanese had lost their economic base outside the camps. The Issei were afraid for their future, and clung to their children. Some sociologists claim that the cultural gap between the first and second generation immigrants is greater than between the second generation and their white contemporaries.

Misako Yamamoto notes:

> "There is a tendency for the first generation to think that their children are deliberately trying to forget the Japanese language...the younger folks...shun contacts with the elders due to this Japanese language deficiency."12

Issei parents spoke Japanese to each other; but their children spoke English to each other and spoke pidgin English to their parents. The young women with more association at home, had a greater proficiency in Japanese then the young man. Few, however, could read or write Japanese.

Finally, two contradictory forces governed camp life. Families relied on traditional unity and solidarity to face the difficulties of the evacuation. The frustrations of camp life, the history of the tightly knit family, and the incapacity of any other source to properly care for the family members brought the Japanese family together. But relocation experience also forced families to break from traditional patterns. Family function and roles had to be adapted to the unique situation of the relocation centers. 女



Kitty Tsui

Going Home



My body feels lazy, oh so lazy. I almost regret having eaten the large meal. But the fish was good and so were the vegetables. My wandering eyes alight on a large poster on the wall-three figures, a girl with short black hair, strong brown faces, hands clutching guns, an upraised fist. Black eyes staring out of the wall, looking to the future. A red book with yellow letters, a red star on a cap. The Yangtze flows, brown soil, mud accumulating to form a mountain. The peach sky casts a lustre on my peoples faces; the blade on the bayonet gleams.

I am tired of city living. When will I go home? Where is my home? I was born in one place, raised in another and have lived in different countries. The land of my fathers I have never seen. My hair is midnight, my skin gold, my eyes are dark. When I was a child in England they used to call me "Ching chang Chinaman" and ask if my father owned the Chinese Laundry. (He didn't.) I was very put out and wished my hair to turn light gold,very light gold and my eyes blue. In comic books the Chinese were always the "bad guys" with evil faces and wicked minds. I didn't want to be one of them.

RACIST COMIC BOOKS. I AM GLAD I AM NOT GOLDILOCKS.

Home is where the heart is. My heart is in China, standing on her soil, feet on the banks of the Yellow River, gazing across the murky waters.

The rice fields are flooded, green shoots appear. Standing in the doorway I see the children playing barefoot in the yard. Little hands moving, talking, little feet jumping, laughing. Little mouths, white teeth, opening, closing. Ringing voices, laughter delights the caverns of my ears.

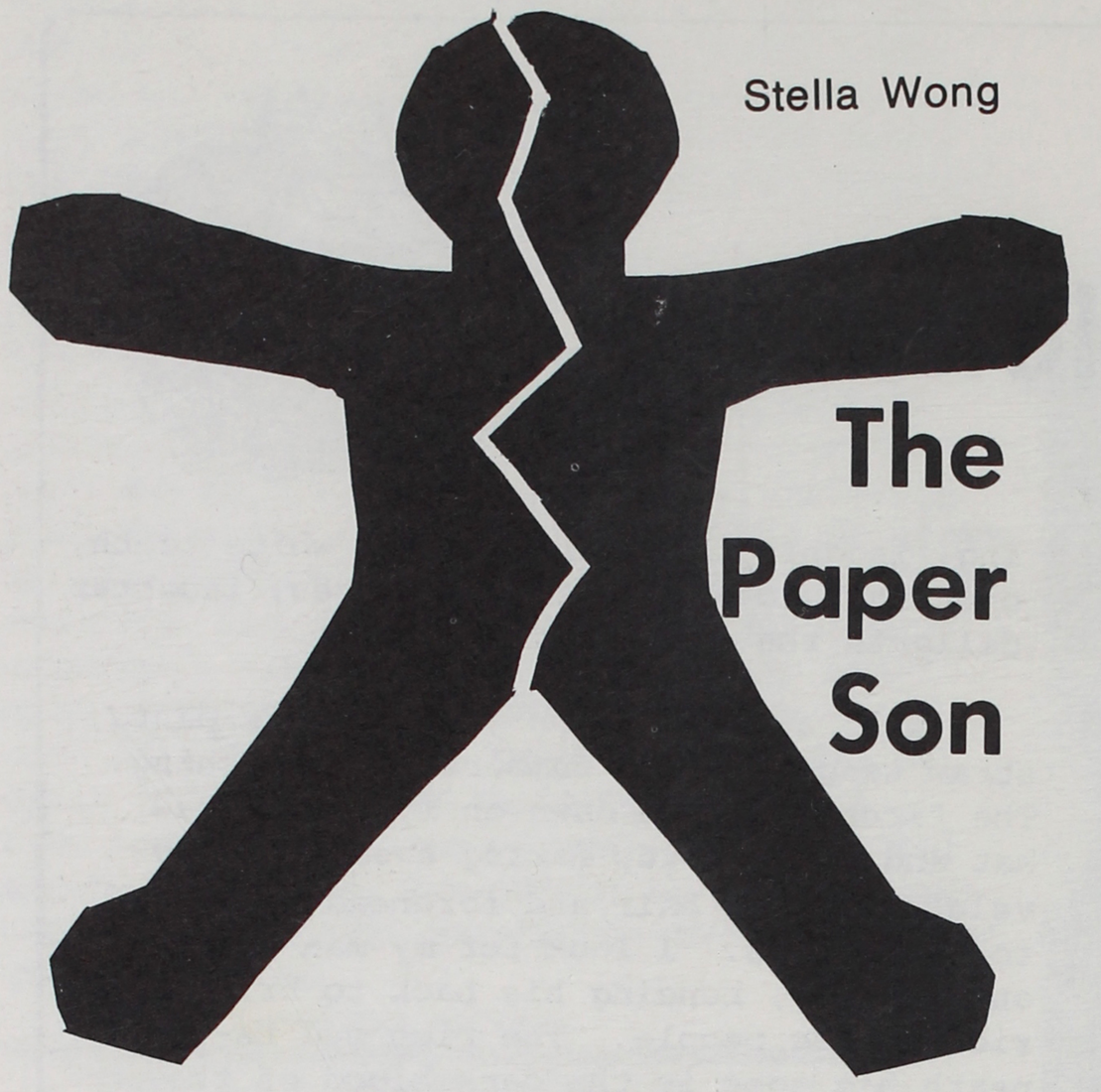
I wear a thin cotton jacket, wide pants, straw sandals. The summers are scorching. The fireball beats down on my wide straw hat and through it, making sweat run rivvelets down my hair and forehead. I took to the fields. I look for my man there, one of many, bending his back to bring rice to the people. The rich mud beneath his toes is the dark blood of the earth, yielding rice for the millions of China! His wide brimmed hat hides him from the passion of the sun, the sun that heats the muddy ditch water in the red afternoon.

AH CHINA, I AM ONE OF YOUR PEOPLE. ONE DAY I WILL COME BACK TO YOU, LAND OF MY FATHERS.

"Who will tell me of the silence of the
Gobi Desert,
The awe inspired by the Five Sacred
Mountains,
The patience that drips from the rocks
of Mt. T'ai,
And the harmony that flows in the
Yellow and Yangtze Rivers?
Please tell me who the Chinese are,
Teach me how to cling to memory.
Please tell me the greatness of this
people
Tell me gently, ever so gently."1



1. Prayer, Wen I-to.



Stella Wong

The Paper Son

BO-LEEN RAN to her faucet with the pitcher. She marvelled how at one easy twist and she was hearing the shah shah of the water. She wrenched closed the miracle gadget, and watered her small pot of fern.

there are many ferns in the world, but you are my own, your embryo face was hidden by a pebble at the place where the day stole down between redwoods--I loosed you! O miniature fern--now my room a temple holding the bowl holding soil holding you! you split the soil with miniature coiled snakes over my table--uncoil! uncoil! straighten full to your tips in your new adopted land! there is only the neighbor's house across the street between me and this free, uncluttered bay..this water which spills into the Pacific, finally trickling into another shore--shore of the other bay, choked with junks, sampans and steamers...

Humming remnant tunes Bo-leen folded clothes, sheets, and towels that came back from the laundermat; she thought....so clean, dry, and O, still warm!

One more chore and she will be free for the afternoon. Bo-leen's spirits rose, she could buy the meat at the butcher's after her English classes, now if Yen would get the snow peas from the Chinese grocer on his way home...Bo-leen reached for the phone. Yen's voice told her through the mouthpiece he was detained. They will eat out that night instead.

Bo-leen bound a silk headkerchief around her black hair and tied a tight knot at her underlip so the wind wouldn't take it. She ran out of the door into two retired Italians squatted on her steps reading her paper. "Just slip the paper under my door when you are finished with it" Bo-leen said in her new English as she ran up the slope.

Stores under barrel windows turned into shops beneath carp-tailed eaves. Already the Lun On's had taken in their line of belly baskets from the sidewalk. With the approaching dinner hour the salted fish flattened to pancakes could hardly be parted from hoops of dried oysters in midair.

One by one the lights went on and the Chinese, sprinkled with tourists, hurried or walked leisurely to their eating places.

ALTHOUGH A small cafe, Three Big Rounds loomed important before Bo-leen because of the way they blend shrimps, pork, mushrooms and flour into the heart's delight called Wonton. As usual Yen was not there yet--although she herself was a good half hour late. Then Yen walked in,

"Anything different today?" she asked by habit.

His eyes on the black characters of the menu Yen answered, "No, everyone demands their orders filled in same breath as they ask for them."

Yen caught the build of Ah Fu.....

Ah Fu was briskly edging away from the table followed by a small boy. It's been several years since he has seen Ah Fu.... and now there seems to be a son.....

"Ah Fu. Where have you been hiding all this time?" then looking at the boy, Yen changed from English into Cantonese, "And little boy--I guess you've just come from Toishan-- what is your name-- how old are you and what school do you go to?" The boy stood rooted to the spot, his melon seed eyes looking neither to the left or to the right.

"Tell him!" ordered the man.

The boy's lips moved to form difficult English words, "Arnold, 12 years old."

The man flashed back, "He also asked you what school you go to-- tell him!"

"Garfield."

"What is your Chinese name?" asked Yen again.

"Wei Fo."

"Your son?" asked Bo-leen looking at Ah Fu.

The man answered gruffly, "My nephew--my maternal side."

Both man and child seemed dipped in dark blue dye: the broad one in a fitted woolen suit, the small one in a sweater pulled loosely over cordoroys.

"Take a seat."

"Waiter, two more bowls of rice and another--"

"No, no, we just finished our supper--we were just leaving.." The child was still

Bancroft Library



standing there like a dummy so he pulled him down to the next chair. The boy arched his back, but his legs drooped over the seat like he did not know where to put his heart.

"Such a good boy," Yen said as he always says when he sees someone between 2 and 4 feet high. "What did you learn in school?"

"Hei!" the man jerked in his chair. He cut the air with his cigarette. "Good boy nothing! Just two days ago he slept all night in the public park! If you lift his shirt you would see what he got for that--Hei!" A good bed with western style springs at home--and he would rather sleep in the park!"

His cheeks pinking, the boy looked down...

> When I come home early, Uncle is not off to work yet... I just run out to play with Anthony, Michael and Bill sometimes...I don't know...uncle very mad...scolded...One day Anthony won all my marbles...I tried so hard to win them back! Then my marbles were back in my pocket and I started to run through the grass but I saw it was very dark...better not go home... Ko Fu's words like knives...it was cold there on the bench...I must have fallen asleep anyway...somebody tapped my arms...I rubbed my eyelids...I saw a tall man with a bright badge...made me tell where I live...this time Ko Fu picked up the duster and whipped my back and legs...they got all red...I want my Ma-ma... Ma Ma! You said however thin the thread I must walk on it... but I don't want Uncle ...I want you... my Ma-ma!

The more he studied the boy the more sure Yen was that something was wrong; he turned to the man, "Ah Fu--everybody tells me what a good job you have!"

"Well, everyday I order 7 turkeys, 7 hams 10 chunks of beef, and 200 chickens! The boss must make a thousand times more than what he gives me-- for what else does he stand for my tantrums?"

YEN'S EYES lanterned as he fingered his chopsticks. He turned to his wife, "Yes, you should <u>see</u> him slice that fowl or roast --just <u>so</u> thick!" and Yen showed it by squeezing together his forefinger and thumb. "When he <u>pushes</u> that knife down--just the <u>right</u> thickness of meat limps to the plate! Not too thin for then the customers say he is stingy--not too much for then the boss would rain curses on him! Ah Fu cuts just a correct thinness of meat which somehow looks ample and handsome to the diner, thereby giving much face to his boss!"

Ah Fu's face shone up to where the old hairline was, "And here I get $115 a week for this--where else could one get such a good job!" Suddenly he scowled, "<u>Now this small boy comes</u> and I am a <u>changed man</u> I tell you! I used to sing a little as I heave the knife at the meat, and after a day of slicing and bending I would join the boys at a game of mahjong, and not a worry in sight. <u>Now</u> there is not a day that my forehead would not be lined wondering what the boy is up to! Worry, worry, just like a soft beancurd of a woman! Sometimes my special roast would be burnt to a crisp!. I've told others and <u>I now tell you</u>--I'd rather have the boy <u>DEAD</u> than to lose my job!"

Bo-leen's feet tangled under the table, "Isn't there any woman relative you could leave the boy with?" she asked.

"There is Bui-soh--but since she set her wide trousered leg on this golden street--her nose has become bigger than a grapefruit! O yes, I reminded her--it is just as much her business as it is mine--but she is just a village woman and understands nothing but plow pulling!

Suddenly Ah Fu remembered something else and he turned to the boy. "You go home and look at those funny books, I'll be back in a little while." The boy sprang from his seat, nodded in agreement, then he turned about and slipped out of the draped opening.

Ah Fu drew his chair closer to the table. He cleared his throat. "That morning after he slept in the park--policeman brought him back to my room-- harassed me with ten thousand questions!"

Blood was now coursing from under Ah Fu's skin from cheeks to forehead. His hands fisted, his chest pushed out the starched shirt between the lapels, "They kept saying---"How come this boy hasn't eaten a meal all day--how come his parents don't take care of him--how come he lives with you alone--hey, where is his mother?" They kept demanding to see her as if they never heard of those crazy immigration laws!"

Good thing there is a housing shortage among the police too--I simply answered, "His mother can not find a place big enough in all Hong Kong for the four of them--so she sent one boy here since I'm just by myself."

Then they asked the same question in many different shapes, I shouted, "This boy is so bad--I'm going to send him back to his mother right away--I'm not going to be bothered by him any longer! "

EVEN THIS did not quite satisfy the policeman; he walked out as if he wanted to come back again. Hei Yo Chai Lei! If I keep the boy here much longer he will bring in the Chief of Police himself!" And Ah Fu tugged at his collar.

"Bring the lad to us often..." Bo-leen said. "Meanwhile we'll try to find a good woman to care for him." But another thought came...pressing her...could the boy live with them...why not? They would need more than a two room apartment however. While Yen followed the older man out, it suddenly occurred to Bo-leen her fern needed watering.

Fog sprays had changed into streaming rain when Ah Fu knocked at their door again.

"Where's the boy?" they both asked at once, dragging him inside ceremoniously. "Come in, come, we've been looking forward to seeing you all this time--let me take your hat and umbrella" cried Yen.

"Sit here--it's our most comfortable--
--I'll bring out some hot Dragon Well tea--" offered Bo-leen.

"How's the boy?" they asked.

Ah Fu slapped his knee and began, "The immigration inspector--he said to me, "Six years ago you claimed one son...two years later you went back--another son was born you said. Charlie--this trip--another son! How come?"

I answered that my wife loves me too much as she was anxious for sons. "After-all," I told the inspector, "I left her so long--only saw her once in three years!"

Ah Fu's words then spilled out, "th---they're getting suspicious--" He looked across the rim of his teacup and said, "the boy, I--" he banged his cup down with both hands, "I--I put him on the General Meigs yesterday--to eat leaves--grass--bark-- to march out in three gonged nights for hay to keep warm!" He sat there, only his tea sips were audible.

Yen passed a knowing glance at Bo-leen. "You see," he tried to explain, "Take the Italians. 30,000 of them come in each year! We Chinese--so many people-- only 105 allowed in." Yen looked fully at Bo-leen's open face now darkening with knitted brows, "Suppose we use this 105 to measure with--it would take several hundred years before we can have 30,000 come here.

Bo-leen turned to Ah Fu compassionately as her husband shifted his mouthings to him, "If the boy stays here--you will be deported, right--Ah Fu?"

Ah Fu sat there, immobile. Things were roving through his mind like tramps...because of the famine back home all he could do was to bring Wei-fo here as his son.... the government would deport him if they found out his nephew came here as his paper son.....

Ah Fu realized the couple was waiting for him to talk. Cupping the empty bowl within his palm he leaned forward: "You know there is not a ship--the Lynx, General Meigs or President Wilson to bring my money to them should there be a Third World War!" His voice mounted to a high pitch--"Yet I HAD to send the boy back!"

女

NANYING STELLA WONG, winner of various art and literary awards, is also a member of the Berkeley Writers and the Civic Art Commission of Berkeley.



"Shing Chong Grocery in San Francisco Chinatown." (watercolor) By STELLA WONG

The People's Artist: Mitsu Yashima

Suzin Fong, Joyce Kawasaki, and Jeanne Quan

Mitsu Yashima is a slim five feet of animated warmth, curiosity and strength. She is a woman who, on one day's notice, joined our Third World Women's contingent to the anti-imperialist conference at Vancouver. She is a sister who, after 22 hours of bus travel, attended every meeting with cheerful spirits when many other sisters had gone off to rest... and in San Francisco on April 24th, our sister Mitsu walked every step of the march to the rally in Golden Gate Park.

Such energy and enthusiasm might be expected from any Asian woman in the "movement," but Mitsu is 62, not 22. She is an Issei, not a Sansei and her participation in social movements began before many of us were born.

Anti-Fascism and Prison

Before meeting Mitsu, we had read the books by her husband, Taro (well-known for his children's books), on their experiences in pre-World War II Japan. They were both artists, trying to combine artistic and social revolution in their works. They painted workers and peasants and arranged exhibits to protest the increasing repression, militarism and worsening working conditions in Japan.

Two children were born, but both died. Shortly afterwards, Mitsu and Taro were imprisoned by the secret police. Mitsu, pregnant again, was forced to scrape for food during her imprisonment to keep her unborn child alive. In 1939 the Yashimas left Japan for America, leaving their son behind.

Between Feudalism and Militarism

We wondered, how did she, a Japanese woman, become so actively involved in the political movement? Mitsu attributes it to a childhood in fortunate times - after feudalism but before militarism in Japan, when females in urban society had possibilities of becoming educated, active citizens.

She recalls with a twinkle in her eye that she had been considering the study of literature, but chose art school because its distant location would require living away from home. At school she was the only female in the progressive artists' collective.

After marriage and graduation, she began to work with farmers' and workers' unions in Yamaguchi prefecture:

> Women worked as hard as the men in the fields and still had to do housework...They didn't talk to me at first, I wore city-style clothes and had short hair. But after my baby, they would come up and talk with me.

There were both problems and advantages in being a woman activist. Police would prevent women from attending many political meetings; at demonstrations, however, police would assume that she was only a spectator because she was holding her child and would leave her undisturbed. With the rise in militarism, the relative freedom enjoyed by women decreased, and they were chased into the home. Only when the war expansion began were women brought into the public for industrial work.

Mitsu recalls not only how women were expected to support the government's war through their labors but were also expected to smile when sons and husbands went off to war.

> Crying meant that you did not believe the war was holy, that you were not for the Emperor. Men would feel ashamed if their wives cried in front of friends.

America

The Yashimas' first years in America were spent in New York City as art students. Mitsu recounts the warmth and kindness of Americans in those years:

> We had little money then. One day I saw beautiful fish in store. I asked man if I could have and pay later... he said 'sure' and gave me whole bag of food, too.
>
> Our landlord was very kind; he told us not to worry about the rent...sometimes he would visit and I would find money folded under his cup when he had left.

When the war came, the Yashimas began to work for the U.S. government in the

war effort. Escaping relocation by being in the East, Mitsu recalls her experiences with mixed feelings:

> I was playing basketball at YWCA and a girl, who was playing with me asked what I was. I answered 'Japanese' and she would not believe me. She insisted that I tell her 'Chinese', but how could I? Finally, she yelled "Get out JAP!"
>
> Another time I was cold and tired and just caught the bus. I discovered I had no money. I asked driver to let me off, but a woman paid for me and said, "After all, the Chinese are our allies." I did not say anything.

It was only after moving out to the West coast, however, that she experienced overt racism in America. Taro was sent to India to work with the American forces and she was faced with finding housing in the San Francisco Bay Area for herself. She angrily remembers doors slammed in her face with "No Chinese or Japanese!"

Q: What do you feel about America today?

M: When I came, America so relaxed compared to Japan. Now prices have gone up. Before housewife blamed Roosevelt for the rise in prices, now they don't even complain. Americans are more accepting of what the government does... very close to Japan before the war.

The difference, she feels, is that Americans still have the liberty to oppose the government.

As for Japan, she speaks of her recent return and is convinced that only the "surface has changed." There are still poor living conditions, growing slums and militarism.

Asian Americans

A latecomer to the Japanese-American community, Mitsu observes:

M: Issei's very obedient or have fighting spirit. Nisei's softer, sweeter, more naive because they have less family and social pressure.

Q: How do you think the relocation camp experience affected these generational differences?

M: It was nothing compared to the family and social pressure in Japan. Didn't have to worry about food, didn't have to worry about too many things.



Special Thanks to MITSU for the use of her drawings on pp. 14, 59, 86, 108.

Q: What about Sansei?

M: At Vancouver, I was so proud of you people. You walked proud, like this is your country. I remember think Japanese-Americans not comfortable here yet... when walk down street, they walk on side. I remember seeing woman in Chinatown walk this way, then some children come running by laughing and yelling. I think, what a difference this generation make.

Q: How do you feel about the Sansei-Issei project?

M: Sansei not quite comfortable, look like hesitate to do things. Maybe ashamed they do not speak Japanese. Sometimes I do not understand...I was working on cookbook and a lady prepare all day to make dishes for demonstration, then no Sansei come.

Q: Why do you think there is this close relationship between Sansei and Issei, but not so much with the Nissei generation?

M: Probably young still don't want to follow parents, so nearest would be grandparents.

Q: What does Asian identity mean in America?

M: Difficult to answer. Feel like this, make a painting of apple... when make painting of apple, you should not think because you're Asian, you should use Asian painting to make apple, that is going too far. You have to live, that's the first thing.

You have to feel today's, this moment's feeling. Study Asian art. Gradually it'll come down to your own feeling. If it doesn't, then it's all right if you're living this moment. If you are alive this moment, if the painting came out with that feeling, then it's all right.

On the War

M: You know, before I go to Vancouver to meet Indochinese, I always feel sorry

for them, maybe guilty. But when I meet them, they are so happy and strong. One woman always so joyful thinking about what life will be after victory.

One woman I talk to, her daughter went to conference and came back with disappointment. 'War will take long, long time' she said. She thought war over soon as Nixon did something. She not know what they do in Okinawa and Japan. Withdrawal first step, not the end war.

(Commenting on the SMC slogan 'Bring the GI's Home') They say 'get son back from army,' a racist slogan. But wanting son to come back, that mother's power is pretty strong one, much stronger than thinking of Vietnamese who are living far away.

Q: If American troops do come home and there are no ground troops but instead, U.S. bombing continues in Vietnam, possibly with nuclear weapons, would withdrawing troops end the killing?

M: Come to that situation then change slogan. Now that slogan best for everyone. To organize power within the country fast, to ask conscience to treat other people fair not strong enough. To organize mother's power like that is very good.

Q: As a starting point to other things?

M: First, try all the ways to withdraw all the troops from Vietnam and I think that's the first slogan we should have right now.

You know Okinawa. People are against Japan getting Okinawa back because of American bases. They don't want to go back to Japan in that way. They want all Okinawa to be free, no base for anybody. Before they were wanting to go back to Japan. Okinawa people now don't want to because of treaty between U.S. and Japan, because Japan government leave base there. Now different slogan. I think slogan should change with times...

Fight behind one slogan can do lots of things. Go into all racist organizations, tell them how they're racist and what they should do... Have to clear up that government is racist. Good to have our own group and our own clear idea but let them go into other organizations to let them know how we feel as organization and as individuals.

You know, progressive white people sometimes condescending -- simple, working people sometimes much better, they listen to what you say.

People's Art

Mitsu, who will lecture on "People's Art in Japan" next year in the Berkeley Asian Studies program, speaks most fervently on the idea of a "people's art." She feels that young people are trying to understand the culture which they have been cut off from, but says that all one sees in books is "emperor's art," not the art of the people. That art has been perverted into a tool of the government used to intimidate and overwhelm people, thus explaining the separation from the people.

She contrasted prints of court life with those done by the people of themselves.

Q: How would you define people's art?

M: I like art with some rules and a purpose. Art not just for yourself, for other people. If not for other people, no use painting.

Q: You said a person should live in the here and now. What does that mean in concrete terms?

M: All paintings have purpose of that time. Alive because expressing the need of that time. That's why it's good. Like art, good food is healthy for body. To be healthy is first quality to have. Some art you look at and it makes you dizzy or sick, eyes hurt because colors too sharp. Art should make people feel good, sometimes it should make them angry.

For us, Mitsu has become an unforgettable person, not just because of the things which have happened to her, but because of how she makes things happen for herself. Her optimism, determination and energy keep her life an active, not passive, force.

She smiles and tells us that these are the happiest days of her life. The children are grown up and she does not have to work. She can spend every morning painting.

Q: Haven't you done any paintings of your prison experience?

M: No.

Q: Is it too painful?

M: Probably, but I will do it... Paintings should help people get mad.

女

Reflections

The WHO and WHY of

O N N A

This article was reprinted by permission from Onna, a newsletter published by a group of women in Japan. We are grateful to them for sharing their thoughts with us.

SPIRIT OF OPENNESS

WE ARE A SMALL WOMEN'S GROUP of several nationalities--but mostly Japanese--who have been meeting together for over two years. We have each come more and more to identify ourselves as women and that is why our group does not have a special name. When we shared our own particular backgrounds of discrimination and oppression, we began to realize that what each woman experienced was not her own individual "problem", but part of the common experience of oppression which women of every culture and class background have historically always carried. We came to understand ourselves by sharing with each other in a spirit of openness--not only the hard things, but each one's riches as well. We are continuing and deepening this process together--trying to squarely face the problems, of which language and child care are only the most obvious--and we are learning a lot.

DISTORTION OF THE SELF

ONE OF THE THINGS that struck us and moved us to send this newsletter, is our lack of awareness of Asia. All of us in the group have come to maturity after the war and the American Occupation. The post-war "security" arrangement which the Japanese ruling class entered into with the U.S. ruling class affected, directly or indirectly, almost every sphere of life: the economy, education, culture, etc. As a result, we feel a distortion in our life styles and in our very selves. More or less, for better or worse, we have all come under the influence of America. Nevertheless, we Japanese sisters are Asian.

GROWING TOGETHER

WHAT DOES ALL THIS MEAN as far as the women's liberation movement is concerned? It does not mean that we shun contact with non-Asian sisters--not at all. We want to get to know our Western sisters' movements better and to share more deeply with you what we are doing and thinking. Because of the differences between us of experience and ways of thinking which arise out of thousands of years of history, customs, climate, etc; however, we must be especially careful not to fall into making glib appraisals of each other the way, for example, male chauvinists all over the world are doing. When the male-cauvinist press in Japan reported the bursting out of the women's movement in the U.S. we did not laugh with the men at the American sisters' actions; we understand that those sisters are in touch with their own reality, and we say "right on". Likewise we hope that sisters from abroad will understand our seriousness and not be quick to judge us superficially. If we seem sensitive about this point, it is only because of the history of the past few hundred years of Asian relations with the West--a history none of us wants to carry into our future. We Asians have rarely spoken about what we feel, think, experience as Asians--that is true even today--yet we are the object of never-ending evaluation from the European and American point of view. We want to unite with our European and American sisters; let us grow closer together as sisters.



This character, pronounced "onna" in Japanese and "niu" in Chinese, is the symbol for WOMAN.

NOTHING TO SAY

AND WHAT ABOUT our attitude toward our Asian sisters? Clearly it is up to us for whom the women's movement has become so vital--to do all we can to break down the barriers which the U.S.-Japanese system has erected between us. For, of course, the reverse of the post-war US-orientation referred to above is the systematic dislocation in the natural relationships which should be ours as Asians. Needless to say, what is true of our peoples generally is doubly true of us women who are, even within our own societies, alone, the ones with "nothing to say". Now we can only guess at your respective realities: some of you are fighting for survival against an aggressor who is receiving active support from Japan; some of you are engaged in what seems to us like a tremendous human revolution which we would like to learn from; we suppose many of you must be feeling quite isolated in your struggles ...but the silence between us is such that we really know nothing at all of each other's lives. It would be nice if we could meet each other face to face; but we can't. We want to use this newsletter to talk with you. We also hope it will help us become clearer about yourselves, what you are thinking, about the situation of women where you are. We will try to tell you what Japanese women are thinking and doing about making new women.

女

reflections

to my mother who, because of class, race, sex, and nationality discrimination, has never felt herself worthy

My mother entered this country illegally as a child; while growing up, she worked Western bean fields. Half a century and a thousand backaches later, her papers read DISPLACED PERSON in the Book of White, since she could not prove that she had been here all that time.

When going, I was alone
Coming back, behold the moon.

My mother was married at seventeen to an old man who ran a boarding house for Filipino farmworkers. The old man broke her jaw and scattered garbage on the just-mopped floor, just for the fun of it.

Wrap the rice in lotus leaves
And that will be enough.

In a moment of ire, my mother fled to Chicago, where upright members of the the Korean community reminded her that divorced women were unchaste and that she should not presume to go to high school.

If the waters are muddy,
How about washing your feet?

My mother met my father, who told her that he would take care of her problems forever and send her to college on a Korean scholarship. A new lease on life lay waiting to be signed.

Looking back on mankind:
The further away, the better.

My mother worked as a salesclerk after graduation from a very proper women's college. And my father's uppercrust compatriots wondered loudly how he could have married such a lowborn woman who didn't even Look Korean.

You say the boat is narrow:
What about the floating world?

My mother's memory is relaxing now. She reads the Reader's Digest, sleeps, watches television, and goes to cafeteria-style resturants. She is suspended somewhere outside the rich world of American dreams and promises.

The Red Dust of Worldliness,
How long can it endure?

The wasted life of a lowly peasant woman from Asia, or a key to our understanding of history? The future is a dream of justice: the context groans for change.

My dress has gotten heavy with
The clouds that hide the world.

E. H. Kim

Lessons of Tai Chi Chuan

Throughout history men have been aware of the importance of disciplining their bodies. It is sad that most women have ignored this aspect of life because other matters are given priority. We, as Asian women, must realize the importance of disciplining our bodies so as to have a greater awareness of the self and the mind. It is time that we develop more confidence in ourselves, to develop the ability to move our bodies positively, and to develop our minds to determine our lives.

Too often women avoid martial arts because of the amount of physical strength required and the dominance of men in these fields. Oftentimes, we are discouraged, rather than encouraged. However, Tai Chi Chuan does not require the use of brute strength to accomplish the art. The mind is united with the body and the body with the mind. When the two are one, we have total control over our bodies and any situation can be handled--not only mean situations of but all of life. Tai Chi is not just a defensive art, it is an understanding of life.

OUR SOUL-PERSONALITY must progress within its environment. The body was made to contribute to the soul's growth by gaining knowledge of its state of existence.

Tai Chi Chuan is a supreme example of how an individual can physically develop his or her body while at the same time, discipline the mind. This pugilistic art originated in China five thousand years ago (some say during the Sung dynasty) based on the yin-yang theory, the five elements, the eight trigrams of the I Ching, and the Supreme Ultimate concept. The yin-yang concept is where one notion is the opposite of the other, one positive, the other negative; this is the basis of the universe. Examples are: yin as soft, yang as hard; yin as heavy and yang as light; yin as female and yang as male, etc. According to one theory, yin and yang are not separate entities but are a part of a whole, and yin and yang are but phases of the one whole. Ultimately, yin and yang do not mean anything in themselves but only express a relation. Tai Chi, the ultimate unity, represents the relationship between yin and yang.

A Taoist art with strong Neo-Confucianist influence, Tai Chi Chuan is the art of boxing, very slow and very controlled. In viewing the total concept of Tai Chi, one sees that females and males can grasp its fundamentals and philosophy equally. What makes it a superior martial art is that brute strength is not needed. One only has to understand the principles of yin and yang and how to apply it. The knowledge of this relationship allows one to fully and effectively utilize energy. Thus, in this way, it does not matter how much strength or power an opponent has but what methods one uses to turn this strength against the opponent. Where there is force (yang) you retreat (yin); where there is (no force) empty space (yin), you fill it with your fists (yang). In much the same way, this is the method used throughout Tai Chi.

TAI CHI IS A UNITING of female and male, yin and yang. They are both equal in Tai Chi, physically and psychologically. Not only are women equally efficient, but many times men have a difficult time adjusting themselves due to the non-force theory which does not require that the physically strong always win. Required to use force in many other sports or martial arts, males must especially readjust to the use of non-force.

The first principle of Tai Chi is to learn to calm oneself mentally and physically, which leads to perfect control. All movements must be controlled by the mind or the essence of Tai Chi is lost. Tai Chi itself is a circle upon which all movements are based. The body must act as a single unit, lightly, nimbly, and in coordination. It can be likened to the gracefulness of a cat or the alertness of an eagle. Chi (the substance of which the universe and man is composed) should be active as the power behind all movements. It must be controlled so that it permeates the body to the bone. Chi is the essence of life, the vital energy.

"The chi is the wheel and the waist is the axis." All movements initiate from the waist. Chi is made to circulate around the body, like the rotation of a wheel. Tai Chi is basically an art of "chi" nourishment.

Tai Chi Chuan is meditation in movement. It is the exercise of the mind and not the exertion of strength, which is the secret. The profundity of Tai Chi lies in its search for tranquillity through movement and in its goal of exerting mental control over all the movements. Thus, it calms one's self mentally and physically.

Tai Chi is an art of defense, but also is a healing art:

According to the principles of

> medical science, Tai Chi is a method of physical movement which will increase the blood circulation to all organs of the body, without disturbing the rhythm of the heart or the speed of breathing.

It differs from other forms of exercise because of this healing power. Besides exercising all the muscles and joints, every movement is in harmony with deep dispragmatic breathing, requiring tranquillity and concentration. As a result of the coordination the exercise with the function of the mind, body and spirit are in harmony, thus bringing about beneficial changes. Many people have claimed that their health were greatly improved with the practice (including the author). Even though many theories of Tai Chi have not been accepted by modern science, its benefits to health have been proven in practice.

ASIAN WOMEN should be encouraged to take Tai Chi as a way of developing confidence in ourselves. Do not misunderstand that the non-force theory makes the art less desirable in defense. The opposite is true: Tai Chi is the best martial art to now because of this.

Tai Chi Chuan is one of the valuable aspects of Chinese culture. Not only is it superior as a defensive art, but it is also very conducive to good health and longevity. Tai Chi produces a union of inner and outer, of body and soul. It is a way of centering. It corrects the posture and enhances relaxation. It energizes the body and tranquillizes the spirit. It is the integer of the universe's perfect sum which equates the unequal all to the equal one.

\+ 0 0 = - 0 0 女

LILY CHANG is a student at UC Berkeley and is a student of Tai Chi. She is as also a member of the Journal workgroup.

Sex and Taoism

Arlene Nobusada

The philosophy of Taoism was a way of life in ancient China. The Taoists were representatives of social solidarity and unity, of everything which opposed division or separation.[1] They clearly emphasized that all things were parts of a whole. The anatomy of one's body was no less a part of the nature of the universe than the movements of the stars. All things in Nature united as musical instruments in the grand symphony of Life.

Taoists dwelled in the mountains and forests to observe, listen and meditate upon the boundless manifestations of Nature. The meaning of Tao could not fully be verbalized; it was an expression of the way in which the Universe worked, the Order of Nature.[2] Taoists felt that without a deeper understanding and greater knowledge of nature beyond human society, man could not live life harmoniously.

The knowledge which Taoists sought was not to be confused with superficial social learning, which stems from the desire to manipulate. Taoists strove to receive a knowledge which could flow only into a person as a result of a passive and yielding attitude in his observation of Nature. This attitude was symbolized by water.

> What is more fluid, more yielding than water? Yet back it comes again, wearing down the rigid strength, which cannot yield to withstand it. So it is that the strong are overcome by the weak, the haughty by the humble.[3]

Deeply related to the concepts of passivity, receptiveness and submission is the symbolism endowed to femininism.

> He who knows the male, yet cleaves to what is female, becomes like the ravine, receiving all things under heaven. Thence, the eternal virtue never leaks away.[4]

This quote could be interpreted in physical as well as philosophical terms. During sexual intercourse, for example, the woman is the concave, receptive element and the man, the convex element. Taoists accepted quite naturally human sexual relations as

having an intimate relationship with the creation of the universe. The physical benefits of Taoism developed as well as the mental, as Taoists searched for a material immortality, which was their main motive to observe nature.[5]

Material immortality did not mean that spiritual immortality was unthought of. The Chinese thought that the essence of a person could not survive without some physical body. They did not separate Spirit and Matter, mental and physical. All organisms were continuums flowing from empty space to matter. Thus, in search of longevity, Taoists moved from observation of Nature to experimentation and development.

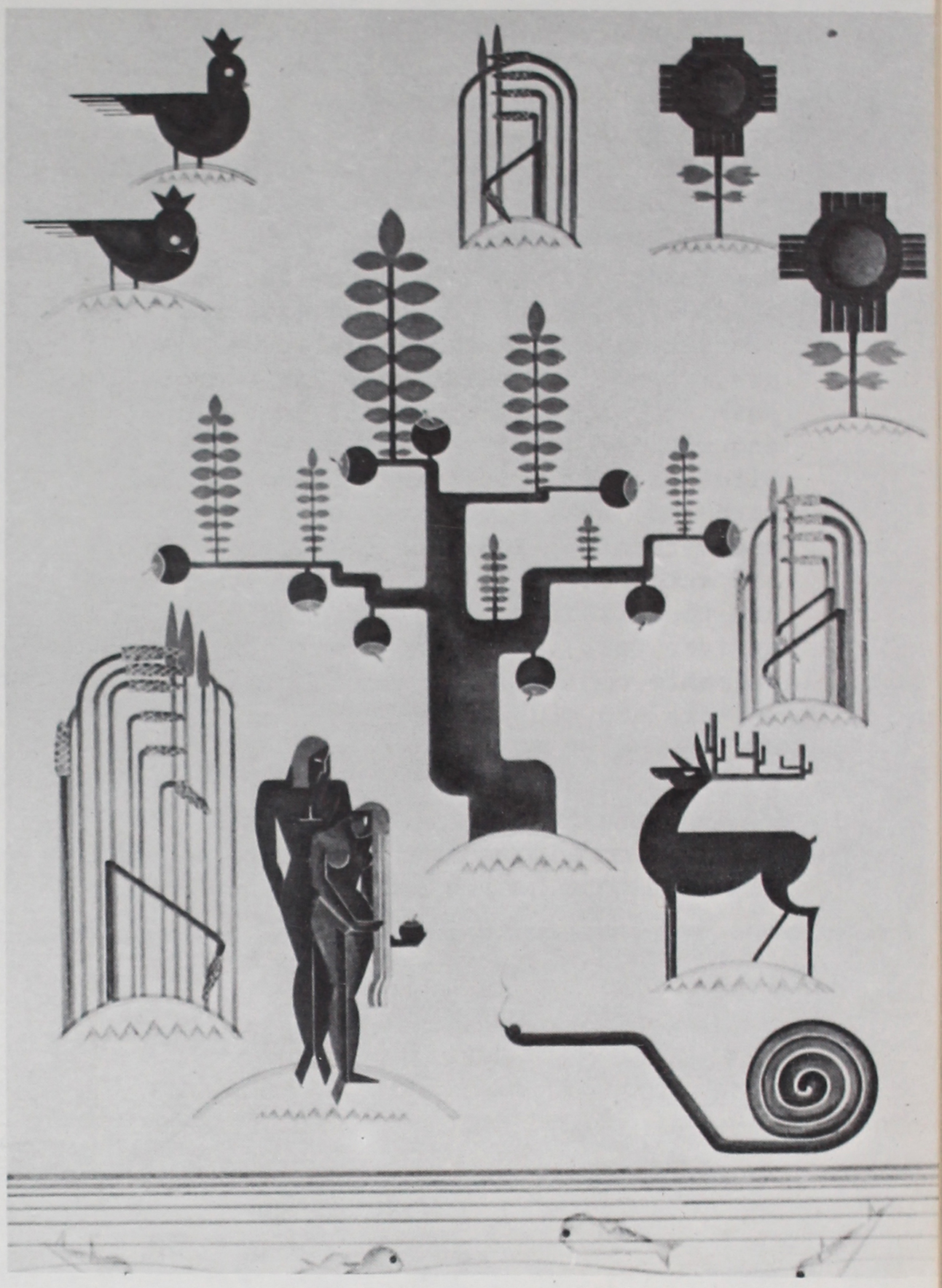
Taoism became a way of Life because the goal, the perfected body had to be prepared by a lifetime of actual practices. Preparation for a further life, after "death," essentially material but subtler and purer, led to the development of yogistic breathing exercises, alchemical preparations, physical exercises, dietary practices, and sexual techniques.

Sexual intercourse was a prime element of life which exemplified the power of affinity and union, the essence of the Taoists' philosophy. Intercourse was seen as the exchange of two life-giving forces, in men and women, which were sources of inspiration, energy and creativity for each individual involved. Life nourished Life. The sexual act was an integral part of life which could not be passed over if one wanted to achieve immortality and wisdom. Even knowledge of medicine, right foods and exercise would benefit no one unless they also had knowledge of sexual intercourse.

Basically, though the sexual techniques varied, the main direction in sexual intercourse was to conserve the life-giving forces, the semen and vaginal liquids. Taoist techniques were developed to increase the life giving forces as much as possible by sexual stimulation, while avoiding the loss of them. Since Taoists believed that a female's orgasm would strengthen a man's vital powers, the male was to hold his semen in his lower abdomen as long as possible so that the Yang force (male's) could be nourished with more Yin force (female's) and vice versa.

Only through reciprocal response could men and women heighten their degree of understanding and knowledge. For example, if a woman was not pleased with sexual intercourse how could a man be? They must have done something against the order of Nature. Only through the combination of man and woman's intent and feelings could harmony with nature be achieved.

A legendary, immortal woman stated that in order to find the Way, one was supposed



A mural "ADAM AND EVE" by Stella Wong.

to pacify the body and correct the purpose of one's actions. Five conditions to remember during intercourse were intent, sex awareness, acute sensory awareness, concentration and joyfulness. These apply to both male and female participants. Intercourse was to involve the "settling of the life-force, tranquilizing the mind and harmonizing the will." When these three states were reached, the entire spirit of the person were united. A climax could be reached without expending more energy than gained.[6]

According to another immortal woman, the woman was to restrain her emotions and intellect during sexual intercourse in order to achieve enlightenment. She was directed especially to shun such emotions as jealousy and anger. This was a necessary step to take in order to reach a different level of being.

Other directions involved the seasons, the phases of the moon, the weather, and the positions of the planets. All phenomena of

Nature, observed by Taoists, as parts of the great rhythm of the Universe, had Yang and Yin properties which were considered at the time of sexual intercourse.

In intercourse the rhythms with which the male and female moved were like the music of nature itself.

> The principle of dividing up deep and shallow, slow and quick and east and west are not of a single Way, for there are myriad manifestations. For example, pushing gently like a small fish playing with a hook; pressing urgently like birds caught in the wind. Dragging forward and back, moving up and down, going and returning, left and right, leaving and entering laxly and tightly--these are to be reciprocally esteemed and striven for. Approach these things with suitable control; you should not be obstinate and stupid. Musical notes thereby adopt their usefulness in accord with the times.8

The necessity for male and female to harmonize, complement and cooperate together to achieve good health and longevity, the Taoists' admiration of "feminine" psychological qualities, the importance of the woman in the natural order of the universe, the acceptance of equality among men and women and the practice of Taoism deserve consideration as we, Asian-Americans, develop ourselves in search of a better future. 女

ARLENE NOBUSADA is a student at UC Berkeley and is a member of the women's class workgroup.

1 Joseph Needham, SCIENCE AND CIVILIZATION IN ANCIENT CHINA, p.151.
2 Needham, OP CIT, p.36.
3 Witter Bynner, THE WAY OF LIFE, p.77.
4 Yu-lan Fung, CHUANG TZU, p.226.
5 Needham, OP CIT, p.39.
6 Needham, OP CIT, p.149.
7 Georges Osahwa, PHILOSOPHY OF ORIENTAL MEDICINE.
8 Akira Ishihara and Howard Levy, THE TAO OF SEX, p.30.

Joanne Miyamoto

What Are You?

when I was young
kids used to ask me
what are you?
I'd tell them what my mom told me
I'm an American
chin chin Chinaman
you're a Jap!
flashing hot inside
I'd go home
my mom would say
don't worry
he who walks alone
walks faster

people kept asking me
what are you?
and I would always answer
I'm an American
they'd say
no, what nationality
I'm an American!
that's where I was born
flashing hot inside
and when I'd tell them what they wanted to know
Japanese
.... Oh, I've been to Japan

I'd get it over with
me they could catalogue and file me
pigeon hole me
so they'd know just how
to think of me
priding themselves
they could guess the difference
between Japanese and Chinese

they had me wishing
I was American
just like them
they had me wishing I was what I'd
been seeing in movies and on TV
on bill boards and in magazines

and I tried

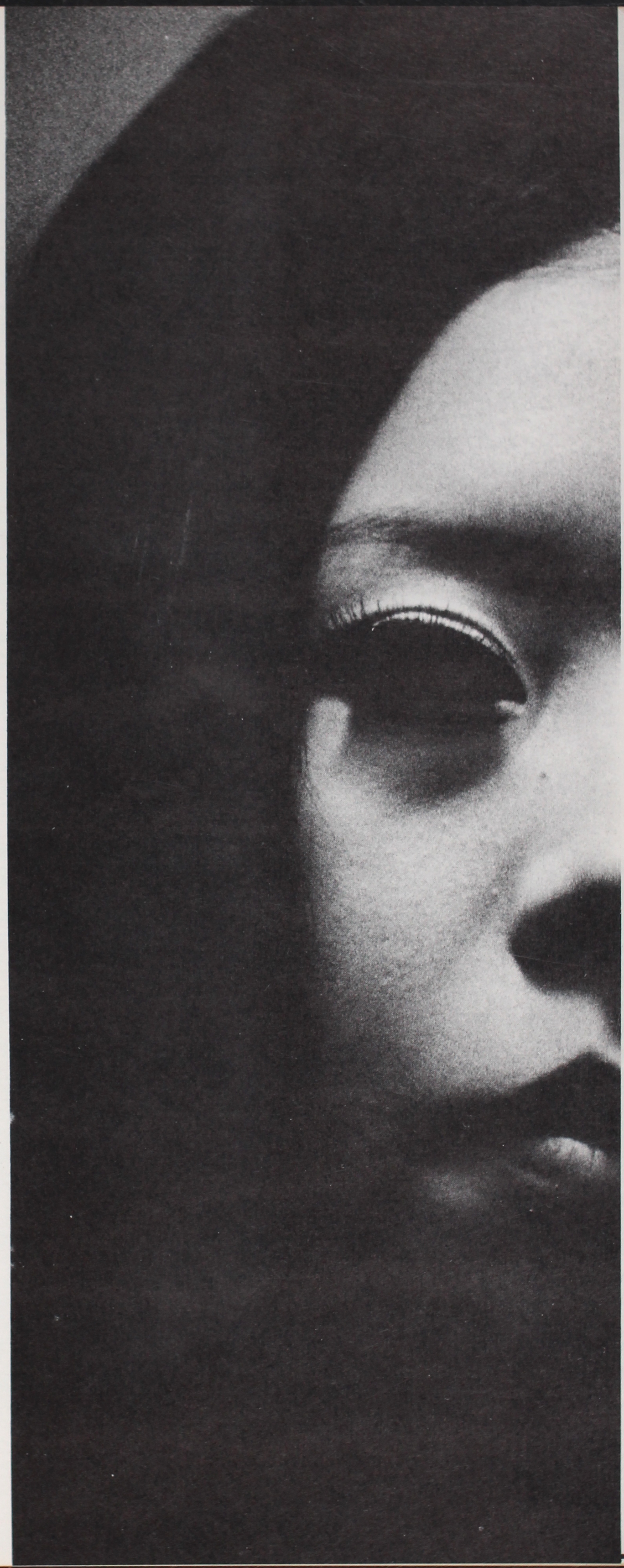
while they were making laws in California
against us owning land
we were trying to be american
and laws against us intermarrying with
white people
we were trying to be american
when they put us in concentration camps
we were trying to be american
our people volunteered to fight against
their own country
trying to be american
when they dropped the atom bomb Hiro-
shima and Nagasaki
we were still trying

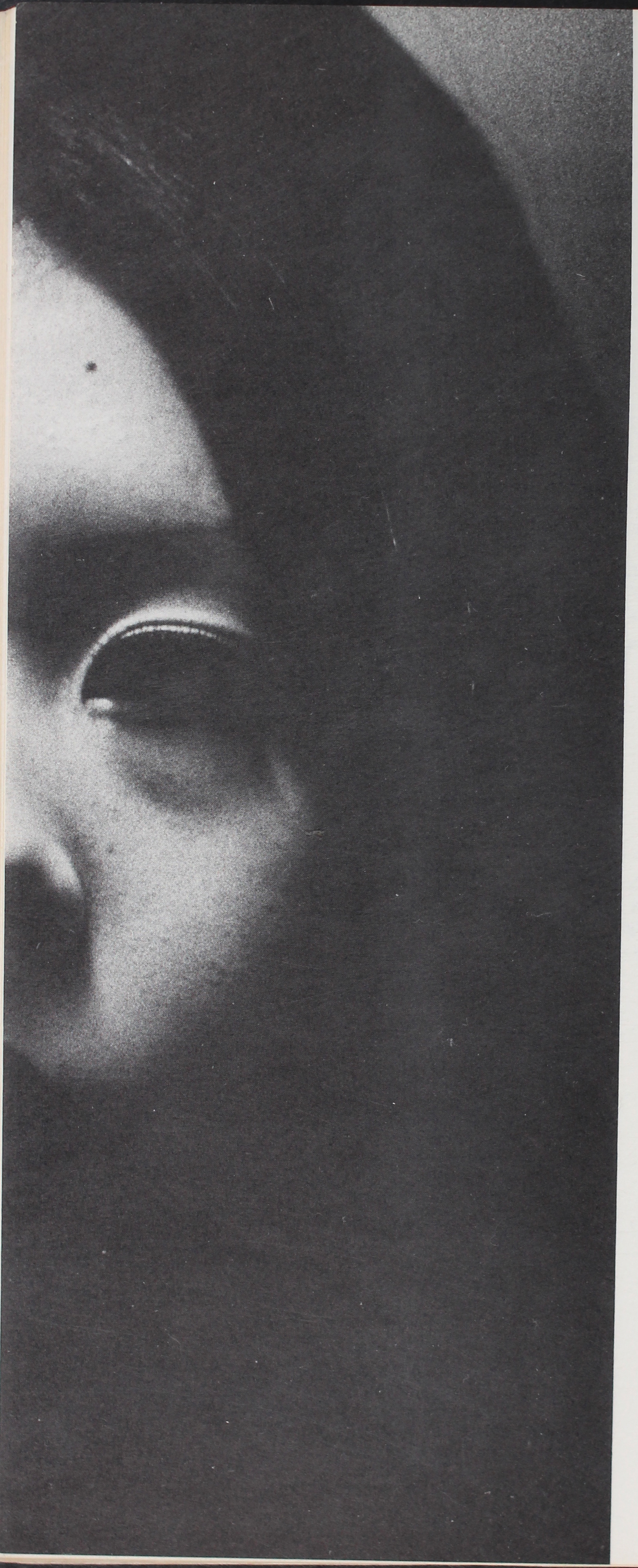
finally we made it
most of our parents
fiercely dedicated to give us
a good education
to give us everything they never had
we made it
now they use us as an example
to the blacks and browns
how we made it
how we overcame

but there was always
someone asking me
what are you?

Now I answer
I'm an Asian
and they say
why do you want to separate yourselves
now I say
I'm Japanese
and they say
don't you know this is the greatest country
in the world
Now I say in america
I'm part of the third world people
and they say

if you don't like it here
why don't you go back





Backstage

Veronica Huang

On a little street in a little Californian town stood a bluish-grey house. This was the residence of a Chinese immigrant family. They had quietly occupied the house for two years. Although all their children graduated from the public school, Mr. and Mrs. Wong had never bothered with any of the school functions, such as the PTA. Not that they were unsociable people; they were simply hard-working. Being foreigners in the country, they had to be rather conscientious to keep their jobs secure.

Furthermore, they trusted their children, who had always been well-disciplined and diligent. All they had to do was provide the cash, and the children would automatically reach the top of the ladder and live happily ever after.

They could not be bothered with PTA's. After all, only wealthy, leisured parents, or those who did not really care for their children but had to pretend that they did, joined that organization.

Tonight, however, was one of the rare occasions when Mr. and Mrs. Wong visited the local public school. The neon-lighted words, "Spring Concert' sparkled in front of the school gate. This was the last concert of the school year, and also a celebration for the graduating senior class. T.Y., one of the Wong daughters, was a graduating student. She was the only Oriental among the hundred performers; her parents were proud of her.

A lot of bustle had enlivened the bluish-grey house just before the concert. Everyone was excited, all except T.Y. herself. Mrs. Wong, with all her patience, could not persuade T.Y. to curl her hair, or wear cosmetics. T.Y. had always been a quiet, submissive girl, but in this matter she was hard and stubborn. She only consented to wear her sister's old formal gown, since this was required of all performers.

Mrs. Wong offered a pearl necklace to decorate the rather plain gown, but she was again met by T.Y.'s flat refusal.

Having reached her wit's end, Mrs. Wong at last had to relinquish T.Y. as she was : straight black hair, a plain gown, a clean face and a pair of tennis shoes. T.Y. declared that it was impossible to walk in high heels, and she would only put them on the minute before she appeared on stage.

As Mr. Wong drove her to school, T.Y. sat gloomily in the car. Why should she beautify herself now, when for two years she had been struggling against the fashion shows her schoolmates put on from day to day? To them, school was nothing but an arena to parade their colorful feathers.

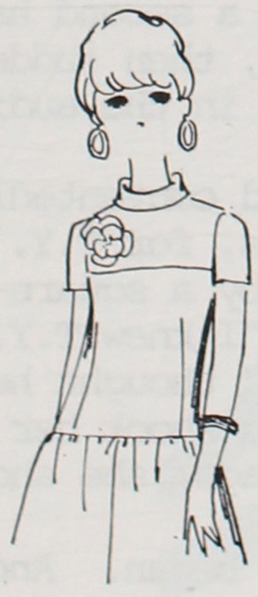
When T.Y. first entered the school, her heart longed to befriend this strange new group of people. For the first few days, she sat invisible in the classrooms. Very soon, she had sought out the likes and dislikes of these people. She came to the final conclusion, that in order to emerge from her nonentity, she must first disguise herself in appearance.

The day she wore a pretty dress to school, six people spoke to her.

"Oh, you look cute today. Where did you get that dress?"
"It's from Hong Kong, and it's handmade by a tailor, too."
"Oh wow! Are you from Hong Kong? How nice! Are there many tailors in Hong Kong? Hey, Sue - look at her dress, isn't it pretty? And it's hand-made by tailors in Hong Kong."

Weeks passed, but the "friendship" never got beyond "Oh wow, how nice!" T.Y. fell back to her natural ways, and the pretty dresses were once again pushed back into the darkest corner of the closet.

As the time of the concert approached, more and more parents filed into the auditorium. Most of them were middle-aged people - on the average, plump and heavy, and fashionably dressed.



Backstage, the youngsters were fluttering all over. The comment "Oh wow! You look so pretty, I couldn't recognize you!" was repeated ten thousand times. At a distance, the room seemed to be alive with the presence of youthful dashing butterflies, but if you looked closer at the young faces, their wrinkles and agedness might frighten you. Their senile, petty cares and shrill garrulity were signs of agedness. Cosmetics had ruined the health of their skin, while the corrupted tradition of a dying society had petrified their hearts.

Their faces were so painted that it was impossible to recognize each other. T.Y. was the only familiar face, but she was invisible. She sat at her usual place, silently, painfully watching. Lately, she had become utterly confused. She had lived in many places - Hong Kong, Taiwan, Thailand, and everywhere she made friends easily. Even the Pacific Ocean could not separate some of these friendships. Her experience in the U.S., however, was totally different.

Her life here was a suspension of existence and non-existence, approval and rejection. Although she was neglected most of the time, a sudden lavishness of benevolence once in a while would make her glow all over. There were times when an American, a total stranger, would accost her and say.

"Oh, I love Chinese people, especially Chinese food. They're so cheap in Chinatown."

T.Y. often wondered if the "they" referred to the food or the people, or both. Anyhow, she took it as a compliment. Another applause to the glories of her nation was: "The Chinese are such nice and quiet people. They obey law and order. In this country, we've never heard of any Chinese delinquents." T.Y. flushed with national pride until the double-meaning of the praise began to sting her.

One day, her father found a better job in another firm. The boss who was normally kind, gentle, friendly, though somewhat stingy, now flared up in anger.

"I thought you Chinese were a loyal people. I didn't know you could be so heartless. You can't hang me up like this. Look here, John. I've always been nice to you and I thought you were nice and quiet. How can you do this to me!"

"Nice and quiet - is this a compliment or not?" thought T.Y. "Is it because Father is so nice and quiet that he never gets a raise?"

SUDDENLY, A HORDE OF FEET stampeded to the robe room. Among the crowd of towering bodies, T.Y. underwent the usual jostling and pushing. People shouted out their robe numbers, while the manager passed them out. Each one got his robe in turn, according to the length of his arm. T.Y. was one of the last again. Suddenly, the impulse to scream out her robe number, to charge through the monstrous horde, made her almost fierce. However, she managed to subdue the impetus. She couldn't disgrace the image of a "nice and quiet" nation. Besides, she knew by heart the lesson that diligence and obedience were the only ways to gain esteem.

"Hi, how are you?" An awkwardly cheerful voice startled T.Y.

"Fine," she answered hesitantly. This boy was in her Physics class, and after sitting in the same room with her for one hundred and forty-nine hours, he had not spoken one word to her.

"Hey, about the Physics lab book, do you have all the data written down? Heh, heh, you see, I wrote mine down on sheets of paper, and I lost them. Can I have a look at yours tomorrow?"

T.Y. nodded understandingly. The boy took her nod as assent and walked away happily. She understood it all now: she was nothing but a convenience. People could not completely ignore her, just as they could not afford to discard a handy gadget.

As T.Y. brooded over her new discovery, a familiar soft tapping tickled her ear. Ken, with a walking-stick for his eyes, dexterously felt his way to the seat besides T.Y.'s. The second row, fourth seat was accustomed to the touch of his sensitive finger.

"T.Y., this is almost the end of the year, and we won't be able to see...I mean talk to each other for long. I'm really grateful for your friendship. You know, we'll be going to different Universities next year, so...can I write you then?"

"Of course you can." T.Y.'s reply was not so enthusiastic, for she had always wriggled with uneasiness while talking to Ken. She was friends with another blind girl too, but uneasiness had never come between them. She began to recognize her conflict with Ken.

Ken was aggressive, argumentative, satrical, but most of all, bitter. His forced, acrid laughter made T.Y. shiver. Ken also loved to exhibit his sense of humor, which, in T.Y.'s opinion, was not humorous but acidic. T.Y. abhorred his cynical, unnatural humor, but her heart softened as she thought of his loneliness. In his life-time struggle in an unsympathetic society, he had learned to forge powerful weapons of cynicism and aggression.

"Do you ever feel discriminated against?" asked Ken.

After a pause, T.Y. answered thoughtfully, "Yes, I think so." She had seen the word "discrimination" used in describing the blacks in her history book, but had never grasped the true meaning of the word. She never realized until now that "discrimination" applied to her too. "Do you feel this way too, Ken?"

"Of course I do. Otherwise I wouldn't be going around with you."

Another new finding, but a stab this time...so, so, he would be away larking with the others too if he weren't crippled. So, so... she was, in a way, a crippled misfit too.

It was as though after a cold shower, everything appeared piercingly clear. T.Y. felt rigid all over, as if she were transformed into an icicle. Everything from the external world now seeped through her translucent body with the utmost ease. The colors were lucid to the point of dazzling- they mocked at her colorlessness. T.Y. began to rejoice in her transparency for it made her invisible. Her invisibility was a shield against stinging remarks. The Kens and the boys in Physics would not bother her anymore.

The revelation lasted for a few minutes, and all was in motion in the room. T.Y.'s body flowed along with the crowd and was deposited in the midst of another dilemma- flaring stagelights blasted her invisible cloak, mercilessly exposing her to the focus of hundreds of pairs of eyes. T.Y. was acutely conscious of her peculiarities: she was the only Oriental, the only one without make-up and fashionable hairstyle, the only one with a second hand gown. Her heart coiled back, then suddenly sprang out to the two people in the audience who were proud of her.

Mr. Wong smiled contentedly, but he had to strain his eyes, for T.Y.'s small stature was blocked by a square-built person twice her size. "I knew T.Y. could distinguish herself," thought he. Mrs. Wong, on the other hand, shook her head - T.Y. looked pale on stage; she should have worn make-up.

The music then began. Another transformation jolted T.Y.'s body. She was now alert, with every nerve taut and ready to

vibrate. All eyes were on the conductor, and in a flash, sixty mouths opened simultaneously. A harmony that was the consciousness of the choir, rang out. T.Y. was intent on only one thing - to harmonize with the group and surrender her total awareness to the music. On the stage, she appeared to be an integral part of the group.

YET DESPITE HER DEDICATION to the performance, T.Y. secretly realized that her efforts were futile. Her union with the group was only momentary. Backstage, everything would be the same again. For two years, she had faithfully attended every rehearsal and had contributed the most effort. But the conductor , who loved to joke and play with the students, had spoken not more than two sentences to her.

When it was time to sign autographs in the students' Yearbooks, the conductor signed everyone else's except T.Y.'s. Since he had not much to say to her, T.Y.'s Yearbook, as a matter-of-course, found its way to the bottom of the stack. In the end, it was left in the rehearsal room unsigned, for the conductor had to "rush home for lunch." T.Y.'s Yearbook was inevitably stolen.

The conductor did not deliberately slight T.Y., for it was all done subconsciously. After all, he was just an ordinary, good-natured, average American, who liked everything that was "average." He could not help being indifferent to wierd objects like T.Y.

After two hours of turmoil, the conductor drew to a close. The hustling continued as parents shuffled backstage to congratulate the youngsters. "A fine show! A good performance!" cried all. The conductor strutted pompously around the room, receiving congratulations and congratulating the graduating seniors. T.Y. saw him shaking hands with the graduates, giving each of them a pat on the back, a little joke or a word of encouragement for the future.

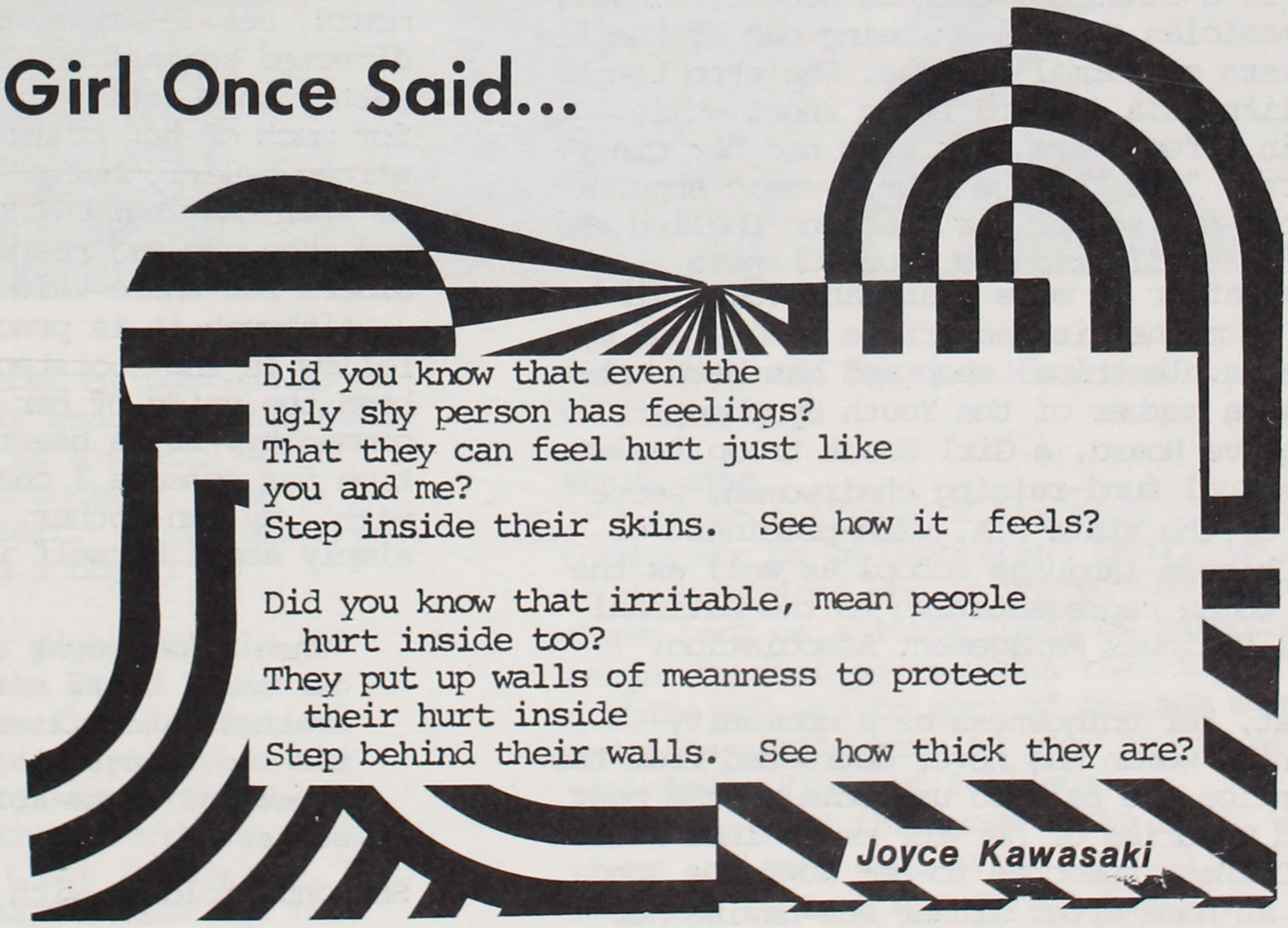
As the conductor approached nearer and nearer, T.Y. began to wipe her wet palms on her skirt. She cleared her throat, preparing to return a compliment when the conductor wished her luck. Her knees shook a little as the conductor advanced towards the person in front of her.

To T.Y., this was a grand occasion. She flushed as she thought of the honor of being distinguished as a "person," worthy to shake hands with the conductor. Her heart thumped wildly as she overheard his last words to the other person: "Be good now, ole pal." Her hands were itching to shake, but the next moment, the conductor's back was abruptly turned against her. Everything became blurry while she stared at the conductor's back slowly diminishing into the center of the crowd.

T.Y. pinched herself, and found a wierd delight in the pain. She wished with all her heart that everyone in the room would pounce on her, beat her, throttle her, claw at her. They would then at least recognize her existence in flesh and blood. T.Y. closed her eyes and imagined the relish in feeling pain, the pain which only a "person" could feel.

女

A Little Girl Once Said...



Cultural Determinism

Though I have many memories of my mother, few are of her at home. In fact, what I remember most of her is seeing her sitting behind a desk swamped with papers and books, occasionally peering over her half-frame reading glasses to look for one item or another on her perpetually cluttered desk. And though, as children, we spent most of out time away from home in activities, mom was still not home any more than we were.

My mother would never qualify as a typical or ideal housewife-mother. Yet, because her life has been spent in devotion to others, even those outside of her family, she has been a far greater source of maternal inspiration than we, her children, could have expected.

A third generation Chinese in Hawaii, my mother has faced many challenges ranging from anti-Oriental sentiment in WW II to being labeled an "agressive" woman in the modern business world. The middle of eleven children, she often tells me that, without self-determinism, she would probably never have been able to overcome the psychological repression of being the youngest girl from a poor family.

Yet, within the first 23 years of her life, she was the only member of her family to earn a college degree. She had a reputation as a classical Chinese dancer, singer, and musician as well as being one of the few speakers of formal Chinese. She even taught Hawaiian hula dancing for a short while. Within a few years, she also had her own TV program, "The Chinese Hour," radio show, and her own school for teaching English and U.S. naturalization to local Chinese. Today, after 30 more years and four children, my mother is the office manager of my father's electrical shop and has been active as a member of the Youth Symphony Executive Board, a Girl Scout troop leader and annual fund-raising chairwoman, secretary of the state PTA, vice-president of the Chinese language school as well as the only woman representative to the National Small Business Management Association.

Yet, her uniqueness as a community-oriented woman has never detracted from the attention she paid to us. Some of the most vivid memories of her for me include reciting Chinese speeches to her down the long hall at home after dinner and having her teach my two sisters and me how to dance and play the Chinese butterfly harp. Although she spoke little Chinese to us at home, she sent us all to Chinese school and encouraged us to learn as much as we could.

AS A CHILD, I rejected her ambitious attitude for us and was often the most stubborn, unwilling to do anything she told me. "Caroly," she used to say, "Most other children don't have the opportunities to learn as many things as you have -- I teach you and tell you to practice these things so you can be proud of yourselves for having been able to accomplish something to share with others."

Although I still childishly resent being told how to feel, I acknowledge today the truth and sincerity of her statement. Through her stress on cultural values of pride and achievement through perseverance and discipline, I realize that my modern identity and self-respect is based largely on what she has tried to teach me.

Fully conscious of her "aggressive female" stereotype she is hardly daunted by male chauvinistic remarks. I have never seen her more defensive, however, than in defending her cultural, rather than sexual, background. A large part of this attitude has developed from her personal accomplishment of many traditionally "masculine" achievements. Besides this, most of the sentiment directed against her has been anti-race rather than anti-sex. This probably accounts for much of her cultural determinism, or the strong belief that one first becomes of value when one learns one's cultural values and when one can respect oneself and one's elders for these values.

Although it is practically impossible to follow in the footsteps of a mother who has been the pride of her families, friends, and community, it is heartening to feel admiration for someone I can so closely identify with, my own mother. To hear her speak so simply about herself is an inspiration:

> "When I was young and felt crowded in our small house with my ten other brothers and sister, I wished hardest for two things: to be able to sleep on a bed and to be able to perform on stage."

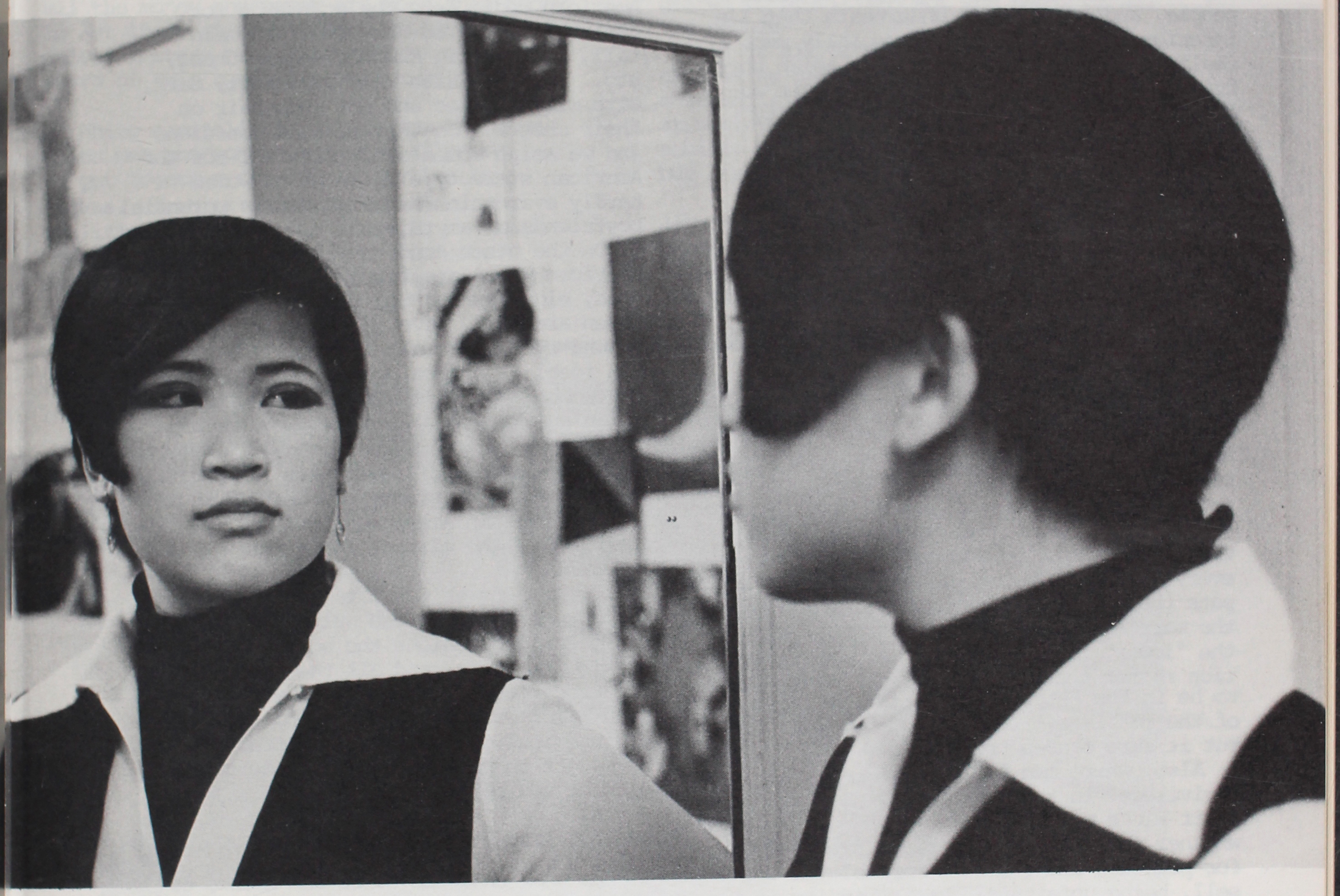
She once told me with a wistfulness:

> "It seems as if I've been lucky enough to have both."

女

I Forgot My Eyes Were Black

Jan Masaoka



I sometimes think about my postion as an Asian woman in a society geared to the needs of whites and men, and it's pretty weird. I can say that now I am content, even a little proud, with myself. After years of wanting to be white and a boy, I am progressing.

I guess I should say right off the bat that I don't believe that Third World people will ever achieve full liberation until we get rid of capitalism and establish a socialist society where profit, the "freedom" to exploit others, and the worship of the individual won't get in the way. Because basically, although racism and male supremacy were around before capitalism, they've become institutionalized foundations of the system.

White Men

I guess that one of the most difficult things for me to understand is how to relate to my boyfriend who is white. Sometimes I flash back on all the ideas my parents taught me such as the idea that to marry a white man was to sort of degrade myself, and it's really hard to know how to deal with these kinds of feelings.

I once read this poem by an Asian woman where she said that after looking into blue eyes for so long she forgot hers were black. I really feel this, and it's hard to under-

stand: I identify so strongly with this man I love and that's inevitably tied up somewhat to the way he looks, which conflicts with me and my background and the way I look.

So I look at him and all the feelings I have get mixed up and make me upset and dizzy: loving him, hating myself for loving a white man, hating him because he's white, hating white people in general, feeling underneath that I'm superior to white people, and even deeper underneath that I'm inferior to white people, especially men, feeling guilty for not having an Asian boyfriend, feeling that I'm taking unfair advantage of my social and sexual mobility racially when Asian men don't have that mobility, and being afraid of what other people think about my going with a white man--it's just really frightening.

Asian Women and White Men

It seems to me that there are three reasons why it is more acceptable for an Asian woman to be seen with a white man or marry one than it is for an Asian man to marry a white woman. First, in this country, people have become accustomed to seeing "war brides," and so the sight of an Asian woman with a white man is a little more familiar. Second, Asian women are rather "exotic" these days--you know us--combs float through our hair as we rinse with coconut oil in front of waterfalls every morning. Third, because this society puts the woman in the "lower" position of the marriage, it seems more acceptable for the "lower" race to be in the "lower" position rather than for the "lower" Asian male to be in the "higher" male position of the marriage. This is disgusting logic, but it sure causes problems!

Also, white men have always had the "privilege" in this country of getting their kicks using women in any way they can, whether that means using black slave women for pleasure and to breed more slaves to sell, being unfaithful but forbidding it for their wives, or going out with Third World women but ridiculing white women who go out with Third World men.

I have a Japanese man friend who was once beat up by some white boys for being on the street with a white girl. Actually, it was an unusual situation in the first place since many white women won't go out with Asian men because "I'm just not attracted to them." So, where Asian men are sort of "restricted" to Asian women--maybe even to their own nationality--Asian women are more or less free to go out with white men. As a result, Asian men can resent Asian women who do take advantage of that freedom, and we Asian women don't know how to feel.

Problems like this are not new or unique to Asians. Men and women of oppressed groups have always been divided by values and pressures of the dominating group, not only sexual ones but pressures for money and status symbols, too.

Sexual Standards

We have such a hard time when the American media sets the standards for desirability. The sexy American male is tall, blonde, big muscles, hairy chest, etc. But the Asian male are short, dark, with wiry muscles and not much hair on their chests. So they're self conscious and we Asian women sometimes fall for the American stereotype while white women hardly ever think of Asian men as potential boyfriends or anything.

On the other hand, the typical sexy American women are fair, with long, slender legs, big eyes and big breasts while Asian women are dark, have short stocky legs, almond eyes and small breasts. The American ideal is ridiculous and sick for American women, but it's much harder when you're Asian and know you'll never live up to that. When I was a little girl I thought that the epitome of beauty was blonde hair and blue eyes, a pretty common vision for little girls in America, I guess, but when I looked in the mirror, I just knew I was hopeless.

But the answer isn't to go back to the old Japanese or Chinese culture either. At my family reunions the women do all the cooking, serving, and all the cleaning up. The traditional Japanese family rejoiced when a son was born and was indifferent or resentful when a girl was born. Uh huh. We've got to make ourselves a new culture without any of that.

Racism and Private Property

We know that prejudice and hatred of different-looking races has been around since primitive times. But we also know that even then many peoples lived in peace together until competition for more goods, more money, and more power made the hatred something powerful, and led to the most obvious and most disgusting combination of racism and private property--slavery. Then racism was used as an excuse to keep slavery going: "Well, they're not really humans, so it's all right for them to be slaves."

Racism is now used to keep wars going: "Over 3/4 of a million Vietnamese have been killed by American bombs and guns, but so what? We've got to protect our interests in oil, agriculture, and

finances."And we even see a trickier kind of racism in the peace movement: "Over 3/4 of a million Vietnamese have been killed by American bombs and guns, but what really counts is that 50,000 A*M*E*R*I*C*A*N boys have died, so we've got to end the war to bring our boys home."

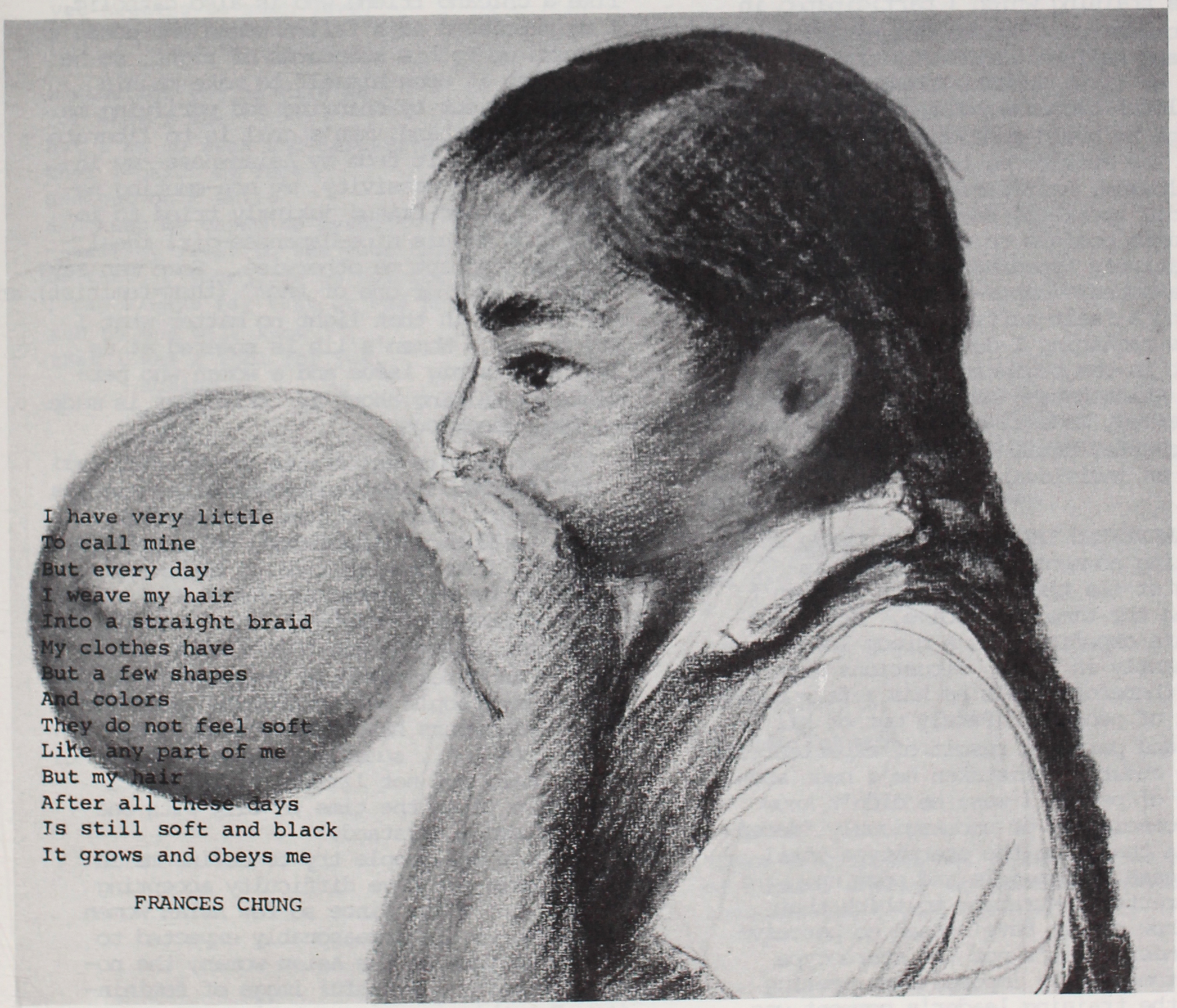
Racism and sexism are two tools society uses to divide people who are getting the short end of the deal. The people who have all the money and power are more than happy to let the rest of us fight among ourselves instead of fighting them to get the share of this country's wealth we deserve.

White capitalistic values come between Asian men and women when we really need to get together for our liberation as Asians. I think our Asian brothers are realizing more that our struggle as women and men in society cannot be separated. And I think we are all understanding more participants when they respect each other as full people and love each other as full friends who have a common cause. And we Asian women have to help our white sisters, that relationships between women and men can be more joyful and fulfilling for both too. Since we and all Third World people have been oppressed as a people, perhaps we can understand more easily than they that our real enemy is not men, but a system geared to profit,and not the needs of all the people.

And if all of us who are put down and cheated by this system unite, we will fight a struggle that is, at last, truly our struggle---for we will be fighting for a society not divided by profit, race, or sex, but a society that belongs to the people. 女

JAN MASAOKA from San Mateo attended U.C. Santa Cruz, where she was head of the Free Breakfast Program for children and a member of AAPA.

Mitsu Yashima



I have very little
To call mine
But every day
I weave my hair
Into a straight braid
My clothes have
But a few shapes
And colors
They do not feel soft
Like any part of me
But my hair
After all these days
Is still soft and black
It grows and obeys me

FRANCES CHUNG

The Half Closed Lotus Blossom

Ellen Higa

My thoughts are beginning to come together on expressing the experiences of the Asian woman at Yale. My first response was, how the hell could I submit anything and be audacious enough to call it THE Asian woman's experience? I thought of the vast amount of research that would have to be done to present any kind of "as-it-is" perpective on women at Yale. Having so many problems of my own, I didn't think I was emotionally up to it. Then it began dawning on me that an overall view wasn't probably what was expected of me and that the only honest expression would be the sharing of my experiences with the understanding that I do not pretend any kind of objectivity.

Today I thought about the way one group encounter perceived me. We played a game called "first impressions" at a 12 hour awareness training which I participated in for a community volunteer organization. One friend half-embarrassedly explained to me that he first thought of me as a half-closed lotus-blossom, being the most eastern image he could come up with at the time. Shyness was attributed to me--half closed lotus-blossom, half-closed tulip, doe. When I did speak up, people were surprised. If I didn't conform to the stereotype, I was negatively typecast as a main-line Philadelphia accent (super-snotty-affluent), as having a "self-sufficient walk, or sometimes as radiating I-don't-need you vibes. At least in the beginning, I impress people with my Asian-ness---and people thought I was reserved, modest, quiet, shy, in some cases, chaste, until I began asserting myself as an individual.

OUR AWARENESS TRAINING leader made an interesting comment which I found disquieting at the time, but which I haven't yet taken the time to resolve. After several years experience as a group leader, he is constantly in close situations with people and therefore feels he has a fair understanding of people. (Partly out of his own conceit and partly a result of experience.) He spoke about how mistaken he'd been about the kind of person I was; he didn't know if I'm consciously or unconsciously "deceptive." In that I am the stereotype until I am at ease with people and open up.

It's pretty frustrating to think that this is how people have chosen to perceive me. I wonder if it's not the stereotype being automatically imposed upon meeting me, and the training leader's comment was a confused reaction to the inapplicability of that stereotype to me. I wonder how many people see the typical Asian attributes in me whether they are there or not. I worried about coming to Yale because I was afraid of being intellectually intimidated by a swaggering male who would try to make me prove myself worthy of being here. A friend pointed out that by anticipating such I would probably find it whether it existed or not. It may be the same with the imposition of the stereotype that a closed person would see only what he wanted to see, whether it was there or not.

I don't know how to separate my treatment as an Asian woman at Yale from the fact that I am a woman here. Men conceive of me as a lady should be and aren't willing to accept my deviations. Even though I don't think of it as a deviation, to someone like a chicano friend who is also catholic, I am percieved as a fallen woman who doesn't measure up to his standards of right, so he has taken it upon himself to make me his spring project by changing and purifying me. On the other hand, man's goal is to liberate me as he sees it from my Asian-ness--my inhibitions, my passivity, my non-emoting nature. Another friend jokingly tried to impose upon me his nice-Japanese-girl ideal and won't accept me otherwise. Some men say, "hmmmmm, another one of them" (them=feminist) and see me only in that light no matter what I try to say. Women's lib is sneered at as last year's big issue and a woman who persists in talking about it this year is made to feel obnoxious.

ON PERSONAL LEVELS with the adult staff, I am more or less an oriental curiosity sweet, harmless, hardworking, reliable, efficient. I am treated kindly, almost protectingly by the cooks, as though I'm a little "cho-cho san." To my peers, I am the girl from L.A., the quiet girl with long hair. I am categorized in whatever manner particular people decide, but to those with whom barriers have been broken, I am Ellen from L.A., sometimes quiet, long black hair, but not limited to this because we've taken the time to talk with one another and understand.

I notice how people try to define me in their terms and have difficulty accepting me for what I am. Since so few Asian women are here, we are unreasonably expected to be the epitome of the Asian woman, the notion of being a faithful image of femininity. But this is an expectation many men

place upon many women here at Yale and anywhere else. Last year, a college advisor told me not to apply to Reed College. Given my background, he felt Reed was too permissive an atmosphere and probably too much for me to handle. This man, just upon meeting me, had already formed an entire opinion of the kind of person I must be. How is it that an Asian woman is differently idealized from a white woman or is she? Whether I as an Asian woman am expected more to conform to feminine ideals, I'm not sure. 女

ELLEN HIGA was a freshwoman at Yale this year, one of 250 women of 3000 students. This was excerpted from a letter addressed to a member of the staff.

Liberation

i am so much like a "woman"
-- or a freak --
trapped by my own chauvinism
trying to be strong and free
yet needing so much love.

i want for you to take me
for what i am;
but i am so weak and desperate
that i paint my face
and put on a smile
and keep my cards to myself
--waiting first to see your hand,
so that if your love is not for real
i can always say that it was nothing to me
and no one will know
that i was a fool for you,
aching
empty
fool
trying to act so secure and self-relying
and all this time not being
able to let go of me
long enough to reach out to you.

i have been called a loner,
but i do not want to be cold and lonesome;
i've just been afraid to show my
innermost feelings to anyone
--afraid of being too open
too vulnerable
too easily hurt.

so i have hidden myself
away from other people
holding on to my greatest joys,
never showing my deepest griefs.

but this time i will reveal my hand
--no cards up my sleeves--
--no paint or plastic smiles --
just painfully inadequate words
to tell you what i feel:

i scream inside me
to let the pain out,
and the love--
and jesus christ!
i have given birth to a human being
who loves you.

if you embrace me it will be joy...
if you let me go it will be agony...
but no -- i guess it won't hurt so much,
as long as you are sharing your love
with someone/everyone.
things will be really fine.
i mean
i will still be loving you
and dig it --
i am finally born! *

15 march 1971

Carole Tokeshi

*born to struggle not alone, but as part of others, moving together in revolutionary love for the good of the people.

Life In A Fellini Flick

Ann Unemoto
& Suzin Fong



We live in a political commune of 18 people, 2 transient puppies, and one goofy hound dog named Judah. Two of us are Asian women; one is an Asian man; the rest include eight white women and seven white men. We share an old fraternity house in Berkeley. It is one of those rare, wood-panelled novelties, complete with secret cupboards and a tale of suicide connected with the study. Although we share a common house, each of us has a separate bedroom. Each room is a reflection of individual personalities, but the communal rooms reflect our collectivity. We have a jumble of coats, scrambled chairs, left-over leaflets, and hand-painted personalized coffee mugs.

HOUSEKEEPING IS SHARED COMMUNALLY. Once a week we have house meetings where housekeeping is divided. Each person cooks dinner once a week in a team of two and washes dishes twice a week in groups.

House meetings are also when we work out problems within a commune; but depending on tensions, they range from intense personal discussion to frivolous times. The primary struggle of the commune involves the integration of politics and lifestyle, the concept of personal as political. Freedom as we define it comes from new ways of living together. The government may change overnight, but what ensures meaningful and creative society is the people who support and define the government. Society is changed by changing people's daily lives.

WHEN WE FIRST ENTERED our political commune, we had visions of a post-revolutionary atmosphere within the house: Everyone getting along well. Peace and love. Without struggle. The vision was of "one big happy family" without the pain of being a family.

When we first formed our commune's women's group we began to see that we had failed to anticipate many confrontations which would modify our original outlook. Men formed

their own group. Within our women's group, alot of heavy discussions went on. Although we were able to talk more openly and more personally and could define ourselves better in a group separate from men, we could still see the tensions involved in "coming together." As a result, two women who originally started out in our living situation are no longer living with us.

THE MOST IMPORTANT LESSON that we learned, however, was that constructive criticisms cannot be accepted without feelings of being loved and reinforced, that a person cannot change on a political level if she is intimidated and confronted on her views, and that allowances and understanding through encouragement, sensitivity and love will help a person to change and understand herself better. It's like a flower which needs water, sunlight, and love in order to grow but as it blooms it becomes more and more beautiful. On the other hand, being dogmatic and upfront with people without having sensitivity for them is damaging and arrogant and never encourages growth or change.

UNANTICIPATED PROBLEMS also arose in our extra-communal relationships. Since it was obvious to us that we would most naturally work with Asians, we applied the concepts we learned in the commune directly to our political situation without adjustment for cultural differences. Because our commune focused on questions of women's liberation, we planned, though unaware, to expound the same principles. But women's liberation as espoused by white women is applicable only in some respects to the Asian community.

Rushing into our political work unprepared to redefine women's liberation in an Asian community, we faced real frustration with other Asian women we met and worked with. We wanted the same tightness, criticisms and growth from people we barely knew and had only working relationships with (doing presentations and discussions in class together but never getting beyond that point.) It was a feeling of 'nobody understands,' when at the same time we failed to realize that we were insensitive t o our sisters whom we barely knew and who had never read or thought about any of the ideas of women's liberation that we were exposed to.

We had expected to fit our women's perspective unamended into our political situation, like jamming round pegs into square holes. What we were trying to do was to replicate our communal relationships. This vision led us to make no distinction between ourselves as Asians and the rest of the commune as white people. We learned that this was unworkable, for result was a tendency to define our own lives in the radical white terms which the commune used for itself.

CHANGING OUR PERSPECTIVES WAS difficult and frustrating. It's as if you have to get on a theoretical level of thinking about the ideas before you can relate them to yourself. It's a matter of time, discussing, questioning, thinking, pain and lots of crying!

Later, as we began working more and more with Asian women, we encountered new problems. Our work took us further and further away from our commune. The women's perspective we had developed earlier in our commune history was redefined by us from an Asian women's perspective. We realized that we must develop political concepts indigenous to the Asian community. Though we previously derived much encouragement and resources from the women, we felt our relâtionships with them and the commune as a whole, were weakening. Part of this stemmed from the independence we developed...We had become more actively involved in going to meetings, pot luck dinners and projects than the other people in our commune, defining our priorities as working with Asian people.

Because commune life had been the focus of political life for the others, we felt that many of the criticisms of people in the commune were never brought up with us. For example, though one of the men in the house was criticized for perpetually going to political meetings and not spending enough time with the people in the commune, we were never criticized for the same thing.

WE FELT AN UNEASY GUILT for what we felt might be related to us, thinking that they never said anything to us because they felt guilty and would never criticize Third World people. Unfortunately, though a great deal of our struggles dealt with the meaning of a bi-sexual commune, no one has ever felt obligated to clarify the nature of a bi-racial commune.

In spite of the ambivalence and frustration we often feel toward our identities in the house, perhaps this has evolved from an undefined living situation where our extra-communal activities do not include much communal involvement and not from the communal form itself. The difficulty in communicating to our fellow commune members is great. It is difficult to evaluate our communal experience which has been too subjective for us to observe objectively; yet our experience has been one of growth and development.

女

ANN and SUZIN are both from Los Angeles and have been friends since High School. Next year, Ann will be a student at U.C. Santa Cruz in Sociology. Suzin will be studying in Hong Kong.

Veronica Huang



The Maid and the Mistress

Shiu-Hwa and her husband would be coming in the afternoon. The newly married couple arrived from Taiwan a week ago and had rented a house a block away. All day through, I paced around the house, wondering what she would look like. I worried about how I should treat her - as a subordinate or an equal?

A few days ago, I received a letter from my grandmother in Taiwan about Shiu-Hwa. Shiu-Hwa was a maid in my grandmother's house, but she had left six months ago to work in a bar patronized by American G.I.'s. She married a G.I. His term of service was over, and they were happily looking forward to a peaceful and stable civilian life. I could not help wondering how an American could get along with a Taiwanese girl, who only stammered a few phrases of English.

My curiosity was satisfied, when I beheld a smiling couple at my door-steps. I was astonished to see them so beautifully matched. Shiu-Hwa's husband was six feet tall, and she was five feet six inches, abnormally tall for a Taiwanese. I invited them in. For a moment, everyone felt awkward. Shiu-Hwa dispelled the uneasiness, she began to rattle on to me in Chinese, asking me not to treat them as guests. Her greeting was so pleasant and unaffected. Her manners were so easy and childlike that I felt relaxed and surprised that a servant-girl could be so charming.

During that first meeting, we only touched on superficial subjects. Nonetheless, I was able to observe her appearance and manners. Shiu-Hwa was around twenty years old, not beautiful at all, but sweetly pleasant. Her features were, of course, Oriental and, yet, somehow possessed a puzzling Caucasian touch.

Her hands were very coarse, which I naturally expected of a former maid. Nonetheless, I could imagine by the slender shape of her hands, that those hands could have been the prize of the world, if only she had worked less and bathed them in creamy hand lotion everyday. However, to rejuvenate those hands would mean altering the entire course of her life; each callus on her palm had its bitter history so deeply implanted in her being that it could never be removed.

Shiu-Hwa's husband was totally captivated by her vivacity. Although he could not understand our conversation, his eyes followed lovingly Shiu-Hwa's every gesture. Their romance was still in its prime; they had known each other for two months and were married only two weeks ago.

He was a tall, bean-poled, baby-faced American boy. He looked like a half-plucked fowl. His hair was just reviving from the crew-cut of army life and was shooting out comically. Except for gazing at us and playing with his fingers, he was perfectly immobile. HIS NAME WAS ..... well, I always called him "Shiu-Hwa's husband."

THAT SUMMER, I visited Shiu-Hwa frequently. I was lonely and so was she. Within two months, I would leave for college; I worried about how she would pass her flavorless, housewifely days then.

The first time I visited her house, she spotted me before I knocked. As I stepped in, she excitedly took me by the hand. A flood of sunshine welcomed me: all the curtains were drawn apart, and the thoroughly polished furniture glimmered with pride. Shiu-Hwa bounced around, showing me the rooms and almost overturning the house. I was actually embarrassed by her intimacy, for this was only our second meeting. At last, we settled down on the sofa and began our conversation like civilized people.

"So Shiu-Hwa, I see you're quite happy with the house. How do you feel about the U.S.?" I began.

"Oh I love it all. You see, I've never had a house of my own. I've always lived in the servants' quarters in some rich man's house. But now, this is different. This house is sooooooo well-equipped. Look at that oven over there."

She immediately sprang towards the oven and jabbered as in an advertisement. "Everything is so clean in America," she continued, "Taiwan is so filthy - I don't

like it. The markets in Taiwan and the supermarkets in America are just incomparable..." and so she babbled on in one breath.

I could predict her every next word. I too had once cherished those feelings - but that was when my stay in the U.S. was only a month old. My views had changed since then, but I did not want to discourage Shiu-Hwa. Every little gadget in the house was a rapture to her. I pitied and yet envied her happiness, hoping that she would never awaken. The heat of the sun began to irritate me, so I tactfully hinted at my discomfort by asking Shiu-Hwa why she had drawn all the curtains apart. Wasn't she afraid of the heat? This only triggered her praise of the Californian sun:

"Oh, I like sunshine - it makes the house so bright. I don't like the sun in Taiwan. It's hot and sultry, and it makes you sticky all over, especially when you have to work in a place as crowded as a bar. But here, the sun is bright and warm. I also love to look out the window and greet my neighbors. Not that I see much of them, for these Americans are so hard-working; they're always away working. I only see them in the morning. I always yell out 'hi' to them and they smile back at me."

During the course of my visits that summer, the curtains inched closer and closer together. Shiu-Hwa's husband had found a job as a salesman, and she was always alone. I was curious about how she spent her days, but I reminded myself that it was none of my business.

The day before I left for college, I paid a farewell visit. I felt a little uneasy as I noticed that the curtains were drawn tight. An eerie feeling almost overwhelmed me when I entered the house, it seemed dark and chilly. Shiu-Hwa was wearing a faded cotton dress, similar to the attire of maids in Taiwan. She was cleaning the house which was already spotless.

Sensing my astonishment, she began to explain that the sun was bleaching the furniture. That was why she closed the curtains. There was a slight fluctuation in her voice, a little twitch of the cheek muscles, most unlike her usual candor. Shiu-Hwa suddenly flushed and stammered, "I've been wanting to tell you this, but I don't know how to begin. You see, I don't know if it's really fitting for you to visit me so often. You're actually my mistress and I'm just a maid. I've been a bargirl too.....But I'm really grateful for your concern, and tomorrow after you're gone I'll be all alone again."

Somehow, I had the presentiment that this would happen, every maid in the world shows symptoms of what psychologists call an "in-



feriority complex." I was quite ready with an answer, and I gave her a grand speech on human equality. I still blush when I recall the details of my oration. I told her that the lowness of her status had never entered my mind. Of course this was a lie, but the deception comforted her.

I was actually pleased at myself when the brightness gradually returned to Shiu-Hwa's face. Her voice recovered its normal volume, which was loud and unharnessed. Suddenly, I realized that her every move was a characteristic of her class: her unschooled manners, energetic body and servile mentality were all shaped by the lifestyle she was born into. I too, was a product of my class. Shiu-Hwa's body possessed a peculiar alacrity which I lacked. Exposure to hardships had rendered her strong and sturdy, while protection and a sedentary life spent in vegetating in a classroom eight hours a day had curbed the development of my body.

That day, Shiu-Hwa showed me a new world which had formerly been beyond my imagination: she showed me the photo album that contained records of her life. As she flipped open the album, I was able to take a glimpse at the first page. There was only one large photo, the rows of people in it indicated that it was taken on a grand occasion. The people,however, were not in the least dressed for the occasion. The gawky expressions on their faces were ludicrous; they were certainly amateurs at posing for pictures. Of course, I was polite enough to hide my sentiments, and casually asked Shiu-Hwa who those people were. She hastened to say, "Oh, merely the people in my village - just country bumpkins," and quickly dismissed them.

Another picture was of a thirteen-year-old girl. She possessed Shiu-Hwa's animation, but her external features were quite different. The girl had single eye-lids and a flat, squat nose, while Shiu-Hwa's eyelids were doubled and her nose more becoming. She exclaimed, "That's me!"

"See this and this?" Shiu-Hwa pointed to her eye-lids and then her nose. "These are all false. I had plastic surgery before I went to the G.I. bar. They don't hire girls that aren't beautiful, you know. I had to improve these ugly, Oriental features of mine."

Shiu-Hwa introduced to me her friends in the album. All of them shared her fate: they were bar-girls who had once been maids. A few lucky ones were now married to Americans. They were extremely Westernized and fashionably dressed. I wondered how these coarse, unsophisticated servant-girls transformed themselves into such bewitching creatures.

I HAD ALWAYS THOUGHT A MAID'S LIFE was not bad at all. They were usually provided with food and shelter in some rich man's house. So, I wanted to ask Shiu-Hwa why decent maids were willing to debase themselves in a G.I. bar, and pander to American men. My gentility prevented me from voicing these blunt questions, but Shiu-Hwa answered them anyway.

She showed me a photo of herself working in a sexy uniform, with a cute little cap on her head. Serving some G.I.'s with drinks, the bland smile on her face and the slight slant of the eyes were incongruous with her natural self. I could no longer contain my curiosity, and so I asked innocently,

"How did you like working in the bar?"
"I don't like it." Shiu-Hwa's answer was prompt. "The people were ... Oh ... I just don't like it."

Shiu-Hwa had a way of expressing her loathing for something in these simple words, "I don't like it." Her vocabulary was and she was inarticulate, and yet her emphatic "I don't like it" was effective in its own way. The words seethed through her teeth, hissing with anger.

"My parents wouldn't let me work in the bar at first, but what else could I do? I've been a maid since I was fourteen. The only way I could get out of that rat-hole was to leave the country. In Taiwan there is really no way out - once a maid, forever a maid. And so, I wanted to meet American men, because people said that America is a Land of Gold. Besides that, American men are tall and handsome, much better looking than the boys at home. My cousin was working at a bar, and she got me into it."

Shiu-Hwa also told me her experiences as a maid. For the first time, I realized the silent bleeding in the heart of a servant-girl. I thought of the way I treated my maid in Taiwan. I was thirteen then, and a tyrant to our eighteen-year-old maid. I wanted to compensate the injustice all mistresses had inflicted on their maids, but I could only do a little penance by making a silent vow: Shiu-Hwa, I promise you, I shall regard you as a friend. I shall help you with every obstacle; I shall be besides you when you are lonely.....but then, I had to leave the day after.

As we closed the photo album, a cloud of homesickness lingered on Shiu-Hwa's face.

"But, don't you like it here in America?" I asked.

"Well, yes...and no. I like the house, the streets and supermarkets, but I don't have any friends here. You see, I'm used to work-

ing and always moving about. That's why I can't stand this life. There's nothing to do and nobody to talk to!"

Never had I seen Shiu-Hwa so irritated. A wave of wickedness prompted me to pursue relentlessly, "What about your husband? How does he treat you?"

"Oh, he's nice," and a smile returned to her face. "But he's always away working or studying in school. I seldom see him except at night. He used to teach me English, but now, he's so busy he doesn't have time for me anymore."

What words of comfort could I give her? - That I was as miserable as she was? Would it console her that for once, Shiu-Hwa and I, the maid and the mistress, were on an equal footing? In the old country, I was the privileged class, but here in the U.S., I was as deprived as she was. In the eyes of Americans, we all looked the same.

The next day, I left for college. Although Shiu-Hwa and I had exchanged only one letter, our friendship remained intact. Shiu-Hwa had received a minimum education, and writing a letter was a tedious task for her. I almost crumpled with laughter when I read her letter, it was full of floundering errors.

When I went home for Christmas, Shiu-Hwa and her husband were away on vacation. I did not see her until after the New Year. I found her almost the same, except for the addition of several pounds. She seemed refreshed from the trip and was about to start anew. She simmered with enthusiasm as she laid out her plans for redecorating the house. We did not probe into each other's lives; but a glimmer of mutual understanding emanated from our eyes.

Half a year passed by, I returned home again with a head loaded with knowledge and after several days, I finally decided to visit Shiu-Hwa.

As I reached her front yard, I was relieved to see that the curtains were drawn tight. I was longing to feel the cool shade of the house. As I stood on the doorsteps, a heart empty with loneliness. It was a bad summer that year. The weather was unusually humid, and the sun was scorching. It made me "sticky," as Shiu-Hwa described it. The weather pressured me into immobility and I recalled the eerie sensation that tingled my nerves a year ago at the very same place. The house appeared the same, but the unusual silence that pervaded the scene dilated my sweat glands. Maybe Shiu-Hwa is taking a nap - I comforted myself.

I rang the bell once, twice, thrice, but nobody answered. I pricked my ears to catch the shuffle of Shiu-Hwa's feet. For a few minutes, I stood motionless, trying to account for her absence. She could have been out shopping, there's no need for such a commotion - I tried to calm myself. Suddenly, the shrill voice of the little old lady next door pierced through my ears:



"Are you looking for that Chinese girl?"

"Yes, do you know where she is?"

"She doesn't live there anymore. Come here and I'll tell you something, but don't tell anybody else. You see, one night, about a week ago, I heard that Chinese girl screaming all over the place. I could see her from the window, see there? Well, I saw her go crazy, throwing and breaking everything. It was a real mess, I tell you, a real mess. Her husband probably phoned the police or the asylum, and the people came and dragged her away. I don't know what happened to her. Some people say she was too lonely. Poor girl, shut up in the house the whole day through. She doesn't doesn't speak English either."

I could only vaguely hear the last part of her babble, for I too was inwardly reeking with madness.

女

VERONICA HUANG, a junior at U.C. Berkeley, immigrated from Hong Kong three years ago. She wrote two short stories in this section, the first,"Backstage," first appeared in the Daily Californian.

Your Children Are Not Your Children

Mu Lian

THIS IS A STORY about a woman, a sad one for the most part. From my experiences with her, she very rarely speaks about her life. Only in times of stress when she is in conflict with her children or her husband has she revealed her past to me. She cries as she talks. I find that I have pity, sympathy, and admiration for her.

She was orphaned at the age of four. She remembers very little about her father having only seen him twice. He worked in Singapore, but his wife and family lived in China so he would return home occasionally. She remembers him as very strict and being afraid of him.

Her mother she remembers as warm and gentle, but during the Japanese war her mother was killed. She feels this is the greatest loss in her life. She was four years old, without a mother or father in a country at war.

An older cousin of hers was leaving for Hong Kong. Her cousin consented to take her seven-year-old brother but refused to take her because she was so young and could not walk the journey. So she was left behind in the care of her grandmother who passed away two years afterwards. She then went to live with an uncle who treated her as a field laborer. This is all that I know of this period for she will not talk about it. I think it is too painful for her to recall.

When she was seventeen, she was married (by her uncle I assume) to a man whom she had never met before in 1948 when there was a great surge of Asian G.I.'s in China looking for wives. She says that she did not understand anything that was happening. I wonder what terror she must have felt. She went with him to America and eventually bore and raised six children, 2 girls and 4 boys. Materially they live a comfortable life though by no means rich.

AFTER LIVING IN AMERICA for 23 years, this woman is now 41 years old though she looks much older and has exceptionally high blood pressure from hypertension for a woman her age. She is mildly plump 5'1" and 120 pounds. She is a traditional woman who has made an adjustment to living in America but essentially remains Chinese.

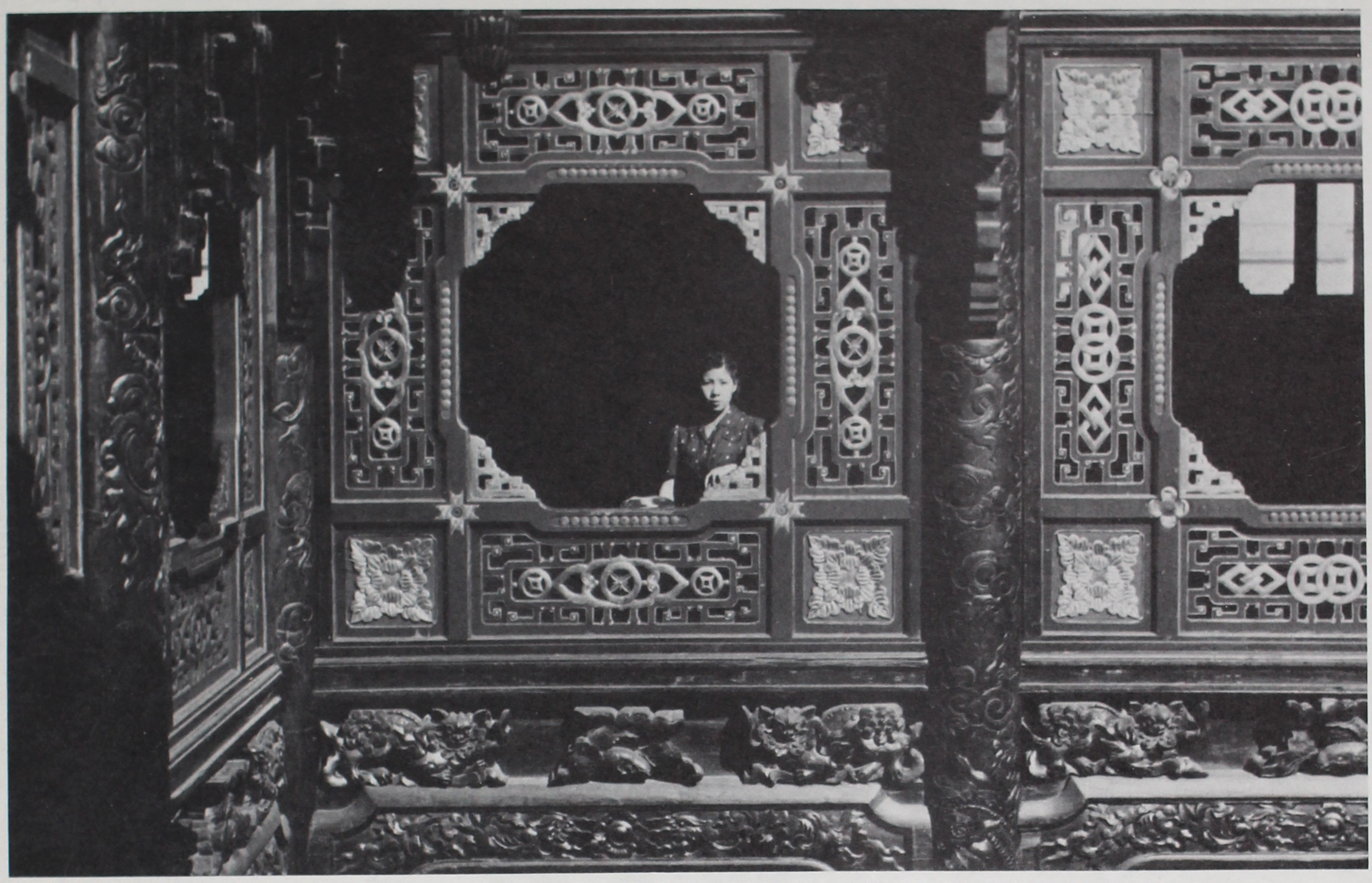
An intelligent woman with a practical sense of living, since coming to America, she has mastered the English language, cooking American food, sewing, crocheting and knitting. She still speaks Chinese, follows Chinese holidays and customs strictly and believes in raising her children in the Chinese way of discipline and obedience. She constantly amazed me with all the recipes that she knew by heart and her recall of things that people mentioned like foods they liked or some sweater she had made that they admired. She always pleases and surprises people with her thoughtfulness. Whenever she makes pickled or dried vegetables, dried Chinese sausage and meats, or Chinese pastries, it is always in pounds and bushels more than enough to feed her family and all her friends besides. She is always looking for ways to save money, yet is generous at heart.

She has never been able to totally understand her children. She worries about their health, clothing, and moral character. She shows her love in remembering them when she cooks and buys things, by brewing Chinese medicines when they are ill. She says, "I'm glad that I live in America not for myself but for my children. In China I would have been lucky if half of them lived."

THE ONE THING she demands for herself from them is that they obey her ideals about moral character. She does not like long hair on her sons and going out at night alot (and once a week is too much). Her children disagree with her, but it is hard to fight her feelings. The more they fight, the higher her blood pressure goes. Her children's solution is to do things without her knowing or to catch her in a good mood.

But she is not a tyrant mother who runs their lives but demands they have good character and morals in what ever they choose to do with their lives. She teaches them to be responsible for themselves and for each other. I remember her saying to her children more than once--"you should know what to do without being told." All of her children learn to help in the home. It does not matter whether girls mow lawns or boys vacuum. She instilled enough of herself in her children that though she does not control their lives, her children can anticipate her feelings. So it is hard to say how much she controls her children unconsciously or indirectly.

HER ONE FAILURE as a mother is that her children never go to her with their problems. She is not a sympathetic friend or pal. Because of her past and her belief in being a moral example, she cannot do otherwise.



Most of all, I see her as a strong-willed woman with an air of sadness. She feels unfulfilled as an individual. She said to me, "I have always been alone. No one cares about me except my mother." Her husband, I am afraid, she never loved. She showers her love on her children but doubts whether her children really love her in return.

She is intelligent in a practical way and so full of energy. In a different time, I think she could be much more than she is today. Her past has been hard on her, but it is not unlike those of her friends and of other first generation Chinese women. I love her. She is special to me, and she is my mother.

As her oldest and being her daughter, I am the closest person on this earth to her. I am her confidant, she is not mine. I feel the loneiness of her life, and this hurts me in many ways, that I know her sadness and that I cannot be with her. She has given me so much of herself. She means to me all those things which are beautifully, traditionally Chinese. From her most of all, I derive my Chinese heritage.

I try to bridge the gap which America has brought between us. I know she understands American life, but she is very alienated from the effects America has on her children.

I know she cannot understand this, but I want to say to her...

Your children are not your children.

They are the sons and daughters of
Life's longing for itself.

They come through you but not from you,

And though they are with you, yet they
belong not to you.

You may give then your love but not
your thoughts.

For they have their own thoughts.

You may house their bodies but not
their souls,

For their souls dwell in the house of
tomorrow, which you cannot visit,
not even in your dreams.

You may strive to be like them, but
seek not to make them like you.
For life goes not backward nor tarries
with yesterday.

...Kahlil Gibran

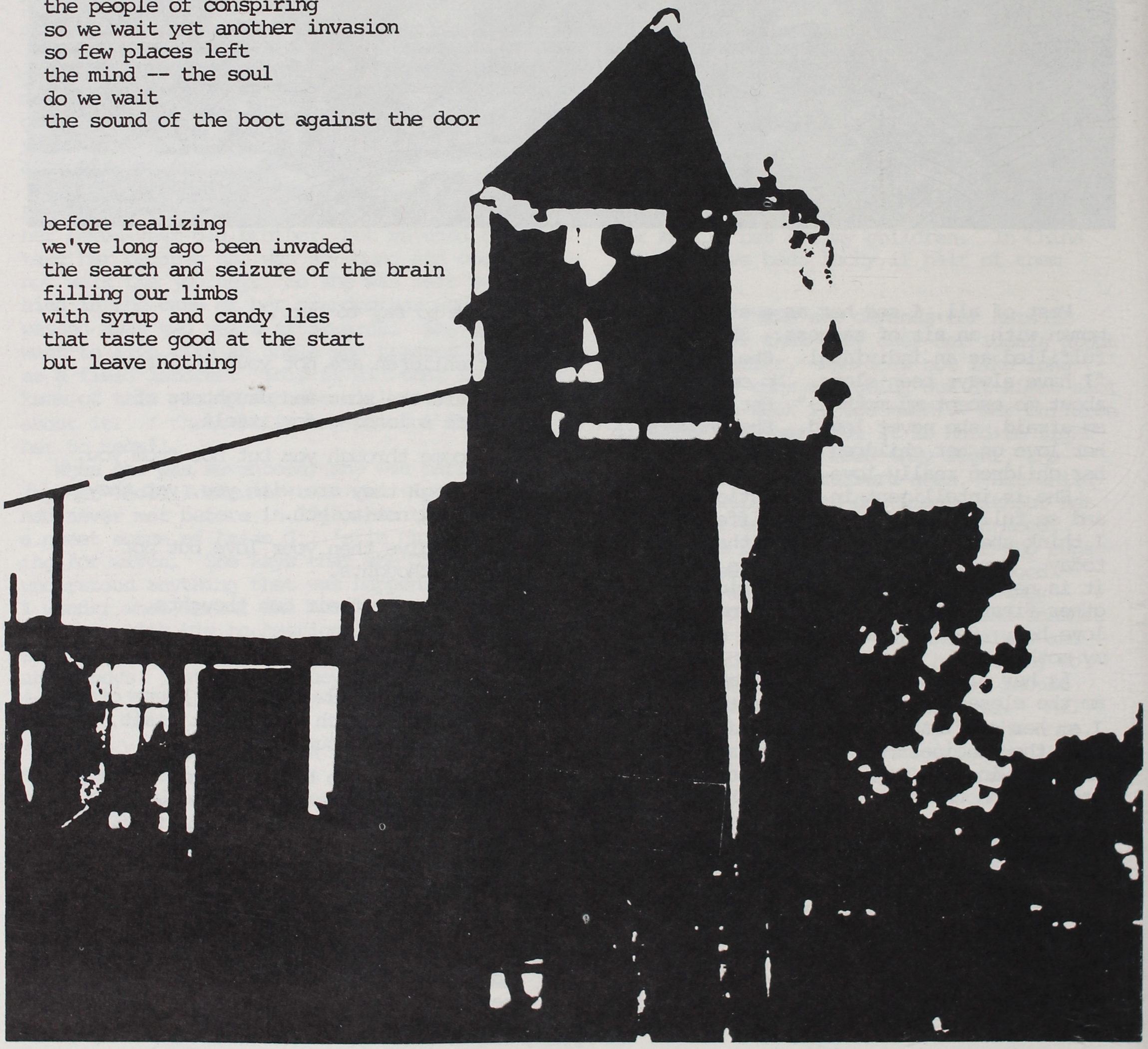
女

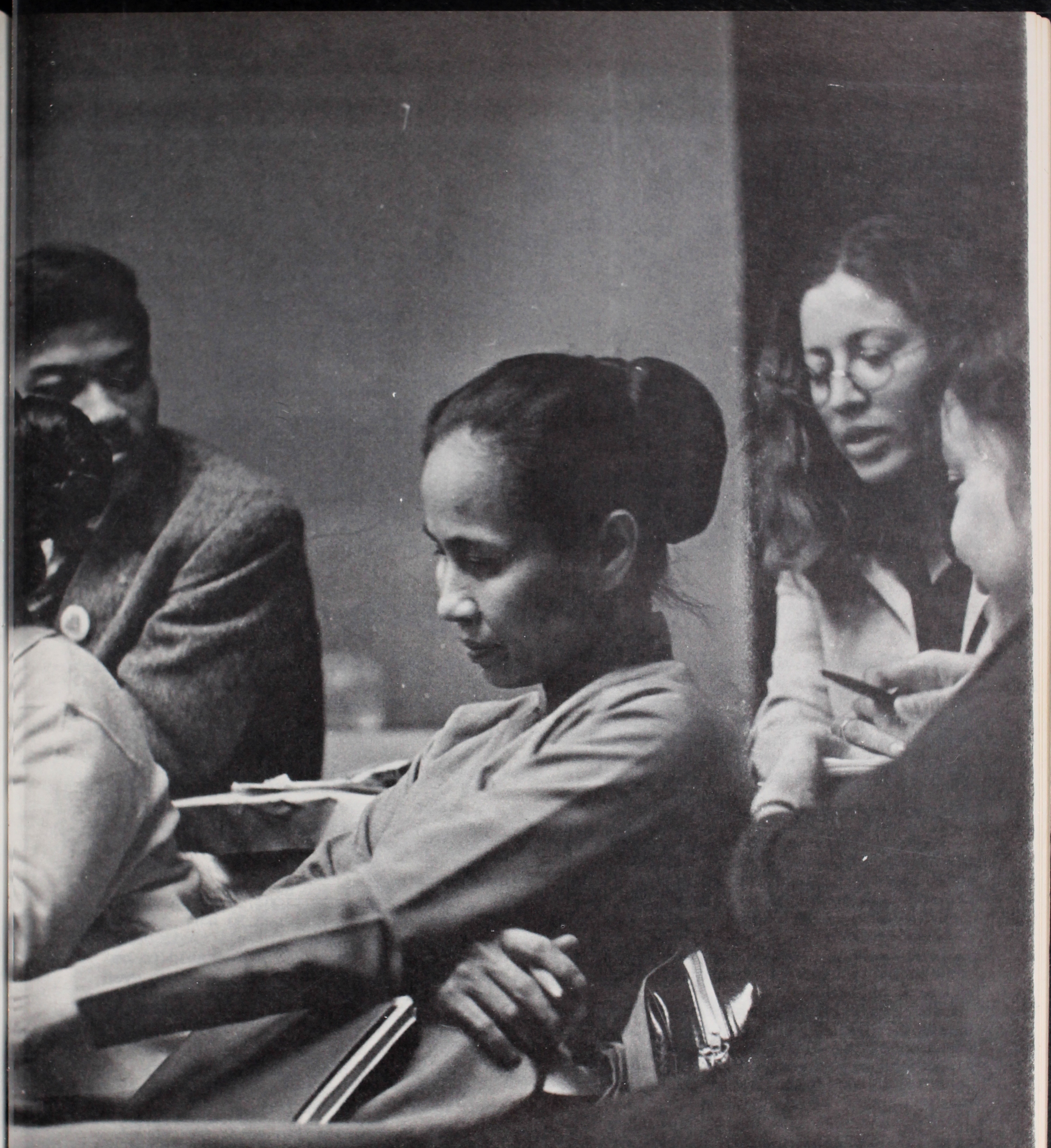
MU LIAN said in writing this article, she hoped parents and their children would begin to realize each other as human beings with their histories intertwined.

so our living rooms are invaded
with news of moon
while massacre awaits on earth
second on the bill
Commander Sheppard
swings a pretending club
and the game of golf
invades the moon
and we sit the prisoners of our room
remembering too well
but not enough
the last invasion of
Jackson and Kent
many lives ago and more between
a nightmare ago and more tomorrow
the people spoke
and the guilty answered
with bullets and indictments
the conspirators accuse
the people of conspiring
so we wait yet another invasion
so few places left
the mind -- the soul
do we wait
the sound of the boot against the door

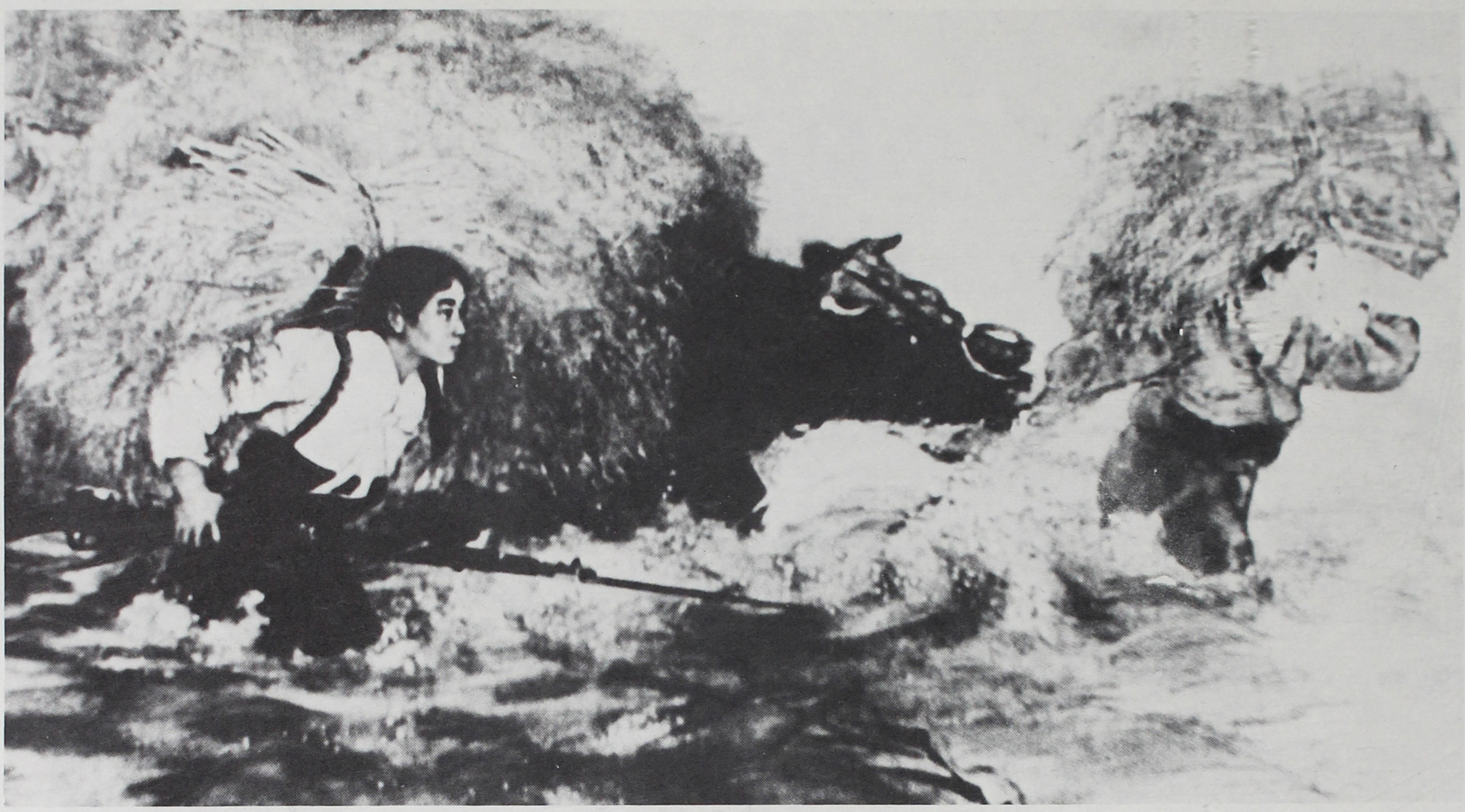
before realizing
we've long ago been invaded
the search and seizure of the brain
filling our limbs
with syrup and candy lies
that taste good at the start
but leave nothing
for the heart to grow on
that weighs us down with golden chains
and has us smiling as we slave
the invasion has been successful
we are pacified, mystified and crucified
and we still wait
the invasion has been successful
the invasion has been complete

Joanne Miyamoto





Third World Woman



Chairwoman of Chongsan-ri

Anonymous

Kim Il Sung has visited our farm over 55 times. As a result our farm has turned into a socialist village. We have universal mechanization, and our workers work eight hours a day just as in industry...How did I, a Korean woman, become the manager of a large cooperative farm?

JAPANESE IMPERIALISM

Under the rule of the Japanese imperialists, all Korean working and peasant women led miserable lives, suffering double and triple exploition. In my own case, from the time of my grandfather, our family had been employed by a big loss who ran a fishing factory. My grandfather worked hard to catch fish for starvation wages and died at sea.

The same thing happened to my father. In search of a new life, our family became servants of the landlord. I looked after his children. He beat us severely whenever we tried to get food. Although there was plenty of rice in the kitchen, it was never given to us. The rice was given to the pigs and dogs instead of us servants. There is a common old Korean saying that a servant is worse off that the dog of a rich family.

Before liberation even though we women wanted so badly to learn, we could not afford to. There were private schools at the county seat, but we had no money for education. When we tried to read in the school yard, the children of the landlord would come out and beat us.

Poor Korean women had no opportunity to learn. Some of the poor people tried to gather together and start a night school, but the imperialists and landlords broke it up under the pretext that we were up to no good. They threatened that if we ever tried to meet again, they would have us sent off to the puppet army or another place to work.

Under these conditions, even parents who wanted their children to have a decent education were forced to sell their daughters. At the age of fourteen, I was sold to be married at the price of 90 won. But even though I married, life was the same because I had been married into another poor family.

LIBERATION

But all our past life has become a legend; Kim Il Sung began the armed struggle and freed the Korean people. We became the masters of the country. The land of the landlords and Japanese imperialists was confiscated and distributed to the peasants free of charge. Thus, the centuries old dream of the peasants came true.

Introducing the right of sex equality for the first time in our history, Comrade Kim Il Sung worked hard and paid deep attention to the education of illiterate ones

who had been deprived of education in the past. From the first days of liberation adult schools were established in the villages. Comrade Kim Il Sung said that women must learn in order to achieve equal rights.

So I began to learn the Korean alphabet, it was difficult for me to learn as there were ten people in the family,and I worked during the day. During the evening in the heated kitchen,I would study the characters one by one with the help of my husband who worked on the local People's Committee. I graduated from primary school, then adult middle school, then the Party school, then the Peoples's Economic College where cadres are brought up.

Today as the chairman of a big cooperative farm,I strive to carry out the instructions of Comrade Kim Il Sung, who introduced equal rights for women in all political and social activities. At the 5th Party Congress,he introduced the new line to liberate women from kitchen and household affairs.

IN CHONSAN-RI ALL HOUSEHOLDS have running water and a television,and each work team has one laundry house. In addition,there are nurseries and kindergartens enabling women to work without worries. The entire Korean women only think of how to pay back the warm care given to us by our leaders and how to devote our whole lives to the revolution and the new generations.

In conclusion,I would like to say that we,Korean women,are leading a happy life, but we know that the women of South Korea and much of the rest of the world are not. In order to achieve the emancipation of all women, we will actively support the struggle of the South Korean women and the women of the world. Please tell your people about our struggle. Tell them not to send their sons and brothers to fight against our people.

The author of this interview recently returned from North Korea and wishes to remain anonymous.

Women's Guerrilla Song

Women comrades, do you remember the bitterness
of not being able to bloom the red flower of youth
under the capitalist society which deprived us of our rights?

We desire no longer the life of tears shed in secret,
of creases on the beautifuly face of youth,
of bodies maimed through beating.

Even in our dreams we hate the prisoner's life
in the inner chambers of the house,
hoping against hope that the slavery would end.
The persecution by in-laws was so severe.

Father, Mother, my Brother...
Please do not sell me to pay for the debt to the landlord.
Please instead snuff out my life.

Rise up women, our comrades.
Pick up the gun to overthrow the bourgeois system
to gain our equal rights.

Cast off the yoke of forced marriages.
Break out boldly from restrictions.
Let us all together claim our equal rights.

(Composed by the Korean women guerrillas during the anti-Japanese armed struggle)

GI's and Racism

Evelyn Yoshimura

GIs are sent to Vietnam by the U.S. government and its Military armed with martial training, sophisticated weapons and a view of Asian people as sub-human beings. A vast number of Asian American GIs have unpleasant memories of being called gook, charlie, Jap, Chink, Ho Chi Minh by superior officers and fellow GIs in their basic training. And the phrase Asians have no value for human life has been used too often to detract from the horror of rumored and proven atrocities against Vietnamese civilians.

Because of the lack of self-motivation and justification on the part of the GIs to fight against the Vietnamese people, it is necessary for the U.S. Military to psychologically break down GIs so they can instill the values and mentality that is necessary to become effective killers. One method employed by the Military towards this end is the use of women, or more correctly, the sexual symbol of women, which proves very effective because of the long and complete separation from women that GIs experience, especially in basic training. This use of women to oppress GI's manifests itself in the way GI's relate to women they come in contact with after boot camp. Because of World War II, the Korean War and now, the Vietnam War, these women are often Asian women. An Asian American brother recalls his experiences in boot-camp:

"In Marine Corps boot-camp, the military goes through a psychological and physical breakdown trip of the men so they (the Military) can instill their values. And a heavy part of that trip is the mentioning of women in certain sexual contexts.

"We had these classes we had to go to taught by the drill instructors, and every instructor would tell a joke before he began class. It would always be a dirty joke usually having to do with prostitutes they had seen in Japan or in other parts of Asia while they were stationed overseas. **The attitude of the Asian woman being a doll a useful toy or something to play with usually came out in these jokes and how they were not quite as human as white women. For instance, a real common example was how the instructor would talk about how**



Asian women's vaginas weren't like a white woman's, but rather they were slanted, like their eyes. Some guys really believed this shit, too. Like when you get overseas afterwards, you kind of trip on the jokes you heard and look for things you remember from the jokes."

By using Asian women in this manner, the military gains in two ways. First, they use Asian women as a symbolic sexual object. The Military knows that the GIs aren't able to seek sexual satisfaction during basic training and a large part of their combat time, so they use this knowledge to keep the men down. They continually remind them of their desire by talking about women all the time, yet they keep the gratification of this desire from their reach.

The second way the Military gains from using the symbol of Asian women is by the racism against Asians that it encourages and perpetrates. The image of a people with slanted eyes and slanted vaginas enhances the feeling that Asians are other than human and ,therefore,much easier to kill.

Another dimension in the use of Asian women as sexual objects is the view that Asian women are less than human. This helps perpetuate another myth -- that of the white woman "back Home" being placed on a

pedestal. (This is not to say that the woman's position is to be envied. Her position on that pedestal is also an oppressive situation.)

"I remember these Red Cross broads-they were called Don-nut Dollies because they'd sell donuts and coffee. Anyway, on the side they would hustle the guys on the base. The average price for a Vietnamese prostitute was about $10, but these Red Cross broads, because they were White, could get $65. Most of them didn't even look that good, and some of them were kind of old, but the men were really hungry for round-eyed chicks. Oh yeah, and $65 was how much you got a month for combat pay. So you risk getting killed for a month to get that $65, and a lot of guys blew it in one shot just to lay a round-eyed chick."

An example of this can be seen in the words of another Asian American brother's experiences with the Military when he tried to marry a Vietnamese girl:

"I wanted to get married when I was in Vietnam, but they (the Military) wouldn't let me. I didn't push it because of the static and all the feedback I got from the beginning. You see, you have to go through the chain-of-command to get married, even in Vietnam because I was in the rear at the time. That's when I met this Vietnamese girl. First, I went to my Section Chief,and he said, 'Man, you don't want to marry one of these 'gooks' over here. They're not civilized and if you take her back home with you, people won't be able to handle her cause she's not civilized.' And so I said,"Well, that's my problem.'

"So then I went to the Gunnery Sergeant and he lectured me for like all day, and he told me to come back again. Then I got to the First Sergeant,and he did the same thing. Finally, I got to the CO (Commanding Officer),and he ran down all the bureaucratic stuff that I'd have to go through before I could even get the consent to get married.

"Man, they'd say stuff like, 'She's not an American so she wouldn't be able to handle it in the States; and you wouldn't be able to trust her once you got back to the States.' They said, 'Okay. You think you want to marry her now, but that's because there are no round-eyed chicks around. They said that to me. They'd always talk about 'round-eyed' chicks-you know, Caucasian chicks. They'd say, 'And once you get back, you'll see all those blondes and stuff, and you'll look at your wife,and she'll be this old farmer chick-this gook-and you'll want to get rid of her. You'll be embarrassed when you get back because she's Vietnamese.' "

To most non-Asians in the U.S., there is little if any difference between Asian Americans and Asians in America. We,Asian Americans,are either lumped with Asians, and therefore considered 'foreigners', or we are invisible. The brother who wanted to marry the Vietnamese girl experienced both. On one hand, the Military, completely insensitive of the fact that he too was an Asian, talked about the 'round-eyed' chicks, waiting back home. This same brother, upon entering basic training was called a gook and was made to stand in front of his platoon as an example of "what the enemy (the Vietnamese) looked like." Asian Americans are also victims of the stereotypes put on Asian people. Therefore, Asian American women are susceptible to the stereotypes that GI's have of women in Asia.

An example of this is shown in the following story of still another Asian American brother in basic training:

"Before everybody crashes, the drill instructor comes through and checks to see that all foot-lockers are locked and that you have your wallet. So you stand up on top of your locker in your drawers and teeshirt,and he comes around,and he comes around and he yells at everybody and he'll punch a few people; and he always picks somebody and he'll take their wallet and he'll look at their pictures. I had some pictures of these Asian girls I went to high school with. He made some derogatory comments like, 'This looks like this whore I knew back over there (Japan)." Then he took three or four pictures out of my wallet and he kept them. I couldn't do nothing about it. I don't know what he did with them. I think he believed they were the best looking out of all of them. And I didn't see them after that. That's when he saw the picture of my sister.

"After lights were out and everyone was supposed to be sleeping, he would come into our barracks, and he would bring a chair next to my bunk and act like he was my friend. Then he started rapping about when he was overseas in Japan and how he had this prostitute for quite a while. He said her last name was the same as mine. Then he said, 'What was your sister's name?' He knew I had an older sister, and he had seen the picture of her, and I guess he flashed back on his experiences. Then he started harassing me by saying my sister looked like his prostitute. He said,'What'd you say her name was?' And I'd tell him and he asked, did she have a Japanese name,

so I'd tell him her Japanese name, and he'd say, 'Yeah, that's her. That's the prosti--tute I had.'"

As long as there are U.S. troops in Asia, as long as the U.S. government and the Military wage wars of aggression against Asian people, racism against Asians will serve the interest of this country. And that racism will be perpetrated. We, as Asian Americans, cannot divorce ourselves from this reality, and we,as Asian American women, cannot separate ourselves from our Asian counterparts. Racism against them is too often racism against us. The stereotypes fit us too easily. The mentality that keeps Suzy Wong, Madame Butterfly and gookism alive turns human beings into racist murdering soldiers and also keeps Asian Americans from being able to live and feel like human beings.

We must destroy the stereotypes of Asian women and of Asian people as a whole so we can define ourselves and be free to realize our full potential.

Suzy Wong, Madam Butterfly and gookism must die, along with the Monster who created them -- whose tentacles hungrily such riches out of Asian, and pride and dignity out of Asian Americans.

女

EVELYN YOSHIMURA is a member of the Gidra staff in Los Angeles. This article was taken from the Women's Issue published in January.

Letter to an American Girlfriend

If you and your brother John come to my house
You are certainly welcome.

My brother That, extending his arms as strong as those of a boxer
Will embrace Mr. John.

Greetings to your house with its green wide gardens,
Greetings to your grey haired mother
Reaping the vine in the morning
And teaching your nephews in the evening...

Friend, why have you not visited us here?
Perhaps because of the great distances.
That has left our home more than a year now
He has gone to fight the U.S. aggressors
At the front...

In my behalf kiss dear John
Kiss his truncheon-furrowed forehead
Kiss his hand weighed down by
Carrying of coffins.

Kiss his eyes shining with singing sounds
Kiss him for my brother That, too.

The earth is round
My friend, the earth is round.
Will the day come when we can meet
In spite of time?

The hour has become grey
Brother That will wrestle again
With your John
Around us will stand our children
And we will burst into laughter ,
Filled with tears.

A Vietnamese Sister

Indochinese Women's Conference:



It is most difficult to explain to Americans, who have been told for decades that the Indochinese are their enemies, that these people do not hate the American people. When over 150 Third World women from North America met with six women from Indochina this April in Vancouver, they greeted us as their sisters with love and unbelievable humanity. Again and again they asked us to understand that they attempt to make a clear differentiation between the American government and ourselves.

SIGNIFICANTLY, RACISM WAS absent from their perspectives on Americans. At one point when several American children with wide blue eyes and blond curls ran up to them, they reached out and sat them on their laps

Asian delegates from Berkeley

Drawing by Cynthia Fukagai

where they quietly stayed until the end of the program. We could not help but compare their attitudes with the "gookism" and "niggerism" which pervades America.

Often there was a tendency for us to place them on a pedestal because of their revolution courage, spirit and warmth. An important part of meeting the Indochinese, however, is that not only are they people and not "gooks" or "the enemy" but they also reminded us that they were not too different from ourselves as women. We need not have false feelings of inadequacy.

The Beginning

The technical orgin of Arpil's Indochinese Women's Conference began when representatives of Women's Strike for Peace visited Hanoi in the winter of 1969-70. The real orgin began with the first U.S. intervention into Vietnam over two decades ago. And the spiritual beginnings have developed from the increasing awareness of both the Americans and the Vietnamese that the people of our nations are not enemies.

As planning for the conference began the Indochinese, who watched the movement in America with great interest, expressed special wishes to meet Third World and Women's Liberation representatives. It was decided that women from the western part of North America would meet in Vancouver, and that the sisters in the East would meet in Toronto.

Third World women in the Bay Area began to meet in early January to discuss our participation. Each meeting more sisters joined us and we grew into a larger and larger force. For many of us, it was the first time that we were able to work with our Third World sisters on a concrete project. We met each week with great optimism and felt the powerful potential of our sisterhood in uniting local Third World movements.

THERE WERE THE USUAL HASSLES in developing trust and coordinating different working styles, we often got so involved in the functional aspects of organizing the conference that we did not spend enough time and energy in building common understandings with political education and struggle on the concepts of Third World, of imperialism and of feminism. This weakness later confronted us, but at the time the joyful energy and happiness in discovering each other carried us on.

Gradually, we began to realize the importance of the conference in terms of the American movement. It was of foremost significance that it gave recognition to the power of American women, to the importance of the women's liberation movement, and to the struggle of Third World sisters. It would be one of the most significant meetings of women in recent times. It had great potential for developing unity with the women's movements and for uniting the international struggle for liberation to domestic American struggles.

At several points the racism and paternalism towards Canadian and American Third World sisters made us seriously reconsider our participation, but attempting to keep goals in mind we independently mobilized the money to send three buses to Vancouver. Unresolved were the problems of: racism, an unclear understanding of the women's and gay liberation movements, and an undefined Third World Unity.

In Vancouver

Being with the Indochinese women was a warm and beautiful feeling. It seems uncanny that these brave and gentle women are the same ones who engage in armed struggle with their major enemy--United States imperialism. These women are outstanding in our estimation and they symbolized for us the courageousness of the people in Indochina.

The Indochinese women delegates included Vo Thi The, professor of literature at the University of Hanoi; Nguyen Thi Xiem, the Vice-President of the Women's Union (also a doctor) from the Democratic Republic of Vietnam; Phan Ninh Hien, a teacher, and Dinh Thi Huong, a housewife (an ex-political prisoner) from the Women's Union for the Liberation of South Vietnam; Khampheng Boupha, an elementary school teacher, and Khemphot Pholsena, also an elementary teacher, from Laos.

The women related their experiences with us. Dinh Thi Huong was a political prisoner for 6 years, imprisoned by the South Vietnamese regime for suspected aiding of the National Liberation Front. (See her statement.) She was not involved in the liberation struggle before her imprisonment. Jail became a training school since it made her more aware of the corrupt nature of the Saigon government. After her release she became an active cadre member of the Women's Union for the Liberation of South Vietnam. One of the reasons why she joined the struggle was that she realized her individual experience was not atypical. Also she understood the need and potential for working collectively with others to affect changes. Viewing one's struggle as part of a whole movement was an important factor in making her a politically active member. This unification of people was a response to the common repression and similar goals that they shared.

Nguyen Thi Xiem, a gynecologist, shared some of her experiences with us. She said that the usage of herbicides, pesticides, and defoliants were causing a rise in the number of miscarriages and of deformed babies. She treated many victims of indiscriminate bombings.

The bombings have made the land infertile, destroyed the resources and needlessly killed many women, children, and men. Civilians are the main victims of the bombs. At times, she points out the killing of civilians is intentional because anti-personnel bombs had been specifically developed to maim and kill human beings.

The Indochinese women fight alongside their men in their struggle. Their political and military movements reach out to women in all strata of society. Women have become an active force in the fight for liberation. We can learn much from their example.



We asked them how they maintained their spirit:

They said, "Let me answer it this way. In 1945, 2 million of my people died of hunger under French-Japanese regime. They took away our rice and threw it in the river. In the past 60 years alone approximately 1 million of my people were killed. There are 50,000 people in jail. There are 200,000 orphans. The American oppressors have brought destruction and grief to my people. We have no other choice than to fight for freedom."

A Common Third World Struggle

On a different level the significance of the conference was the sharing of Third World experiences in America with the Indochinese and with ourselves. Third World delegates from several states represented community organizations and university groups, e.g. Los Siete, Soledad Brothers Legal Defense, Asian Community Center, University of California, Berkeley and Los Angeles, San Francisco State College, Mills, and Native American groups.

As Third World people, we share similar struggles in fighting racist conditions and attitudes in our communities and our everyday lives. Our people - Blacks, Chicanos, Asians, Native Americans, and Native Hawaiians - have had our land ripped off by the whites, our women raped, our homes plundered, and our men drafted to further this country's imperialist ventures into Third World countries.

*Intertwining elements of racism and economics have made Blacks an available supply of domestic and unskilled labor. The problems of health, the welfare system, and drugs permeate the Black community.

*Our Chicano sisters talked about the theft of the Southwest. Chicano farmworkers who are poisoned by pesticides also have inadequate housing and unsanitary facilities and must struggle to earn subsistence.

*Asian men who came to California for the Gold Rush found themselves receiving the brunt of white miners' hatred of foreigners. Asian women today work for large garment concerns for less than minimum wages.

*The Native Americans face the institutionalized poverty of reservation life. The Alcatraz take-over was a symbolic gesture: to protest a government tradition of stealing from the Native Americans.

*The Native Hawaiian sisters told of a struggle to make a living by serving the interests of white tourists as maids and busboys, taxi drivers, motel workers, and domestics. These Hawaiians have to live in delapidated public housing units, while valuable property has fallen into the hands of money-hungry realtors for tourist resorts.

*Also our Canadian Black and Indian sisters related their experiences. Their histories were very similar to ours in the United States.

IN VANCOUVER, WE WERE REMINDED that racism is not confined to the United States. Throughout our stay there, the Third World candidates were followed whenever we travelled in our chartered buses. One night when we visited Chinatown, the delegates were harassed by Canadian police for charges such as jaywalking.

Aftermath

The conference is over. The impact has left many people feeling inspired yet helpless, angered and confused. We felt something more should be done beyond the conference. So, Bay Area women made plans to meet and evaluate the conference, hoping to continue working together.

The first reunion was like seeing old friends, we anticipated grand plans: a unit-

ed Third World coalition, a joint Third World project, more political education, and workgroups. But a conflict of priorities arose. Many women are already involved in some form of political activity full-time and have little time for a new project, others had no previous commitment. We realized that it would be impossible to work as a whole unit, so we decided to break down into committees for specific actions according to interest and energy.

Projects centered around our experiences from the conference. A media group compiled pictures and slides for presentations, another was commited to producing a pamphlet on the experience.

PERHAPS, OUR INABILITY to extend ourselves beyond working together on conference related actions could be criticized, but our most important accomplishment as a group, was the communication lines we have begun to establish. There is little hostility, few injured egos, but rather, a good feeling and a desire for continued communication among our groups.

We see a need for learning about each other's history as Third World people and of informing each other about our movements for self-determination. In establishing friendships and working together we feel the potential of ending the sterotypes which exist among us of each other. We have the potential of helping each other to establish better social and political relationships through personal contact and trust.

The core of us who plan to continue to work together still face the unresolved problems of defining our role and developing perspectives on Third World movements and the Women's movements.

Final Note:

We have learned of problems which have developed in other groups since the conference. Because our groups met separately and because of incidents developing from problems of racism and sexism, most of us were not directly aware of proceedings of the white delegates. It seems however that a division is developing within the women's movement in the white community. As one sister puts it, "If you are anti-imperialist, you can't be a feminist; if you are a feminist, you can't be an anti-imperialist."

We see this as a complicated problem, but essentially as a false dichotomy. It is hoped that concious sisters on all sides will make every effort to mend and resolve this "contradiction", rather than to attempt to isolate each other into permanent camps. 女

TRIPPING TO VANCOUVER

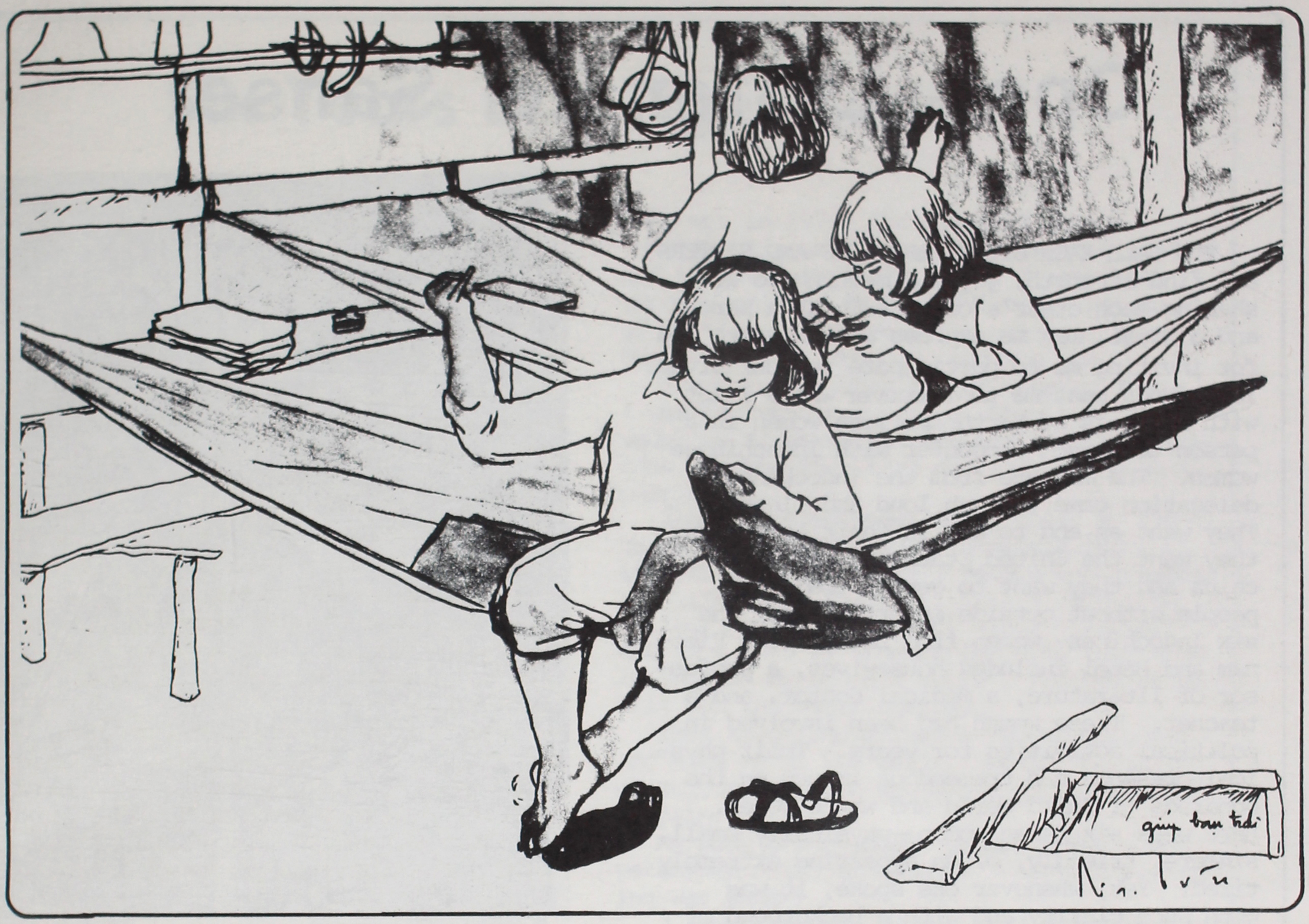
Juanita Tamayo

i. Below the border, Canadian sunset dips as
April winter melon rises Verdant foliage is transcended
by snow-covered peaks In turn transcended by vibrant
hues, yellow-brown-red-white-black

Applause traveling to center stage is gathered, embraced
flung back
And the universe reverberates with the sound of humanity
-Ladies and Gentlemen, Dear Brothers and Sisters, Power to the People!

ii. Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh, Chairman Mao, Prince Souphanouvong, abalone, squid stingray How do you explain soul food to a girl-woman named Khemphet?
Khemphet the Diamond. Diamond soul food
But mustard greens once grew wild on the demilitarized zone.

iii. -My baby is ten months old. He is in a cave with my husband.-
-Is your husband a soldier?-
-Everyone is a soldier. My baby too, when he is this high he will be a good soldier.-



iv. For his Jewish wife, Japanese-Canadian asks to tape a Third World workshop
in which Island women caucus
(But no man is an island)
Filipino wraps the NLF flag around her supple waist
is shocked by My Lai (but not the International Hotel)
speaks of Paris peace talks (but never heard of the Treaty of Paris)

v. -How can your people maintain such discipline, understanding and humanity?-
-one million soldiers have been killed or wounded
three million civilians have been killed or wounded
one hundred fifty thousand children are orphaned
fifty thousand people are imprisoned
thirty nine thousand women over the age of twelve are prostitutes
six thousand American bombers have been shot down.
For twenty five years we have been defending our land. What our fathers began
we continue.What we do not finish our children will continue and even their
children's children until the enemy is driven out.
Until the People win. Until there is peace.-

vi. Hands clapping, Eyes glistening, Fist clenching, Lips smiling, Bodies standing
Dawn rising and with it
The hopes of a people Daring to Struggle
Challenging me to live.

Reprinted from KALAYAAN

Open Letter to Sansei

YOU CALL EACH OTHER "BROTHERS AND SISTERS" and find strength, joy and meaning to life sharing each other's concerns. As a parent and a Nisei, let me express my thanks to you for inviting me to participate in your lives. Your funds sent me to Vancouver where I met with hundreds of North American women in a person-to-person encounter with Indochinese women. The message from the Indochinese delegation came through loud and clear... They want an end to war in their homelands, they want the United States out of Indochina and they want to govern their own people without outside interference. The six Indochinese women from Laos, South Vietnam and Hanoi included housewives, a professor of literature, a medical doctor, and a teacher. These women had been involved in political activities for years. Their physical presence had tremendous impact on the hundreds of Third World and white women. Here were six Asian women--physically small, sincere, friendly, often appearing extremely tired. Yet, whenever one spoke, it was with such clarity and with a background of personal involvement that the meaning of a people's revolution became a reality.

ALTHOUGH I HAD GONE TO VANCOUVER WITH the express purpose of hearing the Indochinese women, I must confess that I was personally affected just as much by being with the Third World women; there were 120 Asians and from the Japanese communities, many Sanseis, two Niseis, and one Issei. We three "oldsters" formed our own caucus for self-preservation. (In other words, we needed more than the three to four hours of sleep on which the "youngsters" thrived). We were overwhelmed and encouraged by the enthusiasm, sincerity, energy, output, intellectual probing and all the talking that took place. This was a working conference...not a retreat for fun, a vacation, sightseeing or socializing.

As a Nisei parent I look upon the political activism of the Sansei with pride. It's hard for your generation to believe it but political education and involvement was totally absent during my teen years in Los Angeles and college years in the mid-West during World War II. I don't know if I'm unique in this respect...ask your own parents about the beginnings of their political awareness. When I returned from Vancouver, I was asked if I was able to make any contribution to the conference and my immediate answer was, "No, I didn't give, I only received." But on second thought, I remember overhearing the remark in Vancouver, "She's a Nisei and a mother and she's here at our conference? Far out!" Was the mere presence of a Nisei a contribution?



The Vancouver conference began for me when I attended a benefit in Los Angeles and purchased a car wash ticket. Funds from these activities were needed to send Asian delegates to a women's conference. At that time I had no idea that I would be invited to attend. I know that nameless numbers of you put in hours of work raising funds, doing research, writing proposals, doing all the groundwork necessary for a successful conference... and then most of you weren't able to attend.

My sincere thanks for my Vancouver experience.

Kiku Uno

Six Years in a Tiger Cage



The story of Dinh Thi Huong of South Vietnam is not such a pleasant one. Mrs. Huong has spent almost 6 years in the infamous tiger cages of South Vietnam. Her story is shocking, and at the same time inspiring. While Mrs. Huong was innocent of conspiring against the regime when arrested, she survived the years of torture and deprivation to join the liberation movement upon her release, so that others would not have to suffer the same fate.

"I am a housewife. My parents died and my husband also. I have a 19 year old daughter. One of my elder sisters was killed by a shell. The other is working in the Woman's Union for the Liberation of South Vietnam (as is Mrs. Huong herself). My younger brother teaches in the liberated zones.

My daughter is in jail now, for the fourth time. The first time was when she was 13. She has suffered many tortures. She was released the first time after 11 months.

The second time she was detained in a prison which was broken open by liberation forces, and so she was freed. The third time she was kept four months. The fourth time was in 1970. She is still there.

I myself was arrested in November 1955 and released in April, 1961. I have been through prisons in South Vietnam, but most of my time was in four big prisons: Quy Nhon, Con Son, Thu Duc, and Phu Loi.

I was in Quy Nhon for 16 months. There I was tortured many times. They put pins under my fingernails, and hit them with wooden sticks. When they did this I was very painful.

They put electrodes to my ears, my fingers, my nipples, and my genitals. Once they tortured me until I became unconscious and left me in the room until I recovered.

They would force water mixed with salt and lime into my stomach and then they would jump on my stomach until I vomited blood. This was the water torture.

They also tied my hands behind my back and hung me in the cell. I would become unconscious and pass water and relieve myself in pain.

My body become black and blue and I was paralyzed until six months after the torturing was ended.

I was kept in a narrow cell 3 metres long and 1 1/2 metres wide (ten feet by five feet). Fifteen to 32 people shared my cell at different times. There were both men and women. We were all naked.

We had to eat, pass water and relieve ourselves in the same cell. I was allowed no bath in the prison although I was there over a year. My hair was very long then and dirty and covered with blood from the tortures.

We were fed rice only, sometimes with salt. Sometimes we had no food for three days running. Every day some of the prisoners in Quy Nhon would die.

One day five people died in my cell. They died at 5 a.m. but they were not taken out until 11 a.m. Most of the people who shared my cell later died. Few of the prisoners there survived. We called the prison a hell on earth...The strongest men became sick after only a few days of the tortures. Many of my friends are surprised that I survived.

Con Son prison was on an island. I was kept there for 13 months in a cave lined with stones. It was 2 1/2 metres long and 1 1/2 metres wide. (around 8 feet by 5 feet) The cave was painted black and had two small holes. There were at different times from 15 to 22 prisoners there.

(cont'd)

We had to eat, pass water and relieve ourselves in the same cave. Once a week, we were allowed to bring out the toilet bucket. For food we were given rotten rice and decayed fish. Every 24 hours I was given a small amount of water for drinking. We were allowed a bath every 2 months.

There were 98 women in all on the island. Some were middle-aged,and two had small children. One was pregnant, who later gave birth there. She had to cut off her long hair and sell it to a wife of a soldier to pay the cost of the birth.

I was 17 months in Thu Duc, which is on the mainland. There were 17 prisoners with me, all naked, in a small cell. We were kept tied at all times.

We were allowed only one piece of clothing and no baths. When the women were menstruating they were given no rag or bath to keep clean with.

I was 15 months in Phu Loi. Here I was tortured with electricity in the same way as in Quy Nhon. They tortured me until I was unconscious. No aid was allowed.

They also hung me naked from the cell by my arms and called others to see. They also forced water and salt into my stomach and jumped on it to make me vomit.

In the cell, my hands and legs were tied. Even my mouth was shackled. There was a piece of metal around it. They would beat me and torture me when they pleased.

Before I was released I was put in a ward with other women, 500 in all. There were three old women, 70, 73, and 75 years old. The oldest two were religious, so they were suspected of aiding the peace movement (note--the Buddists of South Vietnam actively oppose the Ky regime).

There were also 6 children, from newly born to 5 years of age. They had many diseases,and they were all skin and bones. Many died there of suffocation from the lack of air.

I was released in April, 1961, after they found me not guilty. I had been arrested because they had suspected me to be a member of the anti-American patriotic association.

They tortured me so I would admit my guilt, but I was innocent. They also tried to force me to salute the Saigon flag and shout slogans in favour of the puppet government. But I refused, because of what the flag represented.

I WAS SO SICK from time to time that I would cough up blood. Before I was arrested I weighed 49 kilograms (108 lbs). I weighed 34 kilograms when I was released (78 lbs).

They released me in hopes my example would scare my village. When I was freed, my village gave me good care, and I went through many hospitals. I am better now, but my health has never recovered from what it was before my arrest.

Before my arrest, I was not very involved in the struggle. But after my release,I decided to join my people to fight against the Americans and puppets.

Mrs. Huong charged that the so-called "Vietnamization" policy of the Nixon government is based on attempts to frighten the people of South Vietnam into submission to Ky's regime.

Earlier in the conference, delegates had spoken of the American 'resettling' and 'pacification' camps for refugees of bombed villages as being concentration camps, essential for the Vietnamization policy, but also that regular jails for political prisoners are rapidly swelling.

As an example of the swift growth of prisons during the 'Vietnamization' period (still continuing) she said Cay Dua prison on Phu Quoc island in early 1967, had 2,000 inmates. But by October of 1970, the number of inmates had risen to 28,000.

Said Mrs. Huong after finishing her story, "the more barbarous the army is, the stronger the struggle of the people."

Many women who are innocent when they were arrested, become active in the revolution on their release.

女

To America's G.I.

a sunday mama silks on her ruby smile
and steps out her door
wanders to the Wheel Room
where dice leaps off velvet
one two three . . .

your turn comes
and you streak
seven seven seven
but all along a
strange feeling gnaws at
your being
and you know its because

a sunday mama watches
cackling and snapping
using her dragon-power
to smash your rose garden

yes . . . she is coming, philip
following the trail of pod/roses
burning in white
beams of moon

she watches always
as you run in place
held still in the mirror
of blueberries.

--diane mark



In Solidarity

From the Third World women of North America--Black, Brown, Asian and Native--we express our militant solidarity with our sisters and friends from Indochina. We struggle together with you against our common enemy--US imperialism. You who are fighting for the liberation of Indochina have shown us the revolutionary strength and discipline needed to a assure the People's victory. Imperialism has forced the people of Indochina to take up arms and to fight for the right of self-determination. It has done the same for the Third World people in the US and Canada. The vicious imperialism which seeks to commit total genocide against the proud people of Indochina is the same imperialism which oppresses those of us here in North America by creating dehumanizing conditions in our Chinatowns, barrios, Black ghettoes and reservations.

We struggle together to build a society which fosters cooperation, rather than competition and justice without exploitation or racism, with love and power to all people.

As we struggle here in the heart of an imperialist, racist beast, we look constantly to our comrades in Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia for revolutionary inspiration.

The sisters and brothers of Indochina as well as those in Latin America and Africa are fighting for their lives and destinies.

From our hearts, we wish to express comradely love, respect and solidarity with our sisters and brothers of Indochina.

To all of you we give our pledge that we will fulfill our duty, we will build and intensify our struggle to smash imperialism from within.

Dare to struggle, dare to win!
All power to the people of the Third World!
Cha'nh quyen thuc ve nhan dan!
CHA'NH QUYEN THUOC VE NHAN DAN!
ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

女

Help in their struggle, we can provide material needs, clothing, first aid supplies or money can be sent to:

PRG INFORMATION BUREAU
Box 315101
24 Stockholm, 1, Sweden



Mitsu Yashima

All Our Sons

Stella Wong

this beancurd mini-man bursting the room
his first earth cry!

three days old sucking whole right thumb
in my cradle arms--
our car speeding by cliff house - Pacific shore
from hospital to home . .

six weeks--small hand sliding soap on sink,
leg splashing water in dishpan bathinet;

in crib--raising big ball with ten toes
--bouncing it on his drum belly;

hooded in oversize yellow raincoat
marching to school at my side . .

home, bike parked in driveway, books dropped
on table he spurted his discovery:
"mom,--you're short!"

full seventeen--triangular of form, diamond eyed
a re-entering yang perhaps..flowering
to new beginning...

OUT THERE--flaming mass of once triangular boys
--their eyeballs gone--scorched their brothers HERE . .

Fire in the Sea of Campuses . . the deep truth
like dolphins rise to the surface

the Child of Cosmos shoves me a paper
"Phil slipped me this, see--
I'm joining WORLD WITHOUT WAR COUNCIL!"

li-po did stop war for awhile, son,
with four brushed characters;
tang bei-hu did have a dream
of One World
thousand years ago as do prophets of today

NEVER STOP TRYING.....

galaxies beyond galaxies await each your own unfolding..

Arab Women's Liberation

Anne Shammont

Women in Saudi Arabia, southern Arabia, and the Persian Gulf states are out of their vermin-infested, sweltering mud-brick tenements only twice in their lives: when they are born and when they are buried. The Yemenite, Egyptian, Saudi Arabian, Jordanian, Palestinian refugee, Libyan, Algerian, Moroccan, Syrian, Iraqi women-- the girls hidden in caves and harems in Muscat, Oman, Kuwait, the Trucial states, Hadrahmaut, and the southern Arabian pink palaces, towns in which donkeys, goats, and women are forbidden to enter the city gates-- these Arab women are crying out in pain.

To be free from enslavement to the will of those who have oppressed and exploited us for centuries...

Arab women's liberation protests the rule of Arab nations by male fanatics who advocate polygamy, impose on Arab women compulsory marriage to first cousins and compulsory childbirth, and support outrageously unjust divorce laws.

It is considered a shame for Arab women to bear fewer than four children and a curse for them to bear too many female and not enough male offspring. Social pressures on childless women or women who have borne too many daughters is so great that many Arab women have been committed to mental institutions because they feel depressed and suicidal. Neither the health of the woman nor the economic conditions of the family are considered.

The primary role of the woman in Arab society is that of childbearer, and if the Arab woman does not fulfill her role satisfactorily, she becomes a social outcast. A young Arab girl is chosen for marriage according to the size of her hips, for her suitability for childbearing. Even the El Fatah fanatics, who claim that their women are fighting side by side with them, are not telling the truth; the El Fatah male presses his woman to have babies to build up the Arab race against aggressors. Every Arab girl is supposed to marry by 17 and have a baby every year until she has "dozens," and the El Fatah's woman is no exception.

THE ARAB WOMAN TODAY is nothing more than a sack of fertilizer for the Arab man's garden. She is a portable toilet.

She is more frightened of being called selfish for not wanting another baby than she is of dying in the birth of her eighteenth child.

The king of Saudi Arabia has declared 12 as the acceptable age for marriage for girls. Yet, studies show that many Arab girls do not even reach puberty until age 14.8 to 16. Men marry late, on the other hand. It is not uncommon to witness the marriage of a 200-pound, 6'2", 35-year-old Arab male to his petite, twelve-year-old bride. Many girls are pregnant before they even find out where babies come from, since childbirth, however, important it is to Arab women, is not discussed with them before marriage.

Arab girls are appraised and bought like merchandise. For example, a not-untypical newspaper advertisement reads:

> "Zaujatek (wife wanted) by Arab man. Must have fair skin and light brown hair. Lebanese or north Syrian only, no fatties, no girls with mustaches, virgin only, under 21. No girls with very black hair or olive skin, no girls with square faces. Hazel eyes only. Fair Palestinian refugees OK too. State dowry wanted. Male, 37, 230 lbs., 6'3". Write Mohammed M... Amman, Jordan."

Arab women's liberation protests the treatment of women as subhuman objects, as sexual chattel to be bought, used, abused, and sold according to the whims of their oppressors. We protest the torture, beating, and killing of Arab women by Arab men.

We protest the practice of clitorectomies in Egypt, Southern Arabia, and north Africa. Clitorectomies are performed at puberty to limit the women's interest in sex to its biological function. We protest the sale of fellaha, or poor farmers' daughters, to American tourists in Lebanon for $25. We protest the sale of Arab girls as servants for middle-class Arabs and Americans in large cities in Lebanon, Syria, and Iraq. We protest the sale of darker-skinned Moslem children to households in the Hadrahmaut, Yemen, and the Southern Arabian coast to be used as slaves or prostitutes or to be maimed and sent begging. We protest the Burka, the whore houses of Cairo, in which Egyptian children are placed to engage in prostitution when their parents can no longer feed them because of the high birth rate imposed upon them.

THE LATE NASSER ruled that bellydancers in Egypt must cover their bellies with gauze, but child prostitutes work on and the Burka still glows by night. Arab women's liberation protests the custom of wife-beating and the popular practice of husbands spitting in the faces of their wives. We protest the veil and the virtual imprisonment of the Arab women in their homes. Most Arab women are never even seen in the marketplace; instead, teenage boys are sent to the "souk" to choose the vegetables for the women to cook. Arab husbands select the cloth for their wives to sew and the furniture for their wives to care for and clean. Arab women are kept hidden from view, chained to their homes, for if they were to move freely, they might begin to better understand their plight and wonder whether they should resist. They might become educated and organize and struggle to change their conditions, which would not benefit their oppressors.

Moslem divorce laws permit husbands to divorce their wives by simply muttering "alaykee, alaykee, altalak" three times. After declaring himself divorced, the man then has the right to take all the money, the property, and the children away. Whereas an Arab man can divorce his wife in a matter of minutes, there is no escape from a bad marriage for an Arab woman. The Koranic law of Bayt El Taha, meaning "obedience in the house," gives the husband the right to enlist the law to bring his runaway wife back by force and to keep her a virtual prisoner in her own house. It is permissible for women to be beaten or killed for attempting to escape from cruel husbands.

ARAB WOMEN'S LIBERATION protests the limitation of educational opportunities for women, the laws forbidding women to drive cars in Saudi Arabia, the disenfranchisement of females in Yemen, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, and Jordan, a supposedly modern Arab nation.

We protest the beating and killing of Arab women by their fathers and brothers if they refuse early marriage and wish to obtain educations. Arab men naturally want to keep their women ignorant; an education is a threat to the maintenance of their authority and power. It is assumed that if we study abroad, we go for sex and therefore must be stoned, spat upon, and ignored upon our arrival home. Arab women students at a modern university like the American University in Beirut are discriminated against; if an Arab woman studies medicine, she is restricted to nursing or pediatric or obstetrical medicine. A woman's place is in the home or with the babies only.

Thousands of Moslem girls in America are suffering from fear and despair under the

heavy hands of their male silencers. The biggest threat to us is that our displeased fathers might fulfill the Arab prophesy that they will "kill us and drink our blood" should we disobey them. We are at the mercy of our husbands who can easily divorce us, taking the house, all our money and our children, spit in our faces and legally leave us to starve, dispossessed of what little we could cling to when we remained submissive.

ARAB SISTERS -- we want someone to care, and now. We want the custody of our own children. We demand not to be stabbed in the back or shunted off to mental hospitals when we try to fight for our rights.

We are tired of being threatened, committed, beaten, spat on, disfigured, broken by our husbands and male relatives... We are sick of being threatened by our fathers. Help us, Asian women...

Help us become free from men's oppression. May God grant the Arab sisters, Asian sisters, and all Mediterranean women freedom, peace of mind, so that they may create a little beauty and love in this world by their own efforts. We must refuse to allow ourselves to be hurt any longer by our sadistic Arab males. 女

ANNE SHAMOUNT is director of the Ethnic Studies Theatre, an adult program under San Diego community colleges which presents multi-ethnic drama, music and folklore.

Women in Iran

The author of the following article, a Persian woman studying in the U.S., has requested to remain anonymous due to the current government repression in Iran.

Iranian people are struggling against imperialism, colonialism, and the puppet government of the Shah. Tehran University is shut down and three students were recently killed in anti-government demonstrations. Eighteen freedom fighters have been executed by the firing squad in the last two months and many others are being tortured to death. The oil revenue of more than $1.5 billion a year is wasted on the military and police to cope only with uprisals of people while the majority of them are under-nourished and, in many places in the south, are starving.

These are few of the characteristics of the Shah's regime imposed on Iran by a military coup in August 1953 supported by the CIA. To cope with the massive hatred of the Iranian people, the Shah tried to deceive Iranians by superficial reforms such as land reform and the emancipation of women. Every Iranian knows that these reforms are mere facades for a corrupt and oppressive regime.

THE SHAH HAS CLAIMED to have had emancipated women in Iran. Needless to say, it is ridiculous, for as a great Islamic leader and head of the opposition movement against the Shah said, "In a country where people do not have freedom, it is absurd to talk about women's freedom."

For thousands of years, women have been considered second-class human beings, looked upon as sexual objects to satisfy their men. Many men consider themselves superior, although according to Islam, the dominant religion in Iran, "God has created men and women from one substance... and the best of people are the most learned and of the most virtue, regardless of their sex."

Yet, what has aggravated the already miserable condition of women in Iran have been the Shah's encouragements of a modern trend toward Westernization. Today many intellectuals think the emancipated woman is equal to the western woman and do not acknowledge that women in the west are considered essentially as sexual objects and regarded as merchandise. The increasing rate of prostitution, western-type women cosmeticated for imperialist men and the the subsequent increase in the number of socially irresponsible women are some of the indications of the increasing exploitation of the present Iranian woman, mainly due to Western influence.

Eighty percent of the Iranians are peasants and live in a deplorable condition. Because of the general oppression of the masses, everyone tries to transfer his oppression to another. For example, although men and women both are oppressed and suffering from poverty and ignorance, women share more in the misery. These relationships also exist when teachers oppress students, fathers oppress children, husbands oppress wives, mothers oppress children and children

oppress animals and/or each other. Therefore, these chain effects, stemming from oppression by the regime, pervade every level of society.

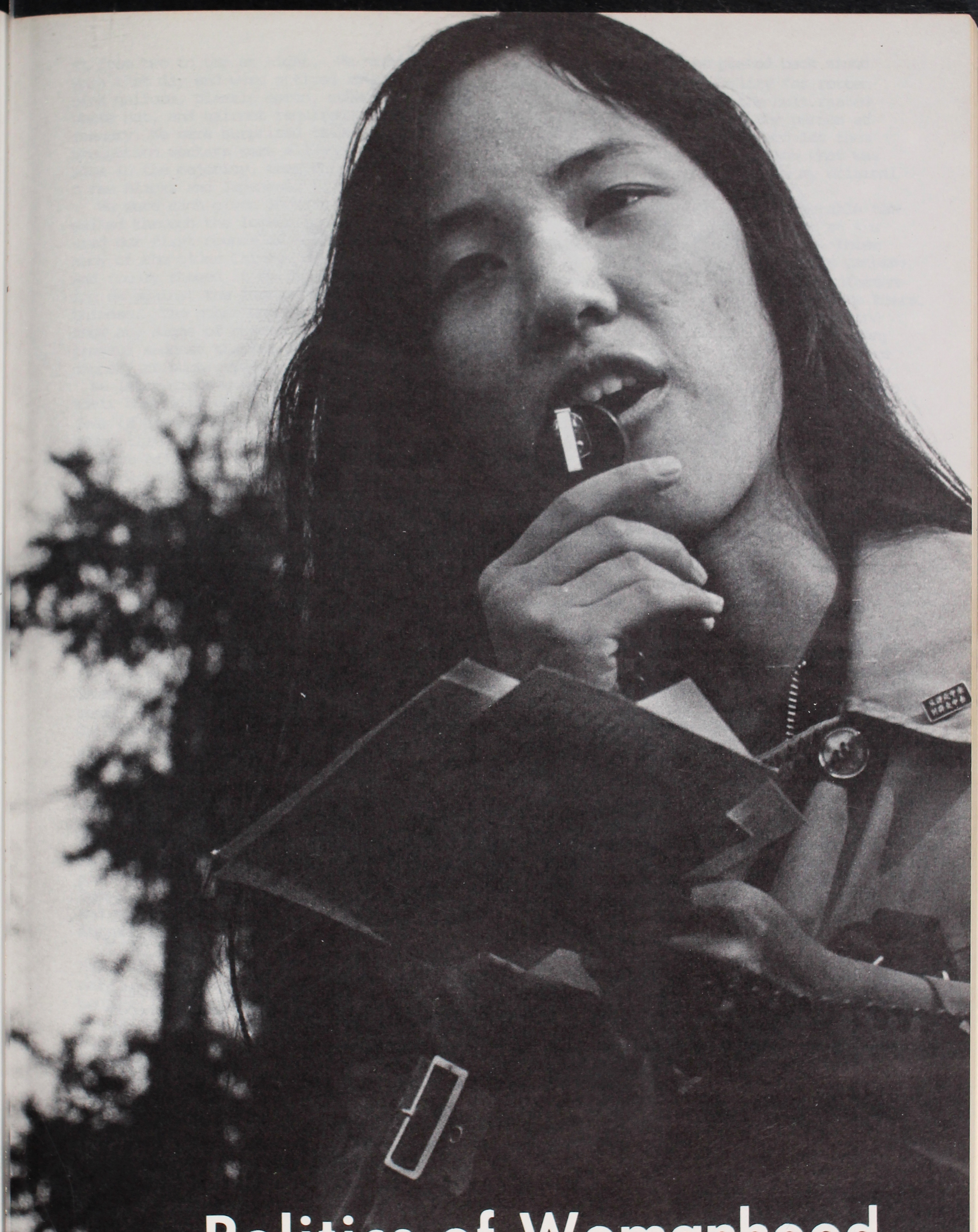
THE CAUSE OF THIS is the colonialism and exploitation of the masses by capitalism, rather than male chauvinism. Similarly, if a rich landlord or capitalist be a woman (as it has been seen historically) who exploits her subjects, it is absurd to say that she suffers from male chauvinism when capitalism has allowed her to cause others to suffer. These patterns exist in societies where exploitation and capitalism dominate.

As the French proved in Algeria and the British in India and Lebanon, the undermining of national cultural pride in Third World nations and the imposition of Western culture succeed not only in robbing the people of their pride in their history and culture but also in themselves. Emancipation from their tradition of slavery to Western corruption cannot be called freedom.

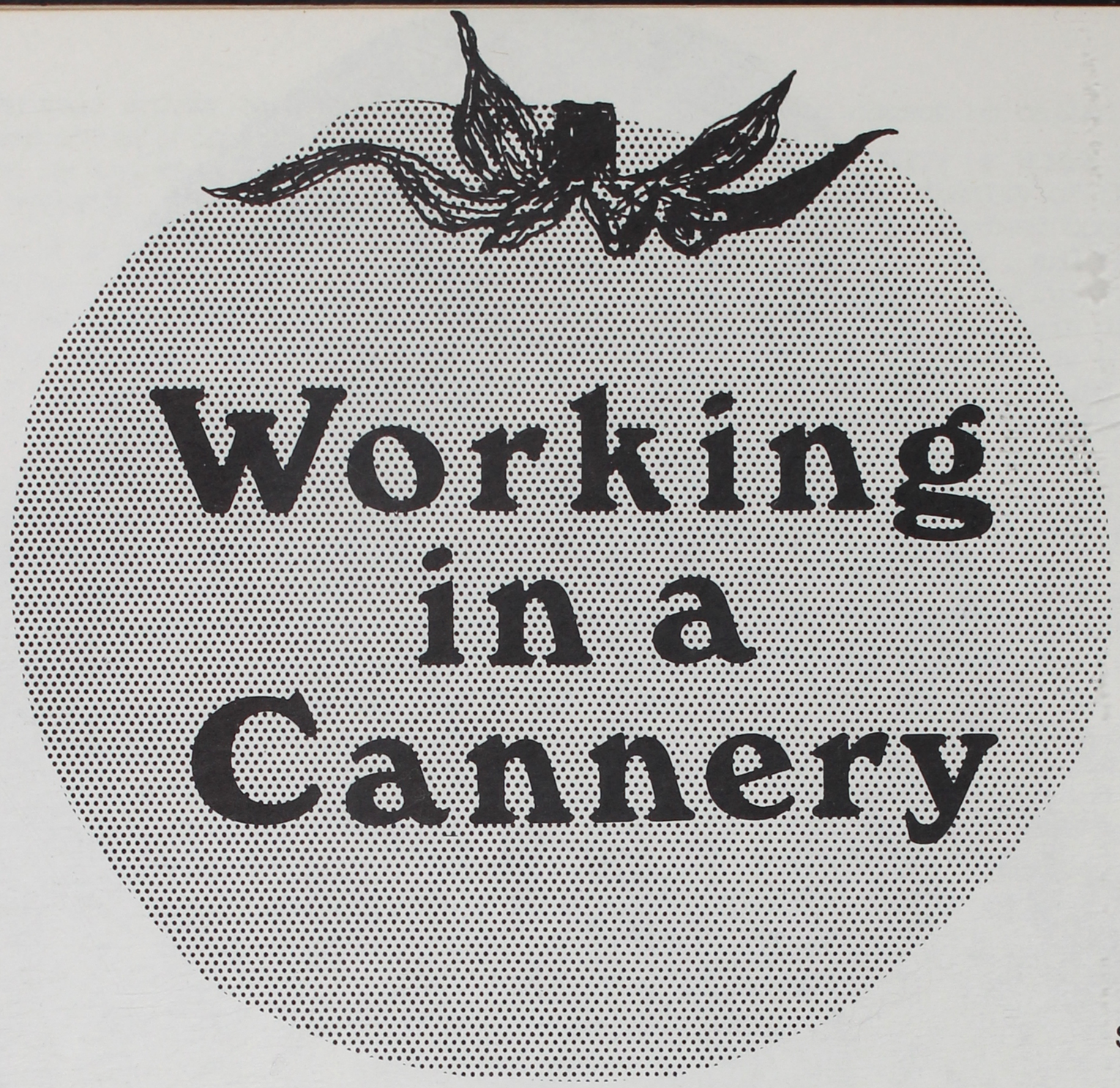
THE DIGNITY OF WOMEN in society is part of the dignity of the whole society. In colonized countries, humans are not respected, and therefore cannot be expected to fully respect each other. Women can gain dignity if and only if the society as a whole gains dignity and respect, and this cannot happen unless it is a free and independent society. Today, men and women should unite against the common enemy, not be divided and hate each other on the basis of sex.

The hot slogans such as male chauvinism and other separatist approaches are against the common cause and serve only colonialism and dictatorship. Men and women, instead of fighting against each other, should unite and fight for their common freedom and dignity. In the process of this struggle, they will truly see each other and gain respect for themselves.

女



Politics of Womanhood



Working in a Cannery

Shirley Hom

Women make up a little more than half of the population in this country. Yet we are treated like a minority. The most underpaid and menial jobs are left to us. According to the Women's Bureau of the Labor Department, 37% of all women of working age are in the labor force and they constitute 35% of all workers. The following figures state the usual job discrimination women make up:

70% of all clerical workers
90% of all private household workers
55% of all factory workers
14% of all professional or technical workers.1

According to the United States Department of Commerce Statistics women earned an average of $3,000 a year less than men for doing essentially the same kind of work. Thus, the median income of women is lower than men although the median education of women is higher than men. In addition, the Third World women have the lowest earnings $2,949 a year and the highest unemployment rate 31% of all groups.

While the percentage of women in the labor force increases steadily, the gap between the incomes of full-time men and women workers has been widening at the rate of .5% annually for at least the last 15 years.2 These economic facts of life have always been disguised by the belief that "things are getting better"---another tactic socially lubricated by men. As can be obviously seen, these figures show the exploitation of women regardless of color or strata as a cheap labor force. This is my experience as one of these exploited numbers--as a cannery worker.

AT FIFTEEN IN THE SUMMER OF 1965, I was told by my parents that I would have to work in the cannery because I was of the age when I should be holding down a job. Actually, it was out of economic necessity because my father was unable to work. I went down to Plant B with my friend, aged 14, both our mothers, and my father who got us the jobs by bribing the union official with the promise of a new silk suit from Hong Kong.

Bribing is common practice between the union staff and the women. And was necessary, for the women could not rely on the unsystematic and inefficient order in which the union refers eligible workers to other canneries. Complaints often flowed into the union office about slower workers receiving priority referrals due to bribes.

The cannery operated in three shifts, morning, afternoon, and night at $1.90 an hour for all production workers. My friend and I were lucky and received the shi-

ft from two to ten at night. We started work that day and were attired in the usual pink uniform, plastic apron, rubber gloves, white hat, and hairnet required of that cannery. We were surprised to see that the production workers were all women, the Chinese in the majority, then Chicanos, with a few Blacks and Japanese.

We were each given lockers and as we walked through the locker room, we encountered our first rounds of hostile reactions. Many of the older Chinese women resented us and freely showed it by "accidentally" pushing us against the lockers and swearing in Chinese. The other women, however, did not show any signs of resentment but instead expressed sadness that we should work in a cannery at such a young age.

We later discovered that the reason for their hostility was generated either by the fear of losing their jobs over to the increasing threat of new young workers who might be more efficient and faster, or of losing a couple of hours from their shift due to the establishment of more positions. Thus, jobs were not regularly assigned and depended on whether the white floorladies or male supervisors liked you or would accept certain bribes from you such as six packs or a bag of dried sour plums.

During our two ten minute breaks and half hour lunch, my friend and I were fortunate to sit with our mothers' group or clique. Usually newcomers are forced to form their own cliques. The Chicanos and the Chinese, both in predominance, were in most conflict. Conversations within any of the Chinese groups concentrated around the latest juicy bit of gossip in the larger Chinese community or on belittling the Chicanos --saying that they were lazy, took the longest breaks, talked too much while working, made more trips to the bathroom an so on. There were seldom fights between the two groups; however, vicious fights took place within the groups especially the Chinese who fought physically over positions and personal gripes. Hair was pulled and dresses ripped.

I WAS FIRST PLACED at the peach sorting belts and then was moved to a section where only seniority women worked. I was moved because I was too short to reach over to the other side of the belt and complained that it caused me back pains. The head floorlady placed me at the end of the belt and instructed the women to teach me what to do. Of course, they did not. They resented myself and others like me replacing their friends.

In retaliation, they let all the rotten peaches on the belt pass by, and I had to work like hell to sort them out. They knew I would be taken out of their section and their friend would be placed back since the blame and responsibility for rotten peaches passing through the belt rested either on the newcomer or the person at the end. I finally gave up and let them pass by. The head floorlady saw what was happening and moved me back to my original place.

Our floor was kept at a comfortable temperature, but there was one floor at the very top which was like a furnace. Three or four older women worked up there canning peaches. My mother was one of the unfortunate ones. She said it was like hell up there. The temperature was over 100 degrees and the place smelled of shit and filth. Many of the women who are asked to go up there are unwilling and usually bribe their way out. There were many cases of vomiting and fainting as a result of working in that oven. These women were usually given medication and sent back or were replaced by other unfortunates.

AFTER A MONTH, I AS WELL as other new workers were"layed off", a polite term for fired because of a decrease in the workload. At this time Plant A was in the process of closing down, thus many of the jobless Chinese women as well as moonlighters resorted to other employers of cheap labor such as on farms, in a garment factory, in a vegetable shipping company, or in a fish packing company..

After losing my job, I got another picking tomatoes. I heard of the job through the grapevine of unemployed Chinese women in the community. Due to the number of layoffs in the canneries and the end of the bracero program, farmers started to recruit workers mostly women from the Chinese community.

I waited at three in the morning with many old Chinese women to be picked up by a truck or bus to the farm. Some of us fought to get on that bus. The older ladies around fifty to sixty years old really beat the young ones out--one fifty year old lady threw a girl out the window. I was almost kicked in the face by an older one blocking the doorway of the bus. The admirable old immigrant women had more need for the jobs since they had to establish a record of earnings for social security benefits. Working from four to two in the afternoon picking tomatoes at 23¢ a crate did not compensate for the effects of such a new experience.

A garment manufacturing company is also a new labor attraction in Sacramento for the former cannery workers. It was established in 1968 by a family from Hong Kong. My mother worked there or at home sewing blouses for $2.20 per dozen or buttons for ten cents apiece. The women earned an average

of a dollar an hour. She also worked part-time for a vegetable shipping company owned by Chinese, lifting crates onto trucks for $1.65 an hour until her back gave away.

Many Chinese women turned to the Meredith Fish Company for seasonal jobs such as crab-shelling in winter and shrimp-shelling in spring. Mo st of the Chinese women didn't want to work there because of low wages, $1.30 an hour, and poor conditions. My mother like other cannery workers and immigrant women worked there until they obtained another cannery job.

The working conditions of the place were so poor that the County Health Department closed it. It was cold (around 40 degrees F. to 50 degrees F.), knee-deep in water and filthy. My mother and her friend's hands became painfully cracked and infected from chemicals they came in contact with. Her hands were so bad from the open cracks that she had to get shots for them. Moveover, inspection of the food processed revealed that there was Samonella, a micro-organism responsible for food poisoning in some of the food containers. As a result, the health department required better operating equipment, improved restrooms and enforcement of more stringent rules of sanitation.3

TWO YEARS LATER, I was again asked if I would like to work for a cannery. My parents said that this cannery paid a starting wage of $2.37 an hour. Since I was starting college in the fall, I knew I needed the job. Again the same friend and I accompanied my father to the Bercut-Richards Cannery early in the morning. The place was jam-packed by mostly Chinese women, young and old. The women were trying all at once to enter the office for applications. When they did not succeed in forcing their way through, they yelled and swore in Chinese. Since the other plants were filled, they were desperate for these openings.

Somehow my father made it through the crowd into the office and succeeded in getting us the jobs by bribing the head supervisor with a bottle of whiskey and a six pack. We were hired on the condition that we buy the union book which cost us twenty dollars. As we plowed our way through the crowd towards the office, the women jeered at us. One courageous woman chased us into the office and would not leave unless she got a job, too. Finally, she was thrown out and the office door was locked.

At this cannery the Chicanos consisted of more than half of the workers and the rest were Asians, Blacks, and a handful of whites. The head floorladies and young foremen were all white and literate like the other cannery. The uneducated men workers mostly Chicanos held the so-called "skilled" jobs which we could have done just as well. They worked under pleasant conditions and, of course, received more pay, twice as much as the women. All they had to do was empty the pans that we filled with rotten tomatoes and stand around until they were filled again. When they were idle, they busied themselves by flirting with the women or playing around with the machines. Advancement for them was difficult but almost impossible for women. The floorladies had very little power and therefore could not intimidate the women. Most of the authority laid in the hands of the foremen or boss who never failed to promote fear among all the workers.

There was real sexual competition among the younger women for the foremen's attentions. Because of this the older women usually received the worse positions while the young pretty ones got the better jobs. The foremen would flirt some girls into working faster by putting their arms around them, whispering sweet nothings into their ears, and giving them little pats on their asses. We had to constantly put up with that sort of dehumanizing shit. One foreman even went as far as following us home until my father told him to beat it which almost led up to a fight. He finally left us alone with trailing threats of firing us and the like.

The conditions at this cannery were even worse than Plant B. It was tomato season and steam had to be used on the conveyor belts which operated in four varying directions. We never knew what would come up on those belts. Once there was a woman's finger which was sliced off because she became dizzy from the belts. Another time there was a live snake with a dead rat in its mouth.

The first section I worked on was very cool and was designed for the new workers who were not quite accustomed to the speeding belts and the oven temperatures. After sometime they moved me to the section occupied by the seniority workers. The temperature there was close to a hundred and ten degrees in the afternoon shift. The foul odor from the rotten and dirty tomatoes and whatever else did not help matters. There was one broken down water cooler for our entire section consisting of about a hundred women. All the doors were opened but this did not help because it was usually around ninety to a hundred degrees outside.



he was growing old
without a wife
so he worked for
ten years sweating
in an oily kithcen
so he could buy one
with promises of a
new country where
sat a gold mountain
richer than the sun
so the dream arrived in
his one room place
was frightened by the
black people and the
cold weather but
decided to try and
enlisted in the factory
squad the next day
only to find that
she wanted more

Frances Chung

MOSQUITOS CONSTANTLY bit at our legs, arms, faces, and everywhere else that was exposed. Although the one practical nurse (serving the entire cannery) put on anti-mosquito spray, they seemed to become immune to it after sometime. One lady had to see a doctor because of the intense swelling and infection caused by the bites on her legs and arms...two to three fainted everyday from the overbearing heat and from dizzy spells.

We worked ten hours daily seven days a week; two ten minute breaks and only thirty minutes were allowed for eating. The thirty minutes for lunch were actually less because it took at least ten to fifteen minutes to clean up the sticky tomato juice off our faces, arms, and legs and to check out our bags at the one checkout stand.

I worked there for about three months and received my seniority in the union after one month. Like Jean Tepperman stated in Sisterhood Is Powerful "the union is an office where some men in suits work. Your relationship to that union is like car insurance. It is compulsory for you to pay a certain amount of money each year to them. You do it because you're forced to, and also you have a vague feeling that without it you would be even worse off." [4] Where reform is needed, the union is a lump on a log.

Prevalent in both cannery situations (and probably this applicable to all types of factory situations) are the male-female relationships that are always directed towards getting the women to work harder. Women are played against each other in terms of this. The foreman went after pretty young girls who were cooperative and thus, wound up getting the better jobs. And fear is instilled in the women by the men to keep them in their places---as their wards.

However, the women did have a way of maintaining the feeling that they were fighting back and not completely submissive through certain unified actions. Combating the monotony of their jobs, the Chicanos would sing and chant ignoring the no talking rules while working. The Chinese women would do their hair professionally every week to improve and boost up their morale and dignity. Whenever the bosses tried to work us overtime, all the women workers would in one unified action stop all work and let the produce accumulate into small mountains at the end of the belt which in turn clogged up the machinery.

Also when we saw a boss or male worker flirt or make unappreciated advances to a fellow worker, the moment he turned his back, he was met with a shower of hard unripened tomatoes. The men would get back at us in small but harmful ways such as

not cleaning the floors. One woman slipped and broke her back on tomato peelings. She sued. Another time I slipped on a tomato on a stairway leading to another belt. Luckily, the foreman caught me, but I didn't fail to put in a complaint about the floors and stairways covered with rotten tomatoes.



After I quit my job at Bercut-Richards, I had the pleasure of throwing a bunch of rotten tomatoes at this one obnoxious assistant foremen. My aim was very accurate, right into his instrument of intimidation, his foul mouth.

As is true from my own experiences, most Chinese women cannery workers couldn't speak English which is one of their basic reasons for working in a cannery or in any other type of labor that doesn't require a knowledge of English. Most work out of economic necessity. They supplement the income of their husbands who often hold down blue collar jobs such as waiters, laborers, etc. As soon as Chinese immigrants arrive in Sacramento, they are first exposed to these kinds of jobs as suggested by friends and relatives.

Another reason why they work in the cannery is that the work is seasonal. Under the California unemployment law, seasonal workers are eligible for unemployment compensation. If they earn $720 per quarter (this may be changed), they are eligible for unemployment benefits. Whereas, if they earn more than $720, their benefits are increased proportionately.

Some women complain about workers who live in middle class areas and don't seem to need the work. It is believed that they work to be with a certain company of friends; to occupy themselves out of boredom; or are prevented from working elsewhere because of discrimination. In contrast to my experiences hard work is met to keep up the facade of middle class trappings. [5]

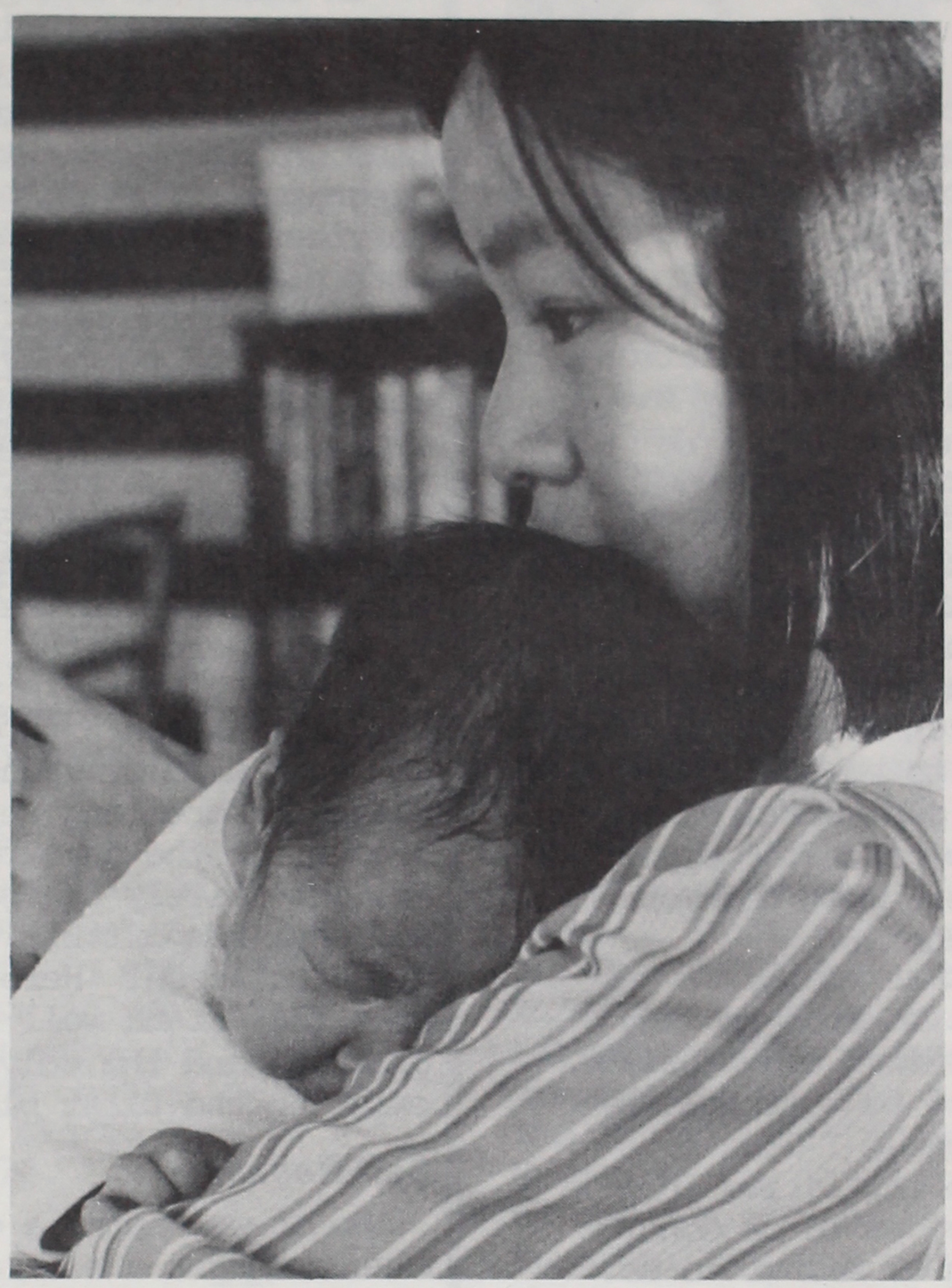
The cannery and the other small menial jobs have become so a part of these women's lives along with their other roles as wife and mother, that she accepts it without any question. She does the housework, cares for the children, feeds her husband--a role that her husband should share in but in most cases does not--as well as keeping up with the demands of the cannery. Thus, along with being over cautious of change, she also fears and underestimates her abilities to organize for what she wants; language being one of her major problems.

As is evident women's demeaning and lowly position in this society can no longer be legitimized and justified as it has been by men.....through such tactics of social lubrication as the media in maintaining sexism, racism, and capitalism. Until working-class women organize around economic issues of fair employment, fair wages, job discrimination, childcare, the subordinate role of women in this society will remain "a personal issue with each of us and there are no personal solutions for a social disease." [6]

女

SHIRLEY HOM is a Sociology student at UC Berkeley. She was a member of Spring Quarter's 170 course.

A New Family



Bea Tam

I once looked down on women who nagged and bitched at their husbands all the time, until I became one. Now I know that it's a way to let their frustration of daily life out. And women, he's the closest one around.

Before we had our baby, Greg and I thought wow, living together is a cinch. Wonder why other people make it such a hassle? We've both got things to do. If you're home first, you cook. Let's just leave the housework. If we don't disturb the dust, we won't see it. Real simple. Then Kevin was born.

I was at home all the time. Greg was still active and working everyday. And I started regretting that I was born a girl. It became Necessary for me to do the housework because Greg wouldn't until there was no choice. If I didn't, there wouldn't be any places to move around, put the baby down, or Kevin wouldn't have any clothes to wear because they'd be all dirty. So I started finding less free time and more Small things to pick up on or they'd catch up on me later. A friend once said that you won't have time to take a shit. And you know...it's true.

With our new baby, Greg and I now faced a long, long term responsibility. We had to start worrying about how to get steady incomes. Our personal situation requires him to do the job finding and me to be supportive. I had no other alternative but to stay home and take care of Kevin.

THE WORST THING I had to deal with was loneliness. I no longer saw any of my friends. I spent all day alone. Couldn't just take off whenever I felt like it because of Kevin. I knew my friends were growing with more experience while I wasn't. When they came over and asked what's happening, what could I answer? I started losing confidence in my ability to think and analyze. I began relying on others for ideas and decisions. I expected little or no creativity from myself. My concept of

reality became confused and unstable because my world revolved around three rooms and a diaper table. It looked like the only things I was capable of were changing diapers and cleaning house.

Greg and I

When the frustrations of being restricted physically and mentally would boil over into "God damn it, why don't you ever put your clothes away?"--Greg would say, "I can't understand you! What's wrong with you? All you do is nag!"

When this happened alot and our relationship began to get strained, we finally sat down to resolve it once and for all. We both understood that the reason Greg could not understand what I was going through was because he never did all the things I did. Housework didn't strike him as a awesome task that could drive anyone crazy. I explained the way I felt about spending each day constantly doing chores. He agreed that it was unfair for me to be spending my time this way. We wanted our relationship to be such that both of us had equal opportunity to develop ourselves. From then on we decided to share the chores.

Only it didn't work out as easily as we thought. Greg expected me to stop nagging him since he already understood how I felt. He also resented being told to do things by me. I was still angry because I didn't think he was taking enough initiative in finding out what things needed to be done. I had to always remind him of things to do. It didn't seem like he was really determined to help. So we ended up yelling at each other again.

The result was another talk to reaffirm our understanding. This time we realized that it would take more than understanding but real action. I wanted to have 50-50 rules to regulate our responsibilities. But we decided they would only be an external discipline that we'd both hate. Instead Greg wanted to try harder to put a conscious effort to share the chores by keeping in mind that each would help the other and oneself by getting the stuff done. Since then we've been leading a more organized life, usually we end up taking turns. If I know Greg did the laundry the last time, I happily do the next. But if I'm too busy, then he'll do it again.

There still was the problem of my staying home all the time. I wanted to be able to leave the house without Kevin, yet also be sure that he received good care. We could not afford a babysitter much less pay for a daycare center. The average price of daycare centers is $88/month for 5 days a week, 8 hours a day. Even most working women cannot afford the price. The average salary for Third World women is $220/month which would mean spending 40% of their pay!

In countries like Korea and China, where they truly serve their people's needs, it is the right of All people to lead productive lives. Their governments pay women to have children, an actual salary during pregnancy! They also provide child care services for women in their community or work places, breast feeding considerations for mothers included. It's a practical extension of everyday life. Our government could provide the same thing for it s families except its main concern is profit not people. Oh sure, there are government child care programs for low income families. But the number of families they let in are token compared to the number who need it.

Then there is the important question of what kind of care is your kid going to get? How will he learn to get along with others? And what kind of values will they teach him? Again in Korea and China this is their main concern in the daycare centers. Their staff are extensively trained to bring up happy, healthy, responsible, and selflessly-motivated children. Here, we're lucky if we're sure they'll be well fed. Money is the only priority and the only reason why the centers exist in the first place.

Self-Reliance

So if we wanted a daycare center, we'd have to start one ourselves. Luckily some other women needing the same thing got in touch with us. The six or seven of us now cooperatively take care of each others kids. It is not a daycare center yet, but it does provide free child care for those of us who have to work and go to school. A place where we can share ideas about raising kids. And it also gives me the chance to do the things I want to do.

In the process of setting up our daycare group, we learned that not only does the American government obstain from taking care of the needs of its families, it also sets up restrictions for those trying to fulfill their needs themselves. If you want funding for a center that has little or not charge, you must first have a license. In order to qualify for a license, you must go through legal hassling and meet rigid standards. Such standards are 35 square feet per child in the building, licensed personnel, a crib for each, and a toilet unit for every 5 children. How many places like that can we afford? And how many licensed personnel can work for free or a very low wage? Then if you can meet those standards,the chances of getting money are not much. Also funding the center can be revoked at any time and

no guarantee is given for funding the next year.

This is what people must go through in order to obtain a simple need like child care. It clearly points out that we have no control over our lives. Rather they are determined by a government that claims to be of the people and for the people but in action holds its interests in money and profits, to have other interests would mean for the ruling elite to lose their power.

Greg and I were able to solve our family problems by analyzing the situation and acting upon it. We cared about what happens to each other instead of the usual "that's your problem and your area of work. You solve it." We were able to enact alternatives by relying on the mutual aid of each other in one case and the mutual aid of a group who had the same needs in another. This was the best way for us to solve our problems because working with others gives you strength to overcome all obstacles.

If we want to control our lives, and have our primary needs met, we must go through the same process. By analyzing the obstacles so we know how best to attack them, identifying with others as you would yourself, and relying on the strength and aid of all people who want to control their lives and destinies, we can change America's priority from money to People.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE.

女

The Toy

When small,
I had
a doll
to play with.

Since grown,
I find
that now
I'm the toy.

Oh doll,
If I'd
only known.

God, I am sorry.

B.B.B.

Sharon Yonemura



Birth Control as Genocide

Marsha Takayanagi

The population bomb is centered on Third World countries - Asia, Latin America, and Africa. These are the countries which have too many people and too little food. With the advent of the panic move toward population control, the United States found another reason to move in on Third World people and oppress them in yet another way.

The United States profits from the underdevelopment of these nations. First of all, they provide her with cheap labor. For example, a boss can break a union drive by threatening to hire blacks, who work for less; in Peru, American mining corporations pay Indians $1 a day to mine copper in the Andes Mountains under atrocious conditions; Liberian rubber plantations yield Firestone average net profits 3 times as great as the entire Liberian national revenue. Secondly, the Third World offers resources to the U.S. In Southeast Asia, there is tungsten, antimony, rubber, tin, and oil which the U.S. would like to get as cheaply as possible. Thirdly, these countries provide security to a paranoid nation: the U.S. system of capitalism is not only unable to meet the needs of expanding population but the expanding population due to its unmet needs is a revolutionary threat to imperialism.

Therefore, Third World populations must be kept down. In 1957 an Ad Hoc Committee on population stated...use tax, welfare, and education policy "to equalize births between people at different socio-economic levels" and to "discourage births among the socially handicapped."

> "...Crop destruction (constitutes) a war measure primarily, if not exclusively, directed at children, the elderly, and pregnant and lactating women."
> (Dr. John Mayer, Professor of Nutrition at Harvard)

In Tayninh province, July 18-20, 1969, the Provisionary Revolutionary Government's War Crimes Commission stated that the U.S. sprayed 5 tons of chemicals, killing 50 people outright, poisoning 1000, not to mention the extensive crop destruction. The World Health Organization reported Nov. 25, that about 50,000 tons of anti-



plant agents have been used in Vietnam. These are possible causes of birth defects. This report also stated that 2,4,5,T causes effects similar to thalidomide in causing deformation of offspring when given to rats and mice. Last November, Nixon halted the use of 2,4,5,T because of its effects. But in Jan. 1970, a herbicide called "orange" which is a mixture of 2,4D (a chemical spectacularly toxic to fish, Vietnam's second most important food) and 2,4,5,T damaged rubber trees and crops on Cambodia's border along S. Vietnam. Animals became ill, birds were paralyzed and people, especially infants, suffered diarrhea and digestive problems.

The United States produces a weed killer called 2,3,5 T which is the same chemical used in S.E.Asia. The difference in name could be because the chemical used in S.E. Asia is 13 times as strong as the weed killer. However, in 1965, near Globe, Arizona, the chemical drifted over populated areas. Shortly after, one farmer reported 60% of his goats were born dead or deformed, and his chickens stopped laying. Trees started dying, and children got sick. Finally, women in the area began having miscarriages. Many of them had their reproductive organs removed. There are, incidentally, similar reports filtering out of Vietnam about great numbers of stillborn and deformed babies.

There are three gases used in Vietnam. These gases are used to prevent the NLF from building and defending underground tunnels, bomb shelters, and firing positions. The gases are CN, an ordinary tear gas; CS, an especially strong tear gas; and DM, a nausea producing gas. Both CN and CS have been used since 1962 and DM since 1964.

The effects of CS are: pronounced and instantaneous coughing, severe eye burning, and tightness of the chest. The advantages of CS over CN is that with CN after one gets some fresh air, one can go back to whatever one was doing, but with CS one is finished for the day because of the burning and the feeling of not being able to breathe.

In ordinary concentration CS is not toxic and produces no permanent after-effects, but in Vietnam, where it is pumped into

confining areas, the density level rises and sometimes exceeds acceptable concentration, thereby causing permanent injury or death. A report prepared for the British Home Secretary states that CS even in mild concentrations can cause severe injury if the victim is already suffering from ill health. Infants and the elderly can also receive severe injuries from exposure.

Nearly 14 million tons of CS have been bought for use in S.E.Asia. An unknown quantity has been stockpiled in the U.S. for use against mass demonstrations and ghetto uprisings. It has already been used in small amounts at the Pentagon demonstrations in 1967, at the Poor People's Campaign in 1968, at People's Park last Spring, and at Fort Dix last October.

Last July, Nixon made a statement to Congress on population. He stated that he had directed the Secretaries of State, Commerce and Health, Education and Welfare, along with the Agency for International Development. Peace Corps, United States Information Agency, and other foreign aid programs to increase population and family planning efforts abroad. The House Foreign Affairs Committee has been urged to double its $50 million a year expenditure for population control abroad.

The IUD (intrauterine device, which can make sterilization mandatory if used improperly or without checkups) and sterilization are the predominant methods of birth control in Third World countries. Of the 8 million IUD's used, only 1 million is used in the U.S. Of the 13 million pill users in the world, at least 7 million are in the U.S. plus approximately 1 million in the United Kingdom. Scientists who receive grants from various foundations such as the Population Council supported by the Ford Foundation and John D. Rockefeller III, and other private donors, are attempting to develop an IUD which can be inserted by a "semi-skilled" person.

Male vasectomy is a quick, simple operation. It is considered invaluable as a means of control of population. America supported a program in India in which 5,500,000 men have been "voluntarily sterilized". Pakistan is initiating a program to sterilize 50,000 men a month.

In Nixon's same speech to Congress last July he also stated his plans for birth control in the U.S. He has created a Commission of Population Growth and American Future, studying not family planning but social management, investigating 3 areas: internal migration patterns, resources in the public sector required to deal with the anticipated population growth, and the ways in which growth will affect the activities of federal, state, and local government.

A few notes of hypocrisy, this Commission seems to be concerned with abstracts and not people. However, there are birth control steps being taken among Third World people in the U.S.

In Delaware a Senate Committee recommended that welfare mothers with 2 or more illegitimate children should be sterilized.

In New York, judges offer women a choice - either get sterilized or receive no more welfare.

In Los Angeles County Hospital, 5-7 Black women are sterilized every day.

At Duke Hospital in North Carolina, which serves mainly unemployed blacks,welfare women or unwed mothers who come in to have their babies often have one or two things happen to them. Either the doctor will hold the baby up by his feet over the floor and threaten to drop him unless the woman signs a sterilization paper, or, when the woman comes into labor, the personnel will refuse to help her until she signs sterilization papers.

At Cambridge City Hospital in Massachusetts, which also serves mainly Blacks, a number of things can happen. If a woman wants an abortion, she is sent to the psychiatric ward and sterilization is advocated. If the baby is born prematurely or has a minor disease at birth, doctors will contend that there is something wrong with the mother and recommend sterilization. If a woman asks for birth control pills (which are readily given to white Harvard students) she is given diaphragms or IUDs, which can sometimes make sterilization mandatory. If the baby is illegitimate and the mother wants to give up the baby instead of having an abortion, the doctor will tell her how difficult it is to find homes for black babies, and perform an abortion against the woman's will. Sterilization is often performed as a matter of course at the birth of a baby.

American doctors test new pills and IUDs on Puerto Ricans, Blacks, and Mexicans:

> "Pincus and Rock experimented with synthetic estrogens and progesterones, and eventually produced 'Envoid' for the G.D. Searle Company. Originally, Envoid contained 10mg. of a synthetic progesterone called norethynodel, and as much as .22mg. of synthetic estrogen called ethinyl estradiol. In 1956, Rock, Pincus, and a third doctor, Celso Garcia, selected 265 Puerto Rican women 'from the low income population living in a housing development project in a slum clearance area' for the first significant human trials. Officially, Puerto Rican women were chosen because of their 'high pregnancy rate'; but in fact, these

poor non-white women were used as guinea pigs since G.D. Searle hesitated to test such potent medication on white American women."

In 1945, in Congress a motion was made to sterilize all the Japanese women who were in concentration camps. This motion was defeated by one vote.

There is only one word for all this: GENOCIDE. A killing of a whole race of people. Whether it be in S.E. Asia or here in the United States, whole races of people are being wiped out, or at least are in danger of being so, merely to perpetuate a system, which deems these slaughters as necessary in order for its own survival. 女

MARSHA TAKAYANAGI is a student at UC Santa Cruz. She hopes to eventually attend Law School. "I wrote the article on birth control and the evolution into genocide because I believe it's important to see the whole idea of birth control in its perspective without the scare tactics and how in so many ways it means birth control of Third World people."

A Long Time'Til Morning

A Vietnamese woman takes her last breath
And gives birth to a baby

Her heart is heavy with a thousand burdens
Her head blurred with

Bombs and napalm and running for shelter
And calming the children;

Her family ties on white headbands
They mourn and weep for a loved one

Whose mother will be next?
The night is dark and the moon clouded

Her sons will take off their headbands
And be strong once more

But it's a long time 'til morning --
In Amerika they turn on electric blankets

As a generation of children screams.

Diane Mark

ASIAN

American society is broken up into different levels based on economic income, education, politics, color and sex. Each level has a prescribed set of rules for action and interplay -- roles that are enforced by the levels above. At the bottom of these varying gradations are women of color. Third World women face domination by both racism and sexism (discrimination based on sex). Both are means by which American society controls and oppresses everyone. Everyone is forced to conform to the values and roles established by the dominant group in order to "succeed."

For the Asian movement to progress, it must have a clear understanding of sexism, racism, and imperialism; and deal with them simultaneously.

For Asian women in general, the stereotypes or roles have been of two major kinds: either docile, submissive Oriental doll who will cater to the whims of any man; or the Suzie Wong, sex-pot, exotic bitch-body. Between these two are the efficient secretary, sexy stewardess, the good housekeeper and domestic, the girl any guy would like to marry.

Women in the Asian movement find that these stereotypes are still hovering over their heads. Not only these but new stereotypes, too: i.e., Asian men have tried to define for "their women" what it means to be "heavy." Men in the Asian movement also find themselves tied down to stereotypes. Perhaps they may feel that to be a MAN one must have authority and responsibility. In the same light, they will frown on women who take on a lot of responsibility (and the authority that goes along with it), labeling them as "unfeminine." Women then tend to fear this loss of "femininity" and so they do the clerical work and the cleaning up, activities for which intellect is not essential or expected. Women may also fulfill these jobs because they do them the best: And why do they do them the best? Because women are never encouraged to do anything else; women's potential abilities as a leader are left untapped and undeveloped. She loses her confidence in being able to handle such responsibility.

THE SISTERS WHO HAVE ACHIEVED a position of authority in the movement are a minority and are still trapped by the stereotypes that society has created. It is a struggle for women to attain the top leadership positions. Women who "make it" into such positions have had to reject the stereotypes already

WOMEN as LEADERS



imposed upon them. But because the new definition of "the Asian woman" has not yet evolved, women find themselves in a "limbo." Some find themselves being labeled as Bitches--women who speak out loudly and strongly; who are authoritarian, who boss people around, and command some form of respect. Some must resort to being overtly diligent and efficient to prove themselves as worthy of the same leadership positions as the men. Others gain respect by appearing to accomplish work in a multitude of projects but actually only completing a few tasks. And still others attain their leadership positions as token gestures. Some women can gain respect only by putting up with put-downs on other women, i.e., "You're not one of those bird-brained little girls", or "You're as strong as a man!"

Once women do get into leadership positions, they find that their ideas are usurped by the men, who then take credit for the idea as being their own. Women are often heard but not listened to. Many times the women must play her old role in order to get things done: "Oh, please, can you help me carry this. It's much too heavy for little old me..."

HOW CAN THESE PROBLEMS BE SOLVED: People must recognize that women are half of the working force in the movement against oppression, exploitation, and imperialism. They are half of the working force in creating the new revolutionary lifestyle. Men and women in the movement must therefore begin to live the ideals and goals they are working for. To do this, they must not let chauvinist acts slide by. People cannot work together effectively if there are hidden tensions or if people let little annoyances build up inside themselves. They must deal with sexism on the same basis as they would deal with racism and imperialism. They must be able to develop as human beings, not subject to categorizations and stereotypes. Developing as people confident in themselves, in their ideas, they will not be afraid of criticism; they will see the need for criticism, self-criticism in order to move forward. The struggle is not men against women or women against men, but it is a united front striving for a new society, a new way of life.

If I go forward,
Follow me.
Push me if I fall behind.
If I betray you,
Kill me.
If they take me,
Avenge me then in kind.

女

Reprinted from Rodan

Congresswoman Patsy Takemoto Mink

Jeanne Quan

This interview with the congresswoman from Hawaii was conducted in the spring of this year in Los Angeles at the UCLA Asian American studies conference.

As soon as you meet the well-dressed, dynamic congresswoman from Hawaii, you know that you are dealing with a professional -- articulate, confident, charming and smooth. Mink is also direct and frank, however, my first question, would she accept a nomination for the presidency was answered with a resounding "YES!"

Maui to Washington

Her grandparents had come to Hawaii as contract laborers at the beginning of the century. Her father was a civil engineer. She was born Patsy Takemoto on a Mauii plantation in 1927. Pearl Harbor Day was her fourteenth birthday, she recalls:

> "It was my first conscious realization that I wasn't really American like everyone else. It hit me pretty hard."

Recovering from the initial shock, she campaigned for student body president two years later and was the first girl to hold the position.

> "I guess I had something to prove, like the 442nd. Japanese weren't suppose to be visible at that time, but quiet, hiding and repentive. My family was very liberal about my upbringing as a girl as long as I learned how to cook and sew, they let me do what I want."

She graduated as valedictorian and began pre-medical study at the University of Hawaii in Honolulu. She remembers her opportunity to study on the mainland during her junior year as one of the most significant events in her life. After graduation she attended law school in Chicago.

> "When I arrived, they were surprised that I was a woman and insisted that I live with this missionary family. As soon as I turned 21, I moved out."

In Chicago she met geologist John Mink and in 1951, they were married. In 1953 they returned to Honolulu and she became active in the Democratic Party. In 1956 she was elected to the Hawaiian House of Representatives and in 1958 and 1962 to the State Senate. In 1964 she was elected to congress in a campaign solely backed by private contributors.

> "My family wasn't shocked that I went into politics, but they weren't enthusiastic either...Gradually they became my most enthusiastic supporters...Now the entire clan comes out and campaigns for me."
>
> "My husband is my staunchest supporter... If I hadn't run, he probably would have. We were both always interested in politics. ...He can't get involved now because if we ever disagreed in public, we might be harassed to death."

The Woman Question

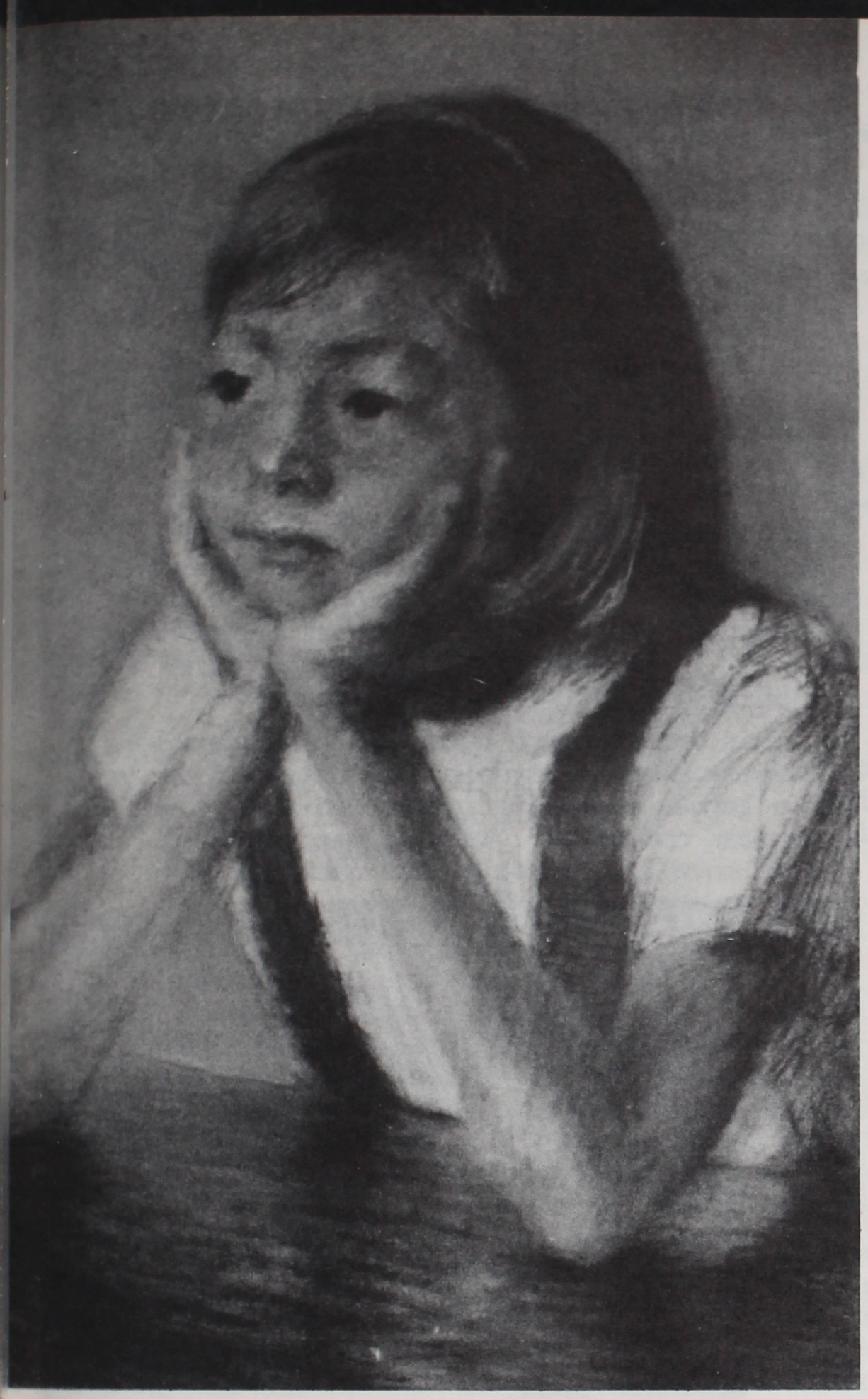
"If there hadn't been sex discrimination, I might never have gone into politics," she explains. When Patsy Mink first returned to Hawaii with her law degree, she found that law firms were very reluctant to hire women, especially a woman with a child. She was forced to "hang her shingle" independently and gradually began to develop the basis of a grass roots constituency. Her first case was paid in Kumu--fish.

In the House, she is a consistent supporter of women's rights bills, equal pay and childcare: "I support the goals of the women's liberation movement. I see it as a movement to get women to understand and appreciate the condition of their sex -- politically and economically."

> "The major thrust is not against men, but to try and see ourselves as full human beings. It must reeducate women to change their attitudes, to assume respect for themselves."

As for sexism within Congress, she feels little discrimination from her colleagues.

> "Institutionally the facilities were not made to accomodate women and our offices are makeshift, but we're all in the same position and have to run every two years. At first, of course, they thought I was a fluke because of their stereotype of Asian culture. Since everything runs on the seniority system, they ignored me, thinking that I wouldn't be back. But when I was re-elected they were surprised." (Last election, she ran uncontested. She is one of the top 10 vote getters in the House.)



Indochina

Because of her early anti-war stands, she earned the nicknames of "Pink Mink" and "the voice of Hanoi." In July 1967 when Congress called for harsh punishment of American anti-war flag burners, she addressed the floor:

> "America is not a country which needs to punish its dissenters to preserve its honor."[2]

Bucking her party in the September of 1967, she opposed a tax increase requested by LBJ:

> "78 billion or one-half of our federal tax revenues are now expended in support of our military efforts. $30 billion is devoted to Vietnam - over $1,500 for each man, woman and child in South Vietnam! By coincidence this is approximately the amount deficient in the federal budget... We should be talking about excess profits, removal of oil depletion allowances, removal of exemptions to special classes of individuals, price & wage regulations.[3]

Unlike many liberal politicians, she opposes Vietnamization..."Withdrawal of troops is a false issue. I want the war to end, that means all fighting. I want a total end to all military aid...Let the South Vietnamese decide for themselves, and when the decision is made we have an obligation to help them rebuild their country ...even if the government is Communist."

Racism: "Mere Gook Rule"

"The deeply imbued prejudice which is harbored by most Americans against those of Asian blood, citizen and alien alike, was revealed by the unchallenged action of our government against all peoples of Japanese descent during World War II...The entire population of one national origin overnight became the enemy, stripped of property, rights of citizenship, human dignity and due process of law...

The war has hardened this view. All Vietnamese stooping in the rice fields are pic - tured as the enemy, subhuman without emotions and for whom life is less valuable... During the Calley trial, we were told about "MGR", the mere Gook rule, which was the underlying basis for Calley's assertion that the slaughter of women and children, our prisoners of war, was 'no big thing.'"

Youth

And so the first part of our interview was reasonablly "right on" generational and political differences seeming limited. It was as we turned to specific domestic issues that our views began to diverge.

Disappointed at the participation of youth in the fall elections she felt that after the big reaction to the Cambodian invasion, that young people went ahead and did their thing...forgetting the war and taking off to Europe for summer tours. Students, she felt, were willing to "sacrifice the time of the schools, but were unwilling to sacrifice their own plans and time."

Agreeing that some people have always been opportunistic and have laced a firm committment to ending the war, I asked her if the irrelevancy of the electoral process--meaningless differences between political parties and candidates, the control of decision making by a few people, and lack of a meaningful voice--might also explain the apathy of both young and old.

She answered with a disappointing stock reply, "What system is better?" We briefly touched on alternatives involving decentralization, community control, proportionate

representation and other socialist nations .....but we just didn't establish mental contact.

Hawaii

In the early 1800's, as the story goes, when the missionaries arrived with their bibles , the Hawaiians owned their land collectively. Now the descendents of the missionary families own the land through corporations and plantations, and the natives have the bibles. Within a century the majority of Hawaiians were dead or landless. Today their descendents are struggling simply to find homes.

In 1969, only 36% of the total population of Hawaii owned their homes, decline of 11% since 1959. Less than 20-25% of the islanders can afford to buy homes.[5]

The struggle over Kalama Valley brings the situation into focus: Native Hawaiians struggling to save "Homestead Lands" originally granted to the natives are being evicted from their homes. Bishop Estate trustees have decided to build upper income suburbs and hotels. The people of Kalama Valley are forced into critically deficient public housing and have become literally homeless.

Congresswoman Minks agreed that the housing crisis is a major priority, but complains that there is a shortage of federal funds for low cost housing.

> "Despite what young ecologists say, I would turn Hawaii into one big suburb if it meant decent housing for all of its people"...As long as a person owns the land (Bishop Estate) they can do anything they please with it."

It seems that Hawaii is being turned into a suburb all right, but I doubt if those who need homes the most will ever enjoy these tract houses. Deeply rooted in American culture is the "right" of the "super-rich",[6] a minute percentage of people, to own and control disproportionate amounts of wealth and resources. Property rights over human rights are the basis of American order.

American

In anyone's eyes Congresswoman Patsy Takemoto Mink is an unusual woman. She has had to overcome not only the sexism of American society but the traditional outlook of the Asian communities in Hawaii: Japanese (32%), Filipino (10%), and Chinese (60%). Her very lifestyle has challenged most of the stereotypes of Asian women.

Politically she is not what most of the New Left would call "radical" yet her liberal stands, in the context of her rural Hawaiian consituency and the Asian community, make her seem radical for her generation and age. I could not help but respect this.

In the last analysis, however, Patsy Mink is 200% American. She has a deep faith in the American system and in this sense is not atypical of most of our parents. She sees racism and injustice, her response is to work harder in her attempts to make the American system work. This was the essence of our differences.

I think that I am not atypical of this Asian generation in that I have looked at the "American way", especially its systematic treatment of Third World peoples, and I question if the system was ever intended to work for Asians, nonwhite, or even the majority of working class Americans.

This disagreement between the perspectives of Patsy Mink and myself, are only indicative of a larger contradiction within the Asian American community. We must resolve it as we move from a racial and national identity to a political identity.

---

1 Refers to the Japanese American battalion which suffered the most casualties and received the most awards in World War II.
2 CURRENT BIOGRAPHY 1968, p.253.
3 Ibid.
4 Keynote address at the Asian American Studies Conference, April 16, 1971, Los Angeles.
5 HAWAIIAN PONO, March 1971, p.18-19.
6 See Lundberg's RICH AND THE SUPER RICH

The Cheese is Moldy

time blossoms still your chatter
spaceship misses the moon
earthlings turn on "Julia"

* * * *

-- diane mark

Pat Sumi: Off the Pedestal

Cindy Takemoto

This interview was conducted early this spring by Jean Quan.

Each time I see Pat Sumi, I see her in a different way and at the same time in the same way. The first time she was speaking at an Asian American conference about her experiences in Indochina. She was very "Asian." She carried herself with confidence, flow, dignity, quietness, and tact. At another conference, she was relaxed, loose, moving, blunt, informal, bohemian. At each of these times, the foremost image I had of her was of a "superstar".



But in listening to the interview, re-editing and writing this article, I saw the injustice to her in conceiving her in this role. It's unfair to her or anyone to be placed in a "superstar" role because it assumes that one person is responsible for the ideals and solutions for the movement. People remove the person from themselves, placing she or he on a pedestal. Pat is very much with the people in the sense that she has a similar backround and experiences. She has gone through a process of change and will continue to because like everyone else, she is only human.

"My Own Life"

Pat is 26, going on 27 in a few months. Camp is a part of herstory as well as many other Japanese American women, although she wasn't born in one.

> "I was born two months after they let us get out from Hart Mountain camp and let us go to a little town in the Southeast corner of Colorado."

After several months, they were allowed to return to the West Coast.

> "We were lucky you know, because we had white friends who leased our house for us and didn't sell it the way a lot of other people lost their property when they left it in the care of other people."

When she was young her parents were divorced. She feels that this is really atypical of Asian families. But that, the family is typical though, in two senses:

> "First they won't talk about pre WWII period too much and second, they talk about America being a land of opportunity and how they would never have the things that we have now if they stayed in the homeland country-a poor farmer kind of thing."

Japan

In 1963, she visited Japan. She viewed this visit as a privilege because most Japanese and Chinese children either cannot or have not been able to go back and especially visit the home of their parents or as in her case, the house where her grandfather was born.

> "It's a strange feeling to sit in the same room your grandfather was born in, and look around and it's not America, it's all Japanese. All of his older brothers' sons and their sons now farm the same land."

Q: How did they treat you?

A: We were family and were also kind of curiosities. The whole idea of a third generation that would come back was a source of amusement, questions. It was also kind of a good feeling on their part and my part that we all belonged to the same family even though we've been separated by so many miles and basically by culture and by racism and by all the things that exploit people. It was so different that it was the same. I felt the way country people feel when they are raised on a farm in the first years of their life and then move to the big city and then go back to the farm and its familiar but you know you couldn't live there because you're not from there any more. It was familiar. I knew ex-

actly what I was suppose to do in some ways but not in others."

At that time, she was attending Occidental College which is a "very white, middle class and Liberal Arts school. The ideology was very white."

"In a way, I think that going to Japan was was one of the things which kept me from falling all off into a white, middle class bag, marrying a white man, living in a white neighborhood, and telling everyone how assimilated I was. I did that anyway,but at the back of my mind, there was always this little thing on the walls I was trying to build around it saying: But, you're really Japanese, and you're separate from white people. There was always this kind of feeling back in my mind telling me that I couldn't do all those things because your grandfather was born in that farmhouse, and he came here in the 1890's and he was called a "Jap" and for awhile was afraid to walk down the streets in fear of being beat up by white goons."

Q: A woman friend just returned from Japan. She said she had a hard time adjusting as an American woman to Japanese culture-the whole Japanese language differences for female and male and the way they treated her. She did feel much more liberated just being back in the U.S. Did you feel any of this?

A: I was eighteen when I went and there was no movement at all. Women's Liberation-I hadn't even heard the word movement mentioned. It did kind of bug me cause one of the reasons I knew that I could never go to Japan and live was because I couldn't be a typical Japanese wife.

Q: How did you view a typical Japanese wife?

A: I don't know how they are now, but they were really enslaved in the sense that they really had to stay home and really were their husband's property. It's not that Japanese women didn't think they were happy, some of them were. I certainly wasn't liberated. But I certainly didn't feel like I could live all the time in the home and just do nothing but take care of the family and cook and wash dishes, etc. But, I would like to learn the arts of Japanese women.

Q: Which arts?

A: All the things that Japanese women do in terms of a sense of discipline like Tea Ceremony. One quarter of my family is Samurai. One of the things that granduncle did when we went to visit him was, he handed me the weapon the Japanese women were expected to use to defend the castle when it was being stormed. I could hardly manage it much less use it with some responsibility. I was really impressed by Jane Tabata's Karate demonstration at the Vancouver Conference, because it had all those senses of discipline and body control and mind control that I would really like to have. And that is part of having been robbed by America of your culture, of having been brainwashed into thinking that your culture has nothing to offer you. I never felt like that was something I really wanted to do.

The beginning of her consciousness development,which later led to her involvement in the movement, was:

"...having contact with my past, living contact and not having to read about it in books and not having to get it from the brainwashed words of my own parents. I felt very sad that even Japanese culture was getting ripped off too."

Africa

In 1965, she went to Africa on a CIA sponsored Crossroads Africa project. She was into a "nationalist's trip" for awhile.

"Japanese people were good,and we didn't have any crime in America because we came from a superior culture and had a cultural tradition. But, Black people were into crime and were generally behaving like lower forms of human life because they came from a lower culture. They weren't as advanced and civilized as Japanese were."

Africa blew this theory away. They were people that in many ways reminded her of her own people--they were peasants, country people, farmers who subsisted off their farms. But she also understood the real difference between civilization and technology.

"The Africans didn't have the technology like maybe the Japanese did. But, they certainly had really complicated kinship patterns and incredibly beautiful art--a



Mitsu Yashima

cultural pattern that was every bit as sophisticated and every bit as civilized as the Japanese were. That certainly couldn't explain why Blacks were doing what they were doing. There was no reason why they should be segregated on the basis that they were a lower form of human life or put into ghettos."

Racism

For the next three-four years, she went from school to school, experience to experience looking for an explanation of racism.

"I didn't consider myself oppressed by racism."

She soon involved herself in the Civil Rights Movement.

In graduate school, she took anthropology hoping that racism would be explained. She was disillusioned when an anthropology teacher, who was Japanese, said that,

"...ocassionally anthropological theory intersects with reality."

But she wanted reality explained.

As a transfer student, she went to Cornell and took up the social sciences because she figured that it was:

"...more concerned with urban and contemporary modern American issues."

Again, no explanation.

"So you can't appeal to the morality of white people to end racism because people tried that for ten fucking years in the Civil Rights Movement. And, there were white people who hated you for trying. They don't want you there, they don't even want you to say anything about integration. How could you appeal to the morality of someone who wants to kill you? In fact, was trying to kill you. And, his morality was that you should be dead."

Vietnam

Her interest in the Vietnam war was that it was related to Civil Rights.

"I wasn't sure how, it just didn't make any sense to go off and fight in Vietnam when black people were in such deseparate conditions in the U.S."

Her opposition wasn't that they were Asians or because of Imperialism.

"I think that it was important that I understood from the gut level that there was something very wrong happening in America and that I had to do something about it, if I was concerned about human beings. I had no political ideology. When you meet someone who will be mentally destroyed for the rest of his life because he had his skull cracked open when they tried to march from Selma to Montgomery, you recognize this as injustice. Surely, everyone must recognize this as injustice unless you're the most blind racist, in which case, I can't deal with you. Whether you're middle class, bourgeois or students, I don't know what paper bags people put over each other's heads, people are basically interested in injustice and dealing with that because it hurts people. You don't have to recognize that it hurts you, if you recognize that it hurts other people. Then your duty is to correct that. In trying to deal with that, you begin to understand that it affects you, too."

Asian Identity and As Women

"I never got so unhappy that I did what a lot of other people do which is to completely drop out. Dope was never really an alternative to me. I got so unhappy at one point that I would just sit around and cry a lot. I never got so unhappy that I thought about killing myself. I find that a lot of women have thought about it at one point in their life. I'm really stubborn. One of the things I learned early was to be like a bull dog.

Q: How did you learn that?

A: It was a survival thing. Being an Asian woman and an Asian, you never get listened to unless you keep on saying it, keep on doing it or you'll never get anything done. I think that the most invisable people of ALL of America are Asian women in terms of being taken seriously as human beings.



In 1968, Pat had been living in a pacifist commune which she described as,

"...really upper, middle class, hippie, and really individualistic."

She kept house for about eight men, cooked, did laundry for the men, etc.

"I had such little consciousness. In a way, my consciousness as an Asian has come along at the same time as my consciousness as a woman has come along."

Q: How so?

A: The more I got into understanding what racism had done to me as an Asian, I also began to feel myself more like a human being. I was not an adjunct to men, not an appendage that was dragged hither and thither and most of the time sat in the house and cooked. I didn't want to be that Japanese wife. But that was what I was basically into. I didn't want to. I felt bad, but I couldn't figure out what else to do about it, so I did it anyway.



Carolyn Wong

GI Organizing

Q: When did you start GI work?
A: Some draft resisting people were moving into military counsell g and work getting guys out of the military on CO discharges. The more I got interested, the more it sounded logical. If you can't stop the Vietnamese War by marches, maybe you can by convincing all the guys who do the fighting, not to fight.

It is interesting that at this same time, her views on non-violence were changing.

"I was beginning to understand the whole thing about riots. If I couldn't go out and riot with black people, the least I could do is to put my body in front of the National Guard and keep them from going in there and killing black people. I was beginning to change my attitude. I still couldn't picture myself picking up a gun. I was at that half way in between point where I saw other people should be picking up a gun, like black people. I could understand why they should riot, I couldn't understand how I could riot. It was wrong for the National Guard to go in there and start slaughtering black people, just shooting at people, who were after all only taking things that they really deserved."

Over a year and a half ago, Pat went on a two month trip with the US People's Anti-Imperialist Delegation to North Korea, North Vietnam, and China. The delegation was conceived of and led by Eldridge Cleaver as part of his program of People's Diplomacy. Pat was the only Asian woman on the trip and was the representative for a Democratic Military which she was doing GI organizing in. After she returned, she did nothing but speaking engagements about the trip, to share her experiences.

She was one of the first Third World women who was contacted about the Indochinese Women's Conference in Vancouver and later became a key figure. She participated in one of the preliminary planning conferences and was sent as part of an advance group. I am told that she was given a lot of responsibility at the conference itself.

Revolutionary Women

Q: What kinds of experience have you learned from the revolutionary women you've met that have helped you?

A: First of all, it was very clear that women must struggle against their oppression. But, that the primary source of their oppression is not men or their families. It is not some nebulous thing called Japanese culture. The primary oppressor of women as with all people is capitalism and imperialism. Women will achieve their liberation through struggling against that. The major thing is that women are not oppressed outside of society, we are oppressed because society itself is oppressive. It oppresses everybody...Asian women, black men or whatever. It just robs all of us of our humanity of our essential ability to be selfless and to cooperate with other people, to build a society where people's needs are taken care of.

Q: Were there any specific things you learned in Indochina?

A: Yeah, that women could be beautiful, humane and have kids, take care of families and be revolutionaries at the same time. By being revolutionary, they become more humane and more beautiful and less uptight about their kids. It wasn't necessary to abandon their husbands, there were real conflicts. But, it wasn't necessary to throw away marriage and throw away the concept of the family.

On Parents

Pat felt that her parents do not understand why she got involved in the movement. Because of this, finds it difficult to deal with them and spends as much time as possible away from home.

Q: If you can't yet deal with people like your parents, do you expect the movement just to deal with young people?

A: I know that I have to deal with them... But, one of the interesting things that Mrs. Uno, the Nisei lady from Los Angeles said was, that the three older Japanese women that went to the Vancouver conference got together. And, the other Nisei women said, "I'm so glad to be able to talk to somebody about my kids", because her kids are active and Mrs. Uno's kids are active. I think that one of the nicest things that could happen is that if all the mothers of activist kids could get together and talk to each other so that they wouldn't feel that it was all their fault that their kids went wrong. They sit around and they feel really bad, they look around and all their friends' kids are becoming doctors and pharmacists and buying Porsches and living in nice houses on the Westside or in Richmond or in the Berkeley Hills. Their kids, they got long hair, they're dirty, they consort with dopers and lawbreakers and communists. They get their picture put in the paper for demonstrations and stuff. I know a lot of parents who start dropping out of ordinary second generation life because they are so embarrassed by their kids.

When asked how she saw her role in the Asian Movement, she replied:

"What I'm trying to understand, which I don't even begin to understand, is what leadership is. Because of my past experiences, that I've been in the movement for awhile, and whatever reasons, correct or incorrect, I find myself in positions of leadership. I have to learn what that means in a revolutionary manner. I have plenty of bourgeois leadership practice, and very little revolutionary practice. What this means to me is understanding how to make other people leaders, how to get other people to realize their own leadership potentials. The reason we need leadership is because we need leaders to go around making the revolution. All the things I wanted to do ten years ago, that I didn't know how to do, I still don't know how to do, but I have a better idea now. And basically what we want to do is create a better society. In order to do that we need a number of things. First, we need leadership in order to lead all the masses of people because individuals can't do that. Second, we need an organization into which we can organize all of the leadership. And my interest in dealing with Asian sisters at this point is how to get Asian women into positions of leadership. The Vancouver Conference was an exercise in this. Most of us had never had that kind of a leadership role on us, and so we made a lot of mistakes and gained a lot of experience. One of the things we've got to do is share that experience with other people."

Pat is now real to me. I still think of her as an exemplary woman, but not as a distant all-knowing woman who is more "together" than I or anyone else could be. Pat has taken the time to reflect on her past, to analyze her changes. She has been able to say what the changes were, some of the reasons why though she is not always sure, and if there are any possible new directions for her.

To the movement, she knows she offers only suggestions. Even though she does not understand leadership, Pat is a leader in that she sees the potential in the People and tries to work concretely to encourage this growth. 女

A member of the Asian Political Alliance, Detroit, GRACE LEE BOGGS has been an activist since she received her doctorate in Philosophy in 1940. Over the years her activities have been concentrated chiefly in the black community. She has co-authored several theoretical articles with her husband, James Boggs. Her analysis of "The Black Revolution in America" appears in BLACK WOMEN, edited by Toni Cade.

Grace Lee Boggs

The Future: Politics as End and as Means

The goal of revolution in a country as economically developed as the United States is to transform people who, at every level, have been reduced by the system to politically apathetic individualists, opportunists and materialists, into socially-responsible, politically active human beings. This goal, in other words, is people development or "citizenship development" in this day and age is what the Chinese have called the "Four Firsts"[1] that is to say,

1) MAN OVER WEAPONS. In handling the relationship between man and weapons, we must base our strategy and tactics on the conviction that human courage, political consciousness, the readiness to sacrifice, and the ability to develop and organize oneself are the decisive factors in determining the final outcome of any conflict.

2) POLITICS OVER THE MILITARY. In handling the relationship between political and military work, priority must be given to programs for increasing the political consciousness and mobilization of the people. Military units must always be under the control of political units.

3) IDEOLOGY OVER POLITICS. In applying ourselves to practical political and routine problems, we must constantly bear in mind the principle of constant development and the contradictory and conflicting processes by which developments take place, whether in the objective world, in human history or in ourselves.

4) LIVING IDEAS OVER DEAD ONES. Ideological work must begin with reality and and with practical problems, not with books or abstract theories and principles.

These conceptions take time to grasp--not because they are so difficult in themselves but because the natural and normal behavior of all of us in this society is based upon completely opposite principles. Elsewhere in the world, in Vietnam, China, Cuba and the liberated areas of Africa, these are the revolutionary humanist conceptions which underlie the struggle against imperialism and to build a new society made up of new people.[2] In this country, however, we naturally and normally give precedence to technology and weapons in war and in peace, in action and in thought. We are schooled and conditioned to think of reality as something fixed, static and given, rather than as something which is constantly developing and changing through social conflict and scientific, i.e. human, creativity. We take for granted that progress is measured by the development of the productive forces rather than by the development of human creativity. We resort quickly to violence to settle conflicts instead of realizing that "he who knows when he can fight and when he cannot will be victorious."[3] We tend to blame others for what is wrong rather than to evaluate our own actions through criticism and self criticism.

On all these levels, the level of perceiving objective reality, of perceiving human history, and of perceiving our own selves, we have to restructure our thinking processes, our minds.

The Protracted Struggle

Obviously this restructuring cannot be completely accomplished as long as the economic, social, and political institutions of this country remain in the hands of those for whom progress is measured by technological development and who therefore propagate with all the means at their command the ideology that technological development is not only the be-all and end all of society but that it takes place with the inexorability of physical law and therefore cannot be challenged by human forces.

Can power be taken away from this military-industrial-academic complex? There

is no guarantee. But if it is not done, then the future we have to look forward to is even bleaker than the present.

It cannot be done overnight, of course, both because the present ruling structure is much too powerful and also because there does not yet exist social forces within the country which have the collective will, the social and political consciousness, and the parallel structures to take over power and use it to build a new society.

The perspective we face, therefore, is that of protracted struggle, that is to say, of a struggle lasting over a decade or decades during which large masses of people must be mobilized to struggle, in the course of which they will escalate their will to struggle and their vision of what they are struggling for, while at the same time creating what political scientists call a parallel hierarchy or dual power structure. The goal or end --taking power from those who are systematically dehumanizing us -- can only take place by means of struggles which transform us.

This concept of the protracted struggle involving the transformation of people and the embryonic development of new institutions, is equally difficult for Americans to internalize, accustomed as they are to instant coffee and pushbutton technology. Hence the image which most people in this country have of revolution is of "the revolution" taking place on some D-Day when both sides line up on the barricades.

The concept of changing the system has been a mechanical one as if it could be wiped off like something on a blackboard. Governed by such concepts of "instant revolution", those taking up the cudgels for revolutionary change easily become demoralized when one massive demonstration or one hot summer produces little result. In their disappointment they become victims of the two traps which always lie waiting for the revolutionist: opportunism--the myth that advancing one's own individual career advances the struggle; or adventurism--the launching of actions intended to blast the masses into revolutionary consciousness but which actually end up by isolating the revolutionary grouping from the masses.

Programs

The necessary restructuring of human thinking can only be accomplished through practice, that is through actual struggles over living issues. Hence the need for specific programs which objectify or concretize the goal in stages and in relation to specific issues.

In developing specific programs for struggle, it is necessary, first, to choose problems which are closely related to human needs and which at the same time embody organic weaknesses in the system and thereby demonstrate its illegitimacy; second, to propose solutions in terms of changing power relations with which people can identify and regard as appropriate and realizable even if not immediately acceptable; and third, to propose concrete next steps that people can take towards arriving at these solutions. (The brochure COMMUNITY CONTROL OF SCHOOLS: CHANCE FOR BLACK CHILDREN, by the Citizens for Community Control of Schools in Detroit[4], is an example.)

In mapping out programs for struggle, it is essential always to keep in mind that the goal is political development. This means that in this country certain programs especially those around economic or belly needs, should ordinarily not be projected because, even though they may be able to stir more people into action, they end up by increasing rather than decreasing the individualism, materialism and opportunism of the participants in the struggle. Hence they serve to tie people closer to the system of economics in command and increase their cooperation in their own enslavement.

As the Wallace movement has recently proved, certain economic programs, such as programs that mobilize whites against soaring taxes, are extremely dangerous at this stage in this country because they serve to accelerate the growth of racist mobs who find it much easier to relieve their growing frustration against Blacks than against the military-industrial complex.

In developing programs for struggle, it is not sufficient to focus on what people want, particularly in a country as advanced and as materialistic as the United States. Wants are what come immediately to popular consciousness and are, as often as not, manufactured by the mass media. It is necessary for leadership to escalate popular consciousness from an awareness of wants to a concern for needs, i.e. concerns that require consideration of a larger framework or context of relationships. Leadership must not only be understanding or sympathetic to those it leads. It must have the capacity and the courage to be demanding on them, in the sense of driving their consciousness towards a consideration of the social as well as the individual, of the whole as well as the part.

Thus programs aimed at the reorganization of local institutions, such as schools, the health system, transportation, compel those engaged in the struggle not only to confront those in power but also, in the course of the struggle itself, to face the question of how these institutions must be totally reorganized to meet human needs.

Struggles around such programs serve to create a sense of community, i.e. of common needs, common purposes and common experiences in struggle. They also serve to create parallel power structures within which leaders are tested in terms of their ability to relate to and develop the human resources of the community, rather than their ability to get the ear of or grants from the Establishment. Struggles of this kind therefore bring people closer to the goal of political development even as they struggle. They begin to develop the kind of militancy as well as the kind of judgment and reflection which are so rare in this country, for example, judgment on issues rather than personalities, on deeds rather than rhetoric, in terms of the positive or negative consequences of taking a certain position rather than merely reacting to fear or threats. Thereby social consciousness and social responsibility are developed.

In so far as you begin to mobilize communities, however small, to fight issues with changed consciousness, new ideologies and new methods of viewing themselves and each other, you are beginning to make progress. By the way you identify problems and struggle to resolve them, by the way you evaluate the progress of the struggle and of yourself and others in the struggle- you begin to acquire and impart the ingredients of political development. Every time you undermine the old way of just leaving things to economic development or to the politicians, you begin to create a little stream, even if it isn't yet a current, inside that confused, monolithic, deseparate and therefore very dangerous conglomeration of people which calls itself the white community.

Very few people in this country, despite the national and international crises of the past 40 years, the Great Depression, Fascism, World War II, the Cold War, the Korean War, The Vietnam War, and the revolutions in Asia, Latin America and Africa, have any notion what politics, social responsibility, or self-rule really mean. Until they can tackle issues that are close to them, facing step by step the fundamental questions involved in their resolution, the reasons why the problems have developed as they have, and the structural changes that are now necessary for their resolution, locally, nationally, and internationally, they will be unable to face the much more formidable prospects of self-government on a national scale.

As every group begins to develop a sense of responsibility in relation to governing over institutions which are close and small enough for them to understand, it becomes a potential counterforce to the prevailing culture of irresponsibility and sense of powerlessness which is the breeding ground of Fascism.

1980

Whatever else may or may not happen in the next ten years, in the year 1980 contains the date when each of us, if we are still alive, will be ten years older. Let us work towards being, on that date, not ten years richer or ten years higher on the American social ladder but rather ten years wiser in our knowledge and experience of how to carry on revolutionary struggle against the present system, ten years stronger in parallel power structures made up of concerned, politically conscious individuals struggling to reorganize social institution, and ten years more determined to pursue these struggles to the finish no matter how many more decades it may take.

Much, much more valuable than any property, real or personal, or any technical skills that we could impart or pass on to the next generation would be this accumulation of experiences, structures, and determination. This country is not lacking in material wealth or technical skills. What it lacks is this political experience, this determination, these structures, and this reflection on the purposes and practices of political struggle.

The rapid acquisition of this political wealth is particularly important for those adults who came of age during and since World War II. The second World War ended an epoch and began a new one, our own epoch which has been dominated by nuclear weaponry, an economy of abundance and struggles for human rights. Those whose children are teenagers today have for the most part laid waste their powers in getting and spending, evading the question of what values every adult has the obligation to impart or bequeath, by example and by precept, to the young. If these adults are ever going to be able to communicate with their own children and children of the world, they must have accumulated something worth communicating in the areas with which young people are most concerned - the area

of human and political values.

To acquire and pass on this wealth, by example, and by precept, is the challenge of the 70's. 女

1 See POLITICAL WORK: THE LIFELINE OF ALL WORK, Foreign Language Press 1966.

2 See William Hinton, FANSCHEN.

3 Nguyen Khac Vien, VIETNAMESE STUDIES, No. 12, "The Importance of American Technique in Face of People's War."

4 White radicals, lacking followers in their theoretical base (the working class), have a history of encouraging Black super-militancy which ends up by isolating the Black activist from the Black community and making him dependent upon the financial and legal resources of white radicals for defense.

WOMAN & MAN = Political Unity

Margaret Woo

'Men plus women equals political unity' is self-explanatory. It means that the first thing men and women must do, before a political movement takes place, is to become a working unit. Unfortunately, in the U.S., there is little unity between men and women, especially among the minority people. I address myself here only to the Asian men and women as a working, political unit.

There are two prominent reasons why a functional political unit of Asian men and women has not developed--1) the power of the mass media to cast Asian men and women into negative stereotypes of limited scope and 2) the acceptance into the dominant white society of Asians only if they marry whites and/or if they are Euroasian (mixed Asian and European blood). These two factors have left Asians no choice but to believe and live the mass media stereotypes. Thus, creating an unworkable situation for Asian men and women: an abstract concept of political unity that can not become a reality until unity of men and women is established.

Below are some short examples of mass media Asian and white stereotypes:

ASIAN MEN are small skinny egg head emotionless flat nosed 98-pound weakling hairless chestless sexless short lifeless serious humorless practical cautious passive socially inept spoiled mommy's boy bucked teeth big lipped greasy hair tight eyed S.I. Hayakawa engineer doctor Ph.D. accountant pool playing fey gy neuter Charlie Chan laundry man gardener houseboy hard working egotistic waiter

WHITE MEN are big muscular intelligent sexually powerful hairy tall fun easy going light colored hair eyes skin athletic aggressive dominating J.C. Penny Lincoln lawyer business man executive banker Joe Namath John F. Kennedy Jesus Christ

ASIAN WOMEN are small slim flat nose 98-pound weakling chestless short passive bucked teeth big lipped domestic brainless brainy sexy sexless tight eye ultra feminine teacher clerical worker maid waitress Susie Wong geisha dragon lady Nancy Kwan Anna Chennault

WHITE WOMEN are sexy voluptuous multi colored hair eyes skin fun loving long legged Miss America beauty rose pure Lolita Marilyn Monroe Margaret Mead Pearl Buck Shirley Temple Jackie Onassis Grandma Moses Barbie doll glamorous mother

Through these stereotypes where Asians are given negative roles and whites positive, it is easy to understand why the Asian men and women would prefer to associate themselves with the whites. Why whites regard themselves as superior can be directly traced to the way the mass media portrays them. Mass media has been able to brainwash not only the Asians but also the whites believing and living the stereotypes of white America.

The reaction of Asian men and women is to reject themselves and other Asians for the 'positive' white stereotypes. This rejection is the crux of the Asian-men-plus-women-disunity. As long as we believe that our men and women are inferior, political unity will never be a reality. Both Asian men and women must believe in a unified, political movement; otherwise, Asian unity will remain a concept supported by a few Asians who are at this point predominantly

men.

Let us examine the second reason acceptance by whites of Asians only if they marry whites and/or if they are Euroasian. When an Asian marries a white the children will be more acceptable by the whites' standards. .Why? Because the children will have white blood in them and they will not be as inferior as if they were full blooded Asians. Good examples of Asians who have married into the white society and who have been accepted by the mass media are S.I. Hayakawa and Anna Chennault. An example of an Euroasian is Nancy Kwan.

Because of these standards for acceptance, very few Asians have been recognized as positive images in the century or Asians in American history. Sill Asians strive desperately to enter the white society at the expense of losing their Asian identity.

How can an Asian, married to a white, be pro-Asian all the way? Can he/she expect Euroasian people to understand the meaning of Asian political unity when they are accepted by the dominant white society? How can the work of Asian political unity be carried on if the bearers, who are of Euroasian descent, can not identify themselves nor understand the full meaning and feeling of being Asian? Will the Asian political work be laid to rest when his/her life is terminated? Will there be no heirs to the ideal of a better Asian life through political belief in the U.S.? These are questions that I pose to Asians who preach Asian political unity and yet reject themselves and their own kind for white mates.

It is hard for Asians to stop believing and living the mass media stereotypes and to accept themselves as worthy human beings. It is difficult for Asians to work together under the pressure of a white dominated society. It is difficult for Asians to realize the consequences of marrying white. While Euroasian children may be accepted, there is sinister and on-going process, a breeding out of "undesirable" Asian characteristics as slanted eyes and yellow skin. In time Asians could be nothing but a one-dimensional page of history.

There will be no more Asians to speak of, so no more Asian political unity to strive for. There will be no Asian American future today. We should fight the mass media and begin to love ourselves and our own kind. It is not too late to end the disunity of Asian men and women and to bring the abstract concept of Asian political unity into reality.

女

MARGARET WOO is presently working in Oakland's Chinatown and with Asian Studies at UC Berkeley.

Three Steps Behind and Three Steps Ahead

The Enduring Asian Myth in the Modern West

We, Asian women by tradition have been pushed away from the mainstream of our society -- political, educational and economic events and history. We are famous for our obedience, diligence, sensitivity and grace. We are a mystery to the Western culture. Even though Western women are deprived of participation in the mainstream of their culture, we, Asian women are far more deprived of opportunities and learnings than Western women. This fact has been particularly true due to our own identity in accepting our fate as the "shadow-power." As a Western friend put it: Japanese women may walk three steps behind in public, but they are thinking and scheming three steps ahead of their men.

Asian women gained and accumulated self-esteem as a strong influence over internal familial affair. In spite of our passivity in public, social and occupational worlds, we fulfilled and established a strong and stable role in our culture. Asian men often appear to be domineering and authoritarian to the Westerners, but in reality their power only rests in affairs outside of the family. The clear-cut division of labor has brought tranquility and order between the Asian men and women, however, these stereotypes based on our past role models are becoming the source of identity confusion. We, Asian women have not carefully analyzed our roles in a modern society and lack an understanding of the change taking place around us. In addition, in spite of the change taking place among us, the Westerners still carry their mystical and romanticized misconception of the Asian men and women.

Women's Identity Crises

It is only in recent decades that Asian women's identity was shaken due to changing cultural values and a changing society. In



Yuriko Payton-Miyazaki

this identity crisis -- due to secularized values, developing modern mechanization and mass media -- the Asian women can share these problems with the Western woman, especially with those in suburban cities. These women have lost their roles to attend and influence household affairs. The institutions outside the family -- such as mass media, educational system and political doctrine -- influence their children. Quite often outside institutions provide the youth with more correct facts about human lives and society. Sometimes, women's labor was freed by household machinery. What we have learned from our past generation is no longer useful or meaningful to a changing society and its new generation.

In addition to the commonly shared women's identity crises, Asian women are placed in a worse condition than Western women, since their socialization has never allowed them to be achievement-oriented as is that of Asian men and the Westerners. Asian women are less encouraged than Western women to seek occupational, educational or social activities other than familial relations. Still, in spite of higher educational opportunities, familial pressures are on Asian women to marry, raise raise children and become housewives before becoming active in society at large. In response to this environmental influence, Asian women are psychologically conditioned to invest their energies in familial or inter-personal affairs.

Psycho-Social Adjustment of Asian Women

When an Asian woman is suppressed and frustrated she has no conscious anger toward the outside world, but toward herself or her limited circle with whom she can identify - one example is her children. Her extended family and relatives often are not sources of support since the autonomy of the nuclear family from relatives' families is valued. The Asian woman's anger, thus, is often displaced and misplaced. It is also true, since she does not have authority or identification with outside familial affairs, that whenever her problem involves the outside world, she becomes helpless, and eventually she refuses to deal with the outside institutions and outside people by denying her existing problems. In suppressing individuality by accepting our fate and roles many of our elderly sisters became narcissistic and dependent when their children became fully grown and financially independent of the family. These elderlys' problems with daughters-in-law and their subtle manipulation over their sons (but not so much their own daughters) are the unhealthy but more-than-often manifestation of their long-suppressed individuality.

Manipulation is the only tool for the helpless, dependent and powerless in order to get what they want. Instead of actively and openly reaching out for what she wants, the Asian woman must appear harmless and powerless; at the same time she must get what she wants in another way.

Asian women are socially isolated from each other, since family ties are much stronger than those of Western sisters. We Asian women are well protected by the family, at the same time we are alienated from our Asian sisters. Our reality and space for identification are in a small world. We are often not encouraged to reach out for things outside our families and meager social groups: we have no ways but to invest out energies in the small world, by alienating ourselves from the larger world. Asian women are politically powerless to reach out for what we may want or to reject actively what we may not want, and are isolated in achieving any sense of communication with each other. As a result of alienation, we, Asian women, often do not know how to cooperate with each other to take responsibility and carry out plans.

The core of Asian women's psycho-social adjustment is our intricate investment in the inner affairs whether personal, fami-

lial or social. Our boundaries of the world often end with our clannish familial ties. The boundaries of the space we can integrate is smaller compared to Asian men or the Western men and women. Even though higher educational opportunities are provided, Asian women with intellectual and occupational faculties, present the inherited characteristics and myths or are seen in this way. We often cannot free ourselves from our parental, generational ties in risking and obtaining the new roles.

How about Asian Men?

We need to educate our Asian men with the information of who we are and where we stand. We can help our men to be free from their rigid and traditional role expectations by which they also are enslaved. Asian men seem to be as unfree as Asian women. In addition, the fact that they are a minority in the modern West creates more difficult identity tasks for Asian men. Instead of alienating our men from ourselves or from the major society, we can free them from our traditional expectations of them to achieve, to earn a living, and to succeed in an already sick society. Instead of manipulating Asian men to be powerful, masculine, and active (since we are not allowed to be), Asian women can allow more room for Asian men to feel and to choose what they want for themselves. In the mean time, we, Asian women can become free to assert ourselves in the outside familial world. This opportunity will alter Asian women's powerless manipulation to more open and confident outward activities. In addition, Asian women will have the opportunity to expand our identity boundary.

Epilogue

In the light of the liberation of Asian women, it is important to realize the differences of our socialization process and identity from that of our Western sisters. We need to educate ourselves to be aware of Asian women's common problems. We cannot over identify with something essentially different; at the same time for the common cause of oppressed women, we must learn to cooperate among ourselves and with our Western sisters to fulfill our new tasks.

By uniting to help ourselves, we are taking our responsible steps in ending the alienation of Asian women. Also, this is a place to test and learn from each other how we as Asian women can cooperate and actually enlighten our social awareness in pursuing our unique identity in modern West. We raise our questions and we give our answers by participating, studying, experimenting and experiencing in the process of Asian women's liberation.

What is important for us today is not to create alienation from or solidarity with other races, sexes, or ages, but to build the equal esteem and cooperation toward our common goal in changing this world to be a meaningful place for everyone. In order to bring a change from our stagnated role of passivity to liberated and contributing roles in our society, we need first to liberate ourselves. Instead of reacting to the outside pressure and influence, we need to take a risk to be spontaneous and active -- not reactive. Our initiative often is unnurtured or hidden by the stagnant roles. Self-identity different from other races, sexes, or ages, but it is not alienation as long as we include other groups and people as our necessary comrades with whom we need to communicate.

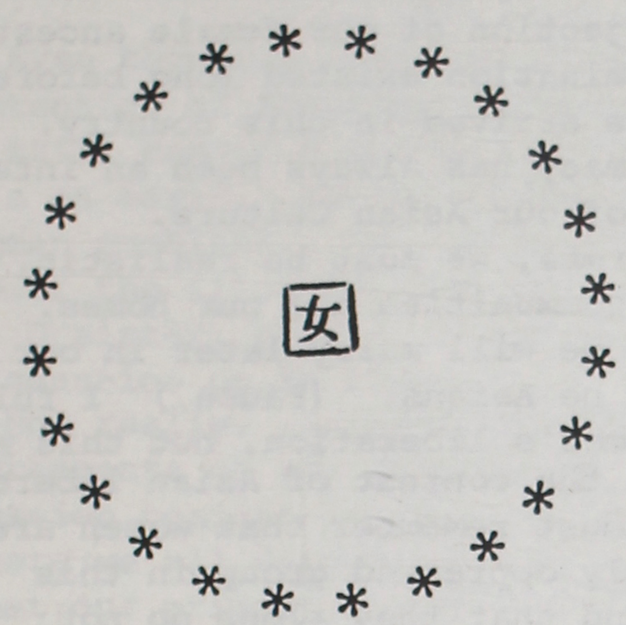
女

I have shed many sorrows alone in the night
i have spent my quiet hours trying to forget
i have been afraid of you without remembering
your face
i have walked the streets at noon and cast
no shadow
i have raised my voice alone
we have raised a cry together
i have nothing of value
bringing that i come home to you
the night shines black with stars
and so i have come home to you
i remember again your faces in the mirror
and darkness fades to dawn
the landlord owns my time
but cannot hold my soul
his hands are many fingered
the police are his children
and he doesn't care if i die on the street
so long as the rent check comes in
with the morning news
his face and name are kept well hidden
but i know him by his trademarks
i have raised my voice
he does not answer
but i see him smile
as he brushes the crumbs from his mouth
to the floor where we want
I will take your hand in love
we have nothing of value
yet
we are the people
I will raise my hand against the man
for love of you.

Laura Ho

One In Sisterhood

G. M. Lee



Characters:
Celestia, graduate student in ecology
Vali, nurse
Star, community organizer
Aurora, community worker & law student
Sunni, community worker & pre-med student

The characters are roommates and are American-born women of East Asian descent.

Setting: The living room

****

Celestia: Vali, look at this full moon!

Vali: Beautiful! And the stars are visible, too. We haven't had such a clear night for a long time.

Star (entering): What a hectic meeting we had tonight! But we finally have three sisters elected to the board.

(Vali taking a seat in the middle of the room while Celestia remains near the window.)

V: You look delighted.

St: I am! At least we have taken a step in getting ourselves to a more dignified position. (Enter Aurora and Sunni.) Why, Vali, you don't seem very excited about it.

V: (Looking at Star, while Celestia smiles.) You know, Star, when I think about it, I am not sure that the women's struggle for equality is really worth our effort. (Star is startled.) You see, communities cannot function without some division of labor. A smooth-running society does not allow the same vocation for everyone.

St: Who said that it should? Are you implying that social roles ought to be assigned in terms of sex?!

V: If that is in the interest of our communities, why not?

St: But it isn't. If a part of society -- in our case the women -- is denied the opportunities other members enjoy, then the human community itself is not healthy. Real division of labor will not operate properly under such conditions. (She pauses.) Biology does not determine our social roles; people do. Women have been pressured into subservient position for too long, and particularly because of the male concept of the division of labor. We still do not have an equal chance to fulfill our potential. If we work we do not have the good jobs we want. Except for a few token positions, we have practically no decision-making power, though we comprise about 40% of the working force. And if we don't work, we'll end up as parasitic housewives. (Shaking her head.) Just imagine the wasted talent and resources which could otherwise be channelled into constructive work that would benefit the whole community.

V: I think, Star, you've overemphasized the importance of achieving materialistic "equality" with men. Yes, we can build a social system of absolute equality - but unless people themselves respect each other as human beings, we will not have liberation. It's people, not structures, that free themselves. Really, Star, why should the type of job concern us as long as the work serves the needs of people?

St: On that I agree. But we are not at that stage yet and must understand that men will not respect us simply because we ask them to. We have to change the objective conditions. By having women in positions that are once exclusively reserved for men, we can help to eliminate the designation of social roles by sex. By having economic independence, women will be able to assume their human dignity, and will be able to shatter their stereotypes - people's attitudes will have to be revolutionized then.

*

Aurora: May I say something here? (Smiles.) So far in our discussion, we've recognized that a necessary step in the liberation of women is the abolition of social roles defined in terms of sex. I think we should continue to analyze the situation and ask whether the so-called "feminine" qualities ought to be abandoned. WE cannot afford to reject outright everything that has been attributed to women by the male culture...

St: Aurora!

A: When we demand equal opportunities, doesn't that also mean that we have accepted male values and the pursuit of the "superior" masculine traits, such as ambition, aggression, competition, and domination?

St: That means you support differentiation of roles by sex?

A: No, but if we discover that, in the interest of the human community at large, the best feminine qualities are worth keeping, then we should not only keep, but propagate them as well. For example, just because we are conditioned to think like wives and mothers, sacrificing our personal freedom for the family, does not necessarily mean that we should reject the concept of selflessness. The feminine virtues -- the concern for others, the love for people, the willingness to cooperate with others and sacrifice personal interest for the benefit of a large community -- if practiced, these are precisely the instruments that will bring liberation to women and men as well. (Pause.) Really, do we want "equality" with men--equal opportunities to participate in their savage wars, to share their indifferent attitude toward their fellow human beings, to match their vanity and chauvinism? Do we want to engage in their absurdities? Do we want to share the spoils they reap from exploiting others?

*

Sunni: Of course not. But we can never forget that we are not simply women in America. WE must see ourselves in a different light. We are <u>Asian</u> women. Our identity is Asian, and this country recognizes us as such. We cannot afford the luxury of fighting our Asian counterparts. We ought to struggle for Asian liberation first, and I'm afraid that the "feminine" virtues will not be effective weapons. There is no sense in having only women's liberation while we continue to suffer oppression as Asians.

A: To that, I would say that when men respect women as human beings, the chances for them to respect people of other races as people are greater than the other way around. But consider this: is our Asian culture, the heritage that gives us the identity, really worth our total commitment? Subjection of our female ancestors to male domination existed long before our parents arrived in this country. Male supremacy has always been an integral part of our Asian Culture.

Su: But, Aurora, we must be realistic. The Asian communities are our homes. The people we will marry later in our lives will be Asians. (Pause.) I fully support women's liberation, but this must be done in the context of Asian liberation. We must remember that women are not the only oppressed group in this country, and that they alone do not constitute a community.

St: But if we Asian women don't assert our right to human dignity now, we will remain third class citizens even after "the revolution."

A: History has told us that women's liberation does not automatically come with political revolutions: Asian liberation will not necessarily bring Asian women's liberation. Equality of opportunities to pursue our ambitions is meaningless if it means sharing exploitation by and perpetuation of the oppressive masculine ideology. Asian liberation would be meaningless if Asian women were "liberated" from the white men only to suffer under the domination of Asian males. There's little difference between a white male-chauvinist and a yellow male-chauvinist master or between white imperialism and yellow imperialism. We must have the courage to face up to intimidation by men when we demand justice. We must have the guts to say "no" - we won't use our children as war machines. We must stand up to tell our male comrades that liberation does not mean changing the color of the oppressor's skin.

Su: Swell, but how can we be so abstract when our people are starving in their homes?

A: By practicing the virtues of mutual cooperation, we could cross the most difficult hurdle in solving human problems. We live in a very small world. Our actions affect people, our communities too. Thus, our outlook must transcend our biological differences. We ought to devote our energies to feminism because a feminist revolution may well be the only revolution that can bring peace among people. On feminism, we will be able to build a world where people respect and care about each other. And

since we are Asians in America, we should start liberating our communities first, concentrating our energies here while supporting our sisters elsewhere with our remaining resources.

*

C: Even though, I agree on the theorectical potential of feminism in human liberation, I still cannot conceive of achieving utopia on earth. We can never solve all human problems. So, we should not be under the illusion that feminism would...

St: O sister, please, let's not let our discussion go in circles.

C: Not really. Despite the obvious disagreements on our priorities, this discussion tonight has been the first one where we all demonstrate unequivocally that our primary concern is not individual, but collective liberation. This is encouraging, because this attitude facilitates people working together. Of course, because of our different backgrounds and experiences, we will continue to disagree on the approach to problems. But despite the differences, we must be able to work together to reslove our contradictions, realizing that our unity in the concern for people is far stronger than the different outlooks which may divide us.

V: Yes, and we will make the necessary personal sacrifices to better our world.

St: Selflessness as human beings, not as sacrificial lambs.

Su: For our people first, because that's most practical.

A: And in the proper direction, so that we won't be deceived.

C: Together, we will solve our problems. We are one in sisterhood... Let's enjoy the full moon.

女

G.M. LEE is a worker in Asian Studies, UCB.



one is the problem
if one believes himself the solution

****

an outer simplicity
experienced through
an inner complexity



International Hotel Collective

Sisterhood is Powerful

International Hotel Women's Collective

We, as women working together in the community, have realized the necessity to become a separate collective. At the International Hotel, there are only five women of a total of 15 members in the hotel collective. We have felt the weakness of being in the minority.

As sisters working side-by-side our brothers, we have grown very close, sharing much of our inner thoughts with each other. It is so right on to come together in sisterhood because, in the past, Asian women, being a somewhat unique breed of women in this society, have felt so alienated from one another. No, we are not into a women's libber's trip and are not out to smash our men. We did not decide to come together as such.

Our coming together was more of a natural process because each of us were feeling certain pressures and disagreements which were often in discordance with our brothers. It took us a while to discover that the only people we could totally relate to on these uncomfortable matters, were the sisters and, in fact, all of us just so happened to be sharing the exact same feelings! We were awakened when we finally realized that sisterhood is powerful when we actively support each other's views when we know we are correct in our thinking.

To Add a Bit of Analysis

Much of the thought processes of men often become too intellectual and analytical which actually divorce their thoughts from their feelings toward the people. As women, we never lose sight of our hearts. Our feelings toward the people come first. It's a strong sensitivity which is never wiped out during the intellectualizing process.

As a women's collective, we must also begin to analyze and understand our com-







mitment to community organizing and our position as women in respect to that commitment. There are, in fact, less women involved in the community than men, and we must begin to talk about the strength it takes for a woman to be an effective organizer who works with the brothers on an equally strong plane.

As the women workers at the Hotel, we must have our shit together. We have the responsibility of communicating to and educating all the new women who come in to work with the collective. She must understand the importance of sisterhood to us as a women's collective, before she can become an effective worker. We must not let her fall into the role of possessing petty hang-ups about being a woman in relationship to her work.

Many insecurities are felt when the women realize that there are very few young women at the Hotel, other than the prosti-- tutes. It's like you have to understand that, to the older tenants, we are like their daughters or nieces, fighting to make their lives better. To the younger tenants, we are young and attractive, but work hard and are not weak and docile. It is easy once you realize the catch, that a mutual respect is built around the relationship to the men tenants and their relationship to us.

As workers at the Hotel we have succeeded in many ways by breaking down the barriers which exist between tenant and worker. We have accepted many luncheon and dinners with some of the older tenants thus giving us both a chance to relate on a more personal and human level. On one occasion, a winner of the International Hotel pool tournament decided to give all his prize money back to the women workers. It turned out that all the three winners wanted to return their money. We used that money to throw a People's Dinner at the end of the month.

As for our relationships with the brothers, it's easy, too, because, believe it or not, they really do respect us all as sisters in the struggle. We have a very good working relationship with them, and for each of us, our relationships develop from a beautiful personal level to a political level as well. Through our unity as sisters, we have helped the brothers re-evaluate their role as men and their insights are constantly growing.

To give a concrete example-----We can remember one sister who came in to work for a quarter. She was the ultra-feminine

Asian woman. And it was cool, but to look at oneself in this realm only produces difficulties in relating to the role of women at the Hotel. She was not used to being in such a situation and was never quite able to interact with the tenants in a warm and effective way...with the exception of the white-hippie type tenants. We have seen her and other Asian sisters who can spend all the Sunday morning Brunch time sitting and rapping confidently to the white hip dude. Quite a feat!! This sister, too, spent one whole Saturday just typing in the office with amazing speed and efficiency, but never bothered to put on work clothes and pick up a mop or wrench. She had a grand time appealing to the brothers' weaknesses to this type of woman, and there was much positive feedback from them about her "good work" at the Hotel.

We know what trip these sisters are on and how ineffective it is in the type of work we must do as women. There are sisters who do not understand the valuable significance of sisterhood because of their strained efforts to be a woman to the brothers first and foremost, and we can dig where they're coming from. However, this attitude is detrimental to our goals as women in the Asian movement.

It is the task of the women's collective to sincerely and honestly educate the new sister in the community about our goals to make sisters stronger through their work at the Hotel.

For Our Brothers

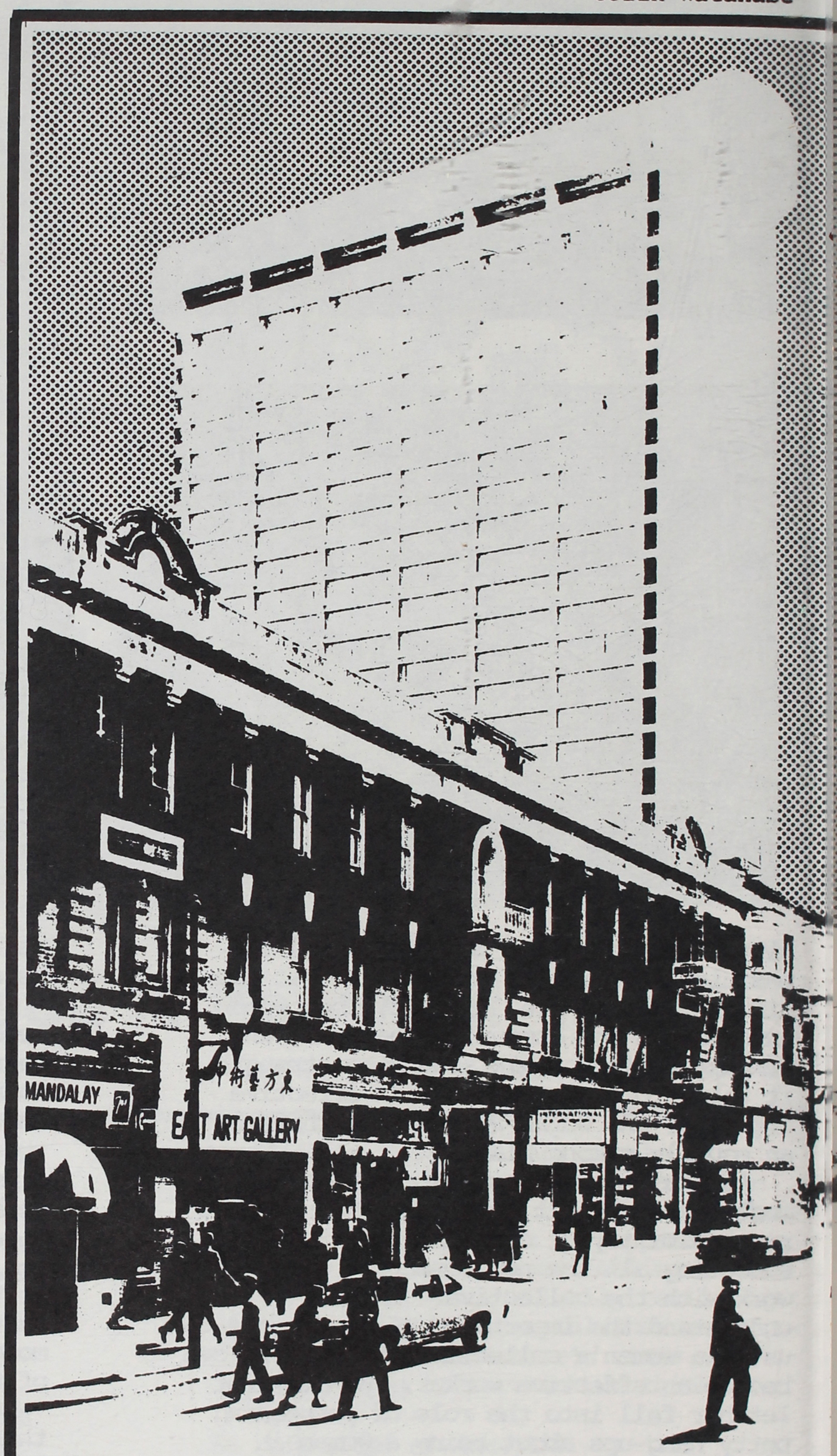
We are saying all this because we know you've been wondering about us and have had weird feelings about what we're up to. Well, it ain't no knitting circle or gossip session. We've got business to take care of. And because of our strong working relationship with you, we expect you to support us in our goals by building relationships of respect with the new sisters who are interested in joining us in our struggle. For us, the practice of self-criticism--criticism has been instrumental in building our unity as a strong body within the Hotel collective. We are extending this practice out to you so that, in total unity, we can become a better working collective in carrying out our task of serving the people.

With love,

Your Sisters

女

Colin Watanabe



Q:

Carmen Chow

A:

Cindy Takemoto and Ann Umemoto

Q: Perhaps we could begin with your personal backround, where were you born etc. ?

A: I am twenty-three years old and was born in Nan King, China. I lived in Taiwan from 1949-1966.

Q: Could you discuss your "political" background in terms of 1)The Asian Movement, 2)Yourself and 3) The Woman Question ?

A: First, I want to differentiate between the Asian Movement and the Chinatown Community. The Asian Movement mostly consists of young people, college students who are middle class, American born and English speaking. Chinatown is mostly made up of working people who are foreign born and Chinese speaking.

Q: Could you define working people?

A: Working people work in garment factories, laundry factories or restaurants.

Q: I know that you have and continue to work in both New York and San Francisco Chinatowns. Are they the same?

A: There are differences between San Francisco Chinatown and New York Chinatown. New York has more immigrants and first generation people. Because of the unique nature of New York City, where most communities-Black, Puerto Rican, Italian, Jewish, etc.-are rather insulated from each other. And, because Chinese are such a tiny, tiny minority in New York Chinatown, there is more of a feeling of isolation and powerlessness. In San Francisco there are more second, third, and fourth generation Chinese in a city where the Chinese is a sizeable minority and in a state where minorties everywhere have long stood up and demanded certain rights. Here in San Francisco there is more of a feeling of hope. Also, because of a lot of second, third, and fourth generation Chinese, more Chinese here speak English which helps to make San Francisco Chinatown a less insulated community. I joined the Asian Movement as a "middle-class student." But I found that the Asian Movement couldn't go far. It was in the minority. The majority of Asian people in the United States are not students. But, even if students were in the majority, we couldn't sustain ourselves. Students have an abstract understanding, and we are moved by panoramic issues or we try to live up to theories. We are too eratic with highs and lows in commitment and concern. Building a revolution is not a matter of feeling good, but that of mobilizing masses of people to make fundamental changes. In order to do so, you want to affect the way the majority of people live and relate to each other-the way workers relate to their bosses; the way Chinese people relate to American society; the way men relate to women; the way children relate to each other. Changing social relations is what revolution is basically about.

Q: Could you give an example of such a change?

A: Changing the family structure for example. The family as it exists right now perpetuates feudal social relations. The wife is subordinate to the husband, the children to the parents. The woman cooped up at home or at a job with nothing really to look foward to, has only her family and children and she, falsely, wants to maintain her precarious stability by fighting anything that could disrupt her home life. This would include being against her children or husband's involvement in any political activity since it takes them away from her. The husband sees his home as his kingdom -the only place he can rule. And the children see the home as something to run away from. To change the family from this kind of "insulated conservativeness", where members of a family depend on the structure and escape facing the reality outside of the home, to one where members of a family can help each other overcome weaknesses so that they could all fight better to change the objective situations-like bad housing etc.-that oppresses them all-would be revolutionary.

I WOR KUEN

Q: What kind of work did you do with the women in Chinatown?

A: I will be talking mostly about my experiences with the women we came in contact with in New York. Once established, we primarily met with working class men and young high school kids, mostly boys. We started to reach out to women outside of the movement. The first girls we were able to reach were those of high school age that were

considered by other women in Chinatown as "fast or loose." The reason for this was because most women, including teenagers are mostly new immigrants from Hong Kong or Taiwan. They have very feudalistic ideals and moral codes. You were an ideal woman if you stayed home more, if you were filial, and if you nagged. But some of them rebelled and did go out and met different men, talked back, and refused to be owned. But they earned a "bad reputation". The men began treating them as "whores". But the I Wor Kuen women treated them differently by one, explaining to them why they were being treated the way they were-the viciousness and the hypocrisy-everyone else was doing the same thing and two, that it was good in that it was a reversal of the usual roles. Some of these girls later joined IWK.

After a couple of months, we began talking to the men to see why their wives never came down. The working class men started to encourage their wives to come.

Q: How and why did they change?
A: They were affected by readings from China. Also, they all wanted a revolution and they realized that women were half the population and that women must be reached.

We found that a lot of working class women had been bought in Hong Kong because of the shortage of women in America. This is not so much a problem in the second and the third generations but it is among the the first generation and the immigrants, especially middle age men. A lot of these women are oppressed. That is, they are non-English speaking, have no relatives nor friends. If they do have acquaintances, they are from the factory or the store. They are isolated at home, taking care of kids. They are scared because of misunderstandings.

The main way that society penetrates them is through their children. Their children leave the home and relate to American society and change and come home changed.

Q: Changed in what way?
A: I know of eight year olds who are smoking and beating up kids younger than themselves. Parents want their kids to understand Chinese culture. There are the progressive ones who read Chairman Mao and the conservative ones who want their kids to understand feudal culture. But American culture ridicules both. We set up a women's group which is running a school which teaches Chinese culture, history, and physical education-like dancing and recreation.

Q: What is the set up of the school?
A: There are four divisions: 1) A general knowledge-like science and math, 2) Political Education-reading and writing, Chinese history. Ex: people-Who are the people? 3) Music and dancing, and 4) Labor-And understanding that the things around them are made by people. We teach sewing, carpentry. They learn about work in order that to try to not alienate them from the labor that surround them.



We have received criticisms from Asian women in the movement for not involving men more in the school. We realize that men should be a part of child rearing. But at this time, what we are interested in is trying to get women to relate to to other women and to get them together in order to try to change the social reality which is around them. One must understand what a big step it is for women to be working with us. They are mostly women who have never been involved in anything outside of the home or the factory. For the first time, they have something they can control, can organize, and can reach out to other people. Besides, most working class men refuse to take part and the men who are willing to work will be college students. Most men consider child rearing a woman's job especially when the children are young. And, once the men were to take the child rearing over from the women, it would be because the women don't have as much education as the working class men. The men would be saying, "I'll teach math, science," whereas, they would want the women to participate in the music and dancing. Our goal is to eventually establish a collective child care center, where both men and women take care of children together. We will do so through reaching women and revolutionizing the family, so that men will understand and will want to help.

Q: How did the women in Chinatown receive the IWK women?
A: For about eight months, IWK went through changes from an Asian Movement organization to a community organization. This meant we tried to discourage large numbers of movement women and men from joining IWK. We did this to change the class

composition of IWK. Too many students were coming, and we spent all of our time solving student problems, finding things for them to do. And this automatically forces the organization to take on a different character because of the people in it. In the area of women, we incorporated both young and old working class women. Now, the other working class women see their friends in IWK, and there is no longer as big a gap. Within the last three weeks, we have reopened the organization to college students, since it is now more stable.

Q: Could you comment on your experiences with chauvinism?

A: Most men don't mind if you're next to them. They do mind if you're in a leadership position. I went through different stages on how to approach chauvinism. First, I didn't have a definition of chauvinism or women's liberation. I would yell at them for opening the door or the way they looked at me or the way they talked to me. Second, I would dissect or psychoanalyze why men did what they did. I would confront them pointing out that such and such was chauvinistic-"smashing chauvinism" head on. Now, male chauvinism is not combated that way. We are trying to organize women together and when we become a strong revolutionary force, that can contribute to the revolution, a force which organizes other women who can struggle with them. There has been the problem of women trying to prove that we can be just as "good, heavy and domineering as men." In doing so, other women who don't relate to this become alienated. Also the situation becomes an unreality in that even if you are accepted by the men, you are an exception, and they still continue to carry the same opinion about other women. Within IWK, we see and accept the men in leadership roles because they are a rallying and unifying example for the community. The women cannot rally the kind of respect needed to organize because of the feudalistic ideals.

the leadership enigma

Q: Could you comment on your role as a leader?

A: I don't really know exactly what a leader is. I have been influential in certain political situations in the past, but I don't think this makes me a leader. I see my role as a revolutionary. And as a revolutionary woman, I want to organize and relate to other women. As far as Chinatown is concerned, I realize that without a women's movement, there is no revolution. On all levels, women and men are an integral part of the revolution. If there is any one important area, it will be in organizing women. Once you reach women, you've shaken up the core, the family structure, of society. The oppression women suffer is so incompassing it reaches into areas like health, jobs and almost everything else you can think of. I am not saying that it is more important than any other strata, but unless we reach women, there can never really be a fundamental change. 女

This interview was conducted in June of this year.



Cindy Takemoto is a student at UC Berkeley and is a member of the Journal workgroup.

Politics of the Interior

Women cannot define themselves without society imposing its images and stifling them with sex roles. Women should be considered as human beings, not categorized or defined because of their sex. Women should not be considered as physically and intellectually weak, incompetent creatures inferior to men. They must not be deprived of equal pay for equal work. Furthermore, division of labor in offices, factories, and homes should not automatically be sex-assigned.

Capitalism

It is the social system, not men, which is the enemy. Under the oppressive capitalist system, men feel that their social status depends on the amount of material wealth, physical prowess, and their ownership of consumer status symbols. Men are counted as failures if they do not live up to this role, as are women who do not live up to theirs, of catching the economically successful man. Both men and women are sacrificed for the System.

In order to be aware of this, women should support one another emotionally and not rely exclusively on the "traditional male support". The relationship between the sexes must be re-defined. Women must begin to define themselves. By recognizing ourselves as capable of giving support to other sisters, the nature of sexual oppression will be realized, and united action with men can be taken to overthrow the system which oppresses both women and men.

Radical feminism plays an important role in the liberation of all people.

Birth Control

Birth control is one of the most publicized issues of the women's movement. Yet, remember that because birth control itself is essentially assigned a social value, it must be subject to critical evaluation. Society and the men who rule society have always controlled the use of birth control. This results in depriving women control over their own bodies. Birth control by our society is used as an oppressive means of subjecting women to unnecessary physical and emotional hardship. It is women who bear the burden of unwanted children.

Most contraceptive methods are designed for women and even the most effective methods such as the pill and IUD can be detrimental to her health. Improvement is needed, but development of safe, effective contraception as well as abortion are not placed as a high priority by men who make our laws. Our society's sexist bias is reflected in the lack of medical research on new birth control methods for men and in that experimental subjects are usually non-white, Third World women. Birth control practices are also racist.

Ironically, women who seek illegal abortions not only face the threat of serious physical injury or death but also criminal prosecution. When seeking a legal abortion, women must face male-staffed abortion boards and social and religious condemnation by our society.

In addition, the "sexual revolution" which has emerged from the publicity of the birth control issue has only contributed to emphasizing the woman as a "sexual object" rather than allowing her to utilize birth control as a means of elevating her status as a self-defined human being.

As women who recognize birth control as a means of self-determination and the liberation for all women from unwanted children, we demand that:

1. the condescending moralistic attitudes which often accompany birth control and abortions be eliminated;
2. responsibility for birth control be shared also by men;
3. more facilities, information as well as financial support be provided for birth control.

Although we recognize that these alone will not alleviate the massive social and economic conditions which cause other forms of subjugation of women, we feel that birth control must be treated as a necessary step to our self-determination.

Gay Question

It is difficult to take a "stand" on the gay question from our perspective as "straight" sisters. For many of us, the issue, in terms of ourselves, is an unreality because a lack of awareness informationally, because it is totally out of our experience, and because of not having resolved the issue as well as many others in our meetings. Yet, we recognize that as an oppressed people--economically, legally (it is against the law to be gay), and psychologically (in terms of being labeled sick)--gay women must also have the right to self-definition.

The gay movement has provided one of the most challenging criticisms of the radical movement for it has questioned the basic issues of chauvinism within the movement as well as the alienation of gay women from women's groups. "Lesbianism" can be seen as revolutionary in that it is a challenge to the basic assumptions of the present system, representing an alternative life style.

As revolutionary women seeking the liberation of all women, we support a united front with our sisters against all arbitrary and rhetorical social standards.

Asian Woman and the Movement

Asian-American women are faced with a double contradiction--their struggle as a Third World people in a racist nation and their role as women in a sexist society. In even the most progressive elements of the Asian community, Asian women too often receive little support in resolving their problems.

Part of the confusion lies in the emerging nationalism of the Asian-American movement and its search for models. Asian-Americans have turned to Asia and to the traditional and revolutionary values of China and Vietnam. However, there are problems inherent in the uncritical adoption of the "Asian" values for Asian-American women. The role of Asian women in the traditional Asian societies being always subordinate is antithetical to the entire concept of self-determination. On the other hand, the liberation of our revolutionary sisters in China and Vietnam has taken place within socialist revolutions. Conditions are different from America and alien to the Asian-American experience.

In America, Asian-Americans find affinity with Third World groups. Yet, only within few Third World or white movements has the role of women been satisfactorily resolved. Women's concern for sexual self-determination is often rejected or isolated as "bourgeois" or secondary to the greater struggle. Such attitudes evade the issue.

Unless the Asian-American movement deals seriously with the women question, Asian women may often feel compelled to choose between her people and her liberation as a woman.

In finding solutions, we must first define our problem. Because Asian women face the double oppression of racism and sexism, our first priority is within our communities, but the definition of Asian womenhood must be part of a "whole" Asian Movement. Though men do not always realize the needs of women because they hold a comfortable position, we remind men that women are one half of humanity, and no movement can be successful unless it includes women.

The women question must not be ignored but seen in the context of priorities, communities and progressive insight. Divisions cannot affort to exist in the struggle of our people.

We demand:

1. men take responsibility for re-educating themselves of their sexism, subtle or overt. Too often men thrust the responsibility on women to explain all;
2. women's groups be encouraged without paternalism, unspoken distrust, or hostility;
3. re-evaluation of leadership structure, women encouraged to take leadership positions traditionally assigned to men;
4. reappraisal of projects and facilities to examine whether they serve the needs of women--abortion counseling, health facilities, daycare, etc; and
5. domestic responsibilities to be done collectively by women and men--liberating women to participate more fully in activities.

Women also have the responsibility to understand the differences which go beyond sex and culture. We must make a special effort to realize the differences between generations and economic classes. If we can understand and respect differences, and unify in our struggle, radical feminism will be a powerful force in the liberation of our people.

Relationship to Third World Women and White Women

Of course, as Asian women we feel a special closeness with other Third World women that we do not feel with white women, for we experience the same racism that all Third World women feel. Third World women in the U.S. understand the double jeopardy of color and sex. For example, employment practices indicate that the median income of white women, employed full time is lower than that of black men, employed full time. The median income of black women is lower still, but the median education of both groups of women is higher than that of their male counterparts. More white women work full-time year round than all black men and women working full and part time combined. So black women earn the least and are employed the least often.

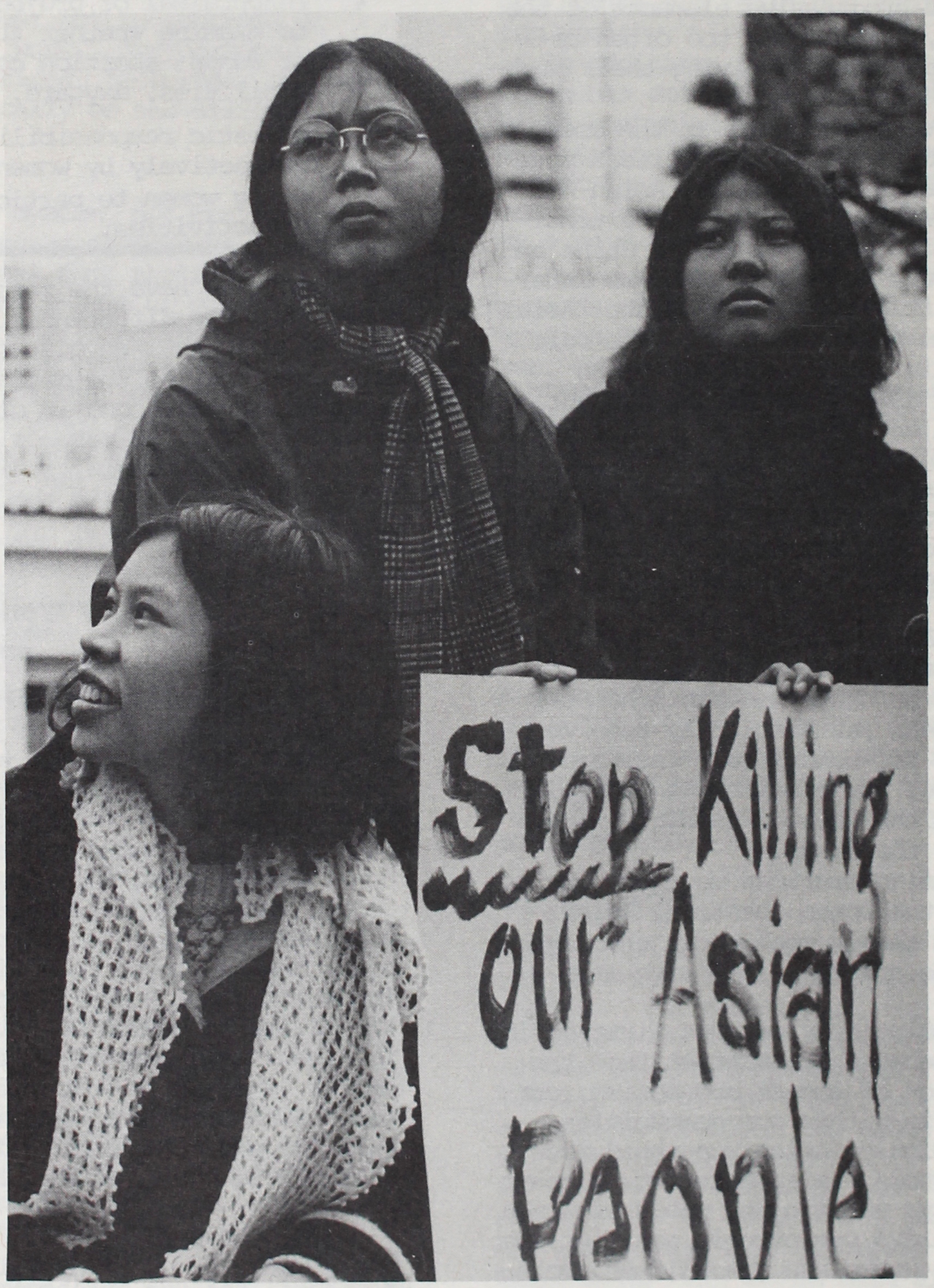
We must not be divided from other Third World women or deny the value of our fight for freedom-freedom as women as well as people of color. When we fight for the

freedom of Third World people, we must also press for the equality of women. As Third World women we play an integral part in the fight for freedom of all people. (As stated by the Young Lords Party, "the women's struggle is the revolution within the revolution.")

The same oppressive mentality which subjugates Third World people abuses white women also. Thus we, as Asian women must also develop unity and understanding with white women. But, the ties between ourselves and white women are presently loose because the education system in this country re-enforces the belief in the "inferiority of colored people." This notion is unavoidable in the educating process whose assumptions we all learn. Together we can combat that assumption, but even there is a limit to our obligation to white women, for we must all be responsible for our own education in order to combat racism and self-debasement.

If we as women are willing to combat and root-out racism as well as sexism, the bonds between Third World women and white women will unite them in a common cause with a common idea.

All people who are oppressed must not only recognize the causes of their oppression but also recognize the validity of other struggles. We cannot underestimate the realities of factors which contribute to and re-enforce oppression. We must always be prepared for the struggle, to strengthen ourselves both in character and in the rightness of our position, and to realize that sisterhood is powerful. 女





Annotated Bibliography on Asian Women

This is a beginning selected bibliography. It was compiled, annotated, and edited by Asian-American and white women involved in the Asian Studies women's class. The bibliography focuses on Chinese and Japanese women, and regretfully, with little on the Korean and Filipino women.

We enthusiastically encourage everyone to make criticisms, revisions, and additions.

1 *Images of Asian Woman*

Ayscough, Florence. CHINESE WOMEN: YESTERDAY AND TODAY. Boston, 1937. Discusses the "breath-taking change" in the status of Chinese women from 1905 to 1920 by contrasting their past and present social and political positions. Sections on childhood, marriage, education, professions, the Soong sisters, Communist women, and women as warriors.

Bacon, Alice M. JAPANESE GIRLS AND WOMEN. Boston, 1891.(rev. ed., 1902). Study said to be based on long and intimate friendships with a number of "refined and intelligent Japanese

Chiang Kai-shek, Madame (Soong May-ling). WE CHINESE WOMEN. New York, 1943. A collection of speeches and writings given during the first United Nations Year(Feb. 12, 1942 to Nov. 16, 1942). One of her pro-women statement is: "The overthrow of the Axis is the key to women's emancipation."

Condit, Ira M.(Rev.). CHINAMAN AS WE SEE HIM. Chicago, 1900. Concentrates on the evils and vices of Chinatown, such as the "slave girls" and "opium smokers".

Daniels, Roger and Harry H. L. Kitano. AMERICAN RACISM: EXPLORATION OF THE NATURE OF PREJUDICE. New Jersey, 1970.

Dillon, Richard H. THE HATCHET MAN: THE STUDY OF THE TONG WARS IN SAN FRANCISCO'S CHINATOWN. New York, 1962. About the three money-making vices which allegedly gave the Tongs a firm economic base: houses of prostitution, gambling dens and the sale of opium. Cites some women". Chapters on divorce, court life, samurai women, peasant women, life in the cities, domestic services within the home, education, and Christianity.

Boulding, Kenneth. THE IMAGE: KNOWLEDGE IN LIFE AND SOCIETY. Ann Arobor, 1956.

Buck, Pearl S. KINFOLK. New York, 1949. Daughter of an American missionary born in China. Check her images of Chinese women in her many novels about China.

California State Senate. CHINESE IMMIGRATION: ITS SOCIAL, MORAL, AND POLITICAL EFFECT. Sacramento, 1878. Sections on Chinese prostitution. (pp. 20-28: Human Slavery) of the reasons behind Chinese prostitution and includes a chapter-long biographical eulogy of Donaldina Cameron's activities in freeing the Chinese "slave girls".

Dooner, P. W. LAST DAYS OF THE REPUBLIC. San Francisco, 1880. Written two years before the Exclusion Act of 1882; example of "yellow peril" theme.

Fenn, William P. AH SIN AND HIS BRETHREN IN AMERICAN LITERATURE. Peiping, 1933. Concerns the influence of Chinese on the literature and life of America during the last half of the 19th century. Example: "The Chinese Must Go" pros and cons and the "slave girl" stories and their timely rescues by Christian missions.

Fielde, Adele M. PAGODA SHADOWS: STUDIES FROM LIFE IN CHINA. London, 1887. A Christian woman missionary who lived in China and wrote on the status of women, infanticide, foot binding, various "autobiographies" of Chinese women, "the inconvenience of heathenism," and "Native female Evangelist".

Gentry, Curt. "Ah Toy, the Girl in the Green Silk Pantaloons," in THE MADAMS OF SAN FRANCISCO. New York, 1964. Concerning San Francisco's "famous parlor houses". See Chapt. 4: Discussion on one of San Francisco's legendary "madam in the best brothel tradition".

Gibson, Otis. CHINESE IN AMERICA. Cincinnati, 1877. See esp. "Missionary Work among Chinese Women in California".

"The Girls of the Orient--pictorial essay," PLAYBOY, 15:12. Dec. 1968.
Follows Playboy's regular exist lines: "A words-and-pictures bow to the tempting exotic, subtly sensuous lovelies of the Far East."

Hahn, Emily. THE SOONG SISTERS. New York, 1945.
Hosokawa, William. NISEI: THE QUIET AMERICANS. New York, 1969.
Hughes, Richard. "Close-up of Miss Communist China." NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE. May 19, 1957. Unsympathetic article on women in Communist China. The main idea is that reforms have been won "by the sacrifice of all feminine standards and values and by the deprivation of all human freedoms and individual impulses".
Hyde, Stuart W. "The Chinese Stereotype in American Melodrama." CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY QUARTERLY. Dec. 1955. To play the fool and idiot in melodrama, the mid-19th century dramatists selected the "Chinaman"--his chief qualifications being his ridiculous appearance.
Irwin, Wallace. LETTERS OF A JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY. New York, 1909. A collection of letters by a white American pretending to be a Japanese. See Chapt. 4: Lady Suffragettes and How they Do It, and Chapt. 35: Fall Hats and the Ladies Inside Them, for what he has to say about women.
Isaacs, Harold. SCRATCHES ON OUR MINDS: AMERICAN IMAGES OF CHINA AND INDIA. New York, 1958.
Jones, Dorothy B. THE PORTRAYAL OF CHINA AND INDIA ON THE AMERICAN SCREEN, 1896-1955. Cambridge, Mass. 1955. "...the evolution of Chinese and Indian themes, locales, and characters as portrayed on the American screen."
Kyne, Peter. PRIDE OF PALOMAR. New York. 1921. Novel espousing the "yellow peril" theme--to save the land from the Japanese.
Lea, Homer. VERMILLION PENCIL. New York. 1908. Melodramatic racist novel about a French missionary and a Chinese woman(Tai Lin's wife). Much on missionary work in China.
Lin Yutang. MY COUNTRY AND MY PEOPLE. New York. 1935. Prolific writer on China. Observes the dominant role of women in the family, matriarchy; has narrow view of women. Chapt. 5 deals specifically with "Women's Life".
London, Jack. VALLEY OF THE MOON. New York. 1914.
Mcleod, Alexander. PIGTAILS AND GOLDDUST. Caldwell, Idaho, 1947.
Marsden, Manson. YELLOW PERIL IN ACTION. San Francisco, 1907.
Mason, Richard L. THE WORLD OF SUZI WONG. Cleveland, 1957. Novel about Suzi Wong, an ex-prostitute, and an American artist in modern Hong Kong.
Michener, James. HAWAII. New York, 1959. Romanticized version of the history of Hawaii. Chief character is matriarchal character.
Miller, Stuart Creighton. THE UNWELCOME IMMIGRATION: THE AMERICAN IMAGES OF THE CHINESE, 1785-1882. Berkeley, 1969. Demonstrates that: "Anti-Chinese attitudes were national, and not at all merely regional, and that they antedated the coming of the coolie migration.
"Mystique of the Chinese Women," SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE. Women Section. Feb. 11-14, 1970. Some stereotypes dispelled, others not. Interviewees are middle and upper class "Americanized" Chinese women.
Puccini, Giacomo. MADAM BUTTERFLY: A JAPANESE TRAGEDY. Italian libretto by L. Illica and G. Giacosa. New York, 1904. Classic for the stereotype of the submissive Japanese women.
Rodgers, Richard. FLOWER DRUM SONG: A MUSICAL PLAY. based on the novel by C. Y. Lee. New York, 1959.
Shepherd, Charles R. THE WAYS OF AH SIN: A COMPOSITE NARRATIVE OF THINGS AS THEY ARE. New York, 1923. To foment anti-Chinese sentiments, the author focuses on the Tongs, "that un-American...barbarous institution," and how the Tongs forced the young Chinese girls into slavery and prostitution.
Shuck, Henrietta. SCENES IN CHINA. Philadelphia, 1853. Account by the first female missionary in China.
"Steve Canyon" (by Milton Caniff) and "Terry and the Pirates" comic strips. Dragon Lady image.
Snow, Helen Foster. WOMEN IN MODERN CHINA. The Hague, 1967. Though culturally biased, the ex-wife of Edgar Snow presents some information on the women's struggles for emancipation and includes sketches of ten famous Chinese women in the 20th century, such as Madame Sun Yat-sen, Teng Ying Ch'ao(Madame Chou En-lai), and Madame Chiang Kai-shek.
West, H. J. THE CHINESE INVASION. San Francisco, 1873. Presents the racist arguments and stereotypes used against the Chinese at that time. P. 131: "How the Traffic in Chinese Women is Done".
Whitney, Atwell. ALMOND-EYED. San Francisco, 1878.
Wilson, Carol Green. CHINATOWN QUEST: THE LIFE ADVENTURES OF DONALDINA CAMERON. Stanford, 1931. Biography of Donaldina Cameron; her work with Chinese females in California and what happened to some of these "saved" women. Interesting photographs of Chinese women.
Woltor, Robert. A SHORT AND TRUE HISTORY OF THE TAKING OF CALIFORNIA AND OREGON BY THE CHINESE IN THE YEAR A.D. 1879. San Francisco, 1882. fiction.

2 *Asian Woman in America*

Anzona, Encarnacion. THE FILIPINO WOMAN, 1565-1937. Manila, 1937.

Arkoff, A., G. Meredith, and S. Iwahara. "Male Dominant and Equalitarian Attitudes in Japanese, Japanese-American, and Caucasian American Students," JOURNAL OF SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY, 1964. Marriage role attitudes of Japanese college students compared to comparable Japanese American and white American groups. Japanese American males tested high in male dominance; Japanese females tested high in equalitarianism.

Barnett, Milton L. "Some Cantonese-American problems of status adjustment," PHYLON, 1958. Traditional family roles change due to severance of ties to China, newness of Cantonese-American groupings, and historical minority status. Father leaves home more often due to economic competition; mother's participation in family widens.

Barth, Gunther. BITTER STRENGTH: A HISTORY OF THE CHINESE IN THE UNITED STATES 1850-1870. Cambridge, 1964.

Benedict, Ruth. THE CHRYSANTHEMUM AND THE SWORD: PATTERNS OF JAPANESE CULTURE. New York, 1946.

Buell, Raymond. "The Development of the Anti-Japanese Agitation in the United States," POLITICAL SCIENCE QUARTERLY, Dec. 1922.

Bulosan, Carlos. AMERICA IS IN THE HEART. New York, 1943. Autobiographical novel of Filipino in California in 1920's.

California, State Board of Control. CALIFORNIA AND THE ORIENTAL: JAPANESE, CHINESE, AND HINDUS. Sacramento, 1922. See section on picture brides.

California University Library. JAPANESE AMERICAN EVACUATION AND RESETTLEMENT: CATALOG OF MATERIAL IN THE GENERAL LIBRARY, prepared by Edward N. Barnhart. Berkeley, 1958. Extensive bibliography of materials about Japanese American evacuation during World War II. All materials in University of California-Berkeley libraries.

Catapusan, B.T. "Leisure Time Problems of Filipino Immigrants," SOCIOLOGY AND SOCIAL RESEARCH, July 1940. 3 main factors affected avocational activities of Filipinos in US in 1940's: age, unbalanced sex ratio, and overt discrimination. In 1930, our of 45,208 Filipinos in US, 42,268 were men of 15 years of age or over. The sex ratio was 1,437.7 males to 100 females.

Caudill, William, "Japanese-American Personality and Acculturation," GENETIC PSYCHOLOGY MONOGRAPHS, 1952. Comparison of values and adaptive mechanisms of Issei and Nisei released from relocation camps and resettled. Compatibility between value systems of Japanese culture and American middle class culture.

Chang, Diana. FRONTIERS OF LOVE. New York, 1956. Novel by Euroasian women dealing with the question of identity.

Chiu, Ping. CHINESE LABOR IN CALIFORNIA, 1850-1880: AN ECONOMIC STUDY. Wisconsin, 1963. Detailed analysis of the role of Chinese immigration in California's economy.

Condit, Ira. CHINAMAN AS WE SEE HIM. Chicago, 1900.

Coolidge, Mary. CHINESE IMMIGRATION. New York. 1909. Still is one of the primary sources on Chinese immigration.

Cowan, R.E. and B. Dunlap. BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE CHINESE QUESTION IN THE UNITED STATES.

Eaves, Lucille. A HISTORY OF CALIFORNIA LABOR LEGISLATION. California, 1910. A comprehensive work on discriminatory legislation in California. See laws for the Protection of the Women Workers, Chapter XI and page 121 for prostitution and the Chinese.

Farwell, Willard. THE CHINESE AT HOME AND ABROAD. San Francisco, 1885. An excellent example of Anti-Chinese literature during the 1870's-1880's. See particularly a fold-out map of various "houses of vice" in San Francisco Chinatown.

Fenz, W.D. and A. Arkoff. "Comparative Need Patterns of Five Ancestry Groups in Hawaii," JOURNAL OF SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY, 1962. Comparisons of need patterns of male and female high school students of white, Filipino, Hawaiian, Chinese and Japanese descent.

Fong, Stanley L.M. "Identity Conflicts of Chinese Adolescents in San Francisco," in E.B. Bordy, ed., MINORITY GROUP ADOLESCENTS IN THE UNITED STATES. Baltimore, 1968.

Glick, Clarence. "Transition from Familism to Nationalism Among Chinese in Hawaii," AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SOCIOLOGY, March 1938.

Gong, Eddie. "I Want to Marry an American Girl," THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, Sept. 1955.

Haynor Norman and Charles Reynold. "Chinese Family Life in America," AMERICAN SOCIOLOGICAL REVIEW, Oct. 1937.

Hyde, Stuart W. "The Chinese Stereotype in American Melodrama," CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY QUARTERLY, Dec. 1955. Exemplifies the stereotype of the Chinese as comic.

Ichihashi, Yamato. JAPANESE IN THE UNITED STATES. Palo Alto, 1932. One of the major works on Japanese immigrants with a short chapter on Japanese international migration in general. See index under "Emigration: female" for Japanese women especially, pp.69-73.

Iga, M. "Cultural Factors in Suicide of Japanese Youth with Focus on Personality," SOCIOLOGICAL SOCIAL RESEARCH, 1961.

Kitagawa, Daisuke. ISSEI AND NISEI: THE INTERNMENT YEARS. New York, 1967.

Kitano, Harry. "Inter- and Intragenternational Differences in Maternal Attitudes Toward Child-Rearing," JOURNAL OF SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY, 1962.

_____. JAPANESE AMERICANS: THE EVOLUTION OF A SUBCULTURE. New Jersey, 1969.

Kung, S.W. CHINESE AMERICAN LIFE. Seatle, 1962. Well footnoted and documented study of immigration problems and of the Chinese community in general.

Lasker, B. FILIPINO IMMIGRATION TO CONTINENTAL UNITED STATES AND HAWAII. Chicago, 1931. Lengthy study of Filipino immigration to US and to Hawaii before 1931. See the position of women, pp.419-422.

Lee, Rose Hum. THE CHINESE IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. Hong Kong, 1960. An excellent source covering Chinese immigrant's situation in US. Deals with and explains the immigration situation confronting Chinese women and its social consequences.

Lee, V.C.L. THE HOUSE THAT TAI-MING BUILT. New York, 1963. A semi-historical novel concerning a Chinese family's life in San Francisco from the 1850's to World War II.

Lin, Yu-tang. CHINATOWN FAMILY. New York, 1948. Novel of young brother and sister who migrate from China to United States to reunite with their father.

Lyman, Stanford. "Marriage and the Family Among Chinese Immigrants to America, 1850-1960," PHYLON, 1968. Good article on the state of the Chinese laborer in the US and the effects of very few Chinese women in the US.

_____. "Strangers in the Cities: The Chinese on the Urban Frontier" in C. Wollenberg, ed., ETHNIC CONFLICT IN CALIFORNIA HISTORY. Los Angeles, 1970.

Masuoka, James. "The Japanese Patriarch in Hawaii," SOCIAL FORCES, Dec. 1938.

_____. "The Life Cycle of an Immigrant Institution in Hawaii: The Family," SOCIAL FORCES, Oct. 1944.

McLeod, Alexander. PIGTAILS AND GOLDDUST. Caldwell, 1947.

McWilliams, Carey. BROTHERS UNDER THE SKIN. Boston, 1943.

_____. FACTORIES IN THE FIELD: THE STORY OF MIGRATORY FARM LABOR IN CALIFORNIA. Boston, 1939. Study of migratory farm labor in California from the Gold Rush to 1935. See child labor and the Women's Land Army, pp. 174-179.

_____. PREJUDICE: JAPANESE-AMERICANS, SYMBOL OF RACIAL INTOLERANCE. Boston, 1939. A description of the anti-oriental agitation in the West Coast, the yellow peril conception of immigration, the relocation of the 100,000 Japanese during World War II, and the atrocities created by racial prejudice.

Miller, Stuart Creighton. THE UNWELCOME IMMIGRANT: THE AMERICAN IMAGE OF THE CHINESE, 1785-1882. Berkeley, 1969.

Miyamoto, Kano. HAWAII, END OF THE RAINBOW. Rutland, 1964. Autobiographical novel of Japanese immigrants and their children in early Hawaii and during World War II.

Miyamoto, Shotaro Frank. "Social Solidarity Among the Japanese in Seattle," UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON PUBLICATIONS IN THE SOCIAL SCIENCES, Dec. 1939. A history and analysis of the Japanese community in Seattle from its beginnings to 1939.

Modell, John. "The Japanese American Family: A Perspective for Future Investigations," PACIFIC HISTORICAL REVIEW, Feb. 1968.

North, Hart H. "Chinese Highbinder Societies in California," CALIFORNIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY QUARTERLY, 1948. Written by US commissioner of immigration for the states of California and Neveda which focuses on their activities, gambling, protection, and importation of girls.

Okubo, Mine. CITIZEN 13660. New York, 1946. Illustrated autobiography of young Japanese girl in a relocation camp during World War II.

Rojo, T.A. "Social Maladjustment Among Filipinos in the United States," SOCIOLOGY AND SOCIAL RESEARCH, May 1937. Filipinos who were well-behaved in the Islands became social and moral problems in US. Causes were abnormal sex ratio, lack of family life, educational problems, gambling, prejudice, and immaturity.

Sandmeyer, Elmer Clarence. THE ANTI-CHINESE MOVEMENT IN CALIFORNIA. Urbana, 1939. An important study of the development of anti-Chinese sentiments from their origins to the Exclusion Act of 1882.

Saxton, Alexander. THE INDISPENSABLE ENEMY, LABOR AND THE ANTI-CHINESE MOVEMENT IN CALIFORNIA. Berkeley, 1971. An important book.

Saveth, Edward. "Race and Nationalism in American Historiography: The Late Nineteeth Century," POLITICAL SCIENCE QUARTERLY, 1939.
Skinner, George W. CHINESE SOCIETY IN THAILAND: AN ANALYTICAL HISTORY. Ithaca, 1957.
Sone, Monica. NISEI DAUGHTER. Boston, 1953. The autobiography of a Nisei woman through her childhood struggles with conflicting culture and language, into the concentration camps of World War II, and relocation after camps. A very good book for developing a feeling for the social adaptation of a Nisei girl.
Strauss, Anselm L. "Strains and Harmony in the American Japanese War Bride Marriage," JOURNAL OF MARRIAGE AND THE FAMILY, May 1955. Strauss supports the thesis that the strains and instabilities found in interracial marriages are like those of regular marriages. Cases taken from Chicago.
Sugimoto, Etsu Inagaki. A DAUGHTER OF THE SAMURAI. New York, 1928. The autobiography of an Issei woman as a small girl in Japan and as a young woman in US. The book gives a feeling of the problems faced by an upper-class Issei woman coming to US.
Sung, Betty L. MOUNTAIN OF GOLD. New York, 1967.
tenBroek, Jacobus, Edward N. Barnhart, and Floyd W. Matson. PREJUDICE, WAR AND THE CONSTITUTION: CAUSE AND CONSEQUENCES OF THE EVACUATION OF THE JAPANESE AMERICANS IN WORLD WAR II. Berkeley, 1954. A comprehensive study of the Japanese evacuation.
Thomas, Dorothy and Richard Nishimoto. THE SPOILAGE. Berkeley, 1946. Research done by social scientists and participant observers who lived in the relocation centers and recorded the history of life within the centers. Personal narratives included.
TING: THE CALDRON--CHINESE ART AND IDENTITY IN SAN FRANCISCO. San Francisco, 1970.
Wong, Jade Snow. FIFTH CHINESE DAUGHTER. New York, 1950. The autobiography of young Chinese American woman. See chapters of special interest to women: learning to be a Chinese housewife; a person as well as a female; girl meets boy; marriage old and new style.
Wong, Su-Ling and E.H. Cressy. DAUGHTER OF CONFUCIUS. New York, 1952.
Yamamoto, Joe. "Japanese American Identity Crisis" in E.B. Brody, ed., MINORITY GROUP ADOLESCENTS IN THE UNITED STATES. Baltimore, 1968. Includes two case studies of Japanese youth (one female, one male) finding life difficult to adjust to American society.

---

3 *Women in East Asia*

Anesaki, Masaharu. HISTORY OF JAPANESE RELIGION. London, 1930. A comprehensive and beautifully illustrated study of Japanese religion from early shinto to the present. See pp.311-315 for women leaders, pp.286-289 for women and Confucian Ethics, pp.24-40 for goddesses and the female role in Shinto mythology.
Beardsley, Richard, John W. Hall and Robert E. Ward. VILLAGE JAPAN. Chicago, 1959. A lengthy incompassing study of a small rice growing community in Japan. Chap.9 on "the household" pp.216-247 and Chap.11 on "The Life Cycle" are informative on women's roles. See index for references to growing women's associations.
Beard, Mary. THE FORCE OF WOMEN IN JAPANESE HISTORY. Washington, 1953. Brief sketches of women up to 1952. Includes Amaterasu, Empresses, court ladies, Tokugawa women and women's reactions to WW II and suffrage.
Birch, Cyril. tr. STORIES FROM A MING COLLECTION: TRANSLATIONS OF CHINESE SHORT STORIES PUBLISHED IN THE 17TH CENTURY. New York, 1969. These light stories are verbatum records of the performances of streetcorner storytellers and deal with bureaucratic officialdom, romance, broken marriage, and murder. See "The Lady Who Was a Beggar" and "The Pearl-Sewn Shirt" for portrayals of women.
Chao, Buwei Yang. AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHINESE WOMAN. Tr. by Yuen-ren Chao.(her husband). New York, 1947. Describes B.Y. Chao's life from her childhood in China to her roles as teacher and wife of one of China's eminent linguists.(from 1898-1945).
C'HIN P'ING MEI: THE ADVENTUROUS HISTORY OF HSI MEN AND HIS SIX WIVES. New York, 1949. Introduction by Arthur Waley.
Conze, Edward. BUDDHISM: ITS ESSENCE AND DEVELOPMENT. Oxford, 1961. A short and readable history of Buddhism as a religion and a philosophy from its beginnings to its influence today as an alive way of thought. For women and sex see the index, and pp.192-197 for "feminity" and Buddhism.
Dazai, Osamu. THE SETTING SUN. Norfolk, 1956. tr. by Donald Keene. A sem-biographical and

bibliography

CONT.

powerfully beautiful novel about modern Japan and "victims of a transitional period of morality." The story is also about declining aristocracy, the psychological and economic problems of the family moving from Tokyo to the country, and the sadness of a single woman struggling.

DeBary, Theodore. FIVE WOMEN WHO LOVED LOVE. Rutland, 1956. Five stories about the varities of love and importance of wealth written by Iharu Saikaku, a popular novelist and playwright in Osaka in the 17th century. The stories are full of bold and impetuous heroines.

DeVos, George and Hiroshi Wagatsuma. "Variations in Value Attitudes Related to Women's Status in Japanese Rural Villages," AMERICAN ANTHROPOLOGIST. Dec., 1961. An anthropological study through psychological testing of stories told by people in two Japanese rural villages. Discusses general attitudes toward love marriages, arranged marriages, the violence and aggression of women and men in relationships and concern over mother-in-law.

Diamond, Norma. K'UN SHEN: A TAIWAN VILLAGE. New York, 1969. An anthropological case study of a Taiwan fishing village. It includes the village setting and history, the economy, the life cycle, family, community and religious life. See Chap.3 for an excellent treatment of the role and temperament socialization of women and Chap.4 for the effects of this socialization on women.

Dore R.P. ed. CITY LIFE IN JAPAN. Berkeley, 1967. An attempt to show how the Japanese live, earn money, marry, amuse themselves, treat their family. Section III is of particular interest, especially pp.91-121 and pp. 157-191 for the role of the Japanese woman.

Eberhard, Wolfram. FOLKTALES OF CHINA. Chicago, 1965.

Freedman, Maurice. CHINESE LINEAGE AND SOCIETY: FUKIEN AND KWANGTUNG. Stanford, 1970. Eleven essays on the Chinese family and kinship system. Including child training, family relations and a comparison of Japanese kinship.

_____. "The Family in China, Past and Present," PACIFIC AFFAIRS. vol. 34. Feb. 1962. A short history of the Chinese family before and after Communism and the New Marriage laws with emphasis on the differences between family and kinship, lingering family traditions and the need for exchange of scholarly ideas on the Chinese family interdisciplinarily. See pp.327-329 for "the unhappy position of the daughter-in-law."

Fukutake, Tadashi. ASIAN RURAL SOCIETY: CHINA, INDIA, JAPAN. Seattle, 1967.

Gernet, Jacques. DAILY LIFE IN CHINA IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY. New York, 1962/ A preliminary survey of Chinese sex and society ca. 1500 B.C. til 1644 A.D. See chapter on women's roles, and precepts of the idealized Confucian view of family life. PP. 98-106.

Hakwon-sa Litd. KOREA: ITS LAND, PEOPLE AND CULTURE OF ALL AGES. Seoul,1960. A massive, collection of articles by Korean professors, military men, and other professionals on all aspects of Korea, ranging from geography to social problems. See pp. above mentioned on costume, marriage, and funeral customs, home and social life, 306-308 on the family and 642-659 on traditional holidays, myths and folktales pertaining to woman.

Hayashi, Fumiko. FLOATING CLOUD. Tokyo, 1957. A very sad and beautiful novel about the Japanese after the ruins of WW II, the misery, restlessness, and homelessness of the people of the Japanese Empire in Indochina. It is also a love story and was written by a woman.

Hsia, C.T. HISTORY OF MODERN CHINESE FICTION, 1919-1957. New Haven, 1961.

_____. THE CLASSIC CHINESE NOVEL: A CRITICAL INTRODUCTION. New York, 1968. A guide to six major novels: The Romance of the Three Kingdoms, The Water Margin, Journey to the West, Chin P'ing Mei, The Scholars, and Dream of the Red Chamber with an appendix, "society and self in the short story." See pp. 242-244 for women in The Scholars, Chin P'ing Mei for women as erotic objects, esp. p. 186, and Dream of the Red Chamber as a love story full of interesting women.

Hsiao, Kung-chuan. RURAL CHINA: IMPERIAL CONTROL IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. Seattle, 1960. A voluminous, thoroughly documented analysis of "self-government" organizations during the Ch'ing government as instruments of political and ideologic control, and of the deterioration of the Imperial government's efficiency in local government in the 19th century; an important contribution to the understanding of Confucian government system. The role of women and the family in rural Imperial China is not dealt with but there is a great deal of material on the clan as a political and economic force.

Hsu, Francis L.K. UNDER THE ANCESTOR'S SHADOW. New York, 1948. An anthropological field

report on a Yunnan town, emphasizing on ancestor worship and other aspects of folk religion. Research conducted in 1941-1943. See index under women, girls, family for specific references.

Kawabata, Yasunari. THOUSAND CRANES. New York, 1965. A short novel about a young man trapped by memories of his dead father, and his love for his father's woman. Also see Snow Country, The House of the Sleeping Beauties and Other Stories, and Japan the Beautiful and Myself (The Nobel Prize acceptance Speech).

Keene, Donald. ed. ANTHOLOGY OF JAPANESE LITERATURE FROM THE EARLIEST ERA TO THE MID-NINETEENTH CENTURY. New York, 1955. Selections from Japanese poetry, novels, plays, and diaries. On women: a selection from Tale of Genji, by Lady Murasaki on pp. 106-137 and part of her diary on pp. 145-156; Sei Shonagon's The Pillow Book pp. 137-145; Ihara Saikaku's "The Love Suicides at Sonezaki" pp. 394-410.

_____. MODERN JAPANESE LITERATURE: AN ANTHOLOGY. New York, 1956. Selections from Japanese poetry, novels, plays, and diaries from the mid-nineteenth century to 1956. Including two stories by women novelists; "Growing Up" by Higuschi Ichiyo, and "Tokyo" by Fumiko Hayashi.

Koyama, Takeshi. "Changing Family Structure in Japan" in Robert J. Smith and Richard K. Beardsley, eds. JAPANESE CULTURE, ITS DEVELOPMENT AND CHARACTERISTICS. Chicago, 1962. A very short article on the changing family system in Japan, recommended for anthropology students and those that can make use of very detailed anthropological tables and charts. See below for a more detailed picture.

_____. THE CHANGING SOCIAL POSITION OF WOMEN IN JAPAN. Paris, 1961. A sociological report on the Japanese women's status from 1945-1960 with an introductory chapter on women from the end of the Tokugawa regime to the end of WW II. Topics dealt with are: women in the family and the rural community, the social position of working women, women and civic activities.

Kiyooka, Eiichi. tr. THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF YUKICHI FUKUZAWA. New York, 1966.

Lang, Olga. CHINESE FAMILY AND SOCIETY. New Haven, 1946. One of the most comprehensive and analytical descriptions of the Chinese family system. Includes "The Old Family Under Attack," and "Love and Marriage in Contemporary China".

Levy, Howard S. CHINESE FOOTBINDING: THE HISTORY OF A CURIOUS EROTIC CUSTOM. New York, 1966. A profusely illustrated and footnoted account of the custom of footbinding in China. A fascinating combination of the psychological and political aspects of footbinding from the court dancer of the Sung dynasty to the emancipation movements of the 20th century.

Li, Yu. JOU PU TUAN (The Prayer Mat of Flesh). New York, 1963. A classic of Chinese erotic literature and a document of manners and morals in the form of a novel by Li Yu, a Ming dynasty writer. It is a handbook of love concerning a student who devotes himself to a life of utter eroticism and six women.

Lin, Yueh-Hwa. THE GOLDEN WING: A SOCIOLOGICAL STUDY OF CHINESE FAMILISM. New York, 1948. A sociological study (written in the form of a novel) of two families - the Hwang and the Chang in Fukien village. It is the story of the business success of the Hwang family and failure of the Chang. For the woman's role in agriculture, see pp. 74 and in the family economy pp. 77-80.

Lin, Yutang. WIDOW, NUN, AND COURTESAN: THREE NOVELETTES FROM THE CHINESE. New York, 1951.

McAleavy, Henry."Certain Aspects of Chinese Customary Law in the Light of Japanese Scholarship," BULLETIN OF THE SCHOOL OF ORIENTAL AND AFRICAN STUDIES. London, 1955. A review of recent Japanese findings about traditional legal relations with Chinese families, especially noting that women's rights have traditionally been stronger than is ordinarily thought.

Morris, Ivan. tr. THE PILLOW BOOK OF SEI SHONAGON. New York, 1967. Diary entries, character sketches, descriptions, and anecdotes of upper-class court life in Heian,Japan (c. 1000) by Sei Shonagon, the great woman prose writer. Shonagon's class attitudes and hostility and competiveness with men are central in The Pillow Book.

Morris, Ivan. THE WORLD OF THE SHINING PRINCE: COURT LIFE IN ANCIENT JAPAN. New York, 1964. An excellent and readable book covering many aspects of Heian Court life. See pp. 111-161 for women and index for particular aspects of being a Heian woman.

Murasaki, Lady. THE TALE OF GENJI. tr. by Arthur Waley. New York, 1955. The great classic of Japan. As a chronicle of court life and the dying aristocracy of the time it is an exceedingly important historical and sociological document. It is also interesting to note the high position of women in the Heian Age and Murasaki's acute psychological comments.

Nakane, Chie. JAPANESE SOCIETY. Berkeley, 1970. An analysis of Japanese society on the basis of an all pervading structure of relationships written by a prominent Japanese woman sociologist. See index for woman and wife roles.

Needham, Joseph. SCIENCE AND CIVILIZATION IN CHINA. Vol. 2, London, 1956. A voluminous survey of Chinese intellectual history emphasizing the merits of progressiveness and scientific thought. Compares Taoism and Confucianism. See pp. 57-61 for the feminine" symbol and Taoism, pp. 146-152 for sexual techniques in Taoism and especially pp. 151-2 for the importance of women.

Ning, Lao T'ai-t'ai. A DAUGHTER OF HAN: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CHINESE WORKING WOMAN. ed. by Ida Pruitt. New Haven, 1945. The story of a Chinese peasant woman who worked as a servant for officials, military officers, and missionaries from the 1870's to 1938. A highly recommended account of her childhood, marriage, child-bearing, grandchildren, ideas on the Japanese invasion, domestic work, travel, and personal strength.

O'Hara, Albert S.J. THE POSITION OF WOMAN IN EARLY CHINA. tr. of LIEH NU CHUAN. (The Biographies of Chinese women of the former Han dynasty, by Liu Hsiang) Washington, 1946. One hundred and twenty-five short biographies of women from legendary times to the Han dynasty, of all classes, locales, and types. Written by a Confucian scholar, it became the manual for the correct conduct of ladies for centuries.

Ross, Floyd Hiatt. SHINTO, THE WAY OF JAPAN. Boston, 1965. An informative work on shrine Shinto. Also chapters on mythology, Amaterasu, and references to women in rituals.

Saikaku, Ihara. THE LIFE OF AN AMOROUS WOMAN AND OTHER WRITINGS. tr. and ed. by Ivan Morris. New York, 1963. Extracts from four of Saikaku's great 17th century erotic works. Also includes "townsman" works. Saikaku's writing is very interesting in the connections it makes between love (sex), money and class.

Silberman, Bernard S. JAPAN AND KOREA: A CRITICAL BIBLIOGRAPHY. Tucson, 1962.

Smith, Robert J. and Richard K. Beardsley. JAPANESE CULTURE. Chicago, 1962.

Tanizaki, Junichiro. THE MAKIOKA SISTERS. tr. by Edward G. Seidensticker. New York, 1957. A novel about four Japanese sisters in Osaka - their interrelationships and differing attitudes toward marriage, men and the family.

_____. SEVEN JAPANESE TALES. tr. by Howard Hibbett. New York, 1963. Beautiful short novels and tales written from all periods of Tanizaki's life.

_____. SOME PREFER NETTLES. tr. by Edward G. Seidensticker. New York, 1955. A semi-autobiographical novel of modern Japan and the cultural clash between traditional and western. Tanizaki's treatment of women in this novel is very interesting and usually transcends the stereotypes.

Thompson, Laurence G. tr. THE ONE-WORLD PHILOSOPHY OF K'ANG YU-WEI. London, 1958.

Ts'ao, Hsueh-ch'in. DREAM OF THE RED CHAMBER. tr. by Arthur Waley. New York, 1958. China's great eighteenth century novel about the house of Chia in Peking and the innumerable relatives and servants in this complex and fascinating household. An extremely important novel not only for its literary merit but sociological picture as well.

Vogel, Ezra F. JAPAN'S NEW MIDDLE CLASS: THE SALARY MAN AND HIS FAMILY IN A TOKYO SUBURB. Berkeley, 1963. A study of the rapidly growing "new middle class" in Japan focusing on the family life in one community. For women in particular, see chapters 6,9,10, although parts II and III are also interesting.

Wagatsuma, Hiroshi and George De Vos. "Recent Attitudes Towards Arranged Marriage in Rural Japan," HUMAN ORGANIZATION. vol. 21, no. 3 (Fall, 1962). A methodical exercise measuring attitudinal aspects of social change. Examines the effects of legal change of marriage laws on local values and attitudes.

Wales, Nym. RED DUST: AUTOBIOGRAPHIES OF CHINESE COMMUNISTS, as told to Nym Wales. Stanford, 1952. Introduction by Robert Carter North. Twenty-four short autobiographies collected in 1937. Includes two narratives by women: T'sai T'ing-Li, an editor and writer on women's problems, and K'ang K'e-Ching, a peasant partisan.

Wolf, Margery. THE HOUSE OF LIM: A STUDY OF A CHINESE FARM FAMILY. New York, 1968. An anthropological study done in story form about an extended family in Taiwan. Especially interesting are the stories of the daughter who becomes a prostitute and her later familial relations.

Wong, Su-ling and Earl Herbert Cressy. DAUGHTER OF CONFUCIUS. New York, 1952. Autobiography of Chin, a girl from the gentry class, born 1918 in Fukien. Theme: large family describe overseas Chin of merchant class. Matriarchy in a large family.

Yang, C.K. THE CHINESE FAMILY IN THE COMMUNIST REVOLUTION. Cambridge, 1959. A study of the impact of modernization and the Communist government on the traditional family structure. Highly recommended - the role of women is central in Yang's work and is dealt into extensively.

_____. A CHINESE VILLAGE IN EARLY COMMUNIST TRANSITION. Cambridge, Mass., 1959. A study of a suburban village outside of Peking during the period just prior to communalization. For women, see chapters VI and XII on the kinship system.

_____. CHINESE COMMUNIST SOCIETY: THE FAMILY AND THE VILLAGE. Cambridge, 1965. Combination of the two aforementioned books by Yang.

Yang, Martin C. A CHINESE VILLAGE. New York, 1945. Account of the author's own village in Shantung, and his experience growing up there. Good on the intra-family relationships.

---

4 *Women in Revolution: The Case of China*

All China Democratic Women's Federation. CHINESE WOMEN IN 1950. Peking, 1950. A collection of articles on women centering around the 1950 new marriage laws. Contents: China's women--active builders of new China.

_____. DOCUMENTS OF THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT OF CHINA. 2ed. Peking, 1952. Outlines Chinese Communist's policies on women, esp. her role in the economy.

Belden, Jack. CHINA SHAKES THE WORLD. New York, 1949. Reprint New York, 1970. See section on Goldflower. A journalists first-hand account of the Chinese civil war from 1946-1949. Gives a detailed account of both peasant life and reactions to the societial turmoil. Belden sees women's struggle for equality as revolutionary and necessary (in China, at least). "Men cannot be free until their women are free."

Chin, Ai-Li S. "Family Relations in Modern Chinese Fiction" in Maurice Freedman, ed. FAMILY KINSHIP IN CHINESE SOCIETY. Focusing on the nature of family relations, she compares literature of the May Fourth period and of the early 1960's in Taiwan and the People's Republic.

Chinese Women in the Great Leap Forward. Peking, 1960.

Chou, Shu-jen (Lu Hsun). SELECTED WORKS OF LU HSUN. 4 vols. Peking, 1956-1960. On women see esp. "The New Year's Sacrifice" and "The Divorce" in vol. 1. Excellent short stories by a famous Chinese writer of the early 20th century.

Chow,, Ts'e-tung. THE MAY FOURTH MOVEMENT: INTELLECTUAL REVOLUTION IN MODERN CHINA. Cambridge, Mass., 1960. Recounts the events of the May 4th movement (1917-1921) and examines in de--tail its currents and effects. Chow sees the rising tide of "feminism" as one of the primary sociopolitical consequences of the May 4th movement.

Chou, Sui-ning Prudence. "The Chinese Communist's Policies Toward Rural Women from 1949-1955" unpub. thesis, Berkeley: U of Cal., Dec., 1968. Mostly devoted to a discussion of the implementation of the new marriage laws which were crucial in the changing of peasant women's status both within the family and in society.

Cohen, Charlotte Bonny. "Women of China" in Robin Morgan, ed., SISTERHOOD IS POWERFUL AN ANTHOLOGY OF WRITINGS FROM THE WOMEN'S LIBERATION MOVEMENT. New York, 1970. A sketchy history of women in China from traditional China through 1969.

Crozier, Ralph C., compiler. CHINA'S CULTURAL LEGACY AND COMMUNISM. New York, 1970.

Cusak, Dymphna. CHINESE WOMEN SPEAK. London, 1959. "A sympathic report of 18 months spent in Communist China with character sketches of numerous women encountered: not scholarly, and not entirely objective; but showing many aspects of what modernization and communication have done to Chinese women's lives and attitudes." (Hucker)

Han, Suyin. THE CRIPPLED TREE. London, 1965. The daughter of an upper-middle class family, Chinese father and Belgium mother, tries to reconstruct her family history in China. A personalized story of China during its transition.

_____."Family Planning in China", JAPAN QUARTERLY, 17:4 (Oct.-Dec., 1970). A systematic study of planned parenthood in China for 14 years (1956-1970). The article is an example of the incorporation of planned parenthood and the socialist system in China.

Hinton, William. FANSHEN: A DOCUMENTARY OF REVOLUTION IN A CHINESE VILLAGE. New York, 1955. A major work. Includes a portrayal of the traditional aspects. See esp. pp. 157-160, 396-398, 454-458.

Ho, Ching-Chih. THE WHITE HAIRED GIRL: AN OPERA IN 5 ACTS. Peking, 1954. "...about a servant girl who was raped, and whose father is murdered by an evil landlord and the eventual triumph of justice upon 'liberation' by the red army." (Hucker)

Ho, Ping-ti and Tang, Tsou, eds. CHINA IN CRISIS. 2 vols. in 3 books. Chicago, 1968. Volume 1, books 1-2, China's heritage and the Communist political system. Vol. 2: China's policies in Asian and America's alternatives. Authoritative reference: however, limited in its application to women.

Hsia, C.T.. "Residual Feminity: Women in Chinese Communist Fiction" THE CHINA QUARTERLY. No. (Jan.-Mar., 1963).

Hsieh, Pingying. GIRL REBEL. The autobiography of Hsieh Pingying with extracts from her New War diaries. Translated by Adet and Anor Lin. New York, 1940. The story of a woman's struggle to free herself from the repression of a traditional family, principally relating to the 1920's.

Hucker, Charles O., ed. CHINA: A CRITICAL BIBLIOGRAPHY. Tucson, Ariz., 1962. Though only up to 1962, an excellent starting point for research.

Israel, John. "The Red Guards in Historical Perspective: Continuity and Change in the Chinese Youth Movement." THE CHINA QUARTERLY. No. 30, (1967).

Israel, John. STUDENT NATIONALISM IN CHINA, 1927-1937. Stanford, 1966.

Johnson, Chalmers A. PEASANT NATIONALISM AND COMMUNIST POWER: THE EMERGENCE OF REVOLUTIONARY CHINA, 1937-1945. Stanford, 1962.

Kuo, Helena (Ching-ch'iu). I'VE COME A LONG WAY. New York, 1942. Autobiography of the daughter of a rich Chinese businessman from Macao. Gives an interesting perspective of a young girl's educational experiences in early 20th century China.

Lewis, Ida Belle. THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS IN CHINA. New York, 1919. A useful reference on the traditional upbringing of girls in China and the effects of early 20th century modernization in education on their social status and values.

Levenson, Joseph. LIANG CH'I-CH'AO AND THE MIND OF MODERN CHINA. Cambridge, Mass., 1959. Particularly relevant to women: Chapter II the breakdown of the Confucian world, and Chapter IV, the substitute for tradition.

Levy, Marion J., jr. THE FAMILY REVOLUTION IN MODERN CHINA. Cambridge, Mass., 1949. Includes a chapter on the anti-footbinding movement.

Li, Ju-chen. (1763-1830). FLOWERS IN THE MIRROR. Translated and ed. by Lin Tai-yi. Berkeley, 1965. An early champion of equal rights for women, Li, a Chinese scholar wrote in the 1820's, this marvellous satirical novel of fantasy, a combination Gulliver Travels and Alice in Wonderland.

Mao Tse-tung. "Report of an Investigation into the Peasant Movement in Hunan" SELECTED WORKS. Vol. 1. Written in 1927, Part 7 is of particular importance to women.

Michael, Franz, and Chung-li Chang. THE TAIPING REBELLION: HISTORY AND DOCUMENTS. Vol. 1 (3 vols). Seattle, 1966. A concise documented history of the Taiping Rebellion from its origins to its end; plus, analysis of the rebellion against both the political and social orders. Of interest to women: the equality and separation of the sexes, and the chastity among the Taiping followers contrasted by the subsequent possession of large harems by the leaders.

Milton, Nancy. "Correspondence: Women and Revolution,: SOCIALIST REVOLUTION, 1:6 (Nov-Dec,1970) pp. 135-192.

Myrdal, Jan. REPORT FROM A CHINESE VILLAGE. New York, 1966. Translated from the Swedish. Descriptions of the villagers of Liu ling in Northern Shensi, plus record of the experiences of the villagers in their daily lives during the upheavals of the Chinese revolution. Interesting character sketches of women.

Orleans, Leo. "Evidence from Chinese Medical Journals on Current Population Policy". THE CHINA QUARTERLY. No. 40 (1969).

Pa Chin, pseud. (Li, Fei-kan, 1905-). THE FAMILY. Peking, 1958. The first novel of a triology published in 1931 is a passionate indictment of the tyranny of the authoritarian Chinese family system. Depicts the revolt of the younger Kao brother, and Cousin Ch'in and Hsiang-yu, who represent the young progressive women of the 1920's and 1930's. The spokesman for youth during China's stormy transitional period, Pa Chin (took syllables from names of Bakunin and Kropotkin, Russian anarchists) felt the road for young people lay in resistance, struggle, and revolution.

Salaff, Janet Weitzner and Judith Merkele. "Women and Revolution: The Lessons of the Soviet Union and China," SOCIALIST REVOLUTION. 1:4 (July-Aug., 1970). or in Berk. Journal of Sociology 15: (1970).

Schurmann, Franz. IDEOLOGY AND ORGANIZATION IN COMMUNIST CHINA. Berkeley, 1968. Excellent book to understand the construction and transformation of Communist China, however, does not present much material on women. See pp. 7,377,379,392,425,479: Women in the labor force, pp. 355-56,397.

Schurmann, and Orville Schell. THE CHINA READER. 3 vols. (IMPERIAL CHINA, REPUBLICAN CHINA, COMMUNIST CHINA). New York, 1967. In vol. 1 articles concerning women: Menicus on the Family, pp.13-21, Confucianism and Kinship by Fairbank, pp.36-56, Women's attire by Wang Hsi-chi, pp.122-26, and the position of women in the Taiping rebellion by Franke pp. 186-87.

Schwartz, Benjamin. CHINESE COMMUNISM AND THE RISE OF MAO. Cambridge, Mass., 1961.

Snow, Edgar. RED STAR OVER CHINA. New York, 1961. 1st revised & enlarged ed. 1968. Of interest to women: the childhood of Mao, pp. 129-138, and red factory women, pp. 250-53.

Snow, Helen Foster. WOMEN IN MODERN CHINA. The Hague,1967. Though culturally biased, Snow gives some information on the women's struggle for emancipation in China. Includes sketches of ten famous Chinese women in the twentieth century, such as Madame Sun Yat-sen, Teng Ying-ch'ao (Madame Chou En-lai), and Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

Speech by Comrade Teng Ying-ch'ch'an. "Eighth National Congress of the Communist Party of China" in CHUNG-KUO KUNG CH'AN TANG. Peking, 1956. Teng Ying-ch'ao- Madame Chou En Lai outlines the new status of women in China since the founding of the People's Republic of China. She states that while women are much further advanced in their struggle it "does not mean that in our present day society the question of emancipation of women has been completely solved."

Strong, Anna Louise. CHINA'S MILLIONS: THE REVOLUTIONARY STRUGGLES FROM 1927-1935. New York, 1935.

Teng, Ying-ch'ao. "The Woman's Movement in New China" in PEOPLE'S CHINA. March 1, 1952.

Tsai, Ch'ang. "The Party's General Line Illuminates the Path of Emancipation for our Women" in WOMEN OF CHINA no. 1, 1960.

VIETNAMESE WOMEN. Vietnamese Studies No. 10. Hanoi, 1966. About the position of Vietnamese women after 20 years of revolution. Comprised of studies, stories, and portraits of women of Vietnam.

Vogel, Ezra F.. CANTON UNDER COMMUNISM: PROGRESS AND POLITICS IN A PROVINCIAL CAPITAL,1943-1968. Cambridge, Mass.,1969.

Wakeman, Frederick. STRANGERS AT THE GATE: SOCIAL DISORDERS IN SOUTH CHINA, 1839-1861. Berk., 1966.

THE WOMAN'S REPRESENTATIVE: THREE ONE ACT PLAYS. Peking, 1956. Three one-act plays dealing with the love and family life of the new Chinese women.

WOMEN IN NEW CHINA. 3rd ed. Peking, 1950. Contains two articles published by the People's Republic on women.

Wright, Mary C., ed. CHINA IN REVOLUTION: THE FIRST PHASE, 1900-1913. New Haven, 1968. New studies on the 1911 Revolution for women as a new force in the revolution. See esp. pp. 38-55. For a study of Ch'iu Chin, the major revolutionary female martyr, see pp. 319-364.

Zen, Sophia H. Chen (Mrs. Heng-che). THE CHINESE WOMAN AND FOUR OTHER ESSAYS. Peiping, 1934. 2 ed. A western educated Chinese feminist relates her perceptions of China as it went through the transition from old to new and its effects on women.

5

"Third World Woman" in America

Billingsley, Andrew. BLACK FAMILIES IN WHITE AMERICA. New Jersey, 1968.

Cade, Toni, ed. THE BLACK WOMAN: AN ANTHOLOGY. New York, 1970.

Carson, Josephine. SILENT VOICES: THE SOUTHERN NEGRO WOMAN TODAY. New York, 1969.

Cleaver, Eldridge, "White Soman, Black Man," SOUL ON ICE. New York, 1968, pp. 155-210.

Frazier, E. Franklin. THE NEGRO FAMILY IN THE UNITED STATES. Chicago, 1939. rev. & ed., 1966.

Grebler, Leo et.al. "The Family and Variations in Time and Place," in THE MEXICAN-AMERICAN PEOPLE: THE NATION'S SECOND LARGEST MINORITY. New York, 1970.

Hernton, Calvin. SEX AND RACISM IN AMERICA. New York, 1965.

Jordon, Winthrop D. "Chapter 4: Fruits of Passion: the dyanamics of interracial sex," WHITE OVER BLACK: AMERICAN ATTITUDES TOWARD THE NEGRO, 1550-1812. Chapel Hill, 1968. pp. 136-179. paper, Baltimore, 1969.

LaRue, Linda, "The Black Movement and Women's Liberation," THE BLACK SCHOLAR. May 1970.

Lewis, Oscar. LA VIDA: A PUERTO RICAN FAMILY IN THE CULTURE OF POVERTY, SAN JUAN AND NEW YORK. New York, 1965.

Liebow, Elliot. TALLY'S CORNER: A STUDY OF NEGRO STREETCORNER MEN. Boston, 1967.

Malcolm X. THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MALCOLM X. New York, 1966.

Panther Women. "Panther Sisters on Women's Liberation," THE MOVEMENT. Sept. 1969.

Quarles, Benjamin. "Frederick Douglass and the Woman's Rights Movement," JOURNAL OF NEGRO HISTORY. 15 (January 1940), pp. 35-44.

Steiner, Stan. "The Changing Women," THE NEW INDIANS. New York, 1968. pp. 215-230.

6 *The Woman in America*

Helpful bibliographies in Thompson, Flexner, Kraditor, and Millett.

deBeauvoir, Simone. THE SECOND SEX (1949). New York, 1969.

Dixon, Marlene. "Why Women's Liberation?" RAMPARTS. Dec. 1969.

Firestone, Shulamith. THE DIALECTIC OF SEX: THE CASE FOR FEMINIST REVOLUTION. New York, 1970.

Firestone, Shulamith. ed. NOTES FROM THE SECOND YEAR. New York, 1970.

Flexner, Eleanor. CENTURY OF STRUGGLE: THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES. Cambridge, Mass., 1959. paper, Athenum, 1970.

Friedan, Betty. THE FEMININE MYSTIQUE. New York, 1963.

Greer, Germaine. THE FEMALE EUNUCH. New York, 1971.

Kraditor, Aileen S. UP FROM THE PEDESTAL: SELECTED DOCUMENTS FROM THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN FEMINISM. Chicago, 1968.

Millett, Kate. SEXUAL POLITICS. Garden City, New York, 1970.

Morgan, Robin. ed. SISTERHOOD IS POWERFUL. New York, 1970.

Thompson, Mary Lou, ed. VOICES OF THE NEW FEMINISM. Boston, 1970.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Photograph Directory

A very special thanks to Nikki Arai for the many photographs she contributed to the Journal.

Nikki Arai--pp. 1, 34, 43
51, 52, 57
65, 85, 91
95, 103
130

Serena Chen--page 69

Dolly Lumsdaine--pp. 71, 79

Toni Mar--page 97

Jeanne Quan--pp. 5, 16, 82
83, 85
107

Ann Umemoto--page 31

Kathy Uno--pp. 2, 25, 37

Carolyn Wong--page 110

Staff

Lily Chang
Suzin Fong
Emma Gee
Diana Gong
Barbara Jung
Betty Jung
Grace Lee
Gayle Louie
Jeanne Quan
Gail Shimamoto
Cindy Takemoto
Ann Umemoto
Carolyn Yee

Also Helped:

A very special thanks to Kim Newman for her help in re-editing many articles.

Anna Chan
Ron Chan
Chanida Chanyapate
Andrea Chin
Nancy Chng
Shirley Hom
Bob Nakamura
Carolyn Nishi
Sharon Quan
Women's Media Group from
Spring 170 course
Mimi Yang



Maureen Chan

$3.50