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**GADRA**®

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野花も自然も

美しい  
若人たちの温かい心も

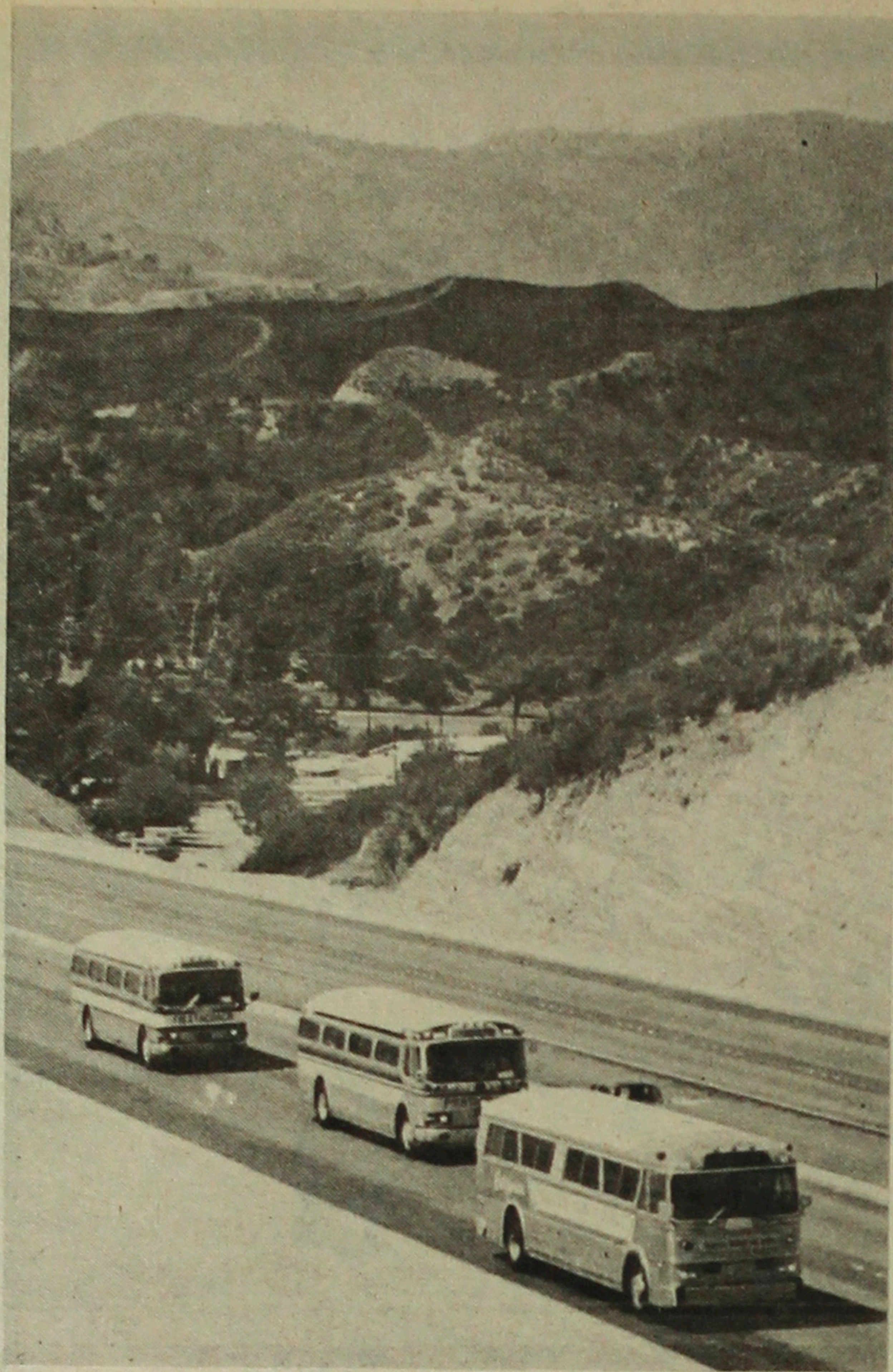
美しい



pioneer project wildflower viewing trip

april 17, 1971





By Tracy Okida

PIONEER PROJECT  
SPRING WILDFLOWER  
VIEWING TRIP

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VASQUEZ ROCKS  
AND LANCASTER

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APRIL 17, 1971

# 野花見物

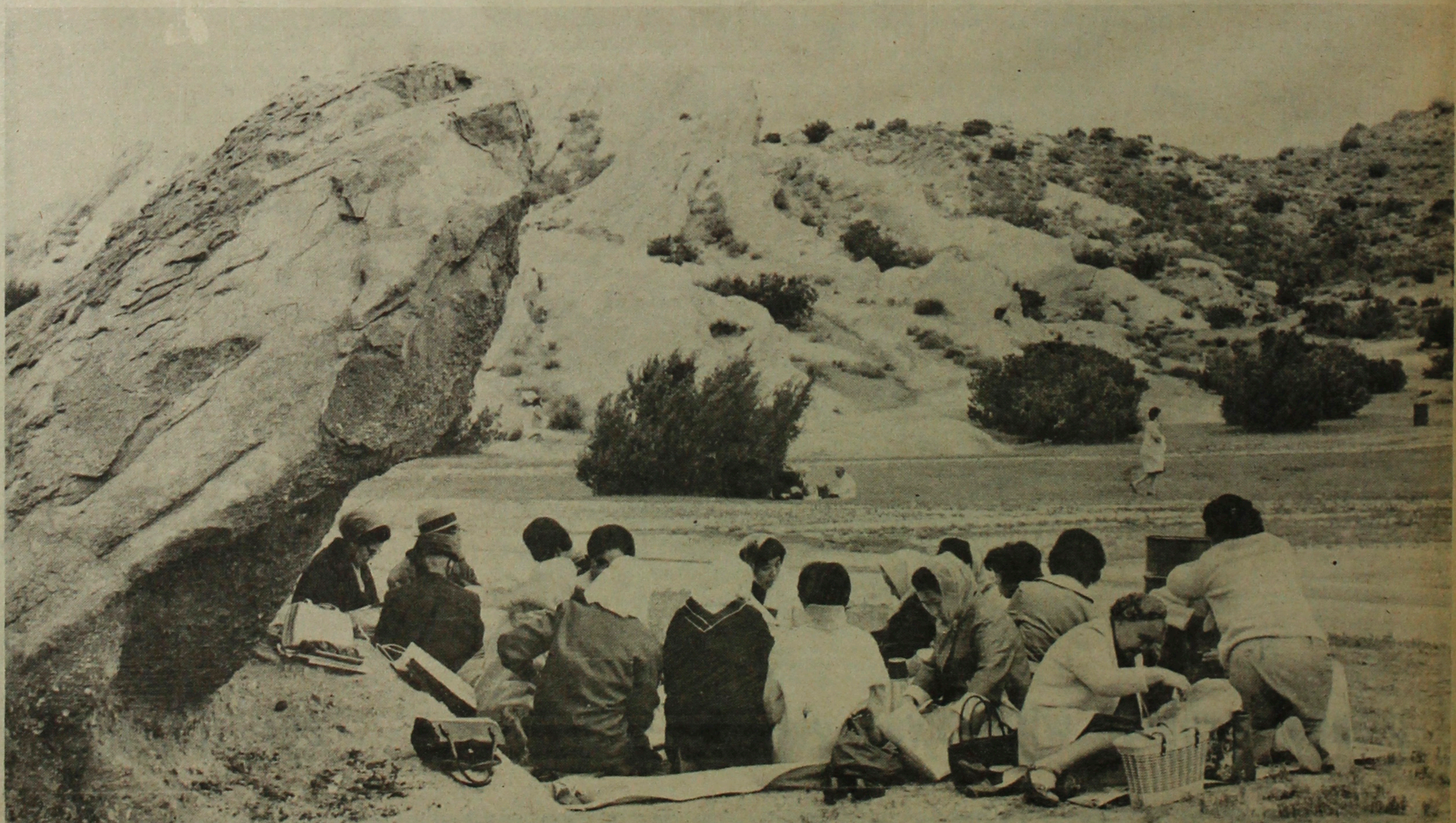


## Part I: Getting Together in the Cold Morning

On Saturday, April 17, over 700 Asian people, mostly Issei, boarded nineteen busses for a trip to the desert. It was the second annual "Hanami" (Spring Wildflower Viewing Trip) sponsored by the Pioneer Projects of Los Angeles, Long Beach, Pasadena, and Gardena.

It was a cold and dark morning; the weather forecasts for the day ranged from an expected 90° temperature to an expected 90% probability of rain. In Los Angeles, it was sprinkling from low, dark clouds and it looked like heavier rain was coming for sure, and a strong wind was building up, and the sun wasn't even out, and the parking lots were charging.

But we were all there (some of us slightly late) and soon the busses were filled with the songs, laughter, and the happy, anxious talk of the people and their spirit. It was so surprising to see so many people coming out on such a day...it was a good feeling, and soon we were on our way. Eleven busses pulled out from the gathering point in front of the Sun Building in Little Tokyo, four more were to join us from Gardena, two busses were coming from Long Beach, and two more from Pasadena. The first scheduled stop was Vasquez Rocks State Park where we were to eat lunch.







## Part II: Cold Lunch at Vasquez Rocks

There was a rock that was more a huge flat slab about 15 feet tall and 30 feet across that was a shield against the wind. A handful of people were around a small fire that had been built behind the rock wall. I saw four people that I knew standing with their hands toward the fire talking to each other, and a group of three Issei women who were sitting a few feet away. Just a couple feet further away and sitting alone was another Issei woman.

When I finally reached the small camp, the three Issei women were just leaving to get back on the busses, which were warmer. They gathered together their baskets and boxes of food and their gozas, said good-bye to the younger people around the fire and walked in the wind toward the busses. I looked toward the fourth Issei woman; she did not see me. She was sitting on newspapers spread out on the rocky sand. She wore an old gray coat and carried with her a shopping bag into which she began putting away her few things.

She began to stand up and I walked over to help her. She still didn't see me and she stood up alone without the arm that I had offered her. When we both stopped to gather the newspapers, she saw me. I knew this though I didn't see her face and she murmured, "sumimasen." She picked up her shopping bag and pointed toward the trash can a few feet away. We walked silently to the trash can to but the newspapers and her other trash inside. Then, without turning around, without saying any good-byes, she walked toward the busses in the cold wind. I watched her for a moment, feeling something in the pit of my stomach: something sad, yet proud, and something very inadequate, and then walked back to the fire.

## Part III: The Flower Fields and Back

The busses drove us through more rain, some hail and snowflakes before we reached the wildflower fields. The fields spread slowly out into a valley flanked by rolling hills and telephone poles. The flowers were tiny and the cold had made them close up. The sun once more appeared just briefly. Patches of orange flowers mixed with some that were purple and tiny bit of yellow poppy invited us. The younger people, the youthful Issei, and the Ethno-Communications film crew were running, walking, and running frantically around. People were laughing and shouting, the busses kept their motors running, but throughout it all was the beautiful, serene silence of Nature—the calling of the meadow birds and the sighing of the wind.

But it was too soon getting late and the sky was getting darker and there was only time to do "Tanko bushi" one more time. We were only there just a little while and we didn't want to leave yet, but most of the people were back on the busses and some of them never got off. We were straggling around and stalling until some of the busses began to move away, and then we scrambled like hell to get to our own bus. When we got back on, we laughed and tried to get comfortable in our seats again, and met, for the first time, the people who were sitting around us.

The ride back was quiet. A tired and restful ride, we only sang softly, or else we slept or gazed out the window. It was a good feeling that we brought back from this day: good food, good company, good memories and thoughts. It was so good, all of us being together, and it could be so much better, yet.

Calligraphy by Hide & Mitsuko Murase  
Photographs by Mike Murase, Alan Ohashi, and Tosh Nagano





# TIAO-YU T'AI:

"After twenty years of political silence," our Chinese sisters and brothers from Taiwan and Hong Kong have united and organized a national protest effort. The issues are familiar to recent political movements—militarism, economic imperialism, government impotence and unresponsiveness to the voices of its people. The Tiao-yu T'ai movement began in November, 1970, and by now has spread to major campuses and cities across the country.

The eight tiny Tiao-yu T'ai Islands (also known as the Senkaku Islands) are located on the continental shelf of China, that is, the water depth between the islands and China does not exceed two hundred meters. The waters between Tiao-yu T'ai and the Ryukyus, however, are deeper than two thousand meters, thus forming a clear geological separation. The Tiao-yu T'ai Islands are uninhabited, but the area has historically been a fishing ground for Chinese fishermen and a sanctuary during bad weather. Over the years, fishermen have built piers, wells, and temporary living quarters on these islands. The waters are rich in mackerel, worth U.S. \$1.75 million annually.

The key to the furor over the Tiao-yu T'ai Islands is oil. Rich subsea oil deposits were discovered in 1968, and the efforts of American and Japanese capitalists seeking to control these deposits is part of the large oil rush throughout Asia from Korea to Taiwan, Vietnam, Cambodia, Thailand, Malaysia, Indonesia, etc.

Prospecting for subsea oilfields around Taiwan officially began in November, 1967. By June, 1968, it became clear that large oil deposits were located in the Tiao-yu T'ai region. This attracted immediate attention. Anticipating the return of the Ryukyu Islands (of which Okinawa is the largest) in 1972, the Japanese government moved to establish jurisdiction of the Ryukyu government over the Tiao-yu T'ai Islands. In May, 1969, the Ryukyu government set up demarcation tablets on the islands which proclaimed them to be a part of the Ryukyus. Japan's Foreign Minister Aichi declared that the islands are obviously Japanese territory and that there was "no need for any negotiation." In the following weeks, the Ryukyu authorities, under orders from the Japanese and American governments, tore down the Nationalist Chinese flag on Tiao-yu T'ai. With U.S. consent, patrol boats of the Ryukyu government expelled Chinese fishing boats at gunpoint. On February 1, 1971, a spokesman for Prime Minister Sato announced that a meteorological station will be built on the Tiao-yu T'ai Islands. He elaborated that, with the cooperation of the Ryukyu and American governments, patrolling in the area would be intensified to eliminate further "illegal activities" (i.e. fishing) by the Chinese fishermen.

The U.S. position has been one of ostensible neutrality, but both the American military presence in the Ryukyus, as well as American business interest in Asian oil, contradict this neutrality. In response to increasing tension and the exposure of American oil interests, on April 9, the U.S. State Department advised American oil companies to suspend prospecting for fear of a confrontation with Peking. All along, the U.S. has supported, if not encouraged, Japan's acts of aggression and militarism on Tiao-yu T'ai. Some Chinese cultural nationalists have participated in the Tiao-yu T'ai movement as strictly a struggle between Japan and Taiwan, but they fail to see or understand the whole situation. The importance of the Tiao-yu T'ai movement lies in the broad, international picture which so faithfully exposes once again still more American manipulations in Asia—from American influence and meddling in Taiwanese and Japanese (especially Ryukyu Islands) politics and economics, to America's business interests all over Asia, to America's military presence all over Asia. Unity with other protest efforts condemning militarism and fascism, economic imperialism, and the repression of people's self-determination is essential to the Tiao-yu T'ai effort.

The first series of student protests were held at the end of January, 1971. On April 9 and 10, a second string of demonstrations were held across the country. The *New York Times* reported (April 12, 1971) that these demonstrations were "by far the largest ever staged by the Chinese community in this country." In Los Angeles, on April 10, over three hundred Asian people joined the march from the archway of New Chinatown to the Federal Building, Little Tokyo, the Taiwanese consulate, and finally the rally at Pershing Square. The high point of the rally was the appearance of Taiwanese Consul-General, Phillip Liu who spoke and was detained to hear questions: "Why has the Taiwan government done nothing to defend the Tiao-yu T'ai Islands? Why have KMT agents discredited and harassed Tiao-yu T'ai organizers and demonstrators? It became clear that not only has the Taiwanese government failed to act, but they also refuse to act on this issue.

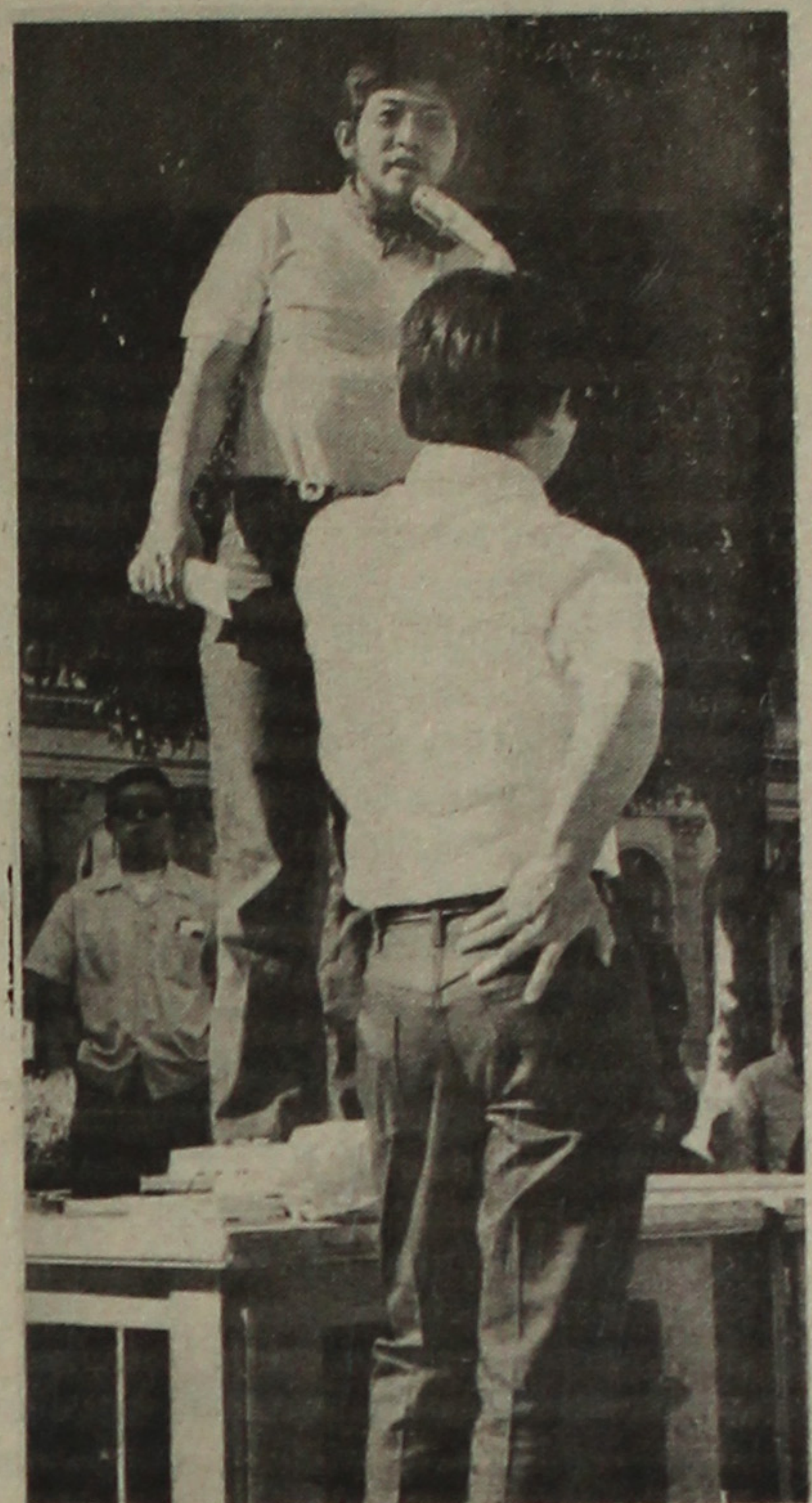
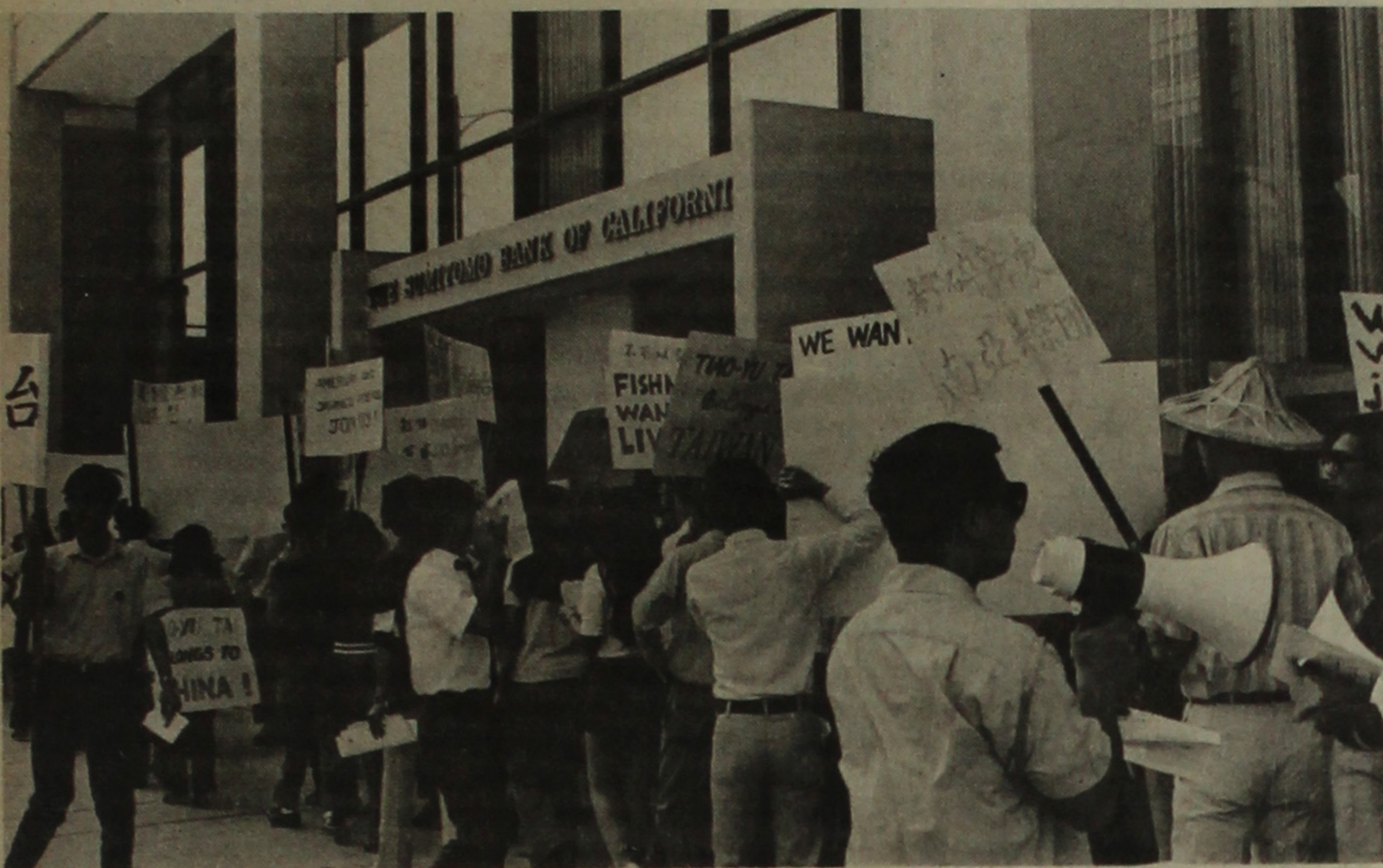
One symbol of the Tiao-yu T'ai movement has been the revival of the spirit of China's May 4th Movement. On May 4, 1919 Chinese students united in massive demonstrations and strikes against foreign imperialism in China and weakness and corruption in the Chinese government. On May 4, 1970, four American students were shot during mass demonstrations and student strikes protesting continuing and increased American intervention and imperialism in Indochina. American imperialism in Asia continues, and May 4th is still a living and international symbol of resistance, particularly student resistance. As students refuse to be fooled or manipulated by the double-talk of hypocritical governments and politicians, the movement for self-determination, human dignity, and "people's power" grows. Our Asian brothers and sisters in the Tiao-yu T'ai movement join us in the cry: "All power to the people!"

—May Chen / Los Angeles

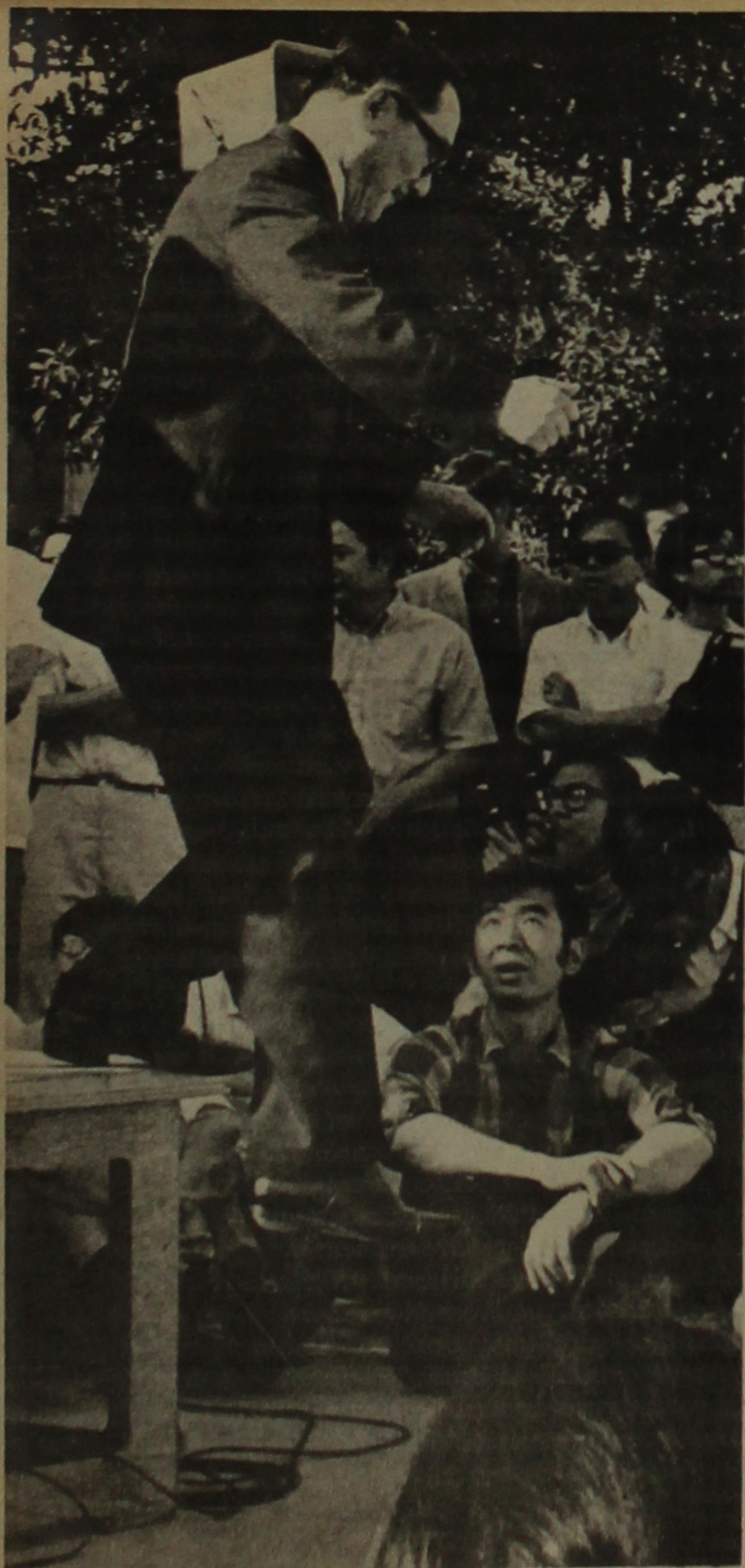




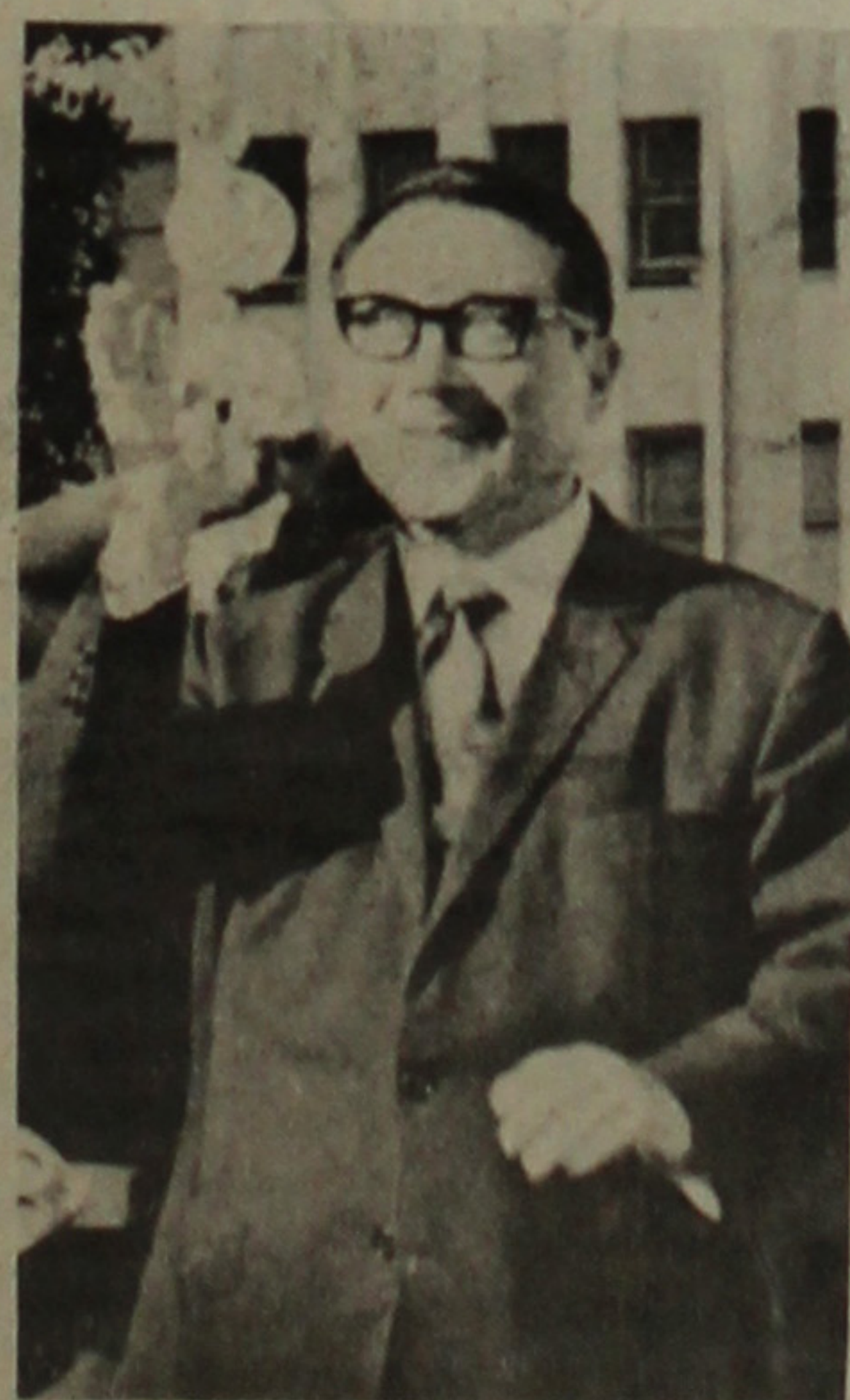
# STOP THE PLOT!



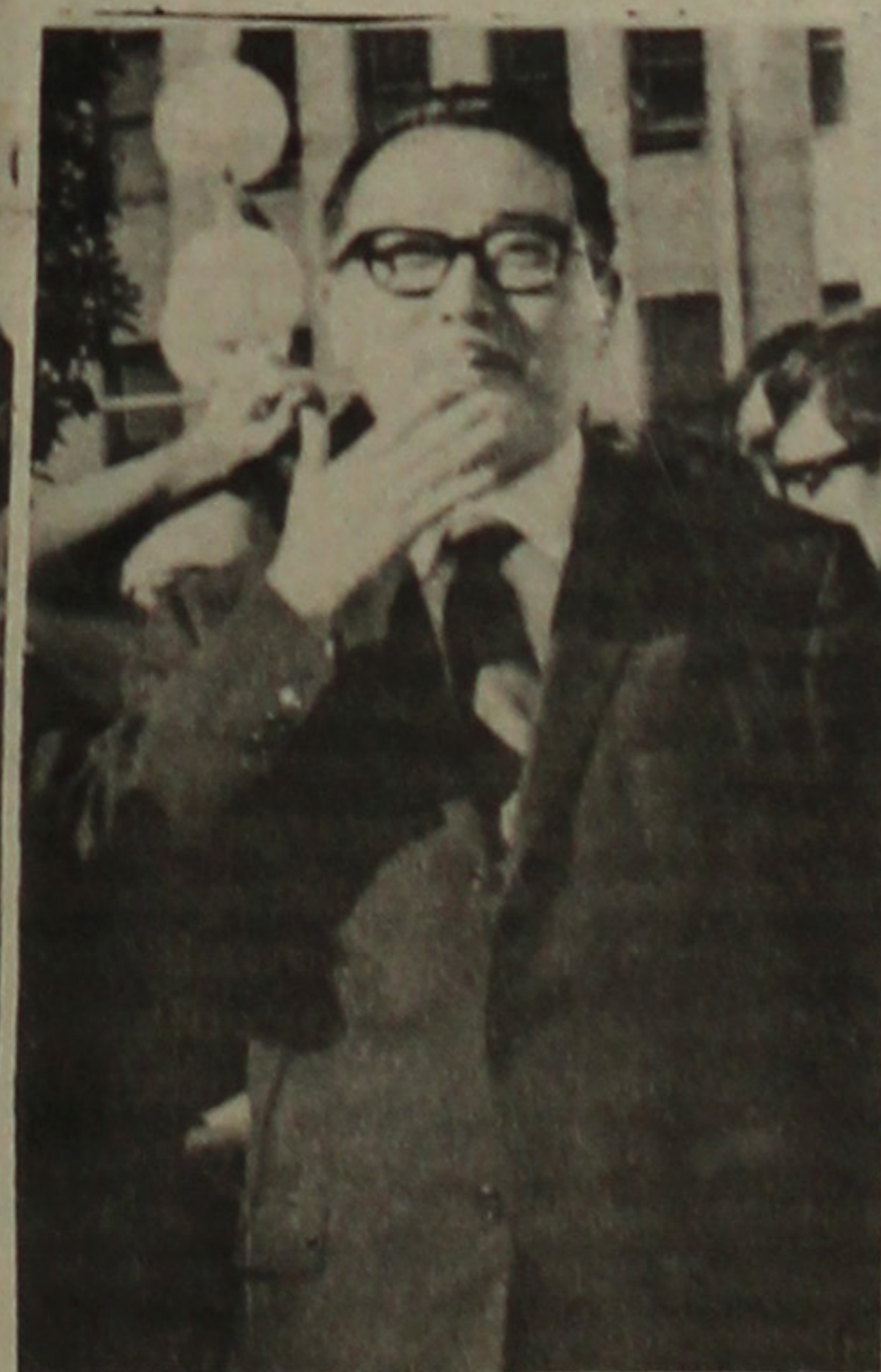
photographs by Mary Uyematsu and May Chen



Pershing Square, Los Angeles



Taiwan's Consul-General Phillip Liu





WHITE LIFE MAGAZINE photograph rocks out  
the weekly hit parade

Two children  
draped across the road like mangled screams  
choking the earth back down on small limbs  
(when the lightest things  
fall, they fall the heaviest  
the furthest)

back down its pores and springs plummet  
forcing down the clot of bones  
caught in the rasping throats,  
Yours; our accumulations gloat  
lit by a thirst set afire in damaged eyes  
as watching the same pair of prizefighters  
slug it out every friday night for weeks  
Wheeze, Fume, Resist and again again  
back down the nameless return to  
its furious tunnel of burns, howls and  
shrieks that shred the eardrums  
and singe off the eyelids  
keeping the eyes forever open  
until they drop off into the frozen white tundra  
when they cannot bear it anymore

Everywhere we walk over  
their open eyes looking up at us  
Pressing up no longer pleading  
I have murdered them and their death is mine  
as their hairs slice lines in my yellow skin  
from the insideout as long as  
Nothing changes  
I have become a hemophiliac  
The blood spurts from wounds as obvious as hydrants  
The bells cough up blood all night senseless no  
one helps  
An arm in the back beats the breath to its pile of webs

6 year old brother fell still a shudder  
among dry clothing  
6 more years and he would be a man  
At 12 in Vietnam one has seen the world  
One has loved and committed  
One has speared beasts in the night  
approaching like lengths of ice and hunger  
10 year old brother  
older  
fell beside him voluntarily before the guns &  
thrust out an arm as if to protect him from harm

The blood wells up in unbearable pools

(Women are giving birth to monsters)

Against the scarred windows  
near the empty table and chairs  
rust sets in like snow

D.P. Yamamoto

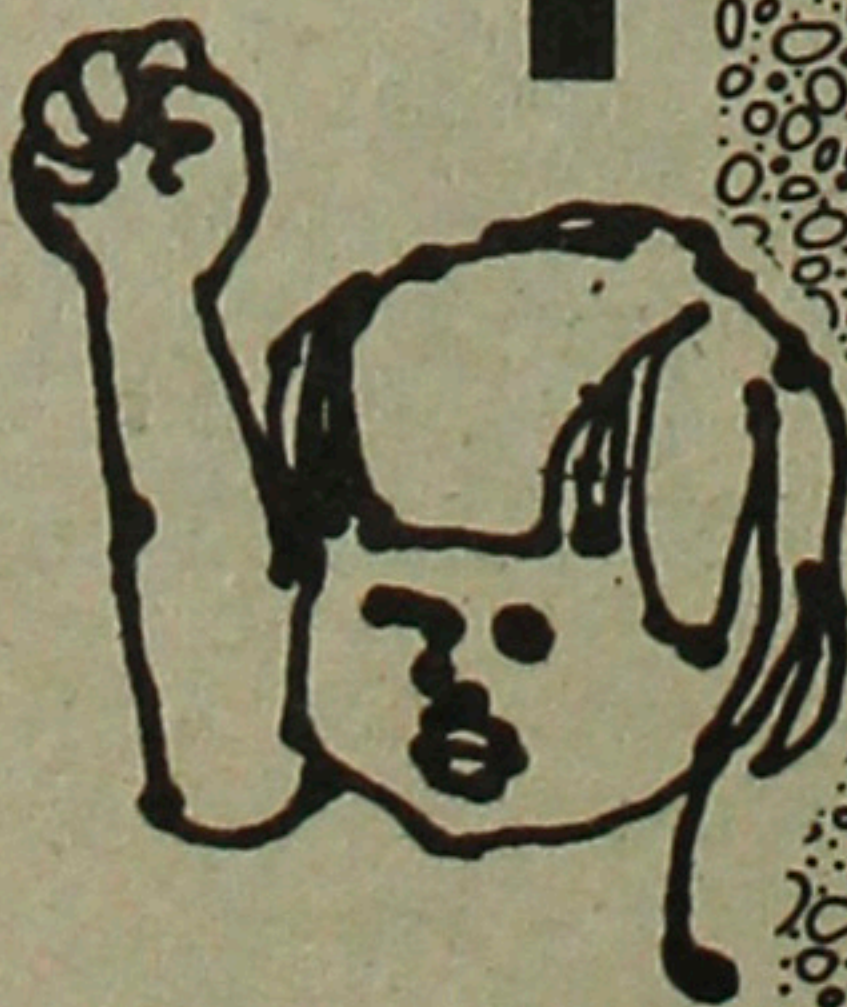
The child slept on....  
Hands of colour cast tortured shadows  
by a virulent white light.  
Crying pitifully,  
a child slept.

The child slept on....  
Vision. Oppression, degradation, hate,  
fear, death.  
Tossing and turning,  
a child slept.

The child slept on....  
Taunting cameos, ominous, dare mind  
revival.  
Kicking the blankets,  
a child slept.

The child slept on....  
Perception. Freedom, unity, love,  
courage, life.  
Bitterly roused,  
a man awoke.

Wayne Toyota



## SPEED KILLS

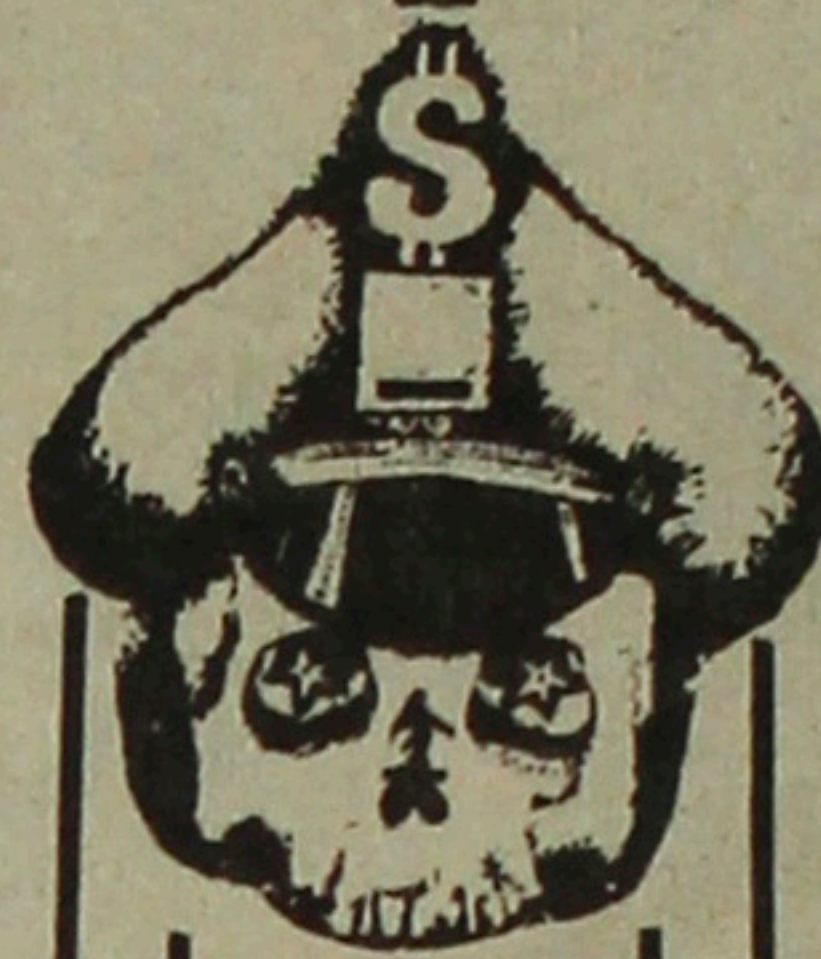
Do you think I'll fall again?  
you better think twice again friend,  
I've aged 30 years in 30 days!  
now I'm going to change my ways...

Tell me what it's like to eat,  
tell me what it's like to sleep,  
I'm on the verge of death you see?  
I know that speed is killing me.

Life could be good here on earth,  
if you can live on after birth.  
Death is there if you can't wait,  
so speed up gal or pal or you'll be late!!

Brother,

Mike Saito



*Life is so good, it's out of sight*

*Life is so good, some people wonder why  
We who get loaded, like to get high*

*I can say it yeah, but don't quote me please  
Cause some of my friends might disagree*

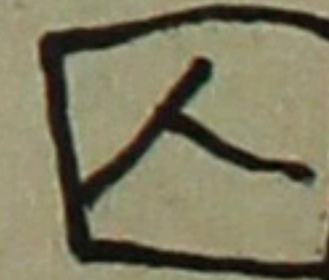
*Here it is especially to you  
We love to get high, cause we do  
You can try to oppress us, put us under stress  
Tell us all about how you know best  
Lock us up get us out of your hair  
We all know you ain't bein' fair  
If someone knows what's best for me  
Why can't I see*

*I feel sorry for all involved if you don't understand  
I love you and freedom too I'm my own man*

*If you're so sure the things you don't like  
That affect only me like my love of the spike  
Is reason enough to suppress my freedom  
Be prepared Brother and Sister for someone's doom*

*Live by the Golden Rule, and our regrets will be our own  
People fuckin' with me, got me drove to the bone  
If your way's right, life will show it to be  
Cause right produces harmony  
This trip is so hard for those blind moments  
They never clear up without plain old sense  
I love you Brothers and Sisters from my soul  
Hope we can keep things under control  
The message I give to you today  
Is, Hey people give me some play*

the hidden dragon



Issei woman.

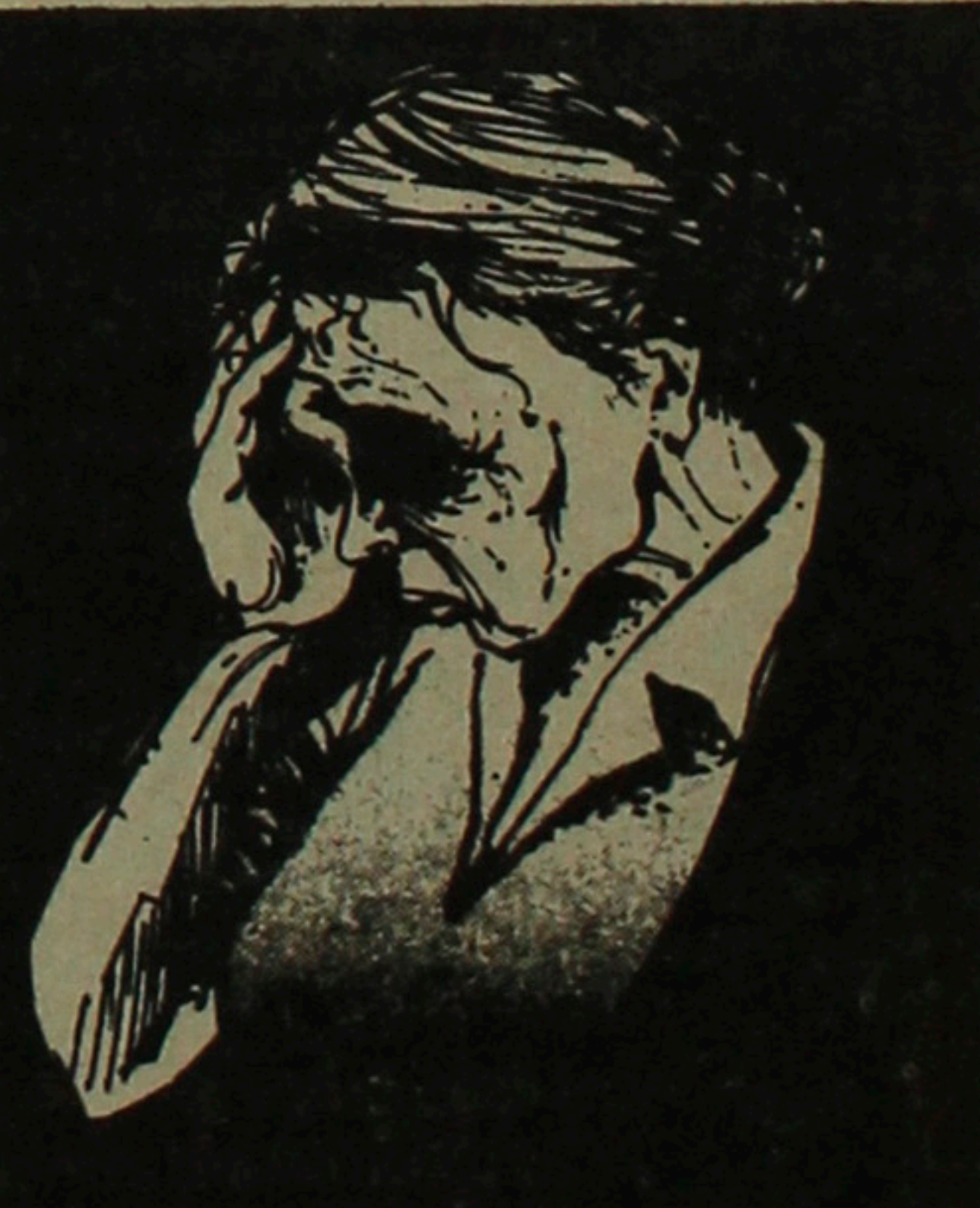
Your world is a sad face.

Formed by those who see over  
your small presence.

You laughed.

Once.

Brian Ogawa





# SOLIDARITY WITH OUR INDOCHINESE SISTERS AND BROTHERS



Out of the necessity for women in this country to understand their role in the struggle against imperialism, 200 women gathered in Vancouver, Canada, the weekend following April 1 for the Anti-Imperialist Women's Conference. This conference, held concurrently with a similar conference in Toronto, focused its attention on the experiences of six Indochinese women. These women, from the Laos Patriotic Women's Union, the Vietnam Women's Union of North Vietnam, and the Women's Union for the Liberation of South Vietnam were able to physically unite a great diversity of women from the western United States while educating them about the war and its atrocities. This conference not only offered an opportunity for exchange and education, but it also played an important role in determining the potential of women in the struggle against capitalism, racism, and imperialism.

*Drawing by Cindy Fukagai*



# Twenty Years in the Revolution

My name is Nguyen Thi Dinh, but I have used many names during the different phases of the Revolution. My home is in the village of Luang Hoa in the township of Giong Trom province of Bentre. I come from a poor peasant family. Of my ten brothers and sisters, I am the youngest; therefore, I am called Ut.

My entire family is made up of farmers, but I participated in the insurrection of 1930. There was much repression afterwards; one of my brothers was jailed. I was eleven years old at the time. When they arrested my brother, the enemy began to use terrorism and I started to fight against the terror. After my brother left prison, he taught me a lot, especially about political matters. In 1935 I took part in the revolutionary movement and its leaders accepted me as a courier. I already knew that we had to make a revolution against the rich peasants and the French.

Good times came for the Revolution. The French Communist Party was participating in the government and we could fight openly in Vietnam. I became a propagandist agitator. From 1938 to 1945 I was an active member in the revolutionary organization. In 1939 the French had increased the repression, during which the French Communist Party also suffered and we decided to create a democratic front. The repression of 1939 was carried out by the French colonialists and their lackeys; the latter undertook to arrest all known cadres, and little by little, even those who were in clandestinely. They also arrested many peasants who had nothing to do with the revolution. I was jailed in 1940—I had been married only two years—but my husband had already been jailed since 1939—he died in prison in 1941. When I was imprisoned in 1940 I had a six-month old baby, but they wouldn't let me take him to prison with me. I was jailed in the Ba-ra prison in a very dangerous, thick jungle. In all there were one thousand political prisoners, one hundred of whom were women.

In 1943 I suffered from a heart ailment and I was set free. I couldn't travel outside of my village; the puppet militia were constantly watching me and arrested anyone who became my friend. In the beginning I couldn't make contact with the revolutionary organization, but I have always been so closely in touch with the people, especially the peasants, that in 1944 I made contact with the leaders and continued the struggle. I worked in the Viet Minh front and in 1945 I took part in the popular insurrection, after which I resumed my work in the front. I was elected member of the committee of the woman's organization in the province.

My family lived far away from the village school, so I could never attend classes as a child. Moreover, since I was poor I couldn't even hope to go to the provincial school. I didn't know how to read or write when I began my revolutionary activities in 1935. After the insurrection Cochinchina was liberated in only one month.

The insurrection took place on August 26, 1945 and the resistance war began on September 23. In Bentre we fought the enemy and controlled the province for five months. On December 12, 1945, the enemy concentrated its troops and in a few days occupied the province. We hid in the jungle and made propaganda for the people to rise against the enemy. Our war was effective and in only one year—from 1948 to 1949—we liberated two-thirds of Bentre. In 1950 the enemy once again occupied the region.

But once again the revolutionaries returned to the jungle and continued the struggle. In those times, there were no liberated villages. Other leaders and I personally worked among the people encouraging them to rebel.

In 1946 the political organization sent me to Hanoi to report on the revolution in the South. Only a few mountains had been liberated then; the road was difficult and dangerous since the enemy was everywhere. It was possible to travel only by sea and highway. But I finally managed to arrive in Hanoi and saw Ho Chi Minh.

In November he put me in charge of bringing supplies to the South. By boat I carried ten tons of arms to Phy-Yen in what proved to be a veritable odyssey.

The situation was tense. The airplanes were making raids and the battleships had sunk one-hundred boats. The boat trip was hazardous. A storm broke out thanks to which I arrived safely on the coasts of my province, since under those atmospheric conditions the enemy never went out. We had difficulty in recognizing the zone, but we found a courier and finally arrived. This is the first time that this story has been told.

Our armed forces received the arms with all the joy of kites receiving wind, or fishes, water. The province of Bentre was occupied from 1950 to 1953. In 1951, I was ordered to participate fully in the

lives of the people and to take charge of the township of Macai, which had no jungles. The province was beset by repression and the situation was gloomy. Our comrades had to hide on the top of the palm trees during the day and the women, including myself, had to live underground in tunnels with water up to our chins.

Once when I was underground the enemy found out and began to look for the tunnel's entrance. You all know that if they managed to capture anyone who hides out in the tunnels, they would kill them on the spot, take out their liver and sell it for 600 piastres. Finally they captured me, but all the people as one claimed that I was not part of the "underground." They didn't kill me, but I was severely beaten. They asked me if I was part of a revolutionary cadre and I answered, no that I was a simple peasant. Just then, some of the enemy clashed with our regular forces and this gave me the opportunity to escape and hide in the tunnels with the aid of the people.

They searched for me again, but the people told them I had fled to another place. The enemy said that I was a revolutionary leader and continued searching, but I had time to escape during the night. The following day they concentrated their troops and shot twelve comrades—and later took out their livers—and another six Communists.

During 1952 to 1953 we had liberated some zones and quite a number of people. The movement in the province was very strong. I was then ordered to return to Bentre. With the establishment of peace the leadership decided that I should remain in the province and work among the people, organizing them against the enemy and demanding the fulfillment of the Geneva Agreements. I was then appointed head of the organization in Bentre. Most of my comrades who had worked in the different organizations, such as the Army and the militia, went to the North and only a small group remained in the South. In 1958 to 1959 the leaders of the provinces, townships, and villages were arrested.

Bentre had 115 villages, but only thirteen were ours. Three-fourths of the revolutionary leaders were arrested. There was one township where we had only one comrade. At that time we were using the method of political, not armed struggle.

During the anti-French resistance war the enemy knew who I was and had wanted to kill me. They tried to do the same after the Geneva Agreements, but they thought I was in the North and stopped looking for me. Between 1954 and 1956 I changed my name and address constantly, with the help of the people. In 1957, spies revealed my presence in the South; 500,000 piastres were offered to anyone who would bring me in alive, and 100,000 to anyone who would kill me. My picture was everywhere, but it was the people who in many difficult moments saved my life and prevented my arrest.

From 1957 to 1959 the situation was a tense one for the revolutionaries especially for a woman like me who was so persecuted that she could never sleep in her own home. The enemy already knew where the trenches were and I had to sleep on top of the palm trees.

If a family concealed me, they were arrested and all their belongings confiscated. Without arms, it was dangerous to take to the jungle. I tried to live even more closely with the people and avoid arrest. I pretended I was their sick daughter. The family would cover me up and I would moan a lot. Before the popular insurrection of the vanguard organization appointed me to publicize the Resolution on the arming of the people, and on armed struggle. Later, when the moment came that we were permitted to use arms, I headed this movement in my province. It was like the arrival of the rains after a drought. The revolutionaries were happy. We didn't have arms, but we had plenty of experience; we knew how to take the enemy's weapons and how to direct the insurrection successfully.

I personally led the uprising in Bentre, especially the military part. These were our slogans:

- 1) stir up the revolutionary spirit of the people to destroy the strategic hamlets and reclaim their lands.
- 2) use the intelligence of the people to take arms away from the enemy and supply our armed forces
- 3) act continuously so the enemy will not feel secure in any spot
- 4) develop our Armed Forces as fast as possible
- 5) carry on the political struggle parallel with the armed struggle

On December 20, 1960 I was working as first secretary of the revolutionary organization in Bentre and Army chief of the province. At the end of 1961 I became vice-president of the National Liberation Front in Hu and also chief of the Army. At the beginning of 1964 I became a member of the Central Committee of the NLF and president of the Women's Committee.

My revolutionary life covers a span of twenty years. I thought I would die many times. First my husband died; later, my son went to the North, and not long ago I learned that he, too, is dead. I remarried and in two or three years I have been with my husband only once. He, too, is a revolutionary leader. I thought I would die many times during the storm on the sea and when the enemy captured me in the tunnel, but I was saved many times by the people. I have suffered tragedies in my personal life, but thanks to the organization and the people who educated me I learned to overcome my suffering. It was a hard blow when I learned that my husband had died in prison and when I learned that my only son had died in 1960 (he would have been twenty-five years old now). Thanks to the revolution and to the cadres that taught me, a simple woman, I became a member of the General Staff and was, and still able to serve my country.

—Nguyen Thi Dinh, Vietnam



MADAME NGUYEN THI DINH is Vice Commander in Chief of the Armed Forces of Liberation of South Vietnam and President of the Women's Union for the Liberation of South Vietnam.



# TIGER CAGES



MADAME DINH THI HUONG

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I was kept in a narrow cell three metres long and one-and-one-half metres wide (ten feet by five feet). Fifteen to thirty-two people shared my cell at different times. There were both men and women. We were all naked.

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

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

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

"Con Son prison was on an island. I was kept there for thirteen months in a cave lined with stones. It was two-and-one-half metres long and one-and-one-half metres wide (about eight feet by five feet). The cave was painted black and had two small holes. There were at different times from 15 to 22 prisoners there.

"We had to eat, pass water and relieve ourselves in the same cave. Once a week, we were allowed to bring out the toilet bucket. For

food, we were given rotten rice and decayed fish. Every 24 hours I was given a small amount of water for drinking. We were allowed a bath every two months.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I was so sick from time to time that I would cough up blood. Before I was arrested I weighed 49 kilograms (108 pounds). I weighed 34 kilograms when I was released (78 pounds).

"They released me in hopes my example would scare my village. When I was freed, my village gave me good care, and I went through many hospitals. I am better now, but my health has never recovered from what it was before my arrest. (Note—ten years since her release, Mrs. Huong's face still seems worn and drawn.)

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

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

Earlier in the conference, delegates had spoken of the American 'resettling' and 'pacification' camps for refugees of bombed villages as being concentration camps.

Mrs. Huong said that not only were the concentration camps essential for the Vietnamization policy, but also that regular jails for political prisoners are rapidly swelling.

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

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

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





# From the Vancouver Conference..

An open letter to the Sansei,

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

Although I had gone to Vancouver with the express purpose of hearing the Indochinese women, I must confess that I was personally affected just as much by being with the Third World young people. Among the 200 Third World women, there were 120 Asians and from the Japanese communities, many Sanseis, two Niseis, and one Issei. We three "oldsters" formed our own caucus for self-preservation. (In other words, we needed more than the three to four hours of sleep on which the "youngsters" thrived.) We were overwhelmed and encouraged by the enthusiasm, sincerity, energy output, intellectual probing and all the talking that took place. This was a working conference...not a retreat for fun, a vacation, sight-seeing or socializing.

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

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

My sincere thanks for my Vancouver experience.

Kiku Uno

I felt a common bond with the Indochinese brothers and sisters at the conference because we were Asians and members of the Third World. But besides the color of our skin, I saw no other relationship between these nine revolutionaries from North Viet Nam, South Viet Nam and Laos, and myself. We were separated by 10,000 miles of ocean, with completely different lifestyles (I come from a comfortable, petit-bourgeois background). For those reason, I was very unsure of how we could relate to each others' life experiences as brothers and sisters.

With each meeting, I began to understand the struggle of the Indochinese people more and more, and also began to realize that we are sisters and brothers because we are united in the same struggle against the same enemy. The people of Indochina are fighting for their liberation against imperialism, in order that they as human beings can have the right to determine their own destiny. Our struggle here in the United States is similar, in that all poor people and Third World people of the U.S. are being oppressed by capitalism and must fight for liberation. And the more I understood both of our struggles, the stronger the bond was between us.

One weird feeling I had in Vancouver, was that for a while I was so much ashamed of being from the United States. No matter how much I was against the war, I still felt strange being with so many Canadians who strongly opposed U.S. aggression and especially meeting nine Indochinese men and women who had seen their land destroyed, their people suffering, and their families die because of the U.S.

Through meeting the Indochinese people, I began to understand the important role the people of the U.S. have in the struggle. If we are liberated from this capitalistic and imperialistic system, we will in turn free all of Viet Nam and other countries invaded by U.S. imperialism as well. I now see the importance of our struggle—being in the belly of the monster itself—and I am only ashamed when I know I am not doing all that I can for the liberation of mankind.

—Candace Murata

Although the Indochinese Women's Conference was specifically planned for women, three Third World veterans and three men who chose to leave the U.S. and military rather than go to Indochina were able to meet the delegates from South Vietnam. Knowing that as veterans, we have invaded and destroyed their land, and murdered and raped their families and friends, these women met and talked with us as brothers and sisters—stone revolutionary examples. They emphasized that GIs are not their real enemies, the true enemy being U.S. imperialism. Expressing concern for Third World people in the U.S., Madame Phan Minh Hien said, "It is very difficult for the people of Vietnam to fight and kill their Third World brothers from the U.S. who must fight to defend their lives at home." She talked about the current military and political situation of Vietnam and the U.S. Madame Dinh Thi Huong, who spent six years in a South Vietnamese torture prison, believes that "the U.S. will not be able to maintain 200,000 troops in Vietnam because the Vietnamese people will continue to fight...to fight is the way to life. Nixon can no longer act on his own, people are realizing the war is impractical and unprincipled." Madame Hien predicted more repression on the revolutionary movement in the U.S., adding, "...as repression grows, resistance will grow." The strength, determination, and warmth they showed us was a learning and inspirational experience. (Madame Huong is still suffering from the tortures she survived ten years ago.)

As Asian veterans, we presented the following statement to the South Vietnamese delegation:

*As Asians and people of the Third World, we wish to express our solidarity with the liberation struggle of our brothers and sisters in Indochina. Though we are separated by thousands of miles, we are united together, our struggle is one. We in Amerika recognize the people's liberation struggle of Southeast Asia against U.S. imperialism. Preserving the right of human beings of the world to determine our own future, we will organize our people to fight the U.S. death machine. As Asian veterans of the Indochinese war, we have witnessed countless acts of murder and torture of our sisters and brothers in Vietnam. We have seen the ruin of land through tons of bombings and indiscriminate use of chemical warfare. We will fight the U.S. imperialists biocidal war on all fronts.*

*Our victory is inevitable, the power of the people will continue to defeat the man's technology!*

Asian Veterans

The draft is what has been brain washed into us since we were old enough to play war games with the toy guns we got for Christmas. Through the mass media (TV, motion pictures, and literature) brain washing continues by a slow, but effective process. We let it pass in front of our eyes as just the all-American way of life, but it really is a racist strategy for defeating the enemy; and who is the enemy? Well, in boot camp people go through training, learn to hate, and destroy the enemy which in this case is a "gook." What is a "gook?" A "gook" is a thing—not a person or a human being, but a thing with slant eyes, yellow skin, who consumes rice... It shouldn't take much to realize how that affects all of us Asians in this society. Facts like these are used in different ways to further unstill the mass propaganda which affects us all.

So in writing about the draft, I'm trying to bring the whole process into focus—the process which many people know about, but only to a point where they say, "This is the law, and we have to fulfill our obligation, so we may as well get drafted or enlist." Most people don't consider what the war is really about, what the military really is, what the government is really doing. Most of all they neglect their rights as human beings to have a say about their destiny. their right to resist being used as a destructive war tool.

Each brother who is drafted or enlists only becomes another wheel in the imperialistic death machine, that revolves, not around freedom, and democracy, but for pig capitalism. These brothers also aid the war by providing man-power, whether or not they are directly involved in the war. The brothers on the front lines are fighting the people in Indochina. Asian brothers and sisters just like us.

A number of Americans met with a Women's Delegation from Indochina.

For about one week (March 31 through April 7, 1971) a number of Americans met with a Women's Delegation from Indochina at a Women's Conference held in the University of British Columbia, in Vancouver, Canada.

The Indochinese delegation included six sisters who represented North Vietnam, South Vietnam, and the liberated zones of Laos. There were also three brothers acting as interpreters for the women. In the first meeting with these people, we felt a warm feeling of friendship right away even though we could not communicate verbally. The conference was primarily for women, but Mike Nakayama and I were invited to go up to the conference to attend the workshop for Veterans and Draft Counselors. Through out the conference we helped with security for the Indochinese sisters and brothers.

In the Veterans and Draft Counselors workshop, we met with two Indochinese sisters and one interpreter. All together there were five or six vets, and two draft counselors.

What the women stressed was draft counseling and GI organizing. The women said that all they want is for U.S. aggressors to leave their land; they will let all P.O.W.s go, and if the U.S. wants to trade for Vietnam resources, they will negotiate. The people want freedom over all their land. If we were met with an aggressor here in the U.S., we would do the same thing—fight for our rights as human beings. The Indochinese are struggling to survive as a people.

All power to the people, and death to the imperialistic war machine.

—Greg Fukuda



# TORONTO WOMEN'S CONFERENCE

On April 9-12, a meeting with Indochinese women on the East coast was held in Toronto. Participating were representatives from Women's Strike for Peace, Voice of Women, two hundred Third World delegates, and five delegates from Indochina with three interpreters. The following is an analysis of the conference by an Asian sister who attended.

It became apparent at the conference that many of the white women present had a very limited understanding of the women's struggle. A document entitled "The Fourth World Manifesto," put out by a women's group in Chicago, exemplified the unsound analysis of many of the women there.

Basically they see the liberation of women in terms of men being the primary oppressors, not the capitalist-imperialist society. They see the struggles of Third World women as insincere and as a willing sell-out to male-plotted and dominated political movements. They claim their view of women's liberation—a total rupture with men in all political dealings—as being the only truly radical analysis of the women's struggle.

Their analysis is both racist and bourgeois. These very women showed overt resentment to the fact that the Indochinese delegates requested to meet Third World sisters, and they did everything in their power to separate us from the Indochinese delegation, under the pretext of "security." They used such racist terms as "our little Indochinese sisters" and even accused one of the male Indochinese translators of distorting what was being said because he wanted to oppress them as women.

They failed to understand that because of white racism in this country, the oppression of Third World women and the oppression of Indochinese women take similar forms—Third World men and Indochinese men face racism and imperialism too, and the liberation of women must be seen in this context. Many of these white women used the issue of the oppression of women to escape a class analysis, to escape their own bourgeois backgrounds rather than confronting them. They failed to see that the women's struggle is tied to class struggle—women are oppressed because they are not recognized as a productive force in capitalist society: not the men, but the capitalist superstructure must be destroyed to end this kind of exploitation.

They would not accept the fact that the struggle for women's liberation is equally fierce within the Third World and Indochina, but there it is correctly analyzed in terms of race and class, not just "women's rights." It is a liberation struggle waged with the support of oppressed and progressive men who are willing to struggle with their reactionary chauvinism.

Gay Liberation also raised the issue of its oppression in a counter-productive manner at the conference. By ignoring race and class analysis and defensively pushing their ideology and disrupting the agenda, they offended the Indochinese.

The Indochinese women certainly understand what it is to struggle for liberation. They emphasized that all forms of exploitation must end before socialism can be achieved. They explained that before 1954, feminist movements in Vietnam tended to serve the needs of the petit-bourgeois by calling for "individualism" and "freedom" for women and actually played into the hands of the enemy by causing disunity in the struggle against the real enemies: the imperialists and their puppets. Although the women's struggle is seen as very important, "individualism" and "freedom" mean nothing in a society whose economic and political superstructure is based on the exploitation of all individuals.

## Revolutionary Women's Groups in Indochina

All of the Indochinese delegates work or have worked with mass women's organizations, and they stressed the need to organize women on the grassroots level to participate in the national liberation struggle and gain liberation for themselves simultaneously.

An example of a mass organization in Indochina is the Vietnam Women's Union founded in 1956 with over 4 million members. It is an organization run on the principles of democratic-centralism and serves as a link between the masses of women and the government. The organization is divided into several smaller committees such as welfare, education, and research. Its programs include mass education, raising the standard of living for women, revising laws, bringing the laws to the masses, and initiating international exchanges.

## The White Movement

The Indochinese reminded the white women of their duty to step up anti-war activity within the U.S. and not to be fooled into dealing strictly with feminist questions. They voiced support for the April 24th demonstration. They supported the People's Peace Treaty



although they were not as involved with it as white movement people led us to believe. They corrected point 8 of the treaty to read: "The Americans agree to respect the independence of Laos and Cambodia..." instead of the original, "The Americans and Vietnamese agree..." The change goes with a new emphasis on a United Front of Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia against the U.S. Along with this, they stressed the duty of the American people to pin Nixon down on a date for complete withdrawal.

The white women will have to deal with their racism towards the Third World. This will be a hard struggle which could not be dealt with at the conference out of deference to the Indochinese—they did not come to see the whites and the Third World sisters struggle in front of them. Thus, the only solution the conference found was rapping on individual levels, and separating the two groups at workshops.

## The Third World Movement

The Indochinese women legitimized our struggle by coming. As we signed a pact of mutual solidarity against U.S. imperialism, we recognized once and for all how our struggles are linked. While what the Indochinese said to the white women applies to us too, the Indochinese took special interest in the struggles going on in our "ethnic" communities and stressed the need for grassroots work to be done there. They recognize the Blacks as the vanguard of the American Revolution.

Although there was solidarity among the Third World delegates, there were still varying levels of revolutionary consciousness among us. One unfortunate thing was the Black representation lacked leadership. The Panthers were not widely contacted about the conference, thus many of the Blacks present had a meager understanding of internationalism. In a sense, the Blacks seemed much more rooted in America historically than say the Asians and the Puerto Ricans, thus their understanding of the struggle is somewhat different.

The legitimacy of the Asian struggle is just being recognized. There was some evidence of Black racism towards Asians—as having "jumped on the Bandwagon," so to speak. Asians will have to struggle and fight to legitimize our struggle—this includes being purposely vocal and forward.

## Conclusion

Our struggle is the Indochinese struggle, but we are at different levels of struggle. This was very clear when they spoke of national party structures and organizing aroused masses in Indochina. We are not at that level yet, but they have given us more courage to struggle; our unity is there, and it is growing day by day.

—Wilma Chen/Boston



# peace sunday

MAY 16 / 7 PM — BILTMORE BOWL, 515 SOUTH OLIVE, LOS ANGELES

## Program HONORABLE SPARK M. MATSUNAGA Representative in Congress, Hawaii

HERB ALPERT, musician  
BENJO BLUES BAND  
EAST/WEST PLAYERS  
JANE FONDA, actress  
HELEN FUNAI, actress/dancer  
WARREN FURUTANI,  
National Field Director, JACL

RAFER JOHNSON, Olympic athlete  
MIKE NAKAYAMA, Vietnam veteran  
FRANCE NUYEN, actress  
PATRICIA SUMI, community organizer  
GEORGE TAKEI, actor  
IRENE TSU, actress  
REV. RICHARD WONG,  
Methodist Minister

and many others

Asian Americans for Peace is an organization composed of concerned individuals from diverse backgrounds who are united in our political and moral opposition to the American war in Asia.

We invite the participation of all who share our concerns in opposing the war in Southeast Asia. Many say that this war must end, yet the killing goes on. Are you, through your silence, giving your support to the continued killing of Asian and American people in Southeast Asia?

Asian Americans for Peace is planning to organize mass peace action by inviting individuals and organizations in the Asian American community to endorse the statement (Preamble) which appears at right; the statement and a list of its endorsers will be placed as advertisements in local ethnic newspapers in the near future.

Secondly, we will be sponsoring PEACE SUNDAY, an evening of entertainment and speakers at the Biltmore Bowl on May 16 at 7 p.m. [The list of speakers and the entire program will appear in the May issue of Gidra and other ethnic newspapers.]

Asian Americans for Peace will also be sponsoring a series of lectures and teach-ins on the war in Southeast Asia and the Pacific Rim Strategy.

In order to defray the cost of sponsoring these events, it is necessary for us to request donations from concerned individuals and organizations. Please complete the form which appears below and send with your contributions to: Asian Americans for Peace, % P. O. Box 18046, Los Angeles, California 90018. Also, feel free to contact us for any further information about our group and planned activities. We appeal to you, our fellow Asian Americans who are concerned with justice and peace, to join in our opposition to the American war in Vietnam and all of Southeast Asia at this critical juncture in our history.

Marjorie-664-1534 / George-737-4658 / Mike or Steve- 825-2974 (day) or 734-7838 (eve.)

sponsored by the **asian americans for peace**

### a partial list of endorsers:

Rev. Masao Kodani, Buddhist  
Rev. Richard Wong, Methodist  
Prof. Robert Suzuki, USC  
Prof. Jim Omura, UCLA  
Prof. Harry Kawahara, PCC  
Prof. Franklin Odo, UCLA  
Prof. Emma Ichioka, UC Berkeley  
Prof. Warren Furumoto, Valley State  
Prof. Dewey Ajioka, LACC  
Prof. Alan Nishio, UCLA  
Prof. Harry Kitano, director  
Asian American Studies Center, UCLA  
Morgan Chu, asst. director, AASC, UCLA  
Dennis Fukumoto, director  
Asian Studies, USC  
David Woo, attorney  
Frank Chuman, attorney  
Masamori Kojima, attorney  
George Ige, city councilman  
Monterey Park  
Dr. Thomas T. Noguchi  
Kiyoshi Kawai, banker  
Mori Nishida, community worker  
Patricia Sumi, community worker  
Gilbert Hom, community worker  
Roy Nishikawa, optometrist  
David Miura, dentist  
Kiyoshi Sonoda, dentist  
Hide Murase, dentist  
June Takei, dental hygienist  
Jim Miyano, social worker  
Dave Kuroda, social worker  
Seigo Hayashi, rehabilitation counselor  
Alan Kumamoto, human relations  
Evelyn Yoshimura, human being  
Jack Furumura, principal  
Agness Suzuki, teacher  
Marian Sata, teacher  
Terry Murase, teacher  
Sumire Ajioka, teacher  
Helen Chu, teacher  
Yvonne Wong, teacher  
Rodney Ogawa, teacher  
Mike Murase, instructional specialist  
Cynthia Ong, coordinator  
Asian High Potential, UCLA  
George Takei, actor  
Kione Young, actor  
Momo Yashima, actress  
Ernest Harada, actor  
Pat Li, actress  
Irvin Paik, film maker  
Duane Kubo, film maker  
Bruce Iwasaki, poet  
Douglas Aihara, delivery boy  
Alan Ota, furniture mover  
Steve Tatsukawa, grocery clerk  
Candice Ota, shipping clerk  
Daniel Matsumura, mechanic  
Yuji Ichioka, research analyst  
Warren Furutani,  
Nat'l. Field Director, JACL  
Jeffery Matsui,  
Nat'l. Assoc. Director, JACL  
Elsie Uyematsu, administrative asst.  
Teri Yamamura, secretary  
Amy Murakami, secretary  
Chizuko Furumura, secretary  
Vivian Matsushige, secretary  
Alan Tanaka, customs broker  
Marjorie Shinno, art dealer  
Sueo Serisawa, artist  
Mike Kanemitsu, artist  
Mitsuko Murase, asst. designer  
Walter Yanagita, architect  
Frank Sata, architect  
Kaz Umemoto, architect  
Jeff Furumura, gardener  
Mike Nakayama, Viet Nam veteran  
Mike Yamamoto, Viet Nam veteran  
Mickey Nozawa, Viet Nam veteran  
Gary Uyekawa, Viet Nam veteran  
Nick Nagatani, Viet Nam veteran  
Jim Endo, Viet Nam veteran  
Mitsu Sonoda  
Enid Odo  
Tomoo Ogita, art appraiser  
Sumi Ujimori  
Momoko Murakami  
Mary Mittwer  
Wallace Tom  
Wilbur Sato  
Terry Umemoto  
Isaac Matsushige  
Arthur Takei  
Toshi Yoshida  
Lloyd Tanaka, student  
Merilynne Hamano, student  
Patti Iwataki, student  
Jeanne Nishimura, student  
Tom Okabe, student  
Bill Wong, student  
Colin Kurata, student  
Vince Hori, student  
Henry Yamamoto, student

...it's only the beginning.

ASIAN AMERICANS FOR PEACE  
P. O. Box 18046, Los Angeles, Ca. 90018

- ☐ Add my name to the list of signers of the statement. You may make my endorsement public.
- ☐ I enclose a donation of \$\_\_\_\_\_ to support the work of Asian Americans for Peace. (Please make checks payable to ASIAN AMERICANS FOR PEACE.)
- ☐ I want to help; let me know what I can do.
- ☐ I enclose a list of friends who may be interested in participating.
- ☐ My organization \_\_\_\_\_ endorses the statement.

signature \_\_\_\_\_

my name \_\_\_\_\_

address \_\_\_\_\_

city & ZIP \_\_\_\_\_ telephone \_\_\_\_\_

occupation \_\_\_\_\_





# Joint Treaty of Peace Between the U.S. and Vietnamese People

PREAMBLE

Be it known that the American and Vietnamese people are not enemies. The war is carried out in the names of the people of the United States and South Vietnam but without our consent. It destroys the land and people of Vietnam. It drains America of its resources, its youth and its honor. We hereby agree to end the war on the following terms so that both peoples can live under the joy of independence and can devote themselves to building a society based on human equality and respect for the earth. In rejecting the war we also reject all forms of racism and discrimination against people based on color, class, sex, national origin, and ethnic grouping which form the basis of the war policies, past and present, of the United States government.

## terms of peace treaty

1. The Americans agree to immediate and total withdrawal from Vietnam and publicly to set the date by which all American forces will be removed.
  2. The Vietnamese pledge that as soon as the U.S. government publicly sets a date for total withdrawal: they will enter discussions to secure the release of all American prisoners, including pilots captured while bombing North Vietnam.
  3. There will be an immediate cease-fire between U.S. forces and those led by the Provisional Revolutionary Government of South Vietnam.
  4. They will enter discussions of the procedures to guarantee the safety of all withdrawing troops.
  5. The Americans pledge to end the imposition of Thieu-Ky-Khiem on the people of South Vietnam in order to insure their right to self-determination and so that all political prisoners can be released.
  6. The Vietnamese pledge to form a provisional coalition government to organize democratic elections. All parties agree to respect the results of elections in which all South Vietnamese can participate freely without the presence of any foreign troops.
  7. The South Vietnamese pledge to enter discussion of procedures to guarantee the safety and political freedom of those South Vietnamese who have collaborated with the U.S. or with the U.S.-supported regime.
  8. The Americans and Vietnamese agree to respect the independence, peace and neutrality of Laos and Cambodia in accord with the 1954 and 1962 Geneva conventions and not to interfere in the internal affairs of these two countries.
  9. Upon these points of agreement, we pledge to end the war and resolve all other questions in the spirit of self-determination and mutual respect for the independence and political freedom of the people of Vietnam and the United States.
- By ratifying the agreement, we pledge to take whatever actions are appropriate to implement the terms of this joint Treaty and to insure its acceptance by the government of the United States.

In ratifying this Treaty, I declare that I have made peace with the people of Indochina, and pledge to do everything possible to implement the Treaty.

Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
Occupation/School \_\_\_\_\_ Organization \_\_\_\_\_





## Nixon's Look at Justice

# BACKS CONVICTED KILLER...



In the last few days we've been watching a sick thing happen in the U.S. Lieutenant William Calley who, by his own admission in court, massacred unarmed and unresisting Vietnamese men, women and babies at My Lai, was court-martialed and found guilty of premeditated mass murder. Overnight Calley becomes an underdog hero to millions of Americans. "Free Calley" rallies and marches are held in cities and towns across America. "Free Calley" resolutions are introduced into state legislatures. President Nixon, who does not listen to the people's voice when it demands an end to the war, jumps on the bandwagon now and orders Calley released from the stockade. As Asians living in America, we identify with the Asian people who for the last ten years have been killed, burned and maimed by the American military machine in Indochina—and now massacred by one who claims that he was simply carrying out orders. We find this hysterical spectacle of making a murderer a martyr, this total inversion of human decency and justice, sick and sickening.

When we hear Calley's defense counsel tell the court, "This boy was a good boy until he got into that Oriental situation," we know exactly why the My Lai massacre occurred. My Lai was just a more recent instance in a long history of American atrocities in "Oriental situations." During the colonization of the Philippines in 1898, Americans massacred until the bones of dead Filipinos piled up like hills because it was an "Oriental situation." The atomic bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki—because it was an "Oriental situation." Free fire zones are declared in Indochina in which pilots are ordered to shoot at "anything that moves"—because that, too, is an "Oriental situation."

Not only are there "Oriental situations" but there are "nigger situations" and "Indian situations." They used to say, "The only good Indian is a dead Indian." Now they are saying, "The only good Gook is a dead Gook." The basic assumption has always been the same: killing of colored peoples have to be indiscriminate and massive, i.e. genocidal, because they all look alike and their lives are cheap, and it's better to "waste them," as Calley puts it, then to risk the precious life of one white man.

Those who defend Calley admit that Calley is guilty, but they protest, "Why single out Calley to punish?" What they mean is, white men have always got away with racist crimes before: the U.S. Army got away with massacring the Indians, the cops got away with murdering black people in the ghettos, other GIs got away with other My Lais in Indochina—why single out Calley now?

To this we reply, in repudiating Calley, we do not exonerate the others, not Captain Medina, not Colonel Henderson, not General Westmoreland, not the Pentagon. When we repudiate Calley, we mean to make a beginning now to reverse the shameful tradition of racist policies and genocidal wars of this country. If America had punished the first white man who murdered an Indian, or the first slave owner who murdered a black slave, America would have been a much different country today. In the case of Calley, the government of the U.S., by its cowardice in face of racist outcry, has completely abandoned any pretense of principle or responsibility. The hysteria over Calley can only be countered by a massive popular movement that will repudiate Calley, repudiate the Army brass, repudiate the war in Indochina, and repudiate the U.S. government that carries out so many racist and imperialist policies.

—Asian Political Alliance/Detroit, Michigan

As Asian Americans, we are alarmed at the public sentiment in this country against the Calley verdict. We are alarmed when a U.S. Congressman wishes to present a medal and citation for recognition of superior service to an officer who has been found guilty of slaughtering Asian women and children. For many of us, it is ironic that in 1946, when confirming the death sentence imposed by a U.S. military commission on General Yamashita during the war trials in Japan, General Douglas MacArthur, speaking for this country, said, "The soldier, be he friend or foe, is charged with the protection of the weak and unarmed. It is the very essence and reason for his being. When he violates this sacred trust, he not only profanes his entire cult, but threatens the very fabric of international society." Yet when it comes to criminal acts against the Asian people, many in this country now claim the innocence of a man who struck down the weak and unarmed.

We can only conclude with despair that many in this nation do not value Asian lives—that indeed this country, to which our ancestors came with hope and good faith, looks upon Asians as being less than human. We are struck with the realization that the anti-Asian sentiment that imprisoned Japanese Americans in detention camps during World War II, still exists in this country 30 years later. We were silent during those detention years—we did not protest. But we cannot, in all good conscience, be silent any longer. We appeal to our fellow Americans to reaffirm this nation's greatest tradition—belief in humanity for all people, whatever their color or origin. We cannot have a double standard—one for My Lai, another for Nuremberg and Tokyo.

All Americans have seen the pictures of the slaughtered women and children of My Lai. We will have lost some essential element of our humanity if these undeniable atrocities do not move us, if we can discount what we see because the victims are Asians from a foreign culture.

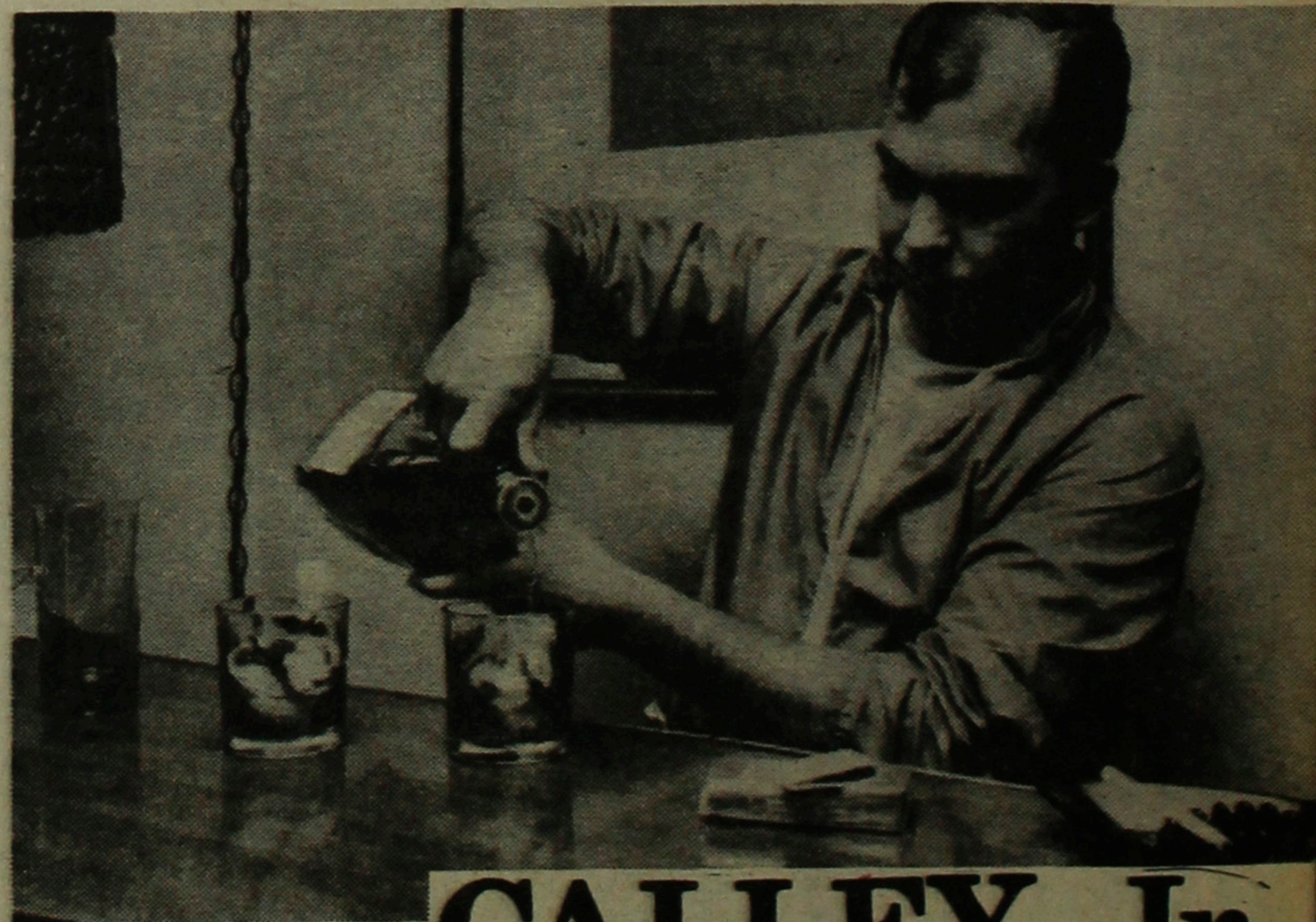
It appears that a large number of Americans believe that the conviction of Lt. Calley dishonors our American soldiers. Can anything be more dishonorable than the wanton slaughter of women and children? The Calley court martial jury comprised of men—themselves combat veterans of Vietnam—spoke for all of us when they branded Lt. Calley for what he is, a mass murderer—a man who violated basic precepts of morality and fundamental decency.

The effect of making Lt. Calley a hero will not only sap the honor and discipline of our Armed Forces, but it will seriously threaten our relations with other countries, particularly those in Asia. In a statement in the U.S. Senate on April 5, Senator Jacob Javits asked, "But what about its (the Calley case) impact upon the Vietnamese people—North as well as South—and the people of Asia and Africa and Latin America and upon the world community as a whole?" The effect of such an effort would not be lost on our friends from India and Japan. The belief that we—as a just and civilized people could countenance slaughter of innocent people as long as they are yellow, would do irreparable harm to our relations with nations around the world. My Lai is not an isolated incident. There have been other My Lais and other American soldiers responsible for similar atrocities in Vietnam. If the American people are true to their own traditions, they will condemn all such men, and if our legal system retains its sense of justice, it will prosecute them with the same sure sense of purpose it has shown with Lt. Calley.

More than the honor of the American Army, more than our international image is involved. Our honor as a nation is at stake. We cannot condone these outrages against the peoples of Asia and hope to call ourselves a civilized nation. As Asian Americans we stand for our country. We ask that it live up to its traditions of equality and humanity, and uphold the Calley verdict.

by Toyo Biddle, Washington D.C.

The nationally distributed press-release which appears above does not necessarily reflect the opinions of the Gidra staff.



## CALLEY Jr.



# NAM & U.S.M.C.

By Mike Nakayama, a Vietnam veteran

One by one we uncovered the bodies...a pregnant woman, half her face and torso torn away by shrapnel...a young boy whose head and shoulders were held together by a few threads of skin. By the end of our search for "weapons" and so-called "V.C. suspects," we found fifteen mutilated bodies, all women and young children. This was the fifth day of the first week I spent in Vietnam and the first of many similar experiences.

Lacking a political understanding of this war, I was unable to logically explain why I was there and contributing to these horrible crimes. This problem I feel is directly related to the alienation in the previous years of my life and frustrating attempts to escape the realities of this racist society.

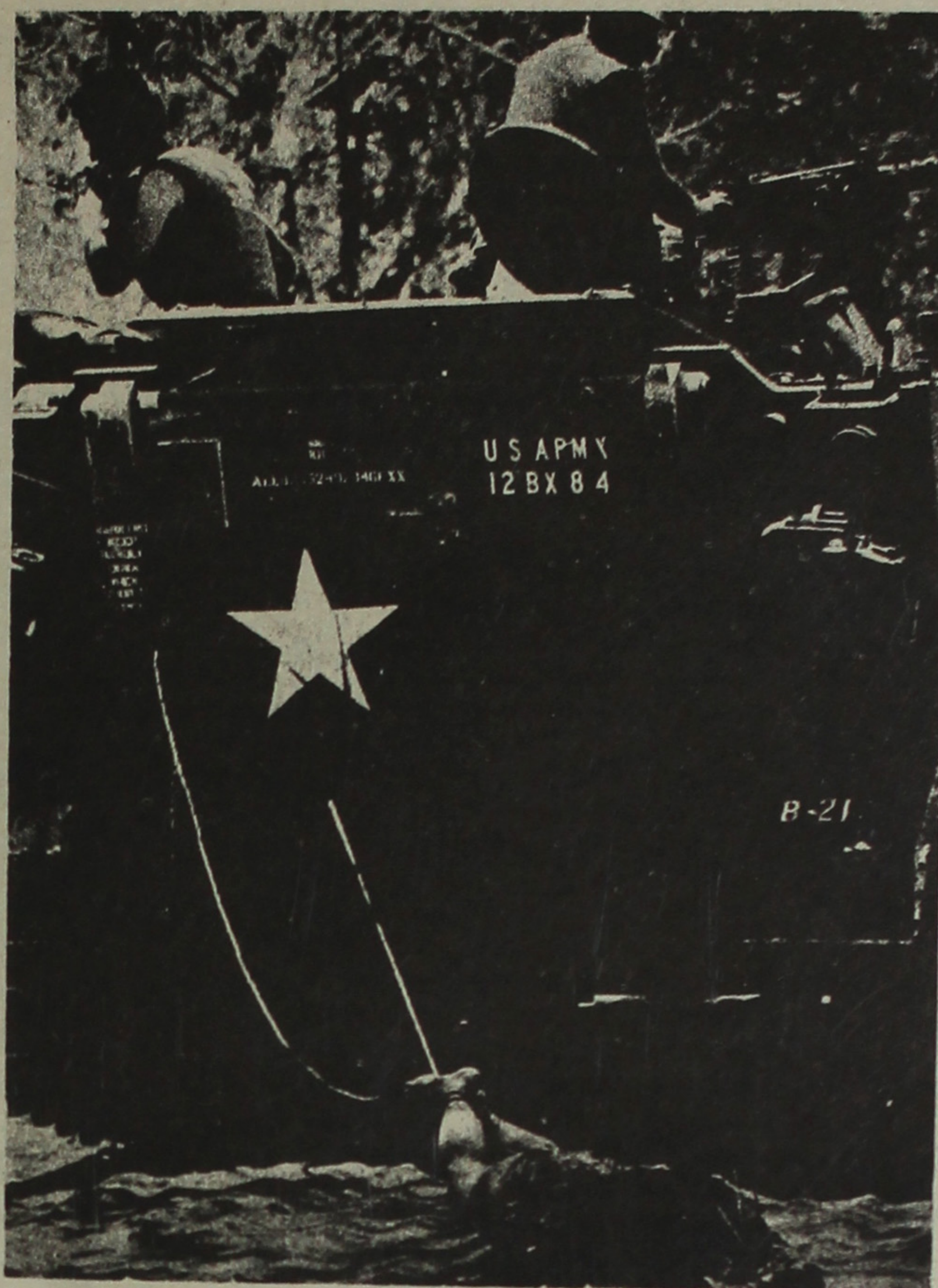
Born and raised in a large Asian and black community in Los Angeles, I resented the white dominant culture and ran with various groups of Asians and blacks. With time I became increasingly frustrated living the roles defined by society and rebelled in a self-destructive manner, using drugs and fighting with Asian street groups. This led to more personal problems with family and friends, and, combined with the pressures of school and the draft, I foolishly decided I could escape these problems in the military.

I quickly learned in U.S.M.C. boot camp that military training amplified the brainwashing of public schools and mass media. With a calculated twelve week schedule, recruits are physically tortured to the point of exhaustion and mentally harassed to destroy the will to question and resist. Their program is designed to produce human killing machines by creating a fear of and hate toward Asian people, with blind and instant obedience to orders.

Almost everyone was beaten at least once by the drill instructors, and in my case several times. Third World brothers were constantly beaten and harassed, one black brother almost died from a hanging and a Chicano brother was taken away in a straight jacket. From the first day to the last I was referred to as a "gook," "jap," "chink," etc., by the drill instructors. In classes, instructors called me "gook" and had me stand so the other recruits could see what the enemy looked like. They would emphasize the ridiculous idea that the Vietnamese have no regard for human life and because they are "uncivilized" and Communists, we must kill them to protect them and democracy. Stories of torture and inhuman treatment of U.S. POW's by the Vietnamese and other scare tactics were used to instill hatred and a sub-human perspective of "gooks."

Asian women were the subject of the drill instructor's one-sided jokes and stories. The women were clearly regarded as sexual objects for the pleasure of men, especially overseas servicemen. Stories of slanted vaginas, weird sexual practices and submissiveness were maintained by many G.I.'s who had never seen an Asian before and now believed us to be less than human.

After a total of twenty weeks of this bullshit, I was sent to Vietnam as a "trained killer" to halt the spread of Communism. After being assigned to my unit, I talked to a few G.I.'s who were combat veterans getting ready to leave for the states. One was worried about packing three souvenir ears he had cut off some dead NVA soldiers. Another said, "The only good gook is a dead



gook," and bragged of the eight personal kills which were recorded in his record book. They advised me to watch my back because I looked like a gook. Collecting ears was a past time of enlisted men and the officers. One of our commanding officers kept a jar full of ears which he proudly displayed on his desk. Before it was outlawed, enlisted men wore them on chains around their necks.

In the field, search and destroy missions were technically stopped, and replaced by systematically relocating the people from their homes and farms to strategic hamlets or concentration camps. The abandoned areas were called "free fire zones." No Vietnamese were allowed to leave their homes at night, but in the free fire zones, anything spotted moving day or night could be shot. Many of the people were forced to leave, but returned to plant and harvest their rice. An entire area of over fifteen square miles was made a free fire zone (near Da Nang) in which most of the people returned and became victims of U.S. bombings, artillery barrages, and infantry snipers.

Because the men and women had either been drafted into the South Vietnamese army or had joined the Liberation forces, there were only old men and women and young children left in the villages. During my first week in the field, our company was pinned down by about five sniper rounds from a village of about forty women and children. Our captain called in air strikes (bombs and rockets) and artillery and in minutes the village was completely leveled. We moved in and were ordered to find weapons and V.C. suspects. We found nothing but mutilated and burned bodies of no less than half the villagers. The rest were still buried in the bomb craters or completely blown away by the explosions. This was common practice of most infantry units in Vietnam, and this occurred regularly.

Very few prisoners were taken. The Vietnamese who survived their wounds were beaten and sometimes tortured. In helicopters, prisoners were forced to watch their comrades thrown out of the back door, falling hundreds of feet to their deaths. Some were tied and hung by ropes from the helicopters until they agreed to talk. Some were tortured by connecting electric generator wires to their ears, testicles and other vital parts of their bodies.

The last night I spent in the field, we were overrun by a large NLF force. Out of the twelve wounded, I was one of three emergency cases who are supposed to have priority for medical treatment. I was the last to be treated. When I asked what was taking them so long, the corpsman explained that he thought I was a "gook." They were treated last no matter how serious the wound.

These are only a few examples of the racist murder and torture that are standard operational procedure of the U.S. military in Vietnam. Over a million Vietnamese people have died as a result of these crimes. Forty-five percent of Vietnam's free forests have been destroyed by the chemical defoliants employed by the U.S., which is also the cause for the increasing number of deformed babies. This is a U.S. imperialist war against the people of Vietnam to exploit her mineral resources and enslave her population. The rich military, political and business elite who are controlling this war, have not only sent imperialist armies to Africa, Latin America, the Middle East, and Asia, but are exploiting Third World people here in the U.S. As the war continues to expand, we in the U.S. will be facing increasing armed repression in our own communities, for which we must be prepared.





# THINGS THAT HAPPEN AT X. MARKET

By Hien Trang

These are the sorts of things that happen almost every day at X. market near M. village. The following stories have been told to me by a woman cadre of the NLF who has been working in Huong Thuy district. She smiled and said, "Now, not only villages and hamlets, but even market places in the South have been turned into anti-U.S. fortresses."

X. market is situated in an enemy-controlled part of Huong Thuy district, Thua Thien province. It is no different from many rural markets in enemy-held areas in South Vietnam: tumble-down shacks rigged up with thatch and tar paper in which the peasants sell all kinds of handicraft items, as well as poultry, pigs, etc. The children run about, romping and shouting at the top of their voices. Among the crowds of buyers and sellers are secret agents, and police informers of the Saigon administration trying to get information on the guerillas and their activities. They try to hide their despicable identity under ordinary peasant clothes and innocent occupations, but quite often reveal their true colors through threats and plunder. And quite naturally, the people have devised effective ways to deal with them.

## DENUNCIATION MARKET

It was a few days after Saigon troops and militia came from the district to set up defensive positions at M. in order to protect Hue. As was their habit, they indulged in all kinds of looting, taking fruit, poultry and other property from the people. The villagers therefore decided to hold what they secretly called a "denunciation" market, i.e. a market where people who did not really trade in anything would come to sell various things they owned, complaining that these would be plundered by the troops anyway. They brought fruit not yet fully ripe, poultry not fully grown, tiny bamboo shoots, etc. Conversations of the following kind were heard at the market: "Why should you sell those tiny chicks? Let them grow up a little bit."—"If I don't sell them, they would be taken away by the ARVN soldiers!" The angry voice of the woman selling the chickens made a man standing by wince. Obviously, he was a police informer. Another peasant woman followed up with this remark: "Look at these tiny bamboo shoots! If I don't sell them, those ruffians would come and uproot them anyway."

And so the market was turned into a forum where the people angrily denounced the bad deeds of the Saigon troops and police: brutalities, rape, plunder... Popular indignation reached such a high pitch that secret agents and police informers often thought it wise to decamp.

## PROTECTING REVOLUTIONARIES

Sister A. was going to market to buy some supplies for the guerillas. It was a "denunciation" market so the police informers had thought it prudent to make themselves scarce. But popular vigilance did not relent.

As Sister A. was heading for Mrs. T.'s stall, an old woman bumped into her and was about to fall. As Sister A. caught her arm, the old woman said, "I'm sorry, my sight is so bad," and then in a whisper, "Don't go to Mrs. T.'s, there's a police spy on the lookout there." Sister A. smiled her thanks and thought to herself, "Your sight isn't so bad, Mother, that a spy could escape detection."

Only a few steps further, she crossed another woman peasant with a string of frogs who said just loud enough for her to hear, "There is a police agent at Mrs. Y.'s."

That was the way the people at the market gave protection to someone they knew was serving the revolution. As for the Saigon agents, those men "with human faces, but beastly hearts" could never escape the vigilant eyes of the people.

## DESTROYING AN AMERICAN VEHICLE WITH AN EMPTY CAN

As she left the market, an American jeep came up from behind at high speed. The driver was blowing the horn and caring little about the crowds thronging the road. People hastily stepped aside for safety. Many could easily have been injured or killed. As Sister A. muttered an angry remark, a girl walking beside her cursed aloud and threw an empty can onto the road. The driver, thinking it was a grenade tossed by a guerilla, was so panic-stricken that he made an abrupt turn and ran his vehicle against a wall. Two Americans were killed in the crash.

The girl laughed and said, "It worked as efficiently as a grenade from a guerilla, don't you think? Then she quickly made off. Her face seemed familiar to Sister A. but it took her a few steps further on before she could place her. "Oh, I remember now," she thought to herself, "she is V... a guerilla."

## KILLING AMERICAN AGGRESSORS

In an inn, two GIs were having alcoholic drinks. They had unbuttoned their shirts and their faces were red. Mrs. C., who was passing by, told her companion to stay and keep watch while she went to inform the guerillas.

A moment later, three guerillas turned up. Shots rang out. The two Yanks collapsed. The guerillas took their guns and easily escaped in the ensuing stampede. Saigon troops and police rushed about, firing wild shots and making frantic searches, but all was in vain.

## THE TRAP

Before going to market, Sister Q. went to meet the guerillas. "I've got a rendez-vous with a district policeman I'll take him to Mr. C.'s. You can lay an ambush there."

That day, she spruced herself up with particular care: a flowing silk gown, rouged cheeks and painted lips. The policeman was waiting near a stall. Sister Q. came up to him and whispered, "Please come with me to my uncle's. If the Viet Cong learn that we are friends, they'll cut my throat!"

The policeman nodded and followed her, ogling her fine figure sheathed in the flowing silk gown. "She'll soon be mine," he thought happily. More happily still, he hoped to turn her into an informer who would help him catch a lot of Viet Cong.

But only minutes later, he was a prisoner in the hands of the guerillas. Bound hand and foot, he was dumped into a sampan and taken upstream to a liberated area. The woman standing in the stern and pushing the boat with a pole was none other than Sister Q., now clad in the black *ba-ba* peasant clothes.

Reprinted from *Women of Vietnam*, 1971, No. 1





# UT TICH'S ADOPTED SISTER

By Minh Ha

I picked my way along the wharves. Tractors, trailers, cranes, forklifts, and other vehicles jammed the lanes laden with steel beams, crates, bags of sugar, or cement. Horns honked, whistles blew, dockers shouted to each other. It was an indescribably animated scene. I asked a docker where I could find a woman named Thuoc. "The Ut Tich team of women tractor drivers is loading its trailers at Pier Seven. The license plate of Thuoc, the team leader, bears the number BTC 059," thus came the reply to my question.

I came to Pier Seven. The 10,000 ton Cuban cargo ship, G. Lines, had just berthed. Derricks were loading heavy bags of sugar onto trailers as dextrously as human arms. Lorries and trailers were waiting along the wharf. A green-painted Zetor tractor was chugging back and forth, helping other tractors to start their engines. It bore the number BTC 059. Its driver, a young girl with permed hair, was sticking her head through the window, and smiling at some dockers. She harnessed her tractor to heavily-laden trailers and was about to drive away. I came up to her, introduced myself, and sat next to her in the cab.

Thuoc drove her string of vehicles along the meandering lanes of the harbor, looking back from time to time to make sure the goods were all right. When crossing railway-tracks or driving over bumps and pot-holes, she was careful to reduce speed and avoid brutal jerks.

"A difficult job, isn't it?" I said. "How long did it take you to learn the ropes?" "Well, it sure was not easy," she answered. "The day I began work on the wharves, I was scared to death—the lanes were narrow, with lots of curves and small bridges. Traffic was so heavy, an accident could happen so easily."

She paused and reminisced, "When I was at driving school, we drove light tractors over good roads. But now it's another pair of shoes. We girls are not very strong. During the years of American air raids, we often worked at night. Our trailers were heavily laden, and the lanes were poorly lit. It was truly hard work. Sometimes the tractors broke down with all kinds of troubles—ignition trouble, engine failure, carburetor out of order, etc. Also, trailers would brush against each other causing the goods to fall all over the place. But we stood fast. Our team bears the name of Sister Ut Tich, heroine of the South."

Pride flashed in her eyes. She added, "In 1967, an all-woman team was formed. At first, it was not smooth sailing. Many of us were hampered by a kind of inferiority complex—no one knew much about labor management, engine maintenance, or especially leadership work.

"Besides, there were all kinds of individual idiosyncrasies. However, we strove to learn from the example of Sister Ut Tich, a mother of six. Even with a family, she fought well as a guerilla and did highly effective political work. Even when several months pregnant, she did not hesitate to participate in the assault on an enemy post! Ut Tich's example moved us to do our utmost to fulfill the targets of the plan."

For Thuoc, there was an additional stimulant. She was a native of Thai Binh, a province in the North which had entered into sworn brotherhood with Tra Vinh, the province in the South where Ut Tich was born, grew up, and achieved many of her exploits. And so Thuoc considered herself the adopted sister of the southern heroine and strove to be worthy of her. Gradually, she attained higher and higher work output.

She used to come to work one hour before schedule, and spend it observing skilled drivers at work or asking them questions about engine maintenance, repair, and driving. Even when they were tired out by long spells of work, the senior drivers never withheld their advice.

Once Thuoc had a wonderful idea. Drivers used to let their engines run idle while loading because diesel engines are difficult to start again if stopped. It was a big waste of fuel. So, Thuoc proposed that only one engine be left running and then be used to help the other tractors start when the loading was done. Tons of fuel was thus saved over a few years. Now, all teams have adopted her innovation.

Thuoc is now capable of driving not only light Zetor tractors, but also much heavier Bielorus engines. She can take care of all kinds of engines, ignition, or carburetor trouble. She is admired by all for her efficiency and readiness to come forward for all difficult assignments. The entire Ut Tich team has been praised for high output and efficient style of work, and this is due largely to Thuoc's contributions.

For the past three years, the team has earned the title of "Socialist Labor Team" and repeatedly overfulfilled the targets of the plan. It has been commended for comradely feelings among its members, perfect equipment maintenance, and total absence of accidents and waste.

For the last quarter, in the emulation movement to act upon President Ho's Testament, the team has overfulfilled the plan by fifteen percent. Thuoc personally did it by thirty percent.



Photograph from Wild Flower

Even when working on a night shift, the team as a whole always comes to work one hour before schedule and uses the time for control and maintenance. A rational division of task is ensured by taking individual cases into consideration—lighter assignments are given to those with babies or weaker constitutions. Thuoc always takes on the more difficult jobs and the longer trips because, she says, she is young and unmarried. Besides, she thinks to herself, "Compared with the hardships undergone by fighters at the front, work in the rear can never be considered too hard." And so for the last quarter, an extra

500 tons of goods have been moved, and the plan overfulfilled by fifteen percent.

From these successes, in 1971 the Ut Tich team will certainly record new achievements. I look at the eight bright Zetor tractors standing in a line, bright, clean and tidy, their green paint flashing in the sun. Each carries a small pennant awarded by the emulation committee of the harbor for high efficiency and good maintenance. Their drivers, looking healthy and confident, remind one of the women gunners of the southern liberation forces.

Reprinted from *Women of Vietnam*, 1971, No. 1



# Native Land

This is just one story, written by a South Vietnamese author, that reflects the life, the struggle, and the spirit of the people of Vietnam.

It was then about the twenty-third of the twelfth moon. The year of the Dragon was drawing near. Dinh, the editor-in-chief of the provincial paper told me:

"What about your going to Xeo Duoc? The 'strategic hamlet' there had been destroyed. You may perhaps write a story about the first New Year's Day spent by the people after breaking loose from the enemy's grip. By the way, you can settle everything about the boat..."

The following day, I prepared for the trip, my heart full of expectations. So Xeo Duoc had been liberated. I would meet there old acquaintances, men and women I had known during many years of common, arduous struggle. Professional habits evoked in my mind things I thought I was going to see there: peasants returning to their homes, claspings the stumps of trees felled by the enemy and crying; earth walls surrounding the 'strategic hamlet' being razed to the ground; heaps of barbed wire coils; and the splash of oars in the river... somehow I had always felt that a report about the freedom recovered could not do without those details.

As to the boat, well, that was an old story. We had often thought of it, Dinh and I, for years ago we had borrowed a boat from the Xeo Duoc people and had no opportunity to bring it back.

That year, the situation at Xeo Duoc was very tense. We had been living in the hamlet, but now this was no longer possible as a "rural self-defence corps" had been organized by the enemy and its members started looking for "Viet Cong" everywhere. So we left the place and went into the jungle with an old radio set and a no less dilapidated mimeograph. We fed mainly on *vop*, a kind of mollusc we caught in the brooks, and were busy all day copying and printing news. Five or six months later, towards the end of the twelfth moon of the year 1959, we received an order to move to another region so as to set up a publishing organ. The message said a boat would be waiting for us that night at a river-side. So we carried our all on our backs and slogged our way through muddy jungle paths to the bank of the river. Both of us were drenched to the skin. We slipped into a thicket and waited. One hour passed, then another without any sign of a boat coming. We felt anxious. The only way to travel in this region was by river, and the assignment was urgent. It was then the 30th of the twelfth moon, the eve of the Lunar New Year. We crawled back and forth along the river bank. At last, Dinh said, "Something bad must have happened to the comrade who was to take us away." "Maybe, but we should stay on and wait..."

A cold mist was falling. The place was deserted and silent. It was so dark that we could not even see our hands. In spite of our strong desire to have a smoke, we did not dare to light a cigarette; and whenever a mosquito bit either of us, he would try to kill it by as gentle a slap as possible. From the thicket we fixed our eyes on the river. After a moment, Dinh said, "Perhaps we should try to borrow a boat from someone in the hamlet."

I agreed and volunteered to go. Dinh said, "Be careful. It's not the moment to get killed or caught."

Holding a grenade in my hand, I slipped out of the thicket. The first man I thought of going to was Uncle Tam whose family had remained faithful to the Revolution even in the darkest days. Uncle Tam was nearing seventy, but he was still quite healthy and strong. He was the only man in Xeo Duoc to grow his hair long in the old style. He had settled at the place which was to become Xeo Duoc at a time when wild boars' droppings were found right inside the huts of the first settlers, when tigers lay in wait for men, and the birds that used to follow them uttered their strange cries in the dead of night: "Boong...boong...kroi...kroi..." The old man was, without any exaggeration, a living annal of this Lower U Minh region. He was a wonderful hunter, endowed with such a sharp sense of smelling that, it was said, he needed only to smell the water of the brook in the morning to know whether any boar or fox had come to drink during the night. Just looking at him called up in my mind images of jungle, mangrove, sea water and fertile soil.

When I reached old Tam's mooring place, there was indeed a boat there, complete with oars. I was about to go to his house when I heard dogs barking furiously, hurried footsteps, then Uncle Tam's voice, "Who's there?" I answered softly, "It's me."

Uncle Tam hugged me in the dark. He said that a "rural self-defence" squad on patrol duty had just passed by. I told him the fix we were in and asked him to lend us his boat. He agreed right away.

I returned to the boat. Unfortunately for me, it was attached not with a rope, but an iron chain, which clanked loudly when lifted. Just at that moment I heard several people's footsteps, then Uncle Tam's cough. Trouble was ahead. I grasped the chain fast and held my breath, my heart beating wildly. When the "rural self-defence" squad had passed, I untied the chain, making as little noise as possible. Then I pulled the boat out and headed for the place where Dinh was waiting.

That night, just on the eve of the New Year, Dinh and I left Xeo Duoc in Uncle Tam's boat. On our way, as we were looking for some rope, we found big glutinous rice cakes and two packets of first-class tea, well hidden under a plank. The cakes were still warm, a proof that they had been cooked not long ago. We were quite surprised on finding them, and surmised that Uncle Tam had intended to give them to some relative.



We could not bring the boat back to its owner. Preparations for local insurrections took up much of our time, and then the enemy's grip tightened on Xeo Duoc, around which several more posts were set up. Soon, it was turned into a 'strategic hamlet.'

Now I was on my way back to Xeo Duoc which I reached on the 30th of the twelfth moon. There was an atmosphere of great animation. Along the banks of the river, women were washing bowls and cups, talking and laughing. Children were dancing and singing in little groups. In the twilight people were busy at work in a small vermicelli hand mill. Smoke rose from the roofs of the cottages. I saw barbed wire, not in coils and heaps, but in fences surrounding the whole village. Even the walls and ramparts were still there. But a sign was planted on the bank, which read: "Determined to defend our village!" I said to myself, "The 'strategic hamlet' is now serving quite a different purpose..."

Night was falling. Reflections of kitchen fires were dancing on the roofs. "People must have finished cooking their glutinous rice cakes for the Tet (the Lunar New Year's Day) festival!" I thought.

Although it was quite dark, I had no difficulty finding Uncle Tam's mooring place. But now an earth wall had been built on the bank, with four gunslits. Only a small passage had been left through the barbed wire entanglements. I steered my boat ashore and bound it. The iron chain in my hands clanked loudly, but I didn't care. The only result of the noise would be to inform Uncle Tam of a visit. Freedom had become something quite concrete, something that could be grasped by the senses, like the clanking of an iron boat-chain. The same acute consciousness of freedom was felt as I walked along the footpath leading towards Uncle Tam's house, where the enemy used to go on their rounds.

The first man I met was not the old man himself, but his son, Hai Can, and some of the guerillas. They were sitting on the wooden plank bed in the middle of the house, eating and drinking. Their guns were stacked nearby.

I stepped in. They looked up, but they didn't recognize me. Then Hai Can cried out, jumped down and clasped my shoulders. He looked at me with bewildered eyes and said, "Heaven! It's Bay..."

"Yes, it's me, Brother Hai."

"It's been several years since you left Xeo Duoc! Where did you go then?"

"To work, of course. How is everyone? Where's Uncle Tam?"

"My father," Hai Can stopped. Then he added abruptly, "He's dead."

I stood dumbfounded. Without a word he took my hand and drew me to the plank bed, as if to invite me to take a seat. One of the guerillas said, "We'll talk about the old days later. Now, let's enjoy a few more drinks."

I sat down. Now I recognized them. The one who had just spoken was Tu Duong. In the old days, he had been a member of the enemy's "rural self-defence" squad. Once, on a raid on our base, he stepped right on a hole where I was hiding. He bent down, covered it with branches and leaves and whispered, "Keep still, man." I had also known all the others who were there. Most of them had run after us with sticks in their hands, but in fact had been our most efficient bodyguards. At the time, the village had been plunged into the darkness of oppression. Now it was a fighting village and those men were guerillas defending it. They handed me a glass of wine, and I could see that Xeo Duoc rice wine was as crystal clear as ever. Looking at the little bubbles that rose from the bottom of my cup, I sadly thought of Uncle Tam. How he died, no one had told me yet. Then someone said, "Empty your glass, Bay."



# Native Land...

I drank my wine in small sips. When I finished, they wanted to pour me some more.

"It's enough, thank you. I have to go now..."

"Where? It's Tet!"

Eagerly and persistently, Hai Can said, "Stay overnight. I'll tell you the story."

The drinking didn't last very long. Soon, the guerillas were gone with their guns. Hai Can's wife brought us some rice and told her husband, "I'm going to a women's meeting. We'll talk about what we'll do tomorrow when we take some delicacies to the Liberation army men."

I asked Hai Can about his father's death. He didn't speak right away. After a moment of thoughtful silence, he began slowly:

"The night you came to borrow the boat, Father had thought of bringing you some cakes and tea, for the Tet festival. When evening came, he took four of the cakes that my wife had just cooked and hid them in the boat, but he couldn't go, because the guards' rounds succeeded each other almost continuously..."

"Oh, yes, the cakes were still warm when we found them. Brother Hai, we were really to blame. Today, I...I bring back the boat."

Hai Can said nothing. When he looked up, his eyes were red with tears. Then he said, paying no attention to the question of the boat:

"My father died last year. At that time, they were herding the people into the 'strategic hamlet.' But nobody wanted to go. Our house, being here, right at the entrance to the hamlet, the soldiers always came here first. But my father always found a pretext to refuse. He said, 'If we give way, the other villagers will, too.' As we didn't budge, the whole village also refused to budge. The soldiers grew tired of that continuous quarrel. When they first came, my father told them, 'We are just like you. We don't want to move from our place. So don't insist. I won't go.' The next time they came, they threatened to bring the house down. My father took a machete and planted it right in the middle of the house. 'Look,' he said, 'I am talking seriously. Any of you, young brothers, who dares to lay a finger on a straw of my roof, I'll cut you down!'"

He talked in a calm voice, addressing the soldiers as his 'young brothers.' None of them dared to lay a finger on the house. Finally, they went to the house of our neighbor, Mrs. Sau, a widow. But she too refused. They threatened to set her house afire. She sat with her little children in the middle of the house, saying, "Set us afire, too!"

The soldier who had a firebrand in his hand threw it down not knowing what to do. The district chief at Song Doc was furious. He dismissed the commander of the Xeo Duoc post and appointed another one, a ruffian named Dom. The day he arrived, Dom said, "What would happen to me if I couldn't pen up those people?"

The following day, he took his soldiers along and came to our village. My father sat waiting for them on this very plank bed. I knew Dom to be very cruel, so I hid an axe behind the door panel and stood by my father. Of course, they stopped at our house first. Hardly had he set foot on our yard when Dom fired a shot from his Colt. Then he shouted, "Who is the owner of this house?"

"Me!" said my father.

The post commander went right in. He eyed my father and myself up and down, waved his pistol at us and asked, "You are, are you? You know what I've come here for, don't you?"

"Fine, but wait a bit."

Dom thought my father was cowering, so he looked at his men, winked and sat cross-legged on the bed. He lighted a cigarette and said, "Good, take your things with you. Have you got a boat?"

"Yes, I have."

But my father wasn't going to collect his things, nor did he go and get his boat ready. He opened the wardrobe and took out his black silk gown, which he wore only on our ancestors' anniversary days. He slowly put it on. He went about it very carefully, straightened every wrinkle on the silk. Then he loosened his long hair, which had been done in a knot. The soldiers watched in surprise, but my father didn't pay any attention to them. His whole mind was on what he was doing. When he finished, he took a few joss-sticks and told me, "Light the altar."

I shivered and did what I was told. My hands were trembling. My father lighted the joss-sticks, and clasping them in his hands, knelt down before the altar:

"O souls of my ancestors," he murmured, "and of revolutionary martyrs, this land and house have been given to me by you, my forefathers, and also by the Revolution. Now they want to force me out, but I won't let them. I would rather die. I bow my head to you and ask you to be my witness..."

"Shut up!" the post commander shouted. The scene had become too eerie for his nerves. But my father had finished. He stepped towards the corner of the room, seized his machete, turned around, and began walking towards Dom.

"Now I have finished. What do you want from me?"

The post commander grew pale. Without a word, he pointed his pistol at my father, who at once pointed his machete at him. I grasped the axe hidden behind the door panel; the soldiers cocked their rifles. My father slowly walked on, the post commander retreating before him. Dom's hands were trembling violently. Suddenly, his gun crashed, and blood started trickling down my father's face. Covering his face with one hand, he kept stumbling forward. At a point, Dom turned and broke into a run. But I wouldn't let him: I let fly my axe which hit him behind the neck. He fell flat on his belly with a shriek.

Hai Can stopped and poured himself a drink, the wine spilling over the brim of his glass. Then he rested his empty glass on the bed with a sharp gesture, and looked out into the night. His shadow on the wall remained motionless for a long time. I asked in a low voice:

"And the soldiers...did they shoot?"

Hai Can shook his head.

"No, they didn't. Nor did I attack them. I threw away my axe and walked towards my father. But he had collapsed and died. A soldier took my father's machete and handed it to me, saying, 'Go away. We'll fix things up.' I looked at him in surprise, but two other soldiers also urged me, 'Flee!' Then they carried my father to the wall and leaned him against it. One took the axe and laid it beside him. I understood in a flash, seized the machete and dashed out. When I had gotten some distance away, I heard the soldiers shout, 'The old bastard has cut the lieutenant down!'"

I was arrested only a month later. But no one, except the soldiers, knew it was I who had killed the post commander. When I was released, the whole village had been penned up behind barbed wire. After my father's death, nobody had agreed to move away, so they had come with barbed wire and turned the village into a strategic hamlet on the same site. For nearly a year, it was a continuous struggle. At times, they had to send in a whole company. Finally...

Here Hai Can paused and asked me, "Do you know how we destroyed the strategic hamlet?"

"Not in detail."

Hai Can laughed. "We went about it in a rather unusual way. We did it in broad daylight."

"In broad daylight?" I asked in surprise.

"Yes," Hai Can nodded. "That increased the pleasure!" Besides, we couldn't otherwise have the 'forces' participate.

"The forces? What forces?"

"The Liberation forces, of course. Here, you know, if one wants to destroy a strategic hamlet, one must at the same time knock down the military post. So we asked the regional Liberation troops to give us a hand. The most difficult thing was to hide them in the hamlet."

"Hide them in the hamlet?"

"Why of course. That was not difficult, after all. Every family we contacted readily agreed. They said, 'Alright, but you must knock them down for good.'"

I said, "Of course. We'll knock them down for good."

Then they said, "If this is so, we'll hide the Liberation troops inside our very mosquito nets. After they have done away with the soldiers, we'll destroy the hamlet."

That night, we introduced Liberation troops into the hamlets. The following morning, as soon as the puppet soldiers got out of their blockhouse and wandered about in the hamlet, our troops dashed out of the nets and shot them down. They died like flies in the village lanes: none could take refuge in the post. The few that had remained there surrendered. The post was razed to the ground, but the strategic hamlet was left as it was. Now it serves our purposes, not theirs."

Hai Can had ceased talking, but for a long while it seemed as though I continued to hear guns crashing, the puppet soldiers screaming, and Uncle Tam's eerie voice:

"O souls of my ancestors, and of revolutionary martyrs! The land and soil has been given to me by you, my forefathers, and also by the Revolution..."

I felt as though the soil under my feet was warm and quaking and in my mind's eye, I saw puddles of blood. When I turned, Hai Can was no longer sitting by my side. He was kneeling before the altar, where his father knelt. The smell of joss-sticks floated in the air.

The New Year was coming.







# Pak Jung Hi: Colonial Lord

In the old days, when an imperialist nation occupied a colony, a direct rule with colonial governor and troops was established. Thus, when the British occupied America, colonial governors came from Britain. With the rising tides of national independence in the 1750's and '60's, British troops, called "lobster-backs" or red coats" by America's rebellious subjects, came to America to maintain the peace. The situation was the same in Asia when Japan became the first Asian nation to adopt capitalism and colonialism as economic and political systems. Japanese imperialism attempted to colonize much of Asia and the Asian peoples by direct military and political occupation from the 1890's until 1945. The most brutal and direct colonial rule was established in Korea which the Japanese imperialists attempted to make a "province" in 1905.

Since World War II, however, colonialism has changed its face and become a little more subtle. Now, instead of direct rule with mother-country troops, the new-style new-colonialists use puppet troops and puppet administrators who still rule for the general good of the mother-country, but whose language and looks come from the colonized territories. Now, instead of an American governor, Saigon has Thieu and Ky. Now, instead of an American governor, the Korean people are faced with Pak Jung Hi.

The interesting thing about Pak Jung Hi is that his life has managed to span both types of colonialism. And under both new and old colonialism, he has managed to serve the best interests of the colonizers, not those of the Korean people.

Colonialism means that the future of the colonized people lies in the hands of another nation. It means that the economy of the colonized country lies in the hands of another nation. It means, worst of all, enslavement and humiliation for a people unable to determine their own destiny. Throughout his life, Pak Jung Hi (known as Chung Hee Park in the U.S.) has shown his contempt for his own people by never struggling for the independence of Korea against the old-style Japanese colonialists or the new-style American colonialists. Instead, he served both the Japanese and now the U.S. as an instrument of their policies against the Korean people.

Pak Jung Hi was born in 1917, the son of a man who was promoted to county chief after serving the Japanese "meritoriously"—by bloodily suppressing the Tonghak Insurrection.

In 1939, Pak Jung Hi showed his true colors by changing his name to Minoru Okamoto even while other patriotic Koreans were being burned to death and tortured by the Japanese for struggling for the independence of Korea. At that time, Pak Jung Hi was a school teacher at Mungyong Primary school. In 1940, using his Japanese name, he applied to the Japanese military Academy in Manchuria—a province of China which had been occupied by Japan in 1931 and renamed Manchukuo. Included in the application was a pledge of loyalty to the Japanese emperor written in his own blood.

After graduating from the academy an "outstanding student," Pak Jung Hi attended further military training in Japan. He did so well that he was called a "special class Japanese" by a Japanese colonel. Witnesses to that period of his life comment on how fervently loyal Pak Jung Hi was to the emperor of Japan and to the idea of the Great East Asian Co-Prosperity Sphere—Japan's idea of colonial domination of all East Asia.

Pak Jung Hi was then commissioned as a second Lieutenant in the Japanese Manchurian Army. Commanding a unit of Japanese infantry which combined Japanese and forcible drafted Korean men, Pak Jung Hi continued to act as a complete lackey of the Japanese by burning villages, killing revolutionaries and patriots trying to free Manchuria and Korea from Japanese rule, and committing countless murders and atrocities against innocent villagers. In short, he acted as all imperialist military puppets have acted against the people they are sent to oppress.

When the Japanese were defeated, Pak Jung Hi merely changed his master. The head of the Japanese imperial military's intelligence organization was absorbed into General MacArthur's occupation staff in Japan. This intelligence information was used to recruit officers and staff for U.S. purposes in Asia. Among other things, Japanese imperial officers and staff, including Pak Jung Hi, were sent to work in Chiang Kai-shek's forces fighting Chairman Mao's revolutionary forces in China.

Later in 1946, Pak Jung Hi served as an informer and spy for U.S. intelligence by infiltrating the South Korean Workers' Party. The however, lasted for only a short time as U.S. neo-colonialist rule became consolidated in South Korea and the need for finding indirect rulers and military officers became more important to the U.S. than finding spies. In late 1946, Pak Jung Hi attended the Republic of Korea puppet military academy for three months. He then began a rapid rise through the hierarchy of the ROK military.

In 1948, Pak Jung Hi extended his piggish life to include another pig—a woman whose family had also been traitorous to the Korean people. Yuk Yong Su was the daughter of a man who served with the Korean CIA until his death in 1965. She, herself, served the U.S. military intelligence high command by spying on her school-mates. She sent her information through a Captain Johnson, serving him at the same time as his concubine.

Pak Jung Hi seized an opportunity to win even greater trust from the U.S. in 1948. He revealed to them the names of ROK army progressive officers and men, and the names of those he had contact with during his infiltration into the South Korean Workers' Party. As a consequence, the people's uprising and simultaneous ROK mutiny on Cheju Island were suppressed, and the hundreds of Koreans struggling to get rid of the U.S. were killed and imprisoned. Pak Jung Hi, in a ruse planned by the U.S. military intelligence, was also arrested and stories were spread about his supposed involvement in the mutiny, but one need only look at the transcript of the trial of seventy-two officers to see that Pak Jung Hi was an informer who gave information about the others. At one point, the prosecutor said, "The crimes of seventy-two officers are exposed in this statement of Pak Jung Hi. May I read the statement?" The judge replied, "No, the statement is a secret document. Present it to the court as it is."

For the next decade, Pak Jung Hi rose through the ranks of the ROK military. In 1954, he received special training at the Army Gunnery School at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. During these years, the U.S. had other puppets to run the government of South Korea for them. Sygman Rhee was one of them. Rhee, however, was brutal and inept. Massive demonstrations by students and even reformist politicians culminated on April 19, 1960, with Sygman Rhee being thrown out of office and a spineless fool named Jang Myon being installed in his place. The students and other progressive elements kept up their demonstrations for unification of the country and the total withdrawal of U.S. troops. Consequently, the U.S. had to look for a puppet who would be merciless in suppressing all Koreans and Korean organizations which would oppose the continuing influence of U.S. policies and troops.

On May 16, 1961, Pak Jung Hi reached the highest level of his career as puppet and lackey to the colonizers of his own country. The United States CIA, together with an ROK puppet army trained and equipped by the U.S. put Pak Jung Hi into power with a midnight coup d'état. There followed a long series of bloody suppressions of all elements of the people who opposed him. In ten days, 23 political parties, 238 public organizations, and more than 900 press organs were banned or disbanded. In a month, Pak Jung Hi's new regime had imprisoned more than 100,000 people, including reformists and those affiliated with the Central Council for Independence.

The CIA's role was made very clear on May 3, 1964 when Allen Dulles, head of the U.S. CIA said, "The biggest success in the overseas activities of the CIA during my tenure of office was the military revolution in the Republic of Korea. The Jang Myon regime supported by some U.S. leaders was corrupt and ignored the expectation of the masses that had overturned the Sygman Rhee government. A dangerous situation was being created. If the United States had looked on with folded arms, the masses might have supported the rebels that called for the unification of the north and the south."

Since the coup, Pak Jung Hi has spent a good deal of time courting favor with U.S. and Japanese economic interests for his own pocket. A British magazine called *Eastern World* says that Pak Jung Hi, within 21 months of the coup, had already saved more than \$5 million in various banks in the U.S. and other countries. Kim Jong Pil, the number two man of the puppet regime, is also reported to have accumulated as much.

Pak Jung Hi's regime has also been responsible for building South Korea into a neo-colony in other than political respects. The South Korean economy is almost completely dependent on Japanese and United States capital and imported raw materials. The foreign debt of South Korea now exceeds 10,000 won per capita of the entire population. Recently, six of Japan's worst polluting companies moved to South Korea where public pressure against their pollution can be stifled by direct police control.

In order to maintain control, the ROK army now numbers over 700,000 men, making it the fourth largest army in the world. There are also over 50,000 U.S. troops stationed there. Pak Jung Hi also sent more than 50,000 ROK troops to Vietnam.

But in spite of the massive repression of the Pak Jung Hi regime against Korean people and especially against Korean youth, signs are beginning to appear which make it seem certain that the winds of change blow even in Korea. Recently, acts of guerilla armed struggle have appeared in the Korean press. U.S. military supply trains are being sabotaged and weapons and ammunition taken. Police are being shot or waylaid and their firearms taken. The Revolutionary Party for Unification, an underground organization, put out a manifesto and program less than two years ago. And most of all, the young people, their elders having thrown Sygman Rhee out of office, have once again taken up banners to oppose the continuing foreign intervention into their national affairs.

Who has the right to choose the leader of Korea? The CIA? Or shall the Korean people among themselves determine their own destiny? Certainly, the Korean people cannot decide the future of their nation as long as someone like Pak Jung Hi remains in power.

**Death to Pak Jung Hi and the puppets!**

**Self-determination for the Korean people!**

Editor's note: On April 26th, an informational picket was held outside of the South Korean consulate in Los Angeles. The *Gidra* staff would also like to extend their apologies to all for the blaring and inexcusable error made in the April, 1971 issue. The statement of support with our Korean brothers and sisters, at the bottom of page six, should have read: "We stand in support of those fighting against the re-election of Pak Jung Hi."

BY PAT SUMI



# -NAM-

## Chemical Warfare



The following is a French translation of a resolution made at the International Meeting of Scientists on Chemical Warfare in Vietnam which was held in Orsay, France.

This international conference of scientists from fourteen countries organized under the auspices of the World Federation of Scientific Workers, meeting at Orsay on the 12th December, 1970, has enquired into the new information concerning the extent of the chemical warfare carried out by the armed forces of the United States against the people of Indo-China.

The use of these products has increased since 1961 in spite of world-wide protests. Among these chemicals are defoliants and herbicides, particularly 2-4-D and 2-4-5-T (this last contains the very toxic, dioxine), and toxic gases.

The defoliants and herbicides are used in very much greater concentrations than those used in agriculture and in conditions such that their effects go far beyond those hoped for in agriculture.

There is available to-day proof that the defoliants and herbicides have direct effects on the population and the fauna. We have reason to think that exposure to defoliants can lead to disorders and genetic lesions.

Experiments on animals in the laboratory have categorically proved that 2-4-D and 2-4-5-T and dioxine lead to the production of monsters and are capable of causing genetic changes that are inherited.

The first clinical observations presented by the Vietnamese doctors point to a direct relationship between exposure to defoliants and grave consequences - not yet evaluated - to which this type of war exposes the present and future generations.

The proof of the direct effects of the defoliants on living plants, on forests and on all vegetation is undeniable. It leads to widespread famine and suffering in the civil population whose way of life is seriously upset. The long-term effects lead to widespread destruction, which can be irreversible, of the ecology, the soil and the climate of vast regions of Viet Nam.

Concerning poisonous gases, it is evident that the way in which they have been used in Viet Nam has led to long-term toxic effects. Their capacity to kill is well proved by the number of victims killed by these means.

There is no doubt that the armed forces of the United States use Viet Nam as a laboratory for chemical warfare, which is all the more useful to them because it is undertaken against a population which is essentially agricultural.

The volume of human loss, the widespread destruction of nature, lead us to the conclusion that we are not only faced with genocide but also biocide.

We, the participants of the conference, reaffirm our conviction that the use of these products constitutes a flagrant violation of the rules formulated in the Geneva Protocol of 1925 and ratified by the Resolution of the 15th of December, 1969, of the United Nations Organization over the protests of the Nixon Government in this matter.

## Prison Torture

The persecution, repression and slaying of Vietnamese patriots and peace-loving people are one of the main measures used by the U.S. imperialists to carry out their bloody war of aggression on South Vietnam. They have spent millions of dollars to build a thick prison network here and pay a large number of 'advisors' to direct their Saigon agents in torturing and slaughtering patriots. Cay Dua jail in Phu Quoc Island is one of these hells-on-earth under the U.S.-puppet's regime.

From two sectors with 2,000 inmates in early 1967, this prison had been expanded by October to ten sectors comprising twenty wards holding over 28,000 prisoners.

The prison is fenced off with four lines of barbed wire, and sixteen lines of electric wire. There are electric lamps, phosphorous mines, mine fields and ten watch towers with machine-guns around the prison.

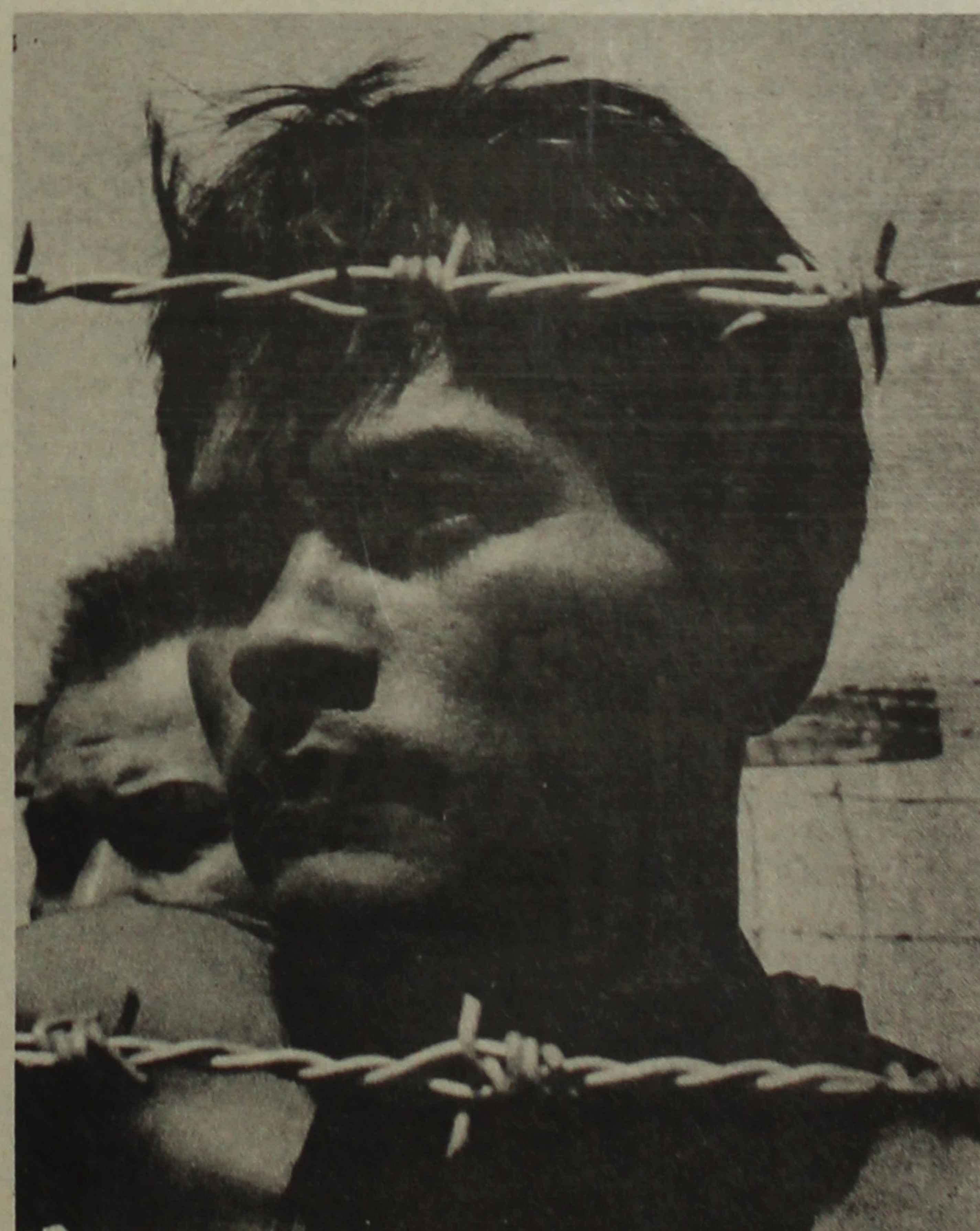
The U.S. imperialists and their lackeys have mobilized a big force comprising five battalions of the Saigon puppet army and four battalions of 'civil guards' to supervise and repress the prisoners. The inmates have to eat, sleep and relieve themselves right in their cells, lie on their sides and bathe with their own sweat by displaying their bodies in the sun. They are fed rotten rice and decaying dried fish. Most of the prisoners have got beriberi and dysentery.

The U.S.-puppets daily apply barbarous methods of torture such as burning the prisoners' bellies, slicing their flesh, driving pins underneath their fingernails, through their tongues and genitals, hammering the prisoners' vital places, driving ten cm. nails into the prisoners' tibiae, tying their arms and legs then throwing them into the water, putting prisoners into bags filled with sand and exposing them in the sun until they die.

They pen up many prisoners, mostly sick and disabled ones, in roofless 'tiger cages.' These open-air 'tiger cages' are made of barbed wire entanglements, and are only two metres wide on each side, and just high enough for a sitting prisoner. The inmates of these 'tiger cages' are exposed to rain, sun and wind day and night for several weeks. Still more barbarous, the jailers have often poisoned the prisoners' drinking water, drawn out the victims' blood until they die, put them into bags and burned them or they have thrown them into boiling water. Many times, the jailers have fired on the prisoners killing them en masse.

In 1969, more than 630 people in South Vietnam were killed under the U.S.-puppets' harsh prison regime. Beside, hundreds of prisoners have been secretly disposed of by the U.S. imperialists and their agents.

The barbarous crimes of the U.S. imperialists and their puppets in Cay Dua jail have laid bare their perfidious propaganda about Nixon's 'humane policy towards prisoners.' The fact is that during the past two years of the Nixon administration, the number of detainees in Cay Dua, Paulo Condor Island, and other prisons has increased incessantly. The barbarous methods of torture and wholesale massacre of prisoners have become and more and more horrible. Besides, the U.S. imperialists have stepped up all war measures of a genocidal character against the South Vietnamese people in an attempt to materialize their 'Vietanization of the war' program.





## THE EXPERIENCE OF DRAFT COUNSELING



# COLD DRAFT

Often it is very boring; hours may go by in the empty office with nothing to do. Then a nervous young man walks in with an induction notice in his hand. Time to go to work...

Robert B., 22, came in two days after receiving an Order to Report for Induction. He was married and had one child born before April 21, 1970. If he had had counseling when he was younger, a Fatherhood III-A would have been his. But now he was fourteen days away from being in the Army. Fortunately he had a medical history of bad knees. The Asian Draft Aid counselor asked him to get further documentation and come in again. With this extra evidence for support, the counselor wrote a letter to Senator Alan Cranston asking him to intervene in the registrant's behalf. Such requests are not rights under the law—it was too late for normal channels of appeal—but it was the only chance left. Hopefully, Robert will get a new physical examination to point out his physical disability. We are still waiting on his case.

Glenn T. got counseling even before he was classified I-A. A borderline physical condition was detected, but since extra medical evidence was needed, counselors typed and addressed letters for him. Glenn was asked to see his family doctor for records and to mail in the letter. He did not ever consult his physician. Later, he received a I-A classification. Following that, a physical examination was ordered for him. He then got a second induction notice and is now in the Army.

A week ago, an elderly Issei lady came to the office. Since she could not speak English, a Gidra staff member was summoned to translate. It seems that her son, who could both speak English and drive, had received his I-A. The young man was at home watching television while his worried mother had come up to find out his rights under the Selective Service Law.

A high school student came to the office; he was still seventeen and had thus had no contact with Selective Service. But the counselor explained the structure of the system to him. The iniquities and racism of the draft were shown, as well as the role it played in this country's imperialistic wars. The counselor told of the alternatives available to the young man, and showed him a map of his draft board's boundaries.

Instead of the usual draft information usually found in this column, we decided to present real examples of the experiences we've had as counselors. We often have doubts about our effectiveness in educating the community to draft information. Hopefully, sisters and those brothers not of draft age read this column so they can assist those affected by the draft. Also, we welcome any opportunity to share information on Selective Service with larger groups, organizations or classes.

We would also like to train new counselors. As one can see, the job can be very frustrating. There are occasions of panic, hours of boredom, moments of uncertainty, and sometimes, when the system is beaten, instances of jubilation. If you are interested in helping your brothers in this way, address inquiries to:

Asian Draft Aid  
3222 W. Jefferson Blvd.  
Suite 1  
Los Angeles, California 90018

Or call during counseling hours:  
735-0833 Monday through Friday evenings 7:30-10:30

# A LETTER FROM A PRINCE



*Editor's note: Prince Souphanouvong, Chairman of the Lao Patriotic Front, on February 19th, 1971, sent a letter to the American people informing them of the serious situation in Laos caused by the new acts of aggression of the U.S. administration. The letter reads in full as follows:*

Dear American Friends,

In this first letter I send you, my great desire is to make you understand better the serious course of events in our country resulting from the new acts of aggression by the Nixon administration.

After a long campaign of most atrocious air bombings averaging three thousand tons of bombs per day on Laos' territory, since early February, tens of thousands of U.S.—Saigon troops, in co-ordination with thousands of troops of the Lao right-wing and Thailand combat units, with massive support of the U.S. Air Force, including B-52's, have conducted savage attacks of destruction and massacre in Southern Laos, under the fallacious pretext of "protecting American lives" and "guaranteeing the U.S. troop withdrawal from Viet Nam."

Since Nixon took office, his administration has not only failed to put an end to the war, but has also dragged and extended the aggressive war in Vietnam to Cambodia and now, into Laos. These impudent acts of the Nixon Administration have aroused a wave of indignation in the whole world and are vehemently condemned by public opinion.

The fact that President Nixon has decided to expand the aggressive war, to bomb our national territory and drown it in fire and blood, to introduce into Southern Laos a great number of Saigon troops, American GI's and military advisors wearing green berets and Saigon troops' uniforms, with massive U.S. air support contrasts with the U.S. Government's commitment before Congress on June 30th, 1970, not to use air and ground forces and military advisors of the U.S. to support the Saigon troops' operation in Cambodia and Laos.

At present, it is public knowledge that the publication of Nguyen Van Thieu's order for 'an operation limited in time and in space', the Pentagon's declaration affirming that 'no American ground combat forces or advisors will cross into Laos', and the slanders against the Neo Lao Haksat (Lao Patriotic Front) and the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam made by Prince Souvanna Phouma, head of the Vientiane administration completely dependent on the U.S., are most im-

pudent and gross tricks of President Nixon to cover up his acts of direct aggression against Laos.

The adventurous operation in Southern Laos by U.S.—Saigon troops constitutes the most cynical act of aggression in the history of the Nixon Administration's general policy on Indochina. It grossly tramples upon Laos' independence, sovereignty and neutrality. It is evident that the Nixon Administration in no way wants our country to follow the path of peace and neutrality as provided for by the 1962 Geneva Accords on Laos (to which the U.S. is a signatory).

At present, the "Nixon Doctrine" has been clearly unmasked as one making Asians fight Asians and Indochinese kill Indochinese, with massive U.S. air and logistical support coupled with a view of prolonging and expanding the war of aggression against the Indochinese countries. The current ground operation in Southern Laos, a logical consequence of the intensification of the war of aggression in Cambodia by the administration is creating the danger of a conflagration involving the whole of Southeast Asia which will inevitably bring about a new squandering of the lives of young Americans and the wealth of the American people necessary for feeding such an adventurous war.

We know that the American people, friends of the Laos people, are deeply concerned over the new adventurous act of the administration in Laos and are strongly opposed to it. We consider the struggle waged in the last few days by the political circles, youth, students, and people of the United States against the expansion of the war in Laos by the administration as the most precious support and a great source of encouragement for our army and people who are determined to fight for a genuine independent and free Laos.

It is with sincere gratitude for this close co-ordination between the struggle of our American friends and the just struggle of the Lao people that we propose you make every effort to strongly oppose the current bloody operation in Laos and demand that the Nixon Administration immediately stop and quickly withdraw all U.S. troops from Indochina.

Together with the Cambodian and Vietnamese peoples, the Lao people resolutely demand that the Nixon Administration refrain from interfering in the internal affairs of the Indochinese countries.

Please accept my greetings of solidarity and wishes for victorious struggle.

Prince Souphanouvong





(Washington, D.C.) — TIAO-YU-TAI ACTION COMMITTEE composed of approximately 2,500 Chinese from across the nation converged in Washington, D.C. on April 10 to protest Japan's seizure of the oil-rich Tiao-yu Tai islands. The Chinese demonstrators, students and professionals alike, marched to the U.S. State Department Building to protest the U.S. government's support of the Japanese claims. "Such an unjust position raises serious doubts as to the sincerity of U.S. desires for peace in Asia," said the demonstration organizers. They urged the U.S. to "re-examine its policy of supporting Japan's expansionist ambitions."

Photograph by James W. Kho

## Together We Will Win!

Revolutionary Greetings to the Women of Indochina and to all women attending the Solidarity Conference.

As ever larger sections of our communities - Black, Chicano, Puerto Rican, Asian, Native American, white - achieve higher levels of consciousness and commitment, the threads which tie our fight to the courageous struggle being waged by the People of Indochina become increasingly clear. We are fighting a common enemy.

Your people, and especially you, our sisters in struggle, have inspired countless number of people by demonstrating that the technological superiority of the U.S. government is powerless before people who have firmly resolved to seize control over all the circumstances determining their lives. The most recent victory in Laos over the U.S. military and the South Vietnamese Army should be a definitive lesson to Nixon and his fellow warmongers.

The leading roles played by women on all levels of your struggle exemplified by the enormous revolutionary contributions of Mme. Nguyen Thi Binh, should serve as a standard which we, the women in America, should strive to attain. The full emancipation of women in the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam, their participation in government, and all aspects of production is a living example of one of the most critical tasks any authentic socialist revolution must perform.

As we continue in our fight against racism, exploitation, the war in Indochina, male supremacy and all the other evils which flow from American capitalism, we will consider each victory an expression of solidarity with your people. And each victory won by you will be an occasion for an intensification of our own struggle.

Together we will win.

With Revolutionary Solidarity,  
ANGELA Y. DAVIS

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**of Volume 2**

JANUARY, 1970 — DECEMBER, 1970

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JIM YANAGISAWA 1971



# Students United in Opposition

The following is an open letter to Chancellor Charles E. Young of UCLA. It was written by a coalition of Chicano, Indian and Asian High Potential Program students and ratified by other High Potential students and staff. Copies have been delivered to Chancellor Young and UCLA's Daily Bruin newspaper.

We are united in opposing the insensitive changes being forced upon our program. These changes will, in effect, alter the original aims of the High Potential Program so that the very people it is supposed to help will be rejected. These people are brothers and sisters who cannot enter the University through regular channels—high school drop-outs, and those with low grades and/or requiring "too much" financial aid.

There is a proposal jointly written by all four components (Asian, Chicano, Black and Indian) which would place the program under the auspices of their respective cultural centers, so that some degree of autonomous control of the program may be exercised. Vice Chancellor C. Z. Wilson ignored the proposal, however, and paid the University Daytime Extension Department a sum of \$3000 to develop the program. He referred the students in the Program to the white-dominated University "experts" on his Daytime Extension Committee which we refused to recognize as they know nothing of our needs as Third World people. This is only a sample of his callousness which has been evident from the time of his appointment as our head.

In view of this lack of concern for our legitimate grievances, we find it necessary to ask Chancellor Young to give us justice. In fact, we demand it! —by Jo Amano, Asian High Potential student

An Open Letter to Chancellor Young:

We request that your office conduct an immediate investi-

gation on matters of grave concern to the Ethnic communities in Campbell Hall.

The office of Academic Programs under the direction of Vice Chancellor C. Z. Wilson is currently in the process of restructuring the High Potential Program. The plans and procedures thus far originating from that office indicate that the essence and spirit upon which the program was established will be destroyed. If allowed, the direction represents a breach of commitment by the university to the HPP for its continuing growth and development.

The Asian, Chicano and Indian components (staff, students, and their communities) are united in the opposition to:

1. The present plans being made to restructure the HPP which constrains minority peoples' right to determine their own educational needs.
2. The legitimacy of the Daytime Extension Standing Committee appointed by C. Z. Wilson and charged with the responsibility of planning the instructional program of the HPP for next year.
3. Vice Chancellor Wilson's refusal to meet with the HPP staff and students joint proposal committee which has prepared a plan for the reorganization and restructuring of the HPP for next year.
4. C. Z. Wilson's budget constraints of \$100,000 for the instructional program of HPP.
5. "Undergraduate Recruitment and Development Selection and Screening Guidelines for Special Education Program" which takes the selection of HPP students out of the hands of the ethnic communities on campus and which excludes many minority students whom the program was originally intended to reach.

## C.T.Q. IN SOLEDAD NORTH

Once again, the inmate population of Soledad North has been put on C.T.Q. (Confined to Quarters), since March 27, 1971, for an unprovoked sticking (knifing) of two Black Brothers, by two or three Anglos, while in the gym watching a movie. This is all the information I have, because like I said, we've been locked down since the sticking. The reasons given for the lock-down are, as always, to let things cool down for a while so that "no one else gets hurt." But what they really mean by that is that their lives and jobs are in danger of being lost! And before they'd (CDC-staff, California Department of Correction) let this happen, it's much safer and easier on their part to just lock the animals back in their cages. But what they fail to realize is when you treat a man as an animal, and take

away his rights as a human being, with all the human needs, wants, and desires, he will act accordingly and be just that, a wild animal. And he will seek revenge at any given opportunity—just as in the past!

But remember this, it's our society, our present government, and all of their running dogs who are willing to go any route and use any means, to oppress and deprive all people of color of their social and human rights. This is clearly shown to everyone, by the fascist tactics employed by our present judicial and penal systems.

From within, an Animal  
(Smuggled out of Soledad Prison)

★

## Involve Together Asians

Photograph: Alan Ohashi/Los Angeles



In December last year, a group of young people met at a house in West Los Angeles to formulate plans for a social service group. Along to provide help and inspiration were three people working with Asian American Hardcore.

As it was, there were seven core members—enough to keep a group together. All agreed that the organization's purpose was to help drug abusers to get off or stay off while engaged in providing valuable services for the community. At that initial meeting, spirits were high—one of the most difficult things to do was to decide on a name for the group. After some outrageous suggestions from Ray Tasaki and Richard Toguchi, the decision was put off, but they laughingly called themselves the "Sawtelle Bombers."

There were several meetings afterward—out of them came the official name, "Involve Together Asians" and the plans for their first community event in January. Taking part was Kent Spriggs, director of L.A. Legal Services, who spoke on different aspects of law and order. The group took this opportunity to introduce and present themselves to the community. The response to the event was hardly overwhelming, but it was a beginning.

Meeting by meeting, more and more people came to the group to join, listen, or find out what was happening. Another event, designed to help the group members get to know one another better was a public tie-dye day. Though such happenings were lots of fun, the group kept losing members. Of all the high school members, only a few remained, the rest being college age or older. The high school students complained that they felt out of it because others seemed to jump on them when they said something, and that the meetings were uninteresting. But in response, there was criticism that the younger people did not take on responsibilities. Another more serious problem was that some group members weren't coming to meetings because they were getting loaded. There was much discussion on this problem but the members are still trying to work things out—the only way to stop it is for the dopers to want to stop. But meanwhile, I.T.A. can provide a place for them to come, things to do, and people to talk with.... (A bit of good news was that a member was getting treatment from County General in a real effort to stay off drugs.)

April 3 was the date of I.T.A.'s third community event. They showed a Japanese movie and a member gave a rap on the group. It was only a fair-sized crowd due to certain technical difficulties but the group raised enough funds to carry on further work. Presently, I.T.A. is trying to become a non-profit corporation and help out with the W.L.A. end of the Pioneer Center's flower trip on April 17.

I.T.A. is looking forward to the time when they can establish a drop-in center where people can come to entertain themselves, be entertained, be informed, or help others. The group hopes to provide community services from the planned center, such as help with the Issei pioneers, tutoring services, and helping people to stay off drugs.

Despite the hassles inside the group, the Sawtelle Bombers will hopefully keep on truckin'.  
—A Bomber



# LETTERS

## FILIPINO VIEWS

Gidra Staff,

Hey, Gidra is mighty fine, but you brothers and sisters don't put enough of Filipino and Filipino-American viewpoints on this society in Gidra. You people are making us feel as if we aren't Asian, to the point where we'll stop buying Gidra.

Mabuhay Ang Tao.

A concerned Filipino-American  
of ASAMSA of CSCLB

(Ed.—We agree that Gidra has been lacking in providing information on Filipinos and Filipino-Americans. However, we feel it is the responsibility of those who have the resources regarding the events, personalities and ideologies of the Filipinos. We more than welcome any materials regarding Filipinos. Submit them to us and keep the faith.)

## SPILL THE BEANS

Dear Gidra:

I hate to do this, but the temptation has grown too great for me to refrain any longer from spilling the beans on the movement.

The movement has significant benefits for the Asian American youth and their communities, but as movements run, this one has taken a unique turn. For the hardcore, for the radical, for the movement groupie, the fact that Asians are on the move has all been useful. The "beans" I have to spill is this—The movement is a sham. Yes, a sham, jive. Our real reason is to get together and have big ethnic dinners; our real reason is to have big conferences and retreats where we can meet and talk and brag and show off; our real reason is to develop an underground of friends so we have someplace to crash when we visit San Francisco or Los Angeles. The ostensible reasons for the movement are a sham: more bullshit lessons in fast thinking and talking; it's about time Asians had a time and place to do our little dance, since the white man has had the center stage for so long.

For myself, the movement means friends. I can get stoned with, classes where we can bullshit with each other, contacts I can make to help me later on professionally in the way of colleagues and pull. It means to me a tie-line I can use to call off-campus or Berkeley when I want. It means a chance to play organization

man, good time charlie, dirty hippie or red-hot student before getting screwed in the real world. It means a whole group of people to shine on in a new way, to impress, to perform for—all in the name of a cause.

An Asian American student  
University of California,  
Santa Barbara  
April 14, 1971

## A CALL FOR NISEI ARTICLES

Dear Brothers and Sisters of Gidra:

I have only started to become involved in Asian American Studies at San Francisco State and activities within the community. I think one of the influences for my involvement with the Asians of San Francisco has been from this newspaper.

This newspaper is not only a pleasure to read, but more important, is educational in bringing to the Asian American Community more awareness about the country we live in and the social services available for the people to use.

I'd like to say, more power to the Asian women on your staff, who did a great job on the issue which emphasized today's Asian Women. It was a pleasure to see and read non-stereotyping material on the women of our race.

Although your paper is more or less directed toward the younger third generations of the Asian American Community, I believe that kind of direction is important since education must begin when one is young. But if this paper is to serve the Asian American Community as a whole, should it not also direct some of its articles toward our parents and grandparents as well?

Your paper is one step forward toward a unification and growing together of the Asian people, so keep up the good work. And remember although there is a need for power to the people, power is the people.

Kathy Kojimoto, San Francisco

(Ed.—We of the Gidra staff are planning to have a special issue on the Nisei in the near future. Thereafter we hope to include more articles about our parents and grandparents.)

# VIET NAM TEACH-IN

## may 2nd 1-6pm

### speakers

MRS. KIKU UNO, nisei teacher  
CANDACE MURATA, community worker  
PAT SUMI, community organizer  
GREG FUKUDA, draft counselor for the Asian community  
MIKE NAKAYAMA, Viet Nam veteran

Senshin Buddhist Church  
1336 W. 36th Place.  
Los Angeles

The speakers listed above met with nine delegates from North Vietnam, liberated areas of South Vietnam and Laos at the Indochinese Women's Conference held in Vancouver, Canada recently. The five will be speaking of their experiences at the conference and actual experiences in Vietnam.

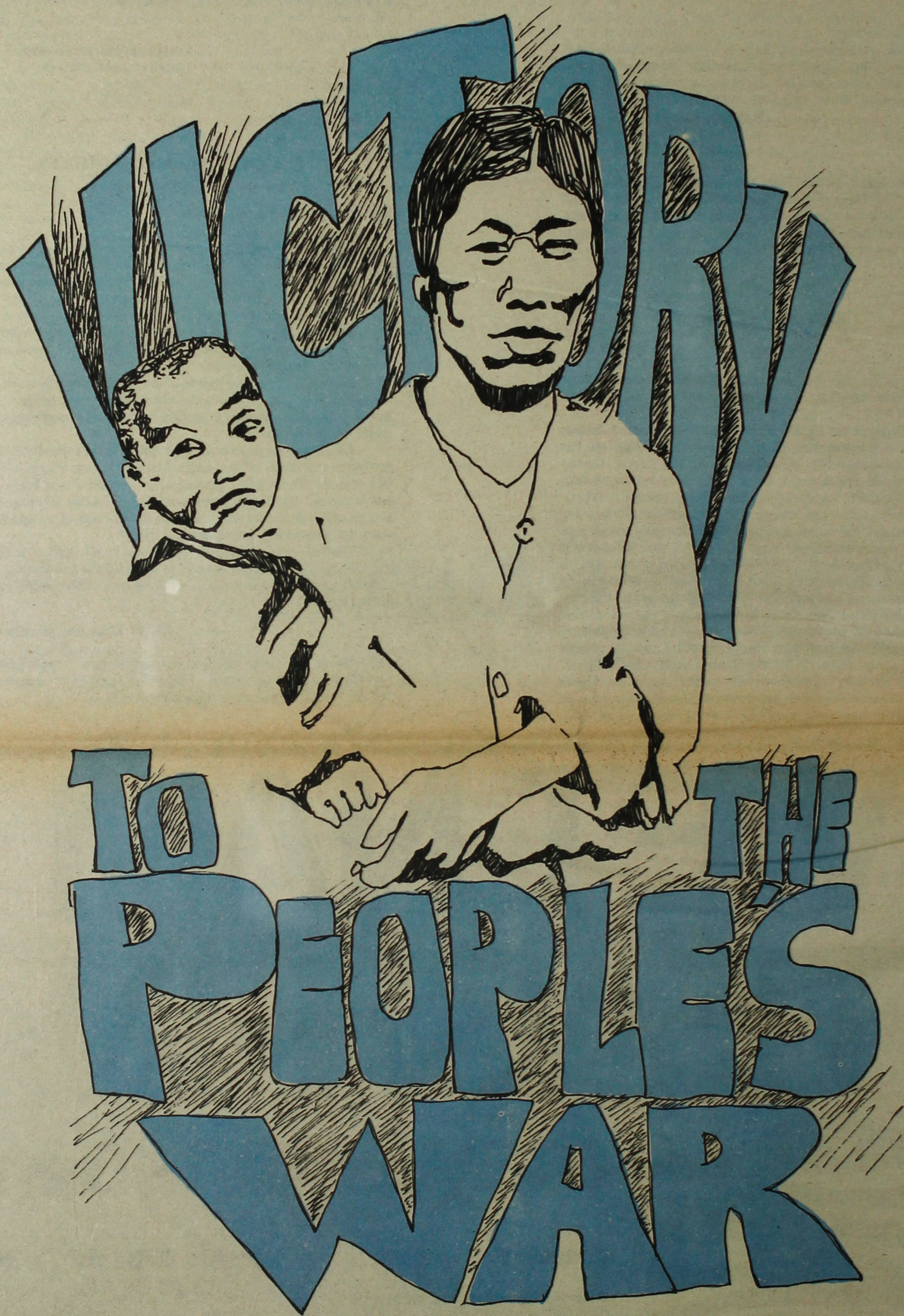
also included:

short film—PEOPLE'S WAR

and: workshops

guerilla theatre





Drawing by Cindy Fukagai/San Francisco

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