

DATED MATERIAL

May, 1970

# Gidra

Monthly News of the Asian American Community

25 cents





# EDITORIAL

Much of the printed material within *Gidra* is that which is submitted for publication by individuals and groups outside of the regular *Gidra* staff. However, that the paper as a whole, reflects a certain perspective is not by sheer accident. We are, hopefully, an organ for social change. It is with this in mind that we of the *Gidra* staff ask that those of you who have written, or plan to write articles to be printed in *Gidra*, grant us certain trust in regard to the handling of such material. Give us the same consideration that you give to your articles, and that is how we will consider it. *Write on!*

# CALENDAR

May 2 to June 27—Textile show. Latest works of prominent So. Calif. artists: Bernice Coleman, Ellen Eyre, Carol Funai, Kei T. Kamitani, Momo Naganom, Hideko Nishimura at Carol Funai's Workshop/Gallery, 353, 355 E. 2nd Street, Los Angeles.

May 5 (Tues.)—"Strategies for Community Action," a one-day workshop for community organization leaders offered by UCLA Extension. From 9:30 a.m. to 3 p.m. at the Extension's Downtown Center in Los Angeles.

May 9 (Sat.)—Los Angeles Pioneer Center Talent Show. For more information, call the Center at 680-1656.

May 16 (Sat.)—Red Guard Benefit Dance for Free Lunch Program to be held at the Telegraph Hill Neighborhood Center, 660 Lombard, San Francisco, at 7 p.m. Featuring the Magic Colors Blues Band, United Sounds, Choice of Colors, and the Enchanters. Light show direct from Los Angeles by Slanted Eye. Donation: \$1.50.

May 16-17 (Sat.-Sun.)—Fur Generations of Art at the Harbor Community Center, 1667 Seabright St., Long Beach. Co-sponsored by AASA, Kyodais and the Long Beach Community.

May 24 (Sun.)—Workshop for the So. Calif. Education Committee of the JACL. For further information about time and location, call: 257-5737, 792-7524 or 794-5276.

June 27 (Sat.)—Meeting of the So. Calif. Society of the Japanese Blind at the Pioneer Center, 125 Weller St., Los Angeles, from 11 a.m. For more information, call Roy Yamadera 262-2224 or Harold Honda 262-7709.

Bi-Monthly (Thurs.)—Regular meetings of the Yellow Brotherhood Advisory Committee, Thursday nights at Centenary Church, Los Angeles. Community invited to attend.

# ARM-SDS TRIAL

Santa Monica—

On Monday, May 4, Laura Ho of the Asian Radical Movement (ARM) from UCLA, in a surprise move, waived her right to a jury trial and consented to accept the verdict of Judge Lawrence J. Rittenband in Santa Monica Superior Court. The verdict will be based primarily on testimony as appearing in transcripts of the preliminary hearing for misdemeanor false imprisonment charges. Ho has faced felony charges stemming from an ARM/SDS sit-in on November 19 at UCLA. Sentencing will be on Thursday, May 28, in Santa Monica Superior Court, 1725 Main Street, at 9:00 a.m.

In the same session, Linda Arbanitas, Kay Taus, Roger Taus, Jim Prickett and Frank Coffman were granted a continuance until May 18 for the start of their separate trial proceedings.

On April 6, five others found guilty of misdemeanor false imprisonment charges were sentenced. Suzi Wong was given one year probation; Michael Fong, thirty days suspended sentence and one year probation; Michael Schwartz and Amy Hollander, fined \$250 and one year probation. Sentencing for Jane Hefner was postponed until a later date.

—Alan Ota

# EAST-WEST

The East-West Players will present *Tondemonai—Never Happen* as the second play in their Season '70. This play is the prize-winning drama written by Soon Taik Oh. It is set in the time of the Second World War.

This will be the first time a play written by an Asian on the Japanese-American during this period of American history will be produced and performed by an Asian company. The East-West Players is the first and only professional Oriental repertory company in America.

The play concerns a man who was educated in Japan, caught in a web of personal and patriotic differences the war produced. Portraying the lead role is Mako. John Mamo and Shizuko Iwamatsu are his parents. Also supporting are Alberto Isaac as a young Chinese homosexual. Beulah Quo as a Japanese War Bride, Ernest Harada as an ambitious Nisei and Elizabeth Berger as Mako's wife.

Producer is Guy Lee and director is Soon Taik Oh.

The play will run for six weeks only on Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays beginning May 28, ending July 4. It will play at the Players Lab, 1629 Griffith Park Blvd. Tickets are \$3.50, Student discount \$2.50, with special group rates available. For ticket information or reservations call the East-West Players box-office, 660-0366 from 1:00 to 5:00 p.m. weekdays.

—East-West Players

# HIGH POTENTIAL CUT

Westwood—

Breaking an "institutional commitment", the UCLA Administration has cut the number of slots promised to the Asian American High Potential Program (AAHPP) for the fall, academic year 1970-71. Instead of the fifty slots that were to be used by AAHPP, there is now to be only 25 slots according to a memo, dated April 22, from Vice-Chancellor David Saxon.

In a meeting of the High Potential Council (consisting of the coordinators of each ethnic program) in February, a decision was made to divide 625 EOP (Educational Opportunity Program) places such that 200 slots were to be used for the High Potential Programs, while the rest was to be used to support present EOP and HPP students who will be continuing next quarter. The 625 slots came from a quota of 1800 total slots allotted to EOP/SEP (Special Education Program) on this campus.

Of the 200 slots to be used for the HPP, it was unanimously decided in the High Potential Council to divide them equally between the four components. A memo informing Vice-Chancellor Saxon that such a decision was made, was to be written by Joe Barry, Director of EOP, within a week. Such a memo did not appear until April 17, two days after all recruitment procedures for fifty candidates and twenty alternates was completed by AAHPP.

On April 22, the decision of the High Potential Council for parity in number of slots was rescinded by a single memo from Vice-Chancellor Saxon. The memo contained previously unknown information about the existence of an Engineering HPP, and the development of a similar Nursing program. It also presented Saxon's "recommendation" to a cut in the

number of slots from 50 to 25 for the Asian and American Indian HPP's. The total number of slots recommended by Saxon to be distributed among the four components was 150, not 200. The number of slots allotted to the newly "discovered" Engineering and Nursing programs totaled 50.

The other components of the HPP were, in fact, already accepting a cut-back when they agreed to fifty slots apiece. The Black and Chicano components had 100 slots apiece this quarter, while the American Indians had 75 slots. The decision that all groups accept parity was made in consideration of the ceiling of 200 slots that the components had agreed to set up themselves.

As there is no reply as yet from Saxon to the components who had written to him concerning these cuts and the possible restoration of parity, it seems that this problem in the High Potential Program, aside from the structural problems of EOP, in general, will become a very important Strike issue. The Black, Native American, and Asian students have been developing the idea of the establishment of a "Third World" College, or department, on this campus as a possible means of dealing with such problems. In such a framework, each group would have autonomous control of their own programs, enabling them to suit the content of the program to the needs of their own students. Also considered was the idea of consolidating EOP and HPP into single programs administered by the four respective groups.

After three months of recruiting and over 250 applicants, the AAHPP had notified 70 young people from the community of possible needs. They had been told that 50 of them would be accepted. Will more now be disappointed?

—Tracy Okida

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# heads popped

by TRACY OKIDA

On Tuesday, May 5, a force of 250 members of the Los Angeles Police Department marched into UCLA and ordered the dispersal of 6,000 students from the area around Janss Step and the Men's Gym. The gathering of students in protest to President Nixon's decision to send U. S. troops into Cambodia, and the killing of four students at Kent State University was declared an illegal assembly by the LAPD.

Moving in long skirmish lines, the police then herded the retreating students up the hill and through various parts of the campus. Suddenly, when students and police reached the area between the Administration Building and Social Welfare Building, a small group of policemen broke off from the line and charged in the direction of a group of students. This was the beginning.

Caught in that charge and brutally beaten by three officers was one man, Dr. Peter Ladfoged, a professor who was just coming out of a building. Many students stared in shock and disbelief, many shouted angrily for them to stop, many continued to run in panic, and many more of the police began similarly to charge small groups of students. Although still few in number, some of the students began a counter-attack with the only weapons available to them; dirt-clods and small rocks were thrown at the police who were armed with long night-sticks and pistols, and protected by helmets.

In one of the sweeping, charging onrushes by the police, Steve Tatsukawa, a junior in art, was trapped and beaten by two officers. His head bleeding from a severe blow, Steve was then handcuffed and pulled along at a run as his captors continued to charge at the crowds. Steve was spotted and recognized as he was being dragged along by some of his friends who were on the balcony of Campbell Hall. Four of his friends, Colin Watanabe, Ph. D. candidate in Chemical Engineering, Alan Nishio, teaching staff of the Asian American Studies Center, Yuji Ichioka, Acting Director of the Asian American Studies Center, and Ronnie Ohata, freshman in Engineering, immediately ran down after him to the police van to inquire after Steve's condition. As these four approached the police command post, Colin was grabbed and clubbed by four policemen and then arrested. The other three were able to escape without injury or arrest.

Steve, found with four small rocks in his pockets, was charged with felonious assault with a deadly weapon. Colin, who had merely been concerned with Steve's condition, was charged with resisting arrest, not at the time of his arrest, but only as he was being booked. (At his subsequent arraignment, other charges such as failure to disperse, participating in a riot, unlawful assembly, and interfering with the duties of a police officer were also added on.)

As the assaults and arrests were being conducted against Steve and Colin, other members of the LAPD began storming through a few of the buildings. Students, and faculty members alike, who were standing on the stairs and in the doorways of these buildings were recklessly clubbed. Campbell Hall, which houses most of the minority programs on campus, was charged twice in this manner. Upon the walls and floor was splattered the blood of three Chicanos and that of a Native American. Black students were being attacked and arrested on all parts of the campus. Students with long hair, students with books in arm, women, and even faculty were indiscriminately attacked.

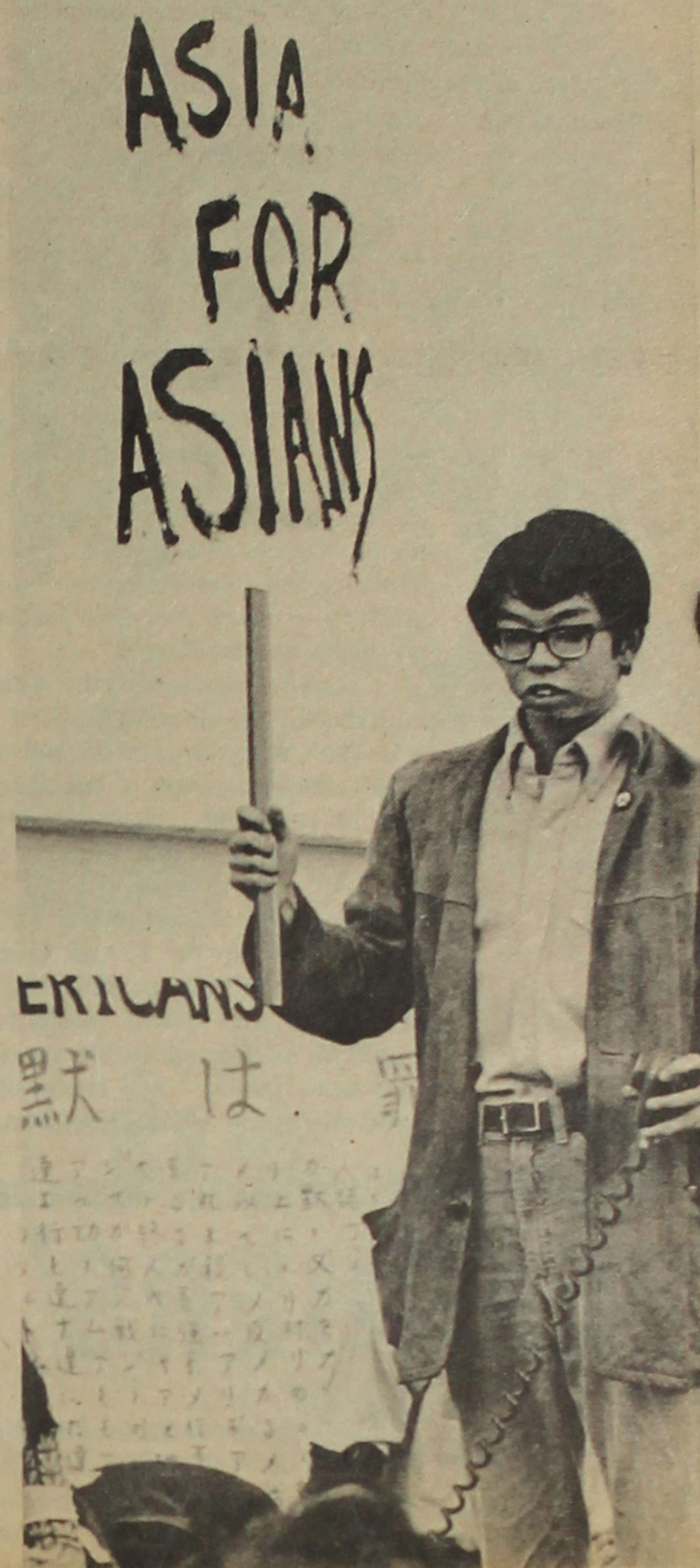
At 5 P. M. most of the crowd of students still remained. Slowly the police began leaving. Squads of ten to fifteen marched stiffly off campus with their rear guarded by police who walked backwards. As the police left, so did the students. Many concerned students deploring violence expressed their thoughts that had the police left campus earlier, the crowd would have dispersed. In comparison to the damage done to some property (windows and doors), the violence unleashed upon these students seemed totally negligent and unjustifiable.

By the end of this very long day, 74 students were arrested (many of them beaten beforehand), and still more left injured or bruised. Some received very serious injuries such as the girl who's back was broken from the assault of two policemen. There were many head wounds, such as the one suffered by Steve, and some hidden bruises such as those suffered by Colin when beaten in the abdomen. But the most frequent wound of all was the sharp slap of realization felt by most everyone who was there to witness the rampage of Tuesday, May 5, 1970.



POLICE LINE ADVANCES ON UCLA STUDENTS

Photos: Alan Ota (bottom right), Colin Watanabe (top right) and Andy Kent of the Los Angeles Free Press (bottom left)



STEVE TATSUKAWA



COLIN WATANABE



# ASIANS SUPPORT PANTHERS

In New Haven, Connecticut, another major struggle is being waged by minority peoples in their quest for justice and an end to repression. Bobby Seale, National Chairman of the Black Panther Party, and eight other Panther members are on trial in connection with the death of Alex Rackley, another Panther. To dispel the distortions of the truth that have arisen from erroneous television and press coverage and to insure that all third-world peoples are alerted to the urgency and significance of Bobby Seale's trial, the Yale Asian American Students Association have drafted this statement.

"It should be evident to all but the most short-sighted that Bobby Seale's prosecution is undeniably motivated by political considerations and that some coordinated effort on the part of the federal government to suppress the activities of the Black Panther Party does in fact exist." The recent reversals of contempt of court citations on David Hilliard, BPP Chief of Staff and Emory Douglas, BPP Minister of Culture, are encouraging but minor reversals of this trend. Seale's indictment itself remains shrouded in duplicity and founded on evidence so highly questionable as to force the majority of Asian American students at Yale to conclude that no fair trial is possible in New Haven."

As an organization, the Asian American Students at Yale (AASAY) is attempting to canvass the sparse New Haven Asian American community and Asian American faculty and inform them of the issues at hand. With other member groups of the Third World Liberation Front at Yale, they share a profound concern for this trial and its impact upon interracial relations in America. If Bobby Seale is sent to the electric chair, the Panther Party has pledged to free him at all costs. Such an action would certainly seem to signal the outbreak of a nation-wide race war such as was hinted in the Kerner Commission Report on Riots and Civil disorders. While it is possible that Asian Americans might be spared the persecution that Blacks would be subject to, it is impossible that they would be unaffected by the general climate of racial anxiety and hostility that would occur. The repeal of Title II of the Internal Security Act of 1950 which the Japanese American Citizens League has so diligently been

laboring at would surely be jeopardized in the Senate. Repression of Asian American political prisoners and the surveillance of radical Asian American groups everywhere would surely be tightened.

They are also insidious international parallels between the efforts of the Vietnamese people to win self-determination in their homeland and the struggle of the Black Panther Party to achieve self-determination for blacks in the United States. It is difficult if not impossible to distinguish qualitatively between the moral and economic imperialism which white America practices against third world people at home and abroad. We believe the residual hatred and bigotry cultivated from World War II against the Japanese, the Korean War, and the War in Vietnam—particularly in the context of the current suppression of the Black Panther Party—gives Asian Americans great and substantive cause for alarm. Viewed in this context, the rumors of concentration camps being prepared for Chinese Americans in the event of war with Red China, expressed in the May 7, 1966 issue of *Saturday Review* by Jerome Beatty, Jr. are most disquieting. The remarks of FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover before House subcommittees in 1968 concerning increased surveillance of all Chinese Americans assume an eerie and frightening reality. If Mr. Hoover's statement is not true, it is still at best a gratuitous and hysterical invitation to anti-Asian American prejudice. As such it is not only dangerously irresponsible and salacious, but flagrantly bigoted and obtuse as well. If Mr. Hoover's statement is true, it represents an unconstitutional form of institutional racism that is intolerable. Furthermore, it strongly reaffirms our conviction that the Black Panther Party in the United States is being victimized by a wave of oppression that must honestly be characterized as racist in nature.

The implications of the trial of the New Haven Nine are many. The trial's significance is immense. All Asian Americans and members of the Third World are called upon to join in the efforts to seek an end to the repression of the Black Panther Party, to guarantee justice for the New Haven Nine, and to preserve peace throughout the land.

—Asian American Students Association, Yale University

## TEACHERS' STRIKE

by ROBERT WU

Los Angeles High School

For three weeks teachers have been out of school on strike. Criticized by the general public for illegally striking, they have been told to go back into classrooms to give the students an education. However, before we ask the striking teachers to return to school, we should closely examine the conditions in our schools to see if the schools are worth going back to.

The schools in Los Angeles, especially the "inner city" schools, have been gradually deteriorating. The school buildings are poorly maintained and poorly equipped. Some classrooms have chalkboards twenty years old and paint jobs seventeen years old. Our classrooms, having an average of 35 students, are the most crowded in the U. S. Thousands of students don't even have textbooks and the textbooks that they do have are often obsolete. Because of the large ratio of students to counselors (500 to 1) in high schools, a student may only see his counselor twice throughout his three years in high school. The overall condition in the L.A. City Schools are poor and have scared away many qualified teachers. As a result, our schools (especially inner-city) have been forced to accept teachers who are not very qualified. This has also contributed to the deterioration of our educational system.

The cause of this deterioration, however, is mainly due to a lack of funding from our state. In the richest state in the Union, the state aid to education in the Los Angeles City schools has been cut. Allocations to the schools have been reduced from 50% to a drastically low 28%. As a result, the L. A. Board of Education has made a \$41 million budget cut

which will eliminate interscholastic sports, one class period, and 20% of the schools textbook purchases for the next school year. These cut backs will not only contribute to the deterioration of our schools, but to the deterioration of our students.

What has this deterioration done to our students? It has given our students an inadequate education. Some of our students graduate and cannot even read or add and subtract. They have not been adequately prepared to enter college or even get a decent job. Because of the poor guidance system, many of our students are not encouraged to focus their attention on a specific field. When they graduate they often have no goal in life. The general attitude of the students is one of apathy and indifference toward school. The students just aren't stimulated, so they often drop out of schools and turn to drugs. 33% of our students drop out of school and 90% of our junior and senior high schools are infected with drug abuse. Students no longer care whether they get a good education or not. If they don't give a damn, then who does?

The teachers give a damn! The teachers are striking so that we, the students, can have better schools. Some of the things that they want are smaller classes, special classes in reading instruction, a smaller counselor to student ratio, better facilities, extra-curricular activities, and higher pay. The teachers are putting their jobs on the line so that the students can get a better education. It is apparent that they aren't striking just for higher salaries, because they lose fifty dollars a day! The total amount

of money they stand to lose cannot easily be accounted for by a possible increase in their salaries. Thus, if the teachers are willing to put their jobs on the line for better education, we, as a community, should give them our full support.

It is just as important for the Asian communities to push for better schools than any other race, because we need a good education in order to get decent jobs in America.

For the past three weeks, I haven't seen any Asian parents support the strike and I have only seen a very few Asian Students support it. Again, Asians have become apathetic toward something which will affect their future severely. It is time for the Asian community to become active in the fight for better education. Write, wire, visit, or call the members of the Los Angeles Board of Education. Tell them you're concerned. Tell them you believe in good schools, that good schools mean a better America.

Tell them to do something. Now.

Los Angeles Board of Education  
450 N. Grand Avenue  
L. A. 90017  
Telephone: 625-8911

Arthur F. Gardner, president; J. C. Chambers; Robert Docter; Richard Ferraro; Georgiana Hardy; Julian Nava; Donald Newman; Robert Kelly, superintendent.

Tell them to sign a contract with the United Teachers-Los Angeles that will guarantee a better education for every child in the Los Angeles city schools...and end the crippling teacher strike.

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## STASH

We have a small number of back issues of GIDRA and have decided to put a limited number of these complete sets on sale. The price is \$10. The first twelve issues of GIDRA, starting with volume I, number 1, in April, 1969, will be sent.

Orders will be filled on a first-come-first-served basis until our stock is depleted. Payment must accompany your order.

## BACK ISSUES

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# peace rally

by CAROL MOCHIZUKI AND VIVIAN MATSUSHIGE

About fifty Asians met at the JACL office on Weller St. on Wednesday, April 15 to march together to the City Hall peace rally to show Asian solidarity. It was a cold, windy evening and as I was marching I thought how hostile the climate was. When I arrived at the rally, the faces of the other demonstrators turned to us in full recognition of our presence. Their looks were strange. My presence was disquieting. I thought, "You sit here protesting the genocide of the Asian people in Viet Nam and yet you look at me with indifference."

I went over to the speaker's platform to listen to the speeches. There were many speakers and I felt that their speeches were too long. Much of what they had to say I had heard many times before at other Moratorium rallies. The crowd listened with polite sympathy to all the speakers but after a while its responsiveness began to wane. The "Right On's" became weaker: calls for Rubin increased. Finally Warren Furutani, JACL Field Director and Gidra columnist, came to the speaker's platform. The few of us cheered him on, but I felt the rest of the audience thought, "Not another one." Warren began, "...We'll come over here and add a rainbow perspective to those of you who want to put an end to this genocide in the Far East... Although a lot of you are professing a lot of guilt—that you feel sorry for Asian Americans or Asian people dying in Viet Nam—I question that. I really do. Just because you come here one day out of the month to exercise your liberal conscience, don't think that's going to change your mental attitude *at all*." What do Moratoriums mean to Asian people...?

Jerry Rubin wanted to know what happened to Bobby Seale. He was surprised that Bobby had not been mentioned before at this Moratorium rally because "There's not only a war in Viet Nam but there's also a war at home...in ghettos and campuses in this country" between conservatives and radicals. And in this war, according to Rubin, the radicals have more to fear from the "gutless liberals" than from the right wingers because the liberals compromise with the right wingers. I can still remember Rubin's story of "Liberal Mrs. Baldwin." During the Conspiracy trial, one juror whom the Conspiracy nicknamed "Liberal Mrs. Baldwin," represented their last hope for acquittal. After two days of jury deliberation, "Liberal Mrs. Baldwin" broke down, reasoning that "the government had spent a lot of money on the case—and the jury had to come to a decision so that the people could have faith in the judicial system."

Pacifism could also be a dangerous game, but David Dellinger, one of the Chicago defendants, clarified the role of the pacifist in an incident that happened during the trial which Rubin related to us. When the marshalls were attacking Bobby Seale for speaking out in court, David Dellinger jumped in front of the marshalls to protect Seale. Of the incident, Rubin quoted Dellinger as saying, "It is the purpose of the pacifist to put his body between the oppressor and the oppressed."

There were some meaningful things said at City Hall peace rally, but the problem I see is that Moratoriums are losing a good deal of their impact and, in Warren's words, "becoming a spectator sport." People are becoming aware of the movement against the "establishment" and are catching on to the general feeling. But I see that most of us are not aware of the fact that in order to be of any use to the movement, we must not only understand the causes and the goals, ever-changing as they are, but we must also understand the means to obtaining these goals. This is where action and initiative come in: this is the gruesome step in the process that takes the hard work. It is obvious that the goals are not going to be obtained by the mere asking—the outcomes of the Free Speech Movement, the Third World Confrontation in Berkeley and San Mateo, the Chicago Trial, and various Peace marches and confrontations that have taken place all over the U. S., have proven that the establishment is not going to give in to us. To cause awareness in the established elite is probably going to take more "blood, sweat, and tears" than any of us want to give, and more noise than any Moratorium that I've heard reverberate. What are we really doing when we protest the war in Viet Nam? Are we protesting the war in Viet Nam or the war at home?

Photos by Toyo Matsuda





# Year of the

# DOG...

I

We met by chance  
when I looked back  
to see you running in the same direction  
I slowed down to say hello  
"Hello," you said with a capital "H."  
I grabbed your Hello and stuffed it in my pocket.  
And you added your Hello  
with a smile that danced  
moonbeams on my face.

One finger at a time  
we came together  
slowly learning our new found place.  
and how we giggled and laughed  
without a reason why

But all of a sudden—a stir  
then a jerk in the air  
and an earthly voice came out  
and cracked our spell:

Jane come in for dinner

"Gee, it was fun, wasn't it," you said, "...and  
maybe tomorrow?"

"Ya, sure—sure maybe tomorrow."

I shrugged and turned  
and kicked a tin can—hard  
all the way home.

"I won't see you tomorrow."

"I wasn't suppose to  
cross this street."

"And my mother will know,  
as mothers somehow know,  
and she'll never  
let me  
cross  
another."

II

And, now, I cross many streets  
wondering which way you've gone  
and where you'll be tomorrow.

I notice the ground where you stood,  
has, from the many years of use,  
grown old and gray and sad.

And sure you're only a dream now  
and dreams do go.

But someone said  
some dreams are wishes,  
and wishes sometimes  
come true.

So please don't be scared  
if we ever meet  
I just  
want to return  
for a while

your Hello.

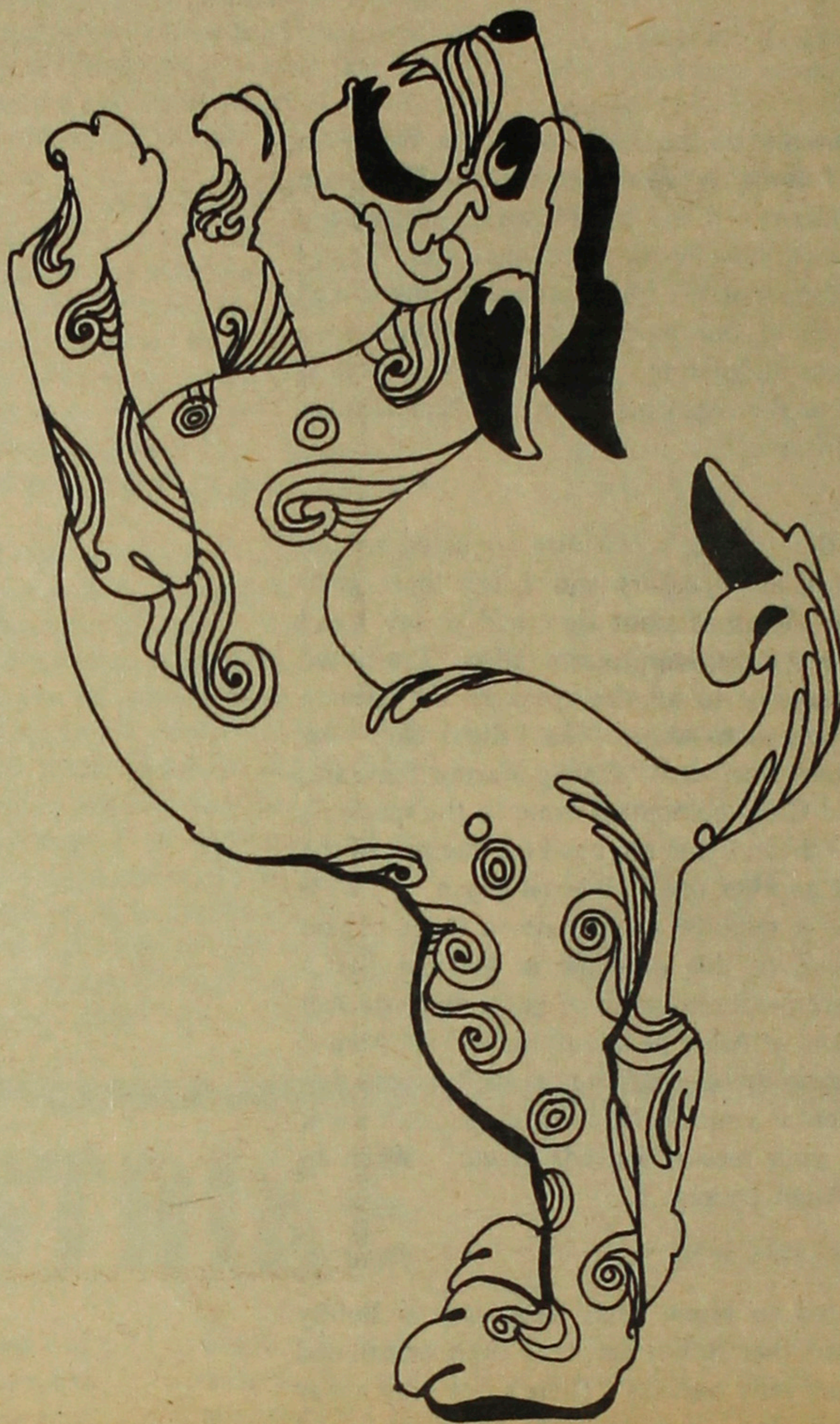
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Gidra Staff,

The mere existence of Gidra is enough to give  
yellow pride a "High," a natural "High," for that's  
what we're all about.

We exist, the Sun being  
our source.  
Through vision and  
touch, we feel  
the Sun.  
We love together for  
the Sun and yet  
at night's darkness,  
who do we become?  
Ride the Sun, the Mighty,  
Yellow Sun...

Jerry Sakata



last night i dreamt  
the friendship train passed me by  
i was crying myself  
when i looked up  
at the sound of my name  
there it stood, waiting. . .  
the people on it  
were laughing & waving  
and calling my name  
i looked down wondering. . .  
weighing. . .  
friendship tears  
against drops of loneliness  
when i looked up again  
the friendship train  
had pulled away

Jo Hi

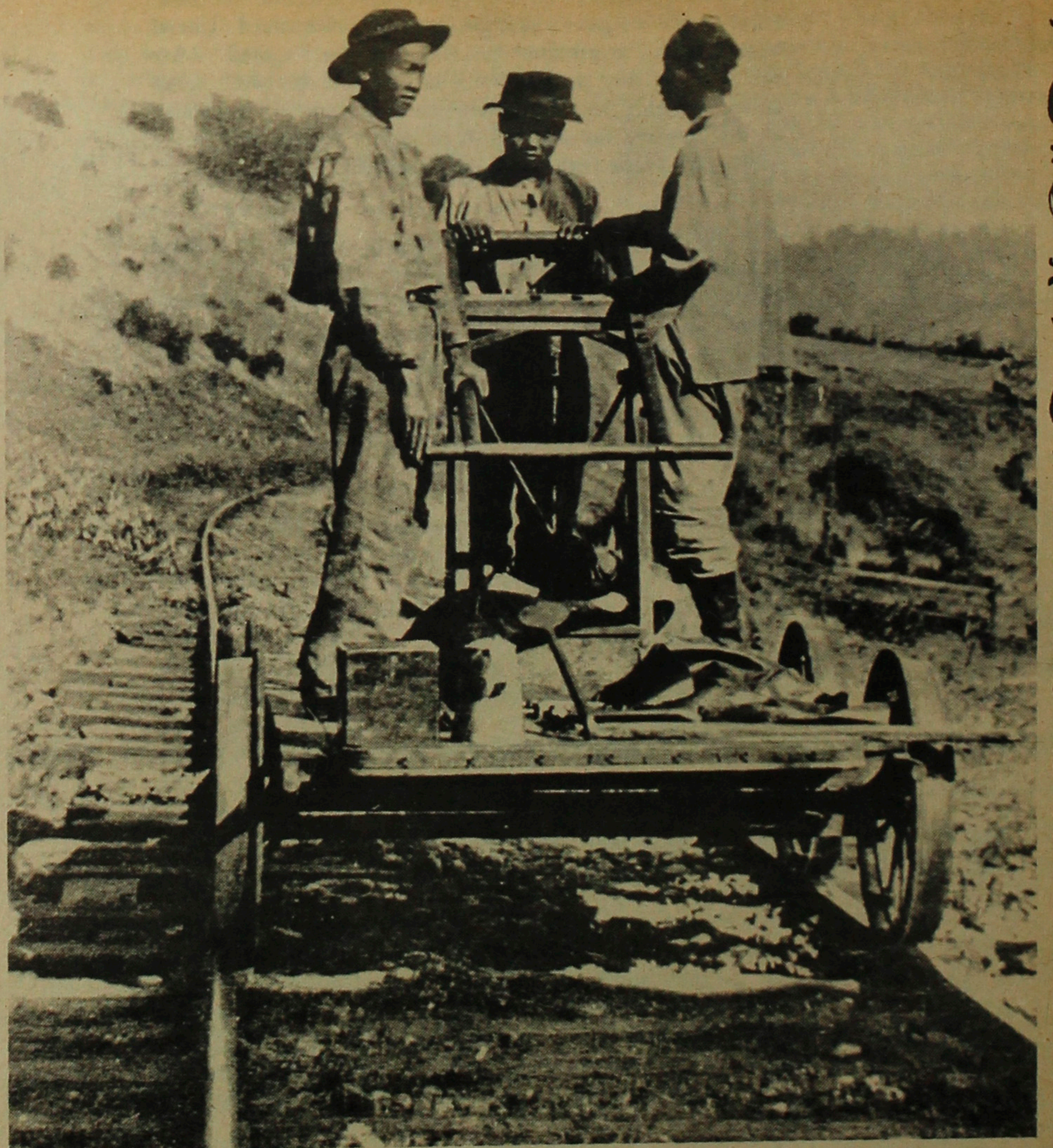


Photo contributed by the Archives of the Los  
Angeles County Museum of Natural History



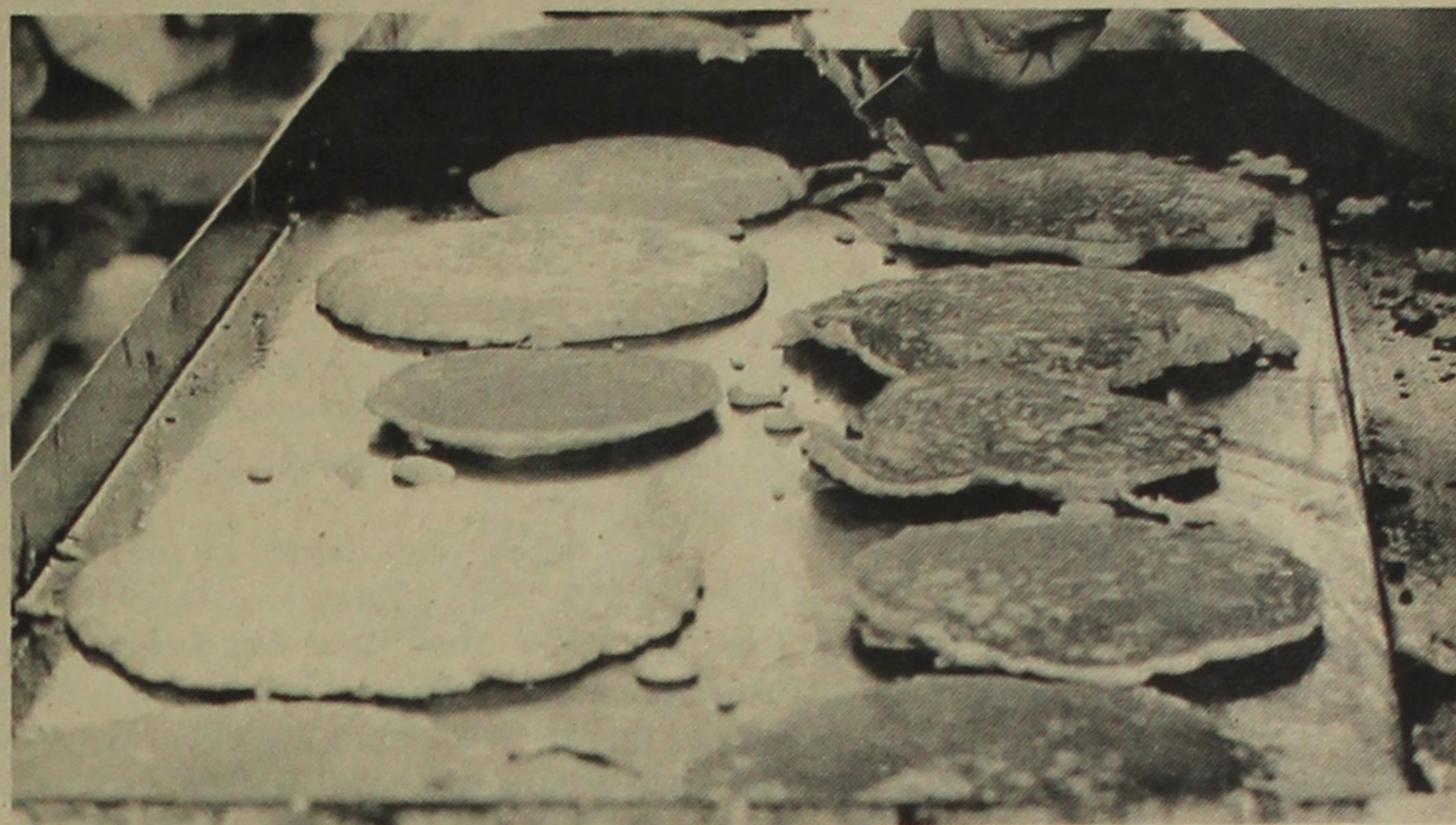
# amerasia

## PANCAKE BREAKFAST

SUNDAY-APRIL 19, 1970

The way some comrades look at problems is wrong. They do not look at the essential or main aspects but emphasize the non-essential or minor ones. It should be pointed out that these non-essential or minor aspects must not be overlooked and must be dealt with one by one. But they should not be taken as the essential or main aspects, or we will lose our bearings.

Mao Tse-Tung



Photos by Alan Ota, Mike Murase and Frank Ogata





# Some Lines for a Younger Brother...

by SUE KUNITOMI EMBREY

It still remember the day he was born. It was early April and Papa came into the kitchen with a smile on his face. He said we had a baby brother. In the months to follow, we were busy carrying and cuddling the brother who was many years younger than the rest of us. When he cried from hunger and Mama was busy, one of us would run into the bedroom and rock the bed or pick him up and quiet him.

We were a family of five sons and three daughters. Money was scarce. My father ran a moving and transfer business in L'il Tokyo, the Japanese community in the shadow of City Hall in Los Angeles, but people had little money to pay him. He came home with boxes of books bartered for his services, and we spent many hours curled up in a corner reading some popular fiction story.

Tets, as we called him, was eight years old when Papa was killed in an automobile accident a week before Christmas. Tets cried because he could not give his dad the present he had made at school. The bullies would beat him up now that he had no father, he said.

Pearl Harbor was attacked by the Japanese when Tets was in elementary school. Rumors of sabotage couldn't be separated from the facts. Soon there was a clamor on the West Coast for wholesale evacuation of all Japanese into inland camps. The democratic process was lost in hysteria. The grocery store which we had purchased only a year before was sold at a loss. All the furniture we couldn't sell, the plants my mother had tenderly cared for, our small personal treasures went to a neighborhood junk dealer. Tears came when we saw the truck being loaded.

On the first Sunday in May, 1942, Manzanar Relocation Center became our war-time home. Before breakfast, we walked around the dry, dusty land, to get acquainted with the landscape. The sun sparkled against the Sierra Nevada mountains to the west. The brown Inyo hills were high-rising barriers, more formidable than the barbed-wire which was soon to enclose us. As we wondered how the pioneers had crossed over the Sierras, someone asked, "How long do we have to stay here?" and someone quoted from the military instructions, "For the duration of the war and six months thereafter." Six months are forever, and forever is a long, long time.

Some order became evident within a few months after the fear, confusion and shock of transplantation from the big city to the arid land of Manzanar. Catholic nuns, who had joined the evacuees, found empty barracks and started a school. The War Relocation Authority recruited teachers from the "outside". Many of them were Quakers with a real desire to serve their fellow man.

When I asked Tets what he was studying, he shrugged his shoulders. "There were no chairs, no desks, no supplies", he said. "What is the use of studying American history when we were behind barbed wires?" he asked. I tried to tell him that it would matter some day, but I was not sure any more. "Someday," I said, "the government would realize it had made a mistake and would try to correct it". His eyes were narrow against the noon sun, his whole body positioned badly to the right as he looked at me and said, "You 'da kind? I lose fight." The colloquial speech was everywhere among the second generation. "Da kind" categorically placed me among those who argued for and defended American democracy. The second expression was used constantly, but it meant different things to different people.

"Try walking out that gate," he added. "See if they don't shoot you in the back." With that, he walked away.

The rest of us managed to get out of confinement—to Chicago, to Madison, Wisconsin. Three brothers entered the United States Army. Tets was left with his aging mother and he was to spend almost three years behind barbed wires.

By 1948 when the family was partially reunited and settled

in Los Angeles, Tets was in high school, or we thought he was. One day a school counselor came to the door. He reported that Tets had not been in school for several weeks and that he had been missing school sporadically for several months. He saw the shock on our faces. We had been too busy working to be suspicious.

"I'm looking for a job," Tets said, when confronted.

"But you can't find a job without a high school diploma," I protested.

"So I found out," he answered. "Learning to say 'isn't' instead of 'ain't' doesn't get you a job. They want us to have experience to land a job, but how can we get experience if we can't get a job?"

I asked him what he was going to do.

"I'm going to join the Army," was his reply.

Day in and day out, this was his argument. "I'm going to join the Army when I'm eighteen. You won't have me around to bother you and I'll be doing some traveling. I'm tired of holding up the buildings in L'il Tokyo. There's nothing to do and no place to go where I can be with my friends."

He was sure that wars were over for a while and there would be no danger. He signed up one day and was gone the next. He came home on furlough, husky and tanned, a lot taller and more confident than when he had left. He had been in training camp in Louisiana and had seen much of the country. Before he left, he broke the news to us that he had signed up for another three years so he wouldn't have to serve in the reserves. He was transferred to the West Coast and we saw him often when he hitchhiked home on week ends. One day he phoned collect from San Jose. He was being shipped out to Japan and it would probably be a year before he would be back.

His hitch was almost over when the Korean War broke out. Soon after his 22nd birthday, he wrote that he hoped to be home for Christmas. He explained that he had not been sleeping well lately since some veterans had been brought into his barracks. They had nightmares and they screamed in the night. The stories of war they told could not be shut out of his mind. There was a rumor going around that his company might be going over to replace the first groups. He hoped his timetable for discharge would not change. He was worried and that was why he had not written.

Tets came home before Christmas. He came home in a flag-draped coffin, with one of his buddies as military escort. The funeral at the Koyasan Buddhist Church was impressive. There was a change of guards every few minutes. Their soft-spoken orders mixed with the solemn change. The curling incense smoke made hazy halos of the young faces who came mourning a dead friend.

On December 27, 1969, I joined several hundred young people who made a day-long pilgrimage to the Manzanar cemetery. While I helped clean out the sagebrush and manzanita, pulled tumbleweeds out of my boots, I was interrupted many times to recall facts and figures for the NBC and CBS television camera crews who were there to record the event.

Mt. Williamson's peak crested somewhere in the grey clouds that drew menacingly closer as the hours passed. Soon there was no sun. No seven-mile shadow lay across Owens Valley.

Dedication services ended that freezing, wind-swept and emotional day. I looked beyond the crowd and the monument. Out of the painful memories my mind dusted out of the past, I saw again the blurred impressions of the barbed-wire fence, the sentry towers and the tar-papered barracks. For a moment I saw again the 12-year old boy with his head cocked, his shoulders sagging, his eyes fighting to keep open in the sun, while the long and lonely desert stretched out behind him.

## Community College

by Steve Tatsukawa

In recent years, on university and college campuses throughout the world, students have concerned themselves with the direction their lives are taking as a result of the higher-education which they are receiving. "The university is no longer relevant," the student cries, "We want a voice in the education we receive." Often the vocal protests have led to violent student strikes and demonstrations. The chant, "On Strike—Shut It Down," has become a declaration of war against the administrators of the institutions.

Last summer, under the theory that education is not restricted to the ivy-tower classroom but is an on-going process, several courses were initiated by concerned people for the purpose of giving the Asian-American community-at-large a new relevancy and a decisive voice in the educational process.

Once again the Asian American Community College is taking root. This year it is hoped that the college will be expanded to fit the needs of every segment of the community. Last year, the college operated for only a few weeks; hopefully this time, many of the classes will be perpetuated on a year-round basis.

Some courses currently being considered include: (1). a seminar concerning "the Movement", (2). an Asian-Awareness class for high school students, (3). a leadership development course, (4). several workshops encompassing creative writing, creative arts, photography and drama, (5). a martial arts class and (6). a community projects class.

In order to make the Asian American Community College a reality, the community must work for it. More classes should be developed, particularly those which would serve the "over 30", "over 60", and "under 12" age groups. Instructors and coordinators must be contacted. Facilities must be obtained. Publicity must be maintained. In order to accomplish this, help is needed.

All people interested in developing or instructing a class in the Asian American Community College should contact: Steve Tatsukawa at 321-2165 or leave a message at Gidra-734-7838: Read future Gidras for sign-up dates, class schedules, and further information.

## Problems, Problems

by Richard Toguchi

The American Society has along with the fruits of technical progress incurred the crippling effects of social problems. The Japanese-American community is not a super-race and the contagion has become alarmingly apparent amongst our own.

Are we the Japanese people, too blind to realize that the problems of the American society are also ours?

Some programs have been initiated by aware and concerned people. The Oriental Service Center, JACS, Yellow Brotherhood, Come Together Family of Gardena, COO, Asian American Hard Core, and others have begun to cope with the ever-increasing spread of social ills within the Asian communities. These organizations are poorly funded and lack personnel. Yet, despite these obstacles, an awareness of the present situations and a genuine love for their people has given these poorly equipped organizations the incentives to carry on. But as these people have come to realize, it's like trying to stem a flood with a thumb. As a community worker I would like your views on these questions:

- (1). Are Asians (Japanese) social problems being met?  
If not, why not?
- (2). Do Asians take care of their own? Truly?
- (3). Have Social Agencies really looked into our problems, including drugs, unemployment, immigration, social security, legal aid, housing, transportation, programs for half-Asians?
- (4). Should we join with other minorities such as Blacks, Chicanos, and Indians in order to gain solutions to our problems?
- (5). As Asian American tax-payers of this country which is so affluent, and so advanced in technology, why can't we solve the problems of human needs?

I ask you to weigh these questions in your mind and to voice your opinions in a letter form to this office: Japanese American Community Services, 125 Weller St., Rm. 305, Los Angeles, Calif. 90012.



# The Ballad of Ho Chang

by I. LERIK

The following is an adaptation for Gidra from an article originally published by Zendik Papers of Hollywood.

Ho Chang rests his rifle across a branch and focuses its telescopic sight on the American infantryman wading in the rice paddy. Ho Chang is seventeen years old. He is a guerilla fighter—a skilled assassin, a sniper. Concealed high in a tree, a tree that short years ago he climbed in play, he reaches and methodically plucks a leaf from his line of fire. He feels his familiar anticipation for the kill...killing is his single remaining pleasure.

Ho Chang is a fanatic. He became a fanatic six months earlier while watching his mother, father and beloved sister run screaming from the pyre of curling flame and smoke that had been their home. He watched his loved ones—each a gaping mouthed, wildly gestulating torch stumbling crazily through the village and finally sprawling, laying in the dust—eyeless, hairless, black, smoking hulks that twitched and emitted sounds not human. In the terrible racking, sobbing agony of his grief the boy, Ho Chang, knelt beside the charred remains of his family and pledged that he too might die—but only his fire-seared soul would die. Their hut had been struck by a napalm bomb dropped from a low flying American fighter...

## DON'T GO

The American infantryman, Private Robert Sasaki is in his first day of combat. Always a peaceful boy and raised on the Westside of Los Angeles, Private Sasaki, other than playful wrestling on the lawn with neighbor boys, had never been involved in physical conflict until today...Today he has killed three people. A few hours earlier his squad was fired on from a dense thicket by a number of the enemy. The boy beside him, his only close friend in the service, suddenly stopped and turned, a surprised expression on his face and a small, red, oozing hole in his forehead. The boy was dead before his body hit the earth...

## DON'T GO

Alone now, lost from his squad, wandering aimlessly, helmet gone but still carrying the heavy rifle with its blood-dipped bayonet dried to a rust hue. He slogs through the rice paddy, its muddy water almost to his knees...Dazed, oblivious, mumbling to himself, his mind returns home...to Los Angeles, to the high school he last year graduated from, to sixteen year old Donna who still attends the school—Donna, who promised to wait, who writes long, chatty, lonesome letters on ruled notebook paper, who has been with no other boy. Both slim, both with hair long and straight, both tanned, with suede boots and bell-bottoms, walking hand-in-hand down the street looked much the same. School days together, stoned together, laughing together, their clear eyes closed, staring inquisitive, innocent, learning one another, touching one another, loving one another in gentle tentative passion...

## DON'T GO

The sergeant shouted a command and Private Sasaki in a blurred rage of revenge followed his combat training. Running, zig-zagging, firing from the hip, he charged the thicket with his squad. A flurry of shouts, of confusion and violent hand-to-hand combat resulted in Private Sasaki shooting two uniformed boys and pulling his bayonet from deep in the breast of a third—a slim uniformed enemy, a girl enemy, a girl younger than he. Their eyes had locked...His in young horror, hers in brown, graceful, tilted, long-lashed acceptance that glazed to death while he watched and whimpered...

## DON'T GO

Others wait: his younger brother who brags of a big brother hero in uniform; his father, veteran of an earlier war, 442nd Combat Team, proud of his fighting son, his mother, a science of mind student who, in spite of often graphic, televised combat death, successfully impersonalizes the war news and insures Robert's safety by prayer and daily holding an imaginal vision of his safe return...perhaps a medal, a slight, romantic wound. His familiar stock GTO has been sold but not his pool cue—the cue he wrapped and finished himself waits stored in the closet.

## DON'T GO

Private Sasaki's head looms large, framed in Ho Chang's telescopic sight. Ho Chang feels grim satisfaction at the imminent destruction of another American and carefully begins squeezing the trigger. He pauses. Deciding against quick death, he lowers his sights on the enemy figure. The rifle jumps, kicks solidly, satisfactorily against his shoulder and a violent crack of sound shatters the insect-buzzing, bird-calling tropical day...the immediate absolute silence that follows hangs still and ominous on the warm heavy air...

## DON'T GO

The hate-altered hollow-nose bullet leaves a small, smoldering hole in Private Sasaki's tunic, enters his side below the ribs and above the hip bone. Expanding rapidly it plows a deep trough across the abdomen, leaving his body in a slightly lower location on the left side. Private Sasaki throws up his hands and, as a wind-up toy soldier, whose spring has spasmodically burst,

staggers crazily, wildly, awkwardly. He does not fall. Stunned by the bullet's slamming impact, he fails to understand what has happened...but immediately the numbness begins to change to pain, a trail of dull pain across his belly. He looks down and in confused stupor, unbelts his tunic. His shirt front is soaking red...blood...

## DON'T GO

He stands there swaying in shock and bewildered comprehension and with fear-fumbling finger, tries to unbutton the shirt. Sweat pours over his face and his lips move trembling. The real pain hits him then. Its white hot sear is terrible. He rips frantically at the red seeping cloth—buttons fly—the shirt opens. Private Sasaki blinks unintelligibly at a jagged, gaping, horizontal wound across his lean, smooth skin, young belly. A wound from which in entrails now bulge, a wound that now sluggishly disgorges long grotesque ropes of mangled gut, of yellow, dismembered, quivering glands, of blue muscles—a dangling, mutilated mass of brown, leaking intestine that drops and dangles and splashes the muddy water of the rice paddy....

## DON'T GO

Private Sasaki begins shaking his head in unbelieving protest. He mumbles, "No...no...oh God...no..." Swaying, crying, still moving his head in denial, he clumsily grasps the mangled mess of maimed entrails and begins to stuff them back into himself, into the pulsing open wound of his belly. The blood, the undigested food, the waste from the destroyed colon are an overpowering stench of slime that stubbornly slips and slides between his fingers. A few seconds he plays the hopeless game. His legs begin to shake violently, to jump uncontrollably. They buckle...



Still striving to hold his intestines within himself, Private Sasaki slowly sinks to his knees. He kneels there, the muddy water mixes into the wound and his blood spreads out upon the scummy surface of the rice paddy. He understands then, the futility—dimly understands his death as head bowed, he watches his weakened hands fall away and his bulging intestines stream—floating long reaching tentacles across the water.

## DON'T GO

The sun catches the colors of his death—a lovely reflected spew under the noonday, tropical sun. Private Sasaki's tears splash the water. His face works. No glory, no thoughts of country, no audience, no movie soldier brave, clenched cigarette, wisecracking death, no patriotic slogans in his fading mind. As thousands and thousands more of dying soldiers before him, he pitifully asks for the woman who bore him and taught him—softly, quietly, he speaks her name...

## DON'T GO

He sobs his last now, shakes his head sadly, futilely once more and painfully whispers, "Donna...Donna...Love...I..." His mouth moves grotesquely and open-eyed he falls, splashing forward into his floating guts. And upon the sunlight surface of a far distant, native, rice paddy only a red smear remains...nineteen years of clean young promise gone. Shot to Hell...



# A LONG WAY FROM HOME

The following is an interview of an ex-G.I. named Sam Choy who describes the events that took place from June, 1967 when he enlisted to May, 1969 when he was released from prison. The interview was conducted by the I Wor Kuen, a social action group from New York.

*Question: How old are you, Sam?*  
Choy: Twenty.  
*Question: How old were you when you enlisted in the army?*  
Choy: About seventeen, I was a junior in high school.  
*Question: How come you enlisted?*  
Choy: Well, y'know, I didn't like school and they said the army would make a man out of you and give you a skill, y'know.  
*Question: How long was it before you were sent to Vietnam?*  
Choy: I didn't even know I was going to fight. I just wanted to leave and learn to be a man. They said they would teach me a skill.  
*Question: What happened?*  
Choy: First, I went to bootcamp for six months. I was the only Asian in bootcamp. It wasn't bad though. When we got the call to go to Vietnam, one half of the company didn't show up?  
*Question: A half? Whatever happened to them?*  
Choy: I don't know. I never found out.  
*Question: What happened when you first got to Vietnam?*  
Choy: We went over by plane. They took us to orientation camp to teach us about booby traps and weapons.  
*Question: Where were you stationed?*  
Choy: Duk Foi. That's a small supply post. I don't even know where that was. They never told us.  
*Question: What was your job?*  
Choy: I was with a combat unit, up next to the front lines. I was the heavy equipment operator. They didn't want me to be on the front lines. They didn't trust me.  
*Question: Were you the only Asian in the unit?*  
Choy: Yes.  
*Question: What kind of treatment did you receive?*  
Choy: Well, a couple of days after the Viet Cong started shelling us, then the other G.I.'s started making comments about me looking like the Viet Cong.  
*Question: How did you react?*  
Choy: I didn't do nothing. I was just doing a job.  
*Question: Did this treatment go on?*

Choy: It went on and got worse. They asked me what I was doing on their side. I told them I was just doing a job. I didn't have any political awareness.  
*Question: When was this harassment the worst?*  
Choy: Right after the G.I.s got back from patrol. They really gave it to me. They started asking me where I was born, where my parents were born, if I was a Communist. They even asked me what I thought about China. They thought I could turn traitor anytime.  
*Question: What kind of job did you have at the base?*  
Choy: They made me the cook. The mess sergeant was mean. He made me do all these things and kept bossing me around all the time. I couldn't take it anymore. One day I got so mad I threw a knife on the floor after he called me a chink. He ordered me to pick it up. I refused. He kept yelling all kinds of remarks, like slant-eyed Chinaman, gook, chink, and he went on and on. I just got madder. So he went to get the staff sergeant. I went to get my rifle. I waited for them to come back and when they started to sweet talk me to give my rifle up, I said, "If you come closer, I'll shoot." I fired a warning shot and they froze. Then I left the tent and the corporal came after me. He tried to grab my rifle. I fired once and he froze. He was scared as hell. The M.P.'s came and I shot at them, too. I had bad eyes, so I missed. By this time I was near the perimeter of the base and was thinking of joining the Viet Cong. At least they would trust me. But the M.P.'s sent for tanks and armored carriers, so I got caught.  
*Question: What happened then?*  
Choy: They beat me up and sent me to the hospital for observation. They knew they were wrong but they put me up for court-martial.  
*Question: Did you have any friends to help you out?*  
Choy: No, the only friends I had were the blacks. They couldn't do anything though. They were just regular G.I.s and even if they did, they'd get in trouble. They used to protect me from the white G.I.'s when they picked on me. Like I took showers only with the blacks for protection and because they were my friends.  
*Question: How long was it before the court-*

*martial?*

Choy: They sent me to the Long Binn stockade first. That's where all the G.I. dissenters were.  
*Question: How was it?*  
Choy: The place was bad. The conditions were unfit for animals. Everybody was in a cage. Most of the dissenters were black. They were there because they refused to fight anymore. The place was so bad they had a riot. It lasted all night and into the morning. The black G.I.'s were beating up the guards and smashing everything. They were getting back for all the army treatment they had been given. The army had to surround the camp before it stopped.  
*Question: How long were you in Long Binh?*  
Choy: Four months. They were preparing my case.  
*Question: Where did your court-martial take place?*  
Choy: Pleiku, Vietnam.  
*Question: Who were your judges?*  
Choy: They had a board of majors and colonels.  
*Question: How long was the court-martial?*  
Choy: Three hours.  
*Question: What did they charge you with?*  
Choy: Aggravated assault and culpable negligence.  
*Question: Did anybody know what was happening to you?*  
Choy: No, they censored all my mail. I couldn't even tell my parents.  
*Question: What happened next?*  
Choy: The army sentenced me to eighteen months of hard labor at Fort Leavenworth. There was a maximum sentence of seven years, but they made a deal with me. If I pleaded guilty, then I would only get eighteen months.  
*Question: What happened at Fort Leavenworth?*  
Choy: Fort Leavenworth is the worst place in the world. They beat me up everyday, like a time-clock. It makes me mad and sick to think about it. Right now, I don't want to think about it any more.  
*Question: When did you get out?*  
Choy: I only served nine months. I kept quiet, so they discharged me.  
*Question: Is there anything else?*  
Choy: One thing, I want to tell all Asian kids that the army made me sick. They made me so sick that I can't stand it.  
Reprinted from Getting Together, New York.

## NUMBERS GAME

Recent draft changes have been misleading and ambiguous. Because of inaccurate and confusing news, many brothers over 19 now think that they are free from the draft. This is not true. This article will explain how the lottery works and what effect it has on you.

Beginning this year, any man between the ages of 19 and 26 can be drafted if he does not have a draft deferment or exemption. Each month draft boards will take men in the order that their birthdates were picked in the lottery, until the number needed is reached. All men now between 19 and 26 will keep this year's number permanently, even if they have a deferment. Guys who are now 18 will get their number at the beginning of 1971.

If you are 1-A or become 1-A during 1970, you can be drafted until the end of 1970 unless you get a deferment or exemption. If you are still 1-A by the end of 1970, you can be drafted after all the men who become 1-A in 1971. This means that you will probably not be drafted. However, it is very doubtful that you will not get drafted by the end of 1970.

When you lose your deferment, you can be drafted until the end of the year in which you lose it (unless you get another deferment or turn 26 first). Unless you are a doctor, you are free from the draft when you turn 26. (If you get a draft notice just before your 26th birthday, you cannot stall with paper work unless you actually get a deferment. If you do not get a deferment, you can be taken after your 26th birthday when the paper work is finished. If you do get a deferment, you are free!)

The lottery system has not changed the 16 deferments or exemptions open to you in the old system. However, heavy restrictions have been placed on fatherhood deferments. Many brothers think they cannot get a deferment or exemption if they are 19. This is not so. Deferments and exemptions apply to 19 year olds in the same way that they do for older guys. President Nixon asked Congress that the present draft law be extended two years.

The lottery is supposed to make the draft more fair. Does it? What kind of plans can guys make for the future? When Nixon signed the lottery bill, he also made a statement to the newspapers. This statement made it appear that the men in the bottom 1/3 of the lottery would not be drafted. The middle 1/3 would have a 50-50 chance and the top 1/3 would definitely be taken. Nixon did not point out that in 1970, 90% of the 1-A men who did not enlist will be drafted (according to statistics in the same statement).

In California and in many other states, the State Director of Selective Service is forced to double the number of induction notices assigned to him each month. This is because 50% of the men in these states who get induction notices do not go into the service. Some men fail the physical exam; some get deferments or exemptions; some do not show up at the induction center; and some refuse to go in.

According to Nixon, 500,000 out of 560,000 men (or 90%) who are 1-A this year will get induction notices. This means that it is 100% certain that lottery number 328 will be reached sometime this year at the average draft board. Because draft boards must call more men than are actually needed, number 366 will be reached before the end of 1970 at many draft boards.

The lottery really doesn't make any serious changes in the draft. One system of chance has been replaced by another. Brothers and sisters cannot plan their futures any sooner than before. Men can still get deferments and exemptions, but they must be able to deal with a complicated and conservative system. The men who get these deferments are usually men who have had a better chance by getting into schools and specialized jobs. However, recently in a message to Congress, President Nixon asked that deferments for college students be ended. But there would still be an inevitable burden placed upon low-income and Third World brothers.

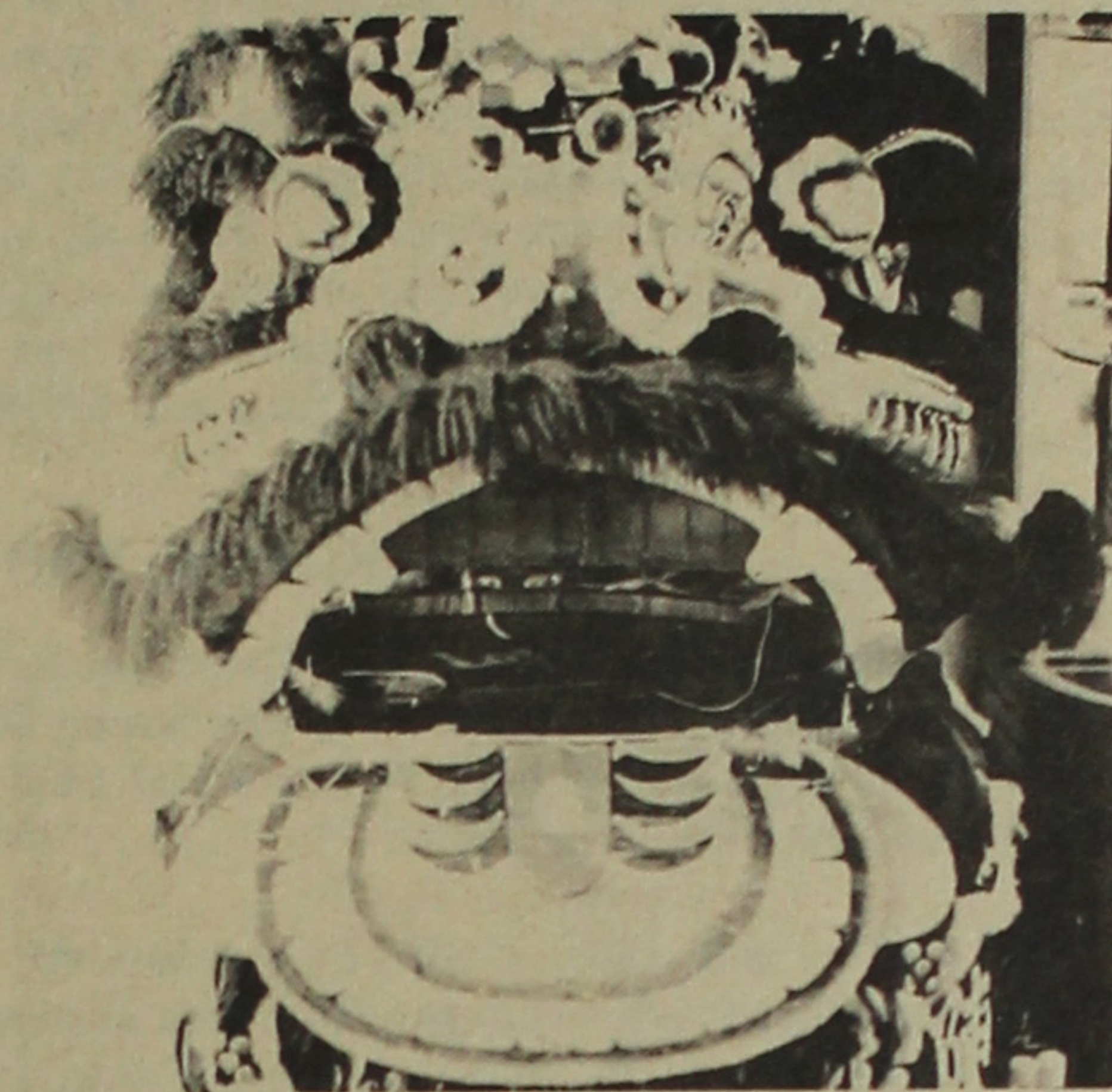
The highest induction rates are among those who have finished high school (57%) and those who have dropped out of college or could only afford to attend part-time (60%). These are the brothers who are most needed to act as community leaders in self-help programs.

By law, the draft board is supposed to be made up of people from a man's community in order to have an understanding of the needs of that community. However, many local draft boards are made up of individuals who do not even live in the area over which they rule. Because judgment is left to the State in selecting members of the local draft boards, they are not representatives of the community.

If nothing has really changed, why did Nixon push for the lottery? Increasing protest both in the military and among draft age men and their friends is difficult to ignore or control. The army has stated that it is, in fact, drafting younger men who are easier to control, as one way to strangle protest. (Under the lottery, the oldest of the 26 year olds no longer go first but are considered along with everyone else.) The government has revealed hopes that anti-draft and anti-war protests will lessen if the draft seems more fair.

-Asian Legal Services





by Warren Furutani

From the outside it looks like many other clothing shops. The big green letters register the name JULIAN in your mind. The doors (screen and glass) are often closed and the shop looks deserted, but just knock because the proprietor is usually there.

With the click of the latch and with a sniff of the euphoric incense, no longer does Julian's shop look like any other. The tasteful integration of East and West is almost overwhelming. The contemporary oil paintings and the ancient Chinese tapestry create an Amerasian montage that reflects the inner being of its creator.

The owner is a third generation Chinese American. His mode of dress and style of speech is that of modern hip, but over-all he cannot be categorized as one of the many boutique owners on Sunset Boulevard. Julian Folk has made a statement which relates respect and honor for his heritage and an enthusiasm and love for his future.

His life style borders on the new. He has shucked the usual in hopes of being his own man. He has quit his designing job and has gotten, as a reward, the control of his own destiny.

It is refreshing to see an Asian seek a more meaningful life. It appears absurd to watch so many people scurry around and spend years toting a lunch box or brief case—they're both the same. What else can you say other than 'dig yourself?' I think Julian has. He has dug himself and also his people. He has created and communicated a statement that can be seen in his shop and through his design and work. Come to Amerasia and see what Julian has to present—3707 Sunset Boulevard.



# The Big Apple

THE WARREN REPORT

by WARREN FURUTANI

I know my way around L.A. As a matter of fact, L.A. is my town. I mean, I grew up here and I definitely know where most everything is at. Come to think of it, I also know my way around San Francisco like a native: the good restaurants and other noteworthy places. Dig it! They are the two biggest cities on the West Coast yet they're just like my own neighborhoods.

So I drive up to San Francisco, meet with some people, then off to the airport. My next stop, the "Big Apple" (New York to you people who aren't too hip). The movie on the flight was "The Computer Wore Tennis Shoes" (what'd you expect to see—"Battle of Algiers"?), and it was cloudy all the way until Akron, Ohio. Finally, the flight was coming to its end. The plane descended into the snow storm which was there to greet the big city kid from the West. The last few minutes of the flight were rough, but my concern had turned to my stomach. It wasn't that I was hungry; it was because my stomach was taking the flight a little more seriously. Saliva started to fuse into my mouth. Repeated convulsions moved my stomach, but finally the plane landed. I was really relieved to have contact with the ground, and my mind changed gears and focused on bright lights and the Big City.

## NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Broadway; Fifth Avenue; Times Square; Harlem; the Village; Spanish Harlem; the Bronx; Wall Street; Staton Island Ferry; the Subway; Coney Island; Nathan's Hot Dogs; Out of Sight New York; New York, New York.

Man is it cold! I mean I appreciate the cuisine and atmosphere, but enough's enough. So here's this big city kid from the West standing in the midst of Kennedy Airport. His arms full of luggage, his molars frozen together, he has no warm coat, his nose is running and he only has one phone number to call.

insecurity: (in se cu ri ty, n.)

1. not safe; unprotected
2. feeling anxiety
3. not firm or dependable

Well, luckily the person I called was home, and with her sisterly words and directions I regained my confidence and preceded to paint the "Big Apple" red.

New York is entirely different from Los Angeles. In L.A. the city spreads out, but in New York it goes straight up. The downtown and uptown areas only change because of ascending and descending street numbers. (The higher the street number the farther uptown you get.) In New York I was more aware of the hustle and bustle of the big city. Imagine rush hour on the Harbor freeway and add a couple of million color blind pedes-

trians, this is what New York is like during business hours.

I'm a law abiding citizen so most naturally I don't walk against the red lights (you know, no good engineer would run a red light—Engineer Bill). You can recognize tourists in New York because they're the only ones who obey the lights. New Yorkers play a constant game of Russian Roulette with the drivers of vehicles, and people say L.A. is bad?

I saw and did all the things you're suppose to do in New York. You know, spit from the 107th floor of the Empire State Building (the wind blew it back into my face), ride by the Statue of Liberty and flip it the bird, try to hail a taxi cab while wearing a fatigue jacket, and walk through Central Park at night. New York lived up to all my expectations, but there was one place in particular that stimulated all my senses, the subway.

## THE SUBWAY

I had preconceived ideas about the infamous subway. I had seen the movies "The Incident" and Leroi Jones' "The Dutchman" so I knew what riding the subway was about and finally I rode it late one night. The tunnels were empty and the only thing you can do is read the dirty words on the poles and benches. In the distance the noise of working machinery slowly builds to a crescendo. The sound comes closer and the noise reaches a deafening pitch. You expect the mechanical earth worm to whiz on past with such force that it creates a vacuum, but instead it miraculously grinds to a halt. The doors open, preoccupied people shift from either being on the inside or the outside. I picked a seat with a good vantage point. There were several people in the same car and the stage was set. A tall woman was reading the paper, it was the "Dear Abby Column" and I knew she had lust on her mind. A man in a tattered coat, obviously a person with sick thoughts was holding onto the pole, a rapist no doubt. Two young hippie types—long hairs—waiting to mug someone. Ah yes, and a couple of apathetic individuals who would stand by and watch while I was beat and robbed (I knew they were apathetic because their eyes were closed). My tension and fear grew, but nothing happened. Everyone got off at their respective stations, and the long hairs flipped me the peace sign when they left. Man, nothing happened at all. And you want to know something else; I asked many natives of New York about the "Big Apple" and no one knew what I was talking about.

## BEAUTIFUL SISTERS & BROTHERS

Well, that was my trip to New York and I'll see you next month. Hi Kazu, Tak, Chris, Lynne, Mary, Min, Billy, Mary and all the other beautiful sisters and brothers on the East Coast.

# ONE ACTIVE STEP

by Charles Wong

Until we discard our false notions of freedom and realize our true status, that of being commodities, we cannot begin to be free. The most prominent false notion is that of equating choice with freedom. It sounds very good and taken to its logical conclusion, we are "condemned to be free" because we are constantly being faced with choices. Life is a perpetual confrontation with choices: the choice between a Chevrolet and a Ford, between a Democrat and a Republican, between Campbell and Lipton soups—between life and death.

Unfortunately, this formalistic notion, while concerned with the process of choice, neglects the contents of the alternatives. After all, does it really make any difference if you buy a Chevy or a Ford, eat Campbell or Lipton soup, vote for Johnson or Nixon?

It is this aspect of daily existence of not seeing any real alternatives in our lives, that we shall now briefly focus upon. By virtue of living within a bourgeois society, we live with a false sense of freedom and a pseudo-reality of reified existence. We are only aware of the world in terms of objects and relationships between objects; we even view people as objects—as a bourgeois society must. By this, we refer to the essential fact that relationships among people are what really cause the material and social world to escape us.

More specifically, do we not interpret the grapes we eat as the result of a mechanical balance between supply and demand instead of human exploitation? Do we not interpret laws as extended neutral arms of society instead of human, political motivations and purposes? Do we not share a more rewarding friendship to a box we call television than to most people we know? Is not this marriage of passive consumption by us and ejaculation by the T.V. more satisfying than people?

Indeed, object consciousness functions to legitimize capitalism. Instead of people-con-

sciousness, aspects of society (the laws and judicial system, the production of good and services, and the workings of politics) require object-consciousness because capitalism recognizes both people and (people-made) things only as commodities.

If you are still in doubt, here are some examples: knowledge is a commodity because students are readily taught economics, but not exploitation. The teacher is a commodity because he can do counter-insurgency research, but cannot work for the elimination of imperialism. To be sure, he can yell all he wants about academic freedom—at least until he is fired. Also, a worker can be a strike-breaker or a grape picker, but not a socialist.

Freedom means, first, being aware of our existence and the things we do daily as commodities and the attendant subjugation to its hardships. Second, as a real alternative, in order to negate object-consciousness, we must pursue liberating activities of self-realization (on the collective level this means for the common good).

The first aspect is much easier to attain than the second. It is the difference between a liberal and a revolutionary; the liberal thinks it, and the revolutionary does it! Most of us have been unwilling to practice the real alternative of freedom and say, "No, I won't play the game of middle class America." Understandably, we don't want to suffer the social consequences of breaking the rules, but then a bourgeois society with its values and practices is not intended for the maximization of the individual of the people at large. A fine example is the growing issue of human ecology. The processed, denaturalized food stuffs we eat daily are not for healthy consumption. The smog we inhale destroys us.

If you really want to be free, you're going to have to practice revolution. Be a health nut, a political activist, or whatever—but to be

free, your life style must change. Like Jerry Rubin says, "Do it!" To do so is to be on the other side of "one dimensional normality"; in short, to be labelled "deviant". Oddly enough though, if deviancy is initiated by a prestigious group or if enough people transgress, deviancy becomes institutionalized and thus legitimized.

Freedom does not mean non-conformative behavior in the guise of elitism or escapism, but rather, being consciously, creatively and constructively radical. Unfortunately, as with "deviant", the word "radical" scares a lot of people. The words signify an opposition to the status quo. But if we can understand that "radical" means "root" and that the root of our existence is man himself, then radicalism is one of the most humane words known. Can we not see the need to be radical as well as to be humanistic? We need humanity in our lives, not objects.

Only by transcending individual selfishness, can we fulfill the promise of a better world. There is nothing eternal about any state of human affairs, in fact, the essence of man is that he creates his own being. At this time there flourishes radical spirit within hundreds of Asian-Americans using their time and energies to creatively liberate their lives as well as the lives of others.

Gidra is only one such example, its members seek to get themselves together as individuals, as a collective group to get others together. The chaos, mistakes, and satisfaction of *Gidra*, as an organization, are all part of the creative process. The point is—freedom lies within *Gidra* because it serves as a vehicle for self-realization and community good. Since *Gidra* is both a social enterprise and a political organization, it has the obligation of telling truths about American society via its analysis, selection, and presentation of news and ideas. *Gidra* is one active step forward.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!



# HYPOCRITES

UNEDITED AT AUTHOR'S REQUEST

The anti-war movement is primarily centered around the war in Vietnam and "bringing the boys home." The anti-war movement, which consists primarily of white liberals, completely forges the war in Cambodia, Laos, Thailand, Korea, Japan, the Philippines...The total number of troops in all of Southeast Asia. In Cambodia last week the American mass media openly acknowledged that a state of crisis between the Vietcong and the American imperialists can no longer be ignored. Cambodia has now asked for American intervention just as the South Vietnamese had done several years ago; several million napalm bombs, countless My Lai's, hundred of thousands of half-breeds and orphans, and innumerable deaths and innocent maimings. The fact that the media only last week publicized the crisis does not negate the years of struggle in Cambodia. The same can be said for Laos, and for the whole history of the "ugly American's" intervention in Southeast Asia.

The anti-war movement can afford to be centered around "pet peeves" with the focus on "bringing the boys home," because most whites are economically free to be liberals. Third World people do not have the luxury of resisting because on the whole we are culturally and economically deprived, through little choice. The battle at home is more pressing than the Vietnam war.

In training camp, the men are taught racism against everybody—to a serviceman, any Asian is a Gook. In Vietnam, every man, woman and child is looked upon with suspicion and disgust as a possible Viet Cong. The My Lai atrocities are an example of innocent people being slaughtered—"a Gook is a Gook". All Asians are Gooks. So is it any wonder that religious draft deferments do not recognize Buddhism, Taoism and any other eastern religion?

Several weeks ago, one of the Asian brothers working in the movement here in the United States was contacted by the Student Mobilization Committee to give a speech at the Vietnam Moratorium. Fine and dandy, inviting an Asian to speak out on the oppression of Asian brothers and sisters across the sea. At the rally, however, this Asian brother had to wait an hour and a half to speak. During this time, he was brought up to the mike to speak three times, and each time, he was asked to wait until another speaker spoke. Okay, we understand there were many speakers, but the point is, are we (Asian Americans) taken seriously?

Why is it when people say Third World, they are referring to the Blacks, the Chicanos and the native Americans? What about the Asians? The white radical groups, in particular, the woman's liberation, place Vietnamese women on a pedestal, and at the same time refuse to take seriously the Asian struggle in Babylon. They do not recognize the fact that Asians in Southeast Asia and Babylon share a common oppressor. The Asian woman is stereotyped as the perfect domestic doll whom white men feel superior. Our men are emasculated against Asian prostitutes than any other grouping. "Made in Japan" is a derogatory accusation of cheap and inferior quality. A "Chinaman's chance" means no chance at all. White people are hypocrites—More specifically, white radicals sacrilegiously view our people in the mother country, such as the Vietnamese and Korean people, with esteem and hold the mother country heroes, such as Mao Tse-tung, Ho Chi Minh, and Kim Il Sung, as their revolutionary vanguard for liberation, and on the other hand, their refusal to recognize the validity of the Asian American movement is a sign of their hypocrisy. (sic)

—Asians Against Fascism

# CHICKEN CORNER GANG

UNEDITED AT AUTHOR'S REQUEST

The Asian American Community is looked upon as a fairly bourgeois white-washed community. We are the ones who "have made it"; we are the ones who are wealthy, educated; and the ones with all the doors open to us. Everywhere we go, we hear; "Oh, do Orientals have problems?...I didn't know that." In our community, sure, there are many wealthy, powerful people, but look behind the "smiling" faces, behind the neon tourist lights, and you can find a community with problems similar to those that exist in other oppressed communities. There is a rising drug problem. Kids in every economic bracket are turning towards "red devils" (barbituates). We have people who are unemployed, who cannot get decent jobs because of language barriers, and their lack of education. We have old people who wander aimlessly during the days, stretching their social security (if they are lucky enough to have social security) or what little money they have to last. Our students have one of the highest rates of suicides. Agreed there are Asians who have become successful, but what price have they and their families paid?

The Japanese people are looked upon as those "closest to the white" people. What made these people try so damned hard to succeed? After being released from the camps; after being allowed to return to society like a group of ex-convicts, the Japanese bitterly realized that their whole existence was dependent upon their assimilation into the existing society, "The White Man's World." Why was it only here, in the mainland United States 3,000 miles farther from Japan than Hawaii, that the Japanese were sent to camps? What happened to the land after the Japanese were rounded up into camps? The land and the farms that they built up and made fertile? How can anyone in their right mind question the vengeance they exercised to become successful?

In Chinatown, one has to look closely behind the neon lit facade of tourist traps to see the ghetto life, to see the cracks in the smiling face of Buddha. San Francisco Chinatown, outside of Harlem, New York is the

nation's most densely populated sector. Seventy-five percent of the population are immigrants, with few jobs available, they speak little or no English, have little education, and they have the highest rate of tuberculosis. After building this country's railroads in slave camps, after paying as much, if not more, taxes than any other resident of San Francisco, their district have some of the worst schools and hospitals. There is but one playground for all the little children to play in; most people have no extra money to hire babysitters; and there are no free child care centers in their area.

According to a study done in 1965 by the Fair Employment Practice, the Filipinos were found to have the lowest income in the United States. Their problems are even more acute than the Chinese or Japanese because they represent a smaller minority, and they are often forgotten.

The seriousness of the Asian American problems can no longer be ignored. Our cultural pride can no longer hide the pressing social needs of both immigrant and American-born Asians. The first and foremost problem we have is that the Establishment refuses to recognize the fact that we have problems, and our cultural pride refuses to point out the needs of the community. Our Asian sisters are looked upon as "geisha girls" or "Suzi Wongs"; our Asian brothers as gardeners or cooks. We have allowed these racist pig labels to mold our slanted eyes and yellow skins into Trixie Nixons and George Wallaces. We have "members" in our community who support Yodelling Yorty, Super Max Rafferty, Pig Putnam, Super Hog Hoover, Fat Jap Agnew, Reactionary Reddin, Honky Hayakawa, Bloodbath Reagan, Mafia Alioto, Quack Chiang Kai Shek, and Tricky Dick Nixon, to name a few. But in the same breath, we members in our community have awakened to the realities of fascist America. The seriousness of the Asian problems will no longer be ignored because there are community workers committed to relevant social changes by whatever means necessary. (sic)

—Geraldine Kutaka

## letters

James Hooker, Ontario, Calif:  
First of all, I want to tell you about myself. I'm 19 years of age; I was born Yoo Sun Jai in Seoul, Korea; I'm of mixed parentage; I am an Asiatic Blackman. In short, I am the product of American aggression. I came to the U.S. through the efforts of a very wonderful Blackwoman who will forever be my Mother.

I came to America because of racism only to find myself in the cradle and birthplace of racism itself! Because of my past misfortunes, I've despised Koreans and Orientals in general, but now I realize that the racism that I've experienced at the hands of Koreans was but a small reflection of racism that they were and still are subjected to by the white race. I can now forgive the Koreans of the great injustices that I had suffered because I now am aware that the Orientals are recipients of mass injustices at the hands of oppressive American government. I now have

the common goal of all people of color: Freedom from oppression.

In reading your October issue of "Gidra", your paper has filled my craving for an insight into the Asian American situation. I was particularly enthused with Amy Uyematsu's article, "The Emergence of Yellow Power in America". I feel that Miss Uyematsu is a very conscientious person and should be congratulated for an article well done. Also it is my wish to be able to communicate with her, since I feel that we can gain mutual benefits from such a correspondence. Although I'm presently incarcerated, if Miss Uyematsu isn't too pressed for time, I would very much like for her to receive my present address and would encourage her to get in touch with me by some form of communication.

I am very much involved in Black Cultural Nationalism and would like my address be made available to any Asiatic person who might feel sympathetic along

this line. I would also like to become a contributor to your newspaper in ways of articles and poems. Although at this time I'm not able to give your paper any physical support, my spiritual support is committed to you. So with this I would like to close by saying: Keep on pushing, for without a doubt, you are a winner!

Francis Takahashi, Brooklyn, N. Y.: Hello, a long time ago I heard over some radio station that we have finally gotten together. Is *Gidra* an organization? Please inform me.

Actually, I don't believe in separating into different racial groups—togetherness is the way to progress. But I want to see what you're into—and, to be honest, what the Orientals—Third World people can do.

I hope that someday there won't have to be organizations like *Gidra* because on that day men will be the

same—and that'll be beautiful.

Jane Barrett, *The Village Voice*, New York: I don't know if you catch the *Voice* very often, so I'm enclosing a copy of the item we did on you last month. Both Howard (Smith) and I are very interested in the Yellow Power movement, especially the local scene here in New York. We would really appreciate it if you could put us in touch with any similar groups, papers, and individuals on the East Coast who could give us more information. As far as I know, there has been almost nothing written in the press about it. Also, send us a copy of your great paper when you can. (Howard mentioned it on ABC radio, in case you were wondering about those people who wrote in because they "heard it on the radio.") Any help you can give me will be greatly appreciated.

P.S. I'm Howard's assistant.

GIDRA: MAY, 1970 13



# Organizing the "Effete Snobs"

by BRUCE IWASAKI

We may recoil in disgust from the label: "Nisei, the Quiet American." We know the danger of such obscene stereotypes, yet it is essential for young Asians to respond to them not merely in terms of vigorous repudiation, but in terms of analysis. For in a broader historical perspective, many of us are the children of the most reticent of the Silent Generation. We are the children of a generation whose ontogeny dictated a strong need for material security. Our parents worked very hard, and along their scale of values, they have succeeded. They've moved to the suburbs, joined service groups, organized athletic leagues, stressed the value of education to their children and sent them to colleges. And that is what many young Asians are doing now, commuting to the university from the suburbs.

Some of these students, however, have begun learning and working in the community, gaining a deeper education than from books. No longer ivory tower academics; many are beginning to relate to Asians who are considered to be on the "outside": brothers on the street, and our elders. Some students are putting bodies in the field, refusing to separate thought from its consequences. This work is of immense importance and certainly of the first priority. Those of our brothers lacking material needs will be helped, for in this case, the path is clear, the problem is known, and can be overcome.

## SPIRITUAL EMPTINESS

Community work is urgent because the problems are so great. These problems are also more apparent. But there are less apparent afflictions among Asian youths—more subtle and less obvious. But I think very real. It is in this way that the people of the community are much more together than the students, for they have a gut level feeling for the situation, the problems—and the enemy—that students arrive at only after some time. When students went into the community, the people there had an understanding of their needs, and yet, they were leaving behind a majority of Asian college students who were relatively inarticulate about their own problems. It is this point, the spiritual malaise of affluent Asian students, to which I would like to address this treatise.

There are many symptoms of this spiritual emptiness. A struggle for identity bringing forth the establishment of Asian studies classes. A search for meaning exemplified in the popular novels of Hesse and Salinger. The irrational acceptance of the hot consumer culture: we are made to believe we really *want* to ride around in Cougars, Mustangs, and Camaros; that we really *want* to shop at Jeans West. Affiliative needs are served by fraternities, sororities and other superficial relics of the past. It is exemplified by smoking dope on weekends without a cultural and political understanding of such an activity. It is exhibited by aspiring dentists, architects, accountants and teachers wishing to secure a career; by art students going into design. Jerry Rubin said that the only difference between Santa Rita and UCLA is that those in Santa Rita *know* they're in jail. The poor and disenfranchised in our community know their problems. Many Asian students, however, believe in their relative well being; yet their anxiety, though sublimated and inarticulate, is amorphous and ubiquitous.

## STRATEGIC RESOURCES

So what should a radical Asian student do? Continue community work? Definitely, of course! Accelerated, intensified. Yet, at the same time, we recognize that the people in the community are and have been their own leaders. Involved students must realize that the other Asian students on their campus are their responsibility.

Why should the movement bother with such aloof students? I think it is important primarily because there are some resources and channels students have that will be helpful to the movement; and the more students that are radicalized, the more possible strategic resources. One of the things that an academic background

may be helpful in is a sense of history. It's very easy for a group of Asian Americans who want peace to come to Little Tokyo on a sunny Saturday. It's more difficult for them to accept an anti-imperialist analysis of Vietnam. And it's even harder I think, to convince them of the inevitability of revolutionary violence and to show that such means are called into being by the violence of the imperialist state. Rigorous analysis is one thing the university is good at; the movement needs radical historians and social scientists. They are also needed for self-criticism and re-evaluation of the movement which must go on constantly. (One considers the witheringly honest and courageous self-criticism in April's *Gidra*). When the authorities attempt to co-opt or compromise, it does no good to shout "Bullshit!" Rather, the prediction of such action and the preparation of cogent responses might be worth the training of all those research papers in school. Radicals in colleges can also ferret out economic and political links in the power structure; exposing it for what it is will weaken it.

## AN EMERGING CLASS

The skills garnered in the schools are one reason why more so-called comfortable Asian students must be organized. Another is an emerging class perspective. That is, in 1970 post-industrial America, the multi-university has become the new factory. In this way, students are a new working class. They may thus be thought of as a potential revolutionary force. To attempt a reversal of middle class values and radicalize the many Asians attending college is the job of the radical Asian student. This viewpoint gains greater force by the pronounced and growing isolation of students from the rest of society. Previously, "effete snobs" could demonstrate and protest without real fear of the police harassment that was standard for people in the community. Now, however, repression is beginning to come down harder; students are being arrested and framed without cries of outrage. Witness the deceitful perversion of justice unleashed on the students in the ARM-WSA sit-in at UCLA, and the heinous, racist imprisonment of Darryl Suzukawa. Student solidarity, particularly among Asians, is essential to combat such repression. I'm not talking about "student power", rather, the organizing of students around a radical, Asian, student perspective—in that order.

## PIE-EATING CONTEST

So, though working to help materially alienated members of the community should receive the greatest energies, Asian students who are spiritually alienated—those who are in the academic-consumer rat race—should be kept in mind. This "constituency" should be urged not to seek a larger slice of the pie; rather, persuaded that the pie is not even a very nourishing one. In short, our goal should be to help our fellow Asian students be as subversive as possible. Social scientists will not try to patch up the system, but instead, make radical critiques of it. Teachers will not smother children but will set them free to create and act. Doctors will not adopt the repulsive dogma of the AMA but will work for the benefit of the people. Artists will not go into commercial art to create more false needs, but will make revolutionary statements. Scientists will not work for war industry or government, but try to save the planet and the species. Lawyers will not represent big corporations and try to become judges, but will defend the rights of the people.

## FREE 'EM ALL

Non-movement Asian students must be confronted squarely with their own lives and shown that they're unhappy not because of grades or money, but because they have been a deviously manipulated class. Without arrogance or elitism, the movement must show students from whence this manipulation stems, and why this repression occurs. Affluent Asian students are political prisoners. They are shackled in their split level homes, their Detroit smog belchers, their lecture halls and their minds. Free All Political Prisoners.

# Cornerstone I

by SIU

To sum up a monumental quantity of contemporary thought, there is no hope for man and his technology; no matter what you do, ours is the last generation of human beings.

*Moral I:* Why hassle?—Life is as orgiastic as you make it.

Actually, nothing really matters. You're right, I'm right—everybody's right as long as each person uses his own criteria for being right. If someone uses some one else's criteria, then he's wrong, and we're all wrong. What's the use of talking about it?

*Moral II:* Try to respect everybody's trip. Be pragmatic; evaluate an action by how it affects the happiness of people—not whether it's right or wrong.

Civilization has spent several thousand years trying to build better bridges. Now, it's run into problems. Biologically the homo sapien has hardly changed. How can he suddenly adapt to concrete and computers where yesterday there were plains and fields. But, we are lucky for we are the generation that gets to eat the harvest without having to waste our time planting and cultivating more and better products. The point to be made here is that whether or not you eat your pie now, it won't be around tomorrow.

*Moral III:* Eat your pie.

*Moral IV:* Don't have kids—there won't be any pie for them.

Of course, before you do anything drastic, you better get your head together. Here are a few ways:

1. Do a Nature trip; try to acquire an anthropological perspective of man. *Man*—the naked ape who instead of developing keener senses, hairier coverings, and other physical means of adaptation...developed a mind which could manipulate the environment to suit him. And along with the mind came concepts like: "consciousness", "alienation", "self", "ego", "identity crisis", "neurosis"...Result: the species doesn't survive because (fill in the blank—there are at least 3 billion reasons, and you're one of them).

One way to obtain a useful perspective is to try to transcend (regress if you like the word better) your consciousness and make like your cat (or dog), who lives *now* and therefore cannot have anxieties about past or future, cannot have an identity crisis, etc... If you're an establishment or revolutionary freak, then you probably think man is beautiful and superior because of his mind. Another useful perspective: Man is a mishap of evolution because he has a mind—a sort of time bomb—a self-destruction system. Biologically, he's inferior because apparently he can't perpetuate his species for more than a few thousand years.

2. If you can't get into this, do dope (e.g. mescaline). After that your head will be somewhere and it probably won't be the same place. What have you got to lose?

3. Do any non-establishment trip (e.g. be a professional bum, a master criminal, an amateur crook, a hermit...).

4. Freak out on anything.



# Asian American Education

There is a great deal of talk today about Asian American identity, relating to others, and communicating. However, it seems that this has stopped at the adult level. We have seen the development of Asian American studies courses on college campuses along the west coast primarily and throughout the country during the past year.

There is still a crying need for Asian American curriculum and material development at the pre-school, primary, elementary and secondary school levels. Our schools either continue to perpetuate racist attitudes and subject matter in regard to people of color, or completely ignore our experience in this country.

It seems rather incredible that in our society today, an Asian American boy in the fourth grade can turn his back on the system saying, "What's the use, I'm going to be a gardener anyway!" Or when children of color are taught in a very insidious manner that they cannot be Americans if they own up to their race or if they are other than white.

The time has come when we must reverse the process. Our Asian American children are being brainwashed thoroughly by a very racist educational system. We can look at ourselves as living examples of what is being done. Is the damage ever undone?

A positive step forward would be to develop material for the use in schools for the Asian American perspective in hope of eliminating the biases and omissions which now exist. Understandably, writing for children seems a difficult task. However, if we are serious in our talk about communicating with others, is this not an extension of what we hope to do. We are talking about communicating with other human beings who happen to be our Asian American children.

Another direction would be for us to educate the educators on the specific needs and problems of Asian American children.

The Southern California Education Committee of the JACL was formed to try to deal with the particular problems which Asian Americans at the elementary and secondary school levels face today. We will hold a workshop on Sunday, May 24, 1970. For further information about time and location call: 257-5737, 792-7524 or 794-5276.

We hope to look at and confront several issues regarding public school education as it affects Asian Americans, curriculum and material development, and community organization. But there's still a lot of work to be done. We need interested people who are willing to contribute their ideas and to work.  
—Education Committee of JACL

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The duty of the police officer is not to create disorder. The police officer is there to preserve it.

Mayor Richard J. Daley  
Chicago, 1968